Harper's weekly.
[New York : Harper's Magazine Co., etc.]

http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326

HathiTrust



www.hathitrust.org

Public Domain, Google-digitized
http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

We have determined this work to be in the public domain, meaning that it is not subject to copyright. Users are free to copy, use, and redistribute the work in part or in whole. It is possible that current copyright holders, heirs or the estate of the authors of individual portions of the work, such as illustrations or photographs, assert copyrights over these portions. Depending on the nature of subsequent use that is made, additional rights may need to be obtained independently of anything we can address. The digital images and OCR of this work were produced by Google, Inc. (indicated by a watermark on each page in the PageTurner). Google requests that the images and OCR not be re-hosted, redistributed or used commercially. The images are provided for educational, scholarly, non-commercial purposes.

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

367

2340

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-nine, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

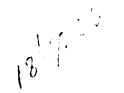
15244

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google





Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

A.

Abbey, E. A.:—Scene from the Merry Wives of Windsor, 957.
About the Size of It (comic), 584.
Academy of Design. (See "National Academy.")
Accidents:—Wreck of the Railroad Cars and Viaduct at St. George, Ontario, 207. (See "Disasters.")
Accommodating on Both Sides (comic), 607.
Actors:—The Players' Club, 44; Henry Irving, 71; American Playwrights, 97; Ellen Terry, 408; Busts for the Players' Club, 493; Mrs. Kendal, 816; Joe Jefferson as Bob Acres in "The Rivals," 849; Francis Wilson in "The Oolah," 1021. (See "Theatre.")
Age, The, of Fat (comic), 759.
Alarm, No Occasion for (comic), 75.
"Alarm," Torpedo-boat, 118, 119.
Alaska, Map of, 689.
Albany Depot, The—"This is one of your tricks," 989; "Mrs. Roberts"—"He Loses Himself in his Reading," 1005; "There's a respectable Butter-ball," 1006; "Go ahn, sor," 1007; "Sure it's no bad joke on ye, sor"—"Sure I wonder what Mary 'll be wantin' me to ask um next?" 1008.
Albemarle Sound Fishing, 649.
Ambushed Picket, The, 449.
American Artists at the Paris Salon, 321-324.
American Game Birds, 809, 893.
American Playwrights, 97-99.
American States, The International Congress of, 817.
American Trotting Horse, Development of the, 673-676.
American War Ship, Evolution of the, 118, 119.
Americans in Paris—In the Flower Market at the Madeleine, 41; Dining on the Seine, 640. (See "Paris Exposition.")
America's Cup, The—The "America" Winning the Cup —"Magic" Leading the Fleet, 585; Ashbury's English Schooner Yacht "Cambria" in a Gale—"Sappho" Running Home in "Livonia" Race, 586; "Sappho" Passing "Livonia"—"Palmer" one of the schooners Selected for "Livonia" Race—"Livonia" Preparing for Start—"Countess of Dufferin" Anchored off Stapleton—"Dauntless," 587; "Columbia"—Trial Race between "Atlantic," "Puritan," and "Priscilla," 588; "Puritan" and "Genesta" in a Squall—"Madeline"—"Mischief" Beating "Atalanta," 589; Race Over Inside Course—"Genesta" Running Home, 590; "Galatea" round Sandy Hook Lightship—"Mayflower" Winning Outside Race, 590; "Thistle" on Fourth Tack—"Volunteer" about to Round Outer Mark-boat, 591; "Volunteer" running in Near Lightship, 592. (See "Yachts.")
Anderson, J.:—The Great Fire at Seattle, 501.
Antelope, Hunting the Prong-horn, in California, 81-87.
Apostles Islands, Lake Superior, The Grosland Arches, and Sky-dome Cave, 700.
April First (comic), 263.
Aqueduct, The New—Faulty Construction of the New Aqueduct—Tunnel connecting Upper and Lower Reservoirs—System of Piping under Vaults, 995; Sketches along the Line of the New Croton Aqueduct—Masonry Dam—The Earth Dam—View of the Works—A Gate-house—The Croton River—Fountains to Purify Water—Joe's Mountain and Valley —Spillway at the Lower Earth Dam—A general View of the Valley, 996, 997; The New Conduit, 998.
"Arcessita ab Angelis," 321.
Arches:—Notable Arches of Triumph—The Simplon Arch—The Arch of Hadrian—The Arch of Titus—The Arch of Constantine—The Arch of Trajan—The Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, 436; The Brandenburg Gate—The Arc de Triomphe in the Place de l'Etoile, 440; The Soldiers' Memorial Arch to be erected in Brooklyn, 637; The Design First Accepted, 663.
Architecture:—The Transformation of the West Side of New York City, 68, 69; Recent Architecture in Atlanta, Georgia, 824; Recent Brooklyn Architecture, 689; Recent Additions to the Commercial Architecture of Philadelphia, 837; Recent Architectural Additions to Cambridge, 952; Recent Ecclesiastical Architecture in New York, 1013. (See also "Buildings.")
Arizona, Prehistoric:—Ruins of the "Casa Grande"—The Casa Grande in 1846—Mt. Wrightson, Santa Cruz Valley—Church of San Xavier—Casa Grande, Chihuahua—Ruins in the Colorado Chiquito—Ground-plans—Ruins of Jesuit Mission—Specimens of the Painted Rocks—Figure Tracings—Ancient Walled Town—Mounds of La Tempe, Salt River—Ancient Ruins of Abo, New Mexico, 400, 401; Cavalry in an Arizona Sand-storm, 740, 741.
Armories, The New, for the Eighth and Twenty-second Regiments, New York City, 124.
Army:—A Present to the Company Commander, 1; Army and Navy Reception at the White House, 8, 9; Mounted Pistol Practice in the United States Cavalry, 29; A Court-martial in the Field, 168, 169; The Frontier Trooper's Thanatopsis, 277; Oklahoma, 280; United States Regular Army Uniforms, 353; Cheyenne Scouts at Drill, 405; The Ambushed Picket, 449; The Artillery School of the Army, 529-532; "The Special Correspondent," 569; A Picket Post in the Indian Country, 613; United States Cavalry at Camp Sheridan, Pennsylvania, 677; The New Field Artillery for the Army, 721; Cavalry in an Arizona Sand-storm, 740, 741; Cavalry on the March—Danger Ahead, 776, 777; The Military Bands of the United States, 785-788; Arrival of the Mail in Camp, 792; Skirmish Line Target Practice in the Regular Army, 861; A Bad Crossing, 916, 917; Washington Bound (comic), 1004.
Arrest of an Illicit Trader in the Indian Territory, 544.
Art. (See "Paintings." "Statues," "National Academy," "Paris Salon," "Metropolitan Museum of Art.")
Art, High, in the Bowery, 404.
Arthur, President, Monument to, 489.
Artillery:—Canadian Artillery in Winter, 53; Ancient and Honorable Artillery, 353; The Artillery School of the Army, 529-532; The New Field Artillery for the Army, 721. (See "Army.")
Artist, A Street, 25.
Artist, The Lightning, 746.
Asbury Park. (See "The Great Storm," 762.)
"Ascension, The," 428.
Aspen, The City of, Colorado—Maroon Bridge on the Midland Railroad near Aspen—Hallam Lake, 57; Aspen and its Surroundings, 58, 59; Miners' Cabin —A Span of Elk, 60.
Atlanta, Georgia, Recent Architecture in—Trader's Bank Building—Girls' High-school—Y. M. C. A. Building —The Capital—Georgia School of Technology, 824.
"Atlanta," The U. S. Steamer, 929.
Atlantic City. (See "Storm, The Great," 753; "After the Storm," 781.)
Auction Sales of Blooded Stock at the American Horse Exchange, New York, 28.
Axtell, Champion Three year old Trotter, 673.
Aztec Treasure-house, The, 1009, 1033.

B.

Bacher, Otto H.:—A Group of Sea-nymphs, 608.
Bacon, Henry:—"Egalité," 324.
Bad Bolt, A (comic), 923.
Bad Crossing, A, 916, 917.
Bad Reputation, A (comic), 115.
Baggage-porter, A Fair, in Capri, 549.
Balls:—The Inauguration Ball, 208, 209; The Centennial Ball, 372; The Richmond County Hunt and Ball, 832, 833.
Baltimore:—In and About Baltimore—The Chamber of Commerce—The First M. E. Church and Woman's College—Mount Vernon Place—Union Depot—First Post-office—Post-office and U. S. Courts—Enoch Pratt Free Library, 716; The Sham Battle at Baltimore—The Bombardment of Fort McHenry, 756; The Sally-port of Fort McHenry, 759.
"Baltimore," The U. S. Steamer, 118, 119.
Bands, The Military, of the United States, 785-788.
Barber, Alice—Gathering Christmas Evergreens, 956.
Barclay Street, New York, Scene at at the Foot of, 762.
Barge Party, A, on the Hudson by Moonlight, 800.
Barnard, Frederick:—London Street Characters, 25.
Barnum's Circus, Embarkation of on the Steamship "Furnessia"—Bringing on the Horses—Hoisting Cages—In the Hold—Cages between Decks—Jumbo's Baby—Elephants waiting to go on, 868.
Barretta-Worms Mine, 396.
Barye:—The Cast of Barye's Great Work, "The Lion and the Serpent," 913.
Base-ball:—The First League Game of the Season, 328; "Injured," 464; The National Game, 508. A Collegiate Game of Base-ball, 704, 705; In Time to Come (comic), 820; *Nota Bene*, Boston! (comic), 838; William Ewing, Captain of the New York Base-ball Club, 880.
Beach, Driving on the, 713.
Beard, J. Carter:—American Game Birds, 809, 893.
Beatrice, Inn of Patron, 675.
Beauvoir, Mississippi, Jefferson Davis's House at, 992.
Bench Show, The Thirteenth Annual New York, Some Prize Dogs from, 164.
Berlin:—Bismarck's Palace in Berlin, 113; The Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy in Berlin, 533. (See "Germany.")
Bessemer Steel, A Converter, 152.
Better, 'Tis to Receive than Give (comic), 75.
Between the Lines, 5, 45, 85, 125, 161.
Birds, American Game, 809, 893.
Bishop, H. S.:—"Dans La Prairie," 324.
Bismarck's Palace in Berlin—The Front of the Palace—Bruce von Bismarck in his Work-room, 113.
"Blind, Please Help the," 745.
Blue-fish, Trolling for, in Fire Island Inlet, 556, 557.
Blum, Robert:—"A Venetian Market" (Fragment), 108, 109; "Two Idlers," 269.
Boats:—A Queer Marine Residence, 688; Terminal Facilities of New York, 693-696; A Queer Residence, 772; A Barge Party on the Hudson by Moonlight, 800; Government Snag-boat removing Obstructions from the Channel of a Western River, 865.
Booth, Edwin, as "Brutus," 493.
Borrowing (comic), 612.
Boston, Massachusetts:—Ancient and Honorable Artillery, 353; The Maritime Exhibition at Boston, 936; The Burned District of Boston Before and During the Fire of Thanksgiving Day, 986, 987.
"Boston," The U. S. Steamer, 118, 119, 929.
Bougereau, Portrait of, 384.
Boulevard, Parisian, A Wet Day on the, 456, 457.
Bound to Make the Best of It (comic), 7.
Bowery:—High Art in the Bowery, 404; Sketches in a Bowery Restaurant, 725.
Brandes, Mme., 396.
Breakfast at Sea, The First, 425.
Brie-a-brac inn (comic), 195.
Bridal Path, On the, Central Park, New York, 540, 541.
Bridges:—The Bridge Over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, 27; Maroon Bridge near Aspen, Colorado, 57.
Bridgman, G. B.:—"Mousse à la Mer," 322.
"Bristol," The Fire on the, at its Height, 31.
British Columbia:—Characteristic Scenery of the Clay Formations near Ashcroft, British Columbia, 460; The Great Glacier of Illecillewaet, 617.
British Occupation of New Amsterdam, The. (Colored Supplement preceding page 969.)
Broadway, A Saturday Afternoon on, at Madison Square, 925.
Brooklyn:—Work of the Tornado, 48, 49; Street-car Strike in Brooklyn, 104; Building the New War Ship "Maine" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, 193; The Soldiers' Memorial Arch, 637, 663; Recent Brooklyn Architecture—Thomas Jefferson Club—A Private Residence—Montauk Club—On the Plaza —Union League Club—Germania Club, 689.
Brown, J. G.:—"The Old Mechanic," 141.
"Bud" of the Inauguration Ball, The (comic), 196.
Building the New War Ship "Maine" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, 193.
Buildings:—Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 33; The Transformation of the West Side of New York City, 68, 69; The New Armories for the Eighth and Twenty second Regiments, New York City, 124; Architectural Progress at Yale, 133; Houses of the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs, 220; The State Capitol at Madison, Wisconsin, 248; The Public Library at New London, Connecticut, 697; Recent Architecture in Atlanta, Georgia, 824; The Proposed New Criminal Court house, New York, 648; In and About Baltimore, 716; Recent Additions to the Commercial Architecture of Philadelphia, 837; The Proposed New Republican Club house, 869; The New Home of the Century Club, New York—The New Homeopathic Medical College and Hospital, New York, 876; Recent Brooklyn Halls, 892; The City of Cleveland, Ohio, 896, 897; The Divinity Building of the New Catholic University at Washington, D. C., 912; Recent Architectural Additions to Cambridge, 952; The Methodist Book Concern, 993; Recent Ecclesiastical Architecture in New York, 1013; Chicago Auditorium, The, 1032.
Bull-fight in Mexico, A, 432, 433; El Capitan—El Capitan in Service, 441; El Agujon—The Banderillero's Play—A Chulillo in Trouble—El Picador, 444; The Picador receiving a Charge of the Bull —The Matador Dealing the Death-stroke, 445.
Burglars, Mounted Policeman Arresting, Uptown in New York, 93.
Burns, M. J.:—Trolling for Blue-fish in Fire Island Inlet, 556, 557.
Burrow, Sir James, 960. (See also "The Heart of New Mexico," 729-732.)
"Bursted" Boom, The, 336.
Bush, C. G.:—The National Game, 508.
Busts from the Players' Club, 493.
Buying Easter Flowers, 297.

C.

Cabinet, President Harrison's, Members of, 204, 205.
Café, a Sicilian, in New York, 877.
Cairo, Egypt—On the Outskirts of Cairo, with the Pyramids in the Distance—General View of the City of Cairo, 1026, 1027.
"Calenders, The," 292.
California:—San Rafael and the Golden Gate, 72; Hunting the Prong-horn Antelope, 81; California Wine-making, 197-200.
Cambridge, Recent Architectural Additions to—Hastings Hall—Margaret Winthrop Hall—Residence of Prof. Royce—Emerson Hall—The Public Library—The Residence of Prof. Alpheus Hyatt—The Rindge Industrial School, 952.
Camp Sheridan, Pennsylvania, United States Cavalry at, 677.
Canada:—Canadian Artillery in Winter, 53; "The Toboggan Spill," 121; Titled Canadian Pioneers, 448; On the St. Maurice River, 506, 507; Canadian Pacific Railway, 616, 617; From Owen Sound to Mackinac, 796, 797.
Canal, Nicaragua, Bird's eye View of the Projected, 52.
Canine Expert (comic), 96.
Canoe, The Old, 381.
Capri, A Fair Baggage-porter in, 549.
Caran d'Ache:—A Horrible Tale, 885.
Carl, Kate A.:—"A la Fontaine, Rue St. Medard," 323.
Case, Lewis, Statue of, 164.
Castle Garden, A Scene in—"The Land of Promise," 88, 89.
Catholic University, The New, at Washington, 912.
Cattle Quarantine, The, 724.
Cavalry:—Mounted Pistol Practice in United States Cavalry, 29; United States Cavalry at Camp Sheridan, Pennsylvania, 677; Cavalry in an Arizona Sand-storm, 740, 741; Cavalry on the March—Danger Ahead, 776, 777; A Bad Crossing, 916, 917. (See "Army.")
Cedarhurst, Polo at, following page 768.
Ceiling, That (comic), 156.
Centennial, The Washington. Celebration:—Washington Relics at the Centennial Loan Exhibition—Writing-table—Inauguration Chair—Swords—Camp Chest—Presentation Cracket to Nellie Custis—Cup and Saucer—Vase Presented by Lafayette—Silver Lamp—Cushion, Spy-glass and Case—Suit of Clothes, 333; The Centennial Medal, 336; General Washington at the Close of the War, 341; The Washington Arch at Fifth Avenue and Washington Square, 344; The Morning of Inauguration Day, 1789, 348, 349; Some Floats for the Civic Procession of May 1, 352; Uniforms of Participants in the Military Parade of April 30th, 353; The Inauguration of Our Government—John Adams, the First Vice-President of the United States—Savage's Portrait of Washington as he was in 1789—Thomas Mifflin—Federal Hall, Wall Street—St. Paul's, Broadway, 357; Washington's Couch—Fac-simile of a Clock made by Washington, 358; The Pew Occupied by St. Paul's Chapel—The Pew Occupied by Washington in St. Paul's—An Antique Corner in St. Paul's, 359; Washington's State Barge Passing through the Fleet, 360, 361; Major-general Arthur St. Clair—The Rt. Rev. Samuel Provoost, D.D.—James Duane —David Humphreys—The Kennedy, Watts, Livingston, and Stevens Houses, Bowling Green—The Franklin Mansion—Robert R. Livingston—Richard Varick, 364; President Harrison Landing at the Foot of Wall Street, 365; President Harrison Reviewing the G. A. R. Parade, 368; The Centennial Exercises in Front of the Sub-treasury—President Harrison Delivering his Address, 369; The Centennial Ball in the Metropolitan Opera-house, 372; The Centennial Banquet—Ex-president Cleveland Proposing the Toast—The People of the United States," 373; The Tiffany Silver Case containing the Address to the President of the United States by the Civil, Industrial, and Commercial Bodies of New York, 375; Some Floats for the Parade, 375-378; Floats, 376; School boys Marching in the Industrial Parade, 377; A Thompson Street Display, 379; Uncle Sam and the Centennial, 380; The Naval Parade in the Upper Bay—The Military Parade, supplement following page 380.
Central Park, New York:—On the Bridle Path, 540-541; Map of Central Park—Rather Knickerbocker to the Invaders of Central Park, 782; The North Meadows, supplement following page 804.
Century Club, New York, The New Home of the, 876.
Change of Manœuvre, A (comic), 311.
"Charleston," U. S. Steamer, leaving the Golden Gate on her Trial Trip, 417.
Chasing a Cripple, 937.
Chemistry, a Lesson in (comic), 899.
Chess Tournament, Leaders in the International, 329.
Cheyenne Scouts Patrolling the Big Timber of the North Canadian, Oklahoma, 264, 265; Cheyenne Scouts at Drill, 405.
Chicago Auditorium, The, 1032.
"Chicago," The U. S. Steamer, 929.
China. (See "Corea.")
Christmas:—Gathering Christmas Evergreens, 956; Christmas at the Hacienda—"Thrust his Lance through his Body and Bore him Down," 980; Cowboys Coming to Town for Christmas, 1016, 1017; Christmas Greetings, 1028; A Christmas Carol, 1036, 1037; Old Style Christmas, 1040.
Church, F. S.:—The First Scene of Wagner's "Das Rheingold," at the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York, 61.
Churches:—Church of the Covenant, and Dr. Hamlin, the Pastor, Washington, D. C., 300; Church of San Xavier, 400; First M. E. Church, Baltimore, 716; Recent Ecclesiastical Architecture in New York, 1013—All Saints Church—Park Presbyterian Church—St. Andrew's M. E. Church—Chapel of the Good Shepherd—Rutgers Riverside (Presbyterian) Church—West End (Presbyterian) Church—St. Joseph's Church—The New Chapel of St. John-Christ Church, 1013.
Circus:—The Programme of the Amateur Circus, 374; Embarkation of Barnum's Circus on the Steamship "Furnessia," 868; In the Wake of a Circus—The "Make up" Stand—The Ride by Night, 885; Types—To the Circus, 896; Romeo and Juliet, 887; A Summer Shower—Clowns, 888; Smiles for the Children, 901.
Cities:—Aspen, Colorado, 57-60; Omaha, Nebraska, 138, 139; Halifax, Nova Scotia, 153; Portland, Oregon, 254, 255; Worcester, Massachusetts, 422, 423; Seattle, 473, 501; Williamstown, Massachusetts, 552; Lincoln, Nebraska, 641; Detroit, 669-672; Baltimore, 716; Cleveland, 896, 897. (See "Boston"; "Brooklyn"; "New York"; "Paris"; "Philadelphia"; "Pittsburgh"; "St. Petersburg"; "Washington.")
Citizen, A (comic), 307.
Claremont Park, Yonkers, 764.
Clay Formations, Characteristic, near Ashcroft, British Columbia, 460.
Cleveland:—Cleveland, Ohio, Troop, 353; The City of Cleveland, Ohio—Wade Park—City Hall, 896; The Viaduct, 896, 897; The Garfield Monument, 896; The Public Square—The Post-office, 896, 897; Statue of General Moses Cleveland—Cass School—The Harbor from the Viaduct, 897.
Cleveland, President—Army and Navy Reception at the White House, 8, 9.
Clinedinst, B. West:—The Maryland Oyster Business, 173.
Clubs-houses:—The New Club House of the Players, 44; Houses of the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs, 220; Brooklyn Clubs, 689; The Newport Club house of the New York Yacht Club, 697; The Proposed New Republican Club house, 869; The New Home of the Century Club, New York, 876.
Coast Planter, A, Hailing a New Orleans Steamer, 597.
Colleges:—The General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 33; Architectural Progress at Yale, 133; Cornell University, 452; The Yale Varsity Crew Out for a Spin, 520, 521; Williams College, 552; A Collegiate Game of Base-ball, 704, 705; Wesleyan College, Baltimore, 716; The Log College, 718; The New Homeopathic Medical College and Hospital, New York, 876; The Divinity Building of the New Catholic University at Washington, D. C., 912; Recent Architectural Additions to Cambridge, 952; Wesleyan University, President of, 1044. (See "Schools.")
Colorado:—The City of Aspen, Colorado, 57-60; Along the Rio Grande, 157; Shelf-road in Box Cañon, 161; Soak Trail, 397; Ouray, Colorado, 465-468; The City of Durango, Colorado, 560.
Comforting (comic), 135.
Comics:—Bound to Make the Best of It, 7; "Suspended Animation," 15; "Surely Insane," 16; The Dr. was Standing on Them—A Good Physique—Finely Ground, 35; Gone to Stay, 36; Reading in Polite Society, 55; The Wedding, 56; "It is Better to Receive than to Give"—"No Occasion for Alarm," 75; A Suggestion, 76; Conscience Money—A Canine Expert, 95; What is it? 96; "A Bad Reputation," 115; "Letting Bad Enough Alone," 116; Comforting—"Ticking"—"Information," 135; Placing the Responsibility, 136; "Ignorance Exposed"—"Encouraging Him," 155; "That Ceiling," 156; An Inducement, 175; A Lesson in Grammar, 176; Bric a brac inn, 195; The "Bud" of the Inauguration Ball, 196; One of the "Teds" of March, 223; Professional Pride, 231; "A Lacking Ingredient," 251; April First, 263; Wants the Earth, 271; "Justitia—1889," 272; A Friendly Critic, 291; A Citizen, 307; A Change of Manœuvre, 311; A Substitute, 331; Longevity, 339; A Righteous Protest, 340; The General, 347; Low spirited, 379; The Centennial and Uncle Sam, 380; Injured, 464; "A Friend in Need," 603; "To the Manner Born," 527; The Reason Why, 628; That Deed of Gift, 647; Father Knickerbocker and his Offensive Neighbor, 648; An Expose, 559; A Fourth of July Retrospection—Oil on the Waters, 663; Hair Tonic, 683; About the Size of It, 684; Accommodating on Both Sides, 607; The Russet Shoe, 611; Borrowing, 612; Io Triomphe, 619; At the Country Boarding house, 643; Not His Style of Beauty, 652; A Heavy Weight, 666; The World's Fair, 683; Not Altogether out of Repair, 687; Country Board, 691; Didn't Get the Money's Worth, 707; Somethin'! 739; The Sprinkler, 742; The Age of Pat, 759; It Didn't Draw Well, 774; Father Knickerbocker to the Invaders of Central Park, 782; Informed, 803; Encouragement to Conscientiousness, 819; In Time to Come, 820; Watering, 831; Bits of Conversation—Extreme Piety, 835; *Nota Bene*, Boston! 838; Political Equation in New York, 855; Familiar, 870; Fiends—A Good Recommendation, 879; A Horrible Tale, 885; A Lesson in Chemistry, 899; Lay and Relay, 901; A Singular Mistake, 919; A Bad Bolt, 923; Foot-ball of the Future, 924; A Thanksgiving Chorus, 935; Robbing Peter to Pay Paul—Decoys, 963; Uncle Sam's Thanksgiving, 964; What it is Coming to, 1003; Cause and Effect—Washington Bound, 1004; No Parvenu about Him, 1015; The Electrical Situation, 1019; Getting his Hand In, 1022; The Peace-maker, 1035; Easy to Settle, 1035; Santa Claus to Chicago, 1044.
Comparative Anatomy (comic), 527.
Conemaugh Valley—Sketches Along the Line of the Great Flood, 461; Flood in the Conemaugh Valley, 469. (See "Johnstown.")
Coney Island, A Day on, 746.
Congress:—The International Congress of the American States—The Wallach Mansion the Head-quarters of the Congress—The Meeting-room of the Congress in the Wallach Mansion—Group of Delegates to the Congress on the Steps of the Wallach Mansion, 817; A Group of Members of the International Marine Congress, 969.
Connecticut:—First Governor's Foot Guard, 353; The New Public Library at New London, 697.
Conscience Money (comic), 95.
Constable, John:—"The Lock," 665.
"Constellation," The, 118, 119.
"Constitution," The, 118, 119.
Conversation, Bits of (comic), 835.
Corea—the Chosen Land:—Map of the Chosen Land—A Street in the Japanese Quarter of Chemulpo, 37; The Harbor of Chemulpo—Seoul, looking toward Namsan, 38; The United States Legation in Seoul, looking north—Audience Hall of the Summer Palace, 39; His Excellency Pak, one of the Vice-presidents of the Foreign Office—The Summer Palace, 40.
Corinthian Yachting—A Misunderstanding of Orders, 720.
Cornell University—President Charles K. Adams—Sage College—The Campus—Sibley College—Cornell Mausoleum—Physical Laboratory, 452.
"Correspondent, The Special," 569.
Corwin, C. A.:—A Queer Marine Residence, 688; A Queer Residence, 772.
Cosmos Club, Washington, A Sketch in, 144.
Costume Reception at the National Academy of Design, 101.
Counterfeiters. (See "Secret Service, The United States," 766.)
Country Boarding house, At the (comics), 643, 691.
Country Peddler, The, 948.
Court-house, New York, The Proposed New Criminal, 648.
Court-martial, A, in the Field, 168, 169.
Cow-boys Coming to Town for Christmas, 1016, 1017.
Cox, Kenyon:—A Christmas Carol, 1036, 1037.
Crane, Bruce:—"An Autumn Morning," 108, 109.
Cricket—The Newhalls, the Great American Cricketers, 493.
Criminals. (See "Secret Service, The United States," 766.)
Critic, A Friendly (comic), 291.
Cross-ng, A Bad, 916, 917.
Crossing the English Channel, 412, 413.
Croton Aqueduct, The New, 995-998.
Cruisers. (See "Naval.")
Cups, Prize—"Spirit of the Times" Futurity Cup, 820. (See "Yachts.")
Custom-house—Back from Paris—Passing the Ordeal of the Custom-house Inspectress, 733.
Cyclone, The U. S. Steamer "Yantic" in a, 453.

D.

Dakota:—The Great Salt Lake of Dakota—Fort Totten and Devil's Lake—Waiting for the Mail Service—"The Angelus"—Mission Indians at Prayer—Fishing Through the Ice—Sioux Indians Camp near Fort Totten—Sand Grave—The Old Trading Post, 192; The Last Lodges of the Mandans, 249.
"Dangerous Ground," 269.
Davidson, J. O.:—The United States Double-turreted Monitor "Puritan," 13; Winter on the Atlantic—A United States Revenue cutter Succoring a Ship in Distress, 32; Destruction of a Derelict by a United States Naval Cruiser, 84; Evolution of the American War Ship, 118, 119; Building the New War Ship "Maine" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, 193; Washington's Barge Passing Through the Fleet, 360, 361; United States Steamer "Charleston" Leaving the Golden Gate on her Trial Trip, 417; The United States Steamer "Yantic" in a Cyclone, 453; June Races of the New York and Seawanhaka Yacht Clubs, 524; Our New Navy—Torpedo-boat No. 1, 545; "Steamer Day" in New York, 609; Corinthian Yachting—A Misunderstanding of Orders, 720; Race between the Pilot-boat "Hesper" and Fishing Schooner "Fredonia" off Boston Harbor, 725, 726; A Barge Party on the Hudson by Moonlight, 800; The Sailing of the American Squadron of Evolution, 929.
Davis, Charles H.:—"Forest of Rambouillet," 322.
Davis, Jefferson, Home at Beauvoir, Mississippi, 992.
Davis, Theodore R.:—The Storm at Asbury Park, 762.
Dawant:—"Filling the Life-boat," 388, 389.
"Decorating the old Manor-house," 269.
Deed of Gift, That (comic), 547.
Delagoa Bay and its Railroad, 577.
Delaware Militia, 353.
"Delegated to Break the News," 561.
Detectives—Secret Service, The United States, 766.
Detroit, The City of, and its Surroundings, 669, 661; Her International Fair and Exhibition—Hon. James McMillan—Hon. Thomas W. Palmer—General Russell A. Alger—Mr. D. M. Ferry, 662; General View of the Buildings and Grounds of the International Fair and Exposition, 670, 671; The City Hall—The Museum of Art—The Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, 672.
Development of the American Trotting-horse, The—Axtell—Rysdyk's Hambletonian—Harold, Sire of Maud S., 673; Green Mountain Maid—Electioneer —Hattie Hogan, 674; Kentucky Prince—Beatrice —Guy—Mayenne—Pandect, 675; A Scene at Stony Ford Farm—William Rockefeller's Stable, 676.
Didn't Draw Well (comic), 775.
Disasters:—The Hartford Hotel Disaster, 165; The Landslide at Quebec, 769. (See "Johnstown, New York"; "Johnstown, Pennsylvania"; "Fires"; "Accidents.")
District of Columbia Militia, 353.
Divide, Down the Grade from the, 621.
Doctor, A Board of Health, in a New York Tenement, 637.
Dodge, William L.:—"The Burial of an Indian Chief," 324.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

INDEX.

me Prize, From the Thirteenth Annual Bench
ow, New York—"Balkis," First Prize Grey-
und—"Rockingham," First Prize English Set-
r—"Rubenstein," First Prize Dachshund—
Minting," First Prize Mastiff—"Glencairn," First
ize Field Spaniel, 164.
n," The, 118, 119.
(See "Mexican Burros," 960.)
thur W.—"The Sands of Ragueneès," 323.
Grade from the Divide, 621.
was Standing on Them (comic), 35.
American Playwrights on the American Drama,
20
on the Beach, 713.
d, F. V.:—The Egyptian Street at the Paris Ex-
bition, 625.
American Game Birds, 802, 803; Chasing a Crip-
e, 937; Decoys (comic), 963.
Colorado, The City of, 560.
John.:—From Log to Lumber, 516.

E.

ge, An Idyl of the, 629.
lowers, Buying, 297.
Selfe (comic), 1065.
ical Architecture, Recent, in New York, 1013.
Phonograph and Telephone, 127.
Man Country—He Misses a Bit of Social News,
45; He Rejects a Poem by the Oldest Inhabitant,
96; He Visits his Subscribers, 1047.
(See "Nile Valley, The," 1025-1027.)
Street, The, At the Paris Exhibition, 625.
ger, Robert.—"The Harlem River," 269.
egiment Armory, 124.
er, the Premier Sire of Menlo Park Farm, 674.
Lighting in New York, with Diagrams and Fig-
es, 593-596; Grand Street, New York, at Night,
4, 605.
Motor, The, as Applied to Street Cars, with Dia-
ms and Figures, 749, 752.
Sugar Swindle, The—The "Crusher" in the Sec-
t Room—The Centrifugals or Sifters, 247.
l Situation, The, 1019.
ts—"The Land of Promise"—A Scene in Castle
rden, 88, 89.
cement to Conscientiousness (comic), 819.
cing Him (comic), 155.
—First Impressions Abroad—Initial—Pictu-
esque Bit in West Derby—The Bowling Green—A
reet Scene in Liverpool—An English Policeman
Salt Cart—Liverpool Types, 1041; Typical English
droom, 1043.
and Portugal—Delagoa Bay, 577.
Channel, Crossing the, 412, 413.
n of the Ferry-boat, The, 17-20.
m, Captain of the New York Base-ball Club, 889.
ment," War Schooner, 118, 119.
An (comic), 559.
ons. (See "Detroit"; "Paris.")

F.

(See "Detroit"; "Paris Exposition.")
(comic), 870.
ell," 453.
Stebbins at the Rat, 21.
I. F.:—The Great Salt Lake of Dakota, 192;
ilian and Italian Fishermen's Dock at San
ancisco, 304, 305; The Snake Dance of the Moqui
dians, 872, 873.
arry:—The Transformation of the West Side of
w York City, 68, 69; The Rialto Market, 108, 109;
ches in Sicily, 437; From Owen Sound to Mack-
ac, 796, 797; The City of Cleveland, Ohio, 896,
7; Some New Exhibits at the Metropolitan Mu-
um of Art, 900; On the Outskirts of Cairo—Gen-
al View of the City of Cairo, 1026, 1027.
ar, The Evolution of the:—Robert Fulton—A
rtrait—Fulton's Drawing of the "Jersey"—
Team boat—The Old Windmill, 17; The "Ber-
n" on the Ways—The "Fairy Queen"—The
oboken Ferry-boat "Orange"—The Town of Hoboken
rry-boat, 18; Cabin of the New Hoboken Ferry-
at "Bergen," 19; The New Hoboken Ferry-boat
Bergen" as Completed—Fac simile of Estimate
Fulton, 20.
y of the Philadelphia City Troop, Rapid Sketches
the—A Little Pony Fun—Starting—A Pony on a
rike—A Quick Stop—Chasing the Ball—Cutting
the Head—A Dash in the Polo Game—A Buck
mper—Pointing the Ring—A Sketch on the
ounds, 808.
(comic), 879.
e Last Lull in the, 244, 245.
round (comic), 35.
orance and Life saving:—The Alarm, 177; Net
mping, 178; A Working Team—Single Man at
ork—Fireman moving from a Window on the
ght to one on the Left—Raising the Scaling-lad-
rs—Descent by the Rope, 179; The Rescue, 180.
at Work, 128, 129.
The Fire on the "Bristol" when at its Height,
; Firemen at Work, 128, 129; The Hartford Ho-
l Disaster, 165; Fire Insurance and Life saving,
7; Going to a Fire in St. Petersburg, 284, 285;
e Great Fire on the River Front between Fifty-
nth and Sixty-fifth Streets, New York, 345; Scat-
, 473; Spokane Falls, 664; The City of Lynn
fter the Great Fire of June 26th, 981; The
rned District of Boston Before and During the
re of Thanksgiving Day, 986, 987.
pressions Abroad, 1041.
—Sardine and Mackerel Fishing, 229; Sicilian
d Italian Fishermen's Dock at San Francisco,
, 305; Preparing Nets for Shad fishing, 308;
alling for Blue fish in Fire Island Inlet, 556, 557;
Day at the Fishing Banks, 620; Albemarle Sound
shing—A Big Menhaden Catch, 649.
C.:—The Proposed Inwood Site for the World's
r, 736; Fleetwood Park, 764.
d Driving Park (proposed Site for World's Fair),
.
Potomac—Harrisburg, 472; Johnstown, 473;
lliamsport, 484; The Wreck of the Great Flood
the Process of Repairs on Railroads, 496, 497.
ilitia, 353.
:—American and English Foot-ball—The Pass
a Kick—A Good Tackle—A Goal Saved—
ined Up," 905; An English Foot-ball Match—
ngland vs. Scotland," 906, 907; A Punt—Bull's
ad "Drop"—Putting the Ball in Play at
inds—Kicking a Goal—A "Down," 908; Foot-
of the Future (comic), 924; The Princeton-Yale
tball Match at the Berkeley Oval, 976, 977.
, Behind the—The Choir of Grace Church Sing-
the Psalms—"The Sleigh Drove up to the
r"—"The Grips" between the Acts in the Cel-
of Grace Church, 431.
Element," The, In New York City—III. The
ech—Vicomte Paul d'Abzac, French Consul-
eral at New York—Joseph Thoron, President
he Société Française de Bienfaisance—Henry
ampers, of the "Courier des Etats Unis"—
. V. Wittmeyer, Rector of the French Church
Saint Esprit, 77; A Scene in the French Quar-
78; A Restaurant in the French Quarter, 79; A
cker-Street Type—"I am a Republican!" 80.
nworth, Kansas, The Grant Monument at, 748.
ory, Baltimore—The Sham Naval Battle, 756;
Sally port, 759.
e" The Defences of Halifax, Nova Scotia," 153.)
ller, A. 746.
July, Retrospection (comic), 863.
Illinois, 780.
ng—The Richmond County Hunt and Hall,
833.
," Steam-frigate, 118, 119.
, Alfred:—The Monument to President Arthur,
.
le. (See "The Foreign Element in New York
," 77-80.)
gh road, A, 680.
Statue of Lewis Cass, 164.
Need, A (comic), 503.
The, Trooper's Thanatopsis, 277.
adie. (See "The Orange, Lemon, and Grape
de," 65.)

G.

Gapping Lobsters, 717.
"Galena," Iron-clad, 118, 119.
Game, The National. (See "Base-ball.")
Game Birds, American:—Wood-ducks, Male, Female, and Young—The Passenger Pigeon—California Quail, Male and Female—Spotted Sandpiper, Male, Female, and Young, 809; Red-head Duck—Mallard Ducks on the Wing—Kill-deer Plover, Female and Young—American Snipe, 804; Canvas-back Ducks—Woodcock—Ruffed Grouse, Male and Female—Plumed Partridge ("Mountain Quail"), 1020.
Gardening, Market—Uptown, New York, 416.
Garfield Monument, The, 896.
Garrett, E. H.:—The City of Lynn After the Great Fire of November 26th, 981; The Burned District of Boston Before and During the Fire of Thanksgiving Day, 986, 987.
Gaul, Gilbert.—"Why they shut down at the Higuerita," 212, 228; "Dangerous Ground," 269.
General, The (comic), 447.
Georgia, Atlanta—Recent Architecture in, 624.
Georgia Militia, 353.
Germany, Bismarck's Palace in Berlin, 113; The Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy in Berlin, 523; a Day at the German Military Manœuvres—The Enemy (with White Covers to their Helmets) Firing and Retiring in Squads—Instantaneous Photograph of Marching Soldiers on Parade—Encampment of Uhlans, 822; The German Emperor in General's Infantry Uniform Surrounded by his Princely Guests, 823, 824; Unloading Wood and Forage for a Cuirassier Regiment—Artillery Opening Fire—Battalion Going into Camp—Cavalry Officers Comparing Notes during a Pause in the Conflict, 825; Houses of the German Poets, 845-848. (See also "Berlin.")
Getting his Hand In (comic), 1023.
Gibson, C. D.:—The First League Game of Base-ball of the Season, 728.
Gibson, W. H.:—Upland Meadows, 108, 109.
Gilbert, John, as "Sir Peter Teazle," 493.
Glacier, The Great, of the Selkirks, 616, 617.
Glass, Stained, The Renaissance of, 565-568.
Goelet Cup, The Prize, for Schooner and Sloop Yachts, 666.
Goethe—"Houses of the German Poets," 845-848; The Proposed Statue of Goethe to be erected in Central Park, 904.
Golden Gate, San Rafael and the, 72; The United States Steamer "Charleston" Leaving the Golden Gate on her Trial Trip, 417.
Gone to Stay (comic), 46.
Good Recommendation, A (comic), 879.
Goodman, Arthur J.:—Sewing on the New Stars, 600; Mrs. Kendall, 816; Embarkation of Barnum's Circus on the Steam-ship "Furnessia," 868; In the Wake of a Circus, 885, 901; Francis Wilson in "The Oolah," 1021.
Government Snag-boat Removing Obstructions from the Channel of a Western River, 865.
Graham, Charles:—Bird's-eye View of the Projected Nicaragua Canal, 52; San Rafael and the Golden Gate, 72; Scenes at the Inauguration of President Harrison, 201, 208, 209, and Supplement following page 216; The Centennial Parade, following page 389; The Old Canoe, 381; Johnstown, from South Fork Turnpike, 486, 487; What the "Jubilee Shot" could do in New York, 530, 531; The City of Detroit and its Surroundings, 660, 661; The Grosland Arches and Sky-dome Cave, Apostles Islands, Lake Superior, 709; Sketches from Western Summer Resorts, 780; World's Fair Site, 812, 813; First Impressions Abroad, 1041.
Grammar, A Lesson in (comic), 7.
Grand Street, New York, at Night, 604, 605.
Grant Monuments:—The Grant Monument at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, 748; Selected Designs with Accompanying Mottoes, for the Grant Monument, 801-804.
Grant Relics, The, 332.
Grapes. (See "The Orange, Lemon, and Grape Trade,"
Greece:—The Royal Wedding at Athens—Portraits of Bride and Groom, 880.
Greek Statuettes, Old, Recently Discovered, 185.
Greeley, Horace, Monument to, 483.
Green Mountain Maid, The Great Mother of Trotters, 674.
Group of Sea-nymphs, A, 608.
Guns. (See "Artillery.")
Gutierrez, Carl:—"Arcusita ab Angelis," 321.
Guy, by Kentucky Prince, 675.

H.

Hair Tonic (comic), 585.
Halifax, Nova Scotia—The Defences of Naval Station from her Majesty's Dock yard—The Citadel from the Rear—Admiralty House—The Citadel and Front of the City from Sandy Point—Martello Tower, York Redoubt—Fort Clarence, St. George's Island, and Navy Island—Quarters for Married Men of Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers—Sally-port of Citadel, 153.
Halpine Torpedo boat, The, 818.
Hambleton, the Great Sire of Trotters, 673.
Hamilton, Hamilton:—"Harmony," 269.
"Harlem River, The," by Robert Eichelberger, 269.
"Harmony," 269.
Harold, Sire of Maud S., 673.
Harrisburg, Flood at, 472.
Harrison, Alexander:—A Rainy Day at Concarneau, 322.
Harrison, President, Inauguration of:—Sketches in Washington before the Inauguration, 181; The "Bud" of the Inauguration Ball (comic), 196; President Harrison Taking the Oath of Office, 201; Tail-piece, 208; The Inauguration Ball, 208, 209; Inauguration Procession, four pages following page 216.
Harrison, President, Members of Cabinet of, 204, 205.
"Hartford," Steam-sloop, 118, 119.
Hartford Hotel, The Disaster at, 165.
Hartley, J. Scott:—Busts for the Player's Club, 493.
Hassam, Childe:—"Autumn," 324.
Hatta Hogan and her Foal, Kentucky Prince, 674.
Hawley, Hughson:—The General Theological Seminary, 33; The New Armories for the Eighth and Twenty-second Regiments, New York City, 124; Architectural Progress at Yale, 133; Wreck of the Vestibule Train at Johnstown, 480; The New York Jockey Club, 656; Recent Brooklyn Architecture, 689; Historic New York Houses, 709; Oak and Barretto Points, 737; Port Morris, 745; New York's New Music Halls, 892; Recent Architectural Additions to Cambridge, 952; The Methodist Book Concern, 993; The New Croton Aqueduct, 993; Recent Ecclesiastical Architecture in New York, 1013.
Hazard of New Fortunes, A:—217, 241, 261, 281, 301, 303, 329, 385, 409, 429, 517, 701, 744, 757, 798, 829.
Helmick, Howard:—A Wayside Toilet, 921.
Hernancourt, W. V.:—The Interior of Oklahoma, 309.
Heritage, The, of Dedlow Marsh, 513.
Hidden River, The (with diagrams), 881-883.
Historic New York Houses, 709.
Hitchcock, George:—"Fermieres Hollandaises," 323.
Hogan. (See "Schell and Hogan.")
Holiday-making at Rockaway Beach, 653.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, at Breakfast, aged Seventy-three, 845; Goethe as a Student, aged Nineteen—Goethe's Walk in Jena, with Kernberg in the Distance—Goethe's Study in the Garden-house in the Park, at Weimar—Goethe's Sleeping-room, with the Chair in which he Died, 846; Schiller—The Schiller Seat in the Park—Belvedere Castle, Weimar, 847; The Roman House, Weimar—The Schiller House, Weimar—The Theatre in Weimar, with the Statues of Goethe and Schiller before it, 848; Statue of Goethe to be Erected in Central Park, 864.
Horrible Tale, A (comic), 885.
Horse Raising in the Northwest—A Business Transaction—Prospective Profits—Winter on the Range—Branding—The Snubbing Post—Breaking to Harness—"Bucking"—Halter-breaking a Colt, 172.
Horses:—Auction Sale of Blooded Stock at the American Horse Exchange, New York, 28; Horse Raising in the Northwest, 172; On the Bridle Path, Central Park, New York, 540, 541; The Grand Stand and Race-track of the New York Jockey Club, 656; The Development of the American Trotting Horse, 673-676; A Handicap for all Ages, 805; Rapid Sketches at the Field-day of the Philadelphia City Troop, 808; Watering, 831; Selecting a Saddle-horse, 856, 857; On the Race-track—A Bad Bolt (comic), 923.
Hospitals—The New Homœopathic Medical College and Hospital, New York, 876.
Hot Night, A, in New York, 667, 668.
Hotel, The Hartford, Disaster, 165.
Hudson, A Barge Party on the, by Moonlight, 800.
Hunt, The Richmond County, and Ball—The Meet at the Club-house—Returning Home, 832, 833.
Hunter's Point—Father Knickerbocker and his Offensive Neighbor (comic), 548.
Hunting:—Hunting the Prong-horn Antelope in California, 81; Antelope Killing a "Rattler," 87; Hunting Wild Turkey by Moonlight, 257; Chasing a Cripple, 937; Decoys (comic), 963.

I.

Idyl, An, of the East Side, 629-632.
Ignorance Exposed (comic), 155.
In Time to Come, 820.
Inauguration, Centennial, Celebration. (See "Centennial.")
Inauguration, President Harrison's—The Arrival of Troops—A Scene in Pennsylvania Avenue before Inauguration Day, 181. (See "Washington, Sketches in, before the Inauguration," 188, 189.)
Inauguration of President Harrison. (See "Washington.")
Indianapolis—Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, 728.
Indians:—Sioux Indian Camps, 192; "The Last Lull in the Fight," 244, 245; The Last Lodges of the Mandans, 249; Cheyenne Scouts Patrolling the Big Timber of the North Canadian, Oklahoma, 264, 265; Burial of an Indian Chief, 324; Cheyenne Scouts at Drill, 405; A Picket Post in the Indian Country, 613; Pueblo Indians, 729-732; The Snake Dance of the Moqui Indians, 872, 873—"Thrust his Lance through his Body and Bore him Down"—Christmas at the Hacienda, 980; Washington Bound (comic), 1004.
Inducement, An (comic), 175.
Information (comic), 135.
Informed (comic), 863.
Injured (comic), 464.
Insane, Surely (comic), 16.
Insurance, Fire and Life saving, 177.
International Congress, The, of American States, 817.
International Exposition, The Proposed, for 1892. (See "World's Fair, The.")
Inundations. (See "Conemaugh.")
Io Triomphe! (comic), 619.
Iron:—A Bessemer Steel Converter, 151, 152.
It Didn't Draw Well, 774.
Italian, Sicilian and, Fishermen's Dock at San Francisco, 304, 305.
Italy, The King of, in Berlin, The Emperor of Germany and, 523.

J.

Japanese Restaurant in New York, A, 708.
Jefferson, Joe, as Bob Acres in "The Rivals," 849.
Jockey Club, The New York, 656.
Johnstown, New York, The Disaster at—The Fatal Bridge—The Broken Mill-dam, 572.
Johnstown, Pennsylvania, The Floods at:—Johnstown and the Cambria Iron works—Near Bolivar, on the Conemaugh, 461; Relief Party Crossing the Temporary Bridge erected over the Conemaugh, 469; Main Street, 473; The Scene at the Bridge, 476, 477; A Wait at the Flood—The Only Locomotive Rescued "Alive," 479; Ferrying the Dead Across the Conemaugh at Night—Wreck of the Vestibule Train, 480; The Broken South Fork Dam—Relief Station and Morgue at the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, 481; Telegraph Operators in the Old Cement Mill—Carrying Home Coffins—Guarding Supplies, 482; Encampment of Relief Parties, 483; Rescues at the Signal Tower, 484; The Ruined Roman Catholic Church, 485; Johnstown from South Fork Turnpike, 486, 487; Arrest of Plunderers of the Dead, 488; The Wreck of the Great Flood and the Process of Repair on the Pennsylvania Railroads, 496, 497.
"Jubilee Shot," What the, could do in New York, 530, 531.
Justitia—1889 (comic), 272.

K.

Kane, Dr.:—"Farewell," 453.
Kansas—Fort Leavenworth, The Grant Monument at, 748.
Kappes, Alfred:—Albemarle Sound Fishing, 648; Gaffing Lobsters, 716.
Kemble, E. W.:—"The Alarm," 177; High Art in the Bowery, 404; A Coast Planter Hailing a New Orleans Steamer, 597; Sketches in a Bowery Restaurant, 728—The Country Peddler, 948.
Kentucky Militia, 353.
Kentucky Sire, 675.
Kenyon, Henry R.:—A Foggy Morning at Venice, 323.
Klepper, Max F.:—Selecting a Saddle-horse, 856, 857.
Knight, Ridgway:—"Le Soir," 321.

L.

La Farge, John:—"The Ascension," 428. (See "Stained Glass," 565-568.)
Lacking Ingredient, A (comic), 251.
Lafayette, The Statue of, for the City of Washington, 12.
Lakes:—Hallam Lake, 57; Lake Ste. Marie, 159; The Great Salt Lake of Dakota, 192; Lake Monona, 248, 249; Commerce on the Great Lakes—Grain Elevators at Duluth—The "Mineral Rock"—The "Pewabic," of Whiting's Line—The "Cumberland"—The New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Railroad Dock at Cleveland—"The Neosho"—The "John Craig"—The "Corsica," 294, 295; The Iron Ore Loading Pier at Marquette, Michigan—Chicago Water Front, 296; Lake Superior, Apostles Islands, The Grosland Arches and Sky-dome Cave, 709; Lake Winnebago—Fox Lake, Illinois, 780; Lake Huron and Lake Superior, 796, 797.
"Land of Promise, In the"—A Scene in Castle Garden, 88, 89.
Landslide at Quebec, The, 769.
Last Lull, The, in the Fight, 244, 245.
Lawn Tennis. (See "The North Meadows, Central Park," following page 804.)
Lay and Relay (comic), 904.
Leighton, Sir Frederick—"Memories," 236.
Lemons. (See "The Orange, Lemon, and Grape Trade," 65.)
Lenox Lyceum, The, 892.
Letting Bad Enough Alone (comic), 116.
Library, The Public, at New London, Connecticut, 607.
Life-boat, Filling the, 388, 389.
Life-saving, Fire Insurance and, 177.
Limoges—A Saint's Old Thoroughfare, 419, 420.
Lincoln, Nebraska, the City of—Residence of Mr. John Zehrung—First Baptist Church—Mr. Imhoff's House—Bird's-eye View of the City—View in O Street—Nebraska Hall, State University—Eleventh Street, North from M Street, 641.
Lobsters, Gaffing, 717.
"Lock, The," 665.
Locust, The Seventeen-year, 523.
Log College, The, 718.
Log, From, to Lumber, 516.
London Street Characters—Exchange of Crockery for Old Clothes—The Muffin Man—A Street Artist, 25.
Long Branch. (See "Storm, The Great.")
Longevity (comic), 339.
Louisiana Militia, 353.
Low-spirited (comic), 379.
Ludwig, Madame, 396.
Lumber, From Log to, 516.
Lummis, F. E.:—Wreck of the Great Flood and the Process of Repairs on the Pennsylvania Railroads, 496, 497; Recent Additions to the Commercial Architecture of Philadelphia, 837.
Lynn (Massachusetts), The City of—After the Great Fire of November 26th, 981.

M.

Macbeth at the Lyceum—Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth—Henry Irving as Macbeth—Act II., Scene I.—Act V., Scene VII.: "If all men else I have avoided thee," 71; Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, 404.
MacEwen, Walter:—"Gamins Hollandais," 353.
Mackerel, Sardine and, Fishing, 229.
Mackinac, From Owen Sound to, 796, 797.
Madison, Wisconsin—The State Capitol—A Glimpse of Lake Monona—The Capitol Park—A General View of the City, 248, 249.
Mail, Arrival of the, in Camp, 792.
"Maine," The U. S. Steamer, 118, 119, 193.
Mandans, The Last Lodges of—Old Style Lodge, Fort Berthold, Dakota—Lubaubush ("youngest born")—Gros Ventre Girl, Educated at Hampton, Virginia—"Bull-boats," Drying Frame, etc., in Permanent Village at Fort Berthold—Family of Sitting Bear, Chief of the Rees, arrayed for the Dance—Fighting Bear and Family, 249.
Manhattan Athletic Clubs, Houses of the New York and—General View of the Island—The Lodge, or Entrance to the Grounds—New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, L. I. Sound—The Manhattan Athletic Club, N. Y. C.—N. Y. A. C. Boat-house, 220.
Manhattan Beach. (See "Storm, The Great.")
Manner Born, To the (comic), 527.
Man-of-War. (See "Naval.")
Manufactures. (See "A Bessemer Steel Converter," 152.)
Maori Land, In—A Salutation—On the Waikato River—Maori Chief—Maori Temple—Children and Carving, 184.
Maps:—Map of the Chosŏn Land, 37; Map of Samoa, 91; Map of Oklahoma, 350; Map of the Area covered by the Pennsylvania Floods—Topographic Map of Johnstown, 478; Map of Alaska, 659; Map showing the Situation of all the Principal Sites under Examination for the Proposed International Exposition of 1892, 764; Map of Central Park above the Reservoir, Riverside and Morningside Parks, and Adjoining Lands, 782; Map of the Suggested Site for the World's Fair of 1892, as Defined by the Sub-committee on Buildings, 819; Map of New Amsterdam, 854; Map of Sewerage System, 881; Map of the Nile Valley, 1025.
March, One of the "Teds" of (comic), 223.
Maritime Congress—A Group of Members of the, 869.
Maritime Exhibition at Boston, The—In the Music-room—On the Canal—From the Government Exhibit, 936.
Market Gardening Uptown, New York, 416.
Maryland—In and about Baltimore, 716.
Maryland, The, Oyster Business, 173.
Maryland Militia, 353.
Masonic Jubilee, The, 817.
Massachusetts, The City of Worcester, 422, 423; Plymouth—The Pilgrim's Monument, 644, 645.
Massachusetts Militia, 353.
Mayenne, by Wedgewood, 675.
McCosh, Dr., Mural Statue of, 580.
McKim, Mead, and White:—The New Home of the Century Club, New York, 876.
McVickar, H. W.:—Costume Reception at the National Academy of Design, 101.
"Mechanic, The Old," 141.
Medal, The Centennial, 336.
Memorial Windows. (See "Stained Glass, The Renaissance of," 565-568.)
"Memories," 236.
Menhaden Catch, A Big, 649.
Menhaden Steamer, A, 651.
Men-of-War. (See "Naval.")
"Merry Wives of Windsor, The," Scene from—Mrs. Ford, "Why, what have you to do whither they bear it?" 957.
Methodist Book Concern, Interior Sketches of the—The Chapel—A Corner of the Counting-house—The Rev. Sanford Hunt, D.D.—The Rev. Homer Eaton, D.D., 993.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, Some New Exhibits at the—Milan, 6th Century—Detail of Mosaic in Cloister—Roman Altar found at Ostia—Renaissance Portico of the Erechtheum—Part of Cloister, St. John Lateran, Rome—Mediæval Iron Work—Specimens of the New Collection of Musical Instruments, 900; Autumn Reception at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 909; The Cast of Barye's Great Work, "The Lion and the Serpent," 913.
Mexican Burros—A Family Affair—"Pulque"—A Dinner Party—Melons—A Laundryman's Burro—An Equine Freight Car—A Point of View—Brotherly Love—Water and Straw, 960.
Mexico:—Bull-fighting in, 432, 433, 441, etc.; Silver Mining at Zacatecas, 841. (See "Along the Rio Grande.")
Michigan, Detroit, and her International Fair and Exposition, 660, etc.
Michigan Militia, 353.
Midsummer Night, A, 681.
Military Bands, The, of the United States—Helicon Tuba—Quintette of Saxophones, 785; Bass Clarinet, —Alto Clarinet, 786; The Seventh Regiment Band on the March, 786, 787; Sarusophone—Euphosium Trombone, 787; Quartette of French Horns—Quartette of Trombones—Quintette of Antoniophones, 788.
Militia. (See "Centennial Celebration.")
Mining:—"Ozokerite," 192; "Delegated to Break the News," 561; Mining Silver at Zacatecas, 841.
Mississippi, Beauvoir, 992.
Missouri Militia, 353.
Mitchell, Alfred:—"Delegated to Break the News," 561; Down the Grade from the Divide, 621.
Money's Worth, Didn't Get the, 707.
Montezuma. (See "Prehistoric Arizona.")
Monuments:—Inside of the Washington Monument, 402; Notable Arches of Triumph, 436; Monument to Horace Greeley, 483; The Monument to President Arthur, 489; Mural Statue of Dr. McCosh, 580; The Pilgrim Monument, 644, 645; The Soldiers' Memorial Arch, Brooklyn, 657, 663; The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument of the State of Indiana, in course of erection at Indianapolis, 728; The Grant Monument at Leavenworth, Kansas, 748; Selected Designs with Accompanying Mottoes for the Grant Monument, 801-804; The Garfield Monument, 896. (See also "Statues.")
Moqui Indians, Snake Dance of the, 872, 873.
Mosler, Henry:—"My Daughter Agnes," 324.
Mowbray, H. Siddons:—"The Calenders," 269.
Museum:—The National, at Washington, 24; The Metropolitan, of Art, Some New Exhibits at, 900.
Music Halls, New York's New, 892.
Musical Instruments:—The Military Bands of the United States, 785-788; Specimens of the New Collection of Musical Instruments at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 900.

N.

Nanciebel—"Two Figures were Well Wrapped Up," 941.
National Academy of Design, The, Costume Reception at, 101; The Sketches from the Twenty-second Annual Exhibition of the American Water-color Society at, 108, 109; Pictures from the Spring Exhibition of the National Academy of Design—"The Calenders"—"The Harlem River"—"Harmony"—"Saint Geneviève"—"Decorating the Old Manor-house"—"Two Idlers"—"Dangerous Ground," 269.
National Game. (See "Base ball.")
National Guard—The New Armories for the Eighth and Twenty-second Regiments, New York City, 124.
National Museum, The, at Washington—Masks Used by Actors in the Mediæval Lyric Drama of Japan called "No"—Department of Natural History—The Whale—Chinese Architecture—Pottery of the Colorado Tribes—A Work-shop—A Fish Exhibit—Main Entrance, 24; Hawaiian Canoe of the Time of Captain Cook—Esquimau Harpoons and American Whaling Guns—Skeleton of the Red Lynx—Skeleton of Spotted Tinamon, 26.
Naval:—Army and Navy Reception at the White House, 8, 9; The United States Double-turreted Monitor "Puritan"—Hull before being Armored—Ram Bow and Armor—Brackets and Armor Supports—

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Stern with Overhang to be Submerged—Deck Plan, 13; A United States Revenue cutter Succoring a Ship in Distress, 32; "Destruction of a Derelict by a United States Cruiser," 84; Evolution of the American War Ship—"Constellation"—"Maine"—"Baltimore"—"Boston"—"Dolphin"—"Merrimac" (Confederate Type)—War Schooner "Experiment"—Coast defence Vessel—Iron clad "New Ironsides"—Armed Sloop—Torpedo boat "Stiletto"—Armored Battle Ship "Texas"—Triple turreted Monitor "Roanoke"—Grecian War Galley—Ericsson's Monitor—10 Gun Brig—Dynamite Cruiser "Vesuvius"—Steam Sloop "Hartford"—Torpedo-boat "Alarm"—Iron clad "Galena"—"Constitution"—Line of battle Ship "Pennsylvania"—"Powhattan"—Steam Frigates "Princeton" and "Franklin," 118, 119; Building the New War Ship "Maine" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, 193; The United States Steamer "Nipsic"—The United States Steamer "Trenton"—The United States Steamer "Vandalia," 288; United States Steamer "Charleston" leaving the Golden Gate on her Trial Trip, 417; United States steamer "Yantic" in a Cyclone, 453; Deck of "Yantic" in Disorder, 462; Torpedo-boat No. 1—View of Boat under Steam—View of Stern—The Herreshoff Works, at Bristol, Rhode Island, 545; A Naval Hero—Antaris Williams, 564; Sewing on the New Stars, 640; The Launch of the United States Cruiser "Philadelphia," 745; The Sham Naval Battle at Baltimore—The Bombardment of Fort McHenry, 756; The Holpine Torpedo-boat, 818; Admiral Porter in 1865, 928; The Fitting Out of a Man of War—Tightening the Wheel of the "Atlanta" at the Dry dock—Locker of the Man of War "Chicago"—Some Old Relics—Raising an Old Mast, 963; Rear-admiral J. G. Walker, 928; The Sailing of the American Squadron of Evolution—"Boston"—"Chicago"—"Yorktown" "Atlanta," 929; Secretary Tracy's Good-bye to the Fleet, 961.

Nebraska—The City of Omaha, 138, 139; The City of Lincoln, 641.

New Amsterdam, The British Occupation of Colored Supplement preceding page 969).

New Hampshire Militia, 353.

New Haven—Architectural Progress at Yale, 133.

New Jersey Militia, 353.

New London, Connecticut, The Public Library at, 607.

New Mexico:—Along the Rio Grande, 157; The Heart of New Mexico—Old Church at Santa Clara Pueblo—Burros—The Old Church in Santa Fe—A Dugout, 729; Pueblo Indian Maiden—Cave Dwellings—Cliff-dweller's Skull—Vessel of Corrugated Ware—Sketch in Tesuque Pueblo, 730; Pueblo Indian Girls—Pueblo Squaws and Papooses—Pueblo Indian—Old Indian Cart—Pueblo Tinajas, 731; Images—Pueblo Indian Dance—Pueblo "Godicles"—Procession of "Penitentes," 732.

New Orleans Steamer, A Coast Planter Hailing a, 597.

New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs, Houses of:—The Players' Club, 44; General View of the Island—The Lodge, or Entrance to the Grounds, New York Athletic Club, Traver's Island, L. I. Sound—The Manhattan Athletic Club, N. Y. C.—N. Y. A. C. Boat-house, 220.

New York City:—The Transformation of the West Side, 68, 69; Mounted Policemen Arresting Burglars Uptown in New York, 93; The Street car Strike in New York, 105; Sketches from the Twenty-second Annual Exhibition of the American Water color Society at the National Academy of Design, 108, 109; The New Armories for the Eighth and Twenty-second Regiments, New York City, 124; Houses of the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs, 220; Removing the Telegraph Poles in Union Square, 337; The Great Fire on the River Front between Fifty-ninth and Sixty-fifth Streets, 345; A Stroll through South Street, 387; Sewing, Uptowning, Uptown, 416; What the "Jubilee Shot" could do in New York, 530, 531; Noises of New York, 581; Electric Lighting in New York, 693, etc.; A Board of Health Doctor in a New York Tenement, 627; The Proposed New Criminal Court-house, 648; A Hot Night in, 667, 668; Terminal Facilities of New York, 693–696; Historic New York Houses, 709; Scene at the Foot of Barclay Street, New York, 762; Odd Callings in New York—Signalling a Freight Train in the Street—Dealer in Second hand Building Materials, 839; Making a Living out of the Ash-barrels, 840; Real Estate in New York, 852–854; The Proposed New Republican Club-house, 869; The New Home of the Century Club, New York—The New Homeopathic Medical College and Hospital, New York, 876; A Sicilian Café in New York, 877; New York's New Music Halls, 892; Tammany "Workers" at the Polls in Pell Street—The Beginning of a Free Fight, 920; A Saturday Afternoon on Broadway at Madison Square, 925; The Methodist Book Concern, 993; Recent Ecclesiastical Architecture in New York, 1013. (See "Centennial Celebration.")

New York Jockey Club, The Grand Stand and Race track of the, 666; The Betting under the Grand Stand—Stables, 657.

New York Militia, 353.

New Zealand. (See "In Maori Land," 184.)

Newhalls, The, the Great American Cricketers, 493.

Newport Club-house of the New York Yacht Club, The, 697.

Now-year's Call in New York in 1640, A, 4.

Niagara. (See "Work of the Tornado," 48, 49.)

Nicaragua Canal, Bird's eye View of the Projected, 52.

Nichols, H. D.:—Washington Relics, 333; The Cattle Quarantine, 724.

Nile Valley:—On the Outskirts of Cairo—General View of the City of Cairo, 1026, 1027; The Map, 1028.

"Nipsic," The U. S. Steamer, 288.

Noises of New York, The, 581.

North Carolina Militia, 353.

North west, Horse-raising in the, 172.

Not Altogether Out of Repair (comic), 687.

Not His Style of Beauty (comic), 652.

Nota Bene, Boston! (comic), 838.

Nova Scotia. (See "The Defences of Halifax, Nova Scotia," 153.)

O.

Odd Callings in New York, 839.

Ogden, H. A.:—The Centennial Exercises in Front of the Sub-Treasury, 369.

Oil on the Waters (comic), 563.

Oklahoma:—Cheyenne Scouts Patrolling the Big Timber of the North Canadian, Oklahoma, 264, 265; Sketches—A Crossing on the Canadian—Relay House on the Mail Route—Near the Cimarron—A Chase after Boomers—An Oklahoma Well—Camp of the 5th U. S. Cavalry, 280; Interior of Oklahoma—Red Rock Station—Boomers Waiting on the Kansas and Oklahoma Border—Salt Rock, a Branch of the Arkansas River—Purcell, Indian Territory, on the West Bank of the Canadian River—A Group of Boomers' Tents—A Boomer's "Dug-out," 309; Map, 350; A "Boomer" Family—A "Boomer's" Wife, 351; Scenes in Oklahoma—The Settlement of, 392—The Founding of the Cities in, 393.

"Old Mechanic, The"—painting by J. G. Brown, 141.

Omaha, Nebraska, The City of, and its Architectural Features—Post-office—Number of Commerce—Douglas County Court house—Young Men's Christian Association Building—View of the City from the Tower of the Court-house—Brownell Hall—Kountze Memorial Lutheran Church—Trinity Cathedral—High School, 138, 139.

Opera—The First Scene of Wagner's "Das Rheingold," as Presented at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, 61, 73, Theodore Reichmann—Heinrich Vogl, 953. (See also "Theatre.")

Operti, Albert:—"Farewell," 453.

Orange, Lemon, and Grape Trade, The—A Lemon Grove at Equa, Italy—A Bit in the Garden of a Lemon Grower—Packing Lemons at Palermo, 64; Inspecting a Cargo of Lemons on the Dock at New York—Brown & Seccombs—A Fruit-carrying Steamship—An Auction Sale of Lemons—An Auction Sale of Grapes, 65.

Orchestra at Lunch, 746.

Oregon. (See "Portland.")

Oregon, Portland, The City of, 274, 275.

Ouray, Colorado—The Toll gate—Bear Creek Falls, 465; Ouray, Colorado, 466, 467; Ouray and Silverton Toll Road—Uncapahgre Bridge—Uncapahgre Peak, 468.

Overend, W. H.:—An English Foot ball Match—"England vs. Scotland," 906, 907.

Owen Sound, From, to Mackinac—Sault Ste. Marie (The Soo) Rapids from the old State Lock of 55 now in the Course of Reconstruction—Distant View of Mackinac Island—Passing through the New United States Lock—Looking toward Superior from the West End of Canal ("Soo")—Ruins of the Bruce Copper Mines, North Shore of Huron—Arch Rock, Mackinac Island, 796–797; Killarney—Narrow Channel near Squaws River—Unwilling Passengers—Little Current—Owen Sound from the Quarry—The Arch from the Lake—A Corner of the Old Fort, Mackinac Island, 797.

Oyster, The Maryland, Business—An Oyster Speculator Testing a Cargo—A Southern Oyster Peddler, 173.

Ozokerite—Pleasant Valley Junction, Utah, with the Location of the Ozokerite Deposits in the Background—Mouth of the Inclined Tunnel where the First Paying Vein of Ozokerite was Struck, 132.

P.

Paintings:—National Academy of Design, 108, 109; Filling the Life-boat, 388, 389; "The Ascension," 428; "The Lock," 665; Portrait of Christian Paul van Beeresteyn of Delft, 773; Returning from the Wreck, 944, 945. (See also "Paris Salon.")

Pan-American Congress Delegates, 869; Reception at the Union League Club, 1048.

Pandect, by Pancoast, 675.

Papoose—"He Too Carried Bundles," 969; The "Object that he Drew from it," etc., 972; "I Feel Better Now"—"It was a Very Different Papoose," etc., 973.

Parades. (See "Centennial Celebration.")

Paris:—Americans in Paris—In the Flower Market at the Madeleine, 41; American Artists at the Paris Salon, 321–324; Notes on the Parisian Theatres, 395; A Wet Day on the Parisian Boulevard, 456, 457; Sketches from the Paris Exposition, 492; The Phonograph at the Paris Exhibition, 525; "You will take us to Paris, Papa?" 576; The Egyptian Street at the Paris Exhibition, 625; Dining on the Seine, 640; Back from Paris—Passing the Ordeal of the Custom-house Inspectress, 733.

Paris Salon, American Artists at the—"Le Soir"—"Arcessita ab Angelis," 321; "Charlotte Corday in Prison"—"A Rainy Day at Concarneau"—"La Forest of Rambouillet"—"Mousse à la Mer"—"An Accident at Sea," 322; "Fermieres Hollandaises"—"A Foggy Morning at Venice"—"The Sands of Raguenez"—"Gamins Hollandais"—"Open air Restaurant at Lahore"—"A la Fontaine Rue St. Medard," 323; "Autumn"—"The Blessing of the Boats"—"The Burial of an Indian Chief"—"Dans la Prairie"—"My Daughter Agnes"—"Égalité," 324.

Parisian Theatres, Notes on the, 395.

Parvenu, No, About Him (comic), 1015.

Pat, the Age of (comic), 759.

Peacemaker, The (comic), 1035.

Pearce, Charles Sprague:—"Saint Geneviève," 269.

Peddler, The Country, 948.

Peixotti, Joseph:—"A French High road," 680.

Pennington, Harper:—"The Rescue," 180.

Pennsylvania, Camp Sheridan, United States Cavalry at, 677.

"Pennsylvania," Line-of-battle Ship, 118, 119.

Pennsylvania Militia, 353.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:—First City Troop, 353; Rapid Sketches at the Field Day of the Philadelphia, 508; Recent Additions to the Commercial Architecture of Philadelphia—Provident Building—Union Trust Company—Penn Mutual Insurance Company—Girard Trust Company—City Trust Company—University Library—Lucas Building—American Life Insurance Company, 837.

"Philadelphia," The United States Cruiser—The Launch of the, 745.

Phonograph, Edison's, 127.

Phonograph, The, at the Paris Exhibition, 525.

Physique, A Good (comic), 35.

Picket, The Ambushed, 449.

Picket Post, A, in the Indian Country, 613.

"Pieta," 419.

Pigeons. (See "American Game Birds," 809.)

Pike's Peak Trail, Sheltered Falls, 397.

Pilgrim Monument, The, 644, 645.

Pioneers, Titled Canadian—Settler's Sod Cabin—Interior of Sod Cabin on the Prairies—White Wood, a Settlement on the Prairie—Prairie Sod Stable—Dr. Rudolph Myer's Place on the Pipestone—Trained Ox team, 448.

Pittsburgh, Work of the Tornado at, 48, 49.

Platt, C. A.:—"Havre," 108, 109.

Players' Club, The:—Writing Alcove—Entrance—Hall Mantel—Main Stairway—Library—Booth Pitcher—Loving Cup—Edwin Booth's Room—Dining Room, 44; Busts for the Players' Club, 493.

Playwrights, American, 97–100.

Pleasant Valley, Utah, 132.

Plover. (See "American Game Birds," 893.)

Plymouth, Massachusetts, The Pilgrim Monument, 644, 645.

Poets, Homes of the German, 845–848.

Polar Regions—Farewell," 453.

Police:—Mounted Policemen Arresting Burglars Uptown in New York, 93; Fire Insurance and Life Saving, 177; The Police general's Morning Reception at St. Petersburg, 224, 225; The United States Secret Service, 767.

Political Equation in New York (comic), 855.

Polo:—Polo at Cedarhurst, following page 768; Polo Game, A Rush in the, 808.

Porter, Admiral, in 1865, 928.

Portland, Oregon, The City of—Harvey W. Scott—Judge Matthew P. Deady—William Reid—General View of the City—Portland Seminary—The High-school—First National Bank, 274; William Sargent Ladd—Henry Failing—The Post office—A Street View—The River Front—A Beneficent Josh—Front Street—A Devil Josh, 275.

Portugal, Delagoa Bay, 577.

Potomac, The Flood on the, 472.

Poughkeepsie, the Bridge over the Hudson at, 27.

"Powhatan," The, 118, 119.

Present, A, to the Company Commander, 1.

President Harrison. (See "Harrison, President.")

President's Message, The (comic), 1063.

"Princeton," Steam Frigate, 118, 119.

Princeton-Yale Foot-ball Match, 976, 977.

Prize Cups. (See "Yachts.")

Processions. (See "Inauguration of President Harrison"; "Centennial Celebration.")

Professional Pride (comic), 231.

Pueblo Indians. (See "The Heart of New Mexico," 729–732.)

"Puritan," The Monitor, 13.

Pyramids—On the Outskirts of Cairo with the Pyramids in the Distance, 1026, 1027.

Q.

Quail. (See "American Game Birds," 899.)

Quaint Old Thoroughfare, A—"Pieta," 419; Rue de la Boucherie, Limoges, 420.

Quarantine, The Cattle, 724.

Quebec, The Landslide at, 709.

Queer, A, Marine Residence, 688.

Queer Residence, A, 772.

R.

Race between the Pilot-boat "Hesper" and the Fishing Schooner "Fredonia" off Boston Harbor, 793, 799.

Race track, on the, A Handicap for all Ages, 805.

Railroads:—Wreck of the Railroad Cars and Viaduct at St. George, Ontario, 267; Wreck of the Great Flood and the Process of Repairs on the Pennsylvania Railroads, 496, 497; Down the Grade from the Divide—Section Hands going to Camp for Provisions, 621.

Ranger, H. W.:—Bushy's Reach on the Thames, 108, 109.

Reading. (See "Work of the Tornado," 48, 49.)

Real Estate in New York—Nos. 1 and 3 Broadway in 1828—The Washington Building, Main Entrance—View from the Bay—Broadway in 1889—Atlantic Garden House, 9 Broadway, in 1765, 852; Old Broad Street—The Old McComb Mansion—City Hotel, Broadway, 1812—Albrech Court, 853; Broad Street and Exchange Place about 1680—No. 2 Broadway, corner of Marketfield Street, 1798—Map, 854.

Reason Why, The (comic), 528.

Reception on a Yacht, A, 684, 685.

Rehan, Ada, as "Katharine" in "The Taming of the Shrew," 237.

Reid, Robert:—"The Blessing of the Boats," 324.

Reinhart, C. S.:—A New-Year's Call in New York in 1640, 4; Sketches from the Paris Exposition, 492; The Phonograph at the Paris Exposition, 525; "Throwing the Wanga," 573; Americans in Paris—Dining on the Seine, 640.

Remington, Frederic:—Auction Sale of Blooded Stock at the American Horse Exchange, New York, 28; Hunting the Prong horn Antelope in California, 81; Antelope Killing a "Rattler," 87; Mounted Policemen Arresting Burglars Uptown in New York, 93; Horse raising in the Northwest, 172; The Last Call in the Fight, 244, 245; Cheyenne Scouts Patrolling the Big Timber of the North Canadian, Oklahoma, 264, 265; The Frontier Trooper's Thanatopsis, 277; President Harrison Reviewing the G. A. R. Parade, 308; Bullfighting in Mexico, 432, 433, 441, etc.; The Ambushed Picket, 449; On the Bridle Path, Central Park, New York, 540, 541; Cavalry in an Arizona Sand-storm, 740, 741; Rapid Sketches at the Field Day of the Philadelphia City Troop, 808; Silver Mining at Zacatecas, 841–844; Skirmish Line Target Practice in the Regular Army, 861; Mexican Burros, 960; Christmas at the Hacienda—Illustration on 980; Cow-boy's Coming to Town for Christmas, 1016, 1017.

Renouard, Paul:—Henry C. Yarrow, M. D.—Captain Clarence E. Dutton and Professor Frank W. Clarke, 144; General Stewart van Vliet, 221.

Republican Club-house, The Proposed New, 869.

Responsibility, Placing the (comic), 136.

Restaurants:—A Restaurant in the French Quarter, 79; A Japanese Restaurant in New York, 708; Sketches in a Bowery Restaurant, 725; A Sicilian Café in New York, 877.

Revenue-cutter, A United States, Succoring a Ship in Distress, 32.

"Rheingold, Das," The First Scene of Wagner's, as Presented at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, 61; The Make up of the Castle and Rainbow Scene of "Das Rheingold"—Scene I. of "Das Rheingold" from Behind, 73.

Rhode Island Militia, 353.

Richards, William T.:—"The Shores of Bude," 108, 109.

Richmond County Hunt and Ball, The, 832, 833.

Riding:—On the Bridle Path, Central Park, New York, 540, 541; Selecting a Saddle-horse, 856, 857. (See "Horses.")

Righteous Protest, A (comic), 340.

Rio Grande, Along the—A Street in Matamoras—The Southern Boundary of the United States—Mexican Wooden Wheel Cart—Rio Grande Cañon, 156; Ford of Juarez, Chihuahua, 157; Rio Grande—Wagon Wheel Gap, 158; Pueblo of Texas, 158, 159; Lake Sta. Maria, Antelope Park, 159; Plaza de Armas, Lerdo—Remains of the Butterfield Overland Stage Station—Mexican Frontier Custom-house—A Mexican, 160.

Riots. (See "New York"; "Brooklyn.")

River, The Hidden, 881, 883.

Road, A French High-, 680.

Roads and Road-making—Thomas Telford—John L. Macadam, 633; Diagrams, 633–636; Asphalt Pavement on Madison Avenue, New York—Trees, New York—Macadam Road near High Bridge, New York, 634; Madison Avenue, New York, at East Forty-fifth Street, 635; Asphalt Pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.—Old Albany Post-road above New York City, 635; Granite Pavement on Fifth Avenue at Thirty-ninth Street, New York, 636.

"Roanoke," Triple turreted Monitor, 118, 119.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul (comic), 963.

Robinson, Th.:—Normandy Interior, 108, 109.

Robinson, Will S.:—In Port, 108, 109.

Rockaway Beach, Holiday-making at, 653.

Rogers, W. A.:—Farmer Stebbins at the Bat, 21; A Scene in the French Quarter, 78; A Restaurant in the French Quarter, 79; The Sandal-maker of Babylon, 145; Preparing Nets for Shad Fishing, 308; Removing the Telegraph Poles in Union Square, New York City, 337; The Centennial Ball, 372; Market Gardening, Uptown, in New York, 416; The Flood at Johnstown, Pennsylvania—The Scene at the Bridge, 476, 477; The Disaster at Johnstown, New York, 572; Grand Street, New York, at Night, 604, 605; A Day at the Fishing Banks, 620; A Board of Health Doctor in a New York Tenement, 627; A Japanese Restaurant in New York, 708; A Sicilian Café in New York, 877; Tammany "Workers" at the Polls in Pell Street—The Beginning of a Free Fight, 920; Secretary Tracy's Good-bye to the Fleet, 961; Wash Day among the Tenements, 1012; Old Sid's Christmas, 1040; A Misfit Country Editor, 1045–1047.

Romance, A, of Tompkins Square—"One night as he sat beside the oven smoking his second pipe, he found himself thinking," 313; "When the dough was packed in earthen pots," etc.—"The young apprentice was almost smothered in the dough trough"—"But it was not until Minna said very faintly, yet with a heavenly sweetness in her voice: 'You may come,'" etc., 316.

Rowing:—The Yale Varsity Crew out for a Spin, 520, 521; Somethin'! (comic), 739.

Russet Shoe, The (comic), 611.

Russia—The Police general's Morning Reception at St. Petersburg, 224, 225.

S.

Saddle horse, Selecting a, 856, 857.

"Sail-maker, The," 949.

Sailors', Soldiers' and, Monument of the State of Indiana, 728.

"Saint Geneviève," 269.

Samany, Madame Jeanne, 396.

Samoa:—Maps—German Gun-boats in the Harbor of Apia, 91; Samoan Sea-canoes—King Tamusese, Supported by the Germans—The United States Coaling Station, Pago Pago—King Malietoa, Deposed by the Germans—Interior of a Samoan House, 92; The U. S. Steamer "Vandalia"—The U. S. Steamer "Nipsic"—The U. S. Steamer "Trenton"—The late Captain C. M. Schoonmaker of the "Vandalia"—The Harbor of Apia, with Men-of-war at Anchor, 288.

San Francisco, Sicilian and Italian Fishermen's Dock at, 304, 305.

San Rafael and the Golden Gate—Point Reyes—Grand Avenue, Coleman Tract—Old Palms at Old San Diego—Hall McAllister's Home—View from St. Rafael Hotel Tower—A Typical Private Residence, 72.

Sandal-maker of Babylon, The, 145.

Sand-piper. (See "American Game Birds," 809.)

Sand-storm, Arizona, Cavalry in an, 740, 741.

Sardine and Mackerel Fishing—Cleaning Mackerel with Brush-wheel for Canning—Packing a Fish—Cleaning Fish—Packing Sardines in Cans—A Mackerel Schooner and Boats, 229.

Sargent, John S.:—Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, 409.

Satterlee, Walter:—Decorating the Old Manor house, 269.

Sault Ste. Marie Rapids, 797.

Schell, F. Cresson:—The Wreck of the Great Flood and the Process of Repairs along the Pennsylvania Railroads, 496, 497; The Launch of the United States Cruiser "Philadelphia," 745; The Sham Naval Battle at Baltimore; The Bombardment of Fort McHenry, 756.

Sattell, Frank H.:—The "America's" Cup, 585–592.

Schell and Hogan:—The Defences of Halifax, Nova Scotia, 153; The Great Fire on the River Front between Fifty-ninth and Sixty-fifth Streets, New York, 345; Main Street, Johnstown, 473; The Broken South Fork Dam—Relief Station and Morgue at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, 481; Detroit and her International Fair and Exhibition, 669, 671; Terminal Facilities of New York, 693–696; The Newport Club-house of the New York Yacht Club, 697; A Scene of Destruction at Low Moor, near Long Branch, during the Storm, 760; Manhattan Beach during the Storm, 761; Scene at the Foot of Barclay Street, New York—The Music Pavilion and Lawn at Manhattan Beach during the Storm—The Landslide at Quebec, 769; After the Storm at Atlantic City, 781; Government Snag boat Removing Obstructions from the Channel of a Western River, 865.

Schiller. (See "Homes of the German Poets," 845–848.)

Schools:—Girls' High School—Georgia School of Technology, 624; Case School, Cleveland, 897.

Schooner Yachts, The Prize Goelet Cup for, 666.

Scouts, Cheyenne, at Drill, 405.

Sculpture—The Cast of Barye's Great Work, "The Lion and the Serpent," 913.

Sea-nymphs, A Group of, 608.

Sea-shore, A Midsummer Night, 681.

Seattle:—Bird's-eye View of, 473; The Great Fire at, 501.

Secret Service, The United States—Printing the "Queer,"—A Relic of a Ku-Klux Hunt, 766; The Elite of Criminals—The Low Type of Criminals, 767; A Corner in the Chief's Private Office, 768.

Secretary Tracy's Good bye to the Fleet, 961.

Selecting a Saddle horse, 856, 857.

Selkirks, the Great Glacier of the, 616, 617.

Seventh Regiment:—The New Colonel of the Seventh Regiment, 600; The Band of the Seventh Regiment on the March, 786, 787.

Sewers—The Hidden River, 881–883.

Sewing on the New Stars, 609.

Shad-fishing, Preparing Nets for, 308.

Sheltered Falls, Pike's Peak Trail, 397.

Ships:—Winter on the Atlantic—A United States Revenue-cutter Succoring a Ship in Distress, 32; Building the New War Ship "Maine" at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, 193; Evolution of the Ocean Steamship, 254, 255.

Sicilian and Italian Fishermen's Dock at San Francisco, 304, 305; A Sicilian Café in New York, 877.

Sicily, Scenes in, 437.

Silver Mining at Zacatecas—The Water Hoist—Breaking and Sorting Ore—Grinding Ore in the Arrastre, 841; Washing the Lavadero, 842; Mexican Miners at Work—Drilling, 843; The Repasa of the Torta—Off Duty, 844.

Singular Mistake, A (comic), 919.

Sketches from the Twenty-second Annual Exhibition of the American Water color Society at the National Academy of Design, 108, 109.

Skirmish Line Target Practice in the Regular Army, 861.

Smedley, W. T.:—Americans in Paris, 41; In Maori Land, 184; A Wet Day on the Parisian Boulevard, 456, 457; A Fair Baggage Porter in Capri, 549; "You will take Us to Paris, Papa?" 576; Holiday-making at Rockaway Beach, 653; A Midsummer Night, 681; The Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of New York, 789; The North Meadows, Central Park, 804; The Autumn Reception at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 909; The First Thanksgiving, 932, 933; Papoose, 969, 973; The Albany Depot, 989–1008.

Smillie, J. D.:—The Passing Herd, 108, 109.

Smithsonian Institute—The National Museum at Washington, 24.

Snake Dance, The, of the Moqui Indians, 872, 873.

Snipe. (See "American Game Birds," 893.)

Snyder, W. P.:—Buying Easter Flowers, 297; The Centennial Banquet, 373; The Ruined Roman Catholic Church at Johnstown, 485; A Collegiate Game of Base ball, 704, 705.

Society, Readings in Polite (comic), 55.

"Soir, Le," 321.

Soldiers':—Memorial Arch, Brooklyn, 657; Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument of the State of Indiana, now in Course of Erection at Indianapolis, 728. (See "Centennial Celebration," "Army," "Germany.")

"Soo," The, 797.

South Carolina Militia, 353.

Spain, Joseo Zorilla, the National Poet of, 584.

"Special Correspondent, The," 669.

"Spirit of the Times" Futurity Cup, 820.

Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, before the Great Fire, 664.

Sports:—The Tobogan Spill, 121. (See "Foot-ball"; "Baseball"; "Hunting.")

Sprinkler, The (comic), 742.

Squadron, Sailing of the, of Evolution, 929.

Stables. (See "The Development of the American Trotting Horse," 672–676.)

Stained Glass, The Renaissance of—Memorial Window of Helen A. Ames, 565; The Goddard Memorial Window, 566; Memorial Window in Church at Oceanic, New Jersey—Memorial Window in the Church of the Ascension, New York—"The Vision of St. John," 567; "Hector and Andromache"—Cartoon for Stained Glass Window, 568.

Staniland, C. J.:—"Returning from the Wreck," 944, 945.

Statues:—The Statue of Lafayette for the City of Washington, 12; French's Statue of Lewis Cass, 164; Recently Discovered old Greek Statuettes, 185; Busts for the Players' Club, 493; Venus of Vienne, 536; The Berolina Statue, 539; Mural Statue in High Relief of Ex President Josh of Princeton, 580; Statue of Goethe and Schiller, Weimar—The Proposed Statue of Goethe to be Erected in Central Park, 864; Statue of General Moses Cleveland, 897.

Statuettes—Old Greek, Recently Discovered—A Market Scene in Ancient Greece—Ulysses Before Calypso—A Muse Kneeling at a Burial Urn, 185.

Steamers:—Sunday "Boats' Muster" on an Ocean Steamer, 148, 149; Crossing the English Channel, 412, 413; On an Ocean Steamer, The First Breakfast at Sea, 425; "Steamer Day" in New York, 692; A Menhaden, 651; Sketches of a Transatlantic Voyage, 1001.

Steam ships, Ocean, from the "Savannah" to the "City of New York," 254, 255.

Steel—The Action of the Air in a Robert Converter—The Action of the Air in a Bessemer Converter, 151; A Bessemer Converter, 152.

Sterner, Albert E.:—"Tottie," 1048, 109.

"Stiletto," Torpedo-boat, 118, 119.

St.-Gaudens, Augustus:—Centennial Medal by Augustus St.-Gaudens, 336; Mural Statue of Dr. McCosh, 580.

St. Maurice River, On the—A Camp Candlestick, 505; Grand'mere—Working up a Rapide Manigance (River St. Maurice)—The Landing at Grandes Piles, 506; Riviere aux Rats, 506, 507; Rapide Croche Mountain—The Portage—La Toque—On the Bostonnais River, 507.

St. Petersburg, Russia:—The Police general's Morning Reception at St. Petersburg, 224, 225; Going to a Fire in St. Petersburg, Russia, 284, 285.

Stories—An Idyl of the East Side, 629.

Storm, The Great:—On the Porch of the Hotel Brighton during the Storm at Atlantic City, 753; A Scene of Destruction at Low Moor, near Long Branch, during the Storm, 760; Manhattan Beach during the Storm—Destruction of the Marine Railway, 761; Scene at the Foot of Barclay Street—The Music Pavilion and Lawn at Manhattan Beach during the Storm—The Storm at Asbury Park, 762; After the Storm at Atlantic City, 781.

Story, Julian:—Charlotte Corday in Prison, 322.

Street-car Strike in Brooklyn—Starting the First Car, 104.

Street-car Strike in New York—A Riot on Forty-second Street, near Broadway—Starting a Car on the Sixth Avenue Line, 105; The Mob Charging on a "Scab," 107.

Street-cars:—The Electric Motor Applied to Street-cars, 749–752; What it is Coming to (comic), 1063.

Strikes. (See "New York"; "Brooklyn.")

Stroll, A, Through South Street—"Oi'm lukkin' fur the lobster's name, sorr"—"Ruth" on South Street—The Professor of Tattooing at Work, 387.

Substitute, A (comic), 331.

Sugar Swindle, The Electric, 247.

Suggestion, A (comic), 76.

Summer Resorts, Some Western, 780.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Sunday "Boats' Muster" on an Ocean Steamer, 148, 149.
SUPPLEMENTS:—Evolution of the Ferry-boat, 17-20; Corea, The Chosan Land, 37-40; City of Aspen, Colorado, 57-60; The Foreign Element in New York City—The French, 77-80; American Playwrights on the American Drama, 97-100; Evolution of the American War Ship, 118, 119; The City of Omaha, Nebraska, 138, 139; Along the Rio Grande, 157; Fire Insurance and Life-saving, 177; California Wine-making, 197-200; Evolution of the Ocean Steamship, 254, 255; City of Portland, Oregon, 274, 275; Commerce on the Great Lakes, 293-296; Romance of Tompkins Square, 314-316; The Inauguration of our Government, 357-364; The City of Worcester, 422, 423; Bull-fighting in Mexico, 441-444; Ouray, Colorado, 465-468; On the St. Maurice River, 505-507; The Artillery School of the Army, 525-532; The Renaissance of Stained Glass, 565-568; The "America's" Cup, 585-592; Electric Lighting in New York, 593-598; An Idyl of the East Side, 629-632; Roads and Road-making, 653-656; Detroit—Her International Fair and Exhibition, 669-672; The Development of the American Trotting Horse, 673-676; Terminal Facilities of New York, 693-696; The Heart of New Mexico, 725-732; The Electric Motor applied to Street cars, 749-752; The Military Bands of the United States, 785-788; With the Troops at a German Military Manœuvre, 821-824; Silver Mining at Zacatecas, 841-844; Homes of the German Poets, 845-848; The Hudson River, 881-884; In the Wake of a Circus, 885-888; American and English Foot-ball, 905-908; Nanoehid, 941-944, 965-968; The Albany Depot, 989, 1005-1008; The Nile Valley, 1025-1027.
Suspended Animation (comic), 15.
Symington, James, Painting by—"Betsy," 108, 109.

T.

"TAMING of the Shrew," Ada Rehan as "Katharine" in the, 237.
TAMMANY HALL:—The "Big Four" of Tammany Hall, 553; Tammany "Workers" at the Polls in Pell Street—The Beginning of a Free Fight, 920.
Target Practice, Skirmish Line, in the Regular Army—Infantry File-closer—Infantry firing with the "Texas Grip"—An Arrangement in Horse-flesh and Black—At 600 Yards, Cavalry—Volley Firing, Cavalry, 861.
Telegraph—Electric Lighting in New York, 593.
Telegraph Poles, Removing the, in Union Square, New York City, 337.
Telephone, Edison's Long Distance, 127.
Tenement, New York, a Board of Health Doctor in a, 637.
Tenements, Wash Day Among the, 1012.
Terminal Facilities of New York—North River Tow-boat Making up Tow in East River—Canal-boat Docks, East River—Steam-towing Canal-boat, Erie Canal, 693; Tow of Ice-barges, North River—Pennsylvania and Erie Elevators, Jersey City—Barge Lighter in Tow—Pennsylvania Railroad Steam ship Docks, Jersey City, 694; Loading Cattle from old Ferry-boat to "Tramp" Steam-ship—Loading Steamer by Floating Elevator—Steam Lighter Towing Sailing Lighter—Atlantic Docks, Brooklyn, 695; Sailing Lighters, Winter—Transferring Freight-cars—The New West Street, 696.
Terra cotta Groups, 185.
Terry, Ellen, as Lady Macbeth, 408.
TEXAS, Along the Rio Grande, 157.
"Texas," Armored Battle Ship, 118, 119.
Thanatopsis, The Frontier Trooper's, 277.
THANKSGIVING:—The First Thanksgiving, 932, 933; Thanksgiving Chorus, A (comic), 935; Uncle Sam's Thanksgiving (comic), 964.
Theatre—also "Opera," "Drama":—Ada Rehan as "Katharine" in the "Taming of the Shrew"—Macbeth at the Lyceum, 237; Behind the Foot-lights, 431.
Theatres, Parisian, Notes on the, 395.
Theological Seminary, The General, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Chelsea Square, New York—A Portion of the old Seminary—The Chapel—Oak Screen in the Chapel—Front on Ninth Avenue—The Altar and Reredos—General View of the Buildings, 33.
Thanksgiving, The:—An Army and Navy Reception at the White House, 8, 9; The New Commission, 108, 109; Firemen at Work, 128, 129; Sunday "Boats' Muster" on an Ocean Steamer, 148, 149; Inauguration of President Harrison, Scenes at, 188, 189, 204-208; Supplement following, 216; The Police-general's Morning Reception at St. Petersburg, 224, 225; Going to a Fire in St. Petersburg, 244, 245; The Morning of Inauguration Day, 1789, 348, 349; The Centennial Parade, following page 380; Crossing the English Channel, 412, 413; On an Ocean Steamer, The First Breakfast at Sea, 425; Relief Party Crossing the Temporary Bridge erected over the Concemaugh, 469; Ferrying the Dead across the Concemaugh at Night, 480; Arrest of Plunderers of the Dead, 488; The Yale Varsity Crew out for a Spin, 528, 521; A Reception on a Yacht, 684, 685; Driving on the Beach, 713; Back from Paris—Passing the Ordeal of the Custom house Inspectress, 733; On the Porch of the Hotel Brighton during the Storm at Atlantic City, 753; Polo at Cedarhurst, following page 768; The Seventh Regiment Band on the March, 786, 787; On the Race track—A Handicap for all Ages, 805; With the Troops at a German Military Manœuvre, 822, 823; Admiral Porter in 1865, 828; The Richmond County Hunt and Ball, 832, 833; William Ewing, Captain of the New York Base-ball Club, 869; A Saturday Afternoon on Broadway at Madison Square, 925; Rear-admiral J. G. Walker, 928; The Princeton-Yale Foot-ball Game at the Berkeley Oval, 956, 957; The British Occupation of New Amsterdam (Colored Supplement preceding page 969).
Ticking (comic), 135.
Toboggan, The Spill, 121.
Tornadoes, The Work of the, at Pittsburgh, Reading, Brooklyn, and Niagara—Track of the Tornado—Reading Silk-mill—Reading Railroad Engine-house—Wreck of the Niagara Bridge—Front of Wilder's Building on Broad Street, Pittsburgh—Wreck of the Brooklyn Gasometers—Interior of Dormitory in the Marine Barracks and Mess Hall, Marine Barracks and Brooklyn Navy-yard, 48, 49.
Torpedo-boat No. 1, 545; The Halpine Torpedo-boat, 818.
Transatlantic Voyage, Sketches of a—Those Treacherous Stairs—First Sight of Land—Church Service—Character Bits, 1001; A Novice at Sea, 1002.
"Trenton," The U. S. Steamer, 288.
Trotting Horse, The American, Development of, 673-676.
Turkey, Hunting Wild, by Moonlight, 257.
Twenty-second Regiment Armory, 124.
"Two Idiots," 269.
Tyler, James G.:—Christmas Greeting, 1029.

U.

ULRICH, CHARLES F.:—"The Land of Promise"—a Scene in Castle Garden, 88, 89.
Umbrellas—"Friends," 879.
Uncle Mercury's Moving—"What, *Dat* Hat, Miss Sally!" Indignantly Lifting the Insulted Hat out of the Box, 325.
Union League, The Reception of the Pan-American Delegates at the, 1048.
Universities. (See "Colleges.")
Utah—"Ozokerite," 132.

V.

"VALKYRIE," Lord Dunraven's Yacht, 500.
Van Ryn, Rembrandt:—Portrait of Christian Paul van Beeresteyn, Burgomaster of Delft, 773.
"Vandalia," The U. S. Steamer, 288.
Venus, The, of Vienne, 536.
Vermont Militia, 353.
VESSELS:—"Destruction of a Derelict by a United States Naval Cruiser," 84; "Commerce on the Great Lakes," 294, 295.
"Vesuvius," Dynamite Cruiser, 118, 119.
Vienne, The Venus of, 536.
Virginia Militia, 353.

W.

WAGNER'S OPERA. (See "Opera.")
Walden, Lionel:—An Accident at Sea, 322.
Walker, Horatio:—A Pastoral, 108, 109.
Walker, Rear-admiral J. G., 928.
Wanga, Throwing the, 573.
Wants the Earth (comic), 271.
WAR SHIP:—American, Evolution of the, 118, 119; War Ship "Maine," Building the New, at the Brooklyn Navy-yard—Design and Room Model—Model-maker—Bending a Frame—Picking and Cleaning Steel Plates, 193. (See also "Naval.")
War Steamer, Fulton's. ("Fulton the First.")—"Powhatan."—Steam Frigate "Princeton."—Steam Frigate "Franklin," 118, 119.
Ward, Edgar M.:—"The Sad maker," 949.
Wash Day Among the Tenements, 1012.
WASHINGTON, D. C.:—The Lafayette Statue, 12; A Sketch in the Cosmos Club, 144; The Arrival of Troops—A Scene on Pennsylvania Avenue before Inauguration Day, 184; Sketches in Washington before the Inauguration—Decorating the Capitol—Distinguished Visitors—Decorating the Ball-room—Erecting Stands—The Arrival of the President-elect at the Station—Preparing the Avenue—A Sample Load of Baggage, 188, 189; Inauguration of President Harrison—President Harrison taking the Oath of Office, 201; Tail piece, 206; The Inauguration Ball, 208, 209; The Inauguration Parade, Supplement following page 216; Church of the Covenant, 300; Inside of the Washington Monument, 402; Floods at Washington, 472; The Divinity Building of the New Catholic University at Washington, D. C., 912. Inauguration Centennial Celebration (see "Centennial").
WASHINGTON TERRITORY:—Seattle, Bird's-eye View of, 473; Spokane Falls, 664.
Water-color Society, The American. (See "National Academy of Design," 108, 109.)
Watering (comic), 831.
Waukesha, 780.
Wayside Toilet, A, 921.
Wedding, The (comic), 56.
Weeks, Edwin Lord:—"Open-air Restaurant at Lahore," 323.
Weight, A Heavy (comic), 666.
Wells, W. L.:—Chasing a Cripple, 937.
West Side, The Transformation of the, of New York City:—An Oriel Window on West end Avenue—The Original Apartment house—Façade Treatment on Seventy-second Street—Interior and Exterior, corner of Seventy-fifth Street and West end Avenue—A Sky line on Seventy-third Street—Entrances on West end Avenue, 68, 69.
West Virginia Militia, 353.
Western Summer Resorts, Sketches from—At Fox Lake, Illinois—Fountain Spring House, Waukesha—White Rock Spring, Waukesha—The Observatory at Waukesha—Bethesda Spring, Waukesha—Dutch Windmill at Orchard Place—Governor Doty's Log Cabin—An Avenue in Waukesha—Clysmic Spring, Waukesha—Lake Winnebago, 780.
What Is It? (comic), 96.
Wheeler, Schuyler S.:—Electric Lighting in New York, 593, etc.
White House—"Army and Navy Reception at the White House, An," 8, 9.
Why They Shut Down on the Higuerita—"What do you Want to do with the Rifle?" 212; "Crouched on the Floor at his Feet Masuna was Holding the Rifle she had Just Loaded," 228.
Wilder, Bert:—Sketches of a Transatlantic Voyage, 1001, 1002.
Williams, Antonio, 564.
Williamsport Court-house, 484.
Williamstown, Mass., Williams College—Griffin Hall—Morgan Hall—Delta Psi Lodge—Kappa Alpha Lodge—Sigma Phi Lodge—Alpha Delta Phi Lodge—Lasell Gymnasium—The Field Observatory, 552; Mark Hopkins Recitation Rooms, 554.
Wilson, Francis, in "The Oolah," 1021.
Wine-making—California Wine-making—A Wine Cellar—A Wine Press, 197; "Heavy Clusters of Purple Fruit"—The Beringer Vineyard, Napa Valley, 198; The Hopper—"Cresta Blanca" Vineyard, Ojo Del Monte Valley, 199; In the Fermenting Room—In the Shadow of the Vine-leaves, 200.
Winter on the Atlantic—A United States Revenue-cutter Succoring a Ship in Distress, 32.
Wisconsin. (See "Mad-son, Wisconsin," 248.)
Wood, S. W.:—"The World is all Awry," 108, 109.
Woolsey, The late Theodore W., 564.
Worcester, Massachusetts, The City of—Jonas G. Clark—G. Stanley Hall—John D. Washburn—High School—The Clark University—R.R. Depot—Central Church—State Lunatic Asylum—General View of Worcester—Birthplace of George Bancroft, 422, 423.
WORLD'S FAIR, THE PROPOSED:—The World's Fair (comic), 686; The Proposed Inwood Site for the International Exhibition of 1892, Viewed from Fort George, 736; The Proposed Site at Oak and Barretto Points on the Sound, 737; The Fleetwood Drawing Park Area proposed with Claremont Park and the adjoining Lands as a Site—Map showing the Situation of all the Principal Sites under Examination—The Claremont Park Lands, 764; Port Morris, 765; Map of Central Park above the Reservoir, Riverside and Morningside Parks, and adjoining Lands, 782; Father Knickerbocker to the Invaders of Central Park, 784; The North Meadows, Central Park, following page 804; View of the Proposed Site—From Morningside Terrace looking Northeast—From Morningside to Central Park—Up the Hudson from Riverside Park, 812, 813; Map of Suggested Sites, Boundaries indicated by dotted lines as defined by the Sub committee on Buildings, 819.
Wreck, Returning from the, 944, 945.

Y.

YACHTS:—Lord Dunraven's Yacht "Valkyrie," 500; Prize Flags of the June Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, 502; The June Races of the New York and Seawanhaka Yacht Clubs—The Start from the "Electra"—Sloops at the Light ship—"Bedouin" aground in the "cul spot"—"Sea Fox" running a-foul of Sandy Hook—"Liris" loses her bollow Mast—"Gorilla" loses her Topmast—"Sea Fox" and "Katrina" be almost—"Bedouin," "Mayflower" and "Minerva"—The Finish—"Bedouin" and "Mayflower" crossing the Line—"Banshee" losing her Topmast—"Kathleen" finishing first—Dash of the Forty fosters 524; That Deed of Gift (comic), 547; The "America's" Cup, 585, 592; The Prize Goelet Cup for Schooner and Sloop Yachts, 666; A Reception on a Yacht, 684, 685; The Newport Club-house of the New York Yacht Club, 697; Cornithan Yachting—A Misunderstanding of Orders, 720.
YALE:—Architectural Progress at Yale—The Glee Club on the Fence—The Recitation Hall—The New Library, 133; The Varsity Crew Out for a Spin, 509, 521; The Princeton-Yale Foot-ball Match, 976, 977.
"YANTIC":—The United States Steamer Yantic in a Cyclone, 453; "Yorktown," The United States Steamer, 929.

Z.

ZACATECAS, Silver Mining at, 841.
Zoglauer, R. F.:—A Present to the Company Commander, 1; Mounted Pistol Practice in the United States Cavalry, 29; A Court-martial in the Field, 168, 169; Hunting the Wild Turkey by Moonlight, 257; Oklahoma Sketches, 280; Cheyenne Scouts at Drill 405; Arrest of an Illicit Trader in the Indian Territory, 544; The Special Correspondent, 569; A Picket Post in the Indian Country, 613; United States Cavalry at Camp Sheridan, 677; The New Field Artillery for the Army, 721; Cavalry on the March—Danger Ahead, 776, 777; Arrival of the Mail in Camp, 792; A Bad Crossing, 916, 917.

PORTRAITS.

A.—ABBETT, LEON, 912. Adams, C. K., 452. Adams, John, 357. Alger, Russell A., 669. Allen, J. B., 964. Ammidown, E. H., 860. Andrews, E. B., 536. Appleton, Daniel, 600. Ayres, Daniel, 1044.
B.—Babcock, Samuel D., 712. Baretta-Worms, Madame, 396. Barlow, S. L. M., 600. Barnard, Frederick A. P., 377. Barnum, William H., 377. Bisbee, Captain A. M., 869. Bismarck, Count Herbert von, 52. Blackburne, J. H., 329. Blaine, James G., 204. Bliss, Cornelius N., 860. Boies, Horace, 912. Boughton, Miss, 884. Brackett, J. Q. A. 912. Braine, Daniel L., 940. Brandes, Mademoiselle, 396. Brazil, Dom Pedro of, 937. Brazil, Princess Isabella of, 937. Brewer, David J., 1000. Bright, John, 260. Browning, Robert, 1024. Byrnes, Inspector Thomas, 112.
C.—Caldwell, Miss M. G., 912. Cameron, Simon, 537. Campbell, James E., 912. Casey, Lyman R., 1000. Chadwick, F. E., 929. Chandler, Ralph, 144. Cheatham, H. P., 165. Chen Ngen Tao, 869. Chittenden, S. B., 329. Claflin, John, 860. Clarke, Frank W., 144. Clark, John G., 932. Cockran, W. Bourke, 553. Collins, Wilkie, 804. Constantine, Duke of Sparta, 880. Cooper, Marvelle W., 345. Corbin, Austin, 628. Cottman, V. L., 869. Cox, Samuel S., 777. Crockett, Davy, 97. Croker, Richard, 553. Crown-Prince Rudolph of Austria, 104.
D.—D'Abzac, Vicomte Paul, 77. D'Albert, Eugene Francis Charles, 953. Dalton, John Call, M. D., 144. Daly, Augustin, 98. Dana, Charles A., 712. Davis, Jefferson, 992. Deady, Matthew P., 274. Depew, Chauncey M., 628. De Spaun, Baron, 869. Dixon, Hon. Nathan F., 329. Duane, James, 364. Dudley, William Wade, 73. Dutton, Clarence E., 144.
E.—Eaton, Miss Emma, 553. Eaton, Rev. Homer, 993. Ehninger, John W., 104. Emma, Queen of the Netherlands, 260. Erhardt, Joel B., 289. Ericsson, John, 213. Ewing, William, 889.
F.—Farling, Henry, 275. Ferry, D. M., 669. Ferry, Hon. Elisha P. 836. Flood, James C. 165. Fonseca, Deodoro da, 1000. Fritsch, Hugo, 104.
G.—Gilroy, Thomas F., 553. Goethe, 845, 846. Grant, F. D., 268. Grant, Hugh J., 553. Greene, Jacob Lyman, 692. Gunsberg, Isidor, 329.
H.—Halford, Elijah W., 213. Hall, G. Stanley, 423. Hamlin, Dr., 300. Harrigan, Edward, 98. Haygood, Rev. Atticus Greene, 132. Hicks, John, 289. Higgins, Hon. Anthony, 73. Hippolyte, F. G., 717. Hitchcock, Henry, 744. Howard, Bronson, 99. Howell, Captain J. A. 929. Humphreys, David, 364. Hunt, Henry Jackson, 144. Hunt, Rev. Sanford, 993. Hyde, Henry B., 692.
I.—Irving, Henry (as Macbeth), 71. Isabella, Princess, 937.
J.—Jefferson, Joseph (as Bob Acres), 849.
K.—Kelton, John C., 504. Kendal, Mrs., 816.
L.—Ladd, W. S. 278. Lincoln, R. T., 268. Livingston, Robert R., 864. Lomb, Professor Elias, 701. Low, Hon. Seth, 836. Lyon, George W., 836. Lubushush (Gros Ventre Girl), 249. Ludwig, Mlle., 396.
M.—Macadam, John L., 633. Malleton, King, 92. Malmberg, F. S., 869. Matthews, James N., 5. Matthews, Stanley, 240. Mayer, Charles F., 5. McCarty, Richard A., 692. McKinney, Philip W., 912. McMillan, Hon. James, 52, 669. Melette, Arthur C., 221, 816. Mifflin, Thomas, 357. Miller, John, 816. Miller, W. H. H., 205. Mitchell, Charles L., 240. Mitchell, Edward, 744. Moody, Gideon C., 940. Morton, John P., 617.
N.—Nassau, Duke of, 260. Needham, Elias P. 1000. Netherlands, Queen of the, 260. Netherlands, Royal Family of, 260. New, John C., 240. Newhalls, The, 493. Nicholas, The Grand-Duke, Czarowitz of Russia, 300. Noble, John W., 205.
O.—O'Kane, Captain James, 929. Oliphant, Laurence, 5.
P.—Palmer, Thomas W., 221, 669. Pannceforte, Sir Julian, 869. Pearson, Henry G., 345. Pedro II., Dom, 937. Pendleton, George H., 984. Pettigrew, Richard F., 940. Phelps, William Walter, 536. Pierce, Rev. Bradford K., 345. Pierce, Gilbert A., 1000. Porter, Admiral D. D., 828. Porter, Albert G., 221. Potter, Right Rev. Henry C., 789. Pratt, Charles, 772. Proctor, Redfield, 204. Provoost, Right Rev. Samuel, 364.
Q.—Quay, Matthew Stanley, 73.
R.—Raum, Green B., 329. Raymond, Rev. Bradford Paul, 1044. Reed, Thomas B., 1000. Rehan, Ada (as Katharine), 237. Reichman, Theodore, 953. Reid, Whitelaw, 240. Reid, William, 274. Rice, A. T., 268. Rice, Frank, 949. Van Winkle, 97. Roberts, Ellis H., 289. Roberts, George D., 628. Robeson, Captain H. B., 929. Rockefeller, John D., 772. Rockefeller, William, 772. Rudolph, Crown-Prince of Austria, 104. Rusk, Jeremiah, 205. Russia, The Grand-Duke Nicholas, Czarowitz of, 300.
S.—Salisbury, Stephen, 423. Salvesen, P. T. 969. Samary, Madame, J., 396. Sampers, Henry P., 77. Sarasate, Pablo, 948. Schiller, 847. Schoonmaker, Captain C. M., 288. Schuyler, Eugene, 221. Scott, Harvey, W., 274. Shaw, Henry, 77. Shepard, Charles A. B., 104. Stevens, F., 869. Sleeper, Jacob, 289. Slote, Bardwell, 97. Sophia Dorothea, of Germany, 880. Squire, Watson C., 964. St. Clair, Arthur, 364. Storrs, Rev. Richard S., 825. Strong, W. L., 860. Sullivan, Alex., 504.
T.—Tamassee, King, 92. Telford, Thomas, 633. Tennent, Rev. William, 748. Terry, Ellen (as Lady Macbeth), 71. Terry, Ellen, 408. Thaw, William, 717. Thoron, Joseph, 77. Thurston, John M., 213. Toone, Jacob, 132. Toole, Joseph K., 816. Townsend, John J., 1024. Tracy, Benjamin F., 204. Tschigorin, Michael, 329.
V.—Van Beeresteyn, C. P., 773. Van Cott, Cornelius, 289. Van Vliet, General Stewart, 221. Varick, Richard, 364. Verbrugghe, Theodore B., 869. Verney, F. W., 869. Vogl, Heinrich, 953. Von Bulow, Hans, 260.
W.—Walker, Rear-admiral J. G., 948. Wanamaker, John, 73. Warner, William, 701. Watson, John D., 423. Washburn, W. D., 84. Washington, George, 341, 357. Weir, Robert W., 429. Weiss, Max, 329. Whitcomb, Josh, 97. Wilhelmina, Princess of the Netherlands, 260. Wilkeson, Samuel, 1000. William III., King of the Netherlands, 260. Williams, Antonio, 564. Wilis, Theodore B., 836. Wilson, Francis, 1021. Windom, William, 204. Wittmeyer, Rev. A. V., 77. Wolcott, Hon. Edward O., 52. Woolsey, Theodore D., 564.
Y.—Yarrow, Henry C., 144.
Z.—Zorilla, José, 884.

GENERAL INDEX.

ARTICLES AND STORIES.

A.

ABBETT, LEON, 915
Academy, The, Exhibition, 268.
Academy of Design—The Costume Reception at the Academy of Design, 111.
Actor, The, and His Duty to his Time, 462.
ACTORS:—Henry Irving—Macbeth at the Lyceum, 71; The American Drama, 97; Ellen Terry, 411; Edwin Booth—John Gilbert, 499; The Chinese Mimes, 528; Miss Emma Eames, 553; Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, 816; Jefferson, 853; Francis Wilson, 1021.
"Advance," Abandoning the, 455.
African Problem, The Arabs and the, 94.
African Travel, Famous Books of, 1028
Alaska—The Behring Sea Dispute, 659.
Albany Depot, The, 989.
Albemarle Sound, The, Fisheries, 651.
Alden, W. L.:—Sicilian Days, 438.
Allen, John B., 963.
Ambushed Picket, 460.
American Antelope, 87.
American Game Birds, Four, 809, 893, 1022.
American Playwrights on the American Drama, 97.
American Types at the Paris Exposition, 499.
American Water-color Society, The, 111.
"America's" Cup, The, 585.
Ammidown, Edward H., 859.
An Anxious Moment, 742.
Andrews, President B., 536.
Antelope, The American, 87.
Appleton, Daniel, 612.
Aqueduct, The New, 994.
Arabs, The, and the African Problem, 94.
ARCHES:—Arches of Triumph, 493; The Arch for Brooklyn, 653.
ARCHITECTURE:—The West Side Architecture, 67; Recent Architecture in Atlanta, 624; Recent Brooklyn Architecture, 686; Recent Architecture at Cambridge, 954. (See "Buildings.")
Armorer, A Gallant, 553.
Armories, Two New, 127.
Armstrong, Collin:—Money and Investment, 154; Railroads as Investments, 174; Old and New Investments, 194; The Railroad Reform, 213; The Duties of Stockholders, 230; Copper Syndicate, 250; Industrial Trusts Defined, 270; Railroad Consolidation, 290; A Brighter Lookout, 310; A Profitable Law, 330; Turning of the Tide, 380; Our Anthracite Coal Trade, 396; The Rights of Minority Owners, 420; The Revival of Speculation, 440; The State of Trade, 464; The Work of Recuperation, 484; The Railroad Situation, 668; A Problem of Over-taxation, 692; An Unreasonable Hostility, 712; The Money Market Relieved, 728; The Railroad in Politics, 748; A Strong Market for Securities, 768; A Disgraceful Enterprise, 784; Railroad Rates, 804; Trusts in Wall Street, 820; Wall Street vs. the Country, 840; The Atchison Reorganization, 864; Consolidation in the Railroad World, 880; The History of a Wrecked Railroad, 904; A Discontented Community, 924; Unnatural Financial Relations, 940; Trials of Investors, 964; "Who But Must Laugh?" 984.
ARMY:—The Cavalryman and His Weapons, 34; General and Garrison Courts-martial, 168; The Trooper's Thanatopsis, 282; The Ambushed Picket, 460; The Artillery School of the Army, 529; An Outpost in the Indian Country, 623; The Army and the Politicians, 626; Our New Field Guns, 725; Cavalry in a Sand-storm, 729; Skirmish Line Target Practice in the Regular Army, 862; A Bad Crossing, 914.
ART:—The American Water-color Society—The Costume Reception at the Academy of Design, 111; The Academy Exhibition, 268.
Arthur's, President, Monument, 495.
Artillery, Canadian, in Winter, 53.
Artillery School, The, of the Army, 529.
"Ascension, The," by La Farge, 428.
Aspen, The City of, Colorado, 57.
Athens, The Royal Wedding at, 880.
ATHLETICS:—Athletics in New York, 223; Amateur Athletic Training, 418; The Growth of Amateur Athletics, 547; College Athletics, 922; When Does an Athlete Grow old? 963.
Atlanta, Recent Architecture in, 623.
Atlantic City after the Storm, 779.
Auditorium Building, The, at Chicago, 1025.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1674.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



AMERICANS IN PARIS—IN THE FLOWER MARKET AT THE MADELEINE.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Such a quantity of good things that the price seems ridiculous."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for January 15th contains "Teddy Mullen's Country Seat," a story for boys, by JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL; *"A Skull Heavier than Gold," by* DAVID KER; *and the fourth instalment of "Captain Polly," by* SOPHIE SWETT.

The second paper in the series of "Glimpses of Child Life from Dickens" is on David Copperfield and Mr. Dick.

"Venetian Boys in the Sixteenth Century" is accompanied by two engravings by MEAULLE, *of Paris, after paintings by* PONTORMO *and* CARPACCIO.

Two articles for the older readers are "Manner and Manners," by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *and "Becoming a Journalist," by* EUGENE M. CAMP.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.
A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A GENERAL ASSAULT UPON BRIBERY.

THE fact that the Democratic Governor of New York and the Republican Speaker of the New York Assembly should both have laid the greatest stress upon the illicit use of money at the late election is very significant. The Governor said, "It is believed"—by which we suppose he means that he believes—"the recent Presidential election was the most corrupt of any in the history of the country." And Speaker COLE said, "Never before in the history of our politics....has money played so important, unblushing, and corrupt a part in the election of government officials." The New York *World* lately summarized in special despatches the views of Governors of leading States. The retiring Democratic Governor of Indiana strongly advocates a revision of the election laws to prevent corruption, and his successor, the Republican Governor, demands electoral reform; the Governor of Nebraska recommends strong measures to secure an honest ballot; the Governor of Tennessee was meditating action; the South Carolina Legislature has passed stringent laws upon the subject; North Carolina thinks her laws adequate for repression of the evil; Arkansas will favor any good law; Wisconsin is thinking of the question; Illinois has a stringent law; and Massachusetts has adopted substantially the effective SAXTON bill which Governor HILL vetoed last year in New York.

This general interest is a good sign of political health. The evil has been long familiar, but its extent and menace were forced upon public attention by the notorious letter of the treasurer of the Republican Committee with its detailed recommendation of bribery, by the large sum raised by Mr. WANAMAKER followed by the suggestion of his name as a proper one for the new cabinet, and by the article in the *Mail and Express* substantially bewailing that a bargain for votes was not properly completed. The newspapers have permitted no public ignorance of the matter. Letters from Europe, public and private, have commented upon it. This universal publicity is one of the best guarantees of action, and it will be a grievous disappointment if the New York Legislature does not pass an adequate bill to restrict the opportunities of such corruption, or if such a bill should be vetoed by Governor HILL. There are certain points in which the chief efficacy of a reform ballot law is to be found. One of them is the security of such privacy for the voter that the briber cannot be certain that he is not fooled. If he cannot keep his eye upon his man until the bargain is completed by the deposit of the vote, the essential condition of successful bribery is wanting. It is therefore necessary that the voter receive only the ballot which the State has printed, that it be recognizable as such by the poll inspector, and that before casting it the voter be secluded to prepare it as he wishes.

This plan destroys the excuse for "striking" candidates for money; it prevents the briber from preparing the ticket for the paid voter to deposit, and from seeing that he deposits no other; and it secures entire secrecy to the voter by withdrawing him from observation while he prepares his ballot. These are the distinctions of the Australian system and of the Massachusetts law. The critical point, of course, is the provision for voters who cannot read. The proper remedy for this in a country of free schools would be the requirement of the ability to read as a condition of voting. But as that is not the existing requirement, the actual situation must be met in the way which offers the least and not the most chance for corruption. The law which is in contemplation is the act of the people to secure in their own interest honest elections. No law can be perfect. But when the evil to be corrected is plainly perceived and comprehended, and those who desire to perpetuate it for their own advantage are well known, their objections are only arguments for the law, and the warmth of their hostility is the measure of its efficacy. A law of this kind which Governor HILL would probably veto might be safely regarded as the law which ought to be passed.

REPORT OF THE EXCISE REVISION COMMISSION.

THE report of the Excise Revision Commission is a compromise which is understood not to be acceptable to any member. The rate of license fees is as follows: in cities, hotel licenses for all kinds of liquors, minimum $100, maximum $500; in towns, $75 to $250. Saloon licenses for all liquors—in cities, $300 to $500; in towns, $100 to $200. Saloon licenses for wine, ale, and beer only—in cities, $60 to $150; in towns, $40 to $100. Drug-store licenses on physicians' prescriptions, $20. Store-keepers' licenses—in cities, $75 to $250; in towns, $50 to $150. Eating-house licenses—in cities, $100 to $250; towns, $40 to $100. Sunday sales are prohibited, and sales from midnight until 6 A.M. for six months of the year, and until 5 A.M. for the other six months. There are provisions for special licenses for sale in cars and boats and at balls, etc. The number of bars licensed must not exceed one to every 500 of the population. But this provision does not apply to existing cases, but prohibits the granting of additional licenses until the proper ratio is reached. There are to be three Commissioners of Excise, to serve for one, two, and three years respectively, to be appointed in cities and elected in towns; the former to receive $5000 in New York, in other cities not more than $2500, and in towns $3 a day for every day's actual service.

This rate of license fees is much below the public expectation. The most expert students of the subject hold that a minimum fee of $500 in the city of New York would reduce the number of licenses by 75 per cent., and double the revenue from that source. The restriction of one saloon to every 500 people would diminish the number in New York from 10,000 to 2500. But the advantage would be lost under this scheme until the population of the city had increased enormously. Yet a peremptory adjustment of the number of saloons to the population would be extremely difficult, as the experience of Boston shows. Excluding druggists, there are now 1561 places in that city licensed to sell intoxicating drinks, or one to every 263 persons. The law of 1888 demands the reduction of this number to exactly one-half, or 781 licenses. But the new Mayor of Boston says in his message that it is not certain that the law can be enforced, and he suggests that it "may be right to ask for a more gradual reduction in the number of licenses."

Nothing is plainer upon this subject than that extreme and sudden advances are impracticable. A steady and constantly increasing compression is much more effective than spasmodic efforts, which recoil and lose ground already gained. But the scheme of the Revision Commission which satisfies none of the members will probably satisfy nobody else. A certain consistency of provision would be better than a provision which both prescribes and annuls a forward step. Thus the restriction of saloons to a smaller number than one to 500 of the population, if properly enforced, would be very much more satisfactory than the arrangement made, which practically leaves this evil wholly untouched. Any scheme to be successful must have a hearty approval and support from a considerable body of citizens who seriously desire temperance reform. But for the want of such support the scheme of the Commission is likely to fail. There is, however, no doubt of the existence of a strong public opinion which demands a more stringent license law, and a consistent and reasonable bill, not unlike the CROSBY bill of last year, so modified as to make a veto an undisguised surrender to the saloon, could certainly be readily matured at Albany. The Governor, indeed, intimates that he doubts if there be a public desire of higher license. But the Legislature will hardly allow the Governor's intimation of an opinion to restrain its action.

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

WHAT will probably be the last act of this administration to effect a real reform in the civil service is the approval by the President of a scheme for appointments and changes in the postal railway mail service. This has been earnestly recommended by the Reform League, and the approved rules contain one most important provision which reformers would gladly see applied to the whole service. This is a requirement that the cause of removal shall be reported to the Commission. A similar requirement in every case of removal, that the reasons should be filed and made properly accessible to the public, would be one of the most wholesome practicable measures of reform, by impressing upon the removing officer the consciousness of responsibility and preventing arbitrary partisan removals. Undoubtedly such a provision might be evaded. There is no such rule which may not be evaded, nor any law that may not be violated. But that is not a reason for refusing to pass laws nor for neglecting wise regulations. The President's approval of the provision is the significant introduction of a principle which undoubtedly will be widely extended, and to the great advantage of the public service.

The new rules apply to the entire railway mail service except the General Superintendent and his assistant. The limitations of age for examinations are eighteen and thirty-five years, except in the case of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, who may be examined without regard to age. In each railway mail division the Civil Service Commission will appoint as many boards of examiners for admission and promotion as it may hold to be necessary, and nobody will be placed upon the eligible list who shall not have attained a general average of not less than seventy on a scale of one hundred, except soldiers and sailors, who need attain only an average of sixty-five. A register of eligibles will be kept for each State and Territory, and all vacancies above class one will be filled by promotion upon such tests as the Postmaster-General, with the assent of the Commission, may prescribe. All appointments will be made for a probationary term of six months, and absolute appointments will be determined by the record. Upon requisition from the Postmaster-General, and under certain conditions, transfers may be made from the railway service to any classified office or to the Post-office Department, and *vice versa*. Under certain conditions, also, railway postal employés who have left the service may be reinstated. The General Superintendent will immediately report to the Commission every change made in the service, whether by appointment, promotion, or discharge; and, as we have stated, the reasons for not making an absolute appointment and for removal must be reported to the Commission.

Can there be any reasonable question that such a system for this most important branch of the public service is infinitely superior to that which gives the appointment to members of Congress as their share of the patronage, and which makes their favor, and not proved fitness, the condition of entrance into the service? The adoption in the last months of the Democratic administration of this admirable and well-considered non-partisan scheme to secure and retain the most competent public employés compares favorably with the conduct of the Republican administration under the same circumstances four years ago, when efforts were diligently made to protect partisan appointments by including them in the classified service. This inclusion in that service of the whole railway mail system, and the general interest with which the subject of reform is discussed, together with the expression of favorable opinions by Senators and Representatives, and the decisive tone of the speeches of Republican Representatives like Mr. BROWN, of Indiana, and Mr. LODGE, of Massachusetts, in the late brief debate in the House, when General SPINOLA very properly appeared as the leader of the spoils forces, which suffered a ludicrous defeat, are all emphatic indications of the constantly stronger hold of the principles of reform upon the public mind.

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

ON the last night of the late year there was a Republican banquet at Chattanooga in Tennessee to celebrate the election of Mr. H. CLAY EVANS, a Republican Representative to Congress. The chief interest of the occasion was a letter from General LONGSTREET. If not the ablest leader of the Confederate armies, he was second to none in the best soldierly qualities. At Gettysburg, if any Confederate general could have prevailed, it was LONGSTREET. There was no doubt of his ability, his courage, and his devotion to the Confederate cause, as there has been none since the end of the war of his complete and honorable acceptance of the great result.

The views of such a man, when the election has restored to power the party which has been held to be inimical to "the South," are exceedingly interesting and suggestive, because they must be held to express a feeling which is shared by others. General LONGSTREET would seem to be of opinion that the minds of Southern citizens are fixed too exclusively upon the race problem, and as a pendant to the very interesting letter of Mr. WILLIAMS, of South Carolina, which we recently published, we quote the essential part of General LONGSTREET's letter. He is a Republican and a protectionist. But his views, expressed with great plainness, reveal a spirit in the "New South" which must be reckoned with seriously in any just estimate of the situation:

"Chattanooga is the centre or pioneer of the 'New South,' and being one of the first cities, if not the first, of any size in our section to elect a Republican Congressman, pledged to the protection of American labor and American industries, she has blazed out a path to industrial supremacy that her sister cities would do well to imitate. Had it not been for the 'MORRILL tariff' of 1861, with its strong protective features, your flourishing city might have still been in its swaddling-clothes, instead of the vigorous specimen of robust municipal manhood that gladdens the eye of the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

laborer and the capitalist. It may be taken for granted that men who have the sense to amass wealth have also sense enough not to risk their investments among a people who are unfriendly to their interests, and where a community yearn for free-trade it is but natural that labor and capital should give that community a wide berth. Nothing is so timid and cautious as capital, and to get it in your midst it must feel that it is safe and welcome. Thousands and millions of dollars are locked up in government bonds or hoarded in bank vaults that would be gladly released from its 'prison bounds' and seek the fertile fields and rich mineral lands of the 'sunny Southland' if the conditions were believed to be favorable. Two recent events in our midst will conduce to this end: first, the heroic action of the Birmingham sheriff in defending his prisoner against mob violence; and second, the visit of the Birmingham delegation to General HARRISON. The one showed the world the supremacy of law and order, and that lynch law will soon be a reminiscence only with us; and the other was notice to the Bourbons that their party shackles are broken, and that hereafter men will have the moral courage to proclaim their real principles and vote their honest convictions in defiance of social ostracism, not affrighted by the spook of negro domination.

"I trust that General HARRISON will meet with no factious opposition from the South, for our people owe him more than we now can discern, so close are we to the smoke of the battle of the 6th of November. The approval of Mr. CLEVELAND's policy would have been a calamity, notably to our section; for it would have retarded our industrial growth and arrested the development of our material resources. Although General HARRISON will not get a single electoral vote from the South, yet history will record that the Southern people received greater benefits from his election than those States that voted for him. Let our old boys in gray meet General HARRISON on half-way ground, and take the outstretched hand of the patriot and statesman, and co-operate with him in his efforts for the upbuilding and glory of our common country. Help him and hold up his hands, that he may be the stronger to help you."

The Charleston *News and Courier*, in considering at length the letter of Mr. WILLIAMS, of Greenville, South Carolina, which we recently published, admits it to be candid and strong, but wonders that we should suppose it to represent the view of a great part of the intelligent and earnest people in the Southern States, denying emphatically that it does so. This view it holds to be much more truly expressed in a speech of Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky, prepared for delivery at the late New England dinner in Charleston. Mr. BRECKINRIDGE states the question to be, How the people of the Southern States can preserve the control of their affairs and the preservation of their institutions, their civilization, and their wealth consistently with the contentment of the seven millions of colored people? He thinks that this can be accomplished by a kindly spirit, by Christianizing and civilizing them, and giving them a fair chance in the race for life. The Atlanta *Constitution*, commenting upon some remarks of the WEEKLY, says that "the South is striving to find some solution of the negro problem," and ex-Governor BULLOCK thinks that it will be certainly found. All these authorities agree that the question must be left entirely to local adjustment, because the future condition of the colored race in the Southern States must depend, as Mr. BRECKINRIDGE says, upon the good-will and the conscience of the white people among whom it is placed. Of this there can be no doubt. The most stringent national interference which the Constitution would permit would not necessarily bring another Southern vote to the polls, and would certainly not foster greater kindliness of feeling. If the well-nigh universal sentiment in this part of the country, where the colored population is very small, does not even entertain this suggestion of a representative of it in the cabinet, it cannot be difficult to understand the feeling in communities which have seen a MOSES administration and a carpet-bag Legislature.

DISTRICT SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

MR. DRAPER, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, is so admirable and efficient an officer that every suggestion he may officially make is worthy of careful consideration. In his address at the late thirty-fourth annual meeting of the State Association of School Commissioners and Superintendents, he said that he had recommended to the Legislature that the money appropriated to districts for the maintenance of school libraries should be devoted exclusively to that purpose, and that the purchase of books should be made from a list approved by the Department of Public Instruction. This is a good suggestion, if the old system of district appropriations is to continue, because it would tend to secure proper books for the libraries. But the Superintendent has well asked how can the system be made more effective than it now is.

For sixty years the Legislature has annually appropriated from $50,000 to $55,000 among the school districts of the State for the purchase of school libraries. There has been paid out for this purpose the sum of $2,724,000, and the sum actually expended for libraries is $1,985,144. The difference is explained by the fact that the money is often used for other purposes. The largest number of volumes ever reported in district libraries was 1,604,210 in the year 1853. In 1887, more than thirty years afterward, only 737,716 volumes were reported, and these are found in larger places, where other libraries exist. In one-half of the districts in one county of the State known to us—and the fact is doubtless the same in other counties—a sum of less than five dollars is annually apportioned. This illustrates the difficulty, which lies in the fact that the sum allotted to districts which need it most is too small to produce any substantial result.

The abandonment of the appropriation for that reason would be very unwise. The better course is to make it more effective; and if the sum is to be apportioned by districts, the suggestion of the Superintendent is timely and wise. But what kind of a district library can be maintained for five dollars a year? As it appears that in many districts there are already other libraries, it would seem that the grant could be made to effect its purpose much more truly if the distribution of money should be made dependent upon certain conditions, like the neighborhood of other libraries, and upon the actual situation as ascertained by the Department of Public Instruction. That department is one of the most important in the State, and such discretion would not be beyond the proper responsibilities of its head.

MAYOR GRANT'S MESSAGE.

MAYOR GRANT'S message contains some excellent suggestions. His remarks upon increased facilities of transportation, upon the shameful condition of the city pavements, and upon the docks and piers are approved by all sensible citizens. They concern improvements which ought unquestionably to be made, and the lack of which is a disgrace. But the difficulty is not in seeing what ought to be done, but how to do it in a way which would not be more disgraceful. The Mayor speaks also of new public buildings, and even suggests the City Hall Park for them. Doubtless they are desirable. But the history of public buildings in New York makes the tax-payer and the decent New-Yorker wince.

If the Mayor could show how such enterprises as he suggests for great expenditure of public money would not be enormous jobs, he would do a remarkable public service. As the *Times* points out, it cannot be forgotten that the Mayor was elected by Tammany Hall, and have we advanced so briskly toward the millennium that great city works consummated under the auspices of Tammany might be supposed to be honest, economical, and fitting?

Mayor GRANT would presently erect the city charitable and penal institutions upon Pelham Bay Park, and transform Blackwell's Island into a park. But the disposition to obstruct the public parks with buildings is not to be encouraged. Public grounds, like public buildings, are to be respected. They are designed to secure free space in sun and air, and not to be building sites. No more building should be permitted in the City Hall Park, and some good reason should be shown for the enormous expense of the practical exchange of parks which the Mayor proposes in the case of Blackwell's Island. His remarks upon burying the wires express the universal public feeling, and he is unquestionably correct in saying that except on Sunday a very large number of citizens are unable to visit the great museums. The message has made a favorable impression, and the Mayor may be sure of a general and hearty support of every effort that he may make effectively and economically to further his own good suggestions.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

AFTER a warm discussion of five hours in executive session—the longest of such sessions on record—the Senate, by a vote of 49 to 3, passed Mr. EDMUNDS's resolution practically reaffirming the MONROE doctrine. The resolution deprecates the connecton of any European government with the construction or control of any canal across the American isthmus. That is a simple announcement of our traditional public policy. France cannot be surprised, much less offended, by it, because the French government gave us the most positive and definite assurances when the LESSEPS canal was projected that it proposed taking no part in it whatever.

Should that government assume or guarantee the work, it would have the right to support by arms the interest which it would acquire, and it is an act of international courtesy to announce to France, when tremendous pressure is brought to induce a practical disregard of her solemn assurance, that the views and policy of this country are unchanged. The French government can point to the express declaration of the government of the United States as a conclusive reason why it should not yield to the pressure to violate its word.

To the inquiry why the United States should object to a canal across the isthmus constructed by a foreign government, the reply is that the local interest of the United States in such a work is paramount. If an isthmian state should choose to open a waterway within its own dominions, and without understandings with great foreign powers, we could not object. But that is not supposable. The work can be done only by great capital, either in a private way like that proposed by LESSEPS, or by government aid. The course of the Senate forecasts undoubtedly that of the House, and as it is a joint resolution, unless the President should veto it, which is improbable, it would be communicated to the European powers. It can do no harm, and it may easily prevent serious complications.

THE REMOVAL OF THE APPRAISER AT NEW YORK.

THE President, at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, has removed Appraiser MCMULLEN at the port of New York, and his request to be heard was denied. Mr. MCMULLEN has been for thirty-six years, half of his life, in the government service, and, as we understand, no complaint of his integrity or efficiency has ever been made. Indeed he was appointed by reason of his high character both as man and officer. He is removed because, as the Secretary says, reforms must be at once begun in the Appraiser's Department, in which he cannot count upon the Appraiser's intelligent and sympathetic co-operation. Six or seven weeks remain to the Secretary for the accomplishment of such reforms, and the Appraiser states that they had not been suggested to him.

If the Secretary is satisfied that the Appraiser is too old or too pliable to do his work properly, there can be no question of the duty of removing him. But he has not grown suddenly old or pliable, and it is impossible not to feel that the reasons must be very urgent which demand a removal that can be of no service to the proposed reforms. If the removal be in any way connected with Mr. MCMULLEN's course in regard to the alleged sugar frauds, as he evidently believes, it is time that those frauds ceased to be merely alleged. Although a certain secrecy of investigation in such matters may be for a time essential, yet time enough has now elapsed to furnish facts which may be safely revealed, and it is certainly desirable to clear up the curious proceedings of Mr. BYRNE.

Mr. SHERER was suspended under circumstances which made his suspension equivalent to a charge of complicity with fraud, other employés were dismissed in the same injurious manner, and Mr. MCMULLEN evidently believes that he suffers from the same suspicion. Yet only the suspicion is declared, and no distinct charges are made, notwithstanding Mr. SHERER's earnest request for complete publicity and investigation. Secretary FAIRCHILD is not only a kindly man, but an upright public officer, and he must certainly see that great injustice is done to men hitherto of unimpeachable character by the vague allegation of frauds and the indefinite postponement of the proof.

AN IMPUTATION FROM KANSAS.

KANSAS is doubtless a large enough State to afford room for the play of keen local jealousies between the rising cities within its borders. Hutchinson keeps a jealous eye on the progress of Wichita, Leavenworth grudges Topeka the possession of the Capitol, and Topeka regards with a certain amount of fretful impatience the push and energy of its younger rivals. But Kansas is too large a State to give countenance to the idea that extended notice of the growth of its urban communities interests the rest of the country so little that such can be published only at the expense of the city described. We are therefore surprised to find that the Topeka *Democrat* thinks so meanly of the evidences of Western intelligence and enterprise displayed in the city of Wichita as to assume that the Supplement of the WEEKLY in which these were set forth was of the nature of a paid advertisement. This, however, is mainly the *Democrat's* own affair, to be reckoned for with such of the people of Kansas as it counts among its readers. But that the *Democrat* should think so meanly of HARPER'S WEEKLY as to suppose that its reading columns are for sale to enterprising citizens in Kansas or elsewhere is so distinctly our affair that we have asked our erring contemporary to furnish us the grounds on which it based such an opinion.

The Wichita *Daily Eagle*, which knows whereof it speaks, said in reply to the *Democrat's* first statement on the subject, "Not a cent, absolutely not a cent, did the article in question cost the city of Wichita." Whereupon the *Democrat*, in the fulness of its misinformation, repeated the charge after this fashion, "Then, if it did not cost the city a penny, certain live business men and capitalists in that aspiring city must have opened their pocket-books and contributed thousands of dollars to secure the valuable publication in said widely circulated journal." Our friend of the *Eagle* promptly anticipated our correction of this statement by explaining, felicitously and forcibly, that the Wichita Supplement was the outcome of our continuous search for "those characteristic developments which come of the more advanced spirit of American enterprise," and was issued "merely in the interest of a better education and a higher civilization." And the *Eagle* added that the publication "did not cost Wichita a cent, nor her individual citizens a cent."

It is, perhaps, a little discouraging that any such explanation as that made on our behalf by the Wichita *Eagle* should be found necessary, or that any such misconception of the character of the WEEKLY as that adopted by the Topeka *Democrat* should be possible after a generation of journalistic conduct visibly opposed to the mercenary practice imputed to us. But we are glad to believe that there are few newspapers in the United States capable of making such a blunder, and that our misguided Topeka contemporary will be found ready to make all the reparation in its power for the gratuitous aspersion of which we have demanded an explanation.

PERSONAL.

A MOST interesting link to the past is the venerable MRS. SARAH CHAPLIN ROCKWOOD, of Cortland, New York, who celebrated her one-hundred-and-third birthday not long ago by keeping open house. She was born in Groton, Massachusetts, and from her great-uncle, Colonel PRESCOTT, the hero of Bunker Hill, she heard the story of the historic battle. Other incidents of the Revolution were often told in her presence by the Colonel, and she remembers him well as an affable but dignified man. Her father, Rev. Dr. DANIEL CHAPLIN, was a prominent New England figure during the religious upheaval of seventy-five years ago, and her brother, WILLIAM L. CHAPLIN, belonged to the uncompromising school of GARRISON abolitionists. The historian PRESCOTT and MRS. CAROLINE CHAPLIN ORNE, a popular novelist of the past, were relatives of MRS. ROCKWOOD, while AMOS LAWRENCE was a connection of the family and her school-master at Groton Academy. Of her girlhood days MRS. ROCKWOOD has many distinct remembrances, and she speaks with great animation of the dances they had on the green at the close of school, and the "treats" of gingerbread that the young swains handed around to the girls.

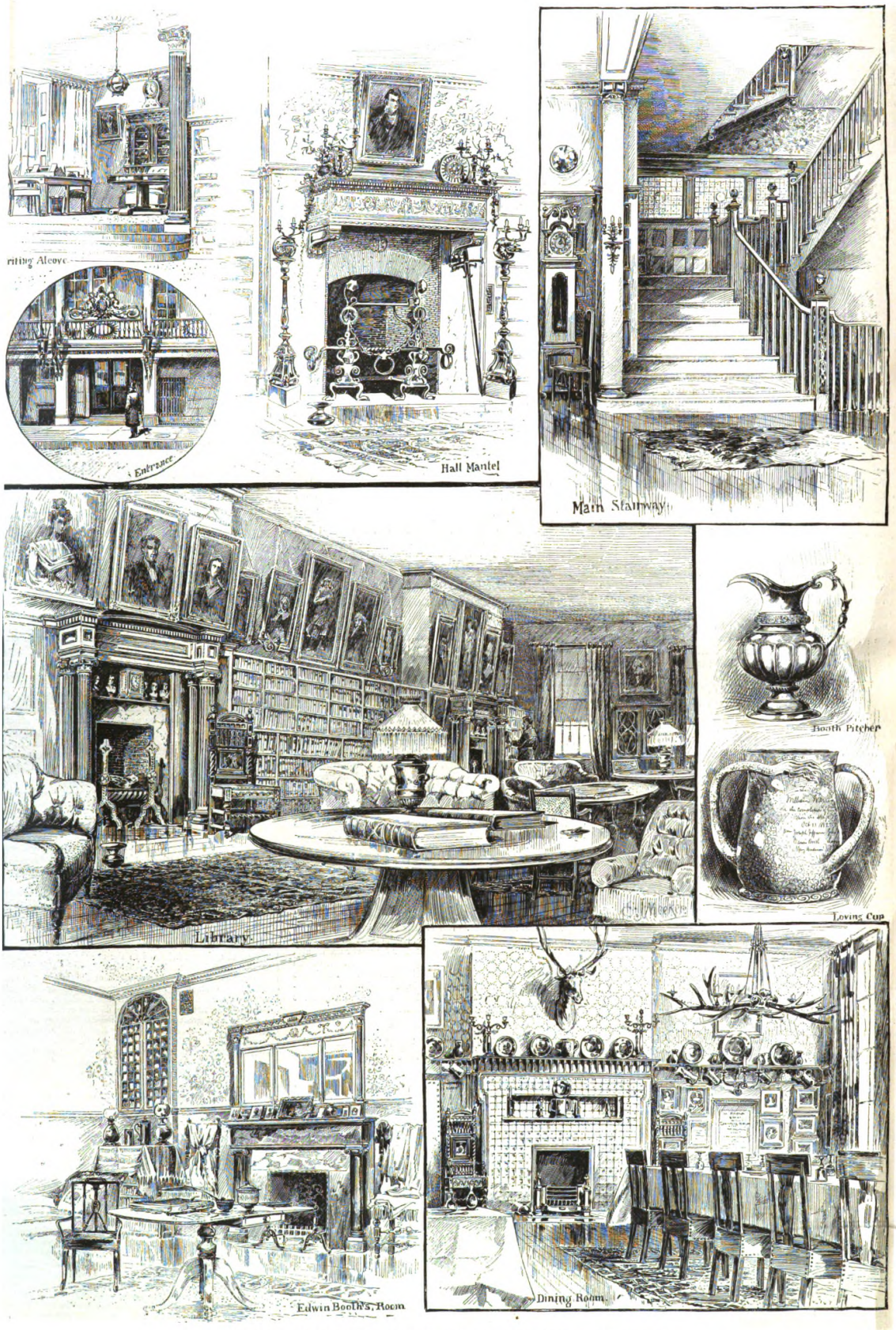
—MISS EDITH DAVIS and other London philanthropists are taking steps to form the "Lady Guide Association," the principal object being to give gentlewomen in straitened circumstances a means of livelihood by acting as guides for strangers wishing to see the sights of the city, and furnishing them with such information as they desire.

—SAM WAH KEE, a Boston Chinaman of wealth and influence, and husband of one of the two Chinese women at the Hub, has just celebrated the birth of his son and heir by giving a banquet to seven hundred of his countrymen. He entertained his guests at his house and store with tea and Celestial delicacies, which a Chinese caterer furnished to the tune of three dollars a plate. The youthful KEE has been named AMES HART, after the Governor of the State and the newly elected Mayor of the city.

—BOSTON CORBETT, who killed JOHN WILKES BOOTH, and has of late years been confined in a Kansas insane asylum, has escaped, and is supposed to be in Mexico.

—A Chicago character, BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTONE MCVICKAR, better known as "Brock" MCVICKAR, is dead. His principal claims to distinction were two incidents which occurred during his visit to Paris several years ago. The first was the inditing of a sonnet in praise of the Empress EUGÉNIE's beauty, which brought him the personal thanks of the Emperor and Empress, and gave him the freedom of the city, and the second was the prominent part he played in arresting an anarchist who had fired at the Czar during a fête given in honor of the Russian ruler's visit to the French capital. For the last performance he was thanked and decorated by the Czar.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE PLAYERS.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 51.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,
AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XIV.

THE major of Mullane's regiment was sent to Washington to take charge of the deceased officer's effects and to make such investigation as to the cause and manner of his death as might be permissible by the police. He was an honest and a dutiful soldier, a man who stood high in the confidence of his colonel and of his brother officers; nevertheless, there was no little growling among the "Mullane crowd," as that particular element among the commissioned force was known, because that particular field-officer had been selected, and not one of their own number. Captain Moriarty was easily induced to go to the colonel as chairman and spokesman of this spontaneous grievance committee, and to say to him that the "frinds" of Captain Mullane considered that they had been ignored in the selection of Major Dalrymple, and further, that in his hands it was not to be expected that justice would be done: he was, and always had been, hostile to Captain Mullane. The colonel allowed the red-faced troop commander to proceed with his harangue until his ideas gave out and he had to pause for a moment. Then, without a word, the commander held forth an opened copy of the "Revised Regulations," and pointed to the paragraph which prescribed that the major of the regiment should take charge of and become responsible for the effects of deceased officers. Moriarty stumbled over this a moment, and then, after scratching his head in some perplexity, he hit on another line of assault.

"But we have three majors, sir, and only wan of 'em was frindly to Captain Mullane. Couldn't Major O'Neil be sent? 'Twould be a source of satisfaction to the frinds and family of the 'desayst.'"

"There are reasons why Major O'Neil cannot be detailed, sir; and Major Dalrymple, as commander of Captain Mullane's battalion, is the only proper one to send. That will do on that subject."

"Very well, colonel. Good-day, sir. I've simply to say in conclusion, sir, that it's the belief of all Mullane's frinds that he was foully murdered without a chance for his life, and that the man who did it was Major Kearny, sir. Good-day to you, colonel." And Moriarty went back to his friends to report the ill success of his appeal, and to spread abroad the theory that their late companion had met his death at the hands of the New Jersey major.

Remembering all that had taken place, and conjuring up, as men and Christians will, all manner of things that were of no import at the time of their occurrence, but that became of serious moment now, it must be admitted that there were strong grounds for believing that no one would be more quickly pounced upon as the slayer of Mullane than he who swore that as God was his judge the Irish captain should answer to him for the foul insult put upon his honor. Men were very grave and reserved in the camp of the —— New Jersey, and rather gloomy and vengeful in that of their neighbors. The story went up from brigade to division head-quarters. There was no Bayard now to stand the friend of the absent soldier. The gallant cavalry leader, whose face had borne for years the scars of savage warfare on the plains, had met his soldier death at Fredericksburg, and another veteran dragoon had recently stepped into the vacant place—"a new king who knew not Joseph"—and when Dalrymple went on the next up trip of the steamer to Washington he bore with him official letters that had much to say of the late fracas between Kearny and the murdered captain, and that told in no mild terms of the former's furious threats.

It was four days before the officers of the Jersey regiment were able to get the full text of Dalrymple's report. The moment it was received by his colonel a copy was made and handed to Captain Dayton, who read it aloud to the assembled comrades. Not a word was spoken even when he finished. Dayton folded the paper and looked around at the circle of grave and anxious faces. There were one or two in which he read hopeful signs, but only one or two. Over in the other regiment the reading of Dalrymple's letter had produced but one impression: that Kearny was the man. Here among the Jerseymen there was silence.



"THE NEXT INSTANT A TALL FIGURE BURST THROUGH THE HEDGE CLOSE BY HER SIDE, AND STOOD SILENTLY BEFORE HER."

Summed up in its entirety, the case against Kearny looked black as night. Coupled with his threats, his wrath, his refusal to give a promise not to follow the man if granted leave, the following uncanny array of facts had been evolved, partially by Dalrymple, partially by the police, partially by telegraphic correspondence between Washington and Trenton:

Mullane's fortnight of leave of absence would have expired the second day after Kearny's departure, and he would be compelled to return on the down trip of the steamer leaving Washington the evening following Kearny's arrival at the capital. For four days after the captain's departure Kearny had been striving to obtain leave of absence himself, only to refuse it when offered him on condition that he would neither follow nor molest Mullane. Then he wrote urgent letters, and sent telegrams to the adjutant-general of New Jersey and to influential friends in Trenton, saying that he would gladly accept the majority that had been tendered him if there were now a vacancy. The Governor was visited in his behalf without delay; and that very evening telegrams were sent him announcing his new commission, and saying that the War Department had been urged to order him to report at once to the Governor of his State for duty in connection with the equipment and instruction of his battalion. It was known in camp that two telegrams came for Kearny four days before the arrival of his orders—these were probably the telegrams referred to—yet not a word had he breathed to any one, even to Dayton, of his coming promotion. Not a word did any of his comrades hear of it until the orders themselves were published; yet he must have anticipated their coming, for he was "packed" and ready to start almost without loss of a day. All men remembered his feverish impatience, his restlessness, his nervous irritability, when urged to "hold over" that they might give him a farewell dinner.

Then it transpired that no sooner had he received telegraphic notification of his promotion and impending orders than he addressed a letter to the adjutant-general of his State saying that urgent personal matters required his attention for a few days, and begging that he might be authorized to delay one week in reporting for duty with his battalion. To this, affirmative answer was sent by telegraph; other despatches had come to him both in camp and at the landing at Acquia, as Dayton could not but remember. The purser of the steamer recalled the fact that the Major paced restlessly up and down on deck until after midnight. Other officers were aboard going to Washington on sick leave, "furlough," or duty—as many as three or four dozen—and they were having a jovial time together much of the night, but Major Kearny held himself aloof from all. "He seemed moody and preoccupied." Before "turning in" he had given orders that his trunk should be sent to Willard's and his other baggage to the Baltimore and Ohio depot. The baggage had been shipped, as "tagged," to Trenton. The trunk, duly marked with his name, had been at Willard's several days, uncalled-for.

Major Kearny had disappeared; no man knew whither.

The steamer had reached her Washington dock just after daybreak, said the guard. Several officers were there awaiting the coming of friends, and the deceased was particularly remembered as having driven down in a carriage with two or three men, all of whom were noisy and intoxicated. Mullane himself was more than half drunk and in very surly mood. He had some words with the officer of the guard, whose duty it was to examine the papers of all persons in uniform either going or coming, and lurched aboard the boat almost before she was made fast, elbowing his way among the crowd of officers in the gangway, and being remarked by several for his unmistakably drunken appearance. "A gen'l'm'n waitin' f'r 'im," was the explanation he gave to the steward at the cabin stairway, and that was the last seen or heard of him until nearly half an hour later, when, in making the rounds of the state-rooms just vacated, the stewardess was horrified to find in one of them, two doors from that occupied by Major Kearny, the dead body of the cavalry captain. Judging from the appearance of the clothes, it had evidently been dragged in there; a life-preserver had been thrust under the ghastly head; a little water had been dashed over the face as though the slayer had hoped, possibly, to revive his victim, and the pitcher was there by the side of the body; then the legs had been doubled up and thrust aside so that the state-room door could be closed and the ugly sight temporarily hidden; then the murderer had slipped away.

Mullane's watch, his papers, his loose bills, perhaps ten dollars in all, were found in his pockets. Buckled around his waist was a broad money-belt, to which was attached a revolver holster; his coat and waistcoat were opened, and the belt displayed; its com-

* Begun in No. 1667.—Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

partment for "greenbacks" was empty, and the flap was open. This looked like robbery, since it was known that he generally carried large sums with him. His revolver, loaded and capped in every chamber, was still in the holster. This put an end to the theory of suicide. It was murder, evidently, for the victim had not been allowed to draw in his own defence.

For their part, the police had learned enough to blast such reputation for good as might remain to the captain over and above his repute for ill. He had gone home, but only for a day. His wife had not been ill, nor had Dr. McNamara certified that she was at the point of death, and craving to see her husband. The police were of opinion that his arrival, all unannounced, was a matter of wild consternation to the putative partner of his joys and sorrows, but he had turned up too drunk to know the difference. He had spent several days in gambling and drink in Philadelphia; had reached Washington with two strangers the night before his untimely taking off, and it was probable that the night was spent in gambling and drink until these very fellows drove him to the boat at dawn. Who they were the detectives had not yet discovered; neither had they found the hack-driver. Their theory was that the men were some of the swarms of professional sharps and gamblers who hung about Baltimore and Washington all through the war; that they had fleeced and then gladly driven him to the boat to get rid of him, and that he had *not* been murdered for money. Now they were searching for Major Kearny, who had not been seen or heard of since the moment of the steamer's arrival. Indeed, no one saw him among the group of officers eager to disembark the moment the dock was reached, and every one aboard the boat believed that he must, therefore, have been in the cabin or his own state-room when Mullane lurched up the winding, brass-bound stairs to meet his tragic fate.

But no one saw him leave the steamer afterward, and this was singular. True, he could have stepped off the guards, or let himself down from the upper deck to the dock; he might easily, too, have passed the sentry at the pier; for, after the rush of arrivals, and the presumable passage out of all officers and men coming up from the front, it would be an easy matter. Civilians were coming and going. Quartermasters' employés passing to and fro, and all manner of distractions occurring to favor any one who wished to slip out unnoticed. Indeed, the officer of the guard could not say that Major Kearny was not among the thirty or forty officers who disembarked at early morning. He only "did not remember seeing such a name," whereas there were now one or two who began to believe that he passed out of the gate with them. They knew him by sight, and he was pointed out on the boat as "the fellow who bearded the Irish lion in his den."

Kearny's state-room was empty. He had a satchel, a heavy overcoat, and a small leather valise when he came aboard, and these had been duly taken by the porter to his room. The valise was heavy, said the porter, and big enough to contain a complete suit of civilian dress if he had seen fit to change his clothes and go ashore "*in mufti*"; but with so much to carry he could not have been very "spry" in his movements, and he could not have hidden his big overcoat and long dragoon boots in that valise. Yet they were gone. Not a trace of him was left behind.

All this, though in terser form, Captain Dayton had read aloud to the gathering in the colonel's tent, and, as has been said, the report was received in utter silence. Dayton's voice was husky and tremulous when he finished, and he waited some little time. Then, raising his head and looking calmly around the circle, he spoke in tones from which the tremor had suddenly disappeared:

"Well, gentlemen, since no one has a word to say, I see that I shall have to keep the floor. In the absence of any expression of opinion from you, it may not be inappropriate for me, who have known him from boyhood, to say what *I* think. If for one moment hitherto—knowing Frank Kearny's high temper and his bitter rage against this man—knowing, too, rather more than most of you about the circumstances attending his previous absence—I had a vague but hateful doubt of his innocence, it is set at rest at once and forever by this very report. He never could have done it."

It was a strange, solemn scene, that score of soldierly men gathered there in gloomy silence to deliberate on the report which cast so dark a cloud upon a comrade's name. It was evident that there were several on whom its effect was very different from that declared by Dayton. It was apparent that none were quite ready to grasp the cause of his great relief. At last came the question,

"Will you give your reasons, Dayton?"

"Reasons? Why, man alive! think for yourself. Mullane's pistol was in its holster, every chamber loaded; he never had a chance for his life! Frank Kearny might have fought him had they met, but he is the last man to brand as an assassin, and you ought to know it."

And Dayton's loyalty to his friend, and serene confidence that he was entirely innocent and would reappear in a day or so, ready and willing to account for every moment of his absence, had no little weight in the camp of the brigade; but despite it all there was wide-spread feeling that Mullane's sudden and violent death was the outcome of the fray that had been, for the fortnight past the talk of every cavalry mess along the plateau.

XV.

And just about this time there was the mischief to pay in front of Washington. While the Army of the Potomac was worrying through the winter as best it could, and huddling about the camp fires down in front of Fredericksburg, a force of goodly size occupied the defences of the national capital. With its right resting within the parapets of Forts Ethan Allen and Marcy on the heights south of the Chain Bridge, the defending line swept through a score of powerful works until it reached the Potomac again below Alexandria. Every road was picketed, every lane patrolled, and the villages of Fairfax, Falls Church, and Vienna were occupied at most times by outposts both cavalry and infantry. And yet, despite the strength of the defenders and the vigilance of their videttes, "the front" at that particular point was a place of unusual exposure for wearers of the blue. Mosby, an active and remarkably enterprising young leader, was at the head of a body of "irregular horse," sometimes called partisans south of the Potomac, and invariably known as guerillas north of it. In numbers these night riders were variously estimated anywhere from one to fifty thousand. The Union pickets along that front inclined to the latter number as the more probable, and no one who was not engaged in the delicate and hazardous duty of warding off Colonel Mosby's incessant assaults that winter and spring ought to take exception to this palpable exaggeration. If Mosby did not count fifty thousand men in his command, and might have been hard pushed to make it fifteen hundred at his very best, he might as well have done so, for no fifty thousand men in that section of Virginia ever kept the lines of Washington in state of livelier suspense and anxiety than did this band of hard-riding "bushwhackers." They were nearly all youngsters, born and bred in the old commonwealth. Nearly every man of their number knew every lane and bridle-path from the Hazel River below Warrenton to the broad Potomac itself, and what they did not know they soon learned. They had relatives or friends in every house from the Blue Ridge to Alexandria, if not beyond. There was not a man of them who had not a sweetheart somewhere within that range—and not a few that had not more than one. It was not surprising that Colonel Mosby soon enlarged the field of his operations and took in the Shenandoah Valley (and some Yankee paymasters—funds and all); but in the early spring of 1863 he was skipping here, there, and everywhere in the immediate front of Washington. Nobody could put a finger on him, but he put a finger on every man who ventured forth; and just about the time Frank Kearny left the camp of the cavalry brigade behind Falmouth, all the lines were ringing with Mosby's latest exploit. He had swooped down and carried off a "swell" brigadier-general of the Union army from the outskirts of Fairfax, and it was rumored that the very pretty girl at whose invitation the general had called that evening was Mosby's confederate.

For six months, ever since the transfer of the army from Warrenton to Fredericksburg and the consequent abandonment of the railway as the line of supplies, Mosby had covered the country from the Bull Run Mountains to the Union fortifications, and no one could divine what might be going on behind him. Now, irritated by the boldness of this last raid, there seemed to be a disposition on part of the government to send out a cavalry column to capture or drive away these lively tormentors. A story had reached our friends of the brigade that they were to be the lucky ones to make the attempt, and they were glad enough to go. Very few believed there would be any chance of capturing such a Will-o'-the-wisp as Mosby; but there would be scouting, fighting, something to break the monotony of camp life, and no man in all the brigade was so eager to go as Kearny. For six months he had been able to hear nothing of the household at Hopewell, and day by day the longing to know something of the girl he loved had grown to the verge of a mania. It was with bitter disappointment that he found that the rumor of their being sent thither in search of Mosby either had no foundation or that the project was abandoned. It was now reported that another command—some new cavalry regiments—had been ordered out from Washington, but within the Union lines there was far less confidence in the success of the expedition than there would have been had the object been declared a hunt for a needle in a hay-stack.

Beyond the lines and all over the lovely tract of country in the counties of Loudoun, Fairfax, Prince William, and Fauquier east of the Bull Run range it was a season of jubilee for all good Virginians whose hearts were with the cause of the Confederacy; all households seemed wild with enthusiasm over Mosby's exploits, and between his officers, his troopers, and the populace of house-keeping women, children, and aged men there was apparently but one instance of coldness and distrust. There were sadness and suffering at Hopewell, where good old Judge Armistead was slowly breaking down, crushed with the weight of suspicion and calumny that had been heaped upon him since the rescue of Lieutenant Kearny.

In less than three weeks it seemed as though every man, woman, and child in all that section of Virginia had been taught to point at Armistead the finger of scorn. He was a traitor to his people, a protector and abettor of the enemies and invaders of his State. He had harbored, until he could return to his friends, the man of all others the Virginians—the young men, at least—most longed to have and hold; Lieutenant Kearny; he who had driven off to captivity in Northern dungeons such chivalric fellows as Pegram, Eustis, and Falconer. True, all three of them were by this time exchanged, and had rejoined their comrades, by no means looking the worse for their few months' sojourn in the inhospitable neighborhood of Washington, where old friends were allowed to visit them with as many dainties and comforts and consolations as though they had been wife-murderers condemned to hang. All the same, there was a degree of rhetorical pomp about the phrase "languishing in Northern dungeons" which made it popular for the time being, and served to keep up the sentiment against Judge Armistead. It is a community that sticks at nothing in love or hate. Life itself was too small to give to the cause, or for the leaders they loved; and, on the other hand, no obloquy was too harsh for the man once honored of them all but now a recreant to their trust. It was universally told in farm and village circles, and it went to Richmond, Staunton, and Lynchburg, that when Armistead gave his word to Major Gordon that Lieutenant Kearny was nowhere on his premises, the Yankee was at that moment in hiding upstairs; there were not lacking women to say, in Lucy Armistead's own room.

For months he had been treated as a Pariah, and poor Lucy had the bitter grief to suffer alone of seeing her father breaking down under the burden of accusation and aversion thus heaped upon him. Several times had Dr. Loring been summoned from across the range, and twice since Lee returned to the Rapidan had Henry managed to reach them for a brief visit. In the army no such talk went the rounds as that which passed current among the non-combatants and the women. No rumor of dishonor attaching to his beloved father's name had ever reached the son. Bitterly he grieved at the suspicion and censure he had brought upon his people in having compelled them to undertake the care of Kearny, but he well knew that the trust was sacred with them when once his word was given. Not once had his father shown him sign of the direful effect of all that month of secret nursing. When the son was there, the father hid his sorrows and made the boy welcome. Neither would Lucy betray the true state of the case, and Henry had on both occasions ridden back to his duties comforted with the belief that the coldness would soon blow over, and that by his own valor and devotion he could soon outweigh and cause to be forgotten the apparent defection at home. That he himself had urged his father to harbor and protect Kearny was not known to more than five persons; this the father had insisted on.

One man, apparently, saw nothing in popular indignation which should compel him to discontinue his visits to Hopewell or his attentions to Miss Armistead, and that man was Captain Scott Falconer, who with his squadron of "Rangers" was now attached to Mosby's command. No week had passed during the winter without its visit from him, and sometimes he was at the old house two or three days. The unhappy invalid, now a prisoner in his study, looked upon these frequent appearances as his only chance of communication with the army in whose success all his hopes were still centred, and he welcomed them, even though he had not fancied Falconer in the past, and hardly trusted him now. He knew that Lucy was the magnet that drew him thither, and he, at any other time and under any other circumstances, would have found it possible to intimate that such frequent calls were not desirable. Now he could not. He knew well that Falconer had lost caste in the neighborhood, and Falconer, with apparent reluctance, gave him to understand it was solely because he would persist in association with a tabooed man. The captain made no mention of the fact that he was generally execrated for his conduct the day of Bayard's sweeping advance, when that gallant boy lieutenant was killed, and still less was the captain apt to mention the fact that Mosby had given him the cold shoulder on many an occasion.

It was a sunshiny day in mid-March, and the snow was gone and the roads were thawing, and it was evident that spring would soon appear, and the spring campaign be sure to open. For a week, despite the softening weather, the Judge seemed more downcast than ever—more hopeless and lonely. Lucy's heart was heavy as lead as she moved about the house; striving to prepare from the scanty means at hand some tempting dish for the listless invalid, striving to sing as she went about her ceaseless avocations that he might believe her happy and buoyant, and never suspect how many and many a day the tears rained down her wan cheeks even as her voice was uplifted in some old ditty he loved. Their means were wellnigh exhausted; the prospect of starvation was not alluring; provisions were scarcer and scarcer every day, and when they could no longer buy there was no one from whom they could ask aid, even if her pride had not revolted at the idea. Henry sent everything in his power, but captain's pay in Confederate money was not a fortune in the spring of '63, and became a pittance on which a Chinaman could barely live within the year. Shut up in his room, the Judge knew not how, one by one, the cocks and hens had been converted into broth or chicken *fricassée* for his benefit until all were gone. That he was still nourished by the flesh of the domestic fowl was due to Nelse, and a predatory ability and concomitant manufacture of statements for which may Heaven give the old darky absolution. Nelse stoutly swore he found the chickens "up the hill," where they had established a colony supposably beyond reach of marauders.

Lucy Armistead's heart must have been sorely torn with care and anxiety by this time, for when Falconer appeared she almost welcomed him.

"You see how father is failing, Captain Falconer, and Dr. Loring has not been near us for a fortnight. I feel as though Henry must be sent for, and can I ask you to get this letter to him?"

"You can ask anything of me, Miss Armistead. You well know that my house in Warrenton is vacant; you know it is at your service and his. *Can* you not induce him to move thither—can I not induce you?"

She rebuked him gently, almost wearily. Her uplifted hand looked fragile and white, and her face was wellnigh as pale, though a faint color rose at his words. "We have long since agreed that it was impossible, captain," she said. "Do not—do not speak of it. He would not go; I—could not."

"You could move him thither this very night, Lucy, and to-morrow have him in comfort and safety, and Henry only another day away. Here everything is against him, and any moment we may be driven out beyond the Blue Ridge. We know a big column of cavalry is now in front of Washington preparing to move upon us. Once they regain possession your last chance is gone. Our scouts and pickets were attacked at Fairfax and Chantilly this very morning, and I know that Mosby expects an advance in force to-night. It was this that brought me here. Can I never reach your heart?"

He would have continued, but she checked his words.

"Look! is not that one of your sergeants riding in?"

The captain turned. It was just twilight, and growing darker every moment. The man who entered the gate threw his horse's reins over a post, and saluting Captain Falconer from the foot of the steps, held forth a letter.

"Bring it here!" said the captain. "Where are you from?"

"From Aldie, sir. A column of Yankee cavalry went through the Gap at daybreak and is over in the valley behind you now. Another is pushing out from Centreville. The 'Rangers' are ordered to cover the pike and fall back on Warrenton—so the lieutenant told me when I got in with despatches. He told me to take a fresh horse and ride up to you."

Falconer opened his letter slowly.

"What troops have we out toward the front now?"

"None, sir, north of the Warrenton pike at Groveton. As soon as it was known that the Yankees pushed through Aldie, everything was ordered down to confront the other column; but they're too heavy for us, and our whole force is falling back to Gainesville now—and won't stop there."

"By Jove! Then there's nothing between us and Sudley Springs yonder?"

"None of our people, captain."

"Miss Armistead, I must see the Judge one moment, and then hasten away to join my men. This is just what I have dreaded. Sergeant, mount your horse and lead mine out on the road. I will join you in a moment."

Five minutes later he came hurriedly forth. It was nearly dark, and Hannah placed a dim light on a table in the hall. Old Nelse came staggering through with his arms filled with firewood, and nearly collided with the captain. Anxious to send her message to Henry, yet unwilling to have the servants suspect her apprehensiveness, Miss Armistead motioned to Falconer to go on.

"I will accompany you to the gate," she said, as they descended the steps. "Tell me, does your letter say whether this is a large force—one that will hold the neighborhood *for any* length of time?"

"I fear so. It looks so."

"Then put Henry on his guard. I have written to him to come at all hazards before the end of the month. *Now* I can no longer communicate with him. Warn him not to make any attempt until the way is clear. Adieu—and thank you for your kindness."

She turned, trying not to see his out-stretched hand; then relenting, placed hers one instant in his, and regretted it, for he quickly bent and kissed it fervently, then sprang into saddle and spurred rapidly away.

The next instant a tall figure burst through the hedge close by her side, and stood silently before her. One quick glance was enough. Despite the felt hat pulled low over his brow; despite the full beard and the shrouding cloak in which he was enveloped, she knew him instantly—her lover, her rescued one, her patient of the year agone—and despite herself a low glad cry leaped from her lips; her heart gave a great bound as she impulsively threw herself toward him; then she stopped short and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, it is I," were the words that greeted her. "I could not bear it any longer. I had to see you again or go mad. It is best so, I suppose. Tell me—that was Captain Falconer, was it not?"

She looked up startled. She hardly knew his voice; it was so changed—so stern, so sad.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLORADO'S NEW SENATOR.

By the selection of Mr. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT as her next United States Senator, Colorado does honor to a man who in many respects is a conspicuous illustration of the advantages offered by the new West to men of natural ability and untiring energy. In the strict interpretation of the term, Mr. WOLCOTT is not a Western man. He is an Eastern man who has made unusually good use of Western opportunities.

Mr. WOLCOTT'S first experience in the West was obtained at Chicago, whither he drifted soon after leaving Yale College. He had few friends and but little money, yet he set out to practise law in the Illinois courts with all the serene confidence and undaunted courage that formed so striking a characteristic of his nature in after years. In some strange freak of fortune his abilities were not widely recognized in Chicago, and to improve his chances in life he removed to Denver. It is said that his determination to leave Chicago was caused in part by an unfortunate love affair, which an ambitious parent refused to give his daughter to so poor and obscure a lawyer as young WOLCOTT. It is further said that the daughter in question grieved for a long time over the unhappy ending of her engagement. An air of probability is given to this romantic little story by the fact that Mr. WOLCOTT is still a bachelor.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

In Denver Mr. WOLCOTT began the practice of law with more success than he had met with in Chicago. He soon became known as a good orator and a shrewd political manager. His merit as a lawyer was quickly established, and it was not long before he had as much business as he could handle. Later on he confined his energies to railroad cases, and in time was retained by the Denver and Rio Grande and the Burlington Railroad companies at salaries aggregating $30,000 a year. He still receives these two salaries, in addition to large fees earned in miscellaneous cases. His income is said to be larger than that of any other lawyer in Colorado.

With these means constantly at hand, Mr. WOLCOTT is always liberal and sometimes lavish in his expenditures. He is one of the best known buyers of books and pictures west of New York. A Chicago bookseller has a standing order to send him anything worth buying, no matter what the price.

In politics Mr. WOLCOTT is ostensibly a Republican, but he does not hesitate to step one side when the course of the party does not suit him. During his recent canvass for the Senatorship he had all the Republican leaders against him, yet, as he had watched the election of members of the Legislature last fall with some care, he had little difficulty in making good his claim to the Colorado seat in the Senate. In age Mr. WOLCOTT is not more than forty. Hard work and grave responsibilities have left few finger-marks on his still fresh and handsome face. His brother HENRY R. WOLCOTT, a Denver capitalist, is his political yoke-fellow and social companion.

COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK.

THE common desire of famous fathers to have their sons succeed them in the following generation is rarely satisfied. By many this is regarded as an evidence of what is known as "fate." Might not one better consider it as proof that intellect, like matter, is subject to a force similar to that of gravitation, which draws downward, and which can only be overcome by counter-forces, such as rare energy, exceptional ability, and opportunity? JOHN QUINCY ADAMS and WILLIAM PITT are among the very few statesmen who have equalled or surpassed illustrious fathers. That Count HERBERT VON BISMARCK will ever equal "the Iron Chancellor" in statesmanship probably no one believes, but his intellectual and political training has been so remarkable that the basis of the doubt must be in the conviction that such grand opportunities will not recur, rather than in the belief of lack of ability in the son. At HERBERT'S age—thirty-nine—the great BISMARCK'S career had hardly begun. His many student duels were still remembered in Göttingen; in Pomerania his name was familiar, for all the people had heard of his daring pranks and drinking bouts, by which he had gained the name of "the mad young nobleman"; he had served three or four years in Parliament, and shown a furious temper, and had made a small beginning in diplomacy—that was all; he had given no sign of genius, no proof of statesmanship.

HERBERT, the elder of BISMARCK'S two sons, was born at the end of 1849. He was educated at Frankfort, Berlin, and Bonn, at the last of which cities he took his university degree. When the war with France began, HERBERT was only twenty-one, and his brother WILLIAM only eighteen, but both joined the army. Both were also wounded in the charge of the Prussian Dragoon Guards at Mars-la-Tour. HERBERT'S political career began as long ago as 1873. He was first attached to missions in Munich and Dresden, and then became Secretary of Legation at Bern. From the first, BISMARCK seems to have planned to make his son his successor. Except where great distance rendered it impossible, young BISMARCK has constantly been his father's confidential secretary. When the great diplomatists of Europe met in Berlin in 1878, the Chancellor made ample provision for the diplomatic apprentice by having him act as one of the assistant-secretaries. That he might give special attention to different languages and customs, he was for some time connected with the legation at London, then with that at St. Petersburg, and finally advanced to the position of German Minister at the Hague. By 1885 his progress had been so satisfactory to his father that the latter thought it time for Count HERBERT to begin to learn how to play the great game of diplomacy at Berlin. He was therefore recalled and advanced to the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. Since then he has been promoted to the Secretaryship, and in his diplomatic position ranks next to his father. An education in diplomacy could not be more complete or more logical; and it might be doubted if there was ever another one so much so.

Since the advent of the youthful Emperor the old Chancellor seems to find great pleasure in seeing the two men of the future yoked together and parading before all Europe as if they were the real leaders of Germany. Young BISMARCK has been the almost constant companion and adviser of the Emperor in his recent travels. Unless this intimacy ceases, or the present Chancellor dies within a year or two, everything seems to indicate that Count HERBERT will be his father's successor. The German Secretary for Foreign Affairs has recently come into special prominence, and been severely censured by many of the English and American papers, owing to an unofficial correspondence between himself and the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. The Cologne *Gazette* had accused Sir ROBERT MORIER of having betrayed the confidence of FREDERICK WILLIAM to Marshal BAZAINE during the Franco-Prussian war. Count HERBERT is believed to have assisted in the circulation of this report. Sir ROBERT obtained a denial of the story from BAZAINE, and then in a very undiplomatic tone requested Count HERBERT to cause the false story to be retracted by the official press. But the last, taking advantage of the situation, declined to comply with the request.

In personal appearance Count HERBERT is one of the very few handsome men one sees in Germany outside of the army. Like his father, he is over six feet in height, and is of splendid proportions. His face is finer than his father's, and consequently does not show so much intense personal energy. Instead of the father's fine bald head and white mustache, the son has a heavy growth of dark brown hair and a dense mustache of the same color. F. B.

THE RECENT TORNADOES.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

THAT the year 1888 has been remarkably free from the ravages of tornadoes was largely due to the coolness of last summer. But in balancing the rigid account that nature seems to keep in the equal distribution of its destruction, the new year opens with a loss of life that maintains the average.

The most striking instance of destruction due to the group or series of simultaneous tornadoes that swept through Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and southern New York State occurred at Reading, Pennsylvania, at 4.30 on the evening of January 9th. A silk-mill containing 265 operatives was torn to pieces, and about 200 people seriously injured, 23 dead bodies having been recovered as early as the afternoon of the 11th. At about 200 miles directly west of Reading, on the same day, but as early as 2 P.M., another tornado exerted its power upon a new brick building on Diamond Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The front of the building had not been put in, and the wind entered the huge shell and tore it to pieces with unusual ease. About 40 men went down with the wreck, of whom 17 were killed. The usual scenes of horror were repeated so often observed in like instances, and the cities of Reading and Pittsburgh were touched here and there by tornado funnels that pursued their inevitable northeasterly course.

Again, on the same day, and still later, a tornado struck South Brooklyn, and manifested the same kind of destructive effect. It tore to pieces a new frame building on Bush Street, facing Gowanus Bay, and threw the débris to the left side of its whirling track, clearly denoting the usual tornado movement, which is against that observed in the hands of a watch. This Brooklyn funnel had elements of great destructive power, but fortunately reached nearly to the ground in perhaps only ten or twelve instances as it sped on its usual southwest to northeast track to the Marine Barracks in the Navy-yard. After leaving the ruins of the house in Bush Street it bounded into the air and left only slight traces of its action, such as lifting a skylight or the edge of a roof, until it reached the gas-works of the Citizens' Gas Company, a distance of about a quarter of a mile from its first descent upon the house in Bush Street. Its next disastrous action was upon the three huge gasometers, one of which, nearest the southwest, was displaced to such an extent that its gas escaped and was ignited by a street lamp or other flame near at hand. The explosion was tremendous, and in a few minutes it was followed by that of another of the gasometers, at the farthest point from the tornado's track. The windows and parts of the brick houses just across the street were wrecked, and some frame houses at the other side from which the wind came were set on fire and charred, their windows broken, and the inmates almost suffocated by a tremendous rush of escaping gas.

Careful investigation of the testimony of a large number of people in the neighborhood demonstrated that the roar of the tornado was heard before the first explosion of gas. The manner in which the huge iron pillars were thrown prostrate indicates clearly the action of a tornado, because they were thrown northerly and westerly. The latter direction is an inevitable indication of tornado action, because the momentum of the whirl always casts some of the objects toward the west. In this case, however, the explosion of the gas seems to have changed the direction in which the débris was thrown to a northerly course. Lighter objects would have been thrown by the tornado to the west, and then in a circle eastward, where they would have been dropped. After leaving the gas-works the tornado continued its northeasterly course, here and there nipping off a roof or a corner of a building, until Myrtle Avenue and Canton Street was reached, when it again began another descent toward the earth. Lieutenant FINLEY has found from prolonged study of the tornado phenomena that nothing built by the hand of man can withstand its terrific force. Its bounding tendency, whereby only roofs and corners are at times taken, sometimes creates an impression that it does not destroy to the foundations owing to its lack of strength. That this is an unsound theory is shown by the complete destruction in places at Camden and Westwood in New Jersey, at Wallingford and Winsted, Connecticut, and in many other instances in the Eastern States.

The sinister dipping of the Brooklyn tornado toward the ground began to be clearly manifested as the track reached Myrtle Avenue on its way to the Marine Barracks. Brick-work and chimneys began to be bitten off two or three feet below the cornices here and there, as if a huge iron hammer five hundred feet wide had swept through space with resistless force. It then withdrew a little for a few blocks, and passed over some high buildings, and then with a long slanting plunge it swept down upon the gate leading to the barracks, tearing down a huge tree two or three feet in diameter, and pulling outward one of the inner gates with such power that a solid stone pillar two feet square was twisted partly around. At this point the funnel probably made its closest approach to the earth, so far as observed. It then made for the barracks, rising slightly to a height of about ten feet above the ground. When it reached the building everything above ten feet in height was swept away for a distance of about five hundred feet directly across the storm's track, and so definite was the destruction that objects within a few feet of the edge of the path were not moved. Nothing but blank space was left, indicating that above the distance of about ten feet from the ground nothing successfully resisted this huge crashing sledge-hammer stroke. The brick-work, plastering, beams, and fragments of wood in the rear of the structure were arranged mostly in a half-circle. Part of the roof cut a circular track northward, westward, and finally eastward, thence back upon the barracks, as shown by the trail of other fragments of roof that followed it. Many lighter splinters and pieces were carried to the northeast for a long distance, as were also pieces of tin roof that had been rolled into wads. The writer has reported many destructive tornadoes for the Signal Service, and in nearly every particular the ruins of the barracks cannot be distinguished from those caused by the usual Western funnel. After this last severe dash of the funnel, the Brooklyn tornado seemed to vanish, thus making its track not less than two miles long. Its movement from the start to the probable finish was very rapid. As far as can be ascertained from many witnesses, it struck the gas-works at 7.40 P.M., and the Navy-yard at 7.42. It seemed to move along its whirling track at the rate of about a mile a minute. In fact it was so rapid that it was considered almost simultaneous all along its line, as traced from the observations of different clocks.

The cause of all this trouble was evident to the Signal Service observers by 8 A.M. on the 8th, when a storm centre, central at Little Rock, Arkansas, had begun to assume a peculiar and sinister shape. Its outline extended about 800 miles north and south, and was only 200 miles in width. It had been noticed for many years by Lieutenant FINLEY that a storm centre having this ominous oblong form—north and south extension—has in it the elements of very serious mischief. It has also been found that when the barometric contrasts are great for a limited region, and the storm attains rapid headway, any sudden veering of its track eastward will cause innumerable tornadoes in the warm, moist, fair, and showery weather about a thousand miles in a southeasterly direction. The storm centre usually manifests heavy, steady rain for a distance of perhaps 500 miles across its path, and although the wind may be excessively high, it blows direct. It does not manifest the minute twisting, tearing, local effect of a series of tornadoes, although their tracks may cover about the same extent of territory seen in the main storm centre, with its steady heavy rains and high persistent winds.

Lieutenant FINLEY, Chief of the Tornado Investigation Service, has kindly put in concise shape the striking traits of this remarkable storm of the 8th and 9th. He found first that a heavy rush of cold air from the northwest had forced the storm area into the compact narrow form before noticed. Meantime there was a rush of warm moist air from the Gulf northward along the Atlantic coast, a large volume of it, about 500 miles across, moving over western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio in the direction of Lake Erie. Cold air then pressed southward on both sides of this relatively small warm wave. The barometer at Chicago, Milwaukee, and Grand Haven, Michigan, read at 8 A.M. on the 9th as low as 28.96, which indicates a condition of things that would cause some people to hide among things in the cellar had they known it. Not one storm centre in several hundred shows so low a barometer as this. Sergeant LONG, of the GREELY arctic expedition, says he cannot remember an instance since his connection with the Signal Service in 1881. At 8 P.M. on the 9th the wind at Buffalo and Niagara was moving at the rate of 72 miles an hour. This carried away the well-known foot-bridge that extends across the river below the Falls. The warm and cold air thus moved in opposite directions, and the combat between them resulted in tornadoes being developed still farther west than Pittsburgh, in eastern Ohio, where a tornado has already been reported, and where there were doubtless others, particulars of which have not yet been sent in to the Signal Office.

The heavy rain or dampness of the main storm, especially when it is crowded by cold fair-weather conditions and the rush of heated air northward, gives rise to the tornadoes; hence their possible prediction with increasing certainty at an early day. The main storm is watched by meteorologists with profound interest, and the day is not far distant when the people will look for the destructive effects sure to follow in a day or two. The uncertainty of local rain predictions is well known, but not the almost certain results foreseen by the Signal Service in case of an advancing storm of great severity. Of course the accuracy of the forecasts is lessened by the partial disappearance of telegraphic communication during the advance of a great storm eastward, but even then its course is practically certain within narrow limits of variation.

A glance at the records shows that tornado-breeding storm centres do not very readily cross the mountain ranges on each side of the Mississippi Valley. Their favorite stamping-ground for the settlement of weather disputes is in the relatively level valleys. The storms that usually pursue their way to Europe seem to be diverted somewhat along a northeasterly course by the high mountain ranges that extend from northern Georgia to northern New York. This action is by no means steadily sustained, because some storms pass not only across the Rocky Mountains coming from the Pacific Ocean, but also across the ranges in the Eastern States. Sometimes the momentum of a storm carries it close in toward the eastern ranges, and even beyond them slightly. A sudden curve eastward from Chicago, as seen in the map, may cause a large number of distinct tornado funnels, as in the storm of the 9th, the resulting tornadoes of which we are studying. The real number of funnel-shaped clouds is rarely more than partly reported in such instances. The forty-four tornadoes of February 19, 1884, as originally reported to the Signal Service, were afterward increased to more than sixty by the careful examination of further reports. These tornadoes were distinct and pursuing different tracks of a few hundred feet in width and several miles in length. When a report comes in from a section so visited, the natural and usual conclusion is that a general storm of 400 or 500 miles in width has been accompanied by a furious but steady wind for a day or two, and that the local destruction is due to peculiarities of objects or to a straight-blowing wind that manifests different kinds of power, owing to special local conditions. But when the tornado reporters have all sent in their observations it is found repeatedly that one of two people living within a few miles of each other knew of nothing unusual, while the other was terrified by the sight of solid brick buildings torn to pieces and scattered for miles in the open country along a northeasterly but narrow track. In every case of this kind, as in the Brooklyn tornado, it is found that there is a definite track of a mile or two in which houses have been touched here and there by a passing destructive power that leaves very fragile things untouched just beyond the range of its path.

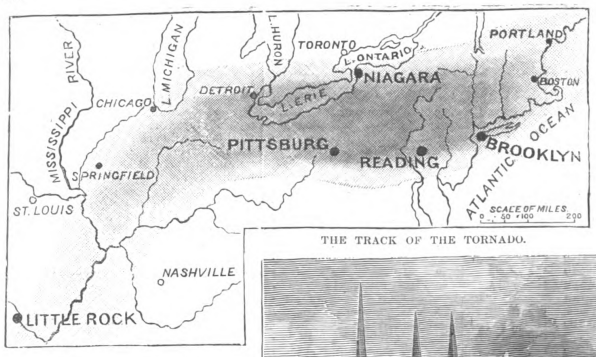
A warm northward-blowing wind during about ten days always accumulates conditions that lead to tornado development. This dangerous state of affairs is evinced in various ways. The weather is continuously and unseasonably warm and moist. The breaking up of this is shown by singular and rapid cloud movements, very dark and bright in texture. The clouds nearer the earth may be more fleecy than those higher up, which are distinct in quality, as seen through breaks in the lower cloud layers. When the tornado of October 4, 1885, occurred at Westwood, New Jersey, twenty-one miles from New York city, these cloud peculiarities were especially noticeable. A very heavy shower that comes and goes in about a minute or less can always be looked upon as indicating danger from a tornado near at hand, especially when different kinds of clouds are in motion as above described.

Careful study of tornado wreckage in the West, in New Jersey, and in the Connecticut River Valley shows clearly the best position to take in a house or cellar when the roar of the tornado is approaching. Of 600 tornadoes specially classified by Lieutenant FINLEY, all but 35 moved in a direction nearly from southwest to northeast. As already hinted, this direction can be considered as almost inevitable. The safest position in any structure above the cellar is in the northeast corner of the room or building. The south and west walls of buildings are often torn out, but the skipping motion of the funnel may spare the north or northeast walls. The position is still very dangerous, however, because timbers are often thrown into position against these north walls. It is better to be in this corner and pinned in than to ascend into the tornado funnel with a cloud of flying bricks from the south or west wall. Sometimes timbers are wedged against a northern wall, and protect the occupant from injury. Any position above the cellar is perilous, because the whole building may be torn down, as at Reading. The front and upper floors of a solid brick building are often torn away, leaving a rear wall uninjured. Sometimes the front of a brick house and half of an upper story will be torn out, the articles in the room being open to the sky, but uninjured. But while above the cellar floor the safest position is that farthest from the southwest approach of the tornado's track, the reverse is the case in a cellar, because if a frame, brick, or even stone building is lifted and ground to pieces, the broken timbers are usually thrown against the north wall or into the northeast corner of the cellar. The advance of the funnel shifts the débris further on, and the return whirl seldom carries rubbish back against the south cellar wall, which acts as a protection against the flying bricks and beams of other houses.

One of the most unexpected results of remaining in the house during a tornado occurred at Hohokus, New Jersey. The family heard heavy roaring approaching at night, and suddenly found their house in motion. It was a frame one, and when it settled down it was so twisted on its foundation walls that one corner of their cellar was open to the sky. They had found the night before to their dismay that the house had been severely strained, and that not a door or window could be forced open. Their calls for help were heard by one of their neighbors passing along the road. With great difficulty, and with the assistance of others, a window was pried open, and the family escaped by climbing through it one by one.

Owing to high buildings that shut out the sound in a great city, the roar of an approaching tornado cannot always be heard for an appreciable length of time before the crash comes. In the silence of the country it can easily be heard for fifteen or twenty minutes ahead of its arrival. Nearly all tornadoes form during the latter part of the day, the greatest number occurring between 5 and 6 P.M. Fortunately very few are recorded as taking place during the late hours of the night. When out-of-doors the safest direction to take to escape a coming funnel is easily studied out when it is remembered that any southwest or northeast course is to be avoided as being at least partly parallel to the storm track. Northerly directions should not be taken, because, although the path of the tornado is only 500 or 600 feet wide, yet very many of them tend northerly, especially on the Atlantic coast. Southeast directions are the safest when there is positive knowledge of the points of the compass.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE TRACK OF THE TORNADO.

READING SILK MILL.

READING RAILROAD ENGINE HOUSE.

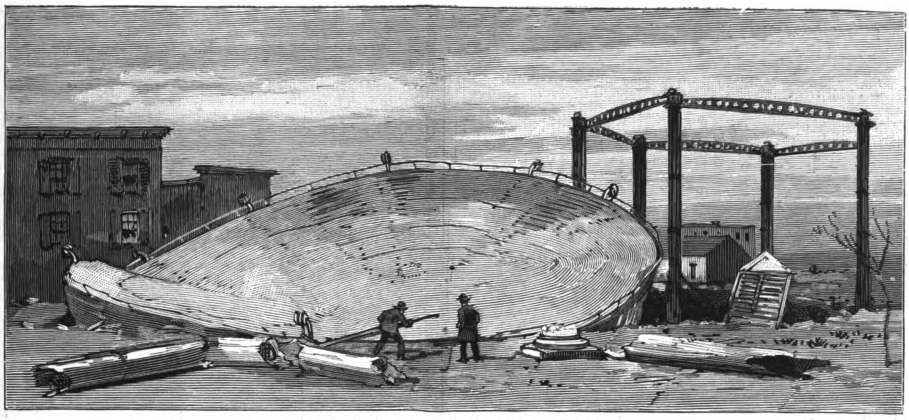
WRECK OF THE NIAGARA BRIDGE.—From a Sketch by George Barker.

FRONT O

THE WORK OF THE TORNADOES AT PITTSBURGH

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google





WRECK OF THE BROOKLYN GASOMETERS.



INTERIOR OF DORMITORY IN THE MARINE BARRACKS, BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.



D STREET, PITTSBURGH.



MESS HALL, MARINE BARRACKS, BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

YN, AND NIAGARA.—From Sketches and Photographs.—[See Page 47.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

SENATOR JAMES McMILLAN.

THE new Senator from Michigan was nominated by acclamation, and will take his seat next March by the unanimous vote of the Republican legislators of his State. Whether this spontaneity was because of his previous slight connection with politics or in spite of it, the fact is certainly remarkable, being, it is said, without precedent in Michigan. He has been an inconspicuous member of several conventions, and has more than once been chairman of the Central Committee. That will constitute his sole experience in public affairs until he goes to Washington. But he has always led his party wisely and victoriously, so far as he has led it at all. And in private life his career has been broad and successful beyond the ordinary. His biography is just such a one as it is inspiriting for struggling folks to read. He comes of good pure Scotch stock, his father being an immigrant who won a superior position on the Great Western Railway, now the Wabash. It was at Hamilton, Ontario, that his distinguished son was born, on May 12, 1838. After an ordinary education, and a six years' apprenticeship in the hardware business, mostly in a retail store, he became by his father's help purchasing agent of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway. In 1864 he began his independent business life by organizing the Michigan Car Company. A quarter of a century has sufficed to make him the head of corporations in Detroit employing three thousand men, and doing a business of over six millions annually. It would be useless to catalogue those enterprises here, but it should be noted that he organized the Detroit, Mackinac, and Marquette Railway Company, and built for it the road from St. Ignace to Marquette. This was the beginning of the important Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic line, which owes its success chiefly to him. This is not a career calculated to make a debater, and if Senator McMILLAN should turn out to be an orator or an imposing figure in the brilliant life of the national capital, it will be a surprise. But wherever sound judgment, well-applied industry, and leadership of men are appreciated he will take high place. He is modest, popular, charitable, and a Presbyterian. He has a wife, a son in business with him, another son studying law at Yale, and two other sons and a daughter of school age.

"YENDER GRASS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THEY had talked about it for a long time beforehand, Cynthia being always careful that the door into the kitchen should be shut. It was not only that she doubted the discretion of Abby Slocum, their "hired girl," but she felt somewhat sensitive as to what Abby might think; and then there was the matter of example. Cynthia always thought a great deal about the example that she set. It was Priscilla who had broached the subject, with fear and trembling; she expected to be overwhelmed by Cynthia's horror and amazement. She was aware of a certain light-mindedness in herself, and she thought Cynthia must be aware of it too, although she had never reproved her for it, but only looked at her a little sadly sometimes when it cropped out. It was this forbearance of Cynthia's, together with the recollection of a night when she had gone into Cynthia's room in search of a cure for toothache, and found her burning the midnight oil over a novel whose lightness was indubitably proven by its name, which had given her courage for this avowal. The novel had never been mentioned between them; whence it came or whither it went remained a mystery to Priscilla. She had sometimes permitted herself to wonder whether Cynthia had had accomplices or accessories before the fact—there was a circulating library at Plumfield—but it seemed disloyal even to conjecture. Then there was a suspicion of a magazine story on a Sunday afternoon, hastily hidden from observation under Cynthia's large Bible; this, being only a suspicion, Priscilla determined to drive from her mind; but there was a lingering comfort in the thought that Cynthia had weaknesses. It was just after the midnight surprise that Cynthia had prayed in meeting so fervently that many were moved to tears, the burden being human frailty and temptation. It was not customary for women to speak in meeting in East Hadleyville, but the meetings were sparsely attended and few of the men had "a gift," and when the silence became painful, and eyes wandered dully toward the clock, and when Deacon Sproat's voice had cracked singing stirring hymns all in vain, then the sorely tried minister would look appealingly at Cynthia, on whom nature, in apparent lack of sympathy with St. Paul, had bestowed a remarkable gift of prayer and exhortation. And it was generally thought that St. Paul himself would have made an exception in favor of old Parson Williams's elder daughter. Parson Williams had ministered to the parish of East Hadleyville for forty years. A rigid and austere man, his parishioners had not loved him, but they had reverenced and believed in him. Most of them cherished no doubt that it was the part of true godliness to be rigid and austere, and only the weakness of human nature prevented them from emulating him in these respects. Nevertheless, they found his daughter Cynthia distinctly more satisfactory, because, along with her father's stern virtues, she "had consid'able mother to her," as the older people were accustomed to say.

She was rigid in doctrine, but she was tender toward sinners and their frailties; she gave of herself and her slender means unstintingly to the sick and poor, whether just or unjust; she was "a saint if ever there was one." One could confide a comfortable bit of gossip more easily to Priscilla; and if she wasn't so good in sickness, she had a great knack at trimming a bonnet; and what cream-cakes and méringues she would make and send in just at the nick of time when one had been surprised by company! If some envious souls had darkly hinted that Priscilla loved a pretty bonnet too well, they were promptly snubbed, and such base insinuations had never reached even to the ears of Abby Slocum, an important personage, who was "free to confess" that she "wa'n't too high-minded to want to know what was goin' on."

It was, as I have said, the startling discovery of some traces of frivolity in Cynthia which gave Priscilla courage to reveal the audacious wish of her heart.

"They are going to have private theatricals over at Plumfield for the benefit of the church," she said, feeling herself to be as wise as a serpent.

"Yes; Mary Jane Kidder told me. I'm afraid it will make a great deal of discord; some are so opposed to it," said Cynthia.

"I don't see why they should be. I don't see why they're any more wicked than a fair, an exhibition, or any such thing," said Priscilla, boldly. Cynthia looked at her over her glasses with a little mild surprise.

"I'm glad nobody in our church has thought of such a thing," she said, with a slight touch of severity in her tone. "It would be just like Stella Fling and the Judkins girls. They're so well-meaning, dear girls, but light, very light."

Priscilla's guilty conscience made her feel as if she were included in Cynthia's slow, mournful shaking of the head over the "lightness" of Stella Fling and the Judkins girls. She was afraid her courage was going to fail, after all.

"This makes me think, Priscilla," continued Cynthia, more briskly, "that if we are really going to Boston to get our new cloaks we may as well go before the fair. There are some worsteds and such things that I want to buy."

The way was being paved for her; Priscilla felt a lurking suspicion that it was the work of the Evil One, but she determined to conquer her shrinking. Her training had led her to the conclusion that one couldn't really have a good time without allying one's self, more or less, with him, and she was conscious of a desperate recklessness in herself.

"It will seem real good to go," she said, with a long-drawn sigh. "It's five years now since we went—the fall that we had our brown cashmeres and beaver cloaks with the jet on them."

"We laid out our money well; they've worn," said Cynthia, with great satisfaction in her tone. "All but the jet trimming," she added, after a moment's reflection. "I can't say that I ever really approved of that."

"And we haven't been anywhere since, and not a single thing has happened," said Priscilla, ignoring the implied reproach of the jet.

Cynthia adjusted her glasses and looked at her sister as if in search of some visible sign of mental aberration. Priscilla had hitherto confined her discontent to the privacy of her own bosom.

"*Nothing happened?*" echoed Cynthia, in a tone of extreme surprise. "Why—why, there was the protracted meeting last winter, and the winter before; and Uncle Jeremiah's dying and leaving us the wood-lot; and Abby's setting the house afire with her soap-boiling; and—and finding out for certain that Deacon Favor wasn't all he ought to be; and going to Lemuel's silver wedding—I declare I feel dreadfully that Joe has married so's to break their hearts, as Jane wrote; and—and the burglar that we shut up all night in the granary, and that turned out to be half-witted Iky Blunt come to borrow a cup of yeast; and the new minister, and his never saying anything about having been married—so many *mercies*, sister!"

"Yes, I know I'm wicked not to think of that," said Priscilla, meekly; "but it's so monotonous!"

"Monotonous! Why, sometimes things seem so exciting that my head flies round," exclaimed Cynthia. "Here's this going to Boston; we sha'n't sleep nights for thinking of it, and we shall be all worn out, and I should be afraid it was downright wicked, if it wasn't for saving so much on our cloaks."

"Cynthia, there's something I want to do when we go to Boston," said Priscilla, with desperate courage. "I've wanted to all my life, and it seems as if I couldn't stand it to think I never should! You know father read Shakespeare, and he knew that I did, and he never said anything against it. I want to see a play—to go to the theatre, Cynthia!"

"O—'sh! 'sh!" said Cynthia; and then she arose and shut the door into the kitchen, where Abby Slocum was beguiling the toil of dish-washing by energetically singing "He'll carry you through."

Priscilla had expected that Cynthia would overwhelm her with reproaches when she came back, but instead, after looking apprehensively toward the front door, and making a motion as if to pull down a window-shade, she dropped into her chair, and leaning toward her sister, said,

"I expect it's wicked, Priscilla, but—I want to, too!"

Priscilla fairly gasped for breath. If Satan were the inspirer of this desire, he had Cynthia also in his grasp! It was too much to believe. Strangely enough, Priscilla felt the enormity of her proposed wickedness as she had never felt it before; but in the next moment her heart beat high with reckless hope.

"We'll go, Cynthia, won't we?" she cried.

"O—'sh!" said Cynthia again. In fact, Abby Slocum had ceased to give utterance to her comforting assurance, and the clattering of dishes which had accompanied it was also hushed. The sudden closing of that door, combined with the sound of lowered voices, was apt to overcome Abby's principles.

"It's my duty to see that they ain't goin' to be sot on nor nothin', them innercents," was the way in which Abby Slocum accounted to her conscience for her weakness in the matter of keyholes. The opinion cherished by Cynthia that she was very astute in the practical affairs of life was not shared by Abby Slocum.

"Nobody need ever know it, so it can't do any harm in the way of example, Cynthia," urged Priscilla, who had the sisterly advantage of knowing the weak joints in Cynthia's armor. Cynthia was not a hypocrite, she was capable of laying down her life for the cause of righteousness; but, with the curious inconsistency of human nature, she had a keen sense of the sin of being found out.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be so very wicked, just for once," said Cynthia, meditatively. "And then we should know just how bad it really was, so that we could warn others more effectually, especially the young. Of course the pleasures of the world are much more likely to be a snare to the young than to you and me, Priscilla."

It occurred to Priscilla that the youth of East Hadleyville were not in great danger of being corrupted by theatre-going, but she was far too diplomatic to say so.

"And when you're so far away as Boston it 'most seems as if you'd left yourself behind you," Cynthia went on, reflectively. "Not but what we're accountable beings everywhere, so of course it isn't a right way to feel; but the responsibility isn't quite so great on account of the example," she added, with an evident sense of some lameness in her logic.

"Oh no, it isn't the same," said Priscilla, with great warmth. "Of course people deny themselves a great many things only just for the sake of exampie, and not a soul will ever know of this."

"What shall we go to see?" said Cynthia, briskly.

"I borrowed a Boston paper at Deacon Langer's. If we go next week we can see one of Shakespeare's plays—*As You Like It*."

"I've always thought I should like to see *East Lynne*," said Cynthia, eagerly; "but perhaps one of Shakespeare's wouldn't seem so wicked."

Priscilla didn't know what *East Lynne* was, and she wondered how Cynthia knew, but she caught sight of a guilty color in Cynthia's face just in time to prevent her from asking. It would be too great a pity to bring chilly repentance upon Cynthia now.

"I'm glad there's plenty of love in *As You Like It*. Cynthia likes a love-story, though I always thought she would be burned at the stake before she would acknowledge it," she said to herself.

"We've always been thinking we'd go up to the Athenæum to see the books and pictures again, and we have never had time," said Cynthia, somewhat remorsefully. "And next time we go we *must* choose the time of the missionary meetings. I don't think, anyway, we shall enjoy it as much as we expect—the play, I mean. I guess Deacon Prouty is right about the pleasures of the world being all 'yender grass.'"

"I don't see how he knows; he never had any," said Priscilla, pityingly.

Deacon Prouty had made that assertion about the pleasures of the world a great many times in prayer-meeting, and he always explained it at length. "When I'm a-mowin' in the field," he would say, "the grass mebbe is ragged and full of weeds, but when I look ahead a consid'able ways it looks all fair and harnsome, and thinks I, 'over yender it's all slick and smooth mowin'"; but sakes alive! when I git over there if it ain't jest as ragged, or mebbe worse! But seems as if I never could learn to stop puttin' faith in yender grass. Jest so it is with the pleasures of the world; they appear beautiful and enticin', but when we git to 'em they ain't nothin' but yender grass. They ain't nothin' but ashes to our thirsty souls." (The good deacon's figures were apt to become badly mixed at this point; but meaning was more than metaphor to the honest souls in the East Hadleyville prayer-meeting.)

"I've always wanted to get as far as 'yender grass' once, and see what it was like," said Priscilla.

And, strange to say, Cynthia offered no warning against levity. She only said that she thought cloaks were likely to be higher as the weather grew colder, so the sooner they went the better.

Meanwhile, Abby Slocum, on the other side of the key-hole, was in a state of utter collapse.

"The theatre! Seems as if I must 'a' mistook! I wouldn't 'a' believed it! Them lambs! They don't know what they're a-doin'. If they set under Elder Tozier, and heard him talk about the theatre, they'd know better'n to resk their immortal souls! I'm 'most afraid they ain't speritual, them kind of mild Congregationals. Summer 'em and winter 'em they seem like Christians, if ever folks did, but they're jest babes about some things, pertikerlerly Miss Cynthy, that thinks she knows it all. They can be took in jest as easy! That's how 'tis that they hain't no realizin' sense about the theatre. But there's an orfle responserbilerty restin' on me 'count of happenin' to overhear 'em! If they should get into one of them dens of infamy, such as Elder Tozier says theatres is, I don't know as they'd ever get out alive with their poor perishin' bodies, to say nothin' of their souls. But how be I a-goin' to stop 'em? I guess I'll speak to Jonas; he's real clear-headed, Jonas is; and, anyhow, I shall feel a sight better to feel that the responserbilerty ain't all on my shoulders."

Jonas worked on an adjoining farm, and meant to have one of his own before long, where he and Abby should set up their household gods together. Abby's anxiety and excitement were so great that she so far sacrificed her discretion and sense of her own value as to run out to the barn to see Jonas when he came, as usual, at night, to milk the Misses Williams's cow: ordinarily Jonas was constrained to put on his Sunday coat and a purple necktie, and knock at the side door in proper form, before he was admitted to the presence of his lady-love.

Abby poured out her tale in broken gasps over the brown back of old Betsey the cow (she had her reserves, like the rest of the world; she did not mention the key-hole).

It seemed to her that Jonas took the matter very lightly. He said he couldn't believe that they really meant to go to the theatre, or, if they did, "mebbe 'twouldn't be no great matter, seein' they wa'n't very liable to be carried away by it." And Jonas hadn't even the excuse that the Misses Williams had for not realizing the wickedness of the theatre, for he did sit under Elder Tozier every Sunday.

"I can't stan' it to let 'em go! I've got to try to stop 'em, and you've got to help me, Jonas."

"I shouldn't calc'late, now, that Miss Cynthy was one that would stan' a great sight of interference," said Jonas, prudently.

"Sakes alive! you don't suppose I'd dare to say anything right out?" cried Abby. "I always have to manage 'em. If I should happen to have one of my dretful sore throats, now—"

Jonas's honest gaze brought a flush of shame to Abby's cheek.

"You know I don't like to do them things, Jonas, but before I'd see them innercents go headlong to destruction—"

"We might kind of foller 'em," suggested Jonas, somewhat shyly. "I shouldn't wonder if there was some house-keepin' things that would come cheaper now than what they would in the spring. We might slip over to Plumfield, and take the train and get into Boston about the same time they did. There's consid'able many theatres in Boston, though. You didn't happen to hear 'em say which one they was goin' to, did you?"

"I heard Miss Cynthy say *Athenæum*, but she said something about *Lynn*, too."

"There is a theatre in Boston that's called by that kind of a name," said Jonas. "I know right where it is. You jest wait a minute." Jonas drew from his pocket a newspaper, which bore signs of having passed through many hands. "Here it is; the —— Athenæum. 'Last week of the —— Company. Goes on the circuit next week, appearing in Lynn Monday night.'"

"That must 'a' ben what they was talkin' about. Oh, Jonas, who would 'a' thought it! We might kind of keep an eye on 'em. I'd appear right before 'em if I saw 'em goin' into such a place. Miss Cynthy wouldn't go if she thought any one saw her, I can tell you. If I can manage to get away without their suspectin' anything, Jonas, I believe it 'll be a real good plan."

Three days after this the Misses Williams took the morning train for Boston, their hearts filled with a fearful joy. The matter of winter cloaks had become a minor consideration; there seemed to be danger that the fancy-work for the church fair would be quite forgotten. Priscilla was surprised at the determination which Cynthia showed; she looked anxiously about the train to see if there were any East Hadleyville people among their fellow-passengers, but when she had assured herself on that point all her misgivings seemed laid at rest. Indeed it seemed to Priscilla that she herself was suffering more qualms of conscience than Cynthia. That sense of having allied herself with the Evil One was growing, and poor Priscilla, not being given to philosophizing upon inherited prejudices and unconsciously assimilated ideas, ascribed it all to conscience. But in spite of feeling horribly wicked, in spite of any dark retribution that the future might hold, she would not give up her longed-for delight; she was as determined as Cynthia, who was, apparently, only afraid of being found out.

The shopping was got through with in a perfunctory manner, of which they were incapable under ordinary circumstances, and it afterward rankled in Cynthia's bosom that they had given a dollar and a half more than was strictly necessary for the cloaks.

They went by the theatre twice, lacking courage to go up to the ticket office, which was besieged by an eager throng.

"Somebody will certainly see us if we act like this, Cynthia," said Priscilla, forgetting all scruples in a dreadful fear that Cynthia's courage was going to fail her at the last; and thus adjured, Cynthia walked unflinchingly up to the office, with Priscilla in her wake, and, wholly bewildered by the plan laid before her, bought the first seats proposed to her, regardless of the price, although they had firmly resolved to pay as little as possible.

"I hope we ain't encouraging actresses that ain't what they ought to be, Priscilla," she said, anxiously, as they pressed with the crowd through the doors, which, to Priscilla's fancy, had always seemed guarded, like the gates of Eden, with a flaming sword. It was quite surprising that it was all so ordinary; just such quiet, well-dressed people as one might see going to church. Cynthia, nevertheless, whispered that it made her think of the broad way.

She had a great fright, too, almost as soon as they were seated, thinking that she saw the light side-whiskers and prematurely bald head of young Josiah Wiggin, who assisted his father in keeping the East Hadleyville store, and made periodical trips to Boston for goods. Priscilla had much ado to calm her and convince her that she was mistaken.

"He was in my Sabbath-school class: what *would* he think, Priscilla?" she said. Priscilla thought it would be impossible after that for Cynthia to find any pleasure in the play; but no sooner had the curtain risen than she was utterly absorbed. Priscilla had time, in the midst of her own enjoyment, to observe the radiant, child-like delight in her sister's face.

"Oh, ain't it beautiful!" she said, as the curtain fell on the first act, her worn face working with smiles and tears. "It would be no use to tell me that that Rosalind wasn't a good girl, and the other one must be, or else she wouldn't go with her. No wonder you look at me, Priscilla! I *am* getting mixed up and carried away!

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But I can't see that there's a mite of harm in it so far!"

But in the middle of the third act Cynthia suddenly arose, white and trembling, and seizing Priscilla's arm in an iron grasp, drew her, amazed and reluctant, out of her seat and to the door.

"Priscilla! Deacon Prouty! He was looking right down at me from that upper gallery! He looked terribly stern; but he's near-sighted; do you suppose it's possible, Priscilla, that he didn't see?"

"Deacon Prouty! how can you be so foolish, Cynthia? He never came to Boston but twice in his life. I think I saw the man you mean; he did look just a little like Deacon Prouty. Step forward a little and you can see him now." And Priscilla tried to draw her forward past the solicitous ushers, who were afraid the lady was ill. But Cynthia drew back determinedly.

"I couldn't go back, anyway, Priscilla. Maybe it isn't Deacon Prouty; it doesn't seem as if he would come here. I was enjoying it beautifully when it seemed to come across me what an awful thing it would be to die there and have it in the papers; and just then I happened to look up there and saw him; it did look a sight like Deacon Prouty, Priscilla."

The latter clause was offered in an humble tone with a propitiatory glance at Priscilla's perturbed and disappointed countenance. The doors had closed behind them now, and Priscilla seemed to be swallowing something very hard.

A glimpse of poor Cynthia's woe-begone face changed her mood.

"Never mind! it will be something to imagine always—how it ended. We can read the play and picture it all out in our minds." Priscilla tried to smile pitifully.

"I guess I was to blame, Priscilla." This was an unusual concession for Cynthia.

She sat silent all the way home in the cars, an earlier train than they had expected to take, and Priscilla was wholly occupied in "picturing out" the rest of the play in her mind; she thought she should feel almost reconciled if she could only imagine just how Rosalind would look when she donned her woman's dress again.

They stopped at the post-office on the way home from the station to get the *Christian Messenger*, which always came Saturday, and found a letter also.

"I expect it's from Jane," said Cynthia. "She does feel so bad about Joe that it's a comfort to tell some of her own folks of it, seeing Lemuel won't have his name mentioned in his hearing."

"Lemuel is stern," said Priscilla.

"Yes, but he's good; he's like father. I wish we were all as good as he is," said Cynthia.

She read the letter as soon as they reached home, only waiting to untie her bonnet-strings.

"Priscilla, it's a play-actress that Joe has married. Jane says she wouldn't tell us the worst at first, because Lemuel told her to break it to us gently. Oh, Priscilla, our only nephew, and we used to hope before he ran away to sea that he would be a minister like his father and grandfather. What is this that Jane says? He is obliged to go away immediately on another voyage, and she is not strong enough to go with him; she has always been delicate, and she hasn't any own folks, and he can't bear to leave her among strangers, and he wanted his father and mother to take her home. Land sake! Of course Lemuel wouldn't hear to it, and just think of the scandal 'twould make—a play-actress! Well, well!" Cynthia plaited and puckered her bonnet-strings nervously, the letter fell down at her feet, and as she reflected her expression changed.

"Let's have her here, Priscilla! Let's have Joe's wife right here! We've got a comfortable, pleasant home, and we could take such good care of her while Joe is gone. I feel as if He had let the wrath of man praise Him, Priscilla, for I never should feel so charitable if I hadn't yielded to temptation, going there when I thought 'twas wrong—I did, Priscilla; and if I hadn't seen, too, that play-actors—some of 'em, at least—wa'n't so bad as I thought they were."

"But, Cynthia, people will know—they'll be sure to find out what she is!"

"Let 'em!" Cynthia drew herself up to her full height. "I've been too much afraid of the face of clay; that's been borne in upon me too, to-day. I ain't going to be any more, if I can help it."

Her voice faltered a little on the last words. The sisters fell to planning eagerly how to make their prospective guest comfortable and happy. Phœbe the cat washed her face vigorously, and the gray parrot shrieked Amen (which he had learned from the family prayers) until Cynthia, who thought him profane, muffled his cage.

"It's a little strange that Abby should stay so late," said Cynthia at length. "I'm afraid her cousin is sick again. And Jonas hasn't come to milk yet. I suppose he has gone over to bring her home, as he did the last time she went to Plumfield."

When at length Abby did arrive she seemed much perturbed in mind; but then she "always was upset by bein' behindhand," Abby declared.

"I expect you must 'a' come home consid'able early?" she remarked, interrogatively.

"Yes, we came in an earlier train than usual," replied Cynthia. "There, Priscilla," she added, "we might have gone up to the Athenæum as well as not, if we'd only thought of it."

Abby started and stared at her. "Where'd you say, Miss Cynthy?" she said.

"To the Athenæum; it's up on Beacon Street; there are books and pictures there; it's a beautiful place to go."

"Oh," said Abby, with a lingering accent.

As Cynthia was going up to bed that night Abby called her back. (Priscilla had gone on before.)

"I've got something on my mind, Miss Cynthy, and, 'tain't no use, it's got to come out. I've disgraced my Christian perfession, Miss Cynthy! I've fell into dretful sin, and I've dragged Jonas in too—him that ain't a perfessor, and that I've been tryin' as hard as I could to set an example to. I didn't calc'late to do it; it was a kind of a mistake; but that ain't a mite of excuse for me, for it come from my own wicked heart a-leadin' me to suspect them that's saints 'f ever there was any—"

"Abby, what have you been doing?"

"Miss Cynthy, it's worse'n anything you'd think of if you should guess a hundered times! I've been to the theatre in Boston, Jonas and me! We didn't calc'late to, but I can't never tell you jest how we come to. 'Twas some kind of an Athenæum, but it wa'n't the kind you go to; 'twas a real theatre! And there was what they called a ball-et; Jonas calc'lated it meant a little ball. There was a terrible sight of women dancin', and they had little mites of skirts that skurce come to their knees. I should think there was as much as fifteen or twenty of them little skirts to a woman; and the way they blowed out when they went to caperin' round! And there was gold and di'monds a-flashin', and music a-playin', and I declare, Miss Cynthy, if it wa'n't a pretty sight; but it wa'n't no place for men-folks! But Jonas he didn't seem to want to come away, and there was something about it that kind of drawed you. Miss Cynthy, we never come away till it let out!"

Cynthia was listening with a vivid color in her soft, elderly face, and the lamp shook in her hand. "The *theatre*, Abby? I—I can't seem to understand," she faltered.

"I wouldn't have believed it of myself a week ago," said Abby, mournfully. "Now, Miss Cynthy, do you think I'd ought to go before the whole church and confess, or if I should jest go private to Elder Tozier—"

"Why—why, Abby, I don't see why you need to tell anybody," said Cynthia, quickly. "'If we repent and forsake our sins'— And maybe you can find lessons in it, Abby."

"I calc'late I can, Miss Cynthy; more'n what you know of," said Abby, fervently. And perhaps she was thinking of the key-hole.

QUATRAINS.

I.—THE DEAD OAK.

Around its storm-rent head
The spring-like ivy's clinging still serene,
As love about the memory of the dead
Twines ever fresh and green.

II.—THE BLIND MAN.

Happy the blind man in his dreams to go
Through sunny meadows rich with flowers fair,
And wake at morn in darkness, and not know
The day and its dull care.

III.—APPRECIATION.

All gnarled and bent she knows the beauteous trees,
Crooked the lovely streams, and hills up-piled,
And only beauty, perfect beauty, sees
In the wan form of her missshapen child.

R. K. Munkittrick.

AMERICANS ABROAD—BUYING FLOWERS.

A very worthy gentleman, one of our most distinguished American comedians, has long set his heart on the plan of establishing one or more flower markets in the principal cities of the United States. "Special shops for the sale of exotics for the rich is well enough, but why should flowers—all kinds of flowers, I mean—be enjoyed only by the few and not by the many? Let us have more flowers. Display them at various seasons in the public places, and with an increasing demand their cost would diminish." Fruits and vegetables come to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, during every month in the year, sent to the points of demand from all parts of the country; but with flowers the business is exceptional rather than general. We do get the cut flowers, but why not the growing plants? We have refrigerating cars which bring us fish or beef from the Ultima Thule. What is to prevent our heating our cars, and bringing to us in their perfection all the growing flowers of the South? What wreaths of gold are those the Carolina jasmine might furnish, and what beauty there is offered in the japonicas of Georgia! There are contributions to be sent to the North from all the Southern States. Take any old open track in lower Florida, and see the pretty, fragrant opopanax growing wild, and think of it were it potted and transported North. What a delight it would give! Grant that the lives of some of these plants would be but brief; nevertheless more than a transient pleasure would be given. We have not made advances in a commercial way in New York with flowers, as has Paris and London. Paris draws contributions from all France; London to-day has just developed a very large business, receiving flowering bulbs from the Scilly Islands. In New York we have no flower market. In the spring there is an occasional street corner where there is huddled a meagre display, or on the gutter edge, amid ugly surroundings, a few pots are put in a straggling way.

Mr. Smedley's sketch shows an American traveller and his wife in Paris, and the locality is near the Madeleine Flower Market. *A bouquetière* is offering flowers. She has stepped beyond her hedge of blooming plants with her pretty lure. The artist shows an air of extreme comfortableness about our Americans. The lady is rather prim, and one might suspect that, though she has respect for a sedate flower in an orderly flower bed, she cares a good deal more for really sound vegetables. The gentleman is not of the same disposition as his wife. He will buy the flowers and will present them to his wife. He is an observant tourist, for Mr. Smedley, seizing the man's facial expression, shows that he has a kind of comprehensive appreciation, and contrasts it with the rather narrow and prim views of the woman. We even believe that the handle of the lady's parasol, barely imposed on her husband's arm, acts as a reminder, or implies that he is a trifle too impressionable to suit her exacting tastes. The *fleuriste* asks two francs for her flowers. A Frenchman would have thought one franc dear for them. The American hands out five francs and disdains the change. But then a bouquet-holder certainly adds grace and gives completeness to flowers.

THE PLAYERS.

On the last night of the year 1888 a scene of uncommon beauty and significance was visible in the new club-house of the Players, in Gramercy Park. On that night, and just before the death of the old year, the members of that club assembled for the first time, and were formally installed in their home. The assemblage began to convene about eleven o'clock, and soon upward of a hundred gentlemen, destined to become hereafter the comrades of every-day life, were gathered in the cheeriest of parlors and around a spacious fireplace awaiting the signal for the beginning of a new career of festival and happy fellowship. Among the Players wre Edmon S. Connor, James E. Murdock, and John Gilbert, the oldest actors, of national reputation, who survive in America. It was near twelve o'clock when Mr. Edwin Booth, the founder of the club and its first President, taking his stand upon a dais in front of the hearthstone, formally addressed his associates, and in a brief speech, marked by deep feeling, great dignity, and winning sweetness of manner, together with perfect sincerity and simplicity of language, presented to them the title-deeds to their club-house—the building No. 16 Gramercy Park, next to the mansion of the late Samuel J. Tilden—which, with all its unique furniture, beautiful and rare works of art, and costly decorations, is his personal gift to the club. The applause that greeted him was emphatic, and it came directly from the hearts of all who heard his voice—for every heart felt the absolute earnestness of his quiet words of truth, and recognized the simple and noble generosity of his conduct. No speech was ever in better taste, nor was there ever a good deed done with more exquisite grace, humility, and sweetness. Mr. Augustin Daly, Vice-President of the Players, responded to Mr. Booth's address, fitly remarking upon the opulence and significance of the gift, and accepting the club-house, not alone in the name of the Players now existent, but also in the name of generations of Players yet to come.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who has had a principal hand in helping Mr. Booth to accomplish the organization of the club, followed Mr. Daly, and after a graceful and fervent expression of his sympathy with the purpose of the Players and with the feeling of the occasion, read a touching letter from Mr. Booth's daughter and only child, Mrs. Edwina Booth Grosman, presenting a wreath of laurel to be placed on her father's head, and enclosing a poem commemorative of the occasion, by Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, the distinguished author of that noble ode on Dante which is one of the immortal gems of American literature. The poem will be found in the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Barrett, who excels in this special field of elocution, read the lines with felicity of taste and cordial warmth of feeling, and the effect of them was that of pleasurable interest and excitement. At one line, beginning "Tragedian, take thy crown," a deep-toned clock near by suddenly and solemnly boomed forth the midnight hour. To Mr. Booth the letter and tribute of his beloved daughter and the poem from his old friend were altogether unexpected and a complete surprise; and those who stood by and saw his emotion knew that his heart was deeply touched. Not often in a lifetime occurs a moment so memorable and so fraught with feeling as that moment was when Lawrence Barrett extended to Edwin Booth the wreath of laurel sent from a daughter's love, and then and there consecrated with the blessings of a host of friends. Mr. Booth said a few faltering words in reply, and directed the lighting of the Yule-log, also his daughter's gift, and summoned and set in motion the loving-cup of the Players. On the card that came to him with the wreath from his child was written the inscription, culled from Shakespeare—and nothing could be more appropriate—"Hamlet—King—Father." The loving-cup is the one that was given to William Warren in 1882, in honor of his fiftieth year upon the stage, by Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett, and John McCullough. It is a massive and uncommonly handsome cup, and is inscribed with all these names. Warren, who died on September 21st last year, bequeathed it to Jefferson, and Jefferson has given it to the Players. As soon as this had circulated the formal services to dedicate the club came to an end, the supper-room was opened, and the Players, obeying the Shakespearian injunction to "apprehend nothing but jollity," devoted the rest of the night to the enjoyment of their festival.

In that way was ushered in the happy New-Year of the metropolitan stage. For in Edwin Booth's design, to which he has given an expression so substantial and so practical, the establishment of the Players is to augment the social comfort and influence of actors, and thus to exert a beneficial power upon the stage. The club-house is one of rare beauty; but it is not upon opulent and lovely surroundings alone that the renowned tragedian and leader of his profession chiefly depends in this enterprise of brother-like affection and professional honor. He has sought to establish an institution in which influences of learning and taste shall be brought to bear upon the members of the stage—a place where they may find books and pictures, precious relics of the great players of the past, intellectual communion with minds of their own order and with men of education in other walks of life, refinement of thought and of manners, innocent pleasure, and sweet and gracious and ennobling associations. The club library is already considerable, and many treasures have been promised to it. One sequence of the club will, it is hopeful, be the preparation of a comprehensive, minute, thorough standard history of the American stage. Great care has been exercised in the selection of members, and it is anticipated that no element unfriendly to art or culture or gentleness will ever obtain an entrance to this garden-ground of social happiness. The club will represent all that is best in the dramatic profession, and will labor to foster the dramatic art and to exalt the standard of personal worth among the actors of America.

William Winter.

NICARAGUA CANAL.

Visitors to the American Institute Fair must have been struck by an object exhibited there for a few days, which, at a moment when the American Eagle is jealously scrutinizing the attitude of the French government with regard to the abortive and distracting Panama Canal, assumes no small degree of interest and importance. This was the working model of the projected Nicaragua Inter-Oceanic Ship-Canal, designed and constructed by Mr. Vaulx Carter, who has been awarded the contract for the work by the canal company, in open competition with several skilled engineers, his design having been selected both on account of its intrinsic merit and its applicability to the difficulties of the situation. Mr. Carter is a young man of Southern birth, but has resided for the greater part of his life in Brooklyn. He was educated at Swarthmore College, and at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. While at the latter place he became permanently lame, and since then he has devoted himself to drawing, engineering, and designing, for the last of which he has a decided natural taste. Mr. Carter holds at present the position of Instructor in Mechanical Drawing and Mechanics at the Hebrew Technical Institute, New York, and this interesting and ingenious model, which is now on its tour of the principal cities of the United States, is the product of his spare time.

The preliminary history of the project has been already detailed in these columns. Coming down to the year 1887, we find that in March of that year a contract was signed with the Republic of Nicaragua by a representative of the Nicaragua Canal Association of New York, securing to the Association exclusive right of way through the territory of the republic, for the construction of a ship-canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The route chosen has been surveyed several times—twice by expeditions sent out by the United States Navy Department. The detailed estimates of the cost of construction, amounting to $60,000,000, have been examined and accepted by eminent engineers in this country and in Europe, and a force of competent engineers and surveyors was quite recently in Nicaragua making final surveys for the axial location of the line of the canal. The Association has secured from the government of Nicaragua a most liberal concession, allowing a period of two and one-half years within which to begin operations, a grant of 1,000,000 acres of land, and immunity from taxation and all imposts for a period of ninety-nine years. The Association asks no aid from the government of the United States.

The canal will extend from Greytown, on the Caribbean Sea, at the mouth of the San Juan River, on the east, to Brito, on the west, a distance of about 170 miles, the summit-level of the canal being 110 feet above the mean sea-level. Of this distance, however, only about 30 miles are to be actual cutting or excavation, leaving nearly 140 miles to be navigated on Lake Nicaragua and the river San Juan—an enormous advantage to start with. The San Juan is already navigable for vessels of light draught, and it can easily be deepened. The summit-level is to be reached by three locks from the Atlantic and three from the Pacific. These locks will be capable of admitting the largest ships afloat, the length of the chambers being 650 feet, and the width 65 feet. At one point, near the confluence of the San Juan and the San Carlos, an artificial lake will be created by the construction of a dam across the San Juan and an embankment across the San Carlos, which will serve as a basin for the gathering of ships, where they may repair, and which will also facilitate their passing in opposite directions. From Toro Rapids to the lake the river is never less than 1000 feet wide, with a depth of 26 to 150 feet, requiring some dredging and rock-blasting. Across Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 56 miles, a depth of 28 feet is obtained until within a short distance of the Rio Lajas, the entrance to the western division; there, too, some dredging and rock-blasting will be necessary. Ships may thus unobstructedly sail or steam from Rio San Carlos up the broad waters of the San Juan, majestic forests or picturesque settlements on either hand, and here and there some old fort like Fort Castillo, and across the lovely inland sea dotted with lofty islands. Here the balmy breezes are full of health; but the whole region east of the lake is densely wooded, subject to a heavy rainfall, and almost uninhabited. The banks of the San Juan River are almost everywhere low and swampy; it is therefore most

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HON. JAMES McMILLAN, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOMLINSON, DETROIT.—[SEE PAGE 50.]



HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM COLORADO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]



COUNT HERBERT VON BISMARCK.
[SEE PAGE 51.]

fortunate that very little disturbance of the soil will be necessary except by dredging. In the middle and western divisions of the canal not only is the rainfall much less excessive, but the temperature is rendered equable by the east and northeast trades which sweep across Nicaragua. On the Pacific slope the climate is both delightful and salubrious.

At Rio Lajas, the last, or western, division of the canal proper begins. It extends for about seventeen miles from the western shore of the lake to Brito, on the Pacific, where ships from the Atlantic descend gradually by four locks into a snug haven. A number of inconsiderable streams intersect this portion of the line, the largest of which, the Rio Grande, will be deflected into another channel, while it is proposed to carry the others under the canal. Summing up, and beginning this time at Brito, the western terminal of the canal, the main features of the route, according to the last careful and exhaustive survey, are as follows:

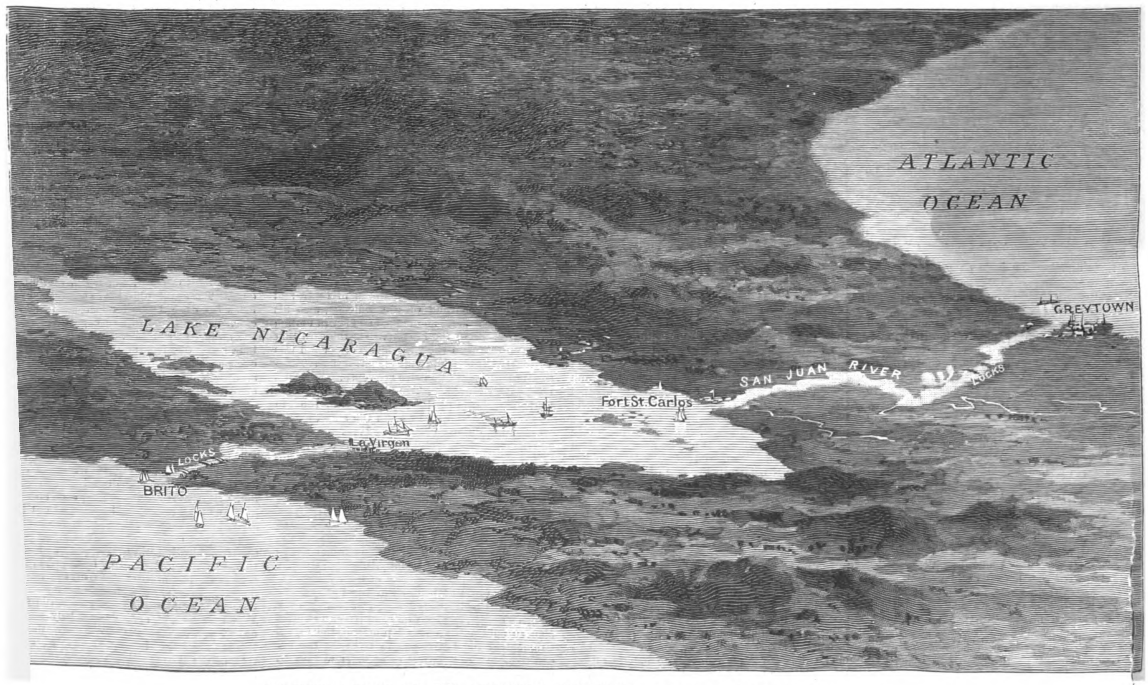
	Canal.	Free Navigation.	Total.
	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
Western Division	12.14	4.83	16.97
Lake Nicaragua	....	56.50	56.50
San Juan River	....	64.54	64.54
San Francisco Basin	2.07	10.49	12.56
Great Divide Cut	3.03	....	3.03
Divide Cut to Greytown	12.95	3.40	16.35
Total	30.19	139.76	169.95

From this table it can be seen that in the whole distance there will only be about 30 miles of canal work, and with the exception of two or three rocks, the labor presents no mechanical difficulties or engineering problems which are not within the scope of modern science. It is, at all events, beyond question that the scene of this great enterprise has been more searchingly explored and surveyed than has ever been the case with any similar undertaking of modern times. It is estimated that the whole work can be completed in six years.

It may be interesting now to compare with these estimates a few facts taken from the statistics of the Suez and Panama canals, as to the latter of which, Lieutenant-Commander CHARLES H. STOCKTON, U.S.N., in a paper contributed a few months ago to the transactions of the American Geographical Society, expressed his opinion that "there is ground for doubting that it will ever be completed." The Panama Canal has already, it is said, cost over 200 millions—nearly four times the estimated cost of the proposed Nicaragua Canal. The Suez Canal, which has proved thoroughly successful, is 88 geographical miles in length, 66 miles of which had to be excavated, the sum total of expenses reaching 100 millions. The transit from sea to sea by the Suez Canal is made in three days, against the thirty hours of the Nicaragua Canal. Further, the Suez Canal, owing to the tortuous, rocky navigation of the Red Sea, together with its variable winds and terrific heat, is practically useless for sailing ships, which, therefore, in order to reach the Indies, China, Australia, California, and western South America, must sail around the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. The route of the Nicaraguan Canal is swept by the east and northeast trades, and those fleets will certainly be diverted to it in the future, at all events when sailing westward. This is a most important advantage for the new canal, for it is certain that the larger portion of the world's tonnage is still transported in sailing vessels, more especially in the coasting trade. Now, as one approaches the Isthmus of Darien the wind either dies away altogether or becomes capricious, and the result is that a sailing vessel may lie off Panama for weeks, with loss to all concerned. The most immediately apparent effect of the opening of the Nicaragua Canal upon our trade with the west coast of South America will be the saving of time and money now lost by the delay and transshipment of goods at Panama. The continuous water route will do away with the detentions and greatly lessen the cost of freights, while it cannot fail to give us a share of the commerce with western South America.

For any one with a fair knowledge of commercial geography it is only necessary to glance at a map to realize that the opening of the Nicaragua Canal is destined to have a profound effect upon the commercial history of the world. As the saving in distances from New York to Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Bombay, Melbourne, and Auckland by this canal will be from 500 to 3000 miles over any other route except Suez, and the sailing conditions are unsurpassed, it is believed that the entire eastern commerce of our Atlantic seaboard will eventually find its way through the Nicaragua Canal. Our Pacific ports are now 13,000 and 14,000 miles away from us by way of Cape Horn. The distances by the canal will be 4500 to 5500 miles. Again, the distance from Liverpool to Auckland is 500 miles less by Nicaragua than by any other route, and 2524 miles less than by the Cape of Good Hope. It might very well happen that a part, at least, of this European trade with New Zealand will choose the Nicaraguan route, not so much for the distance saved over Cape Horn as for the more favorable weather, winds, and currents to be met with in the latitude of the canal. Sailing vessels between Europe and Japan would, by way of Nicaragua, save at least 3000 miles over other routes. When the canal is built, steamers and sailing vessels from the Gulf ports, which now seek the long and dreary passage around Cape Horn, with its perils, vexations, and hardships, will gain the Pacific in a pleasant trip of less than two days' duration. The world may be circumnavigated with ease and expedition without crossing the equator. It is true that sailing routes to and from Panama in the Pacific can hardly be said to exist, so seldom are they used; but Brito, the proposed western terminus of the Nicaragua Canal, is much better situated, the route thence to San Francisco by sail being nearly two weeks shorter than from Panama. When the physical barrier shall have been removed, all the existing lines of traffic from the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea will lead naturally through the canal to the countries and islands of the Pacific. Artificial trade routes will be broken down, and we shall no longer receive cinchona bark and crude rubber from England, and tea and coffee from London and Hamburg, or ship American hardware to Australia by way of Liverpool. Indeed, if the cost of constructing the canal should prove to be double the estimate of the engineers—which, under proper management, is impossible—the financial adventure would still be safe and profitable.

H.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROJECTED NICARAGUA CANAL.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CANADIAN ARTILLERY IN WINTER.

CANADIAN ARTILLERY IN WINTER.

THE illustration given above of a new gun sled tried at Quebec for the transport of field artillery possesses additional interest from similar experiments of the Russians at Stanislau. The advantage of not being compelled to suspend campaigning in high latitudes through snow or ice blockades is so obvious that of late much attention has been devoted to the matter; and the use of gun sleighs for field-pieces has an importance like that of the use of snow-shoes for infantry and the proposed hard packing of snow for field-works.

The new-pattern equipment at Quebec consists of a sleigh, or "bob," as it is there called, for the limber, and a second one for the carriage. Each consists mainly of two runners, having a strong transom with brackets and cap squares to take the axle-tree arms and crossbars, to which a toboggan bottom is secured. The apparatus can be put together or taken apart in a very few minutes, and the same is true of the transfer of the carriages from wheels to runners. Indeed, in case of urgency, this can be done without unhooking the horses. The gun detachment simply lift the carriage, remove the wheels, and lower it until the axle-tree arms rest in their bearings at each end of the transom. The transom cap squares are then keyed over the axle-tree arms, the check chains on the runners hooked to the splinter-bar and trail respectively, and the whole is ready for winter service. The runners can be shifted to suit the gauge of any road, and this is important in Canada, notes our artist, "since here in Quebec the winter tracks are about two feet six inches wide, and in Ontario three feet." The toboggan bottom enables the gun to ride over deep snow instead of cutting into it and sticking. The recoil is taken by two heavy chains passed under the runners and hooked. For transportation each sled is taken apart and packed by itself. No change of drill is required, the ordinary equipment remains the same, and the reduction of cost from the old-pattern sleigh is evident, as the one on trial at Quebec cost only sixty dollars, and has thus far been found satisfactory.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A PROFESSIONAL GUM-POT.

When the Mahdi scoured the hot plains of the Soudan, I was exceedingly disturbed. Personally I had no ventures in Africa; no relatives there that I knew of. I may have had a minimum of sympathy for that most conservative of all the continents, which I am inclined to believe will remain "dark" for the next five hundred years or so. What really annoyed me was the cost of gum-arabic. It is possible that the industrious pickers of the gum were forced to drop their step-ladders and give the acacia-trees a wide berth. I am, however, rather of the opinion that civilization cornered gum-arabic. London, Zanzibar, or Khartoom said: "This holy war means business. We will, then, take advantage of the situation, as enlightened Christians, Germans, Jews, or Islamites, and we will boom the gum, and make people pay three or four times more than it is worth." So came about the gum-arabic squeeze which began some five years ago.

When I went to buy my gum, and the price was put up from twenty-five cents to a dollar, notwithstanding the political and economic reasonings advanced by a casuistical apothecary, I declined purchasing. As my calling is that of a sticker or paster, the difficulties of my position can be understood. I am of the scissors and gum-pot.

I have brought up a family by their means. I have done this so long that I know no other profession. I do not advance any intellectual qualities on my part, for everybody is supposed to know how to read. What I do assert, however, is my immense superiority in so far as relates to the mechanical part of my job. At times I get sick of reading—for you can read until you are sick, the disease being a well-defined one, arising, so medical experts declare, from an overstraining of the optic nerves, which have a sympathetic action on the stomach. Nevertheless, uncomfortable as continuous reading may make me, I would rather read than scissor and paste. To bring down the mechanical details of work to its simplest factors has been the study of years, and the source of gum had, so to speak, been cut from under my feet.

When the Mahdi raised his standard, and gum-arabic became an impossible substance for Unbelievers, I made tentative efforts with starch. Amateurs who wish to mount their sketches know that starch, properly prepared, is a very nice and clean substance to use. Having plenty of time at their disposal, and one print to mount, they can be neat about it. But take, as a professional paster, a thousand bits of flimsy paper to stick, and starch is nonsense. Boil it too much and it is a jelly; cooked too little it is a washy gruel. It has a tendency to mould. It will sour in summer. Alum will help its keeping, but, do with it as you please, starch never will come off freely from the brush. Boiled flour and water, the paste of the paper-hanger, would not work. It refuses that delicate manipulation the accomplished paster requires.

At last a happy thought struck the sticker. It was to try dextrine. It is an inexpensive substance. Equal parts in bulk of dextrine and water were taken, and they were boiled. The resultant was a clear, slightly yellowish fluid, which had a faint sweetish odor. Use postage-stamps and you will become familiar with the smell of torrified starch; but there is a corrective: take a small quantity of some essential oil, as that of sassafras, and the smell is neutralized. More than that, as one learned in adhesive substances, I shall patent a process for imparting various odors to the gum on the back of postage-stamps, so that in the dark a man can by smelling tell the difference between a two-cent and a five-cent stamp, providing, of course, the general public directs and posts letters when it is pitch-dark.

My scissors are long ones with double points. I must confess to having obtained them by "discovery" at the Centennial Exhibition. They were said to belong to no one, and I was told to carry them off as a memento. If the original owner can be found, or the United States has any claim on them, I am willing to restore them. They have snipped and snipped for fourteen years. There is a *patine* on them. Once an African seized on them and tried to cut carpet with the scissors, and they broke near the handle. I might have bought a new pair for half a dollar; To mend them cost seventy-five cents, and they were soldered, and ever since then I am devotedly attached to them. That famous Indian philosopher abused a fool and was unkind to a spoon, saying that the former understood no more of what books he read than did the spoon taste the soups it carried, but I am satisfied that my scissors know much more than I do. They appreciate the happy sentence. They discern the paragraph. They open their jaws, but they do not devour. They prune, perhaps, but they do more than that. What matter my scissors cut, my gum-brush helps to preserve. The two buoy the clever thought so that it does not sink out of sight. That thought floats on the wave hither and thither, and I am ever trusting that it may reach a port some time. I do not resurrect. I give only another impulse. As the ball is thrown me I strike, and it goes shinning away out of the field, to be picked up and used as a ball again thousands and thousands of miles away.

There is an exchange editor known among American journalists who has a deserved reputation for the care, good judgment, and nice discrimination he displays. To watch him at his task of reading innumerable newspapers, coming to him from all parts of the United States, is to see him apparently juggle with printed columns. It looks as if it were a purely mechanical process. A touch of his fingers, and a newspaper is opened, turned, and read on all its four, or eight, or sixteen, or twenty pages; and then comes another movement of the wrist, and the sheet is refolded and laid smoothly on the table. A minute for one newspaper may be an average of time. This work goes on from eight to ten hours every day. Now I am quite willing to wager that, if in any one of these hundreds of papers passing through his hands there happened to be printed anywhere the name of the journal he is attached to, or if anything has been copied from that journal and credit given to it, or even if it were filched, in an instant he would discover the fact. It is visual alertness and an automatic mental process carried by a carefully trained habit on his part to unerring precision. If that exchange editor tried to read the papers he would always be six months behindhand. The orchestral leader takes in the whole score, and the exchange editor reads with one glance of his eyes, not one line, but twenty of them all at the same time. It must be borne in mind that an exchange editor has more than the name of his own paper to look for; he has to watch out for topics embracing every subject of human interest.

A DIG IN THE RIBS,

If on the right side and lower part of the diaphragm, though playfully meant and delivered, is calculated to evoke profanity from a chappy whose liver is out of order. When that region is sore and congested, pokes seem fiendish. Look at a man's countenance ere you prod him under the ribs. If his skin and eyeballs have a sallow tinge, you may infer also that his tongue is furred, his breath apt to be sour, that he has pains not only beneath his ribs, but also under the right shoulder-blade. Also, that his bowels are irregular and his digestion impaired. Instead of making a jocose demonstration on his ribs, recommend him to take, and steadily persist in taking, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest antibilious and alterative medicine extant. Incomparable is it, also, for dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervousness, kidney trouble, and fever and ague.—[*Adv.*]

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Use Angostura Bitters, the world renowned South American appetizer, of exquisite flavor.—[*Adv.*]

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!
For Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards, Mustaches, Costumes, Charades, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues sent FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!
Containing many novelties, full description and prices.
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 28 West 23d St., N. Y.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the Kodak. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of Kodak Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



CHEST PAINS
COUGHS COLDS



Chest Pains, Coughs and Colds, Weak Lungs, Backache, Kidney Pains, Rheumatism, and all Muscular Pains, **relieved in one minute** by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

FINE LINEN
Writing Papers.

If you want a Day Book made to order,
If you want a Journal made to order,
If you want a Cash Book made to order,
If you want a Ledger made to order,
If you want a Record made to order,
If you want a Check Book made to order,
If you want a Sales Book made to order,
If you want Paper for Correspondence,
If you want Paper for Letter Heads,
If you want Paper for Note Heads,
If you want Paper for Bill Heads,
If you want Paper for Type-Writer use,
If you want Writing Paper for any purpose,
Ask Your Stationer or Printer
For "Linen Ledger" Paper or "Linen Writing" Paper, made by
CRANE BROS.,
WESTFIELD, MASS.
Used by all Stationers.
Used by all Bookbinders.
Used by all Lithographers.
Used by all Printers.
Sold by all Paper Dealers.



OUR TRADE-MARK.

These papers have received the HIGHEST AWARD at four World's Fairs, and are recommended by all using them. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS



THE PATENT
LABRADOR.
Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Boker's Bitters," the Oldest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. Funke, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

Arnold Constable & Co
LYONS SILKS,
BROCADES,
METAL EFFECTS,
ROYALES.
Special Importation for Evening Dress.
Broadway & 19th st.

ESTABLISHED 1801.



Barry's Tricopherous
FOR THE HAIR.
The oldest and the Best in the World. Words cannot describe the gloss, the silkiness, the luxuriance, the flowing, wavy beauty of the Hair that is dressed daily with this matchless preparation.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

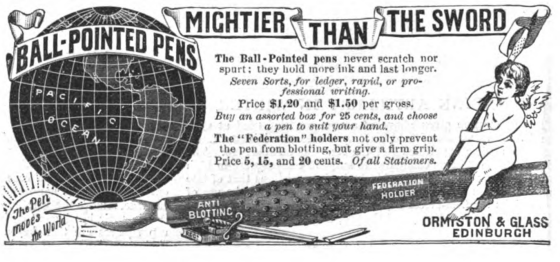
Latin Dictionary for Schools.

A LATIN DICTIONARY for Schools. By Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., Editor of "Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary." pp. xii., 1192. Large 8vo, Cloth, $5.50; Sheep, $6.00.

This dictionary is not an abridgment, but an entirely new and independent work, designed to explain every word or phrase in the Latin literature commonly read in schools, viz., the complete works of Cæsar, Terence, Cicero, Livy, Nepos, Vergil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Phædrus, and Curtius, the Catiline and Jugurtha of Sallust, the Germania and Agricola of Tacitus, and a few words found in some extracts of Florus, Eutropius, and Justinus. The original meaning of every word is first given, and then the modifications which it underwent in usage. The editor has preferred illustrations drawn from the earliest authors read by the students—Cæsar's Gallic War, Cicero's Orations against Catiline, and the first books of Vergil's Æneid. The general plan of the work was not finally adopted until after consultation with thirty of the leading Latin scholars and teachers in the country; in fact no pains were spared by the editor, and no expense by the publishers, to make this dictionary the best of its kind.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by Harper & Brothers, *postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



READINGS IN POLITE SOCIETY.

"Do we like Shakespeare? Of course we do. We absolutely dote on him. Splendid old chappie!"

(In this case, a dance is to follow the readings; but nobody is in a hurry or cares for such a frivolous pastime.)

Muscular Rheumatism.

Henry O. Archibald, Lyndhurst, Bergen Co., N. J., writes:

"I have been a martyr to rheumatism, which affects me in the back and over each lung. I was afraid that I had consumption, but upon examination my lungs were found to be sound. I then ascertained that I was suffering with muscular rheumatism, which was so bad at night that I could not sleep. I used an ALLCOCK'S PLASTER on the small of my back and one under each shoulder blade. I renewed them every five days, and in a month I was entirely well."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

OVER **6,000,000** people believe that it pays best to buy Seeds of the largest and most reliable house, and they use

Ferry's Seeds



D. M. FERRY & CO. are acknowledged to be the *Largest Seedsmen* in the world. D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced **SEED ANNUAL** For 1889 Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last year's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every person using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address

Earliest Cauliflower in existence.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.



"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People;* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youth; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular, "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 712 5th Ave., N. Y. City. *Prof* D. L. DOWD. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: I never saw any other that I liked half as well."

$5 to **$8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

The strongest argument yet made in behalf of election reform.*—Christian Union, *N. Y.

MACHINE POLITICS AND MONEY IN ELECTIONS.

By WILLIAM M. IVINS,
FORMERLY
City Chamberlain of New York.

16mo, Paper Covers, 25 cents.

Ought to be pondered by every one who has the welfare of the city at heart.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Some of his revelations are little less than startling, coming as they do from one who had a high place in one of the machines he describes.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

By this publication a service has been rendered to the people of New York.—*Epoch*, N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs! 10 Samples for 12c. 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts. **GIANT** Self-Inker PRINTING PRESS **$5** With Script type outfit. Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

FRENCH AND SCOTCH

COTTON DRESS FABRICS,

Highest Quality French Sateens,

Superior Quality Scotch Zephyrs,

In entirely new Designs and Combination of colors, confined exclusively to our firm, enabling us to offer our customers many goods that it is not possible for them to obtain elsewhere, in addition to the largest stock ever shown at retail.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

Cleaver's Transparent Soap Best & Cheapest Bar None!!

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

Pictorial History of the Civil War

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS.

I.

W. D. HOWELLS.

ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS, Author of "Indian Summer," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "April Hopes," "Modern Italian Poets," &c. pp. 331. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

II.

WALTER BESANT.

Illustrated Library Edition.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. pp. x., 412. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

III.

Harper's Young People Series, No. 31.

CHRYSTAL, JACK, & CO., AND DELTA BIXBY. Two Stories by KIRK MUNROE, Author of "Wakulla," "The Flamingo Feather," "Derrick Sterling," &c. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1.00.

IV.

Old Songs. Illustrated by Abbey and Parsons.

With Drawings by EDWIN A. ABBEY and ALFRED PARSONS. With Mounted India Proof Frontispiece, left loose for framing. 4to, Ornamental Leather Cover, Gilt Edges, $7.50. (*In a Box.*)

V.

"Harper's Young People" for 1888.

Volume IX., for 1888. With 756 Illustrations and 928 Pages. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $3.50. Vols. I. to VII. *out of print.*

VI.

Colonel Knox's New Book.

The Boy Travellers in Australasia. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to the Sandwich, Marquesas, Society, Samoan, and Feejee Islands, and through the Colonies of New Zealand, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "Boy Travellers in the Far East," &c. With Maps and 436 Illustrations. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3.00.

VII.

C. C. Coffin's New Book.

Marching to Victory. Second Period of the War of the Rebellion, including the Year 1863. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, Author of "The Boys of '76," &c. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3.00.

Harper's Franklin Square Library.

New Issues. 8vo, Paper Covers.

	CTS.
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. By J. M. Barrie	35
THE PERIL OF RICHARD PARDON. By H. L. Farjeon. Illustrated	30
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. By Walter Besant. Illustrated	50
THE COUNTESS EVE. By J. H. Shorthouse	25
A CHRISTMAS ROSE. By R. E. Francillon	30
THE INNER HOUSE. By Walter Besant	30
IN FAR LOCHABER. By William Black	40
THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELOT. By William Minto	30
THE REBEL ROSE	40
THE EAVESDROPPER. By James Payn	25
YULE-TIDE STORIES AND PICTURES. 16 Full-page Illustrations. 4to	25

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE WEDDING.

"Walk right in, Miss Rosetta. De bridegoom hab show some desire to awoid de marriage ceremony; but de bride am on de steps to perwent his detreat. We expeck de minister insesently."

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap and Perfume.
Highest award at London 1887, Newcastle 1887 and Ostend 1888.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.



WON
GOLD MEDAL AND SILVER MEDAL FOR Championship of the World,
At Toronto, August 13, 1888.

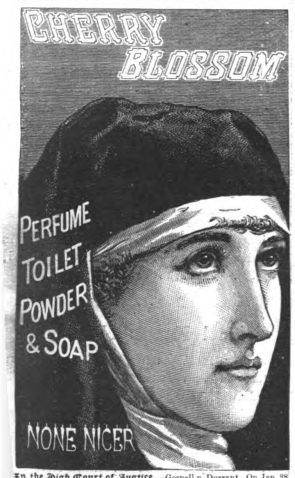


Miss M. E. Orr. Remington.

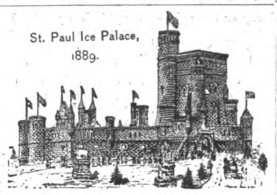
OFFICIAL REPORT: "On General Writing—law, evidence, and commercial matter—"Miss M. E. Orr won the Gold Medal for the Championship of the World. "Mr. McGurrin won the Silver Medal in the same class."
*Both Miss Orr and Mr. McGurrin used the Remington Typewriter.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.

CHERRY BLOSSOM



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.



St. Paul Ice Palace, 1889.

DON'T FAIL
TO SEE THE
ST. PAUL ICE PALACE!
Ten Days of Winter Sports
INCLUDING
TOBOGGANING,
SNOW SHOEING,
CURLING.
AND TWO
Grand Stormings of the Ice Palace.
A Magnificent Display of Fireworks.
Reduced Rates of Fare by All Lines.
The Carnival begins January 23, ends February 1.



Look all around among the Retailers,
then write to C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT, which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.

YUCCA

Bald Heads don't despair. If you have one hair left to start with, you can, by using Yucca, have your hair back again. The more failures you have had, the more you will appreciate Yucca. One bottle will convince you of the truth of this. YUCCA has just been introduced to the trade, and you can probably buy it at the nearest Druggist. If not, send us $1, and we will send you a trial bottle. Always address Yucca Co., Burlington, Vt.

FOR THE HAIR

PURE for the DEAF by Peck's Pat. Improved Cushioned Ear Drums. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible, Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address as on P. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

Catarrh

When you have tried the various remedies for Catarrh and failed in obtaining relief, then try the new remedy NASALINE, and you will find that

YOU Can Be CURED

NASALINE has been tried by those who had given up all hope and *they have been cured*. We *assert positively* that a failure is *unknown*. Testimonials in quantity. Sent by mail, Price, 50c. (*stamps or postal note*). Send to Nasaline Mfr. Co., Denver, Colorado, and be

Cured.



"The Oxford"
Five o'clock Tea Stands
are very fashionable just now. The ladies use them to pour their own tea, and the gentlemen find them useful later in the evening—but not for tea. Kettle of polished brass SILVER-LINED (holds 1½ pints) with brass tray and lamp, sent by express, prepaid, for $2.50.
290 Pearl Street, N. Y., Near Beekman.
PALMER MFG. CO.,



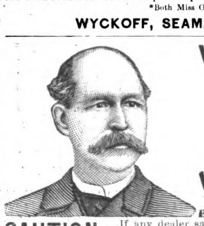
THE SHAWKNIT CALENDAR FOR 1889,
from which this picture is taken, is elegantly gotten up in 16 leaflets, 3½ by 5½ inches, and contains John Leighton's exquisite illustrations of Spenser's poetry of the months, which are found in the BOOK OF DAYS, and are used by permission of the publishers of that rare and curious work; also, the poetry itself, in the original orthography of the FAERIE QUEENE. An ornament for the centre-table. A beautiful holiday gift. Mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cents. SHAW STOCKING CO., Calendar Dep't, LOWELL, MASS.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

MICROSCOPES *Telescopes, Spectacles, Barometers, Lantern Slides, Photographic Outfits For Amateurs, Field Glasses.* W. H. WALMSLEY & CO. Philadelphia, Pa. Illus. price list free. Send for *Special Bargain Lists.*

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

CAUTION If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

The finest Meat-Flavoring Stock.
USE IT FOR SOUPS,
Beef Tea, Sauces, and Made Dishes.
J. Liebig
TRADE MARK
EXTRACT of MEAT
N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.

SECURUS JUDICAT
Apollinaris
ORBIS TERRARUM

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

MAGIC LANTERNS and STEREOPTICONS for Public Exhibitions and for Home Amusement. Views illustrating every subject. A very profitable business for a man with small capital. Best apparatus, new views, largest stock. 25 years practical experience. 170-p. catalogue free. GEO. H. PIERCE, 136 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

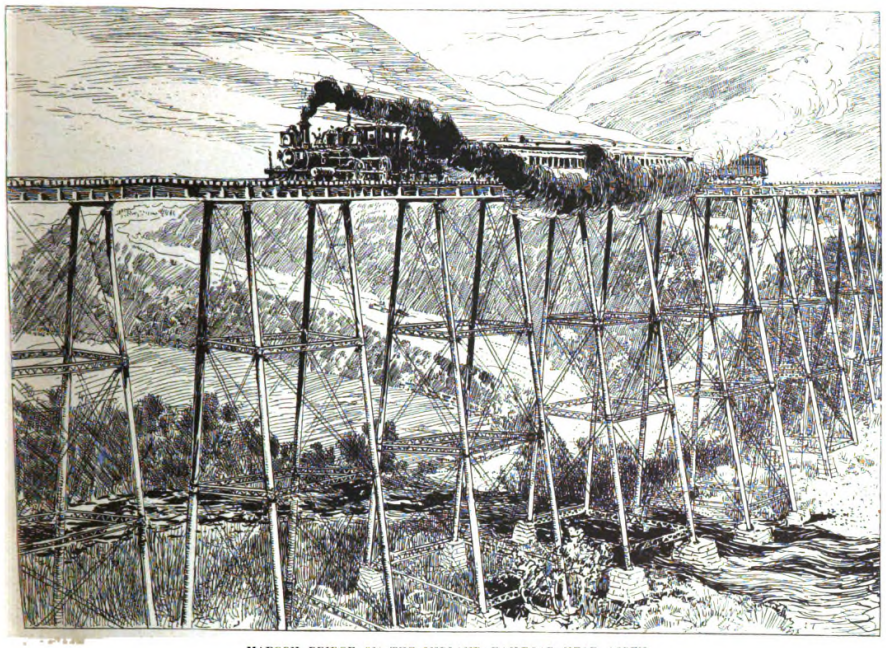
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

FREE Sample DR. T. STONE'S BRONCHIAL WAFERS. Best Remedy for Throat and Lungs. Agents Wanted. STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE CITY OF ASPEN, COLORADO.

ON the western slope of the Continental Divide, among nameless mountain-peaks and lonely cañons, men were searching for silver in the early summer of 1880. Leadville was dull. The great carbonate camp had touched the farthest edge of its field of riches, and had turned back upon itself to ask the grewsome question, "After this, what?" Only too ready to foresee for Leadville a place in the ghostly procession of dead camps and unrealized hopes, a number of prospectors climbed the snowy heights of Mount Massive and pushed out into the unknown country beyond, to begin anew their unrewarded search for wealth.



MAROON BRIDGE ON THE MIDLAND RAILROAD NEAR ASPEN.

In one way it was something of a new life and a new world. Leadville was then the outpost of Eastern civilization, which seemed to have surged against the frowning wall of the Saguache Range, and recoiled confusedly upon the skirts of Fryer Hill. When the prospector had reached the white crest of Mount Massive and gone down the other side, he was no longer on the Atlantic slope, but on the water-shed of the Pacific Ocean.

At that time there was reason to doubt that this western slope of the Continental Divide ever would pay tribute to Denver and the East; and there was a belief, too, that he who located mines in such an inaccessible and remote region might as well fence in his cabin with his silver ores, for all the good that they would be to him. There are plenty of rich silver mines in Colorado worth no more than common dirt. The men who carried the pick, the shovel, and the blow-pipe into this Western wilderness apparently cared but little for the availability of their discoveries, as they were just as ready to locate claims on the tops of towering mountains as on the gentlest hillside. They held to the miner's common fallacy that wherever precious metal can be dug out of ground or blasted out of rock, a way will be found to transport it to market. In this case a way was found, undoubtedly, but it came only after years of patient waiting.

Traces of precious mineral were far from scarce on the western slope; indeed, prospectors located at various points a number of reasonably valuable claims, yet so out of reach was the whole region that it needed the discovery of a genuine bonanza to concentrate public attention upon any one particular point. That discovery was made when, in the course of the prospector's search up and down the Roaring Fork of the Grand River, rich silver ore was found on the mountain steeps near the mouths of Maroon, Castle, and Hunter creeks. Upon hearing of the new strike, the prospectors in the neighborhood made a rush to the spot to test the matter for themselves, with so satisfactory a result that before the summer was over a grotesque huddle of log cabins stood on the west bank of the Roaring Fork as a homely yet earnest guarantee that the new claims were something more real than the usual run of mining prophecy. Before Christmas-time the belief was common, even in doubting Leadville, that the new strike might some day amount to something, if proper transportation facilities could be obtained.

During the winter one of those fortunate men to whom nature has given a good share of foresight, together with sufficient energy and will to back it up, saw the opportunity that the Roaring Fork discovery offered, and promptly decided to make use of it. The Saguache Range was a solid wall of snow; the mountain passes were blocked with huge drifts; storms were howling and shrieking through the narrow cañons, and snow-slides were coasting down the rocky steeps; yet he set out alone to walk the obliterated trail between Leadville and the new camp. In this Rocky Mountain country there are deeds of daring that go unrecorded; there are tales of heroism that never get beyond the four walls of a miner's cabin; and there are agonies of suffering that pass unnoticed and unknown. Few men are heroes to their contemporaries, and least of all in an employment where the result only is regarded, and never the process of attainment. Perilous journeys and hazardous deeds are so common in the Rocky Mountains, and men there are so prone to underrate anything within the every-day scope of their own lives, that many, no doubt, will wonder what there could be in a walk of forty miles over the mountains to excite comment. To old Colorado miners who are familiar with mountain dangers I cannot hope to explain my admiration for this man's undertaking, but persons who came in bodily contact with the great Eastern blizzard of March, 1888, can form some adequate idea of the attending circumstances of his remarkable achievement.

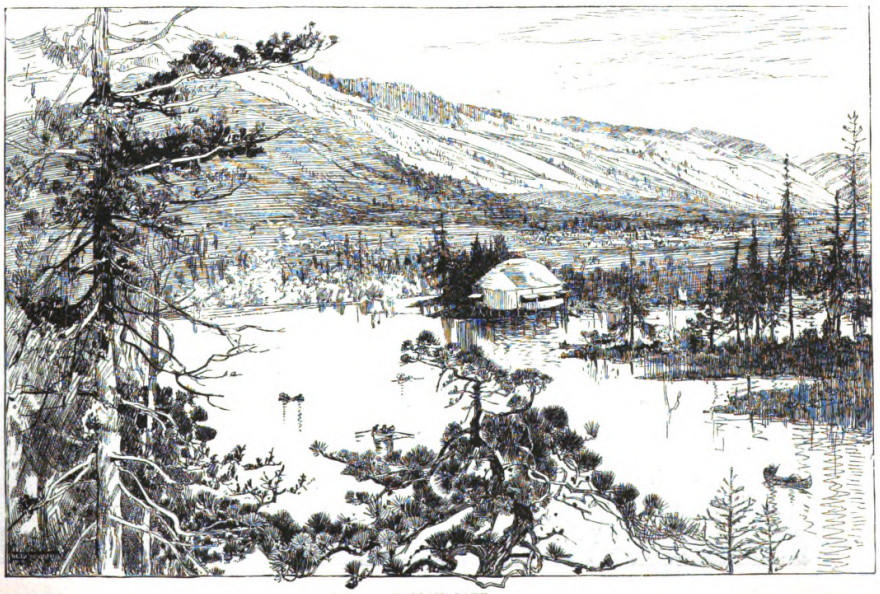
After several days of desperate struggle with the cold and snow, this adventurous man reached the new camp. Soon afterward he measured off in the snow the streets and building lots of a new town. This was the beginning of the rich young city of Aspen, the metropolis of the Roaring Fork, and the financial rival of Leadville. It was a profitable walk for the venturesome town-builder, since to-day Mr. B. CLARK WHEELER is proprietor of the Aspen *Daily Times*, and the manager and controlling power of a number of rich and extensive mining properties. Most men would have waited until the snow had disappeared from the mountain passes in the spring before attempting a pilgrimage to the camp on the Roaring Fork. It is one thing to have foresight, and a valuable thing, too, in its way, but it is quite another matter to have the pluck and energy with which to back it up.

Development work in the summer of 1881 established the success of the Aspen mines as silver producers, but at the same time brought out the disheartening fact that Aspen was not, and probably never would be, a poor man's camp. Silver was plenty enough, to be sure, but as a miner needed an interest in a profitable gold mine to get at it, there was not much chance for the individual operator, whose only capital was his labor. It was for this reason, as well as for the lack of smelting and shipping facilities, that after a lapse of two years Aspen had a population of only seven hundred. The people felt sure that their mines were unusually rich, yet faith without working capital was as badly off as a clipper ship in the eternal calms of the Saragossa Sea.

In the summer of 1883 the patient claim-holders had their reward. Mr. JEROME B. WHEELER and several other New York capitalists visited the camp, and soon became interested in a practical way in the thorough development of the mines. Aside from the work of sinking new shafts and digging tunnels, the most important improvement was the construction of a smelter by a company of which Mr. WHEELER was president. Aspen seemed to get a new hold upon life immediately. With plenty of New York capital to guarantee business-like development, the true character of the Roaring Fork district was made known, and when, as a result, some of the richest mines in the State were discovered, and millions of dollars' worth of mineral was definitely located, the success of Aspen as a camp of more than local distinction was put beyond question. Men who had closed out their operations in Leadville, with the intention of seeking their fortunes in Gunnison or the San Juan country, took the trail to Aspen, and crowded the little town to overflowing. A year made a great change on the banks of the Roaring Fork. The smelter, having opened up the coal fields of Garfield County to obtain coke, was running at its greatest capacity; a bank, started by Mr. JEROME B. WHEELER, had given financial integrity to the town, and by fall the population had increased to five thousand. The rough mountain road that wound its stony way up the cañon of the Roaring Fork to the top of the Saguache Range, where it reached an elevation of 12,000 feet, and then zigzagged down past Twin Lakes to the railway station at Granite, a few miles south of Leadville, was dusty with much travel by day and aglow with camp-fires by night. Mountain lions screamed defiance at the intruders; grizzly bears growled from afar off, and elk and deer paused an instant to watch the unnatural scene. The little city, cradled between Smuggler and Aspen mountains, remote from civilization, the wild surroundings, and the high hopes of the men on the tortuous trail, recalled vividly the two opening lines of a famous poet's description of Timbuctoo:

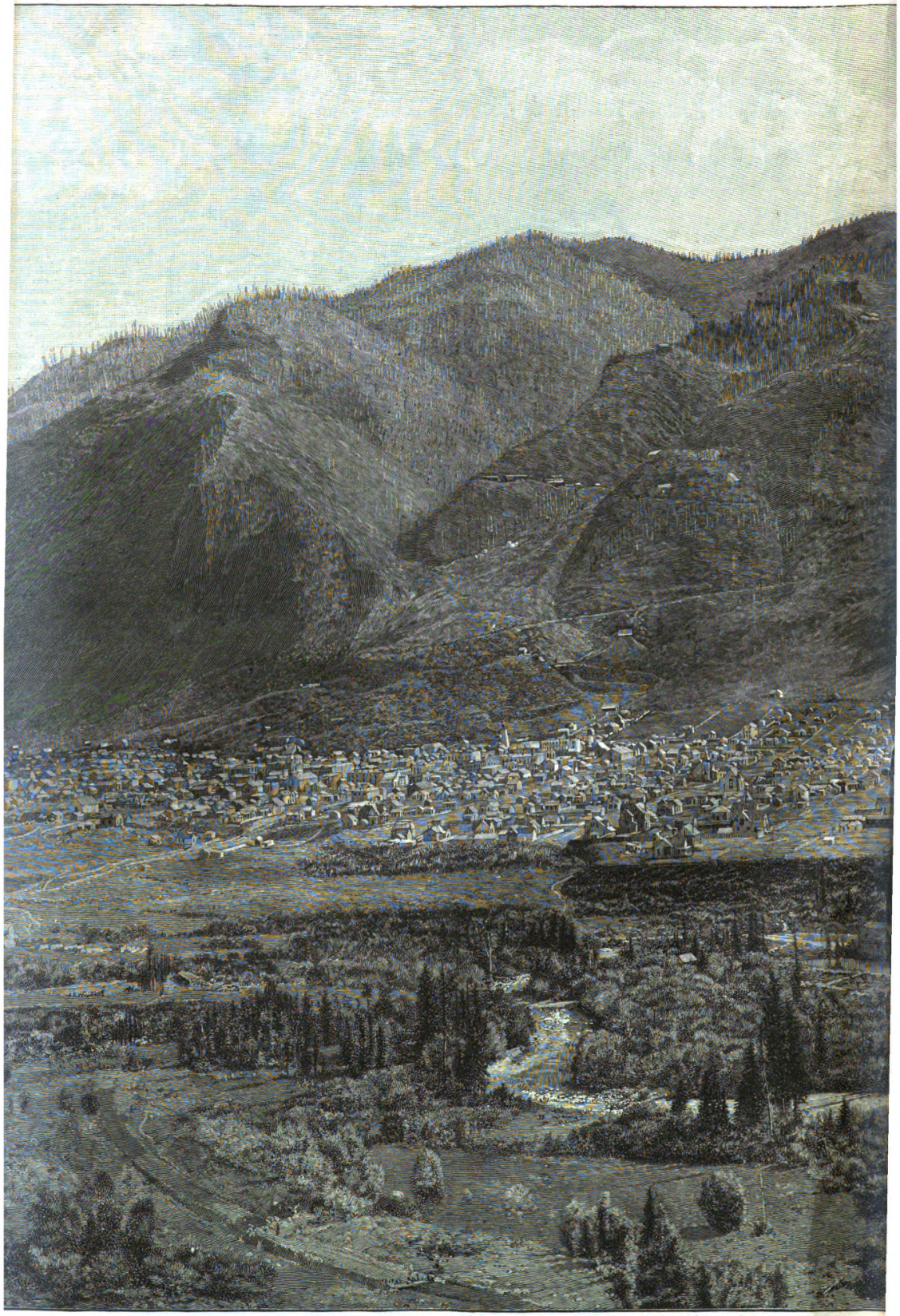
> "Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
> A mystic city, goal of high emprise."

The application is in some degree appropriate yet, although the circumstances of Aspen's life have changed materially since then. The traveller no longer climbs the Continental Divide in a jolting coach and six or a laboring freight wagon, but takes his ease in a Pullman palace-car; and he sees in the streets of Aspen buildings of brick and stone instead of log huts and wall tents. The lion and the bear rarely dispute the mountain trail with the casual miner. The change was made so gradually that it is hard to tell where the Aspen of 1884 left off and the Aspen of 1888 began. Most Roaring Fork people will date their prosperity or their ad-



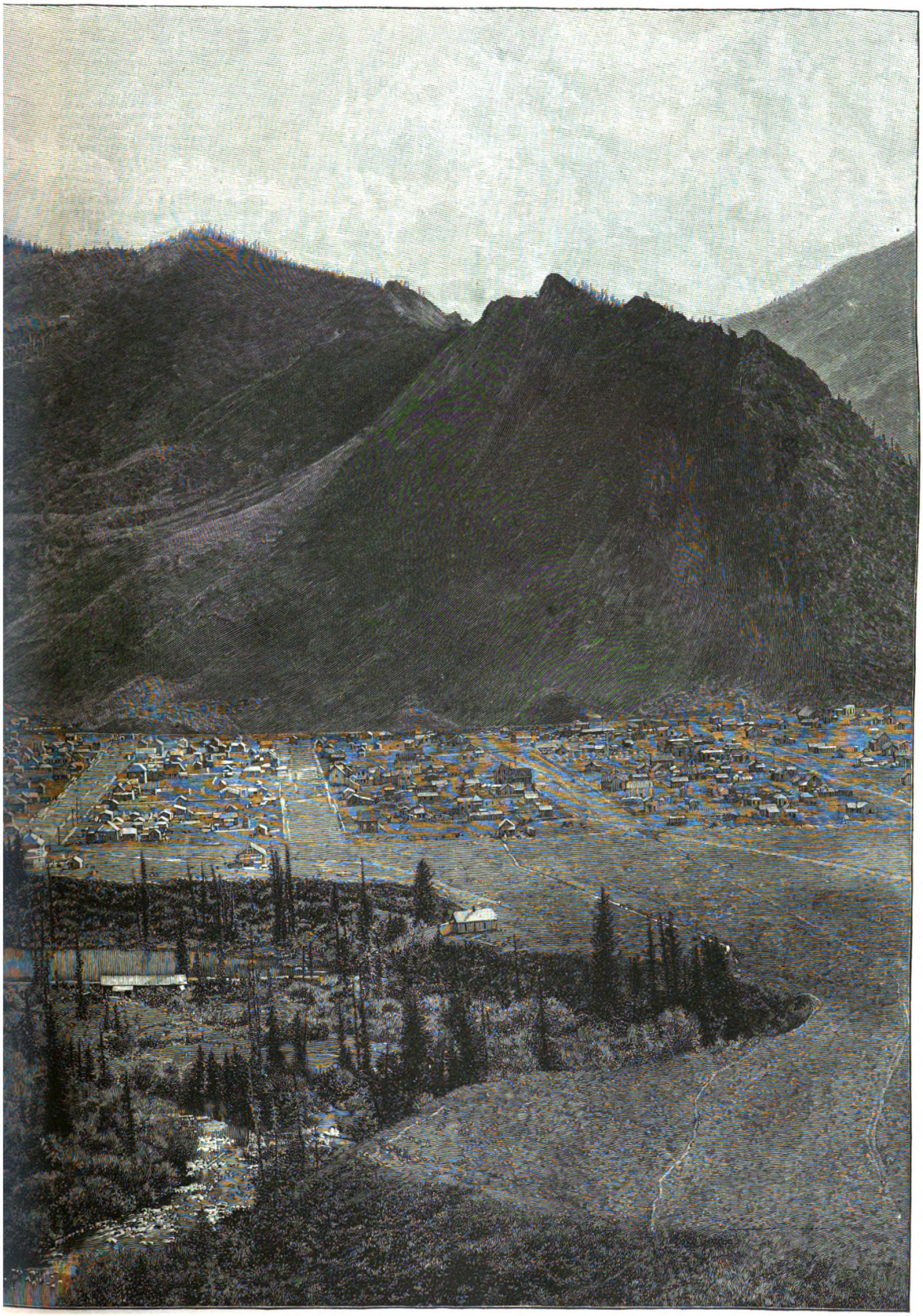
HALLAM LAKE.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



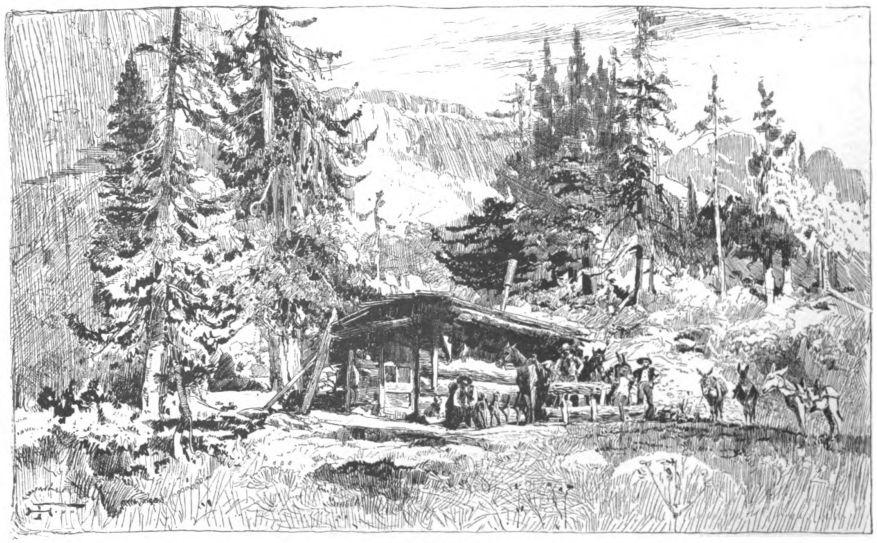
ASPEN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.—F

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PH BY W. H. JACKSON & CO., DENVER, COLORADO.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MINERS' CABIN.

versity from the building of the railroads. It is a singular commentary on the commercial progress of Colorado that many promising towns have been killed by the railroads, while others have been made rich and happy. All through the far West there are hundreds of hard-working men who vehemently regret that the locomotive ever became a mountain-climber. Comparatively few of these men, I think, are to be found in Aspen, as the real advancement of the place began when the railroads entered it.

The New York capitalists saw that they were heavily handicapped without a railroad, and they saw it so clearly that when the promoters of the Colorado Midland Railroad Company came to them for help, they subscribed largely to the stock, on condition that the road should be built to Aspen. The road's charter was amended to include the Roaring Fork country in its line, and the company was permanently organized at Colorado Springs, with J. J. HAGERMAN, of Colorado Springs, as President, and J. B. WHEELER, of New York, as Vice-President. The following named directors were chosen: J. R. BUSK, WILLIAM D. SLOANE, S. S. SANDS, and J. B. WHEELER, of New York; T. M. DAVIS, of Newport, R. I.; O. METCALF, HENRY T. ROGERS, D. B. ROBINSON, CHARLES A. LANSING, and J. J. HAGERMAN, of Colorado Springs, and H. I. HIGGINS, of Leadville. These men worked so diligently, and withal so skilfully, that in a short time all the stock and bonds were placed in New York and London. Construction was begun in the summer of 1886, and was finished as far as Glenwood Springs and Aspen early in 1888. As the Midland was a standard gauge road, employing locomotives and cars of unusual size and strength, the building of much of the road-bed was a remarkable achievement of railway engineering. The storming of the eastern wall of the Saguache Range, the crossing of the Continental Divide at the Hagerman Tunnel, and the descent to Loch Ivanhoë and the Frying Pan Cañon are wonders in the science of railroading that the tourist will go far to see. It is asserted that the range could have been crossed south of Mount Massive, and Aspen reached more quickly and at less expense by way of Twin Lakes and the upper waters of the Roaring Fork; but that, it seems to me, concerns the directors and stockholders more than the general public. Whatever mistakes the road-builders may—or, as likely, may not—have made, they deserve unreserved thanks for one exquisite bit of scenery on the western slope of the Divide. As the train leaves the Hagerman Tunnel and begins its apparently overcautious descent of the mountain, the traveller sees, through a framing of green trees and stirring leaves, a steel-blue sheet of water in a grassy valley hundreds upon hundreds of feet below. In the close foreground is this framing of trees, which stand out in silhouette against a bright blue sky, so high above all surroundings do they grow. In the middle-ground, at an unfathomable lower depth, lies the cold, calm lake, with its smooth shores and its dim cluster of small buildings, while in the distance, grouped in pairs, or scattered about in chaotic disorder, the mountains reach away in faint and fainter shades of purple and brown, until their softened outlines and their blurred bulks mingle with the changing lights and shadows of the far western sky. The scene hangs in mid-air for one surprised and breathless moment, and then the train slips on down the grade. There are few such pretty scenes in Colorado, or, in fact, in all the mighty Rocky Mountain range. In a territory racked from one end to the other by the most gigantic mountain range in the North American continent, this state of things would seem to be peculiar; yet while the scenery is in many respects the grandest in the world, it is never pretty and rarely beautiful. The elements and attributes of beauty are so overshadowed and overridden by the sublime height and breadth and rugged bulk of the great rocks that in their presence one can feel only a voiceless sense of majesty and awe. To one whose brain is oppressed with the harsh grandeur of the towering steeps, and whose heart is heavy with the eternal silences of cañon and peak, there is something strangely restful and soothing in this sudden glimpse of Loch Ivanhoe from the upper heights of the Continental Divide. The passing tourist, who has not yielded wholly to the sombre influence of the mountains, appreciates it at its full, and wonders, no doubt, why the old miner has no sympathy for his sudden enthusiasm. The old miner, whose life has been tinted with the loneliness and stillness of the rocky masses, can hardly look at it in that way, although he may at times awake to a quickened sense of the wonder of his surroundings. That ineffable touch of sadness which the great mountains lay upon the hearts of men has left him grave and thoughtful, and with a sobered conception of the mysteries of nature. Scenery has little to do with the general scope of his life; least of all, isolated views or individual groupings of form or color. His nature has no concern with the detached or trivial, and if he fails to follow the tourist in a contemplation of separate views, it is because his faculties have become attuned to the grand and awesome moods of that mountain range, which, more than any other in the Western Hemisphere, shows how hopelessly groping is art, and how insignificant is man.

The circumstances of the miner's life, too, tend to make him practical and indifferent to the artistic features of his environment. The rude cabin in the lonely cañon, the rough couch of spruce boughs, the unpalatable fare, the remoteness of the refining influences of civilization, and the daily toil in shafts and tunnels that may contain nothing worth the seeking, leave their finger-touches on the heart in characters that never grow dim. The common Eastern idea of the Western miner is all a mistake. I never have met the drunken, reckless, murderous desperado that the East has conjured up from its imagination, but I have met plenty of honest, hard-working, educated men in the Small Hopes at Leadville, and in the Iowa and Johnston mines at Aspen, who would do credit to any community of the conservative East. Some of them were doctors, lawyers, and college graduates who had gone West to find a fair start in life. In every mining camp there are wicked and desperate men, to whom casual and desultory mining operations form only a cloak for lawless and vicious deeds. Because these men use the miner's occupation as a shield, the East too readily infers that all miners are like them, and that they are truthful types of the ruling class.

This condition of affairs has an alleviating circumstance in the fact that the average miner does not care what is thought or said of miners as a class. He is not trying to give mining a social recognition, but is merely seeking to make himself rich. So long as people treat him according to his intrinsic worth as a man, and not as a creature of uncertain chance, he is well enough satisfied. As a rule, the wayward nature and bad name of a new camp are due nearly as much to the indifference of the miners as to the wicked ways of the men whose actions give the place its reputation. In every case the miners could put a check upon disorder, lawlessness, and crime if they would take the trouble to do so.

Even in the earlier days of its career, Aspen never had much of this law-breaking element. The slowness with which the mines were developed, and the comparative nearness of Leadville as a centre of criminal disturbance, prevented a dangerous assembling of objectionable characters in the valley of the Roaring Fork. Disreputable persons who did drift over to Aspen were kept under proper restraint by the householders and men of family, with the result that Aspen became noted locally for its unyielding respectability and force of character. The advantage of this can be seen to-day in the unusually large proportion of women and children in the population, in the public-school facilities, in the houses of worship, and in the handsome brick and frame dwellings on the wide residence streets. In fact, when the age of the town is considered, and when, too, it is remembered the railroads have come to Aspen within a year, the number of fine private houses there is seen to be remarkable. This may be explained, in part, by assuming that the Aspen people have such unlimited confidence in the richness and stability of their mines that they are willing to invest their money in substantial houses with a view of making Aspen a permanent home. So far as I have been able to learn from personal observation and from opinions of disinterested persons, I am led to think that this confidence is reasonably well founded. There seems to be plenty of mineral, but it is hard to reach. For this reason Aspen has been avoided by large numbers of miners who are looking for what is technically known as a "poor man's camp," which is, in effect, a mining district that can be worked by the individual miner without any outlay for development work and expensive machinery. Aspen is not a poor man's camp. Costly machinery must be put in use, and several thousand dollars must usually be spent in work before the mineral is laid bare. Only men of means or corporations with capital can afford to engage in such mining operations. If an operator can afford to spend from $5,000 to $25,000 without interfering with the comfort of his family, he can engage in mining with a fair outlook for success. There is the chance, of course, that he will lose the whole of his money, as there is in any business undertaking, including farming; yet if he has $25,000 to start upon, the ratio of chance is as seven to three in his favor. This holds good only when he does not stake his all on a single venture, but begins mildly and invests his money carefully. In the case of a man with only a few hundred dollars to begin work with, the chances are not worth considering.

The natural tendency among the Aspen mine operators is toward consolidation. By combining their capital and prospects, two or more claim-owners can work to excellent advantage. Where this is not done, the little fellows are pretty sure to be absorbed by the big ones, on terms entirely satisfactory to all persons concerned. The most conspicuous example of this system is the Continental Divide Mining Investment Company, of which Mr. B. CLARK WHEELER is the controlling power. This concern owns the Aspen *Daily Times* property, all of Mr. and Mrs. WHEELER'S real estate in Aspen, and about forty claims on and near Smuggler Mountain. While it is a regularly formed corporation, it yet has a coöperative feature about it that might be imitated with profit in other camps. At the mines, the men are given the choice of taking their pay in cash or in corporation stock. Almost without exception they take their wages in stock, reserving only enough ready cash to keep them in tobacco and postage-stamps. The company pays their board. Under this arrangement the miners feel that they have an actual interest in the result of their labor, which is of itself an inducement to do the best that circumstances will permit. Every employer of labor will appreciate the advantage of this state of affairs. The men employed in the Park-Regent, the Spar, the J. C. Johnston, the Aspen, and other big mines, are watching the experiment of their friends on Smuggler Mountain with a lively interest. Perhaps the coöperative system may some day cross over to Aspen Mountain and give the workers there a chance to become stockholders.

The noble bulk of Aspen Mountain, which is shown in the large illustration, with the town of Aspen crouching at its base, is seamed from top to bottom with silver ore. One mine on it has eight millions of dollars' worth of paying stuff in sight, it is claimed. The owners are so content with what they have that they sell their ore only when the silver market is favorable.

With all the wealth of these matchless mines to draw upon, Aspen might well be content, but nature has given her resources in other things. At the head waters of Rock Creek, a short distance west of Aspen, are extensive deposits of excellent marble, and a little farther away are the largest coal-beds in Colorado. The agricultural area necessary to support the population that eventually will fill the country is close at hand. The Roaring Fork Valley and the prolific valley of the Grand need only proper cultivation to make them yield crops like the sunny stretches of Kansas. Farmers here will not have to send their products through the Hagerman Tunnel or over the Tennessee Pass, for their market will be in the mountains all about them.

When all these resources are intelligently considered, it will be seen that Aspen has a real and a substantial future before her. Her business affairs are conducted on sound principles; her political matters are, as a rule, placed in good hands, and her social life is regulated by as worthy a standard as that of most Eastern cities, which is, in its way, a good indication that the people expect to occupy their present homes for years to come. People do not take the pains to establish a satisfactory condition of society in a temporary or unstable place. When, therefore, one sees the handsome dwellings, the fine new opera-house, the numerous well-trimmed lawns, the pleasure-boats on Hallam Lake, the musical and literary societies, and the other evidences of culture and intelligent living, he can in no way doubt the stability, wealth, and prosperity of this brave little city in the heart of the primeval wilderness. Contrasts are sometimes surprising. The visitor turns from his morning or evening newspaper, with the world's news of a few hours before, to watch a span of lordly elk trot by hitched to a cart, as a startling illustration of the nearness of savagery. On the lake the stroller may see the splash of oars in the moonlight, and hear the hum of voices from some idling boat, while high overhead, on the precipitous front of Aspen Mountain, shine the lights from the mines, so far away, and yet so bright, that they look like stars. WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.



A SPAN OF ELK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1675.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



THE FIRST SCENE OF WAGNER'S "DAS RHEINGOLD," AS PRESENTED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Its reading is always excellent, its moral and intellectual standards always high."—*National Baptist.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for January 22d contains a capital short story by LUCY C. LILLIE, *entitled "Bruce"; "A Rhinoceros Hunt," by* H. ROBERT; *and an instalment of "Captain Polly," the serial story, with an illustration by* ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD.

HOMELESS WAIFS OF THE CITY

is the title of an interesting and suggestive article by J. A. RIIS, *illustrated by five drawings from photographs.* MR. RIIS *shows something of what is being done for the homeless little ones, and how much more requires to be done for their reclamation.*

In this number is given the first of a series of short articles on simple physics, under the title of

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS,

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARTH IN PAST AGES," ETC.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE SHERMAN ELECTION BILL.

THE most important and significant measure introduced at the present session of Congress is the SHERMAN bill to regulate elections of Representatives in Congress. Mr. SHERMAN in introducing it said that it was drawn by a gentleman who is familiar with the election laws of the Northern and Southern States, and that the act is absolutely non-partisan. He was not at liberty to mention the name of the author, but he thought that it embodied as perfect a form of election law as can be devised from the election laws of the several States. The bill provides that after May 1, 1890, the President shall appoint in every State a State Canvassing Board, and in each Congressional district an Electoral Board, to hold office during good behavior, and subject to impeachment. The District Boards are to appoint a Registrar and three Judges of Elections in every district. This places Congressional elections in the States exclusively under national control, and erects a complete electoral system within every State, independent of the State authority. The constitutional provision upon this subject is contained in the fourth section of the first article:

"The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators."

The original form of the section as adopted was a little more absolute:

"But regulations in each of the foregoing cases may at any time be made or altered by the legislature of the United States."

The present form was given to it by the Committee on Style.

The constitutional authority for Mr. SHERMAN'S bill is unquestionable. It would be, nevertheless, a practical reversal of the traditions of the government, and of the uniform practice of leaving to the States the complete control of elections—a practice which is in harmony with the genius of the Constitution. The reason for the proposed change is found, of course, in the alleged suppression of the colored vote in certain districts of the Southern States, and the purpose of the change is to protect the casting and counting of that vote, and, as is believed doubtless by the framer of the bill, the consequent gain in what are called the black districts of Republican Representatives in Congress; and secondly, a gain of presumptive evidence of fraud in the difference of the number of votes in the same district under national and under State auspices. It is, in fact, a proposition to release the colored vote from the supposed paralysis of terror under which it is held to lie in certain districts. This must be done indirectly if at all, because the alleged suppression of votes is not a formal abridgment of rights by State authority, which would authorize a proportional reduction of the basis of representation, but suppression by methods not cognizable by Congress. The object of the SHERMAN bill is to encourage the alleged terrified or defrauded voters to cast their ballots, and to secure for them a fair count; and as a proposed remedy of the suppressed vote it is an exceedingly important measure. Is there good reason to suppose that it would produce the result contemplated? Would it probably increase the colored vote in the districts in question? Whatever may have been true formerly, that vote is not now withheld because of actual hostile force, but of a general feeling among those of such voters who have any feeling whatever upon the subject that the consequences of voting would be to them as a class so disagreeable that it would not be worth while to insist upon it. If this view be correct, the presence of United States instead of State officers at the polls, or even a squad of United States troops to escort every such voter to the ballot-box, would not induce a large increase in the number of such voters. In other words, the mere fact that they could deposit their votes and have them counted would not persuade them to vote, at the cost of bitterer race feeling and harsher treatment.

If it be asked whether nothing should be done, the reply is that wrongs of the suffrage, where they exist, are left more wisely to local regulation; and that while unquestionably every State has the strongest interest in the legality and fairness of every Congressional election in other States, the remedy, under the actual circumstances in parts of the Southern States, which nobody is justified in disregarding, must be sought, since there is apparently no legal relief, by sympathy, by the lapse of time, by stimulating and aiding local action in a friendly and not in a wholly partisan spirit; in other words, by affecting local public opinion. Indeed, Mr. SHERMAN'S speech at Nashville in March, 1887, indicates the manner in which the question of the suffrage in the Southern States should be treated. Speaking of the rights conferred by the constitutional amendments, he said:

"The attempt to enforce these rights by national authorities has thus far partially failed, and now it is conceded that under the limitations of the Constitution the rights of a citizen of a State can only be enforced through State or national tribunals; and where public opinion is intolerant, and jurors will not do their duty, citizens, either white or black, may be without remedy for the grossest wrong, except the right to migrate to where their rights will be respected. Our institutions are based upon the idea that such denial of rights is impossible, and I trust that the time is not far distant when the people of every State will feel it to be both just and expedient that every citizen of the State shall be protected in the free and equal enjoyment of every right and privilege conferred by the Constitution of the United States."

Meanwhile the Constitution makes each House the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members; and if direct or indirect suppression of the vote for Representative in any district can be fairly shown, the seat of any member can be refused. The SHERMAN bill is not in form a local or sectional measure. It erects in New York and Ohio, as well as in Mississippi and South Carolina, another electoral system wholly independent of that of the State, and is one of the most extraordinary measures of centralization yet proposed. That it is at all adapted to correct any evil or abuse yet developed in the old system of local government remains to be shown.

MONOPOLY.

THE legal point involved in Judge BARRETT'S recent opinion upon the case of the North River Sugar-refining Company is of great interest as affecting the legal status of the Sugar Trust, but the main public interest in the opinion is the clear exposition of the fact that such a combination creates a monopoly in the truest sense. In that sense it becomes a conspiracy against the public welfare, as a boycott against a merchant has been shown to be a conspiracy; and if the opinion should be sustained by the Court of Appeals, the Trusts will be compelled to find some still more ingenious scheme to evade the law than has yet been devised. Judge BARRETT says that by the terms of the Trust agreement it

"can close every refinery at will, close some and open others, limit the purchase of raw material (thus jeopardizing and in a considerable degree controlling its production), artificially limit the production of refined sugar, enhance the price to enrich themselves and their associates at the public expense, and depress the price when necessary to crush out and impoverish a foolhardy rival; in brief, can come as near to creating as absolute a monopoly as is possible under the social, political, and economic conditions of to-day."

It was conceded by the counsel for the North River Company that the power to fix a price, if it be thought expedient, unquestionably resides in the Trust, but that monopoly is possible only where the supply of the article is restricted by nature, and that this is not true of sugar, which can be indefinitely produced by the application of capital and labor. But admitting the effectiveness with which this plea was urged, Judge BARRETT replied:

"Any combination the tendency of which is to prevent competition in its broad and general sense, and to control and thus at will enhance prices to the detriment of the public, is a legal monopoly. And this rule is applicable to every monopoly, whether the supply be restricted by nature or susceptible of indefinite production. The difficulty of effecting the unlawful purpose may be greater in the one case than in the other, but it is never impossible. Nor need it be permanent or complete. It is enough that it may be even temporarily and partially successful. The question in the end is, Does it inevitably tend to public injury?"

He proceeds to show that theoretically the Trust cannot prevent competition, but that practically it can do so, by making the effort for that purpose unequal, and except under extraordinary conditions impossible, and a great harvest could be reaped at the cost of the public before the competing power could be established. The higher price might attract the attention of the world, but the high tariff, with all the delay and cost of handling and transportation, would enable the same harvest to be reaped at public expense before the advent of competition, and then it could be utilized by suddenly depressing the price to the suppression of the foreign competitor. "Such at least is the tendency of the combination, and such its practical power."

To the final plea that the appeal to the law against the Trust is an interference with a natural state of things, Judge BARRETT replies that it is the Trust which has resorted to the unnatural order of things. Not content with natural partnerships or associations of individuals, it has appealed to corporate artificiality to effect its purpose. Happily, he says, there is in the phrase of an English judge plain law and plain sense enough to deal with corporate abuses which, if allowed to thrive and become general, must inevitably lead to the oppression of the people and to the subversion of their political rights. Judge BARRETT has wisely chosen in this elaborate and admirable opinion upon a question of the highest importance to speak in the simplest and least technical but most precise manner, so that his view is perfectly intelligible to every reader. He has rendered a great public service by so thoughtful and strong a presentation of the case of the public against the Trusts, and he has justified the instinctive suspicion and opposition with which they have been regarded. Should his view be affirmed, one of the most menacing forms of monopoly will disappear. Should it be denied, the argument by which a Trust of this kind is legally justifiable will be read with universal curiosity and interest.

PUSHING INTO THE CABINET.

A REMARK in a late letter from Indianapolis discussing the probable HARRISON cabinet shows how much political customs have changed. The writer says that Mr. SHERMAN has been his own worst enemy if he really wishes to go into the cabinet, because he has neither made any effort for the place himself nor permitted his friends to make any effort to induce the new President to appoint him. This course, adds the writer, puts General HARRISON in the awkward position, should he ask Mr. SHERMAN, of apparently thrusting the office upon an unwilling man rather than to give it to Mr. BLAINE, who is announced by his friends to be perfectly willing. There is a defect in the reasoning of this statement, however, for it by no means follows that a statesman who is averse to pushing himself for the chief place in the gift of the President is therefore unwilling to accept it. But the charge is that because Mr. SHERMAN prefers to stand upon his public character, public services, and public ability, as demonstrating his fitness for a great public office, rather than to intrigue and to induce his friends to intrigue for him, he thereby loses his chance of appointment. This may be true, but if so, it shows a great decline in the tone and methods of public life, and it furnishes another reason for the indisposition of able and qualified men to enter upon a public career.

It may be a natural development of popular political institutions, but if so, again, nobody will contend that it is an attractive one. One of the most disagreeable facts in certain chapters of English history is the intriguing and sordid scheming and fawning of ecclesiastics aspiring to bishoprics. GOLDWIN SMITH, in his paper upon WILLIAM PITT, tells a story of this kind which is repulsive. But scheming and burrowing of the same kind for dignified political trusts are not less humiliating. If ALEXANDER HAMILTON had engaged in a cabal with his political friends to secure for himself the Secretaryship of the Treasury in WASHINGTON'S administration, or if JOHN QUINCY ADAMS had "pulled the wires" for the State Department under MONROE, they would be very different figures and shorn of half their lustre in our political history. HAMILTON was the Federal leader, and the strongest of partisans. For party objects he recommended to JOHN JAY as Governor a course which JAY disdained to follow. But what he might be willing to do for the benefit of his party, a kind of personal honor forbade him to attempt for his own advantage, just as his regard for official honor persuaded him to a public statement of personal conduct which seems to us in this day astounding. The practice of this day is very different undoubtedly. The performance of Mr. PLATT'S friends at the Fort Orange Club in Albany is an illustration of a different practice. The commendation of the writer of the Murchison letter to General HARRISON as a patriot worthy of great reward is another illustration of a different practice from that of honorable men, and a practice beneath contempt. The effort of Republican factions to carry the cabinet by assault is unprecedented. But no man can enter a President's cabinet after a desperate struggle to force himself into it without leaving a large part of public respect behind him.

It is an established custom for candidates for a Senatorship of the United States to "open head-quarters" at the capital of the State, and to commend themselves personally to members of the Legislature by obsequious attentions, while a well-organized body of touters, with plenty of money, conducts the sub-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

terranean part of the game. This is unquestionably a common practice, but nobody pretends that it is a creditable one, and it is equally unquestionable that it is one which excludes most admirably equipped men from such contentions. When a gentleman once refused to open head-quarters, or to solicit votes for himself for a high office, or to authorize the most wretched intriguing to secure the place, his friends said that if he did not show that he cared for it he could not expect anybody to work for him or to vote for him. But should we like to discover that WASHINGTON resorted to such methods, and if not, why are they more tolerable to a self-respecting judgment now than in his day? The writer of the letter from Indianapolis is undoubtedly unjust to General HARRISON. If he seriously meditates asking Mr. SHERMAN into his cabinet, the fact mentioned by the writer that he has neither pushed himself nor suffered his friends to push him upon the General's attention will doubtless commend him all the more to the General's favor.

A SERMON OF CHARITY.

THE perpetual lesson of the day is charity. The necessity and the opportunity of relieving poverty, sickness, and suffering are unending. The society for the abolition of poverty has still as large a field of operations as when it was first benevolently suggested, and its reports of progress have not yet been submitted. One thing only is clear, that there is no short-cut to the Millennium, no scheme of universal-human-happiness-made-easy yet developed. But then there is fortunately no cessation of hope or endeavor. It is not in dazzling statistics, in the astounding advance of material prosperity which our American annals record, in the marvellous activity of invention, and the elaboration of comfort and luxury of every kind, that the most significant sign of increasing civilization is to be found, but in the growth of the sentiment of brotherhood as an active social force, in the commanding sense of duty which has produced the modern treatment of crime and suffering and poverty. It is this spirit which has transformed charity from idle alms-giving into intelligent aid, and which has produced a penal science. It has sought and found a principle both in the relief of poverty and the treatment of criminals, so that one of the new controversies of the time is that between ignorant and intelligent charity.

Charity is not the sense of self-complacency which arises from the consciousness of doing a good action. That is merely a refined form of selfishness. It is not the gift of money or clothes to a beggar in the street or at the door, which is often merely putting an end to importunity. He gives truly who imparts himself. The essential alms is not the money or the bread or the coat, but the intelligent sympathy with which they are given, so that often the visit and cheer of one who can give nothing else is a truer relief to the poor than a dime or a loaf. Ordinary charity, as it is called—that is, ignorant giving, because the beggar looks hungry and cold and tells a pitiful tale—is generally the encouragement of crime and drunkenness. This, indeed, is not an excuse for refusing to give, but for taking pains to give intelligently. Charity is a duty, and no duty can be done properly without attention and good sense. Not only is charity a duty to be properly done, but there is another duty, namely, not to increase the burdens of society, which always fall most heavily upon its poorest members. The sentimental or careless giver who drops a quarter into a beggar's hand has generally merely burdened hard-working honesty and rewarded lazy knavery.

There is no excuse for ignorant giving in a city like New York. There are various societies which inquire carefully and prevent the waste of alms. No one has the right to denounce them as mechanical and heartless, and to sneer at them as machines of scientific but not Christian charity. If every giver would personally satisfy himself that his gift would not be squandered, and acquaint himself sympathetically with the suffering that he would relieve, it would be the best form of charity. That would be giving himself. But since he will not do this, he cannot fairly complain of those who do what is possible to prevent his gift from injuring the community by fostering drunkenness and idleness and petty crime. If he will not take the trouble personally to ascertain the situation, he is bound to take enough trouble to save himself from becoming a nuisance to society. In this city the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor will furnish him tickets which will insure intelligent relief, or the Charity Organization Society will inquire and report to him. This society states that during a period of nine months a full quarter of the street beggars who were the subjects of inquiry had plenty of resources, and not more than eleven per cent. of them were really worthy of charity. This, we repeat, is not an excuse for indifference or for neglect of the duty of aiding the suffering. Of many virtues the greatest is charity. But ignorant giving is fatal to charity, and hence the blessing upon those who have made ignorant giving inexcusable.

THE "POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY."

IN the *Political Science Quarterly* (GINN & CO.), New York has a periodical publication of the highest character, in which political and economic questions are discussed with great ability, and with a fulness which the exigencies of the daily papers do not permit. The *Quarterly* is edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia College, and its purpose, which is admirably achieved, is to furnish papers written by the most competent hands, without regard to the mere reputation of the authors, and without any sensational effort whatever. It was established three years ago, and has already presented some of the most valuable articles upon the economic topics which during that time have engrossed public attention.

There is some disposition in political circles to sneer at the educated discussion of such subjects, and to hold that it must be wholly speculative, theoretical, and unpractical. There can be no greater mistake. A wise financial policy is undoubtedly determined by experience. But the determination of what experience teaches is the result of the intellectual ability to trace the operation of causes and to understand observation. The obvious and familiar argument *post hoc propter hoc* is one of the most misleading, as it is one of the most common, of arguments. It is conclusive upon the party stump, but not in fact, and it is always a serious misfortune when a purely economic question like that of the tariff becomes a party issue, not only because then it cannot be argued upon its merits, but because the results of the widest observation and experience are derided as mere theory and book-learning.

In the December number of the *Political Science Quarterly* there are articles which forcibly illustrate the characteristic scope and value of the publication. One of them, by Professor JOHN W. BURGESS, treats of the Electoral Count as now regulated by law; another, by Professor ARTHUR T. HADLEY, discusses Public Business Management; another, by Professor THEODORE W. DWIGHT, argues the Legality of Trusts; and still another, by WILLIAM CLARKE, is a view of Socialism in English politics. These are all Papers which the most accomplished American statesman might read with instruction and benefit. They are the work of men fully informed, and who write with no partisan or personal object, but in the true scientific spirit. They illustrate the kind of questions which now confront us, and in which the public interest was evinced by the earnest attention paid by great audiences during the late campaign to the most serious discussion of the tariff. New York is the chief emporium of traffic, and it is only fitting that in New York there should be a vehicle for the competent consideration of the principles and laws which govern traffic, and of the spirit and tendency of legislation. The *Princeton Review* has been lately merged in the *Political Science Quarterly*. This, however, involves no change whatever in the character of the *Quarterly*. It is merely the acquisition of a certain good-will and the association in the work of the *Quarterly* of another accomplished scholar, Professor SLOANE, of Princeton, late editor of the *Princeton*. We understand without surprise that the *Political Science Quarterly* is already pecuniarily successful, because, while it cannot be popular in the sense of a monthly magazine, it is so good in its kind that it must command a large circle of intelligent readers.

MR. SCHURZ'S SPEECH.

THE speech of Mr. SCHURZ before the Commonwealth Club was another illustration of the calm and candid habit of his mind. In a company of Republicans, Democrats, and independents he stated the nature and tendencies of the chief pending public questions so fairly and ably that those who did not wholly assent could not but feel that the situation had been presented in a temper and with a clearness and force which would necessarily command entire respect.

No party man on either side who has not taken leave of his reason can deny the truth of Mr. SCHURZ's remark that party spirit prevents the consideration of public questions solely with reference to the public good, and that as patriotic men we ought to cultivate the habit of viewing them upon their merits. Neither can any honorable party man regard with indifference the increase of corruption and the lowering of the party standard. It is by parties that great results are achieved. But so long as the genuine American spirit survives there will be enough political independence to restrain the excesses of party. It is for this spirit that Mr. SCHURZ speaks, and that it has so strong and persuasive a voice is a matter of public congratulation.

THE RAILROAD AGREEMENT.

THE fact that not less than $8,000,000,000 are believed to be invested in railroad stocks and bonds in this country makes the late action of the managers of Western roads and large bankers of the highest interest and importance. The practical control of the great roads and of vast "systems" of roads has passed entirely from the general body of stockholders into the hands of the officers, and the recent remarks of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS and of Judge COOLEY, of the Inter-State Commission, were not reassuring as to the character of that control. Judge COOLEY, at the late dinner of the Merchants' Association in Boston, carefully disclaimed a purpose of general censure, except so far as to say that the bad conduct of some involved that of others from their conviction that the devil must be fought with fire, and that the roads had sought in every way to evade the law, but with no advantage to themselves.

The action of the managers which immediately followed was very significant, and of this action Judge COOLEY speaks in the highest terms of praise. He says that the agreement "is the most hopeful sign for the peace and prosperity of the railroads that I have seen since the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Law." The substance of the agreement is strict co-operation with that law, the maintenance of rates, and the arbitration of differences among the roads. It is, of course, a wholly voluntary association, and the enforcement of the agreement rests necessarily upon the good faith of the associates. But there is every reason for the observance of good faith, especially as the evasions of the law, instead of promoting, have injured, the pecuniary interests of the roads.

Pooling is prohibited by the law, but the railroads have held that it was their only defence against rate wars. But, as Judge COOLEY points out, it is a radically vicious plea that one violation of law may be combated by another, and upon this point he holds the sentiment in railroad circles to have been opposed to sound public morality. He recommended as a remedy the very course which has now been adopted, and which happily changes the spirit of the relations between the Commission and the railroads from hostility to amity.

IN THE SENATE.

EVERY good citizen has this interest in the re-election of Senators HOAR, of Massachusetts, and FRYE, of Maine, that it continues in the Senate two legislators of unbending integrity, of conceded ability, and of great legislative experience. They are both strong partisans, but there are few Senators who are not so, and those who reject the doctrine and policy of extreme protection, which is now substituted for the older tariff policy, must be glad whenever its advocates are men of the highest personal character and recognized power, because then the policy can be judged upon its ablest presentation.

THE GIFT OF MR. MARQUAND.

THE gift of HENRY G. MARQUAND to the Metropolitan Museum of Art is both princely and characteristic. Mr. MARQUAND is not only a man of large wealth, but of a pure and exquisite taste in art, which has been long and highly cultivated, and there is no collection in many departments of art in the country which intrinsically is more beautiful and valuable than that which he has accumulated. It is the good fortune of the city that the Museum of Art is under the charge of gentlemen whose intelligent and enthusiastic interest in its development is seconded by abundant means. But such an addition to its treasures as the MARQUAND pictures, including works by VANDYCK, RUBENS, REMBRANDT, Sir JOSHUA, TURNER, and others of the great painters, would not be possible except for the public spirit, just taste, and munificent generosity of the donor.

THE JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

THE order for the assembling of a retiring board in the case of Judge-Advocate-General SWAIM will result in putting an end to a very disagreeable situation. During the ARTHUR administration General SWAIM was sentenced to suspension from rank and duty for twelve years, with the forfeiture of half his monthly pay for the same period. His retirement upon proof of disability would open the way for the nomination of a successor. There is a statement that the whole proceeding is intended to benefit General BLACK, the Pension Commissioner. A civilian cannot be legally appointed, and as yet we have seen no reason why the military rule of promotion should not be observed.

Colonel LIEBER, who has been acting Judge-Advocate-General since the suspension of General SWAIM, is, we understand, a thoroughly competent and experienced officer, and if there be any valid reason making his appointment undesirable, the next officer is Colonel WILLIAM WINTHROP, an admirably accomplished man, for many years the active assistant of Judge-Advocate-General HOLT, and the author of the authoritative and exhaustive treatise upon military law. Colonel WINTHROP is now teacher of military law at West Point. There would seem, therefore, to be no good reason for going out of the usual line of promotion to obtain a competent and satisfactory Judge-Advocate-General.

PERSONAL.

MR. F. W. BIRD, "the sage of Walpole," Massachusetts, one of the best known of the old line Democrats in the Bay State, and the father of the Massachusetts Club in Boston, is seventy-eight years old, and begins to feel his age. He visits Boston regularly twice a week, but does not linger in the political and social haunts which once knew him as a leader. Mr. BIRD left the Orthodox church at Walpole many years ago because of its conservatism on the slavery question, and while his name remains on its books as a member in "good and regular standing," he has not acted with it for over a quarter of a century.

—A recent traveller in Africa, CARL STREKLEMAN, of Columbus, Indiana, has brought home as a curiosity a son of the king of the Levango country, whom he purchased from the father. The prince is thirteen years old, and a thorough type of the negro. He is well versed in the native tongues of his country, and is now adding English to his other linguistic accomplishments.

—Otis, the hill town in Massachusetts which has claimed attention before through its "freaks," now comes to the front with a horse-trotting parson. He is Rev J. C. SMITH, a Congregational clergyman, who owns a good farm and several fast horses, which he does not hesitate to drive at races in the surrounding towns. In fact he is quite the "card" at Berkshire County cattle shows.

—The missionary spirit has possessed TOM JACKSON, a prominent colored man in Athens, Georgia. He has given up a profitable tailoring business, and is fitting himself to go as a missionary to Liberia. MR JACKSON does not propose to be "bossed" by any denomination, but will build a church and support himself with the money he has saved.

—ELLIOT MACNAGHTEN, who has just died near Brighton, England, was one of the last survivors of the famous East India Company's directorate, which used to meet in the old house in Leadenhall Street, London, and make laws for India.

—OWEN BROWN, son of JOHN BROWN, and the last survivor of the Harper's Ferry episode, has just died at Pasadena, California.

—A. E. BURR, of the Hartford (Connecticut) *Times*, has been connected with that paper for fifty years—the last twenty-nine as one of the proprietors.

—The little fortune of $40,000 which was raised for Mrs. General LOGAN after her husband's death has been securely and profitably invested by General RUSSELL A. ALGER, to whom it was intrusted. Before the investments were made, and while the money was represented by a note signed by the wealthy banking firm to which the General belongs, General ALGER got the endorsements of a number of other Detroit millionaires, till the $40,000 was secured by from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

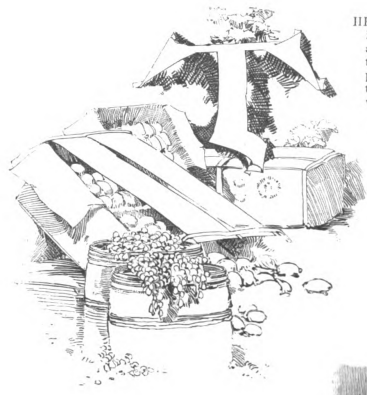
THE ORANGE, LEMON, AND GRAPE TRADE.

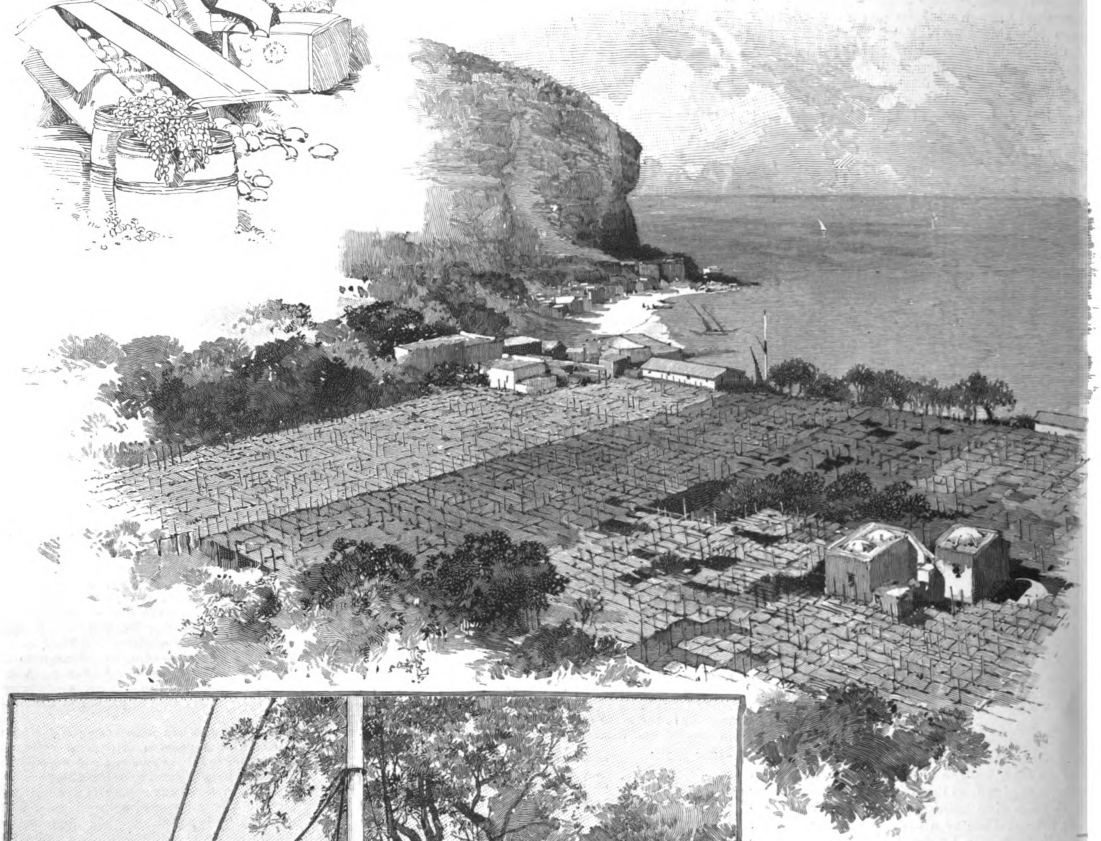
HERE is something interesting even to the uncommercial mind in the trade in oranges, lemons, and grapes as it is carried on at this port. Perhaps it is because these three fruits appeal to our higher appetites, each being in the nature of an imported luxury, therefore a sort of foreign aristocrat among the products of the soil, and not to be considered on a plane with that servant-of-all-work the potato, or the humble tomato and the lowly cabbage, or even with those respectable members of the upper middle class, the apple, the peach, and the pear. To be sure, we might better spare the orange, the lemon, or the grape than the potato or the apple, just as we might better spare the *jeunesse dorée* than the tailors, the cooks, or the hod-carriers; but it should be borne in mind in considering these abstruse economic problems that the world is ungrateful and humanity not kind. We prefer the gilded youth to the cook because he is prettier and cleverer, although the gilded one may not know so much, and is not one-hundredth part as useful; and we prefer the orange to the potato because it tastes better, although the tropical vegetable is not, to quote Mr. SAMUEL WELLER, "werry fillin'." Perhaps if we had to decide between the two for permanent pleasure, we should retain the cook and the potato in our affections.

Mr. GRAHAM's illustrations of the various periods of the grape, lemon, and fruit trade begin in Italy, where most of the oranges and lemons are grown, and end in New York, with one view of the fruit *en transit* over the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. The lemon orchard of FRANCIS CLIENTE is situated at Equa, upon the Bay of Naples. It is a beautiful spot, the trees running in straight lines across a velvet sward under a blue Italian sky, and the atmosphere fragrant with the odor of the blossoms and fruit, moved by gentle eastern breezes wafted across the verdant peninsula from the placid Adriatic to the azure Mediterranean. The other view of the grounds furnishes a hint of the tastes of the lemon-grower, who, being also a large ship-owner, has fitted up the derrick whereby the fruit is lowered into the vessels to resemble the mast and yard-arm of one of his own sailing craft.

The lemons, oranges, and grapes are packed, before shipment, in the boxes, cases, and barrels in which they come to the retailer and consumer thousands of miles away. As the imports of oranges and lemons at the port of New York amount to almost 3,000,000 boxes annually, it needs a fleet of vessels to transport the fruit from Italy and Spain. There are three lines of steamers engaged in this traffic, the Phelps Brothers line, the French line, and the HENDERSON line, besides a flotilla of smaller steamers and innumerable sailing vessels

With the arrival of the fruit in this city the picturesque side of the traffic disappears and the real business begins. The orange, lemon, and grape trade of New York is almost entirely in the hands of Italian importers, there being but two or three important firms of native Americans engaged in it at present, this condition of affairs having been brought about naturally enough by the growers sending over their own agents. These Italian merchants are shrewd business men too; and the fruit trade, as it is carried on here, furnishes a good example for other branches of commerce, in the matter of strict integrity and honorable dealing.





A LEMON GROVE AT EQUA, ITALY.



A BIT IN THE GARDEN OF A LEMON-GROWER.



PACKING LEMONS AT PALERMO.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

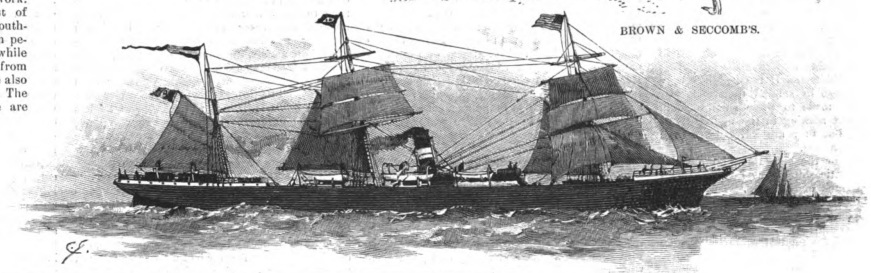


INSPECTING A CARGO OF LEMONS ON THE DOCK AT NEW YORK.



BROWN & SECCOMB'S.

Pier 41 on the North River is the unloading place for all the orange, lemon, and grape transports; and during the season one vessel is awaiting another for the chance to unload. Big and little steamers, schooners, and other sailing vessels are constantly arriving, and the hoisting machinery is continually at work. The lemons and oranges, most of which are from Sicily and the southwestern part of the main Italian peninsula, are packed in boxes, while the grapes, most of which are from Spain—where many oranges are also grown—are packed in barrels. The lots shipped to each consignee are given separate places on the pier, and here each cargo is open for inspection in the morning. And now the buyers come down in force, and an interesting gathering they are. Their *personnel* ranges through every degree of commercial respectability, from the wholesale buyer who is



A FRUIT-CARRYING STEAM-SHIP.



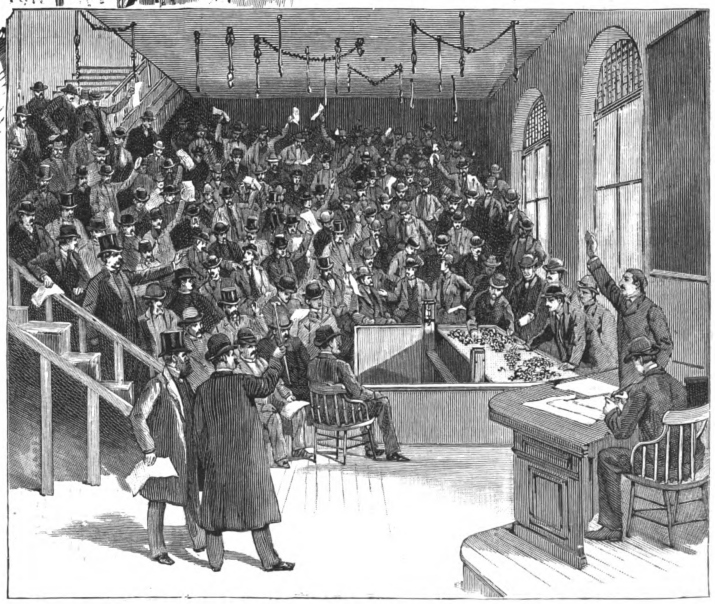
AN AUCTION SALE OF LEMONS.

streets. Another peculiar feature of this trade lies in the circumstance that the entire traffic of the United States in these products—with exceptions of so trifling importance as not to be worth considering in the aggregate of business done—passes through the hands of this firm. BROWN & SECCOMB are the auctioneers of the trade, the firm and its lineal predecessors having held the position since the infancy of the business in the city, the firm names running back as T. R. MINTURN, BROWN & Co., MINTURN & PARTRIDGE, T. R. MINTURN & Co., MINTURN & Co., and R. R. MINTURN & Co., to a very early period in the century, the present senior partner having been engaged with the later firms since his sixteenth year. The building is constructed with all the latest accommodations for the sale of fruit, and within its walls is done the largest business of the world in lemons, oranges, and grapes.

The first floor of the building is devoted to an amphitheatre for the sale of grapes, which are sold by samples raised on hydraulic lifts from the cellar below; on the second floor are the firm's offices, where a force of sixty clerks is kept constantly employed; and the third floor is the auction-room for the sale of oranges and lemons, which the fruit merchants find an immense improvement on the old plan of selling on the pier.

worth a million down to the street peddlers who sell from baskets and push-carts. Perhaps in no other business do the two extremes come so closely in contact. On the one hand is the buyer whose credit would be good for every ounce of fruit on the pier; on the other the vagabond who must pay his money before he receives his goods, and whose coin must be tested as a protection against counterfeits before he gets his receipt. This latter class of buyer has one or two pleasant little tricks that necessitate the employment of sharp men on the piers to keep a careful watch upon them. Some of these gentry have been known, for instance, to accumulate an entire stock in trade, one orange or lemon at a time, from the different lots on inspection, and then go forth and peddle them in the streets, returning to acquire another outfit when the first was disposed of. Another little idiosyncrasy of the guileful peddler is to find a rotten orange in a case of damaged fruit, and take the opportunity, when no one is observing him, to smear sound fruit with it, with a view to buying the latter at a reduced price in consequence of its supposed imperfection. The surveillance under which these fellows are kept on the pier, however, prevents their depredations from amounting to much.

From Pier 41 the orange, lemon, and grape trade shifts, in the next stage, to BROWN & SECCOMB'S handsome new building at the corner of State and Bridge



AN AUCTION SALE OF GRAPES.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

One of these sales of oranges and lemons is a bewildering sight to a novice, almost as much so as a sale on the Stock Exchange, with the difference that the spectator is not so apt to mistake the floor for the recreation-grounds of an insane asylum. The auctioneer is provided with a dais on a platform at the front of the room, and at his side are three clerks who keep track of the transactions. Before him are arranged rows of seats that remind one of a school-room, each important member of the trade having his own chair, with his name upon it on a metal plate, the largest dealers having the seats nearest the auctioneer. Close under the auctioneer's desk are the rows of chairs reserved for the importers, or the agents of the shippers whose fruit is to be sold. The buyers are all provided with catalogues, in which the various lots of fruit on the pier are designated by numbers placed opposite the trade mark of the shipper, every extensive shipper being known to the trade by a copyrighted emblem. The sales begin at twelve o'clock each day. The buyers are the same men who have spent the morning inspecting the fruit on the pier, and each has marked in his catalogue the lots that he desires to purchase. The man who sells from a basket or a push-cart has the same right to bid as the big wholesale dealers whose transactions in fruit amount to thousands of dollars per day, but no sales are made in lots of less than twenty boxes. This limit, however, does not affect the frugal Italian peddler, who generally has sufficient capital in his dirty clothes to purchase at first hand and save the profit that would go to a middleman if the peddlers were obliged to purchase in smaller quantities. Of course the sales made to these small dealers amount to almost nothing in the aggregate of business done; but they are a feature of the fruit trade nevertheless.

It is useless for the spectator who has not served an apprenticeship in the business to attempt to keep track of the sales. To him it is only a Babel of voices, above which the auctioneer's is heard in a perpetual clatter of figures. The spectator cannot tell when a sale has been made, who has bid the highest, what the price is, or what lot is under the hammer. He knows that business is being done, however, because the buyers are continually turning the leaves of their catalogues and jotting down figures on the pages or in memorandum-books, while the pens of the clerks beside the auctioneer are incessantly flying over white paper. In the busy season, when cargoes of the perishable fruit are arriving rapidly at Pier 41, an enormous amount of business is done in the auction-room, Mr. BROWN and Mr. SECCOMB alternating at the desk in two-hour watches until everything on the pier is disposed of, in order that room may be made for the next cargoes to unload for the next day's sale.

A sale of grapes is even more interesting, from a spectacular point of view, than a sale of lemons or oranges. The amphitheatre is provided on three sides with seats that rise upon an inclined plane, each seat, as on the other floor, being reserved for a particular buyer. In the point of the angle is the auctioneer's desk, and between him and the buyers' seats are the hydraulic lifts upon which the samples are exhibited. As the grapes cannot be opened on the pier for inspection, three sample barrels from each lot are brought to BROWN & SECCOMB's, and unloaded below the auction-room. The sales are then made from these samples, which are brought up on the lifts for inspection. There are two of these elevators, so that while one sample is being exhibited in the auction-room, the sample from the next lot is being placed in readiness below. So rapidly are these lifts operated that samples may be exhibited every thirty seconds, and so expert has long practice rendered the buyers that a single glance at the sample informs them of the condition of the fruit. The grapes are sold from the catalogue as are the oranges and lemons.

After the sales are over, the large buyers, whose purchases go on the books of the firm, are given orders permitting the removal of the fruit from the pier at the main office. The peddlers, who are compelled to pay cash for their purchases, are given their orders in the basement, where a force of clerks lock themselves into a caged desk to receive the money, this precaution being a necessary one. Two or three policemen preserve order among these merchants while the financial transactions are being carried on, in order that there may be no trouble at the desk; and when a certain amount of money is taken in, a policeman escorts the clerk who carries it upstairs through the crowd, in order that the banditti may not redeem their coin summarily.

From Pier 41 the oranges, lemons, and grapes in the large lots are distributed to warehouses, groceries, and markets, and sent thence all over the country. In the smaller lots they are hawked about the streets in baskets and push-carts. And the individual elements of both small and large lots eventually minister in many forms to the delectation of the human appetite.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XVI.

FOR the second time there was trouble for Kearny's friends at court, and the Jersey delegation, between the War Department and the police, were having rather a solemn experience. Five days had elapsed; the web of circumstantial evidence had been woven still more closely about the name of the missing officer, and no one could be found who had the faintest clew to his whereabouts. On the sixth day after Mullane's death there came a new actor on the scene in the person of Captain Dayton, and Dayton had been making some investigations at Acquia, and on the way up the river. He had a theory of his own regarding the matter—so he told his colonel—and had succeeded in getting a few days' "leave" to consult certain officials at the capital.

Meantime there had been coming from the front all manner of tales of great doings on part of the two cavalry columns pushed out in hopes of capturing Mosby. They had not caught him—that would have been too much to expect—but they had chased the Confederates well back beyond the mountain passes; had had some sharp fighting, and claimed to have made some important captures. The prisoners were being sent in under guard as the despatches were penned. All these were newspaper reports, however, and made mainly to sell. In the long period of inaction while the two armies were hibernating in Virginia there had been little or nothing to chronicle, and the correspondents of the press as a consequence had been nearly at their wits' ends. Now they were rushing despatches through, filled with graphic details of brilliant cavalry dashes and spirited combats in front of Vienna and Fairfax, and lauding to the skies the prowess and valor of certain new regiments that up to this moment had seen no service whatever, and yet were by no means averse to appearing as the heroes of the occasion. The arrival of the newspapers in the camps at Belle Plain and along the Rappahannock provoked no little derision among the veterans there assembled, since old war-dogs are always skeptical as to the unaided success of the puppies. Nevertheless there was some credence attached to the stories as read around the fires of the —— New Jersey, for one of the officers prominently mentioned as commanding one column had served as their senior major in '61, and was now full colonel of a new regiment. Under Graham's leadership anything might be possible, and everybody waited for Graham's official report. One thing was certain, our cavalry, for the time being at least, held the gaps through the Bull Run Mountains, and Mosby had gone elsewhere.

The first report that came from Colonel Graham was one that gave rise to some consternation at the War Department, and as Graham was a New Jersey man, it happened that some of Kearny's friends, in their inquiries at the adjutant-general's office, were favored with its contents. Dayton was not among them, and he only heard of it later. It seems that the colonel had set forth with every hope and expectation of capturing the partisan leader himself, and punishing severely his command. He knew the very house in which the renowned raider was to spend the night; he had accurate maps, and full and reliable information as to the position and numbers of the various outposts as well as of the main body. He had given no sign of a move that night, but after the usual trumpet calls for tattoo and taps, had saddled at ten o'clock, and at midnight had surrounded the indicated building only to find that his bird had flown, and with him all his troops. Their flight had been hurried, but as the advance was rapid they could not have slipped away except by the receipt of timely warning; and this warning, he wrote, could have been given them by a certain man in civilian dress—a tall, bearded fellow whom he well remembered as having been a scout or secret service employé in the Bull Run campaign of the previous year, and who even then was looked upon with some suspicion. His knowledge of the country seemed so perfect, and his acquaintance with every household, so far as their names and numbers were concerned, so accurate, that it was considered rather remarkable that one who claimed to have been long a resident among these people should now be serving their enemies. Furthermore, it was remembered of him that he rode to and fro, by day or night, all over the country, and was never molested. It was hardly possible that the Virginians had not an inkling of his connection with the government service, and it was extraordinary that, knowing the nature of the duties he was supposed to be performing, they did not string him up by the neck to the nearest tree. For several months, wrote Graham, he had lost sight of the man, but remembered him the instant he was brought into his presence the night of the advance—remembered him despite marked changes in his appearance, for a heavy, bushy beard now covered the sallow face and "lantern jaws" of the previous year. It seems that he had been halted by the outermost sentries, and held until the head of column came up, and he was disposed to be very indignant at such treatment. His papers were beyond question. There they were, all neatly filed in a big flat pocket-book—his orders, his passes, certain letters of instruction, and even a sort of circular "to-whom-it-may-concern" commission, which enjoined all officers to give the bearer ("whose signature will be found to correspond with that exhibited hereon") every facility in their power, and permit him to pass to and fro without delay.

Despite these papers, Graham's mind was not set at rest. The man had been held by the outposts because he was seen galloping through a little winding lane among the trees beside the pike, instead of holding to the road itself. He was nervous, excited, eager to push ahead, and it was his manner that made the guards suspicious. After carefully reading his papers by the light of a little camp lantern, Graham required him to affix his signature to the page, and though somewhat hasty and tremulous, there could be no doubt that the "William L. Tierney" in the exhibit of the War Department and that thus hurriedly scrawled at the outskirts of Fairfax were written by the same hand. The Colonel bade him mount and accompany the head-quarters party, explaining that "as they were going the same way they might as well ride together," and Tierney seemed to want to protest, but apparently thinking better of it, "fell in" behind the staff and trotted along with them. The night was very dark, and in not more than ten minutes he had disappeared. It was probable that he took advantage of the intricacies of a cut through a piece of woods to slip away, strike spurs to his horse, and put a mile or more between himself and the column before his absence was noted. At all events he had not been seen from that time to this, and Graham believed that he was playing a double game.

But the chief of the secret service could not harbor such a thought for a moment. When Graham's letter was shown him he proceeded to say that there always had been a jealousy between the cavalry and his scouts. The officers and men could not but envy the "roving commissions" granted the latter, and it was true that the scouts were prone to put on airs at times and give offence. "But Tierney's an invaluable man," he said; "he was raised in Prince William County, and knows every family in it; he was a wild fellow, and ran away from home and enlisted in the army, and has served two years in the cavalry. I got him discharged in the fall of '61 purposely to put him on this duty, but after second Bull Run he told me the people were beginning to know him, and it might be well if he made himself scarce for a while; so I had him transferred to duty hereabouts, and on the Eastern Shore awhile, then put him on the quartermaster's boat to look after certain matters the Secretary of War desired to have watched; even the officers of the boat thought him a clerk detailed to keep track of the stores, and he has been most efficient—just the man for the place, the Secretary says—and it would astonish some officers of the Army of the Potomac to see how much he knows about them and their opinions. Oh, it isn't nice duty, I admit; but some one had to do it—the Secretary can satisfy you as to that—and I put Tierney at it," exclaimed the chief, in conclusion. Questioned by the adjutant-general as to the authority given him to leave the steamer and go into Virginia again, the chief replied that Tierney had a sweetheart down near Manassas Junction, and he presumed that, hearing of the forward move of the cavalry, he had seized that opportunity to run out and visit her. There was no time for formal application for permission, and it never had been customary. The secret service men had to be trusted, he said, or they were of no use. Tierney would turn up in a day or two, and come in full of valuable information, and completely vindicate himself.

But there were some among the few officers present at this conference who did not share the confidence of the chief, and it was found that some subordinates in the department had long been suspicious that all was not square with Tierney. *They* said he was a gambler and an associate of gamblers, and that he had some intimacies among a low class of men in the army that were impairing his usefulness. There was a time in '62 when he was drinking hard, and possibly the gentlemen from New Jersey might be interested in knowing that it was Tierney's babbling that gave rise to the first stories at the expense of Lieutenant Kearny the year before. He had been drinking and playing cards with Captain Mullane, and it was he who was reluctantly compelled to admit that he was Mullane's "authority," and it was he who guided the major and the adjutant on their memorable visit to Hopewell.

It was a pity Dayton could not have been there to hear this story. Then came tidings from the other column—that which had passed through Aldie Gap and swooped down upon the roads in rear of Thoro'fare in hopes of cutting Mosby's retreat should he escape the clutches of Graham's command. They had had but poor luck despite the flourish of trumpets with which the papers had hailed their "storming of the pass" and capture of important prisoners and documents. The pass in question was watched by a small troop of Virginians, perhaps forty in all, but they made things lively for the head of that blue column, and it was only at the cost of much smoke, noise, and expenditure of carbine ammunition that the little band was induced to fall back, leaving their dead and wounded among the rocks by the roadside where they fell. Then the pass was stormed in great shape, and the new regiment went "charging" through in column of fours, cheering lustily and brandishing their sabres, and finally reining up and unsaddling on the other side, while the colonel made his enthusiastic followers a congratulatory speech, and then sat him down to write his despatches to the War Department, not forgetting one or two highly picturesque descriptions for the benefit of the local papers of the counties from which they hailed. Meantime, of course, the Virginians were riding rapidly down the westward valley, giving warning of the coming of the "Yanks"; and when the despatches were finished and the column once more *en route*, pretty much everything and everybody worth capture was spirited out of the way. When the command reached the road that night, late, it was only to learn that they were much too late. Mosby had given them the slip.

Of course the colonel could account for it. The country was overrun, he wrote, with spies and scouts in civilian dress. These men were mounted on fleet horses, and despite the rapidity with which he advanced they carried in every direction the tidings of his coming. There was reason to believe, he said, that several of these men thus disguised were officers of the Confederate army visiting their homes and families on brief furloughs, or possibly sent thither for the purpose of watching the movements of the cavalry. He urgently recommended that strict orders be issued that all men found within the lines of the advancing force be arrested and tried by drum-head court-martial as spies. The colonel was a man of much political influence at home, and his opinions and recommendations—good, bad, or absurd—could be treated only with deference. The War Department issued no new orders, but the colonel was authorized by a letter, sent with a few days, to make an example if necessary of Confederate spies, but he was warned to exercise caution in the matter, and be sure that the persons taken in civilian dress or other disguise were *bona fide* officers of the Confederate service, and within our lines for treasonable or unlawful purpose.

When this letter reached the colonel he was commanding a force of some two thousand cavalry holding the gaps of the Bull Run Mountains and scouring the adjacent country. He was for the time being his own master, and virtually in charge of a district in the enemy's country. For Colonel Graham, his superior in both rank and experience, disappointed at the failure of his expedition, and attributing much of his lack of success to the junior's delays, had gladly left him at Thoro'fare, while he with nearly three thousand sabres at his heels went clattering off to Front Royal in pursuit of Mosby.

An ardent patriot was the soldier left behind. Treason was to him a thing to be made odious, and no man, woman, or child whose sympathies were with the Southern troops could be anything less than a traitor, and a menace to the security of the state. Nothing short of summary execution was, in his private opinion, the proper method of convincing such people of the error of their ways. It boded ill for the already sore afflicted household at Hopewell Gap that they should find themselves all of a sudden placed under the surveillance of a soldier whose soul was burning with zeal to uphold the supremacy of the law, but who preferred to crush the rebellion by extreme measures at the fireside rather than to face it in the field.

And now, while Graham was beyond communication except by courier, there came to Washington a genuine surprise in the shape of a paragraph in his second report—a brief summary sent from White Plains—of the result of his dash at the gaps after the escape of Mosby. There had, indeed, been some spirited cavalry fighting in his column, and an entire battalion of Virginia troopers had been cut off, surrounded, and captured near Groveton. Captain Dayton, who was still in Washington, was hurriedly summoned together with two Jersey legislators, to the office of the adjutant-general.

"Listen to this," said that perplexed functionary, "and tell me, if you can, what it means:

"'I deem it my duty to add,' writes Colonel Graham, after detailing his capture of the —— Virginia cavalry between Groveton and Havymarket, 'that this success was mainly due to the presence of my former regimental comrade, now Major Frank Kearny, of the —— New Jersey, who, having a brief leave of absence, joined me as a volunteer at Centreville, and his accurate and intricate knowledge of the roads enabled him to plan and carry out the surrounding of the rebel force. It was he who guided the flanking column to their rear; and the officers unite in praise of the brilliant and daring manner in which he led the charge that broke their line.' Now, gentlemen, who can explain this freak of Major Kearny's; and who can tell where to find him?"

There was a moment of wondering silence, then Captain Dayton spoke:

"I believe I can, sir."

XVII.

The night of Frank Kearny's sudden reappearance at Hopewell was one that Lucy Armistead has never yet forgotten. Probable she never will. For a few moments after asking the abrupt question about the officer who had just ridden away, he stood in silence, gazing into the darkness, as though longing to see the man once more. He was breathing heavily, as though wearied by recent exertion, and the sigh with which he turned aside spoke of utter dejection. Anxiously she scanned his face, but his eyes seemed to avoid hers. Then, as though nerved to sudden action, he quickly stepped to the gateway, and stood one moment listening. Then he abruptly spoke:

"I left my horse at the foot of the pathway leading down through the wood. May I ask you to send Nelse for him? And now I have business of importance with the Judge. Can I see him?"

"He will be rejoiced to see you—but—you look so worn, so ill! Have you not overtaxed your strength? Is there not grave hazard in coming hither?"

"I came because I could not live and not look upon your face again. Even though I know now that it is as you said—there was another—I had to come. Now I have seen. I must go. Five minutes' talk with your father will be enough—and then—it is good-by."

He half turned toward the house, then back to where she stood silent, wondering, and here he bent as though for one last look into her eyes. The sight of her sweet pale face, so wan, so pathetic, and yet so lovely, was more than he could bear. He had left her when weak, broken down with wounds, illness, and sorrow. He returned to her stalwart, bearded, a model of soldierly grace and strength; yet his voice was full of a weight of trouble that wore heavily upon him. His eyes gazed one instant into hers, then, as though utterly overcome by the force and vehemence of his love, he suddenly clasped her in his strong arms, and straining her slender form to his breast, his lips rained kiss after kiss upon the rippling hair and smooth white forehead. "Oh! God! how I loved you!" was his one smothered cry; and then, almost rudely, he cast her from him, turned sharply away, and hastened to the house.

For a few moments she staid there, leaning against the gate-post, breathless, startled, and unnerved. Not until she could regain her self-

* Begun in No. 1667.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

control did she attempt to enter the hall. Then, sending Hannah for Nelse with orders to bring Mr. Kearny's horse from the lower field, she shut herself in her room. She could hear the voices of the two men before she closed the door: her father's, so weak and broken, apparently in vehement protest; her lover's, deep, strong, earnest, yet with such weariness and sorrow in it. Then suddenly the door closed heavily; spurred boot-heels clinked through the hall and descended the steps, where there was brief pause and a word with Nelse. Then hoof-beats in the yard below, down the neglected drive, out to the road beyond, and he was gone—gone without another word to her. She sat there in her cold dark room, shivering. Then Nelse's voice was heard calling her name, and she knew her father had need of her. Down the stairs she found the old darky with his eyes fairly starting from his head, holding out to her half a dozen treasury notes—money such as he had never seen, yet well imagined the value of—that had been thrust into his hands as the major rode away; and in the study she found her father, seated before his open fire-place, trembling, agitated, and vainly striving to read a letter by the flickering light, while in the torn envelope on the table by his side she could see a packet of similar treasury notes, left, evidently, by the same lavish hand.

"Read it for me, daughter; I cannot," he said, feebly. "He has been most kind, most thoughtful, but of course he could not be made to understand that it is all out of the question—out of the question. We can accept no man's bounty, much less one of that uniform."

Obediently she took the sheet, and sitting at his feet, where the fire-light fell upon the page, she read these lines:

"'I write because it may be impossible to see you—impossible to explain. No words can tell you the depth of my gratitude for the tender care and the infinite kindness shown me under your roof. I dare not conjecture what it may have cost or may yet cost you among your own people. In kind, it will be beyond my power to repay you, nor do I know that in any way such repayment can adequately be made; but, my kind and generous host, it is necessary for my own peace of mind that in some way I attempt to show my appreciation. Forgive this intrusion into your personal affairs. I could not but know that the very necessaries of life are hard to be obtained even where money was in abundance, and I am tortured by a fear that your means have been grievously straitened by the unhappy strife between the sections. This money burns my hand. I implore you to take it, use it, consider it a loan if you will not otherwise accept it. I ask it for your own sake, for Henry's sake, nay, more, for the sake of her whose name I cannot breathe without a blessing, whose—whose—'"

She hesitated, her head drooped lower, a wave of color surged up over the lovely face, and hiding it from his eyes, she held forth the letter with shaking hand.

"I—I cannot read it further. There is only a little more."

He took it slowly, waiting until he could brush the moisture from his eyes. Presently she rose from her stooping posture, lighted a candle and placed it by his side, then quickly sped from the room. Slowly he found the place where she had ceased.

"—whose welfare and happiness must ever, henceforth, outweigh any earthly consideration except the duty I owe to my country. Sir, though she has taught me its utter hopelessness, I love your daughter, and shall love her to my life's end."

An hour later, when she stole noiselessly into the room, the old gentleman was sitting there in the flickering light, almost as she had left him. He had extinguished the candle, for candles were already as precious and scarce as the course currency that formed the one circulating medium in the country towns. Kearny's letter was still in his hand, and on the table by his side was the package of treasury notes, unbroken. She bent and kissed his forehead and the gray curling locks above, but said no word.

"Daughter," he presently spoke, "you will find some large envelopes in the lower drawer of my desk. Give me one, dear."

Silently she obeyed him. Then he took the "greenbacks," still in unbroken package and more than half hidden in what remained of the torn wrapper, carefully stowed the entire packet away in the heavy, lawyer-like envelope she gave him, then asked for light, his heavy seal and the wax from their nook in the old-fashioned desk. Sealing the packet with practised yet tremulous hand, he then carefully "docketed" the thick paper with the date and the major's name, then looked up into her eyes.

"He meant well, dear. It was natural that he should seek some way to be of service to us, but we cannot touch his money — we Armisteads. Hide it somewhere where it will be safe until it can be returned to him by trusty hands. He will not come again, daughter; he will not come again."

That night, when Hannah knocked twice at the door of her young mistress and could get no answer, she softly entered and found her, not asleep, but lying on the little white bed, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Stirring trumpet calls roused the echoes of the heights at early dawn, and when the little household peered from the windows they found the fields at the foot of the slope all alive with horsemen in light blue overcoats. For two days there remained in camp there a force of perhaps three squadrons; while others, apparently of the same regiment, were posted high up in the Gap or patrolled the roads to north and south. The commanding officer, with others, twice called at the homestead and asked to see the Judge, and as he was too feeble and ill to be disturbed, they inquired on their second visit for "the lady of the house," whom Hannah vainly sought to excuse. Miss Armistead would gladly have avoided an interview, but the lieutenant-colonel commanding sent up his card, and courteously requested that she would see him, as he had orders to communicate to some responsible member of the family. Determined to shield her father from every possible annoyance, she descended the stairs and found her visitors standing in the hall. It was late in the afternoon, and the light was dim.

"Will you step into the sitting-room?" she said. "The servant should have shown you there. We have no parlor."

"The servant did so, madam," said the elder of the two officers, "but explained that she had no light, and we did not wish to intrude more than was absolutely necessary. I called earlier in the day, but was unsuccessful; now I had no choice but to persist. Pardon me, may I ask who it is whom I have the honor of addressing?"

The lieutenant-colonel was a stately gentleman of over fifty years, and he spoke with a slightly foreign accent. It was evident that he wished to behave with all the consideration and courtesy possible, and Miss Armistead failed to experience the feeling of repugnance which, a year or two before, she was sure would manifest itself at the appearance of a "Yankee." She answered coldly, as became a daughter of Virginia, yet she liked the old soldier's manner.

"I am Miss Armistead," she answered. "My father is in feeble health, and I seek to spare him any care or worry. Did I understand you to say that you had orders to carry out, and that they concerned us in any way?"

"I deeply regret that such is the case, Miss Armistead"— and both officers were evidently trying to see as much of the fair face before them as the dim light permitted. "Orders which are imperative in their tone have reached me this day from the officer commanding all the Union forces now serving in this neighborhood. He has information, he says, that several officers of the Southern army, whose homes are in Fauquier and Prince William counties, are now somewhere about here. One has already been found, and among those believed to be hiding near at hand is Captain Henry Armistead, of Stuart's cavalry—your brother, I fear. It is most distressing to me to have to communicate this to one so young, so fair, so apparently unprotected," went on the gallant old dragoon, "but I am ordered to make strict search and to maintain a vigilant guard over the premises."

Lucy's heart sank within her. She knew how it would affect her father—it was her one thought now. She dreaded to think of the risk Henry would run if, despite the verbal caution she had charged Falconer to give him, he obeyed the summons in the letter she had earlier written. Resistance, protestation, she knew, would be useless. Frankness and courtesy might disarm even the enemy when he came in such courtly shape as that before her.

"I thank you for the consideration you show us, sir," was therefore her reply. "My brother is not here, if my word will suffice and save my father's privacy from disturbance; but there shall be no hinderance to making your search as thorough as you deem necessary. When will you begin?"

"That, at least, I reserve to myself, Miss Armistead. My orders did not say *immediate* search, and—it shall be at your convenience. My sentries, of course, were early posted so that none could pass in or out; and if you will kindly say how soon we may begin—I fear it must be this evening—I will myself be present, and you can rest assured that no intrusion will afterward be allowed. Who are you, sir?" he said, sharply, and turned in evident indignation upon a distinguished-looking officer who had suddenly appeared at the doorway. "I gave orders that no officer or man was to enter here without my authority. I do not know your face. What is your regiment?"

"The —— New Jersey, colonel," responded the officer, saluting, "which will account for my not knowing that you had given such orders. I am Captain Dayton, sir, and have just arrived from Washington. These papers will explain the object of my journey, but, as it is too dark for you to read them, let me say briefly that I am sent to find Major Kearny, who is believed to have accompanied your command, and whom I hoped to hear of here at Judge Armistead's."

Lucy started at the mention of the name, and stepped forward where she could more distinctly see the new-comer.

"Mr.—Major Kearny was here two nights ago, for not more than ten minutes," she answered, in low tone.

"And he went back to Washington or Alexandria the next morning, captain," said the field-officer. "I saw him start."

In deep and evident disappointment the stranger paused a moment. "Then my errand is fruitless," he said, as he slowly turned away. "My escort is tired with a long day's ride, colonel, and, with your permission, we will bivouac beside your command."

"By all means, sir, by all means. I will accompany you now. Miss Armistead, a thousand regrets for my unavoidable intrusion. I will leave my adjutant to receive your answer," and bowing low, the courteous old soldier took his leave.

An hour later, in silence and with every exertion of gentleness and consideration, the searching party—an officer with half a dozen men—ransacked every room in the house from garret to cellar, with two exceptions. The colonel forbade their entering Miss Armistead's or that of her father, by whose side she had taken her place. Underneath the window other soldiers—two officers, apparently—were talking in low but excited tones. What she heard nearly froze the blood in her veins.

"I tell you it is true. He was found dead as a door nail, shot through the heart, and there's no doubt that Kearny was the murderer. That's what they want him for."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.

ANTHONY HIGGINS, the first Republican United States Senator from Delaware, was born in Red Lion Hundred, New Castle County, that State, on October 1, 1840. He entered upon a five years' course at Newark Academy and Delaware College at the age of thirteen, and in the autumn of 1858 entered Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1861 with the degree of A.B. During the two succeeding years he attended the Harvard Law School. He read law under WILLIAM C. SPRUANCE in Wilmington, and was admitted to the New Castle County bar in May, 1864. In September, 1864, he entered into partnership with EDWARD G. BRADFORD, of Wilmington, who was afterward appointed United States District Judge for Delaware. About the same time Mr. HIGGINS was appointed Deputy Attorney-General for Delaware under Attorney-General JACOB MOORE. Mr. HIGGINS was appointed United States District Attorney for Delaware in 1869 by President GRANT, which office he held until 1876, and since then has devoted himself exclusively to his large clientage.

The Senator-elect's first appearance in politics was in 1863, when he championed the cause of NATHANIEL B. SMITHERS, the Union Republican candidate for Congress. Mr. SMITHERS was elected, and during that campaign Mr. HIGGINS attracted general attention by his brilliant oratory. Mr. SMITHERS was also a candidate in the late Senatorial race, and ran well notwithstanding his fourscore years.

The most notable achievement of Mr. HIGGINS at the bar was his successful defence of WILLIAM NEAL, a negro ravisher, in 1881. NEAL had been convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but his counsel appealed the case to the United States Supreme Court on the ground that no colored men were allowed to serve on Delaware juries, and thereby won a reversal and new trial. NEAL was subsequently acquitted. The case attracted wide-spread attention at the time.

Mr. HIGGINS is a man of pleasant address. He resides at 834 Market Street, in Wilmington, which is directly opposite to the residence of his colleague, Senator GRAY. The Senator-elect is a bachelor, and his sister is mistress of his home.

He will succeed ELI SAULSBURY in the Upper House of Congress, the latter having represented Delaware for eighteen successive years. After the 4th of next March, Delaware, for the first time since 1853, will be represented in the Senate by a person who is not a BAYARD nor a SAULSBURY, or who is any way affiliated with either dynasty. In religious belief the Senator-elect is a Presbyterian.

THE WEST SIDE.

THERE is nothing in the history of Manhattan Island more surprising than the suddenness with which a new city, in itself no mean city, has arisen, not exactly in its "midst," but on one side of it. Those persons who bought land between the Central Park and the Hudson River when the Central Park was laid out supposed, and had warrant in the growth of the city for supposing, that within a decade their purchases would be in demand for building. In fact a quarter of a century elapsed before they were able to sell, except to other speculative persons like themselves, whose patience and whose purses had not been exhausted by the steady drain of taxes and assessments. For many years before the building of the elevated roads these investors looked to rapid transit as their deliverance, and the main impulse to the building of these roads came from them. But it was some years after the roads were constructed before they had much effect upon the development of the west side. It still languished after the east side had been almost solidly built up from the City Hall to Harlem. Even five years ago the "original apartment house" of Mr. FENN'S sketch was the typical building of the region. The owners, once sanguine, but now saddened with hope deferred, were seriously concerned about the dispossession of the lawless and warlike squatters, when the advancing wave of civilization broke over the west side, and the squatter's villa is now in as rapid progress of extinction as the North American bison.

For when the development of the West Side did begin it began in earnest, and for the last five years it has been the centre of the building activity of the island. As regards its appearance it is perhaps fortunate that its development was delayed so long. Ten years earlier we should have had repeated over a new expanse those roofless rows of arid brown that border the residential streets from Washington Square to Central Park. Five years earlier the West Side would have fallen a prey to the short-lived fashion of Queen Anne, and unhappily the results of fashion are more durable in architecture than they are in millinery. It was the misfortune of the older part of New York that nobody's house was designed for him, and this misfortune went much deeper than the monotony of street fronts that it caused, depressing as this was. There was no more character in the interior than in the exterior of the houses, so far as the work of the builder went. When you knew where what the advertisements compendiously described as a "4 st., h. s., b. s., 20 ft." was, and whether or not it was in good repair, you knew all about it. It was as much a staple article, and as little subject to irregularities arising from the personal equation, as a bushel of wheat of a certain grade. It suited fairly what its builders took to be the normal New York family, but it did not suit any particular family exactly. An architect was regarded as an expensive and somewhat costly superfluity for a dwelling-house, and the speculative builder had things all his own way. He knew that there was a steady demand for the kind of house that he knew how to plan and build, and he knew that variation was dangerous.

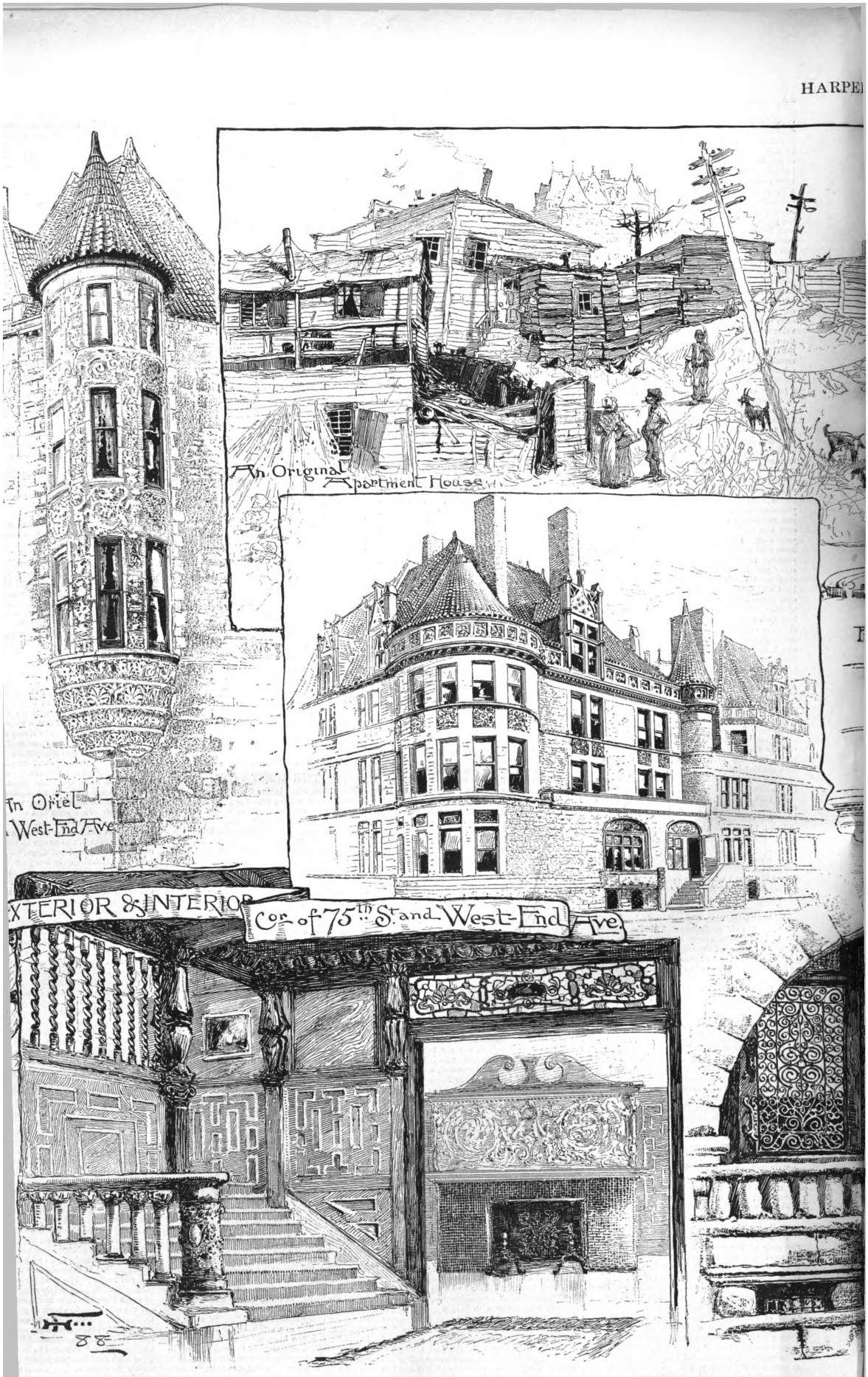
It is by no means to be inferred that the speculative builder has altogether abdicated his architectural functions on the west side, but a change has come over his works. As twenty years ago he shunned difference, so now he shuns conformity. Whereas each house in a row of half a dozen below Fiftieth Street is the counterpart of every other, above Sixtieth an evident effort is made to make it unlike every other. The speculative builder, when he does his own designing, gives evidence that he has seen the dwellings that have been designed by artistic architects, and also that he has seen without studying them. The features introduced by them when reproduced by him are burlesqued; and when these features are transferred, in the greatest profusion and variety of which he is capable, to a row of three-storied sixteen-foot dwellings, the effect upon the beholder is confusing and distressing, and was accurately expressed by one beholder who declared that such a row of houses made him sea-sick. It is not always easy to decide between the latter and the former state of the speculative builder. But the general aspect of the West Side is so distinct an advance upon the general aspect of the middle city that we ought to take the reckless and restless work, if we must, along with the thoughtful and beautiful work, and be thankful.

We ought to be especially thankful to the owner and the architect of the Dakota apartment house and of the long row of dwellings to the north of it. These edifices were the pioneers of the building on the west side, and they set an example worthy to be followed of domestic architecture that has attained animation and variety without losing sobriety and repose. It is not a little singular, by-the-way, that "Central Park West," as Eighth Avenue alongside of the Park is officially called, should have lagged behind the march of improvement, and should still be bordered almost exclusively with vacant lots. The street next most conspicuous, as the connecting avenue between Central Park and the Riverside Drive, is Seventy-second Street, and this is not fairly representative of the new city. The houses are for the most part built of cut stone, they are larger and costlier than those that give its character to the quarter, and they are not so well designed. Many of them exhibit the speculative builder in his maddest mood, and the best of them are by no means to be compared to the best of the brick houses in West End (Eleventh) Avenue and in the streets that open into it. It is a pity that so important a thoroughfare, and one from which transient visitors are apt to derive their impressions of the west side, should, as a whole, present so strongly the aspect of vulgar pretentiousness. The "façade treatment" noted by Mr. FENN is perhaps the most noteworthy piece of architecture the street has to show, and the clever device of a heraldic beast with a wing displayed against either wall, to mask the transition from a square to a rounded corner, its most successful feature. But even here the treatment leaves much to be desired, as may be seen in the illustration, and as can be seen much more clearly in the actual buildings, with those parts restored which the artist has judiciously omitted.

Indeed one may say in general that the impression Mr. FENN'S drawings make of the architecture of the West Side is more favorable than that made by the buildings themselves, not merely because the objects depicted are "helped" by his pencil, but also because they are selected. The better architecture is not commonly an architecture of harmonious façades, but of "bits" and "features"—a thing more or less of shreds and patches. There are exceptions to this rule, and the most striking of them is furnished by the two groups of houses, one at the corner of West End Avenue and Seventy-third Street, and one at the corner of West End Avenue and Seventy-fifth Street. Of one of these groups the illustration shows the sky-line, and of the other the corner house. They are obviously the work of the same architect, and conspicuous not alone among the dwellings of the west side, but among the examples of domestic architecture in New York and in the United States, for careful, thoughtful, and successful design. The material of the walls is a dark rough brick, and the withdrawal of the joints gives a texture to the surface that pressed brick visibly needs. The wrought work is of dark brown stone, and the cornices and parapets of copper, shown and treated as metal, while steep and emphatic roofs of heavy tile crown the fronts. The features are not huddled or confused, and each is wrought out with skilful and successful care. The châteaux of the Loire have not inspired any contemporary designer to better purpose or to a more charming result. The demonstration these works convey that it is possible in a row of "speculation houses" to avoid both monotony and restlessness, and to achieve harmony and elegance, ought not to be lost upon the future builders of the West Side.

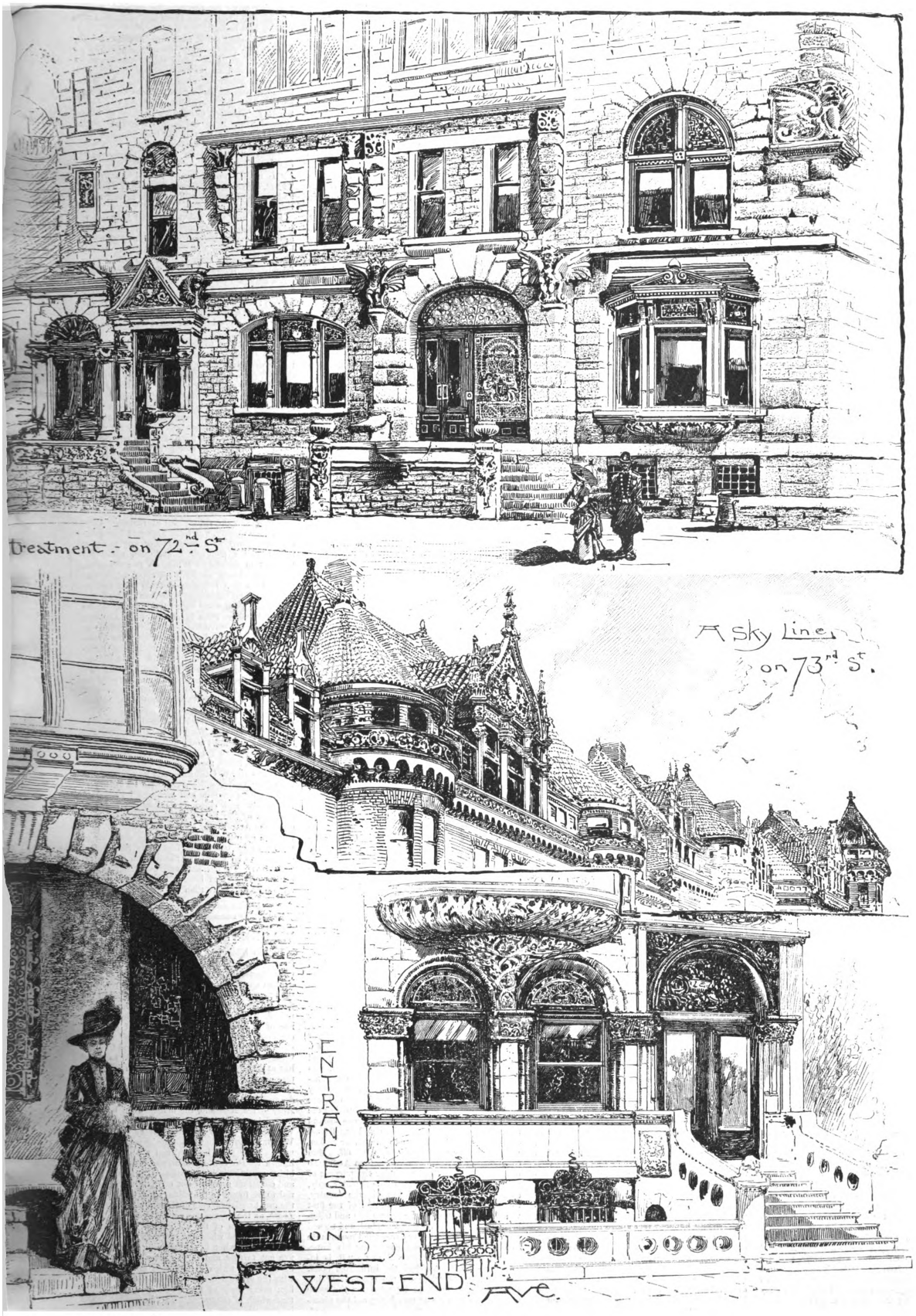
But the most grateful impression made by the West Side has little to do with the merits of its architecture. It is manifestly and emphatically a city of homes. The need for which New York philanthropists have vainly sought a remedy, and of which Philadelphians have persistently pointed out the existence, has been in good part supplied by the efforts of builders who were deeply unconscious of any philanthropic purpose. The builders of the West Side have enabled New-Yorkers who neither were nor expected to be rich to look forward with confidence to owning their own homes within the limits of Manhattan Island. This social and civic advantage would be worth attaining even if the speculative builder had deformed every one of the edifices by which it was offered.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE WEST SIDE OF

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



RK CITY.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 67.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

SAN RAFAEL AND THE GOLDEN GATE.

CALIFORNIA, the land of sunshine and fruit and flowers; the poor man's paradise and the tourist's wonder! Whence the name? In 1535 no less a man than CORTEZ gave it to the peninsula, the word having been first used in the beginning of that century in a romance of chivalry. It designated an island lying "on the right hand of the Indies, very near to the terrestrial paradise," which was peopled with dusky Amazons, who fought their battles mounted on wild beasts, and carried weapons of gold — the only metal found on the island

As to the meaning of the word "California" there seems to be no crystallized conclusion. Some claim its derivation from the Latin words *calida* and *fornax* (Spanish, *caliente* and *horadilla*), meaning "hot furnace," which might have been suggested both by the heat and the Indian sweat-houses. But whatever its verbal origin, California means rest and delight and ozone and prolonged life to the brick-bound, furnace-dried people of the Atlantic and Middle States who have money enough to travel. It is the natural home of the *dolce non far niente*, and no one at peace with himself and the world should die there younger than a century. Native Spanish-Americans and Indians attain to a great age on the Pacific coast. CIMON AVILOS, living in 1873 at Todos Santos Bay, is said, on good authority, to have been one of the military guard that presented arms when Padre JUNIPERO SERRA raised the cross at the Mission San Diego, in July, 1769. The veteran had been a soldier in the Spanish army several years before that event, so that in 1873 he was at least 125 years old! If Saxon-Americans die suddenly and prematurely, it is because of fast living and over-hard working. The temperature of the coast is so equable as to demand no change of residence for comfortable existence throughout the year; the result is that a man may work himself and eat and drink himself to death if he pleases. Not a few San Franciscans are engaged in this edifying performance. Think what an empire is this "climate of perpetual spring," as Vancouver called California one hundred years ago.

Eight hundred miles in length, by 190 miles in width, California resembles a long parallelogram. Its coast line numbers 1097 miles, and its surface covers 157,000 square miles, or more than 100,000,000 acres. "The Yosemite Valley is the only scenery in America coming up to its brag," once exclaimed RALPH WALDO EMERSON. I am almost impelled to exclaim that California is the only *State* in the Union coming up to its brag, and it must be admitted that its brag is loud and continuous.

Beautiful as is much of California's coast, there is no region above Santa Barbara comparable with the northern boundary of San Francisco Bay, that noble and extended harbor which owes its discovery to devoted Franciscan fathers, whose twenty-one missions constitute California's sole claim to the picturesque in architecture. On leaving Lower California to carry northward the banner of the holy mother-church, that wonderful zealot, Father JUNIPERO SERRA, received orders from the Inspector-General of the Spanish government respecting the names of the proposed missions. The saints to whose patronage they were to be intrusted were carefully selected from the calendar, but among them all St. FRANCIS had no place. Shocked at this inexcusable neglect, Father JUNIPERO exclaimed, "Is not our own dear father, St. FRANCIS, to have a mission assigned to him?" "If St. FRANCIS wish a mission, let him show you a good port, and then it will bear his name," coolly replied the *visitador*.

Northward the missionaries journeyed until a splendid bay and harbor burst upon their astonished sight. Aloud the missionaries cried, "This, then, is the port to which the *visitador* referred, and to which the saint has led us—blessed be his name!"

Thus was San Francisco Bay christened, and the year that gave independence to the American colonies celebrated the founding of the Mission Dolores in what was formerly called Yerba Buena (Good Herb), and what is now San Francisco.

The first ship to enter San Francisco Bay was the *San Carlos*, which sailed through the strait on the night of August 5, 1775, and, after anchoring just inside the bay, on the next morning found good moorings under the shadow of an inviting island, which Captain AYALA named Nuestra Señora de los Angeles; now known as Angel Island—a government reservation used as a military post, commanded to-day by Colonel WILLIAM F. SHAFER, of the First United States Infantry.

There is a report that VISCAYNO entered San Francisco Bay in 1603; but if so, why has he made no mention of so wonderful a harbor on a coast where there are so few harbors? California has but two landlocked bays, San Francisco and San Diego.

There hangs on the walls of the Chamber of San Francisco's Board of Supervisors a portrait of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, the first Englishman "who ploughed a furrow round the world," the first Saxon to visit the shores of California, the first pale-face to give his name to the bay where, in 1579, he anchored for thirty-six days, and was received by the natives as a superior being. That bay lies only a few miles north of the Golden Gate, and the country was called "New Albion," because of the encircling white cliffs that reminded DRAKE of old England. It seems strange that the great navigator should have failed to discover so unique and splendid a harbor as lay south of him, yet there is nothing to prove that he did. Moreover, there is a tradition to the effect that at the time DRAKE visited California a wall of adamantine rock separated the Golden Gate from the Pacific Ocean, and that this wall fell into the sea at the stroke of a mighty earthquake which convulsed the land some years later.

What became of the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers? Prior to this mighty convulsion of nature they sought the ocean through the Vajaro Valley.

Before DRAKE left this region he caused a post to be set up on shore, "a monument of our being there," writes his chaplain in *The World Encompassed*; "as also of her Majesty's & successors' right & title to that kingdom, namely, a plate of brass, fast nailed to a great & firm post, whereon is engraven her Grace's name, & the day & year of our arrival there, & of the free giving up of the province & kingdom, both by the King & people, into her Majesty's hands, together with her Highness's picture and arms in a piece of sixpence, current English money, showing itself by a hole made on purpose through the plate underneath was likewise engraven the name of our General, &c." Where now are that post and plate of brass, and that imposing sixpence? They can only be found in history.

Through a Nicasio Indian named Theognis, who is said to have been one hundred and thirty-five years old at the time he told the story, there comes the legend that DRAKE, who was regarded as an Envoy of the Great Spirit, gave the Indians a dog, several young pigs, and seeds of different grains. Among his gifts were biscuit, which the Indians, in their sweet simplicity, planted in the hope of growing ready-made bread. Several of DRAKE's men are said to have deserted, and become so amalgamated with the natives as to have effaced all traces of themselves, saving in a few so-called Indian names like *Winnemucca*, which is Celtic, and others like *Nicasio* and *Novato*, which bear close resemblance to names of places on the island of Cyprus

Thus history and legend throw a charming mantle around beautiful Marin County, which bounds the Golden Gate on the north. Whence came the fitting name of Golden Gate? Properly enough, from JOHN C. FREMONT, who, in his Memoir accompanying the map of Oregon and California, published at Washington in 1848, stated that the strait was "about one mile broad in the narrowest part, and five miles long from the sea to the bay," and was "called *Chrysopylæ* (Golden Gate) on the map, on the same principle that the harbor of Byzantium (Constantinople afterward) was called *Chrysoceras* (Golden Horn)." The Greeks were no better prophets of the commerce of the Bosporus than has been "the Pathfinder" of San Francisco's future. Yet no later than 1849, Mayor GEARY indignantly exclaimed: "At this time we are without a dollar in the public treasury, and it is to be feared the city is greatly in debt. You have neither an office for your magistrate *nor any other public edifice*. You are without a single police-officer or watchman, and have not the means of confining a prisoner for an hour. Neither have you a place to shelter, while living, sick and unfortunate strangers who may be cast upon your shores, or to bury them when dead. Public improvements are unknown in San Francisco. In short, you are without a single requisite for the promotion of prosperity, for the protection of property, or for the maintenance of order."

1849–1889! Forty years, and what a contrast! To-day San Francisco has all requisites for the promotion of prosperity, though it has availed itself of few, notwithstanding its commercial importance and great natural advantages. That its people can work wonders when they choose is proved by the pretty park which a few years ago was a drifting sand-dune with scarce a spear of grass upon it. Now tall trees, beautiful flowers, fine roads, make this former desert an afternoon resort for people on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. Men who have built cable-roads over myriads of high hills, transforming the torture of horse-car travel into a perennial pleasure, have no excuse for their general neglect of what ought to be a beautiful city. The wooden sidewalks are a terror to human toes, and the rough, ill-conditioned pavements are as disgraceful as those of New York. What worse criticism can be passed? But insatiate man, greedily pursuing the almighty dollar regardless of his own and his neighbor's comfort, cannot kill nature, and Mayor GEARY's taunt that San Francisco has no shelter for "the unfortunate stranger, living or sick," is, in one sense, no longer a fact. The hospitals of the myriad-hilled city are found in its charming suburbs, none of which is so alluring as the valley of San Rafael, once an Indian sanatorium, in 1817 the scene of the founding of the last actual Franciscan mission, and to-day the home of many prominent citizens of the Pacific's metropolis.

The average wealth of the inhabitants exceeds that of any other California town of equal population, and its culture keeps pace with its riches. EMERSON tarried here with a devoted admirer, and ALBERT BIERSTADT passed two winters in this valley, which he declared to be the Wetterhorn in miniature, looking west. A picturesque hotel, where one is not starved to death, makes San Rafael as attractive to travellers as it is to residents, and long I tarried there, detained by delightful excursions up mountains or to the neighboring sea-shore. Better roads can hardly be found in this country, and the broad carriageway leading to the summit of Mount Tamalpais, twenty-eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, is as worthy of ascent as is Arthur's Seat, overlooking Edinburgh, about which Americans are wont to rave. San Franciscans themselves have little appreciation of this graceful mountain, the outline of which is a perpetual feast to the eye, and the view from which has no equal in the United States. Northward stretches the arm of the sea that meets the Sacramento River, northward, too, roll the high hills of Sonoma and Marin counties, perpetually green wherever trees abound. Southward glitters San Francisco Bay, with its bustling city and beautiful presidio, with its populated islands, its steamers, ships, and industrious ferries. Westward extends the broad Pacific Ocean, with nothing to break the expanse of water between America and Japan but the three desolate rocks known as the Farallones, thirty miles away, uninhabited saving by a light-house keeper and birds. Eastward lie the pretty town of Oakland, the university town of Berkeley, the coast range of mountains in the dim distance, and Monte del Diablo, looming up near by, as though unwilling that Tamalpais should shine without a rival. The name of this noble mountain, twelve hundred feet higher than Tamalpais, but less effective, as it does not rise immediately from the sea, recalls a tradition of its origin related by General VALLEJO. According to this distinguished and venerable pioneer, in 1806 a contest took place on the western base of this mountain between a military expedition from San Francisco and an Indian tribe called Bolgones. While both troops and Indians were encamped, an amazing figure, arrayed in extraordinary plumage, appeared on the side of the Bolgones, who, when victory crowned their efforts, departed up the mountain.

"'Tis an evil spirit," said the defeated soldiers, and straightway that great landmark became the devil's mountain, though California's Legislature has baptized it Contra Costa.

The scenery northwest of Tamalpais is dominated by Tomales Bay, that, like a long, slim, sinuous finger, pierces Marin County for fourteen miles. Still farther west, Point Reyes, with its light-house and siren, looks abruptly out to sea; while Drake's Bay, with its many inlets, blinks sleepily the year round, protected from wind and wave by the Point's high rocks. Nearer Tamalpais, and almost at its feet, lies Bolinas Bay, with its little town of fishermen and summer boarders.

Though Bolinas was settled in 1834, its first floor was laid in 1850—fourteen by twenty—to celebrate the wedding of MARIA BRIONES and FRANCISCO SERRIAN, at which friends danced to the music of violin and guitar. Early that bridal morning the happy pair mounted a single horse, rode twenty-five miles to the mission of San Rafael, and, kneeling at the altar, were made man and wife by good Father SANTILLA Returning as they came, these young people were received with great rejoicing, late in the afternoon, when barbecue and ball kept the guests busy until dawn. Times have changed since those days of sweet simplicity; yet human nature was even then the same, though "the old blacksmith" of Bolinas Bay emulated DIOGENES by living in a cask picked up on the beach. Rags and leaves served as the "blacksmith's" bed; but unlike DIOGENES, this Forty-niner went about with no lantern in search of an honest man. He navigated the bay on a raft propelled by a long pole, and wherever he went a cat and a pig followed, even swimming after him when left on shore. Barefooted, half naked, eating clams, fish, and game caught by himself, this weird "blacksmith" cared for naught but cat and pig and fire. Wherever he stopped, day or night, winter or summer, he built a great fire and sat by it. Then, when traders came to the settlement, the "blacksmith" betook himself from fire to fire-water, greatly to the grief of cat and pig and the inhabitants of Bolinas. Coming to the Point one day for his allowance of whiskey, the "blacksmith" found every door closed, and every human being away from home. Enraged at being thwarted in his object, the hermit wreaked his vengeance upon the innocent inhabitants by pouring out all the fresh water about the houses and replacing it with water from the bay. He even went so far as to bale out the one small spring and fill it with salt-water The suppers that night at Bolinas were mingled with strange anathemas. That product of the Forties now sleeps on the brow of a hill overlooking the bay in a smaller house than his old cask. In 1857, at the age of sixty, the "blacksmith" stared death in the face and then revealed the secret of his life. He had murdered his wife! Cat and pig and memory—what companions for a perturbed spirit! No wonder he sat by great fires to keep off the chill of his own conscience!

There's many a story to be told of every bit of scenery the eye scans from this wonderful summit of Tamalpais, the crowning glory of a county that owes its name to the old Indian chief MARIN, converted to Christianity by the Franciscans of San Rafael and who crossed the bay many a time and oft on his boat made of tules. He aided ARGUELLO in guiding the first raft of lumber safely across the bay from Corte de Madera, at the eastern base of Tamalpais; "and thereby hangs a tale." Very dilapidated was the presidio when, in 1822, LUIS ANTONIO ARGUELLO became Comandante. Lumber was necessary for repairs, so ARGUELLO sent soldiers to Corte de Madera by the way of San José, crossing the strait of Carquinez on rafts, and thence around by the way of Sonoma, Petaluma, and San Rafael —a distance of 120 miles—to the timber region, which by water was only twelve miles off. Man could march but timber could not, so ARGUELLO determined to build a launch for the purpose of necessary transportation. One carpenter only, an Englishman, happened to be in the country, to whom was confided the building of the first vessel in the bay, and after many trials and tribulations the small craft was launched, and turned to good account; but how dared the Comandante to build a vessel without consulting his imperious Excellency Governor SOLA? "It is insubordination!" exclaimed the infuriated SOLA. "There are smugglers on the coast—may not this suspicious craft be intended for the same vile purpose? Or why may it not aid the piratical Russians at Bodega in killing seals and otters? Seize the vessel," ordered SOLA, "and summon ARGUELLO to my presence at Monterey." Surprised, but without a murmur, the patriotic soldier mounted his horse and travelled night and day until he reached the capital, weary, bruised, and lame, as his horse had stumbled and thrown him badly.

With a naked sword for a cane, ARGUELLO hobbled before the Governor, whose temper was at boiling-point. How dared the Comandante to build a launch on his own responsibility? Because the houses of officers and soldiers were indecent, and all had agreed to help themselves as best they could without aid from the royal treasury Running to seize his staff, for the purpose of using it in castigation, Governor SOLA noted that ARGUELLO, who had been leaning upon his sword, assumed a firmer position.

"What do you mean by that movement?" quickly asked SOLA.

"I mean two things," replied ARGUELLO. "First, convenience; second, because as a soldier and a man of honor I will not allow myself to be beaten without defending myself."

For the first time the bully found his master. Gazing fixedly at ARGUELLO, the Governor put aside his cane, extended his hand, and going to his intended victim, said: "This is bearing worthy of a soldier and a man of honor. I solicit your friendship. Blows are only for the pusillanimous scamps who deserve them."

From that time forth SOLA and ARGUELLO were friends; but the launch, which had been brought to Monterey was found so useful that it never got back to the presidio, and ARGUELLO sighed in vain for his timber

From that day to this, Tamalpais has been a prey to the woodman's axe, yet still the mountain is densely wooded, and is rich in those wonderful "redwoods," own cousins to the Sequoias (Big Trees), and their superior in all but size. Limbs are more frequent, foliage is denser, and symmetry is more perfect. Containing a large amount of iron and no pitch, redwood resists the action of water without signs of decay for years It receives a beautiful finish, and can be made to resemble rosewood so closely as to deceive even experts. Shrinking less than pine in drying, it is specially valuable for the outside of houses when there is no pressure upon it. On the other hand, being extremely brittle, a two-inch redwood plank resting on the ends will not support the weight of an ordinary man. It splits quickly Not long ago the county jail at Redwood City, San Mateo County, was built wholly of this decisive wood, and, as a consequence, any prisoner armed with a penknife could quickly cut his way out of durance. When, on one occasion, several prisoners suddenly disappeared, it was stated by a San Francisco journal that the escape had been accomplished by means of a tablespoon and a tenpenny nail. "Not at all," wrote the jail-breakers from Livermore Pass, Alameda County, then a favorite resort for desperadoes. "One of us, in standing on one foot while drawing a boot off the other, slipped, and falling backward, went through the side of the building, landing on his head outside. Seeing what mischief had been done, and supposing we'd be charged for the same, we concluded that we'd 'vamose the ranch.' When the rainy season sets in and camping out becomes unpleasant, we'll return to jail, provided the county agrees to charge us nothing for repairs, and makes our quarters water-tight and comfortable."

Half-way down Tamalpais glitters lovely Lagunitas (little lake), that supplies San Rafael with the best water in California, and as we return to the valley, twelve miles away, with its villas and gardens, its vineyards and orchards, its numberless drives and rides, its mountain views and glimpses of the bay, I wonder why Americans cross the Atlantic for scenery and climate. Surrounded by hills, protected from the sharp air of the ocean by beneficent Tamalpais, San Rafael deserves to be called the Sanatorium of Central California. To her sun and evergreen slopes, her hospitality and beauty, I owe ten weeks of happiness and more than ten weeks of health.

KATE FIELD.

WAGNER'S "DAS RHEINGOLD."

IN *Das Rheingold*, which was brought forward for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera-house on January 4th, WAGNER came nearer than any dramatist has ever come to realizing the suggestions of the *Manager* to the *Poet* in the first prologue to GOETHE'S *Faust*. He has spared neither "pictures nor machines," made prodigal use of at least "the greater light of heaven," employed "water, fire, and rocky walls" without stint, and if he has not literally traversed the universe "from heaven, through the world to hell," has at least made a promenade from Walhalla through the Rhine to the sulphurous and cavernous depths of Nibelheim In producing the four dramas which constitute WAGNER'S tragedy, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, the management has proceeded in something like the order followed by WAGNER in writing them. Every student of WAGNER knows that the tetralogy grew backward. The poet had finished the drama now known as *Die Götterdämmerung* before the ambition rose within him to imitate the Greek poets and construct a trilogy out of the poetical material to be found in Scandinavian mythology and the great mediæval epic of Germany. *Siegfried's Death*, as the drama was called, knew nothing of the destruction of the old gods. That element was introduced when the scope of his plan was widened, and when in the widening process WAGNER got farther and farther away from the historical alloy, which in Germany had got mixed with the original metal, until he had put behind him every trace of the world of reality except that which is elemental. This he accomplished in *Das Rheingold*.

Its theatre is on, about, and in the earth, but its actors are in no wise related to humanity. they are the creatures whom we meet in the Eddas and Sagas of the North, the fabulous imaginings

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the Scandinavian minstrel and sagaman. Only their names have been transliterated. The effect of the emancipation of the tale from everything historical upon the mind of such an imaginative, fertile, and ingenious master of stage-craft as WAGNER can be imagined. The play is designed as the prologue to a tragedy of Hellenic proportions, dealing with one of the great problems of human existence. By pushing the action back to a period which places no fetters upon the fancy, WAGNER was enabled to present that problem free from all conventionalities of thought and feeling, and to appeal to the imagination of his public with all the adjuncts and paraphernalia of fairy-land. He does this so successfully as to make the *blasé* play-goer wish for the intellectual *naiveté* and high imagination of childhood, so that the enjoyment of the mimic miracles might be made perfect through faith. Alas, that prying reporters and artists should have found their way behind the scenes to tell us that the playful nixies are strapped in saddles, mounted on a frame-work and carriage, and that their motions are regulated by cranks manipulated by men who have had to study the score in order to know when and how to make Alberich's tormentors approach and elude him. Alas, too, that the same disillusionists should have insisted on showing us the rainbow from the rear, and exposing all the wires in fairy-land!

Critical judgment has denied the same measure of poetical and musical beauty to *Das Rheingold* that is possessed by the other dramas of the tetralogy; but for this there is compensation in its greater pictorial attractiveness. The most opulent scenes in such operas as *The Queen of Sheba*, *Ferdinand Cortez*, *The Prophet*, and *L'Africaine*, with all their glistening tinsel and pageantry, do not delight the eye half so much as the picture disclosed by the first parting of the curtain in *Das Rheingold*. By ingenious use of gauze screens, painted canvas, and light effects the stage is made to seem filled from floor to flies with water. Below is the rocky bed of the Rhine. Strange plants creep up the side, where gnarled roots project into the water. Above, a faint light plays over the rippling surface. Gradually the music of the introduction, which had begun with a single deep tone, becomes more animated; there is no change in the melody or harmony from beginning to end, but the addition of instruments with lighter and lighter tone-color, and the augmentation of the wavy accompaniment, suggest to the ear the growing light which the eye detects in the picture. Floating up and down, as if on the flux and reflux of the music, three nixies appear swimming around a jagged rock in the middle of the scene. They are the Rhinedaughters, whose duty it is to guard the magical gold. Careless creatures, they sing and gambol with each other; then, seeing the dwarf Alberich crawling among the rocks below, engage him in tormenting dalliance. Alberich has become enraged at his pretty tantalizers, when a ray of sunlight falls upon the gold, which lies in a cleft at the summit of the jagged rock, and now begins to glow. The increasing refulgence is seen and heard simultaneously, for as the new light floods the scene, orchestra and singers break out into a ravishing apostrophe to the gold. The secret of its power if wrought into a ring by one who has forsworn love is prattled away by the nixies. Alberich clambers up the rock, renounces love, and seizing the gold, plunges into the depths. Darkness shrouds the nixies, whose merry music runs out into gloomy plaints.

This description is not fanciful. All that is here told is done, and the pleasure which the eye derives from one of the loveliest stage illusions ever conceived is intensified by the beautiful music, which has a marvellous descriptive potency that almost makes the ear share the function of sight. In the second scene we are brought to the abode of the gods, or rather in its vicinity, and made a witness of the debate between the giants Fafnir and Fasolt on one side, and the celestial personages of the play on the other, for the possession of Freia. She is the Venus of the North, and (in WAGNER'S scheme) the guardian of the golden apples which rejuvenate the gods. She had been promised to the giants as a reward for the building of Walhalla, a magnificent castle which gleams in the sunlight on the opposite bank of the Rhine. As Odin had to pay a ransom for the killing of Otter in the Scandinavian tale, so now Wotan is asked to ransom Freia with the treasures that Alberich had heaped up in Nibelheim through the power of the ring. Wotan is as anxious as the giants to possess the ring, and when old age and decrepitude are threatened by the loss of Freia and her apples of gold, he and Loge descend to Nibelheim, bind Alberich, drag him to the surface, and compel him to buy his liberty with the Nibelung hoard and magic ring. In the caverns of Nibelheim the rocks glow with the reflection of forge fires, and the clang of hammers falling upon anvils fills the ear; for the Nibelungs are workers in metals. Under the walls of Walhalla the gods compel Alberich to ransom himself, and Wotan robs him of the ring. The dwarf burdens it with a curse, thus introducing into the drama the evil principle which accomplishes the destruction of all its heroes till restitution is made and expiation accomplished by the death of Siegfried and the immolation of Brünnhilde. The ring goes to the giants as part of Freia's ransom, and the strife between gods, giants, dwarfs, and demi-gods for its possession having been begun, the gods enter Walhalla, crossing the Rhine on a rainbow bridge (the *Bifröst* of the Eddas) which Donner builds by reason of his dominion over the storm elements. Loge lingers in doubt for a while. As the god of fire and the restless representative of the destructive principle, he has pervaded every scene except the first, his red cloak fluttering, eyes, hands, feet, body moving synchronously with a fitful chromatic phrase that crackles and flashes and flickers through the orchestra whenever he takes part in the action. As for the other gods, they present themselves to the spectators in picturesque robes and ornaments copied from the oldest relics of Scandinavian antiquity. The defects in the Metropolitan representations, judged by the standard set by Baireuth, Vienna, Munich, or Dresden, are exceedingly few, and mostly in the mechanical department, and due to structural defects in the stage.

H. E. KREHBIEL.



ON September 18, 1875, at the Lyceum Theatre in London, HENRY IRVING appeared as Macbeth for the first time. He had not yet assumed the management of that theatre, but he had gained his great success there in Hamlet, having played that part for two hundred consecutive nights, and he was in the flood-tide of public favor; so that whatever he might do was sure to be regarded with respect and interest. He acted Macbeth for eighty nights, and he revived it for six weeks on December 16, 1876. Since then he has left it untouched, until now he once more brings it forward at the Lyceum, presenting it with such magnificence of environment as certainly never was lavished on it before. The new revival was accomplished on December 29, 1888. Macbeth is played by IRVING; Lady Macbeth by ELLEN TERRY.

No actor troubles the waters so much as HENRY IRVING does. The strength of his character, the originality of his mind, the resolute persistency of his purpose, the charm of his temperament, and the great vitality of his conduct unite to make him an extraordinary figure and a potent force in the world of art and in the cultured circles of society. His appearance in any character is a signal for division of opinion. His appearance as Macbeth started a critical controversy, which now bursts forth afresh. His advocates hail the embodiment as a conspicuous illustration of the beauty and felicity of method with which he invests an ideal creation with the attributes of humanity, and thus interprets the Shakespearian original, not as a poetic abstraction or a stage figure, but as an actual, possible, and comprehensible human being. His assailants, on the contrary, while they concede that his acting is at times magnificent, declare that he has misunderstood the drift of the tragedy, and that the ideal of Macbeth presented by him is absolutely false. The historical accuracy of scenes and dresses, the copious variety of embellishment, the felicitous adjuncts, and in general the weird splendor with which he has produced the tragedy are admitted on every hand, and are not only admitted, but warmly extolled. Mr. MARGETSON'S drawings, which appear with this paper, partially indicate the magnificence of the revival. The stairway above delineated is composed of massive stone steps.

Mr. IRVING, it would appear, apprehends Macbeth from a point of view that no other actor or student of the part has taken. He insists that a man capable of such damnable treachery and such horrible crimes can never have had any good in him; that Macbeth is radically wicked. He perceives that Macbeth suffers from remorse, or from something like it, but he perceives that this suffering precedes as well as follows the murder of Duncan, and therefore, and for other reasons, he concludes that the sensibility of Macbeth is not moral, but poetical, meaning thereby that it is unreal. According to this view the real Macbeth is to be sought, not in his words, but exclusively in his deeds. He intends from the first to murder the King, to murder the Prince of Cumberland, to murder Banquo, to murder anybody and everybody who stands between his ambition and the Scottish throne. It was he who first conceived the plan of killing Duncan, and broke that enterprise to his wife by letters—not by any means a new doctrine. Once entered on his career of assassin and butcher, he stops at nothing. He is wading in blood, and it were as tedious to turn back as to proceed. He will slaughter even the little children of his adversary—"his wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls that trace him in his line." Yet all the while he is in misery, because all the while his fine poetic intuition, his imaginative grasp of life and of its mysterious and sublime environments, make him acutely aware of the enormity of his conduct, the consequences, both horrible and pathetic, of his dastardly deeds, "the pity of it," and the utter emptiness of all that he has gained. In other words, Macbeth is a ruffian who halts at no crime for the accomplishment of his purpose, but who is continually avenged upon himself through the excess of his poetic sensibility. Another man would suffer through conscience; Macbeth suffers through imagination. This seems to be—in part, at least, and as nearly as can be determined from report, and not from vision—Mr. IRVING'S position. He cannot accept the old doctrine of Macbeth's original virtue and inherent nobleness, because to him it seems preposterous and incredible that a virtuous and noble person should steal upon his sleeping guest at a midnight hour and stab him to death in his bed. But in practical effect as to the performance of the part it would not appear to make any difference whether Macbeth suffers from the stings of conscience or the stings of imagination, so that he suffers. The probability is that Mr. IRVING is in fact acting Macbeth in a spirit of subtle sympathy with the poetry of SHAKESPEARE'S conception, albeit with some deficiency of robust and massive physique, and with some excess of metaphysical analysis, and that the commotion that has been created by his performance among critics of the drama is due in a far greater degree to what he has said or caused to be said about Macbeth than to anything that he has done in playing it. He would be apt to disappoint the conventional view of Macbeth, which insists on his being a Hercules; but if, as his censors allege, his Macbeth is almost effeminate in his lack of moral courage and in his frequent moments of terror-stricken collapse, there is no reason to suppose that he disappoints those who are true judges of the dramatic art. A performance as it is may differ very widely from a performance as it seems to be in the hair-splitting analysis of an ideal on paper. Mrs. SIDDONS was great in Lady Macbeth, but her essay on the character is not deemed indicative of her greatness in it. The figure of IRVING'S Macbeth in his gold armor must be a thrilling presence, and his desperate fight at the last is said to be a tremendous spectacle of delirious valor.



ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH.



HENRY IRVING AS MACBETH.



ACT II., SCENE I.

With the old theory of Macbeth most readers are familiar. He is, at the outset, a heroic soldier, "Bellona's bridegroom," "worthy Macbeth." But there is a germ of evil in him, and the forces of evil that have ruled the world—embodied and indicated by the three witches—are enabled to obtain possession of him: "Something wicked this way comes." Both Macbeth and his wife are dominated by fiends. Both are wicked, but the man is weaker in his wickedness than the woman, because prescient, imaginative, and even tender, and therefore he is the more ruthless and bloody. Remorse and fear, reacting on a courageous nature, drive it into an insane fury, and that is mostly the condition of Macbeth. The pathos of the tragedy arises from the utter inability of these doomed creatures to escape their terrible destiny of evil. Their loneliness upon the barren eminence of sin to which they have mounted almost breaks the heart to witness. Nothing in literature is more touching than the cold and solitary anguish of these two ravaged figures standing together in the deserted and silent banquet-room after the scene of Banquo's ghost. When Macbeth and his Queen are acted in the spirit indicated by these views, the tragedy is made no less significant to the heart than impressive to the imagination. That great actress CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN declared that Macbeth is the great-grandfather of all the Bowery ruffians; but that is a mistake. He loses all grandeur and all sympathy, and furthermore all interest, when he is presented in that guise.

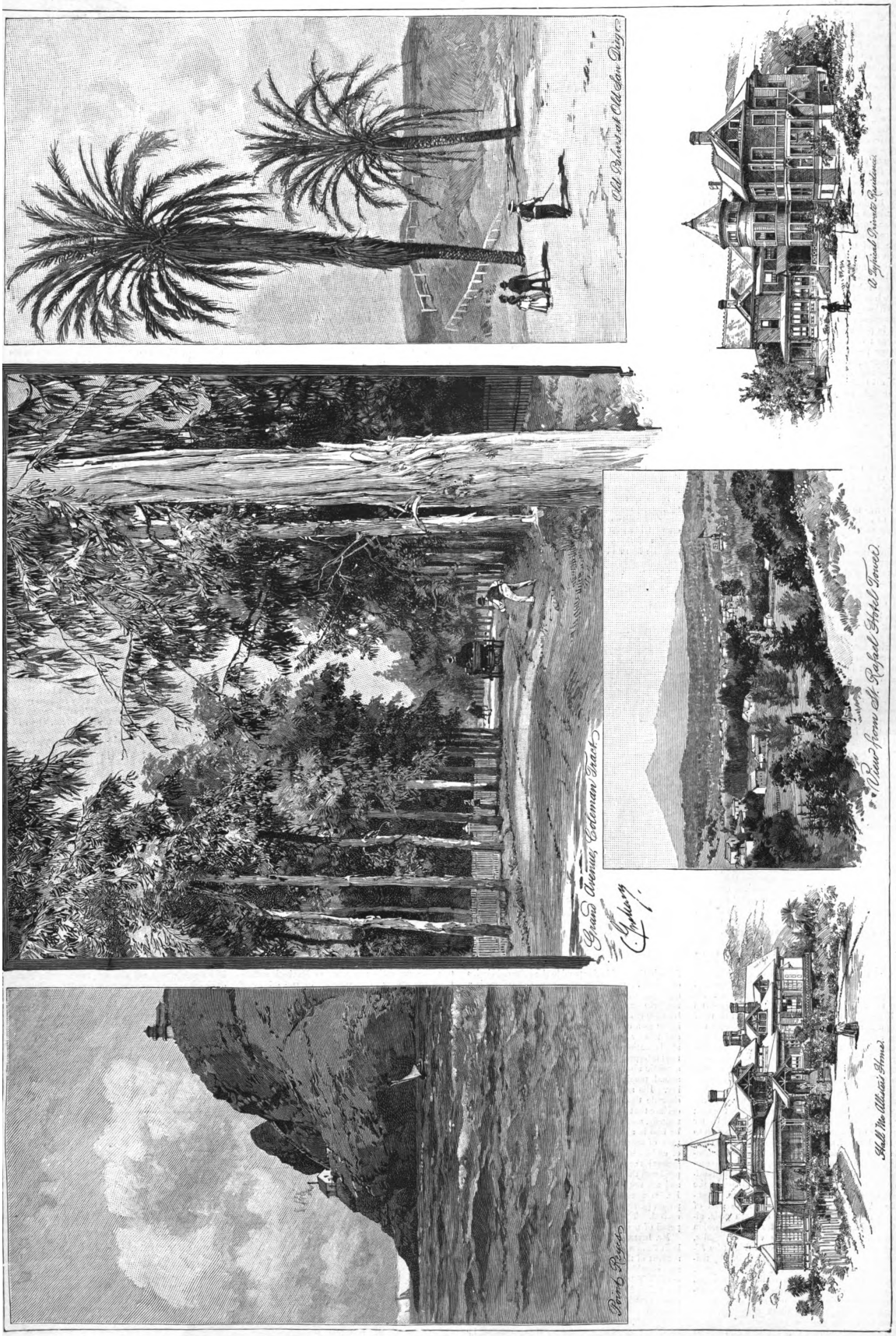
There was great curiosity about ELLEN TERRY as Lady Macbeth, and much the same thing is said of it that is said of its companion performance: the acting is superb, the ideal incorrect. Those actors who grasp a character by intuition are always better, however, than those who think their way to it, and ELLEN TERRY was always strong in her intuitions. The ideal of Lady Macbeth that she would naturally form would be that of the fragile, fascinating woman, not the masculine termagant. Mrs. SIDDONS thought that Lady Macbeth should be slender and delicate, full of fire and spirit, but exquisitely feminine. It is certain that Macbeth loves her. A really minute, profound, and truthful exposition of this aspect of the matter has never been given upon the stage—unless it is given now—and it would be of great interest. SHAKESPEARE, we may be very sure, did not leave it out of his scheme. No man is any longer a mystery when you know the woman who is in his heart. ELLEN TERRY seems to have made Lady Macbeth a ruler of her husband through his love for her, and not through her superior force of character or her insensibility to danger, horror, or sin. And she has evidently depicted with heart-breaking fidelity to nature the hopeless remorse—which is not contrition—the desolate blank of silent, corroding misery, with no possibility of repentance or relief, and no fear of the future, because nothing can be more terrible and afflicting than the present, under which the frail body of the Queen weakens, till at last, "by self and violent hands," she puts a period to her mortal woe and sleeps forever.

WILLIAM WINTER.



ACT V. SCENE VII.—"Of all men else I have avoided thee."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SAN RAFAEL AND THE GOLDEN GATE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 70.]

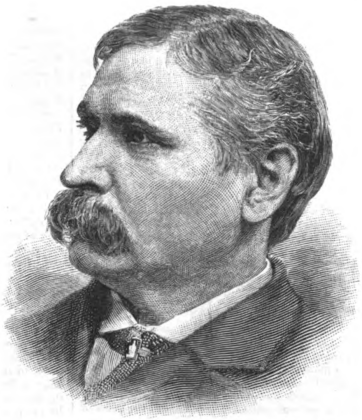
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



UNITED STATES SENATOR MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 74.]



JOHN WANAMAKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.—From a Photograph by W. C. Taylor & Co., Philadelphia.



COLONEL WILLIAM WADE DUDLEY, EX-COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.—[See Page 74.]

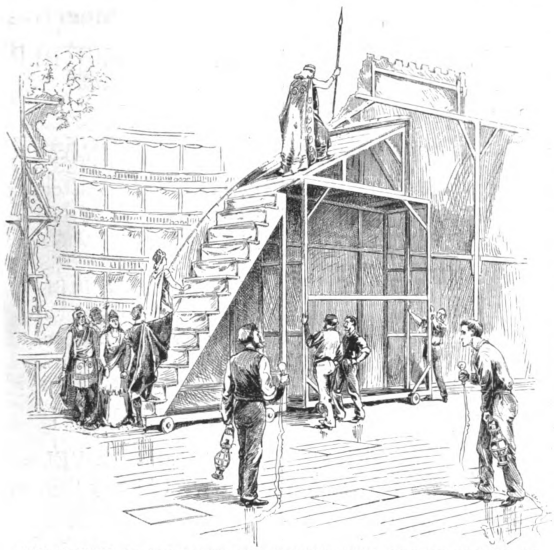
JOHN WANAMAKER.

Since the election of last November a number of men have been brought into national prominence in one way or other who theretofore laid claim to little more than local reputation and influence. Foremost among these is Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, whose availability for the position of Postmaster-General has been discussed with rather more than usual interest by persons of all shades of political belief.

Although the most widely known inhabitant of Philadelphia, Mr. Wanamaker as a man is practically a stranger to the country. It is as a name, as a general store, in fact, that he has become noted, not only to shoppers and business men in Philadelphia, but also to readers of newspaper advertisements elsewhere. In some respects Mr. Wanamaker is the most remarkable merchant in America. He has built up in a few years what is claimed to be the largest retail store in this country, and the third largest in the world. Like many men whose lives are records of brilliant achievements, Mr. Wanamaker's origin was commonplace, if not actually humble. He was born in historic old Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1838. His father owned a small brick-yard, in which, when a schoolboy, he was wont to earn two cents of a summer morning by turning five hundred bricks before setting out for school. Later in his boyhood he worked in a book-store for $1 25 a week, to do which he was compelled to walk four miles each morning and evening. When Chambersburg offered no satisfying opportunities for his ambition, young Wanamaker bade farewell to his parents and his four brothers, and walked to Philadelphia, where he found employment as a clerk in a clothing store known as Tower Hall. Subsequently he became secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at a salary of $1000 a year. In 1861 he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, and, assisted by his wife's father, began business in the clothing line at Sixth and Market streets. The firm, which was known as Wanamaker & Brown, had alternating periods of prosperity and failure; but in the course of a few years it secured a solid foot-hold. In this business Mr. Wanamaker showed himself to be a remarkably shrewd and original advertiser. It is to his liberal and persistent advertising that he owes most of his success as a merchant.

After Evangelist Moody closed a series of revival meetings in an old railway freight station at Thirteenth and Market streets in the winter of 1876, Mr. Wanamaker bought the place and sold clothing in it. He called it the "Grand Depot." This was the beginning of his huge general store, in which forty-seven different branches of business are now carried on. Mr. Wanamaker did not confine himself to the sale of clothing in the new place, but sold almost everything that a customer wanted to buy. By purchasing advantageously and selling at a small profit he soon secured a large trade, with the result that many smaller dealers in various lines were obliged to give up business. As fast as these men went into bankruptcy they either removed from the city or engaged themselves to Mr. Wanamaker as clerks. One bankrupt merchant, who before the growth of the "Grand Depot" set in did an annual business of $200,000, is now a floor-walker for Wanamaker, it is said, at a salary of $25 a week.

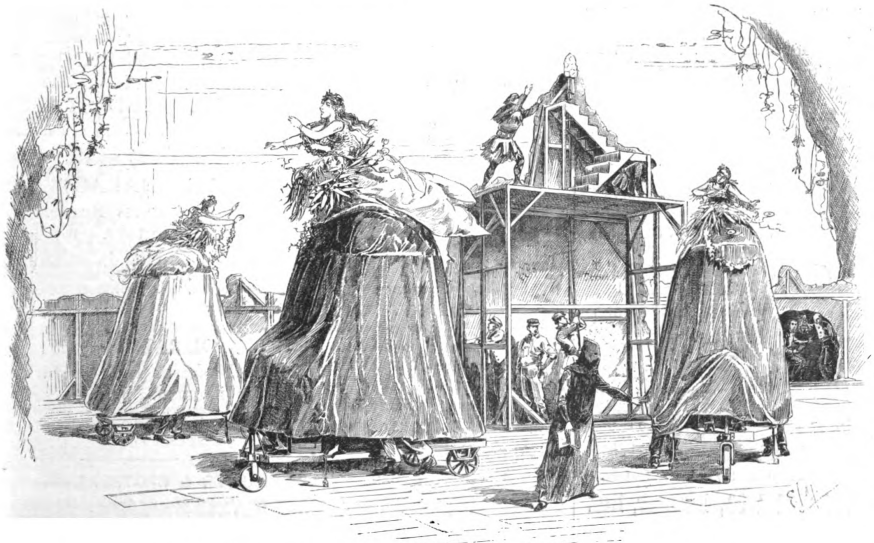
Although Mr. Wanamaker may be seen at his store at almost any hour from 7.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M., he yet finds plenty of time in which to supervise the affairs of the Bethany Sunday-school, which he established in a small shop at Twelfth



THE MAKE-UP OF THE CASTLE AND RAINBOW SCENE OF "DAS RHEINGOLD." Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 70.]



HON. ANTHONY HIGGINS, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.—From a Photo. by Ludovici.—[See Page 67.]



SCENE I. OF "DAS RHEINGOLD" FROM BEHIND.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 70.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and Bainbridge streets about thirty years ago. It now has something like 2500 attendants. A church, a college, a young men's literary society, and several benevolent and missionary organizations are connected with it. Mr. WANAMAKER has not developed this missionary movement to the exclusion of everything else, but has given many thousands of dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association and other worthy objects.

In his personal habits Mr. WANAMAKER is quite Puritanical, inasmuch as he never uses liquor or tobacco in any form, never goes to the theatre, never attends a horse-race or sporting contest. His only relaxation is the management of his Sunday-school. He has a city house in Walnut Street, a country place at Jenkintown, and a seaside cottage at Cape May Point. Two years ago Mr. WANAMAKER attracted some attention by purchasing MUNKACSY'S painting, "Christ Before Pilate," for a large sum of money.

WILLIAM WADE DUDLEY.

FOR some months past the name of Colonel DUDLEY has been one of the most widely known in these United States. By some he is regarded as a man of rich intellectual resource—a daring, accomplished, and skilful politician. By others he is regarded as the incarnation of political intrigue—a representative specimen of the class of men who bring discredit upon American politics.

In another place in this week's issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY we give a picture of this much-discussed individual. WILLIAM WADE DUDLEY'S life has been an active one. He was born at Weathersfield, Windsor County, Vermont, August 27, 1842. He is thus in the prime of life, having only advanced a few months beyond his forty-seventh birthday. Prior to entering Yale College he was educated first at Philips Academy, Vermont, and afterward at Russel's Collegiate and Commercial Academy, New Haven, Connecticut. Circumstances led him to Richmond, Indiana, in 1860, and we find him for a short time engaged in the business of milling. When the war broke out in 1861 he raised a company, and entered the Union army as Captain. He served with gallantry through the war, rising to the rank of Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General. From 1866 to 1870 he was Clerk of the Circuit Court of Wayne County. Having given himself to the study of law, he was admitted to the bar in 1875. Whether his patience was not equal to the requirements of the new situation does not appear, but we soon find him occupying the more lucrative post of cashier of the Richmond (Indiana) Savings-bank. In 1879 he was appointed United States Marshal for Indiana, and in 1881, on June 17th, he was appointed Commissioner of the Pension Bureau at Washington. He had done some good service to his party, and this was his reward.

As Pension Commissioner Colonel DUDLEY had trouble from the moment he entered the office. He was the object of incessant attack, and became tired of his office, resigning November 16, 1882. The experience acquired in the Pension Bureau, however, was not lost upon him; and having returned to the practice of law, he found and continues to find profitable occupation in the prosecution of pension claims. Of pronounced Republican tendencies, he was chosen, July 17, 1888, Treasurer of the National Republican Committee. In this capacity he was brought into painful prominence by a letter which he is alleged to have written, offering instruction to the Republican election managers in Indiana. The various points in the famous "floaters-in-five" letter are so well and so generally known that it is not necessary to repeat them here. This letter has given Colonel DUDLEY a world of trouble. Toward the close of the year he was, under the provisions of Section 5511 of the Revised Statutes, charged with bribery, and it was believed by his enemies that Colonel DUDLEY would obtain some special experience of the State-prison. The charge, however, has fallen through, the Grand Jury, acting under the direction of Judge Woods of the United States Circuit Court, having found themselves unable to formulate an indictment.

MATTHEW S. QUAY.

AS a master in the practical management of American politics no man of our day has become more widely known than MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and Chairman of the National Republican Committee during the late Presidential canvass which resulted in the success of General HARRISON. Born September 30, 1833, at Dillsburg, a small post borough of York County, Pennsylvania, about fifteen miles southwest of Harrisburg, the State capital, he was still young when his father, a Presbyterian clergyman, removed with his family to Beaver County. The lad was placed in the Beaver and Indiana academies, where he prepared for Jefferson College, in his native State. On graduating there, in 1850, Mr. QUAY chose the law as his profession, and began his studies for that purpose at Pittsburgh. Before practising, however, he made a journey to the Southwestern States, and there taught school to pay his expenses. On his return he resumed his legal studies, was admitted to the Beaver County bar in 1854, and was appointed Prothonotary of the county the next year. The year following he was elected to the same office, and he was re-elected in 1859.

When the war for the Union broke out, Mr. QUAY resigned his office, and was made a Lieutenant in the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves. The organizing and administrative abilities which in later years made him so famous in politics were already sufficiently marked to cause him to be retained by Governor CURTIN at Harrisburg, the State capital, for work in the military staff departments. He served as Assistant Commissary-General of the State, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was the Military Agent of Pennsylvania at Washington, besides being Chief of Transportation and Telegraphs, with the rank of Major. He also became Military Secretary to Governor CURTIN when that office was created by the Legislature. In the midst of this service at Harrisburg Governor CURTIN gave him, in August, 1862, the commission of Colonel of the 134th Pennsylvania, a nine-months' regiment, but he resigned in the following December. During three successive years also—1864, 1865, and 1866—Colonel QUAY was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

In 1869 he founded a newspaper at Beaver called the *Radical*, and continued some time as its editor. The next public office he filled was that of Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which he held continuously for about ten years—from 1873 to 1882 inclusive—with the exception of a short break in 1878, when he resigned in order to accept the appointment of Recorder of the city of Philadelphia, which, however, he gave up the following year to return to the Secretaryship. During this prolonged period he built up a reputation which spread far beyond the boundaries of his State. He was delegate at large to the Republican National Convention of 1872, 1876, and 1880, besides being Chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1878 and 1879. In 1885 at the general State election he was the Republican candidate for State Treasurer, and polled the largest vote ever given to a candidate for that office. In January, 1887, he was elected to the United States Senate, to succeed JOHN I. MITCHELL, from the following 4th of March. Senator QUAY entered upon the recent Presidential canvass as head of the Republican National Committee after a quarter of a century of constant connection with the inner workings of State and national politics. He is a little over fifty-five years, and has more than four years of his term of Senator before him.

UNDESERVEDLY LAUGHED AT.

THE unthinking are prone to make game of nervousness. Yet this is a very real and serious affliction, the harassing symptoms of which are rendered all the more poignant by ridicule. The stomach is usually responsible for these symptoms—its weakness and disorder find a reflex in the brain, which is the headquarters of the nervous system. As a nerve tonic and tranquillizer, we believe that not one can be pointed out so effective as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. In renewing vigorous digestion, it strikes the keynote of recovery of strength and quietude by the nerves. Headaches, tremors in quiet sleep, abnormal sensitiveness to unexpected noises—all these modify and ultimately disappear as the system gains strength from the great tonic. Dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, constipation, and kidney complaints are subdued by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

WE recommend the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ACHING Sides AND Back

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pain, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Weakening Pains, **relieved in one minute** by the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster**, the first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster, 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Scott's EMULSION
of Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.



So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.
Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.
ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

Darlington, Runk & Co.
FRENCH AND SCOTCH
COTTON DRESS FABRICS,
Highest Quality French Sateens,
Superior Quality Scotch Zephyrs,
In entirely new Designs and Combination of colors, confined exclusively to our firm, enabling us to offer our customers many goods that it is not possible for them to obtain elsewhere, in addition to the largest stock ever shown at retail.
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

"Best Thing of its Kind."

I am the happy owner of a set of your Franklin Square Song Collection, and I assure you we would be entirely lost at our house without it. . . . It is, I am bound to say, the best thing of its kind ever published.
— Frank Appel, 507 E. 81st St., New York.

Five Numbers, each containing 200 Songs and Hymns on 184 pages—making 1000 in all—have thus far been issued. Prices, post-paid to any address: Paper, 50 cts. each; Boards, 60 cts.; Cloth, $1.00; or the First Four Numbers handsomely bound together in One Volume (Cloth) for $3.00. Send Postal Card for full contents. Sold by all Booksellers, at the Music Stores or News Stands, or may be ordered by mail direct from the Publishers. Address Harper & Brothers, New York.

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.



ALL WINTER MODELS
At less than half price.

SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Gowns, Coats, & Hats
on exhibition about Feb. 20th.
210 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have Just Published:

I.
LATIN DICTIONARY FOR SCHOOLS.
A LATIN DICTIONARY FOR SCHOOLS. By CHARLTON T. LEWIS, PH.D., Editor of "Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary." pp. xii., 1192. Large 8vo, Cloth, $5.50; Sheep, $6.00.

II.
SCIENCE IN BIBLE LANDS.
By Sir J. W. Dawson.
MODERN SCIENCE IN BIBLE LANDS. By Sir J. WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D. F.R.S., F.G.S., Etc. With Maps and Illustrations. pp. xvi., 606. 12mo, Cloth, $2.00.

III.
BESANT'S NOVELS.
Illustrated Library Edition.
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. Richly Illustrated. pp. vi., 384. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.
UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE.
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.—THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

IV.
THE GOVERNMENT of THE UNITED STATES.
By W. J. COCKER, A.M. pp. x., 274. 12mo, Cloth, 72 cents.

V.
BIBLE CHARACTERS.
By Charles Reade.
BIBLE CHARACTERS. By CHARLES READE, D.C.L., Author of "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "A Woman-Hater," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," "Peg Woffington," etc. pp. iv., 106. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

VI.
OUR ENGLISH.
By Professor Hill of Harvard.
OUR ENGLISH. By ADAMS SHERMAN HILL, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University. pp. viii., 246. 16mo, Cloth, $1.00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"IT IS BETTER TO RECEIVE THAN TO GIVE."

JUDGE (*to Defendant*). "You take in washing for a living?"

IRATE AND INJURED PLAINTIFF (*interrupting*). "Yer right, Mars Jedge! dat's de way thing. She tek hit in fur fack; but she doan nev' gie it out no mo'."



NO OCCASION FOR ALARM.

"Arrah, an' if dat's de wholesale way dey hang men up to de tilegraph poles in Imirika, oi'll be afther betakin' mesilf back to ould Oirland."

Only some brush artists embellishing the poles.

MODEL WAY OF CURING A COLD.

A. A. Averill writes from Salem, Essex Co., Mass., Feb. 11, 1886:

"About ten days ago I took a severe cold, which settled in my chest and back and caused me much suffering. I immediately procured three ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS; two I applied to my chest, and one to my back. In a few hours my pains sensibly abated, and in three days I was entirely well. I take great pleasure in recommending ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

ESTABLISHED 1801.



Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.

The Oldest and the Best.

Has almost a miraculous effect on the scalp, destroying scurf and dandruff, and causing a splendid crop of Hair to spring up and flourish where before all was barren.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.



$5 TO $10 A DAY! AGENTS WANTED!

CIRCULARS FREE.

1000 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders GIVEN AWAY to introduce them. Every horse owner buys from 1 to 6. Lines never under horse's feet. Send 25 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickle Plated Sample that sells for 65 cents. Address

BREWSTER MFG. CO., Holly, Mich.

THE DIAL COIN TESTER



ABSOLUTELY CORRECT

The best Coin Tester in the world for all Coins, Gold and Silver. Nickel plated. Sample by mail, $1.50 postage paid.

10,000 in Use.

Send for descriptive Circular. S.D. STEWART & CO., AKRON, OHIO.



For Sale—INDIAN RELICS Minerals, Fossils, Sea Shells, Old Arms, Confederate and State Bank Notes, Autographs, Stamps, Curiosities, etc. Illustrated Catalogue, 6 cents post-paid. R.W. Mercer, 147 Cent. Ave. Cincinnati, O.

Arnold Constable & Co

INDIA PONGEES.

CORAHS.

Unrivalled for Durability & Wear.

Very new and handsome designs will be offered this week in SPRING STYLES.

Broadway & 19th st.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.



HARPER'S WAR VOLUMES

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers, 185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**



INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING, AND BEAUtifying the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

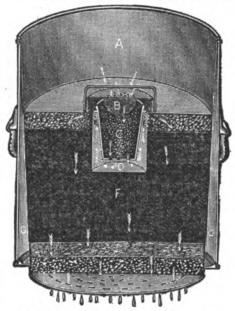
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepaid by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache, and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

Jewett's New Water Filter.



A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.



Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

HIGHAM BAND INSTRUMENTS



Conceded by the greatest artists to be unequaled on either Hemisphere. Factory founded 1842 at Manchester, England. Catalogue free. LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Sole Agts. for the U.S.

WRITING PAPERS by the POUND. Nearly double the quantity than by the quire, for same money. Send stamp for samples and price-list. WM. H. HOSKINS CO., 927 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA.

ENGRAVED VISITING PLATE and 50 CARDS, $1.00. Wedding Invitations.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY.

Dakota.
By P. F. MCCLURE. Maps and Illustrations;

Norway and its People.
By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. First Paper. Fourteen Illustrations by T. DE THULSTRUP and H. W. RANGER;

Jupiter Lights. A Novel.
By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Part II.;

The Work of John Ruskin.
By DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN. With Frontispiece Portrait of John Ruskin;

A Russian Village.
By VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN. An Artist's Sketch. Illustrations Drawn by VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN;

To Whom this may Come.
By EDWARD BELLAMY. A Short Story;

The Hôtel Drouot.
By THEODORE CHILD. Fifteen Illustrations;

Nepaul the Land of the Goorkhas.
By HENRY BALLANTINE. Fifteen Illustrations;

Bulb Gardens In-doors.
By JOHN HABBERTON. Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON;

The Training of Children's Voices in Public Schools.
By EMILIE CHRISTINA CURTIS;

Poetry:
THE WAY. By ANNIE FIELDS;
SCOTCH SONGS. By AMÉLIE RIVES;
SINGING FLAME. By COATES KINNEY;
A FRIEND. By ANNIE KENT;

Editor's Easy Chair.
By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor's Study.
By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Banjovialities.
By GEORGE DU MAURIER. Full-page Illustration.

Literary Notes. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE...	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of nearly four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents in postage stamps.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A SUGGESTION.

(*Time. — During a rest.*)

DAUBINS. "Find it pretty hard standing on your head, don't you?"

MODEL. "Yes, sah. Say, wouldn't it be jes ez good fo' yo' to paint me stan'in' on my feet, an' den tu'n de picter ober when yo' gits it done?"

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER,

they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them)

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

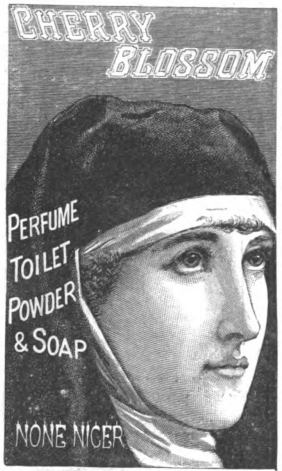
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

THE GREAT ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP.

Pears' Soap

Recommended by the President of the College of Surgeons of England,

Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI writes:

I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion.

Adelina Patti

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

TRADE E&W MARK EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD.

DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD

Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, selfadjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N. Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.





"The Oxford"

Five o'clock Tea Stands are very fashionable just now. The ladies use them to pour their own tea, and the gentlemen find them useful later in the evening—but not for tea.

Kettle of polished brass SILVER-LINED (holds 1½ pints) with brass tray and lamp, sent by express, prepaid, for $2.50.

290 Pearl Street, N. Y., Near Beekman.

PALMER MFG. CO.,



Look all around among the Retailers,

then write to C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT, which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



Ely's Cream Balm Gives relief at once for

COLD in HEAD.

—| CURES |—

CATARRH.

Not a Liquid or Snuff.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO., 59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world. Collection in all foreign countries.

The finest Meat-Flavoring Stock. USE IT FOR SOUPS, Beef Tea, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

Liebig TRADE MARK

EXTRACT of MEAT

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists. LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Lt'd, London.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS Apollinaris QUOD UBIQUE

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE "FOREIGN ELEMENT" IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

III.—THE FRENCH.*

"FRENCH COLONY" in New York is small in numbers, and its members are so scattered over the city as to make that favorite term of the Frenchmen seem misleading. For there is no part of the city where any great number of Frenchmen reside, unless it be the vicinity of Bleecker Street and South Fifth Avenue. In that neighborhood a considerable number of small merchants, artisans, and working-men are located, but the majority of the Frenchmen in New York (say 10,000 in round numbers) will be found in all parts of the city. And of the Frenchmen that are here one-half are Alsacians by birth. In 1886, 73,000 Germans immigrated to this port, while only 5,000 Frenchmen came here. The number of Frenchmen in New York may be small, but they are an interesting body of people, and an account of their more important enterprises is worthy of recital.

According to the French Directory they follow about two hundred vocations. The employments having the largest number of followers are confectioners, laundresses, bakers, shoemakers, and mantua-makers. There are sixteen lawyers, three architects, many dealers in wines and liquors, keepers of restaurants, druggists, and makers of artificial flowers. It will be interesting for Frenchmen to know what their countrymen did in the early days of New York. According to Professor MARQUAND, of Princeton College, on the list of Freemen preserved in the City Hall, New York, the occupations or trades are recorded from the year 1695. During the fifty years extending from 1695–1745 two hundred and fifty



VICOMTE PAUL D'ABZAC, FRENCH CONSUL-GENERAL AT NEW YORK.

Frenchmen were made Freemen of the city. Their occupations are distributed as follows: merchants, 31; coopers, 20; mariners, 17; carpenters or joiners, 17; victuallers, 10; goldsmiths and silversmiths, 10; tailors, 7; carmen, 7; tallow-chandlers, 6; bricklayers, 5; school-masters, shopkeepers, masons, sail-makers, yeomen, and blacksmiths, 4 each; ship-carpenters, bakers, weavers, laborers, periwig-makers, 3 each; surgeons, butchers, curriers, distillers, 2 each; barber, tobacconist, gunsmith, comb-maker, block-maker, wheelwright, bell-monger, miller, bolter, confectioner, apothecary, fisherman, farmer, jeweller, dyer, founder, brazier, tinsmith, 1 each. From this it appears that commerce and the trades directly subservient to it absorbed the industries of the French in New York during this period. For this reason many of the skilled artisans who came from France to New York found themselves obliged to change their callings. The gold and silver smiths constituted the only class of such workmen who could continue in this country the same trade which they had followed in the Old World.

At the present time in large commercial interests the Frenchmen are but poorly represented. The Germans have taken from them the silk trade which was once theirs. Frenchmen could not compete with the Germans, and though a few made money they have returned to France. The few small houses that remain do not have the position that the old ones had. The wine trade is not much better, the Germans having monopolized that business, leaving not more than six houses wholly composed of Frenchmen. The leading dress-makers were once French, now they are Irish. Years ago many French women made money in this business, but they have gone back to France. The confectionery trade has gone into the hands of the Americans, and they are very successful. The Crédit Lyonnais of Paris and London some time ago started a banking-house in the Equitable Building, with $75,000,000 capital. They remained but a year or two, finding that the enterprise did not pay. They are now represented by MORTON, BLISS, & Co.

Speaking of the industries of the French, the recent invention of a Frenchman is worthy of mention. The French Consul has in his parlor a huge decorative piece composed of flowers which are apparently carved with most exquisite delicacy in bronze. The smallest leaves and petals, the most delicate veinings, are preserved with infinite exactitude. It would seem as if the piece represented years of patient work. In reality it was produced in a few hours and at very small expense by a new process of plating, the invention of a Frenchman. Each bronze flower and leaf encloses the original, upon which the metal has been deposited by electric action; and it is affirmed that the roses so incased retain indefinitely their perfume, and even in their deepest interiors their natural colors. The same process is applied in the making of silver flies, beetles, and other insects, and even in the coating of lizards



JOSEPH THORON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE DE BIENFAISANCE.

and small snakes for the ornamentation of parasol handles and cane heads. The dead insect is hermetically sealed up in its metal coat, and, it is said, will never decay, at least until the metal is worn through; and as the deposit may be put on as thick as is deemed advisable, they may be made to last as long as people's liking for them as a novelty endures. The fidelity to nature in these reproductions is wonderful.

The Frenchman emigrates with reluctance. As a rule, he cannot speak English, and he finds the language very difficult to learn. Thus it happens that at the very outset he is put at a disadvantage, and finds it hard to fight his way in business life. Then, again, Frenchmen are of a sanguine temperament; if their hopes do not show promise of early realization they quickly become discouraged; they drift into some humble employment where they can simply make their living, or return to France. On the other hand, if they are successful in business, as soon as they are assured of even a small revenue, they hie themselves back to their native country. A Frenchman can never be thoroughly happy in any country but his own.

The history of French Protestantism on Manhattan Island is very interesting. Long before 1688 the French element had become quite an important factor in the province, and services in the French language were occasionally held. Four years later a Huguenot church was established, in which services were held until 1804. There were various Huguenot settlements made in America, that of New York being the first in importance. In a letter written in 1628 by the Rev. JONAS MICHAËLIUS, the first Dutch minister of New Amsterdam, he speaks of the French and Walloons (who belonged to the same general race) as worshipping with the Dutch, though they had an imperfect knowledge of the language. "Some of them," remarks the reverend gentleman, "live far away and could not come on account of the heavy rains and storms, so that it was neither advisable nor was it possible to



HENRY P. SAMPERS, OF THE "COURRIER DES ÉTATS-UNIS."

appoint any special service for so small a number with so much uncertainty. Nevertheless, the Lord's Supper was administered to them in the French language and according to the French mode, with a preceding discourse, which I had before me in writing, as I could not trust myself extemporaneously."

The French, therefore, must thank a Dutchman for starting religious services in their own language on the island of Manhattan. The example of Mr. MICHAËLIUS in preaching the Gospel to the French in the language of their country was followed by some of his successors, until finally the French established a church of their own. Owing to the religious troubles in France, immigration increased very rapidly. The number of refugees was so great that, according to BANCROFT, from 1648 to 1658 the public documents were published in French as well as in Dutch and English. In 1688 there were about two hundred Huguenot families in New York.

The immediate founder of the Huguenot Church in New York was the Rev. PIERRE PEIRET, who arrived in November, 1687, coming from the county of Foix, in the south of France. He immediately founded an independent church under the name of the "Eglise françoise à la Nouvelle York," though it was sometimes called "Eglise des Réfugiés françoises à la Nouvelle York." In the following year he erected a building exclusively devoted to French services. This church was situated on Petticoat Lane, known later as Marketfield Street, and now entirely covered by the Produce Exchange. This building would seat about four hundred persons, and a historian says that "every Sabbath-day the people assembled, for twenty miles round, from Long Island, Staten Island, New Rochelle, etc., for public worship. Every street near was filled with wagons as early as Saturday evening, and in them they passed the night and ate their frugal Sunday repast, presenting a touching spectacle of purity and zeal." In 1703 the Marketfield Street Church, having become too small for the growing colony, a new edifice was erected on King's Street, now Pine Street. It was seventy feet long and fifty feet wide. According to ancient documents, it was built "of stone plain both within and without, fenced from the street," and had "a Steeple and a Bell." The church was quite prosperous for a time, though there were certain internal dissensions and jealousies of purely local interest at the time. Just before the breaking out of the Revolution, however, the attendance on the services had seriously declined. The newer generations of Huguenots could speak English as well, or better, than they could French, and, naturally, many of them attended the English-speaking churches. In 1772 an attempt was made to secure a pastor who could preach in both French and English, but it failed. Many of the ministers of the church, having been episcopally ordained abroad before they came to this country, looked with great favor on the Church of England, and many of the mem-



REV. A. V WITTMEYER, RECTOR OF THE FRENCH CHURCH DU SAINT-ESPRIT.

bers of the congregation attended the service of that church. It is a somewhat significant fact, too, that a leading Huguenot, soon after his arrival, became a vestryman of Trinity Church. An elder in the French church who died in 1773 bequeathed one thousand pounds to Trinity Church in trust for the first French congregation in New York which should adopt the Anglican liturgy.

After struggling along for some years, the trustees of the society, on September 30, 1802, to prevent the church from disbanding entirely, proposed to their pastor that the Episcopal liturgy be adopted. To this important suggestion Mr. ALBERT replied: "As to your determination concerning the Anglican liturgy, I can see nothing in the way of its adoption by us, since the religion is the same, differing, I believe, only in the ceremonies. It would, nevertheless, be well to know exactly the conditions on which the English would consent to let us have the legacy bequeathed to us [the one already referred to]; for if they are onerous or tend to deprive us of our independence, I could not subscribe to them. If, on the contrary, it is only the question of the simple adoption of the liturgy, I unite with you, gentlemen, in adopting it; and I do so all the more willingly as I am convinced that that is perhaps the only means we have to at last draw our congregation out of that state of nullity where it is at present. As to the latter purpose, I am, likewise, fully disposed to concur with you in the execution of a plan which can only turn out to the advantage of all." At a meeting held in the church a few days later the members of the church unanimously gave their consent to the proposed change. At this time the American Book of Common Prayer had not been translated into the French language; it was therefore thought best to adopt the Prayer Book used in the French Episcopal churches of London, Jersey, and Guernsey, to American use.

The church, after being suitably repaired and altered, was dedicated, May 30, 1803, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Episcopal Church, by Bishop MOORE, of New York, under the corporate name of "The French Church du Saint-Esprit." Services were celebrated for the first time according to the Episcopal form on Trinity-Sunday, June 5; Mr. ALBERT, the minister, was admitted to priest's orders in Trinity Church, June 24, 1803. In 1834 the property in Pine Street was sold for $50,000, and a new church was built on Franklin Street, corner of Church. In 1863 the church removed to West Twenty-second Street, near Fifth Avenue, where it now stands.

* I. "The Germans," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 4, 1888. II. "Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 1, 1888.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Of the foreigners in New York who *speak* French (not Frenchmen alone), and who believe in religious services, it is estimated that seven thousand are Protestants and twenty-five thousand are Roman Catholics. Of the seven thousand Protestants, probably one thousand attend church more or less regularly. A large number of Frenchmen, however, are rationalists, or look upon the whole subject of religion with indifference. The naturalistic school of French fiction, which is so popular among most Frenchmen at the present time, is, to say the least, not conducive to growth in the spiritual life; and it will not be denied by Frenchmen themselves that the great mass of their countrymen are apt to take a ridiculous view of religion, politics, social reforms, yes, even life itself. It would be hard to find a Frenchman who would testify, as did the editor of a well-known literary review, not long ago, in answer to the question, "What is the most important thing you have learned up to the present time?" "I have a growing sense of the seriousness and importance of human life."

The French rationalist in New York looks with more disfavor on the Roman Catholic Church than he does on the Protestant. He will allow his children to attend the Sunday-school of the Protestant Church, though he will never set foot inside the church himself. He will look upon the whole proceeding with good-natured tolerance, as much as to say, "It don't amount to much one way or the other." Unlike many foreigners and many Americans of an æsthetic turn of mind he is not attracted by a ritualistic service. His question is always, "Of what profit, of what use, is it?" He cannot see that forms and ceremonies carry with them a certain significance; he does not understand how they can or why they should. This remark applies to Frenchmen whose leanings are toward Protestantism.

At the French Episcopal church in Twenty-second Street the service is of the plainest description, the minister adhering to the use of the black gown, which in nearly all Episcopal churches long since gave way to the white surplice.

The French Church du Saint-Esprit, of which the Rev. ALFRED V. WITTMEYER is the efficient rector, and whose historical sketch of the church has been drawn upon by the writer, has four hundred members, but the average attendance is not over one hundred and fifty. This small attendance is not due to indifference on the part of the church members, but principally to the fact that the most of them are engaged in such employments that their time is occupied on Sundays, and it is rarely that they are at leisure on the first day of the week. Many of them are cooks, stewards, waiters, domestics, etc.; often they are obliged to do more work on Sunday than on any other day in the week. A Frenchman, when he believes in the church at all, is not willingly neglectful of his religious duties.

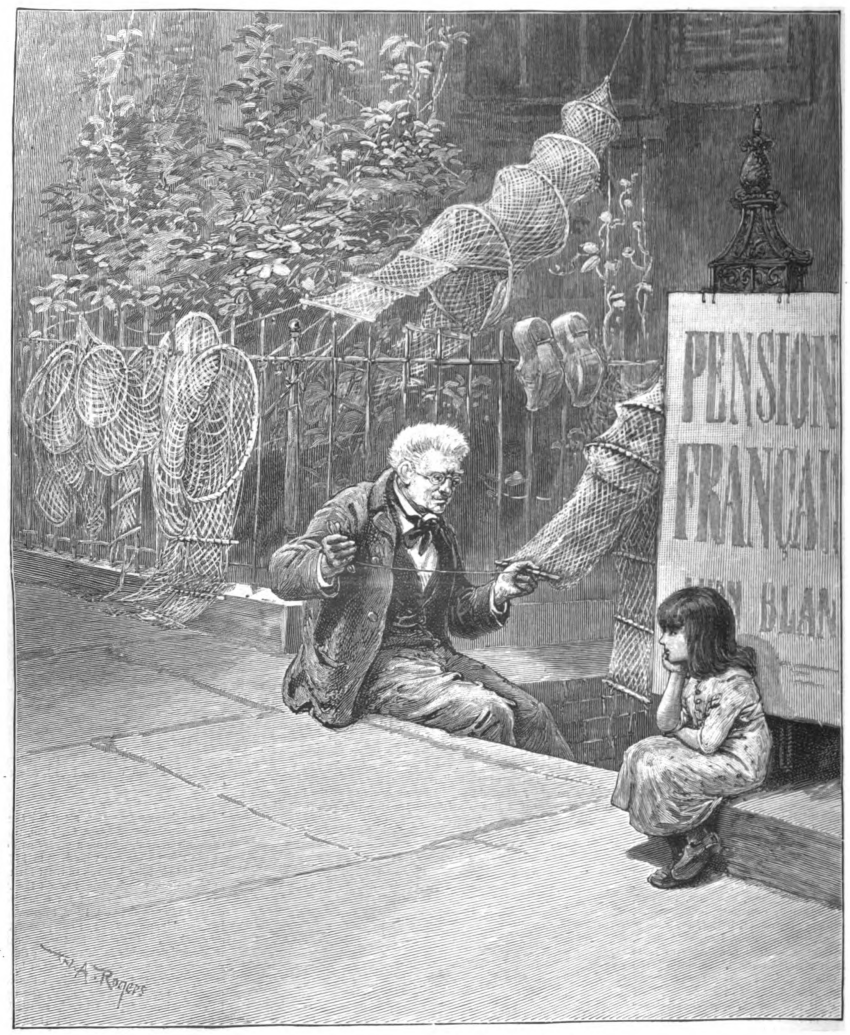
Attached to the French Protestant Church is a parochial school. The principal object in having this school is to teach the poorer French children their own language, a thorough knowledge of which is found to be especially useful to them when they grow up and enter upon the business duties of life. The school is opened with religious exercises, but they are of the simplest description; and the secular training, though it may not be considered the most important by the church people having charge of the enterprise, receives the largest share of attention. Parents of all shades of opinion, free-thinkers, and those of strong religious tendencies, are not only willing but glad to send their children to this school, there to become well grounded in a knowledge of their own language and the rudimentary branches of education. After attending this school, many of the pupils go to the public schools and pursue their studies through the higher branches.

Of course the Frenchman does not adopt Puritanical ideas as to the observance of Sunday. Even if he goes to church in the morning, he will consider himself entitled to social enjoyment in the afternoon. Then, again, there are quite a number of French societies the objects of which are partly social and partly benevolent. These societies always hold their meetings on Sunday afternoons. At such times the members will meet with their wives and children, exchange news, become acquainted with one another, and transact the small amount of routine business that each week comes before the society.

It would be hard to find a prohibitionist or total abstainer among the light-hearted Frenchmen. As German children are brought up on beer, which they are given to sip long before they get out of their cradles, so French babies are allowed to drink wine, which, with Frenchmen, is not looked upon as a beverage but as an article of food. No Frenchman would think he had had his dinner, particularly his Sunday dinner, if claret or some other wine was not a portion of the bill of fare. Even the poorest French families will deny themselves in some way so that they can have wine, if not every day in the week, at least for the Sunday dinner, which the thrifty French woman spares no pains to make palatable and inviting. It is the testimony of a prominent clergyman whose work is among these people—and the fact should be remembered to their credit—that among all his French acquaintances he only knows two or three who drink to excess.

French Canadians of the Roman Catholic faith worship in the little Church St. Jean Baptiste des Canadiens, in East Seventy-sixth Street. When this congregation was gathered together in 1880 no regular parish was assigned to the priest in charge, Rev. Father CHARLES DELACROIX, but the care of all the French Canadian Roman Catholics in the city was given to him. With the assistance of several wealthy French Canadians, a site for the church was purchased, and the edifice dedicated by Archbishop CORRIGAN in 1882. As the congregation was scattered over such a wide parish, it was found very difficult to carry on the enterprise on account of the lack of financial support. Father DELACROIX left in 1883, and the debt on the church was over $30,000. Rev. FREDERICK TETREAN succeeded him, and has been quite successful in building up the parish. He has established a house of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Montreal, to take charge of the parochial school, where instruction is now given in English and French to about two hundred pupils. In charge of the same sisters is the Villa Maria Academy of Montreal, on the corner of Seventy-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, where one hundred pupils receive instruction. The order of sisters alluded to is very wealthy, and is the main support of the schools, the parish itself being unable to do such work. The French portion of this congregation numbers about one hundred and twenty-five families, but many English-speaking people attend the services. There are four masses every Sunday.

The Rev. FREDERICK TETREAN was born near Montreal in 1850. He pursued his classical and theological studies at Nicolet College, in Canada, where he was ordained in 1874. He was an assistant priest for several years, and was finally commissioned by the Archbishop of the diocese to found the Church of St. Wenceslaus, at Ashton, Canada. Here he erected a handsome church, built schoolhouses, and founded a convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, during a pastorate of six years, and finally came to New York in 1883, to take charge of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. His single assistant is the Rev. E. O. CORRIGEAN.



A SCENE IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

In the industries pursued by the French in New York, on account of their numbers and earnings, the cooks will take high rank. There are five hundred cooks employed in private families and hotels in the great metropolis. The chief cooks employed in hotels receive salaries as high as $4000 a year, the *chefs* in private families and restaurants earn $1200 or $1000 a year, and the assistants in both places will receive salaries in proportion. The duties of a French *chef* are in the nature of superintendence. Very rarely does he ever condescend to make a dish; he simply tells his assistants, "You will cook so and so;" and if they do not know how to prepare the dish, he stands by and instructs them what to do. Sometimes he goes to market and makes the necessary purchases. Most of the large hotels, however, have a steward upon whom this duty devolves. The steward is the superintendent of the purchases; the food is kept under lock and key in ice-cooled rooms, over which he has sole control, and it is dealt out as it is needed on written orders sent by the *chef*. Many head-cooks rebel at the custom of allowing the steward to make the purchases of food. They say, and with a considerable show of reason: "We are responsible for the dish when it is brought upon the table, why should we not be allowed to purchase the ingredients of which it is made? Suppose the steward does not know his business, suppose he purchases poor materials, then we are compelled to use them; the dish is bad, and the cook is blamed, the patron never dreaming that the steward could be at fault." But it is not often that dishes are spoiled on this account; and in large hotels there is so much for the cook to do, that as a rule, he is quite glad that the office of steward exists. And the stewards themselves are ordinarily a very competent body of men, not only judges of the quality of food, but having special knowledge as to the prices that ought to be paid for it.

In large hotels and in apartment houses having kitchens from which meals are served to the tenants, there is a second cook, whose duty it is to make the soups and the sauces. Another cook attends to the roasts; another devotes his time to the fried dishes, omelettes, etc.; still another cook makes side dishes; a pastry-cook makes the pies and desserts; and a vegetable cook, who is nearly always a woman, prepares the vegetables; then there is a butcher, who looks after the meats, cuts them into proper sizes, and trims the pieces for cooking. If you will talk to some of the prominent French cooks, the real *artistes*, they will complain to you that many of their brethren lack proper training. It is not difficult, they will tell you, to be a French cook in America, but it is very different in France. In Paris, a boy of fourteen or fifteen who has determined to be a cook will, on leaving school, apprentice himself for three years to the keeper of a restaurant, paying about $100 for the privilege. After leaving, he will, on the recommendation of his employer, and without pay, serve as cook in some family. Not until he is eighteen or nineteen years of age will he obtain a position where he will be paid for his services. Frenchmen say it is quite another thing in America. Here a young Frenchman, finding himself out of employment, will get some kind of work to do in a large kitchen, receiving say $20 a month. While performing his duties he will mingle among the cooks, keep his eyes and ears open, get a good many ideas about the art of preparing food, and then he will branch out as a cook. He will tell the people to whom he applies for work, "I was apprenticed at that place;" and as the place has some reputation, the people will employ him at $30 a month; and it is not long before he goes forth to the world as a second cook, earning $60 or $75 a month. These cooks the French call "cooks by imitation." They have no real talent, no powers of originality, no solid basis for their knowledge. Well-educated French cooks not only know how to make toothsome dishes, but have a scientific knowledge as to the composition and nature of different foods.

French cooks look at the American methods of eating with feelings of considerable amusement. They cannot understand why a man should eat so much for breakfast the moment he has risen from sleep. The first thing in the morning, a Frenchman will drink a cup of coffee and eat a soft-boiled or poached egg; his breakfast he will eat at ten or eleven o'clock, his dinner at six or

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A RESTAURANT IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

seven in the evening. A French cook informed me that he has known Americans to order a breakfast consisting of oatmeal, fish, steak, hash, eggs, potatoes, fried bananas, coffee or tea. "I could not zay," he observed, "if dey eat so mooch; but so great food early in de morning seems fearful to a Frenchman."

The French cooks say that the Americans do not know how to cook because they do not look upon cooking as an art. A Frenchman puts brains, almost soul, into his dishes. They complain that cooks, aside from the *chefs*, are not treated with due respect in America. The reason why, they say, the French cook can furnish a dinner superior to the American is because he works according to principle and rule, and does not, as so many American women cooks do, *trust* that the dish will turn out all right; the Frenchman *knows* beforehand that it will.

There are in New York three societies of French cooks, to wit: the Société Culinaire Philanthropique, the Cosmopolitan, and the Universel. The first of these societies, having a membership of about one hundred and fifty, is the most important. It is largely benevolent in its character, having a sick fund for its aged and retired members. When a member dies, his widow receives $400 and burial expenses; the retired aged members get $60 or $75; each orphan under fourteen years of age when their father dies is given $50, and that course is pursued even if the widow has five or six children; members while sick receive a dollar and a half a day. The regular dues of the club are a dollar a month; the fund for the benefit of the widows is obtained from the yearly ball given by the society.

The French Cooks' Ball has long been noted as one of the most enjoyable events of the social season in New York. The Société Culinaire Philanthropique was organized in 1865. Two years later these entertainments were started principally for the purpose of raising funds for the benefit of widows, orphans, and aged members. The ball is generally given during the first week in February. For several years past the receipts from the ball have averaged $3000, and each year the entertainment is becoming more popular and enjoyable. During the past four years the ball has been held at the magnificent Metropolitan Opera-house, on the corner of Fortieth Street and Broadway.

It is the custom on these occasions for the best cooks of the city, members of the society, to contribute some choice specimen of the culinary art. The exhibition of these pieces on the day of the ball lasts from noon until eleven at night. At the last ball forty-nine *chefs* contributed to the exhibition. Among the decorations there was a tall Chinese pagoda, in the interior of which several mandarins were playing Chinese poker and smoking opium pipes. Everything but the poker deck was made of sugar. There was an allegorical piece, called "Paradise Lost"; a flank of roast bear, supported by a pedestal, which represented the polar region, with polar bears on a toboggan slide; the interior of a club kitchen, with the *chef* seated at a table, and a real clock ticking on the wall above him; a pedestal that represented the different New York newspapers; a construction in sugar and game called "The Tuxedo Park Hunt," and a great many other pieces made of game, lobsters, and fruit. The importance of this exhibition will be understood when it is stated that two hours' time were required to see the whole display.

[illegible] the large hotels and restaurants, and about one hundred [illegible]y New-Yorkers, employ French cooks. Here is a list of the [illegible]s said to be paid by certain prominent hotels and persons: [illegible]f of the Savarin Café receives $300 a month; the Brunswick pays its *chef* $2500 a year; the Hoffman House, $300 a month; DELMONICO's, $300 a month; THEODORE HAVEMEYER, $200 a month; JOHN JACOB ASTOR, $100 a month; WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, $100 a month; JAY GOULD, $100 a month; WHITELAW REID, $125 a month; OGDEN GOELET, $100 a month; MRS. LANGTRY, $100 a month; W. D. SLOANE and D. O. MILLS each pay $100 a month; the widow of WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, $120 a month.

Some critics complain that cooks receive more money than a college president or a Congressman. A bright essayist, in commenting on this fact, says: "Without for a moment undervaluing scholarship, it may also be suggested that a college professor may be a man of vast acquirements, with little individual power of his own, while a noted *chef* must possess inventive resources and a highly developed taste. Really the physical good that such a man might do the community by heading a large caravansary might quite balance the good mentally bestowed by any one professor. Doubtless, too, the value in health accruing to one rich family from a good cook might quite balance the good done to the community by any one average Congressman. We should not underrate talents that make physical health if we want a good basis for mentality."

New York abounds with French restaurants, and a man may, so to speak, run the gustatory gamut from *a* to *z*. He can go to DELMONICO's and dine well for a five-dollar bill, drinking, of course, only claret. There are any number of restaurants where he can get an excellent dinner for a dollar and a half or two dollars, including a good quality of wine; and the one-dollar dinner furnished at many places would be considered quite satisfactory by most men. How the cheaper French restaurants can afford to give as much as they do for the price charged is a mystery which only Frenchmen can fathom, and they will give you only the most general information on the subject. There are a number of restaurants, both down-town and up-town, where you can get a very fair dinner for fifty cents. You will get soup, fish, an *entrée*, a roast (turkey, beef, or lamb), a salad, one or two vegetables, dessert, and a cup of black coffee. A pint bottle of claret will cost you only twenty-five cents extra. You will find when you get through that you have had a palatable, satisfying dinner at the small cost of seventy-five cents. Great praise is due to these establishments for furnishing not only a good meal at a reasonable price, but for the neatness with which their places are kept. Some of the restaurants are quite picturesque. They are generally small, for the proprietor cannot afford to pay a large rent. The walls are sometimes decorated with paintings representing landscapes of the most startling description. The *chef*, attired in snowy white apron and round cap, occasionally darts into the dining-room, as if to show the guests that it is a real Frenchman who is preparing their dinner. In some places the wife of the proprietor will act as cashier; she will nearly always be pretty and inclined to coquetry, saying, in sweet tones, "*Merci!*" as you pay your check, and, looking at you with dark, mild, persuasive eyes, will ask you to "call again."

In poorer quarters of the city, in Wooster and Bleecker streets, you will find the cheapest kind of cheap French restaurants. There the dinner is *à la carte*. You can get a plate of soup for five cents, fish for ten, and meats of various kinds for from ten to twenty cents; the "fancy dishes," like chicken or sweetbreads, will not be more than thirty cents, and a glass of claret will cost you five cents. The classes of people who patronize these places are working-men and clerks. The dinner is not bad—far better than you will get in an American restaurant of the same grade. The poorest Frenchman, it is noticed, will indulge in his glass of claret, which, it must be confessed, is hardly of such a quality as to be "fit for the gods."

When asked to explain how these cheap and good dinners can be given, the Frenchman will sum the matter up in one word—economy. French cooks use everything; they get more good out of the raw material than can an American. Then, again, they give small portions of each dish. When you are through, you find you have eaten enough, though there has not been much of any single dish. A French restaurant, very picturesquely located, is to be found on the Bronx River, in Westchester County, in which locality quite a number of Frenchmen have made their homes. The proprietor of the restaurant—so the tradition runs—was once a monk in France. He is not a communicative man, lives in a fashion of his own, and keeps a large number of dogs, some of which are very valuable. He gives a good dinner, which, in summertime, you always eat out-of-doors under the trees, taking plenty of time to the meal, for there is a lazy air about the place conducive to quiet and artistic ease. After dinner you can indulge in various mild French games, such as tossing brass disks on a table, and swinging a suspended ring so that it will be caught by hooks on a board.

"L'Amitié," an important society, represents the French waiters of New York. It was started in 1874. Its membership roll is only eighty-five; but that is accounted for by the fact that only waiters who work in first-class houses, who know their business thoroughly, and can speak French and English are admitted to the society. A person must be under forty years of age to become a member. The initiation fee between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five is $10; from twenty-five to thirty-five, $15; beyond the age of thirty-five, $25. Members, when they are sick receive $7 a week, and in case of death the widow receives $500 and the funeral expenses, the insurance money being raised partly by assessment and partly from a general fund. The society has about $10,000 on hand, and it is proposed to shortly create a fund for the benefit of those who, through sickness, are unable to work. The society expects to be able to give $30 or $40 to such persons. On the second Monday of every January, for the last fourteen years, L'Amitié has given a ball, on which occasions from $1000 to $2000 have been realized.

It is estimated that there are six hundred French waiters in New York. Of course they are not all equally proficient. Frenchmen, it has been found, make the best waiters because they are polite; they have a fair knowledge of cooking, and generally they have had the benefit of foreign training. The last importation of first-class French waiters came here in 1876, and were "consigned" to the Philadelphia Exposition. There have been very few arrivals since that time. This class of waiters, when they arrive here, have served in London, Paris, and Vienna—in fact, as far as the Old World goes, they are quite *blasé*—and if they secure good positions in first-class hotels in New York, which they generally do, they are apt to settle down and remain in the country for life. The married men and the bachelors, in numbers, are about equally divided.

A *bona fide* French waiter must have learned his business abroad. He cannot come to America and "work up" in the business; he must have learned the technique—the details of his vocation—on the other side while serving in some prominent hotel or fashionable family. A good waiter may come here who is not perfect in the language: in that case he must learn it. As a rule, all French waiters know how to speak English, and there are many who have a knowledge of four or five languages—sufficient, at least, for the exigencies of their business. In the higher hotel service a French waiter is required to know exactly how every dish is cooked and how long it takes to cook. He must know this so that he can give the orders of his customers with the proper intermissions of time between each order; otherwise, on the one hand, if the time was too short the dish might get stone-cold before the customer was ready to eat it, or, if the time was too long, the delay would be equally annoying. The waiter must take the guest's full order, and, knowing how long it takes to cook each dish and how long the guest takes to eat, be ready to furnish each course when the previous one has been consumed. He may be serving four or five tables, but he is able to keep each one in mind and see that each guest is served at the right time. A customer in a hotel often complains of the cook, saying a dish is overdone, or not cooked enough. It is not the cook's fault; it is the waiter's. In the same way the waiter must know all about wines—which ought to be served warm, and which cold, the proper temperature for each kind. Burgundy, for instance, as the wine connoisseur knows, must be served at just such a temperature; if the waiter makes a mistake and the wine is sent back, he loses his place.

In hotels and restaurants the French waiters work only five hours at a time. One day they work from 6 A.M. to 11 A.M., and from 5.30 P.M. till midnight; the next day they may come at 11 A.M. and stay until 8 P.M.; and so, daily, the hours of coming and going are changed.

The head-waiter in a hotel or restaurant is a very important person. To him is left the duty of employing the waiters, and he can discharge them whenever he sees fit. He pays them such salaries as he thinks proper; he receives their wages in gross from the hotel proprietor, pays them, and keeps an account of his transactions. Head-waiters receive from $100 to $200 a month. In hotels on the American plan waiters receive $30 a month; in restaurants on the European plan $25 a month; a poorer class of waiters in smaller places receive $15 or $20 a month. But the French waiter relies on "tips" for the greater part of his emolument. In one of our fashionable cafés a waiter will make five dollars a day from this source; in the smaller cafés two dollars, or at least a dollar a day. Families who live in hotels will give a waiter from two to five dollars at the end of the week. As there are favorite tables in cafés, the waiters are obliged to change their positions daily, so that each waiter may have a chance to get customers. Now and then the French waiter will open a small restaurant on his own account, but he generally fails. They seldom have money enough to start in first-class style, and if they sell cheap, unless they have a very good run of custom their profits will be too small to pay them for their time and trouble.

The organized charities of the French are represented by the French Benevolent Society, which was started in 1831, since which time its work has been largely developed. The objects of the society are to help French emigrants after they arrive here to secure situations in the West. The sick poor are taken care of either gratuitously or at very small expense. Doctors give their services in house-to-house visitation. The unemployed are, as far as possible, given work. In Fourteenth Street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, there is what is called the Night Refuge. Here poor French persons are allowed to spend the night, and are given a good breakfast and dinner. If they are looking for work they are permitted to stay in the Refuge three days, sometimes six days. The society also sends back to France old persons, widows, and children who have no friends here, and who find it impossible to make their way in America. The present quarters of the society are far too small for the work being done, and soon a large building will be purchased which will more than double the facilities of the society for carrying on its various benevolent enterprises. The expenses of this enterprise during the past year were $18,000. At the Night Refuge 17,372 loaves of bread were given away, 312 pairs of shoes, 2000 lodgings furnished, 1911 emigrants helped. At the hospital 13,000 meals were given, and 5556 prescriptions furnished. This is not a full statement, but serves to illustrate the kind of work being done. The society raises its funds by subscriptions and festivals. In place of a festival this last winter, a lecture was given by MAX O'RELL, resulting in an addition of $1100 to the treasury. In summer, the national festival of France is celebrated with a picnic on the 14th of July, at Lion Park, and that event produces a considerable sum of money. There are six or seven hundred members of the society, and they contribute from one to one hundred dollars, and occasionally there are bequests. The invested capital amounts to $40,000, only the interest of which can be used, and there is a reserve fund of $11,000, which belongs more especially to the work of the hospital. At the celebration of the national festival in the summer, about thirty-five French societies take part with the French Benevolent Society.

A very useful and interesting work of benevolence among the French are their two kindergartens, one having eighty scholars, in South Fifth Avenue, near Washington Square, the other at 208 West Twenty-first Street, with sixty scholars. Children between the ages of three and eight are received at these schools, and are taught the rudimentary branches of education. The majority of them are the children of poor parents, who are enabled to go to their daily toil with the assurance that their little ones will be kept in school and cared for until the day's work is over. The schools open at seven o'clock A.M. and remain open until seven at night. In the middle of the day a hot meal is given to the children. Twice a week soup is freely supplied by the Brevoort House, the former proprietor of which, the senior MR. WAITE, always took great interest in the schools. The benevolent custom begun by him has been continued by the owners of the hotel up to the present time. Each of the schools is supplied with a matron and a nurse; the former receives a salary of $70 a month, and the latter $20 a month.

The number of French societies in New York is not very large. There are three lodges of French masons—L'Union Française, No. 17, La Sincérité, La Clémente Amitié Cosmopolite; one of Odd Fellows—La Concorde, No. 43; four of Red Men—Huron Tribe, No. 35, Idaho Tribe, No. 36, Ontario Tribe, No. 38, Sioux Tribe, No. 56. Of purely benevolent societies there are fourteen, and of miscellaneous societies there are thirteen, and these latter include several military organizations. An important society is the Colmarienne, of which Mr. C. MÜGEL is president. Its object is to strengthen the ties between the Alsacians and the French. Last spring, under the auspices of this society, a testimonial consisting of a beautiful medallion was transmitted to MARIE FRANÇOIS SADI-CARNOT, President of France. The medal was presented in Irving Hall to M. ALEXANDRE DAUSSEING, Chancellor of the French Consul-General, to be transmitted to the French President. M. MÜGEL, president of the Société la Colmarienne, in his speech of presentation, reaffirmed the filial attachment of the members of the French colony to the French government, remarking that when the National Assembly at Versailles elected the present President they could not have chosen a better man, because he is the son of the CARNOT whom all Frenchmen loved. The proceedings were characterized by a great deal of enthusiasm.

Of the social clubs, the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie, founded in 1866, is one of the most important. There are less than a hundred members, but they represent the most prosperous merchants and manufacturers in the French colony. The club house, located at 38 Clinton Place, is worth $15,000, and the club has a fund of $10,000, invested in mortgages. The annual ball of the club is one of the great social events of the season. M. LAFON, editor of the *Indépendant*, is the president of the club.

The leading French newspaper in New York is the *Courrier de Etats-Unis*, founded on the 1st of March, 1828. At first it was a weekly; within two years it became a semi-weekly; in 1839 it appeared three times a week, and so continued until 1851, when it became a daily. It is a prosperous journal, being worth $500,000. The French population in the United States is very much scattered, and outside of New York it would be impossible to support a French journal. The *Courrier* prints a special edition for the whole country, and serves also to interpret American affairs to the French press, who seldom translate articles from our English newspapers. It has a special Sunday edition (*Le Courrier de Dimanche*), which contains matter especially adapted for the family. The present proprietors of the *Courrier* are Messrs. H. P. SAMPERS and LEON MEUNIER. The former gentleman was once a clerk in the office, then the business manager, and finally, in 1882, one of the owners. LEON MEUNIER was the editor-in-chief between 1870 and 1882. He came to this country in 1855, and joined the *Courrier* staff in 1863. He is now in France, where he has created a special news service for his paper, and from the French capital he sends special despatches on the state of French progress and European politics. The editor-in-chief, M. DE TRANALTES, has a most thorough knowledge of American political questions, and has published in France a *History of the American Civil War*, an essay on marriage and divorce in the United States, and another on the elective magistracy of America. M. HENRY BAJAC, formerly a counsellor-at-law in Paris, is the city editor.



A BLEECKER STREET TYPE.
"I am a R-r-republican!"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1676. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



HUNTING THE PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE IN CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON FROM A SKETCH BY C. F. HOLDER.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"By far the choicest juvenile weekly."—*Philadelphia Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for January 29th opens with a portrait of ELSIE LESLIE LYDE, *the little girl whose portrayal of Little Lord Fauntleroy, in* MRS. BURNETT'S *play of that name, is now delighting the New York public. The portrait is accompanied by a sketch of her life and character by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

"*The Great Fight on the Gravelstone*" *is a humorous story by* WILLIAM O. STODDARD, *with six illustrations from photographs.*

In the third of his "Home Studies in Natural History DR. FELIX L. OSWALD *tells of some "Tenant Friends."*

"*The Jolly Beggar*" *is the title of a full-page illustration from the oil-painting by* J. G. BROWN, N.A.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

WORDS IN SEASON.

WHILE no President can have a Southern policy or take any executive course except that which the Constitution prescribes, there is yet a peculiar situation in the Southern States which may be conveniently called the Southern question. This is now the subject of constant remark in the press of those States as well as in the journals of other States, and two things are clearly evident: first, that national legislation can be of little service in the wise treatment of the question; and second, that the successful treatment of the situation can be reached only through a friendly and intelligent sympathy, and not through mere party spirit. We have seen no more interesting and valuable paper upon the subject than one upon "Northern Estimates of Southern Life and Affairs," in the January number of the *Unitarian Review*, by AMORY D. MAYO. Mr. MAYO, who is an exceedingly intelligent, observant, and devoted man, says: "For the past eight years at midsummer I have come northward from an eight months' ministry of education through all the Southern States," and every year he finds among "the superior people" of the Northern States an "insane absorption" in affairs which is fatal to any just conception of the actual Southern situation. This class of intelligent citizens Mr. MAYO holds to be substantially the same in the Southern as in the Northern States, but in the former a smaller class and more closely united. In his judgment the progress of the Southern States since 1865 is due to the class that brought on the war more than to all other causes combined, and ignorance of this fact, and the assumption that it is altogether a dull, obstructive, and Bourbon element and influence, is one of the chief errors of Northern opinion, cultivated carefully for party purposes. That his class is politically solid is due to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon people in the Southern States cannot yet adjust themselves to a situation unparalleled in human history.

The Northern estimate of the negro question, Mr. MAYO thinks, is also largely a misconception. That ...s political enfranchisement "has not ruined the ...uth is an equal testimony to the capacity of the ...gro and the practical sense of the dominant race." ...e finds much encouragement for a wise solution of ...his "most difficult social and political problem now ...p in any civilized land." First, there is no danger ...f hopeless poverty for industrious and temperate ...aborers, and $100,000,000 is a moderate estimate of ...eir savings in twenty years. Second, a negro ex...us is impossible. "He is a more confirmed South...ner than the white man." Third, he will be lifted ...ally by his own superior class. His present con...ion teaches him the American art of self-reliance. ...is a marvel that there is so little friction between ...races, and infinite mischief" is prevented by the ...rking together of the sober, order-loving Christian ...ple of both races in every community." Fourth, ...ight border States the vote is no more tampered ...than in the Northern States. In the Gulf States ...negro vote is bought and sold on local questions ...the ignorant vote elsewhere. Fifth, the real dif...ty springs from the exceeding disparity in every ...between the races. But it is fortunate that the ...o is in contact with "the least enterprising and ...leisurely end of the American people." The in...ent North should co-operate with the intelligent ...in advancing "our brother in black," and he ...become a valuable element of American life. ...ew Southern prosperity Mr. MAYO finds in the ...b of upland agriculture, of a few dozen small ... and a few hundred villages, the development ... manufacturing, mining, and lumber interests, ...f the fruit, vegetable, and fishing industries. ...fourths of the people are living under the conditions of border life, and three-fourths of the colored and almost a third of the white population are practically illiterate. The superior class is widely scattered, and too much absorbed in making a living to control effectively the cruder elements.

"But nowhere on earth is there a nobler, more courageous, persistent, self-sacrificing, and often broad-minded class working for everything worth having than in every Southern State. That it does not send more of its representatives to Congress or receive due acknowledgment at the hands of the political and ecclesiastical managers of the North is its temporary misfortune."

But he thinks that unquestionably "the South" is thoroughly embarked in building a democratic-republican order of society. "There is just as much danger of the Catholic priesthood destroying the American common school as of the Southern Bourbon squad shaping the future of Southern civilization." The most significant omen is the Southern educational movement of the last fifteen years, the most signal and forcible of the present generation. Sixty per cent. of Southern children between six and fourteen are in average school attendance for three months in the year. The common school, in Mr. MAYO'S judgment, is the great humanizing and civilizing power in the Southern States. It is the most notable fact of to-day in those States.

"It would greatly help to a good understanding between the sections could the more thoughtful of our winter tourists spend more of their time in the real centres of the new Southern life. There are scores of pleasant towns where a group of good Northern visitors would be welcomed with the heartiest appreciation by the foremost people of the whole country, where the real tendencies of the new life could be studied, friendly relations formed, and a fair impression received of the present order of things. The 'New South' is not best seen from the piazza of a 'palatial hotel,' swarming with restless visitors, on the edge of a Florida everglade, with no movement of life in the desolate country around."

There are plenty of signs in the Northern States that their coming problems are of a kind in which "the solid Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, conservative South will be a welcome ally." Mr. MAYO holds, therefore, that the plain, patriotic, and humane duty of wise Americans is not to exacerbate sectional and partisan passions, but to aim at hearty, sympathetic, and energetic co-operation. He believes that one form of it may well be national aid to the educational efforts of the Southern States. Yet while that course seems to us less plainly desirable than to him, the spirit and purpose of his paper are as generous and patriotic as his qualifications for treating the subject are exceptionally high. Mr. MAYO is a Yankee, an old antislavery man, and, we presume, Republican. In any case his views and the spirit of his views are those of a great many old antislavery Yankees and original Republicans, and may well be considered whenever legislation upon the subject is proposed in Congress.

THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

THE Republican position upon a protective tariff in the late election was so extreme as to repel old Whigs and Republicans like ex-Secretary MCCULLOCH and Judge DICKSON in Ohio and Chancellor PIERSON in New York. The result of the election has confirmed this extreme tendency, and the party shibboleth is conformed to it. This is the natural course of party spirit, and every party leader or ambitious partisan is driven along resistlessly by the accelerated impulse. Under such circumstances moderation and regard for wise traditions disappear. MIRABEAU and the Gironde are superseded and overwhelmed by the bloody triumvirate and the terror. The later Tariff Doctors would have amazed HENRY CLAY, and many of them their earlier selves. The Senate has passed its revision of duties ostensibly to diminish the surplus and to reduce the tariff. But in the face of an enormous surplus the duties upon some of the most important raw materials are increased, and taxes are laid upon universal necessities. The fundamental principle of a protective tariff, as hitherto understood, is the fostering of domestic industry to a point at which it can fairly compete with foreign industry of the same kind The theory is that the protective duty, while excluding the foreign product, will so develop competition of domestic production as to keep the price to the consumer as low as it would be in a free market, while the duties to raise the necessary public revenue could be so adjusted as to provide the desirable protection.

This was substantially the American system. But that it is the principle of the present bill will not be asserted. The bill is not a scheme in which the consideration that governs every detail and rate of duty is an equitable adjustment of the tax so as to prevent burdening the consumer. The duty on sugar, for instance, is reduced one-half, which it is alleged will save twenty-two millions of dollars to the consumer after a bounty of one cent per pound is paid to the producer. But that fact does not explain why, with an enormous surplus, every other producer in the country should be taxed to support this one interest. The whole tariff question is one which peculiarly interests the farmers, and the proposed sugar bounty is an intelligible illustration of the working of a system which they find very mysterious, but which they are assured is most beneficial to them, and which in many parts of the country they warmly support. But if one agricultural product is to be protected by a bounty, why not others? This is a question which they are sure to ask. There is a duty on wheat, but there is no protection, because there is no competition; and, moreover, the domestic price of wheat is fixed, not by the home market, but by the price of the exported surplus, which is unprotected. Thus the farmer is compelled to sell his wheat raised by higher-priced labor at prices fixed by markets in which wheat raised by the cheapest labor competes. This is the burden of a petition presented to Congress by Mr. THOMAS, of Ohio, who asks for a bounty upon wheat. The argument which is urged upon the farmer by the advocates of a sugar bounty and of all the protected industries is that they give him a home market which otherwise he would not have. The intelligent farmer replies that he is sure of the general home market against all competition, and that the protected industries hardly furnish a home market for five per cent. of his wheat. Meanwhile for the products of those industries he pays annually a price vastly increased by the protection.

Is this state of things remedied by the Senate bill? Is it adapted to lighten or to increase the burdens of the consumer? Is it designed to distribute an indirect tax as reasonably and equitably as possible, and to adjust the duty to raise the price only to the point of difference in the cost of labor with the consequent domestic competition to which we alluded? It raises the duty on tin plate. But this is merely an increase of price to the consumer, because there is no tin plate made in this country, and consequently no domestic competition. The plea for this increase is that somebody may undertake the manufacture if the duty should make it remunerative. But the same somebody will be the judge of the remuneration, and if he thinks that it is not sufficient he will ask for an increase of the duty, and he will get it. There are other considerations of a very serious nature in connection with the construction of a tariff which Mr. SCHURZ plainly pointed out in his recent speech at the Commonwealth Club. When protection is made a party issue, and enormous sums of money are required in an election, and great protected interests supply the money, and by the aid of the money the election is carried, and those interests are favored by legislation, there is a natural suspicion that such legislation is not equitable, and that laws are made in the interest, not of the people, but of a moneyed class. The debates in the Senate upon the bill just passed are virtually unknown to the country, for there are few readers of the *Congressional Record*. But the tariff discussions in the press and in conversation, like those lately upon the stump, are very enlightening, and we see no evidence that the tendency toward the extraordinary doctrine of the Republican platform at Chicago becomes stronger in the country.

THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.

THE question whether the United States are likely to go to war with Germany to settle some kind of misunderstanding in regard to the Samoan Islands naturally excites interest to know what and where they are. They are the familiar Navigator's Islands of the older geographies, a group of nine islands in the Pacific Ocean, about three thousand miles from our western coast. The population is about thirty-eight thousand, and the people are generally of a superior grade to other Polynesians. The soil of the islands is rich, and the products have led to a trade which has established some American residents and interests upon the islands, which were formerly held to be under the protection of the United States. Eleven years ago we made a treaty with the agent of the chiefs of the Samoan government, and by that treaty and similar agreements with Great Britain and Germany the autonomy and neutrality of the islands were guaranteed. Recently a civil war has arisen, and German agents have favored TAMASESE, the opponent of the recognized King MALIETOA, and a German naval commander, at the alleged intimation of his government, and supported by the German traders upon the islands, forcibly carried off MALIETOA and set up TAMASESE as King, against the vigorous protests of the American and British consuls.

In a message upon the subject President CLEVELAND states that to the extent of his power he has insisted that the self-government and independence of Samoa should be strictly preserved according to the treaties of the great powers, and Secretary BAYARD has instructed Mr. PENDLETON in Berlin to notify the German government, temperately but decidedly, that we expect it to respect the treaties and Samoan independence. Mr. PENDLETON was assured that Germany intended to respect the common understanding. But meanwhile the conduct of the German force at Samoa indicates the purpose of disregarding treaties and assuming control of the islands. The recent reports of the steady prosecution of this purpose are such that our government has ordered a fleet to proceed to Apia, the Samoan capital, and it is understood that the British government has represented to Germany that the action of the German

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

agents at Samoa is opposed to the letter and spirit of the treaty, and has directed an increase of the British naval force in the Pacific. Meanwhile there are all kinds of sensational rumors from the islands. But it is, we believe, not disputed that to the King whom the Germans have established they have given a German Prime-Minister, and that they have apparently taken a control which the common understanding expressly forbids.

As our government holds that our relations with the Samoan Islands are so important and valuable for various reasons as to make a treaty with them and a convention with Great Britain and Germany to secure their freedom from foreign control desirable, it is equally desirable that Germany should be asked to explain in the plainest manner the grounds of her disregard of treaty obligations, and to make ample reparation if any intentional insult to the American flag or injury to peaceable Americans should be shown. The President and the Secretary of State seem to have been fully aware of the situation, and it is only fair to assume that the proper explanations have been requested. This is the more probable as a Samoan commission of inquiry of the three governments which was sent to the islands settled nothing. It is not improbable that Germany has been testing the quality of our opposition to her control of the islands, with the intention of relinquishing the attempt if she should find that it could be prosecuted only at the cost of a rupture with the United States and Great Britain. We have called the situation in Samoa a trouble, because practically it is nothing more. It is doubtful whether it was wise for our government to enter into any kind of alliance or understanding with European governments in regard to the islands, because we are able to protect our citizens and our flag in such places without stipulations. But in this instance, having apparently made an agreement, we must insist that it shall be respected.

A PUBLIC PERIL.

THE *Tribune* well asks whether the community has no remedy against the omnipresent and deadly peril of the electric wires. The citizens of New York are apparently wholly at the mercy of the electric companies, and there is no visible power to enforce the order for burying the wires. Men and animals are destroyed by the touch of the charged wire, the details are published, the newspapers protest, and that is the end. The electric spell is like that of laying JACOB SHARP'S Broadway Railroad: the street was torn up, and the community seemed to be struck with imbecility. There may have been some damage paid by somebody for the catastrophes due to fallen wires, but the present situation is a wanton risk for every wayfarer. The convenience of new inventions is very great, but so is the new danger that they introduce, and the moment the character of the danger is apprehended the remedy should be firmly applied. The disfigurement of streets by the monstrous poles is a nuisance, but the constant and proved peril that accompanies them is a pressing public concern.

HIGH-LICENSE PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH the license bill prepared by the late Excise Commission was a compromise which apparently satisfied nobody, yet if it be the only measure upon which an agreement of the Republican majority can be reached and the Governor's signature secured, it would be an improvement upon the present situation, because it would provide a uniform system throughout the State and raise somewhat the license rates. But that the Governor, who doubts whether the people really wish a higher license system, and who knows that the liquor interest is opposed to restrictive legislation upon the subject, would sign even the bill of the Excise Commission is not to be expected. The *Evening Post* publishes a table which shows the proposed increase of the rates in cities under the Commissioners' bill which is very instructive, and shows that in the city of New York the general advance would be one-third over the present rate, while in Brooklyn the present rate would be trebled, and in the smaller cities the new rate would be from two to seven times the present rate. This would be, as the *Post* says, an advance worth making. But that that very fact would produce a veto seems to be most probable.

The Governor "went to the State" upon his previous vetoes, with the distinct understanding that he was the candidate of the liquor interest, and he was elected by a decided majority. He has plainly intimated his conviction that there is no strong popular desire of a more stringent license law, and he has contemptuously shown his estimate of Republican sincerity in the movement by citing the figures of "the drink bill" at the Republican Union League Club. He regards the proposition of high license, not as an honest Republican movement, but as a decoy game to retain prohibition and temperance voters, in order to secure Republican ascendency, and the fact that a bill may be presented to him which endeavors to avoid the objections he has already raised will not prevent him from raising other objections to it. The Governor probably feels his position upon the subject greatly strengthened by the result of the election. Mr. WARNER MILLER made his fight upon high license. In every speech he urged it as the chief State measure, and after a thorough canvass of the State, and the warmest advocacy and most lucid presentation of the question, he was defeated. Doubtless the willingness of many Republicans, as in instances which are personally known to us and to others, to sell him out for Mr. HILL in order to gain votes for HARRISON, largely affected the result. But that is merely to say that Republicans cared so little for what their candidate declared to be the great State issue of license that they voted for the candidate of the liquor interest.

It would seem, therefore, to be poor policy for the Republican Legislature to lower its standard upon this subject. As the Governor is strengthened in his position by the election, it would be better, under the circumstances, to submit to him a bill that he ought to sign, rather than one which he might sign because he would think that it would have no particular restrictive effect. This, indeed, is not true of the Commissioners' bill, because the advance of license rates shown in the *Post's* tables is a positive gain. Whether the bill might not be strengthened at other points to obviate some of the objections which, as we have said, make it apparently an unsatisfactory compromise, is worth consideration. The fact that the committees which represent the sentiment from which the CROSBY bill sprang are now in favor of the Excise Commission bill is the best argument for the policy of adopting that measure. But still, as any effective bill would be probably vetoed, we are inclined to think that it would be wiser to occupy the old ground.

GROSS INJUSTICE.

THE situation in the Appraiser's Department of the New York Custom-house illustrates most strongly the desirability of filing reasons for removals in public offices. The air is filled with the gossip of reporters and rumors of immense undervaluations, frauds, swindles, losses, and general moral rottenness, in the midst of which old and tried public officers hitherto of unblemished reputations are peremptorily removed. Such removals under such circumstances are stigmas of criminal conduct. Presumptively the officers summarily dismissed are dishonest, and although the law does not require the superior officer to furnish a reason, such officers have a moral right to know the alleged cause of their apparent disgrace. In the present instance the circumstances, beginning with the MAYNARD, BYRNE, and MCELWEE transactions, preclude the theory that there are "no politics" in the matter. In every aspect the BYRNE investigation is very suspicious. But whatever the right or wrong of the situation may be, nothing whatever is gained, but immense injustice is done either to the Treasury officers or to the employés who are removed, by the character of the whole proceeding. Not only has every public officer a right to know the reason of his removal, but the public has an equal right to know the reason of changes in its service. Under the present circumstances there is a monstrous scandal, most injurious suspicion, and nothing more.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY OF DOING GOOD.

IT is only necessary to read the list of some 120 prisons, penitentiaries, hospitals, asylums, infirmaries, missions, guilds, and homes which during the last few years have been supplied with reading matter by the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, to resolve with more care and constancy than ever to send to its office at 21 University Place, or to drop into its boxes at the railroad and ferry stations, all the books, magazines, and newspapers that can be possibly spared for this most humane purpose.

The modest little report of this year says that during 1888

"5659 books, 15,000 magazines, 36,760 illustrated and weekly papers have been distributed, and this does not include the 9147 Christmas and Easter cards that have carried a word of cheer to the inmates of the various institutions. Our books state that during the previous year, 1886–7, 4031 books, 10,753 magazines, and 24,647 papers left the office."

How true is the comment upon these figures that "they speak for themselves"! During six months, to November 1st, the contribution of newspapers had been in number 72,074, as against 55,034 for the same time in 1887. The committee acknowledge gratefully the aid of the press, and gracefully add, "to which our success is largely due." But we prefer to think it mainly due to those benefactors of their kind who, not content to give papers and magazines to cheer the sick and suffering with pleasant reading, are anxiously looking to see what more they can do, and now find to their joy that there are sundry little expenses, such as the cost of a horse and wagon to facilitate collection and delivery, also rent, also carriers' wages, for which a little sum of $300 perhaps is needful, which these benefactors by little subscriptions can pay. What a delightful charity! and how grateful we ought to be that the ladies who do all the work proffer us all this opportunity, not only of giving reading matter, but of sending the little subscriptions aforesaid addressed to MRS. FORDHAM MORRIS, 20 Fifth Avenue, in order to make their work effective!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CORRESPONDENT asks our opinion of the *Independent's* verdict upon Mr. WANAMAKER'S pecuniary activity during the late election. The verdict is, as we understand, that Mr. WANAMAKER personally gave $10,000 to the election fund; that neither the books and papers of his committee nor of the National Committee were burned, but are still preserved; that his committee were not asked to raise money for any illegitimate purpose, "and knew that all appropriations were made for legitimate purposes"; that they do not believe that any money was used illegitimately; and that Mr. WANAMAKER and his committee are not ashamed of their part in the campaign.

In reply to our correspondent we say that what we think is that if Mr. WANAMAKER does not believe that money was used illegitimately he is very greatly mistaken, and is totally unfamiliar with election campaigns. That he collected money specifically for illegitimate purposes we have no reason to believe; that it was used for such purposes we have no doubt. What we have said, which probably occasions our correspondent's inquiry, is that Mr. WANAMAKER'S sole appearance in public life, so far as we know, is as a purveyor of money to be used in an election by Mr. QUAY and Mr. DUDLEY; that Mr. QUAY'S conduct in election management in Pennsylvania is best known to the country by the comments of the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune*, and that Mr. DUDLEY'S letter to Indiana prescribing in detail how voters should be bribed has not been, to our knowledge, branded by him as a forgery; and that purveying large sums of money to be used in an election by these gentlemen is not a proper reason for Mr. WANAMAKER'S appointment to a public office of the highest trust and dignity. That is in substance what we have said, and it is a view which we believe to be very generally held by honorable American citizens, and which is not in the least affected by the *Independent's* verdict.

To another correspondent, who asks why we do not denounce President CLEVELAND'S contribution of money to the Democratic campaign fund as well as the conduct of Republicans, we reply that when the statement in regard to the President was made we spoke of it as an incident demoralizing to the public service and greatly to be regretted, and we have made no discrimination between the two parties as to the corrupt use of money. We remind our correspondent that it is no defence of Republican rascality to say that Democrats are also rascals.

THE INDIAN SERVICE.

MR. OBERLY, the Indian Commissioner, in a report whose wise and excellent spirit makes the change in his office which will follow the change of administration to be greatly regretted, recommends the inclusion of the Indian service under the reformed rules. He would suggest that the change should be made immediately, except that its effectiveness would be imperilled by the charge of partisan motives. That charge would be made undoubtedly, as in the case of the railway mail service, but the measure is so desirable that the charge should not be regarded as a conclusive reason against the immediate adoption of the suggestion.

MR. OBERLY'S remarks upon the general subject show precisely the temper which is most desirable and most unusual in the officers of the Indian Department. He says:

"I have no doubt that under the favorable conditions of an Indian service in which the evils of what is known as the party spoils system of appointment and dismissal would be minimized, and in which intelligent and zealous action might confidently anticipate the support of the government, in which, too, devotion and efficiency might labor assured of the applause of the people, and honest administration do its perfect work promptly on all occasions without rebuke or fear of prosecution, the Indian question, in all its most perplexing features, might be transmuted from a demoralizing political question into a not dangerous social question. Indeed it may be declared, without the use of qualifying phrases, that under the favorable conditions suggested the Indian would receive our civilization with all that it implies of social duty and of public obligation. This is said in full knowledge of the many futile efforts that have been made by zealous, able men and women, by the churches, and by the government, to lead the Indian out of barbarism."

The abuses of the Indian service have been fully revealed in the reports of the Indian Association, and are familiar to those who have looked into the subject. But the general public feeling that the Indians are a noisome crew, to be managed in the most peremptory manner, has produced an impatient neglect of the subject which has resulted naturally in the multiplication of the wrongs. Mrs. JACKSON'S *Ramona* has quickened a painful interest in many minds, and *Loria Moorack, and Other Indian Stories*, a little volume by GEORGE TRUMAN KERCHEVAL, recently published, and very warmly commended by Bishop WHIPPLE and by HERBERT WELSH, contains a vivid picture of the outrageous and wanton crimes still committed without redress against the helpless red men. But such a Commissioner as MR. OBERLY is the true hope of reform of this national disgrace.

PERSONAL.

HON. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, of this city, who is over eighty years old, and is now in Europe, is soon to make a trip up the river Nile with a party of friends. Before his departure from this country, early in the winter, MR. FIELD was given a dinner by his brothers STEPHEN J., CYRUS W., and HENRY M., and the three agreed that while he was considerably older in years than any of them, he was more youthful in every other way.

—Captain BOYCOTT, the originator of the well-known term of persuasion, lives in the little village of Flixton; in the heart of Suffolk, England, and is just as great an enemy to the cause of home rule in Ireland as he ever was. He nevertheless professes a strong regard for his "dear old Ireland," and makes an annual pilgrimage to the Green Isle. He is now the agent of Sir HUGH ADAIR.

—"LEW" BROWN, once the most famous base-ball catcher in the country, has just died at Boston. He easily captured the most hotly pitched balls, and once offered for $2500 to catch a ball fired with a full charge from a cannon at the Boylston Museum.

—Ex-Governor HOLBROOK, of Brattleborough, Vermont, says the present mild winter was duplicated about fifty years ago. They had only two weeks of sleighing in the Green Mountain State, and farmers ploughed their fields in January.

—The Yale University crew will retain the "Bob" COOK or "git thar" stroke in their races this year.

—Forty-five years ago five young men, then living in Concord, New Hampshire, agreed to have a supper on the last night of each year. They are all alive and prospering, although scattered, and they have kept their compact faithfully. Each one of the five is married.

—Ex-Judge GEORGE W. NESMITH, of Concord, one of the Presidential electors chosen by New Hampshire in November, and a defeated Whig candidate for elector in the same State in 1840, is eighty-nine years old. He has been a distinguished lawyer, legislator, and author, and was the intimate friend of DANIEL WEBSTER, FRANKLIN PIERCE, and other leading men of their day.

—Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, who by his acute critical study in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February has put JOHN RUSKIN in a clear light before the world, writes as follows to a friend in New York regarding his recent discovery in the excavations within the walls of the Acropolis, Athens: "The day after my arrival I discovered the figure to which a fragment from the Parthenon, excavated the day before, belongs. It fits exactly, and is the beautiful head of Iris, attendant upon Hera during the Panathenaic procession represented on the frieze. This find completes the figures in the assemblage of gods as far as possible, and the papers and people here are much excited over it. There are unbounded possibilities here, and we are making new discoveries every day. I have just received the document signed by the Minister of Education authorizing us to dig at Platæa, Thisbe, and Anthedon. It is a glorious feeling to realize that one is doing something, and to see the fruits of one's work so soon after sowing the seed."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HON. WILLIAM DREW WASHBURN.

MINNESOTA has chosen as her representative in the United States Senate an able man and good Republican, who is, moreover, American to the backbone. To say that a man is a Maine WASHBURN is to imply that he comes from a long line of the sort of men and women who make a nation great. JOHN WASHBURN, first secretary of the Council of Plymouth, was a paternal ancestor of the new Senator, and his mother, the daughter of SAMUEL BENJAMIN, boasts a lineage as long and pure as her husband's. ISRAEL WASHBURNE, father of WILLIAM DREW WASHBURN, settled in the Maine district in 1806, and died seventy years later, aged ninety-two, and the father of seven sons. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, the third son, who died in October, 1887, was the one most prominent in public life, but several of the family have served the public well. WILLIAM DREW was born in Livermore, Maine, in 1831, and in his youth lived the rugged life of a New England farmer's son. He labored in the fields from dawn in summer, and wrestled with the three R's in the district school in winter. His literature was the Bible and the county paper. So he grew to sturdy manhood without mental, moral, or physical dyspepsia, and after graduating at Bowdoin in 1854, became a lawyer. His later experience was rather political and mercantile than legal. His first office was the Surveyor-Generalship of Minnesota, from 1861 to 1865, by President LINCOLN'S appointment. Then his residence was at St. Paul, but now he hails from Minneapolis. The calibre of his business enterprises can be gauged from his presidency of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway, and from his prominence among the owners and directors of the Minneapolis Waterpower Company. Mr. WASHBURN was a member of the Minnesota Legislature in 1858 and 1871, and he served in the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth Congresses from 1879 to 1885. Mr. WASHBURN is so strong a Republican that it is not strange that he assumes his new honors after the most protracted and bitter partisan contest in the history of his State. It is satisfactory to add that the charges of bribery against him and his chief competitor, Mr. SABIN, have, upon investigation, been unanimously declared groundless as regards either of them. Mr. WASHBURN is not a member of the timber rings so powerful in the West, and which made his path to Washington so difficult. He is in favor of the admission to the Union of the new claimants for Statehood, especially Dakota, and of course he was "mentioned" for President HARRISON'S cabinet—but that was before his election. Altogether his colleagues have cause to welcome him to their select company.

Mr. WASHBURN will take the seat to be vacated by Senator SABIN, who has served since March 4, 1883, and whose predecessor was Senator WINDOM. His colleague is Senator CUSHMAN K. DAVIS. Since Senator WINDOM'S retirement Minnesota has not had in public life a man of such thorough training and assured capacity for the work of legislation as her new Senator-elect.



HON. W. D. WASHBURN, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA.

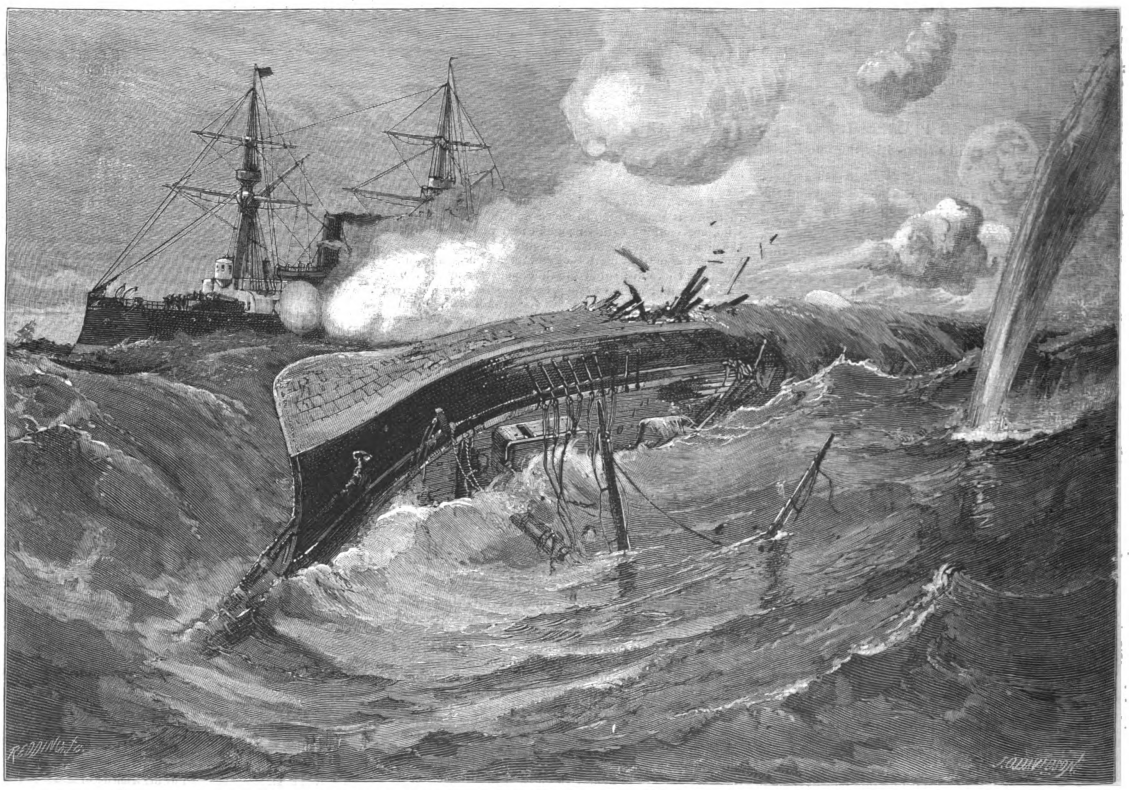
DESTRUCTION OF A DERELICT.

AMONG the dangers of the treacherous sea that beset the pathway of ships there are few more terrible than what are termed "derelicts." Fortunately they are of comparatively rare occurrence, yet it is not too much to believe that more than one ship which has never sailed home to port has become the coffin of her crew from the deadly impact of one of these pirates of the deep. A derelict is a wreck which has been abandoned by man, to sink or swim as fate would have it. Often a vessel is so loaded that in the shifting of the cargo a volume of air is confined in her hull sufficient to keep her partly above water in spite of shipwreck and desertion. Again, ships loaded with lumber will often sink so that their decks are awash, practically submerged so far as the human eye can judge—moving reefs that range over the wide ocean at the mercy of the winds and currents. Such waterlogged wrecks have been found in the most distant and lonely seas, giving evidence of having floated for many years and many thousands of miles. CLARK RUSSELL in one of his sea tales makes a note of a waterlogged derelict of some six hundred tons burden having been met in the South Seas two thousand miles from any continent. It need hardly be said that such an enemy lies in deadly ambush, against which no prevision is proof, no chart a safe guide, no lookout sentry sure on a murky night. It is in recent remembrance what wide-spread alarm was caused by the breaking loose of the Joggins timber raft.

Only a few days since an account was published of a ship which was abandoned about eighteen months ago off the Cape Cod coast, and was very recently stranded on one of the Orkney Islands. During a period of nearly a year and a half she had zigzagged in obedience to the blind forces of wind and current over a course of about three thousand miles. The derelict had been sighted during this period by many vessels, both steam and sail, and the event duly logged. How many ships passed close to this ambush of the seas at night or during a fog it is impossible to tell. It is understood that the Hydrographic Office will soon publish a chart of the course of this abandoned ship, as far as it can be traced, showing the strange caprices of her track over the watery waste.

Government ships, both naval and revenue marine, have special instructions to be vigilant in pursuit of derelicts, and to destroy them before they have a chance to do mischief. The majority of marine disasters from storm occur near the coast and not in mid-ocean, so that most abandoned ships would be found within the ordinary cruising-ground if detected before the wild forces of nature had swept them out into the remoter ocean.

There are several methods of destruction used in sinking derelicts. Oftentimes discharging shell or solid shot into the side of the wreck will open a vent for the confined air and thus deprive it of buoyancy, when it quickly finds its way to the lower deeps. Again, especially in the case of waterlogged ships, where buoyancy is not dependent on air, the task becomes more difficult. In such instances the use of the spar-torpedo, attached and discharged by a boat's crew, or sometimes even of the fixed torpedo, fired by electricity from the cruiser itself, where the use of the spar-torpedo might endanger a crew, is essential. Sometimes several torpedoes need to be used to accomplish the purpose in the case of a timber wreck. Our illustration shows the destruction of a derelict by a naval cruiser through the agency of a torpedo. There is scarcely a year during which one or more of these terrible threats to ocean travel are not removed by the vigilance of government vessels.



DESTRUCTION OF A DERELICT BY A UNITED STATES NAVAL CRUISER.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XVIII.

ANXIOUS days were those that followed. A wet, cold, driving storm set in, deluging the lowlands, turning the mountain brooks into foaming torrents and the country roads into quagmires. Most depressing was the effect upon the broken-down old man who cowered drooping and despondent over the lonely hearthstone. Lucy would not leave, yet could not cheer him; he seemed fallen into an abyss of hopelessness and woe from which nothing could rouse him, and yet there were moments when he became almost vehement in obstinacy. She had sought to induce him to remain in bed the third morning of the storm, but though he had passed a restless night he was oddly bent on being up and dressed. Nothing would convince him that Henry was not coming that very day; coming with friends at his side and gallant gray riders at his back to sweep the range of their oppressors and drive the hated invaders to the Potomac. Twice on the previous day she had thought him wandering, and her sore heart nearly ceased its beating at the mere suggestion of his failing now when it was beyond human possibility for Henry to reach him. Twice or thrice during the night he was even wilder in his words, but the silent, tearful watcher by his pillow tried to teach herself that 'twas only dreaming, that the morrow would bring relief. Once, late that afternoon, the strain became more than she could bear, and seeing the old cavalry officer on horseback at the gate, and remembering that he begged her to believe they warred not on women and the helpless ones at home, and had urged her to call upon him if he could be of faintest service, she asked the sergeant in charge of the guard now pacing silently around them to say to the colonel that she begged to speak with him. He came, the gray-haired, ruddy-faced old hero, and dismounting at the steps, saluted her as he would have done homage to a queen. The sight of the grief and anxiety in her face, and the pallor, due to suffering and ceaseless vigils, went straight to his heart.

"Dear young lady," he said, "I beg you tell me how I can serve you. Think! yonder across the Potomac—only as far from it on that side as are we on this—is my home, and there, almost as lonely as you, lives my daughter. I ask to serve you in your distress as I know any gentleman in the gray you love would treat my child under like conditions. Who knows how soon your battle-flags will be on our fields! Twice already has your Stuart ridden within rifle range of her windows. Miss Armistead, war is bitter enough. Do not make it worse by refusing the little service we are permitted to give!"

In her loneliness and desolation, who can blame her that the tears gushed from her eyes? It was a minute or two before she could control herself sufficiently to speak. Two or three of the guard looked curiously on from the shelter of their ponchos as the old soldier led her to a chair and bent sympathetically over her.

"You are more than kind," she answered at last. "My anxiety is all on my father's account. He seems failing so rapidly, and our physician, Dr. Loring, has not been near us for days. The roads are in dreadful condition, I know, but we have no one who *can* go. Would it be possible to send one of your men over to him and beg him to come either to-night or the first thing to-morrow?"

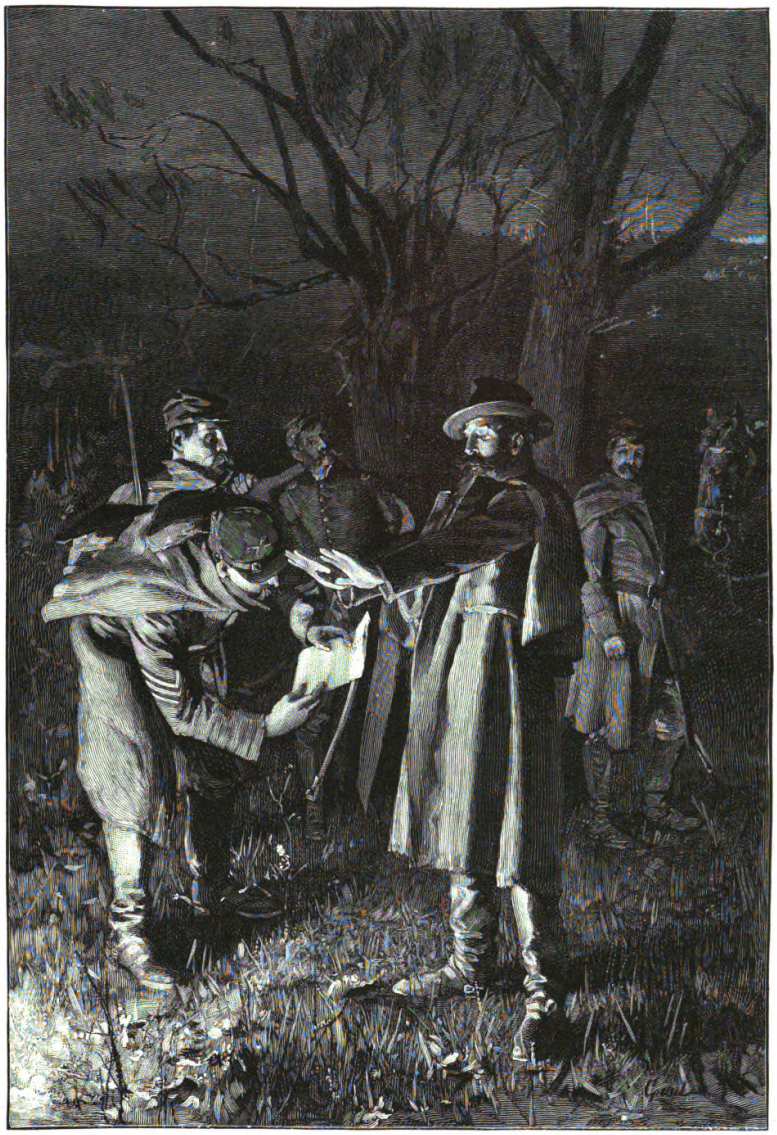
The old dragoon's face was clouded with sorrow in a moment.

"If he could be brought to you by any act of mine I would send a guard for him this moment. Miss Armistead, I fear I have sad news for you. I would go for him myself, but it would be useless. For some reason, I know not what, Dr. Loring was arrested by my superior officer, the colonel commanding this district in the absence of Colonel Graham, and two days ago was sent to Washington. We have an excellent physician with us—the surgeon of my regiment. He will be up from Thoro'fare before dark; I pray you let me send him to your father."

"Oh, how cruel, how wrong it seems! Pardon me, Colonel Westerlo, I ought not to speak of it when you have been so kind; but Dr. Loring was almost the sole dependence of scores of families, left now without a protector; husbands, brothers, fathers, sons, *all* in the army, and the women and children left alone. What possible cause could be assigned?"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders. "I know not," he said; "we had not wars like this where first I drew the sabre. There be men who say that in no other way can the South be brought to terms. My commander keeps me here against my will. I prayed to be sent with the column to the Shenandoah. I like not this search of defenceless homes, this warring on non-combatants at the rear; but I can but obey. His captures include but one officer, I am told, and he—but you know him, perhaps—a Captain Falconer."

"Captain Falconer!" she faltered. "When—*when* was he taken?" and she clasped her hand to her heart; a deadly pallor o'erspread her face. What if he had been captured before sending warning to Henry not to make the attempt! What if Henry had received only the hurried letter in which she implored him to come!



"AS FOR THE STRANGER HIMSELF, HE BENT OVER THE FLAMES, TOTALLY INDIFFERENT TO THEIR SCRUTINY OF HIS PAPERS, AND SEEMINGLY INTENT ONLY ON TOASTING HIS HANDS."

Westerlo was aghast at the effect of his words. "*So?*" he muttered to himself; "and yet I thought not so carpet-knight a soldier could have won a heart like this."

He bent over her all sympathy and sorrow.

"The captain was taken by our advance at Thoro'fare the night we reached there—the night Major Kearny visited your father," he said. "He was alone with but a single orderly at the time. He—he is perfectly safe—unhurt—he will soon be exchanged. I beg you not to grieve."

But she had covered her face with her hands, appalled at the thought of Henry's peril. *Now* no word of warning could reach him, and acting on the prayer contained in the last letter she had sent him, he would spare no effort, shun no risk, to reach his father's side. Even though warned at Hazel River or the lower fords of the Rappahannock that all Fauquier and Prince William counties were now held by the Federal cavalry, he would seek his way by night; he was sure to come.

"I bitterly regret that in my stupidity I have added so great a grief to your load of anxiety, dear young lady," said Westerlo, rising. "Let me ask forgiveness. Let me go, at least, and send our doctor to you. Oh, grieve not, grieve not, pretty one; he is really safer now than he would be here. There, there, I will go."

She sprang to her feet and sought to restrain him.

"Oh no! It is not—it is not what you—" But she broke off short. Was not *any* supposition of his preferable to his discovering the real cause of her anxiety and distress? "You must not send the doctor," she hurriedly continued, abruptly changing the subject. I *am* grateful, but—but father would not see him—at least not yet. Indeed I *will* call upon you if need there be."

But the old dragoon rode away shaking his head. "I have made a mess of it. I might have known she had a lover—and he was just from here; yet, a '*poule mouillée*' like that—a fellow with no fight in him for all the bravery of his attire. Ah, the sergeant was a hero—*he* got through!"

True to his word, he sent his surgeon to the house at dusk, and the doctor had a brief talk with Miss Armistead. She had begged her father to see this gentleman, but to no purpose; the old Virginian was indomitable in his pride and his resolution. So long as he had life in his veins, he said, he would refuse all aid from "Federal" sources, and she knew well that it would only irritate and worry him to plead further. The doctor was not invited to the sick-room, and, falteringly, Lucy told him why. He seemed in no wise surprised or annoyed, asked several questions, and quietly took his leave, saying that he would send some little remedies in a short time. If Judge Armistead had dreamed that the glass of sherry she so smilingly gave him with his chicken broth that night had come from the field stores of the Yankee doctor it might have choked him, but he swallowed it eagerly, and was allowed another thimbleful. At an hour before daybreak, when she stole into the room to see how he was sleeping, he looked up with sudden question about Henry, and soon after sunrise he began to dress and to call feebly for Nelse. Nothing would persuade him to remain in bed. Something, he said, kept telling him that this day would bring Henry home to him again, and he must be in readiness to welcome his boy and his friends. He smiled grimly, lifting a tremulous hand and warning them to listen in silence as the trumpets of the cavalry were heard playing some bright, spirited calls while the guard was being mounted under the dripping trees. "They'll be playing a different tune before night," he said. "They can't see twelve hours ahead, or they'd be scampering now."

And though the roads were deep in mud and the clouds hung low, the wind had died away, and toward noon there were signs of breaking of the storm. The rain ceased to patter on the roof, the light slowly increased, and then, early in the afternoon, there came visitors. She heard clanking sabres and clinking spurs upon the piazza without, and her father listened with frowning and impatient mien. He could not bear it that she should so frequently be called upon to receive these haughty and triumphant invaders. Yet he longed to question her as to Kearny. Yank or no Yank, he liked that young fellow, and though he would not approve, he could not wonder at his love for such a girl as his peerless Lucy. Not once had that name passed the lips of either father or daughter in conversation with each other since the sealing of the packet that contained the treasure he had left with them. Not once, however, had it left her thoughts since the moment of the dread announcement made by that officer under her window. She longed—even though she shrank from asking—to know more of that extraordinary story. It was not that she for a moment believed Kearny *could* be guilty; she simply needed to hear of him. Twice had she striven to muster courage and ask Colonel Westerlo about him, but the words—the name—would not come. Now it was with fresh excitement that she heard from Hannah's lips the announcement that the colonel was at the door, and begged to see her on important matters. She went at once, and found the old soldier, with the surgeon and his adjutant, all equipped for the march, their horses saddled at the gate.

"We are come to say farewell," he said, with sadness and courtesy mingled in his voice. "Orders reached me an hour ago to leave one squadron here at Hopewell and march at once to Salem with the rest. I have instructed Captain Wise, who remains in command, to visit you daily and inquire if in any way he can be of aid to you, and believe me, Miss Armistead, it is with heavy

* Begun in No. 1667.—Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

heart I go. Will not your good father see our doctor now, since it is our last opportunity?"

But Judge Armistead refused flatly. He desired his pleading daughter to express his appreciation of the proffered courtesy, but to say that he could not be under obligations. "Lucy," he whispered, tremulous and excited, "it is as I told you. It *must* be so. Henry and our boys are coming, and the warning has reached these fellows. They flee from the wrath to come."

She had to return to the kindly old soldier, and tell him, with tears in her eyes, that pleading was useless. Her father would not see the doctor, and that medical gentleman bade her be of good cheer; so long as the Judge was combative and obstinate there could be no immediate danger. They would be sure to meet again, said the colonel, as he bent over her hand to say adieu. Never would he visit this section of Virginia without coming to find the old homestead, and to inquire for her welfare.

And then they were gone. She had found it impossible to ask one word about Kearny, and she could have buried her head in the pillows and wept in utter anxiety and desolation. Her father here, failing day by day, his mind clouded, his strength gone, his system practically starving for nutritious food, and his palate pining for the delicacies to which it had been accustomed; Henry, she knew not where, but something kept haunting her hour after hour, warning her that the brother she loved was in desperate peril, and plunging deeper and deeper into the toils. And then Frank Kearny. Could she ever forget him as he looked that night? Could she ever forget how he had clasped and kissed her? The change in him; the worn, haggard look about the eyes and mouth; the sternness of his soldierly face, the weariness and sorrow in his voice. All this she recalled—all this—and the fact that between him and her there was that forbidding shadow that bade her send him hopeless from her side. Motherless, friendless, she was bearing her weight of sorrow and care practically alone and comfortless.

An excited controversy in the kitchen afforded temporary relief—Aunt Bell and Hannah in lively but partially suppressed altercation. The former was urging that Miss Lulie be instantly summoned to see and rejoice in something which had been deposited by a squad of soldiers at the cellar door, whereat Nelse could be heard capering in delight. But Hannah was positive and peremptory. "Don' you do no such fool thing! You hide 'em, 'n' keep 'em, 'n' just dish 'em up 'thout sayin' one word 'bout it. *I* knows." And Hannah's wisdom prevailed. The Judge was regaled for supper that evening with viands for which he had longed in secret, and for which he thanked his silent daughter with loving eyes and loving kisses. She would ask no questions; she, for his sake, would not reject the good things that had been thrown in their way. She could have found it deep down in her warm, Southern heart to have thanked and blessed that thoughtful old Dutch-Yankee dragoon, for she well knew it must have been his doing.

Just at dusk Captain Wise appeared to her as she was flitting through the hall. He was a man she had not before noticed among the officers passing to and fro. He was not the like of Westerlo, but he meant to be civil and courteous. He called, he said, as instructed by his commander, to inquire how Judge Armistead had passed the day, and whether there was anything he could be of service in. She thanked him. It might be necessary to send old Nelse over to Hopewell village on the west side of the range if the roads were better on the morrow. Could he be allowed the use of a spare horse or mule? The captain looked much disconcerted. His orders strictly forbade it. In fact, "not to put too fine a point upon it," said this martial Snagsby, it was his belief that Colonel Westerlo had been sent away because the district commander suspected him of giving too much aid and comfort to the enemy, and he, Captain Wise, was warned on peril of his commission to see to it that no one passed to and fro along the Gap without the order of the energetic colonel commanding the cavalry brigade now holding the neighborhood.

"It was his own adjutant who brought over the orders," said the captain, "and he told me the reason they had to be so strict was that the colonel felt sure there were Confederate spies lurking around us, and he was fearful that while Graham was away a brigade of Stuart's men might gallop up from the Rappahannock by way of Sulphur Springs, and capture him and his whole crowd. He says the one thing the colonel prays for is to capture some one of these disguised soldiers, and then he can make an example of him."

"What could he possibly do—what right would he have?" she asked, with wildly beating heart, Henry—Henry and his peril—occurring to her at the instant.

"He has authority, he says, to summarily hang any Confederate officer or man who may be found disguised within our lines. It will go hard with any man he catches, for he is a fanatical old fellow, and I believe he would do just what he says."

And this was the comfort that came to Lucy Armistead when that long, hard day was brought to a close.

XIX.

A night of sleeplessness and weary vigil followed. Not until hours after dark would the old Judge consent to be led away and put to bed. Nelse, the sable groom of the bed-chamber, had thrice vainly importuned his master before success rewarded his efforts. Lucy sat by her father's side an hour and read to him, hoping to soothe him to sleep. At last he fell into a fitful slumber, moving nervously from time to time, and muttering or moaning when he stirred. Exhausted, yet unwilling to leave his bedside, the girl bowed her head upon the coverlet, and still clasping the worn, withered old hand in both of hers, so white and soft and smooth by contrast, yet so thin and fragile now, she too presently dozed away. The only light in the sick-room came from the flickering blaze on the hearth, the only sound, save the old man's fitful breathing, or an occasional sigh, was Nelse's monotonous snore from his mat in the hallway, where the faithful old darky had elected to spend the night. Once or twice, when she found it time to give him medicine or the drink that the doctor had left for his use, Lucy roused herself, and once she called Nelse and had him replenish the fire. As the night wore away the old man grew wakeful again, and fanciful in his talk and ideas. Lucy again strove by reading aloud awhile to distract his thoughts from that one strain—Henry's coming. It was torture, agony, to her to think of it now; yet it was the burden of his every sentence—he would talk of nothing else. Twice he started up, declaring he heard horses' feet on the road through the Gap, and once he made her go to the piazza and look and listen. Throwing over her shoulders a heavy shawl, she obeyed his wish, and softly opening the great hall door, stepped forth to the head of the stairs. The clouds had gone at last, the stars were shining placidly through the chill and silence of the night. Far over to the east there were dim lights along the valley, the glow of distant camp fires. Down in the fields where the battalion had pitched its white tents but a few days before, all was now emptiness and gloom. The fires had burned there merrily even through the three days' storm; but now not a glimmer could be seen. In the orchard south of the house a bright fire blazed in front of the white tent pitched there for the use of the guard, and she could see one or two forms wrapped in the long blue cavalry overcoat huddling about in the smoke of the moist and hissing logs. In front of her, not ten yards away, a sentry paced silently to and fro; and others, she knew, guarded the flanks and rear of the old home-stead. How could Henry pass such warders undetected, even if it had been possible for him to make his way through the miles and miles of guarded roads that lay between the Rappahannock and his father's bedside? She shuddered as she thought of the peril. Even now, might he not be a prisoner caught in the attempt? Might he not even be cold in death, murdered in determined effort to force the Yankee lines?

Over the horizon a pallid light told of the near approach of day. She had barely slept an hour during the night, and was cold, weary, hungry too. Possibly now if she could assure her father that dawn had come, the Federal cavalry were still at their posts, and no sign of Henry had been seen or heard, he might again doze, and she too could get a little rest. Just as she would have turned away to re-enter the house there fell upon her ear the faint click, click, of distant iron-shod hoofs upon a rocky road—a horse coming through the Gap and at rapid trot. Probably the officer of the day returning from an inspection of his picket, she said to herself, and still waited to hear more. Looking toward the fire, she saw that two or three of the men in blue were hurriedly tumbling up, and, carbine in hand, running through the trees to the stone wall at the roadside, where they were lost to her view. Presently there came sharp challenge ringing out on the chill morning air, then the clatter of the hoofs as the horse was suddenly reined in. She heard prompt, cheery, confident answer, in a tone almost laughing and rollicking. "Don't shoot, boys, I'm all right," or something to that effect. She heard orders to dismount, and still talking loudly and cheerily, the stranger seemed to be leading his horse into the orchard, while the guard clustered around him. What was there in that voice that almost stopped the throbbing of her heart? Henry's—Henry's beyond all possibility of doubt—Henry's—and yet laughing, joking, chatting loudly with a squad of Federal cavalry! Presently she could see them at the fire—the sergeant and one of the men closely examining a folded paper, while others held the stranger's horse. As for the stranger himself, he bent over the flames, totally indifferent to their scrutiny of his papers, and seemingly intent only on toasting his hands, and then flapping them across his broad chest as though striving to quicken the circulation in a frame numbed by a long night ride. He was garbed in a long blue cavalry coat like those worn by the troopers, and wore a soft black felt hat and high top-boots. A thick, bushy beard concealed all the lower face; but that form, that voice—Good Heaven! was he mad to take such desperate risk? It was her brother beyond shadow of doubt.

Presently she saw the young lieutenant who seemed to be in command of the guard coming from his tent, and him the stranger greeted cordially. "Sorry to disturb you, lieutenant," he said, "but these men don't know me yet as the rest of the cavalry do, and I had to have you called to satisfy them. There are my papers, sir," and he nodded carelessly toward the sergeant. "Oh, here's another batch that will help out in case you don't remember me. I'm Will Tierney, the scout. Everybody knows me hereabouts."

Trembling with apprehension, she clung to the balustrade and looked with staring eyes. She saw the lieutenant studying one paper after another, and then, as though satisfied, engaging in quiet conversation with the new arrival. Then the weary horse was led away by one of the men, and she could see that the others were again disposing themselves for rest around the fire. Henry, her brother, was coolly shaking out a couple of blankets, as though he meant to lie down in the midst of his enemies.

It was nearly sunrise when she stole back to her father's bedside to tell him the startling news, and warn him of the imminent danger in case of suspicion or discovery. It seemed to rouse his weakened faculties and bring back new lease of life.

After brief statement of her plan, and gaining his approval, she roused old Nelse, and warning him that all his wits would now be needed, told him of "young mars'r's" presence among the guards in the orchard, and bade him go about his work and keep his eyes open for a chance to aid him. Then Hannah and Aunt Bell were called, and at an early hour these excited domestics were down in the cellar levying on the box of provisions sent there by Colonel Westerlo, and busy in the preparation of breakfast. An hour later, unhindered by the sentries and escorted to the house by the lieutenant himself, the tall young "scout" sauntered into the yard, strode up the steps, knocked at the door, and politely inquired of Hannah whether he could see the Judge or Miss Lucy. While she was gone to carry his message he stood carelessly at the head of the steps, his hands in his pockets and his glib tongue telling the lieutenant how many years he had lived in Prince William County before the war. A moment later he was bidden to enter, and far back in the dim recesses of the hall threw off the bushy beard and clasped his sister in his arms.

"Father! How is he?" were the first words he could say.

She clung to him, sobbing in speechless thanksgiving that, if only for the time, he was safe, safe in her embrace. She gloried in the address, the daring, the devotion, that had enabled him to thread his way through miles of foemen to come at her call, and gladden the fading eyes of the father who so loved him—who had so suffered for his sake. Yet she was all unnerved. The sorrows, the privations of the long winter, had told upon her more than she dreamed until now, and, weak as a child, she lay on his breast, crying her heart out in mingled joy, relief, and apprehension. At last she looked up in his eyes.

"He is very feeble; he will be so overjoyed to see you—but oh, Henry, did you not receive my warning? Do you not know your very life is perilled by this disguise?"

"It was too late to warn after your first letter reached me, sister mine. I hardly dared hope to find him alive after these interminable delays. I started the instant leave was granted me and before the movement of the Federals was known, but they got first to Warrenton, and it has been sharp work since. Heaven! If I could only send back word this night! If Stuart only knew what I know—how few—how scattered they are! We might rush a regiment or two up here and ride off with the whole gang. Take me to father. There I can tell you the rest."

That meeting need not be dwelt upon. For an hour the old man lay there clinging to the hand of his stalwart son, while Lucy sat by her brother's side, drinking in his every word. Both father and daughter were thrilled at the story of his perilous journey. It would have been utterly impossible for him to get through so long as he wore any item of Confederate dress or equipment. The line of the Rappahannock was closely guarded all the way to the forks of the Hazel River. He expected to find no Federal troops west of the Orange and Alexandria Railway, but the sudden expedition to capture Mosby had filled the country with cavalry, and every town and every road from Sulphur Springs northward seemed infested with them. Near Amissville chance befriended him. He found there the scout Tierney, who, with the full knowledge of both Stuart and Mosby, was in the employ of the Federal "Secret Service." It was his business to spend most of his time with the lines of the Army of the Potomac, but to slip out and give prompt information of important moves, while feeding his employers with any such pap in the way of reports of the position and numbers (the latter purposely exaggerated) of the Confederates as he thought they would swallow. It was a dangerous game, and one he could not long expect to carry out. Both sides began to suspect him, he said, and he had had trouble within the Federal lines, and experienced great difficulty in getting out to warn Mosby. He had been seized by the Yankees despite his papers, and only by the skin of his teeth had he escaped and made his way through the wood roads in the nick of time. Now, of course, the game was up, and he could no longer return. He was seeking to get farther South, and appealed to Armistead to aid him, confident that as one of Stuart's most trusted officers he would be able to satisfy the Confederate officers along the line to Gordonsville that he was not a Yankee spy but a loyal Virginian. Henry saw a chance at once; making a temporary exchange of "mounts," and borrowing Tierney's hat, overcoat, and Federal passes and papers, and gaining from him such information as to the names of the officers, the regiments, etc., he would be apt to encounter *en route* as he needed, the young Virginian pushed boldly forth, rode unhesitatingly among the very first party of blue-coated horsemen he sighted across the stream, told their commander he was Tierney, hurrying through with important information, showed his papers, scrawled with a rough pencil a not bad imitation of the scout's signature, gave a good deal of information about the condition of things south of the river, and was allowed to ride on, mainly by night, avoiding pickets and patrols when it was possible to do so, and thus escaping delay; but being bold, communicative, and jovial whenever he *had* to meet them, he succeeded at last in making his way to Hopewell village, and then pushed through the Gap. Up to this moment he had not been recognized by either friend or foe outside the walls of his father's house. But it had taken time; there had been unavoidable detentions at more points than one; nothing but the imminent danger in which he feared his father's life to be would have prompted the risk. Now the question was how to get back, for he dare not stay.

Several times during the day he felt compelled to go out and chat with the men of the guard, examine his horse, and talk of the ride before him as soon as he was well rested. By four in the afternoon he had decided that his best chance for success lay in a bold trot down the pike to Warrenton. If Tierney's defection had been discovered and reported by Colonel Graham, those passes would soon be worse than worthless. He must utilize them while they were yet good.

But they had done their work already. Just as he had resumed his disguise, and was about to say farewell, Lucy was startled by the scurry of many hoofs; the shout of men surrounding the house, and the sudden entrance of two officers in the Union blue followed by several men.

"That's the man!" exclaimed the foremost. "Seize him!" and almost before Henry had time to think, two stout dragoons had thrown themselves upon him. The rôle he was playing occurred to him at once, however, and while Lucy, almost fainting from terror and distress, sank back against her father's door, he boldly faced the officers.

"What on earth does this mean, captain? Surely I saw you last night over near Salem. I showed you my papers—Tierney."

"Unluckily for you, Tierney, you did, as I happened to remember when orders came this morning to make every effort to find and arrest you."

"On what charge, pray?"

"On the double charge of having murdered Captain Mullane at Washington, on the 10th of March, and deserted to Mosby's guerillas that same night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SCENE IN CASTLE GARDEN.

OUR double-page picture of this week is but a single view of the kaleidoscopic stream which pours from Europe through Castle Garden into the United States. Only those who frequent that famous institution can realize the magnitude of the human river of which it is the sluiceway, or of the changes which occur from day to day. Within the memory of many alive to-day the bulk of the immigration was British, made up of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh. This was followed by the Irish exodus, which was so powerful as to give a Milesian color to Battery Park. The children of Erin were succeeded by a great German wave, and this in turn by one from Scandinavia. At the beginning of this decade the Hungarian and Bohemian made their appearance in regiments and brigades. As the reaction set in, their place was filled by Italians and Russians, who still dominate in the army of newly arriving citizens. The term Russian in this regard is somewhat of a misnomer, it being true politically and not ethnologically. Nearly all of the subjects of the Czar who enter our gates are Hebrews, who are flying from the bigotry and oppression which mark orthodox Muscovy. According to their home-land or dialect, they call themselves Poles (from Poland), Slovaks (from southwestern Russia), Lithoaks (speaking Lithuanian), and Bets (from the Baltic). Castle Garden, though "hallowed by clustering memories," and made sacred by JENNY LIND and the actors and opera singers of long ago, is in reality a disgrace to the Empire State and the Federal government. Originally a theatre, it belongs to an age when comfort and health were seldom if ever taken into consideration by the architect. Even to-day, despite the beautiful Battery Park, which surrounds it on three sides, its exterior looks like a curious hybrid between a fortress and a prison of the last century. The interior is gloom, dirt, decay, and hideousness. From the bulkhead where the immigrant first touches the soil of the promised land to the doorway where he leaves the institution for a temporary home, there is not a single object of beauty, grace, or color. The rotunda, corridors, and rooms are cold, poorly lighted, badly ventilated, foul-smelling, and repulsive.

The accommodations are on a par with everything else. A dungeon door admits the foreigner from the pier to the building. Within he finds cheerless and uncomfortable wooden settees, clumsy board fences that divide the interior into pens very like those in the great abattoirs, and a government office far uglier than that of the warden of the Tombs. If, dirty from a long confinement in a ship's steerage, he desires to cleanse himself, there is no bath nor private wash-room, the only facilities afforded being some stationary basins that would hardly pass muster as a sink in a tenement-house. If hungry, and especially if desirous of decently cooked food, he must confine himself to the coarse bread, cheap sausage, and mysterious coffee which make the *menu* of the lunch-counter, the only restaurant allowed upon the premises. If sleepy, or worn out with sea-sickness, he must make his bed upon one of the settees, or else upon the dirty and ragged floor. Nor, if the foreigner be a woman, will the accommodations be found to be any better. If sick or wounded, he must either take an ambulance to the nearest city hospital, or go on board the little steamer which plies between Castle Garden and the charitable institutions on the East River islands above Harlem. There is no official bureau of information for those who come to this land in search of a livelihood, and who know nothing of its geography and resources. There is no library nor reading-room for those who are awaiting friends and relatives. There is no dispensary for the sick, and above all, there are no special accommodations for children, infants, and young mothers.

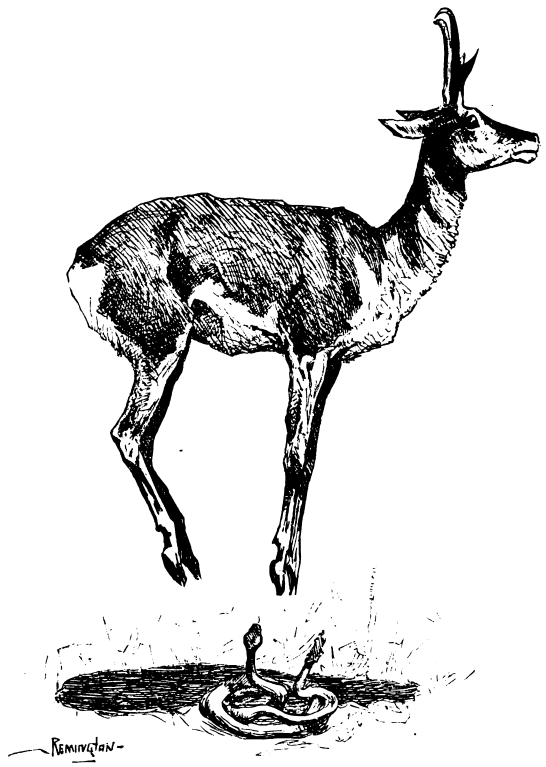
Another grave fault which can be readily cured has been hinted at in the classification of Hebrews as Russians. The immigration records should show the race as well as the nationality of the future citizens of the republic. As it now stands, a Malay from the Dutch East Indies, a Chinaman who has been naturalized under the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

British, Spanish, or Peruvian laws, a negro born in Ireland, an Israelite from Rome, a Mohammedan from Malta, are charged to the governments to which they owe allegiance, even if temporary, and not to the blood to which they belong. A good illustration of this incongruity is found in the east side of New York city, where there is a compact and homogeneous Jewish quarter of more than a hundred thousand population. Nine-tenths of these arrived in this country in the past eight years, and yet there is barely the slightest reference to this great army in the records of the Commissioners of Emigration.

The management of Castle Garden is admirable, and in view of the numberless drawbacks suggested, is worthy of all praise. The officials, from highest to lowest, are quick, kind, well-informed, and courteous. The discipline is so good that the receiving and disposing of five thousand immigrants in one day is done as smoothly and pleasantly as of five hundred. The selection of subordinates has been actuated by such wisdom that a new-comer from any one of the forty different lands of Europe, Asia, and Africa which supply immigrants is able to meet some official who speaks his own tongue, and knows the customs, laws, and conditions of his far-away home. The conduct of the Employment Bureau is superior to that of any private concern of the same class.

A word of praise is due to the societies, religious and secular, which look after the welfare of the immigrants. The rivalry between Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Hebrew in this regard is so great as to take away a vast amount of hard work from the officials which would otherwise be necessary, and to do more good to the ignorant, the poor, and the despairing than the world ever dreams of. The charity and self-sacrifice shown by the missionaries and society agents toward the "in-wanderers," to use the quaint but charming German term, would make a volume worthy of being placed among the Lives of the Saints.



ANTELOPE KILLING A "RATTLER."

THE AMERICAN ANTELOPE.

It is not generally appreciated that we have in southern California, Arizona, and the adjacent country an antelope that in its speed, beauty, and other qualities that appeal to the sportsman is the equal of many of the African forms. The antelope in question is the prong-horn, and in the locality mentioned, in the land of winter flowers, it is still found, affording the hunter what might be called, owing to the mildness of the climate, the most comfortable sport in the world.

We are told that the buffalo is extinct, yet in No Man's Land and the Llano Estacado of Texas there are bands, which it is to be hoped will long remain unmolested, and that the sportsman will turn his attention to the antelope, the black-tailed deer, and other game common here. In Arizona we have the mountain-lion, antelope, and several kinds of deer, a large variety of game, and the finest quail-shooting in the Southwest. A short distance down into Lower California and we have what the natives call the tiger—a fine large feline, most beautifully marked, the ocelot of science. When we reach the Sierra Madre, which guard the orange belt of southern California, the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego, we find a variety of large game. A recent bag brought into Pasadena consisted of two mountain-sheep, thirteen black-tailed deer, and two grizzly bears—the result of a two weeks' hunt. The big-horns were taken on the slopes of Mt. San Antonio, forty miles from Pasadena, and the other game in the valleys and cañons around about.

By far the most attractive sport in this borderland to the hunter who delights in hard work is the chase of the antelope, that, though not so common as it was fifteen years ago, when its meat was the cheapest in the California market, is still to be had. The antelope country may be said to include the great level plain reaching north from Mojave up to Tulare and San Joaquin, the lands to the north and east of the Sierra Madre range, and far to the south over the border. The view of this antelope region, or a portion of it, from the summit of San Antonio is one of the most singular in the country. We are eleven thousand feet above the Pacific, that, miles away, gleams and shimmers in the sunlight. To the west we look down upon a series of valleys, bedecked in green, orange, lemon, and lime, with a floral carpet of infinite hues. From this the mountain rises in one of the most precipitous ascents to be found in America—a slope sublime in all its aspects. But turn to the east, and there stretches away the Arizona Desert, one of the most desolate regions upon the habitable globe; a region where the intense heat renders life in the summer almost unbearable, and where living things are rare. The slopes of the Sierra Madre merge into this land of desolation; yet they are rich in greens, and about them are valleys, the mouths of deep cañons, green rivers which wind upward into the well-wooded interior. In these nooks and corners the antelope loves to wander, though its home is on the great and seemingly boundless plains so near at hand.

We pass over the range from the western country, from the land of the orange, pomegranate, and olive, winding down the cañon, gradually leaving the big pines, overtaking the sycamores, alders, and willows, and finally are in the great wash that marks the entrance of almost every cañon—an expanse of polished bowlders in rows and heaps, overgrown with the chaparral, wild lilac, sumac, limulus, and wild rose. Ancient live-oaks tower aloft, and white-trunked sycamores, leafless, reach out their long, distorted arms in seeming supplication. A few hundred yards and the valley is before us, undulating and rich in winter greens. Here camp is formed, and a new start made the following morning with fresh horses equal to the work required of them. Over the valley we ride, now ploughing knee-deep in flowers, now scrambling, slipping, and sliding over the wash of rocks and bowlders. We are well out of the cañon when some one gives a warning hiss. Motionless we stand, nerves tingling, blood flowing faster and faster, as there, not one hundred yards away, is a bright jaunty head, a pair of prong-horns, a pair of big eyes, and the rest is told ten miles distant. It was but the glance of a moment; then the sentinel of the band gave the alarm and was away. Up over the rise went the horses, the jangle of spurs making music, just in time to see the white rumps of the only American antelope disappear over a hill. The herd gained at first as if the horses had been standing still, and in a few moments appeared nearly half a mile away, rapidly increasing the lead. The green hands spurred their horses, urging them by shouts and cries until the older ones counselled moderation. For the first few miles a horse cannot keep up with an antelope, and this was soon demonstrated. The little animals that had rushed out of numerous depressions now formed a band of perhaps twenty, and were literally flying along. The horses soon entered into the spirit of the chase, and it was a race to the finish over the undulating plain; leaping washes, stumbling over stones, the accumulation of ages, down gullies, over mounds, and out on to the open country. The antelopes were running well together, and the white patches on their rumps radiated, or seemed to enlarge, and conceal, or rather render them inconspicuous.

The horses gradually spread out and settled down to work, the cool day being in their favor. How they ran! Ears back, limbs working like machines; rifle scabbards whistling in the wind, the men lying back in the saddle as they would on the deck of a racing yacht not to hold the wind. Two, four, six miles, and the white bunch ahead is growing larger, and the little runners show signs of discomfort and a desire for separation. The plain became harder, and the horses, with their second wind, pulled well to the front. Now comes a burst of speed; stones, gravel, and sand fill the air—missiles from the flying hoofs of the dainty runners; another mile and the herd has broken, and the horses are flying alongside, rifles are jerked from scabbards, and with reins on the pommel, the animals take care of themselves, while the quick reports of the repeaters and the falling antelopes tell that the game is nearly up. In the last break they separate, rushing wildly here and there; and one buck in clearing a wash is shot literally in the air, the horse and rider making the leap at the same time, the antelope falling into the trench, and the horse rounding up on the other side to allow its rider to dismount and pull himself together after one of the hardest rides he has ever taken. The antelopes were not being exterminated, so only those actually required were taken—four or five bucks; and noble little fellows they were, with fine lines, graceful proportions, and large, lustrous, almost human eyes. An ordinary horse could not overtake a prong-horn; it must be a good animal, what the plain men call a stager. The speed developed by the little animals is astonishing. At first they outrun the fleetest greyhound, but their delicate limbs fail them in long runs over a rough country, and they ultimately fall a victim to the sportsman who can shoot well from the saddle while going at full speed.

A sport more exciting can hardly be imagined. The game has a fair chance for its life; only the good rider and shot can bring them down, and it must be a hardy rider who will go over the washes and sand-wastes of the Mojave and Arizona deserts at full speed.

The antelope is taken in several ways, the most popular being that described; but perhaps the most exciting is to follow the gamy little creature with the sabre, run it down literally, and by skill of arms bring it to the ground. The Mexicans often adopt this method in trials of skill, the sport giving remarkable tests of horsemanship. It is possible to stalk the antelope, but only on rare occasions. When the little animals were very common they were often taken by a simple expedient: one man would stand on his head with legs waving in the air, making as many curious movements as he could, while a comrade crouched behind him, resting his rifle either under his arms or over his head. This combination so puzzled the antelope that it would, in the majority of cases, be impelled by its curiosity to investigate, and so would slowly approach. This was only possible when the wind was blowing from it to the hunter, as the very slightest scent would be fatal to the scheme. If the hunter is skilful, the prong-horn may be induced to come within rifle-shot, and so fall a victim to its curiosity.

The prong-horn is the only representative of the antelope tribe in America, and may be said to equal in speed and beauty many of its African cousins. It is known as the prong-buck, cabree, and by a variety of local names, and to science as *Antilocapra americana*. The first name is derived from the curious triangular branch from the horns, about midway up, called a prong. It is the only one of the hollow-horned ruminants that possesses undivided horns. Another singular feature is that the horny sheaths or horns are regularly cast in October or November of every year. At this time a skin forms beneath the horns, in which are developed what might be termed casting hairs, and the old horns are literally pushed off.

The adult antelope attains a length of nearly five feet, and will stand two feet eight inches at the withers, and six inches more at the rump.

It is marked in a singular and striking manner. The general color is yellowish brown on the back and upper portions, and white below. The buttocks are pure white, so that when seen from behind the animal appears to be white. Its eyes are extremely large and lustrous, and are placed directly beneath the horns in the male. The print of the hoofs may be easily recognized, being long, slender, and narrow. These knife-like organs are sometimes used as weapons, males having been seen to leap into the air, coming down upon a coiled rattle-snake with all four hoofs together, cutting it in pieces.

The prong-horn may be said to range from the Missouri River to the Pacific, and from about 53° north latitude south into Mexico. The open plains of southern and central California are in all probability the best fields for the sport at the present time. In the warm seasons they take to the level country, but in winter are found in the small valleys that reach into the mountains, where there is a rich pasturage. From these places they take to the plains when followed, the young running almost as swiftly as the parents. All in all, the American antelope, whether followed on horseback with the somewhat brutal sabre, or with the rifle or lariat, is a game well worthy the best efforts of the sportsman; and in all probability, owing to the difficulty and hard work required to take it, it will long be on the list of the game animals of our Western plains.

C. F. HOLDER.

THE BUILDER'S STORY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

What time we were wedded our prospect was high—
First floor down the chimney—my Milly and I;
Our neighbors below thought more happiness theirs,
But we climbed up to heaven when we mounted the stairs.

Some rickety furniture filled up the place;
On the walls our two photographs hung face to face;
A square of old carpet—its pile had been lost;
One teacup between us—less sugar it cost.

When the sunset was making for darkness a way,
And the jack-plane and hand-saw I dropped for the day,
How I entered the house with a skip and a hop,
And, two steps at once, climbed the stairs to the top!

The teakettle sang a new song when I came;
The fire, at my voice, showed a ruddier flame;
And better than lamp-light to chase away gloom,
The smile of my Milly illumined the room.

There were beautiful views o'er the tin-covered roofs,
Away from the sound of the street horses' hoofs,
With the air cool and pure at the height where we dwelt,
And the troubles of others unknown and unfelt.

The love of my youth and the mate of my prime,
The mother of buds that were blossoms in time,
How she saved from my earnings what else had been spent,
And with much or with little was always content!

So saving, so toiling, a few years swept by.
We descended at last from our lodgings on high
To a house of our own; if 'twere not of the best,
It made for our fledglings a snug little nest.

In building for others I built for myself,
Gained long rows of houses and great store of pelf,
Till at last, fortune crowning my labor and care,
At sixty I wrote myself down "millionaire."

And now, in a mansion both lofty and wide,
I feed me ten lackeys and pay them beside,
Tread on triple-piled carpets, on cushions recline,
And from silver and porcelain luxurious dine.

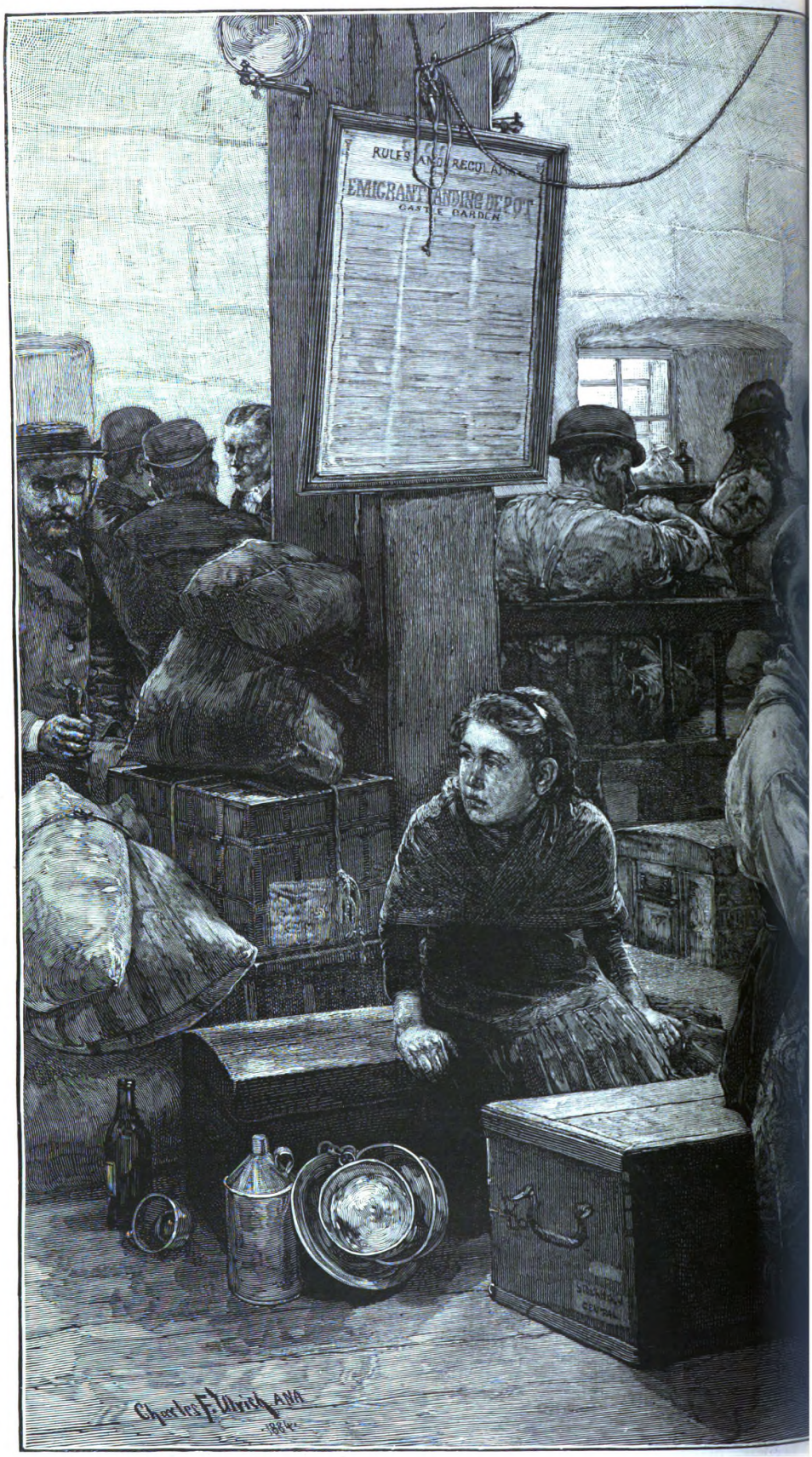
Rich curtains of damask at windows are found;
Easy-chairs satin-covered in parlors abound;
The chambers are furnished in elegance all,
And armor and pictures are hung in the hall.

And there is my library—gorgeous indeed!—
'Tis a fine place to smoke in or journals to read;
The books—a wise friend has selected the best;
The bindings are handsome; respected they rest.

There is all that conduces to ease and repose,
Yet something is lacking. What is it? Who knows?
There is nothing to hope for; the race has been won,
And possession breeds surfeit when striving is done.

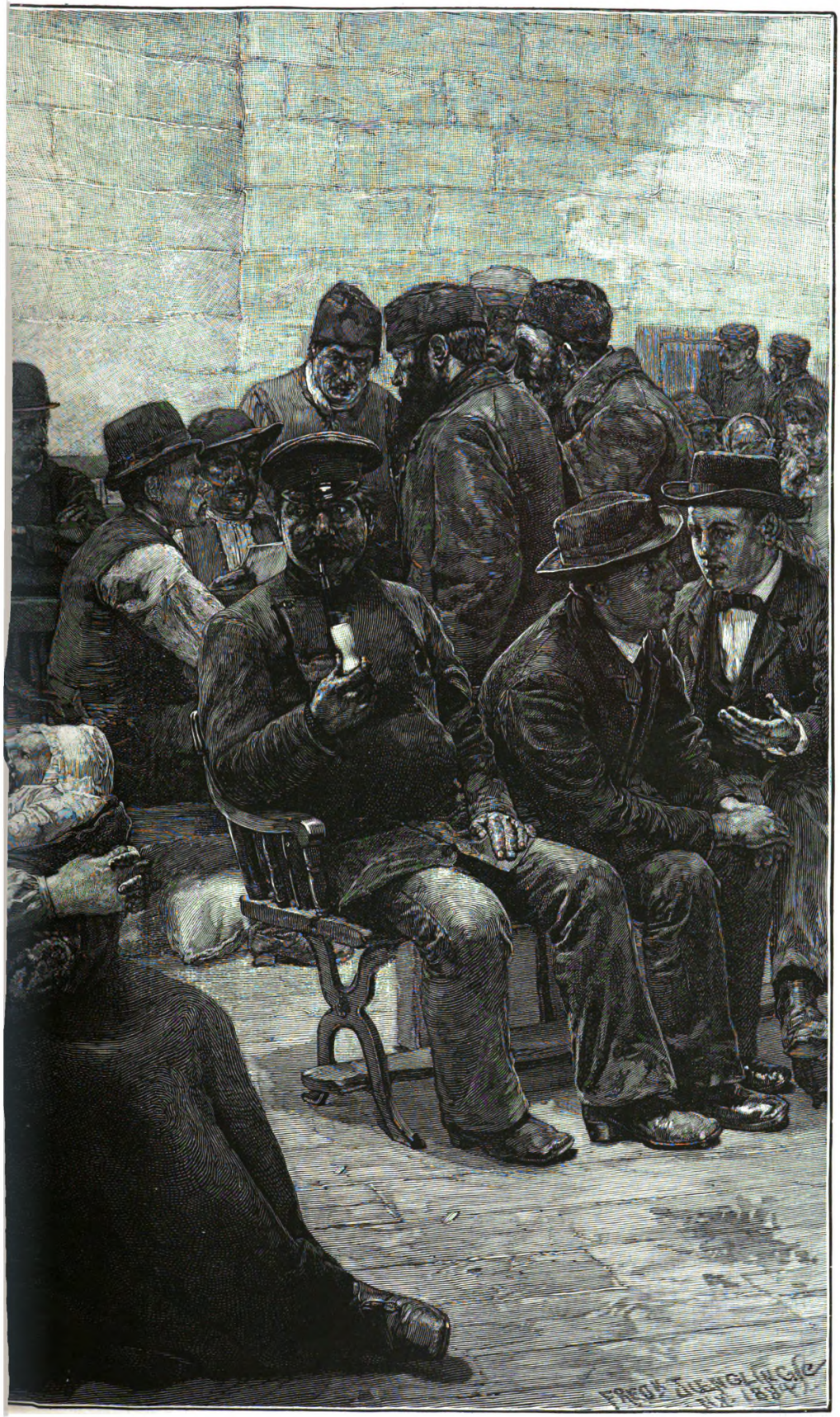
And here, as we sit, both my Milly and I
To our first year of wedlock look back with a sigh,
When that garret of ours, so my Milly declares,
Was a Garden of Eden up four pair of stairs.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"IN THE LAND OF PROMISE"—A SCENE IN CASTLE GARDEN

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FREDERICK JUENGLING FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES F. ULRICH.—[SEE PAGE 86.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE BACHELOR.

A STUDY IN STRAINED SENTIMENT.

BY F. ANSTEY.

AUTHOR OF "VICE VERSÂ," "THE BLACK POODLE," "THE GIANT'S ROBE," ETC.

PART THE FIRST.

BESIDE his fire the Bachelor sat,
A friendless man in a furnished flat;

The light of youth from his eyes had fled,
The hair was sparse on the top of his head;

Angular, cynical, bilious, grim,
Was there one in the world to care for him?

Thus he mused—as often he'd mused before—
When the hammer sounded at his front door.

And he rose, impelled by repeated knocks,
To find on his threshold—a boy with a box:

A plain deal box of a medium size,
Which the Bachelor took in blank surprise.

He had made no purchase of late—then swift
The inference followed—it must be a gift!

From some former friend he had long forgot;
So he fetched his scissors and severed the knot.

And in eager haste he lifted the lid,
All unsuspicious of what it hid.

Then his fury broke in a frantic curse,
Too vigorous to repeat in verse.

What unknown hand had dealt this stroke?
What fiend conceived so cruel a joke

As to send—ah, smile at it those who can!—
A dainty doll to a childless man?

He flung it from him; it fell on a chair,
And smiled, through its fleece of golden hair,

Straight up in his face, till it made him start,
And a sudden compunction smote his heart;

For the eyes and the amber tresses above
Resembled those of his early Love,

Whose eyes were as round and devoid of guile,
Who had just that placid, persistent smile.

Ere maternal monition she obeyed
And married a man in the timber trade!

So he stooped and touched the doll's limp hand,
And she seemed somehow to understand,

When he raised her gently—for, wondrous thing!
As though his fingers had found a spring

Which set in motion some secret gear,
She spoke in silver-toned accents clear:

"I's oor dolly—oo must be
Always velly tind to me:
Yike me best of all oor toys,
Hide me thafe f'om naughty boys,
Never yeave me near ze fah,
In ze wain, or in ze miah,
And I'll 'peak when 'poken to—
Oo yove me, an' I'll yove oo!"

It thrilled his pulse to a faster throb;
He was fain to swallow a rising sob;

For his flinty bosom he could not steel
'Gainst the innocent guile of that appeal;

And his furrowed face grew strangely mild
As he nursed the doll like a little child.

Through the long night she softly slept
In the drawer where his clean shirts were kept;

While he his eyelids closed in vain,
For there rang in his ears that naive refrain.

Ah, well! it came from a phonograph;
Yet I doubt if many will dare to laugh,

For I think e'en malice might feel some shame
To see how its shaft had missed its aim.

PART THE SECOND.

All through the next succeeding day,
From the time his breakfast was cleared away

Till after he had taken tea,
He nursed the doll on his elderly knee.

He had it still upon his lap
When once again he heard a rap,

And thrusting the doll with a guilty air
Between the cushions that lined his chair,

He sat up, stiffer than before,
And grimly eyed his opening door;

Then he felt his brains in confusion whirl,
For his visitor was a little girl;

A small patrician in plush and fur,
With little trace of the child in her;

And he caught his breath with a gasping choke—
Well he guessed her object or ever she spoke!

She sat down, preening her parasol,
Then: "I've come to ask if you've seen my doll.

"I ordered it yesterday afternoon,
And they promised me they would send it soon;

"But they never did! and such silly mistakes
A shopkeeper pers'n so often makes

"(There's a perfect idiot who keeps that shop!)—
That, though we're at the bottom and you at the top,

"I thought I'd step up and inquire," she said,
"If they happened to send it to you instead.

"So boring to lose one's doll, you know!"
And he answered, "I should imagine so."

Though he wreathed his face in a ghastly grin,
A bitter struggle went on within.

This child came armed with the legal claim,
But, oh! it was cruel, all the same!

For how could he now, without disgrace,
Produce that doll from its hiding-place?

Then, gripping his chair in convulsive clutch,
"Do you love," he faltered, "your doll so much?"

"Oh, I liked her rather," she drawled, "before,
But I've thought of something I'd like still more;

"So, as soon as she comes, I shall try to arrange
With the man at the shop to let me exchange."

Then—he might regain her? But he was shy—
A doll was a thing that he dared not buy!

And still, as the child went chattering on,
He suppressed what he was sitting upon.

"Dolls," she declared, "were going out;
One scarcely ever saw any about.

"And though hers was one of the very few
That could make a speech, which was something new,

"In time that speech would be sure to pall."
And the Bachelor basely agreed with it all!

While his soul was seething in revolt,
Like a cistern struck by a thunder-bolt,

What! yield his idol and all her charms
To alien unsympathetic arms?

To be lost forever? Not so—not so!
He could not—he *would* not let her go!

"Then you haven't seen her?" she asked. (Ah! why
Is it always easy to tell a lie

Upon any sudden emergency?)
"I am sorry to say.... I have not," said he.

Then he bowed her out with a courtly air,
And sank, with a sigh, in his easy-chair.

What recked he, now that the deed was done,
If fairly or foully the prize was won?

And under the cushions he hastily sought
For the hidden treasure so dearly bought.

He found her soon—and his hot tears gushed,
For her innocent nose was completely crushed!

In grief as fruitless he indulged
When he saw that one of her eyes had bulged!

Then next, with nerves unstrung, he tried
The spring of the cylinder inside.

She spoke—but horror! the sounds he heard
Were now discordant and harsh and blurred!

And beneath the jumble of words and jerks,
The click and stammer of damaged works,

His ear detected—unless he dreamt—
An undercurrent of contempt!

"Yeave me! Thafer I must be,
Oo's so—click!—untind to me.
Best I yike a naughty boy—
Tick-tack!—I's a broken toy.
Hide f'om me, oo coo-al liah!
An-an-i-as an' ze fiah!
Never 'gain I'll 'peak, it's too!
Dolly dud-dud-don't yove oo!"

She was silent. Ah! he had sinned in vain!
He could never endure that voice again,

Nor meet unmoved the mild blue eye
That gazed reproachfully, all awry.

For the broken accent that clicked and jerked
Was the voice of Conscience he would have burked!

So, pale and panting, he poked the fire,
Then placed her on her funeral pyre,

Hiding his haggard eyes—for he felt
It would madden him if he watched her melt.

And he staggered forth with a stifled groan,
Once more—forever—unloved, alone!

NEW YORK MOUNTED POLICE.

THE police army of three thousand men which protects New York from the organized bands of evil-doers has its cavalry arm as well as its infantry departments. This consists of what is generally known as the "mounted squad," although the name no longer correctly describes the force. The old mounted squad, which was a separate company of over a hundred men, was first organized in July, 1871, under the command of the present Inspector WILLIAMS as acting sergeant. The office was at first on Thirty-first street between Sixth and Seventh avenues, but was removed in 1873 to the present head-quarters on Eighty-seventh Street between First and Second avenues, with Sergeant REVELL in command. In 1884 the mounted squad was broken up, and most of its members distributed among the five precincts lying between One-hundred-and-tenth Street and the northern limit of police jurisdiction, *viz.*, the Thirty-first, or Highbridge; the Thirty-second, or Carmansville; the Thirty-third, or Morrisania; the Thirty-fourth, or Tremont and Fordham; and the Thirty-fifth, Kingsbridge to city line. At the same time, however, ten of the most expert horsemen were retained for special duty under Sergeant REVELL, to patrol the several drives, such as St. Nicholas Avenue and Fifth and Sixth avenues during the day. All the others are now regular patrolmen, mounted of course, attached to their respective precincts, each precinct having on an average sixteen patrolmen, with two roundsmen and two sergeants, making altogether a body of twenty alert and experienced horsemen for each precinct. The only difference between the duty hours of these men and the foot policemen is that the former are excused from the dog-watch—six to eight—in order to look after their horses. Each mounted patrolman is supposed to cover the ground ordinarily guarded by six foot policemen. His pay is the same as that of the ordinary police.

The mounted police are under the immediate command of Sergeant REVELL, an old cavalry officer who served with honor through the civil war. The force is subjected to the same rules and regulations as those of the regular cavalry; the equipment, forage, etc., are under the supervision of the courteous and popular Inspector CONLIN, also an old cavalry officer of the war, who makes a thorough inspection of the force in the fall and spring, and sees that his men account for every article of their equipment, from saddle and bridle down to sponges and curry-combs. The horses, all magnificent bays, are well housed and well fed, and day and night while in the stables are attended to by competent hostlers. Every mounted policeman must be of perfect physical health and superior muscular development. He must also be neat and active in his person, and his intellectual qualifications must be equal to the intelligent discharge of his duty. His chief duties are to prevent rapid driving and racing in the streets, and, when necessary, to arrest the offenders, to stop runaways, to assist the injured, and to protect property when collisions or accidents occur. These are special duties beyond the regular ones which they perform in common with the rest of the police. Bestriding spirited steeds trained to stop runaways by galloping alongside, the sturdy riders often incur great risks, but seldom fail to accomplish their object or to save the lives and limbs of terrified carriage occupants. The thoroughfares mentioned above are handsome open streets, on which the temptation to race and run is very strong for both man and beast. A foot policeman could do but little to stop reckless driving. If he tried to run a culprit down, a touch of the driver's whip soon sent the latter out of his reach. Butcher boys, young bloods, and sporting men were guilty of the offence so often that pedestrianism upon some thoroughfares became fraught with serious danger, and the streets in fine weather were changed into race-courses. All this has been changed by putting the policeman on a horse, which, being unencumbered, can easily overtake a wagon or a carriage and arrest the driver. So universally recognized is this fact that when a mounted policeman turns in his saddle and raises his hand to a passing vehicle, both horse and driver stop as if instinctively. Even tipsy drivers who like a quiet spurt rein up at the first glance of the mounted guardian of the peace. Runaways are much more serious trouble. Many panic-stricken horses if approached become infuriated, and will savagely attack a man who tries to interfere with them. They will plunge fiercely against a post, fence, or wall, and madly kill themselves rather than submit to capture.

Another duty equally exciting, but containing little or no danger—for the ordinary criminal regards the mounted policeman with abject terror—is the pursuit of robbers, and especially sneak thieves. The horses along the driving thoroughfares or in their neighborhood are usually the homes of well-to-do people. The sneak thief finds such vicinities a fine harvest-field, and is constantly on the lookout for a favorable opportunity. The mounted officer is equally alert for the thief. It often happens that the latter has just succeeded in pilfering from some area or basement when the alarm is given, and the officer notices it a few blocks off. The spur is called into action, and in a second the "minion" of the law is dashing after the violator. If it be in the built-up districts he is run down in the street or on the sidewalk. If it be on the out-skirts of the city or in the sparsely settled districts, the thief, by some odd fatality, generally takes to the open lots, hoping that the horse cannot or will not follow. Vain hope! Steed and rider, accustomed to the work, dash over the sidewalk, and down or up the hill, and after a brief cross-country rush come up with the now breathless and nerveless fugitive. The scene depicted in the illustration is one of not uncommon occurrence on upper Seventh Avenue and Frog Hollow. Asked whether the flying thieves, when driven to desperation, ever show fight, Inspector CONLIN replied:

"Very seldom. A criminal dreads a policeman's baton more than any one else's pistol. The most powerful Italian rowdy cowers before a little man in blue."

The record made by the mounted police of New York is an honorable one. The number of arrests for careless driving averages yearly about 250; but these figures, while they superficially show the amount of demonstrable work done, convey but a meagre idea of the faithfulness, courage, and intelligence of the men themselves. Both Inspector CONLIN and Sergeant REVELL are popular with the men, though they are old soldiers, and therefore naturally strict disciplinarians. Their men and horses are always in splendid condition, while the stable and yard apportioned to the latter are cleaner and neater and more comfortable than thousands of homes in the city of New York. These horses, from their constant association with one man, who washes and grooms them, who nurses them when sick, who plays with them in leisure moments, develop a degree of intelligence which is truly astonishing. They come to know their own and their owners' names; they learn all sorts of tricks and comical ways; and they see or hear a runaway as soon as the rider himself.

THE OYSTER INDUSTRY.

THE bays and harbors along our Atlantic coast are well adapted for oyster planting, and in many places they grow naturally in these shallow bodies of water. Until only very recently natural beds of oysters many acres in extent were found in the Long Island Sound; but the stream-dredge has now so thoroughly raked over the bottom of that body of water that such "lucky finds" can no longer be possible. The greater part of the Sound that is adapted to oyster growing has been planted and staked off. It is the same with the Great South Bay, although the clamming grounds of this bay are not disturbed. In the bay the clamming industry is quite an extensive one, between five and ten thousand people depending on it for a living. Probably as many more are engaged in the oyster business, the returns of which are increasing annually.

Although New York and Brooklyn are great markets for these bivalves, and consume as many, if not more, than any other two cities in the Union, the people of Maryland hold the lead in supplying the markets of the world with the shell-fish. The industry gives employment to over fifty thousand people, while a quarter of a century ago it was so insignificant that it did not enter into consideration as a thing of any statistical value. Over $10,000,000 worth of oysters are sometimes shipped from Maryland in one year, going in cans, raw or steamed, or in barrels to all parts of the country possible. Through our great net-work of railroads the great cities of the West are supplied with these delicacies of the ocean. Shell oysters are found as far west as St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Leavenworth.

Connecticut oystermen seldom send their oysters to market until after considerable manipulation, which tends to make them better for transportation. When dredged from the beds in the salt water of Long Island Sound, they are deposited in shallow tide rivers, where the water is more or less brackish. They are generally left there until two tides have flowed over them, allowing them two good drinks of the fresh water. This "floating" the oysters cleans them out, freshens them, and increases their bulk. In the oyster season good fat oysters will generally yield five quarts of solid meat to the bushel; but this will often be increased to six quarts after they have "floated" two tides. The oysters are then taken from the shell, and, after the liquor has been strained off, they are washed in cold water. Oysters that are taken from their shells and packed in all their native juices spoil much sooner than when their juices are strained out and the meats are washed in fresh cold water. The water also increases their bulk by absorption, and the saltier the oysters, the more water will they absorb. Many oystermen consider this increase in size a growth of fat, while others claim that it is merely "bloat."

Dredging the oysters by steam is now a common practice, and hundreds of steam-dredgers are engaged in the business, although the ordinary sloop or schooner does the work as well, only more slowly. About 1500 of these latter are employed in the business in the waters of Maryland, varying in capacity from 500 to 2500 bushels. In addition to these boats, the State "oyster navy," consisting of five steamers, six schooners, and eight sloops, are constantly cruising around in the waters. These boats are presumably supported by the $300,000 annually paid to the State treasury for dredgers' licenses, fines, penalties, etc., and their object is to enforce the oyster regulations.

Most of the oysters caught by the dredgers are sold directly to the steam or raw packing establishments, at so much per bushel. The tong-men usually supply the restaurants and hotels with their oysters. Their work is slower than that of the dredgers, but the oysters they catch often bring higher prices than those of the latter. They are caught in shallow water, and on beds owned by the tong-men. These oysters in many cases are fed by the owners until they grow to enormous sizes.

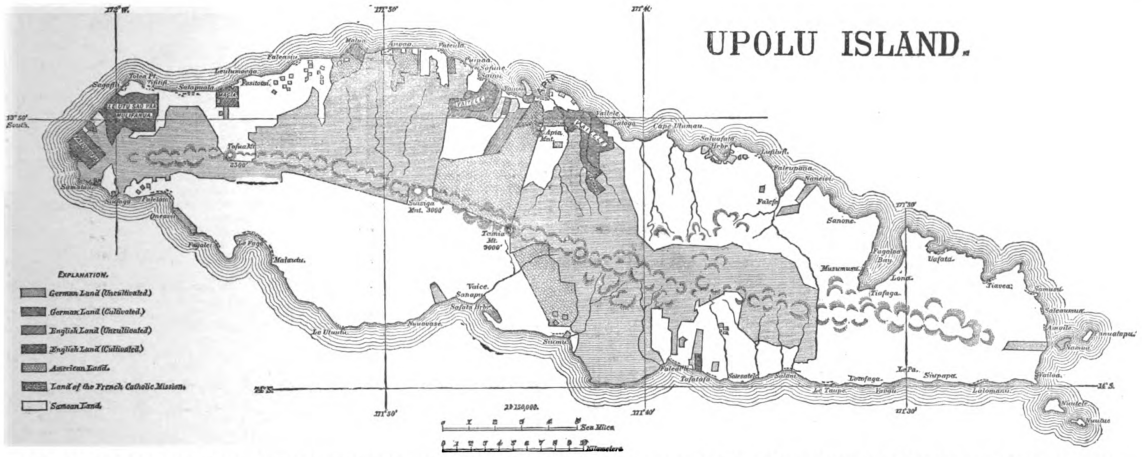
The dredger's life is not an enviable one, for during the coldest days he often has to be at work, sailing about the bay, and handling the ice-cold bivalves as they come up. Each vessel has two iron windlasses for hauling in the dredges, which in Maryland the law will not allow to be worked by steam. Four men are thus compelled to work the handles of these windlasses when dredging. As soon as the dredges are hauled in and dumped, other members of the crew begin to sort and shovel the oysters out of the way. Many curious things are brought up by these dredges, which oyster-packers do not care to buy, such as crabs out of season, sea-weed, pieces of iron, water-soaked wood, and debris of various kinds.

In the Great South Bay the oystermen find the tongs and nippers more useful than the dredge. The water is so shallow that, except in certain places, the latter cannot be used to much profit. The bivalves are planted in many localities in such shallow water that at low tide the oysters can be picked up with a small hand-rake.

Oysters are a luxury to the poor and rich alike, and there are very few indeed who do not take kindly to the delicious bivalves. The epicure has devised various methods of preparing them for the table, devoting a great amount of ingenuity to the work; but, after all has been said and done, the primitive fashion of eating the oysters on the half-shell is considered by the majority of people to be the best. The oysters, they claim, are healthier and more appetizing when raw, though the question will apparently be a debatable one so long as "tastes differ."

GEORGE E. WALSH.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

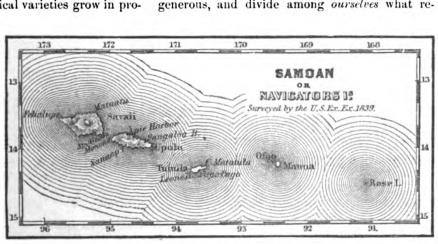


THE SEAT OF THE TROUBLES IN SAMOA, SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE LAND AMONG THE VARIOUS NATIONALITIES, AS STATED BY THE GERMAN CONSUL.

SAMOA.

THERE are eight of the Samoan Islands, all volcanic in origin, and situated about nineteen hundred miles southwest of the Hawaiian group. They are in the direct line of the American steamers running from San Francisco to Auckland, New Zealand, and Sydney, and they possess unusual natural advantages, which are more valuable to the United States than to any other country. By treaty this country possesses the harbor of Pago-Pago, the most beautiful, the largest, and safest harbor in Polynesia, where the Navy Department has for a number of years had a coaling station, a cut of which we give in this number of the WEEKLY. If either of the two projected canals is ever finished, this will undoubtedly be the most important and valuable station in the Pacific, and in time of war would command nearly all of the commerce in that ocean, and would be invaluable to whatever power might possess it. Of its value and importance Germany is well aware. The Germans find it profitable to run a line of steamers from Sydney to Apia.

The climate is moist and tropical; cotton of the finest texture and coffee of the best quality are produced, and sugar-cane grows abundantly when planted. Copra, the dried kernel of the cocoa-nut, is the most important product. Annually many hundreds of tons are exported to Germany. Fruits of the many tropical varieties grow in profusion, which with fish, taro, and bread-fruit furnish food for the natives. The climate being warm, the natives require but little clothing, which usually consists of a piece of American cotton print, or native cloth made from the inner bark of a tree, worn about the loins. Their houses are simple, and are made of cocoa-nut leaves plaited together to form the sides, and roofs thatched with sugar-cane leaves, much in the form of a big beehive. An interior of a Samoan house is shown in this week's issue.



Physically the Samoans seem to be almost perfect. The men are large, well proportioned, and handsome specimens of manhood. The women are gentle in disposition, graceful of form and movement, and attractive with their simple, natural manners. They have straight black hair, which, like their persons, they keep well anointed with cocoa-nut oil. Like all Polynesians, they seem to be semi-aquatic—swim like fish, which they capture very cleverly in a number of ways. They are not a warlike people, but peaceable and quiet in disposition, and have a strong love for their homes. When, however, aroused to fight, they become wild, cruel, and desperate. With foreigners they are kind and generous and hospitable, and those whose fortune it may be to visit their homes cannot help becoming interested in them. Some one in writing of them has said, "Taking the Samoans for all and all, judging from their past and present condition, there is not a people more worthy of consideration and protection, more susceptible of improvement, or more willing to be taught to take the position amongst the enlightened races that they have so often and so earnestly sought our help to win."

THE SAMOAN QUESTION.

WE recently heard of a youthful "bookworm" who, after reading a long series of articles on our civil war, said to his father, "Yes, papa, I've read them all, but I can't find out what they were fighting about." Doubtless thousands, after devouring despatch after despatch and page after page of our daily newspapers, have found themselves in the same unsatisfactory condition as the small boy.

Our limited space precludes an exhaustive statement of the Samoan question in its historical and diplomatic bearings; therefore we can only undertake to state the more salient points of the controversy. Unlike the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific is in many places studded with groups of islands, many of which are very fertile, and are mainly inhabited by copper-colored aborigines. So long as these were parts of continents still unclaimed, and it remained the aim of commerce to satisfy positive demands rather than to become world-absorbing, very little notice was taken of the Pacific islands. During the last four decades ideas of commerce and a colonial policy have been revolutionized. During the 'forties France established a protectorate over the Marquesas, Society, and Paumotu groups; the next decade she occupied New Caledonia; in 1864 she took the Loyalty Islands, and in 1880 made a colony of Tahiti. Great Britain already had a title to Australia; New Zealand came under her sovereignty in 1840, and the Feejee Islands in 1874. Germany was still absorbed in domestic and European politics, but in 1884 she put her heavy hand on the northern side of New Guinea, and said, "This is mine." Great Britain hastened to claim the south side, and that the poor lion might not suffer in the future, at about the same time she pocketed the Louisiade group, Long and Rook islands, and Woodlark Island. Then Spain took the Caroline Islands. France, never asleep, rushed in and seized the New Hebrides and others. England and Germany rubbed their eyes and yawned, "Let's be generous, and divide among *ourselves* what remains." Divide they actually did. With the exception of Samoa, Tonga, and Niné Island, England was to have undisputed title to all unclaimed territory in the West Pacific on one side of a line of demarcation, and Germany to have the same on the other side.

Although the well-established policy of the United States of nearly a century's standing forbids a "colonial" policy, it in no way precludes a commercial one. Owing mainly to the good offices and wise foresight of the United States, European control has been kept out of the Hawaiian Islands, and their autonomy and independence secured. This result is a great gain to us. About the same policy was adopted toward the much more distant and less important Samoan Islands.

Until within a little more than thirty years Samoa had no commerce, although United States and British consuls were first sent there over fifty years ago. About 1857 a powerful Hamburg firm selected Apia, the chief city of the islands, as a centre of their operations in the South Pacific. American interests in Samoa may be said to have begun about 1872. In 1878 a treaty was made whereby the United States was granted a coaling station in the harbor of Pago-Pago. In 1873 a special agent was sent to the United States with the request that she should protect all of the islands. But neither then nor later has the United States wished to assume a protectorate. Secretary BAYARD'S first long despatch, dated June 19, 1885, stated that it would be our policy to remain neutrally aloof from the internal feuds of Samoa so long as American rights were respected and the dominion over the islands was not transferred to a single foreign flag. Further evidence of our neutrality is found in the fact that the first formal international treaty which Samoa made was one with the United States in 1878, in which we recognized the independent nationality of the native government of the group.

Owing to the half-civilized condition of the Samoans, and frequent bloody rivalries among themselves, no adequate protection was given to foreigners. To secure this a convention was in 1879 entered into by the English, German, and American consuls for the purpose of establishing a good local government for the town and adjacent territory of Apia. This was signed only by the two former, but the American consul cooperated with them. Although there has been a constant contention among the chiefs for the kingship, King MALIETOA was the representative of the native authority by which the foreign treaties had been made, and it was therefore considered to be the better policy to countenance him as the one most likely to bring about stable government.

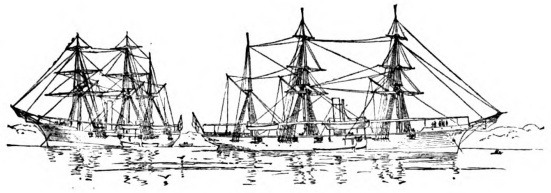
The financial and local interests of the Germans in Samoa have far outstripped those of any other nation. The British and the Americans each lay claim to about twice as much land as the Germans, but unfortunately this is no criterion. The Germans are the only ones who have invested large sums of money in the improvement and systematic cultivation of their lands. They own and work enormous plantations, employing many hundreds of laborers. They raise and export cotton, coffee, cocoa-nuts, and copra, the dried kernel of the last. From the basis of these facts the Germans have assumed a right to control Samoan affairs. They began in 1880 by encouraging the native opposition in a war upon MALIETOA. BISMARCK has again and again assured our government that he had no desire to acquire Samoa; however, his representatives have become more and more aggressive. In November, 1884, the Germans intimidated the weak King MALIETOA into signing a treaty whereby nearly the entire control of Samoan affairs was surrendered to the Germans. When MALIETOA, a little later, refused to carry out this convention, and gave offence to the German consul-general in some other respects, they seized the sovereign rights of the King in the municipality of Apia, and drove him from his seat of government at Mulinuu and raised the German flag.

MALIETOA then offered the islands to the American consul, and induced him to assume the authority of extending to MALIETOA and his possessions the formal protectorate of the United States. This action was promptly disavowed by our government, and Germany and England so informed. The State Department continued in its former policy, holding that as each power had its treaty with the native government, their several rights ran side by side, so that any preponderance of one would clash with the interests of the others. That order might be re-established on a firm basis, the Secretary of State proposed to Lord SALISBURY and Prince BISMARCK that representatives of the three powers devise a plan for the election of a suitable chief by the natives, who should be upheld by England, Germany, and the United States. The plan was adopted, and in the summer of 1886 each power first sent a commissioner to Samoa to make a report on its condition. On account of the antipathies between the consuls of the powers it was agreed to replace them. It was also understood that the *status quo* should be maintained pending the result of the conference.

The conference first met in Washington in June, 1887. After several sittings, no agreement having been reached, the conference adjourned until autumn, in order that each member might consult his government. It was still taken as a matter of course that the *status quo* would be preserved. But Germany had a way of her own. She resolved to act independently, protect her own interests, and demand satisfaction of MALIETOA for the past and guarantees for the future. The demands of the German consul were humiliating and overbearing in the extreme, and of such a nature that it must have been foreseen (and probably so intended) that MALIETOA could not comply with them in the few hours allowed him. Two days later the revolutionist TAMASESE was proclaimed King by the German consul in spite of the protest of those of Great Britian and the United States. For two or three weeks MALIETOA was a fugitive, but afterward he was taken on board the flag-ship of the German squadron.

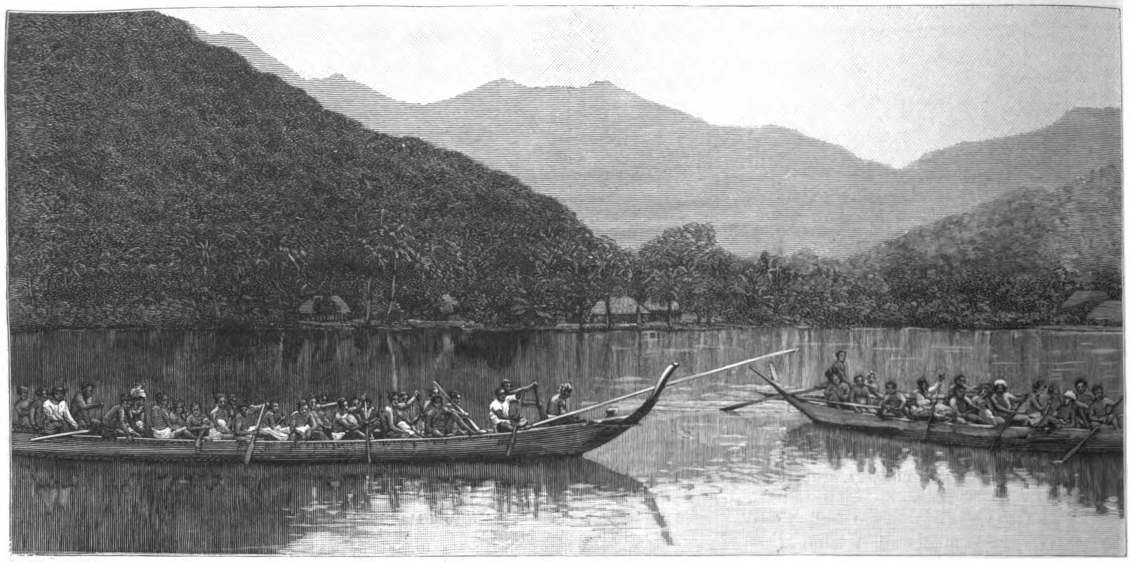
Is this brutal diplomacy? Then get the exact bearings, and find a name for Bismarckian faith. The alleged offences of MALIETOA were not new ones, but antedated by several months the first session of the conference. Germany gave the Department of State warning of her declaring war "against MALIETOA personally" just twenty-nine days *after* she had made his rival King. The municipal government of Apia was declared in abeyance by the German consul for a reason that was pitiable in its shallowness. Were not BISMARCK'S heart buried beneath a mountain of brutality and deceit it would have been moved by this noble sentence, which appeared in Mr. BAYARD'S reply to BISMARCK'S Samoan policy: "It is not my purpose to comment upon the grounds of the German action in Samoa.... although I regret that the powerful government of Germany did not find it possible to take a more liberal view of the conditions of Samoan life and civilization and the unfortunate situation of the native King, who in regarding himself as the rightful ruler of the islands could point in confirmation of his title to a long series of acknowledgments of his authority by all of the three treaty powers."

Thus the Germans, by making fine diplomatic phrases and benevolent promises to Great Britain and the United States, while carrying out a nameless policy toward the weak and half-civilized, gained all but the full control of affairs in Samoa. Their actions during the past few months have differed from their earlier ones mainly in degree merely, and are of too recent date to make their mention necessary. In regard to our future position it is important for us to bear in mind that Germany's policy toward the Samoans, however soulless, does not of itself call for any counter-action on our part. Much as we may regret it, there is no treaty between the United States and Germany to whose wording we can point as evidence of the latter's bad faith toward us. Nor is there any treaty between the United States and Samoa which bids us take up arms in her behalf. We promised our "good offices," and those we have surely given without measure to our poor, imbecile sister. For any injuries suffered by the persons or property of Americans in Samoa we shall certainly demand and doubtless readily receive full compensation. Furthermore, we have a *moral* right to say, if we are prepared to fight for it, that owing to the location of the islands and our commerce, however small, Germany shall not retain a controlling influence in Samoa; but whether or no we *ought* to take that stand it is not at present necessary to argue.



GERMAN GUN-BOATS IN THE HARBOR OF APIA.

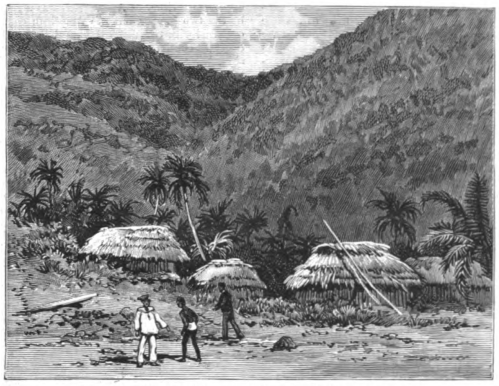
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



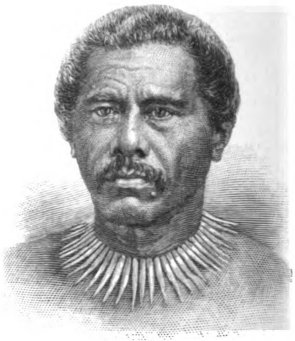
SAMOAN SEA-CANOES.



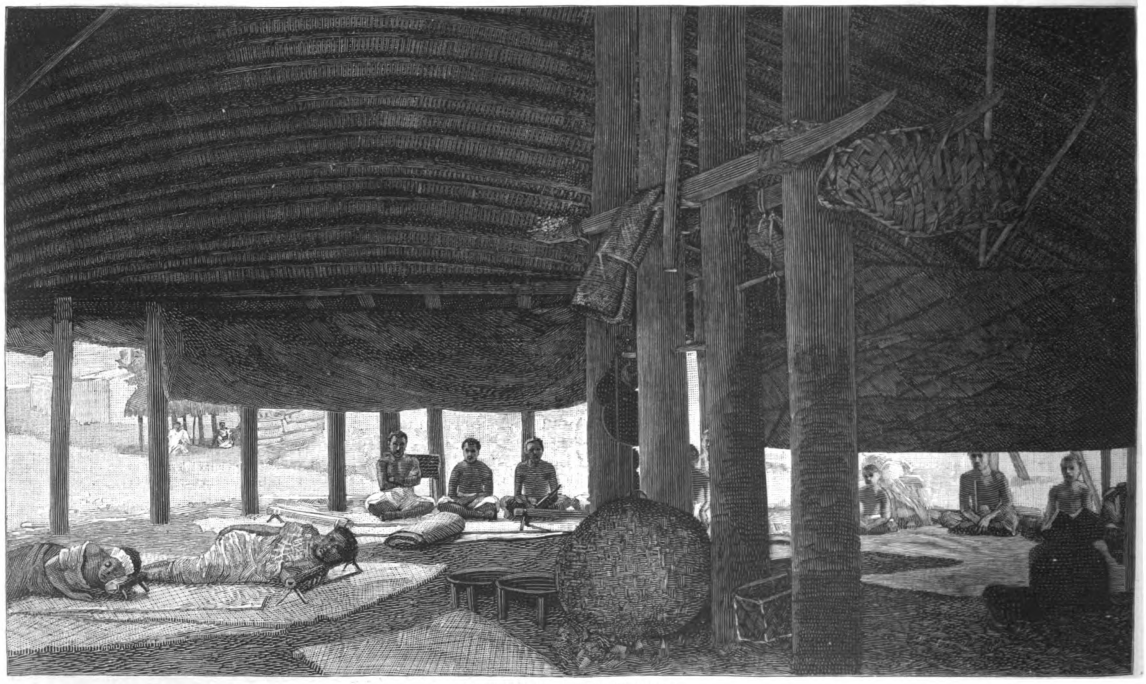
KING TAMASESE, SUPPORTED BY THE GERMANS.



THE UNITED STATES COALING STATION, PAGO-PAGO.



KING MALIETOA, DEPOSED BY THE GERMANS.



INTERIOR OF A SAMOAN HOUSE.

SAMOA AND ITS RIVAL KINGS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. H. W. WHITAKER, U. S. N.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Bardwell Slote. Rip Van Winkle. Davy Crockett. Josh. Whitcomb.

AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS ON THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S VIEWS.

I DO not consider that there is any such thing as an American school, or an American drama. The drama is one and the same thing wherever it is written. We do not vary from the form that has come down to us, and I do not see that we can. Of course there is tragedy, and there is comedy, and there are the other classes of plays, but I do not recognize different schools. Whether a play is written by an American or a Frenchman does not make the difference. It is merely a matter of the individuality of the author. A play can be American in the sense that it portrays American characters and American life. In that sense we have an American drama, and beyond any question the most distinctive work of that kind that has been done is Mr. HARRIGAN'S. It could not be mistaken for anything but New York life, and is, with limitations, a faithful portrayal of that life, though it is as rough, dramatically considered, as Gammer Gurton's needle.

I have been looking for a considerable time to see some dramatist appear who shall develop the life of the middle West, the characters and scenes that have been described by EGGLESTON. I think that is the field in which we will find the most distinctively American work to be done. If somebody should come up who could treat life in the middle Western States with the same strength of individual style that BRET HARTE formerly had, the yield would be especially rich, and would be more typically American than anything else that could be done.

The dramatists of America have made a good showing of work in the past, considering the youth of our country, and certainly there seems to be every prospect of their doing good work and plenty of it in the future. There have been dramatists here almost from the first of our history, and many of them have sought for materials in America. Naturally the war of the Revolution suggested materials to many, and there was at one time a considerable number of plays founded on incidents of the Revolution. Now, however, there is little interest in Revolutionary plays, and even the plays that treat of the Civil War do not excite any very broad interest in the large cities.

Of the earlier dramatists there were a number who did work which had real value. HOWARD PAYNE'S *Brutus* is still played and enjoyed, and a number of others wrote plays of no small literary value, aside from their excellence as material for actual representation on the stage. In later days there have been a host of American workers who have added, and are still adding rapidly, to the volume of really good plays. The authors of such plays as *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, *Esmeralda*, *Victor Durand*, *Saratoga*, *My Partner*, *Conscience*, *The Banker's Daughter*, *The Mighty Dollar*, and very many more that might be mentioned, have assuredly not originated a distinctively American drama, but they have added to the dramatic literature of the stage. BROUGHAM and BOUCICAULT, although they were neither of them born here, have worked in America, and have contributed to what we may call our national drama.

There have been plays, and many of them, which have turned on distinctively American characteristics. Among the best known of these, such as *Solon Shingle*, *Davy Crockett*, *Joshua Whitcomb*, *The Mighty Dollar*, and the like, it is noticeable that they have very little title to distinction as literary work, but they are all excellent acting plays.

In all this I have tried to make it clear that it does not matter whether an American dramatist chooses American material or not. His work, so long as it is added to the volume of work done in America and in the American spirit, belongs to the American drama. As a matter of fact, the dramatists of this country seldom do choose American subjects, but nearly all greatly prefer foreign material. They are entirely right in this, for the work of an artist is not to be restricted artificially. It cannot be, indeed, and the playwrights of all nations and generations have recognized this. They have gone to other countries and other ages for their characters and their stories, and by treating these have made them their own. They have never relied on delineations of national characteristics.

As for the prospects for the American dramatist to-day, there are always chances for the artist who does good work, and the rewards for the dramatist who succeeds are very great. There are certainly a great number of writers working in this direction, and of course it is not to be expected that all, or even a large proportion of them, should prove successful. There are not a majority of the workers in any line who prove successful. And no man should expect his first play to be a success, or even a tolerable play, unless, indeed, he is some exceptional genius, with enough technical knowledge to keep his work within the lines of possibility in stage representation. Even then it would be probably the case that his work would have to be revised considerably before it would play well.

The wise thing, for a beginner especially, and generally for any dramatist, to do in writing a play is to collaborate with some one whose talents will supplement his own. Very few men combine the ability to delineate character, present incident, develop a plot, and write dialogue. One man can do one or two of these, and another may do the rest. It is a favorite method of work with foreign authors, and in my judgment it would be wise for our American dramatists to follow it more than they do.

As to the trouble that many dramatists complain of which they experience in getting their work presented, I do not see that there is any way to overcome that excepting by perseverance, and the performance of really good work. The presentation of a play is a matter that involves the expenditure of a large amount of money, and no manager is going to risk his money hastily on a new work, so that unless the author has the money to invest he must wait till he can convince some manager of the money-making quality of his work.

It seems to me that the future of the drama in America is exceedingly bright. The status of the theatre was never as good as it is at present; and it is a remark that I have made before, that attacks upon the theatre nowadays are attacks upon the patrons rather than upon the players. Certainly the very best people we have in American society patronize the theatre to-day, and it is to gratify their tastes that the theatre is made what it is. If, then, the theatre is attacked, the critics are animadverting on the tastes of the best society.

Not only is the drama pure and the theatre respectable, but the moral of actors in this country is unsurpassed by that of any other country or age. With these conditions, and the constant competitive efforts of a small army of dramatic writers to produce the best work, there is no reason to have any misgivings about the future.

MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN SPEAKS.

IT is hard to measure the value of any play, so many are the stand-points from which authorities look. The most important of all is the stand-point of the box-office. According to the financial code of ethics, that drama is good which pays a handsome profit, and that one vile which causes loss to its projector. The literary stand-point has fallen into "innocuous desuetude." VICTOR I threw the first stone at the purely literary critic, and almost playwright since has followed the example. So great change that there ought to be new words invented to expr difference between "playing plays" and "reading plays." present time the same name is applied to TENNYSON'S *Quee* and HOYT'S *Hole in the Ground*.

The moral stand-point is, if not falling into abeyance, changing to a very remarkable extent. Within the me theatre-goers the nude was almost unknown, and anythi ing of immorality was tabooed. At present no light op spectacular performance can be a success without a supe dant display of corporeal charms, and the number of such pla *A Parisian Romance*, *As in a Looking-glass*, *Zitka*, *Theodor* *La Tosca*, whose corner-stones are unchastity and vice, is cor ly on the increase.

Perhaps the only general rule of valuing a dramatic com is by applying the question, "Does it contain enough p interesting, humorous, or beautiful features to attract a public attention?" This touchstone does away with all t points referred to, and enables us to form a fair opinio ern dramatic values.

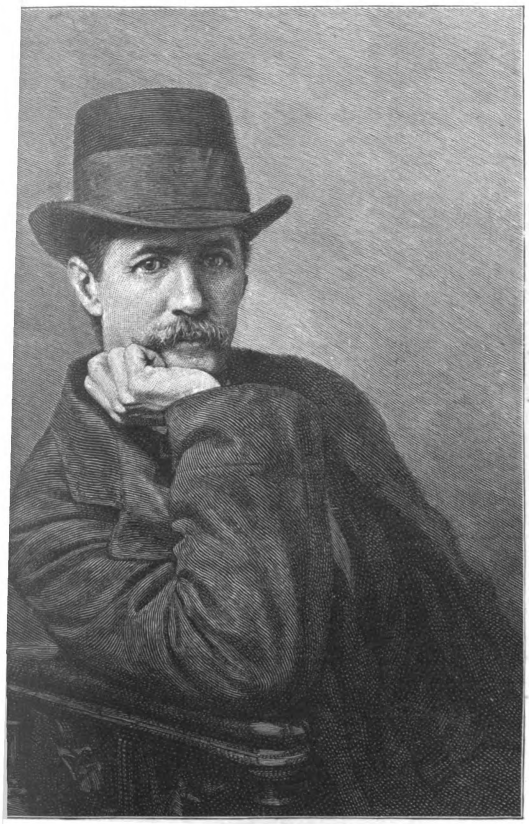
At the outset of my career I found that whenever I tri tray a type, I was warmly applauded by the audience, ar by the press the next day. This, in all probability, is me a decided bent, and has confined all my work to ec It began with the New York "boy," the Irish-Am our African brother. As these grew in popularity un other prominent types which go to make up life in the Ir and in every other large city of the Union and Canada. the Irishman, Englishman, German, Low German, Chi ian, Russian, and Southern darky. I suppose ere long the Bohemian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Polish, and Scal As yet, however, their turn has not come. This syst my pieces their peculiar polyglot character.

Though I use types and never individuals, I try istic as possible. Not only must the costuming and correct, but the speech or dialect, the personal "ity." vices and virtues, habits and customs, must be ec in their similarity to the facts. Each drama is a s graphs of life to-day in the Empire City. As exam room in one of the Mulligan series was copied fro Roosevelt Street, the opium den in *Investigation*, fr in Pell Street, and the "dive" in *Waddy Googan* f lishment in the neighborhood of the Bowery.

If I have given undue prominence to the Irish because they form about the most salient featu manity, and also because they are the two races for song and dance. There are at least three tions in New York like the Mulligan Guards, and The Full Moons.

In constructing a plot, I use one that is si just like what happens around us every day. with only a germ, and let it develop of its ow While doing my best to obtain realism in the that whose sole value is local or temporary, thing that will interest and amuse ten or even With the plot fixed or started, and with the my mind, it is easy to construct the characters When this is done, my work, unlike that of just begun. The next stage is "smoothing raw material." Here I elaborate what situatio

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



AUGUSTIN DALY.—From a Photograph by Sarony.

reate new ones, arrange antitheses between the characbetween the different scenes, increase the wit and humor logue and the fun or nonsense of the climaxes. The third s it cast and rehearsed. I can now see what effect it is ave upon an audience, and can practically realize the good d bad. The first stage is the shortest, and the third the f the three.

ldom I use any material but what I described. Polite ealth, and culture possess little or no color and pictu- s. The chief use I make of them is as a foil to the poor, rs, and the great middle class. The average gentleman otyped that he has no value except in those plays where awn on the chess-board of melodramatic vice or tragic does very well in *Camille* and *Forget-me-not*, but I can't im at home in a happy tenement-house or enjoying him- olored ball.

be that I have struck a new idea in confining my work ily life of the common people. Why some other play- es not try the same experiment, I cannot say. Their l troubles, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, are more l more numerous than those of the Upper Ten. Whoever on the stage appeals to an audience of a million, while r of *Two Nights in Rome* or *The Professor* addresses ne-tenth as many. And human nature is very much the world over. It thins out and loses all strength under the pressure of riches and luxury. It is most aggressive among those who know only poverty and It is also then the most humorous and odd. *Cor- irations* gain what value they have because they are the dialect of the peoe, emigrant, and flavored with the ani. A cultured, refined, and beautiful millionaire, Corring to be numbered among billionaires, talking faultless id exhaling an atmosphere of [illegible] breeding, would ex- a shadow of a smile, but simply joy and disgust.

alism which I endeavor to employ I believe in being he laws which govern society as well as to the types composed. A playwright drops to a low level when a moralist, but to a much lower level when he gilds nd glorifies immorality. All of these are parts of ch are entitled to be represented in the drama. The ll depict them as they are. Though he make the urce of infinite merriment to the multitude, he will he rags, misery, and disease which follow in his foot- ch he discover virtue in criminals and tramps, he will to the qualities which outweigh and crush it down; he will portray the fact that right-doing, kindness, e are in the majority, and "control the machine." are shams everywhere to be pricked and ridiculed, be exposed and laughed out of existence, these which, though they appear and disappear inces- rts of the real humanity beneath. The adage ror up to nature" is as applicable to the swarm- w York as to the Greek warriors before Priam's nd nobles who surrounded the Tudors.

IOWARD ILLUSTRATES AND DEFINES.

merican drama I should not wait the field of k any more than I would that of the oet. The the whole body of the drama as it is written tists and is not by any means confined to plays American characters. I would cer- maintained it seriously, that a man writing plays was not an American dramatist because he might happen to choose subjects other than American. I have preferred American subjects for my own work, but I do not consider for a moment that I am for that reason any more an American writer than I would have been if I had chosen to construct my plays of foreign material.

I would go as far in this direction as to say that if Dion Boucicault is an American citizen, his plays belong to the American drama, although it is a fact that he is a foreigner by birth, and that he has almost exclusively written of Irish scenes and characters. In a word, the American drama is that volume of plays produced in America by Americans, and the subject-matter of the plays themselves has nothing to do with the question.

As to the latter subject, the field of the drama itself, there are, and have been for a long time, very many plays of real excellence based on American stories with American characters. My own recollection goes back to the time when Burton was playing in the old Winter Garden Theatre, and I distinctly recall a play called *Self*, which was a true comedy of New York life. Burton played the part of Uncle John Unit, which was that of a typical American. It was a picture of the life of the day, and was drawn on the same lines that we paint life to-day. There was even the catch-word, which we might call characteristically American, which Uncle John Unit used on all occasions, whether it was a simple trade or a problem of morals. "Will it pay?" he always said, and the phrase became street slang. There were pictures of social life in the city, and there was a shopping scene, which certainly was American, for ladies in Europe do not go "shopping" as New York ladies understand the word.

I should agree with Mr. Daly in saying that there is at present no such thing as a distinctively American school of dramatic art, but I am inclined to think that when there have been fifty American plays produced for one that we have now, there will slowly crystallize a school. It will not, however, happen until then. We now have simply a number of Americans writing plays in the English language. The question whether there will ever arise an American school as distinguished from the English school, as that has come down to us from the earlier writers, will depend entirely on whether there shall come up any special mode of construction or strong peculiarity of work in the way of character delineation or literary work. The mere making of plays with American subjects and plots would not make an American school, though it might constitute a branch of it.

A school is not a mere body of literature by any means. It is literature that contains something characteristic and different from other work which constitutes a school. It is the manner of treatment, and not the subject or field, which makes a school. To illustrate this, it may be said that the German school embraces a sort of farcical comedy, in which they include and combine real life and true sentiment of the German kind. Now real life and true sentiment are to the French mind utterly and entirely irreconcilable. They are, like oil and water.

Mr. Daly's own reproductions of foreign plays are ordinarily Americanized before they are presented to the New York public, and we have had a number of other plays that may be called distinctively American, not only in authorship and scene and subject, but in treatment. I would certainly class *Rip Van Winkle*, *Davy Crockett*, *The Danites*, and *My Partner* among the characteristically American plays.

To take another field, we have seen the success of a thousand, more or less, of trivialities in the way of burlesque plays, that are full of American features, such as the characters that became known by their catchwords of "Front," "Fifty cents all 'round," and the like. Then take the *Gilded Age*. It is a type of still another class. Colonel Sellers is a great picture of a typical character, and Bardwell Slote is another.

It is, in fact, easy to name many plays that have taken their place among American productions as distinctively national. *Kit* and deserve especial mentio life that is passing away. never again be as popular a representation of reality. *New York* strongly America play when he took it, but it So with several plays of D. *Horizon* were thoroughly Ame his material, he puts in American ch... strong American instincts.

In one sense Mr. Harrigan's work is of exceedingly great importance. He has dealt in his plays with one phase of American life, and has done it most ably. It is local, of course, but it is characteristically American, and is of notable character. Its importance lies in the part it plays in the growth of a national drama, and in this direction its influence is very great, and will be felt for a long time.

In addition to all these, John Brougham, Boucicault, and Lester Wallack have brought out a considerable number of plays of strong American character, though very many of these plays were, considered artistically, nothing more than mere skits. One, I remember, was on Mormonism, which is certainly a distinctively American matter. And only very recently Gillette, in *The Professor*, has produced a strongly American play, though he attempted in its construction to combine the German and French schools of treatment. It was a most successful attempt too, and he accomplished it in the most artistic manner. The French are very artistic, and the Germans radically inartistic in their combinations of comedy and farce, but Gillette, copying both schools, achieved a very artistic success.

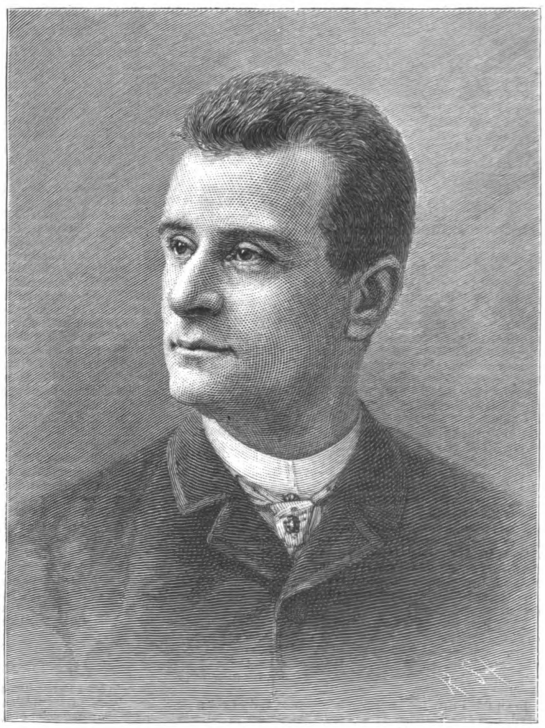
Of course these instances do not by any means compose the entire list, but they are examples of what I understand to be the work which has been done up to the present time in the direction of developing an American drama. This work is the only suggestion, so far as I know, of what may possibly be done in the future by American playwrights to develop a class of plays that may become a part of a school of dramatic art. As I said, there is not such a school as yet, for the work is not distinctive enough to be classed as a separate school.

As to the future of the American drama, I am afraid the Editor of Harper's Weekly will have to ask me an easier one.

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE SURVEYS THE FIELD.

The student of dramatic literature whose inferences are drawn from the theatrical advertisements and notices with which the columns of the daily press of the United States are overcrowded, or whose experience is based upon the long series of "first nights" in the theatres of the great cities of the land, is but too apt to deplore the condition of the stage, and to believe that the playwright's art is on the wane. Nevertheless, while these views are very plausible, they are the very opposite of the truth. It is hardly necessary to repeat the truism that the law of the survival of the fittest applies as well to plays, parts, and players as to every other field of life. The stage in every generation is crowded with plays—good, bad, and indifferent. The number of dramatic compositions in English alone must run up far over the hundred thousand mark. Yet of this vast army of the children of the brain but a small percentage escape the law of infant mortality, and a much smaller one achieve what may be termed permanent success. This process of elimination is as active and efficient to-day as ever before. While it is ruthless, and works ruin to hundreds and thousands of incompetents, it is beneficent in the long-run, producing a meritorious dramatic literature, and richly rewarding those authors who by accident, intuition, or hard study conform to its provisions and produce works that are responsive to its demands.

The trouble with most dramatic writers is that while they see and to a large extent appreciate the endless changes in methods, ideas, social relations, and personalities engendered by the prog-



EDWARD HARRIGAN.—From a Photograph by Falk.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ic one hand, realize that the dra- derlie all work remain unchanged, e demands for its recreation the he varied elements which consti- afforded by HOWARD'S *Henri-* of the present time. In many ct photographs. No descriptive ture of the Wall Street maelstrom, of purposeless young millionaires, and of the for wealth through modern methods, in which health, life, honor, reputation, and decency are madly used as collateral security in the market, than is presented in visible form upon the boards by the author of this play.

The slight changes required by dramatic art top roduce antitheses and climaxes are effected by the delineation of character in slightly eccentric forms, the dexterous juxtaposition of incidents, and an ever-varying sequence of contrasts, but never by the distortion of facts or the violation of probabilities.

On the other hand, how many plays die still-born from the non-application of this principle! When motives and methods true and natural enough in other years are re-dressed in the modern vernacular, and readorned with modern clothes, habits, and manners, no matter how high the literary merit or how great the skill employed, the audience vaguely feels the incongruity, and resents the unnatural union between opposing and unassimilative types.

In the development of the American drama a promising feature is the tendency toward realism as opposed to conventionalism. By realism should be inferred not actualism, but the artistic representation of reality. This proposition verges on very debatable ground. Every recent essay toward putting the actual upon the boards has met with unbounded applause from the galleries and a portion of the parquet. The success of live horses and a real steam fire-engine in one play, of a fiery steed in *Mazeppa* and numerous so-called border dramas, of a long assorted lot of water-tanks in aquiferous spectacles, and of a large healthy cow in a new comedy, seem for the moment indisputable evidence to the contrary. Yet the success of these will not be permanent if we are to judge from the past. Within twenty-five years there have been witnessed dramatic productions in which the elephant, buffalo, lion, bear, dog, and donkey were honored stars. All of these children of the menagerie but one have passed into oblivion, the donkey alone remaining. Perhaps no more appropriate result



BRONSON HOWARD.

could have been afforded by the law of the survival of the fittest to express the intrinsic value of actualism as opposed to artistic realism.

It is as impossible to exactly reproduce nature upon the stage as upon the easel. Art must have recourse to the principle of suggestiveness. The mimic clatter of hoofs produces the same idea as the visible gallop of a soldier's charger from Right Upper Entrance to Left Lower Entrance, but it does not excite the fear that the animal will plunge into the bass-drum in the orchestra, or convert a mimic town or forest into a wilderness of shattered framework or ruined canvas. The plunge of D'Artagnan into a painted ocean, or of Monte Cristo into an illusory sea, is more natural and thrilling than the shivering leap of a water-proofed heroine into a tank of cold water in midwinter.

We do not appreciate the extent toward which realism has gone in these latter days. A rural scene in Booth's Theatre, New York, not twenty years ago, consisted of a drop-curtain and eight or ten side-pieces, all stock property, and used indiscriminately to represent an American wilderness, an English grove, or a Roman campagna.

To-day, in *Hoodman Blind*, for example, the "turnstile" scene is a work of art in which an English forest is represented with a fidelity, delicacy, and poetic feeling suggestive, if not worthy, of a COROT.

In the operatic productions at the Metropolitan Opera-house, the stage setting which characterizes Daly's Theatre, the Madison Square, Palmer's, the Broadway, the Lyceum, and fifty other great houses of amusement which might be mentioned, so thoroughly is this law of artistic realism obeyed that vast fortunes are expended, and an army of skilled artisans and artists employed upon the purely mechanical and material portions of the drama.

In the presentation of plays there is ever a conflict between two tendencies or schools, if the fact will allow the use of the term. In one the author or star, after directing the general outlines of the various parts, allows a liberal discretion to each actor in filling the character which has been intrusted to him. In the other, the author or star supplies himself every detail, and trains and drills the actor until he is mechanically "perfect." The one permits, or tends to permit, the display of originality on the part of the individual performer; the other tends to restrict this to a minimum or to destroy it altogether.

A capital instance of the latter tendency was afforded very recently. A leading lady, more distinguished by her beauty and literary talents than by her histrionic ability, applied for a letter of recommendation to a great actor with whom she had played an entire season.

"What do you wish me to write?" asked the star.

"Only a short letter," she answered, "stating that I was a good actor while under your management."

"But I have never seen you act yet except in my company."

"Well, is not that sufficient?"

"Absolutely not! You did only what I told you to do. You were myself dressed in your body and clothes. It was good acting, I admit, but it was mine, and not yours. As I never saw you in other companies, all that I can write is that you are very competent to fill parts with which you are intrusted."

The statement, however cruel it seemed, was borne out by the facts. The lady started starring in her own right, and in a short time, to use the expressive colloquialism of the stage, was obliged "to walk the railroad ties to her home."

The extent to which the restrictive tendency is carried is almost unknown to the public. The mere work of memorizing the words and "business" of a play is inconsiderable, seldom requiring more than three rehearsals; yet many of our best managers and playwrights require from twenty to a hundred rehearsals of a play, not to speak of those of individual parts. It may seem a surprise, but it is hardly an exaggeration, to state that many prominent New York actors spend more time upon rehearsing than they do in playing. While the system tends to repress, if not destroy, original genius in the single actor, it produces superb results as a whole.

The true system lies between the two, and seems to be slowly coming into vogue. On the one hand, it gives the outlines of each part, and colors and shapes the filling-up which is to make it realistic and expressive of the author's thought, while on the other it leaves many points for the individual player to make his own, and at the same time is ready to conform and modify details to meet some new and original stroke on the latter's part.

Excepting in those cases where the author depicts or caricatures a historical or local character, all parts are essentially types. The better the literary and dramatic work, the more comprehensive is the character drawn. When a part is assigned to an actor, his ability is displayed by the manner in which he shapes the character. If commonplace, he gives the type and nothing more. If shrewd, he gains from author, critic, or elsewhere some concrete notion out of the ordinary run, and does what is called good work. But if talented, or, rarer still, a genius, he creates an individuality which, while it belongs to the type the author had in view, rises into a personality which attains success, if not fame. It was in this wise that SOTHERN struck out his memorable rôle of Dundreary, and other great artists the parts which have gone down to dramatic fame.

MR. JOHN GROSVENOR WILSON'S PLEA FOR THE ROMANTIC DRAMA.

My own bent is strongly toward the romantic drama. The old classification of dramatic literature, tragic, comic, and melodramatic, is as applicable and correct as ever, so far as it goes, but to be comprehensive it should include the romantic, in which lofty sentiment, heroic characters, poetic language, and idealized life are presented with those charms of beautiful presentment that make the acted play a picture as well as a poem.

Yet to-day there is no theatre in America devoted to this class of the drama, and there has been little presentation of it in our country beyond the work of CHARLES FECHTER and some occasional experiments by the great stars of the profession. This I should call one of the peculiarities of the drama in America. In the Latin countries it has long flourished, and HENRY IRVING'S fame in London depends upon his romantic productions rather than his tragedy or comedy. Therefore I look forward to a growth of interest in this form of drama as one of the changes likely to occur in America.

The tendency of to-day, it seems to me, is to overdo the realistic. Real steam-engines, ponds of water with naphtha launches afloat therein, and barns with live hens and geese surrounding them, may be excellent adjuncts, but seem to me insufficient to constitute, as they do, the principal attractions of a certain class of the drama. The unusual rather than the commonplace seems the worthier field for ambitious work, although it is true that to the average man the contemplation of the unusual may be tiresome and difficult; and it must be conceded that a certain level of mediocrity is always more popular than work on a higher level can be made.

Perhaps the most striking example of this that has been seen in this country is the wonderful success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which still draws crowds wherever it is presented, in the city or in the country. That play was founded on the best-advertised novel in the world—a timely and most sensational novel dealing with the old eternal sentiments, and presenting the favorite pictures of vice trampling upon virtue, and virtue finally triumphant.

This fact is, to some extent, a hampering influence in the growth of the American drama; for the theatre, in this country at least, must always be a business enterprise, and the manager must always present what pays. So, as there are a thousand people who admire the "May Queen" for one who can read the "Idyls of the King," the theatre finds its greatest profit in the sentimental or mediocre drama which appeals to the common instincts of humanity with sentiments that are easily understood.

The dramatist, however, who works below the level of his own talent in the desire to produce a profitable play is no true artist. Descending from the plane of his art, he becomes a playwright merely. Some of what are called the dramatic successes of the day are by no means truly described by the phrase. They are merely the business successes of cheap sentiment. The true drama is only to be constructed by the patient hard worker. Even genius is obliged to work hard in order to accomplish a great thing.

In attempting to formulate a drama I have found it necessary to work systematically as well as patiently, and have a certain order of procedure which I cannot transgress without hurt to the result. It does not follow that another man should adopt the same order of sequence, but to me it is the logical order.

First, I think out a complete plot for the play. This must not only be dramatic in the sense of dealing with powerful emotions and strong situations, but it must be coherent and thoroughly consistent throughout, having one general tendency, and pointing one principal thought. Next, I divide the story into acts, in such a way that each act shall be a chapter of the story, and shall not only fill its part but occupy its own proper place in the sequence. Then I try to produce a fitting and dramatic climax to each act, always keeping in mind that the final climax must properly conclude the play, and that no previous position must be stronger than the last.

Fourthly, I study the characterization. Where all is important it is difficult to give one part of a work precedence, but on the characters of a play depends more of its merit than anything else. A study of SHAKESPEARE shows that to my mind. Not one of his characters was a mere person, but all were types. Not a single one of them is without a meaning as illustrative of some phase of humanity, up to his master creation, Hamlet, whom I take to be a picture, not of an individual, but of man as the whole of humanity.

It is not enough, however, to have individual characters. They must be grouped in such a manner that they will properly balance and contrast with each other; and this must be done, not only on the broad lines of virtue and villany, but with regard to the finer shades of character. For example, the choleric and the amiable individuals must be made to serve as foils, one to another.

After the characterization, and last of all, I undertake the dialogue, and in writing this the situations are naturally arranged and elaborated. And as this is in progress a man must always, as he goes along, see every action that he is portraying, and be able to balance them properly, seeing the effect and bearing of each one on the progress of the story. This must be done, not only from a literary stand-point, but with critical judgment of the human interest of each action in the play. On the dramatic movement depends the acting success of a play as fully as the literary success depends on the characterization. I will go so far as to say that while it is desirable, of course, to write in good English, yet I can conceive of a play that would be really admirable on account of its dramatic movement, although it might be a living violation of every rule of the English language.

The question then is, "What is the perfect play?" I do not see that there is any difference between an American play and any other, excepting that it is written by an American, and may or may not deal with American subjects. To whatever school the play belongs, it should have certain qualities which do not vary. The curtain should go up on a scene which is the absolute and logical outcome of certain events which are supposed to have occurred prior to the beginning of the story. In other words, the play should begin at a strong situation in the story, and should not be an attempt to present all the circumstances which have led to that situation. The first act should then be the inevitable following out of the opening situation to its legitimate and necessary conclusion.

More than that, the end of the first act, which should be its climax—for it must, if the interest is to be kept up, end with a climax—should be the embryo of the first situation in the second act. So the play should proceed through the chosen number of acts, each one being logical as well as dramatic in action, and each leading naturally to the next one, and every development of character and incident being the natural sequence of everything that has preceded it in the whole play. The close must be, of course, the result of all that has been told, not only in general but in detail. No character must be introduced and dropped before the end, or even at the end, with a lame and insufficient conclusion, for every character in the drama must be of sufficient importance to call for a thorough development and an adequate part in the story.

Nor should any character serve only the purpose of forwarding the action of the play, for I hold that, as in a novel, each individual should be a type representing some section of mankind, not merely presenting personal eccentricities. This, as before said, is most aptly illustrated by SHAKESPEARE'S work, and is to be learned by a study of his writings.

As a matter of course, perfection is rarely seen anywhere, and it is no valid criticism on the American drama to say that few plays, if any, on our stage fulfil all these conditions entirely. The most that any dramatist can do is to aspire to perfection. He may not hope to reach it. But there are among American dramatists a constantly increasing knowledge, a perception of truth that is constantly growing clearer, and a boundless ambition. The future of the art in this country must be great, for the opportunities are unlimited, and the intelligence of the American worker in this, as in any other direction, is unsurpassed.

MR. STEELE MACKAYE ON STAGE SETTING.

THE most pleasing feature of the American drama of to-day is the ever-increasing attention paid to stage setting. This is true in a popular as well as in a technical sense. Never before has so much money and thought been directed toward those details on which artistic success depends.

Yet we are far from not only where we ought to be, but from the proud position occupied by the European stage. This is not due to any lack of public spirit, nor to false economy, but partly to the intellectual carelessness of the American public and partly to the absence of the artistic spirit in the general management of theatres. To-day, just as two thousand years ago, the money-changer sits in the temple. The problem that the manager perpetually considers is, "How can I make the most money in the least time?" He seldom asks, "How can I best present the best play by the best people?"

There are scores of magnificent playhouses which are worthy settings of the noblest dramas of the race. But they are desecrated by being the scene of the dramatic imbecility, the serio-comic absurdity, and the meaningless spectacles of the present day. In one respect the manager is not to be blamed. Human nature does pursue the flying dollar, and doubtless will forever. It is only natural in the race for wealth that a manager should at times yield to the temptation of producing a worthless play which will return to him vast profits. He is to blame for not realizing that the highest art, when properly presented, is in the long-run most remunerative. HENRY IRVING'S work has paid well, and his name will be remembered for generations, while the managers and stars who laughed him to scorn at the beginning of his career are already forgotten.

There is a general law which runs all through the theatrical universe: There must be love and enthusiasm in the man for his labor. When this rule is complied with, his inspirations are measured by his aspirations.

In the mechanics of stage setting the greatest law is that which RUSKIN applied to architecture, "Appropriateness, utility, fidelity.'" Thus, for example, the artisan makes a library scene of impossible painted bookcases, and the furniture of a parlor such as is displayed in an ordinary shop-window. Another artisan presents a ballroom by crowding together as much handsome furniture and useless decoration as the scene will contain. A true artist will have real books and the paraphernalia of scholarship in the one case, and only the furniture and decorations which good-manners and common-sense allow in the other. The artisan merely imitates a fact, while the artist reproduces the fact itself. The difference is well illustrated by the contrast between a well-dressed lady and some woman ignorant and uncouth upon whom wealth has suddenly descended.

Another suggestion in regard to artistic stage setting is the increase of comfort provided for both spectator and player. This includes such arrangements as the double and treble stage, the many ingenious devices for lessening labor, for accelerating the necessary work, for increasing the safety and comfortableness behind the curtain, and developing the æsthetic conditions of life for the actor. In this regard commendable progress has been made; so much so that in many respects the American theatre of to-day is altogether a different world from that of two generations ago.

Just as it is said to require three generations to make a gentle-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

man, it may be said that it requires ten to make an artist. With the development of breeding on the boards there is going on a corresponding art development through every branch of the profession. Each step forward in the latter regard has met with so great a success that it is now evident that the profession is dividing into two great schools — one whose extreme is HENRY IRVING and the Comédie Française, and the other whose extreme is the dime museum. This differentiation promises to be more rapid in the future than in the past. The public at large are slow to assimilate artistic and social conditions, but having already begun to associate buffoonery and stage vulgarity with vulgarity in actual life, it is no wonder that theatre-goers are now patronizing that class of theatres which present the dramas suited to their individual tastes. Thus, ere many years have gone by, there will be a wide demarcation between the great temples of amusement devoted to art and culture and numberless small and cheap playhouses devoted to the inartistic and commonplace recreations of the unthinking.

A CRITIC'S REVIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

IT is probable that the truth as to the American drama may be found in that capacious and old-established nutshell with which we are all so familiar that we seldom look into it. Hundreds of plays have been written in the United States since Thomas Godfrey, of Philadelphia (1759), the author of *The Prince of Parthia*, presented himself as the pioneer in that branch of productive industry, and scores of them have been acted. Dunlap, the first historian of the American stage, sixty years ago recorded 274 of them, written by more than one hundred authors; and James Rees, in his *Dramatic Authors of America* (1845), mentions many more. Since then, as is shown by the copyright records at Washington, the increase in the number of American plays has been prodigious. In this respect America relatively keeps abreast of England. There the fecundity of the play-maker has been inordinate. At the close of the last century about 6000 plays had been published in that country—only about fifty of which are ever acted now—and the product since that time must have been immense, many pieces remaining in manuscript. Lord Byron, while he was one of the directors of the Drury Lane Theatre in 1814, caused the literary archives of that theatre to be searched and several hundreds of manuscript plays to be examined, in the hope that he might find a good one; but his search proved fruitless, as he himself has recorded with characteristic humor.

In every important theatre of the United States there is a similar accumulation of theatrical compositions, presumably worthless. The usual phalanx of neglected dramatic authors is on its march in this country as well as abroad, and at the same time we do not lack successful and prosperous dramatists. A considerable list of good American plays might readily be furnished, and the array of American dramatic authors, past and present, is by no means to be despised, since it includes such representative writers as David Paul Brown, R. M. Bird, N. H. Bannister, Robert T. Conrad, William Dunlap, Charles J. Ingersoll, Anna Cora Mowatt, Epes Sargent, N. P. Willis, Cornelius Matthews, John Howard Payne, G. H. Miles, George H. Boker, Augustin Daly, Bronson Howard, Charles Gayler, B. E. Woolf, H. G. Carlton, Bartley Campbell, Steele Mackaye, Edgar Fawcett, W. H. Gillette, D. D. Lloyd, Brander Matthews, Dion Boucicault, G. F. Rowe, C. W. Tayleure, A. W. Young, Lester Wallack, John Brougham, W. D. Howells, and Mark Twain. America, considering her brief period of experience, has been in this respect quite sufficiently fertile, and those judges who declare that there is no American drama (by which of course is meant a body of dramatic compositions written by persons who live in America) speak without knowledge, and therefore without authority.

> "When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
> And proved it, 'twas no matter what he said."

Plays may be divided into two classes. Ben Jonson noticed, with reference to Shakespeare, that "he was not for a day, but for all time." There are plays that must endure forever, because they are the copious, ample, puissant, beautiful, and, above all, inspired expression of elemental and universal human nature; and there are plays that cannot survive their own period, because they are only the expression of something local, ephemeral, and temporary. Tom D'Urfey wrote plays by the score in good King William's time, and they are as completely gone now as the dust of the old scribbler himself mouldering in his forgotten grave in the church-yard in Piccadilly. Dryden's plays are forgotten, and Dryden was a man of genius—which he misused when he devoted it to this species of work. T. B. De Walden, who was still working here in New York about twenty-five years ago, made a hundred plays, and they are all in the famous alms bag of oblivion. There is the same difference—or a kindred one—between sterling plays and incidental plays that there is between literature and journalism. The one is permanent, the other evanescent. And this is why the great plays in existence, and even the really good plays, are comparatively few. The piece that is meant merely for the hour may, like a mustard plaster, be pungent and effective while the hour lasts, but that is the end of it. Sordid in its nature, and usually perfunctory in its character and style, it possesses no intrinsic vitality; and when it ceases to be apposite it ceases altogether. Nor is evanescence alone the fatal taint of the incidental drama. Artificial, because insincere and labored, mechanism combines with triviality to render such works speedily superfluous. The rewards of the stage being substantial, many persons will write for the stage, because they want to get money. But the desire for money is one thing, and the faculty of dramatic expression is another. Even when a good device for a local hit is selected, the talent for working it out in any but the baldest utilitarian manner is usually wanting.

The common idea of a play seems to be—and seems always largely to have been—that it consists of a series of dialogues, diversified by a drop-curtain whenever the speakers get out of breath. Few writers, even of the high order of Thackeray, Tennyson, and Longfellow, possess the faculty of telling a story by means of action—of showing human life, not in narrative, but in movement. Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Daly may be named as contemporary dramatists who conspicuously possess this faculty. In five of Mr. Boucicault's plays—*The Octoroon*, *Jessie Brown*, *The Parish Clerk*, *The Long Strike*, and *Belle Lamar*—may be found examples of this faculty as fine as any in the language. The telegraph incident in *The Long Strike*—speaking as to its technical dramatic value—is as fine as the incident of the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*. This faculty is not to be obtained by offering a reward for it, nor can it be cultivated into a mind that does not possess it. The dramatist, like the poet, is born, not made. Good plays will be written in America, not because there is a demand for them, but because persons will from time to time be born whose native impulse propels them in that direction. There must be inspiration back of all true and permanent art, dramatic or otherwise, and art is universal; that is, there is nothing national about it. Its field is humanity, and it takes in all the world; nor does anything else afford the refuge that is provided by it from all troubles and all the vicissitudes of life. Let us make our art noble, and we need not trouble ourselves about the American imprint.

POPULAR NEW NOVELS.

Annie Kilburn.

A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. pp. 332. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

The fine felicity of Mr. Howells's style, its subtle intonations of truth, its delicate aroma of humor, are all at their best in this story.—*Springfield Republican.*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

APRIL HOPES. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Constance Fenimore Woolson's Stories.

EAST ANGELS. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.—ANNE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.—FOR THE MAJOR. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. CASTLE NOWHERE. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.—RODMAN THE KEEPER. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. (*New Editions.*)

Delightful touches justify those who see many points of analogy between Miss Woolson and George Eliot.—*N. Y. Times.*

H. Rider Haggard's Stories.

Library Edition. 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents a volume.—MAIWA'S REVENGE. Illustrated.—MR. MEESON'S WILL.—ALLAN QUATERMAIN. Illustrated.—SHE. Illustrated.—KING SOLOMON'S MINES.—JESS.—DAWN.—THE WITCH'S HEAD. Each in one volume.

People everywhere will flock to read Mr. Haggard's stories with avidity, and will develop an ever-increasing appetite for his fiction.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A War-Time Wooing.

A Story. By Captain CHARLES KING. Illustrated by R. F. ZOGBAUM. pp. iv., 196. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00.

A capital military story. . . . Captain King's stories are full of spirit, and have the true ring about them.—*N. Y. Times.*

Warner's Their Pilgrimage.

Their Pilgrimage. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. pp. viii., 364. 8vo, Half Leather, $2 00. (*New Edition.*)

Warner alone is good, humorous, and funny; but Warner and Reinhart combined must have the palm. . . . Human nature is most deliciously set off by Mr. Warner's skilful pen and Mr. Reinhart's dexterous pencil.—*Boston Advertiser.*

By Miss Amélie Rives.

VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA. A Story. By AMÉLIE RIVES (Mrs. J. Armstrong Chanler). Illustrated. pp. iv., 222. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00.

A BROTHER TO DRAGONS, AND OTHER OLD-TIME TALES. By AMELIE RIVES. pp. viii., 230. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00.

Among the best stories of recent years. The writer has invention, passion, and dramatic force.—*Christian Union*, N. Y.

Besant's Novels. (*Illustrated Library Edition.*)

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. By WALTER BESANT. Richly Illustrated. pp. vi., 384. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.—THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1677.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"A weekly visit by HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a source of constant instruction and entertainment."—*Chicago Herald.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The most important and timely article in the number for February 5th is "The Talking Machine," a plain and brightly written description of the Edison phonograph, and some of the uses to which it may be put. The article is accompanied by four illustrations.

In the series on "Child Life in Old Pictures" CARMOSINE *writes of* RUBENS *and his children, with fine engravings of "The Holy Family" and "The Two Sons of Rubens."*

"'Bumble,' the Sweep," is the title of a short story by EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON. *"Flutter" is a true story of a dove, by* KATE UPSON CLARK.

CELIA THAXTER *contributes a poem, "The Troll and Tiis Lake: A Scandinavian Legend."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

AN APPARENT DECISION AT INDIANAPOLIS.

FROM the thick cloud of rumor, surmise, and assertion which has enveloped the house of the President-elect at Indianapolis a statement emerges, which is accepted on all sides as decisive, that Mr. BLAINE will be called to the State Department and Mr. ALLISON to the Treasury. These are the two chief places in the cabinet, and the report is in accordance with the natural practice in a party government of surrounding the President in his cabinet with the acknowledged leaders of his party. Mr. ALLISON'S peculiar fitness for the head of the Treasury Department cannot be questioned. His unsullied personal and public character, his ability, and his long experience of public affairs eminently qualify him for the office to which he is believed to have been invited. His present views upon the tariff are not those which he formerly expressed, but he has doubtless felt constrained by the exigencies of political life to keep step with his party. His appointment will be regarded with general favor, and as the earnest of an able administration of the Treasury. The selection of Mr. BLAINE will be viewed with apprehension as promising to disturb the conservative Republican traditions of the State Department. Mr. SEWARD, Mr. FISH, Mr. EVARTS, and Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN were statesmen of a wholly different temperament from Mr. BLAINE, and there is no doubt that there was a general confidence when the conduct of our foreign relations was in their hands which Mr. BLAINE will not inspire.

The apparently authentic announcement of the choice of the two Secretaries shows the probable character of General HARRISON'S course as President. He will adhere strictly to his party, and govern his conduct by the advice of party leaders. He regards the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND possibly as largely due to the alienation of Democratic leaders by the independence of the Executive during the first part of the administration, and he does not mean to make a similar mistake. General GARFIELD said that President HAYES was not mindful enough of the wishes and feelings of members of Congress. A President, he said, cannot get on without conciliating them, and General GRANT abandoned his efforts for reform in the civil service in deference to the wishes of his party in Congress. In a system like ours of government by party it is natural and proper that a President should move in accord with his party. But while this is plain enough, it is not always easy for a President to determine what is the desire of the party. In every party there is a better and a worse sentiment and tendency, and the President may decide to heed the one or the other. Thus the Republican party, as such, has no general view or conviction upon the subject of civil service reform. A positive reform sentiment is held by some Republicans and it is spurned by others. In sustaining and extending the reform, President HARRISON, like President HAYES, would be supported by one part of his party and denounced by another part. He must decide for himself which to favor in his course upon this subject. Republicans like Senator HOAR or like Senator INGALLS.

It is in such decisions that a President's independence and strength of conviction are shown. President CLEVELAND was probably stronger with the country in the first two years of his administration, when he adhered to his own views of reform, which were held by many stanch Democrats, than in the last two years, when he yielded to the Democratic opponents of reform. In forecasting the probable course of General HARRISON it is to be remembered that for twenty-five years or more he has been an active party politician in Indiana, where politics have not been distinguished by great elevation or breadth of view. He has not been known, so far as we are aware, to hold any other opinion or to take any other course than the average opinion and course of his party. It is fair to assume that he will continue to do so, and that his conduct as President will conform to what he understands to be the average party sentiment. But his experience since the election has probably shown him the doubtful prospect of the maintenance of party harmony.

THE NATIONAL FORESTS.

IN his late speech at the Commonwealth Club Mr. SCHURZ said that if he had the power to choose for the country between an immediate reduction of tariff duties on the one hand and an effective forestry policy on the other,

"I would unhesitatingly say, Let the people be burdened a little longer by the protected interests and the Trusts, for the people can at a future day change the system and retrieve their losses, rather than let the destruction of our forests go on at the present rate, for that destruction will bring on a train of disasters from which the country may never recover."

That this is a sagacious view is shown by articles in *Garden and Forest*, to which we have alluded heretofore, and which have stated the facts and the figures relating to the subject in the clearest and most forcible manner. An article in its last issue upon the nation's forests proposes the practical steps which in its judgment—and there is no higher authority upon the question—should be taken for the preservation of the national forests. *Garden and Forest* holds that the forests can be so managed as to be perpetually reproduced, and that they will yield forever an abundant supply of timber for the inhabitants of the adjacent country, and a revenue which will more than sustain the cost of the forest service.

The first step should be the withdrawal from sale of all the national forest lands. This would not imply that they should all be retained permanently, but the extent of the necessary preservation could not be determined at once. For this purpose a thorough examination would be necessary, and until this has been made all sales should stop. The second step should be the committal of the care of the forests to the army. In time of peace no other work of defence or protection is more pressing, and the forests cannot be protected adequately by any other means. The public forests are pillaged by settlers and by railroad and mining employés, without scruple or limit, and their complete and final destruction under the present want of system is a question of but a very short time. *Garden and Forest* regards the army officers as peculiarly qualified for this service and as possessing both the power and the means for its proper performance. Under their care it would be inexpensive, while it would be both costly and ineffective under any other. Moreover, as the army will be more and more relieved from the care of the Indians, it will be available for the supervision of the forests. This supervision should continue until an adequate body of foresters has been trained and equipped by the national government for the proper administration of an intelligent and permanent forestry policy.

The further proposition is made that a commission should be appointed by the President for a thorough examination of the national forests and their relations to the agricultural interests of the regions in which they stand, and to report upon a comprehensive plan for their preservation and management. These suggestions cover in a broad and general way the chief points to be considered for the establishment of a proper forestry policy. The national forests should be withdrawn from sale and carefully guarded while complete information is obtained in regard to their value of various kinds, and to a permanent system of protection and sale, and to that end due provision for the proper education of foresters. The pressing necessity of a forestry policy cannot be denied. The indispensability of arresting the vast and reckless destruction not only of such enormous values, but of the vital conditions of agricultural prosperity, is clearly recognized. It is a question which appeals to the good sense of all intelligent citizens, and it is one in which the lead in practical measures must be taken, if good results are to be secured, by accomplished experts. It is for that reason that the opinions and suggestions of an authority like *Garden and Forest* challenge attention and careful consideration.

FRENCH POLITICS.

NO political event in France is surprising, for the one thing which the French people seem to lack is political constancy. Revolution in France is always possible, and French politics themselves are revolutionary, because they turn, not upon the policy of a settled government, but upon a change of the form of government itself. It was not surprising when the country was exhausted and appalled by the most sanguinary anarchy, calling itself a republic of liberty, equality, and fraternity, that a man of great military genius and imperial will should have made himself Emperor by securing and guaranteeing order to the satisfaction of the country, and it ought not to be surprising in a country so harried by revolution as France that factional struggles and imperial, monarchical, communistic, and anarchic schemes and ambitions should unite in declaring for a man who, without proof of ability of any kind, without public services, without any reason whatever for distinction, and famous only as a butt of ridicule, has become a popular idol. SACHEVEREL in England was not more an absurd hero of popular favor than BOULANGER in France. He has said nothing and done nothing of significance, but he was supposed to represent undying enmity to Germany, and the more negative and colorless he was, the more he could be regarded by every faction as its tool or its opportunity.

His election in Paris is not interpreted as the manifesto of a policy; it is a mere declaration of discontent. Apparently he has declared his sympathy with every delegation that waited upon him for any purpose, and M. DE LESSEPS is reported to assume the credit of the result, because he marshalled the Panama Canal stockholders as a contingent of voters for the candidate whom the government opposed. The Legitimists supported him, and also LOUISE MICHEL. The Bourbons of French politics and ROCHEFORT were allied in the cause of BOULANGER. The election seems to have been a wild political revel, with BOULANGER as the Lord of Misrule. As nobody pretends to know what the election means beyond discontent, nobody predicts its result. The "cry" of BOULANGER was revision of the Constitution, not by the present Legislature, but by a constitutional convention. In raising this cry he declared strongly for the Republic. But what a convention would do nobody can foretell. If it should decide that France wanted no more republic for the present, but demanded a dictator or king or emperor, probably BOULANGER would bow to the sacred will of the people, nor refuse the crown if the most sweet voices of his fellow-citizens required him to wear it, which is by no means certain.

The history of France for the century which ends this year shows how completely the cancer of Bourbonism had corroded the nation. The sanguinary anarchy of the Revolution was the logical result of the abuses of power. It was an argument against royal rule, not against the Republic. The formal and nominal establishment of a republic was inevitable, but Bourbonism had made a true republic impossible. For a hundred years France has been vainly striving to find a stable political foothold, and the country seems almost as far from it as ever. An Empire, a Bourbon monarch, a Citizen King, a President, another Empire, a Commune, another President, have all ended in a great vote which nobody can explain for an adventurer whom nobody respects. It is a situation which the people of happier lands must watch with pity and sympathy. The marvel is the resilience of the nation. After apparent exhaustion it paid its enormous debt to Germany, and it increases steadily in prosperity. It is gaining meanwhile what is indispensable to true popular government, the practice of parliamentary control, and with it a degree of self-restraint which prevents the old bloody excesses. Whether these can enable the country to withstand the convulsions of inconstancy, which seem to be almost periodic, time only can decide.

THE STREET RAILROAD STRIKE IN NEW YORK.

THE strike of the employés of the surface railroads in the city of New York is the repetition of a familiar incident. Experience proves that there is no want of sympathy with employés whenever it is shown that they are harshly treated. There is a general appreciation of their disadvantage in any contest with a strong corporation which naturally produces consideration for them. But whatever justification strikes may have, it cannot be assumed, because it is not true, that they are always justifiable. In the present instance the plea is that the railroad companies refuse to treat with officers of a union as the representatives of their employés. But that is something which the companies have an unquestionable right to do, and the refusal is not of itself a good reason for great bodies of employés to refuse to work, causing their families to suffer, injuring the public, and endangering their future chances of employment.

Intelligent employés must see also that the companies may rightfully decline to treat with representatives who are of bad character, and whose pecuniary interest it is to make trouble between the companies and the men. The right of employés, as of employers, to combine to advance their interests is unquestionable. But the right of the employers to insist upon dealing directly with their men is equally unquestionable, and it is so reasonable that it carries public approval and sympathy with it. In the present instance, if the men felt justified in demanding fresh terms of the companies, and knew that the companies would treat with them directly, but not through intermediaries from the outside, the sensible course was to deal directly. But to strike in order to force the companies to treat with disreputable agents, and in striking to annoy the public and to stimulate disorder, is justly to forfeit public sympathy.

There is nevertheless a feeling of profound pity for the multitude of employés who are dragged into such strikes against their own wishes and the welfare of their families, and who are practically terrorized by those whom they

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

obey. The inevitable result is to cover labor unions with suspicion, and to prevent the good understanding which is most desirable between employers and employed. Such leaders as instigated the strike of two years ago and the present strike necessarily discredit any movement. They cannot prevail against the law and against that public opinion which is the final strength and support of law, and the true friends of the men who have been "ordered out" are those who hope that the results of the strike will teach all employés that blind obedience to unworthy leadership is not an American way of success.

A HYSTERICAL PREACHER.

THE annual report of the Executive Committee of the New Haven Civil Service Reform Association, alluding to the remark of Senator INGALLS that if there are 40,000 Democratic office-holders on the 4th of March, they ought all to be removed before sunset to make places for Republicans, says:

"That such an anachronism should actually preside over the deliberations of the Senate may well excite surprise, and make the friends of reform feel that it is only by constant agitation and constant pressure that any advancement can be made. Fortunately the American people are gifted with a keen sense of humor, which solves many difficulties, and the picture of a nineteenth century GEORGE III. holding high office in a great republic, and hysterically preaching the sentiments of the last century, must make an appeal to this sense of humor which makes argument superfluous."

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER.

WE publish with pleasure a letter from a Democratic friend of Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER, who speaks of what he knows personally to be facts, with the friendly purpose of correcting "the current aspersions against the eminent Philadelphian." With no imputation whatever upon either the character or ability of Mr. WANAMAKER, we have expressed the opinion that except for the fact that he subscribed and raised large sums of money for campaign expenses, he would not have been thought of by General HARRISON or by anybody else for a place in the cabinet. Our correspondent takes exception to this view, and makes an argument for Mr. WANAMAKER which is at least deserving of candid consideration. Mr. WANAMAKER is certainly fortunate in the character of his advocate, and we should be glad to see him accorded the opportunity to make a detailed statement of the expenditure of the money raised by the Business Men's Advisory Committee, which he evidently desires.

"NEW YORK, *February* 2, 1889.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"Having the fullest confidence in your desire to get at the truth in regard to all matters of public concern, I venture to offer some suggestions which may tend to modify the judgment expressed in HARPER'S WEEKLY upon the career and character of a gentleman who has been much discussed of late in connection with a place in the cabinet of the incoming President. I refer to Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER, of Philadelphia.

"Mr. WANAMAKER'S position in Philadelphia is a unique one. He is and has been for years more intimately associated with great public movements in that city, whether of an industrial, philanthropic, or educational character, than any other man who could be named. It was he who raised the first $100,000 toward the fund out of which grew the Centennial Exhibition. He was for many years the Secretary and for years afterward the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, giving frequently large sums to replenish its treasury. I can recall his gift of $50,000 to this institution, and I know of many other contributions, amounting in the aggregate to a large sum, which he has made when necessity demanded them. He has been and is on the directorate of banks, railroads, and insurance companies, and his salutary influence and wise counsels are constantly in request by fiduciary and philanthropic associations of the most diverse origin.

"Mr. WANAMAKER has never been a mere figure-head in any enterprise with which he has been connected. No board of directors has known him as any other but a leading spirit in its deliberations. And in addition to all this he has created a business which in magnitude or variety has no rival in the United States, of which he continues to be the active head and guiding spirit.

"That a man who is just fifty years of age, and who, starting in 1860 with very humble financial resources, should by his own efforts have achieved results which would be marvellous had they required twice the number of years, must possess ability of a very high order, needs no demonstration.

"Whence, then, arises any incapacity to assume the duties of whatever administrative position President HARRISON may invite him to occupy? It has been stated, tending apparently to his discredit, that he gave a very large sum toward defraying the election expenses of his party, and by his own efforts raised a fund of unheard-of dimensions. The amount of his personal contribution has been placed at $50,000, and that of the fund disbursed by the committee of which he was the head at $400,000. I can state on the most unimpeachable authority that Mr. WANAMAKER'S entire personal contribution to the campaign was $10,000, and that all the money he was instrumental in raising was $80,000. I cannot presume to fix the point at which a subscription for political purposes becomes indecently large, but I know of men who in proportion to their means gave much more liberally to the campaign fund of the Democratic party than Mr. WANAMAKER did to that of the Republican. I myself must plead guilty to having contributed a sum considerably less than $10,000 to aid in the re-election of Mr. CLEVELAND, but from what I know of Mr. WANAMAKER'S resources I should say that his subscription toward General HARRISON'S election might have been $30,000 and still have been relatively much smaller than mine given to the other side.

"What is perhaps more to the purpose is that I am able to repeat with absolute certainty the statement that Mr. WANAMAKER has a voucher for every dollar which his committee disbursed, and that not a scrap of its records has been destroyed. Knowing these things, there seems to me to be a manifest injustice in the newspaper ridicule which has been cast on the idea of Mr. WANAMAKER being a member of President HARRISON'S cabinet, and in the prevalent newspaper assumption that such an appointment could come to him only by purchase. The fact seems to have been lost sight of that Mr. WANAMAKER'S contribution of time and energy counted for a good deal more in the campaign than the amount of his check. From about September 15th to the night of the election he devoted himself to the active work of his party to the neglect of his business interests. I do not propose to argue that this should give him any special title to 'recognition' at the hands of the President whom he helped to elect, but I feel sure that had he been an orator stumping the country in the Republican cause there would have been less disposition to discredit his fitness to be the head of one of the great departments of the Federal government. And yet his most virulent assailants are those who are loudest in their protest against the admission of any qualification save that of business capacity for the discharge of the executive duties of a public office.

"Mr. WANAMAKER is now on his way to Europe, but his stay there will be very brief. I am sure that on his return he will be ready, as he has always been, to answer categorically any question put to him in regard to his connection with the campaign by any conspicuously fair-minded public man whose reputation and character afford a guarantee of the perfect good faith of the inquiry. As I write this I recall the noble and thoughtful address lately delivered by Mr. CARL SCHURZ before the Commonwealth Club, and I have no doubt that were Mr. SCHURZ to address Mr. WANAMAKER with the view of discovering the exact truth about his relations to the expenditures of money in the late campaign, he would elicit a reply calculated to satisfy every unprejudiced man that the current aspersions against the eminent Philadelphian are absolutely groundless." MERCHANT.

FREE READING.

THE New York Free Circulating Library continues most actively and intelligently its beneficent work, and has just issued its ninth annual report. There are now, besides the main library in Bond Street, three branch libraries—one in Second Avenue, one in West Forty-second Street, and one at Jackson Square in West Thirteenth Street. The last two have been opened during the last year, and the demand for books shows the great need of such institutions. During the year in all the libraries the total circulation has been 320,695 volumes, an increase of nearly a hundred thousand over the previous year, which is unexpectedly large, while the fact that of all these volumes only six have been lost, and in the Bond Street library only one volume in a total circulation of 99,016, is a striking proof of the respectful care with which the books are treated.

The essential value of such an enterprise needs no argument with those who are best able to help it. The generosity of its friends has been great, and to such generosity the libraries and their care are largely due. The service of the officers is a labor of love, and thus far it has been conducted with remarkable constancy and intelligence. But the necessary expenses of maintenance are of course large, and they constantly appeal to the same generous public spirit which began and has thus far prosecuted the work.

This appeal is but one form of that which is incessantly made, and which incessantly must be made, to the more prosperous and fortunate part of the community. The Free Library has no method of bringing itself before the helping public but in such paragraphs as this. Its responsibility is great, for an unwise selection of books might be productive of serious mischief. But it is a responsibility which has been met with great wisdom. There is no effort to stimulate the desire of reading by pandering to a demoralized or trivial taste, but to cheer the reader by the selection of those books, of which there are plenty, which are not only attractive and interesting, but useful. It is a noble form of charity, and any one who would aid it may address himself to the Treasurer, Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, at 49 Bond Street.

THE SAMOAN AFFAIR.

THE tone of Senator SHERMAN'S remarks upon the Samoan affair, like his speech last summer about our relations with Canada, is so temperate and so wise as to deepen the regret that there is little probability that he will be General HARRISON'S Secretary of State. So far as can be ascertained, the only definite agreement that the United States have made is the treaty of 1878 with the Samoan government, by which we acquired the right to a coaling station, and engage to use our good offices to adjust differences with other nations. There is no treaty or engagement to intervene to secure the autonomy of the islands, in which our commercial interest is very small.

Mr. SHERMAN said that the first thing to be done, and to be done at once, is to assert our right to possess and occupy Pago-Pago for a coaling station. That would need no war. The mere assertion of the right, the spending of money in Pago-Pago, the storing of coal, and the calling there of vessels are far more influential assertions of power than protocols and diplomatic correspondence. It is not necessary to menace any one. Straightforward and manly negotiations should be entered into between the three governments, and if some mode of government could not be agreed upon for Samoa it would be a disgrace to our civilization and our Christianity. So far there was nothing that would justify a breach of the peace by either power until every possible effort had been made to settle the difficulties peacefully.

That is a very reasonable statement, and to such a course nobody could object. Having thus availed ourselves of our unquestioned rights under the treaty, we should, in Mr. SHERMAN'S opinion, proceed to fulfil our obligation to use our good offices to settle the Samoan troubles, which he believed would be speedily accomplished. This is the view and the temper of wise statesmanship, just as Senator CULLOM'S talk of not permitting ourselves to be "brickbatted" off the islands is merely mischievous. There is probably no statesman living who has a more profound conviction that the United States are not to be brickbatted with impunity than BISMARCK.

If the real interests of this country should seem to require that in view of the possible future opening of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien and an increased Pacific traffic we should obtain control, or prevent any other power from obtaining control, of the Samoan Islands, it will involve a radical change of policy. Our government hitherto has avoided both entangling alliances and colonial extension, and it will not modify that policy without careful consideration. So far as yet appears, no right of the United States in the Samoan Islands has been violated or even questioned. The due protection of American citizens and of the American flag has not been challenged. It is alleged that Germany agreed with the United States and Great Britain to maintain the autonomy of the islands. But no such agreement has been produced. Whatever may have occurred, neither our treaty rights nor any common agreement as yet known to exist have been violated. There is evidently no *casus belli* now visible.

A RACE QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT in Texas asks what is meant by the race question, which attracts so much attention. He thinks that he understands what is meant by the question of the Indians and of the tariff, but he has no light upon the other.

"In western Texas, where this is written, we have a mixture of peoples—Germans, Mexicans, Bohemians, Polanders, etc.—but we have no war of races. On the contrary, all live in harmony. Each class has its school, its church, its own social institutions. In the town where this is written the best school building belongs to the colored people; the teachers are colored and the pupils belong to that race. The next best building belongs to the German community, is managed and taught by Germans, and is patronized by those who use that language. These schools derive support from the public school fund. Now in voting the colored man exercises the same liberty as his white neighbor; the laws make no distinction between them; the provisions for education apply equally to all. Texas has an excellent Normal Institute for colored teachers, and the colored children throughout the State share equally with others. Indeed, through the aid furnished by the PEABODY and the SLATER funds, the colored youth have superior advantages, and the whites cheerfully concede to the negroes all that the Constitution and laws allow them. What is this much-discussed race question anyway?"

The picture of harmony drawn by our correspondent is very agreeable; but if the town is an aggregation of distinctive English, German, Mexican, Bohemian, and Polish communities, and not an American town in which the common aim, so far as possible, is to merge every nationality, language, and sympathy in the American, it is not a promising situation. Elsewhere, as in South Carolina, Louisiana, and Mississippi, the race question is one which is expressed in the familiar phrase that white supremacy must be maintained. If our correspondent is familiar with the annals of the MOSES régime in South Carolina, and with the fact of the sudden political enfranchisement of slaves where in some States and districts they were a majority, and is further acquainted with the condition of such communities, he will understand that there is a very serious question involved, which is none the less serious because there is no summary and peremptory way of answering it.

There must necessarily be such a question if in any district a decided majority of legal voters of a particular race are, as Mr. Bryce says in his *American Commonwealth*, conceded to be unfit for the franchise, and are practically excluded from the exercise of their power. It is a question which will not be settled by saying that nothing is necessary but to provide a free vote and a fair count. Neither of the great parties has been able to secure that solution. An army in every State would not secure it. Upon reflection our Texas friend will see that there is a race question which is not yet settled, but for the settlement of which we must look to time and moral influences and local action rather than to national laws.

PERSONAL.

THE last of the royal line of the Mohegans in Connecticut has passed away in the death of SAMSON BRUSHELL. He lived near New London, and he was dissipated and shiftless. There was nothing about him, in fact, to indicate his royal ancestry, his accomplishments being confined to whistling two tunes at one time and to dexterous shooting with a bow and arrows, while he gained a precarious living by plaiting baskets. Still he expressed the wish that at his death flags in the neighboring cities and towns might be displayed at half-mast on account of his high Indian rank, and he was buried in the royal cemetery on the Mohegan reservation.

—The recent death of Vicar-General PATRICK HEALEY at Chicopee, Massachusetts, by apoplexy, was made doubly tragic by the sudden termination, from the same disease, of the life of Dr. WILLIAM G. BRECK, who had been called from Springfield in consultation on the case. Dr. BRECK was the leading physician of western Massachusetts, and his professional skill had given him a reputation not confined by the borders of his State.

—ALEXANDER POPE, a Boston artist, has had an eloquent tribute paid to him by a game-cock. He painted the bird so naturally that it became excited when shown the likeness, and with beak and spurs destroyed the picture.

—JOSIAH H. HULETT and his wife, of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, were known as the oldest married couple in New England till Mr. HULETT died the other day. They were both of them born in 1791.

—General ALBERT PIKE, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, is by station and study the most prominent Freemason in the United States. He fought in both the Mexican and rebellion wars.

—A nun in a Quebec convent sacrificed herself recently to save a child who was being run down by a careless coasting party. She threw herself before the sled, and the child was unhurt, but the nun lost an eye and received other serious hurts.

—The first woman preacher to be licensed by the Methodist Church South is a Mrs. WEBBER, of Springtown, Arkansas, whose husband is also a preacher. The innovation has caused quite a stir in Southern Methodist circles, and will probably result in the passage of a law making women eligible for holy orders.

—Rev. Dr. CHARLES GOODRICH, one of three Episcopal ministers in New Orleans who in 1862 were taken from their pulpits by soldiers and banished to Fort Lafayette, New York, by order of General B. F. BUTLER, for omitting in their services the prayer for the President of the United States, has just died at New Orleans. He was rector emeritus of St. Paul's Church, which he founded in 1838, and it is an interesting fact that he was graduated from Middlebury College, at Middlebury, Vermont, and studied theology for three years in the same town.

—RICHARD H. CLARK, the Philadelphia banker, possesses one of the most costly sets of books in this country. Originally MOTLEY'S nine-volume edition of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, it has grown by the insertion of some two thousand five hundred portraits, engravings, autographs, and maps into twenty-nine volumes, which are said to have cost their owner $50,000, and are still incomplete.

—The largest individual tax-payer in Boston is FREDERICK L. AMES, who pays $40,375 on $3,013,100 of real estate.

—One of the most conscientious of dietarians and vegetarians was JOSEPH GARRETSON, of Cincinnati, who died recently at the age of eighty-one. He had abstained for sixty-two years from tea or coffee, for fifty years from meat, and for twenty-six years from salt. All kinds of grease, he claimed, were injurious to the human system, fried meat being his *bête noire*. In his later years his fussiness extended to cooking himself all the food he ate, and whenever he travelled he took along with him his peculiar preparations. Water was his principal drink, although he sometimes dissipated with a lemonade.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE JOHN W. EHNINGER, OF SARATOGA.



THE LATE CROWN-PRINCE RUDOLPH, OF AUSTRIA.—[See Page 114.]



THE LATE HUGO FRITSCH, OF NEW YORK.
From a Photograph by Dana & Hastings.

CHARLES A. B. SHEPARD.

In the death of Charles Augustus Billings Shepard, the book-publishing trade of America has lost one of its most familiar and popular members. Mr. Shepard was several months short of sixty years of age. He was born on October 18, 1829, at Salem, Massachusetts. He found his first employment in a grocery store. This he did not retain for long, however, preferring to abandon it for a place in the book-store of John P. Jewett. Mr. Jewett's name will live longest probably because of its place on the title-page of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, of which he was the first publisher. He brought out this work after he had removed to Boston, to which place young Shepard accompanied him.

Mr. Shepard was a boy of fifteen when he entered the employ of Mr. Jewett. As the year of his removal to Boston was 1849, he had been just forty years a citizen of that town. After six years of service in Boston he set up an establishment of his own under the firm name of Shepard, Clark, & Co., which afterward became Shepard, Clark, & Brown. He had embarked on this venture at an unfortunate time. Two years later the financial panic of 1857 was at hand, and Shepard, Clark, & Brown was one of the houses to which it brought disaster. But after the lapse of five years Mr. Shepard started in business again, having for his partner Mr. William Lee. The house of Lee & Shepard was thus founded. Mr. Lee was already known in Boston as a book-seller. He had retired some months before from the house of Phillips, Sampson, & Co. This house has its name associated with some of the foremost literature produced in those years in New England. Several of Emerson's volumes bore their imprint, and it was they who brought out the early numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

JOHN W. EHNINGER, N.A.

Mr. John W. Ehninger was a graduate of Columbia College; along in the forties he went to France, studied with Couture, the master of William M. Hunt, and other artists of mark, and roved to Düsseldorf and Munich, and to Italy as well. The National Academy elected him in 1860. He never held himself strictly to one line of subjects, but went from one to the other, showing talent in all, but never imposing his individuality on the public as the maker of a certain kind of painting. Perhaps the social qualities of Ehninger interfered with his advance; perhaps it was that he never felt the stern lessons of poverty. He was at one time an extremely pleasing figure in society, a man of bright manners as well as brains, unencumbered by a wife. When advancing age, and the great changes which came over society in New York in the train of the civil war, and the suddenly made fortunes made the city no longer attractive, Ehninger fixed himself at Saratoga.

His artistic force was considerable, and showed itself best in black and white, particularly in crayon portraits, but more popularly in illustrations for books. It cannot be said that he will figure in the history of American art, but he had so many personal qualities that cause people enjoyment that his death is regretted more sincerely than the passing away of far abler men.

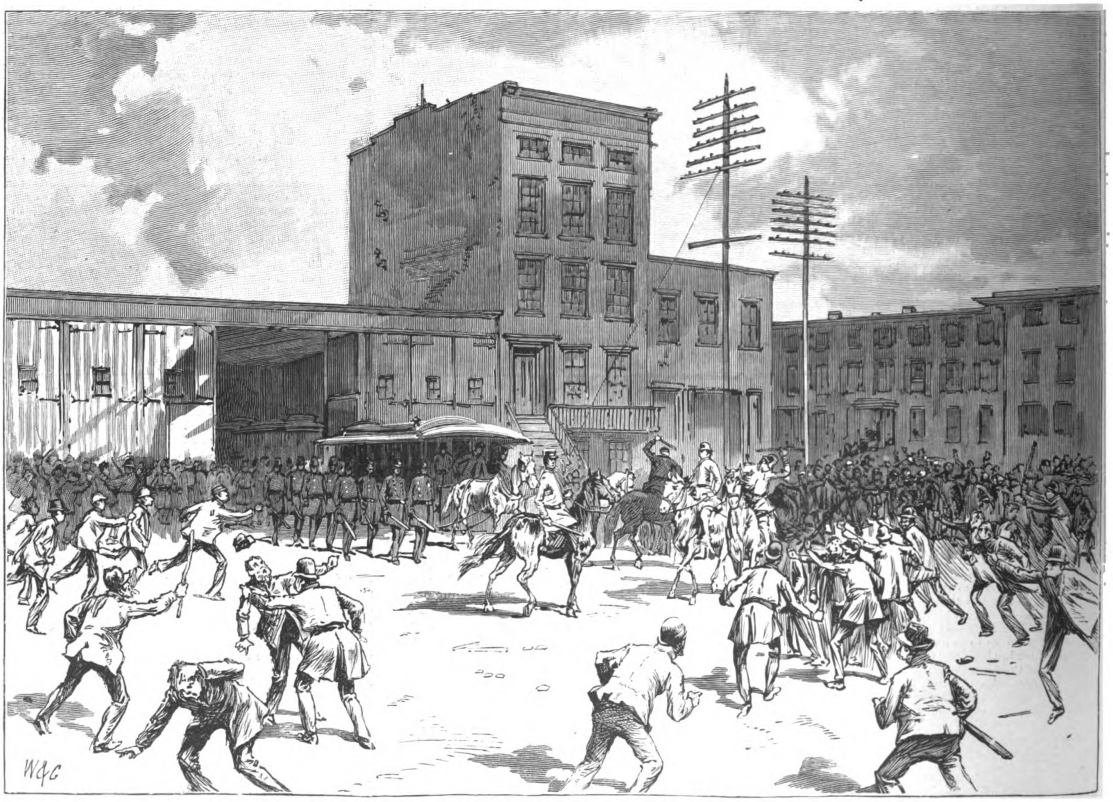


THE LATE CHAS. A. B. SHEPARD, OF BOSTON.

CHEVALIER HUGO FRITSCH.

The world of New York was well posted regarding the gentleman who died the other day at the house of Dr. James T. Gibert in his character as patron of sport, but hardly realized that he occupied a rather important diplomatic position which brought him some years ago the title of Chevalier from the allied nations he represented.

Mr. Fritsch was an Austrian, as his name might lead one to suspect, but more American than Austrian, because he came in 1859, at the age of sixteen, to this country, and has been here almost continuously ever since. As Mr. Theodore Havemeyer married the daughter of Mr. De Lussy, formerly Consul-General of Austria-Hungary in New York, it was natural that he should step into that place; and as the late Mr. Fritsch was nephew to Mr. De Lussy, equally natural that he should gain the post of Vice-Consul. In 1882 he married and took the consulship on the retirement of Mr. Havemeyer. His prominence as a whip and judge at horse-races and at horse-shows gave him constant notice in the press. It was while acting as judge of horses at the horse show in Buffalo that he caught a cold, followed by a relapse after exertions at the New York horse show, which developed into the disease that carried him off.

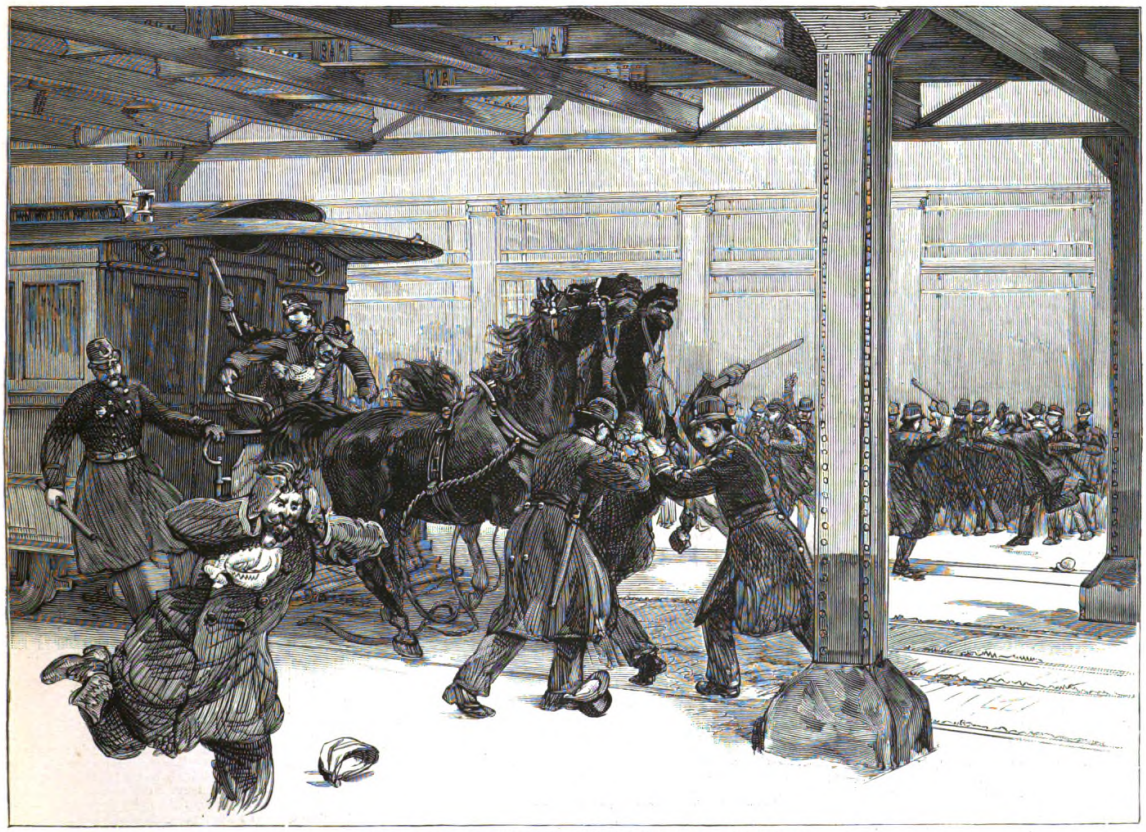


THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN BROOKLYN—STARTING THE FIRST CAR.—[See Page 107.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A RIOT ON FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.—Drawn by Graham & Durkin.



STARTING A CAR ON THE SIXTH AVENUE LINE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN NEW YORK.—[See Page 107.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE SEA FORTUNES OF DICKY CAREW.

THE sun shone so bright in Portsmouth Harbor that afternoon that everything was gold and green and white except the black hulls of the ships and the great gray forts, out of which the guns sometimes bellowed warnings to Boney across the water. And right out in the golden light lay his Majesty's ship *Xantippe*, riding stately-lily at anchor, her taper masts and graceful spars, undisfigured by the nearness of hideous smoke-stacks, dipping slightly and proudly with the cadence of the waves. So clear was the water that the beautiful run of the frigate, marked by the broad white ribbon around her dark hull, was cast flickering upon the blue depths. But all the beauty and glory of sunlit harbor and white-walled town and sky and ships was as black as midnight to Dicky Carew when the dreadful summons came.

"Please, sir, the Captain wants to see you in his cabin."

When Dicky stood inside the cabin facing the Captain, stern, handsome, and as neat as wax, a sorrier-looking object than Dicky Carew would have been hard to find. His smart, gold-trimmed cap, which he held in his hand and twirled dolefully, had a big hole torn in the top, his jacket was white with dust, and right across his nose was a large black smut. Captain Sarsfield examined him carefully from the top of his tousled yellow head down to his unblacked shoes, Dicky blushing furiously all the while.

"A pretty spectacle you are, Mr. Carew, for an officer and a gentleman!" For although Dicky was only fifteen and barely five feet high, he was a middy and a gentleman.

Dicky said nothing, but continued to twirl his cap, while his eyes roamed uneasily around the Captain's orderly cabin. And there, sitting on a sofa, with a dolly in her lap, was a little dark-eyed girl dressed in mourning, who was watching Dicky with great interest.

"What have you been doing, sir, to get yourself in such a mess as you are?"

"C–e–catching cockroaches down in the hold, sir, with Barham."

"A nice employment for two young gentlemen. When I was a midshipman I employed my leisure in studying my profession."

"Yes, sir. That's what all the officers tell us. Barham and I are the only fellows I ever heard of that did anything but study their profession."

Captain Sarsfield looked very hard indeed at Dicky. Was it possible that this dirty and ingenuous youth was poking fun at a Post-Captain? But could deceit reside in those innocent eyes and that timid, boyish voice? The Captain was in doubt.

"At all events," he continued, with an appalling look at the smut on Dicky's sunburnt nose, "your appearance, sir, is disgraceful. I believe you are the dirtiest midshipman in his Majesty's service, and you will be docked of leave to go ashore for the next eight days."

The Captain was about to deliver Dicky a lecture, when an orderly tapped at the cabin door and saluted.

"The new cutter has come, sir, and is about to be taken aboard. Will you come and take a look at her?"

The Captain got up and went out without remembering to send Dicky back into the cockpit, where he belonged.

As Dicky continued to stand, hat in hand, he would certainly have boohooed right out if he had not been an officer and a gentleman. Dicky, when he remembered that, gulped down two large sobs that rose in his throat, and winked his eyes to keep the tears back. Was there ever another such unlucky fellow as he, Dicky Carew, he asked himself, dismally. There was Barham, that was just as busy with the cockroaches as he was, and yet Barham's jacket wasn't dirty nor his nose smutted, and if the Captain had sent for him he would have turned up as trig as the Captain himself. And how many times a week Dicky was mast-headed for untidiness, and how often had he ridden to London and back on the spanker boom for that same fault, only Dicky himself could tell.

While he was pursuing these melancholy reflections the little girl on the sofa had fixed her dark eyes on him.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"I'm dirty," answered Dicky, desperately. "I tub and scrub as much as any of 'em, but the Captain can't see what I am underneath, and he thinks because I'm dirty outside I'm dirty all over."

"The Captain is my papa," said Miss Bright Eyes.

"I wish he was *my* papa," remarked Dicky, sadly, "if he'd be any easier on me."

Girls, as a rule, possessed no charm for Dicky; but this was such a very little one—not more than ten years old—that he regarded her as an infant, and rather a pretty one.

"I'm staying in Portsmouth," she continued, nursing her dolly very carefully, "with my governess and my nurse. My mamma is dead. She died only a month ago—before papa's ship got here—and I come on board nearly every day to see my papa. Sometimes, if it rains, I stay all night. I have a funny little bed made up in papa's sleeping-cabin, and in the morning I get up and make his tea for him."

That story about her mamma went to Dicky's heart.

"And my mother got to Portsmouth this morning to see me, and she hasn't much money, and can only stay a week, and I can't go ashore to see her because I didn't keep my face clean and mussed my jacket."

"Why didn't you behave yourself, then?" promptly and severely asked his young friend. "Papa always behaved himself when he was a little boy like you."

This last very much incensed Dicky.

"Now look here, young lady," he said, "I'm an officer and a gentleman! Didn't you hear your father call me so just now? And if people in this ship call the officers 'little boys,' they'll get put in irons as likely as not. As for the officers behaving themselves when they were midshipmen, everybody knows they were angels—sea-angels—and the cockpit was a little heaven. Oh, they didn't catch cockroaches—not they! And all the time they weren't on duty they were studying or saying their prayers. And as for skylarking, why, they never heard of such a thing! I'll tell you what—eh, what's your name?"

"Polly," answered Bright Eyes.

"Well, Polly, it ain't true that 'whom the gods love die young'; for if it were, there wouldn't beam officer of this ship alive to-day. Barham and I ain't going to die young, though. The gods don't love us, nor the Captain neither."

"You oughtn't to talk so about dying," answered Polly, gravely. "You never had your mamma to die. Sometimes, when I've staid on board all night, I've waked up and seen papa sitting by me, looking so strange and sad, and I know he is thinking about mamma, although he says, 'Go to sleep, my dear, nothing is the matter!' and I can see the tears on his cheek; and my papa is a brave sailor too. He says he knows I ought to go to school, but he can't bear to part with me." This very proudly.

"I dare say," said Dicky, mournfully, "it will break my mother's heart when she has come all this long way to see me, and can't see me. And she will be sure to think I have done something scandalous. I know she will!"

This worked so upon Polly's feelings that she said,

"Come here, and I'll get some pictures and show you."

"I can't," answered Dicky. "I've got to stand here until the Captain comes back."

"Then I'll come to you," said Polly.

When the Captain got back he found Polly sitting on the floor, with her lap full of pictures, and Dicky on the floor too, explaining them to her. The Captain was quite in the cabin before Dicky heard a step. Then he jumped up, stood perfectly rigid, and blushed scarlet. It was bad enough to be caught at boyish tricks on the quarter-deck, which had sometimes happened, but to be found playing on the floor with a little girl was a reflection on his manhood. However, the Captain did not seem very angry. He only said, "You may go, sir, and don't let me have to speak to you again about your personal appearance!" and Dicky fancied he saw something like a smile on Captain Sarsfield's face. Dicky said, "Yes, sir," and bowed to the Captain, and then to the little girl.

"Good-by, Miss Polly," said he. It had been "Polly" and "Dicky" before the Captain came in.

"Ain't you going to give me a kiss?" asked Polly, in a surprised voice.

Dicky could get no redder than he was, but his hair almost stood on end, while he darted out and down the ladder, never stopping until he got to his own nook in the cockpit.

"Girls are deuced bothersome—damme if they ain't," he remarked to Barham — these young gentlemen, in privacy, swearing quite mannishly, and discussing the feminine sex with a great assumption of knowingness.

Up in the cabin, the Captain had said, "Polly!" in a reproving voice, and Polly had climbed up on his knee and kissed him, by way of answer.

"Do you know, papa, Dicky's mother is poor. She is the widow of an officer who was killed by that wicked Boney at the battle of the Nile"—for in those days Boney was supposed to command on sea as well as on land—"and Dicky was only ten years old, and his mother has come to Portsmouth to see him, and she can only stay a week, so Dicky won't be able to see her."

"Ah," said the Captain, stroking his little daughter's hair.

"And she is staying in a little gray house, the next but one to the gate leading into the great dock-yard. Papa, I would like to go to see Dicky's mother the next time we go ashore, and tell her that Dicky hasn't done anything very bad—because he says she'll think he has been very, very naughty—and tell her it's only because he is so dirty."

"We will go this afternoon," said the Captain; "and perhaps I may let Dicky off before the week is out."

The next day, as Dicky was rather disconsolately poring over a book on seamanship, another summons came to the cabin. Dicky was in perfect order, for a wonder, and looked considerably less frowzy and blowzy than he had the day before. When he entered the Captain's room the Captain was at the table, writing, and Polly, on her knees on the cushioned seat, was peering out of the port-hole; but she turned around when Dicky entered.

"Mr. Carew," said the Captain, sternly, "I hope I impressed upon you yesterday the necessity for absolute personal neatness in your attire. The punishment I gave you, however, I have concluded to partially remit. After to-day, you may go ashore when you can get leave."

"Thank you, sir," replied Dicky, blushing with pleasure; "and—and—Captain Sarsfield, I'm not—as dirty as I look."

"I am glad to hear it, sir," responded Captain Sarsfield, gravely. "Good-afternoon."

Still Dicky lingered. He wanted to say a word to Polly, but he couldn't do it, with the Captain's grave eyes fixed on him. So he only hung about for a moment, then said, "Good-by, Miss Polly," and vanished.

Dicky's mother was delighted to see him next day, and Dicky gave her such a bear-hug, as he sometimes did Barham, that his mother shrieked, while she laughed and covered his face with kisses.

"And, Dicky, such a dear little girl, all dressed in black, came here yesterday with her nurse! She was little Poly Sarsfield, the Captain's daughter, and she told me why you couldn't come ashore, and that the Captain, hearing I was here, had concluded to remit your punishment. I knew my dear boy wasn't punished for insubordination, or swearing, or gambling. If I thought that possible, it would break your mother's heart."

Dicky felt rather uncomfortable at his mother's supreme confidence in him, and was glad she didn't know everything that went on among the young gentlemen in the cockpit.

"And Polly is a jolly little thing," remarked Dicky. "Nothing but a baby, though."

"Polly will be a young lady by the time you are a man," answered his mother, who did not take Dicky's assumption of manliness seriously.

"Oh, pshaw!" remarked Dicky, with a blush.

II.

In those days, when England was at war with France and half of Europe, promotion was sometimes rapid; and when Dicky had not got very far in his twenties he had been gazetted three times, and actually commanded a little eighteen-gun brig, that carried as much manliness and courage as anything afloat. Dicky walked the deck of his little vessel, the *Hornet*, as proudly as Captain Sarsfield walked his splendid quarter-deck on his new seventy-four-gun frigate—the *Indomptable*, finer even than the old *Xantippe*. And Dicky had developed into a model of sailor-and-officer-like neatness, and kept his ship as clean as a lady's boudoir. And one bright day the *Hornet* came sailing into Portsmouth Harbor, her sails and rigging roughly patched where the shot had torn through, with holes covered with bright new planking in her black sides, with four of her guns shattered at their muzzles, but bravely towing a French sloop of war almost twice as big as the little *Hornet*. The Frenchman, too, could barely keep afloat, but he had ten good guns that Dicky had brought home in place of the four he had lost. And Dicky, seeing the great, big, splendid *Indomptable* anchored in the harbor, stood boldly in and dropped his anchor just astern of her. Dicky knew well enough who commanded the *Indomptable*.

Oh, what shouting and hurrahing there was when the people in the ships and those on shore made out the little *Hornet*! And what dipping of flags and waving of caps and cheering when the little vessel had come to anchor! And then, when Dicky, in a very small and shabby gig, with only eight men at the oars, and some of them with their heads or their legs bound up, was rowed to the Admiral's ship, there was more cheering and shouting, which made Dicky's heart swell.

That very afternoon, by the time Dicky had got back on board the *Hornet*, a gig very unlike the *Hornet's* gig put off from the big frigate, and presently Captain Sarsfield clambered up the side, and Dicky, looking very red and pleased, holding his cap in his hand very much as he had done when Captain Sarsfield sent for him to scold him about his untidiness and general naughtiness, received the Captain at the gangway.

"Let me congratulate you," said Captain Sarsfield, shaking his hand warmly. "What a trouncing you gave the mounseers to be sure! How you managed to keep afloat I can't see."

"We are badly knocked to pieces," answered Dicky, "and on that account I hope you will excuse the appearance of things. The ship isn't as clean as I'd like her to be."

The *Hornet* was, though, as clean as hands could make her, her brass-work shining and her deck snow-white, although some of her spars were in splinters, and things generally broken up. As for Dicky, he looked as if he had been parboiled and sand-papered and then hung out to dry, so clean was he; and he had the air of having just stepped out of a bandbox. Captain Sarsfield grinned at Dicky.

"You are certainly cleaner than you used to be," said he.

The Captain had to hear all about the fight off Cherbourg, where Dicky sailed in under the very guns of the forts, and made the Frenchman come out to fight, when, by sheer good seamanship, he kept on the port side of him, silenced his guns on that side, and stuck so close that the Frenchman could not shake him off, and then dashing right into him, although fearfully knocked to pieces, as Dicky said, grappled him and boarded him, while the starboard guns, although manned and shotted, never fired a round. Both the Frenchman and Dicky were too far gone to carry the prisoners back to Portsmouth. These had been transferred to another vessel, but Dicky had the Frenchman's captain and her ensigns and ten guns, which was good for Dicky.

Dicky was dying to ask Captain Sarsfield about Polly; but although he had been gazetted three times he was so afraid of the Captain that he could not get it out to save his life until just as Captain Sarsfield was leaving.

"And—how—how is Miss Polly?" asked Dicky, in a quavering voice, blushing furiously.

"Very well," answered the Captain, "and at present paying me a little visit. When you come to dinner to-morrow you will see her. She is quite a young lady—sixteen her last birthday." Young ladies grew up earlier then, and sixteen was considered quite old. So Dicky went, and found Polly a grown-up young lady, with full muslin skirts down to her heels, a short-waisted bodice belted just under her arms, and a large poke-bonnet. Dicky was very shy, but Polly was not, and rallied him unmercifully, even cruelly alluding to the smut on his nose, which she had remembered all those years. And then she told him she knew his mother, and often went to see her, which Dicky knew before.

Things were very pleasant about that time to Dicky; but then the war closed soon after, much to Dicky's disgust, who had wild dreams of commanding a fifty-gun sloop of war at least before Boney was finally done for; and Dicky saw, disconsolately enough, that he was well off to have got the little *Hornet*, and that he would not get anything better for a long while.

Meanwhile, Dicky had been making hay while the sun shone, and a day had come when he went on board the *Indomptable* to ask Captain Sarsfield a very important question indeed—which was whether Polly and himself could get married. Dicky was terribly frightened, but managed to appear tolerably self-possessed as he sat in Captain Sarsfield's cabin, although he could not help twiddling his cap desperately under the table. The Captain was as grave and stern as ever, and gave Dicky no manner of help while he was blundering and floundering about, trying to tell the Captain how much he loved Polly, although it was perfectly plain that Captain Sarsfield, or anybody with half an eye, for that matter, must have known directly what was Dicky.

Then Dicky told the Captain that he had a snug sum of prize-money put by, which should be Polly's, and the Captain had said that Polly was not quite dowerless, and the whole thing was arranged, Captain Sarsfield shaking Dicky by the hand formally, and wishing the young couple might be as happy as he and Polly's mother might been, long years ago. And for a wonder, Captain Sarsfield appeared to think that perhaps Polly and Dicky might have something to say to each other, and considerately stalked up and down the quarter-deck for a full hour, while the young ones had a rapturous interview in the cabin. When Dicky got back to the *Hornet*, he sent for Barham, who was his First Lieutenant, and they hugged each other and danced about in the cabin very much as they had done when they found amusement in catching cockroaches in the old *Xantippe*.

Polly and Dicky were to be married in the spring. Dicky was cruising about the English Channel, getting into Portsmouth for a few days every month, where the *Indomptable* was lying, awaiting her turn to be overhauled and repaired, for she too had got a shot or two from Boney before he got away to Elba.

One bright day in spring, as bright as the one on which Dicky first met Polly, the *Hornet* was coming into Portsmouth. There was a spanking breeze from the sea, that tossed the white-caps high, and the little *Hornet* was staggering along under all the sail she could carry. Now, although French ships had begun to appear again in English ports by that time, they were rather unusual; so Dicky, who was on the bridge of the *Hornet*, was rather surprised to see a big French frigate, the *Alceste*, sailing slowly out of the inner harbor. She was a fine ship, but she was sailing like a hay-stack, one mile ahead and three miles to leeward. The passage into the harbor of Portsmouth is narrow—not more than four or five hundred yards across—and apparently the *Alceste* would take all the room there was, and considerably more if she could get it, to come out, and leave none at all for the little *Hornet*; but Dicky wasn't afraid of that. When it came to navigating a ship in a tight place, young Captain Carew was a match for any man who sailed the seas; but he was also a very courteous Captain, and was particular on meeting a French ship in English waters that the salute should be promptly returned—a thing the quartermasters in those days sometimes lagged about, but never on the *Hornet* when Captain Carew commanded her. So the quartermaster stood ready, with his hand on the lanyard, to dip the flag at the very instant the *Alceste* should salute.

But the *Alceste* seemed in no hurry to show her manners. The fresh breeze that flapped her object sails kept most of her people busy, the sailors climbing over the rigging with more chattering and noise than Captain Carew would have allowed on his ship in a month. From the way the *Alceste* was lurching about, it began to look very doubtful if the little *Hornet* could pass in the narrow passage to the harbor, where it was plain they would meet; but Dicky Carew had no notion of shortening sail and hanging about outside until the Frenchman had got out. So, in contrast to the great lumbering *Alceste*, the little *Hornet* came dashing on, without tacking, making about two miles to the *Alceste's* one, and her course as straight as the crow flies. The French Captain, who was also on his bridge, saw that the *Hornet* had no mind to stand out of his way, but he laughed as he looked at his own big hull and towering masts, and saw the little *Hornet*, whose mainmast was no higher than the *Alceste's* lower spars. And the French ensign flew stockily, and there was no quartermaster in sight to dip it.

Now Dicky could stand the *Alceste's* bad seamanship, but it didn't suit him to take the *Alceste's* snub, and then sit down and write to the Admiralty and complain about it. He had been used to teaching Frenchmen to behave themselves, and he meant to do so now.

"Barham," said he to his First Lieutenant, "the rascals don't mean to salute."

"Report 'em to the Admiralty as soon as we come to anchor," responded Barham.

"Wouldn't it be better to smash his cabin-windows, and splinter one of his starboard boats—eh?"

"Decidedly better," said Barham, whose blood was up too. "With such a lot of ploughmen and haymakers as they've got up aloft, it will go hard if the *Hornet* can't scrape some of the paint off his sides."

By this time the French Captain saw what was coming. The *Hornet* was skimming along, standing up beautifully to the breeze, and apparently making straight for the *Alceste*. In two minutes more she was right on his starboard quarter, and the French sailors began to yell. Barham had taken the wheel, and kept his eye on Captain Carew, when, as Dicky waved his hand, Barham threw up the helm, and the little *Hornet* scraped so close to the *Alceste* that the quartermaster,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

taking up a boat-hook, jammed it through the *Alceste's* cabin windows, bawling,

"Take that for yer manners, ye ornsightly lubbers!"

And then there was a crash—a boat on the *Alceste's* starboard was gone, and as the big frigate lurched across the yard of blue water between them, the little *Hornet's* tight, stanch masts struck the *Alceste's* lower spars, that were only half secured, and tore through the rigging as if it were a cobweb. In another minute the *Hornet* had danced off, her men cheering and jeering, while the French Captain fairly danced with rage, and shook his fist at Captain Carew, who raised his cap, and bowed and smiled politely.

Of course it was very wrong, and Captain Carew knew it, particularly when he saw the *Alceste* deliberately put about to return to Portsmouth. Dicky began to have dreadful visions of being obliged to go on the *Alceste* in full uniform, and make an apology to the French Captain, than which he would much rather have had an arm cut off.

But all this was forgotten when Dicky caught sight of the *Indomptable*, for Polly was still in Portsmouth, and not many days passed without the Captain's daughter coming on board the big frigate with her father for an hour or two. Polly loved the *Indomptable*, as she had done the old *Xantippe*, and was quite as much at home on her, although she no longer had a little bed in her father's cabin. Captain Sarsfield looked very serious when Dicky told him about it, and things generally began to look grave when the French Ambassador came down to Portsmouth and looked at the *Alceste*, and then took the French Captain back to London with him. And in a very little time indeed came the order for a court-martial, and young Captain Carew was ordered to turn his ship over to his First Lieutenant, and consider himself under arrest. What a stir it made! And the people all said, "If they break him for crippling a ship twice his size, without getting a scratch, they will have hard work finding another Captain who can do it; and if every man resented an affront to the British ensign like that, why, it never would be safe to affront it."

The Captains, sitting stern and solemn around the table in the Admiral's cabin, heard the whole story. In vain they tried to bring out that accident had something to do with it; but Dicky, cool and calm, declared openly that he had done it on purpose, and would do it again, to any man that did not salute the ensign flying on his Majesty's ship *Hornet*—if he could.

After a while Dicky came out, looking very white. He went on board the *Indomptable*, and was shown to the Captain's cabin.

"Captain Sarsfield" he said "I a ma ruined man. I have been dismissed the service of my country. I came to say that although I am not conscious of having done anything to disgrace my name, I can no longer ask your daughter to accept it."

Captain Sarsfield too was pale. He loved Dicky, but he could not bring himself to give Polly to a cashiered officer, and he said so. But just then Polly herself appeared, and marching up to Dicky, with blazing eyes, she put her hand on his arm.

"But I want to marry him, *and I will!*" she said. "He is the best sailor in the British navy, and if they cashier him because he can do what hardly anybody else can do, very well. Papa, I shall marry him."

Captain Sarsfield rubbed his eyes to see if he were awake or dreaming. Was this his quiet, gentle Polly? As for Dicky, his heart swelled, but he removed her hand gently from his arm.

"No, Polly," he said; "your father is right. I could not bring you down to be the wife of a man counted unfit to serve his king and his country."

"But I am not afraid of being poor," said Polly, with tears in her eyes.

"It is not that, my dear," answered Dicky, in a husky voice. "It is because I am broken—don't you see? I shall have to take off the uniform that I had hoped to wear as long as I lived. I shall have to either live in my own country as a discredited man, or carry my discredit with me to another country; no, Polly—"

"But I say I will!" answered Polly, fiercely.

"Good-by," said Dicky, taking her hand. "You are too generous; it would be cruel to take advantage of you, dear Polly."

The Captain had been standing there all the time. Both Dicky and Polly had forgotten him until he spoke.

"Now, Polly," said he, firmly, "this must stop. Carew is right."

"Well, then," said Polly, standing up very straight and bold, "he may refuse to marry me now; but I mean to let him know once a year that I am ready and waiting for him, until—until he finds somebody else."

"There's no danger of that," said Dicky, kissing her hand; "but you and I can never be married now, Polly."

Dicky did not go back to the *Hornet*, but went ashore and to an inn, where, calling for a private room, he sat and tried to look the thing in the face like a man; but he couldn't. His profession gone, his mother's heart broken, separated from Polly, no longer Captain Carew, commanding his Majesty's ship *Hornet*, but plain Dicky Carew, commanding nothing at all.

Oh, poor Dicky! How much easier would it have been to be killed in those sea-fights with Boney's ships! What was he to do? All night long Dicky sat up and walked the floor, and when day broke he was so haggard and miserable that he was ashamed to show himself. All day he sat in his little room; he would wait until nightfall before he took the coach for London. Disgraced men ought to hide themselves from the light of day. Toward evening, just as he was preparing to go out, a furious knocking came at his door. Dicky opened it, and there stood a functionary all in scarlet and gold—a king's messenger, so Dicky knew. The messenger, making a low bow, handed a packet to Dicky. "I was directed to deliver this into Mr. Carew's own hands," he said.

Dicky winced. It was the first time that he had been called "Mr. Carew."

Dicky broke the big red seal, and found two documents enclosed. One was a letter from the Admiralty, and this is what it said:

"*Richard Carew, Esq.:*

"SIR,—I am directed by the Lords of the Admiralty to inform you that the sentence of the late court-martial, finding you guilty of wilfully running into the French frigate *Alceste*, coming out of Portsmouth Harbor, on the 25th of March, has been submitted to his Majesty in council, and the decision of the court—viz., that you be deprived of your commission as commander—has been approved by his Majesty, without regarding the provocation you were under, or the great skill, daring, and capable seamanship you displayed on the occasion. But his Majesty herewith encloses you a commission under the royal seal as post-captain, and directs you to take command of his Majesty's ship *Hornet*, now lying in Portsmouth Harbor; and may all Impudent Frenchmen be served like the *Alceste*, as long as British hearts of oak endure!"

And then followed signatures and seals. But Dicky could read no more; and although he was as brave a fellow as ever stepped, he fell down on his knees and cried like a woman or a baby.

Within a month Dicky and Polly were married. The day was beautiful and bright, and the little *Hornet* was dressed with bunting from rail to main-truck, and the wedding bells clashed so merrily that they were heard half across the water to Cherbourg. M. ELLIOT SEAWELL.



THE MOB CHARGING ON A "SCAB"

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN STREET RAILROAD STRIKE.

THE last tie-up of the surface roads, in June, 1886, was a disastrous one, and it made the men averse to trying another, though for some time past they have been at odds with the companies on the question of organized representation. The strike of the Atlantic Avenue Railroad employés in Brooklyn January 25th, on at first quite different grounds of complaint, precipitated the issue. On Tuesday morning, the 29th of January, eighteen car lines stopped operations in this city, and about 6000 men stepped out of their positions in support of the demand of the labor organization that representatives of the unions be recognized by the managers of the companies. The Atlantic Avenue Railroad system comprises eight lines, and the number of men on strike was 786.

The gist of the double dispute is as follows: The street railroad men in New York city demand $2 25 a day for "ten hours of work to be performed in twelve"—an expression which means that the time in which the cars shall be in motion shall be ten hours, and that the two hours over shall be counted in for waits, meals, and taking the car and its horses to the stable. But the principal grievance is that the companies refuse to recognize the committees of the Knights of Labor as mediators between themselves and the men; they will deal with the men directly or not at all. On the other hand, the demand in Brooklyn of the strikers is for $2 a day for ten hours' work to be performed in twelve—a demand which has been acceded to by every surface road in the city except those of the Atlantic Avenue Company, of which Mr. RICHARDSON is the president. That company offers to compute pay by trips and parts of trips in such a way as to give $1 71 for ten and about $2 for twelve actual hours. Since the trouble began, the company has expressed its willingness to renew the contract which was in operation last year and the year before. The rejoinder of the men to this offer is that the company did not make it while negotiations were under way, and that the contract was construed by the Atlantic Avenue Company in practice differently from what it was by the other companies during the last two years, with results adverse to the employés. In New York the companies which have been tied up have, through their presidents, unitedly resolved to refuse to treat with the Knights' organization. In Brooklyn, at the last session there of the State Board of Arbitration on Monday, the 28th, the Atlantic Avenue Company, by General TRACY, its counsel, and W. J. RICHARDSON, its secretary, said it would confer with representatives of its former employés, chosen directly by them, but not with the Executive Committee of the Knights. This places the Atlantic Avenue Company in line with the policy of the tied-up companies in New York, and on a different line from that of the other companies of Brooklyn.

On Wednesday some rough barricades were the chief feature of the street fighting in New York, with more than ordinarily stubborn resistance on the Belt Line, but nevertheless five tied-up lines ran sixty cars through by day. On Thursday many cars ran in New York, and there were few signs of trouble except at the Belt Line stables. The first car over the Broadway road since the beginning of the strike was sent out at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, and was soon followed by several others, little interference being offered. The drivers and conductors of the cars were all green hands, and after these successful trips the applicants for work at the office grew very numerous, and many men were employed. Cars were also run over the Sixth Avenue and the Grand Street and Cross-town lines.

In Brooklyn, where the tension between the company and its employés has been very bitter, no attempt was made to run a car until Thursday morning, January 31st, when two trips were run, with little interference, on the Atlantic Avenue Line as far as the Bridge and back to the stables. But the various stables of the company have been all along in a state of siege. Crowds of people, of which the strikers themselves formed but a small proportion, were collected around the approaches to the stables all day long and well on in the night, and it looked as if a riot would have resulted on the first attempt to send out a car. So perfect was the siege kept up that it was found almost impossible for the company to provision the men employed to guard the stables and care for the horses. On Monday afternoon the company conveyed ten men to the Fifth Avenue stables under an imposing police escort. They succeeded in getting through after a hot fight, which has been so far the only serious conflict in Brooklyn between the police and the mob.

HOW THE POLICE HANDLE A STRIKE.

WHEN the disorder of the great car-drivers' strike was at its most riotous pitch, and clubs were flying through the air in a dozen places in the city, Superintendent MURRAY sat in his cozy office at Police Head-quarters, and smiled pleasantly when asked about the extra duty and fatigue which as a matter of course must devolve upon the police in times of riot.

"My dear sir," he said, in his peculiar soft voice, and with his usual easy, deliberate manner, "this strike could go on for six months without occasioning a single minute of extra duty on one member of the force excepting the Superintendent and the Inspectors. It is the common impression, I know, that the men are on duty night and day, and have to be in constant readiness at the stations; but that is all a mistake. A very simple arrangement of my own invention has done away with all necessity for such severe service. Of course there is no rest to speak of for me or my Inspectors. I have been on duty since four o'clock Tuesday morning, with only four hours' sleep, and have all my meals brought here. The Inspectors have equally long hours. We are practically on duty twenty-four hours a day. Some of the captains have, of course, extra responsibility, but those in whose precincts there is no trouble go on just the same as if there were no disturbance in the city."

"But how have you arranged it so well for the men?"

"To understand it you must know how the police force is organized. It is equally divided into two platoons and four sections, the first and second sections forming one platoon and the third and fourth sections the other. One platoon is off duty ordinarily each day, every man getting every other day to himself, but taking one-half of each night on duty, either from six o'clock till twelve or from twelve o'clock till six. Now at the time of the last long strike it became a question with me how to do all the necessary work without breaking my men down physically. After studying the thing carefully I decided to put one platoon on the extra work and the other on regular work, so, as it is now, the men who are attending to the strike are on duty every day, but are held in reserve at the station-houses every night. They really have less to do than if there were no strike. Of course that is because the companies are not trying at present to run night cars. There are 2500 patrolmen on the force, so I have 1250 men to cover all important points with."

"What plan do you follow in the distribution?"

"Each Inspector makes his head-quarters at some place where trouble is to be expected. BYRNES is at Grand Street and the East River, CONLIN is at One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Street and Third Avenue, STEERS is at Broadway and Fifty-first Street, and WILLIAMS is at the Sixth Avenue car stables at Forty-fifth Street. Each has a large force at hand, and a considerable reserve is held here, so that I may send to any point where help may be needed."

This somewhat dry detailed statement is of the utmost interest as showing the clock-like precision attained by the New York police force, and will indicate some of the reasons why cars were run in this city as often as the companies could man them and send them out, despite the determined opposition of a mob of strikers and their sympathizers.

One of the strongest of DICKENS'S pen-pictures is his description of the majesty of Law, personified in a single slender policeman overawing the most desperate criminals in their most secret haunts. It would need the pen of a DICKENS to fitly describe the tremendous superiority of the stalwart bluecoats of New York to any mob they have ever yet encountered. It has never yet occurred that the angriest crowd has failed to scatter promptly before the onslaught of a squad of these men, armed as they are with clubs and revolvers, and the wonderful moral influence of legal authority.

"Have the men any special instructions governing their use of weapons in such emergencies as this?" was asked of the Superintendent.

"The regulations cover the ground," he said. "A policeman has full authority to use any necessary force in the discharge of his duties, and is never at liberty to use unnecessary force. It happens in consequence that a patrolman is very often obliged to settle questions of law on which courts disagree. I have known several instances in which a patrolman's action was sustained by the Court of Appeals after the General Term had condemned it. This is no light responsibility. A policeman may lawfully kill a felon who is escaping arrest, but if the man be not a felon, although the policeman believes him to be one, the killing is unjustifiable, and might be murder."

Inspector WILLIAMS, who is by reputation the most pugnacious policeman in New York, but who hardly deserves the implied reproach, was reported to have ordered his men last Thursday to "shoot to kill" in case the mob used clubs against them. Whether he really said this or not is disputed, but there is no question that any man who attacks a policeman with a weapon runs an excellent chance of forfeiting his life.

"The police are certainly justifiable in using their revolvers if they are attacked," said the Superintendent, in his softest and silkiest tones. He was as calm about it as if he were sending out for his supper instead of despatching a fresh wagon-load of a dozen men to help Inspector STEERS to scatter a crowd. "Remember," he said to the roundsman who went in command, "I don't want the police driven back."

"No, sir," said the roundsman, as quietly as his chief.

"I am, sitting here," said MURRAY to the writer, "like a doctor with his finger on the patient's pulse, watching these wires and speaking-tubes and getting reports constantly of the exact condition of things all over the city. The means of communication, however, are very much behind the time. Our telegraph system was all that could be desired thirty-two years ago, but we have no telephone excepting a connection with the public system. This is likely to be better soon, for the Commissioners have $100,000 which has been appropriated to establish such electrical communications as may be needed, and they are experimenting now. We need more patrol wagons, for we only have five. The act of 1886 authorized us to get one for each precinct and four for Head-quarters; but the Board of Estimate and Apportionment ignored the law, and would not give us the money to get them, so we are still without them."

As he talked, an incident occurred which, more than any fracas in the whole strike, illustrated the power of the Police Department and the masterly grasp which the Superintendent has of his position. A committee of the strikers were ushered into his office, and made application for a permit for the strikers to parade in a body and march to the Mayor's office. It illustrated what the Superintendent had said about a policeman having sometimes to settle intricate questions of law. Every man on the committee was satisfied that the strikers had a constitutional right to do what was asked.

"You can't do it, and you know why," said the Superintendent. "No matter how well-disposed and law-abiding you may be, such a demonstration would be likely to provoke a disturbance at such a time as this."

"We could march down Broadway, where there are no cars running," said the spokesman; and MURRAY smiled quietly.

"You didn't know, then, that the Broadway cars are running again?" he said. And the committee were unable to conceal their surprise.

Then he asked whether the man who had stolen the switch plates from the Broadway road was a striker or an outsider who sympathized with the strike. This was because the committee claimed that the strikers had not been disorderly. They admitted that this man was a striker, but declared that the union knew nothing of his action until afterward.

"Well, I know of it," said the Superintendent, still without raising his voice a particle, "and I will give you my word that he will go to State-prison for what he has done."

This ended the interview. He had made the impression that he desired to on the minds of the committee, and they left the room, showing by their manner that they realized having come in contact with a power that was far too strong for them to cope with.

As the interview ended, the Superintendent pressed a button, and said to the attendant who appeared instantly, "Tell JOHNSON to take twelve more men up to Fifty-ninth Street. I think they need more help there. He may come back at once as soon as the trouble is over."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BETSY.—By James Symington.





TOTTIE.—By Albert E. Sterner.





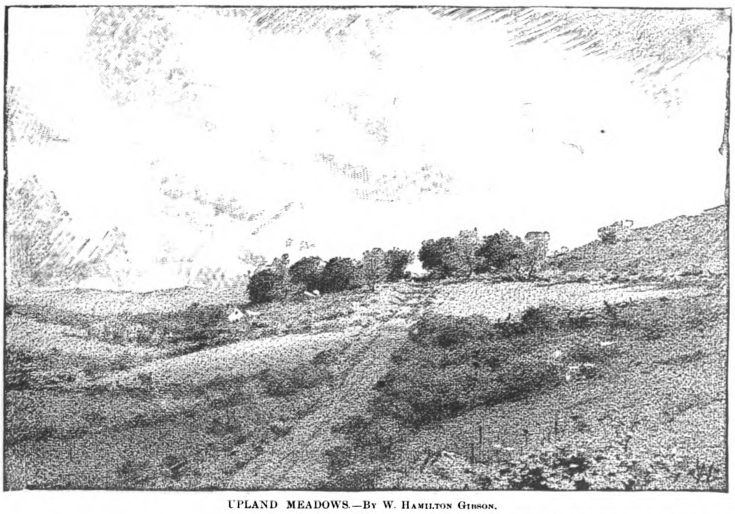
THE RIALTO MARKET.—By Harry Fenn.



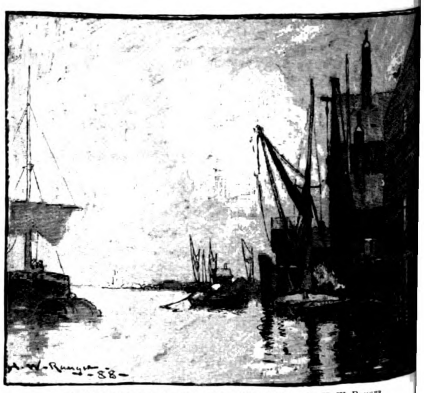
THE NEW COMMISSION.—By T. de Thulstrup.







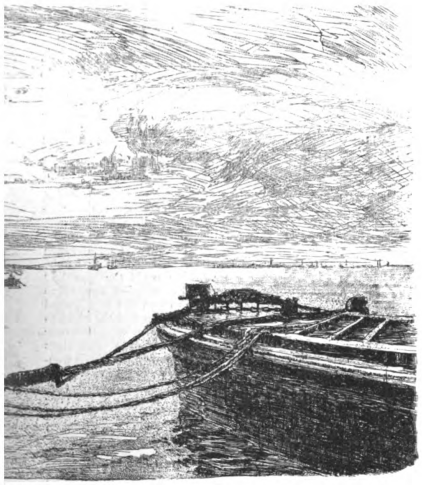
UPLAND MEADOWS.—By W. Hamilton Gibson.



BUSBY'S REACH ON THE THAMES.—By H. W. Ranger.

SKETCHES FROM THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



. A. Platt.



NORMANDY INTERIOR.—By Th. Robinson.



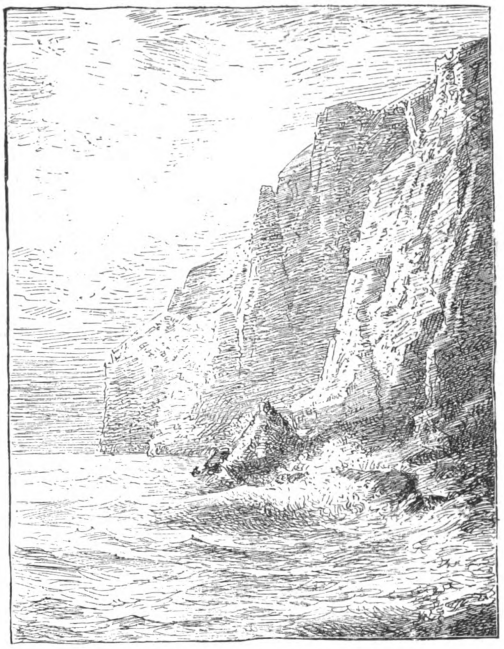
THIS WORLD IS ALL AWRY.—By T. W Wood.



Smillie.



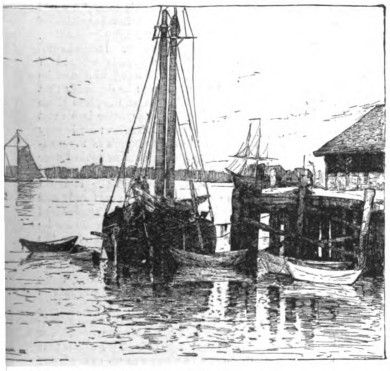
A VENETIAN MARKET (Fragment).—By Robert Blum.



THE SHORES OF BUDE.—By William T. Richards.



LKER.



IN PORT.—By Will S. Robinson.



AN AUTUMN MORNING.—By Bruce Crane.

SOCIETY AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 111.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XX.

RETURNING to Washington as soon as he could obtain a fresh "mount" for himself, and leaving his escort to follow by easy marches, Captain Dayton reached the capital late on the evening after his meeting with Westerlo. As they sat by the camp fire, sheltered by a tent fly, the two officers had talked for half an hour or so before the younger bade his host good-night, and rolled himself in his blankets for such rest as was possible to a man whose heart was filled with anxiety. Already, he found, the very troopers of his little escort were talking of the murder of Mullane, and of the strong circumstantial evidence against Kearny. The story flew from mouth to mouth in the camp of Westerlo's detachment, and one or two officers came and questioned him as to the truth of the rumor. Dayton could only say that Mullane was certainly dead, and that Kearny was a passenger on the boat about the time the tragedy occurred, and there had been previously a quarrel between them. Knowing the major, however, from early boyhood, he felt confident that he was not the murderer. But the officers knew that the object of his ride to the neighborhood was to search for Major Kearny, who had certainly accompanied the column. What possible excuse could Kearny have had for joining a command and an expedition where he had no official position? Did not that look queer? This question made Dayton hot, and his answer was, therefore, decidedly cutting. Major Kearny, he said, knew more about this section of the country than any of the officers going out with the column. He had a week's "delay," doubtless had heard of the start of the command, and instantly resolved to follow and overtake it, and tender his services as a volunteer. Such conduct might seem incomprehensible to the questioner, but was most characteristic in Major Kearny, and had been very handsomely recognized by Colonel Graham in his report.

All the same, Dayton was feverishly eager to get back to Washington and join his friend. He more than suspected that it was a longing to see the fair girl at the Armistead place that prompted Kearny to seize the opportunity to come with Graham's command, and it was evident that he had returned to Washington as soon as the brief interview was completed. Something had told him that there was a love affair back of all this gloomy and restless demeanor of Kearny's. He *knew* there must be from the fury with which he had resented Mullane's accusation; and now he was confident that, thus far at least, Kearny had not prospered in his suit. He had only dimly seen the sweet face in the dark hallway, and he ventured to ask Colonel Westerlo if he had met the young lady.

"Ah, I have—two or three times," was the reply. "And I grieve for her. Her father is going fast, I fear; her brother is an officer of Stuart's cavalry; her lover—a handsome fellow—was captured by our advance the night we got to Thoro'fare; and she is utterly alone in the world. And, you mark me, captain, she is a thorough-bred; she is a *lady*. Ah, my heart aches for her."

"Who is the lover? Did you see him?"

"See him? Yes. Worse luck, I 'gobbled' him; and, worst luck of all, I told *her!* It almost turned her into stone. I thought I had killed her. She reeled and nearly fainted, and was deathly white. Oh, but she is game, that little one; she is brave!"

"And who is the man?"

"His name is Falconer. He is from Warrenton, and is a captain of cavalry. He had been visiting her when he got the news of our coming, and he ran into our advance while trying to make his way to his people in the Gap."

Late the next night Dayton reached Willard's, after a journey that had been an all-day affair. He had left Westerlo at the peep of dawn, and was tired out and splashed with mud when he strode into the office of the familiar old hostlery. Dozens of men in uniform, of all grades from major-general down to second lieutenant, were grouped about the marble pavement, and many ceased their talk and looked curiously at him as he entered.

"Has Major Kearny returned?" he asked, with eagerness he could not conceal.

The clerk glanced up quickly.

"Captain Dayton?" he asked. "Yes, and wants to see you at once on your arrival. There are one or two gentlemen with him now. Will you go right up?"

And Dayton, too anxious and impatient to feel the weight of his weariness, was ushered at once to his comrade's room. Two officers were sitting with him, and a portly man in civilian dress lounged in a big arm-chair. All arose as the travel-stained soldier entered, and Kearny sprang eagerly forward and grasped him by the hand.

"Dear old fellow! what a time you must have had—and all on my account! Where have you been?"

"I'll tell you that presently. Tell me first that you have cleared these muddy heads hereabouts, and put an end to their suspicions."

"How is it, gentlemen?" said Kearny, with a grave, sad smile, turning to his visitors. "Let me present my old chum, Captain Dayton. Major Ross; Captain Foster of the staff. The Senator of course you know. From all accounts, *mon ami*, you needed no evidence to clear me in your loyal heart, but an alibi is the least point on which the defense rests the case. I wasn't there."

* Begun in No. 1667.

Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

"I'm glad to hear it, Kearny; and where did you leave the boat?"

"At Alexandria. I was up and dressed when we reached there, and on the dock whom should I meet but Stockton, of the regular cavalry. He told me that he was going out to join Graham's command under orders from the War Department. He knew the object of the move, but neither of us supposed that Graham would start that night. I was delayed in getting a suitable horse, and it was late that day before we reached the camp of Stockton's troop. We were together all day long, so that ended the case against me. Next morning I galloped forward and caught Graham at Centreville. Of course I was amazed at the charge against me, but it was all set at rest by Stockton. Now the question is—who did it? Have you any theory?"

Dayton hesitated a moment, then slowly answered:

"I have some vague suspicion of a man whom we saw on the boat the night you started for Washington, but who disappeared immediately after the murder. I gave his name and description to the police, but as yet have seen none of them since my return. It was that tall, lanky fellow, Kearny—the man with the big, bushy beard, whom you noticed and spoke of having seen elsewhere in different dress. You remember they told us on the boat he was a quartermaster's clerk—name of Freeman—and that Mullane had won a lot of money from him."

Kearny's eyes gleamed with eager interest. "I do indeed!" he said. "Go on!"

"Well, I cannot, further than to say that he did not come back to Acquia with the boat, and that he has not been seen aboard it since; or had not up to the day I started in pursuit of you."

"I have already explained to these gentlemen, Dayton, that while I was glad of an opportunity to be of service to Graham and his command, I had hoped to find it possible to make my way out to Hopewell Gap to personally visit the family that saved me from death or imprisonment, or both, after the Gainesville fight. But for this dash after Mosby I might have been unable to get out there at all; yet that was the object of my requesting this week's delay."

The captain of the staff, who had been seated quietly at the farther end of the sofa, now rose and came forward.

"I am going up to the Department, Major Kearny, and have only waited in hopes of seeing Captain Dayton on his return. It was a matter I did not intend to mention until later, but I want to congratulate the captain on being the first man to hit on the true solution of this case."

"You mean I am right—that it was Freeman who did it?" asked Dayton, eagerly.

"You are right, although it wasn't Freeman. To-day's discoveries at the Secret Service office establish the fact that Freeman, so called, wrote a letter to Mullane telling him he had evidence to prove that Mullane had cheated him at cards, and won all his money from him by a scoundrelly trick; so he bade him be at the landing, and come to his room on the boat prepared to restore every cent, or he would have him arrested and cashiered in disgrace. The letter, signed by a very different name, but one we know equally well, was not obtained by the police until this morning, as it lay in the back where Mullane had dropped it. The hackman was frightened at the murder, and had kept in the dark until ferreted out, and then gave evidence that he had been employed by some "out-of-town sports" to drive them with Mullane from a certain low saloon to the boat; thence he took them to the Baltimore depot, and could hear them quarrelling among themselves over the money out of which they had fleeced the captain during the night. They had won almost every cent he had, and he was drunk, ugly, truculent, and empty-headed at the time he went aboard. There was evidently a quarrel, a grapple, and then the death-shot. Whether intentional or not, it was fired by a man then employed as a scout and agent of the Secret Service Bureau, who immediately thereafter crossed into Virginia, got his horse and field equipments, joined that night the column under Colonel Graham, and made his escape in time to warn Mosby of their coming."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Kearny, "it was that scoundrel Tierney. The same who betrayed me last year."

"The very man," calmly answered Captain Foster. "And there is no question that he has been a two-faced villain all through, and serving the rebellion while drawing pay from us. You never saw any one so taken aback as the chief. He has stood up for that fellow through thick and thin, and now he looks as though he wanted to go and hang himself."

"Better hang Tierney, if they can lay hands on him," suggested the Senator.

"Oh, never fear as to that! provided they catch him; but he'll never be fool enough to get within our lines again. If he should, and any of Graham's brigade lay hands on him, up he'll go to the first tree."

"No wonder he slunk away and kept out of sight the evening we boarded the boat at Acquia!" said Kearny. "I always knew that it was his doing that the blackguardly story about my stay at Hopewell was first whispered abroad. We could not recognize him in his disguise, but he knew me. What orders have been given in the case, captain?"

"They go out to-night, warning all commanders of columns or detachments in Virginia to be on the lookout for the ex-scout Tierney; giving a description of the man, and copies of all his orders and papers. No instructions that I heard of at the office were given as to the disposition to be made of him. I fancy that is left to the imagination. And now, major, I know you and Captain Dayton have much to talk of—I will report your return to the adjutant-general, captain—and I'll say good-night. You leave for Trenton in the morning?"

"I hope to," answered Kearny, with the same grave, quiet smile. "I trust no new accusation or suspicion may attach to me by that time, or the Governor may decide it best to declare a vacancy, and make another major."

Then the Senator and Major Ross decided it time for them to go and leave the friends together; and no sooner were they alone than Dayton threw himself wearily back in the big arm-chair. Kearny stood over him, placed his hand on his shoulder, and looked down in his face.

"Did you see—her?"

"For a moment only, yes."

"Was all well with them?"

"I fear not, Frank. I met old Colonel Westerlo there, commanding a detachment of the —— Pennsylvania Cavalry, a fine old soldier, and he is deeply interested in their welfare; but he tells me the Judge is proud as Lucifer, and stubborn as a mule. He won't accept anything in the way of attention—won't see anybody; refuses even a visit from the doctor; and he had heard from the negroes that the old gentleman was very ill and weak, and Miss Lucy nearly starving; they had been daily expecting a visit from the family physician, and needing him, but the very day I got there, Westerlo heard that that red-hot old martinet Van Duzen had ordered Dr. Loring's arrest, and had sent him under guard to Chantilly."

"On what possible charge, pray? If anything, Dr. Loring is a Union man in his innermost heart. What will old Van do next? He is too flighty and rabid an old dragoon to leave in an independent command there. He'll be for hanging somebody yet."

"Kearny, from what Westerlo tells me, I am seriously worried about your friends there. Can you not write a letter to Van Duzen, and commend them to his care and courtesy, because of their long kindness to you when you were under their roof?"

"I'll do it this night, of course; but as we are strangers to each other I must get the Senator and some other dignitary to endorse it. Then it must go safely to Van Duzen; such a thing would only hurt them if it should fall into Southern hands. I hope my visit resulted in the relief of their pressing needs. It did not help me, God knows. Yes, I know your natural supposition, and—it is true. I am hard hit—hard hit. All to no purpose, too; she told me frankly there was another."

"Yes, I heard of it; Westerlo told me. I know it has been the cause of all your misery this winter."

"What did Westerlo tell you?"

"He was wellnigh used up," answered Dayton. "Utterly unconscious of the fact that it was her lover he was speaking of, he told her of his capture, and she nearly fainted away. He said—"

"Whose capture—when?"

"That very night, by Westerlo's advance-guard—Captain Falconer. Wasn't that the man she told you of?"

"Falconer!—captured again? Yes, that's the man."

XXI.

Night, dark and cheerless, had fallen on the old homestead at Hopewell. Except in the room of the aged invalid, not a gleam of light shone from within its walls. Around the house the sentries paced as usual, and with an air of increased alertness and importance. The capture made just before dusk was one that rewarded hours of hitherto seemingly senseless vigil. There was something, after all, about this mysterious household, whose members they saw only at ten yards' distance, and whom they were enjoined to treat with scrupulous respect, but on no account to pass in or out. Either they were spies themselves or harborers of deserters and spies, so ran the camp-fire stories, but this evening's business had probably ended their career of plotting. A strong guard had ridden away into the dark gorge through the range, bearing with them, strapped and bound to his horse, the two-faced spy, murderer, and deserter to the enemy—the scout Tierney, who had trotted so confidently down the pass that very morning, and spent the day in private interview with the invisible owner of the place. Things looked black for that young Virginian, said the officers in their talk with one another. The cantors brought the news that "old Van Duzen" had received from Washington the day previous a full account of the crimes with which the man was charged, a description of him, and copies of his passes and papers, and the orders were to find him if a possible thing. It was speedily transmitted to the outposts, and that very night "Tierney" himself had been heard of at one of them. An officer galloped in to Van Duzen's head-quarters with this important news, and in less than an hour several strong detachments were roused from their night's rest, and sent forth at early dawn to scour the country in pursuit. One of these had easily traced the man to Hopewell village, and thence through the Gap. Now they were riding back in triumph, and with the rising of the morrow's sun "old Van" would be in possession of his coveted prisoner. It was a bet of five to one that he would hang him inside of twenty-four hours. If Graham got back from the Shenandoah in time to interpose, the man would doubtless have the benefit of a trial, but otherwise the "short shrift and sudden cord" was the least he could expect.

And yet how cool and calm he was! Captain Wise, who was present at the capture, seemed greatly troubled for the young lady, who had been shocked beyond description by the abrupt announcement of the charges against Tierney, and the somewhat violent means of his arrest. No one supposed that he was a person of any social position or consideration until that moment, but it became instantly apparent that he must have been of great consequence in the eyes of Miss Armistead, and *that* established beyond question the belief that he must come from the same grade—one of the old families of the grand old commonwealth. She had for an instant seemed stricken dumb with horror; had almost fainted; then had rushed forward and seized his arm.

"Gentlemen," she cried, "it is some fearful mistake; it cannot be true!"

But it was Tierney himself, said Wise, who suddenly and proudly checked her.

"Miss Armistead!" he loudly and firmly spoke, "not one word—unless you would make it worse for me. You know I am not guilty of such crime, and I can satisfy all accusers at the proper time." And with anguish in her eyes she had fallen back to a seat, and bowed her head in her hands, but said no more. Who could the man be? His whole manner and intonation seemed to change when he spoke to her, and was observed as one in her own station who had the right to advise or command. This was a matter over which Wise pondered long and deeply that night when he was again left alone with his little command; but he pondered to no purpose. The problem was too much for him.

Could he have but seen the sight in the poor old father's room that bitter evening, no doubt would have remained. Judge Armistead, lying on the old sofa in his study, had heard every word. His rallied faculties had quickly grasped the whole horror of the situation, and the imminent peril of his beloved son flashed upon him in an instant. It was better—better for the time being, at least, that he should appear as the murderer, the deserter, the double-dealing scoundrel Tierney, than be known in his true character—an officer and a gentleman of the Confederate service caught disguised and with false papers within the Union lines.

In the first predicament, as Tierney, he could stoutly deny the murder, the desertion, and demand trial. They would not be apt to hang a man without proofs of his crime, and he would probably be taken to Washington; possibly not until then would his identity be discovered. On the other hand, if discovered here and now—if recognized and pointed out as Henry Armistead while yet he stood within the control of Colonel Van Duzen—his doom was sealed. No proofs could then be lacking or demanded. And had not the whole country-side been warned that if any were captured in disguise and found to be Confederate officers, their lives would be the forfeit? When he heard the escort ride away, and listened to the stern, brief orders given to shoot the prisoner dead should he attempt to escape, the father's heart sank within him. He cried aloud in anguish that his son could be thus torn from his side and he be forced to stifle every word of sympathy or love at parting, lest in so speaking he betray him to a fate worse even than the plight in which his recklessness and devotion had plunged him. The old gray head, bowed with grief and ills and bitter sorrow, was hidden in his arms when poor Lucy staggered to the bedside and threw herself, despairing, on her knees. Ah, God! There were sore hearts and desolate homes far in the wintry North, far in the balmier fields where the Gulf winds blew, but we never knew such suffering and such sorrows as did they who dwelt "between the lines."

It was in the hour of their direst need, after a night of sleepless misery, that there came to them late on the following day the gray-haired veteran Westerlo. He had obtained leave to ride over and see them, he said; and Lucy, weeping and exhausted, could almost have fallen into his arms and sobbed in mingled relief and anguish on his fatherly breast. In few words he told them what he knew and what he feared. She had led him to the bedside of the sore-stricken man, and before he spoke at all Westerlo's suspicions were confirmed. He was at head-quarters when Van Duzen received his prisoner that morning. The manner, the bearing, the eyes of the tall and soldierly fellow who stood calmly erect before his questioners were not those of a traitorous wretch such as Tierney was known or believed to be. As Westerlo stood there and studied him, and then listened to the story of his arrival at the homestead and the incidents of his capture, he became possessed with a violent longing to go without delay to the stricken ones at Hopewell. Opportunity presently came; some little strings of evidence as to the alleged Tierney's wanderings were needed. Westerlo tendered his services to his superior officer, and by noon was galloping furiously away.

"I come to speak to you of this scout," he said to these prostrate foes after a few inquiries of the Judge as to his health. "I ask you nothing. I seek not to pry into any secret. It might not do for me to know, but he stands accused of crimes that, if proved, would hang him, and he says they cannot be proved, and he demands that they take him to Washington and let him there establish his innocence. My superior is a most ardent hater of this unholy rebellion; he is very bitter. It becomes me not to speak of my commander, and I must not criticise. Nor could I urge him to send his prisoner to the capital to be tried by the slow process of court-martial. It is an example *here* he needs, and there was only one way I could stay him. Two different stories had been told of what he said—of the accounts he gave of himself—to the guard here and to the picket at Hopewell village. I am sent to get the truth, and I come at speed, but not so do I return. My commander will not act until I get back, and I will pray that Colonel Graham is already *en route* and will be there before me. Then he will not hang; he will be taken to Washington; it is possible I go with the escort, for Colonel Graham is my kind friend. I ask it that I may have a day or two and run up to my home and see my own little girl. Now, dear young lady, dear sir, I hear of late a strange story. They tell to me that this our brave Major Kearny was

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

brought to your house, was nursed, tended, concealed from the troops of your own friends, restored to health, to his home, his country, his comrades, through your merciful kindness. My commander, Van Duzen—he did not know this until yesterday, and then it comes to him straight from Washington—no! not from Major Kearny—from the War-office—and he is distressed to think he had so harshly included you in his orders. He gives me permission to see you, to see how we can serve you, and for this I rejoice. But he can do little. Now I suppose a case: you have a son, a brother, a noble fellow, if he is my enemy, whom in open fight I could not shield; but war has its strange fortunes. Suppose he should be captured; suppose he be in our hands—in danger. Would not a great nation, a great people like ours, rise and say, 'It was he who shielded our soldier; it was his people who brought him back from the shadow of death. Now we ask mercy for *him*.' Dear young lady, if that *should* happen, if it should be that your brother stood in danger of his life, is there not some paper, some letter you could trust to me that I may show the powers at Washington and restore him to you?"

The old gentleman lay on his pillow with averted face, listening in speechless thanksgiving to this wily and diplomatic dragoon. Lucy, weeping and beaming by turns, blessing in her heart of hearts the generous and thoughtful soldier who had come to them in their depth of woe, bringing hope and cheer and consolation—Lucy, who had once believed no man in the Federal blue could ever win a kindly thought from her, now seized the colonel's rugged hand and clasped it in both her own. For a few moments she sat trembling and expectant, waiting for her father to speak, but at last she bent over the silent form and saw the reason; he too was weeping, yet striving to hide his tears.

Impulsively she turned, and with brimming eyes looked into Westerlo's face.

"We *have* such a letter, such papers. We have here the very pages my brother Henry wrote to us the night he captured Mr. Kearny. Without them we could not have concealed him here. With them, we could not say no; and yet—and yet—oh, Colonel Westerlo, there are words in them that will wring my brother's heart if shown or known. They tell of matters he would never speak of even to me. They give a reason for his determination to save Mr. Kearny from going to a Southern prison or taking his chances with other men. Father! *Would* he forgive me if I let it go? He bade me keep it until the war was over, that he might show how he redeemed his pledge."

"It can be in no safer hands than those of Colonel Westerlo, my child," answered the old Judge at last. "He will guard it for us, to be used only in such case as he described; and let me say this to you, ir: there are other papers, there are letters which it may be in our power to show you that will strengthen the impression which you predict as a result of this. And again, look at our situation; since the hour it was known that we had befriended a Federal officer, and stood between him and capture and imprisonment, every friend we ever had in all this State turned from us on the instant. We are utterly alone. Sir, we will not accept aid or comfort for ourselves. Let *this* prove my words"—and he turned to Lucy—"the package, daughter, with Major Kearny's money; bring it here. I shall ask you, colonel, to see that it is safely restored to him. We will not, I say, ask or accept aid for ourselves, but should you ever hear of my boy in danger of his life or honor, you will not forget?"

"Forget? By Heaven! I could as soon forget my mother's face," answered Westerlo. "With every time I look upon your daughter's eyes I am ready to implore that you should let me take you—take you and her to my home. There you are safe, at least, as my own; there you can have tender care and nursing, and your health will return. Judge Armistead, *surely* it can be done."

"You are a noble, a knightly soldier, Colonel Westerlo. From my heart I thank you. It is too late—too late. I shall never leave Virginia; but when I am gathered to my fathers, she—my child—will be utterly alone here. If then—if then—"

"Hush! she comes. Then, now, at any time henceforth, she shall be as my own. You have my word."

And Judge Armistead's trembling hand sought and clasped the broad and sinewy palm extended to him as the two men looked in each other's eyes. Then Lucy re-entered the room, and handed to her father the sealed packet and some letters.

An hour later Colonel Westerlo had bidden them adieu and started on his return. He had exchanged a few words with Captain Wise, and given him some hints as to the propriety of diminishing his guards and augmenting his personal courtesies to the stricken household. He had made arrangements to have the assistant surgeon sent up to see the failing old man, and he had stolen into the kitchen and had a brief consultation with Aunt Bell, as a result of which some more boxes were smuggled over from the camp of the cavalry detachment. Then, bearing his precious documents, he waved his hand in adieu to Lucy, who appeared one instant on the piazza, and set forth on his return.

Two miles outside of head-quarters he came upon the cavalry picket at a fork of the road. The sergeant looked up eagerly as he saluted the popular old field-officer.

"They're expecting you back, colonel, and are getting mighty impatient, from what I can learn."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that the man we took to be Tierney isn't him at all. It is a Reb officer we've got, running our lines as a spy in disguise. There's going to be a hanging at sunrise."

"My God!" was all Westerlo could say as he struck spurs to his horse and urged him to the gallop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

In general technical excellence and in the popular character of its contents the present exhibition of the Water-color Society is so far in advance of previous displays that its success with the public is a thing assured. Out of the drawings exhibited, nearly eight hundred in number, there are not a dozen that can be passed by as unworthy of notice.

In the North Gallery the first welcome name is that of Miss FIDELIA BRIDGES, none the less welcome because in her "Wild Pastures in Autumn" she introduces us to the same *dramatis personæ* with which her scenes from nature have long made us familiar—golden-rod and asters, purple and white, and the glint of the blue sea, and swallows in arrowy flight. Near by is Mr. BRUCE CRANE with a delicate study of "Autumn Tints," while Mr. WILLIAM T. WHITTEMORE strikes a deeper note in his "Salt Marsh Land," one of the best of his many numbers in the exhibition, which, taken as a whole, show a steady growth on his work of past years. A little further on we come to a head by Mr. THEODORE ROBINSON, who, if he be not CLAUDE MONET, has at least lived near him, and yet has kept his own individuality clear. In the North Room, over the Corridor doorway, are hung "Harmony," by CLARA GOODYEAR, the rather unmeaning title of some softly painted roses with a violin. This is neighbored on one side by a "Study of Oranges," by CATHARINE C. CROSBY, boldly drawn and colored with a sure eye; on the other side are Mrs. L. B. FIELD'S "Geraniums," a particularly brilliant drawing, and with somewhat more individuality than we find in its companions. The flower-pieces in this exhibition are not so numerous as usual, but they are, as a rule, distinguished in quality, and show, along with greatly improved skill in handling, improved taste in arrangement. JANE MINOT SEDGWICK'S "Rhododendrons" in this North Gallery, and the same lady's "Peonies in an Old-fashioned Vase" in the Corridor, are fine vigorous drawings, and though from Boston, do not look like *avatars* of Mr. ROSS TURNER. Another contributor from Boston, Miss ANNIE C. NOWELL, sends a long panel of "Roses"; they hang in the East Room, and are not excelled by anything in the exhibition. There is a noticeably fine panel of "Trumpet-Flowers," by RHODA HOLMES NICHOLL, and another of "Mermet Roses," by EMILY P. MANN, both in the North Room, and scattered over the walls of the other galleries a dozen or more smaller pieces of great merit—CLARA MCCHESNEY'S "Violets," "Pinks," by OTTO HEINIGKE, and "Roses," by AMY CROSS.

Although there are no figure pieces of first-class importance this year, there are enough minor subjects to keep the public in good humor. Mr. CHASE has been sparing of his pencil, and sends us only a slight reminder—a lady in black, who says "Good-by" as she turns toward the portière on a well-booted foot. Mr. BLUM sends another group of his Venetians—market girls with their lace veils and fichus, fans and slippers, and easy-going ways, coquetting with oranges and grapes and figs on the sunny side of the street. Mr. BLUM'S other sendings are bits of Venice water—the lagoon with its sails, born of the mist and melting into it an ivied doorway opening from a still canal. Mr. LOUIS C. TIFFANY sends a bountiful contribution, all of it in the same key, as if his people had been stewed in sunlight; they have no substance left, and walk about like noonday ghosts. The best of these subjects, where the artist does seem to keep nature in mind in the midst of all this unreality, is "Choosing the Fish," where some young women are buying the fish of a skipper who has just come in with a haul. Here the attitudes are well caught, and the picture is a very pleasing one. Mr. JAMES SYMINGTON'S "Betsy" is somewhat beyond his skill, but in the Corridor there is an amusing sketch by him, "A Dutch Dude," no doubt a literal portrait, proving once more that taste is largely an affair of times and seasons. Mr. FREER'S "Portrait," in the South Room, is clever enough, but we have been a little spoiled for it by the artist's greater cleverness at other times. As for the MORANS (PERCY and LÉON), we wish we could praise them, for their dexterity is taking; but although they have accumulated a great stock of it, they find little or no use for it. Mr. OTTO H. BACHER has a strong "Portrait," an interesting study. Further along is a clever sketch of a Dutch belle, "Melantij," by GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS, solidly drawn and good and true in color. The girl is a mate for Mr. SYMINGTON'S dude. There is a strong head by Mr. L. C. EARLE, "An Old Salt," treated too much in silhouette, but with enough character to make us forget it. Mr. JOHN A. MCDOUGALL'S young woman of our grandmothers' time sitting at her escritoire closing a letter, "Ever thine, Celia," is a graceful study of sentiment and reality prettily mingled. Mr. IRVING R. WILES has left his recent rather crude realities behind him, and this year gives his fancy a free rein, masquerading in Japanese costumes, and inventing a "Cigale" all his own: a Japanese this time, who, after singing all the summer, seems to be reduced to catching butterflies for a meal. Mr. GEORGE W. MAYNARD'S "Sirens" is a graceful, animated composition, reminiscent of *Das Rheingold*.

The strongest part of the exhibition is the landscape contingent, and here there is so much thoroughly good work that time would fail us to attempt more than an enumeration of the most striking pieces. If Mr. HORATIO WALKER be not exactly a landscape-painter, his cattle pieces have the great merit of making us think as much of the nature in which his cows and pigs are vegetating as of the creatures themselves. His tone is delightfully soft and rich. Mr. TRYON has several pleasing studies—two small ones in the South Gallery, near the door of the East Room, are especially worth noting. Mr. RANGER, if, as is the case with many another artist, he is too much like himself, yet makes himself interesting for all that; with his old wharf buildings and dark waters and rich skies he has all the elements of a picture, and knows well how to combine them. Mr. WALLER L. PALMER, who has taken Winter for his kingdom, sends several finished pictures, where his great knowledge of tree forms and his skill in painting snow are displayed in all their force. Just above his "Road to Olana," No. 411, South Room, is a bit of "Winter," by W. MERRITT POST, which loses nothing by its neighborhood, although it treats the subject differently. Mr. POST'S winter makes us think of the sombre, self-denying side; his pictures are such as Jane Eyre saw from her sheltered perch in the window-seat of Mrs. Reid's parlor. But we must close, and forbear to speak of Mr. BOLTON JONES'S "Winter Twilight," or Mr. FABER'S "View from the Hill"—Mr. FABER, a new name sure to be heard of again—or Miss ALEXANDRINA DUPRÉ, whose "White Day" is a strong, expressive bit, or last, but certainly not least, Mr. HENRY FARRER'S many pieces, every one of them, equally with his largest subject in the South Room, testifying to a long and faithful study of nature, and to the most conscientious care and painstaking in the execution.

THE COSTUME RECEPTION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

For the first time in this country a costume representation has been carried out on the scale of such entertainments at the Munich and the London Art Academies. The occasion was the twenty-second annual exhibition of the Water-color Society, which gave the use of the building for this reception in costume, of which the Society of Decorative Art receives the proceeds. The plans for the fête, arranged carefully by artists, have been followed with equal interest and fidelity by the best part of society.

The invited guests, in number estimated at about seven hundred, were announced in succession by two heralds to the President of the Water-color Society and the President of the Society of Decorative Art, by whom they were received. A company of men-at-arms, in the costume of the Yeomen of the Guard, formed groups on the staircases, and led a procession of about a hundred artists, which was formed at midnight as the formal opening of festivities. The procession, which included sculptors, architects, and actors as well as painters, started from the library on the ground-floor, which was hung completely with tapestries and canopied in silk. The march followed the ascent of the stairs, the circuit of the galleries, and the downward passage again to the richly decorated library section, where the supper was spread.

The varied styles of costumes united in this procession were equally correct and elegant, showing the critical studies of artists in a subject offering greater difficulties than may be known to less precise investigators. The general art director of the representation, Mr. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, appeared in a Spanish costume of a courtier of the reign of PHILIP II., reproduced from one obtained by the artist in Spain.

A fine example was shown in the costume of Mr. B. C. PORTER, previously worn by its possessor on the occasion of the VANDERBILT ball. This is of exact character as representing the period of HENRI III., while showing in a superb manner the style of emblazoning the robe which had become a predominant fashion after having been introduced with a tunic and mantle of LOUIS VII., covered with fleurs-de-lis.

An outfit was made up with least difficulty by some of the artists having studio properties in costumes. Specimens of the kind collected for art uses by LÉON and PERCY MORAN furnished the possessors with the styles desired, the selection of the former being an original Florentine costume of the fifteenth century.

The costume of WILLIAM M. CHASE, of an old Dutch style, was a genuine fabrication of the date. This is in sage green velvet, with tawny leather shoes and old jewels, of which this artist has a collection.

An early Florentine style, designated as a CIMABUE dress, and worn by Mr. RICHARD M. HUNT, was a good specimen in white and gold, with a large cape. One of the costly styles designed for this occasion represented the period of splendor known as the Champ d'Or, long celebrated in the annals of the toilet. This was copied directly from a portrait by the artist H. LE GRAND CANNON, forming an example of the costume epoch of FRANCIS I., of equally sumptuous and correct sort.

The President of the Water-color Society, Mr. J. G. BROWN, having, in company with Mrs. RICHARD M. HUNT, the President of the Decorative Art Society, the office of receiving the guests, wore a costume of the reign of HENRY VIII., in deep red velvet, with a cloak and a low-crowned hat with plumes. The costume of Mrs. RICHARD M. HUNT, representing the period of ELIZABETH of England, was of artistic character, the robe in yellow brocade being one to recall the fact that costume at the time signified was of a dignity and consequence leading to the publication of the first work on the subject in England.

A few Greek styles were of much beauty, and a less number finely represented Eastern dress in its richness of color and ornament.

The Venetian style of dress displayed generally a certain dignity of character in which the noble influence of antiquity might yet be traced. Suited as this was with the decorative background, its examples missed no advantage for good effect. The most numerous types were of late mediæval dates, copied from the period when the young nobles of Italy were in the habit of betaking themselves to Venezia la Bella. The extreme charm of color, the magnificence of cloth of gold, of ermine, of gold and jewels, made familiar by the brush of TITIAN, appeared in many exact as well as beautiful reproductions in this novel scene.

As leader of the Venetian quadrille, Mrs. NICHOLAS FISH represented a sixteenth-century personage of the highest rank, in green velvet and old brocade. The style of Venetian nobles was represented in finely correct dresses of the periods copied. The rich dress of Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, of the CAPULET type, was in sapphire blue velvet and old-gold satin embroidered in gold. A sword ornamented with jewels was worn with a jewelled *ceinture à evonpiere*, or sword girdle, and a jewel necklace added another lustre to this magnificent style. A rich Moorish costume, worn by Mr. G. C. MUZIO in the Venetian quadrille, as the single exception to the style of that order, represented the time when the Moors were in Venice.

One beautiful type was shown in the VANDYCK dress of Mrs. PIERREPONT MORGAN, in Indian yellow, worn with magnificent jewels of the fourteenth century. The costume of Mrs. ASTOR, a marvel of jewel splendor, represented the style of CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, with court train of royal purple velvet embroidered in gold. The white satin petticoat over which this opens is veiled in net embroidered with gold and pearls, both the pointed ruff and the hanging sleeves over tight-fitting sleeves being in this delicately embroidered material. The stomacher is a solid mass of diamonds, and five rows of large diamonds encircle the neck. A jewel girdle and a diadem of diamonds and pearls, with a coronet above, are of white throughout, without a colored gem. A Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS quadrille was not the least picturesque, and in beauty equalling the best famed from art of that source moved through its measures.

The participants of this remarkable art representation had in many cases been entertained at costume dinners before assembling at the Academy galleries. No less than nine of these banquets were given, among the largest being one at Mrs. ASTOR'S, and another at the residence of ex-Mayor HEWITT.

CHIEF INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES.

A GLANCE at the portrait of Chief Inspector THOMAS BYRNES, of the New York police force, on page 112, will be enough to indicate to any student of physiognomy some of the characteristics which have made him, in his way, one of the marked men of the world, and have enabled him to organize, and wellnigh to perfect, an efficient machinery for the detection of crime. His face is that of a determined man, of great shrewdness and penetration, very considerable mentality, and unrelenting purpose, combined with real kindness and moderation. It is also the face of an honest man; but perfect honesty, according to his code, is by no means incompatible with elaborate lying, when it becomes necessary to meet criminals with their own weapons, and he prides himself on his ability to conceal his purposes and thoughts, though his veracity is unimpeachable in dealing with those who have a right to be treated openly.

He has lately completed a quarter of a century of police service, having been appointed on the force in December, 1863, and having passed through every grade from patrolman to the position, created for him by the Legislature of 1888, of Chief Inspector of Police, and he is now second only to the Superintendent. The rank of Captain, which he attained in 1870, is the first in which a policeman has really an opportunity to show his ability, for it is the first in which he can act in any capacity but that of a subordinate, and as a Captain he fully justified the opinion which induced the Board of Commissioners to promote him to the rank. He commanded, in the course of the ten years of his captaincy, the Twenty-third, the Twenty-first, and the Fifteenth precincts, and earned his promotion fairly by his successful handling of numerous prominent cases, working at them patiently and carefully until he had secured the conviction and imprisonment of the criminals.

It was in 1878, while he was in command of the last-named precinct, that the robbery of the Manhattan Bank occurred. He became Inspector in the mean time. The detective force of the city was at that time in exceedingly bad repute. Not only was there a great lack of confidence on the part of the public in the efficiency of the detective ability of the members, but several of them had, largely through the efforts of newspaper reporters, been themselves detected in dishonesty. On March 12, 1880, he was placed in command of the Detective Department of this city, where he has remained since. He found the department in a badly demoralized condition. There was a total lack of discipline on the part of the men, who for the most part had secured by political influence their assignment to a branch of the service in which they were relieved of the laborious part of a policeman's duty, and in which they enjoyed plenty of leisure and remarkable facilities for making money.

Inspector BYRNES had made the stipulation with the Commissioners before assuming his new position that he should be untrammelled in his control of the department, and should have the full power to select his own men from the police force. He went to Wall Street, found an office, hired it with money from his own pock-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

et, and established himself there at once. He had only been there a day or two when BRAYTON IVES, then President of the Stock Exchange, sought an interview with him, and inquired as to his reasons for the move. A long conversation occurred, and MR. IVES, recognizing the importance of securing such police protection as was offered, took the Inspector before the Governing Committee of the Exchange, and arranged, with their sanction, that the detective office should be located in the Exchange building. The advantages to Wall Street are obvious. There is now in the money centre of the community, at the command of any citizen, the best detective assistance procurable. This he can secure without cost, and the men whose services he employs are directly responsible to him as an individual member of the body-politic. Any remissness or breach of duty that may occur he can have investigated and punished by competent authority. The value of the idea is shown by the fact, as alleged, that in the eight years that have followed the establishment of the office no money has been lost by the depredations of professional criminals in that neighborhood. Amusing stories have been told from time to time of some of these enemies of society who have been forced to apply to the Inspector for permission to visit Wall Street on legitimate business, and who are only allowed to go there with such permission, and in company with a police-officer.

This last somewhat arbitrary exercise of wholesome authority is in harmony with the policy Inspector BYRNES has followed ever since he assumed his position. The detectives at Headquarters were not the only ones who relied on political influence at the time he went there. The most of the prominent thieves of the city boasted of their "pull," and as a matter of fact had enjoyed immunity from punishment for a considerable time by reason of their influence, direct or indirect, over some politician powerful enough to shield them. The statement seems a bold one, but no journalist of a dozen years' experience in New York will challenge it.

The Inspector bade defiance to this political influence at once, and within two days had nearly every man in the office transferred back to precinct duty, retaining only four or five, and filling the vacant places with men selected by himself from the department at large. It made many enemies for him, but he has never been afraid of making enemies. His next step was to have all the known thieves of the city brought before him, one at a time, and after a little conversation with them to introduce them to his men as enemies of society, who were to be arrested at any time they were met on the highway. "It makes no difference," he said to his officers, "whether the magistrate before whom they may be taken shall discharge them for lack of evidence or not. It may be his duty to do so, but it is our place to arrest them at any time on suspicion."

This bold assertion of the largest measure of police power and the threat implied were enough to paralyze the confidence of the criminals who had deemed themselves moderately secure, and Inspector BYRNES followed up his first blow with others equally telling. His aim was to win the confidence of the community and the respect and fear of the criminal classes. He has done both. His small force of men, backed up as they are by a chief who is utterly fearless and independent of political influence, have attained an efficiency second to no other detective force, and with their aid the Inspector has done more to disorganize organized crime than any other man who has ever been a police-officer.

Manifestly this is no ordinary work, and no ordinary man could have accomplished it. Some unusual qualities must be attributed to the one who has achieved such results, and it is entirely within reason to say that MR. BYRNES has a remarkable magnetic power, though very likely he would not call it by that name. "I have never known a case in which I have had a thief here in my office when I couldn't learn pretty much all he knew," he says. "They will give up their secrets and betray one another rather than go to prison, especially if they have once 'done time.' I never knew an instance of a man who had served one or more terms in the State-prison who wanted to go back."

It will be noticed that the Inspector has no faith in the honor that is said to exist among thieves. When he was asked how he prevailed on criminals to betray one another, he smiled, and said, "Well, I talk to them. Sometimes I will have a man in here and talk to him for an hour before I let him speak. Then he is ready to tell me anything I want to know."

"But it seems almost impossible to make a man betray such secrets as they have," I said.

The Inspector smiled again, and said, simply, "It isn't hard when you are stronger than they are."

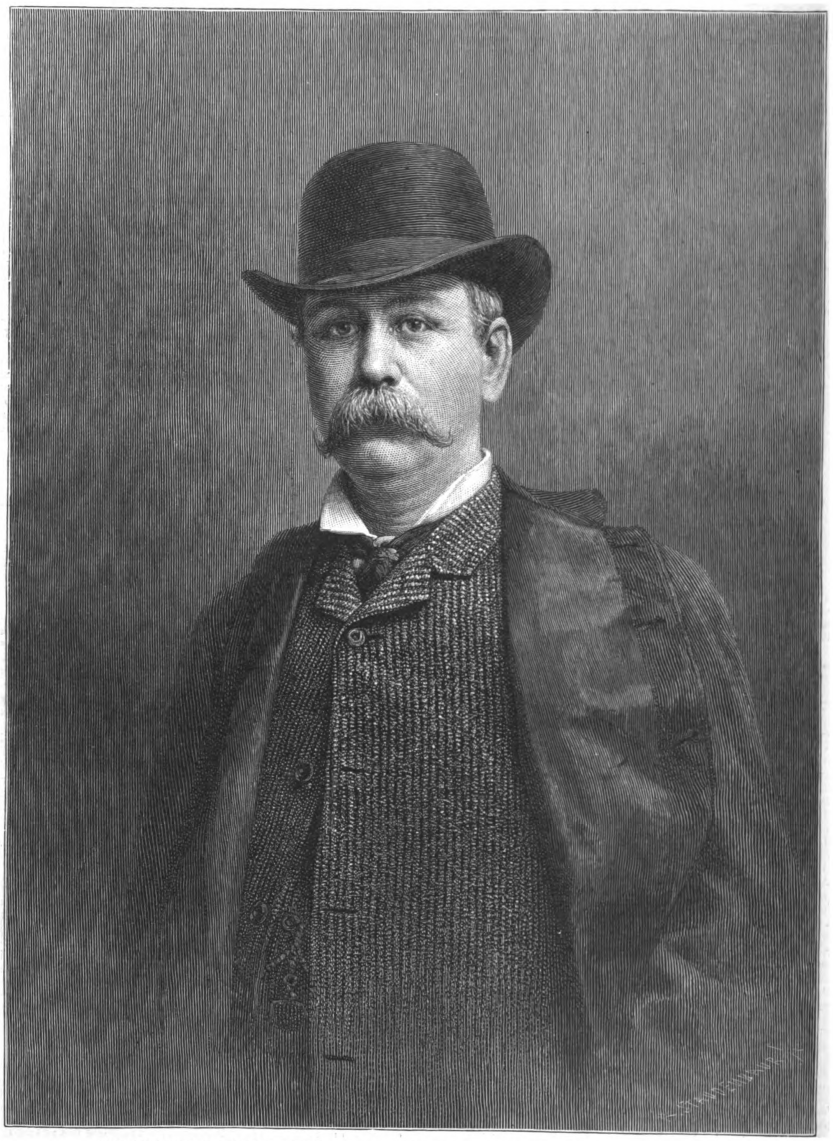
He does not hesitate to compare his force with that of Scotland Yard, nor with the famous Parisian detective force, and the comparison, as he draws it, is by no means flattering to his rivals. "We do far more toward the prevention and the detection of crime than either the London or Paris detectives," he declares openly. "They have, it is true, certain advantages which we have not, and which it is not right that we should have in this country. For instance, a gentleman to whom I gave some letters before he went to Paris was talking to me about the marvellous efficiency of the Paris police, and told how the official whom he visited knew the date of his arrival, the hotel at which he stopped, the number of persons in his party, and exactly what luggage he had with him. I laughed at him, and asked him what importance he attached to that, and he said that it was only important as showing the efficiency of the police. He was quite surprised when I told him that there was a French law which compelled the hotel-keeper to inform the police of all those facts.

"In our country nothing of that sort would be tolerated. We have multitudes of strangers arriving here all the time, but they wear no collar and carry no tag. They are free to come and go, for I have not men enough to watch all the avenues of travel to and from the city if I wanted to. All we can do is to attend to what is going on here. Yet our force is far more efficient in preventing crimes against property and the person than the others. How do I know this? Why, by such facts as this: A very considerable number of our first-class thieves go over to England and France every year or so, and come back with money to spend. Over there the authorities can hold suspected persons much better than we can, but they don't catch them as well. In France, for instance, a man may be convicted without being present at his trial. See what a power that gives the police."

"What about the employment of secret agents in polite society?"

"That reads well in the old fairy stories we read about the French police, but such persons are not police detectives. They are political spies. They detect, it is true, but the things they find out are political crimes, not police offences. I have no use for such agents, for the reason that social circles are not the places where crime is planned. The people, who meet in the clubs and the drawing-rooms of New York are not criminals. I select my agents according to what I want done."

It is the analytical skill indicated in this conversation that enables Inspector BYRNES to follow up each case after a method to fit the circumstances. He works by no set rules, but when confronted with a man deals with him according to his characteristics; when met by a difficulty, he overcomes it by the exercise of what is fairly to be called genius. He is the only man in his position who has shown himself able to make criminals supply the missing links in the evidence against themselves. This he has done in many notable instances, such as the MCGLOIN murder case, and the case of SHEVELIN, the trusted watchman of the Manhattan Savings-bank. His methods are so different from those of the old-time detectives that thieves and other habitual criminals have learned to look upon him as a man who knows them thoroughly—their habits, their acts, their very thoughts.



CHIEF INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES OF THE NEW YORK POLICE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.

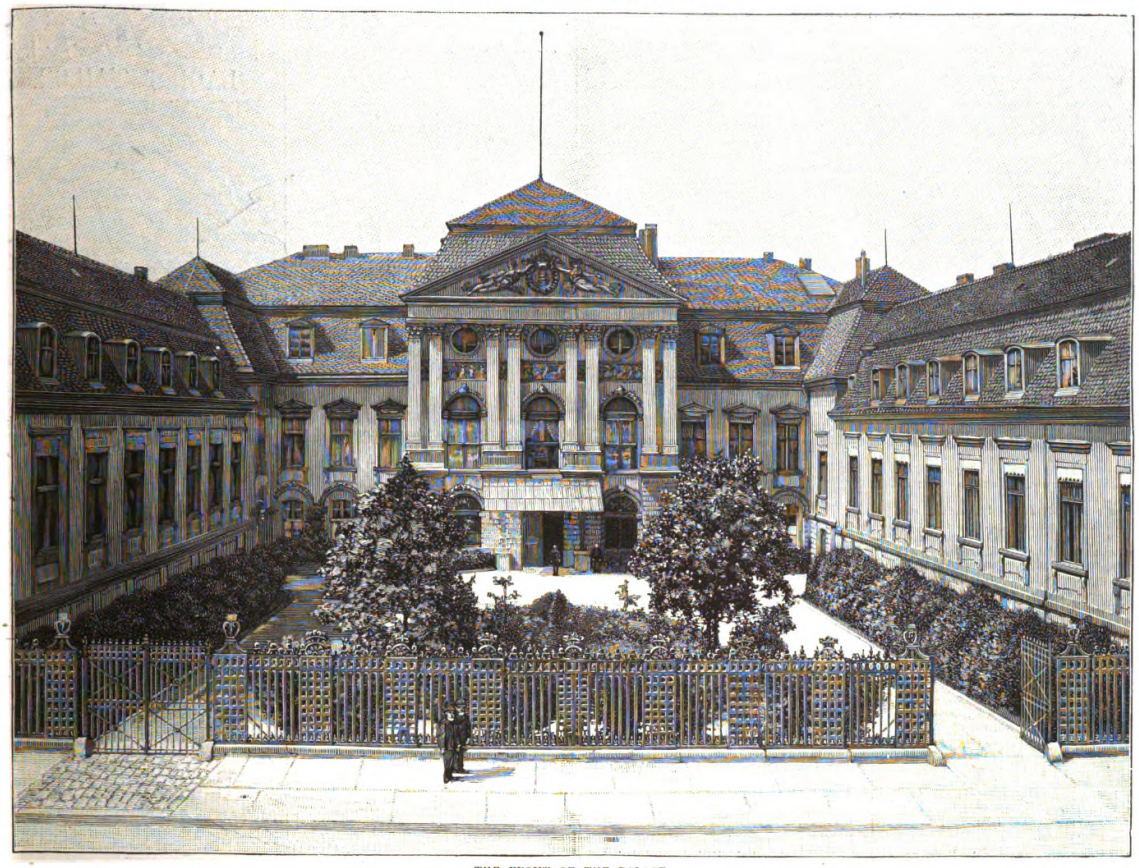
Among the things that he has done which are entirely out of the ordinary line of police work is the publication of a book on the professional criminals of America. In its preparation he made no effort to work on the usual lines of authorship. It is not a romance, not even a story, though to many readers it has as much fascination as a powerful novel. It is a public "Rogues' Gallery," with brief sketches of the notable offences of each criminal in connection with his portrait. It is safe to say that no one thing ever done by a policeman has struck such terror to the hearts of criminals as this has done. This book is not only sought for on the trials of professional thieves in all parts of this country, for the purpose of establishing their identity, but it is used by the authorities in almost all parts of Europe for the purpose of protecting themselves against American criminals. In this way Inspector BYRNES has not only managed to drive out of New York a great number of the most skilful thieves the world has ever seen, but he has so branded them for life as to cripple their work in any part of the civilized world.

Mention has been made of his selection of his own force. Obviously he needs many instruments to do so great a work as he has done, and his ability has been shown by his selection of detectives no less than by his use of them. He says himself that he is guided in his selection solely by individual fitness for the particular work he has in mind to be done. He aims to have among the men in his office some one or more that shall be specially fitted for any particular emergency that shall arise, and it is probably true that the force is nearly perfect in this respect. There are college-bred men, men of experience in polite society, men of considerable linguistic attainments, who speak four or five languages each, and there is not one on the force who is not highly intelligent and exceedingly gentlemanly in his demeanor. The change from the *personnel* of the old force is radical.

With this small army so scattered as to be in constant surveillance of all important places in the city, the Inspector has a system of communication by which he claims to be able to call them all together at any given point within an hour. The men are instructed to keep themselves unknown to the public as much as possible—a precaution that was formerly ignored—and the wisdom of this idea has been proven by the results. Not only have large robberies by professional thieves become almost unknown in New York, but stolen money and property are generally recovered. Some millions of stolen property have been recovered by the force since THOMAS BYRNES took command of it; and the aggregate time of the sentences obtained by his efforts against criminals in the eight years is only a trifle less than 7000 years.

FALES-CURTIS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE FRONT OF THE PALACE.



PRINCE VON BISMARCK IN HIS WORK-ROOM.

BISMARCK'S PALACE IN BERLIN.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 114.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BISMARCK AT HOME.

In order to give an idea of the interior of the Bismarck palace I shall have to call for aid upon a very frivolous person, a novelist. Prince Bismarck is fond of romances. "A good novel," he once said, "I call only a novel which I can read twice." He has read all the works of Spielhagen without perusing one a second time. But there is a novelist whose books come up to that condition. When this novelist came to Berlin he went to see the Chancellor. And of all the "practical men," emperors, generals, statesmen, historians, who have gone up the steps, not one has given us a description of the study in the palace in the Wilhelmstrasse which is the equal to the pen-picture painted by Jókai Moritz. Jókai was a Hungarian poet and novelist who some twenty years ago took up politics and went into parliament. His description of his interview with Bismarck is as follows:

"On the day after my arrival I was so fortunate as to obtain a hearing from the great statesman—if that can be called a hearing where he spoke and I listened. The hour was nine in the evening, and sometimes he gives audiences as late as midnight. The approach is easy and simple. His palace is the least pretentious in the whole Wilhelmstrasse, and not even a porter in bear-skin guards the door with his silver staff. One must ring the bell as at an ordinary house. A single moderator-lamp on a table lights up the hall. The third apartment from this is Bismarck's work and reception room. Here also the furniture is most simple; no display; in the corner an iron sofa; under this lies a mighty St. Bernard dog; at the window stands an iron chest; in the middle of the room a great writing-table at which the iron man sits. Prince Bismarck is an athletic figure, fully six feet tall, with broad shoulders and mighty hands which betray steel muscles when he shakes your own; his face I do not find like any of his portraits, which make him appear to be morose and bilious. The Prince did not allow me to finish the greeting which I had carefully prepared. He said I looked younger than he had fancied I would. He made me sit down on the other side of the writing-table, produced a package of cigars from the iron chest, and offered one to me." The talk was mainly upon the affairs of Europe, and these have since changed. So has the study, apparently, for Jókai makes no mention of seeing there the pictures of Cleveland and Bayard which now stand upon the mantel. One remark of the Chancellor's in that conversation with Jókai I may quote against himself. "It is a Russian proverb," said the Prince, "that when a Russian steals he steals enough to last him for a day; but when a German steals he steals so much that something is left over till to-morrow for his children." This makes one think of the Samoan Islands. Apropos of which also we may quote the Prince. "The majority," said he, "never want war. War is always brought on by the minority, or in absolute states by rulers and cabinets. It is never brought on by newspaper articles. A man may shout 'fire' all day long without kindling the house."

Jonathan Sturges.

PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA.

Archduke Rudolph, the heir-apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and the only son of the Emperor Francis Joseph, was found dead in his bed on January 30th at Meyerling, a place several miles distant from Vienna, to which he had gone on a hunting expedition. It has been officially announced that Professor Wiedenhofer, who performed the autopsy, found a large wound in the side of the head, which must have caused instant death. A revolver with one chamber discharged was found on the bedside close to the right hand of the dead Prince. The position in which it was found proves beyond doubt that he committed suicide. The pericranium was torn and the skull bones were partly shattered.

Prince Rudolph was only a few months turned of thirty. As a child he did not give promise of long life, but as he advanced in years he grew stronger, and finally found in athletic pursuits one of his chief sources of amusement. He was carefully educated, with a view to his apparent future responsibilities, and thus, among other things, acquired the numerous languages spoken by the various races composing the subjects of the sovereign of Austria-Hungary. He travelled widely, wrote one or two books as a record of what he saw, and developed an unusual princely liking for men of science and letters. Since he became of age he has often been an efficient assistant of his father on public occasions, and he had attained to the rank of Major-General in the Austrian army and to that of Vice-Admiral in the navy.

A close friendship existed between him and the Prince of Wales. It appears to have been founded largely on similar social habits and tastes, and these were not of the highest character. Many unpleasant tales of their comradeship have been current in Europe. Rudolph and the present Emperor of Germany were bosom companions in their boyhood years. They were of nearly the same age, and their families brought them much together from design. But in later years they disagreed with considerable bitterness. Time did not appear to mend matters in the least. Two years ago Rudolph's chances of succeeding to a throne certainly appeared better than William's. Fate determined, however, that William should lose both grandfather and father, while Rudolph was himself to die ere half his apparent days had run out. Rudolph was fated also to have no son to heir the throne he failed to reach himself. His only child is a daughter, and the nearest male heir is the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Karl Ludwig, whose age is fifty-six, and who has three sons grown to man's estate.

Prince Rudolph was perhaps best known on account of his marriage in 1881 to the Princess Stéphanie, a daughter of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, who was alike beautiful and beloved. The marriage ceremony was a scene that stood unrivalled for many years back among royal weddings. The bridal couple were escorted by twenty Austrian Archdukes, by the Prince of Wales, Prince William of Prussia, the King of Saxony, the Bavarian Dukes, and many others of high birth and station. The presents were of great extent and of surprising magnificence. In commemoration of the event the Emperor founded twenty-two free scholarships. And yet this marriage did not prove a happy one. The wife complained of neglect, and with cause. She desired a separation, but reasons of state interfered. Opinions were generally altogether on the side of the wife in this dispute.

THE CHAMBER OF TORTURE

Is the apartment to which the unhappy sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism is confined. If, ere the crisis of pain is reached, that fine preventive, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is used by persons of a rheumatic tendency, much unnecessary suffering is avoided. Nervines, anodynes, and sedatives, while having none but a specific effect, are yet very desirable at times. Yet can they produce no lasting effect upon rheumatism, because they have no power to eliminate from the blood the rheumatic virus. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does this, and checks at the outset a disease which, if allowed to gain headway, it is next to impossible to dislodge or to do more than relieve. Rheumatism, it should be remembered, is a disease with a fatal tendency from its proneness to attack the heart. A resort to the Bitters should, therefore, be prompt. Dyspepsia, kidney complaint, malaria, and nervousness are relieved by it.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Add 20 drops of Angostura Bitters to every glass of impure water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!
Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

The California Society for the Suppression of Vice.
San Francisco, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the Kodak. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of Kodak Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ATLANTIC CITY IN WINTER.

The rare winter climate of the Middle Atlantic coast is so well known, since the attention of the public was directed to it a few years ago, that little need be said in praise of it. The best exemplification of it is found at Atlantic City, where, by reason of a highly favored situation, as regards both land and water, the very best elements of the combined agencies of sea and land are obtained. To these agencies is due the secret of Atlantic City's most agreeable winter temperature. The city is surrounded by salt water, and is nearer to the Gulf Stream than any point of land on the Jersey coast. The warm currents of air generated above the tepid waters of this mysterious river of the ocean come in on the breezes and temper the severity of winter's cold, while from the land side the breezes blow over wastes of sand, on which there is no snow to charge them with frost. Thus it is that the climate is mild and equable, though sharp enough to give zest to exercise. The heavens generally favor, and the sun shines with an intense brightness. Invalids are thrilled by the charm of air, sea, and sky, and pleasure-seekers find in its enjoyment a delightful recreation.

The city possesses many excellent hotels whose doors are never closed. They are well kept, finely appointed, and equipped with especial regard to the comfort of guests in winter. Their walls enclose in February and March representatives of the best society of all the cities of the Eastern States, who form a social circle of culture, intellect, and refinement.

A strong point in favor of Atlantic City is its accessibility. It is located at the terminus of the West Jersey and Camden and Atlantic Railroads, both branches of the great Pennsylvania system, and is thus connected directly with all the prominent cities. Frequent trains run between it and Philadelphia. Residents of New York or New England are especially near to it, as through trains run to Atlantic City from New York without change. One may leave New York at 12.20 P.M., by parlor car, and arrive at Atlantic City at 4.30 P.M., a space of time just filling the interval between luncheon and dinner. The visit will ever be remembered with pleasure, and its results in the matter of health cannot fail to be beneficial.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS



THE PATENT
LABRADOR.
Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

STANDARD MUSIC
Four Superb Music Books, printed on fine paper from full-sized music plates, for $2.00, or $2.50 prepaid. STANDARD PIANO ALBUM—220 pages of choice gems from celebrated composers, such as *Moszkowski, Scharwenka, Liszt, Wagner, Lange, Wilson,* and *Spindler.* STANDARD DANCE ALBUM—212 pages of the most popular dance music and marches. STANDARD GEMS—110 pages of songs and ballads, piano accompaniments, and 110 pp. of variations, transcriptions, opera arrangements, etc., for piano. STANDARD SONG ALBUM—220 pp. of songs and ballads, with piano accompaniments, selected from the works of such composers as *Gounod, Abt, Pinsuti, Roeckel,* and *Kjerulf.* TITLE PAGES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED in Colors. Price of each book 50c., or 6 cts prepaid. | LYON & HEALY, Publishers, State & Monroe Sts. Chicago.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.



ALL WINTER MODELS
At less than half price.

SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Gowns, Coats, & Hats
on exhibition about Feb. 20th.
210 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

Arnold Constable & Co
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.
TABLE DAMASKS,
Linen Sheetings, Pillow Linens,
TOWELS AND TOWELLINGS.
WHITE GOODS.
CAMBRICS, MULLS, AND NAINSOOKS,
Figured Mulls and Embroidered Pique,
QUILTS AND BLANKETS.
Broadway & 19th st.

Chapped Hands:
PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE, DILUTED WITH AN EQUAL QUANTITY OF WATER OR COMBINED WITH CERTAIN SIMPLE INGREDIENTS, IS A REMEDY FOR CHAPPED HANDS.
FOR PARTICULARS SEE ELEGANT BOOK OF TOILET RECIPES THAT CAN BE PREPARED EASILY AND CHEAPLY AT HOME. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR TWO TWO-CENT STAMPS. ADDRESS, ...
Procter & Gamble,
GLYCERINE DEP'T, CINCINNATI, O.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC



The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and $1.00, at Druggists.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A BAD REPUTATION.

BRER SARGENT (*reading of the conviction of a fellow-citizen of color*). "No, sah! ef I'd 'a ben on dat jury I wouldn't 'a brung in no verdic' ob 'guilty.'"

BRER MOSES (*in surprise*). "But, brer, don' you see de paper say how as he done plead 'guilty' 'for' de jedge and de jury?"

BRER SARGENT (*scornfully*). "What diff'rence dat goin' make? He lie so like de debbil, yo' 'spec' I gwine b'lieve w'at he say? No, sah!"

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

Edward Collinson, Queens, N. Y., says:

"I commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS over fifty-five years ago. I first bought them in London, and have continued using them since I came to this country in 1836. I am now over seventy-five years old, hale and hearty, and attribute my wonderful health to the persistent use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Occasionally I have a bad cold or severe attack of rheumatism, indigestion, or biliousness, but four or five doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS always cure me. Whenever my children have been sick with scarlet fever, measles, mumps, acid stomach, disordered digestion or costiveness, a few doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS restore their health at once."

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

ESTABLISHED 1801.



Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.

The only article which will thoroughly cleanse, beautify, and improve the growth of the hair. It is recommended by the first families in the land, and used by all classes throughout the universe. It stands alone as regards its immense and constantly increasing consumption. There is no oil or pomatum, or any other preparation for the hair, solid or fluid, which approaches it in popularity, besides it is very reasonable in price.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

GREENWAY'S INDIA PALE ALE

IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

AMERICAN TRADE MARK

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE N.Y.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE Chicago and North-Western Railway offers exceptional inducements to all classes of California travel.

First-class tickets affording choice of routes, good returning until Spring, and second-class one-way tickets are now on sale at very low rates.

Fast vestibuled trains, fully equipped with palace sleeping and dining cars, amply provide for the comfort of tourists, and the welfare of second-class travellers is promoted by personally-conducted colonist excursions, providing every comfort en-route, including accommodations in free tourist sleepers.

For full information apply to any ticket agent, or address E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent C. & N.-W. Railway, Chicago, Ill.

THE CHEQUE BANK, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED IN LONDON, 1873.

London Offices: 4 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, & GEORGE YARD, LOMBARD STREET.

New York Office: UNITED BANK BUILDING, CORNER OF WALL STREET & BROADWAY.

Trustees: { RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN BRIGHT, M.P., RIGHT HONORABLE EARL BEAUCHAMP.

London Bankers: { BANK OF ENGLAND, WILLIAMS, DEACON & CO., LOMBARD ST., LONDON, (to whom the Cheque Bank refers by permission).

The Cheque Bank has been established in London for seventeen years, and offers Travellers and the Public generally, who hold Cheque Bank Cheques, unquestionable Security, for the following reasons, namely:

The Capital of the Bank is invested in Government Securities, in addition to which the Bank has a Special Guarantee Fund (of 50% of the Capital) invested in British Government Annuities, Bank of England Stock, and City of London Metropolitan Consolidated Stock.

The Bank does not discount Notes or Bills, but loans its Deposits on the Security of Government Stocks, Bonds, and Securities.

The Cheque Bank Cheques are, therefore, absolutely **equal to cash,** as Bank of England Notes are.

The Bank issues Cheques from **One Pound** upwards, singly (or in amounts as required, put up in Books); every Cheque has its value printed and perforated on it, for the use of Travellers, available in every town in England, Ireland, and Scotland; in every town of importance in Europe. The Bank issues Cheques for the use of Travellers, available in Egypt, Palestine, and the Holy Land.

The Bank issues Cheques, available in the City of Mexico and the West India Islands and South America.

The Bank issues Cheques, available throughout Asia, Africa, New Zealand, Australia, China and Japan, and everywhere throughout the World.

The Cheque Bank Cheques are accepted as Cash by the British Government, by Steamship and Railway Companies, by the principal Hotels, and by nearly all the principal Shops in London.

VISITORS TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION can cash the Cheque Bank Cheques at upwards of fifty places in Paris.

Parties sending money to their friends or relations to any part of Europe should purchase Cheque Bank Cheques which can be cashed on presentation everywhere.

Travellers and others holding Cheque Bank Cheques can have their mail matter addressed to them, care of the Cheque Bank, London, who will take charge of the same and forward to any address.

For Hand-Book containing List of upwards of **2000** of the principal Banks throughout the World who Cash the Cheque Bank Cheque, and for all information, apply to The Agency,

CHEQUE BANK, Limited, United Bank Building,
E. J. MATHEWS & CO., Agents. **2 Wall Street and 90 Broadway, New York.**

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:

JNO. W. MACKAY, Esq., Pres't Commercial Cable Co.—Mackay-Bennett Cables, New York.
F. O. FRENCH, Esq., Pres't Manhattan Trust Co., New York, and others.

ADVANCE IN PRICE.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

The Ladies' Home Journal

is to be made **BETTER** and **LARGER.** It can be had now for only **50 Cents per year; another year it will cost $1.00.** We shall double the price because we cannot afford to furnish so good a paper as the JOURNAL is to be for less than one Dollar, but we shall **double its value,** and give you **more** of it **for your money. AGENTS** can make **hundreds of dollars** securing subscriptions at

Half Price up to July 1st, 1889.

We offer them good pay for every subscriber secured, and an extra **Prize** of **$500** to the person who shall send us the largest number; **$400** for the second largest list, and so on. Sample copies and posters will be furnished, so that a great demand can be created in any neighborhood.

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.



Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.
For Sale by all Stationers.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Special Importation of

RICH SILKS, SATINS, TULLES, AND Light Silks and Wool, AND ALL-WOOL FABRICS FOR WEDDING, RECEPTION, DINNER, and Bridesmaids' Costumes.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

WRITING PAPERS by the POUND. Nearly double the quantity than by the quire for same money.

ENGRAVED VISITING PLATE and 50 CARDS, $1.00. Wedding Invitations.

Send stamp for samples and price-list.

WM. H. HOSKINS CO., 927 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, at the International Exhibition at Brussels, by a Medical Jury.

A FIRST-CLASS REMEDY IN
Pectoral, Throat, and Lung Diseases.

Soden Mineral Pastilles are prepared by the evaporation of the water from the most efficient springs of the German health resort, Soden a. T.

Soden Mineral Pastilles are a first-class remedy in all catarrhal complaints of the organs of respiration and digestion.

Soden Mineral Pastilles are used most extensively in all civilized countries of the world.

Soden Mineral Pastilles are prescribed by doctors in diseases of the lungs and chest, consumption, and asthma. The benefit derived from their use is unexcelled, and even in chronic cases their action is alleviating, quieting, and stimulant.

Soden Mineral Pastilles deserve the preference of all similar preparations, because they are a natural remedy, an unadulterated product of the springs, containing without deterioration the sanative qualities of the natural springs.

Soden Mineral Pastilles are prepared only under the personal control and direction of an officer of the royal medical board.

Soden Mineral Pastilles are unexcelled as a solvent in Coughs and Catarrhs, even in the most chronic cases. Their effect has never been equalled.

Soden Mineral Pastilles are most advantageously applied in Whooping Cough and Diphtheria; in the former they decrease the force of the paroxysm, while preventing the latter, as the disease cannot take hold in a throat free from catarrh.

Soden Mineral Pastilles have now also been introduced in the United States, and can be had at all Apothecaries and Drug Stores at 50 cents a box. In Germany, Austria, and Switzerland their sales in one year amounted to far more than two million boxes.

Soden Mineral Pastilles were investigated by the celebrated English throat specialist, Dr. Morell Mackenzie, and among many others he writes the following, based upon his studies of the Soden Springs and their product:

19 HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE writes: "I have watched the effects of the Soden Waters for a considerable period and regard them as extremely valuable in obstinate catarrhal affections of the throat. The small amount of iron which they contain renders them very useful in the stages of Throat Consumption, and they do good in nearly all cases of relaxation of the mucous membrane.

The Pastilles offer a most convenient method of using the Waters; producing both a local and general effect. They are especially beneficial in catarrhal diseases of the air passages; I have frequently found them of great service in the case of Singers and Public Speakers.

Signed, MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., London, late Physician to the London Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden Square, and Physician to the Royal Society of Musicians, 2d September, 1887."

Soden Mineral Pastilles are doubly valuable, inasmuch as they produce simultaneously the most favorable effect upon the organs of digestion. In catarrh of the stomach, hemorrhoids, and habitual constipation they cause the healing and restoration of the diseased organs by reason of their exceedingly mild action.

For sale by all Druggists. Should your Druggist not keep them, please address,

Sole Agency for the U. S.,
Soden Mineral Springs Co. (Limited),
15 Cedar Street, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



LETTING BAD ENOUGH ALONE.

EXCEEDINGLY LONG PATIENT. "I say, doctor, are you going to put that mustard plaster on my feet to draw the pain from my head?"

DOCTOR. "Yes. Why?"

EXCEEDINGLY LONG PATIENT. "Well, I object. I'd rather have it where it is than drawn down through six feet and five inches of new territory."

Crosse & Blackwell's
FRESH FRUIT JAMS,
Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

ROYAL


BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

"HAMMOND"

TYPEWRITER.
Far Ahead in
SPEED.
689 words in 5 minutes.
144 words in 1 minute.
At American Institute Fair, N.Y.
16½% to 17½% Faster than
CALIGRAPH OR REMINGTON.
Send for photo-copy of work.

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.,
292-298 Ave. B, & 77 Nassau St., New York.
206 La Salle St., Chicago.


MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY
CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT
Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.



Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

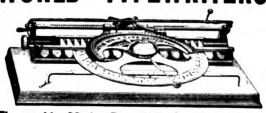
DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD
Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N.Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.



TRADE C&W MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

CANDY
Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

DECKER BROTHERS'
MATCHLESS
PIANOS
33 Union Square, N. Y.

WORLD TYPEWRITERS.

Thoroughly Made, Practical, Rapid, Business.

Single Case, $10.00; Double Case, writes 72 characters, $15.00. Walnut Case, $2.00 extra.
CATALOGUES FREE. AGENTS WANTED.

Typewriter Dept., POPE MFG. CO., 79 Franklin St., Boston; 12 Warren St., New York; 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS
Apollinaris
QUOD UBIQUE



CATARRH
Cold in Head
ELY'S CREAM BALM
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.


$3 Printing Press. Prints all your cards & labels. Circular press, $8. Size for small newspaper, $44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, $100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

FREE Sample DR. X. STONE'S BRONCHIAL WAFERS. Best Remedy for Throat and Lungs. Agents Wanted. STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Illinois.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 8, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.



The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
Pictorial History of the Civil War
Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

Catarrh Can be Cured.
WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAS FAILED TO CURE YOU, TRY **NASALINE**
WILHELM'S NASALINE having been on trial in Colorado during the past five years we are now prepared to *assert positively* that it will cure **Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat,** or any **External Inflammation.** It is a harmless but effective VEGETABLE preparation, compounded from herbs found only in the Rocky Mountains. It will purify the breath and strengthen the senses of hearing, taste and smell. **If everything else has failed TRY THIS.** Testimonials of prominent citizens of Colorado furnished. **Sent by mail. Price, 50 cts.** Stamps or postal note.
P. O. Box 1883. Address, NASALINE MANUFACTURING CO., Denver, Colorado.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AMERICAN MEN-OF-WAR.

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, LIEUTENANT U. S. N.

I.



ETWEEN the modern battle ship and the ancient war galley there are resemblances so curious as to tempt one into the dangerous generalization that naval architecture, like history, repeats itself. Even those who knew the existing type to be a revolutionary result and not an inheritance recognize that in form at least it appears to be a survival, or a return to the beginning, of naval war construction. Queerly enough, the identities are not altogether pictorial, because, notwithstanding the enormous differences in design, material, motive power, armament, and equipment, they extend to the theories of attack and defence. Of course no evidences of descent can really be detected, for battle ships, even in the same decade, diverged so widely as to have produced such variant examples as the 120-gun three-deck ship, and that low freeboarded monitor which made valueless forever all triple-tiered, wood-borne ordnance.

In section, war galleys were shaped like the letter V expanded at the top, and were built with keels, ribs, beams, and stem and stern posts. They had one or more masts, and spread square sails upon yards. At or near the water-line the sharp prows curved into rams; and within-deck, breastworks and towers; and in barbetted structures aloft military engines which threw projectiles to a considerable distance were mounted. In a rather whimsical account, taken from ATHENÆUS, BURCHETT, in his *Most Remarkable Transactions at Sea*, describes a galley which carried eight wooden towers—four amidships, two forward, and two aft. From these projected breastworks filled with loop-holes whence an enemy might be annoyed. On the upper deck was raised a breastwork-surrounded stage, carrying a machine "which would fling to the distance of one hundred and twenty paces stones weighing three hundred pounds, and darts eighteen feet in length." Each of the three masts was furnished with engines for throwing stones and large iron hooks; around the bulwarks an iron palisade prevented boarding, and from the masts and spars hung grappling-irons. The roundtops were brass, and in them constant watch was kept by soldiers, to whom stones could be conveyed in baskets fitted with tackles. This ship was fully equipped, and was accompanied by smaller galleys and supply vessels.

The English battle ship *Trafalgar*, launched in 1887, is now being fitted for sea. Her mild steel hull is built on the longitudinal system, and the cast-steel stem is fortified with a ram composed of 5-inch steel plates. The military mast carries two tops as vantage positions for riflemen and machine guns. The armor protection is distributed in three layers: 1st, a water-line belt; 2d, a citadel at the middle of this belt enclosing the bases of the turrets; and 3d, an octagonal upper structure 110 feet in length, containing the broadside battery. From within three armored conning towers on deck the ship is steered and fought; four 13.5-inch breech-loading rifles are pair mounted in two turrets, disposed at either end of the lower citadel; and eight 5-inch breech-loading guns are carried in the upper structure. The secondary battery includes eight 6-pounder and eleven 3-pounder rapid-fire guns and eight torpedo tubes. In every modern battle ship the latest theories prescribe as necessities a dependent group of tenders, such as cruisers, gun-boats, torpedo-catchers, torpedo-boats, and coal-supply vessels.

Twenty centuries separate British Admiralty battle ships and the galleys of DIODORUS SICULUS, and yet between the new and the old analogies exist which are more than fanciful.

II.

From 1865 until the last three years the navy of this country, so far as sea-fighting was concerned, belonged to the galley period. It was magnificent in decay, eminent in impotency. In the past our contributions to naval science were valuable but intermittent; our sea record was glorious, if unrewarded, and our place among the nations who go down to the sea in ships was alternately at the van and rear. Upon rare occasions we carried good types to their highest development, and at times gave a new direction to war possibilities. Yet, as a guarded confession, it must be admitted that no other maritime nation ever neglected so successfully its sea-police. It existed, despite Congressional and popular indifference, simply because of an internal strength which obstinately refused to yield; and whatever its future may be, this much must be said, that the remedies came in their initiative from within.

This national carelessness is no new thing, for in the earliest days of our struggles with England the colonists made no preparations for the inevitable conflict; this, too, when the first overt act, the capture and burning of the schooner *Gaspé* in Narragansett Bay, ought to have indicated what the future might demand. After the Revolutionary war was declared, so few preparations were made that sea operations were confined to attacks upon British supply vessels; and the first engagements were fought by small private vessels, such as the capture in Maine waters of the *Margaretta* by a nameless lumber sloop under the command of that gallant Irishman, Captain JEREMIAH O'BRIEN, and the seizure off Boston of the brig *Nancy* and other transports by Captain JOHN MANLY, in the schooner *Lee*. Even when Congress lazily took action at the close of 1775, all attempts upon the enemy's commerce were made with vessels owned either by the separate States, or by adventurous privateersmen, many of whom were so very much unauthorized as to have weathered piracy with their lee leaches smoking. By the beginning of 1776 seventeen vessels had been purchased or laid down, but these were mainly indifferent frigates and sloops, which were expected to fight small cruisers, to destroy convoys, to capture transports, and to avoid battle ships. They varied in size from 600 to 1000 tons, and carried on the main-deck from 10 to 32 guns of the 12 or 18 pounder class. The majority had no spar-deck, and mounted upon the poop and forecastle—usually connected by gratings—a few 6, 9, or 12 pound guns. Indeed, some of the smaller ones breathed defiance to the foe through port-holes which bristled with a grim array of deadly 4-pounders.

The performances of these Revolutionary war ships were so creditable as to have given them a notable place in sea history, but they were richer in glory than in any evidence they offered of what can be accomplished by a patriotic people suddenly called upon to defend themselves with inadequate means. It was a time for heroic deeds, not for naval development; so, when peace was declared, in 1785, scarcely a ship was left, because the country was poor in resources, and, as each disappeared, none was built to take its place. Some had been captured, some destroyed; a few were sold, five were returned to France, and two were presented to Louis XVI. One of these last was the *America*, a seventy-four battle ship, built to replace the *Magnifique*, lost in Boston Harbor, and the other was the *Indien*, a fine frigate, built in Amsterdam, and mounting forty Swedish 36-pounders on her main-deck. She was given to the French king in 1777, but subsequently he loaned her to the Duke of Luxembourg, a provident gentleman, who rented her for a term of years to the State of South Carolina, on condition that he should receive one-fourth of the prize-money earned.

As the finances of the new republic were precarious, no attempt was made to create a navy, and the only ships afloat were a few revenue vessels under the sole control of separate States, for at that time each State had the right to establish custom-houses, levy duties, and pursue its own trade policy so long as this did not interfere with any treaties made by Congress. For twelve years no ships were in commission, and this inactivity would have continued longer had it not been for the depredations persistently committed on our Mediterranean trade by the Barbary powers. The people awoke slowly to the necessities of freeing our citizens from slavery, and in 1794 Congress was compelled to authorize the purchase or construction of war ships. General WASHINGTON wisely determined to build, not buy, them, and after consultations with expert constructors, the designs of JOSEPH HUMPHREYS, of Philadelphia, were accepted, and the government laid down the frigates *Constitution*, *President*, and *United States*, all 44-gun ships, and the *Chesapeake*, *Constellation*, and *Congress*, 38's. The large vessels were 175 feet in length, 43 feet 6 inches in beam, and 14 feet 3 inches in depth; they were beautifully modelled and splendidly armed, and for many years held the first place in their class. To us they are especially dear, for their deeds made history, and their names are still as familiar in our mouths as household words. Two of them survive, the *Constitution* as receiving-ship at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the *Constellation* as a practice and training ship. In them were embodied the most advanced ideas of their day, and they were the first notable vessels to carry on one deck the metal which had formerly been distributed between two. The gun-decks were pierced for thirty 24-pounders, and on the spar-decks were mounted twenty or twenty-two 32-pound carronades and two long bow-chasers. The 38's had batteries of twenty-eight long 18's on the main-deck and twenty 32-pound carronades on the spar-deck. This employment of carronades marked a definite departure in ordnance.

The original name of the piece—the "smasher," subsequently changed because the first guns were cast at Carron, in Scotland—was a most appropriate one, for they were the outgrowth of a well-founded belief that by firing a 68-pound shot (the weight originally proposed) with a low charge, a greater destruction in ship's timbers was effected, owing to the greater splintering. Then, too, it had been the practice to crowd into a vessel as many guns of moderate calibre as could be worked, but as ships became larger and heavier, the penetration of shot from these light pieces was so insufficient to produce any serious injury that there are records of duels and squadron engagements where the fight lasted three long summer days without special damage to anybody. Penetrative power to reach the enemy through his defences therefore became necessary, and the long 18-pounder forced its way to the front as the favorite weapon; but this was too heavy for the upper decks and for small vessels, so the carronade, of large bore, short length, and little proportional weight, was adopted.

The signing of a treaty with Algiers in 1795 suspended work upon half of these ships, but the "*quasi* war" with France which followed induced Congress to increase the navy so materially that in 1798 it included twelve frigates, eighteen sloops, and a number of galleys and revenue vessels. In 1799 there were afloat, in addition to the four frigates, five 28's, five 24's, four 20's, six 18's, three 14's, and one 12-gun ship. Many spirited actions were fought during these troublesome eighteen months, notably those of the *Constellation*, first with the *Insurgente* and next with the *Vengeance*. As most of the engagements in 1800 were with fast-sailing privateers and picaroons, or with barges that hugged the shore, Congress ordered the two 12-gun schooners *Enterprise* and *Experiment*. Their superiority over the heavy short sloop of 20 or 24 guns was soon manifest, and their records were most brilliant. When peace was ratified, in 1801, Congress testified its gratitude to the service by reducing the cruising force to fourteen vessels, and by cutting down the *personnel* and suspending the construction of the six 74-gun ships ordered in 1798. Good work was done in Tripoli, and a temporary increase was made in smaller vessels of the brig and schooner classes; but when this difficulty was creditably settled, the political mountain was delivered, with infinite labor, of that mouse known as the "Gun-boat Policy."

This was the outgrowth of an entirely erroneous assumption as to the demands made by a proper system of national defence, and tended practically to lower the *morale* of the service by destroying the only school of experiment and emulation which can make a nation powerful on the sea. Gun-boats had undoubtedly done capital work, and were then and always will be valuable, not as essentials but as auxiliaries, because their sphere is limited. Among the first of this type in the service were those employed off Tripoli; six of these, loaned by the Neapolitan government, were of twenty-five tons burden, and carried one 24-pounder; the remainder were captured from the Tripolitans, and mounted two brass howitzers and one upper gun which was 11½ feet long and fired a shot weighing twenty-nine pounds. In 1803 ten gun-boats were launched and fitted for service off the Barbary coast. They were long, low craft (71 feet in length and 18 in beam), sloop-rigged, and armed with two 32-pounders. As their rails were only two feet above water, the guns were stowed below in the run across. All arrived safely except one; and, strangely enough, though sailing at different dates from various ports, they dropped anchor off Syracuse within the same forty-eight hours. The profitable services of this mosquito squadron induced Mr. JEFFERSON'S administration to recommend a navy of similar type, and the 200 immediately authorized to be built were supplemented by further additions until the total reached 257. They varied in length from forty to sixty feet; in tonnage, from fifty to one hundred; were either sloop or schooner rigged, carried from one to five guns, and were manned with crews numbering between thirty and fifty men.

The attack of the British frigate *Leopard* upon the *Chesapeake* showed the country that this cheeseparing policy left it almost defenceless, and in a burst of patriotic fervor Congress directed the commissioning of the *United States* (44), *President* (44), *Essex* (32), and *John Adams* (24), and at the same time made a substantial increase in the *personnel* of the service. This concession to fear probably saved the navy from disorganization, as it withdrew a large number of officers from the gun-boats, and restored the discipline and tone which had distinguished it at the close of the Tripolitan war. In 1812 the United States had, in addition to the gun-boats, twelve cruising vessels in commission, while England bore upon her navy list 1060 sail, of which between 700 and 800 were of the cruising class, and included 244 line-of-battle ships and 237 frigates. This frightful disparity was so well understood that an unmanly proposition to lay up all our ships, to avoid capture, was seriously entertained by the cabinet of MR. MADISON. As usual, the remedy had to come from within, for thanks to the spirited protest, the dogged persistency, of Captains BAINBRIDGE and STEWART, this suicidal policy was abandoned.

The war of 1812 increased marvellously the reputation of this country, and carried the fame of our blue-jackets into every sea. The brilliancy of the actions, the skilfulness of the seamanship, the superiority of the gunnery, and the equality of bravery and discipline astonished the maritime world. The contemptuous indifference with which British officers had regarded our struggling marine gave way to an admiration that was intensified not so much by the victories achieved as by the qualities our sea officers displayed. "The material results," writes ROOSEVELT, in his *Naval History of the War of* 1812, "were not very great, at least in their effect on Great Britain, whose enormous navy did not feel in the slightest degree the loss of a few frigates and sloops; but, morally, the result was of inestimable benefit to the United States. The victories kept up the spirits of the people, cast down by defeats on land, practically decided in favor of the Americans the chief questions in dispute—Great Britain's right of search and impressment—and gave the navy, and thereby the country, a world-wide reputation. . . . The best criticism on the war is that given by Captain JURIEN DE LA GRAVIÈRE, after speaking of the heavier metal and the greater number of men of the American ships, he continues: 'and yet, only an enormous superiority in the precision and rapidity of their fire can explain the difference in the losses sustained by the combatants. . . . Nor was the skill of their gunners the only cause to which the Americans owed their success. Their ships were faster; the crews composed of chosen men manœuvred with wonderful precision; their captains had the practical knowledge which is only to be acquired by long experience of the sea. . . . To a marine exalted by success, but rendered negligent by the very habit of victory, Congress opposed only the best of vessels and most formidable of armaments.'"

And these were the men and such the ships MR. MADISON'S cabinet tried to leave unemployed during those profitable three years.

The progress of the navy from the conclusion of the war was satisfactory; for though no attempts were made to create a great fighting marine, our ships were unsurpassed in their classes, and our *personnel* acquired a reputation which it has retained to this day. The sailing navy reached its culmination through the ten 74's in the *Pennsylvania*, a magnificent liner of 120 guns, manned by 1100 officers and men. In 1850 there were either afloat or under construction 10 line-of-battle ships, one razee of 54 guns, 14 frigates, 22 sloops-of-war, 4 brigs, and 11 schooners and store vessels. "These ships were the models for imitation of all maritime nations," wrote the late Admiral SIMPSON, "and among the constructors of the period can be recalled without detriment to many others omitted the names of LENTHALL, STEERS, POOK, and DELANO. The poetry of sailing reached its zenith during this period."

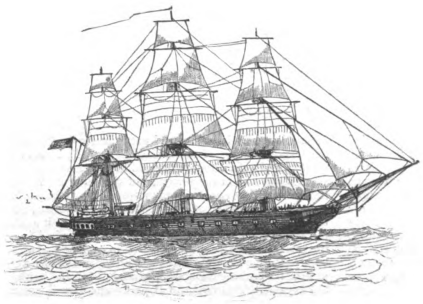
But even then the power of sailing-ships was ebbing, their day was nearly done; for the development of ordnance and the introduction of steam presented a problem in which they had no place, even as the least of the important factors.

III.

Steam was first utilized as a motive power for war vessels in this country in 1815, upon plans submitted in 1813 by ROBERT FULTON. This coast-defence craft had two hulls, between which the wheel revolved, much after the idea subsequently adopted in some of the earlier New York ferry-boats; the bulwarks were constructed of heavily bolted timbers five feet in thickness, and the battery of twenty long 32-pounders was supplemented by a device for drenching the enemy with hot water. Her tonnage was 2000, maximum draught 11 feet, length 156, beam 56, and depth 20. The law authorizing her construction was passed in June, 1814, and four months later, on the 29th of October, she was launched at New York from the East River yard of ADAM and NOAH BROWN. By May, 1815, when her engines were in place and her success seemed assured, FULTON was dead. On the 4th of July she ran from New York to Sandy Hook and return at an average speed of 5½ knots; but as hostilities had ceased, she was never called upon to show her fighting value. She was subsequently employed as the receiving-ship at New York, and in 1829 was destroyed by the explosion of her magazine.

Omitting the *Fulton No. 2*, laid down in 1835, the next steamer built for the navy was the frigate *Mississippi*, a bark-rigged, side-wheel vessel of 1692 tons, laid down in 1839 and launched in 1841. At this time all war steamers afloat were fitted with paddle-wheels, although many interesting experiments had been made with screws, notably by Mr. STEVENS, of Hoboken, in 1804, by TREVETHICK in 1815, and by ROBERT KINDER in 1816, the patents of this last-named inventor covering a shaft and screw very similar in form to those employed now. ERICSSON, however, made the first practical demonstration of its value in 1837; and when the British Admiralty neglected to avail itself of the idea, Commodore STOCKTON, of the United States Navy, commissioned him to build two iron screw vessels for home use. So successful was the first boat that the screw frigate *Princeton* was laid down at Philadelphia in 1843, and launched the next year. This celebrated vessel was 164 feet in length, 30 feet 6 inches in beam, 21 feet 6 inches in depth, and had an average draught of 17 feet. Upon her trial she developed 200 horse-power, and a speed of 8 knots. Before the final abandonment of sailing ships, an attempt was made to compromise the conflicting views of experts by limiting steam to side-wheel vessels, and the *Susquehanna*, *Saranac*, and *Powhatan* were built either cotemporaneously with or subsequently to a few in a smaller class, which included the *Union*, *Michigan*, *Water Witch*, and *Alleghany*. But when the superiority of the screw for war purposes was recognized, Congress, in 1854, authorized the construction of the *Merrimac*, *Wabash*, *Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and

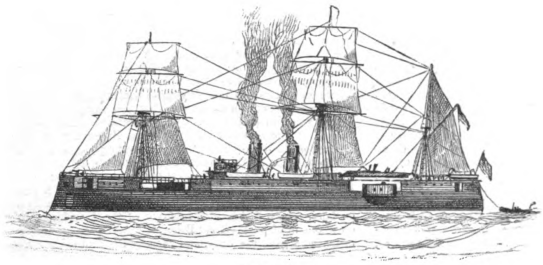
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



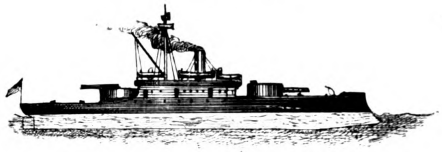
"CONSTELLATION."



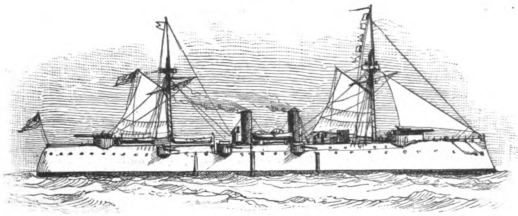
WAR SCHOONER "EXPERIMENT."



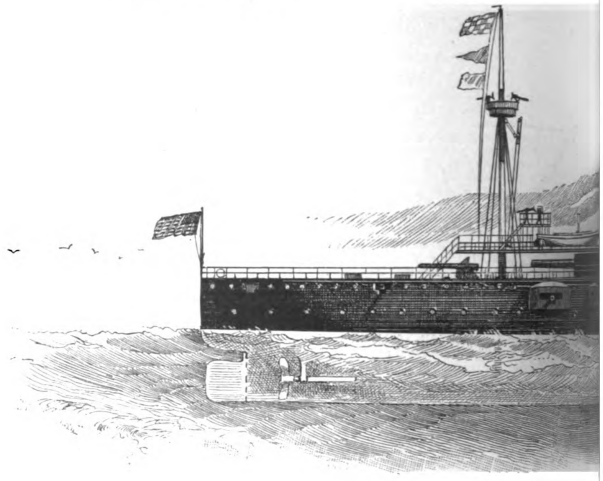
"MAINE."

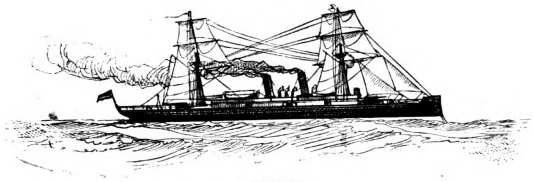


COAST-DEFENCE VESSEL.

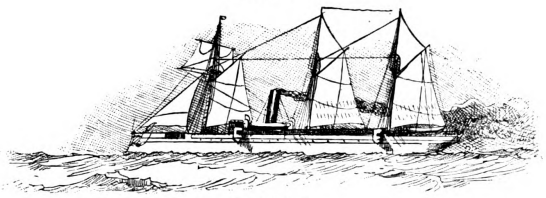


"BALTIMORE."

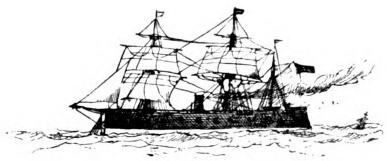




"BOSTON."

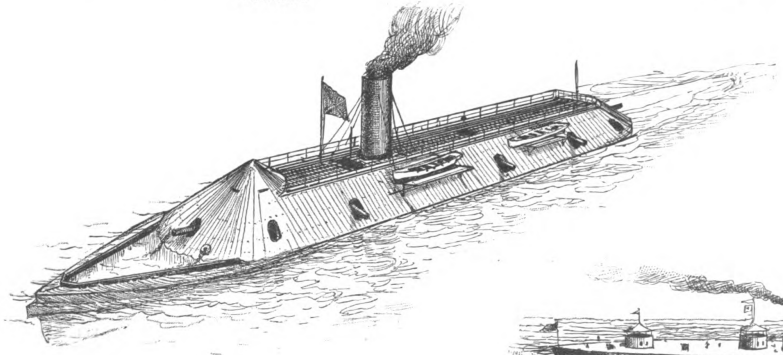


"DOLPHIN."

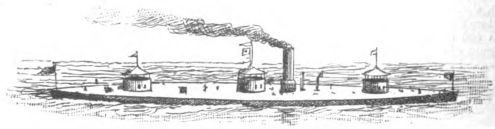


IRON-CLAD "NEW IRONSIDES."

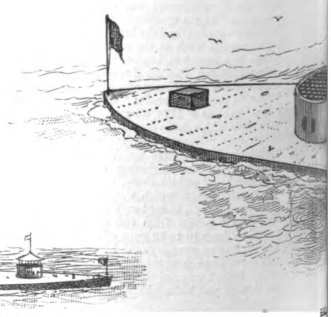




"MERRIMAC" (CONFEDERATE TYPE).

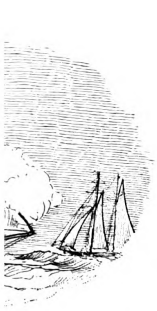


TRIPLE-TURRETED MONITOR "ROANOKE."



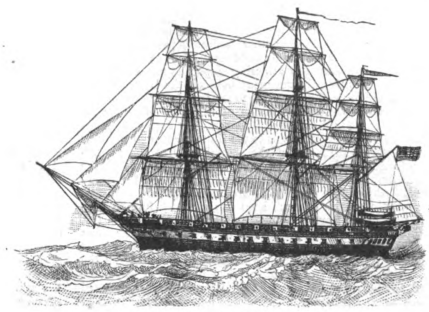
EVOLUTION OF THE AMER

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

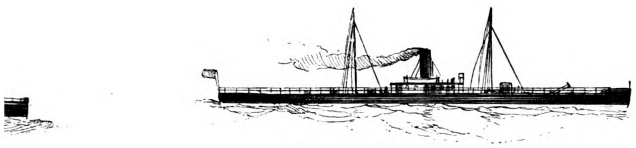




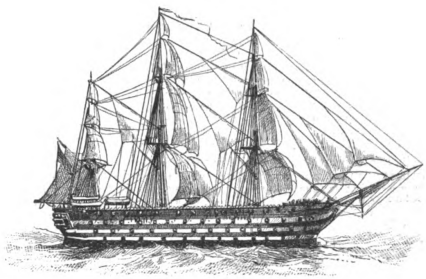
10-GUN BRIG.



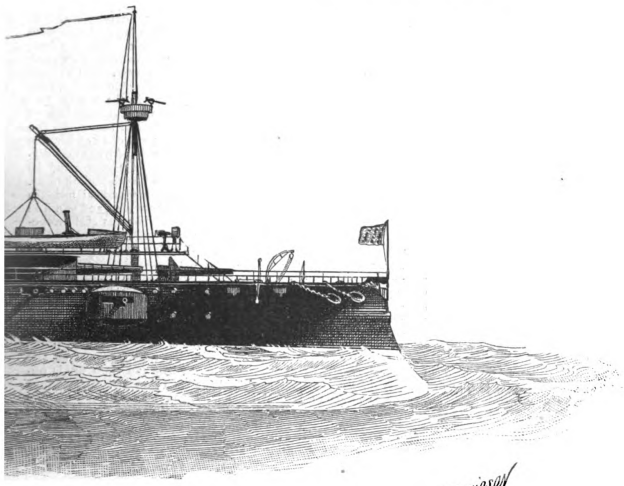
"CONSTITUTION."



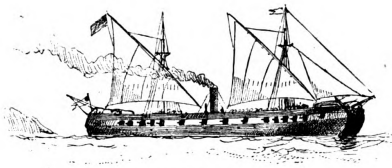
DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."



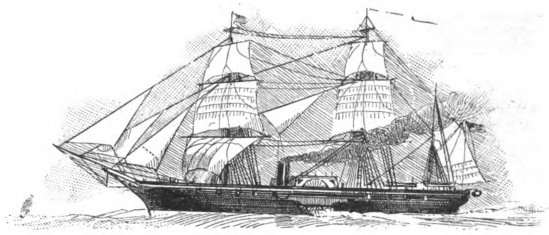
LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP "PENNSYLVANIA."



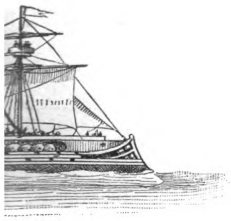
L"

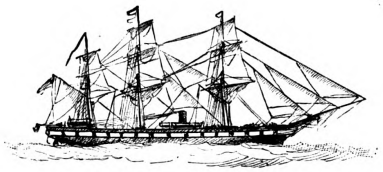


FULTON'S WAR STEAMER ("FULTON THE FIRST").

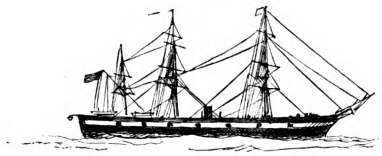


"POWHATAN."

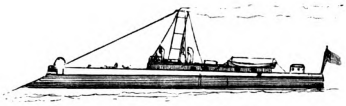




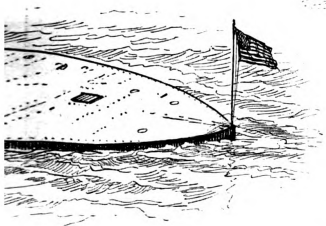
STEAM SLOOP "HARTFORD."

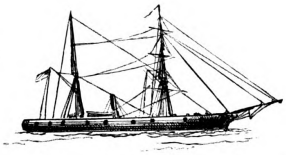


STEAM FRIGATE "PRINCETON."

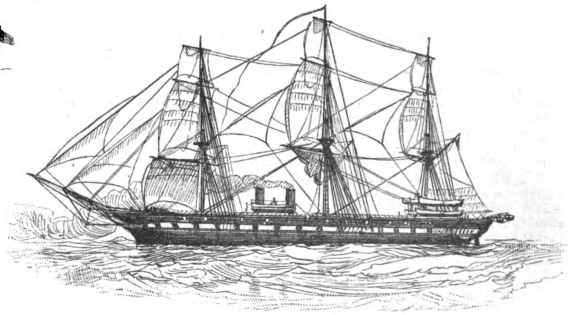


TORPEDO-BOAT "ALARM."





IRON-CLAD "GALENA."



STEAM FRIGATE "FRANKLIN."

—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Colorado, all fine frigates with auxiliary power. The *Merrimac* arrived in England in 1856, and was so highly approved by naval architects that the English proceeded to imitate the type.

The steady development of ordnance, growing out of the possibilities of shell fire, led to another radical departure, wherein NAPOLEON III. showed the way by building the first armored cruising vessel. This question of armoring ships was not a new one, "for there is a universal agreement between the United States and foreign authorities in according to an American the credit of the first modern practical exposition of the value of armor for naval use. Mr. JOHN STEVENS, of Hoboken, New Jersey, designed a vessel, and submitted the plans to the United States government during the war of 1812, one of the special features being a battery protected by inclined armor." When the war of the Rebellion broke out we had ninety vessels, of which forty were steamers. Abroad, the question of armored ships and rifle-guns had been taken up with so much keen rivalry that before September, 1861, England, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and Denmark, and at home the Southern Confederacy, had iron-clads either afloat or on the stocks. The war forced us into new constructions; and as the result of a hasty examination we adopted three designs, the *New Ironsides*, *Galena*, and *Monitor*. The fortunes of war made the last the best known, and to this day there are imbittered questions as to whom the credit of the type belongs. In 1854 ERICSSON submitted to NAPOLEON III. the plans of a low freeboard vessel, with an armored deck and a revolving dome or turret; in 1855 Captain COLES, working independently on the same lines, constructed a small fixed-turret vessel, which was used in the Crimean war; and, claiming priority to both, is Mr. T. R. TIMBEY, who filed in 1843 a caveat for a "metallic revolving fort," to be used "on land or water, and to be revolved by propelling engines located within the same, and acting upon suitable mechanism." Whether the TIMBEY plan was intended to be or not to be used on shipboard, his claim as the inventor of the two-gun turret first used in the original monitor appears to be acknowledged by one of the contractors who built that vessel. The *New Ironsides* was a wooden-hulled, casemated, iron-clad frigate, with a complete centre-line armored belt and unprotected ends. The plating consisted of 4½ inches of solid iron, backed by 21 inches of oak inclined throughout the casemate at an angle of 30°. This mass was so impervious to the ordnance of that day that after being struck seventy times in one engagement, the *New Ironsides* came out of action practically uninjured. The turret type was, however, deemed so much more valuable that a number of monitors were employed during the war, and the type was adopted by many foreign navies. At the close of the rebellion four wooden-hulled double-turret ships were completed, and two of these, the *Miantonomoh* and *Monadnock*, made foreign cruises; but their imperfect construction caused them to deteriorate so rapidly that they were broken up in 1874, and five others, with the same names, and the *Puritan*, of greater size, were laid down.

In addition to the wooden sloops of the *Hartford*, *Kearsarge*, and *Ticonderoga* classes, several special types were produced between 1861 and 1865, such as the screw gun-boats and the paddle-wheeled double-ender, for service in shoal water and narrow rivers, and the large, beautifully modelled fast cruisers of the *Wampanoag* type. These ships were intended to capture rovers like the *Alabama* and *Sumter*, and, should the necessity arise, to destroy the sea-borne commerce of powers unfriendly as England and France proved to be. They were expected to attain a speed of 17 knots, and to have a coal endurance of 5600 miles at 10 knots; but their batteries were not commensurately powerful, as the cruisers were designed to engage not formidable battle ships, but the average war vessel only. The *Wampanoag* made, in February, 1868, 16.6 knots for 38 hours, and attained a maximum of 17.75 knots; none of the others did as well, and as all were built of wood, their careers—the *Tennessee's* alone excepted—soon ended ingloriously and unprofitably. Foreigners were glad, however, to imitate them, and BRASSEY acknowledges that they introduced the era of fast cruisers.

IV.

For the twenty years succeeding the war this country built nothing but wooden ships, except two small vessels of the *Alert* class, and the two gun-boats *Intrepid* and *Alarm*. Millions were wasted in wood-butchering rotten hulls, in reproducing obsolete types, and in tinkering at makeshift guns. "In March, 1885," asserts Secretary WHITNEY, in his report for this year, "the United States had no vessel of war which could have kept the sea for one week against any first-rate naval power, and was dependent upon English manufacturers for the forgings of guns, for armor, and for secondary batteries."

What is our present condition?

For the new navy there are afloat, building, or authorized to be built, nine armored and twenty-two unarmored vessels; and these twenty-two are the direct productions of this administration. In the armored class are included one steel battle ship, the *Texas;* two steel cruisers, the *Maine*, and one yet unnamed; five iron monitors, the *Puritan*, *Terror*, *Miantonomoh*, *Amphitrite*, and *Monadnock;* and one steel coast-defender of the latest type. In the unarmored class, all steel, are eleven protected cruisers—the *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Chicago*, *Charleston*, *Baltimore*, *Newark*, *Philadelphia*, *San Francisco*, and three others yet unnamed; five cruisers—the *Concord*, *Bennington*, and three others; two gun-boats—the *Yorktown* and *Petrel;* one practice cruiser, one despatch vessel, the *Dolphin*, one dynamite cruiser, the *Vesuvius*, and one first-class torpedo-boat.

Notwithstanding the enormous progress made abroad, the five monitors designed in 1875 were the only ships under construction in the armored class when the new administration came into power. Work upon these had crawled lazily, a fictitious eagerness appearing occasionally when appropriations were to be shaped; their machinery "was at least a quarter of a century behind the age," and their completion was recommended solely as a choice of evils, the question presented being whether the several millions already spent should be thrown away, or whether the balance to finish them should be appropriated. But beyond their condition was a greater, a farther-reaching evil, inasmuch as all the armor plating and gun-forgings had to be bought abroad. Strange as it seems now, in the light of our splendid success, this country, with its enormous resources and its native ingenuity and enterprise, was then wholly dependent in the present and future upon alien manufacturers for plates and guns. Recognizing the vital importance of producing at home the common necessities of national defence, President CLEVELAND and Secretary WHITNEY adopted, in the face of bitter opposition, and pursued despite ignorant abuse, a policy which within a year will make us independent of the world. Their first efforts were directed to the establishment of the industries which would produce armor and gun ingots, and to this end they discontinued the purchase abroad of all such materials not already contracted for, and allowed the wants of the Navy Department to accumulate until a reasonable order could be offered for the competition of domestic manufacturers. What is more, they hedged this competition about with the condition that the successful bidder would guarantee to create a plant adequate to the manufacture of steel which would equal the highest standard abroad. The Bethlehem Iron Company of Pennsylvania, the lowest competitor, all things reasonably considered, accepted the terms, and guaranteed in June, 1887, "that within two and one-half years from the date of the contract this country would have within its borders a plant equal to, and probably the superior of, any in the world for the production of armor and the forgings for high-powered guns. This, in the judgment of the Department," adds Mr. WHITNEY, "must be deemed to have been the first important step toward the creation of a navy modern in character."

It will be impossible within the limits of this article to do more than refer in the briefest manner to these ships, for the new navy really needs a supplement to itself. Should, however, the variations in type seem to indicate an unsettled purpose, a hesitancy as to what is best, it must be remembered that naval warfare is necessarily so eclectic that there must be different tools for the variant work to be done, and that there is no one ship suited to all the emergencies which may arise. Each nation must put afloat a force fitted to its environment, though, withal, coast defence is the first essential; and this—beyond the fogs, beyond the windy phrases of specially interested corps—this is primarily, and almost entirely, maritime. For this duty there must be ready on the outer line battle ships and scouting cruisers; then rams, torpedo vessels, and gun-boats; next, heavily armored, heavily armamented harbor-defence craft, and minor torpedo and submarine boats; and finally land fortifications, submerged mines, and floating obstructions. But besides this main duty, which nearly all the great countries intrust entirely to their navies, other demands are made upon the service, and there must be other armored cruisers to fight battles on the high seas, and protected cruisers to destroy an enemy's commerce and capture his commerce-destroyers, to protect the trade highways, and to guard coaling and refitting stations. For all these auxiliary duties except the first, where great gun-power, handiness, and habitability are specially requisite, speed is the most important characteristic, and as these ships cannot afford to sacrifice their gun weights nor run the chance of disablement by insufficient machinery weights, the two must be reconciled by putting them afloat in relatively large displacements.

So far as our own contributions to this modern scheme go, the new ships may be briefly described, even at the certainty of doing their designers an injustice. The *Texas*, for example, is a battle ship of 6300 tons displacement at a mean draught of 21 feet 5 inches. A belt of 12-inch steel armor extends along the water-line in the wake of the engines, boilers, and magazines, and is joined at each end by a transverse V-shaped bulkhead six inches thick. An armored redoubt runs diagonally across the main-deck, enclosing the bases of two turrets which are placed on opposite sides, the port one forward, the starboard aft; the redoubt, turrets, and conning tower are protected by steel armor twelve inches thick. Throughout the ship extends a thick protective deck of steel. The main battery consists of two 12-inch breech-loading rifles, one in each turret, and of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; there is a powerful secondary battery of rapid-fire and machine guns, and four torpedo-launching tubes. Two triple-expansion engines drive twin screws, and are expected to develop, with forced draft, 8600 horse-power and a speed of 17 knots; the total coal capacity, 950 tons, will give a coal endurance of 8592 miles at 10 knots. Some discrepancies have been discovered between the original plans and the working drawings submitted by Mr. JOHN, her designer, and it is proposed to make definite changes.

The armored cruiser *Maine*, now building at the Navy-Yard, Brooklyn, displaces 6648 tons at 21 feet 5 inches mean draught. A steel armor belt eleven inches thick at the water-line and 180 feet long covers the vitals, its ends being joined by a transverse bulkhead six inches thick. As in the *Texas*, a protective deck covers the whole ship, curving forward into a ram and dipping aft to protect the steering gear. The armament consists of four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, pair-mounted in the echeloned turrets; of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles, and of a powerful secondary battery, and seven torpedo tubes. The total coal capacity is 882 tons, and the vertical triple-expansion engines will drive twin screws and develop 8750 horse-power and 17 knots. At 10 knots the coal endurance will be 7000 miles. The *Puritan* is of 6000 tons, and the other monitors of 3815 tons displacement; the former has upon the sides 12 inches, the latter 7, and all carry 11½ inches on the turrets; this armor is compound—iron steel-faced. Each vessel will carry two 10-inch breech-loading rifles in each turret, and good secondary batteries. The new coast-defence ship is of 4000 tons displacement, has 16 inches of steel armor on her sides and turrets, and 14 inches on the barbettes. Her armament is composed of one 16-inch and one 12-inch breech-loading rifle, one 15-inch dynamite gun, and a secondary battery, which includes six 43-pounder rapid-fire guns.

The unarmored class may be roughly divided into four classes: 1st, the protected cruisers; 2d, the cruisers; 3d, the gun-boats; 4th, the auxiliaries—this last embracing the dynamite cruiser, despatch vessel, and torpedo-boat. The *Chicago*, *Boston*, and *Atlanta* are already well known, for, with the *Dolphin*, they were the outcomes of the report made by the first Advisory Board in 1881. They were authorized in 1883, and so far as tested have proved themselves notable additions to our fleet. They are fast, well-armed, and efficient. In 1887 the *Charleston*, *Baltimore*, and *Newark* were laid down, and their performances are awaited with keen interest. So far as intelligent direction can go, they ought to be unsurpassed by any other ships in the world. The *Charleston*, lately launched at San Francisco, is a reproduction of the Japanese *Nani-wa-kan*, which realized greater speed over the measured mile than ever before attained by any craft of her size or class. She is a central superstructured ship of 3700 tons displacement, and is expected to develop 7520 horse-power and 19 knots. Her armament consists of two 8-inch breech-loading rifles, disposed one forward and one aft on the longitudinal midship line; of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles in broadside, and of a fine secondary battery, and four torpedo tubes. She has coal protection, minute subdivision below, and a stout protective deck. The *Baltimore* is a high freeboarded vessel, with a long forecastle and poop-deck, and is protected like the *Charleston*. The armament is composed of four 8-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted on either side of the poop and forecastle; of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles on broadside, and of a secondary battery, and five above-water torpedo-discharge tubes. She is of 4400 tons displacement, and her horizontal triple-expansion engines are expected to develop 10,750 horse-power and 17 knots. The *Newark's* battery consists of twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted on the spar-deck, and so disposed that direct bow and stern fire is obtained from four guns, and beam fire from six guns. The engines are expected to develop 8500 horse-power and 19 knots. The *Philadelphia* resembles the *Baltimore*, the *San Francisco* the *Charleston*, though both the later ships have their batteries better disposed, and are guaranteed, under penalty, to make 19 knots. The *Yorktown*, *Bennington*, and *Concord* are each of 1700 tons, and will mount six 6-inch guns; the *Petrel* is a smaller example of the same class; the *Vesuvius* is the dynamite cruiser which has just exceeded 20 knots; and the torpedo-boat is estimated to make 23 knots. The three new cruisers were authorized in September, 1888, and have not yet been designed.

Such, briefly, is the New Navy, and it is a simple matter of justice to confess that the credit of its creation is primarily due, not to Congress, which has acted most liberally in appropriations, nor to the press, nor to the public, but to the administration of President CLEVELAND.

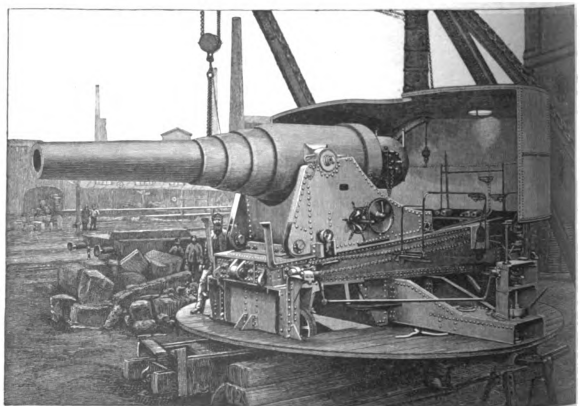
MODERN SHIPS OF WAR.

By Sir EDWARD J. REED, M.P., late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, and Rear-Admiral EDWARD SIMPSON, U. S. Naval Advisory Board. With Supplementary Chapters and Notes by Lieutenant J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U. S. Navy. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 50.

This is the most valuable contribution yet made to the popular literature of modern navies, and as such deserves the heartiest recognition by all who are interested in the vital question of national defence.....The whole country is indebted to the authors and to the publishers for a book on men-of-war that is without an equal.—*N. Y. Herald.*

There can scarcely be a more important book for Americans to study and consider. Besides the comprehensive view which it gives of the navies of the world, it brings its own challenge and warning to all thoughtful readers, whether as technical students or American citizens.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

It speaks with the authority of full knowledge of the subject.....A volume that should aid in reviving patriotic pride in our navy, and in strengthening the resolve that it be reconstructed on modern principles.—*The Watchman*, Boston.



From "Modern Ships of War." Copyright 1887 by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *The above work is for sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Digitized by Google Original from PENN STATE

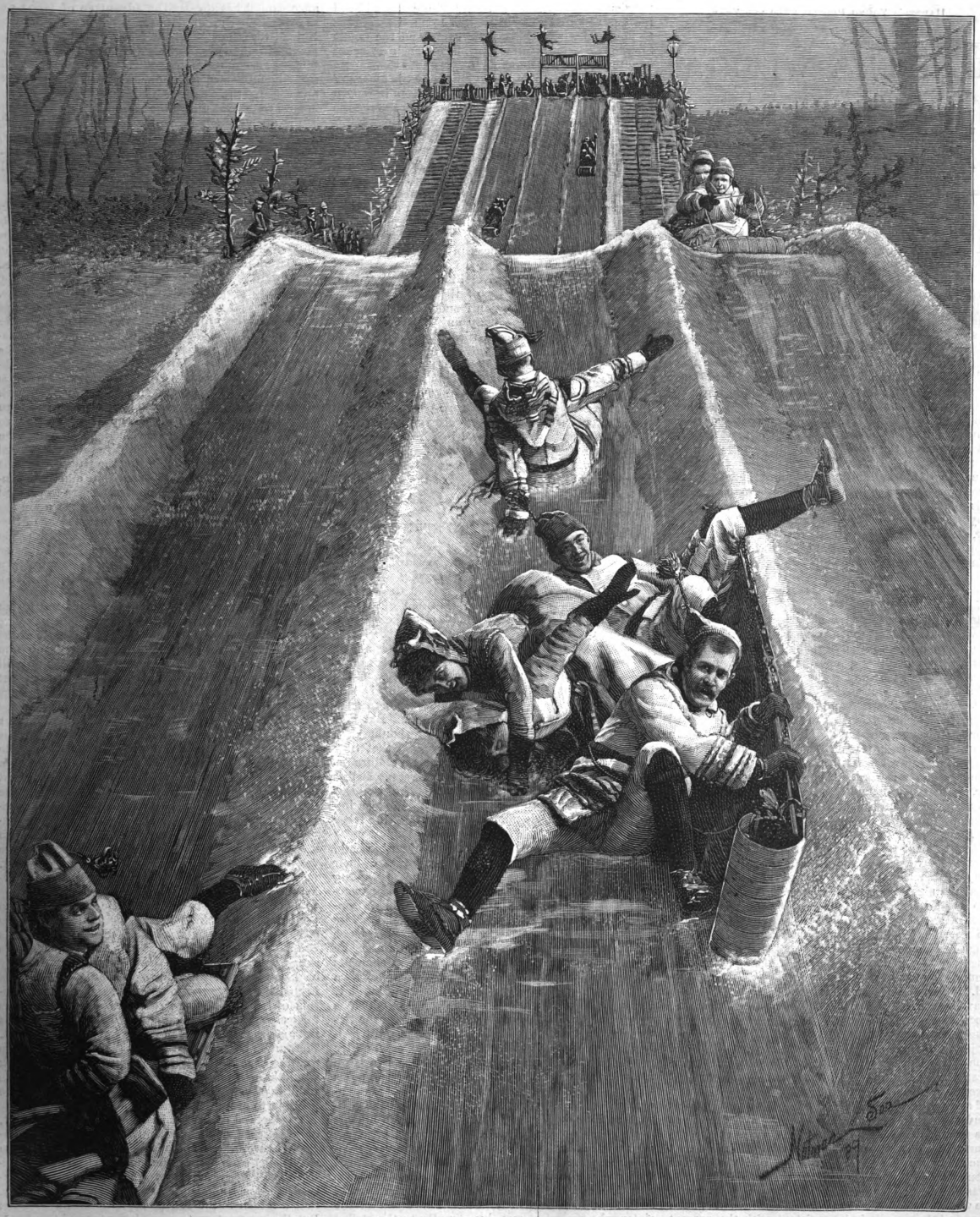
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1678. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



THE TOBOGGAN SPILL.—FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"It contains a rich and fascinating variety of reading, and a wealth of illustrations."—*Interior, Chicago.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for February 12th is a Valentine Number. It opens with a picture called "Love's Valentine," drawn by JESSIE SHEPHERD.

"Little Lady Betty's Valentine" is the title of a story by AGNES CARR SAGE, *with an illustration by* H. MCVICKAR. *"Where Cupid took his Valentine" is a poem with illustrations by* JESSIE MCDERMOTT.

The principal illustration is

LILACS,

AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.

MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK *contributes her second article on "Little Experiments," and* R. W. MCALPIN *has an interesting short paper called "An Hour with the A B C."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE CLAYTON MURDER.

IN the old days of the Ku-Klux in some of the Southern States the worst aspect of the situation was the apparent indifference or acquiescence of the more intelligent part of the community in such outrages and crimes. If we recall correctly the debate upon the Southern situation of that time between General GARFIELD and Mr. LAMAR in the House, this was one of the chief points that GARFIELD emphasized. There is, indeed, no surer test of humane civilization than the sensitiveness of a community to violations of law, and especially to atrocious crimes. But when the victims of such crimes are of a partially outlawed class or the especial friends of that class, and not the individual disorders to which every community is liable, the incident is of the utmost gravity. It was so with the whippings and hangings and murders of the Ku-Klux, and it is so with the recent assassination of JOHN M. CLAYTON in Arkansas. This was apparently a political murder of a man of whom his political opponent, the Governor of the State, says that he was of unquestioned integrity and honor, standing high in general estimation, and whose personal conduct could have given offence to no one. But the general feeling and prompt activity of the State authorities in regard to this atrocious murder show how great a change has occurred since the days of the Ku-Klux. The Democratic Governor of the State instantly offered the highest reward which the law authorized for the arrest of the murderer, and sent a message to the Legislature denouncing the murder as a revolting crime which would disgrace the name of the State and its administration of justice if suffered to go unpunished, speaking in the highest terms of Mr. CLAYTON, and recommending that the Governor be authorized to offer a suitable reward for the discovery of the criminal. The Legislature immediately empowered him to offer a reward of $5000, and several towns have subscribed to raise the amount of the reward. The press, like the Governor, has warmly denounced the crime, and the general sentiment would seem to be one of natural horror and indignation.

It is, however, asserted by the brothers of Mr. CLAYTON that no citizen of the town in which the murder occurred and no local officer of the law made any effort whatever to discover or arrest the assassin, that the sheriff declined to move in the matter, that no local reward for the discovery of the criminal was offered, and that in fact no measures were taken to show either the local indignation and shame at such a crime or a disposition for its proper punishment. This is almost incredible of any American community, and the story must not be readily accepted. It is the more singular because Arkansas papers have denounced the crime in unmeasured terms, and because considerations of mere expediency must have suggested that such indifference could not but deeply injure the local community and the State itself in the opinion of the Union and of all honorable American citizens. Political murders, of course, might occur in Maine or Minnesota. But local carelessness of such a murder and the failure of local magistrates and officers to take action in regard to it could not be true of those States. The significance of the circumstances as reported is enhanced by the fact that the local magistrates and officers and the citizens generally in the neighborhood where Mr. CLAYTON was murdered are all of the opposing party. It would be wiser to await the complete authentication of such a report, because it is inconsistent with the prompt action of the State authorities and with the expression of the general feeling. It is a matter of national concern that every incident which can be wrested for the purpose is now turned to inflame sectional feeling, and there is no doubt of the persistent force of that feeling. It is his perception of this fact which led to Mr. SCHURZ'S remark that one of the chief tactical mistakes of the tariff reformers in the late campaign was that of presenting as its chief advocates conspicuous Southern politicians, and Mr. MILLS recently said that the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND was perhaps chiefly due to the cry of rebel brigadiers. This feeling was apparent, under whatever forms of courtesy, in the recent tariff debate in the Senate.

This is a feeling which no patriotic and honorable man will inflame. The paramount duty of every good citizen is to resist in every fair way the spirit of mere sectionalism. But the combined efforts of Congress and stump-orators in this part of the country to kindle the fires of sectionalism are outdone by such a murder as that of Mr. CLAYTON and the alleged local indifference to it. The attempt of Republican organs to hold the whole Democratic party and the whole Southern community responsible for such an event is natural, as the Democratic organs hold the Republican party responsible for DUDLEY and his blocks of five. But the feeling which is not partisan in regard to such a local situation as is disclosed by the reports of the CLAYTON murder is one of which intelligent citizens of the Southern States should be made fully aware, and of which they should take close account. Certain things are impossible in truly American communities, and if anywhere they occur it is because such communities are not essentially American. The crimes of the Ku-Klux were in a certain sense natural, but only because the places in which they occurred were in a certain sense barbarized. Such crimes were not natural in civilized American communities. But their significance need not be exaggerated. The whole West and Northern civilization are not held responsible for the crimes of the frontier and the mining camps, or for election frauds in Ohio or Indiana, and it is not only grossly unjust, but absurd, to stigmatize the whole Democratic party and the whole "South" as practically conniving at crime because of a local indifference to a political murder, especially in view of the fact that the State and its authorized representatives are not only not indifferent, but have moved at once, as New York or Massachusetts would have moved under similar circumstances. The crime is atrocious, and the local indifference, if true, is deplorable. But the signal and suggestive change in the general tone of Southern comment and conduct upon such events since the days of the Ku-Klux is undeniable.

THE MORAL OF THE STRIKE.

THE recent strike of the street railroads in New York ended, as usual, by the strikers asking to be restored to work. The loss in money to them as a body is calculated to have been $100,000, to the companies twice as much, and to the business of the city a very large amount. As usual, also, the strikers have been the chief sufferers, and as the suffering is largely due to ignorance and timidity, there is a very sincere sympathy for those who are the victims, not of baffled mischief, but of their own folly. Great numbers of wage laborers are bullied into yielding implicit obedience to executive committees and leaders. Of course they ought not to yield. But it is not surprising that individually they should yield rather than suffer the consequences, and that they should join the organizations rather than endure organized hostility. But the moral of recent strikes is so plain and so strongly pointed out by the press that it is reasonable to believe that gradually an impression will be made upon the members of the labor associations.

Public opinion is not, as they seem often to think, indifferent to their wrongs, but it is impatient of their servility to adventurers who trade upon misleading them into disturbing the public peace. A plain statement of grievances, and of the failure of the reasonable adjustment of them with employers, followed by a strike under circumstances where it could be made effective, and a vigilant protection of public order by the strikers themselves against the lawless elements of the population, which are sure to be excited by a strike, would command public attention and inquiry. But a belligerent attitude of the strikers, which is very common, and an evident reliance upon the terrorism of disorder and riot, instantly and most justly arouse the civilized instincts of the community against the whole movement. It is because a large strike has been permitted to become synonymous with riot that, when it begins, public feeling is generally hostile. During the recent trouble the attitude and conduct of the police were in the highest degree heroic and admirable. They bore themselves with equanimity, courage, and discretion in very critical circumstances, and the one fatal shot that was fired by them was completely justified by the dangerous situation, and the incident should open the eyes of strikers to their responsibilities. The death of the rioter who was shot was due directly to the strike. Whether he was a striker or only a rioter is of no importance. He was a leader of a mob and a riot which were the result of the strike, and those who obeyed the commands of leaders and committees who ordered them "out" are morally responsible for the catastrophe.

Railroad employés have an undoubted right to work upon terms acceptable to them, and any number of them may announce as a body what those terms are. But no man has a right to break his word, to recede from his engagements, or to coerce the equal rights of others. This is equally true of employers and employed. It is indeed the most familiar and elementary principle of the relations between the two, but it is evident that it needs to be constantly reiterated and emphasized. The tyranny which is revealed in the methods and management of many strikes and of many labor organizations is in kind and degree not less than that of corporations and combined employers. It is undoubtedly true that in a trial of endurance capital has greatly the advantage of labor, and that generally the employé seems to be the under dog. But this does not affect the fact that habitual incitement of public disorder as a remedy for actual or fancied grievances is an intolerable abuse in a civilized community, which at once arrays the intelligence and force of the community against it, and that force is sure to prevail unless the community is in decay. These are very simple truths, but they are signally illustrated by the latest strike, and they are worthy the careful consideration of all who are ordered out.

CONVICT LABOR.

THE New York Assembly Committee on Prisons has been hearing arguments and views upon the subject of convict labor, and upon no subject are simple and sensible views more needed. Our recent prison legislation has been determined, not by careful regard to the welfare of the prisons and the prisoners, but by a desire to propitiate what is called the labor vote. Whatever that vote may be, the interest of the wage earners in the prison question is that of all other reputable citizens. The true object of penal legislation is prevention of crime by the reformation of the convict, and by the deterrent consequences of punishment. The mere money expense of a penal system is imperfectly apprehended. In the city of New York alone the cost of the police and the courts is more than six millions of dollars a year, and the greater portion of this expense is for the detection and conviction of criminals. Besides this there are to be considered the value of the time of jurors, the payment of the criminals' counsel, and the provision and maintenance of prisons and reformatories. Thus to prevent crime is not only to confer a moral benefit upon the community, but greatly to lessen the burdens of taxation. These burdens are shared by every man who earns his own living, and it is plainly just that so far as practicable the convict should pay by his own labor for his support, and not increase, further than can be avoided, the taxation of honest citizens.

It is therefore simply just to the community that the convict should be employed in some productive labor: for two reasons, one to relieve the State of the expense of his support, and the other to teach him habits of industry, and impart the skill which will enable him upon leaving prison honestly to support himself. This is made practicable by the average age of convicts, of whom more than fifty per cent. in the State of New York in 1887 were under thirty years of age when convicted. Every criminal raised to the self-supporting class will save thousands of dollars to the State, and for the moral and physical condition which makes a convict capable of the desire of honest self-support employment is indispensable, and the employment should be of a kind which should reimburse the community for the expense which he imposes upon it. His labor, of course, competes with labor of the same kind outside of the prison. If he works upon the roads or makes shoes or clothing, whether for State institutions or for the general market, he competes with others who might do the same work. He might be put upon the tread-mill or to useless employment, but that would fail to secure either of the objects for which his employment is necessary. It would neither help pay the cost of his support nor train him to the wish or to the capacity of honest work. His idleness would burden and injure the community much more than the competition of his labor, and to reduce that competition as far as possible his labor should be so diversified as not materially to affect the price in the open market. The danger of this result is greatly exaggerated. The number of prisoners engaged in any branch of work would be always a very small percentage to the whole number of workers in it. In 1887 there was but one prisoner to every 1697 persons in the State.

The method of convict industry, whether contract, or piece price, or State account, is a matter to be considered carefully. There is a division of views upon the subject even among the most intelligent authorities. The Prison Inspectors of Minnesota have recently decided, after general inquiry in different States, that a return to the contract system would be wise. But the contract system requires very stringent regulation or it will inevitably defeat one of the chief

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

objects of convict employment—the moral improvement of the convict. The system as formerly practised in this State was severely condemned by the most unselfish and able experts. But whatever method may be adopted can be guarded properly. The important point is to consider the public welfare and the advantage of the prisoner, both of which demand productive labor, and this being settled, to arrange the best conditions. This is something which certainly will not be accomplished properly by politicians mainly intent upon promoting their own interests by conciliating a particular vote.

PUBLIC PAYMENT FOR PRIVATE SERVICE.

A RECENT newspaper letter from Albany remarked that Governor HILL finds himself much bothered by the fact that many State officers whom he appointed in compliment to Governor CLEVELAND do not resign to allow him to pay certain political debts incurred in the late campaign. This is a droll view of public office and of Executive responsibility. It assumes that the constitutional power of appointment is a personal perquisite of the Governor, which he may exercise to pay his personal debts. If a man has run the Governor's errands during the campaign and worked hard for his election, the Governor, when elected, may pay for the personal service out of the public treasury, and assign the man to a public duty, not because he is fit for it, but because he has been useful to the Governor.

This is called the spoils system because it turns a public trust into a private reward. It is upon this theory of paying private debts by the exercise of the appointing power that the writer of the MURCHISON letter—one of the meanest and most dastardly tricks ever played in the interest of a political candidate—is urged upon the President-elect as a suitable person to be rewarded with a public office. It is upon the same theory that raising large sums of money for campaign expenses is held to create the strongest claim to a place.

All this is merely buying and selling the public service under the plea of satisfying private obligations. It is a most insidious and fatal form of corruption, which is now by common consent one of the most menacing of perils. Civil service reform is an active protest against every form of the evil, and it offers a remedy which will tend largely to baffle it. There is nothing more absurd than the assertion that this business of paying personal debts with public trusts is peculiarly American. Nothing is so American as equal rights and fair play, and nothing is more radically and completely un-American than the notion that a public trust may be conferred by a public agent as a reward for his private service.

THE CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

THE request of Mayor GRANT for the resignation of the Supervisory Board of the Municipal Civil Service shows, of course, a misconception of the nature and function of such a board. It is in no sense a partisan or political body, nor does it sustain any personal relation to the Mayor. It is a committee which supervises the examinations for appointment in the municipal service, and one of its chief functions is to prevent any kind of personal or political or partisan interference with such appointments, which under the law are to be made upon merit ascertained by legal methods. It is consequently a board whose tenure should not depend upon the term of the Mayor, as if it were in some sense an official agency of his. It serves without compensation, recommends to the Mayor such changes in the rules as seem desirable, and it submits to him eligible lists. But a certain stability in the board is essential to secure the most efficient service.

The late board was appointed, we believe, by Mayor EDSON. It was composed of gentlemen especially interested in the reformed system, which they have thoroughly and effectively organized in the municipal service. Whoever their successors may be, they cannot surpass the retiring members in the qualifications which are indispensable for the proper discharge of the duties of the office.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S PLANS.

THE proposed return of President CLEVELAND to the practice of his profession in New York will be an event of especial significance as answering the question to which Governor HILL proposed a very different answer in his late message, What shall an ex-President do? The question has been constantly answered by the conduct of the citizens who have retired from the great office of the Presidency. But the public feeling that some peculiar provision should be made for them has not been wholly satisfied. Governor HILL's proposition to make them Life Senators was grotesque, and the obvious objections were conclusive.

Usually the American President at the close of his term has become a sage. Like Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE at Sheen, he has been supposed to be peacefully cultivating cabbages upon his country estate, and watching with tranquil wisdom the great procession of public events. When he has been a conspicuous leader of his party he has been consulted as an oracle, and his counsel has been often timely and wise. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was the only ex-President who returned to a prominent and historic part in public life. ANDREW JOHNSON'S return to the Senate was unimportant, and MARTIN VAN BUREN'S nomination as the Free-Soil candidate for the Presidency lost all its lustre from his subsequent course.

Every American may well rejoice that the first century of constitutional government ends without record of a President whose private character could be justly assailed. There have been very different degrees of ability, of education, and of refinement in the tenants of the White House, but their personal character has been pure. Mr. MCCULLOCH, in his delightful and valuable autobiography, dissipates the unpleasant stories of ANDREW JOHNSON'S habits, which were apparently, but as Mr. MCCULLOCH says incorrectly, justified by the occasional intemperance of his public speech. President CLEVELAND has added to the annals of the Executive Mansion a distinctive and admirable personality, which will be honorably remembered, and his return to the active practice of his profession, although the natural and obvious course of an American citizen who has been called for a season to fill any great office, will be a spectacle as edifying as the retirement of JOHN ADAMS to Quincy, or of THOMAS JEFFERSON to Monticello.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE power of one member of the House of Representatives to arrest the course of the public business, and under the curious complications of the rules to defeat the passage of measures which are known to be approved by a majority of the House, has been illustrated by the action of Mr. WEAVER and of Mr. PAYSON during the present session. This obstruction is a very serious evil, and it is one to which the House ought not to submit. Mr. PAYSON'S course taken to defeat one bill has imperilled the passage of another—the international copyright bill—which has been already passed by the Senate after a very full debate, and no measure of the kind has ever been more thoroughly discussed by the press.

There is seldom a measure involving many apparently conflicting interests upon which all those interests are agreed as upon this bill. It is the result of great consideration and comparison of views, of generous concession, and of sterling good sense. It is not perhaps altogether what any one of those most interested would have preferred, but it is what was practicable amid conflicting views. It is the first time that the movement for an international copyright has enlisted the combined support of all interests, and it may be truly said that the only opponents of this moderate and reasonable measure are those who wish to prey upon authors undisturbed. The allegation that it would make dear reading and impose a tax upon education is ludicrous as a plea from those who are pleading that their appropriations of books shall be allowed to continue, and it has been shown to be unfounded.

The letter upon the subject signed "An English Author" which was printed lately in the London *Times* contains one remark which is very suggestive. The argument of the letter is that "America is the great market for books, and as cheap books are inevitable, all the great English publishers will transfer their business to New York, the American literary journals will gain greater weight than the English and take precedence of them," and lastly, "books will be written to suit the American rather than the English taste." But if a national taste and mental views and habits are largely influenced by the distinctive national character of the literature of the people, the argument gains great force that the present want of an international copyright, by paralyzing American literary production and supplying the demand with English works, tends to mould the American mind by English influences. There can easily be much extravagance in the statement of such a view, but it has a certain truth, and it has evidently suggested itself to "An English Author." The friendly disposition of Congress is now so well assured that any fatal obstruction to the passage of the bill would be a great misfortune.

"THE THUNDERER" ON THE VOTING OF WOMEN.

LORD SALISBURY'S recent declaration in favor of the suffrage of women brought an answer from GOLDWIN SMITH to the London *Times*, which produced a rejoinder from Mrs. FAWCETT, to which the *Times* editorially replied. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S postulate as incapacitating women, apart from other considerations, is that "law rests at bottom upon force, and force is rule." This proposition Mrs. FAWCETT does not dispute, and the *Times* accepts. The *Times's* argument is that the question is wholly one of expediency, that the emotional element in male suffrage is already dangerously large, and the admission of women to the suffrage would enormously increase it, without any counterpoise.

Mrs. FAWCETT answers the argument that every Irish woman would vote by saying that there would be the same qualification for women as for men, and the addition of Irish women would be only twelve per cent. of the present electorate. The *Times* replies that the tendency is to simple manhood suffrage, and that would mean equally the voting of all women. Mrs. FAWCETT points to the voting of women at municipal elections. The *Times* retorts that municipal management and the power over imperial policy are absolutely different, and that to cite, as even such a woman as Mrs. FAWCETT does, the voting in the Isle of Man as if it offered the least analogy to power over the British Empire, is to show a woman's want of practical grasp of facts, which would be shown in much more mischievous forms if women should be enfranchised. There is, however, nothing in the *Times's* reasoning that would not be equally pertinent to any enlargement of the suffrage. It admits at the outset that the feminine element already votes in the persons of great numbers of men, and its tacit assumption that all women would be as inept and emotional as weak men cannot be maintained, and with that its argument falls.

It is interesting that at the moment when the Prime-Minister and the Thunderer and its eminent correspondents of both sexes are discussing the question, a little pamphlet is put forth by Mr. HAMILTON WILLCOX, one of the most devoted advocates of the cause in this country, to show that in 109 states, territories, and provinces in every part of the world women vote under certain conditions, and thus, as he contends, the theory that womanhood is a proper bar to the privilege of suffrage is rejected by communities whose extent, as he sets forth in detail, is over 15,000,000 of square miles, and whose population is nearly 300,000,000. This is a very ingenious and impressive way of putting it. But the fact of the voting of women in Amoor, in Croatia, in Styria, Tomsk, and West Russia, while it certainly shows that to a certain form of suffrage their sex is no bar, hardly shows anything in favor of the practical value to good government of their vote. This, however, was not Mr. WILLCOX'S purpose in his pamphlet, which is a monument of patient research.

PERSONAL.

REV. Dr. ROBERT COLLYER has given to Cornell University the bell which was in use when, as a boy, he worked in a factory at Fewston, Yorkshire. It was sent to him by a friend in the Leeds Town Council. In the letter of presentation he says, "It was the factory bell which rang me out of bed between 1831 and 1838, and set me to work at 6 o'clock in the morning, and then rang me out at 8 P.M., allowing us an hour at noon to breathe and get our dinner, and that was all." Dr. COLLYER vouches for it as having "the most infernal clang in all the world to me," and says he has no choice as to its special use.

—A year ago Mrs. M. E. Dow, of Dover, New Hampshire, bought up enough of the stock of the local horse-railroad company to have herself elected president and save the property from a Boston syndicate, which was fishing for it. The road was in debt, and paid only five per cent., while neither stockholders nor patrons were satisfied with its condition. Within the year Mrs. Dow has improved the facilities of the road greatly, paid off part of the debt, laid aside a snug surplus, and declared an eleven per cent. dividend. While a girl Mrs. Dow helped her father to manage his farm, and circumstances, aided by natural ability, have since made her a good business woman. She is also a skilled housewife and a judicious mother, an accomplished lady, a good shot with a gun and pistol, a fine swimmer, and the possessor of property worth $200,000. Her present husband is her second.

—Mrs. AMY KIRBY POST, a pioneer among woman suffragists and antislavery agitators and a well-known philanthropist, died recently at Rochester, aged eighty-seven years. She was a famous conductor on the underground railroad, and is said to have had thirteen runaway slaves concealed in her cellar at one time. Mrs. POST interested herself in the Indians and in all movements for the improvement of their condition. Late in life she became a strong believer in spiritualism.

—Major BIGGS, recently elected to Congress from the second California district, was a 'forty-niner and a sheriff in stirring frontier times when desperadoes were given short shrift. He paid the California Secretary of State $5 for having his election certified to, and started for Washington, but when his certificate arrived, and he was asked to pay $6 more for express and other charges, he declined to receive the paper. He says: "This business of being a Congressman is not worth paying $11 for. I thought it was dear when I put up the $5, and I'll stay out of the next Congress before I'll put up the other $6."

—A royal Egyptian mummy landed at Marseilles, France, the other day was taxed the usual duty on dried fish, no scale for preserved Pharaohs being known to the customs officials.

—The old ladies of Nantucket are exceedingly spry, if one may believe the report that at a recent evening gathering on the island one of them, aged ninety-two, played the piano accompaniment, while another, aged eighty-five, danced.

—HENRY O. TIFT, who died the other day at Newport, Rhode Island, was called the oldest employé of the customs service. He was appointed over sixty-three years ago.

—An eccentric bachelor and school-master, WILLIAM W. MERRIAM, dropped dead while addressing a class of boys at Springs, near Riverhead, Long Island, recently. He was the son of one of the original firm of publishers of Webster's Dictionary at Springfield, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Williams College. His estate of about $85,000 was willed to the United States government, but Mr. MERRIAM had expressed the intention of changing the bequest if Mr. BLAINE was not made Secretary of State.

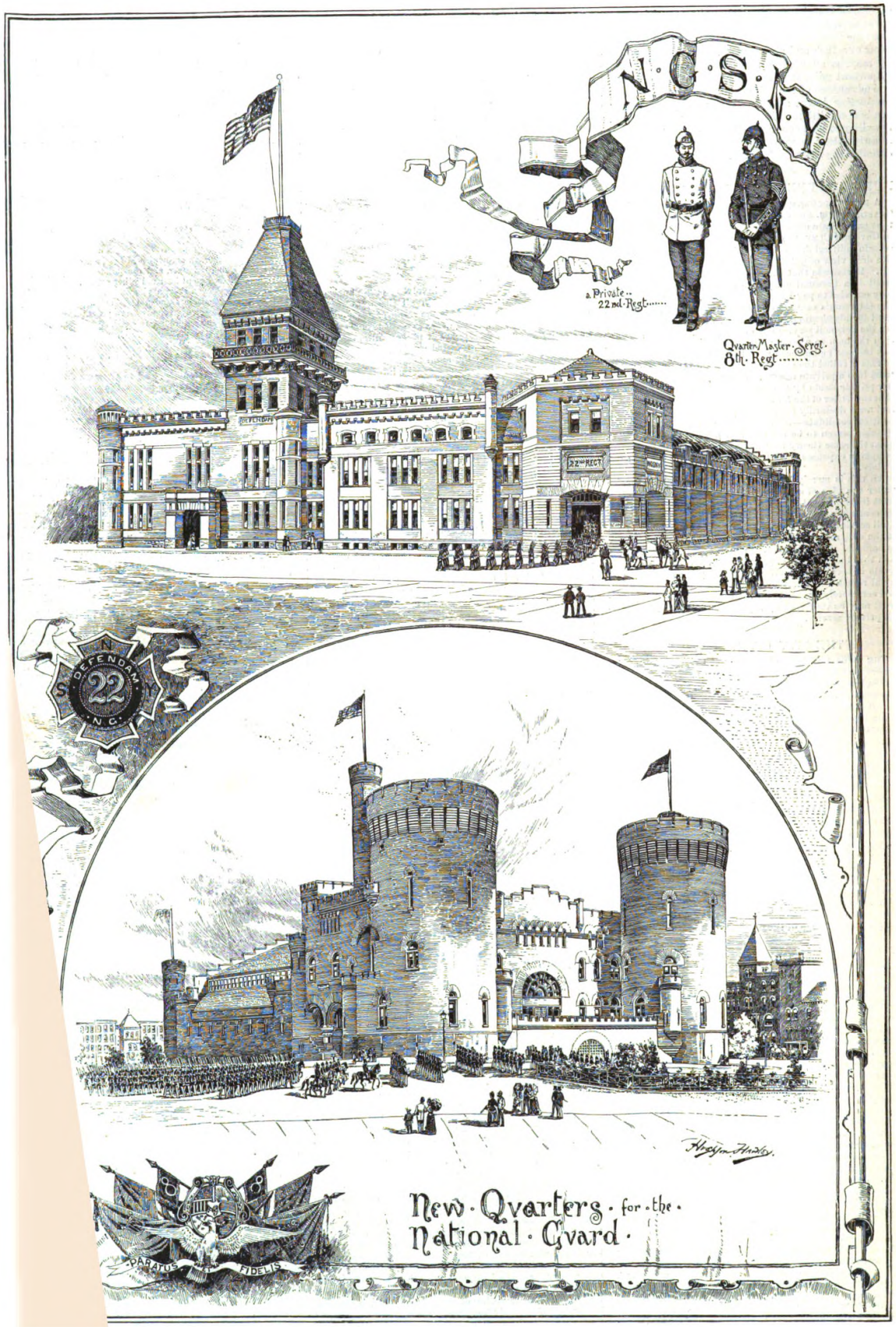
—The late EUGENE IRVING WETHERELL, the husband of EMMA ABBOTT, first saw the singer when, as the travelling salesman of a drug firm, he was forced to spend a night in a country town, and went to the school-house to hear a musical entertainment. The principal performer was Miss ABBOTT, who was working her way to New York to obtain a musical education. She sold her magnificent head of hair to meet first expenses, and then with her father, the keeper of a small music store at Peoria, Illinois, started for the metropolis, giving concerts on the way wherever opportunity offered. Mr. WETHERELL afterward met Miss ABBOTT when she was singing in Rev. Dr. CHAPIN'S church in this city, and so interested some rich men in her that they sent her to Europe, where she afterward became the protégée of the Baroness ROTHSCHILD. The couple were married in London fifteen years ago, and when Miss ABBOTT returned to this country WETHERELL became her business manager. He was most honorable in all his transactions, and met with great financial success. He left a fortune estimated at over $1,000,000.

—Professor S. A. MAXWELL, of Rock Falls, Illinois, was probably the first to publish in a popular way the discovery that tornadoes form on the south side of a storm centre. In an article published in May, 1881, he emphasized the like conclusion reached before by Lieutenant FINLEY in the reports of the Chief Signal Officer. The formation of most tornadoes in the southeast quadrant of a storm area was first mentioned by Lieutenant FINLEY in January, 1881, but owing to a misprint it did not appear correctly until July of that year. Professor MAXWELL is entitled to honorable mention for having placed before the public at an early date the first step in this great discovery, by means of which loss of life will in time be lessened, owing to correct tornado prediction.

—Rev. Father AUGUSTUS TOLTON, pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Quincy, Illinois, is the only colored Catholic priest in the United States. He is thirty-three years old, and was born a slave on STEPHEN ELLIOTT'S plantation, in Ralls County, Missouri. At the beginning of the war his parents escaped with their three children to Hannibal, and after varied and exciting experiences reached Quincy. The death of his father forced young TOLTON to begin early to earn his own living, which he did by working at different times in a tobacco factory, a collar-making establishment, and a spruce-beer bottling place. All his spare moments were spent in obtaining an education, the Franciscan monks at Quincy assisting him materially, and his preparation for the priesthood was completed by several years of study at Rome.

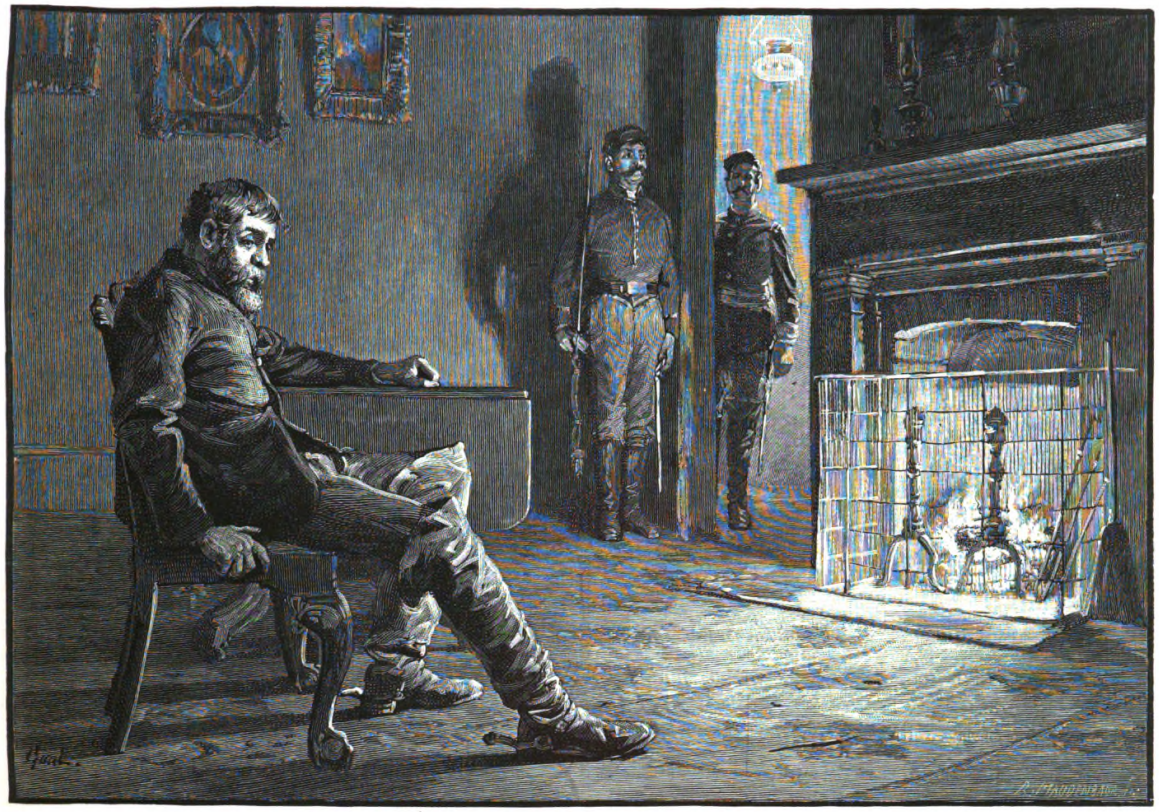
—One of the most celebrated oaks in the State noted for its historic trees has fallen a victim to the vandal's axe at Woodbridge, Connecticut. The Quinnepiac oak, as it was known, was considered by Professor DANIEL C. EATON, the Yale College botanist, to be the oldest tree on the Atlantic coast. He placed its age at from fifteen hundred to two thousand years, while OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and Professor ABBOTT, of New York, respectively pronounced it eighteen hundred and two thousand years old. The circumference of the tree was over twenty-seven feet, and the diameter of the space covered by its branches ninety-three feet. It stood on the hills of Woodbridge, and could be seen for miles around. From its branches the regicides GOFFE, WHALLEY, and DIXWELL kept a lookout upon their pursuers, a twig from it made the whip with which HUMPHREY NORTON was punished for harboring a Quaker, General LAFAYETTE and other officers of WASHINGTON'S army once rested under its spreading shade while on the march, and a visit to the tree by WOODWORTH is said to have inspired the poem "The Old Oaken Bucket." Twice within the last half-century the oak was ransomed from destruction by the payment of money to its owners, and in 1882 ex-Governor ENGLISH offered $200 for the tree and the land on which it stood, intending to enclose it with an iron fence, but $400 was demanded, and the matter was dropped. The wood of the oak has now been purchased by prominent men, and will be preserved in the shape of chairs and other useful articles.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



NEW ARMORIES FOR THE EIGHTH AND TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENTS, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 127.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"WHEN THE ADJUTANT RETURNED AT THE APPOINTED TIME HE FOUND THE VIRGINIAN SEATED AT A LITTLE WOODEN TABLE."

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XXII.

DESPITE the vigor of his actions as temporary commander of the district, "old Van Duzen" was a sorely perturbed official. Some one had succeeded in arousing in his mind grave distrust as to the security of his position. Mosby, it is true, had scampered away to the Shenandoah, and was frequently heard of at various points along that beautiful valley. Graham, with three regiments, had given chase, and was now separated by many a long mile from the inexperienced soldier whose years had pointed him out as a good man to leave behind when rapid marching was expected of the column, and whose prominence in politics gave him, supposably, some qualifications as a manager of local affairs. It was by no means a turbulent neighborhood. All the people who had elsewhere to go had long since left so dangerous a field as that which lay subject to incessant incursions from troopers of the opposing forces. Most of the little towns were wellnigh depopulated. Few of the farms had other tenants than the birds of the air. But what made the region full of wordless terrors to the old politician-colonel was the close proximity of the fords and bridges of the upper Rappahannock—only a long day's march away. Beyond them his scouts dare not venture, and who could say what that restless rider, Stuart, might not be doing on the southern shore? Night and day Van Duzen's dream was of a sudden rush past his outposts, and a furious descent upon his scantily garrisoned camp. He had pickets and outposts covering every road for miles to the south and east. He sent couriers every day to follow the Shenandoah column, and he besieged the War Department with despatches urging that he be strongly re-enforced. The country, he said, was full of spies. He had every reason to expect a dash of rebel cavalry any hour of the day or night. He was ready to fight to the last man, so he declared in ringing reports to an admiring constituency at home, but he urged his friends to urge their representatives at Washington to insist on his being instantly and greatly strengthened. By this time, as was well known at the War Department, Stuart was kept very busy along the lower Rappahannock watching the movements of Hooker's dragoons; but Van Duzen was one of those men who could hardly believe that the cause of the rebellion cherished one higher ambition than to capture and carry off to Richmond no less a personage than himself, and he would sooner be shot, he said, than fall into the hands of the Confederacy. Yet he enjoyed, after a way of his own, the prominence of his position. In the absence of news from other sources, the representatives of the press had no trouble in getting whole columns of sensation from his oracular lips. "Special correspondents" were easily obtainable among his henchmen, and the vehement and vigorous efforts of the gallant Colonel Van Duzen in the suppression of the rebellion were daily thrilling thousands and thousands of readers with reviving hope, and people were already wondering how long an ungrateful Administration would delay his promotion to a generalship; and Major Kearny had just marched across the Long Bridge with his new regiment when he was startled, and many a reader electrified, by the tidings that Colonel Van Duzen had captured within his lines, disguised as a Union scout and amply provided with authentic orders, credentials, etc., an officer holding confidential relations with General "Jeb" Stuart—"a distinguished scion of the F. F. V.'s"—Major Henry Armistead, of the Confederate Cavalry; and that it was probable that the fate of the spy, death by hanging, would be the penalty of his rashness before the setting of another sun. He had safely penetrated the lines, said this glowing account; had obtained most important information as to our forces, their numbers and position; and was just about returning when arrested by the vigilance and unerring judgment of Colonel Van Duzen. At first he stoutly maintained that he was what his papers represented him—a scout and Secret Service employé, but he was recognized at once by several "intelligent contrabands" who had known him for years, and when arrested was in the act of bidding farewell to his venerable father at his home near Hopewell Gap. The case against him was clear, and it was absolutely necessary, said the scribe, that a stern example be promptly made. Ample authority had already been given Colonel Van Duzen in the premises, and there could be no question that so fervent a patriot and sterling a soldier would do his full duty.

And so it happened that Kearny, miles away, and Westerlo, close at hand, were spurring that night to reach the scene before the fatal order could be carried into effect. Westerlo was on the spot and in presence of the district commander as the cavalry trumpets were sounding tattoo. Kearny was clattering through the streets of a wellnigh deserted village with an all-night ride before him. Few words were needed to gain the desired permission. His new colonel was an old soldier of the *ante bellum* days, who knew the story of his young major's rescue and preservation by that very family, who already half suspected that his heart was left behind him in the shadows of the Bull Run range, who had noted the eagerness with which he rode forth upon the well-remembered highway beyond Fort Runyon when they reached the "sacred soil" that morning, and who knew his suspicions were well grounded when at nightfall Kearny came to him, paper in hand, trembling at the lips with anxiety and emotion, to proffer his request to be allowed to push ahead without delay.

Meanwhile old Westerlo had lost no time. Briefly reporting to his superior the result of his observations during the day, he asked the honor of a private interview, and Van Duzen, hardly knowing what to make of the matter, acceded. He stood a little in awe of the educated soldier whom the fortunes of a war replete with oddest fortunes had thrown under his command.

"I hear from several sources as I return to camp," began Westerlo, the moment they were alone, "a strange story. Is it true, colonel, that our prisoner is recognized as Captain Armistead, the son of the poor old gentleman at Hopewell?"

"It is true, sir, beyond a doubt. His identity was discovered to us just after you left by a faithful colored man, and corroborated by several others. It is a most important arrest—a most important arrest. I telegraphed the news at once to Washington—at least, my adjutant assures me it went at once, and the line is fortunately up. They make no reply. It is evident they have full confidence in my ability and intention to carry out the custom of war in like cases."

"And, pardon me, you will wait no instructions?"

"I need none, sir," was the stately reply. "I know my duty—painful though it be. So flagrant a case, after all we have published as to our intentions, cannot be overlooked. Why, sir, it was sheer bravado—Southern braggadocio—that prompted that young coxcomb to dare me in this way. I have not a doubt, sir, he has seen my proclamation to the people of this district, and he and his fellow-rebels put up the scheme to make me a laughing-stock—a laughing-stock. He dared to ride clear through my lines, sir, and doubtless vaunted himself on the exploit, and now was going back, laughing in his sleeve at me, to bring Stuart and his whole force at his heels to drag us off to Libby. But I beat him at his own game, sir, and we'll see how he'll laugh to-morrow."

"You will hang him then, I judge?" said Westerlo, quietly.

"What else? What said our immortal Washington of André—'He was hanged as a spy'—did he not?"

"Words to that effect, colonel, as I remember; yet, was there not something else? 'He was tried as a spy.' Have you tried Captain Armistead?"

"*Cui bono*, Colonel Westerlo, *cui bono?* Why attempt to prove a self-evident proposition? What could be clearer than his case?"

"Colonel Van Duzen, I am too old a soldier to argue with my senior; I am too respectful to you, personally and officially, to venture a word of advice without your full consent and by your invitation. I have asked a private interview that no man might know I ventured to ask you, my commander, to consider one little point. Sir, while I have been a soldier from boyhood, humble and accustomed to obey, yours has been the proud gift to be a ruler of men, a swayer of the public mind. Yours is a name with which our State resounds; mine is known but as your loyal subordinate. I would not for one moment question your judgment in this most important matter. It is to present to you a phase of the question you cannot yet have heard that I am here—to ask it of you, not as a right, but as a favor."

Van Duzen was disarmed. The subtle tribute to his greatness was more than the statesman of the Susquehanna could withstand.

"Proceed, Colonel Westerlo," he answered, with becoming dignity, yet with softened manner. "I shall be glad of the counsel of so eminent a soldier."

"They tell me, colonel, he is to hang at sunrise. I question not that you are satisfied your authority is ample, and that the Government will interpose no orders or delays. I look upon you, indeed, as having final jurisdiction in the matter, and realize that the fate of this unhappy youth is solely in your hands. It is to you, therefore, I bring these papers, confided to me as a sacred charge, and ask your consideration of one point. He is here, this young rebel, in disguise and with false papers. This brings him within the penalties of your proclamation; and yet, if I prove to you he came not as a spy, but solely to pay a last visit, as he supposed, to a dying father, will it not induce you to defer his execution until another day, that he may see once more the dear ones of his home?"

"And meantime have Jeb Stuart rushing in and whisking the whole crowd of us off to Libby? Thank you, Colonel Westerlo; but delays are dangerous. I tell you, sir, this war has been conducted too long on the kid glove principle. The nation—the people—demand of us that we now take the bull of the rebellion by the horns and crush the viper to earth." (Van Duzen's metaphors, with his toddies, became mixed in equal proportions, and Westerlo looked anxiously around him, sure of seeing somewhere the demi-john of Monongahela which was an invariable accompaniment of his senior's campaigning.) "I conceive it to be my bounden duty to make an immediate and telling example of this case, and I have so decided."

"One moment more. Bear with me, my colonel," said the old trooper. "Last year a young officer of high connections and distinguished family was shot and captured while carrying despatches. Ah! You know the story. I will not weary your patience, sir. It was the father and the sister of this gentleman now your prisoner who braved the wrath of all Virginia, who sacrificed their social standing, who lost every friend they ever had in this community, to save that suffering comrade from a fate you declare to be worse than death. You know the circumstances,

* Begun in No. 1667.—Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

but you cannot know, as I do, the sorrows and the sufferings of these noble but most unfortunate people. Sir, the revered old Judge who so humanely gave Lieutenant Kearny the shelter of his name and fireside now lies at the door of death, heart-broken at the calamity that has befallen his only son. The fair, lovely daughter whose tender care nursed our Union soldier back to life and strength, whose quick woman's wit found him a hiding-place when the rebel authorities searched the premises for him, the only sister of this condemned Virginian, is at her father's bedside, sustained from despair and utter prostration only by his imminent need of her care. When you hang Henry Armistead, you kill one, perhaps both, of those loving souls at his home across the range. Sir, I implore you, grant us respite for one brief day. I say us, for I have learned to know and honor these people. I say us because their grief has become mine."

Van Duzen was silent. He would gladly have found a good way out of the mire in which his high-flown proclamations and portentous threats had plunged him. On the other hand, would not all the morning papers of his native State and of the waiting North be filled with details of the energetic measures taken by Colonel Van Duzen to crush the rebellion at its very core? of his pursuit and capture of this dangerous and desperate man? of his stern but soldierly course? of the last night of the condemned man on earth? It would never do to weaken now. Never!

"I appreciate your feeling, Colonel Westerlo. I would gladly show these people how we value the services they rendered to a loyal son of the Union, but they cannot ask of us the life of a spy for the life of a soldier. Depend upon it, this misguided young man would be among the first to condemn their action and upbraid them for their disloyalty to their State. It would be very different had we been indebted to him for Major Kearny's life."

"You admit, do I understand, that it would induce you to suspend sentence if it were young Armistead to whom we owed Kearny's life?" tremblingly asked Westerlo, though striving to veil his deep anxiety.

"Well—ah—at an earlier stage of the proceedings it would have had great weight—great weight. Things have gone so far, however—"

"Colonel Van Duzen, forgive my haste. Forgive me that I interrupt, but listen: Henry Armistead and Frank Kearny were intimate and devoted friends in their college days. A romantic incident separated and made a coldness between them. It was the fortune of war that threw the latter, wounded, senseless, and bleeding, into the hands of the former. It was Armistead who tenderly cared for his captive for two days and nights until he found means to send him to his father's house. It was he who exacted of his people that they should conceal him, nurse him, restore him to life and liberty, and the service of the Union again if need be, that his promise might be kept unsullied. Here is the letter he wrote. Listen:

"'IN THE FIELD, NEAR GAINESVILLE.
"'*August* 30, 1862.

"'FATHER,—The strangest fortune that ever fell to soldier's lot is mine to-night. You know the old intimacy and friendship that existed between Frank Kearny and me at Princeton. We were like brothers until our senior year, when there came between us a cloud—a woman. I loved her—and the quarrel was my fault. In the winter of '60–'61 he came to Richmond and we met as friends, but there were subjects, this among them, on which we could not speak. In the spring that followed, after Sumter's guns, I hastened hither from New York, where I had gone to see *her*. She told me gently that my hopes were all in vain—that her heart was his—that he had already volunteered for the war. There is no need to tell you what this meant to me. Before we parted she had won from me this promise—God knows I gave it solemnly, and, pitying her fears and sorrow, with my heart in my words—that if ever he fell into my hands, and it lay in my power to save him, save him I would.

"'Thursday night, late, I had ventured with a small detachment to strike the road between the Federal cavalry and the lines at Haymarket, hoping to pick up staff-officers or stragglers. Luck was with us. An officer strove to cut his way through, and in the excitement and darkness my men almost killed before they could capture him. Then by the faint light of a camp fire in the woods I examined my unconscious prize, and found myself face to face with—my promise.

"'Bleeding, senseless, stunned, and bruised, he has lain here hidden for two days, nursed by the negroes who bear him to you and tended by a surgeon whom I brought to him. I had to leave him all day to take my part in the glorious victory we have won. The Yankees are in full retreat upon Washington. We go at dawn with Jackson to strike their flank. Honor calls me with my troop—my word of honor is given here. In your hands and in Lucy's I place my captive and my faith. As you love me, as you would preserve my honor unsullied, receive this helpless enemy of our cause beneath your roof. Conceal him from those who would take him to imprisonment, in which he would languish and die. When occasion offers, restore him to his friends, and when all is over—the war or my life—send this to her that the woman I loved may know how an Armistead kept his word—even though it was to give her to another's arms.

"'Lucy—You know her name. Do not speak it to a soul until this letter is to be sent to her. Dear ones both God bless and guard you, and sustain me in the cause we love!

"'Yours ever,
"'HENRY ARMISTEAD.'"

There was a moment of silence in the room of the old Virginia house in which the colonel was making his head-quarters. Then Westerlo spoke again.

"Colonel Van Duzen, would you hang as a spy a man like that—when he hasn't been spying at all?"

XXIII.

There were some sorely disappointed men among the "camp-followers" around district headquarters during the next few days. Full and graphic details of the hanging of one of the most distinguished sons of a most distinguished Virginia family having been prepared in advance, several correspondents having spent the night in writing touching descriptions of the manner in which the rebel spy refused all friendly offices (he had simply declined to be interviewed), and one energetic gentleman having preempted the telegraph wire at no inconsiderable expense, it was hard luck that they should be greeted upon the rising of the sun with such cheerless tidings as that the condemned man had been accorded a respite. The soldiers broke ranks after reveille roll-call, and scattered about their fires and coffee-kettles with unfeigned alacrity and cheerfulness. They were all "ready and willing to blaze away and kill Armisteads by the dozen in fair stand-up fight, or sabre them in a cavalry charge, where every man had a show for his life," said one old troop commander; "but this here hanging a fellow in sight of his friends and neighbors is too one-sided a business for most of us, and d—n me if I wouldn't rather see the whole thing stopped."

Around the house in which Armistead had spent the night a dozen soldiers armed with loaded carbines paced restlessly to and fro. A dim light burned in the room where he sat writing his last messages. At dusk the adjutant had waited upon him, and with a voice that shook despite his efforts to control it, announced to him that under authority of the President of the United States, and by order of the district commander, he would be hanged as a spy at daybreak. The idea of being executed without trial other than a mere search and a verbal examination—on his own admission, too, that he was Henry Armistead—had not occurred to him as possible. He turned very pale, but stood and looked calmly in the officer's eyes.

"Do you mean that this is true? Do you mean that I, who am in no sense a spy, am to be executed as such without the form of a trial and in such indecent haste?"

"Such are the orders, sir. I have no alternative but to tell you so, and to ask how I can serve you meantime."

Armistead was silent a moment, then, to the surprise of his much-embarrassed visitor, replied:

"By leaving me alone to think over this for half an hour. Then, if you will call, I will thank you."

And the adjutant bowed and withdrew, giving orders to the sentry at the door to keep his eyes on the prisoner, and permit him to make no attempt on his life.

When the adjutant returned at the appointed time he found the Virginian seated at a little wooden table. He raised his head.

"I presume you will permit me to see one friend?"

"It is the intention of the colonel to send at once for your relatives at Hopewell. He has just succeeded in getting an ambulance up from Thoro'fare."

"Spare them that, and all knowledge of this—murder—until it is done. My father lies in an illness that may be fatal. My sister cannot leave him. The man I ask to see is our old family physician, Dr. Loring. He lives not far from here."

"I regret that Dr. Loring has been sent to Washington. We cannot reach him."

"Then let me have writing materials and freedom from interruption of any kind. It is all I ask of you."

And it was all he would accept. Two officers besought him to let them be of service. He returned their cards with courteous but positive refusal. Others sent steaming coffee and a hot supper. He would not touch it. The correspondents vainly pleaded for an interview, and his patience being exhausted, Armistead begged the officer of the guard to secure him against further annoyance. He was still writing when, near midnight, the adjutant entered, followed by an elderly officer with iron-gray hair and the appearance of a man who had been for hours in the saddle over muddy roads.

"Captain Armistead, I come to you far more gladly than I did at retreat. I am ordered to say to you that Colonel Van Duzen has been pleased to grant a respite of two days in your case, and I present to you Lieutenant-Colonel Westerlo, who will explain."

They were closeted together, talking in low tones, after the first few formal words, for over an hour, and parted with fervent shake of the hand. Then the old dragoon went to his tent. It was after one when his head rested at last upon his soldier pillow, but his face wore a smile of hope and content. "A good night's work, you old schemer," he muttered, addressing himself—"a very good night's work. All I need is two days, and I'll have this fine fellow out of danger of your halters, Colonel District Commander Van Duzen. Good-night to you, and blissful dreams, and may you soon be in Congress, where you want to be, or heaven, where you deserve to be, or anywhere out of the army, where you've no business to be."

The sun was high over the Bull Run range, and pouring in at the open flap of his tent, and his small darky servitor had slaved for hours removing the mud from his garments and equipments, and polishing his huge top-boots and spurs, and still he slept. Not until the trumpets pealed for guard-mounting did he start from his pillow, and found on the camp-stool by his bedside a card.

"'Frank Kearny, Major —— New Jersey.' The very man, by Jupiter! Here, Guyascutus, my Ethiop; where are you? Where is this gentleman?"

"Just done come," was the effect of the darky's reply. "He's gone to speak wid de officer of de gyard, cunnel."

"Seek him, and bid him breakfast with me, and see to it that breakfast is ready quick. Go!" exclaimed the veteran, as he hastily garbed himself. He was the picture of soldierly trimness and precision when, in half an hour, he emerged from his tent and hastened in search of his visitor. Kearny, on the other hand, haggard, wearied, splashed with mud from his all-night ride, looked ill by contrast.

"Something told me you would be here without delay, Major Kearny," said Westerlo, grasping his hand. "Come to my tent at once. We will have breakfast there, and be uninterrupted. Where heard you first the news of this affair?"

"At our camp a few miles this side of Alexandria, late yesterday afternoon. I left at dark, the moment I could get away."

"So? Then you have had a long, long gallop. You are worn out, but have heard the good news."

"I have, and how much is due to you and your efforts. Colonel Van Duzen told me on my arrival. I hardly dared hope, Colonel, I pray God that no inkling of his possible fate has reached the family at Hopewell."

"Bad news travels fast, but I send the surgeon over there this morning, and he will reassure them if any other story reached them. Still, they are in grievous anxiety. My God! think of that poor girl—father, brother, lover, all going or gone at one fell swoop!"

Kearny's face looked more haggard and worn than ever as he sank into the camp-chair set for him by his host. He made no answer.

"And a noble fellow is this Armistead," continued Westerlo, "a friend worth having. I like him better than the lover."

"You knew him?" asked Kearny, with averted face.

"I saw his capture; a poor fight he made of it. One looked for something better in a man who won the love of such a girl. Ah, Kearny, she is a heroine, and he—this Falconer—who *can* account for women's tastes? Yet he is handsome, winning I doubt not; but a soldier—bah!"

Breakfast seemed to have few attractions for Kearny, and Westerlo, wondering at the sombre mood and spiritless bearing of his new friend, attributed it mainly to excessive fatigue. He hospitably pressed him to eat, and finding that he had no appetite, and could do but faint justice to the steaming soldier fare so lavishly set before him, he urged him to remove his boots and mud-stained garments and sleep a few hours. But Kearny was restless, and eager to see Armistead—a favor promised him by the colonel commanding in course of the morning. He had other questions to ask. He longed to hear of Lucy, and he plied Westerlo with inquiries as to the condition in which he left the Judge and her. He astonished the old dragoon by grasping and squeezing his hand when he spoke of the provisions he had forced upon their acceptance. He more than surprised him by the consternation and dismay with which he received back the package of money which up to that moment Kearny fondly hoped was keeping the wolf from the homestead door. It began to dawn on Westerlo that here was a new complication, and Kearny's next inquiry strengthened the conviction.

"Colonel Van Duzen told me of Armistead's letter. He was on honor, he said, not to reveal its contents, but that you had it. I know that originally I owed my life and safety to his letter, though they showed me far more than it ever called for of devoted attention and watchful care. What I never could understand was why he should have demanded such a sacrifice of them—the loss of all local friends if they stood discovered. Colonel, I want to see that letter. You have it, have you not?"

"I have, but it was confided to me with the condition that no one be allowed to see it except to save his life. It has served its purpose and shall be restored to her. I will send it by our doctor to-day. When will he be here, boy?" he asked.

"De doctor done gone, suh. Went las' night to de odder camp an' ain't come back."

"Good God!" cried Westerlo, starting to his feet. "Then he has gone there this morning and knows nothing of the reprieve."

In less than an hour, despite his all-night ride, mounted on a fresh horse, Frank Kearny was spurring for the Gap, in the desperate hope of reaching the homestead before the fatal news. There was just time, before his steed was ready, for him and Westerlo to prepare despatches—one to go at once to Colonel Graham, another to the Senator from New Jersey, and both were fervent appeals to remove Armistead from the custody of Van Duzen and afford him fair trial. There was no moment in which to see the prisoner—Kearny was galloping northward striving to beat a rival that has downed the best horses that ever ran.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YALE UNIVERSITY.

YALE is in a state of transition to-day. Old though she is, she is still young enough to change. If this is doubted, I should ask the sceptic to stand at the corner of College and Chapel streets in New Haven, where the new recitation building is rapidly rising. For there he would see, side by side, the old and the new; a brick row with plain and even dingy front, and a handsome structure of the generous architecture of a modern style—the one properly belonging to a college, the other to a university. As the stranger looks from one to the other, his first thought perhaps is that there is only too striking a contrast, so great a lack of harmony between them. But as he looks again and more keenly, there will come to him the strong conviction that he is a witness of the meeting of Yale's past and Yale's future.

The last three years have been eventful ones for Yale. They have seen the rise of more buildings than twenty preceding ones; and for the first time in nearly a quarter of a century the entering class has been larger than that of her rival at Cambridge. A new President and new principles have controlled her policy. The ruling policy at Yale has hitherto been one of almost despotic exclusion and self-concentration. Immediately upon his entry into college, the young man became a member of a community complete in itself. Yale said: "For four years you belong to me. '*Après moi le déluge*.'" He was a citizen of a state governed by unwritten laws—by traditions, the gradual outgrowth of the lives of his college ancestors, and which he usually accepted with unquestioning faith. The government of his intellect was of the same patriarchal type. His studies were confined to certain simple lines, not only because those lines were believed to be the right ones, but because those who had gone before him had found them sufficient. To-day, however, Yale life has more breadth. Her traditions are being relaxed by a thoughtfulness for the time when the boy becomes a man, and takes his place as such in the world. Both the social and the intellectual bars are let down, and the student has a freer scope. As a Freshman he still studies such branches as the faculty dictate. As Sophomore and Junior his choice is gradually widened, until, in Senior year, his own judgment is practically the sole guide. Yet this is not a change; it is a modification. It is a concession of an honest conservatism to the advancing theory of liberal education. Yale has held tenaciously to old principles, even though she has accepted new methods. While Harvard has been abolishing religious exercises, Yale has been building up a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association; while the overseers at Cambridge are at odds with both graduates and undergraduates on athletic questions, Yale allows a fair latitude to her athletes; and while her Massachusetts rival is looking with alarm on the possible downfall of the bulky structure of her optional system, the quiet old college at New Haven is patiently building up a course which the world will recognize sooner or later as the true curriculum to prepare young men for a practical American life.

There are many traditions in the history of Yale. One of them, whose age, like that of many a legend in the past of a nation, has given it the dignity of a principle, is undoubtedly the cornerstone on which the greatness of the college rests. It is the principle, little heeded at other American universities, that a man is what he makes himself, and nothing more. Many a newly fledged student, long accustomed to the position of dictator in the narrow circle of the boys at his preparatory school or in his native city, is surprised to find that he must begin lower down. Yale starts all her young men on the same mark, and it is a different race from the one to which young men have been trained. The prizes are for the plucky oarsman, the brainy writer, and the man of strong moral and practical sense, not for the student who drives a tandem, nor for the progeny of Knickerbockers or Crusaders. And all this makes the boy look to his own talents, to those things in his power which may eventually win a position in the college community. In some cases this spirit may make him over-ambitious or self-conceited. But as a rule the ambition and conceit are superficial, revealing, beneath, a man who can and does start in the life beyond college with a great advantage over his fellows—the ability for hard, consistent, courageous *work*.

This genius of earnest work has had outward manifestation in many ways—among others, in athletic success. Since 1880, Yale has held the undoubted supremacy in foot-ball, she has lost the base-ball pennant but once, and on the Thames she has found victory more often than defeat. To many on-lookers this record means success, and athletic success alone. But it means more to Yale men. Those who know the Yale life and the Yale creed feel that this list of victories is a triumph of a life and a creed, rather than of the men who compose the crew, the nine, or the eleven; for they remember that the athletes in New Haven contend with greater obstacles than those in any other large college. Every day in autumn, rain or shine, the foot-ball team goes two miles to the Yale field. The nine takes the same tedious trip from March to July. The crew can find no water suitable for their shell any nearer than the Quinnepiac River or New Haven Harbor. Yet these men have worked steadily on until the influence of their earnest spirit has dominated the college life. Their moral influence, or that of the physical exercises they control, has had an almost incalculable effect on dissipation and rowdyism. Other forces than those of athletics have contributed to make the undergraduate less of a Goth and Vandal than he was. He no longer wears his hair in cow-boy fashion, nor does he appear on the streets of New Haven with a coarse blanket-shawl over his shoulders. These and other more important reforms in his eccentric personality are ones which physical exercise cannot claim for her own. But the savage animal spirit which fostered the almost nightly rows between town and gown, or incited the New Haven firemen to train cannon on Old South College—a spirit which reached a climax in the murder of PAT O'NEILL far back in the 'fifties—has passed out of the college body and the college life. Its fire was not extinguished in a moment or in a year, but has been allowed to flicker dimly on, gradually wasting itself in hundreds of physical contests. The reckless, brutal boy-soul lives a new life in the manly, generous nature of the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lad who to-day struggles, not for himself, but for his class and his college.

The Yale fence, which so many know, yet so few understand, is somewhat like the Freshman's idea of life—a very simple thing. It is a plain rail-fence, forming the two adjoining sides of a rectangle on the corner of the campus at College and Chapel streets. Yet the law governing that little strip of fence, scarcely two hundred feet long, is more rigid and despotic than those of the Medes and Persians. For twenty years and more the respective classes have had the same allotted space; and the same post which of old marked the boundary between the Senior and Junior or the Sophomore and Freshman marks it still. It is to the fence that the greater part of every class goes on pleasant evenings to sit and smoke and sing. And in the midst of these more animal enjoyments the social and intellectual sides of different characters are made and unmade. The fence is that which gives to Yale a social principle distinct from that of other universities: it is a practical exponent of democracy, of social equality. In college the average Yale man knows every one of his class-mates, and the greater part of them he knows by their Christian names. Out in the world the graduates have an *esprit de corps* felt by no other large body of college men. Twenty or forty years may have separated their respective classes, yet the older graduate is sure to find a kindred spirit in the younger one. There is an indefinable bond between them. They have walked the same paths, have felt the same small pleasures, and struggled with the same trivial hardships. The fence, more than all, has made for them the tie felt by two soldier souls, the *touch of the elbow*. A graduate looks back on his athletic victories, his personal successes, as mere incidents in his course. But the picture of the Yale fence is to him ineffaceable, and its influence has become a life principle.

Yale is distinctively the American college. In that fact lies her real usefulness. Her moving principle is common-sense, and her greatness, if greatness she has, lies in her simplicity. Other colleges may produce greater individuals, may foster a larger number of keen minds, or make more unselfish souls. But the average man that graduates from Yale is the one best fitted for true citizenship. He may not fight the battle of life rashly or brilliantly, but he will meet his enemies with that stern quality WELLINGTON feared and respected most—a four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. EUGENE L. RICHARDS, JUN.

FIREMEN AT WORK.

THIS is no decorous opening of doors. There is no ceremony about it. The case is one of emergency. Proceedings are necessarily summary. There are wonderful tools used by firemen, mechanical devices made up of levers—copies, if you will, of burglarious implements—that take a door, not off of its supports, but that crush it like an egg-shell in five seconds. But these firemen cannot wait five seconds. That door must be opened within a second. There is no time for nice artistic work.

Crash go the axes, not the sharp edges of them, but the backs. The men know how to drive those axes. They eschew the framework, and beat the life out of the panels. Three blows smash it through, and then out leaps the pent-up flame, red-tongued and hungry. What next to do? Shall water be carried through the aperture? Will it be wiser to make the opening wider, and so increase the draught? It seems so easy a matter for those who don't know to decide the question of having a door open or closed. But there may be comrades above in the building, working away for dear life, and to increase even temporarily the conflagration here would be to doom to a terrible death other firemen who may be in the burning structure. Dry-goods, hardware, crockery, ostrich feathers, velvets, laces, are worth so much per yard, per crate, or per pound, but better let the whole of the merchandise crumble to a cinder than endanger a single life.

"Did Bob go up that stair, or was it Jim? Some fellows went up anyways." Then the men may pause for a moment, and listen amid the roar of the flame and the crackle of the fire for voices somewhere on the story above them.

Rapidly as the firemen have been carried at full speed by the galloping horses to the fire, like well-drilled men they have taken in the situation. The hook-and-ladder boys must be there now, and ready to help anybody caught in a tight place above them. Then their mate says that "it is not so bad above." Then smash go the axes, and the flame inside charges on them, almost drives them away; but they are not to be scared, for they care nothing for a singe. And now the door is all down, and they look in with shaded eyes on a very furnace; but an instant afterward by the rising of the clouds of steam the men know that the conquering element, water, is getting there somehow or other. A bit of the ceiling comes crashing down. It may be caused by the intense heat, or have the rest of the boys made an opening somewhere? Such proves to be the case. That fire has lost its interest now to these men. It is only a question of time before it will be extinguished.

They have been in tighter places before; at least they think so. If you ever talk to those brave fellows of their actions of *éclat*, they treat them as the most commonplace of events. Familiarity with danger may bring contempt for it. But not to quail before anything becomes with them as a second nature. It happened about four months ago at a terrible fire that a fireman got in and out again of one of those "tight places" with hands and face severely burned. His regulation mustache was singed, and that latter accident seemed to annoy him the most. "If it had only been my back hair I wouldn't have minded it." That was all he said when an ambulance took him from the fire.

TWO NEW ARMORIES.

IT has come to be recognized of late years that the erection of substantial, capacious, and suitable armories for city regiments is a wise investment of public funds. The military work done by our citizen soldiers of to-day is much greater than that of the militia of half a century ago.

In the present number of the WEEKLY we give illustrations of two armories in process of construction for New York city troops. The armory of the Twenty-second Regiment occupies the block between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets and between Ninth Avenue and the Boulevard. It was begun on the 30th of January, and will be completed about the 30th of April, 1890. The appropriation made for it was $300,000, which sum the finished structure will nearly or quite absorb. Seven architects, POST, KILBURN, WARE, and others, presented plans, and after some weeks of careful deliberation those of JOHN P. LEO were selected. Captain LEO is a member of the regiment, the commander of Company I, so that a double interest is lent to his work, successful as it was over that of able competitors.

The building will be of brick, with rock-face granite trimmings. The Boulevard elevation is divided into three sections, consisting of the administrative wing, the sally-port, and the curtain. In the administrative portion a handsome porch and entrance is protected by a wrought-iron gate, behind which are oak doors four inches thick. On the sally-port portion of this wing is a tower rising to the height of 130 feet, and surrounded by a balcony which will be used for the purpose of signalling. This can be done to advantage, owing to the high ground upon which the building is placed. In two upper stories of the tower is the hospital, removed from noise and excitement. The curtain is flanked on either side by wings connecting it with the sally-port and the administrative building. The sally-port is of granite for two stories and brick in the third, and its entrance is protected by wrought-iron gates and open doors. The Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Street elevations are broken by buttresses which relieve the monotony of the length; and this is true also of the Ninth Avenue elevation, one of the features of which will be a panel bearing the number of the regiment and the dates of its organization and of the erection of the armory. On the Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth street corners at Ninth Avenue will be strong towers flanking the streets and the avenue.

The ground plans aim to gain the maximum amount of floor space without sacrificing the proportions of the façades. In the basement will be the largest rifle range in the city, 24 feet by 300.

The main drill-room is on the first story, and will be 175 feet by 235. On the north side of this great room ten locker-rooms for the ten companies furnish ample accommodation for the care of uniforms. The drill-room is reached through the vestibule and main hall. The latter has a staircase eight feet wide, with an open well extending to the roof. On the left of the hall will be the rooms of the armorer and the quartermasters; on its right, head-quarters, the quarters of the field and staff, and of the non-commissioned staff and gun corps, and the dressing-room of the line officers. The armorer's room affords the only entrance to the rifle range, which is thus always under his control. The regiment when entering or leaving the drill-room as a body does so through the sally-port on its southwesterly corner.

On the second story, over the locker-rooms, will be the ten company parlors, each 25 feet square, and having in its front a private gallery accommodating seventy people. This story will further contain a large squad drill-room that can be used for company entertainments. There are ample accommodations for storing quartermasters' supplies, and on the sally-port and westerly sides are galleries for visitors. The third story contains the kitchen with its thorough appointments, a large gymnasium and mess hall, and the janitor's apartments. A feature specially worthy of mention is the fire-extinguishing system, with its connections from a tank at the top to the rooms below, this being the first of the kind in our armories.

The other armory of which we give an illustration is that of the Eighth Regiment, now in course of construction on the block between Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth streets and Park and Madison avenues. Its corner-stone was laid on October 19th last, the regiment marching up from the old armory on Broadway and Thirty-sixth Street, and being joined by the veteran corps.

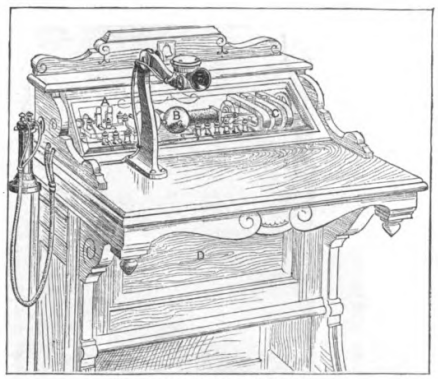
The architect of the Eighth Regiment Armory is Mr. JOHN R. THOMAS, and the contractor is Mr. ISAAC A. HOPPER. It is built of brick, trimmed with red sandstone. Its impression of solidity and strength is enhanced by its great towers as seen in our illustration. These, situated on the corners of Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth streets and Park Avenue, are 50 feet in diameter and 135 feet in height. The frontage along Park Avenue is 200 feet, and the building extends 300 feet back on the side streets toward Madison Avenue. The great drill-room will afford fine space for regimental manœuvres. The roof rises to a height of 80 feet.

"GRAPHING" AND "PHONING" A CONCERT.

ON the evening of Monday, February 4, 1889, a series of experiments was tried in New York and Philadelphia which showed the wonderful progress made in the two latest creations of electric and molecular science—the phonograph and the "long-phone," as it is popularly called, or the long-distance telephone, to use its title in full. The occasion was a lecture by WILLIAM J. HAMMER, of Orange, New Jersey, upon "Edison and his Inventions," delivered before the famous Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

To illustrate the wonderful work done by the "Wizard of Menlo Park," the lecturer arranged with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, at 18 Cortlandt Street, New York, to connect its operating-room by a long-distance telephone with the lecture hall in the "City of Brotherly Love." A new-style phonograph was connected with the latter instrument at each end of the line.

A cornet-player and a church-choir singer supplied the instrumental and vocal music with which the audiences in both halls were entertained. The experiments were simplicity itself. The cornetist and the soprano in New York poured their melodies into phonograph, "long-phone," and ears of auditors alike. The wire conveyed the music to Philadelphia, where it was heard and enjoyed by an audience which packed the great hall of the Franklin Institute. The 103 miles over which the sound had travelled simply served to modulate or soften the quality, so that when it was reproduced it was piano and pianissimo where in New York it was fortissimo and forte. Another feature of interest was the fact that the telephone "flatted" the music, nearly every air that was reproduced being a trifle more than a half-tone below the original.



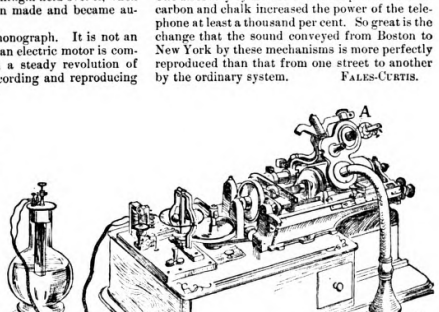
THE LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
A. Lightning Arrester. B. Magneto Bell. C. Generator. D. Battery.

Despite this drawback the transmission of music by the telephone was a wonderful success. In order to determine the limitations of the process, the managers requested personal friends, of scientific ability, whose homes or business places were connected with the central office, to listen at their boxes to what occurred in both halls. In every case, so far as known, the listener heard almost as well as the auditors in the room where the music was given. Upon this basis it is merely a matter of a few months before any person musically inclined, no matter how far away, can connect his home by the "long-phone" with the Metropolitan Opera-house and hear WAGNER, BRAHMS, or VERDI in the privacy of his own parlor. The phonographic or graphophonic experiments were even more startling. The instrument which received and "graphed" the music in New York transmitted it in turn by the "long-phone" to Philadelphia, where it was perfectly heard by the entire audience. The instrument in Philadelphia which received and recorded the music from the "long-phone" transmitted it by the same wire back to New York, where it was again heard by the Cortlandt Street audience. The only commentary made in the two cities was that the phonograph weakened and somewhat injured the human singing voice, while it softened and rather improved the effect of the cornet.

Dr. A. W. JACKSON, the electrician, has called attention to a singular analogy between the phonograph and the photographic camera. The latter reproduces line, light and shade, perspective, and actinic intensity, while it is worse than senseless toward color. So the phonograph reproduces, though it may be in modified form, the sound waves, the *timbre* of sounds, and the sound volume, but it seems to lose the singing quality, which bears the same relation to music as color does to visible objects.

Mr. EDISON has explained how he was led to the invention of the phonograph by an accident. He was engaged in perfecting a machine intended to repeat MORSE characters which were recorded on paper by indentations. This paper was wrapped on a cylinder, and in manipulating the machine he found that when this cylinder carrying the indented paper was turned rapidly it gave off a humming sound resembling human talk heard indistinctly. This suggested the fitting of a diaphragm to the machine which would receive the sound waves of his voice, and register the vibrations on an impressible substance (paraffined paper) placed on the revolving cylinder. To reproduce the sound, the cylinder was revolved again, and a similar diaphragm held over it, when the vibrations were again made and became audible.

This roughly is the phonograph. It is not an electric machine, though an electric motor is commonly used to maintain a steady revolution of the cylinder, both in recording and reproducing the sounds. Of course the appliances of the machine are as delicate and mathematically exact as those of a watch, but excepting that a cylinder of paraffine wax has been substituted for the waxed paper and the tinfoil that were used in the early days of the invention, and that the mechanism is slightly more elaborate and more exact, the phonograph of to-day is the same instrument that excited the world ten years ago. Its use is perfectly simple, and the transmission of its sound over the telephone to Philadelphia is no more of a marvel than the transmission of any other sound.



EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH.
A. Reproducer. B, Recorder.

In repeating the music and other sounds that were carried so far in the experiments described each listener was obliged to place the ear-piece to his own ear. The connection of the phonograph with the telephone was effected by the simple contrivance of a tube passed from the receiver or mouth-piece of the telephone to the reproducer of one phonograph, and another tube from the transmitter of the telephone to the recorder of the other phonograph. So simple indeed was the union of the two wonders that the experiments would hardly merit the notice they received if it were not for the fact that they drew attention to the great improvements lately made in the telephone.

The long-distance telephone is at last a great success. In the beginning of telephony it was found so difficult to convey sounds properly that many experts pronounced it impossible to extend a system beyond five miles in any direction from a central office. What with earth currents, electric storms, interfering wires, and rapid transmitters, the voice transmitted became so confused with roaring, sputtering, clicking, rasping, and exploding that in many cases intelligible telephoning was impossible. In a few instances it was positively dangerous from the conveying of lightning by the wires from distant thunderstorms to the switch-board of the central office or the private box of the subscriber.

The improvements which gave birth to long-distance telephony were made step by step. The original telephone used the earth as the conductor for the return current; the "long-phone" employs a metallic circuit. The original telephone transmitted its current through almost any sort of wire; the "long-phone" uses heavy wires made of almost chemically pure copper. The original telephone, when it did use a metallic circuit, hung the two wires anywhere and anyhow; the "long-phone" carries its wires parallel, sometimes making them into one insulated cable, and sometimes hanging them a few inches apart from pole to pole through an entire circuit. These changes have done away with nearly all the troubles mentioned. So great is the change that EDISON now predicts the possibility of a long-distance telephone from New York to London in the East and to Calcutta in the West.

The extension of copper mining and the improvements in the metallurgy and working of that metal enable the dealer in electric supplies to furnish a copper wire of the greatest purity and highest conductivity, hard drawn and of vast tensile strength, that can encircle the globe. Ten years ago there was not a mile of copper wire in the market but contained flaws and faults, and was absolutely devoid of tensile, molecular, and electrical homogeneity. To-day the manufacturer can produce a wire whose uniformity will not vary the one-hundredth of one per cent. in a thousand miles of length.

Of almost equal importance are the improvements in transmitter and receiver—the mechanisms into which you speak and by which you hear. The discovery by EDISON of the telephonic value of carbon and chalk increased the power of the telephone at least a thousand per cent. So great is the change that the sound conveyed from Boston to New York by these mechanisms is more perfectly reproduced than that from one street to another by the ordinary system. FALES-CURTIS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FIREMEN AT WORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 127.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

TWO BOOMS.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

I.

SALEM CITY was booming. It was no ordinary boom; it was a rush of financial currents uniting in one great flood of speculation.

Salem did not always boom. A year before, it was a simple village. Its streets were muddy, its houses badly built, its people sluggish. The tide that swept by it was far more active than the flow of its social and commercial life.

But one bright day a nervous man, dressed carefully in a Prince Albert coat and a high hat, broke upon the monotony of the place. A dozen surmises were made as to his calling. A drummer he was not, for he sold no goods; a minister he could not be, for he patronized the bar; a lawyer he might be, but he declined to satisfy curiosity. He walked over the village; he talked of the climate; he asked questions until he exhausted all sources of information. In a day he knew who owned property, and the next day he had bought options on two squares, five business lots, and three outlying fields, besides purchasing outright the best house in the place.

Then he disappeared. He travelled four hundred miles until he reached a small city. He entered a modest house, and after kissing an elderly lady and a young girl, who might have been either sixteen or nineteen years of age, he told them that he was going to sell out and move.

The man was Anthony Hoddle. He was a grocery merchant. For twenty years he had sold the necessaries of life. People liked him because he could talk. Nature had supplied him with plenteous speech, and he had improved on nature. He could tell the news of the week while he was dealing out a pound of coffee. He once disposed of the doctrine of eternal punishment before he filled his minister's order for four pounds of sugar. The incident is on record that he discussed the whole tariff question while he was getting a gallon of molasses. It is true that the day was cold and the molasses ran slowly through the spigot, but that does not detract from the glory of his performance. To use the words of one of the customers, he could talk an ebb-tide out, and still be in a condition to talk it back to a flood.

Of course such a man prospered. For twenty years he had sold groceries, and his bank account footed up twenty thousand dollars, exclusive of the value of his store.

Twenty years of sugar and coffee and flour and salt mackerel had tired him out. He longed for new fields with riches to satisfy his ambition. The opportunity came. He heard accidentally that a new railroad was to be built with a place called Salem as its terminus. To that village he went, with the results that have been mentioned.

He returned home. His announcement was a sensation. Mrs. Hoddle and Miss Hoddle plied him with questions.

"Now listen," said Mr. Hoddle. "I am tired of this humdrum life; so are you. I've a chance to get rich. This Salem is going to be a big city. In six months it will be crowded; in a year it will not know itself; in two years it will have a society, and as first settlers you will be aristocrats. We shall become wealthy, famous, happy. I'm determined. I sell out to-morrow if I can. Next week we move."

The night was practically consumed in discussion. It ended in a lot of new hopes undimmed by fears. The grocery was sold out at an unexpected sum, and the family moved.

By the time they reached Salem a few other real estate speculators had learned of the railroad and had descended upon the village. With these Mr. Hoddle made prompt acquaintance. He even sold them some land—at twice what he paid for it—and as quickly as possible he bought other ground on the outskirts of the town.

The boom began. It attracted strangers; it brought a horde of real estate agents; it revolutionized the village. The rough inn became a hotel; the eating-house shed its home-made name and paraded as a restaurant. Salem was no longer a village; it was Salem City. Hoddle's early arrival on the field had given him the prestige of a discoverer. He used it to its fullest value. He had the American genius of adaptability, and he ensconced himself snugly in the circumstances of the boom.

It was he who called the real estate men together for a consultation. They answered the summons. Interested in selfish results, their very selfishness made them anxious for the future of the town. They talked and advised and orated and discussed. But the speech of the day was made by Hoddle.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we all want this town to boom. How shall we do it? Two words solve the problem: Stand together! We shall have our differences, our quarrels, and our contentions; but on one point we must be unanimous: we must talk this town up. If one of us goes away he must boom Salem City. Every man must be an advertising committee. Get interviewed in the papers; write letters; send out circulars; get the eye of the world on Salem; picture it as the fairest spot on earth. If any man says anything against our boom, denounce him as a traitor and a slanderer. Blow hard, and blow all the time. A boom is like a balloon; you've got to inflate it. We may have our little differences and rivalries among ourselves—that's all right; but one thing we must all do: we must give this boom a plenty of wind."

Before Hoddle could part the tails of his Prince Albert coat and sit down, a great chorus of approval greeted his outburst of practical eloquence. He had struck the key-note, and the choir of real estate speculators at once began an unceasing paean to the glory of Salem City's matchless resources and immeasurable future.

Hoddle rose triumphantly on the crest of the boom. The admiring populace promoted him to a colonelcy, and Colonel Hoddle took hold of things with a fine grasp. He ran real estate speculation at full speed with both throttles open. Selling sugar at cost with three profits on coffee wasn't a circumstance. When an investor drifted his way he gorged him with adjectives, delayed him with descriptions, and intoxicated him with figures. It was worth going across the continent to see him talk. His Prince Albert coat, as if afraid to conceal such a personality, flopped open and displayed a wealth of shirt bosom that seemed to reflect the lustre of his radiant optimism. He did not converse; he orated. His voice had caught the breeziness of the landscape, and no man who came in contact with him could escape without feeling that Salem City was destined to outgrow the fullest resources of the dictionary and the multiplication table. If by accident any man doubted after Colonel Hoddle's shower-bath of statistical enthusiasm, the colonel would remark: "You see that square over there? Well, I bought it two months ago for two thousand. You can have it now for fifty thousand. Come back this time next year and I'll charge you a hundred thousand."

And so the boom developed. Organized exaggeration spread its fame. From one end of the country to the other the papers told of its marvellous growth. Investors who would demand abundant collateral and ten per cent. at home bought corner lots a half-mile from Salem's limits with no assurance except the flattering promises of the agents.

All this was intensified by the survey of the new Prairie and Deep Water Railroad, which was brought to the northern edge of the city. There it was hesitating as to which route to take to get it to the river-front. Colonel Hoddle had anticipated it.

"Gentlemen," said he, to a party of property owners whom he had assembled in his office, "this road is being built by New York capitalists. They've got a plenty of money. They expect to spend it. The situation is in our hands. We can offer them free ground a part of the way and charge them like the deuce for the rest. What do you say to a syndicate?"

It was a fruitful suggestion. The syndicate was formed. The plan was to give the road right of way along the eastern side of Salem City, and make up all gifts a dozen times over by charging ten prices for terminal facilities.

From the company came a cordial letter thanking the citizens for their liberality. The offer would be considered and an answer returned. But as the days passed and no reply was received, Hoddle grew uneasy.

"Windsor, what do you think of it?" asked Colonel Hoddle.

Windsor had been in town only a week—he came there, he said, on account of the climate—but in that short time he had made the acquaintance of every man in the place, of Hoddle especially. "I like you, colonel," he had said, "because you are candid, and are a gentleman a man can trust." The colonel felt flattered and reciprocated the friendship. Moreover, he had seen that Windsor was a man of insinuating usefulness. He had a peculiar faculty for finding out things. For instance, the day before, a little information through Windsor had led to a bargain which netted him over a thousand dollars. Windsor seemed to be sincerely attached to him from the outset, and the colonel saw in him a friend who could be used. The abnormal circumstances of the boom made all sorts of attachments, and a day was as a week as far as social acquaintance went. The colonel and Windsor had become quite intimate, Windsor being after what he called congeniality, and the colonel pursuing his usual policy that led to the almighty dollar.

So the colonel called Windsor in to talk about the mysterious silence of the new railroad people. "It looks as if they were going to play some dodge on us and escape our syndicate," said he.

Windsor was silent. He was wrapped in corrugated thought. Suddenly he arose from his chair and walked up and down the office floor. Just as suddenly he stopped in front of the colonel, and exclaimed,

"By George! I wonder if it is true?"

"What?"

"Why, this. Last night I took a stroll in the West End. I'm troubled with insomnia, you know, and I often go out at night to walk myself tired, so that I can sleep. It was late. Near the county road I heard several men measuring with chains. What did it mean? I wonder if it wasn't a surveying party?"

The colonel jumped up. "You've hit it, my dear fellow—you've hit it. My suspicions are correct. They're trying to get an entrance by the west side."

"Not so fast, colonel; I may be mistaken. Let's make sure of this thing. Come with me to-night, and we'll see if the performance is repeated."

Late that night two men crept softly along the county road. At first they heard nothing, but presently sounds of a company of men drifted over the field. They crept closer. They saw chains and compasses. It was a surveying party.

The next day the colonel was a busy man. First he shifted a lot of his own real estate; then he kindly informed the syndicate of his discoveries. There was a rush to the West End property, and it was intensified upon the receipt of a letter from the company politely declining the proffers of the syndicate. Colonel Hoddle was happy, for he had four hours' start of all his fellow-agents.

In all the hurry of speculation Colonel Hoddle's family duties were not neglected. He had a happy household. Mrs. Hoddle was a kindly woman, devoted, domestic, and popular. She had easily taken her position at the head of the new society of Salem City. Her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, was by common consent the belle of the future metropolis. She was a good musician, a clever conversationalist, an easy-mannered, approachable girl who made friends and maintained her own independence. The family was probably the wealthiest in the place; they had the handsomest house, and they entertained freely. At the table the colonel was a royal host. When he parted the tails of his Prince Albert coat and sat down, there was not a dull moment until the meal was ended.

"I tell you that Windsor is a perfect mascot," he said, the day after his West End deals. "If he will only stay in this town we will soon be millionaires, and I suppose I will be obliged to get elected to the United States Senate."

Windsor was invited to dinner. He made himself agreeable, and he and the colonel cemented their friendship by an entire evening of confidential conversation, sanctified by the plenteous incense of tobacco smoke.

A week later the colonel came home to dinner in very good spirits. He parted the tails of his Prince Albert coat and sat down with his usual dignity. Something seemed to be amusing him. It got into his throat, and broke out into short spasms.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Hoddle.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I merely want to die—that's all."

"What?"

"Oh, you ought to have met him—J. Maximilian Ross. Dwell on the name—J. Maximilian Ross. He wears it all, and he lives. He's got it engraved on cards. He struggles under a stove-pipe hat. I've seen him, and I want to go away—far, far away—far to a foreign shore."

"Anthony," said Mrs. Hoddle, severely, "are you intoxicated?"

"I don't know, Susanna—I don't know. Perhaps I am. J. Maximilian Ross!"

"In Heaven's name, Mr. Hoddle, who are you talking about? Get sensible for once in your life."

"Impossible, dear—impossible. Family association, you know."

At this point Miss Elizabeth came to her mother's assistance. It was the combined curiosity of two women against one man. The great speculator met the onslaught by an ignominious surrender.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. He came in this morning, young, fresh, and beautiful—more fresh than beautiful—fresh from the East, fresh from New York, fresh from a bandbox. But, thanks be to the fates, he was salted with money. That caught this bird; it always does. He wanted to invest. I undertook to give him a few facts."

"Facts?"

"No interruption, please. Yes, facts and figures. He opened his mouth and swallowed them, gulped them down, feasted on them. This afternoon he is to return, and perhaps I'll buy you a case of diamonds on the proceeds."

"Where do I come in?" asked Miss Elizabeth.

"I'll give you a father's blessing and J. Maximilian."

"Never mind the blessing," was the response; "I'll take the man."

"My dear," said the fond father, "when the real estate agents of this great and booming city get through with J. Maximilian Ross he won't have enough money left to get back home. But"—looking at his watch—"here I've spent all this time and not a sale to show for it. That's the result of a happy home. It's bad policy. Next time I get married I'm going to hunt up the ugliest woman in America. Then I'll never want to leave my business."

Colonel Hoddle liked to ramble on in this easy, unconventional way when alone with his family, and Mrs. and Miss Hoddle assisted him. At supper that night he was as beaming as ever, and he had scarcely got the napkin tucked under his chin—which performance, I regret to say, the unperfected culture of the uncompleted city allowed—before he began to relate the events of the afternoon.

"J. Maximilian has invested," he said; "and what do you suppose he bought? That mud-hole at the bend of the river. Cost me two hundred dollars. Sold it to him for two thousand: net profits, eighteen hundred. He's going to settle here, he thinks. Poor fellow! we'll try to make it pleasant for him, even if he does have to pay for it. I've invited him and Windsor to supper to-morrow. You'll have to stand him for an hour or so for my sake. There's nothing like flavoring business with a little hospitality, you know."

The next evening Mr. Ross came to tea. The ladies were anxious to see him. Their expectations were not disappointed. They saw a tall, fashionably dressed young man, rather good-looking, but entirely emotionless as far as outward indications went. He was not a fluent talker, but he selected his words with intelligence, and his occasional stuttering did not greatly interfere with his speech. The Hoddle family were talkers, and with Windsor's polite assistance they made up for all deficiencies, and conversation went with a rush, breaking only when it ran against Mr. Ross's struggling syllables. The meal went off with comfortable and well-digested success, and the party adjourned to the parlor, where Miss Elizabeth made her first effort to engage the guest in conversation.

"I suppose you find this city very rough compared to your Eastern home?"

"Y-e-s," he said, slowly.

This was not an enthusiastic opening of the acquaintance, but it did not discourage Miss Elizabeth. She was of an impressionable age, men were few, and she admired fashion even on a dummy.

"It is a new town," she added.

"Y-e-s, but a mighty progressive one."

This was better. In fact it continued to improve, and it was not long before Miss Elizabeth and Mr. Ross were carrying on such a conversation that the colonel and Windsor begged permission to retire to the library for a smoke.

After a while Mr. Ross looked toward the piano and asked Miss Elizabeth if she played. She did. Would she play? Certainly, and she executed a nocturne with great satisfaction.

He was glancing over her music, and presently he held up a piece and said:

"This is a very pretty song. Won't you sing it?"

"Look again," she replied; "it's a duet."

"Why, so it is! How stupid of me! But if you don't mind, I might spoil it by assisting you."

A cheerful assent, a few introductory bars, and two voices joined in the song. It was a good song well sung. Mrs. Hoddle sat silent, delighted with the music. But in the delight crept a fear. Those two young people were getting along rather too well.

"You have a lovely voice!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, just as the song was finished.

"Really that is not fair," rejoined J. Maximilian; "you took the words from me. You sing b-beautifully."

There were several more songs, and presently the colonel and Windsor returned from their cigars. The evening soon ended, and Mr. Ross and Mr. Windsor were invited to call again. These two men seemed perfect opposites—Windsor suave, effusive, confidential; Ross cold, distant, indifferent—and as they left the house they walked on as if each desired to be a stranger to the other.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked the colonel. Miss Elizabeth had slipped away, and the colonel and his wife were alone.

"Anthony, do you remember the night you proposed to me?"

"Of course I do. We sang a duet, and you said I had a beautiful—yes, that's the word—beautiful voice."

"People grow more truthful as they grow older."

But the colonel ignored the interruption. "It was the first time that anybody said I could sing at all, and I proposed on the spot."

"Anthony, after you and Mr. Windsor went to the library to-night, Elizabeth and Mr. Ross sang a duet."

"The mischief they did!"

"Yes; and they sang better than we did."

"Impossible!"

"And when two young people get to singing duets it's serious."

"Well?"

"How would you like J. Maximilian Ross for a son-in-law?"

"Merciful Jupiter! Susanna, what do you mean? Why, I'd feel disgraced for life. I'd sell out and emigrate."

The result of it all was that the colonel's antipathy to the young man increased a hundredfold. "If he was a man," he said, "I wouldn't mind. But that thing? Not much!"

In every way he sought to bring him into ridicule. In business he called him "the dude with the parted name." At home he alluded to him tenderly as J. Maxie.

"Colonel," said a caller one day, "I want to sell that lot of mine over in East Salem."

"Sorry, major," replied the colonel, "but I wouldn't take it at any price. The only person I know who'll buy is that picturesque ass J. Maximilian Ross. You can sell him anything."

So it became the colonel's standing advice to people who wanted to dispose of unsaleable lots go to J. Maximilian Ross. They always went. They found the same indifferent young man. He didn't want to buy particularly; in fact he to thought he had enough land already; but what was their price? That much? Oh, it was too high, you know. It wasn't right to impose on a stranger. Then the owner would come down, and when he got low enough, J. Maximilian Ross would offer a little less, and the bargain was closed.

More than a month elapsed. The boom was confined to West Side property, and the young city was full of speculation. J. Maximilian took life quietly. He visited the Hoddles; he took Miss Elizabeth driving; he made few acquaintances, and he wore the same indifference that he had brought with him from the East.

"Windsor," said the colonel, "it does seem that this whole town is palming off its bad lots on the dude, doesn't it?"

"It looks that way."

"I notice that he is still sinking his money on the East Side. He was fool enough to buy that mud-hole. I wonder if I couldn't get rid of those lots around it? Do you think we can work it?"

"Suppose I talk with him?"

"All right."

He did so. The result was a sale at a figure that made the colonel jubilant.

"Well," said he at the supper-table, "I'm glad J. Maxie settled in this town. He's such a tender bird, so innocent, so easy to pluck. I got several thousands more out of him to-day."

"I wouldn't boast of it if I were you," said Miss Elizabeth.

"My dear," responded the father, "if a fool and his money are soon parted, it's the fault of the fool; and if nature didn't supply us with fools, what would become of speculation?"

"Father, did it ever strike you that Mr. Ross is not as big a fool as he looks?"

"No," answered the colonel, reflectively; "it strikes me that he is a bigger fool than he looks."

All this did not affect the visits that J. Maximilian Ross made to the colonel's house—visits which were musical with duets. Mr. Ross was very attentive, and Miss Elizabeth seemed bright and happy. The colonel bore it all with an easy grace. He believed in the fullest freedom, and he would do nothing to restrict the happiness of his daughter. Furthermore, he scarcely thought

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that anything would result from the acquaintanceship. He gave Miss Elizabeth credit for more sense.

But he calculated wrongly. It was the same old story. The director of those duets was a merry little fellow named Cupid. And he did his work well.

Mrs. Hoddle saw the result. "Elizabeth," said she, one day when they were alone, "has Mr. Ross proposed yet?"

"Not yet," was the reply, uttered in mock-seriousness; "but I expect him to soon. He's very slow, you know." And with a laugh to hide the rising blushes, she fled from the room.

Mrs. Hoddle shook her head and said nothing. She did not even mention it to the colonel.

But J. Maximilian Ross had something to say. It was about a week afterward. He entered the colonel's office, and found the great speculator alone. The colonel parted the tails of his Prince Albert coat as usual, sat down with dignity, and placing his fingers together, said,

"Well, what can I do for you?"

J. Maximilian sat bolt-upright, and tugged away on his glove.

"Col nel, I came to ask a great favor of you."

"What is it?"

"The hand of your daughter."

"W-h-a-t? You?"

"Yes; why not?"

"You?"

"If you wish any information about my position and my family—"

"Your family," interrupted the colonel, with steadily rising wrath—"your family? Do you think my daughter wants to marry your family? How much, pray, will your ancestors honor your note for?"

"I have money."

"You have now. But, great Scott! how long will you have it? The way you're going, you'll be a beggar inside of six months. What do I care for your family? I've seen you; that's enough. I want my daughter to marry a man who can make money, not one who throws it away."

"Is that your answer?"

"Yes, sir, it is. And it will continue to be my answer until you can show that you have sense enough to get in when it rains. For Heaven's sake, young man, do something—do something! Try to be a man. Give nature some excuse for your existence."

"Is that all?" asked J. Maximilian, in the coolest possible way.

The colonel fell back in his chair. His feelings had overcome his powers of speech.

J. Maximilian arose, walked quietly to the door, and remarking, "Very sorry to have troubled you—good-afternoon," sauntered down the street as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. The fires might have been raging within, but all was unimpassioned without.

Not so with the colonel. For a few minutes his collapse continued. Then he gradually recovered. The more he recovered, the higher his vehemence rose. He felt like the hero of Bitter Creek, who wanted all creation to come into that room so that he could get a chance to thrash it. The colonel was undoubtedly angry. It required two days for him to cool down to his normal temperature.

The colonel knew womankind well enough not to adopt arbitrary measures. All he said to his daughter was:

"Elizabeth, you are a girl of good sense, and I've only one thing to ask of you. When you think of getting married don't marry a fool."

"I won't, father. Be sure of that."

J. Maximilian Ross continued to pursue a very quiet course. He had money, but he very frankly said that he could not afford to buy expensive property. He was willing to invest modestly, and wait for a gradual rise in values. The boom was going on almost entirely in West Side land. The contemplated railroad there promised to shift the business centre of the city and concentrate values in that locality. Westward the course of speculation took its way. The crowds went with it. Holders of East Side lots became frightened. Prices fell. As the only buyer, J. Maximilian Ross secured bargains at his own figure. He seemed to buy because the agents persuaded him into buying, not because he wanted it. One day he made an offer for the square owned by Colonel Hoddle. The colonel's price was fifty thousand dollars.

"Twenty-five is all I can give," said J. Maximilian.

"Then you won't get it," said the colonel.

The railroad people were strangely inactive. They had not begun operations around Salem. Suspicion took hold of the agents. As usual, the colonel consulted Windsor.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Windsor pulled a letter from his pocket. It was from New York, and in it was this sentence: "We hear that the Prairie and Deep Water Railroad people have changed their programme. They are going to take their road to Concord instead of to Salem. They claim that it will be cheaper."

This perturbed the great speculator. He thought of it all night. The next morning he got the local paper from Concord.

"We can state on good authority," said the Concord *Civilizer*, in leaded type, "that the new railroad has selected Concord for its terminus. This shows good sense. Salem City—the idea of a one-horse town being called a city!—is nothing but a mud-hole worked by a gang of speculators who have sunk other people's money so deep that they will never see it again. Concord is the future metropolis! Hurrah for us! We will have ten thousand population inside of a year!"

II.

Colonel Hoddle was a man of action. He did not hesitate. The boast of the Concord *Civilizer* by itself meant little. Taken in connection with Windsor's letter, it meant everything.

To Concord the colonel hastened. He looked over the town thoroughly; he found a large and active boom there. Prices had jumped, and he could buy nothing except a few stray lots, which he picked up with all eagerness. West of Concord was a tract two hundred acres in extent. Could he get that? He would try.

Back to Salem City he went. He told Windsor of the land, and asked him to find out who owned it. In a day's time Windsor got the information. He entered the office with a smile. "Who do you think owns that land?"

"I don't know."

"J. Maximilian Ross; and what's more, I believe you can get it away from him if you want it."

The colonel grabbed his hat, and without taking time to thank Windsor, made straight for Ross's office. He found the young man in. Negotiations for the purchase were begun at once.

"What will you take for it? Name your lowest price, and don't hesitate, for I haven't any time to lose."

"Well," replied J. Maximilian, with his usual slowness, "that land ought to be worth one hundred thousand; but I need some money, and I'll tell you what I'll do—give me that square you own on the East Side, that new house you have just finished on the Heights, and twenty thousand dollars in cash, and I'll deed you the two hundred acres."

The colonel rapidly computed the values. The square he held at fifty thousand, the house at ten thousand, and with the twenty thousand cash the total was eighty thousand. But the fall in the boom had knocked Salem prices down nearly one-third, and he was getting his bargain for something like sixty thousand.

"Young man," he said, "I'll take it."

The papers were drawn up and signed that day. At tea the colonel was jubilant.

"I saw J. Maxie again to-day," he said.

"So did I," said Miss Elizabeth.

"But the case is different," replied the colonel, with a slight frown. "J. Maxie will soon be very sorry that he ever met me. There's no use denying the fact that the boom in this town is played out: that railroad is not coming here. It's going to Concord, and it will take the boom with it. Well, J. Maxie owned two hundred acres near that town of as pretty land as you could want. He doesn't own it now; it is in the possession of your humble servant."

"How did you get it?" asked Mrs. Hoddle.

"Policy and cash, my dear, and my mascot Windsor. I expected to pay a hundred thousand for it; I got it for sixty. I was sorry that J. Maximilian was so easy to pluck, but forty thousand dollars is enough consolation to heal a week of sorrow. I got his land for twenty thousand cash, which I raised on mortgages, the East Side square that won't be worth twenty thousand one week from now, and that new house on the Heights."

"I thought you were going to give me that house some time for a wedding present," interrupted Miss Elizabeth.

"So I intended, my dear; but you know circumstances alter cases. After a while we'll move to Concord, and when you meet your fate there, I'll do the handsome thing and build you a palace. As for J. Maximilian, I suppose we'll have to leave him to pull his cash out of these Salem City mudholes. Poor fellow, how unfortunate it is that nature didn't give him less style and more sense!"

For an hour the conversation lasted. It was an important subject, the probability of removal, but the colonel smoothed down all objections by describing the superior climate of Concord and the added riches that his new speculations would bring. They would live in a finer house, he would enter politics, and a trip to Europe should become a summer vacation. They adjourned to the parlor; a minute afterward J. Maximilian Ross was ushered in. Never was he so carefully dressed. Never did he appear so calm and so polite. He bowed with conventional courtliness, and then said, in his indifferent way,

"Colonel, I came to see you about a little matter."

"Business?"

"Not especially. I came to see if you would deliver the address on behalf of the city at the laying of the corner-stone of the new railroad."

"What city?" gasped the colonel.

"Why, Salem, of course."

"Young man, are you crazy? The railroad is not coming here; it is going to Concord."

J. Maximilian Ross raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I think you're mistaken; it's coming here."

"Explain yourself," commanded the colonel, with an excitement that was unusual to his nature.

The conversation had taken place so rapidly that the two men were still standing, apparently forgetting to sit down.

"When the plans of the new railroad were announced," said J. Maximilian, "everything seemed easy, but somebody got up a syndicate in Salem to make the company pay more for terminals than it could afford. So I was sent on here to see about it."

"You?"

"Yes. Of course you know that I am the representative of the company here?"

The colonel was speechless. Mrs. Hoddle looked on in open-mouthed wonder. Miss Elizabeth turned her chair to the fire and buried her face in her hands. Her appearance looked like grief, but it wasn't.

J. Maximilian talked on without the faintest sign of emotion. "I had a hard time," he continued, "to switch the speculation over to the western side of the city while I bought our right of way at reduced rates on the east; but it was a great success. We saved at least twenty thousand right down at the river front. I believe I bought that of you, colonel?"

The colonel groaned. "Go on," he said. "What about yesterday's deal?"

"Why, I had to have that square for the company's central building, and I couldn't pay over twenty-five thousand for it. I tried to get it, but you wouldn't come down. So I put ten thousand in a lot of land at Concord, and got about eighty thousand for it. Sorry for you, colonel, but it had to be done."

"But Windsor told me that the railroad was going there?"

"I hope you don't trust Windsor; he isn't reliable."

The colonel's voice was growing husky. The color left his face. Suddenly he cried out, "Young man, you have ruined me!"

The cry did not disturb the young man's equanimity. He quietly replied, "Oh no, I haven't; I've got until Saturday to keep the plans quiet. Tomorrow will be Thursday. If you cannot turn that land over at a good profit in two days you're not what I take you to be. But I make my silence conditional."

"What's the condition?"

"That you deliver that address."

The colonel's smile returned. It cleared away the fog from his throat and the clouds from his face.

"Thank you, thank you," he said; "I will deliver the speech. I'll make somebody pay me a hundred thousand for that property. But, Mr. Ross, if there is anything else in this county that you want, please let me know, so that I can get out of your way."

J. Maximilian looked over to the rocking-chair. Laughing eyes returned the glance. Love's signal service worked to a charm. The colonel saw it; Mrs. Hoddle saw it. No words were needed to emphasize it. For fifteen seconds the air was eloquent with silence: it seemed like fifteen minutes.

"Perhaps you know now why I wanted that house on the Heights. Elizabeth seems to like it so well."

"Yes," said Elizabeth; "father likes it too."

The colonel blushed—actually blushed; but presently he said: "I have only one favor to ask. Postpone this wedding long enough for me to pay my respects to Windsor."

"I don't think we can," said Mr. Ross

"Why?"

"You see the climate doesn't agree with Windsor as much as he thought. He's afraid of a change. Sometimes people like him very much for a while, and then they turn around and dislike him equally as much. His midnight surveying parties will not be popular when people understand them. I fear, too, that he is responsible for that Concord boom, and when it reacts, as it will do next week, this locality will not be as healthy for him as he would like. All in all, I thought it best to send him back home."

"You?" demanded the colonel.

And J. Maximilian Ross looked up with all the innocence of a sudden surprise, and said, slowly and sweetly: "Really, this is singular. Didn't Windsor tell you that he was my confidential agent?"

The colonel looked at the young man in a dazed sort of way, and sank silently into the big plush chair. And for the first time in his life he forgot to part the tails of his Prince Albert coat.

As for J. Maximilian Ross he walked over to Mrs. Hoddle, and unrolling a sheet of music, asked her if she objected to listening to a new duet.

ATTICUS GREENE HAYGOOD, D.D., LL.D.

To write worthily of living men is not easy; but it would be better if the kind things said of the dead had sometimes been said while the subject of them was still upon the battle-field of life, to be stimulated to still nobler achievements or sustained in moments of depression by the thought that others sympathize with his efforts to benefit mankind.

ATTICUS GREENE HAYGOOD is a Methodist of the Methodists. Born November 19, 1839, he "has not yet seen fifty." His father was GREENE B. HAYGOOD, of Watkinsville, Georgia, a lawyer. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as was also his wife, MARTHA ASKEW HAYGOOD. These parents led their son to the Church in boyhood. Five years after his birth the great disruption occurred in the Methodist Church on the subject of slavery, and after the division the Southern Conferences added the word "South" to their ecclesiastical designation, so that the HAYGOODS were from this time members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The subject of this sketch was prepared for college chiefly by his mother, and entered the Sophomore Class of Emory College, Georgia, in 1856. He was graduated in 1859, well informed, intelligent, respected as a young man of promise, but not decorated by the honors of scholarship. The same year he married Miss MARY VARBROUGH, the daughter of a Methodist preacher, and to this most fortunate event owes much of his success, for his wife has been a "helpmeet" indeed in every work undertaken by him.

Dr. HAYGOOD'S father was an "Old Line Whig," and his son followed in his footsteps. He lacked a few days of being old enough to vote for President in 1860, but wrote newspaper articles for the *National American*, of Atlanta, for BELL and EVERETT. He was opposed to secession, but "went out with Georgia," and followed the Confederacy to the end. He was a chaplain and missionary in the Confederate army in 1861, and continued to 1864.

Prior to his graduation he had been admitted to the ministry as a licentiate, and immediately after leaving college he entered the Georgia Conference, and became a regular pastor. He continued in this Conference, holding different positions of responsibility, including the presiding eldership, the highest administrative office except that of Bishop, until 1870, when he was elected editor of the Sunday-school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He has been a member of every General Conference of his denomination since 1870, and was chosen fraternal messenger to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which was held at Cincinnati in 1880.

On the 1st of January, 1876, he was elected President of his *alma mater*, and filled that position until December 31, 1884. When he took the presidency the institution was at a low ebb. Before he left it the number of students had reached 311; and during his service important buildings were added, and the endowment brought up from $13,000 to $100,000, chiefly through the generosity of Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY.

Indefatigable in work, from 1878 to 1882 Dr. HAYGOOD added to the labors of the presidency the editorship of the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, published at Macon, and in 1882 was made agent of the SLATER fund. In May, 1882, he was elected Bishop at the General Conference at Nashville, but declined ordination in order to continue in the educational work—an occurrence which has but two parallels in the history of American Methodism. JOSHUA SOULE, when elected Bishop, refused ordination because the General Conference had enacted a law which he believed to be unconstitutional, and therefore could not conscientiously enforce. WILBUR FISK, President of Wesleyan University, was elected Bishop during his absence in Europe, but declined the honor because he thought that he could serve the Church more effectively as President of the University.

It was not until 1880 that attention was generally attracted to Dr. HAYGOOD'S views upon the issues growing out of the civil war and its consequences. On Thanksgiving Day of that year he preached a sermon entitled "The New South: Gratitude, Amendment, Hope." This discourse is included in *Representative American Discourses*, edited by Professor ALEXANDER JOHNSON, of the College of New Jersey. The writer had made the acquaintance of Dr. HAYGOOD at Cincinnati, and was impressed with the clearness and vigor of his mind; but, when this notable discourse appeared, saw a new instance of the impossibility of inferring from ordinary interviews and conversation what a man, inspired with a great theme and a due sense of responsibility, can become on a critical occasion. This sermon aroused a great storm in the South; but the more it was discussed and read, the greater its power to mould and crystallize sentiment became. In August, 1883, Dr. HAYGOOD spoke on the "Education of the Negro," and this address received even more attention than the sermon on the New South.

In December, 1884, Dr. HAYGOOD resigned his position as President of Emory College, that he might devote his whole time and strength to the SLATER fund. On March 4, 1882, Mr. JOHN F. SLATER, of Norwich, Connecticut, addressed a communication to ex-President RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, to the late Chief-Justice M. R. WAITE, the late WILLIAM E. DODGE, of New York, the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Massachusetts, and six other distinguished gentlemen, in which he informed them that he proposed to give a million dollars to aid in "the Christian education of the lately emancipated population of the Southern States and their descendants." He desired them to organize as a Board of Trust for the proper management of this vast fund in carrying out his purposes. He said to these gentlemen, "It is my wish that this trust be administered in no partisan, sectional, or sectarian spirit, but in the interests of a generous patriotism and an enlightened Christian faith," and left them great liberty of action. The interest only of this fund is used.

The principles adopted by the Board and carried out by Dr. HAYGOOD are:

1st. To place the money in schools already established by churches, societies or State governments. It is not used to originate schools or erect buildings.

2d. To place it in schools under Christian influences.

3d. To select those schools believed to be doing the best educational work in preparing men and women to teach among their own people.

4th. To prefer institutions that conjoin with book-teaching instruction in some form of industrial training.

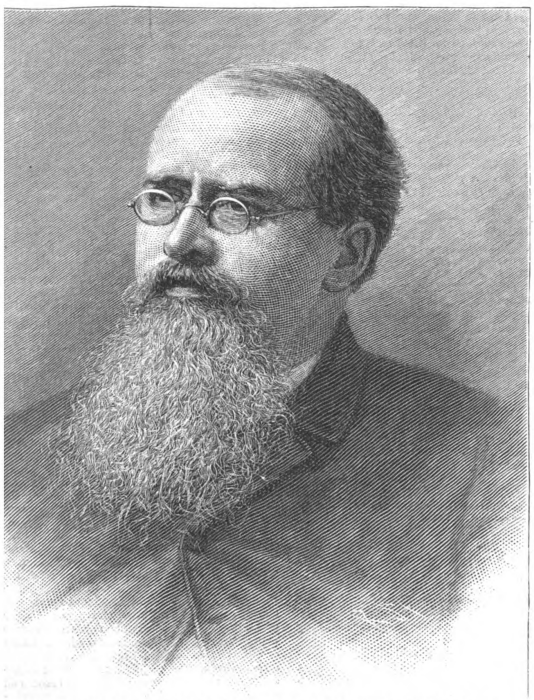
To give some idea of the work already accomplished by the wise distribution of this fund, I will state that when it was started Hampton was the only school in which industrial training was in full operation. There were two or three others in which it was barely begun. Now it is in every school connected with the SLATER fund, and in most other important schools for the colored people. The uniform testimony which I have heard in various visits to the South has been that those who do best in the shops also lead in books. Most of the best teachers in the more than fifteen thousand common schools for colored children in the South are those who have gone out from these institutions. Congress passed a vote of thanks to Mr. SLATER on the 15th of February, 1883.

Dr. HAYGOOD is a man of astonishing endurance. In the discharge of his duty as superintendent of the SLATER fund he travels 20,000 miles a year, and frequently speaks upon the education of the negro or other educational questions.

He is a firm believer in Prohibition, but is equally firm in the conviction that it is not to be secured by a separate party. He is in favor of the higher education of women, but thoroughly opposed to imposing upon them the burden of civil government or investing them with the suffrage.

The list of his works is already long. In 1872 he wrote a prize essay on missions entitled "Go or Send," and since that time he has written a great number of pamphlets on prohibition. He has been especially forcible in his treatment of

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



REV. ATTICUS GREENE HAYGOOD, D.D., LL.D., OF DECATUR, GEORGIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOTES, ATLANTA.—[SEE PAGE 131.]

e convict system in Georgia, and other reform subjects. In 76 he published *Our Children;* in 1881, that notable book *Our other in Black;* in 1884, *Sermons and Speeches.* A work now press is entitled *A Plea for Progress.* It has been an open cret for some time that he is collecting material for a book of neral importance, to be called *The Education of a Race,* which ll give the history of the education of the negro race in this untry.

Much of the work done by DR. HAYGOOD is gratuitous. He is at e service of the people. Progress is his constant theme, and is ready to make every effort to facilitate it. Thus far he s given evidence of being able to discriminate between reform d deform, values everything that is good in the past and the esent, and seeks to promote a united Christianity and a homogeous country.

J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

OZOKERITE.

A PROSPECTOR among the mountains of Utah four years ago and in one of the numerous bar-rooms of a little mining town small conical object of dark color which the proprietor of the am-shop used as a paper-weight. It looked like a piece of tta-percha, yielded slightly to the pressure of the thumb nail, d possessed a mild resinous flavor and smell. From its shape had evidently been moulded in a beer glass. "What is it?" ked the visitor, after examining it curiously. "Chewing-gum," ntentiously replied the bar-tender; "lots of it back here in the ls." The prospector had "struck pay dirt" when he little pected it, for the "chewing-gum" was no less important a subnce than ozokerite, or mineral wax, commercially known as resin, and up to that time popularly believed to exist only in the ustrian province of Galicia.

Attention was first drawn to the mineral in this country about e year 1879, when MR. JACOB WALLACE, of New York city, an porter of Austrian products, received a consignment of it and troduced it to the trade, where it soon proved to be most valuble in the adulteration of beeswax and the manufacture of many ticles into which beeswax largely enters. MR. WALLACE, a man th the inherited tastes of a naturalist, was himself so strongly pressed with the properties of the comparatively new product at he determined to search for ozokerite deposits in this coun-. His first work was done among the mineralogical records ntained in New York libraries, and was almost barren of result. A slight trace was found, however, in the tenth census report, which gave a brief and fragmentary description of a mineral substance that MR. WALLACE believed to be identical with the one he was looking for. The hunt was then transferred to the mountains of Utah, where, after varied experiences among Mormons, Gentiles, and aborigines, MR. WALLACE ran down his game in the manner already described.

The owner of the paper-weight was easily persuaded to conduct the prospector to the "chewing-gum" deposits, although his contempt for a "tenderfoot" who would pass by minerals of established value to look for "chewing-gum" was apparent. MR. WALLACE found the mineral cropping out on the mountain-sides, apparently forced from its hiding-places by the immense weight upon it, and tests of the various specimens gathered on the surface and by sinking shafts showed that it was undoubtedly ozokerite in its purest natural form. MR. WALLACE at once had the region thoroughly explored and surveyed, and under the mineral and desert land acts pre-empted about eight square miles of territory, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, 114 miles east of Salt Lake City. The White River runs through the property, and the principal ozokerite deposits are found in the Wasatch and Uintah mountains. The inhabitants of the sparsely settled region chewed the wax, the masticatory satisfaction derived being much the same as that obtained by working over a piece of spruce gum, while the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad engineers, having learned its brightening properties, polished their locomotives with it till they shone like burnished steel and brass, but to these two uses was the American mineral confined.

While the Utah explorations were proceeding MR. RICHARD J. KROUPA, a chemist of recognized reputation, was despatched to Europe to learn everything he could about the mining, refining, and practical uses of ozokerite. This task was not an easy one, the secrecy preserved in the ozokerite districts being so great that it is difficult for the Austrian government even to make surveys and secure reports. By spending seven or eight months in Galicia, and by the aid of friends and the use of ingenious disguises, MR. KROUPA accomplished his object. Sometimes as a mining engineer or electrician, and again as a tourist, mineralogist, or geological student, he worked in the mines and refineries, visited manufacturers and consumers, hobnobbed with the makers of refining machinery, and gained access to the patent offices, gradually but surely extracting and assimilating the information he sought.

He discovered that the main deposits of ozokerite are in the mining region of the Carpathian range, where petroleum, rock-salt, potassium chlorides, sulphur, and brown coal are also found. Boryslaw, a place of 12,000 inhabitants, is the principal one of half a dozen mining towns that are almost entirely supported by the industry. Here the salt clay or wax-bearing formation is found at a depth of from twenty to seventy feet, under layers of peat, clay, and sand, in close proximity to rock-salt deposits and slate rich in fossils, all being impregnated with oil. At Truskawiec, not far away, there are surface veins of ozokerite, and the ground is honey-combed with shafts and wells. A black oil, which is used for axle-grease and all kinds of lubricants, also abounds. This oil filtrates through the earth crevices, and by pressure, heat, and general chemical decomposition forms the wax. The mining is in some cases by windlasses and buckets, manual labor according to most primitive methods being employed, while in others perfected machinery is used. Blasting is so dangerous that it is rarely permitted, disastrous explosions which freed large volumes of gas under tremendous pressure, and filled shafts and levels so rapidly that the escape of miners was impossible, having made this prohibition necessary. Another danger to which the underground workers are exposed is the bursting through into a well of some hidden deposit of semi-liquid wax. In one instance a shaft was filled in a single night by such a flood, which destroyed several lives, but yielded to the owner of the mine 30,000 florins' worth of ozokerite. The gases which are continually escaping make the work of the miners most unhealthful, and they are able to remain underground but four hours at a time. The shafts in the Galician ozokerite mines have been sunk in places to a depth of 800 feet, with paying results.

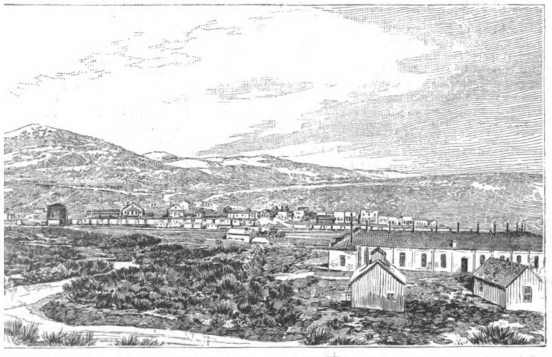
It is not strange that with all the dangers and difficulties surrounding the production of ozokerite there should be a desire to perpetuate what has hitherto been an undisputed monopoly, for the industry is most profitable. The total value of the mineral taken out at Boryslaw alone since 1861 is 300,000,000 florins (about $120,000,000), the present product being in the vicinity of 300 tons a week. The refineries are found in London, Glasgow, Vienna, Frankfort-on-Main, Buda-Pesth, and a few other places in Russian Poland, Poland, France, Germany, and Belgium. At the seaboard crude ozokerite is worth about $130 per ton, and the grade known as Hoch Prima brings £30 per ton delivered in London. In that city the import is practically absorbed by JOHN FIELD & SONS, the large firm of candle-makers, who supply the British navy with all its candles.



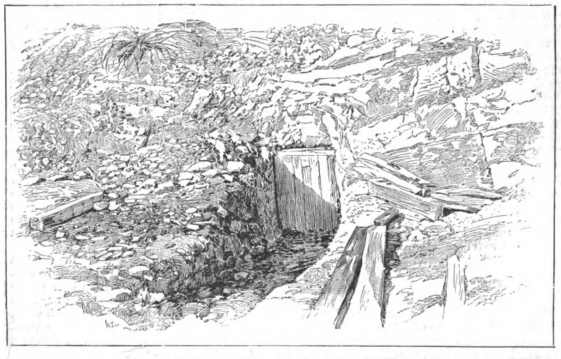
JACOB TOME, THE EDUCATIONAL BENEFACTOR, OF PORT DEPOSIT, MARYLAND.—[SEE PAGE 134.]

Having finished his researches abroad, MR. KROUPA returned to this country to apply his knowledge. The ozokerite of Utah he pronounced to be identical with that of Galicia, but generally of a better grade, while the deposits are far more extensive. Subjected to a greater pressure under the ponderous weight of the rugged Western mountains, and surrounded by absorbent clays, foreign substances have been detached and eliminated from the American wax, leaving much of it almost pure. The mineral runs in veins, some of those thus far discovered being from nine to twelve inches in width. From one of these deposits a block weighing 3500 pounds has been taken out, and the mining promises to be comparatively easy, either by tunnels or by sinking shafts. The crude ozokerite varies in color from a light yellow to brown or black, and when refined becomes as yellow as beeswax or white as paraffine. A company with $1,250,000 capital stock has been formed by MR. WALLACE and his associates, and the development of what promises to be a most important industry is being pushed.

It is impossible at present to enumerate all the uses to which ozokerite may be put, as American ingenuity is finding in it a most profitable field for experiment. As the rival of beeswax, it has already reduced the price of that product from forty to twenty-five cents a pound, and this reduction will be increased as the cost of producing ozokerite decreases. But ceresin possesses many valuable qualities not found in other wax. Its melting-point is high—from 155° to 190° Fahrenheit; it is plastic without being soft, and hard without brittleness, it is decolorized without destructive distillation, alkalis and the strongest acids make no impression on it, and when refined it is odorless and tasteless. Electric wires are perfectly insulated by it, as leading electric companies have discovered to their advantage. It is valuable for all kinds of water-proofing, and papers waxed with it are being largely used in wrapping soaps, steels, books, and all kinds of articles that require protection from moisture. Boxes, tubs, barrels, and kegs lined with it are perfectly tight, and impart no unpleasant flavor to the contents, even if they are the most delicate mineral waters. The ozokerite permeates the pores of the wood instead of merely giving it a surface coating. Ozokerite is also used in lining iron tanks in which powerful acids are to be mixed. It is estimated that three-fourths of the candles used in the churches of this and other countries are made of ozokerite or beeswax strongly adulterated with it. The illuminating power of such candles is stronger than that of others, while they drip but little, and never lop over when subjected to ordinary atmospheric heat. All wax figures and wax dolls are made of ozokerite, which also enters largely into the manufacture of imitation alabaster statuettes, and the elaborate decorations which sometimes adorn wedding cakes and other confections. Among other uses to which it is put are the making of liniments, salves, and plasters, sealing-wax, wax matches, life-preservers, boot-blacking, varnishes, shoemakers' wax, and all kinds of lubricants.

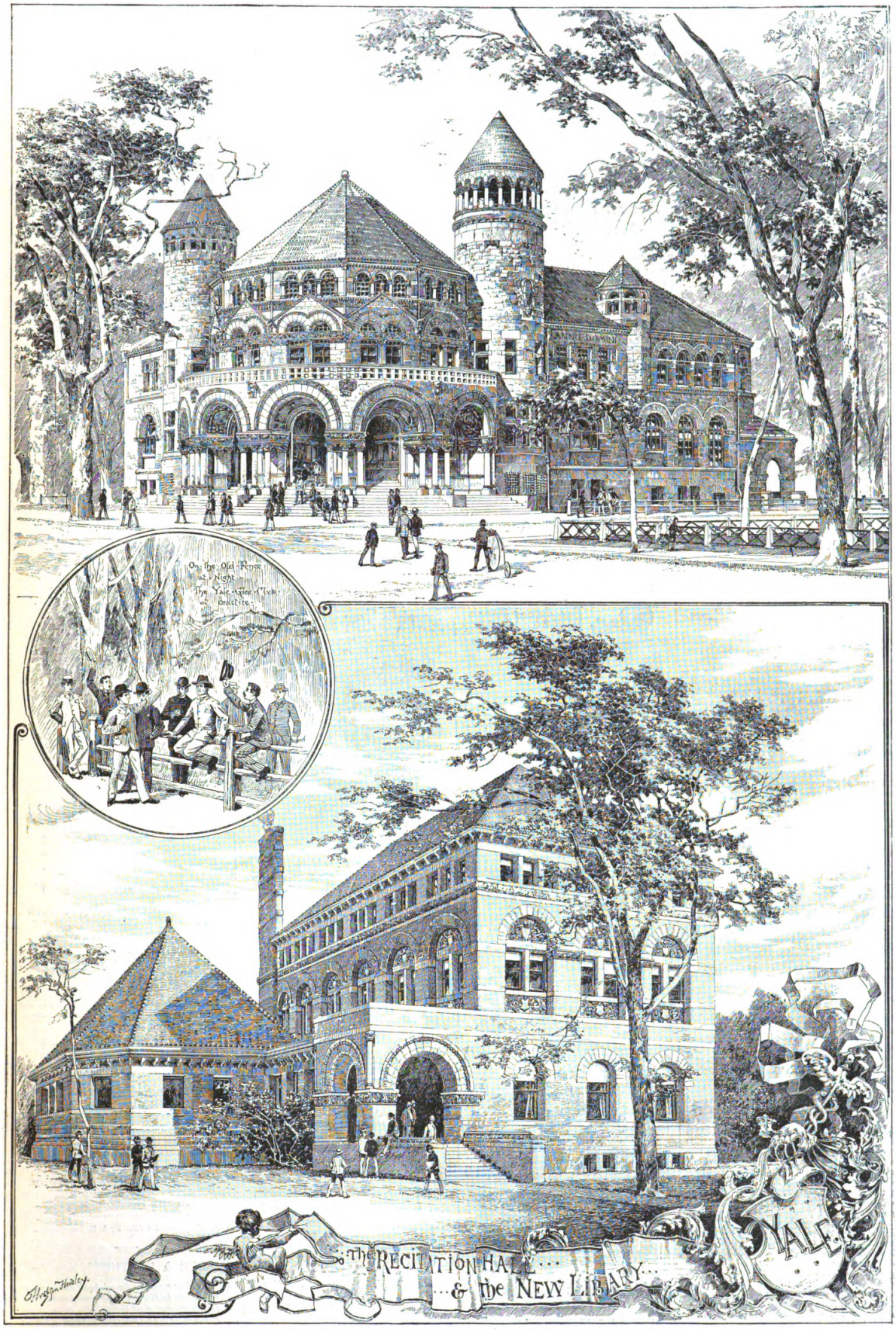


PLEASANT VALLEY JUNCTION, UTAH, WITH THE LOCATION OF THE OZOKERITE DEPOSITS IN THE BACKGROUND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



MOUTH OF THE INCLINED TUNNEL WHERE THE FIRST PAYING VEIN OF OZOKERITE WAS STRUCK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS AT YALE.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 126.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

By HATTIE M. LEONARD.

AGAIN I rise to greet the day
That wakens life and feeling,
That brings the songster's sweetest lay,
His happiness revealing;
The foremost courier of the May,
Announcing her in gladness,
The spring-time sunshine's earliest ray,
To banish thoughts of sadness.

Full oft I've known the time return
Without one fond emotion
To wake this heart, so grave and stern,
To Love's own sweet devotion.
The Fancies fair that fill the air
Upon this happy season
Could not keep house with heavy Care
And stolid sober Reason.

But now a vision floats about
The must and dust of volumes,
And with its presence puts to rout
My figures in their columns.
A *precedent* I can't forget
Is not the one I've cited,
And gentle answers haunt me yet,
My plea not half indited.

And now I've written "Valentine"
Upon the deed I'm framing,
Right in the middle of the line!
The senior would be blaming
This member of the firm
Did he but know the courting
That takes my mind this term—
A suit I'm just reporting.

Dark eyes that smile above the page,
With tender timid glances,
Would melt the heart of any flint,
Or blind a lawyer's senses;
The scarlet lips that tempt my own,
Their pearly treasures showing,
The lovely brow, a cloud (dark brown)
Of hair about it blowing;

The echo of a half-breathed "yes,"
Called "no" the instant after,
Because you would not then confess,
But fled with mocking laughter;
And, after that, the long long kiss
I took, your lips compelling
To yield me all the tenderness
Denied me in the telling.

I call this vision Valentine
By all the loves of ages—
I call it and I make it mine,
Recorded in these pages;
And lest thou doubt my right to do it
I'll simply sign myself to prove it,
Forever and forever thine—
Thine, and thine only, VALENTINE.

JACOB TOME.

JACOB TOME, who has decided to build a free seminary and manual training school at Port Deposit, Maryland, and to endow it to the extent of at least $2,000,000, is one of the wealthiest men of the South. He was born in Manheim Township, York County, Pennsylvania, August 13, 1810. He got a rough education from the public schools. At sixteen his father died, and he was obliged to make his own way. This he did as a laborer on a farm. He used what facilities he could command, and instructed himself until he was able to teach a small public school. He left Pennsylvania and went to Port Deposit, Maryland, in 1833. He began work in a hotel, but soon became clerk to a lumber concern, and showed such energy that a Pennsylvania capitalist offered to place $5000 against his services in the lumber business. Thus the firm of TOME & RINEHART was started, and both members became rich men. Mr. RINEHART died in 1853. Since that time Mr. TOME's career has been an uninterrupted record of money-making. He practically owns four banks; he owns thirty thousand acres of lumber lands, a great deal of city property, and seven farms, and he is largely interested in railroad and steam-boat lines and various other enterprises. His wealth is estimated at from eight to twelve millions. Mr. TOME was a firm Union man during the war. He was an important member of the State Senate in 1864 and 1866, and in 1871 he was unanimously nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor, but was defeated by WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHYTE.

Several years ago it was said that Mr. TOME intended to leave a large benefaction to Port Deposit, but he was quiet on the subject, and it was not until the "Tome Male and Female Seminary" was incorporated this year that the extent of his plans became known. Briefly those plans are to erect several large buildings, at a cost of a half-million dollars, and to set aside two million dollars as an endowment fund for the operation of the school. This amount may be increased to three millions. Following the example of ISAIAH WILLIAMSON and CHARLES PRATT, Mr. TOME desires to have the institution fully established before his death. Boys will be taught all the trades. Girls will be taught how to sew and cook, and will be instructed in such occupations as type-writing, stenography, telegraphy, and carving. Five hundred will be the capacity of the school. It will not be a boarding-school. Mr. TOME, in speaking of his gift, said: "I want to give poor boys and girls a chance. I know what the value of an education is, and I made up my mind years ago that I would do what I could to help others along. I have lived for fifty-six years in Port Deposit, and have made all my money there, and I think it is only right that I should spend some of it for the good of the people who helped me along." Several years ago Mr. TOME gave Dickinson College a new scientific building, and he presented the Port Deposit Methodists with a new church costing $65,000. He is nearly seventy-nine years old, but is in hale and vigorous health.

A TERRIBLE MISFORTUNE.

It is a calamity of the direst kind to feel that one's physical energies are failing in the prime of life—to feel more nerveless, more dispirited, weaker every day. Yet this is the unhappy lot of hundreds who surround us. A source of renewed strength which science approves, in behalf of which multitudes of the debilitated have and are every day testifying, and which, in countless instances, has built up constitutions sapped by weakness and infirmity and long unbenefited by other means, surely commends itself to all who need a tonic. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a medicine—pure, botanic, soothing to the nerves, promotive of digestion and a fertilizer of the blood. Dyspepsia and nervousness—the first a cause, the second a consequence of lack of stamina—depart when a course of the Bitters is tried. All forms of malarial disease, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, constipation and biliousness are annihilated by this standard family medicine.—[*Adv.*]

FOR AN IRRITATED THROAT.

Cough, or Cold, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.—[*Adv.*]

AFTER a sleepless night, use ANGOSTURA BITTERS to tone up your system. All Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

WEAK KIDNEYS
BACKACHE
Weak and Painful Kidneys, Aching Sides, Back, and Chest, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Muscular Pains, relieved in one minute by the first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. The Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE Chicago and North-Western Railway offers exceptional inducements to all classes of California travel.

First-class tickets affording choice of routes, good returning until Spring, and second-class one-way tickets are now on sale at very low rates.

Fast vestibuled trains, fully equipped with palace sleeping and dining cars, amply provide for the comfort of tourists, and the welfare of second-class travellers is promoted by personally-conducted colonist excursions, providing every comfort en-route, including accommodations in free tourist sleepers.

For full information apply to any ticket agent, or address E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent C. & N.-W. Railway, Chicago, Ill.



"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People;* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 712 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Down. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: I never saw any other that I liked half as well."

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

A Comprehensive Catalogue.

Nearly all the prominent writers of ancient and modern times in the Old World and the New are represented in the Catalogue published by the Harpers, and their publications cover every department of literature.—*Observer*, N. Y.

Catalogue mailed on receipt of 10 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Lyons Novelties in **Black Armures, Royales,** and **Striped Moire,** representing designs and qualities made expressly for the Paris Exposition to be held this Spring.

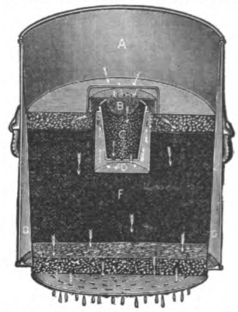
GOLD and SILVER BROCADES

For Brides', Evening, and Reception Costumes.

LYONS GRENADINES,
India, China, and Japan Silks.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

Jewett's New Water Filter.



A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

OVER 6,000,000 people believe that it pays best to buy Seeds of the largest and most reliable house, and they use

Ferry's Seeds



Earliest Cauliflower in existence.

D. M. FERRY & CO. are acknowledged to be the *Largest Seedsmen in the world.* D. M. FERRY & Co's Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1889 Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last year's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every person using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

ESTABLISHED 1801.



Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.

The Oldest and the Best.

Exquisitely perfumed. Removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft, and Beautiful.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

$210 Genuine Confederate Money, with lists of prices we pay for rare U. S. coins; also list of our prices for curiosities, coins, Indian Relics, all for 25c., post-paid. R. W. Mercer, 147 Cent. Av. Cincinnati, O.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Published:

I.

LATIN DICTIONARY FOR SCHOOLS.

A LATIN DICTIONARY FOR SCHOOLS. By CHARLTON T. LEWIS, PH.D., Editor of "Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary." pp. xii., 1192. Large 8vo, Cloth, $5.50; Sheep, $6.00.

II.

MODERN SCIENCE IN BIBLE LANDS.

By Sir J. W. Dawson.

MODERN SCIENCE IN BIBLE LANDS. By Sir J. W. DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Etc. With Maps and Illustrations. pp. xvi., 606. 12mo, Cloth, $2.00.

III.

OUR ENGLISH.

By Professor Hill of Harvard.

OUR ENGLISH. By ADAMS SHERMAN HILL, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University. pp. viii., 246. 16mo, Cloth, $1.00.

IV.

THE GOVERNMENT.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By W. J. COCKER, A.M. pp. x., 274. 12mo, Cloth, 72 cents.

V.

BIBLE CHARACTERS.

By Charles Reade.

BIBLE CHARACTERS. By CHARLES READE, D.C.L., Author of "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "A Woman-Hater," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," "Peg Woffington," etc. pp. iv., 106. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

VI.

BESANT'S NOVELS.

Illustrated Library Edition.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. Richly Illustrated. pp. vi., 384. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.—THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

VII.

FARJEON'S NEW STORY.

TOILERS OF BABYLON. A Novel. By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "The Peril of Richard Pardon," "Great Porter Square," "Aunt Parker," etc. 8vo, Paper Covers, 40 cents. No. 638 in Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Mr. Farjeon preserves his charming style, and works out a striking plot with unusual skill.—*Hartford Courant.*

Harper's Franklin Square Library.

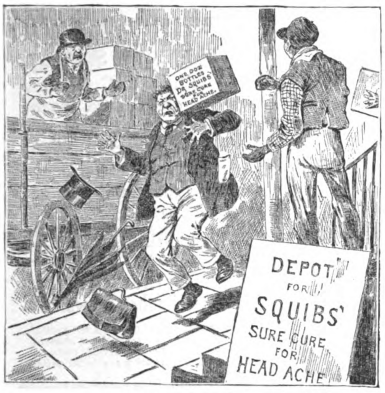
New Issues. 8vo, Paper Covers.

	CTS.
TOILERS OF BABYLON. By B. L. Farjeon	40
THE WEAKER VESSEL. By D. Christie Murray. Illustrated by George Du Maurier	50
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. By J. M. Barrie	35
THE PERIL OF RICHARD PARDON. By B. L. Farjeon. Illustrated	30
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. By Walter Besant. Illustrated	50
THE COUNTESS EVE. By J. H. Shorthouse	25

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



COMFORTING.

"Axe yer pardin, boss. Step in an' get a bottle of Squibs, an' ye'll be all right—maybe."

(Injured citizen is immediately surrounded by an unsympathizing public who suspect him of being employed to advertise Squibs.)



INFORMATION.

DOCTOR. "What did you get by striking, my man?"

STRIKER. "Infarmation."

DOCTOR. "But I thought it was more pay you wanted."

STRIKER. "Sure 'n it was that, whin oi sthruck, but it's well infarmed oi am now, that the nixt toime oi sthrike it will be whin oi'm on the perlayce force."



TICKING.

"What's the matter, Uncle Cephas? You seem to be a kind o' narvous."

"Wal', I've sat nigh onto that 'ere clock a good many times, but it's the fust time in my life I ever heerd it tick so loud."

"Yas, we've jest had her 'iled."

Cramps of the Muscles.

John I. Wood, of Stratford, Ont., was cured of cramps in the legs by wearing ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Mr. Wood says:

"Some three months ago I was taken very sick with severe pain in the small of my back over the kidneys. The pain was excruciating. I applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER over the affected region and had relief almost within an hour. At the same time, in conjunction with this trouble, I had very great nervous disturbance, affecting my legs with cramps so I could scarcely sleep. Meeting with such success with my back I applied a plaster under the knee on each leg, and in three days was completely cured, and have never been troubled in either way since."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs! 10 Samples for 12c. 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts. GIANT Gilt-Edge PRINTING PRESS $5 With Script type outfit, $5 Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

$500 IN Cash

Is offered to the person who shall send in the largest number of yearly subscribers to the

Ladies' Home Journal

between now and **July 1st, 1889,** at **50 cents per year—HALF PRICE.** *After that date, no subscriptions received for less than $1.00 per year.* **$400—$300** is offered respectively for next largest clubs. A good cash commission paid for every subscriber secured, if desired, instead of premiums. Hundreds of dollars can be made during the next six months, by men, women or children. We furnish free sample copies, posters, &c. Address

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDEST and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

Arnold Constable & Co

Flannels and Tennis Suitings.

PRINTED and STRIPED FLANNELS.
Spring styles of these popular goods.

Broadway & 19th st.

THE MIDLAND GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO.,
CAPITAL, $300,000. OMAHA, NEB.
The only complete and official abstracts of titles to all lots and lands in Omaha, South Omaha, and Douglas, Sarpy, Cass, and Washington Counties, Neb. Titles examined, perfected, and certificates of guaranty issued. Pay taxes, collect rents, and care for property of non-residents. Fiscal agents for corporations, and executor, administrator, and guardian of estates. Reference, First National Bank, Omaha, Neb.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

TRADE MARK.

PREPARED FROM THE

Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort, SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D., Member of the Royal Board of Health.

They are to be used with great benefit in all **Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx, and Lungs.**

By their action the **mucus is dissolved,** quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying **cough** and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of

the different **CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES,**
the Chronic Catarrhs of the **STOMACH** and **INTESTINES,**
Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver,
and other Abdominal Complaints

requiring a mild, laxative, and stimulating treatment.

DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of **SODEN MINERAL LOZENGES,** as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle only in throats affected by Catarrh; and the tormenting **WHOOPING COUGH** is changed to its mildest form.

Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose vocations require continued use of the voice will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.

The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.

At the International Exhibition at Brussels the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES *were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.*

For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a box.
Sole Agency for the United States,
Soden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, 15 Cedar Street, New York.



OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN



For 1889 is the handsomest and most complete Garden Guide ever published. It is really a book of 140 pages, size 9 x 11 inches, contains *three colored plates,* and illustrations of all that is new, useful and rare in **Vegetables, Flowers, Fruits** and **Plants,** with plain directions "How to grow them," by

Peter Henderson

This manual we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps). To all so remitting 25 cents for the manual, we will at the **same time** send free by mail, **in addition,** their choice of any one of the following **Splendid Novelties,** most of which are now offered for the **first time,** and the price of either of which is 25 cts.: One packet of *Autumn King Cabbage,* or one pkt. of *Yosemite Mammoth Wax Bean,* or one pkt. *Delmonico Musk Melon,* or one pkt. *Giant Pansy,* or one pkt. *Scarlet Triumph Aster* (see illustration,) or one pkt. *Sunflower "Silver and Gold,"* or one plant of the climber *Blue Dawn Flower,* or one plant of the *White Moonflower,* or one *Bermuda Easter Lily,* or one plant of either a *Red, Yellow, White or Pink Everblooming Rose*—**on the distinct understanding,** however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

Wonderful Periodicals.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS are something for Americans to be grateful for and to be proud of. They are four wonderful periodicals.—*N. Y. Sun,* February 2, 1889.

Subscription per Year, Postage Free:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4.00	HARPER'S BAZAR	$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4.00	HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2.00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

MR. HOBNEY HOBBS (*who, from his place in the saddle, has just shot at a rabbit that chanced to cross his path, and who immediately finds himself in the road, to sympathetic farmer*). "I say, my good fellah, did you notice wheathah it was the hoss or the gun that kicked?"

HENRY-WARD-BEECHER'S OPINION OF PEARS' SOAP



"CLEANLINESS" is next to Godliness, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I AM WILLING TO STAND BY EVERY WORD IN FAVOR OF IT, I EVER UTTERED

Henry Ward Beecher

A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it.

PEARS' is the best, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps *for general TOILET PURPOSES*. It is not only the most attractive, but the *purest* and *cleanest*. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. But be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.

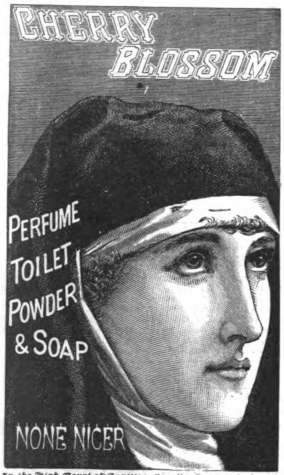
REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER



WON GOLD & SILVER MEDALS FOR Championship of the World, At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888. 151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, at Detroit, on January 21, 1888, on a memorized sentence, thus beating all previous records of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.



Overworked Business Men.

The tax on the nervous energy of the successful business man of to-day is something tremendous. Not one of these men would think of imposing on another one quarter of the burden they will cheerfully assume themselves. Fortunately in **Beecham's Pills** medical science has provided an agent that will enable nature to keep the supply of nervous energy equal to the fearful demand. The first sign of overwork shows itself in a weak stomach and a disordered liver; **Beecham's Pills** act like magic on these two organs, restoring the one almost *immediately* to a robust condition, and regulating and purifying the other instantly. They cost but 25c., but are worth "a guinea a box."

Special

Beecham's Pills are now being introduced into the United States through their agents, Messrs. B. F. ALLEN & Co., 365 & 367 Canal Street, N. Y., who, if your druggist does not keep them, will mail you a sample box on receipt of 25 cents.

PREPARED ONLY BY THOS. BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

SECURUS JUDICAT Apollinaris ORBIS TERRARUM



Look all around among the Retailers,

then write to C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT, which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

CAUTION If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N.Y.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. Liebig TRADE MARK

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



For months I suffered from a very severe cold in head. Ely's Cream Balm has worked like magic in its cure after one week's use. I feel grateful for what it has done for me. Samuel J. Harris (Wholesale Grocer), 119 Front St., New York.

YUCCA

Young Men who are becoming prematurely bald, and who have used numerous so-called hair restoratives without success, need not despair. Yucca will, by continuous application for a short period of time, cause the hair to grow wherever it has previously grown. One bottle of YUCCA will convince you. YUCCA has just been introduced to the trade, and you can probably buy it at the nearest Druggist. If not, send us $1 and we will send you a trial bottle. Always address Yucca Co., Burlington, Vt.

BOMBAY HAIR

HARPER'S WAR VOLUMES

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S Pictorial History of the Civil War

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $25. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers, 185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878. THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

LANTERN SLIDES Microscopes, Telescopes, Spectacles, Barometers, Field Glasses, Photographic Outfits for Amateurs, &c. W. H. WALMSLEY & CO. Philadelphia Pa. Illus. price list free. Send for *Special Bargain Lists.*

CURE for the DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

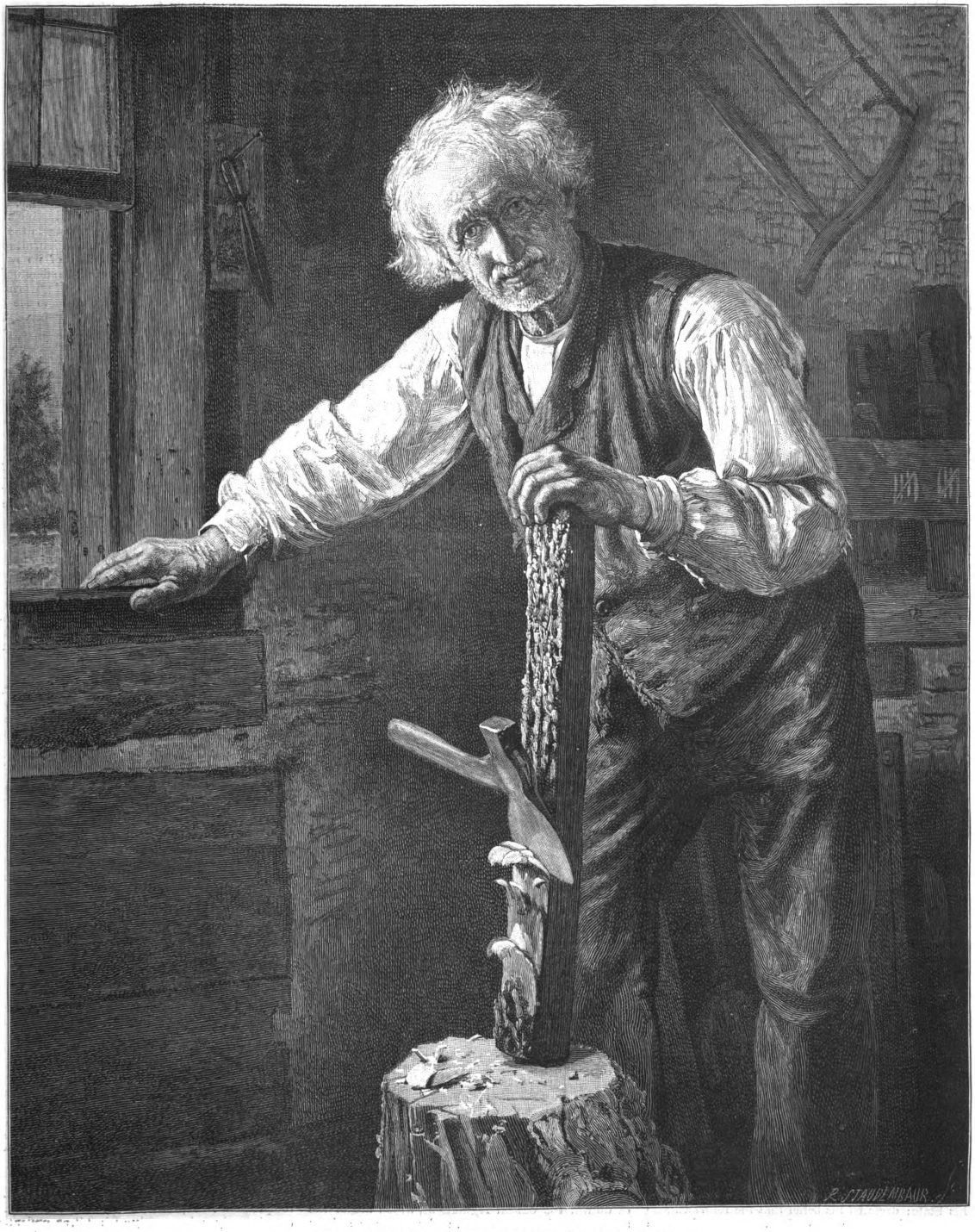
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1679.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"THE OLD MECHANIC."—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"A marvel. It is edited with wise and skilful tact. It instructs while it amuses."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for February 19th contains the first part of "Coots, the Story of a Day's Ducking," by JOHN FRANCIS ADAMS, *with an illustration by* H. F. FARNY; *the ninth instalment of "Captain Polly," by* SOPHIE SWETT, *illustrated by* ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD; *and a pretty little story called "Edna with the Red Cloak."*

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL-DAYS,

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE,

contains some very curious extracts from note-books in WASHINGTON'S *own handwriting, which seem to have been overlooked by his biographers. The article will be concluded in the following number.*

The current issue contains also "The Painter Rubens and his Children," with two engravings; "Boyhood in Other Lands," by AGNES CARR SAGE; *and a humorous poem by* HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

AN ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

IT is a curious and interesting fact that the question of reform in the civil service, which was alleged to have been finally disposed of by the Presidential election, has been the one question of public interest which has been generally discussed since the event of the election was known. The subject was never of more general interest than at this moment, and, like all great reforms, it is strengthened by the character and methods of its opponents. The debate in the House has been followed by a much longer debate in the Senate upon a motion to add one or two clerks to the force of the Commission. The inclusion of the railway postal service within the classified system has been followed by the peremptory removal of Mr. EDGERTON, the chairman of the Commission, who by a grotesque fate is one of the most scornful sceptics and foes of reform. The circumstances of the removal are to be regretted. Mr. EDGERTON'S total want of faith or interest in the reform which he was appointed to superintend and enforce has been long familiar. He has never sought to conceal it, and it has been a scandal. He should have been removed long ago. But his removal on the eve of the inauguration of the new President, and the appointment of a successor who, if confirmed, would probably remain as the Democratic member of the Commission, suggests that the purpose may have been provision for Mr. THOMPSON as well as the interests of reform. There is this, however, to be said, that as the law requires that all the members of the Commission should not be of the same party, the selection of Mr. THOMPSON by President CLEVELAND saves his successor the difficult task of choosing a Democrat, and secures a Commissioner who has shown a sincere interest in the reform.

Besides these incidents, however, the debates in the House and the Senate have revealed the interesting fact that there is a strong and resolute Republican conviction upon the subject upon which President HARRISON, if he be so disposed, can safely depend. The speeches of Mr. CABOT LODGE and other Republicans in the House, and of Senators HOAR and HAWLEY in the Senate, were very significant. The last defence of the abuse of partisan patronage which reform had to carry was what in military phrase is called the firing line, that is to say, the active party leaders in public life. The three gentlemen whom we have mentioned are among the representative leaders of the best Republican sentiment upon this subject, and they are not men who are likely to abandon their position at the command of such other leaders as Messrs. INGALLS, PLUMB, QUAY, DUDLEY, and PLATT. In the debate in the Senate, Mr. ALLISON, we are sorry to say, turned a cold shoulder to the reform. But Senator HAWLEY read the resolution of the Republican platform, which is a deliberate and solemn pledge, and he advised young statesmen to count upon Republican fidelity to the pledge. Senator HOAR, an old and constant friend of reform who has the entire courage of his opinions, like Senator SUMNER, whose seat he fills, declared his satisfaction that President CLEVELAND by including the postal railway service had extended the area of the reformed system; denounced the scandal and shame of Republican partisan abuse of patronage, which had become intolerable, he said, to the Republican majority in his State; declared his belief that the reformed system should embrace the entire non-political public service; and, with the same sincerity of conviction, sharply but amusingly scored the mugwumps for their want of faith in those who were guilty of the shame and scandal which he denounced. With all his causticity of censure, no Republican has more regretted than Senator HOAR the defection of the mugwumps as a kind of wrong to a great cause. But should his views, instead of the old shame and scandal which he describes, prevail in the Republican administration, he will find no more constant coadjutors than the mugwumps.

Mr. FOULKE, the late president of the Indiana Reform Association, who warmly supported General HARRISON, states clearly and strongly in his late address the logical Republican position under the pledges of the Republican platform, and points out the fact that reform in the civil service is an executive reform devolving upon the President. We have already said that every President must decide for himself what his party really desires. President HARRISON'S course will show whether upon this subject the Republicanism of Messrs. HOAR, HAWLEY, and LODGE is his own. If such should prove to be the fact, he too would find the most earnest support from those whose votes for other reasons were cast against him. As Senator HOAR truly remarked, it is an administrative reform, and consequently it is useless for either party to taunt the other with its shortcomings in a direction in which both parties should advance willingly.

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE BYRNE report upon frauds in the New York Appraiser's office has been laid before the Senate, and copies have been at last seen elsewhere. It is upon the authority of this report that extensive removals have been made, the characters of public officers hitherto unsuspected have been questioned, and a vast system of frauds has been alleged. The New York *Times*, a journal very friendly to the Secretary of the Treasury, has expressed its views upon the report, and of the action based upon it, in an article which is a model of moderation and candor and of newspaper discussion. It concludes that as a basis of charges of sugar frauds at the Custom-house, the report is simply worthless; that the most which can be said of it is that it presents statements which may call for proper investigation; and that the Secretary of the Treasury by resting his action upon it has exposed himself to the risk of doing irreparable wrong to gentlemen both in and out of the public service, and a cruel injustice to the business men of New York. The injury done to the good name of many public officers upon such a basis as BYRNE'S report of an inquiry conducted under the most suspicious conditions is largely irreparable. But the charges against the honesty of the public service at this port ought not to remain unnoticed.

If there have been frauds to the amount of some millions of dollars in the appraising of sugars, somebody is guilty, and somebody should be publicly and plainly made to answer for his guilt. There has been, indeed, so much scandal stimulated, so much suspicion and accusation and allegation sown broadcast in the public mind, so much loss asserted, and confidence in the customs administration here has been so deeply shaken, that there should now be a thorough and trustworthy examination by competent persons of character, whose statements and conclusions would command universal confidence and respect. If the New York Custom-house is "rotten through and through," let facts be submitted to a candid world. President HARRISON could do no better service than to order such an investigation. A clean sweep of every officer and employé in the Custom-house would not remove the stigma, because that would be in itself obviously an injustice. What is wanted is light. Experience is the best teacher, and undoubtedly, without assuming dishonesty, methods of customs administration may be constantly improved, and this is especially true of the undervaluation of imports, if wise reforms of administration should be re-enforced by legislation such as proposed by the Senate sub-committee on Finance. It is, of course, a question whether losses can ever be prevented under an *ad valorem* method of assessment, with high rates. The United States, we believe, is the only great nation which adheres largely to *ad valorem* rates. It may be true that specific rates operate unequally and conceal the amount of protection, but they can be administered uniformly and honestly, which is impossible with *ad valorem* rates. The whole customs system in its methods and rates requires frequent and careful revision, and there can be no better time for a complete inquiry into its actual condition than such as now presents itself, when misconduct involving great losses of public revenue is alleged at the chief custom-house in the country.

An interesting and timely publication in connection with the subject is that of the employés of the Naval Office, which this year completes its centenary. It contains a brief history of the origin and business of the office; its present organization and distribution of duties; the official regulations, which are of the soundest business character, and which are strictly and effectively enforced by the present Naval Officer; and a complete roster of the office, showing how faithfully the reformed system has been observed in appointments. Of the total of 102 employés, all but 25 have been appointed under the rules, and the exceptions are the experienced officers who were appointed before there were any such rules. The Naval Office as administered under the reformed system challenges investigation. For every reason such an investigation has been made desirable by the transactions in the Appraiser's office, and as the practical result of the election is the maintenance of a high protective system, and as the friends of protection do not deny the opportunities for illicit transactions which any custom-house system must offer, they may wisely seek in the interest of protection itself to satisfy the public mind that the methods of administration of the customs laws at the chief custom-house are made as efficient and are as carefully guarded as possible. Such an investigation, conducted by an administration which should be believed to intend reform in the sense advocated by eminent Republican leaders, could not fail to be of the highest value to the public service, and to the party which should conduct it in a manner different from that of Mr. BYRNE.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

THE celebration of LINCOLN'S birthday was never so general as this year, and it is evident that if not made legally a national holiday, it will be hereafter none the less generally and sincerely observed. General PORTER in his speech happily pointed out how essentially LINCOLN was a man of the people. But he was a representative of their best instincts and their nobler qualities. His Americanism in the true sense was shown by the manner in which, although a lawyer of conservative habit and of no radical enthusiasm, as the word is generally understood, he always held fast as a practical axiom of government and a fundamental rule of government to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. They were not to his mind, as to another great lawyer—RUFUS CHOATE—"glittering generalities"; they were truths to be recognized in political conduct.

No man was more sociable than LINCOLN, and Mr. ISAIAH ARNOLD, in his reminiscences of the Illinois bar of the last generation, tells many an anecdote of his humor and fun. His knack at concentrating wisdom in a jest, EMERSON compared to the shrewdness of Æsop, while the tact with which this faculty is always allied was in LINCOLN a consummate skill in statesmanship. This is shown constantly in HAY'S and NICOLAY'S *Life of Lincoln*. If all the circumstances are considered, there are no passages in the history of state-craft which reveal more remarkable knowledge of human nature and the highest skill in the conduct both of men and affairs than the correspondence between LINCOLN and SEWARD at the beginning of the war, when Mr. SEWARD sincerely felt it necessary to put the President in commission; and again in LINCOLN'S modification of some of Secretary SEWARD'S foreign despatches; and once more in his adjustment of the difficulty arising from the request of the Republican Senators during the war that Mr. SEWARD should be dismissed from the cabinet. The sagacity evinced by Mr. LINCOLN in these transactions and many more was of the very highest. It was not Machiavellian, it was Lincolnian; that is to say, it was the masterly wisdom and skill of a perfectly simple, honest, and patriotic man. It is perhaps as true of LINCOLN as of WASHINGTON that he said and did nothing in the tremendous exigencies of his time that his countrymen would now regret or change, and it is as hard to think of the civil war without LINCOLN as of the Revolution without WASHINGTON. In the great qualities of speech for an occasion of the deepest significance the address at Gettysburg is unsurpassed by the words of any orator at any time, and the pathetic grandeur of the inaugural address of 1865 lingers in the memory like the majestic music of Isaiah.

But with all his sociability and marvellous genius for public affairs at one of the most important epochs in history, LINCOLN had the sadness and solitariness of all great souls. He touched his companions on every side with tender sympathy and subtle humor. He put his arms around them and smiled and jested, but he walked the path of duty alone. His independence and his moral courage were not conscious and proud and defiant. No man pricked so deftly the bubble of false pride, and personally he assumed absolutely nothing. But in the great moments of life, after hearing patiently all counsels, he followed his own. No incident in his life, so rich in memorable incidents, is more significant, and as an example and encouragement more inspiring, than his course when he was a candidate for the nomination to the Senate in the Illinois Legislature. He called a few chosen friends to hear the speech that he proposed to make, in which occurs the passage alluding to the Union and slavery—"A house divided against itself cannot stand." His friends, amazed and alarmed at the probable interpretation of such a remark, advised unanimously and earnestly against it, as, under the circumstances, a foolish throwing away of his chances. LINCOLN heard them quietly, and with that grave,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wistful look which those who knew him can well recall, and in the evening he delivered the speech without modifying the phrase. A man so true to himself could not, of course, be false to any man. No man's life can be read with greater satisfaction. To call him one of Plutarch's men is perhaps to invest him with an aspect a little strange. His heroism was a moral quality, but its form was not "classic." Human qualities in Attica or in Illinois are indeed essentially the same, but the stamp, the glamour, differs. In a high sense LOWELL'S phrase is true of LINCOLN—"The first American." It is our happiness that we cannot forget him, and that as we must needs look at him, we must look up to see him, and that whoever would be such an American as LINCOLN must go up higher.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

IT is pretty clear that there will be no temperance legislation in New York this winter, notwithstanding the fact that the Republicans made high license the campaign cry under which they secured control of the Legislature. The bill of the Excise Commission, although, as we pointed out, a compromise, as indeed any bill must be, did promise to restrain the traffic, and therefore as a practical scheme, although quite below the manifesto of the campaign, it might have been wisely made the measure upon which all temperance legislators would unite.

But the introduction of another Republican bill, and the opposition to the Commission's bill of the body called anti-saloon Republicans, have by common consent killed the Commission bill, and with it the chance of high license legislation this year. In the public interest this is to be regretted, and it seems to be a Republican blunder. We doubt whether the Governor would have signed the bill. But when it became clear that it was favored by men like Dr. CROSBY, and by the committee which drew the vetoed bill of last year, the fact that it was not so high a license bill as could be wished was not a reason for preventing its passage. The opposition is a party blunder, because it tends to confirm the suspicion, which is very strong with earnest temperance men, that the Republicans are only fooling with the subject.

To this feeling it is useless to reply that restrictive liquor legislation is Republican legislation, because the New York temperance voter who supported the Republican ticket last November as the best practical way to secure some progress in the cause sees precisely what everybody else sees, that the passage of a moderate measure, proposed by a Commission upon which there were five Republicans and only two Democrats, has been defeated by Republicans. That is the one fact which will be seen and remembered, and the ingenuity which points out defects in the bill when tested by an absolute standard will be forgotten. It is another of the instances in which the politicians of a party overbear the wish of the party. There is no doubt that the distinctive Republican sentiment is favorable to restriction of the liquor traffic, but there is no doubt also that this sentiment is constantly baffled by Republican politicians who fear to alienate the liquor vote. Dr. CROSBY states the common feeling in saying that the bill which has countered the Commission bill was introduced "purely for political purposes, and was not intended for the benefit of the public."

GENERAL SHERMAN AND CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

GENERAL SHERMAN has written a letter in regard to the proposal to ask subscriptions in New York and elsewhere for a home in Austin, Texas, for disabled Confederate soldiers. The General says truly that there is no question of the impartial generosity of the city of New York. But of course Austin is far away, and explanations and details and guarantees would be properly demanded, which he suggests the agent of the enterprise to provide. He adds that he would prefer another method to relieve "the Confederate soldier made prematurely old by the vicissitudes of a war he could not prevent," but that any means of aiding them receives his sympathy and good wishes.

He said further, in an interview, that the homes provided for the Union soldiers should be opened also to the Confederates, and the word "Union" should be blotted from the statutes so far as they apply to the homes, so that the homes should be open to all soldiers. To this the agent objected that the government could hardly pension or provide for those who fought against it. But General SHERMAN'S remark was in the spirit of SUMNER'S proposition to strike from the flags the names of victories over fellow-citizens. It was in this spirit that General GRANT constantly spoke upon the subject, and General SHERMAN'S words add fresh lustre to his fame. There need be no fear that the significance of the war will be forgotten, or that the meaning of such generosity will be misconstrued. It is the soldiers upon both sides who have been first in magnanimous treatment of the memories of the war.

A SCANDALOUS CEILING.

THERE is a pretty large scandal connected with the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber at Albany. A new ceiling was ordered last year to be put up under the supervision of a committee of conspicuous gentlemen, and a ceiling has been completed. But the statistics and details of the work which have been published reveal apparently an enormous job, which, without clear explanation, will dangerously discredit the members of the committee. The figures which have been published without contradiction are in their way as extraordinary as the exposures of some of the jobs of the TWEED Ring.

The Capitol at Albany is the crowning illustration of the unpleasant fact, which Mr. BRYCE probably does not consider to be peculiar to the American commonwealths, that a public work is often or generally a dishonest work. No enterprise is proposed to be undertaken by public authority for the public benefit which is not at once regarded as certain to be a disgraceful job. When a Capitol was proposed twenty years ago to be erected at an expense of $4,000,000, the scheme was regarded with bated breath as almost imperially extravagant. The Capitol has already cost, we believe, nearly $18,000,000, and it is not yet completed.

If now to the great job subsidiary jobs are to be added, growing out of previous jobbery, the New York Capitol will be a monument of much more than the liberal public spirit of the State. Like the New York Court-house, it will remind the spectator that the shrewdest people under the sun can scarcely hope to put up an honest public building. Yet we believe this fact, impossible in New York, has been achieved in Indiana.

THE THREATENED PARKS.

As there is nothing more desirable to secure for a rapidly growing city than frequent parks, the IVES bill, which empowers the Park Department to sell at its pleasure any part of the land designated for the new parks, is a very serious blow at the city. The object is to sell building lots, and the consequence will be the reduction of the park area and an enormous stimulation of speculation, by which the city will be deprived of the benefit which it was the object of the parks to secure.

The new parks are part of a vast scheme of public improvement for the health and the beauty of the city. No such improvement can be carried out without offering enormous opportunities of private and associated profit, if only the scheme can be diverted in any degree from its public purpose. There is an immense cleverness always on the alert in New York to turn public opportunities to its own advantage. Nothing is more certain than the persistence and ingenuity of its schemes. Nothing is more necessary, if those schemes are to be baffled, than equal tenacity and sagacity in opposing them. The advantages and in a high sense the necessity for a population like that of New York of all the breathing space and all the ground for recreation that can be secured are undeniable. They are axioms.

But the authorities are empowered by the IVES bill "to sell so much of the land as may be considered to be unnecessary or undesirable for park purposes." They may sell what they choose. This is an enormous power. There is no occasion for redecting upon the authorities to whom the power is given, but it is obvious that the better way is to devote all the land to the public purposes for which it was designed. If such is not seen to be the public sentiment, however, the bill will probably pass the Legislature upon the ground that there is no objection. But there are Assemblymen from the city from whom a protest in behalf of the intelligent view of the subject may be fairly expected.

GLIMPSE OF A FREE LIBRARY.

MR. SIDNEY S. RIDER, who issues monthly in Providence a little sheet called *Book Notes*, in which he gossips at his pleasure of books and other things, describes a recent pleasant visit to the Free Library in Pawtucket, a flourishing manufacturing town near Providence. The visit, he says, was an object-lesson. It was in the evening, and in a room bright with electric-lights and warm sat some fifty boys poring over the London *Graphic* and *Illustrated News* and HARPER'S WEEKLY, while at other tables men were reading magazines, and women and girls at their own tables were engaged in the same way.

At the extreme end of the room were the bookshelves of ten thousand volumes, along which boys ranged at will, taking down books at their pleasure. To Mr. RIDER'S surprised question whether such freedom could be safely permitted, the librarian replied that nothing was ever seriously displaced, while the theft or mutilation of books was almost unknown. A boy brought up a book to be entered; it was a bound volume of the *Century*. Another followed with STANLEY'S *Through the Dark Continent*. One boy had the Iliad in POPE'S translation; the next, a volume of BANCROFT'S history, and when Mr. RIDER asked if he worked in the mill, he answered, "Yes, in the Dexter Yarn Mill." The boys were not selected; they were noted as they came.

Upon a little inquiry it appeared that the boys when they first came had the boy's taste for dime novels and mischief; but a little frank, firm, good-natured talk from the director and the librarian, a sensible man and woman, had worked the wonder, which Miss BURT in the school at Chicago had also wrought, and taught the boys and girls to prefer the better book. *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Swiss Family Robinson*, and their kind are as entertaining to the boy, if he were but made to know it, as *Blue Skin* and *Black Bess* and *Sixteen-string Jack*. Mr. RIDER says truly that the Free Library mill boys of to-day will be the real strength of Pawtucket to-morrow, and he exhorts every village in Rhode Island to consider Pawtucket, and then go and do likewise, "for no town's money can be so well expended." That is a truth which may be profitably meditated in larger States than Rhode Island.

THE NEW YORK SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

THE State of New York is to be congratulated upon the re-election of Mr. ANDREW S. DRAPER as Superintendent of Public Instruction by the unanimous renomination of the Republican majority in the Legislature. We have had frequent occasion to speak of the great intelligence, earnestness, and public spirit with which Mr. DRAPER has discharged the duties of his office, of whose dignity and importance he has a just conception; and he has a profound interest in the subject of popular education. Indeed there is no office in the State which offers to the right man an ampler field of beneficent public service, and Mr. DRAPER'S force, candor, and executive ability, his clear comprehension and his admirable faculty of lucid exposition, make him the right man. It is a great satisfaction as well as a great benefit when an office so influential is so wisely and effectively administered.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE creation of a new national Department of Agriculture and the nomination of an eighth member of the cabinet is an important event. The existence of a bureau with a Commissioner forecast both the Department and the Secretary, although the precise limit of the new charge is not defined. Popularly the bureau has been regarded hitherto as chiefly an agency for the distribution of seed and agricultural information, and to be justified upon the same general ground with the "parcels-express" function of the Post-office. The exact value of the service of the bureau it would be probably not easy to define.

The selection of the existing Commissioner for the brief honor of the new Secretaryship during the few remaining days of the administration was a testimony to his faithful and intelligent service, which is admitted on all sides. The tenure will be very brief, and the new office puts another high political prize into the hands of the new President. The first annual report of the second Secretary, who must practically organize the new Department, will naturally contain a statement of the scope and character of its work. For there is no doubt that the country is not yet aware why the useful functions of a bureau require the dignity of a department organization.

PERSONAL.

A PLEASANT custom is observed by the son and daughter of Mr. D. O. MILLS, who has lived alone at his house in this city much of the time since the death of his wife. The son, Mr. ODDEN MILLS, entertains his father at dinner on one evening, the next evening Mr. MILLS is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. WHITELAW REID, at her home, and on the third evening he is the entertainer of his children, the rotation being so observed that the father never dines alone.

—The alumni of Williams College have raised $75,000 for a monument to the late Dr. MARK HOPKINS, for so many years president of the college. The monument is to take the shape of a building at Williams, and it is suggested that the sum be increased to $100,000, and the building be made of stone, as typical of the sturdy character of the grand old teacher and theologian.

—FRANK SHANNON, of Philadelphia, has been given a gold medal by the woman's branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for thrusting his arm down a hyena's throat and extracting a bone that was choking the animal to death, in the Quaker City Zoological Gardens.

—Mrs NANCY CLARK MARSHALL WINKLE SMITH FRISBEE MCGREGOR RAWLINS, a rich and somewhat masculine woman, who owns valuable cattle and timber lands in Montana and Oregon, has lately reached the extreme Scriptural limit of marrying chronicled of her sex by taking unto herself her seventh husband. She went to San Francisco over the plains in 1849, and the uncertainties of border life have enabled her to gratify her taste for marital change without resort to divorce. Every one of her husbands was dead before another took his place. One was lost in a mountain snow-storm, another was killed by Indians, and a bucking horse assisted another out of the world. Husband No. 7 is twenty-eight years old. He was raised by the much-widowed woman, and calls her "Mamma."

—JAMES H. JONES, a colored Republican Alderman at Raleigh, North Carolina, was JEFFERSON DAVIS'S slave and body-servant when the President of the Southern Confederacy was captured by Union soldiers. He keeps up a correspondence with his former master, and received his photograph as a Christmas present last month.

—Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S recovery from her apparently fatal illness of last fall is most remarkable. She walks about her house and grounds at Hartford, Connecticut, although still quite weak, and some of her friends have received letters from her written in a firm hand.

—A monument has been erected at Redding, Connecticut, in memory of General ISRAEL PUTNAM. It stands on the ground where, with eight hundred Continental soldiers, he was encamped during the terrible winter of 1778–9, and steps are now being taken to turn the place and its surroundings into the Putnam Memorial Park. Thirty-two acres of land have already been given for the purpose, and the State Legislature will be asked to appropriate $25,000 for carrying out the plan. The site chosen for the park is wild and rocky, and huge trees, which are probably as old as the nation, still stand guard over the spot.

—CAMPANINI, the singer, who was so rich six years ago that he could invest $300,000 in a great manorial estate in Italy and stock it with game, horses, and dogs, has met with serious financial losses of late, and is said to be in straitened circumstances.

—The Emir of Afghanistan had a narrow escape from assassination recently while reviewing a body of troops in the presence of the British Envoy and other guests. A sepoy in a Herati regiment suddenly wheeled as he was passing by and fired at the Emir, the bullet splintering his chair. An officer promptly killed the sepoy, and the parade went on.

—Both branches of the Maine Legislature took a recess the other day to give a reception to ELIHU STEVENS, of Belgrade, who is one hundred and one years old, a pensioner of the war of 1812, and the father of twenty-two children.

—Miss SUSANNAH WARFIELD, who composed the march which was performed at the inaugural ball of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, lives near Sykesville, Carroll County, Maryland, and is over ninety years old.

—Mrs. NANCY EDGERLY died recently at Wolfborough, New Hampshire, at the age of one hundred and four years. She rode with her mother on horseback to Philadelphia to witness the celebration attending the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

—Emperor WILLIAM of Germany has an annual income of over $3,300,000, but has found it necessary to ask the Prussian Diet to add about $900,000 to his spending money.

—JAY W. COWDREY, of Hartford, Connecticut, a "Christian scientist," fell in a faint during a recent lecture, and just after having made the statement that "Christian science can defy death," and died the next day.

—The double reputation of a life saver on land and sea has been won by ARTHUR H. ROWE, of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Besides participating in several daring rescues of shipwrecked people, he has stopped sixty runaway teams.

—Among the most sacred penates of many a Yale graduate is a carefully treasured bit of the famous fence which was torn down last summer to make room for the new Memorial Building. After it had been doomed, the favorite roosting-place of past generations of students began to disappear by piecemeal, and finally large sections were carried off, presumably by the secret societies, so that the workmen had little to do in completing its removal. Miss ELLA OAKFORD, a graduate of the Yale Art Department, has now prepared a limited number of etchings of the fence, and these, accompanied each by a piece of the revered structure, are to be disposed of as souvenirs.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL RALPH CHANDLER.—[See Page 147.]



THE LATE COLONEL HENRY JACKSON HUNT.
From a Photograph by Bell.—[See Page 147.]

CAPTAIN DUTTON AND PROFESSOR CLARKE.

M. Renouard's small group, showing Captain Clarence E. Dutton and Professor Frank Wigglesworth Clarke seated at a table in the parlor of the Cosmos Club in Washington, represents the former in a lounging attitude which would convey the impression, to one who had not seen him, of a man of very large proportions. As a matter of fact, Captain Dutton is of good height and ordinarily full figure, the perfect picture of a hearty, well-preserved army officer of forty-seven years. He is a graduate of Yale College, of the class of 1860, of which Professor O. C. Marsh and Representative William Walter Phelps are among the other distinguished members. At the outbreak of the war he entered the Union service as Adjutant of the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, and two years later was transferred to the ordnance corps of the regular army, as the result of a competitive examination in which some sixty officers took part, and only three or four were passed. He had charge, for one share of his active service, of the ordnance depot at City Point during the siege of Richmond. After the war he was assigned to the Watervliet Arsenal, where he became interested in the study of iron and steel. While there he read the first scientific paper ever written in this country on the chemistry of the Bessemer process. His investigations in this field led him to the examination of iron ores and their deposits, and thence he passed by easy stages to the study of geology in general. In 1874, having in the mean time been transferred to the Washington Arsenal, he was detailed, at the request of Professor Joseph Henry and Major J. W. Powell, to take the field as a geologist. He has accomplished the geological survey of the Grand Cañon district of Colorado, the high plateaux of central Utah, and a large part of northwestern New Mexico and Arizona, and has begun the survey of the Cascade and Coast ranges of northern California, Oregon, and Washington Territory. Since 1879 he has given up ordnance duty entirely, and been attached to the United States Geological Survey. His special forte is physical or dynamic geology, with direct reference to mountain structures, earthquakes, and volcanoes. In 1882 he made a trip to Hawaii, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, to study the volcanoes there, and he has now in the hands of the printer a volume on the Charleston earthquakes. He has published at various times six monographs and nearly a hundred miscellaneous scientific papers.

Captain Dutton's tastes are catholic, however. He is very fond of and very well informed on political economy. His pamphlet on the silver question, published some years ago, is a scholarly exposition of the monometallic theory in finance; and President Hayes appointed him in 1879 secretary of a commission authorized by Congress to prepare a codification of the public land laws of the United States. There is scarcely a subject, indeed, within the whole range of literature, science, or philosophy in which he is not interested, and he has a rare faculty for clothing his views in the plainest form of expression. He was recently elected to succeed Dr. Yarrow as president of the Cosmos Club.



HENRY C. YARROW, M.D., OF WASHINGTON.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.—[See Page 147.]

His companion in the picture, Professor Clarke, is the chief chemist of the Geological Survey, and curator of the mineralogical collection in the National Museum. He was born in Boston in 1847, and graduated at the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. For some years he was Professor of



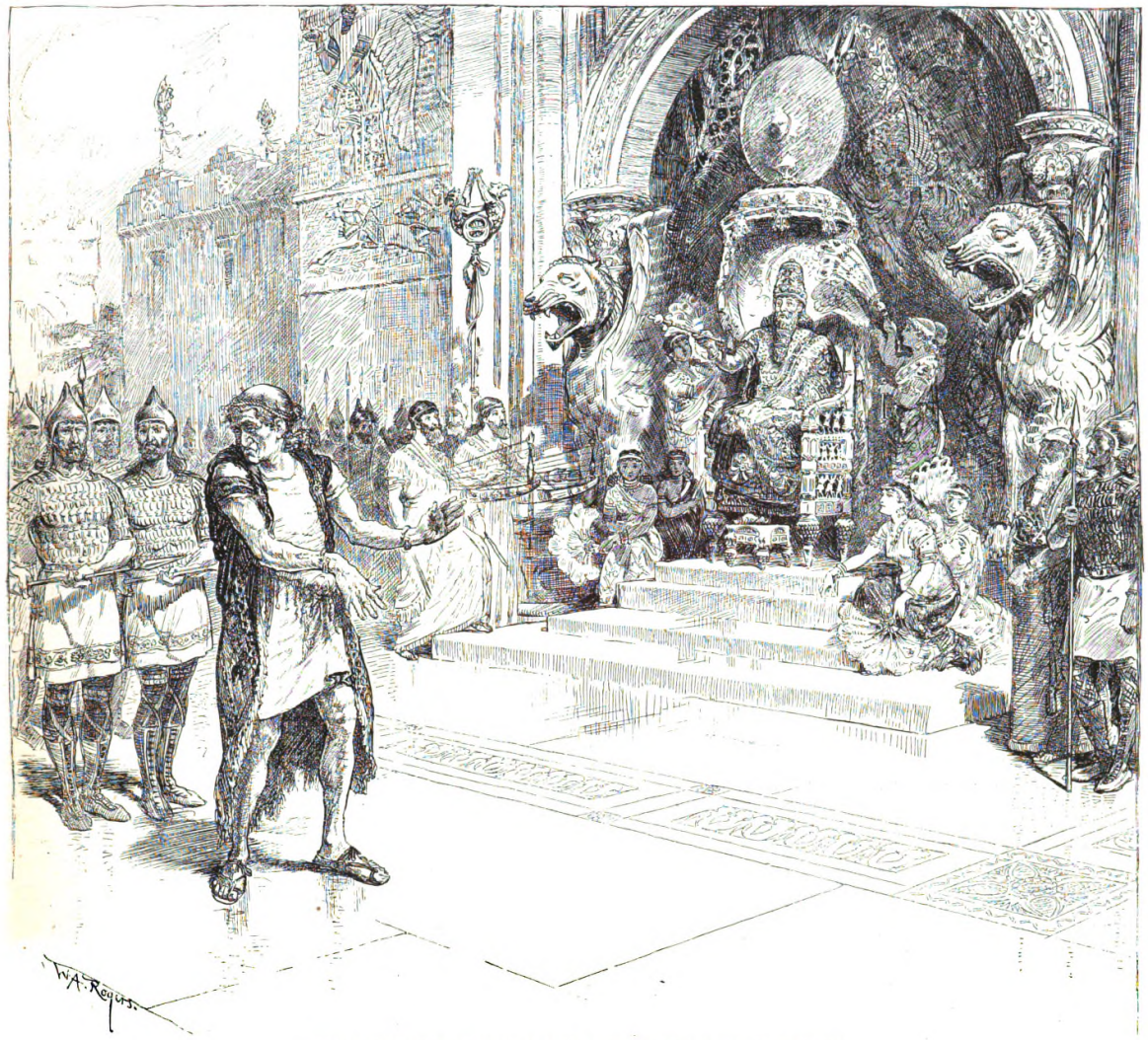
CAPTAIN CLARENCE E. DUTTON AND PROFESSOR FRANK W. CLARKE.
A Sketch in the Cosmos Club, Washington.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.



THE LATE JOHN CALL DALTON, M.D.
From the Painting by Eastman Johnson.—[See Page 147.]

Chemistry at the University of Cincinnati. He was called to his present office in 1883, when it was created. Among his published writings are *Weights, Measures, and Money of all Nations*; *Elements of Chemistry*, a text-book for schools; a serial prepared and issued under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, bearing the general title, *Constants of Nature*, and containing full tables of the specific gravity of all solids and liquids, of specific heat, and of coefficients of expansion, and also a complete recalculation of atomic weight; a report on the Teaching of Chemistry and Physics in the United States, brought out by the Federal Bureau of Education in 1881; and many articles on educational topics for the *Popular Science Monthly*. In 1878 Professor Clarke was chairman of the chemical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He has also served as president of the Chemical Society of Washington.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THIS GALLOWS YOU SHALL BE HANGED UPON, O SANDAL-MAKER OF BABYLON!"

THE SANDAL-MAKER OF BABYLON.

BY WILL CARLETON.

HE was rather a picturesque old man, upon a pettily complex plan,
With grim ability, never hid, to superintend what others did,
And state—an effort's race being run—how things that were done should have been done.
Nought e'er was made but he could tell how he could have made it twice as well;
Nought e'er destroyed but he would bet that he could have smashed it finer yet.
And this erratum of mankind sat, all day, a moral and mental cat,
And threw the claws of his intellect at every merit and defect,
And into the palace and the cot, and into what men were and were not,
And into the deeds they struggled through, and into the things they failed to do,
Using the most uncalled-for cares with other people and their affairs,
And viewed with a supercilious smile the work of the world; and made, meanwhile,
The poorest sandals under the sun—the sandal-maker of Babylon.

No one was ever, since earth began, religious enough to please this man;
No one to the gods e'er bowed a knee that could have done it as low as he;
The tower of Belus itself, he thought, if men had builded it as they ought,
Had been much pleasanter to the eye, and several hundred times as high.
He knew just how it came to pass that Nebuchadnezzar was fed with grass:
Could he have only had his way, the monarch's feed should have been of hay.
In fact, no person, high or low, had fault to conceal or merit to show,
But he could figure it to a notch, and hold it up for the world to watch.
And yet, withal, his moral gait was that of a deep old reprobate,
Full of foolish actions shrewdly done—the sandal-maker of Babylon.

No man was better able to tell how dead men might be living and well.
He knew the parts of the human frame, and every organ he called by name.
A theory of his own had he that man wasn't made as he ought to be;
Could have creation by him been done, the job would have been a better one.
No ill to mankind ever came but he had remedies for the same,
But never a word about them said until the suffering man was dead.
And yet, in spite of his mental wealth, he never had any kind of health;
The sickliest creature under the sun was the sandal-maker of Babylon.

You'd think, to hear him talk, that he invented money itself. He'd see
The gone-by chances of every trade—how every bargain should *have* been made.
He'd tell the rich why they were so; the poor, why they were not; could show
How even the king's great national purse might have been managed better or worse.
Yet had he one financial lack: he might be kicked to Susa and back,
And not a coin of any shape from his habiliments would escape:
Wealth always had contrived to shun the sandal-maker of Babylon.

But he began, unlucky elf, at criticising the king himself;
And so his head, as one might say, endangered even itself one day;
For soon the king, with a humorous sense, requested of him an audience;
And said, "I have heard you cannot live beneath such government as I give:
There's no necessity for the same, and no one but ourselves to blame.
So, sage of the lapstone, do not grieve; I will give you every chance to leave:
This gallows you shall be hanged upon, O sandal-maker of Babylon!"

The engine of death the old man scanned, and murmured, in accents soft and bland,
"Well, hang, if it does you any good; but I want it expressly understood
That were this gallows made by me, a deadlier weapon it would be.
I go to the other world: no doubt things over there need straightening out."

The monarch laughed, and lightly said, "You'd be a nuisance, alive or dead.
Go back to your stall and pound away, and think your thinkings and say your say."
"A foolish plan you have hit upon," said the sandal-maker of Babylon.

And never again the old man staid one happy day at his double trade.
"I do not like to retain my head by anybody's permit," he said.
"If king were I and I the king, I wouldn't have spared him for anything."
And slow and surely, day by day, he lost his vigor and pined away.
They found him lying dead alone—sad sandal-maker of Babylon.

And even now throughout this earth (I tell the story for what 'tis worth)
They say his restless spirit runs, and makes its home with various ones.
Few families are so happy they have not a visit from him some day;
Few towns so blessed with fortune's smile that he doesn't live there for a while.
He will find fault till earth is done—crank sandal-maker of Babylon.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XXIV.

BAD news travels fast. Long before the Major could reach the western entrance to the Pass, the assistant surgeon had ridden along the eastern base of the range from the camp of the cavalry out post at Thoro'fare, and in answer to an almost imperious demand from Lucy, had falteringly told her of the discovery of "Tierney's" real name and identity, and then was compelled to admit that the order had been issued for his immediate execution. He expected an outburst of womanish tears, possibly hysterics and wild lamentations, but he could have spared himself that anxiety.

"It is confirmation of my father's fears and mine," she said. Her face was bloodless, her lips quivering and almost bluish in hue, as though bitterly cold; her glorious eyes were tearless now, but dark circles had formed about them, and their gaze was hard and stern. "Monstrous and murderous as the decree may seem to us, I presume it is useless to appeal to your commander for mercy," she presently continued. "You are sure Colonel Westerlo had returned, and had seen him?" and for an instant there was almost piteous appeal in the look she gave him, and in the tones of her voice.

"Yes, Miss Armistead; he was closeted with the old colonel a full hour before I came away, and I grieve to say we heard of no change in the order. Still, I beg you not to abandon hope."

"Hope!" and a flush of indignation rose for a moment to her wan cheek. "What have we to hope from men like him? At least, I presume he will not refuse me one last word with my brother, or, if I come too late for that, the poor privilege of bringing home and burying here—all that is left to us?"

"I feel sure he would not; but—forgive me—I fear it may be now too late."

"You do not mean—you cannot mean that they would have killed him already?" she exclaimed, with horror in her face. "Oh, this is monstrous! this is worse than tyranny!"

"I hope not. I pray not," answered the doctor, hastily. "But when I left it was the understanding that it was to occur soon after sunrise, and if—if you were able to ride over—"

"I will go instantly—instantly. Meantime you will stay with my father, will you not? Colonel Westerlo gave me to hope that you could remain here throughout the day."

"Depend upon me, Miss Armistead; I have duties here with Captain Wise's detachment that will detain me until the morrow, and I can spend most of the time at your father's side. First, can I be of any aid in getting your horse? My orderly is here."

"No, no! Come at once to father. Say nothing to him of my going. Conceal from him, if you can, the possibility of my brother's fate, and if he awake and discover my absence and demand the reason, then let him understand I have gone in hopes of saving him. Father was awake all night, and has only within the hour fallen asleep exhausted."

"And you have a horse?"

"None; but Colonel Westerlo left some instructions with Captain Wise, and he will surely let me have one. My habit and saddle are left; our horses were taken long ago."

And so, almost at the hour when Major Kearny set forth from camp, Lucy Armistead, mounted on a spare horse of Captain Wise's, and escorted by that gentleman himself, rode westward up the Pass, and was soon across the range. Wise had been summoned from his early breakfast by a message from the guard, saying "the young lady" wished to see him at once. His half-hour's talk with Colonel Westerlo the previous day had filled his soul with sympathy and sorrow for the unhappy occupants of the homestead, and Miss Armistead's beauty had long since undermined the soldier sternness with which he had entered upon his duties. He obeyed her summons with alacrity, but was aghast at sight of her white, quivering face and trembling hands. She was exerting every effort to preserve her self-control, but the struggle was painfully apparent. In few words she told him almost coldly of her brother's death-warrant, and begged that she might have a horse to ride over into the valley and down to Van Duzen's head-quarters. There might be time for one last appeal, or for a few words of farewell. Wise never hesitated a minute. Miss Armistead should have the best horse in his squadron, and he himself would escort her. Captain Wise added, below his breath, "Court-martial be blowed; I can't stand this!" Miss Armistead assured him she needed no escort; but he knew better, and when she would have declined it, he told her he was sorry to force his company upon her, but as his orders were to allow none of the inmates of the homestead to get beyond his lines, he must make those lines as elastic as possible by going with her himself. In twenty minutes she was in her riding-habit and the saddle; had printed one kiss upon her sleeping father's forehead, breathed one brief prayer to God for divine protection and guidance, and then rode past the pickets with her cavalry escort at her horse's heels, the admiration of every soldier of the guard.

They had not reached the village of Hopewell when, thundering up the rocky road, his horse all foam, there came suddenly into sight a horseman in the Union blue. Miss Armistead had been urging the pace at every practicable "stretch" of the winding passage through the range, and her sad eyes were gazing eagerly ahead as they turned a shoulder of the heights to their left. She reined in, however, the moment this solitary rider came in view, and if Wise had not been looking at him instead of at her, he would have noted how her pale cheek began to glow the instant the expression of her eyes changed from mingled surprise, incredulity, and hope to undoubted relief and joy. The next instant the tall horseman had trotted up, whirled his steed to the left about, and was at her side, bowing with cavalier grace over the pommel of his saddle, and baring his close-cropped head as he saluted her. Wise, riding on her right, noted the gold leaf on the cavalry strap, and made up his mind that this could be no other than the Major Kearny of whom he had heard so much. She had turned away from her escort to greet the new-comer, and her face was for the moment hidden from him; but the instant he heard her voice responding to the major's salutation, the captain concluded it his duty to fall back and give a word of instruction to the brace of troopers who followed them. Before he could carry out his intention, without being too abrupt, he heard her almost breathless inquiry for Henry, and Kearny's deep-toned answer:

"Reprieved, and probably safe. Something told me you would hear the contrary, and I came at once."

For a moment she could make no reply. She bent forward over her horse's neck, covering her eyes with her slender hand in its worn old riding-glove. Kearny leaned toward her, his eyes yearning over her, his arm half outstretched as though eager to catch and support her should she sway or reel. No word was audibly spoken in the next minute, but Wise could see in half a glance that Kearny's lips were moving, and that he was murmuring something intended probably for her ears alone. The three horses were ambling peacefully abreast, glad of the chance of a breathing spell, and Wise glanced over his shoulder at the troopers in the rear and concluded that now was his time. He reined back, but she missed the click of the hoofs on her right, rallied in an instant, and brushing the tears from her eyes, raised her head and called him.

"You gentlemen have not met before?" she asked. "Major Kearny, let me present Captain Wise, who has been very, very kind to us to-day."

And Kearny drew back his panting steed, and extended a gauntleted hand to the captain over the croup of her horse. Wise remembered the force of that grip for weeks afterward. Again he would have retired and yielded his place to his senior officer, but again it was she who interposed. The road was wide enough for three now that they were fairly out of the Gap, and she would not hear of his going. Wise looked uneasily at the major, but could read nothing in his impassive face. Kearny plainly saw that, the first emotion and excitement over, and her anxiety as to Henry's fate measurably allayed, she was again mistress of herself and of the situation. She did not mean to be alone with him to the exclusion of any other man, and he was as proud as she.

He was worn and jaded from his all-night ride and his hours of vigil and sleeplessness. He would give her no hint of the pains and labor he had undergone in Henry's behalf and on her account. He somewhat bitterly said to himself it was a matter she would not care to know, and he never dreamed, as he rode in moody silence by her side, or spoke calmly and with simulated cheerfulness of his confidence in her brother's transfer from the hands of the fiery Van Duzen, that down in the bottom of her sorrowing and tender heart she well knew he could not have been with the neighboring command on the previous day—indeed, had not Westerlo told them he was with his new regiment *en route* to Washington?—and that in some way he must have heard the news, and, like the knight he was, had hastened to the rescue and then to her side. Even in the anguish of her anxiety and dread there was a joy in this consciousness against which she strove in vain. What but love for her could have brought him here—here at her side? Gratitude and a sense of obligation might have hurried him forward to Henry's prison, but he would have stopped there, his work accomplished, had he not loved her and longed to bring her the tidings of the reprieve.

And yet no sign of this would she let him see. Was there not still *another* between them?

Late that afternoon brother and sister were seated in his guarded room, holding a few moments' converse while the captain was making preparations for her return. Not without difficulty had Westerlo and Kearny succeeded in obtaining for her the privilege of spending those intervening hours with the prisoner. "Old Van" was already beginning to repent him of his clemency, and to mourn what might be a lost opportunity. He had read of Southern women who furnished lovers or brothers with means of escape. What was to prevent her giving him poison with which to cheat the government of its punishment of the spy? Kearny clinched the matter and put an end to the argument by saying that he gave his word of honor that nothing of that kind would be attempted; and when Van Duzen looked dubious, he added brief mention of one or two Senatorial names, at which the Pennsylvanian surrendered. He was politician enough to know the influence of the Kearnys and the New Jersey delegation, and to yield gracefully in presence of such odds.

At one hour of the day Westerlo and Kearny were allowed to hold a consultation with the prisoner and his sorrowing sister. Ostensibly it was to confer with him as to his "last wishes," for, in the absence of instructions to the contrary, Van Duzen had announced that on the following day at sunset he must pay the penalty of his crime against the laws of war. In reality it was to comfort him and her with details of the rapidly growing sentiment in the entire command against his being regarded in any other light than that of an ordinary prisoner of war. Westerlo had taken pains to tell all over camp the story of Judge Armistead's possibly fatal illness, and the gallant effort made by his son to see him just once more. So, too, he had told how they had shielded and succored Major Kearny, and the stories grew as they went from man to man. By noon that day "the reb" was decidedly more popular in that particular camp than its commanding officer, and there was talk of starting a "round-robin" petition in behalf of the former. Then, too, at any moment now despatches might come from Colonel Graham or from Washington setting Van Duzen's edict aside. Kearny had long since sent a mounted man over to the military telegraph station with additional despatches, and orders to wait for replies, and he and Westerlo were in a feverish state of anxiety. Armistead alone was calm and composed.

At last it was time for her to go, for she felt that she must be with her father overnight. Wise, of course, had turned back one of his troopers at Hopewell to tell the doctor of the reprieve, but she well knew the dread anxiety might would bring to the failing old man. The officer of the guard and a sentry, as required by their orders, still stood at the open doorway of the prison room, but the two field-officers withdrew that the brother and sister might have a few moments of whi-pered confidences. Her horse had been resaddled, and now, with those of Captain Wise and his orderly, was in readiness outside. Kearny's, too, was being led up and down in front of Westerlo's tent a short distance away. He had determined, despite his fatigue, to ride to Hopewell and spend the night at Wise's camp. It was a desire to see Judge Armistead once more, and strive to be of service to him, that would excuse this uninvited visit; but he longed inexpressibly for a few words with her. This was no time, he knew, to seek to undo her determination or to strive to discover whether her heart as well as her hand was pledged to this unknown rival. He had been strangely moved by what Westerlo let fall concerning Falconer. It was not possible that she, an Armistead, could deeply love a man whose courage was questioned, and whose name was mentioned with covert sneer. These were matters on which he could not speak to her, and yet what man who loved as he loved would abandon hope so long as there was left one tendril on which to cling?

And now 'twas full time they started, and old Westerlo had tiptoed into the dark hallway and tapped at the casing of the open door. None but he saw that parting. It was still some minutes before he could lead her away, and then, with bowed head and hidden face and faltering step, she came forth leaning on his strong arm. A group of a dozen officers stood not far away. Beyond them had gathered a number of the men; all curious, perhaps, but all silent and sympathetic. Some one of the former removed his forage cap, and in a moment every man in both groups stood uncovered. This was the Virginia girl who had saved Major Kearny's life. It was reason enough.

Westerlo lifted her into the saddle. Wise reined up on the other side. Kearny could be seen swinging astride his horse over at camp, and she was bending down saying a few words of thanks and tearful farewell to her stanch old friend, when there was a buzz of voices out toward the Thoro'fare road and the clatter of galloping hoofs. Kearny came trotting eagerly down to meet the arriving messenger, who suddenly darted into sight around a neighboring building and almost rode over the major before he could check his steed.

A joyous light flashed over the Jerseyman's face as he read the brief words of the despatch thrust into his hand, followed by a shade of disappointment. Quickly he rode to her side, and without a word handed her the paper. This was what she read—she cared nothing for the address or signature—she knew it must be true:

"Orders by telegraph direct Colonel Van Duzen to place the prisoner Armistead under your charge. You, with sufficient escort, to bring him at once to Washington."

XXV.

March and April have gone. So has Van Duzen's camp at White Plains. Stirring times have those cavalrymen been having on both sides of the Bull Run range, but little of it, outside of "Old Van's" Congressional district, did the people hear. Matters of far graver moment have been occurring farther south along the Rappahannock. Chancellorsville has been turned and lost. Stonewall Jackson has made his last triumphant attack in flank, and has led his enthusiastic Virginians for the last time. May has brought sunshine and cloudless skies and soft and perfumed breezes to the once lovely valley in front of Hopewell Gap, but the roads are all dusty again with the tramping hoofs of scouting dragoons, and all is wild excitement and whispered confidences among the people who still occupy the homes and cottages of Warrenton and the villages to the north. June is here before we realize it in the whirl of hurried raid and rapid marching, and the war-clouds are sweeping up the Rappahannock, up the Hazel River, and those tireless horsemen of Stuart lead the van and clear the way. Two strong divisions of blue jackets—our old friends of the —— New Jersey among them—cross the stream and boldly grapple the advancing columns, and at Beverly Ford and Brandy Station the troopers of the North and South clash in the first real cavalry battle of the war. But within another week the dingy gray jackets and plumed felt hats are riding jauntily as ever up toward Luray, and through every pass, one after another, the Union horse dash in to the attack. And still they stay not. With the end of the second week in June, Lee's advance is far down the Shenandoah, and miles and miles ahead of the Army of the Potomac on a race for the North. Another week, and as the Union columns pass over the well-known fields of the battles, and trudge on up to Edwards Ferry, who should that bold raider Stuart do but double on his tracks, come back down the Luray Valley, camp once again around Salem and White Plains, and then, cutting loose from the entire army of his commander, circle completely around the rear of Hooker's marching columns, cutting off trains and stragglers at will, cross the broad river between Washington and its defenders, and thence galloping straight away for the Susquehanna! No wonder our Union dragoons are kept "on the jump"! No wonder Major Kearny finds his hands full in handling his new battalion! No wonder his heart turns with longing and anxiety to the old homestead at Hopewell Gap, and he prays for opportunity to ride over thither and satisfy himself as to her safety! He has not seen her, he has not heard one word from her since the night she left Van Duzen's camp to return to her father's bedside, while her brother remained—a prisoner.

He had faithfully carried out the instructions most reluctantly transmitted to him late that night by the irate and disappointed commander. With an escort of a dozen troopers he had conveyed his friend and captive to the provost-marshal's office at the capital. He had had only a brief talk with him on the way, not an entirely satisfactory one. There was an odd constraint in Armistead's manner which Kearny could not understand or account for, and which the former did not see fit to explain. They parted in Washington without removal of the veil, and the major went back to his regiment sad at heart and more restless than ever.

One thing, however, he accomplished as a religious duty. He lost no time in acquainting the authorities with Armistead's story, and in reminding them it was to his people he owed his life. He found where Armistead was to be confined, and wrote to his mother and other relatives in New Jersey, enjoining upon them that they should do everything in their power to repay through him the obligation owed to the Armistead family. The authorities offered to release the captain on parole, and the captain refused it. All he asked was that they should exchange him as soon as possible, and permit him to rejoin his squadron under Stuart. Kearny rode back to Virginia, and was presently hurried out to the front, and heard no more of his prisoner for many a long day, when he did, it was to be informed in several letters that came all at once that Captain Armistead had fretted himself into a fever; that he had been and still was seriously ill; that in his helpless condition the rules had been relaxed, and Mrs. Kearny and others had been permitted to have almost exclusive care of him in a comfortable room set apart for the purpose, and that he was now on the mend. About the week before he rode into the charge at Brandy Station, Major Kearny had other letters. Armistead had almost regained his strength after a long convalescence, and, "I once thought, Frank," wrote his mother, "that something more than a school boy and girl affair was going to be the result of your long association with Kate Paulding. Indeed, I was almost certain she thought so too, but I am bound to say that the present state of affairs is a puzzle to me. For the first month of his incarceration she seemed to avoid the possibility of going to see him with me or with your sisters. Now the days are few that do not find her ready to go and read to him by the hour."

It was a piece of information at which Kearny smiled.

But early in June there came a time when once again the fortunes of war seemed bearing him toward Hopewell. Despite the desperate fighting at Beverly Ford, Stuart had pushed on northward, using the Bull Run Mountains for his screen, and Kearny, with his battalion, had been held guarding the trains of the advancing Army of the Potomac. How he prayed for release from this humdrum duty, and longed to be with Gregg and Buford and McIntosh in the columns that had dashed off northward, along the familiar old range, in pursuit of the wily raider! Twice in person and several times in hurried letters he appealed for relief, and begged to be sent on to join the other command, but it was useless. His own regiment was comparatively undrilled, uninstructed, and the men had not shown the steadiness and cohesion of the older troops in the one day of desperate hand-to-hand fighting. The general decreed that they with others in like predicament must stay and guard the trains, and Kearny perforce had to stay with them. Time and again he wished himself back, a troop or squadron leader in the old regiment, but 'twas too late. Not until toward the 20th of the beautiful month of June did he find his white-topped charges slowly crawling into view of the Bull Run range, and one day he wrung reluctant permission from his senior to take half a dozen men and ride over toward the gaps to inquire for his friends. It was late in the afternoon when he trotted through the well-remembered hamlet of Gainesville, and out on the Thoro'fare pike. It was nearly sunset when he reached the Aldie road, and soon was pushing in the shadows of the heavily timbered range. It was twilight and still as the grave when he came in sight of Hopewell Gap and the dim cross-country trail to Sudley Springs. Far to the east the heights of Centreville were still bathed in pure light, and the white walls gleamed in the last rays of the sun, invisible to him by reason of the barrier at the west. He remembered how Lucy's big Newfoundland used to trot out on the turf road in front of the hedge, and challenge with deep-mouthed bark at the sound of advancing hoof-beats; but here he was in sight of the orchard and the heavy foliage of the old trees about the house. Behind him his men were chatting and laughing as they rode at ease, and still no sound of life came from the homestead. Some thing like a chill seemed to strike home to his

* Begun in No. 1667.

Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

heart; something like dread presentiment overcame him. Unable to bear the suspense, he spurred rapidly forward, and in another moment was at the gateway, gazing with straining eyes and choking breath upon a scene of desolation.

There was the old piazza; there the tall brick chimney, still proof against wind or weather. There were the broad steps and the dingy white urns and the little squat pilasters of the blackened balustrade, but all else was a gaping ruin. The dear old homestead was gone.

For some moments the shock wellnigh unmanned him, but the presence of his escort, chatting in low tones, and speculating as to how and when and why this destruction had occurred, restored him to himself. Riding in on the ruined drive, he dismounted, sent a small party of his men up the Pass to watch for possible raiders from the western side of the range, where Stuart was known to be in force, and then began a sad search for anything that might give a clew to the mystery. When could this have happened? How did it take place? What has become of her and of her father? These were the questions that were uppermost in his mind.

The roof of the old portico was gone with the rest of the house, but the floor and the big white columns still stood. They were protected by the stone wall which formed the basement, though the columns were charred and blistered on the inner side. Within the rectangle formed by these stone basement walls was one yawning pit, half filled with heaped and blackened timbers. Over in the northwest corner, where was Aunt Bell's domain—the kitchen—were the remains of the big stove which she was wont to keep in such glistening coat of polish. Beyond that the trellis-work and the low fruit trees through which the sentry paced the night old Nelse found him "so busy" he "didn't like to disturb him," and so slipped out unseen. Beyond these the now abandoned hen-house and the gaping doorways of the old barn; but nowhere was there sign of life of any kind. Busy, scratching hens, neighing steeds, lounging troopers, watchful old house-dog, Nelse with his limping gait, Aunt Bell with her cheery black face, Hannah with her alert, intelligent, eager eyes, the patient, sad-featured old father—all were gone, and with them the girl he so fondly and faithfully loved.

Late that evening, heart-sick, and weighed down with anxiety, he was pushing eastward again to restore his escort to the command. With Stuart's troopers just across the range and likely to come through at any moment, it was no place to spend the night. Alone, he would gladly have remained until some tidings could be gained, but he was responsible for the safety of his little party, and stern duty demanded his prompt return. With an entire army straining every nerve to reach the Potomac and check a dangerous invasion, it was indeed

"No time for love or sighing,"

and though it wellnigh tore his heart, he had to go.

Splashing through the shallow waters of the Catharpin, his escort aroused some sleepy watches on the eastern bank, and sharp challenge greeted him. A patrol thrown out along the left flank of the army had halted for the double purpose of resting and watching the road to the Gap. The men were springing to horse as Kearny answered, and it was with difficulty he could persuade their commander that he and his were friends. A moment's parley, however, satisfied them as to his identity, and then the two officers dismounted for brief consultation.

"We were going to venture out early in the morning, and go as far as the Armistead place at the Gap," said the lieutenant, presently, "but some negroes in an old cabin here told us it was burned down six weeks ago."

"Where are they?" asked Kearny, with sudden interest.

"Just in the woods there at the edge of the clearing. One of them lived at the place."

A dim light was burning in among the trees. Thither strode the major, his heart thumping in his breast. In answer to his resounding knock the door was slowly opened, and a venerable kinky head peered forth.

"Nelse! old man! Don't you know me?" was the instant exclamation.

"Oh my lawd! Mars'r Kearny!" cried the negro in reply, and then tears and sobs choked his utterance. The poor old fellow broke completely down, and clinging to Kearny's outstretched hand, wept like a little child.

It was some time before he could tell his sad story. Dr. Loring had been restored to his friends and patients soon after Colonel Graham returned and relieved Van Duzen, but he came too late. Day by day the Judge seemed to sink lower and lower. The cavalry were withdrawn, falling back to Fairfax again, and the Rangers reappeared. Even the sight of the Confederate gray failed to rally the broken old man, and one stormy night, just before they heard the news of Chancellorsville, he passed quietly away. They buried him in the little church-yard down at Warrenton by the side of his wife, and thither Dr. Loring had escorted Lucy and Hannah, leaving old Nelse with Aunt Bell to take care of the homestead. One night, soon after they took the Judge's remains away, there came a dozen men on horseback. Some were in uniform, some were not, and they ransacked the house and drank up all the store of "apple-jack" that was left, and drove him and Aunt Bell out into the fields, and swore it was the last time that place should ever shelter a Yankee, and then they burned it to the ground. Did he know where Miss Lucy was now? No—only that she was with Dr. Loring's family, either at Warrenton or perhaps Orleans again. Did he know any of the men who fired the house? Only one of them—the gentleman that came to see the major with the officers once—Mars'r Tierney.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REAR-ADMIRAL CHANDLER.

THE sudden death of Rear-Admiral CHANDLER, which occurred the 10th of February at Hong-Kong, on the Asiatic Station, of which he was in command, has removed from our navy a distinguished officer whose career had extended through two wars, and had included also a great variety of useful service in time of peace. Born in August, 1829, he was appointed to the navy September 27, 1845, from New York State, of which he was a native, and after passing some time at the Naval School, joined the flag-ship *Independence*, of the Pacific Squadron. The war with Mexico was then going on. He participated in the blockade and capture of Mazatlan, and in two skirmishes near by after its occupation by our naval forces. Then he was assigned to the *Vincennes*, in the same squadron.

In October, 1851, he was promoted to be Passed Midshipman, and after another short term at the Naval Academy, joined the *St. Louis*, of the Mediterranean Squadron, under Captain INGRAHAM, and took part in the KOSZTA affair. In 1855, after ten years of service, he was made a Master, and later in the same year a Lieutenant. His next duty was on the Coast Survey, where he distinguished himself and received the thanks of the Department for bringing the schooner *Crawford* safely out of a series of storms which she encountered off Cape Hatteras and endured for twenty-four days. The survey of the Parana and its affluents was amongst his work in this command.

When the civil war broke out, Lieutenant CHANDLER was serving on the *Vandalia*, in which he took part in the engagement off Port Royal, South Carolina. Transferred to the *San Jacinto*, he was in the attack on the Sewell's Point batteries and the capture of Norfolk in 1862, and while on this ship he received the thanks of the Department for his skilful recovery of the propeller that broke away from the shaft in the Bahama Channel, his method being preserved in drawings at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, used in lectures on seamanship. In July, 1862, he was made Lieutenant-Commander, and commanded in turn the *Huntsville*, the *Maumee*, the *Lenapee*, and the Monitor *Sangamon*. In the *Maumee* he participated in the bombardment and capture of Fort Fisher and the neighboring works used for the defence of Wilmington, and in the *Sangamon* performed the task of clearing the James River of torpedoes up to Richmond.

After the close of the war, while in command of the *Don*, he discovered and surveyed the Cultivator Shoal off Cape Cod. His commission as Commander came in July, 1866. In 1869 he commanded the *Tallapoosa*, and from 1870 to 1874 served as Executive Officer at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. In the latter year he was promoted to be Captain, and had command of the *Swatara* on the transit of Venus expedition, landing five parties, one each at the Desolation and Chatham islands and New Zealand, and two at Tasmania. His services in going to the Auckland Islands to aid the German party reported to be in distress there brought him warm thanks from Prince BISMARCK. On his return to the United States he had command of the *Wabash*, and in 1884 became Commodore, and soon after was assigned as Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard. In that duty he made many friends, who watched with interest his subsequent and final service in command of the Asiatic Station, to which he was appointed after his promotion to be Rear-Admiral, in October, 1886.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

MIDWAY between the Strait of Canso and Cape Sable, on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, a peninsula makes out into the sea. To the east of it is Halifax Harbor and Bedford Basin, on the west is St. Margaret's Bay. This peninsula is the township of Halifax. The city is located on the eastern shore of a smaller peninsula of some 3000 acres, which is surrounded on three sides by water. The Citadel, a fortress mounting muzzle-loading Woolwich guns, crowns the hill about 250 feet above the sea-level, and overlooks the city, which lies along the shore for two or three miles.

Up to the time of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, Annapolis Royal was the capital of Nova Scotia. It was there that the Governor or President of the Council chose twelve citizens from the town as a Council to aid him in making the laws, and to support him in the government of the country. It was in 1749 that the Lords of Trades and Plantations, who had charge of colonial affairs, determined that a new capital should be founded for the country. Accordingly Sir EDWARD CORNWALLIS was sent in the *Sphynx*, and arrived in Chebucto Harbor (now Halifax Harbor) on June 21st of the same year. Colonists to the number of 2500 followed him in transports. The hill-side on the west of the harbor was chosen for a site, a fort was built on the summit of what is now known as Citadel Hill, and the city was named Halifax, in honor of Lord HALIFAX, President of the Lords of Trades and Plantations.

In addition to being the capital of Nova Scotia, Halifax is the chief naval station of Great Britain in the Western Hemisphere, and contains an Admiralty House, the official residence of the Commander-in-chief of the North American and West Indian Squadrons. Here also is a navy-yard—The Queen's Dock-yard—where the ships of war refit. Two or three may usually be found in the harbor. During the Revolution in the United States and the War of 1812, Halifax was the scene of considerable military and naval activity. During the Civil War between the North and South, blockade runners were fitted out here, and brought back with them a great deal of money.

The city is laid out in an orderly way, the streets crossing each other at right angles. The business part of the town is between the Citadel and the bay, and here are found the hotels, the Halifax Club, the Parliament Building, the Provincial Building, the Government-House, Dalhousie College, and the Y. M. C. A. building. Looking toward the Citadel—one does this instinctively as toward the Capitol when in Washington—the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary's is seen to the left, on Spring Garden Street. Beyond it are the Artillery Barracks, on Sackville Street. The Public Gardens occupy the square at the junction of Tower Road and Spring Garden Street, and near them are the Convent of the Sacred Heart, the City Hospital, and the Blind Asylum.

About a half-mile from the shore is George Island, on which the government has a heavily armed fortress. This position is the key to the harbor, as its guns command every point of entry, even the Eastern Passage, through which the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee* slipped away from the United States frigates one dark night at high tide. The outer harbor is guarded by the York redoubt and the batteries on McNab's Island.

The city has about 37,000 inhabitants, and, in view of its many commercial advantages, should be a wide-awake, bustling place. The West Indian shipments of molasses, sugar, and rum come here. Portland, Maine, for some years a winter port for Canada (the St. Lawrence being closed with ice), has been abandoned in favor of Halifax, but the formal weight of governmental importance has had a depressing effect on the mercantile activity of the city. For many years there has been a rivalry between Halifax and St. John, New Brunswick. HALIBURTON makes Sam Slick speak of it in *The Clockmaker*, not always to the advantage of the Haligonians. All about Halifax there are rich fields of coal and lumber, which could be made very productive if they were only developed; and when they are made productive, as they surely will be soon, Halifax will become a busy, bustling town, unless some more wide-awake place steps in and takes the place.

DR. HENRY C. YARROW.

No name in the medical register is better known to his countrymen at large than that of Dr. HENRY C. YARROW, of Washington. A Philadelphian by birth, he was graduated in the year of his maturity, 1861, at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and went to the front at once as Assistant Surgeon of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. In 1862 he was transferred to the regular army as Acting Assistant Surgeon, and has continued to hold that office ever since. For the last three years of the war he was the executive officer, under Dr. JOHN NEAL, at the Broad and Cherry military hospital in Philadelphia. After peace was declared he saw service at Atlanta, Georgia, and at Fort Wood, in New York Harbor, during the prevalence of yellow-fever epidemics. Later he was assigned successively to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, Fort Macon, North Carolina, and Charlotte, North Carolina, and in 1872 was appointed surgeon and naturalist to the WHEELER expedition for exploration west of the hundredth meridian. He remained with Colonel WHEELER'S command till 1876, when he was ordered to the army hospital at Philadelphia, and at the close of the Centennial Exhibition was placed on duty at the Surgeon-General's office in Washington, to assist in the compilation of the index catalogue of the library there. For the last ten years he has been Curator of Herpetology in the National Museum, and for a part of that time Professor of Dermatology at the National Medical College.

Dr. YARROW has lately retired from the presidency of the Cosmos Club of Washington. He was one of the first Americans ever admitted to membership of the Zoological Society of London, and he is connected with the French Association for the Advancement of Science, the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and several other learned societies. Outside of the strict lines of his professional practice his special interest is the study of the mortuary customs of all nations. He has published two papers on the customs of the North American Indians through the Bureau of Ethnology, and has another large volume ready for the printer; and he has accumulated the material for a history of medical practice among the aborigines. Professionally, some of his most notable work has been done in the investigation of antidotes for serpent venom. He is the author of the check list of reptiles of North America at present in use by most naturalists.

HENRY JACKSON HUNT.

HENRY JACKSON HUNT, Colonel United States Army (retired), died at the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., on February 11th. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, September 14, 1819, and appointed in 1835 to the Military Academy from Ohio. He graduated in 1839, and was assigned as Second Lieutenant in the Second Artillery. Six years later, on the outbreak of the Mexican war, he was made First Lieutenant, and in 1847 became brevet Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Contreras and Cherubusco. At the battle of El Molino del Rey he was twice wounded, and at Chapultepec was made brevet Major for gallant conduct. He was at the capture of the city of Mexico. In 1852 he was assigned as Captain of the Second Artillery, and Major of the Fifth Artillery in 1861. He received the rank of Colonel later, and in 1862 was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers for meritorious conduct. General HUNT was Chief of the Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, and at Gettysburg in 1863 won great renown in the most severe artillery contest of the war, if not of the world's history. Seven horses were shot under him in this battle, and for his services he was made a brevet Major-General of Volunteers. In the campaign preceding LEE'S surrender he took a notable part, and received the rank of brevet Brigadier-General of the regular army, and later was made brevet Major-General. He was mustered out of the Volunteer service in 1866, and held posts in various parts of the country as Colonel of the Fifth Artillery. In 1883 he was retired with the rank of Colonel, his last active duty being the command of the Department of the South, at Newport Barracks, Kentucky. General HUNT was appointed Governor of the Soldiers' Home in Washington by President CLEVELAND in 1885, which post he held until his death.

General HUNT was an example of the sacrifice of military ambition to patriotism. He preferred to serve his country in a position where he could be of more service rather than seek promotion. He declined the command of a corps time and again, being persuaded by the then commander of the army to remain in command of the artillery. At the close of the war he showed himself the true soldier by accepting the command of a small post in Eastport, Maine, where his duty was performed with all the exactness and diligence that marked the commander of a hundred guns at Gettysburg. He was recognized by foreign countries as one of the first artillerists of the world, but political influences brought to bear upon his superior officers made his gallant career in two wars avail him nothing. A bill was passed by Congress after his retirement to raise him to the rank of Major-General, but for some reason it never received the signature of President ARTHUR, although the President was acquainted with the facts and justice of the case.

General HUNT'S ancestry had a fine war record, as his grandfather and father were officers during the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. General HUNT was a member of the Order of the Cincinnati, the Aztecs, and the Loyal Legion. His wife, who survives him with six children, was the daughter of Colonel CRAIG. His eldest son was one of the officers of the arctic relief ship *Rodgers*, and died, shortly after his return, from the effects of the voyage.

DR. JOHN CALL DALTON.

NEW YORK particularly, and medical science more generally, have sustained a loss in the death of Dr. JOHN CALL DALTON. Dr. DALTON, who had been suffering for some time from kidney trouble, died at his own residence, 56 West Fiftieth Street, on Tuesday morning, February 12th. The Doctor had reached the sixty-third year of his age.

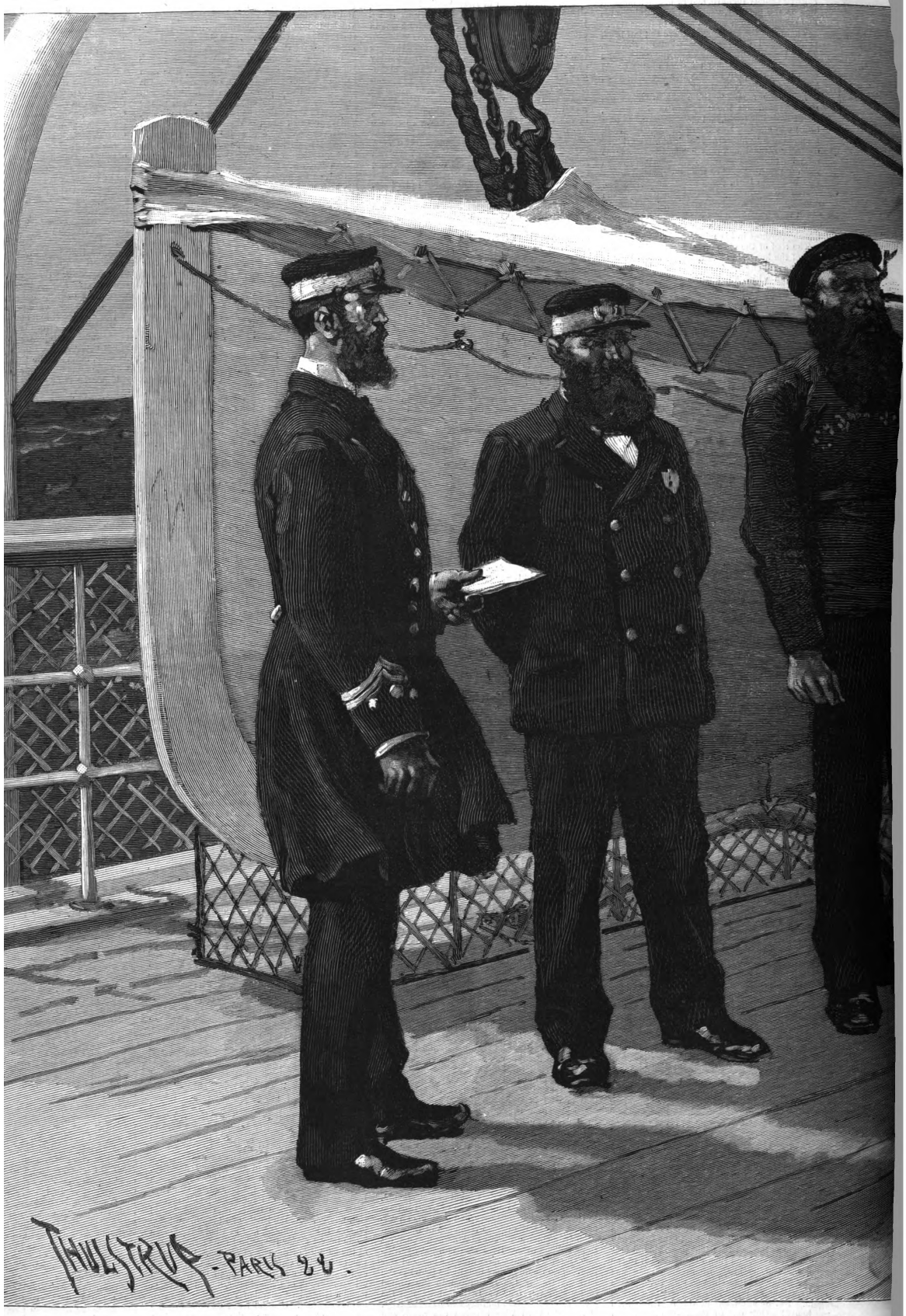
Dr. DALTON was by birth a New-Englander, having been born in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, February 2, 1825. Of his early career little worthy of record is known, beyond that he found his way to Harvard University, where he graduated in arts in 1844, and in medicine, to which by way of preference he had given himself, in 1847. He was yet a very young man, but his tendencies were pronounced. His love of medical science, and particularly his taste for physiological investigation, were combined with strong and well-pronounced literary proclivities, and in 1851 he was awarded the prize offered by the American Medical Association for his essay entitled "Corpus Luteum." His success in this competition gave him immediate reputation, and he was soon after appointed Professor in the Medical Department in the University of Buffalo. This position he held until 1854, when he exchanged his chair at Buffalo for another covering the same branch of study in the Vermont Medical College at Burlington. During this period, both at Buffalo and at Burlington, he acquired notoriety by the prominence which he gave to vivisection in the illustration of his lectures. The notoriety was the more easily won that vivisection was somewhat of a novelty, and far from having popular approval.

In 1856 the Doctor resigned his position in Vermont, and in 1859 we find him in the Chair of Physiology in the Long Island College Hospital, then just taking shape as a medical school. In this year he published his *Treatise on Human Physiology*, a work which had reached its seventh edition in 1882. In 1861 he went to Washington as surgeon of the Seventh Regiment, and in August of the same year he was appointed Brigade Surgeon of Volunteers, a post which he held until March, 1864. In the winter of 1864–5 he delivered a course of lectures on physiology, as substitute for Dr. ALONZO CLARK, before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and a little later he was appointed to the chair of Physiology in that college. This position he held until the time of his death. In 1868 he published a *Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene for Schools, Families, and Colleges* (HARPER & BROTHERS).

He was Vice-President of the New York Academy of Medicine from 1874 to 1877. He was a member of the New York State Medical Society, the American Medical Association, the New York Society of Neurology and Electrology, the County Medical Society, the New York Pathological Society, the Medical Journal Association, and other organizations. In 1876 he was a delegate from the American Medical Association to the International Medical Congress in Philadelphia, and was president of the section on Biology.

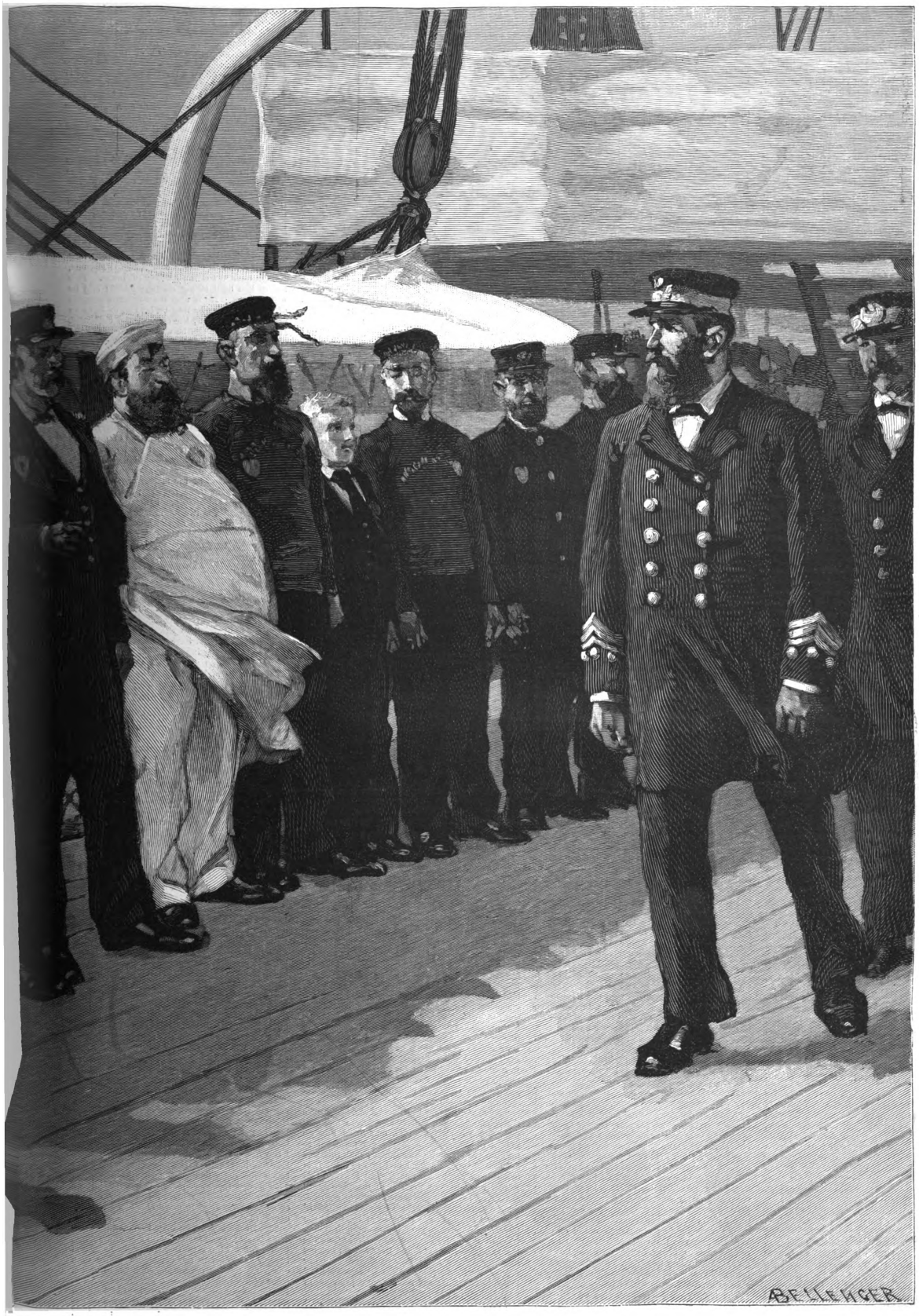
His published works are numerous. Besides those mentioned, he was the author of *The Experimental Method of Medicine, Doctrines of the Circulation, Topographical Anatomy of the Brain, Physiology of the Cerebellum, Anatomy of the Placenta, Intestinal Digestion*, and other works. He made valuable contributions on favorite themes to the *American Cyclopædia*; and Johnson's *Universal Cyclopædia* of a later date contains many articles from his pen. In the medical and surgical magazines his well-known hand will be missed.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SUNDAY "BOATS' MUSTER" ON AN OCEA

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



R.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 151.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EIDOLON.

BY S. BAYARD DOD.

I HAVE been asked by my friend Albertus Minor to write an account of his invention; and I do it the more willingly because his labors have been directed toward the lessening of domestic cares. He has often said to me, "I would rather bring one ray of sunshine to the ingleside than construct a magnificent engine of war or of the workshop." But some will query, Is there room for another labor-saving domestic machine? Our houses are full of them, some of abiding value, others permanently useless. None can question that the sewing-machine and the wringer have come to stay, whatever view we take of the meat-hasher, the apple-parer, the potato-slicer, and the numberless machines which have turned the kitchen of our grandmothers into a gastronomic laboratory.

But all these are less than nothing, compared with the chimera that my friend has at last put into tangible form, after years of patient toil. Between us and all inventions for slicing our apples, hashing our meat, mangling our clothes, mashing our potatoes, and beating our eggs, there is interposed the inevitable servant-girl. She is the motive power of this complex array of domestic machinery, and, without her, these conveniences mock us with their possibilities. She is the problem whose solution is the pivotal question on which turns the peace of the fireside. What she is now, we know; what she shortly will become, none will be rash enough to prophesy. But we cannot get along without her; the shadow of her humors falls athwart the household, and the void created by her hasty taking off the whole family cannot fill.

To the solution of this problem my friend has given his whole thought and labor for the past twenty-five years. He did not purpose to repeat the unhappy experiment of Frankenstein, and tamper with hidden mysteries in the vain effort to create. This would not answer the purpose, even were it within the compass of human power. He was seeking to construct a machine endowed with power, only as his volition imparted it. Was not this as wild a chimera as the thought which called the Frankenstein monster into being? If it seem so, then listen to the story of its evolution. My friend has travelled all along the line in goodly company, for he has aimed not at the discovery of new principles, but merely at the application of accepted ones. He was therefore sure of his principles; he was simply pressing the wine out of the grapes which others had gathered. He is well read in the history of those efforts by which inventors have sought to impress matter with the permanent endowment of their ideas, to link man closer to his environment.

Nor was he without the support of good authority for this, for Leibnitz says: "It is only by what is within us that we have any knowledge of what is outside of us. We infer the existence of matter as the cause of certain sensations in the mind produced by certain qualities of matter. We know it as a resisting force not ourselves. But that this resisting force comes from mere dead and inert particles is a mere figment of the imagination, a crude and baseless hypothesis."

Here was high authority for his starting-point; matter was not, certainly, dead and inert. Nor have we discerned all the qualities of matter; and new forms of matter are rewarding investigation, almost every year. One of the most pregnant of the newer discoveries is the undulatory theory, the ocean waves giving us a norm by which to conceive and describe the motions of light, heat, sound, and electricity, and perhaps of the gray matter of the brain. Nor is this a mere hypothesis; there have been shown to the eye, graven on the wax cylinder of the phonograph, the captured forms of human speech, and, when you set the sympathetic diaphragm in motion, the wax will render back again the words which have been uttered by a voice now far away beyond the sea, or over the river which none recross. We had hung over this weird little instrument and heard the wizard, who had devised it, talk and sing and laugh to the plastic wax, and talk, song, and laughter came back to the ear, with every intonation perfect.

Returning to his workshop, Minor said to me, "Is this the end, or only the beginning?

"We know the law of complementary color—that if red be presented strongly to the retina and then withdrawn, a disk of green will appear, on a sheet of white paper presented to the eye, and so on for all the colors and their complementaries. Is not this true of sound, and all sensible impressions? There are induced currents of electricity, magnetism induced by electricity and electricity by magnetism; there is an echo for every sound, an angle of reflection for every ray of light, a reaction for every force. Is this also true of the brain, that its wave motion acts on nerve and muscle, and produces action, and thus, by speech, we call forth action in others? And if a diaphragm and a stylus and a cylinder of wax will serve as a substitute for the tympanum, litholites, and the harp of a thousand strings that constitute the human ear, then may not a system of diaphragms realize human action in a carefully constructed automaton?"

When I smiled at this, he pointed to the history of androidæ, to the moving tripods which Homer mentions, which, being loaded with viands, advanced of their own accord to the tables; to the statues of Dædalus, which, Plato says, were so active that they had to be chained to keep them from running away; to the clock which Haroun al Raschid presented to Charlemagne, with the twelve mounted knights, who performed their evolutions and then returned to the recesses of the clock. Three writers, and one of them a bishop, describe the eagle made by John Müller, which flew out to meet the Emperor Maximilian on his entry into Nuremberg, June 7, 1470, and returning, perched upon the city gate, and saluted the imperial visitor, expanding its wings and inclining its body. But the success which crowned the labors of the great Albertus Magnus kindled his enthusiasm, for he had constructed a man-servant who waited on his door and promptly admitted visitors on knocking. This man was of brass, and was the result of thirty years' hard work. He constructed it under various constellations, and it is said that when the sun was in certain signs of the zodiac the eyes of this image would melt metal on which the same zodiacal sign was traced. It was reputed to be gifted with powers of speech as well as motion, and to have revealed to Albertus Magnus some of his most important secrets. Unfortunately Saint Thomas Aquinas, Albertus's pupil, regarding the statue as the handiwork of the devil, one day, in his master's absence, attacked the defenceless creature and smashed it with a big stick.

Then there were various mechanical insects and birds—the iron fly which Regiomontanus made for Maximilian; the brass fly which Virgilius, Bishop of Naples, made to keep watch over the city: and it kept off other flies, so that the meat in the market-place was free from taint.

The facts regarding Roger Bacon's famous head are, unfortunately, clouded by the absence of its maker at the critical moment. But of Reysolius's statue we are told that "with the exception of the operations of the human soul, everything that takes place in the body may be witnessed." Leaving aside all further description of mechanical animals, as Vaucanson's duck and swan and Houdin's nightingale, we will merely catalogue the progress of invention as it has sought to imitate human action. There may be a reasonable doubt of Maelzel's famous chess-player, and the weight of testimony points to the conclusion that a boy was hidden in the automaton; but there is no question that the machinery of the figure enabled the hidden confederate to execute the moves. But Maelzel's trumpeter was a genuine automaton, which played not only Austrian and French cavalry marches and all the army signals, but also a march and an allegro, accompanied by a full orchestra. Still more wonderful was the success of M. Comus's group, constructed for Louis XIV., consisting of a coach and horses, with coachman and footman, and a lady inside. The coach drove up in front of the King, the footman handed the lady out, she advanced, and courtesying to the King, retired; the footman handed her into the coach, and being left behind, ran after the coach, and having overtaken it, mounted to his place. Vaucanson's flute-player played twelve airs, and was exhibited to the Royal Academy.

The next distinguished inventor in this line was the celebrated French magician Robert Houdin, whocon structed the famous writing automaton, which executed drawings and wrote from dictation for Louis Philippe. Houdin thus describes the completion of his Sosia, as he called the android. "After many doubts as to the success of my enterprise, the solemn moment arrived when I should make the first trial of my writer. I had spent the whole day in giving the last touches to my automaton, which sat before me as if awaiting my orders and prepared to answer the questions I asked it. I had only to press the spring in order to enjoy the long-awaited result. My heart beat violently, and though I was alone, I trembled with emotion at the mere thought of this imposing trial. I had just laid the first sheet of paper before my writer and asked him the question, 'Who is the author of your being?' I pressed the spring and the clock-work began acting. I dared hardly breathe, through fear of disturbing the operation. The automaton bowed to me, and I could not refrain from smiling at it as my own son. But when I saw the eyes fix an attentive glance on the paper, when the arm, a few seconds before numb and lifeless, began to move and trace my signature in a firm handwriting, the tears started in my eyes, and I fervently thanked Heaven for granting me such success. . . . After making Sosia repeat my signature a thousand times, I gave it this question, 'What o'clock is it?' The automaton, writing in obedience to a clock, wrote, 'It is two in the morning.' This was a timely warning. I profited by it, and went straight to bed."

But in addition to these wonders of history, we were eye-witnesses of two remarkable inventions. Doubtless many who read this have heard Professor Faber's talking machine utter its broken English as Frau Faber played the keys, and remember the head, with a resonant nasal cavity, which was needed to give the pure Parisian accent.

This, however, was a mere curio of inventive art. But the steam man, exhibited some ten years ago in these parts, was in the line of serviceable invention. He was about eight feet high and of fair proportions, made of iron, with substantial feet, strong limbs and arms, and a broad, rosy face with a bovine expression. He was modelled as though in ordinary attire, with a blue swallow-tailed coat with buttons painted yellow; his waistcoat was red, and his hat was a stove-pipe, literally. The waistcoat formed the doors of the furnace, and underneath it was a fire of red-hot chestnut coal (which was the kind he preferred); the hat was the smoke-stack; in the chest was the boiler and steam-chest, down his legs ran the piston-rods; his hands were attached to the shafts of a barrow holding about half a ton of coal. When steam was turned on, he stumped across the floor with a heavy, deliberate tread, but with a slight inclination to topple. But he pulled his load easily, and did his work with the fidelity of a machine, that has no will of its own.

The history of the manufacture of androidæ, ornamental and useful, guaranteed success if only a motive power could be found which would respond to acoustic influences. While on the search for this, Minor fell in with a pamphlet by John W. Keely, describing his new force. "My power-developing liberator," he says, "is a vibratory device embracing one hundred and forty octaves. According as the setting may be, I can develop a power, by vibrating on the air in one or more of my receivers, varying in energy from one thousand to ten thousand pounds per square inch." He bids us discard our old notions of power as developed from the expansion of steam when studying the *modus operandi* of his motor, and states that it is based solely on "sympathetic vibration."

"This relation of vibratory sympathy exists at a distance of twenty feet, as fully and as perfectly as such relation exists between a magnet and the bar of iron which from a distance it draws to itself. My liberator, which is a small device, capable of being carried about in the hand, is a perfect structure, absolutely certain in its action, weighs but fifty pounds, and costs less than five hundred dollars to construct." To this circular the certificate of two prominent engineers is as follows: "As the result of our observations, upon several occasions, of experiments by Mr. Keely in the generation of his 'etheric force,' and having examined in detail his 'liberator,'... and it having been conclusively shown that it contained nothing but atmospheric air at normal pressures, we have seen a force generated or liberated exerting an expansive energy of upwards of twenty thousand pounds per square inch, without other instrumentality in its production than the agitation of two or more tuning-forks." In 1887 Mr. Keely reports to his stockholders that a "series of subtle and delicate experiments, an account of which in detail it would be impracticable for me to portray understandingly, has so far led me to modify my work that hereafter the foundation of it will be vibratory sympathy. The new form of force discovered to me, for want of a better term, I designate Negative Attraction." His counsel adds: "Mr. Keely has undertaken to wrest from Nature one of her most subtle forces and harness it for man's bidding; in other words, to give to his fellow-men a costless motive power. Every fact and feature surrounding the case warrants the belief that, notwithstanding public scepticism and incredulity, his success will be complete, and his work the most conspicuous example in the process of inventive evolution of the survival of the fittest."

Minor welcomed this with enthusiasm. "Have we not long been told," he said, "by the physicists that one need only find the key-note of an iron bridge, and the persistent playing of this note and its harmonics will set the molecules of the enormous structure in such a state of rhythmic agitation as to bring it crashing down?" Here, he declared, was to be found the scientific explanation of table-moving, viz., the accumulated power of molecular action in the line of a sympathetic vibration. Perhaps, too, electric girls owe their superlative strength to the same principle, and are, after all, only animated Keely motors. But, without further prelude, I present my friend's account of his pursuit of this remarkable power:

"My first series of experiments was in the direction of sympathetic sounds. In confirmation of Mr. Keely's theory, I found that the free strings of the piano would respond as I sang a given note. I had therefore only to combine the mechanism of Houdin with the 'sympathetic vibratory' force of Keely, applying this by diaphragms constructed on the principles of complementary acoustics, and my idea was realized. I proceeded to investigate the congeries of complementary sounds. First, I observed the effect of certain remarks made to my fellow-men, and found that, by the use of certain tones of voice, irrespective of what I said, I could produce certain effects. With the utterance of the merest gibberish to those whom I chanced to meet on the street, I could, by a pleasing inflection, put them in a complaisant mood, and leave them with a smile on their faces, albeit somewhat dumfounded by my quaint dialect. I was much enlightened by an experiment upon a very intelligent dog, a collie, who had the ready appreciation of what was said to him that characterizes the breed. The question turned one evening on how much he understood of what was said to him. I argued that he understood only tones; the ladies indignantly maintained that he understood every word. I put the matter to test by opening upon him a volley of abuse in a bland tone; he came and looked fondly in my face, wagging his tail, while I told him that he was a bad, mean, abject, miserable, good-for-nothing cur, fit only for the company of a tramp or an organ-grinder. This was my second discovery, viz., that inflection and tone are prime factors in promoting complementary sounds and synchronous activity, through the excitation of the 'sympathetic vibratory' force. In confirmation of this I found that a small Skye terrier could be set howling, with an intensity of sympathetic vibration painful to hear, by a descending chromatic scale.

"My next discovery was that 'I' and 'you' were the primary complementary sounds. I had now constructed a rude android, and fitted him up with a liberator, and a diaphragm arranged to take up 'sympathetic vibrations'; and this was my first discovery after I had him tuned. It is needless to say with what delight I hailed this primal revelation of the law of complementary sounds. The sympathetic diaphragm of my rudimentary android responded 'U' when I shouted 'I.' This was surely in the right line; here was the physical demonstration of the metaphysical doctrine of the objective and subjective, or, as the Germans put it, the 'I' and the 'not I'; but my diaphragm was more in accordance with our grammatical conceptions when it responded 'U' instead of 'not I'; the fundamental principle of my diaphragm was certainly correct.

"My next discovery was even more startling. I found that by uttering, with change of tone or inflection, the same sounds I could produce in the diaphragm a motion correlative to my own volition. But why weary my reader with a minute detail of the process of research? These things have so absorbed me that I am prone to think that others will feel the same interest in the minutiæ that I do. But the world is all for results, and will leave the tiresome process to those who are charged with ministering to its wants. It is so with all modern inventions, and mine must share a like fate. How many of those who read the long cable message in the journals know or care how it was transmitted? How many who use the telegraph or telephone care whether the current is direct or induced, or whether there is any current at all? No more will the public care to know the inner structure of my machine, who know not the organs and functions of their own bodies. Suffice it to say that I threaded the labyrinth of sound, and the complements of uttered speech, and was able to take up in my android, and make him subject to the influence of, spoken words, on a principle similar to that which transmits your voice along the wire; and that the force which this sets in motion is, I presume, similar to the 'sympathetic vibratory force' of the Keely motor. And now let me state results without any more wearying detail.

"Following the example of my most illustrious predecessors, Friar Bacon and Albertus Magnus, I have constructed my Eidolon of brass. This makes him light, strong, elastic, durable; and he will not rust. He is also resonant, and capable of high polish, or he may be beaten, or have an antique finish, to suit the taste of the customer. If left unclad, he can be used as an ornamental statue when not in service, and is easily cleaned and polished, along with the andirons and fenders. He is also thoroughly demagnetized, and is not liable to be struck when working out on the lawn in a thunder-shower. My prejudices and the verdict of antiquity were both in favor of brass; it seemed appropriate to his destined sphere. I have now a machine simple, strong, and thoroughly effective for the ordinary light work of a man about the place, or of ordinary woman's work about the house; more docile than a Chinaman, ready at any hour of day or night. Its capability and intelligence are measured only by the limitations of the master or mistress of the household in these respects; its whole and sole function is obedience. I propose to form a stock company for the manufacture of this article, under the name of the Eidolon Manufacturing Company (Limited).

"In order to introduce my invention to the public, I had proposed to hire out the one which I have made; but I abandoned this idea, when I considered the injury to which he would be liable by having his diaphragm untuned, by the influence of persons of varied dispositions. I find that he is very sensitive to this kind of derangement, and can discover the reflex of my yesterday's mood lingering in the diaphragms of my Eidolon. If I could have felt indignation at a thing so manifestly innocent, void of the powers by which intention and feeling are formed and expressed; I could sometimes have beaten my Eidolon, for he was like a recording angel making entries to my discredit. When I saw the stale passion of yesterday, which had burned itself out in a moment, and was gone where the smoke of yesterday's fire goes, recalled, and I was brought face to face with the ugly feeling, looking very mean and paltry, in the cold light of the next day and under other circumstances, then I was wroth with my tormentor. In order to tune him up to a responsive state, I had to talk in a pleasant tone, with soothing intonations, to this insensate thing, when, had I followed my bent, I would have drubbed him soundly; but this would have availed me nothing: I would simply have had to repair him. But there I was face to face with my own impatience or anger, and bound to smooth it away, or it would, by the inevitable law of reaction, so derange this miserable Eidolon that he would not work. I began to appreciate Frankenstein's plight: his was only ideal, mine was real. I accepted the doctrine of the total depravity of inanimate things. At such times I would long for the old régime, and wish that I had to deal with a living man who could act like a man, and not with this fool of an automaton, who could only hold in his pitiable diaphragms the impress of my moods and fling them back at me, with a persistency very much like the ill-tempered churl, cherishing revenge for a mere trifling affront of hasty words. This dispelled all thought of hiring him out. The only way was to build and tune each one for a special service. For, suppose my hired Eidolon to be subjected to the vibrations from three or four persons of discordant natures. As these varied dispositions wrought on his sensitive diaphragms, one soft and gentle, one harsh and rigorous, one slow and emphatic, another quick and imperative, one with a tone of persuasion, the other of sharp demand, how utterly the disposition of his diaphragms would be ruined, the vibrations so hopelessly confused that nothing short of complete reconstruction would put him in working order! The sympathetic vibrations and their synchronous reciprocity, on which I rely for his successful operation, would be hopelessly deranged, and I might be running the grave risk of having a demented automaton set loose, with a vast power, running up into the higher octaves of the Keely etheric force, and this power so misdirected as to drive him to almost any excess of eccentric activity.

"No! infinitely better than this deranged android is our present system, with men and women, who cannot afford to resent our humors, and though subjected to the capricious whims of a dozen masters or mistresses, each with a dozen moods (this would make one hundred and forty-four unsympathetic vibrations in my Eidolon), yet they are bound to submit and not treasure up our small whims of passion or petulance and hold them on record against us; we would not tolerate it. I trust that no one will be intimidated by the representation I have given. You can, by two

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

minutes of insinuating talk, efface the lingering impression of a good ten minutes of round abuse; and you have this advantage — you have only yourself to deal with, your own humors to stand; and these are easy to forgive. And you have a grand moral opportunity in this Eidolon; for the poet's wish is near realized; it will the

'giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us.'

There you are to-day as you left yourself yesterday. If a first-rate artist would model you a likeness of yourself, and you will have the head executed in one of those life-like, grimacious, flexible gutta-percha faces, and will set this on your Eidolon, give him a cast-off suit of clothes and your last season's hat, I can vouch for it that you will feel that the old German superstition of a doppelgänger was the prophetic instinct of the eighteenth century foreshadowing what the nineteenth was to realize.

"I may be pardoned this digression, for I have worked so long at this problem, and it has been fruitful in the field of physics, metaphysics, and ethics; it has started so many questions, and suggested so many possibilities, that I want others to realize something of its scope. I propose to manufacture two types, following the grand division of the human race, because the world has made this the basis of division of labor, into man's sphere and woman's sphere. I propose, therefore, to make two kinds, the Eidolon and the Eidola. Naturally the public will expect the Eidola to be the cheaper, but this I cannot promise. They will require less material, it is true, but the adjustment must be more delicate, and I fear that they will be more easily put out of order, and hence need more constant repair. Their appearance, too, will have to be considered, and they will need a higher finish, with more refined and delicate movement. For example, I have placed on my sample Eidolon a mere semblance of a head, with not even a mouth (for he is not designed to answer back), and upon this block head I have put an old soft felt hat, pulled down low, so as to conceal his features, or rather the absence of all feature. This I was obliged to do as a concession to the prejudices of my neighbors, and to prevent my front yard from becoming the counterpart of the vacant spaces around the tent of a country circus. When my Eidolon first appeared, headless, at the tail of my lawn-mower, there was an assembly of urchins in five minutes, as though some dragons' teeth had been sown broadcast and waited only for this to vivify them. They were an ill-assorted rabble, and stoned my Eidolon. There was also a convention of the dogs of the neighborhood, who passed a set of howling resolutions against this innovation. I found, too, that the milkman, grocer, butcher, were unable to get their horses into the yard while my headless Eidolon was at work. I became an object of suspicion to the credulous, and all sorts of vague stories were afloat, and so I found it necessary, as a means of protection against a doubtful kind of notoriety, to put a head on my Eidolon. I recognize that a more imperative demand will be made for a properly headed Eidola. I can picture the dismay of a party of ladies calling at the house, and as they hear approaching footsteps along the hall, and, as the door opens, turn to inquire whether the lady is at home, find themselves confronted with a headless waiting-maid. However faultless her attire and demure her manner, all would not atone for the lack of the usual upper terminus of the human species, superfluous as it is from a mere utilitarian point of view. It is a mere prejudice, I know, and yet even prejudice, when it is so wide-spread and deeply rooted as this, must be accorded some concession. In order to tune my Eidolons to the particular person and service for which they are destined, I must issue a circular, and will, if furnished with a photograph, endeavor to consult the wishes of my patrons as to their personal appearance. The Eidolons will be five feet three inches high, the Eidolas four feet nine inches. I find greater height objectionable, as it gives one an abject feeling to be obliged to look up to one of these machines; and yet one should not look down on them; and there is something quite as elfish in the dwarf, as there is weird in the gigantic Eidolons. I have selected an average height, but 'rayther under,' as Dame Dorothy would say.

"For my own protection, as well as for the satisfaction of my customers, a circular of inquiry, touching the character of service, etc., seems necessary. If it seems like an impertinent inquisition, then I beg my patrons to look on it (as I shall the answers) merely as a matter of business, which, if requested, I will also regard as strictly confidential.

"CIRCULAR TO THE PATRONS OF THE EIDOLON COMPANY (LIMITED).

"(*Confidential.*)

"What is your age?

"Your occupation?

"Are you accustomed to the direction and control of inferiors?

"What is your general disposition toward them? To wit:

"Contempt for their humors?

"Do they make you nervous?

"Do you regard them as having the same feelings as yourself, or as a different species altogether?

"Do you take account of your own states of mind and feeling, in judging of your mutual relations?

"Do you expect very prompt obedience, or do you prefer a slow, deferential manner?

"Are you quick in temper and speech?

"Do you raise your voice when provoked?

"Is your natural tone soft and low, or harsh and high-pitched?

"Do you require unremitting toil from your subordinates?

"Do you give them a fixed time for recreation?

"What proportion does this bear to their hours of work?

"Have you any children? If so, are they mischievous; and how are they taught to regard the servants of the house?

"What special service do you require of this machine?

"How many hours a day must it work?

"What finish do you prefer, high polish or beaten brass?

"Note.—Customers will please state whether they wish an Eidolon or an Eidola; and if the latter, note any special preference as to style of dress. Caps and aprons, if required, must be provided by the purchaser, as we cannot furnish articles needing to be laundered.

"*Nota Bene.—Caution.*—We would warn our customers in regard to giving the Eidolas charge of a baby-carriage in the street. They can be recommended for this in that they are unable to gossip on street corners, but they have no discretion in regard to passing vehicles; and, moreover, the crying of a child, which does not stir the placid disposition of the human nurse-girl, might start the diaphragms of an Eidola, and send it off on an indefinite ramble. Parties who put them to this service must do so at their own risk.

"This company is liable for breakage or destruction caused by the Eidolas when in discharge of the stipulated service and when they are properly spoken to, but not if they are addressed in a violent tone of voice.

"The capital stock of the company is fixed at fifteen million shares of the par value of Ten Dollars each. The first million shares will be issued to subscribers at ten cents each, thus offering to investors one of the most promising ventures of this promising age. The second million shares will be sold at twenty cents each, and the third at forty cents, and so on, doubling the price at each successive issue, thus enabling each series of shareholders to realize one hundred per cent. on his stock simply by holding it. It is hoped that investors will see, by this open and candid statement, the enormous advantage of an early investment.

"Applications for stock, or for machines, may be made to the Eidolon Co. (Limited)."

This is the account of my friend's long years of toil; his success must be measured by those who try his Eidolons; I have done my mite in preparing this account for the press.

BOATS' MUSTER AT SEA.

In these days of ingenious marine inventions it is inexcusable if a ship be sent to sea unfurnished with the best of those life-saving appliances which modern ingenuity has produced. Nevertheless, it unfortunately does very often happen that when a shipwreck occurs a score of contrivances for life-saving which ought to be on board are wanting. Sometimes it is the boats that are at fault—perhaps they are stowed bottom up, or hang in badly working davits—and the ship sinks before they can be cleared and got over the side.

Things are nowadays better ordered on the great transatlantic liners, on the best of which the crews are periodically drilled in handling the ship's boats, in watering and provisioning them, and in preserving their seaworthiness as structures liable to be required at any hour of the day or night for immediate use. In some lines the men are mustered and sent through their fire and boat drill on the morning of the day before leaving England. The men assemble to the shrill cry of the boatswain's whistle, the watches are called, and then all are told off to their respective stations. This is called the captain's muster. An hour later the whole crew are again mustered, put through their drill, and piped down. The ship is then inspected and steam ordered. Then there is fire and boat drill once at sea during the voyage, when the chief officer sees that the men are at their stations, and reports the fact to the captain. The pumps are tried, and the third officer takes his station on the main-deck and sees that the hands are at their places there by the water-tight doors. The crew are then told off to their respective boats, and after the chief officer has noted that the men are in their proper places, several of the boats are swung out and in. One can see, from the promptness with which each man springs to his post at the boatswain's hoarse command, how custom would be sure to prevail and form the deeply needed discipline in time of danger.

In the distribution of the boats, in case of having to abandon the ship, the captain takes No. 1 starboard life-boat, the four mates have charge of other boats and cutters, and the boatswain, carpenter, and quartermasters take command of the remainder. Everybody knows his own boat, for a register of boat stations is kept, with the names of the crew of each boat. There can be no confusion in that respect at least. The instructions are exceedingly simple in case of leaving the ship. It is the duty of the officers to see their respective boats ready for lowering, and to guard against any one entering or attempting to lower a boat without the captain's personal order. Then the surgeon, chief steward, cooks, chief waiter, baker, and butcher get water and provisions ready, and see that each boat is victualled. The duty of procuring compasses, nautical instruments, lamps, blue lights, and rockets rests with the officers in command of the boats. The water breakers are always kept ready filled, each officer seeing to his boat in this respect. The water is renewed at least once a week. The life-boats are all fitted with two air-tight galvanized iron tanks, in which all necessary provisions may be stored. They generally pull ten oars double banked, and under every man's seat there is hung a life-belt formed of cork.

One who witnesses this drill at sea cannot fail to be impressed by it. It is not a little reassuring when the eye seeks the wide ocean, and the mind thinks of the crowds of human beings on board ship, to mark the man-of-war-like discipline that these plain merchant sailors fall so easily into, to observe the swiftness with which they swing out each large and powerful life-boat over the side clear to its falls, and to listen to the furious gushing of the thick streams of water from the hose, ready in a breath to be pointed to a flame the instant it is discovered.

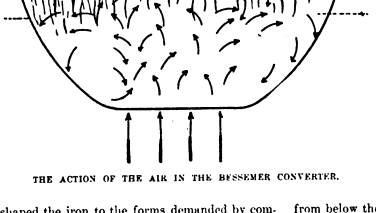
A REVOLUTION IN IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURE.

In the development of the manufacture of products of iron ore, Sir Henry Bessemer failed to achieve what he set out to do; but in the course of his experiments he made so valuable a discovery that his original purpose was abandoned. His effort was to discover a mechanical method of doing the work now done by the hands of the puddler. His achievement was the discovery of a mechanical process for the making of a new product, which has, more than any other modern invention, laid broad the basis for the material advancement of modern civilization. Now a process of manufacture discovered in France, and recently perfected at Springfield, Ohio, has led to the solution of the problem that Bessemer undertook. But as far as Sir Henry Bessemer fell short of inventing a mechanical puddler, so far has this newly discovered process gone beyond that task. The result will be a revolution in the manufacture of all products of iron ore, and another great cheapening and consequent extension of the uses of iron and steel.

To understand the commercial value of this new process, it is necessary to describe briefly the chief processes of iron and steel manufacture now in use.

Pure iron, it must be remembered, is found only in meteors, and is not known in the mechanical arts. The most nearly pure iron that is used is a high grade of wrought-iron. The impurities that are present in wrought or bar iron cause it, in the process of rolling, to have a fibrous structure. If carbon be present in the iron, it is then known as steel. If the percentage of carbon is very low—less than one-half of one per cent.—it is "mild steel," which will not temper, and is very ductile and tough. This grade of steel is used for the making of boilers, wire, and the like. If a greater per cent. of carbon be added, and the metal be homogeneous in structure, with carbon evenly distributed, it becomes steel. In order to make wrought-iron, the silicon and carbon must be removed from the metal which flows from the blast furnace; and if steel be the product desired, then either only a portion of the carbon must be removed, or, after the iron has been entirely decarbonized, carbon must be added in such a quantity as will yield the desired product. This—to decarbonize the pig-iron—has been the problem which the iron-masters have been seeking to solve for the last three centuries. To the English we owe all the improvements that have hitherto been made.

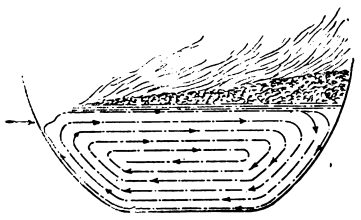
The first real advance was the process known as "puddling," invented by Mr. Henry Cort about 1781. He heated pig-iron in a furnace so constructed that the air passed over the iron, while the puddler, standing in front of the furnace with his long puddling bar, kept the mass in constant agitation and exposed all parts of the iron to the action of the oxygen in the air, which, coming in contact with the iron, united with the silicon and carbon and burned them out. The mechanical impurities, being lighter than the iron, floated on the surface. When the process had continued for a sufficient time to burn out all the carbon and silicon, the charge was drawn off and run into ingots. When heated, these bars were passed through a series of rollers which shaped the iron to the forms demanded by commerce. The puddling furnace has been improved, but no invention has yet replaced the puddler, and all the wrought or bar iron to-day is purified by the muscle of the puddler. This was the task that Bessemer set out to do—to invent a mechanical substitute for the puddler, whereby a larger and cheaper product could be made.



THE ACTION OF THE AIR IN THE BESSEMER CONVERTER.

Although the invention of the Bessemer process, which makes the low grade of steel known as Bessemer steel, opened up a new field for utilizing iron products, it left the process of making wrought or bar iron precisely where it was before. And these iron products are yet made by this essentially ancient method, and by hand. The puddler stands in front of the furnace, and with his long rod stirs the molten metal; and it is not only slow manual labor, but the most exhausting, perhaps, that any class of mechanics do. A puddler's life is short, for, as an iron-manufacturer has described his labor, "he stands continually at the door of hell." The product of a puddler and his helper is about a ton per day; and all wrought or bar iron is made in this slow and consequently expensive fashion.

As the discoveries of the puddling process marked one great era in the manufacture of iron, the substitution of the mechanical for the manual purification of iron by Sir Henry Bessemer, in 1855, marked another. While the thousand and one uses for iron developed by inventions, such as railroads, machinery of all kinds, and the use of pipes for gas and water, were taxing the capacity of the furnaces, Sir Henry Bessemer, in seeking a mechanical process of doing what the puddler was doing by hand, produced a metal which was unknown before—a metal of low grade which could be rolled into shape; and, while it could not be used in the forge of the smith, nor used for the manufacture of tools, was harder than iron, and was quickly adopted for railroad uses.



THE ACTION OF THE AIR IN A ROBERT CONVERTER.

The three great advantages of the Bessemer steel are: that it can be produced by the same number of men in vastly larger quantities than puddled iron; that the product is peculiarly suited for such purposes as railroad iron—for, costing to-day twenty-eight dollars a ton, it will last five times as long as railway iron costing thirty-five dollars a ton, and a Bessemer steel ship plate is both harder and stronger than one of iron; and that fewer laborers and less skill are required to make a ton of Bessemer steel than to puddle a ton of iron, the labor cost of making the steel being less than one-third that of making iron. To this day, however, all the finer grades of steel, such as are used for tools, have to be made in crucibles. The iron must be heated in a closed crucible holding from fifty to one hundred pounds of metal and the required amount of carbon added. This process is so expensive that tool steel sells at from six to twenty cents a pound, according to quality. Tool steel is yet so costly that its uses are limited.

Such are the chief processes of iron and steel manufacture; and the great problem which Sir Henry Bessemer attacked had remained unsolved, when, about a year ago, a Frenchman, Gustave L. Robert, of Stenay, France, made some experiments which were the starting-point of the new process, and the news of his experiments came to the ears of J. W. Bookwalter, the manufacturer, at Springfield, Ohio. When he heard of this discovery, Mr. Bookwalter immediately went to see Robert's experiments, and he secured the right to the process in the United States. Returning to his factory in Springfield, he built an experimental plant, and improved and expanded upon the idea of the inventor. After twelve months of experimenting he has perfected the invention, and within a month or two his first patent has been issued. The process is so simple that every iron-worker will wonder that he did not discover it long ago. It can be best explained by comparing it with the Bessemer process. The peculiarity and the defect of the Bessemer process is that the air is blown perpendicularly through the mass of iron, as shown in the illustration, keeping it in constant agitation, and therefore mixing all the impurities with the iron. If the current of air be blown long enough to burn out all the silicon and carbon, the oxygen will also attack the iron, and the resulting product will be a weak and oxidized iron. To remedy this, the Bessemer system introduces some ore of iron, such as ferro-manganese, containing a large amount of carbon; and a certain amount of this peculiar ore is necessary to be used with the common ore to produce the Bessemer product. The illustration shows the Bessemer converter blowing the air from below the mass of iron. In the new converter, on the other hand, the blast is over the edge of the iron, horizontally, and produces a rotary motion in the metal, causing a most violent agitation, which presents every portion of the metal to the blast, and at the same time blows the slag and other impurities which are floating on the surface to the farther side of the converter. It will be seen that this converter is simply a mechanical means of doing exactly what the puddler does by hand, turning the iron over and over, and presenting all parts of the molten mass to the air, and exposing only a small portion of it at a time to the action of the blast. So long as there is any silicon in that part of the metal exposed to the blast, the oxygen will attack neither the iron nor the carbon; and so long as there is carbon the oxygen will not attack the iron. By the new process all the silicon, and practically all the carbon, can be burned out of the iron; or only the silicon may be burned out and the carbon left, and the impurities removed by gathering them on the surface of the molten metal, leaving steel when the blast is stopped.

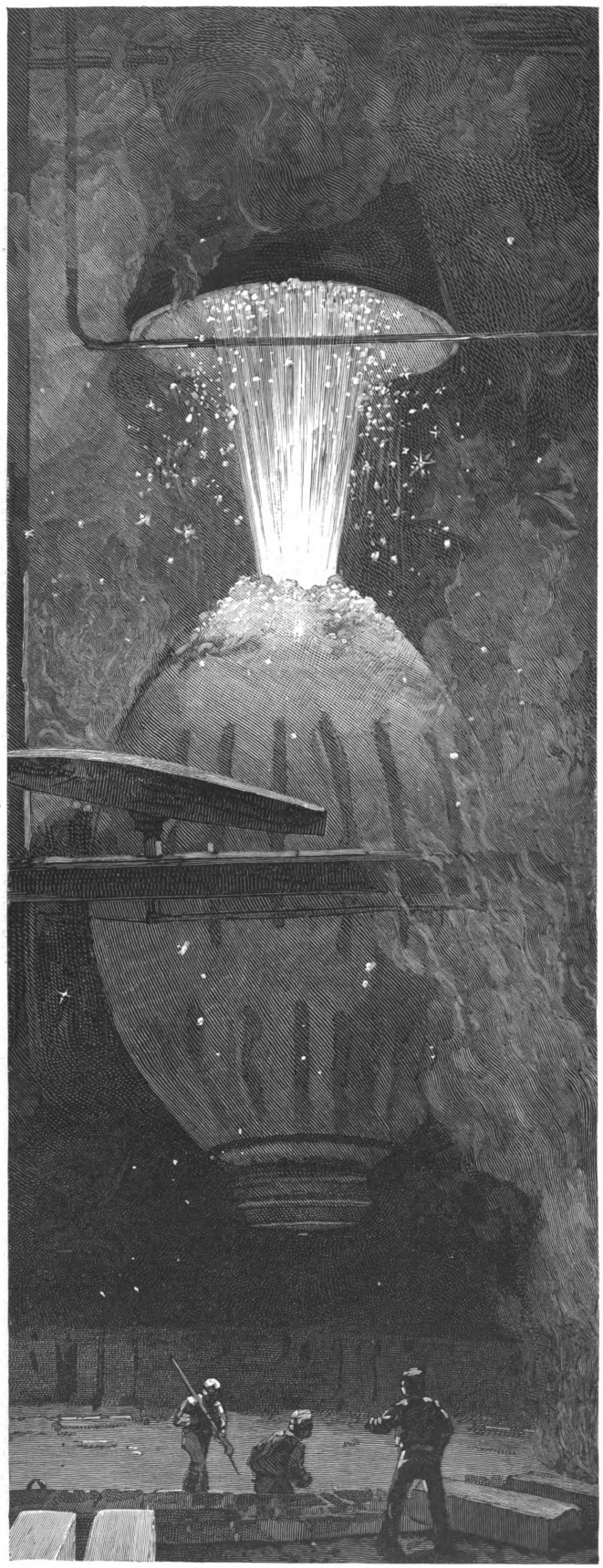
Thus, by the new process, every grade of iron can be made, from the purest wrought-iron to the highly carbonated steel. It covers the whole catalogue of products of iron ore. The new process

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

is like the BESSEMER process in this—no fuel is necessary in converting the melted cast-iron into the finished product, which by the BESSEMER process is BESSEMER steel, and by the new process is any grade of iron or steel that may be desired, whether metal for machine bolts or metal to be made into surgeons' tools. The development of the BESSEMER process has prepared the way for this new process. The perfection of the converter, and of the blast machinery, and all those appliances which distinguish the BESSEMER works of to-day from the early ones, are necessary in the new process. The marvellous feat of mechanical engineering which was hardly a less noteworthy achievement of Sir HENRY BESSEMER than the discovery of his process itself, is as useful to the new process as to his. A BESSEMER converter weighs, with its contents, from twenty to thirty tons, and it is moved by a gentle effort, and it receives a blast so powerful that the whole mass of molten metal is heated to the highest temperature that has hitherto been used in the practical mechanical arts. In the materials of its manufacture, and in the appliances for its manipulation, the new converter has the same essential necessities as the old.

Since the metal which comes from the ROBERT converter can be a pure iron, a low or mild steel, or a steel high in carbon, from this converter can be poured every grade of metal that is used by the smith or a rolling-mill. And this range of metal includes iron that is now made by the puddling process, which is the iron used by the smith and manufactured by the rolling-mill into all forms of bar and sheet iron; the steel now made by the BESSEMER converter, which is used for railroad iron, for iron beams and girders for buildings, for ship-building and all forms of massive iron; the mild steel, which is used for boilers and those processes requiring a soft and tough steel, and a crucible steel, from which are made the tools and all the finer products of the mechanic. This means that every grade of iron or steel that has hitherto been used for railroad bars and ship plates can now be produced by the same method; and that all products of the ore may be produced by a mechanical process, and so cheaply as to give a greater stimulus to the use of iron and steel than any previous invention. Since the blast of air in the ROBERT process does not support the enormous mass of iron as in the BESSEMER process, the blast is vastly less, and the entire plant, including engines and all the necessary machinery for the production of 100 tons a day of any grade of iron or steel, can be built for less than $10,000, or one-third the cost of the BESSEMER plant of the same capacity. The tuyeres of a BESSEMER converter must be renewed after fifteen blasts. The tuyeres of the new last for 250 blasts. The BESSEMER converter must be relined after a very few blasts; the ROBERT after 1000 blasts. By the new process the metal is heated much hotter than by the BESSEMER process, and is therefore much more fluid; but this quality, added to the freedom from impurities, enables the new converter to pour the metal directly into the billet which is to be rolled into the desired form, whereas the BESSEMER product is so impure that it is cast first into a 14-inch ingot, and then "broken down," as it is called, being rolled through a succession of rolls which reduce the ingot to four inches square. The new system makes possible the saving of about four dollars a ton in the making of the billet.

The cost of making all grades of iron or steel is the same by the ROBERT system, and that cost is less than the cost of making BESSEMER steel. The significance of this will be appreciated when it is realized that the poorest grade of iron costs from four to six dollars a ton more than BESSEMER steel, and the highest grade of tool steel costs several hundred dollars a ton, or more. Not only are all these products, which are already made by other methods, produced cheaper and more rapidly by the new process, but a class of products can be made which it has hitherto been impossible to make. From the converter the metal can be poured into moulds, and castings can be made which have all the properties of wrought-iron. They can be bent, hammered, welded, and in all respects treated as if they were the product of the forge and not of the foundry. This means a revolution in the building of machinery. Wrought-iron is five to seven times as strong as the best cast-iron. If, therefore, any piece of machinery requiring strength be cast of metal purified by the new converter, it can be one-fifth the present weight and of equal strength; or, if made of the present weight, of more than five times the present strength. There have been numerous attempts to increase the strength of castings, and to make what are known as malleable castings. The most successful has been the process of annealing. But this process has thus far failed in producing, for instance, heavy ordnance. If a highly carbonized metal from the new converter be cast, and the casting be permitted to cool slowly, it will be a soft steel, and part of which can then be tempered to any degree of hardness desired. The advantages of this are very great in the manufacture of such products as car wheels and heavy ordnance.



A BESSEMER STEEL CONVERTER.

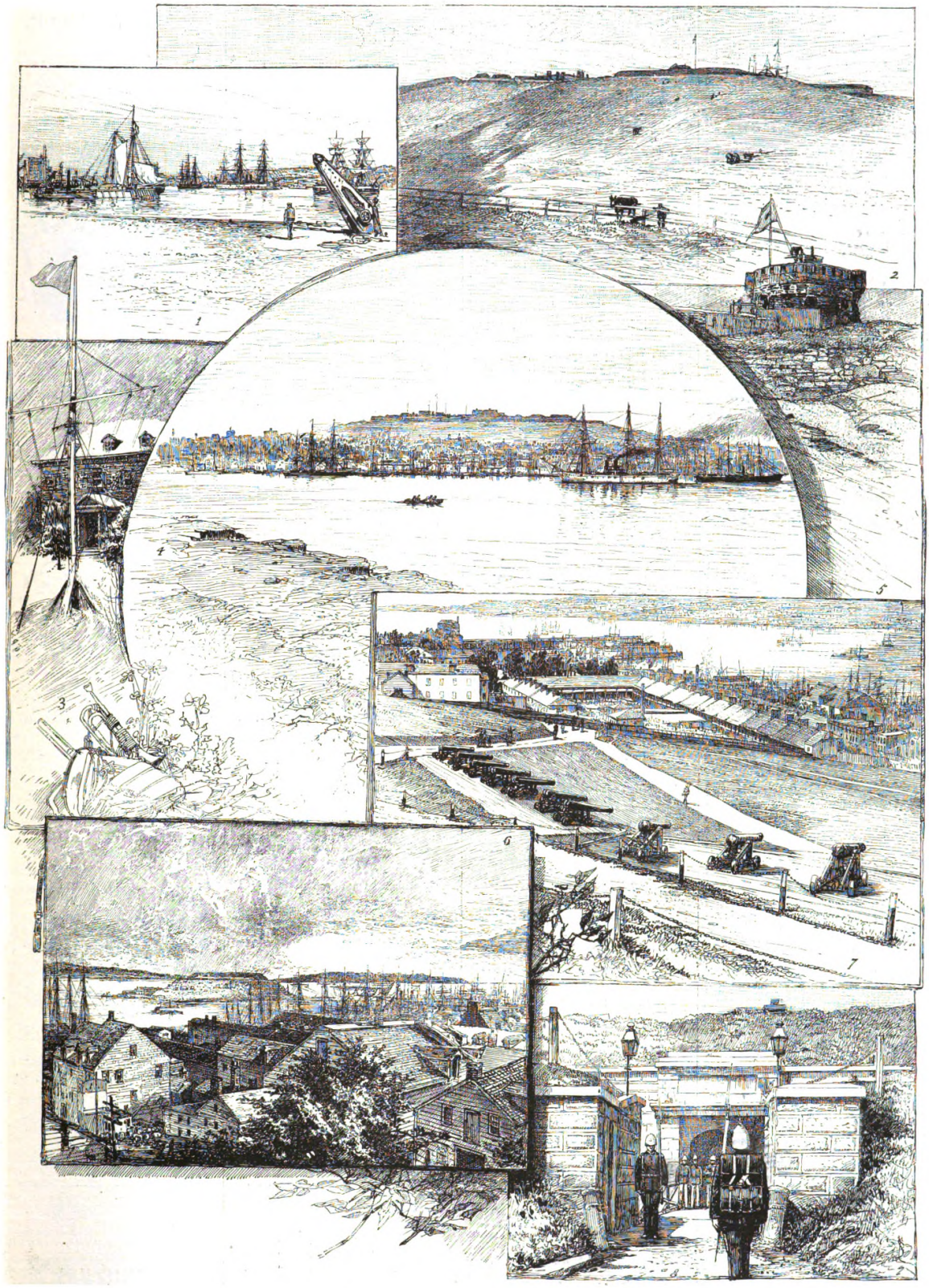
The present manufacturers of steel and iron can utilize nearly all their present plants—all except the puddling furnace—when they adopt the new system. The greater part of most of the existing manufacturing plants is as necessary for the new process as for the old ones; and the additional machinery required is not costly in comparison with the cost of BESSEMER converters. The method whereby the new process will probably be introduced in the United States will be by the granting of licenses to manufacturers to use it, paying a royalty to the patentee (the royalty received by Sir HENRY BESSEMER, by-the-way, amounted, ten years ago, to more than a million pounds sterling).

Although the patent on the new converter was granted for the United States now nearly a month ago, and for nearly a year the widest range of iron and steel products ever made at one place have been made in the iron-works at Springfield, no description of the process has hitherto been published. Many of the iron and steel manufacturers have applied for licenses to use it, and it is likely to be adopted in making those products that are now most costly with as great rapidity as the new converters can conveniently be put up by those who will have the liberty to use them. But it will not at once supersede the old processes. The slowness with which even a revolutionizing discovery is adopted is astounding evidence of the quality that in the year of a Presidential election we hear called the "conservation of business." The BESSEMER process was patented in the United States in 1856, but it was not until 1866 that the manufacture of BESSEMER steel became a very important industry here. A long time was spent in making improvements and in litigation and in organization. Since the patent has expired, the product has been larger than it was before. The ROBERT process has been patented in England, and the Italian government has bought the right to use it, chiefly to make heavy ordnance.

We have so accustomed ourselves to think of the various methods of producing iron and steel as each an independent industry (as indeed it is) that the simplification of these industries which seems obliged to follow the introduction of this process seems astounding. It is of universal application, and the products of it include all the products of all the old processes; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that new products will be discovered by reason of it—at least new combinations of products. One such new combination of products will be a car wheel as tough as a piece of forged iron at the centre, giving far greater strength than any ever made, with a rim of hardened steel to resist wear — made by casting the wheel of steel and tempering the rim. This unification of so many processes is one of the most remarkable simplifications in mechanics.

In considering the possible effects of a great reduction of the cost of producing nearly all the products of iron ore, it is interesting to glance at the extension of iron and steel that has been made, especially in the United States, within the lifetime of this generation, by reason of the cheaper processes developed since the BESSEMER discovery; and not one of these processes, except the BESSEMER, can be compared with this new process. Of course the BESSEMER rail made our railway development possible; and it is our railway development that has made us the largest consumers of iron and steel *per capita* in the world; for the railroads consume at least half the total iron and steel product. But iron and steel bridge building, iron pipes for water and gas and steam, iron stoves, iron fences, iron ornamental work, iron ships, and iron agricultural implements are a few of the most important uses to which we have put the products of iron since the cheap modern methods of manufacture were developed. When a very much cheaper process than any now used shall have been adopted, the uses that will suggest themselves, and the advance that we shall make in many mechanical ways, cannot be conjectured. The cheapening of iron and steel more than any other development makes the difference between our civilization and the civilization of the Middle Ages. This is the physical basis of modern material development in every direction. In 1788, for example, the total production of pig-iron in Great Britain was about 68,000 tons. Less than a century later, one year's production (1880) was nearly 7,750,000 tons. This difference measures accurately the difference between the industries of the England of the last century and the England of this century; and a similar increase, of course, has been made in all civilized nations.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE DEFENCES OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 147.]

1. Naval Station, from her Majesty's Dock-Yard. 2. The Citadel, from the Rear. 3. Admiralty House. 4. The Citadel and Front of the City, from Sandy Point. 5. Martello Tower, York Redoubt. 6. Fort Clarence, St. George's Island, and MacNab's Island. 7. Quarters for Married Men of Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers. 8. Sally-Port of Citadel.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MONEY AND INVESTMENT.

THE difficulties that attend the making of safe investments have been very painfully demonstrated by the developments in the railroad world during the last few months. The causes underlying those developments have been patent to a good many people, but it is exceedingly doubtful if they have been appreciated as keenly by investors as they have been by railroad managers and by speculators. The investor is slower both in his decisions and actions than the two classes referred to. He has not the incentive to make a turn in the market that continually inspires the speculator, nor has he the means of informing himself that is one of the advantages of a railroad officer. He is by the very nature of his relations to the property in which he is interested removed, as a rule, from two very important scenes of action—the property itself and the place where the securities predicated upon it are dealt in. Information of changes affecting the value of his particular security comes to him slowly. The fact that the daily press, or at least certain parts of it, fairly teems with so-called railroad news affords him but slight satisfaction. Nine times out of ten it is not intelligible to him as it stands, since it may be simply an incident in a comprehensive movement the scope of which is not suggested by what he reads, or it may be that it is sadly perverted in the interest of subtle speculators. Besides, the average investor is tenacious of his securities, especially if they have yielded him an uninterrupted and satisfactory income. His habits are fixed, and he is averse to changes. To his mind they involve new risks, besides the annoyance and expense of transferring his funds from one security to another.

Strange as the statement may seem, the investor himself is largely responsible for the condition of affairs that has recently impaired the value of a very large and important group of securities. Those he has held have served him so well that he has, if anything, rather over-invested in the securities of the roads that traverse the vast territory west and north of Chicago. He has, unwittingly in many cases, provided some of the money that has been used to build the Granger trunk lines in advance of the needs of the population. This over-building of railroads west of the Mississippi River, together with other and natural causes, has resulted in a tremendous shrinkage in both principal and income accounts. It seems to be fashionable now to inveigh against railroad managers as incompetent and dishonest. Beyond doubt a large proportion of the criticism is deserved. But the great army of small holders of railway securities must themselves accept the duty and the responsibilities that are clearly their own. What is wanted has been very aptly described as a more intelligent ownership of our railroad systems. As bearing upon this point, one of the most eminent corporation lawyers of this city remarked recently, in advising a client who felt that his rights in a corporation had been impaired, that he would not hold the stock of any corporation in which he was not either a director or of the counsel. The proposition seems to admit of very little debate that eternal vigilance is the price of a fortune as well as of liberty.

The prices of securities upon the Stock Exchange have begun, since the first of the year, to reflect a more hopeful feeling regarding the outlook for the transportation systems of the country. This is the natural result of a partial awakening of the holders of railroad securities to a sense of the power they possess, but which heretofore they have invariably allowed some one else to exercise for them. The alarm has been so thorough that there seem to be fair prospects that hereafter the real owners of our various corporations will contribute something of value to their management. Of course natural causes are at times supreme, but there is never an occasion when human agencies cannot modify their action to an extent. It is this modification that is wanted now, and it should be constantly supplied by the force which has the power to make it, and that force is in the stockholders.

It seems a very easy matter to buy a few bonds or a hundred shares or so of stock in the Stock Exchange, and generally quite as easy a matter to sell them. Upon a very large class of people the operation makes no impression, though it should do so, as even temporary ownership carries with it almost the same obligation as actual ownership. It seems desirable, therefore, that dealers of this class should submit to a certain amount of tuition. The educational process is slow, but it is well worth encouraging.

The week now closing has been one of a good deal of anxiety on the part of those interested in the management of railroads. The success of the efforts to place the great lines between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains upon a permanently better basis has hung in the balance, but now such decided progress has been made that success seems assured. Some uneasiness regarding the current quarterly dividend of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy company has also been allayed, and the action of that company in maintaining the rate that it paid the last quarter may very properly be regarded as a guarantee of its intentions to keep the peace. There have been some irregularities in trunk-line rates, but they have not alarmed any one, as the neighbors of the offending roads have been prompt to direct the attention of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to the alleged violation of the law. The appeal to that body to prevent rate-cutting and its ability to stop it is one of the advantages it affords that railroad managers have been slow to appreciate. With the money markets of the world reflecting a plethora of funds, and our railroad properties seemingly recuperating from their last blow, the financial outlook is much improved, as compared with a very few months ago. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, February* 16, 1889.

IDLENESS IS A DANGEROUS FAULT in the kidneys. When inactive they speedily fall into disrepair. Those obstinate and fatal maladies, Bright's disease and diabetes, ensue with terrible certainty upon the inaction of the organs affected. Catarrh of the bladder, enuresis, gravel, and strangury are also to be apprehended from a partial paralysis of the bladder, of which weakness and sluggishness are the causes. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine tonic and promoter of activity for the renal organs, and one which can be relied upon to afford them the requisite stimulus without exciting them—an effect to be feared from the unmedicated alcoholic excitant of commerce. A further beneficent effect of the Bitters, by renewing activity of the kidneys, is to enable them to drain from the blood, in its passage through them, impurities productive of rheumatism and dropsy. Nervousness, fever and ague, constipation and dyspepsia are conquered by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA," THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER, For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

No buffet should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South-American appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.


CHEST PAINS
COUGHS, COLDS

Chest Pains, Coughs and Colds, Weak Lungs, Backache, Kidney Pains, Rheumatism, and all Muscular Pains, **relieved in one minute** by the first **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster** The and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Almost as Palatable as Milk.
Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.
A Remedy for Consumption.
For Wasting in Children.
For Scrofulous Affections.
For Anæmia and Debility.
For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.
In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

The Kodak.



ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*
Price, $25.00.
Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.
The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FOR CALIFORNIA.
THE Chicago and North-Western Railway offers exceptional inducements to all classes of California travel.
First-class tickets affording choice of routes, good returning until Spring, and second-class one-way tickets are now on sale at very low rates.
Fast vestibuled trains, fully equipped with palace sleeping and dining cars, amply provide for the comfort of tourists, and the welfare of second-class travellers is promoted by personally-conducted colonist excursions, providing every comfort en-route, including accommodations in free tourist sleepers.
For full information apply to any ticket agent, or address E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent C. & N.-W. Railway, Chicago, Ill.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
MARCH.

Comments on Canada.
By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With Frontispiece Portrait of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime-Minister of the Dominion of Canada;

Motley's Letters.
By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS;

Jupiter Lights. A Novel.
By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Part III.;

Norway and its People.
By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP and H. W. RANGER. Second Paper;

A New Arabian Night.
By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Short Story;

The Origin of Celestial Species.
By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., Cor. Ins. France. Illustrated;

One Story is Good till Another is Told.
By BRANDER MATTHEWS and GEORGE H. JESSOP;

New Vienna.
By CURT VON ZELAU. Fourteen Illustrations;

Slowtopp's Confession. Short Story.
By JOHN LILLIE. Illustrated by FREDERICK BARNARD;

The Institute of France.
By THEODORE CHILD. Sixteen Illustrations;

William M. Chase, Painter.
By KENYON COX. Illustrated;

Poe's Mary.
By AUGUSTUS VAN CLEEF. With Portrait;

Poetry:
THE SHIPMAN'S TALE. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH;
WINTER BOUGHS. By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY;

Editor's Easy Chair.
By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor's Study.
By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Literary Notes. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE...	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.



SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Gowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.
Ladies desirous of ordering, and unable to visit New York, can have sketches and samples forwarded free by mail—perfect fit guaranteed.
210 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Arnold Constable & Co
INDIA PONGEES AND CORAHS,
Plain and printed, in great variety of design and color. These goods are unsurpassed for durability and wear.
Broadway & 19th st.



SEEDS GIVEN AWAY. Pk'ge Mixed Flower Seeds, 500 kinds, GUIDE, and 10c. Certificate for Seeds, *your choice*, all for 2 stamps (4 cents.) Every flower lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, FANNETTSBURG, PA. Be Prompt. This offer will appear but twice.

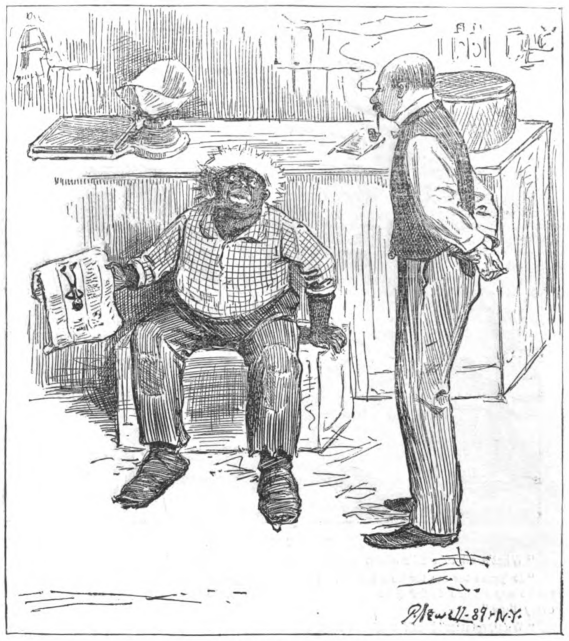


Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ENCOURAGING HIM.

"Don't despair, Dilkins; at one time I was every bit as bald-headed as you are," etc.



IGNORANCE EXPOSED.

"What ye readin' in the newspaper, Uncle Poke?"
"Dis heah artikle 'bout dat man walkin' on de ceilin'."
"Turn the paper 'round an' let me see't. Why, you've got it upside down!"

CURE OF LUMBAGO.

O. M. Weeks, Denver, Col., writes:

"For nearly six years I suffered greatly with what the doctors call lumbago. I was unable to walk in that interval more than a few steps at a time, or to rise from a chair after once sitting down, without assistance. A friend urged me to give ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS a trial. He obtained some for me and put them on my back. I felt easier with them on than any thing I had ever tried, and continued their use for nearly three months, changing them every week, until I was absolutely cured—cured so that from that day to this I have been able to work."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. **Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.** Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.



INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING, AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepaid by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache, and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.



THE WASHBURN GUITARS, MANDOLINS, AND ZITHERS.
Finest toned, most durable, and possess the only absolutely correct scale. Warranted to stand in any climate. Ask your dealer for them. *Catalogue free.* LYON & HEALY, 162 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

WRITING PAPERS by the POUND. Nearly double the quantity than by the quire for same money. Send stamp for samples and price-list. WM. H. HOSKINS CO., 927 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA.

ENGRAVED VISITING PLATE and 50 CARDS, $1.00. Wedding Invitations.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.



IF YOU WISH A SUCCESSFUL GARDEN, TRY
DREER'S RELIABLE SEEDS

POMPONE ZINNIA.

PLANTS, BULBS AND GARDEN REQUISITES, which have been a **standard** *for over 50 years,* with the most critical gardeners. Our trial grounds enable us to test all, and to offer only varieties of merit. Good new sorts a Specialty. **DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for 1889** is the finest Seed Catalogue issued. A complete guide to the *Garden, Farm* and *Pleasure Ground;* contains two colored plates, and 170 pages. Is mailed for **15c.** in stamps, and includes your choice of **one packet** of the following novelties: **Dreer's Golden Cluster Bean,** the finest pole bean; **Golden Self-Blanching Celery; Seminole Watermelon,** the most luscious grown; **Princess Beatrice Sweet Pea,** the new blush color; the lovely **Dahlia Gracilis,** blooms from seed the first season; **Nasturtium Empress of India,** the richest crimson color; **New Pompone Zinnia,** in all colors mixed. Will mail **one pkt.** of each of these varieties, including the *Calendar,* for **60c.** Mention paper and if a market gardener.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

GOOD SENSE
CORDED CORSET WAISTS

BEST for Health and Comfort

THOUSANDS now in use by **BEAUTIFUL WOMEN** and **HEALTHY CHILDREN**

Satisfaction guaranteed or MONEY returned.

FERRIS' Patent RING BUCKLE at hip for HOSE Supporters. TAPE fastened BUTTONS. CORD-EDGE Button Holes.



PERFECT FIT for ALL AGES.

Buttons at Front—instead of Clasps.

Children—.50 .70 .75
Misses—.70 .75 .80 .85
Young Ladies—1.00 1.10
Ladies—1.00 1.25 1.50 1.75 2.00

Mailed free on receipt of price.

FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers, 841 Broadway, New York.

Send for Circular and Price List.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, Wholesale Western Agents.

For Sale by ALL LEADING RETAILERS

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Richest Fabrics and Highest Novelties in

SILKS, VELVETS, AND DRESS GOODS

For the Spring and Summer of 1889.

India, China, and Japan Silks, French Sateens, and Scotch Zephyrs.

Exclusive Patterns.

LYONS SILK GRENADINES.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

Two Personally-Conducted Pleasure Tours to Florida via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces two personally-conducted pleasure tours to Florida, to be run on February 25th and March 11th. These dates take in the choicest portion of the winter and early spring, and are exceptionally desirable on that account. The parties will be carried by special trains of Pullman Sleeping-Cars under the supervision of the Tourist Agent and Chaperon. The route is by the Atlantic Coast Line, passing through Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah. Round-trip tickets, including sleeping-car berth and meals *en route* in both directions, will be sold from New York at $48.00, Philadelphia $46.00, and at proportionate rates from other stations. The special train will leave New York 6.30 P.M., stopping at Newark, Elizabeth, Trenton, Philadelphia 9.20 P.M., stopping at Chester, Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington. The round-trip tickets will admit of a two weeks' stay in Florida, and will be good for use only on special trains in both directions.

For itineraries, tickets, and sleeping-car berths, apply to agents of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or address S. W. F. Draper, Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York, or 205 Washington Street, Boston.

Help Wanted.

We offer **GOOD PAY** to **WOMEN** for special work up to **JULY** next. Besides good pay for **work** performed, **$500** will be given as an **EXTRA** present to the agent doing the best work; **$400** to the second, and so on. Men, boys and girls can make hundreds of dollars between now and July 1889. This is a **SPECIAL** chance, and holds good only until July. Address

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ESTABLISHED 1801.



Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.

The Oldest and the Best.

Barry's Tricopherous not only gives brilliancy to the Hair, but promotes the growth to such a degree that in a few months a thin head of hair becomes by its use a thick mass of shining fibres.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.



Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.
For Sale by all Stationers.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THAT CEILING.

"What's all this talk about ceilin's down ter Albany, Lem?"

"It 'pears ter me ter be all right. I expec's ter go ter the Legislater next year, an' if there's ter be any ceilin's fallin' onto my head, I'd ruther it would be mashed paper than quartered oak, every time."

"Waal, quartered oak wouldn't hurt them fellers heads as is thar now any more 'n mashed paper would, Lem."

ROYAL



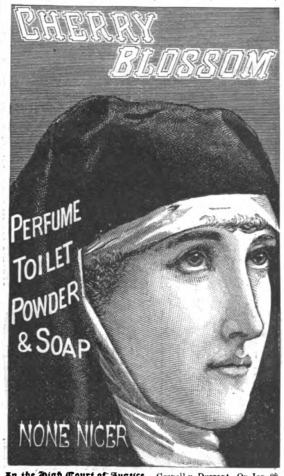
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

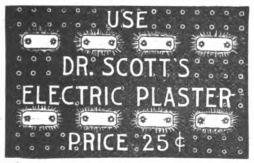
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

CHERRY BLOSSOM



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

TO CURE PAINS AND ACHES



Of all Druggists, or will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. **5 plasters for $1, for family use.** They annihilate pains and aches. Stamps taken. **DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.**



Look all around among the Retailers,

then write to **C. C. SHAYNE,** manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed **ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT,** which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

TREMONT HOUSE,

BOSTON, MASS.

AMERICAN PLAN.

Rates, $3.00, $3.50, & $4.00 per Day.

CHARLES T. WILSON, Manager.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.



$3 Printing Press. Prints all your cards & labels. Circular press, $8. Size for small newspaper, $44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, $100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Catarrh

When you have tried the various remedies for Catarrh and failed in obtaining relief, then try the new remedy NASALINE, and you will find that

YOU can be CURED

NASALINE has been tried by those who had given up all hope and *they have been* **cured.** We *assert positively* that a failure is *unknown.* Testimonials in quantity. Sent by mail. Price, 50c. (*stamps or postal note*). Send to **Nasaline Mfg. Co.,** Denver, Colorado, and be

Cured.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

HARPER'S WAR VOLUMES



The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF THE

CIVIL WAR

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

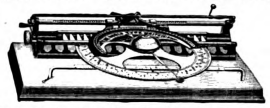
McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

75 WORDS A MINUTE ATTAINED.

WORLD TYPEWRITERS.



Thoroughly Made, Practical, Rapid, Business.

Single Case, **$10.00;** Double Case, writes 72 characters, **$15.00.** Walnut Case, $2.00 extra.

CATALOGUES FREE. AGENTS WANTED.

Typewriter Dept., POPE MFG. CO., 79 Franklin St., Boston; 12 Warren St., New York; 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.



Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

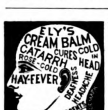
QUOD AB OMNIBUS

Apollinaris

QUOD UBIQUE

DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N.Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.





YOU WILL SAVE MONEY, Time, Pain, Trouble, and will CURE

CATARRH

by using

Ely's Cream Balm.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

FREE Sample DR. X. STONE'S BRONCHIAL WAFERS. Best Remedy for Throat and Lungs. Agents Wanted. STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD.

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

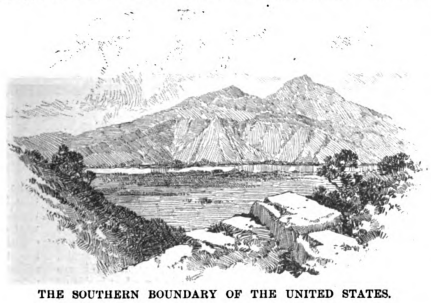
WHITE snow brightens the gray and brown of the impurpled gorges, harsh rocks, and huge peaks of the sierras of southwestern Colorado. The sources of a great river are traced to the bleak crests of the snowy range and its advanced guard of sierras. It is a river, too, with a swelling name—the Brave Grand River of the North, as transformed into English from the mouth-filling Castilian. The Rio Grande, cutting its way through tumultuous foot-hills, bisects the valley of San Luis, now taking on a new beauty beneath the hand of industry. It pierces



A STREET IN MATAMORAS.

a rugged road through southern ranges, or, passing by their flanks, it cuts a marvellous cañon pathway beneath the gray walls of a crumbling communal life—that of the Mexican pueblos—which recalls the oldest and quaintest of three civilizations. It touches the northern border of Mexico, where mountain carrier and locomotive greet each other, and glances alike, as it speeds southward, on Texan "rustler" and Indo-Spanish "greaser." Channelling its way by broad shallow beds across the red harsh mesa, piercing in a series of magnificent cañons through the eastern spurs of the Sierra Madre, moving through lazy lagoons shimmering in the sunshine, and enriching the alluvial plains as it flows below Ringgold, the "Brave River of the North" finds its way into the summer waves that lave the eastern lines of our hemispherian isthmus, and hold on their breast the sun-bathed islands of the Caribbean Sea. What a story it tells as it makes its way from continued snows to perpetual summer!

The great quartzite range of the San Juan, a huge promontory of the continental chain which forms the southwesterly rim of the wonderful bowl or park of San Luis, contains the chief sources of the Rio Grande. Here the river begins its long journey to the Gulf. This is nearly one hundred miles west and above the point at which it debouches into the valley. Antelope Park, the first point of interest in its downward course, is known as the scene of a conflict disastrous at the outset to Captain JOHN C. FREMONT, when in 1847 he started along this parallel on his memorable exploration. The junction, some twenty-two miles and upward westward of this park, of Deep and Pole creeks, or the middle and north forks of the Rio Grande, makes the main river, which thenceforward bears, with Anglo-Saxon terseness, the Spanish equivalent of Grand River. All the great area drained by this mountain river was once under



THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF THE UNITED STATES.

the Spanish and Mexican flags, and it is fitting therefore that some, at least, of its swelling nomenclature should be retained. 'Tis a wild region in which these waters rise. One branch comes down from the Indian-named Uncompahgre Range, another from the Sierra San Juan, and the other pours out of the massive Sagauche Mountains. Geologists delight in the region. Eruption has forced its burning way in all directions. The huge march of the grinding glacier has left enormous evidence of its progress. Aqueous influences have hollowed the cañons and riven the mountains. Now it is the delight of the hunter and the fisherman. That daring errand-bearer of the Rockies, the Denver and Rio Grande narrow-gauge railway, has already climbed very near to the Antelope Park. The drainage of the mountains has widened the river, created this little and lovely mountain bowl, and in it set, like a superb gem of beauty on the brow of a lusty giant, the lovely Lake St. Maria, whose charm and attraction can be but imperfectly reproduced.*

The forks of the Rio Grande come down from their mountain sources through dismal and lonely cañons too bald and rough to be picturesque. That of the middle fork is lofty, over 1500 feet, or nearly half a mile in height. The erosive forces which in all these stupendous formations have wrought such wild and fantastic shapes are seen here in the peaks, pinnacles, spires, turrets, and towers that crown the black basalt or break the sheer descent of its precipitous sides. Some aspects of these mountain cañons are of the wildest. The lovely Antelope Park breathes in beauty, like a blessing, over the rugged scene. It is but a little place, but its smile is sweet enough for all the Titan's huge features. Only two and a half miles from north to south, the river enters at the middle of the western rim, and then hugs the wall thereof, flowing across the park, until a mile beyond its eastern verge it again enters a bold cañon. The rugged and precipitous walls are seen in an illustration of the famous Wagon Wheel Gap, through which the Indians and the pioneers preceded the railway in scaling and overcoming the mountain obstacles to their marches and movements.

Downward foams the clear mountain stream, gathering volume and force as it flows. After leaving the cañon nearest the park it passes through and across a number of open intervales, which, with their picturesque beauty, and the fishing and hunting facilities afforded by stream and region, are yearly attracting a large number of tourists. Is it any wonder, then, that this should be so in the presence of such sublimity of scenery as is shown in this bold and striking view, near the gap, and now within sound of the laboring locomotive as it boldly climbs the up grade? Once through the Wagon Wheel Gap, southward can be seen an exquisite valley, hemmed in by the boldest of ranges, whose highest gorges hold continuously on them great masses of snow—a chaste robe that covers their worn and savage bleakness of aspect. Near by there is an old stage station, constructed of adobe, primitive and picturesque in appearance, much affected by fishermen and hunters. There is something more, also, in this whole region than the picturesque; something more than game for the hunter and sport for the angler. There is health for the invalid in the clear tonic of the mountain atmosphere. There is the opportunity of wealth for the hardy mining prospector and the sagacious promoter or capitalist. The whole region is slowly developing into rich mining districts. The clear dry air of the



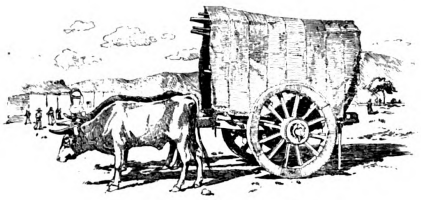
RIO GRANDE CAÑON.

mountains in this latitude cures the succulent native grasses, and enables the ranchmen to utilize every acre of intervale and mesa, even to altitudes that farther to the north bring them within the snow-line. Cattle find open feeding even in winter-time.

In the centre of the valley the river turns toward the south. It retains that course, by a little easterly, until it enters the Gulf, forty odd miles below Brownsville, Texas. In the upper or western part of the valley, among the foot-hills where Del Norte, a thriving county town of 3500 inhabitants, is located, the little branches are quite numerous, swelling the larger stream with their quota of fertile water.

The average altitude is 7000 feet. The *ensemble* is one that combines in marvellous degree both beauty and sublimity. It may well be doubted if there is a spot on the continent which embraces the two in such magnificent harmony of proportion. The rarefied atmosphere of this altitude gives great clearness to the deep blue sky, across which the clouds, except in winter, are seldom seen in more than heavy drifts. The valley is to the enraptured observer almost a dead level. The foreshortening, which is so great a charm of this dry region, enables the human vision to take in its entire scope. As the traveller comes down into the park from Veta Pass, on the western side of the great eastern range or rim, the vast and distant swells, sides, and summits of the Sangre de Cristo, Sagauche, and San Juan ranges are within the restricted compass of ordinary human sight.

The loftiest mountain mass found in the eastern sierras crowns the valley in overshadowing proportions. The Sierra Blanca is the king summit of the Rockies, and, with one exception, the loftiest mountain within the United States. It wears a triple crown of three great peaks, singularly imposing in their aspect. From the plain below its vast bulk seems to rise sheer to its precipitous and altitudinous summit of 14,469 feet above the level of old ocean. This is more than two and a half miles of abrupt ascent. Rising from the great mountain park as it does, more than two-thirds of its vast bulk is above the timber line. So it stands in desolate grandeur, but not solitary, for it is upheld and supported by an embattled array of mountain heights that would seem stupendous in themselves if not lessened to the imagination by its own overawing bulk. Its mighty peaks are touched even in midsummer with the gleaming purity of the snow; but for most of the year it bares its bleak bald front to the golden sunshine and the clear azure of the arching sky. Within its abysmal gorges the icy glaciers rest in their eternal chill. Sunrise and sunset lend its black, brown, and dun gray sides and jagged summits the most imperial of robes. The gorgeous glory of a sunset in this valley surpasses description. But when its deep hues light the monarch of the ranges, every bleak rock and each deep gorge that scar and serrate its tremendous flanks and ridges take on a marvellous glory. The deep purple that glows in the shadows, and the glowing crimson hues that bathe as with fire the surface and swells of the overawing mountain, as well as the roseate flushes that flame so radiantly over the embosomed snow-drifts, make a panorama of color and scenery so entrancing and majestic that a world's journey would not be too great for one day's glimpse thereof. I shall not attempt to depict the glory of color and the shifting kaleidoscope



MEXICAN WOODEN WHEEL CART.

of harmonious tones and hues which the rising sun brings with its beams as they fall upon triple peaks and enormous chasms. The gray mists of the fading night become golden and pink, rosered and ultramarine, sapphire and topaz—all the colors and blaze of earth and sky meet and mingle to robe the great Sierra in appropriate majesty.

The western and central portion of the San Luis Valley is showing the enterprise of the American settler. In another article* the writer has given in some detail the changes in progress through organized introduction of irrigation. It is not confined by any means to this great mountain park, nor has it begun there to more than show what is to be accomplished in the transformation of wasteful cattle-ranches into grazing and breeding farms, wheat fields, orchards, gardens, and vineyards. Allowing for the sand-dunes at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo range, for the great, rugged foot-hills region all around the rim of this beautiful bowl, which will, however, furnish food for many thousand cattle, and for the swampy region around the San Luis Lake or lagoon, sure erelong to become a centre of supply to the more arid areas round about—allowing, I say, for all this, there remains a region in and from which the homes of 50,000 prosperous people can be made. A considerable Mexican population in the southern part, with their neighborhood and wasteful system of *acequias* and *zanjas*, or main and lateral ditches, have for the past two centuries proven that life can be sustained here in comfort. This great area was once the hunting-ground of Navajo and Ute Indians; the former of whom are grain and fruit growers, sheep-raisers, and weavers of fine blankets, as well as old-time warriors of the most daring character. Once these tribes made the valley of the upper Rio Grande a place of terror to the hybrid Mexican peasants, and put vigorous obstacles in the way of the more enterprising American. FREMONT found this, and GILPIN, CARSON, BENT, and others, also, whose names are familiar to the West of a short generation since. Fort Massachusetts, in the northeast of the Park, was established in 1847 to meet this hostility. Abandoned in 1849, Fort Garland, now the first station on the Rio Grande road as it comes down from the east across the Spanish Range and through the Veta Pass, was established. It is an uncomely place, with its squat adobe buildings, but to an unaccustomed traveller it is interesting as a typical southwestern United States post. It is not likely to be held much longer, with its reservation of 2500 acres, as the need of its continuance has passed.

Across the valley, from east to west, passes the Denver and Rio Grande road. Along its line are the pleasant and thriving towns of Alamosa, South Fork, and Del Norte. In the Rio Grande Valley there are some 70,000 acres already under water and cultivation. From Alamosa the road goes southward to the Mexican village of Antonito, now growing as a railroad point. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad passes through the pleasant little park of Antonio to the south, and again climbs to the mountain plateau, moves across its bleak height for some forty miles, until it passes down again into the valley near Embudo, New Mexico.

The Rio Grande bends directly southward in the centre of the great park. The Sierra Culebra, a bold division of the eastern



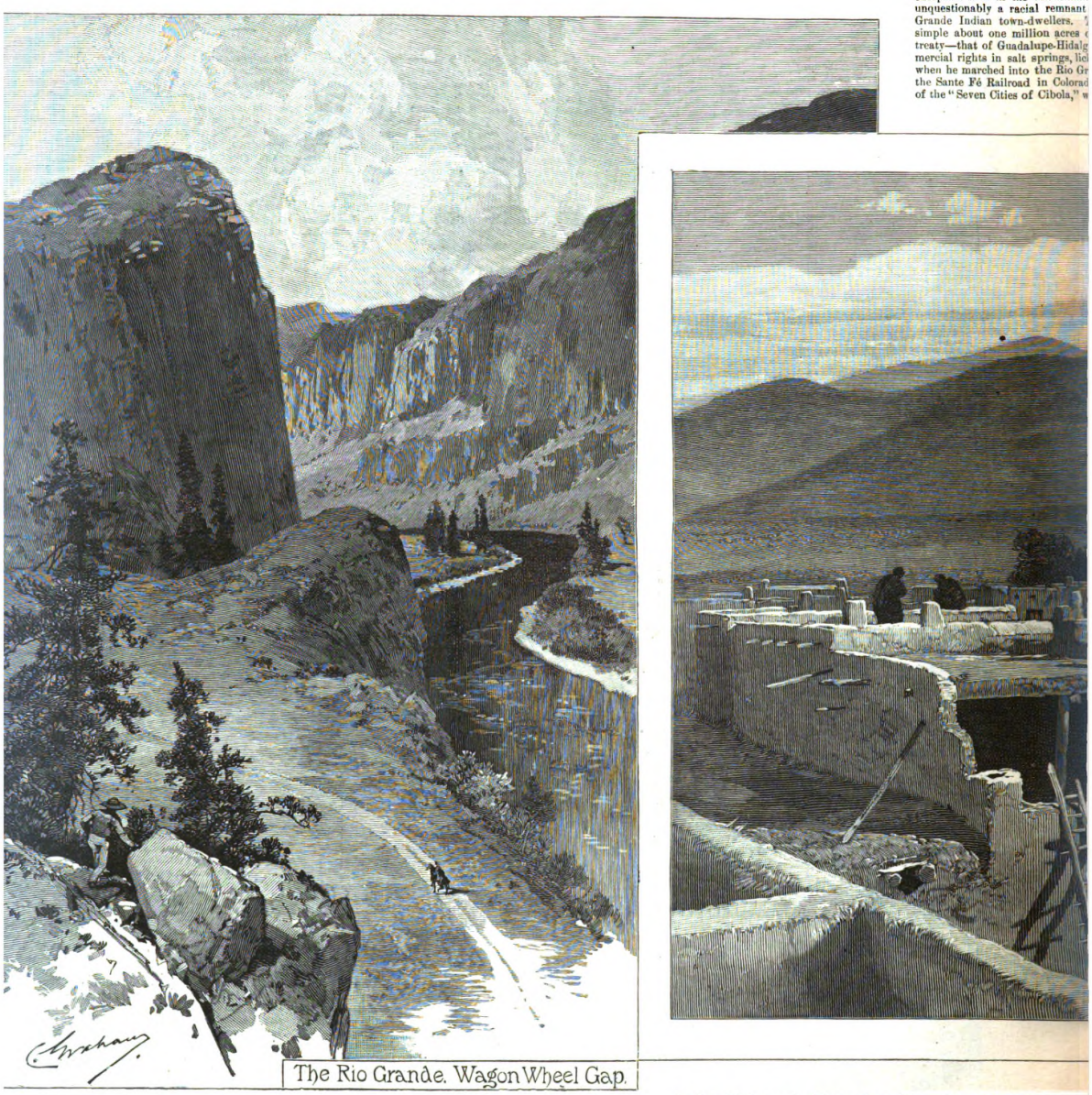
A VIEW OF JUAREZ, CHIHUAHUA.

* The lovely view of Lake St. Maria, and others of the mountain scenery which enrich this paper, came from the photographic collection of W. H. JACKSON, of Denver. To his skill and courtesy, as well as to the courtesy of the D. & R. G. Ry. Co., the writer is indebted for others of the Colorado and New Mexican scenes. He is also under obligations to photographer L. J. COCKRELL, of Laredo, Texas, and to the officers of the United States Geological Survey, for whose willing favors thanks are hereby tendered.

* "Irrigation in the Arid West," HARPER'S WEEKLY, Sept. 22, 1888.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

able plateau and cliff cities of th
cañon, as well as made cultivator
clans from whom came the prese
exception it is in the remarkabl
unquestionably a racial remnant
Grande Indian town-dwellers.
simple about one million acres
treaty—that of Guadalupe-Hidalg
mercial rights in salt springs, lic
when he marched into the Rio Gr
the Sante Fé Railroad in Colorad
of the "Seven Cities of Cibola,"



The Rio Grande. Wagon Wheel Gap.

range of the Rockies, forming the southeastern rim of the mountain bowl, marks
rn limit of the Costila Valley. All of this section is interlaced with small valleys,
thickly settled with Mexican farmers and hamlets. They are an inheritance
co, generally peaceful and orderly. We have less desirable communities even in
Western valley. They raise sheep of a good breed, considerable grain, and some
eir farming, like their irrigation, is of a "shiftless" character, and the wooden
al grain-mill (run by a handy mountain stream), laboring "burro," and clumsy
are not unknown among them, though the enterprise and implements of "Los
ave stimulated even them to imitative activity. From the eastern slopes of the
lebra, Taos, and San Fé flow the many sources of the Rio Pecos, the largest
f the river under description, and the second most important drainage basin in
co and northwestern Texas. It enters the Rio Grande several hundred miles
border-line of the Territory, crossing the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain, as well
g the larger part of the eastern portion of the region which the Rio Grande
he frontal ranges of the "Rockies" make a huge mountain region whose spurs
form plateaus of high altitude, adapted generally for the feeding of cattle, and
upied as huge pastoral ranches. Some of these establishments are imposing,
he DORSEY ranch, with its residence, offices, and employés, make a small village.
cuts its southward way almost in a direct line for over fifty miles, ploughing
e centre of the western plateau and foot-hills of the western and lower spurs of
s, a continued cañon. It is almost unbroken for thirty miles, though two or
l creeks break its western wall. On the east there is nothing but a sheer side of
n almost uniform height of a thousand feet. At the southern extremity of this
pathway—the Cañon de Taos—the river bends westward, and at the pueblo of
de Taos, in the creek of the same name, one may look up the dark gorge along
ous walls, from its swiftly rushing belt of water below, mirroring the narrow blue
above for almost the entire distance. The pueblo named is the most northerly
nty-one that still remain to tell us of the village Indian life of this region. This
as a natural reservoir or storage basin, and at the point of debouchment into the
below the engineers will probably find ample means of conserving the supply,
already swollen with the mountain drainage of at least a thousand square miles of
The Rio Grande below Taos, and until it reaches the southern limits of the Organ
and the Sierra Blanca, in Texas, a hundred miles below El Paso, passes sluggishly
the entire distance, a wandering, shallow stream, making varying courses for
itself, and losing much of its precious volume in "sinks" of sand and gravel. But it manages to support and feed the larger portion of the Territory's population, now rated at about 170,000. Certainly not over 35,000 are found away from the Rio Grande Valley and its immediate tributaries. At several points on its direct southward flow the river's course is narrowed and deepened by mountain ranges: below San Bernalillo, the Sierra Gandia; again, to the east of Los Lunas, the Joya Mountains, while a bold but single formation at Socorro makes a marked impression on the channel. It is the northern sentinel of a great series of ranges east of the river, known as the Oscura, San Andres, and Organ mountains, which for about a hundred miles form a continuous crescent, and enclose with their horns at north and south, their western foot-hills and the river, making an arid plain known as the Journado del Muerto, or Journey of Death. Toward the centre, and close to the river, where that desolate plain or *mesa* is broadest, is the Sierra Cabella. At the southern spur of this fine range the Deming division of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad crosses the Rio Grande by a bridge. Rincon is the junction of the main stem with the fifty-mile branch that goes directly south, hugging the eastern bank of the Rio Grande four miles past Fronteras, or the northern boundary of Mexico, to the new city of El Paso, in Texas, and the old, old presidio of Paso del Norte, now the city of Juarez, Chihuahua, and the north-east port of entry to the republic of Mexico. With infrequent exceptions, then, after leaving the cañon of Taos, the Rio Grande Valley is an open one till the centre of its channel becomes the legal southwest boundary of the United States. It is a fertile valley, as is shown in the fact that it supported a population of at least 130,000 Mexicans and Indians when General KEARNY, uncle of our gallant PHIL KEARNY, captured it from Governor DON ARMIJO and the republic of Mexico with a force of about 1400 men in all, operating at a distance of 700 and more miles from their base. Before that, and centuries too, its soil supported a much denser population than any that ever lived under the rule of Spain or Mexico, in Nuevo Mexicano and the Primeria Alta combined.

There is now a population of over 30,000 pueblo inhabitants; in 1850 it was about 15,000. The evidence abounds in the great ruins of the Rio Chelly and Cañon Chaco, in New Mexico, and along the Rio Maneo and other portions of the San Juan basin of Colorado, that a people who cultivated the soil and lived from it to the number of hundreds of thousands were dwellers in this region.

The rivers are always pathways for the peoples, and from southern central Mexico, the seat of Nahua, Maya, Toltec, and Aztec empires, along the valley of the Rio Grande must have passed the traders and soldiers, the caravans, the migratory tribes and communities who built the Casa Grandes of Chihuahua, the Rios Gila and Salado in Arizona, and the remark-

KINO was a century later
Gila, in relation to the
the dead cities out on the
west of the northern Rio
old men's lives before,"
life at a century's span.
soldier and trader came
priestly fighters, creating,
northern boundary of thi
the missionary churches a
of conquest on all the re
clast Protestant and secu
his "horse-sense," aboun
mor, and his ideas of a
times seem, in these gra
less fabric of a dream."

The reminiscences of
The persistence of the S
"art" is as visible as tha
in New Mexico—indeed,
latter that predominates
squalid of aspect. The
atmosphere and surround
seems an interloper, ever
ways are still uppermost.
wood is seen in the corn
bling adobes contain. T
the standing on end of
the *habitan* usually mak
out-o'-door oven is anothe
omy as well as waste of
consequence in this regio
road, which everywhere
builder of activities, the
ganizer of movement. I
izing the situation, and th

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

so, and Manco valleys and *habitans* of the tribes or abitants. If there is an nd in the Zuñis, who are the Moquis and the Rio now have secured in fee ler the rights secured by Indians have also com- tural waters. CORONADO, nd as far north as where ctly southward, in search Pueblo people, as Father

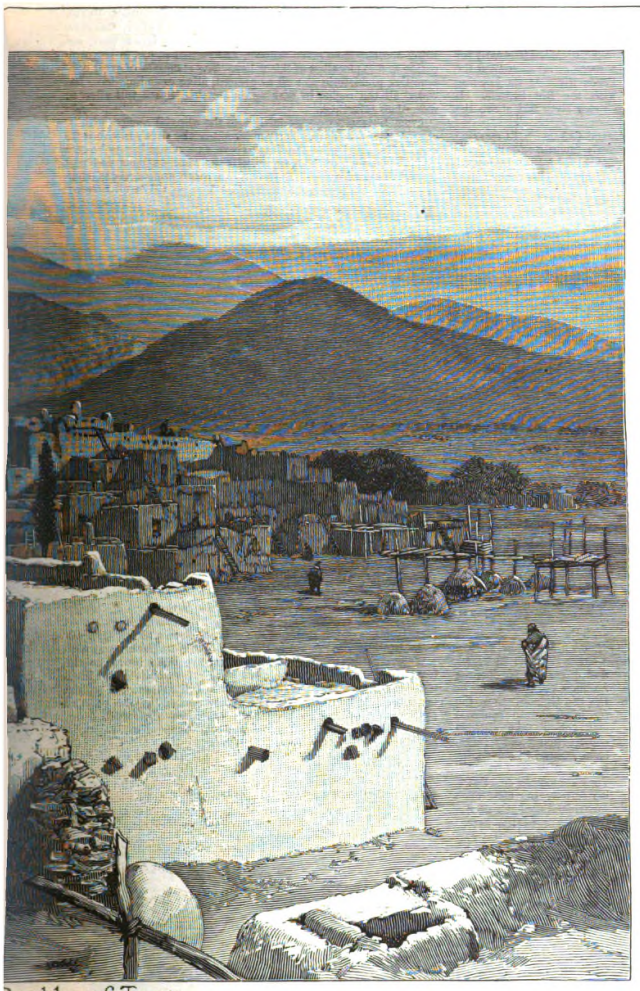
which has now set in will complete the awakening. It is not surprising, then, that this region should have been passed by those who certainly would never have been content to have turned furrows with a stick, or yoked oxen with a board across the horns. When it comes to having two men to carry a hodful of material, or the unmuzzled ox set to tread out the corn, the enterprising Yankee who was not desirous of wheting his appetite for sight-seeing in Palestine would be likely to turn aside in derision. But the Syrian threshing-floor may yet be seen in New Mexico, and more often in northern Mexico.

It is thirty years since an American journalist, brought by a curious love of adventure and stress of fate into the frontier village of Franklin, now known as El Paso, declared to his companions a conviction that they were passing across the site of a future city. Franklin had about 400 inhabitants then, to nearly all of whom but the half-breed peons might have been asked the brutal question of General CARLTON, addressed to stray settlers in Arizona when he was marching with a column of California cavalry up the valley of the Gila in 1862, "Well, sir, what made you leave the States? What man have *you* killed?" It was a gathering of ruffians, rangers, and ranchmen, soldiers and smugglers, gamblers, peons, harlots, and an occasional Irishman or Hebrew. That little party of five young men were passing from what were then the Cherry Creek gold-washings, at the present city of Denver, on an almost aimless series of adventures, which later nearly came to a tragical conclusion. They were riding through Franklin to the Mexican presidio of Paso del Norte.

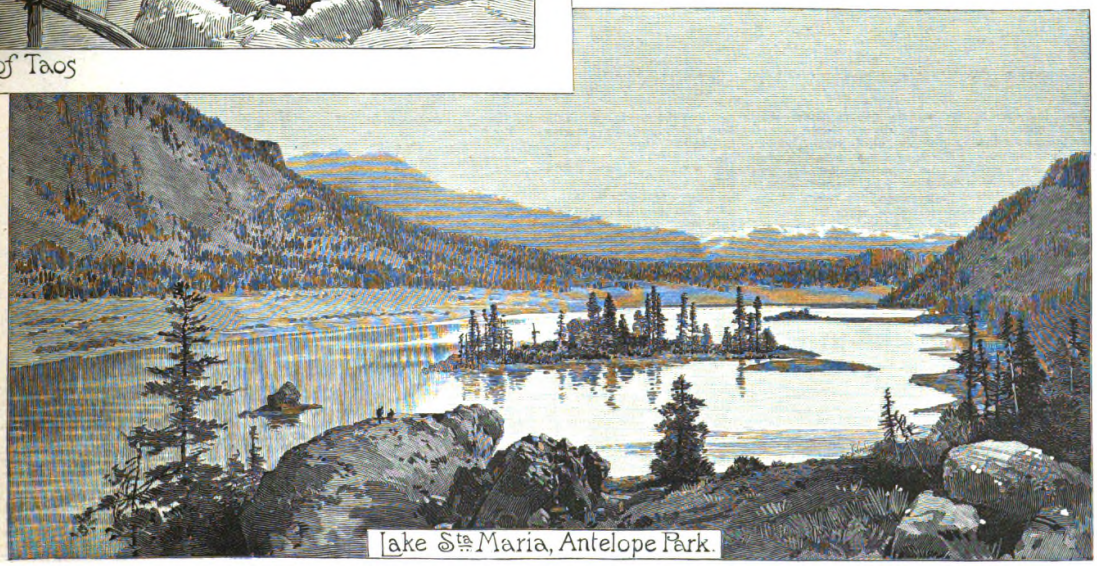
Without doubt, this prediction has already been fulfilled. South of Denver there is no American place with so assured a present and so promising a future; yet none in naked natural aspects could look more unfavorable. East and south of El Paso, in Texas, for 250 miles in one way and 400 in the other, there is little but the gramma grass-covered table-land, marked here and there with a massive peak, a bold pichacho, or a clear-cut serrated range, standing defiant beneath the pitiless blue of the arching sky. To the northeast stretches the Staked Plain. Southward, with a slight easterly trend for nearly one hundred miles, rolls in a sluggish way the frontier river. Gathering volume and power, it then foams through a tortuous cañon region. The travellers passed over the alluvial valley-bottom and ferried the river, entering the republic of Mexico, to be examined by a squad of custom-house officers. It was an experience unknown before to all but one of this little party. Paso del Norte, now the city of Juarez, was a sleepy and rather virtuous presidio of about four thousand inhabitants, when compared with its bumptious little neighbor across the Rio Grande. It sat around its squalid church and bare, broken-paved, poverty-stricken plaza, so far as its dirty gray squat buildings were concerned, like a dusky toad in a ring of emerald and beneath a vast bowl of sapphire. Over it was the unbroken and burning azure. All about it, and down the river, on its western bank, were to be seen for a number of miles a continued vision of bush gardens, verdurous orchards, and luxuriant vineyards, while the silent, still atmosphere fitted in with the slumberous Oriental aspect of the whole landscape. Beyond these, in Chihuahua, to the south and west, was naught but huge dunes and hills of shifting sands and the gray-hued gramma-covered table-land, with always near and afar off the purple-hued, deep-gorged, and saw-toothed sierras.

The two cities are, however, very much alive in these days. This is especially true of El Paso, in which every one drives business with American energy. In Juarez, however, even Americans are inclined to the Mexican indulgence of a noonday *siesta*. The old place is an attractive one for a day's sight-seeing. There is a considerable Mexican garrison, and the slouchy, sturdy little soldiers are worth looking at. On our side, a couple of miles above El Paso, Uncle Sam's "Old Glory" flies radiantly from the garrison flag-staff of Fort Bliss. His trim-looking, well-clad, and well-fed regulars afford a striking contrast to the Mexican "boys," whose chief duty nowadays is to guard the treasure and trains on the Mexican Central road. Juarez has not changed, outwardly, a great deal in the past thirty years; but the changes were fewer in the previous three hundred years. The Catholic mission was established early in the sixteenth century, and there was an Indian pueblo of importance at this point for a long time before that. The old church is the quaintest structure in the city, homely as it is; while the handsome adobe-built depot and offices of the railroad are interesting because they indicate the new life, and show, too, what use can be made of a most unpromising building material, which, however, is fittingly adapted to climate and conditions. The railroad's staff fill quite a prosperous little town of its own. There are more fields to the south. Chinese do the gardening instead of the former peons, who are now railroad laborers or working over the river. There are more adobes and more people; about 8000 now against 4000 thirty years since. The stores are not much larger. There are more contraband goods about; everybody smuggles in Mexico, not excepting the customs officials. There are more ruffians and rowdies also, and they are generally from the American side. Drinking and dancing places are too numerous by far; and there is also an international street-railway, running from El Paso's central hotel (part of which was once the adobe barracks of DONIPHAN'S Missouri command) to the Mexican central depot in Juarez. Everybody uses it for personal smuggling, and everybody agrees, though the customs officers of both republics search each car as it jolts from road to bridge at either side of the river. Mexican streets are badly cobbled, and those of Juarez will "take the cake" for roughness. The plaza is still broken, ugly, and unkempt. The little church has served several times as a fortress, the last time being for a considerable period during the so-called empire of MAXIMILIAN.

El Paso has now a population of about 7500. It does the business of 50,000. Its outlook is larger than that, located as it is on the frontier of Mexico, and with all the Southern continental railroads centring within its streets. It has commerce galore, a great carrying trade, is the outlet of a vast cattle region, and is becoming the ore market and reduction centre of one of the greatest of mining areas. It is full of rude picturesqueness. All sorts and types meet and mingle here. As in the past, those who find civilization dangerous to their personal liberty are apt to seek refuge in this remote region. There is a good deal of the swagger and but little of the traditional frontier hospitality. But there is plenty of "go," and a bit of El Paso life will form a lively chapter in the record of any live man's experiences. There are handsome and showy buildings here, but the majority are adobes, and dilapidated at that. "Jacals"—Mexican huts—are abundant, and dirty too. The streets throng with tender-foot and cow-boy, with merchant and miner; men of all colors and lands meet and mingle. Five continental railroads already centre in El Paso—the Southern Pacific and the "Sunset" route, its New Orleans ally; the Texas Pacific; the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, with the Mexican Central. Besides these, local and railroad influences are constructing a coal and ore feeder direct to White Oaks, to the north. The Rock Island corporation are pushing southward from Kansas through eastern New Mexico to this place. Other roads in the near future will be the Colorado and Santa Fé, a continuation of the St. Louis and San Francisco road, and a narrow-gauge Mexican system, designed to open the Sierra Madre. All these facilities are dependent on a vast development, which is already beginning. The transformation of the Rio Grande Valley for miles by means of irrigation is an incident of no secondary importance.



Pueblo of Taos



Lake Ste Maria, Antelope Park.

, of the
de, that
to the
s "five
man's
Spanish
rith its
to the
rritory,
he seal
icono-
e with
al hu-
some-
"base-

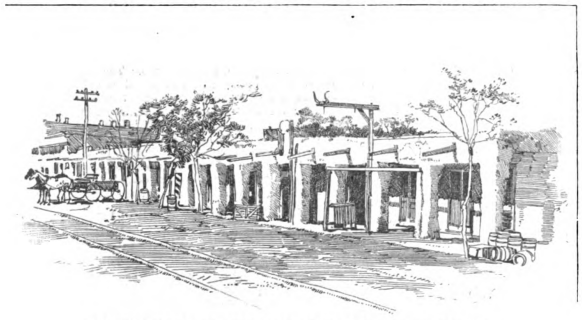
ndant.
ructive
But
is the
more
h the
exican
nitive
ity of
crum-
nable
which
The
econ-
little
rail-
the
e or-
tion-
ation

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PLAZA DE ARMAS, LAREDO.

Down the river for nearly four hundred miles the region is uneresting, almost dreary, indeed. Within twoscore miles of El so, on the Texas side, are several old Mexican villages, which ll keep much of their simple rudeness and quietude. On the exican bank the country begins to rise abruptly. There are a mber of bold ranges, advanced warders of the high plateau gion, now traversed by the Central Mexican road for nearly one ousand miles as it proceeds southward. It is a wilder region st of the Rio Grande than it is even east thereof, though the dry, solate table-lands of southwest Texas are the chief element in massive landscape. The bold Organ Mountains are hardly dim the northeast ere the vision takes in the grandeur of the Texas rra Blanca and the rugged lines of the Limpia Range, from one ar of which the flag flies above Fort Davis. Eighty miles below Paso the river is hemmed in by high foot-hills on either side, d presently it enters a region of continuous cañons and rapids, which comparatively but little is known. Scarcely any explotion has been made, except that conducted by Major EMERY in 47–48, when surveying the boundary lines, or some partial topographical reconnaissances made by army officers and railroad engineers. It is the favorite resort of the Mexican contrabandista, ontier guard, Texas Ranger, and the Yankee and Jew merchants to trade with the smugglers of the Free Zone. Not many years ice a United States customs agent discovered at a lonely army st that the sutler's store was remarkably well filled with fine gars, wines, and liquors. Freight was costly, and prices very v. Of course there was no evidence beyond this; but the good gnac, sparkling champagne, Vermueth, and Chartreuse he tastcame duty free, without doubt, by way of Vera Cruz or Matamoras, and across the friendly territory of Mexico. It is, however, for tat, as a few score miles below the same agent spent some ys at a well-known crossing of the Rio Grande, enjoying the hosality of an accomplished New-Englander whose store and buildg, arranged as a veritable frontier fortress, was filled full of goods anufactured in this country especially for the smuggling trade with exico. The patient burro or the sturdy mule carries the narrow tton goods and prints of Fall River, *et al.*, quite conveniently on their sturdy backs. From El Paso to Presidio del Norte ere is not a settlement worth mentioning, and this need not be ferred to beyond its name, and to locate the trails and range of e old Comanche and Apache raiders. The United-States posts,



REMAINS OF THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND STAGE STATION.

hich form, above San Antonio, with the railroad stations along ie "Sunset" route, the main if not the only settlements, were all iginally located for frontier protection, chiefly against Indians. iaply that day has passed; only reminiscences remain; though ittle-thieves and smugglers in arms sometimes startle the rancheros. The accompanying illustration of a Lipan scout is one of ese reminiscences. He was a member of the race which embraces the Apache and the Navajo, and to whom the Texas Comanche is allied also. The Lipans are found west of the river, nd they yet form an active contingent in the army of contrabandistas who boldly pass to and fro. It was among the Lipans iat the fugitive Seminoles and Kickapoos of fifty years since ound refuge when they fled from the Indian Territory.

The "Sunset" railroad does not strike the river after leaving El Paso, except a few miles, until it nears the junction of the Rio Pecos. At Shumla, 367 miles south by east of El Paso, the railroad having in the mean while formed, as it crosses the table-land, the mouth of an irregular triangular bag of which the cañon river region is the base, the passenger begins to obtain a glimpse of the stupendous views and vistas of the Texas section of the Rio Grande Valley. East of Shumla the railroad descends rapidly for a score of miles toward the Pecos River at its junction with the Rio Grande. It crosses on a fine two-spanned bridge rising sixty feet above the water.

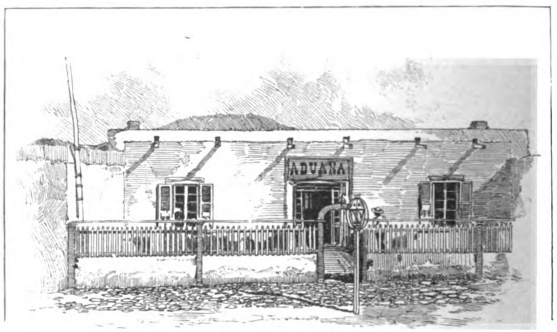
Just beyond, the train enters the Grand Cañon. This crossing and the region round about were formerly favorite resorts of the Comanches, and the Painted Cave, just beyond the river junction, was for years one of their strongholds. The character of the cañons which mark this valley and plateau with stupendous examples of erosion may be faintly gathered in the sketch of a cañon view near the mouth of the Rio Pecos. At Spofford Junction, on the Sunset road, sixty miles from the Texas town of Eagle Pass and the Mexican one of Piedras Negras, the Mexican International road commences, running some five hundred miles southwesterly until it taps the Mexican Central line at Torreon, in Durango. At Eagle Pass, scene of many Indian and frontier encounters during the past four decades, the valley has lowered and widened, until with irrigation there is room for considerable cultivation. A handsome railroad bridge spans the Rio Grande at this point, and a new railroad centre being formed gives activity to a region of past inactivity. A recent view of Eagle Pass, from a photograph taken on the Mexican side, half a mile above the bridge, illustrates this. Four years ago there was nothing but a straggling village; now it is a growing town of increasing commercial activity.

About 140 miles south of Eagle Pass, following the river, the two Laredos are reached. With Albuquerque old and new, in New Mexico, El Paso in Texas, and Juarez in Mexico, the Laredos on either side of the Rio Grande, are of the few but important commercial points that railroad construction and traffic have created in our southwestern valley and frontier. They are located on a Spanish grant of six miles square, dating back to the early years of the seventeenth century. It embraced both sides of the river. With the annexation of Texas two towns were created; that on the American side only existing as a local trading point, and because of the contiguity of Fort McIntosh and its garrison, which is still maintained. Since the Mexican National road, a narrow-gauge, was constructed from Corpus Christi, on the Gulf, and thence beyond into Mexico, until now that the line is open to the city thereof, Nuevo Laredo has been rapidly growing in importance. The Mexican town is better looking and more prosperous in aspect than Juarez, for that is, after all, chiefly a port of entry, and this is the centre of a thriving area. The Texan city is decidedly enterprising. It is well built also, its business men are pushing, and the entire region has great advantages, especially for sheep-grazing. There is a considerable valley area adapted to farming and fruit-growing, coal is found in abundance near by, and Mexico will furnish ores for prospective reduction-works. Old Laredo has an attractive Plaza de Armas, as is usual with Mexican towns, and the Texan city presents a handsome appearance from the river.

Primitive ways make picturesque scenes, and a group of Mexican water-carts, animals, and men in the centre of the broad and shallow Rio Grande is not without its attractiveness, illustrating also, as it does, the rather stupid conservative indifference of our neighbors to the more convenient methods adopted on our side. Idlers watching a woman washing in the public street is a not uncommon sight.

There is not much more to be written, for the river's course presents little of interest, though on either side the ways are strange and the people peculiar. It is chiefly a grazing land till after Ringgold Barracks and the head of river navigation is passed. The associations are full of Mexican war incidents, as we have entered on the field occupied by Generals TAYLOR and WOOL. In fact, one of the charms of the Rio Grande Valley, to one interested in the study of our Western development, is the constant association therewith of the names of so many famous soldiers. TAYLOR, WOOL, WORTH, GRANT, MCCLELLAN, SHERIDAN, BRAGG, JOHNSTON, ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, BROWN, EMERY, GRANGER, PARKE, ORD, MICHLER, FREMONT, EARLY, COOKE, LONGSTREET, and many another have given renown, and gained it, too, in the occupation and exploration of this valley. The struggles of great communities, prehistoric as well as present, alive or fading, have furrowed all the region in making its annals. Space will allow no more than reference.

From Ringgold we pass fairly into the alluvial section, with its chaparral and verdure. Forty miles above the river's mouth is the city of Brownsville, on the Texas shore, and across it may be seen and visited that of Matamoras, with its sunny streets and past unenviable reputation. Here one can catch scenes, vistas, characters, and glimpses of semi-tropical Mexico, till it all becomes more than picturesque. The sunshine floods the ways and lights even the drear outside of the adobe residences with a glow that lifts them out of the realm of the commonplace and the ugly.



MEXICAN FRONTIER CUSTOM-HOUSE.

A historic spot is found in the site of old Fort Brown, and with a mere mention of the Lagoon, twenty-five miles nearer to the Gulf, this paper will close its attempt to faintly outline and illustrate one of the most notable areas of the United States; a region, too, which will erelong become better known as the railroad development of Mexico brings not only her territory but our own wonderful southwest into closer relations and more general prominence.



A MEXICAN.

WILL CARLETON'S POETICAL WORKS.

FARM BALLADS. By WILL CARLETON. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

Will Carleton's ballads are genuine transcripts of nature, admirable *genre* pictures from life. All of them exhibit an originality of conception and power of execution which entitle the author to claim rank as a master in this field of poetic literature.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

FARM LEGENDS. By WILL CARLETON. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

The "Legends" are tender, true, and infused with that genuine humor which lies near to the pathetic, and is at once softening and strengthening in its influences. There is something very genial and unaffected in all these ballads.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

CITY BALLADS. By WILL CARLETON. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

Full of pathos, tenderness, true feeling, wholesome advice, sturdy common-sense, and practical morality.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

The thousands of readers who read Will Carleton's verses may be congratulated upon the appearance of this book.—*Brooklyn Union.*

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in postage stamps.*

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

The bound volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1888 are now ready for libraries and purchasers who may prefer to acquire in bulk the year's instalment of these four wonderful periodicals. No other publishing house in the world puts forth annually an exhibit comparable with this, either in mass or merit. It is a commonplace to say that the bound files of the Harper publications, reaching back nearly forty years in the case of the eldest of the four, and nearly ten years in the case of the youngest, form a library in themselves. They are more than that. They make a library and educational institution; and we doubt not that many who were brought up on HARPER'S will promptly admit that the shelf row of the bound MAGAZINE and WEEKLY known to their boyhood had a stronger and fuller and more lasting influence on the formation of intellectual habits and literary tastes, and likewise in the acquisition of knowledge of the world and affairs in general, than four years spent in any college in the country. The Harper periodicals are something for Americans to be grateful for and to be proud of.—*N. Y. Sun*, Feb. 2, 1889.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1680. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



"HIS PRACTISED HAND WHIRLS HIS BLADE AND SENDS IT STRAIGHT AT THE BARED AND BRAWNY THROAT BEFORE HIM."

[SEE SERIAL "BETWEEN THE LINES," PAGE 170.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"The amount of excellent matter which it contains is astonishing. It seems to grow better every year."—*London Academy.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A portrait of little PRINCESS WILHELMINA, *whose accession to the throne of the Netherlands is an event of the very near future, has a timely interest in the current number of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Here is a variety to suit all tastes. In fiction there is "Only a Dog," an excellent story, by S. BAYARD DOD; *the conclusion of "Coals"; and an instalment of "Captain Polly." For the young student of history there is the second part of* MR. W. F. CARNE'S *article on "George Washington's School-Days," with its curious extracts from the boyish MS. of the "Father of his Country." Other boys will be interested in an article by one of themselves on the training of a mustang.*

Every parent and teacher should read MR. FRANK H. DAMROSCH'S *short paper on "Vocal Training of Children," and every boy should get his mother to read* MRS. SANGSTER'S *article on "The Boys' Room."*

*The opening chapters of a fascinating novelette, entitled "*A SNOW IDYL," *by* WILLIAM BLACK, *will be given in this week's issue of* HARPER'S BAZAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

AN ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

ON Monday next GROVER CLEVELAND will retire from the Presidency, after four years of honest and earnest devotion to its duties. His election did not signify approval of a party policy, for the Democratic party cannot be said to have had a policy. It was merely an opposition, with a tradition which in the Northern States was largely regarded with deep distrust. But the election of a President who had been an upright, honorable, devoted, and courageous Mayor of a large city and Governor of a great State seemed to the country, for very definite reasons, preferable to the consequences of the deliberate selection of the opposing candidate. The argument that party action must be supported under all circumstances and at any cost, which is one of the most cowardly and immoral pleas that can be urged upon intelligent men, was set aside by a large body of voters, and Mr. CLEVELAND was elected by the aid of those who had no sympathy with the antecedents of his party. There was no clear expectation in his election of any particular policy of administration, but a confidence, which has not been belied, of an honest and conservative conduct of public affairs. The Democratic party had no distinctive financial principles, no common views of the tariff or taxation, no special scheme of foreign or domestic conduct of affairs, which determined votes at the election. When Mr. CLEVELAND was inaugurated there was expectation of some extension of practical reform in the civil service, but beyond that the only definite anticipation was that of an honest and clean administration. That in general this anticipation has been fulfilled will not be denied by candid observers. Mr. CLEVELAND'S term has not been sullied by any monstrous scandals such as had become too familiar. Mr. GARLAND'S relation with the Pan-Electric affair was an amazing indiscretion, but we doubt if it is believed, except by fanatical partisans, to have involved his personal integrity.

The great service of the administration has been its demonstration of the fact that while the Democratic party counts nearly as many adherents as the Republican, it is not a revolutionary party, and that the Union and government are perfectly safe under Democratic ascendency. After a prolonged civil convulsion, with all the changes wrought by it, this is a result of immense significance. It has taken from our political controversies the unreasonable apprehension that the success of a party embracing half of the people threatens the existence of the government itself, and has thus tended effectively to restore the political contentions of the country to their normal condition. Still further, these four years have shown the advantage of a vigorous personality in the Presidency, the ability to resist the strongest tendency of government by party, which is toward the practical annihilation of Executive individuality. To this vigor we owe two things—the advance which unquestionably has been made in the public conviction of the immense importance of civil service reform, and the restoration of a national election to its proper function of rendering the verdict of the country upon differing public policies. These are the larger aspects and results of the administration which is ending, and without the surrender of any political conviction or preference they are results over which every good citizen may rejoice.

But while the general anticipation of upright and faithful administration has been fairly fulfilled, the special expectation in regard to details of reform has been disappointed, although the cause of reform has greatly gained by the very attention and discussion which the disappointment has produced. Thorough and complete and consistent reform of abuses so deeply imbedded in our political system no sensible man asked or anticipated. But, without entering into details, it was only reasonable to suppose that under the circumstances the general course of the administration would be such as to leave no valid pretence to a succeeding administration for a general partisan sweep. This expectation, however, has been fulfilled only in the Washington departments, where a large proportion of the force has been unchanged. In regard to the course of the Executive upon this subject we have spoken plainly, not sparing censure, but not assuming inconsistency of action and even violations of pledges, amid unforeseen difficulties and with a divided sense of duty, to indicate mere duplicity and dishonesty. With all just condemnation and sincere regret fully expressed, it is still true that no other administration since the spoils system was introduced has closed with so many political opponents in the public service. This also is a fact creditable to the administration upon which every patriotic citizen may congratulate himself. President CLEVELAND has not been a favorite with his party, but there is no doubt whatever that in his character and in his public views he represents, notwithstanding his late defeat, the sole hope of his party hereafter. No Democrat for a half-century has done so much to redeem the Democratic name and fortune as Mr. CLEVELAND, and he retires with the cordial respect of a vast body of his countrymen for his patriotic purpose, his integrity, and his courage.

THE QUESTION OF RACE.

THE inaugural address of President HARRISON will throw light, perhaps, upon what is called the Southern question, which it is clear is to be made prominent in some way under the new administration. Events like the assassination of Mr. CLAYTON tend to deepen impatience with a "solid South." It is not, however, the solidity that is the source of trouble, but the methods by which it is believed to be effected. We have received from correspondents in the Southern States many suggestions looking to a solution of the question of the relation of the two races in those States. One view, which seems to be quite common, contemplates the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, and another the creation of a negro Territory, to which negro emigration from the Southern States should be directed. But such schemes are fancies merely. The repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment is impossible. No wilder proposition could be made. It stands for one of the great results of the war, and a practical abandonment of the colored race in the Southern States by the rest of the country is as absolutely out of the question as the abandonment of the war would have been. Had it been possible at any time, the experience of the black codes and the revelation of feeling during ANDREW JOHNSON'S administration removed the question from the range of practicable suggestions.

The proposition of a Territory especially devoted to the colored race, like the Indian Territory to the Indians, is equally fanciful. As Mr. MAYO remarks in the article to which we recently alluded as one of the most sympathetic and sensible treatments of the subject, the colored race in the Southern States is inseparably attached to the soil, and could not be removed except by force. Such a scheme to resolve the difficulty would be as futile as colonization would have been to abolish slavery. One such consideration is final. But it must be remembered also that the colored race furnishes the labor of the Southern States, and its exodus, upon reflection, could not be urged seriously as a practical solution of the situation. Yet in a recent speech in the Senate Mr. MORGAN, of Alabama, said that if he could expel every negro from the State he would gladly do it. He regards the colored race as a burden and incubus, and holds it to be impossible that it should ever supply the thrifty, intelligent, and effective industry which the development of the State demands. The Birmingham *Age-Herald*, confirming this statement, remarks that "the South" wants every kind of white immigration, but it wants negro emigration. Such views, held by representatives of Southern opinion and feeling, when considered in the light of the universal assertion in the Southern States that white supremacy must be maintained at all costs, show the scope and the gravity of the question. This is but deepened by the fact of the character of much of the local colored population, and by the limitations of the national power over the subject. The moderate tone of Senator EVARTS'S recent speech in introducing the report upon the election outrages in Texas shows his conviction of the extreme difficulty of a remedy by national legislation, even if supported by the national arms. A file of soldiers at every poll would not increase the vote; but even if it should do so, the hostility of race and the public disorder would only deepen, and the solution of the question would be even more indefinitely postponed.

The Southern problem is not a free vote and a fair count, but the establishment of that relation of the races which makes a free vote and a fair count possible. To say that all that is necessary is general obedience to the laws does not advance the solution, unless it be also shown how such obedience can be secured. Senator EVARTS'S report recommends the revision of the Congressional election laws with a view to such security. But neither the Senator nor any one else has yet intimated the way in which, under the circumstances, it can be done. The question is of a gravity which entirely transcends party schemes and passions. It is by no means a local question in its effects. Without efforts for its solution it remains a constant and dangerous menace, and the very first step toward a solution seems to us to lie in the local cultivation by white citizens of such relations with the colored race as would naturally produce a normal distribution and division of their votes. Toward such good feeling the prompt action of the Governor and Legislature and many communities in Arkansas, and the strong and sincere denunciation of the press, in the case of the CLAYTON murder, are promising signs. Without consciously friendly understandings and relations between the races, no legislative or military scheme can avail to solve the real problem.

STATISTICS OF CRIME AND PAUPERISM.

A BILL is now pending in the New York Legislature, introduced by Mr. DONALDSON, of Saratoga, for the appointment of a Commissioner of Statistics of Crime and Pauperism. The purpose of the bill is of great importance, as a few facts will show. The proportion of foreign-born paupers and criminals of every degree is notoriously large. During the sixty-seven years from 1820 to 1887, inclusive, which cover the term of the great foreign immigration, the whole number of immigrants was more than thirteen and a half millions. It is computed by the most competent authorities that in the State of New York there are now more than 300,000 criminals, paupers, insane persons, tramps, and vagabonds, and that seven-eighths of them are of foreign birth or parentage. The cost of supporting criminals and paupers in the State is $25,000,000 annually. It is consequently of the greatest importance that trustworthy statistics and information upon the subject should be at the command of the Legislature and other State authorities. This was seen sixty years ago, and in 1829 the duty of collecting and collating such statistics was imposed upon the Secretary of State. This act was superseded by another in 1837, and still another in 1839. In 1867 more elaborate requirements of reports from sheriffs and county clerks were enacted, and in 1881 the existing act was passed, which requires these reports to be filed with the Secretary of State.

There are, for instance, no records of convictions in the Court of Special Sessions between 1830 and 1839 filed in the office of the Secretary of State, and from the year after the passage of the first law to the present time there has not been submitted to the Legislature a full and complete report either from courts of record or courts of special sessions. The report of the Secretary of State in 1886 says:

"When the sheriffs of sixteen counties and the county clerks of seventeen counties, in whole or in part, failed to make their reports as to convictions required by law, it is not surprising that the report of the Secretary of State should be incomplete and unsatisfactory."

The thirty-second annual report of the Prison Association says:

"It is a perfunctory service, in which no attempt at accuracy is thought of."

And again, in the same report:

"The existing basis for the criminal statistics of New York is too untrustworthy to be continued."

The only provision for enforcing the act is a forfeiture of $50 imposed upon any magistrate, clerk, or sheriff who neglects to comply with the requirements, to be recovered in a civil action in the name of the people. But it is not remembered that any such proceedings have ever been instituted against delinquents.

In this situation, as the law has proved to be totally ineffective, and as its objects are constantly more pressing, some other provision should be made. The volume of immigration continues incessantly, jails, reformatories, penitentiaries, and poor-houses are rapidly multiplying, and the State of New York furnishes the greatest proportion of criminals and paupers. Exact knowledge of all the facts, of the increase or diminution of crime and pauperism, with all the attendant circumstances, is plainly of very great importance. For this purpose a distinct bureau of crime and pauperism, distinct from other departments, is proposed, which would maintain a complete and proper record of all convictions in courts of record and special sessions and police courts, with full statistics of pauperism. With these it is proposed to include schedules of the reports on pardons, sentences abridged or commuted, with the names of convicts and of persons restored to the rights of citizenship. The records, with full particulars of all convictions in all courts, would be open to district attorneys and to the legal profession, and the facts and figures in regard to this important subject would be always acces-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sible to every inquirer. There is, indeed, no question of the great need of obtaining and conveniently classifying such information, and the fact that the present provision of law fails entirely to secure this result is the strongest argument for some change which should be effective. It may be objected that another bureau would be an unnecessary expense. It is not unnecessary, however, if the present provision is futile, and the change in the method of collecting and recording the statistics, with all the other labor necessary to make the work effective, need not increase the expense. It is reorganization which seems to be indispensable.

THE BALLOT REFORM BILL.

In an admirable pamphlet upon *Politics as a Duty and as a Career*, Mr. Moorfield Storey, of Boston, points out that the private citizen who cannot make a profession of politics, yet who would correct their abuses, may surmount the difficulties which professional politicians place in his way by uniting with other citizens of the same disposition to devote the time and thought to the details of public problems which public men generally cannot give. Mr. Storey cites as illustrations of the effectiveness of this method the destruction of the Tweed Ring in New York, the signal services of the Committee of Fifty in Philadelphia, the results of the independent movement in Baltimore, and the civil service reform bill. To this good list may be added the license bill of last year in this State, and the present movement for ballot reform. This last proposition was carefully considered in the Commonwealth Club and by other bodies, and the Saxton bill was the result of such action. The veto of Governor Hill showed the points which he regarded as objectionable, and the Union League Club have now prepared a measure which is intended to meet his objections, and another containing the provisions to which he objects. The theory of the action is that if, after all, he should sign both, the complete reform desired would be obtained, while if he should sign the first only, there would still be a very positive advance toward a sounder electoral system.

The Governor objects to the reception of official ballots exclusively, and to the marking of ballots by the ballot clerks. With these excisions from the original bill there would remain the provision for printing and distributing ballots at the public expense, and for securing secrecy for the voter while preparing his vote. One chief object of the public printing is to destroy the excuse for assessments upon candidates to meet that expense, and the demand of money for hiring workers. The application to a candidate for money to provide special tickets when proper tickets were supplied by public authority could have but one purpose, and every reputable candidate would reject it. This would be true also of the plea for hiring workers. The demand for money to meet "necessary and legitimate expenses" would be transparent when such expenses are publicly provided. The Union League bill would seem to cover this essential point. But it leaves the chance for bribery, and in this way: a special ticket would be furnished to the voter who proposed to sell his vote; with that in his pocket he would receive the official ballot and retire behind the screen; he would then emerge and vote his special ticket, and then produce the official ticket to the briber as proof of his having voted per contract.

This is, of course, a defect of the League scheme. But even with this disadvantage the bill would be a decided step of reform for the reasons we have mentioned. There is, however, one serious consideration to be entertained. The Governor has spoken very smoothly in his message of the desirability of some reform. It is not clear, however, that he would favor any really effective measure; all movements of reform are opposed to the general views of his school of politics—a school which holds to what seem to be very palpable abuses as the practical political methods of sensible men, and regards reform as visionary and sentimental folly. There is, so far as appears, no good reason for supposing that the Governor would approve a measure of genuine reform. The license bill of last year was drawn to meet his supposed objections to the old bill, but he had fresh ones for the new bill. It would be unwise to seek a compromise in the form proposed until it is very clear that it would secure its purpose, and we are disposed to think the ground upon which the new measure is proposed an insufficient security.

CONSTITUTIONAL JAPAN.

The announcement that Japan has a new Constitution and will be henceforth governed constitutionally is bewildering, because it is impossible to associate constitutional ideas and practices with the Japanese. Yet for many years there has been a strong liberal tendency among the more intelligent statesmen of the country, and those who knew Arinori Mori, the Japanese Minister at Washington fifteen or sixteen years ago, who was one of the most liberal and progressive leaders in Japan, have seen with sincere sorrow the report of his recent assassination.

During his mission in this country, and largely by his sympathy and support, the attempt was made to establish in Japan our system of public schools. Iwakura also, who came at the head of the special Japanese mission at the same time, was a statesman in full sympathy with Arinori, and attempts have been made also upon his life. Arinori was a zealous student and admirer of American institutions, and he promoted the education of clever Japanese youth in this country, that they might return to forward effectively the liberal movement at home.

Details of the constitutional scheme are yet to be received. But there must be necessarily distrust of a political change which proceeds from a few highly educated and able political leaders, instead of developing from the general national condition and intelligence. Successful free institutions are not given to a people by a power above them. They are the result of traditions, long and tentative experience, and natural aptitude. Even France adjusts herself to them very slowly and with extreme difficulty. The suggestion of them in Japan is one of the most remarkable in political history.

THE HARTFORD CATASTROPHE.

The calamity of the Central Hotel at Hartford is so shocking as almost to produce distrust of all hotels. If it should appear, as is alleged, that the building, standing upon "made ground," had already shown itself to be unstable, it would help to explain the catastrophe without relieving anxiety in regard to all structures similarly situated. If the cause was an explosion of the boiler, it is the revelation of a peril which is not confined to that building. Yet boilers properly tended do not explode, and buildings firmly planted and well constructed do not fall down. It will be found probably that the terrible event was avoidable, and it will stimulate greater care.

But a tragedy so appalling should not pass without the most rigorous effort justly to allot the blame. Somebody undoubtedly was responsible, and a community which lives in hotels, as the American community is said to do, is deeply interested to fix the responsibility. Our national good-nature leads us, as the *Tribune* remarks in commenting upon this event, to trust to luck. We believe that it is necessary for us to be in a hurry, and the feeling extends to all branches of conduct. We have had some experience in New York of the consequences of building in a hurry, and we trust that the catastrophe in Hartford will not be found to be attributable to the same cause.

If the disaster were due to carelessness or ignorance in the management of the boiler, it is one which is, of course, always possible with every boiler, and for which there is no certain remedy. Indeed the moral which is to be drawn from the event is the common and obvious one—the paramount and ceaseless necessity of the utmost care. It will lead the responsible occupants of every house and factory in which there are furnaces and boilers to look more sharply into the methods and details of management. But a searching and satisfactory investigation of all the facts in this lamentable case is the chief duty.

THE CEILING JOB.

The job of the Assembly ceiling at Albany is not yet fully exposed, but the report of the committee of experts reveals irregularities and frauds which will greatly impress the people of the State. The value of the whole work done under the contract, the committee state, does not exceed $165,000, and in this estimate "liberal allowance has been made for all risks, contingencies, and profits." The contract says, however, that the State shall pay $271,150. Apparently, therefore, Mr. Snaith, the contractor, has made $106,150 by his contract.

The experts say further that no bids could have been made upon the drawings shown to them by the contractor, by Mr. Andrews, the Superintendent of Public Buildings, and by Mr. Rowe, the architect. They state that only six of the fifty-one drawings shown to them were prepared before the awarding of the contract, and the six drawings were so vague that no architect could have based estimates upon them. The experts therefore recommend an investigation to ascertain if there were "straw bids." The contract provided for 768 panels for the ceiling, but only 396 have been put in. The experts stated that they could not comprehend the monthly statements of Mr. Andrews, which indicate a payment of $18,000 more than the total amount of the contract, and they recommend certain deductions from payments now due the contractor.

This statement of the experts will be received undoubtedly as the most accurate, intelligent, and unbiassed report which will be made upon the subject, and unless the Superintendent of Public Buildings has some kind of explanation to offer, his removal will be expected. But great blame also must fall upon the members of the legislative committee. Their duty was a thorough and careful supervision of the work in the interests of the State. But their remissness in the discharge of this duty is apparent from the report of the experts, and the report of the committee of inquiry should tell the whole truth plainly.

OUR CANADIAN NEIGHBORS.

A very interesting and significant debate has recently taken place in the Canadian Parliament. Sir Richard Cartwright, the leader of the opposition, moved in substance that the home government be asked to authorize Canada to negotiate treaties directly with foreign states. He rested his demand on the ground that no English plenipotentiary could properly understand the Canadian situation, and argued that if there had been a Canadian ambassador in Washington during the last three years Canada would have been spared the humiliation of the late fishery negotiations.

The true state of feeling in this country, he said, was not known until Sir Charles Tupper, who helped to negotiate the Chamberlain treaty, returned from Washington, and Canadian policy was practically determined by his report of the real feeling and situation in the United States. Sir Richard warmly praised Mr. Erastus Wiman, who, although a private Canadian citizen residing in the United States, had represented faithfully the feeling of that country to the Canadian authorities, who would not listen, however, until Sir Charles Tupper confirmed what Mr. Wiman had said. Sir Richard urged his point very warmly, announcing that Canadian interests would be sacrificed in an approaching crisis, and that Canadians would be glad to accept unrestricted reciprocity with the United States.

Mr. Foster, Minister of Finance, replied, denouncing the resolution as one of the most disloyal and injurious ever presented to the Canadian Parliament, aiming to sever the bond with the mother country and to promote absorption by the United States. The British government, he said, granted all the freedom that Canada asked, and while the Canadian Liberal party was becoming an annexation party, the loyalty of Canada to the mother country was stronger than ever, and the country would never favor unrestricted reciprocity and commercial union. The resolution was lost by a majority of twenty-eight, while the government majority on previous votes was forty-eight. The excitement was very great, and the incident is very significant.

PERSONAL.

General Gilman Marston, who has just been appointed United States Senator from New Hampshire to fill the gap from March 4th till the convening of the State Legislature in June, is seventy-seven years old. He has twice been in Congress; and he won the commission of Brigadier-General by brave service during the war. Two incidents of his army life illustrate the peculiar force of his character. On one occasion he declined to let his men remain on board a crowded transport, although ordered to do so by a superior officer, saying that he had "brought that regiment from New Hampshire to fight, and not to be drowned," his action being afterward sustained by General Hooker; and at another time, when directed by a tyrannical superior to build a guard-house "without so much as a crack in it," he interpreted the order literally, and had one constructed solidly of logs, not having a door or a crack to enter by.

—The relatives of Miss Catherine Peirson, an eccentric old maid who has just died at Richmond, Massachusetts, have been surprised and made happy by the discovery that she left a personal estate of $450,000. Among her effects were found a collection of fifty bonnets, of all sorts and styles, dating back over half a century; seventy shawls, many of them rare and valuable; an interesting accumulation of old-fashioned silk and satin dresses, some of which are in the latest mode, although over fifty years old; and many gloves and parasols to match. Miss Peirson was very fond of appearing at the annual county cattle show in Pittsfield arrayed in her finery.

—General "Jerry" Rusk, of Wisconsin, who is included in the group of General Harrison's cabinet possibilities, has lived a life of varied experiences. He was the tow-path companion of Garfield when the latter was a boy, and has been a stage-driver, sheriff, legislator, soldier, Congressman, and Governor of the Badger State.

—Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, is a fine rifle-shot, and readily performs the most difficult shooting-gallery feats.

—Baron Li Zen Pang, of Hong-Kong, who is reputed to be worth anywhere from fifty to one hundred million dollars, and has business agencies scattered all over the world, is making a visit for profit and pleasure to this country. He is fifty-three years old, nearly six feet tall, and very fat.

—Madame Mutsu, wife of the Japanese Minister, is one of the most charming entertainers in Washington society. She dresses in exquisite Japanese taste, has winning manners, and although up to last spring she could hardly speak a word of English, she has become a good conversationalist in our tongue.

—Dominie John Berdan is a well-known figure in northern New Jersey, and has preached at the True Reformed Church in Passaic for over fifty years without missing a Sunday. He is ninety-two years old, but his memory is so remarkable, it is said, that he can state the text from which he preached on any given Sunday during his long pastorate.

—The Empress Frederick is one of the wealthiest widows in the world. Besides the generous provision made for her by her late husband and the annuity of $200,000 a year she receives as Queen-Dowager of Prussia, she has recently been left $1,000,000 by the Duchess of Galicia.

—Robert J. Cook, the hero of Yale's naval triumphs, is the publisher of the Philadelphia *Press*.

—A brother of Senator Dawes manages the Bryant farm at Cummington, Massachusetts, and sends fifteen hundred barrels of apples to England every year.

—The bringing of suits against the government for ancient claims is growing in fashion. The heirs of Colonel Nicholas Lotz, who died in the last century, have met at Reading, Pennsylvania, and organized a raid on the Treasury for $17,000,000, the amount due, it is alleged, on an unpaid bill for hay furnished the Continental forces by the Colonel during the Revolution.

—Vermont's oldest school-teacher in active service is A. D. Skarles, of New Haven Mills, who began teaching in 1841, when he was nineteen years old. He obtained his first certificate from John G. Saxe, the poet.

—Hon. Sidney Bartlett, LL.D., one of Boston's active lawyers, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

—The latest expensive whim indulged in by the King of Würtemberg is the photographing of the moon to ascertain whether it is inhabited. He has the negatives magnified one hundred thousand fold, and has thus far discovered nebulæ covered with little dots, which he believes to be lunar people.

—Mrs. B. S. Sentell, of Spellman, Georgia, has a hair-work breastpin which, although nearly three hundred years old, is in a perfect state of preservation. It was made for Mrs. Sentell's great-great-great-grandmother in 1600, and represents her standing at the tomb of her husband. On the tomb is the inscription, "Affection Weeps, Heaven Rejoices," and in the background is a cheerful grouping of willows. The pin is oval, about an inch wide and one and a half inches long.

—Three brothers in Allen County, Kentucky, by the name of Read, who were all married in 1839, are soon to celebrate their golden weddings together with a big family gathering. The brothers are eighty-one, seventy-five, and seventy-one years old respectively.

—Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton, the eminent Methodist divine, recently fished out of his barrel the sermon which he preached at Portland, Maine, in 1841, on the death of General William Henry Harrison. He remembers how several Democratic brethren got up and left the church when he began reading it.

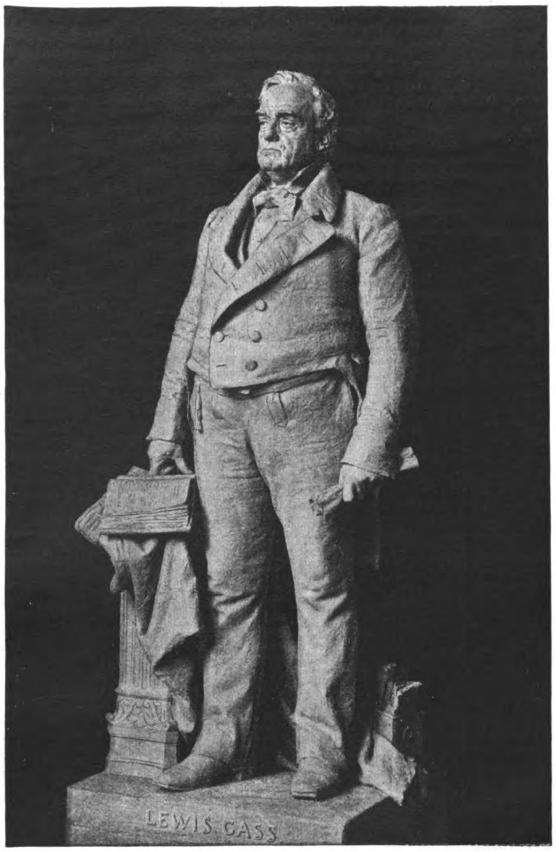
—General J. A. Williamson, of Iowa, formerly Commissioner of the Land-office, has recently inherited $500,000 in a curious way. Some years ago, when counsel for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, he refused to prosecute the bondsmen of a contractor named Casey, who had failed to meet his engagements, but who was believed to be entirely honest. Casey completed his contract, and afterward became rich. When he died the other day he remembered General Williamson handsomely.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE STATUE OF LEWIS CASS.

THE latest addition to the collection of statesmen and warriors in marble in the Hall of Statuary at the National Capitol is the sturdy figure of LEWIS CASS, of Michigan. It is the work of DANIEL C. FRENCH, of Boston, the sculptor who produced the "Minute-Man" which stands on the little Common at Concord, Massachusetts, the statue of JOHN HARVARD, opposite Memorial Hall in Cambridge, and the ideal figures for the Boston Post-office. It is of heroic size, and stands on a granite pedestal beside the statue of GARFIELD. It was contributed by the State of Michigan, and placed in position last November, but the formal ceremony of acceptance and unveiling took place on Monday, the 18th instant, and was attended by eulogistic exercises, in which Senator PALMER took the leading part. Addresses were also made by Senator MORRILL, of Vermont, who was a member of the House of Representatives when CASS was a Senator; Senator CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, General CASS's native State; Senator HOAR, of Massachusetts, who dealt with the merits of the Boston sculptor's work; and Senator STOCKBRIDGE, of Michigan, who moved the adoption of the resolution accepting the statue.

There was no room for doubt as to the historical character which the State of Michigan should first select for embodiment in marble as a contribution to this national collection. General CASS was by far the most conspicuous figure in the history of the State. After passing his youth in the East, beginning a promising professional and political career in Ohio, and serving with distinction on the Canada border in the war of 1812, he found himself left in the government service at Detroit when all that region was a wilderness. He was the first Territorial Governor of Michigan at a time when it contained scarcely six thousand white inhabitants, and most of its lands were in the possession of Indian tribes. His public services and political career were contemporaneous with the growth and development of the Territory and the State down to the time of the civil war. For nearly half a century he was a conspicuous figure among Western statesmen. He was a member of JACKSON'S cabinet as Secretary of War as long ago as 1831, and at the head of BUCHANAN'S cabinet as Secretary of State at the beginning of 1861. In the mean time he had been Minister to France, a member of the United States Senate, and an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. In all his public and political life he distinguished himself by sturdy independence and intellectual vigor, and ranked in the great group of historic figures which contained WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, and BENTON. It will not be easy to find a worthy peer for CASS, as a distinguished son of Michigan, to be placed in the national Hall of Statuary. He is represented in the act of delivering a speech in the Senate, and the sternness of face and the imposing presence characteristic of the man are strongly portrayed. The costume is the loose-fitting ample coat, with skirts cut away, affected by the generation that saw the Mexican war.



FRENCH'S STATUE OF LEWIS CASS.

THE DOG SHOW.

THE thirteenth annual exhibit of fine-bred dogs, under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, opened on Tuesday last at the Madison Square Garden. There were 1372 canines of high degree catalogued, out of 1500 entered, and it may be said that this total comprised in many respects the finest collection of dogs ever benched.

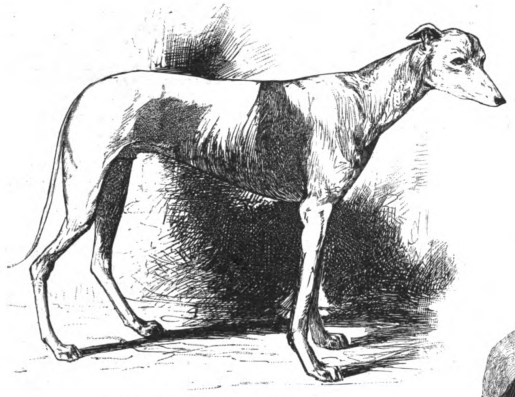
The Westminster Kennel Club is to be commended for an arrangement of the show which is a great improvement on former exhibits. The rings are closer, and therefore more easily scanned by the public, and the toy specimens are accorded a location in the building where their owners may give them greater attention.

Praiseworthy discretion was exercised in the accepting of entries, with the result that a lesser number of weakling small dogs were on exhibition than heretofore. Last year it was painful to witness the illness and discomfort of a number of the small dogs too delicately bred to stand the rigors of a public exposure away from home the several days of the show.

Promptly upon the opening of the show the judges were at work, and their expert knowledge, as illustrated by the expedition and unfailing judgment in their duties, certainly entitled them to great credit. Despite the cavil of the few disappointed owners who do not get a prize, the fairness of the awards at the bench shows for several years past has proved an incentive to owners of fine dogs all over the country to enter them under the annual Westminster Kennel exhibit.

Dogs of every breed and clime were listed in the catalogue. There was a grand display of St. Bernards, finer indeed than ever before. The noble mastiff was well represented, and the faithful Newfoundland invited an especial inspection among the group of larger animals. The exhibit of bird dogs would have gladdened the heart of a sportsman. The bull-dogs and bull-terriers were fierce-looking and homely enough to possess a fascination almost for these very attributes, while the fox-terrier, which is the favorite dog of the year, held a conspicuous position in the show. An enumeration of the various branches of the dog family benched within the building would take one from Siberia to Mexico. There were collies of various breed; Irish, English, and Gordon setters; Irish, Welsh, Scotch, Skye, Yorkshire, and Clydesdale terriers; and poodles galore. That strange-looking canine freak the dachshund, now an especial society favorite, was viewed by the fair sex with the most extravagant expressions of approval.

Polite society has put the stamp of success upon the dog show as a regular annual accepted event by its influence and attendance. During each evening of the show many ladies appeared at the Madison Square Garden, wearing charming costumes and dress bonnets, while the men were in full dress, as though at the opera. The dog show being admittedly one of the fashionable happenings of the season, the interest taken by the wealthier classes in the securing of prizes



"BALKIS."—FIRST PRIZE GREYHOUND.



"ROCKINGHAM."—FIRST PRIZE ENGLISH SETTER.



"RUBENSTEIN."—FIRST PRIZE DACHSHUND.



"MINTING."—FIRST PRIZE MASTIFF.



"GLENCAIRN."—FIRST PRIZE FIELD SPANIEL.

SOME PRIZE DOGS FROM THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

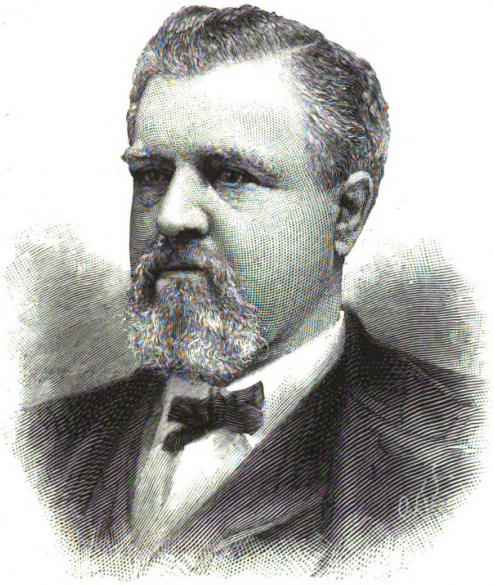


H. P. CHEATHAM, THE ONLY COLORED MEMBER OF THE NEW HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE RICHMOND ART GALLERY.

for animals entered is naturally greater, and calculated to lead to an improvement of the breed throughout the different classes, and an enhanced regard for the most companionable and affectionate type of all the brute creation. If a night at the dog show presents a scene full of movement and color in the well-dressed crowds, the morning will also have its episodes of especial charm. There is no prettier sight to be seen in high life than the tender solicitude of a handsome young woman over the welfare of her pet dog, and the gladsome demonstrations of the affectionate animal upon the presence of his mistress. And should the thorough-bred in the overnight interval have received that coveted bit of silk, the blue ribbon, the picture is one of universal elation long to be remembered. After a critical tour of the garden, one of the best-known dog-fanciers in the world, an Englishman, who had witnessed many bench shows abroad, expressed the opinion that the exhibit he had just viewed contained more fine dogs in many of the classes than have ever been brought together in this or any other country.

HON. H. P. CHEATHAM.

THE successor of Congressman F. M. SIMMONS, of the Second North Carolina District, is H. P. CHEATHAM, who will be a conspicuous member by reason of the fact that he will be the only negro in Congress. He was born near the town of Henderson, North Carolina, thirty-two years ago. He is a graduate of Shaw University, of Raleigh, which institution conferred on him the degree of A.M. Immediately after graduating he was chosen Superintendent of the Colored State Normal School at Plymouth, North Carolina, where he remained until 1885, when, with little or no opposition, he was elected to the office of Register of Deeds of Vance County. He performed the responsible duties of this position with very general satisfaction up to his election to Congress in November last. He has read law, and would have obtained his license but for the duties of his office interfering. The Congressman-elect is a bright mulatto of good address. He is an effective stump-speaker, and is very popular with his race, while enjoying the friendship of many white people in his district. He is very ambitious to do something toward elevating his race, and he will be pretty sure to be heard from when the new Congress assembles.



THE LATE JAMES C. FLOOD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 167.]



THE HARTFORD HOTEL DISASTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. L. HALE MANCHESTER.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A STUDY IN RED.

H. RIMMER's house was getting on its winter coat in the shape of a new wash of paint. Red was too feeble a name to describe the color; it was of so dazzling a scarlet that it put to shame the October leafage of the village trees, making the brightest beech among them look of a wan russet hue. There was nothing far and wide in the old town but lent itself as foil to H. Rimmer's, which was a low brick building standing on a corner, its upper story staring with little green-curtained windows, some of which, having the shades awry, had an air of winking jovially upon the passers in both streets. Considering that the lower part of the house was given to the offices of a general store, this kindly expression of the windows might have assumed a business aspect, like the nods and becks of a showman enticing the public into his tent, had there been anything except the new paint to indicate that H. Rimmer wished to attract trade.

There was certainly no sign of any such intent in the one show-window, the fly-specked miscellany of which had neither arrangement in the whole nor novelty in detail. The tin fruit cans and rolls of time-worn shelf paper had been for years in the position which they now held, something screened from too critical glances by the string of printed ballads stretched across the panes, each one of which, from "Lily Dale" to "Lottie Lee," was known by heart to such of the population as had sufficient height and learning to read it off from the outside.

H. Rimmer being a man of a certain conservatism of character, best described in saying that he knew how to leave well enough alone, had thought the effect of the window singularly good when the store came into his hands a number of years back, and he had never thought of meddling with it. The outer aspect of the house might have remained unchanged as well but for the necessity of blotting out the name of Mr. Rimmer's predecessor, which spread over the side of the place in great black letters on a white ground. Since the need of painting the store had arisen, Mr. Rimmer had selected red as a color having a distinctly commercial bearing from its appearance in the seals of public documents. There was also another and paramount reason for choosing so brilliant a hue, but this one transpired only in Mr. Rimmer's secret musings.

When he picked out the most vivid carmine on the card of colors, the paint dealer had thrown in a warning that them high reds were commonly mighty treacherous—a judgment which the paint selected had fully borne out by bleaching in no time to a dull brick-dust tint, which so wrought upon Mr. Rimmer's feelings that inside of a year he had gone over it with a new coat. This also faded, but the store-keeper kept on renewing it, as the ant rebuilds a persistently demolished nest or the bee refills a ravished honey cell, with an instinct that looked very little further than the exercise of the functions needed in the work.

For H. Rimmer—Hatfield Rimmer in whole—did the painting himself when traffic was dull of afternoons, doing a bit now and then, as occasion offered, and always wielding the brush with so delighted an observance of its contents that he saw earth and sky of a bright green for a long while after he had come down the ladder.

"Store never looked so sightly ez it will this trip," thought Mr. Rimmer, as he stood off near the hitching-post this afternoon, and complacently regarded the result of his last hour's work, which had extended the new surface in a square below the end window, the lower edge of the painted space dripping with red, and suggesting that an ox had lately been slaughtered over the sill and left to bleed down the side of the house. "Kind-uh comf'table-lookin'; warms the view a heap. Folks up street, now—I wouldn't wonder ef this buildin' was ez good'z a blazin' sunset to 'em; for look this way they must," emphatically considered Mr. Rimmer, assuming a judicial air; "whether they unly sweep off their walk or water their flowers in the front winder, they can't no more git shet o' seein' this place than ef it walked up an' shook hands. Unly fear *I* got is thet bein's I've 'bout touched the end o' the reds—Hobbs said this last time thet another spunful o' yeller in the kag o' red paint ud turn the hull thing orange-color—thet she—thet folks up street may git so used to skyarlet they won't notice it no more: H. Rimmer an' his house 'll drop plumb out their minds. Ef a thing gits familiar, you don't pay no 'tention to it: thet two-headed calf o' Beasley's wasn't nothin' after you'd seed it a couple o' times."

The thought of having reached a gorgeousness of effect which he could never hope to surpass, since it bespoke the limit of the combined powers of chrome and red lead, gave Mr. Rimmer's face an expression which would have been sorrowful could such a look have been harbored in his kindly visage, its breadth increased by tufts of ruddy side beard spreading out from his cheeks like cherub wings, its ample chin furrowed with a long dimple, its wide-apart blue eyes glinting intimations of the cheery soul within. The shadow passed off, but it left a certain quivering of the muscles at the corners of his eyes, indicating a spiritual uneasiness evidently not connected with red paint, Mr. Rimmer having turned the least degree from his own dwelling to shoot a furtive glance down the side street, which backed up a hill, and ended sharply in a tuft of thinning trees set bolt-upright against a ribbon of blue sky.

From his perspective of this narrow thoroughfare each of the small houses seemed to stand a step further front than the one before it, and to wear in consequence a strained expression, as if it were trying to catch a glimpse of Rimmer's store. The apparent attitude of the last house but one, a tiny gray cottage clinging to the hillside like a bit of lichen, was the real posture of the woman who sat sewing in the front window now and then lifting her chin and craning her neck for a better view of the gaudy walls a square off.

"Red!" she exclaimed to herself for the twentieth time, the expression of her face suggesting a mild disgust. It was still a pretty face, though it bore only that relation to Sarah Tucker's early beauty which a pressed flower bears to its first freshness: there was a delicate color in the cheeks, which were beginning to crumple all over like the scum of boiled milk; the nose was as straight as ever, but its skin looked as if drawn too tight; and despite their smiling sweetness, the lips lay back upon the small teeth almost with an effort of closing over toothless gums. All about the head, poised daintily on its thin neck, hung row upon row of faded brown curls, each one exactly tubular, and so light and feathery that it fluttered with the faintest motion.

A number of flower-pots were set along the window, and as Miss Sarah nodded and smiled behind them, she looked like a withered house plant herself, perhaps more like a fading white rose than any other.

"Red!"—she smiled sweetly to herself—"of all colors going." Then she said aloud, "Hatfield Rimmer's house looks like it's gittin' into red flannels for winter, father."

"Shows his common ideas ez usual. No man thet come of good stock would make a *display* of his 'bidin'-place like thet. Though ef he like it, ain't none o' my affair; reckon he thinks it's cheerful-lookin'," responded Mr. Tucker, an aged man with a form which seemed to consist of parchment stretched over a bony framework. His thin nostrils lifted at the sides with a supercilious curve above a long upper lip reaching pompously down to the white beard which overgrew his gnarled chin like a kind of moss.

"Folks must lay hold o' comfort best way they kin in this world o' grief," he added, smartly rapping the ashes from his pipe into the fire about which he was sitting, enclosing the whole hearth between his knees.

"Red would be mighty slack comfort for me," commented his daughter, peering over the flower-pots. "Every time I glimpse thet way my heart fairly jumps up 'n' down thinkin' it's fire."

"Don't look thet way, then," advised the old man, sharply, his eyes shooting a quick gleam upon her.

"Now *my* pick would a ben drab—a nice mouse-color, with green to the shetters an' right white window facin's," went on Miss Sarah, dreamily, still looking sideways through the glass—a condition of view which transferred the unevenness of the medium to the object inspected, giving H. Rimmer's house an effect of swaying as if it were being consumed with flame. "Then I'd her down them old curtains, an' put up white muslin trimmed with knit lace an' tied back with blue—"

"Sar' Jane Tucker," interposed her father, in an accent of anger, "do I hear my ears? Name o' the just! be you a layin' out what-all you'd do ef you'd a happened to hev a say-so in Hatfield Rimmer's consairns? Mebby you better go right down an' tell him you're po'rful sorry you give him the go-by long ago when you was a gyrl; mebby he'll be glad to know you've changed your mind—though you ain't ez pooty-lookin' ez you was oncet, Sary. I was noticin' in meetin' last Sunday was a week how white your ha'r is over the temples."

He eyed her ruthlessly. All the delicate pink had wavered from Miss Sarah's cheeks, and her lips gave back so that the small, childish-looking teeth showed plainly, but her dark brown eyes kept on him as if she were fascinated by the very cruelty of the words which were cutting away the last belief she had cherished—that she had still some remnant of the beauty which had once drawn all eyes to her face.

"Reckon you've hed your day, Sar' Jane. 'Y George! I mind when thar used to be three an' four beaux callin' to see you of one evenin', every last one glowerin' at the other, an' 'lowin' to set the rest out ef he died for't. Heh! most o' them young roosters hes darters grown: Bud Jenkins, thet like to went deranged when you wouldn't hev him, he hes three likely gyrls, eyes in 'em like gimblets. Hatfield down here, he's the unly one o' the crowd thet hesn't married. Ef you're sorry you didn't hev him—though mebby he never give you the chance to th'ow him over?"

"You kin think what you please about thet," gasped Miss Sarah, turning a lively red. "You know very well he never paid no attention to any one but me; an' I—I—"

"You give him the laugh, didn't yeh, Sary? I know you've always let on thet way. You couldn't a done nothin' else, you bein' a Tucker an' him bein' a nobuddy—left on Rimmer's door-step when he was an infunt, with no signs o' belongin's 'cept a suckin'-bottle an' a red plaid shawl. Reckon he must a ben light-headed to run arter a darter o' Zebulon Tucker, a man thet could skesely count his niggers 'fore the wah. Still, ef you think you'd a done better to take him, I kin—"

"I don't want to hear another word," breathed Miss Sarah, standing straight, her breast heaving, her head thrown back, the ringlets blowing about like dust spirals in a breeze. "Mebby I'm old an' ugly like you say, but I was handsome once—yes, I was so!—an' ef I'd wanted to marry, I hed my chances. Ef I staid single it was because I never keered the wrappin's of my finger for any man that ever ast me to hev him."

"Thesso?" commented Mr. Tucker, in a tone of rather surprised relief. "I'm glad to find you never hed no fancy for Rimmer. I always hed the notient—" He glanced up, and seeing that Miss Sarah was leaving the room with a spasmodic energy in the motion of her reedy figure which hinted openly of coming tears, he paused in his remark, and finished it mentally: "I could of swore she liked Hatfield pooty middlin' well, an' unly th'owed him over cuz she was too proud to take him; but Sary's mighty truthful for a woman person, an' arter what she said jes now I reckon I hed the thing up wrong." His face had assumed an easier look, not unlike the settled calm of a mummy's visage. "'Twould o' kilt me for her to hev married a foundlin': the Tuckers was always the cream o' the risin'—the very top o' the pot."

As days passed by, Mr. Rimmer, in ignorance of the episode to which he had given rise, went on painting his house, while the beeches grew paler, the maples thinner, and the air dreamier with the breath of late fall. He had it vaguely in mind to be done with the work before frost, but it was well on in November, and the way-side sward had several times displayed itself of mornings furred over with white, before he laid his brushes by.

No marked public interest was called out by the appearance of the building; this was its sixth coat of red, and no longer took the eye with a show of novelty. Besides, there was a feeling abroad that those who had the town's good at heart would do well to frown upon Mr. Rimmer's manifest spirit of enterprise, before the infection spread and a fever for needless improvement set in. There might arise talk of filling up the time-honored mud-holes in the streets, of which the very horses had inherited a knowledge from their ancestors; and now that several generations of feet had got the sidewalks packed to a degree of hardness, modern folly might demand that they be paved.

So Mr. Rimmer's friends were wary in their expressions of praise, and those who did not stand much upon the demands of friendship said nothing at all. It was only when the village eye took in the full extent of the fact that Mr. Rimmer's improvements were not, as usual, stopping at the paint, that public excitement began to ferment.

The windows of the upper floor, where the store-keeper lived by himself, were observed on a fine fall morning to be wide open, one of them affording a lavish back view of a portly black woman engaged in washing the glass, her form wedged in the frame like a burnt muffin which has overflowed its ring. That windows should be washed after warm weather in a Kentucky hamlet was unprecedented enough to cause marked surprise; that Mr. Rimmer's windows should be washed at all was matter for appalled conjecture.

When, something later on, the green shades were ousted for new Turkey red ones, which gave the windows an inflamed look, and made the house appear as if it had been up late the night before and had not yet recovered itself, there spread a general impression that a change in Mr. Rimmer's affairs was imminent. Speculation roamed unchecked in a vast expanse bounded by death and marriage. In face of Mr. Rimmer's hearty presence the hypothesis that he had received some hint of his impending death, and was redding up his earthly accounts in respect to it, as women dress their bureau drawers in view of sickness, was felt to be far-fetched, and had no adherents save the old lady who had set it afoot. That he was about to marry was the explanation tacitly settled on, though curiosity was hard beset to discover the direction of Mr. Rimmer's hopes.

Among the eyes which daily sought the corner store for new signs of a change in its owner's condition were the brown eyes of Miss Sarah. All the rumors had floated up the hill-side to her, but she said very little in comment upon them—a circumstance which aroused a tickling sense of uneasiness in old Zebulon Tucker's mind, lest she might know more than she seemed to know about Mr. Rimmer's renovations.

"When a woman talks, everything's safe; when her tongue's still, let a man set his wits workin'," he reflected one day, watching the misty curls floating around his daughter's small downcast face as she plied her needle in the window, the lean shadows of the potted fuchsias tracing a lacy pattern on her hands.

The thought that Sarah was not tricky brought a perceptible degree of reassurance. "But," as the old man shrewdly reckoned, "you can't never be edzactly certain what's passin' in another person's mind." He cleared his throat, and hooking his thumbs in his arm-holes, began to beat his fingers on his chest with the air of a man who is casting about for some light topic of conversational interest. "Thet gyrl Hatfield Rimmer's goin' to marry—folks says it's settled—know anything about her?"

Miss Sarah looked up instantly. "No. What gyrl is it?" she asked, sharply.

"Thet's what I'm astin'," responded her father. "Consid'able curiosity 'bout the hull business round town. Jim Simpson was inquirin' of me this mornin'; he hed a cracked idy thet I might know more'n I let on, bein's you an' Rimmer used to be friendly. I told him you an' Rimmer'd ben on the outs for a coon's age. S' I: 'Why'n name o' sense don't some o' you fellers turn in an' put Hatfield the question?' He can't no more'n knock yeh over,' s' I. 'Uck-uh,' says Jim, 'Hatfield's a quiet man, but I ain't goin' to look down the muzzle of a gun jes 'cuz it ain't bangin' off.' S' he: 'You can't git nothin' out o' Rimmer. He 'pears right outspoken, but he's like a wire-nettin' fly-screen—far off you kin look thoo it fine, but the closer you git the less you kin see.'"

Miss Sarah made a little mouth of scorn, which did not carry off the trouble weighing down her large eyelids, so thin-looking that they seemed faintly tinged with the brown underneath. "Oh, I don't guess he's so fiery spirited ez all thet," she said, in a casual way. "He never skeered me none; an' this evenin', when I go down to git yarn for your socks, I'm goin' to ast him all about the weddin'."

The furrows in Mr. Tucker's face began to gather in a squirming mass above his nose. "Do' know'z I'd do anything so bold ez thet," he quavered. "You better stay away from the store; he might think you was runnin' arter him."

"I'm too old an' fady for him to think thet ways," said Miss Sarah, turning on him the edge of the weapon he had used to wound her; "an' boldness ain't a kind of weed thet springs up in worn-out sile."

"I'll git the yarn for yeh, Sary."

"I jes ez lives git it myse'f, father; a breath of air won't do me no hurt."

There was a note of finality in her voice which caused the old man to raise no further points against her decision.

"Sooner she goes an' satisfies her curiosity, sooner she'll git the thing off her mind. I reckon things are safe enough; she says she never keered none for him, an' anyhow he's bid in elsewhar."

It was almost dark when Miss Sarah shut the door after her and went in a sort of fluttering gait down the hill. A stiff breeze had set in, and the pale half-moon, steering its craft westward, waxed momently brighter and fuller, as if the wind were swelling its saffron sail.

Half-way down the street she turned to look behind her; night had already absorbed the outlines of the cottage, leaving it distinguishable only by the leaping fire-light in the windows.

In front of her, the squareness of Hatfield Rimmer's store was also swallowed up, the outline of the corner alone remaining distinct, drawn sharply on the orange-colored haze misting the street from the kerosene lamp inside the door.

Miss Sarah turned the corner and paused an in-tant on the door-step; a little girl was getting some pennies in change handed over the counter, and as she dropped them into her mitten Mr. Rimmer took down a jar and treated her with a red and white stick of candy. Miss Sarah went in as the child came out rapturously sucking the gift.

The store-keeper's broad back was turned, he being engaged in replacing the jar on its shelf. When he wheeled about and saw the slim, straightly fashioned figure standing before him, he gave a distinct start, for Miss Sarah's white face, wrapped in a whiter scarf, was ghostly enough to give him the passing notion that he was facing a merely spiritual presence.

"Hev you any more gray yarn like this?—'twas got here last fall some time," asked Miss Sarah. She laid a bit of wool on the counter and waited.

"Kind-uh give me a turn, facin' round an' seein' yeh," admitted Mr. Rimmer, with an uneasy smile. "Never heard yeh come in."

He began to get down a box of yarn, still looking at her over his shoulder, as if to convince himself of her tangibility.

"Yes?" said Miss Sarah, absently. "Likely you're mind's too occupied these days to hear much that's goin' on outside?" She glanced at him tentatively, a careless smile masking the concern in her eyes.

"Waal, yes," owned Mr. Rimmer, taking the lid off the box—"yes, I've hed heaps to study 'bout lately; kind-uh hard on me too, hevin' no one to advise with."

"Thet 'll soon be mended, folks says."

"Mended?—how mended?"

"I mean you'll soon hev some one to advise with, Mr. Rimmer."

Mr. Rimmer looked at her rather vaguely. "You mean Mis' Rimmer?" he said, with an air of uncertainty.

Miss Sarah, on the verge of denial, remembered that such would be his wife's title, so she gave a short nod of assent, and delving into the box of wool at random, fetched out a skein of bright blue, which she laid by her gray sample, scrutinizing the two closely to see if they matched. Mr. Rimmer thrummed a dubious air on the box lid.

"Waal, I can't say't I look to advise much with mother Rimmer," he acknowledged; "see she's gittin' on in years now—seventy-eight her last birthday. But she's bright ez a button, the old lady is. She's ben livin' with her darter Jinny near Harrodsburg sence the old man died, an' jes lately she's took an notient thet nothin' 'll do but she must come an' keep house for me, bless her heart! She's the unly mother I ever knew; raised me from a pore little beggar 'thout even a name o' my own."

There was a note of sternness in Mr. Rimmer's voice just then, but he went on more pleasantly:

"So when sis' Jinny wrote me 'bout it, I says, 'Let her come right off,' says I. Sence then I ben fixin' up round ez well'z I could. Folks hes wondered consid'able what I was up to; I kept still'z a mouse; done my heart good to hev the hull town like it was crazy to find out what's in the wind."

Miss Sarah had loosened her scarf, and the light curls were skimming airily about a face which was pink with interest.

"Every one jedged you was fixin' to marry," she smiled; "I was jes goin' to ast you ef it was so."

"*You* never b'lieved sech stuff, Miss Sarah!"

"A person never knows what to believe," said Miss Sarah, making a great show of turning the yarn over.

His tone was so reproachful that she began to feel personally responsible for the rumor.

"I'm sorry I said anything," she admitted, hurriedly. "I'm rale glad to find it ain't so," she pushed on, and then stopped, appalled at what her confused words had implied.

"You—you don't rightly mean that!" breathed Mr. Rimmer, looking at her almost piteously. "But you oughtn't hev said it, onless— Oh, well, you know how it's ben with me ever sence I knew you; onder the circumstances I never dared come right out an' tell yeh—"

"Here's Lutie Clay comin' in with a coal-oil can," hastily interrupted Miss Sarah.

Time being an idea which is crowded into small proportions in a mind pleasantly occupied, it seemed only a few moments to Miss Sarah and the store-keeper that they stood talking together

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

after Miss Clay, like a wise virgin, had supplied herself with oil and had gone forth to fill the parlor lamp against the evening visit of her prospective bridegroom. To old Zebulon Tucker, sitting about the fire at home, waiting with growing anxiety for his daughter's return, it was apparent that an hour had passed before he heard her step on the gravel, sounding light and fleet as if several dry leaves were blowing up the walk.

He kept a sulky silence as she came in, exclaiming at the darkness, "Why 'n't you lit a light, father?"

"Spect me to stumble round in the pitch dyark huntin' a lamp, bangin' into funitchoor, an' stubbin' my toes agin dear knows what all? I never hed to 'tend to woman's work when your maw was livin', an' I ain't goin' to start in now. You ought to be eshamed to leave me alone this ways; both shetters open too; unly wonder is some tramp hevn't come in an' brained me, a pore old man alone in a empty house."

"It is right lonesome up here on the hill, nothin' passin'," said Miss Sarah, corroboratively. "Mr. Rimmer thinks so too." She shot a quick glance at her father, and then added, as if it were the merest after-thought, "He thinks you an' me 'll like it lots better livin' over the store; you kin see everything goin' on."

Mr. Tucker wheeled in his chair with remarkable briskness for so old a man. His daughter was fixing the lamp shade, and appeared not to see his motion.

"A-course we won't make any move 'thout you're reconciled to it," she conceded, gently.

Her father stared at her with incredulity printed in his bulging eyes, while gradual perception of her meaning began to chase the blankness from his sienna-colored features.

"Do I onderstand," he vouchsafed, with bitter calmness, after he had come at speech, "thet you, a Tucker, are purposin' to henceforf abide in a house thet red the very cows skeer at it?"

"It's goin' to be done over in the spring with drab," hastily explained his daughter, "with green to the shetters an' right white window-fixin's."

Balked of this deadly thrust, Mr. Tucker gathered himself for a fiercer onslaught.

"An' your pride, Sar' Jane—whar's your pride at?"

"I'm prouder to-night than I ever have been, paw."

"You are!" ejaculated the old man, astonishment getting the best of his indignation. "Then what you ben foolin' away all these years fer? Why 'n't you marry Hatfield Rimmer long ago?"

Miss Sarah smiled softly, and wound a curl round her finger. "Well, one reason," she said, quietly, "was because he never ast me till to-night."

EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

JAMES C. FLOOD.

THERE is a popular story that JAMES C. FLOOD began his California career in the direst poverty; some raconteurs even go so far as to say that Mrs. FLOOD ironed her first piece of San Francisco washing on the floor with a borrowed iron. So far is this from the truth that when FLOOD and his wife crossed the Isthmus on their way to the Gold State, Mrs. FLOOD had her donkey and every comfort—the only one of a large party fortunate enough to look back without distaste upon a severe and expensive journey. As soon as FLOOD arrived in the infant city, with its lawless population and its superfluity of gold-dust, he brought his native business diplomacy into play, and opened a bar-room. For many years this little whiskey shop grew with the city's growth, and Mr. FLOOD behind his counter kept his keen eye upon the evolution of Western society. The miners drowned their gold-dust in his famous cocktails and passed away; the little timorous merchants followed, and found hope and stimulation in his whiskey; then the gentlemen who were bringing up the State got into the habit of dropping in and discussing the future with the level-headed man who mixed their drinks, and for whose notice they were to struggle in the days of their children's children. Among these visitors were several men of FLOOD'S own social status—MACKAY, FAIR, O'BRIEN. Out of long conversations upon the possibilities of California, each contributing his hard-earned experience, grew a mining partnership between the four men. FLOOD and O'BRIEN supplied the funds, and MACKAY and FAIR prospected the gold regions. In the course of six or eight years it became known that these four obscure men were largely interested in the big mines of the COMSTOCK lode. They excited the half-frightened, half-amused attention of the city again and again, until one day the vast treasures of "California" and "Consolidated Virginia" were thrown upon the stock market. In the wild excitement of that time the country crowned four men king with equal generosity, enthusiasm, and execration, and presented Mr. WEBSTER with the new word BONANZA. At this time the four "kings" counted up their shekels to the tune of a couple of hundred millions.

Then came the siege and surrender of social San Francisco. O'BRIEN died soon after the opening of the Bank of Nevada by the royal quartette; Mrs. MACKAY went abroad to conquer Paris; Mrs. FAIR was bringing up small children; but the FLOODS would have San Francisco at their feet or nothing. For a long time San Francisco held out. San Francisco is young, but she is proud. The ancient aristocracy of '49 looked down with scorn upon the invasion of '76. But the FLOODS had social as well as business acumen. They went down to Menlo Park, the then most ultra exclusive place in California, and bought the old SELBY place. Through their business transactions with the SELBYS they came in contact with the other conservative dames of Menlo. Mrs. FLOOD'S unaffected good-nature did the rest, and when Menlo had thrown wide its doors, San Francisco allowed its heart to yearn over the FLOOD coffers. The FLOODS, owing to various technicalities, were unable to retain the SELBY place, and bought an enormous piece of property in the other and less aristocratic wing of Menlo. Here they built them a huge white house, had it furnished by a New York decorator, and in it gave many dinners and house parties, which were more elaborate than sociable. For certain reasons they never gave a ball. The grounds about the Menlo residence are remarkably fine; there are marshes for duck-shooting, and there is a lodge at the gate. Later, Mr. FLOOD built a large brownstone house in San Francisco, having become impressed with the beauty and symmetry of the New York residence during his visits thither. There are grounds about this house, after the fashion of Frisco mansions, and a brass fence. Altogether it falls short of New York. It was in this house that Mr. FLOOD first fell ill. The bank had loaned $11,000,000 on wheat, and there was danger of the kings being buried under their throne. Private hoards were thrown into the breach, and the danger tided over; but the excitement, combined with high living, the unrelieved nervous tension of many years, and private worries, were too much for Mr. FLOOD, and although he rallied from time to time, he finally succumbed, and gradually sank to his death.

Mr. FLOOD was born sixty-two years ago on Staten Island. He leaves a wife and son and daughter. The family are still wealthy, in spite of losses, and Miss FLOOD has one or two comfortable millions in government bonds. Both children are unmarried.

THE MARYLAND OYSTER BUSINESS.

If any one is making a study of street cries, there is no better place for material than Baltimore. It is a city in which reminiscences of the old days are closely intermingled with the activities of the present. One of the most interesting of these is the oyster peddler. Early every morning and late every afternoon he makes his rounds. He is faultlessly neat. His expansive white apron is his pride and his emblem. His sleeve coverings are second only to it in cleanliness. His large tin cans and his dipper and his measuring cups are radiant from polish. He himself is an irreclaimable old-timer. He has no sympathy with the modern specimens of his race; oftentimes they jeer at him, but he either ignores them or sends back some cutting sarcasm that silences them. As he creeps up the street, his pace not being rapid enough for a walk, he lets the neighborhood know that he is around. He has a high, penetrating falsetto voice. It can be heard for a square or more, and many a late sleeper has criticised it with more emphasis than elegance. He has a variety of cries. One is "oi-e," uttered in a shrill pitch, with the explosion on the last syllable. Another is "oi-oi-e," which is a varied prolongation of the sound. When business is a little dull and time is plentiful he will indulge in the following, and throw into it all the picturesque resources of his vocal ability:

"Here I have oysters to sell,
Oysters right fresh from the shell—
Oi-e."

Mr. CLINEDINST has caught the spirit of this scene with rare fidelity and delightful cleverness, and the picture will be readily recognized by Baltimoreans. Equally well does he illustrate the testing of a cargo of oysters. The place is the deck of one of the 700 boats engaged in the trade. A dealer has just opened a bivalve and is in the act of swallowing it. He will try several more from different parts of the boat, and if they are satisfactory he will purchase the entire load. These two figures, the peddler and the dealer, are the representations of the past and the present. The peddler is rapidly disappearing. Oyster depots and express wagons are taking away his occupation. He remembers the days when oyster shipments from Baltimore to the West went in wagons once a week. Now he sees several oyster express trains daily. The dealer, the packer, and the jobber, with thousands of dollars and hundreds of employés, are managing the trade, and are driving the peddler to the alleys.

The oyster industry is Maryland's greatest source of wealth. The beds cover about 120,000 acres, and the catch per year is 10,000,000 bushels, yielding about $2,000,000 to 50,000 people. Thirty years ago these beds were considered inexhaustible, but so merciless have been the depredations that the greatest oyster territory in the world is in serious danger of permanent depletion. This is due to insufficient laws imperfectly enforced, and the work of the worst class of oyster dredgers, popularly known as pirates. Oystermen are entirely human, and there are good oystermen and bad oystermen. Most of them have no respect for the law, for they look upon the oyster as a blessing of nature not amenable to the statutes of a mere Legislature. In a case in Baltimore this month an oyster captain who was on trial gave the following testimony: "I never struck any man in my life, I never swore an oath in my life, was never called a liar, and never called any one a liar. I would not say I was not sometimes tempted to swear. I never allowed swearing on my boat, and tried to scare the men not to swear by fining any one who swore fifty cents. There was no law against it, of course, but I enforced this rule. Sometimes I have known a man to come to me who would say, 'Captain, give me a dollar and a half's worth'—he wanted to swear so badly."

"Captain, how is it, with your high moral status, you can go on forbidden ground and violate the law of the State?"

"My conscience does not trouble me on that head at all. I do not consider that I am injuring my conscience in the least in violating the laws of the State in this respect, and it's only because I haven't the nerve—my fear of arrest—that would prevent me from dredging at night."

Certain portions of the Chesapeake Bay are staked off for recuperation, and are guarded by an oyster navy, officially known as the State Fishery Force—a police of twelve sloops, two steamers, and one hundred men, under the control of the Governor, the Comptroller, and the Treasurer, who constitute the Board of Public Works. This navy is supported by the revenue from dredging licenses about $60,000 a year.

The navy has degenerated into a political machine with berths for party workers. For years it has been a disgrace to the State. But a clamorous public sentiment has recently compelled a few slight improvements, which explain the victories over the pirates. The navy, however, is still wofully inefficient, and the entire cause is found in too much politics. This is not the only damage politics have done. The oysterman's vote and the oystermen's fee have bred a lot of demagogues who stand in the way of a prompt reform of existing evils.

There are in the Chesapeake 640,000 acres of good oyster lands which can be utilized when the industry shall have been removed from the lawless grab game which it now is, and placed upon a basis of law and common-sense. Protected methods of recuperation must determine the future of the supply. Those methods are in successful operation along Long Island Sound, and in France and other European countries. They are: the prevention of the sale of immature oysters; the placing of young seed oysters on the bay and river bottoms; and oyster farming, that is, the rearing of oysters from the egg—a profitable culture, since each female oyster produces millions of young each year. The question of private property in oyster-beds is being agitated in Maryland now, but it is generally considered impracticable because of the great extent of the territory.

There is no limit to the productiveness of the Chesapeake grounds when once they are sufficiently protected. Professor BROOKS, of Johns Hopkins University, who spent months on the bay in the employ of the State, and whose work resulted in the fullest and only reliable report upon the oyster industry ever made to the Legislature, wrote as follows:

"Under our present policy our beds have yielded about 10,000,000 bushels of oysters a year from grounds which are capable of yielding over 500,000,000 bushels annually. Our present policy has resulted in the destruction of some of our most valuable beds and in the serious injury of all of them, while other States have greatly increased the value of their beds, at the same time that they have increased instead of restricted the fishing. It has paid a profit of less than 100 per cent. annually upon the capital invested in the business, while money thus invested in other States has paid an annual interest of more than 200 per cent. It has given employment to about 50,000 of our people for part of the year, while our grounds should give profitable employment to 500,000 people for the whole year. It has paid our oystermen about $2,000,000 a year, although our grounds should pay to their cultivators over $60,000,000 a year. Our 600,000 acres of oyster ground has paid to the State treasury about $50,000 a year, and it has paid about $10,000 a year to the school fund, while the Governor of Rhode Island reports that his State will this year receive a revenue of over $11,000 from 1100 acres of oyster ground, none of which is so valuable as that of our State. On the same basis our revenue should be more than $6,000,000 a year."

This is a very conservative estimate of the possibilities of Maryland's oyster supply. The greatness of the industry can be imagined when it is known, as stated in Professor BROOKS'S report, that a crop of oysters valued at $8,000,000 was raised upon a French farm of 492 acres, while upon another French farm of 500 acres 16,000,000 oysters were taken in six tides, although there were no oysters to be found there when the farm was established five years before.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

THE HARTFORD CALAMITY.

ON Sunday night, the 17th, there were about 40 "guests" in the Park Central Hotel, at Hartford, Connecticut. It was a large showy structure of brick and artificial stone measuring 50 feet on the High Street front by 125 on Allyn Street, and rising to the height of five stories. Several midnight travellers were told that all the rooms of the house were occupied, and then quiet was absolute until, shortly before five o'clock Monday morning, the building collapsed. Where the lofty hotel had stood, in a twinkling there remained scarcely twenty feet high of rubbish, a dreadful tangle of beams, bricks, corpses, and shrieking men and women. There was absolutely no warning. Some of the survivors say they heard an explosion an instant before they were dropped from their beds in the higher stories into the cellar. Others say they heard nothing, but felt their rooms raised up a little distance before they sank into what seemed a pit. Very quickly fire added its horrors to a scene almost beyond recital. There were lives to be saved, and firemen and citizens worked like madmen under the agonized gaze of sufferers so firmly imprisoned that they could only wait and plead. One family was in clear view of a crowd by this time very numerous. The little girl was wild with fright, but the father and mother stood silent with clasped hands. All three fell back into the flames. Others were burned, some were crushed, some were drowned by the water which put out the fire. As nearly as can be stated—the night clerk being dead and the books destroyed—there were twenty-two killed and ten seriously wounded.

The mystery of this disgraceful disaster was very short. In the basement there was a large boiler used for steam-heating, for laundry-work, and for driving the electric-light dynamo. It was a good boiler, but the engineer went to bed and left it to itself. That was his custom on Sunday nights, he explained when arrested. It is impossible to say more precisely what exploded the boiler, but it is supposed somebody turned water into it when it was very hot. The explanation of how the explosion wrecked the entire structure leaves nothing to be desired for completeness. The hotel had no foundation. The bottom courses were laid on planks resting on the earth. The bricks were so soft that the contractor could not sell them to any one else. The mortar was made without cement, and with little lime. And the work of construction was so bad that the walls "never saw the day they were plumb." There was no secret about this. Local insurance companies refused risks on the flimsy death-trap, and what is called "politics" prevented official inspection that must have condemned the building, which, it is possible, fell of its own weight instead of being wrecked by the explosion.

ONE WINTER MORNING.

It was yet while the world was awaiting
The sunrise, expectant and still,
That I heard the long icicles tinkle,
As lightly they broke on the sill.
Then I knew it had come, and I hastened
To see what new vision it brought;
But the window was veiled by a marvel,
That hid the true landscape I sought.

For the oldest of all the old masters
Had left there, in pencilling clear,
Memorial pictures of seasons,
The dead and beloved of the year.
There were pathways and nooks of a forest
O'er-curtained by clustering vines,
And mountains made near and familiar
By groups of the larches and pines.

There were rushes and reeds by a river
That sheltered the heron and crane,
And daisies that dimpled a meadow,
And tassels and pennons of grain.
There were all the rich fruits and the leafage
Which missals of Autumn portray;
And all the sweet idyls of Summer,
And innocent scenes of the May.

Ah, Nature took thought for the Winter!
In the days that were kindly and fair
She stored up these images lovely
To lure him from sorrow and care.
Then my soul to herself whispered softly,
"This parable may not be lost;
The beauty of Life shall be treasured
To peer out again through the frost!"

CAROL C. DAY.

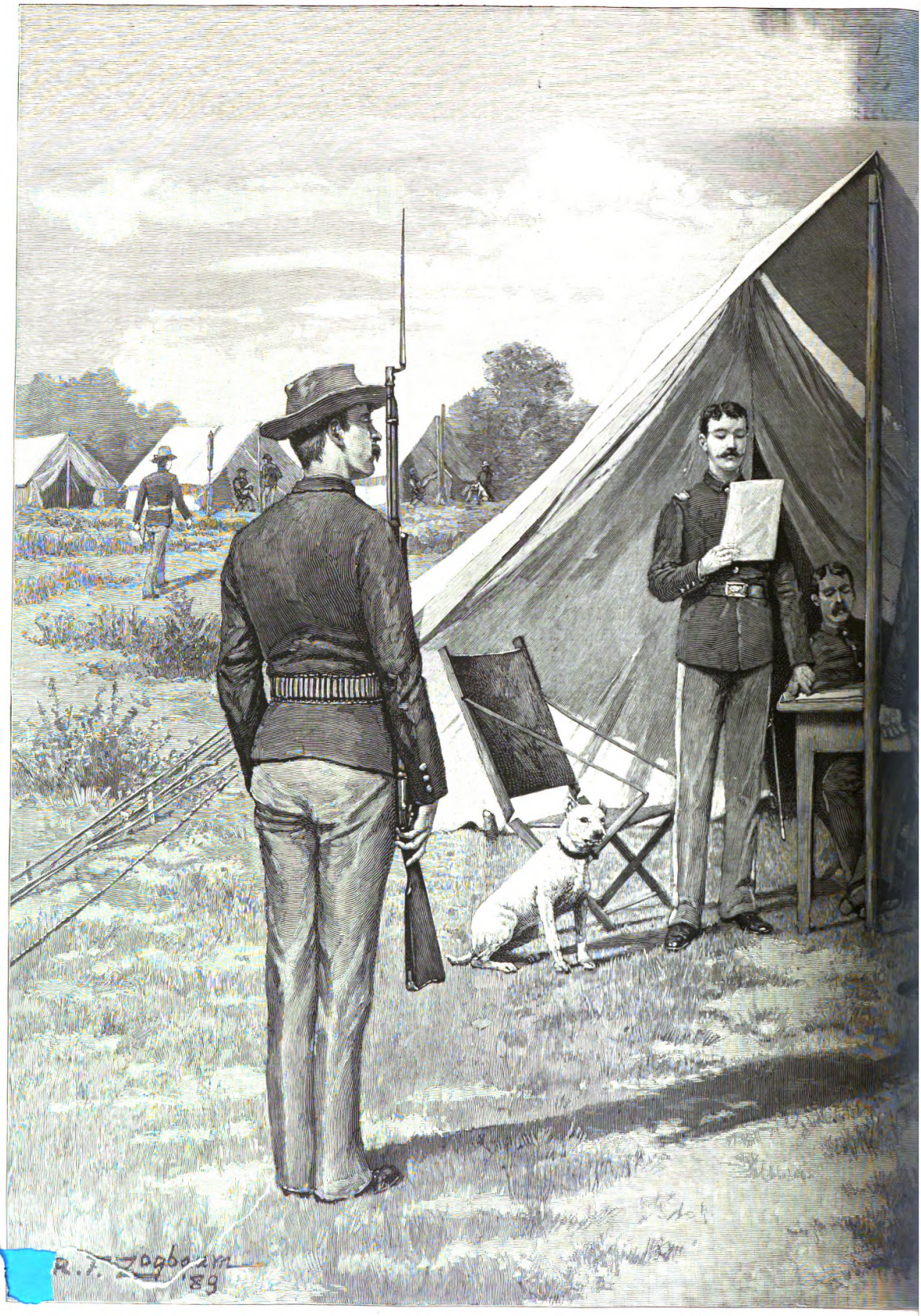
GENERAL AND GARRISON COURTS-MARTIAL.

THE "Articles of War" provide for the trial by courts-martial of all persons under the control of the military authorities of the country who may be accused of offences committed against the regulations and laws enacted for the government of the armies of the United States. Unlike the practice in civil life, the combined powers of both judge and jury are vested in the officers composing a court-martial, they deliberating upon the evidence of the witnesses, determining as to the guilt or innocence of the defendants, and passing sentence upon culprits. An officer is appointed as Judge-Advocate, whose duties are to conduct the prosecution as well as to act as counsel for the accused when the latter has no legal adviser of his own, and to object to any questions that might lead to an answer on the part of the defendant tending to criminate himself.

So-called general courts-martial are convened for the hearing and judgment of important cases and for the trial of commissioned officers, and may be appointed by any general officer commanding a separate army or department. Such a court consists of thirteen members, unless the exigencies of the service prevent the assembling of that number of officers; but in no case may a general court have less than five members.

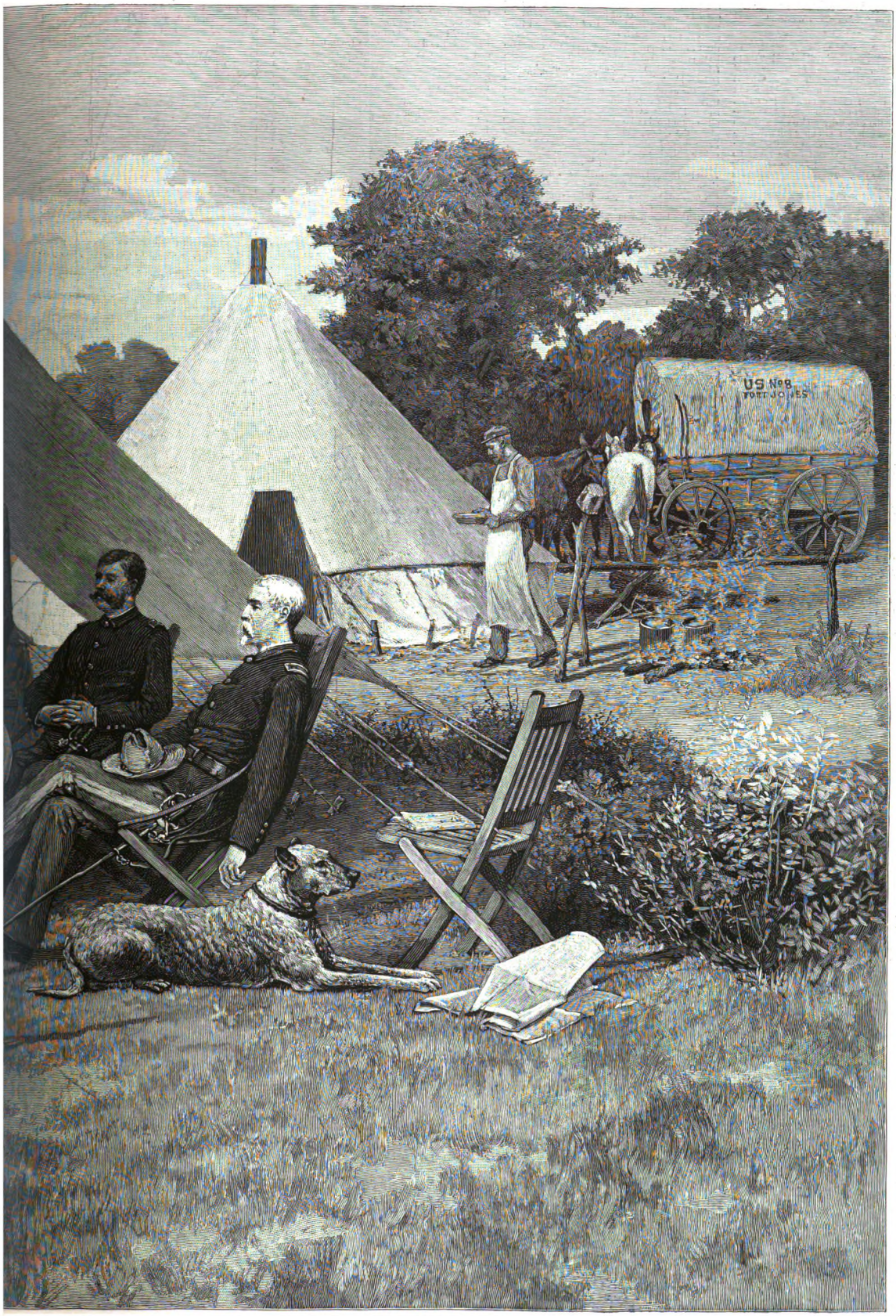
Garrison or regimental courts-martial, having three members, are appointed by the commanding officer of any post or regiment, and are convened for the trial of minor offences on the part of any of the enlisted men forming the command. As the law now stands, even the slightest infringement of the rules of discipline calls for action by a court-martial, and such petty breaches of good conduct, as absence from roll-call or from quarters after "taps," slovenly or untidy dress, quarrelsome or abusive language to comrades or non-commissioned officers, etc., the penalty for which is usually the imposition of a slight fine to be stopped from the soldier's pay, are treated with all the form and ceremony of trials for grave offences. The sworn testimony of the witnesses, according to the rules of evidence, must be reduced to writing, and a report made of the proceedings in each case, as the regulations prohibit the execution of any sentences by a court-martial until its action is confirmed by the officer order[illegible] ing the court. When the fact is taken into consideration that, according to the report of Colonel LIEBER, Acting Judge-Advocate-General, there were 10,447 trials before garrison courts during the past year in an a[illegible] peace footing of which is limited by [illegible]ce of but 25,000 men, it would seem t[illegible]n less cumbersome and less irksom[illegible] officers and men might be devised by [illegible]ty violations of regulations could be punished summarily without injustice to the soldier.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A COURT-MARTIAL IN THE F

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 167.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XXVI.

"No time for love or sighing," indeed! "On to the Potomac!" "On to threatened Pennsylvania!" were the watchwords. Though his sore heart clung to Virginia, duty and honor called Frank Kearny to his post in the marching column. There was only time to sit him down by the flickering light of the camp fire, and on scraps torn from his pocket diary to write her a hurried letter full of sympathy, sorrow, and wordless devotion. Of his love and constancy he made no mention, but no woman could fail to read their presence in every line. Thrusting in old Nelse's brown palm a roll of treasury notes, at sight of which the eyes of the recipient nearly bulged from their sockets, Kearny bade the negro reward his fellows for the shelter they had afforded Aunt Bell and himself, to keep the bulk of the money for his support and hers until the major should come again, but to fail not in setting forth with the rising sun and to bear that letter to Miss Armistead, even if he had to follow her to Richmond; and Nelse promised faithfully to obey. Then, measurably comforted, Kearny roused his sleepy escort, and bidding good-night to the officer commanding the patrol, rode away eastward in search of his trains.

Who has forgotten the days that followed—the breathless hush of anxiety and suspense, the rueful stories of invasion and disaster, the loud alarum in the valley of the Susquehanna, the thrill of dread in Washington and Philadelphia, the excitement and almost defiant rejoicing in Baltimore, the flaming skies above Columbia and Carlisle, the plumed squadrons of Stuart's raiders whisking past the outlying pickets of the national capital, sabring their way into the thick of the Union trains and then trotting jauntily through the very streets of York, the dusty skirmishers of grim old one-legged Ewell scaring the whole country-side into refuge at Harrisburg? All over the astonished North consternation and dismay. All through the Army of the Potomac the thrilling sense that now at last their turn had come; that now, at least, it must be do or die.

Far in rear of the marching columns when he reached the Potomac, still chained to the hateful task of guarding trains, Major Kearny heard with eager delight that a sudden change had been effected in the organization of the cavalry. A foreign officer who had long commanded the scattered division to which he belonged had been relieved at Frederick, a new leader placed at its head, and now, under men like Buford, Gregg, Merritt, Custer, and Farnsworth, the troopers of the Army of the Potomac, in three strong divisions, were scouring the country in front of the trudging infantry. Beyond question they would be the first to grapple with the foe, and Kearny was about the last man in the array who could rest content with the duty assigned him. No sooner was he north of the stream than he intrusted to the care of a staff-officer hurrying to the front an urgent appeal to the commander of the cavalry corps to be allowed to come to the front in any capacity whatever, and in a few days the welcome order reached him, "Report for immediate duty to the general commanding the Second Cavalry Division now marching on Hanover." With eagerness unspeakable he turned over his battalion to the senior captain, and pushed forward that very night.

And so it happened that once again he greeted his comrades of the old regiment. He found them haggard, dusty, worn with ceaseless marching and sleepless nights, cruelly thinned in numbers, but "still there," and Dayton with them. There, too, grimy with dust, like their comrades, was the regiment in which Mullane had lived his brief and inglorious year; but with him had disappeared the faction of which he was the acknowledged leader and exponent. A dozen officers from its ranks spurred forward to greet and welcome the new-comer, who sat in saddle in rear of the long skirmish line of dismounted Jerseymen, shaking hands with captains and lieutenants by the dozen. The whole brigade seemed to feel that it must do its best to show Major Kearny the pleasure his coming afforded every man. They all knew how he had never ceased his importunities to be sent to the front until the order was granted, and here he was, just in time for Gettysburg.

Two anxious days had passed since Buford, far over on the left, had discovered the advancing infantry of Pettigrew and Archer, and, true to his instincts, had rushed straight at the throat of his foe and striven to hold and pin him there—west of the Lutheran Seminary—until the Army of the Potomac could come up and man that priceless ridge below the quaint old Pennsylvania town. Now the morning of the 3d had come—the climax of it all. In vain had Ewell forced his columns—Jackson's old men—to the assault of the bowlder-strewn slopes of Culp's Hill. In vain had Hood's Texans hurled their charging lines on the Round Tops at the southern flank. The Union ranks had reeled and staggered under the repeated onsets; the Union colors had been steadily beaten back from the pike and that famous peach orchard at the angle of Sickles's front; but all the crest of Cemetery Ridge was crowned with black-mouthed batteries and panting but determined battalions in the grimy blue; all the curving, wooded slopes at the north were watched by keen-eyed Northern riflemen; all the broad plateau to the eastward, far over as Westminster, was powdered with the dust of tramping columns, and glistening with reflected sunshine from the canvas covers of countless wagons.

* Begun in No. 1667.

Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Here, too, were parked the reserve batteries; here, too, the ammunition trains and the scores of ambulances; and all the beautiful, undulating, fertile farm-land between them and the North lay open to the advance of hostile cavalry, but for the covering skirmish lines of the Second Division; and of these the old —— New Jersey was farthest to the front, crouching along the rail-fence by the road-side and watching with eager eyes the fringe of wood on yonder opposite slope. "Stuart is back!" "Stuart has rejoined Lee!" These were the words that passed from mouth to mouth that gorgeous July morning. Now look out for squalls! Just at noon, when men and horses alike were looking longingly at the forest shades along the ridges, and seeking shelter from the fierce rays of the July sun, there came the staff-officer galloping over from Meade's head-quarters with the stirring message: "Look well to your front! Howard reports that he can see from Cemetery Hill great masses of cavalry marching out north of you. They must be forming behind those ridges now."

All the long hot morning has been spent in comparative quiet. Custer and his "Wolverines" have scouted all the roads for a mile or more above the Hanover pike. There are skirmishers in gray out there beyond Wolf Hill, where McIntosh and his dragoons joined the extreme right of Howard's corps. There are little scouting parties of Confederate horse twinkling through the woods and farm enclosures up toward the York road. But just at one o'clock Custer and his fine brigade have started away under orders to march to the Round Tops across that intervening plateau whereon are all those dust-covered reserve batteries, ammunition wagons, and trains. He moves reluctantly, and with a shake of his curly head and a lingering glance over his shoulder at the wooded crest behind those substantial farm buildings a mile away northward across the open fields. "You may be attacked any minute," he says to the brigade commander. "Those woods are full of 'em by this time." And now, just as Kearny is shaking hands with his comrades, there bursts upon the startled ear the roar of the fierce cannonade that ushers in the afternoon of the 3d of July—a roar that speedily swells into the deafening thunder of the most stupendous duel of batteries ever heard on this continent. It is the two hours' prelude to Pickett's memorable and heroic assault, and for a few minutes the cavalry out on the distant flank can only look on and listen, awed by the magnificence of the sight and sound. The western edge of the plateau, three miles or more away, is presently shrouded in a cloud of sulphur smoke, which, perpetually being rent and torn by flashing shells, closes promptly over the gaps and only gains in density. Then comes the call to action on the right. "Skirmishers forward!" ring the trumpets, and Dayton clasps for an instant Kearny's hand, then draws his sabre and gallops over to his advancing squadron. The brigadier has determined not to await attack, but to see for himself what is to be found along those forest-fringed heights across the level field. Whoever occupies them commands a view of the country for miles to the south, and takes "in reverse" the line of battle of the Army of the Potomac and its parks of reserve batteries, ammunition, and supplies. What if Stuart should already be there? What if even now, screened by those woods, he is forming his charging columns on the other side, and is preparing to come sweeping down on these slender lines, brush them to either side, and then go careering madly on, playing havoc among those defenceless trains? Who can doubt the effect of such a dash when coupled with the grand assault now beginning from the west? Who can say where ruin and disaster will be checked should this indeed prove to be his plan?

Kearny has ridden back toward the pike to rejoin the division commander, who comes spurring up with an anxious look o'erspreading his soldierly, bearded face. Together they rein in on a little knoll at the southeastern angle. Behind them in the highway Pennington's rifled guns are still unlimbered, for Custer's column is not yet clear of the field, and he does not move until his cavalry comrades are all on their way. In front is Chester's section, the cannoneers lying or squatting about the guns, the drivers dismounted and resting near their drooping horses. To the left, drawn up in close column of squadrons, are battalions of Union horse almost grilling under the blazing sunshine; but the eyes of all men follow the movements of that long skirmish line swinging boldly out across the farm fields toward those solid-looking buildings of the thriving Pennsylvania husbandman. "Rummel's barn" becomes the object of an interest it never knew before.

Suddenly up from the earth spring the men at the guns. A murmur of excitement flies along the mounted ranks. "Look at 'em!" "Yonder they come!" are the cries, and all in an instant, out from behind the farm buildings, out from the big substantial barn, running into line, agile as monkeys, come scores of skirmishers in gray rushing for the low stone wall. In an instant both lines have opened fire, and the cavalry combat at the right flank has begun.

"Ha, I thought so!" exclaims the general. "Look at the guns. Stuart himself, as a matter of course." And out on the heights in the rear of the farm buildings—those coveted heights from which the whole field can be so plainly seen—two horse batteries trot briskly into view from the leafy shelter in which they have been lurking, and in an instant are whirling around into position. Before a shot can be rammed home, Chester and Pennington have saluted the new-comers, and with spiteful shriek the shells go whizzing over the heads of the intervening skirmishers, and the batteries have joined in the general uproar. Just about the time when the Union guns along Cemetery Ridge are cooling down for the reception of the assault so surely coming, far out here on the right flank their comrades with the cavalry brigades have taken up the chorus, and in a moment every gun is in full song. The Rummel barn is jetting fire-flash and smoke; it is packed with sharp-shooters, before whose sheltered aim many a gallant fellow of the Jersey regiment is going down. Kearny feels a sudden sense of keen anxiety for Dayton, and longs to be allowed to dash out to the front, but his general knows a more effective plan. A word to the young officer commanding the advanced guns and the muzzles are depressed, the trails whipped suddenly to a slight change of direction, and in the next instant the shells are bursting under the barn roof itself, ripping and tearing the brittle wood-work, firing the hay-stacks, and emptying it of its human contents in the twinkling of an eye. The whole brigade sets up a cheer and laugh as the discomfited sharp-shooters come tumbling out and, bending almost double, scurry for the shelter of the low stone wall. Another and a louder cheer bursts forth when, with a blare of trumpets, Custer, "ever ready for a fight," comes galloping back at the head of his gallant Michigan brigade and deploys his excited chargers into close column of squadrons, ready for anything as their sabres flash in air. One regiment he hurriedly orders in dismounted to cover the left of his column; another to aid the thinned and bleeding rank of Jerseymen; a third, in saddle, dashes for the stone wall along the little stream at the western edge, just in time to meet there the flower of Virginia's cavalry and be borne back in the rush. There are ten minutes of wild excitement and stirring battle-cries—ten minutes of rally and countercharge, in which the Virginians in turn are outnumbered and hurled back. A brief breathing-spell for the horsemen while the gunners concentrate their fire on the batteries on the Cress Ridge, and then—then comes the glorious episode of a never-to-be-forgotten day.

Just as Pickett's devoted lines are breasting the slopes for the final and desperate attempt to pierce the Union centre, Cavalier Stuart, with all his chivalry at his back—six thousand glittering sabres at his beck and call—darts in to carry out his share of the well-planned combination. Watching from his leafy covert at the summit back of Rummel's house, he hears the signal guns of the Washington Artillery far across the plateau; he notes the mass of trains and wagons down toward the south, shielded only by that thinned and travel-worn division drawn up in front of the Hanover pike. The time to strike has come, and, like poised falcon, his compact columns wait ready for the swoop. Behind him, in the open fields of the Stalsmith farm, are the brigades of Hampton and Fitz-Hugh Lee. No leader on earth need seek for braver men or keener riders. There they sit in saddle, eager for the word—eager for their great part in the drama of the day—and now it comes.

Kearny has just galloped back to his general's side, his eyes flashing with excitement, the sweat pouring down from his forehead, panting with his exertions in rallying the scattered troopers on the left. Another regiment of the Michigan brigade has just trotted into close column under Custer's eye. The Jerseymen and Pennsylvanians are slowly retiring, with emptied cartridge-boxes, to where their horses await them in the woods by the "Low Dutch" road at the eastern verge, leaving the "Wolverines" to oppose the gray skirmishers along the little stream and among the farm buildings at Rummel's, when, at the very northern edge of the open fields—just at a gap in the forest covered ridge—there rides into view a pageant a sight of which a murmur of admiration bursts from the Union ranks. Sweeping out upon the gentle slope, with fluttering guidons and waving plumes overhead, with sabres at the carry glistening in the unclouded sunshine, moving with stately ease and deliberation, forming squadron front as soon as the columns clear the gap and reach the broad expanse in front, then closing in mass as they steadily advance, side by side come the famous troopers of Wade Hampton and Fitz-Hugh Lee. Here are the men who have borne the flags of the Carolinas and Virginia to the very borders of the Susquehanna, and made them famous on a score of fields. Here are the raiders who have followed Stuart in many a dash around our jaded flanks and rear. Watch them as squadron after squadron gains its front and distance at the trot. Mark the steadiness and precision of every move. And now see that slow, stately half-wheel to their right as they descend the slope. That means they are coming square at Chester's guns, now just one mile away.

See the rush and scurry among the dismounted skirmishers midway up the field! Out of the way with you, lads! Run for your horses, every man of you! Never heed those peppering riflemen in the barn-yard now. Here come foemen worthy of your steel, and all the Union cavalry is athrill with excitement and enthusiasm. "Mount! mount!" are the shouted orders. "Steady, now, men!" the caution from many a squadron leader as the very horses seem to plunge and tug at the bits as though eager for the fray. Look at Custer, his curls floating in the rising breeze, his eyes kindling like coals of fire, his sinewy hand gripping the sabre hilt, trotting up and down in front of his heart-throbbing lines, giving quick, terse words of instruction and warning. Bang! bang! go Chester's guns, sending their whirring compliments to the massive gray columns still placidly advancing at the walk, and a cheer of exultation, not unmingled with low murmurs of soldierly pity, greets the sight of the exploding shells square in the midst of the beautiful division. But not one whit do they swerve or slacken. On still steadily they come, and now the field in front is cleared, and now all the guns are hurling shell and case-shot, and now the slow, stately advance becomes suddenly shimmering and tremulous to the eye; it only means that the pace has been quickened to the trot. A quarter mile at that gait, another at the gallop, and they will be here.

Now for our side! "Meet them, McIntosh! Meet them, Custer!" are the general's quick orders; "but let them get well down this way. Do not charge until they are in line with the woods; then we've got 'em on both flanks too." Capital plan that. Lining the fence by the road-side on the east are hundreds of kneeling troopers ready to open fire as the columns come sweeping by. Over on the west side, too, along the little run, are other skirmishers all ready for the coming host. Possibly Stuart does not see this—possibly does not care. Heedless of bursting shell and hissing lead, silent, stern, inflexible, in exquisite order and perfect alignment, the Southern horse sweep grandly down the field. "Keep to your sabres, men!" is the order passed from rank to rank. Brandy Station, Aldie, and Upperville have taught them the lesson that the revolver is no weapon to cope with the blade wielded by brawny Northern arms. On they come, the ground trembling and rumbling under the quickening tread of these thousands of hoofs. Listen! "The gallop!" *Now*, Michigan! *Now*, New York and Pennsylvania! tighten your sabre knots; take good grip; touch boot to the centre; keep your dress; eyes straight to the front, and *forward!*

"Major Kearny, gallop round to the —— New Jersey. Mount every man you can find, and order a charge on their left flank the instant we check them here! Give 'em canister now, Mr. Chester!" These are the last orders Kearny gets from his general this day of days. Putting spurs to his horse, he darts around the rear of Chester's guns just as "the advance" is ringing from the trumpets, clears the front of the squadrons issuing from the woods at rapid trot, and glancing over his shoulder, sees the rush of the "Wolverines" up the field, sees Custer four lengths ahead, darting straight at the plunging host in gray, hears the sudden burst of terrific yells with which the men of Stuart welcome the signal "Charge!" hears the fearful crash with which the heads of columns come together, marks the sudden silence of the cannon, useless now when friend and foe are mingled in death-grapple at the front, and with a din of savage war-cries, orders, shouts, shots, clashing sabres, and crunching hoofs ringing in his ears, he speeds on his way to the fence and the wood road, wild with eagerness to rally his old comrades and lead them in.

Back among the trees to the right, whither the led-horses had been conducted out of range, "there is mounting in hot haste," and thither gallops the young major, flashing his sabre in air and calling to his old comrades to form their line. Rapidly he rides along the fence. "Mount, men, mount! Quick, Dayton! Quick, Hart!" he shouts. "Form your men, and get in here on the edge of the field!" But all along that fragile barrier are scores of troopers, kneeling or lying prone, blazing away at the dense, dust-covered, struggling mass of gray horsemen only three hundred yards away; and in the thunderous din no voice is audible beyond a rod or two. Dayton spurs up and down in the roadway until he has driven a dozen men back in search of their steeds. Hart gallops southward to where his squadron, mounted, is guarding the led-horses in among the trees. Half a dozen Pennsylvanians, officers and men, come trotting up to Kearny, eager to be "counted in" if there is to be a charge; other troopers tear down a panel or two of fence that the forming squadrons may get in from the dusty road. Out in the broad fallow field the uproar of the fierce combat swells and rages, and though the long compact columns are still pushing on, the headlong speed of the charge is gone, the leading squadrons are swallowed up in cheering clouds of swordsmen dressed in the Union blue. The Southern leaders are hewing their way, and fighting like tigers, and yelling command and encouragement to their men, but those "Wolverines" of Custer have barred the path; scores of troopers from all over the field are bearing down on front and flanks. Chester's guns have torn fearful rents in their now beleaguered column; hundreds of steeds are rolling in agony on the turf, and hundreds of riders are bleeding and thrown. Eager troopers dash from their places in the rearward lines and rush yelling to join the combat at the front. Hampton's battle-flag is waved on high and spurred through the mass of swaying chargers to animate the Carolinians to renewed effort; but it is all practically unavailing; the impetus of the attack is done, and now, though outnumbering the horsemen swarming upon them from every side, Lee and Hampton are almost helpless. Relying on dash, weight, and inertia to sweep everything before them, the Southern leaders have failed to provide for just this possibility. Now their gallant men are jammed together in one great, surging mass; only those on the flanks or front can use sabre or pistol; the rest are useless as so many sheep. In vain their officers shout hoarse commands to open out, to cut their way to right or left. From east and west every instant fresh parties of Union horse come dashing in with new shock and impetus, hurling men from the saddle, adding to the clamor and confusion; utterly blocking every attempt of the gray troopers to wheel outward and hew a path to the relief of their struggling comrades in the foremost lines. Kearny notes it all with mad exultation. Dayton, with his half-score of men, and the Pennsylvania troopers are hurriedly ranging themselves in rank, when through the dust-cloud they catch sight of that battle-flag of Hampton's struggling forward in the midst of the Confederate column. "There's our point!" he shouts as with flashing eyes he turns to his little troop. "Come on, men!" And with Dayton at his side, and the cheering line of horsemen at his back, down he goes in headlong dash upon the surging flank. Another instant, and with crash and shock that hurls many a rider from the saddle among the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A SOUTHERN OYSTER PEDDLER

YSTER SPECULATOR TESTING A

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ADS AS INVESTMENTS.

r additions have been made during
days to our supply of information as
anagement and values of railroad prop-
The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe
which has become the possessor of
e largest systems of railroads in this
and indeed of the world, has at last is-
detailed report of its operations for the
8, and owing to the solicitude with which
re has recently been regarded, the com-
s at the same time attempted in a statis-
y to forecast the results of the present
r. Its course in doing so is entirely justifi-
e. Naturally enough, the report has provoked
od deal of criticism. The stockholders, ow-
to their serious loss of income and the fright-
shrinkage of their principal, are not the most
acting critics, for, judging from the market for
he stock, which has been comparatively firm of
ate, they have in the main determined not to
art with their holdings, being satisfied that the
nost trying part of their experience is over.
Providence will determine whether their view is
correct, for everything now depends upon the re-
ults of this year's agricultural operations in the
mmense region traversed by the Atchison sys-
em. The figures presented by the company in-
dicate that with fairly good business, and with
rates maintained as they should be at reasonably
remunerative figures, it can easily meet all of its
obligations, which are very large by reason of the
tremendous expansion of the system and the con-
sequent increase in its capital account. There is
this to be said of the Atchison management, that
it has not watered the securities it has issued,
and despite its misfortunes, no suspicion of dis-
honesty has been cast upon it. And this is say-
ing a good deal in these days when the personal
schemes of railroad managers are being looked
o very carefully, and security holders are for
vious reasons inclined to be both hasty and
vere in their judgments.

There can be no question but that the Atchi-
son system rather got beyond the control of its
anagers, owing to its too rapid and to some
tent ill-advised expansion. But experienced
anciers have now supplied an element that was
ng in its management, and, as before re-
ked, if Nature favors, its troubles seem to be
er. Patience during the period of recuperation
ill, however, be required, not only in the case of
e Atchison, but in the case of nearly every oth-
portant railroad in the region between the
ssippi River and the Rocky Mountains. The
criticism of the Atchison report that is worth
iscussing at this time is that it is not clearly or
adily intelligible to the average stockholder.
t is a criticism that does not apply with great-
rce to the report under discussion than to
ajority of similar documents. The accounts
ilroad managers render of their steward-
those who employ them may be models of
eping, but that very quality frequently
their value to those who are unacquaint-
the methods and technicalities of railroad
ats. It is well to have all of the details
pany's operations before the public, but
r two setting forth the actual results in
nguage and with the fewest figures possi-
uld be of great value to thousands of small
rs who are bewildered at the mass of fig-
d technicalities that, as a rule, comprise
ual railroad report. What is wanted is
th, and if there is nothing to conceal in
nagement of a company, let it be present-
he simplest and most straightforward man-
sible, not buried under a complication of
s. No one has yet questioned the accu-
the statement that figures will not lie, but
ue is somewhat impaired by a remark face-
made in a recent discussion of that propo-
that while it might be true, it is also true
rs will figure—a witticism that is worthy of
consideration in view of the misinforma-
t is too frequently conveyed by the adroit
eping of railroad managers.

most gratifying development, and one that
not received the attention it deserves, is the
owing of the Chicago and Alton Company for
e year 1888. The net result of its operations
not as good as last year, but that was to be ex-
ected, and is comparatively unimportant. To
sist the force of circumstances is quite as often
element of success as to avail one's self of it,
d it is in the first respect that the Alton com-
any is a conspicuous exception among its neigh-
ors and competitors. It has not yielded to the
uilding mania, and its policy has been to main-
in rates. At times it has been forced to re-
uce its rates, but it has not taken the initiative
curtailing its income. Its report shows that
ood behavior is profitable, and that conservatism
management pays better than ill-considered
se, for no other railroad company in the
n make as satisfactory a showing as the
Another feature of the policy of this com-
mmands approval. It has told its stock-
what has been done for them during the
88, at the same time that it presents for
pproval proxies to continue the present
ement. This action is in marked contrast
hat of the Illinois Central, the Missouri
and the Texas Pacific companies, all
h are soliciting proxies to retain the pre-
anagers without furnishing the stockhold-
ny account of their stewardship. This is
nore to deplored as none of these concerns
ars before the public just now in an enviable

he week closes with the managers of the
s west of Chicago still trying to perfect an
nization for their common protection, with
Northern and Union Pacific alliance finally
pleted, and the general state of trade and of
noney markets fairly satisfactory.

C. A.

W YORK, *Saturday, February* 23, 1889.

"THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN Gang aft aglee." Not so Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It goes right to the spot it is designed to beneficially affect, and there is no tardiness in its action. But while it relieves constipation in common with dyspepsia and liver complaint—associate evils—the griping and abdominal disturbance produced by drastic purgatives never precede its operation. Its thoroughness is unmarred by violence, the chief characteristic of most laxatives and one that is highly prejudicial to both bowels and stomach. It is only by invigorating the intestinal canal, and thus fitting it to perform its office as a natural sluice for the effete matter of the system, that its regularity can be perpetuated. To weaken by drenching is to insure its relapse into disorder. This the Bitters never does. Chills and fever, nervousness, kidney complaints yield to the Bitters, and appetite and sleep are improved by it.—[*Adv.*]

IN 1850

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA," THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER, For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ALL danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.


ACHING Sides and Back

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pain, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Weakening Pains, **relieved in one minute** by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster, 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

MOUNTAINS OF BAGGAGE.
Millions of Dollars' Worth Handled by the Pennsylvania Railroad.
No stronger illustration of the enormous growth of the passenger traffic of the Pennsylvania Railroad system can be found than that afforded by the great increase in the amount of baggage passing through the hands of the General Baggage Agent. In the Centennial year the number of pieces handled amounted to 1,600,000, which was the highest point reached up to that time, and was then considered a remarkable record for the year. These figures, however, dwindle into insignificance when compared with those of the year just closed. In 1888 the number of separate pieces handled reached 3,200,000, representing an aggregate money value of at least three hundred millions of dollars. These figures include only "outbound" baggage, or that which has been checked and forwarded. The inbound receipts amount to about 1,800,000 pieces, aggregating a grand total of 5,000,000 pieces handled. Of this number only three pieces were lost *en route* from starting-point to destination.
In view of the fact that the conditions surrounding the handling of baggage do not always admit of deliberate preparations, but that haste, expedition, and promptness in forwarding are the chief elements in what may now be termed the science of the baggage business, this showing of the Pennsylvania Railroad is phenomenal. Although the system employed by that corporation is well-nigh perfect, the successful working of it is due in great measure to the unceasing care and the tireless watchfulness of its employés. They are a well-trained and admirably-organized body of men, who look with pride upon the record of their year's achievement.

The Kodak.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*
Price, $25.00.
Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.
The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Darlington, Runk & Co.
Spring Novelties in
ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND FRENCH DRESS FABRICS.
FANCY FLANNELS
FOR SEASIDE AND LAWN-TENNIS COSTUMES.
THE CAMARGO CORSET.
Faultless in shape. Perfection in finish. Highest in Quality.
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

OVER 6,000,000 people believe that it pays best to buy Seeds of the largest and most reliable house, and they use
Ferry's Seeds


D. M. FERRY & CO. are acknowledged to be the *Largest Seedsmen in the world.*
D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced
SEED ANNUAL For 1889
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last year's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every person using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address
Earliest Cauliflower in existence.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

A SUPERB PHOTO-GRAVURE PORTRAIT of MR. BENN PITMAN given to every subscriber to the PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for 1889. Specimen Copy of Magazine sent FREE. $1.50 a year. Address JEROME B. HOWARD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR wanted for a first-class Metropolitan Publication of large circulation. Must have experience and a good record. Address, with particulars, L. P., BOX 1334, N. Y. City.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Arnold Constable & Co
EVENING DRESS FABRICS,
New Tissues Received This Week.
EMBROIDERED & LACE WORK.
Grenadines, Gazes,
and
China Crepes,
NEW AND STYLISH COLORS,
Brocaded and Metal Effects.
Broadway & 19th st.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS

THE PATENT
LABRADOR.
Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801

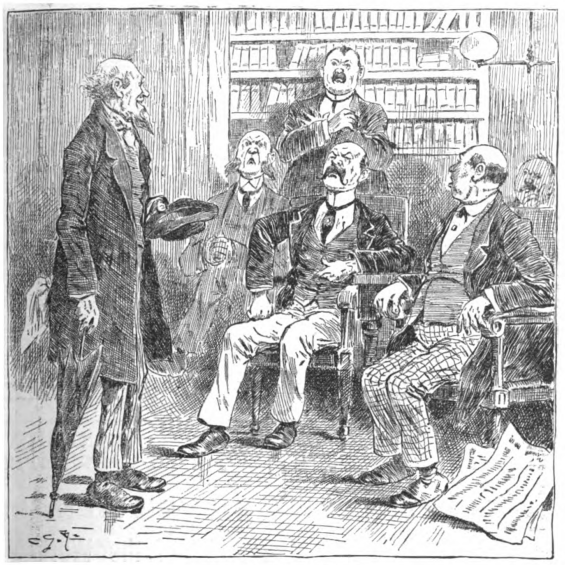
Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR
The Oldest and the Best.
Prevents the hair from falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, &c. Keeps it in the most beautiful condition, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.


"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People*; Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 6th Ave. N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."



OUR MANUAL OF
EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN
For 1889 is the handsomest and most complete Garden Guide ever published. It is really a book of 140 pages, size 9x11 inches, contains *three colored plates*, and illustrations of all that is new, useful and rare in **Vegetables, Flowers, Fruits** and **Plants,** with plain directions "How to grow them," by Peter Henderson
This manual we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cts. (in stamps). **To all** so remitting 25 cts. for the manual, we will at the **same time** send free by mail, in **addition,** their choice of any one of the following **Splendid Novelties,** most of which are now offered for the **first time,** and the price of either of which is 25 cts.: One packet of *Autumn Fing Cabbage*, or one pkt. of *Yosemite Mammoth Wax Bean* (see illustration), or one pkt. *Delmonico Musk Melon*, or one pkt. *Giant Pansy*, or one pkt. *Scarlet Triumph Aster*, or one pkt. *Sunflower* "*Silver and Gold*," or one plant of the climber *Blue Dawn Flower*, or one plant of the *White Moonflower*, or one *Bermuda Easter Lily*, or one plant of either a *Red, Yellow, White, or Pink Everblooming Rose*—**on the distinct understanding,** however, **that** those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.
PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



AN INDUCEMENT.

CHAIRMAN. "Now then, Mr. Smithkins, be so kind as to state what inducement was offered you to testify before this committee."

SMITHKINS. "Well, gents, they tole me you'd as likes as not whitewash everything all over afore you got through, an' as my wife says our hen-house needs it pretty bad, I thought that by chippin' in a word or two I might get it done for nothin'."

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Robert G. Eldert, Valley Stream, N. Y., writes:

"I am a boatman, and upward of sixty years of age. I have suffered severely from rheumatism of the lower part of my back. My back ached without cessation, and at times I thought I would be paralyzed. I procured two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and put them across the lower part of my spine. In twenty-four hours all pain had ceased. At the end of a week I put on two fresh ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, wore them ten days, then took them off, and washed my back with a little alcohol, which removed every trace of the plasters. It is now three months since the plasters cured me, and I feel very much stronger and better than ever before."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

$210 Genuine Confederate Money, with lists of prices we pay for rare U. S. coins; also list of our prices for curiosities, coins, Indian Relics, all for 6c., post-paid. R. W. Mercer, 147 Cent. Av. Cincinnati, O.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically, and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

$5 to **$8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

TRADE-MARK.

PREPARED FROM THE

Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort, SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D., Member of the Royal Board of Health.

They are to be used with great benefit in all **Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx, and Lungs.**

By their action the **mucus is dissolved,** quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying **cough** and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of

the different **CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES,**
the Chronic Catarrhs of the **STOMACH** and **INTESTINES,**
Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver,
and other Abdominal Complaints

requiring a mild, laxative, and stimulating treatment.

DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of **SODEN MINERAL LOZENGES,** as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle only in throats affected by Catarrh; and the tormenting **WHOOPING COUGH** is changed to its mildest form.

Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose vocations require continued use of the voice will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.

The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.

At the International Exhibition at Brussels the* SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES *were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.

For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a box.
Sole Agency for the United States,
Soden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, 15 Cedar Street, New York.

FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

—OF THE—

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Office: Nos. 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

JANUARY 1, 1889.

Amount of Net Assets, January 1, 1888 ..... **$79,912,317.17**

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$22,301,931.11	
Less deferred premiums, January 1, 1888	1,174,340.36	$21,127,590.75
Interest and rents, etc	4,762,169.67	
Less interest accrued, January 1, 1888	488,477.59	4,273,692.08—$25,401,282.83
		$105,313,600.00

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, and Endowments matured and discounted (including reversionary additions to same)		$5,425,926.78
Dividends (including mortuary dividends), annuities, and purchased insurances..		5,547,143.27
Total Paid Policy-holders	$10,973,070.05	
Taxes and re-insurances		303,062.84
Commissions (including advanced and commuted commissions), brokerages, agency expenses, physicians' fees, etc.		3,558,440.80
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc		654,090.12—$15,489,263.81
		$89,824,336.19

ASSETS.

Cash on deposit, on hand, and in transit	$3,695,836 94
United States Bonds and other bonds and stocks (market value, $58,222,751.94)	54,566,901.58
Real Estate	9,308,152.03
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $13,800,000 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)	16,966,922.50
Temporary Loans (market value of securities held as collateral, $2,144,170)	1,676,250.00
*Loans on existing policies (the Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, amounts to over $2,000,000)	378,874.10
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1889	1,435,734.86
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection. (The Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, is estimated at $1,500,000)	1,045,089.46
Agents' balances	298,959.43
Accrued Interest on Investments, January 1, 1889	451,605.24—$89,824,336.19
Market value of securities over cost value on Company's books	**3,655,850.36**

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1889, - - - - - - - **$93,480,186.55**

Appropriated as follows:

Approved losses in course of payment		$555,555.62
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc		302,964.77
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented)		56,511.88
Annuities due and unpaid (claims not presented)		26,865.69
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; at the Actuaries' table 4 per cent. interest		78,985,757.00
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1888, over and above a 4 per cent. Reserve on existing policies of that class	$5,315,720.83	
Addition to the Fund during 1888	2,043,665.84	
DEDUCT—	$7,359,386.67	
Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on matured Tontines	935,609.54	
Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1889		$6,423,777.13
Reserved for premiums paid in advance		46,504.21
		$86,397,936.30
Divisible Surplus (Company's new Standard)		**$7,082,250.25**
		$93,480,186.55
Surplus by the New York State Standard (including the Tontine Fund)		**$13,500,000.00**

From the undivided surplus, as above, the Board of Trustees have declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

RETURNS TO POLICY-HOLDERS.	INSURANCE IN FORCE.	ASSETS.	NEW POLICIES ISSUED.
1886.... $7,627,230.	Jan. 1, 1887.... $304,373,540.	Jan. 1, 1887.... $75,421,453.	1886.... 22,027.
1887.... 9,535,210.	Jan. 1, 1888.... 358,935,536.	Jan. 1, 1888.... 83,079,845.	1887.... 28,522.
1888.... 10,973,070.	Jan. 1. 1889.... 419,886,505.	Jan. 1, 1889.... 93,480,186.	1888.... 33,334.

Number of policies issued during the year, 33,334. Risks assumed, $125,019,731.
Total number of policies in force January 1, 1889, 129,911. Amount at risk, $419,886,505.

TRUSTEES:

WILLIAM H. APPLETON,	ALEX. STUDWELL,	JOHN N. STEARNS,
WILLIAM H. BEERS,	ELIAS S. HIGGINS,	WM. L. STRONG,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,	WALTER H. LEWIS,	W. F. BUCKLEY,
HENRY BOWERS,	EDWARD MARTIN,	HENRY TUCK,
JOHN CLAFLIN,	RICHARD MÜSER,	A. H. WELCH,
ROBERT B. COLLINS,	C. C. BALDWIN,	L. L. WHITE.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., Medical Director.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, President.
HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.
ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-President.
RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.





WANTED SALESMEN Everywhere for our **Adjustable Door Plates** (can sell and deliver at once). Four styles of Door Bells, Metal and White Enamelled Letters, House Numbers, Etc. Samples, Circulars, etc., free. **New York Door Plate Co., Albany, N. Y.**

IF YOU WANT BUSINESS.—Send for CATALOGUE of the best-selling illustrated Subscription Books. Good Books. Large commissions. **Freight Paid.** J. A. & R. A. REID, Pub'rs, Providence, R. I.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

MRS. BROWN. "Can't you find nothing to do?"
SERVANT. "Yis; an' I'm doin' it!"

HENRY-WARD-BEECHER'S OPINION OF PEARS' SOAP



Henry Ward Beecher

"CLEANLINESS is next to Godliness, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I AM WILLING TO STAND BY EVERY WORD IN FAVOR OF IT, I EVER UTTERED."

A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' is the best, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps *for general TOILET PURPOSES.* It is not only the most attractive, but the *purest* and *cleanest.* It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. But be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

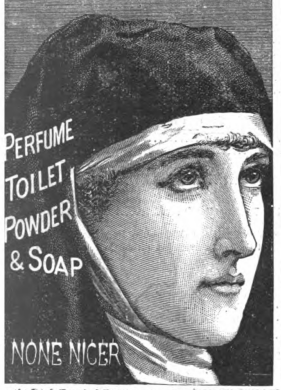


WON GOLD & SILVER MEDALS FOR Championship of the World, At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888. 151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus **BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.

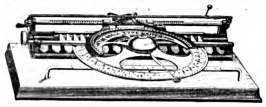
CHERRY BLOSSOM



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, '87, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs straining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. hn Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

75 WORDS A MINUTE ATTAINED.

WORLD TYPEWRITERS.



horoughly Made, Practical, Rapid, Business.

Single Case, $10.00; Double Case, writes 72 characters, $15.00. Walnut Case, $2.00 extra.

ATALOGUES FREE. AGENTS WANTED.

ypewriter Dept., Pope Mfg. Co., 79 Franklin St., Boston; 12 Warren St., New York; 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD



A Favorite with Physicians.

The reluctance with which the regular school of medical practitioners are occasionally induced to prescribe what is popularly termed a "patent medicine," is not, we fear, without good foundation. In this particular the English doctor is, perhaps, more conservative than his brother in the States, yet with wonderful unanimity they unite in praising **Beecham's Pills**, and use them constantly in their practice. **Beecham's Pills** are, of course, an article of rare and exceptional merit. They have the largest sale of any proprietary article in the world. For *disordered liver, weak stomach, poor digestion,* they are incomparable. They act like magic, bringing back almost *immediately* the keen edge of appetite, restoring long-lost complexion, and rousing the whole human frame to renewed health and energy.

Special Beecham's Pills are now being introduced into the United States through their agents, Messrs. B. F. ALLEN & Co., 365 & 367 Canal Street, N. Y., who, if your druggist does not keep them, will mail you a sample box on receipt of 25 cents.

PREPARED ONLY BY THOS. BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

CAUTION If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.



Look all around among the Retailers,

then write to C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT, which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS for *Amateurs, Field Glasses, Microscopes, Telescopes, Spectacles, Barometers, Lantern Slides,* W. H. WALMSLEY & CO. Philadelphia, Pa. Illus. price list free. Send for *Special Bargain Lists.*

TREMONT HOUSE,
BOSTON, MASS.
AMERICAN PLAN.
Rates, $3.00, $3.50, & $4.00 per Day.
CHARLES T. WILSON, Manager.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

YUCCA

Young Ladies are you troubled with dandruff and your hair falling out? You can stop both by using Yucca. It possesses the quality of drying quickly, and does not contain any noxious oil or grease. YUCCA has just been introduced to the trade, and you can probably buy it at the nearest Druggist. If not, send us $1 and we will send you a trial bottle. Always address Yucca Co., Burlington, Vt.

FOR THE HAIR

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.



THE NEW MODEL
Crandall Type-Writer.

Unequalled for speed, accuracy, and durability. Writing in plain sight, even to last letter. Change of type in five seconds. Alignment can never change. The fewest parts of any standard type-writer. Only 28 keys, 84 characters. *Send for illustrated catalogue and price-list to*

IRELAND-BENEDICT CO., Ltd.,
SOLE AGENTS,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
New York Office, 157 Broadway.

SECURUS JUDICAT
Apollinaris
ORBIS TERRARUM

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. Liebig TRADE MARK

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd, London.



I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm I have had no bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, *with the Boston Budget.*

CURE for the DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

FIRE INSURANCE AND LIFE-SAVING.

A SENTENCE bristling with figures tells the story of a fire, as far as it interests those who care for effects indifferent to causes. Here is the epitome of a single conflagration: "Insurance, $2,109,110 59. Loss, $1,080,956 90. Loss over insurance, $258,847 22." The addition of the last rows of figures shows the total loss, $1,339,804 12. The expert in insurance goes further. He studies differences in the character of the property destroyed. The buildings were insured for $780,427 09. The amount owners of structures could claim was $256,639 10. Out of their own pockets, if they wished to rebuild, they would have to disburse $50,727 41. Merchants, manufacturers, tenants suffered more than landlords, for their losses over insurances would foot up $208,119 81. Four-fifths of the ruin fell on the merchants, manufacturers, and tenants. Whose fault was it? That is a question never to be solved. When presidents of insurance companies scrutinized the losses on merchandise of this fire they looked grave, for in almost all cases the entire amounts they had underwritten they had to pay.

By nature and training heads of insurance offices should be pessimists, always prepared for the worst. It is their business to provide for losses caused by fires, so the fire does not bother them to any extent. There are offices in New York where, if the losses within the twenty-four hours of any one day in the year do not exceed $5000, the presidents go home in the most cheerful frame of mind, congratulating themselves on an unprecedented exemption from fires.

One hundred and seventy-seven companies paid for the losses at the fire already mentioned. There were fifty-five in New York and Brooklyn, three in other parts of New York State, twenty-two in Philadelphia, seventy-nine in other States, one in Canada, fifteen in England, two in Germany. After New York it was London and Liverpool that made up the larger contributions.

After all, the one great saving clause of insurance is its universality. For want of a better definition, civilized man may be said to be an insuring animal. The fire which burnt down the shop in Helena, Montana, yesterday will be rebuilt with money coming from other insurers who have been more fortunate in New York, London, and Bremen. The special function of an insurance company is to care for, to nurse and husband mutual savings, and, above all, to distribute the risks. The unsafest thing to do is to put all your eggs in one basket. Scatter them, never carelessly, in various receptacles, and then the chances of smashing all your eggs are lessened. Following more closely than does any other economic subject the principles of supply and demand, about the most foolish thing is that legislative action which tries to hamper the natural laws of insurance.

To gauge the value of such a total as $11,352,577,385 is to tax human capacity. It represents a sum which stood for the risks written by insurance companies for property in the year 1887 in the United States. In 1887 the premiums received by our insurance companies amounted to $99,069,206. There was paid out for fire losses $59,904,990. Reducing these stupendous sums, we get to understandable facts. For every $100 paid by insurers they had returned them $60 47. Presidents of insurance companies sometimes lose heart when pondering over the enormous amount of property consumed, and ask, "How can we go on when the losses by fire represent one-fifth of our annual growth in material wealth?" The statistics on which their views are based are made up by a class of experts whose proficiency cannot be questioned. They will show you that fires are more frequent, and losses apparently augmenting. But what is burnt up in one place is more than made up by rapid growth in other localities. At every instant of time there are recuperative forces at work which defy measurement. Despite, then, the drawbacks, the United States, with the rest of the world, is growing richer. To save what it has from destruction, it makes more insurances. If there were synchronous conflagrations in several great cities it would be the most disastrous of calamities, for what is lost by fire is absolute economic annihilation; but the worst that could happen would be the exhausting of our savings. After the distribution of our hoardings, those who had any money left would put some of it aside for insurance, anticipating other disasters.

The particular fire which showed a loss of $1,339,804 12 might be designated as a fairly destructive one, but during any day in the twelvemonth, in the large cities of the United States, just such fires are to be expected. Neither through means of better construction nor increasing vigilance can the number of fires be lessened. It could scarcely be otherwise. We prolong the hours of the day, reproducing sunlight and sun-heat. The combustion of carbon represented by the ignition of a lump of coal is the concomitant of civilization. We know of no power that by its decomposition does not engender heat and fire. We always slip back into the destroyer's clutches. We cannot do without inflammable substances. We cannot help spontaneous combustion (which, because we know so little about it, is more frequently put to the fore than it really deserves to be). There is no human skill that will ward off a stroke of lightning or the whirl of a cyclone. In large cities, for necessities of trade, we mass goods. Less than a half-century ago the whole value of merchandise scattered in an entire quarter of Philadelphia was not worth as much money as the stock now piled up in a single building in that city. In New York, bounded within certain defined streets, there is always kept, awaiting purchasers, a quantity of goods worth more money than all the houses, with their furniture, now existing in one of our thriving Territories. In other words, if it happened that every house, with every bed and chair, in that Territory should be reduced to ashes, the market value of the contents of that block of buildings in New York could be offered in exchange, and the Territorial inhabitants would have made a capital bargain.

Theoretically, aside from the visitations of Providence, there ought to be no fires. To attain exemption from accidents is, as one knows, impossible. Social conditions, our interdependence is such that we suffer from the misfortunes as much as from the neglect of others. A careful man builds a house, selects a tenant. The house burns, because a neighbor's rats have nibbled matches. The most prudent house-owner will forget that his structure is subject to wear and tear. The flue perfectly safe in 1879 is dangerous in 1889. The element of crime adds to the number of fires. Whether it has been exaggerated or not cannot be stated. For certain kinds of risks it is pictorially represented. Incendiarism is proportionately shown as a square of $1\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch. Defective flues as a square of $1\frac{7}{16}$ of an inch. Taking the total of carelessness, that covers a great area, for human idiocy has most to do with fires. There is culpability in the employment of cheap, and consequently poor, labor about a building. The risk begins when the structure rises from the ground, and it never ends. The flue-builders have scamped their work, as do office-boys, servants, and janitors. Because a man is indolent, and has not his employer's interests at heart, millions of dollars go up into smoke every day. Few who read this article have not, through their own heedlessness, set fire to things around them. But for accidental discovery, the fire might have resulted in personal or material loss.

Taking the number of fires within the large cities of this country, they are of too great frequency. Differences of conditions consequent on climatic changes might be held responsible for the many fires. It does not follow, however, that the amount of property consumed shows increasing losses. For the sake of a comparison, let us take fires and diseases. Certain maladies are contagious. The character of the plague remains the same, but we do our best to prevent contagion. Fire, like cholera, can be and is isolated. One, two, five, ten houses may burn; but that is not as of old, when there were conflagrations of twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred houses. The loss of a house is like the death of an individual. No human skill may be able to save that one man, or that one house; but the man's neighbor, or the house next door, through our efforts, ought not to perish nor be permitted to burn.

The heads of fire departments look at these important subjects in a common-sense way. Under normal conditions they are not held responsible for the first house on fire, but their accountability, in a measure, begins with the contiguous houses. In New York city the Fire Department tabulates such matters, and the New York Fire Department is selected as representing the type of a carefully organized fire department. There are many such in the various cities. In New York, during the last year (1888), there were 3202 fires. Of these 2877 were confined to the point of starting. In 201 cases the fire was confined to the building. In only forty-eight cases did the fire extend to other buildings. There



THE ALARM.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

were 1107 houses nominally damaged; slightly damaged, 1025; considerably damaged, 106; destroyed, 18. In New York the tremendous increase of fires in ratio to population becomes apparent. In 1866, with 64,000 houses, there were 796 fires. In 1888 the increase was 302 per cent. Twenty-two years ago the population was 796,533, to-day it is 1,676,000; while we had one fire to every 967, we have now a fire to every 523 souls. The risk that one house is to burn in every thirty-five is the chance of the New-Yorker in 1888.

In Brooklyn, in 1888, the population being 805,855, houses 95,517, the total of fire alarms was 858. The serious fires were eighty-five. Philadelphia has a million of people, with 185,000 houses. There were 1050 fires. Boston, with 57,077 houses, had 975 fires. Chicago, with 105,590 houses, 1863 fires.

The areas served by fire departments in various cities present no philosophical conclusions, nor does the number of houses. Size, height, position, character of occupants, are the factors which affect fire statistics. Beyond a certain point, it is loss of time to try and formulate any rules which might be useful for the study of fire risks, as far as losses are concerned. As to the character of a risk, that is only a common-sense matter. A series of good months may be followed by a single bad month, and so the average of loss be about the same. How far meteorological conditions are favorable or unfavorable is not easily determined. Let us take the conditions of New York for January, 1889, with the highest mean temperature for some years:

Mean Temperature of New York for January.	Number of Fires in New York for January.	Losses in New York for January.
1886 . . . 35.5°	186	$284,095
1887 . . . 30.1°	187	561,167
1888 . . . 25.9°	194	1,542,991
1889 . . . 36.2°	184	*Not yet made up.*

The supposition would be that because furnaces or other warming appliances were not urged to their utmost capacity there were less fires. We see that for 184 fires in January, 1889, in New York there were ten more in 1888, and in that month there were eleven degrees greater of cold. We must bear in mind, too, that there are more houses in New York city this January than there were in 1888. There certainly was some small decrease of fires. It might be argued, then, that in those latitudes where there was this spell of milder weather there was money saved. Lessened number of fires may then show some proportion to losses, temperatures being considered as a factor; but then, per contra, in certain lines of business it might develop activity and risks which were continuous. A house without an occupant in it may be a dangerous risk; a house with many people in it an equally hazardous one.

For the preparation of an article of this character an endeavor has been made to take nothing for granted. To understand, then, something about property consumed, a number of buildings were visited just after the extinguishing of fires. It may be stated that in a large city any individual who is a fire-marshal has not the opportunity to let the grass grow under his feet. Here are two conditions which show how eccentric are losses. One was a serious fire, with a big blaze. The result was a total loss. The fire had stopped the business in many streets. It was a furniture and wood-working factory. Building and all the tools were burned up. Everything would have to be paid for. The loss would be something like $11,000. The other fire occurred about the same time. It was a fire of not more than fifteen minutes' duration. The premises were occupied by a milliner and mantua-maker. Damage to building insignificant; could be put in order for $800. On the wet carpet in two small rooms there were heaped rows of pitiful-looking mounds; they were the singed and burnt remnants of the many beautiful materials used for ladies' dresses; there were shreds of bodices, scraps of skirts, rags and tags. They represented an actual loss of fully $12,000. It is, then, the quality of the matter burned that makes insurance losses eccentric. A shelving with its boxes of lace in a dry-goods store is worth more than the entire stock of a well-furnished retail grocery store. Insurance companies would underwrite at nominal rates all the pig-iron in the world, but they are called on to protect those whose capital is invested in ostrich feathers. Underwriters must take the fat and the lean, and make their averages as best they can.

We are to believe, then, that although the number of fires does not diminish, the aggregate of loss does not increase with the proportionate augmentation of values. To make this statement clearer we must use a former simile, slightly changing its form. Say that within a former ten years, in a certain civilized section, also defined, 100,000 children were born; of these fifteen per cent. died during the first seven years of scarlet-fever, or other diseases peculiar to childhood. Ten years after, following the laws of population, more than 100,000 children are born under the same conditions. But fifteen per cent. of these children ought not to die, because greater precautions have been taken. There has been just as many if not more children ailing, for the number of them ought to have increased; but the character of the disease has been sooner determined, and there has been more skill in arresting it. There must be, then, an element better organized than in former time which checks destruction by fire. That such does exist is shown by the figures presented. Every day fires are becoming more and more restricted to the place of their origin.

The general characteristics of a thoroughly organized fire department have been frequently given. We have been told of the officers who examine the construction of a building, of those whose duty it is to know what is stored in the structure, and for all these precautions the house is on fire. Are we to moralize on the facts that some time or other every man is to die, every ship to be wrecked, every house to be burned? Physical action is what is called upon, not mental abstraction, when the fire-alarm sounds. At once four things, one crowding on the heels of the other, have to be appreciated: 1st. The whereabouts of one house in a city containing 185,000 of them, as in Philadelphia, must be known; 2d. That information has to be transmitted to the fire department; 3d. The fire department informs one of the many engine, or hook and ladder, or fire patrol companies of the fact; and 4th, the engines go to the conflagration. In many cases there are but two acts. Transmission to an engine company, or hook and ladder company, and away they go. With its own ample plexus of telegraphic communication, almost automatic in its functions, and that perfection of drill, all this has taken less time to actually carry out than has been occupied in writing the last 100 words. "More haste, worse speed" has no relative signification to a fire department. It rather bears in mind SHAKESPEARE—

> "A little fire is quickly trodden out,
> Which being suffered rivers cannot quench."

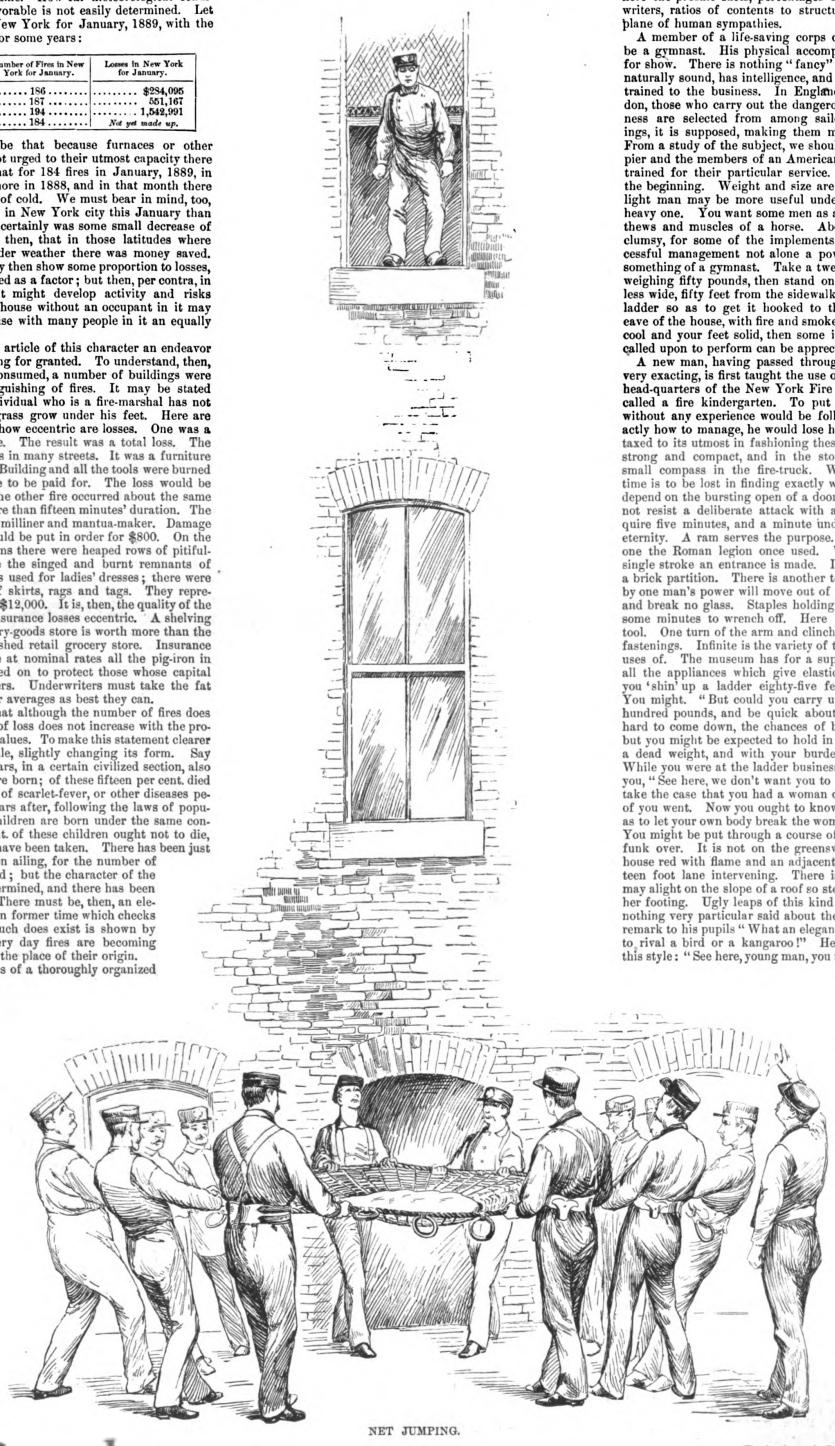
For a fire department, from chief to horse, the personal equation is reduced to a minimum.

Electricity takes the place of legs, steam that of arms. The time interval between the discovery of a fire and arrival of the firemen has a money valuation. It might be worth a thousand dollars a second. The fraction of a minute saved will rescue a life. Behind electricity and steam there is the man. Certain points in the general fire service of a great city have apparently escaped special appreciation, and such are well worthy of description. When a fire-alarm is sounded, who knows what is its scope or character? Is it to be a sham battle, a skirmish, or a heavy action? an empty cow-shed, a crowded hotel, or a tenement-house? Say it is the latter, and the alarm is given at 11 A.M. Then risks to lives in that tenement might be in diminishing numbers, restricted to the sick, the women and children, the workers being out. If after 10 P.M. the risk of loss of life would be manifestly increased.

The directing of a stream of water, under the most dangerous of circumstances, with the chances of a wall toppling down, calls on the nerve of a man, but this at times will not suffice. Within a fiery furnace it is known that away above in a house there is a man, a woman, a child. Who dare effect a rescue? There is nothing like the call for a forlorn hope. Rarely have orders to be given. Men have rather to be held in the leash. Any number of a fire department will spring forward, if there is but one chance in the thousand for the rescue. And remember that these men appreciate better than any one else what are the chances. Main pluck does much, but personal courage has the immense advantage of knowing just how to attempt what to others would seem foolhardiness. Could a clumsy man, providing he were as brave as PHIL SHERIDAN, keep his footing on the slippery edge of an ice-coated cornice seventy-five feet above the ground? We leave here the prosaic facts, percentages of losses, minutes of underwriters, ratios of contents to structures, and mount the higher plane of human sympathies.

A member of a life-saving corps of any fire department must be a gymnast. His physical accomplishments are not acquired for show. There is nothing "fancy" about him. Providing he is naturally sound, has intelligence, and is eager for work, he can be trained to the business. In England, more particularly in London, those who carry out the dangerous part of a fireman's business are selected from among sailors and riggers, these callings, it is supposed, making them more familiar with climbing. From a study of the subject, we should say that the French Pompier and the members of an American life-saving corps are alone trained for their particular service. With us a man begins at the beginning. Weight and size are not so important, because a light man may be more useful under certain conditions than a heavy one. You want some men as agile as cats, others with the thews and muscles of a horse. Above all a man must not be clumsy, for some of the implements in use want for their successful management not alone a powerful man but one who is something of a gymnast. Take a twenty-foot long scaling-ladder, weighing fifty pounds, then stand on a window-sill six inches or less wide, fifty feet from the sidewalk, and balance and raise that ladder so as to get it hooked to the window-ledge, cornice, or eave of the house, with fire and smoke around you, keep your head cool and your feet solid, then some idea of the duties a man is called upon to perform can be appreciated.

A new man, having passed through physical tests which are very exacting, is first taught the use of his tools. There is at the head-quarters of the New York Fire Department what might be called a fire kindergarten. To put a man to the actual work without any experience would be folly. If he did not know exactly how to manage, he would lose his life. Ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost in fashioning these fire tools, in making them strong and compact, and in the stowing of them away within small compass in the fire-truck. When fire has full sway, no time is to be lost in finding exactly what is wanted. A life may depend on the bursting open of a door. An iron-plated one might not resist a deliberate attack with axes, but to do it would require five minutes, and a minute under certain circumstances is eternity. A ram serves the purpose. It is the miniature of the one the Roman legion once used. Work it properly, and at a single stroke an entrance is made. It will batter its way through a brick partition. There is another tool, a series of levers, which by one man's power will move out of the way a whole shop front, and break no glass. Staples holding heavy padlocks might take some minutes to wrench off. Here is a queer kind of dentist's tool. One turn of the arm and clinched nails are torn from their fastenings. Infinite is the variety of tools the men are taught the uses of. The museum has for a supplement a gymnasium with all the appliances which give elasticity to the muscles. "Can you 'shin' up a ladder eighty-five feet high and make time?" You might. "But could you carry up with you hose weighing a hundred pounds, and be quick about it?" It would not be so hard to come down, the chances of being killed urging you on; but you might be expected to hold in your arms a woman who is a dead weight, and with your burden accomplish your retreat. While you were at the ladder business an instructor would say to you, "See here, we don't want you to break your own neck! But take the case that you had a woman on the ladder, and over both of you went. Now you ought to know how to drop in such a way as to let your own body break the woman's fall." Can you jump? You might be put through a course of jumps the champion might funk over. It is not on the greensward, but a jump between a house red with flame and an adjacent structure, with a ten or fifteen foot lane intervening. There is nobody to save you—you may alight on the slope of a roof so steep that a cat could not keep her footing. Ugly leaps of this kind have often to be taken, and nothing very particular said about them. An instructor does not remark to his pupils "What an elegant thing it is to be graceful—to rival a bird or a kangaroo!" He rather turns his phrase in this style: "See here, young man, you might be cornered some day, so jump the best you know how. Remember, the time may come when a child is in your arms, and then we either want that kid saved or one fireman the less on the pay-roll."

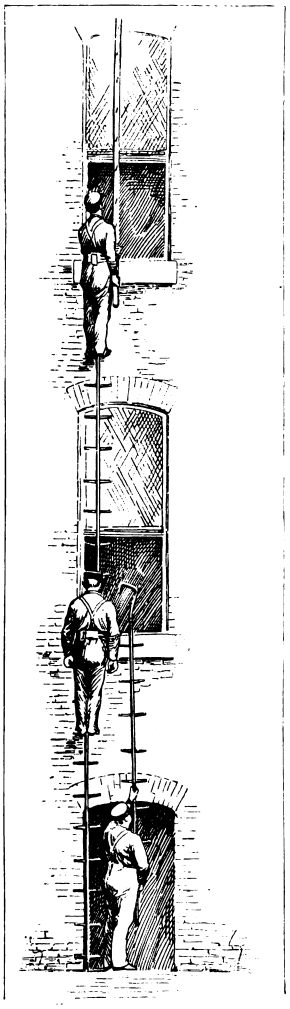


NET JUMPING.

Much has been written in regard to jumping into nets, the *dernier resort* of the firemen. Nets are used as the last final necessity. Men and women do jump, but it seems as if, in their terror, they would prefer death by fire than take the chances of the net. Of course it would be impossible to train people how to jump into a net, but the public ought to know that, no matter how clumsy they may be, the chances of injury are slight. Unless you jump head-foremost, or dive, save a bump or so, the injuries are insignificant. Everything depends on the men who hold the net, and they know how they are to catch the falling body. Through practice these men become

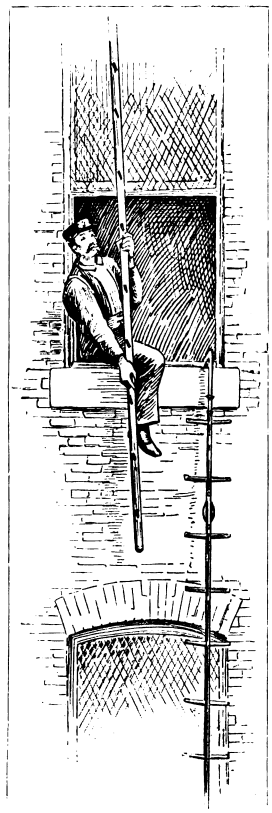
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wonderfully proficient. Popular opinion will have it that jumping into a net was taken from circus performances. Such is not the case. The Fire Department owes nothing to the acrobat. Mademoiselle CAOUTCHOU did the business in a very neat and elegant manner, with all the pomp and ceremony fitting the occasion. Her net was nicely stretched; the meshes of it were close together, the twine fine, the area wide, and the net made perfectly elastic. She arranged herself and her drapery before the plunge. She used the utmost deliberation; her practised eye plumbed the exact spot where she intended falling. Take the illustration of the fireman about to make an actual jump of fifty-five feet. He does not jump because he likes to jump, but because he has to. He stands on a narrow window-ledge, with the upper sash just above him. It is necessarily a constrained position. He has had no time to smash the sash. Now try to make a clean, neat jump out of a window under these exact conditions. A man thus hampered might catch, trip, and come down head-foremost. Certain instructors, who think of nothing else than their life-saving duties, having the whole business at their finger-ends, will tell you that Mademoiselle CAOUTCHOU made her jumps in a very elegant manner, but they will inform you that mademoiselle tried a jump—not a very high one—into one of their regulation nets, and that her fair person was considerably scored, and that she evinced no eagerness to keep on jumping, at least in practical fireman's style. The holders of the net have by no means



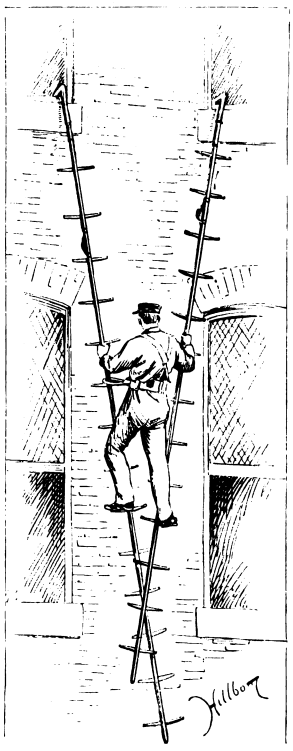
A WORKING TEAM.

an easy task. The distance of the net from the ground, as it is clutched by the men, is about three feet eight inches. The net must be kept rigid. It is dangerous to have it elastic, for then a man falling in it may carry it down to the ground and be injured. In actual work the men are taught to exert their united strength only at the exact instant when the body strikes the net. The net must not sag. To get precision for this kind of work is everything, and dummies of different weights are used. These are thrown out of windows, or rolled down from the house-top, and the men are not told when it is coming. Like good-ball players, the net-men are expected to catch things on the fly. If the dummy falls in the net and touches the ground they have to do it all over again. Accidents to the men holding the net are not to be overlooked; a man of one hundred and fifty pounds falling seventy-five feet on top of another man holding the net would be likely to kill both of them. At a recent fire a woman was extricated in a most gallant way by a fireman from the upper part of a building. Every escape was cut off, and it was a jump into the net or death. The man might have jumped at once, but the woman was to be saved first. He might have argued with her. Suffice to say she was made to jump first, and maybe compulsion was never more judiciously exerted. She fell comfortably into the net without even a contusion. Then the fireman had to jump, but the interval was too short for the men below to get all exactly right.



SINGLE MAN AT WORK.

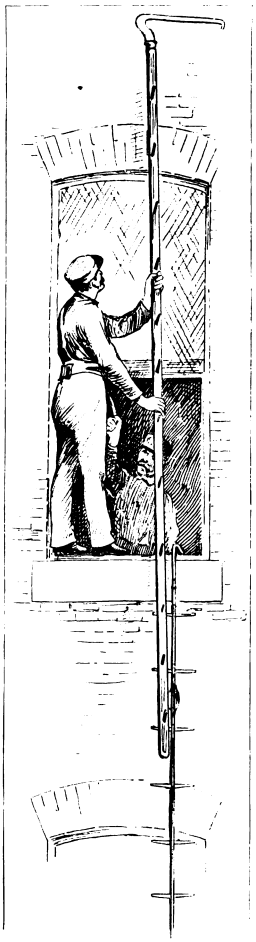
They did catch him, however, very neatly, nor did he touch the ground, through the net, but he bounced out of it, and then falling broke his arm; but better his arm than his neck. It might be thought that canvas would be better to jump into than rope netting, but experience shows that it is not. The suddenness of the shock rends it; it does not keep the normal condition of strength. As at a fire everything becomes wet, canvas stretches, and is likely to mildew when stored.



FIREMAN MOVING FROM A WINDOW ON THE RIGHT TO ONE ON THE LEFT.

A fly can climb anywhere, and so must an expert member of the life-saving service. Providing there are windows, cornices, ledges on the side of a house, up the man will go. A dead wall will not balk him. We all know how the sailors got on top of Cleopatra's Needle by means of the kite and the packthread. In particular cases a fire-arm is used which is the invention of Mr. HUGH BONNER, the most efficient assistant-chief of the New York Fire Department. The projectile is a closely fitting metallic cap, which stoppers the muzzle of the piece. It is like the cork of a bottle, only fitting outside of the neck of the bottle, not inside. To this a cord is attached, which is quite clear of the piece. A very small cartridge acts as the propelling force, and directly the projectile shoots in the air with the cord, the line falls on the top of the house. If there is a fireman up there, he lays hold of the cord and hauls away, for it is joined to a rope. He and others may have been cut off from all help on that roof, and this line will save his and their lives. He secures the line to a chimney or anything, and lowers himself down.

Our illustration shows two men coming down a rope. They are trained men. One man clasps the other around the waist. It takes a good deal of reliance to do a thing of this kind ninety-five feet from the ground. The way the man comes down the rope is thus managed: Around the waist of every one is a belt, and without it a member of the life-saving corps is not equipped. In this belt, made of the best and strongest materials, sewed and riv-



RAISING THE SCALING-LADDERS.



DESCENT BY THE ROPE.

eted, there is an iron hook. A double hitch is made through the hook, and the man is then an animated pulley. He can stop in his downward descent where he pleases, so as to get clear of obstructions. It looks ugly enough at any time when the thing is performed for the benefit of admiring visitors, but as it has been done when timbers were falling, with avalanches of bricks and stones, amid fire and flame, it is then awe-inspiring. More than once, through good luck alone, the men have fallen but a short distance from the ground, because the strands of the rope had been gnawed through by the hungry flames. Climbing by means of scaling-ladders is a remarkable performance. The approach to a building, in certain parts, may be impossible for the great ladders—you can't get over intervening walls. You must use short ladders, not one but many of them. These ladders vary in length from fifteen to twenty feet, the general height of stories in an ordinary building. The ladders are made of a straight piece of hickory, with transverse rungs. On top, on one side only, is a piece of wrought-iron, which is set at right angles. The ladder will hang on by this piece of iron to anything which juts out from the side of a building. Ascents have been made where the vantage spots on the side of a building have been of only two inches. The lower edge of the iron is dentilated, so that the hold is more secure; but still the wonder is how any security comes from it when applied to a window-sill, which sill may be rotten

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE RESCUE.—Drawn by Harper Pennington.

h age, for the man who works it does not know exactly on at it holds. Much skill is necessary in raising these ladders. the ground there is room for the fireman's feet, but above no h opportunity. An ordinary window is about three feet wide, l the ledge of it from five to seven inches broad. The iron of ladder is hung on the lower story window, and the man runs jumps inside the room, and no sooner is he in than up comes mate, who has another ladder. No. 1, who is inside, clutches the hook which is on the belt of No. 2, and so steadies "2," o, standing on the ledge, has his arms free. He hoists his ond ladder. No. 2 gets in his window when No. 3 comes up, l so on, with other ladders and other men. At last the eaves the house are reached.

It happens sometimes that one man with a single ladder has to it all. Then he straddles the sill, and works himself up as it he may one-handed. To work a ladder requires nice hand- g. It must be done in just one way. If it begins to sway, no ids or wrists will hold it, and over it goes. To prevent its ching on obstacles, when elevated, it has a guard which allows o pass over such places. These ladders have other uses. They ve at times as bridges, and span roaring gulfs of fire. Men l hang on them, and with their hands swing along them. It pens sometimes, through the capriciousness of a fire, that three ries have been scaled, by means of the ladders in the windows, en suddenly, right in a line above, the flames burst out at the irth story. It is impossible to hook on the scaling-ladder there. A circuitous but always upward route must be selected. The window directly above cannot be utilized, but another window to the right or left on the fourth story must serve. The illustration shows how this is done. The man fastens his ladder, as in the picture, to the window to the right above him, and getting hold, deliberately swings off, pendulum like. When the oscillations have ended, he will go up. If the time will allow, he unites the two ladders by means of his belt hook, and so horizontal access, and not perpendicular access, becomes possible. All the time, when in actual service, every care is taken by the captain or fireman that the men at work above shall have all necessary help from those below. What they may want is anticipated. In the man's belt is an axe, and in a pocket a half-dozen strong spikes. A spike driven through a bit of wood will improvise a cleet, to which the rope is attached, or his own life-line, and the life-line is something the man never goes without. It is his sheet-anchor—it may help to get him clear from the building when there was no other chance.

Devotion to those whose lives are endangered the public know some little about, but nothing of the bravery displayed by these men in rescuing a fellow-fireman. Such matters go unheralded. The men themselves never talk of such acts of gallantry. To them it falls within the lines of their duty. Fire departments keep record of the actions of *éclat*, and write them down, just as they should, in a very matter-of-fact way. What a newspaper will give a column to, and deservedly, the fire department jots down in a few terse lines. Here is an instance of life saving that took place while this article was in preparation, and the description of it is taken from the fire record:

"Maggie Armstrong, aged twenty-one years, was taken from third floor on ladder to sidewalk by fireman Ryan, assisted by Assistant Foreman Tourhy and fireman Hall; and Lena Schmidt, aged twenty-two years, who, when found unconscious, was taken from first floor by Foreman Sullivan. The rescues were made in dense smoke."

Is that all? The fire was a fatal one to three poor women—a hell-trap, a tinder-box—and the roasting of women alive arose, so said a competent Inspector of Buildings, because a partition had been put up within the factory without a permit from the Bureau of Buildings. The unknown at a fire has been slightly commented upon. Where the life-saving department in this instance behaved so gallantly, the fire took place not far from a grammar-school where there were two thousand children.

In realizing what are the duties of a special branch of service, it must be remembered that some of its proficiency belongs to all the members of the fire departments in the great cities. Volunteer fire companies throughout the United States, whose duties are so varied and arduous, are fully aware what extra efficiency can be acquired by means of the better development of the physical qualities of at least their younger members. All of them ought to know how to use the ladders and the nets. By their means they can save the lives of others and their own. Barnet Phillips.

NEW YORK VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT.

IE STORY OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York. By George W. Sheldon. With 145 Illustrations, Portraits, many of which are taken from Old Prints of Historic Interest. Square 8vo, Cloth, $4 50.

Mr. Sheldon's book is a very favorable specimen of its useful and interesting kind, comprehensive, stematic, careful, well indexed, and written with an equal appreciation of the value of historical and tistical facts, and the fascination of the romantic side of his subject.—*N. Y. World.*

No old "institution" of New York offers so many picturesque contrasts and romantic incidents in course of its eventful history as the Volunteer Fire Department of New York. Its record of roic acts and notable sacrifices is a long and glorious one.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

The author finds time and space for bits of humor and pathos and characteristic anecdotes, which liven his pages in a most entertaining way.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Mr. Sheldon goes over the ground in a broad and thorough way, and has produced a history which due to the memory of the department as the monument of their devotion, courage, and public irit through a long course of years.—*N. Y. Independent.*

It is valuable as a history and invaluable as a reminiscence of romantic days which will never me again.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Mr. Sheldon writes with enthusiastic interest, supplies a multitude of important facts which deserve rmanent preservation, and has made a book of very great value to all interested either in the story of New York city or in that of the art of fighting fire.—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR GUNNERS AND ANGLERS.

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.

Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners. With Descriptions in Language Understanded of the People. By Gurdon Trumbull. 90 Illustrations and an Index. 8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Top, $2 50.

A book that is entirely new and curious, which possesses a very great interest for the student of ornithology, and which will be still more warmly welcomed by the gunner who loves to go shooting. —*Forest and Stream*, N. Y.

WELLS'S FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE.

Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. Suggestions as to their Manufacture and Use. By Henry P. Wells. Illustrated. Small 4to, Illuminated Cloth, $2 50.

This handsome book ought to delight fishermen, who will read every page and call for more.—N. Y. *Herald.*

WELLS'S AMERICAN SALMON-FISHERMAN.

The American Salmon-Fisherman. By Henry P. Wells, Author of "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle." Illustrated. Small 4to, Illuminated Cloth, $1 00.

A work greatly needed, and supplies a demand long felt by the disciples of Izaak Walton.—*Boston Evening Traveller.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by* Harper & Brothers, *postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* Harper's Catalogue *will be sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Digitized by Google Original from PENN STATE

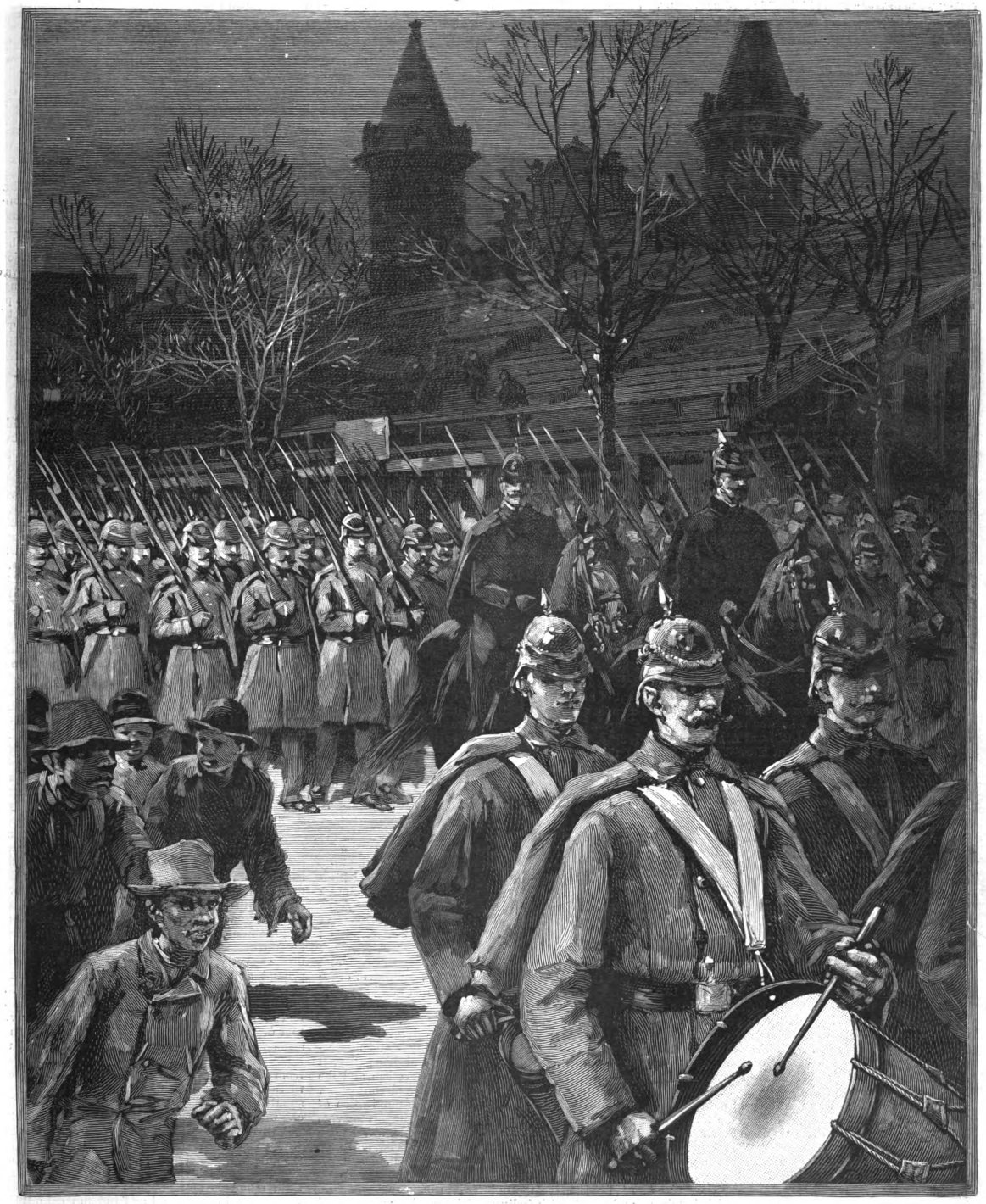
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1681. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



THE ARRIVAL OF TROOPS—A SCENE ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE BEFORE INAUGURATION DAY.—DRAWN BY THULSTRUP AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE unquestionably ranks as the foremost juvenile publication in the country, and the young folks are hardly able to await its arrival, so eager are they to enjoy its pages."—*Albany Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for March 5th is more than usually rich and bright. Here are fiction, natural history, physics, architecture, and poetry. In fiction the most notable contribution is the first part of

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

It is a story of Georgia life before the War, illustrated by KEMBLE. DR. FELIX L. OSWALD, *in his "Home Studies in Natural History," tells about "A Home-made 'Zoo'," and* MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK *continues her "Little Experiments."*

SIX "WIDE-OPEN" PROFESSIONS

is the title of a series of "Talks with Boys" by DR. JOHN S. WHITE, *in which that eminent educator will endeavor to give six different answers to the question, "What shall I do with my Boy?" Architecture is the subject of the first "Talk."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY *of March 23d will be begun a new story of New York life, by* WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, *entitled*

"A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES,"

illustrated by W. A. ROGERS.

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

AS this paper is issued the administration of General HARRISON begins. It was fitting that on the day before he left his home his clergyman, during the church service, should have treated the event as one of solemn significance. General HARRISON undertakes one of the greatest of official duties, and his responsibility is so vast that he may well desire the friendly consideration of all his countrymen. His journey to Washington twenty-eight years after the similar journey of the first Republican President recalls that event and the dark hours in which it occurred. Mr. LINCOLN left his home in Springfield on the 11th of February, 1861, and he bade his fellow-townsmen farewell in a little speech which was full of the deepest earnestness and sadness: "A duty devolves upon me," he said, "which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of WASHINGTON," and he expressed the profoundest reliance upon the Divine aid, "without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." The duty, which was indeed greater than any man's since WASHINGTON, LINCOLN discharged with all of WASHINGTON'S rectitude, wisdom, ability, and success, and his memory is as affectionately venerated. He passed from Springfield to Indianapolis, where the Governor and Legislature received him; at Columbus he was received by the Governor and Legislature of Ohio, at Albany by the Legislature of New York, and at Harrisburg by that of Pennsylvania. All along the way from his home to Washington there was the profoundest interest, mingled of anxious doubt and gloomy forecast; and the swift and sudden journey from Harrisburg to Washington, to avert a plot against his life, merely indicates the tragical situation.

Under what different conditions his Republican successor makes his journey to-day! The radical disturbance of the country coeval with the government of the Constitution has disappeared forever. Traditions and bitterness of feeling and difficult questions indeed remain. But the essential obstacles to union are removed, and it is to administer a government to which there is no practical hostility whatever that General HARRISON appears in Washington. At the inauguration of the first Republican President the entire country was divided into two, and only two, parties, radically hostile, resolute in every fibre, and moving swiftly to prolonged and uncompromising civil war. The only question was how far the Northern political allies of the Southern party would oppose the action of the Republican administration. Party division then lay along the line of the existence of the government. To-day it is not determined even by questions of policy. The Democratic party is not agreed upon the tariff; the Republican party is divided upon civil service reform. In this situation, forecast is impossible. Whether President HARRISON will act upon the moderate view of the tariff held by his Republican predecessors ARTHUR and GARFIELD and GRANT and LINCOLN, or upon the extremer view which is taken by some later Republicans; whether he will hold the by[illegible] of his grandfather in regard to executive opinions of [illegible]removals—opinions not honestly appointments and [illegible] shared by any great Whig chiefs, but which are entertained to-day by most eminent Republican leaders—can be determined only by the event. Whether the spirit of WASHINGTON or of the Ostend manifesto will preside over our foreign relations, whether the Indian question will be treated wisely and humanely or with contemptuous scorn of the Indians, whether the grasping aggression of corporate power will be stimulated or restrained, are all problems whose solution cannot be foreseen.

But one thing is plain. Despite the truculence of party spirit there was never a more significant force of public opinion in the Union not of a partisan cast than at this time. There was never so large a body of voters whose votes were thrown against a President, but who are so prepared to judge his administration with perfect good feeling and without prejudice, as that which now exists in the country. President HARRISON will find no body of his fellow-citizens fairer in their judgments, more considerate of the difficulties of his position, or more disposed to sustain every endeavor for honest administration, than those who from differing convictions upon questions of national policy opposed his election. It is quite possible, as the experience of the last few years has shown, to estimate public men and measures by a patriotic rather than a merely partisan standard, and to perceive that, while every man's sympathy will naturally attend the party which seems to him upon the whole to represent more truly the character, conscience, and intelligence of the country, yet that nothing is more childish and contemptible than to suppose that either party monopolizes the best qualities of American citizenship. The profession of a policy alone does not necessarily determine sympathy with a party. That sympathy is decided by many considerations. Mr. BRYANT, Mr. FIELD, Mr. SEDGWICK, strongly opposed the annexation of Texas, which was the professed Democratic policy in 1844, yet they supported the Democratic candidate. In 1860, however, when Democracy had become identified with the aggressions of slavery, Mr. BRYANT and Mr. FIELD supported the Republican candidate. By party great results are achieved, but by independence party is held to its true aim, and by the same independence, when mere party spirit instead of principle prevails, mere party spirit is baffled. This is a force, therefore, which no wise statesman despises. It sees President HARRISON inaugurated with no purpose of belittling or opposing his administration because it may not have voted for him, but prepared to view his course with the same friendly wish for its success in promoting good government and the progress of wise reforms with which it greeted the opening administration of Mr. CLEVELAND four years ago.

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND MR. PARNELL.

THE publication by the London *Times* of the alleged letters of Mr. PARNELL showing his complicity with crime in Ireland promises to prove the most important event in the history of that great journal, and to have a profound influence upon the political situation in Great Britain. The *Times* has long occupied a position of supremacy in England unlike that of any newspaper in any other country. It has been a national institution, like Parliament or the Church. Its power has been enormous and prolonged. Professedly of no party, it has been accepted as the voice of British common-sense upon every question and in every emergency. This character has been obtained by consummate skill in estimating the actual drift of opinion and what may be called the instinctive average British view, and in selecting the writer who would give it the most forcible and characteristic expression. In this way it has held the mirror up to British nature, without regard to consistency or principle. It has reflected England, and the average Englishman unconsciously recognized himself upon its pages. This peculiar ability, which was instinctive rather than intentional, has created the primacy which it long enjoyed, and enabled it to accumulate great riches. The zenith of its powers was touched probably under the editorship of Mr. DELANE, and since his death, some years ago, and amid the increasing enterprise and resources of other papers, the prestige and authority of the *Times* have declined.

But it has still maintained a great and representative influence, and during the absorbing Irish controversy of the last few years, in its bitter and unsparing hostility to Mr. GLADSTONE and his policy, it has been the organ of British conservatism, and the dependence of the John Bull spirit and conviction. Its great blow in the contest was the publication of the PARNELL letters on the eve of an important vote in Parliament. The letters, if genuine, utterly discredited Mr. PARNELL as a political leader, and stigmatized the Irish movement as a criminal conspiracy. If they were really his letters, his cause could not readily survive the opprobrium of such leadership, and the English feeling which the *Times* represented would seem to be justified. The investigation before the Commission, therefore, has been an event of the utmost interest, which culminated as the inquiry was directed to the authenticity of the letters. The result is astounding. A cross-examination of the chief witness, PIGOTT, masterly in acuteness and exposure, had reached a point where it was obvious that its issue would be a prosecution for perjury. At this point PIGOTT ran away, having first made before Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE a confession that the letters on which the *Times* based its case were forgeries. In a word, the letters were bought by the *Times* of a "dead-beat," of a notorious swindler, without verification, almost without inquiry, and the confession of the swindler shows that they were not genuine. The catastrophe of the *Times* and of its cause is complete. The sagacity, the judgment, the common-sense, the ordinary business shrewdness, of the great journal are hopelessly compromised by the disclosure. The revelation of the foolish weakness of the support upon which British conservative prejudice has leaned will necessarily destroy the unquestioning confidence which the *Times* has commanded.

The appearance of Mr. PARNELL as the untouched victim of the basest conspiracy of defamation will produce a reaction of opinion which will extend to the whole cause which he represents. The *Times* emerges ridiculous from the ordeal which it eagerly challenged, and Mr. PARNELL with dignity and prestige from a persecution which is seen to be both reckless and dastardly. English love of fair play will ask, if this chief and most damaging charge is a contemptible forgery, what is the truth about the other Irish stories? The *Times* is shown to stop at nothing in its desire to blacken the character of its opponents: is the *Times* a wise guide in so vital a controversy? May there not be some reason, after all, in the Irish agitation? Is it impossible that PARNELL may be a patriot instead of a mere demagogue? No great journal can ever fully recover from self-inflicted blows of this kind. Now that it is known to have brought the most deadly charge without the commonest precautions of verification, it can never again expect its own word to be accepted without confirmation. This is the home-returning curse of the whole proceeding. The *Times* has hopelessly weakened its own authority.

THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

THE Conference of civil service reformers held in Baltimore on the day after WASHINGTON'S birthday was a timely and pleasant reunion, which happily illustrated the cordial feeling among the more prominent friends of reform. The conspicuous participants and leaders of the Conference were supporters of General HARRISON at the late election. Mr. BONAPARTE, the president of the Maryland association, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of the New York association, Mr. FOULKE, the late president, and Mr. SWIFT, the present president, of the Indiana association, are earnest friends of President HARRISON, and hold that the declarations of the Republican platform, and the cordial acceptance of them by President HARRISON in his letter of acceptance, are not conventional phrases, but expressions of an honest conviction and purpose. That these gentlemen speak for a strong Republican feeling there is no doubt. Yet it is impossible not to remember that General HARRISON'S grandfather entered upon the Presidency with the most friendly Whig expressions and purposes of reform, which, however, did not prevent a partisan proscription in the civil service as sharp and general as that of JACKSON. The story of the appointment of EDWARD CURTIS as Collector of New York under the first HARRISON administration is one of the most humiliating illustrations of the destruction of the manly sense of honor and decency which is wrought by the spoils system.

But the change in the public interest and conviction upon this subject within the half-century since the first HARRISON Presidency is one of the most satisfactory and encouraging facts of our political history. That the purely spoils spirit survives is obvious enough in some of the suggestions for the Collectorship of New York which have been already made, and the honesty of the Republican platform declarations will be at once put to the most decisive test under the new administration. There was no more prompt and strong condemnation of the HIGGINS appointment under the late administration than that which proceeded from civil service reformers who had supported Mr. CLEVELAND. Each similar violation of pledges and principles was censured in the same way, not indeed as conclusive proof of utter hypocrisy and falsehood, but as a flagrant departure from the true course, which made faithful adhesion to that course much more difficult. Undoubtedly, should similar occasion arise, the criticism of reformers, whether they supported President HARRISON or not, will be equally prompt and decided. The excuse which has not been admitted by Republicans in the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND, will not, of course, be tolerated under that of Mr. HARRISON. Such partisan removals and appointments, for instance, as were made in Maryland and Indiana cannot be excused under the plea that everything cannot be done at once, and that Rome was not built in a day.

That familiar plea is not applicable, for instance,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in the case of the appointment of an enemy of reform to the head of an office in which the classified system exists. Upon this plain and palpable point the Baltimore Conference, under true Republican auspices, resolved that "the heads of all offices concerned in the enforcement of civil service laws should be men of experience and discretion, and in full sympathy with the reform of the civil service." This principle cannot be satisfied by the appointment to such a post of what is known as a spoils politician, under the plea that he swears to obey the law, and that his oath includes the civil service law. It certainly does include that law, but the probabilities of the honest regard of a spoils politician for the law are illustrated in the postmastership of AQUILA JONES in President HARRISON'S own city of Indianapolis. If the President thinks that that appointment was in conformity with the principles of reform, we may expect similar appointments, but not otherwise. The appointment of HIGGINS, under any Republican name, will be the same kind of blow to the administration of President HARRISON that it was to the administration of President CLEVELAND. "We will not fail to keep our pledges," said the Convention that nominated President HARRISON, and it proceeded to state one of them by saying that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments." We believe that to be a strong and sincere sentiment among Republicans, and that it may be trusted more safely by the Republican Executive than the declaration of Mr. MARCY, "To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." In the firm and fair tone of the Conference, speaking for a great and intelligent body of citizens, President HARRISON will recognize a friendly and not a captious spirit.

THE CEILING SWINDLE.

THE New York Legislature which met on the 1st of January was expected to pass promptly measures of high license and ballot reform, which were the two questions upon which the confidence of the State was asked in the campaign. At the end of two months its chief business seems to have been an inquiry into a disgraceful job in which the State has been swindled, and the activity of some members of the majority has been directed mainly to baffling the inquiry. The State has been swindled apparently of some hundred thousand dollars. It cannot be difficult to ascertain who has profited by the swindle. The Republican majority must bear the responsibility both of the fraud and of the effort to shield it, and the Republican party will be made to pay the penalty at the polls.

The honest way is the best and most politic way. Mr. CROSBY and his friends, who insist that this job shall be fully exposed, and that those who have received money illicitly shall be revealed, are the true friends of their party; while Mr. AINSWORTH and the Committee on Appropriations, who apparently endeavor to evade a clear and definite statement of the facts, are its enemies. Such an "issue" as the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber is one that the average voter easily comprehends. He has his own views upon it, and he votes accordingly. It was Mr. OGLE'S pictures of the gold spoons and the elegant luxury of the VAN BUREN White House which caught the imagination and decided the vote of the plain people still smarting with the panic of 1837. The Capitol at Albany is a monument of reckless extravagance to the same voters, and a definite, comprehensible, and bald fraud like that of the Assembly ceiling is one which will deeply impress them.

This wretched affair at Albany illustrates the venal tendency, and also the disposition to wink at the venal tendency, which alarm and alienate the honest supporters of any party. Men like Mr. CROSBY, to whom their party name is an honest pride and possession, seek instinctively to purge it of such blots. Their success, however, is apt to be like that of reformers in the Roman Church. Gradually they withdraw, or they acquiesce with a sigh, and murmuring that we must take things as they are. Yet if Republicans are familiar with their party history they know that it is men who were too manly to doubt that better things are always possible who organized the party. It will be interesting to see whether the original Republican impulse in men like Mr. CROSBY will prevail in this contest to expose the scandalous swindle of the Assembly Chamber ceiling, or whether the venal traders upon the party name will be able to conceal themselves and disgrace their party.

GENERAL ROSSER'S OPINION.

THE late foolish and intemperate sectional speech of General ROSSER, vituperating the Union soldiers, instead of arousing angry denunciation, has been treated with general contempt. There was a time when it would have been echoed through all the Republican party press as proof of the universal hostile feeling of the Southern States. But as the assassination of Mr. CLAYTON was nowhere more strongly denounced than by the Governor, the Legislature, and the press of Arkansas, the ebullition of General ROSSER was at once repudiated and condemned by other Confederate officers. Senators HAMPTON and BUTLER, who were present when General ROSSER spoke, lost a signal opportunity of rendering good service to the whole country by not disclaiming sympathy with such remarks upon the spot.

General ROSSER'S speech was one of those incidents which, under the circumstances, are essentially unimportant, but which are capable of being made very mischievous, and the first mischief is any evident indifference to such talk upon the part of those for whom such an orator is assumed to speak. Major JOSEPH H. STEWART, who in behalf of many Confederate and Union soldiers is engaged in soliciting aid for the home for disabled Confederate soldiers at Austin, Texas, spoke very plainly in condemnation of the ROSSER speech at a meeting of the New York committee in aid of his purpose, saying that he went into the war thinking that he could whip more than one Yankee, but found out his mistake.

That was the frankly expressed opinion of other Southern officers who were present, and the fact to remember is that their opinions are representative of the views of brave and intelligent Confederates, while those of General ROSSER, if soberly uttered, are the mere extravagance of hopeless Bourbonism.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, widely known as one of the pleasantest of English novelists, and more recently for her energy, intelligence, and zeal in promoting Egyptian exploration, contemplates a visit to the United States for the purpose of repeating lectures upon Egypt and other topics which have been received with great admiration and applause at the universities and in the cities of England and Scotland. An invitation to Miss EDWARDS welcoming her to this country has been signed by the most remarkable array of American names ever appended to any invitation to a foreigner, headed by that of Vice-President MORTON, and including those distinguished in every learned profession, in letters, science, journalism, and business.

At the centenary of Columbia College in 1887, when the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon Miss EDWARDS, it was hoped that she might be present. But she was obliged to defer her visit. Her familiarity with ancient and modern Egypt is very great, and her skill in giving to her knowledge a popular and fascinating form, together with her singular gifts as a lecturer, either with or without pictorial illustrations, are warmly commended by the English press. Her friend and correspondent in this country, the honorary secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, is the Rev. W. C. WINSLOW, of Boston, who will make arrangements for Miss EDWARDS'S lectures as may be desired.

"THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE."

MRS. JOHN ADAMS and Mrs. MADISON are gracious historical figures in the White House, but its social traditions have received their chief grace from the lady who for the last two years has been its mistress, and who now retires. A more trying or difficult position, under all the circumstances, could not have been filled more happily. The utmost simplicity and sincerity, a fine tact and exquisite discretion, have been blended with a personal charm and native dignity which have already become part of the best private associations of the "Executive Mansion." The uniformity and universality of the impression are the witness of its genuineness, and not even the spirit which was weary of the justice of Aristides has been stirred to cavil by the beautiful feminine wisdom which has recently cheered and refined the palace of the people. As the wife of the President, Mrs. CLEVELAND is in some sort a public personage, and as she withdraws from the "fierce light" which has revealed only what is admirable, she is attended by the heart-felt blessing and good wishes of the American people.

THE BALLOT LAW IN LOUISVILLE.

THE principles and practicability of the proposed ballot law were recently tested with entire success at an election in the city of Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. FLEXNER, of that city, has described its operation in a little pamphlet which is well worthy the attention of the friends of the law. The chief local newspaper was not very friendly, but to the general surprise the law did not prove to be difficult or complicated, and it was administered with practically uniform ease and success, and no instance was known to the writer in which a vote was thrown out because of the failure of the voter to understand what was required of him.

There is a large corruptible vote in Louisville, and open corruption is familiar. The evil, although known and deplored, has hitherto defied redress. Yet at the late election there was, except in one place, no corruption successful, and but little was attempted. The bribery seems to have been prevented by the impossibility of knowing how the voter might actually vote. But Mr. IVINS'S view that the man who takes a bribe is *prima facie* a scoundrel, and that no one will bribe him unless he can tell how he has voted, is not accepted by Mr. THOMSON in his address to the Massachusetts Reform Club, because of his belief in a certain honor among thieves. This, however, seems to be a rather slender reliance, and the experience at the Louisville election shows that the bribery was escaped, and presumptively because of the secrecy.

The exception to the successful working of the scheme in Louisville was at a poll where the election officers were dishonest, the clerk left his place to manipulate the hired voters, and the police did not enforce secrecy. Dishonest election officers of course will frustrate any system of voting. But in this instance the important fact is that the failure of the reformed system was due wholly to causes which would have produced failure with any other method—that is, to the dishonesty of those who were sworn to enforce it—and was not due at all to any difficulty in comprehending the reformed method or any impossibility in enforcing it. Politicians who are "on the make" always assert that any reform which will render fraud more difficult is complex, impracticable, and goody-goody. But there is nothing so simple and practicable as honesty—a fact which the Australian system of voting illustrates wherever it is tried.

A GREAT AND TIMELY OPPORTUNITY.

NOTHING has more advanced the fame both of American scholarship and of American solicitude in aims and interests which are not wholly industrial or material than the foundation and support of the American school of classical studies at Athens, with the work accomplished by the Archæological Institute of America, under whose auspices the school was founded. The school now occupies a building of its own, erected at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, upon a site generously given by the Greek government, and during the six years of its existence it has been directed upon the spot by eminent American scholars, who have had special leave from the universities in which they occupy chairs.

A great opportunity is now presented to the school and to the country. The Greek government have offered the privilege of making excavations at Delphi, the seat of the temple and the oracle, and one of the most famous historical sites in the world. It is an offer which other countries, fully alive to the glory to be secured by identifying the national name with such a work, are anxious to secure. Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, an American scholar of great distinction, recently curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Cambridge, England, and for this year director of the American school at Athens, is pre-eminently qualified for the direction and prosecution of the work.

To buy up the village of Castri, upon the site of Delphi, to make the excavations, and permanently to endow the school, retaining Dr. WALDSTEIN as director, will require a sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of this sum about forty-five thousand dollars is already subscribed, but no money will be called for until the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars is subscribed. A committee, of which Mr. HENRY G. MARQUAND, president of the Art Museum, and a most generous subscriber to the fund, is chairman, has the matter in charge. It would be a noble vindication of the lofty and liberal sympathies of America if this peculiar renown could be secured for this country. With one mighty hand still founding and extending the home of the youngest of great nations, and with the other cherishing the noblest monuments of the most famous of ancient states and civilizations, what more satisfactory attitude could America hold in her centennial year?

PERSONAL.

AMONG Boston's well-known military men are the twins Colonel ALFRED N. and Captain ALBERT E. PROCTOR. They were born November 30, 1824, at Marlborough, and inherited their tastes for military glory from their parents, both of whom were the children of soldiers. ALFRED fought in the Mexican war, and both of the brothers distinguished themselves in the rebellion struggle. They are now successful business men, and are also members of the Fusileer Veterans, the National Lancers, the Old Guard of Massachusetts, and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. JOSEPH PROCTOR, the tragedian, who married a sister of WILLIAM WARREN, is their oldest living brother.

—The remains of an Indian found recently at East River, a little village on the Sound, twenty miles east of New Haven, Connecticut, are supposed to be those of the famous sachem whose death in battle at this point over two hundred years ago gave the name to the shore retreat—Sachem's Head. The skeleton was found at the spot where tradition says the chief was buried, after having his head exposed in a tree for several days, and is that of a man fully seven feet tall.

—The recent occurrence of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S seventieth birthday was made the occasion for many congratulatory messages from his friends in this country and England, GLADSTONE and TENNYSON being among those who remembered him.

—Ex-Secretary HUGH MCCULLOCH is eighty years old, but still considers himself a young man. He is vigorous and hearty, goes out in the coldest weather without putting on extra wraps, and boasts that he has never worn an overcoat.

—Colonel W. H. H. TAYLOR, of St. Paul, Minnesota, the State Librarian, is President HARRISON'S uncle. He is seventy-five years old, and knows his work so well that he carries the whole library catalogue in his head.

—ARTHUR CRONK, a Gloucester fisherman, recently found in the stomach of a codfish which he caught on the Grand Banks a Victoria Jubilee medal. The small Maltese cross with a photograph of Queen VICTORIA in the centre, and even the ribbon attached, were but slightly harmed.

—Two Ohio women have the grim satisfaction of reflecting that but for the opposition of their parents they might have been the wives of Presidents of the United States. Thirty years ago they lived at Bedford, a village of less than five hundred inhabitants, about twelve miles from Cleveland, and both were very attractive. To each of them at different times RUTHERFORD B. HAYES and JAMES A. GARFIELD paid serious attentions, but the young men were poor and their prospects anything but bright, so the parents of the girls firmly and effectually checked the love-making.

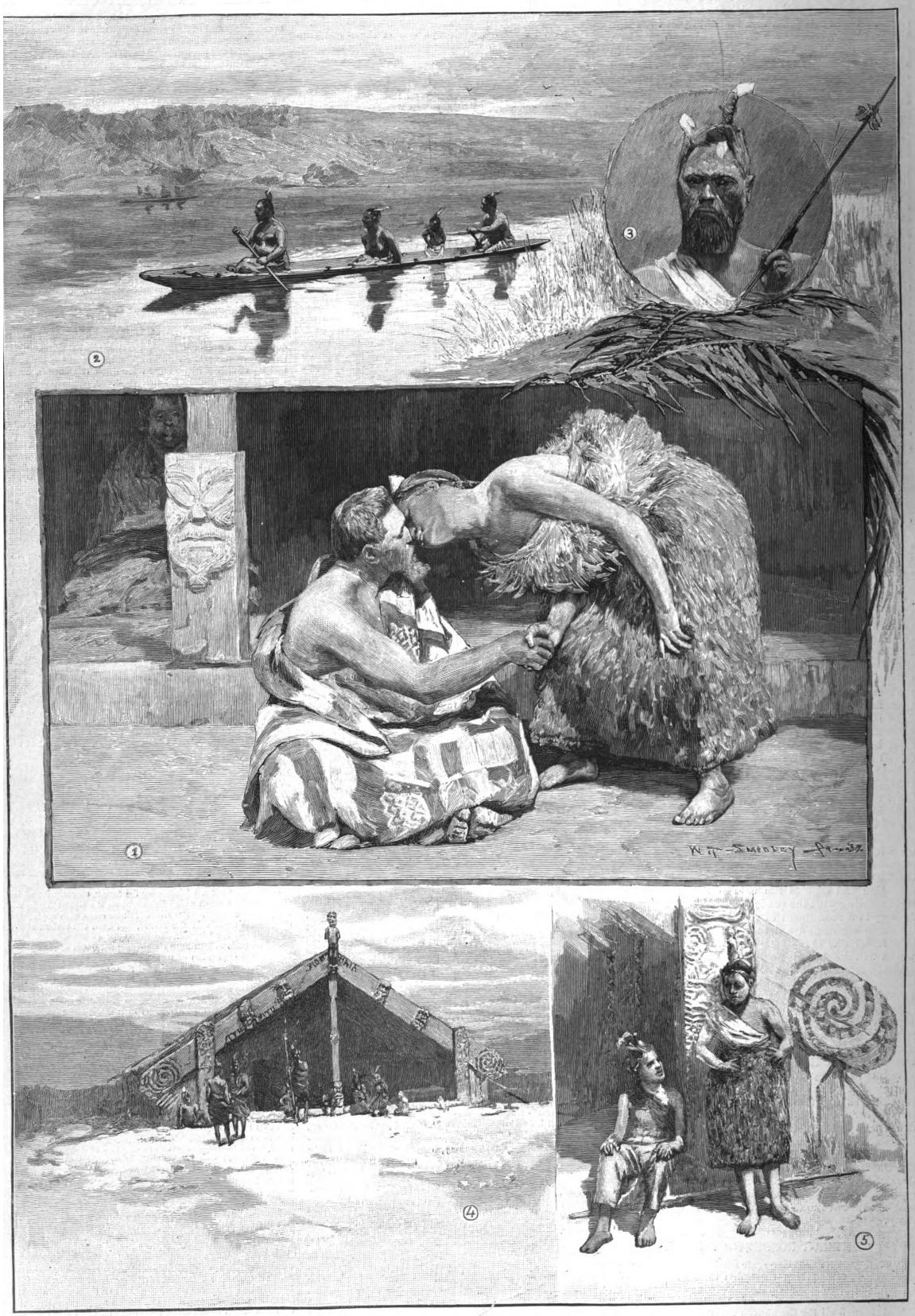
—For a quarter of a century Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Boston, has received his friends at his home on WASHINGTON'S birthday, and although over eighty years old, he still observes the custom, a large number of distinguished people calling to pay their respects on the last anniversary.

—A newspaper paragraph has been going the rounds to the effect that General LEW WALLACE claims to have received no less than sixty different requests for permission to dramatize *Ben-Hur*, and that to all he has replied with a negative, accompanied by the statement that he had himself prepared a stage version of his novel. The ingenious author of this piece of news further adorns it by saying that New York managers, after reading General WALLACE'S drama, pronounced it incapable of production, on the ground that he had not known how to make a real play of it. To all of which General WALLACE begs to interpose by way of demurrer these facts: He has not said that sixty different requests to dramatize *Ben-Hur* have been sent him. He has not announced that he was preparing or had prepared a stage version of his novel. Up to the present time he has been opposed to the use of his book for any dramatic purpose whatever.

—The King of Siam is about to send his four sons, the oldest of whom is thirteen, to England to obtain an education.

—Aunt KEZIAH RANDALL, of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, one hundred and five years old, lives alone in a thick wood about three miles out of the village, and a mile from neighbors. She gets her own meals, and busies herself with knitting and other household duties, while in the summer she cultivates a little piece of ground. Her house is the old homestead, and she lives there from preference. Twice a week a man brings her provisions from the village, and a boy comes daily to do her chores. Mrs. RANDALL has been a widow for fifty-eight years, but her three children, who live in Fall River, New Bedford, and Virginia, provide her with the necessaries of life.

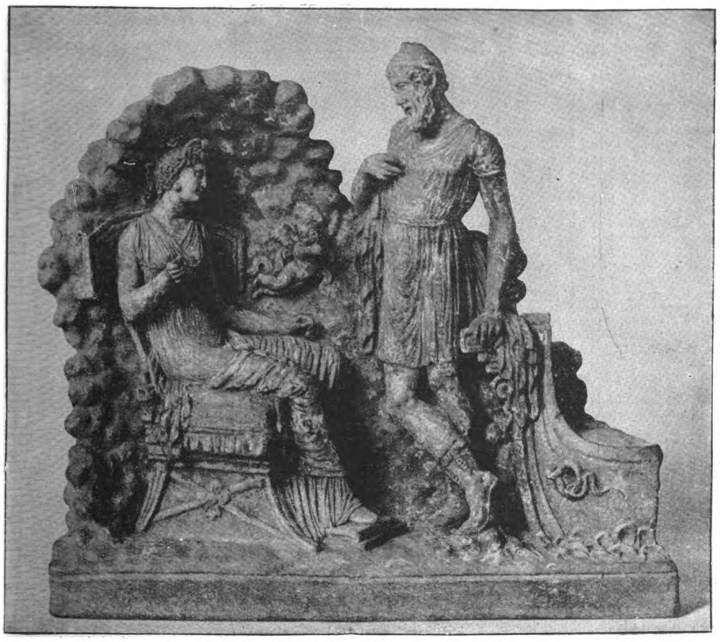
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



IN MAORI LAND.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 191.]

1. A Salutation. 2. On the Waikato River. 3. Maori Chief. 4. Maori Temple. 5. Children and Carving.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ULYSSES BEFORE CALYPSO.

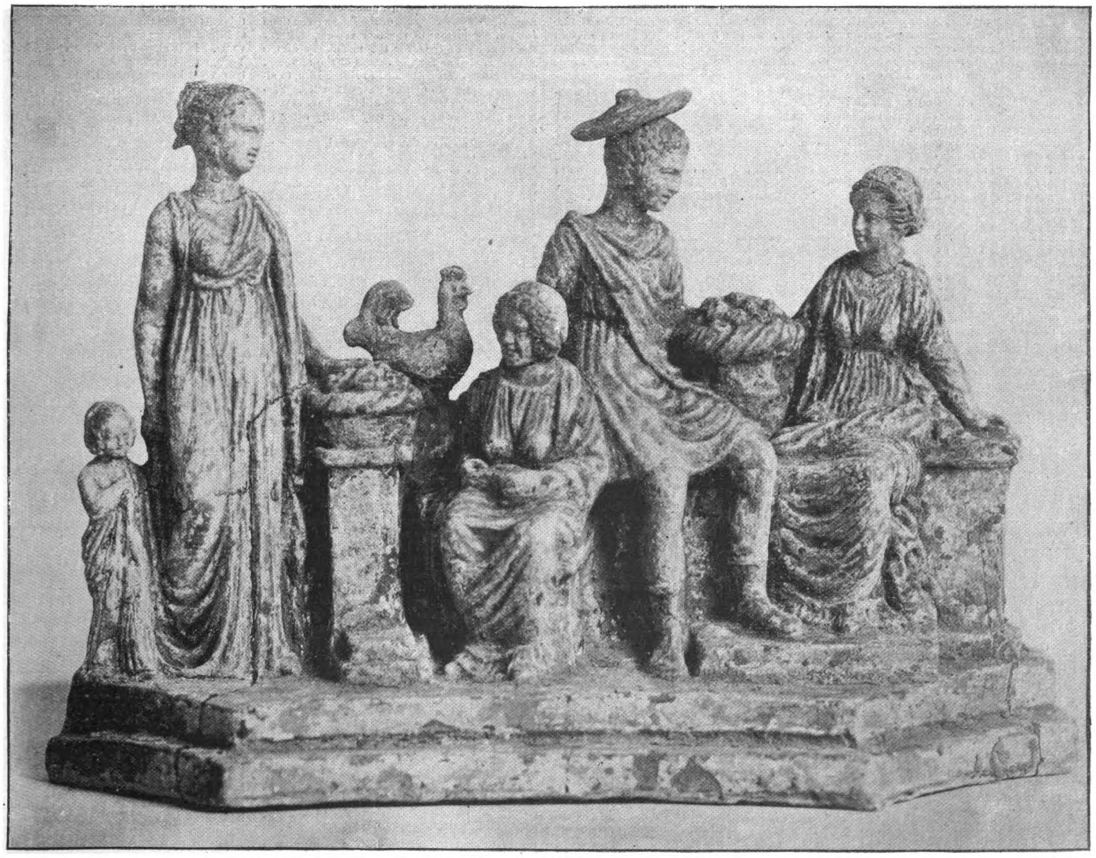


A MUSE KNEELING AT A BURIAL URN.

TERRA-COTTA GROUPS FROM THE LEVANT.

It was only a few years ago that the figurines of baked clay found in Greece near Tanagra gave a glimpse of the domestic life of the old Greeks, especially of those in Bœotia and Attica. These pretty trifles, which must have been cheap enough when fabricated, commanded high prices in Europe. Though the curators of museums were first disposed to cry fraud, and in some cases refused to buy them when they were to be had for comparatively little, their scepticism disappeared, and London, Paris, and Berlin have many cases full of those charming little works of art.

For works of art they are, though probably few are independent creations. They were made in moulds which were carefully excavated for one side of the statuette, but generally without the arms and heads. The main front of the figure being cast in the mould, the back was clapped on almost flat and quite unmodelled, a hole being left in the centre for drying. With the fingers or a stick the lines of junction between modelled front and rough back were smoothed out, heads and arms very carefully modelled were stuck on, and the statuette was ready for baking. As they come to us they are almost in the



A MARKET SCENE IN ANCIENT GREECE.

RECENTLY DISCOVERED OLD GREEK STATUETTES.—From Photographs.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

condition they were when withdrawn from the fire, for time has undone much of the subsequent work their makers expended on them. This consisted in applying a thin coat of white material like sizing, which dried quickly. On this ground the auburn hair of a woman, her blue eyes and pinkish flesh, the darker tunic of a man, his flat hat, and so forth, were deftly painted, so that the figurine which now looks scaly as with leprosy, or else but faintly tinged with blue, pink, brown, and orange, shone then as resplendent if not as gaudy as any of the china figures sold at European fairs to-day.

Such figurines from Tanagra were found in the graves in great numbers, sometimes packed away in jars; in a very large number of instances broken as if with intention. That such was the case is more than probable. Two reasons appear to have existed for this treatment of articles buried with the dead—a treatment by no means confined to Greece or the Levant. One was superstitious, the other practical. On the one hand, a spirit divorced from the body could make use of a broken weapon, tool, or ornament as well as a whole one, very much as the Chinese ghost can spend burnt paper money, and there was reason to fear that evil demons would rob them of these objects if entire. We still have something left of the kind of ideas to which such superstitions belong when as children we are told to break an egg-shell lest "the fairies run off with it." On the other hand, the practical reason was the temptation that whole things and solid jewelry exercised on those godless men, the robbers of tombs. Hence the extremely thin and brittle nature of gold jewelry found in tombs; hence the fact that statuettes and the jewelry too are commonly broken.

Of late years figurines of much greater artistic value have been coming to Paris by mysterious channels, and have roused the same controversies as did the Tanagra statuettes; caused the same hesitation on the part of those responsible for purchases for the Louvre, the British Museum, and other galleries. Very sharp attacks have been made on them in London. Whether true or false, they are so remarkable that a few are herewith presented as a very inadequate representation of the various collections already in the hands of private collectors and dealers, since these contain many others quite as good.

The first thing notable about these figures is the fact that they appear in elaborate groups, yet have all the technical imperfections of the Tanagra figurines. The backs are absolutely rude, not calculated to be seen at all. Yet they have all the charm of the Tanagra figure. Observe the market scene, a bit from the common life of Greeks. With what ease the young market-man sits, his shade hat perched high above the back of his head! With what sweet dignity the lady pauses by a basket of fruit, holding her little girl by the hand! The ages of the three women are very subtly told by the modelling of the bosom, from the old market-woman seated in the centre, to the lady, and then to the young market-girl on the right with her undeveloped figure. The group was chosen to represent the realistic side of these statuettes, which show merely the study of life unaffected by religious or mythological ideas.

The kneeling Muse, with hand on an urn and a garland, may represent another element in these groups—the monumental. Small as it is, we have here a figure which would be excellent if executed in marble or in black basalt or in bronze for a monument. Though appropriate enough as a type of memory, as a genius decorating the burial urn with a garland of immortelles, the chances are that no such idea of grief presided over the origin of this dignified, gracious figure. Rather is it likely that the tall two-handled urn is for wine, and the garland is in the nature of the fillet that victors were entitled to wear on their heads. This figure is much more a Muse awarding the prize for excellence in dance or song, or in horse-racing, or in gymnastic exercise, than any person suggestive of death. Not that the statuettes always avoid that suggestion. Among the groups owned by Messrs. ROLLIN & FEUARDENT, of Paris, there is one most exquisite scene of Æsculapius and Hygeia, the patron of physicians and the genius of health, leaning over a girl who is sinking down in death. The most lovely pathos rules the three figures of which the group is composed; in sentiment if not in sobriety of design it can stand beside the famous bass-relief on an antique tombstone of Athens, where the mother, standing, leans over the bowed head of her seated son, a young warrior devoted to death.

As an example of the groups which refer more or less plainly to subjects of mythology, legend, and Greek history, the third statuette has been chosen. The scene is Calypso's cavern on her ocean island. Ulysses, in the Neapolitan cap which comes from the Greek mariners of old, rests one hand on the prow of a vessel, and with the right makes a gesture which may be variously interpreted. It is certainly respectful; it may have a sense of appeal. If the moment is his arrival on the island, we may imagine that he is commending himself to the goddess by a recital of his misfortunes; this view is strengthened by the little Cupid who flies from Calypso to the man of many wiles, betokening that the affection between them has begun.

The pose of Calypso is one of great restfulness, of great dignity. Her right hand is raised in a fine conversational gesture, which corresponds to the respectful inclination of the head of Ulysses. The chair on which she rests has a foot-rest, like that on which sits a woman with a winged Cupid in her lap and a distaff in her right hand, a Tanagra figurine in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, but the foot-rest is much lower. The pose of Calypso is very like that of the full-size marble statue of one of the empresses of Rome, a treasure of the Louvre. Surely within the limits of the art of the statuary, when dealing with such material as this, fabricated for humble purposes, no such beauty and variety are known as we find in groups of this kind. The gravity, the simplicity, and the polish of the epics called of Homer are here in vigorous, easy growth. Is it possible that such figurines, single and combined, can be deliberate forgeries by modern men?

There is no doubt that all the attempts made during the last two years to trace the *provenance* of these groups has failed. And it looks very much as if some of the gentlemen who have been baffled in their search have lost their tempers and attacked the statuettes in the London and Paris press with more vigor than wisdom. Of course it is possible for the clever forgers of the Levant to follow the old methods, fabricate moulds, imitate the Tanagra figurines, and put them together in groups. They can partially paint them, and bury them after fracturing them. They can scratch and deface them so as to give an appearance of great age. But could they in the first instance compose such groups, lend them such dignity, such beauty, such sportive humor, as we find rioting through not a few? If they can, the old faculty for art is still extant in the Levant, but in a much more surprising degree. For whereas the old models of statuettes followed a great number of precedents in his work, repeated a great number of conventional figures and groups, just as the Japanese potters and bronze workers repeat with no fear of criticism forms and colors admired by their ancestors and sometimes laid down in books, the modern forger, on the contrary, has to evolve pretty much everything out of his own head. Consider a good-sized collection of these groups merely for subject, for grouping, and composition, and it will be evident that if they are forged some great genius must be at work unknown to the world of art, whose rightful place is at the head of modern sculptors. That a man or men capable of such little easy masterpieces as these could be kept in obscurity while his statuettes are sold by middle-men is much harder to believe than that somewhere a great treasure of mortuary relics has been struck and the spot most anxiously concealed.

Supposing them genuine, the workmanship points to an age subsequent to Alexander the Great, perhaps close up to the Christian era. Geographically it points to Ionia, in Asia Minor, either on the main-land not many hundred miles from Ephesus or on one of the great islands over against Greece. This is more especially the land of Homer, and though not the place where the highest and purest of Greek art seems to have existed, it is the locality whence bass-reliefs of the greatest beauty and variety have come. In the draperies, and in a certain sportive, luxurious, pleasure-loving quality, these bear no little resemblance to the workmanship of the groups, due allowance being made for the difference between sculptor and craftsman. We may safely suppose that in these groups we have two kinds of ornaments common to a highly cultivated, wealthy, and pleasure-loving nation of Asiatic Greeks, one for the home, the other for the tomb. Like the mantel ornaments fabricated in most porcelain and faience factories of Europe during the last few centuries, these groups were meant to be placed on shelves and in niches, to decorate sitting-rooms or little private chapels to the gods, or to go at once into the tombs. It was the custom to place about a corpse or the urn containing ashes the ornaments of the room in which a person died. This explains the great number and variety of statuettes sometimes found in one tomb. It is as if all the dolls of a child were placed in its grave—most of the bric-à-brac of a collector grouped about him in his last resting-place. Not only humorous and satirical figures and groups, but some which are hardly fit for description, have been forwarded to Paris. Many are not sufficiently clear in their meaning to warrant even a guess as to what they represent.

When we reflect on the great number of temples with which the coast of Asia Minor was dotted, each having a special cultus for special gods or variants on the few great gods of Greece—when we remember the vast quantity of art works in such a temple as that of Ephesus, and the swarm of artisans who made objects of art in gold, silver, precious minerals, and clay for the pilgrims to that city—we can easily believe that the inexhaustible soil of Turkey in Asia has really yielded these interesting finds. There is nothing unlikely in that, but rather what is to be expected. As for the concealment of the place whence they come, it would be singular if the locality were given; for nothing is more certain than this, should the director of the museum at Constantinople learn whence such things came, the spot would be seized at once, and if any excavations were thereafter made, everything would go to the Turks. Whatever may be thought of the morality of buying statuettes which are possibly withheld from the authorities of the country where they are found, this side of the matter does not concern us. The question for us to decide is whether or not they add something to the stock of art in the world. No one who examines the collections of Mr. SPITZER, or Mr. LECUYER, or Messrs. ROLLIN & FEUARDENT, can doubt that they do.

It may be thought that we know a great deal about the customs, the legends, the mythology, of the Greeks, because much is taught us at school and college. Yet it is only now becoming apparent how little we do know, how little the Greeks themselves knew on the subject. Study of barbarian religions throws much light on subjects still greatly misunderstood, and will throw more. The views that the people took, as presented by such groups as are now coming from the Levant, is very precious, for it corrects, alters, or corroborates what we have learned from Greek literature. The literary and the mythological elements in such artistic documents from the heart of the people are of great value. But for the fine arts themselves these trivial toys are of still greater use. Evidently some of them are copies more or less freely treated from large works of art which have disappeared forever. The kneeling Muse, for instance, may well represent the statuette made after a famous figure by some greatest of sculptors whose very name is lost. The scene between Ulysses and Calypso may be all we have of some painting on a wall which crumbled to pieces two thousand years ago. Several groups repeat the myth of the young Bacchus riding on a panther, of the the old Silenus supported on an ass, each accompanied by nymphs or satyrs—scenes reproduced in the processions on festal days by young men and maidens. Others are scenes of dance, while a player on the double pipe modulates the notes consecrated by old usage. Here is an exquisite composition, deep with thought, genial in composition, charming by contrasts: Winged Love, as a boy of twelve or fourteen, leans down to wind his arm round the body of a satyr overcome by wine, and raise him from his bestial condition. The fresh young face, beautiful as the Greek ideal, but richer in feature, looks with pity into the gross countenance of the lower creation; his fair young body stands out yet more fair beside the shaggy goat legs of the man-beast. Here is a group of persons like a family; there a band of youths and maidens break into a slow dance. The impression these fractured rude figurines denuded of colors produce is profound; they give that human side which seems lacking to Greek art when we recall that art by the great statues of marble only, with their sublime but cold beauty and stately grace. CHARLES DE KAY.

BUILDING THE NEW ARMORED CRUISER "MAINE."

SINCE the launching in 1875 of the wooden frigate *Trenton*, which was the last vessel built at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, no government work has been regarded with so much interest by everybody in that yard as the building of the new armored cruiser *Maine*. This is not to be wondered at, for when the *Maine* is completed she will be the largest and handsomest vessel ever built for the United States navy. The work of constructing the new vessel is under the direct supervision of Naval Constructor JOHN B. HOOVER, U.S.N., an officer of large experience in shipbuilding, who was especially selected for the work by Secretary WHITNEY. Very little has been done on the vessel since her keel was laid in October, except the erection of about a score of the eighty-four frames of her hull, but Constructor HOOVER confidently expects that an increase in his working force will shortly be made, which will enable him to prosecute the work on the *Maine* with expedition and vigor. The number of men required for effective and rapid work on such a vessel ranges from 700 to 800 men—a force which is far in excess of the number (less than 200) at present employed on the vessel. Failure to obtain the necessary material has in almost every instance necessitated an extension of the time agreed upon for the completion of the new vessels, and now the opening of bids for the machinery of the *Maine*, as well as for the vessels of the sea-coast defence, has been postponed to March 15th, to allow bidders time to mature their estimates. Secretary WHITNEY'S successor will thus have several large contracts to award very shortly after he assumes control.

The first step in the complicated process of building a modern war vessel is to erect suitable buildings to hold tools and material. Several such buildings have been put up in the Brooklyn Navy-yard to accommodate the thousands of metal blocks and plates of which the *Maine* is to be composed. Among these one known as the "plate-pack" measures 190 feet by 31 feet, and is used to store the plates for the hull, numbered and arranged to correspond with the places they will occupy in the ship. Another strong building is a substantial machine-shop, in which an engine of 250 horse-power has been placed, for which a battery of three boilers furnishes the steam. When these and other preliminary arrangements have been completed, the work of building the hull goes on as follows:

The design for the vessel, which in this case is the work of Chief Constructor T. D. WILSON, U.S.N., having been received at the navy-yard from the Bureau of Construction at Washington, the next step is to prepare from the plans a wooden model showing the outside of the hull, on which the shapes of the plates and angle-irons (frames) are marked off with as much accuracy as possible. At the same time the lines of the ship are drawn at full size on the floor of a large loft just outside the construction office, where the model is kept; and from these lines wooden moulds are prepared showing the actual shape of the angle-irons and plates used in the construction of the ship. The work of fitting these patterns is a very tedious one, and must be done with great accuracy, as upon its correctness depends the symmetrical shaping of the ship. In this mould loft are kept patterns of vessels which were built as far back as the year 1825. The draughtsmen meanwhile prepare a careful schedule of material necessary to execute the work, which is sent to the steel mills of CARNEGIE, PHIPPS, & Co., at Pittsburgh, with which firm the Navy Department has previously made the necessary contracts. The pattern-makers also prepare from the lines on the mould-loft floor the wooden patterns from which the stem and stern-post are cast.

When the material begins to reach the yard the angle-irons used for the frames are heated in a long furnace and then bent to shape on cast-iron slabs, the required shape being indicated by a chalk line drawn off the outer edge of the wooden moulds above mentioned. A row of iron pegs is placed in holes along this line, and the frame forced around by means of levers until it is brought into contact with every one of the pegs, when it is considered to be of the proper shape. At the same time the plates forming the keel are heated in a furnace and bent to their proper shape. In the ship-house, meantime, a long row of blocks is laid and carefully aligned to receive the keel. The keel plates having been punched for the rivets, and having had their butt straps fitted, are taken over to the ship-house and placed in position on the keel blocks. The operation of laying the first plate is usually attended with a certain amount of ceremony, and is called "laying the keel."

After what may be called the backbone of the structure has been laid, the next important proceeding is to erect the curved framework of steel ribs, perpendicular to the keel, which forms the skeleton outline of the hull. The angle-irons for these frames or ribs, having been punched for rivets, are attached to the floor plates by means of bolts, and the whole is carefully fitted to the shape called for by the wooden mould. After being fitted, the frames are taken to the ship-house and riveted together. The different plates composing the keel having been also riveted, the frames are raised into position, and held there by means of supports. Their positions are then carefully regulated, so that they may exactly correspond with the relative positions shown on the plans. The frames regulated, the next thing is to run the plating of the inner and outer bottoms. It must be remembered that a modern man-of-war has two bottoms, or skins, entirely independent of each other, so that though an accident should happen to one of them, it would leave the other uninjured. In spite of this precaution, however, a modern torpedo, if properly exploded, has sufficient force to tear through both the platings and fill a compartment of the ship with water.

As the work progresses, the stem and stern-post are erected, and the framing of the ship, which at the extremities usually differs slightly from that of the midship portion, is completed. The work is now carried on under many different heads. The bulkheads which divide the ship into numerous water-tight compartments are built; the longitudinal passages are walled in; the subdivisions forming shell-rooms, magazines, store-rooms, and in general the internal arrangements called for by the original design, are now completed.

In the case of an armored ship like the *Maine*, one of the most critical operations in the whole process of construction is the ordering of the armor plates. The reason of this is that these plates, eleven inches thick, take many months to manufacture, and owing to their great size and weight, any alterations required in them would be attended with immense cost. Indeed it may be noted here that the *Maine* has already experienced mis-fortune in process of building. The steel stem of the ship was cast in Pittsburgh, and upon examination by the government steel inspectors it was found to have sprung or warped out of shape fully three inches, and was therefore rejected, involving a loss to the contractors of over five thousand dollars. A new contract for this casting was then entered into with the Standard Steel Casting Company, of Thurlow, Pennsylvania. It is almost ready for shipment to New York, and is said by those who have seen it to be perfect in every respect. So far so good; the government goes scot-free. But it is now reported from the Brooklyn Navy-yard that fourteen of the frames of the ship have been rendered practically useless by improper riveting, and that therefore the work on the ship will necessarily be delayed for months. As this work is done at a government navy-yard, the loss will fall entirely upon the government, the amount of which cannot be estimated.

The armor plates of the *Maine* will be made by the Bethlehem Iron Company, of Pennsylvania. The armor, however, is not put in place until the ship is launched, as it is not desirable to have any unnecessary weight on board at that time. But about the time that these plates arrive in the yard the ship is supposed to be sufficiently advanced to be ready for launching—the most important event in the life of a ship, when she may fairly be said to make her bow to the world. The interest of the event, however, springs not only from the fact that it marks a decisive stage in the vessel's growth, but also from the important circumstance that the vessel is then subjected to such severe strains when passing from land to water that any miscalculation may lead to disaster.

An armored ship, however, is only about half-way toward completion when launched. Not only has the armor to be put in place and secured to the wooden backing by heavy bolts, but all of the thousand and one special fittings for officers, crew, and stores have to be carried out; the guns, with their elaborate mechanisms for loading and pointing, by hydraulic or steam power, have to be taken on board and fitted in place; the masts and rigging have to be put up; and finally the delicate and difficult work of putting the machinery on board and adjusting it with mathematical precision has to be performed. From the very first the engineers have been at work on the engines and boilers for the ship. The Navy Department, following the example of the English Admiralty, now intrusts the contracts for all engine construction to private firms. The contracts for the machinery of the *Maine* have not yet been awarded, but when they are, the successful bidders will be required to have everything ready for placing the machinery on board about the time the vessel is launched. As soon, therefore, as the vessel is in the water the engineers begin to place the machinery on board, and all this work, together with that connected with the mounting of the guns, fitting store-rooms, magazines, shell-rooms, etc., goes on at the same time, so that at this stage of her evolution a modern iron-clad resembles nothing so closely as the traditional Tower of Babel. In spite of all this apparent confusion, however, every part is so designed as to fit in exactly with what goes next to it, so that, as the work approaches completion, each part is

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

perfectly adjusted to the function it is called upon to perform. The building of a modern iron-clad may be described in Spencerian language as the gradual evolution, under the spell of the designer's genius, of the most perfect order and efficiency out of the most chaotic agglomeration of heterogeneous materials.

Progress on the *Maine* has been greatly retarded owing to the difficulty of securing proper steel materials. The industry of building large modern iron-clads wholly of domestic materials is still in its infancy in this country, and even the use of the materials, when properly furnished, is not always skilful, and great losses are thereby occasioned. The *Maine* has been designed to be a twin-screw armored turret vessel, with a steel ram, of the belted cruiser type, her vitals being protected from shot and shell by a belt of steel armor eleven inches thick at the water-line and 180 feet long. A protective deck covers the whole ship, curving forward into a ram, and dipping aft to protect the steering gear. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: length between perpendiculars, 310 feet; extreme breadth, 57 feet; mean draught, 21½ feet; displacement, 6648 tons. The engines of the *Maine* will be of the vertical triple expansion class, for which great pressure is now required. There will be eight boilers, each with three furnaces. The vessel will be propelled by two three-bladed screws with a diameter of about 15 feet. The total coal capacity is 882 tons; her speed will be 17 knots, and at 10 knots an hour the coal endurance will be 7000 miles. The armament consists of four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, pair-mounted in echeloned turrets; of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; and of a powerful secondary battery, and seven torpedo-launching tubes or guns, three below the water and four on the berth deck. The 10-inch guns fire a projectile of 500 pounds weight with 250 pounds of powder, and they have a maximum effective range of about nine miles. The weight of shot that can be fired ahead or astern from the main battery is 2200 pounds, and from either side, 2300 pounds.

The *Maine* will be bark-rigged, spreading 7135 square feet of canvas. She will be fitted as a flag-ship, and will carry a complement of 300 officers and men.

MINNEWAUKAU, THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF DAKOTA.

In the north of Dakota, about seventy miles from the Canadian line, there is a large salt-water lake, which has been said to be the geographical centre of the North American continent. The Indians call it Minnewaukau, a beautiful Indian water word (like Minnesota, Minnehaha, Minnetonka, and the rest), which literally means spirit water, or Lake of the Great Spirit Waukau; but the more free and homely translation of the West has rendered it the Devil's Lake, and the Devil's Lake it will remain no doubt to the end of time.

It is a singular lake in a strange land, entirely unknown to the majority of travellers who annually pass within a hundred miles of it on their way to the National Park and the Pacific coast. It is fifty-five miles long and from three to ten miles wide, being nearly the same in length, therefore, but not so wide, as the Great Salt Lake of Utah, the dimensions of the latter being seventy by forty miles. Both lakes were at one time much larger, and their shores bear evidence that their waters are receding and that they are gradually drying up. The formation of the Spirit Lake is very irregular, its coast line being a succession of wooded points and alternating deep bays, with sandy beaches like those of the ocean, and out in the open water, when the blizzard blows from the prairie, there is often a high sea which puts an end to navigation. The country round about is sternly simple, but picturesque and interesting. In the summer-time the prairies are gayly painted with wild flowers, and in that Northern latitude the trees early take the bright hues of autumn, but throughout the long winter the snow is continually on the ground, and the lake is frozen hard enough to bear vehicles. On the southern shore there is a small military reservation and garrison (Fort Totten), surrounded by the larger Indian reservation of the Cut-head Sioux, which comprises 200,000 acres of high rolling prairie, extending to the south as far as the northern bank of the Cheyenne River. The lands to the north of the lake have been recently thrown open to settlement, and are said to be well adapted to the raising of the smaller cereals. In every direction there are many little fresh-water lakes and ponds, which gleam and flash like jewels in their prairie setting, and reflecting the image of the sky naturally like those which suggested to the savage mind the beautiful word Minnesota, which, as you know, means the land of sky-tinted waters. Upon the reservation there are many natural phenomena more or less identified with tales of Indian romance, but all, like the lake, are afflicted with the wretched nomenclature of the early fur trappers and Indian traders —the Devil's Heart, for example, a conical mountain; the Devil's Tooth, a large rock brought by some glacial action and strangely thrown on the plain; the Devil's Backbone, a narrow curving ridge or "divide"; and the Devil's Punch-Bowl, a dark wooded dell partly surrounded by the Backbone. One is inclined to wish that the savage Indians or Waukau himself had made away with the worthies who substituted such names for the euphonious and poetical words of the Sioux.

Fort Totten is a small four-company garrison, rectilinear in form, with the parade in the centre. There are two companies of infantry and one of cavalry; but no real necessity exists for either, as the Indians have long been peaceable, and many of them are engaged in farming. The fort has a fine situation upon a slight elevation at the entrance to a small bay, which, sheltered by a high point called Sally's Hill, is a deep and safe harbor. Between the post and the lake are the post trader's and Indian trader's stores and the Indian agency buildings, and a short distance to the left is the Catholic mission school, in charge of seven gray nuns from Montreal. The post trader's store is a picturesque old building erected many years ago by one of the great fur companies.

The life at a military garrison in the far West, whatever it may be to the resident, is delightful to a visitor, whose coming is an event of some importance. Before one is fairly unpacked, all the officers have called, and invitations to ride, to hunt and fish, and to dine, follow in quick succession. De Tocqueville I believe it was who said if we had an aristocracy in America it was the aristocracy of the legal profession, but at a frontier garrison there is a charming little aristocracy well up on "the nothingness of this life and the desirability of cut glass," and in striking contrast to its rude surroundings, composed of military men of education, most of them from the Academy, who ride and shoot and entertain handsomely in cozy homes which remind one of "the States," as they say out West.

There is no large game in the immediate vicinity of the garrison, as the country is too open to afford shelter for elk and deer, and the buffalo and antelope have disappeared, as they have everywhere, before the tide of immigration which is rapidly setting in. A few years ago the land of the Spirit Lake was a sportsman's paradise, but all that now remains are the buffalo trails and wallows, which are rapidly becoming indistinct scars upon the prairie overgrown with wild grasses, and their bones, which have been gathered up and lie in heaps about the railway stations. The sharp-tail grouse—a gray frosty-looking bird of fine flavor, which is the prairie-chicken of the Northern plains—is everywhere abundant, but, like their Southern cousins, they become wild in October, and no longer lie to the dogs, so that it is almost useless to pursue them. In the autumn myriads of wild swan, geese, brant, and ducks of all sorts, including the canvas-back, mallard, red-head, teal, dusky duck, buffel-head, and I believe every inland duck that flies, visit the Spirit Lake and the smaller lakes and ponds on their southern migration, and many remain upon their return in the spring and rear their young by the more secluded ponds on the reservation.

The Indians, about 1200 in number, are scattered about, and dwell in log houses which the government has assisted them in building, or in their original tepees. It is not an uncommon sight to see an Indian family who own a house living in their tepee but a few feet away, and a group of tepees pitched near the cabin of an Indian farmer who has sold his little wheat crop indicates that his more indolent friends and relatives have come to share with him the proceeds of his labors. The Indians are in charge of an Indian agent, Major Cramsey, who, with his official family (consisting of a clerk, physician, agricultural instructor, or "boss farmer"), lives at the agency in neat frame dwellings. The agent has been in the far West as trapper, fur trader, or attached to the army in one capacity or another nineteen years, including four or five years at the agency. Under his care and direction the Indians are rapidly becoming self-supporting. Many are engaged in raising wheat, and their ploughing is better than that of some of their white brethren. A few still wander about the reservation hunting and fishing and gathering the eggs of the wild-fowl, and all know the value of a dollar at the Indian trader's store. The agent takes great interest in his work, and after his office hours may be seen driving about visiting the Indians, the boys' and girls' schools, and the government saw-mill, which is about five miles east of the agency. The boys and girls in the schools are taught to read, write, and speak the English language, and their teachers are quite encouraged by their progress. Education is compulsory, and the agent with his Indian police is continually supplying new pupils. From an artistic point of view the Indians at the Devil's Lake Agency are comparatively uninteresting. Some years ago I was the guest of General Miles at Fort Keogh, on the Yellowstone, shortly after the surrender of the Sioux and Cheyennes who destroyed the command of General Custer on the Big Horn. They were encamped in a large camp of skin lodges, and in all their savage finery were picturesque in the extreme, and I had looked forward to snapping my camera at such objects as these, but most of the Indians about the Spirit Lake wear the costume of civilization. The Indian agent in his last report, which he read to me, makes some good suggestions as to the care of the children upon their leaving school. He argues that it is wrong that children who have been taught the language and to be neat and cleanly, and who have become accustomed to sit on chairs and sleep in beds, should, upon the completion of their education, be sent back to the tepees of their parents to sleep upon the ground and run wild upon the reservation. It is indeed questionable whether the knowledge of our language is of any benefit to the young girls who are thus annually turned loose upon the prairie at the borders of a rude civilization. The agent suggests that the government extend further aid to the graduates, encourage them to marry, and provide suitable homes for them and ample aid for a few years upon the farms. Here and there upon the reservation we came upon an Indian grave—a rude scaffold supported by four poles, upon which rests the corpse of a Sioux. It would be difficult to imagine a more wild and desolate picture than one of these graves standing alone upon the plain. Many of the graves have been destroyed by prairie fires, and most of the Sioux, under the influence of the mission priests, now bury their dead. The wild beasts, the grave-robbers of the plains, having been driven away, there is no longer any necessity for placing the bodies beyond their reach.

In wandering about the plains on the borders of civilization the eye often rests upon a solitary Indian looking out over the wide landscape in silent meditation, thinking perhaps of the past, of the brighter days of a few years ago when the buffalo and antelope covered the prairie, and the deer and elk were in the thickets by the streams, when from his lodge door he watched in peace and quiet his "young barbarians" playing in the wild rose garden, or taught them to hunt the gray grouse in the tufted fields of wild sage. The transition must have been startling in its suddenness. The coming of the trappers and fur-traders was quickly followed by the occupation of the country by the military, when, as if by magic, the buffalo entirely disappeared. Then came the cattle-men with their great herds and wild cow-boys, who have in turn but an evanescent existence, being soon crowded by the farmers, whose cabins are everywhere scattered at intervals, and whose fields of grain stretch out into the prairie like headlands in the sea. Within a decade the Indian has seen these rapid changes, and has found himself an "out-door prisoner" of the government, confined to the limits of his reservation, and surrounded by a rapidly increasing population loud in its demands that the treaty which he made with the great father at Washington shall be broken, and that he be unceremoniously moved on to lands less fertile and desirable. The solitary Indians standing about on the prairie have indeed much to think about.

There are two young towns on the Spirit Lake, one at the west end and the other at the head of Creel's Bay, on the north shore. The former has taken the Indian name Minnewaukau, and the latter, having assumed the translation, is called Devil's Lake City. The translation is rather ahead of the original in population and enterprise. Minnewaukau is the present terminus of the Jamestown Northern Railway, and Devil's Lake City is on a branch of the St. Paul and Manitoba, which has its present terminus at the second crossing of the Sonris or Mouse River. Minnewaukau is a busy little town, with a broad main street lined with frame stores. It has several grain elevators, a few churches, a large white hotel, which can be seen for miles, and which is much too large for the place, the usual number of saloons, and a fringe of scattered "schacks," or shanties, for the suburbs.

The pickerel, which are the only fish in the Spirit Lake, are abundant, and the soldiers take them in great numbers from the steam-boat dock, and in the winter-time the Indians fish for them through holes in the ice. They are a firm fish of fine flavor, and grow very large, often weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds. The officers at the garrison have erected a bathing-house on a sandy beach near the dock, and in the summer-time bathe in this inland ocean. The sand is like that of the sea, and often there is quite a surf, and Minnewaukau will, no doubt, before long rival Minnetonka as a summer resort. The first house built in Devil's Lake is less than three years old. In that time the town has made remarkable progress. There are several large grain elevators, many good stores, three fairly good hotels, and as many churches. The saloons have a gambling-room attached, and the play is quite public, but there is comparatively little of the vice and lawlessness usually incident to towns on the frontier. They had been holding an election a few days before our arrival, and no one, I believe, was killed. I overheard a man, however, say to another on the street, in speaking of one of the candidates, that he thought himself smart because with his revolver he had shot a clock off of a shelf in one of the saloons during his canvass of the county. The land-office at Devil's Lake City controls nine million acres of land, most of which is said to be adapted to the raising of wheat, and the Devil's Lake farmers claim that their crops are more reliable than those of the famous valley of the Red River of the North, to the east of them. The country is so new, however, that the statistics on this point would hardly be of much value. The admission of Dakota to the Union was much talked of at Devil's Lake, and there seemed to be but one opinion on the subject, although some favored a division of the Territory into two States. The climate is like that of Minnesota. The thermometer in winter remains below zero for weeks at a time.

Dwight W. Huntington.

BEFORE THE INAUGURATION.

President Harrison reached Washington on the afternoon of February 26th, after an eventful railway journey. His progress resembled that of Mr. Cleveland on the Western trip of 1887. There were the crowds at the stations, the cheers for the new President, for his wife, and for his grandchild. There were the efforts of ambitious local orators to make the ride the pleasanter for their eloquence. There were a few speeches by Mr. Harrison, and any amount of hand-shaking. It was the kind of progress which every President makes in these days when he sets out on a state journey.

Naturally there was a crowd at the station in Washington when the train arrived, but the people who had gathered to see and cheer the new President were doomed to disappointment. When the train rolled into the historic building where Garfield was shot, the Harrison party was not on it. The train had stopped three blocks away, at Ninth Street, and the President and his family had escaped. They had been met by Colonel Britton, chairman of the Inauguration Committee, and General Williams and Mr. McCameron, of the Reception Committee, who had arranged for the stopping of the train. The drive to the Arlington was therefore quietly made over a route that had not been marked out in advance. Only a few people who happened to catch sight of General Harrison's face through the window realized who were the occupants of the carriages. About five hundred people were waiting for him at the hotel, and they were the first who had the opportunity to cheer the coming guest. As the President-elect alighted from his carriage he acknowledged the hearty reception by raising his soft slouched hat, while "Baby McKee" was intrusted to the tender mercies of Chairman Britton. The first courtesy had passed between the Harrisons and the people of the capital in which they are to be the principal personages for four years.

The Harrisons occupied the rooms which Mr. Cleveland had in 1885. The Arlington Hotel building is a congeries of private houses, some of them famous. The central part of the hotel is made up of three large brown-stone houses now thrown into one. The largest of these was the residence of Lewis Cass when he was Secretary of State. Next to the central part on the south is the brick house which was the home of Charles Sumner, and next on the north is the large double house that belonged to Reverdy Johnson. It is here that the incoming Presidents are lodged. General and Mrs. Harrison occupied the first floor of the Johnson Annex, and the rest of the party had the upper floor.

An anxiously friendly crowd of people had sent flowers as their *avant-couriers*, and the air of the Harrison apartments was heavy with the blooms of nervously generous well-wishers. An hour or so of respite was granted to the travellers before the bounteous bestowers of the floral tributes began to send in their cards. These were taken to Captain Dinsmore, who for many years had charge of the front door of the White House. Callers, however, with the exception of a few politicians, were turned back. Even General Schofield was told that he must come later. It is asserted that cabinet-making began at once, but the only evidence of that is that General Harrison sent, soon after his arrival, for State Senator Fassett, who was supposed to represent Mr. Platt. Just before dinner Messrs. Hoar, Cullom, and Cockrell, the three members of the Senate Inaugural Committee, called on General Harrison. It was simply a visit of politeness.

Dinner was served at seven, and afterward callers were freely admitted, and it may be indicative of the future character of the White House that cards were not required of members of Congress, and that no one was turned back. Only one crank made his appearance during the day. He was drunk, and simply desired to make a speech in the office of the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland did not call on the Harrisons on the day of their arrival—a fact which has been variously noted by the daily press—first, because it is not the custom for the President to make the first call on the President-elect, who is a private citizen until he is inaugurated; and second, because it was arranged by correspondence that the formal interchange of visits should take place on another day. The custom requires that the incoming President shall make the first call, and that the retiring President and his wife shall return it on the same day.

The streets of Washington began to show signs of the coming event more than a week before the inauguration. Huge and unsightly structures of unpainted pine were built on every government reservation. Thrifty shopkeepers erected platforms in front of their places of business, and placards announced that seats might be had for the procession for from $3 to $4 each. Some of the proprietors of the large stands paid as much as $1000 for their privilege. Flaring and hideous decorations appeared on the fronts of buildings, most of them bar-rooms, but some of them of more respectability than their bedecked condition indicated. All the colors in and out of the rainbow, in the cheapest of cheap material, glared into the faces of the passers-by. In the store windows were announcements that rooms above, excellent vantage-points from which to view the procession, were to rent. These rooms, when they were taken, brought from $75 to $200 rent for the day. It was a gala-day for the capital. Boarding-houses quadrupled their rates. Even the dealers in food charged double their customary prices. The streets for days before the show were filled with strangers: cow boys from the plains, or imitation cow-boys, wandered up and down Pennsylvania Avenue; detachments of Chicago Convention delegates, with explanatory badges on their bosoms and a far-away post-office look in their eyes, marched up and down the streets, visited the public offices, or rode around in hacks. Toward the close of the week the troops began to arrive, and day and night the roll of the drum or the blare of the band announced the coming in of some new regiment. The blue-coated Northern militia, the gorgeous colored troops from the South, visited at least that much of the capital which is to be found on Pennsylvania Avenue.

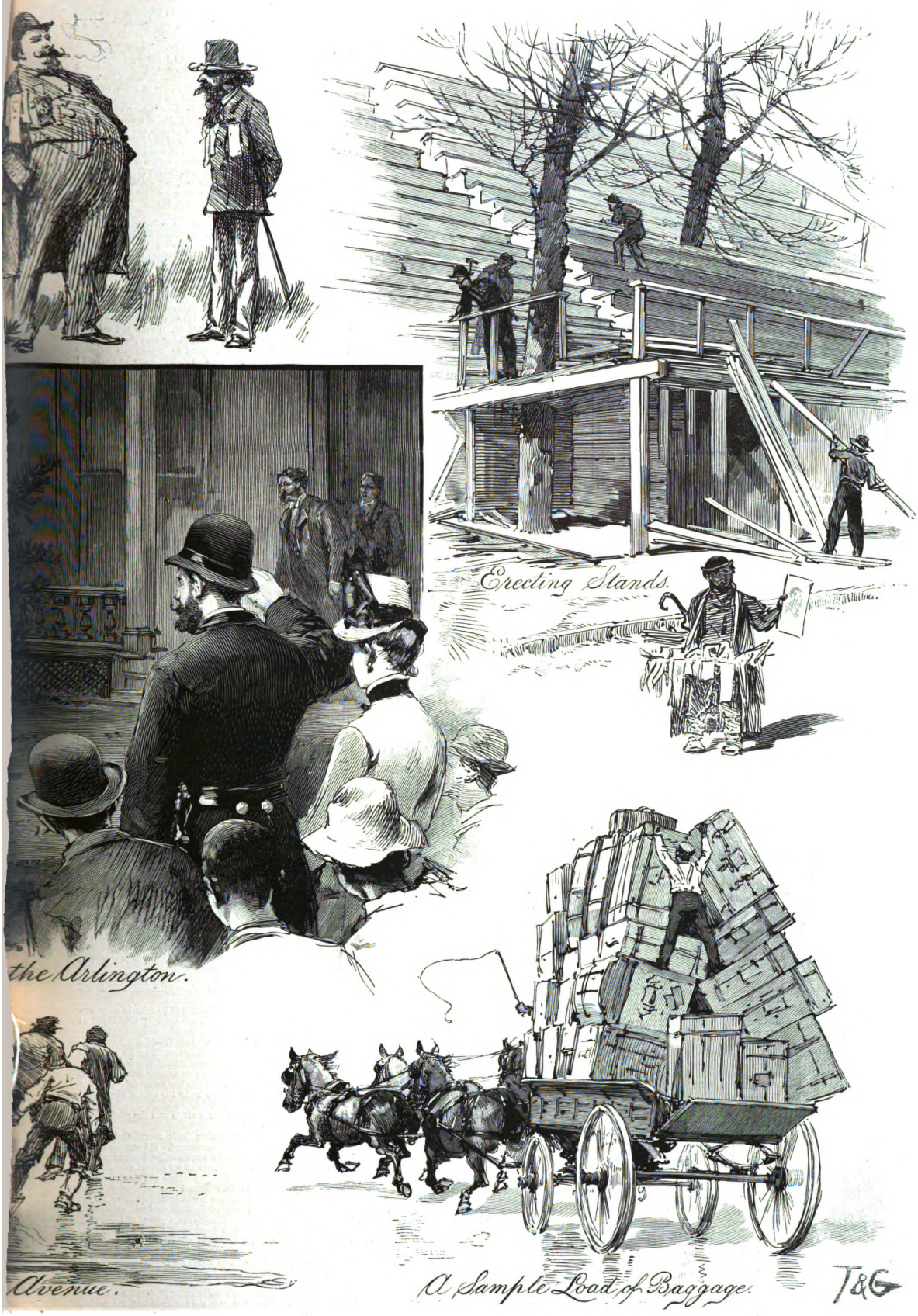
The air was full of preparation. A new administration was coming in. The local merchants were reaping their quadrennial harvest. Mr. Cleveland was saying good-by. A few friends of his gracious wife were shedding tears over her departure. But most eyes were fastened on the Arlington, where the coming man was finishing his cabinet. The politicians had left the White House for a moment, and were swarming in the halls and corridors of the hotel. There was much of hopeful anticipation in the crowd that waited for the news, but there was already anger and disappointment. Some of those who had expected most had learned that they were not to be gratified. Mr. Harrison had already begun to experience the hard lines in which the President's career is cast. Some of the men who watched his arrival in Washington and sent their cards to his room, although they had worked hard and enthusiastically for his election, realized that they had had their labor for the pains, and felt that Grover Cleveland's re-election would have been a quite as much to their advantage.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SKETCHES IN WASHINGTON BEFORE THE INAU

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



V.—Drawn by Thulstrup and Graham.—[See Page 187.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AN UNKNOWN.

THERE was no name upon the shattered stone,
But whoso through the tangled vines shall grope
May learn, though great or humble the unknown,
"He lived in fancy and he died in hope."

That's all the record we may ever know,
The only tribute to the honest worth
Of that bright spirit who's more bright, I trow,
In paradise than when he walked the earth.

The head-stone's crumbling slowly day by day
Above the dreamer on the windy slope,
But still enough remains intact to say,
"He lived in fancy and he died in hope."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XXVII.

ONCE more the guidons are fluttering along the familiar roadways under the shadows of the Bull Run range. Once more the echoed trumpet calls float musically on the breeze, and long columns of horsemen in jaunty blue jackets, yellow-trimmed, come trotting down from the gaps and join the lines below. Southward push the long, dusty ranks of infantry—brigade after brigade trudging cheerily along, with the guns of the batteries "clinking" behind them. Lee is beaten back from Pennsylvania and is returning to his old line below the Rapidan; and from many a Virginia homestead whence issued stalwart soldiery forms to join the gray columns on their northward march, and at whose doors and windows stood enthusiastic women waving God-speed and loving farewell and wildly hopeful encouragement, there is heard now only the wail of mourners for whom there seems no earthly comfort. Pickett's grand assault, Stuart's headlong charge, have left no impress on the Union cause, but have desolated half the homesteads in their native State.

And Warrenton is saddest haudet of them all. Not a household here that wears not the badge of mourning. Husbands, lovers, sons, and brothers, who so buoyantly set forth in the march of invasion, are missing by hundreds when the thinned and sad-faced columns reappear; and though she too wears such mourning garb as the situation affords, Lucy Armistead, lovingly welcomed and tenderly cared for in the family of good old Dr. Loring, is the only woman in this sore-stricken community to whom Gettysburg has not brought new and grievous disaster.

Once more she is in Warrenton—not the social pet she was before the cruel war days, for in most exaggerated form the story of her deeds at Hopewell has gone from mouth to mouth, and there are many among her former intimates and "school-girl" friends who coldly avoid her now. To this she appears to give no heed. Ever since her dear old father's death she has seemed crushed and hopeless. Loring took her to his home, with faithful Hannah to serve her, and then finding it impossible to subsist in the western valley, and urged by many friends to come and cast his lot with theirs in the lovely old town among the wooded hills, he moved into Warrenton, and now is living there, doing what he can to alleviate the want and suffering, the pitiful sorrows of the bereaved ones all around him. From the window of her lonely chamber, where she sits most of the livelong autumn day, Lucy Armistead looks out over the peaceful church-yard where, side by side, are resting the father and mother whom she loved so well; and neither Loring's efforts, the tender pleadings of his kind-hearted wife, nor Hannah's spirited sallies seem potent to rouse her from the apathy into which she is fallen. The neighbors run in every now and then to see Mrs. Loring or to beg for some advice from the doctor, but they do not ask for Lucy. She does not walk abroad: for that matter, no one among the women cares to, except the few who are so unterrified as to rejoice in the possibility of being spoken to by the hated Yankees, or so ill-favored as to repel the most determined and ruthless of the invaders. The streets are given up to the swarming soldiery, and communication from house to house is mainly through the back yards. Some few among Lucy's old friends have called and expressed a desire to help her in her trouble, but they are *very* few, and the reception she accords them is not encouraging. She has heard the grievous exaggerations that have been current as to her father's life at the old homestead, and she can be roused from her apathy only by mention of this subject. Then she is one blaze of indignation, and will hear no explanation, no extenuation. That her honored father could have lived in this community nearly seventy years only to be branded in his declining days as a traitor, a spy, a consorter with the enemy, an open and defiant harborer of men who sought the lives of his oldest friends, a double-faced villain, giving information to both sides, and living in comfort on their pay and bounty, while his neighbors were starving—such were the statements told and believed in Warrenton in those days, when the coolest heads and most logical minds were apt to be warped in their judgments by the endless tales at the expense of any man or woman who dared show less than hatred at sight of the Union blue. That her father should have been so cruelly slandered is something Lucy Armistead can forgive in none of her townsfolk, and so stands aloof from all.

And yet, poor girl, even while she hardens her heart against them, she is oppressed with sore anxiety, and is most in need of comfort. The story that is going the rounds among the Warrentonians is that Henry Armistead—the one real, loyal Virginian of the family—the gallant Confederate soldier and gentleman—the only one now left in the beloved gray uniform since his heroic kinsman fell dead among Cushing's guns, foremost in Pickett's memorable charge—that this brave, true Harry whom they all loved and honored, is now being tried for his life by a military commission of blood-thirsty Yanks, and will doubtless be hanged as a spy. The trial was ordered in Washington, and his case is wellnigh hopeless. Such has been Colonel Van Duzen's sense of what was due the nation under the circumstances, that, leaving to Lieutenant-Colonel Westerlo the command of the regiment and the rescue from Stuart's raiders of his constituents along the Susquehanna, the late district commander has turned up in Washington with his side of the story—and all other witnesses and persons interested being battling at the front, or defenceless under guard, the colonel has enjoyed the inestimable advantage of having the field to himself. The campaign over; the opposing lines once more facing each other down along the Rapidan, a military court has indeed been organized to try poor Armistead, who stands charged with entering the Union lines in disguise, with fraudulent papers and felonious intent—in plain words, with being a spy.

Reluctantly enough has Dr. Loring confessed these details to her in answer to repeated inquiry. He dreaded the effect, believing that the news would only augment her wretchedness and plunge her deeper in this deplorably apathetic condition; but doctors are sometimes as much surprised in their patients as in the result of their prescriptions. If he had told her of some great victory, and Harry's release from durance, he could hardly have roused her to more instant and energetic action. For the first time since the Union troops reoccupied the town, she appears on the little veranda, and, to Loring's amaze, walks straight down through the shrubbery to the front gate, faithful Hannah following, and there in the twilight stands eagerly gazing up and down the quaint old village street. Soldiers are sauntering along across the way; a train of army wagons is slowly trundling by; several officers, some in cavalry, some in infantry dress, are lounging near the corner, and these she studies closely a moment, "shading her eyes with a slender white hand," just as she stood that battle eve at Hopewell. Loring anxiously follows, and takes his place at her side.

"What do you mean to do, Lucy child?" he asks her, noting the flush that has mantled her white cheek and the feverish excitement in her eyes.

"Doctor!" she exclaims, turning impulsively, almost imploringly, toward him, "do not hinder—do not blame me! *Here* I have no friends but you and your loving ones; and you cannot help me now. There, in that uniform, I can find one whose friendship is tried, one who can and will aid me. He is here somewhere, for I heard his voice but yesterday."

Even as she is speaking, and before the doctor can reply, Hannah comes scurrying along the walk, followed by a sauntering young cavalryman, who looks back at the group of curious and watchful comrades as though he half expects to be made the victim of some practical joke and the butt of their ridicule. But at sight of Lucy Armistead's face he promptly throws away the cigar at which he was vigorously puffing, hastily buttons his natty shell-jacket, and raises the forage-cap with its embroidered sabres.

"You—wished to see me?" he asks, with mingled hesitancy and incredulity.

"I wish very much to see Colonel Westerlo, and ventured to ask your assistance in finding him. Is he not here?"

"He was here, but I think he left for Washington this morning. He is summoned as a witness at an important trial."

"Oh, do not tell me he is gone! I must see him. It is—it is my brother whose life is at stake."

"Captain Armistead!" exclaims the lieutenant. "Is this—pardon me—*Miss* Armistead? The young lady who lived at Hopewell Gap?"

"This is Miss Armistead," answers Dr. Loring, for she has turned away, overcome with emotion.

"And wants to see Colonel Westerlo at once," is the cavalryman's response. "I'll fetch him if I have to follow him to Washington, and you shall know in ten minutes whether or not he has gone." Away goes the young cavalier down the village street, brushing through the inquisitive throng at the corner with impetuosity they can no more resist than account for. In less than ten minutes he is seen returning, and with him comes striding along in glistening top-boots and gleaming spurs and spotless gauntlets a stout, sturdy, ruddy-faced, gray-mustached old trooper, with the silver leaves of a lieutenant-colonel on his shoulders—a man at sight of whom the loungers respectfully straighten up and touch their caps—at sight of whom Lucy Armistead, who has retired with the doctor to the veranda of the little house, comes fluttering down to the gate once more, and in another moment is clinging to his arm—clinging to an arm encased in the hateful Union blue, and sobbing as though her heart would break. Loring thanks God for the sight of her tears.

Later that day they are seated in the simply furnished parlor listening to Westerlo, who has been back to his camp, and now reappears with a number of letters and papers. She is crouching on a low stool, looking up in his face in breathless attention as he begins. It is true, he tells them, that he had arrived in Warrenton but the morning previous, and received his orders to go to Washington as a witness for the defence in Henry's case; but a later telegram notified him that he would not be examined until the end of the week. The mail of the previous evening brought him letters forwarded from the Shenandoah, and this very morning came a telegram from Washington telling him Miss Armistead was living with Dr. Loring's family, and to be sure and find her.

"From Henry?" she inquires, eagerly.

"No, my child," answers Westerlo, gravely. "From your quondam patient and prisoner, Colonel Kearny. He is in Washington conducting your brother's defence, with the best legal talent of the North to back him." And as the old soldier turns again to his letter, he fails to see the flood of rich color that instantly sweeps over the uplifted face and weighs it quickly down. He never hears or even imagines the fervency of the whispered prayer, "God in heaven bless him!" He reads on, never looking up from the page to note the effect of his words.

"'Armistead is in excellent health, thanks to the attentions lavished on him with the consent of the authorities during his illness, and continued without interference during his convalescence, and until he was brought to this point for his trial. He is so serene and calm that I feel convinced that every soldier on the court is warmly disposed toward him; the only trouble lies with two or three vehement patriots of the Van Duzen type, who are death on rebels anywhere except at the front. We still believe that with your evidence and mine, and that of one or two men whom he encountered, it will be possible to disprove all charges of being a spy despite the disguise, but it is taking hard work. If that scoundrel Tierney had not been hanged, something might have been wrung from him to exculpate Armistead. Was it not odd that one of the Falconers should have been present at the hanging? *Is* it not odd—'" But here the colonel abruptly stops. The next few words are, "that the other Falconer contentedly remains a prisoner, and his Virginia friends as contentedly permit it? Have they no use for him? Armistead does not like him—yet seems aware of the situation of affairs regarding which you once spoke to me." These words old Westerlo skips entirely, and comes down to the following paragraph:

"'Of course he was deeply affected by the news of his father's death and the wanton destruction of the old homestead. Anxiety as to Miss Armistead's future also seemed to weigh heavily upon him until he got the news that she was under Dr. Loring's roof; but all this occurred before my arrival. When you see her it might be well to assure her that nothing will be left undone to save her brother, but there is every reason why she should accept the earnest invitation of Mrs. Alexander to come to her here. Mrs. Alexander is her mother's younger sister, and has been devoted to Henry since he reached Washington.'

"You will go with me, my child?" asks Westerlo. "You have read her letter?"

"It was for that I begged you to come to me. I would have gone to Washington—to Henry—if I had had to ride there alone."

And that night, at Warrenton Junction, Dr. Loring sees her safely ensconced in a queer old wreck of a passenger car, tacked to the end of a long train of empty brown boxes going back to Washington for supplies. It is full of soldiers, guards, invalids, furloughed officers and men; but songs and laughter cease when the slender girlish form in the garb of deepest mourning is ushered in by bluff old Colonel Westerlo. Pipes and cigars are tossed aside. There is only low-toned talk as the train jolts slowly and painfully away over a road-bed patched out of all resemblance to its original self, destroyed and rebuilt time after time in place after place, and yet a blessed thoroughfare to Lucy Armistead, since it leads to Henry's side.

XXVIII.

Another month has rolled away. Wintry skies are lowering over the tented slopes of Arlington. Deep with mud are all the roads converging on the causeway that leads from the "sacred soil" to the Long Bridge. Gloom and depression seem prevalent everywhere throughout the capital, and increasing testiness becomes observable at the War Department. Nothing of consequence is going on at the front, yet officers who stand in need of brief leaves of absence find them hard to get, and others who had been summoned to Washington to testify before, or serve upon, the court which tried Henry Armistead were sent to the right about the instant their duties were completed. A hard-fought case was that. Kearny had early taken the precaution to secure from the President himself authority to remain until its termination, and so, despite Van Duzen's efforts, he could not be sent away. But the judge-advocate developed unexpected traits as prosecutor, and had called a score of witnesses who, before the case for the government was allowed to rest, had succeeded, despite themselves, in convincing most hearers that there was little hope for the accused. Poor Lucy, who at first had occupied a seat close to his, was made so wretched by the apparent complaisance with which Henry's counsel permitted this accumulation of evidence that her brother begged her not to return to the court-room until the defence began. "Wait until Westerlo and Kearny are summoned," he had said. "Then they will hear and see the other side."

Womanlike, however, she chafed at the idea of waiting until the adversary was utterly talked out before opening fire in return. But Mrs. Alexander gently added her arguments to those of her brother; old Westerlo, who daily escorted them to and from the court-room, gravely pleaded with her to remain at home or to drive in the open air each day for the week to come, by which time, he promised her, there should be something worth hearing. As for Kearny, he never left the court an instant, and, when not engaged in consultation with the prisoner and his counsel, or in taking notes of the testimony, he was around among Van Duzen's people questioning. Only to greet her with grave and courteous welcome, and a few words of sympathy and cheer, had he been near her since her coming, and—it was not quite what she had hoped or expected.

"I am ordered to return to Warrenton by first train," said old Westerlo, coming suddenly in upon them the day after her reluctant acceptance of the new arrangement. "They will summon me by telegraph when I am needed. You ask me *why* this order. Ah, how can I say? Fear not, little one. All goes well. That Kearny—he is a wonderful fellow! He is more than a match for them; he will overturn them—overwhelm them. The lawyer, he is very well; but Colonel Kearny is the *soldier*. He knows what will best tell with soldier judges, and every time he writes a question they say the judge-advocate scowls and refuses to put it, and then the court is cleared for discussion; and when it is reopened and they go in again, the question *is* put, and our lawyer smiles. Fear not, my child. All will come right. Ah, you little thought a year ago that you had nursed back the life that was to save your brother's!"

At last the case for the defence began, and once more she took her place by Henry's side, and stout old Westerlo—the picture of the "square" and solid soldier—gave his testimony, and stood unshaken by the cross-fire of the judge-advocate. It was a matter of some hours' work, and Lucy's tearful eyes and flushing cheeks bore witness to the emotion with which she listened. Time and again that morning she found it impossible to resist the longing to steal her hand into Henry's as he sat there, so calm and serene. More than once she found her eyes glancing furtively at Kearny, seated as usual close by the lawyer's side. How pale, how worn he looked! How red and deep seemed the scar of that sabre stroke upon his cheek! Then *he* was called to the witness stand, and all through the evidence that he gave she was conscious that the eyes of the judge-advocate—a sandy-haired, sharp-featured, New England lawyer—were wandering from her face to that of the witness and back again. Then he began writing his questions, and presently they were read, one at a time. They related to Kearny's sojourn at the Armistead place; to his reception there; to his wounds, illness, suffering; then to the fact that she had been mainly instrumental in nursing him back to health. She saw that Kearny's pale features were becoming flushed, and that his eyes were beginning to glow under their heavy brows. It was apparent to him, then, that the purpose in asking these questions was to convince the court that a sense of gratitude impelled him to testify in behalf of the prisoner. She saw that so long as the judge-advocate looked toward the witness, Kearny's eyes never flinched from their stern, set gaze into his adversary's face—for as adversaries the events of the trial had caused them to regard each other; but when, presently, the military exponent of the law glanced down to look over his memoranda, Kearny quickly turned: one instant he gazed at her, their eyes meeting fully as he did so, and then he looked, rather than gave, a signal to the counsel for the defence. At the next question asked by the judge-advocate there was prompt objection; brief, animated discussion, a protest on part of the defence that the question was irrelevant and trenching upon new matter; a vehement rejoinder, and, in the midst of the war of words, the brief, stern order from the lips of the presiding officer, "The court will be cleared." A moment afterward, as she stood in the corridor without, gazing up in Henry's face and clinging to his arm, she was conscious that Kearny was at her side.

"May I speak with you one moment, Miss Armistead?" he asked.

It was the first interview he had asked since her coming, the only time he had sought to see or speak with her alone; but she never hesitated. She well knew the tone and tremor of his voice; she well knew that it was some urgent and imperative need. Smilingly Henry looked down as she turned away, and beckoned to Mrs. Alexander to come to him in her stead. Together they stood and watched the pair as they walked slowly toward a window at the end of the broad hallway, Kearny bending over and speaking earnestly to the slender girl, whose face at first seemed looking up into his; then, all on a sudden, drooped from the search in his shining eyes.

"How I wish it could be!" said Mrs. Alexander, as she read the thought revealed in Armistead's frank face.

"And why shouldn't it?" he asks, in some surprise at the doubt in her tone. "What man on earth is better worth her?"

"I do not know. It isn't—him. Any one—any woman, at least, can see how he loves the very ground she moves on. There is something wrong; he has hardly come near her. I believe he *has* told her, and she has refused."

"Then I mean to know the reason why!" said Armistead, hastily.

"*Henry!* If you want to ruin the whole thing, just do it!"

They were coming back now. Only a few words had been exchanged. He was very pale, and his face had a set, steadfast look, an expression of a knowledge of an ordeal ahead which there was no dodging. Hers was downcast, suffused. As they neared the waiting pair she seemed to quicken her pace, and quitting her escort's side, came straight forward without another word to him, without even a glance of farewell.

Presently the doors were reopened: the prisoner, and his counsel and friends, and the array of curious spectators, filed quickly back into the close atmosphere where sat in solemn dignity the blue uniformed court. Mrs. Alexander endeavored to move in with the rest, but turned in surprise at Lucy's whispered "Wait." Amidst the rustling of dresses, the tramp of feet, the moving of benches, and the crowding of lookers-on at the door, the rasping voice of the judge-advocate could be plainly distinguished.

* Begun in No. 1667.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"It is the decision of the court that the question is relevant, and the objection of the defence is overruled. The witness will therefore answer."

"Aunt Annie! Come away—anywhere! I cannot stay!" was the astonishing plea that fell on Mrs. Alexander's ears. Without a word she led her niece out into the open air, out into the November sleet; but even as they passed the portals, where sentries in belted blue kept guard, the bell in a neighboring tower tolled three o'clock. The court stood adjourned for the day. When it met on the morrow she was not there, and the question the judge-advocate meant to ask when she reappeared was not asked at all. He had reserved it as a dramatic *coup*, but Kearny's quick wits had forestalled him. "Miss Armistead," he had said to her, "in order to convince this court that I am biassed in your brother's favor, and so to discredit my evidence, it is the purpose of that man to ask questions which, except the court forbid, I must answer. It is not that I shrink from laying bare my heart, if good could come of it, but *here* it might do harm. To make its effect telling, he means to ask it in your presence. I beg you to remain away—not to re-enter that room until you are notified that I am no longer under examination. Will you promise?"

She could not look up. Down in the depths of her heart she knew—knew well—what he meant. The tenor of the questions already asked was an indication of the kind yet to come. She *knew* now, after these few words of Kearny's, that he would be questioned as to his sentiments toward her—possibly, in plain words, whether or not he did not love the sister of the prisoner, the young lady now seated by the prisoner's side. Never would she subject him to that. And yet—and yet, still with drooping head and downcast eyes, she stood trembling, hesitant. *Could* it be she wished to hear from his lips once again the words she had forbidden when last they met? *Could* it be that even in this supreme moment there was in her sweet, frank, open nature a tiny spark of coquetry? Would she have been quite woman without it?

"What—what can he ask?" she murmured; and though her head bowed lower, though she could not look up in his face, she listened with eager ears and beating heart.

"He would ask that which would compel me to say again, and this time to the whole populace, that my heart and soul are bound up in the girl who sits there at the prisoner's side—the sister of this imperilled man. God knows it is not for myself I implore you to keep away. It is for Henry's sake. But for *that* the whole world might know that ever since your sweet face led me back to life and strength I have loved you—utterly."

The end of the dreary month is at hand. The court has adjourned, and its members have gone their ways to other spheres of duty. As to the verdict, no one of their number can reveal it. The "proceedings" are now under review at the War Department; but an old soldier who knew her father in the *ante bellum* days calls and asks for Lucy before he leaves the city. "My dear young lady," he says to her, "you have made such a study of military law of late that you know we are sworn not to divulge the sentence of the court; but the first time I find myself in a scrape I shall beg that fine fellow, Kearny, to be *amicus curiæ* for me—though I shrewdly fancy it isn't money that inspires his efforts." And the veteran goes away thinking he has said something capital.

Everybody tells her Henry is triumphantly acquitted. Dozens of people—good Union-loving people among them, too—were fascinated by his dignity and noble bearing before the court, as well as by her sweet, pallid face and pathetic mourning garb.

Old Westerlo telegraphs from Warrenton words of hearty congratulation the very day after the adjournment of the court, though he is careful to make no allusion to Henry or Henry's case in doing so. But how could he know the result? Who could tell him? Mrs. Alexander's cozy home has many callers just now—people who are full of sympathy and loving-kindness, and whom Lucy thanks with tears in her eyes; but the one whom she longs to see and thank, the one for whom her heart prays night and day, never comes near her. It is with a shock of bitter sorrow, of almost incredulous grief, she hears, in answer to the timid question that for two days has trembled on her lips, the answer that Colonel Kearny has returned to take command of his regiment at the front. Gone without a look or a word! Gone without giving her opportunity to say, "God bless you for all you've done for me and mine!" Gone when now, at last, she fully realizes that, except the love she bears her soldier brother, all the maiden wealth, all the girlish worship, all the woman's honor and reverence of her heart of hearts, is centred in him, her knight, her hero, her brother's savior.

Henry has been escorted back to his guarded casemate in a distant harbor, and as letters from the prisoners have to be scrutinized by the authorities, he has warned her to look for no line from him until after the promulgation of the orders in his case. Then he expects prompt exchange, and Mrs. Alexander is to take her to see him once more before he goes back to rejoin his gallant troop in Stuart's lines. Wayne Falconer and he are planning to go in the same "batch" of prisoners, he has told her, and she recalls the fact that of the other Falconer he has avoided all mention. She used to wonder at Henry's evident dislike for "poor Scott," as the elder brother once spoke of him. Now she shares it, and one day when Mrs. Alexander, narrowly watching her as she does so, reads aloud that this officer has given his parole and expects to go abroad, she at once amazes and delights her warm-hearted relative by springing to her feet, her face flushing with indignation and vividly contrasting with the pallor of the past week, and with all her old spirit exclaiming: "Given his parole! Going abroad! Oh, the shame of it! I hope he may never set foot in America again!"

"And yet," said Mrs. Alexander to herself, "they thought it was he who stood in Colonel Kearny's way."

Two days more and there comes sudden telegram to Mrs. Alexander that fills them with surprise. It is dated New York.

"Come at once. Captain Armistead leaves for Fortress Monroe to-morrow—for exchange.

"GERARD B. PAULDING."

"Who is Gerard B. Paulding?" asks Mrs. Alexander, after a moment of rapid calculation as to time and train.

"He is a relative of Colonel Kearny's," answers Lucy, slowly. "Henry knew him when he was at college—at least he knew his daughter."

Early the next day they are in New York, and a little steamer plying down the bay conveys them to the island fortification under whose guns is already moored the big black transport that is to carry the swarm of prisoners "back to Dixie." Aboard the boat with them are numerous people, men and women, who are mainly silent and apparently distrustful of one another. They are friends or relatives, hoping for a word or two with the Southerners before they go. As the gang-plank is thrown out, a young officer springs briskly aboard, followed by two or three non-commissioned officers and men. The guard at the sally-port is paraded under arms. A number of passengers press forward and attempt to go ashore, but are promptly checked. None may land who are unprovided with passes from the general commanding in the city. There has been no time to think of such a thing, and Lucy, in despair, turns her brimming eyes to her aunt. "Oh, what can we do?" she asks. Mrs. Alexander appeals to the officer. He is courteous, but firm. The orders are imperative. But at this instant there appears upon the scene a tall, distinguished-looking man, somewhat elderly, but with alert movements and observant eyes. "Mrs. Alexander?—Miss Armistead?" he inquires, lifting his hat as he bows with courtly grace. "They hardly dared expect you until the noon boat, but I came out to see, and was assured the instant my eyes fell on this young lady's face. Take my arm, Mrs. Alexander. Captain Cutting, will you escort Miss Armistead?"

And so they are led ashore past sentries, who salute in silence instead of opposing glittering arms. A moment's walk brings them to the quarters of the commanding officer, and there another sentry "presents" to the officer of the day, and a corporal reports that "the gentleman is in the colonel's parlor." Wonderingly, Lucy ascends the wooden stairs. Who may "they" be? she asks herself as the party enters. Opposite the doorway to the bright army parlor Mr. Paulding pauses with Mrs. Alexander at his side, and smilingly beckons Lucy to lead. She does so, silently, and stands just inside the portals, looking around in surprise and disappointment. No Henry there to welcome her! Beyond, there is another room, a library and study combined, and its door is open. Stepping lightly thither, Lucy Armistead pauses in astonishment. Yonder stands Henry, oblivious of her presence, and by his side, gazing up into his eyes, clinging to his arm, encircled by the other, is the explanation of his oblivion—a beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl. Even in her stupefaction Miss Armistead cannot but notice how admirably she is dressed, and, womanlike, feels herself at disadvantage; but in the next instant the absorbed pair have suddenly looked up and seen her.

"Lulie!" cries the captain, as he springs forward and clasps her in his arms. Then, with pride and mirth and gladness mingling in his heart, he raises her tearful face, kisses tenderly the moistened eyes. "Come!" he says, laughing in delight, holding her with his left arm and stretching forth the other hand for the tall stranger standing there with such a happy blush upon her face. "Come! It's high time you knew each other, you sisters that are to be, despite the fact we are rebs to the very marrow. Lucy, this is my promised wife, Kate Paulding."

She comes forward smilingly, and bends with glistening eyes and mantling cheeks to greet the girl who still hovers there wonderingly, encircled by Henry's arm. There is an instant only of silence and hesitation on Lucy's part; then her voice obeys her.

"Oh, forgive me!" she cries. "I—I'm so glad; but—I thought—all along— Why, Henry! You told me so yourself!"

And Kate Paulding's lips are pressed to her wet cheek before she answers, laughing low amid her blushes:

"That was all *my* fault. A school-girl romance, all of my own, and long since forgotten."

Mine Run, that bloodless contest wherein for the last time Lee's science prevailed over the Army of the Potomac, is over and done with. The nation has dismally resigned itself to the inevitable winter of masterly inactivity in the East, but looks hopefully to the generals rising, fight after fight, to eminence in the West. Thither enterprising young soldiers are eagerly turning. Thither Colonel Frank Kearny has determined to make his way, and is once again in Washington seeking service in the distant field. Lucy Armistead listens with bated breath and wildly fluttering heart to her aunt's cool announcement of her casual meeting with him near Willard's, his kind inquiries after her, and his regrets that he would probably be unable to see her, as he expected to start for Chattanooga on the morrow. But cool as is Mrs. Alexander's manner, her eyes are observant as ever, and that evening he comes.

How he looks, what he says, what she replies—these are matters that for ten minutes or more Lucy Armistead knows nothing of. She is seated there in the arm-chair, listening to the grave, courteous tones in which he is telling Mrs. Alexander of some friends of hers in the cavalry corps. For a quarter of an hour she herself hardly speaks a word. Then Mrs. Alexander rises.

"I know your time is precious, colonel, and so I will go and write the letter at once. You are sure it won't be a trouble to you? No doubt the mails would eventually carry it to Cousin Harry."

"But I shall see the captain in less than four days. Don't fear to burden me. Make it as long as you like." And in another moment she is gone. Lucy glances timidly, tremblingly up at the tall, stalwart soldier who opens the door for the departing lady. Then the room seems to whirl as he slowly returns and stands there by the mantle. He will not speak, and at last she *has* to.

"I am so glad you came—to see us, colonel. There would have been no way to tell you—how I thanked you," she begins.

But he raises his hand, interposing.

"There was no need," he answers gently. "What have I done, compared with what you and yours have done and suffered on my account?—though you lost no opportunity, Miss Armistead," he adds, with rather a dreary smile, "to assure me it was all on Henry's account. Have you heard from him at all?"

"Not since his return; that is, not directly." And now she is tingling all over. How can she speak of Kate Paulding?

"Through my cousin Kate?" he unhesitatingly asks. "That reminds me. We can congratulate each other on being *in futuro* second-cousins-in-law, can we not? I am really delighted with that engagement, though they tell me it is not to be spoken of until the war is over—rather an indefinite time. By-the-way—*now* may I see the letter Henry wrote to insure my welcome at the homestead? How the conceit is taken out of one as he advances in years! Henry demands my safety and nursing and concealment solely, I find, on account of my fair cousin, with whom he was in love, and who, with the ruthlessness of her sex, exacted the promise from him that if ever I fell into his hands he would do his best to save me. Being an Armistead, he had to keep his word. Then *you* nurse and guard me—all on Henry's account; and I—ah, well! I've paid for it heavily. Once I was absurd enough to hope it might have been a little on my own account. There—forgive me—I mean no reproach. I vowed not to speak of it. I even meant—not to see you; but your aunt sent an urgent message; she wished to see me. Let me have Henry's letter to read every now and then; it will cure this malady better than anything else perhaps."

But she has bowed her head and will make no answer. He comes a step or two toward her, wondering at her silence. Still she sits there bending forward now, her face hidden in her trembling hands.

"You need not hesitate, Lucy," he continues, gently. "She has written me the whole story—how she once fancied it was Cousin Frank she adored, and all that school-girl nonsense. It was all over with when a fellow like your Henry appeared as a lover, and I don't wonder. And so, twice, it seems, am I forestalled by these incomparable Virginia wooers. I surrender my boy sweetheart to an Armistead. I yield the love, the queen, the wife of my heart and soul and strength—you, oh my darling—to Scott Falconer."

She springs to her feet now, her eyes dilating, her little hands clasping tightly as she gazes full into his quivering face.

"Scott Falconer! Colonel Kearny, what *can* you mean? Scott Falconer! The man—the *Virginian*—who gave his parole and has fled to Europe to avoid further service—*that coward!*"

"They all told me so—his own brother—you yourself—just after I saw you with him. If he was not 'that other' who stood between us, in God's name who is it?"

She cannot answer—she cannot speak. Her eyes are drooping again, her bosom heaving, her heart bounding. Oh, why cannot he see—why does not he understand? Suddenly there is a rustle of skirts in the upper hall, Aunt Annie's brisk and cheery voice. The letter is written and she is returning. It is now or never, and Lucy knows it. He springs to her side as the steps of the lady of the house, distinct and deliberate, are heard at the head of the stairs.

"Lucy, tell me," he implores.

And then quickly she turns, though even now her sweet eyes are hidden; quickly her hand flutters into his throbbing palm, almost breathlessly she murmurs the longed-for answer,

"No man on earth."

What eccentric creatures some women are! Half-way down the stairs Mrs. Alexander discovers she has forgotten a postscript, and turns about to write it. There is a blessed quarter of an hour in which to recover from the semi-dazed condition in which the occupants of the parlor find themselves. A little later they are standing at the mantle, and she is looking shyly up into his glowing, soldierly face, a great joy illumining her violet eyes.

"And it was Wayne Falconer whose sabre did that—a Virginia sabre?"

"A Virginia sabre indeed! You must thank your own neighbors for spoiling what good looks I had, Lucy," he replies, laughingly.

She is silent a moment, still looking up at the red scar on his cheek.

"I was thinking of a story I once read. A soldier who went to his king and begged his permission to challenge a brother officer who had struck him in the face. Nothing else, he said, would wash out the stain upon his honor or heal the smart. Did you ever hear it, or how the king made amends for the injury?"

"I do not remember it," he answers.

She hesitates a moment, the color deepening in her face. Her hands are clasped together, but she raises and rests them timidly on his breast. Then, looking up in his eyes, she whispers,

"Bend down, just a little."

He does so, inclining his ear for the expected words. Suddenly she rises on tiptoe, her arms are quickly thrown about his neck, his bronzed cheek is drawn still nearer, and then her soft lips rest upon the sabre's scar.

THE END.

IN THE BEGINNING.

In the beginning, lo, some mystic tie
Bound the still Moon as lover to the Sea,
And at her voice, the great heart, throbbing free,
Flung its waves upward with a yearning cry.
Death paled the Moon's wan face long ages past,
Yet still the Sea remembers the far call,
And night and morn, with rhythmic rise and fall,
The tidal waters at her feet are cast.

Time may not deaden Love's quick listening ears,
Nor Death lay silence on a voice which thrills
Like unseen echoes through the silent hills.
Lo, the Eternal, ere the birth of years,
Breathed through still lips this strangely gracious breath
Which distance changes not, nor time, nor death.

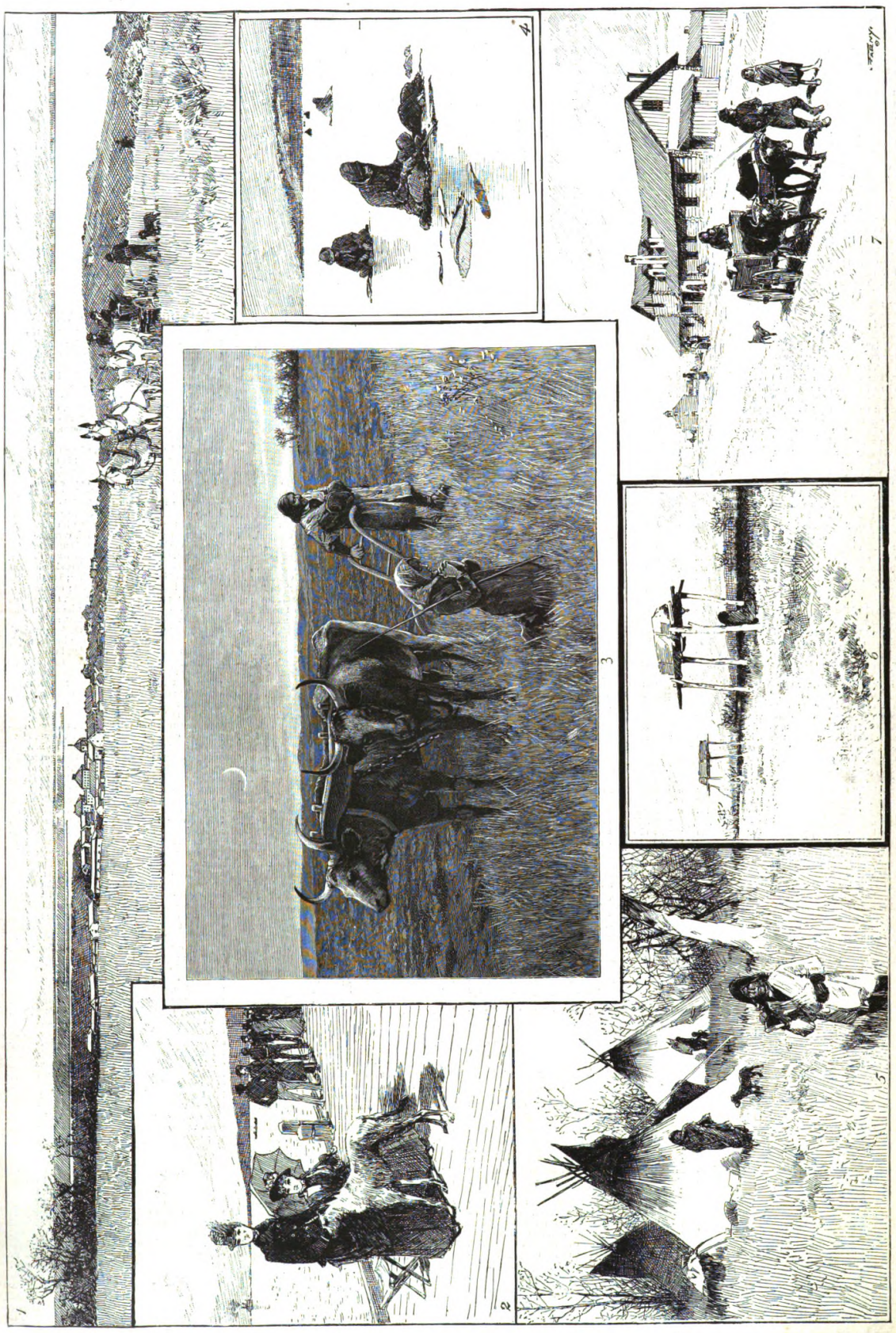
LUCY E. TILLEY.

MAORI LIFE AND WAYS.

A PAGE of miscellaneous sketches in this number of the WEEKLY gives the reader some idea of the manners and customs, the garb, and the general appearance of the natives of New Zealand. The central sketch, that of a Maori salutation, shows the process of rubbing or pressing noses, which is the etiquette of welcome in that island. The Maori *whare*, or native house, usually consists of one large room, destitute of furniture except mats, although Europeans sometimes make a gift of a table or a chair, which is prized as a luxury. The ornamentation, where there is any, is that of idols, sometimes carved in the wood of the house itself, and staring hideously at the people or at each other in a way to give the impression of a set of occupants besides the human ones. The houses are usually little more than huts or hovels, made of rushes, or perhaps of stalks of the *toi*, bound tightly with fibres, and roofed with grasses. This roof, carried out in front of the hut, gives a sheltered entrance. The door is low, often with a small window at the side. The fire is on the floor, and cooking, sleeping, and the plaint of infants go on together; but the more luxurious houses have a separate cooking hut. The mats are important features, since much sleeping is done by the Maoris, who are indolent by nature. The men, usually stout, are tattooed all over, but the women only in the lower part of the face. The Maori lady in our illustration is attired in true native fashion, but in the towns some have acquired the improvements of their European sisters, with kid gloves and boots and gowns that trail. Those who go to church are especially startling in their union of native and imported rigs. The Maoris are, on the whole, a race with many fine qualities, bright, affectionate, good-humored, grateful, generous, hospitable beyond the conception of white races, brave, often almost insensible to pain, but with no industry or persistency. Of course with their proverbial honesty they yet have some thieves, and with their usual gentleness they have the insolent and menacing. These need to be met with perfect courage and imperturbability, for they consider anger a sign of a weak character. They are not an ill-looking race beneath their tattoo, the women usually having fine eyes and a profusion of tangled black hair.

The second sketch, that of a canoe on the river, shows how the Maoris navigate, paddling instead of rowing. They use a paddle with a long diamond-shaped blade. The banks of the rivers are often girt with acacias and willows, and canoes abound on them. The third sketch is of a Maori warrior. One part of the military equipment which formerly struck Englishmen was the war trumpet, fully six feet long, and so skilfully constructed as to be heard for miles. The fourth and fifth sketches, those of a Maori temple and children, introduce the religious and family side, which one of the latest volumes on this subject, *Glimpses of Maori-Land*, by ANNIE R. BUTLER, treats of interestingly. In the Maori mythology the gods are children of Rangi and Papa (Heaven and Earth), who created all things. Of course there are malignant gods who must be appeased. The great religious power is *tapu*, or that of making things sacred by the touch of the chief; and as records of what has thus been made sacred are not kept, the consequences are sometimes serious for unintentional violators of it. The author of this volume says that when the story of the Prodigal Son was told to some Maori girls the part which touched them most was that when the poor lad had spent all his money no man gave unto him. "Several of the girls cried, and there were deep sighs and notes of disapprobation," truly characteristic of the hospitable Maori nature. The Maoris are quick, says the author, in repartee and illustration, and an old woman criticising the length of a sermon said: "My calabash is full. Why give me any more water? It can only run over." Yet, with all their affection and frankness, the Maori children seemed to Miss BUTLER to have no idea of obedience. The babies are carried slung on the backs of the mothers in shawls, like the papooses of our Indians. The women have their ears pierced for wearing ornaments, of which the shark's tooth is a favorite; but some, with an inventiveness not found among their civilized sisters, have been known to utilize the hole in the ear by sticking into it a tobacco-pipe, so as to have it ready for use.

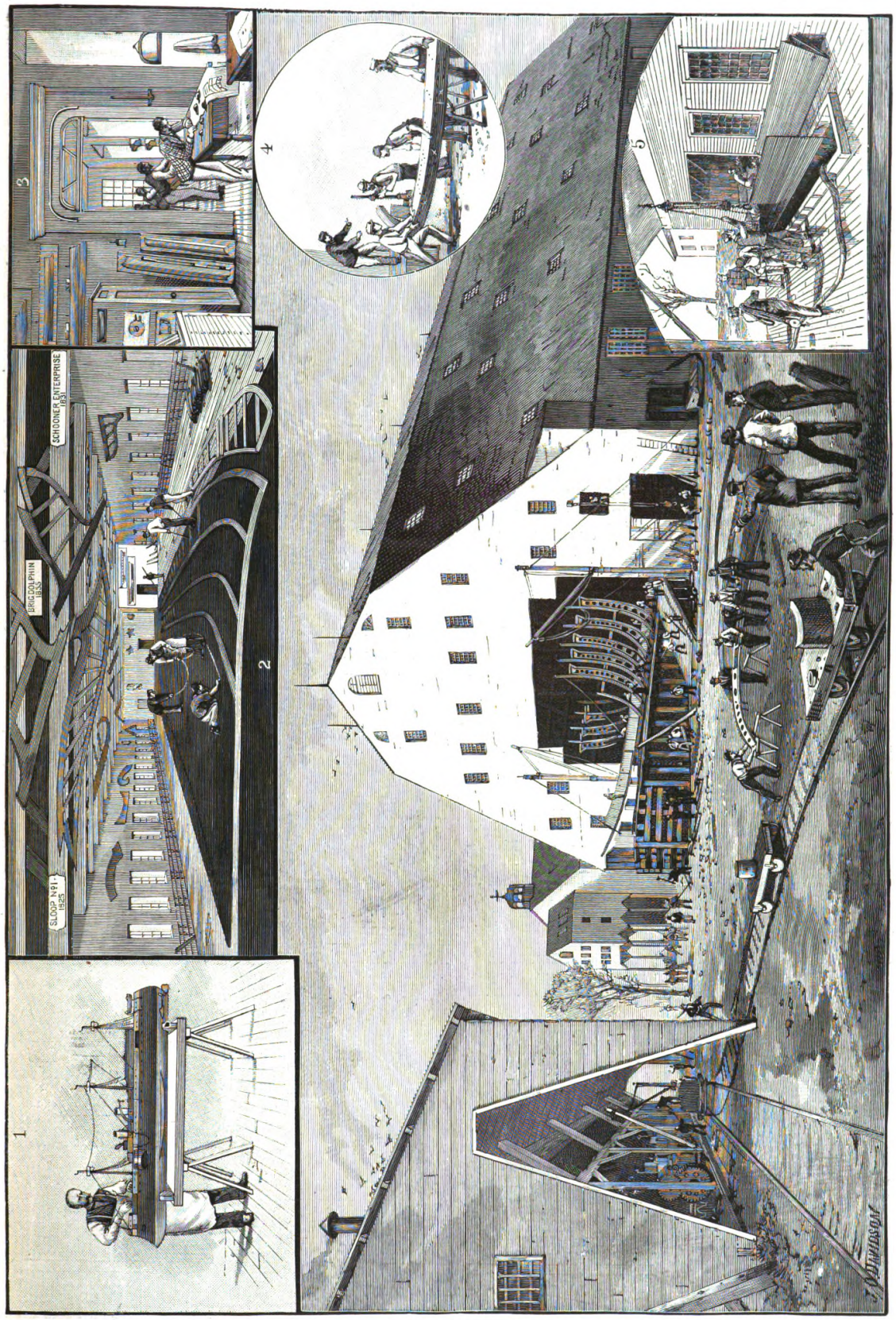
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF DAKOTA.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 187.]

1. Fort Totten and Devil's Lake. 2. Waiting for the Mail Steamer. 3. "The Angelus."—Mission Indians at Prayer. 4. Fishing through the Ice. 5. Sioux Indian Camp near Fort Totten. 6. Sioux Graves. 7. The Old Trading Post.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BUILDING THE NEW WAR SHIP "MAINE" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

1. Designing-Room. 2. Moulding-Loft. 3. Model-Maker. 4. Bending a Frame. 5. Pickling and Cleaning Steel Plates.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

OLD AND NEW INVESTMENTS.

The current agitation regarding the management of our railroads that bids fair to result in a more enlightened exercise of the rights of ownership by stockholders is constantly having its effect upon railroad managers. Fresh evidence of this has been furnished this week by two important companies. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Company has adopted the practice of reporting the net results of the operation of its road every month, instead of annually, as has been its custom, and the Illinois Central Company, also contrary to its practice, has given to its stockholders through the medium of the newspapers the greater part of its annual report, instead of holding it back until the annual election for directors. There is every reason to believe that this report was not made public voluntarily, but was elicited ahead of the usual time by the severe strictures that have been passed upon the management of the company. The unexpected and entirely unwarranted attitude of the company toward the Association of Presidents of the Western roads, formed to secure stability of rates—a condition desirable for both shippers and stockholders—has drawn a good deal of attention to the Illinois Central Company, and resulted in an exposure of the weakness of its management. The directors have deemed it necessary to defend themselves, if they can, before the stockholders exercise their right of suffrage.

The criticism that applies so frequently to railroad reports is applicable in all its force to that of the Illinois Central Company. It is far from being intelligible even to those who are familiar with such exhibits. Whether it is purposely so cannot be determined, as the company has for some years employed a system of bookkeeping that is complicated, and it has been compelled by circumstances to treat, at least for the year 1888, its system as if it consisted of two distinct parts. Yet the relations between the two parts are unavoidably patent in a report that is devoted ostensibly to only one of them. The facts about the Illinois Central Railroad, plainly stated, are that it has fallen into incapable hands just when its affairs called for the exercise of a good deal of experience and sound business judgment. The respectability of the present managers of the company has never been questioned, but that quality is exceeded by their lack of practical knowledge regarding the handling of a great railroad system. At a time when the majority of the great Granger trunk lines were straining themselves to extend their lines far out into the sage-brush desert this side of the Rocky Mountains, the Illinois Central Company believed its salvation lay in the development of branch lines running, as a rule, at right angles to its main line. The first of these lines was acquired avowedly to control competition, the later ones to secure business. As to the policy of securing these lines there is a difference of opinion, but there can be no difference of opinion as to the impropriety of capitalizing them largely in excess of their cost and the amount that has been expended in improving them. The company seems to have reached a halting-place in the expansion of its system, as in fact all of its neighbors have. It is going to be unfashionable to build railroads for a time, and it is well that it is going to be so, for a suspension of enterprise in that direction is needed to allow the country to grow up to those now in operation.

The showing made by the Milwaukee and St. Paul road for the first month of the present year is of a character to encourage the hope that the most trying days of that company are over. They doubtless are, if the Western and Southwestern trunk lines will bring themselves into harmony with each other and with the Inter-State Commerce Law. As with the Atchison Company, time for recuperation will be needed in every case. Pending the absolute determination of the success of the so-called Presidents' agreements, the adjournment of Congress, and the return from winter resorts of a number of large operators, the Stock Exchange markets have been very nearly stationary. But with the change at Washington a livelier interest seems to be taken in business all around. Of course the feeling that actuates people at such a time is purely sentimental, but it counts for something in business, and a great deal more in speculation, all the time. Money is easy enough both at home and abroad to encourage any movement that may be undertaken to arouse interest in any of the speculative markets, and it is likely to continue so until greater activity in trade and speculation makes its use more valuable than at present.

The disfavor into which railroad property, or rather railroad stocks, have fallen as an investment has naturally enough diverted a certain amount of attention to other enterprises, and in consequence there has been of late a marked development in the shares of industrial companies. A few years ago the securities of this class dealt in upon the Stock Exchange consisted entirely of coal and a few other mining companies that are steady producers of the precious metals. Now the trading in gas stocks, in the certificates of the American Cotton Oil Trust, and in petroleum frequently exceed that in any of the usually active stocks, while the fluctuations of the certificates of the Sugar Refineries Trust are regarded with as much interest as many of the old-time investment stocks. A well-known Stock Exchange house has just floated a consolidated brewing company of a provincial town in this State, and another firm, noted for its conservatism, is about to bring out a mammoth cattle raising, slaughtering, and retailing company, in which a number of aggressive capitalists have joined hands. The indications are that in a little while Wall Street will on account of this innovation, or rather its imitation of English markets, be discussing learnedly about industries of which it is now ignorant. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March* 2, 1889.

DOUBT BRIGHTENING INTO HOPE

And hope into certainty, is the pleasing transition through which the mind of the nervous, dyspeptic invalid passes who tries a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is alike incomparable and inimitable. Increased vitality, a gain in weight, tranquility of the nerves, sound appetite and sleep are among the blessings which it is within the beneficent power of this medicine to confer, and it is not surprising that after acquiring this new dowry of health the grateful sick should sometimes utter their praises of the Bitters in terms bordering on extravagance. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and the proprietors of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have sometimes been obliged to suppress these eulogiums least they should be accused of blowing their own trumpet too loudly. For constipation, biliousness, kidney complaint, and incipient rheumatism the Bitters is also a deservedly popular remedy. —[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

THE use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order. —[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honore, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

THE CHICAGO AND DENVER EXPRESS

Is a new train that is now running daily between Chicago and Denver via the Chicago & North-Western and Union Pacific Railways. It leaves Chicago daily at 5.30 P.M., and coaches, free reclining-chair cars and Palace Sleepers run through, arriving at Council Bluffs and Omaha at convenient hours the next morning, and at Denver early the second morning. Meals en route over the North-Western are served in dining-cars. California passengers leaving Chicago by this train Tuesday evenings connect at Council Bluffs with the famous "Golden Gate Special," which reaches San Francisco Friday at 7.45 P.M., making the time between Chicago and San Francisco only three days, the quickest time ever made between Chicago and California by trains run on regular schedule. Tickets, timetables, and full information can be obtained at any coupon ticket office, or by addressing E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

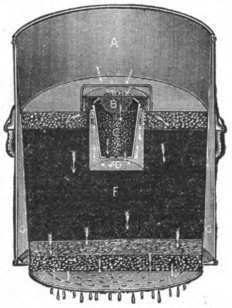
ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

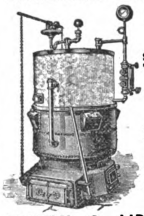
WHY YOU SHOULD USE
Scott's Emulsion
OF **Cod Liver Oil** WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES.
It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.
It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

Jewett's New Water Filter.



A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOUSE HEATING BY STEAM
Is the Best and Most Economical Method.



THE "GORTON" BOILER,
SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, MADE OF BEST MATERIALS.
AUTOMATIC, SELF-FEEDING, ECONOMICAL IN USE OF FUEL.
Any servant girl can run it with ease.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description and prices.
GORTON & LIDGERWOOD CO.,
96 Liberty Street, N. Y.
Branches: 159 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.; 34 & 36 West Monroe Street, Chicago.

EPILEPSY.
An account of the only rational mode of treatment. Send stamp for copy to
DR. WILLIAMSON, New London, Conn.

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.



SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Gowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.
Ladies desirous of ordering, and unable to visit New York, can have sketches and samples forwarded free by mail—perfect fit guaranteed.
210 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Darlington, Runk & Co.
LYONS SILK GRENADINES,
French Dress Fabrics,
PRINTED CHALLIES.
Pure Mohairs and Brilliantines; extreme Novelties in French Sateens and Scotch Zephyrs; India, China, and Japan Silks; Plain and Printed Flannels. Exclusive and original patterns.
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

THE CARTRIDGE-CHARM,



Microscope and Magnifier combined. Very powerful and suitable for the examination of all kind of objects. Shell gold; tip, dead silver finish. With swivel, mailed free on receipt of $1.00. For 25c. extra will supply a mounted Micro-Photo-Transparency of any picture furnished (will be returned). The Micro can be attached to and worn with the Charm. CURT W. MEYER, Optician, *Established* 1866. 788 Broadway, N. Y.

LYON & HEALY
State & Monroe Sts. CHICAGO,
will mail free, their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps, including Recutting Materials, Trimmings, etc. Contains Instruction for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Scales, Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a Selected List of Band Music.



ESTERBROOK'S
DOUBLE LINE RULING PEN.



MAKES TWO LINES AT ONCE.
Send 10c. stamps for 4 pens; 25c. for 1 doz.
ESTERBROOK & CO., 26 John St., New York.

WRITING PAPERS by the POUND. Nearly double the quantity than by the quire for same money. Send stamp for samples and price-list.
ENGRAVED VISITING PLATE and 50 Cards, $1.00. Wedding Invitations.
WM. H. HOSKINS CO., 927 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES
For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

R. H. MACY & CO.,

SIXTH AVENUE, 13th TO 14th ST., N. Y.

Black Silks at Attractive Prices.

A Good Black Surah Rhadame or Duchesse at 69c.; worth 90c.
A Rich Royal Armure, 5 designs, 88c.; worth $1.25.
A Rich Faille, Rhadame, or Triple-Warp Surah, 98c.; worth $1.30.
A Heavy Black Watered Silk at 99c.; worth $1.30.
A Rich Black Gros-Grain, warranted to wear, 99c.; worth $1.35.
A Superior Black Faille Francaise at $1.25 and $1.48.
Elegant Black Satin Duchesse, $1.25 and $1.48.
Rich Novelties in Black Royal, with Moire Stripes, $1.49; worth $2.00.
A Rich Black Gros-Grain, with wide Moire Stripes, $1.25; worth $2.00
A Double-Warp Black Surah or All-Silk Satin at 58c.; worth $1.00.
Superior Black Cashmere-Finish Gros-Grain at $1.25 and $1.48.

Genuine Bargains in Colored Silks.

Black-and-White Check Surah, 59c.; worth 85c.
Black Surah, with Gray Stripes, 49c.; worth 85c.
Fine 24-inch White Shanghai Silk, 59c.; worth $1.00.
Superior 28-inch Japanese Silk, 79c.; worth $1.25.
All Colors in China Silks, 49c., 59c., 69c., and 79c.
Choice Designs in 27-inch Printed India Silks, 78c. and 89c. This quality is generally sold at $1.00 and $1.25.
Plaid and Striped Surah, rich combinations, 69c.; worth $1.00.
22-inch All-Silk French Moire, staple shades, 59c.; worth $1.00.
Magnificent Stock of Rich Round-Cord Faille Francaise, will not crack or slip, 84c., 97c., and $1.19; worth $1.00, $1.25, and $1.50.

DRESS GOODS.

Black Cashmeres at lowest prices ever known.
Our quality C at 69c., is good value for 85c.
" " D " 79c., " " " $1.00.
" " E " 89c., " " " $1.16.
" " F " 99c., " " " $1.25.
Silk-Warp Henriettas. Note the Great Reduction in Prices.
Our quality AA at 97c.; was $1.15.
" " BB " $1.24; " $1.49.
" " CC " $1.49; " $1.74.
" " DD " $1.69; " $1.99.
We are offering a superior quality in Black and Colored Dress Velveteens at 59c. per yard; recently sold at 85c.
We call attention to our Colored Cashmeres, 100 different shades, at 49c. per yard; real value, 75c.
Send for Samples of the above Special Bargains. Be sure to mention this paper.

We shall prepay freight on all the above items on paid purchases of $5 and over.

Mail Orders Carefully Executed.

Sixth Avenue, 13th St. to 14th St.

Public Speakers:

A TEASPOONFUL OF PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE DILUTED WITH AN EQUAL QUANTITY OF WATER, WILL CLEAR THE VOICE OF MINISTERS, LECTURERS, SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE ELEGANT BOOK OF TOILET RECIPES THAT CAN BE PREPARED EASILY AND CHEAPLY AT HOME. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR TWO TWO-CENT STAMPS. ADDRESS, ...

PROCTER & GAMBLE,
GLYCERINE DEP'T, CINCINNATI, O.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,

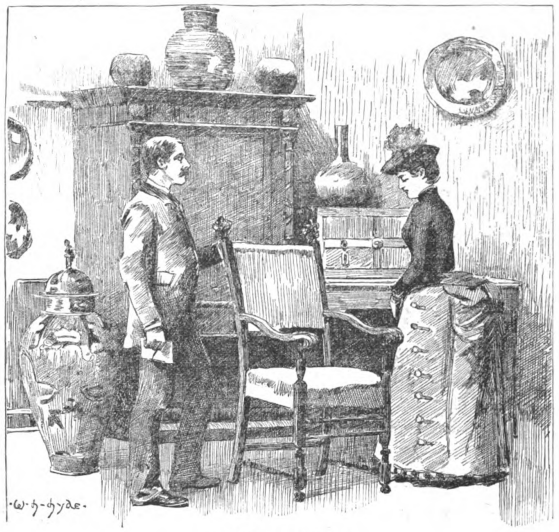
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.



SEEDS GIVEN AWAY. Pkt. of 100 Mixed Flower Seeds, 500 kinds, GUIDE, and 10c. Certificate for Seeds, *your choice*, all for 2 stamps (4 cents.) Every flower lover delighted. Tell all your friends. **G. W. PARK, FANNETTSBURG, PA.**

Send at once. This notice will not appear again.



BRIC-À-BRAC-IANE.

LADY. "Oh, what a lovely chair! It is an antique, is it not?"
SALESMAN. "No, Madame, that is modern."
LADY. "Oh, what a pity! It was so pretty."

SKIN DISEASES.

What spectacle is more disgusting than that of a man or woman with a skin disease which shows itself in pimples or blotches on hands, arms, face, and neck? It is simply impure blood. See what BRANDRETH'S PILLS did for a chronic case: George Chapman, Pincening, Mich., says:

"For four years I was in the Mounted Infantry in the U. S. Army, residing during that time principally in Texas. Almost all of that time I had a chronic skin disease, characterized by an eruption over the entire surface of my legs and thighs, arms and chest. The doctors termed it eczema. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when BRANDRETH'S PILLS were recommended to me. I concluded to try them, and did so, and I have thanked God daily since then that I did so. I think I used them altogether for about three months, and, by that time, was completely cured and have never had any trouble since. My skin is as clear as any one's."

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

FREE TO F.A.M. Fine Colored Engraving of the Ancient Building in London, in which the first G. L. of F. A.M. was held. Also large illustrated Catalogue of all Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. Grand new work for Agents. Beware of spurious Masonic books. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.



PURE CALIFORNIA WINES

From the **Celebrated Edge Hill Vineyards.**

ST. HELENA, NAPA CO., CAL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1888. { BOARD OF PHARMACY OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

Dear Sirs: I am especially pleased with the Cabinet Claret, which, in flavor and bouquet, is equal to the best foreign wine I have ever tasted. It must take the highest place among the world's wines.

Yours faithfully,
TO EDGE HILL WINE CO. CYRUS EDSON.

Order through your Grocer, or write to us direct.

EDGE HILL WINE CO.,
Personal inspection invited. **12 Barclay St., N.Y.**

Pure Unfermented

GRAPE JUICE,



NOT WINE, NO ALCOHOL.

BROOK LAWN FARM,
Esopus-on-Hudson.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY..... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR..... 4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE..... 2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

There is nothing more conducive to wholesome pleasure, and to the creation in the family of an elevated moral condition, than the persistent use of these periodicals. They are as familiar as household words, and are administered with such high humanity and wisdom that they constitute one of the greatest engines of civilization now in existence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The most popular and successful periodicals for family reading ever published.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Ten Cents in Postage-Stamps.

HINDERCORNS.

The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC



The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and $1.00, at Druggists.

HILL'S MANUAL.

The Great Form Book. Standard in Social and Business Life. Large sales. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write Danks & Turner, **Hill Standard Book Co.,** 103 State St., Chicago, who wish to employ a few more good salesmen.

SEEDS ROSES PLANTS

PLANTS AND TREES

GRAPE VINES, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

CHOICEST OLD. RAREST NEW.

Among the latter we introduce the **CRAWFORD STRAWBERRY.**

YOU WANT IT! It combines more good qualities than any other. If you want **PURE TESTED SEED** or anything, for ORCHARD, GARDEN, LAWN or PARK, send for our

VALUABLE FREE CATALOGUE

containing about 140 pages with hundreds of illustrations. **IT'S A BEAUTY! ORDER DIRECT. Get the best at honest prices,** and save all commissions. Thirty-fifth year: 24 greenhouses, 700 acres.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio.



POMPONE ZINNIA.

IF YOU WISH A SUCCESSFUL GARDEN, TRY

DREER'S RELIABLE SEEDS

PLANTS, BULBS AND GARDEN REQUISITES, which have been a **standard** *for over 50 years*, with the most critical gardeners. Our trial grounds enable us to test all, and to offer only varieties of merit. Good new sorts a **Specialty.** **DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for 1889** is the finest Seed Catalogue issued. A complete guide to the *Garden, Farm* and *Pleasure Ground;* contains two colored plates, and 170 pages. Is mailed for 15c. in stamps, and includes your choice of one packet of the following novelties; **Dreer's Golden Cluster Bean,** the finest pole bean; **Golden Self-Blanching Celery; Seminole Watermelon,** the most luscious grown; **Princess Beatrice Sweet Pea,** the new blush color; the lovely **Dahlia Gracilis,** blooms from seed the first season; **Nasturtium Empress of India,** the richest crimson color; **New Pompone Zinnia,** in all colors mixed. Will mail one pkt. of each of these varieties, including the *Calendar*, for 60c. Mention paper and if a market gardener.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Connecticut Mutual LIFE Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1888,		$55,128,568.55
RECEIVED IN 1888,		
For Premiums, . .	$4,436,285.32	
For Interest and Rents,	2,987,190.64	
		7,423,475.96
		$62,552,044.51

DISBURSED IN 1888.

For claims by death and matured endowments, .	$3,695,752.04	
Surplus returned to policy-holders,	1,160,367.77	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies,	529,228.52	
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS,	$5,385,348.33	
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses, . . .	664,885.24	
TAXES, ...	294,383.47	
PROFIT AND LOSS, . . .	354,527.60	
		6,699,144.64
BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1888,		$55,852,899.87

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien, . .		$31,630,448.60
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds, . . .		391,183.00
Premium Notes on Policies in force, .		1,953,501.18
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Comp'y,		9,045,869.86
Cost of United States and other Bonds, .		9,840,575.34
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks, .		409,341.00
Cash in Banks, ...		2,568,772.64
Balance due from Agents, secured, . .		13,208.25
		$55,852,899.87
ADD		
Interest due and accrued, .	$1,002,204.80	
Rents accrued, ...	11,552.29	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost, ...	488,560.80	
Net deferred premiums, .	105,431.44	
		$1,607,749.33
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1888,		$57,460,649.20
LIABILITIES:		
Amount required to reinsure all outstanding Policies, net, assuming 4 per cent interest, ...	$50,987,553.00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on Policies issued since April 1, 1882, . .	350,370.00	
All other liabilities, . . .	908,016.61	
		52,245,939.61
SURPLUS by Company's Standard, . .		$5,214,709.59
SURPLUS by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent.,		5,565,979.59
Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1888, ...		8.96 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1888, 63,660, insuring, ...		$151,361,913.00

JACOB L. GREENE, President.
JOHN M. TAYLOR, Vice-President.
WILLIAM G. ABBOT, Secretary.
D. H. WELLS, Actuary.



The Oldest and the Best.

Fastens the hair where it has a tendency to fall out, renews its growth where the fibres have disappeared, preserves its color in spite of age, sickness, and sorrow, and makes it (however harsh) as flexible and glossy as silk.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

$5 to **$8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., **Holly, Mich.**

IF YOU WANT BUSINESS.—Send for CATALOGUE of the best-selling illustrated Subscription Books. Good Books. Large commissions. **Freight Paid.** J. A. & R. A. REID, Pub'rs, Providence, R. I.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE "BUD" OF THE INAUGURATION BALL.

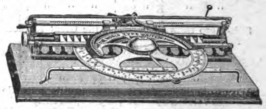
UNCLE SAM. "'Pears to me you're getting to be kind er perennial, marm."

Crosse & Blackwell's
FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

DECKER BROTHERS' MATCHLESS PIANOS
33 Union Square, N. Y.

75 WORDS A MINUTE ATTAINED.
WORLD TYPEWRITERS.



Thoroughly Made, Practical, Rapid, Business.
Single Case, $10.00; Double Case, writes 72 characters, $15.00. Walnut Case, $2.00 extra.
CATALOGUES FREE. AGENTS WANTED.
Typewriter Dept., Pope Mfg. Co., 79 Franklin St., Boston; 12 Warren St., New York; 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Arnold Constable & Co
SPRING WOOLLENS.
English Suitings,
KERSEYS, VENETIANS, AND MELTONS
For Ladies' Walking Jackets and Long Coats.
"Vervier" Wool-and-Silk Mixed Costume Cloths,
SCOTCH and IRISH CHEVIOTS,
New Styles for Steamer Wear.
Tennis Cloths and Holland Cricketings.
LADIES' CLOTHS.
Novel Colorings for Jackets and Suits.
Broadway & 19th st.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS Apollinaris QUOD UBIQUE

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT
Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.



Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.



Look all around among the Retailers,
then write to C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT, which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.



TOP ROYAL
A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE
FOR SALE BY ALL MENS FURNISHERS
MANF'D ONLY BY
PAT'D AUG 14-88. CORLISS BROS & CO., TROY N.Y.
New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St.
Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.



ELY'S CREAM BALM
Price 50 Cents.
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N. Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.



CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.



$3 Printing Press, prints all your cards & labels. Circular press, $8. Size for small newspaper, $44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, $100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

TRADE EAR & WILSON MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

GREENWAY'S TRADE MARK. AMERICAN
DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.
IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.
THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Catarrh Can be Cured.
WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAS FAILED TO CURE YOU, TRY NASALINE
WILHELM'S NASALINE, having been on trial in Colorado during the past five years we are now prepared to *assert positively* that it will cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, or any External Inflammation. It is a harmless but effective vegetable preparation, compounded from herbs found only in the Rocky Mountains. It will purify the breath and strengthen the senses of hearing, taste and smell. If everything else has failed TRY THIS. Testimonials of prominent citizens of Colorado furnished. Sent by mail. Price, 50 cts. Stamps or postal note.
P. O. Box 1833. Address, NASALINE MANUFACTURING CO., Denver, Colorado.

FREE Sample DR. X. STONE'S BRONCHIAL WAFERS. Best Remedy for Throat and Lungs. Agents Wanted. STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CALIFORNIA WINE-MAKING.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.



T the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 was a California wine exhibit that attracted more or less attention among the army of visitors. The wine was a beautiful amber color. It looked like nectar fit for the gods; but it was coarse and earthy in taste and full of disagreeable sediment. The exhibit did not have the sanction of the State, and was a mere commercial venture by the proprietor of some restaurant. It did much to damage the reputation of California wines in the East, and it took nearly ten years to remove the bad impression created by that villanous travesty.

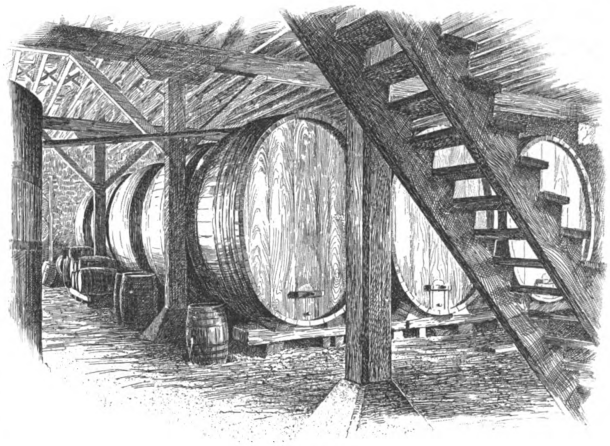
California wine-making a decade ago was emphatically in its infancy. In fully three-quarters of the vineyards was the old Mission grape, dark purple in color, thick-skinned, and sweet, but without the delicacy of flavor requisite for wine. It was introduced from Mexico or Spain by the Franciscan fathers, who, under the lead of JUNIPERO SERRA, came to California late in the last century. It made a strong, heady wine, and is now almost entirely superseded as a wine-making grape, being chiefly used for brandy, for which purpose it is regarded as better than the imported varieties. Several vineyards planted by the Franciscans may still be seen in southern California. One, at Santa Barbara, has changed little in appearance, and continues in the care of the *padres*, who live in the stately mission close at hand. Leaving the town and walking to the quiet church, one may visit this sunny garden and watch the fathers at their work—pruning, raking, tending the vines with all the simple ardor for which the Franciscans were, and still are, so famous. In the fall they gather the fruit, and within the mission walls make their wines. As contrasts, if nothing more, the old church vineyards are most delightful places to visit.

As illustrative of the increased importance of the wine-making industry may be mentioned the fact that within the last six years the vineyard acreage has more than quadrupled, and the annual product has increased from a few thousand to nearly 20,000,000 gallons. It is estimated that $75,000,000 is now invested in vineyards, wineries, and cellars, and the belief is expressed that in ten years from now the value of the yearly product of wine will exceed that of all the other industries combined. When the increase of acreage and production first began, predictions were made of failure and loss from over-production; but the price of grapes has been well maintained, and no vineyardist who has planted good varieties and made honest wine has been unsuccessful.

Although the area of California is so great—the State is more than 800 miles long—yet the grape land is limited, and that adapted to the finest foreign varieties may almost be numbered by the hundreds of acres. The two best-known valleys—those having a soil and climate both adapted for the production of the choicest grapes from the Medoc, Bordeaux, and Rhine Valley districts—are Sonoma and Napa. They are north of San Francisco, and are guarded by the hills of the Coast Range. Other districts having nearly equal advantages are in the counties of Contra Costa, Alameda, and Santa Clara. There are also scattered spots along the foot-hills of the Sierras, and in various southern and central counties, in which the best wine grapes have been cultivated with success; but the most satisfactory results have been obtained in the counties I have mentioned. Elsewhere, the success so far has been but partial.

In studying the present subject I began my investigations at San Diego, in the extreme south, and, while not willing to say so emphatically, I am inclined to the belief that the choicest wine will be made in the north; and never, even there, by the wholesale or in large quantities. Wine, be it remembered, is not like many products. Affected by heat and light, greatly modified by its youth or old age, it must be cajoled, not forced, caressed, and never abused. A certain variety of vine may thrive anywhere, but the wine is sure to emphasize all defects of soil and climate. Fair wine in abundance will be produced in the southern counties, but except in rare instances, where perhaps a highly favored acre is found, the higher priced and best flavored wines will come from the vineyards where the growth of vine is less rank. Southern fruit, as a rule, sacrifices flavor to quantity. One must not be regarded as partial or biassed who makes such a statement as the above. Present facts uphold him in his conclusions, and until growers in the south learn to distinguish between quality and quantity, they cannot be considered as careful vineyardists or makers of the best wines.

Before visiting the vineyards of California it will be wise, perhaps, as it surely is profitable, to present a few general facts regarding this important industry. It must not be presumed that the subject can be exhaustively considered in the space afforded by a weekly journal. Questions of vital interest to the viticulturists are continually arising, and men have devoted the best years of their life to answering them. The industry admits of much study. The best that I can do is to so picture the vineyards, which from childhood one never thinks of as other than picturesque, that those who have never seen them may gain an idea at least of their appearance. We shall watch the pickers gathering the fruit early in the fall, visit the cellars, with their huge casks, see the crushers pressing out great streams of wine, the odor of which fills the air with fragrance. In fact, we shall become vineyardists for the moment—living in the open air, climbing the hillsides where the vines grow, resting beneath the live-oaks. Nothing could be more delightful than the existence we shall lead.



A WINE-CELLAR.

California is a most phenomenal State. It is our Italy, our France, our Spain and Germany in one. From it come our fruits, our nuts, and our wines; and its climate, so different from that to which the majority of us are accustomed, is already tempting thousands from their earlier homes. In studying the wine industry the following table, showing the exports of wine from San Francisco in 1887, is the key-note to our future knowledge:

Months.	Gallons.	Cases.	Value.
January	90,472	435	$42,369
February	104,793	390	50,460
March	110,563	152	37,222
April	197,708	1,090	98,124
May	278,252	1,132	115,283
June	111,335	459	56,169
July	207,257	918	92,776
August	166,243	240	70,140
September	109,430	845	52,618
October	209,844	1,181	100,018
November	112,994	598	53,909
December	239,284	383	120,700
Totals	1,938,475	7,823	$889,788

The destination of these 1,938,475 gallons was as follows:

Country.	Gallons.	Cases.	Value.
New York	1,680,227	1,325	$696,412
Hawaiian Islands	71,150	612	62,877
Panama	26,449	67	11,151
Mexico	30,391	290	20,023
Tahiti	23,884	132	10,791
Central America	31,260	2,534	34,654
China	2,151	302	2,442
Japan	28,375	526	16,401
South America	384	61	616
Germany	7,793	174	5,829
British Columbia	13,313	215	9,717
Pacific Islands	258	17	228
Great Britain	5,643	1,492	8,824
France	2,575	6	4,344
Asiatic Russia	2,097	....	2,018
Norway	3,344	....	1,565
Apia	1,611	....	1,004
Canada	224	50	490
New Zealand	168	4	142
Australia	48	20	128
India	.....	16	65
Java	130	....	63
Totals	1,938,475	7,823	$889,784

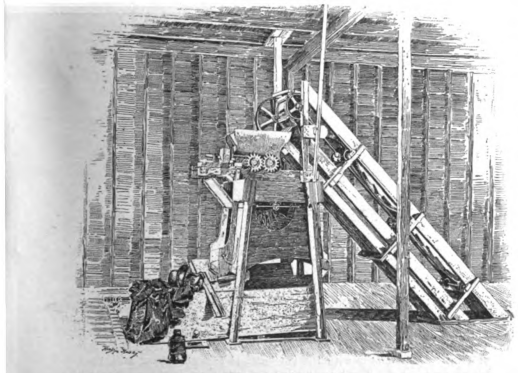
In 1860 there were only 60,000 acres in California planted to vines. In 1887 it was estimated that the acreage amounted to 160,000. The wine product also has been largely increased. In 1876 it amounted to 3,750,000 gallons; in 1880 to 8,500,000 gallons; in 1884 to 15,000,000 gallons, and in 1886 to 16,000,000 gallons. The season of 1887 was not so favorable, and the product was not over 12,000,000. But the acreage is larger now than ever before, and with a favorable season the yield in another year is expected to be from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 gallons. The home consumption of wine has grown nearly fivefold in ten years, and the demand from the East increases every year.

Viticulture, both as a commercial and an industrial interest, is most important. There are probably 5000 vineyard owners in California, and from 30,000 to 40,000 men are employed in cultivating, picking, storing, pressing, bottling, and in otherwise caring for the crop and preparing the wine for the consumers. White laborers receive from $25 to $30 a month, with board and lodging; Chinamen are paid $1 per day and board themselves. It is estimated that nearly $325,000 a month is paid out in wages, and that from 125,000 to 150,000 people are indirectly benefited by the industry. To illustrate the possible expansion of the business, one should compare the present acreage and product of California with the acreage and product of France, from which comes a third of the entire wine supply in the world. For ten years, from 1871 to 1881, the average area in vineyards there was 5,831,272 acres, and the product 1,340,000,000 gallons. Since 1881 the area has averaged only 5,357,500 acres, and the product has fallen to 1,040,000,000 gallons. From 1861 to 1870 the production per acre was 240 gallons. In the following ten years it was 230, and now averages only 194 gallons. Between 1861 and 1870 the average excess of French exports over imports was nearly 63,000,000 gallons per annum—more than three times the present American product. The annual average for the next decade was 45,000,000 gallons. To-day the imports exceed the exports, and France, even with its still enormous acreage of bearing vines, does not produce enough wine for home consumption, and is a customer of American vineyardists.

But facts are more or less dull reading, and I confess to no great fondness for them. But remembering these will make us realize that the California growers are indulging in no child's play, so let us begin our pilgrimage. There is little to detain us at San Diego; its history is familiar to the world, and the place itself, overlooking a sheltered harbor, and enjoying long months of sunlight, is interesting. In the El Cajon Valley, a few miles outside the city limits, are our first vineyards. They are newly planted and need little study. The valley is well sheltered and made picturesque by the ruins of a mission which the Franciscans built and which the Americans have allowed to decay. The soil is a sandy loam, wonderfully productive with irrigation, and the climate is that of perpetual summer. The young fruit groves dotting the region form bright patches of green amid the general brownness, and from a distance the vineyards are like a green carpet spread upon the earth. There are no cellars near San Diego, and no wine of any consequence is made. A few of the vines are of the Mission variety, but others are of French origin. In a future paper, touching upon the small-fruit industry of California, more particular attention will be paid El Cajon. It is chiefly famous for its raisins, and is now mentioned simply as one of the districts where wine grapes are raised.

Late in August, when the highways were white with the dust of a California summer, we entered the San Gabriel Valley, lying to the east of Los Angeles. The valley has had its vineyards ever since the time of the *padres*, and is one of the oldest cultivated sections of the State. The San Gabriel Mission, long, low, and rambling, is still the centre of the community, as it was a hundred years ago, and from the iron balcony clinging to its southern wall one has a view that words can poorly picture. To the eastward, hiding the desert beyond, is the Sierra Madre range, softly outlined against the Italian sky; westward, a pale extent of blue, lies the Pacific. It is early afternoon, and the sunlight so fills the valley that the roads are dazzlingly white, and the shadows of trees are black as night. But on the balcony, shaded by the pepper-trees, the air is deliciously cool, and a faint fresh breeze sighs through the branches overhead. We are in Italy once more, or so it seems. In the country below us are its tall poplars, leafy sentinels in the landscape, its orange and lemon groves, vineyards, and vine-clad cottages. Were we to visit the little town of San Gabriel, that clusters near the church, the illusion would be complete; for there, dwelling in adobe cabins, are those who speak a foreign tongue, which, if not Italian, has still its musical tone. We had dined at a San Gabriel hotel, and later had sat in the high-walled court-yard, rich with flowers and sweet with their perfume, where the only sound was the cooing of doves or the sleepy drone of the honey-bee. When the *siesta* was over, the señora came and sat beside us. There had been great changes in the valley in her day, she said. Few of her people were still there, and the old days of idleness were gone. San Gabriel itself was not so changed, but all around it the Americans had settled, and bought land, built railroads, and divided up the country so that she herself was not sure how to go from place to place. There was a tinge of melancholy in the señora's voice, and her eyes constantly wandered about the garden as though she feared it, too, would change.

The lowlands of the San Gabriel Valley have a rich alluvial soil, the deposit of streams of years, and in places there is a black mud known as *adobe*. In higher ground is found a soil consisting largely of detritus washed down from the mountains, and mixed with vegetable accumulations. Disintegrated granite is also a soil basis. With such diversity, the products are astonishingly varied. Almost every variety of grain, vegetable, fruit, nut, or berry produced in temperate or tropical latitudes flourishes. The apples of Michigan, the peaches of Delaware, the oranges of Florida, lemons of Sicily, figs of Smyrna, and grapes of France thrive side by side. The valley, in fact, is a natural garden, beautiful with rare flowers, blooming out-of-doors in midwinter, sheltered, picturesque in detail and as a whole. Here, within five days of New York, are some of the largest vineyards in the State. In one, nearly 2400 acres are under cultivation; another, that of L. J. ROSE, was recently sold for over a million of dollars; and



A WINE-PRESS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

still another, the property of "Lucky" Baldwin, is famous for its size and productiveness. The vineyard of the San Gabriel Wine Company has 500 acres in bearing, and 1000 acres ready for planting. From 300,000 to 400,000 gallons of wine are produced in a year. The vines are of selected varieties, reference being had to the kind of wine desired. Claret, Hock, Sherry, Brandy, and Angelica are stored in the huge casks standing in rows in the dimly lighted cellars; and under the manager's guide we are conducted from vineyard to crusher, and from office to cellar again. We are too early to see the presses in operation,



"HEAVY CLUSTERS OF PURPLE FRUIT."

for the picking season will not begin until the following week; but many of the casks are filled, and samples of last year's wine are offered us. The cellar is in nearly the centre of the vineyard, whose vines are bending beneath their weight of fruit. It is a brick building, two stories high, 262 feet long by 120 wide. The crushing machines are run by steam, and have a capacity of 200 tons per day. The carrying cellar is also of brick, two stories high, and has room for the storage of 1,232,000 gallons of wine. A Frenchman is busy among the casks, getting ready for the coming season. The cask he shows us first holds 15,000 gallons; another holds but 500. They are all arranged in long rows, and are of seasoned oak. The cellar itself is a most refreshing place after the glare of sunlight outside, and so, seating ourselves, we listen while the claims of southern California are advanced. Through the open doorway the vines stretch far away, like a great green sea, and beyond them loom the mountains.

From Los Angeles to San Francisco is nearly a day's ride. As the grape-picking season is approaching we hasten northward, and for a day wander about the busy city that looks westward to the Golden Gate. Here are the largest wine houses in the State; in them we find the vintages from the various vineyards. In one cellar are countless dozens of champagne bottles, filled, corked, ready for shipment, stored away in underground vaults, lighted now by the candles which our guides hold before us. In other places we find the brandies, the Zinfandels, the Reislings, and the sweet wines that are soon to go forth as samples of the California product. Casks of oak, with engraved heads, form long narrow alleys, down which we walk; blood-red clarets are being carried about in huge open buckets, or piped from cellar to cellar. At last the magnitude of the business is appreciated, and one sees how systematized it has become.

The fall months in California do not have the general attractiveness of those in the East. The foliage is not so richly colored; the plaintiveness of our season is utterly wanting. Winter comes unheralded by the dull leaden skies against which New Englanders are accustomed to see the bared trees of their orchards outlined, and we miss the rustling of dead leaves, or the violent antics of that last one, to which Doctor Holmes has called our attention. In September the country around San Francisco is dry and brown. Tramping through it, one does not see the squash and pumpkin piles, nor hear the rustle of neglected corn fields. Even so late as October the prospect is the same as in July. With few exceptions, the trees are as green and the fields as brown; the sky is as blue as ever, the air as soft. No one, I am sure, can have a higher appreciation of California than I, but New England does not always suffer by comparison. The very absence of change in California grows monotonous to a visitor. One's very system cries for rainy days in summer, for snowy ones in winter. It is delightful to have roses blooming in the garden in January, and to breakfast upon the veranda at a time when the Eastern world is wrapped in snow. But I find that those enjoying these pleasures sometimes sigh for the white fields of their early home, and for the sound of a cold north wind whistling down the old chimney, rattling at the windows, and, unable to enter the fire-lighted room, taking its departure with angry wail. In our ramble through the northern vineyards we had the harvest, but not the season: the month of ripened fruits, but not the dreamy sadness that makes our own October so delightful.

There is little to choose between the Sonoma and Napa valleys. Both are picturesque, shut in by low hills, and in either are many vineyards where one may initiate himself into the mysteries of wine-making. In selecting Napa Valley we were influenced to some extent by the introductory letters given us in San Francisco. Having them, we knew that the largest vineyards would be open to our inspection. Leaving San Francisco late in the afternoon, we crossed the bay to Oakland, and from there rode northward thirty miles to Vallejo Junction, where the ferry is taken to Vallejo, a small town at the southern end of the valley. Here we took the cars for St. Helena, a village of a few thousand inhabitants situated in the very centre of the vineyards producing the best California wines. It was dark when we reached the town. Walking up its one main street, past the dimly lighted shops with open doors, to our hotel, we waited wistfully for the coming day.

Early the following morning the beauties of the valley were revealed. Driving from town, we passed at once to a broad highway leading north through many vineyards. The air was delicious. A pale blue haze clung to the higher hills; in the vineyards hung heavy clusters of purple fruit quite ready to be picked. A score of teams, piled high with boxes of grapes, passed us as we drove along. On both sides of the road was a veritable sea of vines, those nearest us coated with dust, those beyond still fresh and green. On the hillsides, to the far right and left, we could see other vineyards, some covering the rounded hills fronting the two mountain ranges, and others clinging to steep slopes above which rose the higher summits. The scenery of Italy, France, and Germany was combined. I half expected to see the tower of some castle appear in sight, and was sure the Rhine must be near at hand. No wonder the vineyardists are contented! I cannot imagine a more sheltered pretty nook than the upper Napa Valley. Nothing is bare or harsh or drear. It is a little world in itself, having an eternal summer, devoted to an industry the very name of which sets one to picturing the scenes familiar to travellers up the Rhine, through the by-ways of Italy, and in sunny France. Remembering, too, that Napa is in America, that our national thrift has made the valley to blossom and bear fruit as it does, who is there that can fail to have a pardonable pride in it?

Four miles south of St. Helena is the vineyard of Captain Gustave Niraum, a wealthy land-owner, with whom wine-making is a diversion, not a business carried on entirely for profit. Blessed with worldly goods as he is, Captain Niraum has been able to make many improvements and experiments which would be beyond the reach of the ordinary vineyardist. He has imported many choice vines, and spent fabulous sums in securing the best appliances for wine-making. In his vineyard of 1200 acres of foot-hill land, 220 acres are planted with the best vines of Europe. The Captain believes in artificially enriching his land, and plants his vines in rows six feet apart, ordinary rows being from eight to ten feet wide. Nearer St. Helena are the properties of Tiburcio Parrott, Beringer Brothers, H. M. Estee, the Krug Vineyard, and several others. Beringer Brothers have 220 acres under cultivation, and other vineyardists from that number to 500 acres. The climate and soil of the upper Napa Valley are both particularly adapted to the growth of the dry-bearing French claret and Sauterne grapes. The region is so sheltered from wind and fog that the grapes ripen early and have great delicacy of flavor. The soil is composed of volcanic débris mixed with finely pulverized granite. When properly cultivated it is as soft and mellow as garden loam, and the grapes appear to absorb from it the peculiar qualities that have made famous the wines of France and Germany. In the lowlands — the level portions of the valley—there is more moisture and a ranker growth than on the hill-sides. From this fact has arisen the absorbing question as to which soil produces the best wine grape. On several of the properties both the uplands and lowlands are being tested. Experiments now made seem to conclusively prove that the best wine—that having the richest flavor—is made from the hill grapes. The fruit ripens less rapidly, the vines bear less heavily, and the wine produced possesses an indescribable fineness which does not belong to that made from the lowland grapes. It is superfluous to add, perhaps, that the above statement is not that of a mere layman. It was imparted to us as a fact by a majority of the vineyardists visited.



THE BERINGER VINEYARD, NAPA VALLEY.

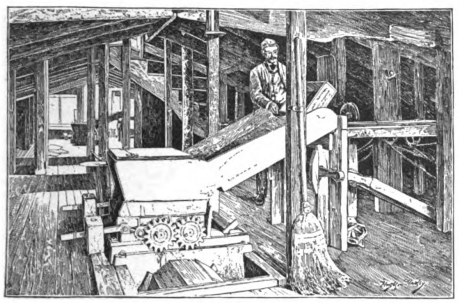
But the wine-making season is at its height. Before considering the question of what vines grow best, and where, and what varieties make the more choice wines, we will follow a wagon-load of grapes to the cellar, and see the process of making wine as practised in California. It matters little which vineyard we visit. In all the method is practically the same. The road we follow leads through the centre of a vine-covered field. Chinamen are bending over the low-growing vines, picking the heavy bunches of fruit and filling the boxes placed on the ground beside them. Wagons are seen moving from every direction toward the white-walled cellar. The day is hot in the sun, and our eyes ache with the glare of dusty roads. But at last the live-oak grove surrounding the cellar is reached, and in its shade the wagons stand in line waiting their turn to be weighed. The weigher sits in a bower that some of the "hands" have made for her. Its weight of grapes recorded, the wagon moves on, is unloaded, and passes again to where the pickers are busy. Everybody is active. The air is heavy with the perfume of crushed fruit, and in a row of casks outside the cellar doors is a blood-red juice fermenting. Through the trees we can see the hills, all vineyard-grown; the cellar walls are festooned with English ivy, orders are given in French or German, and we catch the spirit of the time and place. The scene is foreign to almost all else that we have in America.

Grape-vines in California, with the exception of a few foreign varieties, are pruned very low, the stem being only about a foot and a half high. The branches shoot out from this stem like the wires of an open umbrella. The fruit is well shielded by the broad leaves, and often bears the branches to the ground. Gathering the grapes is laborious work, the picker being obliged either literally to kneel or to bend his back to a painful angle. Each bunch is clipped from the stem, and must be so handled as not to injure the fruit. The picking boxes hold from thirty to fifty pounds. Chinamen are generally employed as pickers, although the children and wives of Spanish or white men sometimes take their place. After weighing, the boxes are placed on an endless apron, run by steam-power, which carries them to the second or third story of the cellar, where they are emptied, as fast as received, into the hopper. From the hopper the fruit passes into an ingenious machine which first strips it off the stems and then crushes it. The pulp and juice then drop into a pipe leading to vats holding from two hundred to five hundred gallons. Here the first fermentation is allowed to take place. In a few days, or longer, the grape juice is withdrawn and conducted to other vats, where fermentation progresses until the wine is ready for storage in the cellar below. The skins are treated to hydraulic pressure, after the juice is drawn from them, until nothing remains but a dry pumice. Even this, however, is utilized by mixing it with water and distilling from the compound a fair quality of grape brandy.

It will appear from the above that it is a very simple matter for one to make wine. But appearances, as we know, are deceptive, and there is an abundance of room for costly errors in every one of the operations, as many an inexperienced vineyardist has good reason to know. Even in gathering the grapes great good judgment must be exercised. Many of the choicest varieties ripen unevenly, and two pickings are often necessary. The sun-scald, to which some grapes are subject, must be watched for. If grapes so affected pass into the hopper there is no determining how much wine may be spoiled. All dry leaves and mildew have an evil flavor, and must be detected before the grapes are pressed. A fan is usually attached to the hopper, by which all dead matter is blown away before the grapes are crushed. This appliance is sometimes neglected, and with deplorable results, gallons of wine being ruined by perhaps one defective box of fruit, or even a few dead grapes or leaves.

The most delicate work in wine-making is that connected with the fermentation. Here is where the vineyardist's skill, if he has any, must be continually exercised. Volumes have been written on the process of fermentation, and it is discussed whenever the wine-makers of California meet together. No general rule can be followed. What can be advantageously done one season cannot be another. This year the wine may be left with the skins for so long a period as five days; next year the skins must be separated from the juice in a day or two. The old practice allowed the skins to remain from one to two weeks. In this way the clarets were given a heightened color such as the trade demanded. It is now generally acknowledged that separation must take place the moment the wine is of a proper hue. In white wines the skins are not allowed to remain a moment; only the clarets need the coloring matter. Still another test of a vineyardist's knowledge lies in his ability to properly "age" and "blend" his wines after they are sufficiently fermented. Until lately—for the past five years or so—a California wine-maker was interested in quantity rather than in quality, and gave little thought to blending. Now, however, the reverse is true. Everybody, most happily for the consumer, strives for quality. Cuttings of choice foreign vines have been imported and their adaptability to various soils tested. This work has been materially aided by the State in the establishment of a Bureau of Viticulture, but the bulk of it has been borne by private vineyardists, who have given liberally of their time and money to the advancement of their chosen industry. In a measure, wine-making in California is still in its experimental stage. The studious are not yet through with their investigations, and the best soils for certain varieties have by no means been definitely determined upon. The work of the Viticultural Bureau lies not only with the vineyardists themselves, but with the consumers. The Bureau must not only show how good wine can be

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE HOPPER.

made; it must see that the satisfactory product is properly put upon the market. More than this, the interests of the growers as affected by Congressional action must be guarded, and there is a mass of statistical information to be prepared for general distribution throughout the State.

Nearly every wine-maker has his favorite grapes for red or white wines. Formerly the Mission variety was in high favor. Now it is the Zinfandel, a hardy, prolific grape introduced by Colonel AGASTON HARASZTHY, a native of Hungary. The wine is rather strong and lacks delicacy, but is cheap, and is served at all restaurants. Some of the best wine-makers in Napa Valley declare that the choicest claret now made is from a mixture of Cabernet Sauvignon, Melot, and Verdot, three-fifths of the last being used to one-fifth of each of the others. The vines of the above were imported from the La Fitte and Margaux vineyards, and appear to suffer little change from transplanting. Like most other foreign varieties, they are shy bearers, and their wine needs careful treatment. Other claret types are the Carignan, Sauvignon Vert, Matara, Petit Pinot, Petit Syrah, Saint-Macaire, and Gros Mancen. Of Burgundies, many choice varieties have been domesticated. From the Hermitage came the Petit Syrah and the Mondeuse, both of which do well on the Napa foot-hills. Some of the best Burgundies made are from a mixture of the Franc Pinot, Pinot d'Epernand, and Pinot Blanc. Other Burgundy types are the Chatiche Noir, a famous European variety, the Pinot Noir, and the Petit Syrah. For white wines there is an almost endless list of French and Rhine varieties, but only a few have proved particularly adapted to California soil and climate. For a light, wholesome white wine, no grape surpasses the Berger and Chasselas. From the first the BERINGER BROTHERS, at St. Helena, make a wine having a rich, fruity flavor, without acidity. The Golden Chasselas and the Chasselas Fontainebleau are both favorites. The wine from them is generally known as Gutedel, which, when pressed from carefully selected grapes and of sufficient age, is the best "Rhine wine" made in California.

The finest of all Sauternes, the Château Yquem, is cleverly imitated by several California vineyardists with the Semillon, Sauvignon Blanc, and a blend of the Muscadel de Bordelais. These are the grapes used at Yquem, but of course there is something in the soil of the original vineyard, as well as in the treatment of the wine, which makes hopeless the attempt to reproduce the exact bouquet. A pleasant white wine bearing a strong resemblance to Chablis is made from the Pinot Blanc, while the Reisling, Sultana, Tramenir, and White Elben all produce wines closely resembling the German Hocks. For ports, the Trousseau has been most in favor; and for sherry, the Pedro Ximenes is the best.

For those vineyardists to whom the work of wine-making is a mere pastime, life cannot fail to have many charms. Several of the Napa growers own estates that have no counterpart in America. One near St. Helena and others in the Sonoma Valley were our delight. Tired out after our long day among the workers, we drove to that at St. Helena. Passing up a winding road leading through low clusters of green vines, we came to the house where the owner of many acres passes the greater portion of his time. Masses of flowers covered the balustrade of the stone balcony. The lawn in front of this was shaded by a madrona-tree. The house was of grayish stone, its every window commanding a view of vineyard, valley, and distant mountain. Resting in the shade, we saw the sun set behind the western hills, and the darkness creep over the scene of our busy day. A cool, refreshing breeze sighed through the flowers surrounding us. The air was full of perfume, soft and sensuous. Coming from work, a band of Chinamen passed through the vineyard to their cabins. Never had an hour seemed so full of peace. Contrasting the work we had seen performed, and this quiet ending of the day, with that which men in the great outer world of trade and busy occupation know, the pleasures of wine-making were most alluring. We forgot its own trials, its annoyances and disappointments. Into our picture came none of the dull realities that in other walks of life we knew were always present.

The pioneer vineyardist in California was CHARLES KOHLER, a New York musician, a good judge of wines and a lover of country life. His was the first vineyard in Sonoma County. Then came Mr. HARASZTHY, who demonstrated the similarity of the Californian soil and climate to those of the best wine-growing districts in Europe. Following him came a number of Californians, who, each in his own way, improved the wines of the State. Among others of this class may be mentioned H. W. CRABB, JACOB SCHRAMM, HORATIO LIVERMORE, E. W. HILGARD, GUSTAVE NIBAUM, J. H. DRUMMOND, GEORGE HUSMAN, C. A. WETMORE, CHARLES KRUG, and L. J. ROSE. Each imported many vines, and all gave careful thought to their chosen work. The State Board of Viticulture, by its resources for information and through its publications, has done much to encourage the growth of the best grapes by small vineyardists, and has been keenly alive to the needs of the industry. To Professor E. W. HILGARD, of the Berkeley University, the vineyardists are also heavily indebted. He has done incalculable service in analyzing soils and suggesting the best varieties adapted to them, and to-day is an authority in all matters pertaining to this important business.

The largest vineyard in California, and possibly in the world, is that of Senator LELAND STANFORD, at Vina, in Tehama County. The estate comprises 40,000 acres, of which 3500 acres are planted in choice vines. The original vineyard of 75 acres was planted in Mission vines, soon after the first discovery of gold, by an old Frenchman named GERKE. The vines to-day, although thirty-five years old, are still vigorous. The trunks are as thick as a man's leg. The yield of grapes last year was nine tons to the acre. The chief foreign varieties planted at Vina are the Berger, White Chasselas, Reisling, and the Napoleon, for white wines, and the Zinfandel and Trousseau for clarets. The vineyard is divided into fields of 500 acres each. Every modern appliance for the manufacture of wine is provided by the Senator, but the product is far from choice. Experts declare that fine wine will never be made there. The object of the owner, however, was not to make the higher-priced wines, but rather to manufacture an article for general home use, his argument being that the use of light claret or white wine is the best method of checking intemperance. The cellars at Vina are large, and the plant is capable of handling 400 tons of grapes per day, an equivalent of 12,000 tons or 24,000,000 pounds for the season.

Perhaps the best-managed vineyard in California is the "Natoma," at Folsom, near the capital of the State. It comprises 1800 acres, a large part of which is planted in fine foreign wine varieties imported by HORATIO P. LIVERMORE, the original manager and part owner of the property. Mr. LIVERMORE had large means at his disposal. Besides supplying many of the vineyards throughout the State with imported cuttings, he made many costly experiments, and imparted much valuable information to his *confrères*. Since his retirement as manager the vineyard has been conducted on a purely commercial basis, and the experiments which proved so advantageous to small growers have been abandoned.

It would be impossible under the limitations of this paper to speak in detail of all the California vineyards, or to give more than a passing word to the most important ones. In Sonoma and Napa counties one finds the most picturesque estates. The "Glen Ellen Vineyard," in Sonoma, has a large variety of imported vines; and at "Healdsburg," "Rhinefarm," and on the vineyard of KOHLER & FROSHLING, in Sonoma, and at "Inglenook" and the Krug Vineyard in Napa, are the characteristics I have mentioned as belonging to the other Napa estates—great natural beauty of surroundings, spacious cellars, vine-clad foot-hills, and wide, level fields stretching from one side of the valley to the other. The best and largest cellars are of stone or brick, and have underground tunnels extending into the side-hills. In our tour of the valleys we drove at random from place to place. We tasted the various blendings and examined the improved machines, or idled in the shade of live-oaks and sycamores and enjoyed to our hearts' content the vistas of mountain and garden-like valley. At every vineyard the proverbially hospitable welcome of California was extended. Bottles of the oldest vintage were given us as souvenirs, and our questions answered with the greatest patience. One cannot become a vineyardist in a day. The mastery of the names of the varieties is no small undertaking; and as to the relative merits of "blends," soil, climate, temperature, length of fermentation, proper age, and other questions, one may give his lifetime to their consideration and still be in error as to what is best to be done.

One of the most interesting wine districts near San Francisco is in the Ojo del Monte Valley, near the town of Livermore. The region is guarded on all sides by low-lying hills sparsely overgrown with live-oaks, and is so sheltered from fogs and cold as to offer one of the best vine districts in the State. There are various vineyards and owners, but the largest estates belong to HORATIO P. LIVERMORE and CHARLES A. WETMORE, the latter's Cresta Blanca Vineyard affording an unusual opportunity for the study of wine-making. The vines are young, and the vineyard, until recently, was an experiment, vines never having been grown in such soil as the valley offers. Down by the creek which runs through the estate we had our luncheon, and later visited the orchards and vineyards. Little wine is made at Cresta Blanca as yet, but that which is produced has a high flavor and is remarkably palatable. The valley, eventually, cannot fail to be famous for its clarets. The vines are planted on the hill-sides as well as in the valley proper, and thrive equally well in both places.

Wine-making has not been a profitable business to the majority of vineyardists, owing to the costly mistakes they have made in selecting vines and in manufacturing wines. But, for the intelligent man who takes up the industry at the present time, reasonable returns may be expected. In the best wine districts unimproved land may be had at from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. This price, of course, is not for property near a railroad. The cost of clearing and preparing the land is from twenty to thirty dollars per acre, this amount depending on how much of the property is woodland. A vineyard is not considered to be in full bearing until it is five years old. The expenses occurring before this period vary in amount and can hardly be estimated. If carefully tended, a vineyard need not be an expense after the first year, when the cost of vines and of planting and cultivating must be reckoned. A full-bearing vineyard will pay a handsome profit after calling the land $1000 an acre.

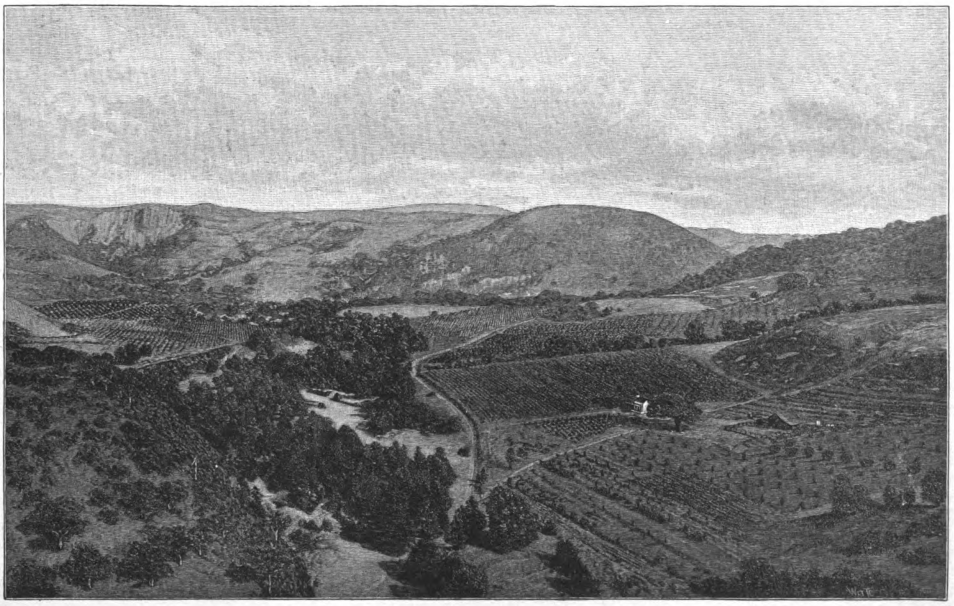
The vineyardists who make a large profit are those who raise table grapes for the market, or turn their fruit into raisins. I am told that $400 and $500 net profit per acre is often made in the Sacramento Valley by those who sell their fruit for table use, and that raisin-makers can afford to pay $1000 an acre for their land.

For those who are ill, and need light, open air exercise, grape-growing offers peculiar attractions. There is necessarily much heavy work to be done, such as ploughing, planting, and cultivating; but one not blessed with great bodily strength can hire the help he most needs, and take upon himself the lighter work of pruning, tying up the vines, picking, and blending. Instances are not rare of women engaging in the work of grape-growing with great profit and success. Mrs. MARFIELD and Mrs. FLOOD both conduct their Sonoma vineyards; and wherever he goes, one will find that the occupation is not for men alone. Some of the most charming homes that we saw in the wine districts were those in which each member of the family had a personal interest in the success of the vineyard.

To improve the California wines is the dearest object of many of the larger vineyardists. Of the several schemes having this laudable end in view, the last, and possibly the most practical one, is the establishment of a loan and savings bank for the sole use and benefit of wine-makers. The proposition is to found a bank in which the rich vineyardists will take stock, that will loan on wine collateral, and so furnish the maker with funds to carry on his business. Advances of ten cents per gallon will be made on good new wine, which will be stored in San Francisco cellars. As the wine ages and so increases in value, the owner will be correspondingly benefited. If wine in the interim advances sharply in price, owing to a small supply, the owner may take advantage of the fact, cancel his loan, and sell. An annual auction sale is also one of the features of the proposed scheme.

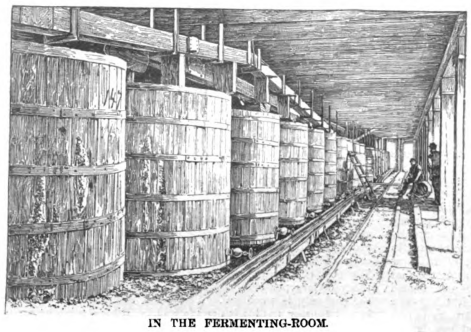
Another project, partially tested last year, is to condense wine "must" for shipment abroad. Two condensing processes have already been tried—one, known as the YARAU process, consists in condensing the "must," or freshly pressed wine juice, by means of steam and a vacuum, until the product is of the thickness of molasses. By this method 150 gallons of wine juice were condensed to 40 gallons. The "must" is shipped to London, where the subtracted surplus is added again, and the original 150 gallons produced. The other method is the "Springmühle" process. The machine has a capacity of 150 tons per day. The "must" is condensed, and the residue mixed with dry pomace, the compound then being shipped to Europe. Word has been received from London that the "must" so made, and shipped to England in the fall of 1887, has surpassed the expectations of the London wine-makers, who pronounce it far superior to the condensed "must" received from Spain, France, and Italy. As "must" is admitted to England free of duty, the profit is to the wine men materially increased.

The phylloxera is the insect pest which the California vineyardists most fear and abhor. The insect is a vine louse, and attacks



"CRESTA BLANCA" VINEYARD, OJO DEL MONTE VALLEY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



IN THE FERMENTING-ROOM.

both leaf and root. It was first discovered in California in 1881, and since then has done much injury, especially in the Sonoma Valley, where whole vineyards have been ruined. The pest breeds rapidly. It absorbs the sap, and soon kills the entire vine. Nothing more repulsive than a phylloxera-infested vineyard can be imagined. Around old Sonoma there are many acres where only an occasional vine survives. The trunks stand bleak and dead, and the few vines still alive are small and sickly.

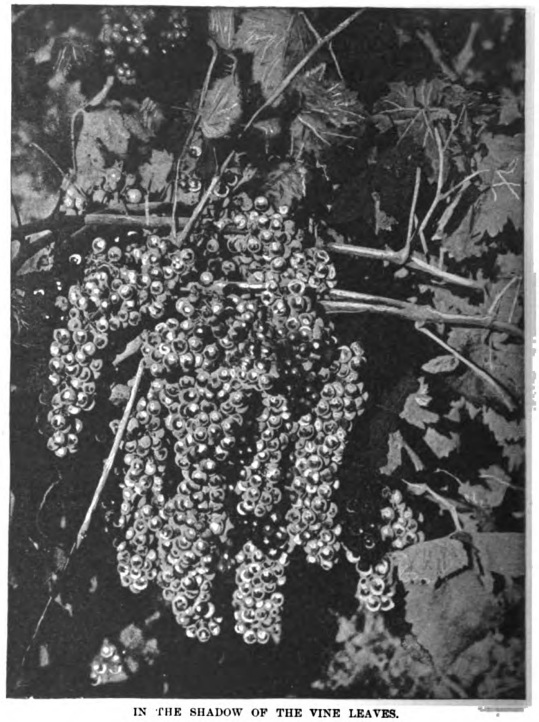
How to rid themselves of the visitation was, and still is, in a measure, a perplexing question to the California growers. Many, taking heroic measures, uprooted their entire vineyard and planted it afresh. Others, more penurious, attempted to save their vines by destroying the affected trunks, by applying all advertised remedies, and by planting so-called "resistant vines"—those which the phylloxera is supposed to have an antipathy for. The best resistants are the so-called American vines, the Catawba and Isabella. The wine made from these grapes is not of the first order, and the trunks of the vine are usually grafted with foreign vines. An instance is on record of a Napa vineyard of Mission vines which were all killed by the phylloxera, while the American vines escaped attack. The pest is less prevalent now than formerly, and is carefully watched. None can tell, however, when it will again begin its wholesale work of destruction

The brandy yield of California in 1887 was between 350,000 and 400,000 gallons, most of which was distilled in the south, and near St. Helena, Vina, Stockton, and at San José. This product represents a wine equivalent of 2,000,000 gallons, it taking five gallons of wine to make one of brandy.

Our last day in the country may well be given to the district around San José and Santa Clara. Both are but a short distance south of San Francisco. By the calendar it is late in October. The pickers are through with their work, the press-rooms are silent. From the Mission Vineyard we look far away across the levels to the hills of the Coast Range. Everywhere is a garden or a vineyard. Land in the neighborhood is fabulously high, and no section of the State is more productive. Here the Franciscan fathers, as at San Gabriel, had their mission. In the dreamy silence we now enjoy they passed their peaceful days. The wine industry has been materially increased in Santa Clara County the past few years, and the area of vineyards has now extended far beyond its old boundaries. The foot-hills are generally cultivated, and the wines are yearly becoming of better grade. The brandy made at San José is famous for its purity.

The amount of California champagne produced is limited; but one large house is engaged in its manufacture, and the wine itself, with its merits and demerits, has still to make its reputation. It is gradually gaining favor, however, and has many friends. The bulk of it is made in San Francisco, and if one pleases he can study the various processes by which the wine is made ready for the consumers' market. Whatever else may be said for or against California champagnes, it must be acknowledged, I think, that their purity is unquestioned. Great care is taken in selecting the still wine "blends," and every assurance is given that no foreign matter finds its way into the bottles.

In reviewing the subject of wine-making in California, as it appears after a casual study of the vineyards, modes of manufacture, districts, trials, and varieties of vines, one must acknowledge that the industry has a remarkably prosperous outlook. Time alone is needed to prove that our Pacific State enjoys a majority of the advantages which have given the grape-growing countries of Europe their world-wide reputation. Those inclined to sneer at the California wine offered them to-day should consider the facts, and not expect too much. The evil of adulteration, the disadvantages that have caused wine too young to be pressed upon the market, will be remedied in another decade. To a majority of vineyardists the industry is perplexing. They have yet to know good wine themselves. But their ignorance is being yearly lifted by the aid of able teachers, and in time we may expect they will refuse to send a cask of wine from their cellars until its tone is indisputably perfect.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE VINE LEAVES.

TO BE PUBLISHED ON OR ABOUT MARCH 8th.

Motley's Correspondence.

The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," &c. Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. With Portrait. 2 vols., Royal 8vo, $7 00.

From G. W. SMALLEY'S *London Letter to the N. Y. Tribune of February 24th.*

Motley's Correspondence excites that kind of interest which always belongs to portraits drawn by one eminent man of other eminent men. Letter-writing had not died out in Motley's time. He took pains; wrote as if for print, but without stiffness; did not assume that everything had appeared in the newspapers; had great opportunities, and used them. He saw as much of London life as any man, knew everybody, and was himself, both when American Minister and before and after, a central figure in English society. He describes scenes and people with equal animation. His style is even better in correspondence than in history—more fluent, easy, and picturesque. Letters to Motley are given, notably from Prince Bismarck, whose friendship with his American fellow-student at Göttingen was closer than most people had suspected. Altogether, it is a book of extreme interest and value.

NEW EDITIONS NOW READY OF MOTLEY'S WORKS.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., LL.D. With Portrait of William of Orange.

Library Edition, 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $3 50 each. (*Vols. sold separately.*)

Popular Edition. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., LL.D. pp. 2366. With Portraits.

Library Edition, 4 vols, 8vo, Cloth, $3 50 each. (*Vols. sold separately.*)

Popular Edition. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD, Advocate of Holland. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., LL.D. pp. 890. Illustrated.

Library Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $3 50 each. (*Vols. sold separately.*)

Popular Edition. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $4 00. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

New Editions of Popular Novels.

Captain King's A War-Time Wooing.

A Story. By Capt. CHAS. KING. Illustrated by R. F. ZOGBAUM. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00.

Constance Fenimore Woolson's Stories.

EAST ANGELS. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.—ANNE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.—FOR THE MAJOR. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.—CASTLE NOWHERE. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.—RODMAN THE KEEPER. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00. (*New Editions.*)

By Miss Amélie Rives:

VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA. A Story. By AMÉLIE RIVES (Mrs. J. Armstrong Chanler). Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00.

A BROTHER TO DRAGONS, AND OTHER OLD-TIME TALES. By AMÉLIE RIVES (Mrs. J. Armstrong Chanler). Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00.

Warner's Their Pilgrimage.

Their Pilgrimage. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. 8vo, Half Leather, $2 00.

Wallace's Ben-Hur.

Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ. By LEW. WALLACE. New edition from new plates. 16mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Tolstoï's Sebastopol.

Sebastopol. By Count LEO TOLSTOÏ. Translated from the French by FRANK D. MILLET. With Introduction by W. D. HOWELLS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

The Bread-Winners.

The Bread-Winners. A Social Study. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Curtis's Trumps.

Trumps. A Novel. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Illustrated by HOPPIN. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

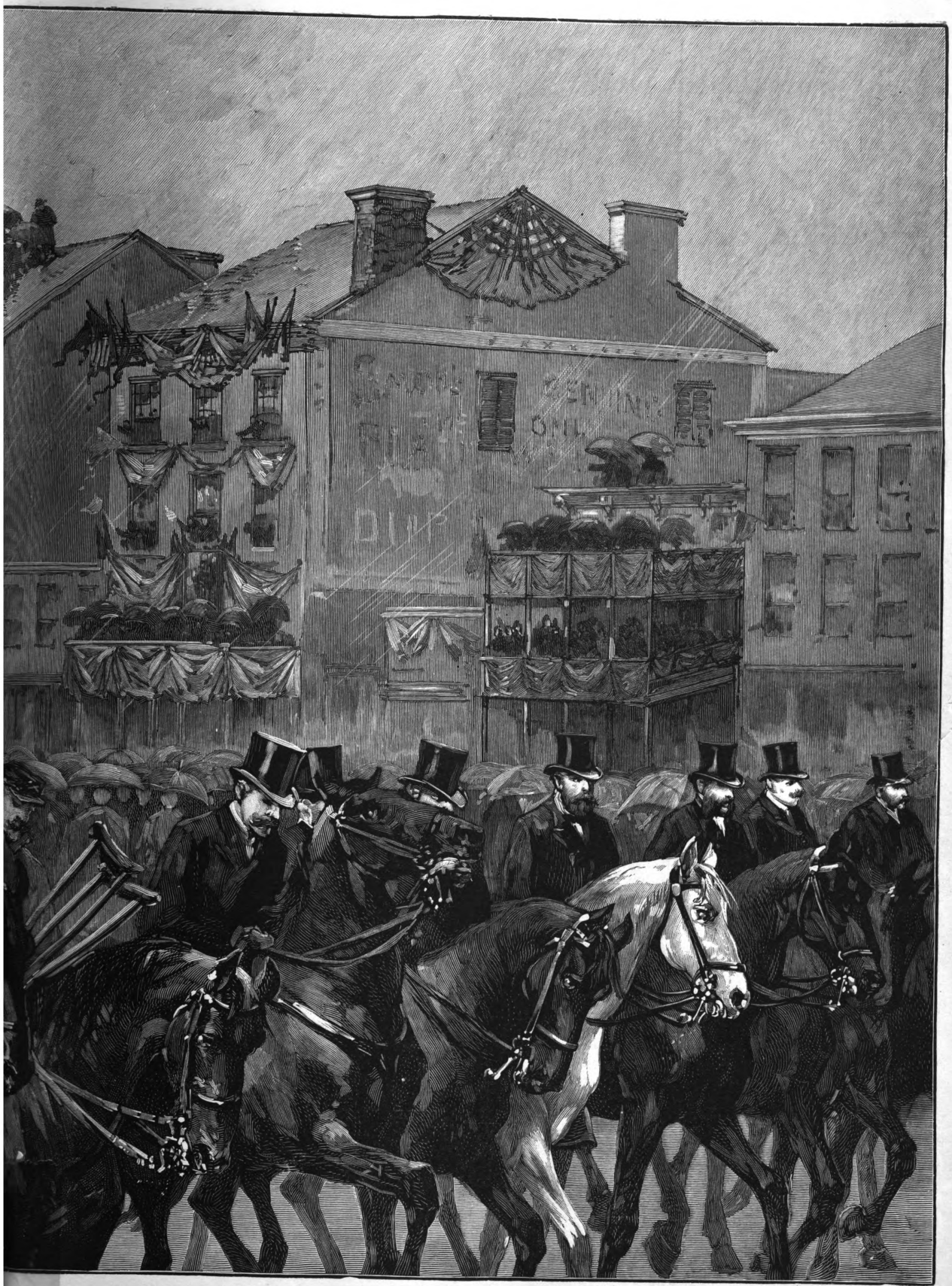
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

taff.



COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

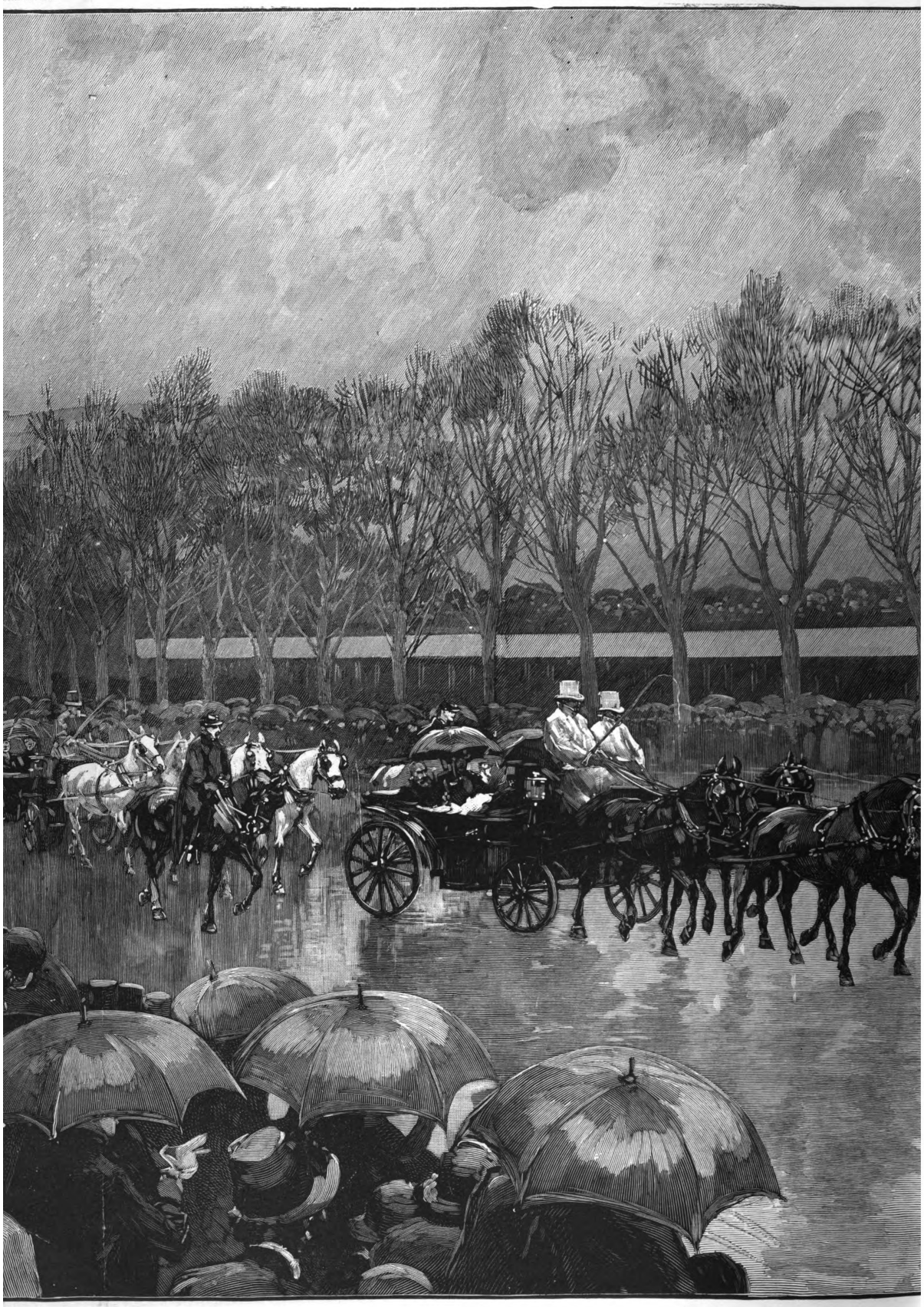
Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

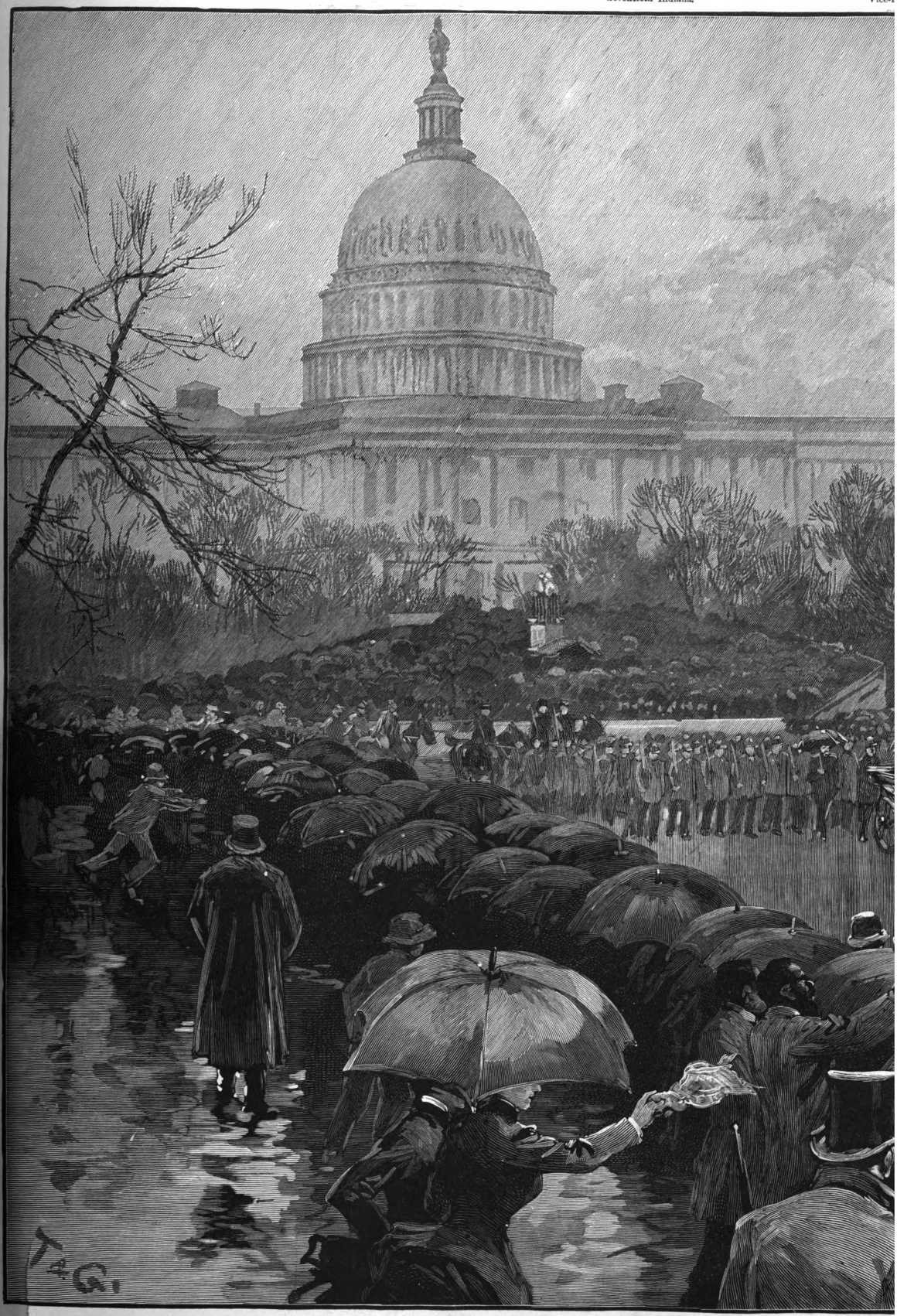
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HARRISON—TH

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

United States Troops. Seventieth Indiana. Vice-I



SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, MARCH 16, 1889.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

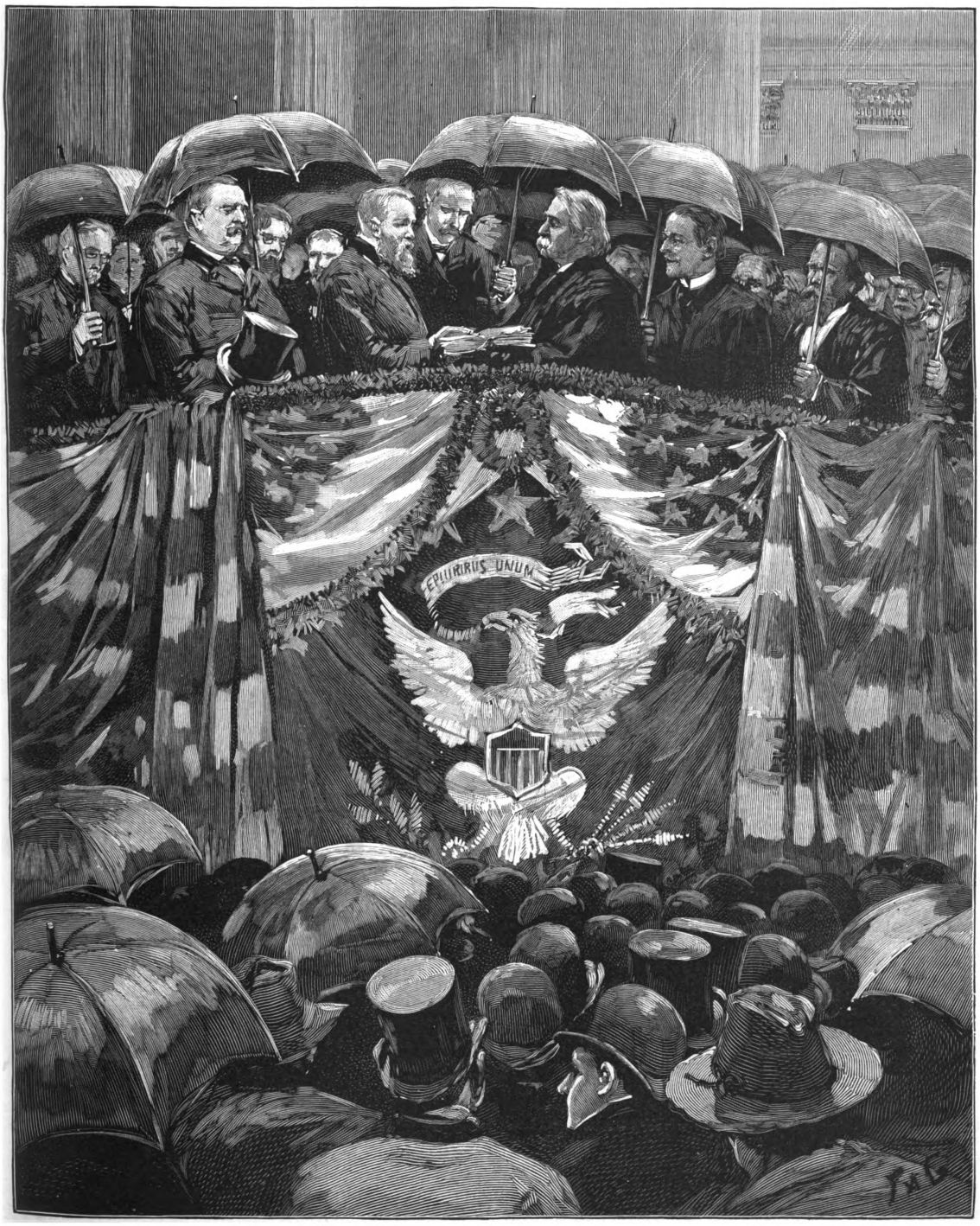
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1682.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



PRESIDENT HARRISON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.—DRAWN BY THULSTRUP AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"The cleverest authors contribute of their best to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and the most famous artists lend their pencils to its embellishment."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for March 12th contains the conclusion of the story, "Black Spirits and White," by RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON; *the twelfth instalment of "Captain Polly"; and a short story, entitled "Caught in the Ice," with an illustration by* CHARLES GRAHAM.

JOSEPH DONOGHUE, *the eighteen-year-old champion skater, is the subject of a sketch which is accompanied by his portrait.*

DR. WATSON L. SAVAGE *contributes his second paper on the subject of "How can I get the Best of the Doctor?"*

The principal illustration is "The Latest Novel," from the painting by J. G. BROWN, N.A.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

AN ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

In the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be begun a new story, entitled*

"A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES,"

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE tone and temper of President HARRISON'S inaugural address are admirable, and the impression of sincerity and moderation, yet not without clearness of view and vigor of conviction, is very agreeable. The address has been received with general satisfaction, and mainly because it promises no radical departure from the course of the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND. It was said contemptuously at the beginning of the late administration that its chief merit lay in following its predecessor and in not seriously disturbing the situation. But it is high praise of any administration that it does not change the existing order merely for the sake of change. President HARRISON speaks of the chief public questions positively but temperately. He is a Republican, but remembering that the President is the head of a nation as well as of a party, there is no mere partisan tone in his address, no exultation, no unfair assumption or innuendo. He holds that protection is the wise and historic policy under which the country has greatly prospered, but he states it as CLAY and the Whigs understood it, and points out that the open adhesion to the policy by those in the Southern States who believe it to be the best for the country would tend to the happy solution of the race question. This is done in a manner entirely respectful to those who differ, without vituperation and without extravagance.

President HARRISON says that he will have no special sectional policy. This is but reasonable, for this is a country of equal laws and equal obligations, and the common welfare can be promoted only by universal obedience to law. He states unanswerably the fundamental truth that a community which habitually and deliberately violates essential laws sanctions disorder and invites revolution. If the intelligent and substantial part of a community defies the law which provides for the exercise of equal constitutional and legal rights, it inculcates upon the ignorant and dangerous classes a lesson which will recoil frightfully upon the teacher. The President makes no practical application of this truth, which is profoundly suggestive. But he speaks of the power of Congress to control the election of its members as one to be exercised upon proper occasion. Party success, he says, achieved by any kind of fraud, which includes, although the President does not mention them, "floaters in blocks of five," "soap," tissue ballots, inequitable election laws, and terrorism, is necessarily hurtful and evanescent. These are undeniable truths, and to be carefully pondered. But President HARRISON does not say, even if he means to imply, that Congressional control of elections in the States would draw out the vote in the Southern States which is now, for various reasons, withheld, or hasten in any degree a general good understanding. He urges patriotism and the moderation of party spirit, the holding of differing opinions with mutual respect, and frank acquiescence in the decision of the ballot-box. All this is wise and timely, and his own heed of it in executive administration would commend the President to universal confidence. President HARRISON regards a surplus as a serious evil, holding that expenditure should be made with economy, and only upon public necessity, and that wastefulness, prodigality, or favoritism in public expenditure is criminal. But while he would use the present surplus to complete a navy, encourage American steam-ship lines, and develop trade with South America, he mentions no plan for reducing a surplus, saying only that he believes it can be done without breaking down the protective tariff. But spending a surplus will not promote economy, and, as all experience and reason prove, will but stimulate the wastefulness, prodigality, and favoritism which he brands as criminal.

Of reform in the civil service President HARRISON says little. He states that heads of departments as well as other officers will be expected to enforce the existing law, which covers perhaps a fifth of the government employés. The President's tenacity upon this point alone would accomplish much, for faithful regard to his own words would require the appointment by him of firm friends of reform to the heads of offices to which the law applies. His remarks upon this subject, however, evidently contemplate much change in the service. He says that honorable party activity will not be esteemed by him a disqualification for public employment. But for the great part of such employment it is certainly not a qualification. The President undoubtedly speaks sincerely in saying that he hopes to do something to advance the reform. But he would have already advanced it greatly had he said that no honest and efficient employé who respects the political proprieties of his position need fear removal. An assurance of this kind, which would have given confidence to honest and quiet public employés, would have been in itself reform. Yet there has been so much futile profession and promise upon this subject that President HARRISON'S deprecation of his probable ability to do much has the merit of moderating expectation. His course will be judged by none more fairly and considerately than by those who believe in reform, not as a means of securing party advantage, but as a policy to promote the general welfare. President HARRISON will not expect, of course, that he can do what the Republican party has ceaselessly denounced President CLEVELAND for doing, without encountering quite as strong a condemnation. The address treats our foreign relations in an exceedingly reasonable, firm, and friendly manner, and a policy truly in accord with the President's remarks would be universally sustained by all fair-minded Americans. An inaugural address remarkable for simplicity, dignity, moderation, and evident honesty ends in a strain worthy of this memorable year. Lifting his eyes from the dazzling spectacle of our material prosperity, the President says, in a spirit which is that of the purest and best Americanism, that we will "crown with highest honor the State that has most promoted education, virtue, justice, and patriotism among the people." President HARRISON'S administration begins with the hearty good wishes of all his patriotic fellow-citizens, whether they supported or opposed him at the polls.

THE NEW CABINET.

THE selection of the President's cabinet was the subject of more violent contention than that of any other President. The demands of States and factions were so incessant and vociferous that there was general apprehension that a cabinet might be imposed upon him by intrigue and clamor, rather than selected by his own unbiassed judgment of expediency. But the President kept his own counsel heroically, and whatever the motives or the influences which governed him, the cabinet must be judged upon its merits. Two of its members only are generally known to the country—Mr. BLAINE and Mr. WINDOM. Upon any theory of party government Mr. BLAINE was a necessary choice for a President who did not hold him to be personally objectionable. He is undoubtedly the most popular Republican leader, and certainly he is the chief representative of the policy, the spirit, and the tendency of the Republican canvass before the election. If to these considerations be added his long experience in public life, his selection is certainly not surprising. It is true that a powerful and important body of Republicans deeply regret his prominence in the party, and profoundly distrust him, but they acquiesce in his appointment as a party necessity, believing that his exclusion from the cabinet would have produced a disastrous breach in the party.

Mr. WINDOM was a conspicuous Senator sixteen or seventeen years ago. He was a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1880, and was Secretary of the Treasury during GARFIELD'S short administration. In that position he had little opportunity; but he made an excellent impression, and after careful inquiry he cordially approved the reformed system of selection for minor appointments in the customs service before it was sanctioned by law and while it yet depended wholly upon Executive favor. Of the other members of the cabinet, Mr. WANAMAKER, the Postmaster-General, because of recent discussions, is the most conspicuous. He is in no sense a leader of the party, and before the late election he had been unknown in political life. We have stated frankly the reasons why his appointment must be deeply regretted. They are not affected by the fact that he is undoubtedly a man of great executive ability and of kindly and generous impulses. It was not for these reasons that he was appointed. We shall certainly judge candidly his administration of the Post-office, and shall gladly commend all the wise energy and efficiency that he may display. Moreover, we have no grounds for supposing that he sought the appointment. But its reason is none the less to be deplored. General TRACY, of Brooklyn, the Secretary of the Navy, is favorably known in this neighborhood as a gallant soldier of the Union, a man of high personal character, and of unquestionable ability and distinction as a lawyer. He is a very much more satisfactory representative of New York Republicanism than Mr. PLATT. The other members of the cabinet have all a local political or professional distinction, and their appointment opens to them great opportunities, and to use them effectively will severely test their powers.

There is no reason to suppose that President HARRISON proposes to surrender his position as the responsible head of the administration, and the impression that he has made already is that of a self-possessed, moderate, and conservative man, whose moderation will be probably sustained by his advisers. If it were generally believed that the Jingo spirit would dominate the cabinet there would be a great deal of uneasiness. But this disposition is not supposed to be that of the President, in whose inaugural address there is not only no sign of it, but a tone wholly and decisively opposed to it. There is undoubtedly plenty of the Jingo spirit in the country, but it does not overbear the national good sense, and it is not characteristic of the Republican party. Indeed the spirit of the President's treatment of foreign affairs in his inaugural address is entirely harmonious with that of Secretary BAYARD. "Calmness, justice, and consideration should characterize our diplomacy," says President HARRISON. "The offices of an intelligent diplomacy and of friendly arbitration in proper cases should be adequate to the peaceful adjustment of all international difficulties." That is a peculiarly wise and American declaration, and it describes the spirit in which Mr. BAYARD has conducted our foreign relations. It has been a course without bluster or swagger, but it has surrendered neither the true national honor nor interest. We see no reason to doubt that President HARRISON will pursue a similar course. Upon the whole, it is plain, we think, that he will be master in the cabinet. He is a very different man from General GARFIELD, and the difference is of a kind which justifies the feeling that we express. Contrasted with GARFIELD'S amiable and brilliant effusiveness, General HARRISON is reticent and undemonstrative. But in the event of a difference between him and the Secretary of State, the Senate would probably incline toward the President. We know no reason, however, to anticipate differences, and what we have said of the President is no less true of the cabinet, that its conduct will be judged, by independent observers at least, solely upon its merits.

MOTLEY'S LETTERS.

THE letters of the historian MOTLEY, which are just published by the HARPERS, have all the variety and ardor and charm which would be expected from the historian of the Dutch Republic. He wrote with a sympathetic warmth and fulness of detail, with the lively humor, fine observation, and tender feeling which give such vivid reality to his historical works, but also with a freedom and sense of complete *camaraderie* which are naturally less apparent upon the more careful historic page. MOTLEY had an exquisite sensitiveness of nature, which gave him the keenest appreciation and enjoyment of life, and he had also the proud courage and independence of the gentleman, and the blended qualities often flamed out in passionate vehemence of expression. The letters now published, however, show these characteristics only in their pleasantest, not in their controversial, aspects. In the correspondence from Vienna during our civil war, when he could not tear his mind from the absorbing theme, the absolute and uncompromising nature of his convictions is strikingly revealed. There is no more graphic and valuable contemporaneous record than they afford of the earnestness and vigor of the Union sentiment at that time. It cannot be said that the most scholarly circles of American life were indifferent to the great struggle, for it is from those circles that the most permanent, because the most sympathetic, comprehensive, and profound, expression of that sentiment has proceeded.

But the variety of the MOTLEY correspondence is delightful. Its swift, bright sketches of travel, and details of Russian, German, and Italian life, its crowded gallery of portraits of the most famous English society when it was full of historic figures, its glimpses of court circles, with its constant view of the devoted student and author suddenly rising into fame, are very engaging and interesting. The disclosure of the historian's intimacy with BISMARCK, which began at the German university and continued to the end of MOTLEY'S life, will be surprising to many readers, who will find in the American's letters a domestic picture of the German statesman which is not elsewhere accessible. MOTLEY'S quick eye, pic-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

turesque phrase, and instinctive appreciation make all the personal descriptions—and the volumes are full of them—like flashes of light upon the people whom he meets. At Varzin, when BISMARCK'S renown was at its height, MOTLEY tries to make his greatness real, and BISMARCK laughingly responds. So in London when he questions PALMERSTON, then an old man, how he does his trying work, the Prime-Minister jauntily turns the question aside by treating it as a mere matter of routine.

MOTLEY was twice American Minister, first in Austria, then in England. But one of his greatest services to his country was performed while he was yet a private citizen. He was in England, in the full flush of his fame, flattered on all sides and universally sought, both for his celebrity and for his social charm, when our civil war began, and English society, the London clubs and drawing-rooms, were strongly and contemptuously hostile to the Union cause. MOTLEY, thoroughly equipped for the purpose, used all his social prestige to correct the curious ignorance of the English upon the subject, and summed up clearly and conclusively the great argument for the Union in two letters to the London *Times*, which was venomously inimical to the American cause. No American in Europe was so situated and so fitted to instruct European opinion, and he nobly seized and improved his opportunity. There was no hesitation, no evasion, no sophistry. He was never so intensely American as then, and in himself, no less than in his high intelligence and special knowledge, he was our triumphant advocate. These volumes of MOTLEY'S intimate letters, revealing "the unbought grace" of the man, his fond and affectionate domesticity, as well as his shrewd observation and fascinating portrayal of the panorama that passed before his eyes, will acquaint his countrymen with the delightful personality of a man who has been known hitherto only as the famous historian.

A HISTORIC EVENT.

THERE has seldom been a more sudden and striking turn in the fortunes of a leader and his cause than that which has recently occurred in the estimate of Mr. PARNELL and the Irish question. The deadly antipathy of characteristic English opinion to Ireland and the Irish leaders culminated in the *Times's* presentation of "Parnellism and Crime," which was regarded by that opinion as substantially true. Mr. PARNELL'S guilt, once established before a competent and trusted tribunal, would have discredited the Irish cause beyond present recovery. The scene was set for that purpose. In the eyes of England and the world the trial began. It drew nearer and nearer to the vital point. But just as that point was reached the entire scheme of the *Times* shivered, collapsed, and fell. Its chief witness, a panic-stricken and confessed perjurer, fled by night and killed himself. Tory England was forced to acknowledge that the criminal accusation of Mr. PARNELL, which it had accepted as undoubtedly true, was the invention of a notorious forger, and that the man whom, with his cause, it was waiting to brand with infamy, was absolutely untouched, while the authority and standing of the *Times* were ruined.

In the midst of the excitement of the astounding disclosure, which wrung from the *Times* an unwilling and unhandsome apology, Mr. PARNELL, whom it had sought to destroy, appeared, pale and tranquil, in the witness box, and quietly denied—England and the world believing—the authenticity of the letters, his simple word accepted as the truth. A little later, in the House of Commons, with an adverse majority of a hundred, the greatest of living Englishmen, with a large body of his friends and supporters, rose and bowed respectfully to Mr. PARNELL as he entered quietly and unmoved, the hall ringing with such cheers and enthusiasm as it has seldom heard. Then, without allusion to the scene or to the extraordinary events which had occasioned it, still pale and tranquil, Mr. PARNELL, fully equal to the crowning hour of his career, spoke a few words, so wise, so temperate, and so timely that they completed in every generous and candid English mind the impression of sincere and unstained devotion to a great cause which the sudden and total failure of the prosecution had begun. The scene in Parliament must become historical, and the figure of the Irish leader, cold and passive, as it always seems, becomes more striking than that of any of his predecessors, from the very absence of the qualities which are held to be distinctive of his countrymen.

England, he said in substance, can grant all that Ireland asks without losing in the least degree the power completely to protect her own empire. He has said it before, but never before when it was heard with respect or the slightest confidence. When speaking before this night he had been regarded as a reckless demagogue conniving at dastardly crimes. But now all this belief had been overthrown, and from the furnace lighted to consume him he had emerged unscathed. In the long history of Irish misrule, suffering, and sorrow pleading with England for friendship and justice, there is no more impressive and significant incident. It must have a profound and lasting and happy effect upon the cause of home rule. It must necessarily beget a tolerance and patience which have been hitherto unknown, and stimulate a spirit of candor and fair play which will lead to results most fortunate for both countries.

MARY LOUISE BOOTH.

THE death of Miss BOOTH, the editor of HARPER'S BAZAR since its establishment more than twenty years ago, has elicited a general expression of respect, which shows how highly and justly she was appreciated. She was a woman of strong character as well as of unusual literary accomplishment—a character which was illustrated by profound and intelligent interest in the welfare of women, united with a thorough independence, in preference of the usual methods by which that welfare is sought to be promoted. With strong convictions and a gift of forcible expression, a woman whose work necessarily associated her much with men, although she asserted clearly and quietly exercised what she held to be her rights as a woman, she was indisposed to agitate the question of rights, doubting whether another were not a wiser way.

For her especial editorial task she was peculiarly fitted by her literary tastes and training. She had no spirit of controversy, and the literary atmosphere of the BAZAR from the beginning illustrates her own temperament, unvexed by storms or currents of dispute, mild, equable, serene. No publication of the kind has maintained so high a standard as the BAZAR under her management, bringing not only its particular technical service to every household, but also an intellectual impulse and moral cheer. Miss BOOTH'S abilities were early shown by the eagerness and variety of her studies, and she soon made her facility available by a great variety of translations from the French, among which an English version of HENRI MARTIN'S *History of France* was the most important and elaborate. Of this work four volumes were published, and also the translation of the complete abridgment made by the author. Her translation of GASPARIN'S *Uprising of a Great People*, published at the beginning of the civil war, was one of the chief literary events of that tremendous time; and her *History of the City of New York* is an excellent condensed narrative. Miss BOOTH maintained a friendly correspondence with distinguished French authors, and her home was long the scene of literary assemblies which recalled the *salons* of Paris.

In her death her immediate editorial associates suffer a loss which cannot be replaced. The gentle dignity, the friendly sympathy, the perfect courtesy and earnest interest, which marked her daily intercourse at the office are pleasant to remember, so that the darkening void of her departure becomes happily a perspective of tender light. She was always kindly, considerate, unassuming. With the constant coming of the paper which she edited, her name also came noiselessly to thousands of households, which learned to look upon it as the name of a friend. They will hear with sorrow that the unseen but familiar friend is gone, and they will long cherish, with her personal companions, the memory of a true woman, and of a faithful, blameless, and devoted life.

A CHARACTERISTIC LAST OFFICIAL ACT.

THE last important official act of President CLEVELAND was very characteristic. Few Presidents have used the veto power oftener or more effectively, and never more wisely than in this final instance. Unable honestly to approve the bill for distributing some of the surplus under the pretext of repaying the direct tax collected under the act of August 5, 1861, he returned the bill to Congress with a message admirable in tone and conclusive in argument. Mr. EDMUNDS, the Republican leader of the Senate, and its most profound constitutional lawyer, was one of the nine Senators who voted to sustain the veto.

The tax was levied and collected by due authority, and its proceeds were expended for public purposes by the same authority, and not only can the money not be returned constitutionally to those who paid it, but it would not be contended that unnecessary revenues could be raised constitutionally for the purpose of such distribution. As President CLEVELAND said in his message, the bill does not appropriate money to pay any public debt, or in any honest interpretation to provide for the common defence or the general welfare, but is a "sheer bald gratuity bestowed either upon States or individuals." This last message of the late President is well worthy of attentive consideration as an illustration of the faithful, truthful, able, and efficient manner in which he discharged his duty.

The Presidential office may well be maintained if only because of the immense value of the veto power. No great power of the Executive has been less abused or more beneficially exercised. Mr. CLEVELAND made frequent use of it, and in its application to private pension bills he was thought somewhat to have cheapened it. But those vetoes were illustrations not only of the conscientious thoroughness of his official action, but they exposed the reckless legislation of Congress and demonstrated the practical wisdom of such a check. It will be happy for the country if the new President shall show in his great office the same ability, fidelity, intelligence, and patriotism which are displayed in the veto messages of his predecessor.

THE CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

HAVING submitted to the Mayor its fifth annual report, the members of the Supervisory Board of the Municipal Civil Service of New York, Messrs. EVERETT P. WHEELER, E. L. GODKIN, and E. RANDOLPH ROBINSON, have resigned at the Mayor's request. It has been the singular good fortune of this reform—to which much of its rapid progress is due—that it has been intrusted at the outset to those who had an intelligent and hearty faith in it. The National Commission was organized with Mr. DORMAN B. EATON as its practical head. The State Commission of New York was composed by Governor CLEVELAND of faithful and energetic friends of reform, with Mr. JOHN JAY as chairman. In Massachusetts the State Board has been of the same character, so that the reformed system began at all these points under most favorable auspices.

Nowhere, however, did the prospect of reform seem less promising than in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Yet the happy fact that Mr. LOW was Mayor secured to Brooklyn an efficient and honest administration of the new system, and in New York Mayor EDSON, with his successors Mr. GRACE and Mr. HEWITT, have co-operated heartily in the establishment of the reform. But the demonstration in the very centre of the worst abuses of the spoils system that the reform was perfectly practicable and salutary has been mainly due to the gentlemen whom we have named, and who now, after five years of constant, diligent, and efficient service, rendered without any compensation, have retired.

Their service has been a signal and very unusual illustration of public spirit upon the most unpromising field. It has been a service valuable in proportion to its difficulty, and possible only to great sagacity, knowledge, and persistence. In the hands of men who had not the especial equipment of these gentlemen, the result would have been the total and indicrous discredit of the reformed system. Anything but success would have been a damaging blow to the reform, and success was possible only to resolution, intelligence, and tenacity. The work can be continued efficiently only by Commissioners of the same spirit, and if the gentlemen whom the Mayor has selected shall serve the cause of honest government with the same zeal and knowledge and success which their predecessors have displayed, they in turn will be entitled to the same public gratitude.

PERSONAL.

PUNDITA RAMABAI, the educated Hindoo woman who came to this country to raise money for a home in Bombay where child widows of the higher castes might be educated, obtained about $20,000 in subscriptions, and the promise of an income of $5000 a year for a period of ten years.

—The personal bereavement which Mr. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS has suffered in the death of his eldest daughter, WINIFRED, is one that has excited the keen sympathy of his many friends. This young lady had been an invalid for a number of years, but all who know the depth and tenderness of the attachment which grows out of the sedulous nursing of a fragile life will appreciate the poignancy of the grief which attends its close.

—The Rev. JOSEPH COOK in some recent Monday lectures found occasion to make several references to *The Capitals of Spanish America* (HARPER & BROTHERS), by WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS. He designated it as "this superb book of travels," and commended it as worthy of the most careful study.

—Rev. Dr. E. G. ROBINSON will resign the Presidency of Brown University at the close of the present college year. He is seventy-four years old, but retains full physical and mental vigor, and his only reason for desiring to retire is that he thinks it would be better for the college to have a younger man in his place. He is willing, however, to retain the professorships of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and of Natural Theology. Dr. ROBINSON was graduated at Brown in 1838 and at Newton in 1842, and preached for several years in the South. Then he became a professor in the Covington (Kentucky) Theological Seminary, but was driven from there by the antislavery agitation, and went to the Rochester Theological Seminary. He was elected President of Brown in 1872.

—Congressman SAMUEL J. RANDALL has been mustered into the Grand Army at Philadelphia, a provisional Post representing GEORGE S. MEADE Post, and with Congressman WILLIAM WARNER, of Kansas, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, as Commander, being organized for the purpose. The muster was one of the finest ever witnessed by the order, and was attended by prominent members from all over the country. Although a Congressman during the war, Mr. RANDALL was also a member of the Philadelphia City Troop, and served on two occasions—during the first three months of the war, and again in 1863, when the Confederates invaded Pennsylvania and Maryland.

—Colonel J. T. NORTH, who is known as "the Nitrate King," or "South American Monte Cristo," is dazzling London by the magnificence of his entertaining, the cost of a fancy-dress ball which he recently gave being estimated at $75,000. And yet the Colonel (his title is new, and was acquired through becoming the head of a volunteer regiment) was thirty years ago a workman in an agricultural implement factory at Leeds. He was sent to South America to put up machinery for his employers, obtained control of vast nitrate beds by government concession, and made his millions. He now lives at a beautiful country place in Kent, England, and is at the head of many money-making ventures.

—The grave of MARY WASHINGTON, the mother of the first President, is in a sad state of neglect at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and there is danger of its being sold at auction, with the twelve acres of ground that once formed the old homestead.

—Dr. ALVAN TALCOTT, of Guilford, Connecticut, a member of the Yale class of 1828, and one of the oldest of her alumni, has given the college $25,000 to endow a professorship of Greek.

—A cellar full of good cider proved very handy for quenching a fire that broke out in EDWARD BLISS'S house at Brimfield, Massachusetts, during the recent cold spell, the pump being frozen up.

—Mrs. ARTHUR POST, daughter of the late General JAMES WADSWORTH, of Geneseo, New York, sister of ex-Congressman JAMES W. WADSWORTH, and widow of a New York city gentleman, has just been married in London to A. H. SMITH-BARRY, member of Parliament for Huntingdon. She was once a belle in New York society, and her marriage was something of a surprise to many of her friends on this side of the water.

—WARREN B. B. WESCOTT and JANE F. TRUEMAN have just been married at Saratoga, although they were lovers forty years ago. At that time Mr. WESCOTT proved recreant, and married a rich widow, when Miss TRUEMAN brought a successful breach of promise suit against him, but refused to accept the damages awarded her. WESCOTT became a widower not long ago, and he has rewon his old love, although the couple are respectively seventy and sixty years old.

—A huge and once noted painting, called "Christ Rejected," and which represented Christ before Pilate, has been unearthed at Indianapolis among the effects of a man named TAYLOR, who was once associated with P. T. BARNUM. It was painted in 1822 by WILLIAM DUNLAP, an American artist and playwright, and created quite a sensation while being shown about the country, in much the same way that MUNKACSY'S pictures have been in the present day.

—ISAAC MURPHY, who has for several years ridden more winning horses than any other jockey, receives $10,000 a year from his employer, "Lucky" BALDWIN, and makes about $6000 more by riding outside mounts. He does not drink, swear, lie, or bet, and is said to have better control of his horse than any other rider. He is worth about $50,000, and owns a small farm near Lexington, Kentucky, where he lives with his family when the racing season is over.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



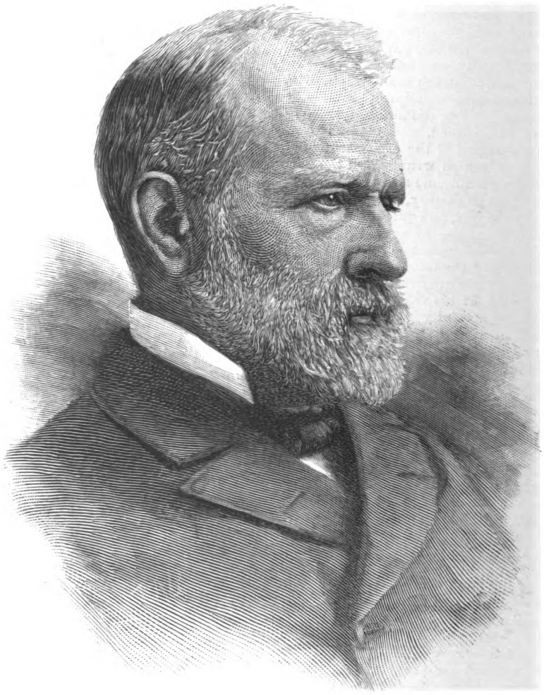
HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF STATE.—From a Photograph by Prince, of Washington, taken at a Sitting specially given for "Harper's Weekly."



HON. WILLIAM WINDOM, OF MINNESOTA, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.



HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR, OF VERMONT, SECRETARY OF WAR.
From a Photograph by Hastings, Boston.



HON. BENJAMIN F. TRACY, OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
From a Photograph by F. Pearsall, Brooklyn.

THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.—[See Page 207.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HON. JOHN W. NOBLE, OF MISSOURI, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.



HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



HON. W. H. H. MILLER, OF INDIANA, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARK, INDIANAPOLIS.



HON. JEREMIAH RUSK, OF WISCONSIN, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS, MADISON.

THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.—[SEE PAGE 207.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S INAUGURATION.

PRESIDENT HARRISON was inaugurated on as wet and miserable a day as Washington has seen for a long time. It had been raining steadily for three days, and with very little interruption for ten days. On the 4th of March the capital woke up in the confident hope that at last the sun would consent to shine. An officer of the Weather Bureau had promised that it would not rain after eight o'clock in the morning, and even if there had not been a favorable prediction it would have been rational to hope for better weather after so much marrow-searching dampness. It rained, however, and rained all day. It was a fine, elusive, penetrating rain. It worked its way under the most cunningly arranged protectives. Umbrellas furnished not the slightest obstacle to it. Their owners found their clothes and their faces steaming with moisture. They carried their umbrellas for their pains, and were no better off than those who trudged through the pelting storm without those luxuries. There was as great a difference between their inauguration days as there is between the politics of the new and the retiring Presidents. The 4th of March four years ago was one of the glorious days of a climate which establishes its reputation by its exceptions. The sun shone from morning until night. The air was as balmy as May, and the trees and lawns were merry with singing birds. Men and women who are this year suffering from colds caught on the wet inauguration day sat all through the review of four years ago in the open air and without overcoats or wraps.

The streets were crowded, however, notwithstanding the weather. The multitudes that attend these ceremonies increase with the years. There were more people in Washington this year than there have ever been before on a similar occasion, and there were more troops in the procession. The people poured into the capital from all parts of the country, and filled the vantage-points from which they might see the great pageant. To one looking down from a second-story window, Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with rows of shining wet umbrellas, while behind these was struggling humanity trying to make its way through the street. It was one of the best natured and best managed of crowds. The police arrangements were excellent, and the special constables performed their duties manfully. But what made this waiting crowd differ from all crowds that had waited before it, was the fact that it did not overflow the curb-stone and obstruct the roadway. It was difficult at first to understand the well-preserved alignment of the two first ranks of people on the opposite sides of the street. The secret consisted in the fact that a long line of disused field-telegraph cable stretched from one end of the avenue to the other, on each side, so that the sidewalks were fenced in.

From early in the morning until nearly noon the patient people waited, soaked with rain, pushed about and trodden upon by anxious neighbors. Occasionally a belated military or civic body would make its way to its place of formation, and with such incidents and with their own wit the people kept themselves amused until the regular show of the day began.

At ten o'clock General HARRISON and Mr. MORTON went to Willard's, where they expected to meet Mr. CLEVELAND. There was a mistake, however, both as to the custom of meeting at this place and as to the understanding; for while the President-elect was at Willard's at ten, Mr. CLEVELAND was expecting him at the White House at eleven. When it finally dawned upon the committee of Senators that Mr. CLEVELAND was not intending to go to Willard's, the carriages were ordered, and General HARRISON, accompanied by Senators HOAR and COCKRELL, and Mr. MORTON with Senator CULLOM, went to the White House, where they found the President and his cabinet waiting for them in the Blue Room.

At a little before eleven the party started from the White House, Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. HARRISON with Senators HOAR and COCKRELL in a barouche drawn by four brown horses, and Mr. MORTON and Senator CULLOM in a barouche drawn by four gray horses. The escort down the avenue to the Capitol consisted of General BEAVER and his aides, the regular troops, the District of Columbia militia, and the veterans of the Seventieth Indiana, General HARRISON's old regiment. These were his personal escort. They all wore brown overcoats and Derby hats. Some of them had empty sleeves, and nearly all of them showed scars of the war.

As this preliminary procession moved down the avenue there were cheers from one end of the line to the other, but nothing could make the exhibition anything but sombre. The crowd was good-natured, but it was very wet—so damp, indeed, that the misery of clinging garments appealed sadly to the eye, while the soaked drum-heads gave forth a muffled sound and suggested a funeral. The gaudy cotton decorations of the houses were in a most lamentable condition. The colors had run into each other, and were as indefinite and bedraggled as if they had never represented patriotic designs or enjoyed the virtue of freshness. Part way down the avenue a man rushed out of the crowd on the sidewalk and made his way toward the President's carriage, but the police were on the lookout for cranks and dangerous persons, and this one was speedily seized and thrust back among the crowd. No other unpleasant incident marred the journey of the party. When the party at last reached the Capitol, Mr. CLEVELAND went to the President's Room and signed three appropriation bills awaiting him; Mr. HARRISON and Mr. MORTON went to the Vice-President's Room.

Meanwhile a brilliant company was gradually filling up the Senate-Chamber. Outside, the rain might pour and the gray clouds might shut out the sun, but they could not interfere with the warmth and glow within, nor dim the lustre of uniforms and gowns. There is no episode of an inauguration more effective in color or more interesting in a way than that which takes place in the Senate-Chamber when the Vice-President assumes his office. For a few moments there are gathered together in a small room all the best-known men of the Federal government. Its executive, legislative, and judicial departments are fully represented, while the President is supported by the leading officers of the army and navy. The official life of the capital is further illustrated by the diplomatic corps in full court dress. All these are on the platform at the east front of the building when the President is inaugurated, but their brilliancy and identity are swallowed up in the more impressive assemblage of the people. As the morning wore on, distinguished men who have the privilege of the Senate floor began to come in. There was the venerable HANNIBAL HAMLIN, himself inaugurated Vice-President twenty-eight years before. Mr. HAMLIN sat next to the chairs that were to be occupied by Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. HARRISON. Mr. BLAINE was also an early comer. General SCHOFIELD, the head of the army, and General SHERMAN, were also present. As distinguished persons entered the Chamber there were occasional outbursts of applause, and the Senators were as eager watchers for their visitors as were the people in the crowded galleries. In the President's gallery there were three seats filled with the families and relatives of the incoming Chief Magistrate and of Mr. MORTON. The seat reserved for Mr. CLEVELAND's family was not occupied. This was in keeping with the plan determined upon by the retiring President, which was evidently based upon the theory that the ceremonies of the 4th of March are inaugural and not valedictory, and that the official who is going out should have as little as possible to do with them. There was no intention on the part of Mr. CLEVELAND to neglect any of the essential courtesies that were due to his successor. As President he conducted him to the Capitol and received him at his official residence. Then Mr. CLEVELAND was a private citizen, and did not choose to sit on the reviewing stand or to attend the ball in a semi-official capacity. The validity of this position may be questioned, but there cannot be a discourtesy that is not intended.

On this occasion no one enters through the central door of the Senate-Chamber except those who come in bodies. The first to formally enter the Chamber is the diplomatic corps, headed by its dean. Mr. PRESTON, the Haytian Minister, is the dean, but in his absence Baron de Fava, the Italian Minister, led the corps. Mingled with the rich gold-laced European uniforms were the silks of the Chinese Legation and the odd costumes and odder hats of the Coreans. Following the foreigners came the Justices of the Supreme Court, with Chief-Justice FULLER at their head. After him walked the marshal and clerk of the court, the latter carrying the Bible on which General HARRISON was to be sworn. At twelve o'clock the oath of office was administered to Mr. MORTON by President *pro tem.* INGALLS. The retiring President of the Senate made his adieus to the body, thanked it for its resolution of commendation, and declared it adjourned *sine die*. Then he handed the gavel to Mr. MORTON, who called to order the Senate of the Fifty-first Congress. The new Vice-President made a short speech, in which he declared it to be his purpose to do the best he could, asked for the support of the Senators in his untried duties, and then directed Secretary MCCOOK to read the proclamation issued by President CLEVELAND convening the Senate. Then, after the oath of office was administered to each of the new Senators, the gathering formed a procession, and marched to the east front of the Capitol.

While the interesting ceremonies had been going on in the Senate-Chamber, a vast crowd of people, variously estimated at from 20,000 to 35,000 waited to see the President. They stood in the rain for hours—a good-natured, chaffing, pneumonia-defying gathering, unprotected by their own and trickled upon by their neighbors' umbrellas. They waited, looking at the great bare board platform, with its wet chairs and water-smeared decorations. Finally the head of the procession appeared, and the crowd roared. It had been announced that the ceremony would take place within-doors if the weather was unfavorable, and certainly, if weather was ever unfavorable, it was on the 4th of March. But Mr. HARRISON had made up his mind to be inaugurated in the open air, and be inaugurated there he would. The chairs on the platform were too wet to sit upon, and so the party stood up, holding umbrellas over their heads. Sergeant-at-arms CANADAY held an umbrella over Mr. HARRISON and Chief-Justice FULLER as the latter administered the oath of office. The new President made a departure from custom that must have filled with sorrow the heart of the chief clerk of the Supreme Court, who has charge of the Bible on which so many Presidents have been sworn. Mr. HARRISON brought his family Bible with him, that it might remain a cherished heirloom of the HARRISONS of coming generations. The crowd that had waited so patiently for the ceremony now stood as patiently through the long address, which it was impossible for more than very few to hear.

The address was not yet finished when the signal officer began to wave his flag. The gun answered, the bugles sounded, and the troops came to attention. It was only a few minutes later when President HARRISON and ex-President CLEVELAND made their way to the east door of the north wing of the Capitol, where the carriages were waiting. Then the great procession—the procession for which all day the wet crowds had waited with straining eyes—began to move. It wound down the hill, through the Capitol grounds, out on to Pennsylvania Avenue, whose asphalt walks glistened with the rain.

At the head rode General BEAVER, and behind him came his fifty civilian aides. Cheers greeted the Governor of Pennsylvania, and his head was bared, in acknowledgment of his reception, from one end of the avenue to the other. Many of his staff were without overcoats. All of them wore high silk hats. It was a terrible risk of health. The men were soaked to the skin, and their garments clung to them with a persistence that must have been frightful. The immediate results of the day's exposure were seen when the ambulances went by: they were full of victims of the storm.

After the Grand Marshal and his staff came double files of the Seventieth Indiana Veterans, and then once more came the two barouches in the same order and with the same occupants. Now there were cheers for the new President and Vice-President, and Mr. HARRISON and Mr. MORTON went on up the street to the official residence bowing to the patient and good-natured people. There seemed now to be a certain laxity in keeping the crowd back on the sidewalk, but it was only in appearance. A number of men in civilian dress were seen walking carelessly in the middle of the street, and they were not interfered with by the police. They were Chief BROOKS and his secret service men, who accompanied the carriages in relays over the route. Four mounted army officers also rode near the party. Fortunately there was no need of the services of these guardians. There was never in Washington a more quiet and orderly inaugural procession. When the President's party reached the corner of the avenue and Fifteenth Street, the line was halted, and the carriages were driven around the south end of the Treasury Building to the private entrance to the White House. Mrs. HARRISON, RUSSELL HARRISON and his wife, and the MCKEES were already there, and as Mr. CLEVELAND entered the mansion in which he had lived for four years he was greeted as a guest by the new mistress. The procession waited until Mr. HARRISON had lunched, and moved again when he appeared on the reviewing stand.

It would have been a very brilliant procession but for the rain. As it was, it was impressive. The two men who were most cheered were General BEAVER and Governor FORAKER, who was at the head of the Third Division, and who was in the middle of a most magnificent interval. He rode a beautiful and spirited horse, and he elicited a good deal of applause. As for the troops, it was the New York Seventh that had the fullest ranks, the best band, marched best, and received most cheers. The Pennsylvania troops are now familiar to Washington, for General HARTRANFT has brought the whole division down to three inaugurations. Between 8000 and 10,000 men, equipped for a march, with overcoats, blankets rolled on knapsacks, and haversacks and canteens slung, marched past the reviewing stand, on which stood the President, General SCHOFIELD, and a few hundred friends of the incoming administration. These militiamen go to Washington with three days' rations, and camp in the corridors of the public buildings. They wear the blue uniform of the regular army, with the addition of leather gaiters. They look like soldiers intended for hard work and fighting, and they not only impress the general public, but the military men who see them. They have the faults of the militia. They do not march with the free strong swing of the regulars, but have rather a mincing step, while in the crack regiments the space between the front and rear ranks is too little to permit of good marching. The New York Seventh is very much superior in this respect. The Pennsylvania troops, in three brigades, had very little music with them, and their appearance fell very far short of making a military pageant. In fact they became somewhat tiresome. Before the Pennsylvanians came the regular army soldiers. There were two excellent troops of cavalry, under Colonel CARPENTER, from the post at Fort Myer. There were 110 men in the command, and every one was struck with their fine appearance. Small as the command was, it was the largest body of regular cavalry that has been seen in an inaugural procession, and very few of the great number of spectators who witnessed the parade knew that the United States army possessed such good men and such remarkably fine and well groomed horses. There were four batteries of heavy artillery, marching as infantry, from Fort Monroe. There was a light battery from the arsenal at Washington, and there were detachments of marines, boys from the training school at Newport with machine-guns, and sailors with a howitzer battery.

After the Pennsylvanians came a lot of odds and ends of troops, some of which furnished a great deal of amusement. There were colored troops from the South, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, gorgeous in plumes, white bear-skin hats, yellow-topped boots of the Continental period. There were important and swelling black officers with far-resounding voices. There were drum-majors that performed the most limb-twisting tricks with their batons, throwing them into the air and catching them, ramming them violently between their legs and then seizing them from behind; and yet the bands behind them played on, apparently undisturbed by their antics, and certainly not aided by any time beats. There was a fancy company of machine-drilled men, whose captain was so proud of them that he manœuvred them all the way down the avenue. It was great fun, if it was not soldierly, to see this company go wheeling up the street in consecutive semicircles, as if a straight line was beyond its comprehension. At the right of the third division were a lot of New Jersey troops, and then came General FITZGERALD and the Seventh. The leading Pennsylvania regiments, the First and Second, had marched with a division front of two companies, and the platoons had thus reached from curb to curb; but the Seventh could not do this. A single company front made a line almost as long as the two-company formation of the Pennsylvanians. The end of the procession did not pass the reviewing stand until it was growing dark, and the last divisions were decidedly uninteresting, consisting of civilian societies and political clubs from all parts of the country. It had been a hard day for Mr. HARRISON as well as for those who had participated in the procession, and he was doubtless glad when he saw the wet backs of the last line of the thousands of men who had marched all day in his honor.

The next feature of the day's programme had to be abandoned temporarily on account of the storm. Fireworks will not go off and flambeaux will not flame in a driving rain. For some reason or other, however, a good many people seemed to think that the show would take place. The moisture had not damped their enthusiasm, and they gathered in great numbers to see the expected display, which was postponed.

The festivities of the day and the occasion were terminated by the great inaugural ball in the Pension Building. The decorators had been at work in the immense hall for several days. The room is about 300 feet long and 120 feet wide. Eight enormous pillars, rising from the floor to the sustaining arches of the roof, constitute the leading architectural feature of the hall. They are eighteen feet in circumference at the base and are seventy-five feet high. These great columns had been wound about with wreaths of laurel, and dadoes of old-gold and red plush added color to them. Three tiers of balconies rise one above the other, supported by hundreds of small columns. Some of these are gilded, and shine resplendently amid the half-concealing decorations. Rising high above the main part of the building is a barn-like construction, whose white walls are absolutely impossible of proper treatment; but the committee in charge of the affair had done its utmost, and bunting and laurel wreaths had been used as effectively as possible. The crowd that attended the ball was immense. There is no doubt that 10,000 and probably many more people participated in the promenade and dance. Dancing, however, is, curiously enough, a very small feature of these balls. In the first place, there is very little room for it, and in the second place, the primary object of those who attend is to see the new President and his family, and whatever other distinguished people may be present. Comparatively a small number of those who go are residents of Washington. There is no novelty in a new President for Washington, especially when, as in Mr. HARRISON'S case, he has been six years a Senator. Strangers go to the ball in great numbers. To a large number of them it is the only opportunity they have to catch a glimpse of what they think is Washington society.

President HARRISON and his family arrived at the ball at ten o'clock. It is rather a large family. There were the President and his wife, RUSSELL HARRISON and his wife, the MCKEES, Mrs. HARRISON'S father and sister, ex-Senator and Mrs. SAUNDERS, the parents of Mrs. RUSSELL HARRISON. When to these were added the MORTONS and a few of their personal friends, Mr. MCCAMMON, the chairman of the Reception Committee, Dr. RUTH, the chairman of the Floor Committee, and his aides, the procession that marched up to the balcony and to the rooms provided for the President and Vice-President, to the stirring air of "Hail to the Chief," was a reasonably long one for a ballroom. The HARRISONS do not dance, and Mr. CLEVELAND, who does, was not present. There was a reception in the upper rooms, to which those who were known to the floor committee were admitted. By midnight the crowds had considerably thinned out, and those who remained had a chance to dance until the small hours of the morning.

When the last light was out, and the last straggler had eaten his wineless supper and departed, the clouds were still pouring down their spiteful, pitiless rain. The streets were deserted, the tired soldiers were asleep in the corridors of the public buildings, and the visitors who had come hundreds of miles to see the show were satisfied, notwithstanding that the glories had been most effectually soaked.



"YAS, HAD A LOVELY (*a-pas-chu!*) TIME."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

IF HE BUT DURST.

She lives up back here jest a spell,
An' her old housen hes a well,
Where lots er times I've like to fell
In, makin' b'lieve, you see, to quell
A ragin' thirst.
She's ruther tall, an' kind o' fair,
Red-cheeked an' pinted faced; her hair
A brown an' curly, an' a pair
O' poutin' lips—th' kind thet dare.
I never durst.
In them past days, thet summer-time,
I used ter think her pure ez lime-
Stun, white an' sparklin' ez th' rime
On winter mornin's, 'bout this time.
I'm not th' first
Thet tho't them eyes wuz like th' dew
A tremblin' with th' wind thet blew
Out frum th' southerd, fresh an' new,
Spring mornin's when th' sun is due;
But thet's th' worst,
For ef a man finds thet his life
Is gettin' spiled, an' fret an' strife
An' lonesomeness cuts like a knife,
Why don't he make th' girl his wife?
An' not be curst
With dreamin' daytime, well es night,
An' hangin' round to git a sight
O' sech a one, when—well, he might
Be dancin' round like me to-night,
Ef he but durst.

EDWARD LEADORE SMITH.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.

It is a curious and interesting illustration of the persistence of forces that two members of Mr. HARRISON'S cabinet were among Mr. GARFIELD'S advisers, and were appointed both times in obedience to the same demand and for the same reason. JAMES G. BLAINE was and is Secretary of State because he was and has remained the vigorous aggressive leader of by far the largest faction in his party. Mr. WILLIAM WINDOM was and is Secretary of the Treasury because Mr. ALLISON would not be, because he is Western, and—Mr. JOHN SHERMAN excepted—the only prominent Western Republican who has had practical experience and knowledge of the fiscal operations of the government.

The country is so familiar with the career of the new Secretary of State that it is only necessary to allude to it briefly. Mr. BLAINE is now for the second time head of the Foreign Affairs of the country. His first term was broken by the death of GARFIELD and the succession of Mr. ARTHUR. The sudden and unlooked-for termination of his career astonished and disappointed Mr. BLAINE, who had set out with the determination to construct an American policy, especially as to our relations with the South American republics and Brazil. The continent was to be dominated by the United States; British supremacy was to be destroyed. Peru was therefore held up and encouraged in its war against Chili; a commercial union was to be established, and the government was to assist in the organization and maintenance of steam-ship lines between the northern and southern portions of the hemisphere. All the brilliant projects that had been conceived by Mr. BLAINE, however, came to an untimely end. He believed that Mr. ARTHUR would retain him in his cabinet, but before he reached Washington to assume the functions of the Presidency, Mr. ARTHUR had invited Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN to be the Secretary of State. Mr. BLAINE retired into semi-private life, but he maintained a circle of his own during the whole of the ARTHUR administration. His social familiars were hostile to the White House set, and Mr. BLAINE'S house was one of the most brilliant, and certainly the most aggressive, at the capital.

Mr. BLAINE is not an old man, not nearly so old as he appears, for he will be fifty-nine during the present year. His very white complexion and hair make him look much older; but he is as active and as ambitious as he was eight years ago, when GARFIELD was inaugurated. He will live in a large old-fashioned brick house on Lafayette Square; it was recently the head-quarters of the Commissary-General of the Army. Before that it was the residence of Secretary SEWARD, and it was there that he was nearly killed by PAYNE on the night when BOOTH murdered LINCOLN. Still before that time it had been occupied by the Washington Club, and it was from its steps that KEY waved his signal to Mrs. SICKLES across the Square, and it was a few paces from the door, under a poplar-tree, that SICKLES shot his wife's lover. The house is large enough for Mr. BLAINE'S social purposes, for his receptions are not crushes nor extravagant balls. They are the entertainments in which Washington once delighted, and which are still dear to the hearts of the older people of the town. Mr. BLAINE'S household will consist of himself, Mrs. BLAINE, Miss MARGARET, and Miss ABIGAIL DODGE. Probably WALKER BLAINE will remain in Washington.

Secretary of the Treasury WINDOM has also a second opportunity to complete a term as a cabinet officer. He came into HARRISON'S, as he entered GARFIELD'S cabinet, largely because he had made reputation as a member of the Senate Appropriations Committee. He had some political standing, however, in 1881, for he was a Senator from Minnesota, and had been the State's candidate for the Presidential nomination. He lost his party standing with his Senatorship, and he has lived in New York for several years, where he has engaged in business ventures. It seems to have been considered essential both by GARFIELD and HARRISON to secure for the head of the Treasury the safest possible Western man. Both turned to Mr. ALLISON, who declined to quit the Senate, and failing him, both took Mr. WINDOM. When the latter entered upon his duties under Mr. GARFIELD the fiscal problem that was confronting the Department grew out of the bonded debt of the country, the national bonds having become too valuable to be held by the banks as security for circulation. An effort had been made by Congress to refund some of the expiring bonds at a lower rate of interest, but Mr. HAYES had vetoed the bill, and the legislative branch of the government adjourned without providing a remedy for the evil. Mr. WINDOM, however, adopted the proposed plan, and refunded the bonds in the three and three-and-a-half per cents. by an executive act the constitutionality of which has always been questioned. The new bonds for a time were known as "Windoms," but it is characteristic of the man that the designation wore off, and the transaction was forgotten. Mr. WINDOM made very little impression when the GARFIELD cabinet was divided into warring camps. At times he seemed inclined to take sides with Attorney-General MACVEAGH, but generally he was counted as a follower and supporter of Mr. BLAINE. He is sixty-two years old, a native of Ohio, a round, lymphatic, olive-complexioned, black-eyed man, with a pleasant manner and voice. He has been supposed to be wealthy, and in his former term of office built a large house, which was once occupied by Mr. BLAINE, and which was successfully used against him by his opponents when he attempted to secure a re-election to the Senate from Minnesota.

Secretary of War Ex-Governor REDFIELD PROCTOR was chairman of the Vermont delegation in the last Republican National Convention, and cast its vote from the first ballot to the last for General HARRISON as the candidate for President. In politics he has always been in sympathy with Senator EDMUNDS, and more than any one else in the cabinet may be rated as an anti-BLAINE man. He is not, however, addicted to factional contests, and is always a thorough-going Republican. He was born at Proctorville, Vermont, a village in Cavendish township which takes its name from his father, who combined the occupations of farmer, manufacturer, and trader. He was well educated, and took his degree at Dartmouth College in 1851. He afterward took a full course of study at the Albany Law School, and when the war broke out was in practice with his cousin, Judge ISAAC F. REDFIELD, in Boston. He enlisted in 1861 in the Third Vermont Regiment, and served for a time on the staff of General W. F. SMITH. He became Major of the Fifth and afterward Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment of Vermont, but after the battle of Gettysburg he returned home in broken health. For a time he lived on his farm, and while planning to return to the practice of his profession was appointed receiver of the Sutherland Falls Marble Company, which had become involved in litigation and was threatened with bankruptcy. He reorganized the business, reconciled the hostile interests, introduced improvements, and established one of the largest and most successful marble concerns in the country. After consolidation with its chief rival it became known as the Vermont Marble Company, and in 1883 a combination was formed with other companies which is said to have controlled the marble business of the whole country. The Producers' Marble Company handled the product of the corporations forming the combination, maintaining uniform prices. The home office is at Rutland, and there are branches in different parts of the country. Mr. PROCTOR has acquired a large fortune. He has not allowed politics heretofore to interfere seriously with his business, but has taken a somewhat prominent part in management in his own State. He served in the State Senate and in the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and was elected to the Governorship in 1880. His administration was popular, but he retired after one term. His business career has indicated large ability for administrative work. He is over six feet tall, and has a commanding presence, a sharp, shrewd face, and a voice noted for its power in political conventions.

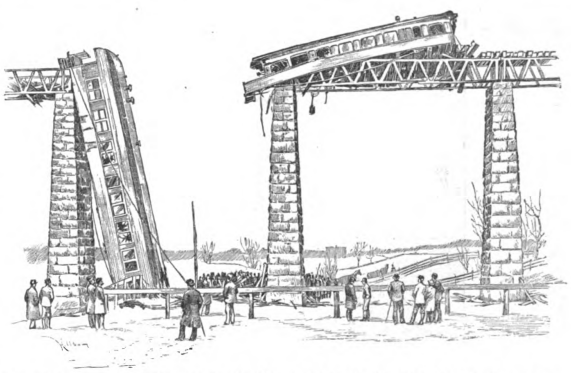
Secretary of the Navy General BENJAMIN F. TRACY, of Brooklyn, was selected for the head of the Navy Department after General HARRISON arrived in Washington for the inauguration. All the other cabinet places except that of Secretary of Agriculture had by that time been definitely assigned. There had been delay in making final selections on account of the desire of the President-elect to appoint one of his advisers from the State of New York, and the difficulty of reconciling the claims of what threatened to become two factions in the Republican party. General TRACY was regarded as a strong man, whose appointment would tend to harmony rather than dissension, and though his training and experience would have qualified him rather for the office of Attorney-General, he was assigned to the Navy Department as the only important place left open. General TRACY was born at Oswego, Tioga County, on the 26th of April, 1830, and passed his early life on a farm. His scholastic education never went beyond the grade afforded by the Oswego Academy, where he was a fellow-student of ex-Senator THOMAS C. PLATT. He studied law in the office of NATHANIEL M. DAVIS, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. He took an active part in local politics at once, and in 1853 was chosen District Attorney of Tioga County as a candidate of the Whig party. He was re-elected two years later, his opponent being GILBERT C. WALKER, afterward Governor of Virginia, and still later General TRACY'S law partner. In 1856 he was a delegate to the State Convention at which the Republican party was finally organized for the campaign of that year. He served in the Assembly in 1861, having been elected by a combination of Republicans and war Democrats. In the following year he received a military appointment from Governor MORGAN, with head-quarters at Binghamton, where he organized three regiments. He took command of one of these, the 109th New York, and went into active service, taking part in the battles of the Wilderness. He was made Brigadier-General by brevet, and placed in command of a prison camp and draft rendezvous at Elmira, where he remained until the close of the war. In 1865 he established the law firm of TRACY & BENEDICT in the city of New York, and a year later received from President JOHNSON the appointment of United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, with his office and residence in Brooklyn. He acquired some reputation for the vigorous prosecution of what was known as the "Whiskey Ring." He declined a reappointment at the hands of President GRANT, and in 1873 returned to private practice, in partnership with General ISAAC S. CATLIN. He was one of the leading counsel for the defence in the famous BEECHER trial, and acquired considerable prominence in his profession, especially in criminal practice. When Judge FOLGER, of the Court of Appeals, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury in 1881, General TRACY was appointed by Governor CORNELL to the vacancy on the bench, but served only until it was filled by election the following year. He was subsequently defeated as a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court. He was one time chairman of the Republican Committee of Kings County, and received the regular Republican nomination for Mayor of Brooklyn in 1881, but withdrew in favor of SETH LOW, the Independent Citizens' candidate. At the last election he was an unsuccessful candidate for District Attorney of Kings County. General TRACY has not been regarded as a political leader or a professional politician, but he has always been a positive party man, in full sympathy with the organized action of the Republicans in State and nation. His position and characteristics have led him to avoid identifying himself with either side of contests within his party, and made him specially available as a compromise candidate. He has been generally regarded as a man of exceptional vigor, but has had little opportunity to display a capacity for organization and administration.

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. JOHN WILLOCH NOBLE, is not known generally outside of St. Louis. He is fifty-eight years old. He was born in Ohio, and was a college mate of Mr. HARRISON at Miami University. Mr. NOBLE is a graduate of Yale, and is reputed to be a clever and successful lawyer. He served in the war, having enlisted as a private in the Third Iowa Cavalry, and before he was mustered out he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. The only public office he has held was that of United States District Attorney of St. Louis, to which President JOHNSON appointed him, at the suggestion of Attorney-General STANBERRY, with whom Mr. NOBLE studied law.

A sketch of the New Postmaster-General, Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER, has so recently appeared in these columns that it is unnecessary to repeat it. Mr. WANAMAKER makes his first appearance in public life. There is no doubt that he has the ability to manage the business of his department to a degree that is possessed by very few men. He is expected to have one of the large and open houses of the cabinet and to be one of the entertainers of the administration. Indeed it is probable that the social burdens of the coming four years will be borne by the Vice-President, Mr. BLAINE, and Mr. WANAMAKER.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MILLER, the Attorney-General, was born on a farm at Augusta, Oneida County, New York, in 1840. He lived the life of a working farmer's boy until he entered Hamilton College, whence he was graduated in 1861. He started West and in life for himself at the same time, and that was immediately on leaving college. He settled in Maumee City, Ohio, where he taught school for six months, and until he entered the army in the Eighty-fourth Ohio Infantry, for a service of four months. On his return he went into the law office of the late Chief-Justice WAITE, then in Toledo. Mr. MILLER had been reading law during the latter part of his college term and since. He left the office of Mr. WAITE in 1863, and in December of that year married Miss GERTRUDE A. BUNCE, of Vernon, New York. They went to Peru, Indiana, where for two years Mr. MILLER was at the head of the public schools. Keeping the law steadily in view as the business of his life, he began its practice in 1865. The following year he moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he continued in the practice, and became one of the foremost and best known members of the bar in the State. In 1874 he was invited to a place in General HARRISON'S law firm at Indianapolis, the firm name becoming HARRISON, HINES, & MILLER. At Indianapolis, and thus engaged, he has since lived. Mr. MILLER has three children, who, with his wife, are all living. Mr. MILLER is of medium height, sturdy in build, rather aggressive in appearance, and he is very temperate. He is an advocate, and masters every cause that he espouses. His devotion to General HARRISON is something passing the friendship of men. In religion he is a Presbyterian, a member of the same church at Indianapolis that General HARRISON is. His residence was on the same street, almost directly opposite General HARRISON'S, and the intercourse of the two for years has been of the most intimate character.

Mr. JEREMIAH RUSK, the Secretary of Agriculture, is a large, bluff, hearty man of fifty-nine years. He served in the popular branch of Congress for several terms. Before that he served through the war, and rose to the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. He is a man of a robust mind, and bears a reputation for sterling honesty. Although he was superior to the average member of Congress, his reputation has been gained as Governor of Wisconsin, and especially from the courage and independence with which he dealt with the anarchists of Milwaukee.



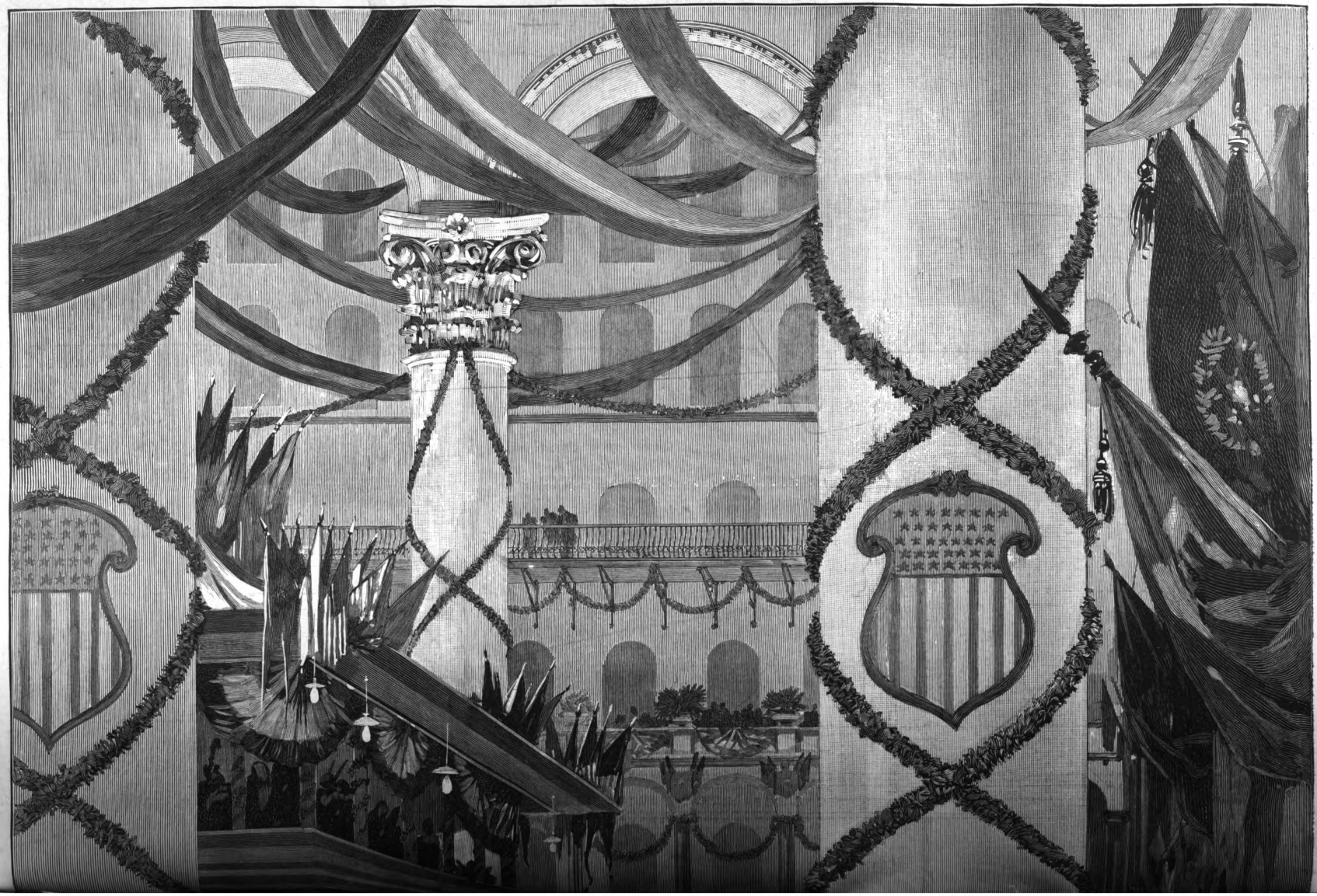
WRECK OF THE RAILROAD CARS AND VIADUCT AT ST. GEORGE, ONTARIO.—FROM A PHOTO.

A CANADIAN RAILROAD DISASTER.

The little Canadian town of St. George has only a few hundred inhabitants, and is hidden away about twenty miles from the west end of Lake Ontario. Out of this rural wilderness came the telegrams describing the sudden death on Wednesday, February 27th, of ten people and the serious injuries of about thirty. Near St. George the Great Western branch of the Grand Trunk Railway crosses Grand River by a bridge. It is, or was, a first-class iron structure on stone piers, and crosses the water at a height of sixty feet. Only a few days before, it had been carefully inspected and pronounced all right. Doubtless it had many times carried heavier trains at greater speed, and was then fit for any fair burden. But modern engineers do not calculate their structures to stand battering by huge projectiles, as railway trains may fairly be called, dashing at full speed out of their accustomed course. That was what caused the St. George disaster. A broken wheel derailed the engine and spread the tracks. The earlier cars passed in safety, but they stripped off the ties as they bumped and dragged along, and this exposed the jackstraw-like structure of the iron trusses. The centre span yielded, and part of the train with its passengers dashed down threescore feet. One car turned a complete somerset, and landed right side up; another was stood on end, with everything movable jammed pell-mell into the lower end—a shocking mixture of dead and wounded men and women, with a cooking stove among them; another car instantly became simply a shapeless mass of iron and timber. The wooden car began to burn, but the fire was put out by handfuls of snow and beating with coats. One car was iron, and could not burn, but it resisted attempts to rescue its inmates as though it were a fortress or man-of-war. One man was taken out shrieking like a woman, but almost uninjured. Just beside him was a woman who showed more than common manly nerve. The shock and her injuries made her faint, but in the intervals of helping herself and others worse off than she, she brought her senses back by rubbing her face with snow, and she tore off her linen clothing for bandages for the dying, among them her seat mate in the car. Two things relieve the gloom of this picture. Dinner had not been announced long enough for the passengers to gather in the dining car, which held only seven persons, thus much lessening the list of casualties. And it was a genuine accident. If not absolutely inevitable, at least it was within the ordinary risk of railway travel, and no one can apparently be justly blamed.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google



THE INAUGURATION BALL, IN THE PENSION BUILDING, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by Thulstrup and Graham.—[See Page 206.]

Original from PENN STATE

THE TITMICE OF NEWBERN.

AN EPISODE OF THE REBELLION.

In sight of the spires of Newbern town,
Where the guns of Fort Thompson were frowning down,
The men in gray,
The legends say,
Threw crumbs to titmice that came that way
One bright spring morn—new-mated bliss
In the haunts of death. Strange irony this:
Seeking a place for a young love's nest,
They chose a cannon as suited best;
Then with a flip,
Flip, flippety hip,
Hoppety, hippety, trippety, trip,
In the mouth of the implement made to kill
They built their brooding nest with skill.
Before the battle of Newbern.

But so it happed ere the work was done,
And the bird home made in the mouth of the gun,
The men in blue
Came marching through,
And balls and shells hissed, whistled, and flew;
And the men in gray fired the chicadee's gun,
Which scattered the birds' nest just begun,
'Mid the fire and smoke, when a solid shot
Dismounted the cannon. The birds, harmed not,
With flutter and skip,
And a trip, trip, trip,
A hippety, hoppety, flippety, flip,
Had flown with the screech of the first wild shell
Far into the woods where 'twas safe to dwell
During the battle of Newbern.

And on that day, so the soldiers say,
After the blue had succeeded the gray,
The birds once more
Came as before
Back to the haunts of those men of war;
After the smoke and the carnage and death,
Almost in the cannon's fiery breath,
They gathered once more moss, feathers, and hair,
And went to work their nest to repair,
With their hoppety hip,
And their busiest skip;
In the now dismounted cannon they'd trip,
Beneath the mild spring sun in the South,
Rebuilded their nest in the cannon's mouth,
After the battle of Newbern.

These small chicadees they cared not a mite
Which soldiers were wrong and which were right,
The blue or gray,
Who came that day
To wrangle and slay in their own rude way;
They only sought for the ways of peace,
And waited aside for the noise to cease;
Then built in the gun they had used before,
And showed contempt for the ways of war,
With their hippety hip,
Flip, flip, flip, flip,
With their teetering tip and hoppety skip;
And this is the legend the soldiers tell
About the titmice, and what befell
After the battle of Newbern.

Was this a presage of what would be,
This home rebuilding by bright chicadee?
For they display
The blue and gray
In the feathery suits they wear every day.
Was this an auspice of what would come
After the hush of the rifle and drum,
When war and its horrors had passed away,
Commingled as one the blue and the gray,
With a hip, hip, hip,
And a brotherly grip,
Joined in to rebuild what the war let slip?
Was this a lesson of life to be
Taught to men by the small chicadee,
After the battle of Newbern?

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

JOHN ERICSSON.

ONE of the great engineers of our century has passed away in the death of Captain JOHN ERICSSON, which occurred on the morning of March 8th, at his house, 36 Beach Street, New York. Rarely is scientific and inventive ability so great as his combined with industrious habits so extraordinary. The last words attributed to him, "Give me rest," following upon the preceding inquiry, "Have I got to die?" read like epitaphs upon a career of earnest work extending through three-quarters of a century; for even at the age of ten the Swedish lad, who would have completed his eighty-sixth year on July 31st next, had built himself a miniature saw-mill and a pumping-machine, while only two years later he was a cadet of mechanical engineers, and at the age of thirteen was a leveller employed on Sweden's great ship-canal. Until sickness brought him low, about a month before his death, his whole life was regulated by his work. Day after day his routine was pursued by the clock; his frugal meals were chosen with a view to health rather than the gratification of taste, and he used no distilled or brewed liquors or tobacco; his daily exercise was abundant, but he had little leisure for social intercourse. He took pleasure in demonstrating how much working power could be got out of the human machine. The creeping on of old age, without the impairment of his intellectual faculties and with astonishingly few indications of physical weakness, thus became almost a source of pride, and each year added to his fourscore was a triumph. We can imagine the double pang that came momentarily upon him when told of his approaching end: the thought that this cherished tally of achievement could not be further lengthened, and that some of his later projects, like the sun motor and coast defence appliances, had not been rounded out to a conclusion.

In Vol. XXXI., No. 1567, of the WEEKLY, we gave a sketch of this venerable and illustrious engineer, based upon the highest authority, and carefully revised so as to become the standard brief record of his life. We need not repeat this record here, especially as its substance appears in the numerous current newspaper notices of his death through the country. Enough to say that it was his construction of a flame-engine of ten horse-power, when at the age of twenty-two, that took him away from the Swedish army, in which he had been serving, and from which his military title comes, so that he might introduce it in London. Of the twoscore inventions of various sorts made by him in England, including file-cutting, salt-making, weighing and pumping machines, one of the most famous was his artificial draught for steam-boilers. The steam-condensing apparatus of the *Victory*, the centrifugal fan-blowers of the *Corsair*, the link motion for reversing introduced into two locomotives, the superheating of steam as early as 1834, the construction of a steam fire-engine as long ago as 1829, followed the next year by others for use in Liverpool and Berlin, and his famous fast locomotive Novelty, which contended for a prize against STEPHENSON'S Rocket, were among his triumphs in Great Britain. There also was produced his first caloric engine in 1833; and although twenty years later the large vessel *Ericsson* showed in her voyage from New York to Washington and back that the new hot-air motor could not produce speed enough at sea to displace steam, yet thousands upon thousands of small caloric engines have performed a great variety of minor work to this day. In England, also, he practically applied the screw propeller to navigation.

Here in America, where his career began exactly fifty years ago, ERICSSON achieved his most illustrious successes and reaped his largest fame. Disgusted at the stupidity of the British Admiralty, which carped at his great invention of the application of the screw-propeller to war ships, he found in the United States a warm welcome, and the building of the *Princeton* for our government followed. She was the first war vessel that ever used the screw-propeller instead of paddles, and carried her machinery below the water line, out of the reach of hostile shot. She contained other inventions of ERICSSON, both in her machinery and her armament, and this system of propulsion for war ships is now universal. As for the iron-clad turret vessel *Monitor*, which destroyed the *Merrimac* during the civil war, and saved not only the Union fleet in Hampton Roads from destruction, but perhaps the national capital or the port of New York from disaster, its fame is world-wide. Of its successors the *Weehawken* captured the Confederate *Atlanta*, the *Montauk* destroyed the *Nashville*, and others bombarded forts and maintained blockades.

Since the close of the civil war ERICSSON'S scientific studies have been directed to the temperature and general nature of the moon's surface, the computation of influences tending to retard the earth's rotary motion, and the quantity of the radiant heat of the sun. His practical construction has concerned itself largely with a sun motor, designed to use solar heat for the development of mechanical energy, and with the harbor defence ship *Destroyer*, designed to fire a submarine gun loaded with an enormous charge of gun-cotton for the destruction of iron-clads.

WHY THEY SHUT DOWN AT THE HIGUERITA.

BY JOHN HEARD, JUN.

I.

ONE hot day about the beginning of June, Jack Holt, superintendent of the Higuerita and Rochin mines, was bending over his drawing-board in the little iron-roofed stone building that stands on the divide between the Ranchito and the Rochin cañons, when the girl Masima lounged in noiselessly and asked, in her usual plaintive voice,

"Don Juan, do you wish to eat?"

"Is it twelve yet, Masimita?" he asked in turn, without looking up from his work.

"*Quien sabe, señor?* The whistle has not yet sounded, and the clock says it is past twelve—see!"

"Wait a minute, little one," he said, "and I will tell you." Holt finished his work quickly, and lighting a fresh cigar he leaned back in his chair to enjoy the peculiarly delightful feeling of satisfaction which invariably follows the completion of any task. Masima had seated herself on a trunk at the foot of the *tarima*, and was looking up at the clock with that expression of patient resignation and suffering common to all the women in Sonora, but in her face this characteristic sadness was intensified to such a degree as to strike even the most unobserving. Poor lonely little thing! Life so far had meant to her but suffering and sorrow, and just as she imagined the plain beyond the sierra to be the continuation of the one that lay before her, she thought of the future only as the morrow of the day—another day similar to this in every way. The misery of her past, if such a young thing can be said to have a past, was too recent for her to have forgotten it, or to believe that the relatively comfortable life she was now leading was more than a temporary respite. The dreamy future was still before her—a future of semi-starvation, hard work, and obedience to some cruel brutal master, who would kiss or beat her as his passions moved him.

Although the legality of his title to them might have been questioned in more civilized communities, Masima and her grandmother Trinidad were in some sort the personal property of Mr. John Burgess Holt, of Salem, Massachusetts, to whom they had been bequeathed a few months before. While he was surveying one day on the Ranchito flat his *mozo* told him that a woman lay very ill in one of the neighboring adobe huts, and that he ought to go in and see if nothing could be done for this unfortunate. The doctors had declared themselves incompetent to cure or even relieve her, but Don Juan was a man who knew much about instruments and chemicals. Perhaps—who knows?—he might have something in the laboratory. If he could do nothing, why, of course, no one else could; but she would be sure then that she really was dying, and as Christians did not die more than once—that was the truth!—it was best that they should have time to prepare themselves.

The miners and their women often came to Holt for relief, which was usually afforded by a pill or a plaster, and he felt that it was now expected of him not only to visit the sick in his immediate neighborhood, but also to cure them, if God were willing that they should be cured. So he left his instruments with Feliz and walked over to the house which the boy had pointed out to him.

There seemed to be three women in the miserable dark and bare adobe room, from which all but a few empty boxes, used as chairs, and some cracked earthenware, had been removed. In the corner by the door stood the usual forked tree stump that supports the water *olla*, fragments of which were lying on the ground, and one of these now served to catch the drippings from the leaky old powder keg which had replaced it. The stone *metate*, with its smooth brick for grinding the tortilla paste, lay outside in the little bamboo enclosure, covered with loose brush, which was the kitchen; it had evidently not been used that day, and the low mud oven to which he put his hand was perfectly cold. Holt entered on tiptoe, and sat down on a candle box beside the *tapete* stretched across two logs, and on which the sick woman lay, curled up with pain and groaning; the other two crouched on the ground in the further corner, crying softly, as do those who have lost all hope. He soon recognized that there was nothing to be done beyond making the poor creature's last days as comfortable as possible; so he had the family moved up to the mine to a cabin near his own, where he could see himself that they were taken care of.

A few days after their removal the watchman woke him late in the night and said that Concepcion wished to see him at once.

"I am dying, Don Juan," she said to him as he sat down beside her. "I shall be dead before light."

Holt felt that she was right; he wished to reassure her, but the words failed him. There was a peculiar far-seeing expression in her eyes which moved him strangely, and he was ill at ease under their watchful scrutiny. He felt the invisible presence of death near him, and without answering he looked down thoughtfully at the parched transparent little hand, no larger than a child's, that lay passively on the blanket beside his own. When he raised his eyes Concepcion was crying bitterly. "Oh, Don Juanito," she sobbed, "you do not say no! I am dying, and you let me die! Say no, Don Juan—say no, not yet." But presently she grew more calm as he stroked her forehead. "No; you are right," she continued, sadly. "What could you do, then, against the will of God? Words—words! not more. I must die—yes, surely yes, it is coming soon." Then she sank back and lay motionless, with her eyes closed, for nearly half an hour, until, thinking she had fallen asleep, Holt rose to go to his room; but she called him back before he had reached the door.

"I must speak to you, Don Juan," she said. "It is the last opportunity. Give me a little wine and sit down; not there; here, where I can see you. I did not tell you before, because, perhaps, if you had known, you would not have been so kind to the little one." And in the dim light that illumined the bare little room on the last hour before her death she told him the sad story of her life; her sins and their expiation; and how, when he had found them a few days before, they were starving by order of the village president, to whom she had refused to yield her daughter. The neighbors knew it, and took advantage of their weakness to steal what little they owned before; that day their last hen had disappeared. Her child's father she had never seen, never even known by name; through life she had struggled bravely, but unsuccessfully, for the crime that had made her a mother had at the same time destroyed her health. None had ever befriended her before, and having nothing else to give, she bequeathed her daughter and mother to the only man who had been kind to her.

At sunset the next day four miners carried the little pine coffin, covered with black indienne and bound with white tape, down the winding path that led to the village graveyard, and Holt accepted the legacy, glad in the isolation of this desert to feel once more the responsibilities and obligations of a family, without which man goes down the stream of life adrift like a loose log. When his work was over for the day he turned to this wrinkled little old woman of forty-two and to this child of twelve for a semblance of home affection. They were mere pretexts, of course, but their reality as human beings furnished sufficient ground for his imagination to work on, and before long he became sincerely attached to his little girl, whom he taught to read and tell the time by the clock. It would have been difficult for him to say in what light he looked on Masima: she was too young to be a friend, too old to be a child, and the existence of his own family in the East sternly precluded the consideration of any other near relationship. For some unexplained reason the idea of being a school-master or tutor to this pupil was extremely repugnant to him; so he concluded to class her in a general way among the Miguons and himself among the Wilhelm Meisters of a more modern and realistic epoch; he felt, moreover, quite satisfied with the unromantic practical nature of their surroundings, which rendered superfluous the dissertatious philosophizing of their prototypes.

As he leaned back in his chair and looked at the little thing on the trunk, it occurred to him for the first time that the rapid development of life in these tropical countries would render a *status quo* in their relations of comparatively short duration. Masima was as yet a child, but in less than a year she would become a woman, and numerous complications hovered over the horizon. Holt had a momentary but deep glimpse into the perplexities that beset the father of a marriageable daughter, and the suggestion of possible interviews on the subject was in itself so ludicrous that he laughed aloud at the idea.

Masima turned and looked at him with a puzzled, half-reproachful expression, wondering why Don Juan was laughing at her, which seemed to be the natural inference; then, with the unreasoning sympathy which characterizes childhood, she laughed too, without knowing why.

Her laugh was singularly frank and low, dying away softly into a faint ha ha that seemed to be its own echo, and to linger long after her red lips had closed over the small sharp teeth, white as those of a wolf, but lacking the pearly reflections which would have made them beautiful. She was not pretty, certainly, although a little retouching of nature's scraper might have made her so, and the first glance at the sad little creature was disappointing; yet one was unwilling to accept this disappointment as a final result, and looked again, wondering unconsciously why, in spite of its insignificance, her face had called forth something akin to the sense of pleasure always produced by the contemplation of the beautiful. Her features, such as they were, belonged to the Central American Indian type, in which the nose looks aquiline in profile and flattened in full face. Her eyes were of a light gray color, such as is not uncommon among the Mayos, rather large than small, with narrow lids rimmed above and below with dark lashes that met at the corners and gave them a slightly slanting look. Her hair was neither fine nor coarse, but flexible and full of little ripples too short and abrupt to be called curls; at Holt's suggestion, but utterly indifferent herself as to the effect produced, she wound the two long plaits into a heavy coil, under which her clear olive skin looked no darker than the leaf of a tea-rose. Her hands and feet were small and exceedingly well shaped, even for an Indian. She held herself straight and walked gracefully, in spite of the loose, sack-shaped jacket which she had outgrown, and the straight-falling wrinkled cylinder of black cloth which she naively fancied was a skirt. The only evidence of coquetry which Holt had ever noticed in her was shortly after her mother's death, when she begged him to buy her a gold ring, and with this she would play for an hour at a time, sometimes looking up to ask whether it was "real gold, pure gold," and evidently attaching more importance to the standard of the metal than to the delicacy of the workmanship.

As Holt said nothing, but merely smiled, she bent her head and began twisting her ring; then she loosened her rebozo, readjusted it, and threw her head back, holding the ends of the shawl straight out before her. Her lips were parted, and between them the bright line of her teeth glistened in the sunlight, which made her half close her eyes as she looked at her master seriously, even solemnly.

"Don't you want to eat, Don Juan?" she asked again.

"Tell me first what time it is," he said, pointing to the clock on the wall.

She stood up and put the forefinger of her left hand at XII. on the dial, and began counting the minutes one by one with the other.

"That is twelve o'clock; that is fifteen, sixteen, seventeen minutes. Twelve o'clock and seventeen—is that right?" and she looked at him interrogatively over her shoulder.

"Yes, that is right, Masimita; you can bring the meat at once," he answered, and went out into the cotton-screened veranda where he took his meals during the rainy season. Eating was a monotonous, wearisome duty this hot weather, and the daily menu of *frijoles* and *tortillas*, with an occasional box of sardines, was ill calculated to stimulate a failing appetite, so that he looked upon his food as a medicine to be taken, nolens volens, three times a day.

Things were running smoothly at the mine, and the daily routine of duty was becoming so tedious to him that he craved for a little excitement of any kind to vary the monotony of this life. The same smooth routine existed below at the mill in Aduana, and the entertainment afforded by Alamos was neither very interesting nor very elevating. As he sat before his plate of beans Holt reflected that he had signed a three years' contract, and the hopeless isolation and dreariness of the existence which he must lead for at least two more years fairly appalled him. Hitherto his work had been so severe and engrossing that he had suffered but little from the intellectual isolation of his position; but he had had ample opportunities for appreciating how complete it was. In the whole of the surrounding country there was but one man of his years who could ever be a companion to him, and he was at work for a Mexican firm more than forty miles away, so that they could meet only at rare intervals. This Krisch was a German, an old Freiberger, as was also Holt, and it gave both these young exiles from the North a deep pleasure to talk over old days and "home." Isolated as they were in the great desert of Sonora, they had soon become good friends, and in each other's company forgot that they were but two. But to-day Holt was alone, and felt astounded and frightened at the relentless simplicity of the life to which he was doomed. Intellectual privation is harder to bear than physical hardship, and if man is materially attracted by vacuum, mentally he shrinks from and abhors it. The effects of absolute absence of sound, of light or motion, with which Holt had experimented upon himself below-ground, seemed insignificant now when compared with those likely to follow a two years' severance from all intellectual life, and he could not but liken his existence during these long months to come to the slow toilsome crossing of the barren plain which he could see stretching away before him, unbroken and silent, to the dim range of bluish hills behind which were civilization and home.

He was aroused from the contemplation of these dreary vistas by the sound of Masima's voice. "You do not eat, Don Juanito. Are the *frijoles* not good?"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"No, child," he answered, absently. "Take them away. I do not care for any to-day. Why didn't you give me some eggs?"

"*No hay, señor.*"

"There aren't any? Why not?"

"Why, the hens don't lay in the waters, Don Juan."

"And is there no meat?"

"No, señor; they have not killed this month. Shall I make you some *tomales?*"

"Never mind now, little one; you can keep them for supper. Bring me the coffee."

Masima went into the kitchen, and came back with the coffee-pot in one hand and in the other a revolver, which she held away from her, shuddering, as if the reflections from the nickel plating had been the gleam of a snake's eye.

"I am afraid," she said, with a nervous little laugh, as she laid it down on the table. "But I want to know how to load and clean the pistol. Show me."

"And what for do you want to know that?"

Masima looked out of the window for a few moments before replying; then she turned and said, quietly, "For that."

"That is no answer, little one. Come, tell me why you want to know."

The girl hung her head and looked down without speaking; then she took up the pistol, and said, in an entreating tone, "Show me, Don Juanito."

Holt was puzzled, for the girl had never spoken to him so earnestly before. She was not given to capricious whims, and it was evident that now she had some definite object in view. It was equally clear that no amount of questioning would make her disclose what she refused to tell of her own free-will. He was conscious of a vague presentiment of impending catastrophe, which, however, vanished from his mind even before it had had time to translate itself into an impression. There seemed to be no reason why he should not teach her to clean his fire-arms as well as his instruments; she was very careful and skilful with her fingers, and he apprehended no danger of accident from carelessness. So he granted her wish, and in half an hour she had learned to empty, load, and take to pieces his Merwin & Hulbert revolver and his Winchester carbine with a precision and rapidity which astonished him. With this, however, she was not satisfied, but ran into the office and brought him his Evans rifle. Holt began to think that her object was a more serious one than he had at first supposed, and asked her once more to tell him what she meant to do with the "irons."

"No, no, Don Juan; show me this one too," she answered, in a low voice hoarse with suppressed emotion. She had thrown off her rebozo, and was leaning over, with her elbows on the table and her chin resting on her upturned palms; a bright red spot glowed on her cheek under each eye; one of her braids had become loosened, and with a quick gesture she drew it across her mouth and held it there with her fingers half buried in the thick black coil.

The rifle was rusty, so he unscrewed the sliding joint to oil the bearing surfaces, Masima meanwhile following his movements with the quick, concentrated watchfulness of a cat, and moving her fingers very slowly back and forth one against the other. When he noticed her nervous condition he laid the screw-driver down, and, more to see what the effect would be on the excited little savage than because he expected an answer, he said, in a careless way: "If you don't tell me, Masima, I shall put it away without showing you how it works. What do you want to do with the rifle?"

For a moment she said nothing, then flashed her eyes suddenly up into his, and cried the single word, "*Matar.*"

Holt's first impulse was to burst into laughter at this exhibition of childish ferocity; but there was something in the savage gleam of her eye which stopped him. Her tense lowered brow cut off the upper part of the iris squarely, and the shrunken pupil stared at him very fixedly and very viciously, cold, bright, and glittering like the gaze of a *bursla* about to strike—a comparison that was strengthened by the slanting lines diverging backward from the root of the eyebrows, and the effect of which was apparently to flatten the forehead. A slight twitching sharpened the curves of the short upper lip, beneath which the little pointed teeth glistened suggestively, while the small hands were cramped like the talons of a bird of prey over the braid of hair that lay on the table.

Before he could sufficiently recover from his surprise to express himself in words, there was a jingle of spurs outside and a sharp rap at the door. Masima suddenly regained her usual quiet manner, and passed out lazily, as Alejo, Mr. Tracy's private *mozo*, entered the room without waiting for an answer. He wasted no time in unnecessary polite formalities, but handed a crumpled paper to Holt, and said the mules were ready. Then he untwisted the ends of a cigarette, emptied the contents into his hand, smoothed the paper, and rolling up the tobacco with a single quick jerk of his thumbs, he asked Don Juan for a light.

The letter was from Mr. Tracy, the general manager, and its style, like the bearer, lacked "effete" polish or adornment.

"DEAR JACK,—Send down every white man you've got; five sharp; engine-room at the mill. Get ready to start for a week's journey; leave from the mine with the moon to-night; four mozos. Come down at once. H— to pay!

"TRACY."

Holt read the letter through twice; there could be no mistake about it. If Tracy said there was h— to pay, the news must be important and serious. So he sent Alejo at once down to the shift-house to transmit the orders, and was about to call Masima, when she walked into the room and came up to him.

"You want me, Don Juan?" she asked, without looking at him.

"Yes, child. I am going away to-night for a few days. Will you get my things ready?"

"Where are you going, Don Juanito?" the girl asked, clasping her hands.

"*Quien sabe, chiquita!* but that does not matter to you; you will have a holiday. Are you glad?"

"And you are coming back, Don Juan—quite sure you are coming back?"

"Why, of course I am coming back. But what is the matter?" he asked, struck by the curious way in which she had looked at him.

"*Nada, señor.*" She hesitated a moment; then, coming up quite close to him, she looked into his eyes and added, in a whisper, "Don't pass near Babullahui."

"Why, what do you mean, Masima?" Holt asked, surprised at this warning. But she sprang away from him quickly and ran out of the room. There was no time to lose; so he did not follow, but buckled on his spurs, and vaulted on to the mule which Alejo was holding outside. "The girl knows something evidently," he said to himself as he rode away; "and in this country it is wise to accept the advice of the natives, absurd as it may often seem. Where is Babullahui, anyway?" he asked of Alejo, as they rode down the winding path that leads to Aduana.

"Below Navajoa, Don Juan; 'way down on the Mayo, in the Indian Country."

"Indian Country!" Holt gave a prolonged whistle as the truth suddenly flashed across his mind. "The Mayos must be rising. *Picacho!* that looks serious." With a quick movement he drove the spurs into Panchita, who dashed off at a gallop over the rocky road, and a few minutes later he pulled her up, covered with foam, in the patio of the hacienda.

As he entered the office Mr. Tracy stopped in his nervous race from wall to wall of the large, red-tiled apartment, and held out his hand. "I'm glad to see you, Jack," he said. "How are you? Take a cigar and sit down. Did you notify the men? Good! Now to business."

While Holt was shaking hands with Don Agustin Salcevedo and his brother Guadalupe, who had ridden in from the river with the news, Tracy unfolded a large map of the State of Sonora, and spread it out on the table before them. He was a short, well-knit man of fifty, with hard, bright blue eyes, whose expression never softened, and a quick, energetic manner which the men liked well. He had formerly served in the frontier cavalry, and had there acquired the habit of speaking abruptly, in a loud, distinct tone of command, which made even his "good-morning" sound like a peremptory order. In spite of this outward hardness he was a good, just man, of relentless integrity, and great yet not reckless intrepidity. Life was short, and he had no time to waste, strange as this might seem to the Mexican gentlemen, whose phlegmatic indifference was to him a source of perpetual wonder and irritation. "I was born alive, and the best of those fellows," he used to say, speaking of his Spanish friends, "was raised in some kind of an incubator. However, they are in their own country, and you must let them do things in their own way. Their governor is set for low speed, and you can't hurry them any more than you can a mule. Dig the spurs in, and the cussèd animal will come to a full stop."

"Look here, Jack," he began, after weighting down the corners of the map with specimens of ore, and pointing to the space enclosed between the Gulf of California and the Yaqui and Mayo rivers, "it isn't a long story; the Indians are rising *en masse*, and in less than a fortnight they will have walloped all the troops in the state, and be dancing a fandango on the plaza of Alamos. They want to pass over the hill yonder and take us in on the way. I've been thinking for some time past that that was their game, and when they call I'm going to plank down a straight flush. Our friends here say it's no use, and advise us to move into town and join the troops. What do you think of it?"

"Well, Mr. Tracy," Holt answered, cautiously, "if the men will stand, and we have the proper tools, I suppose we run as good a chance of being scalped here as down below. You want to fight, of course—and I guess I'll have to obey orders."

"Good, Jack," Tracy answered, quickly; "I knew you would. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the Mexicans, whose stolid faces showed neither approval nor criticism, "we'll risk it. Now you tell us all you know and give us the points."

While the officers of the company were discussing their plans, the men straggled in from the mine in small parties of five or six, and lounged around the engine-room, waiting for the appointed hour. Many of them had been in the country a long time, and had learned that patience was a necessity; there was little if any excitement, except among the Cornishmen fresh from the "ol' country," and little talking, for the regular monotonous pounding of the stamps rendered all conversation difficult. Moreover, like all men who have lived together, a small community cut off from all intercourse with the outer world, they had little or nothing to say to each other. Their interests and feelings were all more or less the same, and the exciting incidents developed by the routine of a well-regulated mining camp are few, and usually disposed of in a few words. Perhaps it was owing to the imposing silence of the landscape, perhaps also to a certain sense of isolation which all recognized in a greater or lesser degree, or perhaps to the strange, inexplicable atmosphere of prudery which miners are apt to draw around their former life, but sustained conversation at the Higuerita had never been encouraged. The men seemed content to sit together, for the most part silent, and smoke their pipes in philosophic indifference. In this country they tacitly recognized their absolute insignificance as mere individuals; for action it was imperative that they should form a combined party. The elements, the country itself, the population, and the conditions of life in their surroundings were all hostile factors in their struggle, and the odds were by far too long for any single man to battle against. So they waited calmly for the appearance of their chiefs, without troubling themselves to discuss eventualities of which they were totally ignorant.

At a few minutes before five the stamps were hung up and steam shut off. The large fly-wheel of the engine, carried on by its own impetuosity, made a few more uncertain turns, hesitated, and finally stopped altogether. The whistle sounded shrilly three times, and as the quavering, sibilant echo lost itself among the neighboring cañadas the men in the engine-room fell apart in two distinct groups, miners and mill hands, each headed by its respective boss. Mr. Tracy, Holt, and the other officers walked up between them, and occupied the engineer's platform.

"Boys," Mr. Tracy began at once, in his clear, determined voice, "I have called you together to ask you to stand by me. The Indians are rising between the rivers and are coming this way. There are hardly any troops between us and them, so that it is merely a question of a few days. But the Governor has sent re-enforcements from the north, and I want to hold out until they arrive. We shall have machine-guns, plenty of provisions, and plenty of ammunition. All we need is men. We put up this plant together, boys; let us stand by it. We made this mine; let us fight for it. However, I want you to understand the situation thoroughly before you answer. It is a matter of life and death. If we are defeated, there will not be a man left to tell the story. There is time yet for you to get away if you're so minded, but I want to know to-night whether you are going or whether you will see me through. I mean to stay if I stay alone."

Lowe, the mill boss, picked up a shingle, and with a piece of chalk in his hand he walked down the line to make his tally.

"The mill is all right, colonel," he cried out, cheerfully. "But, by G—, I'd 'a given any chap who'd 'a wanted to back down such an almighty hidin' he couldn't 'a got away anyhow!"

Meanwhile Jack Corbis, the boss miner, was quietly plugging his pipe. He had not even turned to look at his men, and his sole preoccupation seemed to be regarding the quantity of tobacco which judicious compression could induce his cutty to hold.

"Well, Jack?" Holt called out to him.

"In course we'll fight," Jack answered, in a half-apologetic, half-indignant tone, and shrugging his broad shoulders. "And now, boys," he added, turning to face the miners, "three cheers for the colonel!"

When the noise had subsided, the men were conscious of a distinct but at first indefinable change in the moral atmosphere of their life. It was as though a pair of strong magnifying-glasses had suddenly been placed before their eyes, and they had not yet grown accustomed to this new perspective. Immediate objects and details had become painfully, abnormally distinct, while those a little farther removed looked blurred and shadowy. They felt that it was now no longer merely a question of working along, one shift nearer to an ever-receding end, nor of taking up to-morrow the job they had left unfinished to-day. They had three weeks before them, and into these three weeks, for some of them at least, the total remaining energy of their life must be condensed. It was clear to all that they had a new basis in life. In the minds of some this took the form of presentiment. The less superstitious, less imaginative among them merely looked on the issue as a supreme but doubtful one, and avoided applying the result to themselves individually. All, however, felt the necessity of reflecting on this matter seriously; so little was said as they regained their quarters and wondered what plan would be adopted for the defence of the mine.

It was nearly dark when Holt returned to his cabin. A cold supper was laid out on the table, but Masima was nowhere to be found, and only the old grandmother answered his calls. She had not seen the girl for some hours. Mr. Tracy had given him orders to start that night with four men to re-enforce and hurry along the mule train, now on its way from the north with the guns and ammunition, and he had too many things on his mind to trouble himself then about the girl's whereabouts. So, after seeing that his instructions had been carried out, he kicked off his boots, threw himself on his *tarima*, and in less than half an hour he was sound asleep.

When he awoke, about two o'clock, Alejo was standing by his side, belted and spurred, with his serape wound around him.

"*Ya esta, Don Juan,*" he said, in his low but penetrating voice. "The moon is rising."

Holt jumped up, pulled on his boots, and buckled on his revolver, while the boy put on his spurs. As he was leaving the room, Krisch ran in, and taking him in his arms, kissed him on either cheek.

"*Du* Dscheck! I'm going with you," he exclaimed, as soon as his lips had finished their osculatory duty. "You don't object to my going?"

Holt rather favored the Anglo-Saxon prejudice against masculine kisses, and grasped his hand warmly. At this juncture nothing could have given him greater pleasure than the appearance of this rosy-cheeked, red-bearded, simple-hearted friend; yet, with the reserve characteristic of his race, he compressed his joy into the somewhat *banal* and cold greeting: "How are you, old man? I am glad to see you. But, Krisch," he continued, as the opportunity of the latter's arrival struck him, "why are you here? How did you know I was going?"

"I got back to Alamos this evening, just as Don Agustin returned from Aduana," the other answered, "and he told me the whole story. I thought if there was any fighting I might as well be here with you as alone in town with the Mexicans, so I rode back to the mill. Tracy said you were going off with the moon, and I thought to myself so: 'Caramba! I'll go with Dscheck!' and here I am."

"You know it's a dangerous ride, Krisch; we may get caught, and that will be the end of it."

"Na! You're going, and if it comes to—to—I'd rather be with you, Dscheck."

Holt pressed his hand again, and they went out into the soft moonlight that flowed in like a solemn tide over the crest of the Frailes. This little plateau, barren as it was, had, after all, been his home for more than a year, and now for the first time he experienced a feeling of sadness at leaving it. It occurred to him that he might never see it again, and he turned to look once more at the simple whitewashed house, his *chez-moi*, and at the silent cabins of the miners up on the Libertad Hill. As he stood there, something moved in the shadow of the veranda, and he called out, "Is that you, Masima?"

"*Si, señor,*" the girl answered, coming forward. "And you are already going away, Don Juanito?"

"Yes, little one. Will you come with me?"

"You will say, Don Juanito. I would go."

Holt was moved. Perhaps it was only that the sadness which he could not shake off sought expression in some form distinct from articulate speech; or perhaps the impropriety of retaining in his possession the labial demonstrations which Krisch had implanted on his cheeks suggested a transfer; but whatever the motive, he gently wound his hand among the black braids under the girl's rebozo, drew her head back, and kissed her.

"*Adios, Masmita!*" he cried, as he vaulted into the saddle.

"*Vaya con Dios, Don Juan!*" she answered, softly; and in single file they rode out into the deep shadow which Higuerita threw over the Rochin Valley.

At this early hour nothing moved in the silent landscape, checkered with strong lights and shadows; the night was cool, and in the cañadas, where a slight mist hung in the mesquite branches, the air was heavy with the sweet perfume of the papaches and the more pungent fragrance of the romeria. From time to time, as their tapaderas caught in the dry hollow thorns of the mantos and shook their feathery branches, a startled cow would jump to her feet heavily and gaze for a moment at the riders with her large sad eyes, then break away noisily through the brush; or a frightened chupilote, suddenly awakened by the clink of the mules' shoes on some loose stone, would sail away from his perch on a fluted hecho column to another farther off, and all grew silent again and still as before.

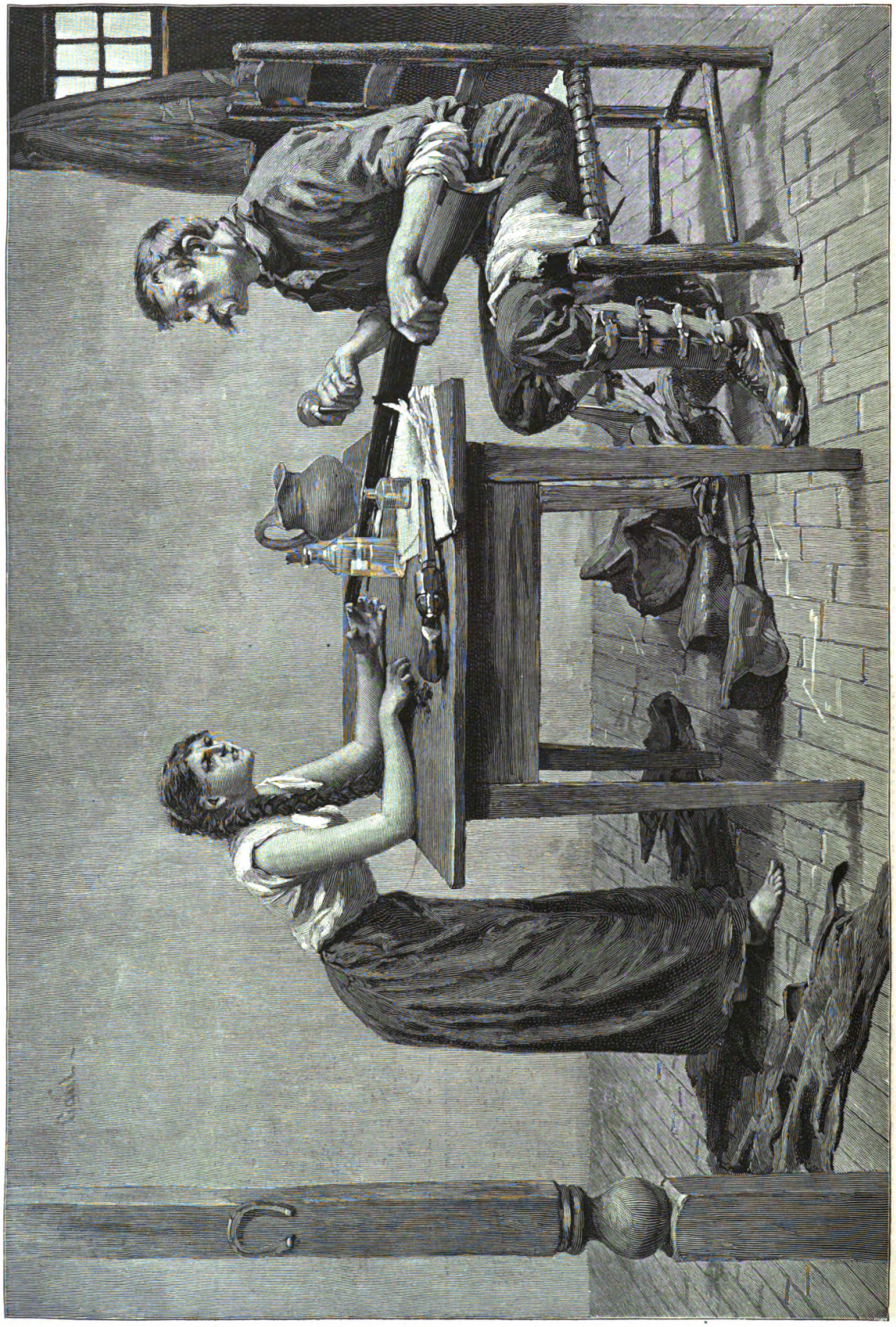
Dawn was breaking when they reached level ground and put their mules to a trot along the Navajoa road. They were now nearing the Indian Country, and Holt sent two *mozos* ahead as a vanguard; the other two rode behind, while Krisch and he cantered along between them. It may have been that these precautions made the presence of danger seem more real, or perhaps it was only the influence of the chilly grayness of early dawn, but certainly both Jack and his companion began to realize that this was a very different ride from any they had taken before. They were not afraid, yet the nervous restlessness from which even old soldiers are not exempt before the battle has begun is something akin to animal fear. The dismal bark of the coyote in the prairie seemed doubly dismal and foreboding. Visions and recollections of home would suddenly force themselves irrelevantly upon their thoughts with a strange vividness, then as suddenly vanish, leaving behind them a feeling of uncertainty that was only intensified by the wild beauty and loneliness of the silent country through which they were riding. Nothing moved as they passed through the ranchos along the road, and no sound came from the corrals but the whining bark of some half-coyote cur skulking behind the long lines of pack-saddles set up side by side like a gallery of little Gothic arches. Beneath the porches men, women, and children slept together with their pigs and hens; and outside, under the large full-topped mesquites, the *arrieros*, wrapped in their blue and white serapes, lay on the bare ground in picturesque groups, just as they had fallen the night before. Along the banks of the stony arroyos tall sabino-trees fluttered their little feathery fern-shaped leaves in the blue-gray light that in the east was tinged with purplish reflections, and poured the heavy dew-drops on to the star-shaped leaves of the palma-christi through which the mules pushed their way slowly. Suddenly a cock crowed in the distance, a heron rose heavily from the reeds near them, and as they reached the Mayo the sun burst forth gloriously over the eastern horizon, scattering a cloud of gold-dust over the mist that lay on the river, and sounding nature's mighty reveille. In an instant the whole scene changed, and life awoke noisily. The mules threw up their heads and plunged into the river; the riders sat up in the saddle and pulled at this strap or that. Mottled jack-rabbits, with soft pink ears standing upright, ran along before them, and stopped suddenly with a jerk behind some stone to gaze at the passing horsemen, and a thousand birds chattered and sang in the thicket that but a moment before was silent and dead. All feeling of despondency had vanished, and a healthy gladness drove away the last vestige of fear or fatigue. Krisch looked up, laughing, and called out, "Du Dscheck!"

"What is it?" answered Holt, knowing full well that his friend had nothing to say. "Isn't it glorious? Let's have a gallop."

And sitting far back in the saddle, they held up their reins in their left hand, and swinging the riata in the right, they gradually disappeared behind the low ridges of the rolling ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH THE RIFLE?"—DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.—[SEE STORY, "WHY THEY SHUT DOWN AT THE HIGUERITA," ON PAGE 210.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MR. ELIJAH W. HALFORD, THE PRIVATE SECRETARY OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARK, INDIANAPOLIS.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

ELIJAH WALKER HALFORD was born at Nottingham, England, 1843. The family came to this country in 1848, settling first at Cincinnati and next at Hamilton, Ohio, where the father died, leaving the mother and five children, ELIJAH being the third child and eldst son, and then aged eleven years. He at once went into a printing-office, which, after a year's service, he left for one year in school. He returned to the printing-office the year following, at the age of thirteen, and has been there or thereabout ever since. He went to Indianapolis in 1861 as a type-setter in a job office. Two years later he became a city reporter on the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*. He worked up through the grades of the service to the position of editorial writer, and thence stepped into the managing editorship in 1871. In March, 1872, he became the first managing editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, then founded. This position he filled for two years, when, voluntarily retiring, he returned to Indianapolis and to his former position on the *Journal*, which, with the exception of a service of eighteen months with the Indianapolis *News*, he filled until his appointment as private secretary. MR. HALFORD is married and has one child, a daughter, seventeen years old.

JOHN M. THURSTON.

THE Republican League of the United States, which is composed of nearly seven thousand local Republican clubs, held a National Convention recently at Baltimore. On March 1st, the last day of the session, it chose JOHN M. THURSTON, of Nebraska, as its president, to succeed the first incumbent of that office, MR. JAMES P. FOSTER, of New York. MR. THURSTON first came into prominence in national politics as the temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago last summer. He was at the head of the Nebraska delegation in that body, and in his speech opening the proceedings of the Convention he delivered a somewhat extravagant eulogy upon JAMES G. BLAINE, speaking of him as the "uncrowned king" of the Republican party. He is a native of Montpelier, Vermont, and was born in 1847. While he was a child his parents removed to Madison, Wisconsin. His father died in the army in 1863, leaving the family in poor circumstances. Young THURSTON worked on a farm in his boyhood and went to school in the winter. At the age of eighteen he was driving a grocery wagon in Chicago, but he was afterward graduated at Wayland University and studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1869. He settled down to practice in Omaha, and began early to take an active part in local politics as an ardent Republican. He held the office of Alderman, and was for a time a member of the Nebraska Legislature. He also served as City Attorney of Omaha. Of late he has devoted his time largely to the service of the Union Pacific Railway Company, of which he is general counsel.

THE RAILROAD REFORM.

THE work of improving and reforming railroad management makes tangible progress every week. It is a development that challenges closer attention than any event that has interested the financial community since the resumption of specie payments ten years ago. That event was followed by a period of prosperity, physical development of the country, and finally wild speculation. It would be unwise to attempt to predict how our commercial and financial history will be affected by the change that is now going on in the relations between the people and the railroads, and between the owners of the railroads and those who have been responsible to the public for their management. One reason that it is impossible to forecast results in this movement is that it is still in its incipiency; besides, it is unparalleled. Still it has gained fair headway, and its momentum is increasing every day. Education in the matter is still needed, though the Inter-State Commerce Law has taught railroad managers and their patrons a number of important lessons, while losses sustained by the owners of securities on the Western and Southwestern roads have made investors more tractable than ever before, and at the same time aroused public opinion against a number of glaring abuses. Another reason why it is impossible to forecast the results of this movement is that we are still an agricultural nation, hence every problem relating to our growth in a large way literally depends upon the weather.

But it does seem entirely reasonable to assume that the readjustment of the relations between so important an industry as the 150,000 miles of railroad of this country, the millions of people who use them, and the tens of thousands who own them must result in something better than we have known. The effect of the important amendments to the Inter-State Law that were adopted by Congress during its last hours, and were at once signed by the retiring Executive, cannot but result in greater stability in rates, which is of immense advantage to the shipper, and incidentally increases the receipts of the railroads. The enactment of this important piece of legislation was one of the few acts that can be credited to the Congress that has just expired. Probably not half a score of persons appreciated its importance. This seems to have been one of those cases in which ignorance was of value, for had certain railroad managers or certain politicians realized its importance it might not have been carried. The Inter-State Commerce Commission now has full power, not only over roads running through two States, but over tariffs made by two or more roads jointly. A little time for reflection, argument, and perhaps retraction is now compulsory in the matter of reducing rates. And this is a most excellent provision. The Commissioners have already notified the railroads what they must expect if they violate the law; not fines alone, but penal punishment as well. Every one except the dishonest railroad manager is benefited by such law-making as this.



MR. JOHN M. THURSTON, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The other phase in which progress has been made this week is also worth careful attention. For once New York has been left in the lurch in the most important crusade that has ever been made by a body of security holders. Connecticut has taken the lead this time, and bids fair to hold it. The vast accumulations of wealth in Hartford, a large part of it in railroads, makes it a pre-eminently proper place for the first organization of a campaign against incompetency and lack of integrity in railroad management. That the campaign will be successful no one need doubt. The cause is one that contains the chief element of success—it is a righteous one. It appeals to the common-sense of every one. The first skirmish may result in little or nothing, and the second attack may fall short of its purpose. But back of all the agitation and the movements seen at the surface the army of security holders is falling into line more rapidly than the casual observer can detect. This year may not see the desired end accomplished, but it will see permanent progress made. Indeed it is no small matter for congratulation that stockholders all over the country and in Europe have been made to feel for the first time in their lives that their ownership is not limited to the certificate they are hoarding, but that the certificate represents ownership in property that they in the aggregate are entitled to manage.

From this general enlightenment—of railroad managers as to their accountability, of owners as to their responsibility, of the people to the obligations they are under to the most potent factor in modern civilization—there can be but one result. It may be delayed by an unpropitious season resulting in a curtailment of business generally, by defective leadership, or by spasms of demagogism, but in the end our transportation system, which is as essential to the political existence of the country as its Constitution, in which more of our wealth is invested than in any other enterprise, upon which every one is dependent not only for the comforts but the necessities of life as well, will be, as it ever has been, the safest and most profitable, and hence the most desirable, of investments. At the moment it is fashionable to assert



THE LATE JOHN ERICSSON.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in Wall Street that railroads are played out. But their securities will be fashionable there long after the present generation has forgotten the sound of the pulsations of the stock indicators. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March* 9, 1889.

WINTER WHEAT.

"Much bread is growing in the winter's night."
—*Swedish Proverb.*

SINCE all the wheat is hidden by the snow,
Its greenness is no more a sweet surprise,
Nor shall we see again the young blades rise,
And wave with every wind's breath to and fro.
How cruel is the fate that wills it so!
And crueler still the wintry blight that lies
On lovely lips and innocent dear eyes
That death has stricken. How can we forego
Our passionate outcrying? Wrong, oh, wrong
To break the bud before its perfect flower,
To stop the music in the middle song,
And bring the dark in morning's happy hour!
What recompense, O bitter Life, in thee
Whose Discord so outrages Harmony?

But wait till time is ripe: a vernal air
Across the world of ice blows warm and sweet;
The snow-wreaths melt; and lo! the tender wheat,
Alive, unhurt, upspringing everywhere!
All through the bitter winter's blank despair,
Through the wild days of tossing hail and sleet,
And frozen nights whose glittering stars repeat
The changeless truth of God's eternal care,
Its life was growing! Restless soul, be still,
And brood upon the meaning of these things,
And beat no more with madly fluttering wings
Against the steadfast, omnipresent will:
"Much bread is growing in the winter's night,"
And outer darkness yields the inner light.

MARY BRADLEY.

SWEPT BY THE TIDE OF POPULARITY

To the topmost pinnacle of success, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stands a shining proof of what genuine merit, backed by the living force of proven facts, can attain. The North and South American continents, Europe, Australia, the West Indies, Guatemala, and Mexico have all contributed wide patronage and testimony of the most favorable kind—but unsolicited—to swell the reputation of this sterling remedy. Among the maladies for which the most convincing public and professional testimony proves that it is a benign curative, are chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervousness, debility, kidney and bladder complaints. It mitigates the infirmities of age, hastens convalescence, has a tendency to prevent ill consequences from exposure and exhaustion. Persons of sedentary habits and laborious occupations will find it an ever useful tonic.—[*Adv.*]

SUCCESS.

IF success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—[*Adv.*]

USE ANGOSTURA BITTERS to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

☞ OVER 6,000,000 people believe that it pays best to buy Seeds of the largest and most reliable house, and they use
Ferry's Seeds
D. M. FERRY & CO. are acknowledged to be the *Largest Seedsmen* in the world.
D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced
SEED ANNUAL
For 1889
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last year's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every person using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address
Earliest Cauliflower in existence.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Darlington, Runk & Co.
Summer Silks & Silk Novelties,
BLACK SILK FABRICS.
Louisiennes, 22 inches wide, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75.
Faille Francaise, the most popular silk in Europe, warranted not to slip or pull in the seams, 22 inches wide, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00.
Opening of Ladies' Tailor-made Jackets, Ulsters, and Carriage Wraps.
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801
Tricopherous
FOR THE HAIR



The Oldest and the Best.
Imparts vigor, gloss, luxuriance, and beauty to the hair, and is recommended as being a sovereign remedy for all ailments of the hair or scalp.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.



FREE TO F.A.M. Fine Colored Engraving of the Ancient Building in London, in which the first G. L. of F. A. M. was held. Also large illustrated Catalogue of all Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. Grand new work for Agents. ☞ Beware of spurious Masonic books. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 721 Broadway, New York.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

ÆOLIAN HARPS
Improved construction. Fine instruments and charming effects. A beautiful addition to a home. Catalogue free. THE G. J. HOLBROOK CO., 86 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

"POKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDEST and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P.O. Box 1029.

EPILEPSY.
An account of the only rational mode of treatment. Send stamp for copy to
DR. WILLIAMSON, New London, Conn.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

R. H. MACY & CO.,
SIXTH AVENUE, 13th TO 14th ST., N. Y.

DRESS VELVETEENS.
We are offering a superior quality in Black and Colored Dress Velveteens at 59c. per yard; recently sold at 85c.
We call attention to our Colored Cashmeres, 100 different shades, at 49c. per yard; real value, 75c.

BLACK SILKS AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES.
A Good Black Surah, Rhadame, or Duchesse at 69c.; worth 90c.
A Rich Royal Armure, 5 designs, 85c.; worth $1.25.
A Rich Faille, Rhadame, or Triple-Warp Surah, 98c.; worth $1.30.
A Heavy Black Watered Silk at 99c.; worth $1.30.
A Rich Black Gros-Grain, warranted to wear, 99c.; worth $1.25.
A Superior Black Faille Française at $1.25 and $1.48.
Elegant Black Satin Duchesse, $1.25 and $1.48.
Rich Novelties in Black Royal, with Moire Stripes, $1.49; worth $2.00.
A Rich Black Gros-Grain, with wide Moire Stripes, $1.25; worth $2.00.
A Double-Warp Black Surah or All-Silk Satin at 58c.; worth $1.00.

GENUINE BARGAINS IN COLORED SILKS.
Black-and-White Check Surah, 59c.; worth 85c.
Black Surah, with Gray Stripes, 49c.; worth 85c.
Fine 24-inch White Shanghai Silk, 59c.; worth $1.00.
Superior 28-inch Japanese Silk, 79c.; worth $1.25.
All Colors in China Silks, 49c., 59c., 69c., and 79c.
Choice Designs in 27-inch Printed India Silks, 78c. and 89c. This quality is generally sold at $1.00 and $1.25.
Plaid and Striped Surah, rich combinations, 69c.; worth $1.00.
22-inch All-Silk French Moire, staple shades, 59c.; worth $1.00.
Magnificent Stock of Rich Round-Cord Faille Française, will not crack or slip, 84c., 97c., and $1.19; worth $1.00, $1.25, and $1.50.

DRESS GOODS.
Black Cashmeres at lowest prices ever known.
Our quality C at 69c., is good value for 85c.
" " D " 79c., " " " $1.00.
" " E " 89c., " " " $1.10.
" " F " 99c., " " " $1.25.
Silk-Warp Henriettas. Note the Great Reduction in Prices.
Our quality AA at 97c.; was $1.15.
" " BB " $1.24; " $1.49.
" " CC " $1.49; " $1.74.
" " DD " $1.69; " $1.99.
Send for Samples of the above Special Bargains. Be sure to mention this paper.

"CHOCOLAT MENIER,"
Awarded the "Grand Prix" at Paris in 1878. The finest Chocolate in the world. Absolutely pure; 38 cents per pound.
We shall prepay freight on all the above items on paid purchases of $5 and over. Mail Orders Carefully Executed.
Our Spring Catalogue is now ready.
R. H. MACY & CO.

BRAZILIAN ORCHIDS.—Grower & Collector, C. Struve, at Rio de Janeiro. Orders for these Orchids will be received by the general agents, Valentine Brothers, Produce Exchange, New York, according to catalogue furnished by them on application.

STITCHES IN THE BACK.

Peter C. Vandewater, Commissioner of Highways, Woodsburgh, Long Island, N.Y., writes:

"During the last three years I have been troubled with stitches in the back. They came on without the slightest warning and laid me up for two and three weeks at a time, and nothing did me any good. Over a year ago I had a more severe attack. I could hardly move. My wife then applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER on the small of my back where the kink appeared to be. I never had used one before. In a short time all pain had vanished, and the next morning I got up and attended to my business. I put a fresh Plaster on every week for a month, and I feel that I have been entirely cured, as I have not had an attack in the last eighteen months."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



$210 Genuine Confederate Money, with lists of prices we pay for rare U. S. coins; also list of our prices for curiosities, coins, Indian Relics, all for 25c., post-paid. R. W. Mercer, 147 Cent. Av. Cincinnati, O.

SEEDS ROSES PLANTS
PLANTS AND TREES
GRAPE VINES, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
CHOICEST OLD. RAREST NEW.
Among the latter we introduce the CRAWFORD STRAWBERRY.
YOU WANT IT! It combines more good qualities than any other. If you want PURE TESTED SEED or anything, for ORCHARD, GARDEN, LAWN or PARK, send for our
VALUABLE FREE CATALOGUE
containing about 140 pages with hundreds of illustrations. IT'S A BEAUTY! ORDER DIRECT. Get the best at honest prices, and save all commissions. Thirty-fifth year; 24 greenhouses, 700 acres.
THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES
PREPARED FROM THE
Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort, SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D., Member of the Royal Board of Health.
TRADE-MARK.
They are to be used with great benefit in all Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx, and Lungs.
By their action the **mucus is dissolved,** quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying **cough** and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of
the different **CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES,**
the Chronic Catarrhs of the **STOMACH** and **INTESTINES,**
Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver,
and other Abdominal Complaints
requiring a mild, laxative, and stimulating treatment.
DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of SODEN MINERAL LOZENGES, as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle only in throats affected by WHOOPING COUGH is changed to its Catarrh; and the tormenting mildest form.
Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose vocations require continued use of the voice will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.
The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.
At the International Exhibition at Brussels the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES *were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.*
For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a box.
Sole Agency for the United States,
Soden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, 15 Cedar Street, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

NINTH INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

A PAPER OF GREAT INTEREST, READ BY

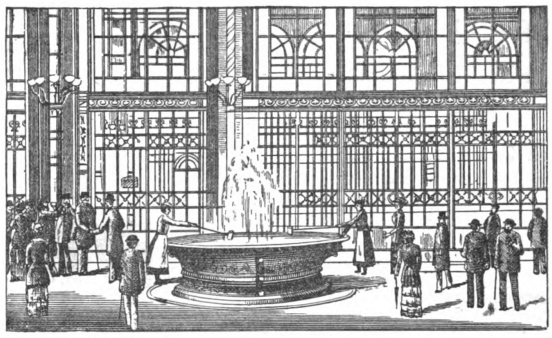
A. L. A. TOBOLDT, M.D.,

ASSISTANT DEMONSTRATOR UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, EDITOR "MEDICAL CLIPPING AND NEW CHEMICALS," ETC.

THE famous fountain of health at Carlsbad, in Bohemia, which has been the refuge of invalids for five centuries, is certainly well worthy of a careful study. My experience with this remedial agent has been such that I may truly say that no remedy which I have ever employed has given me so much pleasure and profit as this particular one.

My opinion as to mineral waters generally, and Carlsbad in particular, which is probably shared by the majority of the profession, has been that much if not all the therapeutic action may be traced to change of scene, to the strict diet enforced, to out-door exercise, and the large quantities of water drank. Starting with this opinion, I undertook a series of experiments with Carlsbad waters, such as is exported by the authorities of the City of Carlsbad. Selecting a number of chronic hypochondriacs whose afflictions had baffled all my previous efforts as my subjects, I was truly astonished to note that, although no rigid diet was prescribed, and only a limited amount of exercise was indulged in, I obtained most remarkable results—*the complexion, even after a week's use, began to clear up,* the step became more firm and elastic, and, what was more, the entire host of hypochondriacal complaints seemed to vanish like mist. These surprising results bade me pause, and I then set about investigating the subject more closely, arguing that it certainly could not be the water alone that produced these effects. The diet and exercise having been left entirely out of consideration in several of the cases, I proceeded to use the Crystallized Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt,* which, being obtained by evaporating the waters, I thought must surely be *the* remedial agent. But alas! when I came to use this, by dissolving it in ordinary water or in carbonic-acid water, I invariably failed to get so prompt an action, and in the majority of cases utterly failed to get that peculiar therapeutic effect which I had obtained from the exported mineral waters themselves. There was something at fault with either my argument or the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt.* On looking up the subject I found that at Carlsbad the salt was only recommended and used as an addition to the mineral waters, to act as a purgative when the waters failed in that respect. The analysis of the salt, I found, did not tally with that of the mineral waters, so, for a time at least, I fell back on the use of the exported Carlsbad waters until my attention was called to experiments made by Dr. Jaworski, of Krakaw, with "Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form." I then determined to give this a trial, still convinced that it was not the water, but its contained salts that produced the therapeutic effect. The chemical analysis of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt,* in powder form, certainly more nearly corresponded to that of the mineral waters, and upon trial I found that I could obtain almost the same effect with the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt Powder.* The first case upon which I tried it was so unique that I was literally dumfounded at the result. A woman who five years before had weighed but 75 pounds had in that time increased in weight to 190 pounds—a gain of 115 pounds. She came to me for treatment, laboring under all the symptoms that would naturally be expected from such an enormous increase in weight. I put her first upon the Crystallized Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt,* only to be disappointed; when, after several weeks, I used the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form, I was really startled to note the effect. In eight days, *i. e.,* from Wednesday to the next Thursday, she lost 16 pounds, an average of 2 pounds per day, and was, in consequence, losing all the symptoms she had so much complained of. The woman had in the meantime been indulging in her customary diet, even to drinking several glasses of beer daily, and, being a market-woman, she had been debarred from taking any extra exercise. This then verified my theory that if there was any therapeutic action in Carlsbad mineral waters it ought to have the same effect without the usual adjuncts of a Carlsbad cure, namely, diet and exercise. In the very next case, a mild one of diabetes mellitus, the sugar disappeared entirely after its use, the patient only abstaining from fresh fruits, and that because it caused too great a looseness of his passages. How the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt Powder* acts in diabetes mellitus I am unable to say, and must content myself with stating facts only. I will not tire you with a recital of any more cases. Sufficient, I think, has already been said to warrant calling your attention to a remedial agent that, in one form at least, has been known and used by the profession for the last four centuries.

The Springs of Carlsbad are located in Bohemia, and have been known to the profession ever since the fourteenth century, and have been gaining in their favor ever since. The waters of Carlsbad have only been imported into this country in bottles for the last few years, and lose nothing of their efficacy through export. These waters, which issue from fifteen different springs, have all the same chemical composition, differing only in the amount of free carbonic acid which they contain, this depending upon the temperature at which the water reaches the surface, there being a difference of 40° Réaumur between the different springs. The hotter the water the less carbonic acid it holds in solution, and *vice versa.* The taste of the water is pleasant, slightly saline. The Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form is easily soluble, pleasant, and permanent.



SPRUDEL.

As to the difference between the Crystallized and Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form, I would say that both are obtained by evaporating the Carlsbad Mineral Waters; but the powder is, while still moist, exposed to the carbonic acid so abundantly given off by the springs, and in consequence differs from the Crystallized in containing more carbonates and less sulphates. In fact, it contains all of the soluble constituents of the waters, and hence more nearly represents the Carlsbad Mineral Waters themselves.

In addition to this the *Crystallized Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, being hygroscopic,* frequently *causes inconvenience* on this account. The Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt Powder,* on the contrary, occurs in a fine *granular powder,* and is *proof against all atmospheric changes.*

The effect of the waters, and of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt,* powder form, dissolved in carbonic-acid water, or ordinary water, being so near alike, may be treated of together, and be summed up as follows:

Locally upon the stomach and bowels they produce a stimulating, alterative effect, and they also act as a sedative to the gastric nerves.

They neutralize the acids of the stomach, its normal acidity, according to researches of Dr. W. Jaworski, returning sooner after the use of the mineral waters than after the use of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt,* powder form, in solution.

After several doses have been taken they act as a mild purgative, partly by increasing the peristaltic movements, diluting the contents of the bowels, dissolving toughened mucus, bile, and hardened fecal masses, and partly also by increasing the intestinal secretions; hence at times such copious discharges. During the continuance of the treatment there is an increased development of gases in the gastro-intestinal canal, which cause frequent odorless and tasteless eructations and the passing of flatus, having the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen.

The urine is generally increased in quantity, and, after a varying length of time, is rendered neutral or alkaline. The urea and uric acid are, according to the researches of Dr. Seegen, much diminished, whereas the phosphates are greatly increased in quantity. So-called brick-dust sediments in the urine, when present, disappear after several days' use.

The secretions of the skin are also increased, and sometimes altered in character. The skin frequently exfoliates, causing the complexion *to become much clearer,* an effect very noticeable in patients having freckles. After the use of the Carlsbad Waters or the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form for a few weeks, the patient becomes brighter, and the previous dulness gives place to a clearness of intellect, of thought, feeling, and fancy much exceeding that existing previous to the beginning of the treatment.

Most patients lose flesh, especially those who are very corpulent, *whereas thin and delicate patients who take much nourishment are apt to increase in weight.*

Other effects noticed are the disappearance of old inflammatory deposits, especially in the fibrous tissues. *Old rheumatic or gouty nodules* I have known to disappear entirely; also inflammatory thickenings around the uterus and its appendages. Upon the system generally a marked increase of tissue metamorphosis is noticed.

As to the diseases for which Carlsbad is recommended, they are so numerous that I will not take up your time in enumerating them. Suffice it to say that it may be used wherever an alkaline mineral water is indicated, especially where there is lack of tone in the gastro-intestinal tract, as in *dyspepsia,* deficient or perverted *biliary secretions, jaundice, chronic constipation,* etc.; where accumulations of fat, especially in the liver, other organs, or under the skin, are to be disposed of; where there is that peculiar discrasia known as the uric acid diathesis, as in *gout, rheumatism, gravel,* etc., and where inflammatory deposits, especially in the fibrous tissues, are to be removed, and in that peculiar and so little understood disease, *diabetes mellitus.*

Carlsbad may be said to be contra-indicated in all wasting diseases, especially those of the lungs, and those involving a great amount of suppuration, and in all acute febrile diseases, especially inflammatory and infectious diseases, etc.

As to the mode of administration: The dose of the imported mineral waters may be set down as 2 to 3 glasses of about 6 oz. each, drank slowly in the morning an hour before breakfast, another glass during the morning or afternoon, and one or two before retiring at night. The dose of the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt,* powder form, is about one teaspoonful dissolved in a glassful of water, taken three times a day, either one hour before or two hours after meals. If taken with the Carlsbad Water, one teaspoonful of the Salt with the first tumblerful of the water, taken in the morning, will suffice. When taken hot the effect on the bowels is less marked.

As to diet, experiments of Dr. E. Hlawacek and others, as well as my own, prove that any diet otherwise not contra-indicated by the disease may be indulged in during the continuance of the treatment.

The effect of exercise, although not found essential, is a factor which I think ought not to be lost sight of, especially where the disease is caused by sedentary habits. Experiments made by Dr. W. Jaworski prove that exercise hastens the passage of the waters from the stomach into the intestinal canal. The experiments made by Dr. Jaworski also proved that the normal acidity of the stomach returns sooner after the ingestion of the mineral waters than after solutions of Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form; hence *diseases of the stomach are generally best treated by the mineral waters,* whereas the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* in powder form is to be *preferred* in *diseases of the other viscera,* such as *intestinal canal, spleen, kidneys,* in *adiposis, diabetes,* etc., although this rule does not hold good in every case.

In conclusion, I would say that the Carlsbad Mineral Waters, as exported by the City of Carlsbad, being the natural product, is, of course, much to be preferred where the quantity of water is no objection, particularly in diseases of the stomach. Where, from any cause, two or three glasses of water cannot be taken, then the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt,* powder form, answers the purpose equally well, and in diseases other than of the stomach it is even to be preferred.

Furthermore, I would say that the Carlsbad Mineral Waters and *Sprudel Salt* do not differ in the least from any other remedial agent of well-known properties. That their effect is uniform and to be relied upon independently of any adjuncts of treatment, such as diet, exercise, or water.

In none of the cases enumerated was there any particular diet prescribed. The patients were allowed to choose for themselves, and to eat whatever their appetites craved.

Only in one case (No. 7) a hypochondriac took riding-lessons for one week, and then abandoned them entirely until two weeks after the treatment, when, as he expressed it, he had more heart to go about among people and enjoy himself. The other cases took very little, if any, exercise outside of that required by their respective callings.

As to the matter of taking the Carlsbad Waters or Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* solutions hot or cold, I would say that most patients preferred taking them cold, and as there appears to be the advantage that taken cold there are no so-called head symptoms, and a more decided purgative action, I have invariably given cold the preference, only using them hot in cases of diarrhœa, when I did not desire the purgative effect.

The foregoing would then prove conclusively that the Carlsbad Waters, as well as the Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt Powder,* are *bona fide* remedial agents independent of the usual adjuncts of treatment. But I would not here be understood as making light of or ignoring them; their value has been proven many years ago, and who has not himself seen the benefits of copious draughts of water, well-directed exercise, change of scene, etc. If these can be had in addition, well and good; if not, a Carlsbad treatment need not therefore be dispensed with.

In conclusion, I would say that the experiments were made with the genuine imported Carlsbad Water and Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt,* which is bottled under the supervision of the City of Carlsbad, and has the signature of Eisner & Mendelson Co., sole agents for the U. S., and Loebel Schottlaender, sole licensee of the Spring, with the seal of the City of Carlsbad on the neck of every bottle. It would be folly to expect any reliable action from any of the numerous imitations sold here in bulk or in bottles.

A. L. A. TOBOLDT, M.D.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

One bottle of genuine imported Carlsbad *Sprudel Salt* (powder form) will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar.

Dr. Toboldt's Lecture in full, with table of cases treated, mailed free, to any address, upon application to Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents for the Carlsbad Springs, 6 Barclay Street, New York.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"I wonder if Edenia *is* made from these flowers! . . ."

LUNDBORG'S
FAMOUS PERFUMES,

Edenia, Goya Lily,
Maréchal Niel Rose, Alpine Violet,
Lundborg's Rhenish Cologne.

DELICATE. REFINED. FRAGRANT.

These Perfumes are for sale by almost all Druggists and Dealers in Toilet Articles, but if, for any reason, they cannot be so obtained, send for a Price List to

LADD & COFFIN, Proprietors and Manufacturers, 24 Barclay St., cor. Church St., New York.

The Social Season.



During the season in London **Beecham's Pills** are held in high regard. The exactions of social life, the strain consequent upon late hours, late suppers, and the indulgence of rich and highly seasoned food, all combine to leave the system in a debilitated condition and the stomach in a state bordering on frenzy, if we may use the expression. **Beecham's Pills,** however, taken regularly, have a soothing effect on the stomach and the digestive organs. Their result is *immediate*. A few doses will restore lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and give health, strength, and energy to the whole human frame.

SPECIAL.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER

they **ACT LIKE MAGIC**:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital **Organs; Strengthening** the muscular **System**; restoring long-lost **Complexion**; bringing back the **keen edge of appetite**, and arousing with the **ROSEBUD OF HEALTH** the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.** Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. **B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York,** Sole Agents for the United States, *who* (if *your* druggist does not keep them),

Will Mail BEECHAM'S PILLS on Receipt of Price, 25 Cents a Box.—*But Inquire First.*



New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St. Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

CANDY for presents. Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

MICROSCOPES *Telescopes, Spectacles, Barometers, Lantern Slides, Photographic Outfits for Amateurs, Field Glasses,* W. H. WALMSLEY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Illus. price list free. Send for *Special Bargain Lists.*

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



HENRY WARD BEECHER'S OPINION OF PEARS' SOAP.



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' IS THE BEST, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps *for general* TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the *purest* and *cleanest*. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London **100** years as **A COMPLEXION SOAP,** has obtained **15** International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but *be sure that you get the genuine*, as there are worthless imitations.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER



WON
GOLD & SILVER MEDALS
FOR
Championship of the World,
At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888.
151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus **BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

CAUTION If any dealer says he has the **W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES** without **name** and **price** stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write **W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.**



THE NEW MODEL
Crandall Type-Writer.

Unequalled for speed, accuracy, and durability. Writing in plain sight, even to last letter. Change of type in five seconds. Alignment can never change. The fewest parts of any standard type-writer. Only 28 keys, 84 characters. *Send for illustrated catalogue and price-list to*

IRELAND-BENEDICT CO., Ltd.,
SOLE AGENTS,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
New York Office, - 157 Broadway.



SECURUS JUDICAT
Apollinaris
ORBIS TERRARUM

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.,

Near Old Point Comfort.

THE HOTEL WARWICK,

A new, artistic, and attractive resort for permanent and transient visitors. For circulars, etc., address

J. R. SWINERTON, MANAGER,
or, C. B. ORCUTT, 1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



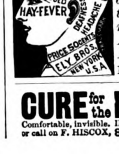


Look all around among the Retailers,

then write to **C. C. SHAYNE,** manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed **ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT,** which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.

MEMORY AND ITS DOCTORS **PICK**

From SIMONIDES to "LOISETTE." Price, 10 cents. Dr. Pick's method of *Improving the Memory* and *Facilitating the Acquirement of Knowledge.* Sent by mail. Address **Dr. PICK, Box 2576, New York.**



I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Phila.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

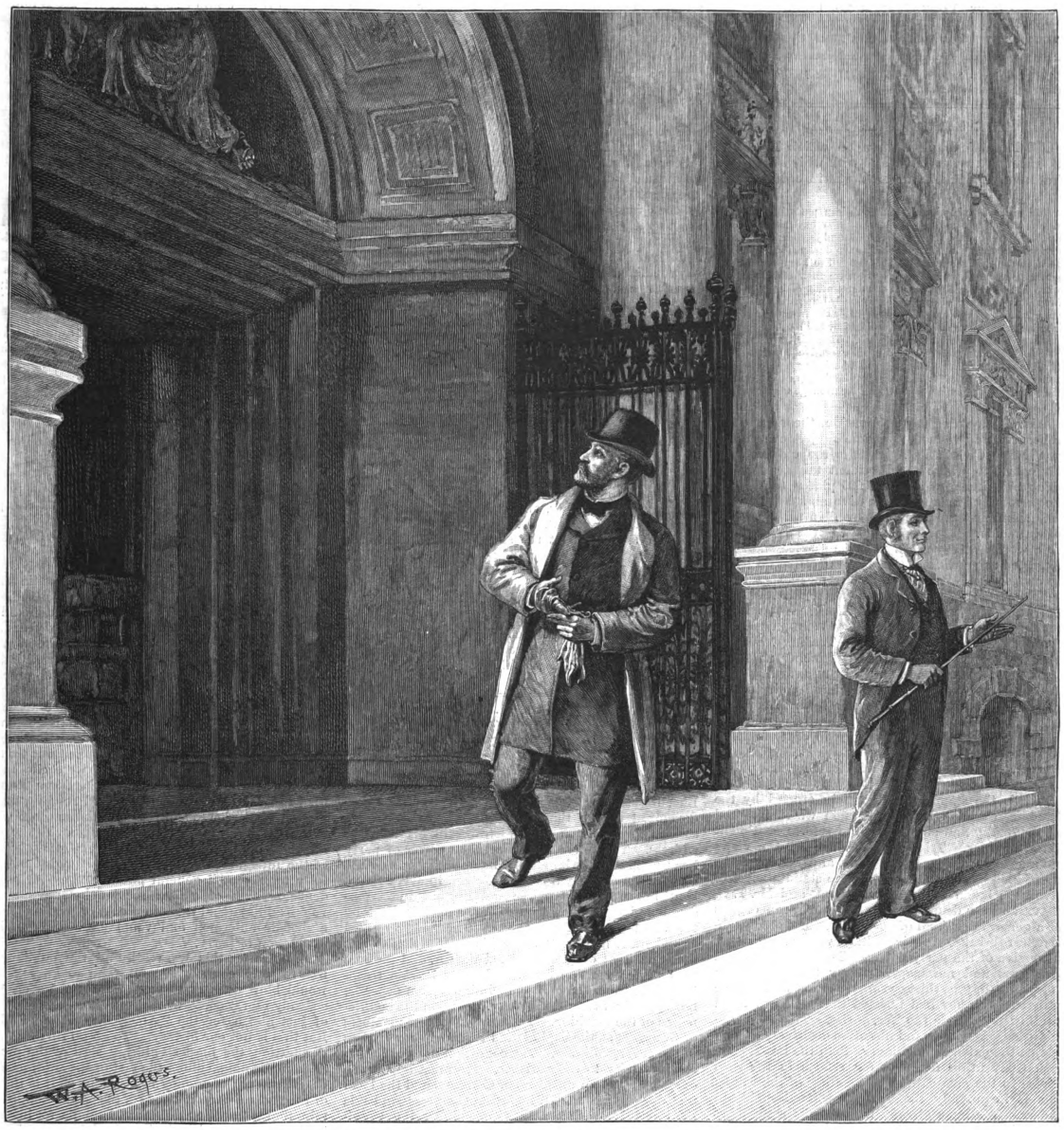
CURE for the DEAF by PICK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, **FREE.** Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1683.
Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"They stood on the outside steps of the vast edifice beetling like a granite crag above them.... March absently lifted his eyes to it."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

I.

"NOW you think this thing over, March, and let me know the last of next week," said Fulkerson. He got up from the chair which he had been sitting astride, with his face to its back, and tilting toward March on its hind legs, and came and rapped upon his table with his thin bamboo stick. "What you want to do is to get out of the insurance business, anyway. You acknowledge that yourself. You never liked it, and now it makes you sick; in other words, it's killing you. You ain't an insurance man by nature. You're a natural-born literary man; and you've been going against the grain. Now I offer you a chance to go *with* the grain. I don't say you're going to make your everlasting fortune, but I'll give you a living salary, and if the thing succeeds, you'll share in its success. We'll all share in its success. That's the beauty of it. I tell you, March, this is the greatest idea that has been struck since"—Fulkerson stopped and searched his mind for a fit image—"since the creation of man."

He put his leg up over the corner of March's table and gave himself a sharp cut on the thigh, and leaned forward to get the full effect of his words upon his listener.

March had his hands clasped together behind his head, and he

(*Continued on page 222.*)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Surprises one by its wealth of instruction, entertainment, and amusement."—*New York Evangelist.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the number for March 19th "Carmosine" introduces to young readers some more of the masterpieces of art of which children are the subjects. This series on "Child Life in the Old Masters" has a distinct educational value, in that it familiarizes young people, through the medium of good engraving, with some of the most interesting works of the old painters.

In the same number is a capital story for boys, bearing the epigrammatic title, "Work—the Right, or the Rod of the Boys?" by MARGARET EMMA DITTO. *There are also other short stories, and a long instalment of the serial story "Captain Polly."*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

AN ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT is issued gratuitously with this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE REPUBLICAN PLEDGE.

THE Republican platform upon which President HARRISON was elected, and with which his letter of acceptance declared that he was in entire agreement, said:

"The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884 and continued to adhere to the Democratic party have deserted not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom and purity of the ballot, but especially have deserted the cause of reform in the civil service. We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs, or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit: 'The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reformed system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.'"

This was a voluntary declaration, the most comprehensive and radical upon the subject ever made by a party Convention. Besides the enforcement of the law to which the President takes oath, and which now includes about 25,000 places, the pledge unequivocally binds the Executive and the party to "the spirit and purpose of reform" in all executive appointments. There is no doubt of the meaning of those words. They mean that the service shall not be treated as spoils, and that there shall be no partisan "sweep" of the offices. They mean that if, as the New York *Herald* states, Senator HISCOCK and Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, of New York, protest hotly and emphatically against Secretary WINDOM'S choice of an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, because they insist that "a trained politician" shall be appointed, their advice shall be disregarded as hostile to the solemn pledge and declared policy of the party. The words mean honest reform in a plain, practical sense understood by everybody, and not that general change of the service in order to fill it with partisans, for making which the platform accused the late President of violating his public pledges.

This is the standard deliberately erected by the Republican party, the pledge upon which it asked the sympathy and support of the reform sentiment of the country. Tried by this standard, the views announced by Senator FARWELL, and known to be entertained by Senator INGALLS, the stand alleged to have been taken by Senator HISCOCK and Mr. T. C. PLATT, and the demand of many Republican organs for a general dismissal of postmasters and other public officers because of their political views, are directly subversive of the party policy. These Senators and politicians and newspapers betray the Republican policy of to-day, as thirty years ago they would have betrayed it if they had insisted that slavery should be allowed to enter the Territories. The early Republican Conventions did not more decisively declare against the extension of slavery than the last Republican Convention declared for reform in the civil service in the common understanding of the words. This is fortunately the view of some Republican leaders. We have already mentioned the speeches of certain Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress. We add to them the characteristic words of Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, who declares himself to be "a practical Republican politician," and to whose effective services in the New York Legislature his party as well as the State was greatly indebted. Mr. ROOSEVELT said, at the Reform Conference in Baltimore:

"Now the Republican party has committed itself definitely against the spoils system. On that point its platform leaves no room for doubt. President-elect HARRISON'S letter leaves no room for doubt as to his position. I feel sure that, from a merely selfish stand-point, it will more to the benefit of the Republican party to keep its pledge; but whether it does or does not so more, I wish to see that pledge kept. I feel that this is a true reform. For that reason I not only admire and honor Senators HOAR and HAWLEY, Congressmen LODGE, of Massachusetts, HITT, of Illinois, and your own able Representative, Mr. MCCOMAS, as citizens, but I regard them as loyally keeping faith with the party by the stand they have taken in Congress. On the other hand, when Senator INGALLS sees fit to appear as the mouth-piece and champion of the spoilsman, not only do I feel outraged as a citizen at his appearing in this guise, making himself a part of all that is most evil and most degrading in our politics, but I feel that he is a traitor to his party. I do not think there can be doubt about my position on this question."

It must be confessed, however, that the accounts in Republican papers of the unprecedented rush and pressure for place at Washington are not a good augury of what is to come. The universal assumption of a total partisan reconstruction of the service; the careful cultivation of prejudice against Republicans who "held over" during the late administration, as if refusal to regard their places as the perquisites of the successful party were sufficient reason for summary dismissal; the apportioning of Custom-house and Post-office patronage among the most contemptuous enemies of reform as a matter of course—in a word, the eager carnival of spoils which the Washington letters describe seems to indicate that the party whose platform denounces the men who abandoned the party in 1884 is in 1889 in imminent danger of incurring the same denunciation of treachery to its own principles and of deliberate violation of its own pledges. The strain comes upon the President, and however unjustly, he will be held responsible, as his predecessor has been. The Whig office-seeking torrent in 1841 is surpassed by the Republican flood of 1889. The earlier deluge engulfed President HARRISON'S grandfather, and it will require all the courage, energy, and persistence of the grandson to withstand it now. If his action should demonstrate that it is not the counsel and conviction of such Republicans as Mr. ROOSEVELT names which is to prevail, but that of Messrs. QUAY, DUDLEY, PLATT, INGALLS, and the other notorious spoilsmen of the party, the failure and disgrace of the administration and of the party which pledged itself to reform will be swift and complete. Republican leaders of another kind than these cannot silently acquiesce in the complete disregard of the Republican platform without conniving at the deep discredit of their party. The men of 1884 whom the platform taunts with treachery will be justified in a laugh of contempt if those who took such lofty airs in June should be revealed as hypocrites and charlatans eating their own words in March. Four years ago the Democratic party made no other pledge than the simple declaration that it favored civil service reform. That phrase meant nothing, and was meant to mean nothing. The President, not his party, was the sole hope of reform. But the situation is now wholly changed. It is the party whose careful and detailed pledge the President has accepted. Republicans ridiculed independents for expecting reform from the Democratic party, then raised their voices in unison to declare, "We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs." We shall see. But if happily those pledges are not broken, the first to acknowledge the fact frankly will be the independent voters.

THE MACHINE.

THE circumstances attending the selection of President HARRISON'S cabinet have shown him probably, as they have shown the country, the extreme and peculiar difficulties which now surround the Chief Executive. Our system of government by party has developed results that fully justify WASHINGTON'S solemn deprecations and warnings in his farewell address. The active and immediate power of party has passed into the hands of what is called a machine, which is practically a few politicians in every State, bent, not upon the public welfare, but upon personal and party aggrandizement, and sustained by the venal power of patronage. The newly elected President, if he does not owe his nomination to this machine, is at once confronted with it, and the sore trial of his position begins. It may be said truthfully that the welfare of his administration depends, not upon the favor of his party, but upon the countenance of the machine. He must conciliate members of Congress at the capital, and the few party leaders in the different States. The condition of conciliation is conformity to their wishes. He must appoint to office those whom members of Congress and the local machines designate. If he resists, Congress can baffle the Executive wishes, and the machine will not hesitate to defeat the party in the State, and then point to the defeat as the result of the President's course. The sentiment of the party at large may be most friendly to the Executive, but it is not the sentiment of the party, it is the will of the machine, which generally decides the election.

This terrorism is brought to bear upon every President. However courageous and independent in feeling he may be, his only appeal is to the sympathy of the party at large, while that sympathy is futile to aid him as against the machine. Every intelligent observer in the State of New York, for instance, can perceive the general character and drift of Republican conviction and desire. But nothing can be plainer to him than that it is not really represented by those who are called Republican leaders. Theoretically, of course, those whom a party permits to direct its course and to select its candidates are its representatives. But actually this is true only negatively. Except under peculiar circumstances, and in actual emergencies when it is thoroughly aroused, the great mass of the party will not take the trouble necessary to secure fitting representatives. How much does the great body of Republican voters in the city of New York know or care about the management of the party? Who would seriously admit that the Republican character and intelligence of the city are represented by its acknowledged leaders who control the Convention and nominate the candidates? In any rural Republican county, who expects to find the real representatives of the party foremost in its active control?

This is the condition which the President must consider, and to this he feels that his official action must conform if he would avoid disaster. He is told that he is the trustee of a great party, that he has no moral right to substitute his personal convictions for the party wishes, and that the party speaks only through its organization, that is to say, through the machine. This condition, known as well to the country as to the President, should lead to the most charitable interpretation of Executive action. Mr. CLEVELAND is said to have remarked that if his reform friends only knew what he had resisted, their comments upon what he had done would be milder. The sharpest censure of his administration was due undoubtedly to courses which, however undesirable, seemed to him for party reasons indispensable. Even as it was, he was charged with defeating his party. But the situation in which simple justice requires that the Executive should be judged leniently shows the chief obstacle to good government, and begets the strongest resolution for its removal. Our party system, founded on patronage, endangers the very function of party. The President tends to become practically less the representative of a national purpose and honest administration than the tool of a small body of party politicians, whom, although a small body, he defies at his peril. That this is a tendency which increases rather than diminishes is shown by the manner in which President HARRISON was stormed for places in his cabinet. If, therefore, the better sentiment and purpose of the Republican party chooses to submit to the control of a machine, it cannot fairly complain if it is judged by the conduct of the machine, and held to responsibility for it. But however abjectly the party may acquiesce, the stronger the machine, the stronger will be the public protest which will break it.

CHEERFUL VIEWS.

THOSE who take despondent views of public affairs are not close observers of the times. Undoubtedly abuses and evils now exist which the fathers did not foresee nor DE TOCQUEVILLE remark fifty years ago. Jobs like the Capitol ceiling at Albany, the immense and perilous part played by money in politics, the enormous development of the machine, the practical sale of high offices, the decline in the character of party leaders, the good-natured toleration of rascality, all seem to indicate the extremest reaction from the moral exaltation of patriotic sentiment during the civil war. It is not necessary to point out that the most wretched political intrigues were rife in the highest political circles and that there was the most mercenary jobbery in contracts and supplies during the war, in order to show how dark are the shadows even of that bright picture of patriotism. Yet it would have been folly to deny the moral exaltation because of the intrigues and jobbery, and it would be equal folly to assume a general public and political decadence because of official recommendations to buy voters and marshal them in blocks of five, or because of boodle aldermen and venal public jobs without distinction of party.

If, however, this were all, and the public good-nature were content to smile and to guess that it would blow over, and to acquiesce without effort in a steady moral decay of the state, it would be a cause of just alarm for the "American commonwealth." But this is not our history. To go no further for an illustration, the most significant sign of the present situation is not so much the fact of the enormous and degrading use of money at elections as it is the fact of the general consciousness of the peril and the determination to provide against it. Indiana, for instance, is the State in which during the late campaign the misuse of money was at least most notorious. But in Indiana an electoral reform bill has become law this winter which will go far to correct the evil. In Massachusetts such a law already exists. In Rhode Island it is pending in the Legislature, and proposed in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and in New York it was defeated last year only by the Governor's veto. This shows a readiness to deal with abuses which is a sign of political health and vigor. It is the encouragement of every good effort, and covers with ridicule the assumption that our political practices cannot be improved, and that only sentimentalists and knavish schemers think that they sometimes need improvement.

In New York the Republicans have hitherto enjoyed the reputation of a disposition to advance such

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

improvements. There are many voters who, whatever their views of a tariff may be, are inclined to think that upon State and municipal questions—questions of temperance, political reform, education, and similar interests—the Republican party deserves support rather than the Democratic. The Republicans, indeed, have done a large business upon the capital of this confidence. But the revelations of the ceiling job, the paralysis in the Legislature of the temperance and ballot reform movements, the want of initiative and vigor, are placing the Republican party in the position of a torpid man who is called respectable because his grandfather was a hero. The prestige of the party is still great; but it does so little to enhance it that young men, Republicans by family tradition, are leaving the party, not to join another, but from want of confidence and hope in it. This also is a sign of political health, because it shows the demand for a party that shall stand for honest politics. The Republican party cannot occupy that position by the simple assertion that it does so, while conniving at ceiling frauds and marshalling floaters in blocks of five. There is a good deal of humbug in politics, but even humbug may be stretched too thin. If the Republican Legislature in New York had passed a reasonable high-license law and a good electoral bill, and had shown itself clear of complicity in the ceiling scandal, it would have justified its claim to be the party from which reasonable and beneficent change is to be expected. That it suffers for not doing these things, and just in that degree loses the confidence of honest citizens, is another sign of excellent political health in the community.

SECTIONALISM.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us some extracts from the Greenville *News*, in South Carolina, and asks our opinion of them. The paper comments upon the address of E. M. BRAYTON, chairman of the Republican State Committee, and says in regard to the election law of the State:

"We prefer to declare boldly that most of what he says is true, and that the law he describes was and is intended to keep the control of this State with the white people, who are a minority in numbers, but who pay nineteen-twentieths of the taxes and represent ninety-nine one-hundredths of the intelligence and moral force."

And again:

"The gaunt and unkempt Southerner who pokes a shot-gun into a voter's face to chase him from the polls is a better man than the sleek portly Northern manufacturer who offers a poor devil of a workman the choice between voting for high protection and starvation. The most reckless red-shirt riders who ever pulled a trigger are less guilty than the wealthy hypocrites who gave and the heelers who handled the money that corrupted the ballot last November. They may send troops here, as they did before, to stand at our polls, to purify the ballot with the bayonet, but, for all that, there will be no more stealing South Carolina."

What we think of this is what we think of the talk in a similar vein of such Northern politicians as Governor FORAKER, of Ohio, and all "the bloody shirt" orators and newspapers. They strive to influence mere sectional passions for the meanest of purposes—a sectional, political, partisan, or personal advantage. They aim to feed angry fires which are declining, and to prolong without justification the hatreds of a past time. Neither Governor FORAKER and the class which he represents, nor the South Carolina paper, rise above the lowest level of party spirit. The patriotism which bears and forbears is unknown to both of them. If they were representatives of the dominant and characteristic sentiment of the two parts of the country, we should still be in spirit and feeling as much at war as we were twenty-five years ago.

Our correspondent may find in the passages that we quote from the paper some hints for thought. He is a Republican, and he may well reflect that if the colored voter is sometimes suppressed by Democrats in the Southern States, the white voter is sometimes bought by Republicans in the Northern States, and that both practices are equally treason to the fundamental principle of the government. He may further ask himself how polls protected by national bayonets in communities like certain Southern districts can possibly draw out the suppressed vote, and he may finally meditate the question how a situation produced by such an agitation as the slavery controversy, followed by long civil war, can be wisely or patriotically adjusted if newspaper and party orators, like angry children, spit and snarl and taunt and vituperate, instead of manfully acknowledging a difficult problem and heartily and honestly cultivating the spirit in which alone it can be hopefully treated.

A SPOILS CALENDAR.

ON the 30th of January, 1812, JOSIAH QUINCY said in the House of Representatives at Washington:

"Is there on this earth any collection of men in which exists a more intrinsic, hearty, and desperate love of office or place, particularly of fat places? Is there any country more infested than this with the vermin that breed in corruptions of power? Is there any in which place and official emolument more certainly follow distinguished servility at elections or base scurrility in the press? And as to eagerness for the reward, what is the fact? Let now one of your great office-holders, a Collector of Customs, a Marshal, a Commissioner of Loans, a Postmaster in one of your cities, or any officer, agent, or factor for your territories or public lands, or person holding place of minor distinction, but of considerable profit, be called upon to pay the last debt of nature. The poor man shall hardly be dead, he shall not be cold, long before the corpse is in the coffin, the mail shall be crowded to repletion with letters and certificates and recommendations and representations and every species of sturdy, sycophantic solicitation by which obtrusive mendicity seeks charity or invites compassion. Why, sir, we hear the clamor of the craving animals at the Treasury, though here in the Capitol. Such running, such jostling, such wriggling, such clambering over one another's backs, such squealing because the tub is so narrow and the company so crowded! No, sir; let us not talk of stoical apathy towards the things of the national Treasury either in this people or in their Representatives or Senators."

Seventeen years later, in 1829, it was not thought necessary to wait for the death of the incumbent. On the 14th of March, 1829, Mr. SAMUEL SWARTWOUT, subsequently Collector of New York, and defaulter to the amount of about a million dollars, writes from Washington to a spoils "pal" in New York:

"I hold to your doctrine fully that no d——d rascal who made use of his office or its profits for the purpose of keeping Mr. ADAMS in and General HARRISON out of power *is entitled to the least lenity or mercy, save that of hanging.* So we think both alike on that head.

"Whether or not I shall get anything in the general scramble for plunder remains to be proven, but I rather *guess* I shall. What it will be is not yet so certain; perhaps keeper of the Bergen light-house. I rather think Massa Pomp stands a smart chance of going somewhere, perhaps to the place you have named, or to the *devil.*

"Your man, if you want a place, is Colonel HAMILTON. He is now the second officer in the government of the Union, and in all probability our next President. Make your suit to him, then, and you will get what you want. I know Mr. INGRAM slightly, and recommend you to push like a devil if you expect anything from that quarter. I can do you no good in any quarter of the world, having mighty little influence beyond Hoboken. The great goers are the new men, the old troopers being all spavined and ringboned from previous hard travel. I've got the bots, the fetlock hip-joint, gravel, halt, and founders, and I assure you if I can only keep my own legs I shall do well, but I am darned if I can carry any weight with me. When I left home I thought my nag sound and strong, but the beast is rather broken down here. I'll tell you more about it when I see you in New York."

In 1883 public feeling at the disgrace of such prostitution of the public service, which, alone among civilized nations, was peculiar to the United States, found expression in the reform law. In 1888 the Republican party returned to power under the most solemn pledges to respect the law both in letter and spirit. On the 10th of March, 1889, a letter from Washington to the New York *Tribune*, one of the chief party organs, says:

"The army which now besieges the White House and besets the Executive Departments also contains a majority of 'ex's.' There is a heavy sprinkling of old soldiers, and the buttons of the G. A. R. and the rosettes of the Loyal Legion are more conspicuous than ever before. There seems to be general conviction that honorable service in the Union army or navy will not be regarded as a political disability by this administration, five members of which, including the President, wore the Union blue. But the ex-soldiers are outnumbered by the 'ex's' who obtained their titles in the civil service of the government before the days of 'CLEVELAND and Reform.' Perhaps one out of every four men one meets is not an 'ex,' but three of them at least are ex-something, from ex-Secretary down to ex-messenger, and every mother's son of them, almost, wants his 'old place,' or something better. They 'know all the ropes' of office-seeking and office-getting, and therefore are formidable competitors in the race with men who have now entered it for the first time, despite the prejudice which exists against ex-office-holders who devote their energies to office-seeking."

This shows, not that nothing has been done to avert this disgrace from the country, but that something remains to do.

AN ALARM-BELL.

Garden and Forest, in speaking of a subject of the greatest importance to the prosperity of New York, says that "the complete destruction of the Adirondack forests is inevitable if existing conditions and methods of treatment are to continue." Their destruction would seriously affect the principal rivers and the water supply of the Erie Canal, and cause wide-spread disaster. The result cannot be averted by guessing that the situation is not so alarming as stated, and that all will come out right. There is but one way to prevent the certain consequences of the situation, which grows worse daily, and that is a system of permanent control under competent direction.

This is held by *Garden and Forest* to be impossible so long as the control is treated as a part of the political patronage of the State government. The evil cannot be remedied by merely changing the persons who administer a system which is essentially vicious. But a Legislature whose committee permits huge cheating in a ceiling in order to raise an election fund will hardly save the State forests without a very emphatic demand from the public.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL DAWSON.

THE assassination of Colonel DAWSON, the editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, seems to have been one of the most dastardly of murders, and the occasion, as reported, deepens the blackness of the crime, and greatly enhances public respect for the character and memory of the murdered man. Colonel DAWSON was in the very prime of life. The journal which he edited was one of very great influence, and the spirit in which it was conducted was in general wise and hopeful. It was for some reasons a decided advantage for the State of South Carolina at this time that the editor of its chief journal was not American born, because he was unswayed by the traditions which cannot but unhappily affect in some degree the native Carolinian.

The shock of Colonel DAWSON'S violent death was not confined to the city and State of his residence. Through his paper he had taken strong hold of those in every part of the country who watch the organs of public opinion, and they saw in the Charleston *News and Courier* signs of the spirit which, if happily directed, promises much for the Southern States and the Union. In South Carolina, however, there are those who probably feel that Colonel DAWSON was too much the supporter of a State control which is not wholly in accord with that better spirit. But his great merit as a leader of opinion was his conviction that "the South" must look forward and not back, and cultivate exclusively the tendencies and the spirit which make for Union.

The public grief in Charleston attests the consciousness of the loss of an invaluable citizen, and he could have produced so strong an impression only by devoted and effective public service. It is not the least significant fact that the man of English birth who was one of the most resolute soldiers of the Confederacy, of unquestioned bravery and ability, and who held so high a place in the public regard of Charleston, had been knighted by the Pope for his services in procuring the passage of an anti-duelling law. Colonel DAWSON seems to have been a man of the truly modern type and instinct, a representative of the leadership which is the hope of "the South," and therefore he is most naturally and most deeply lamented by his fellow-citizens.

WILLIAM F. RICH.

WILLIAM F. RICH, who had been for fifty years connected with the house of HARPER & BROTHERS, where he learned his trade of type-setting, and had been for some years foreman of one of the composing-rooms, died suddenly on the 13th of March, at the age of sixty-eight. He was one of the most upright, honorable, and faithful of men, with a singular gentleness and sweetness of disposition, and a freshness and simplicity of nature which triumphed over time and circumstance. His religious faith was strong and constant and consoling, but characteristically unobtrusive. The law of his life was the golden rule, and it was inevitable that such a man should be, as he was, not only highly respected, but beloved by all his daily associates, and that they should instinctively say, as they recall him, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

PERSONAL.

IN *Good Words* for March there is a critical and biographical sketch of CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, contributed by Dr. FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, who, speaking generally of Mr. WARNER'S writings, says: "The lively susceptibility and agreeable humor of the author give to all his works a unique charm. He has the art of sketching scenes and people with light and effective touches, and the reader is led on not only without weariness, but with the writer's own enthusiasm. He gives little of the information that guide-books supply, but rather the gay and humorous impressions made on his mind. We are interested in the vivid pictures he shows us, but mainly in the personal medium through which we behold them." The readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, who have received so much pleasure from Mr. WARNER'S delightful introductory-page essays in the Editor's Drawer—a series of surprises from month to month—and from his picturesque descriptions of our own country, including Mexico and Canada, will find in his novel, "A Little Journey in the World," beginning in the April number, a deeper but not less pleasing revelation of his power in an entirely new field. It is a story of American life.

—The death of SIDNEY BARTLETT, Boston's oldest practising lawyer, and a man of remarkable grasp and vigor for his age, follows closely upon the recent announcement of his ninetieth birthday, which occurred February 13th. He was a survivor of the period of WEBSTER, CHOATE, and other great lawyers. His practice netted him over $100,000 a year, it is estimated, and for over thirty years he was acknowledged to be the leader of the bar in the United States Supreme Court. He was one of the counsel employed in the solution of the Presidential question before the Electoral Commission in 1877. HENRY W. PAINE is the oldest lawyer of high distinction in Boston now, although ill health has incapacitated him from work.

—Marquis MAYEDA, a Japanese nobleman, who has been delegated by his government to inspect the military and naval systems of Western nations, has arrived in this country. He is very wealthy, and of the highest social position in the Japanese aristocracy, and will be one of the hereditary peers in the first national parliament, to be called together by the Emperor two years hence. His father, the feudal lord of Kaga, had a revenue from his territory of not less than $6,000,000 a year, and a mansion of great splendor at Tokio, the magnificent grounds of which are now occupied by the Imperial University.

—The old defenders of the city of Baltimore have all passed away but Mrs. ELIZABETH SANDS, who has been spared to celebrate her one-hundredth birthday. She attended her husband in camp during the second war with England, and encouraged the soldiers who defended the city against the attack of the British troops.

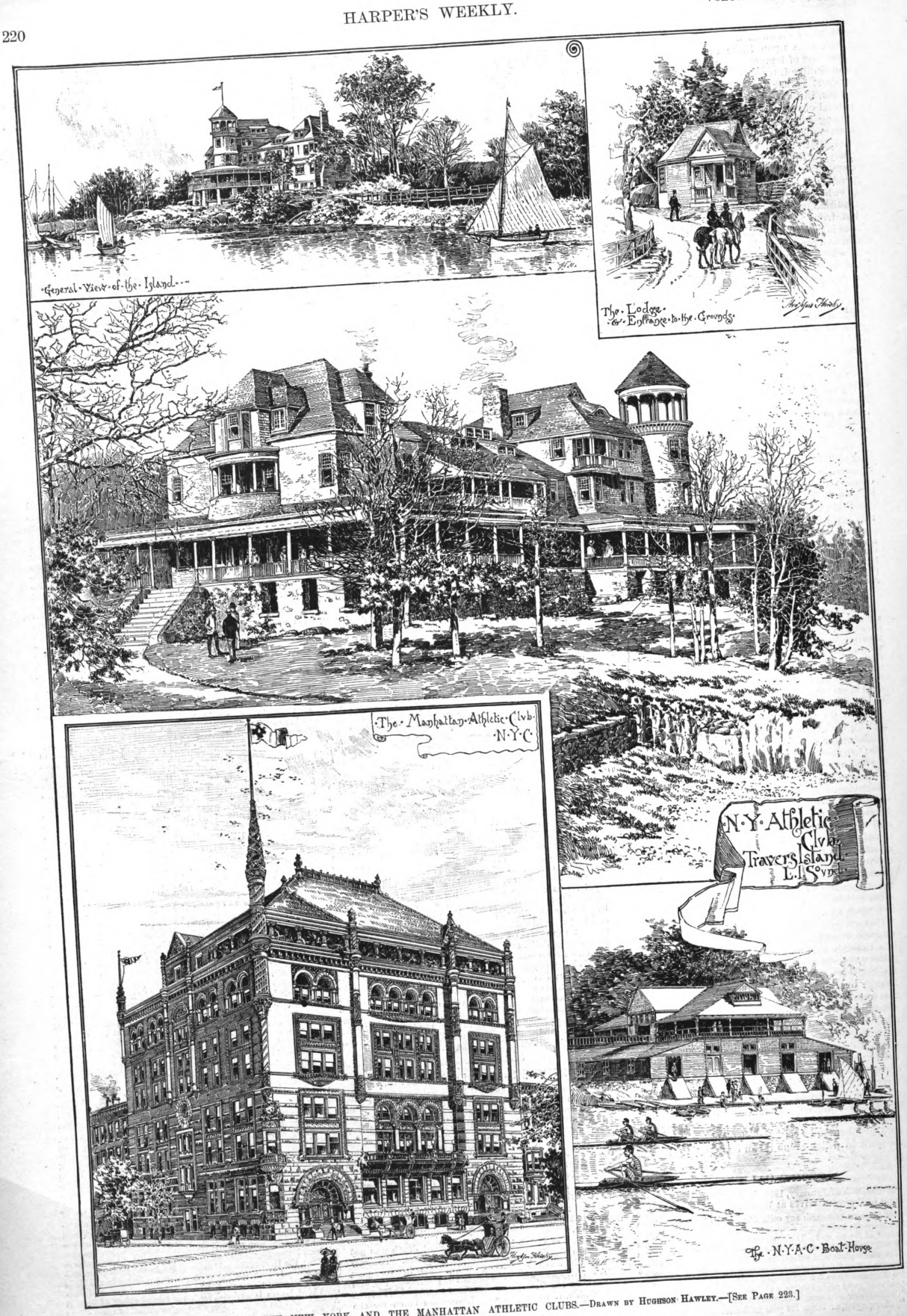
—There are men already growing old who must have been stirred by many reminiscences of their school-boy days on reading of the death of GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, late Professor of Mathematics in the College of the City of New York. Generations of students have worked their way from Equations to the Calculus under the firm but kindly guidance of Dr. DOCHARTY, and have carried into the pursuits of active life the practical training which he was so well fitted to impart. He had a genial and humorous disposition which gave him a special charm, and his inexhaustible fund of good stories and pleasant jokes will long be remembered by the boys who heard them.

—The resignation of the Democratic Postmaster at Winchester, Massachusetts, has given the Republican voters of the town a chance to express their preference as to his successor. They met in the town-hall the other evening, and after three close and exciting ballots decided that WILLIAM B. FITCH was their choice. His name has therefore been forwarded to Congressman LODGE at Washington.

—Ex-Senator SIMON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, has just passed his ninetieth birthday, but is active and energetic, and greatly prefers walking to driving. He divides his time between Harrisburg and his country-seat at Donegal, in Lancaster County. While taking no active interest in politics, he still remains an ardent Republican. He is an inveterate reader, and eagerly devours newspapers, magazines, novels, and much other literary matter.

—The title of "the copper king," applied to J. B. HAGGIN, of California, gives only a slight idea of the money-making versatility of a most remarkable man. About thirty years ago he appeared on the Pacific slope as a lawyer, and since then he has been associated with numerous business enterprises whose success has simply been astounding. He now owns the Anaconda copper mine in Montana, the Homestake gold mine at Deadwood, Dakota, and silver mines in Arizona and California; he is prominent in the Wells & Fargo Express Company, his reputation as a breeder of thorough-bred horses is national, he is the largest raiser of hops in America, and his flocks of sheep are outnumbered by none others on the Pacific coast. GEORGE HEARST, California's millionaire Senator, was associated with Mr. HAGGIN in some of his most prosperous ventures.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HOUSES OF THE NEW YORK AND THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUBS.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 223.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ALBERT G. PORTER, OF INDIANA, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ITALY.—[From a Photo. by Clark, Indianapolis.—[See Page 223.]



THOMAS W. PALMER, OF MICHIGAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.



EUGENE SCHUYLER, OF NEW YORK, THE NOMINEE FOR FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.



A. C. MELETTE, GOVERNOR OF DAKOTA. From a Photograph by Bell.—[See Page 222.]

THOMAS W. PALMER.

The Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, who has been named as the successor of Mr. Perry Belmont as American Minister to Spain, was born at Detroit, Michigan, January 25, 1830, his father being one of the pioneers in that region. His mother was a daughter of Judge James Witherell. He entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, but trouble with the eyes compelled him to abandon his studies without graduation. He received his degree in after-years. On leaving college he visited Europe, and travelled over Spain on foot, acquiring an easy familiarity with the language of the country, and taking great interest in its people and its history, which he has since kept up. On his way home from Europe he visited the Spanish countries of South America, and travelled in Brazil. He first engaged in business in Wisconsin in 1850 as agent for a transportation company, and afterward settled down as a merchant at Appleton in that State, but in 1853 he returned to Detroit and took up the real estate business. Two years later he married the daughter of Charles P. Merrill, an extensive lumber dealer, and became a partner in his business, to which he finally succeeded. For some years he has been one of the most extensive owners of timber land and lumber mills in the Northwest, and has accumulated a large fortune. He is the owner of an extensive stock farm, and has been much interested in agricultural matters, being president of the Agricultural Society of his State. Mr. Palmer was an active and earnest member of the Republican party from the time it was formed, but down to 1878 had refused to hold any public office except that of a member of the Detroit Board of Estimate. In the year named he consented to an election to the State Senate, and in 1883 was chosen to the United States Senate, his term having just expired. Senator Palmer has exhibited a peculiarly independent character, professing a dislike for the active duties of politics and public life, and refusing to be considered a candidate for re-election to the Senate. He has long been a somewhat intimate friend of President Harrison, and was favorably regarded for a cabinet position. He would undoubtedly have been made Secretary of Agriculture but for the opposition of Senator Stockbridge and ex-Governor Alger. Probably his familiarity with Spanish affairs and his fondness for the history and language of Spain induced him to regard with favor the appointment as Minister at the Court of Madrid.

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

Eugene Schuyler, who was last week nominated by the President to be First Assistant Secretary of State, approaches perhaps more nearly than any other American to the European notion of a professional diplomatist. In the extent and variety of his service as a representative of his country abroad he has attained an experience that will be invaluable in the office to which he has been appointed, and his eminent fitness for which has been very cordially recognized throughout the country. Mr. Schuyler was born at Ithaca in 1840, and is the son of the late George W. Schuyler, the author of *Colonial New York*, who held the offices of Treasurer, Superintendent of the Banking Department, and Auditor of the Canal Department of this State. He was graduated at Yale in 1859, and at the Columbia Law School in 1863. For the succeeding three years he practised law in the city of New York, devoting his leisure to literature, and in particular to the study of Russian. This study bore fruit in a translation of Tourguénief's *Fathers and Sons*, and was very possibly influential in procuring his first appointment in the public service, the Consulate at Moscow, upon the duties of which he entered in August, 1867. Two years later he was transferred to Reval, and in April, 1870, became Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg under Governor Curtin. He remained at St. Petersburg for nearly six years, for a large part of the time as Chargé d'Affaires in the absence of a Minister. In 1873, on leave of absence, he made a journey of eight months to central Asia, the results of which are embodied in his valuable work on Turkistan. In 1876 he became Secretary of Legation and Consul-General at Constantinople, and it was during that year that he wrote the official report upon the Turkish massacres in Bulgaria, which produced a profound impression in this country, and still more abroad, insomuch that it has undoubtedly affected the subsequent history of southeastern Europe. In 1878 Mr. Schuyler was appointed Consul at Birmingham, and the next year Consul-General at Rome. In 1880 he was Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires in Bucharest. From 1882 to 1884 he resided at Athens as Minister to Greece, Servia, and Roumania. The mission being discontinued by the failure of Congress to make an appropriation for it, Mr. Schuyler returned to the United States, and has since employed himself in literary work. He gave a course of lectures at Cornell and at Johns Hopkins in the winter of 1885 on our Consular and Diplomatic Service, and in the following autumn another course at Cornell on the relation of diplomacy to international trade. These two courses of lectures were the groundwork of his book on *American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of Commerce*. Besides the works mentioned above, Mr. Schuyler is the translator of Tolstoï's *Cossacks*, and the author of a life of Peter the Great.



GENERAL STEWART VAN VLIET.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.—[See Page 223.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.

(*Continued from front page.*)

took one of them down long enough to put his inkstand and mucilage bottle out of Fulkerson's way. After many years' experiment of a mustache and whiskers, he now wore his grizzled beard full, but cropped close; it gave him a certain grimness, corrected by the gentleness of his eyes.

"Some people don't think much of the creation of man, nowadays. Why stop at that? Why not say since the morning stars sang together?"

"No, sir; no, sir! I don't want to claim too much, and I draw the line at the creation of man. I'm satisfied with that. But if you want to ring the morning stars into the prospectus, all right; I won't go back on you."

"But I don't understand why you've set your mind on *me*," March said. "I haven't had any magazine experience; you know that; and I haven't seriously attempted to do anything in literature since I was married. I gave up smoking and the Muse together. I suppose I could still manage a cigar, but I don't believe I could—"

"Muse worth a cent." Fulkerson took the thought out of his mouth and put it into his own words. "I know. Well, I don't want you to. I don't care if you never write a line for the thing, though you needn't reject anything of yours, if it happens to be good, on that account. And I don't want much experience in my editor; rather not have it. You told me, didn't you, that you used to do some newspaper work before you settled down?"

"Yes; I thought my lines were permanently cast in those places once. It was more an accident than anything else that I got into the insurance business. I suppose I secretly hoped that if I made my living by something utterly different, I could come more freshly to literature proper in my leisure."

"I see; and you found the insurance business too many for you. Well, anyway, you've always had a hankering for the ink-pots; and the fact that you first gave me the idea of this thing shows that you've done more or less thinking about magazines."

"Yes—less."

"Well, all right. Now don't you be troubled. I know what I want, generally speaking, and in this particular instance I want *you*. I might get a man of more experience, but I should probably get a man of more prejudice and self-conceit along with him, and a man with a following of the literary hangers-on that are sure to get round an editor sooner or later. I want to start fair; and I've found out in the syndicate business all the men that are worth having. But they know me, and they don't know you, and that's where we shall have the pull on them. They won't be able to work the thing. Don't you be anxious about the experience. I've got experience enough of my own to run a dozen editors. What I want is an editor who has taste, and you've got it; and conscience, and you've got it; and horse-sense, and you've got that. And I like you because you're a Western man; and I'm another. I do cotton to a Western man when I find him off East here, holding his own with the best of 'em, and showing 'em that he's just as much civilized as they are. We both know what it is to have our bright home in the setting sun; heigh?"

"I think we Western men who've come East are apt to take ourselves a little too objectively, and to feel ourselves rather more representative than we need," March remarked.

Fulkerson was delighted. "You've hit it! We do! We are!"

"And as for holding my own, I'm not very proud of what I've done in that way; it's been very little to hold. But I know what you mean, Fulkerson, and I've felt the same thing myself; it warmed me toward you when we first met. I can't help suffusing a little to any man when I hear that he was born on the other side of the Alleghanies. It's perfectly stupid. I despise the same thing when I see it in Boston people."

Fulkerson pulled first one of his blond whiskers and then the other, and twisted the end of each into a point, which he left to untwine itself. He fixed March with his little eyes, which had a curious innocence in their cunning, and tapped the desk immediately in front of him. "What I like about you is that you're broad in your sympathies. The first time I saw you, that night on the Quebec boat, I said to myself: 'There's a man I want to know. There's a human being.' I was a little afraid of Mrs. March and the children, but I felt at home with you—thoroughly domesticated—before I passed a word with you; and when you spoke first, and opened up with a joke over that fellow's tableful of light literature and Indian moccasins and birch-bark toy canoes and stereoscopic views, I knew that we were brothers—spiritual twins. I recognized the Western style of fun, and I thought, when you said you were from Boston, that it was some of the same. But I see now that it's being a cold fact, as far as the last fifteen or twenty years count, is just so much gain. You know both sections, and you can make this thing go, from ocean to ocean."

"We might ring that into the prospectus too," March suggested, with a smile. "You might call the thing *From Sea to Sea*. By-the-way, what are you going to call it?"

"I haven't decided yet; that's one of the things I wanted to talk with you about. I *had* thought of *The Syndicate;* but it sounds kind of dry, and it don't seem to cover the ground exactly. I should like something that would express the co-operative character of the thing; but I don't know as I can get it."

"Might call it *The Mutual*."

"They'd think it was an insurance paper. No, that won't do. But Mutual comes pretty near the idea. If we could get something like that, it would pique curiosity; and then, if we could get paragraphs afloat explaining that the contributors were to be paid according to the sales, it would be a first-rate ad."

He bent a wide, anxious, inquiring smile upon March, who suggested, lazily: "You might call it *The Round Robin*. That would express the central idea of irresponsibility. As I understand, everybody is to share the profits and be exempt from the losses. Or, if I'm wrong, and the reverse is true, you might call it *The Army of Martyrs*. Come, that sounds attractive, Fulkerson! Or what do you think of *The Fifth Wheel?* That would forestall the criticism that there are too many literary periodicals already. Or, if you want to put forward the idea of complete independence, you could call it *The Free Lance;* or—"

"Or *The Hog on Ice*—either stand up or fall down, you know," Fulkerson broke in, coarsely. "But we'll leave the name of the magazine till we get the editor. I see the poison's beginning to work in you, March; and if I had time, I'd leave the result to time. But I haven't. I've got to know inside of the next week. To come down to business with you, March, I sha'n't start this thing unless I can get you to take hold of it."

He seemed to expect some acknowledgment, and March said, "Well, that's very nice of you, Fulkerson."

"No, sir; no, sir! I've always liked you, and wanted you, ever since we met that first night. I had this thing inchoately in my mind then, when I was telling you about the newspaper syndicate business—beautiful vision of a lot of literary fellows breaking loose from the bondage of publishers, and playing it alone—"

"You might call it *The Lone Hand;* that would be attractive," March interrupted. "The whole West would know what you meant."

Fulkerson was talking seriously, and March was listening seriously; but they both broke off and laughed. Fulkerson got down off the table and made some turns about the room. It was growing late; the October sun had left the top of the tall windows; it was still clear day, but it would soon be twilight; they had been talking a long time. Fulkerson came and stood with his little feet wide apart, and bent his little lean, square face on March: "See here! How much do you get out of this thing here, anyway?"

"The insurance business?" March hesitated a moment, and then said, with a certain effort of reserve, "At present about three thousand." He looked up at Fulkerson with a glance, as if he had a mind to enlarge upon the fact, and then dropped his eyes without saying more.

Whether Fulkerson had not thought it so much or not, he said: "Well, I'll give you thirty-five hundred. Come! And your chances in the success."

"We won't count the chances in the success. And I don't believe thirty-five hundred would go any farther in New York than three thousand in Boston."

"But you don't live on three thousand here?"

"No; my wife has a little property."

"Well, she won't lose the income if you go to New York. I suppose you pay six or seven hundred a year for your house here. You can get plenty of flats in New York for the same money; and I understand you can get all sorts of provisions for less than you pay now—three or four cents on the pound. Come!"

This was by no means the first talk they had had about the matter; every three or four months during the past two years the syndicate man had dropped in upon March to air the scheme and to get his impressions of it. This had happened so often that it had come to be a sort of joke between them. But now Fulkerson clearly meant business, and March had a struggle to maintain himself in a firm poise of refusal.

"I dare say it wouldn't—or it needn't—cost so very much more, but I don't want to go to New York; or my wife doesn't. It's the same thing."

"A good deal samer," Fulkerson admitted.

March did not quite like his candor, and he went on with dignity. "It's very natural she shouldn't. She has always lived in Boston; she's attached to the place. Now, if you were going to start *The Fifth Wheel* in Boston—"

Fulkerson slowly and sadly shook his head, but decidedly. "Wouldn't do. You might as well say St. Louis or Cincinnati. There's only one city that belongs to the whole country, and that's New York."

"Yes, I know," sighed March; "and Boston belongs to the Bostonians; but they like you to make yourself at home while you're visiting."

"If you'll agree to make phrases like that, right along, and get them into *The Round Robin* somehow, I'll say four thousand," said Fulkerson. "You think it over, now, March. You *talk* it over with Mrs. March; I know you will, anyway; and I might as well make a virtue of advising you to do it. Tell her I advised you to do it, and you let me know before next Saturday what you've decided."

March shut down the rolling top of his desk in the corner of the room, and walked Fulkerson out before him. It was so late that the last of the chore-women who washed down the marble halls and stairs of the great building had wrung out her floor-cloth and departed, leaving spotless stone and a clean damp smell in the darkening corridors behind her.

"Couldn't offer you such swell quarters in New York, March," Fulkerson said as he went tack-tacking down the steps with his small boot heels. "But I've got my eye on a little house round in West Eleventh Street, that I'm going to fit up for my bachelor's hall in the third story, and adapt for *The Lone Hand* in the first and second, if this thing goes through; and I guess we'll be pretty comfortable. It's right on the Sand Strip—no malaria of *any* kind."

"I don't know that I'm going to share its salubrity with you yet," March sighed, in an obvious travail which gave Fulkerson hopes.

"Oh yes, you are," he coaxed. "Now you talk it over with your wife. You give her a fair, unprejudiced chance at the thing on its merits, and I'm very much mistaken in Mrs. March if she doesn't tell you to go in and win. We're bound to win!"

They stood on the outside steps of the vast edifice beetling like a granite crag above them, with the stone groups of an allegory of life-insurance foreshortened in the bass-relief overhead. March absently lifted his eyes to it. It was suddenly strange after so many years' familiarity; and so was the well-known street in its Saturday-evening solitude. He asked himself, with prophetic homesickness, if it were an omen of what was to be. But he only said, musingly: "A fortnightly. You know that didn't work in England. *The Fortnightly* is published once a month now."

"It works in France," Fulkerson retorted. "The *Revue des Deux Mondes* is still published twice a month. I guess we can make it work in America—with illustrations."

"Going to have illustrations?"

"My dear boy! What are you giving me? Do I look like the sort of lunatic who would start a thing in the twilight of the nineteenth century *without* illustrations? *Come* off!"

"Ah, that complicates it! I don't know anything about art." March's look of discouragement confessed the hold the scheme had taken upon him.

"I don't want you to!" Fulkerson retorted. "Don't you suppose I shall have an art man?"

"And will they—the artists—work at a reduced rate too, like the writers, with the hopes of a share in the success?"

"Of course they will! And if I want any particular man, for a card, I'll pay him big money besides. But I can get plenty of first-rate sketches on my own terms. You'll see! They'll *pour* in!"

"Look here, Fulkerson," said March, "you'd better call this fortnightly of yours *The Madness of the Half Moon;* or *Bedlam Broke Loose* wouldn't be bad! Why do you throw away all your hard earnings on such a crazy venture? Don't do it!" The kindness which March had always felt, in spite of his wife's first misgivings and reservations, for the merry, hopeful, slangy, energetic little creature trembled in his voice. They had both formed a friendship for Fulkerson during the week they were together in Quebec. When he was not working the newspapers there, he went about with them over the familiar ground they were showing their children, and was simply grateful for the chance, as well as very entertaining about it all. The children liked him too; when they got the clew to his intention, and found that he was not quite serious in many of the things he said, they thought he was great fun. They were always glad when their father brought him home on the occasion of Fulkerson's visits to Boston; and Mrs. March, though of a charier hospitality, welcomed Fulkerson with a grateful sense of his admiration for her husband. He had a way of treating March with deference, as an older and abler man, and of qualifying the freedom he used toward every one with an implication that March tolerated it voluntarily, which she thought very sweet, and even refined.

"Ah, *now* you're talking like a man and a brother!" said Fulkerson. "Why, March, old man, do you suppose I'd come on here and try to talk you into this thing if I wasn't morally, if I wasn't perfectly, *sure* of success? There isn't any if or and about it. I know my ground, every inch; and I don't stand alone on it," he added, with a significance which did not escape March. "When you've made up your mind, I can give you the proof; but I'm not at liberty now to say anything more. I tell you it's going to be a triumphal march from the word go, with coffee and lemonade for the procession along the whole line. All you've got to do is to fall in." He stretched out his hand to March. "You let me know as soon as you can."

March deferred taking his hand till he could ask, "Where are you going?"

"Parker House. Take the half past ten for New York to-night."

"I thought I might walk your way." March looked at his watch. "But I shouldn't have time. Good-by!"

He now let Fulkerson have his hand, and they exchanged a cordial pressure. Fulkerson started off at a quick, light pace. Half a block away he stopped, turned round, and seeing March still standing where he had left him, he called back, joyously, "I've got the name!"

"What?"

"*Every Other Week.*"

"It isn't bad."

"Ta-ta!"

II.

All the way up to the South End, March prolonged his talk with Fulkerson, and at his door in Nankeen Square he closed the parley with a plump refusal to go to New York on any terms. His daughter Bella was lying in wait for him in the hall, and she threw her arms round his neck with the exuberance of her fourteen years, and with something of the histrionic intention of her sex. He pressed on, with her clinging about him, to the library, and, in the glow of his decision against Fulkerson, kissed his wife, where she sat by the study lamp reading the *Transcript* through her first pair of eye-glasses: it was agreed in the family that she looked distinguished in them, or at any rate cultivated. She took them off to give him a glance of question, and their son Tom looked up from his book for a moment: he was in his last year at the high-school, and was preparing for Harvard.

"I didn't get away from the office till half past five," March explained to his wife's glance, "and then I walked. I suppose dinner's waiting. I'm sorry, but I won't do it any more."

At table he tried to be gay with Bella, who babbled at him with a voluble pertness, which her brother had often advised her parents to check in her, unless they wanted her to be universally despised.

"Papa," she shouted at last, "you're not listening!"

As soon as possible his wife told the children they might be excused. Then she asked, "What *is* it, Basil?"

"What is what?" he retorted, with a specious brightness that did not avail.

"What is on your mind?"

"How do you know there's anything?"

"Your kissing me so when you came in, for one thing."

"Don't I always kiss you when I come in?"

"Not now. I suppose it isn't necessary any more. *Cela va sans baiser.*"

"Yes, I guess it's so; we get along without the symbolism now." He stopped, but she knew that he had not finished.

"Is it about your business? Have they done anything more?"

"No; I'm still in the dark. I don't know whether they mean to supplant me, or whether they ever did. But I wasn't thinking about that. Fulkerson has been to see me again."

"Fulkerson?" She brightened at the name, and March smiled too. "Why didn't you bring him to dinner?"

"I wanted to talk with you. Then you *do* like him?"

"What has that got to do with it, Basil!"

"Nothing! nothing! That is, he was boring away about that scheme of his again. He's got it into definite shape at last."

"What shape?"

March outlined it for her, and his wife seized its main features with the intuitive sense of affairs which makes women such good businessmen when they will let it.

"It *sounds* perfectly crazy," she said, finally. "But it mayn't be. The only thing I didn't like about Mr. Fulkerson was his always wanting to chance things. But what have you got to do with it?"

"What have I got to do with it?" March toyed with the delay the question gave him; then he said, with a sort of deprecatory laugh, "It seems that Fulkerson has had his eye on me ever since we met that night on the Quebec boat. I opened up pretty freely to him, as you do to a man you never expect to see again, and when I found he was in that newspaper syndicate business, I told him about my early literary ambitions—"

"You can't say that *I* ever discouraged them, Basil," his wife put in. "I should have been willing, any time, to give up everything for them."

"Well, he says that I first suggested this brilliant idea to him. Perhaps I did; I don't remember. When he told me about his supplying literature to newspapers for simultaneous publication, he says I asked, 'Why not apply the principle of co-operation to a magazine, and run it in the interest of the contributors?' and that set him to thinking, and he thought out his plan of a periodical which should pay authors and artists a low price outright for their work, and give them a chance of the profits in the way of a percentage. After all, it isn't so very different from the chances an author takes when he publishes a book. And Fulkerson thinks that the novelty of the thing would pique public curiosity, if it didn't arouse public sympathy. And the long and short of it is, Isabel, that he wants me to help edit it."

"To edit it?" His wife caught her breath, and she took a little time to realize the fact, while she stared hard at her husband to make sure he was not joking.

"Yes. He says he owes it all to me; that I invented the idea—the germ—the microbe."

His wife had now realized the fact, at least in a degree that excluded trifling with it. "That is very honorable of Mr. Fulkerson; and if he owes it to you, it was the least he could do." Having recognized her husband's claim to the honor done him, she began to kindle with a sense of the honor itself, and the value of the opportunity. "It's a very high compliment to *you*, Basil; a *very* high compliment. And you could give up this wretched insurance business that you've always hated so, and that's making you so unhappy now that you think they're going to take it from you. Give it up, and take Mr. Fulkerson's offer! It's a perfect interposition, coming just at this time! Why, do it! Mercy!" she suddenly arrested herself, "he wouldn't expect *you* to get along on the possible profits?" Her face expressed the awfulness of the notion.

March smiled reassuringly, and waited to give himself the pleasure of the sensation he meant to give her. "If I'll make striking phrases for it and edit it too, he'll give me four thousand dollars."

He leaned back in his chair, and stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and watched his wife's face, luminous with the emotions that flashed through her mind—doubt, joy, anxiety.

"Basil! You don't mean it! Why, *take* it! Take it *instantly!* *Oh*, what a thing to happen! *Oh*, what luck! But you deserve it, if you first suggested it. What an escape, what a triumph over all those hateful insurance people! Oh, Basil, I'm afraid he'll change his mind! You ought to have accepted on the spot. You might have *known* I would approve, and you could so easily have taken it back if I didn't. Telegraph him now! Run right out with the despatch! Or we can send Tom!"

In these imperatives of Mrs. March's there was always much of the conditional. She meant that he should do what she said, if it were entirely right; and she never meant to be considered as having urged him.

"And suppose his enterprise went wrong?" her husband suggested.

"It won't *go* wrong. Hasn't he made a success of his syndicate?"

"He says so—yes."

"Very well; then it stands to reason that he'll

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

succeed in this too. He wouldn't undertake it if he didn't know it would succeed; he must have capital."

"It will take a great deal to get such a thing going; and even if he's got an Angel behind him—"

She caught at the word: "An Angel?"

"It's what the theatrical people call a financial backer. He dropped a hint of something of that kind."

"Of course he's got an Angel," said his wife, promptly adopting the word. "And even if he hadn't, still, Basil, I should be willing to have you risk it. The risk isn't so great, is it? We shouldn't be ruined if it failed altogether. With our stocks we have two thousand a year, anyway, and we could pinch through on that till you got into some other business afterward, especially if we'd saved something out of your salary while it lasted. Basil, I want you to try it! I know it will give you a new lease of life to have a congenial occupation." March laughed, but his wife persisted. "I'm all for your trying it, Basil; indeed, I am. If it's an experiment, you can give it up."

"It can give me up, too."

"Oh, nonsense! I guess there's not much fear of that. Now I want you to telegraph Mr. Fulkerson, so that he'll find the despatch waiting for him when he gets to New York. I'll take the whole responsibility, Basil, and I'll risk all the consequences."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG OF THE SEA.

THE song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young:
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among,
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournfuler meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her riots ran:
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song as it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unrolled;
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned,
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold:
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
Such is the song and its threnody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life:
It is grave and great as the judgment-day,
It is torn with the thought of strife:
Yet under the stars it is smooth, and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

GENERAL STEWART VAN VLIET.

THE subject of M. RENOUARD'S sketch, General STEWART VAN VLIET, is one of the oldest of our retired army officers, and one of the best known club men in the country. In his youth he was an active and promising officer of artillery, the contemporary of SHERMAN, THOMAS, and MEADE. In the war of the rebellion he was one of the most efficient of quartermasters. During all his manhood, in camp, in garrison, and in cities, he has been an interesting companion, a viveur, gourmet, good fellow.

He is known to the clubs from one end of the country to the other. He is a daily frequenter of the Metropolitan Club when he is in Washington, where he lives in one of a row of big houses on Fifteenth Street. Not many years ago the occupants of the other houses were FERNANDO WOOD, Governor SWAN, of Maryland, and Mr. BLAINE, while General SHERMAN lived next door. Before Governor SWAN came, CALEB CUSHING was his neighbor. At present the General's house stands alone as a private residence. A popular restaurant has absorbed the other houses of the row. When General VAN VLIET comes North he lives at a beautiful place on the Shrewsbury River. In New York he is a member of the Union Club, and, being a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers, he is on the roll of members of the St. Nicholas Society and Club, and the Holland Society. He heartily loves the good things of the world, and, above all, the society of jovial fellows. What he wants and will have is entertainment and amusement.

The General is entitled to his cakes and ale. He has won his old age of leisure by hard service in the field and on the frontier. For more than thirty years he did his task bravely, and who is there who will now begrudge him his well-earned repose?

It was in 1840 that General VAN VLIET was graduated at the West Point Military Academy. He was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, the regiment in which SHERMAN served. He went at once into the field, for the Florida war was then in progress. It was a small war, but a hard one. The officers fought with their men, with muskets and in private's uniforms, for shoulder-straps in a fight with the Seminoles brought death to him who had the temerity to wear them. General VAN VLIET himself had a hand-to-hand conflict with a Seminole, and fortunately killed his enemy. From 1842 to 1846 he was stationed at nearly every fort in the South, and at some in the North.

When the Mexican war broke out he went once more to the front, and fought to the end. He was in command of his battery at Monterey, and it was to him that AMPUDIA sent a flag of truce when he determined that surrender was inevitable.

In 1847 he was made an Assistant-Quartermaster, with the rank of Captain, and was on duty with the Missouri Mounted Volunteers, who protected the Oregon route until 1851. While he was in the West he built Forts Kearny and Laramie. The General was a great hunter in those days, and because of the buffalo and elk that fell before him he regards his years on the plains as the pleasantest of his service.

He was the Quartermaster of General SIDNEY JOHNSTON'S army when it made war upon the Mormons, and the skill with which he fitted it out led to his selection by MCCLELLAN as the Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac in 1861. On the former occasion General VAN VLIET made the quickest journey to Utah that had then been made.

His service reached its culmination when he prepared MCCLELLAN'S army for the Peninsula campaign. A picture hangs in his library in Washington representing that commander and some of his staff, among whom is General VAN VLIET. His hair and whiskers, worn as they are to-day, were as white then as they are now, although he was a young man twenty-eight years ago. The figure of the VAN VLIET of that day, however, was alert and vigorous, and one looking at the picture can well imagine him capable of performing the great task that devolved upon him. His active service in the field terminated with MCCLELLAN'S downfall. Afterward he was stationed at New York and Philadelphia. He was also acting Quartermaster-General for a time. He was retired as a Colonel, but he won a brevet Major-Generalship of Volunteers, and a brevet Brigadier-Generalship in the Regular service.

Now that his well-done task is finished, he is a cheerful, sunny man—a retired officer who does not grumble at the War Department, and a club man who has no fault to find with the house committee.

ARTHUR C. MELETTE.

ARTHUR C. MELETTE, who has been appointed by President HARRISON to be Governor of the Territory of Dakota, is a native of Indiana, having been born in Henry County in 1842. He served for a time as a private in the Ninth Indiana Regiment, but appears as a graduate of the State University at Bloomington in 1864. He continued his studies at the law school of the same institution, and on admission to the bar settled down to practise at Muncie, where he also became the publisher of a Republican newspaper. He was elected District Attorney of his county in 1868, and afterward served in the Indiana Legislature. In 1878 he removed to Watertown, Dakota, where he continued to practise as a lawyer, but engaged also in various industrial enterprises. He took an active part in Territorial politics, and especially in the agitation for the division of the Territory, and its admission into the Union as two States. He was a member of the Sioux Falls Convention of 1883 which framed a Constitution for the State of South Dakota, and under that Constitution, after its ratification by the people, was chosen to be Governor of the new State in case it was admitted to the Union. As Governor of the Territory he will take the initiative in carrying out the recent act of Congress for the admission of Dakota as two States, and is likely to be the first Governor of South Dakota.

ALBERT G. PORTER.

ALBERT G. PORTER, who has been appointed American Minister to Italy, to succeed the Hon. JOHN B. STALLO, of Ohio, was born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, April 20, 1824. His early education was acquired in the schools of his native State, and he was graduated at Asbury University in 1843. He immediately took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He removed to Indianapolis to pursue the practice of his profession, and there became a member of the City Council, and afterward Corporation Attorney for the city. He made rapid progress at the bar, and in 1853 received the appointment of Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana. He published five volumes of reports of the decisions of that tribunal. In 1858 he was elected a member of Congress, taking his seat in the House of Representatives in December, 1859, where he served two terms. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee and the Committee on Manufactures, and was better known for his faithful and efficient work on the committees than for any special brilliancy or power in debate. After his service in Congress Mr. PORTER returned to his legal practice at Indianapolis, but continued to take a more or less prominent part in politics. In 1876 he was a candidate for Presidential Elector on the HAYES ticket. He was appointed First Comptroller of the Treasury in March, 1878, in place of ROBERT W. TAYLOR, deceased. He continued in this position until, in the fall of 1880, he was elected Governor of Indiana over LANDERS, Democrat, by a majority of about 7000. His term of office was four years from January 1, 1881, and his administration was exceptionally popular. At its close he returned to his law practice, and also engaged in the preparation of a *History of the State of Indiana*, which has not yet appeared. Last fall Mr. PORTER was strongly urged by the Republicans of Indiana to take the nomination for the office of Governor again. One of the reasons given was that his popularity would help the party in the Presidential canvass, the result of which might turn on the vote of Indiana. The ex-Governor was especially popular with the working-men of the State, and some of their organizations used their influence to induce him not to accept the nomination. Whether for this or other reasons, he declined to be a candidate after the State Convention had met and stood ready to nominate him. He had declared in advance that he was not to be a candidate before the Convention, and made it a point of honor to decline, in justice to others who had come forward for the nomination. While ex-Governor PORTER'S experience and training have not specially fitted him for diplomatic service, they have revealed solid judgment, a prudent and conservative temper, and unquestionable uprightness of purpose.

A BREATH OF SPRING.

A DASH of warm-breathed, blinding rain, a rush of sunshine through the gloom,
And o'er the silent, drowsy earth the old gray orchards break abloom.

A touch of mystic, hidden power, a silken cover thrilled in twain,
And lo! a winged flame takes flight from where a creeping thing has lain.

Then swift the hills are made aware, of what the valleys knew before—
That Nature's younglings are awake, and Spring is knocking at the door. LUCY E. TILLEY.

ATHLETICS IN NEW YORK.

THE development of athletic sports in New York in an organized fashion belongs almost entirely to the last twenty years. It was not until 1868 that the New York Club was founded, and at that time the Caledonian Club was the only association here devoted to general athletics. Now their name is legion. Every one of New York's larger suburbs boasts of one or more athletic clubs, and thousands of young men within reach of a radius twenty-five miles long are reaping the benefits of systematic and gregarious exercise.

Of all the organizations existent in this country, however, the two of whose club-houses illustrations are given are the most prominent, by reason both of their numbers and wealth, and the proficiency of their athletes. The membership list of both is full, and applicants are waiting to be elected. Each will have, when the buildings now in course of construction are finished, an elegant and extensive club-house, fitted with all possible apparatus for the development of the muscles, and with all reasonable appliances for the comfort of members. Each will have a fine ground, with an excellent track, lawn-tennis courts, and other conveniences for out-door sports. Each will have a large and comfortable boat-house and a good rowing course.

The present home of the N. Y. A. C. was first occupied in February, 1885. There is no need to describe the outside appearance of the building here, except to say that it is of red brick and terra-cotta. It has a frontage of 76½ feet on Sixth Avenue and 100 feet on Fifty-fifth Street. As it stands furnished it cost about $200,000. There is on it a mortgage of $125,000. In its basement are the bowling-alleys and rifle range. On the ground-floor are the swimming tank, a number of bath-rooms, and rooms for drying and dressing. On the second floor, to which a handsome staircase leads, are a reception-room, parlor, reading-room, restaurant, and billiard and pool rooms. The third floor is devoted almost entirely to lockers, there being over a thousand of them. The gymnasium, sparring-room, fencing-room, and a convenient douche-room and dressing-room, are on the fourth floor.

The gymnasium is one of the best in the world. Its light and ventilation could not be improved, and in summer it is one of the coolest places in the city.

The members of the club have now, however, a better place to go in summer, having bought a small island near Glen Island, which they have named, in honor of their long-time president, the late Mr. WILLIAM R. TRAVERS, Travers Island. Here is a good rowing course in still water. Here grounds and a track have been prepared. Here, finally, are now just finishing a fine large summer club-house and a roomy and convenient boat-house.

The Manhattan Athletic Club was organized in the fall of 1877, and legally incorporated on April 1, 1878. At first its roll contained the names of only twenty members. Its first out-door competition, held in the spring of 1878, was held on grounds on Eighth Avenue between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets, and the spectators sat on chairs hired for the occasion. The success of this competition, the excellence of the new track, and the energy of those already members of the club soon brought its membership list up into the hundreds. In 1883 their present grounds were secured, the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth avenues and Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh streets.

The Manhattan Club, though rich in members and in fame, had no club-house until November, 1886, when the residence No. 524 Fifth Avenue was secured and turned into a very good one for social purposes. But the members could not of course be satisfied unless they were as well housed as their great rivals; so the plot of ground at Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue was secured, and there is now going up the splendid building which is to be the club's future home. The lot is about 125 feet square, and the building is so constructed that the gymnasium will be 100 by 110 feet—one of the largest in the world. The arrangement of the building will be necessarily very like that of the other club-house—on the lower floors bowling-alleys, rifle range, baths, and swimming tank; on the first floor, the parlor, reception-room, billiard-rooms, and restaurant; on the third floor, the gymnasium, reaching to the top. New features are the roof garden, like that of the Casino, and the concert-room or theatre on the second floor. The building will be fire-proof, and elegantly finished and furnished throughout. The estimated total cost is about $600,000.

The boat-house of the club is on the Harlem River.

Some idea of the variety of exercise these clubs offer to their members may be had from a bare catalogue. Provision is made in them in-doors for swimming, bathing, bowling, shooting, billiards, pool, boxing, fencing—all kinds of gymnastic exercise; and out-doors, for running, walking, jumping, vaulting, throwing, putting the shot, foot-ball, base-ball, lawn-tennis, boating, and skating.

There is at present a bitter feud between these two clubs, which unfortunately shows no signs of abating. Each club has formed an association with other clubs, the Manhattan's being the National American Association of Amateur Athletes, or "N four A's," as it is usually called, and the New York's being the Amateur Athletic Union, which debars from its competitions all persons who have taken part in "events" given by the N. A. A. A. A. This unfortunate quarrel has involved most of the athletic clubs in the country, and has created a great deal of unpleasant feeling, which—it seems to an outsider—might have been avoided.

For the past four years the New York Club has had a great advantage over its rival in the possession of its house. It wisely engaged Mr. GEORGE GOLDIE, long of Princeton College, as its director of athletics. Under his judicious prescription novices are trained with the apparatus best suited to them, and they run no danger of injury from excess. On this account it is one of the best possible gymnasiums for the average man, who does not care to break any records, but simply desires to keep himself in good physical condition by systematic exercise. Doubtless the Manhattan Club will have a competent director in its new building who will attend to this matter properly.

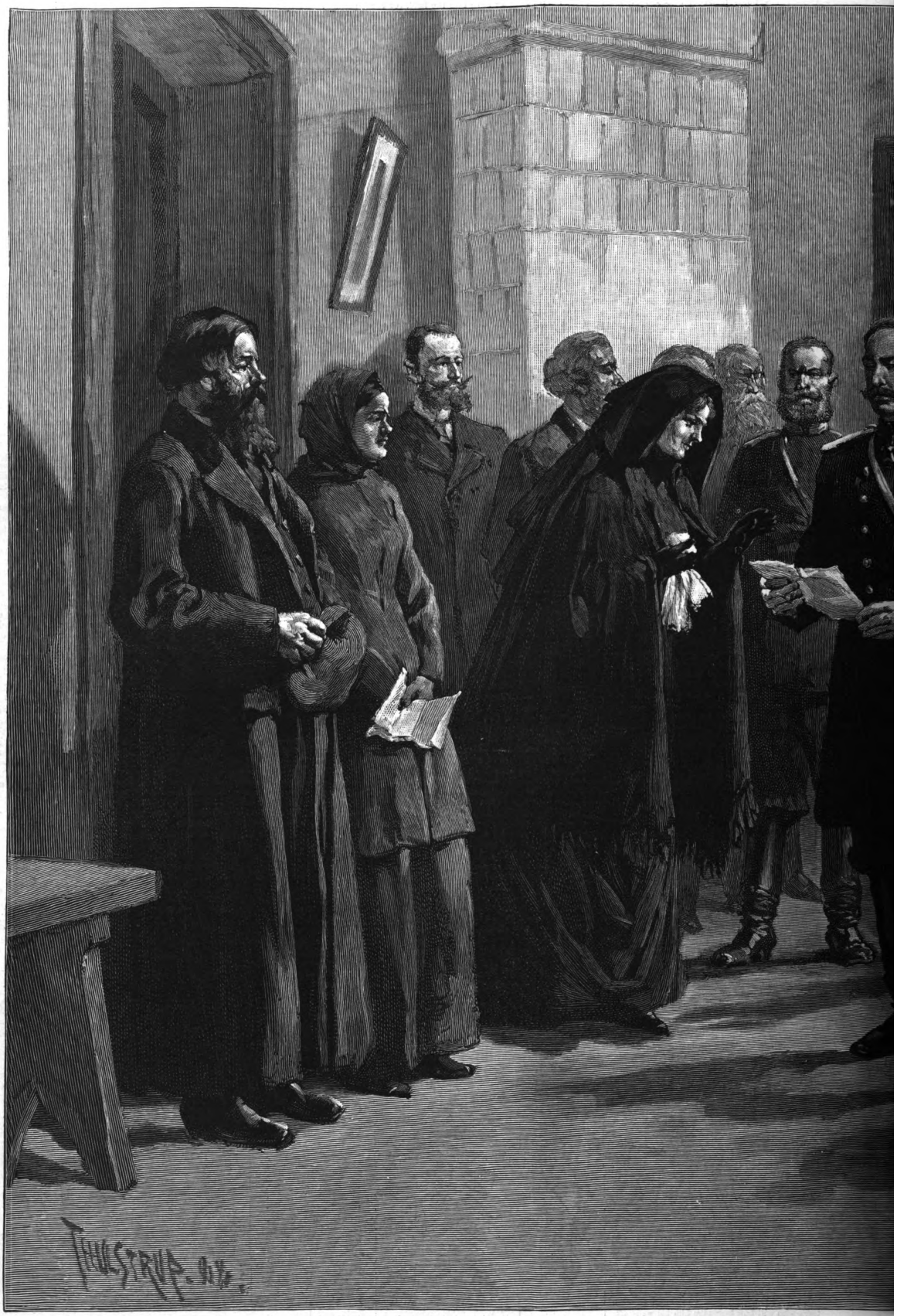
It would not do to close without saying a word about the club emblems. That of the N. Y. A. C. is a winged foot; that of the Manhattan a cherry-colored diamond, with the ends of the four sides lapping. The principal officers of the two clubs are: New York—President, A. V. DE GOICOURIA; Vice-President, J. S. COX; Secretary, OTTO RUHL; Treasurer, H. A. ROGERS; Captain, WALTER G. SCHUYLER. Manhattan—President, GEORGE W. CARR; Vice-Presidents, C. E. TROTTER, W. J. SWAN, G. A. AVERY; Secretary, C. C. HUGHES; Treasurer, WALTON STORM; Captain, S. J. CORNELL.



ONE OF THE "TIEDS" OF MARCH.

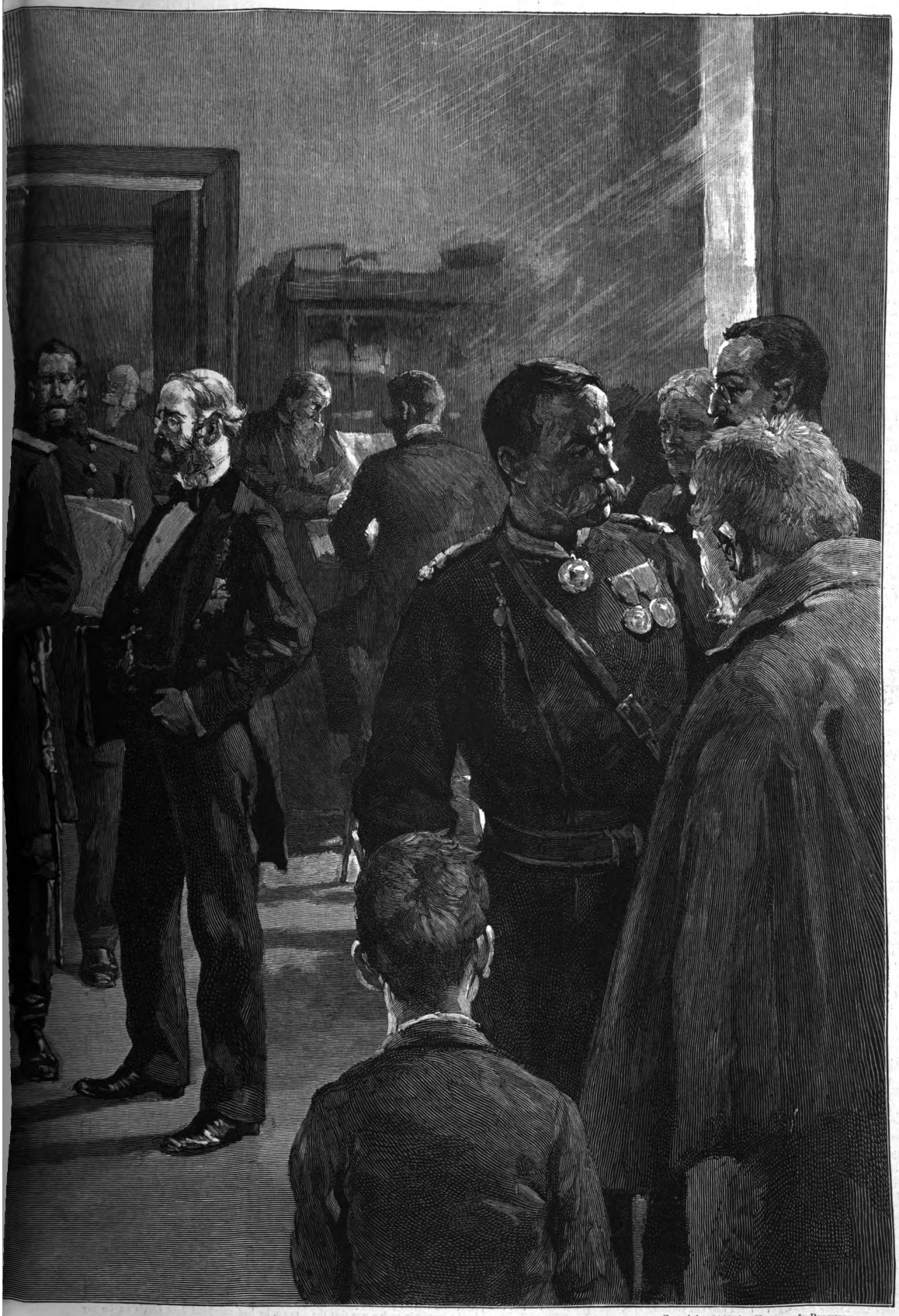
"Howld on ter 'im, Mike, an' lind me the loan av yer knoife, quick; it's the staggers he's got, an' it's toied on oi am, bad luck to it!"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE POLICE GENERAL'S MORNING RECEPTION AT

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

TERSBURG.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE POLICE GENERAL'S MORNING RECEPTION AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THE traveller in Russia inevitably has to do with the police. In every town where he stays a night he must report himself to the local police and give up his passport, which is returned to him with the addition of strange inscriptions and polychrome stamps, for which he of course has to pay. It is, however, only on leaving the empire and for obtaining a permission of *exeat* that the traveller need present himself in person at the police office; the mere passport business is done by the hotel porters. Why, then, did we find ourselves one morning hunting for the head-quarters of the Petersburg police in a street near the great Isaac Cathedral? I have now but a vague souvenir. In travelling it is well to make an effort to forget all that is disagreeable and all the formalities and red-tape annoyances which may have caused one to lose sunny mornings waiting in bare anterooms. We had been, I remember, charmingly received by all the authorities at the Foreign Office; we had been given wonderful documents which we were unable to read, but the very sight of which brought ordinary people to their knees; still there was something wanting to make our happiness complete, and to render our liberty of action as absolute as we could desire. For this purpose we needed a document from the Petersburg police, and so between ten and eleven one morning we discovered the entrance of the offices, situated in an ordinary house, of which the ground-floor windows only are barred.

We walked in, and found a number of mild-eyed policemen ready to oblige us. Really the Russians are phenomenally obliging and suave, toward foreigners at least. Through many bare and cleanly whitewashed passages filled with pale and sad lights we passed, and then mounted a flight of stairs, at the head of which was the lofty room where the Police General received. To the right was a tall window; in the corner to the left a monumental porcelain stove; near the window a desk, and a clerk sitting on a high stool; to the left of the desk a door leading into the Police General's private office; and, as one reads in the *mise en scène* of a play, "two other doors, a bench, two chairs, and on the wall a portrait of the Czar."

There were several people waiting when we arrived. A big and ferocious-looking official, with heavy mustaches, medals on his breast and round his neck, military epaulets on his shoulders, and a generally martial air, received the visitors, inquired what was their business, and bade them wait or dismissed them. But those who waited might not sit down, for the military Police General, the Grand Master of the Petersburg police, had entered the room, and with him the civil Police General, the latter an amiable and smiling gentleman with diplomatic whiskers and a skewerful of decorations on his dress-coat. The Police General, very tall, slender, and grave in mien, with his two subordinates standing behind him, listens to each one in turn, while the others stand round the room silent and respectful, great and small, rich and humble, all more or less equal before this man, whose power over liberty and even over life is terribly unlimited. The scene was interesting on account of the novelty of the place, of the strong character of the types, the *chic* of the uniforms, bearing and manners of the officials, the variety of the persons present, the mystery of the conversation which we did not understand, but which we felt instinctively to be grave and perhaps tragic. We were particularly struck by one well-dressed woman in mourning, who with a peculiarly winning voice and feline grace of movements and gestures presented a petition of some kind to the Police General, while we were waiting. The General seemed embarrassed; the lady pleaded volubly; her handkerchief wiped away from time to time a discreet tear; her black cloak and her black veil thrown back over her head set off the contrasting whiteness of her pale and delicate face. Such is the scene which M. DE THULSTRUP has admirably depicted.

In the midst of her pleading, the other Police General took charge of us, and led us to another part of the building, where he gave us all we asked, and entreated us most courteously. So we were about to go on our way rejoicing, but the lobby leading to the street was all in confusion: heart-rending cries and convulsive sobs interspersed with words of despair and of supplication reached our ears; a woman in black was leaning against the wall; stalwart and kindly policemen were vainly trying to persuade her by words and gentle violence to go; from adjoining rooms curious and sympathetic faces peered out to see what was going on. But the poor woman continued to sob and plead, and finally fell to the ground shrieking hysterically. This woman was the lady whom we had left pleading with the Police General. Her petition had been refused. Her life was broken. Siberia had irrevocably claimed all that she loved.

THE HERRING INDUSTRY. EASTPORT, MAINE.

AMERICAN art was not the only thing which received an impetus at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. It became evident that we had to learn a great deal about the food preparations derivable from France, Norway, Sweden, and even Spain. Fish products in endless variety, all excellent, made no inconsiderable portion of the foreign exhibits. It might take years of labor before we could rival the Sevres porcelain, but there could not be any such trouble in regard to the preparation of sardines. As there always has been a great deal of enterprise in New England, it struck those interested in fishery products that there were ways of preparing herring other than simply salting or smoking them, and at once, copying in a certain measure the Scandinavian fashion, a new industry had its birth in Maine.

The centre of the canning of herrings is found at Eastport, Maine, and here at certain seasons a very large business is done. The herring are caught in vast quantities by means of seines, and the smacks bring the fish into port. In the illustration the print No. 5 gives the character of the vessels employed. As herrings are perishable, quick-sailing vessels are necessary, so as to hurry the catch into port. A considerable portion of the catch is put in barrels for convenience in handling. As soon as the fish are landed they are at once dumped on long tables, where they are picked and cleaned. If the fish are for canning, pains are taken that all the herring shall be of a size. There are particular seasons when the young herring run, and these are best adapted for canning. Hands become very expert, and a great number of fish can be picked and cleaned in the briefest period of time. Sometimes mechanical adjuncts of a simple kind are used to take off the scales and fins. In the sketches No. 1 and No. 2 the hands are preparing mackerel.

The canning-room is shown on the upper right-hand corner of the illustrated page. In some of the largest of these establishments, when fish are plenty, hundreds of women are employed. There is no mechanical process yet invented which will fill the tins, and so fingers must be used. In France, sardine cans are packed so close with fish that not another one can be put in. The reason for this is not because the French canner is a generous man, but for the good reason that olive oil is worth more than the sardines. In Eastport factories the greatest cleanliness is used, and the rooms are constantly washed down. As fast as the fish have been cleaned and gutted they are brought into the canning-rooms. In some canneries the fish are first thoroughly cooked before being put into the tins; then the cans are warmed anew and soldered. Certain factories cook the product directly in the tins. It requires a great deal of skill to give the herring their proper flavorings. If there is the least blunder in the mechanical part of the work, the spoiling of the product is the result, as immediate decomposition takes place. A great many herrings are smoked at Eastport, and following the methods employed for cod, boneless herrings are made. These are put on the market in glass boxes. There are, however, some ways of putting up the herring which England seems to have the secret of. We have not yet succeeded in converting American smoked herring into the Yarmouth bloater. Off the coast of California the *Clupea sagax* is found, and this is the true European sardine. So far, no advantage has been taken of the sardine in American waters, but in the time to come, when the olive-tree shall become more plentiful in California, the sardine will find its proper accompaniment, which is olive oil, and not cotton-seed oil.

Herring enter very largely into human consumption, though to a less degree in the United States than in other countries. As nearly as can be estimated, 43,000,000 of pounds of herring are taken off the North American coast. The aggregate catch in European waters is 250,000,000 pounds.

WHY THEY SHUT DOWN AT THE HIGUERITA.

BY JOHN HEARD, JUN.

II.

WHEN they returned to the mine a few days later with the guns, the works of defence were being pushed night and day with the utmost energy. All the mill and mine work proper had been stopped; on the surface they were erecting rude revolving turrets of wood, the armor of which had been put together with pieces of the sectional settling pans bolted to one another. The first of these was placed on the Higuerita crest, and commanded the old shaft, the road to Promontorios, and the pass at the top of the Ranchito Cañada, beyond which the inaccessible Frailes barred the way. The second had been mounted on the stone office, and raked the mine plateau, the Libertad hill, and the Rochin valley from the vertical wall, 400 feet high of the Nacacharamba on the left, to the Minas Nuevas road on the right. So long as these positions were held, the Indians could only pass on to Alamos after defeating the troops camped in the Minas Nuevas plain. As a further precaution a large quantity of dynamite had been secreted in a drift near the mouth of the old shaft, and this could be fired by electricity from either of the Monitor turrets. Similar dispositions had been made at the mill in Aduana.

Below-ground all the work was concentrated on driving through the few feet which still remained to connect different portions of the great drain tunnel that opened into the mill yard. In the headings, where hitherto they had only been able to handle two drills, the men had now managed to put three, and, doubled up on low temporary platforms, they worked with desperate energy as many hours as they could endure it, when the next shift went on at once. It was indeed a scene from the "Inferno." The heat was intense, and in the dim light of the spluttering candles the drill-men, naked to the waist, looked like ghostly demons in an atmosphere of vapor. Silent themselves and watchful, with feverish eyes and pale drawn features, they controlled the thunder of the pounding-machines, while their dark Mexican helpers, crouching in the shadow below them, watched every movement, every sign, ready to hand up the water, the swab, or a fresh drill. Behind these again a group of Indian boys, entirely naked, threw the loose dirt and rock to others further on, who loaded the cars; their heavy black hair and glittering eyes, their smooth dark skin shining in the damp atmosphere like polished bronze, their wild yells of encouragement or chaff, and their grotesque contortions as they slipped, fell, and jumped back and forth, all made them seem like writhing demons. And here, a thousand feet below-ground, the reverberating rumble of the rock cars, the sharp, short *t'chah, t'chah*, of the escaping air, the drumming of the drills against the rock, and the pungent, irritating odor of the dynamite fumes, impressed even those accustomed to the "dead sounds" of underground work, and suggested disquieting reminiscences of nightmares or worse. Suddenly it would all cease; for a space the lights were hidden by the men's bodies; a gust of short, angry commands, oaths, and cries, in English, Spanish, or Indian, swept down the drift; a train of loaded cars, followed by the panting men, who stumbled over the stones and rough-laid sleepers, rolled along into the darkness beyond; the gong sounded three times, and all became silent as a tomb. Then a broad flash of reddish flame lighted up the walls; the ground gave a premonitory heave, and with a dull, lingering report a hurricane of stone and rock crashed through the dark tunnel, bounding off the rough surfaces of the walls, and re-echoed far beyond through the deserted workings. Then again all was still until the rushing of the compressed air broke the silence, whistling through the pile of loose "dirt" or flurrying against the breast, and one of the old hands tottered through the red smoke, shielding his candle in the palm of his hand.

"Hepa! Hece-paaah! Hulloa! Come along!" And a few minutes later the men were at work again, sweating, swearing, yelling, and panting, and the heavy drills were thundering at their target.

At last all was ready. The men had become accustomed to their new life, and longed for the Indians to appear. Armed to the teeth, they lounged listlessly around the camp, or through their glasses watched the village of Promontorios, the destruction of which would warn them that the enemy was approaching. Scouts had been sent out, and daily some one or other of them would return and report on the advance of the Indians, some four thousand men, fairly well armed, and bent on destruction.

The idea of attempting to stem the march of so large a body of men with the forces at his command—thirty-seven white men at the mine and sixteen at the mill—seemed to Holt no less ludicrous than it was heroic; but heroism is apt to appear ludicrous *ante factum*. To the men, however, whose experience in such matters was small, and whose contempt for the Indians was instinctive and supreme, it seemed sufficient to have made up their minds on this matter for the result to be a foregone conclusion. Mr. Tracy was too busy to have any leisure for reflection, and the eventual result of his venture was not a ripe subject for consideration. The next thing to do was to hold the mine; when he had done that, it would be time to go on with the next problem, whatever that might be. Krisch was good-naturedly hopeful, but curiosity was at present the controlling factor in his mind. He had never seen a fight of any description, he had never seen the machine-guns work, he had never stood a siege, and he was mildly excited at being initiated into all these mysteries at once. Lohse, who had once been corralled by the Apaches in Arizona, was probably the only man who fully appreciated the gravity of the situation, and he deemed it wise to keep his reflections to himself. So that perhaps as fearless a force of men as the Higuerita miners had rarely before awaited the attack of an overwhelmingly superior foe.

One Sunday morning the lookout on the upper turret reported firing in the neighborhood of Promontorios, and not long after slender spirals of smoke, fanned upward by the swaying flames, proclaimed that the village had been taken. A few hours more and probably their turn would come. There was not a man in the camp who at the thought did not feel a hard lump in his throat and an accelerated beating of his heart; but such confessions did not seem to be popular, and Krisch alone was simple-minded enough to tell Holt that a *status quo* would be more satisfactory than he had anticipated. It was perhaps fortunate that the men had little leisure to dwell on the horrible side of possible eventualities, for in such moments panics are rumor-born even among the bravest, and this positive evidence of the existence of a foe whom they had hitherto looked upon as more or less imaginary might have produced serious results. When excited, however, men pass naturally from one extreme to the other. So when Polycarpio, one of the Indian scouts, came in and reported the atrocities committed at Promontorios, every vestige of fear vanished before a wild, irrational desire to murder every man of them, to "get at 'em and polish off the devils as soon as po-sible."

The Indians had attacked the village at dawn. In less than an hour the few Mexican troops had been surrounded, and all killed or captured. The children were thrown alive into the wells or on to the burning houses, and a little later the fainting women, with broken arms and bleeding breasts, were flung over the wall and into the arroyo. When the President and Vice-President of the pueblo had been set aside, the remaining prisoners were stripped naked and led to the plaza, on which a layer of the savage prickly-pear boughs had been spread. The skin was then torn from the soles of their feet, and the bleeding wretches made to dance on the spiked *tunas* until they fell exhausted on the bloody carpet. Even then the monsters whipped them with long snake-shaped branches of cactus, and forced the quivering limbs to make a few more spasmodic contractions before they stiffened in death. A few of the principal citizens, lashed to powder kegs, were set up as a mark and shot at until all were gone. Then the President and his second, each tied to a plank, were carried out and placed under the ends of a seesaw in such a way that the cross-board would strike their heads gently at each oscillation, and three of the Yaquis slowly danced the life out of them, while the now half-drunken, blood-thirsty crowd yelled for more. Alas! there were no more; and with their machetes they threw themselves upon the mangled bodies, and hacked this bleeding mass of humanity into a horrible, shapeless pulp.

The miners listened to this ghastly tale in silence. Slow as most of them were to accept the forms or dogmas of religion, it seemed to them that God—for at bottom all men who wrestle with nature in abnormal conditions believe in God—could not allow such atrocities to pass unpunished, unavenged. There was no swearing, and but little talking; the minutes were passing, and the hour of action was about to strike.

When the word came that the Indians were advancing, the crest of the Higuerita was deserted, and every man at his post. In the upper tower, where Jack Corbis kneeled behind his gun, Mr. Tracy, Holt, and Krisch stood together at the narrow port-holes covered with painted wire-cloth, through which they watched the enemy, who was beginning to show himself cautiously. Nothing moved on the apparently abandoned plateau of the mine, but the iron turrets noiselessly and imperceptibly turned on their axes so as to cover the heaviest body of the Indians, now emerging from the thickets on all sides of the hill, which they had surrounded. At first they seemed suspicious at this absolute desertion, and waited for their chiefs, who ordered a volley to be fired tentatively at the turrets.

Zip—zip-zwang-t'n'! Krisch turned to follow the sound round the iron box in which they were, and asked in a whisper:

"You, Dscheck, what was then that?" Then espying the ragged chunk of lead on the floor, he picked it up, and holding it with unfeigned wonder between his fingers, he added solemnly, in English, for he attempted English when he was excited, "It was an ball!"

A smile went round at this simple-minded remark, but quickly vanished as Mr. Tracy, with one hand on the signal click and the other on the flag rope, called out: "Silence and attention now, Jack. They are coming. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir—ready!" the man answered.

No shot had been fired in answer to their volley, and the Indians were approaching boldly. There was something awful in the unsuspecting advance of all this "cannon meat," something that, in spite of its horror, reassured the superstitious, who saw in it the hand of Providence leading the criminals up to their punishment.

"Now, Jack, ready—fire!"

Twice the turret revolved completely, and Jack turned his crank viciously. They could hear or see nothing, for the iron box was surrounded by a cloud of smoke, and the rattling of the gun completely drowned all other sounds. But the moment that preceded that in which they regained their hearing was a painful one; the next still more so. For before the intoxication of powder and blood has frenzied the mind even the most hardened are appalled at the silence of their victim, at the sudden cessation of that life which they have extinguished. The species of remorse which men acting together are apt to feel collectively becomes personal at the victim's cry of reproach, which each actor in the drama immediately feels is meant for him alone. Where a dozen soldiers have shot a man it is safe to say that each one would indignantly repudiate the deed; yet if the shots had failed to take fatal effect, every man of those twelve would involuntarily accuse himself of cruelty as if he alone were responsible, just as in his worse moments he would boast of having killed a man.

The smoke lifted at last, and disclosed the vast number of dead and dying that lay on the ground around them, and as the piteous cries of the wounded and the frightened howls of the fugitives reached their ears, the men felt awed by the magnitude of the deed they had done. A long silence followed, and when Corbis, with an effort of jocularity, cried out, "Ky-ee-eye! Billy Long, the corpse-furnisher down to Ports-mouth, 'd 'a given me a hundred dollars for that job," although no one smiled, all felt relieved. A moment later a rifle cracked in one of the embrasures, and an Indian, who was but slightly wounded, and had risen to run, dropped dead. Mechanically at first a few of the men followed this example, picking off every Yaqui who moved, and little by little the natural blood-thirstiness of the man animal asserted itself: even the dead bodies were killed over again. "The —— black devils might be shammin', after all!"

Later the bodies were picked up, and with a few barrels of lime cast all together into an old shaft near the Cohuache outcrop; the remaining space was then filled in with rock from the dump, and a cross bearing the following tar-painted inscription placed above it:

HEAR LAYS
THE BOMB
OF 463
INDJEEANS, JAKKIS AND MYOES
KILT HEAR JULIE 12, 18—.

When the ground had been cleared, the men separated, and Holt went down with Krisch to the lower turret, where they spent the night. The next morning they were awakened early by an explosion that shook the whole hill, and as they rushed to the window they saw above the dense crown of smoke that hid from view the old shaft and the upper turret, strange things that looked like fragments of human bodies, amid twisted machinery and shattered rocks. Two of the miners were running at full speed down the path toward them, and from these they learned the details of the disaster.

After the butchery of the preceding day the scout Polycarpio had remembered that he was a Yaqui, and after sending word to the Indian camp, he had murdered Jack Corbis as he lay asleep beside his gun. He was present when the gun was mounted, and had learned to take it to pieces; in the morning some of the most impor-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tant parts were found missing. Mr. Tracy had awakened just in time to save Rapsey, over whom the Indian was bending with a machete in his hand; after giving the alarm, and on discovering that all the wires had been cut, he summoned the men and sent them at once down the old shaft to try and bring up the third gun, which was standing ready mounted in the patio of the hacienda. These two miners had remained with him, and they were all three at work taking the useless gun down when the Indians began to show themselves in the cactus bush around the old powder-house. Without manifesting any signs of alarm, Mr. Tracy had told them that he was going down the shaft to set off the dynamite stored there as soon as a large number of Indians had collected and begun to descend. They were to wait and, during the temporary demoralization of the Indians by the explosion, to break through and tell Holt to hold out until he could rescue him. A large number of Indians must have been killed, for the whole top of the mountain seemed to have caved in.

This information fell upon Holt like the blow of a sledge. That Tracy was dead there could be not the slightest doubt, and the chances of being liberated were not worth considering. The men at the mill, hearing the explosion and receiving no news from the mine, would naturally conclude that all had perished. There was now no communication between the two through the underground workings, and as the surface was in the hands of the Indians, it would be impossible for them to cut their way through. He determined, however, to bear the burden of this knowledge alone. It would only dishearten the men to reveal the truth; and even now some unlooked-for accident might happen in time to save them. He counted them over, and found that altogether, besides himself and Krisch, they were but five and the girl Masima. This was sufficient for a night and a day shift, and with the provisions and ammunition on hand they might hold out some time. Before this he had felt somewhat uncertain as to his behavior in action; but now, as he reflected that New England blood was at its best when all seemed lost, it gratified him to remember that he was born in Salem of good old stock that had done its duty in '76, in 1812, and later when the stripes of the glorious young flag that flapped on the pole above him were to have been barred. Pluck thus became a duty, and in the fulfilment of a duty his New England conscience, that most ineradicable of Yankee traits, would be sure to stand him in good stead. Yet, notwithstanding these comforting reassurances, he could not forget that the balance of chances was inequivocally against him, and that the application to his case of any equation of probabilities which he could remember would have fixed his annual premium at about ten times the insurance.

While he was making an inventory of the stock on hand—provisions and ammunition—it occurred to him that as the quantities were very small, the bulk of these must have been stored on the upper level. Whatever had been left by the explosion would naturally fall into the hands of the Indians if not secured at once. He called the men together, explained the situation, and proposed that they draw lots among themselves to determine who should accompany him. Krisch refused to be left behind, so after shaking hands all round rather solemnly—for since the events of the preceding day the men manifested a growing tendency to consider present actions as possibly final—the four started cautiously on their journey, and at the end of an hour of slow crawling on hands and knees reached one of the abandoned adobe huts from which they could see the shaft mouth.

Of the most prosperous part of the camp nothing remained but a shattered and picturesque ruin. With a certain natural sense of fitness, the fragments of the monument which Tracy had erected had fallen back together over his grave into a pyramid of sufficient magnitude to disdain any explanatory inscription, and near this pile stood a group of some fifty Indians, gazing awe-stricken and silent at this terrible evidence of the white man's power, greater even to destroy than to build. The presence of such a large body of the foe of course put a stop to any further operations of the foraging party, and they turned to go back to the Libertad. Suddenly a shot fell, and Dalmasio, an Italian, who was walking next to Holt, stumbled and dropped. They were not more than two hundred yards from the fort, and their first unconscious impulse was to dash forward out of reach of the bullets that had begun to whistle and patter around them; their first conscious impulse sent them back to their fallen comrade, whom Krisch threw over his shoulders, while the other two attacked the pursuers.

After the first blows all hesitation, all scruples, vanished, and an intense thirst for blood, a savage desire to slash and kill that amounted nearly to a frenzy, seized upon these two men, who threw themselves recklessly on the black flesh before them. The wounds inflicted by their weapons were not sufficiently deep, above all not sufficiently bloody; the flash of the powder must singe the skin of their adversaries or the shot did not satisfy them; and at last Oldham, who in other circumstances had always been thought a mild, harmless Pennsylvanian, moved by a sudden fury to bite or scratch, cast his arms away, and rushed on the naked savages like a mad dog. Little by little he was drawn away from Holt; a heavy blow from one of the machetes struck him on the head, nearly stunning him, and still fighting he fell on his knees. For a few moments his superior strength kept the Indians off; the sleeves of his shirt were nearly hacked away, and beneath the reddening clinging cloth little streams of blood ran down his arms and between his fingers; his hands began to slip off the smooth skin of the Mayos, his blows grew weaker and more wild, and at last with a little sigh he sank back. Then one of the Indians seized him by the hair and pulled at it with all his strength, while another hacked at his throat, striking him now on the chin, now on the shoulder, in his blind fury, and a third, leaning with all his weight on the machete, drove the dull blade through his ribs, and twisted it with a horrible gurgling, crunching noise.

"Come back, Jack; for God's sake come back, man! They are all advancing, and we've got them covered."

How he got back, Holt never remembered. Whichever way he turned he could see nothing but the bleeding body of his comrade and the faces of his slayers gleaming with fiendish ferocity. The idea of revenge was the only one of which he was conscious, his sole preoccupation was to kill, and thrusting Clarke aside, he pointed the gun and worked it himself for a few moments, scarcely realizing what he was doing. Yet so great is the force of habit that to his companions he appeared as self-possessed as usual. They were amazed at his coolness, tacitly recognized that he was really their captain, and spoke to him with a certain involuntary deference. When the gun ceased to be effective, Holt had it drawn back, and stood before the port-hole picking off any Indian within range, and exposing himself recklessly to their fire. Several bullets entered the opening, but without touching him, as if the leaden messengers themselves recognized in bravery an armor more impenetrable than iron or stone.

By degrees, however, the fever left him, and a great lassitude both physical and mental overcame him. He turned from the window and looked into the room; crouched on the floor at his feet, Masima was holding the rifle she had just loaded; though he had not noticed her before, she had sat there hour after hour patiently wiping and reloading the arms which the men handed down to her. Without speaking she looked up into her master's face, and it had a gratefully soothing effect upon him; it was the first kind look he had seen that day, and it took him far away from the bloody scenes outside; at that moment it seemed strange that any one should care for him, and he was deeply moved at the thought, which then for the first time suggested itself, that she alone of all the women had remained behind.

"*Pobrecita!*" he said, laying his hand gently on her head, "you are alone? Where is the grandmother?"

"*Quien sabe*, Don Juan! She went away with all the women some days ago. I would not go."

"And why not?" he asked. The next moment he wished he could recall the question; and when the girl answered, softly, half caressingly, "Do I not belong to you, Don Juanito?" he felt profoundly ashamed of his words. Was it not sufficient that she had remained to share his fate? What need had he to make her say that of which she was as yet unconscious, but which her own spoken words would teach her? At her age she would go to sleep a child and awake a woman. Heigh ho! This was the worst thing he had done that day; and he rose wearily to go into the room below, where they all slept. Dalmasio and Corning were dead, and the two corpses, half covered with a blanket, lay rigid and uncouth-looking, on the brick floor.

"Mr. Holt, please, sir," said Clarke, coming in from the kitchen as he stood staring blankly at those who but a little while ago were standing by his side—"please, sir, old Evans be pretty bad, Mr. Holt. I be thinkin' he want to see you, sir."

Holt sat down on the bed by the wounded old timber-man and waited for him to speak.

"Mr. Holt," he said presently, "be that you?"

"Yes, Ned, old man. Are you badly hurt?"

"I be, Mr. Holt—I be," the man answered, with an effort. "Through the left breast—I was standin' behind ye." Then, after a pause, "Ye'll be writin' to Corn'all soon, Mr. Holt, will ye? There be two quarters' back pay.—Mrs. Edward Ivons—at the Miners' Bank.—Be you still there, Mr. Holt?" he added, anxiously, and staring Jack in the face. "I thought you was gone.—It's nigh on sundown, and a trifle dark without my glasses.—Mr. Holt, how many be left of we?"

"Four, Ned, counting you. We are melting like wax."

The old man's eyes lighted up for a moment, and he gasped with a horrible attempt to smile, "But it be beeswax, Mr. Holt; it sticks." He tried to laugh, but was seized with a violent fit of coughing that brought the blood to his mouth. Mechanically he wiped his lips with the back of his sleeve, and twitched at the cloth of his overalls. "Mrs. Ivons," he muttered again, indistinctly. "Truro, down into Corn'all. Holt 'll do it—Holt—Jack Holt—he be awnest, Holt be.—Two back quarters.—Two year more work here. Go by San Francisco this time.—The second set in the west drift be a 'arf-inch too high.—Ah! be ye talkin' to me?" He breathed stertorously two or three times and half raised his arms weakly. His head dropped with a slight gurgle, and the old man went home to "Corn'all."

During the night they buried them by the dim light of the stars, and the three survivors returned to the fort, which to them had become all the world.

And the dull routine of their prison life began. Day passed after day, and yet no news of the outside world reached them in their silent solitude. The sun shone hotly on the white rocks, the rain came down in torrents, the moon rose and set, and still no tidings came to them. The giant Frailes looked down from their majestic height, calm, beautiful, impassive, but told them nothing. Little plants grew into tall trees, and the hills with tropical haste drew on their velvety mantle of verdure. The days grew to weeks, and still nothing moved in the deserted Higuerita range. Yet little by little they became accustomed to their loneliness, and the danger by which they were surrounded lost some of its reality. An occasional shot warned them of the presence of the Indians in the dense thickets which covered the once bare dumps, and they did not dare to go many steps away from the protecting fort. But one morning Clarke discovered a brace of guinea-hens gravely crossing the path that led to the opposite hill, and as their provisions were becoming rapidly exhausted, he could not resist the temptation to shoot and run out to secure his booty. As he bent over, a second shot sounded in the brush, and he staggered forward with a cry. Holt and Krisch, both unarmed at the moment, ran out unhesitatingly to pick up their comrade, who had now become even more than a friend to them, and as they lifted the inanimate body and recognized that life had fled, something gave way in their hearts; for the first time since their trials began they felt all hope forsake them, and their eyes filled with tears. Suddenly they heard footsteps behind them, and saw two Yaquis brandishing their machetes and coming toward them. They were unarmed, yet, with that dead body between them, neither for a moment thought of flight. A few days more or less—what did it matter? Instinctively each stooped, picked up a stone, and waited. The Indians were only a few yards away: ten seconds more and it would probably be all over. At that moment a wild shriek from the fort caused them to turn; a flash and a little puff of smoke burst from the port-hole, and the foremost Yaqui, shot through the head, stumbled and fell forward against Holt, while the other turned and ran. The men looked at each other and smiled. All was not over yet, then? and with something like a feeling of gladness they returned to the house.

Masima was still watching from the window with the same expression of concentrated ferocity on her little face that had so much astonished Holt a few weeks before. As he entered she put down the rifle, lifted her rebozo, and, with her head thrown back, gazed at him silently with her half-closed eyes. The bud had burst; the child was a child no longer; suddenly the knowledge had come. She trembled slightly, lowered her eyes, and bursting into tears, ran from the room.

The men too had understood. Krisch shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and muttered to himself, "It had must be so"; but Holt was silent. If it had been any other girl, he too would have shrugged his shoulders, smiled perhaps a little more cynically than his friend, and accepted the flower which Nature offered him so frankly. But apart from his personal feelings in this matter, the time and place seemed strangely chosen for trifling. What wild freak was this of Master Cupid to pass through the Indian lines and play his pranks in this house that was so fast becoming a mausoleum?

For the next few days Masima shunned him, and yet with what infinite tenderness she bound his wounds and dressed them! They were mere scratches, and yet had one awkward movement of hers meant death to him, she could not have been more careful or her touch more delicate. When she pronounced his name, which she now did but rarely, her voice softened, and the "Don Juanito" sounded like a caress. Krisch had more than once detected her gazing for long minutes at her master as no woman had ever looked at him; but when they met his, those soft eyes became so hard and cruel that he was startled, and perhaps a little frightened.

Meanwhile the days passed, the provisions disappeared, and still their solitude was unbroken. Above them in the silent blue vault the ragged-winged *chupilotes* sailed smoothly without apparent effort, and cast long sweeping shadow curves over the white plateau, or motionless hung like black dots in the hot quivering air. On the opposite hills the red deer bounded along gracefully far beyond rifle range, and up on the precipitous peaks of the Frailes the wild goats scampered merrily. Velvety tarantulas picked their way cautiously over the stones, and little bobtailed birds shot in at the windows and dashed at the slumbering *alacranes* that basked in the sunlight. Lizards ran in and out with their gracefully curving tails curled up above them, or stopped in the checkered square of light and shadow which the window grating drew on the floor, and looked, silent themselves, at the three silent figures in the room; for the silence that surrounded them had invaded the house and crept into their hearts.

By degrees, yet rapidly, the end was approaching; the last meal had been shared. Both Holt and Krisch were seated in the doorway, careless of the danger to which they were thus exposed, and indeed secretly hoping that some well-aimed bullet might put an end to their misery. Masima was kneeling near them, scraping away from the stone the last crumbs of dough that still adhered to the *melate*, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold. A cry, something like a scuffle, and a dull blow, and Masima fell into Holt's arms with her own around his neck, and he held her there fainting. From the soft warm breast that lay against his own the red blood trickled slowly through his open shirt and dropped on to the floor, and the passive little head rolled over on his shoulder. Once she opened her eyes and looked into his with infinite love, until little by little the light died out of them; her lips parted, but she did not speak, and in a last spasm of pain she turned abruptly, thrust her hands upward into his hair, and slowly drew his head down toward her.

The next day, when they had laid her to rest on the hill-side, Holt took Krisch by the hand and told him what he had known from the beginning—that there never had been any hope. "Julius, old man, forgive me for not telling you then," he said, "but I thought I was doing what was best. Will you forgive me now?"

Before the approach of death, men, especially starving men, are apt to be sentimental; their nervous strength is exhausted, and the world, seated securely before its desk at home, should not criticise their words and feelings according to its every-day indifferent standard. So it need not be thought strange that at this moment both these boys had tears in their eyes, or that Krisch embraced his friend and kissed him.

"Dscheck, dear friend," he said, presently, "I too knew it from the first."

The day passed slowly, hour by hour, in the usual solemn sunlit silence. Toward dusk Holt went to his bed and lay down. The buzzing in his ears and a strange inability to finish any thought warned him that he was weakening fast. A sensation of physical numbness gradually overcame him, and he wondered at times whether he was asleep or awake. When Krisch bade him good-night the words did not convey any intelligent meaning to his mind until several minutes later, and then it seemed to him that some one else—some one whom he had not seen for a long time—had spoken them. Mingled with visions of home, recollections of travel and of trivial conversations with chance acquaintances crowded upon him, strangely distinct for a moment, and then, without apparent transition, merging into others totally unconnected with them. It was pitchy dark in the room, yet it suddenly seemed to him to be flooded with sunshine—as on the last day he had passed at home. He saw the large white square house, with its green blinds, its large veranda and shingle roof; in front, the row of magnificent plumed elms cast the lace-work of their shadow on the sunlit road, and in the soft green field beyond, dotted with yellow buttercups, the old sorrel mare on which he had learned to ride was nibbling the tender grass. The butler, old man Kelly, who had played with him when he was a child, showed his full white waistcoat at the dining-room window, and called to Master John that dinner was waiting. The nurse Maggie— It had become dark again, and all were seated together in the little room—grandmother's room, where she had spent the evenings of forty years with the stern-looking old gentleman whose portrait hung over the mantel-piece. From the walls the same large-boned ladies in low-necked dresses, and stout gentlemen in snuff-colored smallclothes, looked down through the narrow red-gold frames just as they did when he was a child in petticoats and curls. The same old china vases, the same curios—Why, who had put the lights out?—What was that pat-pat outside?—only Masima making tortillas. Masima!—she did not hear him.—How sleepy he was! Suddenly he was at home again, standing with his back to the white mantel-piece, with its carved medallions and looped garlands of laurel; he was telling them how they had held the mine and driven off the Indians.—How strange it seemed!—How had he returned home? He could not remember then, but to-morrow it would come back to him, no doubt.—How drowsy he was!—Who was that speaking to him?—Masima again!—Poor little thing, what was to become of her now—*now?*—why had he said *now?*—she had saved his life once long ago—when was it?—he could not remember that either, but Krisch knew all about it; he saw the Indian strike—and that was blood on his shirt—still warm—blood.—What did she want with him?—Yes, yes; he was coming presently. Then he lay back and slept.

At dawn Krisch awoke and turned over. "Du, Dscheck!" He waited a moment, and called again: "You, Dscheck! You are asleep? Dscheck! Poor fellow! he is weary; he sleeps." With an effort he drew the blanket over his head and turned his face to the wall—and all was quiet up at the Higuerita.

Meanwhile a great battle was being fought in the plain of Minas Nuevas, and the Indians were slowly retreating. Morogoqui, the Mayo chief, was dead, and before noon Cajeme with his Yaquis began his march back to the river, unmolested by the Mexican generals, who rightly deemed it a more dangerous undertaking to pursue an Indian force than to fight it. When the issue of the battle was no longer doubtful, Salzevedo, at the head of a hundred and fifty rancheros, took the road to Aduana. He had little hope of finding any of his friends alive, for the surrounding country had for some weeks been in the hands of the enemy, and the columns of smoke which could be seen from head-quarters in town rising above the ruins of ranchos and villages proved how ruthlessly the work of devastation was being pursued. He was therefore greatly surprised on reaching the bend of the arroyo to see the American and Mexican flags still floating above the mill buildings. Lohse rode out to meet him, and in a few words made his report.

"We must go to the mine at once," the Mexican answered, and calling to his brother-in-law, the doctor, to follow with twenty men, he put his mule to a gallop.

As they neared the foot of the dump they stopped a moment and listened eagerly for any sound from above. Lohse shouted the names of his friends, but only the echo of his own voice answered, and with a shake of his head he began the ascent slowly, for now he was in no hurry to learn what he feared was the truth. A few yards further on, where the path turned, he caught sight of the flag hanging limp and motionless from the pole over the office.

"By G—, they've held it!" he cried, slapping his thigh and driving the spurs into his mule. "Come along, boys. Hullo, Krisch! Holt! Jack! we are coming! Get up there, you brute! *anda! anda!*"

The others galloped behind him, shouting excitedly. Before the open door of the office they pulled up. No one had come out, no one had answered, and for a minute the men hesitated before dismounting.

"Doctor," Lohse said, in a low voice, and without looking up, "you go in first."

Ortiz got off his mule, removed his spurs leisurely, and threw them down on the brick veranda. Then he took off his hat and went in, while the indifferent *mozos* formed a semicircle around the other two and waited. Presently Ortiz returned, and stood in the doorway rolling a cigarette.

"There are two," he said, simply. "They will live."

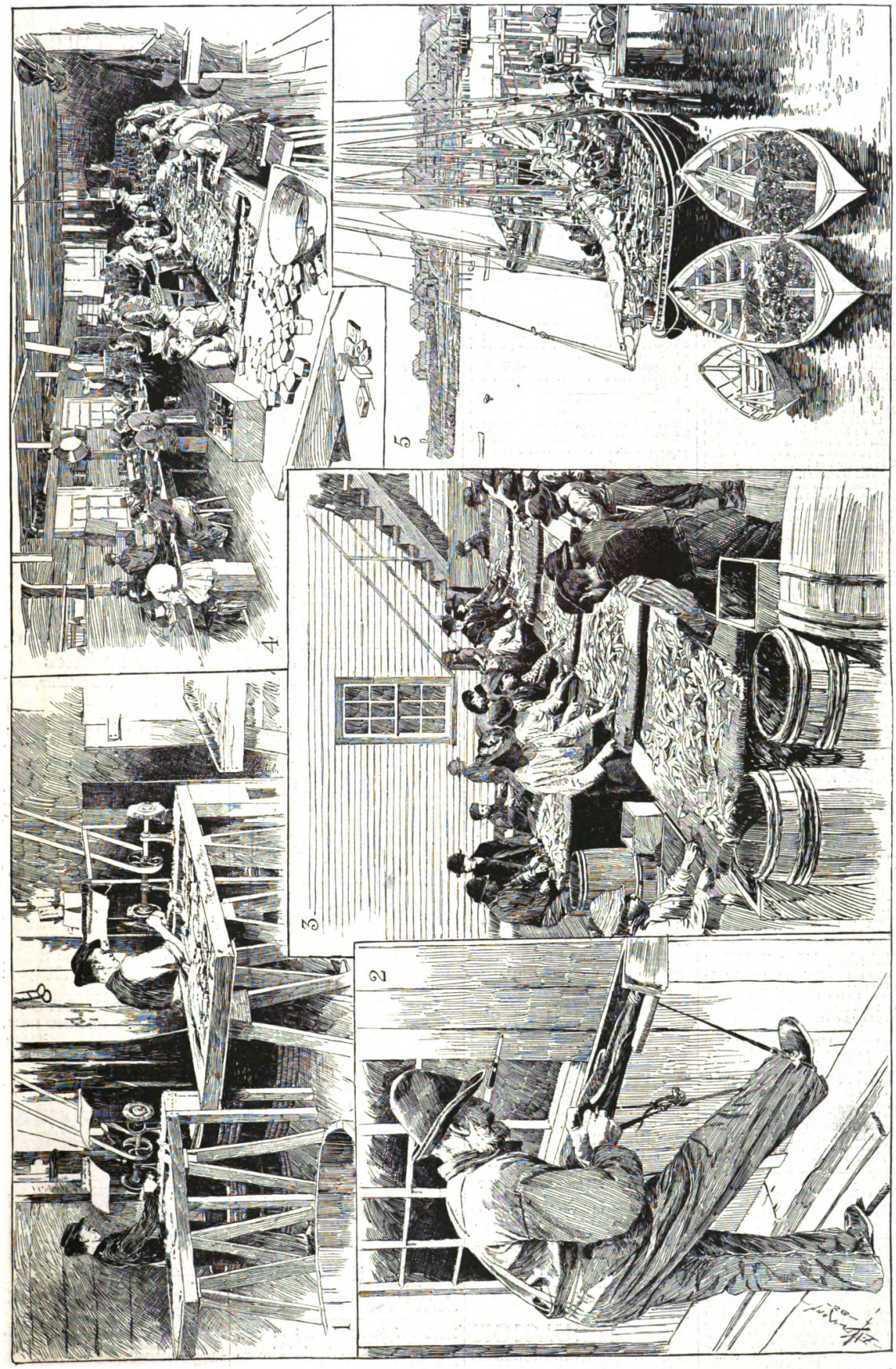
THE END.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"CROUCHED ON THE FLOOR AT HIS FEET, MASIMA WAS HOLDING THE RIFLE SHE HAD JUST LOADED."—DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.—[SEE STORY, "WHY THEY SHOT DOWN AT THE HIGHERSTS," ON PAGE 226.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SARDINE AND MACKEREL FISHING.—From Photographs furnished by the United States Fish Commission.—[See Page 226.]

1. Cleaning Mackerel with Brush-wheel for Canning. 2. Tagging a Fish. 3. Cleaning Fish. 4. Packing Sardines in Cans. 5. A Mackerel Schooner and Boats.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE DUTIES OF STOCKHOLDERS.

WHENEVER a man of the mental calibre and recognized ability of Mr. Jay Gould expresses his views, every one listens to him. Hence when he took the public into his confidence, or rather is assumed to do so, through the medium of a St. Louis interviewer one day this week, his diagnosis of the railroad and financial situations is eagerly seized upon by all who are interested in securities. As is frequently the case, one remark of Mr. Gould's overshadowed all the others. He said that stockholders ought to take a more active part in the management of the properties in which they are interested. Neither the assertion nor the expression is new, but that they came from Jay Gould surprised every one. To many people, and possibly to the majority, such an expression from an accredited monopolist, from a man who is accustomed to have his own way in every corporation in which he has a large interest, seems incongruous. It suggests the subtle sarcasm that is characteristic of the man. Yet the chances are that Mr. Gould was in earnest in exhorting stockholders to a performance of their duties. If Mr. Gould has the astuteness that is attributed to him, the remark is entirely in keeping with that quality. But the chances are that he did not make the remark with the view of arousing stockholders to the benefits that would accrue to them from an active interest in corporate management.

Mr. Gould does not want the stockholders in his companies to become active for their own good, but for his benefit. He knows that if he can show a legislative investigating committee or the framers of a piece of legislation hostile to his interest that there are thousands of others besides himself interested in the property to be affected he will have a powerful argument in his favor. He knows better than any one else that wealth of the magnitude that he controls makes the possessor a target for unscrupulous politicians, and for that impressionable element that always exists among the lower strata of society—an element that regards millionaires and corporations with especial aversion. In a word, Mr. Gould wants stockholders, the smaller holders of railroad securities, to interest themselves in their properties for his protection. He wants them to range themselves around him with their unostentatious holdings, that they may shield him.

Mr. Gould's view is entirely sound—for him; but it is natural to carry the reasoning farther. If the individualizing of a corporation is a benefit to a large stockholder, why should it not also be to the advantage of the smallest shareholder? There can be only one answer to this proposition. And no fine process of reasoning is required to demonstrate the soundness of the affirmative. The answer to the proposition resolves itself into another form—that God helps him who helps himself. That the stockholder, and the bondholder as well, in any corporation, can improve his relations to the property by giving a portion of his time to its management, at least to the extent of selecting suitable persons to whom the management may be intrusted, no one will dispute. A very apt illustration of this point was furnished a few days ago at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad. Probably for the first time in the history of the company, certainly for the first time in the present generation, a few of the stockholders took an active part in the proceedings. Heretofore the management has run the election with the same absoluteness that characterizes the machine in politics, and the stockholders have followed as blindly as ward heelers obey their bosses. At the meeting referred to the representatives of less than one-fortieth of the capital stock were able to change the policy of the company, and stop the ruinous unloading upon it by certain of its officers of useless branch lines at fancy prices. This *coup d'état* was accomplished by forcing the management to cast a stockholder's vote in support of a resolution based upon a promise, given doubtless for diplomatic reasons, in the annual report.

The other and equally important result to be obtained by the greater activity of individuals in corporate affairs is the readjustment of the relations between the people and the creations to which they have given much-abused power. Frequent oppression on the one hand and hostility—now very strong—on the other can be remedied and changed in no other way than by demonstrating that the people own, or at least have a very large interest in, our railroad companies. It ought not to be a difficult matter to convince even the most blatant demagogue that the welfare of the people and of their transportation systems are identical, simply because the first own and enjoy the facilities of the last named. Great progress will have been made toward such a result when every owner of a stock certificate asserts the right of franchise that is a part of its value with the same seriousness that he discharges his political obligations.

Some idea of the distribution of the ownership of our railroad properties may be obtained from the figures of a few companies. An authoritative statement regarding the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Company is that the domestic holders of its securities number fully fifteen thousand persons. A recent examination of the stock transfer books of the Atchison company revealed about fourteen thousand shareholders. It is evident from these few statistics that there are enough people vitally interested in the prosperity of the railroads of the country to protect them from the machinations of dishonest and incompetent managers, as well as from the assaults of politicians and of the ignorant voter, if they will only appreciate and assert their rights. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March* 16, 1889.

DISARMING AN UNSEEN FOE.

"This was sometime a paradox," as Hamlet says. Since, however, the people of America and other lands have been enabled to pit Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against that unseen foe, malaria, it is no longer a paradox, but an easy possibility. Wherever malaria evolves its misty venom to poison the air, and decaying unwholesome vegetation impregnates the water, there, in the very stronghold of miasma, is the auxiliary potent to disarm the foe and assure efficient protection. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dumb ague, and ague cake, no matter how tenaciously they have fastened their clutch on the system, are first forced to relax their grasp and eventually to abandon it altogether. But it is its preventive force that should chiefly recommend the Bitters to persons dwelling in malaria-cursed localities, for it is a certain buckler of defence against which the enemy is powerless. Cures, likewise, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney and bilious ailments.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Ad.*]

MOTHERS give ANGOSTURA BITTERS to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

MACEE'S EMULSION
No other proprietary medicine has the endorsement of Physicians to the same extent.
None is used in Hospital practice with so large a percentage of satisfactory results.
No other remedy has cured so many cases of
CONSUMPTION
and other Pulmonary Diseases.
SCROFULA
is entirely eradicated from the system by its use.
It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomachs without nausea.
IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of
MACEE'S EMULSION
Ask your Druggist for it, and take only that labelled
J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*
Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.
The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

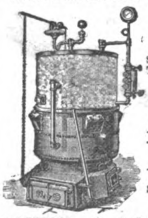
Scott's EMULSION
OF Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.
Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.
ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS
FERRIS' Pat.
Ring Buckle at Hip for Hose Supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons
Cord-Edge Button Holes.
Best Materials throughout.
FIT ALL ages.
BEST for Health, Comfort, Wear, and Finish.
Children .50 .70 .75.
Misses .70 .75 .80 .85
Young Ladies 1.00 1.10
Ladies 1.00 1.25 1.50 1.75 2.00



Buttons FRONT instead of Clasps.
Mailed Free on receipt of price. Send for Circular.
For sale by all Leading Retailers.
FERRIS BROS., Mfrs. 341 Broadway, N. Y.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, Wholesale Western Agts.

HOUSE HEATING BY STEAM
Is the Best and Most Economical Method.



THE "GORTON" BOILER,
SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, MADE OF BEST MATERIALS.
AUTOMATIC, SELF-FEEDING, ECONOMICAL IN USE OF FUEL.
Any servant girl can run it with ease.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description and prices.
GORTON & LIDGERWOOD CO.,
96 Liberty Street, N. Y.
Branches: 159 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.; 34 & 36 West Monroe Street, Chicago.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.

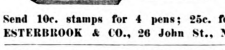


SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Cowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.
Ladies desirous of ordering, and unable to visit New York, can have sketches and samples forwarded free by mail—perfect fit guaranteed.
210 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Arnold Constable & Co
UPHOLSTERY.
NEW FABRICS
For Furniture, Curtains, and Decorations.
ARMURES & ARRAS BROCADES.
TAPESTRIES AND GOBELINS.
"Flemish" plain and figured Galorine.
SILK & COTTON PRINT STUFFS
For Wall and Interior Decoration.
Broadway & 19th st.

PARENTS wishing to give their daughters four months' practice in French, combined with a delightful European tour, to include a ten (10) weeks' stay in Paris, the finest routes of Switzerland, Alpine excursions, etc. Address for particulars, before April 15th, "X. Y.," 42 Grove St., Augusta, Me. References, ex-Gov. Chamberlain (or wife), N. Y., Miss Burleigh, (daughter of Gov. Burleigh), Maine. Others upon application.

ESTERBROOK'S
DOUBLE LINE RULING PEN.



MAKES TWO LINES AT ONCE.
Send 10c. stamps for 4 pens; 25c. for 1 doz.
ESTERBROOK & CO., 26 John St., New York.

EVERY FAMILY possessing a musical instrument should have THE IDEAL BOOK LEAF HOLDER.
Simple, Elegant, and will last a life time. Self-adjusting, and fits any ordinary book. It holds the book open, and yet pages can be easily turned. The only *perfect* Leaf Holder made. Sent postpaid for 50c. *Mention this paper.*
AGENTS WANTED.
☞ *Quick Sales. Large Profits.*
Send for Catalogue. LEAF HOLDER CO. Excelsior, Minn

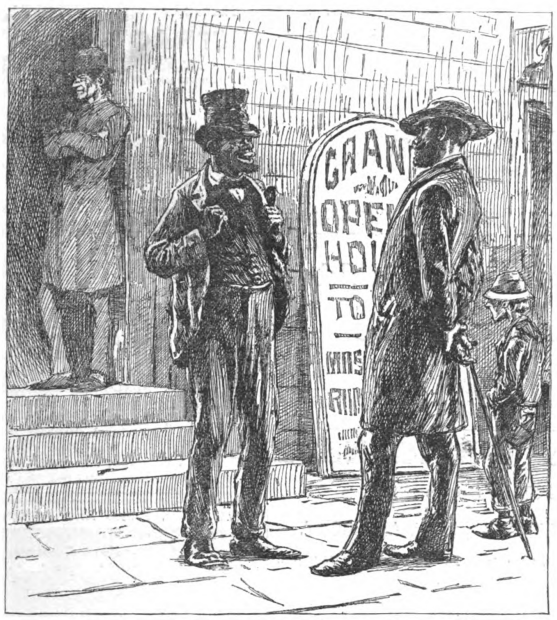


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

BRAZILIAN ORCHIDS—Grower & Collector, C. Struve, at Rio de Janeiro. Orders for these Orchids will be received by the general agents, Valentine Brothers, Produce Exchange, New York, according to catalogue furnished by them on application.

ÆOLIAN HARPS
Improved construction. Fine instruments and charming effects. A beautiful addition to a home. Catalogue free. THE G. J. HOLBROOK CO., 86 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

CITIZEN (*to Uncle Rastus*). "What are you doing these days, Uncle Rastus?"

UNCLE RASTUS. "Teatricals, boss."

CITIZEN. "Theatricals?"

UNCLE RASTUS. "Yes, sah. I'm boss scene-shifter at de Union Teatre. Dat am a very 'portant posishun."

CITIZEN. "It is, indeed. How do they get along when you happen to be sick or away?"

UNCLE RASTUS. "Dey manages to pull through all right, kase you see I'se got foah understudies."

TOOK ALL HIS PAINS AWAY.

A. M. Chisholm, of No. 2724 Stoddard Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"During my long residence in Canada I suffered for years from severe pains in my back, across the region of the kidneys, and by the constant use of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS invariably obtained great relief. Upon removing to St. Louis I was again troubled with the same complaint; and was advised to use Magnetic and other kinds of plasters, without being relieved of pain, so fell back to my old friend ALLCOCK, who gives me more relief than any other I have ever tried. I always recommend them to my friends and all who suffer from pains and aches of any kind."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801 Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR



The first journals in the world, medical men of the highest eminence, prominent citizens of all professions, and ladies who have used it for years in their dressing-rooms and nurseries, admit with one accord that, for imparting vigor, gloss, luxuriance, and curl to the hair, eradicating scurf and dandruff, Barry's Tricopherous has no equal.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

HIGHAM BAND INSTRUMENTS



Conceded by the greatest artists to be unequaled on either Hemisphere. Factory founded 1842 at Manchester, England. Catalogue free. LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Sole Agts. for the U.S.

$5 to **$8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

Twenty-Ninth Annual Statement OF THE WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1887		$8,387,360.39
RECEIPTS during 1888:		
Premiums	$1,831,526.93	
Interest, Rents, etc.	451,477.86	2,283,004.79
		$10,670,365.18
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Paid Policy-Holders for Claims by Death, Endowments, Cash Dividends, Surrendered Policies, etc.	$1,219,584.35	
All other expenditures, including taxes	526,828.45	1,746,412.80
NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1888		$8,923,952.38
Add excess market value of stocks, with interest accrued and due and unpaid, also deferred and unpaid premiums		595,324.91
GROSS ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1888		$9,519,277.29
Deduct total liabilities		8,960,827.71
SURPLUS at 4% valuation		$558,449.58
Surplus by former N. Y. standard		$1,089,735.58
Policies issued in 1888, 4321 for		9,551,611
Policies in force Dec. 31, '88, 19,273 for		42,768,034

W. HAXTUN, Vice-President and Secretary.
E. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies.
CYRUS MUNN, Assistant Secretary.
I. C. PIERSON, Actuary.

J. W. BRANNAN, M.D., Medical Examiner.
B. W. McCREADY, M.D., Consulting Physician.
FOSTER & THOMSON, 52 Wall St., N. Y., Attorneys.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex: all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

TO PURIFY AND BEAUTIFY THE SKIN

Cuticura Remedies

Are Simply Infallible.



MY DAUGHTER, MARY CECILIA BRUNOLD, was afflicted with the worst case of eczema ever seen by the doctors who treated her. She was literally covered from head to foot with scabs. These physicians tried their best to cure her, but I believe they were only experimenting. They kept on experimenting for over ten months, out, instead of getting better, the child got worse, and I did not know what course to pursue. My wife took her, after we had paid all we could afford for medical treatment, to a medical college where there were some twenty or thirty doctors assembled, but the case baffled them all. My wife had to go every day, and sometimes twice a day. In fact, the medicine they gave her did not have time to act, even if there was any virtue in it, it was changed so often by orders of the doctors. The latter part of January, after everything had failed, and patience and money were both exhausted, I made up my mind to quit all doctoring and try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I did so, and now I can say that my daughter is cured, sound in health, and well, to the surprise of hundreds.

The druggist, Mr. H. M. Krueger, corner Chauteau and Ewing Avenues, who sold us the CUTICURA REMEDIES, is as much astonished as any of us. The CUTICURA REMEDIES have worked a complete cure, and we have used but a little more than three fourths of a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and a proportionate amount of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP. I am ready at any time to make affidavit that my daughter had the worst case of eczema, as the doctors all admit, ever seen in this city, and that she has been cured solely by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, after the best physicians and remedies failed.

I shall be glad to have any one call upon or write me who has a child similarly afflicted, or any person who is troubled with a skin disease, that he may see for himself what your CUTICURA REMEDIES have done. I do this in gratitude for the cure that has been effected in my child's case.

CHAS. B. BRUNOLD, 2905 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Cuticura Remedies

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and curing every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the SKIN, SCALP, and BLOOD, and humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, crusts, ulcerations, swellings, abscesses, tumors, and loss of hair, whether simple or scrofulous, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold by druggists and chemists throughout the world. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

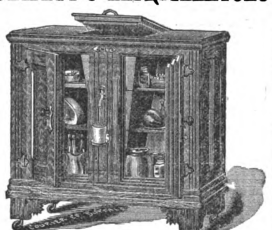
HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

LOANS

On approved productive realty in the Golden Belt of the Middle West at one-third its value, make *The Safest, Most Profitable,* AND MOST DESIRABLE of all Securities for judicious investors. Write for particulars

THE HUSTED INVESTMENT CO.
JAMES D. HUSTED, *President.*
KANSAS CITY, Kansas.
Capital, $500,000. *Paid up* $350,000.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS



THE PATENT
LABRADOR.
Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.



Nonpariel Cigar Lighter. Every Smoker Wants it. Lights in wind or rain; smaller than an ordinary match box. Nickel Plated; lasts a life-time. By mail 25 cents; five for $1.00. Stamps taken. Agents wanted.
STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

Darlington, Runkle & Co.

LYONS FANCY SILKS,

Representing the newest Paris ideas as adopted by the leading Dressmakers in the French Capital.

Second Importation this Spring of

INDIA, CHINA, & JAPAN SILKS.

Also, special weaves and makes of

LYONS BLACK SILKS,

Made expressly for Early Spring and Summer Dresses.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

WRITING PAPERS by the POUND. Nearly double the quantity than by the quire for same money. ENGRAVED VISITING PLATE and 50 CARDS, $1.00. Wedding Invitations.
Send stamp for samples and price-list.
WM. H. HOSKINS CO., 927 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents' a Box.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS
Apollinaris
QUOD UBIQUE

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



THE POPULAR GAME
HALMA
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
BY MAIL $1.00
E. I. HORSMAN
80, 82 WILLIAM ST. N.Y.



$3 Printing Press. Prints all your cards & labels. Circular press, $8. Size for small newspaper, $44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, $100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.



TOP ROYAL
A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE
FOR SALE BY ALL MENS FURNISHERS
MANF'D ONLY BY
CORLISS BROS & CO., TROY N.Y.
New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St.
Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRING No. 2

(Or the "Dolly Shelton Spring")

NATURE'S GREAT SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA AND GOUT.

Photograph of Dolly Shelton, an old colored woman, taken January 10th, 1889, in her 96th year.



At eighty years of age, bedridden from Dyspepsia and Gout, she was marvellously restored by this Water.

Her case stated by Dr. James Shelton, residing near the Buffalo Springs:

"Dolly Shelton, formerly a family servant, resides a mile from BUFFALO SPRINGS. When about eighty years of age she was bedridden, a sufferer from ATONIC DYSPEPSIA and RHEUMATIC GOUT. I advised remedies in the case as palliatives merely, not regarding her recovery as among possibilities. While she was in this condition a Spring was discovered at Buffalo, now known as Spring No. 2. Without suggestion she at once commenced the use of it, and in a few months (I saw her only at long intervals, not feeling that I could be of service to her) I found to my great astonishment that it was proving highly beneficial. There was marked improvement of the DIGESTION and also of the GOUTY SYMPTOMS. Under continued use of the water there was continued improvement, until she was able to substitute a diet of *meat* and *vegetables* for bread and milk, boiled rice, corn meal, mush, etc., and there was also entire disappearance of the GOUTY AFFECTION. At the same time there was a gradual increase of flesh and nervous vigor, until she could walk without unusual fatigue several miles at a time over the surrounding hills. SHE IS NOW LIVING, AND CERTAINLY NOT UNDER NINETY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE. She claims to be A HUNDRED, would weigh, I suppose, TWO HUNDRED, is in good general health, and walks without difficulty about her house, yard, and garden, having had no return of DYSPEPSIA or GOUT.

"February 1st, 1889."

For Sale by Leading Druggists Everywhere.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Prop., Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

ESTAB. 1825. PHILA. U. S. A.
FRED. BROWN'S GINGER FOR CRAMPS AND COLIC.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. Liebig TRADE MARK

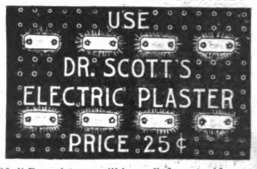
Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.



Look all around among the Retailers,

then write to C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT, which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.

TO CURE PAINS AND ACHES



Of all Druggists, or will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. 5 plasters for $1, for family use. They annihilate pains and aches. Stamps taken. DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.



CATARRH
Cold in Head
ELY'S CREAM BALM
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally Situations procured all pupils when competent, send for circular. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N.Y.

YUCCA

Bald Heads don't despair. If you have one hair left to start with, you can, by using Yucca, have your hair back again. The more failures you have had, the more you will appreciate Yucca. One bottle will convince of the truth of this. YUCCA has just been introduced to the trade, and you can probably buy it at the nearest Druggists. If not, send us $1 and we will send you a trial bottle. Always address Yucca Co., Burlington, Vt.

FOR THE HAIR

DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. Success *or not when all remedies fail*. Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N.Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.



EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

FREE Sample DR. T. STONE'S BRONCHIAL WAFERS. Best Remedy for Throat and Lungs. Agents Wanted. STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Catarrh

When you have tried the various remedies for Catarrh and failed in obtaining relief, then try the new remedy NASALINE, and you will find that

YOU can be CURED

NASALINE has been tried by those who had given up all hope and *they have been cured*. We *assert positively* that a failure is unknown. Testimonials in quantity. Sent by mail. Price, 50c. (*stamps or postal note*). Send to Nasaline Mfg. Co., Denver, Colorado, and be

Cured.

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE PRESS AND THE STAGE:

BEING A REPLY TO DION BOUCICAULT AND OTHER CENSORS OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN ITS RELATION TO DRAMATIC ART.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

IN a letter addressed to me on January 1, 1889, Mr. Dion Boucicault—to mention whom is to name the most conspicuous dramatic author now living—made the following statement of his belief and opinion:

"The position I assume is that the newspaper press has practically displaced the public in the exercise of judgment and the formation of the stage; that in accepting this office it has incurred its responsibilities, that this service of opinions to the public has paralyzed the freedom and strength of public judgment; that actors seek to occupy high places by force of press advertisement; that the journalist, as a rule, is incompetent as a specialist in dramatic affairs, and encourages a trivial kind of drama and buffoonery; that the few journalists conspicuous by their capacity are too few to make head against this influence, and protest vainly, while the torrent of ribaldry and charlatanism sweeps into bathos, and imposture sits on the dramatic throne. And of this state of things no great drama, no great actor, can possibly come, and none has come—not one. Burlesque and society melodrama monopolize the stage. So since 1850 not a single work of any enduring life has been added to dramatic literature: the age is barren. These are a few of the results I attribute largely to the agency of the press."

This arraignment of the press, which has been repeated by Mr. Boucicault in print, is not a new expression of antipathy toward the character and influence of newspapers in their relation to the stage. This brilliant writer and actor long ago made known his disapprobation of the press, and there are many who sympathize with his views, and who habitually denounce "the critics." Mr. Boucicault is a man of proved ability, great experience, and world-wide reputation, and—as is natural—he has many followers. His statement of belief and opinion accordingly may be heard as one of the current voices of censure, and may be accepted and considered as a representative utterance of discontent with a social power.

II.

In 1841 a new comedy called *London Assurance* was produced in London, at Covent Garden, then managed by Madame Vestris. It was a comedy of the epigrammatic school. It preserved in a modern dress the tradition of Wycherley and Farquhar and Vanbrugh. Its persons were not perhaps of a lovable kind, but they were mostly sparkling persons, and the play was richly charged with animal spirits, frolic audacity, pungent satire, and sensuous life. The author of it, a young man who had acted under the name of Leigh Morton, was a beginner in dramatic authorship and in acting, and was then only on the threshold of his career. The play with which he thus launched himself upon the river of fame had a bounteous acceptance, was brilliantly successful—no authoritative voice in the press assailing it except that of George Henry Lewes—and it has kept its place upon the stage from that day to this. Within the next two theatrical seasons this same young author (like Farquhar, a gay, careless, and brilliant Irishman; like Vanbrugh, a trained architect and civil engineer; and like Wycherley, a writer of sparkling epigram, a rover in the fields of French theatrical literature, and a consummate interpreter of artificial manners and sentimental intrigue) had produced the bright and tender comedy of *Old Heads and Young Hearts* and the more dashing and dazzling comedy of *The Irish Heiress*. In 1845 this writer had already taken a place among men not only of auspicious promise but of solid performance. In that year he perceived that the public taste in theatrical matters, recoiling from a protracted strain of tragedy, had undergone a change. Macready, the regnant spirit of that epoch in dramatic affairs, had tried his great ventures, had retired from management in the English capital, and had made his first visit to America. The field was clear, and it seemed not unlikely that the popular craving might be satisfied by melodrama: yet melodrama of the earlier type—such as *The Miller and His Men* and *The Foundling of the Forest*, artificial in theme, wooden in character, and vapid in dialogue—could not any longer be deemed vital or be trusted to attract. This young author, quick to discern his opportunity and skilful to improve it, thereupon shaped the old melodramatic form entirely anew, introduced into it the comedy elements of human interest, truthful characterization, and brilliant dialogue, gave to it domestic sincerity and sweetness, without discarding its romantic color, and produced, in rapid succession and with ever-increasing success, *The Willow Copse*, *The Corsican Brothers*, *Faust and Margaret*, and *The Vampire*. These pieces, partly paraphrased, but partly original, and wholly original in their English form and treatment, gave new evidence of exceptional ability, and firmly established their writer's reputation. From that time onward, through a period of more than thirty years, his professional prosperity knew "no retiring ebb." Play after play followed from his pen, and fortune after fortune was poured into his lap. Strong in the consciousness of natural power and in the wealth that soon began to accrue from its exercise, he presently struck a shattering blow at the pecuniary tyranny that had long been maintained by dramatic managers over dramatic authors. From 1861 to 1866 he steadily "advanced that war," till at last the victory perched upon his banners and it became a recognized and settled principle that "the play's the thing," and that the author of the play must be paid, and well paid, for his artistic creation. For *The Willow Copse* (and nobody who ever saw Mr. Charles W. Couldock as Luke Fielding can hear the name of that play without a thrill) its author had received only £100, while for his version of *The Corsican Brothers* he had received only £60. Buckstone had received only £100 for *Green Bushes*, and Douglas Jerrold had received only £100 for *Black-eyed Susan*. The revolutionary author to whom I refer, after he had made his gallant fight for the practical interest of dramatic authorship, received £6500 for one play (*The Flying Scud*) and £5200 for another play (*After Dark*). I need not trace his line further. I speak of an author who has held the attention of the public for nearly fifty years, whose name is a household word equally in Melbourne, London, New York, and San Francisco. I speak of the author of *The Colleen Bawn*, *The Octoroon*, *The Long Strike*, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, *Kerry*, *Daddy O'Dowd*, *Belle Lamar*, and *The Shaughraun*. I speak of a brilliant actor and a consummate master of the art of dramatic writing, who for nearly half a century has received from the public in every part of the English-speaking world every possible practical tribute, and from the press which he now arraigns the most ample privilege and the widest, the kindest, the most liberal—I had almost said the most pusillanimous—consideration. I speak of a man who has had the opportunity (having conquered it by his talent and deserved it by his mental equipment) to use the stage exactly as he pleased, and upon whom more than upon any other single dramatic writer of our time rests the responsibility for its defective condition, whatever that defective condition may be. Can any one seriously believe that a public which has paid to this dramatic author fully $2,000,000 for his writing and his acting is wholly devoid of a practical appreciation of excellence? Can any one seriously believe that a press which, while not always unanimous in his praise, has celebrated every one of his achievements and recognized every particle of his merit—not only pouring forth its own incense with lavish prodigality, but freely opening its columns to his own epistolary elucidations of himself, which would fill a volume—is, in fact, the foe of genius and the despoiler of art? "Give me," cried Dion Boucicault on one occasion not far remote—"give me what every man yearns for more than fortune—the conviction that he has done some little good in his time." Has Mr. Boucicault done no good in his time? Has his time recognized no good in his career? Over and over again the public has honored Mr. Boucicault. Over and over again the press has declared that those Irish plays of his are the most superb things of their kind that have ever been written. Was that an error and a falsehood? Is the public verdict of admiration for Mr. Boucicault's art a mere echo of the insincere or stupid opinion of a mendacious or ignorant press? Can Mr. Boucicault, remembering his record and his experience, maintain that the stage is degraded and the public judgment fettered and paralyzed only because a few incompetent reviewers of the theatre sometimes write trivial articles about it? Have the trivial articles ever debarred him from one atom of the success that he deserved? Never once. The late Lester Wallack told me that the most prosperous play ever produced in his theatre after its removal to Thirteenth Street in 1860 was *The Shaughraun*; and besides its remunerative career in America, that piece was acted for 119 nights at the Adelphi, in London, in the season of 1875–6. Mr. Boucicault no doubt remembers that just before *The Shaughraun* was produced he proclaimed to me that a conspiracy of hostile critics had been formed against him to ruin it. But the public judgment about Mr. Boucicault's excellent play was not paralyzed. One practical critic, indeed, a pious Hibernian, at Louisville, Kentucky, where they speak of a play as if it were a vaccination, and question whether it will "take," indicated his censure of the amiable Conn by dropping a bad egg upon Mr. Boucicault in the wake scene, which probably he deemed sacrilegious; but that was the full extent of the disapproval. And surely one bad egg, however well directed, and even though it fall as the portentous sequel to a conspiracy of dramatic critics, ought not to make a man misanthropical for life in his views of the American press.

"'Tis but the fate of place,
And the rough brake that virtue must go through."

III.

The public, it is alleged, takes its critical opinions from the press, and is mentally impaired, or fettered, or otherwise injured by that impartment. Now the illogical character of this assumption ought to be apparent, and I think is apparent, from the obvious fact that to a considerable extent the public *is* the press; and surely it cannot be said to paralyze itself. The newspapers would not exist if the people did not like them and want them, and the people would not like them and want them if their own minds were not reflected in them. The public not only receives impressions, it also imparts them. All persons like to read what is written in the vein of their own conviction and preference, and they are usually intolerant of everything else. No one but a philosopher finds pleasure in reading the opinions of his adversary. "She cannot abide to be contradicted," says Cuddie Headrigg, in the immortal novel of *Old Mortality*, "and I think nobody likes it if he could help himself." It is not upon exceptional cases, but upon general conditions, that the reflex institutions of society—of which the press is one—are established and are made to prosper. The late Dr. Brandreth, who for a long time conferred a searching influence upon this community through the happy medium of pills, was once heard to state, while gazing at the incessant procession of pedestrians in Broadway, the cardinal principle of his opulent and beneficent career, "Nine out of every ten of those people" (such were the golden words of the sapient doctor) "are fools, and my pills are not made for the tenth man." It is not meant that virtuous wisdom ought to prey, or does prey, on helpless folly; it is only stated that sagacious enterprise flourishes by meeting expectation. A newspaper, like a theatre, must mainly owe its continuance in life to the fact that it pleases many persons; and in order to please many persons it will—unconsciously perhaps—respond to their several tastes, reflect their various qualities, and reproduce their views. In a certain sense it is evolved out of the community that absorbs it, and therefore, partaking of the character of the community, while it may retain many merits and virtues, it will display itself as in some respects ignorant, trivial, narrow, and vulgar. The elder James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York *Herald*, once said, "I wish my paper never to be more than a half a day in advance of public opinion on any subject whatever." I believe it never was. There is no use of making music for deaf-mutes; you will get neither a hearing nor a response. If every speaker has his audience, so every audience has its speaker, and that is why there are so many newspapers. We should all read one paper, and one only, if we were all of one mind, and if that one paper reflected it. As matters stand, society creates many journals, colors them, and is colored by them, and so perpetuates the attrition of its life. It is a reciprocal process. But with due qualification the press is not the cause of the mental condition of the public, but rather is one of its effects; and when you will condemn the press you do not go to the root of the disease unless you make a clear analysis and a lucid statement of what you will condemn it for. To arraign the newspapers for crippling the public judgment of the stage, when in fact the majority of them merely echo that judgment, is firing in the air. Besides, if we talk of judgment—of an intellectual process applied to matters of art—we talk of a faculty that is not possessed to any considerable extent by either the public or the press, never has been possessed by them, and probably never will be. Why should the prattle of a theatrical audience, which is absolutely vapid and quite innocuous when it is let loose in the lobby, be considered a potent mischief and a bane to the very people that uttered it, merely because it gets into print? Those who vacantly glance over it in their favorite newspaper the next morning have not in the mean time risen in the scale of intellectual being, and become any wiser than they were when they uttered it the night before. Have you ever observed the talk of the average theatrical audience when the play is ended and the crowd is leaving the house? Have you ever meditated upon its inanity and its ignorance? I recall a fragment of conversation that I once heard as I was leaving the theatre after a performance of Hamlet by Edwin Booth. The interlocutors were a grave elderly gentleman and a richly dressed and fashionable young lady. "I once saw Mr. Macready in this piece," said the former. "Did you?" she answered; "what part did *he* play?"

Enlighten and elevate the coarse and silly public if you wish to reform the coarse and silly newspaper. You cannot in fact produce the slightest effect upon either of them, but at least you will be rational in your censure, and you will "free your mind" in the right direction.

IV.

You are told by logical implication that there was a time when the intelligent public exercised its prerogative of judgment upon the stage—a time when yet the incompetent press had not deprived that public of this great boon and privilege of theatrical criticism. This is a fine flight of fancy, but it is nothing more. In one form or another the press has dwelt sporadically and intermittently upon this earth for more than twenty-five hundred years—ever since, in fact, the *Acta Diurna* was published in Rome, 691 years B.C.* I have not made a close personal examination of those records, but if I were to do so I should confidently expect to find that Marcus Horatius Flaccus Cacoëthes Scribendi took an early opportunity of apprising the Roman public that "the want has long been felt of an able, independent, high-toned, fearless journal, which should advocate the best interests of the stage and conscientiously labor for the elevation of the drama, the decline of which has long been observed with so much anxiety and painful regret." That the press could at any period have existed without this holy purpose is inconceivable—a condition contrary, not only to all we have read of historic fact, but to all we know of human nature. Newspapers the world over, whatever else they may have neglected, have never neglected to toil for the redemption of the stage. History, perhaps, affords no finer or more touching example of unselfish zeal and long-suffering devotion than may be contemplated in the traditional and chronic solicitude of the journalist for the actor. To tell us that the press was ever regardless of the theatre, or that it ever refrained from admonishing, or directing, or "elevating" that institution, is simply to presume upon our innocent credulity. The misguiding preceptor who would tell us that would tell us anything, and we ought not to wonder at his temerity when he goes still further and assures us that the public has ever been enslaved by the newspapers as to its critical rights and faculties. No doctrine could have a more sapient sound or less sense. The question is one of fact, and it must, I think, be determined by individual observation and experience. As a matter of fact the public in considering the stage does not take its critical opinions from the press or from anything else. The success of an actor with the majority of spectators, and perhaps with all spectators, does not depend upon reason, but upon feeling. It is not the intellectual attribute of the stage that attracts toward it so many even of intellectual persons; it is the sensuous element that attracts them. They are weary of the realm of thought; they long for the realm of emotion, for actual, tangible, breathing life. If an actor is able to impress his hearers agreeably, if he can diffuse a personal charm, he will succeed, and this result he will accomplish even though in a technical sense his acting may be defective. All the newspaper censure in the world cannot invalidate the power of genius, the fascination of beauty, or the alluring grace of a sympathetic temperament, while, on the other hand, all the newspaper applause in the world, although it may impart to the actor a certain temporary vogue and notoriety, cannot establish his reign in the public favor. *That* he must capture for himself, not so much by the merit of what he *does* as by the virtue of what he *is*, if he obtain it at all. Recognition is like love; and of this it has been well and truly said—by the almost forgotten poet Alexander Smith:

"Love gives itself—and, if not given,
No genius, beauty, worth, or wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it."

For while the power of thinking—the faculty of judgment, the clear, comprehensive, minute, intellectual vision—is very rare, the instinct that apprehends a benefaction through the feelings is almost universal. "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." So it goes with that repellent physician, and we turn away from his presence and seek him no more. But of another it is written (by the poet Emerson):

"Surely he carries a talisman
Under his tongue!
Broad are his shoulders and strong,
And his eye is scornful,
Beautiful, and young."

Or, in the words of Shakespeare:

"He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his head,
That speak him full of grace."

V.

I feel and understand (because I have struggled against it) the dejection that creeps upon the mind when the evening shadows begin to gather, when the winds of twilight whisper in the fading leaves, when the embers are dying on the hearth-stone and the

* "The Romans not only had plenty of books, but they had a *manuscript daily newspaper*, the *Acta Diurna*, which seems to have been a record of the proceedings of the Senate. We do not know how it was written nor how it was published, but it was frequently mentioned by contemporary writers as the regular official medium for transmitting intelligence. It was sent to subscribers in distant cities, and was sometimes read to an assembled army. Cicero mentions the *Acta* as a sheet in which he expected to find the city news and gossip about marriages and divorces."—*The Invention of Printing*, by Theodore L. De Vinne, p. 44.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

night is coming down. How touchingly that great poet Tennyson has said it, in his noble testamentary sequel to "Locksley Hall":

"Poor old voice of eighty, crying after voices that have fled!
All I loved are vanished voices, all my steps are on the dead;
All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears,
Forward far, and far from here, is all the hope of eighty years."

But no man should mistake his individual dejection for the failure of human progress. For him, indeed, little by little the lights are put out and the world grows dark. No doubt you remember those pathetic words with which Sir Walter Scott, when he came home to die in his beloved valley of the Tweed, greeted the gentle scenery of that sylvan retreat:

"The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are these the same that once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?"

The sun was shining gloriously upon the turrets of Abbotsford when I stood beneath them only a little while ago, and the ripple of the Tweed that sounded in his dying ears was as sweet and gay and careless as ever. The world goes on for others although it may cease for us; and we may be very sure that it is a better world for them than any vanished world of ours which now begins to seem so lovely because it is lost and gone. Whenever we listen to the voice of the Past, and hear again the old refreshing assurance that the Present is a failure, we ought, I think, to reflect that every Past was once a Present, and that each succeeding Present has resounded with the same wail of lamentation for the glories of departed days: and thus we shall perceive that the golden time exists just as much now as it ever did—and just as little.

Mr. Boucicault justifies the inference that he thinks the stage is in a deplorable state, and that the press—by depriving the public of its right and power of theatrical criticism—has placed it there. But if there was a time when the public still possessed and exercised that right and power, there must also have been a time when the press dealt with the stage in an altogether wiser and more reticent manner than it employs now. It is not surprising that persons who are not acquainted with the history of the stage in America should fall into errors of this fantastic kind; but it does seem remarkable that a veteran observer—one who combines in himself all the offices of author, actor, theatrical manager, journalist, and dramatic critic—should choose to adopt them; and it would be inexplicable but for what we know of the illusory tendency of reminiscent age. For, as a simple matter of fact, the stage is a much more powerful and prosperous institution to-day than ever it was before, at any period in the history of this country, while the treatment which it receives from the press—allowing equally for folly in the mass of popular newspapers and for whatever incompetence may exist in the select journals of the higher class—is, upon the whole, abler and more practical, helpful, and thorough than any that was ever accorded to it in "the palmy days."

VI.

The stage in America has existed about one hundred and fifty years. One of the causes which especially promoted its growth on this continent was the sudden and brilliant ascendency obtained in London by David Garrick. That marvellous actor first arose prominently upon the scene in 1741, being then in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and in the following year he appeared with great renown at Drury Lane, of which theatre he became in 1747 the manager. His success was so prodigious that it soon overwhelmed the fortunes of every other theatrical notability of the time; and this force it was that dispersed the more ambitious players during a considerable period, driving them into the North, to York and Edinburgh, into Ireland, and even across the Atlantic into America. That admirable scholar Judge C. P. Daly, in a valuable paper that he read before the New York Historical Society many years ago noted the existence of a building which was called "the Playhouse" in this city as early as 1733; but the earliest theatrical proceedings of which he could find any record were those of certain actors who came here from Philadelphia in 1750, two years before the historic advent of Hallam in that famous performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, September 5, 1752, at Williamsburg, Virginia, which has commonly been regarded as marking the formal advent of the acted drama in the Western World. The pioneer, however, should be deemed the founder, and the pioneer in this case was the Irish comedian John Moody, who came over from England to Jamaica in 1745, established a theatre there, and conducted it with prosperity for four years. Once on the adjacent islands it soon reached the main-land, and long before the close of the eighteenth century it had become a recognized American institution. The student readily perceives, however, a sharp and signal contrast between its condition then and its circumstances now. In those days a narrow margin of land along the Atlantic seaboard was thinly settled with European colonists, some of them immigrants, others the descendants, born upon the soil, of immigrants who had come over at an earlier time. At its northern extremity this margin of land terminated in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, which then included much of the territory now comprised in the State of Maine. At its southern extremity so much of it as existed under British jurisdiction ended in the two Carolinas and Georgia. A Spanish settlement flourished in Florida and a French settlement in Louisiana. The breadth of the actually inhabited country was not at any point more than three hundred miles. In Canada the cities of Quebec and Montreal had been founded, and French settlements existed along the St. Lawrence River. The rest of the American continent was a wilderness. The English population of the Atlantic seaboard colonies was about one million persons. The principal towns were New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Baltimore, Annapolis, Williamsburg, and Charleston, and into each of these towns the theatre gradually made its way. The players from Jamaica (a manager named David Douglas having succeeded John Moody there in 1749) came across in 1758, and gave performances in Philadelphia, Newport, Perth Amboy, Charleston, and Albany. During the war of Independence there was no theatre in America, the cessation of theatrical exhibitions having been enjoined by the Continental Congress, nor were dramatic performances given here, except by parties of English military in the garrison towns. After the war had ended the actors came back. The West Indian company had continued to act in Jamaica, and capital players, such as Wignell, Henry, and Lewis Hallam the younger, had joined it, and this troop now returned to New York as "the old American company," thus during a number of years keeping the current of theatrical activity in continuous flow. Down to 1792, although the stream ran with some bickering, no serious jar occurred in the harmony of its music. New York was the centre, and there was but one important theatre within its limits. In 1792 Wignell broke away, and in 1794, at Philadelphia, he opened the Chestnut Street Theatre—long the most splendid playhouse in America, and the scene of many brilliant and memorable exploits. The Park was its rival in New York, and presently it had another rival in the Boston Theatre, at Boston; but that was all. When the present century came in it found two or three companies of actors oscillating by means of a stage-coach between two or three sparsely populated, incommodious, and radically provincial towns. As the century proceeded the hand of adventurous industry began to uproot the wilderness and to sow new cities on the plain, bearing westward the banner of the republic, beneath which marched "the wrinkled front" of war and the civilizing arts of peace. As material prosperity was increased, the stage, though slowly, advanced to a better and better estate. Actors of authentic power, such as William Twaits, Francis Blissett, Mary Duff, Henry J. Finn, George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, Junius Brutus Booth, and Edwin Forrest, appeared and prospered. Strolling companies sailed down the Ohio and the Mississippi upon flat-boats, shooting birds and beasts upon the banks for food as they glided along the forest-fringed waterways of the continent. Gilfert, Hamblin, and Wallack appeared in the East, Sol Smith in the West, Caldwell in the South. Confronted with obstacles, impeded by hardship, oppressed by bigotry, but stanch and resolute through all manner of obloquy and distress, the dramatic art—which advances with human development because it is a part of human nature—moved steadily on in its upward course. In due time came the steam-boat, the railway, and the telegraph. New States were admitted to the Union, and a vast population, thronging from the Old World and teeming in the New, swarmed over the prairies, burst through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, and poured itself down their golden slopes to the Pacific coast. In one stanza of his noble poem commemorative of Daniel Webster, and contrastive of the youth with the age of that illustrious American, the poet Holmes has epitomized this vision of superb national growth:

"His land was but a barren strip,
Black with the strife that made it free:
He lived to see its banners dip
Their fringes in the Western sea."

If Wignell, or Henry, or Powell, or Dunlap, or any other dramatic chieftain of "the palmy days" could revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would his astonished ghost behold? There are at present in the United States and Canada 3410 theatrical towns—places, that is, in which theatrical performances are habitually given. Distributed through these towns there are 5212 theatres, not every one an especially equipped theatre, but every one adapted for theatrical business and customarily used for it. The number of actors in this country is 2527; the number of managers is 365; the number of stars and combinations that were last year on their professional travels through this land is 249; the number of persons directly and indirectly employed in the industry of the stage is not less than 50,000; and it is safe to say that the persons who continually derive pleasure in various forms, and sometimes intellectual benefit, from the theatre may be numbered as millions.

VII.

How has the press treated this extensive and important and ever-growing institution, artistic and industrial, and how should the press treat it? Manifestly it is idle to declare, when a social institution is constantly growing better and not worse, that it suffers under the ill treatment of the press. For what signifies the attitude of the press when no harm ensues from it? The belief, indeed, may be urged that better plays would be written and better performances would be given if the newspapers would devote more attention to the stage, and would make that attention of a more thorough and capable kind. But Art originates and expands, not from outward instillation, but from inward impulse. An increase of attention to the stage and a change from vulgar frivolity to scholar-like gravity in the manner of treating it, would in many papers create a public discontent and lead to the alienation of readers and of business. Furthermore, even the intellectual and advanced press is under no obligation to give instruction in either the art of writing plays or the art of acting them. You do not go to a newspaper for tuition in the languages and mathematics; you go to a school. The province of the press is, first, to make a complete and truthful record of the news of the day, keeping always within the limits of decency and discretion; and secondly, to comment on that news in a rational, able, and vivacious manner, and in that vein of reflection, whatever it may be, which it is believed will most conduce to the public good. With reference to the stage, its moral aspect, its intellectual quality, its spiritual drift, and its artistic and industrial prosperity are the proper objects of attention. Beyond this point the ministrations of the press are superfluous and may become injurious. Vanity is a principal agent in human affairs. Sheridan was undoubtedly right when he said that it ought to be numbered among the passions. Certainly it does not need encouragement. No doctrine could be more ignorant in its oversight of inspiration or more detractive in its ignoble influence upon human character than the doctrine that consideration for the praise of critics should be valued and trusted as a main-spring of excellence in any form of art. It is only an insatiable greed of being in the public eye that would demand from the respectable press of America a greater prominence than the stage already occupies in its columns. That press has served the stage, and is constantly serving it, with ardent sympathy, with copious generosity, with thoughtful devotion, and—I need not say that I have other men in mind, and not myself, when I add—with entirely competent scholarship and talent. An actor must take himself very seriously indeed, and must cherish a most extraordinary and overweening estimate of the importance of his avocation, who at this late day and in the face of all the benefits that the stage receives from the press can come forward with the dissatisfied inquiry of Laertes, "Must there no more be done?" What more would you have? Not Disraeli or Gladstone, with the weight of the British Empire upon his shoulders, not Daniel Webster, saving his country for ten years from the scourge of civil war, ever occupied even half the space in the newspaper press that has been allotted these many years to Edwin Booth or Henry Irving, or ever engrossed half the enthusiasm of affection, the conscientious thought, the tender sensibility, or the intellectual effort that have been lavished upon those admirable actors. But with many members of the stage it is an infirmity to overrate their profession—to regard it as an end, and not as a means, in human civilization. I have lived all my life with actors, and no man of my time, I venture to think, has shown himself more their friend: yet I am often amused at this histrionic weakness. The actor's idea of the stage is indicated not inaptly by a story told of old Peter Richings, who used to impersonate General Washington in a drama that ended with the apotheosis of that patriot, Peter as the hero being represented in a blaze of scenic glory, with Hail Columbia, played by Miss Caroline Richings, standing beside him. There came a night when two mischievous low comedians, wishful to guy the scene, crept into this picture just before the flats were drawn off to disclose it. But the vigilant eye of the Father of his Country promptly discovered them. "Get out of this," cried Peter, from his eminence in the empyrean; "this is heaven; nobody is allowed here but Caroline and me."

Have you ever considered the spectacle that is presented by the press of this country whenever the approach of a new actor is announced? If I may lightly employ the sublime Miltonic figure, "far off his coming shines." First there is a rumor that he has been engaged. Then a regretful doubt is cast upon the rumor. Then the expeditious cable flashes over a scornful repudiation of the doubt, coupled with the cordial assurance that the engagement is really made. Then comes the sketch of his illustrious life, wherein are set forth all the glowing details of his great successes beyond the sea. A little later the opinions of the foreign press begin to mingle with the stream of local news. A few anecdotes, sentimental or humorous, illustrative of his fascinating character come next and do not come amiss. Presently our diligent journals apprise us that he has eaten his farewell dinner and uttered with deep emotion his farewell speech, and that his bark is now actually upon the sea. The list of his theatrical company, the catalogue of his scenery, and the names of his plays and characters are next in order, and are duly supplied. The interval of the voyage is devoted to recapitulation and to a sympathetic portrayal of the views of his manager as to the expediency of raising the prices, and of the lively excitement with which the ticket-sellers await his approach. No sooner does his ship cast anchor in our bay than a tug-boat streaming with banners and filled with newspaper reporters arrives at Quarantine to "meet him and receive him," while not improbably a committee from the Lotos Club or the Lambs awaits him on the steam-ship pier to ask him to dinner. For several ensuing days the newspapers teem with what are called interviews—frightful compounds of platitude and triviality, through which their writers loom forth as prodigies of impertinent curiosity and vulgar insolence, while the honored stranger is indeed fortunate if, with all the laborious courtesy of his patient and wary replies, he escapes emblazonment as a preposterous ass. At length, sustained and cheered by the acclamation of a great multitude, he steps upon the scene and plays his part, and the next day every considerable newspaper in the land gives a column to his exploit. From that time onward his advance through the continent is a triumphal progress. The luxurious Pullman car wheels him from city to city. The stateliest mansions throw wide their doors for his reception. The brightest spirits of the club, the studio, and the boudoir throng around him with every proffer of hospitality that kindness can suggest or liberal prodigality provide. Statesmen are his companions. Fair ladies crown him with laurel. Poets embalm his great name in the amber of their verse. The boys buy his picture and "make up" on his model. The girls cannot live without his autograph. Nothing is left undone that by any possibility of chance can make him happy; and as he thus speeds onward in the glittering track of the occidental star the vigilant newspaper—the sleepless eye, the tireless hand, the ceaseless voice—faithful to the last, whether he buys a cravat, or plants a tree, or restores a monument, or endows a college, or loses a pocket-handkerchief, still follows his renowned footsteps and still keeps amply full the daily chronicle of his illustrious deeds.

These services might be done with better taste but in themselves they are harmless. "Where virtue is, these are more virtuous." They mark the prodigious benefit of publicity which the journalist confers upon the actor. But the benefaction of the press to the stage does not pause at publicity. In England they have had the newspaper continuously for 226 years. In America we have had it continuously since 1704. In 1860 the number of individual newspapers published in the United States had exceeded 40,000, and the annual issue of them amounted to 928,000,000 copies. At present the number is much larger, for within the period of one generation our population has increased from 31,000,000 to more than 60,000,000 of inhabitants, and each of our principal industries has been augmented in a corresponding degree. Almost every newspaper that is published gives some attention, more or less friendly and intelligent, to the subject of the stage. In London—the *two* theatres that monopolized theatrical industry in the time of Garrick having given place to the *forty* theatres that promote it in the time of Irving—there are sixty important newspapers that "make a feature" of theatrical news and criticism. In nine large cities of this republic—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, St. Louis, and San Francisco—there are 116 important newspapers (by which is meant newspapers of probity, dignity, conscientious principle, and sensitive and responsible wealth) that devote a special department to the stage. The work of the American magazine in this direction has not been fully tabulated; but since 1840 more than one hundred articles, of standard literary authority and value, upon actors and the theatre have appeared in those publications, while in the list of authors who have written about the stage, and written in a way to strengthen and advance it, stand the eminent names of Henry N. Hudson, Gulian C. Verplanck, Henry W. Bellows, Richard Grant White, Henry Giles, Edwin P. Whipple, Thomas R. Gould, Charles T. Congdon, Howard Furness, and George William Curtis. And upon this roll of honor I should not hesitate to write, as competent expositors and salutary helpers of dramatic art, these other names, which are of past and present workers for the newspaper press of America: William Leggett, James Oakes, Charles C. B. Seymour, Fitz-James O'Brien, William Henry Huribut, Edward G. P. Wilkins, J. R. Towse, Stephen Fiske, George W. Hows, John D. Stockton, Clarke Davis, Henry Sedley, H. E. Krehbiel, Henry Watterson, Theodore Hagen, A. W. Thaxter, Charles Fairbanks, W. W. Clapp, John A. Harrington, Edmund Remack, Henry Neill, Shelton Mackenzie, Benjamin E. Woolff, Henry A. Clapp, Elwyn A. Barron, T. C. De Leon, Edward Fuller, George Edgar Montgomery, F. A. Schwab, and George P. Goodale.

VIII.

You are told that no "great" actor has appeared and that no "great" play has been written since 1850, and that this melancholy sterility is likewise due to the blighting influence of the newspaper press. The term "great" is a relative term, and one that is not always used with discretion. Greatness, in any period and under any circumstances, has always been rare. It is of elemental birth, and is independent alike of its time and its circumstances. Theorists who assure you, as the historian Froude has assured you, that Shakespeare was the result of his time, talk phantasy. He was the consequence of heredity—if you like, of Adam and Eve—but not of the social conditions antecedent to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The active existence of a circle of dramatic critics could neither have repressed his development nor caused it; nor would such a circle affect such a mind now, if such a mind were born. Neither is it environment that causes the production of great plays; it is inspiration, working upon a special faculty congenital in the author; and even this cannot be implicitly trusted. Not more than twenty out of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays are great plays, or have survived as of any practical use to the stage at present; and out of more than six thousand plays that were published in England down to the close of the last century only about fifty are ever acted or ever should be acted now. Your great play is almost as exceptional as your great genius. Let us be content with *good* actors and *good* plays. I might remind my dependent friend Mr. Boucicault that since 1850—at which time several of them were unborn or were children, while the others were only on the threshold of professional life—he has seen the rise of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Henry Irving, Edward A. Sothern, Edwin Adams, John McCullough, J. L. Toole, Lawrence Barrett, H. J. Montague, Genevieve Ward, Kate Bateman, Madge R. Kendal, Marie Seebach, Helena Modjeska, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. John Wood, Laura Keene, Fanny Janauschek, Agnes Robertson, Ellen Terry, Adelaide Neilson, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Ada Rehan, and Lily Langtry; and I might declare, what certainly I think, that some of these names will be written in dramatic history with those that are noblest and brightest in the scroll of histrionic greatness. I might also affirm my belief that there are plays by Westland Marston, T. W. Robertson, Herman Merivale, James Albery, Tom Taylor, W. S. Gilbert, W. G. Wills, George H. Boker, Bronson Howard, Augustin Daly, Steele Mackaye, and Dion Boucicault (all of which belong to this bereft period of the last forty years), which are as well entitled to be esteemed "great plays" as

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

any that survive from the historic hands of Fenton, Hughes, Farquhar, Colman, Holcroft, Goldsmith, or Sheridan Knowles—excellent writers, no doubt, but writers to whose dramatic productions it was never in their own time deemed necessary to refer "with bated breath and whispering humbleness." But it is enough to indicate the *good* actors and the *good* plays that have arisen during this period, and to declare the simple truth, which cannot successfully be controverted, that every one of them has had the sympathy, the admiration, and the prospering favor of all reputable newspapers throughout America. The press critics may not have written as Coleridge and as Lamb used to write. But they have written quite well enough for the majority of their readers; and it would be exceedingly difficult to specify any single instance in which a greater fulness of success could have been achieved as a consequence of any different style or measure of critical treatment. I cannot immediately remember all the good plays of our time that every respectable journal in this land has welcomed with praise and honor, but I will mention a few of them: *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Caste*, *Our Boys*, *Pique*, *The Two Orphans*, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, *The Henrietta*, *The Man of Airlie*, *Divorce*, *False Shame*, *Forget-Me-Not*, *The Two Roses*, *The Favorite of Fortune*, *Jessie Brown*, *Dan'l Druce*, *Charles the First*, *All For Her*, *Through the Dark*, *The White Pilgrim*, and *Clancarty*.

IX.

Judges who believe, with Mr. Boucicault, that the press misguides and injures the public by its treatment of the stage must logically accept one of two alternatives. Either they think that dramatic criticism should cease altogether, or they think that it should be abler and more abundant. The former expedient is visionary—for, as remarked by Mrs. Candour, "people will talk"; and the talk of people, whether in print or in private, seems to be an essential factor in carrying on the affairs of life. Some time ago, indeed, I read of a man, resident in the western part of New York, who had not spoken a single word for nine years, and who wrote upon a slate, when he was asked the reason of his silence, "I shall wait till I think of something good enough to say." His example no doubt was wholesome, but to this ideal of more than Spartan fortitude the human race in America is at present unequal. The talk will flow on, and the stage, like everything else, will be discussed; and at least its business will be prospered by the discussion. But with reference to the second alternative — better dramatic critics and more of them (which seems to be Mr. Boucicault's doctrine)—while there is no objection to the aspiration as a war-cry, one would like to know some convincing reason for that sanguine belief in the efficacy of dramatic criticism. What does any observer suppose that it *might* accomplish, more than it *has* accomplished, or more than it *does* accomplish?

It is my desire neither to exaggerate nor to depreciate the influence of dramatic criticism, but I have never been able quite to understand the superlative practical value of it, as proclaimed by many persons. To my mind the newspaper article on the stage never settles anything. If well written it may interest the reader's thoughts, excite his curiosity, increase or rectify his knowledge, and possibly suggest to him a beneficial line of reflection or study. That is all. Newspaper commendation may accelerate the success of a play already recognized as good, and newspaper ridicule may hasten the obsequies of a play already so bad that its failure is inevitable. But criticism establishes no man's rank, fixes no man's opinion, dissuades no man from the bent of his humor. The actor whom it praises may nevertheless pass away and no place be found for him. The actor whom it "slates" does not expire, neither does he repair to the woods. Far more likely he goes to Boston and writes a Reply. In the early days of *The Black Crook*, when it had become known to me, from the police, that one form of vice had been much increased, through the influence of that spectacle, in the neighborhood of Niblo's Theatre, I thought it was my duty (as the dramatic reviewer for the *New York Tribune*) to denounce that exhibition; and I did denounce it "in good set terms." The consequence was an immediate and enormous increase in the public attendance, and my friend Henry D. Palmer, one of the managers of the *Crook*, addressed to me these grateful and expressive words: "Go on, my boy; this is exactly what we want." Since then I have been reticent with fulminations in the presumed interest of public morality. At the present moment two amiable and handsome young people are disporting at a neighboring theatre as Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. A more futile performance, in every possible point of view, probably was never given; and I believe the critical tribunals of the town have mostly stated this truth—in some cases with considerable virulence. Yet this performance draws crowded houses, and, no doubt, it will continue to draw them, here and all over the country. Many other elements enter into this subject aside from the question of dramatic art. The critic of the stage should do his duty, but he will be wise not to magnify his office, and he certainly becomes comical when he vaunts himself as to the practical results of his ministration. I know that he exists in the midst of tribulations. He must pass almost every night of his life in a hot theatre, breathing the bad air and commingling with a miscellaneous multitude ennobled by the sacred muniment of liberty but largely unaccustomed to the use of soap. He must frequently and resignedly contemplate red and green and yellow nightmares of scene that would cause the patient omnibus-horse to lie down in his tracks and expire. He must often and calmly listen to the voice of the national catarrh, in comparison with which the aquatic fog-horn or the ear-piercing fife is a soothing sound of peace. He must blandly respond to the patent-leather smile of the effusive theatrical agent, who hopes that he is very well but inwardly wishes him in Tophet. He must clasp the clammy hand and hear the baleful question of the jibbering "first-night" lunatic, who exists for the sole purpose of inquiring "What do you think of this?" He must preserve the coolness and composure of a marble statue, when every nerve in his system is tingling with the anxious sense of responsibility, haste, and doubt; and he must perform the delicate and difficult duty of critical comment upon the personality of the most sensitive people in the world under a pressure of adverse conditions such as would paralyze any intellect not specially trained to the task. And when he has done his work, and done it to the best of his ability and conscience, he must be able placidly to reflect that his motives are impugned, that his integrity is flouted, that his character is traduced, and that his name is bemired by every filthy scribbler in the blackguard section of the press and of the stage, with as little compunction as though he were the "common cry of curs." These trials, however, need not turn his brain. He should not suppose, as he often does, that an attentive universe waits trembling on his nod. He should not flatter himself with the delusion that he can make or unmake the reputation of other men. It often happens that his articles are not read at all; and when they are read it is quite as likely that they will incite antipathy as it is that they will win assent. He should not imagine that he is Apollo standing by a tripod, or Brutus sending his son to the block. He is, in reality, firing a pop-gun. He is writing a newspaper article about a theatrical performance, but both the performance and the article will be forgotten on the day after to-morrow. He should not forget that an actor whom he dislikes may nevertheless be a good actor, and that an actor whom he admires may nevertheless be a bad one. Human judgment is finite, and it ought always to be charitable; and the stage, which is the mirror of human life, affords ample room for an honest difference of opinion. There is no reason in the world, furthermore, why the dramatic critic, merely because he happens to hold that office, should straightway imbibe a hideous hatred of all other unfortunate beings who chance to labor in the same field. He would be much better employed in writing those wise and true and beautiful dramatic criticisms which he thinks ought to be written than he is when uttering querulous and bitter and nasty complaint and invective because they are not, as he considers, written by his contemporaries in his own line. Let him improve his own opportunity and leave others to their devices. All the good that he can really accomplish is done when he sets the passing aspects of the stage instructively, agreeably, and suggestively before the public mind, and keeps them there. He is not required to manage the theatres or to regulate the people who are trying to earn a living by means of the stage. "To be useful to as many as possible," says the wise thinker Walter Savage Landor, "is the especial duty of the critic, and his utility can only be attained by rectitude and precision." The newspaper article accomplishes all that should be expected of it when it arouses and pleases and benefits the reader, clarifying his views, and helping him to look with a sympathetic and serene vision upon the pleasures and pains, the joys and sorrows, the ennobling splendors and the solemn admonitions of the realm of art.

X.

As I glance thus at the duties and infirmities of the average dramatic critic I seem to hear the pensive voice of my vigilant Hibernian adversary murmuring to me, in the words of Sir Anthony Absolute, "You are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question." But the structural weakness in Mr. Boucicault's indictment against the press is that he confounds the lower press with the higher; holds the latter responsible for the defects and iniquities of the former; and arraigns the whole press for a fault that largely affects only a part of it, and really is original in his own self-elected client, the miscellaneous public. The commonplace, vapid, ribald, vulgar newspapers which properly offend Mr. Boucicault, by their incompetent and boorish treatment of art, would not exist if there were not commonplace, vapid, ribald, and vulgar people, in great numbers, to read them and support them. To introduce learning, taste, and thought into the theatrical notices published by those newspapers would only be to astonish or puzzle or disgust their readers. Learning, taste, and thought are not objects of desire with the riff-raff population that wants to hear of Kyrle Bellew's lunatic lover, or Lillian Russell's tights, or Sadie Martinot's dresses. It does not signify what such people think about art, or what such papers say about it—if they say anything. They are out of the question. It is with the higher press and the higher press alone that we should concern ourselves in this inquiry; and I think that censors like Mr. Boucicault are either unacquainted with the work of the higher press in the service of the stage, or that they undervalue it. They might, indeed, urge, with some show of truth, that the higher press has not yet entirely freed itself from the belittling influence of the coarse and ignorant multitude. Whenever a good newspaper disappoints or offends the finer intelligence and sensibility of the community you will find that the reason of it is resident in some form of subserviency to popular caprice. The conscientious enthusiast and the blatant demagogue are alike in this—that they both magnify the mob. There is scarcely a newspaper in the United States that is absolutely free from a practical remembrance of the doctrine of Mr. Jefferson Brick: "We air a great people, sir, and we must be cracked up." Flattery of the people is a cardinal principle of the time. Instead of being told of their faults and admonished to surmount their obstructive vulgarity and inordinate conceit, they are constantly assured that the world never before saw such wonderful and lovely beings—that the crow sings as sweetly as the nightingale, and—by practical surrender to their folly—that a coarse and low curiosity is as well entitled to be gratified as an honorable instinct or a noble aspiration. "A man's a man for a' that." He is—and often a most offensive man. The American press, like almost everything else in the Republic, suffers under an excess of Democracy. It is possible to have too much of a good thing. The nauseating frivolity of many of the publications that are made about the stage arises from the indirect operation of this power. Mr. Boucicault's dissatisfaction is natural, but his censure should be clearly defined, and it should descend upon the real offender. He is right, furthermore, in deploring that the task of writing dramatic criticism should so often be intrusted to extremely young and incapable persons. Youth commonly assumes omniscience, and in youth we mistake our exuberant delight in our own sensations for the thrill that should be caused by the actor: we supply the feeling, and we imagine that the actor has imparted it. I do not, however, believe in age merely as age. It is the youthful spirit in age that makes it potent, and if that spirit be only preserved (as it is in the evergreen alacrity of Mr. Boucicault), time imparts to it a blessing that nothing else can give. Gœthe's words, as usual, cover the whole ground: "At last, after great preparation, he disclosed to me that true experience is just precisely when one experiences what an experienced man must experience in experiencing his experience."

XI.

There are a few petty and futile charges against the press, made by Mr. Boucicault and re-echoed by his adherents, upon which it seems essential to bestow a passing comment. Those charges declare that the press is unjust to the stage, because it publishes articles about the play on the morning after the play is produced; that the critics disagree in opinion upon the play, and thus indicate that there is no standard of judgment; that the publishers of newspapers fetter the writers for them, and prevent the expression of the truth; and, in general, that the press is influenced by bribery. These allegations are either speciously misleading or distinctly and absolutely untrue.

The evening papers and the weekly papers constitute an important section of the press. The evening papers do not print their articles about a play until the afternoon of the day succeeding an evening performance; the weekly papers are usually five or six days later. With reference to the morning newspapers it should be observed that the custom of going to press at an early hour has only recently been adopted by them and is not invariably enforced. In former times an interval of three hours usually occurred between the fall of the final curtain at the theatre and the moment when no more copy could be taken by the newspaper. Much may be done in three hours; and even the hurried words of a writer who is competent to discuss a given subject at all are often preferable to the studied phrases of a writer who requires days of incubation before he can say anything. Furthermore it seldom happens that any dramatic performance is given which involves considerations of such colossal magnitude that they cannot be disposed of in three hours of practised labor. Any expert in this avocation (and surely no one but an expert should be trusted in it) can write a satisfactory column, in any newspaper, within one hour and a half. It is hard work, but it can be done, and the imperative requirements of morning journalism often exact the doing of it. When Mr. Boucicault's play of *Arrah-na-Pogue* was first produced in New York (at Niblo's Theatre, in August, 1865), the article about it that appeared in the *New York Times* the next morning, written by Charles C. B. Seymour, was written in my presence, after the fall of the last curtain. It nearly filled one column. It was written in exactly forty minutes—and it could not have been better (for it was an excellent article) if its author had worked on it for forty days. The competence of service depends upon the man who undertakes to render it. Mr. Boucicault has often favored the public with an expression of his contempt for newspaper writers. This is sad, but even this can be endured; and it seems just possible that upon this subject Mr. Boucicault is not the most competent of judges. Such English writers as George Augustus Sala, Wm. Beatty-Kingston, Clement Scott, Joseph Hatton, Joseph Knight, Charles Dunphie, Percy Fitzgerald, William Archer, Austin Brereton, and Moy Thomas, or such American writers as Henry E. Krehbiel, Edwin Dithmar, A. C. Wheeler, John Cockerill, A. F. Bowers, William Laffan, Henry A. Clapp, Benjamin E. Woolff, Clarke Davis, Isaac H. Bromley, Stephen Fiske, and Henry Watterson would probably amaze Mr. Boucicault if he were ever to become acquainted with the feats of composition which they are obliged to perform, and do perform, night after night, in the service of the press. The vanity of actors may not be satisfied, but, fortunately, the better sense of the community is not controlled by the vanity of actors. Our journals are for our readers—most of whom do not visit the theatre at all—and our readers are contented when they receive an entertaining account of the theatre, providing always that they receive it promptly. It should be added that the custom of the morning papers all over America is to publish not only an immediate article about the new play or the new actor, but a second, a third, or a fourth article, at succeeding intervals of time. No man in any other profession or pursuit in the world gets the same amount of attention from the press that the actor gets. It is comic to find him complaining that he gets it too promptly.

The statement that there is no standard of judgment because critics sometimes disagree in opinion about the merits of a play (for it must be observed that they do not always disagree) has a fine sound but no meaning. Disagreement is not confined to critics. There is a dissentient voice always and everywhere, because each human being exists at a separate altitude in moral, spiritual, and intellectual development. Ruskin and Lowell are contemporary with O'Donovan Rossa. Tastes differ, and there must always be conflict of thought as to ideals and as to their expression. But the standard is not affected. The truth remains—and statements derive their force, not from being made but from being true. The dissonance of opinion is mostly temperamental, and usually it is ephemeral. Things live that ought to live. "Nature is above art in that." The greatest names and the noblest works of which the world has any knowledge were all decried in their day by somebody. Greene sneered at Shakespeare and talked of "bombast" and "a Shake-scene"—which is paltry twaddle now. John Locke ranked Blackmore above Milton, and Edmund Waller thought the "Paradise Lost" a tedious composition—yet somehow the world reads Milton and does not read either Blackmore or Waller. There is an old tract in the Lambeth Palace Library in London that sneers at "the moral Gower" as "baggage"; but Gower is reverenced, among scholars, as the father of English poetry. Christopher North, writing in 1816, said of Edmund Kean, "He rants abominably and is no actor at all"; and Sir Walter Scott, referring to the same great man, described him as "a copper-laced, twopenny tearmouth, rendered mad by conceit and success"; and this was at the very time when William Hazlitt could say of him that "to see Edmund Kean at his best is one of the consolations of the human mind." Wilson and Scott were giants of intellect, yet the renown of the great actor has only grown brighter in the lapse of time, and his name endures to our day without one stain upon its artistic glory. Critics may differ in feeling and in taste, but they finally concur as to the essential fact; and when they do agree, as remarked by Mr. Puff, in the farce, their unanimity is wonderful.

With reference to the charge of dishonesty on the part of the press, those who make that charge should take care to prove it. This they never do. Mr. Boucicault himself, for example, has been giving forth dark intimations any time within the last ten or twelve years as to his dexterity in having captured "a conspicuous critic" on the New York press with a "bait" which—to use his own elegant expression—"had a hook in it." But this mysterious censor deals almost always in vague generality and innuendo. The "conspicuous critic" is never named. Perhaps his name is "Mrs. Harris." Against Mr. Boucicault's weapon of shameful insinuation, however, I place Mr. Boucicault's own words—written in one of those rare moments when he has chosen to be explicit. On Saturday, March 8, 1873, at the Clarendon Hotel, New York, Mr. Boucicault wrote and signed the following statement, which was duly published: "*I never paid a farthing for a favor from the press, and I never will, and in candor I am bound to say that if I offered it I am sure it would be regarded as a gross insult.*" Did Mr. Boucicault subsequently depart from the virtuous resolution expressed by him in those heroic lines? Has he, since then, tempted human frailty and suffered a shock to his sweet and noble ideal of human nature? It cannot be! These views of his, after all, must be merely tentative and hypothetical. For, as lately as April 9, 1879, I find him declaring, in the *Chicago Tribune*, a very different opinion of mankind in general and of the press-ridden and paralyzed theatrical audience in particular. These are his golden sentences, and with these I leave him:

"I never met with any community where vice was not detested and virtue beloved and cheered; where misfortune did not draw tears and sympathy; and where all that was good and kind and gentle in human nature was not readily and eagerly hailed with delight, and where everything that was bad was not received with execration. And that is not from any religious motive, but simply because—as I honestly and sincerely believe—human nature, at the bottom, is good, gentle, and sympathetic, and is not what we are taught to believe—sinful and bad, and requiring the assistance of the Church."

"The stage has elicited one singular proof, however, of the moral condition of human nature—*the theatre is the only place where bodies of people go with minds unprejudiced.* They have not the prejudices with which a worshipper goes to church; they have not the bias that a citizen goes to a political meeting with. *The spectator in a theatre is free-minded, without inclination one way or the other*, and when he pays his money at the door it is so much security that he is prepared, indeed, to open his heart and his mind freely to any emotions that we may inflict upon him."

Is it only within the last ten years that "service of opinions to the public has paralyzed the freedom and strength of public judgment."

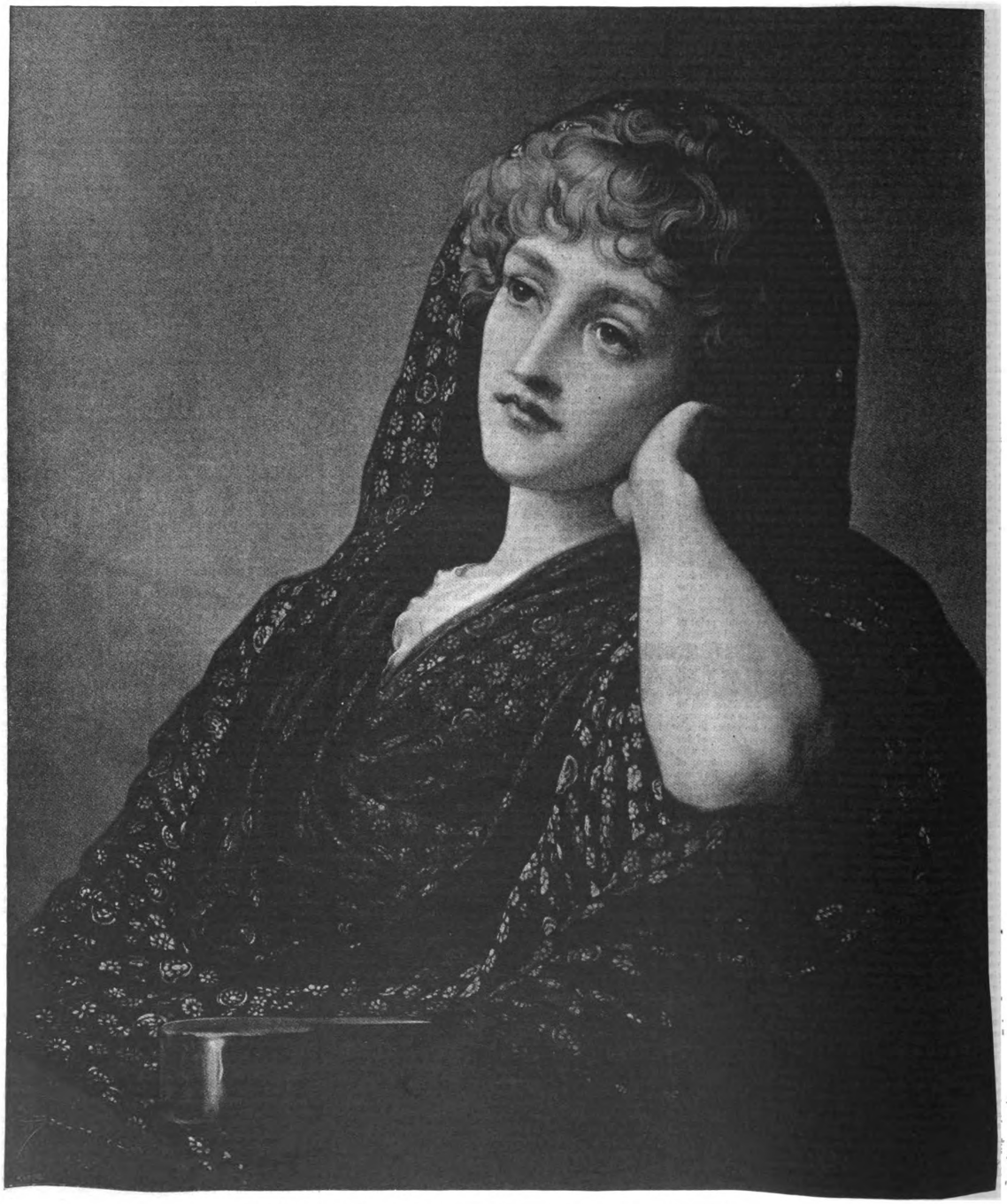
XII.

It seems to me, finally, that the actor should not read contemporaneous dramatic criticism—least of all, that which relates to himself. If favorable, there is the danger that it may weaken his character by ministering to his vanity, already sufficiently inflamed by his life of constant appeal to the admiration of the public. If unfavorable, there is the certainty that it will restrict his freedom, and thus impair his usefulness by wounding his sensibility if not actually grieving his heart, and thus depressing his spirits and paralyzing his energy. Whether favorable or unfavorable, it can do him little if any mental or spiritual good, seeing that the chance of his learning anything from it, or receiving from it any ennobling impulse or refreshment, anything to cheer or strengthen him or

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

make him more a man, is exceedingly slight. In my literary life (if I may venture to use a personal illustration), which has extended over a period of thirty years, I have almost constantly acted upon the precept now suggested. Within the last twenty years, as author and as editor, I have published many volumes, and they have been widely circulated, and, as the publishers inform me, copiously reviewed; yet during the whole of that time I have not read ten articles about those volumes of any description whatever. In 1854, when, as a boy, I had the honor and the privilege often to sit by the fireside of the poet Longfellow, and to enjoy the benefit of his affectionate good-will and his wise and kindly talk, I learned this lesson from his lips: "It is the province of the poet to give pleasure; it is the province of the critic to give pain. I never read adverse criticisms. Scores of articles are sent to me about my works. If a review is pleasant in tone at the beginning, I read it through; but if I perceive that the intention is to wound, I drop the thing into my fire, and that is the end of it. In this way one avoids useless pain. Never read attacks on yourself, and never answer them." That wise counsel was not lost on me, and it has never been forgotten. I little thought in those days of golden drift and dream that I should ever become a toiler in the field of criticism. But, looking backward upon critical labors extending through many toilsome years, I can with a clear conscience declare that I have never assailed anything that I did not believe was an injury and a wrong to the public; that I have never aimed a blow at reputation, or intentionally wounded a human heart, or said one word about anybody, of which I was not at all times ready and eager to bear the personal responsibility. Often and often, remembering the words of my honored and beloved counsellor and friend—that "it is the province of the critic to give pain"—I have resolved that it should, on the contrary, be the business of my criticism to give pleasure by affording just and kindly recognition, and to do good by stimulating public interest in noble things. My method has been to endeavor to augment public sympathy with actors, whenever I saw that actors were engaged in pure and high and worthy works. Criticism, however, should be written for the public and not for the artist; and when I say that the artist is wise to leave it unread, I do so because I conceive for him, in the conduct of his life, an ideal that far transcends all consideration of the press—an ideal that makes his own conscience to be his tribunal, his love of art to be his inspiring impulse and sustaining cheer, and his sense of well-doing to be his sufficient reward. Humble and gentle, certainly, the true servant of art will ever be. But let him also be self-reliant when the emergency comes, proud in his conscious power, and satisfied in the knowledge that he has done his best. "The only report of a duel," said Lord Norbury, "should be the report of the pistols." "In the reproof of chance," says Shakespeare "lies the true proof of men." Do not leave the question of excellence to be settled by commentators. Settle it yourself. Nothing can be more petty and puny than the custom of running after newspapers to catch an echo of everything you say and do. Appreciation, in the broad and grand sense of that word, is the one thing not to be expected, because it is the one thing that almost never comes. How many human souls do you really comprehend? How many do you suppose really comprehend you? Each of us is alone. But for each of us there is refuge, comfort, sympathy, hope, the divine blessing of beauty and the sublime power of patience in the service and the companionship of Art.

"For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of common life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."



"MEMORIES."—From the Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1684.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



ADA REHAN AS "KATHARINE" IN THE "TAMING OF THE SHREW."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.—[SEE PAGE 243.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"As useful and wholesome as it is rich in entertainment."—*The Independent, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

NEW SERIAL FOR BOYS.

In the next number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *(published April 2d) will appear the first instalment of*

DORYMATES:

A STORY OF THE FISHING BANKS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRICK STERLING," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

In "Dorymates" Mr. Munroe takes his two heroes out to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and later into the strange waters of that wonderland Iceland. The many strange and yet perfectly natural things that happen to them in the course of their joint wanderings will delight the heart of every lover of adventure.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S purpose of reform in the civil service will be tried, like that of President CLEVELAND four years ago, at the beginning of his administration, by the expiration of the term of the postmaster in New York. It is the chief post-office in the country. Immense interests are involved in its efficient management, but until Mr. CLEVELAND'S Presidency it was treated as one of the great local prizes of party patronage. Mr. CLEVELAND found in the office a postmaster singularly qualified for his place by natural aptitude and official training and experience, who was in no sense a politician, and who had discharged his duties without the least regard for parties or politicians, and solely for the public convenience and welfare. The Democratic assumption that he would not be retained was universal, and the rage and scorn with which his renomination and similar executive acts elsewhere were received by the bosses of the party alienated from the President a considerable party support which he never recovered. The reappointment of Mr. PEARSON, under the circumstances, was an act of great courage, and won for the President a respect among intelligent Republicans which was marked and general. That his action was in strict accord with sound and reasonable principles of administration, that it secured the most efficient and satisfactory service, and that it promoted the public welfare, nobody will deny. That this efficiency has been maintained with great want of sympathy, if not despite great practical obstructions from the Department in Washington, is unquestionable, and it is all the more creditable to the postmaster. There is no great post-office in the world more efficiently managed than that of New York by Postmaster PEARSON.

It is to be assumed, therefore, without doubt, that an administration entering upon its term under such pledges upon this subject as those of the Republican party, accepted so unreservedly by the President, will pursue the same course as that of its predecessor, and continue at the head of the office the man who is undoubtedly the best man in the country for that particular place. If the office were in any sense political we should expect a change. But it is absolutely unconnected with politics. There is no distinctive or partisan Republican postal policy. The prompt, intelligent, thorough despatch of legitimate postal business in every detail is all that can be asked, and of this, under the present management of the office, the administration is sure, and it is equally sure that this is imperilled just in the degree that party politics are permitted to intrude upon the business of the office. There is no good plea under which a change could be made. It is certainly true that no postmaster has a vested right in his office. But the reappointment of a thoroughly satisfactory officer to a duty which is not political concedes no vested right: it merely continues in the public service an officer who is peculiarly fitted for it. The reason for not displacing him is that which would be conclusive in any great private business, namely, that he is proved to be the man wanted. Neither would his retention imply that the present postmaster is the only man in the country who can discharge the duties of the office. Undoubtedly there are other excellent men for the place, but none of them have the knowledge and training and experience which are possessed by this one. The argument for displacing a satisfactory officer for the reason that others might be satisfactory would be equally valid against anybody who might be appointed. Moreover, this is not an honest argument. The displacement of the postmaster is sought, not because another would be as good an officer, but because of a desire to secure the patronage for party purposes, which is now impossible. If a telegram was sent to General HARRISON from New York, at midnight of election day, congratulating him upon his election and exhorting him to "bounce PEARSON before sunset of the 4th of March," it was not because better management of the post-office was expected or desired.

This case will be as crucial a test of President HARRISON'S principles upon this subject as it was of President CLEVELAND'S. We do not forget that Mr. PEARSON was renominated simultaneously with the appointment of HIGGINS in the Treasury, and that it was announced that the PEARSON reappointment must not be regarded as a precedent. Neither do we forget that it was said to be the mugwump share of the New York spoils—a view which we are inclined to believe commended the appointment to Mr. MANNING. All this was stated with great vehemence at the time by the Republican press, to break the force of the prodigious fact that a Democratic President had reappointed the Republican postmaster of New York, simply because he was a good officer and not an active partisan. With all the drawbacks that we mention, it was an act of the highest executive courage and of immense public advantage, performed by a President who had plainly announced his own convictions, but whose party had carefully refrained from approving them. To suppose that President HARRISON, who has frankly accepted and adopted his party's solemn declaration of the principle upon which President CLEVELAND acted, will recoil from a similar course, and will replace the postmaster of New York with a mere party politician, however respectable a man he may be, is to suppose such a breach of good faith and abandonment of principle, as nothing in the President's career justifies. It would be pulling down his own flag before the battle had really begun. It would justify the Democratic taunt that the Republican pledge of reform was made to humbug the intelligent sentiment of the country and to be broken. This is not to say that no changes ought to be made. In every political office change is to be expected. In every office dishonestly or inefficiently managed, or administered with regard to party instead of public interests, change ought to be made. But the displacement of a conspicuously fit officer from an office which is not political, and which is managed without the slightest reference to politics, is the very abuse which reform would correct; and the Republican Convention, saying that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments," announced, solemnly, "We will not fail to keep our pledges."

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has proceeded deliberately in making changes in the civil service. One correspondent in Washington exclaims in anguish that only twenty changes were made in the first fortnight. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his *Kin beyond Sea*, says:

"The thing that perhaps chiefly puzzles the inhabitants of the old country is why the American people should permit their entire existence to be continually disturbed by the business of the Presidential elections, and still more why they should raise to its maximum the intensity of this perturbation by providing, as we are told, for what is termed a clean sweep of the entire civil service in all its ranks and departments on each accession of a Chief Magistrate. We do not see why this arrangement is more rational than would be a corresponding usage in this country on each change of Ministry. Our practice is as different as possible. We limit to a few scores of persons the removals and appointments on these occasions, although our Ministers seem to us not unfrequently to be more sharply severed from one another in principle and tendency than are the successive Presidents of the great Union."

This is the simple common-sense of the matter, and to this view public opinion in the United States is rapidly advancing.

Some of the new appointments are universally recognized as excellent. Mr. PALMER, of Michigan, who goes to Spain, can speak Spanish, and Mr. EVANDER, of Illinois, who goes to Denmark, is a native Scandinavian, and both are fitted for their official duties. Mr. PORTER, of Indiana, Minister to Italy, and Mr. WASHBURN, of Massachusetts, to Switzerland, are also admirable appointments. This is equally true of Mr. THAYER, of Minnesota, a gentleman of high character and cultivation, who is appointed Minister to the Netherlands, and of Mr. THOMAS, of Maine, who returns to his old post in Sweden and Norway, where he has served already with honorable distinction. Mr. TICHENOR, of Illinois, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is one of the good selections. He has been well trained in the service, and has proved his ability. Mr. BATCHELLER, of New York, the other Assistant Secretary, is a man of high character, who was especially fitted by his good service in Egypt for the embassy to Turkey, which he desired, and which would have been a more congenial post. The selection of Mr. KASSON, of Iowa, Mr. W. W. PHELPS, of New Jersey, and Mr. GEORGE H. BATES, of Delaware, as Commissioners to the Samoan Conference, is admirable, and should be received by Germany as a token of good-will. Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER, of New York, who has declined to be Assistant Secretary of State, was probably one of the best selections possible. He is a man of great experience and accomplishment in the foreign service, and his declination is to be regretted. Mr. SMITH A. WHITFIELD, of Ohio, as Second Assistant Postmaster-General, is an equally good appointment. He has large experience in the postal service, in which he has shown peculiar ability and energy, and as postmaster of Cincinnati he brought the office into the best condition, with strict regard to the principle of civil service reform. Mr. HAZEN, of Pennsylvania, who returns to his old place as Third Assistant Postmaster-General, is an officer of unusual ability, and should have been retained by the late administration. Mr. BELL, of Pennsylvania, appointed Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, has been the efficient traffic manager of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and should be a satisfactory officer.

These are all excellent and suitable appointments, and we do not mean to exclude from that category others whom we do not mention. There are some, however, which are much less fortunate than these. The appointment of Mr. CLARKSON as First Assistant Postmaster-General is as little reassuring as was that of Mr. STEVENSON, his predecessor, and for the same reason—that both regard the postal service as party spoils. Mr. VILAS'S circular and the general sweep of the post-offices were blots upon the late administration. A similar sweep by Mr. CLARKSON would dishonor the Republican pledge and name. Among the earliest Presidential postmasters named was Mr. WALLACE at Indianapolis in place of AQUILA JONES. But Mr. WALLACE'S first utterance, as reported in the Indianapolis *Journal*, is the voice of JONES:

"The civil service law, as I understand it, was designed to put efficient men in office. Other things being equal, Republicans will be given preference when possible. It would be unjust to hold me responsible for the acts of men in the appointment of whom I have no choice. If I thought I was to have no choice in the *personnel* of my subordinates I should not accept the office."

Aut Aquila aut diabolus. Mr. WALLACE should be made aware that there is a law of the United States which provides a method of selection for his subordinates, and that his responsibility is fully protected by his unrestricted power of removal. The post-office at Indianapolis is the only office in the State of Indiana which is included in the classified service. It was not incumbent upon Mr. WALLACE to accept it. But it is his duty as an officer, if he should accept it, honorably to obey the law, and as a Republican he should be wary of disgracing his party by violating its pledge.

THE GOVERNOR'S "LITTLE JOKER."

GOVERNOR HILL'S ballot reform bill, known as the LINSON bill, is introduced merely to enable the Democratic members of the Legislature to vote for something called reform, in order to defeat a bill which secures it. The object of such a law is to prevent corruption. This it effects by providing for public printing of the ballots, thus removing the plea of printing expenses, under which contributions are levied upon candidates, and by securing secrecy in voting, which prevents bribery by depriving the briber of the certainty that the vote he buys is deposited. Governor HILL'S bill proposes that parties and candidates may supply their own tickets. For what reason? What honest purpose can be gained? If ballots are provided by the public authorities, why should parties and candidates wish to be at the expense of providing them? Simply to make cheating easier. A voter can then receive his ticket prepared for him by the boss, and taking the official ballot from the officer, he goes to the poll, and upon returning shows the official ballot as proof that he has voted the ticket given him by the boss.

This is the "little joker" in the Governor's bill, and the purpose is to defeat reform. The real points of the reform bill, as stated by Mr. SAXTON in his late excellent speech before the Federal Club, are as follows:

"I. Candidates are to be nominated by party conventions or by a certain number of electors, and the nominations so made are to be certified to those officers who are to have charge of printing the ballots.

"II. The names of all persons so nominated are to be published in newspapers and posted in election districts some days before election, so that the public may know who are to be presented for their suffrage.

"III. The officers designated for that purpose are to print all ballots and deliver them to the inspectors of election; all expenses to be a county charge.

"IV. The names of all candidates nominated for a particular office are to be printed upon the proper ticket, grouped under the different party names.

"V. The ballots are to be delivered to voters by officers provided for in the bill, and no ballot can be valid except an official ballot.

"VI. The voter receiving his ballot shall retire to a booth alone, when he will indicate by a cross the name of the candidate or group for whom he wishes to vote. He shall then fold his ballot so that no one can ascertain how he votes, and deliver it to the inspector, who shall deposit it in the ballot-boxes."

This is a very simple and practicable plan, which has been tested with entire success in Australia for thirty years, in England and Belgium for seventeen years, which is the law in Canada, and which, as we lately stated, has been tested successfully at the muni-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cipal election in Louisville. At the first State election in Montana this system will be put in force. Massachusetts, Indiana, and Rhode Island have adopted it, making four States in all, while it is under discussion in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, Missouri, and Colorado, as well as in New York. In all these States the character of the opposition is the most striking proof of the excellence of the bill. It is everywhere opposed by politicians of the kind represented by Governor HILL, and by the combined mercenary force in politics, and it is supported by the most intelligent and honest citizens, who have not lost faith in the possibility of honesty in voting.

Mr. SAXTON says that the chief objection to his bill is that the officers charged with the duty of printing and distributing the ballots may fail to do their duty. This is a comprehensive objection, for it applies to every public officer charged with any duty whatever. Poll inspectors—all election officers, indeed, might neglect their duty. But the cases of neglect are insignificant and the results are unimportant. Public affairs proceed upon the assumption that sworn officers will generally attend to their duty. Power must be delegated, and it must be delegated to men who are fallible. But until it is shown that there is some reason for apprehending wilful neglect especially from this class of officers the objection will be seen to be what it really is, an excuse for facilitating corruption at the polls. In speaking of corruption as the present most threatening political peril, Mr. SAXTON spoke very cautiously and temperately in saying:

"The country was passing through a crucial period of its history. Its wealth had vastly increased, but he was sorry to say that the moral tone of the nation had not improved in the same ratio. The great mass of the people were sound at heart and scorned the arts of the briber, but there were tramps, 'bummers,' and vagrants who were a menace to the country because they were the willing tools of designing politicians. Thus an election was no longer the free expression of the public will, but a mart for the sale of votes. Somebody had written, 'The ballot speaks God's will.' He regretted that too often the devil's will and not God's prevailed at the ballot-box."

That is the tone of old fashioned Republicanism and of honest patriotism, which never goes out of fashion. That it is a very general conviction is shown by the passage of the bills which we have mentioned, and nowhere are the remarks more applicable than in New York. The question is one of good government, and it is not a party question. The fact that a Republican caucus may approve and adopt a reform bill ought not to repel honest Democrats from supporting it, and preventing it from becoming a party advantage. As long as the Democratic party in New York appears as the opponent of every reasonable reform in State legislation—and it is thus far in this State the party opposed to ballot reform and temperance reform and civil service reform—it cannot hope to recover its ground by professing to favor tariff reform. A party is wisely estimated by its local action and its local representatives. In New York the Democratic party takes Governor HILL as its representative and opposes reform. On the other hand, the Republicans in the New York Legislature have the power, and they will be held justly responsible for the failure to pass an effective ballot reform bill.

MR. WHITELAW REID'S NOMINATION.

THE nomination of Mr. WHITELAW REID as Minister to France raises a question which is wholly separate from that of special qualifications for the post or of personal pleasure in receiving so great an honor. The nature of the question is seen at once in the fact that from the moment the office is accepted the comments of the *Tribune* upon the administration of President HARRISON cease to be of any importance or influence whatever. When Mr. REID's predecessor, Mr. GREELEY, was nominated for the Presidency, although he withdrew temporarily from the editorial control of the paper, the *Tribune* passed into eclipse, and was of no weight or influence in the campaign. The mission to France is one of the greatest honors which can be conferred by an administration. But the editor who accepts it is placed under an obligation which is absolutely incompatible with candid criticism.

It was long ago pointed out that one of the grossest abuses of administration is the appointment of country editors as postmasters. Such an open and direct subsidizing of the press has been denounced as it deserves. It is simple bribery, so far as honest and independent treatment of an administration is concerned. This truth was plainly stated by Mr. REID some years ago in a public address: "When there shall be no relation whatever between the government and the press, save honest publicity on the one hand and candid criticism on the other, our journalism at last will have planted itself on its true plane." The just relations of the press to an administration require also that editors shall take no part in recommendations for office. To do that is to solicit a favor, which, if it be granted, necessarily prevents honest criticism of the power that confers it. If the favor be refused, personal feelings and motives mingle with the editorial judgment of the unpropitious power.

From the nature of his occupation an editor must choose between his chair and public political office. His service to a party is rewarded by the power which the confidence of a party gives him of leading it to noble public achievements. Mr. BRYANT was one of the most influential editors in the country because of the public faith that his course was absolutely disinterested. Mr. GREELEY's influence was fatally impaired from the moment that his desire of office was evident. We are not saying, of course, that political office is not a worthy object of ambition. In the English-speaking race such ambition is universal. But nevertheless its gratification is not compatible with a proper discharge of the editorial function. That Mr. REID would make an excellent Minister to France, and that personally the position would be delightful, we do not doubt; but that the honor and the pleasure would be bought at an immense cost of prestige and influence to the journal of which he is the editor is undeniable. To speak of his nomination as an honorable "recognition" of the press is as absurd as to say that General TRACY's appointment as Secretary of the Navy is an honorable recognition of the bar.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

THE reception of the effort to raise money in New York and elsewhere to aid the National Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, in Texas, is very significant and very pleasant. There is undoubtedly a survival of the old political distrust of Southern ascendency which intelligent citizens of the Southern States understand as but natural. The dull sectional hostility, however, which appears in foolish campaign speeches does not exist, as closer observation shows. "General GRANT's kindly feeling toward the Southern people, though they were once his enemies," writes Colonel GRANT to the secretary of the Relief Committee, "is Mrs. GRANT's reason for sending the enclosed check. She wishes you success in your efforts."

This accords with General SHERMAN's generous words, and with the letter of General CROOK, and the tone of the meeting at the Academy of Music, and with the letter of ex-President HAYES, enclosing a check. Mr. HAYES says that whatever can be done to add to the comfort of destitute soldiers of the lost cause "is surely in the pathway both of humanity and patriotism." This is the voice of the spirit which inspired the defence of the Union—a national, not a sectional spirit, which, maintaining the guarantees of liberty, cherishes no malevolence.

A correspondent who desires us to expose and denounce the wickedness of the Democrats in West Virginia, that he may be satisfied of our love of fair play, is evidently under the delusion that any word in regard to the Southern States which is not contemptuous and hostile shows a servile disposition. Our correspondent should make an effort to comprehend his country, and "to know the time of day." He is still groping in the Dark Ages. We are not fighting slavery now, nor waging the war for the Union. We are not trying to misunderstand, but to understand. Slavery is gone. The war is over. It is to-day, not yesterday. But here and there a Rip Van Winkle like our correspondent raises his head and hears with bewilderment that it is not the year 1859, but thirty years later.

AN HONEST CAPITOL.

WHILE the Capitol of New York is a magnificent incubus upon the State, which, still unfinished, has already cost nearly five times the four millions of dollars which was the original estimate of its cost, the State of Georgia shows that in that part of the country honest public work is still possible, and that a Capitol can be built without becoming a colossal job. The new Capitol of Georgia, at Atlanta, has just been completed. The last payment was made on the last day of February, and the Building Commission has just closed its work, with a balance of $18 43 from the original appropriation of $1,000,000.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says, with just pride:

"We write deliberately and advisedly when we say that the building of this Capitol, from first to last, is the best public service rendered, its scope and limitations considered, to any State or to the government in our history. The record of jobbery and peculation that so often stains the doing of public work is put to shame by the work of this Commission. Georgia has, for less than one million dollars, a Capitol that in beauty, richness, and inspiring majesty equals the $3,000,000 Capitol of Texas or the $2,000,000 Capitol of Connecticut, and in convenience and efficiency clearly surpasses either. There is not only not a dishonest dollar in the building: there is not even a careless or ill-advised dollar."

The Commission was appointed by ex-Governor MCDANIEL, and, incredible as it must seem to the Albanian legislator and to the member of legislative committees of superintendence of ceilings and other public works, the members of the Commission dealt as honestly by the State as they could have dealt by themselves, and worked for the public good and not to raise an election fund. It is perhaps not altogether surprising that in Georgia there is higher respect entertained for public men, as such, than in the State of New York.

THE LATEST NEWS OF PROHIBITION.

THE prohibitory movement has reached an interesting stage. It is a question of expediency, because the weight of intellectual public opinion is wholly in favor of a wise regulation of the liquor traffic, and the significance of certain recent events cannot be overlooked. In Rhode Island, where a prohibitory amendment to the constitution was passed two or three years ago, the Legislature has decided to submit to the voters the question of its repeal. In New Hampshire the proposition of such an amendment has been voted down by a decisive majority. In Massachusetts the opinions of well-known citizens who are prominent in all good works and of the most enlightened public spirit have been published, which reveal the sober and intelligent thought which will finally decide the question.

Among these opinions is that of Professor JAMES B. THAYER, of the Harvard Law School, which presents the question in a light which will be new to many of the earnest supporters of prohibitory amendments to constitutions. Professor THAYER shows the nature and purpose of such instruments, and in so doing reminds us of the unwisdom of ill considered, however well meaning, attempts to divert constitutions from their proper objects. Professor THAYER says (and his words are worthy of careful reflection):

"Our State constitutions, besides providing for the framework of government, the qualifications of electors, and the like, were made to be the guaranty and charter of a few simple, well-established, uncontroverted principles, lest in moments of passion or inadvertence, or under the temporary pressure of special interests, these should be disregarded. They were not made to be codes of laws, or to embody the opinion of a momentary majority upon an entirely unsettled question like this of the best way to deal with the drink question. The process of using constitutions in this way is a process of degradation from the example of our fathers."

The prohibitory amendment is not a declaration of fundamental principles; it is substantially a law. Its object can be as completely and more satisfactorily obtained by a law than by a constitutional provision, because opinion constantly changes upon the question of expediency of forms of restriction. Constitutional provisions should be fundamental, and not the subjects of constant agitation. But the best and sincerest temperance men are not, and never have been, and never can be, agreed that a particular method of regulation of the traffic, or its total destruction, may be regarded as a fundamental principle. It is especially a subject for law and not for constitutional provision. Professor THAYER in emphasizing this truth has performed a timely and important public service.

PERSONAL.

Mr. JOSEPH A. WILLARD, clerk of the Superior Civil Court at Boston, has seen forty-three consecutive years of court service, twenty-five of them being as clerk. He was a deputy-sheriff at the trial and execution of Professor WEBSTER for the murder of Dr. PARKMAN, and remembers well the exciting scenes attending the attempt to rescue the fugitive slave BURNS. Mr. WILLARD'S great-grandfather and grandfather were both Presidents of Harvard College, and his father was a professor there. While in office his grandfather had the honor of entertaining General WASHINGTON at the university. Mr. WILLARD is a well-preserved man of over seventy-five years.

—That grave and reverend body the United States Supreme Court has contributed two social sensations to the current of events at the national capital during the past fortnight. The first was the announcement of the engagement of Justice GRAY, of Massachusetts, the veteran bachelor of the bench, to Miss JEANNETTE, daughter of Justice STANLEY MATTHEWS, of Ohio, and the second the elopement of Chief-Justice FULLER'S fifth daughter, PAULINE, with a Chicago young man named AUBERY.

—The eldest daughter of BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, Miss BERGLIOT, has just made her début as an opera singer at Paris. Her voice and dramatic talent are highly praised, and she is called very beautiful. She is nineteen years old.

—The selection of Miss MARY A. BRIGHAM as President of Mount Holyoke Seminary and College will remove a well-known and progressive educator from Brooklyn to Massachusetts. For twenty-seven years Miss BRIGHAM has been Associate Principal of Brooklyn Heights Seminary, and she has twice been offered the Presidency of Wellesley College. Once she was invited to a professorship at Smith College, and at different times she has been asked to take the Principalship of the institution from which she was graduated over forty years ago, and to which she now returns.

—Viscount MORI, the Japanese Minister of Education, who was assassinated at Tokio not long ago, seems to have been the victim of a religious fanatic, who imagined that the viscount had desecrated one of the shrines at Ise by entering it with his boots on. The assassin, after stabbing the Minister, was cut down and killed by a soldier.

—The three JAMES brothers of Hull, Massachusetts, well-known life-savers, have lost one of their number by the death of Captain ALBERTUS JAMES. He saved an entire family from drowning after he was seventy years old.

—ALVAN G. CLARK, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, the well-known telescope maker, is constructing a telescope with a forty-inch lens for the University of Southern California. The instrument is to cost $100,000, and will be placed on the top of Wilson's Peak, which is thirteen miles from Los Angeles. The lens will be four inches greater in diameter than that of the famous LICK telescope, and therefore the largest in the world.

—The once celebrated Cardiff giant, through which a great hoax was perpetrated on an easily deluded public, now rests in the garden adjoining an El Paso (Texas) saloon. It was sold some years ago to pay a board bill, and it is now being slowly chipped to pieces by relic-seekers. The breaking of one of the legs has exposed one of the number of iron rods which formed its frame.

—Congressman WILLIAM MCKINLEY is authority for the statement that $100,000 is being raised to endow a chair of protection at Yale College, through which the free-trade teachings of Professor WILLIAM G. SUMNER are to be combated. The iron men of Pittsburgh are said to be subscribing to the fund.

—Rev. BARTHOLOMEW EDWARDS, rector of Ashill, and the oldest clergyman in England, died recently at the age of one hundred years. From long practice he could go through the church service, including the Psalms, without having to refer to the prayer-book. He was widely known, and was in many respects a most remarkable man.

—The widow of RICHARD A. PROCTOR, the astronomer, who died in this city of yellow-fever contracted in Florida, has been granted a civil-list pension of $500 a year, in pursuance of a memorial signed by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Crawford, Lord GRIMTHORPE, Professor TYNDALL, Professor HUXLEY, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, and many other prominent Englishmen.

—R. BELLINGHAM, an engineer on the Great Northern Railway, in England, has just retired after forty years of service. He was a driver on the railway between Paris and Rouen, France, when the revolution broke out in 1848 and caused LOUIS PHILIPPE to flee, and drove the last train across the bridge over the Seine before that structure was burned by the mob. He has never met with a serious accident.

—Mrs. MARY HEMENWAY, who saved the Old South for Boston, has now succeeded in preserving the prehistoric ruin Casa Grande, in Arizona, by inducing Congress to set aside the land on which it stands, and appropriate $2000 for its restoration and protection.

—The Presbyterian church at Stillwater, New York, nearly a century old, had never had a wedding ceremony performed within its walls till the other evening, when WILLIAM H. KNIBBS and Miss CORA FERGUSON were married there.

—Rev. JOHN JASPER, the colored Richmond (Virginia) parson whose "de sun do move" sermon gave him a national reputation, is nothing if not sensational. Recently an allegorical wedding ceremony was performed in his church. Ten virgins with their lamps burning walked down the aisle to meet the groom at the door, and when the lamps of the five foolish virgins went out, they were summarily shown the door, and forced to wait outside until the ceremony was over. Meanwhile the five wise virgins escorted the groom up the aisle to meet the bride, while the choir sang "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CHARLES E. MITCHELL, OF CONNECTICUT, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.—From a Photograph by Moffitt, New Britain.

WHITELAW REID.

The new Minister to France has been a journalist since early manhood. All his active life has been devoted to political journalism. On the 27th of next October he will be fifty-two years old. He was born in Xenia, Ohio, and until after the war was closely associated with the military and political history of his native State. He was educated at Miami University, the college which graduated President Harrison, but he became a newspaper editor and proprietor before he quitted that institution. It was the Xenia *News* which gave him the first opportunity to display his capacity for journalistic work, and his first public efforts were in behalf of the newly organized Republican party. Before he was entitled to a vote he made stump-speeches for John C. Fremont. Soon after his graduation he became the Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and made so favorable an impression upon the editor of that paper that when the war broke out he was sent into the field. He was connected with the staff of General Rosecrans, but it was to facilitate his work as a war correspondent. He was also with the Army of the Cumberland. His letters, over the *nom de plume* "Agate," attracted a good deal of attention and some controversy. In 1863, when his office was in Washington, he was chosen Librarian of the House of Representatives. His letters from the field and the capital made the basis of a book called *Ohio in the War*, which appeared in 1868. Before that, in 1866, he had published a book entitled *After the War*, in which was embodied his experiences as a cotton-planter in Louisiana. He was not engaged in this vocation long. He found it unprofitable and the social atmosphere uncongenial. He came to New York to be an editorial writer on the *Tribune* after the publication of his last book. At this time Mr. John Russell Young was the managing editor of the paper, but he left in 1869, and Mr. Reid succeeded him. From that time until Mr Greeley's death he had the confidence of his chief. When Mr. Greeley was the Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for the Presidency Mr. Reid had control of the *Tribune*. After the death of the founder an effort was made by some capitalists to secure the property for the purpose of making Vice-President Colfax the editor-in-chief, but the friends of Mr. Reid were successful, and the latter remained in command. Under his management the famous building with the tall tower was constructed, and in a short time the *Tribune* once more was a strong Republican organ. Of late years it has been especially strong in its support of Mr. Blaine—a fact which undoubtedly accounts for Mr. Reid's selection for a first-class mission. In 1881 Mr. Reid married the daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, the California millionaire. He, his wife, and his brother-in-law now own a large majority of the *Tribune* stock. The new Minister is possessed of abundant means to maintain the social traditions which were established by Mr. and Mrs. Morton.

JOHN CHALFONT NEW.

The new Consul-General to London is a townsfellow and has been a vigorous and loyal supporter of the President in all the latter's political campaigns. Mr. New is now rewarded with one of the richest plums in the gift of the President, for the Consulate-General of London, by reason of the great business done between England and the United States, and the peculiar national laws of the United Kingdom, brings a great deal of money to its incumbent. Mr. New is one of the most efficient and one of the ablest of modern politicians. He has conducted a number of campaigns, and he was especially active in the Garfield canvass as chairman of the Indiana Republican State Committee. He was born at Vernon, in Indiana, in 1831, but was educated in Virginia, being graduated at Bethany College when he was twenty years old. After leaving college he studied law, but if he was ever admitted to the bar he has not practised. He has made his way and won his reputation as a business man and a politician. He first showed his capacity as an organizer during the war, when he was Quartermaster-General of Indiana. The only elective office he has held is that of State Senator. He was financial secretary of Governor Oliver P. Morton, and in 1865 went into the business of banking, in partnership with William H. English. He helped to establish the First National Bank of Indianapolis, and was first its cashier and then its president. He was appointed United States Treasurer by Grant in 1875, being the immediate successor of General Francis E. Spinner. He resigned this office in 1876, and in 1878 purchased the Indianapolis *Journal*. His connection with newspaper work has, however, been as a business manager and publisher rather than as a writer, although he has been nominally the editor of his paper. In 1882 Mr. Arthur appointed him Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but he resigned that office also. Mr. New's business affairs seem always to have been of so engrossing a character as to make it impossible for him to remain in public office. He is one of the men who love to solve the problems of a political campaign. He conducted Mr. Harrison's canvasses for Senator and for the nomination for the Presidency. Personally he is a frank, pleasant, approachable man, apparently communicative, but really reticent, and he is popular among those who know him best and whose society he cultivates.

THE LATE STANLEY MATTHEWS.

Stanley Matthews, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, died in Washington on March 22d, after an illness extending over a year. He had suffered severely from several attacks of indigestion and muscular rheumatism, but the final attack related to the heart and kidneys. Mr. Matthews's elevation to the Supreme Court bench occurred early in the administration of President Garfield, and created wide discussion at the time. He was originally nominated by President Hayes late in January, 1881. Very strong opposition to his confirmation was at once shown in the East, and the Senate committee to which the nomination was referred was hostile to it. Every effort was resorted to by his friends to bring the nomination to a vote before the close of President Hayes's term, but the Judiciary Committee declined to aid them, and thus the nomination failed with the adjournment of Congress. When President Garfield had come into office he sent in again the name of Mr. Matthews. This was on March 15th. It led to a renewal of the former bitter controversy, extending until the 12th of the following May, when he was confirmed by a vote of 24 to 23.

The career of Mr. Matthews previous to this time had been an active though varied one. Born at Cincinnati in 1824, and graduated at Kenyon College in 1840, he practised law for a time in Tennessee and then in Cincinnati, and for a time he edited an anti-slavery paper in Cincinnati. He was now a pronounced abolitionist. For three years he served as a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Cincinnati, and in 1855 he became a State Senator. Three years later he was made United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Ohio. The appointment was made by President Buchanan.



JOHN C. NEW, OF INDIANA, UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL AT LONDON, ENGLAND.—From a Photograph by Sherman & McHugh.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Matthews resigned his office and joined the Republican party. He also joined the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, of which Rosecrans was Colonel and Rutherford B. Hayes Major. He was commissioned a Lieutenant-Colonel, and served in the army until 1863, when he returned home and was elected a Judge. Mr. Matthews was a Presidential elector in 1864 and 1868, and in 1877 was chosen to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by John Sherman's entry into the Hayes cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.

The Hon. Charles E. Mitchell, of New Britain, Connecticut, the newly appointed Commissioner of Patents, is a native of Bristol, in that State. He was born in 1837, and after receiving his preparatory education at Williston Academy, he graduated at Brown University in the class of 1861, and at the Albany Law School in 1864. Beginning the practice of his profession in New Britain, he soon attained prominence in a department of law for which his special studies had well qualified him, and the opportunities for which were frequent in a busy manufacturing city like New Britain. He soon gained a high reputation as a patent lawyer, his practice being chiefly confined to the United States courts, and the firm of Mitchell & Hungerford has been well known throughout the United States. His professional duties have absorbed most of his time, and he has found it necessary to decline a number of opportunities to enter public life. But he has represented New Britain in the General Assembly of Connecticut in 1880 and 1881. During the session of the former year he was House chairman of the Committee on Incorporations, and succeeded in carrying through an important measure, that of the redrafting of the joint-stock laws of the State.



WHITELAW REID, OF NEW YORK, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO FRANCE. From a Photograph by Rockwood.



THE LATE STANLEY MATTHEWS, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.—From a Photograph by Van Loo, Cincinnati.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"When he went to her room from his library, he found her before the glass thoughtfully removing the first dismantling pin from her back hair."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

III.

MARCH'S face had sobered more and more as she followed one hopeful burst with another, and now it expressed a positive pain. But he forced a smile, and said: "There's a little condition attached. Where did you suppose it was to be published?"

"Why, in Boston, of course. Where else should it be published?"

She looked at him for the intention of his question so searchingly that he quite gave up the attempt to be gay about it. "No," he said, gravely; "it's to be published in New York."

She fell back in her chair. "In New York?" She leaned forward over the table toward him, as if to make sure that she heard aright, and said, with all the keen reproach that he could have expected: "*In New York*, Basil! Oh, how *could* you have let me go on?"

He had a sufficiently rueful face in owning, "I oughtn't to have done it, but I got started wrong. I couldn't help putting the best foot forward at first—or as long as the whole thing was in the air. I didn't know that you would take so much to the general enterprise, or else I should have mentioned the New York condition at once; but of course that puts an end to it."

"Oh, of course," she assented, sadly. "We *couldn't* go to New York."

"No, I know that," he said; and with this a perverse desire to tempt her to the impossibility awoke in him, though he was really quite cold about the affair himself now. "Fulkerson thought we could get a nice flat in New York for about what the interest and taxes come to here, and provisions are cheaper. But I should rather not experiment at my time of life. If I could have been caught younger, I might have been inured to New York, but I don't believe I could stand it now."

"How I hate to have you talk that way, Basil! You are young enough to try anything—anywhere; but you know I don't like New York. I don't approve of it. It's so *big*, and so hideous! Of course I shouldn't mind that; but I've always lived in Boston, and the children were born and have all their friendships and associations here." She added, with the helplessness that discredited her good sense and did her injustice, "I have just got them both into the Friday afternoon class at Papanti's, and you know how difficult that is."

March could not fail to take advantage of an occasion like this. "Well, that alone ought to settle it. Under the circumstances it would be flying in the face of Providence to leave Boston. The mere fact of a brilliant opening like that offered me on *The Mierobe*, and the halcyon future which Fulkerson promises if we'll come to New York, is as dust in the balance against the advantages of the Friday afternoon class."

"Basil," she appealed, solemnly, "have I ever interfered with your career?"

"I never had any for you to interfere with, my dear."

"Basil! Haven't I always had faith in you? And don't you suppose that if I thought it would really be for your advancement, I would go to New York or anywhere with you?"

"No, my dear, I don't," he teased. "If it would be for my salvation, yes, perhaps; but not short of that; and I should have to prove by a cloud of witnesses that it would. I don't blame you. I wasn't born in Boston, but I understand how you feel. And really, my dear," he added, without irony, "I never seriously thought of asking you to go to New York. I *was* dazzled by Fulkerson's offer, I'll own that; but his choice of me as editor sapped my confidence in him."

"I don't like to hear you say that, Basil," she entreated.

"Well, of course there were mitigating circumstances. I could see that Fulkerson meant to keep the whip-hand himself, and that was reassuring. And besides, if the Reciprocity Life should happen not to want my services any longer, it wouldn't be quite like giving up a certainty; though, as a matter of business, I let Fulkerson get that impression; I felt rather sneaking to do it. But, if the worst comes to the worst, I can look about for something to do in Boston; and, anyhow, people don't starve on two thousand a year, though it's convenient to have five. The fact is, I'm too old to change so radically. If you don't like my saying that, then *you* are, Isabel, and so are the children. I've no right to take them from the home we've made, and to change the whole course of their lives, unless I can assure them of something, and I can't assure them of anything. Boston is big enough for us, and it's certainly prettier than New York. I always feel a little proud of hailing from Boston; my pleasure in the place mounts the farther I get away from it. But I do appreciate it, my dear. I've no more desire to leave it than you have. You may be sure that if you don't want to take the children out of the Friday afternoon class, I don't want to leave my library here, and all the ways I've got set in. We'll keep on. Very likely the company won't supplant me; and if it does, and Watkins gets the place, he'll give me a subordinate position of some sort. Cheer up, Isabel! I have put Satan and his angel, Fulkerson, behind

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

me, and it's all right. Let's go in to the children."

He came round the table to Isabel, where she sat in a growing distraction, and lifted her by the waist from her chair.

She sighed deeply. "Shall we tell the children about it?"

"No. What's the use, now?"

"There wouldn't be any," she assented. When they entered the family room, where the boy and girl sat on either side of the lamp working out the lessons for Monday which they had left over from the day before, she asked, "Children, how would you like to live in New York?"

Bella made haste to get in her word first. "And give up the Friday afternoon class?" she wailed.

Tom growled from his book, without lifting his eyes: "I shouldn't want to go to Columbia. They haven't got any dormitories, and you have to board round anywhere. Are you going to New York?" He now deigned to look up at his father.

"No, Tom. You and Bella have decided me against it. Your perspective shows the affair in its true proportions. I had an offer to go to New York, but I've refused it."

IV.

March's irony fell harmless from the children's preoccupation with their own affairs, but he knew that his wife felt it, and this added to the bitterness which prompted it. He blamed her for letting her provincial narrowness prevent his accepting Fulkerson's offer quite as much as if he had otherwise entirely wished to accept it. His world, like most worlds, had been superficially a disappointment. He was no richer than at the beginning, though in marrying he had given up some tastes, some preferences, some aspirations, in the hope of indulging them later, with larger means and larger leisure. His wife had not urged him to do it; in fact, her pride, as she said, was in his fitness for the life he had renounced; but she had acquiesced, and they had been very happy together. That is to say, they made up their quarrels or ignored them.

They often accused each other of being selfish and indifferent, but she knew that he would always sacrifice himself for her and the children; and he, on his part, with many gibes and mockeries, wholly trusted in her. They had grown practically tolerant of each other's disagreeable traits; and the danger that really threatened them was that they should grow too well satisfied with themselves, if not with each other. They were not sentimental, they were rather matter-of-fact in their motives; but they had both a sort of humorous fondness for sentimentality. They liked to play with the romantic, from the safe vantage-ground of their real practicality, and to divine the poetry of the commonplace. Their peculiar point of view separated them from most other people, with whom their means of self-comparison were not so good since their marriage as before. Then they had travelled and seen much of the world, and they had formed tastes which they had not always been able to indulge, but of which they felt that the possession reflected distinction on them. It enabled them to look down upon those who were without such tastes; but they were not ill-natured, and so they did not look down so much with contempt as with amusement. In their unfashionable neighborhood they had the fame of being not exclusive precisely, but very much wrapt up in themselves and their children.

Mrs. March was reputed to be very cultivated, and Mr. March even more so, among the simpler folk around them. Their house had some good pictures, which her aunt had brought home from Europe in more affluent days, and it abounded in books on which he spent more than he ought. They had beautified it in every way, and had unconsciously taken credit to themselves for it. They felt, with a glow almost of virtue, how perfectly it fitted their lives and their children's, and they believed that somehow it expressed their characters—that it was like them. They went out very little; she remained shut up in its refinement, working the good of her own; and he went to his business, and hurried back to forget it, and dream his dream of intellectual achievement in the flattering atmosphere of her sympathy. He could not conceal from himself that his divided life was somewhat like Charles Lamb's, and there were times when, as he had expressed to Fulkerson, he believed that its division was favorable to the freshness of his interest in literature. It certainly kept it a high privilege, a sacred refuge. Now and then he wrote something, and got it printed after long delays, and when they met on the St. Lawrence, Fulkerson had some of March's verses in his pocket-book, which he had cut out of a stray newspaper and carried about for years, because they pleased his fancy so much; they formed an immediate bond of union between the men when their authorship was traced and owned, and this gave a pretty color of romance to their acquaintance. But, for the most part, March was satisfied to read. He was proud of reading critically, and he kept in the current of literary interests and controversies. It all seemed to him, and to his wife at second-hand, very meritorious; he could not help contrasting his life and its inner elegance with that of other men who had no such resources. He thought that he was not arrogant about it, because he did full justice to the good qualities of those other people; he congratulated himself upon the democratic instincts which enabled him to do this; and neither he nor his wife supposed that they were selfish persons. On the contrary, they were very sympathetic; there was no good cause that they did not wish well; they had a generous scorn of all kinds of narrow-heartedness; if it had ever come into their way to sacrifice themselves for others, they thought they would have done so, but they never asked why it had not come in their way. They were very gentle and kind, even when most elusive; and they taught their children to loathe all manner of social cruelty. March was of so watchful a conscience in some respects that he denied himself the pensive pleasure of lapsing into the melancholy of unfulfilled aspirations; but he did not see that if he had abandoned them, it had been for what he held dearer; generally he felt as if he had turned from them with a high altruistic aim. The practical expression of his life was that it was enough to provide well for his family; to have cultivated tastes, and to gratify them to the extent of his means; to be rather distinguished, even in the simplification of his desires. He believed, and his wife believed, that if the time ever came when he really wished to make a sacrifice to the fulfilment of the aspirations so long postponed, she would be ready to join with heart and hand.

When he went to her room from his library, where she left him the whole evening with the children, he found her before the glass thoughtfully removing the first dismantling pin from her back hair.

"I can't help feeling," she grieved into the mirror, "that it's I who keep you from accepting that offer. I know it is! I could go West with you, or into a new country—anywhere; but New York terrifies me. I don't like New York; I never did; it disheartens and distracts me; I can't find myself in it; I shouldn't know how to shop. I know I'm foolish and narrow and provincial," she went on; "but I could never have any inner quiet in New York; I couldn't live in the spirit there. I suppose people do. It can't be that all those millions—"

"Oh, not *so* bad as that!" March interposed, laughing. "There aren't quite two."

"I thought there were four or five. Well, no matter. You see what I am, Basil. I'm terribly limited. I couldn't make my sympathies go round two million people; I should be wretched. I suppose I'm standing in the way of your highest interest, but I can't help it. We took each other for better or worse, and you must try to bear with me—" She broke off and began to cry.

"*Stop* it!" shouted March. "I tell you I never cared anything for Fulkerson's scheme, or entertained it seriously, and I shouldn't if he'd proposed to carry it out in Boston." This was not quite true; but in the retrospect it seemed sufficiently so for the purposes of argument. "Don't say another word about it. The thing's over now, and I don't want to think of it any more. We couldn't change its nature if we talked all night. But I want you to understand that it isn't your limitations that are in the way. It's mine. I shouldn't have the courage to take such a place; I don't think I'm fit for it; and that's the long and short of it."

"Oh, you don't know how it hurts me to have you say that, Basil."

The next morning, as they sat together at breakfast, without the children, whom they let lie late on Sunday, Mrs. March said to her husband, silent over his fish-balls and baked beans: "We will go to New York. I've decided it."

"Well, it takes two to decide that," March retorted. "We are not going to New York."

"Yes, we are. I've thought it out. Now listen."

"Oh, I'm willing to listen," he consented, airily.

"You've always wanted to get out of the insurance business, and now with that fear of being turned out which you have, you mustn't neglect this offer. I suppose it has its risks, but it's a risk keeping on as we are; and perhaps you will make a great success of it. I *do* want you to try, Basil. If I could once feel that you had fairly seen what you could do in literature, I should die happy."

"Not immediately after, I hope," he suggested, taking the second cup of coffee she had been pouring out for him. "And Boston?"

"We needn't make a complete break. We can keep this place for the present, anyway; we could let it for the winter, and come back in the summer next year. It would be change enough from New York."

"Fulkerson and I hadn't got as far as to talk of a vacation."

"No matter. The children and I could come. And if you didn't like New York, or the enterprise failed, you could get into something in Boston again; and we have enough to live on till you did. Yes, Basil, I'm going."

"I can see by the way your chin trembles that nothing could stop you. *You* may go to New York if you *wish*, Isabel, but I shall stay here."

"Be serious, Basil! I'm in earnest."

"Serious? If I were any more serious I should shed tears. Come, my dear, I know what you mean, and if I had my heart set on this thing—Fulkerson always calls it 'this thing'—I would cheerfully accept any sacrifice you could make to it. But I'd rather not offer you up on a shrine I don't feel any particular faith in. I'm very comfortable where I am; that is, I know just where the pinch comes, and if it comes harder, why, I've got used to bearing that kind of pinch. I'm too old to change pinches."

"Now that *does* decide me."

"It decides me too."

"I will take all the responsibility, Basil," she pleaded.

"Oh yes; but you'll hand it back to me as soon as you've carried your point with it. There's nothing mean about you, Isabel, where responsibility is concerned. No; if I do this thing—Fulkerson again! I can't get away from 'this thing'; it's ominous—I must do it because I want to do it, and not because you wish that you wanted me to do it. I understand your position, Isabel, and that you're really acting from a generous impulse, but there's nothing so precarious at our time of life as a generous impulse. When we were younger we could stand it; we could give way to it and take the consequences. But now we can't bear it. We must act from cold reason even in the ardor of self-sacrifice."

"Oh, as if you did that!" his wife retorted.

"Is that any cause why you shouldn't?" She could not say that it was, and he went on triumphantly: "No, I won't take you away from the only safe place on the planet, and plunge you into the most perilous, and then have you savin your revulsion of feeling that you were all against it from the first, and you gave way because you saw I had my heart set on it." He supposed he was treating the matter humorously, but in this sort of banter between husband and wife there is always much more than the joking. March had seen some pretty feminine inconsistencies and trepidations which once charmed him in his wife hardening into traits of middle age, which were very like those of less interesting older women. The sight moved him with a kind of pathos, but he felt the result hindering and vexatious.

She now retorted that if he did not choose to take her at her word he need not, but that whatever he did she should have nothing to reproach herself with; and, at least, he could not say that she had trapped him into anything.

"What do you mean by trapping?" he demanded.

"I don't know what *you* call it," she answered; "but when you get me to commit myself to a thing by leaving out the most essential point, *I* call it trapping."

"I wonder you stop at trapping, if you think I got you to favor Fulkerson's scheme and then sprung New York on you. I don't suppose you do, though. But I guess we won't talk about it any more."

He went out for a long walk, and she went to her room. They lunched silently together in the presence of their children, who knew that they had been quarrelling, but were easily indifferent to the fact, as children get to be in such cases; nature defends their youth, and the unhappiness which they behold does not infect them. In the evening, after the boy and girl had gone to bed, the father and mother resumed their talk. He would have liked to take it up at the point from which it wandered into hostilities, for he felt it lamentable that a matter which so seriously concerned them should be confused in the fumes of senseless anger; and he was willing to make a tacit acknowledgment of his own error by recurring to the question, but she would not be content with this, and he had to concede explicitly to her weakness that she really meant it when she had asked him to accept Fulkerson's offer. He said he knew that; and he began soberly to talk over their prospects in the event of their going to New York.

"Oh, I see you are going!" she twitted.

"I'm going to stay," he answered, "and let them turn me out of my agency here!" and in this bitterness their talk ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLORIDIAN CHAUTAUQUAS.

Floridian Chautauquas are purely American institutions. They are legitimate outgrowths from the first of their kind, established some years ago by the versatile Bishop J. H. Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Hon. Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, on the banks of Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. Originally intended to subserve the interests of Sunday-schools, the interdenominational progenitor has long since outgrown its primitive ideal, and now, with characteristic audacity, claims to be a university. The progeny—fifty of them, more or less—are not slow in imitating the parental example. Amusing in this respect as they may be to conservative spectators, they are none the less doing royal service in popular education. The fruits of their labor are manifest in increased thirst for knowledge, and growing capacity to meet the demands of nineteenth-century patriotism. Fishing, boating, and hunting are held to be perfectly compatible with their *curricula* of study, and, with frequent tent life, to do as much for physical culture as the studies themselves for mental culture during the brief weeks of annual convention.

That Florida should have its Chautauquas is a logical conclusion, from its Italian climate and crowds of nervous visitors. These are chiefly of the professional classes, no small proportion being ministerial. To such, sympathy, action, and aim are necessities. Through them the De Funiak Chautauqua in West Florida sprang into being five years ago. The singularly beautiful lake, circular in shape, pellucid in water, swarming with fish, and accessible from all quarters, offered all the joy of a new discovery. South Florida, with its chain of peaceful basins and fragrant groves of lime and orange, held out equal attractions, and the Mount Dora Chautauqua followed in due sequence. The middle of the State, not to be outdone by other sections, also initiated a Chautauqua at Lake Weir. To say which is the finest locality would be a mistake equal to that of Paris in deciding the disputed question of feminine beauty. All are as intellectually and morally lovely, under the circumstances, as reasonable people can well desire.

Winter residents and visitors from the Northern States and from other lands, citizens to the manor born, and local members of professional classes find Chautauquas to be agreeable variations from the depressing monotony of life. They bring diverse coteries together, rub off the edges of eccentricity, reveal lovable qualities in differing denominational households, strengthen affectional ties, and foster normal Christian evolution. But these results are merely incidental to the accomplishment of what are professedly the principal objects, namely, the acquisition of Biblical, literary, and scientific knowledge, higher style and quality of Sunday-school instruction, more enlightened interest in secular education, and particularly in free common schools. Directly, the greater benefit should inure to the South; indirectly, the entire republic will be the gainer.

"A wise and judicious system of general education" is held by all statesmen to be essential to the welfare of the people. The division among the States in 1836 of the national surplus of $26,000,000 was one of the activities of this opinion; the non-political, educational beneficences of the great religious denominations in the Southern section since the Civil War are other expressions of it. Military necessity in 1863 emancipated nearly 4,000,000 illiterate slaves, and political necessity subsequently converted them into citizens with sovereign power. Since then the tide of immigration has enormously augmented in volume, and yearly introduces multitudes of foreign illiterates from under inferior forms of civilization into all districts, and notably into all cities, of the United States. Emancipate and immigrant, as a rule, are hopelessly unlettered and ignorant. The hope of the future is in their children. Experience has demonstrated that these are best purified and Americanized in our common schools, and thus prepared to become the firm supporters of civil and religious freedom.

But the Southern States have not the ability, even if the wish were universal, to maintain an efficient system of free public schools. The Rev. Dr. A. G. Haygood, agent of the Slater Fund, wrote on the 24th of November, 1887, from Decatur, Ga., that "the South is not able to carry its double burden of ignorance and poverty," that it is not prosperous "outside a few cities," and that "illiteracy outgrows wealth." The Rev. Dr. Curry, formerly prominent as agent of the Peabody School Fund, and recently Minister to Spain, is one of the highest authorities on educational affairs in the South. "Nearly one-half of the white children," he says, "and more than one-half of the colored are growing up without educational advantages." "The South had, in 1870, 4,189,972 illiterates, and in 1880, 4,741,173—an increase of over one half-million in spite of the educational activities of the intermediate ten years. . . . The total number of voting males in the South in 1880 was 4,119,908, and of these 1,363,844 were illiterate. Thirty-three and one-tenth per cent. of the voters in the South are illiterate. Of the illiterate, sixty-nine and eight-tenths per cent. are colored, and thirty and two-tenths per cent. are white. It is especially significant that these figures show an increase of illiterate voters in the last decade." Eight per cent. of our white voters, and sixty-nine per cent. of the colored, according to General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, are illiterate. In eleven States the illiterate voters outnumber the literates of any one party. The States in which citizens of colored birth preponderate, and also Texas, are in the worst predicament; and these States are also among the most solicitous, if not the most wishful, for an efficient public-school system. Many ex-slave-holders advocate it. The negroes desiderate it. Opponents of free schools rarely, if ever, receive their votes.

Florida in 1881–2 reported 97,224 children of school age, between the years of six and twenty-one. Of these, three counties not heard from, 51,945 were enrolled in the public schools. The average daily attendance, twelve counties not reporting, was 24,923. The number of schools was 1239, and the estimated value of school property $89,698. Of the teachers, 678 were men, and 448 women. The salaries of these, together with all other expenditures for schools, aggregated in the sum of $133,260. The public-school system of Florida is continuously improving, as might be expected from the augmenting influx of Northern men and capital. But it needs more than the windowless log school-houses and yearly three months school terms, of which it has its full share, more than its Common-School Fund supplemented by special and county taxes, more than its public high-schools and State Normal School, organized in 1880, to supply by thorough instruction the wants of its future citizens. The latter are in similar position to that of a shepherd dog said to have been discovered by a railroad magnate in a twelve foot square log gri-t-mill, situated on the Atlantic and Pensacola Railroad, licking up the entire product as it issued with wondrous slowness from the meal-spout, and *barking for more*; and also able, according to the owner, to continue the deglutitive feat indefinitely, if it did not die of starvation during the process. The most urgent destitution is on the United States Naval Reservation at Warrington, where fully four hundred children are growing up without any public education. Florida declines to make any provision for them, because of alleged lack of jurisdiction; and the general government also declines, on the ground that most of them are children of squatters. That they are human beings and possible voters has not hitherto incited to any attempt for their relief.

What the winter Chautauquas are doing in Florida for the educational needs of that and sister States may be estimated by the numbers and character of those in attendance, and from the quality of the teaching bestowed by the Sunday-school experts and other lecturers engaged for that purpose. Notwithstanding unusually rainy weather in the latter half of February, 1888, the concourse at Mount Dora was of decidedly encouraging size, and notably composed of the class which furnishes the vanguard of progress to every community. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Principal of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, then and afterward at De Funiak, justified his high reputation as a successful normal teacher and assembly conductor; Dr. Lyman Abbott sustained himself quite as ably as in the editorial chair of the *Christian Union*, or in the pulpit once filled by Henry Ward Beecher. Instructors and lecturers were of various sects, but met on common ground, and with such marked resemblance in doctrinal deliverance that an ordinary layman would have found it difficult, in the absence of any special

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ism is still regnant, but the drowsy atmosphere of the past is yielding to the stimulating spirit of a new and higher life. Two years ago, Fort Berthold lay buried in barbarism: there will be no trace of the last "permanent village" on the Missouri in two years more. Light is breaking along the eastern horizon, and the Ree, the Gros-Ventre, and the Mandan are looking toward the dawn.

THE ELECTRIC SUGAR SWINDLE.

THE recent arrest in Michigan, extradition, indictment in New York, and approaching trial here of five persons, men and women, presage the exposure of what is described as the most successful, audacious, and "barefaced" swindle of the present generation. It had its foundation in the keen competition among sugar refiners. HENRY C. FRIEND, who is said to have been an expert German electrician and chemist, went some years ago to prominent German and English sugar refiners with the claim that he had a process by which better sugar could be produced than by any other process known. He made two other claims in connection with the matter. One was that it was an electric process, and the other was that the cost of it was only eighty cents a ton instead of nine and a half to twelve dollars.

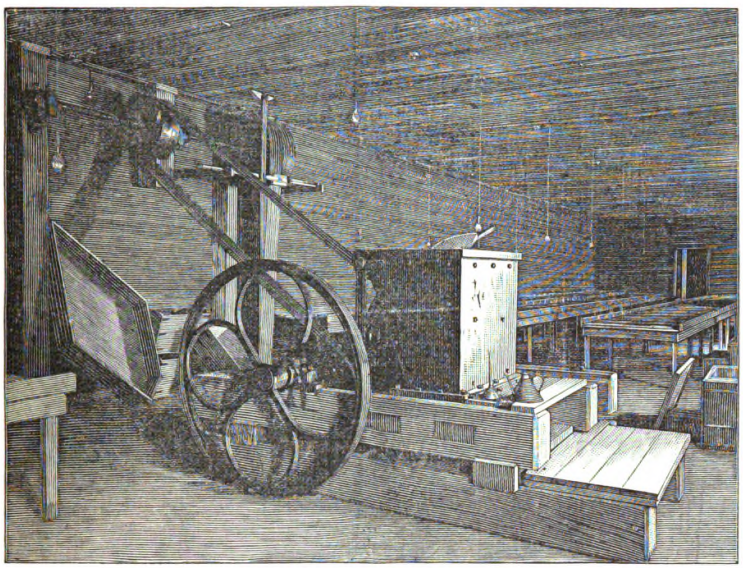
Failing to enlist the capital he sought in Germany and England, Mr. (or "Professor") FRIEND came to New York in 1885, and went to the HAVEMEYERS. He told his story, and they, listening gladly enough, told him that they were willing to pay as much as $2,000,000 for his secret, but refused to treat with him on the basis of any process that should be kept as his secret. He persisted in asking for a chance to show what he could do, and they sent him a short hundredweight—exactly 98 pounds, it is stated—of raw sugar, and he sent back 102 pounds of a sugar which the firm was unable to duplicate. So far as this part of his claim goes, no dispute has been made. He has produced at times sugar that is unlike and superior to any other sugar known in the market. The HAVEMEYERS even went so far as to visit the "professor's" house in company with a party who were to have the process shown to them, but on arriving they found that the machinery employed, whatever it was, was carefully covered up, and that FRIEND would not allow it to be examined, nor allow anybody in the room where he produced his beautiful sugar. Thereupon the HAVEMEYERS declined finally to have anything to do with the matter, saying that they did not propose to buy a "pig in a poke."

Undismayed by this, Mr. FRIEND continued the exploitation of his process, and succeeded in inducing some sugar men, among them LAWSON N. FULLER and WALLACE P. WILLETT, to join in organizing a stock company for the manufacture of his product. This company was accordingly incorporated, with a capital of $1,000,000, of which FRIEND was to retain $600,000. He also retained his secret, whatever it was, and the company agreed to fit up a refinery according to his plans.

This programme was followed out. The old Atlantic Flour-Mill, near Hamilton Ferry, Brooklyn, was secured, and the company expended some $40,000 in fitting it up, preliminary to putting in the required machinery. There was no lack of money, for the shares sold readily on the strength of the representations made by some of the officers of the company. These appear to have been made in good faith after seeing some such exhibition as that made to the HAVEMEYERS. At all events, they went on selling the stock, the buyers believing that they were going to refine raw cane sugar at a cost of eighty cents a ton. "It was the eighty cents that caught me," one shareholder is reported to have said. "If the man was a fraud, why didn't he say a dollar a ton or half a dollar?"

FRIEND showed himself a man of large and liberal ideas so far as the use of money went. The "refinery" is some 50 by 200 feet in dimensions, and five stories high. The top story was put up by the company to hoist the raw sugar to, so that it could be dumped into the secret rooms in which FRIEND was to do his marvellous work. These secret rooms were guarded with massive doors and inner walls constructed of heavy timber lined with boiler iron, and the locks were heavy enough for use in a bank.

Some few pieces of simple machinery (shown in the illustrations) were ordered and paid for by the company at an expense of about $6000, and bear evidence of use, but these were by no means all that was needed, according to FRIEND'S story. So particular was he to guard his secret that he would trust no one with his plans, but told the company that he was ordering different parts of the heavy machinery in different parts of the country, some in Pittsburgh, some in St. Louis, etc. This he said was necessary, as his process and machinery were not yet patented. So jealous was he in this matter that he declared it necessary to pay the bills himself, and wonderful as it may seem, the company gave him the money to do it. They gave liberally, too. According to their own statements, they advanced him $150,000 in money to pay for machinery that never was constructed, and so far as can be learned, was never ordered.



THE "CRUSHER" IN THE SECRET ROOM.

It is not perhaps so strange as it may seem that they were humbugged in this fashion, for a most elaborate pretence of business was maintained. In addition to the two floors fitted up as secret apartments, FRIEND had rooms fitted up to accommodate the workmen, who, he said, must live on the premises. An enormous hotel range for cooking their meals was provided, a dining-room and bedrooms were fitted up, and six men and one woman lived there, the janitor being married. Large packing-cases were made, some of them of queer shapes, all mortised and dovetailed together, and a few lined with boiler iron, and were sent away, ostensibly for use in bringing back the secret machinery. Really they went away empty, and came back packed with barrels and boxes of refined sugar.

This is one of the patent proofs, it is alleged, of fraud. The officers of the company say that all their operations were conducted on the supposition that raw sugar was used by FRIEND in his operations, and they furnished some hundreds of barrels of raw sugar for the purpose of refining. This raw sugar was never used, but was all found in the "refinery" when the bubble burst, and the refined sugar which had been brought in surreptitiously had been put through the secret process and turned out by FRIEND as the result of his refining.

In March last FRIEND died—at least it is supposed that he died. Somebody died and was buried, and the weight of testimony is that it was FRIEND. Probably no one would ever have questioned it if his scheme had proved honest and had been carried out by his widow, who assumed to have his secret, and who took the direction of affairs at the "refinery." As it is, however, the death is doubted. FRIEND had lived extravagantly, after he began to receive money from the company, at No. 227 East Sixtieth Street, keeping numerous horses, wearing valuable diamonds, and consuming large amounts of brandy. His work, whatever it was, had, however, gone on steadily enough, and the suspicion of no one was aroused. But on account of the large extra expense of fitting up the "refinery" as represented by FRIEND, the officers insisted on the return of $75,000 of the stock granted to him, so that the total value received by him and his widow was $525,000 in stock, and the $150,000 or so in money which he and she professed to expend for machinery.

For the work went on as before under Mrs. OLIVE FRIEND'S direction. More boxes went out and came back. More "machinery" was supposed to have been made, and was paid for by the confiding officials; and no one yet knew what they were paying for. They had occasional "tests," at which they saw raw sugar hoisted up to the secret rooms, and saw the beautiful crystals that they could not buy in the market tumbling down through shoots to the floor to which they were admitted, and they were content, especially as the shares they held had advanced to a price of $400 in the open market.

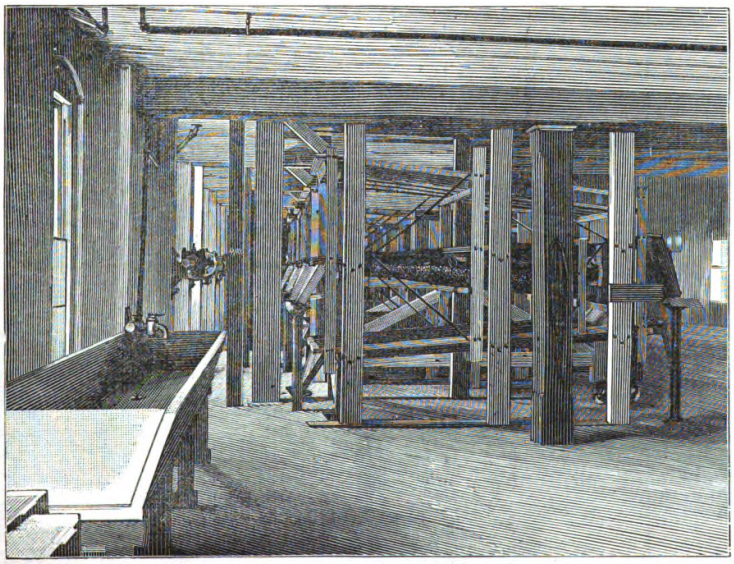
MRS. FRIEND held her husband's stock, and if she could have sold out the whole could have cleared more than $2,000,000 by the operation. Strange to say, she did not try to sell any, possibly fearing that if she should do so, distrust would be aroused. She had contracted meantime, in consideration of $75,000 cash, to be paid "on delivery," to tell the secret on January 1, 1889, and early in December last a "test" was made for the edification of the company's officers. At this trial sugar of the coveted quality was dumped down the shoots at the rate of a barrel every two and three-quarter minutes.

Everything looked well up to this time, but suddenly, without leave-taking, MRS. FRIEND went to Michigan, together with her step-father, WILLIAM E. HOWARD, his wife, EMILY HOWARD, ORRIN A. HALSTEAD, and GEORGE HALSTEAD. These are the five who are now awaiting trial, and they had been working together after FRIEND'S death to carry out his plans. Work came to a stand-still suddenly, but a watchman, JERRY FLANAGAN, left in charge by MRS. FRIEND, refused to admit anybody, even the company's officers, to the secret rooms, and as the time for the divulging of the secret was at hand, the officers waited.

Promptly at the beginning of the year President COTTERILL was on hand at MRS. FRIEND'S Michigan home to receive the secret. He found her attended by two lawyers, and in their presence demanded the secret. She began to make stipulations. First she wanted the $75,000, already deposited in New York, transferred to a Western bank. This was agreed to. Then a third party to receive the secret and declare on its value was agreed on. Then she demanded $5000 more, and Mr. COTTERILL refused it. Then she refused to tell the secret. Mr. COTTERILL was already suspicious, and this confirmed his suspicion. He argued and discussed the matter for a while, and at length offered her $2500 to tell whether she could really refine raw sugar by her process. She declined to answer. Then he was asked, after a private consultation by her lawyers, if he would be satisfied with a secret process by which refined sugar could be treated so as to produce the sugar which had been so admired. He said no, and the negotiations ended abruptly.

The next step was to telegraph to Mr. ROBERTSON, who summoned assistance and broke into the secret rooms. Nothing was found beyond what has been described, and even the most sanguine shareholders were at once convinced that the scheme was a swindle. Legal steps were at once taken, and the result was, as stated above, the arrest and extradition of the five alleged conspirators. FLANAGAN has escaped.

DAVID A. CURTIS.



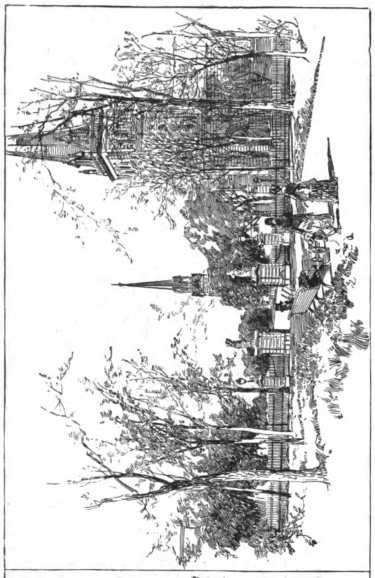
THE CENTRIFUGALS, OR SIFTERS.

THE LAST LULL IN THE FIGHT.

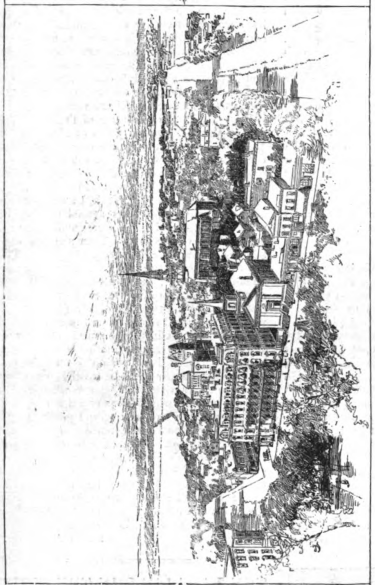
IN this number of the WEEKLY Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON presents an effective picture of one of the perils of frontier life. The scene is the arid plains of the Southwest, and in the original painting the ground and sky are hot with the glare of high noon. The incident depicted resembles one which was narrated to the artist by a Comanche warrior, and as a typical struggle to the death against hostile Indians may stand perhaps for many an unrecorded experience in the far West. The four central figures are those of Texan herders, or "cow-men," as they are called. They have been attacked by Comanches, and forced to halt and fight. They have made a rude barricade of the bodies of their dead horses. The Indians have circled about them, and perhaps made a charge or two, whose results are seen in the death of one man and the wounding of two others, as well as in the arrows which have pierced the horses. The savages, who have been received with a stubborn pluck that has driven them off, now circle like coyotes about their victims, deliberating whether they shall not rely on thirst and wounds to finish the work.

The old man stanches the blood in his wounded leg, while keeping a watchful and undaunted look on the field, and seems still full of fight. The one who stands erect is coolly calculating the chances of another charge and of his party's ability to resist it. The youth resting his head on his hand is despondent, being not yet made indifferent by a hard life to the prospect before him; but that will not prevent him from doing his full part when the hot battle is renewed. The man pierced with an arrow seems the most fortunate, as he lies dead, with empty canteen in hand. He has already gone where the others must follow him. Their bones will bleach on the sand-hillock, and other travellers will wonder what their story was.

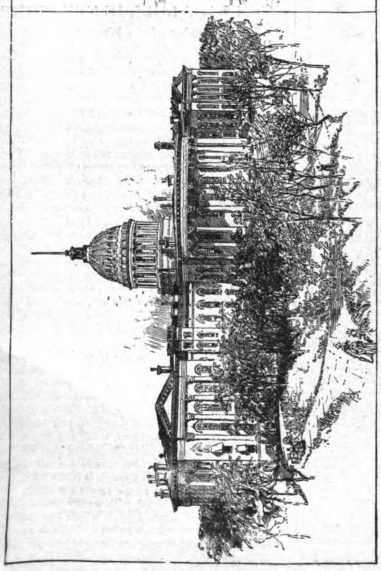
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



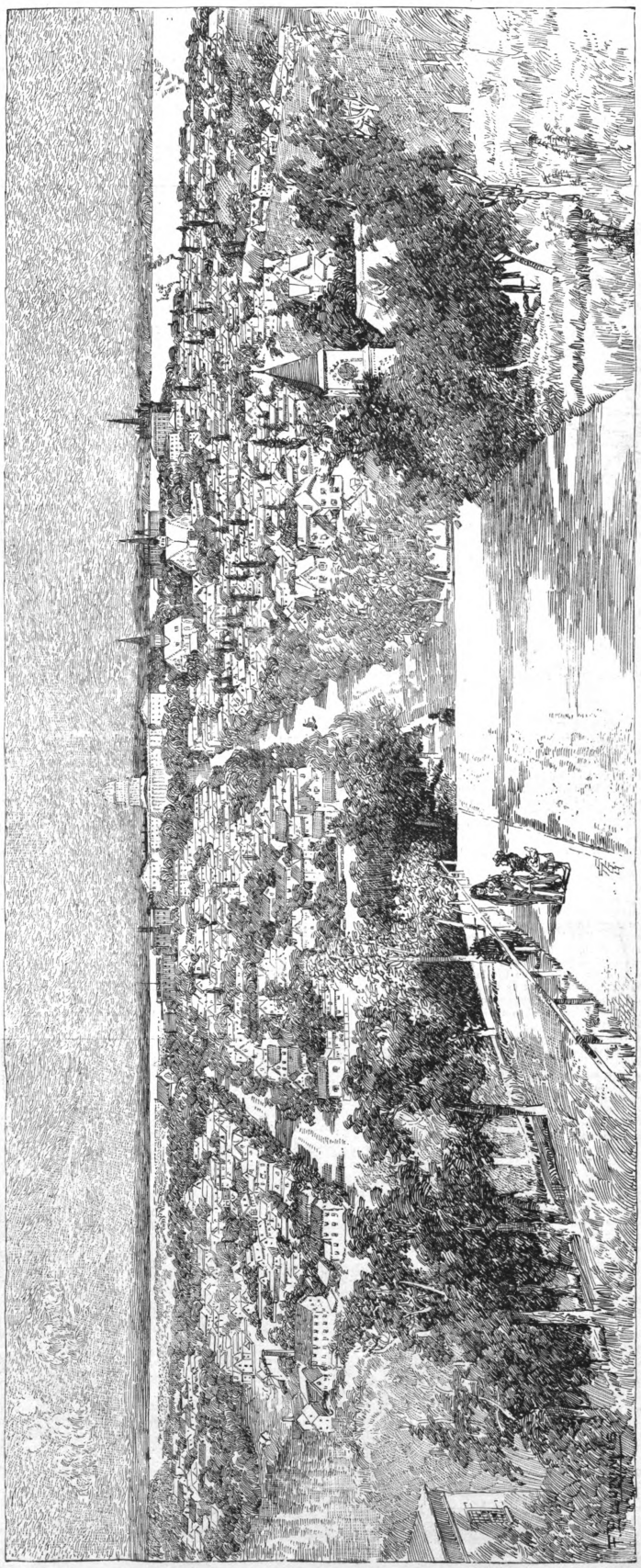
THE CAPITOL PARK.



A GLIMPSE OF LAKE MONONA.



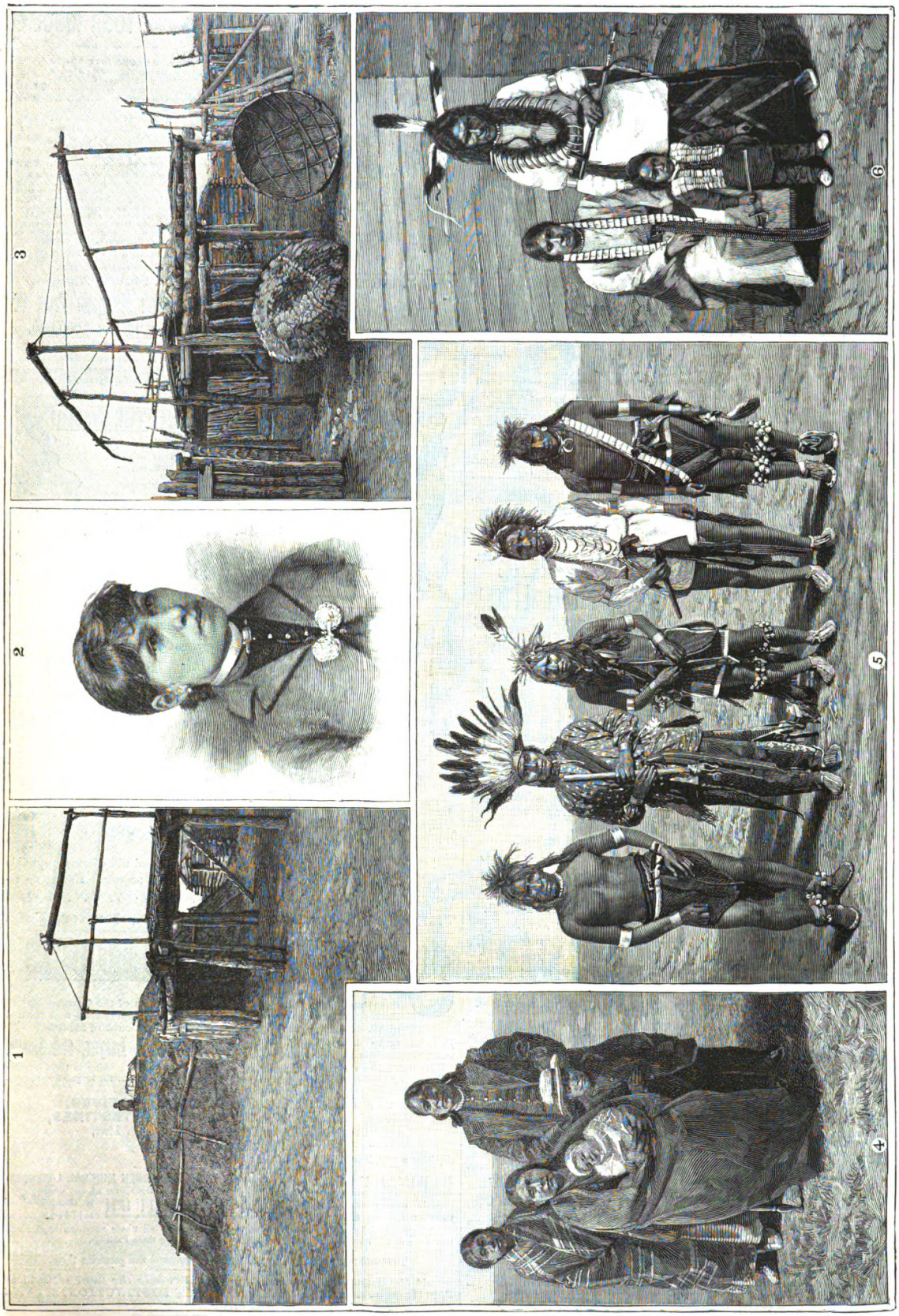
THE STATE CAPITOL.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.—From Photographs by E. R. Curtiss.—[See Page 243.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LAST LODGES OF THE MANDANS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 246.]

1. *Old style lodge*, Fort Berthold, Dakota. 2. Lubahsh ("youngest born"), Gros Ventre girl, educated at Hampton, Virginia. 3. "Bull-boats," drying frame, etc., in permanent village at Fort Berthold. 4. Family of Sitting Bear, chief of the Rees. 5. Arrayed for the dance. 6. Fighting Bear and family.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE COPPER SYNDICATE.

THE leading financial centres of the world have been put to a severe strain during the last week by the collapse of the copper syndicate. The tension, however, has in nearly every case been that of apprehension rather than the testing of monetary resources. Of recent years there has been no occurrence in the financial world precisely similar to that which has just enlivened and distressed Paris. Perhaps for sharpness of effect it will compare measurably with the gold panic of Black Friday, but in most respects it is unique. The whole transaction from beginning to end was characteristically French. The scheme was to control the copper market of the world, and the constant demand for large sums of money gave the undertaking an importance in the financial world that may last for some time. The syndicate that undertook this unnatural work was formally organized under a title, and it has now gone to smash, taking with it the second largest bank in Paris.

The first observation that the collapse provokes must be favorable to the equanimity and strength that other financial centres, and even Paris itself, displayed while the enormous liquidation was most severe. Few people outside of those who handle copper in some form or other would have paid any attention to the matter were it not that the speculation had assumed such proportions that it came very near to becoming an issue in French politics. As it was, the principal financial institution, the Bank of France, was influenced by politicians to advance several millions to the credit bank of the syndicate with the hopes of saving it from suspension. While the shares of that bank, the Comptoir d'Escompte, were declining with frightful rapidity and its vaults were being drained by anxious depositors, while the value of the shares of the copper syndicate, the Société des Métaux, was dwindling away in the market at panic pace, and the price of copper was yielding under the pressure of the 100,000 tons or more that the syndicate has accumulated, Paris was no more excited than over a Boulanger election, if as much; London was not disturbed, nor did Berlin give any evidence of extraordinary anxiety. In our own metropolis the events that have been sketched were utilized on Monday for the purposes of a bear raid, which had for its object the emphasizing of the tendency of the so-called Granger stocks. Boston, the home market for copper stocks, was temporarily upset, but not badly damaged. Paris appears to have made no extraordinary drafts upon London, nor was New York asked through the usual channels of exchange to forward funds to any one of the European centres. Two shipments of specie, aggregating $2,250,000, have been made, it is true, but they were not the result of the crisis in Paris. But fears that the liquidation might spread and effect unpleasant changes that would bear directly upon our market were aroused by subtle manipulators, and played upon for all they were worth. Fortunately complete advices came to hand before any serious damage had been done by that sentimental issue.

One phase of the affair that must command admiration is the nerve of the French bankers. The first day's run on the Comptoir d'Escompte resulted in a withdrawal of the equivalent of $12,000,000 from that bank. The concern continued to do business for fully ten days after that event, principally paying depositors. It would be interesting to know where else in the world, excepting the Bank of England, such a record could be obtained. Certainly not in this city, as the withdrawal under similar circumstances of half of that amount from the strongest of its banks would result in the intervention of the Clearing-House.

The principal sufferers from this grand collapse appear to be the members of the syndicate and the stockholders of the broken bank. The last-named are allowed one share in the reorganized institution for every four shares they held in the old one. The syndicate losses are not so easily adjusted. Thousands of tons of copper will have to be gradually sold for its account, and its relations with bankers guaranteeing its contracts will be settled very slowly. The producers cannot suffer seriously in the long-run, as they have enjoyed for many months the high prices paid by the syndicate, so that they will doubtless strike a good average. It is possible that the producers will profit by the experience of the syndicate, and form an alliance among themselves.

While the folly of the copper syndicate's scheme was patent at the start and its failure a foregone conclusion, it will not do to assume that all other trusts are equally liable to fail of their purpose. There were two radical mistakes in the formation of the syndicate: one was the absence of any provision for the restriction of production, or for the scaling of the price to be paid the producers in case the supply of metal should exceed the demand. The other mistake was practically its formation. The copper producers of the world could have combined for the restriction of production within certain limits with reasonable hopes of success, or they might have gone into partnership with a syndicate that would underwrite their business or product with the view of establishing a stable and at the same time fairly profitable market. They virtually became partners in the syndicate at the last moment, but it was too late. The syndicate, true to its French origin, started with the enthusiastic idea of making copper rank as a precious metal. Its collapse has also been characteristic. Not even the Rothschilds can overturn the immutable laws of trade, yet that is the lesson that they in connection with other financiers of reputed sagacity have paid some scores of millions of dollars to learn. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March 23, 1889.*

EXPAND THE MIND

By seeing as much as you can of the world. But ere you set out either as a tourist, commercial traveller, or emigrant—whether you go by rail, steamship, or steamboat, provide yourself with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which the travelling public recognizes as the finest medical safeguard and preventive of sea-sickness with which any one journeying by land or water can be provided. It furnishes to the western pioneer adequate protection against malaria, rheumatism, and those disorders of the bowels which miasmatainted water beget. Its sedative effect upon a stomach perturbed by the rocking of a ship is truly magical, and it is a capital appetizer and nerve invigorator. Excellent is it for biliousness and kidney inaction, and it counteracts, in a remarkable degree, the effects of fatigue, physical or mental. After wetting and exposure in inclement weather, it should be used as a preventive.—[*Adv.*]

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF WEATHER

Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES take ANGOSTURA BITTERS generally when they feel low spirited. It brightens them up.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

WRITE WITH
TADELLA'S ALLOYED ZINC PENS
More durable than pure steel, and smoother than gold. Demand them of your Stationer. Send 10 cents for samples of 12 styles. $1.25 per gross. ST. PAUL BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., St. Paul, Minnesota. H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., New York. (*Name this paper.*)

THE WITNESS OF THE SUN. A new novel by AMÉLIE RIVES, author of "The Quick or the Dead?" Complete in Lippincott's Magazine for April. Price, 25 Cents. For sale by all booksellers and newsdealers.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

BRAZILIAN ORCHIDS.—Grower & Collector, C. Struve, at Rio de Janeiro. Orders for these Orchids will be received by the general agents, Valentine Brothers, Produce Exchange, New York, according to catalogue furnished by them on application.

PARIS DRESSES AND MANTLES.
MADAME JOSEPHINE GILLES ET CIE.,
17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.
Many years with MAISON LAUR. English well spoken.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

RHEUMATIC Sciatic Pains
Rheumatic, Sciatic, Shooting, Sharp, and Muscular Pains and Weaknesses, Back Ache, Uterine and Chest pains, **relieved in one minute** by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Why Not?
INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

IF YOU HAVE $10,000 INVESTED IN Government Bonds at present value you will receive in ten years at simple interest nearly	$2,500
If in Savings Banks about	3,500
New York Central Railroad Bonds would produce in the same time nearly	4,000
The 6 Per Cent. Debentures of the Western Farm Mortgage Trust Co. would yield	6,000
The 7 Per Cent. Guaranteed Mortgages of the Western Farm Mortgage Trust Co. would pay in the same time	7,000

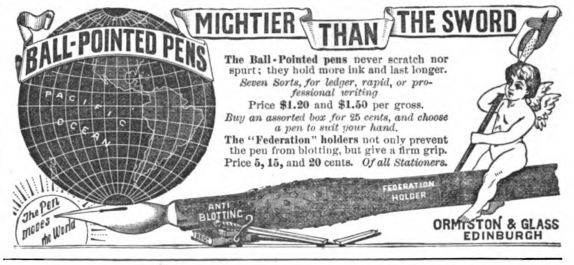
If our Bonds PROVE just as SAFE and make greater returns, we know YOU will thank us for the suggestion. SURE that they will, we back our statement with our GUARANTEE. All we ask is that YOU investigate US, our methods of conducting business, and the CHOICE character of our securities. Think it over, and when ready let us convince you with such FACTS as we are always pleased to lay before any one seeking a perfectly, secure, safe, and sure

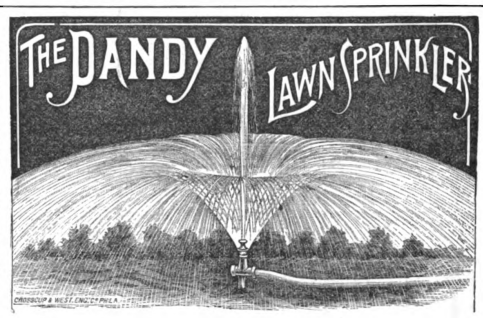
7 PER CENT. INCOME INVESTMENT AT PAR.

Send for descriptive pamphlet.

WM. T. PRATT, Manager.
Western Farm Mortgage Trust Co.
Capital paid in $1,000,000.
40 AND 42 WALL ST.,
MANHATTAN BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK.

This Co. has placed over TEN MILLIONS in loans without the loss of a dollar of principal or interest to investors.





Will throw a spray as *fine* as *mist* or as *coarse* as *rain*, and will effectually sprinkle a space of from 10 to 40 feet in diameter, according to pressure. Having no revolving parts, will not wear out, and will last for years. *Price, postage paid,* $1.00.

THE DAVIS-CRESWELL MFG. CO., Denver, Colo.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES
TRADE-MARK.
PREPARED FROM THE
Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort, SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D., Member of the Royal Board of Health.
They are to be used with great benefit in all Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx, and Lungs.
By their action the **mucus is dissolved,** quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying **cough** and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of
the different **CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES,**
the Chronic Catarrhs of the **STOMACH** and **INTESTINES,**
Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver,
and other Abdominal Complaints
requiring a mild, laxative, and stimulating treatment.
DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of SODEN MINERAL LOZENGES, as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle only in throats affected by WHOOPING COUGH is changed to its Catarrh; and the tormenting mildest form.
Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose vocations require continued use of the voice will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.
The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.
At the International Exhibition at Brussels the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES *were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.*
For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a box.
Sole Agency for the United States,
Soden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, 15 Cedar Street, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

SUFFERERS FROM WEAK SPINE.

Persons suffering from weak back will take comfort in reading the following letter from Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Oswego, N. Y.

"Ten years ago I was afflicted with a lame back. The pain was so severe that I could hardly walk or get about. Hearing much said about ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, I applied two to the lower part of my spine. In a week I was very much better. I put on fresh plasters at the end of ten days, and two weeks afterward found myself entirely well. If I get a very severe cold, I sometimes have a return of this weakness of the spine, but ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS cure me in three or four days."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

MAGEE'S EMULSION.

—OF—

COD LIVER OIL,

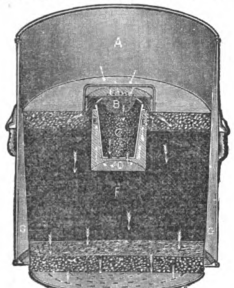
With Extract of Malt and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Scrofula, and all Wasting Diseases.

It is as pleasant and palatable to take as honey.
Its strengthening effects are almost immediate.
It does not come up to assert itself semi-occasionally after being swallowed, as other Emulsions certainly do.
It is a great producer of BONE and MUSCLE, it purifies the Blood, and patients gain rapidly in weight while taking it.
It is a true Emulsion, the only one that is always ready, always alike, and that never has a thick, gummy, and greasy BLOB at the top to upset the PATIENT'S STOMACH.
It is used in all the leading Hospitals.
It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the United States and Canada.

Ask your Druggist for it, and take no other.

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

Jewett's New Water Filter.



A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.



HILL'S MANUAL. The Great Form Book. Standard in Social and Business Life. Large sales. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write Danks & Turner, **Hill Standard Book Co.,** 108 State St., Chicago, who wish to employ a few more good salesmen.

ÆOLIAN HARPS

Improved construction. Fine instruments and charming effects. A beautiful addition to a home. Catalogue free. THE G. J. HOLBROOK CO., 88 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

$5 to **$8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lifts not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., **Holly, Mich.**

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



A LACKING INGREDIENT.

"Talk about wives," said Farmer Hawbuck. "I've got one wife in a million. Why, she gits up in the mornin', milks seventeen cows, and gets breakfast for twenty hard-workin' men before six o'clock, by gum."

"She must be a very robust woman, Hawbuck," remarked one of his hearers.

"On the contrairy," put in the farmer, "she is pale and delikit-like. Gosh, ef that woman was strong I dunno what work she couldn't do."



Infantile Skin and Scalp Diseases

I HAVE USED the CUTICURA REMEDIES successfully for my baby, who was afflicted with eczema, and had such intense itching that he got no rest day or night. The itching is gone, and my baby is cured, and is now a healthy, rosy-cheeked boy.

MARY KELLERMANN, Beloit, Kan.

We have used your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and find them worthy the claim you make for them. In fact, they cannot be too highly recommended. Our little girl had the eczema, and suffered intensely for one winter, and, although under the care of a skilled physician, he could afford her no relief, but by the use of your CUTICURA REMEDIES she was speedily cured. We will not be without them.

B. A. MANLEY, Milo, Iowa.

MY BOY, aged nine years, has been troubled all his life with a very bad humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scab on them. Last year he was worse than ever, being covered with scabs from the top of his head to his feet, and continually growing worse, although he had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort, I determined to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and am happy to say they did all that I could wish. Using them according to directions, the humor rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth, and performing a thorough cure. The CUTICURA REMEDIES are all you claim for them. They are worth their weight in gold to any one troubled as my boy was.

GEO. F. LEAVITT, No. Andover, Mass.

Cuticura Remedies

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin and scalp and restoring the hair of children and infants and destroying the germs of scrofula and all hereditary humors, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching, burning, and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of torturing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, and all humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, and crusts, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

Arnold Constable & Co

CARPETS.

Spring Exhibition of Novelties of Imported
SCOTCH AXMINSTERS,
ROYAL WILTONS,
ENGLISH BRUSSELS,
Also a very beautiful assortment of
Lowell Brussels, Oriental Rugs,
WHOLE CARPETS,
MATS AND MATTINGS.

Broadway & 19th st.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

LADIES' IMPORTED
Coats, Jackets, and Wraps,
From the very first makers in Paris, representing the latest and most fashionable styles for Early Spring and Summer.

LADIES' RIDING HABITS,
Made of the very best English Cloths, in the Latest London Styles, by the most experienced Tailors.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801 Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR



Is not only the oldest and cheapest, but the most useful preparation for preserving, restoring, and beautifying the hair which has ever been offered to the public. It is recommended by our best Chemists and Physicians, and has been extensively and successfully used in all parts of the world.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.



Nonpariel Cigar Lighter.
Every Smoker wants it. Lights in wind or rain; smaller than an ordinary match box. Nickel Plated; lasts a life-time. By mail 25 cents; five for $1.00. Stamps taken. Agents wanted.
STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

"POKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

$210 **Genuine Confederate Money,** with lists of prices we pay for rare U. S. coins; also list of our prices for curiosities, coins, Indian Relics, **all for 25c.,** post-paid. **R. W. Mercer, 147 Cent. Av. Cincinnati, O.**

HARPER'S WAR VOLUMES



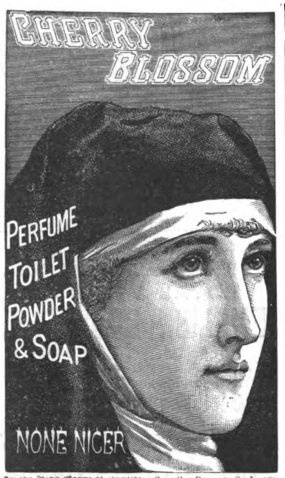
The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
Pictorial History of the Civil War

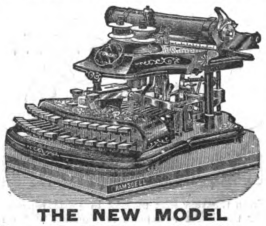
is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $25. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.



THE NEW MODEL

Crandall Type-Writer.

Unequalled for speed, accuracy, and durability. Writing in plain sight, even to last letter. Change of type in five seconds. Alignment can never change. The fewest parts of any standard type-writer. Only 28 keys, 84 characters. *Send for illustrated catalogue and price-list to*

IRELAND-BENEDICT CO., Ltd.,
SOLE AGENTS,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
New York Office, - 157 Broadway.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

Foster's
KID GLOVES.

CAUTION!

Kid Gloves bearing imitations of our Lacing Hooks are offered for sale.

The genuine Foster Glove Hooks *do not* catch in Fringe, Laces, &c., nor accidentally unfasten.

All Gloves with *genuine* Foster Lacings are stamped

FOSTER'S PATENTS.

Demand them and see that you get them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOSTER, PAUL & CO.,
Manufacturers.

COLUMBIA
LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE
CYCLES FOR '89
FINEST LINE EVER PRESENTED
BICYCLES · TRICYCLES · TANDEMS · SAFETIES
POPE MFG. CO.
BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER



WON
GOLD & SILVER MEDALS
FOR
Championship of the World,
At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888.
151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus **BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE
FOR GENTLEMEN.
Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE
FOR LADIES.
Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

CAUTION If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

The Royal
TOP ROYAL
A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE
FOR SALE BY ALL MENS FURNISHERS
PAT'D AUG 14-88. MANF'D ONLY BY
CORLISS BROS & CO., TROY N.Y.
New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St.
Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S OPINION OF PEARS' SOAP.



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' IS THE BEST, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps *for general* TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the *purest* and *cleanest*. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London **100** years as **A COMPLEXION SOAP**, has obtained **15** International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but *be sure that you get the genuine*, as there are worthless imitations.



For All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

At no time during life is there a period when a man can derive no benefit from a dose of Beecham's Pills. Boys who look upon the apple when it is green, find a stanch friend in them. Club men, with a fondness for late hours and terrapin stew, cry for them. Middle-aged and old men who know the value of good health are never without them. In fact, **Beecham's Pills** are essential to every proper and well-regulated life. For *weak stomach, impaired digestion, disordered liver*, **Beecham's Pills** are *invaluable!* They act like magic. A few doses bring back the ruddy glow of health to the cheek, restore the keen edge of appetite, and give renewed energy to the whole human frame.

Special Beecham's Pills are now being introduced into the United States. Ask your druggist for them. If his stock is depleted, send 25c. to B. F. ALLEN & Co., 365 & 367 Canal Street, New York, who will mail you a sample box.

PREPARED ONLY BY THOS. BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

GREENWAY'S TRADE MARK. AMERICAN
DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
IN GLASS ORWOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.
RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.
THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

TO CURE PAINS AND ACHES
USE
DR. SCOTT'S
ELECTRIC PLASTER
PRICE 25¢

Of all Druggists, or will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. 5 plasters for $1, for family use. They annihilate pains and aches. Stamps taken. DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT
Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. Liebig TRADE MARK

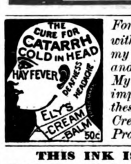
Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

UNSURPASSED.
BOARDMAN & GRAY PIANOS
ESTABLISHED 1837.
Send for Catalogue. Albany, N. Y.

SECURUS JUDICAT
Apollinaris
ORBIS TERRARUM



THE POPULAR GAME
HALMA
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
BY MAIL $1.00
E. I. HORSMAN
80, 82 WILLIAM ST. N.Y.



For 15 years I was annoyed with catarrh, discharges into my throat, unpleasant breath and severe pain in my head. My sense of smell was much impaired. I have overcome these troubles with Ely's Cream Balm.—I. B. Case, Prop'r Secour House, B'klyn.

CURE for the DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

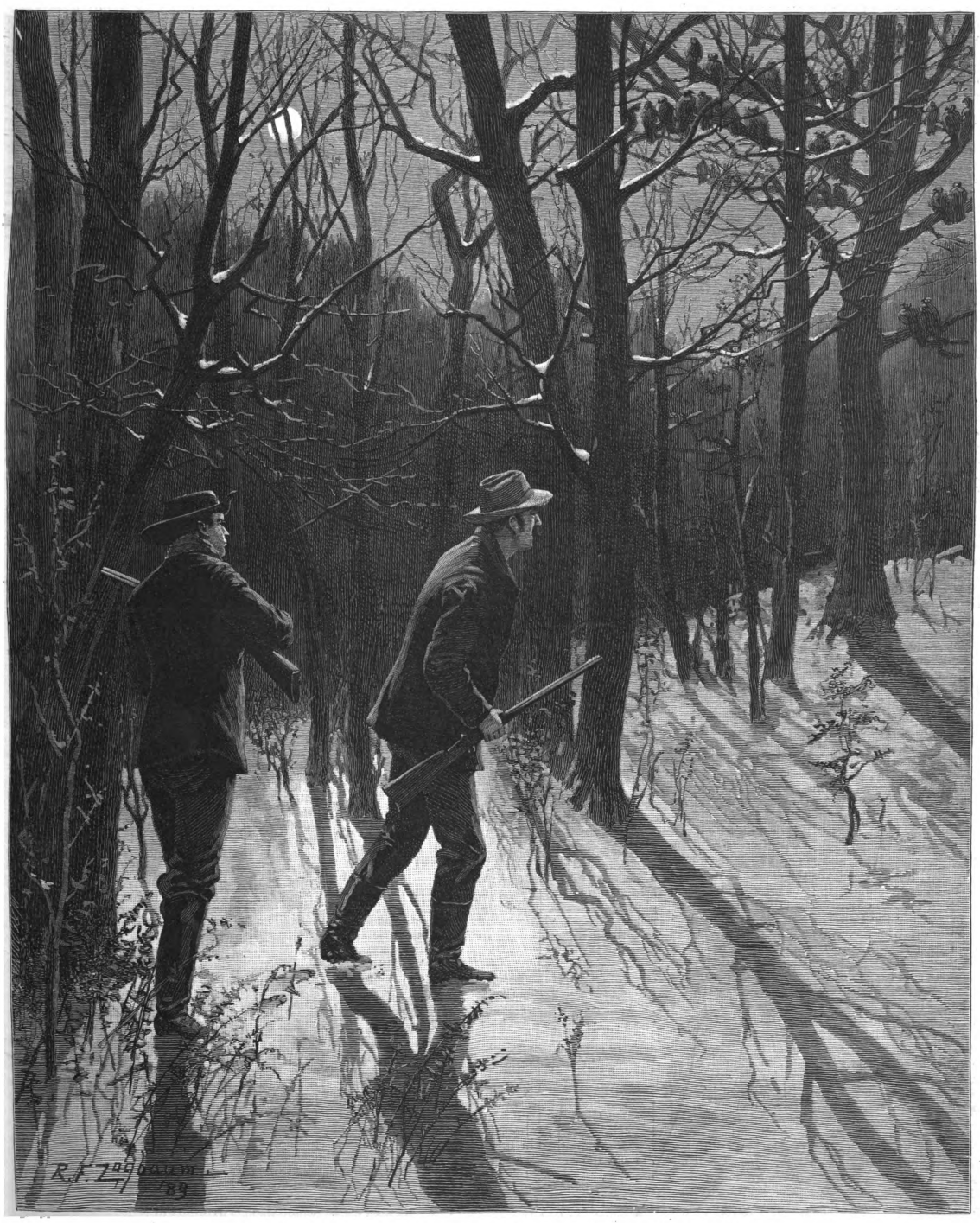
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1685.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

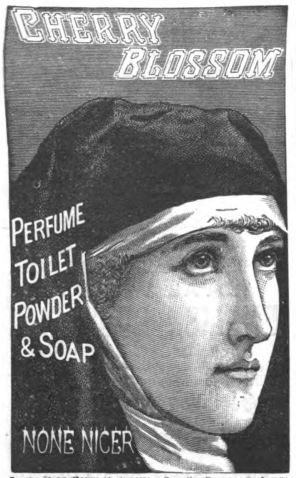


HUNTING WILD TURKEY BY MOONLIGHT.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

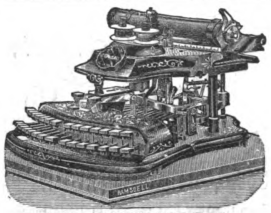
Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.



THE NEW MODEL
Crandall Type-Writer.

Unequalled for speed, accuracy, and durability. Writing in plain sight, even to last letter. Change of type in five seconds. Alignment can never change. The fewest parts of any standard type-writer. Only 28 keys, 84 characters. *Send for illustrated catalogue and price-list to*

IRELAND-BENEDICT CO., Ltd.,
SOLE AGENTS,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
New York Office, - 157 Broadway.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

Foster's
KID GLOVES.
CAUTION!

Kid Gloves bearing imitations of our Lacing Hooks are offered for sale.

The genuine Foster Glove Hooks *do not* catch in Fringe, Laces, &c., nor accidentally unfasten.

All Gloves with *genuine* Foster Lacings are stamped

FOSTER'S PATENTS.

Demand them and see that you get them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOSTER, PAUL & CO.,
Manufacturers.

COLUMBIA CYCLES FOR '89
LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE
FINEST LINE EVER PRESENTED
BICYCLES · TRICYCLES · TANDEMS · SAFETIES
POPE MFG. CO.
BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER



WON
GOLD & SILVER MEDALS
FOR
Championship of the World,
At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888.
151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus **BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE
FOR GENTLEMEN.
Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE
FOR LADIES.
Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

CAUTION If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

CANDY for presents. Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.



TOP ROYAL
A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE
FOR SALE BY ALL MENS FURNISHERS
PAT'D AUG 14-88. MANF'D ONLY BY
CORLISS BROS & CO. TROY N.Y.
New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St. Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S OPINION OF PEARS' SOAP.



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' IS THE BEST, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps *for general* TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the *purest* and *cleanest*. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London **100** years as **A COMPLEXION SOAP,** has obtained **15** International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but *be sure that you get the genuine,* as there are worthless imitations.



For All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

At no time during life is there a period when a man can derive no benefit from a dose of Beecham's Pills. Boys who look upon the apple when it is green, find a stanch friend in them. Club men, with a fondness for late hours and terrapin stew, cry for them. Middle-aged and old men who know the value of good health are never without them. In fact, **Beecham's Pills** are essential to every proper and well-regulated life. For *weak stomach, impaired digestion, disordered liver,* **Beecham's Pills** are *invaluable!* They act like magic. A few doses bring back the ruddy glow of health to the cheek, restore the keen edge of appetite, and give renewed energy to the whole human frame.

Special Beecham's Pills are now being introduced into the United States. Ask your druggist for them. If his stock is depleted, send 25c. to B. F. ALLEN & Co., 365 & 367 Canal Street, New York, who will mail you a sample box.

PREPARED ONLY BY THOS. BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

GREENWAY'S AMERICAN TRADE MARK.
DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.
RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.
THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

TO CURE PAINS AND ACHES
USE
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC PLASTER
PRICE 25¢
Of all Druggists, or will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. 5 plasters for $1, for family use. They annihilate pains and aches. Stamps taken.
DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT
Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. Liebig TRADE MARK

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Lt'd, London.

UNSURPASSED.
BOARDMAN & GRAY PIANOS
ESTABLISHED 1837.
Send for Catalogue. Albany, N. Y.

SECURUS JUDICAT
Apollinaris
ORBIS TERRARUM



THE POPULAR GAME
HALMA
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
BY MAIL $1.00
E. I. HORSMAN
80 & 82 WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

CURE for the DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N.Y. Name this paper.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

For 15 years I was annoyed with catarrh, discharges into my throat, unpleasant breath and severe pain in my head. My sense of smell was much impaired. I have overcome these troubles with Ely's Cream Balm.—I. B. Case, Prop'r Secour House, B'klyn.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1685.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



HUNTING WILD TURKEY BY MOONLIGHT.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MOTLEY'S LETTERS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., Author of "The History of the United Netherlands," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," etc. Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. With Portrait. In Two Volumes. Vol. I., pp. x, 396. Vol. II., pp. x, 424. Royal 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, Gilt Top, $7.00. (*In a box.*)

OPINIONS OF THE WORK.

The free and fluent outflow of a brilliant and active mind. An honor to literature, they give us the more intimate history of a man of genius, a great writer, and a man of the world.—*New York Tribune.*

Two fascinating volumes. Mr. Motley was a delightful letter-writer, and his epistles are full of charming glimpses of historic places, beautiful scenes, and famous persons.—*St. James's Gazette*, London.

They have a special value from the distinction of the individuals and the importance of the subjects which they discuss.—*New York Times.*

Delightful volumes, edited with rare modesty and good taste.—*Athenæum*, London.

The most delightful book of an autobiographical character that has been published in this country for many years.—*New York Sun.*

Full of delightful pen-pictures and anecdotes of distinguished people. A worthy memorial and an honorable addition to our literature.—*Boston Transcript.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

POSTMASTER PEARSON'S EXPLANATION.

MR. PEARSON, the Postmaster at New York, has been so long attacked and in such detail for his official conduct that he has at length made a careful and conclusive reply. The attack proceeds from a combination of employés, of some who have been dismissed, and of politicians of high and low degree both in New York and in Washington. The reason of the assault has been long obvious. Mr. PEARSON is a Republican in political sympathy, but he is also a public officer who knows no politics and no party in the management of the chief post-office in the country. Finding him at its head, and fully agreeing with his views of the proper administration of such an office, President CLEVELAND, after satisfying himself of the falsity of certain persistent accusations, reappointed Mr. PEARSON, and in so doing courageously lifted the New York Post-office out of politics. No President since the national disgrace began of a universal loot of the civil service with every party change of administration had shown such executive independence as Mr. CLEVELAND in this act. It was a defiance of machine and spoils politics which the machines of both parties at once understood to be by far the most significant, and to spoils politics the most dangerous, act of reform. Its result, if unarrested, would be ultimately fatal to machines based upon patronage, because it would show that a partisan change in such offices was not necessary, and public opinion would become too strong to tolerate the general political dislocation of the service with every new administration, and the debauchery and degradation of politics by which spoils politicians live.

From the moment of Mr. PEARSON'S reappointment, therefore, he was the object of the most determined machine hostility and opposition on both sides. As his statement shows, from the Department, through Congress, down to the local henchmen of the machines, there has been a continuous effort to obstruct, annoy, and exasperate him by refusing his official requests and by incessant and plausible calumny. Misrepresentations of his conduct and every kind of base device were employed to force him into a false position and to foster prejudice against him. The public would be surprised if it should learn the details of this prolonged and unyielding hostility of the great and powerful venal interest of party, which felt instinctively that in fighting the Postmaster of New York it was fighting for its own life. His official destruction was the common cause of both party machines. Their immediate agents were subordinates who organized themselves as a branch or a group of Knights of Labor, and thus, acting secretly under the lead of active politicians, threatened the Department and members of Congress, if their demands were disregarded, with the wrath of the "labor" vote. Whoever is familiar with politics and politicians will understand the manner in which all this was managed. Fortunately the cause of an honest public service, administered solely in the interest of the people, had been intrusted to a thoroughly competent officer and resolute man, whose character, convictions, temperament, knowledge, and experience peculiarly qualified him for his task. The great body of his subordinates stood by him faithfully. They felt that his cause was theirs. If he was compelled by the conduct of others to require much of his assistants, he gave them the example of his own entire devotion. He gave more time and labor than he asked of any other man. It was a contest for a vital principle to which he unfalteringly sacrificed his health. The enormous and increasing business of the office was transacted to the entire public satisfaction. There was no public complaint of any kind, but there was an incessant secret detraction. Apart from allegations of favoritism and injustice proceeding from dismissed and hostile subordinates, allegations which the character and previous career of Mr. PEARSON totally discredited, there was no definite or tangible charge except that of cruel exaction of extraordinary labor from the letter-carriers.

To this charge Mr. PEARSON makes in reply a careful and detailed statement of the facts. He does not deny hardships, but he denies that he was justly responsible for them, alleging, what is undeniable, that his efforts to secure relief from the proper superior authorities were unremitting. If he required much of others, he gave everything himself, and he throws the blame, where undoubtedly it belongs, upon the Post-office Department, managed by politicians for political purposes. Had Mr. PEARSON permitted himself to be forced out of the New York Post-office, it would have been undoubtedly put back into politics. This evidently was the object of those who constantly thwarted him. His conduct of the office brought the whole spoils system into contempt. It showed it in its true light, as absurd and unnecessary, and could the party machines have driven him from his position, it would have been a serious public misfortune. Mr. PEARSON'S statement is necessarily *ex parte*. But, as with all personal explanations, its value is derived from the character of the person who makes it, and no one who knows him will doubt its absolute truthfulness. Whether he be reappointed or not, his great public service will remain. In the most important office of its kind in the entire civil administration he has demonstrated against tremendous odds the practicability and value of the reform to which the Republican party solemnly pledged itself in the event of success, and riveted the pledge by the declaration that it should not be violated. Mr. PEARSON has conducted his office upon the principles which the Republican platform declares should govern the entire service, and which the best opinion of the country approves. The Democratic machine was unable under President CLEVELAND to control the office. The Republican machine is pushing desperately under President HARRISON to capture it. Success would be now, as it would have been then, a public misfortune.

BOODLE POLITICS.

THE ceiling investigation at Albany is not only the chief and important part in the annals of this year's legislation in New York, but it is a most timely and instructive commentary upon boodle politics, to which public attention is thoroughly aroused. Mr. AINSWORTH'S statement to the effect that General HARRISON would not have been elected except for the ceiling job is now supplemented by the explanation of Speaker COLE that

"along about the 1st of November the State Committee, in its kindness, in its generosity, realizing the fact, I presume, that I was in the native county of Governor HILL, that we have a *large vote that is questionable*, sent *quite a large amount of money into that county.* Of course, my friends, perhaps that was not a wise thing. Perhaps it was not a wise thing for me to be *the receiver of that money.* Yet I have explained the facts. I have withheld nothing; I have told Mr. SEWARD and the other attorney the places where that money came from. It came from Republicans high up in official life; it came, a large part of it, almost all of it, with the exception of a few hundred dollars, from the State Committee; and yet they say that should be explained."

Certainly it should be explained, and for the very reason that Speaker COLE gave in his speech at the opening of the session:

"Never before in the history of our politics, since our patriot fathers established the Union and consecrated it to freedom, has money played so important, unblushing, and corrupt a part in the election of government officials."

The Speaker explains that when he spoke of a vote that is questionable he meant a vote which is indifferent, and which can be brought out only by the excitement of bands, and by providing carriages to bring them to the polls, and that it was for such legitimate expenses the money was used. Mr. WANAMAKER is reported to have said that he didn't care how the money was used, knowing that it would be properly used by Mr. QUAY.

Yet the Philadelphia *American*, the organ of one of President HARRISON'S earliest and stanchest friends, says of Mr. QUAY:

"When the President appoints a dispenser and disposer of 'patronage' in any State, and takes as his appointee a person of Mr. QUAY'S qualities and record, he abandons the duties for whose discharge he was elected, and he commits them to hands which practically are raised against the virtue and honor of the government. What worse thing could he do?"

Mr. WANAMAKER may perhaps plead political inexperience and ignorance of "wicked partners." But Speaker COLE is not new in politics, and he knows, as everybody else knows, that the moral standards of a State Committee in the management of elections are not the standards of what the late Mr. SMYTH described as Sunday-school politics. Mr. COLE, however, says distinctly to a reporter of the *Tribune* that the sum was too insignificant for the purchase of voters, who in that case must hold out for a high price in Schuyler County, for in his speech he describes the sum as "quite a large amount," and he avers that it was disbursed for "legitimate expenses of the campaign," which he defines. That the enormous sums raised in the late campaign, however, were devoted to legitimate expenses is not believed out of Schuyler County. Mr. COLE'S word in regard to his own conduct in the affair ought certainly to be accepted until it is invalidated by something else than presumption. But he will see that $4000, which came too late for many bands of music, is a large sum for carriages to convey "questionable" voters to the polls in a country county. Mr. COLE can settle the question conclusively by simply stating the items of his disbursement.

The painful necessity of such an explanation as that made by the Speaker of the New York Assembly is another illustration not only of the perilous mercenary tendencies of politics, but also and happily of an aroused public sentiment. The Republican party, as the champion of the extreme protection of certain industrial interests, and as the contributor of an enormous sum of money wholly beyond any requirement of legitimate election expenses, and of whose disbursement no account is rendered—money expended by Messrs. QUAY, DUDLEY, and others whose records upon the subject of such expenditures are public and familiar—is a party under suspicion and on the defensive. Questions of the tariff and of the fisheries and of Samoa are of no importance whatever in comparison with the question of wholesale corruption at the polls. Governor GORDON, of Georgia, interviewed by a reporter of the *World*, says:

"I know nothing about Mr. COLE'S case, but I have a very decided opinion in regard to the use of money in controlling elections. My profound conviction is that this country is in more danger from the efforts that have grown common in the last few years to purchase votes in controlling elections than from any other source. I do not see a remedy, but all the powers of the government, State and Federal, legislative, judicial, and executive, ought to be used to break down this vile and growing practice. The charge that the negro vote is suppressed at the South, if it were true, ought to give to the patriotic thinking men of the country far less concern for the future of the republic than this habit of depending upon accumulated money to decide the question of who shall make our laws and what these laws shall be."

One wrong does not palliate or excuse another, but Governor GORDON does not overestimate the peril. A new view of it is presented by Mr. PHILIP A. BRUCE in his little work, which is well worth attention, *The Plantation Negro as a Freeman.* Mr. BRUCE says that the late administration having proved to the freedman that he is in no danger of re-enslavement by the Democratic party, he is now peculiarly accessible to bribery. In no country, he thinks, would it be possible to find so large a vote open to venal influences as among the Southern colored voters, in consequence of the loss of apprehension which is now observable. If this be true, it is another exceedingly suggestive fact. Meanwhile, that a happy comic aspect of the question may not be wanting, Tammany Hall protests against the imputation of venality to our politics. This is delightful, and Mr. DUDLEY and his friends should be immediately made honorary Tammany Sachems in blocks of five.

ARBOR DAY.

MR. DRAPER, the New York Superintendent of Public Instruction, calls attention to the fact that the first observance of Arbor Day in this State will occur this year on the 3d of May. The day is now observed almost universally in the States and Territories. It is a pleasant sign of an interest in the tasteful decoration and circumstance of life, like the growth and popularity of Village Improvement Societies. The necessity of such an interest, and of prompt, intelligent, and resolute action upon the subject, has been plainly demonstrated and strongly urged in *Garden and Forest*—a journal which is a true leader upon all such subjects. The object of Arbor Day is not only to provide shade trees, but to emphasize the fact that such provision is indispensable to the welfare of the State. The day is already observed with great attention in many of the Western States, and South Carolina devotes a week to tree-planting every year. In some New England villages the citizens devote a day in the early spring to trimming the grass borders in the streets and to the care of the trees. The general observance of Arbor Day will quicken this disposition, and its reflex effect will be salutary.

In New York it is hoped that the school authorities will co-operate heartily in regard for a day upon which the school grounds will be beautified. The care necessary to protect the trees will teach the children a certain respect for them, which it is most desirable to inculcate, as arresting the carelessness which leads to the mischievous devastation that imposes a serious loss upon every community. The beneficent and elevating influence of a proper regard for every form of animate and vegetable life is so great that its promotion is in every way to be encouraged. Superintendent DRAPER is fully alive to the various advantages of this simple and beautiful care for the trees, and he proposes to issue a programme of exercises suitable for Arbor Day. This would include naturally directions for transplanting, the choice of trees suitable for the purpose, and the proper care of them when transplanted. He takes a

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

happy hint from the custom of commemorating the birthdays of distinguished persons by planting trees which are named for them, and he suggests that in the same way the trees which are planted upon Arbor Day may be named fitly for famous scholars and teachers and celebrated persons of every kind, together with special benefactors of the town or the schools, or justly favorite pupils.

The literary exercises upon the occasion, it seems to us, should be very simple and appropriate. Passages from the authors who have written most pleasantly of trees and of nature in general might be selected with intelligent care and read aloud. Such a poem, for instance, as BRYANT'S "Planting of the Apple-tree" would be a very appropriate selection. TENNYSON'S "Talking Oak" and "Brook" are also illustrations of good reading for such an occasion, and they would tend also to develop an interest in literature as vitally related to life, which would quicken a true literary taste in many a young mind. Appropriate songs to be sung around the trees would be also of service, and altogether the day would quickly become one of the pleasantest and most significant of holidays. The care which Mr. DRAPER has shown for the due observance of Arbor Day, in which the schools have a special interest, is another illustration of the disposition which so peculiarly qualifies him for his position.

JOHN BRIGHT.

THE tribute of the American press to JOHN BRIGHT is one of unmingled eulogy. None of his European contemporaries was so dear to the American heart, and no man not a native of this country was so distinctively American. He was one of the great historic Englishmen of this generation, but he was especially a representative of the English quality that originally settled New England, and has directed and dominated American development. He was essentially a man of the people, and as the orator of freedom and equal rights, and a foe of special privilege, he was the leader of the masses against the classes. But he was altogether a man of peace, too conservative for a radical, and a lover of progress, but not of revolution. He was not a constructive statesman, but his character and his oratory were moral forces which moulded public opinion and prepared the public mind for the support of liberal policies. The great service of his life was this liberalizing influence, this constant fostering of a freer, more enlightened, more generous disposition of the national mind. His faith in the people was profound, and although a loyal subject of the Queen, he was a potential republican. An intense and characteristic Englishman, he was neither a courtier nor a Churchman. His qualities were those which have made England great, but which nevertheless are deeply distasteful to many Englishmen.

His love of liberty was trained in a Quaker home at a time when religious equality was denied by English law. It was fostered and strengthened by the contest for Parliamentary reform, and it was most effective in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws. The famous friendship of BURKE and FOX was surpassed by that of COBDEN and BRIGHT, which was as effective in breaking the chains of commercial oppression as that of GARRISON and PHILLIPS in this country in securing personal emancipation. In both cases invincible facts were fused in a glowing moral appeal which resistlessly moved the national conscience to the humane result. BRIGHT entered Parliament and became its central figure, and one of the greatest of orators of his time in a country where oratory is a tremendous power. But although necessarily a party leader, his faith in the people did not sophisticate him into belief in the infallibility of the majority. Popes of all kinds, whether churches or parties, he abhorred, and his sturdy independence was well symbolized by his massive figure and leonine head. Denouncing the Crimean war which his party supported, he advocated Parliamentary censure of the Ministry. The Ministry appealed to the country, and BRIGHT was defeated. But his faith was planted upon his own conscience, not upon the votes of others, and after many years it asserted itself again against his party and his friend the party leader, and he opposed GLADSTONE'S course in Egypt, as he had withstood PALMERSTON'S in the Crimea.

When the American civil war shook England into two parties, the classes, the clubs, "society," and the *Times* venomously hoped for the destruction of the Union, but the masses, with JOHN BRIGHT as their leader, held the hostile government inactive. His voice was heard above the uproar, not arguing points of expediency, but proclaiming the simple, primary, and universal principles upon which the national cause rested. It was the appeal of justice against money, of the people against a class, of liberty against slavery. No orator ever performed a nobler service. He was derided as taking sides against his own country. But it was not to British local pride or jealousy or interest that he addressed himself, but to the English love of liberty, to English manhood, to the English conscience, and the England of JOHN PYM, of JOHN HAMPDEN, and of JOHN MILTON responded triumphantly to JOHN BRIGHT. His name becomes an American tradition no less than an English treasure. In the hour of our mortal struggle it was in the voice of JOHN BRIGHT that we heard the old England from which we sprang bidding us be of good cheer. Full of years, full of honors and renown, with the admiration of England and the reverent affection of America, JOHN BRIGHT passes into history.

SOILING THE ERMINE.

THE rumor that a judge in Ohio has actually proposed himself as a candidate for the seat of the late Mr. Justice STANLEY MATTHEWS, if not untrue, of course makes him an impossible, selection by demonstrating his unfitness for the office. It is, however, an illustration of the public indecency which is fostered by the custom of regarding the great trusts of the government as prizes to be grabbed for and sought by the most persistent personal "push," instead of trusts to be conferred deliberately for acknowledged merit.

This tendency, indeed, has already acquired such force that if a man does not push himself, that fact is regarded as conclusive against him. "Why, he is not a candidate," that is to say, not an applicant urging himself and commanding all the urgency of others which is possible, is supposed to be a conclusive statement against the selection. The truth is that precisely in the degree that a man is fitted for an office, he declines to push for it except in the legitimate way of proving his qualification for it. If during an election campaign he demonstrates his mastery of the pending issues and the power of leadership, he is naturally summoned to a leading place when his party wins. This is the condition and characteristic of popular and parliamentary government.

But a lawyer cannot show his fitness for the Supreme Bench or any other bench by going upon the stump in the canvass, or by joining the crowd which besieges an unhappy President after his election. It is only by professional ability and personal character illustrated in the courts and in the conduct of life that he can do this. There are recognized masters in the profession to whom the country instinctively turns when a vacancy occurs upon the Supreme Bench, and from them alone can the selection for the seat of Mr. Justice MATTHEWS be properly made.

MUGWUMPS OF '72.

DURING the campaign of 1884 Colonel HIGGINSON used to remind his fellow-mugwumps, who shivered at the prospect of going out of the Republican party lest they could not get back again in case of extremity, that the only trouble was in going out, not in coming back. The returning prodigal was always regaled, he said, with the fat of the land. Events seem to justify his remark. Our friends the mugwumps of 1872, who supported Mr. GREELEY, the Democratic candidate, against the Republican candidate, General GRANT, are now rolling in Republican clover.

Mr. REID has carried off one of the great diplomatic prizes, and another of them may have dropped into the hands of Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD before this paper is issued. Mr. HISCOCK is the acknowledged purveyor of patronage for New York, and for our friend Mr. DEPEW it is agreed that nothing can be too good. He treats the situation with his customary gay banter, and nothing can appeal more strongly to his sense of humor than the unquestionable fact that the mugwump of '72 is "on top."

It is obvious that if any gentleman is disposed to treat himself to a little independent airing beyond the paling of the party, he need not be alarmed lest he cannot get within the fold again. Another mugwump of '76, who supported Mr. TILDEN against Mr. HAYES, is reported to have said to a younger friend who was meditating a temporary escape in 1884: "My dear fellow, don't do it. You can't be always running in and out of your party." But that it is not an unpardonable offence is now demonstrated to all men, and those who have been wont to regard a charge of mugwumpery as a fatal disqualification for party promotion have only to contemplate a few of the most honored and influential figures of the time to pluck up heart and confess their error.

THE APRIL "HARPER."

A NEW paper by Sir WALTER SCOTT is a prize of such unique value that the reader of HARPER'S MONTHLY for April will naturally turn first to the "Gabions of Abbotsford," a paper by SCOTT, hitherto unpublished. It is a description, according to his own explanation of the word, of the minor treasures or bric-à-brac of his famous house—relics, armor, weapons, curious and rare books, and other similar objects—which the good Sir WALTER recounts in an article which is illustrated with views of the interior and exterior of Abbotsford. The opening paper, by Mr. MCMASTER, is a timely and copiously illustrated account of "Washington's Inauguration," written in the pleasant and graphic style of *The People of the United States*.

Mr. THEODORE CHILD'S illustrated "Characteristic Parisian Cafés" appears in the season of the year when those cafés are gayest and most enticing, and no one could treat the theme more happily than Mr. CHILD, to whom Paris has been long a home. Mr. WARNER'S tale, "A Little Journey in the World," opens delightfully in what Mr. Lyon, the inquiring Englishman whom it introduces, would have called the true American key; and Miss WOOLSON'S "Jupiter Lights" continues with the touch of power that distinguishes her. This tale and Mr. WARNER'S show the variety of national life with which the American novelist now deals. In "Foot-prints in Washingtonland" Mr. CONWAY gives us charming human glimpses of WASHINGTON and of his wife, who is usually rather a lay-figure of extreme propriety, but of little interest.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON'S third paper upon Norway has the fascination of the others, and draws a vivid picture of Northern life. There are Mr. CONSTANT'S "Tangier and Morocco"—an article of the kind in which HARPER is unsurpassed—and Mrs. HARDING DAVIS'S characteristic tale of "Anne," and Mr. CORYELL'S "Flying under Water"—all of them striking and attractive, and all suggesting the lively mental activity of which the MAGAZINE is a monthly illustration. Mr. HOWELLS in his Study and Mr. WARNER over his Drawer keep pace with the new books and the new humor; and altogether HARPER'S MONTHLY greets the centennial month of the Constitution with a literary contribution to the public pleasure which would have given the fathers fresh confidence in the future could they have foreseen it.

THE "BAZAR."

MISS BOOTH'S successor in HARPER'S BAZAR is Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, who has already established friendly relations with a very large and very important circle of readers as the "Postmistress" of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Mrs. SANGSTER is a trained writer for the press, and she is peculiarly qualified for her new responsibility. The BAZAR is one of the most welcome of household visitors. Its editorial discussions, including the sparkling papers of Colonel HIGGINSON under the head of "Women and Men," are of universal interest. It has no politics, and engages only in the most amiable controversy. To its especial function as family adviser upon the essential interests of dress and social conduct it adds that of purveyor of a most agreeable and instructive literary miscellany, and no characteristic which has commended it to its great circle of readers and friends will be lost under its new control.

PERSONAL.

HAVING taught himself Latin and written a creditable translation of the first six books of Virgil's Æneid, ERASTUS RICHARDSON, a Pawtucket (Rhode Island) book-keeper, has now carried out a similar method of training in music, by learning the use of a violin, and then making an instrument on which to play. He is over fifty years old, and constructed seven violins before he completed one which he considered worthy of preservation.

—The house which has been built by MRS. EDWARD F. SEARLES (formerly MRS. MARK HOPKINS) at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, is a palace, and with its stables, etc., is estimated to have cost $2,500,000. It is built of blue dolomite, quarried in the vicinity; its roof is crowned with imposing towers and massive chimneys, and its inner finishings are of imported marbles and carved oak and other costly woods. Mr. and MRS. SEARLES have recently returned from Europe, bringing with them valuable paintings and other adornments for their magnificent home.

—Bishop ANDREW CAHOON, of Salt Lake City, serving out a term in prison for polygamy, has renounced his faith, denouncing the whole Mormon fabric as a tissue of impostures and frauds. He has stood by his Church for half a century, but now says he does not propose any longer to be called a rebel against his country.

—The Crown-Prince RUDOLPH of Austria left debts amounting to $2,000,000, it is said, although he had an annual income of $750,000, and his palaces and country places cost him nothing. His sporting trophies form an interesting museum, and their preparation and arrangement must have cost a large sum.

—The Bishop of Nisch, who opposed the divorce of King MILAN of Servia from Queen NATALIE, and was therefore deprived of his see, has now mysteriously disappeared. It is intimated that, through MILAN'S agency, he has been secretly shut up in some remote monastery.

—"Jack" HARDY, a famous sporting character, who had the unenviable reputation of having killed more persons than any other man in this country, dropped dead on the New Orleans race-track the other day. He is said to have killed twenty-one men in one year, all in pistol fights, and his skill with the weapon was marvellous. He could hit a silver quarter as far as he could see it nearly every time, and is credited with never having shot at a man without wounding him.

—Baron de Cotegipe, one of Brazil's greatest and best-known statesmen, has just died. He has held prominent places in the government ever since 1855, and during the absence of the Emperor from the country in 1875–6 and 1887–8 he was Prime-Minister. He withdrew from the government last year on account of the emancipation movement, with which he had no sympathy.

—A mutual accident relief association of Philadelphia is contesting the payment of $100 benefit money to Rev. RUDOLPH C. GATES, of Butler County, Pennsylvania, because he injured himself while chopping wood. The minister in taking out his policy obtained the usual reduced rates afforded clergymen, and now the company holds that chopping wood is not a ministerial duty.

—Rev. J. J. O'CARROLL, a Jesuit priest, who has just died in England, was the master of fourteen languages, and could speak about twenty more.

—Secretary TRACY'S selection of Mr. HENRY W. RAYMOND as his private secretary meets with very general approval, especially with the newspaper press of the country. Mr. RAYMOND, for several years past the editor and proprietor of the Germantown (Pennsylvania) *Telegraph*, is the son of HENRY J. RAYMOND, founder of the New York *Times*. The two families have always been on the most intimate terms, and Mr. TRACY has had abundant opportunity to learn the qualifications of the man for the place. Mr. RAYMOND was educated for the bar, but he has devoted himself largely to journalism. He did excellent work on the New York *Times*, and afterward went to Philadelphia and bought the paper he now edits. He has a clear head and a ready hand, and can hardly fail to discharge the duties of his new place most ably and acceptably.

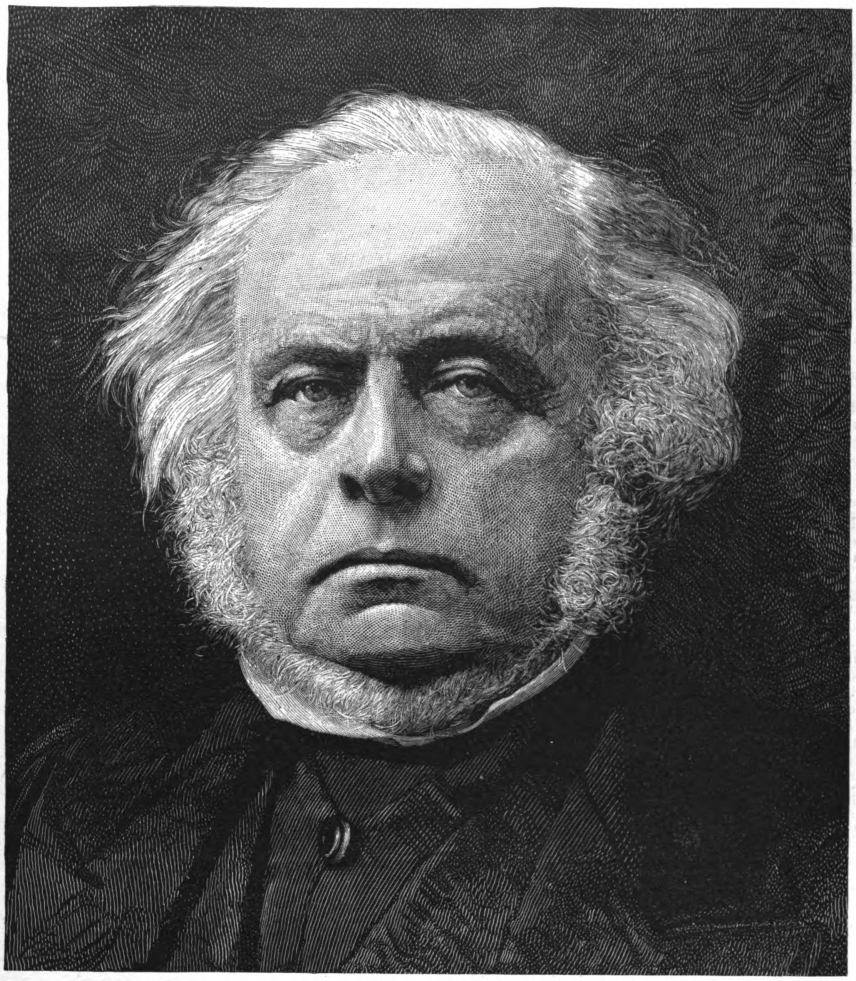
—The late ETHAN S. CHAPIN, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was one of the best-known hotel-keepers in the country, but still found time to gratify a taste for scientific subjects, and to write a book on the laws of gravity and heat, based on personal research and experiments.

—General WILLIAM S. HARNEY, the famous Indian fighter, is living at Jacksonville, Florida, and possesses good health, although eighty-nine years old.

—C. R. KING, of Hartford, Connecticut, has a more than ordinary claim to the title of "Jack of all trades," as he has learned forty-six of them, and is now only sixty years old.

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF'S *Politics for Young Americans* is to be translated into the Bohemian language by Mr. GUSTAF B. REISL, the editor of the *Slavie*, and published in that paper in serial form. It was translated into German by the late GOTLOB NAST, whose translation appeared in the *Christian Apologist*, of Cincinnati. An edition was also issued in raised letters for the use of the blind, by the Louisville printing-office for the blind. Four years ago it was translated into Spanish and published in Mexico for use in the high-schools and for general circulation in that country, the translation being by Mr. EDUARDO RUIZ, an accomplished publicist, and Procurador-General of the Mexican Republic, himself the author of an important work, in two volumes, on the Mexican Constitution, which has received high commendation in this country and in Europe.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE JOHN BRIGHT, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR BIRMINGHAM.—[See Page 262.]



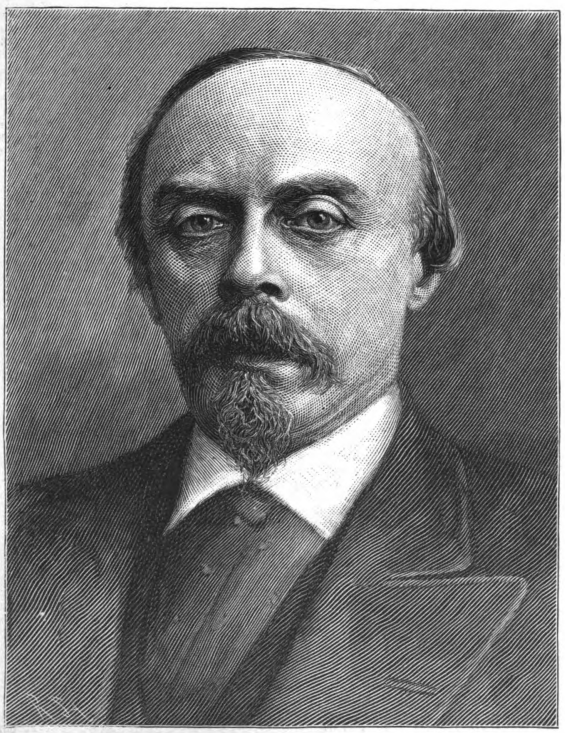
EMMA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.
[See Page 263.]



WILHELMINA, HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF THE NETHERLANDS.—[See Page 263.]



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF NASSAU, HEIR TO THE GRAND-DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG.—[See Page 263.]

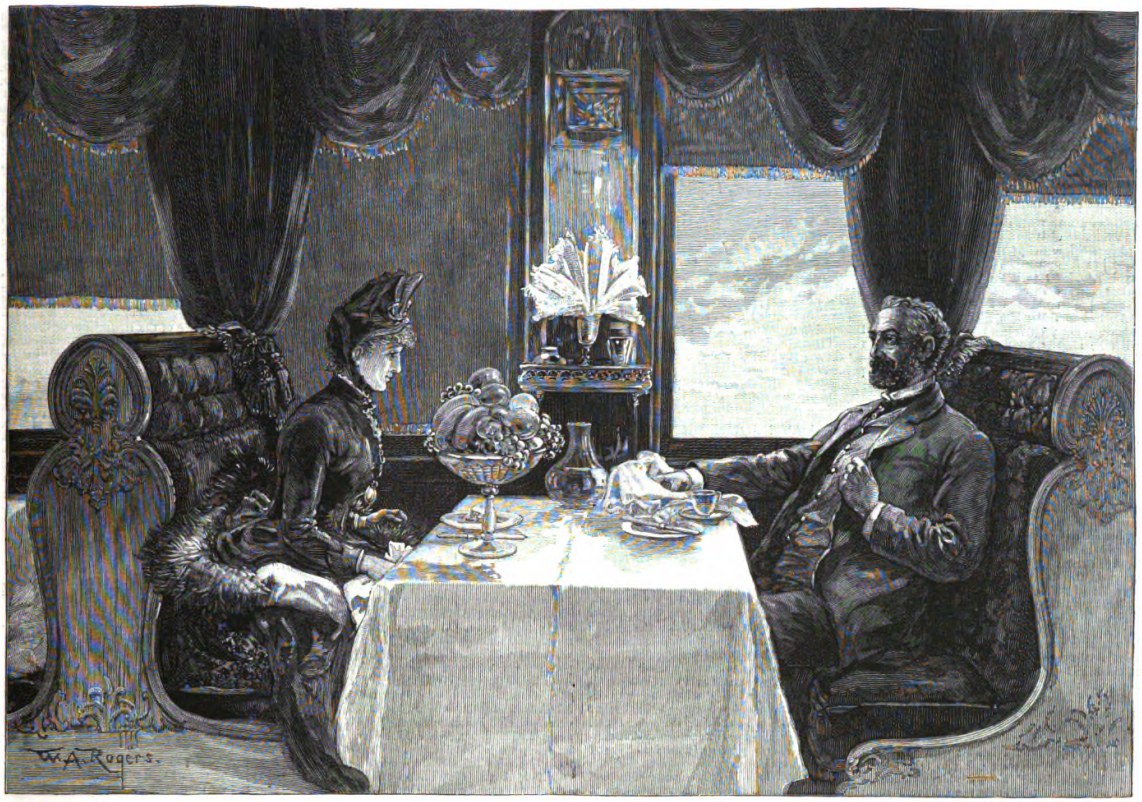


HANS VON BÜLOW.—From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.—[See Page 262.]



WILLIAM III., LATE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS.—[See Page 263.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"His wife brushed some crumbs from her lap before rising. 'Yes. You mustn't waste any of these ideas now.'"

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

V.

HIS wife made no attempt to renew their talk before March went to his business in the morning, and they parted in dry offence. Their experience was that these things always came right of themselves at last, and they usually let them. He knew that she had really tried to consent to a thing that was repugnant to her, and in his heart he gave her more credit for the effort than he had allowed her openly. She knew that she had made it with the reservation he accused her of, and that he had a right to feel sore at what she could not help. But he left her to brood over his ingratitude, and she suffered him to go heavy and unfriended to meet the chances of the day. He said to himself that if she had assented cordially to the conditions of Fulkerson's offer, he would have had the courage to take all the other risks himself, and would have had the satisfaction of resigning his place. As it was, he must wait till he was removed; and he figured with bitter pleasure the pain she would feel when he came home some day and told her he had been supplanted, after it was too late to close with Fulkerson.

He found a letter on his desk from the secretary, "Dictated," in type-writing, which briefly informed him that Mr. Hubbell, the Inspector of Agencies, would be in Boston on Wednesday, and would call at his office during the forenoon. The letter was not different in tone from many that he had formerly received; but the visit announced was out of the usual order, and March believed he read his fate in it. During the eighteen years of his connection with it—first as a subordinate in the Boston office, and finally as its general agent there—he had seen a good many changes in the Reciprocity; presidents, vice-presidents, actuaries, and general agents had come and gone, but there had always seemed to be a recognition of his efficiency, or at least sufficiency, and there had never been any manner of trouble, no question of accounts, no apparent dissatisfaction with his management, until latterly, when there had begun to come from head-quarters some suggestions of enterprise in certain ways, which gave him his first suspicions of his clerk Watkins's willingness to succeed him: they embodied some of Watkins's ideas. The things proposed seemed to March undignified, and even vulgar; he had never thought himself wanting in energy, though probably he had left the business to take its own course in the old lines more than he realized. Things had always gone so smoothly that he had sometimes fancied a peculiar regard for him in the management, which he had the weakness to attribute to an appreciation of what he occasionally did in literature, though in saner moments he felt how impossible this was. Beyond a reference from Mr. Hubbell to some piece of March's, which had happened to meet his eye, no one in the management ever gave a sign of consciousness that their service was adorned by an obscure literary man; and Mr. Hubbell himself had the effect of regarding the excursions of March's pen as a sort of joke, and of winking at them, as he might have winked if once in a way he had found him a little the gayer for dining.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

March wore through the day gloomily, but he had it on his conscience not to show any resentment toward Watkins, whom he suspected of wishing to supplant him, and even of working to do so. Through this self-denial he reached a better mind concerning his wife. He determined not to make her suffer needlessly, if the worst came to the worst; she would suffer enough, at the best, and till the worst came he would spare her, and not say anything about the letter he had got.

But when they met, her first glance divined that something had happened, and her first question frustrated his generous intention. He had to tell her about the letter. She would not allow that it had any significance; but she wished him to make an end of his anxieties, and forestall whatever it might portend, by resigning his place at once. She said she was quite ready to go to New York; she had been thinking it all over, and now she really wanted to go. He answered, soberly, that he had thought it over too, and he did not wish to leave Boston, where he had lived so long, or try a new way of life if he could help it. He insisted that he was quite selfish in this. In their concessions their quarrel vanished; they agreed that whatever happened would be for the best; and the next day he went to his office fortified for any event.

His destiny, if tragical, presented itself with an aspect which he might have found comic if it had been another's destiny. Mr. Hubbell brought March's removal, softened in the guise of a promotion. The management at New York, it appeared, had acted upon a suggestion of Mr. Hubbell's, and now authorized him to offer March the editorship of the monthly paper published in the interest of the company; his office would include the authorship of circulars and leaflets in behalf of life-insurance, and would give play to the literary talent which Mr. Hubbell had brought to the attention of the management; his salary would be nearly as much as at present, but the work would not take his whole time, and in a place like New York he could get a great deal of outside writing, which they would not object to his doing.

Mr. Hubbell seemed so sure of his acceptance of a place in every way congenial to a man of literary tastes that March was afterward sorry he dismissed the proposition with obvious irony, and had needlessly hurt Hubbell's feelings; but Mrs. March had no such regrets. She was only afraid that he had not made his rejection contemptuous enough. "And now," she said, "telegraph Mr. Fulkerson, and we will go at once."

"I suppose I could still get Watkins's former place," March suggested.

"Never!" she retorted. "Telegraph instantly!"

They were only afraid now that Fulkerson might have changed his mind, and they had a wretched day in which they heard nothing from him. It ended with his answering March's telegram in person. They were so glad of his coming, and so touched by his satisfaction with his bargain, that they laid all the facts of the case before him. He entered fully into March's sense of the joke latent in Mr. Hubbell's proposition, and he tried to make Mrs. March believe that he shared her resentment of the indignity offered her husband.

March made a show of willingness to release him in view of the changed situation, saying that he held him to nothing. Fulkerson laughed, and asked him how soon he thought he could come on to New York. He refused to reopen the question of March's fitness with him; he said they had gone into that thoroughly; but he recurred to it with Mrs. March, and confirmed her belief in his good sense on all points. She had been from the first moment defiantly confident of her husband's ability, but till she had talked the matter over with Fulkerson, she was secretly not sure of it; or, at least, she was not sure that March was not right in distrusting himself. When she clearly understood, now, what Fulkerson intended, she had no longer a doubt. He explained how the enterprise differed from others, and how he needed for its direction a man who combined general business experience and business ideas with a love for the thing and a natural aptness for it. He did not want a young man, and yet he wanted youth—its freshness, its zest—such as March would feel in a thing he could put his whole heart into. He would not run in ruts, like an old fellow who had got hackneyed; he would not have any hobbies; he would not have any friends nor any enemies. Besides, he would have to meet people, and March was a man that people took to; she knew that herself; he had a kind of charm. The editorial management was going to be kept in the background, as far as the public was concerned; the public was to suppose that the thing ran itself. Fulkerson did not care for a great literary reputation in his editor—he implied that March had a very pretty little one. At the same time the relations between the contributors and the management were to be much more intimate than usual. Fulkerson felt his personal disqualification for working the thing socially, and he counted upon Mr. March for that; that was to say, he counted upon Mrs. March.

She protested he must not count upon her; but it by no means disabled Fulkerson's judgment in her view that March really seemed more than anything else a fancy of his. He had been a fancy of hers; and the sort of affectionate respect with which Fulkerson spoke of him laid forever some doubt she had of the fineness of Fulkerson's manners, and reconciled her to the graphic slanginess of his speech.

The affair was now irretrievable, but she gave her approval to it as superbly as if it were submitted in its inception. Only, Mr. Fulkerson must not suppose she should ever like New York. She would not deceive him on that point. She never should like it. She did not conceal, either, that she did not like taking the children out of the Friday evening class; and she did not believe that Tom would ever be reconciled to going to Columbia. She took courage from Fulkerson's suggestion that it was possible for Tom to come to Harvard even from New York; and she heaped him with questions concerning the domiciliation of the family in that city. He tried to know something about the matter, and he succeeded in seeming interested in points necessarily indifferent to him.

VI.

In the uprooting and transplanting of their home that followed, Mrs. March often trembled before distant problems and possible contingencies, but she was never troubled by present difficulties. She kept up with tireless energy, and in the moments of dejection and misgiving which harassed her husband she remained daunt-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

less, and put heart into him when he had lost it altogether.

She arranged to leave the children in the house with the servants, while she went on with March to look up a dwelling of some sort in New York. It made him sick to think of it; and when it came to the point, he would rather have given up the whole enterprise. She had to nerve him to it, to represent more than once that now they had no choice but to make this experiment. Every detail of parting was anguish to him. He got consolation out of the notion of letting the house furnished for the winter; that implied their return to it; but it cost him pangs of the keenest misery to advertise it; and when a tenant was actually found, it was all he could do to give him the lease. He tried his wife's love and patience as a man must to whom the future is easy in the mass, but terrible as it translates itself piecemeal into the present. He experienced remorse in the presence of inanimate things he was going to leave as if they had sensibly reproached him, and an anticipative homesickness that seemed to stop his heart. Again and again his wife had to make him reflect that his depression was not prophetic. She convinced him of what he already knew, and persuaded him against his knowledge that he could be keeping an eye out for something to take hold of in Boston if they could not stand New York. She ended by telling him that it was too bad to make her comfort him in a trial that was really so much more a trial to her. She had to support him in a last access of despair on their way to the Albany depot the morning they started to New York; but when the final details had been dealt with, the tickets bought, the trunks checked, and the hand-bags hung up in their car, and the future had massed itself again at a safe distance and was seven hours and two hundred miles away, his spirits began to rise and hers to sink. He would have been willing to celebrate the taste, the domestic refinement of the ladies' waiting-room in the depot, where they had spent a quarter of an hour before the train started. He said he did not believe there was another station in the world where mahogany rocking-chairs were provided; that the dull red warmth of the walls was as cozy as an evening lamp, and that he always hoped to see a fire kindled on that vast hearth and under that æsthetic mantle, but he supposed now he never should. He said it was all very different from that tunnel, the old Albany depot, where they had waited the morning they went to New York when they were starting on their wedding journey.

"The *morning*, Basil!" cried his wife. "We went at *night;* and we were going to take the boat, but it stormed so!" She gave him a glance of such reproach that he could not answer anything; and now she asked him whether he supposed their cook and second girl would be contented with one of those dark holes where they put girls to sleep in New York flats, and what she should do if Margaret, especially, left her. He ventured to suggest that Margaret would probably like the city; but if she left, there were plenty of other girls to be had in New York. She replied that there were none she could trust, and that she knew Margaret would not stay. He asked her why she took her, then; why she did not give her up at once; and she answered that it would be inhuman to give her up just in the edge of the winter. She had promised to keep her; and Margaret was pleased with the notion of going to New York, where she had a cousin.

"Then perhaps she'll be pleased with the notion of staying," he said.

"Oh, much you know about it!" she retorted; and in view of the hypothetical difficulty and his want of sympathy, she fell into a gloom, from which she roused herself at last by declaring that if there was nothing else in the flat they took, there should be a light kitchen and a bright sunny bedroom for Margaret. He expressed the belief that they could easily find such a flat as that, and she denounced his fatal optimism, which buoyed him up in the absence of an undertaking, and let him drop into the depths of despair in its presence.

He owned this defect of temperament, but he said that it compensated the opposite in her character. "I suppose that's one of the chief uses of marriage; people supplement each other, and form a pretty fair sort of human being together. The only drawback to the theory is that unmarried people seem each as complete and whole as a married pair."

She refused to be amused; she turned her face to the window and put her handkerchief up under her veil.

It was not till the dining-car was attached to their train that they were both able to escape for an hour into the care-free mood of their earlier travels, when they were so easily taken out of themselves. The time had been when they could have found enough in the conjectural fortunes and characters of their fellow-passengers to occupy them. This phase of their youth had lasted long, and the world was still full of novelty and interest for them, but it required all the charm of the dining-car now to lay the anxieties that beset them. It was so potent for the moment, however, that they could take an objective view at their sitting cosily down there together, as if they had only themselves in the world. They wondered what the children were doing, the children who possessed them so intensely when present, and now, by a fantastic operation of absence, seemed almost nonexistent. They tried to be homesick for them, but failed; they recognized with comfortable self-abhorrence that this was terrible, but owned a fascination in being alone; at the same time they could not imagine how people felt who never had any children. They contrasted the luxury of dining that way, with every advantage except a band of music, and the old way of rushing out to snatch a fearful joy at the lunch-counters of the Worcester and Springfield and New Haven stations. They had not gone often to New York since their wedding journey, but they had gone often enough to have noted the change from the lunch-counter to the lunch-basket brought into the train, from which you could subsist with more ease and dignity, but seemed destined to a superabundance of pickles, whatever you ordered.

They thought well of themselves now that they could be both critical and tolerant of flavors not very sharply distinguished from one another in their dinner, and they lingered over their coffee and watched the autumn landscape through the windows.

"Not quite so loud a pattern of calico this year," he said, with patronizing forbearance toward the painted woodlands whirling by. "Do you see how the foreground next the train rushes from us and the background keeps abreast of us, while the middle distance seems stationary? I don't think I ever noticed that effect before. There ought to be something literary in it: retreating past and advancing future, and deceitfully permanent present: something like that?"

His wife brushed some crumbs from her lap before rising. "Yes. You mustn't waste any of these ideas now."

"Oh no; it would be money out of Fulkerson's pocket."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

By the death of JOHN BRIGHT the British people have lost one of their most gifted and certainly most honest and most faithful statesmen. For over forty years he has been one of the most prominent public men in the British Isles, and time and again during his long career his words spoken on the platform and from his place in Parliament have been eagerly awaited and enthusiastically applauded, not only by persons living far beyond the reach of his voice, but by the lovers of liberty and fair play as far as the bounds of civilization extended. For some years past his voice, on account of failing health, has been seldom heard, but when he has had occasion to speak or write he has been unfalteringly true to the great principles which have guided him throughout life. Believing that what was good for the individual was good for the mass, and that what was morally obligatory on the individual was morally obligatory on nations and governments, Mr. BRIGHT never had difficulty in steering his own course. His own course, however, was not always the popular course, and in proving faithful to himself and to his own convictions, he on more than one occasion found it necessary to give up place and power, and to allow even cherished friendships to fall into abeyance.

JOHN BRIGHT belonged to a Quaker family which originally hailed from Wiltshire. His father, JACOB BRIGHT, became the owner of a cotton-mill in the immediate neighborhood of Rochdale in 1816. He had already been for some time a partner with his brothers-in-law; and his second son, JOHN, was born at a place called Greenbank, near Rochdale, November 16, 1811. When JOHN BRIGHT was born Mr. GLADSTONE was within six weeks of two years of age, and RICHARD COBDEN had reached his seventh year. His father meaning that he should give himself to business, the boy's school education, limited to the ordinary rudiments, was completed in the early part of 1827, when he was only a little over fifteen years of age. He immediately joined his father at the cotton-mill, helping in the warehouse, and making himself acquainted with the machinery and the different departments of the business. Those were the times which immediately preceded the passing of the first Reform Bill. In all the manufacturing centres of England and Scotland there was great political excitement. Young BRIGHT, who, though he had left school, had not given up his books, took a lively interest in the questions of the time, and at a very early period gave evidence of that oratorical ability which later he so conspicuously manifested. In 1832 he made his first visit to London. It was on April 13th—a day made memorable by the second reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords. In the following year he made his first trip to the Continent, visiting Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Cologne, Frankfort, and Mayence, and sailing down the Rhine as far as Rotterdam. In the same year he took an active part in the organization of the Rochdale Literary and Philosophical Society—a society which proved greatly helpful, as he himself was always willing to admit, in the development of his special talent. In the summer months of 1835 he made an extended tour in the East, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Egypt, and the Holy Land, returning by way of Italy, France, and Belgium. On his return home he gave a most interesting account of his tour in a lecture to his towns-people, making liberal but skilful use, by way of adornment, of the descriptive verse of Lord BYRON, and dwelling with melancholy emphasis on the faded grandeur of Jerusalem, and of the evidence which it furnished of the truthfulness of Scriptural prophecy.

It was in 1841 that JOHN BRIGHT's public life really began. He had already assumed the principal burden of the Rochdale business, making his daily visits to Manchester, and by his punctuality, probity, and agreeable manners winning among the merchants confidence and esteem. He had two years before married a Miss PRIESTMAN and taken her to One Ash, a house which he had just built, and which has since been his home—a house which in these later years has become a sort of pilgrims' shrine. In the year above named he had a visit from RICHARD COBDEN. The visit was memorable and of lasting consequence. It was at Leamington. "I was in the depth of grief," says Mr. BRIGHT—"I might almost say of despair; for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us." The two had met before, and had been on terms of friendship since 1837. It was as a friend Mr. COBDEN had visited. After they had been together for a little time COBDEN looked up and said: "There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now when the first paroxysm of your grief is past I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn Law is repealed." The pact was made, and how faithfully it was adhered to has long since been matter of common history. Never were two men more true to each other; never were two men better fitted for the task they had undertaken—COBDEN with his facts and his quiet persuasiveness, and BRIGHT with his fearless energy, his impassioned and captivating eloquence. Nor ever was a great political battle more heroically fought or more nobly won.

In 1843 Mr. BRIGHT was elected member of Parliament for Durham, which place he continued to represent until 1847, when, the ANTI-CORN-LAW struggle having resulted in complete victory, he was elected one of the members for Manchester. Not insensible to the increased responsibility of his new position, and yielding to the pressure which was brought to bear upon him, his life became more and more one of incessant activity, and his name more and more identified with all great public questions, and especially with matters of reform, the weight of his influence ever leaning to the popular side. The Factory Bill, the expansion of the principles of free-trade in connection with the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the equalization of the sugar duties, and the removal of the taxes which bore upon newspapers—these and kindred measures found in him a warm and enthusiastic advocate. Mr. BRIGHT's principles led him to oppose the war in the Crimea. His denunciations of the policy of the government were as incessant as they were merciless. Many of his former friends failed at this time to sympathize with him. The successful conclusion of the war had made popular the Ministry of Lord PALMERSTON. Mr. COBDEN, however, had the courage, when the war with China broke out in 1857, to propose a condemnatory motion. The government being defeated, Lord PALMERSTON appealed to the country with entire success, Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. COBDEN, Mr. MILNER GIBSON, and others being defeated. Mr. BRIGHT, who was then in Italy on account of his health, felt the blow severely; for he was proud of his Manchester connection, and he believed he had served his constituents faithfully. In August of the same year, however, he was elected one of the members for Birmingham, which he continued to represent until his death.

Mr. BRIGHT has been condemned as an advocate of "peace at any price." He was not. "I acknowledge it," he declared, "to be the duty of statesmen, acting upon the known opinions and principles of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the country, at all times, with all possible moderation, but with all possible efficiency, to take steps which shall preserve order within and on the confines of the kingdom." When the slave-holding aristocracy of the South rose in rebellion against the Union, Mr. BRIGHT did not hesitate to defend the course of the Union in resisting the rebellion. He held that this was clearly a case where self-preservation was to be regarded as supreme, and where the cause of freedom and human rights was involved. In the press, on the rostrum, and from his place in Parliament he pleaded for justice for the American government at a time when all the "ruling classes" were violently prejudiced against our country. His voice and pen, and those of his friend RICHARD COBDEN, were always at the service of the Union, and they did more than any others to keep the English government from intervening in the struggle. This chapter in Mr. BRIGHT's history is too well known to require special notice. The debt of gratitude due him from this country is too great to be ever adequately paid, but it will always be acknowledged.

As member for Birmingham Mr. BRIGHT soon regained his former influence both among the people and in Parliament. It was his opinion that the time had come for a further extension of the franchise. But Lord PALMERSTON was an effectual barrier in the way. After the death of that statesman in 1865, Mr. GLADSTONE having become Liberal leader in the House of Commons, the prospect was more hopeful. Yielding largely to his influence, Mr. GLADSTONE introduced his Reform Bill in 1866. The Liberals, however, failing to agree, the bill was defeated and the Ministry resigned. Lord DERBY came into power, with Mr. DISRAELI as his Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the following year, Mr. DISRAELI yielding to the demand for electoral reform, Mr. BRIGHT had the satisfaction of seeing many of his once contemned principles passed into law by the Tories.

Mr. BRIGHT was an early and persistent advocate of liberal remedial legislation for Ireland. He urged the disestablishment of the Irish Church long before that measure received serious attention from the government. He was the author in 1870 of the clauses in the Land Bill which were intended to facilitate the acquisition of land by Irish tenants, and he earnestly defended the Land Act of 1881, which undertook to give to tenants an interest in the improvements made by them, and a certain security of tenure of the land. It was no part, however, of his plan to loosen the bonds between Ireland and Great Britain. When Mr. GLADSTONE in the early part of 1868 introduced his resolutions providing for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. BRIGHT was with him and gave him effective support. When later in the same year Mr. GLADSTONE became First Minister, Mr. BRIGHT for the first time accepted office, becoming President of the Board of Trade. On account of sickness he resigned in December, 1870. In 1873 he resumed office as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish University Bill having failed, Mr. BRIGHT was out with his party from March, 1874, to May, 1880, when he was reappointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In November of this year he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He had little sympathy with the Jingo policy of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and helped to accomplish his overthrow. Being utterly opposed to the bombardment of Alexandria, he resigned his position in the cabinet July, 1882. Latterly Mr. BRIGHT became completely estranged from Mr. GLADSTONE because of the home rule policy of the latter.

Mr. BRIGHT's highest claim to consideration lies in the broad principles which he sustained during a long life of public activity, but his distinction above others who held wholly or in part these principles lies in the deliberate choice he early made of popular agitation as the means of accomplishing his ends, and in the remarkable powers of oratory which he possessed. These were of a kind very rare in his country. He possessed in perfection the quality of eloquence, but it was not the eloquence of the rhetorician or the demagogue. It was based on his deep convictions, on his direct and acute reasoning, on his candor and sincerity, on his profound and catholic sympathies, and on his unhesitating and unwavering courage. It is as conspicuous in his writing as in his speeches, but for the latter he had singular physical resources—a clear and sonorous voice, a form of great dignity and manly beauty, and a manner at once simple, inspiriting, and persuasive. His mind was highly trained by constant and faithful study and reflection, and he had a peculiar command of the poetic and sacred literature of his own language, which his fervid but disciplined imagination enabled him to use with great effect.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW.

THE Beethoven Cyclus, which Herr Von Bülow will present here for the first time, consists of twenty-five compositions of the great master, eighteen of which are sonatas, and embraces the period of Beethoven's labors from 1795 to 1823. A sonata, next to a symphony, is the highest form of musical expression. Sonata means literally "sound piece," as the antithesis to the cantata, which is sung. The sonata is the natural product of the excessive elaboration of the madrigal. The term madrigal was first given to a certain kind of poem, and then to the music which accompanied the words, always in the best art times written for three or more voices. Then from a combination of voice parts, with viols, it was only a step further to dispense with the voice parts and create a sort of elementary chamber music. The first pure form of the madrigal is the offspring of the Flemish school, and was first heard in the Low Countries in the early part of the fifteenth century in the form of a polyphonic song. Authorities vary as to the exact course of the madrigal, the best published copies, however, being those of the Italian Ottaviano dei Petrucci, who was also the inventor of the process of printing music by means of movable types. An intermediate form of musical composition between the madrigal and the sonata was the fantasia. Fantasias were written for a combination of various instruments, such as a "chest of viols," or even five "cornets." The question as to who first wrote sonatas is involved in some obscurity. The earliest known examples are those of Turini, of Venice, about 1624. For a long time the domain of sonata playing was entirely monopolized by the violin. In those days the piano was as yet in its infancy, and the sonata was not deemed a worthy form of composition for the clavecin, harpsichord, or the spinet. The course of the violin solo sonata came to an abrupt termination in Joh. Seb. Bach, just as the piano sonata was expanding into definite space. Joh. Seb. Bach—the "old Bach," as Frederick the Great delighted to call him—was born in 1685, and although undoubtedly "the father of modern music," paid comparatively little attention to the piano; in fact he regarded it with contempt, and remained faithful to his dear clavichord. It was left to Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, third son of Johann, born at Wiemar March 14, 1714, and known as the "Hamburg Bach," to originate, or at least to adapt, the sonata form to the modern style of piano. It is true that P. Domenico Paradies, a Neapolitan composer and teacher, who was four years Emanuel's senior, also wrote sonatas for the piano, differing little in form from Bach's, except that they had but two movements. Em. Bach, who was conductor of Frederick the Great's private music, wrote 210 compositions, 93 of which were sonatas. Emanuel understood the art of piano playing, and was the first to recognize the need of a new form and expression for the then recent application of the "hammer" instead of the "tangent." He brought piano playing nearer to the "public" than any one else; and his influence was perhaps paramount in giving it a decided and definite direction. And it is possible that the style of which he was the foster-father passed on continuously to the masterly treatment of the piano by Clementi, and through him to the culminating achievements of Beethoven.

The art of piano playing and the piano itself are descendants first of the clavicytherium, monochord, virginal, spinet, clavichord, and lastly the harpsichord. Through the enormous extension of the piano industry, this instrument has become a household friend, a piece of parlor furniture without which no respectable or self-respecting family considers its establishment complete. In the harpsichord which immediately preceded the piano the strings were set in vibration by points of quill or hard leather. These instruments had two key-boards, one above the other, and related to each other like the swell and main key-boards of the organ. The idea of striking

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

the strings by means of a "hammer" seems to have occurred early in the eighteenth century to three men almost simultaneously—Cristofori, an Italian, Marius, a Frenchman, and Schröter, a German—although as early as 1598 Paliarina, of Florence, writes of having constructed a *Piano et Forte*, with an organ *underneath*. For years the attempt to give practical form to this new idea resulted in clumsy and imperfect instruments, so much so that a good harpsichord was naturally preferred to a poor piano. About the year 1740 Gottfried Silbermann, of Freyberg, Saxony, following the mechanism of Cristofori, the Italian, constructed a piano which excited a great deal of curiosity among musicians and scientists. Silbermann labored incessantly for many years, and had the satisfaction before dying of seeing the piano firmly established in the affections of the musical world. Naturally the piano demanded an entirely new method of playing, and like all new inventions it was received at first with disfavor: people were loath to relegate to obscurity all their proficiency on the harpsichord.

As Viotti was the father of the modern technique of the violin, that same to the piano was Muzio Clementi, born in Rome in 1752, the son of a skilful and artistic worker in silver. At a very early age the little Muzio developed a great aptitude for music—so great, indeed, that at the age of nine he was already an organist, and composed at fourteen several contrapuntal works of merit, one of which, a mass for four voices and chorus, gained him great praise from the musicians and public of Rome. Clementi, while prosecuting his musical studies, also became very proficient on the harpsichord. But it was in 1767 there happened a turning-point in his career, and one of magnitude to the future of music as well. Mr. Peter Beckford, an English gentleman of wealth, discerning his great talents, persuaded the boy's father to allow him to take the lad to England and to there complete his musical education. There, in Dorsetshire, Clementi, surrounded by all the refinements and luxuries of the age, made rapid strides in his art; and when he finally appeared before the public he was the musical sensation of the time, and in fact continued so for years after. His attainments were so phenomenal that he carried everything before him, and was the lion socially and musically all over Europe. Clementi had already at the time of his début composed his sonata "Opus 2," which not only established a new era for sonata compositions, but it forms to this day the basis for all modern works of this class. When John Christian Bach, son of Sebastian, one of the greatest executants of his time, confessed his inability to do it justice, and Schröter, one of the original inventors of the piano-forte, and also a leading musician of his day, said, "Only the devil and Clementi could play it," some idea can be formed of how great a sensation Clementi and his "Opus 2" caused among musicians.

Clementi had among his pupils, who came to him from all parts of Europe, so great was his reputation, such men as John B. Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Meyerbeer, and that talented Irishman John Field, who is now to be distinctively remembered as the inventor of that beautiful form of musical writing, the nocturne. Clementi was also that rare combination—artist and merchant. He not only taught the piano, played wonderfully on it, composed for it, but also engaged in the manufacture of piano-fortes, and through his inventive mechanism made many structural improvements to the piano, some of which have never been superseded. Clementi made a great deal of money, and finally bought an interest in the firm of Longman & Broderip, "manufacturers of musical instruments, and music-sellers to their majesties." The failure of the house, by which he lost a large sum, served but to stimulate his energies, and induced him to engage on his own account in music publishing and piano-forte manufacturing, the house being still in existence in the firm of Collard.

Clementi's work *par excellence*, his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, is a superb series of one hundred studies, upon which even to this day much of the solid art of piano-playing rests. In fact all that Clementi has done has left an impression, mechanically as well as spiritually, upon all that pertains to piano-playing. Clementi lived to be eighty. At his birth Handel was alive; at his death, Beethoven, Schubert, and Weber had found refuge in the grave from the ingratitude of a contemporary public. He began his career by practising Scarlatti's sonatas on the harpsichord. The first piano he used was Silbermann's feeble production; when he died, Broadwood, Erard, and Collard were in the field with great instruments. Such was the career of the father of piano-forte virtuosos. In the same year that Clementi made his entrance into public life, 1770, was born at Bonn that great master-spirit of music, Ludwig von Beethoven.

Singular to relate, in early life Beethoven evinced a strong repugnance to music, so much so that his father was obliged to whip him severely before he would consent to sit down to the harpsichord. Early in his career two comrades linked themselves to him for life—grim poverty and painful disease. Beethoven delighted to wander about the fields and woods listening to the sounds of nature, and there, stretched out beneath some tree, music sheet in hand, he often worked out those musical problems which have since delighted and enthused the world. About 1800 Beethoven became completely deaf, so much so that even when playing on his piano with all his strength not a sound of his own harmonies reached him. This wonderful mental conception of harmony is among the marvels of his career; for, dating from his affliction, Beethoven composed some of his grandest works. Although Clementi is by no means to be mentioned in the same category, as a composer, as Beethoven, yet the latter was a profound believer in and admirer of the Italian, and never tired of playing his music. In fact, as much as any composer of such unique and colossal genius as Beethoven could be influenced by preceding and contemporary artists, Beethoven was more swayed by Clementi's work than by any other. Beethoven lent to the same form of writing for the piano stronger contrasts, broader and deeper themes, richer coloring, bolder rhythm, and greater technique, but in general style he is distinctly a follower of Climenti. Beethoven, to mark his appreciation of or friendship for people, delighted in dedicating his works to individual persons. The first sonata on the programme of the Cyclus *A Major Op. 2, No. 2*, is dedicated to Joseph Haydn. The *Sinfonia Eroica*, begun in 1802 and finished 1804, bore the following title: "*Sinfonia grande. 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' 1804, in August, del Sigr. Louis von Beethoven.* Sinfonia 3. Op. 55." Beethoven up to this moment admired intensely the great Corsican. When the *Eroica* was finished Beethoven despatched a messenger with a copy of it to the ambassador. Before the composition reached Napoleon he had been declared Emperor. When his pupil Ries brought Beethoven (then living in Vienna) the news he started up in a rage, seized the copy of the score, and tore the title-page completely off, exclaiming: "After all, then, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal! He will trample the rights of men under his feet!" From this time Beethoven hated Napoleon, and never spoke of him again in connection with the symphony until he heard of his death in St. Helena, when he remarked, "I have already composed music for this calamity," evidently referring to the "Funeral March" in the symphony. Beethoven's life was full of trouble, privation, and suffering. He was always desperately poor, constantly imposed upon by false friends and faithless servants, sometimes half-mad, always generous, and at the bottom of his heart filled with a kind and gentle feeling. No composer who has yet lived has done as much for music as has the great Beethoven. The depth of his compositions will form an ever-changing field of research and study for all time to come. He died in 1827, in his fifty-seventh year, and is buried in the Wahring Cemetery, near Vienna.

After Beethoven the next central figure in piano music was Chopin, who not only composed exclusively for the piano, but was also a rare executant on the instrument. He was born, of French extraction, near Warsaw, in 1810. Chopin's musical career was spent in the most artistic and sympathetic surroundings, and had his health permitted would undoubtedly had even a still higher place in the realm of musical composition. As composer and virtuoso he is the founder of a new school, or perhaps may be said to share that distinction with Robert Schumann—the school which received so great an impetus by Liszt, and is now represented in an advanced state by Hans Guido von Bülow, who was born at Dresden, Saxony, the 8th of January, 1830. It was not originally intended that Von Bülow should devote his life to music; in fact it was only after a severe illness that his musical talents began to develop, and then at once to a surprising degree. Hans's first lessons in music were received from Frederick Wieck, father of the celebrated Clara Schumann, piano virtuoso, and wife of the great composer Robert Schumann. When Von Bülow was in his eighteenth year he entered the University of Leipzig and began there the study of jurisprudence; all the while, however, deeply interested in music, and still at work thereon. In 1849 he removed to Berlin, still with the avowed purpose of studying law. He here, however, became quickly absorbed in extraneous matters, notably in the stirring political upheaval of that period. He also devoted considerable time on articles which appeared in *Die Abendpost*, wherein he first began to uphold and announce the new school of German music, then receiving its birth at the hands of Wagner and Liszt. It was not, however, until 1850 that, on hearing a performance of *Lohengrin* at Weimar, conducted by Liszt, our young law student threw to the winds all thoughts of the science of justice, and determined henceforth to labor in the more congenial atmosphere of the musical world. He forthwith placed himself in Wagner's hands, who was at that time living in Zurich, Switzerland, for the purpose of instruction in the art of musical directing. A year later he drifted back to Weimar to study definitely the piano under the great master Liszt, whose youngest daughter, Cosima, he married in 1857. He remained there until 1853, when he set out on a tour to Vienna, Pesth, North and South Germany, being received everywhere with enthusiasm. From 1855 to 1864 he occupied the post of principal master of piano instruction in the Conservatorium of Professors Stern and Marx in Berlin. During this period he developed a stupendous activity in every branch of musical industry—recitals, trio-soirées, and orchestral concerts, with programmes of unrivalled variety, all, however, showing a decided leaning to the new school of music.

Besides these immense undertakings he found time to continue his musical writings and make frequent concert tours to various parts of Europe. In 1864 Herr Von Bülow accepted the post of conductor at the Royal Opera-house at Munich, also that of director of the Conservatorium. It was here that he produced those model performances of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*, which were the musical and operatic sensations of that day. Dr. Von Bülow remained in Munich until 1869, when he resigned his post. About this time certain family considerations, which need not be mentioned here, induced him to leave Germany for a time, and he settled down in Florence. Here he continued his unremitting labors for German music. After a time he emerged from his retirement, and has since played almost everywhere. His first and only visit to America up to this time was made in 1875–6. In 1877 he was made Conductor Royal at Hanover, and in 1880 pianist to the Duke of Meiningen. The University of Jena conferred upon him the degree of Dr. Phil. in 1863. Dr. Von Bülow is unquestionably one of the musical landmarks of the nineteenth century. Above all, he is endowed with the most colossal memory in the annals of music, going through the most prodigious programme, playing anything from Bach to Liszt with equal facility and surety. His pianism is the outgrowth of that technique begun by Climenti, which then found a higher interpretation at the hands of Frederic Chopin, and with the advanced construction in instruments, further elaboration in Liszt. Dr. Von Bülow's art rests primarily upon a passionate intellectuality, a deep and reverential musical feeling, then seeking refuge in a profound erudition, revealing the deepest thought and most thorough analysis of musical literature. Dr. Von Bülow's own literary labors are considerable and important. He has composed overtures to Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* and Lord Byron's *Cain*, besides a number of other writings for piano and also for the orchestra. In addition to these he has edited Beethoven's sonatas and variations, etc., for the piano, from Op. 53 and up, also selections from Seb. and Em. Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Cramer, etc., many of which are of great value to the student.

The educational value of this Cyclus of the great solo piano works of Beethoven's cannot be too highly estimated. It is perhaps once in a generation that the world of music produces a musician and pianist great enough to collate in serial form for public performance so perfect an exposition of the works of any composer, much less so profound a thinker as was Beethoven. The opportunity thus offered to study and delve deeply into this great composer's life, embracing as it does a space of time covering twenty-eight years of his existence, and this all within the boundaries of four days, is unparalleled in our musical experience. To the student of whatever branch of music this will be a lesson of profound importance. It will show to him the result of conscientious and untiring study, and it will hold up to his gaze a picture of intense application, and to all thoughtful students an object-lesson they can well take unto heart. For this gleam of brightness at the end of a musical season rather sterile in novelties we are indebted to the managerial forethought and enterprise of Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, the secretary of the Metropolitan Opera-house Company.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

THE THRONE OF HOLLAND.

WILLIAM III., King of the Netherlands, has been declared incapable of performing his functions as sovereign, and is thus practically dethroned; but this action perhaps anticipates his death by a very short time, for though his Majesty is only seventy-two years old, he has exhausted the vital possibilities of an ordinary human system. WILLIAM ALEXANDER PAUL FREDERIC LOUIS NASSAU-ORANGE reigned forty years, having succeeded his father, WILLIAM II., March 17, 1849. He has seen some famous sovereignties rise and fall, and a picturesque procession of royalties pass across the scene into oblivion; but he is one of the historic witnesses that thrones are not necessarily unstable structures. WILLIAM was the third ruler of the new kingdom of Holland—the monarchy organized at the close of the wars of the French Revolution, and upon the downfall of NAPOLEON. Under NAPOLEON the whole country had been made part of the French Empire. The new monarchy was a very liberal constitutional state, and included, besides its present territories, all that now constitutes the kingdom of Belgium, which, however, seceded and set up for itself in 1830. In the new monarchy a Prince of Orange seemed the natural and necessary executive. For over three centuries this family has been conspicuous in all the great events and struggles in those countries, and may be regarded as one of the most famous families in modern history. If it has produced a few profligate princes, it has been fruitful in statesmen, patriots, and soldiers. As German Counts of Nassau the family is of great antiquity, but that a German family conspicuous mainly in the history of Holland should be known by a title derived from France seems an anomaly. HENRY of Nassau, who placed the diadem on the head of CHARLES V. as Emperor of Germany, attracted the favorable attention of FRANCIS I., King of France, who gave him in marriage CLAUDIA, sister of PHILIBERT, Prince of Orange, a French nobleman. PHILIBERT died without children, and his estates and title descended to his sister's son, and thus the Counts of Nassau became Princes of Orange, and were authorized to bear this title when the principality passed finally into other hands. WILLIAM III., coming in the line of the men who have made the fame of his family, suggests the case of the goose's egg in the eagle's nest; but it may be properly remembered that his mother was a daughter of the Emperor PAUL of Russia, and such an ancestry is enough to account for every possible vagary that may distort human life. Royal personages of the Russian type are not able to see any reason why they should restrain the capricious impulses of a sensual nature; and this want of perception was conspicuous in WILLIAM himself and in his eldest son. Yet he was a good sovereign in this sense that he commonly kept himself well within the limits set to his authority by the constitution of the country. If the reign of a dissolute sovereign is always a prosperous period in the history of a country, the Netherlands had the advantage of this association, for there was a great development of the national resources under WILLIAM. One of the pleasanter phases of WILLIAM'S extravagant nature was his passion for music. He equalled LOUIS of Bavaria as a lover of music, but he had no WAGNER.

WILLIAM was twice married. His first wife was SOPHIA, daughter of the King of Würtemberg. His two sons by that marriage are both dead. One of them was known in his life mainly as a princely debauchee in Paris, where he was called Citron; Prince Lemon, rather than Prince of Orange, by way of sportive variation. In January, 1879, WILLIAM married EMMA ADELAIDE WILHELMINE THERESE, daughter of the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. She was then twenty-one. Her daughter and only child, WILHELMINE, was born in 1880. This daughter will succeed to the throne if she lives, and in the mean time a regency will be formed. There will be no perceptible evil in a regency government in this case; for the country is tranquil and so thoroughly used to the political system and the domination of a ministry representing the majority that the individuality of the nominal executive is of the least possible consequence. If any trouble in Europe can possibly arise out of the change that will follow the King's disappearance from the scene, it must be with regard to the Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg. WILLIAM was King of the Netherlands and Grand-Duke of Luxemburg; but Luxemburg is not a part of the kingdom, and the association of the two states was personal only. The sovereignties will be separated now, for Luxemburg is under the Salic law, and though the King's daughter can inherit his kingdom, she cannot inherit the Grand-Duchy. Dispute as to this inheritance is almost inevitable, and that dispute may threaten the peace of Europe. One of the claimants is the German Emperor, who is not likely to neglect his own interests. The obvious heir is a certain colonel of Austrian dragoons, the son of the Duke of Nassau, of what is called the older line of the family, or the line of WALRAN. Nassau was annexed to Prussia in 1866. In 1839 there was a somewhat peculiar financial transaction by which the Grand-Duke of Luxemburg conveyed to Holland, for the sum of $350,000, all his hereditary right over the Grand-Duchy. If that was not a mere cover for taking so much money out of the national treasury, the transaction may prove of consequence in the present crisis. If the Grand-Duke WILLIAM could extinguish the rights of his family by sale, so that Luxemburg should have a relation with the crown of the Netherlands without regard to his life, he could not overcome the obstacle of the Salic law, and may thus merely have troubled the title of ALEXANDER of Nassau. But it is possible that the claim of ALEXANDER will be maintained, for that will best answer the general interest, since it will probably defer the solution of the Luxemburg problem, which has more than once nearly led to war between Germany and France. ALEXANDER'S succession would seem to be the only conclusion consistent with the treaty made by all the powers in London in 1867, which prevented the war then apparently imminent.



APRIL FIRST.

"Baw Jawve! Van Coot, I should have tho't you'd—aw—noticed the weight of this beastly thing I've just removed from your coat tail."

"Yas, baw Jawve, and the length of it too."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google



CHEYENNE SCOUTS PATROLLING THE BIG TIMBER OF THE NORTH CANADIAN, OKLAHOMA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 267.]

Original from PENN STATE

OLD BOYS.

THE "Old Boys" spin their tops of trade,
And make them hum where games are played.
How warily they wind them!
Their neighbors' tops they peg and split,
And think they make a happy hit
If they in ruins find them.

And they are fond of pitch and toss;
And when they fail to win, the loss
Shows their book-keeping funny.
'Tis "heads I win and tails you lose,"
And that's the way a fortune goes,
And fools part with their money.

Sometimes they fly their kites in air
With little but the paper there,
And slender ties that hold them.
A sudden change may bring them down,
Although they floated o'er the town
Before their makers sold them.

Sometimes with pipes and watered soap,
Their faces radiant of hope,
They fill the air with bubbles,
And when fate pricks the shining skin
We wonder how a thing so thin
Could cause so many troubles.

'Tis sport to see them play at ball;
They call them stocks that rise and fall;
They show their skill at gammon.
A "bull" may toss them to the skies,
A "bear" growl when he sees them rise
In the great mart of Mammon.

They play at leap-frog as they go
Over each other high and low,
And sometimes backward falling.
'Tis strange to see the "Old Boys" leap
Over a fence like silly sheep,
And fall in Wall Street sprawling.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

FIRETOWN'S NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.

FIRETOWN isn't what you'd call a fashionable place, nor the people haven't all of them a real high eddication; but they've got common-sense, and if I do say it that shouldn't, they've always treated my husband Jeremiah in a very honorary manner. He's ben one of the Grand-Jurors time an' time again, an' belonged to the Board of Relief two years a-goin'; an' once (that was in 1850) he was run for Legislature. When they 'lected him dekin, ten years ago, I thought that was the last title he'd ever get; but it did seem as if the people in our deestrict hadn't had chances enough to show how they thought of him, an' so this year he was voted in school committee. My Jeremiah ain't a vain man. With all his faults, I don't believe he's one single vain hair in his head. Of course, it being an office that come to him of its own accord (he staid home from school meetin' that night on account of the rheumatiz), it made him feel a good deal more important than as if he'd run after it; but in a day or two he got used to the honor the same as he'd got used to the others, an' didn't act any different to his friends because of it.

It was Mr. Stokes that put the idea of a new school-house in Jeremiah's head. Not that 'twas the first time it had ben talked of; why, full twenty years ago the question was started, and it made such a disturbance then that the north end of the deestrict, who wanted a new one, wa'n't on speaking terms with the south, who didn't, for more than six weeks. But when the vote went 16 to 12 for repairing, both sides quieted down; an' since then there hadn't ben another word said about a new school-house till the time I'm going to tell you of. I s'pose 'twas Stokes bein' a young man, an' already having two children (he practises law in the city, but his folks live in Firetown), made him think of it. Anyway he came over to our house one night and said, "It would be criminal carelessness letting those children go to school in that rickety building any longer; there'd ought to be a new one built *right away*." Jeremiah was clear took back at first, and declared there wasn't time before the fall term commenced. But Stokes argued there was, if only they could be brought to agree at the first meetin'. He is pretty convincin' in his conversation, and the upshot of it was, Jeremiah came round to his way of thinkin'.

Well, the school meetin' was set for the 1st of the month, and when it got about—my sakes! how the folks did talk! Presidential 'lection wa'n't anything to it, nor whether or not the minister's wife had been couplainin' to the other church of the way we treated her; and at Mis' Simon's quilting party the new school-house was 'most the only thing they said a word about. I believe in women being interested in outside things myself; but when I went over to Mis' Brown's to get my recipe for sponge-cake she'd borrowed, and she said "she was so busy preparing a paper 'bout the school-house for the Ladies' Literary Circle that she'd have to ask me to wait till next week," I did think that was carrying it a leetle too far. Maybe I was harsh in my judgment, and 'twas thought best to bring the trouble nearer home, for it wa'n't long after that I begun to notice my Jeremiah was gittin' excited too. He hadn't been so *very* anxious for a new one in the first place, but the more folks talked against it, the more set he was for it. An' one night he came home an' says to me, "Jerushy," says he, "if I could give $75 and have that school-house built, I'd do it in a minute." Ordinarily Jeremiah is a leetle inclined to be near, an' I felt, when he said that, he must be deeply moved.

I don't know but 'twould seem strange to some people, and such a thing hasn't happened in Firetown before since the remembrance of any one, but all we women went to that school meetin'. I proposed it. I didn't think 'twas proper for me to be the only one, an' I felt I'd ought to go to look after my husban'. Jeremiah is a well-meaning man, and generally *very honest;* but when I thought of the excitement he was laborin' under I wanted to see with my own eyes that he didn't put two votes into the hat, or use undue persuasion, or anything of that sort. So I proposed it to the other women, and we all went. They sat together on the long bench, but some one handed me a chair, and I placed it right where I could catch Jeremiah's eye if he got to doing anything rash. (I s'pose they thought 'twas proper to give me the honorary place, seein' I was wife of the committee.) Old Mr. Lawson made the first speech. He ain't what you would call a fluent speaker, but he'd got what he wanted to say written down, an' managed to get through with it somehow. All about taxes it was; how for years they'd ben threatenin' to ruin the land-owners, an' how much higher a new school-house would make them. "We don't need a new one," he finished with—"not any more than we need a dancing hall, or a free library, or —or two heads; no, nor half as much. A new head might be an advantage to some folks" (an' here he looked at Jeremiah); "they'd stand a chance of gittin' a few brains 'long with it."

He sat down then, and Stokes got up to answer him. Maybe some of you have heard Stokes speak an' know how it is. He didn't read what he had to say, an' blunder through the reading. I guess not! You'd almost thought his mouth was coated inside with wax, the words slipped out so easy. And the way he said them! Why, I'd ben partial to having a new school-house from the beginnin', but before he got through talking it seemed to me that every person who voted against it ought to be flayed, an'— No, I don't mean that, but I did feel as if they'd ought to be put in a lunatic asylum. It stirred me up so much I forgot I was in meetin', where women should be seen an' not heard, and the minute he stopped I rushed over to him. "It's every word gospel truth," says I, "an' your wife ain't a bit prouder of you to-day than I am." "Jerushy!" exclaimed Jeremiah. The other men were talking about their votes and didn't notice, an' 'twas only *school* meetin', so I don't know as 'twill be counted a sin. By-an'-by the voting commenced. I didn't breathe twice while the hat was going round, and I do sometimes think that if I'd seen Jeremiah try to put in two slips I'd have looked the other way an' let him done it. But he didn't offer to (ordinarily my husband ain't the excitable one in our family), and the votes turned out a tie.

"There'll have to be a new ballot taken," said the chairman; and Stokes got up to begin another argument.

It didn't seem to me I could live all that anxiety over again. "Jeremiah," I said, "I'm going home." An' before he could answer yes or no I was out-of-doors. We don't live far from the school-house, an' every step of the way I was thinking 'bout that tie. I knew the other side wouldn't give in at the next ballot; 'twas too late for a new meetin'; an' after that speech of Stokes it did seem a sin them children should have to stay in that buildin' through the winter. The more I thought of it, the worse I felt. I believe I cried a leetle, an' before I could get anyways reconciled I come to the house, an' saw Jim Fisk sittin' there on the piazza waitin'. My face got smoothed out then pretty quick. There shouldn't no one have a chance to say I got excited at school meetin', if 'twas the truth. Not that I cared much about Jim. He was love-cracked anyway, folks said, an' for the last four or five years had lived up on the mountain in a cave, never conin' down where people were except when he wanted victuals. A "hermit" some called him. But I'd a leetle rather even hermits shouldn't suspect.

"Ben waitin' long?" I asked, as cheery as could be, an' startin' to get the butter he was after. "We ain't very often away from home evenin's, but I've ben down this time to the meetin' to see how the vote 'bout the new school-house turned out."

"Talkin' 'bout a new one, are they?"

"Well, I should say so! Good land! hain't you heard of that? They've talked of it for weeks, an' I waited to hear how the vote turned out. 'Twas a tie."

He laughed hearty, for him. "A tie, hey? They'd ought to hev hed me thar to decide it."

"Good land o' Goshen! Jim Fisk, do you belong to our deestrict?"

"I s'pose I do. I've ben here long enough, an' I dun know nothin' 'gainst livin' in a cave."

I jumped up and grabbed his arm, not caring whether I acted excited or not then. "Do you start an' run—*run*," says I, "to that school-house, an' tell 'em you've come to vote; an' vote to have a new one. It 'll decide it. Mercy on us, man, don't stand there starin'! Can't you *start?*"

"You're gittin' stirred up, old lady," he said. "I ain't anxious to go. 'Tain't no consarn o' mine."

"Don't be a pesky fool!" cried I, so flustrated I couldn't choose my words. "The lives of all the children in the deestrict is dependin' on that new school-house."

"I dun know as I keer 'bout their lives," grinned he.

I don't s'pose I'd have done it—I reely don't s'pose I'd have done it if I'd had a chance to think. But I knew if I wasted much time the meetin' would be done with, an' the chance of a new buildin' over for that year. It made me feel wild, so to speak, an' in my flurry I never sensed I was a dekin's wife.

"Jim Fisk," says I, "if you'll go this minute, an' not say you was sent, *I'll give you them two pounds of butter!*"

He spoke up firm and prompt: "Good fer you, Mis' Jerushy! I'll do it."

The second he was gone I dropped into a chair as limp as if I'd just been wrung out of water. "The Lord have mercy on me!" says I; "what would Jeremiah say?"

I've considered a good deal about it since. It was a sin—a *terrible* sin. An' me bein' a dekin's wife makes it worse. Though somehow, when Jeremiah come home, tickled to death, an' wonderin' what put the notion of voting into Jim Fisk's head, I couldn't feel for certain I'd repented.

MRS. DEACON JEREMIAH SMITH.

YOUNG THINGS.

Now by the slender bird's unbroken wings,
By trail chrysanthemums which shyly lift
Unbruised blossoms from the early drift,
What tender shepherding enfolds young things!
All Nature feels their sweet Insistent charms,
And green things warmly 'neath cold drifts abide,
While 'mid the storm unweaned lambs safe hide
Within the old gray fences' circling arms.
And with young birds and lambs and budding things
Old Earth doth cherish with most tender care
The sweet girl faces her rough breast doth bear.
Strong arms about them 'earth-love softly flings,
While from high heaven God, with tender face,
Bends down to lift them o'er each rough-hewn place.

LUCY R. TILLEY.

THE RETURN OF THE BALL-PLAYERS.

ALL Americans who are interested in base-ball—and what American, of the younger generation at any rate, is not interested in the national game?—have been looking forward to the arrival this week of the famous aggregation of players that has been around the world under the management of Mr. A. G. Spalding.

As originally planned, the trip was intended to take in only Australia and New Zealand, and arrangements were made to spend most of the winter in the antipodes. On the arrival of the party in Australia, however, a cordial invitation was received from the Marylebone Cricket Club to extend the tour westward, and to return by way of Europe, instead of coming home across the Pacific again. This invitation decided Mr. Spalding to adopt the western route. On the arrival of the party in England its reception by the Marylebone Club was such as to more than justify the decision.

For some years past it has been the fashion for base-ball clubs to take a winter tour. Some have gone to the Southern States, and some to Cuba, where the game has taken a firm hold of the affections of the sport-loving people of the island. California too has been a favorite winter resort for ball-players. It was therefore only an extension of an idea that had been previously put in execution to plan a trip to Australia. The two teams, of ten men each, which constituted the playing strength of the party, assembled at Chicago October 20, 1888, almost immediately upon the conclusion of the professional season here. By November 3d, after playing several games on the way, they arrived in San Francisco. There they remained until the 18th, when they took passage by the steamer *Alameda* for Auckland and Sydney. The party consisted of the following players: Messrs. Daly, Baldwin, Tener, Anson, Pfeffer, Burns, Williamson, Sullivan, Ryan, and Pettit, constituting the Chicago team; Messrs. Earle, Carroll, Crane, Healy, Manning, Ward, Wood, Hanlon, Brown, and Fogarty, constituting the "All America" team; Mr. A. G. Spalding and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lincoln, Mrs. Anson, Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Lynch, Mr. Snyder, Mr. George Wright, Messrs. McMillan, Palmer, and Goodfriend, newspaper correspondents, and Clarence Duval, the little colored "mascot" and drum-major of the Chicago team.

On their way across the Pacific the party stopped one day at Honolulu, and were received with wonder and admiration by the Hawaiians. The next stop was at Tutuila, now famous in connection with the Samoan difficulty. The steamer merely touched here, and went on to Auckland, where there was a stop of twelve hours, and the teams went ashore and limbered up their sea-stiffened joints by playing a game of ball. Finally, on December 14th, Sydney was reached. Accounts had been cabled to this country of the interest with which the Australians were awaiting the advent of the party, and of the reception prepared for them; but the party themselves were surprised and almost overwhelmed by the attentions that were showered upon them. First there was a grand public reception, at which the provincial and city officials did the honors. Then within the next eight days there were sixteen more dinners, lunches, and receptions. Indeed an Australian correspondent, who has been familiar with Sydney for years, writes that never was so much fuss made over the arrival of a new Governor-General as greeted the Spalding party.

The time of the visitors was not, however, entirely taken up with receptions and dinners. They had come to play base-ball, and play they did, almost every day. When they left home they had expected to defer so far to British prejudice as to play cricket also; and indeed Mr. George Wright went with the party in the capacity of head cricketer. They found, however, that cricket was apparently in a moribund state. The Australians are faster people than those of the mother country, and a game which requires from two to four days to finish one match does not appeal to them as it does to the leisure-loving Briton at home. Base-ball struck the Australian fancy. The batting, spectators thought, did not seem to be very strong, but the fielding, and especially the throwing, seemed to them amazingly sharp and accurate, while the base-stealing never failed to elicit roars of laughter and applause. The quickness and liveliness of the game were duly appreciated, and there seemed to be a practically unanimous verdict that base-ball has more of a future in Australia than cricket. By the time the Spalding party finally left Melbourne, after playing in Sydney, Adelaide, and Ballarat, there were eighteen clubs already organized in the three provinces of Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia, and Mr. Simpson, who had accompanied the party thus far, was left in Australia as a sort of instructor and organizer-general for the Australian Leagues. It may be mentioned here, too, that a New Zealand League was formed also, with clubs at Auckland, Wellington, Brisbane, and other places. The single game the teams were able to play at Auckland stimulated a base-ball fever that had already been caught, and the New Zealand League seems likely to prove a success.

The stay in Australia was shortened by the determination to return home by way of India, Suez, and Europe, and the party left Melbourne for Colombo in the steamer *Salier* on the 8th of January. It was the intention at first to go from Colombo to Calcutta, and play a few games there and at Bombay; but on reaching Ceylon the advices from Calcutta were not encouraging, and after playing one game on the ancient island, very much to the astonishment of the natives, who could not understand why men should exert themselves in such a violent manner who were not compelled to do so, the players continued in the same steamer to Aden and Suez.

Cairo was the next objective point, and on February 9th, the day after Suez was reached, the party were under the shadow of the Pyramid of Ghizeh, and in full view of the Sphinx. Here a game was played, and although the shifting sands of the desert made fielding rather difficult, the players felt that forty centuries were looking down upon them, and exerted themselves to the utmost. Such a sight was never seen before, and may never be again: the most ancient monuments of almost prehistoric man and the most modern diversion of the newest man, and the most progressive on the face of the earth, here were face to face. The game at the pyramids was the only one played in Egypt. No stop was made at Alexandria, and the quickest time possible was made to Brindisi.

Rome used to be a great place for physical contests, but the Italians of the present day are not sportsmen. Almost the only spectators of the game at Rome were the Americans resident there, more especially the Irish American youth attending the College of the Propaganda. To be sure, King Humbert and the Queen are reported to have passed by the villa Borghese while the game was going on, and even to have stopped for a moment or two, but there were very few Italian spectators. At Florence a fine game was played, but the attendance, as at Rome, was almost entirely of American residents and travellers, together with a few Englishmen. At Nice the experience was repeated. At Paris there was a large concourse of people, but the French did not at all understand the game, and are not likely to take to it. In fact none of the European nations, except perhaps the Spaniards, are fond of the sort of out-door sports to which the English and Americans are so devoted. There isn't a "good base-ball town" on the Continent, unless Barcelona and Madrid be excepted, whither the game has been imported from Cuba. This was so evident that all idea of going to Vienna and Berlin, as was at first contemplated, was abandoned. Circumstances rendered a Spanish journey out of the question. After a short stay, therefore, in Paris, the party crossed the Channel, in one of the worst storms known there for years, and reached London four weeks ago, on the 9th of March.

The experience of the party as guests of the Marylebone Cricket Club was very like their experience in Australia. Their first game on Kensington Oval was honored by the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Buccleuch and Beaufort, the Earls of Londesborough, Coventry, Sheffield, and Bessborough, Lord Randolph Churchill, and no end of smaller lordlings, besides that great civic dignitary the Lord Mayor of London, and about eight thousand people without any title at all. The next game in London was played on the famous Lord's ground, long sacred to cricket. Others were played at the Crystal Palace and at Leyton's, in the famous "East End," where there was an immense crowd of spectators. It is possible that base-ball may now be added to the list of the diversions of the "People's Palace."

The journey from London through the "provinces" was made in grand style in a special train of seven cars, which included two sleeping and two dining cars of the American pattern. Nobody but the Queen has ever before travelled in such fashion in Great Britain. Games were played in Bristol, Sheffield, Manchester, and Liverpool, which were all well attended, and which elicited some enthusiasm among the on-lookers. In fact the English trip was as pleasant as possible, and the great American game was favorably received everywhere. Still there is small likelihood that base-ball will take any such hold of the public mind in England as it did in Australia, or that it will very soon become even a serious rival of cricket. There is something outrageous to an Englishman in the idea that he shall not be allowed to run on a long hit simply because the ball falls outside of certain lines. It seems almost equally outrageous, too, that when he has made a good hit he should not continue batting until he is out. Still the game may make its way eventually even in that most conservative of countries. The intrinsic merits of the game are such that if it once obtains a foothold in England it is bound to spread, especially among the masses, who have not time to play cricket.

As will be seen by a glance at their names, some of the players are of Irish extraction. They, at any rate, could not think of coming back to America without a visit to the "ould sod." The days spent in Ireland were among the pleasantest of the entire trip, and when the party finally left Queenstown last week there were some regrets as well as many pleasant anticipations.

This number of HARPER'S WEEKLY goes to press

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

before the teams have arrived in New York Harbor, and it is therefore impossible to give an account of their reception here.

HUNTING WILD TURKEY BY MOONLIGHT.

THE best that can be said of the wild turkey is that he is the most delicious of birds to eat, but as to taking care of himself he exercises but few precautions. In the older colonial times turkeys used to be caught in large numbers in many different ways. One method was to build a trap somewhat like a house, and to leave the lower part of it open. Then a trail of corn was laid, which the turkey followed until he got inside of the pen, and then *Meleagris gallopavo* had not sense enough to creep out again. To use a turkey-call, and to thus bring the birds from their hiding-places, was once a favorite method of getting turkeys. There are many stories of turkeys being treed by means of dogs. Once the bird alighted on a tree branch he was supposed to stay there; but turkeys in time changed their ways, and this method of treeing a turkey is today rarely possible. In Texas, chasing the turkeys from the woods, and getting them into the open prairie, has been before this described. It is an exciting sport, requiring swift horses and good riders. The birds are literally cut down in their flight by the whips of the riders. A turkey, if he is fat, when chased in this way takes a long flight at first, but by degrees his course diminishes, and sooner or later he is caught up with.

Shooting turkeys when roosting, as Mr. ZOZABAUM has sketched it, can hardly be called sport; that is, in the higher application of the term. It should, however, be remembered that in southwestern Texas and Indian Territory meat is meat. Men kill game not so much for the pleasures of the chase as to satisfy hunger. In the far West, where turkeys take to the woods which skirt the streams, they are spotted. The hunter leaves them alone in the day-time, but of a moonlight night bags his score of birds. The turkeys seem unconscious that there is any danger, and though there may be several on a limb, two or three can be killed, when almost in immediate contact, before the whole flock awakens and takes its flight. The abundant food which the turkey finds in Texas makes it the finest of all birds to eat.

CHEYENNE SCOUTS IN OKLAHOMA.

IT is the promised land, to be opened to settlers on the 22d of April. If before that specified date any one presumes to trespass, his rights are to be forfeited. But men are impatient, cannot wait, and all along the line the boomers dally, anxious for the chance to enter and prospect. There is, of course, much choice to be exercised in selecting the land, and with the boomer the doctrine is first come first served. One might fancy that, with such a vast expanse of country as is ours, there would be plenty of other localities where settlers might find equally good lands, and yet this Oklahoma has advantages of a local character. Through the centre of it runs the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad; but more than that, water and timber are plentiful. The Indians, the so-called "wards of the nation," do not accept the situation with grace. It means to them dispersion and annihilation. They interpret in the strictest sense the President's proclamation. For a long time before they have been watching the inroads on their hunting grounds. Mr. REMINGTON presents a graphic sketch of two Cheyenne scouts, who are looking for the coming of the white men. The Indians belong to the police force of the United States, and are patrolling the North Canadian, intent on their duty. Their ways may be somewhat summary, but they are acting in accordance with their orders. As a scout the Indian, when subjected to discipline, must be the most effective of soldiers. None possesses in higher degree the instincts of the sleuth-hound. It is to be trusted that the possession of Oklahoma will be a bloodless one. The fear is not so much that the Indians will offer any resistance, but that the settlers who have hived here from all quarters will quarrel and dispute among themselves as to their claims.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS REVERSED.

I LITTLE thought that I should ever be called upon to fill the rôle of the world-famous Trojan, especially as I had always bemoaned the fact that I was not blessed with my full share of the good looks with which my enemy Paris was so plentifully endowed. I say enemy advisedly, for I disliked him from the first, and have always cherished a wholesome disdain for him, while I regarded his willingness to give up both wisdom and riches merely for the sake of a good-looking woman as the very height of imbecility, which could not have failed to bring upon him condign punishment.

Being an old bachelor myself, and blessed with what I considered a fair amount of common-sense, I felicitated myself that so far I had not fallen a victim to the charms of any member of the fair sex. Possibly this may have been due to the fact that I had always avoided the danger, and had let the fair ones severely alone. My friends often tried to inveigle me into society, but I would not be tempted. I was contented, and determined to let well enough alone. I would not court unhappiness, nor would I call upon anybody's pretty sisters—no, not I.

On a certain winter's evening a little over a year ago I had been enjoying a very cozy dinner with my three friends Weston, Hollingsford, and Mitchell, charming fellows, who, though somewhat younger than I, yet always showed a willingness to dine *chez moi*, which was not tempered by any discrepancy in years. On this particular evening dinner was over, and Mitchell was just dropping a second lump of sugar into his cup of black coffee, when the conversation drifted in the direction of the German opera.

"Madame Flambeau is without doubt as ugly a woman as ever existed," I incidentally remarked.

"Oh no," broke in Weston; "indeed she is not. I have a cousin by whose side she would be considered a perfect beauty."

I hastened to declare that I did not believe it possible, when Hollingsford asserted that he had a cousin whom he would match against any homely woman that Weston could produce.

"I don't believe that your cousin is a circumstance to mine," he continued, enthusiastically. "She would take a prize in any exhibition, and create a sensation that would fill the heart of the ten-thousand-dollar beauty with despair. I have no hesitation in saying that she is the plainest woman in the whole world."

"Look here," interrupted Mitchell, who had up to this point seemed quite absorbed in studying the weather indications presented by the bubbles floating across the surface of his coffee; "*I* have a cousin too, whom I'm ready to put up against any two women that you can produce, and I will wager any amount that she will knock Hollingsford's cousin into the middle of next week."

"Impossible," responded that worthy gentleman; "I'll never yield the prize to any one but Maria Agnes Palmer, only daughter of my beloved aunt Mary, who always used to urge my mother to let me spend my vacations with her, in order that she might make my life miserable, until I came to regard the opening of school as a happy release. She belonged to Macaulay's class of old Puritans who looked upon bear-baiting as a sin, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators, and Maria Agnes is just like her mother, so every one tells me, both in looks and disposition."

"I say, Weston," exclaimed Mitchell, 'what fun it would be to bring them all together, and let Lloyd here decide who is the ugliest; then we will abide by his decision, as he is, of course, the only disinterested one. How could I, for instance, ever regard my cousin Kate Mitchell with an impartial eye when I remember how she comes to see my sisters just so often, for the sole purpose of telling how injurious cigarettes are, how very extravagant I am considered, and what expensive roses she heard that I sent to Miss Wellington on the night of her reception, which I attended, after having regretted that business duties would prevent my coming to her (Kate's) musical that same evening—as though I could be in two places at once?"

"Capital!" cried Weston. "We will invite them all to dinner, and Lloyd shall sit in judgment, and the cousins of the defeated candidates shall pay for the dinner. What do you say, Lloyd? Will you refuse to face such a galaxy of beauty?"

I replied that, under the circumstances, I would come to the dinner with pleasure, though they knew that it was against my principles to mingle in ladies' society at all, and I begged that I might not be forced to decide so weighty a question. But I was overruled, and before I knew it had consented to shoulder the responsibility of selecting the least attractive cousin, and had, moreover, said that I should be most happy to take the whole party to the theatre in the evening.

We finally came to the conclusion that during the dinner I should have ample time to decide which cousin carried off the palm of ugliness, and to her, when dessert came on, I should present a bonbonnière, which in form of a gilded apple should surmount the tray of bonbons.

"And thus shall the judgment of Paris be reversed," gayly exclaimed Mitchell, as he condescendingly pocketed a couple of my best cigars before bidding me good-night. "Only remember that you must escort the heroine of the golden apple to the theatre yourself, after having shown her such marked consideration. Ha! ha! ha!" he added. "To think of Lloyd really accompanying ladies to the theatre of his own free-will! We must keep a sharp lookout for the cousins, fellows, if we are going to expose them to the battery of his fascinations. Poor things! I hope that their heads will not be completely turned."

I joined the laugh with the others, but after they had gone I sat down by the fire and thought what an idiot I had been to allow myself to be drawn into such juvenile nonsense. Was this all that my consistency amounted to? Ought my good resolutions, long preserved unbroken, to be thus lightly set aside for anybody's cousins? Should they prove ever so repulsive and disagreeable, they nevertheless wore petticoats and belonged to that class of cold and heartless schemers whose society I had forsworn since the day, long years since, when my best friend Richard Jackson had died of a broken heart, and I had determined thenceforward to have nothing more to do with the treacherous sex. After all, it made very little difference to me. Cousins might come and go without affecting me in the least. I had long ago become invulnerable, and had learned coldly to pass the schemers by on the other side.

In less than three weeks from this time the night for the eventful dinner arrived. It was to take place in my apartments, as I had heard that my sister, Mrs. Winchester, was to be in town, and —happy thought!—knowing that she would expect to dine with me, I arranged to have her come and help me to receive the cousins, for whose arrival I now waited with much greater interest than I would have willingly acknowledged to any one could be aroused within me merely by the arrival of three very ugly women. It was probably the fact of their unusual ugliness that interested me so much, and I had several times caught myself speculating upon the probable immensity of Miss Mitchell's mouth and the possible magnitude of Miss Palmer's nose. I had even calculated in a scientific way the relative importance of these two given features. Admitted that each was just as ugly as it could be, which was the more important, a nose or a mouth? Both were quite necessary, but there had been times when I had felt that I could dispense with my nose; but my mouth—never. I was determined to be most conscientious in my decision.

This was the first time that I had invited any ladies to dine with me, save an occasional distant relative from the country, and my sister, who always condescended to spend a long and unhappy evening with me once a year. How much good advice she could get into one evening, and what unalterable opinions she had on every subject, from politics to laundry bills! No one else could be held responsible for her opinions; she entered the world fully armed and equipped with them. It was bad enough for women to have opinions at all, and even when they had the sense to get them from some reasonable man they always lost sight of the essential points, and permitted every little personal prejudice full sway in the end.

I could not but feel, however, a slight flutter of excitement at the thought of receiving three of the much-avoided sex at once, besides my sister. I vaguely wondered if the man had dusted the rooms. I knew that women objected very much to dust. Whenever I heard it said that any woman was "a model house-keeper" a vision arose before me of some one wearing a white apron, who appears flourishing in one hand a dusting cloth and in the other a feather duster; who invades the peaceful study or the tranquil sitting-room, and with her weapons of warfare begins her work of devastation. She fills the air with minute particles, and the dust rises at her approach; she moves all the papers, and alters the positions of the pipes and match boxes; then she takes down all the books, and rubs the dust into the edges with the cloth before putting them all back in the wrong places. I went over to the mantel and blew violently to see if it was dusty; evidently it was, for I sneezed. How stupid of James! I took out my silk handkerchief and switched it nervously up and down the mantelshelf until I succeeded in knocking off my best pipe—just nicely colored, too. Women were a perfect nuisance anyhow, and had always made trouble for every one since the advent of Eve. Nevertheless I could not control a desire to glance in the mirror each time that I went by it—an offence of which I am seldom guilty—and as I straightened my tie for the sixth time I was dimly conscious of a faint satisfaction at the thought of perhaps making somewhat of an impression in my rôle of genial host upon an invoice of femininity which had not been spoiled by too much flattery and adoration. I was only forty, after all, and if not handsome, my hair had not yet begun to grow thin on top, and my teeth were really remarkably fine; the genial smiling host was certainly quite my style. I knew these thoughts to be unworthy of me as a scholar and scientist, but we are all unworthy of ourselves now and then.

Steps in the hall caused me to take up a paper and assume a careless position in my easy-chair by the fire. My sister had arrived and also Mitchell, by whose side appeared the first of the cousins. I rose hastily and met them with great cordiality. "I am so very glad to know you, Miss Mitchell. This is my sister, Mrs. Winchester, who has kindly consented to preside over our little party, and who will, I know, have the goodness to show the ladies where to leave their wraps. Before my first guests had taken off their things Hollingsford appeared, accompanied by his cousin Miss Palmer, and closely followed by Weston and his cousin Miss Winifred Weston.

It was not until all were fairly seated at table that I succeeded in getting a good square look at the three cousins, and then I know that I did stare. Good heavens! there had been some dreadful mistake. I looked from Hollingsford to Weston and from Weston to Mitchell, but without eliciting a responsive glance. Then I looked once more at the cousins; they were all three young and very beautiful. Slowly the truth dawned upon me: I was being made game of; I had been selected as a fitting victim for an amazing practical joke. Once I thought I caught a faint twinkle in Mitchell's perfidious eye, which convinced me of the fact. I doubted if these were their cousins at all; it was impossible that every one of the three should have such a pretty cousin. I would give them no satisfaction, however; they should not gather from my serene bearing that I recognized any departure from the original programme; so I smiled and conversed with the cousins one and all in a way calculated to show that I was perfectly at my ease.

Miss Mitchell was a brilliant brunette, with laughing brown eyes and very rosy cheeks and dark wavy hair; she was dressed in a gown of dark blue velvet which became her wonderfully—a fact of which she seemed quite aware. Miss Palmer and Miss Weston were both blondes, though of quite different types. The former was petite and charming, with blue eyes, pink cheeks, and very fluffy light hair; while the latter was tall and graceful, with large gray eyes, shaded by the longest of black lashes; she had a wonderfully sweet smile, which disclosed the whitest of teeth; she wore her hair brushed straight back from her forehead, and fastened in a simple knot at the back. Her dress was of plain dark green silk, while Miss Palmer wore a charming suit of light gray.

Surely the enemy had invaded my very camp, but I would give no one the pleasure of knowing what a blaze of wrath I was inwardly stifling as I calmly passed the olives, and begged the fair ones to try the salted almonds. It was not that I really objected to the pretty girls, but it was the principle of the thing. My confidence had been abused, and, moreover, the wretched men had dared to invite their cousins to come and laugh at me in my own house. Oh, it was too much; it was adding insult to injury. But had those confounded fellows allowed their cousins to share the joke which they seemed to be enjoying so thoroughly? No, I would not believe them capable of such baseness. All this indignation I smothered beneath a surface of politeness and gay repartee. Miss Mitchell smiled upon me most enchantingly, admired my pet etchings, and thought me "so very kind to take them to the theatre afterward." Miss Palmer looked at me with the frankest of big blue eyes, and seemed to possess the wonderful faculty of drawing out one's opinions and preferences for the sole purpose of showing how perfectly she agreed with them all. She seemed to have always thought just as I did on every subject, as nearly as I could ascertain; but ever and anon I fancied that I caught a significant smile passing from her to Weston, and once I felt sure that Miss Palmer actually winked at Hollingsford.

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. I knew that the color was mounting to my cheeks, and that my temper was giving way. With a supreme effort I turned and began to devote myself to Miss Winifred Weston, in whose gray eyes I discerned a sympathetic quality which somehow reconciled me to the fact that she was not either old or ugly. I found her so very sweet and interesting that I almost had forgotten that any one else was present, until I realized that dessert was upon the table, and just in front of me I saw, staring me in the face, *one small golden apple*, which surmounted an inviting dish of bonbons.

Conversation suddenly seemed to flag, and I knew that all eyes were upon the fatal apple. How I wished it a thousand miles away, and guarded by the fearful dragon of the Hesperides! Miss Kate Mitchell's eyes were twinkling, and Miss Palmer's glanced mischievously, while Miss Weston cast a sympathetic glance at me. I was sure, and my sister, who had slowly recovered from her first mute astonishment at my apparently new departure, bent upon me a questioning look.

The unrivalled impudence of Hollingsford rose to the emergency. "What is this?" he cried, gayly. "Not an apple of discord, I hope. I see by the expression of Lloyd's eye that he is going to present it to one of the young ladies."

What a pleasure it would have been to have obliged Hollingsford to swallow it then and there! Had he told Miss Weston that I was to select the least attractive cousin, and present the apple to her? Now they were all waiting to see me give myself away, make a fool of myself, lose my temper, or do something equally unbecoming. My breath came rapidly; I reached out my hand with a nervous motion toward the apple, with a wild desire to seize it and hurl it wildly at the smiling and deceitful Mitchell across the table.

No, I could not give it to Miss Weston, and so make her think that I considered the others better-looking, when they neither of them could hold a candle to her in any respect. But then if I gave it to either of the others I was pledged to escort that one to the theatre; to sit by her; to talk to her. No indeed, I would do nothing of the sort, to be laughed at by Miss Mitchell, to be made fun of by Miss Palmer. I would give it to my sister first, and I prepared to murmur something idiotic about "age before beauty."

The pause was in reality a brief one, but it was a very bitter one, when suddenly an angel of light came to my rescue in the guise of Miss Weston, who herself reached across to the accursed dish and took the golden apple in her dainty fingers.

"If this is an apple of discord," she cried, gayly, "it is a dangerous thing, and we should beware how we trifle with it. Take warning by the fate of the first Paris, Mr. Lloyd, and do not call down upon your head the wrath of Juno and Minerva. The modern solution is quite different; Paris must keep the apple himself, and with it his dangerous opinions. Then," she added, presenting it to me with a smile, "when the judgment is reversed, and Paris instead of Aphrodite receives the apple, surely no one can complain."

I accepted it with a grateful glance calculated to convey all the admiration I longed to express, while I replied that "Paris certainly had nothing to complain of when Aphrodite herself bestowed so great a favor upon him."

It was a delightful and happy conclusion, after all, and I rose from the table in the highest of spirits, which were not lessened by the visible shade of disappointment depicted upon the faces of several of the party at my having been allowed to escape so easily. I offered my arm to Miss Weston, coupled with the hope that she would accept me as her escort for the evening, which she did, and what a perfect evening it was! And that was the beginning of the end—yes, the end of my old bachelorhood. A year ago I would never have believed that such a thing could happen. It was wholly preposterous, impossible; now it seems the most natural thing in the world. What poor unstable human creatures we are, all of us! still, if we must change, let it be for the better, as in my case. Mitchell, Hollingsford, and Weston had their little joke; but "he laughs best who laughs last," and Weston has lost his pretty cousin into the bargain. I don't know how she ever consented to have me. She says that she married me to get rid of me, but my sister, to whom all jokes are very weighty and incomprehensible affairs, says that it was a very queer way of getting rid of me, she thinks.

Among my dearest possessions I cherish one small golden apple, which I will never part with, save to one to whom, should she require it, I might return my treasure, vowing that Paris was right after all, for it belonged to the queen of love and beauty, and to her alone.

CAROLINE TICKNOR.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

MR. ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, who has received the appointment of American Minister at St. Petersburg, is best known as the editor and proprietor of the *North American Review*, which he purchased from a Boston publishing firm in 1876, and subsequently transferred to New York. He is the possessor of a large fortune, the bulk of which was inherited from his grandmother. He was born in Boston, June 18, 1853, but was taken abroad by his parents at the age of nine, and spent his entire youth and acquired his education in Europe. He learned the languages of France and Germany while living in those countries, and speaks them fluently. He spent four years at the University at Oxford, and took his degree at Christ Church College in 1873. Returning to his native country, he studied for a time at the Law School of Columbia College, but soon began to devote his attention to literature. The *North American Review* under his conduct has been transformed from a quarterly to a monthly magazine, and devoted to the discussion of popular subjects. In 1879 Mr. RICE organized and directed the CHARNAY expedition for the investigation of the antiquities of Central America, and published several papers by M. CHARNAY upon the results. He has edited *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln* and contributed to *Ancient Cities of the World*, besides being the author of numerous papers in his magazine. In 1886 he was the Republican candidate for Congress in the Tenth District of New York, against General SPINOLA, and received the support of the "HENRY GEORGE party." His defeat was attributed to the treachery of the party leader to whom the conduct of his canvass was intrusted. Mr. RICE exposed the treachery, and caused the expulsion of the accused leader from the party organization. He has appeared also as an earnest advocate of the adoption of the Australian ballot system.



ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

THE position of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain was conferred by President HARRISON upon ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, of Chicago, without solicitation on his part or that of his friends, and without any previous intimation to them of his purpose. Mr. LINCOLN was the eldest son and is the only surviving offspring of the late President LINCOLN. He was born at Springfield, Illinois, August 1, 1843, and after passing through the schools of his native town was sent to the Phillips Academy, Exeter, in New Hampshire, to prepare for college. He entered Harvard in 1860, and was regularly graduated four years later. It was his desire then to enter the army, but owing to his father's objections he began his study at the Harvard Law School. He could not, however, rest easy, and finally, overcoming his father's reluctance, entered the service in Virginia in the fall of 1864. The President had suggested his appointment on General GRANT'S staff as a volunteer aide-de-camp without pay or allowance, but that did not meet General GRANT'S views, and he was commissioned as a Captain. He served through the final campaign ending at Appomattox, and was the first to convey to his father the official news of LEE'S surrender, of which he was an eye-witness. After the close of the war and the tragic death of his father, Mr. LINCOLN resumed the study of law, was admitted to the bar in Illinois, and settled down to practice in Chicago. In 1868 he married a daughter of ex-Senator HARLAN, of Iowa, and in 1872 made a somewhat protracted visit to Europe. On his return he formed a new partnership in his profession with EDWARD S. ISHAM, which still continues. In 1880 MR. LINCOLN was an earnest advocate of the nomination of General GRANT for the Presidency, but after the election of GARFIELD he was offered the position of Secretary of War in his cabinet. He accepted, and held that position not only during the life of GARFIELD, but throughout the term of President ARTHUR, being the only member of the cabinet retained by the latter. Since 1885 he has continued the practice of his profession in Chicago, taking no prominent part in politics, though more than once spoken of as a possible candidate for President or Vice-President. He has taken a prominent position at the bar, and in public and private life has acquired a reputation for solid qualities and freedom from pretence or sham. He is regarded as especially clear-headed, judicious, and upright in purpose, and courteous and unassuming in manners. He is credited with having a comfortable fortune.

COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT.

COLONEL FREDERICK DENT GRANT, the newly appointed United States Minister to Austria, is the eldest son of the late General U. S. GRANT, and was born at St. Louis on the 30th of May, 1850, after his father had resigned his captaincy in the army and settled down to a business life in that city. He was with his father in the Vicksburg campaign, and was present at the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. He also accompanied the General in the subsequent campaigns in Virginia, though too young for actual military service. His early education had been obtained in the public schools of St. Louis and Galena, and at the age of sixteen he was appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he acquitted himself with great credit. He received the appointment of Second Lieutenant in the Fourth United States Cavalry, June 12, 1871. He spent two years on outpost duty in the far West, and was promoted to First Lieutenant. In March, 1873, he was made aide-de-camp on the staff of General PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, whose head-quarters were then at Chicago, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He continued in that position until June 1, 1881, when he resigned from the army. In parting with him General SHERIDAN expressed his high appreciation of his "soldierly qualities" and his earnest wishes for his future success. He soon afterward married the daughter of H. H. HONORÉ, a wealthy citizen of Chicago, and for some time took no active part in business of any kind. Much of his time was spent in New York with his father's family. He had no connection, real or nominal, with the firm of GRANT & WARD, but lost considerable money by investing in Mr. WARD'S delusive schemes. During his father's last illness Colonel GRANT spent much time in devoted attendance upon him, and assisted him materially in the preparation of his memoirs. He took charge of his mother's interests in the publication and sale of this work and in other matters, and with his wife and two children continued to live with her in the city of New York. He was for a time a director in the New York Steam-heating Company. In the winter of 1887 Governor HILL appointed him to the position of Quarantine Commissioner, to succeed THOMAS C. PLATT, but, owing to political complications at Albany, the appointment was not confirmed. After the adjournment of the Legislature Mr. PLATT wrote to the Governor offering to resign on the assurance that Colonel GRANT would be named for his place, which assurance was not given. He was nominated for the office of Secretary of State by the Republican Convention which met at Saratoga on September 14, 1887, and at the November election received 452,811 votes, against 469,888 cast for his Democratic opponent. In personal appearance he bears a striking resemblance to his father, but is of larger build.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE sixty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design has at least one feature that brings it into marked contrast with those which have preceded it. In former years the portraits that have passed the ordeal of the hanging committee have been scattered through the different rooms, but this season they are for the most part grouped in the east gallery, so that the visitor's facilities for comparison of the work of the several artists are materially increased. The result is to give a greater relative importance to this department of the exhibition, an importance which the excellence of some of the examples fully justifies, and also to exhibit some curious and trying contrasts of subjects and treatment.

Chief among the landscapes to be seen is GEORGE INNESS'S "Coming Storm," in which the long stretch of green fields and the abundant foliage of the trees are admirably contrasted with the threatening clouds overhead. If not so striking a picture as some that Mr. INNESS has recently shown, it is yet an excellent illustration of his close observation of nature and his skill in portraying its most impressive phases. Some of the other landscape-painters are seen at their best in the exhibition. Mr. BRISTOL has seldom shown his art more acceptably than in "A Quiet Afternoon," with its hazy light upon the landscape and its delicious suggestion of repose. Mr. ROBBINS'S excellent illustration of New England scenery is worthy of the hand that painted it, and this may be said of Mr. TRYON'S poetic "Evening." Those who count upon finding an opulence of color in HOMER MARTIN'S landscapes will not be disappointed in his "Winter Cherry-Trees, Coast of Normandy." It

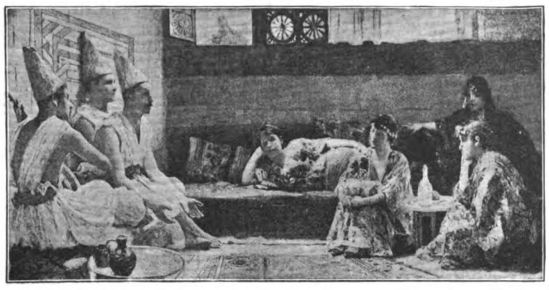


ROBERT T. LINCOLN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSHER, CHICAGO.

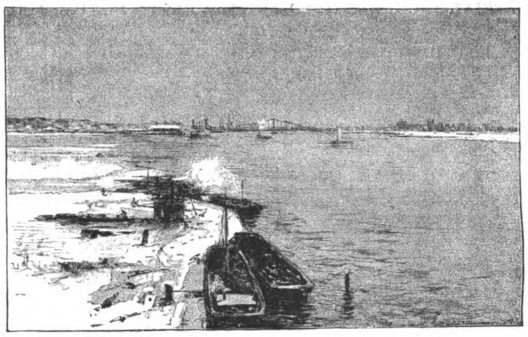


FREDERICK D. GRANT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THE CALENDERS."—By H. Siddons Mowbray.



"THE HARLEM RIVER."—By Robert Eichelberger.

has the superbly luminous sky which the artist delights to paint, and in the portrayal of which he so notably excels. Swain Gifford's "The Ravine, Naushon Island, Massachusetts," is a striking illustration of a picturesque locality. Mr. Minor's "Dewy Eve" and "Evening" have the tender sentiment as well as the suggestion of pathos that so often accompanies his work; and Mr. Van Boskerck's "The Last Gleam," although somewhat crude in color, has in it much that is attractive. R. M. Shurtleff is a painter who has agreeably associated his name with Adirondack scenery, and his glimpse of a woodland glade, "When Forest Leaves are Bright," is worthy of his brush. It is notably effective and harmonious in coloring. Robert Eichelberger's "The Harlem River," with its view of the distant city, is in many ways a meritorious work.

The display of figure pieces is fully up to the average of recent



"HARMONY."—By Hamilton Hamilton.

spring exhibitions at the Academy. Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce shows a picture, "Saint Geneviève," which both in subject and treatment suggests the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Bastien Lepage, and which is in many respects admirable. The sheep and the farm buildings in the distance are treated with notably fine effect. Mr. Hovenden's "In the Hands of the Enemy (after Gettysburg)" is a picture that tells an interesting story, and that will find a good many admirers. The figures of the wounded Confederate and the kindly members of the Union household who are ministering to him are carefully and skilfully drawn, and there is an absence of any straining after effect that is commendable. "The Cigarette," a dainty figure of a young girl, is one of three pictures by Harry W. Watrous that show exquisite precision and finish of style. Hamilton Hamilton's "Harmony" has a decided merit that entitles it to favorable mention. There has always been a certain sincerity of treatment in E. Wood Perry's domestic interiors and the dwellers therein that had its value, but in "The Pottery Artist" he has taken a long



"SAINT GENEVIÈVE."—By Charles Sprague Pearce.

step in advance of anything he has heretofore produced. Louis Moeller shows his dexterous manipulation with excellent results in the four carefully painted men's figures in his "Confidential," the details of which are finished with capital skill. "Two Idlers" is the title of a clever work by Robert Blum; Walter Satterlee's fondness for pleasing effects of costume is well shown in his two pretty maidens who are seen in his "Decorating the Old Manor-House; and in Edward E. Simmons's "Old Man and Child" there is a homely pathos that is admirably expressed. Theodore Robinson's lovely girlish figure, "A King's Daughter," is an excellent example of a painter whose work is too seldom seen at the exhibitions, characterized as it generally is by poetic charm as well as technical skill. H. Siddons Mowbray sends a clever example of his art in "The Calenders"; Will H. Low, a figure clad in purple and gold, which has his usual refinement of sentiment, but which is not altogether pleasing in color; and William Bailey Faxon, "An Angel," with a sad countenance despite the glory that surrounds her. Gilbert Gaul is not below his usual standard of excellence in his glimpse of a skirmish, "On Dangerous Ground." The light is excellently managed, and the figures full of animation. Miss Ella Cordie Lamb's "An Advent Angel" has a dignity that is impressive, and is in other ways a very creditable work.

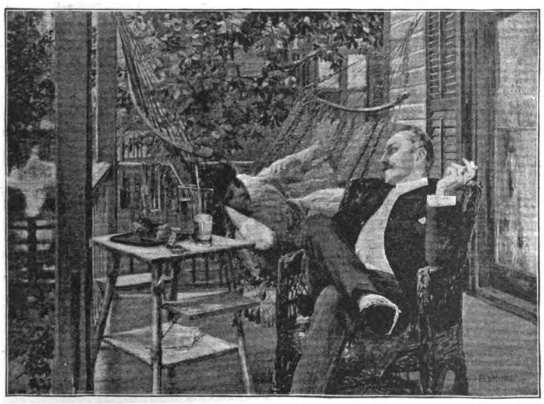
There is abundant opportunity for comment both favorable and otherwise in the numerous portraits hung in the east gallery, but it is safe to say that more good work is shown than is usually seen in this department. Kenyon Cox's admirable portrait of a lady, Benjamin C. Porter's figure of a boy, F. D. Millet's portrait of a lady, exquisite in its color, the charmingly quaint little girl that N. D. Sawyer has put upon canvas, Edwin H. Blashfield's graceful portrait of a beautiful woman, William M. Chase's brilliant treatment of a figure in pink, T. W. Dewing's profile head of a girl in a black dress, and Wyatt Eaton's solidly painted portrait of a mother and child are all worthy of praise; so too is Mr. Vinton's portrait of Mr. Pope;



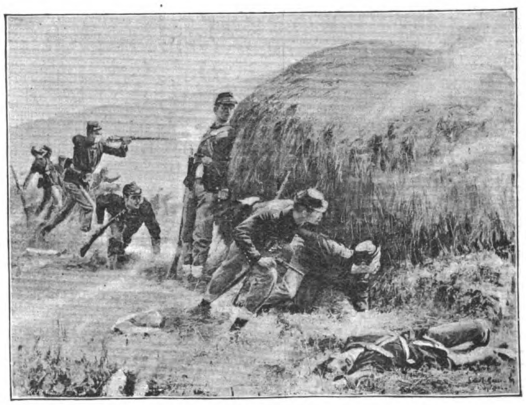
"DECORATING THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE."
By Walter Satterlee.

and the list could easily be made longer, though not so long as one of a different character.

The unusually excellent work in the department of sculpture must not be passed by without notice. A portrait in low relief of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Augustus Saint Gaudens, showing the novelist reclining on a couch and puffed up with pillows, is delightful in conception and treatment. Olive Warner's bronze head of a baby is every way charming, and so, too, is Edwin Potter's little faun asleep. Mr. Loeber's figure of Siegfried is instinct with life, and Mr. Elwell sends two busts that are excellent.



"TWO IDLERS."—By Robert Blum.



"DANGEROUS GROUND."—By Gilbert Gaul.

PICTURES FROM THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—From C. M. Kurz's "Illustrated National Academy Notes."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

INDUSTRIAL TRUSTS DEFINED.

THE collapse of the great French copper syndicate has aroused fresh interest in what are popularly called trusts. The impression, which is more general than it should be in an intelligent community, that there is a similarity between the ill-advised French speculation in copper and the gigantic copartnerships in this country, is entirely erroneous. The operation in copper that has just ended in disaster, as it deserved to, was a speculation pure and simple, for which there was no more excuse than there was for "Old Hutch's" corner in Chicago wheat last winter. The ostensible object of the copper syndicate was to act as a middle-man between the producers and the consumers, and secure a profitable market for the one and a stable market for the other. That was its mask: its real intention was to corner the copper supply of the world. It came in between the operations of the immutable law of supply and demand, and was crushed to pieces, as all such meddlers have been in the past and will be in the future. The producers piled their product upon it, while the consumer stood aloof waiting for the inevitable collapse.

With this understanding of the so-called copper trust in mind, the difference between it and the huge consolidations of capital and industry that are constantly being formed in this country can be easily outlined. A half a dozen of them that are more prominently before the country than the others will serve to illustrate the character, status, and policy of all of them. In the first place, it might as well be conceded that these organizations are largely the result of excessive competition. The present position of the Western Union Telegraph Company illustrates this point. The rates it used to charge constantly invited competition, until Mr. Jay Gould with his American Union Company made the competition excessive, and was thus enabled to secure control of all of the facilities, and check competition by keeping rates at figures that are profitable only upon an enormous amount of business. The sugar refiners were absolutely forced to co-operate by the condition of unprofitableness into which competition reduced their business, and the same is true of the manufacturers of white lead. The period is one of low prices for the staple commodities. The tendency of prices is constantly lower. Since January 1st the average price of such products as wheat, coffee, petroleum, and the numberless articles that are counted as the necessities of life, has fallen four and a half per cent. This steady shrinkage drives the smaller and individual dealers and manufacturers out of business. But the larger ones, who measure their profits by the quantity of goods they handle, the economies they can effect, and the long periods over which they can extend their operations, are able to survive the adverse fluctuations. Indeed they frequently profit by the misfortunes of their smaller competitors.

The tendency toward these previously unheard-of aggregations of capital, energy, and brains is as irresistible as the accumulation of people in our large cities. It is not confined to industrial enterprises. It long ago became a necessity with the railroads of the country, and the same tendency has resulted in the formation of labor organizations of great strength and power. It is quite possible that the close relations and swift means of communication that have been established between communities all over the world by the steam-engine and the telegraph are partly responsible for the development under discussion. They certainly facilitate the formation of the organizations referred to, and give them the wide markets for their products that are essential to their success.

Now note the policy of these concerns. While their object is to make money, it is equally their purpose not to encourage competition. Consequently none of them is bent upon manipulating a great rise in the price of its goods, as the copper syndicate was. Their aim is to stimulate consumption and meet the demand. They have before them the example of that pioneer in gigantic copartnership, the Standard Oil Company, through whose operations the price of the commodity handled has been lowered, its quality improved, and its consumption increased. At the same time the concern has grown rich, until the capital at its command seems almost fabulous. The aim of the Sugar Trust is the same, and its enormous earnings the first year of its existence were due chiefly to the fact that the economies effected by consolidation were equal to an eighth of a cent a pound upon the sugar refined. The recent advance in the price of sugar is due largely to the partial failure of the Cuban sugar crop.

A popular fallacy regarding these concerns is that they are monopolies. They are not, any more than the railroads of the country. Any one can build a railroad, a sugar refinery, or undertake almost any other enterprise that can be mentioned. But there his ability to compete with the consolidated industry ends, and his cry against monopoly begins. Yet what he complains of is not a monopoly any more than capital, economy, and ability are monopolies. These questions, which in a crude way, and chiefly through the medium of demagogues, have been before the people for some time, are now beginning to receive the careful consideration of investors, for the securities of a number of them have become known in Wall Street, and a good deal of attention is being diverted to them from time-honored railroad securities. Their legal status has not yet been absolutely determined, and in their formation the temptation to anticipate in the capitalization the future value of the property is not always resisted. To an extent the expansion of the capital account may be warranted, and if not, the market price is likely to reflect the fact, while as regards legality it is safe to assume that the question is practically that of the right to form a copartnership. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March 30, 1889.*

THE STOMACH DISTILS ACIDS.

THESE, if existent in a natural quantity, and unvitiated by bile, play their part in the functions of digestion and assimilation. But the artificial acid resulting from the inability of the stomach to convert food received by it into sustenance, is the producer of flatulence and heartburn, which are the most harassing symptoms of dyspepsia. The best carminative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Far more effective is it than carbonate of soda, magnesia, or other alkaline salts. These invariably weaken the stomach without producing permanent benefit. No man or woman chronically dyspeptic, and consequently nervous, can be in possession of the full measure of vigor allowed by nature. Therefore, invigorate and regulate the system, and by so doing protect it from malaria, rheumatism, and other serious maladies.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wine-glass of ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honore, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Darlington, Runk & Co.
Summer Silks and Silk Novelties.
Light weights, in plain colors, checks, and stripes.
SURAHS, LOUISIENNES, ARMURES.
BLACK SILK FABRICS,
Made expressly to our order, for Spring and Summer Costumes.
Louisienne Silks, 22 inches wide, $1.00, $1.10, $1.25, and $1.50 per yard.
Faille Francaise, 22 inches wide, $1.25.
The above are the most fashionable and durable silks imported, and have the appearance of goods at double the cost.
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!
Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commeneed taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the eough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE WABASH RAILWAY
SOLID AND COMPLETE
VESTIBULED TRAINS
BUFFET COMPARTMENT CARS and FREE RECLINING-CHAIR CARS,
RUN DAILY BETWEEN
CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS.
The only Road operating such magnificent train service between the two cities.
The Only Line Running Through Vestibuled Sleeping-Cars
Between ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK and BOSTON,
VIA NIAGARA FALLS.
A Direct Route with through trains between Chicago and Kansas City and Toledo and Kansas City.
Ticket Agents in the United States or Canada can tell you all about this Railway, or you can address
JOHN McNULTA, Receiver.
K. H. WADE, Gen'l Supt. S. W. SNOW, Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agent.
A. D. DWELLE, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agent. CHICAGO.

WEBSTER
THE BEST INVESTMENT
for the Family, School or Professional Library



Besides many other valuable features, it contains
A Dictionary
of 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings,
A Gazetteer of the World
locating and describing 25,000 Places
A Biographical Dictionary
of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons,
A Dictionary of Fiction
found only in Webster,
All in One Book.
3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary
Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free.
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.



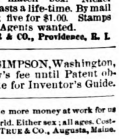
SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Gowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.
Ladies desirous of ordering, and unable to visit New York, can have sketches and samples forwarded free by mail—perfect fit guaranteed.
210 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

Arnold Constable & Co
HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.
"Cartwright & Warner's"
CELEBRATED
Merino and Natural-Wool Underwear.
HOSIERY.
Ladies' Lisle-Thread, Balbriggan, Silk, and Cashmere Hose.
GENTLEMEN'S
Hose and Half-Hose.
Broadway & 19th st.

STANDARD MUSIC
Four Superb Music Books, printed on fine paper, from full-sized music plates, for $2.00, or $2.50 prepaid. STANDARD PIANO ALBUM—220 pages of choice gems from celebrated composers, such as *Moszkowski, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Lange, Wilson,* and *Spindler.* STANDARD DANCE ALBUM—212 pages of the most popular dance music and marches. STANDARD GEMS—110 pages of songs and ballads, piano accompaniments, and 110 pp. of variations, transcriptions, opera arrangements, etc., for piano. STANDARD SONG ALBUM—220 pp. of songs and ballads, with piano accompaniments, selected from the works of such composers as *Gounod, Abt, Tinsett, Roeckel,* and *Kjerulf.* TITLE PAGES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED in Colors. Price of each book 50c., or 6 cts prepaid. LYON & HEALY, Publishers, State & Monroe Sts. Chicago.

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and $1.00, at Druggists.



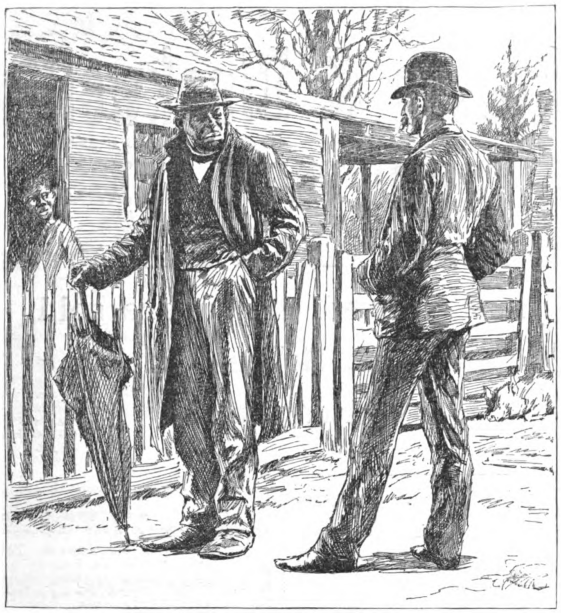


Nonpariel Cigar Lighter.
Every Smoker wants it. Lights in wind or rain; smaller than an ordinary match box. Nickel Plated; lasts a life-time. By mail 25 cents; five for $1.00. Stamps taken. Agents wanted.
STATNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WANTS THE EARTH.

"What's the matter, Uncle Rastus?" inquired a citizen. "You look gloomy."

"I is gloomy, sah. I'se jess had a business transaction wif 'Dolphus Johnson, an' he expec's de roas' beef, an' wan's ter giv me nuffin but de gravy. Dey calls us de sons ob Ham, sah; but dat yaller rascal is wuss, he's de son ob de hull animile."

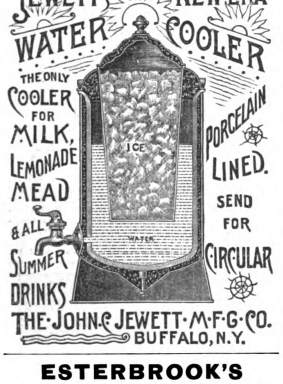
Relief from Indigestion.

Frank W. Gillett, 221 Second Ave., New York, writes:

"I deem it my pleasure to testify to the phenomenal effects of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, upon myself, in eradicating from my system the most aggravated form of indigestion, the attacks of which were nearly as severe as spasms. After a costly treatment, two boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have put me in a better condition than I have been for years."

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.



ESTERBROOK'S
DOUBLE LINE RULING PEN.



MAKES TWO LINES AT ONCE.

Send 10c. stamps for 4 pens; 25c. for 1 doz. ESTERBROOK & CO., 26 John St., New York.

$5 to **$8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

SCROFULA.

Of all the ills that human flesh is heir to, Scrofula is most prevalent. Very few, indeed, are entirely free from some taint of Scrofula. Young people of delicate constitution are often afflicted by this disease, which manifests itself in various forms. The glands of the neck, groin, abdomen, etc., become enlarged, either persistently, or with slight impairment of health.

Swellings in the Neck

frequently become so engorged with scrofulous matter that abscesses are formed. Painful running sores may also appear on the arms, legs, and feet; sometimes continuous and sometimes of an intermittent character. Occasionally the sores appear in the ears and nose, and on or about the eyes, causing deafness and blindness. Pimples, cancerous growths, swollen joints, etc., are other symptoms of the disease. It must be treated through the blood if a permanent cure is to be obtained.

What is more beautiful than a rich, soft complexion in man or woman? This can be obtained only by the eradication of all scrofulous taints from the blood by the persistent use of

Magee's Emulsion,

and health will follow. Be sure your Druggist sells you only that prepared by

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.



"WELL LATHERED IS HALF SHAVED."

Spanish Proverb.

That which distinguishes "SHAVING SOAP" from Toilet or Washing Soaps is the LATHER.
What is lather *for?* What does it *do?* What *should* it do?
The use of Soap in Shaving is to penetrate, moisten, and soften the beard, that it may present the least possible resistance to the keen edge of the razor. Failing in this—it fails utterly!
But it has other uses!!
Shaving is naturally an irritating process to the skin. The soap applied should contain properties to soothe and allay irritation.
Many "*so-called*" Shaving Soaps have a very opposite effect. They *draw* and parch the skin, and after shaving impart to the face a feeling similar to that caused by the cutting of a sharp wind.
A TRUE Shaving Soap should contain *germicide* properties.
Gentlemen who are shaved by barbers are unconsciously exposed to the most distressing cutaneous diseases.
FOR HALF A HUNDRED YEARS WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS have ranked as the PUREST, RICHEST, and BEST.
Compare the lather with that of *any* other.
Mild and Delicate, it penetrates and softens the beard, and renders shaving a positive luxury. Unlike other Shaving Soaps, the *lather will not dry on the face while shaving.*
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS have a *Soothing* effect upon the Skin. Like rich cream, the lather cools, softens, and heals.
GENTLEMEN WHO ARE SHAVED BY BARBERS should *insist upon it* that WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP is used. Rich and refreshing, it contains properties destructive to disease germs, and renders SAFE the luxury of *being* shaved.

"GENUINE YANKEE" SOAP, UNSURPASSED for Use of Gentlemen who shave THEMSELVES. STANDARD for QUALITY in U. S. Navy. **15c.**

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, EXCELLING all other Shaving Sticks in Richness of LATHER, DELICACY of PERFUME, and superior strength and Style of Package. **25c.**

WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP USED in THOUSANDS of FAMILIES AS A TOILET SOAP. ABSOLUTELY PURE! SURE Preventive of "Chapped Hands." A Perfect NURSERY SOAP. 6 cakes for 40c. **40c.**

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS are SOLD by all DRUGGISTS.

FOR 75 CENTS we will mail, postpaid, a package of each of the 3 kinds.

Sample of any one kind mailed on receipt of price. Stamps or Currency.

Address communications to

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

(Originally WILLIAMS & BROS., Manchester, 1840.)



Bless Your Souls!

My brother farmers, why pay **10** or **20** cts. for a seed catalogue, when you can receive one containing **just as many and very probably more varieties** and all new vegetables that are really valuable, for just **NOTHING?** It may have less paint about the covers, but, great Scott! we are not after **paint,** but **seed,** fresh and true to name, such as will make with a master's hand its own picture all over our farms and gardens; seed I am not afraid to **WARRANT** on the cover of my catalogue. Come, my fellow farmers, and join the thousands, who for thirty years have been users of my seed; why, we were a goodly company and having pleasant times together before the great majority of the present race of seedsmen (bless the boys!) had left their nurse's arms! Send for a catalogue.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

KANSAS CITY KANSAS

Is the **Gateway** and **Metropolis of the Southwest,** of which Kansas is such a fertile factor. Its packing and live-stock interests are already the second largest in the world, and its other factors, **45,000 population** included, are growing prodigiously. Controlling largely the **most desirable properties here,** close to rapid transit lines and shipping facilities, we are prepared to offer the most liberal inducements and generous terms to investors, large or small, either for homes, business or speculation. Let us give you particulars.

THE HUSTED INVESTMENT CO. JAMES D. HUSTED, President.

Red, Rough Faces:

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE WILL PREVENT OR REMOVE ROUGHNESS AND REDNESS OF THE FACE, CAUSED BY EXPOSURE TO MARCH AND APRIL WINDS.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE ELEGANT BOOK OF TOILET RECIPES THAT CAN BE PREPARED EASILY AND CHEAPLY AT HOME. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR TWO TWO-CENT STAMPS. ADDRESS, ...

PROCTER & GAMBLE,
GLYCERINE DEP'T, CINCINNATI, O.

ÆOLIAN HARPS

Improved construction. Fine instruments and charming effects. A beautiful addition to a home. Catalogue free. THE G. J. HOLBROOK CO., 88 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

BARRY'S Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR

ESTABLISHED 1801.



The Oldest and the Best. Will positively restore hair to bald heads. Will positively make weak, thin, and falling hair grow soft, glossy, and long. Will positively remove dandruff, and make the scalp smooth and clean.

As an elegant dressing there is nothing in the world equal to it.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

Oxygen cure is the best-known remedy for consumption and throat diseases; better than change of climate; intelligence commends it; used at patient's home by inhalation at low cost. Write J. P. GEPPERT, M.D., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



JUSTITIA—1889.

"Guess I'll run this show, mum; them kind of scales is no good."

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

CHICKERING PIANOS

The Standard of the World.

Highest Award over all Competition. The Cross of the Legion of Honor.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS,

130 5th Avenue, N. Y.
152 Tremont Street, Boston.

Foster's

KID GLOVES.

CAUTION!

Kid Gloves bearing imitations of our Lacing Hooks are offered for sale.

The genuine Foster Glove Hooks *do not* catch in Fringe, Laces, &c., nor accidentally unfasten.

All Gloves with *genuine* Foster Lacings are stamped

FOSTER'S PATENTS.

Demand them and see that you get them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOSTER, PAUL & CO., Manufacturers.



If so, why not?

You may be looking for the best wheels in the world.

Try a Victor.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Makers of Victor Bicycles, Tricycles, and Safeties. *Catalog free.* Boston, Mass.

TO CURE PAINS AND ACHES

USE DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC PLASTER

PRICE 25 ¢

Of all Druggists, or will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. **5 plasters for $1, for family use.** They annihilate pains and aches. Stamps taken. **DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.**

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

Justus Liebig

TRADE MARK

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS Apollinaris QUOD UBIQUE



$3 Printing Press. prints all your cards & labels. Circular press, $8. Size for small newspaper, $44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, $100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory,

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

YUCCA

What is Yucca? Yucca is simply an extract from the far-famed Yucca plant, and the only extract that contains the cleansing and curative properties of the root. Printed matter descriptive of the wonderful effects of Yucca on those who have used it, sent free on application to home office.

YUCCA has just been introduced to the trade, and you can probably buy it at the nearest Druggist. If not, send us $1 and we will send you a trial bottle. Always address Yucca Co., Burlington, Vt.

HAIR

CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, 212 State St., Chicago.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

is the best remedy *for children* suffering from

COLD in HEAD, SNUFFLES, or CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.



New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St. Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

FREE Sample DR. K. STONE'S BRONCHIAL WAFERS. Best Remedy for Throat and Lungs. Agents Wanted. STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD

Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N. Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.

ESTAB. 1820. PHILA. U. S. A.

FRED. BROWN'S GINGER FOR CRAMPS AND COLIC.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE WESTERN PORTLAND.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

PORTLAND is something more than the chief city of Oregon; it is the largest commercial centre in the Pacific Northwest. Whether it will continue to hold its present position, or will be forced to surrender it to Tacoma or Seattle, time alone can tell. Its rivals of to-day are energetic and untiring in their efforts to gain the coveted distinction of "first city in the Northwest," and have already caused Portland to lose much of its former commercial prestige. If the ratio of growth had been as large in the latter city these past few years as in those that face upon Puget Sound, Portland's future would be less doubtful. That it has not been so large is due, in a great measure, to two causes; one, the untimely failure of Villard's financial schemes, and the other the completion of the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. By the former, Portland's merchants were severely crippled for a time, and few had the heart or the money to begin the work of reconstruction and further development. By the latter, Tacoma was given direct communication with the East, and became an important railway terminus. It and Seattle have made the most of their opportunities. Both have successfully appealed for outside capital, which has been invested not only in the cities themselves, but throughout Washington Territory as well, and Tacoma has neglected no chance to rob Portland of its old-time influence and distinction. That it has not absolutely succeeded and is still the smaller city are facts that prove Portland to be the possessor of more natural strength than its enemies have been willing to acknowledge. If ever the time was ripe for the smaller and weaker to take advantage of the larger and stronger, it was during the period of Portland's despondency and inaction. And now that buoyancy and activity are again in the ascendency, Portland even yet may regain much of that which was lost after the cruel sacrifice of her great champion Henry Villard.

The merits of the three cities now claiming recognition are vigorously discussed by the local papers of each, and one is served a mass of statistics which, when fully digested, does little more than prove that the Pacific Northwest is a most remarkable section of our country. Oregon and Washington Territory are veritable empires, as rich and productive as they are extended in area. In view of this fact, so generally appreciated, it must appear to many that it would be better for Tacoma and Seattle and Portland to bury their differences and combine their forces for the public good. The world at large cares very little which city will eventually be the largest, but is intensely interested in the progress of that development which is necessary for the general prosperity of the country. Washington Territory is often called the "Pennsylvania of the far West," but before it is really entitled to such distinction much work must be done. Mines must be opened, railways built, forests cleared, and rivers made navigable. The sooner all this is done the better it will be for the cities now wasting their time in the vain effort to decide which is the most worthy of public approbation. If the Pacific Northwest is given the development it deserves, the several centres of trade, commerce, and social intercourse will take care of themselves.

Whoever has seen Portland will, I am sure, agree with me that it has many attractive features. You cannot call it picturesque, in the sense that Quebec or Edinburgh is. It is far from being noticeably quaint or odd, and in this respect is truly American. Its business streets are very similar to those of other cities, and the order of architecture is often severely plain. The site of old Portland—as the town of twenty years ago must be called—is a narrow strip of level crowded between the river and a tree-grown ridge to the westward. The site of the new Portland is the eastern slope of this ridge, now without its forests; and the view one has from it is what gives Portland its strong hold upon the affections of all visitors. You cannot well describe the prospect revealed from this place, for the reality beggars description. Standing in the cool shade of a few old pines that still crown the top of the ridge, you have Portland at your feet. Past it flows the Willamette, and farther eastward is the Columbia, moving lazily westward, and forming, with the smaller river, a long, pointed neck of land covered with dark green forests. There is a wilderness of trees extending far away to the great white mountains that, like pillars of ice, rise from the sea of green surrounding them, and you can trace for miles the irregular outlines of the range that separates the valley near at hand from the famous Columbia basin a hundred miles away.

There are many beautiful mountain peaks in the Rocky range which have a much higher altitude than Mount Hood, or Mount St. Helen's, or Mount Tacoma, which overlook Portland. But none appear so massive or so high and white. For those of the Rockies, be it remembered, shoot upward from a base that is itself half as high as the peaks, thus lessening the actual elevation, while Mount Hood is seen from the level of the sea, and there is nothing to detract from its individual grandeur. The trees around it serve but to intensify the whiteness of its never-melting banks of snow. It stands alone, pure white from pointed top to where the forests grow, with no other near peaks to divide its glory. At times the encircling clouds hide the lower levels and leave the cone detached. At such moments the mountain is seemingly twice its actual height, and its top fairly pierces the deep blue of the heavens.

Mount Tacoma differs from Mount Hood in that it is less pointed and more massive. It is over a hundred miles north of Portland, near the shores of Puget Sound, and is 14,360 feet high. It rises abruptly from the forest levels, and is of dazzling whiteness. At its side, apparently, is Mount St. Helen's, sixty miles away and 9750 feet high. On clear, sunshiny days, when there is no smoke in the air, Portland looks not only upon the peaks already mentioned, but upon two others, Mounts Adams and Jefferson. The latter are white, like their fellows, and are distant from fifty to seventy miles. All belong to the Cascade range of mountains, which extend north and south through the entire length of Oregon and across Washington, and are never without their covering of snow. The glaciers of Mount Tacoma are among the largest in the world, while Mount Hood, although only 11,000 feet high, has its moving rivers of solid ice that slowly work their way down the rock-bound cañons of the glittering peak. You cannot realize that so great a distance separates you from what seems so near at hand. At times it seems as though Mount Hood could be reached after an hour's walk; and I have seen a day so clear that Mount Tacoma was as distinctly outlined as it would be if not ten miles away.

The history of Portland is not eventful, and is soon told. In reading it one is again impressed by the fact that in selecting the site of many of the Western cities everything was left to chance. That serious mistakes were not made must be attributed to the proverbial good luck which attends the ignorant. The men who founded Portland never once considered the question of the adaptability of the site to the needs of the region of which it has since been proved the natural centre. They selected it because of its being a good place at which to rest from the fatigues following the exertion of their long row down the river, and in parting with their claim never appeared to realize that they were throwing away a fortune. Impulse, in fact, was their only guide. Reason never actuated them. It is very natural, perhaps, that this should be so, for at the time land had little value, and he who could sell his claim for even a sum now regarded as ridiculously small no doubt congratulated himself on his good fortune. The donation law was then in full force, by which 640 acres of land were given to any man who would come to Oregon and settle on it; and a man and his wife together could get a farm of 1280 acres.

Prior to 1843 the most important town in Oregon was Oregon City, on the Willamette, to the south of Portland. It was not accessible to sail vessels on account of the rapids in the river, and to-day is a half-awake little place of no particular interest. In November, 1843, the two men, A. L. Lovejoy and A. M. Overton, who are regarded as the founders of Portland were on their way from Fort Vancouver to Oregon City. At night they camped on the west bank of the Willamette, pitching their tent among the pines, and leaving early in the morning for their home. Several weeks later the two men returned to the same place and staked off two claims, each containing 320 acres. The forests were well-nigh impenetrable; but the energetic Yankees made vigorous attacks upon it, and had soon made a respectable clearing. In 1844 Overton sold his interest in the claim to F. W. Pettygrove for fifty dollars. Nothing was ever afterward known of Overton, although there was a report of his death somewhere in Texas. In the winter of 1844 the first log cabin was built; and in July, '45, Lovejoy and Pettygrove surveyed and platted sixteen blocks of land bordering the river. It now became necessary to give the place a name. Hitherto it had been known as "Stumptown" or the "Village." Lovejoy, hailing from Massachusetts, wanted to name it Boston; but Pettygrove, a Maine man, preferred to have it called Portland. To settle the difference, the two men "tossed up" for it, and Pettygrove won. Work was steadily continued, and by the fall of 1845 the first business block in Portland was completed. It was known as "Shingle Store," and stood on the corner of Washington and Front streets. It stood until 1853.

Lovejoy sold his interest in the new town site to Benjamin Stark, in October, 1845, and returned to Oregon City, where he died in 1881, a comparatively poor man. Pettygrove, in 1846, sold his interest to D. N. Lounsdale, a Kentucky tanner. The consideration was $5000. Pettygrove moved to Port Townsend, where, I think, he still lives. Lounsdale at once began to sell his town lots, charging merely nominal prices, but stipulating that each piece of property should immediately be improved. Such conditional sale was the means of infusing new life into the little town, and it began to assume considerable importance. From 1844 to 1851 Portland suffered from the effects of the California gold fever. All who were able left their homes for the new El Dorado, and the few remaining in Oregon were more interested in growing fruit for the California markets than in building houses or furthering the welfare of a new town. Oregon apples were sold at the San Francisco fruit stands at from $2 to $5 each, and butter was worth $2 per pound. In these trying days of its inactivity Portland was referred to as "a place twelve miles below Oregon City." Benjamin Stark was among those who came to California in 1849. Lounsdale met him at San Francisco, and the two, who were then the sole owners of the Portland town site, at once came to an amicable agreement regarding their interests. Stark placed his in the hands of a friend and returned East to enjoy the great wealth that came to him when the land he had so fortunately bought proved of fabulous value.

On December 4, 1850, the first copy of the *Weekly Oregonian*, the first paper ever printed at Portland, made its appearance. The editor was Thomas J. Dryer. In that number Portland is described as having "buildings mostly new, of good style and taste. Their white coats of paint, contrasted with the brown and dusty appearance of other towns on the Pacific coast, give them a most home-like appearance." "The property-holders," remarks the editor, "manifest, by their industry and liberality, an earnest of the future of the place. For intelligence and moral worth they are not surpassed by those of any town in the Eastern States." The *Oregonian* survived all its early competitors, and is to-day the leading paper of the Pacific Northwest. In 1861 its first editor was appointed Minister to the Hawaiian Kingdom. At San Francisco he was given a grand ovation by Democrats and Republicans. He returned to Oregon in 1865, and died at Portland in 1873. The present editor of the *Daily Oregonian*—the paper became a daily in 1860—is Harvey W. Scott, a man of untiring energy, great ability, and universal popularity. He is a native of Illinois, and is now fifty years of age. He came to Oregon in early boyhood, his father being actuated by the same impulses that had caused his ancestors to "pioneer" it from North Carolina to Kentucky, and from there to Illinois, making the far more difficult removal of his family across the plains to the Pacific coast in 1852. At that time Oregon included the great region that now forms the State of Oregon, the Territories of Washington and Idaho, and a part of Wyoming; and the entire white population was less than fifteen thousand. In his new home young Scott was familiar with all the adventures and hardships of pioneer life. In 1854, when but sixteen years old, he went to Puget Sound and worked with his father in opening a farm, and with the loggers in the forests. The lumber business of Puget Sound, now grown to such proportions, was then in its infancy. After the Indian war of 1855–6, Mr. Scott removed with his family to Clackamas County, Oregon, where another farm was made. On attaining his majority he began to employ his energies in securing an education, for which, hitherto, there had been no opportunities. By his own exertions he completed, during the next five years, a classical course, supplying his necessities by rail-making, chopping wood, hiring as a farm hand, or taking any work he could get. In 1864 he visited Portland, destitute of money and with no resources save his own energies. It was his purpose to enter the legal profession, but while making the necessary preparations for doing so he became a frequent contributor to the local press, and gained an introduction to the proprietor of the *Oregonian*. In 1865 he was engaged as editor of the paper. Later he bought an interest in it, and has since devoted himself to the publication. As a writer he is at once clear and forcible, and in good plain English gives expression to his thoughts. Oregon is his idol, and he never neglects her interests. Of late years Mr. Alfred Holman has been Mr. Scott's valued assistant, and the efforts of the two have given the Portland daily an enviable place among the journals of the country.

The first municipal election in Portland was held in 1851. The total number of votes cast was 222. In this year the brig *Amazon* arrived from China, and the famous plank road to the Tualitin plains, to the west of the city, was opened with imposing ceremonies. In 1852 the commercial interests were increased by the establishment of steam-ship lines to the several river towns, and there was frequent communication with China and San Francisco. In 1853 the first brick stores were built, the well-known banker W. S. Ladd being the pioneer in this most important work. In 1855 the total valuation of personal and real property was $1,195,034. In 1860 the census showed a population of 2917; that for 1863 was 4057. For 1861–2 the total valuation of real and personal property had increased to $2,089,420. The city had now an assured position, and was the acknowledged shipping port of the country lying within the Willamette and Columbia River valleys.

Perhaps the most celebrated of all who helped increase the importance of Portland was Ben Holliday. He arrived in Oregon in 1868, with the avowed purpose of building a railroad from Portland to Sacramento, in California. In 1869 he constructed the Oregon and California road as far south as Oregon City; in 1870 extended the line to Jefferson; in 1871 built from Jefferson to Creswell; and in 1872 completed the road to Roseburg, in the southern part of the State. In addition to this last branch, which followed the east shore of the Willamette, he built another road on the west side of the stream as far as St. Joseph, in Yam Hill County. In 1874, being sued by his German bondholders, he surrendered the Oregon and California to Henry Villard, and also gave up to the same party his line of steam-ships between Portland and San Francisco. Holliday was now wellnigh penniless. The good-luck hitherto attending him seems to have turned to evil. The property that he had deeded to his brother as trustee, and which he now demanded, was refused him, and government declined to allow his claim of $500,000 for losses incurred by the destruction of his Texas and California overland stage lines at the beginning of the war. The man who had lived as a prince, who was the father-in-law of a count and of a baron, whose fame was world-wide, had not a dollar that he could call his own. In the midst of his troubles, a few years ago, he died, his claim against the government still undecided.

With the collapse of Holliday, and the subsequent failure of Jay Cook, Portland received a decided set-back. Two years later, however, the prospect brightened again, owing to the sudden discovery that eastern Oregon was a rich producer of grain; and in 1883 the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed, and gave Portland its long-wished-for connection with the East. For a season speculation ran wild. Mr. Villard, who had bought the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's boats and railroads, was now the president of the Northern Pacific, and offered material aid to all who sought him. Then came the inevitable reaction. Hopes were overthrown, and all progress ceased. The subsequent dullness was that of 1874 intensified. The people were stunned, and fortunes melted away. For nearly three years there was hardly an effort made, and the fact that Portland was able to even hold its own is one in which all, I am sure, may take the reasonable pride that they do.

It will be impossible, by the limitations of this article, to give in detail all the interesting facts connected with the growth of Portland, but the part played in its development by the rail and steam-ship company mentioned above may well, I think, be casually noticed. The first steamer to be built on the upper Columbia was the *Umatilla*, a light-draught boat, owned by Coe and Thompson. On the day when it was to be launched, Coe was in command, and had invited a number of friends to join him on a short sail up the Columbia to the Dalles. Without ascertaining how much steam was in the boilers, he ordered the shore lines cast off, and backed into mid-stream. The river at the Cascades, where the boat now was, runs with great swiftness; in a moment the steamer was at its mercy. There was not steam enough to make headway, and the *Umatilla* descended the rapids stern foremost. By a miracle it escaped destruction, and was soon floating in the deep waters of the lower Columbia. Portland was reached in due time, and the next day Coe and his partner sold their boat to two men from the Fraser River gold fields for $28,000, more than her total cost. This was in 1859. In 1862 Robert R. Thompson, Coe's partner in the *Umatilla*, built a second light-draught boat to run as far up the Columbia as the junction of the Snake. The cargo for the new steamer was government freight for the ports established in eastern Washington and Idaho. After a season of great prosperity came the Clearwater mining excitement. Having no boats of their own below the rapids of the Columbia, Thompson and Coe went to Portland, and there met Messrs. Ainsworth, Hoyt, Reid, and other owners of steam-boats engaged in the carrying trade of that part of Oregon. The result of the meeting was the organization of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, now known as the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. With only a short interval, John C. Ainsworth was the president of the corporation from the time of its inception, in 1864, to the day when he sold its boats, wharves, railways, and franchises to Henry Villard, in 1879. The company was of almost inestimable value to Portland, and immensely aided its commercial interests. The transportation facilities which it afforded made the city the centre of all development. The whole country, from the far south to the extreme east, became its tributary.

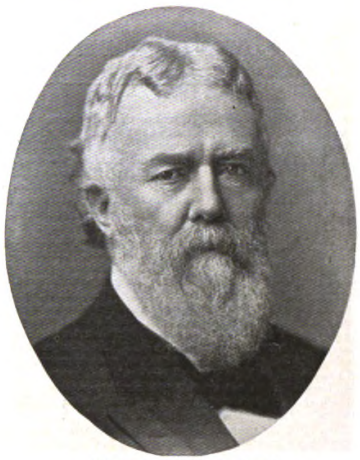
The present transportation facilities enjoyed by Portland are furnished by steamers that ply between it and San Francisco, British Columbia, and Alaska; by smaller boats on the upper and lower Columbia and the Willamette; by the Oregon and California Railroad, now a part of the Southern Pacific system, and which affords direct communication with San Francisco; by the Northern Pacific, built eastward past Tacoma; and by the Oregon Railway and Navigation road, which follows the Columbia nearly to its junction with the Snake, and there connects with the Union Pacific and with the Northern. Besides these roads, there is the Canadian Pacific, whose terminus is at Vancouver, B. C., a town just north of Puget Sound. The latter road has its own line of boats, and is a sharp competitor for Portland's favors. The west shore branch of the Oregon and California is also an important road, and gives the city direct connection with a large and fertile agricultural country. But two of the railways enter Portland proper. These are the west shore branch and the Northern Pacific. The others make their terminus at East Portland, just across the river. The present year, however, will see the completion of the new Oregon Railway and Navigation bridge over the Willamette, and very possibly the Oregon and California will also make its terminus in the city proper.

The business section of Portland extends nearly two miles along the river-front, and westward as far as Third Street. Front Street, nearest the water, is the great wholesale thoroughfare of the city, while First Street is given over to the retailers. There are nearly 8000 Chinese in Portland, and their quarters are on Third Street, in nearly the centre of the city. Chinatown is a never-failing feature of interest to strangers, and is never without its many visitors. The "joss" houses and theatres, the market stalls and shops, present a curious contrast to the usual features of a Western city, while the Chinese themselves are fantastic or picturesque, as the case may be. The rich are dressed in silks, and wear many bright colors, while the clothes of the poor are of the cheapest material. The balconies of the houses in Chinatown are often profusely decorated with plants whose flowers give a

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



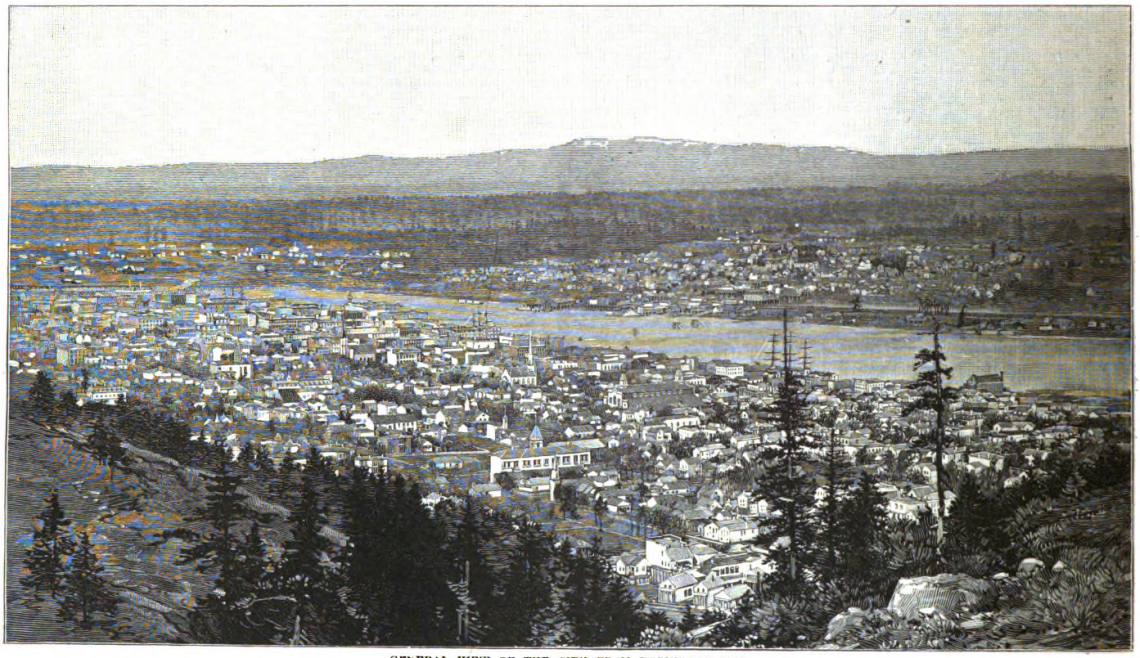
HARVEY W. SCOTT, EDITOR OF THE "OREGONIAN."



JUDGE MATTHEW P. DEADY.



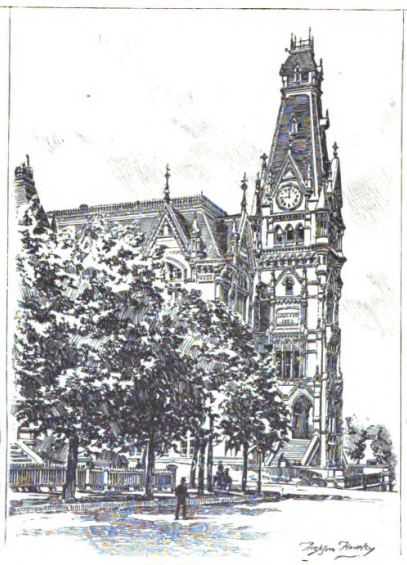
WILLIAM REID, AUTHOR AND CAPITALIST.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY FROM ROBINSON'S HILL.



THE PORTLAND SAVINGS-BANK.



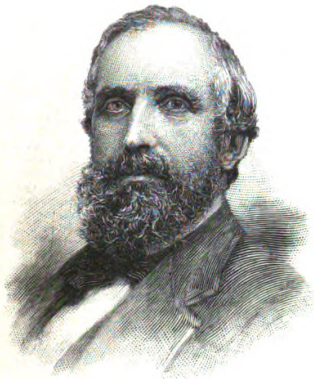
THE HIGH-SCHOOL.



THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON.—From Sketches, and from Photographs by Partridge and J. G. Davidson.

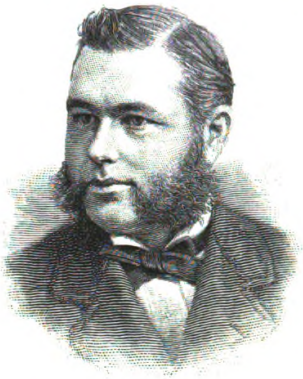
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



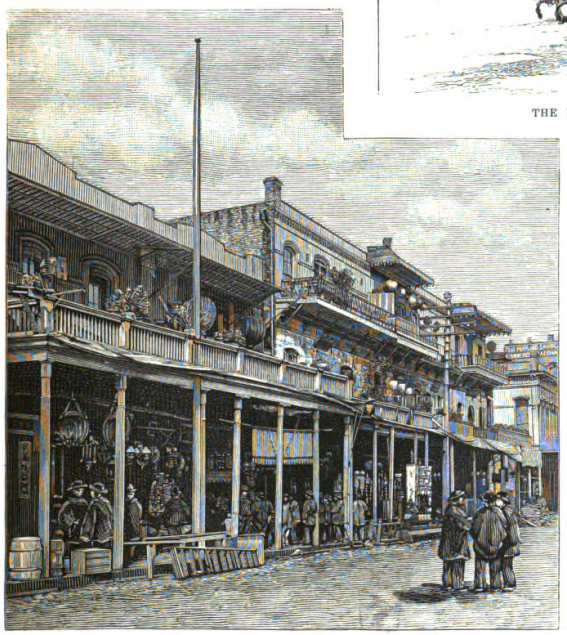
WILLIAM SARGENT LADD, BANKER.



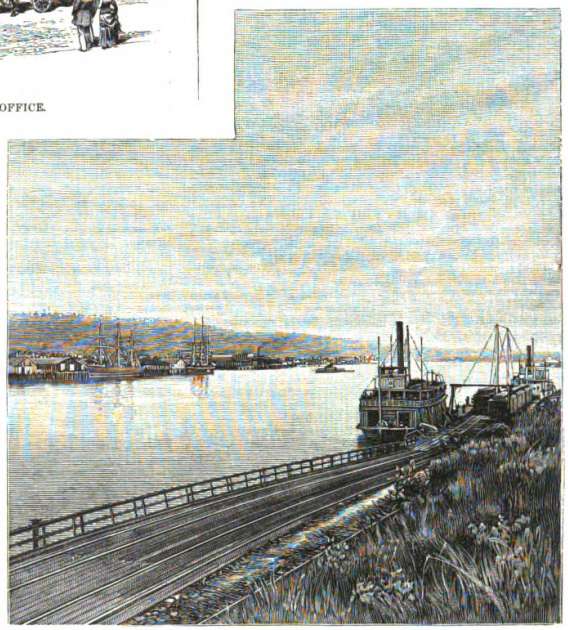
THE POST-OFFICE.



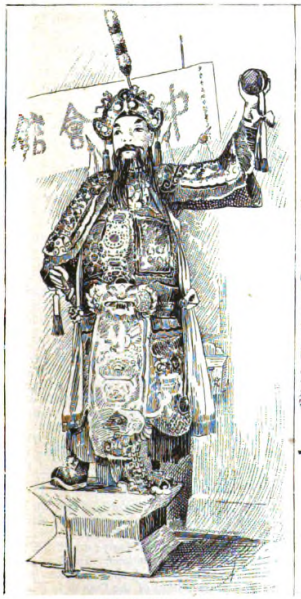
HENRY FAILING, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.



A STREET VIEW OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE.



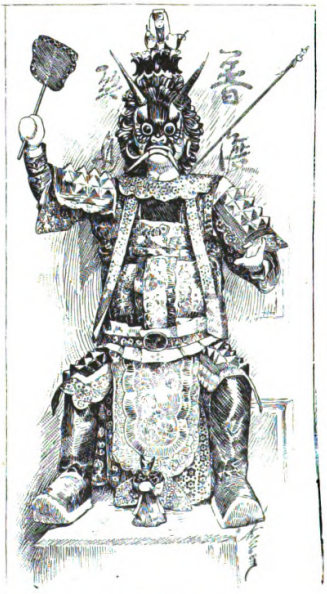
THE RIVER-FRONT.



A BENEFICENT JOSH.



FRONT STREET.



A DEVIL JOSH.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON.—From Sketches, and from Photographs by Partridge and J. G. Davidson.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

varied coloring to the otherwise prosaic dwellings. What Portland is to do with its Chinese is a troublesome question; what it would do without them I cannot imagine. They form the working-class of the city. It is from their gardens that the best vegetables are had, and they perform the household duties of one's home. Much may be said in favor of the Chinese servants. As a rule they are scrupulously neat, quick to learn, honest, and faithful. Whatever they may be in Chinatown, where, no doubt, they gamble and smoke opium, out of it they are quiet, respectable beings, who never provoke, but invariably discountenance, a quarrel.

I think one seeing Portland for the first time will be surprised to find how well built it is. Many of the business blocks and bank buildings would be a credit to much larger and older cities. The First National Bank block is a fair illustration of this fact. It is a massive three-story granite building, and cost $100,000. It was built and is owned by the banking firm that occupies it. The Portland Savings-bank, built by the banking firm of Thompson & Dekum, is four stories high, and has many architectural excellences. It is occupied in part by the Commercial National Bank, and stands on the corner of Washington and Second streets. The banking capital of Portland aggregates $7,306,348.22, nearly two millions of this being furnished by British banking houses. The following table, prepared by Mr. Cohen, the statistician of the Board of Trade, will explain itself:

BANKING CAPITAL.

Name.	Capital.	Surplus and undivided profits.	Totals.
OREGON BANKS.			
First National	$250,000	$688,488.49	
Commercial National	250,000	44,286.00	
Merchants' National	100,000	13,422.85	
Portland National	100,000	13,496.08	
Ainsworth National	100,000	8,374.13	
Oregon National	100,000	7,280.75	
Portland Savings	125,000	25,000.00	
Ladd & Tilton	250,000	407,000.00	
Oregon capital	$1,975,000	$1,906,348.22	$3,481,348.22
BRITISH BANKS.			
Bank of British Columbia	$2,000,000	$500,000.00	
London and S. Francisco Bank	2,100,000	225,000.00	
British capital	$4,100,000	$725,000.00	$4,825,000.00
Grand total			$7,306,348.22

Portland, with its population of nearly 40,000, claims to be the third richest city, per capita, in the country. There are twenty-one business houses with a capital of $1,000,000 and upwards. Houses rated at $40,000 and upwards represent over $3,700,000 upon the basis of the lowest rating in each case. There is also a large amount of capital in the hands of individuals not in active business which escapes classification by the commercial agencies. A conservative estimate of the annual wholesale trade places it at from $60,000,000 to $100,000,000. The aggregate commercial and manufacturing capital employed is upwards of $50,000,000, which is turned twice a year at least.

If one but contrasts the present Portland—so clean, well built, and attractive—with the struggling village of a few years ago, he will acknowledge, I think, that the people have every reason to be as satisfied with their city as they unquestionably are. The population is largely composed of New Englanders. Many of them have witnessed the growth of their adopted city from its small beginnings to its present proportions, and now live in spacious houses that have replaced the forests of other days. One of the earliest settlers is Captain George H. Flanders, who arrived in 1848. He was first mate of the brig *Chenanmo*, from Newburyport. John H. Couch, also of Newburyport, was owner of the vessel, and had first visited the Willamette in 1839. Captain Flanders was his brother-in-law. The two men were so pleased with Portland that they took up 320 acres of land lying to the west of the town and adjoining Pettygrove's claim. Mr. Couch died in 1869, leaving numerous descendants, who now enjoy great wealth. One of his sons-in-law is Mr. Charles H. Lewis, a leading merchant of Portland, who has closely identified himself with the growth of the city. Madam Couch survived her husband nearly sixteen years, and is well remembered by the writer, who met her at the Lewis homestead. Captain Flanders's house is across the street from the Lewis house. The captain makes liberal disposal of his great wealth, and is highly respected and greatly loved for his many charitable acts.

Among the many prominent men who have helped make Portland what it is may be mentioned William Sargent Ladd, the banker, ex-United States Senator Henry W. Corbett, the Hon. Henry Failing, ex-Attorney-General George H. Williams, Mr. James C. Ainsworth, William Reid, Esq., the Hon. John H. Mitchell, and Senator J. N. Dolph. All have accumulated large fortunes, and have at all times given with great liberality to whatever would be of benefit to their adopted city. Mr. Ladd was a Vermont boy, and served his apprenticeship on the Boston and Concord Railroad. He reached Portland in 1851, and soon became the head of the large banking institution over which, at the age of sixty-three, he still presides. Henry W. Corbett was born at Westborough, Mass., in 1827, and after an academic education was engaged in business pursuits in New York State. In 1861 he moved to Oregon and entered upon a prosperous business career in Portland. He was chosen United States Senator for the term of six years, beginning March 4, 1867, and at Washington was welcomed as a conservative and able representative of the Northwest. At present Mr. Corbett is vice-president of the First National Bank, and a director in a large number of mercantile enterprises. Henry Failing, president of the First National Bank, is associated with the ex-Senator in many moneyed institutions, was born in New York in 1835, and came to Oregon in 1851. As mayor of Portland for three terms he gained as much insight into politics as he apparently cared for, and now devotes himself entirely to financiering, standing high in his chosen field of work, and representing the clear-headed conservatism characteristic of the Portland business men. Judge Williams, Attorney-General under Grant, is a well-known member of the Portland bar, and a popular habituant of the Arlington Club, the leading social organization in the city. James C. Ainsworth, one of the founders of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, was born in Ohio nearly seventy years ago. He has large wealth, and owns many of the largest business blocks in the city. Portland honors his name for his liberality toward the place of his adoption in 1852, and is always sure of his sympathy and ready aid. William Reid, John H. Mitchell, and Senator Dolph are natives respectively of Scotland, Pennsylvania, and New York. Mr. Reid was born at Glasgow in 1842, and received his early education there. His life has been an eminently successful and prominent one, and by his writings he has done more than any other man to give Oregon an international reputation. His earlier publication, *Oregon and Washington as Fields for Capital and Labor*, written in 1873, was widely read in Scotland, and was the immediate cause of the formation of the Washington and Oregon Trust Investment Company, which has a capital of $1,000,000. In 1874 Mr. Reid organized the Portland Board of Trade, and at various times has loaned, in the Northwest, nearly eight millions of dollars of foreign capital. Numerous pamphlets have come from his pen, and he has founded banks, railways, and mills that to-day are a blessing to the people and the source of large revenues to the stockholders. Never was there a man more active, and there are few, I think, who possess so many varied talents. Ex-United States Senator Mitchell and Senator Dolph are old law partners, and came to Oregon early in the sixties. Both hold high rank as members of the Oregon bar, and have been closely connected with several financial organizations. Their residences are among the most noticeable in Portland.

I have not by any means exhausted the list of prominent men who have done more for Portland than we, perhaps, can understand; were I to do so there would be little room left in this article. It will be seen, however, that the leading financiers and members of the professions are conspicuous examples of sterling worth. Any one of the names I have mentioned is in itself a sufficient guarantee of the success of any worthy project; and in stating this fact I am not overstepping the most moderate bounds. There is one other public man in Portland who must not go unrecorded. Judge Matthew P. Deady, of massive frame and great mental attainments, is, without question, the ablest member of the legal profession. He was born in Maryland, where his father was a teacher, in 1824. In early life Judge Deady was a student-blacksmith, a laborer on the farm and at the forge, while pursuing his studies at the local academy. In 1849 he emigrated to Oregon, and was soon recognized as having great ability. In 1853 he was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory, and in 1857 was elected president of the convention which framed the present Constitution of the State. Later, while judge of the United States District Court for the State, he framed and reported to the Legislature a code of civil procedure and a code of criminal procedure, both of which are still authorities. He also wrote frequent articles for the periodicals of the country, interested himself in the organization and support of charitable and educational institutions, was president of the Board of Regents of the State University and president of the Portland Library, and was, and is still, the recognized authority on all that relates to Oregon and the Northwest, a country to which he is devotedly attached, and whose people are attached and loyal to him.

As might naturally be supposed, Portland's social side of life is one of its most attractive features. A majority of the largest and handsomest houses stand on the high land to the west of the city, and command extended views of the surrounding country. The streets in this and other quarters in the southwest part of the town are from 60 to 100 feet wide, and are shaded with double rows of elms and other trees, that give Portland the air of those delicious old places in New England, such as Newburyport and Salem, which in summer are almost hid beneath the rich green foliage of elm and chestnut. Many of the houses at Portland are surrounded by gardens and lawns, and have ample verandas, where one may rest while enjoying the view of distant mountains and of the river flowing past the city below. There is much social intercourse among the people, and the hospitality is that which is now regarded as so characteristic of the West—open-handed and spontaneous, making one feel at his ease, and that he is not so far away from home as his long overland journey had led him to suppose. In summer these country-like houses are delightful; and as the winters are mild, they are also enjoyable during that season. In fact, I know of no place in the West where one can be more comfortable than in this Oregon city. Portland has lost most of the crudeness it may have had. It is as staid and respectable as even a stay-at-home Bostonian could possibly desire. The present activity in business and in general development does not partake in the least degree of the nature of a "boom," and every advance made seems to be the result not only of good taste but of legitimate demand. The city is not rapidly increasing in population, but is surely and slowly doing so. A large amount of foreign capital is invested in the place, but the most of that in use was made in Portland or around it, and liberally expended in beautifying and improving the city. Those who have been fortunate and have adopted Portland make it in very truth their home; and one notices with pleasure that few ever speak of leaving it after gaining a degree more of wealth. It is this contentedness, I think, which gives a stranger his sense of repose and rest while making the city a visit. I do not wholly approve the prevailing architecture of the new Portland. Much of the ornamentation of business blocks and houses is utterly needless and not consistent. It is the taste of the age, I know, to like an imitation "Queen Anne" house better than those massive, square ones of colonial days, and Portland has simply followed the fashion. The error will be corrected in time, no doubt, and when the trees are larger a better order will be adopted, and there will be fewer cornices and towers and meaningless angles and windows.

The suburbs of Portland are Albina and East Portland. Both towns are on the east bank of the Willamette, and are important rather than attractive. At Albina are the extensive car and repair shops of the Northern Pacific, Oregon Railway and Navigation, and Oregon and California railroads. Bordering the river are the coal-bunkers of the Oregon Improvement Company. Before the completion, a year ago, of the iron bridge connecting Portland with the east side of the river, the towns on that side of the Willamette were reached by small ferry-boats. These are still in use, but the bridge renders them less necessary than formerly. The Portland docks are of wood, and extend nearly two miles along the water-front. Deep-water vessels find no difficulty in reaching them, and the harbor is never without its visitors from across the seas. Small river craft move rapidly from bank to bank, and there are constant arrivals and departures of the boats that furnish transportation up and down the Columbia and the Willamette. It is estimated that the steam-boat tonnage (independent of ocean craft) which daily passes any given point below and near Portland is nearly 700,000 tons. Of course the quantity of freight carried is much less, but is still very large.

The drives in and around Portland are of never-failing interest. A well made wagon road has been built up the mountain-side, and from it are had many extended views of the country. It leads through dense forests of pines, and passes southward to the large Osewego Iron-mills and old donation farms. There is great fertility everywhere, and the orchards cover many acres of ground. Western Oregon has none of the barrenness of many Western countries, and in the neighborhood of Portland is particularly fresh and green. It is well watered by streams emptying into the Willamette, and the natural grasses are rich and abundant. Portlanders are every year building their houses higher and higher up the slope that rises to the west of the city, and a few have even gone beyond the top of the ridge, back into the country, and bought the farms that were acquired under the donation law.

I doubt if one would ever tire of the river scenery around Portland. It is very varied and picturesque, and the streams themselves have much historical interest. It was down the Columbia that Lewis and Clarke made their memorable journey toward what is now Astoria, at the mouth of the river; and the same waters once floated the canoes of the French voyageurs who accompanied the men sent out by John Jacob Astor. Fort Vancouver, a few miles up the Columbia, is reached from Portland by either boat or wagon, and is often visited. The present town occupies the site of the old head-quarters of the Hudson Bay Company. For more than twenty-five years the Governor and chief officers of that company resided there; and when they abandoned the place, it was taken possession of by the United States government and made a military post.

The trip down the Willamette and up the Columbia to Vancouver makes a delightful holiday. A still more enjoyable outing is to follow the Columbia as far eastward as the Cascades, or to the Dalles. A visit to the former point and a return to the city may be made in a day. To the Dalles the distance is greater, and you are on the river from early morning until late at night, and cannot return to Portland until the following day. Much has been said regarding the scenery of the Columbia, and it has been compared to that of the Rhine or the Hudson. As a matter of fact, it is totally unlike that of those streams, and is peculiar to itself, a striking but happy mingling of the grand and picturesque. Until reaching Vancouver, and extending several miles above that place, the banks of the river are low and heavily wooded. Soon, however, the river is bordered by rocky cliffs, each having a peculiar shape and color, and between them are curving beaches of yellow sand. At first the Columbia is broad and sluggish, but when nearing the gorge which it has cut through the Cascade range, runs with great swiftness and narrows every moment. At the rapids, formed by half-submerged ledges reaching from bank to bank, the scenery is almost inconceivably wild and grand. High above you rise the huge shoulders of the range through which the gorge has cut its way, and on every side are unbroken forests, their dark green shade making the water doubly white and blue by contrast. Looking westward down the stream, the headlands you have passed are seen standing forth like guardian sentinels, dark brown and red, or with gray sides and green crests formed by the hardy trees whose roots have penetrated the deep fissures. At sunset the scene is beautiful past all imagining. The long crimson rays fill the gorge with colors that none, save nature, can ever produce. The river is afire and the cliffs aflame, and the beaches of sand are yellow bands of gold dipping beneath the running waters.

Boats cannot stem the rapids, and a portage around them is made by a narrow-gauge railroad, a few miles long, which closely follows the river. At its end is another steamer by which the journey to the Dalles, in eastern Oregon, is continued. From now on, the Columbia is wide and quiet, more like a lake than a river, and having a peculiar sea-green color of many shades. The forests of the country below the rapids give place to open plains or bare hill-sides, and the river is bordered by high rocky cliffs not unlike those found on the shores of Lake Superior. Mount Hood is to the westward now, and so is the range out of which it rises. Before you is eastern Oregon, once famous as an arid region, but now known far and near as a rich wheat-growing section of the Northwest. Far as the eye can see, to east, north, and south, the country is the same, treeless, brown, and rolling. One cannot believe himself to be still in Oregon. When General Fremont saw the Columbia, he reports that to lose control of it "would involve irreparable loss; for all operations of war or commerce, of national or social intercourse, must be conducted upon it." At that time it may have seemed impossible that a railway would ever parallel it through the gorge. But to-day that feat has been accomplished; and after reaching the Dalles one may, if he pleases, return to Portland by the Oregon Railway and Navigation road, rarely losing sight of the river.

On the lower Columbia one gains an interesting insight into the salmon-fishing industry, which is of such importance to Portland. An angler will find no end of sport there, and those who do not care to fish will surely enjoy seeing others so engaged. In the season the Indians visit the Columbia in great number, and the river is alive with their canoes. Astoria, standing on the site of John Jacob Astor's fort, is on the left bank of the Columbia, and overlooks the point where it sweeps out into the Pacific. The town smells strongly of fish, as well it may, and its wharves and warehouses and many of its business blocks are built on piles, and extend far out over the water. Whoever reads Washington Irving's "Astoria" will find the lower Columbia country full of suggestions regarding the days when it was a trackless wilderness; for many miles the river-banks are as wild now as they were when the far-seeing founder of the Astor family asked in vain for government aid to protect his interests in the Northwest.

The numerous public schools of Portland have an income which amounted for 1887–8 to $117,187.48. The high-school building is only one of the many large and in every way appropriate buildings that have been provided. There are seven altogether, and the yearly average number of pupils is 3051. The total of school property is $355,091.39. Eighty teachers are employed, and the cost per pupil is $26.61, representing an individual tax, on the basis of 34,000 inhabitants, of $2.39. The public buildings of the city are of no particular excellence, the United States Custom-house and Post-office and the Multnomah County Court-house being among the most prominent. But what Portland lacks in this particular is more than made good by the number of private business blocks which have been built. They, as I have before recorded, are not only numerous, but are highly creditable to the good taste and liberality of the Portland capitalists. Brick is the popular building material, and many of the blocks have a coating of steel-gray Portland cement, which is very durable and almost impervious to moisture. In some instances granite is used. But few dwellings are of brick, the people having a decided preference for native woods. The churches of Portland are not of great architectural excellence, but are commodious and well built. Every denomination is represented. Among the most energetic of the clergy is the Rt. Rev. Benjamin W. Morris, D.D., Bishop of Oregon, who reached Portland in 1869. No effort was made by the Episcopal Church to extend her missionary work to the Pacific Northwest until 1851, five years after the treaty at Washington which established the line of separation between the Territories of the United States on the south and the possessions of Great Britain on the north. Early in that year the Rev. William Richmond, of the New York diocese, was appointed missionary to Oregon, and reached the field of his labors a few months later. He was ably seconded in his work by the Rev. St. Michael Fackler, who had gone to Oregon in 1848, and in 1851 was living on a farm in the Willamette Valley. Bishop Morris's immediate predecessor was Bishop Scott, who did much to further a work that required rare good judgment and many privations. One of the many results of the present bishop's untiring perseverance was the establishment of St. Helen's Hall, a day and boarding school for girls. The site of the school was bought by Mr. John D. Wolfe and his daughter, of New York. About $5000 was given, in the form of scholarships, by the people of Portland. The Hall opened on September 6, 1869, with fifty pupils, and since then the membership has rapidly increased. The institution is one well known throughout the West, and the grounds which surround the main building are among the most attractive in the city. Other schools which have been, if not founded, at least nourished by Bishop Morris, are the St. Paul's School for Girls, the Bishop Scott Grammar School, and the Good Samaritan Hospital, the latter costing $25,000, and occupying a beautiful site that is now very valuable.

Among the Catholic institutions of Portland are St. Mary's Academy, established twenty-nine years ago, and in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Names; the North Portland School, under the same care; the East Portland Academy; and St. Michael's College, in charge of the Christian Brothers. The first Catholic archbishop of Oregon was His Grace Archbishop Blanchet, who arrived in 1837. The present head of the Church is His Grace Archbishop Goss, who arrived in 1885, and who has given a new impetus to Catholic affairs in the city, as the number of churches and chapels, eight in all of that faith, will show.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

character of the agents, the social condition of the reservations, the treatment of the Indians, the general good faith and efficiency of the Indian administration, are within the knowledge of the Association, as they are not and cannot be known to the new President or to the new Secretary of the Interior, however just and friendly may be their disposition. The Association, thus exceptionally qualified to judge, and influenced by no conceivable political or selfish motive, upon full knowledge of the facts, is of opinion that Indian affairs have never been managed with more uprightness and ability, and upon sounder and safer principles, than by Mr. OBERLY, and it has procured an imposing array of names asking for his continuance in office.

Mr. TELLER, ex-Secretary of the Interior, in a letter to Mr. WELSH, warmly opposes the reappointment of Mr. OBERLY, and states in detail the grounds of his opposition. They are that Mr. OBERLY, as Superintendent of Indian Schools, recommended a political change of all superintendents and teachers, in consequence of which the schools have retrograded; and secondly, that Mr. OBERLY did not oppose the Oklahoma bill. Mr. TELLER'S letter was shown to Mr. OBERLY, and his reply is an absolute and complete disposition of Mr. TELLER'S errors. Not only did not Mr. OBERLY, as Superintendent of Indian Schools, advise the discharge of superintendents and teachers, but he sought to retain every competent employé, without the slightest regard to politics, and in cases of vacancy secured competent successors solely on grounds of fitness and capacity. He quotes his official letters and circulars at the time and his speech at the Mohonk Conference, which fully establish the truth of his statement. The changes were made despite his earnest recommendations, and no fair man can honestly hold Mr. OBERLY responsible for the condition which Mr. TELLER describes, and which Mr. OBERLY and Mr. WELSH deprecate as deeply as the ex-Secretary. Mr. WELSH contributes his own testimony, based upon ample familiarity with the facts, in complete corroboration of Mr. OBERLY'S statement. In regard to the Oklahoma bill, Mr. OBERLY was not consulted, nor was he in any way responsible, and his view of it coincides with that of many of the best friends of the Indians. No intelligent man who wishes that the Indian Bureau shall be managed with proved ability, sagacity, and honesty, both for the honor of the country and the welfare of the Indians, but must earnestly desire the reappointment of Mr. OBERLY.

OPEN THE DOORS.

JUST before the adjournment of the Senate Mr. TELLER offered a simple resolution, "that hereafter all executive nominations shall be considered in open session of the Senate." He did not ask for immediate action, but wished the resolution to be referred to the Committee on Rules, announcing that at the next session, should he live, he would press it in season and out of season. Mr. TELLER stated that he believed a vast majority of the people of the United States, irrespective of party, desired such a change of the practice. He was tired of giving his reasons in secret session for the vote which he gave, and reading entirely different and wrong reasons ascribed to him in the next day's papers. He said further that he had never expressed a sentiment nor given a vote in secret session which he would not give in the open Senate, and he believed that this was true of Senators generally. Mr. TELLER agreed that it was often desirable in considering questions of international relations to sit with closed doors. But there can be no sound reason for the secret discussion of nominations for office. Mr. TELLER was the chief opponent of Mr. HALSTEAD'S confirmation, and he is evidently willing that his reasons should be known of all men.

There are two conclusive arguments for opening the doors of the Senate for discussion upon appointments. One is that it requires every candidate to be able to stand the most general public scrutiny; the other is that this condition would foster the utmost care in making nominations. The plea which is urged by some Senators, that it would be cruel to expose the personal habits of a candidate for the postmastership at Squedunk, is exceedingly diverting when it is remembered that the personal habits and the details of his whole life, in the case of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, are searched with electric lights by the whole country for five months before the election. Senators may be very sure that candidates and their friends and the Executive will be very careful to govern their action by the knowledge that everything will be placed in the focus of the fiercest light. Mr. TELLER says that there are often very strong and decisive reasons for the rejection of a candidate which the public does not know, but which it is entitled to know. Should his resolution be adopted, however, and the doors thrown open, the names of such candidates will seldom delay the Senate.

The change which the little resolution of Senator TELLER would effect would be a reform of the best kind. He is quite right in believing that it is a change generally desired, and the adoption of his resolution would prove that even the Senate is responsive to the movements of public opinion. The change would be a part of that administrative reform for which the country is ready, and the necessity for which has been produced by the gradual development of political methods. The general tendency of that development is to draw power from the people to a few organized persons, who, by controlling party action, succeed in commanding patronage, and subdue the executive and the legislature to their will. Opening the doors of the executive session is a step toward the people. A machine instinctively seeks secrecy, and as light is the best police, publicity is the best guarantee of political honesty. Mr. TELLER, in urging the passage of his resolution, may count upon the effective support of the press without regard to party.

THE SENATE AND JOHN BRIGHT.

ON the 9th of January, 1862, JOHN BRIGHT wrote to Mr. MOTLEY, our Minister to Austria:

"I hope all may go well. The whole human race has a deep interest in your success. The restoration of your Union and the freedom of the negro, or the complete control of what slavery may yet remain, are objects for which I hope with an anxiety not exceeded by that of any man not born on American soil, and my faith is strong that I shall see them accomplished."

"As for JOHN BRIGHT," said MOTLEY, "I hope one day to see a statue raised to him in Washington."

But when JOHN BRIGHT dies, more honored and beloved in America than any other European ever was except possibly LAFAYETTE, of whom by invitation of Congress JOHN QUINCY ADAMS delivered a eulogy in the Capitol, the Senate of the United States lays over a resolution of respect and regret, and immediately adjourns *sine die*. Simultaneously the Queen of England and the English naval officers on the Mediterranean station telegraph their sympathy with us in the loss of the American naval officers and men at Samoa.

Friendly Englishmen, who naturally wonder at the action of the Senate, may ponder JOHN BRIGHT'S remark about the British government during the war, and apply it to the refusal of the Senate:

"For there has been shown them [the Americans] no generosity such as became a friendly nation, and no sympathy with them in their great calamity. I must ask you, however, to understand that all Englishmen are not involved in this charge."

TRUTH AT A LATE DAY.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, one of the most devoted Republican organs, quotes General BINGHAM, Representative in Congress from the First Pennsylvania District, as saying of the overwhelming Republican pressure for office:

"This is due to the fact that it is generally believed that the last administration made a clean sweep in the departments, and that there are a great many places to fill. Now this is not the fact. A large proportion of those holding office in the departments were there when President ARTHUR went out of office."

The correspondent, alluding to President CLEVELAND, adds:

"The devil should be given his due, in the words of the old proverb, and it is worth while for office-seekers to look over these changes in the Treasury Department. They will find that there are comparatively few Democrats holding good offices."

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, one of the most independent and honorable Republican journals in the country, says of this statement:

"What the truth at this late day determines is that President CLEVELAND was a much better civil service reformer than he received credit for being, and that the more curiously and carefully his administration is considered in every respect, the more honorable and useful it appears."

THE ANNUAL ATTACK ON THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL FUND.

THE persistent attempt to pervert the public-school money to the aid of sectarian institutions, like the Roman Catholic Protectory, should be as persistently exposed and defeated. The only way to check and end this insidious effort is to show as constant and resolute a determination that the public money shall be devoted to public uses solely. The hope of the enemies of the public schools is to secure sectarian aid by tiring out their friends. The attack is made every year, but it is time that the Legislature showed that the inviolability of the school fund is an immutable policy of the State.

THE LATE JACOB SLEEPER.

"SOLID men of Boston," although an English and not an American phrase, has yet a definite local significance. No American city is of more historic interest or of more distinctive character than Boston, and it is largely derived from its "solid men," of whom JACOB SLEEPER, who recently died at the age of eighty-seven, was an admirable example. As his life showed, the solidity of Boston is based, not upon wealth, but upon the uses of wealth. In the annals of the city its rich men have been a class not only sagacious, industrious, and enterprising, but of that higher intelligence which is identical with public spirit, and seeks not only a private profit but the common welfare. Massachusetts is more proudly called by its citizens the Commonwealth than the State, and it is this feeling of common interest as a motive of action which makes Boston "solid."

This is illustrated not only by its steady, unshaken material progress, but by the dedication of its best ability and resources to its religious and educational and charitable enterprises. The early foundation of Harvard College by the Legislature and the gift from the minister JOHN HARVARD was an impulse whose force has been accelerated by time, not diminished. "The light on Beacon Hill has been a light to the country, lighting other lights and glowing always with public spirit and zeal for the Commonwealth." In such wise, as CARLYLE might say, has PAUL REVERE ridden in later days to the West and the South. The representatives of this spirit may have a certain local and provincial habit of feeling. But they have also strong individuality, indomitable will and force of character, courage, honorable pride, and unfailing self-reliance, but all subordinated to the advancement of the public weal.

Of such characteristics and tendencies, which make the solidity of Boston, the late Mr. SLEEPER was a signal example. From the moment when he gave to his church the first fifty dollars earned by his own exertions, up to the various and munificent and timely benefactions in which his wealth constantly flowed, in all his religious and other activities, in which he followed his own advice to a friend—"Do as much good as you can, and don't make a fuss about it"—Mr. SLEEPER illustrated those qualities in which it is pleasant to think that the solid Bostonian is the type of the true American. His unostentatious life, which was thus a public benefit, led him tranquilly to extreme age, and he died amid the affection of his kindred and the respect of the community, whose great and enduring possessions are the character, the works, and the memory of sturdy citizens like him.

"A SCANDAL AND A DISGRACE."

No two men in the country are better fitted to judge of the proper way to manage the postal service than ex-Postmaster-General JAMES, a Republican, who as postmaster of New York first gave that office its high character of thorough efficiency, and Postmaster HENDRIX, of Brooklyn, a Democrat, who has done the same good work in the Brooklyn post-office. In his recent striking and admirable article on the Railway Mail Service, Mr. JAMES emphasized strongly the desirability of excluding politics altogether from its control. Alluding to the article, Mr. HENDRIX wrote to Mr. JAMES:

"It will be one of my consolations in retiring from the office I hold that I have protected old and faithful men from the desolation and despair which the spoils system works. Surely the thirst for blood should be satisfied before the railway mail clerk or the poorly paid and consumptive assorter is reached."

Mr. JAMES replied:

"It is more than gratifying to me that you concur in my conclusions, and my only regret in reading your letter is that one who has in so short a time worked so complete a renovation in the postal service of Brooklyn should be relegated to private life. It is a scandal and a disgrace that the country should be deprived of your services. You have done more for Brooklyn than I ever deemed possible, and I believe her citizens fully appreciate the fact."

The truth which Mr. JAMES forcibly states is taking fast hold of the public mind. Why should the people of Brooklyn be deprived of the services of a most efficient postmaster because the President who appointed him has retired from office?

PERSONAL.

THE sword which was presented to Admiral FOOTE by the citizens of Brooklyn in 1862 has been stolen from the Historical Society's rooms at New Haven, Connecticut. It was valued at $3500, the hilt and scabbard being of gold studded with precious stones.

—One of the most successful lawyers at Atlanta, Georgia, is CHARLES H. J. TAYLOR, a negro, who began life as a boot-black. He formerly practised law in Boston.

—President HARRISON and Secretary BLAINE sent their congratulations to ELLIS N. JOHNSON when he celebrated his one-hundredth birthday at Mount Union, Ohio, the other day. He was the schoolmate of Mr. BLAINE'S parents in Pennsylvania, and his wife was at one time the Secretary's teacher. Mr. JOHNSON'S home was a great resort for escaping slaves during the war.

—The famous yacht *Mayflower* has been sold by her owner, E. D. MORGAN, to FRANCIS T. UNDERHILL, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, who will turn her into a schooner. The *Volunteer* and *Puritan*, the other Cup defenders, still remain first-class sloops.

—MRS. HETTY GREEN, once one of the shrewdest operators in Wall Street, is perhaps the richest woman in America, her wealth being estimated to be anywhere from forty to fifty million dollars. She inherited ten millions from her father, EDWARD MOTT ROBINSON, who laid the foundation of his fortune in the whaling business, and this has grown to its present proportions through her judicious investments and careful saving. Her husband, E. H. GREEN, had coined money in the China trade before he married her, but his wealth is modest compared with hers. He is nearly six feet six inches tall. The couple have two children—a boy and a girl—and their place of residence is known to but few.

—Mr. DE BLOWITZ is generally credited with having performed the greatest journalistic feat on record—the advance publication of the Berlin Treaty in the London *Times* at the very hour that the document was being signed in Berlin. HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May will contain a portrait of him and the first authentic narrative of how the copy of the treaty fell into his hands. Mr. DE BLOWITZ is an Austro-Slav by birth, but has become a "naturalized Frenchman," who thinks that Catilina has reappeared in this century in the person of BOULANGER. As a young man Mr. DE BLOWITZ attracted the notice of the late LAURENCE OLIPHANT, and succeeded him as Paris correspondent of the London *Times*.

—Dr. JOACHIM, the famous violinist, the fiftieth anniversary of whose public career was generally observed in Germany last month, learned to play on a toy violin when he was five years old, and appeared before the public as a soloist for the first time three years later. He is still in the prime of life, and makes occasional visits to his brother, H. JOACHIM, in London.

—The postmaster at Clifton Springs is Mrs. SARAH A. GRANGER, a sister of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. She is a widow, seventy-eight years old, and was appointed by President ARTHUR and reappointed by President CLEVELAND. A grandson of hers is her deputy, and performs the active services of the office.

—Governor BIGGS, of Delaware, owns a dozen peach farms, is heavily interested in several railroads, and is the possessor of wealth in other forms. He does not show this in his dress, however, for he wears a swallow-tail coat, low-cut vest, and wide trousers, all of the style of forty years ago, while a high white hat covers his head.

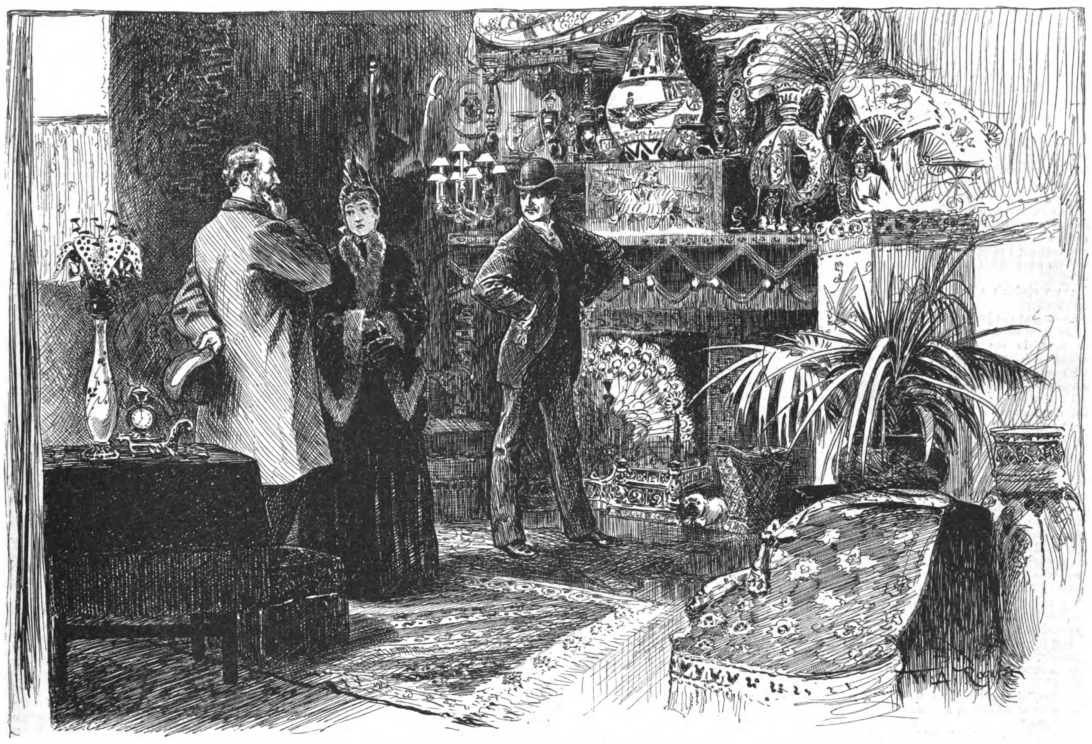
—The oldest Episcopal clergyman in Massachusetts, and one of the oldest in New England, is Rev. Dr. THOMAS R. LAMBERT, of Boston. He is nearly eighty years old, and has retired from active service, but his mental faculties are well preserved. He held pleasant social relations with General JACKSON, DANIEL WEBSTER, EDWARD EVERETT, General CASS, Senator BENTON, and other prominent men of forty years ago. For twenty years he was a chaplain in the navy, and he has been a Freemason for nearly sixty years, the thirty-third degree being conferred on him in 1869.

—The "old leather man," a curious character, clad almost entirely in leather, who has tramped over portions of eastern New York and Connecticut for the last thirty years, has been found dead in his cave near Sing Sing. In his ceaseless wanderings he did occasional jobs of plumbing, never accepting anything but food or tobacco in return, while he always slept in barns. He was entirely harmless, and is said to have been made crazy by a love affair in France in 1856. As young and handsome JULES BOURGLAY he had won the heart of a wealthy leather merchant's daughter, and entered the merchant's employ to prove his worthiness. He speculated in leather, and when a crash in that commodity came his employer was impoverished and his own hopes were shattered. Poor BOURGLAY'S mind was unhinged by the shock, and he left the country, determined to always do penance by wearing leather.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

OKLAHOMA SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"March, when he had recovered his self-command a little in the presence of the agglomeration, comforted himself by calling the bric à-brac Jamescracks, as if this was their full name."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

VII.

THEY went to a quiet hotel far down town, and took a small apartment which they thought they could easily afford for the day or two they need spend in looking up a furnished flat. They were used to staying at this hotel when they came on for a little outing in New York, after some rigid winter in Boston, at the time of the spring exhibitions. They were remembered there from year to year; the colored call-boys, who never seemed to get any older, smiled upon them, and the clerk called March by name even before he registered. He asked if Mrs. March were with him, and said then he supposed they would want their usual quarters; and in a moment they were domesticated in a far interior that seemed to have been waiting for them in a clean, quiet, patient disoccupation ever since they left it two years before. The little parlor, with its gilt paper and ebonized furniture, was the lightest of the rooms, but it was not very light at noonday without the gas, which the bell-boy now flared up for them. The uproar of the city came to it in a soothing murmur, and they took possession of its peace and comfort with open celebration. After all, they agreed, there *was* no place in the world so delightful as a hotel apartment like that; the boasted charms of home were nothing to it; and then the magic of its being always there, ready for any one, every one, just as if it were for some one alone: it was like the experience of an Arabian Nights hero come true for all the race.

"Oh, *why* can't we always stay here, just we two!" Mrs. March sighed to her husband, as he came out of his room rubbing his face red with the towel, while she studied a new arrangement of her bonnet and hand-bag on the mantel.

"And ignore the past? I'm willing. I've no doubt that the children could get on perfectly well without us, and could find some lot in the scheme of Providence that would really be just as well for them."

"Yes; or could contrive somehow never to have existed. I should insist upon that. If they *are*, don't you see that we couldn't wish them *not to be*?"

"Oh yes; I see your point; it's simply incontrovertible."

She laughed, and said: "Well, at any rate, if we can't find a flat to suit us, we can all crowd into these three rooms somehow, for the winter, and then browse about for meals. By the week we could get them much cheaper; and we could save on the eating, as they do in Europe. Or on something else."

"Something else, probably," said March. "But we won't take this apartment till the ideal furnished flat winks out altogether. We shall not have any trouble. We can easily find some one who is going South for the winter, and will be glad to give up their flat 'to the right party' at a nominal rent. That's my notion. That's what the Evanses did one winter when they came on here in February. All but the nominality of the rent."

"Yes, and we could pay a very good rent and still save something on letting our house. You can settle yourselves in a hundred different ways in New York; that *is* one merit of the place. But if everything else fails, we can come back to this. I want you to take the refusal of it, Basil. And we'll commence looking this very evening as soon as we've had dinner. I cut a lot of things out of the *Herald* as we came on. See here!"

She took a long strip of paper out of her hand-bag with minute advertisements pinned transversely upon it, and forming the effect of some glittering nondescript vertebrate.

"Looks something like the sea-serpent," said March, drying his hands on the towel, while he glanced up and down the list. "But we sha'n't have any trouble. I've no doubt there are half a dozen things there that will do. You haven't gone uptown? Because we must be near the *Every Other Week* office."

"No; but I *wish* Mr. Fulkerson hadn't called it that! It always makes one think of 'jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day,' in *Through the Looking-glass*. They're all in this region."

They were still at their table, beside a low window, where some sort of never-blooming shrub symmetrically balanced itself in a large pot, with a leaf to the right and a leaf to the left and a spear up the middle, when Fulkerson came stepping square-footedly over the thick dining-room carpet. He wagged in the air a gay hand of salutation at sight of them, and of repression when they offered to rise to meet him; then, with an apparent simultaneity of action, he gave a hand to each, pulled up a chair from the next table, put his hat and stick on the floor beside it, and seated himself.

"Well, you've burnt your ships behind you, sure enough," he said, beaming his satisfaction upon them from eyes and teeth.

"The ships are burnt," said March, "though I'm not sure we did it alone. But here we are, looking for shelter, and a little anxious about the disposition of the natives."

"Oh, they're an awful peaceable lot," said Fulkerson. "I've been round amongst the caciques a little, and I think I've got two or three places that will just suit you, Mrs. March. How did you leave the children?"

"Oh, how kind of you! Very well, and very proud to be left in charge of the smoking wrecks."

Fulkerson naturally paid no attention to what she said, being but secondarily interested in the children at the best. "Here are some things right in this neighborhood, within gunshot of the office, and if you want you can go and look at them to-night; the agents gave me houses where the people would be in."

"We will go and look at them instantly," said Isabel. "Or, as soon as you've had coffee with us."

"Never do," Fulkerson replied. He gathered up his hat and stick. "Just rushed in to say Hello, and got to run right away again. I tell you, March, things are humming. I'm after those fellows with a sharp stick all the while to keep them from loafing on my house, and at the same time I'm just bubbling over with ideas about *The Lone Hand*—wish we *could* call it that!—that I want to talk up with you."

"Well, come to breakfast," said Isabel, cordially.

"No; the ideas will keep till you've secured your lodge in this vast wilderness. Good-by."

"You're as nice as you can be, Mr. Fulkerson," she said, "to keep us in mind when you have so much to occupy you."

"I wouldn't have *anything* to occupy me if I *hadn't* kept you in mind, Mrs. March," said Fulkerson, going off upon as good a speech as he could apparently hope to make.

"Why, Basil," said Mrs. March, when he was gone, "he's charming! But now we mustn't lose an instant. Let's see where the places are." She ran over the half-dozen agents' permits. "Capital—first-rate—the very thing—every one. Well, I consider ourselves settled! We can go back to the children to-morrow if we like, though I rather think I should like to stay over another day and get a little rested for the final pulling up that's got to come. But this simplifies everything enormously, and Mr. Fulkerson is as thoughtful and as sweet as he can be. I know you will get on well with him. He has such a good heart. And his attitude toward you, Basil, is beautiful always—so respectful; or not that so much as appreciative. Yes, appreciative—that's the word; I must always keep that in mind."

"It's quite important to do so," said March.

"Yes," she assented, seriously; "and we must not forget just what kind of flat we are going to look for. The *sine qua nons* are an elevator and steam heat, not above the third floor, to begin with. Then we must each have a room, and you must have your study and I must have my parlor; and the two girls must each have a room. With the kitchen and dining-room, how many does that make?"

"Ten."

"I thought eight. Well, no matter. You can work in the parlor, and run into your bedroom when anybody comes; and I can sit in mine, and the girls must put up with one, if it's large and sunny, though I've always given them two at home. And the kitchen must be sunny, so they can sit in it. And the rooms must *all* have outside light. And the rent must not be over eight hundred for the winter. We only get a thousand for our whole house, and we *must* save something out of that, so as to cover the expenses of moving. Now, do you think you can remember all that?"

"Not the half of it," said March. "But *you* can; or if you forget a third of it, I can come in with my partial half, and more than make it up."

She had brought her bonnet and sack down-stairs with her, and was transferring them from the hat-rack to her person while she talked. The friendly door-boy let them into the street, and the clear October evening air inspirited her so that as she tucked her hand under her husband's arm and began to pull him along, she said, "If we find something right away—and we're just as likely to get the right flat soon as late; it's all a lottery—we'll go to the theatre somewhere."

She had a moment's panic about having left the agents' permits on the table, and after remembering that she had put them into her little shopping bag, where she kept her money (each note crushed into a round wad), and had left that on the hat-rack, where it would certainly be stolen, she found it on her wrist. She did not think that very funny, but after a first impulse to inculpate her husband, she let him laugh, while they stopped under a lamp, and she held the permits half a yard away to read the numbers on them.

"Where are your glasses, Isabel?"

"On the mantel in our room, of course."

"Then you ought to have brought a pair of tongs."

"I wouldn't get off second-hand jokes, Basil," she said; and "Why, here!" she cried, whirling round to the door before which they had halted, "this is the very number! Well, I do believe it's a sign!"

One of those colored men who soften the trade of janitor in many of the smaller apartment-houses in New York by the sweetness of their race, let the Marches in, or, rather, welcomed them to the possession of the premises by the bow with which he

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

acknowledged their permit. It was a large old mansion cut up into five or six dwellings; but it had kept some traits of its former dignity, which pleased people of their sympathetic tastes. The dark mahogany trim, of sufficiently ugly design, gave a rich gloom to the hallway, which was wide, and paved with marble; the carpeted stairs curved aloft through a generous space.

"There is no elevator?" Mrs. March asked of the janitor.

He answered, "No, ma'am; only two flights up," so winningly that she said,

"Oh!" in courteous apology, and whispered her husband as she followed lightly up, "We'll take it, Basil, if it's like the rest."

"If it's like, him, you mean."

"I don't wonder they wanted to own them," she hurriedly philosophized. "If I had such a creature, nothing but death should part us, and I should no more think of giving him his *freedom*—"

"No; we couldn't afford it," returned her husband.

The apartment the janitor unlocked for them, and lit up from those chandeliers and brackets of gilt brass in the form of vine bunches, leaves, and tendrils in which the early gas-fitter realized most of his conceptions of beauty, had rather more of the ugliness than the dignity of the hall. But the rooms were large, and they grouped themselves in a reminiscence of the time when they were part of a dwelling, that had its charm, its pathos, its impressiveness. Where they were cut up into smaller spaces, it had been done with the frankness with which a proud old family of fallen fortunes practises its economies. The rough pine floors showed a black border of tack heads where carpets had been lifted and put down for generations; the white paint was yellow with age; the apartment had light at the front and at the back, and two or three rooms had glimpses of the day through small windows let into their corners; another one seemed lifting an appealing eye to heaven through a glass circle in its ceiling; the rest must darkle in perpetual twilight. Yet something pleased in it all, and Mrs. March had gone far to adapt the different rooms to the members of her family, when she suddenly thought (and for her to think was to say), "Why, but there's no steam heat!"

"No, ma'am," the janitor admitted; "but dere's grates in most o' de rooms, and dere's furnace heat in de halls."

"That's true," she admitted, and having placed her family in the apartments, it was hard to get them out again. "Could we manage?" she referred to her husband.

"Why, *I* shouldn't care for the steam heat if—What is the rent?" he broke off to ask the janitor.

"Nine hundred, sir."

March concluded to his wife, "If it were furnished."

"Why, of course! What could I have been thinking of? We're looking for a furnished flat," she explained to the janitor, "and this was so pleasant and home-like that I never thought whether it was furnished or not."

She smiled upon the janitor, and he entered into the joke and chuckled so amiably at her flattering oversight on the way down-stairs that she said, as she pinched her husband's arm, "Now, if you don't give him a quarter, I'll never speak to you again, Basil!"

"I would have given half a dollar willingly to get you beyond his glamour," said March, when they were safely on the pavement outside. "If it hadn't been for my strength of character, you'd have taken an unfurnished flat without heat and with no elevator, at nine hundred a year, when you had just sworn me to steam heat, an elevator, furniture, and eight hundred."

"Yes! How could I have lost my head so completely?" she said, with a lenient amusement in her aberration which she was not always able to feel in her husband's.

"The next time a colored janitor opens the door to us, I'll tell him the apartment doesn't suit at the threshold. It's the only way to manage you, Isabel."

"It's true. I *am* in love with the whole race. I never saw one of them that didn't have perfectly angelic manners. I think we shall all be black in heaven—that is, black-souled."

"That isn't the usual theory," said March.

"Well, perhaps not," she assented. "Where are we going now? Oh yes, to the Xenophon!"

She pulled him gayly along again, and after they had walked a block down and half a block over, they stood before the apartment-house of that name, which was cut on the gas lamps on either side of the heavily spiked, æsthetic-hinged black door. The titter of an electric bell brought a large fat Buttons, with a stage effect of being dressed to look small, who said he would call the janitor, and they waited in the dimly splendid, copper-colored interior, admiring the whorls and waves into which the wall paint was combed, till the janitor came in his gold-banded cap, like a continental *portier*. When they said they would like to see Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment he owned his inability to cope with the affair, and said he must send for the superintendent; he was either in the Herodotus or the Thucydides, and would be there in a minute. The Buttons brought him—a Yankee of browbeating presence in plain clothes—almost before they had time to exchange a frightened whisper in recognition of the fact that there could be no doubt of the steam heat and elevator in this case. Half stifled in the one, they mounted in the other eight stories, while they tried to keep their self-respect under the gaze of the superintendent, which they felt was classing and assessing them with unfriendly accuracy. They could not, and they faltered abashed at the threshold of Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment, while the superintendent lit the gas in the gangway that he called a private hall, and in the drawing-room and the succession of chambers stretching rearward to the kitchen. Everything had been done by the architect to save space, and everything to waste it by Mrs. Grosvenor Green. She had conformed to a law for the necessity of turning round in each room, and had folding-beds in the chambers; but there her subordination had ended, and wherever you might have turned round she had put a gimcrack so that you would knock it over if you did turn. The place was rather pretty and even imposing at first glance, and it took several joint ballots for March and his wife to make sure that with the kitchen there were only six rooms. At every door hung a portière from large rings on a brass rod; every shelf and dressing-case and mantle was littered with gimcracks, and the corners of the tiny rooms were curtained off, and behind these portières swarmed more gimcracks. The front of the upright piano had what March called a short-skirted portière on it, and the top was covered with vases, with dragon candlesticks, and with Jap fans, which also expanded themselves bat-wise on the walls between the etchings and the water-colors. The floors were covered with filling, and then rugs, and then skins; the easy-chairs all had tidies, Armenian and Turkish and Persian; the lounges and sofas had embroidered cushions hidden under tidies. The radiator was concealed by a Jap screen, and over the top of this some Arab scarfs were flung. There was a superabundance of clocks. China pugs guarded the hearth; a brass sunflower smiled from the top of either andiron, and a brass peacock spread its tail before them inside a high filigree fender; on one side was a coal-hod in repoussé brass, and on the other a wrought-iron wood-basket. Some red Japanese bird-kites were stuck about in the necks of spelter vases, a crimson Jap umbrella hung opened beneath the chandelier, and each globe had a shade of yellow silk.

March, when he had recovered his self-command a little in the presence of the agglomeration, comforted himself by calling the bric-à-brac Jamescracks, as if this was their full name.

The disrespect he was able to show the whole apartment by means of this joke strengthened him to say boldly to the superintendent that it was altogether too small; then he asked carelessly what the rent was.

"Two hundred and fifty."

The Marches gave a start, and looked at each other.

"Don't you think we could make it do?" she asked him, and he could see that she had mentally saved five hundred dollars as the difference between the rent of their house and that of this flat. "It has some very pretty features, and we could manage to squeeze in, couldn't we?"

"You won't find another furnished flat like it for no two fifty a month in the whole city," the superintendent put in.

They exchanged glances again, and March said, carelessly, "It's too small."

"There's a vacant flat in the Herodotus for eighteen hundred a year, and one in the Thucydides for fifteen," the superintendent suggested, clicking his keys together as they sank down in the elevator; "seven rooms and a bath."

"Thank you," said March; "we're looking for a furnished flat."

They felt that the superintendent parted from them with repressed sarcasm.

"Oh, Basil, do you think we *really* made him think it was the smallness and not the dearness?"

"No; but we saved our self-respect in the attempt; and that's a great deal."

"Of course I *wouldn't* have taken it, anyway, with only six rooms, and so high up. But what prices! Now we must be very circumspect about the next place."

It was a janitress, large, fat, with her arms wound up in her apron, who received them there. Mrs. March gave her a succinct but perfect statement of their needs. She failed to grasp the nature of them, or feigned to do so. She shook her head, and said that her son would show them the flat. There was a radiator visible in the narrow hall, and Isabel tacitly compromised on steam heat without an elevator, as the flat was only one flight up. When the son appeared from below with a small kerosene hand-lamp, it appeared that the flat was unfurnished, but there was no stopping him till he had shown it in all its impossibility. When they got safely away from it and into the street, March said, "Well, have you had enough for to-night, Isabel? Shall we go to the theatre now?"

"Not on any account. I want to see the whole list of flats that Mr. Fulkerson thought would be the very thing for us." She laughed, but with a certain bitterness.

"You'll be calling him my Mr. Fulkerson next, Isabel."

"Oh no!"

The fourth address was a furnished flat without a kitchen, in a house with a general restaurant. The fifth was a furnished house. At the sixth a pathetic widow and her pretty daughter wanted to take a family to board, and would give them a private table at a rate which the Marches would have thought low in Boston.

Mrs. March came away tingling with compassion for their evident anxiety, and this pity naturally soured into a sense of injury. "Well, I must say I have completely lost confidence in Mr. Fulkerson's judgment. Anything more utterly different from what I told him we wanted I couldn't imagine. If he doesn't manage any better about his business than he has done about this, it will be a perfect failure."

"Well, well, let's hope he'll be more circumspect about that," her husband returned, with ironical propitiation. "But I don't think it's Fulkerson's fault altogether. Perhaps it's the house agents'. They're a very illusory generation. There seems to be something in the human habitation that corrupts the natures of those who deal in it, to buy or sell it, to hire or let it. You go to an agent and tell him what kind of a house you want. He has no such house, and he sends you to look at something altogether different, upon the well-ascertained principle that if you can't get what you want, you will take what you can get. You don't suppose the 'party' that took our house in Boston was looking for any such house? He was looking for a totally different kind of house in another part of the town."

"I don't believe that!" his wife broke in.

"Well, no matter. But see what a scandalous rent you asked for it!"

"We didn't get much more than half; and, besides, the agent told me to ask fourteen hundred."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you, Isabel. I'm only analyzing the house agent, and exonerating Fulkerson."

"Well, I don't believe he told them just what we wanted; and, at any rate, I'm done with agents. To-morrow, I'm going entirely by advertisements."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TROOPER'S THANATOPSIS.

THE days of frontier warfare are nearly over. Perhaps the soldiers of our army will never again campaign against hostile Indian tribes. They have had their fill of hard marchings and harder fights against the barbarism of the plains, which has yielded so slowly to what we call the westward march of civilization. Now there are few tribes that are unsubdued, very few that can take the war-path against the horsemen of the United States army. But whether or not they have advanced the cause of civilization, whether or not history will justify the power behind them that propelled them forward, the cavalrymen of the army have performed splendid deeds of valor on the frontier, and deeds that have been unsung and unrewarded.

The skulls and bones of the troopers slain in Indian conflicts lie side by side with the skeletons of the slaughtered buffalo. The plains are not whitened with them, for the plains are so vast that the remains of armies might be lost amid their coarse grasses. But on the travelled tracks over which emigrant trains once made their toilsome way, through which the railway now rushes noisily, our troops have marched and ridden many a weary day, year in and year out, following the Indian as he was driven from one reservation to the other by advancing population, with its increasing demands of business, with its thousand and one exactions, which we call civilization. And all along these tracks lie the evidences of the bitter fatal battles that have been waged for the possession of the soil. The fight has been between the hunters and the settlers, between those who kill the game and those who cultivate the soil. The men who have fought for homes have won, but they have left their bones in the sage-bush and the buffalo-grass as mementos of the conflict which has been too distant and too petty to excite the interest of the battle-loving world, but which has been as real and dreadful to those who have engaged in it as the most stupendous struggles of the finest and largest armies.

The wars of the plains are nearly, if not quite, finished, but their most recent perils and triumphs are not so distant that they are not a distinct recollection of the trooper who pulls his beard in contemplation over the skull which lies at his feet. He is on the path of a long march or the ground of a deadly struggle. Perhaps he is near the spot where CUSTER and his men were massacred. Does he guess that the whited bone once held the brain of the comrade who stood by his side, or of the leader who urged him forward? Is he reflecting upon what his own fate might have been on the fatal day? Is it really a thanatopsis, or is it merely a reminiscence of the fray that has given him pause, and caused him to dismount and ponder on the lifeless casket? To all men, troopers or not, dull or imaginative, there come times when death is the regnant idea in their minds, and to a man who has faced the grim unknown on the field of battle nothing can be more suggestive than the skull which once held the living thought of one who stood by his side in the hour of supreme danger. Even the communing lover of nature, of whom the poet has sung, cannot be so impressed by the nearness of the untried future.

THE OKLAHOMA COUNTRY.

WHAT is expected to be the greatest stampede of home-seekers ever known in the history of the great West will take place in the Indian Territory on the twenty-second day of this month. The recent proclamation of President HARRISON in throwing open the Oklahoma lands to settlement, in conformity with newly made laws on the subject, has caused thousands of persons of all conditions of life to bundle their worldly possessions into wagons, and get under way for the promised land. It is estimated that fully twenty thousand persons are now camped outside of Oklahoma waiting for the day on which they may legally enter into possession of their new homes. Thousands of others are on their way there from Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Arkansas, and many others are expected. It is possible that from fifty to one hundred thousand persons will rush into the new country before the 1st of June. Enthusiastic prophets place the estimate much higher, but whatever the actual number may turn out to be, it is almost certain that the rush to Oklahoma will be more remarkable than any of the now historic mining excitements of the far West.

The cause for this state of things may be traced to two sources, the first and most important of which is the persistent work of the Oklahoma boomers, who for ten years past have kept up a constant clamor for the opening of the unoccupied lands in the Indian Territory. The other reason may be defined as the home-seeker's longing for that which the law forbade him to take. The constant demand of the boomers for the Indians' hunting-ground, and more than anything else the occasional organized raids into the forbidden country, brought this stretch of wild and unoccupied land more prominently before the public eye than any other section of territory in the United States. People gradually became imbued with the idea that the country which seemed to justify such unremitting clamor must be something really out of the ordinary run of agricultural land.

No one has disputed the excellent quality of the soil, or the value of the region for farming purposes. For that matter, persons of more than local repute have publicly asserted that the eastern part of the Indian Territory was the choicest stretch of country, for all the purposes of home-building, in the entire West. Ten years ago, while yet Kansas was in a painful state of newness, and before "Oklahoma" PAYNE had begun his memorable raids into Oklahoma, I was assured by men of judgment and repute that the best part of the United States had been reserved for a lot of dirty, lazy Indians. Many good Kansans and Missourians, who would not so much as take advantage of a stranger in a horse trade, begrudged the Indians this beautiful rolling prairie between Kansas and Texas. A vague sort of idea has been held that the Indians, no matter what their attainments in the way of the white man's civilization, should be removed to some inhospitable desert in the remote West, where they could be fed on government rations, and left to become extinct at their leisure. In connection with this matter it is only just to note that the Oklahoma boomers never laid claim to any lands in the Indian Territory other than Oklahoma, which, they asserted was open to settlement because the Indians had transferred their title to it to the United States government. There is no doubt that the government's title to the land is perfect, although it was obtained by sharp practice little short of fraud and deception. Just after the war of the rebellion, the Seminole Indians, who owned the land, conveyed it to the United States, in consideration of a sum representing fifteen cents an acre, with the expressed understanding that the government wanted the land for the purposes of locating other Indians and freedmen upon it. In the light of subsequent events it is safe to say that the United States never had any such intention. Some freedmen did try to settle on the lands during the Oklahoma boom period, but they were driven off by the soldiers, who had instructions to keep the lands free of all intruders.

In every case of intrusion these instructions were faithfully carried out. Certain persons in Oklahoma, however, were not looked upon as intruders. They were the wealthy cattle owners, who built wire fences on the public lands, and acted as though they owned not only the Indian Territory and part of Texas, but the Senate and House of Representatives at Washington as well. The power of the cattle-men to regulate the affairs of the Indian country, or rather that part of it represented by Oklahoma, was not broken until a short time ago, when the boomers succeeded in getting Congress to open their coveted land to settlement. The boomers asked for a great deal more, which has not yet been granted them. They wanted a new Territory created out of all that part of the Indian Territory not actually occupied by the five civilized tribes of Indians—the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Seminoles. The proposed territory would include the Cherokee outlet, which is a large tract of land lying next to Kansas in the western half of the Indian country, the Oklahoma and adjoining lands, and the public land strip commonly called No Man's Land, which is an oblong piece of country that was overlooked when the mapping out of Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, the Pan Handle of Texas, and the Indian Territory was done. At present the neglected strip is veritably no man's land. In it there is no law, no government, and no punishment for crime. It has, in consequence, a rather motley lot of inhabitants.

The boomers of these various districts asked for a new Territory containing 23,267,719 acres, and they received only Oklahoma, which contains 1,887,800 acres. They were glad to get that, because they saw in this concession a wedge with which to pry open the rest of the Territory. Eventually the wedge will do its work, although before that work is finished the United States government may be compelled to settle the old Indian question anew. Certainly the presence of one or two hundred thousand aggressive white people in the heart of the Indian Territory will not give added peace and security to the Indian situation.

There seems to be good reason to expect serious trouble in Oklahoma soon after the day of opening. The boomers who have visited the lands and tried to make a settlement upon them will naturally think that their claims to quarter-sections of land ought to have priority, although the President has plainly and expressly stipulated that the Oklahoma country cannot be legally entered before noon of the twenty-second day of April, and that any one found disregarding this warning will forfeit his right to land in the territory. This stipulation recognizes no claims of priority, but places the old boomer and the latest and freshest arrival upon the same footing. It cannot be expected that the experienced boomer will abandon his preconceived notions of priority to a mere tenderfoot from Kentucky. He is not that kind of person. He is more likely to maintain what he considers his rights with a revolver and repeating rifle. The thousands of boomers now waiting for the eventful day are exceedingly well-skilled in the use of all manner of deadly

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

weapons, from the long-range repeating rifle to the murderous bowie-knife. For the most part they are peaceful, law-abiding citizens so long as they are not imposed upon or ill-treated; but when they are compelled to fight for right or self-protection, they develop an almost tigerish ferocity. In the matter of the Oklahoma lands it will in many cases be hard to tell where their rights begin and other people's end.

The Oklahoma territory is a beautiful stretch of country, well watered by springs, brooks, and rivers, and covered here and there with clumps of jack-oaks. Various kinds of game are plentiful. It will take the settlers just about ten days to exterminate this game. Fort Reno, a government post containing not more than five hundred soldiers, is located just outside Oklahoma's western border. A stage line connects the fort with Oklahoma City, a station on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad about thirty miles due east. An old stage station on this route is shown in the illustrations on another page. Two government land-offices have recently been established in Oklahoma, one at Guthrie, a station on the Santa Fe, and the other at Kingfisher, a stage station in the western part of the district. Each of these land-offices will do a wonderful business on the opening day. If the business be transacted without friction, it will be a matter for actual wonder.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

GOING TO A FIRE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

ONE of the characteristic and peculiar features of Russian towns, one of the absolutely novel details in the silhouette of roofs and architectural contours that rise against the sky, is the watch-tower. In the more modest or more ancient towns these towers are built of wood; in St. Petersburg they are, like the other monuments of the capital, constructed of brick coated with stucco, which the frost amuses itself by cracking and peeling off, with the providential intent to give employment to the masons during the summer. These towers are of various shape, round, square, octagonal, some very lofty, others less tall, but for all the general dispositions are identical. On the top of the tower is a watch-house with windows in every direction; around this house runs a gallery, and above it is a mast and rigging for working a system of signals, consisting of combinations of colored spheres by day and of colored lanterns by night. Night and day one or two men walk round and round this gallery scanning the horizon, and the moment they see the smoke of a fire they hoist a red flag or a red lantern as the first signal of alarm; then by means of the code of colored spheres or lanterns they indicate in a second or two the district and section of the city in which the fire is. This signal is repeated from watch-tower to watch-tower, the telegraph ticks from one fire station to another, and in a few minutes all the firemen of the capital are on the alert. The police hurry to the spot; in important cases the soldiers also hasten to the scene of the fire; meanwhile the engines come tearing along, as we see in MR. DE THULSTRUP'S very vivid and spirited picture. First of all a man on horseback, an outrider, shouts at the top of his voice—and what voices these Russian voices are!—"Look out! Clear the way for the firemen!" Behind him follows the engine, drawn by four horses abreast, Russian fashion, two at the pole, and two *fons* harnessed with short reins that keep their heads turned outward and oblige them to canter or gallop. Thus the horses gallop along fanwise. Above the engine flutters a flag, the color of which indicates the section to which the engine belongs. Behind the driver a fireman stands and rings the bell, that sounds with rapid, shrill, silvery vibrations, very piercing in quality. On another cart follow the hose-pipes; on another the fire-escapes and other appliances. In costume and in apparatus the St. Petersburg fire-brigade closely resembles that of Paris. The aspect of a fire in St. Petersburg is similar to that of a fire anywhere else, except, perhaps, that the military element is more conspicuous and the rush and the shouting more notable. The great moment is at the beginning, when police, troops, and fire-engines arrive all at once from every point of the compass, vying with each other in speed and zeal, getting over a kilometre of ground in two minutes and a half, all in perfect order, admirably disciplined. The horses, like the flags, vary in color with the different sections—black, gray, roan, white, piebald, etc. In a second the steam-pumps are in position, the hose unrolled, the firemen, with their long leather aprons coming down to their feet, ply the pipes, the ladders are hoisted against the walls, and the men are at work. The bravery and agility of the St. Petersburg firemen are admirable, and the men themselves are splendid specimens of muscular and masculine humanity.

THE LATE CAPTAIN SCHOONMAKER.

CHIEF of the officers and men who were lost in the Samoan disaster was Captain CORNELIUS M. SCHOONMAKER, commanding the *Vandalia*, a gallant and capable officer, whose death is universally regretted in the service. The deceased officer had a total service of thirty-four and a half years, fifteen of which were passed afloat. He was a member of the well-known SCHOONMAKER family of Ulster County, this State, and received his first appointment to the navy from New York in September, 1854, at the age of fifteen. After a five years' course at the Naval Academy he was attached to the steam-frigate *Minnesota* as midshipman in 1859, and at the outbreak of the rebellion he was commissioned as Lieutenant. In 1861–2 he served on the gun-boat *Sagamore*, and in 1863–4 was on the *Octorara*, of the West Gulf Squadron, when she took part in the battle of Mobile Bay and in the capture of Fort Morgan. From 1865, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Commander, to 1867 he was on the steamer *Juniata*, of the South American Squadron, and the next two years he spent on the *Piscataqua*, of the Asiatic Squadron. He commanded the *Frolic* when she was despatched to St. John's in 1873 to bring home Captain TYSON and his party of the wrecked *Polaris*. He then served for some time as Navigation Officer at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and afterward went to New Orleans as Light-house Inspector for the Eighth District. During the European cruise of the *Nipsic* he commanded that now well-known vessel, Captain RAMSAY being then in command of the *Trenton*, of the same squadron.

In February, 1885, he was promoted to the rank of Commander, and in October, 1886, received a Captain's commission. Only a year ago Captain SCHOONMAKER was ordered to the command of the ill-fated *Vandalia* at San Francisco, to sail for the Sandwich Islands on a three years' cruise, but soon after the Samoan difficulty loomed up he was ordered with his ship to those now famous islands, where he arrived on February 22d, as he reported from Apia to the Department but a few days ago.

Captain SCHOONMAKER, whose home was at Kingston, New York, leaves behind him a wife and three young daughters. Judge SCHOONMAKER, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, is a brother of the lamented officer.

ONE OF "THE MINSTRELS."

If I am black at night,
And look almost Satanic,
Sitting with castanets between my fingers,
Lips like geraniums, and left and right
My counterparts enrolled, a dozen singers—
If I am black at night;

If I am gay at night,
And crack my jokes hilarious,
With many a squirm grotesque, and flash of eye,
Warbling my frolic songs with smiles that light
Our motionless ebon choir most marvellously—
If I am gay at night;

Oh, I am white enough
When hushed I gaze upon her,
My little daughter, lovely in her sleep;
Then, then I glow with pride, I am not rough;
'Tis for her the youthful strength of life I reap—
At dawn I'm white enough!

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

THE MINISTER TO PERU.

COLONEL JOHN HICKS, whom President HARRISON has just appointed ENVOY Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Peru, was born in Auburn, New York, April 12, 1847. He is the editor and proprietor of the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, and was appointed on the recommendation of the Wisconsin Congressional delegation. With his parents he removed to Wisconsin in 1851, locating in Waupaca County, a region then on the frontier. Despite the lack of libraries and educational advantages, the boy evinced an unconquerable desire for self-improvement, often walking half a dozen miles to borrow a book, which was devoured with a relish, and at the early age of fifteen he began teaching a country school. His father entered the army, and was killed on the South Edisto River, South Carolina, leaving his family of six children unprovided for, and young JOHN was compelled to saw wood, work in a mill, and teach school; but he managed by his own industry and energy to obtain a college education at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin. In 1867, at the age of twenty, he became city editor of the paper he now owns, which is one of the most influential in the State. He is President of the Wisconsin Press Association, and Vice-President of the National Editorial Association, and at the visit of the editors to the city of Mexico in 1888 Colonel HICKS delivered an address to President DIAZ on behalf of the American newspaper men, which attracted attention. He served four years in the Wisconsin militia as aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor RUSK, now Secretary of Agriculture, whence he obtained the title of Colonel.

ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

MR. ELLIS HENRY ROBERTS, who has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States in charge of the Sub-Treasury in New York city, has for many years been the editor and proprietor of the Utica *Herald*. He was born in the city of Utica, September 30, 1827, and in his boyhood learned the trade of a printer. He was prepared for college at the seminary in Whitestone, and was graduated at Yale in 1850. In the same year he became principal of the Utica Academy, and also taught Latin in a female seminary in that city. After a brief career as a teacher he took charge of the Utica *Herald*, which he made a vigorous exponent of the principles and purposes of the Republican party. He has been a delegate to the National Conventions of the party several times, beginning with that of 1864. In 1867 he served as a member of the State Assembly, and in 1870 was elected to Congress, where he remained during two terms. He was a member of the House Committee on Ways and Means. He was a candidate for Congress again in 1876, but was defeated. He has received the degree of LL.D. from Hamilton and Yale colleges. He has been President of the Fort Schuyler Club, of the Oneida Historical Society. In 1873 he published a series of letters under the title, "To Greece and Beyond," the result of travels in the region indicated. In 1884 he delivered at Cornell University and at Hamilton College a course of lectures in support of a protective tariff, which were published in book form with the title, *Government Revenue, Especially the American System*. He is also the author of *The Planting and Growth of the Empire State*, published in 1887 in the "American Commonwealth Series." The Assistant Treasurer at New York has charge of the larger part of the funds collected and disbursed by the United States government, and is required to give a bond in $400,000. The responsibility is such that little change is usually made in the experienced clerical force of the Sub-Treasury under different administrations.

THE LATE JACOB SLEEPER.

FEW men of our time have had the felicity of a more complete and well-rounded life than the HON. JACOB SLEEPER, of Boston, who died at his home in that city on Sunday, March 31st. He had reached advanced age, for he was born November 21, 1802. He was a native of Maine, and began his business career in Boston soon after entering on his twenty-third year.

Before he reached middle age the Methodists of this country were beginning to lay the foundations of the colleges and higher schools of which they have now so many. With this educational movement MR. SLEEPER was closely identified. He was for years an important trustee of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. He was also a trustee of the Boston University from its first creation; and one of its most important buildings is named after him. He was also interested in the Boston Conservatory of Music, to which he was a generous contributor. For twelve years he rendered acceptable service to Harvard College as one of its overseers. His business sagacity has had much to do with the prosperity of the Boston Wesleyan Association, which owns the organ of New England Methodism, *Zion's Herald*. The Association is also the owner of a large hall, erected at the cost of $300,000, which is the head-quarters of the Methodists of Boston and its vicinity. MR. SLEEPER was President of the Association for a long time, and in the conduct of its affairs his counsels were greatly valued. Indeed he was at all times, and for all the institutions in which he was interested, a judicious counsellor. His unfailing good sense, moderation, and prudence were so well understood that his quiet influence was felt wherever he associated with other men.

Of his liberal giving to benevolent objects there is no full record. He gave without ostentation, and was always charitable. It is said that he had pensioners upon his bounty for whom he provided regular allowances, according to their necessities.

After retiring from mercantile business MR. SLEEPER continued to be interested in the public institutions which he had done much to sustain, and retained his interest in them up to the close of his life. Few men have died of late so ripe, so full of years and honors; yet his honors were not so much those of public position—though these were not wanting—as of the ever-growing confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens.

CORNELIUS VAN COTT.

CORNELIUS VAN COTT, who has just been appointed Postmaster of New York city, was born here in 1838, and has always made this city his home. He was educated in the public schools, and started in life as a type-setter—an occupation with which he soon became dissatisfied. He then became a carriage-builder, but having a natural taste for politics, he made himself so active and prominent in campaigning and political agitation that President LINCOLN appointed him an Inspector of Customs at this port. An active fireman for many years, his services were recognized by an appointment to the office of Fire Commissioner in 1873, which he held two terms, and was President of the Board during the latter period of his service.

During the last few years he has been connected in business with several fire-insurance companies, and has served as trustee of a savings-bank in this city. Two years ago he was elected State Senator from the Eighth District, and was one of the members of the committee which investigated the Aqueduct scandals last year. In this work and in his routine duties in the upper branch of the Legislature he earned a solid reputation for industry and sagacity. MR. VAN COTT has always been an ardent Republican, rigid in his support of his party ticket at the polls. As president of the Lincoln Club, as member of the Republican State Committee, and of the New York County Campaign Committee, he undoubtedly performed efficient services for the election of President HARRISON last year.

MR. VAN COTT is a machine politician, and thoroughly believes in scientific political engineering, but he is very generally credited with the executive ability which is essential to the head of the great post-office of which he is to take charge.

JOEL B. ERHARDT.

THE new Collector of the Port of New York, JOEL B. ERHARDT, is perhaps best known as the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty of this city at the last municipal election. He was born here about fifty-one years ago, and is, as his name indicates, of German parentage. When the civil war began he had just finished the academic course at the University of Vermont, and was beginning the study of the law. Dropping this occupation at once, he went to the front with the Seventh Regiment, to which he belonged, and served with it as a private soldier until the end of its term of enlistment. He then returned to Vermont and enlisted in a cavalry regiment, with which he served two years, leaving with the rank of Captain. During the draft riots in this city at the time of the war he was Provost-Marshal of the Fourth District, and did much good work in restoring order.

When the war finally ended he resumed his law studies, was admitted to the bar, and was appointed Assistant United States District Attorney by B. F. SILLIMAN, then the head of that department in Brooklyn. He was a candidate for the Board of Aldermen in 1875, and was defeated. In 1876 he was appointed a Police Commissioner—an office which he held three years, and in which he distinguished himself as an organizer and disciplinarian. President ARTHUR appointed him United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York in 1883, and soon afterward he was made receiver of the New York and Northern Railroad. In this last position he displayed marked financial ability, succeeding as he did in completely reconstructing the corporation. This led to his election to the Presidency of that railroad, which he held until last year, when he resigned in order to take part in the Mayoralty contest.

Colonel ERHARDT while a member of the Police Board was tried on charges preferred against him by MAYOR ELY, but after full hearing it was decided that he had not exceeded his authority in any particular in that office. When he was nominated for the Mayoralty the speaker who proposed him said: "His name is the synonym for the faithful discharge of duty. In his business relations he has won the respect and admiration of all who know him. As a public officer, when fortunes were within his grasp, not a thought of seizing them entered his mind. He is a man rigorously positive, determined, honest, generous, and able. Not a stain has been cast on his name."

MR. ERHARDT made a plucky fight for the Mayoralty, and was second in the contest, though he did not win. He is certainly well known and respected for the mental and moral qualities which are required in the duties of his new office.

THE COMMON CHORD.

THE Rappahannock's stately tide, aglow with sunset light,
Came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed its gathering might.
From one side rose the Stafford slopes, and on the other shore
The Spottsylvania meadows lay, with oak groves scattered o'er.
Hushed were the sounds of busy day; the brooding air was hushed,
Save for the rapid-flowing stream that chanted as it rushed.
O'er mead and gently sloping hills, on either side the stream,
The white tents of the soldiers caught the sun's departing beam—
On Spottsylvania's slopes the Blue, on Stafford's hills the Gray;
Between them, like an unsheathed sword, the glittering river lay.
Hark! Suddenly a Union band far down the stream sends forth
The strains of "Hail, Columbia," the pean of the North.
The tents are parted; silent throngs of soldiers, worn and grim,
Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to hear the martial hymn.

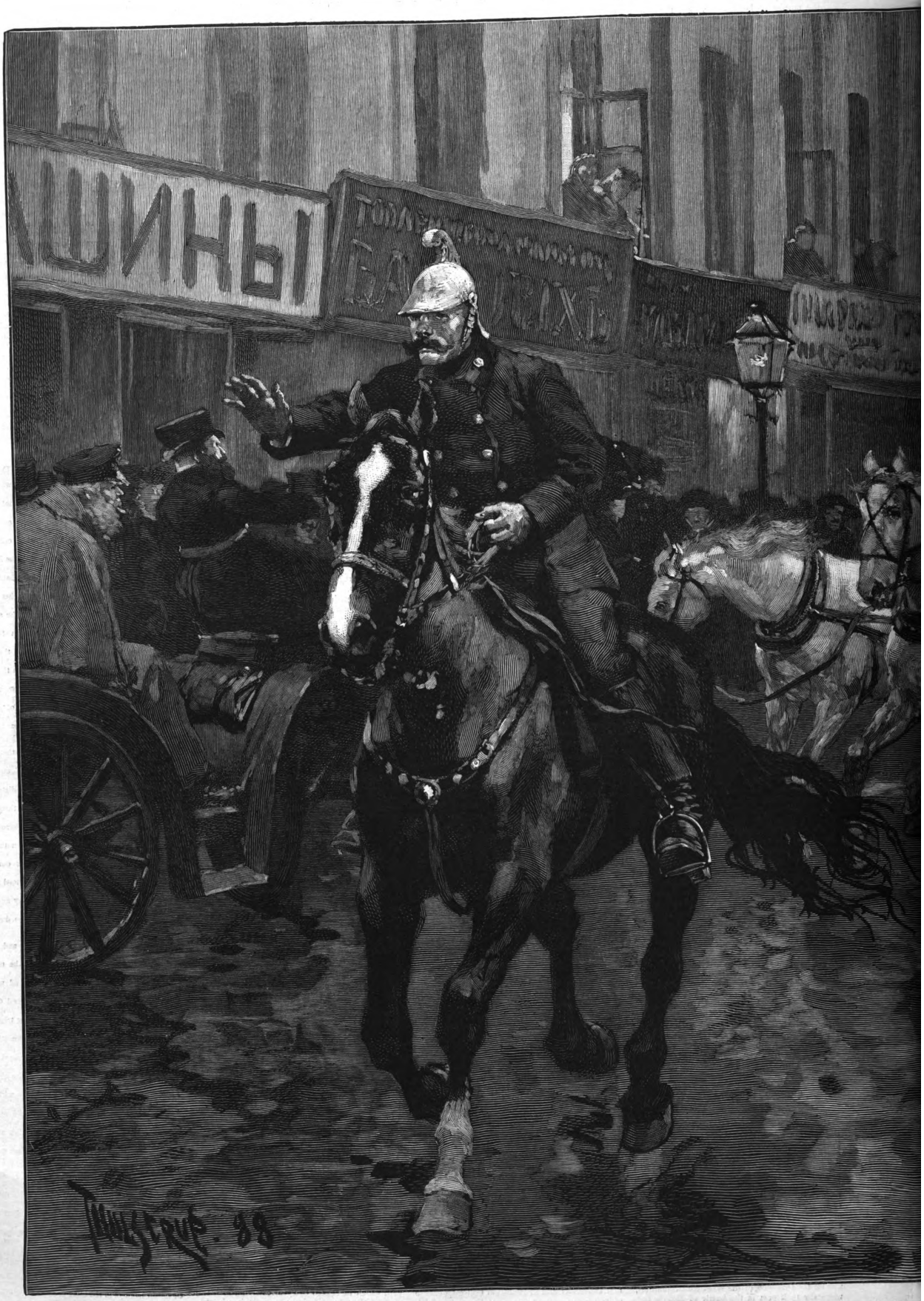
So clear and quiet was the night that to the farthest bound
Of either camp was borne the swell of sweet, triumphant sound.
And when the last note died away, from distant post to post
A shout, like thunder of the tide, rolled through the Federal host.
Then straightway from the other shore there rose an answering strain.
"Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating down the slope and o'er the plain.
And then the Boys in Gray sent back our cheer across the tide—
A mighty shout that rent the air and echoed far and wide.
"Star-spangled Banner," we replied; they answered, "Boys in Gray,"
While cheer on cheer rolled through the dusk, and faintly died away.

Deeply the gloom had gathered round, and all the stars had come,
When the Union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."
Slowly and softly breathed the chords, and utter silence fell
Over the valley and the hills—on Blue and Gray as well.
Now swelling and now sinking low, now tremulous, now strong,
The leader's cornet played the air of the beautiful old song;
And, rich and mellow, horn and bass joined in the flowing chords,
So voice-like that they scarcely lacked the charm of spoken words.
Then what a cheer from both the hosts, with faces to the stars!
And tears were shed and prayers were said upon the field of Mars.
The Southern band caught up the strain; and we, who could sing, sang.
Oh, what a glorious hymn of home across the river rang!

We thought of loved ones far away, of scenes we'd left behind—
The low-roofed farm-house 'neath the elm that murmured in the wind;
The children standing by the gate, the dear wife at the door;
The dusty sunlight all aslant upon the old barn floor.
Oh! loud and long the cheer we raised, when silence fell again,
And died away among the hills the dear familiar strain.
Then to our cots of straw we stole, and dreamed the livelong night
Of far-off hamlets in the hills, peace-walled, and still, and white.

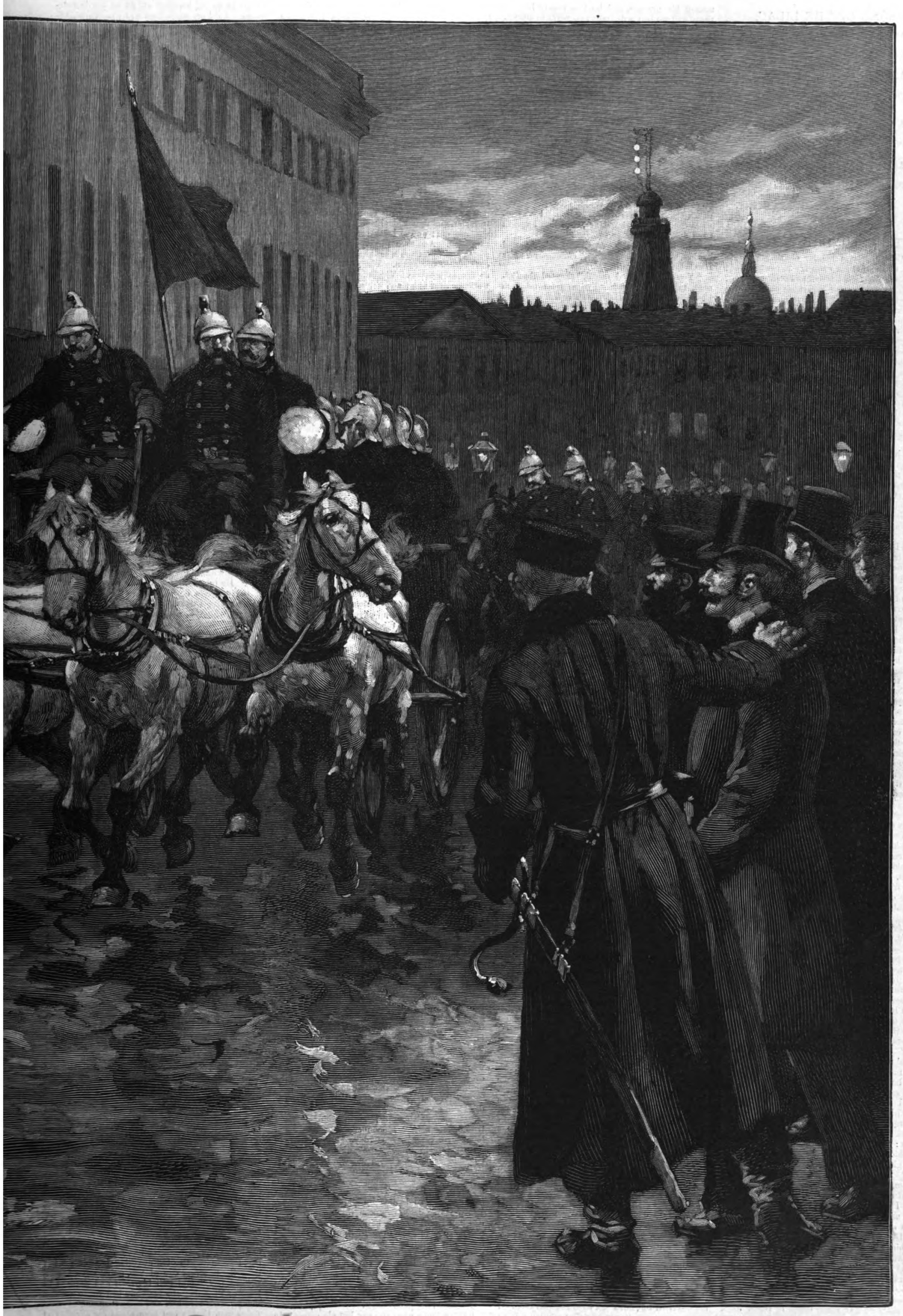
JAMES BUCKHAM

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GOING TO A FIRE IN ST. PETERSBU

Digitized by Google
Digitized by PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A SONG OF THE LILAC.

ABOVE the wall that's broken,
And from the coppice thinned,
So sacred and so sweet,
The lilac in the wind!
And every night the May wind blows
The lilac blooms apart,
The memory of his first love
Is shaken on his heart.

A tear was long its gravestone,
A hush was all around:
Oh how they wake it now,
The fragrance and the sound!
And every night the May wind blows
The lilac blooms apart,
The memory of his first love
Is shaken on his heart.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

THE Colonel was a regular old-time Virginia Colonel, and still stuck manfully to his blue coat and brass buttons and his buff nankeen waistcoat, in which his clean, handsome, ruddy old face never looked handsomer. "Buff and blue is the costume for gentlemen to wear," the Colonel would roar; and whatever he said, Yellow Bob echoed like a Greek chorus. "Yes, siree; dat sutiny is so. *I* got a blue coat ole marse done gimme." The Colonel's clinging to old days and old ways was pathetic. Although he swore forty times a day that the war had ruined him, it had not. There was enough left for the Colonel and Madam and the colony of their old servants, which, as the case frequently is to this day in Virginia, had settled around them. The Colonel still had Yellow Bob to swear at, and Mrs. Randolph had Patsy to carry the keys and make mango pickle and peach cordial. But the age had swept them high and dry. They talked about things chiefly that happened in the 'fifties, and when they got into the 'sixties the Colonel was apt to damn the Yankees so profusely that Mrs. Randolph was fain to ask him if he remembered the trip they took to the Springs in 'forty-nine, when his pocket was picked of nine hundred and eighty dollars; at which the Colonel and Yellow Bob would exchange winks. Yellow Bob knew that a race between Colonel Doswell's flea-bitten gray and Major Beverly's Sir Archy had more to do with the loss of that nine hundred and eighty dollars than Mrs. Randolph—good, simple soul—suspected. As for the Colonel, the war did not make so much difference to him as he fancied. He now spent the best part of his life sitting on the broad front porch at Drum Point, with a julep handy, and Yellow Bob within swearing distance, and for gentlemen of seventy-five, of the Colonel's temperament, there is not much else to do. Horse-racing he regarded as out of the question, because he no longer had nine hundred and eighty dollars to throw away on it whenever he fancied. The Colonel believed that the present age was utterly tame and devoid of incident.

"Damme, sir, nothing happens now; the young folks don't even run away and get married. A fellow calls another fellow a liar, and—dog my cats!—the other fellow goes and sues him in the courts, instead of shooting him down in his tracks. Did you ever hear of Jack Thornton? Now that man had some adventures, sir, in this very county, sir, that ought to be written in a book."

Yellow Bob here took up the conversation. "Books is fur white folks—dat's what I say. Dese heah fool niggers gwine 'long de road ter school wid dey spellin'-books is mighty disqualifyin' ter me. Unc' Isaac Minkins he kyarn git up and preach 'dout a gret big hymn-book in he hand fur to read de Bible outen."

"Hold your tongue, you rascal!" bawled the Colonel, highly pleased nevertheless. "The infernal free-school system, sir, has been the ruin of this country. As I was telling you, though, about Jack Thornton, his land joined mine, and we were at William and Mary together. Well, Jack was as handsome a fellow as ever stepped, and the only man in the county that could beat me after the hounds. He had a very pretty property too, sir, and as likely a lot of negroes as there was in the county, and there was eleven hundred acres in the tract at Northend. By Jove! what jolly bachelor dinners he used to give there! Eh, Bob? I got mighty near being kicked by the Madam for a little turn about we had at one of those dinners. That dinner, sir, lasted three days, and I rode my horse up the front stairs into Jack's bedroom. Ah, they were days!"

"An' missis—she was Miss Sally Ambler den—she met me in de road when I wuz kyarin' ole marse home in de chaise, an' he kyarn say a word. And I say: 'Sarvint, missis. Marse he mighty sick; I feerd he ain't gwi' live twell de doctor git ter him.' And Miss Sally she bust out cryin' an' jump off'n her horse, and come ter de chaise an' look in marse's face. An' he 'gin ter holler an' say: 'I ain't sick, my dear; I'm drunk as a lord—hic. An' ef you knew how jolly I feel, you'd go an' git drunk yerself.' Missis she turn away, an'—"

"Zounds, sir! do you propose to tell the secrets of my life, you yellow scoundrel? But it's true. I had a hard time bringing the Madam round, and by the Lord I don't believe I'd have done it at all but for Jack Thornton. He swore he had made me tight, when, ha! ha! I could drink him under the table any day in the week. The Madam believed Jack, thank God, though. Well, as I was telling you, there were some monstrous exciting things in Jack's life. First, after he had settled down to live like a gentleman at Northend, old Smithers got his note for ten thousand dollars to pay some debts of honor Jack had made; and then the doggoned interest began piling up, and the black measles broke out among his negroes, and he lost nearly half of them, and we had a drought two years in succession, and the first thing I knew Jack was a bankrupt. Old Scaife Beverly, Jack's uncle, was as rich as a Jew, and had thousands of dollars in his secretary; but the old skinflint said something or other about Jack's squandering his patrimony, and Jack swore he'd see the old rascal at Davy Jones's before he'd take a cent from him; so there he was, strapped and stranded. Well, about that time there was an election for sheriff, and Jack came to me and consulted me about his running for sheriff, and I told him he couldn't do better; and the fact was, if he didn't get hold of some ready money he'd have to sell his negroes, and that was what he mortally hated, of course. So the next court day" (the Colonel pronounced it cote day) "he announced himself as a candidate. I made a speech myself on the court-house green, calling upon the gentlemen of the county to support him. I was always counted a good speaker, sir, when I was in the House of Delegates."

"An' ole missis she was allers a mighty good han' at writin' of de speeches," chimed in Yellow Bob.

"You bandy-legged rascal," shouted the Colonel, turning very red, "I've a great mind to kick you off this plantation, as I've had every day for forty odd years."

Here Bob created a diversion. "Dat sutiny was a good speech you made fur Marse Jack. Missis she was in Richmon' when dat speech was spoke. De folks dey holler an' whoop, an' Marse Jack Thornton he come up an' shooken old marse's han' and says, 'Ef I'm 'lected, I'll owe it to you, Kunel.'"

"So he did—so he did," said the Colonel, somewhat mollified. "But still 'twas very surprising to see Jack Thornton performing the sheriff's duties—and he had no deputy either. I was mightily afraid he'd hurt his chances with Virginia Berkeley; and so it did, because Virginia turned around and married Miles Corbin about the time Jack was elected. However, I couldn't blame her very much. She was only seventeen, and Jack was too proud to go to Colonel Berkeley's house after he had lost pretty near everything; and Virginia afterward confessed to the Madam that she married Miles Corbin as much to spite Jack as to please her father. Corbin was worth every cent of two hundred thousand dollars, and was a mighty prim, proper fellow; never touched a card, didn't get drunk occasionally like a good fellow; but for all his straight-laced ways he had a devil of a temper. He used to whip his negroes himself—just think of it, sir, with an overseer on the land—and then hand round the plate in church. Damme, sir, if I didn't button up my breeches pocket and look him square in the eye whenever he handed his infernal plate to me; and communion Sundays, when I went up to the rail with Madam, I made him stand out of my way, sir, with as little ceremony as if he'd been a yellow dog. As for Virginia Berkeley, she was a girl of tremendous spirit, and she led Miles Corbin a dance, I'm happy to say. She was pretty as a picture too; wasn't she, Bob?"

"Pretty!" echoed Yellow Bob—"she was the prettiest 'oman ever I seed, scusin' 'twas missis when she was just married. Miss Ferginny she had black eyes dat fyarly bu'n a hole in you when she look at you. She hed de leetlest foot an' han', an' when she laughed, de dimples come out all over her face."

"That's so; and her mouth—God bless me! Well, everybody knew that she and Miles Corbin wouldn't pull in harness together, and of course they quarrelled like the devil. Virginia was a thorough-bred, and she held her head up high; but sometimes, the Madam says, Virginia would come over here and cry as if her heart would break. And the Madam soon found out that Jack Thornton was the reason of it. I don't think Virginia ever tried to get along with Corbin, although God knows no woman could have done it; but they hadn't been married a month before they had it hot and heavy."

"Ole Unc' Snake-root Jim say she throwed a kittle of bilin' water at him fust time he cuss her. Maybe dat's what dey calls hot and heavy," remarked Bob.

"Anyhow ugly stories began to get out about the way things were going at Corbin Hall. Jack Thornton never went there, and kept out of Virginia Corbin's way as much as he could; besides, he spent all his time nearly riding over the county on sheriff's duty. He told Madam if he hadn't been elected sheriff, and had to keep on the move, he'd have blown his brains out sitting down and doing nothing at Northend, and thinking about Virginia Corbin and her misery. Queer fellow in some ways, Jack was. Seemed to like work after he got used to it. Anyway it began to be talked about that Miles Corbin—the sanctimonious devil—had struck Virginia Berkeley more than once. Some people did not believe it, because when they first began to disagree, Virginia had been heard to say that if Miles ever laid his hand on her she'd kill him—and she would have done it, too. The Berkeleys are that kind, though I must say that when Virginia had her own way she was as amiable as anybody I ever saw, and if Miles Corbin had treated her right she would have made him a good wife. But she was one that couldn't stand whip and spur. It happened, though, that Jack Thornton one night, coming home from court, found one of Corbin's servants lying at the lane gate of Corbin Hall with a broken leg. So although he had sworn he'd never darken Miles Corbin's doors, yet he had to take the fellow up in his gig and drive up to Corbin Hall. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and the negroes had all gone to bed, but there was a light in the house and a commotion going on. The dogs started too, but Jack soon stopped them—I never saw a dog in my life that wouldn't fawn on Handsome Jack—when, as he told me afterward, the hall door flew open, and Virginia Corbin rushed out and almost into Jack Thornton's arms. Miles Corbin was right after her with his fist doubled up. Jack says he was so dumfounded his head reeled, but he heard Miles order her to come back into the house. Then Virginia straightened herself up and said, 'I'll come back, because I'm not afraid of you; but I want to tell you now that if ever you raise your hand against me I'll kill you as surely as I live. You've never driven me to much—I've submitted and waited and hated—but a very little more will drive me to murder.' Then from somewhere in her dress she pulled out a pistol. 'Do you see this? Well, I got it for just such an emergency as may happen. Jack Thornton, do you hear me?' At this Jack jumped at Corbin, and catching him by the collar, walloped him until Corbin yelled. But he didn't stop for that; he laid it on as long as he could stand, and then kicked Corbin all over the porch. The darky with the broken leg began to holler, and that brought all the other negroes trooping out; and at least forty of them saw the trouncing. And then Virginia showed them the pistol, and told them what she meant to do if he ever struck her again. Well, it was hushed up as far as possible. Virginia was the proudest woman I ever saw; and she asked Jack to keep it quiet. And so, while everybody knew that she and Miles Corbin had had a big flare-up, nobody exactly knew the circumstances. Virginia didn't even tell the Madam.

"So things went on for a year or two, until one night I was waked by hearing that lazy yellow fellow yonder tapping at my window. He had been to Corbin Hall courting a black girl over there, when Corbin died—for he died from a pistol wound."

"I hed jes done tell Ma'y Jane—um! she *were* a gal—good-night," said Yellow Bob, taking up the thread of the story, "an' I was comin' through de front yard, when I see de lights bu'nin' in de parlor, an' heerd Marse Miles Corbin a-yellin' at Miss Ferginny. I was skeered ter go 'way an' skeered ter stay; but pres'n'y I hear her scream, an' I run in, an' dyar was Marse Miles layin' on de sofa wid de blood po'in' from he hade. Miss Ferginny she stan' up lookin' mighty cur'us, wid a smokin' pistol in her han'. Marse Miles he groan, but seem like Miss Ferginny didn't hear 'im. I run an' fotch him a piller, an' gin him some water, an' den I tuck out ter de quarters ter raise de black folks an' de overseer. Dey all come runnin'. De overseer he was de po'est kin' of po' white trash. He jes come right out in cote an' tole ev'ything he see dat night; an' de black folks dey all stan' up fur Miss Ferginny, an' 'low dey didn't see nuttin' 'tall."

"That's so," said the Colonel; "for Virginia Berkeley had to stand up in the prisoner's dock, and every negro on the land swore they hadn't seen a pistol, hadn't heard a quarrel, didn't know anything about it, and that Virginia was the best mistress in the world. When I got there that night Miles Corbin was dead, the low-lived dog! Virginia met me and the Madam. 'I didn't kill him,' she said, as quiet as you please, 'although I meant to do it. He struck me, and I went and got the pistol. He got it from me, and went to the table to withdraw the load, when he got nervous—he always was a coward—and it went off.' Madam looked at her. 'Has he ever really beaten you?' she asked. For answer Virginia laughed a dreadful kind of a laugh, and pulling up her sleeve, showed her the marks of Corbin's fingers. 'Look here!' she said, showing her a great bruise on her shoulder-blade. Madam just burst out crying, and put her arms around Virginia. 'Thank God,' she said, 'you didn't kill him!' You can just imagine the commotion it raised; but everything would have been settled at the inquest if it hadn't been for that low-lived dog the overseer. He and Miles Corbin had been associates. A gentleman associating with his overseer! And Mrs. Corbin had ordered him out of her parlor not long before; so he owed her a grudge, and he paid it. Such a talk and hubbub was raised that at the next county court the grand jury returned a true bill against Virginia Berkeley Corbin for the murder of her husband. By George!" said the Colonel, pausing to wipe his forehead. "As for Jack Thornton, he nearly went crazy. At first he said he'd resign the shrievalty, or kill himself, before he'd serve the summons on her. She was staying here where Madam had brought her the night Miles Corbin died. But the Board of Magistrates—we didn't have a tuppence-ha'penny county court then, but gentlemen served as magistrates—the board sent for him, and reasoned about the trouble and expense he'd put the county to if he resigned that way without notice; and Mrs. Corbin sent him word that the greatest service he could do her was to remain in office until after the trial was over. So at last he consented, but I thought he'd die the day he served the writ on her."

The Colonel paused again, confronted by the dead and gone tragedy.

"Good Gord A'mighty!" said Yellow Bob, slowly and solemnly. "I 'member dat day, an' I gwi 'member it twell judgment day. 'Twas 'bout time de fish bite in June. Missis didn't 'ten' ter de chickens er de cows er nuttin' den. She was all time projeckin' wid Miss Ferginny. Seem like she didn't keer whe'r de tuckey aigs hatch, er de cows give milk, er de 'taters come up in de gyarden, she was so tooken up wid Miss Ferginny. When Marse Jack Thornton rid up in de yard dat day I never see a man look like him. He was de color of a ash-cake 'fo' de ashes is washed off. Miss Ferginny she was settin' on de po'ch wid ole marse an' missis when he come up de steps. When he come to'ds her he stop an' look like he gwi drop. An' ole marse, he go up ter him, and missis, an' den Miss Ferginny she walk to'ds him an' hol' out her han'."

Another long pause came.

"I don know what she say, but ole marse help him fin' a paper, an' he show it ter 'em, an' dey all git in de big kerridge an' go up ter de cote-house. An' I set on de boot wid Unc' Torm Driver, an' Patsy she rid on de place fur de trunk behin'. Missis and Miss Ferginny was inside, an' ole marse he rid horseback wid Marse Jack Thornton."

"They bailed her to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court," said the Colonel. "It was a bailable offence in those days, and half the county was there to ask the honor of going on her bond. But she only took me and her counsel, Mr. Severn. The Board of Magistrates rose when she entered; and when she left the court-room, and when she went down to get in my carriage, with me on one side of her and Madam on the other, the magistrates had got out by a shorter way, and were bowing on each side of the carriage door. The presiding magistrate, in the name of the others, expressed their regrets that they were unable to go on her bail-piece, and when she drove out of the village, sitting up straight in my carriage, and looking like a queen, every man she met took off his hat to her, because, you see, Virginia Berkeley was a lady, and Miles Corbin was the damnedest villain—" Here the Colonel went off into a perfect hurricane of profanity, which somehow didn't sound profane, but rather as a kind of cordial emphasis to what he said.

"She staid here until the trial came off. Of course she didn't see anybody, but the whole county called on her. Dang me but I believe they were sorry she hadn't killed Miles Corbin after all; he deserved it, the dog! The day of the trial the Madam and I took her up to the cote-house—"

"An' I rid on de boot wid Unc' Torm Driver, an' Patsy she sat on de place fur de trunk behin', an' ole marse rid on horseback with Marse Jack Thornton," echoed Bob the parrot.

"When we got to the cote-house you never saw such a crowd in your life. We got Virginia in the cote-room as quietly as we could, and the Madam and I sat by her. And when Jack Thornton said—by Jove, I thought he'd faint before he got through—'Virginia Corbin, what say you, guilty or not guilty?' she stood up as brave as a lion, and says, just as cool as you please, holding up her little hand, 'Not guilty.' The people yelled for half an hour, and the Court didn't say a word, and you may be sure the sheriff didn't.

"The overseer, Higgins, had tried to get a lawyer to help the prosecuting attorney, but he couldn't do it, and the prosecuting attorney, I tell you, had to be very careful what he said. The first witness they put on the stand was Higgins. He told a mighty straight story. He told of the quarrels between Miles Corbin and his wife, and the threats he had heard her make of killing Corbin if he continued to strike her. Then he told about my Yellow Bob waking him up in the middle of the night, and of his going up to the house and seeing Miles lying on the sofa dying, and Miles saying, 'My wife did this.' At this there was such a thundering row in the court-house that the Court was obliged to demand order. But Mrs. Corbin remarked, out loud: 'That is true. He lied about me with his last breath.' Then the overseer identified the pistol as the one he had seen in Mrs. Corbin's hands, and saw on the drawing-room table on the night of Miles Corbin's death. And altogether it made a bad showing.

"Yellow Bob was the next witness called for the prosecution. It was rich testimony—ha! ha! ha!"

Yellow Bob chuckled gleefully over the recollection. "Ev'ything dat ar persecutin' retorney ask me, I say 'Naw.' 'Did you seen Mr. Miles Corbin on de sofa?' 'Naw, sah.' 'You waked Higgins up at the overseer's house about midnight?' 'Naw, sah.' 'But Mr. Higgins says you did?' 'Mr. Higgins, he ain't nuttin' but po' white trash. I doan keer what he say. I doan know nuttin' 'tall 'bout Marse Miles Corbin dyin'. Maybe he had de ager, an' he nose bleed, an' he bleed hisself ter def.' 'No, he did not have any ager. He was killed with the pistol.' 'Well, den,' I say, 'maybe Mr. Higgins kilt him.' De jedge larf at dat. 'But,' said the persecutin' retorney, 'all the black folks seen you. They'll swear to it.' 'Well, bring 'em up heah, an' ef dey swar I dyar dat night, I ken swar jes as hard I warn't. Dem wuffles black niggers ain't a-gwine ter disencourage me. Dem Corbin niggers allers was mighty wuffles and lyin'. Dey done took a heap o' corn outen our corn-house.' 'Come, now,' says the persecutin' retorney, 'of course you were there the night Mr. Corbin died. You gave the alarm.' 'I didn't give 'em no sech a thing, I ain't got no 'larm ter give. I wish I hedn't tole 'em nuttin' 'tall 'bout it,' I say, an' den de persecutin' retorney he say, 'Now you admit you were there.' 'Naw, I 'ain't remit it,' I say; 'I doan know nuttin' but dat Mr. Higgins over yander is de meanest white man gwine, an' Miss Ferginny, she an' missis is mighty thick; an' ef she warn't de right kin' o' 'oman, *my* missis wouldn't hev nuttin' 'tall fur ter do wid her; an' dem black niggers kin swar all dey wants dey seed me. I ain't cipherin' 'bout dem.' Den de persecutin' retorney he say, 'I can't manage the witness,' an' I jes walk right outen de box dey put me in, an' when I pass Miss Ferginny, I say, 'Sarvint, mistis.'"

The old Colonel had laughed heartily during the recital.

"And all the Corbin negroes—they had about forty of them up as witnesses—gave about the same kind of testimony that my Bob did. None of them knew anything, or had seen anything, or could be induced to tell anything but lies; and such lies! Every one of 'em, going out of the witness box, would pull his wool and duck his head to Virginia: she certainly had made those black people love her, and more than one of her fights with Corbin had been about his shameful treatment of his negroes. Severn—he's a first-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

class lawyer—he didn't cross-examine any of them. He said, 'May it please the Court, I have but one witness, and that is the prisoner herself. I desire to put her on the stand that she may tell her own story.' So he gave her his arm and led Mrs. Corbin to the witness box, where she sat down in a chair. You could have heard a pin drop. At first she looked around her with a sort of dazed look; it was so pitiful, I saw the foreman of the jury look away while he wiped the tears from his eyes. Everybody waited until she came to herself like. Then she began, in a low voice, to tell it all. She looked as pale as a sheet until she got to where he struck her for the first time. Then the blood poured to her face. 'I don't know how I felt,' said she; 'I wanted to kill him—that was all. I rushed away from him, and then I turned on him. He began to back when he saw me advance. I told him then that I would get a pistol, and if he struck me again I would shoot him. He did not laugh at me then. Afterward I thought I had been to blame. I determined I would try and get along better with him. I endured that man Higgins in my house—I endured, Oh God! what did I not endure! and it was the same. He would seize me by the throat and choke me. That was dreadful, but it wasn't a blow. At last he struck me that other time when Mr. Thornton came and beat him.' At that there was going to be the devil of a row—the people hurrahing for Thornton; but Jack checked the disturbance right away. 'Then,' she said, after everything was quiet, 'I felt that it would soon be over, one way or another; either he would kill me or I would kill him. On the night he died he said that the man Higgins should dine at Corbin Hall the next day, and I should appear at the table. I replied that I would not. He lifted his hand against me, and I asked him if he remembered what Mr. Thornton had done to him for that. Then he said—but I can't repeat what he said; it was about Mr. Thornton. I went to the bookcase and got out my pistol. "You may *say* what you like," I said, "but don't touch me." After more words he came toward me and struck me hard on my shoulder—here. At first the pain stunned me. I held the pistol in my hand. He got it from me; I could not resist with one arm. He said he would guarantee his life for that one night, and standing by the table started to unload it. All at once I heard it go off, and he staggered to the sofa. I don't remember anything else until Colonel Randolph came.'

"When she stopped, it was as still as the grave. Severn had just said something about the other side asking any questions they pleased, when the foreman of the jury talked a minute or two to the judge, and then, nodding to the jurymen, rose up and said, 'The unanimous opinion of this jury is that the prisoner is not guilty.' Such a shout! Mrs. Corbin stood up for a minute, and then, without a word, fell over in a dead faint in Jack Thornton's arms. The crowd made way for him as he carried her, as if she had been a baby, out into the court-house yard. The Madam and I were there about as soon as he."

"An' me an' Patsy," added Yellow Bob.

"We put her in the carriage—"

"An' Unc' Torm Driver he lash he horses twell dey gallop ev'y foot o' de way home."

"Hold your infernal tongue. I'm telling this story. When we got her home, of course the reaction set in. She had been as brave as a lion all the time before, but now she couldn't hold up her head. She just lay on the bed upstairs, with her great black eyes staring out of her white face, and by George, sir, I thought she was certain to kick the bucket. The only thing that roused her was when old Scaife Beverly, Jack's uncle, died without a will, and Jack got every cent the old curmudgeon left. Jack had hung around here ever since Mrs. Corbin came, but she wouldn't see him, and so months and months went on. At last one evening when she was well enough to sit up—it was more than a year after the trial—she was sitting in the chamber there by the dining-room, looking devilish pretty in a white wrapper, when—"

"I seen Marse Jack comin', and I run round de house an' tole him fur Gord A'mighty's sake ter run in missis' chamber, kase I was feerd Miss Ferginny Corbin had done had a fit er sumpin. Co'se she didn't have no fit; I jes say it ter git him in dyar, an' he jump through de winder openin' on de po'ch, and when he see her he say, kinder solemn, 'Ferginny!' I never will forgit de way he say 'Ferginny.' 'Twas jes same as if he'd tole her, 'I loves you better'n anything in de whole wide worl'. An' Miss Ferginny she fall back in her cheer, an' she begin ter cry, and say, 'Don't! don't! I'm too wicked to live!' when Marse Jack he jes tooken her in he arms an' kiss her. I got so intrusted wid dem conjurements I jes stan' like I done tooken root and look in de winder twell arf while Marse Jack seen me, an' he pick up ole marse's boot-jack layin' on de flo' an' shy it at me. I dodge, an' it broke missis' lookin'-glass an' her big red berangium in de flower-pot. He gin me a dollar nuix day, an' missis she quile wid him 'bout breakin' her lookin'-glass."

"They wanted to go away from the county, but I told them they'd better stay where they were known. It could be lived down sooner here than anywhere else. Upon my soul they were the most devoted married couple I ever saw. When the war broke out Jack raised a company, and was elected Captain, and afterward Colonel, and was made Brigadier-General as he was carried off the field mortally wounded. The same shot killed Virginia. She never held up her head afterward. I don't think she lived six months. The Madam said it was better she should die than live. They had no children. And a lot of damned, thrifty, industrious Yankees bought Northend, and they've got a confounded steam-plough that frightens all my horses, and they raise hay all over the place, and they've built an infernal ice-house on top of the ground instead of under it, and they work the whole place with twenty hands instead of sixty, as Jack Thornton did, and I want a julep—d' ye hear, you yellow rascal?"

M. ELLIOT SEAWELL.

THE SAMOAN DISASTER.

THE despatches forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy by Rear-Admiral L. A. KIMBERLY, in charge of the United States fleet in the Pacific, dated Auckland, March 30th, confirmed the rumor received some days before of the total loss of the *Trenton* and *Vandalia* and the beaching of the *Nipsic* off Apia, a harbor on the island of Upolu, one of the Samoan group. The cause of this terrible disaster was a typhoon on the 16th of March. The wrecking of these ships would be of secondary importance if it were not for the great loss of life. The *Vandalia* lost four officers—Captain SCHOONMAKER, Paymaster ARMS, Lieutenant SUTTON, Pay Clerk ROACH—and thirty-nine men; the *Nipsic*, seven men. During the typhoon the German men-of-war the *Adler* and *Eber* were driven on the reefs, and the *Olga* was beached. The Germans lost ninety-six men. Many merchantmen were wrecked in the storm. An English steamer, the *Calliope*, having her steam up, bore the brunt of the typhoon, and having plenty of sea-room, escaped disaster.

From officers who have cruised off Apia, the harbor of Upolu is represented to be in form like the letter C, the opening being the harbor entrance. The roadstead is a small basin, but back of the letter the sea extends, there being quite a distance intervening before the land is reached. Coral reefs extend between the anchorage basin and the shore. Once a vessel, urged by stress of weather, drags her anchor, no matter how the wind blows, the ship is driven on the reefs. The force of the waves in the Pacific is terrible in its effects. Pounded on the jagged coral reefs and struck by the heavy seas, the life of the stanchest vessel is but brief.

The *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic* were at the anchorage used by men-of-war, which is on the east side of the harbor. The first two vessels were driven right on the coral reefs, while the *Nipsic* may have escaped foundering by reason of her lighter draught. She was thrown on a sand-covered reef. It is possible that the *Trenton* and *Vandalia* may have fouled.

The *Trenton* was a wooden steam-ship, launched in 1877. She was 253 feet long, 48 feet beam; her draught was 20.6, tonnage, 3600. She had on board 420 men and officers. The *Vandalia* was a smaller ship and a year older than the *Trenton*. Her displacement was 2100 tons. She carried 200 officers and men. The *Nipsic* was really the oldest of the vessels and the smallest; she was 185 feet long; her draught was 14.3 feet; she had on her 180 men. Though all these vessels were old, and belonged to a past period of marine construction, they were fairly efficient, a great deal of money having been spent in keeping them in good order. With a total of 800, the crews of the American fleet outnumbered those of the German flotilla.

The *Olga* was the largest of the German ships, with a displacement of 2200 tons, and carried a battery of eight 6-inch Krupp guns. The *Adler* and *Eber* were smaller ships, the latter more particularly equipped for torpedo service. The *Eber* lost the captain, all the officers but one, and seventy-six men, and in the *Adler* fifteen men perished.

The first intimation of the disaster having reached the Navy Department at Washington on the 29th of last month, it is curious to note how the news was transmitted to the United States. The Samoan Islands, 400 miles northeast of the Feejee Islands, are about half-way between San Francisco and New Zealand. Auckland, in New Zealand, is 2000 miles away. To this point news must have been transmitted by Admiral KIMBERLY, and his with the German despatches were forwarded by cable to Singapore, Penang, Madras, Bombay, Aden, Suez, Malta, to Gibraltar, Lisbon, and London. At some later date a full investigation of the disaster will be made, and Rear-Admiral KIMBERLY will present the facts.

The list of disasters to ships of war during the last half-century is not a very long one. Men-of-war are generally well fitted out, and kept up to the highest degree of efficiency. The sea-worthiness of the more recent heavily clad and armored ships has not yet been fully established. Up to a certain point, however, it is positive that a large ship is safer than a smaller one. The element of speed brought about by powerful machinery tends toward the safety of the ship. They can weather a storm, getting out of its centre, and can defy those dangerous currents which used to wreck sailing vessels. Making their passages more rapidly, the chances of steamers meeting with storms and continuous bad weather are lessened. If through ignorance of the simplest of laws some European men-of-war have been lost, the terrible lessons acquired are not likely to be forgotten. The ships lost by the United States by stress of weather or accident are not numerous.

The *Albany*, a sloop of war, was lost in 1853. It is believed she was struck by a cyclone in the West India seas. Nothing was ever heard of her, or of the brig of war *Porpoise*, which was on a cruise about the same time in the China seas. The *Levant*, in 1858 sailing in the Pacific waters, has never been heard of. The loss of the *Monitor*, in December, 1862, is remembered by many to-day. In 1863 the brig of war *Bainbridge* was lost off North Carolina, and only the cook, who drifted on a bit of the wreck, lived to tell of the disaster. The *Monongahela*, strange to say, the vessel now on her way to Apia, was lifted up by a great tidal wave in 1867, and landed in the town of Vera Cruz. One year after this another tidal wave, off the coast of Chili, took the two United States ships *Wateree* and *Fredonia* and stranded them. It is said the *Wateree* was converted into an inland hotel. The *Yorktown* was blown on shore on one of the Cape de Verd Islands. The *Saginaw* was lost fifteen years ago off one of the islands of the Pacific, and the last loss before the present distressing ones was the foundering of the *Huron* off Currituck Beach, North Carolina, when most of the crew perished.

Of disasters happening to war vessels of foreign nationalities the most terrible was the fate which overtook the *Captain*, an iron-clad of 4270 tons. She went clean down in a gale of wind in September, 1870, off Finisterre, with every soul on board, and all were lost. She had been overweighted with iron and guns, and was two feet deeper in the water than she should have been. The sinking of the German ship of war *Grosser-Kurfürst* in 1878 was due to a collision with the *König Wilhelm*. Here, of 500 men and officers, only 183 men were saved. The most recent disaster is that of the English iron-clad the *Sultan*, now aground off a small island near Malta.

One incident worthy of mention in connection with this national misfortune is the kindly action of Queen VICTORIA, who on the last day of March cabled to the President, who represents the people of the United States, her earnest sympathy in regard to the terrible naval misfortune at Samoa, "and the deplorable loss of life." In replying, President HARRISON expressed his warm appreciation and that of the people of this country of the Queen's expression of solicitude.

Under orders from the Secretary of the Navy, the *Richmond*, the *Alert*, and the *Adams* will replace the lost vessels. These vessels mount altogether thirty-seven guns, and carry a total of 70 officers and 564 men.

Authorities.—Professor William C. Redfield, U. S. A.; Signal Service Storm-Track Charts; Colonel Sir William Reid, C.B., F.R.S., Royal Engineers; Henry Piddington, President Marine Courts, Calcutta; Marc Dechevrens, S.J., Director Li-Ka-Wei Observatory, Shanghai, China; Lieutenant M. J. Revertegat, French Navy.

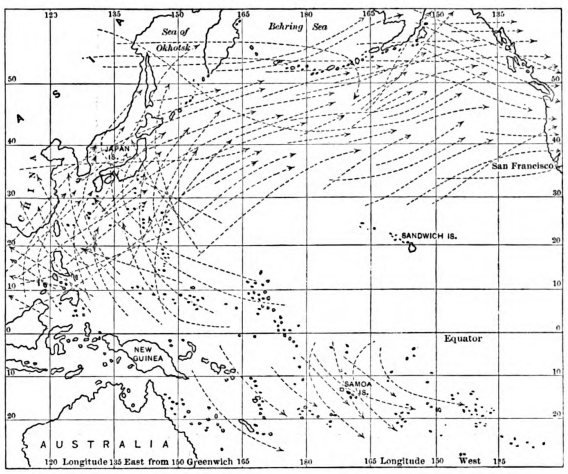


CHART NO. 1.—PREPARED BY LIEUTENANT JOHN P. FINLEY, SIGNAL CORPS, U.S.A.

HURRICANES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

THE hurricanes south of the equator in the Pacific Ocean, which are at times felt with great fury in the Samoan and Feejee Islands, are as severe as any in the world, but their characteristics are not easily distinguishable from the hurricanes of the China Sea, the Indian Ocean, and those experienced from December to March (the summer of the southern hemisphere) over the island of Mauritius, off the coast of Madagascar. Owing to deficient data, however, the general traits of the hurricanes of the South Pacific can be described only as coinciding with the general laws of hurricane development in the West Indies, which are the best known.

Fortunately, owing to the active efforts and rapid accumulation of classified reports by Lieutenant JOHN P. FINLEY, the hurricane tracks of the South Pacific have been charted to the present date. See chart No. 1, in which the paths of progressive hurricane movement are indicated by continuous lines ending in arrow-heads showing the direction taken by the hurricanes. The wind blows in an almost circular course round the area of central calm, and at the same time the entire storm field advances along the curved tracks, as seen in charts No. 1 and No. 2. Sometimes the hurricane progresses in this manner with great velocity, and then again it pauses, and seems to move only a few miles an hour.

From 1836 to 1889 the average number of hurricanes reported for the Samoan Islands is about one in every three years, fifteen having been reported during this period, including the one that caused the recent disaster. Of this number the most severe in its effects took place December 5, 1850, when many chapels were torn to pieces and more than twenty thousand native huts blown down. The *Favorita*, of London, the *Hercules*, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and the Roman Catholic mission schooner *Clara* were all driven on the rocks and destroyed. Before this time, in 1848, a furious hurricane passed over the islands, causing the loss of three vessels. It was the most destructive storm in eighteen years, and its course southward was traced for over a thousand miles. The direction of its track was in agreement with the well-established movement of hurricanes south of the equator. (See chart No. 1.) In chart No. 2 it will be seen that a number of hurricanes pursue a course parallel to the equator before making a marked curve toward the south pole.

The frequency of these visitations in this region of the ocean is very much less than one-third that observed in the West Indies. Lieutenant FINLEY points out the fact that the limited number of observations south of the equator has made the average direction taken by these hurricanes somewhat doubtful, but he claims that enough is known to determine the regions of greatest and least frequency. Meteorological observations ending with 1887 were taken at Apia, from which it appears that an average temperature of from 78° to 80° prevails, a uniformity unknown in the temperate zone.

On the Feejee Islands, several hundred miles southwest of the Samoan Islands, the houses are supplied with stout shutters and doors, and many roofs are fastened by means of chains attached to the ground—not unlike the system of securing to the rock the old Tip-Top House at Mount Washington. They prepare for a hurricane on some of these islands by carrying into a central room of the house fuel, provisions, live-stock, and make everything as secure as possible. The weather is, as we have seen, usually pleasant, but as November approaches, people watch the barometer anxiously. During two or three days before the hurricane the air is hot and oppressive. Then the inhabitants make preparations, as if they were to be besieged by cannon. In addition to the material mentioned above, fire-wood, charcoal, oil for lamps, and provisions are taken under shelter. Experts predict the approach of the hurricane five days ahead, if the island is inhabited by civilized people, as many of them are.

Authority.—Thomas Dobson, B.A., Head-Master, High-school, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land; London, Edinburgh, and Dublin *Philosophical Magazine and Journal of Science*, 1854.

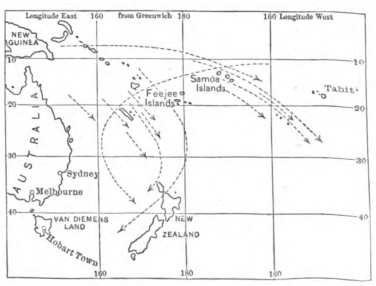
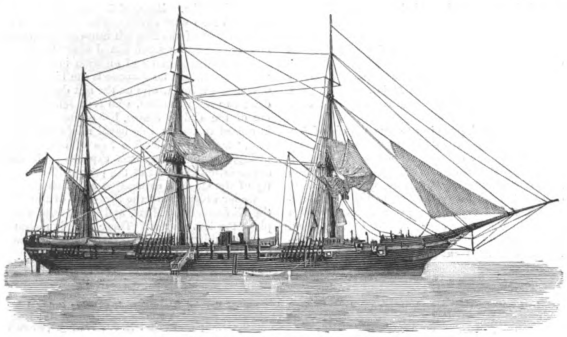
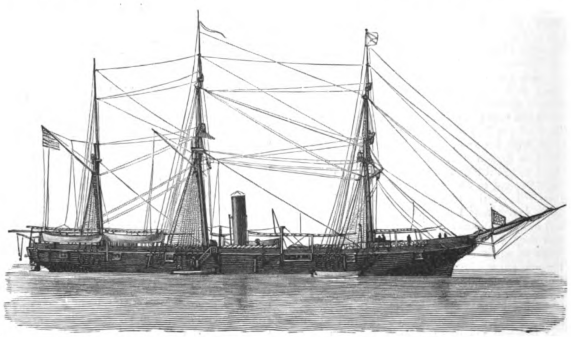


CHART NO. 2.—PREPARED BY LIEUTENANT JOHN P. FINLEY, SIGNAL CORPS, U.S.A.

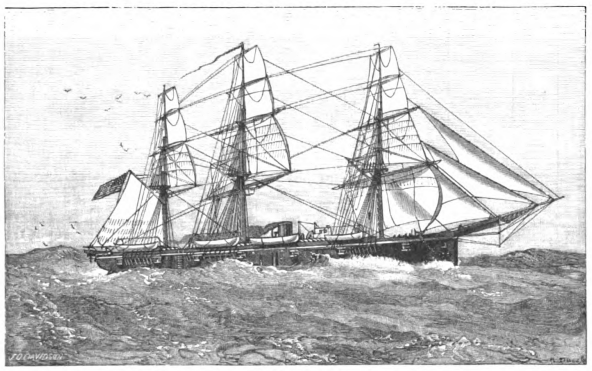
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "VANDALIA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. H. W. WHITAKER, U.S.N.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "NIPSIC."

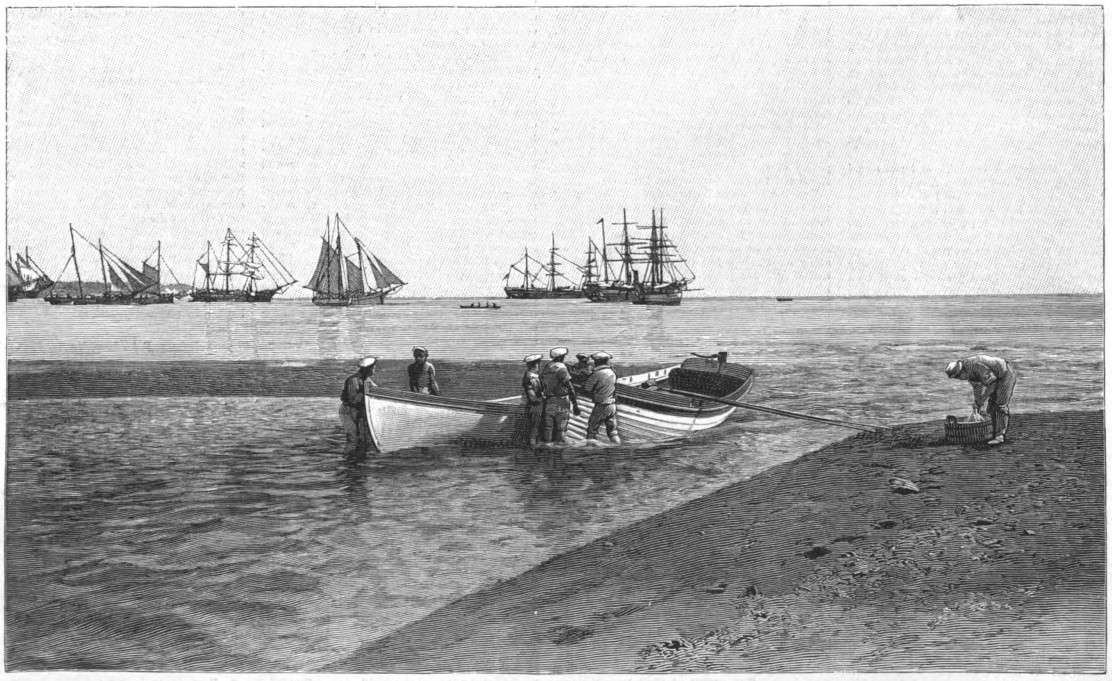


THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "TRENTON."

At times the hurricane track veers favorably; and then again word is sent round to expect the worst. Then a general gloom settles upon everything. First there is heavy, steady rain for a day or two, accompanied by a darkness that seems to increase. It is then that extra provisions are sent for, and everything worth keeping is carried in-doors. Everybody is depressed by the necessity of barricading against and fighting the atmospheric enemy. Heavy hurricane shutters, made especially for the purpose by a carpenter, are drawn over the doors and windows, and fastened with huge bars and bolts. Wedges and nails are driven into the doors and windows, excluding both light and air, and near the equator the heat becomes stifling in rooms so tightly closed. Ornaments, books, and pictures are placed in a heap on the floor, and covered with blankets to keep out the dampness. Vessels in the harbor go to sea to escape destruction, and all business is suspended. When a hurricane lasts a week, which is very unusual, everything in-doors seems to steam with moisture, owing to the excessive humidity. Note-paper becomes something like blotting-paper, and that on the walls becomes damp. Meantime the hurricane roars and thunders without, and people must shout to be heard even in a room closed tight. The house sways, creaks, and groans in a threatening manner, as if it would presently fall. No one dares so much as venture into the street, fearing injury from flying tree branches and other débris. After several days of this tremendous uproar — the hurricane may have simply paused and rotated without moving on—the imprisoned inhabitants wake some morning and find pleasant weather. But it is found that most of the leaves are stripped from the trees, branches are carried away, and the landscape is covered with surface ponds and streams of foaming, rushing yellow water. Many trees are blown into the sea, and tangled heaps of vegetable rubbish appear everywhere. The careful accumulation of storm data by modern meteorologists has been of great service to mariners. The laws observed in hurricanes and typhoons—the latter are especially severe kinds of hurricanes common in the China Sea and the Indian Ocean—as developed by recent investigations of their paths, will lessen their destructive effects, owing to anticipations of their motions and knowledge of the best means to escape them. The typhoons of the Indian Ocean and the China Sea manifest as great violence as the South Pacific hurricanes. In some instances the typhoon tracks form a huge circle before moving along their usual course off the coast of Asia. In a typhoon which took place in September, 1882, reported by DECHEVRENS, the centre of destruction, as charted, cut a huge oblong curve and thence back upon its track, which it resumed at a point very near the one where it turned southward on its immense circular course. At the time of making these abnormal curves the typhoon usually attains its greatest severity. One of the most destructive typhoons on record, doubtless fully as severe as the storm that destroyed the men-of-war at Apia, occurred over the Philippine Islands October 20, 1882. Its track was notable for the sharpness of its curves. Fifteen vessels were blown ashore, and five men-of-war were severely damaged. In this case it was officially reported from the observatory at Manila, on Luzon Island, that the wind attained the tremendous velocity of 120 miles an hour: the March blizzard when exerting its greatest power off the Atlantic coast reached a wind velocity of only 90 miles an hour. The temporary lull of eight minutes while the calm spot in the centre of the hurricane was passing was soon followed by the rush of wind on the opposite side of the whirling circle at the rate of 118 miles an hour.



THE LATE CAPT. C. M SCHOONMAKER, OF THE "VANDALIA."



THE HARBOR OF APIA, WITH MEN-OF-WAR AT ANCHOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. H. W. WHITAKER, U.S.N.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ELLIS H. ROBERTS, ASSISTANT UNITED STATES TREASURER AT NEW YORK CITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MUNDY.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

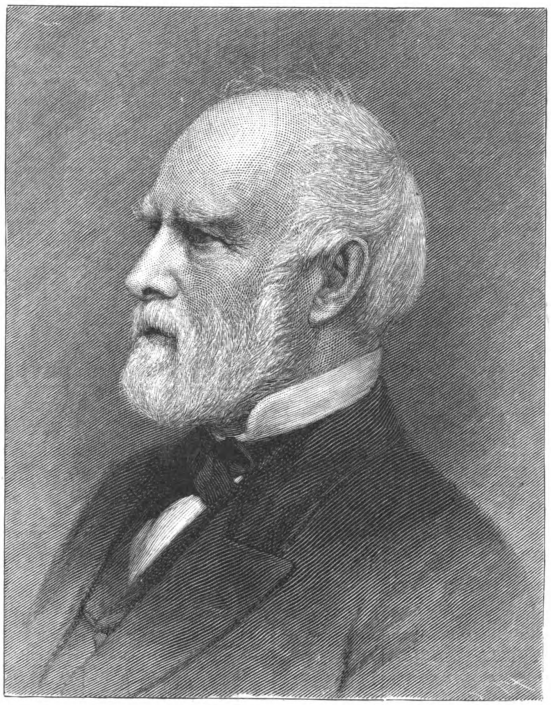
A distinguishing characteristic of hurricanes of the Atlantic Ocean, as shown in FINLEY's chart of the West Indian hurricanes during more than one hundred years, is the great length of their tracks, of which a number begin near the Cape Verd Islands, off the coast of Africa, cross the Atlantic Ocean to Florida, and thence move northeast to Iceland. One of the interesting traits of the tracks on chart No. 1 is the extension of the typhoons, modified into common ocean storms as they move north into the territory of the United States on the Pacific coast. One of these typhoons dwindled into nearly nothing at San Francisco, and then moved across the United States and became the great March blizzard. A vessel caught at sea in a hurricane is sure to be lost unless well made. It has been observed that one with a rounded hull, and with its sides pinched in at the deck, best withstands the furious blasts. Owing to its rotundity it rolls easily, causing its masts to take an almost horizontal position, leaving relatively little projecting surface to catch the wind. Those who have been exposed to the wind while trying to look over the bulwarks during a hurricane have been thrown down as if struck by a club. Steamers have been stripped of nearly all their upper works and rigging down to the bare hull, but this has doubtless been facilitated by the shock of great masses of water, which often break iron-work and cause other serious damage. The spray is impelled through the air with such speed that in time a salt deposit or dust seems forced into the rigging and the interstices of the wood-work. A blinding cloud of water particles is emitted from the sea and the storm cloud, and at times there are continuous gusts that blow the crests from the waves.

The most destructive hurricane on record seems to have occurred in the West Indies from October 4 to 7, 1844. The usual rotary motion, against that seen in the hands of a watch, was clearly demonstrated from the records taken at various points. In the harbor of Havana, remarkable for its security, EVERETT HAYDEN recalls the fact that seventy-two ships were capsized, dismantled, and driven ashore.

One of the recent achievements of the Hydrographic Office was the issue by Lieutenant GEORGE L. DYER, Hydrographer, of a special chart containing the tracks of twenty-three of the most important West Indian hurricanes observed during several successive years in August, since 1830. But probably the most valuable contribution to hurricane science in recent times was the translation by Lieutenant DYER of a complete and able treatise written by Padre BENITO VIÑES, S.J., of Havana. It includes the latest deductions made by this great Spanish meteorologist, who has done much to verify the discoveries made by REDFIELD, MAURY, and PIDDINGTON.

GLAISHER discovered in the course of several of his balloon ascensions that the contrast between the upper and surface air currents is unusually marked during midsummer. Professor WILLIAM BLASIUS demonstrates that this great contrast in temperature must cause very violent vertical atmospheric disturbances in the tropics, owing to the great difference in temperature between the upper and lower air currents. Unquestionably the lessening contrasts of temperature as tropical hurricanes trend northward cause their fury to wane. VIÑES's investigations and his co-operation with the Hydrographic Office and the Signal Service have added to the scientific reasoning of BLASIUS an element of historical value, and one that operates to save many thousand lives and much valuable property. The studies of cloud formation and of hurricane prediction made by VIÑES are of incalculable value. He finds that the approach of a hurricane from the tropics—these facts also apply to the region of the Samoan Islands—is first indicated by the presence of a bright, dry, clear sky and transparent atmosphere. The upper regions soon become hazy, and clouds resembling white and delicate feathers or great plumes stretch across the sky. Halos are seen, of which the well-known ring around the moon is an example, and which denote the approach of a violent storm. He records the fact, also observed by EVERETT HAYDEN in the tropics, that at sunrise and sunset the horizon sky is remarkable for its red and violet tints. HAYDEN has carefully described the singular cloud movement at the beginning of a hurricane. He finds that the small masses of rolling white cloud increase in size, and that careful observation reveals their slow movement toward a central point. As these patches of cloud expand, local showers and heat-lightning give the sea and sky a more sinister, threatening appearance. Finally the heavy-looking cloud bank, denoting winds of hurricane violence, rises slowly above the horizon, accompanied by rolling wind clouds and light rain. Many squalls, showing marked rapidity of movement and of intensity, begin to appear as the cloud bank rises higher. The rolling masses first seen are replaced by plumes of light-colored mist that unmistakably radiate from a centre. VIÑES noticed that the rising lines of dark vapor are found upon a nearer view to consist of cone-shaped dark clouds that become still darker near the surface of the sea. The band of darkness near the horizon seems fixed, but the squalls and flying scud clouds follow one another across the line of vision, revealing the rotary motion of the hurricane. These are marked characteristics, seen in no other kind of an ocean storm, and indicate great violence, in accordance with a well-known atmospheric law of accelerating force. When the wind is blowing at the terrific velocity of one hundred miles an hour as the central region of calm is approached, the blinding sheets of spray, mist, and rain are overrun by low-flying clouds that move with great speed. This well-known "eye of the storm" is metaphorically a curious prison-house surrounded by circular walls of terrible revolving force. In some of the furious typhoons of the China Sea the navigator in reaching this central refuge has a breathing spell of only eight minutes' duration, when the wind changes to the opposite direction, and his vessel must make its way out of the vortex with a repetition of his struggles. So few have succeeded in getting into and out of this central place of rest that it is not easy to obtain definite details of the experience.

In this relatively small area there are immense irregular waves dashing against one another in great confusion, above which may appear patches of clear sky. The rate of progress is very slow at times. In one of the typhoons of the China Sea described by DECHEVRENS the storm centre seemed almost stationary, and hovered for several days north of Formosa. As a rule, the hurricane progresses along at a rate of twenty miles an hour, and so violent is its action that it sends a long rolling swell a thousand miles in advance.



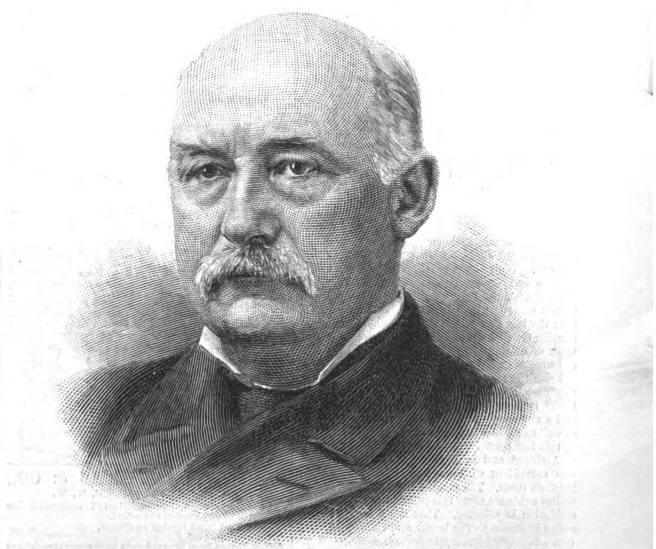
THE LATE JACOB SLEEPER, OF BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



JOHN HICKS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO PERU.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



CORNELIUS VAN COTT, POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK CITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



JOEL B. ERHARDT, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERMAN & McHUGH.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATIONS.

THERE has been a change in the atmosphere of Wall Street during the last few days, which, although it cannot as yet be positively accounted for, indicates that something of more than usual importance has been accomplished beneath the surface. The manifestation of a change has been most pronounced in the market for the stocks of the Missouri Pacific and of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe companies, and at this writing the current reports are that those two interests have agreed upon a close alliance. It may be that these reports are premature, but they are so plausible that they are worth considering seriously. The Atchison Company has been driven to such extremities by the sudden and unwise expansion of its system of roads that it has become a weak corporation. It has become so weak that the bankers who gave the concern a credit it did not deserve have had to come to the front and request the stockholders to co-operate with them to save it, if possible, from a forced reorganization. The fate of weak concerns is to be absorbed or crushed out of existence by their stronger competitors. The Atchison system cannot be annihilated, and it is too large to be absorbed by any of its neighbors or competitors. Besides, none of its neighbors is sufficiently strong at present to impart strength to the Atchison system by consolidation or other form of merger. But a coalition that would be of value to all could be formed, and that, according to the information now at hand, is what is likely to take place.

It is entirely reasonable to assume that a strong and comprehensive alliance will be formed by all of the great systems traversing the region west of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast and south of San Francisco and St. Louis. The same development that is forcing other industrial enterprises to combine is at work in the region referred to, namely, excessive competition. The result is bound to be the same. The exact form of the alliance cannot be predicted, nor is it essential to know in advance what it will be. It is sufficient to appreciate at this time that the necessities of the Atchison Company are so great, and of the Missouri Pacific too, for that matter, that self-preservation has inspired them to extend their arms to each other. The same conditions exist further North, in the so-called Granger territory, where similar results may be expected. Indeed it is already rumored that the recent concentration in the hands of prominent branches of the voting power upon Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul stock is for the purpose, among other things, of bringing that company into close relations with the Chicago and Northwestern Company.

The tendency of railroad corporations to sink their identity in large systems is not new, nor is it confined at present to any particular locality. Overbuilding in the West and Southwest has intensified the tendency in those localities, but it may be noted everywhere. An important amalgamation has just been practically completed in what used to be called the Western States—that is, Indiana and Ohio—whereby the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis roads become one concern. Other consolidations in the same region are definitely hinted at. The Richmond and West Point Terminal Company is constantly aggregating the railroads in the South, while the New York and New England Company has been coquetting for years with its powerful competitors.

While this tendency is not new, it is a singular fact that the national legislation that was devised in response to the demands of those who regard large aggregations of capital with disfavor is one of the factors that accelerate consolidations of railroad companies. In the main the Inter-State Commerce Law has benefited the railroads, against which it was directed, quite as much if not more than it has the patrons of the roads. The "long and short haul" clause has changed the current of trade in a number of important cases, while the provisions compelling uniform rates practically legislate the weaker roads into the hands of the stronger ones. A new road, or one that is placed at a disadvantage by reason of the length of its line or the lack of proper terminal facilities, cannot make both ends meet unless it performs the service at a less rate than a shorter or better equipped line. On the basis of uniform rates the weaker or poorer line is certain to go to the wall, and be taken by its stronger neighbor at the price the last-named may be willing to pay. This same legislation, if enforced, as is probable, will prevent new construction. It seems likely, therefore, that an era of consolidations and of the unification of railroads is at hand. The railroad men themselves appreciate the situation, but the public does not seem to. Wall Street is gradually waking up to the idea and beginning to appreciate it. The time will unquestionably come when every one will see clearly what is going on to-day, but in the mean time the law that is helping to force it will have become firmly fixed on the statute-books, and the work of uniting the roads will have made material progress.

From the point of view of the investor the tendency must be regarded with favor, as it means fewer rate wars, great economies in operation, and a more stable market for railroad securities, as well as more certain returns from them. Proof of this has been furnished by the sharp advance in Atchison and in Missouri Pacific stocks that was coincident with the reports of an alliance between them. The stock-market invariably furnishes evidence upon this point every time a consolidation is effected. That the public will not suffer is shown in the better and cheaper service that has followed every important consolidation.

C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, April 6, 1889.*

IN TOWN AND HAMLET

The seeds of intermittent and bilious remittent fever germinate and bear evil fruit. No community has altogether escaped it. In populous wards of large cities bad sewage causes it, and in their suburbs stagnant pools in sunken lots breed it. There is at once a remedy and a means of prevention. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is, without peradventure, the most potent antidote in existence to the malarial virus. Fortified with this incomparable, saving specific, miasmatic influences may be encountered with absolute impunity. Disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, begotten by miasma-tainted water, or any other cause, succumb to the beneficent corrective named, and rheumatic, kidney, and bladder troubles are surely removable by its use when it is given a persistent trial.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

THE fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world renowned tonic.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



Weak and Painful Kidneys, Aching Sides, Back, and Chest, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Muscular Pains, **relieved in one minute** by the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster** The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

WRITE WITH
TADELLA'S ALLOYED ZINC PENS
More durable than pure steel, and smoother than gold. Demand them of your Stationer. Send 10 cents for samples of 12 styles. $1.25 per gross. **ST. PAUL BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., St. Paul, Minnesota. H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., New York.** (*Name this paper.*)



BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

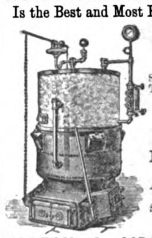


The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
Pictorial History of the Civil War
Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16: in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $25. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to
McDONNELL BROS., Publishers, 185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

HOUSE HEATING BY STEAM
Is the Best and Most Economical Method.



THE "GORTON" BOILER,
SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, MADE OF BEST MATERIALS.
AUTOMATIC, SELF-FEEDING, ECONOMICAL IN USE OF FUEL.
Any servant girl can run it with ease.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description and prices.
GORTON & LIDGERWOOD CO.,
96 Liberty Street, N. Y.
Branches: 159 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.; 34 & 36 West Monroe Street, Chicago.

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801
Tricopherous
FOR
THE HAIR



For invigorating, beautifying and imparting a gloss and silken softness to the hair. It is the oldest and best, yet strange to say it is the cheapest article in the market.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

"POKER'S BITTERS." THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

$210 **Genuine Confederate Money,** with Hats of prices we pay for rare U. S. coins; also list of our prices for curiosities, coins, Indian Relics, all for 25c., post-paid. **R. W. Mercer, 147 Cent. Av. Cincinnati, O.**

$5 **to $8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., **Holly, Mich.**

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD



The Ball-Pointed pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.
Seven Sorts, for ledger, rapid, or professional writing.
Price **$1.20** and **$1.50** per gross.
Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.
The "**Federation**" **holders** not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.
Price **5, 15,** and **20** cents. *Of all Stationers.*

LOANS
On approved productive realty in the **Golden Belt of the Middle West** at one-third its value, make
The Safest, Most Profitable,
AND MOST DESIRABLE of all Securities for judicious investors. Write for particulars
THE HUSTED INVESTMENT CO.
JAMES D. HUSTED, *President,* **KANSAS CITY, Kansas.**
Capital, **$500,000.** *Paid up* **$350,000.**

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES
TRADE-MARK.
PREPARED FROM THE
Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort, SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D., Member of the Royal Board of Health.
They are to be used with great benefit in all **Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx, and Lungs.**
By their action the **mucus is dissolved,** quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying **cough** and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of
the different **CATARRHS OF CONSUMPTIVES,**
the Chronic Catarrhs of the **STOMACH** and **INTESTINES,**
Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Enlargement of the Liver,
and other Abdominal Complaints
requiring a mild, laxative, and stimulating treatment.
DIPHTHERIA can be prevented by the use of **SODEN MINERAL LOZENGES,** as it has been demonstrated that the spores of the disease settle only in throats affected by Catarrh; and the tormenting **WHOOPING COUGH** is changed to its mildest form.
Singers, Speakers, Preachers, Lawyers, Teachers, and all whose vocations require continued use of the voice will experience gratifying relief by using these Pastilles.
The most renowned Medical Authorities recommend and prescribe them.
At the International Exhibition at Brussels the **SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES** *were awarded THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION, SILVER MEDAL, by a jury of medical men.*
For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a box.
Sole Agency for the United States.
Soden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, 15 Cedar Street, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Cure for Rheumatism.

G. G. Treat, of West Granville, Mass., writes of Allcock's Porous Plasters:

"For rheumatism, neuralgia, pain in the side or back, coughs, colds, bruises, and any local weakness, they truly possess wonderful curative qualities. I have recommended them to my neighbors with the happiest results, many of whom but for ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS would be in a crippled condition at home. In every instance where they have been faithfully and properly applied the result has been wonderfully satisfactory."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

HILL'S MANUAL. The Great Form Book. Standard in Social and Business Life. Large sales. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write Danks & Turner, **Hill Standard Book Co.,** 108 State St., Chicago, who wish to employ a few more good salesmen.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

FASCINATING VOLUMES, FULL OF CHARMING GLIMPSES OF HISTORIC PLACES, BEAUTIFUL SCENES, AND FAMOUS PERSONS.—ST. JAMES GAZETTE, London.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Published:

MOTLEY'S LETTERS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., Author of "The History of the United Netherlands," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," etc. Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. With Portrait. In Two Volumes. Vol. I., pp. x., 396. Vol. II., pp. x., 424. Royal 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, Gilt Tops, $7.00. (*In a Box.*)

OPINIONS OF THE WORK.

New York Tribune. — The free and fluent outflow of a brilliant and active mind. The more intimate history of a man of genius, a great writer, and a man of the world.

Spectator, London. — A boon to book lovers. A most valuable addition to a most pleasant department of literature.

New York Times. — They have a special value from the distinction of the individuals and the importance of the subjects which they discuss.

Boston Transcript. — Delightful pen-pictures and anecdotes of distinguished people. A worthy memorial and an honorable addition to literature.

NEW EDITIONS OF

MOTLEY'S WORKS.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. With Portrait of William of Orange.

The Library Edition. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $3.50 a volume. (*Vols. sold separately.*)

Popular Edition. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $6.00. (*Sold only in sets.*)

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS. With Portraits.

The Library Edition. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $3.50 a volume. (*Vols. sold separately.*)

Popular Edition. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $8.00. (*Sold only in sets.*)

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD. Illustrated.

The Library Edition. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $3.50 a volume. (*Vols. sold separately.*)

Popular Edition. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $4.00. (*Sold only in sets.*)

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*



A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

STAMP CLERK (*at post-office window*). "You'll have to pay letter postage on this package. It's first-class matter."

PERSEVERING AUTHOR (*about to send his manuscript on its seventh trial-trip*). "Ah, thank you! Couldn't you get a position as editor somewhere?"

To Cleanse the Skin and Scalp of every Blemish and Impurity Cuticura Remedies Are Infallible.



MY DISEASE (PSORIASIS) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head, and shoulders being the worst. The white scabs fell constantly from my head, shoulders, and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using two bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and one box of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight. I know of a number of different persons who have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and all have received great benefit from their use. MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Calhoun Co., Iowa.

I cannot say enough in praise of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctor said was scald head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the CUTICURA REMEDIES to mothers as the most speedy, economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother will thank me for so doing. MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Cuticura Remedies

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin and scalp and curing every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the SKIN, SCALP, AND BLOOD, and humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, crusts, ulcerations, swellings, abscesses, tumors, and loss of hair, whether simple, scrofulous, or contagious, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

Arnold Constable & Co

SUIT DEP'T.

A fine Selection of SPRING NOVELTIES, MANTLES, COSTUMES, WRAPS.

Broadway & 19th st.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Richest Fabrics and Highest Novelties for the Spring and Summer of 1889, in Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, and Cotton Fabrics.

Special Importation of

BLACK DRESS GOODS AND MOURNING FABRICS,

ALSO,

Black-and-White and Gray Materials

FOR DEMI AND LIGHT MOURNING

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia



Magee's Emulsion

—OF—

PURE COD LIVER OIL,

Extract of Malt, and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites (Lime and Soda).

A Reliable Remedy for

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, and General Debility.

Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated.

Thousands of Physicians are prescribing it in their regular practice, and **many assert that it is**

THE BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET.

Ask your Druggist for it, **and take no other.**

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Manufacturers, Lawrence, Mass.; Toronto, Canada.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS



THE PATENT

LABRADOR.

Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

PARIS DRESSES AND MANTLES.

MADAME JOSEPHINE GILLES ET CIE.,

17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.

Many years with **MAISON LAUR.** English well spoken.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

☞ No Chemicals. ☜



W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure

and it is soluble.

To increase the solubility of the powdered cocoa, various expedients are employed, most of them being based upon the action of some alkali, potash, soda or even ammonia. Cocoa which has been prepared by one of these chemical processes can usually be recognized at once by the distinct alkaline reaction of the infusion in water.

W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is manufactured from the first stage to the last by perfect mechanical processes, **no chemical being used in its preparation.** By one of the most ingenious of these mechanical processes the greatest degree of fineness is secured without the sacrifice of the attractive and beautiful red color which is characteristic of an absolutely pure and natural cocoa.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

Pears' Soap

HENRY WARD BEECHER wrote:



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' IS THE BEST, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps *for general* TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the *purest* and *cleanest*. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in **London 100** years as **A COMPLEXION SOAP**, has obtained **15** International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but *be sure that you get the genuine*, as there are worthless imitations.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER



WON

GOLD & SILVER MEDALS

FOR

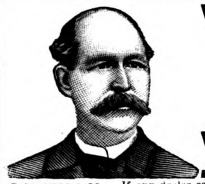
Championship of the World,

At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888.

151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus **BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.



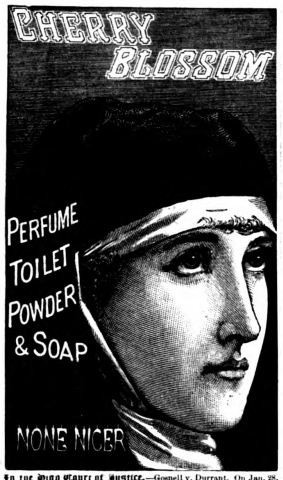
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

CAUTION If any dealer says he has the **W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES** without **name** and **price** stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write **W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.**



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

UNUSUAL Bicycle Bargains.

FIRST-CLASS MACHINES AT THE PRICE OF CHEAP ONES.

A number of second-hand and shop-worn high-grade Bicycles for sale at very low prices. All sizes. Send immediately for **Special List.**

POPE MFG. CO., BOSTON, MASS.

ASPINALL'S ENGLISH ENAMEL

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY—MADE IN EVERY COLOR, SHADE OR TINT—IN TINS, READY FOR USE, 25 AND 50 CTS. BATH ENAMEL TO RESIST BOILING WATER, IN TINS, 60 CTS.

Sole Agent for the United States,
E. ASPINALL, 98 and 100 Beekman St., N. Y.

Foster's KID GLOVES.

CAUTION!

Kid Gloves bearing imitations of our Lacing Hooks are offered for sale.

The genuine Foster Glove Hooks *do not* catch in Fringe, Laces, &c., nor accidentally unfasten.

All Gloves with *genuine* Foster Lacings are stamped

FOSTER'S PATENTS.

Demand them and see that you get them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOSTER, PAUL & CO., Manufacturers.



If so, why not?

You may be looking for the best wheels in the world.

Try a Victor.

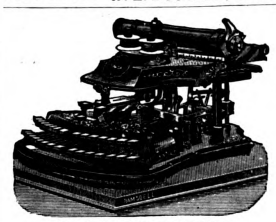
OVERMAN WHEEL CO.,

Makers of Victor Bicycles, Tricycles, and Safeties.

Catalog free. **Boston, Mass.**

CURE for the DEAF

by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.



THE NEW MODEL Crandall Type-Writer.

Unequalled for speed, accuracy, and durability. Writing in plain sight, even to last letter. Change of type in five seconds. Alignment can never change. The fewest parts of any standard type-writer. Only 28 keys, 84 characters. *Send for illustrated catalogue and price-list to*

IRELAND-BENEDICT CO., Ltd.,
SOLE AGENTS,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
New York Office, - 157 Broadway.

SECURUS JUDICAT

Apollinaris

ORBIS TERRARUM

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.



Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Lt'd, London.

TOP ROYAL

A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE FOR SALE BY ALL MENS FURNISHERS

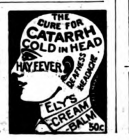
PAT'D AUG 14-88. MANF'D ONLY BY CORLISS BROS & CO., TROY N.Y.

New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St. **Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.**

ELY'S CREAM BALM WILL CURE CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS

BEST IN THE WORLD

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

COMMERCE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

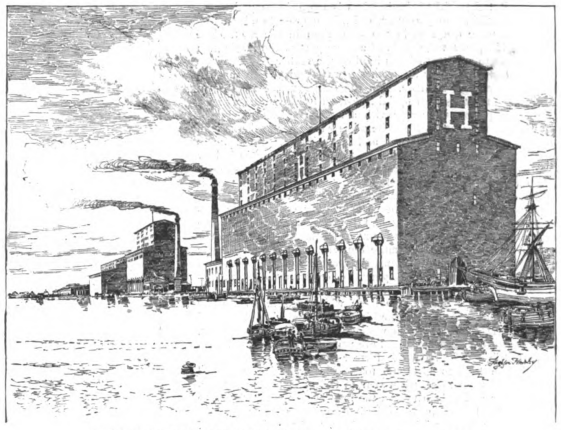
BY OSBORNE HOWES, JUN.



HOEVER studies the map of North America cannot fail to be impressed by the immense natural opportunities for commerce offered by the chain of the great lakes—a linked waterway which, if the St. Lawrence River is included, carries, by the removal of a few slight intervening barriers, the possibility of extending ocean navigation to the very centre of the continent. If a line be drawn from the borders of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the shores of Puget Sound, it will be found that the western end of Lake Superior comes about midway in the measurement. In truth, this great waterway is our American Mediterranean; and if the temperature throughout the year between the degrees of forty and forty-five north latitude were the same on the continent of America that it is on the continent of Europe, the entire industrial, and with it the social and political, development of our people would in consequence of these inland seas have run in lines altogether different from those which they have followed during the last three centuries. But waterways which are open but seven months out of the year have in the past, more than the present, presented obstacles to industrial effort not readily overcome. There have been other difficulties in the way, such as the rapids on the St. Lawrence, the falls at Niagara, the flats at the entrance of the St. Clair, and the rapids in the Sault Sainte Marie, not to speak of quite a number of other places where dredging is still needed before the lakes can be opened to ocean commerce; but with the possibility of navigation all the year round, it is not saying too much to assert that these impediments would have been overcome in the early years of this century, and the great West on the line of the lakes would have grown up simultaneously with the Eastern sections of our country. This is, no doubt, mere speculation; but the use that was made of this waterway by the French Canadians, who had penetrated far into the Northwest before our ancestors had crossed the Alleghany Mountains, proves the strong tendency of trade to follow up and utilize the means of transportation which navigable water affords, while the reports which two generations ago were current in the Eastern States of the intensely cold winters of the lake regions witness to the effect which this annual ice embargo had upon the popular imagination. It can indeed be said that the major part of the immense commerce now carried on upon the great lakes has been the result of railroad construction; that is, water-borne has followed and been subsidiary to land transportation, reversing in this respect what has been in the past the ordinary methods of development. Even at the present time the greater part of lake transportation comes eastward no farther than Buffalo; a fact partly to be accounted for by its domestic character and the influence of the connecting railroad systems, and partly also by the purely artificial hinderances which a political separation of this continent throws in its way.

Still, after making the deductions due to natural and artificial obstacles, it remains to be said that the commerce of the great lakes has in the last few years made enormous progress; and, what is more, it promises in the future to greatly exceed its gains in the past. It is still in its infancy, for it is only within the last half-dozen years that those engaged in the lake trade have begun to fully comprehend the possibilities that lie before them. So long as the trade was carried on in sailing vessels it was obviously impossible for it to make much headway. The risk of getting caught in the ice shortened the season of activity at both ends; and even when steam came into use, the wasteful and cumbersome marine engines of the early period did not afford a sufficient margin of saving in water transportation to offset the many advantages which land carriage could offer. The vessels built for passenger travel were in many respects similar to the lightly constructed craft used for short trips on our Atlantic seaboard; but freight steamers did not make their appearance until some time later, and when they came they were intended rather to tow barges loaded with freight than to carry cargoes themselves. After the close of our civil war, when the ocean merchant tonnage of the United States sank into insignificance, quite a number of those who had been in one way or another connected with it went to the West and interested themselves in lake navigation. These men took with them a knowledge of naval construction and of the methods and requirements of navigation which was exceedingly valuable, and which insensibly and gradually produced a revolution in the commerce upon the lakes. Most of their predecessors had gathered their knowledge of naval architecture and of maritime duties from experience gained on the canals and on Western rivers—a species of instruction valuable in its way, but not calculated to produce either the type of craft or the type of sailor needed for successful and safe navigation upon lakes where at times some of the severest tempests and heaviest seas have to be encountered. The lakes had not been in touch with the seaboard, and the great progress that had been made on the latter was not reflected by a corresponding advance made on the former.

Dating perhaps twenty years ago, a decided change began to take place in the character of the vessels intended for the lake trade. It came to be recognized that the ocean type of construction was the more desirable, modified by the necessity the shipmerchants on the lakes were under of having a sufficiently light draught for their vessels to permit them to safely pass over the various points of the great trade routes where there was but a slight depth of water. This change, as has been said, was gradual; indeed, in the mere matter of construction the lake builders have, until quite lately, been several years behind the ship-builders on the sea-coast in their utilization of improved methods. They persisted in using wood to build the hulls of their vessels years after it had been virtually discarded on the Atlantic, and the use of the compound and triple marine steam-engine was in the main postponed in an almost unaccountable manner. But whatever their failures to promptly grasp new ideas may have been in the past, no such charge can now be laid to their account. Within the last few years the lake ship-yards, notably those of Cleveland, have turned out lake steamers which, in adaptability for the service they have to perform, answer in every respect all of the needs that the subsisting demands of the trade present. This applies rather to freight than passenger steamers. Years ago it was discovered that the lightly built side-wheel passenger steamer was by no means a suitable craft for use on long trips upon the lakes. Severe storms are not infrequent, and ports which could be sought for shelter are not as numerous or as conveniently placed as could be desired. Realizing the dangers to be faced, the managers of lines of steamers used in part for passenger transportation abandoned side-wheels for propellers, though still retaining many of the structural characteristics of the former type of craft. But beyond this point they have not, with one exception, made much advance. The vessels that they have in use are presumably safe, but they are essentially old-fashioned. They are built of wood, stiffened by means of great hog-frames, and with their cumbersome upper works compare to great disadvantage with the ocean passenger steamers which daily enter and leave our Atlantic seaports. Besides this, their speed is slow, averaging certainly not over ten knots per hour, while the accommodations which they furnish for passengers and their baggage leave a great deal to be wished for. This is to be regretted, because a trip through the lakes from Buffalo to Duluth can easily be made to be one of the pleasantest and most attractive excursions that an American can make during a short summer vacation. It has not only most of the charms of a sea-voyage, but also certain merits that are peculiarly its own, and one who has breathed in the vivifying air of the mid-waters of Lake Superior, and has seen one of the marvellous sunsets of that great lake, must needs have travelled far and under exceptionally favorable conditions if he can recall in his experience parallel instances of physical refreshment combined with æsthetic enjoyment. Nor is it strange that this should be so. The chain of great lakes is by long odds the longest fresh-water area in the world, and hence affords opportunities which can be found nowhere else. The physiological benefits of a sea trip are well known; those of a trip on fresh-water are not so well defined, but can be clearly demonstrated only by experience on our great lakes. The trip is certainly worth taking, even if its discomforts were greater than they really are. But the first step toward an improvement in this respect has already been taken. The iron steamers which the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company has placed upon its line across Lake Superior and a part of Lake Huron are fast, well-built, and well-equipped boats. In appointments and service they are no better and perhaps not equal to some of the best American sea-board lines of steamers; but they are decidedly superior to the ordinary passenger lines upon the lakes, and can hardly fail, by their competition, to force the managers of American passenger lines to greatly improve upon their present methods of doing business. So much for the passenger traffic, which has, however, no direct applicability to the subject under consideration.



GRAIN ELEVATORS AT DULUTH.—From a Photograph by Cormany.

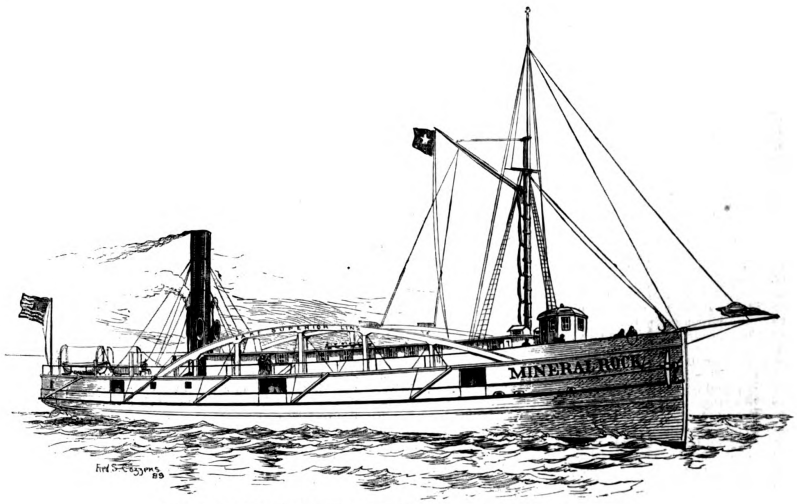
The owners of the towing steamers and barges plying upon the lakes were not long in discovering that the change they had made from sail to steam was only the beginning of a progressive development. Taking the entire chain of lakes, and the average of the last ten years, navigation may be said to open May 1st, and close December 1st. The opening of navigation at Buffalo would be on the average about three weeks earlier, closing, however, at about December 1st; and the same remark would hold true of the Welland Canal and the Strait of Mackinac; but this does not essentially qualify the statement that the lake ship-owner has but seven months within which he must do the business of a year. The disadvantage with sailing vessels was that the number of round trips which could be made by them in this limited period of time was uncomfortably small, so small that even in the absence of railroad competition the lake freighting business, under such conditions, could never have had a rapid development. The dangers of early and the risks of late navigation tended to decrease the length of a business season, which at best was annoyingly short. Of course when steam was introduced as a means both of propelling freight vessels and of towing barges loaded with cargo a great gain was secured. The ship-owner could make contracts agreeing to take so many thousand tons of coal from Erie to Duluth, or so much iron ore from Marquette to Cleveland, with entire confidence in his ability to complete the agreement before the close of navigation. But it must have been obvious from the first that in lake transportation, with its seven months of activity and five months of idleness, rapidity of motion was a quality even more essential to success than in sea transportation, where voyages could be made all the year round. This fact has been brought home to the lake shipmerchants by two important conditions which materially control their business. First, in the seven months of open navigation they have to earn their expenses and profits for the year, and second, they have to do this in competition with some of the best-equipped railway systems in the world. Two round trips more or less may make all of the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful season. For these reasons high speed, which can be obtained at not too great a consumption of fuel, and rapid despatch in loading and discharging cargoes, are essential factors not only to the profitability of the business but to its very existence. Indeed, it may also be said that if it had not been for the improvements in the methods of handling cargoes and the invention and use of the compound and triple marine steam-engine, the commerce of the lakes, in its largest features, would before this have practically disappeared, and the millions of tons of freight now annually carried by vessel would have been transported by rail.

But the ship-merchants of the lakes perceived in time the narrow limits within which they were compelled to work, and whatever want of enterprise they may have shown in past times has been abundantly offset by their recent readiness to adapt adequate means to necessary ends.

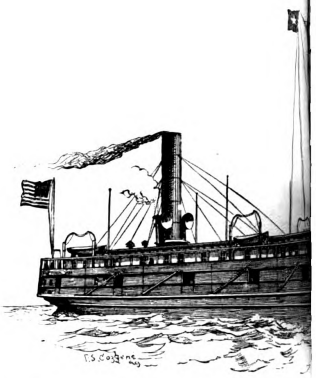
The iron and steel steamers intended for freighting business that have been put into commission during the last year or two are not surpassed for the purposes for which they are intended by any craft in the world. These steamers have a carrying capacity of from 2500 to 2800 tons each, with a speed of from 12 to 16 knots per hour. The average complement of officers and crew is 18 men all told; and to cover the distance of from 280 to 380 miles per day they consume in their furnaces from a half to three-fourths of a ton of coal per hour. The cost of a vessel of this type varies from $135,000 to $150,000, the high price of steel and iron entering into and largely controlling the total outgo. The lake steamers are not built as heavily as vessels intended for ocean commerce. The iron and steel plates are ordinarily thinner, and the frames of most of them are very much lighter, especially so when compared with steamers built in Great Britain. This may be in part due to the alleged superior character of American iron and steel for purposes of ship-building; but the more probable cause is that, as the lake steamers are never in service during the winter months, they do not have to encounter and sustain the long-continued storms which ordinarily occur at that season of the year. Still another source of structural weakness is the number and dimensions of the hatches with which the decks are pierced. The rule invariably followed—for reasons that will appear later on—is to have these hatches 24 feet from centre to centre. The dimensions of the upper-deck hatches are 26 by 8 feet, and the between-deck hatches 16 by 8 feet. It will be evident to any one who has even a superficial knowledge of naval architecture that these numerous and large openings cannot be made in the decks of a vessel without a considerable sacrifice of that rigidity which is needed to enable a vessel to stand for a series of days the buffetings and strains of a severe ocean storm. This comment is made for the reason that some of the more sanguine of the lake ship-merchants believe, or affect to believe, that the day is not far distant when now intervening obstacles will be sufficiently removed to permit them to send their steamers to the Atlantic seaboard, and to even engage in the transatlantic trade. They look forward with hope to the time when they can take a cargo of grain direct from Duluth to Liverpool, or can find in the Atlantic coasting trade employment for their steamers during the five months of closed navigation on the lakes. It is not improbable that before these anticipations are realized the structural character of the lake steamers will need to be materially changed; but the difficulty in the way will be how to give to their frames the required strength and at the same time retain those peculiar features, such, for example, as their large and numerous hatches, which are now so essential to their profitable employment. Then, too, there is another side to the picture. The American ship-merchants have at the present time by far the larger share of the commerce of the lakes; but if an open waterway for ocean steamers is provided from the Gulf of St. Lawrence up to and through the lakes, then Chicago, Milwaukee, and Duluth will become to all intents and purposes seaports, and our English cousins will not be slow in taking advantage of this new opening for their shipping trade. When the lake ship-merchant sends his steamers across the Atlantic to Liverpool he will find English steamers at most of the great lake ports competing with him for transoceanic business. In such a struggle he will realize more keenly than he now does that the high cost of the materials out of which his vessels are constructed is a serious obstacle in the way of his commercial success. The chances are that under such conditions he will be compelled to follow the melancholy example of his countrymen upon the seaboard, and permit the English merchant to take the foreign business and content himself with the coastwise trade. The practical realization of such a change in conditions is still some distance in the future. The natural obstacles are so numerous that at the present time the maximum draught of a lake vessel is but 16 feet, as to go beyond this depth would frequently make it impossible for her owner to send her through the Sault Sainte Marie River, or to have her visit a number of lake ports where profitable freights are to be obtained. This limitation on draught would need to be overcome before the ordinary ocean steamer could make her appearance on the lakes, while most salt-water sailors will doubt whether the light-draught lake steamers could safely be employed upon the ocean. In constructing these large steamers the ship-builders of the lakes have frequently had to contend with one difficulty which is rarely encountered on the seashore. The ship-yards in Cleveland front upon what is little more than an enlarged canal. To build a vessel several hundred feet long and launch her from the ways, stem on, in the conventional method, would be impossible, for her length might be almost the width of the waterway.

On the Clyde the narrowness of the river is overcome by having the stocks upon which the ship is built placed so as to front down one of the ranges of the stream, and the vessel is launched stem on down the river, instead of across it. But in Cleveland even this method cannot be or is not adopted. The vessels are launched from the ways broadside on. To those who have never seen this operation performed the chances of having the ship turn over on her side after the shores have been removed, and she has started on her trip to the water, would seem to be greatly in-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



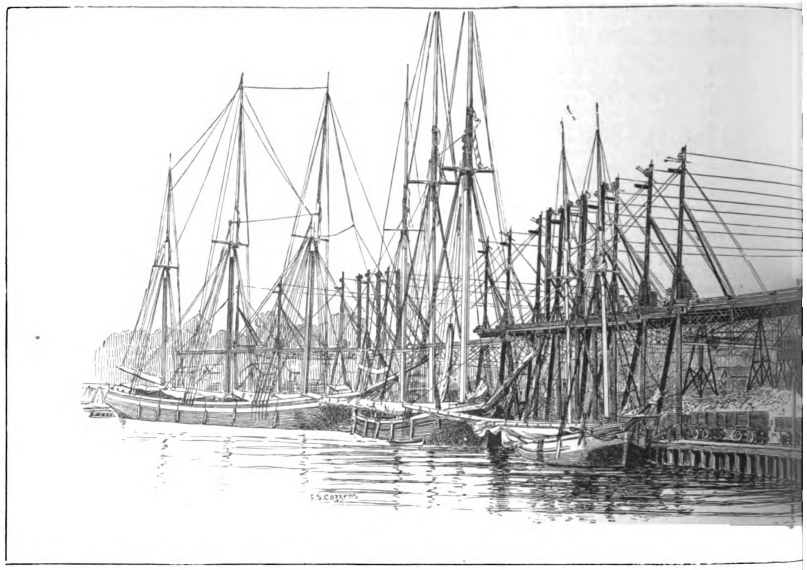
THE "MINERAL ROCK"; BUILT IN 1892, TO STEAM 10 MILES AN HOUR.



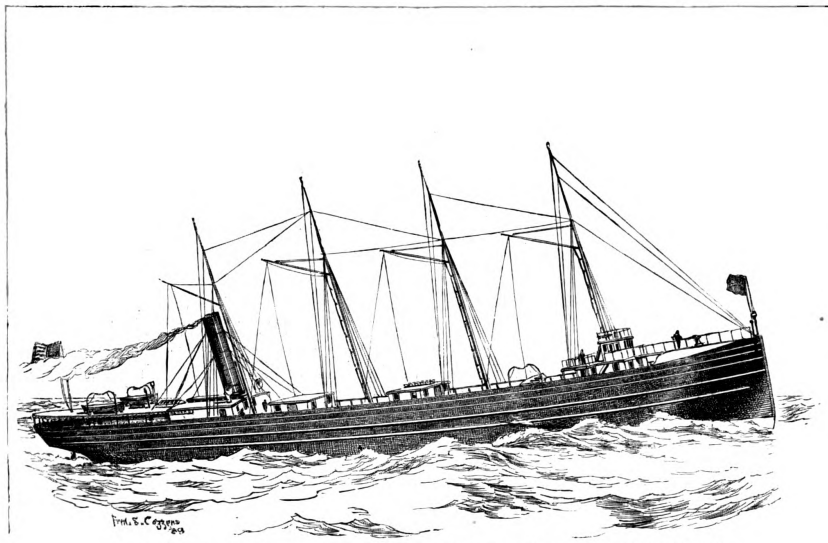
THE "PEWABIC," OF WHITING'S LINE; BUILT IN 1881; LOST I

creased. But the skill of the builders is more than equal to the added responsibility they assume, and mishaps due to miscalculation are no more frequent in the West than in the East. The launch itself is, however, devoid of a large part of the fascination that attaches to an event of this kind on the seaboard. The ship does not shoot gracefully off from the ways and plough through the water for some distance. On the contrary, she rubs down the ways, maintained in an upright position by props and wedges, and then drops into the water with a sudden splash, moving at most but a few score feet from the place where her keel was laid.

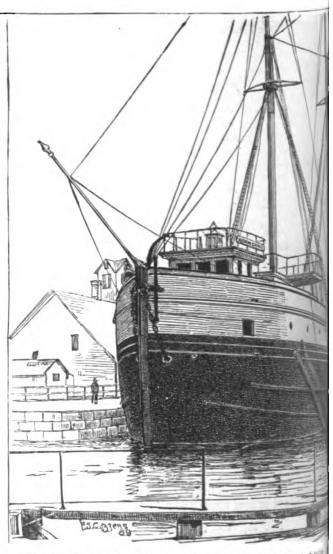
Having had one of these large and fast-sailing freight steamers turned over to him by her builders, the owner's concern is how to employ her to the best advantage. Roughly speaking, she can make during a season fourteen round trips, estimating that it will take eighty hours to steam from Buffalo to Duluth. The larger part of the lake commerce is directly or indirectly controlled by the ship merchants and brokers of Cleveland. The place is centrally located, the amount of tonnage hailing from the port is large, but what is of more importance, it is conveniently situated for the purpose of commanding certain of the great lines of business. The enormous shipments of ore from the Lake Superior iron mines are chiefly received either at Cleveland or the neighboring and tributary port of Ashtabula, while from these two ports is sent a considerable part of the bituminous coal which is needed and used in large quantities in various parts of the lake regions. The shipments of anthracite coal are principally made from Buffalo and Erie, chiefly from the former port, these local exports amounting in 1888 to 2,541,905 tons. Nearly half of this fuel for household use was sent last year to Chicago; Milwaukee, Duluth, Superior, and Toledo taking the next largest amounts, in the order named. Buffalo has also the indisputable advantage which comes to it as the receiving-point of most of the shipments of grain and flour, while no small part of the logs, lumber, shingles, etc., sent by water from the timber regions of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior finds its way to her docks. As the lake end of the Erie Canal, and as a point where competing lines of railway serve to occasion low freight rates for merchandise intended for the seaboard, Buffalo possesses many advantages over her lake rivals. And yet, in spite of these, it seems to be admitted that her ship-merchants do not have as large a control of the



THE NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, AND OHIO RAILROAD DOCK AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, SHOWING THE OPERA



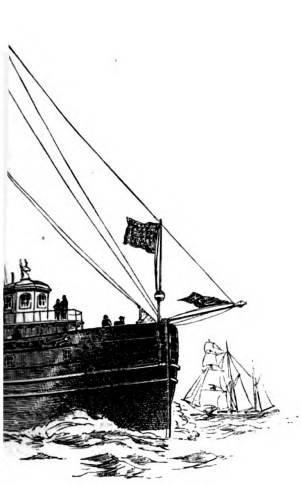
THE "NEOSHO"; BUILT IN 1888; CARRYING CAPACITY, 2400 TONS; SPEED, 14 MILES AN HOUR.



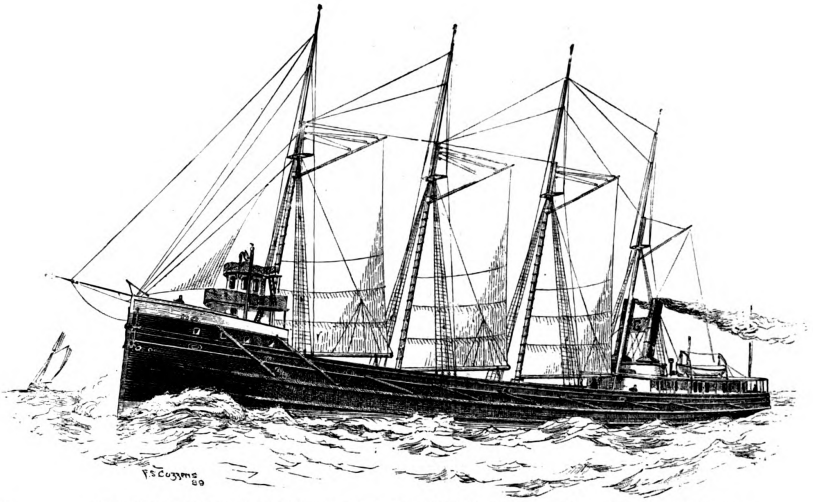
THE "JOHN CRAIG"; BUILT IN 1888 ON THE LOW CARRYING CAPACI

COMMERCE O

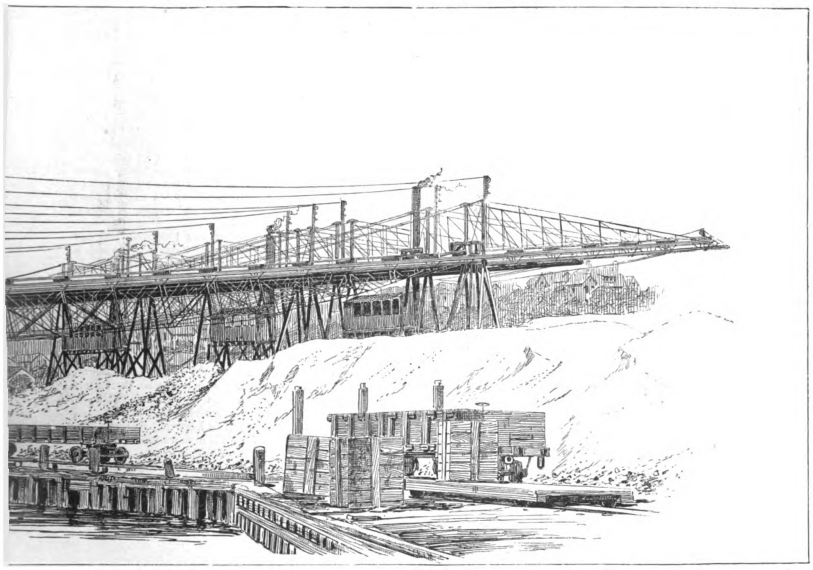
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WITH HER SISTER SHIP THE "METIER" ON LAKE HURON.



THE "CUMBERLAND"; BUILT IN 1881; CARRYING CAPACITY, 1900 TONS; SPEED, 10 MILES AN HOUR.

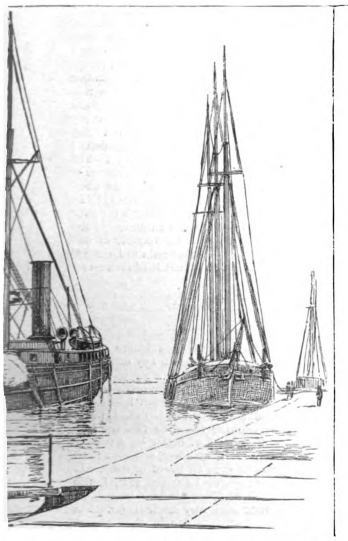


WN PATENT MOVABLE BRIDGE TRAMWAY SYSTEM FOR THE RAPID HANDLING OF COAL AND ORE.

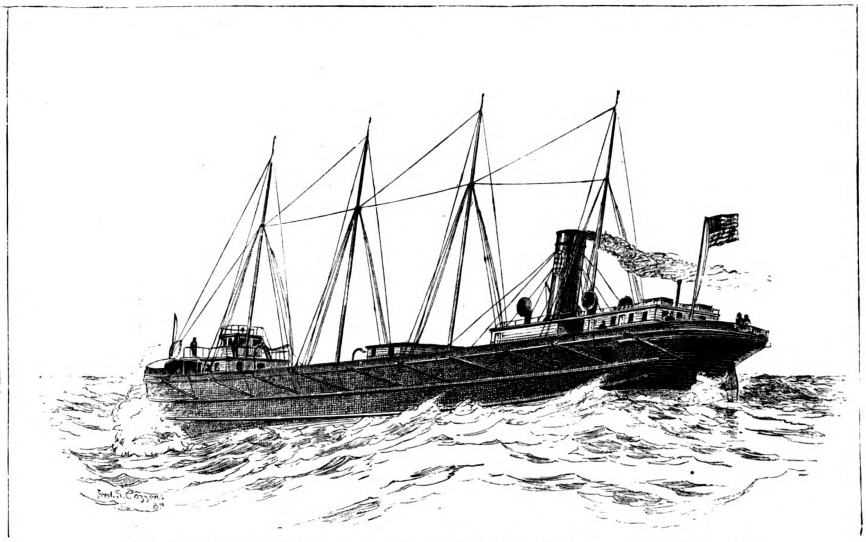
lake trade as their Cleveland associates in the business. This is said to be due to the more progressive and enterprising character of the Cleveland merchants. Cities, no less than individuals, have their special lines of development, for which it is difficult to account. There was no obvious reason why, thirty years ago, when we had an ocean merchant marine, Boston should have been a much larger ship-owning centre than New York city, especially when New York supplied these ships with the greater part of their American business. Yet such was the case; and a natural aptitude for lake navigation seems to be a special gift of the Cleveland merchants, enabling them to easily gain and maintain the supremacy.

There are few places where business is more actively carried on than in the office of a Cleveland ship-broker during the height of the season of lake navigation. The charters made are all of short duration, the average trip from port to port covering not more than four days; and a steamer has no sooner been chartered to take, say, a load of coal from Ashtabula to Duluth, than it becomes necessary to provide a return freight, either of grain from Duluth to Buffalo, or of iron ore from some of the other Lake Superior ports to Cleveland. Every day that a steamer is disengaged is so much lost time; to go any distance in ballast in search of employment involves a loss both of time and money, and the season is altogether too short to permit a ship-owner to recover lost ground if he fails on two or three occasions to make these proper connections. The lake ports are all connected by telegraph, and this means of communication is freely used. The Cleveland ship-brokers are hourly informed of the needs of tonnage at all of the points of shipment, and of the rates which shippers are willing to pay for the tonnage they wish to engage. For this reason it ordinarily happens that no sooner does a captain of a vessel report by wire his arrival to his owner, than he immediately receives instructions as to his next trip. Frequently a ship-owner charters his steamer for three or four trips in advance, relying on the well-known celerity with which cargoes are loaded and discharged.

This naturally brings to consideration what is one of the most remarkable features in the great development of lake navigation, that is, the extraordinary facility shown in the rapid handling of freight. As has been said above, the season of lake navigation



ERIOR AND THE SAULT SAINTE MARIE RIVER;
) MILES AN HOUR.



THE "CORSICA"; BUILT IN 1888; CARRYING CAPACITY, 2500 TONS; SPEED, 14 MILES AN HOUR.

EAT LAKES.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

is a short one, and the ever-present problem in the mind of the ship-owner is how to accomplish the largest possible amount of work in the least possible time. Never before in maritime history have the conditions precedent to success been so onerous, and nowhere has there been the same readiness shown in winning success in spite of them. It is great gain to have steamers of large carrying capacity, consuming but a small quantity of coal, and having a high rate of speed; but these excellent qualities would count for little if equal facilities, or—speaking comparatively—more than equal facilities, did not exist for the rapid loading and discharging of cargoes. Let us assume that the owner of a well-equipped freight steamer proposed at the opening of the season to make fourteen round trips from the east end of Lake Erie to the western or southern shore of Lake Superior. The season will be, let us say, 215 days in length. It would probably require about 100 of these to make the trips to and fro, admitting of no detention at either end. But to make these voyages profitable ones it would be necessary to load the vessel twenty-eight times, and unload her a corresponding number, and the time permitted for these fifty-six different operations is only a little rising 100 days, hardly exceeding, on the average, two days for each performance. In the days of American shipping supremacy, before our civil war, the time allowed for loading a thousand-ton ship with guano, off the coast of Peru, was sixty days, and if the work was performed in thirty days it was considered extraordinary despatch. Methods have greatly improved all over the world since then, but in our American seaboard ports at the present time delays in loading and discharging are tolerated which, if permitted upon the lakes, would prove fatal to the continuance of freight transportation by water. The ship-owner could not, in the short space allotted to him, make enough money to enable him to continue his competition with the railroads. Instances are frequently reported in which steamers arriving from across the Atlantic are discharged in a short time by gangs of men working day and night; and one has only to witness the transfer of grain from canal-boats to foreign-bound vessels by means of floating elevators, at the piers on the East and North rivers, to gain a clear conception of the great improvement that has been made, even on the sea-coast, in the work of freight handling. But the transshipment of grain is but one part of the required service, while the merchandise which ordinarily comes to this port from Europe or Asia admits of easy handling. On the lakes, however, a large part of the freight carried is coal and iron ore, merchandise which cannot be as conveniently taken in or put out as cases of dry-goods or boxes of tea. What the lake shippers and ship-merchants have endeavored to do has been to devise means by which coal and iron ore can be loaded and discharged as readily as grain. They have not entirely succeeded in securing the desired result; but they have certainly made commendable progress in that direction. Instances are on record where a cargo of 2000 tons of coal has been put on board of a steamer in one hour and twenty minutes, and a similar quantity of iron ore in one hour and thirty minutes. Two thousand tons of coal have been discharged in eleven hours, and a similar quantity of iron ore in six hours. This is remarkably quick work, quicker probably than similar work has ever been performed on the seaboard. The instances cited are exceptional on the lakes, but the average does not fall far below the record given. Vessels do not always receive such prompt despatch, for the conditions frequently do not permit of it. The docks may be occupied by other craft when the steamer arrives, which would necessitate a delay, or the cargo with which she is to be loaded may not be ready for shipment. But when the work of loading or unloading is begun, it is commonly pushed with an astonishing rapidity, the time occupied in such cases depending on the facilities at hand, for some of the lake ports are in this respect better supplied than others.

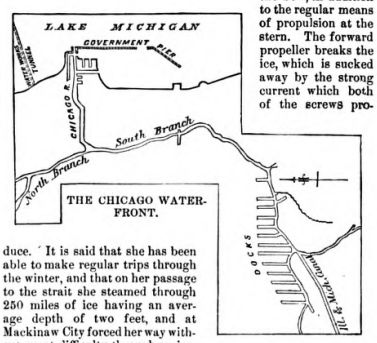
This rapid handling of freight is made possible both by the construction of the lake vessels and by the mechanical devices used in loading and discharging them. As was said above, in describing the hulls of these steamers, their upper decks are cut by hatches having dimensions of eight by twenty-six feet, with a clear space of deck of but sixteen feet between them. It is obvious that a vessel having such a considerable number of large openings in her deck can be loaded and discharged with almost as much ease as though there were no deck to interfere with the operation. When loading in bulk, the freight does not have to be carried by hand or trimmed in the hold; and when discharging, the tubs which are let down through the hatches can usually be directly filled without the need of a double handling of the cargo. For this reason a method of construction which would be regarded as questionable if the vessels were intended for ocean commerce is wonderfully efficacious when the service that the lake steamers are called upon to perform is taken into account. The plan of having hatches twenty-four feet on centres is one that has been adopted as the ship-owners' part of a common understanding formed between them and the shippers of freight, the latter having arranged their dock facilities to suit this type of construction. For example, at Marquette, on Lake Superior, from whence hundreds of thousands of tons of ore from the mines in the Marquette range are annually shipped, the railroad company which brings the mineral down to the lake shore has built a pier of more than 1000 feet in length, having a height of about forty feet above the water-level. The freight cars are run out upon this, and their contents are dumped into large bins directly under the tracks. These bins are built to correspond in dimensions with the hatches of the lake vessels. When the latter come to receive their cargoes they pull alongside of the pier, the legs or chutes of the bins are thrust through the great hatches of the upper deck, the catch which keeps the bin door in place is pulled, and the entire contents of that receptacle fall, with a roar which can be heard for miles around, into the hold of the vessel. Manual labor is reduced to the mere duty of supervision; the law of gravitation is looked to to perform the work.

But in discharging cargoes an entirely different process has to be adopted. No plan has yet been devised of lifting a vessel up and letting her cargo fall out of her; neither has it yet been found possible to unload iron ore and coal as grain is discharged, by means of the endless belt of an elevator. These heavy materials have to be put in tubs and lifted out of the ship's hold, and the merit of the frequent-hatch plan consists in the opportunity it affords for a number of gangs of men to work simultaneously without interfering with each other. Where mechanical science has been brought into play is in the construction of hoisting and conveying machines to supplement the efforts of the men working in the hold of the vessel. Various devices of this kind have been put up. Among the best are those used at the South Chicago rolling-mills and on the ore dock of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio railroads at Cleveland. The superintendent at the last-named place asserts that with the assistance of three operators and one foreman he has in nine hours discharged a cargo of 1980 tons of ore, working six hatches, with nine men at a hatch, and carrying the ore from 50 to 150 feet from the vessel. During the process the men are all under cover, and are exposed neither to the rain nor the direct heat of the sun. The cost of putting the ore into the buckets by the men in the hold averages about fifteen cents per ton; the cost of hoisting it and delivering it on the dock, or, if desired, placing it in cars, is less than two cents per ton, although before this method was adopted the cost of hoisting and delivering was about the same as the expense of filling the tubs. But the saving of time to the ship-owner is a factor of even greater importance, since it gives to his vessel a much greater freight-earning ability than she would otherwise possess; hence it is not strange that, in compliance with their solicitations, approved hoisting and conveying machines are going up in most of the principal lake ports

The only objectors to this improvement are the men who have been in the past employed in handling and wheeling the ore and coal, and who find themselves deprived of their past occupation. In Cleveland this antagonism took, a year or two ago, a form somewhat similar to that exhibited by the weavers in England when power-looms were first introduced, and several attempts have been made to set fire to or in other ways destroy the hoisting and conveying machines referred to. This opposition is comprehensible, and yet at the same time short-sighted; for, as has been pointed out, the maintenance of lake commerce depends upon the economy with which water-borne freight can be handled, and, in consequence of the shortness of the season, rapidity of movement is one of the necessary factors in securing that economy. The contest with the railroads has to be perpetually continued, and in this competition every hour of needless delay counts against the ship-owner. In time, methods will no doubt be devised of doing away with a considerable part of the present handling of freight in the holds of the vessels; but as now carried on, the business, in the essential points of economy and despatch, will compare favorably with any similar undertakings in any other part of the world.

Another feature in the system of lake commerce which can hardly fail to attract the attention of careful observers who are accustomed to the methods of seaboard cities is the exceptional skill shown in the utilization of extremely limited water-fronts. In Boston, New York, San Francisco, and other ports upon our sea-shore, the inhabitants have apparently shown a supreme indifference to the area of water provided for shipping. In all of the above-mentioned places no inconsiderable part of the territory near the water-front has been taken from the harbor or river. Land was wanted rather than water, and to get the former the latter has been encroached upon by extensive fillings. Of all our American cities, Boston has been perhaps the worst offender in this particular, since the practice has made it much more difficult than it otherwise would be to insure a sufficient depth of water for large ocean craft visiting that port. But, in spite of harbor commissioners, other cities have been less careful than they should have been; and it is almost universally the case that when a place is needed for the loading or discharging of vessels, it is obtained by building a wharf out over the water, rather than by building a dock by dredging into the land. The English, from necessity, have adopted the latter method, and the great docks at London, Liverpool, and Glasgow cover areas which were formerly dry land. The same method has been followed at some of the lake ports; not on so extensive a scale as in Great Britain, but in a manner which leads one to believe that the time may come when, with increased commerce, Chicago and Cleveland will have water docks almost as extensive as some of those on the Thames or the Clyde. At the outset nothing could have been much more unpromising than the maritime facilities of Chicago. Its location on the shore of the lake, without the vestige of a harbor to shelter vessels, and its narrow, shallow creek, now called a river, could not have suggested to the seafaring men from the East any reasonable hope that it would become a considerable shipping centre. But man's industry and ingenuity have overcome a part at least of these natural disadvantages. By systematic dredging the river has been converted into a serviceable ship-canal, and at certain connecting points a large number of small water docks have been dug out, in which vessels can lie while receiving or discharging their cargoes. This is a praiseworthy beginning, and long before this would have been carried much further if the short open season and the intense railroad competition had not acted as a check upon maritime development. There are some lake ports which have fairly good natural harbors, but the same readiness in making the most of small opportunities has been shown by the merchants at Cleveland, and to a less degree by their rivals at Buffalo.

The obvious reflection must have suggested itself to a great many persons that if some means could be devised of breaking through the ice obstructions on the lakes, so that water transportation would be possible all the year round, great gains in business would result both to shippers and ship-owners. The most promising efforts in this direction have been the performances during last winter of the *St. Ignace*, built to connect the railway systems of the upper peninsula of Michigan with those of the lower section of that State, by crossing the Strait of Mackinac. This steamer is built of iron of exceptional thickness, and has a protected propeller, worked by a separate engine in the bow, in addition to the regular means of propulsion at the stern. The forward propeller breaks the ice, which is sucked away by the strong current which both of the screws produce. It is said that she has been able to make regular trips through the winter, and that on her passage to the strait she steamed through 250 miles of ice having an average depth of two feet, and at Mackinaw City forced her way without great difficulty through an ice-field of a thousand feet in width, which had been packed to a depth of twenty feet. This was certainly a remarkable performance, affording suggestions in the way of construction which future voyagers to the arctic regions may study to advantage; but while it shows that lake navigation could be kept open all through the year, and probably will be, so far as short routes connecting with railways are concerned, it does not demonstrate the practicability of general lake navigation in winter as a commercial undertaking. The *St. Ignace*, or a vessel of her class, would not prove a profitable freight steamer during the open season of the year, while in winter the added cost of the power expended in breaking ice would make it impossible for her owners to profitably compete with those great rivals the railroads. It may be said that she could be employed merely in the winter-time to go in advance of a fleet of freight steamers to break through the ice, and thus provide a passageway for them; but this would be a slow and at best an expensive proceeding, without taking into account the fact that the docks and narrow channels could not be cleared of ice in this manner, while it would be manifestly impossible to use the lock of the Sault Sainte Marie Canal with ice packed above and below it to a depth of ten or twenty feet. It is improbable that the great lakes can be used for navigation during the winter months unless the climatic conditions of the United States undergo a wonderful change, or unless some inexpensive means can be discovered of preventing water from freezing when the temperature of the superimposed atmosphere falls, and continues to stay, far below 32° Fahrenheit.



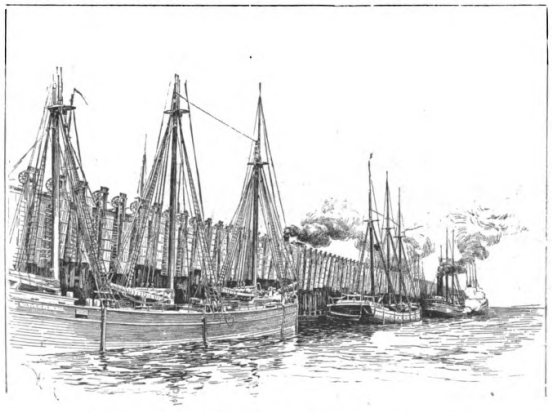
THE CHICAGO WATER-FRONT.

The connecting link for commerce between Lake Superior and Lakes Huron and Michigan is the Sault Sainte Marie River, which is supplemented by the great lock at its northern end. This lock, or canal as it is called, has been under the control of the United States government since June, 1881, during which time it has been admirably managed, and has not only afforded an opportunity of gathering very valuable commercial statistics, but has demonstrated that if properly constructed and regulated, a lock need not greatly interfere with the rapid passage of vessels through a canal. It will be remembered that when M. de Lesseps planned the Panama Canal, he insisted that it should be made a tide-level waterway, no matter how great the expense might be, because, if constructed with locks, the delay incident to their use would deprive the canal of a large part of its value as a short-cut between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If M. de Lesseps's opinions concerning locks were obtained from personal observation of their use on many of our American canals, his objection can be readily understood. But the lock on the Sault Sainte Marie Canal has been built and is used in a manner which proves that a Panama canal might have a number of such lifts without seriously interfering with the quick passage through it of all the tonnage that would be likely to use it for quite a number of years to come. In the Sault Sainte Marie Canal the water is let in and out through a succession of large apertures which extend along the bottom of the lock from one end to the other. The result of the opening of the gates of these waterways is an astonishingly rapid displacement of water; for, in spite of the great length of the lock, which easily accommodates two and often takes in three vessels at once, the water-level rises and falls the considerable distance required in a trifling space of time. There are delays, for the channel of the Sault Sainte Marie River is so narrow and rocky that it is not thought safe for vessels to run through it during the night-time; so that the lock is not in use during quite a part of the twenty-four hours of each day, and the simultaneous arrival of a number of boats makes it necessary that some should wait their turn—passenger steamers always having the right of way. The plans for an additional lock have already been prepared, and the steady growth of lake commerce will soon make its use imperative. But what a vast amount of tonnage this single lock accommodates! In 1888 the canal was open from May 8th to December 1st—212 days—and in that time the registered tonnage passing through it was 5,130,659 tons, made up of 7803 vessels, or more, on the average, than 36 vessels a day. The freight tonnage was 6,411,423 tons—an amount greater than that which passed through the Suez Canal during the year 1887, though the registered tonnage of the latter was greater, being 8,430,043 tons, while the number of vessels was 3137. To show the great and constant gain in Lake Superior trade, the following comparative statement is of interest:

	1885.	1888.
Vessels, number	5,380	7,803
Tonnage, registered tons	3,025,937	5,130,659
Tonnage, freight tons	3,256,628	6,411,423
Value of property	$53,413,172	$82,156,019

It would be difficult to find a more gratifying evidence of the growth of trade in any department of business in any other part of our country.

In closing, it may be well to add a word about the maritime disasters on the lakes. Although winter storms do not have to be encountered, the number of vessels and lives annually lost is large, larger indeed than it should be, showing the risks that the lake mariners have to encounter, and the need of better built vessels. In 1887, 73 boats, including 16 steamers, were lost, and with them the lives of 204 of the persons who were on board of them. In this was destroyed 20,687 tons of registered tonnage, valued, with cargoes, at more than $2,500,000. The losses in 1886 were about 25 per cent. less, and those of 1883 were very much larger. The year 1888 was an exceptionally fortunate one in this respect. There were few severe blows, while the month of November passed without a gale—an almost unheard-of circumstance. The losses were 48 boats, having a total valuation of $439,400, and but 16 lives. Let us hope that the good fortune of the last will be repeated in the coming season.


THE IRON ORE LOADING PIER AT MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY B. F. CHILDS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1687.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



BUYING EASTER FLOWERS.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 307.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a marvel. It is edited with wise and skilful tact. It instructs while it amuses."—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for April 16th has an Easter character. It opens with an article on "Singing in the Choir," by GUSTAVE KOBBÉ, *with a front-page illustration by* H. D. NICHOLS. *"Easter Ways" is the title of an article by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *telling of Easter customs in this and other countries.* F. S. CHURCH *has a page of sketches on "Easter Eggs and Easter Cards." "The Forgotten Lily" is a poem by* MARGARET JOHNSON, *with an illustration by* JESSIE MCDERMOT.

"The A. O. I. B. R." is the enigmatic title of a short story by ELIZABETH EGGLESTON SEELYE, *illustrated by* ALLEGRO EGGLESTON. *The serial story "Dorymates," by* KIRK MUNROE, *is continued, and* MARGARET EMMA DITTO *has a very pretty fable called "Spirit and Life."*

A DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

is an engraving by CH. BAUDE *of "In the Shade," a painting by* J. P. MESLE, *in the Paris Salon of* 1888.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.
A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PLEDGES AND PERFORMANCES.

WE have been in no haste to criticise the course of the President in regard to the civil service. But after six weeks of incessant appointments and removals it is possible fairly to test that course by the promises of the Republican platform and the pledges of the President. There are two views of the civil service. One holds that it is a vast system of places to be treated as rewards for partisan service; the other, that it is a national business department to be managed upon business principles. Civil service reform is universally known to contemplate the practical adoption of the latter view. Its purpose and scope are perfectly definite. It means to separate the unvarying business routine of administration from politics. The Republican party in its platform last June unhesitatingly and absolutely adopted this view as its own, and denouncing as deserters from the cause of honest government Republicans who declined to vote for Mr. BLAINE in 1884, it declared that the party would not break its pledges of reform because such deserters had broken theirs. This pledge was carefully reiterated and adopted by Mr. HARRISON, and upon this ground he was supported by many reformers. If there be honor and truth in politics he was by his own word and by the solemn profession of his party as strictly engaged to a policy of reform as ABRAHAM LINCOLN and the party in 1861 to securing the freedom of the Territories. We ask any honest Republican whether since the 4th of March there has been in the course of the Republican Executive, in the conduct of Republican Senators and Representatives and local party leaders, in the general tone of the Republican press, in any of the ordinary and recognized methods by which opinion expresses itself, any signs whatever of respect for the platform promises and the Presidential pledges. Looking at the spectacle in Washington, at the partisan changes begun with energy in the post-offices, at the most significant local appointments, at the "slates" of local "bosses" sent up, as they state, at the request of the President, would it occur to any observer that a civil service reform administration had been inaugurated, and that the Republican party was busily engaged in not violating its pledges? We do not mean that incompetent persons have been systematically appointed to non-political offices. But we ask any fair-minded Republican whether all the things that we have mentioned, and which every newspaper reports, show any regard whatever for Mr. HARRISON'S declaration in his letter of acceptance, that

"in appointments to every grade and department fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office."

The treatment of the New York Post-office offers the best possible test of the real reform character and purpose of an administration. It is an office which has nothing whatever to do with politics, and which the introduction of politics necessarily obstructs and demoralizes. It is the chief office of the kind in the country, and one of the most important in the world. Under the successive administrations of Mr. JAMES and Mr. PEARSON, and in strict and honest conformity to the business view of such an office, it has become a model for the postal service. They were both Republicans as citizens, but as postmasters they knew no politics. The Democratic President four years ago, honestly agreeing with their views, reappointed the Republican Postmaster solely because he was a good officer and not an active partisan. By the co-operation of a Republican Postmaster and a Democratic President this great office was taken out of politics amid universal approval, except that of professional politicians, and brought to an unprecedented efficiency. By this single act immense progress was made toward the condition of the service which the Republican party declared that it was its purpose to secure, and to whose attainment the Republican President was personally pledged. But more than this, it was one of the greatest public benefits, because it demonstrated that implicit fidelity to sound principles of business administration provided the best possible public service. The situation at the Post-office had only to be maintained and liberally supported, in accordance with the platform and the pledge, to justify the assertion that at least a Republican administration was as honestly mindful of reform as the Democratic which it superseded. But instead of maintaining the situation, it has deliberately surrendered it. In direct violation of the most solemn pledges the public benefit has been annulled, and one of the signal achievements of the reform to which the Republican platform devoted its administration has been undone. We say in violation of pledges, because neither the President, who has not been "deceived," would say, nor would any honest Republican say for him, that "party service" was not "the essential and discriminating test" in making the appointment of the Postmaster. Everybody knows it. The *Tribune*, which has always sneered covertly at reform, throws off the mask, and says frankly, in defence of the abandonment of the New York Custom-house to the political machine, "It is certain that party organization cannot be maintained by ignoring party leaders," which is the old and constant and only plea of the spoils system.

The President has removed the ablest, most competent, most experienced, most thoroughly non-partisan officer of his kind in the country, and has replaced him by a gentleman known only and solely as an active party politician. With full knowledge of the facts, upon mature consideration, and in the most conspicuous possible instance, he has taken the precise course which has produced all the enormous and threatening evils which it is the object of civil service reform to correct. We appeal again to honest Republicans to say whether, if the Republican sneers at Mr. CLEVELAND'S "sham reform" were justified, such sneers are not quite as justifiable in considering the conduct of the present administration thus far. We shall gladly see Mr. FIELD appointed Postmaster at Philadelphia if all that is said of him be true. But that will certainly not be as significant as the reappointment of Mr. PEARSON by President CLEVELAND four years ago. Republicans well remember that good works in Massachusetts at that time were not permitted to set off the evil that was done in Maryland and Indiana. Moreover—and that is the worst aspect of the case—the appointment of the New York Postmaster is accordant with an executive policy of appointing at the will of local party leaders. This system, which arose under the Democrats, was thoroughly organized by Republicans, and led to a revolt of intelligent Republican sentiment which produced the movement for reform. That Republican movement culminated in the platform of 1888 and the letter of the candidate. But, so far as appears, the adverse view is now acquiring complete ascendency. Whatever may be true of the Democratic party, it would be impossible honestly to say that the prospects of civil service reform have been improved by a party change of administration.

OUR "HAPPY CONSTITUTION."

THE approach of the celebration of the centenary of the Constitution has occasioned several droll incidents, such as the misunderstanding between the committee and the Legislature, and the discussion about the centennial quadrille at the ball, and it has suggested also the question whether the celebration has been altogether wisely designed. But, upon the whole, probably the most generally satisfactory scheme has been adopted. Such a celebration is in its nature a popular spectacle, and to be successful it must appeal to popular sympathy. Decorations and a procession are indispensable, and an oration and poem and dinner are made by custom essential parts of such an occasion. The provision for the arrival of the President in the city by the same route pursued by WASHINGTON gives opportunity for a striking aquatic spectacle, and a ball is one of the traditional forms of festal observance of WASHINGTON'S birthday, and not inappropriately may be included in the scheme for the celebration. In all such affairs there must be incongruities, but the great object must be the general impression.

It has been objected to the military parade that it is not a happy conception, because we are not a military people, and that, as Mr. ADLER says, our army is but a police force. There are, however, two considerations to be urged for the decision of the committee upon this point: one is that not only have the soldiery always had part in great spectacular processions, but that military uniforms and brilliancy greatly enhance the processional effect; the other consideration is that although not a military people, in the German sense, yet we are especially so in the sense of volunteer military readiness. The militia is the people armed for its own defence, and a parade of the militia or National Guard is suggestive of the ultimate protection of the commonwealth by the armed force of the whole people. This supplies a reason for the particular form, if any reason be necessary beyond that of effective spectacle. The mistake upon this point seems to us to lie in separating the industrial from the military display. The two should have been blended so that the pageant should have symbolized the fact that the workers and the soldiers are not classes, but the same people. Moreover, as Mr. ADLER truly says, the industrial aspect is the more characteristic; and it seems to us, therefore, again a mistake to have placed the industrial procession at the end of the programme on the last day, when public attention will be somewhat wearied.

Undoubtedly if the arrangements for the celebration were to be revised in the light of the fuller consideration which the whole subject has now received, they would give greater prominence to the fact that the occasion is not a commemoration of WASHINGTON'S inauguration only, but of the beginning of the greatest popular constitutional government in history. This is the point to which the *Commercial Advertiser* has well directed public attention, with the suggestion that it might yet be possible to organize an addition to the celebration of historical and interpretative addresses upon the Constitution, with hints of amendments, shown by the course of national development to be desirable. Probably with more time for reflection and preparation this in some form would have been done, and in fact will be done in the discussions which the occasion will be sure to stimulate. Perhaps, also, at the dinner something of this kind may be done in hints upon certain points—for they can be no more—from eminent and representative men. The occasion will be the closing event in the great cycle of centennial celebrations, which began about fifteen years ago, commemorating the chief successive events of the Revolution, and now culminating in the memorial observance of the beginning of the marvellous story of our "happy Constitution."

IRELAND.

FORTUNE smiles upon Ireland. The remarkable exposure of the forgery of the PARNELL letters has been followed by the speech of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, which is conceded to have been an extraordinary display of power and eloquence, like the speeches of BURKE and SHERIDAN in the WARREN HASTINGS trial, and to have been such a masterly exposition of the essential justice of the Irish movement as has never before been made. All signs point to a radical change of British sentiment upon the whole question, or at least so far as this, that the Irish movement is not a mere agitation of demagogues for their own advantage, but that the condition of Ireland demands some decisive action; and whether home rule is the best practicable measure or not, yet that home rule must be tried. Never before in the long history of the relation between the two countries has any important body of Englishmen taken the Irish view, so that a general election in England would now be really a poll of the country upon the question of home rule in Ireland, with the strong probability of a result favorable to Irish hopes.

In such political situations the personality of leaders is of very great importance, and here also the advantage is with Ireland. The greatest party leader in England, the chief English political figure, and the most eminent Englishman, Mr. GLADSTONE, is the English leader of the Irish movement; while its Irish leader, Mr. PARNELL, is a man of singular sagacity and untiring tenacity, with a temperament and qualities which are English rather than Irish, who, after a prolonged and unsparing contest, during which he has been steeped in the most odious calumny, has been vindicated by the eager hatred of his opponents, and by his moderation in the moment of triumph has appealed strongly to the English good sense and love of fair play, so that he is at last respected, perhaps as a mistaken, but certainly a patriotic leader. On the other hand, while no public man in England is so personally popular as Mr. GLADSTONE, none is less so than the Tory Prime-Minister, Lord SALISBURY. Unquestionably able and accomplished, with an extraordinary opportunity offered to him by the alliance of the dissentient Liberals, and with a cause which at the beginning of his Ministry seemed to arouse the intensest British feeling of pride and patriotism, Lord SALISBURY has failed to kindle enthusiasm or to achieve any personal popularity whatever. He has apparently no power to withstand or in any way to divert the strong current of public feeling which seems now to set toward Ireland, and in the event of a dissolution of Parliament it is doubtful whether his Ministry would not be overthrown.

This change of feeling is the more significant because it destroys one of the chief Tory hopes, which

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

was that as Mr. GLADSTONE was the chief support of the Irish cause, his age promised his speedy withdrawal from participation in public affairs. But the recent change is largely independent of Mr. GLADSTONE'S immediate influence. Doubtless he had prepared the public mind for the proper effect of the signal failure of the *Times*'s accusations of Mr. PARNELL, but it was the failure itself which has been the active agent. It was because a large body of honest Englishmen undoubtedly believed Mr. PARNELL to be the villain that the *Times* alleged, and professed to be able conclusively to prove, and because these Englishmen now see that the accusation was wholly false, and because their confidence in the *Times* has been utterly shaken, that the change has taken place. Since he is proved not to be the villain that his enemies alleged, why should he not be the patriot that his friends declare him to be? This is the point which this English feeling has reached, and this is independent of Mr. GLADSTONE. Should any untoward chance remove him, therefore, the cause with which he has identified his name will remain, and the sentiment which his intelligence and earnestness and eloquence have fostered will probably deepen until the Irish question is honorably settled. Surely fortune smiles on Ireland.

GENERAL BOUM.

IT is impossible to view the performances of General BOULANGER without regarding him as a political General Boum. His career is a spectacle of *opéra bouffe* politics. Neither the grounds of his personal popularity nor the significance of his actions are easily discernible. He has performed no great service. He has shown no ability. He has said nothing of importance. But he is undeniably a significant figure in French politics of the moment, and his trial by the Senate upon a charge of conspiring against the government is the event which attracts universal attention. Assuming that the Senate, which supports the Ministry that is hostile to him, will convict him, and saying that he believes they intended to take his life, BOULANGER has gone to Belgium, to stay, as he says, until after the autumn elections, unless in the mean time Belgium should request him to "move on," in which event he would cross to England. By representing himself as exiled by a just apprehension of foul play from his political enemies, he poses as a martyr to influence the elections, his hope being that the votes for him in October, added to those that he has already received, will demonstrate his immense popularity, and justify his return under the protection of the people.

The BOULANGER manifesto issued at Brussels vituperates the Ministry freely, but it throws little light upon the situation. The General says that his legitimate ambition is to wrest the republic from the hands of those who are weakening and ruining it; that he desires an honest republic for all good Frenchmen, and to secure it by the legal means of universal suffrage. This is nothing but the usual revolutionary pronunciamento, and offers no definite reason for his conduct. BOULANGER'S especial guide, philosopher, and friend, the companion of his voluntary exile in Belgium, is HENRI ROCHEFORT. But to vote for a BOULANGER-ROCHEFORT republic would be a mad whim of the French people, although such a vote is not, for that reason, improbable. The real explanation of the French situation and of the BOULANGER movement is probably discontent produced by the constant activity of the red republicans, the desire of revenge upon Germany, and the want of a commanding figure to represent the real republic. It was the personal ascendency of THIERS, followed by that of GAMBETTA, which established the present republic. But it is long since there has been a true leader in France, which especially requires a striking individuality at the head of affairs, and the discontent bred of the desire to try conclusions again with Germany has seized upon BOULANGER, a military figure, as its representative, and the cheers for him are none the less ardent and vociferous because the loudest cheerer could not explain what they signify.

His condemnation by the Senate could not fail to deepen the feeling for him, and Boulangerism would then come to mean implacable hostility to the present government and a revision of the constitution, with what results no one can foresee. There is really nothing in the condition of the country to justify a revolution. But the excitability of the French nature does not reason, and the vast majority which declared for LOUIS NAPOLEON because of his name and the NAPOLEON tradition might readily pronounce for BOULANGER and the restoration of the glory of France. It is by plunging into deep water that boys learn to swim, and it is by the practice of free institutions that conservative habits of freedom are acquired. It is a tremendous experiment, because freedom may suffer in the struggle, as it did in the old Revolution and under NAPOLEON. The Latin races have always lacked the essential quality which makes popular institutions practicable and permanent, namely, the consciousness that constitutions are defences of the rights of minorities. These races tend to substitute the despotism of a majority for that of a man, until at last a king seems to be preferable to a convention dominated by a few clever assassins. There has been enough progress in France, however, to make a figure like BOULANGER less sinister than formerly. Indeed, as one reads of him, the involuntary refrain is piff, paff, pouf!

A VALUABLE REPORT.

WE ought sooner to have mentioned the Sixth Report of the Civil Service Commission of the State of New York, which contains a detailed and exceedingly interesting statement of its work. The whole number of persons in the State subject to the regulations is 15,482, of which 12,263 are in the municipal service, and of these 7240 are in the city of New York. The reports from the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Syracuse, Auburn, and Utica are all strongly commendatory of the reformed system. If in any city the authorities are indifferent or negligent in enforcing the regulations, any tax-payer may bring an action in the Supreme Court to compel compliance with the law, and the action of the courts in such cases shows that the payment of salaries to officers who have not been appointed in accordance with the rules will be forbidden.

The report contains brief abstracts of the city reports, which contain valuable testimony to the excellent results of the reformed system. For the first time a complete roster of employés in the civil service of the State has been prepared. The rights of Union soldiers under the law are treated at some length and in a friendly spirit. The Commission proposes a special eligible list for the principal departments of the State government and the proper compensation of examiners. They also urge that the benefits to the State derived from the organized service would justify more liberal appropriations for the execution of the statutes and regulations. An ingenious calculation estimates the advantage to the service at five per cent. of the salaries paid, or about six hundred thousand dollars, while the total cost of the civil service administration, State and municipal, is less than one hundred thousand, or less than one per cent. of the amount expended for salaries.

The Commission state that the reform has made steady and sure progress during the year, and in the popular phrase they say that they believe it has come to stay. Their report is a very pleasant and encouraging addition to the tributes to the great practical benefit of the reform, which is its best and surest plea.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

THE Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, a branch of the State Charities Aid Association, whose pious and beautiful work we commend annually to our readers, makes its periodical appeal. It is not made because public interest in its labors declines, but merely to remind its friends that the good work still continues, and that their good intentions toward the sick and suffering are fulfilled. There are fifty pauper, penal, and charitable institutions, containing more than thirteen thousand persons, to whom these ladies—each one a potential FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—minister. They ask of us all kinds of literature which we will spare—illustrated papers, magazines, reviews, novels, biographies, histories in English, French, German, or Italian; and pictures and old or new Christmas, New Year's, and Easter cards for the crippled and feeble-minded children at Randall's Island. Those who do it to the least of these do it to the greatest of all.

Packages should be sent, express paid, to 21 University Place, New York.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

AN exceedingly pleasant and significant incident is the manner in which the neighbors of the newly appointed Assistant United States Treasurer at New York, Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, became his pecuniary sponsors. The Treasurer gives bonds in the sum of four hundred thousand dollars, and in this instance he was a partisan editor in Utica. But citizens of every party and occupation willingly engaged for the necessary amount, thus certifying the absolute confidence and high respect in which he is held by his fellow-citizens. It is an interesting fact as showing how factitious is much of the fury of political difference, and it suggests that a tone of discussion which more exactly represents the real feeling would be very much more serviceable to the party cause. If the readers of party organs were not constantly compelled to remember that the adjectives are mainly Pickwickian and the statements wholly distorted, they would have much less of the feeling of groping in a fog. Happily the fog lifts for a moment when such an incident as we mention occurs.

IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

THE electoral reform bill passed the Assembly by a strictly party vote, the Republicans unanimously supporting it and the Democrats unanimously opposing it. It had been modified to meet the objections of the Governor in his veto of last year; but meanwhile, undoubtedly at the Governor's suggestion, a bill embodying his views had been prepared for the support of his party. This bill, by permitting candidates and committees to furnish ballots, struck out the essential object of the law. The Senate will probably pass the bill, and the Governor will probably veto it. In that event, the Democratic party in the State must bear the responsibility of the defeat of one of the best of recent measures, designed for no party advantage, but only to secure honest elections.

Assuming the Democratic members fairly to represent their party in New York, its views and methods are typified by Governor HILL, and justify the criticisms of the Republicans. The party at the late election proved its preference of Governor HILL to Mr. CLEVELAND—a fact which illuminates the political situation. The vote in the Legislature upon the ballot reform bill will be followed by that upon the excise bill, which will be equally significant of the Democratic feeling and tendency. Mr. GREELEY used to describe the saloons, then less euphoniously called groggeries and rum-shops, as nurseries of the Democracy. Since his day the liquor interest has become a more powerful and dangerous political force, and it naturally commands even more implicitly the subservience of its old ally.

Upon the question of ballot reform the young Republican reformers have been able to carry their party, so that it is practically a party measure. Upon the question of license, however, there is not a definite Republican position. If it were a party measure there would be no doubt of the passage of an honest high-license bill in a Republican Legislature. But not only is there doubt, but there is a suspicion that the bill has been amended purposely to imperil its passage. In fact it is impossible to credit the Republicans with all the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism in the country. Sensible men naturally look at the quality of measures, and not at the party label attached to them. But such a vote as that of the Democrats upon the ballot reform bill certainly gives great significance to the label.

PERSONAL.

M. MICHEL EUGÈNE CHEVREUL, the distinguished French chemist, who would have completed his one-hundred-and-third year had he lived till August 31st, has just died in Paris. His investigations were principally confined to colors as they pertained to dyeing or the arts, and he published a number of scientific works, besides contributing to many other publications. His intellect was unimpaired to the last, and so devoted to his studies was he that they were pursued in his bedroom after he was unable to leave it. He belonged to numerous scientific societies in France and other countries, and many honors were conferred on him. His diet was always simple, and he never drank spirituous liquors or smoked. M. CHEVREUL'S acquaintance with the political changes of his country dated back to the time of LOUIS XVI., and he was full of recollections of the Revolution and the periods that followed.

—Count LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ, having found himself much pleased with a little volume, entitled *Jesus and the Men about Him*, by the Rev. CHARLES F. DOLE, of Boston, has expressed his wish to have it translated into Russian. Count TOLSTOÏ is interested in a great scheme for providing the people of Russia with the best literature at the lowest possible price.

—Colonel EDWARD A. CHITTENDEN, of St. Albans, Vermont, the new President of the Sons of the Revolution in that State, is a great-grandson of Governor THOMAS CHITTENDEN, the eminent Revolutionary statesman and patriot.

—The new assistant pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn is to be Rev. HOWARD S. BLISS, who is completing his theological studies in Europe. He is a son of the well-known missionary to Syria, and was preparing to follow in the footsteps of his father, when Dr. ABBOTT persuaded him to try home work for a while. His salary is to be $2500 a year, it is understood, while the pastor is to be paid $8000 from October 1st.

—Baron ERLANGER, the Paris banker and railroad magnate, is making his first visit to this country. He comes to study the railroad systems, particularly those of the South, in which he is largely interested.

—Mrs. WILSON, keeper of the Lime Rock Light-house, at Newport, Rhode Island, and better known as IDA LEWIS, the GRACE DARLING of America, has added another to the long list of lives she has saved in Newport Harbor. Her uncle, HENRY LEWIS, seventy years old, fell overboard from a skiff near the light-house, when she put out in her boat and rescued him.

—All who have enjoyed the perennial and characteristic humor of the late PHILIP H. WELCH will be glad to know that the memorial fund which has been started to provide for the education of his children has already attained respectable proportions, and that subscriptions come from all parts of the country to testify to the public appreciation of gifts exercised under the shadow of a lingering and fatal disease. The treasurer of the movement is Mr. EDWARD P. CLARK, editorial room of the *Evening Post*, New York, and among the many thousands to whom Mr. WELCH'S work has given pleasure there must be not a few who still desire to add something to the fund dedicated to his memory.

—General SHERMAN'S only son, THOMAS EWING, is to become a Jesuit priest next summer.

—A Belfast (Maine) woman has entered a machine-shop to learn the trade, and proves a remarkably apt apprentice.

—JOHN BRIGHT left a large fortune, variously estimated at from $1,250,000 to $3,750,000.

—Miss ETHEL HUXLEY, daughter of the great scientist, is engaged to Hon. J. COLLIER, her dead sister's husband; but as marriage to a deceased wife's sister is prohibited in England, the wedding will take place in Christiania, Norway.

—Mrs. HIRAM LANE, of Bath County, Kentucky, a cousin of ROBERT BURNS, died recently at the age of eighty-four years. She could and did write poetry, but never allowed it to be published.

—Madame DE BARRIOS, widow of the Central American dictator, who was suddenly taken off in one of the revolutions which frequently upheave that section, now lives in New York, and is one of the prettiest women in the city. She is thirty-three years old, the mother of seven children, and has a fortune of $7,000,000, the result of careful investments by her husband in this country and France.

—"JOSH" WARD, once the single-scull champion of America, keeps a little bar in Cornwall, New York. Of his brothers, who with him formed the famous four-oared crew that won the world's championship in 1871, "GIL" also lives in Cornwall, and gets his living by fishing and other work, "HANK" lets out boats at Sing Sing, and ELLIS makes oars and trains crews at Philadelphia.

—State Senator CARTER, of Macon County, Tennessee, was recently married in the Senate-Chamber at Nashville, Governor TAYLOR performing the ceremony. A special act of the Legislature gave him these unusual privileges, and both Houses were present to see that no mistakes were made.

—An eventful life has been ended by the death of LEWIS HAYDEN, of Boston, one of the most influential colored men in the Bay State. He was born a slave in Lexington, Kentucky, was sold when a boy for a pair of horses, and afterward passed through the hands of several prominent families. In 1844 he escaped from the State with his wife, and six months later reached Canada. Then he went to Boston, found a friend in JOHN A. ANDREW, and remained there to render such assistance as he could to slaves passing through on the underground railroad. To him JOHN BROWN told the secret plan of his Virginia campaign, which was modified afterward, however. It was at his suggestion, through Governor ANDREW, that President LINCOLN issued his call for colored troops, and Vice-President WILSON, Senator SUMNER, and other Massachusetts statesmen placed great reliance on his judgment in questions concerning the negroes. Mr. HAYDEN was the first colored man in the United States to be made an honorary member of the Grand Army, the death of his son in a naval engagement under Admiral FARRAGUT giving him that distinction. He was also a prominent Mason. Mr. HAYDEN built up a successful clothing business, but lost all his property in the panic of 1857. He was then made a messenger in the State Department of Boston, and held the place up to the time of his death.

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE

RUSSIA'S FUTURE CZAR.

STROLLING through the market square of Copenhagen one fine May morning in 1868, I found a laughing group gathered around a grotesque drawing of a baby held up to an open window before a shouting crowd, with its face half buried in a bear-skin cap, and a military uniform flapping loosely around its tiny body — this sketch being entitled "The New Colonel of the Russian Imperial Guard." The Danish princess whose marriage to the then Czarowitz I had witnessed in the previous autumn had given an heir to the Russian crown (the same whose coming of age is now being celebrated), and his appointment to a Colonelcy in the Guard within a few days of his birth amused the honest Danes not a little.

A satirist might have seen in that picture of the heavy grenadier cap weighing down the poor little head a bitter parable of the military nightmare that oppressed Russia; and in truth the imperial child might well seem consecrated to war from the very day of his birth, for on that day was fought, thousands of miles away, the great battle that added all Central Asia to the Russian Empire.

The name of NICHOLAS has always portended evil to the house of ROMANOFF. The first that bore it was he whose grasping ambition brought down upon Russia the blasting vengeance of the Crimean war. From him it descended to his third son, the nominal commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, whose first battle was the crushing defeat of Inkerman, and who has since been more celebrated for low debauchery than for high courage. The luckless name fared equally ill at the hands of his cousin NIKOLAI KONSTANTINOVITCH, the handsome, weak-looking lad whom I saw in the ranks of the Russian "flying column" before Khiva — branded even then with a stigma worse than death. Not less ill-omened was the heir-apparent's title of "Czarowitz" (literally "son of the king"), first borne by the ill-fated son of IVAN the Terrible, whom his own father murdered in a fit of groundless rage.

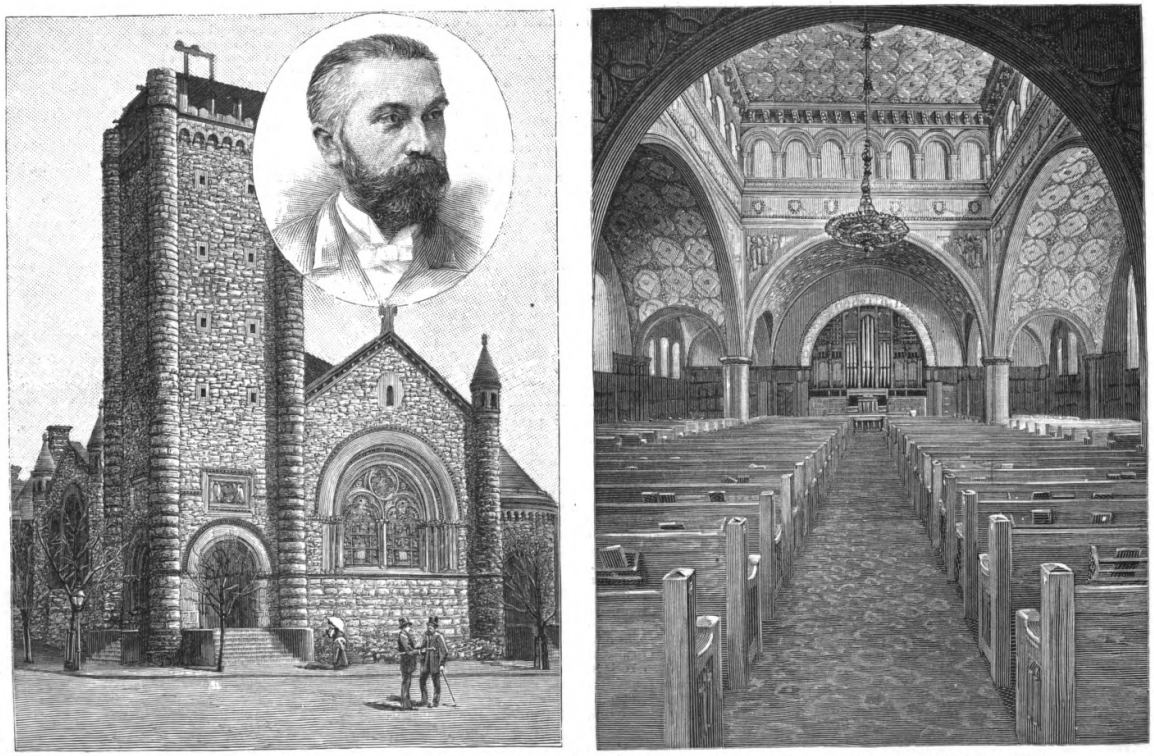
When I used to see the future Czar as a child in the palace garden of Tsarskoe-Selo (sixteen miles from St. Petersburg), it was hard to realize, despite the respectful salute with which all passers-by greeted him, that all the might and majesty of Russia would one day centre in this quiet little fellow, whose pale, delicate face, with its long silky hair and large wistful eyes, contrasted strikingly with the bull-dog jaw and heavy "prize-fighter" features of his grim father. He seemed already weighed down by the burden of the dreary grandeur that awaited him, for he played with little spirit, and always wore a strangely grave, preoccupied look.

But in truth the events that were the mile-stones of his life journey might well make any one grave. His third year saw the explosion of a conspiracy that shook all Russia. His seventh witnessed two determined attempts upon the life of his grandfather, the reigning Czar. Several of the courtiers that fêted his ninth birthday were just starting for the seat of a war which cost ninety thousand Russian lives. He was still a boy when his grandfather fell murdered in open day before his own palace. The same traitorous hands have since been repeatedly uplifted against the life of his father, and have smitten down more than one of his own personal friends and attendants; and less than six months ago the mysterious railway "accident" (if such it were) near Borki came within a hair's-breadth of destroying the whole imperial household at one blow.

DAVID KER.



THE GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS, CZAROWITZ OF RUSSIA.



THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, AND DR. HAMLIN, THE PASTOR, WASHINGTON, D.C.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINCE.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

VIII.

MRS. MARCH took the vertebrate with her to the Vienna Coffee-house, where they went to breakfast next morning. She made March buy her the *Herald* and the *World*, and she added to its spiny convolutions from them. She read the new advertisements aloud with ardor, and with faith to believe that the apartments described in them were every one truthfully represented, and that any one of them was richly responsive to their needs. "Elegant, light, large, single, and outside flats" were offered with "all improvements—bath, ice-box, etc."—for $25 and $30 a month. The cheapness was amazing. The Wagram, the Esmeralda, the Jacinth, advertised them for $40 and $60, "with steam heat and elevator," rent free till November. Others, attractive from their air of conscientious scruple, announced "first-class flats; good order; reasonable rents." The Helena asked the reader if she had seen the "cabinet finish, hard-wood floors, and frescoed ceilings" of its $50 flats; the Asteroid affirmed that such apartments, with "six light rooms and bath, porcelain wash-tubs, electric bells, and hall boy," as it offered for $75 were unapproached by competition. There was a sameness in the jargon which tended to confusion. Mrs. March got several flats on her list which promised neither steam heat nor elevators; she forgot herself so far as to include two or three as remote from the down-town region of her choice as Harlem. But after she had rejected these the nondescript vertebrate was still voluminous enough to sustain her buoyant hopes.

The waiter, who remembered them from year to year, had put them at a window giving a pretty good section of Broadway, and before they set out on their search they had a moment of reminiscence. They recalled the Broadway of five, of ten, of twenty years ago, swelling and roaring with a tide of gayly painted omnibuses and of picturesque traffic that the horse-cars have now banished from it. The grind of their wheels and the clash of their harsh bells imperfectly fill the silence that the omnibuses have left, and the eye misses the tumultuous perspective of former times.

They went out and stood for a moment before Grace Church, and looked down the stately thoroughfare, and found it no longer impressive, no longer characteristic. It is still Broadway in name, but now it is like any other street. You do not now take your life in your hand when you attempt to cross it; the Broadway policeman who supported the elbow of timorous beauty in the hollow of his cotton-gloved palm and guided its little fearful boots over the crossing, while he arrested the billowy omnibuses on either side with an imperious glance, is gone, and all that certain processional, barbaric gayety of the place is gone.

"Palmyra, Baalbec, Timour of the Desert," said March, voicing their common feeling of the change.

They turned and went into the beautiful church, and found themselves in time for the matin service. Rapt far from New York, if not from earth, in the dim richness of the painted light, the hallowed music took them with solemn ecstasy; the aerial, aspiring Gothic forms seemed to lift them heavenward. They came out reluctant into the dazzle and bustle of the street, with a feeling that they were too good for it, which they confessed to each other with whimsical consciousness.

"But no matter how consecrated we feel now," he said, "we mustn't forget that we went into the church for precisely the same reason that we went to the Vienna Café for breakfast—to gratify an æsthetic sense, to renew the faded pleasure of travel for a moment, to get back into the Europe of our youth. It was a purely pagan impulse, Isabel, and we'd better own it."

"I don't know," she returned. "I think we reduce ourselves to the bare bones too much. I wish we didn't always recognize the facts as we do. Sometimes I should like to blink them. I should like to think I was devouter than I am, and younger, and prettier."

"Better not; you couldn't keep it up. Honesty is the best policy even in such things."

"No; I don't like it, Basil. I should rather wait till the last day for some of my motives to come to the top. I know they're always mixed, but do let me give them the benefit of a doubt sometimes."

"Well, well, have it your own way, my dear. But I prefer not to lay up so many disagreeable surprises for myself at that time."

She would not consent. "I know I am a good deal younger than I was. I feel quite in the mood of that morning when we walked down Broadway on our wedding journey. Don't you?"

"Oh yes. But I know I'm not younger; I'm only prettier."

She laughed for pleasure in his joke, and also for unconscious joy in the gay New York weather, in which there was no *arrière-pensée* of the east wind. They had crossed Broadway, and were walking over to Washington Square, in the region of which they now hoped to place themselves. The *primo tenore* statue of Garibaldi had not yet taken possession of the place in the name of Latin progress, but they met Italian faces, French faces, Spanish faces, as they strolled over the asphalt walks, under the thinning shadows of the autumn-stricken sycamores. They met the familiar picturesque raggedness of southern Europe with the old kindly illusion that somehow it existed for their appreciation, and that it found adequate compensation for poverty in this. March thought he sufficiently expressed his tacit sympathy in sitting down on one of the iron benches with his wife, and letting a little Neapolitan put a superfluous shine on his boots, while their desultory comment wandered with equal esteem to the old-fashioned American respectability which keeps the north side of the square in vast mansions of red brick, and the international shabbiness which has invaded the southern border, and broken it up into lodging-houses, shops, beer-gardens, and studios.

They noticed the sign of an apartment to let on the north side, and as soon as the little boot-black could be bought off they went over to look at it. The janitor met them at the door and examined them. Then he said, as if still in doubt, "It has ten rooms, and the rent is twenty-eight hundred dollars."

"It wouldn't do, then," March replied, and left him to divide the responsibility between the paucity of the rooms and the enormity of the rent as he best might. But their self-love had received a wound, and they questioned each other what it was in their appearance made him doubt their ability to pay so much.

"Of course we don't look like New-Yorkers," sighed Mrs. March, "and we've walked through the Square. That might be as if we had walked along the Park Street walk in the Common before we came out on Beacon. Do you suppose he could have seen you getting your boots blacked in that way?"

"It's useless to ask," said March. "But I never can recover from this blow."

"Oh pshaw! You know you hate such things as badly as I do. It was very impertinent of him."

"Let us go back, and *écraser l'infâme* by paying him a year's rent in advance and taking immediate possession. Nothing else can soothe my wounded feelings. *You* were not having your boots blacked: why shouldn't he have supposed you were a New-Yorker, and I a country cousin?"

"They always know. Don't you remember Mrs. Williams's going to a Fifth Avenue milliner in a Worth dress, and the woman's asking her instantly what hotel she should send her hat to?"

"Yes; these things drive one to despair. I don't wonder the bodies of so many genteel strangers are found in the waters around New York. Shall we try the south side, my dear? or had we better go back to our rooms and rest awhile?"

Mrs. March had out the vertebrate, and was consulting one of its glittering ribs, and glancing up from it at a house before which they stood. "Yes, it's the number; but do they call *this* being ready October 1st?" The little area in front of the basement was heaped with a mixture of mortar, bricks, laths, and shavings from the interior; the brown-stone steps to the front door were similarly bestrewn; the doorway showed the half-open rough pine carpenter's hatch of an unfinished house; the sashless windows of every story showed the activity of workmen within; the clatter of hammers and the hiss of saws came out to them from every opening.

"They may call it October 1st," said March, "because it's too late to contradict them. But they'd better not call it December 1st in *my* presence; I'll let them say January 1st, at a pinch."

"We will go in and look at it anyway," said his wife; and he admired how, when she was once within, she began provisionally to settle the family in each of the several floors with the female instinct for domiciliation which never failed her. She had the help of the landlord, who was present to urge forward the workmen apparently; he lent a hopeful fancy to the solution of all her questions. To get her from under his influence, March had to represent that the place was damp from undried plastering, and that if she staid she would probably be down with that New York pneumonia which visiting Bostonians are always dying of. Once safely on the pavement outside, she realized that the apartment was not only unfinished, but unfurnished, and had neither steam heat nor elevator. "But I thought we had better look at everything," she explained.

"Yes, but not take everything. If I hadn't pulled you away from there by main force you'd have not only died of New York pneumonia on the spot, but you'd have had us all settled there before we knew what we were about."

"Well, that's what I can't help, Basil. It's the only way I can realize whether it will do for us. I have to dramatize the whole thing."

She got a deal of pleasure as well as excitement out of this, and he had to own that the process of setting up house-keeping



"THEY CAME OUT RELUCTANT INTO THE DAZZLE AND BUSTLE OF THE STREET."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in so many different places was not only entertaining, but tended, through association with their first beginnings in house-keeping, to restore the image of their early married days, and to make them young again.

It went on all day, and continued far into the night, until it was too late to go to the theatre, too late to do anything but tumble into bed and simultaneously fall on sleep. They groaned over their reiterated disappointments, but they could not deny that the interest was unfailing, and that they got a great deal of fun out of it all. Nothing could abate Mrs. March's faith in her advertisements. One of them sent her to a flat of ten rooms which promised to be the solution of all their difficulties; it proved to be over a livery-stable, a liquor store, and a milliner's shop, none of the first fashion. Another led them far into old Greenwich Village to an apartment-house, which she refused to enter behind a small girl with a loaf of bread under one arm and a quart can of milk under the other.

In their search they were obliged, as March complained, to the acquisition of useless information in a degree unequalled in their experience. They came to excel in the sad knowledge of the line at which respectability distinguishes itself from shabbiness. Flattering advertisements took them to numbers of huge apartment-houses chiefly distinguishable from tenement-houses by the absence of fire-escapes on their façades, till Mrs. March refused to stop at any door where there were more than six bell-ratchets and speaking-tubes on either hand. Before the middle of the afternoon she decided against ratchets altogether, and confined herself to knobs neatly set in the door-trim. Her husband was still sunk in the superstition that you can live anywhere you like in New York, and he would have paused at some places where her quicker eye caught the fatal sign of "Modes" in the ground-floor windows. She found that there was an east and west line beyond which they could not go if they wished to keep their self-respect, and that within the region to which they had restricted themselves there was a choice of streets. At first all the New York streets looked to them ill paved, dirty, and repulsive; the general infamy imparted itself in their casual impression to streets in no wise guilty. But they began to notice that some streets were quiet and clean, and though never so quiet and clean as Boston streets, that they wore an air of encouraging reform, and suggested a future of greater and greater domesticity. Whole blocks of these down-town cross streets seemed to have been redeemed from decay, and even in the midst of squalor a dwelling here and there had been seized, painted a dull red as to its brick-work, and a glossy black as to its wood-work, and with a bright brass bell-pull and door-knob and a large brass plate for its key-hole escutcheon, had been endowed with an effect of purity and pride which removed its shabby neighborhood far from it.

Some of these houses were quite small, and imaginably within their means; but, as March said, somebody seemed always to be living there himself, and the fact that none of them were to rent kept Mrs. March true to her ideal of a flat. Nothing prevented its realization so much as its difference from the New York ideal of a flat, which was inflexibly seven rooms and a bath. One or two rooms might be at the front, the rest crooked and cornered backward through increasing and then decreasing darkness till they reached a light bedroom or kitchen at the rear. It might be the one or the other, but it was always the seventh room with the bath; or if, as sometimes happened, it was the eighth, it was so after having counted the bath as one. In this case the janitor said you always counted the bath as one. If the flats were advertised as having "all light rooms," he explained that any room with a window giving into the open air of a court or shaft was counted a light room.

The Marches tried to make out why it was that these flats were so much more repulsive than the apartments which every one lived in abroad; but they could do so only upon the supposition that in their European days they were too young, too happy, too full of the future, to notice whether rooms were inside or outside, light or dark, big or little, high or low. "Now we're imprisoned in the present," he said, "and we have to make the worst of it."

In their despair he had an inspiration, which she declared worthy of him: it was to take two small flats, of four or five rooms and a bath, and live in both. They tried this in a great many places; but they never could get two flats of the kind on the same floor where there were steam heat and an elevator. At one place they almost did it. They had resigned themselves to the humility of the neighborhood, to the prevalence of modistes and livery-stablemen (they seem to consort much in New York), to the garbage in the gutters and the litter of paper in the streets, to the faltering slats in the surrounding window-shutters and the crumbled brown-stone steps and sills, when it turned out that one of the apartments had been taken between two visits they made. Then the only combination left open to them was of a ground-floor flat to the right and a third-floor flat to the left.

Still they kept this inspiration in reserve for use at the first opportunity. In the mean time there were several flats which they thought they could almost make do: notably one where they could get an extra servant's room in the basement four flights down, and another where they could get it in the roof five flights up. At the first the janitor was respectful and enthusiastic; at the second he had an effect of ironical pessimism. When they trembled on the verge of taking his apartment, he pointed out a spot in the kalsomining of the parlor ceiling, and gratuitously said, Now such a thing as that he should not agree to put in shape unless they took the apartment for a term of years. The apartment was unfurnished, and they recurred to the fact that they wanted a furnished apartment, and made their escape. This saved them in several other extremities; but short of extremity they could not keep their different requirements in mind, and were always about to decide without regard to some one of them.

They went to several places twice without intending: once to that old-fashioned house with the pleasant colored janitor, and wandered all over the apartment again with a haunting sense of familiarity, and then recognized the janitor and laughed; and to that house with the pathetic widow and the pretty daughter who wished to take them to board. They staid to excuse their blunder, and easily came by the fact that the mother had taken the house that the girl might have a home while she was in New York studying art, and they hoped to pay their way by taking boarders. Her daughter was at her class now, the mother concluded; and they encouraged her to believe that it could only be a few days till the rest of her scheme was realized.

"I dare say we could be perfectly comfortable there," March suggested when they had got away. "Now if we were truly humane, we would modify our desires to meet their needs, and end this sickening search, wouldn't we?"

"Yes; but we're *not* truly humane," his wife answered, "or at least not in that sense. You know you hate boarding; and if we went there I should have them on my sympathies the whole time."

"I see. And then you would take it out of me."

"Then I should take it out of you. And if you are going to be so weak, Basil, and let every little thing work upon you in that way, you'd better not come to New York. You'll see enough misery here."

"Well, don't take that superior tone with me, as if I were a child that had its mind set on an undesirable toy, Isabel."

"Ah, don't you suppose it's because you *are* such a child in some respects that I like you, dear?" she demanded, without relenting.

"But I don't find so much misery in New York. I don't suppose there's any more suffering here to the population than there is in the country. And they're so gay about it all. I think the outward aspect of the place and the hilarity of the sky and air must get into the people's blood. The weather is simply unapproachable; and I don't care if it is the ugliest place in the world, as you say. I suppose it is. It shrieks and yells with ugliness here and there; but it never loses its spirits. That widow is from the country. When she's been a year in New York she'll be as gay—as gay as an L road." He celebrated a satisfaction they both had in the L roads. "They kill the streets and avenues; but at least they partially hide them, and that is some comfort; and they do triumph over their prostrate forms with a savage exultation that is intoxicating. Those bends in the L that you get at the corner of Washington Square, and just below the Cooper Institute—they're the gayest things in the world. Perfectly atrocious, of course, but incomparably picturesque! And the whole city is so," said March, "or else the L would never have got built here. New York may be splendidly gay or squalidly gay, but, prince or pauper, it's gay always."

"Yes, gay is the word," she admitted, with a sigh. "But frantic. I can't get used to it. They forget death, Basil: they forget death in New York."

"Well, I don't know that I've ever found much advantage in remembering it."

"Don't say such a thing, dearest."

He could see that she had got to the end of her nervous strength for the present, and he proposed that they should take the elevated road as far as it would carry them into the country, and shake off their nightmare of flat-hunting for an hour or two; but her conscience would not let her. She convicted him of levity equal to that of the New-Yorkers in proposing such a thing; and they dragged through the day. She was too tired to care for dinner, and in the night she had a dream from which she woke herself with a cry that roused him too. It was something about the children at first, whom they had talked of wistfully before falling asleep, and then it was of a hideous thing with two square eyes and a series of sections growing darker and then lighter, till the tail of the monstrous articulate was quite luminous again. She shuddered at the vague description she was able to give; but he asked, "Did it offer to bite you?"

"No. That was the most frightful thing about it: it had no mouth."

March laughed. "Why, my dear, it was nothing but a harmless New York flat—seven rooms and a bath."

"I really believe it was," she consented, recognizing an architectural resemblance, and she fell asleep again, and woke renewed for the work before them.

IX.

Their house-hunting no longer had novelty, but it still had interest; and they varied their day by taking a coupé, by renouncing advertisements, and by reverting to agents. Some of these induced them to consider the idea of furnished houses; and Mrs. March learned tolerance for Fulkerson by accepting permits to visit flats and houses which had none of the qualifications she desired in either, and were as far beyond her means as they were out of the region to which she had geographically restricted herself. They looked at three thousand and four thousand dollar apartments, and rejected them for one reason or another which had nothing to do with the rent; the higher the rent was, the more critical they were of the slippery inlaid floors and the arrangement of the richly decorated rooms. They never knew whether they had deceived the janitor or not; as they came in a coupé, they hoped they had.

They drove accidentally through one street that seemed gayer in the perspective than an L road. The fire-escapes, with their light iron balconies and ladders of iron, decorated the lofty house fronts; the roadway and sidewalks and door-steps swarmed with children; women's heads seemed to show at every window. In the basements, over which flights of high stone steps led to the tenements, were green-grocers' shops abounding in cabbages, and provision stores running chiefly to bacon and sausages, and cobblers' and tinners' shops, and the like, in proportion to the small needs of a poor neighborhood. Ash barrels lined the sidewalks and garbage heaps filled the gutters; teams of all trades stood idly about; a peddler of cheap fruit urged his cart through the street, and mixed his cry with the joyous screams and shouts of the children and the scolding and gossiping voices of the women; the burly blue bulk of a policeman defined itself at the corner; a drunkard zigzagged down the sidewalk toward him. It was not the abode of the extremest poverty, but of a poverty as hopeless as any in the world, transmitting itself from generation to generation, and establishing conditions of permanency to which human life adjusts itself as it does to those of some incurable disease, like leprosy.

The time had been when the Marches would have taken a purely æsthetic view of the facts as they glimpsed them in this street of tenement-houses; when they would have contented themselves with saying that it was as picturesque as a street in Naples or Florence, and with wondering why nobody came to paint it; they would have thought they were sufficiently serious about it in blaming the artists for their failure to appreciate it, and going abroad for the picturesque when they had it here under their noses. It was to the nose that the street made one of its strongest appeals, and Mrs. March pulled up her window of the coupé. "Why does he take us through such a disgusting street?" she demanded, with an exasperation of which her husband divined the origin.

"This driver may be a philanthropist in disguise," he answered, with dreamy irony, "and may want us to think about the people who are not merely carried through this street in a coupé, but have to spend their whole lives in it, winter and summer, with no hopes of driving out of it, except in a hearse. I must say they don't seem to mind it. I haven't seen a jollier crowd anywhere in New York. They seem to have forgotten death a little more completely than any of their fellow-citizens, Isabel. And I wonder what they think of us, making this gorgeous progress through their midst? I suppose they think we're rich, and hate us—if they hate rich people; they don't look as if they hated anybody. Should we be as patient as they are with their discomfort? I don't believe there's steam heat or an elevator in the whole block. Seven rooms and a bath would be more than the largest and genteelest family would know what to do with. They wouldn't know what to do with the bath anyway."

His monologue seemed to interest his wife apart from the satirical point it had for themselves. "You ought to get Mr. Fulkerson to let you work some of these New York sights up for *Every Other Week*, Basil; you could do them very nicely."

"Yes; I've thought of that. But don't let's leave the personal ground. Doesn't it make you feel rather small and otherwise unworthy when you see the kind of street these fellow-beings of yours live in, and then think how particular you are about locality and the number of bell-pulls? I don't see even ratchets and speaking-tubes at these doors." He craned his neck out of the window for a better look, and the children of discomfort cheered him, out of sheer good feeling and high spirits. "I didn't know I was so popular. Perhaps it's a recognition of my humane sentiments."

"Oh, it's very easy to have humane sentiments, and to satirize ourselves for wanting eight rooms and a bath in a good neighborhood, when we see how these wretched creatures live," said his wife. "But if we shared all we have with them, and then settled down among them, what good would it do?"

"Not the least in the world. It might help us for the moment, but it wouldn't keep the wolf from their doors for a week; and then they would go on just as before, only they wouldn't be on such good terms with the wolf. The only way for them is to keep up an unbroken intimacy with the wolf; then they can manage him somehow. I don't know how, and I'm afraid I don't want to. Wouldn't you like to have this fellow drive us round among the halls of pride somewhere for a little while? Fifth Avenue or Madison, uptown?"

"No; we've no time to waste. I've got a place near Third Avenue, on a nice cross street, and I want him to take us there." It proved that she had several addresses near together, and it seemed best to dismiss their coupé and do the rest of their afternoon's work on foot. It came to nothing; she was not humbled in the least by what she had seen in the tenement-house street; she yielded no point in her ideal of a flat, and the flats persistently refused to lend themselves to it. She lost all patience with them.

"Oh, I don't say the flats are in the right of it," said her husband, when she denounced their stupid inadequacy to the purposes of a Christian home. "But I'm not so sure that we are either. I've been thinking about that home business ever since my sensibilities were dragged—in a coupé—through that tenement-house street. Of course no child born and brought up in such a place as that could have any conception of home. But that's because those poor people can't give character to their habitations. They have to take what they can get. But people like us—that is, of our means—do give character to the average flat. It's made to meet their tastes, or their supposed tastes; and so it's made for social show, not for family life at all. Think of a baby in a flat! It's a contradiction in terms: the flat is the negation of motherhood. The flat means society life; that is, the pretence of social life. It's made to give artificial people a society basis on a little money—too much money, of course, for what they get. So the cost of the building is put into marble halls and idiotic decoration of all kinds. I don't object to the conveniences, but none of these flats have a living-room. They have drawing-rooms to foster social pretence, and they have dining-rooms and bedrooms; but they have no room where the family can all come together and feel the sweetness of being a family. The bedrooms are black holes mostly, with a sinful waste of space in each. If it were not for the marble halls, and the decorations, and the foolishly expensive finish, the houses could be built round a court, and the flats could be shaped something like a Pompeiian house, with small sleeping-closets—only lit from the outside—and the rest of the floor thrown into two or three large cheerful halls, where all the family life could go on, and society could be transacted unpretentiously. Why, those tenements are better and humaner than these flats! There the whole family lives in the kitchen, and has its consciousness of being; but the flat abolishes the family consciousness. It's confinement without coziness; it's cluttered without being snug. You couldn't keep a self-respecting cat in a flat; you couldn't go down cellar to get cider. No: the Anglo-Saxon home, as we know it in the Anglo-Saxon house, is simply impossible in the Franco-American flat—not because it's humble, but because it's false."

"Well, then," said Mrs. March, "let's look at houses."

He had been denouncing the flat in the abstract, and he had not expected this concrete result. But he said, "We will look at houses, then."

X.

Nothing mystifies a man more than a woman's aberrations from some point at which he supposes her fixed as a star. In these unfurnished houses, without steam or elevator, March followed his wife about with patient wonder. She rather liked the worst of them best; but she made him go down into the cellars and look at the furnaces; she exacted from him a rigid inquest of the plumbing. She followed him into one of the cellars by the fitful glare of successively lighted matches, and they enjoyed a moment in which the anomaly of their presence there on that errand, so remote from all the facts of their long-established life in Boston, realized itself for them.

"Think how easily we might have been murdered, and nobody been any the wiser!" she said when they were comfortably out-doors again.

"Yes, or made way with ourselves in an access of emotional insanity, supposed to have been induced by unavailing flat-hunting," he suggested.

She fell in with the notion. "I'm beginning to *feel* crazy. But I don't want *you* to lose your head, Basil. And I don't want you to sentimentalize any of the things you see in New York. I think you were disposed to do it in that street we drove through. I don't believe there's any *real* suffering—not real *suffering*—among those people; that is, it would be suffering from our point of view, but they've been used to it all their lives, and they don't feel their discomfort so much."

"Of course I understand that, and I don't propose to sentimentalize them. I think when people get used to a bad state of things they had better stick to it; in fact they don't usually like a better state so well, and I shall keep that firmly in mind."

She laughed with him, and they walked along the L-bestridden avenue, exhilarated by their escape from murder and suicide in that cellar, toward the nearest cross-town track, which they meant to take home to their hotel. "Now to-night we will go to the theatre," she said, "and get this whole house business out of our minds, and be perfectly fresh for a new start in the morning." Suddenly she clutched his arm. "Why, did you *see* that man?" and she signed with her head toward a decently dressed person who walked beside them, next the gutter, stooping over as if to examine it, and half halting at times.

"No. What?"

"Why, I saw him pick up a dirty bit of cracker from the pavement and cram it into his mouth and eat it down as if he were famished. And look! he's actually hunting for more in those garbage heaps!"

This was what the decent-looking man with the hard hands and broken nails of a workman was doing—like a hungry dog. They kept up with him, in the fascination of the sight, to the next corner, where he turned down the side street, still searching the gutter.

They walked on a few paces. Then March said, "I must go after him," and left his wife standing.

"Are you in want—hungry?" he asked the man.

The man said he could not speak English, monsieur.

March asked his question in French.

The man shrugged a pitiful, desperate shrug. "Mais, monsieur—"

March put a coin in his hand, and then suddenly the man's face twisted up; he caught the hand of this alms-giver in both of his, and clung to it. "Monsieur! monsieur!" he gasped, and the tears rained down his face.

His benefactor pulled himself away, shocked and ashamed, as one is by such a chance, and got back to his wife; and the man lapsed back into the mystery of misery out of which he had emerged.

March felt it laid upon him to console his wife for what had happened. "Of course we might live here for years and not see another case like that; and of course there are twenty places where he could have gone for help if he had known where to find them."

"Ah, but it's the possibility of his needing the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

help so badly as that!" she answered. "That's what I can't bear, and I shall not come to a place where such things are possible, and we may as well stop our house-hunting here at once."

"Yes? And what part of Christendom will you live in? Such things are possible everywhere in our conditions."

"Then we must change the conditions."

"Oh no; we must go to the theatre and forget them. We can stop at Brentano's for our tickets as we pass through Union Square."

"I am not going to the theatre, Basil. I am going home to Boston to-night. You can stay and find a flat."

He convinced her of the absurdity of her position, and even of its selfishness; but she said that her mind was quite made up irrespective of what had happened; that she had been away from the children long enough; that she ought to be at home to finish up the work of leaving it. The word brought a sigh. "Ah, I don't know why we should see nothing but sad and ugly things now. When we were young—"

"Younger," he put in. "We're still young."

"That's what we pretend, but we know better. But I was thinking how pretty and pleasant things used to be turning up all the time on our travels in the old days. Why, when we were in New York here on our wedding journey the place didn't seem half so dirty as it does now, and none of these dismal things happened."

"It was a good deal dirtier," he answered; "and I fancy worse in every way—hungrier, raggeder, more wretchedly housed. But that wasn't the period of life for us to notice it. Don't you remember, when we started to Niagara the last time, how everybody seemed middle-aged and commonplace; and when we got there there were no evident brides; nothing but elderly married people?"

"At least they weren't starving," she rebelled.

"No; you don't starve in parlor cars and first-class hotels; but if you step out of them you run your chance of seeing those who do, if you're getting on pretty well in the forties. If it's the unhappy who see unhappiness, think what misery must be revealed to people who pass their lives in the really squalid tenement-house streets—I don't mean picturesque avenues like that we passed through."

"But we are *not* unhappy," she protested, bringing the talk back to the personal base again, as women must to get any good out of talk. "We're really no unhappier than we were when we were young."

"We're more serious."

"Well, I hate it; and I wish you *wouldn't* be so serious, if that's what it brings us to."

"I will be trivial from this on," said March. "Shall we go to the *Hole in the Ground* to-night?"

"I am going to Boston."

"It's much the same thing. How do you like that for triviality? It's a little blasphemous, I'll allow."

"It's very silly," she said.

At the hotel they found a letter from the agent who had sent them the permit to see Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment. He wrote that she had heard they were pleased with her apartment, and that she thought she could make the terms to suit. She had taken her passage for Europe, and was very anxious to let the flat before she sailed. She would call that evening at seven.

"Mrs. Grosvenor Green!" said Mrs. March. "Which of the ten thousand flats is it, Basil?"

"The gimcrackery," he answered. "In the Xenophon, you know."

"Well, she may save herself the trouble. I shall not see her. Or, yes—I must. I *couldn't* go away without seeing what sort of creature could have planned that fly-away flat. She must be a perfect—"

"Parachute," March suggested.

"No: anybody so light as that couldn't come down."

"Well, toy balloon."

"Toy balloon will do for the present," Mrs. March admitted. "But I feel that naught but herself can be her parallel for volatility."

When Mrs. Grosvenor Green's card came up, they both descended to the hotel parlor, which March said looked like the saloon of a Moorish day boat; not that he knew of any such craft, but the decorations were so Saracenic and the architecture so Hudson Riverish. They found there on the grand central divan a large lady, whose vast smoothness, placidity, and plumpness set at defiance all their preconceptions of Mrs. Grosvenor Green, so that Mrs. March distinctly paused with her card in her hand before venturing even tentatively to address her. Then she was astonished at the low calm voice in which Mrs. Green acknowledged herself, and slowly proceeded to apologize for calling. It was not quite true that she had taken her passage for Europe, but she hoped soon to do so, and she confessed that in the mean time she was anxious to let her flat. She was a little worn out with the care of house-keeping—Mrs. March breathed, "Oh yes!" in the sigh with which ladies recognize one another's martyrdom—and Mr. Green had business abroad, and she was going to pursue her art studies in Paris; she drew in Mr. Ilcomb's class now, but the instruction was so much better in Paris; and as the Superintendent seemed to think the price was the only objection, she had ventured to call.

"Then we didn't deceive him in the least," thought Mrs. March, while she answered, sweetly: "No; we were only afraid that it would be too small for our family. We require a good many rooms." She could not forego the opportunity of saying, "My husband is coming to New York to take charge of a literary periodical, and he will have to have a room to write in," which made Mrs. Green bow to March, and made March look sheepish. "But we did think the apartment very charming" ("It *was*, architecturally charming," she protested to her conscience), "and we should have been so glad if we could have got into it." She followed this with some account of their house-hunting, amid soft murmurs of sympathy from Mrs. Green, who said that she had been through all that, and that if she could have shown her apartment to them she felt sure that she could have explained it so that they would have seen its capabilities better. Mrs. March assented to this, and Mrs. Green added that if they found nothing exactly suitable she would be glad to have them look at it again; and then Mrs. March said that she was going back to Boston herself, but she was leaving Mr. March to continue the search, and she had no doubt he would be only *too* glad to see the apartment by daylight. "But if you take it, Basil," she warned him, when they were alone, "I shall simply renounce you. I wouldn't live in that junk-shop if you gave it to me. But who would have thought she was that kind of looking person? Though of course I might have known if I had stopped to think once. It's because the place doesn't express her at all that it's so unlike her. It couldn't be like anybody, or anything that flies in the air, or creeps upon the earth, or swims in the waters under the earth. I wonder where in the world she's from? She's no New-Yorker; even we can see that; and she's not quite a country person either; she seems like a person from some large town, where she's been an æsthetic authority. And she can't find good enough art instruction in New York, and has to go to Paris for it! Well, it's pathetic, after all, Basil. I can't help feeling sorry for a person who mistakes herself to that extent."

"I can't help feeling sorry for the husband of a person who mistakes herself to that extent. What is Mr. Grosvenor Green going to do in Paris while she's working her way into the Salon?"

"Well, you keep away from her apartment, Basil; that's all I've got to say to *you*. And yet I do like some things about her."

"I like everything about her but her apartment," said March.

"I like her going to be out of the country," said his wife. "We shouldn't be overlooked. And the place was prettily shaped; you can't deny it. And there was an elevator and steam heat. And the location *is* very convenient. And there was a hall boy to bring up cards. The halls and stairs were kept very clean and nice. But it wouldn't do. I could put you a folding-bed in the room where you wrote, and we could even have one in the parlor—"

"Behind a portière? I couldn't stand any more portières!"

"And we could squeeze the two girls into one room, or perhaps only bring Margaret, and put out the whole of the wash. Basil!" she almost shrieked, "it isn't to be thought of!"

He retorted, "I'm not thinking of it, my dear."

Fulkerson came in just before they started for Mrs. March's train, to find out what had become of them, he said, and to see whether they had got anything to live in yet.

"Not a thing," she said. "And I'm just going back to Boston, and leaving Mr. March here to do anything he pleases about it. He has *carte blanche*."

"But freedom brings responsibility, you know, Fulkerson, and it's the same as if I'd no choice. I'm staying behind because I'm left, not because I expect to do anything."

"Is that so?" asked Fulkerson. "Well, we must see what can be done. I supposed you would be all settled by this time, or I should have humped myself to find you something. None of those places I gave you amount to anything?"

"As much as forty thousand others we've looked at," said Mrs. March. "Yes, one of them *does* amount to something. It comes so near being what we want that I've given Mr. March particular instructions not to go near it."

She told him about Mrs. Grosvenor Green and her flat, and at the end he said:

"Well, well, we must look out for that. I'll keep an eye on him, Mrs. March, and see that he doesn't do anything rash, and I won't leave him till he's found just the right thing. It exists, of course; it must in a city of eighteen hundred thousand people, and the only question is, where to find it. You leave him to me, Mrs. March; I'll watch out for him."

Fulkerson showed some signs of going to the station when he found they were not driving, but she bade him a peremptory good-by at the hotel door.

"He's very nice, Basil, and his way with you is perfectly charming. It's very sweet to see how really fond of you he is. But I didn't want him stringing along up to Forty-second Street with us, and spoiling our last moments together."

At Third Avenue they took the elevated, for which she confessed an infatuation. She declared it the most ideal way of getting about in the world, and was not ashamed when he reminded her of how she used to say that nothing under the sun could induce her to travel on it. She now said that the night transit was even more interesting than the day, and that the fleeting intimacy you formed with people in second and third floor interiors, while all the usual street life went on underneath, had a domestic intensity mixed with a perfect repose that was the last effect of good society with all its security and exclusiveness. He said it was better than the theatre, of which it reminded him, to see those people through their windows: a family party of workfolk at a late tea, some of the men in their shirt sleeves; a woman sewing by a lamp; a mother laying her child in its cradle; a man with his head fallen on his hands upon a table; a girl and her lover leaning over the window-sill together. What suggestion! what drama! what infinite interest! At the Forty-second Street station they stopped a minute on the bridge that crosses the track to the branch road for the Central Depot, and looked up and down the long stretch of the elevated to north and south. The track that found and lost itself a thousand times in the flare and tremor of the innumerable lights; the moony sheen of the electrics mixing with the reddish points and blots of gas far and near; the architectural shapes of houses and churches and towers, rescued by the obscurity from all that was ignoble in them, and the coming and going of the trains marking the stations with vivider or fainter plumes of flame-shot steam—formed an incomparable perspective. They often talked afterward of the superb spectacle, which in a city full of painters nightly works its unrecorded miracles; and they were just to the Arachne roof spun in iron over the cross street on which they ran to the depot; but for the present they were mostly inarticulate before it. They had another moment of rich silence when they paused in the gallery that leads from the elevated station to the waiting-rooms in the Central Depot and looked down upon the great night trains lying on the tracks dim under the rain of gas-lights that starred without dispersing the vast darkness of the place. What forces, what fates, slept in these bulks which would soon be hurling themselves north and east and west through the night! Now they waited there like fabled monsters of Arab story ready for the magician's touch, tractable, reckless, will-less — organized lifelessness full of a strange semblance of life.

The Marches admired the impressive sight with a thrill of patriotic pride in the fact that the whole world perhaps could not afford just the like. Then they hurried down to the ticket-offices, and he got her a lower berth in the Boston sleeper, and went with her to the car. They made the most of the fact that her berth was in the very middle of the car; and she promised to write as soon as she reached home. She promised also that having seen the limitations of New York in respect to flats, she would not be hard on him if he took something not quite ideal. Only he must remember that it was not to be above Twentieth Street nor below Washington Square; it must not be higher than the third floor; it must have an elevator, steam heat, hall boys, and a pleasant janitor. These were essentials; if he could not get them, then they must do without. But he must get them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE VERTEBRATE.

PREPARING NETS FOR SHAD FISHING.

When in the neighborhood of New York city Irishmen are making their arrangements to honor St. Patrick, fishermen have commenced active preparations for the capture of shad. Long before that date, however, their nets have been thoroughly overhauled. It is generally accepted that on or about the 17th of March the Mayor of the city of New York, in accordance with a time-honored custom, ought to receive his first North River shad, but as likely as not his table on that particular day may have to go without *Clupea sapidissima*.

This season the first shad in the North River came some little late. These irregularities on the part of the fish are very perplexing to the fisherman. Shad move from salt to fresh water according to temperatures. If this movement is to be expressed in a scientific way, shad follow the law of other anadromous fish, and seek "a hydrothermal area of a certain temperature." How far shad go out to sea is not known. The probability is that the fish never are very far distant. It is not generally known that shad are caught in the neighborhood of New York at all seasons, not in quantity, of course, but represented by single individuals.

Shad are capricious as to their movements in the rivers. Sometimes schools of fish have been netted on one side of a river, and the exact position has been sought for by fishermen and handsomely paid for, with the expectation that it would yield a rich harvest. For no known cause, when the time came, all the fish had taken to the other side of the river. It is generally supposed that the shad is the most timid of fish, and afraid even of the shadow of a bridge thrown on the water.

Shad ascend the river for purposes of reproduction, and try to deposit their eggs at the exact places in the small streams where they first swam. How far they are governed by instinct can hardly be determined. Knowing their habits, the fishermen line the channels with their nets, and await impatiently the coming of the schools. Mr. W. A. Rogers shows in his sketch the men at work getting their nets and other appliances in order. A net is a frail thing, and repairs are constant. It is not always a shad that tries to take its course up a river. Very often a sturgeon comes, and then he makes a big hole in the net. The stakes used for the nets are strong and heavy, and have to be solidly fixed in the ground. The fishermen, to designate their particular limits, use a bit of green brush, which they attach to their stakes. When work begins and the shad are running, the labor of tending the nets, taking the fish, and sending the shad to market is very arduous, and there is an utter disregard of any set or fixed hours of labor. While there are shad, shad must be taken, and sometimes the fishermen work on for eighteen hours at a stretch. In the neighborhood of New York the fishermen are generally all whites, but in the past many colored men were found. In the Potomac shad fisheries the colored man is in the majority.

Shad fishing is rather an uncertain business, the profits derived from it varying considerably. This arises not because fish are not caught, but for the reason of the fluctuation of prices. Shad being the first fish coming into the market, in the early spring may be in eager demand, and selling at from thirty-five cents to fifty cents wholesale, when suddenly the first smack-load of mackerel caught off Cape Henlopen makes its appearance. Then shad in the New York markets will tumble in a day fifty per cent. in price.

Shad fishing is a rough, hard life, and the returns often not proportionate to the risks run. The broiled shad at breakfast, in proportion to the toil expended in its capture, is almost always a fish which as to its price barely pays the men who have caught it.

THE FIRST GRANDCHILD.

"Grandmother!" called the farmer, and there came
Out through the vine-wreathed porch a blushing dame,
Surprised and eager at the strange new name.

The clock within rang forth the chime for eight.
"A message? Read it—quick—how can you wait?"
Her husband, smiling, leaned upon the gate,

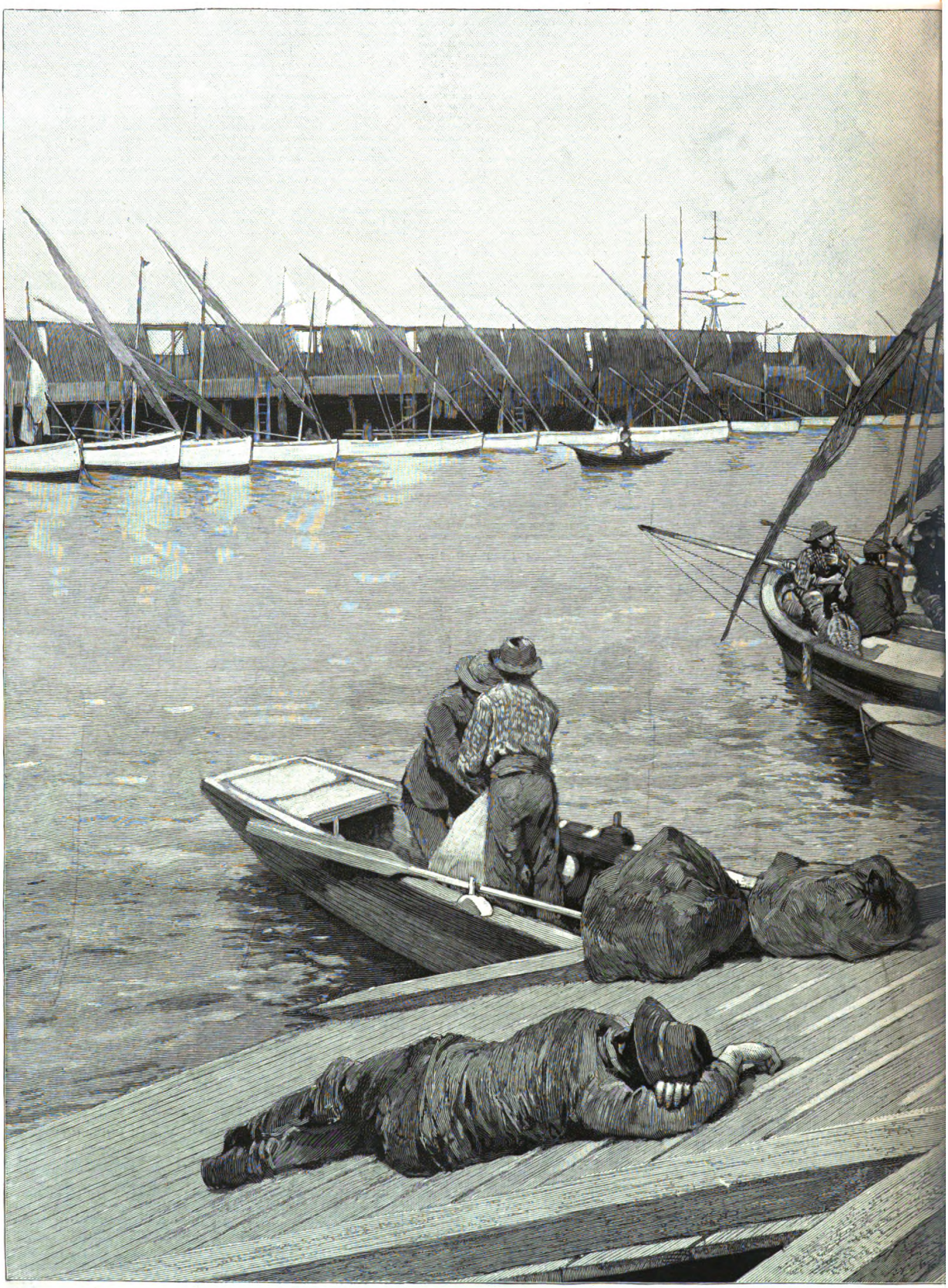
At arm's-length holding in his trembling hand
The crisp white sheet, while he the writing scanned,
Then read once more, with voice almost unmanned:

"'Thy granddaughter salutes thee, "Baby Bell."'
Mother and child, thank God, are doing well."
A moment's silence on the proud twain fell.

She broke it soon. "*Grandfather*, I congrat—"
"What, me?" the good man cried, lifting his hat—
"'Grandfather'—me? I hadn't thought of that."

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SICILIAN AND ITALIAN FISHERMEN'S DOCK, SA

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CO.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 307.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON had more than one hundred church edifices before the Church of the Covenant was built, at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and Eighteenth Street, almost in the centre of the rapidly growing and improving northwestern section of the city. While most of the churches are substantial and sufficiently ecclesiastical in architecture and style, the Church of the Covenant is at once the handsomest as well as the newest church structure in the city.

The church represents the need of a congregation rather than a solicitation for a congregation. It is not the abiding-place of a seceding body nor a colony from an older church. About five years ago, when the need of a church of the Presbyterian denomination became felt by those who lived in the northwestern part of the city, some twenty gentlemen, including the late Justice MATTHEWS, JAMES G. BLAINE, GARDINER G. HUBBARD, Admiral COLHOUN, Admiral CARTER, SAMUEL SHELLABARGER, JAMES E. FITCH, M. W. GALT, and W. M. GALT, met at the house of ex-Justice STRONG, and decided to secure a church organization and purchase a site for a building. They bought, for $38,000, the lots at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and Eighteenth Street, the committee making the first payment of $10,000.

An appeal by circular was made in November, 1883, for subscriptions to a fund to enable the incorporators to complete the purchase of land and erect a chapel, and among the early contributors were the persons already named, and Senator CAMERON, WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, Colonel JOHN HAY, the late ex-Senator YULEE, and others. With plans for the entire church in their possession the committee of incorporators began, in the latter part of 1884, a chapel on the rear of the lot. This part of the edifice was opened for public worship October 11, 1885. A week later the church was formally organized by the Presbytery, 53 persons uniting with the church at that time. A call to the Rev. Dr. S. S. MITCHELL, of Buffalo, was declined, and in March, 1886, the office of the pastorate was accepted by the Rev. TEUNIS S. HAMLIN, D.D. Dr. HAMLIN is a native of Schenectady, New York, born MAY 31, 1847, a graduate of Union College in 1867, and of the Union Theological Seminary of New York city in 1871, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred by Union College in 1886. He began his ministrations in May, 1886, coming from Cincinnati. The congregation of 99 members increased under his pastorate, until now its membership is 250, with a mission west of Rock Creek conducting a Sunday-school of 200 members, and a Saturday industrial school of about the same size.

The chapel proving too small to accommodate the rapidly increasing congregation, and interest in the construction of the main edifice being manifested by liberal subscriptions of funds, ground was broken in April, 1887, for that structure, and the work upon it was pushed with such despatch that it was expected to occupy the new church in October of the following year. On August 23, 1888, when the structure, including the noble tower that is its chief architectural feature, was about completed, the tower fell, crashing into the front wall, wrecking a part of the interior, postponing occupation for several months, and imposing unexpected additional expense upon a congregation that had already been wonderfully prompt in liberal giving. The work of reconstruction was at once begun. Early in February the ruined parts of the building were restored, excepting only the tower, which was still half completed, and upon which work has just been resumed, when, on Sunday, February 24th, the church was opened for public worship. It had cost about $215,000. Owing to the fall of the tower an unlooked-for debt of $20,000 had been incurred. Upon an appeal to the congregation, after the first Sunday service, by the Hon. GARDINER G. HUBBARD, $22,000 was at once raised, enabling the trustees to pay the floating indebtedness and to redeem the first bond of the $75,000 bonded indebtedness.

The church which this congregation has erected is an admirable example of the Romanesque and Italian styles in architecture. It is built of creamy white stone, partly from the Potomac quarries at Great Falls and partly from Ohio. The campanile is the most prominent feature of the structure. It is twenty feet square at the base, and when completed will rise to a height of 148 feet. The corners are turreted, and the mass of white stone is broken at regular intervals by narrow windows, and at the belfry by a series of arcaded openings in three tiers. The body of the church is in form a parallelogram. Its front is to the west, facing Connecticut Avenue. At the left is the great campanile, and at the right a turreted tower, flanked by a low-roofed projection forming the vestibule for an entrance corresponding with another through the main tower. The slated roofs are broken half-way up by a square lantern that rises into a clere-story, and is then finished with a sharp pitch. The lantern sides and roofs are covered with dark red glazed tiles. The capitals, entrance arches, the arched openings in the belfry, and the finials are all richly and tastefully carved.

The interior is spacious, airy, light, tasteful, and restful. Four flat arches, springing from four large pillars, support the lantern with its domed roof. The pillars are bronzed, and the arches, finished in plaster in low relief, from cartoon designs in the Italian style, are colored so as to give to the interior a general tone of old ivory. A wainscot of oak, thirteen feet in height, rises to the ivory-colored walls. The pews, obliqued at the sides of the church, are also of polished oak. The seating capacity of the church is about 1000. The spandrels of the lantern are decorated with groups of Florentine angels, and the frieze has a delicate design in tracery. In the arch back of the pulpit is an oak-encased HOOK & HASTINGS organ, with three manuals and thirty-nine stops.

Unusual interest attaches to the pulpit and communion table. Both are made from olive, oak, and cedar brought from Mount Lebanon, in the Holy Land, by the Rev. Dr. HAMLIN, who secured the logs, and was only enabled to get them out of Syria by the intervention of the State Department. The communion table is designed to represent the ancient Temple of Solomon, and the pulpit harmonizes with it. Both pulpit and table are beautifully finished. A large chandelier of brass, suggested by that in the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople, is suspended from the centre of the lantern. It was presented by the children of the Sunday-school, and cost $1300.

The windows, excepting the large one in the north wall, are filled with cathedral glass, after designs by TIFFANY. The north window is the gift of MRS. MARTHA M. READ, and is a memorial of Admiral Dahlgren, her brother. It represents the extreme scenes in the life of Christ—the Annunciation and the Resurrection. The glass for the south window is being made in Italy, and will be presented to the church by the Hon. THOMAS WILSON. The heating and ventilating arrangements are as complete and effective as they could be made, and have admirably met the expectation of the building committee of the church.

President HARRISON is a member of the congregation of the Church of the Covenant, his pew being No. 43, not far from the pulpit. He joined the congregation in 1885, when it was worshipping in the chapel, and was then, with his family, a regular attendant, remaining a member until the close of his term as Senator. Secretaries BLAINE and WINDOM and Postmaster-General WANAMAKER are also pew-holders.

MY LITERARY MISADVENTURE.

On the shrine of a bad cold, I, Rudolph du Corduroy, had offered up quinine, lemon juice, whiskey, aconite, iron, onions, hot water, cold water, camphor, cod-liver oil, my time, temper, teeth, digestive apparatus, and good looks, without effecting a cure. Evidently I should have to write and tell Rosalie Redfern that I found myself too ill to go to the theatre with her on Friday evening. Would she care, or would she compare me disparagingly with Bieceps, of the Athletic Club, who never took cold? Very likely she would send Bieceps word that he might call. I put on a fresh mustard plaster, swallowed half a pint of iron gargle and a quinine pill. Then, as I mixed some whiskey and lemon juice, I said to myself, "Du Corduroy, what a lack of mental calibre is this! To curse fate because you cannot meet an engagement with an eighteen-year-old girl whom you have known six weeks, and instead of considering the influence of colds upon humanity in general, to be intent upon such petty ramifications of the subject as your own personal ague, rheumatism, and toothache!" These reflections, which might have resulted in a mind-cure or valuable ethical conclusions, were interrupted by a voice in the hall, which announced "A note for Number 17." Ha! "Number 17" was myself. A year of camping out in a boarding-house had accustomed me to hearing myself mentioned as "the third floor front," or "Number 17," or "the single young man with the eye-glasses and the striped pants." At first I objected to "pants." But I learned to accept the truth that "trousers" is an exotic not to be found in the vocabulary of the denizens of a boarding-house. Possibly this was a note from Rosalie, and I smiled and felt for a dime as the messenger handed it to me. "Mr. Trencher said I was to call again in an hour and a half," he remarked, and immediately disappeared, having probably learned from experience that his communications were not productive of dimes. Mr. Bieu Plume Trencher was the editor of *The Weekly Philistine*. His note read:

"*Mr. R. du Corduroy:*

"DEAR SIR,—Your copy was expected this forenoon. Please send as soon as possible, and oblige, B. P. TRENCHER."

I drank the whiskey and lemon juice, and sat down at my desk. Reader, I must be frank with you, and if in consequence you omit the rest of this tale, I cannot help it. I confess that I was writing a serial story for *The Weekly Philistine*—a journal which rejoiced in supernatural woodcuts and sensational novelettes. I had conducted a happy family of a detective in citizen's dress, an escaped maniac, a nobleman incognito, an enigmatical widow, her three daughters, a rich old bachelor, his house-keeper, his dissipated nephew, his false friend, a poor but beautiful orphan girl, and, as a theatre programme might add, soldiers, servants, bandits, and the populace, through eighteen chapters. Having introduced such incidents as the maniac's suicide, the apparent abduction of one of the daughters, the clandestine marriage of another daughter with the disguised nobleman, and a mysterious robbery, I had the story well in hand—also the cash payments for the same. Drawing occasional inspiration from my carbolic acid inhaler and further doses of whiskey and lemon juice, I hastened my characters through four unusually troublous chapters before the messenger called again. Then I looked in the mirror and saw that my nose was red and swollen, my eyes were half closed, and my throat had been blistered by a hot-water bandage. I tried to smile tenderly, and the glass reflected an imbecile squint. I attempted to murmur gracefully, "Good-evening, Miss Rosalie," and the only audible result, a husky gurgle, completed my despair, and caused me to dash off my note to Rosalie informing her that I was too ill to call on Friday. I delivered it with the manuscript to the messenger, turned out the gas, and groped my way to bed.

Before I go on with the narrative of the consequences of that evening's work, let me describe an incident which was afterward told me in explanation of the sudden advent of one of my visitors on the following Saturday evening, of which informal reception more anon. The 6.15 Saturday evening train for Sparta rolled out of the city filled with the usual miscellaneous throng of suburban residents, laden with the Sunday dinner, the Saturday papers, laundry packages, the silver-trimmed alligator-skin hand-bag, and the honest market-basket uncompromisingly filled with cabbage and corned-beef.

Among the passengers were two rough-looking men, who took their seats in front of a pretty girl, whose green tailor-made gown, tortoise-shell lorgnette, and pensive air were receiving careful attention from the stout matron who shared her seat. After reading *The Daily Sun*, *The Workingman's Herald*, and *The Weekly Philistine*, they whispered together for a moment, and then, growing excited, the following fragments of their conversation might have been overheard: "It is a mighty queer story. It looks like the young feller had eloped with the girl. His disappearing so, all of a sudden, is most likely because that disguised Pinkerton feller is onto him. I don't see how that crazy one's killing himself and then turning up as chipper as ever is going to be explained." To which the other replied: "Explained, man! it can't be explained. There was a long account of that lunatic's funeral. That Rudolph du Corduroy has done something which he won't be able to account for. Now I say—" What he said was heard only by his companion, as they gathered up their papers and got out at Briggsville. A pretty shop-girl and a flashily dressed woman of about thirty took their places. They also had been reading *The Weekly Philistine*, and the elder remarked, as she folded the paper: "I've no doubt he is a swell in disguise. He has married her, I suppose. It has all been very interesting so far, but I do not like the latest developments. How is Du Corduroy going to get out of it, killing that poor fool, and then pretending so calmly not to have done it at all?" "Well," returned her companion, enthusiastically, "I have liked him all along; I think it is lovely. He will make it all right. It is all the more interesting for being kind of mixed up and queer now." Only occasional phrases of their conversation were audible after that, and at Chestnut Park a policeman and a fast-looking young man in a suit of ready-made clothes took their seats as they left. "You see," said the young man, absently scanning *The Weekly Philistine*, "I seldom notice that sort of thing, but I happened to keep track of this, and it strikes me as an impossible piece of business. Why, I could figure out something better than that myself." "He'll have to explain," said the policeman. "I have to stop an hour in Sparta, and when I go back to the city I shall go and see him and ask him what it means. I can get his address from *The Weekly Philistine*." "Oh, what's the use?" said the other, contemptuously; "that De Colisseum, or De Colorado, or whatever his name is, has made a mistake. He can't explain. He was crazy and committed suicide." And they went into the smoking car. An aristocratic young woman in a green tailor-made gown staggered off the train at Sparta, declined the smelling salts offered her by an observant fellow-traveller, and took the train, which happened to be waiting, back to the city.

To return to my own fortunes. On Friday I narrowly escaped brain-fever, and the doctor, my friend Brown, hinted that the diet of potash, carbolic acid vapor, quinine, whiskey, and lemon juice, and the literary effort to which I subjected myself on Thursday, might have killed me but for the cod-liver oil. On Saturday I grew well fast; life seemed worth living; I even felt friendly toward Bieceps; and as I heard the newsboys calling *The Sun*, *The Herald*, and *The Weekly Philistine* beneath my window, I planned out my next serial story, and even had misty ideas of a novel of which Rosalie should be the heroine. I would call on Rosalie to-morrow. Had she missed me? Perhaps she would not show it if she had. I thought of her frequently throughout the day, and even hoped for a note from her. My afternoon mail was unusually large—a bill or two, a letter from my brother in the West, and the rest in unfamiliar handwriting, forwarded, as I noticed, from *The Weekly Philistine* office. I copy here a few samples of these surprising communications.

"*Mr. Du Corduroy:*

"SIR,—What do you mean by a killing of him, and then passing him off again for a live man? Do you take the reading public for fools? Maybe you was drunk when you got things so mixed; but you had better stop that sort of nonsense and explain, if you do not want to be boycotted.

"Yours, etc., HIRAM STONE."

"MY DEAR MR. DU CORDUROY,—What does it mean? I was so relieved when that unfortunate insane individual killed himself! Was it not an actual suicide? Pray do not have him come to life again. He was so weird! I can hardly wait for the next number, and enclose a stamp, hoping that you will let me know the meaning of your last four chapters. Hoping that you will not consider my note an intrusion, for I am aware that literary men have lots on their minds, I remain

"Your constant reader,
"MIRIAM ESTELLE SPRIGGINS."

"*Mr. R. du Corduroy:*

"DEAR MR.,—I sells the *Weekly Phil.*, and my customers is making inquiries, and I think I could write a better story myself, and if there is any sense in the last edition of that of yours we fail to see it, and will feel obliged if you will point it out. Yours as a friend,

"BILL TIMMINS."

There were others, signed and unsigned, coherent and otherwise, written in evident good faith, and written in a satirical vein. Gradually the truth forced itself upon me. I consulted the back numbers of *The Philistine*, and discovered that after having my maniac kill himself in the most harrowing and detailed manner in chapter 13, I had introduced him in the last paper, in chapter 19, in a particularly vigorous condition, without a word of explanation. I collapsed on the bed, but aroused myself sufficiently to direct the hall boy to admit no callers for me. After an hour or more the boy announced: "There's been several fellows here, sir—a queer lot—but I told them you was ill. This one insisted on coming up, and says—"

The poor boy never got any further in that remark. An unseen force sent him half-way down the hall, and Mr. B. P. Trencher entered. The revised and expurgated version of his remarks which I feel constrained to give is comparatively inadequate and lacking in point.

"I would not have had this happen for a thousand dollars. We are the laughing-stock of the town, Du Corduroy. Are you in the habit of getting drunk, or are you subject to fits of mental aberration?"

"Mr. Trencher," I replied, "I forgot—I entirely forgot the fact that I had killed that man in a preceding chapter. I was ill. I was seriously ill. It was a most unfortunate result of a state of mind due to physical indisposition."

"Well, sir, will you make up what you are pleased to call your mind as to what is to be done about this matter? Why, I have edited this paper twenty years, and I never had such a thing happen before. You say I ought to have read over your copy. I took it for granted that you were a man of sense, that you were to be relied upon. Your copy came late, and I made the greatest mistake of my life in supposing that you were capable of remembering from one week to the next, sir, what you had written. I'll never publish another line you write. Now what do you propose to say in the next paper to explain this mess?"

Above this verbal cyclone I heard a light tap, and managed to gasp, "Come in." In rushed an agitated little figure in a green tailor-made gown, who threw herself into my arms and exclaimed, "Oh, Rudolph! have you committed suicide, or gone crazy, or—or—married any one? What have you done? Two horrid-looking men on the cars said that you had eloped, and had gone crazy, and that a detective had discovered you. And two women, very odd-looking women, seemed to know you, and to—to like you very much; and a policeman and another man thought that you could not explain yourself. Every one is talking about you. What *is The Weekly Philistine?* Is it an anarchist club or something? Oh dear!" It was Rosalie. She was weeping on my shoulder. She let me kiss her and tell her again and again that I loved her too much to do any of those things. And when at last she looked up for a minute I ceased to fear the rivalry of Bieceps or any one else. A little later Mr. Trencher finished his observation of the scenery from the window, Rosalie seated herself primly on the edge of a chair, and we discussed the matter of the story.

"Now," said Rosalie, Mr. Trencher having been introduced to her, and my mishap and the nature of *The Weekly Philistine* having been explained to her, "you will insert in the next paper a notice, signed by you, Mr. Trencher, saying that if the public—"

"The discriminating public," I suggested.

"Yes, if the discriminating public will restrain its impatience—"

"Natural impatience," I suggested again.

"Natural impatience, it will soon understand—"

"The recent startling developments in Mr. Du Corduroy's life," sadly, from me.

"Which more than usually illustrates his peculiarly attractive style," from Trencher.

"And original conceptions of plot and character," triumphantly, from Rosalie.

"Very good," said Trencher. "On the whole, it will be a fine advertisement. But how will you explain it?" he asked me, but he looked at Rosalie.

"Oh, he can do it," she replied. "I will help him."

Between us we managed to concoct an explanation of the resuscitation of my suicide. It spoiled the story from an artistic point of view, but Trencher says that he never published a more popular serial.

Now I am a member of the firm of Redfern & Du Corduroy, bankers, and the only stories I compose are for a listener who is not over-critical if I confess the plot—my little daughter Rosalie.

ALICE L. CLARK.

ON TO OKLAHOMA.

As the 22d of April, the day named in the President's proclamation for opening the Oklahoma country, draws near, the rush to the borders of the promised land has become extraordinary. All the neighboring States share the excitement; even the lake regions of the North send settlers; in New York itself an advertisement has called for 100 men to go and found a town there. Cities have been plotted on paper, and for one of them a bank has been organized, to begin business on the 22d. Farmers, miners, mechanics, gamblers—a motley array, desirable and undesirable—are ready to start. One railroad runs through the territory, others go near it, and they are preparing for the rush. The General Land-office is working to get its two offices at Kingfisher Station and Guthrie ready for business by noon of April 22. The Post-office Department is burrying its mail arrangements for the same day. There are about 11,000 quarter sections to dispose of, and it is said that five times that num-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ber of people want them. The spectacle offered next week will be unexampled even in our history.

One outcome of this strange rush has been a little ill feeling between the old original Oklahoma invaders and those who are coming at the eleventh hour into the vineyard. This is increased by the fact that the cavalry has been beating the bush and driving beyond the borders all people found in it. But there is equity as well as statute requirement in giving everybody a fair start. The invasions of Oklahoma in past years under PAYNE, COUCH, and others, and later under "Pawnee Bill" and HILL, have been lawless, and in direct defiance of successive proclamations by Presidents HAYES, ARTHUR, and CLEVELAND. The lands were, it is true, ceded back to the government in 1866 by the Creeks and Seminoles, but on the express condition that white men should not settle there. They are in the heart of the Indian Territory, and the small price paid at that time for them is evidence that no expectation was then entertained of reimbursement by opening them to settlers. This condition has always been recognized as binding, and accordingly the government has again and again expelled intruders by the use of troops. But in the mean time, for several years past, recognizing that its old idea of settling Indian bands there was impracticable, it has sought to purchase from the Creeks and Seminoles the surrender of this condition, so as to make the sale absolute. At first the Indians, fearing the effect of the inrush of whites, refused; but last winter, under great urgency and tempting offers, they bowed to the inevitable. Congress promptly appropriated more than four million dollars to pay the Creeks and Seminoles for giving up all their right to the tract indicated. But it expressly provided that whoever should go upon the lands thus purchased before the day fixed by the President's proclamation should be cut off from the right to make a regular legal entry through the land-office.

This provision, coupled with the presence of troops, who have been directed by General SCHOFIELD to take the names of intruders, has had a good effect. The region is probably well cleared of intruders, and the race of the 22d will be fair in the start at least. In this number of the WEEKLY we present a series of illustrations of scenes relating to this Oklahoma enterprise, one of the most extraordinary of our day.

THE FISHERMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO.

NEAR the foot of Vallejo Street, on that part of the water front of San Francisco formerly known as Barbary Coast, because it was not unreasonably said to be peopled by Barbary pirates, is a slip which is monopolized by fishermen. Into this slip their boats, which are not unlike the cat-rigged boats of Long Island, though their sail is set on a yard midway up the mast, something like the lateen-sails of the Mediterranean, creep under cover of the shadows of night, and back up alongside each other to the wharf. They sometimes lie so close that each boat touches its neighbor on either side. An idea of the scene may be formed from the picture on our double page, from a drawing by FARNY.

On the wharf against which the fishing-boats are moored is a shed which contains the wholesale fish-market of San Francisco. For three hours out of the twenty-four this is as lively a place as can be seen in the Pacific metropolis. It wakes up at three in the morning, and its day ends at six. By that time the previous day's catch is disposed of at some price or other. The shed is lit with gas jets, which shed a flickering radiance on the piles of shining fish lying in heaps on oblong tables, on the floor, or in baskets and bags. A polyglot audience surrounds the heaps, speaking almost every known language, but the tongue which predominates is Italian; for all or nearly all the fishermen are from the land of fish—the Italian peninsula and the Italian islands. Irishmen do not take kindly to fishing; Americans find more lucrative employment for their time; Chinamen have been gradually elbowed out of deep-sea fishing, and restricted to the pursuit of shrimps and shiners. At Monterey the fishermen are generally Portuguese; at San Francisco the Italians have established a monopoly, and they maintain it. But the customers include fish-dealers, American, French, German, and Spanish; hotel and restaurant keepers, largely French; boarding-house keepers, American and Irish, who drop in late to pick up bargains in unsold fish; and a small army of Chinese peddlers, who have customers of their own whom they serve at Jomicil. Each of these jabbers in his own tongue, while the fishermen vociferate in peninsular dialect, with much gesticulation and unnecessary appeals to the Deity and the saints.

The fish which is most abundant in the wholesale fish-market is known as the smelt. The appellation is local, and is not justified by ichthyology. The true smelt of European and Eastern waters—the *Osmerus eperlanus*—is found in the bay of San Francisco, where it is called the silver smelt. But the fish sold in California under the name of smelt is an atherinoid, which has been classed as *Chirostoma*. It is fair eating, and is always cheap; hence it is a favorite with boarding-house keepers and thrifty housewives. The adult fish is seventeen inches long, and as a rule no others are taken. Sometimes Chinamen catch smaller fish in their nets; they dry them, grind them to powder, and ship them to China.

Next to the smelt, the most abundant fish in San Francisco markets is the rock cod. This is no cod at all. Under the general name of rock cod are classed three chiroids, six varieties of sea *scorpios*, and two varieties of sculpins. These vary in color from red to green, purple, yellow, and orange; in size, from a pound to twenty-five pounds; in length, from eight inches to four feet. They are all similar in the extension backward of their suborbitals, so that they are half head, and a good-sized fish is often found to contain but little food. But the flesh, scanty as it sometimes is, is of good flavor.

There are no true cod in the waters of San Francisco, though the *gadus* is abundant in the waters of Alaska. A poor relation, called in the East a whiting, is sold as cod by the fishermen, and a small fish, which is half head and whose meat is flaky, could not be distinguished from the Eastern tomcod. Occasionally a small heap of mackerel is seen on the fishermen's tables, but the *scomber* is not abundant in Pacific waters south of 54° 40'. A few Spanish mackerel are sometimes seen in places of honor on the tables, as becomes a fish that is rare and dear. To catch Spanish mackerel in abundance the fisherman must cast his nets south of San Diego. On the tables of some of the Sacramento River fishermen may be seen piles of salmon. These are poor eating, very inferior to the Eastern fish or the fish of Columbia River and the Northern streams.

Great piles of flatfish occupy considerable room in the markets. Among these are halibut, a poor variety of the fine fish which is so abundant in Puget Sound and on the Alaska banks; two fish which are sold as sole, which are really fine, though they are not the sole of the English Channel, but some distant connection; and a large variety of flounders, not to be distinguished in flavor from the Atlantic fish bearing the same name and with the same miserable eye screwed through the nose, as if the organ had determined that at any cost it would be of use to its owner. There are piles of herrings, smaller than the herring of the Atlantic coast, and a few heaps of shad. Shad were planted in the Sacramento sixteen years ago, and have propagated. They are neither as large nor as delicate in flavor as the Eastern shad, but they will probably improve. Only a couple of years ago the fish-mongers gave the shad roes away to any who asked for them, and when they sold a shad cleaned it of roe as of entrails.

The finest fish sold in the fish-market of San Francisco are the pompino and the barracuda. The former belongs to the family of the pompanos of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Mexico, which ichthyologists call the *Trachynotis pompanus*. But the Pacific fish is much smaller than its Eastern relatives, rarely exceeding eight inches in length, and more commonly ranging from three to four. The barracuda is a genus by itself, the *Sphyræna* of the books. It is not unlike a pike in appearance, two to three feet long, slim, and round; it swims with inconceivable rapidity, and is so ravenous that fishermen are often wounded in detaching it from the hook. It has a set of teeth like a shark, and even death will not unloose its grip. Both these fish sell in San Francisco markets at from fifty cents to a dollar a pound.

EASTER FLOWERS.

EASTER-TIDE is now the season of the great flower festival of the year. Not Decoration Day can vie with it, nor, in the churches, the "Children's Sunday" that comes in June. Perhaps this may be taken to show the strength of the religious sentiment still left among us; perhaps other and less creditable causes might be assigned; but sure it is that this day, which in our climate is always too early for the display of flowers grown out-of-doors, is that on which there is the greatest floral profusion.

There are fashions in flowers as well as in millinery. Sometimes the great demand is for roses; again, the lily reigns triumphant; this spring, or rather during the latter part of the winter just past, the violet had a season of unprecedented and rather overwhelming popularity. Favorite times change too, as well as varieties, in the world of flowers. Once it was the custom to make floral offerings to one's friends on New-Year's Day. That was when the ancient Hollandish custom of New-Year's calls still prevailed among us, ere the introduction of questionable friends by the callers, the consequent promiscuity of the society into which the fair hostesses were often thrown, and the more than occasional over-indulgence of the callers in vinous stimulants had put an end to what was originally in Nieuw Amsterdam, and still is in many a small town in the interior, a most delightful and beneficial custom, and a pleasant neighborly method of showing one's regard for one's friends.

In those times many a caller sent bouquets or baskets of cut flowers to the ladies to whom he expected to pay his respects, and the aggregate of their offerings represented a very considerable expenditure, over his portion of which, doubtless, many a beau has expended "curses loud and deep," and many a florist has rubbed his hands with glee. A dozen or fifteen years ago New-Year's Day was the florists' best day. Not even Christmas could compare with it, and the custom of using flowers at Easter was confined mainly to the churches of a liturgical form of worship, which at that time were the only ones that observed the day.

With the decline of New-Year's as a day for paying more or less social visits its importance to the florist fell off. But, as in most cases in this world, there was no elimination without substitution. If people did not send flowers to their friends at the new year, that was no reason for not sending them at all; and so, in a gradual way, keeping pace with the recognition of Easter as an ecclesiastical holiday by all denominations of professing Christians—a recognition which now, at least so far as New York city is concerned, is universal—there grew apace the custom of sending floral offerings to friends at the Easter season. It probably enhanced rather than diminished the popularity of this custom that flowers at Easter are not easy to come by, and must be roundly paid for. An offering that costs the giver nothing may be appreciated if it have intrinsic worth or beauty, but it is not always so marked an indication of regard as one that has cost the giver an appreciable amount either of money or of time and trouble.

Before this social custom obtained very largely the Easter flower trade was mainly in potted plants or "set pieces" for the decoration of churches. Lilies, of course, from their emblematic character, were the favorites for this purpose, although other flowers, and more especially white ones, were also largely used. The churches are decorated as much on Easter-Day as ever they were, and the number of those that use flowers on that occasion has largely increased, as one non-liturgical denomination after another has abandoned its prejudices against the observance of "times and seasons," and joined the general celebration of all Christendom; so that more flowers are used in churches than ever. Florists say, however, that the social Easter (if we may use such a term) has come to surpass the ecclesiastical Easter as a day of flowers, and that their sales are greater to private persons for social offerings than to the churches.

Where do all these flowers come from? where do they grow? and how are they transported from the greenhouse to the customer? Most of them come from the greenhouses in New Jersey and on Long Island: honors are about equally divided between the two districts, and between them they produce most of the floral wealth exhibited in our city shops. The flowers are carefully placed in wooden cases of a peculiar construction, made especially for the purpose, and they are sent generally by express. Arrived at the florist's, after a ride of two hours or thereabout, they are placed in the ice-room. This applies, of course, only to cut flowers, which constitute the great bulk of the trade. Once in these refrigerators, the flowers keep for several days without perceptible change. Potted flowers and plants are packed also, in cases of a different kind, and sent by express. Many of these, however, are grown by the city florists in their own greenhouses. But room is too valuable in the city to be devoted in any great degree to such a purpose, and the high-class florists rather discourage the trade in plants and potted flowers. They take up more room, they require much care, and last, but by no means least, the profit on them is not so large as on cut flowers.

Another branch of the trade that some of the more æsthetic florists are endeavoring to discourage to a great degree is the "set pieces" that were formerly so much in vogue. People will have them at funerals, of course, and the broken shaft, the cross, the crown, and the harp are necessarily kept in stock; but for festive purposes mottoes made of flowers stuck in sand, the letters white against a background of red, are rather frowned upon. There are not so many floral Easter-eggs as there once were, nor so many "Compliments of the Season," and "God bless our Home." It is beginning to be realized that the recipient of a gift may take more pleasure in arranging in their appropriate receptacles the flowers that come loose in a box than in gazing upon a set piece or basket gotten up according to the taste and fancy of the florist, be its contents never so beautiful.

Some flowers are sold at Easter that are not grown in greenhouses. These come from the South. Lilacs brought all the way from Georgia have been on sale for a month past; and earlier in the winter there might have been found orange blossoms from Florida and even from New Orleans. For such long journeys as these the flowers cannot be trusted to the tender mercies of the express messengers in the ordinary way. The usual express charges are paid, but in addition to these a liberal *honorarium* is bestowed upon the baggage-man in whose car the flowers travel, and who can perchance slip them into the ice-box on the dining-car of the "limited" at Richmond or Washington, and so enable them to arrive in pretty fresh condition in New York. There are, too, a few flowers at Easter that neither grow in greenhouses nor are sent from the South by the limited express, and these are the best of all. Easter comes late enough this year for some of our own woodland beauties to show themselves above the ground. The spring beauties, the anemones, the liverworts, and the trilliums, are too frail for friendship's offerings at any distance; but there is the trailing arbutus, which keeps its beauty with ever-increasing fragrance for many days, and of all the flowers that grow there is none so lovely to those who have ever known anything of rural joys. The scent of the woods is in it, and its wild and spicy fragrance calls up memories, perhaps, of other days and of delights that are long past. Its trailing vines, with perchance a bit of moss yet clinging to them, or a scarlet squawberry tangled in their leaves, bring with them the very spirit of the woods and pine-clad hills. They tell, too, not of money spent by the friend who sends them, but of time and loving care and anxious search. That is a remembrance worth having.

But the florists do not keep the trailing arbutus, and the young women in Mr. SNYDER'S sketch must fain be content with hyacinths and roses and lilies and other pets of the greenhouses.

RIO.

THE beautiful harbor smiles
Like a paradise of peace;
But eight ships float on the tide
Captainless. River of Tears
Is the River of January.
But tears will not bribe the sun.
Pitiless, perfect sky,
Veil your terrible blue,
Not with the stars of night:
We have need of more than dew.
Send, oh, send us the rain!
Our children laugh in the sun
That is killing them, one by one.
Eight captains dead in the port;
And under the waves that smile
The cable that quivers and breaks
With the message unawares
To English mothers that wait,
"*Died of yellow-fever to-day.*"
And Brazilian mothers and wives
Watch wearily as they pray
For the blessèd, beautiful rain.
Who will come home at night,
"Just a little tired," he said,
But to-morrow dead?

O you of the beautiful North,
The cool and passionless North,
Wrapt in ermine of snow,
Exquisite laces of frost,
And silver bangles of rain,
With your fine strong winds that blow
Through forests of cedar and pine
With a glittering breath like wine,
What can you know of our pain?
You will give—ah! you cannot give.
Your ermine of snow would pass
Like a breath upon the glass;
Your exquisite laces of frost
Would be torn in an instant here
To fringe of impotent waste;
Your silvery little showers
Would not help us in our pain.
But there where you stand so fair,
Will you clasp those beautiful hands,
Those calm, cool, feverless hands,
And pray for us to-day
That God will send us our rain,
Open the flood-gates wide
For the torrents to pour, and save
Our hearts from this living grave
Of suspense, despair, and loss?

One week of glorious rain!
And the streams would run full again,
And the lakes that have shrivelled and curled
In the breath of the blinding sun,
Frail as their lilies are,
Would unfurl again to the air
Like cool and silvery leaves,
Sparkling up to the light,
With their brown beds out of sight.
O God! for a week of rain!
Our children laugh in the sun
That is killing them, one by one.
Pitiless perfect sky,
Veil your terrible blue,
Not with the stars of night:
We have need of more than dew.
Too terrible could not be
The clouds that we fain would see
Spread over this perfect sky.
Frown, that our hearts may laugh;
Melt in pitiful rain,
That our city no more may be
Rio, River of Tears,
But Rio the Queen again—
Rio the Queen!

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

TIJUACA, NEAR RIO JANEIRO, *March* 5, 1889.

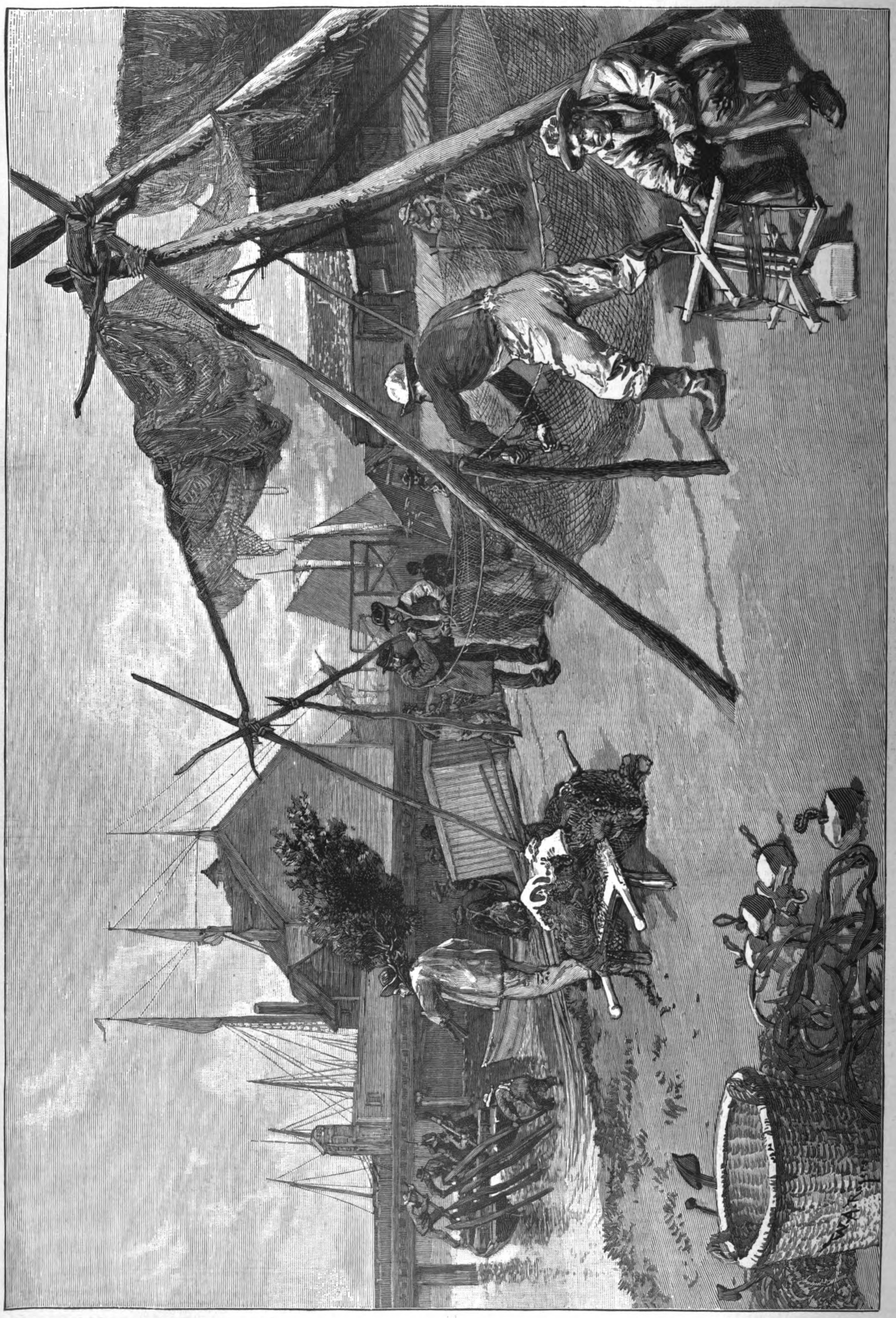


A CITIZEN.

"They say, Pat, that it's only the owld citizens av Amerika that find favor wid de Gineral Washington Cintennial Committee."

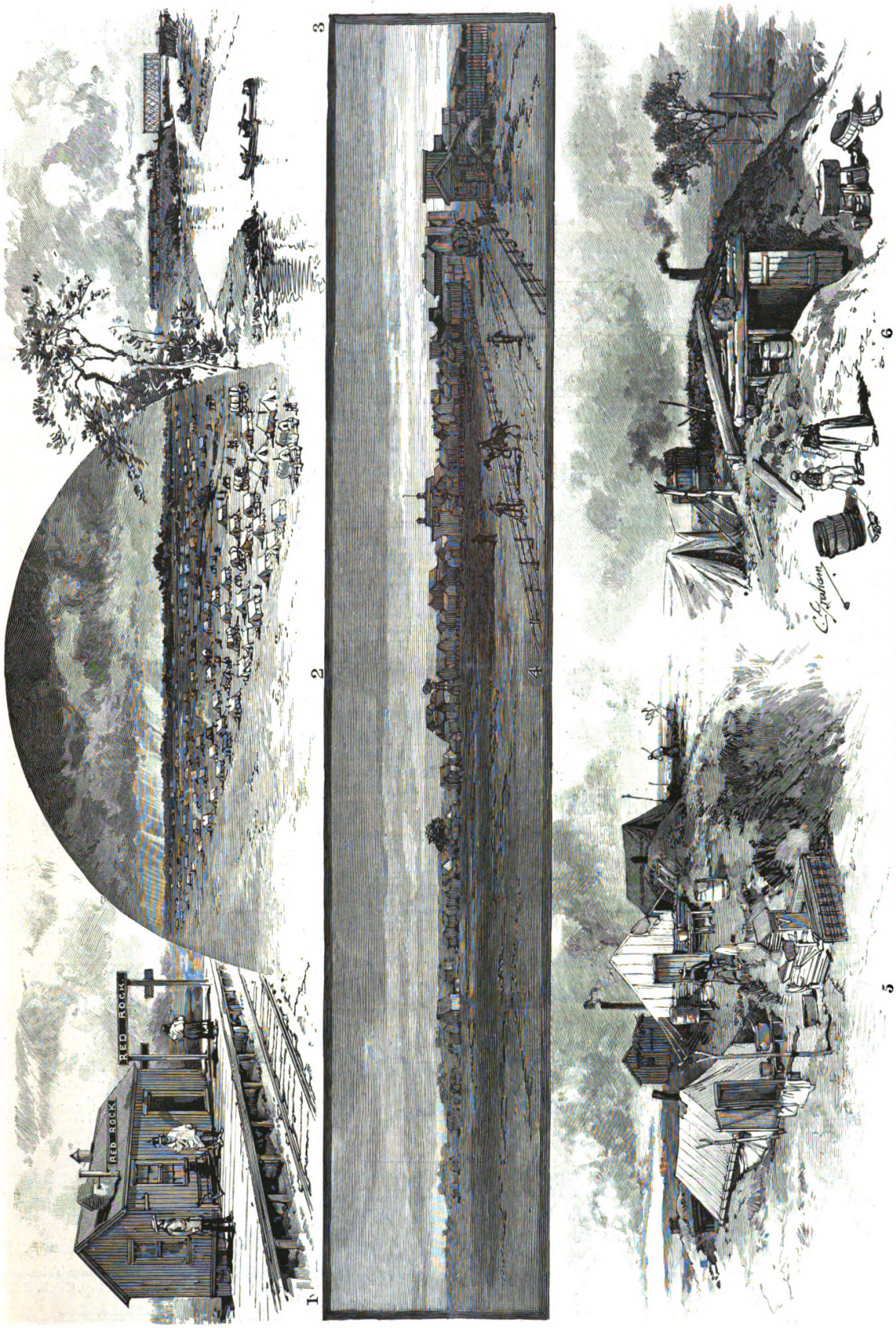
"An' it's not wid de committee I bothered myself at all. I wrote to Gineral Washington himself, an' if he's a gintleman he'll be after favorin' a citizen pwhat landid in Amerika six months ago last Widnisday."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PREPARING NETS FOR SHAD FISHING.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 308.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE INTERIOR OF OKLAHOMA.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. V. HERASCOUER.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

1. Red Rock Station, on the Cherokee Strip, Indian Territory. 2. Boomers waiting on the Kansas and Oklahoma Border. 3. Salt Fork, a Branch of the Arkansas River. 4. Purcell, Indian Territory, on the West Bank of the Canadian River. 5. A Group of Boomers' Tents on the Border Line near Purcell. 6. A Boomer's "Dug-Out," on the Banks of the Canadian River.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

CUSTOM and Nature have fixed upon April 1st as the beginning of the farmer's fiscal year. For this reason a largely agricultural country like our own looks forward to the business settlements of that date with a great deal of interest. All of the large cities, and especially New York, which is the great reserve centre of the country, have to take cognizance of the farmer's financial needs, and Wall Street, which is nothing if not the barometer of the country, reflects in many different ways the wide-spread interest that is taken in this important event. All of this is natural enough. The farmer is the principal producer and he is also the largest consumer of the staple commodities. If he has a bad year and is compelled to extend, increase, or default upon his obligations, the disaster is not his alone, but in the aggregate affects those with whom he deals, and they in turn impart the unpleasant influence to the trade centres, and so on until the financial head of the nation feels the hurt its members have experienced.

This year the April settlements were effected with much less disturbance than usual, and this is the more remarkable since the last crop year was not a phenomenal one. On the contrary, a short wheat crop was a serious misfortune to a large portion of the agricultural community. The yield of corn has about made up in the aggregate this loss, but the result cannot be equalized among the producers. Now that the April settlements are out of the way without having caused more than a ripple upon the surface of the money market, we come to the important fact that almost simultaneous with their disappearance as a factor in the financial situation a decided change appears to have taken place in business sentiment as reflected upon the Stock Exchange. For many months the people whose business it is to study the money and security markets have been watching with almost touching earnestness for signs of fair weather. Wall Street has been fortunate in escaping a panic the last two years. The extensive liquidation has taken the form of a chronic disorder rather than an acute disease. The suffering has not been the less painful on this account, since the patience as well as the nerves of the street has been severely tested.

The general business situation is still far from fulfilling the ideal conditions that some people hope for, but a point has been reached where it seems worth while to question if a turn in the tide of affairs is not at hand. To the casual observer the stock-market would seem to indicate such an event. But the stock-market is rarely free from manipulation, hence cannot be accepted as an infallible guide. Besides, it is now pretty well understood that the decline in the price of Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe securities reached about two weeks ago prices that threatened to demoralize the entire market for securities, and upset the plans of a number of very important interests. The probable outcome of these circumstances was outlined in this column last week. Necessity has apparently brought to terms the two most aggressive competitors engaged in the transportation business in the Southwest. The results of pending negotiations for an alliance will probably not be made public until after the financial backers of the Atchison company have obtained control of its management, as they are very certain to do. This accounts partially for the change that has taken place in the speculative temper. There are other and more patent and more effective reasons.

In the first place, Secretary Windom has by his action virtually announced his policy. He has begun to apply the surplus funds of the government to the retirement of its four per cent. obligations at current quotations, leaving the four-and-a-halfs that are not turned in at his price—which for the time being is 108—to be dealt with on such terms as the government may dictate when they mature two years hence. The deposits of government funds in national banks are unlikely to be disturbed by the depositor. Secondly, it may be noted that railroad earnings, both gross and net, are in nearly every case showing steady gains over those of last year. During the winter the bears argued that the increase was due to the more favorable weather this year, hence could not be maintained. The improvement in March was belittled by comparison with the blizzard season last year. But now that April returns, in spite of a reported smaller volume of business than a year ago, show almost uniform gains, the sceptics are dumb.

Though the crop year has only fairly opened, it has already begun to give promise of a large wheat harvest. Should that promise not be realized, it will have done good service in breaking down the price of wheat held speculatively, so as to permit of its purchase for export. And this brings us to a most satisfactory development, namely, the large increase in the value of our exports. This, together with a fresh foreign demand for American securities, bids fair to prevent any considerable shipments of specie to Europe this spring. Finally, we may note the improvement in the volume of general trade, which has been attended this week by a slight rise in the average price of staples. The better tone has extended to the iron trade, in which the demand for structural iron has resulted in firmer prices. The anthracite coal trade is viewed with less satisfaction than some others, but the big demand for the year has yet to be supplied, and present prices are stimulating consumption. That trade is so well in hand, its success can be be safely left to those who have the most at stake in it. Of course there are other and less pleasing circumstances, but they are fewer and less important than those that have been mentioned. In fact the preponderance of evidence seems to establish that there are sound reasons for the reflected brightness in Wall Street. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, April 26, 1890.*

Digitized by Google

A LIFE MADE MISERABLE

By dyspepsia is scarcely worth the living. A capricious appetite, heartburn, puzzling nervous symptoms, increased action of the heart after eating, sinking in the abdomen between meals, and flatulence after, are among the successive *indicia* of this harassing complaint. Two things only are needful for its removal. A resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persistence in its use. These remedial measures being adopted, a cure is certain. Taken immediately before or after meals, this great stomachic promotes secretion of the gastric juice, the natural solvent of the food. The nervous and bilious symptoms consequent upon chronic indigestion disappear, as the complaint gradually yields to the corrective and invigorating influence of the Bitters. Appetite returns, sleep becomes more refreshing, and, as a sequence, the body is efficiently nourished, muscular power increases, and the mind grows sanguine. Use the Bitters for chills and fever, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Almost as Palatable as Milk.
Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.
A Remedy for Consumption.
For Wasting in Children.
For Scrofulous Affections.
For Anæmia and Debility.
For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.
In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



DR. KNORR'S
ANTIPYRINE
AN APPROVED REMEDY FOR
Headache,
Migraine,
Neuralgia,
Rheumatism,
Whooping Cough, Etc.
Prescribed by Physicians generally. It is a white powder; **dissolves in cold water.** To be had at all Druggists. All original packages bear DR. KNORR'S Signature in Red, and the U. S. Patent Label.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.



SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Gowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.
Ladies desirous of ordering, and unable to visit New York, can have sketches and samples forwarded free by mail—perfect fit guaranteed.
210 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

Darlington, Runkle & Co.
Spring & Summer Wraps and Jackets.
Representing the latest Paris and English Fashions.
SILK BLOUSES in all shades,
Very handsomely made.
CARRIAGE WRAPS and LAP ROBES,
STEAMER RUGS and SHAWLS,
LADIES' RIDING-HABITS,
LADIES' ENGLISH and SCOTCH WOOLLENS,
For ULSTERS, JACKETS, and FANCY WRAPS,
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

STANDARD MUSIC
Four Superb Music Books, printed on fine paper from full-sized music plates, for $2.00, or $2.50 prepaid. STANDARD PIANO ALBUM—220 pages of choice gems from celebrated composers, such as *Moszkowski, Scharwenka, Liszt, Wagner, Lange, Wilson,* and *Spindler.* STANDARD DANCE ALBUM—212 pages of the most popular dance music and marches. STANDARD GEMS—110 pages of songs and ballads, piano accompaniments, and 110 pp. of variations, transcriptions, opera arrangements, etc, for piano. STANDARD SONG ALBUM—220 pp. of songs and ballads, with piano accompaniments, selected from the works of such composers as *Gounod, Abt, Pinsuti, Roeckel,* and *Kjerulf.* TITLE PAGES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED in Colors. Price of each book 50c., or 6 sets prepaid. | LYON & HEALY, Publishers, State & Monroe Sts. Chicago.

STORIES BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA. A Story. Illustrated. pp. iv., 222. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1.00.
Hamilton Aïdé in the "Nineteenth Century," London.
A delightful story from beginning to end. . . . The force that compels me to accept and thoroughly to believe in types unlike any I have ever met in real life—the force that reveals to me a world where I grow to love and sympathize with creatures between whom and myself there seems to exist scarcely even the link of comprehensible speech—this force I can only call "genius." The humor and the pathos of the story are, alike, exquisite: while the sin and the sacrifice of the half-savage girl Virginia are told with a tragic force which I can recall few things in modern literature to equal.

A BROTHER TO DRAGONS, and Other Old-Time Tales. pp. viii., 230. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1.00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N.Y.
The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla! The Best-Largest Bottle

CHEST PAINS COUGHS, COLDS
Chest Pains, Coughs and Colds, Weak Lungs, Backache, Kidney Pains, Rheumatism, and all Muscular Pains, **relieved in one minute** by the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster** The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

$5 **to $8 a day.** Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

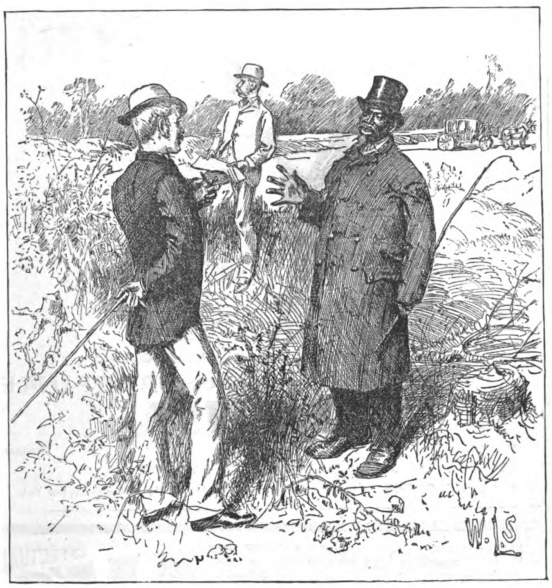
BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801 **Tricopherous** FOR THE HAIR



The oldest and the Best in the World. Will be famous as long as fine Hair is an object of desire to man and woman. Apply it daily, and a splendid head of Hair will be the certain and permanent result.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A CHANGE OF MANŒUVRE.

GUIDE TO BATTLE-FIELDS (*sure of his party, he thinks*). "Yes, sah; hit were jest hyah dat de rebels 'gin to run, an'—"

TOURIST (*bantering him*). "Come, now! *run?* I was a reb myself, and don't believe that they ran."

GUIDE. "Hole on, boss; you ain' let me git through. I did'n say *which way* dey wuz runnin'; 't wuz *to'ards* de enemy."

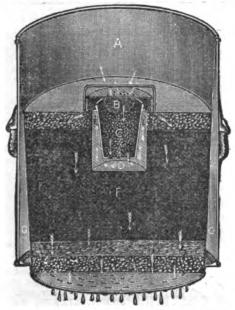
His Personal Experience.

L. T. Harrington, ex-Sheriff of Chautauqua Co., New York, writes:

"I am glad to say, from a long personal experience with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, that I am able to endorse all the good things that have ever been said about them, and supplement these by saying that I frankly believe their value cannot be estimated. Their breadth of usefulness is unlimited, and for prompt and sure relief to almost every ache and pain that flesh is heir to, no other remedy, in my opinion, either external or internal, equals them in certainty and rapidity. I have used them at one time for rheumatism, another for backache, again for bronchitis, always with the same result—a speedy cure."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Jewett's New Water Filter.



A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

ESTERBROOK'S DOUBLE LINE RULING PEN.



MAKES TWO LINES AT ONCE.

Send 10c. stamps for 4 pens; 25c. for 1 doz. ESTERBROOK & CO., 26 John St., New York.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CHICKERING PIANOS

The Standard of the World.

Highest Award over all Competition.



The Cross of the Legion of Honor.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS,

130 5th Avenue, N. Y.
152 Tremont Street, Boston.

Arnold Constable & Co

SILK FABRICS.

Armure Guilloche,
BROCHE POMPADOUR, & METAL EFFECTS.
Armure Rayes for Skirtings.
CAMAIEUX PLAIDS.
STRIPED AND PLAIN BENGALINES.
CREPES,
Grenadines, Gazes,
Stripe, Brocade, and Printed Effects.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.



The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
Pictorial History of the Civil War

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

LOANS

On approved productive realty in the Golden Belt of the Middle West at one-third its value, make

The Safest, Most Profitable,

AND MOST DESIRABLE of all Securities for judicious investors. Write for particulars

THE HUSTED INVESTMENT CO.
JAMES D. HUSTED, *President.*
KANSAS CITY, Kansas.
Capital, $500,000. *Paid up* $350,000.

Bless Your Souls!



My brother farmers, why pay 10 or 20 cts. for a seed catalogue, when you can receive one containing **just as many and very probably more varieties** and all new vegetables that are really valuable, for just **NOTHING?** It may have less paint about the covers, but, great Scott! we are not after **paint,** but **seed,** fresh and true to name, such as will make with a master's hand its own picture all over our farms and gardens; seed I am not afraid to **WARRANT** on the cover of my catalogue. Come, my fellow farmers, and join the thousands, who for thirty years have been users of my seed; why, we were a goodly company and having pleasant times together before the great majority of the present race of seedsmen (bless the boys!) had left their nurse's arms! Send for a catalogue.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

20 TO 30 PER CENT.

EXPECTED TO BE PAID IN DIVIDENDS
BY THE
Empire Manganese & Iron Co.

This Company has several large manganese properties in Cuba, which are open, and from which 2500 tons of ore has been sold, the ore running from **50 TO 60 PER CENT. METALLIC MANGANESE.** They are only two miles from a railroad and nine miles from port. Arrangements are now being made to ship large quantities during the coming year, and matters have progressed so well that it is now believed that **SHIPMENTS WILL BE MADE INSIDE OF 40 DAYS.** The Company can sell all the ore they wish to mine, and from estimates which have been made it is believed that dividends of **20 TO 30 PER CENT.** can be paid on the par value of the stock. The management will strive to make the property earn even **MORE THAN 30 PER CENT.**

Prospecting has gone far enough to satisfy the engineers that the ore body is very large in two of the mines: therefore, with good management, there appears to be no good reason why the above estimates may not be realized, or even doubled.

The Company is organized under the laws of New Jersey, capital stock, $500,000, par value $10, and there is no liability attached to the stockholders. The Directors are:

JAMES GILFILLAN, EX-U. S. TREASURER, 115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
N. J. BOTSFORD, OF BOTSFORD & NOE, 52 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
JAMES D. HENDERSON, MERCHANT AND MANUFACTURER, 270 PEARL ST., CITY.
D. M. YEOMANS, PRESIDENT NEW YORK & OHIO R. R., 35 WALL ST., CITY.
W. S. CHAMBERLIN, 115 BROADWAY, CITY.

There is only a limited number of shares to be sold at its par value, $10 per share, and the sale may be stopped at any time. No less than five shares can be issued.

MAKE CHECKS AND DRAFTS TO ORDER OF
W. S. CHAMBERLIN, Agent,
115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE WABASH RAILWAY

SOLID AND COMPLETE
VESTIBULED TRAINS

BUFFET COMPARTMENT CARS and FREE RECLINING-CHAIR CARS,
RUN DAILY BETWEEN
CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS.

The only Road operating such magnificent train service between the two cities.

The Only Line Running Through Vestibuled Sleeping-Cars
Between ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK and BOSTON,
VIA NIAGARA FALLS.

A Direct Route with through trains between Chicago and Kansas City and Toledo and Kansas City.

Ticket Agents in the United States or Canada can tell you all about this Railway, or you can address

JOHN McNULTA, Receiver.
K. H. WADE, Gen'l Supt. S. W. SNOW, Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agent.
A. D. DWELLE, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agent. CHICAGO.

A Word to Consumptives.

It matters not if the dreadful disease be inherited or contracted by exposure, the effects of MAGEE'S EMULSION will be apparent after a short course of treatment. We have seen so many marvellous cures wrought by our Emulsion in nearly every form and stage of consumption, that we fearlessly maintain that it is WITHOUT AN EQUAL to-day as a specific for every kind of lung difficulty. A patient who is so far gone in consumption as to be unable to retain any other medicine on his stomach can take

MAGEE'S EMULSION

without the least inconvenience. This we guarantee, and what is more, we authorize all druggists to refund the purchase money to any patient who is in a reasonable condition, and who, after taking two bottles of our Emulsion, does not gain in weight. It is plain that if a consumptive patient continues to gain in weight, a permanent cure must result.

A CASE OF HEREDITARY CONSUMPTION CURED.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Sirs.—"I have been a long and patient sufferer from a lung difficulty; have taken a great amount of medicine, and been under the care of several physicians, all of which finally failed to benefit me. I had lost two sisters and one brother from the dread disease of consumption, and when the doctors gave me up, I thought I should follow them by the ravages of the same disease. I was terribly reduced in weight, scarcely weighing 100 pounds where I once weighed 150. I took your Emulsion and at once began to experience relief, gained strength, and now weigh 150 pounds. No other medicine could have done as much for my lungs I am sure, and I can recommend it without hesitation on its own merits.

Yours truly, NELLIE NOLAN.

See that your Druggist sells you only
Magee's Emulsion.
PREPARED BY
J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Light Sweet Wholesome Bread

Delicious Pastry



"I'M SO SORRY—BUT IT SMELLS GOOD!"

LUNDBORG'S FAMOUS PERFUME,

EDENIA

DELICATE. REFINED. FRAGRANT.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

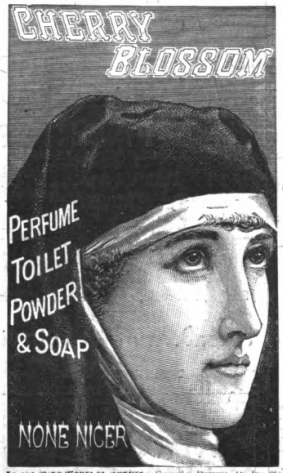
LADD & COFFIN, Proprietors and Manufacturers, 24 Barclay St., cor. Church St., New York.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Foster's

KID GLOVES.

CAUTION!

Kid Gloves bearing imitations of our Lacing Hooks are offered for sale.

The genuine Foster Glove Hooks *do not* catch in Fringe, Laces, &c., nor accidentally unfasten.

All Gloves with *genuine* Foster Lacings are stamped

FOSTER'S PATENTS.

Demand them and see that you get them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOSTER, PAUL & CO., Manufacturers.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

Justus Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.



TOP ROYAL A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE FOR SALE BY ALL MENS FURNISHERS MANF'D ONLY BY CORLISS BROS & CO. TROY N.Y.

New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St. Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.



If so, why not?

You may be looking for the best wheels in the world.

Try a Victor.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Makers of Victor Bicycles, Tricycles, and Safeties.

Catalog free. Boston, Mass.

Autograph Letters.

WALTER R. BENJAMIN, 28 West 23d Street, New York City.

SEND FOR PRICE-LISTS.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N.Y.

L. SHAW,

54 WEST 14th STREET, N. Y.

EUGENIE'S SECRET OF BEAUTY, C. B. or Cocoanut Balm, for the complexion, is creating a great sensation throughout the world. $1.00 per bottle. EXTRACT of TURKISH ROSE LEAVES, indelible tint, for the face and lips. Fine as the blush of the rose. $1.00 and $1.50 per bottle.

For sale everywhere. Send for new Spring Catalogue.

TRADE EARL & WILSON'S MARK LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER,

they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, if your druggist does not keep them (*inquire first*),

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX.

Mention this publication.

GREENWAY'S TRADE MARK. AMERICAN

DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

IN GLASS ORWOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

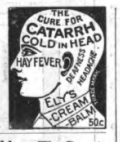
ESTAB. 1822. PHILA. U. S. A.

FRED. BROWN'S GINGER FOR CRAMPS AND COLIC.

ELY'S CREAM BALM WILL CURE CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.



HILL'S MANUAL, The Great Form Book, Standard in Social and Business Life. Large sales. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write Danks & Turner, Hill Standard Book Co., 103 State St., Chicago, who wish to employ a few more good salesmen.

DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N.Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.



SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent, send for circular. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS Apollinaris QUOD UBIQUE



$3 Printing Press. Prints all your cards & labels. Circular press, $8. Size for small newspaper, $44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, $106. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory,

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

Digitized by Google Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"ONE NIGHT, AS HE SAT BESIDE THE OVEN SMOKING HIS SECOND PIPE, HE FOUND HIMSELF THINKING"

A ROMANCE OF TOMPKINS SQUARE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

WHETHER the honey shall be brought to the boiling-point slowly or rapidly; whether it shall boil a long time or a short time; when and in what quantities the flour shall be added; how long the kneading shall last; in what size of earthen pot the dough shall be stored, and what manner of cover upon these pots best preserves the dough against the assaults of damp and mould; whether the pots shall be half buried in the cool earth of the cellar or ranged on shelves to be freely exposed to the cool cellar air—all these several matters are enshrouded in a mystery that is penetrated only by the elect few of Nürnberg bakers by whom perfect lebkuchen is made. And the same is true of the Brunswick bakers, who call this rare compound honigkuchen, and of the makers of Pfeffferkuchen, as it is called by the bakers of Saxony.

Nor does the mystery end here. This first stage in the making of lebkuchen is but means to an end, and for the compassing of that end—the blending and the baking of the finished and perfect honey-cake—each master-baker has his own especial recipe, that has come down to him from some ancestral baker of rare parts, or that by his own inborn genius has been directly inspired. And so, whether the toothsome result be Nürnberger lebkuchen, or Brunsscheiger peppernotte, or Basler leckerly, the making of it is a mystery from first to last.

It was because of this mystery that the life of Gottlieb Brekel had been embittered for nearly twenty years—ever since, in fact, his first essay in the compounding of Nürnberger lebkuchen had been made. He was but a young baker then; now he was an old one, and notwithstanding the guarded praise of friends and the partial approval of the public (notably of that portion of the public under the age of ten years that attended St. Bridget's Parochial School) he full well knew that his efforts through all these years to make, in New York, lebkuchen such as he himself had eaten when he was a boy, at home in Nürnberg, had been neither more nor less than a long series of failures.

In the hopeful days of his apprenticeship all had seemed so easy before him. Let him but have a little shop, and then a little capital wherewith to lay in his supply of honey, and the thing would be done! He had no recipe, it is true; for he was a baker not by heredity, but by selection. Yet from a wise old baker he had gleaned the knowledge of honey-cake making, and he believed strongly that from the pure fount of his own genius he could draw a formula for the making of lebkuchen so excellent that compared with it all other lebkuchen would seem tasteless. But these were the bright dreams of youth, which age had refused to realize.

In course of time the little shop became an accomplished fact; a very little shop it was in East Fourth Street. Capital came more slowly, and three several times, when a sum almost sufficient had been saved, was it diverted from its destined purpose of buying the honey without which Gottlieb could not make even a beginning in his triumphal lebkuchen career.

His first accumulation was swept away through the conquest of Ambition by Love. In this case Love was personified in one Minna Schaus—who was not by any means a typical sturdy German lass, with laughing looks and stalwart ways, but a daintily finished golden-haired maiden, with soft blue eyes full of tenderness, and a gentleness of manner that Gottlieb thought—and with more reason than lovers sometimes think things of this sort—was very like the manner of an angel. And for love of her Gottlieb forgot for a while his high resolves in regard to lebkuchen making; and on the altar of his affections—in part to pay for his modest wedding feast, in part to pay for the modest outfit for their housekeeping over the bakery—the money laid aside for the filling of his honey-pots very willingly was offered up.

A second time were his honey-pots sacrificed, that the coming into the world of the little Minna might be made smooth. This also was a willing sacrifice; though in his heart of hearts Gottlieb felt a twinge of regret that his first-born was not a son, to whom the fame and fortune incident to the making of perfect lebkuchen might descend. But he was a philosopher in his way, and did not suffer himself to be seriously disconcerted by an accident that by no means was irreparable. As he smoked his long pipe that night, while the bread was baking, he said to himself, cheerily: "It is a girl. Yes, that is easy. Girls sprout everywhere; they are like grass. But a boy, and a boy who is to grow up into such a baker as my boy will be—ah, that is another matter. But patience, Gottlieb; all in good time." Then, when his third pipe was finished—which was his measure of time for the baking—he fetched out the sweet-smelling hot bread from the oven with his long peel, and set forth upon his round of delivery. And he whistled a mellow old Nürnberg air as he pushed his cart through the streets before him that frosty morning, and in his heart he thanked the good God who had sent him the blessings of a dear wife and a sweet little daughter and a growing trade.

And yet once more were his honey-pots sacrificed, and this time the sacrifice was sad indeed. From the day that the little Minna came into the world his own Minna, as in a little while was but too plain to him, began to make ready to leave it. As the weeks went by, the little strength that at first had come to her was lost again; the faint color faded from her cheeks, and left them so wan that through the fair skin the blue veins showed in most delicate tracery; and as her dear eyes ever grew gentler and more loving, the light slowly went out from them. So within the year the end came. In that great sorrow Gottlieb forgot his ambition, and cared not, when the bills were paid, that his honey-pots still remained unfilled. For the care of his home and of little Minna his good sister Hedwig came to him. Very drearily, for a long while, the work of the bakery went on.

But a strong man, stirred by a strong purpose, does not relinquish that purpose lightly; and the one redeeming feature of the life of many sorrows which in this world we all are condemned to live is that even the bitterest sorrow is softened by time. But for this partial relief our race no doubt would have been extinguished ages ago in a madness wrought of grief and rage.

Gottlieb's strong purpose was to make the best lebkuchen that baker ever baked. After a fashion his sorrow healed, as the flesh heals about a bullet that has gone too deep to be extracted by the surgeon's craft, and while it was with him always, and not seldom sent through all his being thrills of pain, he bore it hidden from the world, and went about his work again. Working comforted him. The baking of bread is an employment that is at once soothing and sustaining. As a man kneads the spongy dough he has good exercise and wholesome time for thought. While the baking goes on he may smoke and meditate. The smell of the newly baked bread is a pleasant smell, and brings with it pleasant thoughts of many people well nourished in the eating of it. Moreover, there is no time in the whole twenty-four hours when a city is so innocent, so like the quiet honest country-side, as that time in the crisp morning when a baker goes his rounds.

As Gottlieb found himself refreshed and strengthened by these manifold good influences of his gentle trade, his burden of sorrow was softened to him and made easier to bear. Comforting thoughts of the little Minna—growing to be a fine little lass now—stole in upon him, and within him the hope arose that she would grow to be like the dear mother whom she never had known. So the little fine roots of a new love struck down into his sad heart; and presently the sweet plant of love began to grow for him again, casting its delicate tendrils strongly about the child, who truly was a part of the being about which his earlier and stronger love had clung. Yet the love that thus was re-established in Gottlieb's breast was far from filling it, and so for ambition there was ample room.

Somewhat to his surprise, one night, as he sat beside the oven smoking his second pipe, he found himself thinking once more about his project for making such lebkuchen as never yet had been known outside of Nürnberg—lebkuchen that would make him at once the admiration and the despair of every German baker in New York. Nor was there, as he perceived as he turned the matter over in his mind, any reason now why he should not set about making this project a reality, for he had money enough, and more than enough, in store to buy the honey that he had so long desired. His eyes sparkled; he forgot to smoke; and when he turned again, half-unconsciously, to his pipe, it had gone out. This roused him. The brightness faded from his eyes; he drew a long sigh. Then he lighted his pipe again, and until the baking was ended his thoughts no longer were busied with ambitious schemes for the making of lebkuchen, but went back with a sad tenderness to the happy time that had come so quickly to so cruel an end.

But the spark was kindled, and presently the fire burned. When he told the good Hedwig that he had bought the honey at



"WHEN THE DOUGH WAS PACKED IN EARTHEN POTS, OVER WHICH BLADDERS WERE TIED, THE POTS WERE SET AWAY IN THE COOLEST PART OF THE CELLAR."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

last, that excellent woman—albeit not much given to display of the tender emotions—shed tears of joy. She was a sturdy, thick-waisted, stout-ankled person, this Aunt Headwig, with a cheery red face, and prodigiously fine white teeth, and very bright black eyes; and her taste in dress was such that when of a Sunday she went to the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers, in Third Street, she was more brilliant than ever King Solomon was in all his glory, in her startling array of vivid reds and greens and blues. But beneath her violent exterior of energetic color she had a warm and faithful heart, as little Minna knew already, and as her brother Gottlieb had known for many a long good year. Therefore was Gottlieb now gladdened by her hearty show of sympathy; and he returned with a good will the sounding smack that she gave him with her red lips, and the strong hug that she gave him with her stout arms.

It was at sight of this pleasing manifestation of affection that Herr Sohnstein, the notary—who was present in the little room back of the shop where it occurred—at once declared that he meant to buy some honey too. And Aunt Hedwig, smiling so generously as to show every one of her fine white teeth, promptly told him that he had better be off and buy it, because perhaps he could buy at the same place some hugs and kisses too: at which sally and quick repartee they all laughed. Herr Sohnstein long had been a declared lover of Aunt Hedwig's, and long had been held at arm's-length (quite literally occasionally) by that vigorous person, who believed, because of her good heart, that her present duty was not to consult her own happiness by becoming Frau Sohnstein, but to remain the Fräulein Brekel, and care for her lonely brother and her brother's child.

Being thus encouraged, Gottlieb bought the honey forthwith; and with Aunt Hedwig's zealous assistance set about boiling it and straining it and kneading it into a sticky dough, all in accordance with the wise old baker's directions that he so long had treasured in his mind. And when the dough was packed in earthen pots, over which bladders were tied, all the pots were set away in the coolest part of the cellar, as far from the great oven as possible, that the precious honey-cake might undergo that subtle change which only comes with time.

For at least a year must pass before the honey-cake really can be said to be good at all; and the longer that it remains in the pots, even until five-and-twenty years, the better does it become. Therefore it is that all makers of lebkuchen who aspire to become famous professors of the craft add each year to their stock of honey-cake, yet draw always from the oldest pots a time-soaked dough that ever grows more precious in its sweet excellence of age. Thus large sums—more hundreds of dollars than a young baker, just starting upon his farinaceous career, would dare to dream of—may be invested; and the old rich bakers who can dower their daughters with many honey-pots know that in the matter of sons-in-law they have but to pick and choose.

It was about Christmas-time—which is the proper time for this office—that Gottlieb made his first honey-cake; and it was a little before the Christmas following that his first lebkuchen was baked. For a whole week before this portentous event occurred he was in a nervous tremor; by day he scarcely slept; as he sat beside the oven at night his pipe so frequently went out that twice, having thus lost track of time, his baking of bread came near to being toast. And when at last the fateful night arrived that saw his first batch of lebkuchen in the oven, he actually forgot to smoke at all!

Gottlieb had but a sorry Christmas that year. The best that even Aunt Hedwig could say of his lebkuchen was that it was not bad. Herr Sohnstein, to be sure, brazenly declared that it was delicious; but Gottlieb remembered that Herr Sohnstein, who conducted a flourishing practice in the criminal courts, was trained in the art of romantic deviations from the truth whenever it was necessary to put a good face on a bad cause; and he observed sadly that the notary's teeth were at variance with his tongue, for the piece of lebkuchen that Herr Sohnstein ate was infinitessimally small. As for the regular German customers of the bakery, they simply bit one single bite and then refused to buy. Indeed, but for the children from St. Bridget's School—who, being for the most part boys, and Irish boys at that, presumably could eat anything—it is not impossible that that first baking of lebkuchen might have remained uneaten even until this present day. And it was due mainly to the stout stomachs of successive generations of these enterprising boys that the series of experiments that Gottlieb then began in the making of lebkuchen was brought, in the course of years, to something like a satisfactory conclusion. But even at its best, never was this lebkuchen at all like that of which in his hopeful youth he had dreamed.

Herr Sohnstein, to be sure, spoke highly of it, and even managed to eat of it quite considerable quantities. Gottlieb did not imagine that Herr Sohnstein could have in this matter any ulterior motives; but Aunt Hedwig much more than half suspected that in order to please her by pleasing her brother he was making a sacrifice of his stomach to his heart. If this theory had any foundation in fact, it is certain that Herr Sohnstein did not appreciably profit by his gallant risk of indigestion; for while Aunt Hedwig by no means seemed disposed to shatter all his hopes by a sharp refusal, she gave no indication whatever of any intention to permit her ripe red lips to utter the longed-for word of assent. Aunt Hedwig, unquestionably, was needlessly cruel in her treatment of Herr Sohnstein, and he frequently told her so. Sometimes he would ask her, with a fine irony, if she meant to keep him waiting for his answer until her brother had made lebkuchen as good as the lebkuchen of Nürnberg? To which invariably she would reply that, in the first place, she did not know of any question that he ever had asked her that required an answer; and, in the second place, that she did mean to keep him waiting just precisely that long. And then she would add, with a delicate drolleery that was all her own, that whenever he got tired of waiting he might hire a whole horse-car all to himself and ride right away. Ah, this Aunt Hedwig had a funny way with her!

And so the years slipped by; and little Minna, who laughed at the passing years as merrily as Aunt Hedwig laughed at Herr Sohnstein, grew up into a blithe, trig, round maiden, and ceased to be little Minna at all. She was her mother over again, Gottlieb said; but this was not by any means true. She did have her mother's goodness and sweetness, but her sturdy body bespoke her father's stronger strain. Aunt Hedwig, of this same strain, undisguisedly was stocky. Minna was only comfortably stout, with good broad shoulders, and an honest round waist that anybody with half an eye for waists could see would be a satisfactory armful. And she had also Aunt Hedwig's constant cheeriness. All day long her laugh sounded happily through the house, or her voice went blithely in happy talk, or, failing anybody to talk to, trilled out some scrap of a sweet old German song. The two apprentices and the young man who drove the bread-wagon of course were wildly and desperately in love with her—a tender passion that they dared not disclose to its object, but that they frequently and boastingly aired to each other. Naturally these interchanges of confidence were apt to be somewhat tempestuous. As the result of one of them, when the elder apprentice had declared that Minna's beautiful brown hair was finer than any wig in the window of the hair-dresser on the west side of the square, and that she had given him a lock of it, and when the young man who drove the bread-wagon (he was a profane young man) had declared that it was a verdammter sight finer than any wig, and that she hadn't—the elder apprentice got a dreadful black eye, and the younger apprentice was almost smothered in the dough-trough, and the young man who drove the bread-wagon had his head broken with the peel that was broken over it. Aunt Hedwig did not need to be told, nor did Minna, the little jade, the cause of this direful combat; and both of these amiable women thought Gottlieb very hard-hearted because he charged the broken peel—it was a new one—and the considerable amount of dough that was wasted by sticking to the younger apprentice's person, against the wages of the three combatants.

This reference to the apprentices and to the wagon shows that Gottlieb's bakery no longer was a small bakery, but a large one. In the making of lebkuchen, it is true, he had not prospered; but in all other ways he had prospered amazingly. From Avenue A over to the East River, and from far below Tompkins Square clear away to the upper regions of Lexington Avenue, the young man who drove the bread-wagon rattled along every morning as hard as ever he could go, and he vowed and declared, this young man did, that nothing but his love for Minna kept him in a place where all the year round he was compelled in every single day to do the work of two. Meanwhile the little shop on East Fourth Street had been abandoned for a bigger shop, and this, in turn, for one still bigger—quite a palace of a shop, with plate-glass windows—on Avenue B. It was here, beginning in a modest way with a couple of tables whereat chance hungry people might sit while they ate zwieback or a thick slice of hearty pumpernickel and drank a glass of milk, that a restaurant was established as a tender to the bakery. It did not set out to be a large restaurant, and in fact never became one. In the back part of the shop were a dozen tables, covered with oilcloth and decorated with red napkins, and at these tables, under the especial direction of Aunt Hedwig, who was a culinary genius, was served a limited, but from a German stand-point most toothsome, bill of fare. There was Hasenpfeffer mit Spätzle, and Sauerbraten mit Kartoffelklösse, and Rindfleisch mit Meerrettig, and Bratwurst mit Rothkraut; and Aunt Hedwig made delicious coffee, and the bakery of course provided all manner of sweet cakes. In the summer-time they did a famous business in ice-cream.

On the plate-glass windows, beneath the sweeping curve of white letters in which the name of the owner of the bakery was set forth was added in smaller letters the words "Café Nürnberger." Gottlieb and Aunt Hedwig and the man who made the sign (this last, however, for the venal reason that more letters would be required) had stood out stoutly for the honest German "Kaffehaus"; but Minna, whose tastes were refined, had insisted upon the use of the French word: there was more style about it, she said. And this was a case in which style was wedded to substantial excellence. What with the good things which Gottlieb baked and the good things which Aunt Hedwig cooked, the Café Nürnberger presently acquired a somewhat enviable reputation. It became even a resort of the aristocracy, in this case represented by the dwellers in the handsome houses on the eastern and northern sides of Tompkins Square. Of winter evenings, when bright gas-light and a big glowing stove made the restaurant a very cozy place indeed, large parties of these aristocrats would drop in on their way home from the Thalia Theatre, and would stuff themselves with Hasenpfeffer and Sauerbraten and Kartoffelklösse, and swig Aunt Hedwig's strong coffee (out of cups big enough and thick enough to have served as shells and been fired from a mortar), until it would seem as though they must certainly crack their aristocratic skins.

Altogether, Gottlieb was in a flourishing line of business; and but for the deep sorrow that time never could wholly heal, and but for the continued failure of his attempts to make a really excellent lebkuchen, he would have been a very happy man. By this time he had come to be a baker of ease. The hard part of the work was done by the apprentices, and the morning delivery of bread was attended to by the young man who drove the bread-wagon. In the summer-time he would take Minna and Aunt Hedwig, always accompanied by her faithful Herr Sohnstein, upon beer-drinking expeditions to Guttenberg and other fashionable suburban resorts; and through the long winter evenings he smoked his long pipe comfortably in the little room at the back of the shop, where Minna and Aunt Hedwig sat with him, and where Herr Sohnstein, also smoking a long pipe, usually sat with him too. Sometimes Minna would sing sweet German songs to them, accompanying herself very creditably upon a cabinet organ—for Minna had received not only the substantial education that enabled her to keep the bakery accounts, but also had been instructed in the polite accomplishments of music and the dance. In summer, when expeditions were not on foot, these smoking parties usually were held upon the roof, where Gottlieb had made a garden and grew roses in pots, and even had raised some rare and delicious cauliflowers.

It was a pleasant place, that roof, of a warm summer evening, especially when the rising full-moon sent a shimmering path of glory over the rippling waters of the East River, and cast over the bad-smelling region of Hunter's Point a glamour of golden haze that made it seem, oil tanks and all, a bit of fairy-land. At such times, as they sat among the rose-bushes and cauliflowers, Herr Sohnstein not infrequently would stop smoking his long pipe while he slyly squeezed Aunt Hedwig's plump hand. And Gottlieb also would stop smoking, as his thoughts wandered away along that glittering path across the waters, and so up to heaven, where his Minna was. And then his thoughts would return to earth, to his little Minna—for to him she still was but a child—and he would find his sorrow lessened in thankfulness that, while his greatest treasure was lost to him, this good daughter and so many other good things still were his.

But the lebkuchen dream of Gottlieb's youth remained unrealized; still unattained was the goal that twenty years before had seemed so near. However, being a stout-hearted baker of the solid Nürnberg strain, he did not at all surrender hope. Each year he added to his stock of honey-cake; and he knew that when fortune favored him at last, as he still believed that fortune would favor him, he would have in store such honey-cake as would enable him to make lebkuchen fit to be eaten by the Kaiser himself!

After the affair of the broken peel there was a coolness between Gottlieb and the elder apprentice, which, increasing, led to a positive coldness, and then to a separation. And then it was that Fate put a large spoke in all the wheels which ran in the Café Nürnberg by bringing into Gottlieb's employment a ruddy young Nürnberger, lately come out of that ancient city to America, named Hans Kuhn.

It was not chance that led Hans to earn his living in a bakery when he came to New York. He was a born baker: a baker by choice, by force of natural genius, by hereditary right. Back in the dusk of the Middle Ages, as far as ever the traditions of his family and the records of the Guild of Bakers of Nürnburg ran, all the men of his race had been bakers, and famous ones at that. A cumulative destiny to bake was upon him, and he loved baking with all his heart. It was no desire to abandon his craft that had led him to leave Nürnburg and cross the ocean; rather was he moved by a noble ambition to build up on a broad and sure foundation the noble art of baking in the New World. And it had chanced, moreover, that in the conscription he had drawn an unlucky number.

When this young man entered the Café Nürnberg—being drawn thither by its display of the name of his own native city—and asked for a job, his air was so frank, his talk about baking so intelligent, that Gottlieb took kindly to him at once; and Minna, sitting demurely at her accounts in the little wire cage over which was a fine tin sign inscribed in golden letters with the word "Cashier," was mightily well pleased, in a demure and proper way, at sight of his ruddy cheeks, and bushy shock of light brown hair, and little yellow mustache, and honest blue eyes. When he told, in answer to Gottlieb's questions, that he was the grandson of the very baker in Nürnberg whose delicious lebkuchen Gottlieb had eaten when he was a boy, and that a part of his bakery equipment was the lebkuchen recipe that had come down in his family from the baker genius, his remote ancestor, who had invented it—well, when he had told this much about himself, it is not surprising that Gottlieb fairly jumped for joy, and engaged him, not as his apprentice, but as his assistant, on the spot.

It was rather dashing to Gottlieb's enthusiasm, however, that his assistant—thereby manifesting a shrewd worldly wisdom—declined immediately to impart his secret. He would make all the lebkuchen that was required, he said, but for the present he need not tell how it was made—possibly the Herr Brekel might not be satisfied with it after all. But the Herr Brekel was satisfied with it, and so was all the neighborhood when the first batch of lebkuchen was baked and placed on sale. Indeed, as the fame of this delicious lebkuchen went abroad, the coming of the new baker was accepted by all Germans with discriminating palates as one of the most important events that ever had occurred on the East Side. The work of the young man who drove the bread-wagon was so greatly increased that he organized a strike, uniting in his own person the several functions of strikers, walking delegates, district assembly, and executive committee. And when the strike collapsed—that is to say, when the young man was summarily discharged—Gottlieb really did find it necessary to hire two new young men, and to buy an extra horse and wagon. Morally speaking, therefore (although the original young man, who remained out of employment for several weeks, and had a pretty hard time of it, did not think so), the strike was a complete success.

As a matter of course no well-set-up, right-thinking young fellow of three-and-twenty could go on baking lebkuchen in the same bakery with Minna Brekel for any length of time without falling in love with her. Nor was it reasonable to suppose that even Minna, who had treated casual apprentices and wagon-driving young men with a seemly scorn, would continue to sit in the seat of the scornful when siege in form was laid to her heart by a properly ruddy-cheeked and blue-eyed assistant baker, whose skill was such that he could make lebkuchen fit to be eaten by the German portion of the saints in paradise. At the end of three months the feelings of these young people toward each other were quite clearly defined in their own minds; at the end of six months, as they were sitting together one afternoon in the little back room at a time when the shop happened to be empty, things came to the pleasing crisis that they both for a considerable period had foreseen.

But then unfortunately came a storm—that neither of them had foreseen at all—that shook the Café Nürnberg to its very foundations!

Gottlieb was the storm, and he moved over a wide area with great rapidity and violence. He was central, naturally, over Hans and Minna, the first of whom, after being denounced with great energy as a viper who had been warmed to the biting point, was ordered to take himself off without a single instant's delay, and never to darken the doors of the Café Nürnberg again, and the second of whom was declared to be a baby fool, who must be kept locked up in her own third-story back room, and fed on nothing more appetizing than pumpernickel and water until she came to her senses. In the outer edges of the storm the apprentices and the young men who drove the wagons found themselves most hotly involved, and a very violent gust swept down upon Aunt Hedwig and Herr Sohnstein, who surely were as innocent in the premises as any two people quite satisfactorily engaged in earnest but somewhat dilatory love-making of their own very well could be. Indeed this storm was an ill wind that blew a famous blast of luck to Herr Sohnstein, for Aunt Hedwig, being dreadfully upset by her brother's outbreak, went of her own accord to Herr Sohnstein for sympathy and consolation: and found both in such liberal quantities, and with them such tender pleadings to enter a matrimonial haven where storms should be unknown, that presently, smiling through her tears, she uttered the words of consent for which the excellent notary had waited loyally through more than a dozen weary years. It was Herr Sohnstein's turn to be upset then. He couldn't believe, until he had soothed himself with a phenomenal number of pipes, that happiness so perfect could be real.

Possibly one reason why Gottlieb's storm was so violent was that he could not give any good reason for it. Hans really was a most estimable young man; he came of a good family; as a baker he was nothing short of a genius. All this Gottlieb knew, and all this he frequently had said to Aunt Hedwig and to Herr Sohnstein, and, worst of all, to Minna. As each of these persons now pointed out to him, in order to be consistent in his new position he must eat a great many of his own words; and he would have essayed this indigestible banquet willingly had he been convinced that thus he really could have proved that Hans was a viper and all the other unpleasant things that he had called him in his wrath. In truth Gottlieb was, and in the depths of his heart he knew that he was, neither more nor less than a dog in the manger. His feeling simply was that Minna was his Minna, and that neither Hans nor anybody else had any right to her. This was not a position that admitted of logical defence; but it was one that he could be ugly and stick to: which was precisely what he did.

Minna did not remain long a prisoner in her own room, feeding upon pumpernickel and water and bitter thoughts. Aunt Hedwig and Herr Sohnstein succeeded in putting a stop to that cruelty. And these elderly lovers, whose fresh love had made them off a sudden as young as Minna herself, and had filled them with a warm sympathy for her, laid their heads together and sought earnestly to circumvent in her interest her father's stern decree. It was a joy to see this picture, in the little room back of the shop, of middle-aged love-making; and it was a little startling to find how the new youth that their love had given them had filled them with a quite extravagantly youthful recklessness. Herr Sohnstein, who was well known as a grave, sedate, and unusually cautious notary, seriously suggested (though he did not explain exactly how this would do it) that they should make an effort to bring Gottlieb to terms by burning down the bakery. And Aunt Hedwig, whose prudent temperament was sufficiently disclosed in the fact that she had hesitated in the matter of her own love affair for upward of a dozen years, not less seriously advanced the proposition that they all should elope from the Café Nürnberg and set up a rival establishment! Herr Sohnstein did not make any audible comment upon Aunt Hedwig's violent proposal, but it evidently put an idea into his head.

As Gottlieb happened to be walking along the south side of Tompkins Square, a fortnight or so after the tempest, he found his steps arrested by a great sign that lay face downward on trestles across the sidewalk, in readiness for hoisting in place upon the front of a smart new shop. Inside the shop he saw painters and paper-hangers at work; and on the great plate-glass window a man was gluing white letters with dexterous celerity. The letters already in place read "Nürnberger Lebku—" And as to this legend he saw "chen" added he rolled out a stout South German oath, and stamped upon the ground. But far stronger was the oath that he uttered as the big sign was swung upward, and he read upon it, in golden German letters.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Nürnberger Bäkerei
Hans Kuhn

That the Recording Angel blotted out with his tears the fines that he was compelled on this occasion to record against Gottlieb Brekel in heaven's high chancery is highly improbable. In the only known case of such lachrymic erasure the provocation to profanity was a commendable moral motive that was eminently unselfish. But when Gottlieb Brekel swore roundly in his native German all the way from the southwest corner of Tompkins Square to the corner of Third Street and the Bowery; and from that point, when he had transacted his business there, all the way back to the Café Nürnberg in Avenue B, his motives could not in any wise be regarded as moral, and selfishness lay at their very root.

Gottlieb already found himself involved in serious difficulties with the many customers who bought his lebkuchen; for with the departure of Hans he had been compelled to fall back upon his own resources, and with the most lamentable results. Great quantities of his first baking were returned to him, with comments in both High German and Low German of a very uncomplimentary sort. His second baking—saving the relatively inconsiderable quantities consumed by the omnivorous children of St. Bridget's School—simply remained upon his hands unsold. And now, to make his humiliation the more complete, here was his discharged assistant setting up as his rival, and with every probability that the attempted rivalry would be crowned with success. Really there was something, perhaps, to be said in palliation of Gottlieb's profanity after all.

When he told at home that evening of Hans Kuhn's upstart pretensions his statements were received with an ominous silence. Aunt Hedwig only coughed slightly, and continued her knitting with more than usual energy. Herr Sohnstein only moved a little in his chair and puffed a little harder than usual at his pipe. Minna, who was in her wire cage in the shop settling her cash, only bent more intently over her books. But when Gottlieb went a step farther and said, looking very keenly at Herr Sohnstein as he said it, that some great rascal must have lent Hans the money to make his fine start, Aunt Hedwig at once bristled up and said with emphasis that rascals, neither great nor small, were in the habit of lending their money to deserving young men; and Herr Sohnstein, a little sheepishly perhaps, and mumbling a little in his gray mustache, ventured the statement that this was a free country already, and people living in it were at liberty to lend their money to whom they pleased; and Minna, looking up from her books—Gottlieb's back was turned toward her—blew a most unfilial kiss from the tips of her chubby fingers to Herr Sohnstein right over her father's shoulder. All of which goes to show that something very like open war had broken out in the Café Nürnberg, and that the once united family dwelling therein was fairly divided into rival camps.

Gottlieb's dreary case was made a little less dreary when he found that the lebkuchen which Hans produced in his fine new bakery was distinctly an inferior article; not much better, in fact, than Gottlieb's own. To any intelligent baker the reason for this was obvious: Hans was making his lebkuchen with new honey-cake. Thus made, even by the best of recipes, it could not be anything but a failure. Gottlieb gave a long sigh of relief as he realized this comforting fact, and at the same time thought of his own great store of honey-pots—there were hundreds of them now—all ready and waiting to his hand. But his feeling of satisfaction passed quickly to one of impotent rage as he recognized his own powerlessness, for all his wealth of honey-pots, to make lebkuchen that would be eaten by anybody but the tough-palated children from St. Bridget's School. He was alone, smoking, in the little room back of the shop as this bitter thought came to him; in his rage he struck the table beside him a blow so sounding that the family cat, peacefully slumbering behind the stove, sprang up with a yell of terror, and made but two jumps to the open door. Coming on top of all his other trials—the revolt of his own little Minna, the defection of Aunt Hedwig, and the almost open enmity of Herr Sohnstein—this compulsory surrender of all his hope of honest fame was indeed a deadly blow.

Gottlieb smoked on in sullen anger, his heart torn and tortured, and his mind filled with a confusion of bitter evil thoughts. And presently—for the devil is at every man's elbow, ready to take advantage of any sudden weakness, or turn to his own purposes any too great strength—these thoughts grew more evil and more clear, until they fairly resolved themselves into the determination to steal from Hans the recipe for making lebkuchen, and so crush completely his rival and at the same time make certain his own fortune and fame.

Of course the devil did not plant the notion of theft in Gottlieb's mind in this bold fashion; for the devil is a most considerate person, and ever shows a courteous disposition to spare the feelings of those whom he would lead into sin. No: he put the matter ingeniously as the recovery on Gottlieb's part of his own stolen property! His logic was admirable: Hans had been Gottlieb's assistant; and as such Gottlieb had owned him and his recipe as well. When Hans went away and took the recipe with him, he took that which still belonged to his master. Therefore, triumphantly argued the devil, Gottlieb had a perfect right to regain the recipe either by fair means or by foul. And finally, as a bit of supplementary devil-logic, the thought was suggested that inasmuch as Hans certainly must know the recipe by heart, the mere loss of the paper on which it was written would not be any real loss to him at all. It is only fair to Gottlieb's good angel to state that during this able presentment of the wrong side of the case he did venture to hint once or twice—in the feeble, perfunctory sort of way that unfortunately seems to be characteristic of good angels when their services really are most urgently required—that the whole matter might be compromised satisfactorily to all the parties in interest by permitting Hans to marry Minna, and by then taking him into partnership in the bakery. And it is only just to Gottlieb to state that to these faint-hearted suggestions of his good angel he did not give one moment's heed.

Now the devil is a thorough-going sort of a person, and having planted the evil wish in Gottlieb's soul, he lost no time in opening to him an evil way to its accomplishment. When Hans, a stranger in New York, had come to work at the Café Nürnberg, Gottlieb had commended him to the good graces of a friend of his, a highly respectable little round Brunswicker widow who let lodgings, and in the comfortable quarters thus provided for him Hans ever since had remained. In this same house lodged also one of Gottlieb's apprentices—a loose young fellow, for whose proper regulation the widow more than once had been compelled to seek his master's counsel and aid. In this combination of circumstances, to which the devil now directed his attention, Gottlieb saw his opportunity. It was easy to make the widow believe that the loose young apprentice had taken the short step from looseness to crime, and that a suspicion of theft rested upon him so heavily as to justify the searching of his room; it was easy to make the widow keep guard below while Gottlieb searched; and it was very easy then to search, not for imaginative stolen goods in the chest of the apprentice, but for that which he himself wanted to steal from the chest of Hans Kuhn. As to opening the chest there was no difficulty at all. Gottlieb had half a dozen Nürnberg locks in his house, and he had counted, as the event proved correctly, upon making the key of one of these locks serve his turn. And in the chest, without any trouble at all, he found a leather wallet, and in the wallet the precious recipe, written on parchment in old High German that he found very difficult to read, and dated in Nürnberg in the year 1603. Gottlieb was pale as death as he went down-stairs to the widow; and his teeth fairly chattered as he told her that he had made a mistake. He tried to say that the apprentice was not a thief—but the word *dieb* somehow stuck in his throat. Keen chills penetrated him as he almost ran through the streets to his home. For the devil, who heretofore had been in front of him and had only beckoned, now was behind him and was driving him with a right good will.

When he entered the room at the back of the shop, where Minna was sewing, and where Herr Sohnstein, with his arm comfortably around Aunt Hedwig's waist, was smoking his long pipe, he created a stir of genuine alarm. As Aunt Hedwig very truly said, he looked as though he had seen a ghost. Herr Sohnstein, of a more practical turn of mind, asked him if he had been knocked down and robbed; and the word *beraubt* grated most harshly upon Gottlieb's ears. But what cut him most of all was the way in which Minna—forgetting all his late unkindness at sight of his pale frightened face—sprang to him with open arms, and with all the old love in her voice asked him to tell her what had gone wrong. Under these favoring conditions, Gottlieb's good angel bestirred himself somewhat more vigorously, and for a moment it seemed not impossible that right might triumph over wrong. But the devil bustled promptly upon the scene, and of course had things all his own way again in a moment. It certainly is most unfortunate that good angels, as a rule, are so weak in their angelic knees.

Gottlieb pushed Minna away from him roughly; addressed to Aunt Hedwig the impolite remark that ghosts only were seen by women and fools; in a surly tone informed Herr Sohnstein that policemen still were plentiful in the vicinity of Tompkins Square; and then, having planted these barbed arrows in the breasts of his daughter, his sister, and his friend, sought the retirement of his own upper room. As he left them, Minna buried her face in Aunt Hedwig's capacious bosom and cried bitterly, and Aunt Hedwig also cried; and Herr Sohnstein, laying aside for the moment his pipe, put his arms protectingly around them both. They all were very miserable.

In the upper room, where the air seemed so stifling that he had to open the window wide in order to breathe, Gottlieb was very miserable too. He was fleeing into Tarshish, this temporarily wicked baker; and just as fell out in the case of that other one who fled to Tarshish, his flight was a failure: for this little world of ours is far too small to give any one a chance to run away from committed sin.

Gottlieb tried to divert his thoughts from his crime, and at the same time tried to reap its reward by studying the stolen recipe; but his attempt was not successful. The cramped letters, brown with age, on the brown parchment, danced before his eyes; and the quaint, intricate High German phraseology became more and more involved. He could make nothing of it at all. And the thought occurred to him that perhaps he never would be able to make anything of it—that, without losing any part of the penalty justly attendant upon his crime, the crime itself might prove to be, so far as the practical benefit that he sought was concerned, absolutely futile. As this dreadful possibility arose before his mind a faintness and giddiness came over him. The room seemed to be whirling around him; life seemed to be slipping away from him; there was a strange horrible ringing in his ears. He leaned forward over the table at which he was sitting and buried his face in his hands.

Then, possibly, Gottlieb fell asleep, though of this he never felt really sure. What is quite certain is that he saw, as clearly as he ever saw her in life, his dear dead Minna; but with a face so sad, so reproachful, so full of piteous entreaty, that his blood seemed to stand still, while a consuming coldness settled upon his heart. He struggled to speak with her, to assure her that he would repair the evil that he had done, to plead for forgiveness; but, for all his striving, no other words would come to his lips save those which a little while before he had spoken so roughly to poor Aunt Hedwig—"The only people who see ghosts are women and fools!"

And then, of a sudden, he found himself still seated at the table, the brown parchment still spread out before him, and the faint light of early morning breaking into the room. The window was wide open, as he had left it, and he was chilled to the marrow; he had a shocking cold in the head; there were rheumatic twinges in all his joints as he arose. What with the physical misery arising from these causes, and the moral misery arising from his sense of committed sin, he was in about as desperately bad a humor with himself as a man could be. He was in no mood to make another effort to read the difficult German of the recipe, the cause of all his troubles. The sight of it pained him, and he thrust it hurriedly into an old desk, in which were stored (and these also were a source of pain to him) several generations of uncollected bills—practical proofs that the adage in regard to the impossibility of simultaneously possessing cakes and pennies does not always hold good. He locked the desk and put the key in his pocket, and then returned the key to the lock and left it there, as the thought occurred to him that the locking of this desk, that never in all the years that he had owned it had been locked before, might arouse suspicion. It seemed most natural to Gottlieb that his actions should be regarded with suspicion; he had a feeling that already his crime must be known to half the world.

And before night it certainly is true that the one person most deeply interested in the discovery and punishment of Gottlieb's crime—that is to say, Hans Kuhn—did know all about it; which fact would seem surprising, considering how skilfully Gottlieb had gone about his work, were it not remembered that his unwitting accessory had been the little round Brunswicker widow, and were it not known that little round widows—Brunswick born or born elsewhere—as a class are incapable of keeping a secret.

This excellent woman, to do her justice, had followed Gottlieb's orders to the letter. He had warned her not to tell the loose apprentice that his chest had been searched, and, so far as that apprentice was concerned, wild horses might have been employed to drag that little round widow to pieces—at least she might have permitted the wild horses to be hitched up to her—before ever an indiscreet word would have passed her lips. But when Hans Kuhn, for whom she entertained a high respect, and for whom she had also that warmly friendly feeling which trig middle-aged widows not seldom manifest toward good-looking young men, came to her in a fine state of wrath, and told her that his chest had been ransacked (he did not tell her of his loss, for he had not himself observed it), she did not consider that she violated any confidence in telling him everything that had occurred. It was all a mistake, she said; the Herr Brekel had gone into the wrong room; she must set the matter right at once; that bad young man might be a thief, after all. Hans felt a cold thrill run through him at the widow's words. But he controlled himself so well that she did not suspect his inward perturbation; and she accepted in as good faith his offer to inform the Herr Brekel of his error as she did, a day later, his assurance that the matter had been satisfactorily adjusted, and that the innocence of the apprentice had been proved.

And then Hans returned to his violated chest, and found that the dread which had assailed his soul was founded in substantial truth—the recipe was gone! In itself the loss of the recipe was no very great matter, for he knew it by heart; but that Gottlieb—who had also a cellar full of rich old honey-cake—should have gained possession of it was a desperate matter indeed. Here instantly was an end to the hope of successful rivalry that Hans had cherished; and with the wreck of his luck in trade, as it seemed to him in the first shock of his misfortune, away in fragments to the four winds of heaven was scattered every vestige of probability that he would have luck in love. Being so suddenly confronted with a compound catastrophe so overwhelming, even a bolder baker than Hans Kuhn very well might have been for a time aghast.

But as his wits slowly came together again Hans perceived that the game was not by any means lost, after all; on the contrary, it looked very much as though he had it pretty well in his own hands. Gottlieb was a thief, and all that was needed to complete the chain of evidence against him was his first baking of lebkuchen, for that as clearly would prove him to be in possession of the stolen recipe as what the widow could tell would prove that he had created for himself an opportunity to steal it. The most agreeable way of winning a father-in-law is not by force of threatening to hale him to a police court, but it is better to win him that way than not to win him at all, Hans thought; and he thought also that this was one of the occasions when it was quite justifiable to fight the devil with fire. So his spirits rose, and now he longed for, as eagerly as in the first moments of his loss he had dreaded, the production of such lebkuchen at the Café Nürnberg as would prove the proprietor of that highly respectable establishment to be neither more nor less than a robber.

Hans was both annoyed and surprised as time passed on and the "cakes succulent but damnatory" were not forth-coming from Gottlieb's oven. He himself went on making unsatisfactory lebkuchen of bad materials by a good formula, and Gottlieb continued to make unsatisfactory lebkuchen by a bad formula of the best materials. Orthodox German palates found nothing to commend and much to reprobate in both results. This was the situation for several weeks. Hans could not understand it at all. The subject was a delicate one to broach to Minna during their short but blissful interviews about dusk in the central fastnesses of Tompkins Square, at which interviews Aunt Hedwig winked and Herr Sohnstein openly connived by keeping watch for them against Gottlieb's possible appearance; for Hans had determined that until he had positive proof to go upon he would keep secret, and most of all from Minna, the dreadful fact of her father's crime. Therefore did he remain in a state of very harrowing uncertainty, with his plan of campaign completely brought to a stand.

During this period a heavy cloud hung over the Café Nürnberg. Gottlieb came fitfully to his meals, and when he did come, ate almost nothing. Each day he grew more and more morose; each night, when poor Aunt Hedwig was not kept awake by her own sorrowful thoughts, her slumbers were broken by hearing her brother pacing heavily the floor of the adjoining room. In some sort he made up for his loss of sleep at night by sleeping of an evening in the little room back of the shop, falling into restless naps (when he should have been restfully smoking his long pipe), from which he would wake with a start and sometimes with a cry of alarm, and would dart furtive horrified glances at Aunt Hedwig and Herr Sohnstein, who were doing nothing of a horrifying nature, only sitting cozily close together, more or less enfolded in each other's arms. It was a little inconsiderate on the part of the lovers, and very hard on Minna, this extremely open love-making; for Minna's love-making necessarily was by fitful snatches amidst the bleak desolations of Tompkins Square. They would try to comfort each other, she and Hans, as they stood cheerlessly under the chill lee of the music stand; but their outlook was a dreary one, and their efforts in this direction were not crowned with any great success. Sometimes as Minna came home again along the west side of the square, and saw in Spengler's window the wreaths of highly artificial immortelles with the word "Ruhe" upon them in vivid purple letters, she fairly would fall to crying over the thought that until she should become a fit subject for such a wreath there was small chance that any real rest would be hers.

However, all this is aside from Gottlieb's horrified looks as he waked from his troubled slumbers—looks which would disappear as he became thoroughly aroused, but only to return again after his next uneasy nap. One day he startled Aunt Hedwig by asking her if she believed in ghosts. Remembering his severe words in condemnation of her casual reference to these supernatural beings, it was with some hesitation that she replied that she did. Still more to her surprise Gottlieb turned away from her hurriedly, yet not so hurriedly but that she saw a strange, scared look upon his face, and in a low and trembling voice replied, "And so do I."

And now the fact may as well be admitted frankly that a ghost was the disturbing element that was making Gottlieb's life go wrong—that, as there seemed to be every reason to believe, was hurrying him toward the grave; for a middle-aged German who refuses to eat, whose regular sleep forsakes him, and who actually gives up smoking, naturally cannot be expected to remain long in this world.

It was the ghost of his dead wife. At first she appeared to him only in his dreams, standing beside the desk in which he had placed the stolen recipe for making lebkuchen, and holding down the lid of that desk with a firm but diaphanous white hand. Presently she appeared to him quite as clearly in his waking hours. Her face still wore an expression at once tender and reproachful, but every day the look of tenderness diminished, while the look of reproach grew stronger and more stern. Each time that he sought to open the desk that he might take thence the recipe and make his crime a practical business success, the figure assumed an air so terribly menacing that his heart failed him, and he gave over the attempt.

This, then, was the all-sufficient reason why the good lebkuchen that would have proved Gottlieb a thief was not for sale at the Café Nürnberg, and this was the reason why Gottlieb himself, broken down by loss of food and sleep and by the nervous wear and tear incident to forced companionship with an angry ghost, was drawing each day nearer and nearer to that dark portal through which bakers and all other people pass hence into the shadowy region whence there is no return.

Gottlieb Brekel never had been an especially pious man. As became a reputable German citizen, he had paid regularly the rent of a pew in the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers in Third Street, but excepting on such high feasts as Christmas and Easter he usually had been content to occupy it and to discharge his religious duties at large vicariously. Aunt Hedwig's bonnet invariably was the most brilliantly conspicuous feature of the entire congregation, just as the prettiest face in the entire congregation invariably was Minna's. But now that Gottlieb was confronted with a spiritual difficulty, it occurred to him that he might advantageously resort in his extremity to spiritual aid. He had no very clear notion how the aid would be given; he was not even clear as to how he ought to set about asking for it; and he was troubled by the conviction that in order to obtain it he must not only repent of his sin, but must make atonement by restitution—a possibility (for the devil still had a good grip upon him) that made him hesitate a long while before he set about purchasing ease for his conscience at so heavy a material cost. However, his good angel at last managed to pluck up some courage—it was high time—and strengthened by this tardily given assistance, he betook himself in search of consolation within church walls.

The Church of the Redemptorist Fathers is a very beautiful church, and at all times—save through the watches of the night

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THE YOUNG APPRENTICE WAS ALMOST SMOTHERED IN THE DOUGH-TROUGH, AND THE YOUNG MAN WHO DROVE THE BREAD-WAGON HAD HIS HEAD BROKEN WITH THE PEEL."

and through one mid-day hour—its doors stand hospitably open, silently inviting poor sinners, weary and heavy laden with their sins, to enter into the calm of its quiet holiness and there find rest. Tall slender pillars uphold its vaulted roof, in the groinings of which lurk mysterious shadows. Below, a warm rich light comes through the stained-glass windows, whereon are pictured the blessed St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, founder of the Redemptorist Congregation, blessedly instructing the chubby-faced choristers; and the Venerable Clement Hofbauer, "primus in Germania" of the Redemptorists, all in his black gown, kneeling, praying no doubt for the outcast German souls for the saving of which he worked so hard and so well; and (a picture that Minna dearly loved) St. Joseph and the sweet Virgin and the little Christ-child fleeing together through the desert from the wrath of the Judean king. And ranged around the walls on perches high aloft are statues of various minor saints and of the twelve apostles; of which Minna's favorite was the Apostle Matthias, because this saint, with his high forehead tending toward baldness, and his long gray beard and gray hair, and his kindly face, and even the axe in his hand (that was not unlike a baker's peel), made her think always of her dear father. The pew that Gottlieb paid for so regularly, and so irregularly occupied, was just beneath the statue of this saint, which, however, gave Minna less pleasure than would have been hers had not the next saint in the row been the Apostle Simon with his dreadful saw. It must have hurt so horribly to be sawed in two, she thought. In the dusky depths of the great chancel gleamed the white marble of the beautiful altar, guarded by St. Peter with his keys and St. Paul with his naked two-edged sword; and above the altar was the dead Christ on Calvary, with His desolate mother and the despairing Magdalene and St. John the divine.

Into this beautiful church it was that Gottlieb, led thither by his good angel, entered; and the devil—raging in the terrible but impotent fashion that is habitual with devils when they see slipping away from their snares the souls which they had thought to win to wickedness—of course was forced to remain outside. But what feelings of keen repentance filled this poor sinning baker's heart within that holy place, what good resolves came to him, what light and refreshment irradiated and cheered his darkened, harried soul—all these are things which better may be suggested here than written out in full. For these things are so real, so sacred, and so beautiful with a heavenly beauty, that they may not lightly be used for decorative purposes in mere romance.

Let it suffice, then, to tell—for so is our poor human stuff put together that trivial commonplace facts often exhibit most searchingly the changes for good or for evil which have come to pass in our inmost souls—that Gottlieb, on returning to the Café Nürnberg, ate a prodigious dinner; and after his dinner, for the first time in a fortnight, smoked a thoroughly refreshing pipe.

Over his dinner and his pipe he was silent, manifesting, however, a sort of sheepishness and constraint that were not less strange in the eyes of Aunt Hedwig and Minna than was the sudden revival of his interest in tobacco and food. As he smoked, a pleasant thought came to him. When he had knocked the ashes from his pipe he ordered Minna, surlily, to bring him his hat and his coat: he must pay a visit to that rascal Sohnstein, he said; and so went out. He left the two women lost in wonder; and Aunt Hedwig, because of his characterization of her dear Sohnstein as a rascal, disposed to weep. And yet somehow they both felt that the storm was breaking, and that clear weather was at hand. There was nobody in the shop just then, and the two, standing behind the rampart of freshly baked cakes that was high heaped up upon the counter, embraced each other and mingled tears, which they knew—by reason of the womanly instinct that was in them—were tears of joy.

And that very evening the prophecy of happiness that was in their joyful sorrow was happily fulfilled.

Gottlieb did not return to the Café Nürnberg until after nine o'clock. With him came Herr Sohnstein. They both were very grave and silent, yet both exhibited a most curious twinklesomeness in their eyes. Neither Aunt Hedwig nor Minna could make anything of their strange mood; and Aunt Hedwig was put to her trumps completely when she was sure that she saw her brother—who was whispering to Herr Sohnstein behind the pie counter—poke the notary in the ribs. As to the joint chuckle at that moment of those two mysterious men there could be no doubt: she heard it distinctly.

Still further to Aunt Hedwig's surprise, for the Café Nürnberg never was closed before ten o'clock, and usually remained open much later, Gottlieb himself began to put up the shutters; and when this work was finished he came back into the shop and locked behind him the double front door. Almost as he turned the key there was a knock outside, as though somebody actually had been waiting in the street for the signal that the closing of the shutters gave.

"Another rascal would come in already, Sohnstein," said Gottlieb, gruffly. "Open for him, but lock the door again. I must go upstairs."

Gottlieb, with a queer smile upon his face, left the little back room; and a moment later Minna uttered a cry of surprise, as Herr Sohnstein unlocked the door and her own Hans entered the shop. What, she thought, could all these wonders mean? As for Aunt Hedwig, she had sunk down into her big arm-chair, and her bright black eyes seemed to be fairly starting from her head.

Herr Sohnstein locked the door again, as he had been ordered to do, and then brought Hans through the shop and into the little back room. Hans evidently was not a party to the mystery, whatever the mystery might be. He looked at Minna as wonderingly as she looked at him, and he was distressingly ill at ease. But there was no time for either of them to ask questions, for as Hans entered the room from the shop, Gottlieb returned to it. In his hand Gottlieb held the brown old parchment on which the lebkuchen recipe was written; the smile had left his face; he was very pale. For a moment there was an awkward pause. Then Gottlieb, trembling a little as he walked, crossed the room to where Hans stood, and placed the parchment in his hands. And it was in a trembling, broken voice that Gottlieb said:

"Hans, a most wicked man have I been. But my dead Minna has helped me, and here I give again to you what I stole from your chest—I who was a robber." Then Gottlieb covered his face with his hands, and between his bony knuckles there was a sparkle of tears.

"My own dear father!" said Minna; and her arms were around him, and her head was pressed close upon his breast.

"My own good brother, you could not be a thief!" said Aunt Hedwig, and so saying, clasped her stout arms around them both.

"My good old friend! all now is right again," said Herr Sohnstein, who then affected to put his arms around the three, but really embraced only Aunt Hedwig. However, there was quite enough of Aunt Hedwig to fill even Herr Sohnstein's long arms; and he made the average of his one-third of an embrace all right by bestowing it with a threefold energy.

The position of Hans as he regarded this affectionately writhing group (that was not unsuggestive of the Laöcoon, with a new motive, a fourth figure, a commendable addition of draperies, and a conspicuous lack of serpents) would have been awkward under any circumstances; and as the circumstances were sufficiently awkward to begin with, he was very much embarrassed indeed. To Aunt Hedwig's credit be it said that she was the first (after Minna, of course, and Minna could not properly act in the premises) to perceive his forsaken condition.

"Come, Hans," said the good Hedwig, her voice shaken by emotion and the tightness of Herr Sohnstein's grip about her waist.

"You had better come, Hans," added Herr Sohnstein, jollily.

"*Will* you come, Hans, and forgive me?" Gottlieb asked.

But it was not until Minna said, very faintly, yet with a heavenly sweetness in her voice, "You *may* come, Hans!" that Hans actually came.

And then for a while there was such hearty embracing of as much of the other four as each of them could grasp that the like of it all for good-will and lovingness never had been seen in a bakery before. And Gottlieb's good angel exulted greatly; and the devil, who had lingered about the premises in the hope that even at the eleventh hour the powers of evil might get the better of the powers of good, acknowledged his defeat with a howl of baffled rage, and fled away in a blue flame and a flash of lightning that made the waters of the East River (which stream he was compelled to wade, thanks to General Newton, who took away his stepping stones) fairly hiss and bubble. And never did he dare to show so much as the end of his wicked nose in the Café Nürnberg again!

"But you will not take from me this little one, my daughter, Hans?" Gottlieb asked, when they had somewhat disengaged themselves. "You will come and live with us, and be my partner, and together we will make the good lebkuchen once more. Is it not so?"

Hans found this a trying question. He looked at Herr Sohnstein, doubtfully. "Ah," said Herr Sohnstein, "you mean that a very hard-hearted money-lending man has hired a shop for you and has made it the most splendid bakery and the finest restaurant on all the East Side, eh? And you are afraid that this man, this old miser man, will keep you to your bargainings, already?"

Hans gave a deprecating nod of assent.

"Well, my boy Hans," Herr Sohnstein continued, with great good-humor, and sliding his arm well around Aunt Hedwig's generous waist again as he spoke—"well, my boy Hans, let me tell you that that bad old miser man is not one-half so bad as you would think. Do you remember that when he had a garden made upon the roof of that fine bakery, and you told him that to make a garden there was to waste his money, what he said? Did he not say that if he made the garden God would send the flowers? And when that fine sign was made with 'Nürnberger Bäkerei' upon it, and you told him that to take that name of Nürnberg was not fair to his old friend, did he not tell you that with his old friend he would settle that matter so that there should be no broken bones? For did he not know already that for these five years past it has been the wish of Gottlieb's heart to leave this old bakery—where his lease ends this very coming May—and have just such a new fine bakery upon the Square as now he and you will have? Ah, this bad old miser man is not afraid but his miser money will come back to him again, and he is not such a fool but that he had faith in his good friend Gottlieb, and knew that all would end well. And now truly all will be happiness; for Gottlieb, who has gained a good son, can spare to me this dear Hedwig, his sister, and he will come to church with us and see us all married in one bright day."

Aunt Hedwig looked up into Herr Sohnstein's face as he ended this long speech—not so fine, perhaps, but certainly much more moving than any that he ever had made in the criminal courts—and with her eyes filling with happy tears, said to him, "And it is to you that we owe it, this happiness."

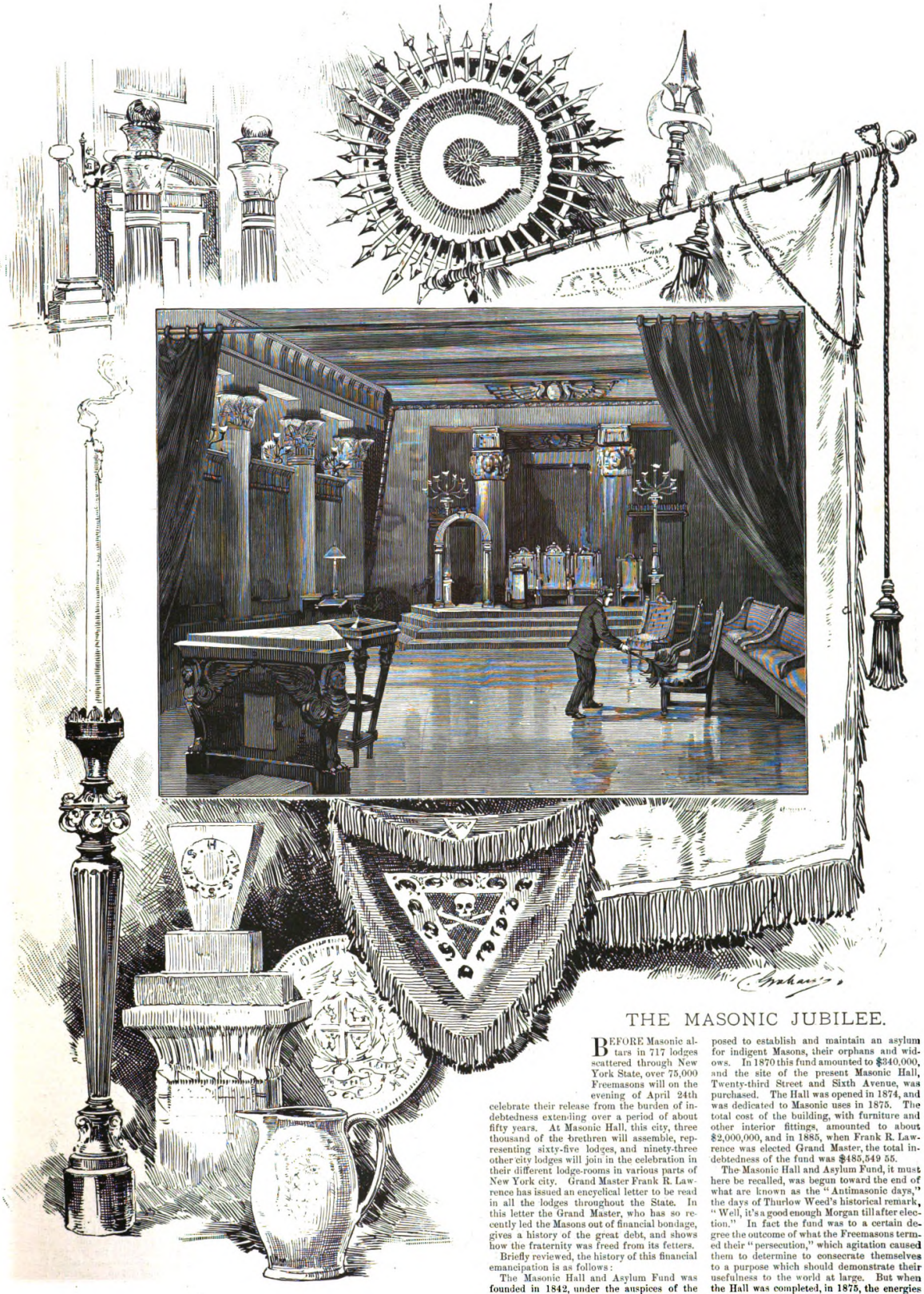
But Herr Sohnstein's face grew grave and his voice grew reverent as he answered: "It is not so, my Hedwig. We owe our happiness to the good God who has taken away the evil that was in our dear Gottlieb's heart." They all were very quiet for a little space, and upon the silence broke the sweet sound of the clock bell in the near by church tower.

When the last stroke had sounded Herr Sohnstein spoke again, and in his customary jolly tone: "As for these young ones here, we will unlock the door and let them walk out and look for a little at the music stand that they love so well in the square. And Hedwig shall sit beside me while we smoke our pipes, Gottlieb, eh? It is a long time already, old friend, since you and I have sat together and smoked our pipes."



"BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL MINNA SAID, VERY FAINTLY, YET WITH A HEAVENLY SWEETNESS IN HER VOICE, 'YOU *MAY* COME, HANS?' THAT HANS ACTUALLY CAME."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE MASONIC JUBILEE.

BEFORE Masonic altars in 717 lodges scattered through New York State, over 75,000 Freemasons will on the evening of April 24th celebrate their release from the burden of indebtedness extending over a period of about fifty years. At Masonic Hall, this city, three thousand of the brethren will assemble, representing sixty-five lodges, and ninety-three other city lodges will join in the celebration in their different lodge-rooms in various parts of New York city. Grand Master Frank R. Lawrence has issued an encyclical letter to be read in all the lodges throughout the State. In this letter the Grand Master, who has so recently led the Masons out of financial bondage, gives a history of the great debt, and shows how the fraternity was freed from its fetters.

Briefly reviewed, the history of this financial emancipation is as follows:

The Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund was founded in 1842, under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity of this State, the purpose of the fund being the erection of a hall in the city of New York, from the revenues of which, when fully paid for, it was and is still proposed to establish and maintain an asylum for indigent Masons, their orphans and widows. In 1870 this fund amounted to $340,000, and the site of the present Masonic Hall, Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, was purchased. The Hall was opened in 1874, and was dedicated to Masonic uses in 1875. The total cost of the building, with furniture and other interior fittings, amounted to about $2,000,000, and in 1885, when Frank R. Lawrence was elected Grand Master, the total indebtedness of the fund was $485,549 55.

The Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund, it must here be recalled, was begun toward the end of what are known as the "Antimasonic days," the days of Thurlow Weed's historical remark, "Well, it's a good enough Morgan till after election." In fact the fund was to a certain degree the outcome of what the Freemasons termed their "persecution," which agitation caused them to determine to consecrate themselves to a purpose which should demonstrate their usefulness to the world at large. But when the Hall was completed, in 1875, the energies of the fraternity had been taxed to the utmost, and after it became known that the completed building would rest under a debt of half a million dollars or more, the ardor with which

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the brethren had undertaken the work changed to apathy and even despair.

This depressing state of affairs continued for about ten years, and at more than one period it seemed probable that bankruptcy would be the result, and that the property would be sold by the sheriff. In June, 1885, Frank R. Lawrence was chosen as Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York, and soon after, amid circumstances of the greatest discouragement, began an earnest effort to discharge this burdensome debt. Grand Master Lawrence's efforts to free the fraternity from debt were beset with many difficulties, and some opposition upon the part of members of the fraternity, but he pluckily persevered, and finally solved the financial problem after years of good management, which would take too much space to even outline at this writing.

It should be stated, however, that in this struggle the Grand Master received the earnest co-operation of Grand Secretary Ehlers, James E. Morrison, Grand High-Priest of Royal Arch Masons, and of Sir Peter Forrester, Grand Commander of Knights-Templar. Also, in connection with this work of financial liberation, a word of praise is due to the ladies for the brilliant success of the fair, held by the Ladies' Masonic Fair Association, on November 28, 1887, which added about $77,000 to the Asylum Fund proper.

Of this Ladies' Association Mrs. Frank R. Lawrence was Chairman of the Executive Committee, which body also included among its members Mrs. Edward M. L. Ehlers, Mrs. Frederick A. Burnham, Mrs. Ephraim W. Richardson, Vice-Chairman, and Mrs. Edward B. Harper, Secretary. Grand Master Lawrence, in June, 1888, was pleased to be able to announce that the total sum contributed toward payment of the debt under his new financial system was $235,869 36; since that date the remainder of the great debt has been paid, and the Masonic fraternity at the present moment not only does not owe a dollar, but already has about $80,000 to the credit of its Asylum Fund.

Thus, after nearly fifty years of financial bondage, has Grand Master Lawrence led the Masons out of the wilderness of debt, and it is for this reason that 75,000 Masons will be rejoicing simultaneously this evening in hundreds of Masonic lodges. A handsome bronze commemorative medal has been struck to celebrate this Jubilee. This medal is two and a half inches in diameter, suitably inscribed and engraved, and is enclosed in a rich plush-lined morocco case. In addition to the Grand Lodge Hall the building now freed from debt contains eight handsome lodge-rooms, namely, the Clinton, Livingston, Tuscan, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite, Doric, and Austin rooms. Each of these rooms is used by a number of lodges, and they pay for this privilege a considerably higher rent than is charged for lodge-rooms elsewhere in the city of New York.

The library and museum of antiquities in Masonic Hall are particularly interesting, and contain many historical relics of great value. In the library you may meet the oldest living Mason, Mr. Adolphus Andreas, ninety-one years old, who was made a member of the fraternity at the same time and place as General Lafayette.

Masonry counts many historical characters upon its roll of honor. Robert R. Livingston, elected in 1785, was for sixteen years the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New York, and was Chancellor of the State of New York. General Jacob Morton succeeded him in 1801, and was in turn succeeded by De Witt Clinton in 1806. The latter will be recalled as the famous projector of the Erie Canal, Mayor of New York, and Governor of the State. De Witt Clinton was Grand Master for fourteen years, and then gave way to Daniel D. Tompkins, afterward Governor of the State and Vice-President of the United States. Stephen Van Rensselaer was Grand Master from 1825 to 1830, in which year he was succeeded by General Morgan Lewis, also a Governor of the State of New York.

Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay each held the office of Grand Master in their respective States, and quite recently, it may be said, Reuben H. Walworth (in 1853) was Grand Master of this State and Chancellor of the State; John L. Lewis, Grand Master from 1856 to 1859, is one of the present Regents of the University. In 1862 Dr. John J. Crane, a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, was Grand Master, which position was held by Judge James Gibson (afterward State Senator) in 1868 and 1869. General James W. Husted, the "Bald Eagle of Westchester County," was Grand Master in 1876; Edmund L. Judson, Mayor of Albany, held that office in 1878, and General Charles Roome, Grand Commander of the Knights-Templar of the United States, was Grand Master of Masons in 1879. In 1882 Benjamin Flagler, Collector of Customs of Niagara Falls, was Grand Master of the State of New York, to which position he was succeeded by J. Edward Simmons in 1883. William A. Brodie, of Geneseo, was the next Grand Master, and in 1885, as previously stated, Frank R. Lawrence was chosen Grand Master.

The first Masonic Lodge of which there is any record was established (referring to this State, of course) in New York city in 1757. It was then known as St. John's Lodge, No. 2, is now designated as St. John's Lodge, No. 1, and has the honor of being the possessor of the Bible upon which General George Washington was sworn in as first President of the United States. A committee from this lodge, bearing the historical Bible referred to, will take part in the coming Centennial celebration.

The following is a list of the Grand Officers for 1888–9:

R. W. Frank R. Lawrence, Grand Master, New York.
R. W. John W. Vrooman, Deputy Grand Master, Herkimer.
R. W. James Ten Eyck, Senior Grand Warden, Albany.
R. W. John Hodge, Junior Grand Warden, Lockport.
R. W. Washington E. Connor, Grand Treasurer, New York.
R. W. Edward M. L. Ehlers, Grand Secretary, New York.
R. W. Charles W. Camp, R. W. Robert Collyer, R. W. John S. Bacon, Grand Chaplains, Lockport. New York. Corning.
R. W. Wright D. Pownall, Grand Marshal, New York.
R. W. John A. Davis, Grand Standard-bearer, Rochester.
R. W. Elon G. Brown, Grand Sword-bearer, Utica.
R. W. Horace L. Greene, R. W. Edward B. Harper, R. W. Charles W. Mead, R. W. James B. Davenport, Grand Stewards, Fort Plain. New York. Albany. Brooklyn.
R. W. William Wallace Walker, Senior Grand Deacon, New York.
R. W. N. Louis Tunis, Junior Grand Deacon, New York.
R. W. George H. Raymond, Grand Lecturer, New York.
R. W. Herman G. Carter, Grand Librarian, New York.
W. George Skinner, Grand Pursuivant, New York.
W. John Hoole, Grand Tiler, New York.

A memorial volume containing an account of the liberation of the Masonic fraternity from debt will be published during the present year.

THE DUC D'AUMALE'S INHERITANCE.

Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, the fourth son of Louis Philippe, was born at Paris about eight years before his father became King of France. His early manhood was spent in Algeria, where he earned an enviable reputation as a soldier. During the Second Empire he was an exile, but after the fall of Napoleon the Third he returned to his native country, and performed valuable services in reorganizing the French army. In 1886 he was again banished by as cruel and iniquitous a decree as ever drove a patriot from his home. That decree has just been rescinded, and he now returns to resume his place as one of the ablest and most loyal citizens of the French republic. He has proved his patriotism in arms, and his love for his country by his published will, which bequeaths the great estate of Chantilly to the Institute of France for a national art museum.

Notwithstanding his fame as a soldier, patriot, and generous benefactor of the French people, the Duc d'Aumale is chiefly interesting to the student of history as the beneficiary of one of the most sordid intrigues which disgrace the annals of this century. It was to him that the last Prince of Condé was induced by a meretricious woman to bequeath his vast estate, and the old testator died so quickly after making the will that every one concerned in the plot was suspected of having at least countenanced foul play. This did not, of course, include the Duc d'Aumale, for though he was the legatee under the will, he was at the time an innocent child less than eight years old.

Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, Duc de Bourbon, the last Prince of Condé, was born in 1756. The heir to one of the greatest titles and noblest estates in France, he doubtless looked forward to the gay and easy life of a *grand seigneur* of the eighteenth century. But a deluge overwhelmed the feudal system in his time, and he was thankful to be able to escape with his life. To be sure, he was one of the few who dared to oppose the Revolution of 1789 in arms, but he could not smother the thunder-storm of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" with "a few whiffs of grape-shot," and he was forced to stay in England, an impatient exile, until Waterloo destroyed the schemes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

His only son, the unfortunate Duc d'Enghein, the victim of Bonaparte's overweening ambition, was shot in 1804, and the childless, broken-hearted old prince sought forgetfulness in deep and prolonged dissipations. During one of his orgies he met and was fascinated by Sophia Dawes, a third-rate London actress, who shortly afterward married the Baron de Fenchères, a gentleman of the prince's suite. The husband was an honorable man, for as soon as he discovered the wretched relations existing between his master and his wife he at once repudiated her, and when she died, long afterward, famous for sanctity and wealth, he refused the legacy she bequeathed to him.

After the fall of the First Empire the prince obtained the restoration of his ancestral property, and returned with the baroness to Chantilly, the beautiful palace built by Anne de Montmorency, and given by Louis the Magnificent to the great Condé.

The gift was worthy of the king who gave and of the general who received it. The château, standing in the centre of a little lake, is surrounded by vast grounds laid out by masters of the art of landscape-gardening. A noble forest extends on every side, furnishing ample opportunity for hunting and other field-sports. The whole estate included more than 8000 acres. The marble stable for 180 horses is now in ruins. The grand château, the terrace, and the fountains, three wonders of architectural skill, were destroyed during the Revolution. It was here that kings of France were feasted by the bravest and most opulent family of their nobility. Here Vatel, the famous cook, killed himself because the fish did not arrive in time to be served at a royal banquet.

From 1815 until his death in 1830 the prince lived in the Petit Château with the imperious baroness. Charmed at first by her attractive qualities, he soon fell into a habit of submission, which became fixed as time wore on, until at last he could refuse her nothing.

A Legitimist amongst Legitimists by instinct, education, and inherited tradition, he rejoiced at the return of the Bourbons to royal power. He detested the liberal ideas of Louis Philippe, the head of the house of Orleans. He sympathized with the tyrannical notions of his cousin and next of kin, Louis de Rohan-Rochefort, a descendant of the Frankish conquerors. Yet when he died his estate went to the infant son of his enemy to the exclusion of his intimate friend and heir-at-law.

The record shows that the baroness had at first determined to obtain the inheritance for herself, and had persuaded the old dotard to make a will in her favor. The Rohans heard of it, and very unwisely hinted that her succession would be disputed. This was, of course, a declaration of war, and she acted accordingly. A truce was at once made with the Orleanists, who had hitherto hated her as a vile woman, and she set herself to the task of compelling the prince to execute a new will which should provide amply for her, but should give the bulk of his property to the Orleans family.

It was not an easy task. The old man clung to his ancient prejudices. He fought long and hard. He protested against the arrangement as "horrible and atrocious." He pleaded with Louis Philippe himself for a means of escape. But in his senile infatuation he could not withstand the alternating caresses and abuse of the woman he adored. Still protesting, he signed the will which gave his estate to the little Duc d'Aumale, and fell into a stupor, from which he only recovered at intervals until his death, a few months later, in August, 1830.

Half comatose as he was, he was undisturbed by the revolution of July, 1830. Perhaps he did not realize that the Bourbons were again dethroned, and that the house of Orleans was in power. His ability to help or harm had long been gone, and no one cared to disturb the last days of the doting old man at Chantilly. A month later he was better. He spent an evening with the baroness and a couple of visitors, chatting and playing cards. At the usual hour he retired and was disrobed by his valet, who locked the door of his apartments and went away. He did not answer when called the next morning.

"The prince sleeps soundly," the domestics remarked.

"Ouvrez, ouvrez, c'est moi," screamed the baroness.

For once he did not obey her. He was stark and dead, hanging to the window-ledge by a rope made of two handkerchiefs knotted together; this was passed under his chin. The tips of his feet touched the floor. The great family of Condé was extinct.

Was it murder or suicide? The door to his room was locked. The only access to it was through the apartments of Madame De Fenchères. The situation in which he was found was such that even a weak man might have extricated himself. A wound received when a young man had incapacitated him from tying such knots as those by which the handkerchiefs were bound together.

All these facts were presented at the famous trial before the Superior Court at Paris in 1832, at which the validity of the will was established. The Rohans argued that the circumstances of his death precluded the theory of suicide, and that the difference between the known opinions of the prince and the tenor of his will showed that it had been fraudulently obtained. The Orleanists, on the other hand, contended that he had plainly killed himself, and that the attempt to set aside the will was a mere political intrigue for the restoration of the Bourbons. The judges took the latter view, under pressure, it is said, from the royal personage whose son was the legatee.

Still a third opinion has been advanced. It is known that diseased and worn-out men can find a pleasure in suffering when incapable of other sensations. Some authorities, therefore, say that the old prince hung himself to obtain the abnormal pleasure said to be thereby given, and that the persons whose duty it was to cut him down allowed him to perish.

However that may be, and whatever opinion may be formed of this sordid intrigue, the Duke d'Aumale is not to be held responsible. More than that, if ever an end justified a means, it was this, which gave a splendid estate to the most philanthropic gentleman and gallant soldier of the French republic.

IN PILLION.

(*Duo.*)

He. Behind the rider, they say, care sits,
And you are my care, as you may divine;
Perhaps that's why I care for you, lady mine.
Well, kiss me, and say we are quits.

I know you trifle; your tenderness flits
And changes again like an April day;
Yet all my anger you banish away
With, Kiss me, and say we are quits.

Do you think that life is a ride, and its
Stern fact a pleasuring trip forsooth?
You have taken my all, my life, my youth:
Well, kiss me, and say we are quits.

She. So this is your passionate love, that twits
Me for taking the love that you *gave*—I trust!
I have given you all, so the bargain's just.
Kiss me; of course we are quits.

My every fickleness love permits;
Were I always coy, your passion would wane;
Too facile a love would deserve disdain.
Kiss me; admit we are quits.

My every cruelty only knits
Your love to me closer, tears you away
From a man's many interests. Shall I not, pray,
Have my jealousy? Kiss; we are quits.

He. I dare not love you. I fear that you jest;
My love is your plaything—a woman's way.
She. I dare not be kind as I would be, lest
My tenderness cloy you, as tenderness may.

He. Ah! love, this love is but hope deferred;
When I think you love me, your look says, Nay
She. Do you think, could I trust your uttermost word,
I'd not show you how I am your slave for aye?

All griefs, Doubt, treacherous warden, admits,
And love is the sorriest game to play.
Ah! thrust this frivolous doubting away,
And love me and kiss me. We're quits. S.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY IN ENGLAND.

There is one passage in Mr. Motley's *Correspondence* which has excited some surprise amongst English readers. It is his description of our Parliamentary speakers at a time when the House of Commons was the arena in which Disraeli, Gladstone, and John Bright displayed the full vigor of their faculties. Mr. Motley does not seem to have been impressed by anything he heard. There is no scope for eloquence, he says, in such a business-like assembly; and of so notable an orator as Mr. Bright he tells us that the tribune of the people in the House was easy, conversational, "slightly humorous, and rather fluent." This strikes an Englishman as singular, and I am inclined to believe that Mr. Motley never heard Bright more than once, and that the solitary occasion was one which demanded no exhibition of oratorical powers. In England there is a notion that American public speakers are always rhetorical, and that a member of your House of Representatives would make heaven and earth and the waters under the earth contribute metaphors to a new proposal for the ventilation of the Capitol. That, I know, is one of our insular delusions, but Americans will admit that a remark like Motley's about Bright indicates the unreasonable expectation that a man with the prestige of an orator ought to be always eloquent. Mr. Motley does not appear to have heard any great debate in the House of Commons. He records no impression of the famous duel between Disraeli and Gladstone on the night when the Derby Ministry was overthrown in 1852, or of Gladstone's Budget speech in 1853, or of Bright's attacks on the policy which led to the Crimean war. These were remarkable displays of the highest qualities of speech, and any one of them would have redeemed the House of Commons from that reproach of commonplace pronounced by Mr. Motley.

No one will pretend, however, that England is noted for the abundance of her orators. There is far more readiness of tongue in America; indeed, most Englishmen would concede that Americans, as a rule, are distinguished by what is called by people who don't possess it "the gift of the gab." The capacity to rise after dinner and say a few happy things in a few well-chosen sentences is rare in our chilly island. Perhaps the defect is due to that reticence and lack of expansiveness which are amongst the most prominent of British characteristics. An Englishman is not sociable enough even when he has dined well to get on his legs and communicate himself buoyantly to the company. Moreover, badinage is indispensable to good after-dinner speaking, and this is just what the average Englishman does not fully appreciate, and when it is applied to himself is most apt to resent. To be uncertain whether your airiest jest has not offended half the table is discouraging to the postprandial orator. Nine men out of ten will declare that nothing bores them so much as listening to a speech, and yet the faculty of articulate utterance, especially if it is accompanied by just enough humor and fancy to banter the foibles which everybody recognizes, excites general envy. It is one of our precious anomalies that while we are always ready to sneer at the fluency of foreigners, there are no people so susceptible to the influences of speech as the English. In a country where few men speak really well it is natural that this power should be highly prized, but it is rather ludicrous to find the very people who are disposed to decry the value of public speaking setting the most store by it. At this moment the Tory party would give anything for a great orator. All their speakers are overmatched by Mr. Gladstone's surpassing eloquence. If a young Tory comes to the House of Commons with a reputation from a university debating society, his *début* is watched with anxious interest by his leaders, and if he shows distinct promise he is tenderly nursed on all the platforms of his party. This is amusing when you consider that the old Tory invectives against demagogues, mouthing politicians, men whose command of rhetoric is employed to stir the passion of the mob, are still repeated whenever a Liberal orator achieves a marked success. Had Mr. Gladstone remained a Tory all his life, he would have been the idol of the drawing-room where he is scoffed at as a wind-bag. No abuse was too virulent for John Bright when his eloquence was the servant of reform, but after he left the Liberal party his old assailants extolled his public spirit, and bitterly regretted that age and ill health had stilled his voice. Perhaps the most signal proof that a man who speaks long and often, whatever may be the merits of his matter, has an excellent chance of Tory patronage is the position of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett—an American, by-the-way—who talked himself into office, though his leaders show an odd appreciation of his gifts by keeping him muzzled in the House of Commons.

In spite, however, of all this stimulus to the cultivation of the power of speech, there are comparatively few men in Parliament whose performances would deserve even the very moderate eulogy which Motley awarded to Bright. An immense proportion of mem-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bers are elected because they represent particular interests, and not because of their natural endowments. Party managers are still capable of offering to a constituency candidates whose utterances are a libel on the intelligence of the people they address. One of these gentlemen was reported to have said lately that his opponents "never opened their mouths without showing the cloven hoof." I think it was of the same genius that a London journal gravely remarked that, though not a fluent or a wordy man, he made his ideas as distinct as "pieces of granite sculpture." Had this been said in America, the unlucky phrase would have stuck to the hero of it all his life. But he was an aristocrat, and a relative of the Prime-Minister; and there is still sufficient awe inspired by such connections in this country to save even a nincompoop from overwhelming ridicule. The press is powerful in England, but it is not as powerful as a pedigree, and under the shelter of an imposing family tree a man may defy the most pitiless rain of satire. Many audiences, moreover, are perfectly satisfied with a substantial property owner who simply repeats the most ordinary catch-phrases of his party. It is astonishing what an amount of enthusiasm can be excited in some minds by the vehement assurance that the integrity of the empire must be maintained. How this is to be done, and why the integrity is supposed to be in danger, are subtleties to which a certain kind of politician never addresses himself. He has money in the funds, he has many acres, his family is one of the proudest in the country, or he has a title which is a few months old, and is therefore considered an essential part of the foundation of society. For these reasons people will listen to him as if he were declaiming the book of Genesis; or if they have too much intelligence for this attitude, they will accept his assertions as Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" accepted the sermon: "I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I comed awaäy."

But it must not be supposed that this sort of oratory is successful in the House of Commons. A Minister may welcome a recruit who has nothing at his tongue's end but platitudes, for a vote is a vote, and moreover the platitudinarian may be ready to spend a good deal of money for the benefit of his party. Under the Corrupt Practices Act a good deal less is spent on our elections than you spend on yours, but wealthy men are of great service to their party all the same. Election expenses are still heavy, and many candidates are poor, so until we can induce Parliament to throw the cost of contests on the local rates the cause which has most of the sinews of war may continue to make a stand against the cause which has the largest share of political principle. But the moneyed magnate who is sent to the House of Commons to represent the subjects of the empire, or the throne, or the Church, or whatever may be the "granite sculpture" in his mind, soon finds his level in that assembly. It is made clear to him, first, that the House will not listen to his patriotic sentiments, and secondly, that his leaders expect him to use his legs and not his tongue. He must walk into the division lobby and be prepared at any hour of a Parliamentary sitting to give up his social engagements at the summons of the party whip; but he must not articulate anything in the House except cheers and interjections like "No, no," to bother an opponent. This wholesome discipline prevents Parliament from being wholly submerged by bores. This species is not by any means unrepresented, but when the bores are on their feet the people who suffer are the Speaker, the chairmen of committees, the officials at the table, a few reporters who linger in the Press Gallery, and the strangers who remain doggedly in their seats upstairs lest they should miss some sudden and sublime incident.

Speeches in Congress are not reported in your newspapers as speeches in Parliament are reported in ours, and much of the dulness which Americans find in our daily journals is due to the fact that so large a space is occupied by the wit and wisdom of our legislators. The defence of this system is that Parliamentary debates are read, or they would not be printed. They help to make public opinion. In every election they are quoted wholesale. The speaker who knows Mr. Hansard—the official report of proceedings in both Houses—has a well-stocked armory. He can convict an enemy of inconsistency or correct a damaging misquotation. In the House fragments of Hansard are always being hurled at somebody's head. It is remarkable that although, owing to a variety of conditions, political consistency is an almost impossible virtue, a public man is more anxious to be credited with this than with anything else in the world, and men who have been driven by force of circumstances, chiefly incapacity to foresee everything that is going to happen, to abandon every opinion they ever held, will solemnly rise and denounce the abominable apostasy of somebody opposite. I have always thought that this is the most diverting feature of party government. Certainly it is so to any one who has long frequented the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, this incessant pretension to a delusive morality, which is a sort of mirage of blameless integrity, is the grimmest irony of human affairs.

There is a terrible array of pessimists in that gallery. Men who have seen Ministries come and go, who have gathered up the flotsam and jetsam of principles abandoned by their owners, who know every twist and turn of the slippery political gamester, who can anticipate every trick of the orator, and, worst of all, every jest of the established humorist—such men may be forgiven for seeing little but dust and ashes and a hard week's work in the Parliamentary routine. And yet it is in the Press Gallery that you find the keenest and freshest interest in politics. A new member who speaks well finds his readiest admirers in those uncomfortable seats up aloft. If he could hear the subdued murmurs of some of those veteran judges, their pithy comments on his style, their muttered warnings when he misses a point or is on the wrong tack, he would learn a valuable lesson. If it should ever be found expedient to appoint a committee to name the members who may speak as long as they like and those who ought to be bound by a limit, the reporters would be the best umpires. They know whose words will always be read by an eager public, and who must be dismissed in a few lines when his "barren commonplaces break in full and kindly blossom." Though intervals of sheer dulness are long and numerous, I maintain that from this Press Gallery one commands an unequalled spectacle of human interest. The threads of a vast empire are concentrated in this small Chamber. You see the mighty loom at work, and though some of the weavers are beneath the dignity of their labors, the machine is an absorbing marvel. Great interests are constantly at stake, and the gentle uneventful mediocrity that Motley saw is often swept out of memory by an intense and actual drama. No play that was ever acted can compare with scenes in the House of Commons in times of high fever. You see the conflict of men who are making history, and on whose words and acts the whole kingdom hangs breathless. Not always, perhaps, do these scenes produce that rare oratory which sends its vivid periods down the course of time to make the blood of posterity tingle; but the struggle of keen and powerful debaters, equipped with all the resources of intellect and experience, and sustained by the full tide of passion, is as exciting as a battle-field. This is what makes the House of Commons the most thrilling stage in Europe. There is excitement enough in the French Chamber, but it is too often a mere whirlwind of jabbering idiocy. When the party heat reaches a certain temperature no French Deputy is responsible for a syllable he utters except to a congenial lunatic, who challenges him to a duel. But in the wildest tempest in the House of Commons no one forgets that every word has its value as a political factor. The debate ends in the division lobby, and the majority decides the issue for the time, but the conflict reverberates in every corner of the country, and speeches which have not turned votes in the House become deadly weapons which mow down majorities in the constituencies.

But I think the highest tribute to our Parliamentary speaking is that it does sometimes win votes. Though party feeling generally overrides facts and arguments, these occasionally tell upon hostile minds with surprising force. It is not an uncommon thing for a Minister to resist a proposal at the outset, and then change front when he has heard the whole case. An Irish member, who has small reason to love his opponents, said the other night that, after all, the House of Commons is the fairest assembly in the world. What he meant was that the English sense of justice is so strong that it will conquer the strongest prejudices when once the truth is made clear. I don't say this always happens; but, after making every allowance for the imperfections of human nature and the defects of party government, I think a close observer of the House of Commons will admit that the cases in which men who are obnoxious to the party in office have won the personal respect of their antagonists are very striking. The House loves a joke, even a small one; it loves a dashing party attack; it revels in recriminations; it often prefers a smart thing to a true thing; but in the main the value of Parliamentary speech is determined by the capacity to reason. The most successful orator in England is the man who handles great masses of facts with precision, lucidity, and nervous force. That is the combination which makes an English statesman a great leader of men.

L. F. AUSTIN.

DEVONSHIRE CLUB, LONDON, *March* 30, 1889.

NEW AND NOTABLE BOOKS.

FASCINATING VOLUMES, FULL OF CHARMING GLIMPSES OF HISTORIC PLACES, BEAUTIFUL SCENES, AND FAMOUS PERSONS.—ST. JAMES GAZETTE, London.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC," "HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS," "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD," &c.

EDITED BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

With Portrait. 2 Vols., Royal 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, Gilt Tops, $7.00. (*In a Box.*)

SOME OPINIONS OF THE WORK:

New York Tribune.	The free and fluent outflow of a brilliant and active mind. The more intimate history of a man of genius, a great writer, and a man of the world.	They have a special value from the distinction of the individuals and the importance of the subjects which they discuss.	*New York Times.*
Athenæum, London.	Delightful volumes, edited with rare modesty and good taste.	Delightful pen-pictures and anecdotes of distinguished people. A worthy memorial and an honorable addition to literature.	*Boston Transcript.*
New York Sun.	The most delightful autobiography that has been published for many years.	A genuine embarrassment of riches, so great is the variety and interest of the topics treated.	*N. Y. Mail and Express.*
Spectator, London.	A boon to book lovers. A most valuable addition to a most pleasant department of literature.	Of unusual note. Graphic, vigorous, and sympathetic impressions.	*Brooklyn Eagle.*
Philadelphia Ledger.	Of rare interest as letters, they are yet of more importance as historical contributions.	More entertaining than any collection of letters published in many years.	*New York Herald.*
Springfield, Republican.	Rich pages. With what spirit Motley wrote! The book is fascinating.	Delightful style; clear, crisp, and graphic.	*Boston Herald.*

NEW EDITIONS OF

MOTLEY'S WORKS.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. With Portrait of William of Orange.
The Library Edition, 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $3.50 a volume. (*Vols. sold separately.*)
Popular Edition. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $6.00. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS. With Portraits.
The Library Edition, 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $3.50 a volume. (*Vols. sold separately.*)
Popular Edition. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $8.00. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD. Illustrated.
The Library Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $3.50 a volume. (*Vols. sold separately.*)
Popular Edition. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $4.00. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

I.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF

Historical Literature.

By C. K. Adams, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

A MANUAL OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE, comprising Brief Descriptions of the most Important Histories in English, French, and German, together with Practical Suggestions as to Methods and Courses of Historical Study, for the Use of Students, General Readers, and Collectors of Books. By CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, LL.D., Professor of History, and President of Cornell University. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. pp. xl., 720. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

We can hardly commend too highly the diligence, the discrimination, the justice, and the candor of the author. . . . The work is in every way helpful and serviceable, and its value is enhanced by a very complete Index.—*Boston Journal.*

Indispensable to teachers and students and to public libraries.—*Nation*, N. Y.

No student of history can afford to dispense with the help and guidance furnished by this judicious handbook.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A work that will be valued in proportion as it is used.—*N. Y. Times.*

II.

Farces by

W. D. Howells.

THE MOUSE-TRAP and other Farces. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART and HARPER PENNINGTON. pp. vi., 184. 12mo, Cloth, $1.00.

OTHER WORKS BY W. D. HOWELLS.

ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

APRIL HOPES. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

MODERN ITALIAN POETS. With Portraits. 12mo, Half Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2.00.

III.

English Classics for School Reading.

FAIRY TALES. In Prose and Verse. Selected from Early and Recent Literature. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., Litt.D. Illustrated. pp. x., 188. 16mo, Cloth, 36 cents.

IN THE SAME SERIES.

TALES OF CHIVALRY.—TALES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. 16mo, Cloth, 36 cents each.

IV.

The Tramp at Home.

By LEE MERIWETHER, Special Agent of the U. S. Department of Labor, Author of "A Tramp Trip; or, How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day." Illustrated. pp. xiv., 296. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1.25.

Upon Mr. Meriwether's return from "A Tramp Trip" the Secretary of the Interior appointed him a special agent to obtain information for the Bureau of Statistics as to the condition of the laboring classes in this country, and he has embodied in this book valuable testimony upon the question of wages, cost of living, etc., interspersed with adventure, novel experience, and humorous episode.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A TRAMP TRIP; or, How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day. With Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1.25.

V.

Frith's Autobiography.

VOLUME II.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES. By W. P. FRITH, R.A. Vol. II. pp. viii., 334. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.
Uniform with "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," Vol. I. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

The volume is full of life and fun, and it is difficult to lay it down when one has taken it up. Mr. Frith shows as conclusively as before that he has all the gifts of a happy *raconteur*. . . . Not only are there many good things scattered broadcast through the chapters, but there are also interesting reminiscences of eminent men, original criticisms on matters artistic, and various sensible hints which must benefit aspiring artists.—*London Times.*

Harper's Franklin Square Library.

New Issues. 8vo, Paper Covers.

	CTS.
THE COUNTRY COUSIN. By Frances Mary Peard	40
LADY BLUEBEARD. By the Author of "Xit and Xoe."	40
A DANGEROUS CATSPAW. By D. Christie Murray and Henry Murray	30
FRENCH JANET. By Sarah Tytler	30
A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER. With Illustrations	50
TOILERS OF BABYLON. By B. L. Farjeon	40
THE WEAKER VESSEL. By D. Christie Murray. Illustrated by George Du Maurier	50

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Don't spoil your Feet with CHEAP SHOES!

WEAR THE "BURT & PACKARD"



SEE THAT EVERY PAIR IS **STAMPED**
THE BURT & PACKARD.
"KORRECT SHAPE."
STAMPED BURT & J.W. BURT & Co. PACKARD ON HEEL.

IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF THE FOOT.

If you want **perfection** in fit, with freedom from **corns** and **all discomfort**, you will always wear the **Burt & Packard Shoe.**

It is acknowledged as the *most comfortable*, the *best wearing*, and the *most stylish* gentlemen's shoe made in the world.

The **Burt & Packard Shoe** costs no more than any other fine shoe, *though none approach it in value.*

All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also BOYS' and YOUTHS'.

If not sold by your dealer, send his name and your address to

Packard & Field, SUCCESSORS TO BURT & PACKARD. **Brockton, Mass.**

Wear the Burt & Packard "Korrect Shape."



Size 3x5 in.

For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods, or mailed prepaid on receipt of price.

PRICE LIST.

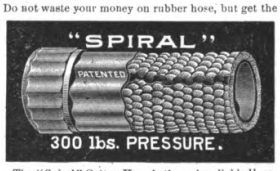
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush,	. . .	.25
Bailey's " Hand Brush (size 3x1 3-4 in.)	. .	.50
Bailey's " Blacking Dauber,	. . .	.25
Bailey's " Ink and Pencil Eraser,	. .	.25
Bailey's " Tooth Brush, No. 1.	. . .	.40
Bailey's " Tooth Brush, No. 2.	. . .	.50

C. J. BAILEY & CO.,
132 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

WHO hasn't had POOR HOSE?

In order that the public may be more thoroughly convinced of our statement a Sample will be sent Free to any address mentioning *Harper's Weekly.*

Do not waste your money on rubber hose, but get the



The "Spiral" Cotton Hose is the only reliable Hose, which is proven by there being so many imitations. The genuine has FOUR distinguishing marks.

I. **A red line running through it.**
II. **The patent mark "Spiral," patented March 30, 1880.**
III. **The corrugated band fastening hose to coupling.**
IV. **Corrugated coupling as shown in cut.**

The "Spiral" Cotton Hose having no outside covering to hold moisture as rubber hose does, *dries like a towel.* Insist on getting this Hose, as some dealers will try to sell an inferior one.

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE CO.,
Sole Manufacturers,
234 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass., 222 Lake St., Chicago.

THE HAWK-EYE

$15 Detective AND Combination CAMERA.



Or, with automatic attachment containing a coil of sensitized film for taking **100 different pictures** without refilling, **$25.**

Possessing all the advantages of the "Kodak," and making **pictures 4 x 5 inches.**

Our new 1889 edition, **PHOTOGRAPHY AT HOME,** embracing "How I became an Artist," guide for beginners, and **complete catalogue,** sent free upon application.

Complete outfits, **$5, $10,** and upwards.

The Finest Cameras in the World.

THE BOSTON CAMERA CO., Manufacturers,
36 India St., Boston Mass.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AMERICAN ARTISTS AT THE PARIS SALON.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE desire to make a great show at the forth-coming Universal Exhibition has caused several of the distinguished American artists resident in Europe to neglect the Salon of 1889. Mr. W. T. Dannat, for instance, has kept the three fine pictures that he has painted this winter all for the Champ de Mars, and sends nothing to the Salon. Mr. John S. Sargent also concentrates all his efforts on the Exhibition. The same is the case with J. Gari Melchers, who sends nothing to the Salon; Walter Gay, who sends only a small head of a girl; HEnry Mosler, who will be represented by a life-size pastel portrait of a little girl laughing in the shadow of a broad-brimmed hat. Nevertheless, the American exhibit at the Salon will be important, and include a number of considerable efforts by the younger men. The following notes, it must be remembered, are made from visits to the studios before the sending of the pictures to the Salon; they are, therefore, necessarily incomplete, and mention only an important fraction of the hundred and fifty or two hundred works by American artists which will figure in the Palais de l'Industrie.

Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks sends two very important pictures—"Prayer Hour at the Mosque of Moti Musjid," and an "Open-air Restaurant at Lahore." The former represents the court-yard of the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, with the tank, and, occupying the back of the picture, the denticulated arcades of the mosque, the whole, both mosque and pavement, of pure white marble. Over the façade of arches in the background the projecting roof casts a shadow, and the vista of arcades within appears mistily illuminated by the reflected light that glares upward from the white marble court-yard. On this ground of immaculate smooth white marble are disposed figures in various attitudes, some washing in the tank, others dreaming or sleeping, one in the foreground reading the Koran, while outside the mosque in the middle distance stands a row of men praying, their backs turned to the spectator — Afghans, northern Indians of various castes, and Persians with their round skull-caps. In the polished marble of the floor as well as in the water of the tank the bright colors of the Indian and Persian costumes are reflected. In this very clever picture Mr. Weeks has dealt successfully with a difficult scheme of color. His second picture is full of detail and very strongly handled. In the background, towering up against the clear blue sky, is the mosque of Vazir Khan, with its brilliant ceramic facing of bright blue and yellow tiles, which give the key-notes of the composition. Under the walls of the mosque are little booths, and in the open space in front is being held a sort of horse-fair. To the left are some trees, and in the foreground an open-air restaurant, with pots and pans and steaming caldrons, around which are gathered groups of customers, notably in the immediate foreground two Persian horse-dealers, one wearing a blue blouse and the other a yellow one. To describe fully the varied and curious scene which Mr. Weeks has depicted would need more space than we can now command. Indian types and Indian manners have no secret for this painter, who has a remarkable talent for disposing on canvases of reasonable dimensions scenes that have the immensity and manifold interest of a panorama. This "Open-air Restaurant at Lahore" has, furthermore, the merit of being the most complete picture that Mr. Weeks has yet painted—the firmest, the simplest, and the most direct piece of painting that he has accomplished.

Mr. George Hitchcock's picture, "Fermières Hollandaises," represents a white-walled kitchen in Holland. In the foreground are seated two girls, one three-quarter face, the other with her back turned toward the spectator, and only a profile visible framed in a dainty white cap. The dresses are of blue, gray, and an intense lilac, the composition of which seems to be peculiarly pleasing to Mr. Hitchcock's eye, as it is also to our own. Mr. Hitchcock began his reputation, it will be remembered, by constituting himself the historiographer of the culture of tulips in Holland; we are therefore not surprised to find the floor of this kitchen strown with cut tulips, which these two girls are tying up into bouquets and hanging over the backs of their chairs, ready to take to market. Meanwhile the girls are gossiping, and, thanks to the artist's presentation of them,



"LE SOIR."—By Ridgway Knight.

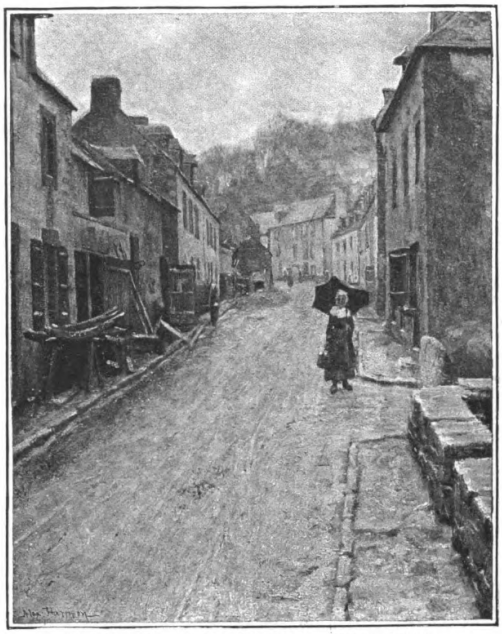


"ARCESSITA AB ANGELIS."—By Carl Gutherz.

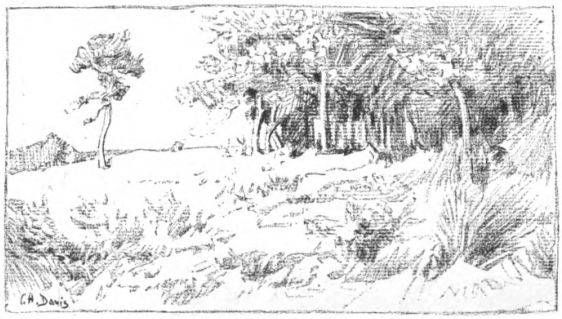
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



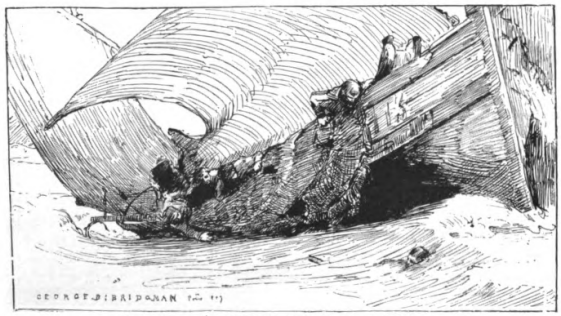
"CHARLOTTE CORDAY IN PRISON."—By Julian Story.



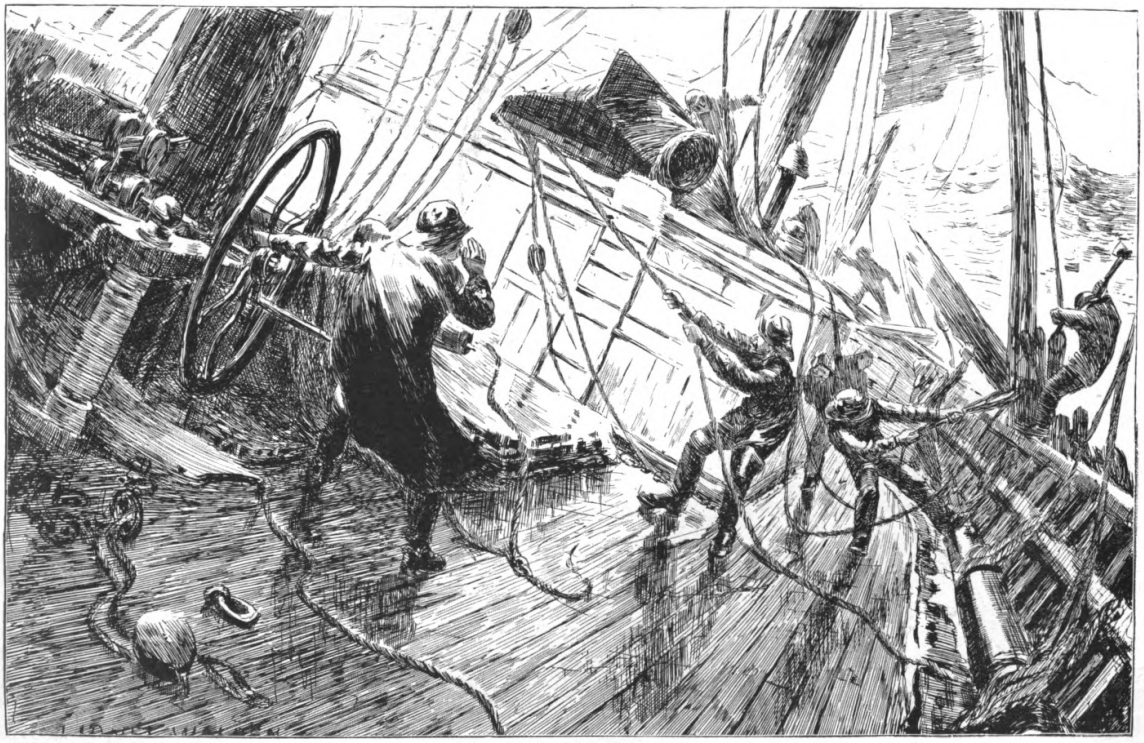
"A RAINY DAY AT CONCARNEAU."—By Alexander Harrison.



"FOREST OF RAMBOUILLET."—By Charles H. Davis.



"MOUSSE À LA MER" (SEA-FOAM).—By G. B. Bridgman.



"AN ACCIDENT AT SEA."—By Lionel Walden.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"FERMIÈRES HOLLANDAISES."—By George Hitchcock.



"A FOGGY MORNING AT VENICE."—By Henry R. Kenyon.



"THE SANDS OF RAGUENÈS."—By Arthur W. Dow.

they look very charming, and doubtless are so in reality. That, however, is a point of small importance; what delights us is the delicate arabesque of these feminine forms against the brilliant white background; the refined choice of coloration; the harmony of bright-colored tulips in the foreground; the research of exquisiteness and daintiness in the whole rendering of the subject. In this, as in his previous pictures, Mr. Hitchcock gives proof of a rare artistic temperament.

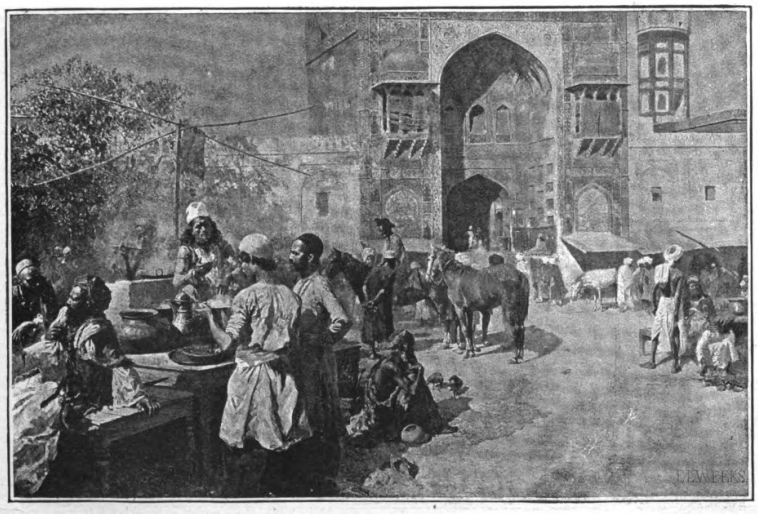
Mr. F. A. Bridgman continues faithful to Algerian subjects, which he paints with a tendency toward prettiness, and with a certain lavish profusion of gay-colored paint which is quite a different thing from color. In one picture, "Un Bal chez le Gouverneur," at Algiers, we see the amusing contrast of European ladies flirting with dignified Arabs beneath the glare of a glass lustre light of the most modern manufacture. In the foreground, a blond lady dressed in white and a brunette in pale green are seated on the edge of the bouquet of ladies who fill up the room, with here and there a burnoose and turban, and a bronzed Arab face. In the background, through an archway, we see the garden, with lanterns hung on the trees, and groups of guests promenading. Mr. Bridgman's second picture represents "Algerine Women in a Cemetery." As at Constantinople, the cemeteries of Algiers are perched on the slopes of the hills that close in the bay, and from the one which Mr. Bridgman has painted we see, over the terrace wall, a panorama of the white town and the blue sea. To the right two women are leaning over the wall, contemplating this scene; to the left a woman advances with some flowers in her hand; in the centre a group of women and black slaves are squatting on carpets spread out between the tombstones; a couple of children playing, and some cypress foliage, complete the picture which will please those who love bright stuffs and conventional Oriental beauty.

Mr. Walter MacEwen sends two pictures, "The Sisters," and "Gamins Hollandais." The former represents the garden front of a Dutch house; the red brick wall, the curtained window, and the climbing cherry-tree fill up the canvas and form the background for two seated figures, one sewing a piece of red stuff, the other admiring her pretty coif in the improvised mirror of a pewter plate. The piece of stuff which one of the sisters is sewing forms a large patch of red, set into the picture, which is otherwise richer in color than most of this artist's previous work. The "Gamins Hollandais," or "Dutch Boys," not to say urchins, represents a gray-green Dutch landscape, bathed in pearly moist atmosphere, and in the foreground four little Dutch boys, with flaxen hair and round lumpy faces, corrugated by the effort of wide-open mouths and straining lungs. These droll little fellows hold their caps in their hands, and wear huge sabots, black clothes, and over their clothes queer blouses of blue or pink cotton, gathered round the neck into folds that suggest the collar of Pierrot. These "gamins hollandais," with their mouths open like the letter O, are simply shouting, or "hollering," if that familiar word may be allowed. The picture is naïvely humorous, and very delicate in tone.

Mr. Lionel Walden's "Accident at Sea" is another step in advance. In previous Salons we admired this artist's "Yellow Morning on the Thames," and his "Steamer Unloading," for the originality of the observation and for the delicate sensitiveness to the charm of grayness therein displayed. Now Mr. Walden has left the calm atmosphere of the Thames and gone to sea. The sky is dark; the furious waves are coursing along and throwing up clouds of spray; a three-masted sailing ship has had the misfortune to get into the trough of the sea, and the topmast has been carried away together with the bowsprit.



"GAMINS HOLLANDAIS."—By Walter MacEwen.



"OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT AT LAHORE."—By Edwin Lord Weeks.

Each wave strikes the ship sidewise, and washes over her, and amidst the blinding spray the sailors in their oil-skins are busy with axes, cutting away the backstays and all the dangerous

(Continued on page 334.)

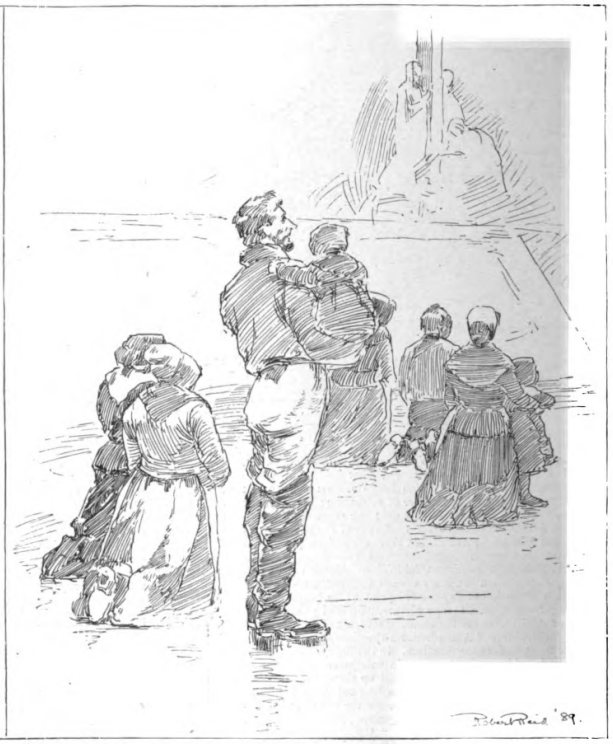


"A LA FONTAINE, RUE ST. MEDARD."—By Kate A. Carl.

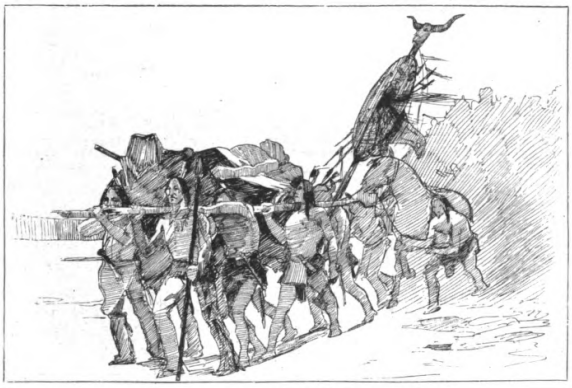
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



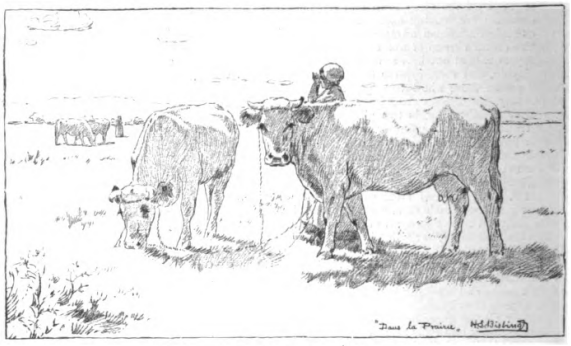
"AUTUMN" (FRAGMENT).—By Childe Hassam.



"THE BLESSING OF THE BOATS" (FRAGMENT).—By Robert Reid.



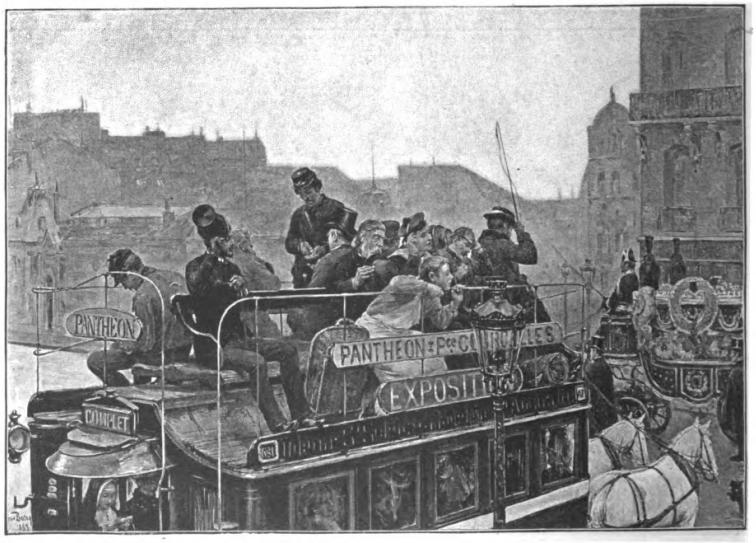
"THE BURIAL OF AN INDIAN CHIEF."
By William L. Dodge.



"DANS LA PRAIRIE."—By H. S. Bisbing.



"MY DAUGHTER AGNES."—By Henry Mosler.



"ÉGALITÉ."—By Henry Bacon.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1688.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"'WHAT, *DAT* HAT, MISS SALLY?' INDIGNANTLY LIFTING THE INSULTED HAT OUT OF THE BOX, AND HOLDING IT UP FOR US TO LOOK AT."

SEE STORY "UNCLE MERCURY'S MOVIN'," PAGE 334.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Such a quantity of good things that the price seems ridiculous."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for April 23d contains the first instalment of a new fairy tale, entitled

PRINCESS LILIWINKINS.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN'S STORIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY LYDIA F. EMMET.

A full-page engraving of the group of statuary representing "Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet teaching the Deaf-Mute," by DANIEL C. FRENCH, *is accompanied by a sketch of Gallaudet by* HELEN EVERTSON SMITH. *The group is shortly to be unveiled at the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

AN ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT is issued gratuitously with this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

CHANGES IN THE CONSTITUTION.

DURING the last nineteen years, according to Mr. MCMASTER, three hundred and ten amendments to the Constitution have been proposed in Congress. But three only have been adopted. These prohibit slavery, and the restriction of the right of voting on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. They define citizens of the United States, and the basis of enumeration for Representatives, state certain disqualifications for the offices of Senator and Representative in Congress, and affirm the validity of the public debt. That after the great civil convulsion, and in the natural and powerful drift toward national centralization which succeeded the war, so little change should have been made in the organic law, and that little so wisely comprehensive of the essential and fundamental results of the war, is singularly illustrative of the moderation and good sense of the people. The same calm intelligence has been shown in the judicial interpretation of these amendments by the Supreme Court. The Richmond *Despatch* has argued recently, however, that the three amendments were not constitutionally adopted. Its general ground is that the Thirteenth Amendment, prohibiting slavery, "paved the way for the Fourteenth and Fifteenth," that this was ratified by the casting vote of West Virginia, that this State never had constitutional existence, because it was formed and erected wholly within the jurisdiction of Virginia, and that, according to the properly punctuated constitutional clause relating to the subject, such creation was not permissible.

But the *Despatch* states that it argues only for the truth of history, and not with the expectation of changing the fact that the amendments are now part of the Constitution. It is what is called an academic argument—for the pleasure of dialectics, and not practical results—an exercise which used to be thought characteristic of what was called the Southern school of politics. But it has an illustrious precedent in Mr. WEBSTER'S argument in favor of the assent of the Senate to removals, which, even against the authority of MADISON, he held to be the true constitutional doctrine. He agreed, however, that the contemporary decision of Congress and the long and uniform practice had practically settled the question. This conclusion is equally sound in regard to the amendments that followed the war. By the action of every branch of the government and the acquiescence of the country their validity is placed beyond question, and the discussion belongs really to the realm of casuistry. To consider either their validity or their repeal as bearing upon the question of suffrage in the Southern States is useless. They are the fundamental law of the land, and they will not be repealed.

The race question, as it is called, must be settled in other ways, and it is time lost to agitate the validity or repeal of the amendments. In the general discussion of the subject, which is certainly a very serious one, we have seen nothing truer or more worthy of consideration than a remark of President DECKER, of Roanoke College, in Virginia. He describes himself as a "Southern man" "by birth, education, and residence, an ex-Confederate soldier, whose home was in the track of SHERMAN'S march through South Carolina." Such a man of course speaks for others, and when he says that the negro "is naturally docile and peaceable, and if we treat him as a man, with the same fairness, justice, and consideration we claim for ourselves as men, the less we shall hear of race antagonism in the future." It is by the light of such primary and simple principles as these that the question must be settled, and this is undoubtedly as clear to intelligent citizens of the Southern States as it is to their fellow-citizens elsewhere. Senator EUSTIS, of Louisiana, makes a serious mistake in regarding the interest in this question which is felt in other States as an interference with the "local affairs" of his own State and other Southern States. He will agree certainly that it is not necessary to live in Louisiana or Mississippi to understand that the perpetual practical disfranchisement of half the legal voters or more is a condition of which President DECKER says truly, "For if we deprive any class of citizens of their lawful participation in the choice of law-makers and rulers, we repress or remove the most powerful incentive to the growth of that patriotic devotion to country which lies at the foundation of our national welfare, and gives the only sure promise of the perpetuity of our free institutions." This is surely a better point of departure from which to approach the subject than discussion of the validity of the amendments.

THREE APRIL DAYS.

BESIDES the great anniversary which is at hand, there are other memorable anniversary days in the month of April. The three most interesting are the 12th, the 15th, and the 19th, respectively the date of the beginning of the civil war, the death of LINCOLN, and the opening of the Revolution at Concord and Lexington. These are all days that will not be forgotten. The first will never be celebrated; but it will be remembered as the day on which differences not to be peacefully composed appealed to the tremendous ordeal which could alone adjust them. The passions of a civil war, following the acute exasperation of the slavery controversy, could not for a long time permit either side to do justice to the other except on the point of courage and tenacity. No honorable soldier on either side has ever doubted the heroic bravery of his opponents. None but Americans could have assailed the Union so long and strenuously, none but Americans could have so triumphantly maintained it, and certainly, we may add, none but Americans could have so honorably acquiesced in the result, on the one side without the vengeance which usually follows such success, on the other without secret conspiracy to baffle the result and to prolong the contest. In 1745 in England the STUART fires that had been suppressed in 1715 burst again into flame. But when in the United States in 1877 there were foolish counsellors upon their own side who hinted an armed decision of the contested national election, the Southern leaders who had laid down their arms in 1865 honorably refused to respond.

Thirty years are not yet passed since the 12th of April, 1861; but while national union is more firmly assured than at any time since it was founded a century ago, there is clearer intelligence than ever before of the theoretical views which seemed to justify to its supporters the assault of 1861. Close to this day is that upon which the last and most conspicuous victim of the civil war died. The feeling of that day, the overwhelming sense of nameless calamity, will never be forgotten by those who recall it, and cannot be comprehended by those who do not. LINCOLN'S service to his country was not less than WASHINGTON'S. His character is not less noble, his personality is more tenderly pathetic, and his name alone of all Americans will be associated with that of the Father of his Country. Like WASHINGTON'S, his birthday will be generally commemorated, and at his home in Illinois his grave will be visited on the anniversary of his death and strewn with flowers. That the Revolution should have given us WASHINGTON and the civil war LINCOLN may well justify for them the name of Providential men. But as types of American citizenship they are not only to be admired, but followed. The value of our praise of them is tested by our conduct.

The other anniversary is that of the battles of Concord and Lexington. But the skirmishes on Lexington Green and at Concord Bridge, compared with Shiloh and Gettysburg, can hardly be called battles. They were, however, equally significant events. There is no more interesting and picturesque chapter in our history than that which records the silent embarkation of the British in Boston, the light in the belfry, the ride of PAUL REVERE, rousing Middlesex as he went, the hasty muster at dawn on Lexington Common, the scattering shots, the march to Concord, the stand of the Minute-men at the bridge, the hasty retreat, the eager pursuit and closing in of the farmers, the scattering fight of the retreat all the way to Charlestown, the exclamation of SAMUEL ADAMS as he heard the shots, "Oh! what a glorious morning!" the awakening of the country to the consciousness of war, and the gradual resolution of independence. The story is already enshrined in our literature. BANCROFT, EMERSON, EVERETT, HAWTHORNE, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, have all celebrated it, and a noted town in Kentucky commemorates the fact that the news penetrated to the remote camp of the pioneers upon the remote frontier, who with patriotic enthusiasm called their settlement Lexington. It is not the memory of heroism only that the day recalls, the heroism of plain rural citizens, owners and tillers of the soil, but the grandeur of the cause which they defended. The story of these three April days shows how rich in heroic and inspiring traditions our annals are, and how wise is an occasional test of ourselves by the standard of our fathers.

THE GREAT CELEBRATION AND AMERICAN HISTORY.

IN some recent remarks upon the approaching celebration of the inauguration of the government, Mr. ADLER, urging some serious educational observance of the occasion, spoke of the period between the end of the war and the adoption of the Constitution as the least generally familiar in our history, but by no means the least interesting. This is true, but it is not because there are not excellent accounts of this period. Mr. BANCROFT'S and Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS'S histories of the Constitutional Convention, Mr. BACH MCMASTER'S *History of the American People*, and IRVING'S *Life of Washington*, all depict vividly this epoch of transition, and Mr. JOHN FISKE'S valuable work *The Critical Period of American History* is a complete and exceedingly interesting study of the time to which the public mind is now turned. But in interviews with publishers which were reported recently in the *Evening Post* there is no evidence that the interest in the approaching event leads to a larger demand for such literature, while the general popular knowledge of the Constitution is still probably not very great. There is no doubt, however, of a much keener interest in our history now than formerly. It is not many years since very intelligent Americans could not find the fascination in American which charmed them in English history. This was partly due doubtless to the skill of the historians, and to the traditions of education. But it was unpleasant to feel greater interest in the English revolutions of 1640 and 1688 than in the American Revolution of 1776.

That the historical sense is not wanting in American literary genius is sometimes grotesquely inferred from the fact that the first characteristic work in our literature was the burlesque history of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and it was not very long afterward that BANCROFT began his great work. Among modern historians American names are so distinguished that historical writing must be considered almost characteristic of our literature. This is the more striking because the fact disclosed itself before the national sentiment which is essential to the satisfactory development of native historical literature was fully conscious of itself. Even Mr. BANCROFT was not confident of the national future. Thirty-five years ago, when he was asked to how late a date he intended to bring his history, he said, "To the formation of the Constitution, because all after that is experiment." The civil war justified his view. But happily also it demonstrated that the experiment was successful. The same uncertainty at a much earlier period was expressed by ALEXANDER HAMILTON. President JOSIAH QUINCY, of Harvard, told a young friend in 1856 that he heard HAMILTON say not long before his death that he thought the Union under the Constitution might last for thirty years. It is curious that it was about thirty years after HAMILTON'S remark that the first serious blow at the Union was threatened by the nullification movement in South Carolina.

When the civil war was imminent the want of general familiarity with our history was evident. The condition from which the national Constitution sprang, the reasons of its compromises and of the want of a distinct literal provision for the emergency which had arisen, the peculiar attitude of the Federal party during the war of 1812, and the story of the Hartford Convention, were all obscure in the public mind. But when the great peril was past, and the truth was manifest that whatever the national sentiment of 1789 may have been, and however susceptible of various interpretation the Constitution might be, yet during all the years from 1789 to 1860, despite all theories of constitutional construction, an indissoluble nation had been developed, interest in our history became universal, and the contributions to it of the last quarter of a century have been of the highest value. That the celebration of this year will quicken this feeling is not to be doubted. Mr. BRYCE'S *American Commonwealth* will be the chief contemporary monument of this year in literature. His work, although that of an Englishman, is the product of profound sympathy with the American mind. Mr. BRYCE shows not only the candid interest of a philosophic observer like DE TOCQUEVILLE, but he has the American spirit. Every sign assures us that the American education which Mr. ADLER desires for Americans will not be wanting in the coming century.

THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE vote in Massachusetts upon the prohibition amendment will be known when this paper is issued. The question has never been discussed more ably nor before a more interested and intelligent community, and its decision will be an important event in the annals of the temperance movement. Some of the most distinguished lawyers in the State, of all parties, have signed a protest against the proposed amendment. Among them are ex-Attorney-General and Judge E. R. HOAR and ex-Governor GASTON. The ground of the protest is the view which we

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

recently quoted as maintained by Professor THAYER, of Harvard, that prohibition is not a proper subject for constitutional provision. The protest is as follows:

"The undersigned, believing that the Constitution of Massachusetts is and was intended by its distinguished framers to be an organization of government and a declaration of rights guaranteed to the individual citizen, and that under its provisions all police regulations and definitions of criminal offences were properly left to the Legislature for enactment by statute law, which could be annually controlled by the people of the commonwealth, are opposed to the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor. We believe that if such a change of law is expedient, it should be made—as all similar provisions of law have hitherto been made—by statute enactment. To attempt to put into the Constitution matters which were left by it entirely to legislative action will tend to subject the Constitution to constant amendment, may lead to doubt and confusion in its construction, and will tend to diminish the honor and reverence in which it is held by men of all parties."

This is the view approved publicly by very many influential and conspicuous citizens of the commonwealth. But the temperance sentiment in the State is very strong, and in no State of the Union is the moral aspect of politics more attractive, and the debate upon the amendment has been hot throughout the State. In every little village an earnest and moving appeal has been made to the farmers, often by respected clergymen, and the rural community is deeply stirred. It is not a question of ordinary politics, and the most uncompromising Republicans and Democrats are found upon both sides, and the strongest temperance men and radicals are divided upon the question. If ex-Attorney-General HOAR signed the protest, his brother, Senator HOAR, strongly favored the amendment, and if ex-Governor GASTON opposed, ex-Governor CLAFLIN approved.

The adhesion of Senator HOAR was hailed with enthusiasm by the prohibitionists, because he argued the question upon the constitutional as well as social and moral ground. The line between provisions which are properly constitutional and those which are properly statutory cannot be absolutely drawn. Many of the amendments to the national Constitution are restrictions upon the national power, to prevent interference with the rights of the States and their citizens, but they relate to subjects which may be matters of statutory as well as constitutional provision. It is held by prohibitionists that a matter which involves the social, moral, and physical welfare of the community, which is the most prolific source of crime, and which greatly increases taxation, may very properly be treated in the Constitution. Senator HOAR said that the Senators from Kansas declare that were the question resubmitted to the people of that State it would be favored by a majority of 50,000. In Iowa, he said, there are ninety-nine counties, and in forty-eight of them there is not a tenant in the county jail or a criminal case on the court docket, and not only is the number of criminals diminishing as population increases, but the criminal class is no longer recruited from the young. The Senator did not agree that reverence for the Constitution would be diminished by amending it, if the amendments were wise and expedient. The three great antislavery amendments are regarded, he argued, with as much respect as the body of the instrument.

But the sound principle that a constitution, besides providing a framework of government and the qualifications of electors, should contain only recognized and what may be called axiomatic principles of public policy, would not admit among them a police regulation like prohibition, upon which there is no agreement of opinion even among the special friends of temperance. There is no controversy about the evils of intemperance. It is conceded that it is the chief source of crime, poverty, and increased taxation. But the best method of treating it is wholly a tentative question, and we are inclined to think that the weight of intelligent opinion everywhere favors high license rather than prohibition. The experience of the State of Rhode Island is not encouraging to the theory of prohibitionists that a constitutional provision would settle the question. About five years since the amendment was adopted in Rhode Island, but the last Legislature voted to submit the question of repeal, and the present Legislature was elected mainly upon that issue, and the proposition of repeal will be probably passed by it and then submitted to the people. It would be exceedingly unfortunate if provisions of the fundamental law were made an issue at annual elections, and the evident radical diversity of opinions upon the method of regulating the liquor traffic so as best to promote the public welfare is a conclusive argument against the proposed constitutional amendment.

BOODLE AND RAPID TRANSIT.

THE general impression that a number of members of the Legislature large enough to affect legislation are, in plain English, corruptible was strikingly illustrated by a recent incident. Mayor GRANT'S Rapid Transit Bill has received general approval. It confers very great powers upon a commission, but the responsible exercise of such powers for the purpose is necessary, and they must be vested somewhere. There is a fair prospect under the bill of securing a much more satisfactory and convenient system of transit than now exists. Such a scheme, however, naturally alarms the elevated railroad company, which now practically monopolizes rapid transit.

This is the situation, and there was an excellent prospect of the passage of the Mayor's bill, when by a kind of legislative hocus-pocus it was dropped into a position upon the calendar which will necessarily greatly delay it if it does not defeat its passage. None of the reports of this performance admit that it was the result of a mistake or a blunder, and the conviction is that it was accomplished by other means than those which contemplate exclusively the public welfare.

One such fact is a revelation of the public opinion of the Legislature and of the omnipresent power of boodle in our politics. DUNNING'S famous phrase, that the power of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, may be fitly applied to another kind of power in this country. The suspicion with which the delay of the Rapid Transit Bill is regarded may be unfounded. But the significant fact is the instinctive suspicion.

CLEARING THE STREETS.

IF Mayor GRANT'S administration should be distinguished by the introduction of rapid transit and by the disappearance of the telegraph and other wire poles, it would be so far happily memorable. The work has begun auspiciously, under the sanction of Judge WALLACE, by order of the Mayor, and some of the streets are already relieved of the disfigurement. The law already provided for burying the wires. But the power of the great companies sought to paralyze and baffle it until the order of the court cleared the way. There may be at first some inconvenience, but the public advantage is so great and so obvious that momentary inconvenience will be forgotten.

It would be an excellent thing if the same rule of burial could be enforced in the rural suburbs. Many country roads and village streets are filled with the unsightly poles of the telegraph and electric light companies, and the pretty rural landscape is hideously deformed. The managers of the enterprises count upon the habitual good-nature of the American, and his indisposition to take the trouble and pay the cost of protecting the community from imposition. They appeal to his pride to be "up to the latest improvement," even at the price of covering the neighborhood with the monstrous ugliness of the poles and wires. In seeking to protect itself every community has to consider whether its village trustees or town supervisors or other local authorities are superior to the blandishments of "boodle."

New York is fortunate in a Mayor who in this matter relies upon the best sentiment of the city, and insists vigorously that the law shall be enforced.

PRESIDENTIAL HAND-SHAKING.

MRS. HARRISON is reported to have begun a very sensible reform: at the Japanese reception at the White House she refrained from shaking hands with the guests, although only three hundred were present. It is a reform which it is to be hoped the President will confirm, and we are glad to see that a beginning will be made at his first reception in New York at the Equitable Building on the first day of the great celebration. It is announced that, in accordance with the practice at the reception of WASHINGTON in 1789, the President will not shake hands with the guests, who will simply bow and pass on.

The questions of etiquette in the approaching celebration have seemed largely to monopolize the attention of the managers, and the discussions have exploded in very severe remarks both in the Legislature and in public comment. But the tremendous controversy will not have been wholly in vain if the centennial celebration shall lead to the abolition of the painful and cruel custom of Presidential hand-shaking at state receptions. The modern abuse—for it was not WASHINGTON'S custom—is to be set aside at the Equitable under the plea of conformity to the "earliest and best precedent." But the emancipation of the President from this prolonged outrage should be complete, and if he does not shake hands at the Equitable, we hope that he will have the courage not to shake hands at the City Hall.

There is no reason and no plausible excuse for requiring the President to undergo this exhausting ordeal. The physical suffering which it produces upon such occasions is familiar. Even the clever device attributed to the President of seizing the hand of the guest before the guest can seize his, and then pumping his arm instead of allowing the guest to pump the Presidential arm, cannot relieve him altogether of the consequences of this stupid abuse. Every sensible person in the country will be grateful to Mrs. HARRISON for striking the first blow for this form of Executive freedom, and pray that the President may complete the good work.

THE FASSETT PRISON LABOR BILL.

THE prison labor bill of last summer, which condemned the State prisoners to idleness, cannot be described by any milder word than infamous. It was an act of sheer demagogism, intended to catch what is called the labor vote, and doomed the unhappy prisoners to cruel suffering and madness. Whatever view may be taken of penal discipline, whether imprisonment be regarded as caging brutes to prevent further mischief from them, which is a view held by some persons, or as an enforced withdrawal from ordinary life to be regarded both as a penalty of evil-doing and as an opportunity of reform, there can be no question that employment is the first requirement of common humanity. The convicts must be secluded from the world, but not tortured; and to prevent torture in its worst form they must work.

Their labor also must be productive. The tread-mill is a stupid folly. But if productive, it must necessarily come into competition with the fruit of labor outside of the prisons. The expense of the whole system of prisons must be borne entirely by outside labor, or the prisons must aid in their own support. Thus humanity and economy require the same course. The labor which preserves the sanity and the health of the prisoners helps to pay the expense of the prisons. This is a fundamental principle in any wise scheme of prison management. But the YATES bill, which stopped convict labor, was a mere device for a political campaign, a bid for ignorant votes, passed both in ignorance and in total disregard of the considerations which should affect such legislation.

The FASSETT bill, which is now pending, is not a demagogic trick, but a serious effort to deal wisely with a subject of the highest importance. It is the strongest commendation of the bill that it is strongly commended by the Prison Reform Association. It provides for grading the convicts into three classes, to be determined by comparative susceptibility to reform influences. Those most susceptible will be placed at work which will give them industrial training, and the least hopeful at merely productive labor. Unnecessary competition with outside labor is avoided by limiting the number of convicts employed in one kind of manufacture to ten per cent. of all persons in the State similarly employed. The bill is evidently the work of sincere and intelligent interest in the subject, and is as worthy of the support of the Legislature as the YATES bill was unworthy.

THE FIRST MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN RHODE ISLAND.

IT would be a very incomplete summary of the remarkable progress of the century in this country which should omit to mention the development of the national musical taste, and it is not alone nor chiefly in New York that this fact is noticeable. A signal illustration of it is the announcement of the first annual festival of the Rhode Island Choral Association at Providence, a city which has never been especially distinguished for musical culture, but which now proposes a festival embracing five concerts on three continuous days, beginning on the 29th of April. CARL ZERRAHN will be the director, and there will be a chorus of more than five hundred voices. The association is composed of a large number of the most prominent citizens of the State, and Mr. F. W. GODDARD, the president, is a gentleman singularly qualified to lead such an enterprise.

The State of Rhode Island maintains a system of musical education in the public schools, and the Choral Association, besides its general service to the public taste and pleasure, contemplates musical education supplementary to that of the schools. It is another striking sign of the times, for the more general in any community the love and cultivation of "the divine art," the greater its "civility."

PERSONAL.

AMONG the young men who have made their mark in this city is Dr. MATTHEW D. FIELD, a nephew of DAVID DUDLEY and CYRUS W. FIELD. He has carefully studied insanity in all its phases, and has won an enviable reputation as an expert in this branch of his profession. Although so lame that he has to use a cane or a crutch, he is remarkably active, and his trips from the down-town office of the elevated railroads, where he is a surgeon, to Blackwell's Island, where he examines patients for the insane hospital, are probably as rapidly made as if he was able-bodied. Like three of his uncles, Dr. FIELD is a graduate of Williams College.

—One of the finest opals in the country is worn on his cap by the Chinese Minister at Washington. It is as large as a pigeon's egg, and is surrounded by diamonds. The value of the cap, with its ornament, is placed at $5000.

—Aged Farmer JAMES MARTIN, of Balliettsville, Pennsylvania, carried to his grave a fifty-year-old grudge against his daughter. He left an estate valued at $45,000, but all the daughter received was a little package that contained an ancient comic valentine which had caused all the trouble.

—It is remarkable how Rev. Dr. EDWARD BEECHER is recovering from the accident that necessitated the amputation of his leg. He is considerably over eighty years old.

—Mrs. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD and her husband, Dr. WARD, have returned from their missionary work in the South, and are now at Andover, Massachusetts, Mrs. WARD'S old home.

—The widow of Ex-President POLK lives in Nashville, Tennessee, and is eighty-five years old. She only leaves home to attend church on Sunday, but wears black kid gloves most of the time, and walks with a gold-headed cane.

—Rev. Dr. F. S. CRAMER, a young rabbi, has embraced the Christian religion and turned Baptist at Montgomery, Alabama. He is finely educated, and took his recent step after deep religious study.

—General VON VERDY DU VERNOIS, the new German Minister of War, resembles General GRANT very strongly in face and expression. He is fifty-six years old, and one of the best-known writers on military topics.

—Countess OROSY, an Austrian noblewoman, has turned circus manager.

—The Pope is said to be a capital chess-player.

—The marriage portion of Miss BESSIE ROCKEFELLER, who recently was married to CHARLES A. STRONG, a young Rochester theologue, was $1,000,000.

—CARL BENJAMIN, a Newburyport (Massachusetts) sailor, who was cast away on one of the Caroline Islands nine years ago, has become king of the island, and has nineteen wives and fifty children.

—General LONGSTREET'S house was burned the other day, and he lost, among other relics, his Confederate uniform, the sword he carried for four years during the rebellion, and the spurs which he wore in the Mexican war.

—Among the wreaths placed on JOHN BRIGHT'S coffin was one of white and yellow flowers sent by the Queen from Biarritz, and bearing in her handwriting the words, "A mark of respect from VICTORIA, R.I." Wreaths were also sent by the Prince and Princess of Wales and Miss CORDEN.

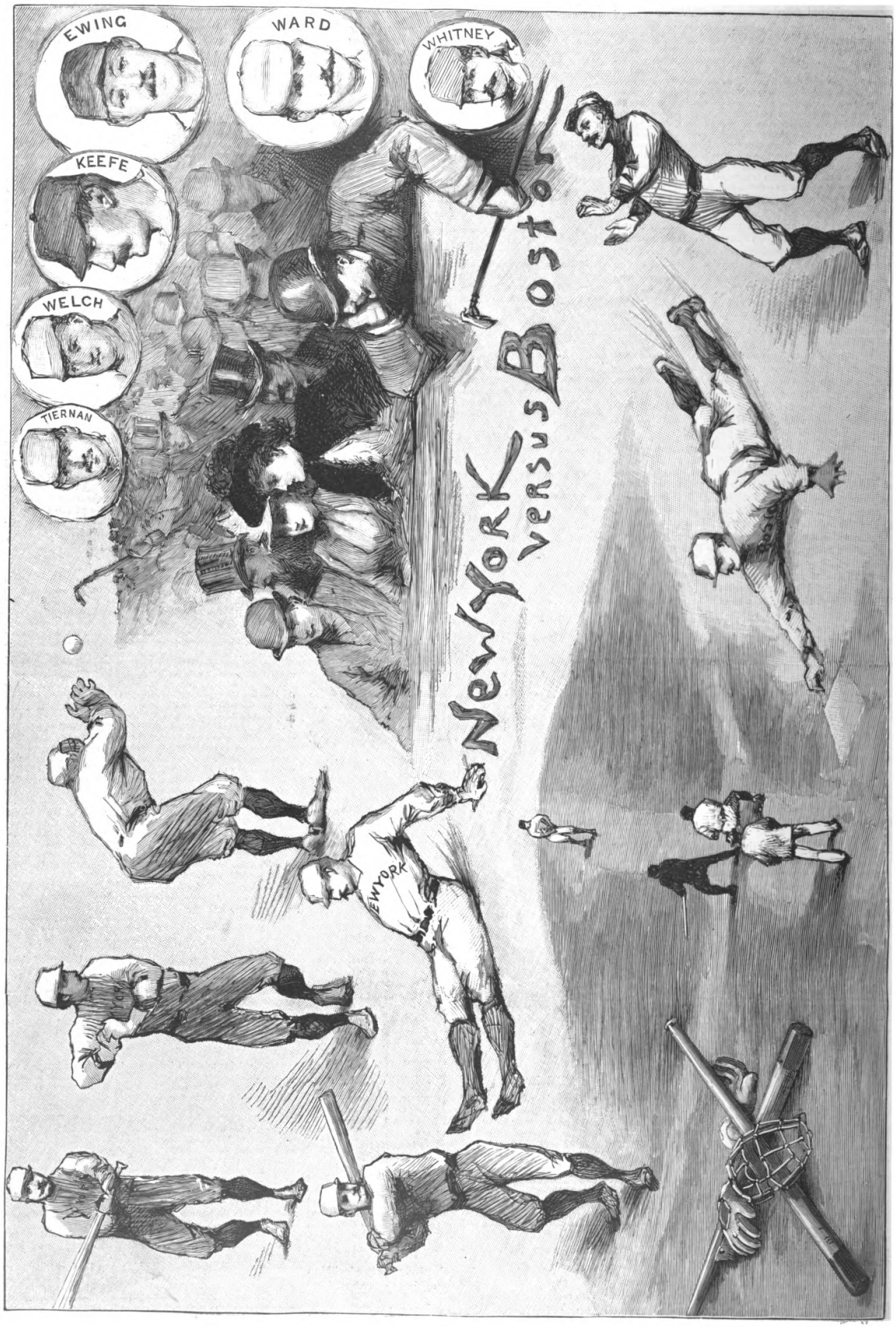
—The $577 78 which Postmaster-General WANAMAKER received as his first month's salary was the first money he had received for salary since 1860. Before that he was a book-keeper.

—One of the luckiest investments Secretary BLAINE ever made was in a mine at Leadville, Colorado. It has paid dividends of $4,500,000 in the last five years, one-seventh of which went to Mr. BLAINE, returning him $1300 for every one he invested.

—The widow and daughter of Chief-Justice WAITE have but little property besides their house at Washington, and will keep boarders to eke out their living.

—FREDERIC REMINGTON during his recent Mexican trip, undertaken in the interests of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and the WEEKLY, had a specimen member of various regiments in the regular army of Mexico under his immediate orders. He was thus enabled, through the courtesy of the Mexican Minister of War, to make a most complete series of military sketches. He also "did" scenes from life on the great *hacienda*, and a sanguinary bull-fight which he witnessed in the city of Mexico.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE FIRST LEAGUE GAME OF BASE-BALL OF THE SEASON.—Drawn by C. D. Gibson.—[See Page 335.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



J. H. BLACKBURNE. ISIDOR GUNSBERG. MAX WEISS. MICHAEL TSCHIGORIN.

THE LEADERS IN THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.—[See Page 330.]



THE LATE S. B. CHITTENDEN, OF BROOKLYN.—From a Photograph by F. Pearsall.—[See Page 331.]



HON. NATHAN F. DIXON, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.—[See Page 331.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

XI.

MRS. MARCH was one of those wives who exact a more rigid adherence to their ideals from their husbands than from themselves. Early in their married life she had taken charge of him in all matters which she considered practical. She did not include the business of bread-winning in these; that was an affair that might safely be left to his absent-minded, dreamy inefficiency, and she did not interfere with him there. But in such things as rehanging the pictures, deciding on a summer boarding-place, taking a sea-side cottage, repapering rooms, choosing seats at the theatre, seeing what the children ate when she was not at table, shutting the cat out at night, keeping run of calls and invitations, and seeing if the furnace was dampened, he had failed her so often that she felt she could not leave him the slightest discretion in regard to a flat. Her total distrust of his judgment in the matters cited and others like them consisted with the greatest admiration of his mind and respect for his character. She often said that if he would only bring these to bear in such exigencies he would be simply perfect; but she had long given up his ever doing so. She subjected him, therefore, to an iron code, but after proclaiming it she was apt to abandon him to the native lawlessness of his temperament. She expected him in this event to do as he pleased, and she resigned herself to it with considerable comfort in holding him accountable. He learned to expect this, and after suffering keenly from her disappointment with whatever he did, he waited patiently till she forgot her grievance and began to extract what consolation lurks in the irreparable. She would almost admit at moments that what he had done was a very good thing, but she reserved the right to return in full force to her original condemnation of it; and she accumulated each act of independent volition in witness and warning against him. Their mass oppressed but never deterred him. He expected to do the wrong thing when left to his own devices, and he did it without any apparent recollection of his former misdeeds and their consequences. There was a good deal of comedy in it all, and some tragedy.

He now experienced a certain expansion, such as husbands of his kind will imagine, on going back to his hotel alone. It was, perhaps, a revulsion from the pain of parting; and he toyed with the idea of Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment, which, in its preposterous unsuitability, had a strange attraction. He felt that he could take it with less risk than anything else they had seen, but he said he would look at all the other places in town first. He really spent the greater part of the next day in hunting up the owner of an apartment that had neither steam heat nor an elevator, but was otherwise perfect, and trying to get him to take less than the agent asked. By a curious psychical operation he was able, in the transaction, to work himself into quite a passionate desire for the apartment, while he held the Grosvenor Green apartment in the background of his mind as something that he could return to as altogether more suitable. He conducted some simultaneous negotiation for a furnished house, which enhanced still more the desirability of the Grosvenor Green apartment. Toward evening he went off at a tangent far uptown, so as to be able to tell his wife how utterly preposterous the best there would be as compared even with this ridiculous Grosvenor Green gimcrackery. It is hard to report the processes of his sophistication; perhaps this, again, may best be left to the marital imagination.

He rang at the last of these uptown apartments as it was falling dusk, and it was long before the janitor appeared. Then the man was very surly, and said if he looked at the flat now he would say it was too dark, like all the rest. His reluctance irritated March in proportion to his insincerity in proposing to look at it at all. He knew he did not mean to take it under any circumstances; that he was going to use his inspection of it in dishonest justification of his disobedience to his wife; but he put on an air of offended dignity. "If you don't wish to show the apartment," he said, "I don't care to see it."

The man groaned, for he was heavy, and no doubt dreaded the stairs. He scratched a match on his thigh, and led the way up. March was sorry for him, and he put his fingers on a quarter in his waistcoa tpocket to give him at parting. At the same time he had to trump up an objection to the flat. This was easy, for it was advertised as containing ten rooms, and he found the number eked out with the bath-room and two large closets. "It's light enough," said March, "but I don't see how you make out ten rooms."

"There's ten rooms," said the man, deigning no proof.

March took his fingers off the quarter, and went down stairs and out of the door without another word. It would be wrong, it would be impossible, to give the man anything after such insolence. He reflected, with shame, that it was also cheaper to punish than forgive him.

He returned to his hotel prepared for any desperate measure, and convinced now that the Grosvenor Green apartment was not merely the only thing left for him, but was, on its own merits, the best thing in New York.

Fulkerson was waiting for him in the reading-room, and it gave March the curious thrill with which a man closes with temptation when he said: "Look here! Why don't you take that woman's flat in the Xenophon? She's been at the agents again, and they've been at me. She likes your looks—or Mrs. March's—and I guess you can have it at a pretty heavy discount from the original price. I'm authorized to say you can have it for one seventy-five a month, and I don't believe it would be safe for you to offer one fifty."

March shook his head, and dropped a mask of virtuous rejection over his corrupta equiescence. "It's too small for us—we couldn't squeeze into it."

"Why, look here!" Fulkerson persisted. "How many rooms do you people want?"

"I've got to have a place to work—"

"Of course! And you've got to have it at the *Fifth Wheel* office."

"I hadn't thought of that," March began. "I suppose I *could* do my work at the office, as there's not much writing—"

"Why, of course you can't do your work at home. You just come round with me now, and look at that flat again."

"No; I can't do it."

"Why?"

"I—I've got to dine."

"All right," said Fulkerson. "Dine with me. I want to take you round to a little Italian place that I know."

One may trace the successive steps of March's course in this simple matter with the same edification that would attend the study of the self-delusions and obfuscations of a man tempted to crime. The process is probably not at all different, and to the philosophical mind the kind of result is unimportant; the process is everything.

Fulkerson led him down one block and half across another to the steps of a small dwelling-house, transformed, like many others, into a restaurant of the Latin ideal, with little or no structural change from the pattern of the lower middle-class New York home. There were the corroded brown-stone steps, the mean little front door, and the cramped entry with its narrow stairs by which ladies could go up to a dining-room appointed for them on the second floor; the parlors on the first were set about with tables, where men smoked cigarettes between the courses, and a single waiter ran swiftly to and fro with plates and dishes, and exchanged unintelligible outcries with a cook beyond a slide in the back parlor. He rushed at the new-comers, brushed the soiled table-cloth before them with a towel on his arm, covered its worst stains with a napkin, and brought them, in their order, the vermicelli soup, the fried fish, the cheese-strewn spaghetti, the veal-cutlets, the tepid roast fowl and salad, and the wizened pear and Swiss cheese and coffee, which form the dinner at such places.

"Ah, this is *nice!*" said Fulkerson, after the laying of the charitable napkin, and he began to recognize acquaintances, some of whom he described to March as young literary men and artists with whom they should probably have to do; others were simply frequenters of the place, and



"I PUT OUT MY HAND, AND I SAID, 'ISN'T THIS MR. DRYFOOS, FROM MOFFITT?'"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly, No. 1633.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

were of all nationalities and religions apparently—at least, several were Hebrews and Cubans. "You get a pretty good slice of New York here," he said, "all except the frosting on top. That you won't find much at Maroni's, though you will occasionally. I don't mean the ladies ever, of course." The ladies present seemed harmless and reputable looking people enough, but certainly they were not of the first fashion, and, except in a few instances, not Americans. "It's like cutting straight down through a fruit cake," Fulkerson went on, "or a nince-pie, when you don't know who made the pie; you get a little of everything." He ordered a small flask of Chianti with the dinner, and it came in its pretty wicker jacket. March smiled upon it with tender reminiscence, and Fulkerson laughed. "Lights you up a little. I brought old Dryfoos here one day, and he thought it was sweet-oil; that's the kind of bottle they used to have it in at the country drug-stores."

"Yes, I remember now; but I'd totally forgotten it," said March. "How far back that goes! Who's Dryfoos?"

"Dryfoos?" Fulkerson, still smiling, tore off a piece of the half-yard of French loaf which had been supplied them, with two pale, thin disks of butter, and fed it into himself. "Old Dryfoos? Well, of course! I call him old, but he ain't so very. About fifty, or along there."

"No," said March, "that isn't very old—or not so old as it used to be."

"Well, I suppose you've got to know about him, anyway," said Fulkerson, thoughtfully. "And I've been wondering just how I should tell you. Can't always make out exactly how much of a Bostonian you really *are!* Ever been out in the natural gas country?"

"No," said March. "I've had a good deal of curiosity about it, but I've never been able to get away except in summer, and then we always preferred to go over the old ground, out to Niagara and back through Canada, the route we took on our wedding journey. The children like it as much as we do."

"Yes, yes," said Fulkerson. "Well, the natural gas country is worth seeing. I don't mean the Pittsburg gas fields, but out in northern Ohio and Indiana around Moffitt—that's the place in the heart of the gas region that they've been booming so. Yes, you ought to see that country. If you haven't been West for a good many years, you haven't got any idea how old the country looks. You remember how the fields used to be all full of stumps?"

"I should think so."

"Well, you won't see any stumps now. All that country out around Moffitt is just as smooth as a checker-board, and looks as old as England. You know how we used to burn the stumps out; and then somebody invented a stump-extractor, and we pulled them out with a yoke of oxen. Now they just touch 'em off with a little dynamite, and they've got a cellar dug and filled up with kindling ready for house-keeping whenever you want it. Only they haven't got any use for kindling in that country—all gas. I rode along on the cars through those level black fields at corn-planting time, and every once in a while I'd come to a place with a piece of ragged old stove-pipe stickin' up out of the ground, and blazing away like forty, and a fellow ploughing all round it and not minding it any more than if it was spring violets. Horses didn't notice it either. Well, they've always known about the gas out there; they say there are places in the woods where it's been burning ever since the country was settled.

"But when you come in sight of Moffitt—my, oh my! Well, you come in smell of it about as soon. That gas out there ain't odorless, like the Pittsburg gas, and so it's perfectly safe; but the smell isn't bad—about as bad as the finest kind of benzine. Well, the first thing that strikes you when you come to Moffitt is the notion that there's been a good warm, growing rain, and the town's come up overnight. That's in the suburbs, the annexes, and additions. But it ain't shabby—no shanty-town business; nice brick and frame houses, some of 'em Queen Anne style, and all of 'em looking as if they had come to stay. And when you drive up from the depot you think everybody's moving. Everything seems to be piled into the street; old houses made over, and new ones going up everywhere. You know the kind of street Main Street always used to be in our section—half plank-road and turnpike, and the rest mud-hole, and a lot of stores and doggeries strung along with false fronts a story higher than the back, and here and there a decent building with the gable end to the public; and a court-house and jail and two taverns and three or four churches. Well, they're all there in Moffitt yet, but architecture has struck it hard, and they've got a lot of new buildings that needn't be ashamed of themselves anywhere; the new court-house is as big as St. Peter's, and the Grand Opera-house is in the highest style of the art. You can't buy a lot on that street for much less than you can buy a lot in New York—or you couldn't when the boom was on: I saw the place just when the boom was in its prime. I went out there to work the newspapers in the syndicate business, and I got one of their men to write me a real bright, snappy account of the gas; and they just took me in their arms and showed me everything. Well, it *was* wonderful, and it was beautiful too! To see a whole community stirred up like that was—just like a big boy, all hope and high spirits, and no discount on the remotest future; nothing but perpetual boom to the end of time—I tell you it warmed your blood. Why, there were some things about it that made you think what a nice kind of world this would be if people ever took hold together, instead of each fellow fighting it out on his own hook, and devil take the hindmost. They made up their minds at Moffitt that if they wanted their town to grow they'd got to keep their gas public property. So they extended their corporation line so as to take in pretty much the whole gas region round there; and then the city took possession of every well that was put down, and held it for the common good. Anybody that's a mind to come to Moffitt and start any kind of manufacture can have all the gas he wants *free;* and for fifteen dollars a year you can have all the gas you want to heat and light your private house. The people hold on to it for themselves, and, as I say, it's a grand sight to see a whole community hanging together and working for the good of all, instead of splitting up into as many different cutthroats as there are able-bodied citizens. See that fellow?" Fulkerson broke off, and indicated with a twirl of his head a short, dark, foreign-looking man going out of the door. "They say that fellow's a Socialist. I think it's a shame they're allowed to come here. If they don't like the way we manage our affairs, let 'em stay at home," Fulkerson continued. "They do a lot of mischief, shooting off their mouths round here. I believe in free speech and all that, but I'd like to see those fellows shut up in jail and left to jaw each other to death. We don't want any of their poison."

March did not notice the vanishing Socialist. He was watching, with a teasing sense of familiarity, a tall, shabbily dressed, elderly man, who had just come in. He had the aquiline profile uncommon among Germans, and yet March recognized him at once as German. His long, soft beard and mustache had once been fair, and they kept some tone of their yellow in the gray to which they had turned. His eyes were full, and his lips and chin shaped the beard to the noble outline which shows in the beards the Italian masters liked to paint for their Last Suppers. His carriage was erect and soldierly, and March presently saw that he had lost his left hand. He took his place at a table where the overworked waiter found time to cut up his meat, and put everything in easy reach of his right hand.

"Well," Fulkerson resumed, "they took me round everywhere in Moffitt, and showed me their big wells—lit 'em up for a private view, and let me hear them purr with the soft accents of a mass-meeting of locomotives. Why, when they let one of these wells loose in a meadow that they'd piped it into temporarily, it drove the flame away forty feet from the mouth of the pipe and blew it over half an acre of ground. They say when they let one of their big wells burn away all winter before they had learned how to control it, that well kept up a little summer all around it; the grass staid green, and the flowers bloomed all through the winter. *I* don't know whether it's so or not. But I can believe anything of natural gas. My! but it was beautiful when they turned on the full force of that well and shot a Roman candle into the gas—that's the way they light it—and a plume of fire about twenty feet wide and seventy-five feet high, all red and yellow and violet, jumped into the sky, and that big roar shook the ground under your feet! You felt like saying, 'Don't trouble yourself; I'm perfectly convinced. I believe in Moffitt. We-e-e-ll!" drawled Fulkerson, with a long breath, "that's where I met old Dryfoos."

"Oh yes!—Dryfoos," said March. He observed that the waiter had brought the old one-handed German a towering glass of beer.

"Yes," Fulkerson laughed. "We've got round to Dryfoos again. I thought I could cut a long story short, but I seem to be cutting a short story long. If you're not in a hurry, though—"

"Not in the least. Go on as long as you like."

"I met him there in the office of a real-estate man—speculator, of course; everybody was, in Moffitt; but a first-rate fellow, and public spirited as all get-out; and when Dryfoos left he told me about him. Dryfoos was an old Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, about three or four miles out of Moffitt, and he'd lived there pretty much all his life; father was one of the first settlers. Everybody knew he had the right stuff in him, but he was slower than molasses in January, like those Pennsylvania Dutch. He'd got together the largest and handsomest farm anywhere around there; and he was making money on it, just like he was in some business somewhere; he was a very intelligent man; he took the papers and kept himself posted; but he was awfully old-fashioned in his ideas. He hung on to the doctrines as well as the dollars of the dads; it was a real thing with him. Well, when the boom began to come he hated it awfully, and he fought it. He used to write communications to the weekly newspaper in Moffitt—they've got three dailies there now—and throw cold water on the boom. He couldn't catch on noway. It made him sick to hear the clack that went on about the gas the whole while, and that stirred up the neighborhood and got into his family. Whenever he'd hear of a man that had been offered a big price for his land and was going to sell out and move into town, he'd go and labor with him and try to talk him out of it, and tell him how long his fifteen or twenty thousand would last him to live on, and shake the Standard Oil Company before him, and try to make him believe it wouldn't be five years before the Standard owned the whole region.

"Of course he couldn't do anything with them. When a man's offered a big price for his farm, he don't care whether it's by a secret emissary from the Standard Oil or not; he's going to sell, and get the better of the other fellow if he can. Dryfoos couldn't keep the boom out of his own family, even. His wife was with him. She thought whatever he said and did was just as right as if it had been thundered down from Sinai. But the young folks were sceptical, especially the girls that had been away to school. The boy that had been kept at home because he couldn't be spared from helping his father manage the farm was more like him, but they contrived to stir the boy up with the hot end of the boom too. So when a fellow came along one day and offered old Dryfoos a cool hundred thousand for his farm, it was all up with Dryfoos. He'd 'a' liked to 'a' kept the offer to himself and not done anything about it, but his vanity wouldn't let him do that; and when he let it out in his family, the girls outvoted him. They just *made* him sell.

"He wouldn't sell all. He kept about eighty acres that was off in one piece by itself, but the three hundred that had the old brick house on it, and the big barn—that went, and Dryfoos bought him a place in Moffitt, and moved into town to live on the interest of his money. Just what he had scoided and ridiculed everybody else for doing. Well, they say that at first he seemed like he would go crazy. He hadn't anything to do. He took a fancy to that land-agent, and he used to go and set in his office and ask him what he should do. 'I hain't got any horses, I hain't got any cows, I hain't got any pigs, I hain't got any chickens. I hain't got anything to do from sunup to sundown.' The fellow said the tears used to run down the old fellow's cheeks, and if he hadn't been so busy himself he believed he should 'a' cried too. But most o' people thought old Dryfoos was down in the mouth because he hadn't asked more for his farm, when he wanted to buy it back and found they held it at a hundred and fifty thousand. People couldn't believe he was just homesick and heartsick for the old place. Well, perhaps he *was* sorry he hadn't asked more; that's human nature *too.*

"After a while something happened. That land-agent used to tell Dryfoos to get out to Europe with his money and see life a little, or go and live in Washington, where he could *be* somebody; but Dryfoos wouldn't, and he kept listening to the talk there, and all of a sudden he caught on. He came into that fellow's one day with a plan for cutting up the eighty acres he'd kept into town lots; and he'd got it all plotted out so well, and had so many practical ideas about it, that the fellow was astonished. He went right in with him, as far as Dryfoos would let him, and glad of the chance; and they were working the thing for all it was worth when I struck Moffitt. Old Dryfoos wanted me to go out and see the Dryfoos & Hendry Addition—guess he thought maybe I'd write it up; and he drove me out there himself. Well, it was funny to see a town made: streets driven through; two rows of shade trees, hard and soft, planted; cellars dug and houses put up—regular Queen Anne style too, with stained glass—all at once. Dryfoos apologized for the streets because they were hand-made; said they expected their street-making machine Tuesday, and then they intended to *push* things."

Fulkerson enjoyed the effect of his picture on March for a moment, and then went on: "He was mighty intelligent too, and he questioned me up about my business as sharp as *I* ever was questioned; seemed to kind of strike his fancy; I guess he wanted to find out if there was any money in it. He was making money, hand over hand, then; and he never stopped speculating and improving till he'd scraped together three or four hundred thousand dollars: they said a million, but they like round numbers at Moffitt, and I guess half a million would lay over it comfortably and leave a few thousands to spare, probably. Then he came on to New York."

Fulkerson struck a match against the ribbed side of the porcelain cup that held the matches in the centre of the table, and lit a cigarette, which he began to smoke, throwing his head back with a leisurely effect, as if he had got to the end of at least as much of his story as he meant to tell without prompting.

March asked him the desired question—"What in the world for?"

Fulkerson took out his cigarette and said, with a smile: "To spend his money, and get his daughters into the old Knickerbocker society. Maybe he thought they were all the same kind of Dutch."

"And has he succeeded?"

"Well, they're not social leaders yet. But it's only a question of time—generation or two—especially if time's money, and if *Every Other Week* is the success it's bound to be."

"You don't mean to say, Fulkerson," said March, with a half-doubting, half-daunted laugh, "that *he's* your Angel?"

"That's what I mean to say," returned Fulkerson. "I ran onto him in Broadway one day last summer. If you ever saw anybody in your life, you're sure to meet him in Broadway again, sooner or later. That's the philosophy of the bunco business; country people from the same neighborhood are sure to run up against each other the first time they come to New York. I put out my hand, and I said, 'Isn't this Mr. Dryfoos from Moffitt?' He didn't seem to have any use for my hand; he let me keep it; and he squared those old lips of his till his imperial stuck straight out. Ever see Bernhardt in *L'Etrangère?* Well, the American husband is old Dryfoos all over; no nut-tache, and hay-colored chin-whiskers cut slanting from the corners of his mouth. He cocked his little gray eyes at me, and says he: 'Yes, young man. My name *is* Dryfoos, and I'm from Moffitt. But I don't want no present of Longfellow's Works, illustrated; and I don't want to taste no fine teas; but I know a policeman that does; and if you're the son of my old friend Squire Strohfeldt, you'd better get out.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'how would you like to go into the newspaper syndicate business?' He gave another look at me, and then he burst out laughing, and he grabbed my hand, and he just froze to it. I never saw anybody so glad.

"Well, the long and the short of it was that I asked him round here to Maroni's to dinner; and before we broke up for the night we had settled the financial side of the plan that's brought you to New York. I can see," said Fulkerson, who had kept his eyes fast on March's face, "that you don't more than half like the idea of Dryfoos. It ought to give you more confidence in the thing than you ever had. You needn't be afraid," he added, with some feeling, "that I talked Dryfoos into the thing for my own advantage."

"Oh, my dear Fulkerson!" March protested, all the more fervently because he was really a little guilty.

"Well, of course not! I didn't mean you were. But I just happened to tell him what I wanted to go into when I could see my way to it, and he caught on of his own accord. The fact is," said Fulkerson, "I guess I'd better make a clean breast of it, now I'm at it. Dryfoos wanted to get something for that boy of his to do. He's in railroads himself, and he's in mines and other things, and he keeps busy, and he can't bear to have his boy hanging round the house doing nothing, like as if he was a girl. I told him that the great object of a rich man was to get his son into just that fix; but he couldn't seem to see it, and the boy hated it himself. He's got a good head, and he wanted to study for the ministry when they were all living together out on the farm; but his father had the old-fashioned ideas about that. You know they used to think that any sort of stuff was good enough to make a preacher out of, but they wanted the good timber for business; and so the old man wouldn't let him. You'll see the fellow; you'll like him; he's no fool, I can tell you; and he's going to be our publisher, nominally at first, and actually when I've taught him the ropes a little."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

THE sixth International Chess Tournament, now being held in this city, is half over, and the four leaders are very close together. Although there are some of the best players in the world pitted against each other in this contest, the absence of WILLIAM STEINITZ and Captain MACKENZIE has been greatly regretted. With these two men in the struggle it would have been one of the greatest seen in late years. MACKENZIE was, however, too ill to play, and STEINITZ was too much occupied with business interests to devote the time necessary for the tournament. In spite of this the games have been in many cases brilliant and well worth seeing.

The first round was finished on April 16th, and WEISS was in the lead by one-half of a game, his score being 1½ games won and 3½ lost. BLACKBURNE was second, having won 15 and lost 4. TSCHIGORIN and GUNSBERG were tied in third place, each having won 14 and lost 5. After these four leaders were BURN, LIPSCHUTZ, TAUBENHAUS, JUDD, and MASON, in the order named. The rest of the twenty players were in the second rank—a division of that kind seeming warranted by the circumstances. As the tournament progresses the interest in it increases, and the contests are watched by a large number of people. Days have been set apart upon which ladies are present, and the result of the present tourney has been such as to create in many a desire to learn the game.

The four leaders have been taken as the subject of illustrations, and a short sketch of each follows.

BLACKBURNE was born in Manchester, England, in 1842. He was an excellent checker-player in his early youth, but did not come into public notice as a chess-player until 1859. In 1869 he was one of ten players defeated by the celebrated PAUL MORPHY in a blindfold game of chess. The day following the game he began playing blindfold, starting with one game, and gradually increasing the number until, at the end of three weeks, he was playing ten at the same time. He is now accounted the best blindfold player living. Since 1868 he has competed in almost every tournament in Europe, and has never failed to gain a place. In 1868 he won the English championship cup; he was second to STEINITZ in the International Tournament in London in 1872; in 1874 he won first place in the Masters' Tournament in London; he played a match with GUNSBERG in 1881 at Berlin, and in a tournament at the same time and place was first, having vanquished MASON, PAULSEN, ZUCKERTORT, and TSCHIGORIN; in the British Chess Club Handicap he beat BIRD and GUNSBERG, and in Frankfort in 1887 he tied with WEISS for second place, MACKENZIE being first; in November last he played against twenty-two of the strongest chess-players of the Liverpool club simultaneously, and won eighteen, drew three, and lost one to BURN.

ISIDOR GUNSBERG was born in Buda-Pest, November 2, 1854. His first play was in Paris in 1867, and in the tournament of that year he played against ROSENTHAL, who gave him the odds of a queen. He dropped out of public life until 1876, when he went to London, which place he has since made his home. In 1885 he won first prize in the City of London Handicap, and also in the Inaugural Congress of the British Chess Association, not losing a single game in the latter contest. He took part in the International Chess Congress in Hamburg in 1885, winning by one-half of a game, as has been before stated. He played a match with BIRD in 1886, and won by a score of five to one, and in a match with BLACKBURNE in 1887 he won five out of seven games. The same year he tied for first place in the National Congress of the British Chess Association. Last year he won first prize in the Handicap at SIMPSON'S, and in the International Congress of the British Chess Association, having not lost a game in the former.

TSCHIGORIN entered the European chess arena in the Berlin Tournament of 1881, where he secured fourth place, BLACKBURNE being first, ZUCKERTORT second, and WINAWER third. In the Vienna Tournament of 1882 he did not get a place,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and in 1883 he secured fourth place, the leaders being ZUCKERTORT, STEINITZ, and BLACKBURNE. He was brought into prominence by his match in Havana with STEINITZ, when he was beaten.

MAX WEISS was born in Hungary, and has played in three international tournaments, the first being in Hamburg in 1885, when he tied for second place with BLACKBURNE, ENGLISCH, MASON, and Dr. TARRASCH, GUNSBERG being first. In 1887, in Frankfurt, he tied with BLACKBURNE for second place, the winner being MACKENZIE; and at Bradford, in 1888, when GUNSBERG won, he tied again with BLACKBURNE, this time for fifth place. Most curiously he has tied with BLACKBURNE in every tournament he has been seen in.

During the tournament the appearance of the four men is very different. BLACKBURNE sits at the table with his hat on and a pipe in his mouth, intently watching the game, and pushing his adversary hard. GUNSBERG, a light blond, sits sipping seltzer, is very deliberate in his play, and seems to be watching his antagonist out of the corner of his eye. TSCHIGORIN, black-haired, with swarthy skin, and bright blue eyes, is much the best-looking man in the room. He drinks coffee and smokes cigars, and is somewhat nervous in his manner; now and again he walks about looking at the other games in progress. WEISS looks like a good-natured German, and very unlike a chess-player; he appears to be very neglectful of the game, but woe betide the player who forces him.

BLACKBURNE, GUNSBERG, and TSCHIGORIN belong to what is known as the MORPHY school. They go in for combinations, which very often result in a brilliant game. WEISS belongs to the Vienna school, and has a style of play which is the reverse of that of the others. He plays a steady, careful game, which is often long drawn out and not particularly interesting. BLACKBURNE'S favorite opening is the Scotch gambit, of which he is a master, but he has not played it as yet in this tournament. GUNSBERG favors the king's gambit, and TSCHIGORIN prefers the EVANS gambit. WEISS never ventures upon a gambit, but always plays for a draw. If his opponent tries to win and will not accept the draw, WEISS watches carefully, and on the slightest mistake jumps in and wins. He rarely loses a game, and has not yet lost one in this tournament. By these tactics he has the lead, and is the favorite for the first prize. The prize for the most brilliant game is likely to go to BLACKBURNE, as he now has at least three games of that sort to his credit.

HON. SIMEON B. CHITTENDEN.

MR. SIMEON BALDWIN CHITTENDEN, who died in Brooklyn on Sunday the 14th, was closely connected with the growth of that city, in which he had lived for nearly a half-century, but he was still better known among the leading business men of New York, and in public life as Representative from the Third District for seven years in Congress. He was a native of Connecticut, having been born in Guilford, March 29, 1814, at the homestead that had been in his family since the settlement of the town in 1639. He was of the purest New England blood, and had a modest pride in his lineage. He established himself in the wholesale dry-goods business in this city in 1842, and at the time of his retirement, on his election to Congress in 1874, he had built up one of the largest houses in that trade in the Union, and had acquired an ample fortune. MR. CHITTENDEN was one of the founders of the Continental Life-Insurance Company and the Continental Bank, a trustee of the United States Trust Company, a director for many years of the Union Ferry Company, President for many years of the New Haven and New London Railroad Company, director of a number of other railway companies, and Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce. In business he was marked by great energy and courage, combined with sagacity and prudence and an unswerving integrity. He supported MR. LINCOLN in 1860, in response to the "black-listing" of his name by a Richmond paper, and during the war gave unstintingly of his time, labor, and money to the cause of the Union. He was one of the founders of the Union Defence Committee of New York and the War Fund Committee of Brooklyn, and was for seven years the managing director of the Brooklyn *Union* newspaper, established in 1863 as an organ of the Union sentiment of that city. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1874 as an Independent Republican, and was re-elected from time to time until 1881, when he retired from public life. During his term of service in Congress, his party being in the minority, he had but a subordinate part in the active business of the House, but he engaged frequently and with increasing effectiveness in the discussion of questions of finance and taxation. He was a firm advocate of specie payments, and a most earnest critic and opponent of the continuance of the legal-tender notes after the war. He believed the reissue of these notes under the act of May, 1878, to be unconstitutional, and brought a case in the United States courts to secure a decision on that point. It was adverse; but his view was sustained by many of the soundest jurists of the Union. MR. CHITTENDEN was also an aggressive enemy of the issue of depreciated legal-tender silver. In private life he was a most generous but modest and delicate giver to causes that he believed worthy, but no pressure or solicitation could make him contribute to what his judgment did not approve. His gifts to Yale College amounted in all to about a quarter of a million, while in his own city the institutions of education and of wise charity were freely helped by him. The Brooklyn Library, the Historical Society, the Art Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Children's Aid Society, the Eye and Ear Hospital, received largely of his carefully bestowed bounty. His private benefactions —often known only to the agents through whom he conveyed them—were more than generous. And it was his peculiar characteristic that he gave not so much from any sense of duty as from the joy of doing good.

NATHAN FELLOWS DIXON.

NATHAN FELLOWS DIXON, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from Rhode Island, belongs to a family in which political talent seems to be a hereditary trait. His father, who bore the same name, served five terms in Congress, and was one of the Governor's Council during the DORR rebellion. His grandfather, also named NATHAN FELLOWS DIXON, was elected United States Senator in 1838, and was for a time President of that body. It is a curious fact, too, that this grandfather was in the Senate during the brief Presidential term of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the grandfather of the present President.

MR. DIXON was born at Westerly, Rhode Island, in 1847, and was educated at Brown University, from which he was graduated in 1869. He then studied law two years at the Albany Law School, and began practice at his native town in 1871. From 1877 till 1885 he was United States District Attorney, and when JONATHAN CHACE resigned his seat in the national House of Representatives, to take the seat in the Senate made vacant by the death of HENRY B. ANTHONY, MR. DIXON was elected for the unexpired term. In 1886 he was a candidate for re-election, but as neither party obtained a majority, another election had to be held, and MR. DIXON gave place to WARREN O. ARNOLD, who was elected. Notwithstanding this bit of bad luck, he was chosen to represent his district in the State Senate, a position which he was occupying when selected for the higher place. Curiously enough, his first political preferment was obtained on the resignation of MR. CHACE, and he now takes that gentleman's place in the Upper House of Congress.

MR. DIXON is a strong protectionist and a Republican of the strictest kind. This is, of course, what was to be expected, for the prevailing sentiment of Republicanism in Rhode Island would have prevented the election of any one who did not combine those features. His principal opponent at this last election was ex-Governor GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE, who obtained 41 votes, against 51 for MR. DIXON, with 7 votes for other candidates.

A lawyer of good ability, with an excellent reputation for integrity and fidelity, there is every reason to believe that the Legislature of Rhode Island has made a wise choice in selecting MR. DIXON for this high office.

PUTTING THE WIRES UNDERGROUND.

WHEN the great American nation was arguing and pondering on the question how to resume specie payment after the paper currency era that followed the civil war, HORACE GREELEY suddenly said, "The way to resume is to resume." In similar fashion has the Mayor of New York disposed of a question that has bothered legislators, specialists, and the public for a number of years. Nearly everybody was agreed that the presence in the streets of so crowded a city as this of thousands of huge telegraph poles constituted an obstruction and a serious blemish to the city's appearance, and, moreover, that the myriad wires strung along overhead were not only unsightly, but a source of considerable danger in many ways. They interfered with the firemen's work in a number of serious fires, and they were the cause of fires in many instances. Even more serious were one or two fatal accidents caused by the breaking of badly insulated wires used to carry the tremendous currents necessary for electric lighting. The only people who disagreed with this view were those engaged in business which requires the use of the wires.

Accordingly there grew into great proportions an urgent demand on the part of the public that the wires be taken down and put underground. Legislative wisdom at Albany culminated in the appointment of a commission to consider the best way of doing this, and at an expense to the State of many thousands of dollars this commission has considered the subject for some two years. Laws have been passed. Courts have ordered the wires down. A subway has been constructed, at least in part, to receive the wires after they should be taken down. The work has gone on in the most approved legal methods, and has been energetically pushed by grand masters of the great art of "how not to do it." But the wires still remained overhead.

Mayor GRANT was confronted with the problem when he came into office, and after due thought remarked, "The way to take the wires down is to take them down." Forthwith he ordered the work begun, and it is now well under way. Now that it is going on, everybody marvels at the simplicity of his masterly solution, and wonders why somebody else didn't think of it before.

Of course there has been stubborn opposition. The companies that use the wires have tried to shirk the extra expense involved, and after the manner of corporations have lavished their money on lawyers and legal proceedings in the effort to obstruct the work. They have, however, been defeated, and soon the city will be entirely free, as it is now free in part, of the dangerous nuisances.

The effect on the appearance of the streets is greater than was reasonably to be expected, and at first sight is a fair surprise to any one familiar with the former appearance of the localities already clear. Broadway especially looks wider, cleaner, and by a large percentage handsomer than before, and the neighborhoods of Union Square and Madison Square seem to have had unsuspected windows and doors thrown suddenly open.

It was perhaps not to be expected that so considerable a work could be accomplished without some accidents, and a few have occurred. One of the workmen engaged in removing a pole was, indeed, killed, but the accident seems to have been the result of his own carelessness. Several minor casualties have been reported, and seem to have occurred on account of insufficient precaution on the part of the police. It might perhaps have been better to have done the work at night. The main thing, however, has been accomplished, and the wires are down. Some inconvenience has resulted from the temporary eclipse of the electric lights, but this will soon be remedied.

THE CENTENNIAL LOAN EXHIBITION.

ALL sections of the United States have sent contributions to the loan exhibition of the centennial celebration now on view in the assembly-rooms of the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York. If special in a certain sense, portraits, busts, medallions, miniature sketches, and engravings of WASHINGTON occupying the more important place, objects belonging to the first President of the United States claiming an equal attention, the collection is general of its kind, embracing not only the silver-ware of the period, but is supplemented by an exhibition made by the Fellowcraft Club of New York of the newspapers and magazines issued in the country just prior to or contemporaneous with the inauguration of General WASHINGTON.

The object of the Centennial Committee on Art and Exhibition was to make the collection as comprehensive as the space allotted in the building would permit, and that the memorials of a century ago should illustrate the inaugural period. In a certain way these limitations, which would have made the exhibition one strictly devoted to objects appertaining to GEORGE WASHINGTON, have been widened. Some day in the future it is hoped that a loan collection may be made of the objects in use in ordinary life by the people of this country during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods.

The portraits of WASHINGTON on exhibition are many. Here are the Peales, the Trumbulls, the Stuarts, all so well known to collectors—the identical pictures which have impressed the features of the Father of his Country on the memories of a past and present generation. Very conspicuous for color are the works of STUART, distinguished at the same time for careful details. Differences between the pictures of the two PEALES as to the main points of GEORGE WASHINGTON'S features are really slight. There seems to be little doubt that we really do know exactly how our great hero looked. As he grew older there were changes, due to a somewhat different expression conveyed by the lines of the mouth; but as JOHN TRUMBULL painted the man in military guise as a soldier, or as GILBERT STUART caught the likeness of WASHINGTON in the statesman's guise, the traits show no marked dissimilarities. Of the busts, the most celebrated is the one made by CERACCHI in Philadelphia, 1795. The miniatures are numerous, some of them novel to those who are best acquainted with the pictures of WASHINGTON. MARTHA WASHINGTON is represented in five portraits and with many miniatures. As to the statesmen of the period, the illustrations are many. Here is PATRICK HENRY, with his glasses on his forehead. A pastel of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the work of a friend and a neighbor of the sage while he lived at Passy, is remarkable as a contemporaneous work. One portrait of JEFFERSON, showing the strength and vigor of a practised hand, is conspicuous for its artistic excellence. If JEFFERSON was the brains of the Revolution, this picture shows it.

As the visitor ascends the stairs to the rooms, two bronze cannon of French make are in position. With Bourbon lilies intertwined, the mottoes run, "Ultima Ratio Regum," and, "De Pluribus Nec Impar." We discard ornamentation on guns to-day, but they are none the less deadly.

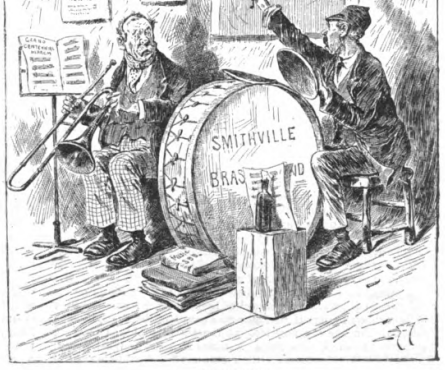
The personal relics of WASHINGTON are plentiful. We have the record of his baggage when on the march, and it was not extensive. In his correspondence, it may be remembered, he occasionally asks for an additional supply of crockery for the use of his mess table. There were short commons at Valley Forge, and perhaps elegance as to camp service was secondary to the practical getting of meat or bread. A trunk used by the General is on exhibition—the one which followed him during the war. The field-glass General WASHINGTON used, with the original case, is shown in the illustration. The glass lies on a cushion worked by the hands of Mrs. WASHINGTON. In the same case where these precious relics are exhibited are other specimens of Mrs. WASHINGTON'S skill, as seen in a net fashioned by her. The inauguration chair, the one used by General WASHINGTON, has been made one of the subjects of the illustration. A suit of brown silk clothes worn by General WASHINGTON is also shown. The stuff is excellent, looking in its tissue like a modern rep. It is snuff-colored, and has withstood the erosion of time. Pater Patriæ dressed well, and was particular as to material, fit, and cut of his clothes. A pair of silver buckles which once glistened on WASHINGTON'S shoes may be found in the sketch. The smaller trunk is a casket which was given by WASHINGTON to NELLIE CUSTIS, and the green morocco covering is as perfect to-day as when it was made.

A great deal of interest will be taken in the two swords worn by WASHINGTON. They are dress swords, but one is more elegant and elaborate in design and ornamentation than the other. The sword for state occasions has greater weight and thickness just at the guard. It had become the fashion in France to wear swords for full dress which were of such slight and slim proportions as to be as supple as willows. Awkward men sometimes entangled their legs in their swords and fell. WASHINGTON'S best sword being made without pliancy below the guard prevented any accidents. A silver lamp of classic form which the General used for many years is shown in the picture. A china cup and saucer, a part of a set much cherished by MARTHA WASHINGTON, has been sketched. This china was loaned by Mrs. CLEVELAND. A pair of vases were presented by General LAFAYETTE to his illustrious chief, and one of these figures in the picture. The favorite writing-desk of General WASHINGTON forms one of the most conspicuous objects of the collection. It is a large and handsome piece of furniture, and so arranged as to allow plenty of room for the writer, with ample provision for the stowing away of correspondence. There has been very much disputing as to the gold pen and its first use. There is a gold pen on exhibition. It is fitted into a silver case, and an inscription tells how WASHINGTON used it "to write despatches during the war," and gave the pen to General A. W. WHITE in 1789.

Everywhere may be discovered objects recalling the Revolution. Here is the sash worn by LAFAYETTE at the battle of Brandywine, and the sash still shows blood stains from the wound which struck down that gallant French officer.

The silver exhibition is by far the finest ever brought together in the United States. We may hear a great deal about the Spartan simplicity of those early times, but all the tobacco that went to London from Virginia had not for return the absolute necessities of life. Good plate came to Virginia, to Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina from England and France long before the Revolution, and the silversmiths of London and Paris found good customers in the provinces. The florid styles of LOUIS XVI. are prevalent. Whether PAUL REVERE was an artist of that higher stamp which establishes celebrity, chroniclers do not state, but he certainly made good substantial plate. CORNELIUS KIERSTEADE, the Hollander, brought his craft to the American provinces from the Netherlands. Early American plate has bullion value, is curious, but has little artistic merit. In the silversmith's art contemporaneous with the inauguration the Philadelphia plate-maker stood first in rank. A Quaker liked a good teapot and sugar-bowl. Boston was next in skill. How such a fine collection as the one now exhibited escaped the vicissitudes of fortune is akin to the miraculous.

The exhibition due to the efforts of the Fellowcraft Club is an interesting one. Titles of journalistic ventures of a century ago have in no small measure been retained, and *The Bee*, *The Courant*, *The Monitor*, *The Palladium*, *The Sentinel*, *The Argus*, *The Independent*, with some slight modifications, still exist. We have discarded the mythological titles. An *American Apollo* might to-day twang his lyre or shoot his arrows quite unheeded. It is doubtful whether we will ever resuscitate *The Nightingale*, or a *Mélange de Littérature*, *The Farmer's Museum*, or *Lay Preacher's Gazette*, *The American Moral and Sentimental Magazine*, *The Independent Reflector*, or *The Lady and Gentleman's Pocket Magazine of Literary and Polite Amusement*.

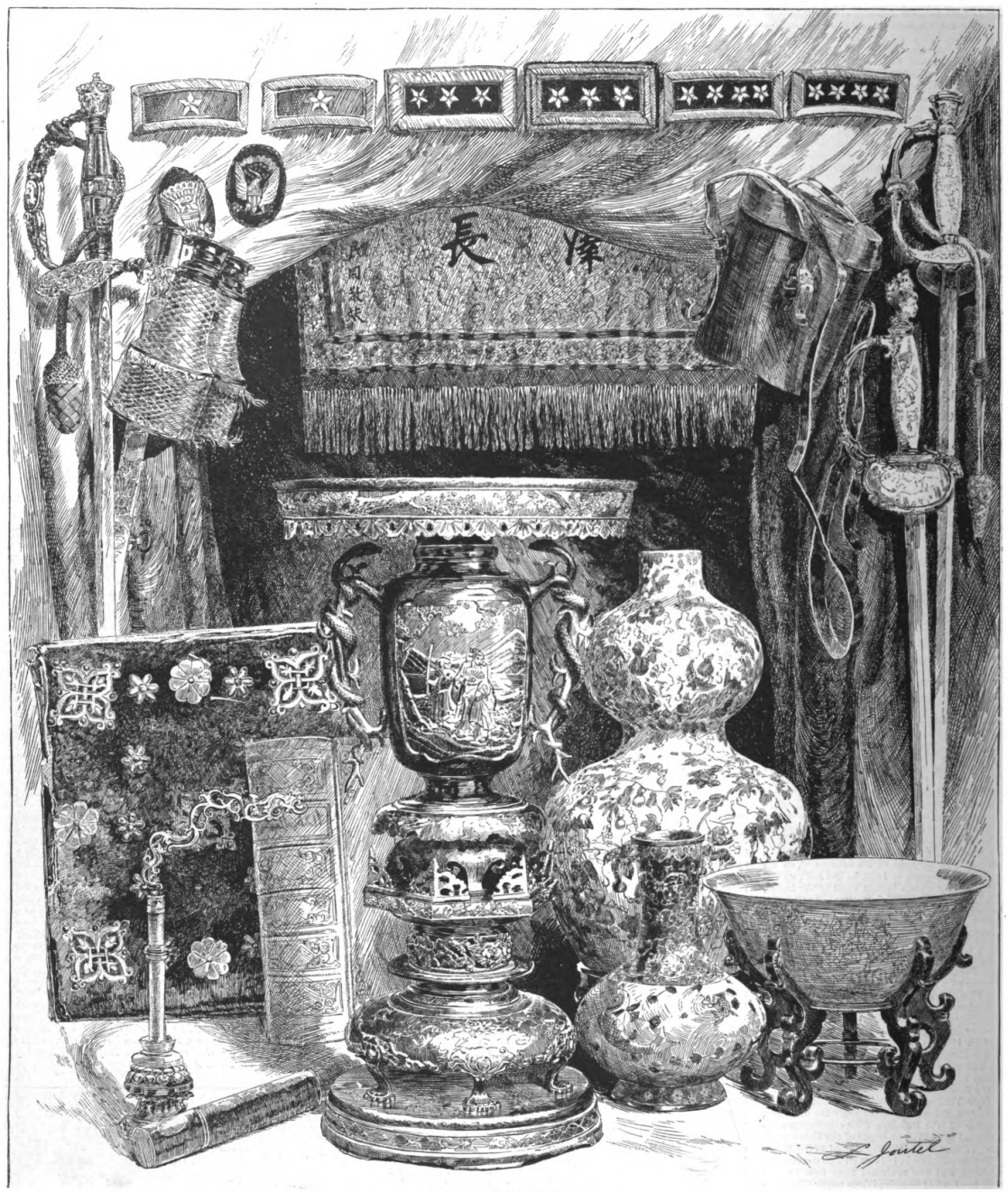


A SUBSTITUTE.

"See here, Kelly, I get you as a substitute fur de drum man vat's sick, unt you gets goot pay. Eef you don' blay in time, you puts de ban' unt de whole regimen' out. Why don' you strike 'im in der right blace?"

"In der right place, is it? Sure an' I don't see any other place ter shtroike—so as ter make music, and give ye yer money's wurth."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE GRANT RELICS.

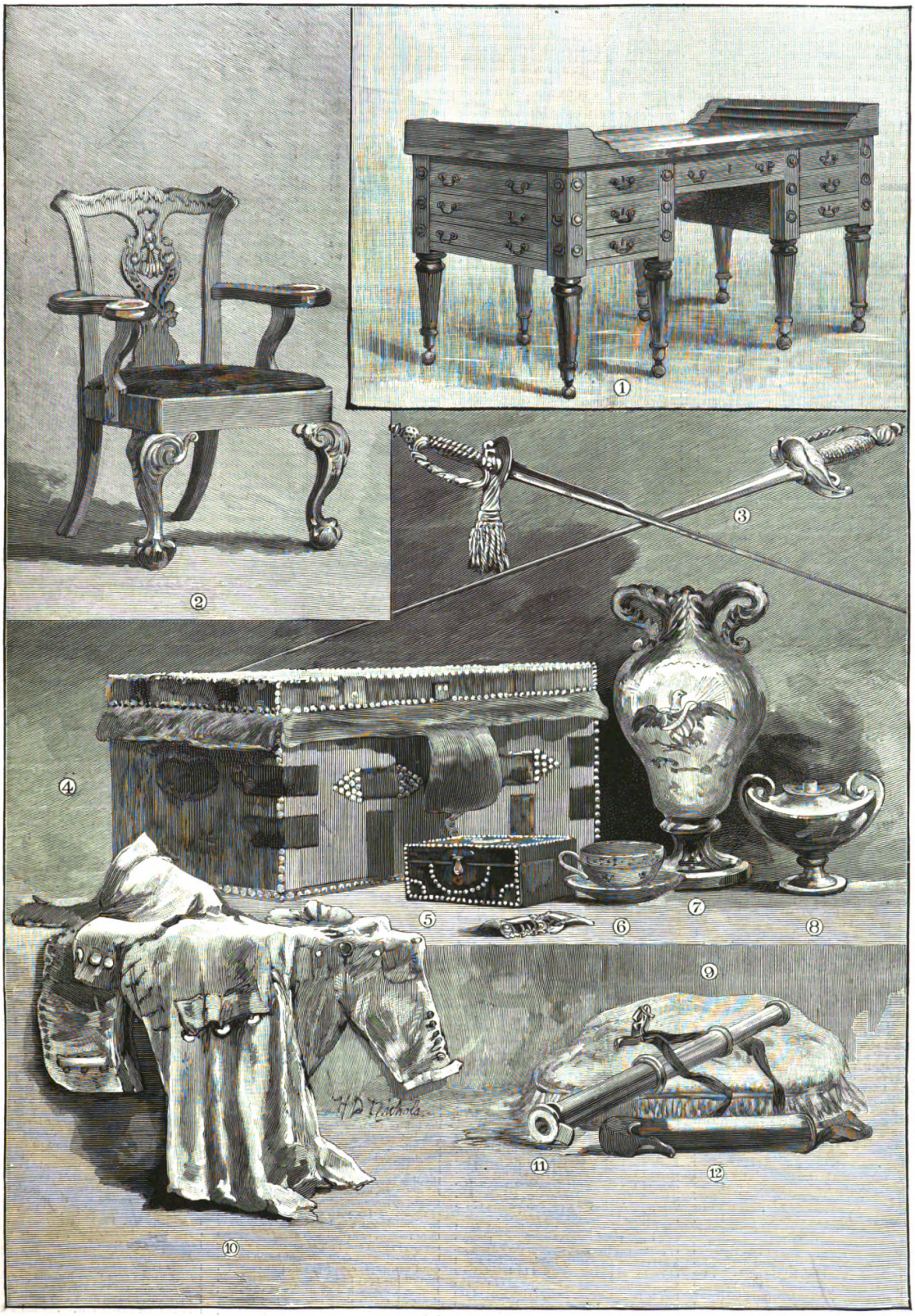
THE 27th of April, 1822, was the day when ULYSSES S. GRANT, that great soldier who was the eighteenth President of the United States, was born. The inauguration day of the first President, to be celebrated on the 30th of April, unites the names of WASHINGTON and GRANT.

We treasure the relics of illustrious men. We are so constituted that though conscious that our welfare, peace, and happiness have depended on their acts, these seem less tangible than the material objects they have left behind them. In this hard, matter-of-fact world, it is well that one should idealize something, be it the sword a hero has worn or the spurs he drove into his horse's flanks when he urged on his steed fighting for a just cause. The shreds of cloth worked with gold, though stained and tarnished, are more than mere shoulder-straps. They are the real live pictures, the actual illustrations, of a national drama. They are part and parcel of history. Now that almost a quarter of a century has passed away since the sword of General GRANT was sheathed at Appomattox Court-House, men who were foes then have become friends. No one can now look at the GRANT relics, as they are preserved in the United States National Museum at Washington, without respect, for they are the mementos which will always tell of memorable deeds performed.

The objects in the collection preserved in the museum, as may be seen by referring to the illustration, are not all of a military character. While on his extended journey round the world, General GRANT was the recipient of many gifts. At the top of the cut are shown the shoulder-straps worn by General GRANT. The pair on the extreme left are those the General bore at Belmont, Fort Donelson, and at Shiloh, during the campaigns of 1861 and 1862. They have a single star, and indicate the rank of Brigadier-General. In the next pair there is a great advance in grade, for they are those worn by a Lieutenant-General. These shoulder-straps were worn in the campaign against LEE at Richmond and Petersburg. The two are not mates, one being larger than the other. The pair to the right were used by General GRANT after the war. The field-glasses with the leather case found among the relics were those constantly used by the General. They are of large size, in japanned frames, wound with plaited black thread, and from long wear are much frayed. If what those glasses showed could have been fixed by photographic means, what terrible pictures would they not have portrayed! The sword nearest to the field-glass case is the one known as the sword of Donelson. It was presented to General GRANT in 1861, and worn by him in preference to any of his other swords. The blade is straight and narrow, the pommel gilded, the grip of carved ivory. Near it is the New York sword, bearing the inscription, "Presented to General U. S. GRANT by his Friends, through the Metropolitan Fair in Aid of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. New York, April 23d, 1864." On the scabbard is the legend, "Upon your sword sits laureled victory." The sword on the left is the Chattanooga sword, presented to the General in 1863 by the citizens of Jo Daviess County, Illinois. On the guard plate is engraved, "Jo Daviess County to Major-General ULYSSES S. GRANT, U.S.A., the Hero of the Mississippi." On the scabbard a ribbon is chased, bearing the names of some of the many battles the General was engaged in, beginning with Belmont, November 7, 1861, and ending with Black River Bridge, May 17, 1863. There are fourteen names of battles. Just above the field-glass are two hat ornaments—one worn by General GRANT at Belmont, the other at Fort Donelson. This is all there is in the collection of the military objects used by the General during the war.

The smaller gourd-shaped vase was presented to the General by Prince KUNG, Regent of China. In front of this is an old Chinese cloisonné vase, given to the General by the Viceroy LI HUNG CHANG, Grand Secretary of State, and guardian to the heir-apparent of China. The bowl to the right is of crackle-ware, and of a grayish blue in color. The remaining vase was a gift of the citizens of Yokohama, Japan, to General GRANT. The small case of maroon plush near the base of this vase contains the freedom of the city of Inverness, and was presented to General GRANT when he visited Scotland in 1877. A very curious gift was another presented to the General by Prince KUNG. It is shown in the illustration on the left-hand side. It is an ornamental bell stand of jade. The volume the back of which is shown is an Arabic Bible presented to General GRANT in 1868. The other volume, the side of which is shown, was given to the General by Lord NAPIER, who captured it with King THEODORE of Abyssinia. It is the four gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—written in Ethiopic. The characters are in black and red, with illuminated punctuation marks, engrossed on parchment. The book is bound in heavy crimson velvet.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WASHINGTON RELICS AT THE CENTENNIAL LOAN EXHIBITION.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 331.]

1. Writing-Table. 2. Inauguration Chair. 3. Swords. 4. Camp Chest. 5. Presentation Casket to Nellie Custis. 6. Cup and Saucer. 7. Vase presented by Lafayette. 8. Silver Lamp. 9, 11, and 12. Cushion, Spy-Glass, and Case. 10. Suit of Clothes.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AMERICAN ARTISTS AT THE PARIS SALON.

(*Continued from page 323, Supplement.*)

wreckage of the mast, and manœuvring so as to bring the ship round again before the wind. Our sketch will show the bold and dramatic composition of this exciting scene, which Mr. Walden has rendered with great technical skill and distinguished realism. It is a gray picture, and nevertheless it is full of color. The painter has been particularly happy in rendering the effect of dazzling and chilling whiteness which results from wet decks, from the incessant wash of restless water over ship and crew alike, and from the glistening rush of hissing spray that the combined fury of wind and wave produces.

Mr. Childe Hassam has painted a picture ten feet long called "Autumn." The scene depicted is a broad Parisian boulevard, with its lines of trees and endless parallel bands of roadway and sidewalk. It is late afternoon; in the distant west the sky is copper-colored; the whole landscape is enveloped in luminous pearly mist, through which the street lamps shine dimly. The boulevard is crowded with people passing to and fro; in the roadway are cabs and carts; along the sidewalk are indicated the stores; and in the foreground, very strongly painted, is an old man toiling painfully along with a harp on his back. The ground is all covered with fallen chestnut leaves crinkled up into strange forms and browned with the first frosts. This picture is interesting; the figures, both of primary and of secondary importance, are carefully studied; the main object of the artist, namely, to paint air, has been very successfully achieved. The delicate pearly effect of Parisian autumn twilight is excellently rendered; even L. de Nittis never attained greater atmospheric verity than Mr. Childe Hassam has achieved in his "Autumn."

Mr. Alexander Harrison exhibits a marine and a "Rainy Day in Concarneau." The latter, figured in our illustration, is remarkable for the delicate observation of the grayness of a village street washed with drizzling rain; it is full of air and full of color of a refinement which mere description cannot render.

Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, absorbed by the Universal Exhibition, sends to the Salon only a small portrait head.

Mr. Ridgway Knight sends a half life-size figure, "Le Soir," which I have not seen, but of which we give an illustration. It is a shepherdess leaning on her crook. Mr. Knight is to be congratulated on not having yielded to the recent craze for painting hideous peasants, ugly old women, and embruted men—a craze which has enabled many to pass for artists, whereas in reality they are only vulgar bunglers. It is far easier to paint a snuffy-nosed and characterless old hag than to render the rustic beauty of a shepherdess who may be destined to become one day a princess—*de la rampe* at least.

Mr. C. S. Reinhart will be represented by two marine studies. "A Foggy Morning" is a picture about a metre and a half long, which is essentially a thing of tone, a sort of arrangement in green and orange. It represents fishing-boats creeping out of the fog and running into port with the tide; on the wharf are sheds with red tiles; alongside is a black steamer blowing off steam; the gray effect is just relieved by a suspicion of sunshine. "In the Basin" is another study of delicate grays and greens—a boat lying on the gray mud of the harbor of Treport when the tide is out. Both these pictures are very delicate in tone.

Mr. Julian Story's picture represents "Charlotte Corday in Prison." In one corner of the cell is a mattress; in the background, in an attitude of despair, is the concierge of the prison, Madame Richard, who was so kind to the fair fanatic; in the centre Charlotte stands erect, wearing the red shirt of those condemned to death, while a rough prison guardian binds her hands behind her back, preparatory to leading her out to be guillotined. The moment chosen by the artist is that when, feeling the brutal touch of the guardian, she looks upward and exclaims, "Voilà la toilette de la mort, faite par des mains un peu rudes; mais elle conduit à l'immortalité." (This is death's toilet, performed by somewhat brusque hands; but it leads to immortality.) Mr. Story's picture is simply and strongly composed, and painted with incontestable distinction. The face alone will win the artist many admirers.

Mr. Ch. H. Davis's picture represents the edge of the forest of Rambouillet in an afternoon effect. I have not seen this picture, but I know that Mr. Davis is a most delicate landscape-painter. His work is always refined and poetical.

Mr. Robert Reid's picture (3×2 metres), "The Blessing of the Boats," shows us a ceremony practised in the French fishing ports before the men start on their first voyage of the season. The composition is interesting and well reasoned out. To the right in the distance is the sea and the fleet of boats; the background of the picture is occupied by a sort of esplanade, with a line of picturesque houses; on the esplanade is a lofty crucifix, at the foot of which the priest kneels, while below, on the beach, the sailors, their wives and children, are scattered in irregular groups, some kneeling, some standing; on the esplanade are other groups, and in the middle distance figures passing. The effect is gray after rain; the sky full of clouds; the beach all wet; the whole finely atmospheric. "The Blessing of the Boats" is a very considerable effort, and full of good qualities; the color observation is often delicate; the perception of form in air is very exact; the observation of characteristic gesture and attitude and the rendering of the groups and passing figures are worthy of high praise. Mr. Reid's picture manifests excellent qualities of conception and of observation; it is not without distinction in tone, and the treatment of the great number of figures is certainly very intelligent.

Mr. George B. Bridgman's "Mousse à la Mer" is a vigorous and dashing marine subject, representing a fishing-boat suddenly brought to at the cry of "A boy overboard!" The sail is being lowered, and falls in heavy rolls; the crew are just rushing to the side; and in the foaming waves is seen the head of the boy who has fallen overboard, and struggles to keep above-water until help comes. This is the first picture Mr. Bridgman has sent to the Salon. It is full of promise.

Mr. Carl Gutherz is pursuing the religious and visionary path which he opened up last year with his "Light of the Incarnation." His picture this year, called "Arcessita ab Angelis," is an attempt to express beauty in death, and to substitute for the harsh mediæval idea of death as a repulsive and grinning skeleton the more poetical early Christian idea of the beautiful angels of death bearing up sleeping souls to the realms of peace. On a rosy gray sky traversed by a rainbow, symbolizing peace after the storms of life, a blond angel and a dark-haired angel, clothed in floating mourning veils and waving radiant wings, are seen supporting a dead maiden draped in white, with a bunch of jasmine on her bosom. In front of the celestial carriers are some fluttering butterflies; behind them three cherubs with green wings, one of whom is weeping as he looks down earthward scattering immortelles in souvenir of the departed soul. Mr. Gutherz's vision is not wanting in refinement; the color is quite adequate for rendering all that the painter wishes to convey. In looking at work of this kind we must always bear in mind that the painter uses drawing and color primarily as a means of expressing literary or mystic ideas. If he expresses himself lucidly and with a certain general charm of aspect he is satisfied, and the spectator cannot demand more.

Amongst the cattle painters Mr. Henry Bisbing, pupil of M. de Vuillefroy, is rapidly conquering a distinguished position. His picture for the Salon this year, called "Dans la Prairie," represents cattle and landscape. In a silvery gray-green expanse of Dutch meadows, beneath a cold blue sky dotted with a few fleecy clouds, a black cow and a red and white cow are grazing under the care of a Dutch maiden dressed in pink, who holds her hand up to shade her eyes while she looks across the meadows to recognize a village companion, who is seen in the far middle distance likewise watching over a couple of cows. This picture, measuring some fifteen feet long, is particularly charming in color; the open air effect is rendered in a very high key; the grass is full of air and light; the whole atmosphere as luminous as real atmosphere appears to the most delicately constituted eye. The cows are constructed irreproachably, and drawn with a freedom which does not exclude the most careful study. So far as technical matters are concerned—about which, by-the-way, the ordinary spectator has no right to pronounce—Mr. Bisbing has few criticisms to fear. But his greater merit is to have seen a pastoral landscape with exquisite delicacy of color-vision—a vision absolutely unconventional, owing nothing to reminiscences of the color schemes of Troyon or Van Marcke or any other master, but depending entirely on the observation of nature through visual organs singularly sensitive to the fine pearly tones of landscape in the cool ambiance of Dutch light and Dutch air. For it is to be remarked that this is not a mere "cattle piece," to employ a traditional term; it is a pastoral landscape of which cattle are an element. In this most successful and very charming work Mr. Bisbing has manifested artistic qualities of very distinguished order, and a quite personal sensitiveness to exquisite color.

Mr. Ogden Wood, pupil of M. Van Marcke, exhibits an important picture of landscape and cattle. The landscape is the salt-meadows on the coast near Cherbourg. In the background are the sea and a fishing-boat unloading its cargo into a two-horse cart; in the foreground are cows and one of them in the act of lowing. This picture is very strong in color and very moist in effect; the sky, the sea, the marshy meadows in which the cattle are grazing, are terribly suggestive of rheumatism; the whole scene is realistic in the extreme. In the conception of his picture Mr. Wood has given evidence of a robust and healthy nature, more sensitive to strength than to delicacy. The painting, too, is remarkable for vigor and strong effects of color, and for the honest construction of the animals, which stand well on their feet, and possess, evidently, all the bones, muscles, and sinews to which nature has entitled them.

Mr. Henry Bacon's picture "Égalité," or "Equality," one of the three terms of the Republican motto, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," represents the knife-board of a Parisian omnibus with the fares in the act of taking their hats off to salute a funeral procession that bars the way. Inside and outside the omnibus Mr. Bacon has placed a variety of Parisian types in the promiscuity of the democratic vehicle—a nun, a "cocotte," a "swell," a butcher-boy, a jocker, etc. This representation of a common incident of Parisian street life will not lack admirers.

Mr. William L. Dodge, whose brilliant début with "David and Goliath" we had the pleasure of applauding last year, sends to the Salon a colossal picture about forty feet long, "The Burial of an Indian Chief," suggested by Longfellow's well-known poem. The background of the picture is formed by the strange silhouette of the flat topped sand-hills of Dakota; in the middle distance is water; in the foreground a sandy strand; while to the right the hills rise obscured by the dust of the long procession of men and horses that comes

> "Winding down beside the wave,
> To lay the red chief in his grave."

The cortége is headed on the left of the canvas by a group of Indian maidens:

> "Before, a dark-haired virgin train
> Chanted the death dirge of the slain."

In the centre of the canvas Indian warriors, nearly double life-size, carry on their shoulders the dead chief draped in his buffalo-robe, and with the black hand of Death painted over his mouth. Behind follow other warriors leading his horse, and behind them, winding down the hill, a confused crowd, amidst which tower up the tall forms of red-skins jogging in their saddles.

There is something very impressive in this composition, which is all the more remarkable as it is the work of a young man who has scarcely completed his twenty-first year. In such an immense picture as this there is not much room for delicate work; what we admire is the grandeur of the composition, the simple strength of the silhouettes, the impressiveness of the general aspect. Nevertheless there are details upon which we may dwell with special pleasure; notably the slender and supple elegance of the adolescent figures of the Indian maidens at the head of the procession, who have something of the charm and almost morbid intensity of the adolescent figures of Donatello. Mr. Dodge has sufficient respect for his art and for himself to authorize us to compliment him heartily on his work without any danger of our compliments turning his head. His "Burial of an Indian Chief" is a very remarkable piece of academic work.

Mr. Dodge's second picture, "Water-Lilies," confirms in another note the promise of his academic work. "Water-Lilies" is the work of a marked artistic temperament. On the green banks of a stream beneath overhanging branches a nymph is lying nude on her back with one knee bent, her head passing the brink, and her hair floating in the stream as she reaches out her hand to pluck a lily from the surface of the water. Beside her kneels a little boy, also nude, who binds the gathered lilies into a bouquet. Through the canopy of pendulous branches the afternoon sunlight filters and marbles the nymph's white flesh with patches of bright light. This sylvan idyl is charming in conception; the pose of the figure is as novel as it is graceful; the verdant landscape and the water patched with lilies are very realistic, and perhaps this is the defect of the picture. The nymph is too material and the landscape too juicily vegetable to be absolutely charming. This criticism is in no way intended to depreciate Mr. Dodge's work. The picture "Water-Lilies," as it is, is tasteful and not without delicacy; but its delicacy is not yet that *exquisite* delicacy which the young artist will gradually attain by noble frequentations and by joyous commerce with the half-dozen great masters whom most painters profess to honor but abstain from studying.

Mr. A. W. Dow sends two landscapes, a soft evening effect, with a curtain of trees and the golden glow of sunset in the background, and in the foreground the cool shades of twilight creeping over a field dotted with hay-stacks. This picture has something of the lyric charm of Cazin's work. Mr. Dow's second picture, "The Sands of Raguenès," shows a fresh morning effect of clouds floating up over the green-crested sand-dunes of Finisterre, very delicately observed. Both these pictures are excellent.

Mr. H. B. Kenyon exhibits a "Foggy Morning at Venice," a clever study of Venetian sea, sky, and atmosphere, enlivened with dainty notes of sails and shipping.

Mr. Theodore Earl Butler exhibits a portrait, a little maid with red hair and a big white Louis XIII. hat, and a portrait of a gentleman, both painted with a not unsuccessful research of distinction in tone and simplicity in treatment; Mr. M. Wight, a portrait of a lady; Mrs. M. Leftwich Dodge, "Reading the Bible," a little girl in a pink pinafore spelling out the Bible to her grandmother, an old German woman—a work that will please the lovers of peasant character pictures; Miss Kate Augusta Carl, "À la Fontaine," a scene in the Saint-Médard quarter of Paris, where the Italian models live; a group of these girls in their picturesque morning dishabille is seen gathered round the street water-tap, and were it not for the title we might imagine that Miss Carl had painted a scene of life in Capri or Naples. Our illustration will show the artist's pleasing composition.

Mr. Paul Wayland Bartlett's "Indian Dance" will be certainly amongst the most original and remarkable works of sculpture in the Salon. The subject is simply a naked Indian, with one single feather erect on the top of his head, represented in the act of ecstatic dancing, his eyes fixed, his mouth open, his head thrown back, his arms outstretched, and with the hands and fingers hanging loosely, one leg crooked up in the motion of jumping, the other leg a little bent, the ball of the foot only touching the ground and just springing from it, the body a little doubled up. The whole movement of the arms, legs, body, and head expresses the act of springing or jumping, for the Indian dance in question is rather jumping than dancing; it is not graceful movement, but the wild contortion of a man worked up into a condition of ecstasy and almost of frenzy. A few years ago a French sculptor, M. Alfred Boucher, in his well-known group of three runners, expressed with admirable success the mere action and rush of three men striving in a foot-race, but the movement which he rendered was simple compared with that which Mr. Bartlett has most successfully represented. M. Boucher's figures had no particular character; they were merely three ordinary men running. Mr. Bartlett's dancing Indian, on the other hand, represents motion, but motion having character; the whole figure, too, is full of character. The ecstatic face alone is a remarkable study; the long hands that wave helplessly, bereft of all muscular tension—as if the dancer were just on the point of falling inanimate to the ground, overpowered by the excess of his almost demoniacal frenzy—are curiously observed and contribute essentially to the effect; the right foot is equally effective in the same direction, with the toes curled up nervously; so also is the body, all panting, with the skin and muscles straining over the adumbrated suggestion of ribs. The intensity of the expression of violent movement, of nervous *crispation*, of the wild, shrieking frenzy of a primitive human being beside himself with excitement, and on the point of falling prostrate and foaming at the mouth like an Eastern dervish, has been rendered by the sculptor with singular success. It must not, however, be supposed from this description that Mr. Bartlett has attempted something outside the domain of art; his figure is beautiful, with the beauty of character artistically observed and artistically rendered; it is beautiful in the delicate modelling of the laboring chest, of the back, of the straining limbs; it is essentially a work of art, but a work that will be either very much admired or mercilessly condemned. It is, however, the privilege of the best in art to provoke only extreme sentiments.

UNCLE MERCURY'S "MOVIN'."

AUNT FLORA and her father were about to move out of the small, dingy rooms they had occupied for years in the row of negro quarters. There they had lived all through the war, when she was a bouncing young woman with carded, gayly ribboned locks, the best dancer on the plantation, a trick of easy movement, probably inherited from her father, who had been nicknamed Mercury by his master because in his youth he was so swift-footed when sent on an errand, and the name stuck to him, the one his mother gave him never coming to light except when he deposited his vote at the polls on election days as "John the Baptist Randolph." He was an aged man now; known all through the neighborhood as "Old Uncle Mercury over at the Randolphs'." His wife, "Aunt Pomona," had been dead for some time; she too, without herself being aware of it, had called upon the Olympian dynasty for a name for her daughter. This "onliest chile" was named Flora, nor was she very well pleased with the selection. "Flora ain't nothin' but a dog name nohow," she declared on one occasion when a shooting party came to stay at the mansion, and one of them had a fine setter called Flora. Now that her dancing days were well over, she developed in her middle age an unusual spirit of thrift and enterprise for one of her race, saving the pennies she earned until she had dollars enough to buy a piece of land and build a cabin on it.

Standing over her wash-tub she gave me one day a graphic sketch of her efforts and successes.

"You see, I tell yo' how it is. Mis' Randolph she mighty good to me, she gib me all de clo'es I w'ar, an' de Gin'l he gib us plenty to eat, an' father gits some o' his ole clo'es, though dey's a heap too big for him; you could put two o' him into one o' de legs o' de Gin'l's pants, but I makes 'em fit well 'nough. I don' have to put none o' de money I makes *on* me nor *in* me, so I save it and buy'd two acres o' land from Mr. Syme, jis t'other side o' dis farm, an' I done build me a cabin o' my own, whar me an' father kin spen' de res' o' our days, an' git our things all together. We got more things 'n yo' ever seen, all pile up here roun' us, under de bed an' everywhar—them what grandmother 'queave to us, an' mother's things jis like she lef' 'em when she die, an' what de ladies gibs me I washes for. I got a elegant yaller silk dress wid a long sweepin' trail dar in dat trunk. Mis' Mabel Tayloe she gib me dat yaller silk 'cause I done flute her ruffles so nice. *My* flutin' don' squash none, I tell yo'. Is I married? I been married oncet; dey don't catch Flora agin—burnt chile dread de fire! I ain' gwine to s'port no more good-for-nuffin' men. Why, dat Jim!—nuffin' warn' fittin' fur to tech me when he war courtin'; but after we was married he was a warrin' agin me from mornin' till night, an' a tryin' to keep my nose to de groun'. Man's fub do change so quick! At las' he gib way to his wicked temper so oncessant dat he tooken crazy, an' dey had to take him away an' put him in de saloon [asylum] for fear o' we all's lives. Jim done gone 'fo' de Jedge now, an' I gib him a real nice funeral. I wouldn' slabe for nary nuvver nigger in ole Fahginny. Dat ain' sayin' if de right man come 'long I wouldn' marry him—'tis ordain ob de Lord, you know, miss; 'tain' for us to be wiser'n He is, an' I keepin' dat yaller silk for my weddin' dress. Flora too ole to w'ar white; de gals 'd laugh at me. I borrow some o' de money to buy dat land an' build from Mis' Randolph; I got it 'mos' paid now. I tell her dis summer she ought to take a deedin' an' a trustin' on my land till she git it all, but she say 'eber mind, I kin go on doin' up de clo'es for de family till it git paid. What do father do? He jis watch de Gin'l's watermilion patch; he war de likelies' sarvant ole marster had oncet; but he ain' good for nuffin' no mo' but smoke he pipe out at de do', an' go down to dat patch twice a day to look after dem watermilions, and thump 'em to see if dey ripenin' fas', an' keep de boys from stealin' 'em. I ax him to-day how de milions comin' on, an he say, 'Pretty peart, ef we don' have 'nother wet spell.'"

Flora had a firm, thick-set figure, with powerful muscles in her arms disclosed by her rolled-up sleeves, as she gave these items in her family chronicles over the wash-tub, her bright pink calico dress contrasting finely with her dark shiny skin and keen black eyes. She had a quick, restless glance, a hasty toss of the head, and one could not help suspecting that in the warfare with Jim before "he tooken crazy" and was sent to the "saloon," her weapons may have been quite as sharp as his, so she was at least able to defend herself creditably.

"Yo' ought to 'a been heah to de groun' clearin' 'fo' we build de cabin. 'Twas a gret time, I

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tell yo'. We 'vite de hands on all de plantations roun', an' dey cut de trees down on my land"—explaining this custom with a vigorous wring of somebody's garment; she disdained the use of patent wringers—"dey was in de way somehow." "I baked de bigges' dinner for 'em I eber seen, ef I do say it. Dey don't ax no wages for clearin' de groun', we jis feeds 'em well wid de bes' de country 'fords, an' makes a frolic ob it. I had cabbage an' pork an' 'possum, an' buttermilk by de gallon, an' gret cakes o' corn bread all brown so dey look like poun'-cakes. Oh, 'twas a mem'able day, sho, miss! Now de cabin all ready for us; we gwine to move day after to-morrow. I got a beautiful patch o' corn down dar, an' a pig an' some chickens, an' sunflowers planted in de front yard, an' de do' is all painted white till you can 'mos' see your face shinin' in it. Is you gwine to be heah to de movin' in?"

A couple of days after this there was a great bustle in front of the quarters where Uncle Mercury had lived longer than any servant now on the farm could remember, the old ones having died off, and many of the former slaves having gone to the North-land of promise after the war, to try their fortunes.

A mule wagon was drawn up at the door, and Flora was running back and forth, giving her orders to several small negro boys who had been pressed into her service, and were now "toting" sundry pieces of furniture from the rooms inside to the cart. The mistress from the mansion-house, Mrs. Randolph, was also standing on the grass, advising and suggesting, but Uncle Mercury was respectfully having his own way about the removal of his effects. There he stood, leaning on his cane, his once tall lithe figure bent 'way over from repeated attacks of rheumatism, his wrinkled face and still abundant grizzly hair showing from under a broad-brimmed straw hat, his pipe now in hand, and then back in his mouth. His costume was an incongruous mixture: the General's baggy trousers were surmounted by an ancient dress-coat, which was too short-waisted for him, its swallow-tails almost lost sight of in the amplitude of cloth below. This coat he had probably preserved most carefully for years, only bringing it out for ceremonial occasions, but by slow stages it had come at last to daily duty among the watermelons, and resented its changed fortunes by bursting forth at the armholes. It was singular that the dignity of a "quality" negro of the old régime always seemed to lend itself to an ill-fitting second-hand garment, inspiring a certain respect as a part of the wearer, so that a garb which would have rendered any white man ridiculous did not even provoke a smile when worn by a colored person of good repute; it was even quaintly pathetic in its suggestion of other days and former wearers.

"Hol' on dar! Look out, you Billy! You drappin' dat chis. Zeke" (to the sleepy negro driver), "git down heah and help tote it; it too heavy for dem chilluns."

"Uncle Mercury," said Mrs. Randolph, "I wouldn't try to move that chest; it's too far gone to be mended even; see, the back pieces of the drawers are falling out. I'll let you have an old bureau up in the garret to keep your things in."

"'Deed, Miss Sally, nobody can't part me from dis heah chis," protested the old man, vehemently. "It belong to P'mona's mother 'fo' she war born;" and with eager, trembling fingers he hastened to pick up the knobs and bits of mahogany that fell from it. The chest of drawers had been handsome in its youth, and would be handsome to him so long as a fragment of it was left.

There was a look in Uncle Mercury's face, a quivering in his hands, as he stowed away his things in an uncertain, shuffling fashion in that wagon, which betrayed a reluctance to this proposed move, a lingering tenderness over the belongings of half a century, as if even the exposing them to out-side air were a profanation.

"He gittin' childish," Flora whispered to Mrs. Randolph as her father carried a handful of china cups and saucers and deposited them loosely in a large basket in the wagon, where they would certainly be broken at the first start of the mules.

"Never mind, father; let me do it"—fixing them after him.

Then he pegged by her with his cane into the house, and after a short time came out with a long blue bandbox, which, minus cover, revealed a bent, moth-eaten beaver hat of majestic proportions.

The lady, glancing at it, said: "What on earth are you going to do with that hat, Uncle Mercury? It isn't fit for anybody but a scarecrow to wear. The General has a great deal better one you can have."

"What, *dat* hat, Miss Sally?" indignantly lifting the insulted hat out of the box, and holding it up for us to look at, as though to let it speak for itself. "I ain't wantin' to *w'ar* it; I wants to *keep* it. Dat was Marse William's hat; he gib it to me when he go to de Mexican wah. I 'bleeged to hol' on to dis hat while de bref's in dese ole bones." Then he gave it a sort of hug before placing the valued relic by the side of Pomona's mother's chest, in a position where the danger was imminent of its being speedily crushed into a nonentity if the latter should tumble over.

Next he came out lugging a picture in a showy gilt frame. I expected to see Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation, or Sumner speechifying before the United States Senate, and was surprised to recognize the characteristic figure on horseback of the Confederate hero Stonewall Jackson.

"Why, Uncle Mercury," I could not forbear exclaiming, "how is it you haven't got Lincoln's picture there instead of Jackson's?"

"How come dat? Why, Gin'l Jackson war ole marster's man, so he *my* man, but I always speaks 'spec'ful o' Marse Abe Lincoln"—touching his hat. Then he drew a long breath after he rid himself of the burden, and said, querulously, as he wiped his face with the back of his hand: "I 'clar to Gord dis movin' am mighty pesterin'. De ole place 'll do for Merc'ry; he done lib heah, an' P'mona lib heah, and she die heah, an' it good enough for Merc'ry to die in, I reckon; but Flora she—"

"Go 'long, father; you knows I needs mo' room, now I is clear-starchin' an' ironin' for so many white folks down at de town, let 'lone de fambly at de mansion whar I always wash for. You'll like de new cabin after yo' gits settled, an' 'tain't much farther from de Gin'l's watermilion patch den we is heah."

Uncle Mercury pulled himself together and assumed an air of importance, as though gratified at the mention of a field wherein his services were still indispensable.

"I 'ain' had no chance to look after dem watermilions dis blessed day. Dem rapscallions from de town 'll get 'em ef dey don' see me comin'. Dey was pretty peart yestiddy; gittin' on fine, Miss Sally, ef de sun 'll stay out hot."

Zeke and the mule were needed elsewhere before long, so it was decided to leave the beds and a few other necessary articles until to-morrow; they would sleep one more night in the old house. After a festive evening at the mansion, where the spirit of the ancient hospitality shone as brightly as ever, if its material part was less redundant, I noticed from my chamber window about midnight a light still burning in Uncle Mercury's room; all the others in the servants' quarters were extinguished. Then, although it was early in September, one of those swift, unaccountable changes peculiar to the Atlantic coast both North and South came over the air, and the morning that followed was crisp and cold.

"There must have been hail somewhere," the General remarked at breakfast; and afterward, when he started for his daily tour of the premises, he said, "I hope that cabin is thoroughly dry for old Uncle Mercury to go into; it would be bad for him to get another spell of rheumatism."

Our host soon returned with a changed face. One could see something had stirred a deep current of feeling during his short absence. We were all standing on the porch.

"Uncle Mercury has moved already," he said, quietly. "He was found dead in his bed this morning. Flora wouldn't let them tell me till after breakfast."

Later on I accompanied the mistress to the house of mourning. Flora, completely crushed by this sudden bereavement, and abandoned to all the luxury of woe, was seated in her own room, surrounded by a band of solemn-faced negroes, members of the Burying Society from the neighboring town.

This Burying Society was an excellent institution for helpless and infirm negroes who belonged to themselves, and the deceased had been a member of it for years. If he had had a protracted illness, both money and nurses would have been supplied weekly, but Heaven had been merciful in granting him the blessing of a sudden death, and now it only remained for them to do well by him in the shape of a worthy funeral for this representative of "ye olden time."

"Father done gone to glory, Miss Sally," said Flora, raising her face out of her handkerchief. "I wouldn' 'sturb him dis mornin'; I thought de ole man mus' be tired after packin' an' movin', an' he would go down to dat watermilion patch de las' thing 'fo' supper in de cool ob de evenin', when he war all het up an' perspirin', an' when I went into his room 'bout eight o'clock dis mornin', dar he was a-lyin' jis like a innocen' babe wid a smile on he face; but 'twas de will o' Gord, ob co'se." Then a glow of affectionate pride passed over her sad countenance, and she added: "T'warn't nobody like him on dis plantation, an' de Gin'l he always promise to gib him a fust-class funeral. He too much ob a ge'man to bury a' aged saint in a flat-top coffin. An' de Seal Order ob de cullud Masons sends two hacks an' a 'cession o' mourners. Miss Sally, is you got ary crape veil for me to war?" Presently she rose in a measured, stately way, and the sisters and brethren of the Burying Society rose with her, as she said to us, "I wants you to see father—he do make such a beautiful corpse."

The door was open between her room and the next, the inner one dim and silent, with the indescribable aspect which an apartment, in palace or hovel, always wears when thus tenanted. The furniture was all gone save the bed and an oblong old-fashioned looking-glass over the mantel, in which the scene was reflected. There he lay, separated from all his cherished possessions. "We brought nothing into this world, neither can we carry anything out of it." The lonely mirror over the mantel was cracked from one end to the other.

"Dat happen in de night," whispered Flora, meaningly. "Der war no crack yestiddy."

FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

THE BASE-BALL SEASON.

It is perhaps a little risky yet for persons capable of suffering from rheumatism or pneumonia to sit out-of-doors for two hours late in the afternoon, but there are plenty of them who will do it, for the base-ball season is begun, and from now until late in October the benches on a hundred fields will be lined with spectators, while on days of extra excitement the crowds will mount up into the thousands.

There are never wanting croakers and prophets of evil, and for years there have been predictions that base-ball would be found to be merely a fad whose popularity would wane in a short time. They were wrong. There never was so general an interest in the game as there is now; there never were so many clubs, professional, amateur, and semi-professional; there were never so many salaried players, nor such large amounts of money invested in the game. There are now no less than ten leagues or associations of professional clubs, averaging six members each, and each club averaging at least fifteen players. These are the strongest organizations, and contain the best players, and of all these *the* League is the foremost, although the American Association presses it close.

There are three of these organizations represented in the immediate neighborhood. The New York club belongs to the League, the Brooklyn club to the American Association, and the Jersey City and Newark clubs to the newly formed Atlantic Association. As every club plays at home half the time, and the others belonging to its organization play with it in turn, New-Yorkers have an opportunity to see the performances of two dozen different clubs.

There are elements of peculiar interest about the position of the New York club this season. In addition to the doubt as to their place of exhibition there has been some doubt about the *personnel* of the team, and columns upon columns have been printed on the interesting question whether Mr. JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD, the able short-stop, would or would not play here this season, and if not, where he would play, and who would fill his place. The matter seems now to be decided, and Mr. WARD remains a "Giant." The rest of the team, with only a single exception in one of the substitute players, remains as it was last season.

Moreover, the New York team are now the holders of the proud title of champions of the League and of the world, and there is great interest, and no doubt some anxiety, felt as to whether they can hold it another season. Boston has held it for several seasons, and so has Chicago, but no other city has kept the coveted trophy for more than one year. Both these cities will fight as hard for it this year as ever. Chicago, most experts think, is practically out of the race, for the team has just been around the world; and what with the long voyage and the pretty continuous banqueting, they are supposed to be out of condition. But Captain ANSON and his "Babies" are not used to being considered as out of the running, and they may surprise some of the Eastern clubs yet. Boston, however, is regarded as the formidable rival. Her team, already strong, has been still further strengthened by the acquisition of several mighty batters from the defunct Detroit nine, and the ball will suffer when this team and New York's come together. The other teams in the League have been strengthened too, and there will be a very interesting contest among at least the first six clubs. The Brooklyn people, who have more local pride than New-Yorkers, are enthusiastic over their team, and predict that the Association champion pennant will fly on their grounds next season. The clubs they most fear are the St. Louis, which has held the championship now for four years consecutively, and the Athletic, of Philadelphia, which contains an unusual number of heavy batters.

The rules of the game are very little changed from last year. The batter takes his base on "four balls" instead of five, and foul tips caught less than ten feet back of home base do not put the striker out. The other new features are so technical that it is not worth while to refer to them here.

The life of the ball-player is not an easy one. His vacation lasts about four months, from November 1st to March 1st; then he must go into training. In early April, or before, he begins practice out-of-doors. The championship season lasts about six months. During that time he is not his own master. He is under his captain's orders, and has to play, exercise, eat, drink, and sleep according to directions. He spends many days on the rail. The schedule for this year shows that the Brooklyn club must travel nearly 11,000 miles, and the New York club nearly as far, while last year the Brooklyn club had to travel the immense distance of 12,712 miles.

THE LATEST WASHINGTON MEDAL.

At the exhibition of relics of GEORGE WASHINGTON and his military and civil family a large case is needed to show the medals which have been struck in his honor. They are of every size and sort, pretty much every kind of metal, but there is one particular in which nearly all agree—an absence of good art. It does seem strange that medals and coins should be so lacking in fine quality when the surface to be covered is so small and the choice of subjects is not absolutely narrow. But a wider study of these objects enlightens one upon a fact concerning medals in general which may prove a surprise, namely, that they are very rarely good in art. The conclusion thence is that artists have been rarely employed on such matters, or else that to make a medal is no tyro's task, but one that will tax the best qualities of a sculptor. Otherwise how comes it that there are so many wretched and so few excellent medals in a world where the fashion of medalling persons of merely promising talents has been pushed to an extreme?

To compose a medal is as difficult a matter as to engrave a seal in such a way that the design shall fill the field properly yet look at ease, being neither cramped nor leaving wide undecorated spaces. It has the further drawback that inscriptions must be added, sometimes of such length that they drive the pictorial part of the design off the main field. A coin is generally small enough to turn readily in the hand, so that the lettering may run round the edges, and afford as large a space as possible to the head or the symbolical figure, though it must be confessed that any inscription which compels one to twist and turn a coin is a nuisance, and is rarely successful as art, whatever precedents may be found among the Greeks. The relative size of the head or bust or full-length figure is of great importance, and then come the questions, What kind of lettering is to be used? how large should they be? what shall be their disposal?

The medal for the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the oath-taking by GEORGE WASHINGTON in New York, when he began the list of Presidents of the United States, may easily challenge comparison with former medals to commemorate the same great man. The design is by AUGUSTUS ST.-GAUDENS, the modelling by PHILIP MARTINY. Taking as the most dignified, the truest, and the most artistic likeness the statue by HOUDON at Richmond, Virginia, and the bust by the same French sculptor made during his visit to this country, MR. ST.-GAUDENS has placed a quarter-length profile on the obverse, facing to the left, with a bundle of fasces and axe behind and at a little distance. The face is grave and mild but firm, the hair in a queue, the neck swathed with the wide silk cravat, the shirt bosom showing its ruffles. The Union of States is symbolized by the fasces; executive power and military command, by the axe. Round the medal near the rim are the thirteen stars. Above, in perfectly simple square letters, is GEORGE WASHINGTON, and across the face, in two columns, interrupted by the figure, runs the Latin legend PATER-PATRIÆ M.D.C.C.LXXXIX.

The reverse is devoted to the present; a hundred years lie between the two sides of the medal. A heraldic eagle, standing on a bundle of arrows twined with laurel, carries on its breast the shield with E PLURIBUS UNUM. The wings are wide-spread, and the head is carried with spirit and dignity. The eagle occupies the upper third of the reverse; a little escutcheon bearing the modest arms of New Amsterdam—the vans of a windmill with barrels and beavers between the vans—is in the left-hand lower corner. This leaves the field clear for a long inscription, as follows: "To Commemorate the Inauguration of GEORGE WASHINGTON as First President of the United States of America at New York, April XXX, MDCCLXXXIX. By authority of the Committee on Celebration. New York, April XXX, MDCCCLXXXIX." Instead of the thirteen stars of the obverse there are thirty-eight on the reverse. Finally the field on both sides not covered has been very finely tooled, so that it has the satiny look of laid "linen" paper, thus relieving such parts from the smoothness of newly cast bronze or silver.

It is safe to say that no medal in honor of WASHINGTON surpasses, and very few at all approach, this one in dignity, sobriety, and beauty. One may regret that there is so much inscription and so little figure on the reverse, but certainly the sculptor has managed to present a great deal of awkward statement with much cleverness. Where a new touch is possible it is given, as for example in the head and wings of the eagle, which recall by their modelling some of the superb Greek coins of Elis, but show more realism. The relief is not very high, yet it is much higher than is common with coins at the present day, for while the Greeks obtained many of their beautiful effects on coins by boldly raising the figures, we are so practical that we compel the modellers of our coins to keep to the lowest possible relief—so low, in fact, that the question arises whether it would not be just as well to engrave them. Fortunately there are no questions of piling these medals in heaps or of the dire effects of abrasion while in current use, which affect the beauty of our coins. These medals will go into cabinets and carefully nestle away in morocco boxes. They will always be agreeable objects to examine, and perhaps will mark less the close of the first one hundred years of Presidential rule than the opening of an era during which people and legislators have united in wise encouragement for the highest expression of the nation in literature and art.

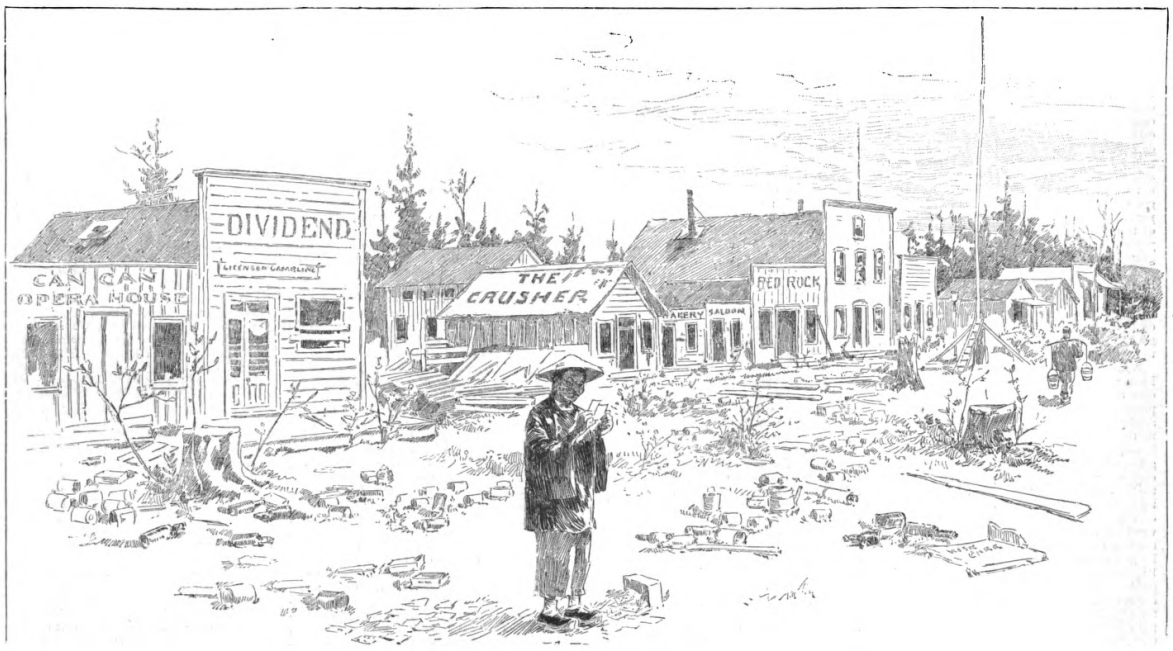
CHARLES DE KAY.

THE BURSTED BOOM.

We were all a great deal younger when two pictures both amused and impressed New York; but those who saw them never will forget them in this life. One was a sketch of a proud new "prairie schooner," or canvas-topped wagon, drawn by two oxen, and bearing on the side of its white canvas cover the legend, "To Pike's Peak or Bust." The other was the same vehicle broken down, with tattered canvas and emaciated oxen, and with hard usage showing in every line of its make-up. It bore one word, expressive at once of the vicissitudes and the unquenchable humor of the pioneers who were then breaking trails in the new West. That one word was "Busted." On another page we present a picture of a town that began with what is called "a boom" as promising as the future appeared for the wagon that started out for Pike's Peak. To-day the word "Busted" applies to it as to the wagon when that returned from its journey.

In the main, whoever makes the journey across the continent, in the hope of seeing the life suggested by either the famous companion pictures of twenty years ago or by the one presented here to-day, is bound on a disappointing errand. In the work of nation building the prairie schooners have been supplanted by the railroads, and as the border itself has been obliterated by a complete spanning of the continent with settlements, much of the strangeness of life in the new regions has succumbed to civilizing influences. There are still Indians here and there, but they are wretched starvelings, usually in white men's clothing, and addicted to begging. There are cow-boys to be seen by the score in certain places and seasons, but they are uncommonly prosaic-looking fellows, who do not sufficiently respect the reputation that has been manufactured for them in the press to go about with lariats, or pistols, or even broad-brimmed hats. In fact, so orderly and modern is most of what one sees in a long Western journey to-day that the sentimental traveller finds himself oftener engaged in admiring unexpected six-story granite buildings

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE "BURSTED" BOOM.

and electric street railroads and gorgeous opera-houses than that which he went forth to see.

Yet the illustration by Mr. C. Jay Taylor on this page shows that there still are odd nooks where the old conditions are at least strongly recalled, and accidental combinations even yet cause the old scenes to be re-enacted here and there, for the picture reproduces a scene as it is to be witnessed to-day. It was on a bright afternoon in midsummer that a through-going east-bound train on the Northern Pacific Railroad was rumbling through an almost wholly unpopulated wooded region in Idaho. The obliging conductor, who had been long enough with the passengers to note that hunting and game were topics the men never tired of, redeemed the monotonous stretch of woods they were passing through by saying that, not long before, he had counted thirty-five deer in them from the car windows. Then came a rumor that freshets had broken some bridges a short distance ahead, and then came a halt at Heron to await word that the work of repairing the bridges was finished.

Of all the places for the traveller in quest of novelty to stop at, Heron was pre-eminently the best. Four years before, in dread winter, news had gone forth of the discovery of rich deposits of ore in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains, and every adventurer who had the means, or could beg or borrow them, had started for the new El Dorado. Where Heron is was thought to be the best entrance to the mining region. The adventurers came by the thousand. Of all the booms with which so many of our new towns have sprung into existence none was more glorious than that at Heron. Where there had been only trees, the ground was cleared by lightning-like work, and tents and shanties arose as by magic. All the elements that compose the horde of parasites who fatten amid such scenes were combined in the swarm that descended on Heron, as insects gather about a lamp lit out-of-doors in summer. It is said in the far West that the first articles imported to the site of a prospective mining city are a billiard table and a piano. These were promptly brought to Heron. The billiard table is the nucleus around which the first hotel is built. The first theatrical company is apt to use it for a stage, opera-houses being fourth or fifth in the order of necessity. The piano represents the worst element among the brigands, male and female, who come to profit by the abandon of a population thus brought together. The rush to the Cœur d'Alene was mighty while it lasted, and that was sufficiently long to seem to warrant the solidifying of the new town, as the picture shows it, in a long street of frame houses. One of the few residents of what might have become the suburbs of the place says that he daily sold two hundred dollars' worth of milk in Heron while the boom was on.

But the story of the adventure was tragical and quickly told. The snow fell, the cold was bitter beyond any that we ever feel in the older parts of the country, the venturesome men did not find the ore, their provisions gave out, and they died by the score of cold, exposure, and hunger. While others were still coming, the survivors of the first enormous band that went into the mountains crept back to Heron, penniless and discouraged. The town lasted longer—while others came, and learned of the fiasco, and spent their money, and went away. Then the pianos and the billiard tables were put on the cars, and the houses were abandoned. Already one has fallen in. Weakened by neglect, and overloaded by a snowfall, it has sunken into a heap of débris like a pill-box crushed under foot. There is a big, well-built railroad hotel there, with disappointment written all over its mainly tenantless area; there are some agriculturists in the neighborhood, some Chinamen living rent free in two or three of the abandoned houses, and there still remain in operation a typical border tavern and a general store.

When the train halted there an accommodating citizen announced to the passengers that he knew of a "likely light weight, and if there was anybody in the train who could stand up against him, a scrappin' match could be got up right away." "We hain't got much in the place," said he, "but we happen to have a first-class twenty-four-foot ring." A scrapping match, it may be explained, means a prize-fight. Could there have been anything more in keeping with such a place? The passengers raised a purse, and the ring was pitched. The artist seized this time for rambling over the place and selecting a point from which to sketch its ruins.

Almost every house had been arranged for business. One bore a sign of a brewery, one of an opera-house, three or four had been saloons kept by "Jack" or "Scotty," and others displayed signs announcing board by the day or week. The doors of some were boarded up, but others were as open as caves, and quite as cheerless. Wherever one looked were playing-cards; they were scattered all over the ground; there was not a space of five feet square that was not decked with them; they littered the porches of the buildings, and when one peered between the cracks of the abandoned houses, playing-cards were seen scattered all over the floors within. It is said that in the West gamblers never use the same cards twice, owing to some superstitious notion, and that every morning the streets of border settlements are littered with the packs thrown out the night before. Whether the myriad cards that now ornament the remains of Heron are merely those discarded after the last night's play, or whether they are all that the inhabitants ever used, who can say?

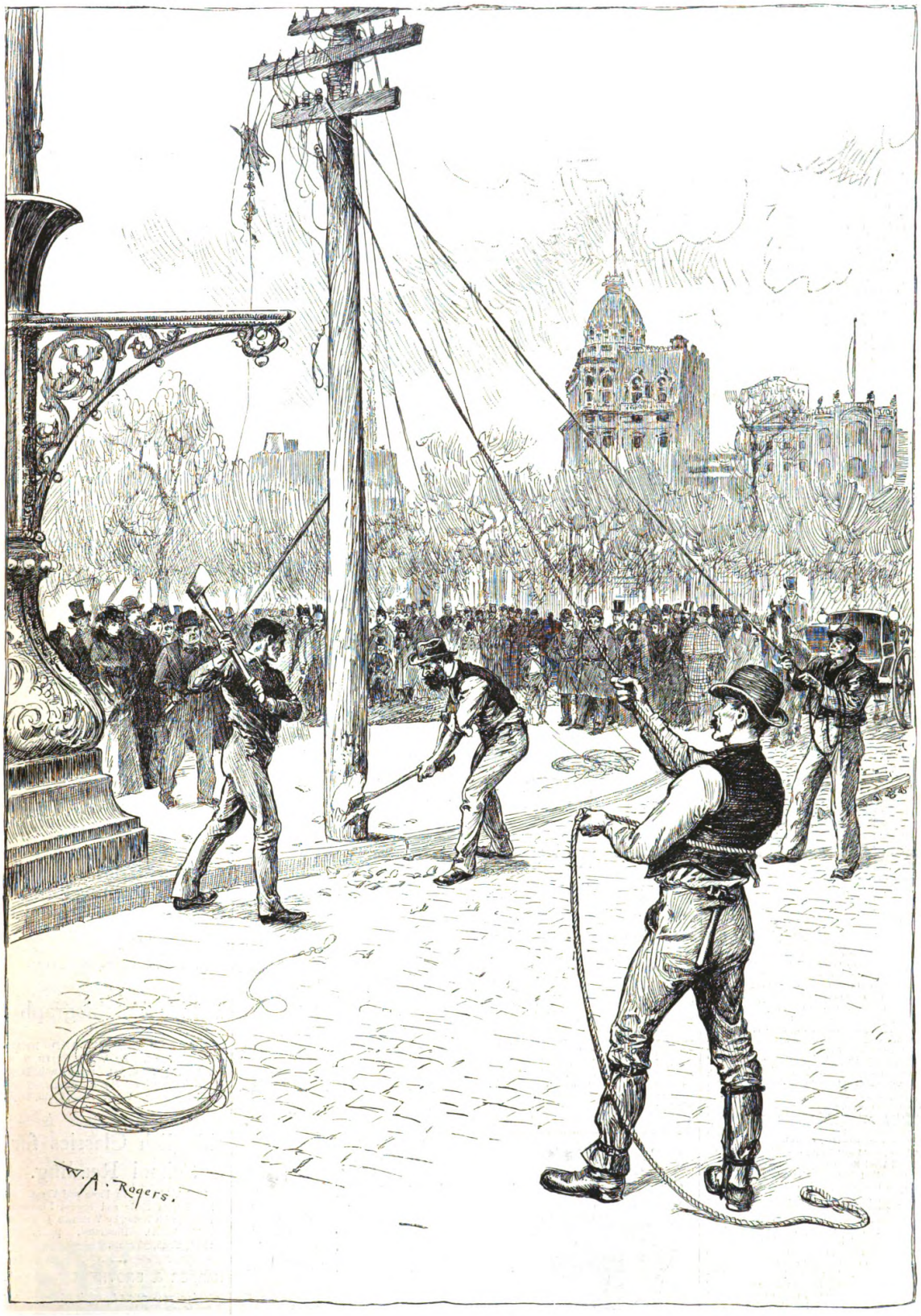
It does not matter now. Alas! nothing matters much to Heron. It has had its boom, and failed. The men who sold corner lots at fifty dollars a front foot have doubtless figured in many another boom since. Possibly they are at work just as enthusiastically at one of the two other entrance points to the Cœur d'Alene region, for the mines proved valuable after all, and are now being worked.

Julian Ralph.



THE CENTENNIAL MEDAL.—From the Bronze by Augustus St.-Gaudens.—[See Page 335.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



REMOVING THE TELEGRAPH POLES IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 331.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A PROFITABLE LAW.

JUST two years have elapsed since the Inter-State Commerce Law was placed upon the Federal statute-books. Every one will remember the despairing outcry that the railroad companies raised against it. The almost universal prediction of railroad managers was that it would result in the ruin of the properties in their charge. The public accepted the enactment with equanimity, being satisfied to give a fair trial to any measure aimed at the correction of existing abuses. Sufficient time has passed since the law became operative to permit the formation of an intelligent opinion as to its general effect. Naturally, differences as to its value and as to the results obtained under it still exist, but to the majority of well-informed and thoughtful people, especially those who are not biassed by personal interest, it must seem very plain that good reasons for such differences are rapidly disappearing.

Of course it has taken a long time to establish and put in motion the machinery necessary to the execution of the law. It is no small matter to enforce new methods upon a hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad, and to obtain supervision of the tens of thousands of persons who are responsible for their management and operation. Fully a year was required for that work, if indeed it is yet completed. Besides, the law has had to be tested by experience. Its literal enforcement in all respects at the start, even if such a thing were possible, would have worked harshly and unjustly against many important interests. Fortunately its execution has been in the hands of officials whose intelligence and integrity have never been questioned, and who have, so to speak, felt their way with great commonsense. They have assumed a certain latitude in doing so, for which no one will call them to account. The railroads have been given ample time to adjust themselves to the new conditions.

A review of what has been accomplished under the law is pertinent at this time, not only because of the anniversary of its enforcement, but because of the recent important progress that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has made toward extending the scope of the enactment. Taking results up chronologically, it is necessary to refer first to the abolition of discrimination in the matter of rates. This was one of the greatest abuses against which the law was directed. It is one that affects unfavorably every one interested except the favored shipper and the official who is a party to it, and who invariably derives personal profit from the transaction. It has been the cause of fully nine-tenths of the rate wars that have depreciated railroad properties. The law as originally passed did not cover this point as fully as was desirable, but the amendments passed at the close of the last session of Congress have increased the powers of the Commission, and provided a penalty that can be enforced against both officials and shippers to the extent of landing the culprits in the penitentiary. The result is enforced honesty all around and uniform rates, which are synonymous with profitable rates.

Another important reform has been the cutting off of a vast amount of gratuitous facilities furnished by the railroads, such as free passes and rebates in a great variety of forms. This work is still going on, and with it the payment of commissions, especially upon passenger traffic, is being abolished. Both of these irregularities have made heavy drains upon the income of the railroads. The practice that has been found so successful in other branches of business—namely, one price to all—is being forced upon the railroads, to the discomfiture of their employés, but to the great advantage of the owners.

From raving against the Inter-State Commerce Law the railroads have begun to form organizations among themselves to facilitate its enforcement. They recognize that it has come to stay, and that no modifications of it can be obtained until experience, not theory, has proved that they are desirable. We are now brought to the most recent development under the law, which is the decision just issued that the Canadian roads doing business in the United States are amenable to the act as regards traffic originating in our borders. The bitterest complaints made against the Inter-State Law have been that it discriminated against American railroads and in favor of Canadian roads by limiting the acts of one group, but leaving the others free to control the traffic at such rates as they might see fit to make. The ruling in the case of the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada disposes of this valid objection, its essential parts being as follows:

"The provisions of the act to regulate commerce apply to common carriers engaged in the transportation of passengers or property for a continuous carriage or shipment from a place in the United States to a place in an adjacent foreign country.

"Under the provisions of the act the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada is required to print, post, and file its schedules of rates and charges for the transportation of property from points in the United States to points in Canada, and cannot lawfully charge, demand, collect, or receive from any person or persons a greater or less compensation therefor, or for any services in connection therewith, than is specified in such published schedule as may at the time be in force."

These considerations do not seem to have influenced Wall Street very much as yet, but they are gradually being appreciated by stockholders, and have been effective in checking liquidation in railroad securities. For the moment Wall Street is comparatively lifeless, owing to the Easter holidays and the near approach to the centennial celebration. Such developments as have been noted are bound, however, to tell in the sum of influences that bring about a restoration of confidence in the management and in the securities of our railroads. The current gross traffic returns from a generally lighter volume of business than last year indicate very clearly that the strict enforcement of the law brings the railroads more money than heretofore, and the net results will show even more gratifying results. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, April* 20, 1889.

MAN WANTS A TONIC

When there is a lack of elastic energy in the system, shown by a sensation of languor and unrest in the morning, frequent yawning during the day, and disturbed sleep at night, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters infuses unwonted energy into the enfeebled and nervous, endowing them with muscular energy, an ability to repose healthfully, and digest without inconvenience. Nervousness, headache, biliousness, impaired appetite, and a feeble, troublesome stomach, are all and speedily set right by this matchless regulator and invigorant. The mineral poisons, among them strychnia and nux vomica, are never safe tonics, even in infinitesimal doses. The Bitters answers the purpose more effectually, and can be relied upon as perfectly safe by the most prudent. Fever and ague, kidney troubles, and rheumatism yield to it.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



ACHING Sides AND Back
Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pain, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Weakening Pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster, 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.



The Ball-Pointed pens never scratch nor spurt: they hold more ink and last longer.
Seven Sorts, for ledger, rapid, or professional writing.
Price $1.20 and $1.50 per gross.
Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.
The "Federation" holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.
Price 5, 15, and 20 cents. *Of all Stationers.*

The Kodak.



ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*
Price, $25.00.
Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.
The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.





Used by the Earl and Countess of Limerick.
Used by the Earl and Countess of Elgin.
It will force the hair to grow.
It will fasten falling hairs.
It will make the hair thick, strong, and long.
It will actually cure scurf and dandruff.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.



TO STOUT PEOPLE.
ADVICE FREE. HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT without starvation diet or nauseous drugs. Treatise and full information sent sealed for 6 stamps.
Address E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

"POKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDEST and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P.O. Box 1029.

PARIS DRESSES AND MANTLES.
MADAME JOSEPHINE GILLES ET CIE.,
17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris,
Many years with MAISON LAUR. English well spoken.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

Arnold Constable & Co
WRAPS AND COSTUMES.
PARIS STYLES.
MANTLES, SUITS, WRAPS, JACKETS.
Broadway & 19th st.
New York.

NEW BOOKS
Just Ready:

I.
REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF
Historical Literature.
By C. K. Adams, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.
A MANUAL OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE, comprising Brief Descriptions of the most Important Histories in English, French, and German, together with Practical Suggestions as to Methods and Courses of Historical Study, for the Use of Students, General Readers, and Collectors of Books. By CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, LL.D., Professor of History, and President of Cornell University. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. pp. xl., 720. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

II.
Farces
By W. D. Howells.
THE MOUSE-TRAP and other Farces. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART and HARPER PENNINGTON. pp. vi., 184. 12mo, Cloth, $1.00.

RECENT WORKS BY W. D. HOWELLS.
ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.
APRIL HOPES. A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.
MODERN ITALIAN POETS. With Portraits. 12mo, Half Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2.00.

III.
The Tramp at Home.
By LEE MERIWETHER, Special Agent of the U. S. Department of Labor, Author of "A Tramp Trip; or, How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day." Illustrated. pp. xiv., 296. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1.25.

IV.
Frith's Autobiography.
VOLUME II.
MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES. By W. P. FRITH, R.A. Vol. II. pp. viii., 334. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.
Uniform with "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," Vol. I. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

V.
English Classics for School Reading.
FAIRY TALES. In Prose and Verse. Selected from Early and Recent Literature. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., Litt.D. Illustrated. pp. x., 188. 16mo, Cloth, 36 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



LONGEVITY.

YOUNG FELLOW (*teasing the neighborhood Methuselah*). "Unc Enoch, they tell me that Limpy Jim over there claims to be older than you are."

UNC ENOCH. "Doan yer mine 'em, chile; Ise oler'n Jim, an' always wuz; oler'n him when we wuz boys togedder."

THE AGONIES OF LUMBAGO.

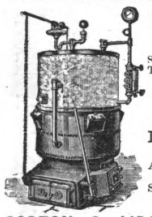
W. S. Phillips, East River National Bank, New York, writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony in favor of your valuable Plasters. Last October I had a very severe attack of Lumbago and suffered untold agony; could not turn in bed or get in any position without assistance, and with pains almost unbearable. The folks suggested ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. As soon as possible I had one applied to the small of my back, and to my great surprise I experienced almost instant relief. I continued wearing it until entirely cured, and am happy to say that I have not had the slightest symptoms of Lumbago since. They are a wonderful and valuable Plaster for Lumbago, and I take much pleasure in recommending them."

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

HOUSE HEATING BY STEAM

Is the Best and Most Economical Method.



THE "GORTON" BOILER,

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION. MADE OF BEST MATERIALS.

AUTOMATIC, SELF-FEEDING, ECONOMICAL IN USE OF FUEL.

Any servant girl can run it with ease.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description and prices.

GORTON & LIDGERWOOD CO.,

96 Liberty Street, N. Y.

Branches: 159 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.; 34 & 36 West Monroe Street, Chicago.

GET the Five Numbers Franklin Square Collection if you want a Thousand (**1000**) of the Best Songs and Hymns in the world. Nothing better for **Gifts on Holidays, on Birthdays,** or, indeed, at any other time in the year—when anybody about the house can play or sing or enjoys music. The several Numbers are uniform in size and price. Paper binding, each, Fifty Cts.; Cloth, One Dollar. They are sold everywhere, or will be mailed to any address, on receipt of price, by Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York.



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.



The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF THE

CIVIL WAR

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

AU BON MARCHÉ

An establishment acknowledged to be most worthy of its name, owing to the quality and real cheapness of all its goods.

MAISON ARISTIDE BOUCICAUT, PARIS.

Any article bought, and not used or defaced, which should not come up to expectation, will be exchanged or its value refunded.

MAGASIN DE NOUVEAUTES

Offering in all its branches the most complete, the richest, and the most elegant choice of all classes of goods.

Silks, New Dress Materials, Stuffs, Prints and Satteens, Ladies' and Children's Costumes, Mantles, Dressing-Gowns, Draped Skirts, Jerseys, Furs, Baby Linen, Ladies' and Children's Underclothing and Trousseaux, Notions, Trimmings, Millinery, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Scarfs, Parisian Novelties, Umbrellas and Parasols, Fans and Perfumery, Ready-made Tailoring, Travelling Outfits, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Linens, Calicoes, Curtains, Table Linen, Furnishing Goods, Carpets, Beds and Bedding, etc.

A system of selling everything at a small profit and of thoroughly reliable quality is absolutely maintained at the **BON MARCHÉ.** This system, sincerely and loyally adhered to, has gained an uninterrupted and unprecedented success.

Patterns and illustrated catalogues are, on demand, sent postage free to any part of the world.

It being impracticable to forward goods to the United States and Canada, payable on delivery, we beg our customers, on sending their orders, to enclose the amount of their purchases, as also the charges for packing and transportation.

All purchases amounting to a value of 25 francs are forwarded, carriage paid, to the port of embarkation, with the exception of Furniture, Beds and Bedding, and other bulky articles.

The **BON MARCHÉ,** specially constructed for the use of a large Dry-Goods Business, is the largest, best organized, and most conveniently arranged of its kind; it contains all that experience can suggest for utility and good accommodation, and is justly considered one of the sights of Paris.

Interpreters in all languages are at the disposal of any one desirous of visiting the establishment and its annexes.

The **BON MARCHÉ** is, above all others, the establishment most frequented by foreigners residing in Paris, or visiting the European Continent.

Every effort is made to merit this preference, and the successive enlargements, some of which have only recently been inaugurated, admit of adding daily some new improvement, and of offering, even more than heretofore, during this year of the International Exhibition, all the advantages and attractions which its customers will not fail to appreciate, and which render the **BON MARCHÉ** the most **Unique Establishment in the World.**

The **BON MARCHÉ** has no branch establishments or agencies in any part of the world, and its customers are cautioned against persons making fraudulent use of its name.

The **BON MARCHÉ** figures at the International Exhibition of 1889 in Class 18—Furniture and Tapestries; Class 35—Underclothing; Class 36—Ladies' and Children's Toilets and Tailoring, and in the Social Economy section.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

The latest **London** and **Paris** ideas in

PARASOLS, En Tout Cas,
COACHING UMBRELLAS,
MOUNTAIN and SEASHORE UMBRELLAS,

From the very first **London** manufacturer, for whom we are the sole selling agents in the *United States.* We have no hesitancy in asserting that this exhibit cannot be equalled in *America.*

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

An Honest Statement.

In endeavoring to give to their preparation a greater publicity and a wider field of usefulness, the proprietors of **Magee's Emulsion** are presenting no new medicine for popular favor, nor are they attempting to attract public attention to any mysterious compound or doubtful decoction of dangerous drugs and chemicals.

It has been on the market long enough to prove its rare merits to the satisfaction of the thousands who have been benefited by its use, and whose restored health and happy lives bear living testimony to the power and virtue of this excellent preparation.

It has stood the most severe tests of the medical profession, and the fact that no other preparation on the market has been so freely prescribed by doctors in their regular practice is conclusive evidence that this has been the most efficacious in all wasting diseases, such as Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, General Debility, and any low state of the system brought on by exposure, overwork, impurities in the blood, hereditary taints, etc.

Ask your Druggist, and be sure you get

Magee's Emulsion,

Manufactured by

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

WRITE WITH

TADELLA'S ALLOYED ZINC PENS

More durable than pure steel, and smoother than gold. Demand them of your Stationer. Send 10 cents for samples of 12 styles. $1.25 per gross. **ST. PAUL BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., St. Paul, Minnesota, H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., New York.** (*Name this paper.*)

HILL'S MANUAL. The Great Form Book.

Standard in Social and Business Life. Large sales. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write Danks & Turner, **Hill Standard Book Co.,** 103 State St., Chicago, who wish to employ a few more good salesmen.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE MAY.

Social Life in Russia. Part I.
By the VICOMTE EUGÈNE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ, Member of the French Academy.
Thirteen Illustrations by T. DE THULSTRUP.

Ogeechee Cross-Firings.
By RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.
With Nine Illustrations by A. B. FROST;

A Chapter from My Memoirs.
By M. DE BLOWITZ, Paris Correspondent of the *London Times.* With Portrait.

Jupiter Lights.
By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. A Novel. Part V.;

A Meadow Mud-Hole.
By DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.
Illustrations drawn by F. S. CHURCH and from Photographs;

The Dramatic Outlook in America.
By BRANDER MATTHEWS;

A Little Journey in the World.
By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. A Novel. Part II.;

Verse.
THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN. By ANDREW MARVELL. Six Illustrations by ALFRED PARSONS;
POEMS. By WILLIAM WINTER, AMÉLIE RIVES, and DR. T. W. PARSONS;

Agriculture as a Profession.
By JAMES K. REEVE.
Present Condition of Agriculture, and How to Make a Farm Pay;

The Royal Academy.
By COLONEL F. GRANT.
With Portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Edwin Landseer, and other Illustrations;

The Western Outlook for Sportsmen.
By FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.
The Haunts of Game in the West, and where to Find the Best Shooting;

Social Agonies.
Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER. Full-page Illustration;

Editor's Easy Chair.
By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor's Study.
By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Literary Notes. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE...	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number.

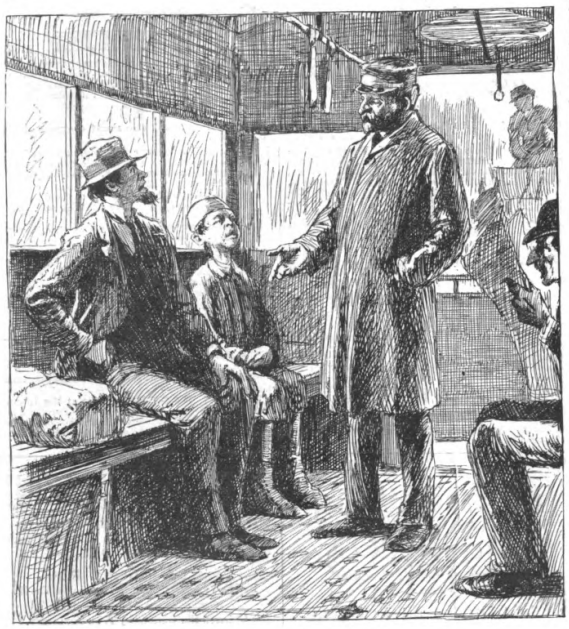
☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of nearly four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents in postage stamps.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A RIGHTEOUS PROTEST.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR (*to passenger*). "You'll have to pay fare for that child, sir; he is over six."

PASSENGER (*indignantly*). "Well, that's the first time I've ever been asked to pay fare for that baby, and he's ridden with me on street cars for nine years and more."

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER



WON

GOLD & SILVER MEDALS

FOR

Championship of the World,

At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888.

151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus **BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.



UNUSUAL Bicycle Bargains.

FIRST-CLASS MACHINES AT THE PRICE OF CHEAP ONES.

A number of second-hand and shop-worn high-grade Bicycles for sale at very low prices. All sizes. Send immediately for Special List.

POPE MFG. CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Foster's

KID GLOVES.

CAUTION!

Kid Gloves bearing imitations of our Lacing Hooks are offered for sale.

The genuine Foster Glove Hooks *do not* catch in Fringe, Laces, &c., nor accidentally unfasten.

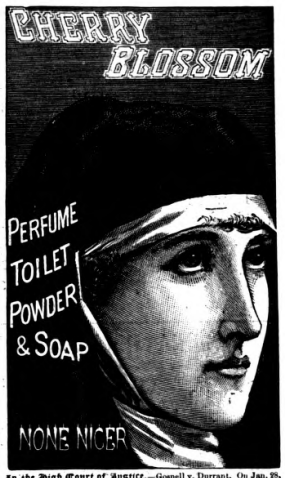
All Gloves with *genuine* Foster Lacings are stamped

FOSTER'S PATENTS.

Demand them and see that you get them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOSTER, PAUL & CO., Manufacturers.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 29, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

CAUTION If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.

SECURUS JUDICAT Apollinaris ORBIS TERRARUM

ELY'S CREAM BALM WILL CURE

CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.





If so, why not?

You may be looking for the best wheels in the world.

Try a Victor.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Makers of Victor Bicycles, Tricycles, and Safeties.

Catalog Free. Boston, Mass.



TOP ROYAL A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE FOR SALE BY ALL MENS FURNISHERS MANF'D ONLY BY

PAT'D AUG 14-88. CORLISS BROS & CO., TROY N.Y.

New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St. Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

TRADE EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD MARK

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

CURE for the DEAF by Peck's Pat. Improved Cushioned Ear Drums. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

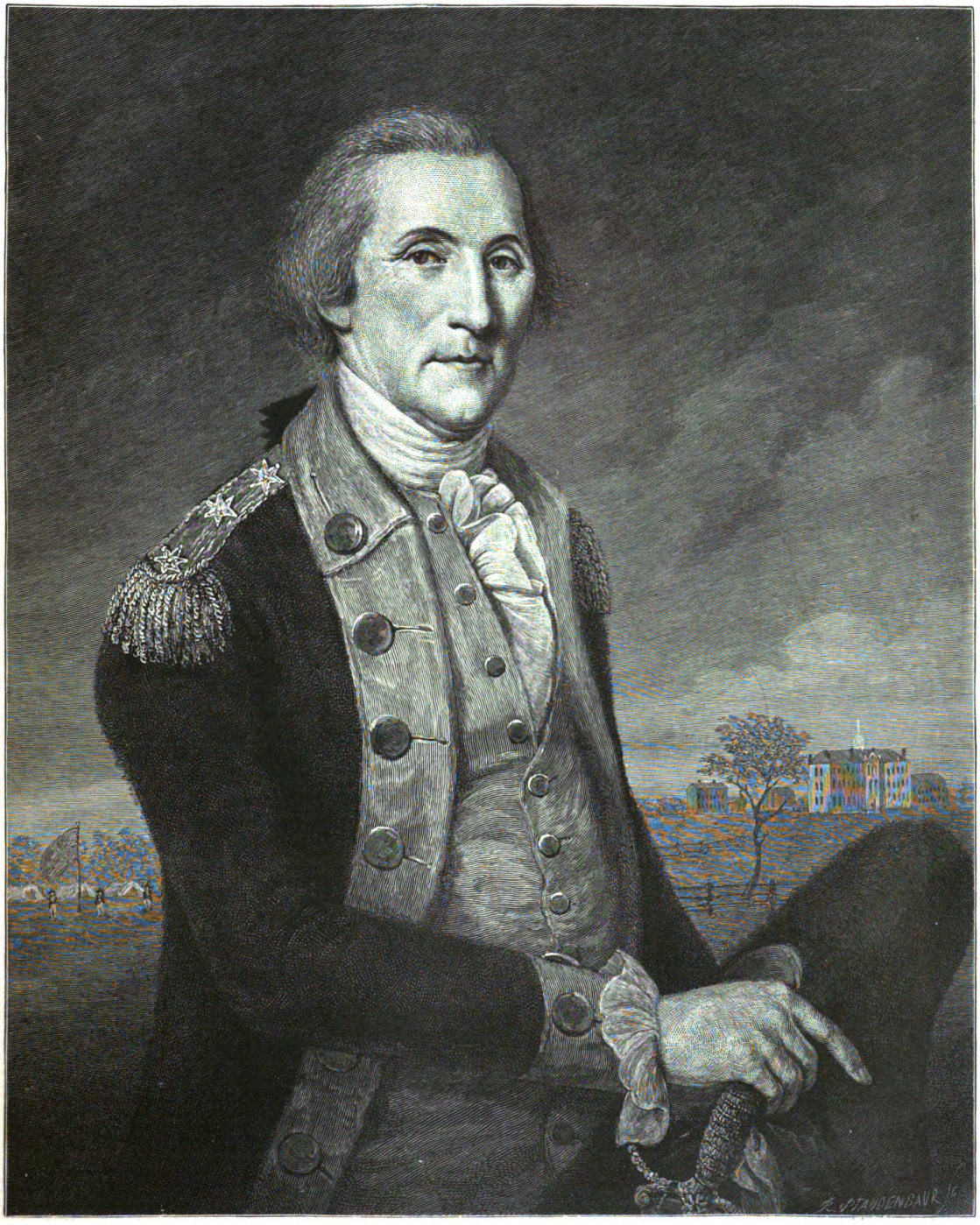
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1689.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



GENERAL WASHINGTON AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.—FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES WILSON PEALE.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A GREAT NUMBER OF THE "WEEKLY."

The Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *to be issued on May 8th will be a Double Number, and will contain a complete pictorial record of the chief features of the* WASHINGTON CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The Number devoted to the Inauguration of PRESIDENT HARRISON *excited universal admiration, but even that will be outdone in amplitude, interest, and artistic excellence by the Number of next week.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1689, WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE CENTENARY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY devotes this issue mainly to the great commemoration of the inauguration of the government and of WASHINGTON. There is universal harmony of opinion upon the event and the man, and to-day we shall remember only the fundamental facts upon which all Americans agree. No people had ever worthier reason for pride in a great occasion and its representative than Americans in the Constitution and in WASHINGTON. The consciousness of this truth is shown by the profound interest which the prospect of commemoration has produced in the public mind and the extraordinary preparations for its due and prolonged observance. A nation in its high hour of imperial power and prosperity looks back a hundred years to its obscure and doubtful beginning; and by a striking coincidence at the very moment of the commemoration the amazing miracle of its growth and development is illustrated by the vast swarm of people which upon a designated day overspreads a vast territory far to the southwest, which was an unknown and pathless wilderness a hundred years ago, and within a few days peacefully improvises a State, with its population and its political and industrial organization, adapting themselves to familiar conditions, and becoming presently an integral part of the national Union. The occupation of Oklahoma is an epitome of the occupation of the continent which the century has witnessed. The shivering and doubtful group of communities which skirted the Atlantic coast in 1789, with a scant four millions of people united by a crumbling tie, a jarring group despised by Europe and secretly distrustful of its own independent continuance, is succeeded by the continental republic of to-day, a foremost nation of the world, in which, man for man, and with all doubts and abatements conceded, the average of intelligence and well-being is higher than in any other historical community.

The spell that has wrought this marvel is the American character and ability which made the Constitution, and which committed to WASHINGTON the organization of the government. It was, as he said at the time, and as was generally said until the civil war, an experiment. WASHINGTON calls it so in his inaugural address, and WEBSTER in his speech on WASHINGTON'S centennial birthday; and it was WASHINGTON'S character and sagacity combined which gave it the impulse of success. He had the true genius of a great administrator. He chose his agents with singular wisdom, and he presided over the whole administration of affairs with supreme judgment, clear perception, and unquailing courage. An admirable illustration of this power, as Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS pointed out some years ago in a public address, was his course in regard to neutrality in the beginning of the Napoleonic wars. No man in the country was more fitted than Mr. ADAMS to treat the subject, for as Minister in England during the civil war he had the most vital reasons for making himself thorough master of the question. But the signal illustration of this sagacity of WASHINGTON in undertaking the greatest task of his life, and, upon the whole, the greatest task of statesmanship that history records, was his selection of the chief officers of the government who were to be his own counsellors. With unerring instinct, at a time when only the indications of party difference were manifest, he included in his council the two chief representatives of the diverging views, in order that the government itself should be established by the consent of all, and that party differences should involve only policies of administration, and not the existence of the government itself. With wisest foresight and comprehension he made JEFFERSON Secretary of State. With the same just instinct, when the immediate and crucial question, which had dissolved the Confederation, and by the threat of anarchy had compelled the adoption of the Constitution, was the question of finance, he made one of the greatest of financiers his Secretary of the Treasury. To-day let us read the words of WEBSTER in speaking of HAMILTON: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprung upon its feet." The functions of the Supreme Court seemed to many shrewd minds to import its absolute dominance in the new constitutional system, and with consummate wisdom WASHINGTON placed at its head a man whose character, like his own, allayed apprehension. "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on JOHN JAY it touched nothing not as spotless as itself."

These are but illustrations of the lofty ability with which WASHINGTON addressed himself to his task, and which in the retrospect makes his administration apparently indispensable to the successful organization of the government under the Constitution. Such great names and events, however, irresistibly suggest a question which can never be more timely than to-day. These were the public men, and these men measure the public life, of a hundred years ago, when New York was a city of thirty-two or three thousand people, and the experimental Union was composed of eleven of the thirteen States of the Revolution. What is the standard of our public life to-day? In addressing Congress in his inaugural speech, WASHINGTON said that in the character of the members he held the surest pledges:

"that as on one side no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views nor party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests, so, on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality, and the pre-eminence of free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world."

He added that he dwelt on the prospect with every satisfaction—

"since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity; since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained."

These were not sentimental and visionary politics a hundred years ago. They were the views of the greatest American. They were the principles by which he organized the government, which without him and without those views would not have been organized. They are the principles and views which prevailed in the civil war, and the great figure of ABRAHAM LINCOLN reminds us that the ideals of the WASHINGTON epoch still survive. Those ideals, those principles and politics, are commemorated with universal honor as essentially and distinctively American by the imposing celebration of these days. They are as practicable now as a hundred years ago, and by them alone can the great work begun by WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON and HAMILTON and JAY be perpetuated in increasing beneficence to future generations.

WASHINGTON AS LOVER AND POET.

WHO was Washington's "Lowland beauty"? Bishop Meade pronounced her Mary Cary, who married Edward Ambler; Lossing declared her Mary Bland. Others have said Lucy Grimes, who married Henry Lee, and became the mother of "Light-horse Harry" (of whom Washington was so fond), and grandmother of General Robert E. Lee. Some have surmised Miss Eilbeck, a beauty of Charles County, Maryland, who married George Mason; others Anne Daniel, one of his Stafford cousins. Of late years the opinion has gained that the lady was Sally Cary, who became the wife of George William Fairfax. This has been hitherto my own conviction, based on certain letters found among the papers of Mrs. Fairfax at her death, at Bath, England (1811), at the age of eighty-one. It now appears to me certain that the "Lowland beauty"—Washington's first love—was Miss Betsy Fauntleroy. Under date of 20th May, 1752, Washington writes to "William Fauntleroy, Sr.":

"SIR,—I should have been down long before this, but my business in Frederick detained me somewhat longer than I expected, and immediately upon my return from thence I was taken with a violent pleurise, which has reduced me very low; but purpose, as soon as I recover my strength, to wait on Miss Betsy, in hopes of a revocation of the former cruel sentence, and see if I can meet with any alteration in my favor. I have enclosed a letter to her, which should be much obliged to you for the delivery of it. I have nothing to add but my best respects to your good lady and family."

As William Fauntleroy, Sen., had a granddaughter named Elizabeth, it is a fair inference that she was the Betsy referred to. That she was the "Lowland beauty" may be inferred from the fact that the letter in which this phrase occurs, though undated, bears evidence of having been written about the time which the probabilities of such explanation suggest. The letter is addressed "Dear Friend Robin"—possibly Robert Washington of Chotauk, affectionately remembered in his will—and the material part is as follows: "My place of residence is at present at his lord-ship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house (Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister). But as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty; whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might alleviate in some measure my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion or eternall forgetfulness, for as I am very well assured, that's the only antidote or remedy that I ever shall be relieved by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me, as I am well convinced, was I ever to attempt anything, I should only get a denial which would be only adding grief to uneasiness." This letter, written after George Fairfax's marriage (17th December, 1748), and before the journey to the Barbadoes (September, 1751), was probably written in the earlier part of 1751. It was while Lord Fairfax's surveyor, which he ceased to be when he sailed with his brother Lawrence, that Washington sojourned at Greenway Court, where he met Mary Cary (m. Edward Ambler, 1752), with a preoccupied heart. He could not have had any love affair with the lady so distantly alluded to in the "Lowland beauty" letter; and I have been led, by a letter just shown me, to believe that he had not then met her. Under date of 15th December, 1748, G. W. Fairfax writes his cousin Robert of Leeds Castle: "Attending here (Williamsburg) on the General Assembly I have had several opportunities of visiting Miss Cary, a daughter of Colonel Wilson Cary of Ceeleys, and finding her amiable person to answer all the favorable reports made, I addressed myself, and having obtained the young lady's and her parents' consent we are to be married on the 17th inst. Colonel Cary wears the same coat of arms as Lord Hansdon." If G. W. Fairfax had to find his opportunities for seeing Sally in her own neighborhood, it is not likely that the Fairfax surveyor, under seventeen years, had met her. The Fauntleroy letter quoted above points to an old disappointment; this and the earlier letter to "Robin" prove that no "Lowland beauty" could have charmed Washington, since he was fifteen, other than Betsy Fauntleroy, of the lower part of the Northern Neck.

Among the barons of the lower Rappahannock, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was Moore Fauntleroy, who supplanted an Indian tribe, conquered and bought its lands, gave no end of trouble to the rulers at Jamestown, and was altogether an imposing figure. His son William married Applia Bushrod; their eldest son was William (1713–93), the father of the "Lowland beauty." She married an Adams—"probably," Dr. Slaughter tells me, "Ebenezer, the Virginia progenitor of the family, who settled first in Old Kent and moved to Henrico, where he had a large landed estate about 1748." Betsy thus became the mother of Thomas Adams, alumnus of William and Mary, signer of the Articles of Confederation, member of the Philadelphia Convention (1778–80). The Adamses have indeed long been a distinguished family in Virginia, whose Historical Society possesses certain "Adams Papers," from which its enterprising Secretary, Dr. Brock, may perhaps derive for us something concerning the personality of Betsy. For the present we must be content to know—and that is not little—that she was Washington's "Lowland beauty," and the inspirer of the two pretty sonnets to be presently given.

That a passion should be very serious for Washington at sixteen will not appear wonderful if it be remembered that he was surveyor of Culpeper at seventeen and major in the militia of Virginia at nineteen. But Washington was only a poor school-boy when—probably at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where Fauntleroys still reside—he fell in love with Betsy. His prudence, precocious as his affections, sealed his lips. With a grief in his heart he started out on his first survey. He wandered among the Indians and the rude Dutch pioneers, whom he describes as equally ignorant with the savages. In his first known letter to "Dear Richard" (probably Corbin) he says: "Since you received my letter in October last, I have not sleep'd above three nights or four in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or bear-skin, which ever is to be had, with man, wife, and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire." It was under these circumstances that Washington composed two little poems in which the pain in his heart was embodied. I cannot discover that they have ever been published, but surely they merit a wide circulation, for they cast a tender light over the lonely lad eating his heart in the forest. I have copied them from the originals, and preserve the faults, which supply a needful time-perspective for the boyish poet's lays.

I.

"Oh Ye Gods why should my Poor restless Heart
Stand to oppose thy might, and Power
At last surrender to Cupid's feather'd Dart
And now laye bleeding every Hour
For her that's Pityless of my grief and Woes
And will not on me Pity take
I'll sleep amongst my most Inveterate Foes
And with gladness never wish to wake
In deluding sleepings let my Eyelids close
That in an enraptured dream I may
In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by Day."

II.

"From your bright sparkling Eyes I was undone;
Rays you have more sparkling than the sun
A midst its glory in the rising Day,
None can you equal in your bright array;
Constant in your calm and unspotted Mind,
Equal to all, but will to none prove kind,
So knowing, seldom one so Young, you'l find
Ah! woe's me that I should love and conceal
Long have I wished, but never dare reveal
Even though severely Love's Pain I feel
Xerxes that great, was't free from Cupid's Dart,
And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart."

It would appear, by the first sonnet, that Washington found at the beginning of life what Voltaire found at its close, "Le bonheur n'est qu' un rêve, et la doleur est réelle." However, somewhere near his nineteenth year he made an effort to realize his dream, and received from Betsy his "cruel sentence." Then followed his dismal journey, with his invalid half-brother, to the Barbadoes; the small-pox suffered at Bermuda, which Betsy might not agree, with Parsons Weems, "marked his face rather agreeably than otherwise"; and after his return the pleurisy (February, 1752), which bequeathed him a pulmonary weakness. And then, alas, came his second rejection by Betsy Fauntleroy.

Such disappointments have caused ardent youths, many generations before *Locksley Hall* was written, to plunge into the wilderness. Washington was seized with a military ambition. He found a Dutchman in Fredericksburg, a fellow-Freemason, Jacob Van Braam, to give him fencing lessons. Jacob had served under Lawrence at Carthagena, and presently became interpreter and comrade of the younger brother. Two months after Washington sent his letter to Betsy through her grandfather, and was presumably rejected, the death of Lawrence made him master of Mount Vernon; but what was a grand homestead without Betsy? Two years later he wrote from the "Camp at Great Meadow" to his brother, "I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound." The King heard of this, and said, "He would not say so if he had been used to hear many." His Majesty smiled at it as rodomontade; possibly he had never known the bitterness of disappointed love, the humiliations of poverty, the longing of undeveloped power for adequate action. "The very journey," says Edmund Randolph (MS. History of Virginia), "through a wilderness without a track opened by civilized man, and infested by Indians not friendly to the English, was truly formidable from its danger and fatigues. But the grandeur of the enterprise animated Washington to commence it on the very day of receiving his commission and instructions. Among the lovers of ease, and those who in the lap of luxury regarded the Western territory as doomed to perpetual savage rudeness, Washington was mentioned as an adventurer meritorious indeed, but below competition or envy." But presently he was the conquering hero, complimented by Governor and burgesses. It is said that when he was riding at the head of his escort through Williamsburg he saw his former sweetheart—now married—at a window, and saluted her with the wave of the sword. Whereupon she fainted.

Washington passed his twenty-fourth birthday in New York, being for a week the guest of Colonel Beverly Robinson. He spent one pound four shillings "treating ladies to ye microcosm," without being satisfactorily treated, it is said, by one of the ladies—namely Mary Phillipse, Mrs. Robinson's sister, his next charmer. It is also said that, long after she had become Mrs. Roger Morris, a little mece said, "Mr. Washington wouldn't be a

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

rebel if he'd married aunty." Perhaps, indeed, we have to thank this Tory dame for not smiling on the young Colonel's suit.

Reference has been made to letters addressed to Mrs. Fairfax (Sally Cary), and found in her desk after her death. These letters, unknown to Sparks, have only in recent years become known to a small circle. The most mysterious of them will appear, I am told, in the second volume of Worthington Ford's *Writings of Washington*. Sally Cary was a famous beauty. It is said that once when she was entering Williamsburg the sentinels demanded of her driver the password. Not hearing what was wanted, she leaned out of the window and said, "Sally Cary." "Pass on!" cried the sentinels; for that indeed was the day's password. When and where she first met Washington is unknown. On her marriage with G. W. Fairfax, Washington's early comrade, she became the mistress of Belvoir, near Mount Vernon. A number of brilliant ladies frequented Belvoir—Mrs. Fairfax's sisters, Mrs. Spearing, Miss Anne Gist, and others—all of whom were naturally interested in the now famous young bachelor at Mount Vernon. Mrs. Fairfax became his sympathetic confidante, and softened the wound which Betsy had inflicted. When he was starting off with Braddock, Sally sewed and mended his clothes, packed his trunk, and he rode away on her finest horse. Writing from the "Camp at Rays Town, 25 Sept. 1758," Washington says: "I should think our time more agreeably spent, believe me, in playing a part of Cato with the company you mention, and myself doubly happy in being the Juba to such a Marcia as you must make. Your agreeable letter contained these words, 'My sisters and Nancy Gist, who neither of them expect to be here after our return from town, desire you to accept their best compliments.' Pray are these ladies upon a Matrimonial Scheme? Is Miss Fairfax to be transformed into that charming Domestick a Martin? and Miss Cary to a Fa—re? What does Miss Gist turn to—A Cocke? that can't be; we have him here. One thing more, and then have done. You ask if I am not tired of your letters. No, Madam, I am not, nor never can be while the lines are an inch asunder to bring you in haste to the end of the paper. You may be tired of mine by this. Adieu, dear Madam, you will possibly hear something of me before we shall meet. I must beg the favor of you to make my compliments to Colonel Cary and the Ladies with you, and believe me that I am most unalterably your most ob't and oblig'd, G° Washington."

Washington's betrothal to the widow Custis was at this time well known. This lady could hardly have relished this letter, but would no doubt have visited it on the merry wife at Belvoir, two years older than Washington. However, Mrs. Custis had much good sense, and would have known as well as the rest of us that her hero's heart was not in a sad condition when he could pun on Messrs. Martin and Cocke, and especially when he could make such an ingeniously bad pun as "Fa-re"—Fairy—Fa-fact, the Latin "re" standing for "fact" (fax). The Fairfax motto is "Fare-fac."

But this little play of Juba and Marcia soon ended. In a few months Washington was wedded to the lady who made him as loyal and devoted a wife as man ever had. The romantic days may have been over for them both, but they grew together. She was pretty, dressed in summer, as I was told by one of her descendants, always in spotless white muslin—and indeed must have satisfied Washington's fondness for beautiful raiment if she wore her splendid brocades, fans, old lace, and ornaments found packed away in the garret at Arlington. "A most amiable woman," wrote S. Johnston, 1790, to James Iredell; "if I live much longer I shall at last be reconciled to the company of old women for her sake." The General's frank admirations excited no jealousy in his wife. The Hon. Jasper Yates writes to his wife (1797): "Mr. Washington once told me, on a charge which I once made against the President at his own table, that the admiration he warmly professed for Mrs. Hartley was a proof of his Homage to the worthy part of the Sex, and highly respectful to his wife." She had a shrine in every young heart related to her, and each must have her miniature, which accounts for the multiplicity of her portraits. But her true womanly portrait is in every sentence of the few letters of hers which remain. In one preserved in the Halyburton family she writes (Philadelphia, November 2, 1778) to her brother: "I am very uneasy at this time—I have some reason to expect that I shall take another trip to the northward—the poor General is not likely to come to see us, from what I can hear. I expect to hear certainly by the next Post. If I doe I shall write to inform you and my friends. If I am soe happy as to stay at home I shall hope to see you with my sisters as soon as you are at leisure. Please to give Patty a kiss for me. I have sent her a pair of shoes. There wasn't a doll to be got in the city of Philadelphia, or I would have sent her one." When Washington was at Williamsburg, Virginia, September, 1781, his head-quarters were in the "Six Chimney House," which belonged to the Custis family. There he had passed his honey-moon, and near the door yet stands—or long stood—a yew-tree planted by his wife's own hand. It was the symbol of her perennial love. She had no enmity unless for an enemy of his. When Jefferson came to condole with her after her husband's death, her only words to him were, "Crocodile tears, Mr. Jefferson!" While he was dying Washington was absorbed to the last moment in giving directions concerning his affairs; Martha Washington knelt at his bedside. When he was dead she would not have his room occupied again. Her own room she changed for one whose window looked upon his grave.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1789.

New York in 1789 was comparatively a small city. Philadelphia was by far the larger and the more important place. Statistics of that period are not very reliable, but it is stated, with some authority, that Philadelphia had then 4500 houses, and New York 3340. In 1786 the population of New York was represented by 23,614 inhabitants. In 1790, a year later than that of the inauguration, the figures are 33,131. It might be safe, then, to allow that New York contained in 1789 some 30,000 inhabitants. Undoubtedly on or before inauguration-day there streamed into the city everybody that could manage to get there. It is not impossible, then, to imagine that New York had present on that day 45,000 people who had come to welcome the President. We may look in vain in the prints and journals of that day for methods of conveyance originating with the circumstances of the hour. A single sloop, the *Neptune*, coming from York Town a day or so before, sums up the annals of the coastal fleet. George O'Hara, who advertises "a genteel 2 horse stage from his house in Morris Town by the way of New Ark and Paulus Hook," is about the only enterprising individual, and his notice to the public dates quite a month before. There might have been on April 29th some enthusiastic "New Arkers" who, carried away by the momentous occasion, may have secured seats in the "genteel 2 horse stage" with more solicitude as to their safety and dread of the fatigues of the journey than those who toward the close of February last took the cars at San Francisco so as to cross a continent, and be on time for Mr. Harrison's inauguration at Washington.

Trades-people must have made some preparations for the event, but the signs of their awakening so as to glean profits are few and far between. If for illuminations candles and dips were necessary, we see them quoted, and candles are 3*d.*, and spermaceti 8*s.* 4*d.*, which is a fair price, but "Rum," Westward Islands (Santa Cruz being the best, and quoted at a higher figure), is to be had at a reasonable rate. For the merrymaking and lounging lushings of Madeira, Lisbon, Port, and Fayal wines are offered, but no signs of a lemon, and without the lemon how was a jorum of punch to be properly brewed?

It is satisfactory to learn, however, that, by the arrival of the brig *Brothers*, the fair of New York could deck themselves befitting the occasion, for that brig had brought from England "shaloons, durants, callimancos, wild-bores [whatever they may be], taborets, parunello [*sic*], black and green India Persians, taffetas, gofri, chambri, black Barcelona, pullicat, romall, with Scotch checks." Indeed "a good assortment of seasonable goods." Certainly some of the pretty girls Mr. De Thulstrup has sketched must have taken advantage of these "seasonable goods." The public journals of that day of course give marked prominence to the occasion, but they had not yet succeeded in what is a modern art—that of exciting their public.

In the *New York Packet* of April 28th there is a careful description of a visit paid by that august body, the New York Chamber of Commerce, to the President a day before inauguration, and his introduction to each of its members. With scarce a period to conclude this interesting half a column there follows a line printed in italics, entitled, "*Extract from a letter from Bristol dated 26th Feb 1789.*" It contains something about King George—how he was getting better, and how he hoped to meet Parliament, "to the great joy of all his subjects and the disappointment of some d——d rascals." It may be that the journalist of a hundred years ago had some idea of contrast. News was scarce, or maybe there was not the eager, feverish curiosity then which is rife to-day. The Father of his Country interviewed! If he had lived to-day, and such an event had occurred, exactly what he ate for dinner (Pater Patriæ was very fond of eating nuts at dessert), and who tied his queue would have been all described. But Washington had a certain austerity and dignity of manner which would not brook impertinent intrusion. When after his inauguration he took his promenade on the Battery, he went first and alone, and his secretary or those attached to his person followed at "a respectful distance."

It had been uncertain weather on the 23d of April, when the General had arrived in New York in that barge of state which cost £300, the oars handled by thirteen masters of vessels, when Commodore James Nichol, Sen., had the President under his special charge, and Thomas Randall was cockswain. Elias Boudinot, who tells us all about it, says the weather was threatening, and that at night the rain fell, but no water could put out the illuminations. The whole procession was over "before it began to rain."

It was a pleasant day on the 30th. There must have been a spell of dry weather, otherwise particular instructions would not have been given for "water carts." As there were to be thousands in the streets, and parades and processions, the dust must be laid. New York got up early that morning, and breakfasts were quickly despatched. Hospitality had been exercised to its utmost limits. The houses were full of guests. Certainly no one had a relative in the Jerseys, or in Pennsylvania or Delaware, or in Maryland or Virginia that had not been invited. There must have been many late arrivals, and Mr. De Thulstrup shows the phaeton and the chariots coming in. You will notice how superb is the colored coachman before and the footman behind that coach. That contains people of distinction. If you are fully informed as to the colonial period—and the inauguration of General Washington barely closes it, remembering too that in the overlapping of one series of years with another the exact line of demarcation is difficult—you will bear in mind, then, that the well-to-do Boston gentleman was as fully conscious of what was good style as was the gentleman from the Carolinas. Boston was not entirely Puritan, nor South Carolina Cavalier. Those who had means in Massachusetts, Virginia, or South Carolina liked to be considered as "people of quality." Your true Dutchman of New York rather despised fine things and handsome equipages, and cared more for material comforts. The Philadelphian of the last century, having been under Quaker influences, was rather indifferent as to fine carriages and turnouts. There were Sedan-chairs in New York and Boston long after they had been abandoned in Philadelphia.

New York was promptly up on the morning of the 30th. The artist shows that God was invoked on that propitious day, for in the hand of one of the young women there is a Prayer-book. There had to be men-at-arms to keep the streets clear. There is a soldier on the sidewalk, who, firelock in hand, will prevent the throng from blocking the way. The mounted man has to care for the passing vehicles. All is bustle and hurry. It can only be the *élite*, the chosen few, who can see the President taking his oath of office at the Federal State-House. That building had been thronged ever since ten o'clock. From Broad Street, in the first house nearest to the Hall, Miss Eliza Quincy, who is on the roof, can see the throng "so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads of the people." Miss Quincy is so near that in that hushed moment when Washington speaks she can hear him. Then when he has kissed the Bible up flies the flag to the cupola, out thunders the artillery at the Battery; and now "all the bells in the city rang out a peal of joy, and the assembled multitude sent forth an universal shout."

Mr. De Thulstrup's sketch, locally correct, represents what were the buildings and conditions of New York in the neighborhood of Broadway and Ann Street one hundred years ago. The open space now occupied by the City Hall Park must have allowed room for the crowd to assemble. The large building in the distance is the City Almshouse. The crowd must have been making its way to Broadway, and thence by the streets leading to the East River side toward the great centre of interest, Federal Hall, at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, which site is now occupied by the Treasury building. Just about where the first of our Presidents took the oath of allegiance now stands his statue.

THE WASHINGTON TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

Spanning Fifth Avenue from curb to curb, about one hundred feet north of Washington Square, and between the residences of ex-Mayor Cooper and the Misses Rhinelander, stands the Washington Triumphal Arch, erected after designs by Mr. Stanford White, of the firm of McKim, Mead, & White, architects, by residents of North Washington Square and lower Fifth Avenue. The arch is built entirely of wood, and is ornamented with a frieze of garlands, and with wreaths of laurel in papier-maché. It is painted ivory white. As far as possible, for so temporary a structure, the design follows the regular type of classic arch. It spans the roadway, and to avoid obstructing the sidewalk, the piers have not been made quite as wide as the structure would naturally call for in the matter of proportion. The idea has been to carry out a type of architecture which prevailed during colonial and Washington's own time, and which belongs more naturally to this country than any other style. The private residences on both sides are somewhat of this order of architecture, and details of both have been reproduced in the arch. The dimensions of the arch are as follows: width of archway, 41 feet; height to spring of arch, 22 feet; height of archway, 43 feet; height to cornice, 55 feet; entire height, inclusive of statue on apex, 71 feet; entire width of arch, 51 feet.

A statue of General Washington, 10 feet high, stands upon a pedestal on the apex of the arch. It is of carved wood, painted, and represents the Father of his Country in Continental uniform—blue dress-coat with brass buttons, buff breeches, and riding boots. The right arm hangs extended by his side, and the left, holding a cocked hat, rests lightly on the hip. This statue is said to have been erected on the Battery in 1792, and to have been the first erected in this city. It bears evidence of great age. At the foot of the statue is a large trophy of our national flags, and from the four corners of the arch streamers of flags are extended to the cornices of the adjoining residences. Four large bunches of flags arranged as trophies on the sides of the arch at its spring contain, alternating with our national flag, those of the foreign nations from whom our population is mainly recruited by immigration. Upon either key-stone is perched a fine stuffed specimen of the American bald-headed eagle; the larger of these birds measures 7 feet 6 inches from tip to tip. In an adjoining yard a dynamo has been erected temporarily; from this wires have been carried to the arch, which at night will be brilliantly illuminated by electric light, several hundred lights being so arranged as to bring out in glittering relief the outlines of the structure and its decorations.

THE MARCHING TROOPS.

A century's story is told in the contrast between the military parade of April 30, 1789, and the one of April 30, 1889. The forces at Washington's inauguration comprised a troop of horse, some artillery, two companies of grenadiers, and two or three companies of light infantry—all told, about five hundred men. This was a small array compared with the great marching column at the centennial celebration, with its many thousands of regulars and of militia from all parts of the Union.

In the parade of 1789 the troop of cavalry was equipped like Lee's partisan legion; the Scotch Infantry was in full Highland costume; the New York Grenadiers wore blue coats with red facings and ornaments of gold lace, cocked hats with white feathers, white waistcoats and breeches, and their gaiters or spatter-dashes buttoned from the knee to the shoe; while the German Grenadiers had blue coats and buff waistcoats and breeches, black gaiters, and tall black bear-skin head-gear. The comparatively simple uniform of the regulars of to-day, and the approaches to it in the fatigue dress of several of the State militias, form a noticeable contrast to the variety of color and cut among the five hundred soldiers who formed Washington's escort. Nevertheless, the great centennial parade brings out many distinctive uniforms, which give variety and picturesqueness to the display; and accordingly in this number of the Weekly we furnish illustrations of these military costumes, for which we are largely indebted to the courtesy of Kinney Brothers.

In arms and equipment the change from old times to ours is perhaps still more remarkable. Under the first term of Washington's administration the militia-man was required by act of Congress to provide himself with "a good musket or firelock of a bore sufficient for balls of the eighteenth part of a pound, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints and a knapsack, a pouch with a box therein to contain not less than twenty-four cartridges, suited to the bore of his musket or firelock, each cartridge to contain a proper quantity of powder and ball." Officers were also to appear armed with "a sword or hanger, and a spontoon," this last being a weapon something like a halberd, used instead of a half-pike by infantry officers a century ago. Other statutes of that date require "a fusee" and "twenty balls and a quarter of a pound of powder."

HENRY G. PEARSON.

All the active life of Henry George Pearson, who died April 20th, at the residence of his father-in-law, ex-Postmaster-General James, at Highwood, New Jersey, may be said to have been spent in the postal service of the United States government. He was born in the city of New York in July, 1842. His father went to California during the excitement of 1849 following the discovery of gold, and died there, leaving his family in humble circumstances. Young Pearson had no opportunity for education except that afforded by the public school, and had to begin early to earn his own living. At the age of fourteen he was employed in the New York Custom-house, and in 1860, after a short experience as a book-keeper, obtained a position in the Post-office as a stamper and distributer. His mental quickness and close attention to the work soon gave him exceptional expertness, and when, in 1863, the politicians secured his removal, because he was of no use to them, it was found that no one else had his knowledge of route distribution, and he was speedily reinstated. In October, 1864, he was made an assistant clerk in the Railway Mail Service, on the line between New York and Washington. He advanced in that branch of the service until he became in 1871 the head clerk upon the line. When Thomas L. James took charge of the Post-office in 1873 he made Pearson Superintendent of Mails, afterward Acting Assistant Postmaster, and finally Assistant Postmaster. By this time he had acquired a thorough knowledge of all the details of post-office work, and as the Postmaster's chief assistant, had immediate charge of the greater part of it. When General James became Postmaster-General in Garfield's Cabinet in 1881 he recommended Pearson as his successor, and so fully had his ability and merit become known that a petition for the appointment was signed by 20,000 citizens, including most of the leading business men of the city. So strong was the demand for his promotion that all other candidates for the place retired, and he received the appointment without opposition. Not only had he served in all grades of office work, but had also acted as Special Agent of the Post-office Department in New York, and as the Agent for the Inspection of Mail Equipment. From 1873 to 1881 he was Chairman of the Post-office Civil Service Board.

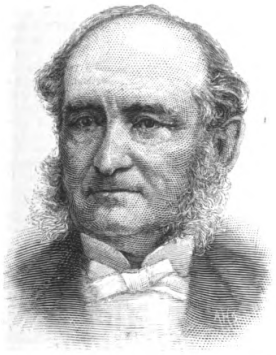
Mr. Pearson was by nature and training peculiarly fitted for his position as the head of the largest Post-office in the country, and was devoted wholly to making its service as efficient as possible. He sought only for the qualities in his subordinates which would give value to their service, and made appointments and promotions only for merit. When the Democratic party came into power in 1885 there was a general demand for his reappointment, on account of the perfection to which the administration of the Post-office had been brought, and the fear that it would deteriorate if a change should be made. He was retained, but the politicians of neither party sympathized with the motives that led to his continuance in office. He was unable during his second term to get from Congress the appropriations necessary for an increase of force commensurate with the growing demands of the office, or from the Post-office Department at Washington the support for his plans and suggestions that was needed to make its administration easy as well as efficient. The result was an amount of overwork and worry that broke down his health in the prime of life. He never gave himself the needed rest or took time for recreation or recuperation from overwork, but devoted himself unremittingly to the heavy task of keeping up the efficiency of the Post-office in spite of all difficulties and drawbacks. The result was a development of internal tumors which caused his death. While acting as Postmaster James's assistant Mr. Pearson made the acquaintance of that gentleman's daughter, who became his wife. Personally Mr. Pearson was singularly modest and retiring, and of a gentle and candid nature that attached closely to him the few who knew him intimately.

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE WASHINGTON ARCH AT FIFTH AVENUE AND WASHINGTON SQUARE.—Drawn by Charles Graham from the Architect's Design.—[See Page 343.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE REV. BRADFORD K. PIERCE, D.D [See Page 354.]



THE LATE HENRY G. PEARSON, POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 343.]



MARVELLE W. COOPER, APPRAISER OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Ludovici.—[See Page 354.]

A GREAT NEW YORK FIRE.

Not the largest fire New York has ever seen, but the largest in very many years, was the conflagration of April 19th. As a spectacle, nothing more beautiful has ever been seen in the city than the vast pillar of flame that nearly all night illuminated the western sky. As a vision of disaster, nothing for a long time has carried such dismay to the underwriters, for more than three million dollars vanished in the tremendous clouds of smoke that floated slowly off toward the north. All was insured, so that the insurance companies, and not the New York Central Railroad Company, whose property was destroyed, were the losers.

The fire began in a brick building used as a storehouse by a lard company and by a grain and provision house. This was situated between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets and Eleventh and Twelfth avenues. The inflammable contents of the building fed the flames so rapidly that in spite of the efforts of the seventy men and boys employed on the premises, the fire was uncontrollable before the Fire Department could come to the rescue. Before the total destruction of this building occurred the only fatal accident of the fire was witnessed by thousands of persons who had gathered to watch the beautiful show. The flames had spread so rapidly that one of the workmen was caught in a third-story room. He might have escaped, for a ladder was put to the window by the firemen, but he was so badly bewildered that he was unable to climb out, and at the last moment, when fairly singed with the flames, he leaped or fell to the sidewalk, and was almost instantly killed.

The gathering crowds that were attracted had every opportunity to see the fire, for on all sides, excepting the water-front, are cliffs and crags that form a natural amphitheatre. The blaze was so great that it was visible from all parts of the city, and it was estimated that 30,000 spectators went to the scene. They saw the flames leap from the storehouse to a great grain elevator, ten stories high, and holding 120,000 bushels of oats. This was speedily consumed, and the next elevator, nearly as large, but also far from full, was ignited, and in a short time totally destroyed. Then, with a mighty burst, the whole tremendous conflagration seemed fairly to leap forward on some enormous sheds, in which were stored quantities of oil. These once fairly aflame, all efforts to check the fire were useless, and in some six hours' time an area of several acres was almost entirely denuded of buildings. From Fifty-ninth to Sixty-fifth streets, and from the water-front back to Eleventh Avenue, little was left but a mass of charred ruins.

The fierceness of the blaze can be estimated by the fact that whole sheets of heavy wrapping paper were carried by the draught full half a mile in the air, and dropped more than four miles away from the scene of the fire. Not for twenty-four hours were the flames entirely quenched, but after the first six hours they were under control. The fire was a cogent reminder of the danger to which New York is exposed by the neglect of ordinary precautions against the placing of highly combustible materials where the rapid ignition of surrounding buildings is almost a certainty. As the *Evening Post* put the case: "It wanted only a gale of wind blowing from the northwest instead of a light wind from the southwest to have engulfed the city as completely as Chicago was engulfed in October, 1871. Even under conditions favorable in respect of the sheltered position of the burning buildings, the proximity to water, the aid of the Fire Department's steamboats, the mild temperature, and the slight wind, one side protected by the river and another side by the bluff, a breast of flame gathered wider in extent than any fire brigade in the world could manage."



THE GREAT FIRE ON THE RIVER FRONT BETWEEN FIFTY-NINTH AND SIXTY-FIFTH STREETS, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Schell & Hogan.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

It is not much to say that General WASHINGTON would be surprised could he witness the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of his inauguration as President in New York city on April 29th, 30th, and May 1st. It is a great deal, however, to say what is equally true—that it will surprise every American now alive who sees it. Already the busy men who planned it, and who at first figured conspicuously in the preparations, are lost to public view, swallowed up in the immensity of the public participation which they inspired. The very citizens of New York began wondering last week how they were to see it, for they clearly foresaw that for three days their best streets, their parks, and all the buildings which have been their vantage-points on grand occasions were to be taken from them by the nation at large. There have been public displays and pageants of greater magnitude, but never in America. And never was there pomp and ceremony so inspiring and impressive as this jubilation of a mighty people celebrating a century of self-government, liberty, and equality.

All the plans are laid as this issue of the WEEKLY goes to press; the programme for each of the three days is agreed upon. Practically nothing remains undone but the giving of the word of command to set the great creation in motion. This the President will have done in effect when at midnight on Sunday, April 28th, he steps into a private car of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Washington to be carried in a few hours over the route to New York which WASHINGTON was obliged to consume nearly a week in traversing.

Arriving at Elizabeth, New Jersey, at about eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, April 29th, President HARRISON will be met at the depot by the people of the place, who have already organized a grander parade (of 5000 persons) than WASHINGTON saw in the nation's capital a century ago. It is a curious and a significant fact that little Elizabeth is a larger city to-day than great New York was then. As WASHINGTON was received by the Governor of New Jersey, so will President HARRISON be made welcome by the present incumbent of that office, at whose house the President will breakfast. From a stand before Governor GREEN'S house the President will review the procession, made up of citizen soldiery, Grand Army men, and the descendants of the farmers of 1789, who will now imitate their ancestors by appearing as Continental soldiers, and in mimicry of various pursuits of the older time, such as going to the mill, spinning by hand, etc. There will be men disguised as Indians to perfect the illusion. Returning to his car, in which the members of his cabinet will have breakfasted, the President will journey the two miles to the water-side, which in WASHINGTON'S time was called "the Point," but which is now Elizabethport. There he will be taken in a steam-launch to the revenue cutter *Dispatch*, lying out in the channel of the Kill van Kull, the strait which divides Staten Island from New Jersey. Governor GREEN, of New Jersey, will board the government ship with him. At the same time there will steam down from New York to meet the *Dispatch* three large steam-boats, the *Erastus Wiman*, the *Laura M. Starin*, and the *Sirius*, carrying respectively the centennial committees and the guests from Washington, the press reporters, and the Governors and other representatives of the different States. There will be drawn up in line in the North River and upper bay the vessels that are to take part in the greatest naval and marine procession ever seen in America. These will be led by the war ships *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Yorktown*, *Yantic*, *Kearsarge*, *Juniata*, and probably the *Essex*, *Brooklyn*, and *Vesuvius*—the last a dynamite cruiser. There will be six revenue cutters next in line, and then more than four hundred steam-boats, six hundred tugs, and seventy steam-yachts. The war vessels will all be dressed with rainbow arches of signal and other flags, and at the sound of a gun from a navy tug, when the President on the *Dispatch* enters the bay, the yards will all be manned, and every vessel will belch forth a salute of twenty-one guns. It will be a majestic salute that the new navy we are so proudly making will pay to the people as well as their President.

When the *Dispatch* passes the head of the line—the flag-ship *Boston*, commanded by Admiral PORTER—all the vessels, great and small, will fall in line behind her at a speed of six knots an hour. The *Dispatch* will pass the war vessels in the North River, and then turn, and rounding the Battery, will stop at the foot of Wall Street, East River, to allow the President to disembark there, as WASHINGTON did. All the other vessels will continue the "parade" up as far as Newtown Creek, on the East River, and then back and around the Battery, and up the North or Hudson River to a point at about Fiftieth Street. It is supposed that this parade will last until 1 o'clock, P.M.

An arch over the foot of Wall Street will greet the President as he lands, and he will find awaiting him there those officials and others who, with his own retinue, are to escort him to the rooms of the Lawyers' Club in the Equitable Building, on Broadway, the most royally fitted club quarters in the world, in the most costly and substantial private edifice in America. The landing of the President will be made picturesque by copying the example set by the first President, who was rowed ashore by twelve members of the Marine Society of this city—an organization then only eight or nine years old, but enduring to this time. Captain AMBROSE SNOW, president of the society, will act as skipper, with a dozen old sea-captains bending the oars. The procession to the Lawyers' Club will include nine carriages, carrying the Plan and Scope Committee of the celebration, the President, the Governor and Mayor of New York State and city, and another committee official; Vice-President MORTON, the Lieutenant-Governor of New York, another committee-man, and the Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court; the Secretaries of the Departments of State, War, Navy, and Treasury; the Secretaries of the Interior and Agriculture, the Postmaster-General, and Attorney-General; General SHERMAN, Admiral PORTER, Major-General SCHOFIELD, and Senator EVARTS; ex-Presidents CLEVELAND and HAYES, and Senator HISCOCK.

The reception at the Lawyers' Club will last from 2 o'clock, P.M., until 3.30 o'clock, P.M., and will be confined mainly to an introduction of the President's escort and a few other distinguished citizens to himself. As General WASHINGTON merely bowed and did not shake hands when thus introduced to the dignitaries and citizens who met him here, President HARRISON will do no more than bow to those who are presented to him. A luncheon will be served for him and the principal personages in the club quarters.

A public reception of all citizens who care to meet the President will be held by him in the Governor's Room in the City Hall between the hours of 4 o'clock and 5.30 o'clock. President HARRISON will be escorted from the Equitable Building to the City Hall by the Plan and Scope Committee, Governor HILL, Mayor GRANT, and several members of various celebration committees, all in carriages. When WASHINGTON moved through the streets on his arrival in New York the maidens strewed his way with flowers, and therefore as the present President approaches the steps of the stately seat of the city government roses will be flung down before him by one hundred and eighty pupils of the Normal College, all prettily dressed in white. The same young women will afterward repeat to him poems and addresses, and will sing songs appropriate to the occasion. After the reception of the people, the Committee on States will escort President HARRISON to his residence, which in WASHINGTON'S case was a delightful mansion on Franklin Square, but which in General HARRISON'S case will be the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

On that night, April 29th, will be given the grand ball at the Metropolitan Opera-house, which is to eclipse that given to the Prince of Wales a quarter of a century ago far more grandly than that great assembly eclipsed all others that went before it. The entire great opera-house, far the largest theatre in the country, will be decorated for the occasion with gaudy plush and shields and trophies, flags and bunting, the undertone being all garnet and cream-color. The stage and auditorium will be covered over with one great flooring, and at the stage end will be ten boxes, in two tiers. The central one, for the President, will simulate something like a throne, beneath a canopy of silks, satin, lace, velvet, and brass. The magical name of WASHINGTON will be displayed over it, and high above every other decoration, on the proscenium arch, will be a painted portrait of the man who was and is "first in the hearts of his countrymen." The ball will open at nine o'clock. Six thousand tickets to it have been presented or sold. The Mayor, as chairman of the General Committee in charge, will arrive at a quarter past ten o'clock to receive the President a quarter of an hour later. The President will come with MRS. HARRISON, Governor HILL, the Vice-President, MRS. MORTON, and Lieutenant-Governor and MRS. JONES. These distinguished guests will be escorted to their boxes and presented to the various committeemen, after which the dancing will begin, and the President will face the most elaborate, gorgeous, and costly scene ever presented in public or private in this country. The rich hangings of beautifully harmonized colors on the walls, the glittering shields and trophies, the entrancing array of beautiful women, the music by two bands—each relieving the other instantly, so that there shall be no pause in the melody—the banks of tropical verdure, the perfumed atmosphere, the blaze of a myriad of electric lights, the flowers, and the tiers of faces in the galleries, will impress themselves through life upon the minds of thousands who shall view them. The supper-room and buffet at the side of the building will form the grandest refreshment chamber—covering the width of a street and the length of an extraordinary city block—ever prepared for Americans. The President will remain until midnight; the dancers until after daybreak.

The second day of the celebration, the actual centenary of the inauguration of WASHINGTON, begins with divine service in the identical way and identical church (and in presence of the descendants of the identical families and officials) with which this feature of WASHINGTON'S experience on that day was initiated. The selected committee-men call for President HARRISON in carriages and with a notable retinue, led by the mounted police, escort him to the Vesey Street entrance to St. Paul's Church, the ancient edifice next to the Astor House and in front of the *Herald* Building on Broadway.

The President will occupy the identical pew in which WASHINGTON sat, and Governor HILL will be seated in the pew once honored as the seat reserved for Governor CLINTON. The Right Rev. HENRY C. POTTER, Bishop of New York, will officiate, as did Bishop SAMUEL PROVOOST in WASHINGTON'S day. An especial service, arranged for the occasion by the present Bishop, will be observed. While this is proceeding, beginning at nine o'clock, as the worshippers take their seats, the bells in all the church spires of the nation will notify the people of the fact.

At a quarter to ten o'clock the worshippers will retire from the historic church, and taking carriages again, will be driven to the rear entrance to the Sub-Treasury Building at Wall and Broad streets, the site of Federal Hall, which was especially altered from its former plan as a city hall to accommodate the two Houses of Congress. On its open front balcony, in order that all might witness the act, GEORGE WASHINGTON took the oath as President. A heroic statue of him in bronze is now on the granite steps of the newer building, and on April 30th it will be surrounded by a platform, on which only the few who were in St. Paul's can be accommodated. There, in the presence of the limited number that can find room in the narrow streets of the neighborhood, the so-called "Literary Exercises" will take place. They will begin at ten o'clock, A.M., beginning with an invocation by the Rev. RICHARD S. STORRS, of Brooklyn, and followed by a poem written and read by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, an oration by CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, an address by the President, and the benediction by the Roman Catholic Archbishop, the Most Rev. MICHAEL AUGUSTINE CORRIGAN.

The greatest military procession ever seen in a time of peace in America will have already gotten under way when these exercises close. Major-General JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, U.S.A., as Chief Marshal commanding the procession, will have started at noon from Pine Street and Broadway up that great thoroughfare, then literally walled in by sight-seers and by the brilliant and fluttering decorations that will all but hide the fronts of the great commercial buildings and hotels. President HARRISON, his cabinet, and the Supreme Court Justices will be driven in carriages to the reviewing stand in Madison Square—a gorgeously decorated tier of seats, in which especially constructed and ornamented places will be reserved for the great men. The other participants in and guests at the Wall Street exercises will reach the same reviewing stand by means of a special train on the elevated railroad, the only transportation way that will not be blockaded, in all probability, on that day. The procession will be made up of more than 50,000 men. Marching at the usual route-step gait of the United States army, it will take the last rank until eight or nine o'clock at night to traverse the route. The route will be up Broadway to Waverley Place, thence past Washington Square to Fifth Avenue, up Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, around Union Square to Fifteenth Street, to Fifth Avenue, and up that avenue to Fifty-seventh Street. There are triumphal arches of great cost and beauty already up at Wall Street, Waverley Place, Twenty-third Street, and Twenty-sixth Street. A beautiful example of this form of decoration, the arch designed by Mr. STANFORD WHITE, and placed at the foot of Fifth Avenue, on Washington Square, is pictured on another page.

One million persons at least expect to witness the parade. To accommodate 45,000 of them, stands have been built at the City Hall, Union Square, Madison Square, and Washington Square. The Mayor has given permits for nearly 5000 trucks and drays to stand at the corners along Broadway, and standing-room in the windows and balconies has been rented to tens of thousands by enterprising householders. Seats in the public stands have been sold at from twenty-five cents to three dollars each, only a few being free.

At the head of the procession will be the West Point and Annapolis cadets. Then will come 4000 regulars, then 1000 of the naval force marching as infantry, then the State troops in the order in which the States were admitted. Pennsylvania sends 8000 men, New York 12,000, New Jersey 3700, Ohio 3500, and New Hampshire her entire force of 1000 men. The other States send less than 1000 men each. In the line will be found all the very old and very famous military or semi-military bodies of the Union, like the Philadelphia City Troop, the Old Guard of New York, the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, Connecticut, Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, South Carolina, the last with a battle-flag that cheered men's hearts twelve years before WASHINGTON was President. After the soldiers the Loyal Legion will march 150 strong, and then will come 12,000 men of the Grand Army of the Republic. By actual count the bodies thus far admitted include 51,850 uniformed men. The tread of their feet, the rattle of their arms and horses' hoofs, the rumble of their gun-carriages, the crash of their bands, will fill the air of Fifth Avenue for nearly nine consecutive hours, do they never so well in marching.

After that the banquet. In point of numbers present and the extent of the money outlay, the dimensions of the hall and the lavish decorations that will distinguish it, there never was such a dinner in New York. The banqueting hall is to be the Metropolitan Opera-house, the diners will number eight hundred, and the persons admitted to the boxes and galleries will crowd the upper floors of the great theatre. The decorations of the walls and galleries will be as at the great ball, but what was the dancing floor will now be set with tables in successive curves of horseshoe shape, three horseshoes facing three horseshoes, and a central oval table (for the President and cabinet and Governor and Mayor) in the centre of the whole plan. Chef LA PERRUQUE and Chief Steward BUSSE, of the Hoffman House, have charge of the banquet, with $55,000 to expend on that and the supper at the ball. During the banquet they will direct the service of 200 waiters, 72 cooks and carvers, and 115 kitchen girls. The menu is elaborate, and the decorations of the tables include not only glittering silver and flashing crystal-ware and flowers and massive plate, but elaborate and ornate figure pieces emblematic of every stage of our country's history. LANDER'S famous band will play during the evening. It will be a never-to-be-forgotten scene and occasion. While it is in progress the German-American citizens will arrange a monster vocal and instrumental concert in the open air at Madison Square. The banquet at half past six o'clock, the concert at eight o'clock, both in the evening. THEODORE THOMAS will wield the baton over the great orchestra at the concert. During the same evening there will be a monster display of fireworks in Tompkins, Washington, Union, and City Hall squares, and in Canal Street and Mount Morris parks, as well as at Washington Heights, Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, and some places in the annexed district.

The President and cabinet will remain in New York to witness the gigantic industrial parade on the third and last day of the monster celebration. If the military parade of Tuesday, the second day, calls for uncommon phrases, what is to be said of this outturning of the civilians? Jocularly those who have charge of it speak of it as "the two days' tramp." Major-General DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, late United States Volunteers, is the Chief Marshal, and he has already signed permits for more than one hundred thousand men to take places in the line. The line of march is to begin where the military paraders left off—at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue—and retrace the route down-town to the place of disbandment at Canal Street and Broadway. There will be 30,000 members of German societies and unions, and quite as many Irish-Americans; there will be school-boys, policemen, thousands of firemen, semi-military organizations, Hollanders in old Dutch costumes, the Caledonian Club of this city in Highland dress, veteran Zouaves, trades-unions, secret societies—in all, 80,000 men, with wagons, cumbrous floats, and engines in great numbers, beautifying but hindering their progress. The contribution of a coterie of patriotic and artistic German-Americans will be most notable. With $30,000, and twice that value in labor and art work, freely given, they have designed and constructed a great number of floats, that will certainly distinguish the closing day of the celebration even as much as the extraordinary massing of men in the streets and in the marching platoons. Some of the most effective of these are shown on another page of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

XII.

FULKERSON stopped and looked at March, whom he saw lapsing into a serious silence. Doubtless he divined his uneasiness with the facts that had been given him to digest. He pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "See here, how would you like to go up to Forty-sixth Street with me, and drop in on old Dryfoos? Now's your chance. He's going West to-morrow, and won't be back for a month or so. They'll all be glad to see you, and you'll understand things better when you've seen him and his family. I can't explain."

March reflected a moment. Then he said, with a wisdom that surprised him, for he would have liked to yield to the impulse of his curiosity: "Perhaps we'd better wait till MRS. March comes down, and let things take the usual course. The Dryfoos ladies will want to call on her as the last-comer, and if I treated myself *en garçon* now, and paid the first visit, it might complicate matters."

"Well, perhaps you're right," said Fulkerson. "I don't know much about these things, and I don't believe MA Dryfoos does either." He was on his legs lighting another cigarette. "I suppose the girls are getting themselves up in etiquette, though. Well, then, let's have a look at the *Every Other Week* building, and then, if you like your quarters there, you can go round and close for MRS. Green's flat."

March's dormant allegiance to his wife's wishes had been roused by his decision in favor of good social usage. "I don't think I shall take the flat," he said.

"Well, don't reject it without giving it another look, anyway. Come on!"

He helped March on with his light overcoat, and the little stir they made for their departure caught the notice of the old German; he looked up from his beer at them. March was more than ever impressed with something familiar in his face. In compensation for his prudence in regard to the Dryfooses he now indulged an impulse. He stepped across to where the old man sat, with his bald head shining like ivory under the gas jet, and his fine patriarchal length of bearded mask taking picturesque lights and shadows, and put out his hand to him.

"Lindau! Isn't this Mr. Lindau?"

The old man lifted himself slowly to his feet with mechanical politeness, and cautiously took March's hand. "Yes, my name is Lindau," he said, slowly, while he scanned March's face. Then he broke into a long cry. "Ah-h-h-h-h, my dear poy! my yong friendt! my—my— Idt is Passil Marge—not zo? Ah, ha, ha, ha! How gladt I am to zee you! Why, I am gladt! And you rememberdt me? You remember Schiller, and Goethe, and Uhland? And Indianapolis? You still life in Indianapolis? It sheers my hardt to zee you. But you are lidtle oldt too? Tventy-five years makes a difference. Ah, I am gladt! Dell me, idt is Passil Marge—not zo?"

He looked anxiously into March's face, with a gentle smile of mixed hope and doubt, and March said: "As sure as it's Berthold Lindau, and I guess it's you. And you remember the old times? You were as much of a boy as I was, Lindau. Are you living in New York? Do you recollect how you tried to teach me to fence? I don't know how to this day, Lindau. How good you were, and how patient! Do you remember how we used to sit up in the little parlor back of your printing-office, and read *Die Räuber*, and *Die Theilung der Erde*, and *Die Glocke*? And MRS. Lindau? Is she with—"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Deadt—deadt long ago. Right after I got home from the war—tventy years ago. But tell me, you are married? Children? Yes! Goodt! And how oldt are you now?"

"It makes me seventeen to see you, Lindau, but I've got a son nearly as old."

"Ah, ha, ha! Goodt! And where do you life?"

"Well, I'm just coming to live in New York," March said, looking over at Fulkerson, who had been watching his interview with the perfunctory smile of sympathy that people put on at the meeting of old friends. "I want to introduce you to my friend Mr. Fulkerson. He and I are going into a literary enterprise here."

"Ah! zo?" said the old man, with polite interest. He took Fulkerson's proffered hand, and they all stood talking a few moments together.

Then Fulkerson said, with another look at his watch, "Well, March, we're keeping Mr. Lindau from his dinner."

"Dinner!" cried the old man. "Idt's better than breadt and meadt to see Mr. Marge!"

"I must be going, anyway," said March. "But I must see you again soon, Lindau. Where do you live? I want a long talk."

"And I. You will find me here at dinner-time," said the old man. "It is the best place;" and March fancied him reluctant to give another address.

To cover his consciousness he answered, gayly, "Then, it's *auf wiedersehen* with us. Well!"

"*Also!*" The old man took his hand, and made a mechanical movement with his mutilated arm, as if he would have taken it in a double clasp. He laughed at himself. "I wanted to gife you the other handt too, but I gafe it to your gountry a goodt while ago."

"To *my* country?" asked March, with a sense of pain, and yet lightly, as if it were a joke of the old man's. "Your country too, Lindau?"

The old man turned very grave, and said, almost coldly, "What gountry has a poor man got, Mr. Marge?"

"Well, *you* ought to have a share in the one you helped to save for us rich men, Lindau," March returned, still humoring the joke.

The old man smiled sadly, but made no answer as he sat down again.

"Seems to be a little soured," said Fulkerson, as they went down the steps. He was one of those Americans whose habitual conception of life is unalloyed prosperity. When any experience or observation of his went counter to it he suffered something like physical pain. He eagerly shrugged away the impression left upon his buoyancy by Lindau, and added to March's continued silence, "What did I tell you about meeting every man in New York that you ever knew before?"

"I never expected to meet Lindau in the world again," said March, more to himself than to Fulkerson. "I had an impression that he had been killed in the war. I almost wish he had been."

"Oh, hello, now!" cried Fulkerson.

March laughed, but went on soberly. "He was a man predestined to adversity, though. When I first knew him out in Indianapolis he was starving along with a sick wife and a sick newspaper. It was before the Germans had come over to the Republicans generally, but Lindau was fighting the antislavery battle just as naturally at Indianapolis in 1858 as he fought behind the barricades at Berlin in 1848. And yet he was always such a gentle soul! And so generous! He taught me German for the love of it; he wouldn't spoil his pleasure by taking a cent from me; he seemed to get enough out of my being young and enthusiastic, and out of prophesying great things for me. I wonder what the poor old fellow is doing here, with that one hand of his?"

"Not amassing a very handsome pittance, I should say," said Fulkerson, getting back some of his lightness. "There are lots of two-handed fellows in New York that are not doing much better, I guess. Maybe he gets some writing on the German papers."

"I hope so. He's one of the most accomplished men! He used to be a splendid musician—pianist—and knows eight or ten languages."

"Well, it's astonishing," said Fulkerson, "how much lumber those Germans can carry around in their heads all their lives, and never work it up into anything. It's a pity they couldn't do the acquiring, and let out the use of their learning to a few bright Americans. We could make things hum, if we could arrange 'em that way."

He talked on, unheeded by March, who went along half-consciously tormented by his lightness in the pensive memories the meeting with Lindau had called up. Was this all that sweet, unselfish nature could come to? What a homeless old age at that meagre Italian *table d'hôte*, with that tall glass of beer for a half-hour's oblivion! That shabby dress, that pathetic mutilation! He must have a pension, twelve dollars a month, or eighteen, from a grateful country. But what else did he eke out with?

"Well, here we are," said Fulkerson, cheerily. He ran up the steps before March, and opened the carpenter's temporary valve in the door frame, and led the way into a darkness smelling sweetly of unpainted wood-work and newly dried plaster; their feet slipped on shavings and grated on sand. He scratched a match, and found a candle, and then walked about up and down stairs, and lectured on the advantages of the place. He had fitted up bachelor apartments for himself in the house, and said that he was going to have a flat to let on the top floor. "I didn't offer it to you because I supposed you'd be too proud to live over your shop; and it's too small, anyway; only five rooms."

"Yes, that's too small," said March, shirking the other point.

"Well, then, here's the room I intend for your office," said Fulkerson, showing him into a large back parlor one flight up. "You'll have it quiet from the street noises here, and you can be at home or not as you please. There'll be a boy on the stairs to find out. Now, you see, this makes the Grosvenor Green flat practicable, if you want it."

March felt the forces of fate closing about him and pushing him to a decision. He feebly fought them off till he could have another look at the flat. Then, baffled and subdued still more by the unexpected presence of Mrs. Grosvenor Green herself, who was occupying it so as to be able to show it effectively, he took it. He was aware more than ever of its absurdities; he knew that his wife would never cease to hate it; but he had suffered one of those eclipses of the imagination to which men of his temperament are subject, and in which he could see no future for his desires. He felt a comfort in irretrievably committing himself, and exchanging the burden of indecision for the burden of responsibility.

"I didn't know," said Fulkerson, as they walked back to his hotel together, "but you might fix it up with that lone widow and her pretty daughter to take part of *their* house here." He seemed to be reminded of it by the fact of passing the house, and March looked up at its dark front. He could not have told exactly why he felt a pang of remorse at the sight, and doubtless it was more regret for having taken the Grosvenor Green flat than for not having taken the widow's rooms. Still he could not forget her wistfulness when his wife and he were looking at them, and her disappointment when they decided against them. He had toyed, in his after-talk to Mrs. March, with a sort of hypothetical obligation they had to modify their plans so as to meet the widow's want of just such a family as theirs; they had both said what a blessing it would be to her, and what a pity they could not do it; but they had decided very distinctly that they could not. Now it seemed to him that they might; and he asked himself whether he had not actually departed as much from their ideal as if he had taken board with the widow. Suddenly it seemed to him that his wife asked him this too.

"I reckon," said Fulkerson, "that she could have arranged to give you your meals in your rooms, and it would have come to about the same thing as house-keeping."

"No sort of boarding can be the same as house-keeping," said March. "I want my little girl to have the run of a kitchen, and I want the whole family to have the moral effect of house-keeping. It's demoralizing to board, in every way; it isn't a home, if anybody else takes the care of it off your hands."

"Well, I suppose so," Fulkerson assented; but March's words had a hollow ring to himself, and in his own mind he began to retaliate his dissatisfaction upon Fulkerson.

He parted from him on the usual terms outwardly, but he felt obscurely abused by Fulkerson in regard to the Dryfooses, father and son. He did not know but Fulkerson had taken an advantage of him in allowing him to commit himself to their enterprise without fully and frankly telling him who and what his backer was; he perceived that with young Dryfoos as the publisher and Fulkerson as the general director of the paper there might be very little play for his own ideas of its conduct. Perhaps it was the hurt to his vanity involved by the recognition of this fact that made him forget how little choice he really had in the matter, and how, since he had not accepted the offer to edit the insurance paper, nothing remained for him but to close with Fulkerson. In this moment of suspicion and resentment he accused Fulkerson of hastening his decision in regard to the Grosvenor Green apartment; he now refused to consider it a decision, and said to himself that if he felt disposed to do so he would send Mrs. Green a note reversing it in the morning. But he put it all off till morning with his clothes, when he went to bed; he put off even thinking what his wife would say; he cast Fulkerson and his constructive treachery out of his mind too, and invited into it some pensive reveries of the past, when he still stood at the parting of the ways, and could take this path or that. In his middle life this was not possible; he must follow the path chosen long ago, wherever it led. He was not master of himself, as he once seemed, but the servant of those he loved; if he could do what he liked, perhaps he might renounce this whole New York enterprise, and go off somewhere out of the reach of care; but he could not do what he liked, that was very clear. In the pathos of this conviction he dwelt compassionately upon the thought of poor old Lindau; he resolved to make him accept a handsome sum of money—more than he could spare, something that he would feel the loss of—in payment of the lessons in German and fencing given so long ago. At the usual rate for such lessons, his debt, with interest for twenty odd years, would run very far into the hundreds. Too far, he perceived, for his wife's joyous approval; he determined not to add the interest; or he believed that Lindau would refuse the interest; he put a fine speech in his mouth, making him do so; and after that he got Lindau employment on *Every Other Week*, and took care of him till he died.

Through all his melancholy and munificence he was aware of sordid anxieties for having taken the Grosvenor Green apartment. These began to assume visible, tangible shapes as he drowsed, and to become personal entities, from which he woke, with little starts, to a realization of their true nature, and then suddenly fell fast asleep.

In the accomplishment of the events which his reverie played with, there was much that retroactively stamped it with prophecy, but much also that was better than he foreboded. He found that with regard to the Grosvenor Green apartment he had not allowed for his wife's willingness to get any sort of roof over her head again after the removal from their old home, or for the alleviations that grow up through mere custom. The practical workings of the apartment were not so bad; it had its good points, and after the first sensation of oppression in it they began to feel the convenience of its arrangement. They were at that time of life when people first turn to their children's opinion with deference, and in the loss of keenness in their own likes and dislikes consult the young preferences which are still so sensitive. It went far to reconcile Mrs. March to the apartment that her children were pleased with its novelty; when this wore off for them, she had herself begun to find it much more easily manageable than a house. After she had put away several barrels of gimcracks, and folded up screens and rugs and skins, and carried them all off to the little dark store-room which the flat developed, she perceived at once a roominess and coziness in it unsuspected before. Then, when people began to call, she had a pleasure, a superiority, in saying that it was a furnished apartment, and in disclaiming all responsibility for the upholstery and decoration. If March was by, she always explained that it was Mr. March's fancy, and amiably laughed it off with her callers as a mannish eccentricity. Nobody really seemed to think it otherwise than pretty; and this again was a triumph for Mrs. March, because it showed how inferior the New York taste was to the Boston taste in such matters.

March submitted silently to his punishment, and laughed with her before company at his own eccentricity. She had been so preoccupied with the adjustment of the family to its new quarters and circumstances that the time passed for laying his misgivings, if they were misgivings, about Fulkerson before her, and when an occasion came for expressing them they had themselves passed in the anxieties of getting forward the first number of *Every Other Week*. He kept these from her too, and the business that brought them to New York had apparently dropped into abeyance before the questions of domestic economy that presented and absented themselves. March knew his wife to be a woman of good mind and in perfect sympathy with him, but he understood the limitations of her perspective; and if he was not too wise, he was too experienced to intrude upon it any affairs of his till her own were reduced to the right order and proportion. It would have been folly to talk to her of Fulkerson's conjecturable uncandor while she was in doubt whether her cook would like the kitchen, or her two servants would consent to room together; and till it was decided what school Tom should go to, and whether Bella should have lessons at home or not, the relation which March was to bear to the Dryfooses, as owner and publisher, was not to be discussed with his wife. He might drag it in, but he was aware that with her mind distracted by more immediate interests he could not get from her that judgment, that reasoned divination, which he relied upon so much. She would try, she would do her best, but the result would be a view clouded and discolored by the effort she must make.

He put the whole matter by, and gave himself to the details of the work before him. In this he found not only escape, but reassurance, for it became more and more apparent that whatever was nominally the structure of the business, a man of his qualifications and his instincts could not have an insignificant place in it. He had also the consolation of liking his work, and of getting an instant grasp of it that grew constantly firmer and closer. The joy of knowing that he had not made a mistake was great. In giving rein to ambitions long forborne he seemed to get back to the youth when he had indulged them first; and after half a lifetime passed in pursuits alien to his nature, he was feeling the serene happiness of being mated through his work to his early love. From the outside the spectacle might have had its pathos, and it is not easy to justify such an experiment as he had made at his time of life, except upon the ground where he rested from its consideration—the ground of necessity.

His work was more in his thoughts than himself, however, and as the time for the publication of the first number of his periodical came nearer, his cares all centred upon it. Without fixing any date, Fulkerson had announced it, and pushed his announcements with the shameless vigor of a born advertiser. He worked his interest with the press to the utmost, and paragraphs of a variety that did credit to his ingenuity were afloat everywhere. Some of them were speciously unfavorable in tone; they criticised and even ridiculed the principles on which the new departure in literary journalism was based. Others defended it; others yet denied that this rumored principle was really the principle. All contributed to make talk. All proceeded from the same fertile invention.

March observed with a degree of mortification that the talk was very little of it in the New York press; there the references to the novel enterprise were slight and cold. But Fulkerson said: "Don't mind that, old man. It's the whole country that makes or breaks a thing like this; New York has very little to do with it. Now if it were a play, it would be different. New York does make or break a play; but it doesn't make or break a book; it doesn't make or break a magazine. The great mass of the readers are outside of New York, and the rural districts are what we have got to go for. They don't read much in New York; they write, and talk about what they've written. Don't you worry."

The rumor of Fulkerson's connection with the enterprise accompanied many of the paragraphs, and he was able to stay March's thirst for employment by turning over to him from day to day heaps of the manuscripts which began to pour in from his old syndicate writers, as well as from adventurous volunteers all over the country. With these in hand March began practically to plan the first number, and to concrete a general scheme from the material and the experience they furnished. They had intended to issue the first number with the new year, and if it had been an affair of literature alone, it would have been very easy; but it was the art leg they limped on, as Fulkerson phrased it. They had not merely to deal with the question of specific illustrations for this article or that, but to decide the whole character of their illustrations, and first of all to get a design for a cover which should both ensnare the heedless and captivate the fastidious. These things did not come properly within March's province—that had been clearly understood—and for a while Fulkerson tried to run the art leg himself. The phrase was again his, but it was simpler to make the phrase than to run the leg. The difficult generation, at once stiff-backed and slippery, with which he had to do in this endeavor, reduced even so buoyant an optimist to despair, and after wasting some valuable weeks in trying to work the artists himself, he determined to get an artist to work them. But what artist? It could not be a man with fixed reputation and a following; he would be too costly, and would have too many enemies among his brethren, even if he would consent to undertake the job. Fulkerson had a man in mind, an artist too, who would have been the very thing if he had been the thing at all. He had talent enough, and his sort of talent would reach round the whole situation, but, as Fulkerson said, he was as many kinds of an ass as he was kinds of an artist.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



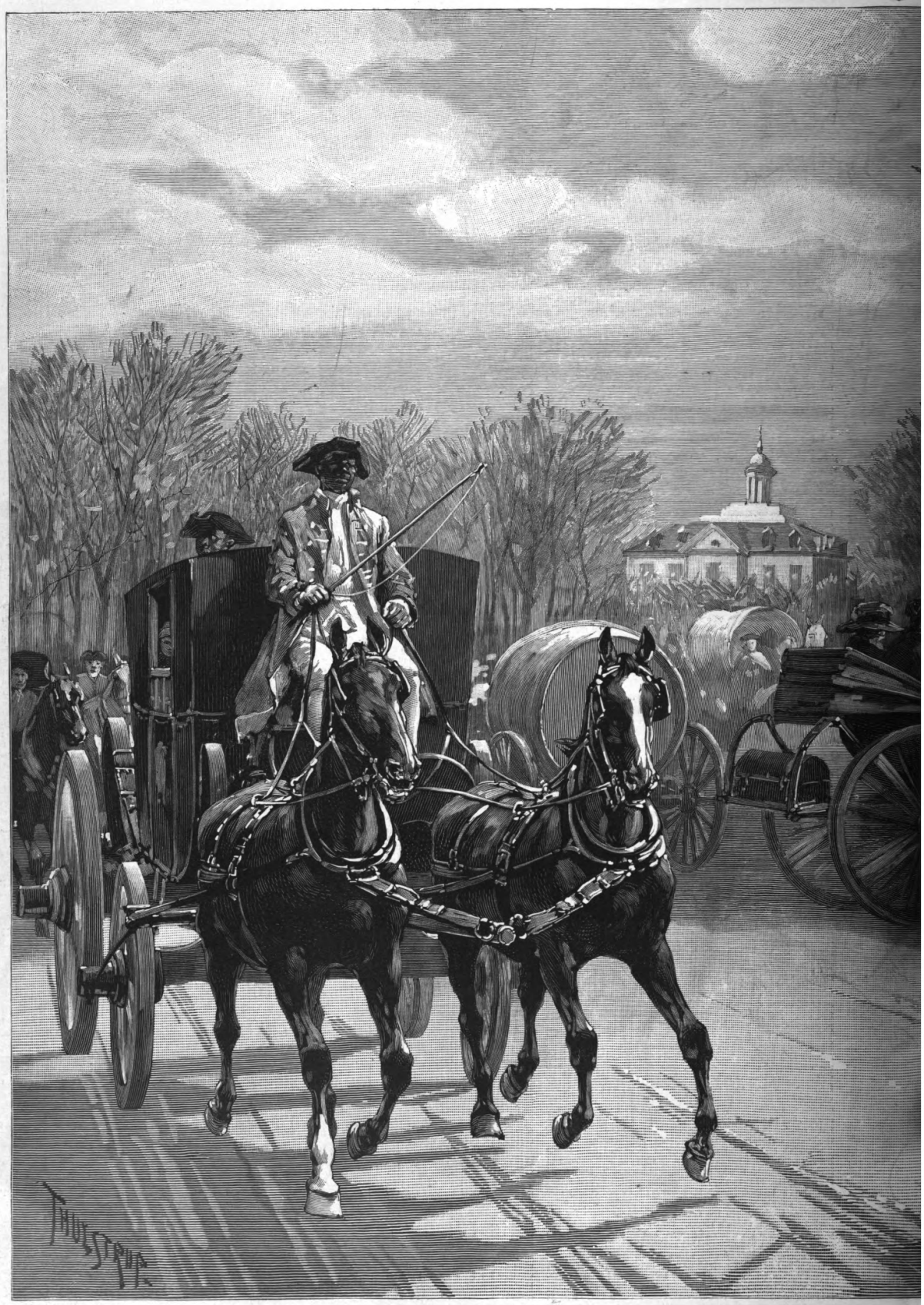
THE GENERAL.

"What d'ye think av the dicoration?"

"Pretty good; but who's the gent wid de jaw?"

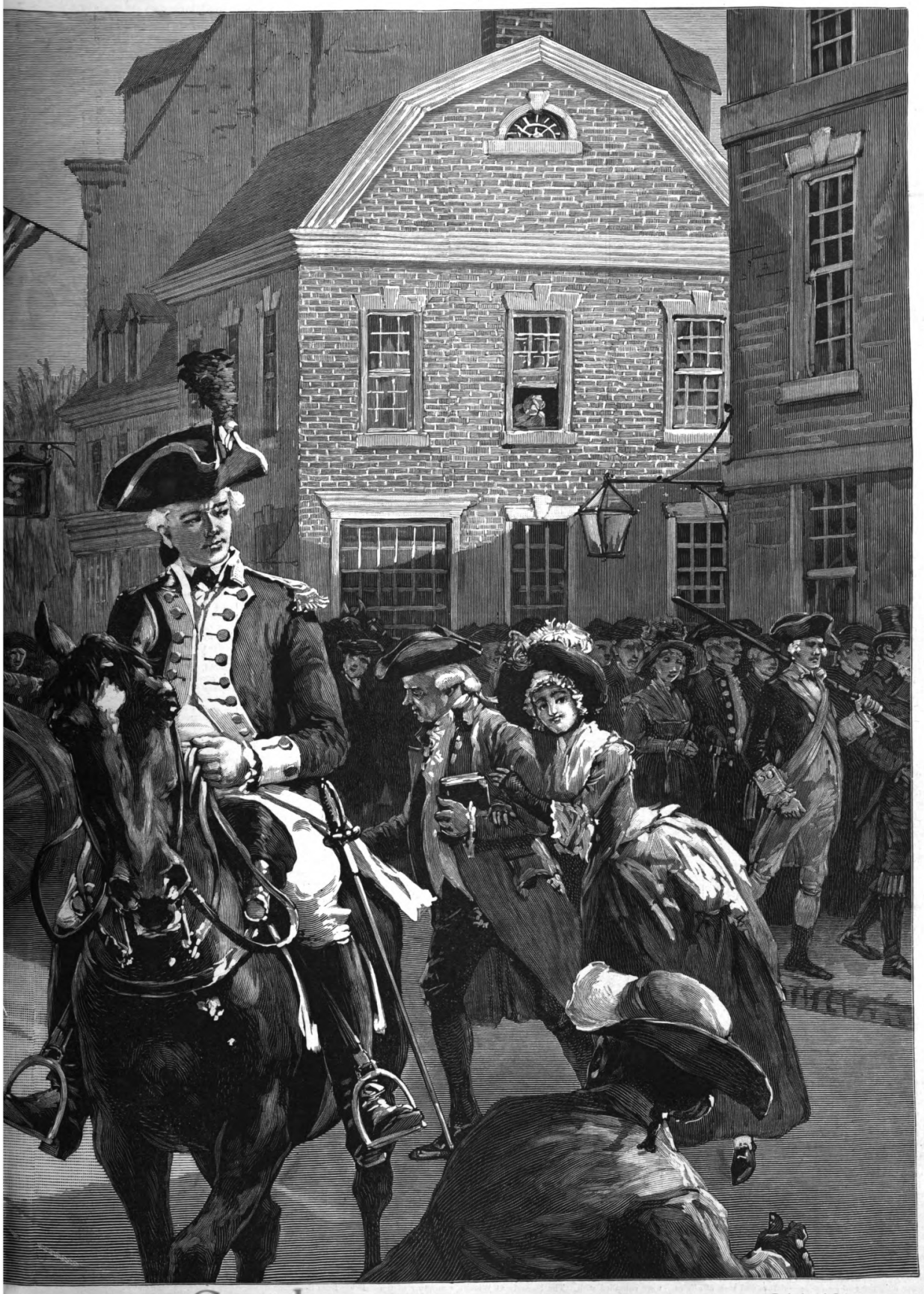
"The Gineral; an' it must be first class, as me cousin what done it towld me he'd seen a good dale av Washington lately—been looking for a government job."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE MORNING OF INAUGURATION D.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



89.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 348.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE OKLAHOMA MOVEMENT.

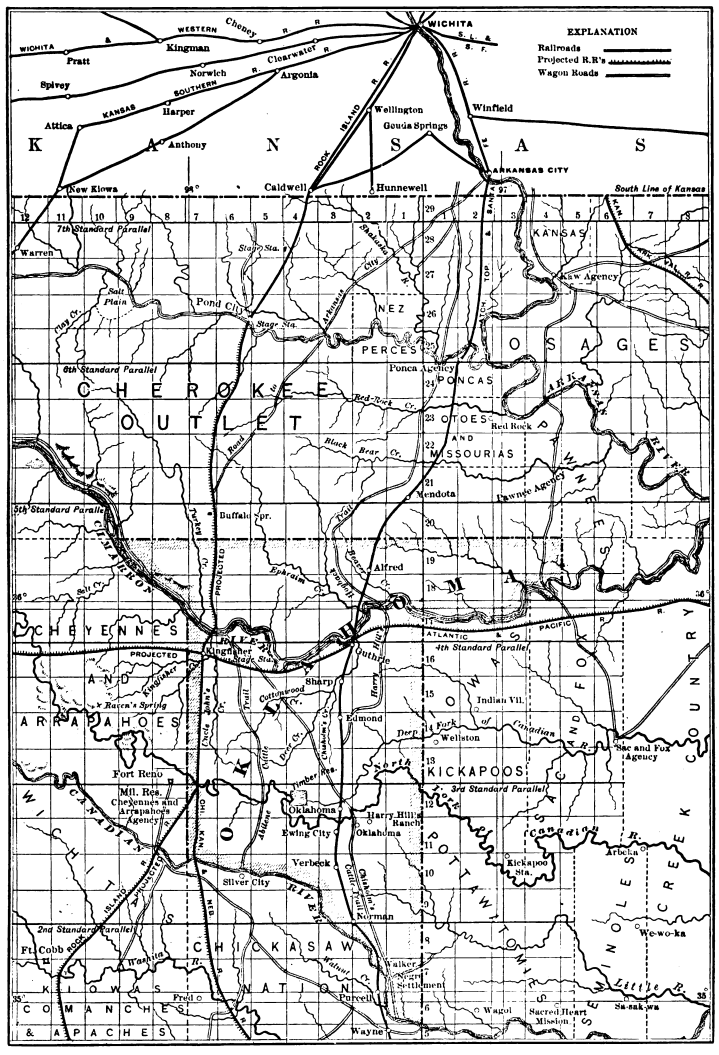
BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

THE opening of the Oklahoma lands has brought into public prominence for the first time the most unique and picturesque element of Western civilization. For many years numbers of people have been drifting up and down and across the far West, seeking for some spot in which they might make a fortune without physical exertion. In the vocabulary of Kansas and Nebraska they are known as "movers," doubtless from the fact that they have always professed to be moving from one point to another in search of homes. In reality they have merely been wandering about the country, like their prototypes the Arabs. Like the Arabs, also, these restless people carry their local habitations with them, in the shape of various bedraggled tents and leaky wagon covers. For the past twenty years the movers have been in the fore-front of Western progress, not as actual parts of it, but as hangers-on. It was for a long time supposed that they were actually seeking homes, but as time went on and they continued to move from place to place, it was found that they were either unable or unwilling to make a living, even in those parts of the country in which other persons prospered and grew rich. When these people had visited every part of Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota, and even the inhospitable deserts of Utah and Arizona, as well as the thirsty valleys of New Mexico and the frosty altitudes of Colorado, and had in some strange way missed their El Dorado, they began to look with eager eyes upon the Indian Territory, which was said to be the fairest stretch of country in the United States. The fact that they were not allowed to go in and take possession of the Indian country no doubt caused the Territory to appear better than it was, and from time to time they murmured loudly against the laws which made the Indian prosperous and contented while they were compelled to wander to and fro like gypsies.

A dozen years ago a Western adventurer of the name of David L. Payne saw in this murmuring spirit an opportunity for local notoriety and perhaps personal gain. In groping about for some means by which the Indian Territory might be opened to settlement, he found that a certain tract of land in the heart of the Indian country, containing nearly two million acres, had been surveyed by government engineers. He discovered, further, that on March 21, 1866, this tract of land had been ceded by the Seminoles to the United States. Why this had been done he did not stop to inquire, nor did he care; but, with the Western aptitude for seizing opportunity, he at once determined to go down and take possession of the tract as the entering wedge for the conquest of the entire Indian Territory. The assistance of the movers was easily obtained. In fact, the movers would have gone anywhere, even to the heart of the Llano Estacado, had any one volunteered to lead the way. Payne spent most of the year 1879 and part of the year 1880 in making preparations to invade the Indian Territory. Early in December, 1880, he moved down upon the Indian country with an expedition consisting of about six hundred men and a number of women and children. As the movement had been in preparation for nearly two years, the soldiers in the Indian Territory were well prepared to meet it. They did meet it, with the result that Payne and his colony were driven back into Kansas. This was the first of a number of raids of a similar character. As often as the raiders went into the Territory the soldiers drove them out. If the intending settler refused to be driven out, he was tied to his own wagon and dragged out. This kind of treatment seemed only to increase Payne's popularity, not only among the nomadic movers, but also with the more staid and responsible citizens of southern Kansas. So far as the actual settlers of Kansas were concerned they were rather in favor of the opening of the Indian Territory, because it would give them a larger market for the products of their farms. For several years Payne received support and assistance from various sorts of people, including the movers, who each paid a fee for the privilege of joining the expeditions. From this source, and from other sources which have not been made public, Payne obtained a comfortable living, to say nothing of the gratifying notoriety which after his first arrest spread beyond the borders of Kansas, and eventually reached all parts of the American continent. On this basis he no doubt would have continued his work until the Indian Territory was opened to settlement, but on the morning of November 28, 1884, he dropped dead at a hotel in Wellington, Kansas. It has been openly charged that he was poisoned by agents of the cattle-men in the Indian Territory, yet I have failed to find any person of judgment and repute who holds that view. Payne's death was probably due to heart-disease or some similar trouble, superinduced by excessive drinking and a careless way of living.

After Payne's death the raids into the Indian Territory were conducted by men who had been his assistants. Several organized raids were made with the usual result. From time to time individual raiders slipped down through the Cherokee outlet, evaded the soldiers, and found a temporary lodgment in the coveted land, which by that time had become known as Oklahoma. In the Indian language Oklahoma means "Beautiful Land." From one-third to one-half deserves that name; the rest does not.

When there were no more county seats to lay out in Kansas, and when the business of selling town lots at unimportant railway stations grew dull, the real estate speculators and men of affairs generally joined the Oklahoma boomers in the effort to open the territory. With the exception of the Wichita *Eagle* and the Hutchison *News*, most of the newspapers in southern Kansas were in favor of the scheme. The Kansas speculators and men of affairs were rather more sweeping in their ideas and more practical in their methods of work than Payne and his followers had been. With the clamor of the Oklahoma boomers as a basis of operation, they succeeded in having presented in the United States Senate a bill opening for settlement not only Oklahoma proper, but No Man's Land, and all that part of the Indian Territory not occupied by the five tribes of civilized Indians—the Creeks, the Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Seminoles. This measure, which was known as the Springer Bill, was lost in the Senate last winter. As a compromise, to escape utter defeat, they secured sufficient legislation to open Oklahoma, which was only a small part of the proposed new territory. In anticipation of the passage of the Springer Bill, hundreds of movers, who had for the time lost their identity and become the most persistent of boomers, camped along the borders of the Indian Territory for several months, waiting for a chance to go into the promised land. Some of them went so far as to settle on claims in Oklahoma, but they were invariably driven out by the soldiers. Indian scouts were employed to patrol the Oklahoma district and to search the woods for trespassing boomers, but, despite their vigilance and their energy, numbers of boomers remained hidden during all last winter. Some were there when Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement.



MAP OF OKLAHOMA AND SURROUNDING PORTIONS OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

Soon after President Harrison's proclamation was issued, Oklahoma colonies were formed in various parts of the country, as far east as Chicago and as far west as Denver. In most cases these colonies made arrangements to reach Oklahoma by special railway trains on the morning of the 22d of April. It is said that a fabulous sum was offered to the Santa Fe road for the exclusive use of the first train into Oklahoma on that day. The persons making the offer seemed to have an idea that by this means they would get into Oklahoma and have their pick of the land before the main body of boomers reached there. To the credit of the Santa Fe road it may be said that this offer was not for a moment seriously considered. In order that the settlers who went in by train should not have the advantage over those who went in by wagon, the Interior Department at Washington arranged that the boomers camped on the Kansas border at Arkansas City and elsewhere should be allowed to get under way for Oklahoma on Friday, April 19th, with the distinct understanding that they were to travel along the main road, and that they were not to enter Oklahoma before noon of the following Monday. A detachment of United States cavalry was instructed to see that these regulations were complied with. The boomers at Wichita, consisting of the Old Soldiers' Colony and one or two town site outfits, left for the promised land on Tuesday and Wednesday the 16th and 17th, thus timing their journey so as to arrive at Oklahoma on the proper day. For some time prior to April 19th the boomers encamped on the crossing of the Arkansas River near Arkansas City, and others on the Walnut River had been in readiness to break camp at a moment's notice. Before daylight on Friday the 19th the camps were all astir with the preparations for the long-wished, last journey to Oklahoma. Soon after daylight the wagons were packed with all the camp equipments, and the children were stowed away in crevices between stoves, chairs, tables, and other household goods. Then, when all was ready, the long whips cracked joyously over the heads of the mules and horses, and the procession moved out upon the main trail. As the hundreds of wagons converged from several directions to the trail, they stretched along for miles in an undulating white line. At an elevated point of view they looked not unlike an interminably long white sea-serpent gliding over the green swells of the sea. To the observer this was a collection of picturesque elements of human nature such as even this Western country may never see again. It is entirely unlikely that anything similar will be repeated, for the reason that when Oklahoma and the rest of the Indian Territory are settled, the government practically will have come to the end of its unoccupied lands. It is perhaps fitting that this last settlement of any large body of government land should be made in this picturesque and interesting manner, for when it is over the other thinly populated areas of Western country will be populated slowly, and by the prosaic methods of the enterprising Western railway.

Such a queer collection of outfits, such a wonderful array of ancient weapons, from the old horse-pistol to the Leatherstocking rifle, and such an unexpectedly large number of old pioneers who have had a hand in the settlement of most of the new Territories during the past third of a century, could never again be brought together in one place. Many of the old fellows who got under way on the Arkansas River on that Friday morning had fought Quantrell's guerillas on the Missouri border, had wrestled with the Indians on the Kansas plains, had dug for gold in Colorado, and had worked and starved and traded horses in almost every other part of the far West. These old fellows do not seem to know that they are growing old, but cling persistently to the belief that they are just as good as ever, and perhaps a little better, through much experience and hard usage. When they come to contest claims in Oklahoma with younger and stronger offshoots of Missouri unrest and ambition they will be driven to the wall. With all the picturesque and interesting features of the rush to Oklahoma there is a distinct tinge of pathos in the inevitable end which must sooner or later come to these old movers. Too often they do not receive the consideration which their age and physical condition seem to demand. In some cases their own sons apparently seem to forget that they are growing old. On the Oklahoma road during the beginning of the rush I met a queer outfit from western Kansas. A toothless old woman, wearing a sun-bonnet and a bleached-out calico dress very much the worse for wear, sat in a creaking prairie schooner, driving a pair of decrepit wind-broken horses. Behind the wagon an old man and his two sons were driving a few lean cattle. The two sons were stout young fellows, rather swarthy, although not expensively dressed. One of them rode a droop-necked broncho, almost hidden from sight by a huge California saddle. The old man had a tangle of grizzly beard, a face like morocco leather, and a straggle of unkempt gray hair. The appearance of his clothing more than justified the supposition that he had been content to accept as his share of the family income the cast-off garments of the larger of his two sons. The poor old man was hardly able to walk. I was afraid to stop the outfit through fear that the old man, the cattle, and the horses might fall down in the road, so I drove alongside, and engaged the old fellow in conversation.

"Where are you pulling for, neighbor?" I asked, as I gave him a match with which to light his reluctant pipe.

"Oh, we're jest p'inting to'rds Oklahoma," said he.

"Have you come far?"

"No; we done only three hundred miles this trip. We stopped out to Garden City for a couple of years, till we nigh on to starved to death; so we're jest nachally pulling down here somewhere where it rains once in a while."

"Why don't you get in the wagon and ride?"

"Oh, the old woman can drive well enough. There's plenty of load without me, and besides, I've got to drive these hyar cows."

"Well, why don't you ride the horse, and let the boys drive the cattle?"

"It's Bob's horse, and he wants to ride it himself; and Jim he don't want to drive cows nohow."

The son Bob, who seemed to spend most of his time in watching for blind staggers in his horse, informed me that the old man was better than he looked; that he had been a hard worker all his life, and that he was used to making long trips across the country. From him I learned further that when the Garden City boom was at its height two years ago the family had taken up three quarter sections of land forty miles from the nearest railway, and that they had spent two years in trying to raise enough cornstalks to feed the horses. The cows were compelled to get their living from the plains summer and winter. To the casual observer they looked as though they might have found it an uncertain sort

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A "BOOMER" FAMILY.

of living. The family had made twelve different settlements in the last fifteen years, never in any case having secured what might be called a permanent home. By doing a little work now and then the three men kept the family in tobacco and flour. For fresh meat they occasionally shot a rabbit with an old squirrel rifle, which, judged by its looks, had been in the family since the French and Indian war. It is safe to say that these people will not make a permanent home in Oklahoma. When the Cherokee outlet is thrown open to settlement they will abandon Oklahoma for the newer country, and by the time that the new region has begun to grow tame to them the old man will have died, thus forcing the two shiftless sons to make a living for themselves. In that way the movers as a class will become extinct. Their sons, having no new country to settle, will become roving horse-traders.

In addition to the hundreds of chronic movers, the serpentine procession that moved over the swelling prairie of the Indian Territory on the march to Oklahoma consisted of a large number of persons seeking actual homes, and scores of young men who went along with the idea of making what they could out of it. The actual home-seekers were, as a rule, under middle age. They had given up their rented farms in Missouri and Illinois, with the hope of getting places of their own in Oklahoma. There were also persons who had sold out their mortgaged farms in Kansas, in the hope that they would be able to start in the new country on a sounder financial basis. Almost without exception these people are bright and well informed, while some of them undoubtedly possess an education fully up to the standard of the public schools. If Oklahoma is to become a State at some future day, these are the people who will make it so. Some of them had very clear and definite ideas concerning their course of action upon reaching Oklahoma. Others were drifting in with a vague sort of idea that when they arrived there they would select some fertile spot, and wait for whatever chance might bring them. A few were frank enough to acknowledge that they might be starved out in the course of two or three months. A young man from Missouri, whose soft felt hat flapped up and down in the wind like the wings of a wild turkey, said that he did not suppose that Oklahoma was any better than any other place, but that he was going there merely for the reason that everybody else seemed to be going. If opportunity came in his way, he was determined to seize it with both hands.

All of the permanent home-seekers carried in their wagons ploughs, harrows, and other farming implements, together with seed for the first year's crop. The speculators had a stock of variegated horses and numerous revolvers and rifles, and what seemed to be a superfluous quantity of cheap and worthless jewelry. At intervals in the procession were men who brought with them a stock of groceries and provisions, their idea being to establish themselves as travelling merchants.

The journey across the Cherokee outlet, which is fifty-seven miles in width, was made by easy travelling in two days. When the boomer is not in great haste to reach a certain point, this sort of travelling is more pleasant than most people would imagine. With plenty of provisions, and with water always within easy reach, one might spend the entire summer very pleasantly in going from place to place on the Western plains in this leisurely manner. The charm of such a life is the freedom from care, the absence of business restraint, and the soothing effect of sky and wind and rolling plains. To one grown accustomed to Kansas scenery, there is nothing on earth so charming as the view from the crest of some grassy swell. At his feet the sun shines whitely on the wiry buffalo-grass, farther along a tinge of green creeps up the slope of some rise of ground, while far beyond the grays and browns intermingle until the eye loses all conception of detail in the hazy purple of the horizon. In this rolling, wide-sweeping scene the tall white top of a wandering prairie schooner may occasionally be seen, like some lonely ship haunting the far stretches of the sea. A daily saunter over that grassy landscape, the simple diversions, and the trivial cares of camp time, give change and incident to the leisurely life in a way that robs it of its monotony, and adds to that feeling of delightful indolence which is found only outside the beaten lines of travel.

I do not suppose that the mover appreciates the picturesque charm of his life. He knows only that in doing certain things in a certain way he is merely following his instincts. In a camp of movers on the Oklahoma trail I found a picturesque old woman cooking supper on the camp stove beside a small brook. Of so industrious a turn of mind was she that her knitting-work was not allowed to leave her hand for a moment, even when in the midst of the busiest preparations for supper. When I came upon her she was holding the knitting in one hand and stirring vigorously with a ladle in the other. In a preternaturally grave and solemn manner her husband assisted in the preparations for the meal by carrying water from the brook and gathering bits of firewood from a tree near by. A rabble of children and dogs ran about the camp together. When I told the old lady that she was the most picturesque object that I had seen in the entire outfit, she said that she was glad of it, for she had lived long enough to deserve some distinction above her neighbors. In another part of the camp a man was trading off a spare mule, and at the same time making rather lively replies to the various comments of an interested group of friends concerning the age of the mule, the agility of his heels, and his incapacity for hard work. In his conception of wit, the mover spares neither friend nor foe.

The exposure to wind and sun, the life in the open air, and the exercising romps about camp no doubt account for the continual health and the vigorous condition of the boomer children. In fact I did not see a sickly child among any of the camps or along the line of travel. Could city-bred children have the advantage of boomer life in their early years, the result would be not only of lasting good to themselves, but of actual benefit to the human race. The food upon which the boomer children thrive is the simplest known to culinary science. The foundation of a boomer meal is salt pork. Upon this is built a superstructure of corn-bread, potatoes, strong coffee, and hot biscuit, according to the means of the boomer and the nature of his surroundings. Some years ago I camped overnight with a mover and his outfit on the banks of a stream in Colorado. The mover assured me that I was perfectly welcome to stay, but that his stock of provisions was so very low that he actually had nothing fit to eat. He admitted that he had only a piece of venison and a dozen mountain trout.

"Venison and trout!" said I. "Pray tell me what you think I want."

"Well," he replied, "I sort o' thought you maybe had a hankering for a nice piece of salt pork, and that I 'ain't got."

The mover's idea of the science of cooking is as hazy as his conception of delicacies in the way of food. In the Walnut River camp last week a woman explained how she cooked certain things.

"Now there's deer meat and antelope meat," she replied to my question concerning game; "I take 'em and I fries 'em hard, and I gets all the gamy taste out of 'em, so that you wouldn't know what you's eating. Now there's rabbit; I takes the rabbit, and I puts him in the pot, and I boils him with chunks of fat pork and slices of potato an' salt an' pepper, an' I boils 'em all up together, so you wouldn't know it from an Irish stew."

I thanked her for her information, and with some exercise of tact declined an invitation to supper, although I was assured that I might have the pleasure of taking supper with a bride and groom, who had been married the day after President Harrison's proclamation was made public. The bride and groom were on their way to begin life in the North Canadian Valley. I was told by the bridegroom—a big, awkward young fellow, with a reckless profusion of watch chain and a drooping hat rim that covered the greater part of his face—that the girl had last year promised to marry him when Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement. His wagon and wagon cover were painfully bright and new, in glaring contrast to the weather-beaten outfits of the rest of the camp. The wagon was fitted up rather more comfortably than the ordinary run of boomer wagons. A small sheet-iron stove was firmly screwed to the bottom of the wagon, near the driver's seat. The stove pipe projected some three feet or more above the wagon cover, thus giving the outfit something the appearance of a road engine covered with white cloth. The interior of the wagon was so arranged that the occupants need not go outside in order to cook and serve their meals. The cooking utensils were carried in leather pockets at the sides of the wagon box. A flat board about eighteen inches wide did duty as a table at meal-times, and as a spare wagon seat when it was so needed. A mattress on the bottom of the wagon box served as a bed by night and as a luxurious lounging-place by day. How many of the brides and bridegrooms of the conventional East have anything like the happy honey-moon that these two Oklahoma boomers are enjoying at the present time?

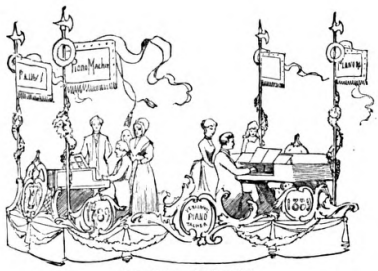
By some unexplainable perversion of the human character many of the Indians in the Indian Territory are actually in favor of the settlement of Oklahoma. What they expect to gain by it is not quite clear, while what they will lose is already predicted by the men who are most directly interested in the settlement of Oklahoma. Eventually they will lose their identity as Indian nations, and will become mere settlers on lands apportioned off to them by the government. Oklahoma will be filled so full of people by the present rush that thousands of the settlers will take possession of the adjoining lands as a matter of course. In this event it would require the entire American army to drive them out. And this cannot be done so long as people elect Representatives to Congress, and so long as Congressmen are willing to shift the Indians around like ivory figures on a chess-board to oblige their constituents. As the Indians have no votes, they will in time be compelled to give up their lands, retaining only enough for their support as agricultural people. In anticipation of this event, railway corporations are projecting new lines through the Indian Territory, town site speculators are selecting grounds for new operations, and in a smaller way men are picking out choice bits of fertile land to work up into future farms.

With all these considerations in view the actual reason for the Oklahoma excitement is by no means hard to explain. Kansas will undoubtedly profit greatly by the opening of the new country. From present indications the crops in Kansas this year will be reasonably large. The rainfall has been sufficient for all agricultural purposes, and unless a killing drought comes later in the season, the Kansas farmer may expect to grow rich in supplying the Oklahoma boomers with food. The merchants of the border towns, appreciating their opportunity, are making an effort to secure the Oklahoma trade. Were it not for the rivalry of Kansas City, Wichita might have the virtual control of the wholesale trade. Kansas City, however, has made every preparation to cover the field. Whether Oklahoma be a success or a failure to those who go into it seeking homes, the merchants and the railroad companies will make plenty of money. The Santa Fe road runs directly through Oklahoma on its way from Wichita to Galveston, Texas; the great Rock Island system gives the western part of Oklahoma an eastern outlet to Wichita, Hutchison, Kansas City, and Chicago; the St. Louis and San Francisco system has a line projected through the territory from east to west. With these railway lines the settlers of Oklahoma will have their choice of markets in Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans, Galveston, and the mountain regions of Colorado. The location is favorable for the building up of a rich and thriving State. Those persons of serious mind and steadfast purpose who are now looking for homes in the new territory have an opportunity of making themselves what they will. They have a fair field, and certainly no favor, so far as the regulations governing the settlement of the land is concerned. Perhaps in some future time the picturesque prairie schooner, the shambling horses, and the countless grotesque incidents of the rush to the promised land may serve as the escutcheon of many a rich and cultured home.



A "BOOMER'S" WIFE.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



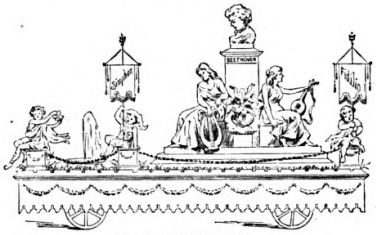
THE PIANO—1789–1889.



DEVICE OF THE ARION SOCIETY.



RUSSIAN CARAVAN TRANSPORTING TEA.



HOMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.



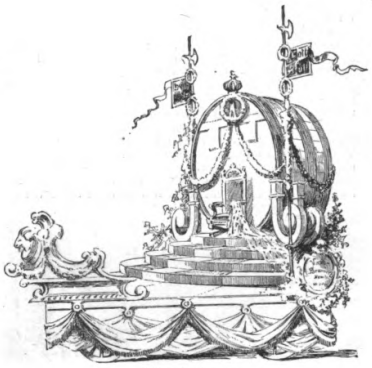
HAIL! COLUMBIA.



NEW YORK—LANDING OF HENDRIK HUDSON.



WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL, DECEMBER 4, 1781.



GAMBRINUS'S WAGON.



WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION, 1783.







MARYLAND, 1634.



THE TRIUMPH OF WAGNER.



MASSACHUSETTS—THE PILGRIMS, 1620.



THE GODDESS OF ART.



A FAIRY WAGON.



EMBLEMS OF THE PROVISION DEALERS.

SOME FLOATS FOR THE CIVIC PROCESSION OF MAY 1.—[See Page 346.]

Digitized by Google
Digitized by PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



UNIFORMS OF PARTICIPANTS IN THE MILITARY PARADE OF APRIL 30.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.—[See Page 343.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BRADFORD K. PIERCE, D.D.

THE career of Dr. PIERCE, who has just died at Newton, Massachusetts, is a good illustration of how much work can be crowded into a human life. Dr. PIERCE was born in Royalton, Vermont, seventy-seven years ago. He was graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1841, and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the years 1844–5 he was a teacher in Boston, and also edited the *Sunday-School Messenger*. From 1845 to 1856 he was the agent of the American Sunday-School Union. Always interested in education, and genuinely practical in his ideas, he succeeded in establishing in 1856 the State Industrial School at Lancaster, and remained its superintendent and chaplain until 1862. From 1863 until 1872 he served as chaplain of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, serving at the same time as pastor, and doing some religious literary work. From 1872 to 1888 he was the editor of *Zion's Herald*, the leading Methodist organ in this country. In 1888 he went to Newton, where he served until his death as librarian of the Free Library, as a member of the School Board, and as president of the Wesleyan Orphans' Home, and acted at the same time as financial agent of the Boston University. He was a trustee of Wesleyan University from 1870 to 1881, of Wellesley College from 1876 to 1889, and of Boston University from 1874 until his death. His degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by Wesleyan University in 1868.

Dr. PIERCE'S positions as superintendent of the Reform School, as chaplain of the House of Refuge, and finally as editor of the great Methodist paper in Boston, made him very widely acquainted not only within the bounds of his own denomination, but outside of it. He was the Nestor of New England Methodism. His large experience, his never-failing enthusiasm in the many good causes in which he was engaged, his wide reading, his almost universal acquaintance with the leaders of his own denomination, and his profound interest in all educational and philanthropic movements, made him an invaluable "guide, philosopher, and friend" to all his younger brethren.

MARVELLE WILSON COOPER.

THE new Appraiser is a native of Vermont, but came to New York city in 1849, entering a dry-goods and commission house as clerk. After a few years in a subordinate position he became a member of the firm of SMYTHE, SPRAGUE, & COOPER, in 1857. Later the firm name was changed to SPRAGUE, COOPER, & COLBURN; then to COOPER, VAIL, & Co.; and finally to MARVELLE W. COOPER. Early in 1885 Mr. COOPER retired from active business. While always an active Republican, and an intimate personal friend of President ARTHUR, Mr. COOPER has but once held public office. In 1885 he was appointed by President ARTHUR Commissioner on the part of the government to inspect a section of the Central Pacific Railway. It was supposed that the President would have liked to appoint him Collector of the Port of New York, and rumors of his actual appointment were rife; but Mr. ROBERTSON was retained in office throughout President ARTHUR'S term.

Mr. COOPER is a member of the New England Society, and served one term as its President. He is a member also of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Union and Union League clubs. He is of striking appearance, tall and commanding in figure, and "every inch a man." His appointment is regarded as a concession to the business men rather than to the politicians. He himself said to a reporter of the *Times* the day after his nomination was made: "I look upon this as an appointment from the business community in which we live—rather as a commercial appointment than as political in its character. It was altogether unsolicited by me, and really I did not know about it until it had got well under way. It was requested by my old business friends and associates, and comes in such a way that I am obliged to say I will accept it."

The Appraiser is the officer of all others in the government service who comes most in contact with business men, and whose opportunities of serving them are greatest. Mr. COOPER'S experience as a practical business man will stand him in good stead in his new position.

TO DISLODGE THE ENEMY,

When it takes the form of disease of the kidneys or bladder, is a task well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. Renal and vesical maladies are more obstinate than any others. Counteract, therefore, the earliest indications of inactivity of the many organs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which possesses, among other excellent qualities, those of an efficient diuretic. The degree of stimulation apparent from its use reaches, but never goes beyond, the bounds of safety. It invigorates always, never irritates. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, are diseases success-fully combated in their incipiency with this benign medical stimulant and tonic. Besides reinforcing and regulating the kidneys and bladder, the Bitters is a specific for fever and ague, constipation, and dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A LETTER
FROM DR. HANS VON BULOW.

THE Knabe pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present concert tour in the United States by my impresario and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend, Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.

DR. HANS VON BULOW.

NEW YORK, April 6, 1889.
To Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co. [*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try half wineglass Angostura Bitters before meals.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE
Scott's Emulsion
of Cod Liver Oil with
HYPOPHOSPHITES.
It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.
It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.



SPRING SEASON, 1889.
New Gowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.
Ladies desirous of ordering, and unable to visit New York, can have sketches and samples forwarded free by mail—perfect fit guaranteed.
210 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

Arnold Constable & Co
COTTON DRESS STUFFS.
D. & J. ANDERSON'S
CELEBRATED
ZEPHYRS,
for beauty of texture, coloring, and durability, are unsurpassed.
Freres Koechlin's
Crepe Cloths, Marie Antoinettes,
Printed Sateens, Toile-a-Voile.
Broadway & 19th st.
New York.

Warner's Safe Cure Cures Many Complaints
Can furnish half-a-million testimonials from patrons that it is invaluable. Ask about it!

MAGEE'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL IN COMBINATION WITH EXTRACT OF MALT AND COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES
Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Scrofula, and all Wasting Diseases.
It is pleasant and palatable to take as honey. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated. Its strengthening effects are almost immediate.
It does not come up to assert itself semi-occasionally after being swallowed, as other Emulsions certainly do.
It is a Great Producer of BONE and MUSCLE, it purifies the Blood, and patients gain rapidly in weight while taking it.
It is a true Emulsion, the only one that is always ready, always alike, and that never has a thick, gummy, and greasy blob at the top to upset the patient's stomach.
It is used in all the leading Hospitals.
It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians in the United States and Canada, and many assert that it is
THE BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET.
Ask your druggist for it AND TAKE NO OTHER.
J. A. MAGEE & CO., Manufacturers, { Lawrence, Mass. / Toronto, Canada.

Darlington, Runkle & Co.
The latest **London** and **Paris** ideas in
PARASOLS, En Tout Cas,
COACHING UMBRELLAS,
MOUNTAIN and SEASHORE UMBRELLAS,
From the very first **London** manufacturer, for whom we are the sole selling agents in the *United States.* We have no hesitancy in asserting that this exhibit cannot be equalled in *America.*
1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

A SUPERB PHOTO-GRAVURE PORTRAIT of MR. BENN PITMAN given to every subscriber to the PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for 1889. Specimen Copy of Magazine sent FREE. $1.50 a year. Address JEROME B. HOWARD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HAMIZU { FOR THE TEETH. A Toilet Luxury. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. Ask for it.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

How Women may Succeed.

WHY SHOULD NOT WORK BE AS HONORABLE TO THEM AS TO MEN?

The Secret of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Success Given in Detail, as an Example to Women Thrown Upon Their Own Resources.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

A *Times* reporter was instructed to write an article showing women how they may succeed in business. He could think of no better way to impart the information to our readers than by taking the case of some woman who has been successful, and, as the most notable instance of our times, he has chosen Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

This woman, once the petted leader of the "North Side set" in Chicago, where her sayings and doings were of as much importance as those of the Princess of Wales in London, was suddenly overcome by reverses and thrown entirely upon her own resources for the support of herself and two daughters. Without hesitating a moment she obtained a situation as saleswoman in a bric-à-brac shop, but soon advanced from this to a purchasing agent, backed up by letters of recommendation from Mrs. John A. Logan, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Mrs. Justice Miller, of Washington; Mrs. John B. Lyon, Rev. Dr. Locke, of Chicago; Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York; and many other leaders of society and literature. This little shopping business was a vast improvement over the meagre salary earned as a saleswoman, but by no means enabled the luxurious woman to gratify many of her extravagant tastes. The strictest economy was still demanded.

It is told that one day her physician said to her: "Mrs. Ayer, for all your hard work and ill health you have managed to preserve your complexion to a remarkable degree. No care, no illness seems to affect it, as is the rule with most women." It is said that Mrs. Ayer thereupon confessed to her doctor that this gratifying condition was due to the use of a cream which she had purchased many years ago of an old French countess, a relative of the beautiful Julie Récamier, and who stated positively that it was the very identical cream that Mme. Récamier had used, which made her famous as the possessor of the most remarkably beautiful complexion ever known, which was perfect at the time of her death at eighty years of age. Mrs. Ayer's physician advised her to at once give up the shopping business if she was certain she was the possessor of such a cream, and commence manufacturing that, as there would be a fortune in it.

Mrs. Ayer, so the story goes, submitted the formula to the doctor, who approved it most enthusiastically, declaring that it was unlike any other cosmetic he had ever known; that it contained a perfect combination of healthful ingredients, without having a single one that was in the least objectionable or that could harm the most delicate cuticle, even that of a baby. He assured Mrs. Ayer that if she would manufacture this cream carefully, and always maintain its purity, that she would soon be independently rich. Mrs. Ayer acted on his suggestion, and with remarkable shrewdness began her business campaign, first by, in a modest but effective manner, advertising her former connection with society, also personal recommendations of her friends, which at once made her well known from one end of the land to the other, and gave the public confidence that any statement she made in regard to her preparations could be implicitly relied upon. She then brought forward the proofs of the truth of the statement that her Récamier Cream was the veritable cream to which Julie Récamier owed her great beauty.

She next induced the public to buy it by plausible and truthful arguments addressed to women, showing how absolutely essential it is for them to preserve the complexion, impressing upon them that no woman, no matter how divine her form, how exquisite her wardrobe, how beautiful her hair, how tapering her fingers, how bright her eyes, how intellectual her mind, how fine her teeth, if the complexion was bad, if her cheeks were marred by liver-spots or pimples, or a nose red or filled with blackheads, such a woman was more or less an object of comment and disgust; her appearance suggested uncleanliness, want of care, and ignorance of the laws of health; she could not appear dainty; something was lacking.

She preached the doctrine that many of the instances of unfaithfulness on the part of husband or lover were due to a feeling of repugnance caused by this neglect of the complexion; showed that men will seek the society of dainty women in all climes and upon all occasions. She then went on to prove that by the use of Récamier Cream, according to directions, a beautiful complexion could be perfectly preserved even to old age; that a bad complexion could be greatly improved, and in many instances made beautiful; and that a complexion once beautiful, but ruined by the ravages of sickness or the use of cosmetics, could be in most instances completely restored.

With a business acumen seldom found even in men, she approached women noted for their beauty and for the pains they took to preserve it, and persuaded them to try her Récamier Cream. Some hesitated, as was the case with Madame Patti; others tried it at once on the strength of Mrs. Ayer's personal representation, but in no single instance were disappointed. Most of them were enthusiastic. Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Langtry, Mmes. Patti, Modjeska, and Bernhardt—in fact, almost every famous actress and singer, including the beautiful Lillian Russell and Pauline Hall—have testified in enthusiastic terms to the virtues of Récamier Cream.

Mrs. Ayer advertised these letters in the most clever manner, and everything combined—letters of endorsement, her position in society, her honesty, and her method of doing business—soon created an immense business which now pays a handsome profit. Mrs. Ayer is considered to be the shrewdest advertiser in America to-day. In response to attacks upon some of her preparations, she had famous physicians interviewed, who one and all declared her preparations not only harmless but beneficial; and the most famous of all, Dr. E. P. Fowler, of New York, wrote to Mrs. Ayer the following letter, which letter, from such a source, is greater than all her other testimonials combined:

38 WEST FORTIETH STREET,
NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

MY DEAR MADAME:—I do not recommend your preparations; I never give my name to recommend any kind of preparations.

In reply to your note I will only say that preparations made according to the formulæ you have submitted to me for your "Récamier Balm" and "Vita Nuova," and used as per directions, contain nothing detrimental to health. Very truly yours,

E. P. FOWLER.

Mrs. Ayer has had to fight the combined envy and malice of venal newspapers with whom she did not advertise, of rival manufacturers, and of dishonest retail druggists, but has always been victorious. Her goods have merit, she herself has credit.

Now, why cannot other society women who have been unfortunate follow the example set by Mrs. Ayer, instead of going into professions that are unsuited to them, or of becoming burdens upon their friends? The lesson has been given plainly and should cause imitators. The field is large, and brains and energy will be rewarded.

THE NEW YORK HERALD ON SARAH BERNHARDT.

Her Representation of Fedora at Nice Described in the Herald's Foreign News.



The following appeared in the New York *Herald* of Feb. 23d:

"NICE, Feb. 22, 1889.—Sarah Bernhardt has opened a series of performances to-night at the Nice Municipal Casino. She is playing Fedora to crowded houses, every seat being taken, notwithstanding the fact that the ordinary prices have been quadrupled. The audience is highly fashionable. Just in front of me, in the orchestra stalls, was the aged father of Victorien Sardou, following adoringly every detail of his son's grand work.

"Sarah's magnificent dresses were the admiration of everybody. Her powerful representation of Fedora and her display of tragic feeling were fully acknowledged by the audience. She was well supported by Pierre Berton as Loris Ipanoff, and a very strong cast."

Madame Bernhardt has set the fashion on more articles than any other one woman of her day. She introduced the following articles, which have all been immensely popular: The thirty-two-button glove, the Empire dress, Directoire sash, and the revival of the long bow, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. She has set the fashion for Theodora hair-pins and Tosca hats, and has, in fact, wielded an influence over the world of dress beyond that exercised by any other woman since the days of the Empress Eugenie, and while she did not introduce those mentioned in the following letter, yet she has used them constantly, and expresses her opinion of them in forcible terms.

THE HOFFMAN HOUSE, April 27, 1887.

DEAR MADAME:—The Récamier Preparations are the *perfection* of toilet articles. Please send me without fail to-morrow two dozen assorted for immediate use. SARAH BERNHARDT.

Among the thousands of letters which Mrs. Ayer has received from ladies who are using the Récamier Preparations perhaps the most exquisitely dainty one is from Madame Bernhardt. Mrs. Ayer will be pleased to show it to any lady calling at her office, 52 Park Place.

French women above all others are said to be more dainty about their persons, and take greater care of the charms that Nature gives them than any other women. That the divine Sarah should have used the Récamier Preparations proves her good judgment, and should remind all women that the most charming feature is the complexion, that beautiful faces and hands are above price, and can only be secured, or maintained by the use of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Récamier Preparations; that the woman whose face is covered with pimples, red spots, moth patches, blackheads, etc., is a repulsive object to men as well as to her fellow-women. These can all be removed and the complexion preserved in youthful beauty to old age by using Récamier Cream according to directions. Récamier Powder can be used in connection with it. It is the finest powder made, and will not make the face shine, and will not rub off. Of the Récamier Preparations Mme. Patti writes Mrs. Ayer:

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13.

I must repeat once more my belief that there *never* has been anything equal in merit to the Récamier Preparations, my skin is so immensely improved by their use. It has grown so smooth and so fair that I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. Oct. 31.—I use Cream, Balm, and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Récamier Soap also is perfect. I thought my complexion could be greatly improved, and in many instances made beautiful; and that a complexion once beautiful, but ruined by the ravages of sickness or the use of cosmetics, could be in most instances completely restored.

With a business acumen seldom found even in men, she approached women noted for their beauty and for the pains they took to preserve it, and persuaded them to try her Récamier Cream. Some hesitated, as was the case with Madame Patti; others tried it at once on the strength of Mrs. Ayer's personal representation, but in no single instance were disappointed. Most of them were enthusiastic. Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Langtry, Mmes. Patti, Modjeska, and Bernhardt—in fact, almost every famous actress and singer, including the beautiful Lillian Russell and Pauline Hall—have testified in enthusiastic terms to the virtues of Récamier Cream.

Mrs. Ayer advertised these letters in the most clever manner, and everything combined—letters of endorsement, her position in society, her honesty, and her method of doing business—soon created an immense business which now pays a handsome profit. Mrs. Ayer is considered to be the shrewdest advertiser in America to-day. In response to attacks upon some of her preparations, she had famous physicians interviewed, who one and all declared her preparations not only harmless but beneficial; and the most famous of all, Dr. E. P. Fowler, of New York, wrote to Mrs. Ayer the following letter, which letter, from such a source, is greater than all her other testimonials combined:

38 WEST FORTIETH STREET,
NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

MY DEAR MADAME:—I do not recommend your preparations; I never give my name to recommend any kind of preparations.

In reply to your note I will only say that preparations made according to the formulæ you have submitted to me for your "Récamier Balm" and "Vita Nuova," and used as per directions, contain nothing detrimental to health. Very truly yours,

E. P. FOWLER.

Mrs. Ayer has had to fight the combined envy and malice of venal newspapers with whom she did not advertise, of rival manufacturers, and of dishonest retail druggists, but has always been victorious. Her goods have merit, she herself has credit.

Now, why cannot other society women who have been unfortunate follow the example set by Mrs. Ayer, instead of going into professions that are unsuited to them, or of becoming burdens upon their friends? The lesson has been given plainly and should cause imitators. The field is large, and brains and energy will be rewarded.



NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1886.

DEAR MRS. AYER: Immediately after my return to New York to open my engagement I purchased a jar of your Récamier Cream, a bottle of Récamier Balm, and some powder which I had seen strongly endorsed by Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mrs. Langtry. I also find the Récamier Preparations absolutely peerless, and assure you I shall always use them. If this letter can in any way be of service to you do not hesitate to use it.

Very sincerely yours,
HELEN MODJESKA.
Mme. Modjeska, Countess of Bozenta.

TO MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

It is a queer coincidence that our most beautiful actresses should have concluded to produce two of Shakespeare's plays at the same time. It is not, however, at all strange that these lovely creatures should have agreed upon another subject, as proven by the following letters:

TUXEDO CLUB, TUXEDO PARK,
NEW YORK, Oct. 29.

DEAR MADAM:—
I am using the pot of Récamier Cream you so kindly sent me, and find it all that you claim it to be. It will be one of my articles of toilet from this time forth. I consider it a *luxury* and *necessity* to every woman, young or old. With every thanks for introducing me to your delightful Recamier Cream, I am, truly,

CORA URQUHART POTTER.

From Mrs. James Brown Potter to Mrs. H. H. Ayer.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER:—I have been for a year using your delightful Récamier Preparations, and was, as you recollect, one of the first to attest to their excellence. While they are in no sense of the word *cosmetics*, of which I have a *wholesome horror*, they do away with the need of such meretricious articles, and excel any preparations for the complexion I have ever seen. I am convinced that the Recamier Preparations will do all you claim—that they will remove tan, sunburn, and the many annoying blemishes women, especially in the changeable climate of this country, are subjected to.

As I wrote you some months since, I use the Récamiers "religiously," and I believe them to be essential to the toilet of every woman who desires to retain a fair skin, if Heaven has so blessed her, as well as to her less fortunate sisters, who need not despair so long as you continue to place within easy reach these remedies for all imperfections.

Yours most sincerely,
LILLIE LANGTRY.

That most women do need preparations to cure and remove pimples, spots, redness and roughness of the skin, blemishes of all kinds, and blackheads, is without question: that no dainty woman can endure these things without a feeling of mortification goes without saying; that they create a feeling of disgust in the minds of the men who see them is an accepted fact; that they can all be cured by the use of the Récamier Preparations has been amply proven; that it is important to preserve a good complexion is self-evident. Our climate and mode of living make a remedy for that purpose a necessity. There are none but the Récamier Preparations that are effectual and harmless. Refuse substitutes and insist upon the genuine, with the trade-mark of Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

If your druggist or dry-goods dealer does not have the Récamier Preparations and Vita Nuova, refuse substitutes and have him order them for you. If he will not do this, order them yourself, and in so doing mention this paper and they will be sent to you free of express charges. Address the RECAMIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 52 and 54 Park Place, New York City. Prices: Récamier Cream, Balm, and Freckle Lotion, $1.50 each; Powder, large Boxes, $1; half boxes, 50 cents; Récamier Soap, scented, 50 cents; unscented, 25 cents; Récamier Sarsaparilla, $1; Vita Nuova Tonic, $1; Vita Nuova Confections, 50 cents; Vita Nuova Liver Pills, 25 cents. Send money by postal order or registered letter. Send for a free sample of the Récamier Toilet Powder.

THE LARGEST SIGN IN THE WORLD.



An Open Letter to the Trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge from Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to use the Brooklyn Bridge for the purpose of advertising my Récamier Sarsaparilla, and will pay any reasonable price you may name for such privilege. I have consulted many well-known persons in regard to the matter and they all agree with me that it would be in the line of your duty to the public to make a favorable contract with me for the following reasons:

Récamier Sarsaparilla is beyond all comparison the best household remedy for the ills that attack poor and rich alike through impure blood, bad digestion, and torpid liver. Unlike other sarsaparillas it does not deplete the blood and cause eruptions on the skin. It alone of all sarsaparillas enriches the blood at the same time that it purifies it. It alone of all sarsaparillas does not contain Iodide of Potash, Nitric Acid, or Mercury in any of their combinations. It is purely vegetable, with the exception of a proper quantity of phosphorus and iron, which is so universally needed. Each bottle contains a greater number of doses than any other sarsaparilla bottle now on the market, hence the buyer receives more for his money, not only in quality, but in quantity.

I shall be pleased to hear from you as soon as possible, and, in the meantime, if any of your board would like to try the sarsaparilla personally, I would be glad to furnish you the necessary amount complimentary. Very respectfully,

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

P. S.—Insist upon having Récamier Sarsaparilla, and refuse the druggist's own preparation as well as any widely advertised substitute he may offer or recommend.

Judge Gunning S. Bedford writes:

NEW YORK, April 11, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

DEAR MADAM:—Through the solicitation of a friend I was induced to try a bottle of your Recamier Sarsaparilla.

It is a great remedy, giving, as it does, tone and vigor to the system.

I can cheerfully recommend it, and especially to all professional and business men who become worn out, from time to time, by overwork, and suffer great physical fatigue and nervous anxiety on account of their arduous duties.

Gratefully yours,
GUNNING S. BEDFORD.

The lovely and accomplished daughter of the great Chief-Justice and Finance Minister of Abraham Lincoln writes to Mrs. Ayer about her Récamier Sarsaparilla:

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

MY DEAR MADAM:—I find the Recamier Sarsaparilla as a remedy for an annoying disorder of the liver, with eminently satisfactory and immediate results. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a perfect family medicine. I also found it to be a wonderful tonic and appetizer. Every household should keep a bottle of it on hand. I have not felt so well in years as I do now, after taking only one bottle of it.

Yours very respectfully,
DANIEL E. DOWLING,
President Board of Aldermen, 1888.

The celebrated remark made by Gov. Webster Flanagan, of Texas, at the Chicago Republican Convention of 1880, "What are we here for?" has become a by-word, and its distinguished utterer famous from Maine to Alaska. See what he says in this letter:

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, MCPHERSON SQUARE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15, 1889.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

DEAR MADAME:—Owing to exposure during the recent inaugural ceremonies, while serving as an aide-de-camp upon the personal staff of Chief Marshal General Beaver, I contracted a severe cold, accompanied by constant headache, loss of appetite, and even threats of pneumonia—that dreadful malady that has stricken down so many who participated in that magnificent pageant. Although suffering intensely and advised to take to my bed, I remained up and attended to my business. I commenced using your Recamier Sarsaparilla on the night of the 4th of March, and up to date have taken all of two bottles, and deem it a duty to tell you of its wonderful curative powers. I am now feeling perfectly well, and eating heartily and sleeping soundly.

Yours very truly,
WEBSTER FLANAGAN.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SOAP.

Dr. L. D. Bulkley, physician for skin diseases at the New York Hospital, says in the *The Sanitarian*: "A majority of soaps, yielding the highest perfume, and commanding the highest prices, are not only inefficacious but absolutely pernicious when applied to the skin, *even in health.* * * * I believe many skin diseases are originated and others indefinitely kept up by the use of soaps made from impure fats. The remedy lies in the use of soaps made from *vegetable oils.*"

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer says: "I ask my customers to use Récamier Soap because I know it to be pure. Every cake contains a large percentage of the healing ingredients used in the other Recamier Preparations. I make a special point of this request, that my preparations may not be retarded in effecting a cure, as they must be when the patient uses a soap containing alkali. I *suppose* there are many pure soaps. I only know of one, and that I manufacture myself and am responsible for.

"It is made with or without perfume, and I do not hesitate to stake my reputation on its excellence. I ask my customers simply to give it a trial, and am more than willing to let Recamier Soap rest on its own merits, confident that no lady after using it will buy any other."

Madame Patti gives her opinion of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Recamier Soap in the following words:

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE, Oct. 18, 1887.

Recamier Soap is perfect. I thought other soaps good, but I had never tried the Recamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps.

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

The Work of Some of New York's Charitable Institutions.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,
CHURCH OF THE REFORMATION,
130 Stanton St., New York.

MRS. HARRIET H. AYER:

DEAR MADAME:—For some months I have been using your "Vita Nuova" among our poor and sick with excellent results, but buying at retail makes it rather expensive for charity work, although we never buy less than one half dozen bottles at a time. Will you supply this Mission Chapel direct from your manufactory at wholesale rates for such small purchases as a dozen bottles at an order? Yours truly,

C. SCADDING, Minister in Charge.

Dec. 14, 1888.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1888.

DEAR MRS. AYER:—Having tried your Vita Nuova with perfect satisfaction, we cheerfully recommend its use to all persons suffering from the ills mentioned in your Danger Signals. Wishing you God's blessing,

Yours, ever gratefully,
Little Sisters of the Poor,
SR. MELAINE.

ST. GEORGE'S MEMORIAL HOUSE,
207 East 16th St., New York, Dec. 21, 1888.

MRS. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

DEAR MADAME: The Rev. Dr. Rainsford has desired me to write and ask of you a favor. Last year you most generously donated a large quantity of Vita Nuova for the parish poor. It has been carefully dispensed and has proved most beneficial to many.

The last bottle was given a few days ago, and the favor I am desired to ask is: Would you again kindly remember the poor sick by contributing for their use some more of your excellent Tonic?

With sincere thanks for the benefit you have conferred by your gift, I remain, dear Madame, yours truly,

J. E. FORNERET.

Vita Nuova is the best remedy for dyspepsia, nervousness, sleeplessness, and overwork. It will assist the weak stomach, it will rest the weary brain, it will "brace up" the shattered nerves. As it is made from the prescription of a famous physician, you are not taking a quack medicine. As it is made by an honest manufacturer, you are assured of pure ingredients. As it is used and endorsed by men and women you all know and respect, you are not using an unknown or untried remedy; only be careful to get the genuine; refuse substitutes.

TO INSURE PROMPT ATTENTION, DO NOT FAIL TO ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO THE RECAMIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 52 AND 54 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The absolute purity of the Royal Baking Powder makes it pre-eminently the most useful and wholesome leavening agent known.

It contains no lime, alum, phosphate, or other adulterant, leaves no alkaline or acid residuum in the food, and its use insures pure, light, and sweet bread, biscuit, and cake, that are perfectly digestible and wholesome, whether hot or cold, fresh or stale.

Its leavening power has been determined the highest whenever tested by official authority, and all chemists and writers on food hygiene commend it as the purest and best leavening agent known.

Prof. H. A. Mott, who has examined the various baking powders for the U. S. Government, says:

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public. It is absolutely pure.

H. A. MOTT, M.D., PH.D.,"
U. S. Government Chemist.



SHOPPING IN SEDAN CHAIRS IN THE LAST CENTURY.
Queen Charlotte's Visit to Pears', for Soap for her Complexion, a Hundred Years Ago.

Pears' Soap has been established in London **100 YEARS** both as a COMPLEXION and as a SHAVING SOAP, has obtained 15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is now sold in every city of the world. It is the *purest, cleanest, finest,* most elegant and economical, and therefore the best of all soaps for *general toilet purposes;* and for use in the NURSERY it is recommended by thousands of intelligent *mothers* throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which *infants* are so liable. PEARS' SOAP can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, *but be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.*

CHICKERING PIANOS

The Standard of the World.

Highest Award over all Competition.



The Cross of the Legion of Honor.

CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS,
130 5th Avenue, N. Y.
152 Tremont Street, Boston.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

Foster's

KID GLOVES.

CAUTION!

Kid Gloves bearing imitations of our Lacing Hooks are offered for sale.

The genuine Foster Glove Hooks *do not* catch in Fringe, Laces, &c., nor accidentally unfasten.

All Gloves with *genuine* Foster Lacings are stamped

FOSTER'S PATENTS.

Demand them and see that you get them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FOSTER, PAUL & CO.,
Manufacturers.

GREENWAY'S

TRADE MARK.

AMERICAN

DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS
Apollinaris
QUOD UBIQUE

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

J. Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.



TOP ROYAL
A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE
FOR SALE BY ALL MEN'S FURNISHERS
PAT'D AUG 14-88. MANF'D ONLY BY
CORLISS BROS & CO., TROY N.Y.

New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St.
Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

HILL'S MANUAL. The Great Form Book. Standard in Social and Business Life. Large sales. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write Danks & Turner, **Hill Standard Book Co.**, 108 State St., Chicago, who wish to employ a few more good salesmen.

THE NEW MODEL, OUR LATEST and BEST MOWER.



For Simplicity and durability, and quality of work, it is unequalled, while for Lightness of draft it excels by a large percentage any other Lawn Mower made. Send for circular and price-list.

CHADBORN & COLDWELL MANUF'G CO., NEWBURGH, N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE INAUGURATION OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

THE Declaration of Independence marks the lowest ebb of legal government in our country. The Crown and Parliamentary powers of England were by it declared annulled, and with them fell the colonial charters, Governors, and Assemblies. The people were ruled and the mother country fought by two powers—the Continental Congress and the Committees of Correspondence—which were virtually self-created, and acted without the slightest legal or constitutional right. Yet the mere advice of these bodies, even though they possessed no power to enforce it, was sufficient to throw a people into rebellion against the hitherto rightful and infinitely stronger ruling country; to crush down all opposition to this revolution among their fellow-citizens, and to enforce, through the action of public sentiment, recommendations and acts opposed to the self-interest and opinions of large bodies of their own constituents. It was in fact the people governing through these two forms of popular representation, and they needed no bits of parchment to make them carry out their own acts—a people declaring themselves a nation, and a nation ruled by recommendations. It was an awakening and instructive epoch to the Old World politicians and believers in the divine right of kings and the inability of the multitude to govern or care for themselves.

But even these self-constituted rulers understood that some more definite grant of power than that given them by public opinion was necessary, and so even before the Declaration of Independence, though not till it was clearly in sight, the Continental Congress took steps to create a constitutional government, by not only beginning the framing and discussion of a national compact, but also by recommending that the colonies hold conventions for the purpose of forming State constitutions. The State assemblies, though



JOHN ADAMS, THE FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

no longer supported by the charters, had nevertheless, through their election by the people and consequent sympathy with them, survived the universal wreck of the rest of the English granted sway in this country. These bodies now acted on the advice of the Congress, and one by one called conventions, which with more or less wisdom and success set to work to draft constitutions in which power should flow from the people, instead of from the crown, as had been the political theory for so many centuries. Slowly the new State governments came into existence, and as they came the Committees of Correspondence disappeared.

The work of creating a national Constitution for the newly formed States was, however, a more difficult and slower task. Here old provincial and new State jealousies and quarrels entered into the discussions, and so impeded and delayed the deliberations of the Congress that the State governments were formed and in full sway before the Congress had been able to satisfy the clashing interests of the States. Then came the procrastination and opposition of the State governments to the surrender of any of their powers to the general government, and so the Revolution was nearly over before our national government received a paper authorization from the "Articles of Confederation." The adoption by the States of this Constitution was hailed at the time as the turning-point of our government, yet as we look back on the event by our light we can see that little if anything was gained by the acceptance of what was later termed "a rope of sand." It is true that the making of peace and war and sundry other powers were conferred on the general government, but the real powers—the right to make and enforce laws over purse and person—were left to the State governments, and did the nation want these they must



SAVAGE'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON AS HE WAS IN 1789.

assume the position of beggars. In the words of one of the best statesmen of that time, "the Congress can declare war, but cannot wage it; they can make peace, but cannot enforce it; they can borrow money, but cannot pay it; and they can coerce a State, provided the State agrees." In war times the Articles of Confederation might have proved by necessity a strong enough government, as indeed a weaker one had, but with the end of the war, and the consequent termination of the need for united action, the State governments ceased to pay regard to the recommendations of the Congress, and the people, already alienated by the paper-money bubble of the Congress, were quick to follow in the footsteps of their officers and Legislatures.

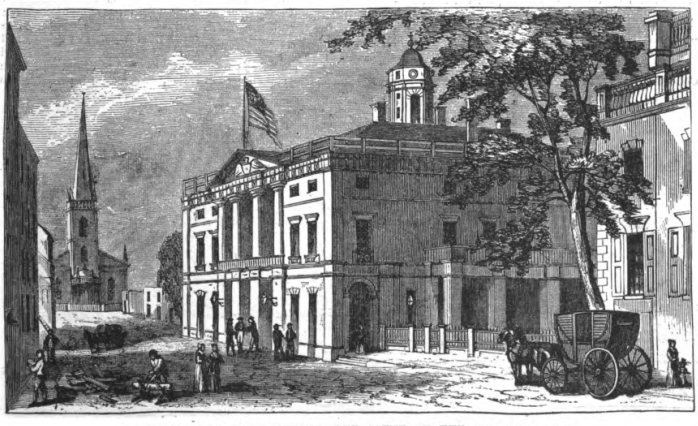
When a people are prosperous they pay little attention to their government. The war had stimulated every industry. Our borrowings in Europe, and the occupation by the English and French armies, had brought large quantities of specie into the country, so that at the close of the war money was plentiful. This condition, however, did not last long. The weakness of the Confederation prevented us from making commercial treaties, and so we were shut out from the West India Islands, with which had been our most profitable trade. Large importations of foreign goods drained us of our specie. Money became scarce, and with that came the cry of the common people for paper-money—the universal cure-all of that period for hard times. Some of the States yielded, and put forth emissions, which at once became the best friend of the shiftless and dishonest. Other States showed more firmness, but at each meeting of their Legislatures the project was renewed, and it seemed only a question of time when the people would force them to yield. In several States the robbery of foreigners was virtually legalized, and the attempt to enforce the collection of debts in two of the States caused serious insurrections, which took the whole force of the local governments to suppress, and left them afraid of the rebels they had dispersed. The general government was powerless, and was even compelled to borrow abroad the funds to pay the interest on its debt. The people were fast disregarding all government, anarchy was growing daily, and foreigners were already laughing at the failure of democracy.

Long before these ills had reached their height the leaders had perceived the drift and attempted to check them, but nothing of importance came of these efforts till the meeting of the Annapolis Convention. This gathering of delegates from certain of the States took place in 1786, to endeavor to find some remedy for the commercial depression and restrictions under which we were suffering, and by united action to apply it. When they came together, however, the members saw that it was not our commercial relations alone that needed change, but that the whole system was wrong, and so, instead of trying to tinker this one defect, they united in a recommendation to the States that they should send delegates to a general convention with powers to alter and amend the Articles of Confederation so that the nation might give and obtain justice. The States had been always averse to giving much power to the general government, but events were exerting a pressure such as the Congress had never been able to do; and so one by one they appointed delegates, who assembled in 1787 at Philadelphia. In the Federal Convention thus formed it was quickly seen that the old "Articles" had passed into a state of "innocuous desuetude," and so, disregarding them entirely, they set



THOMAS MIFFLIN.

to work to construct a government sufficiently strong to be self-preserving. Long did State jealousies, local interests, and opposing opinions battle within those walls, but when the delegates separated they carried with them to their respective constituents a Constitution that Mr. Gladstone has styled "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose

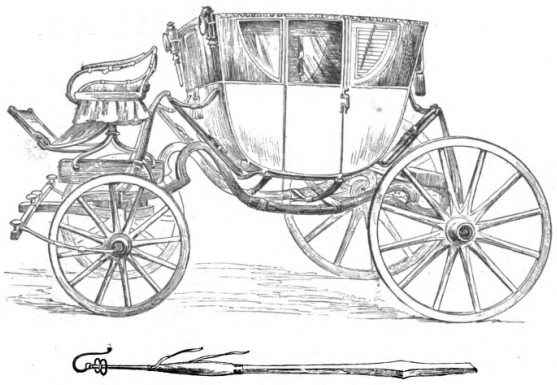


FEDERAL HALL, WALL STREET, THE SCENE OF THE INAUGURATION.



ST. PAUL'S, BROADWAY.—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WASHINGTON'S COACH.

of man." This proposed government had next to run the gauntlet of the Continental Congress and the State Legislatures and conventions, in all of which there was more or less opposition; but with these it was much as with a row of bricks—the yielding of one in turn virtually necessitated the yielding of the next in order, and so before the end of 1788 enough had adopted the Constitution to put the government in force, and so the old Congress, after fifteen years of service, with rather ill grace lighted its own funeral pyre by passing a resolution for the election of a President, and naming a day for its successor, the new Congress, to assemble; and even turned itself out-of-doors so that its rooms might be put in proper repair for the new-comers.

In the course of the long and heated controversy over the adoption of the Constitution a trump card of the Federalists had been the fact that if the people had their wish Washington would unquestionably be our first President, and the Antifederalists had found it difficult work to convince the multitude that a government with Washington at its head would endeavor to turn itself into an aristocracy and enslave the people. Indeed one of the leading New York opponents of the government had declared that he had no fear so long as Washington was at the helm, but that the danger was to come after that. The hard work of the leading Federalists was not, therefore, to obtain the election of Washington, but to get him to accept the office, for which he thought himself unfit, and to leave the peace and quiet of the rural life into which with so much pleasure he had retired six years before. But the arguments of Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, John Jay, and others, carried as they were even to the point of questioning the peaceful organization of the new system if he failed to accept the office, finally overcame his personal feelings, and led him to agree to allow his name to be used for the office. From that moment there was no doubt as to whom the people would elect.

But if the first office was beyond dispute, it was not so with the rest. Long and earnest were the discussions that went on among the two parties as to the Vice-Presidency. The State jealousies were so strong that it was conceded by both parties that he must come from the North, in order to balance the Southern proclivities and habitat of the President. After some wavering between the eligibility of John Adams and John Hancock, the Federalists selected the former, while the Antifederalists nominated Governor George Clinton, the great standard-bearer of their party in the late struggle for the position. Even for this office, however, the latter party stood so little chance of success that Hamilton considered it necessary to scheme that electoral votes should be wasted when balloting for the Vice-President, lest by a mischance, through the want of special designation of candidates for the two offices, Adams should have as many votes as Washington, and so throw the election into the Congress. It was in the election of Senators and Representatives, however, that the great struggle took place between the two parties, and here the Antifederalists met with better success, for some of the States, after ratifying what one Antifederalist had called a "gilded trap," had receded, and were apparently determined, as one Federalist writer complained, "to test the new government by putting it into the hands of its enemies."

But whether the new government was to be Federal or Antifederal, monarchical, aristocratic, or republican, mattered little to the city of New York, which was to be the seat of the new government. The great city, stretching from the Battery up to Chatham Square on the east and Reade Street on the west, was fully alive to the advantage of being the capital of the Union, and though the State and city governments declined to put their hands in their pockets to make proper preparations for the coming event, the citizens promptly did so, and raised the enormous sum of £20,000, "York currency." The old City Hall was placed in the hands of the future projector of our future national city, Major L'Enfant, and under his supervision the whole building was remodelled with—to judge from the contemporary descriptions—a superbness and luxury that were really unrepublican. Each Representative and Senator was to have a desk and chair (the latter covered with leather) to himself, and the Vice-President's chair was of such magnificent proportions that Adams said he supposed the designer had remembered that both the Vice-President and President of the Senate were to sit in it, and so had made it large enough for both offices. Everywhere the city was preparing to give a warm welcome to the new government, and make it so comfortable for them that they should never think of leaving; little reckoning on that future "political deal" between Hamilton and Jefferson which was to carry our national capital to the southward.

The old Congress had named the 4th of March as the day for the assembling of the new Congress, but on that day, "owing to bad roads, sickness in their families, etc.," not two dozen members had arrived, nor indeed was the Federal Hall, as the metamorphosed building was now to be called, ready for their reception, though on that day the few members who were in town met there informally for a few minutes. Then began a long month of dreary waiting, meeting each day only to adjourn for want of a quorum, till one Representative, writing of their "mortifying situation," expressed the fear that "the public will forget the government before it is born," and a townsman wrote, "They complain much of their being kept so long idle." But in spite of this cause for ill-humor, they apparently made a good impression on the spectators, for the same person confessed that "notwithstanding Juvenal remarks that *fronti nulla fides*, I confess I cannot help feeling a little prejudiced in favor of our new legislators from their appearance. Those who are here in general look like men of business, and appear to feel the importance of the business they have come here upon." And this estimate is borne out by the account of one of these very legislators, who described the new Congress as "composed of sober, solid, old-charter folks. However, though I am rather less awed and terrified at the sight of the members than I expected to be, I assure you I like them very well. There are few shining geniuses; there are many who have experience, the virtues of the heart, and the habits of business. It will be a republican assembly. It looks like one."

At last, on April 1st, the House of Representatives made a quorum, as did likewise the Senate six days later, and on the 6th of April, in joint session, the returns were opened, and George Washington was found to be elected President by sixty-nine votes, being all cast, and John Adams Vice-President by thirty-four votes. No sooner was the result known than the Congress appointed Charles Thomson, the Secretary of the old Congress, to notify Washington of his election, and Sylvanus Bourne to do the same to John Adams. Then they appointed committees to hire and properly furnish a house for the President, to plan the inaugural ceremonies, and to decide whether the future head of our government should be styled "His Excellency," "His Serene Highness," "His High Mightiness," or "His Highness the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties."

Thomson used all speed in bearing the letter to Mount Vernon, but his news, or rather the knowledge of what that news was to be, was many days before him, so that Washington had been making preparations for his absence from his farm, and had imitated that almost historic old lady who declared with such pleasure "that she had borrowed money enough to pay off her debts." Indeed he had done more, for he had not only borrowed five hundred pounds, so that he might leave Virginia without fear of his unpaid taxes or duns following him to New York, but, as an after-thought, had obtained an additional hundred pounds to defray his expenses from Mount Vernon to New York. It would be interesting to know how many of our Presidents have made their inaugural journey on borrowed capital, and how much of this particular hundred pounds was left at the taverns and inns for the items of "punch" and "toddy" which cut such important figures in Washington's tavern bills in his journeys.

Thomson arrived at Mount Vernon on the 14th of April, and though only accompanied by two of Washington's friends from the neighboring city of Alexandria, yet such was the formality of the time that the delivery of the letter was prefaced by a sufficiently florid and grandiloquent speech to have satisfied a crowd of reporters, had the press of that day been in the habit of sending "special correspondents"; and Washington replied with one of equal length, after which, we presume, the audience of three dined with the General. Then, after giving Thomson a day's rest, "About ten o'clock I [Washington] bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life and domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express set out for New York, in company with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphrys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations." And in confidence he wrote to a friend, "that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution." Yet there never was a President who came into office with fewer personal or political enemies, and this journey was the most triumphal progress ever given an uncrowned head.

The testifying of the people's love and veneration for the Father of his Country began at Alexandria, but a couple of hours journey from the start, where he was met by all the F. F. V.'s of that town, "partook of an elegant collation," and received and answered a highly eulogistic address from the "Mayor, Corporation, and Citizens." Then he once more entered his carriage and drove on to Georgetown, so near the spot—then nothing but farms—which was soon to become the seat of empire, and to commemorate for all time this man's services to his country; and here, after a reception, the little party spent the night. The afternoon of the next day brought him into Baltimore, where a committee had already been making preparations for his reception, and where he was met several miles out of town by "a large body of respectable citizens on horseback, and conducted, under a discharge of cannon, to Mr. Grant's tavern, through crowds of admiring spectators." Then, after giving "this venerable Heroe" time to rest and refresh himself, he was waited on by a large number of citizens, and "the hour [5 P. M.] being too late for public dinner," he was offered and accepted an invitation to supper, after which, at ten o'clock, he retired for the night. At half past five the next morning he was once more entering his carriage, and escorted for some miles by a body of citizens, set out for Philadelphia.

There the most elaborate preparations were being made for his reception. "On the 18th instant his Excellency Thomas Mifflin, Esq., President of the State, the Honourable Richard Peters, Esq., Speaker of our Legislature, and the old City Troop of Horse, commanded by Col. Miles, proceeded as far as the line between this State and that of Delaware, under the pleasing expectation of meeting our beloved Washington, President-General of the United States. We were, however, disappointed, as he did not arrive at the line till early the next morning, when we were joined by another troop from the city, commanded by Captain Bingham. After paying him the tribute of military honour due to his rank and exalted character, by proper salutes and otherwise, we escorted him into Chester, where we breakfasted, and rested perhaps a couple of hours. This great and worthy man, finding he could not possibly elude the parade which necessarily must attend manifestations of joy and affection when displayed by a grateful people to their patriot benefactor, ordered his carriages into the rear of the whole line, and mounted an elegant horse.... Thus we proceeded to Mr. Gray's bridge, on the Schuylkill, observing the strictest order and regularity during the march. The bridge was highly decorated with laurel and other evergreens, by Mr. Gray himself, the ingenious Mr. Peale, and others, and in such a style as to display uncommon taste in these gentlemen.—At each end there were erected magnificent arches, composed of laurel, emblematical of the ancient triumphal arches used by the Romans, and on each side of the bridge a laurel shrubbery, which seemed to challenge even nature herself for simplicity, ease, and elegance.—And as our beloved Washington passed the bridge, a lad, beautifully ornamented with sprigs of laurel, assisted by a certain machinery, let drop above the Heroe's head, unperceived by him, a civic crown of laurel.—There was also a very elegant display of variegated flags on each side of the bridge, as well as other places, which alternately caught the eye, and filled the spectator's soul with admiration and delight.—

"But who can describe the heart-felt gratulations of more than twenty thousand free citizens, who lined every fence, field, and avenue between the bridge and city? The aged Sire, the venerable Matron, the blooming Virgin, and the ruddy youth were all emulous in their plaudits—nay, the lisping infant did not withhold its innocent smile of praise and approbation. In short, all classes and descriptions of citizens discovered (and they felt what they discovered) the most undisguised attachment and unbounded zeal for their dear Chief, and I may add, under God, the saviour of their country.—Not all the pomp of majesty, not even imperial dignity itself, surrounded with its usual splendour and magnificence, could equal this interesting scene. On approaching near the city our illustrious Chief was highly gratified with a further military display of infantry, commanded by Captain James Rees, and artillery, commanded by Captain Jeremiah Fisher. The corps joined in the procession, and thousands of freemen, whose hearts burned with patriotic fire, also fell into the ranks almost every square we marched, until the column swelled beyond credibility itself, and having conducted the man of our hearts to the City Tavern, he was introduced to a very grand and plentiful banquet, which was prepared for him by the citizens. At dinner a number of patriotic toasts were drank. The pleasures and festivity of the day being over, they were succeeded by a handsome display of fireworks in the evening. Yesterday morning, after receiving and answering several addresses, he set off for New York. The city troops of light-horse paraded at ten o'clock in order to accompany him to Trenton, but his Excellency, being obliged, on account of the rain, to ride in his carriage, insisted upon declining the honour they had intended for him; for he could not, he said, think of travelling under cover while they were exposed to the rain on horseback."

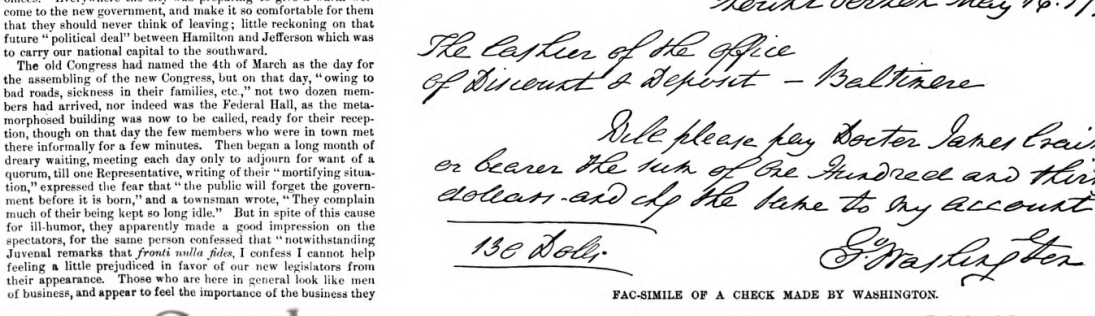
At Trenton his reception was equally magnificent. "A troop of horse, commanded by Captain Carle, a company of infantry, commanded by Captain Hanlor, completely equipped in full uniform, with a large concourse of gentlemen and inhabitants of the town and neighborhood, lined the bank of the Delaware to hail his arrival. As soon as he set foot on the Jersey shore he was welcomed with three huzzas, which made the shores re-echo the cheerful sounds; and being saluted by the Horse and Infantry, was escorted to town in the following order:

A Party of Horse
The Light-Infantry
His Excellency on horseback
Attended by Mr. Secretary Thomson and Col. Humphrys
The Light-Horse
The Gentlemen of the town and neighborhood
on horseback

When the procession arrived at the bridge, which lies south of the town, they were surprised with a scene to which no description can do justice. As Trenton had been made twice memorable during the war—once by the Capture of the Hessians, and again by the repulse of the whole British army in their attempt to cross this bridge the evening before the battle of Princeton—a design was formed by the ladies of this place, and carried into execution solely under their direction, to testify to his Excellency by the celebration of these actions the grateful sense they retained of the safety and protection afforded by him to the daughters of New Jersey. A triumphal arch was raised on the bridge 20 feet wide, supported by thirteen pillars. The centre of the arch from the ground was about 20 feet. Each pillar was entwined with wreaths of evergreen. The arch, which extended about 12 feet along the bridge, was covered with laurel, and decorated on the inside with evergreens and flowers. On the front of the arch, or that side to which his Excellency approached, was the following Inscription in large Gilt letters:

The Defender of the Mothers
Will be the Protector of the Daughters

The upper and lower sides of this Inscription were ornamented with wreaths of evergreens, and artificial flowers of all kinds, made for the purpose, beautifully interspersed. On the centre of the arch, above the inscription, was a Dome or Cupola of flowers and evergreens, encircling the dates of those glorious actions, inscribed in large gilt letters. The summit of the Dome displayed a large Sunflower, which, pointing to the Sun, was designed to express this



FAC-SIMILE OF A CHECK MADE BY WASHINGTON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE OLD PULPIT IN ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

sentiment or motto, 'To You Alone,' as emblematical of the unparalleled unanimity of sentiment in the millions of the United States. A numerous train of ladies, leading their daughters in their hands, assembled at the arch, thus to thank their Defender and Protector."

The next day brought him to Woodbridge, where the party, now increased in size by the joining of Governor William Livingston and others, spent the night at the old "John Manning Inn," and on the 23d of April, escorted by companies of militia from Newark, Connecticut Farms, and Elizabeth Town, with a large body of citizens as well, he set out for Elizabeth Town. There he remained long enough to have a reception by the towns-people, "partake of a repast," and "receive a federal salutation," after which he drove on to Elizabeth Town Point, where he reviewed the New Jersey troops, and then embarked for New York, but without entirely ridding himself of his New Jersey escort, for a sloop laden with New Jersey ladies, yclept in the contemporary account "the fair daughters of Columbia," accompanied him part of the way up the bay, and "enlivened the scene by singing a variety of expressive and animated airs."

In the mean time, while our President was making such a triumphal passage from the Southern States to New York, John Adams was receiving an almost equal one in his trip from Quincy to this city, and owing to his earlier arrival, had already been duly inducted to his office, so that the people were quite free to lavish their whole attention on Washington when he should arrive.

Great had been the preparations for his reception. The Walter Franklin house at the junction of Queen (now Pearl) and Cherry streets, at that time quite on the outskirts of the town, had been hired and furnished for his residence. Committees from the two Houses of Congress had been appointed to receive him on the Jersey shore, an "elegant" barge, costing nearly £300, "between forty and fifty feet long, and moulded on the finest model," had been built and launched especially to "waft the great Washington across the Hudson," and this reception programme had been drawn up and published in the newspapers:

"The following arrangement is agreed upon by his Excellency the Governor and the principal officers of the State and city for the reception of the President of the United States:

"1. A deputation of State officers, to consist of his Honor the Chancellor and the Adjutant-General, accompanied by a deputation from the corporation of the city of New York, to consist of the Recorder, will receive his Excellency the President of the United States on the Jersey shore.

"2. A salute will be fired from the Battery immediately on the President's embarkation.

"3. Should he pass the Battery, a second salute will be fired on his passing; and should he land in the city without passing the Battery, the second salute shall be fired on his landing.

"4. His Excellency the Governor and the principal officers of the State, and

"5. The Mayor and the principal officers of the corporation will attend, and receive the President on his landing, and thence accompany him to his house. The citizens who attend on the occasion will form in such manner as that the President and his attendants may conveniently pass through their ranks.

"6. The Volunteers of the Legion of Gen. Malcom's brigade and Col. Bauman's regiment of artillery will parade in their uniforms.

"7. Immediately after the salute of the President's landing the bells of the several churches, etc., will ring, and continue ringing for half an hour.

"8. The colors of the Fort and of the vessels in the harbor will be displayed on firing the first salute.

"9. The city will be illuminated from seven to nine o'clock in the evening."

The passage across the bay was no less of an ovation than the previous part of the journey. After the festivities thrust upon him on the Jersey shore, Washington had been welcomed by the committees of Congress, consisting of John Langdon, Charles Carroll, William Samuel Johnson, Elias Boudinot, Egbert Benson, Theodorick Bland, Thomas Tudor Tucker, and John Lawrence, and the State and city officials, consisting of Robert R. Livingston and Richard Varick, and with them embarked in the barge, which was commanded by Commodore James Nicholson, and rowed by twelve New York pilots, while a thirteenth, Thomas Randall, acted as cockswain. Many boats joined the barge as it neared the city, some bearing distinguished people, such as the Board of Treasury and the Secretaries of Foreign Affairs and War, while others were crowded by ordinary spectators; and from one, containing some twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, was sung the following "Ode on the Arrival of the President of the United States," which had been specially composed by Samuel Low, the great local rhymer of the day, who, with probably unconscious satire, had set it to the air of what we call "God save the Queen," but which at that time was serving quite as well for that monarch with whom we had but lately had that little unpleasantness:

"Hail, bright auspicious day!
Long shall America
Thy praise resound.
Joy to our native land!
Let every heart expand,
For Washington's at hand
With glory crown'd!

"*Columbia's* children, hail!
Behold, before the gale
Your chieftain comes;
The matchless hero's nigh.
Now raise your plaudits high;
With trumpets rend the sky,
And martial drums.

"Illustrious warrior, hail!
Oft did thy sword prevail
O'er hosts of foes.
Come and fresh laurels claim;
Still dearer make thy name
Long as immortal Fame
Her trumpet blows.

"Thrice welcome to this shore.
Our leader now no more,
But ruler thou.
Oh, truly good and great!
Long live to glad our State,
Where countless honors wait
To deck thy brow.

"Hush'd be the din of arms;
Henceforth the olive's charms
Shall war preclude.
These shores a head shall own
Unsullied by a throne—
Our much lov'd Washington,
The great, the good!"

All the vessels in the harbor, which was not saying much, "were dressed, manned, and highly decorated"; and as the President's boat passed his Catholic Majesty's sloop of war *Galveston* she fired a salute of thirteen guns, as did also the private merchant vessel *North Carolina*, and the guns on the Battery. Small wonder that an eye-witness states that "the whole scene was highly animated—moving in regular order, the grand Gala formed an object the most interesting imaginable."

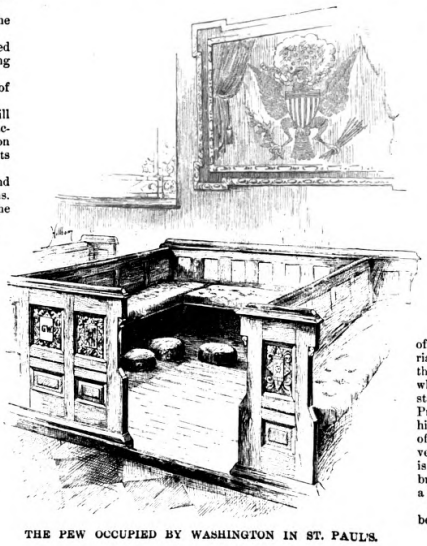
The debarkation took place at Murray Wharf, at the foot of Wall Street, which had been draped and hung with crimson trimmings, and a carpet spread from the steps to the carriage which was in waiting to take him to his future home. "Innumerable multitudes thronged the shores, the wharves, and the shipping, waiting with pleasing anticipation his arrival." At the steps he was received by a salute from Colonel Bauman's artillery (last heard by him on the night that Hamilton's and Deuxpont's battalions had carried the redoubts at Yorktown, and so gained us peace), and was welcomed by Governor Clinton, Lieutenant-Governor Van Courtlandt, Mayor Duane, Sheriff Boyd, the clergy, and all the "first citizens."

After this informal reception, Washington declining to ride, the procession formed itself and moved up Wall Street, and so into Queen (Pearl) Street in the following order:

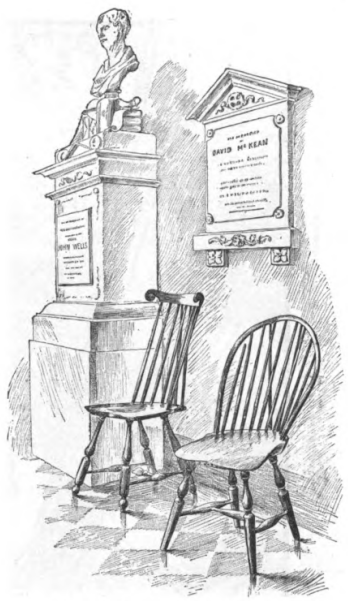
Col. Lewis
Accompanied by Majors Norton and Van Horne
Troop of Dragoons
Captain Stakes
German Grenadiers
Captain Scriba
Band of Musick
Infantry of the Brigade
Captains Swartout and Stedditford
Grenadiers
Captain Harsin
Regiment of Artillery
Col. Bauman
Band of Musick
General Malcom and Aid
Officers of the Militia—Two and Two
Committee of Congress
The President—Governor Clinton
President's Suite
Officers of the State
Mayor and Aldermen of New York
The Reverend Clergy
Their Excellencies the French and Spanish Ambassadors in their Carriages
The whole followed by an immense concourse of Citizens.

As this triumphal procession marched, Washington "frequently bowed to the multitude, and took off his hat to the ladies at the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs, threw flowers before him, and shed tears of joy and congratulation. The whole city was one scene of triumphal rejoicing. His name in every form of decoration appeared on the fronts of houses, and the streets through which he passed were ornamented with flags, silk banners of various colors, wreaths of flowers, and branches of evergreen."

The end of the march was reached in Franklin Square, then



THE PEW OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON IN ST. PAUL'S.



AN ANTIQUE CORNER IN ST. PAUL'S.

only partially built up, and still shaded by many trees, and as soon as Washington was escorted into the first "White House" at the head of the square he was waited upon with congratulations by all the foreign ministers, statesmen, officers, both civil and military, public bodies, and many private citizens. Then after a short rest he dined at Governor Clinton's informally, while the whole city illuminated in honor of his arrival. It was certainly symbolical of the death of the discord between the Federalists and Antifederalists that the two shining lights of these parties should dine peacefully together, just as that government over which there had been such discord and intense bitterness was to be finally completed and put in force.

After consultation between the committees of Congress and Washington, the 30th of April was agreed upon for the inauguration, and in the intervening time they were, comparatively speaking, given a little time of rest, which he used by calling on each Senator and Representative, and the Congress spent in discussing the tariff, at that time a brand-new question only twelve days old. But the city was hard at work getting ready for "the day of days," and was fast becoming crowded, for two new arrivals wrote, "While we are waiting at Mrs. Vandervoort's [Inn], in Maiden Lane, till after dinner, two of our beaux are running about town determined to obtain the best places for us to stay at which can be had for love, money, or the most persuasive speeches"; and this same penman announced her intention to "remain here if we have to sleep in tents, as many will have to do."

On Wednesday, April 29th, the day before the inauguration, *The Gazette of the United States*, with rare journalistic enterprise for those days, when it was thought sufficient to note an event a week or two after it had occurred, announced the coming great event in the following way:

"We have heard much of the BIRTHDAY of Columbia: her natal hour is dated the 19th of April [Battle of Lexington], 1775.

"TO-MORROW is the Day of her Espousals—when, in presence of the King of kings, the solemn Compact will be ratified between her and the darling object of her choice. May she date from that moment the Brightest Scenes of Freedom and Happiness, under the auspices of the wise and glorious Administration of the PRESIDENT OF HER AFFECTIONS."

The 30th of April, as if friendly to the new government, dawned pleasant. The ceremonies of the day were planned to begin with services held in every church in the city, and though the Episcopal clergy at first declined to hold it without orders from the government, this difficulty was overcome, and at nine o'clock the twelve churches of the city sent forth their summons to "the immense concourse" which had spent the night in town or were now riding in from the neighboring villages of Greenwich and Harlem, or were being ferried across in the flat-bottom ferry-boats of that day from the Long Island and Jersey shores. Shortly after this service the Congress met, and after much amusing discussion as to how the President was to be received, finally arranged matters, and then, owing to the non-attendance of their own committee on Washington, had the pleasure of waiting, both branches crowded into one room, more than an hour for his arrival. No wonder that one Senator, who tells us that he was dressed in his best clothes, and was no doubt greatly discomforted thereby, should write, "Goddess of Etiquette assist me."

In the mean time, while the Senators, who had seats, and the Representatives, who had not, were waiting, Franklin Square was a scene to behold. Here was Colonel Morgan Lewis, the man in command, here was Captain Stakes with a troop of horse, Major Van Horne with his artillery, grenadiers under Captain Harsin, "Captain Scriba and his German grenadiers," and Majors Bicker and Christie with a brigade of infantry, to say nothing of civil officers, populace, and carriages, all crowded into this small spot, and all waiting for the three Senators who were so much interested in the debates on whether the Vice-President was to receive the President sitting or standing that they quite forgot their duty of attendance on the President. At least they gave Washington sufficient time to array himself "in a complete suit of Homespun Cloaths, but the Cloth of so fine a fabric, and so handsomely finished that it was universally mistaken for foreign manufactured superfine Cloth," which is somewhat more described in detail by another witness as "deep brown, with metal buttons with an eagle on them, white stockings, a bag, and sword."

At last, about half past twelve, the troops led off the procession, being followed by the committee of the Senate, then came the car-

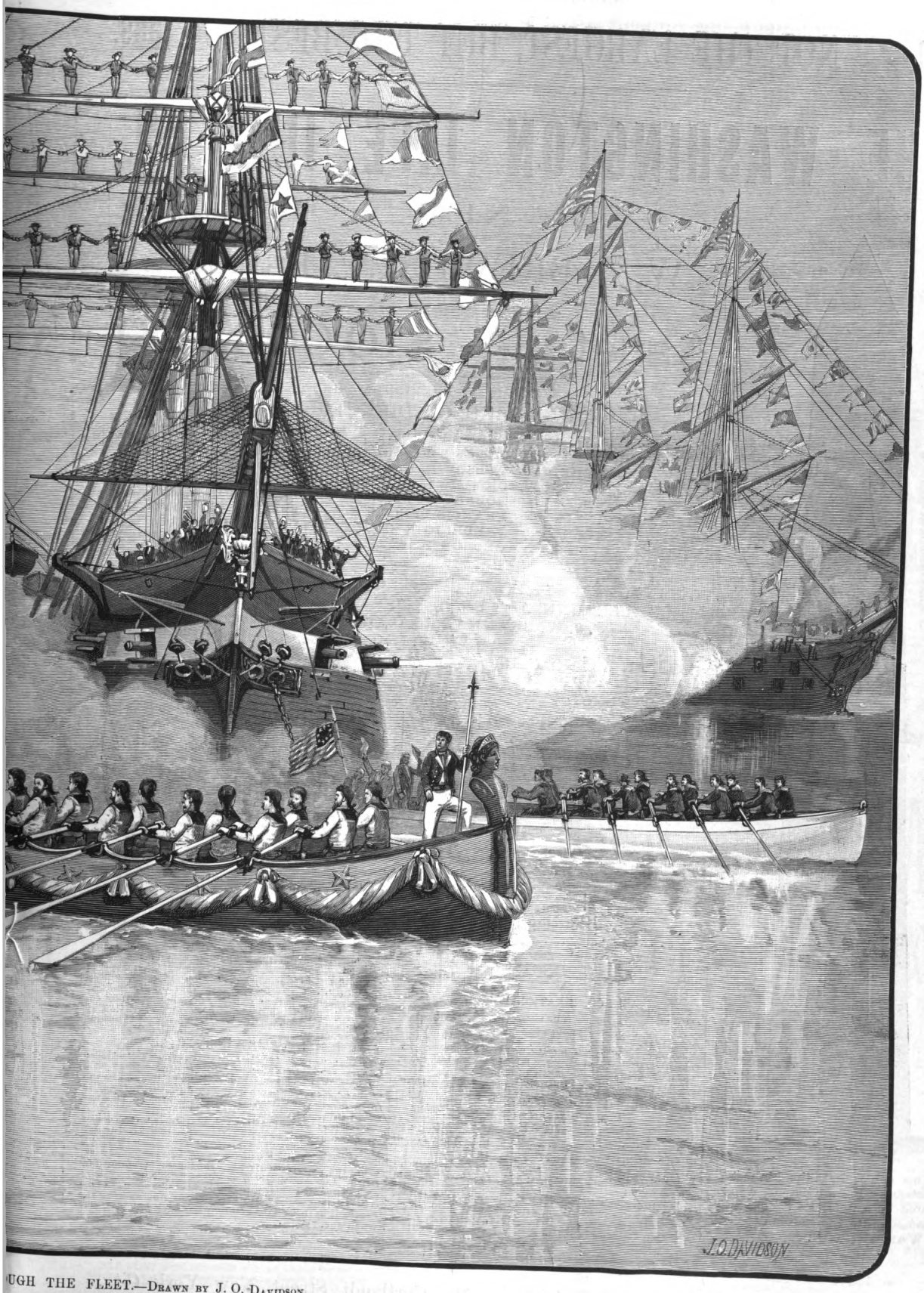
(Continued on page 362.)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WASHINGTON'S STATE BARGE PASSING

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



UGH THE FLEET.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

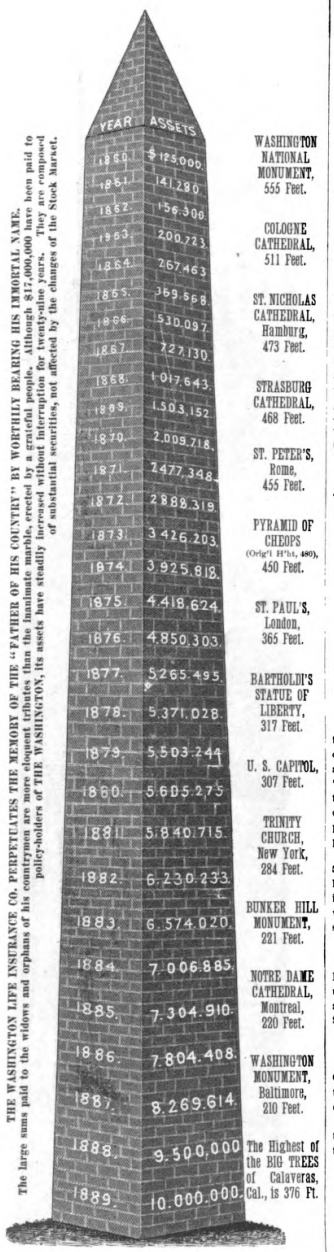
1860. NOT THE LARGEST, BUT THE BEST! **1889.**

THE WASHINGTON LIFE INS. CO.

OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

Assets, - - $10,000,000.



This noble shaft, the highest erected by human hands, was reared by a patriotic people to commemorate the heroic deeds of WASHINGTON.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

W. A. BREWER, Jr.,	**THOMAS HOPE,**	**BENJAMIN HAXTUN,**
WM. HAXTUN,	**JAMES THOMSON,**	**EDWIN H. MEAD,**
ROLAND G. MITCHELL,	**WILSON G. HUNT,**	**HENRY F. HITCH,**
GEORGE N. LAWRENCE,	**CHAS. H. LUDINGTON,**	**CHARLES P. BRITTON,**
LEVI P. MORTON,	**ROBERT BOWNE,**	**FRANCIS G. ADAMS,**
ABIEL A. LOW,	**FRANCIS SPEIR,**	**B. W. McCREADY, M. D.,**
MERRITT TRIMBLE,	**FREDERIC R. COUDERT,**	**DAVID THOMSON,**
GEORGE A. ROBBINS,	**GEORGE NEWBOLD,**	**HAROLD A. SANDERSON.**

W. HAXTUN, Vice-Pres't and Sec'y. **E. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies.**
CYRUS MUNN, Ass't Sec'y. **ISRAEL C. PIERSON, Actuary.**
J. W. BRANNAN, M. D., Medical Examiner.
B. W. McCREADY, Consulting Physician.
FOSTER & THOMSON, Attorneys, 52 Wall Street, New York.

THE WASHINGTON'S NEW POLICY.

[Baltimore Underwriter.]

THE WASHINGTON comes to the front with a new form of policy which contains non-forfeitable conditions both of policy and dividends, and in addition offers to the public a contract exceedingly simple and concise, yet sufficiently ample to leave no one in doubt as to its meaning. Its features are these: "A new and liberal contract;" "residence and travel unlimited;" "an incontestable policy;" "immediate settlement of claims;" "non-forfeitable dividends;" "dividends at end of first year;" "annual dividends from date of policy;" "dividends to protect policy;" "inalienable dividends;" "liberal provision for surrender."

Contrasted with the policy of any company whose dividends are deferred 5 years, 10 years, 15 years, or more, during which the insured risks the entire loss of the surplus earnings of his premiums, and magnifies the hazards of his insurance, the new policy of THE WASHINGTON is not only intrinsically more valuable, but is incomparably superior in validity, and in the measure of the security it affords.

THE WASHINGTON

Issues all desirable forms of Life and Endowment Insurance, including its popular Semi-Endowment, which is better than a "Semi-Tontine," by as much as a definite is always better than an indefinite contract. THE WASHINGTON Semi-Endowments guarantee better results than Semi-Tontines.

THE COMBINATION POLICY

Of THE WASHINGTON guarantees to the holder of a $1000 Policy $1500 at maturity. A Policy for $5000 is a contract for $7500. A Policy for $10,000 is a contract for $15,000.

Say the amount of the Policy is $30,000, the insured is guaranteed at maturity $30,000 CASH and a paid-up Life Policy for $15,000; total, $45,000, together with all accumulated and unused dividends.

By the Combination Policy the insured secures under a single contract:

I. Protection for a term of years.
II. The Savings of an Endowment.
III. A Permanent Estate.

A strong, simple, and inexpensive provision, guaranteeing INSURANCE, a CAPITAL SUM, and AN ESTATE.

The Policies of THE WASHINGTON are protected by non-forfeitable dividends, are incontestable after three years; residence and travel unrestricted after two years. Immediate settlement of claims.

Every policy provides for a definite amount of paid-up insurance after three years. In its provision for the voluntary application for all dividends to prevent forfeiture in case of lapse "The Washington's" contract has always been superior to that of any other company.

IT STANDS ALONE.

LAW OFFICES OF EX-JUDGE THOMAS R. ELCOCK,
431 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6th, 1887.

Dear Sir,—It gives me pleasure to acknowledge the receipt this A. M. of your Company's check in settlement of death-claim under Policy No. 43,321.

I desire to make **Special Mention** of what I consider a very commendable practice of your Company, and particularly **as it stands alone in this feature** in its relations to other companies—that is, its method of protecting policies from lapsing **by appropriating each policy's share of the Company's profits in keeping the policy from forfeiture** when the premium is not paid at the time it falls due, as in the case of my client.

Though his premium was due September 5th, last, and unpaid at the time of his death, November 17th, the dividend of 1887 passed to his policy's credit **kept the insurance intact, and saved the amount of the policy to his family.** Yours, very truly, THOMAS R. ELCOCK,

Counsel for Beneficiary.

To the General Agent of the Washington Life Insurance Co. of New York.

THE VAST ADVANTAGE to the holder of a policy in THE WASHINGTON—an advantage not furnished by any other Company—is its Non-forfeitable Dividends," and **"dividends applied as premiums,"** in a manner clearly expressed in the policy, and in strict conformity to the terms of the charter. This unique and valuable feature is strongly set forth in the Statement from the records of the Company, **that within the last seven years alone 4464 policies, insuring $11,502,740, have been saved to policy-holders of the Washington by non-forfeitable Dividends.**

NUMEROUS INSTANCES

Are known to the public of families being benefited by this dividend protection in the policies of THE WASHINGTON—instances in which premiums had not been paid for months, and in some cases for years. **Meanwhile the husband, father, or brother having died, the full sum of the insurance of $1000, $3000, $5000, $10,000, etc., has been paid to the family.**

Nor is this all; many a man, in a business emergency, has been tempted or compelled to postpone the payment of his premium through the urgency of an unforeseen demand upon his resources. In all such cases the dividend to the credit of a policy not only carries the insurance, but it does more—**it prevents the policy itself from expiring or becoming forfeited.** While thus sustained by the dividend the holder may pay his premium, and that without medical certificate, or any question as to the condition of his health, **the policy being held to be as binding upon the Company as though the premium had been paid promptly when due.**

Address E. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies, 21 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING, AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepaid by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache, and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS



THE PATENT LABRADOR.

Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

ESTERBROOK'S DOUBLE LINE RULING PEN.



MAKES TWO LINES AT ONCE.

Send 10c. stamps for 4 pens; 25c. for 1 doz. ESTERBROOK & CO., 26 John St., New York.

Using them for Fifty Years.

Mrs. Fayette Dixon writes:

"ARKANSAW, PEPIN CO., WIS., Dec. 2, 1885.

"For upwards of fifty years I have used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I am now nearly eighty years old, and in good health. That my faculties are still intact is due to this fact, and this only, that I have almost relied on BRANDRETH'S PILLS to the exclusion of stronger medicines to restore me to health whenever either seriously indisposed or in great suffering from colds, backache, &c., and am deeply grateful, next to my Maker, to the blessed man who originated and placed within reach of his fellow-beings so simple and efficacious a remedy. For bilious derangements and kidney disturbances their usefulness, in my experience, is particularly noticeable."

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The Complexion:

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE FORMS THE BASIS OF WELL-KNOWN PREPARATIONS FOR PRESERVING AND IMPROVING THE COMPLEXION.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE ELEGANT BOOK OF TOILET RECIPES THAT CAN BE PREPARED EASILY AND CHEAPLY AT HOME. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR TWO TWO-CENT STAMPS. ADDRESS, ...

PROCTER & GAMBLE,

GLYCERINE DEP'T, CINCINNATI, O.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO., 59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world. Collection in all foreign countries.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex: all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

An Elegant and Appropriate Souvenir:

The Only Complete Illustrated

History of the City of New York.

By MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB.

2 Volumes, Royal Octavo. 313 Illustrations. Price, $20.00.

"It is by far the best history of New York."—GEO. BANCROFT.

"In mechanical execution the volumes are superb."—R. S. STORRS.

"It is rich with information, and the interesting story never was so thoroughly and satisfactorily told."—GEO. WM. CURTIS.

☞ *Sent by post or express prepaid on receipt of price. For sale by all booksellers. For description and prices, address*

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers,

111 & 113 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

USE PEARL TOP LAMP CHIMNEYS THE BEST IN THE WORLD MADE ONLY BY GEO. A. MACBETH & CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

KANSAS CITY KANSAS

Is the Gateway and Metropolis of the Southwest, of which Kansas is such a fertile factor. Its packing and live-stock interests are already the second largest in the world, and its other factors, 45,000 population included, are growing prodigiously. Controlling largely the most desirable properties here, close to rapid transit lines and shipping facilities, we are prepared to offer the most liberal inducements and generous terms to investors, large or small, either for homes, business or speculation. Let us give you particulars.

THE HUSTED INVESTMENT CO. JAMES D. HUSTED, President.



How to Use "ROUGH ON RATS."

SOME folks after buying an article will destroy or throw away the directions without reading them. Now and again some such person will say rats won't eat ROUGH ON RATS. If asked how they used it, it will be found they sprinkled it about, or at most, mixed it with a little flour or meal. Ask a complainer if he tried ROUGH ON RATS mixed with lard, grease, or butter and spread on bread, cut in pieces and laid about; or if he put it on RAW or cooked meat, the leavings of fish, clams, oysters; or if he has mixed it with cheese; or if he has mixed it with eggs and meal or grease and meal, and if he covered up or removed other food rats could get at; to all of which he will probably answer no. Now it's a notorious fact, known all over the world, that ROUGH ON RATS has never been equalled as a rat, mouse, insect, and vermin destroyer; and the cause of any failure is due to the stupid dullness or carelessness of the person setting it, rather than the inefficacy of the article. Occasionally an individual is found who will say the rats eat *some* of the ROUGH ON RATS but it don't kill them. He don't see any dead ones. If asked if he hears or sees any live ones he says no. Is it necessary that you see the dead ones? So long as you are clear of rats and mice what more do you want? If occasionally a few scattering ones are left, set ROUGH ON RATS again, using some other material to mix it with. ROUGH ON RATS is a slow but sure poison. It is not necessary that each and every rat get the dose set. If a few of them get it, it makes them so sick and miserable they will kick up such a rumpus and suffer so much that all are terrified and scared from the dreaded premises, and those that do get the dose—in their misery, work their way out of the building in search of relief and water, and die or stroll away. Thus your house is completely rid of vermin, and it is not necessary that you see dead or dying rats lying about to convince you. EVERY time you set or reset ROUGH ON RATS use a different medium or vehicle to mix it with.

SEE ALSO special instructions with each package for use of ROUGH ON RATS, in clearing out Roaches, Water and Croton Bugs, Beetles, Ants, Insects, Hen Lice, Potato Bugs, Moths, Squirrels, Jack Rabbits, Sparrows, etc.

Send for circular, "How to Destroy Bugs, Insects, Roaches."

Send for Lithographs, Advertising Matter, etc. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

GRAY HAIR.

IF THE HAIR IS GRAY

and it is desired to gradually darken and restore to original color, use

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ORIGINAL COLOR.

An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No grease nor oil. A tonic restorative. Prevents the hair coming out; cleanses, strengthens, and heals scalp.

50c. and $1.00

At Druggists.

The $1.00 size by Express free of Express charge.

E. S. WELLS, JERSEY CITY, N. J., U. S. A.





YOUTH and BEAUTY preserved by using that marvel of the age, "LEAURELLE OIL." Though called an oil, is more of the nature of an expressed juice; possesses peculiar properties preventing tendency to formation of wrinkles or aging of the skin.

LEAURELLE OIL.

NATURE'S WONDER.—A genuine essence of nature, possesses most marked and surprising virtues in preserving youthfulness and glow of the skin and complexion. Removes and prevents pimples, black heads,

WRINKLES, or ACING OF THE SKIN.

Preserves a youthful, plump, fresh condition of features. If you desire a transparent, clear, fresh Complexion, free from blemish or roughness, use LEAURELLE OIL. It cures and prevents cracking, chapping, roughness, or coarseness of skin. Keeps face, neck, and hands soft, plump. Preserves the tone, life, and transparent glow of the skin as in youth. When applied let it dry on. Need not be washed off. Will not soil most delicate fabric. $1.00 at Druggists or prepaid by Express. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

riage of the President, which also contained Colonels Humphrey and Lear, then the committee of the Representatives, then the officers of the departments, and tailing off with "Several Gentlemen of Distinction," who are described by another account as "the foreign ministers and a long train of citizens." The procession, with flying flags and banners, marched down the whole length of Queen (now Pearl) Street, turned into Great Dock (now part of Pearl) Street, and so round into the lower part of Broad Street, at the upper end of which, fronting on Wall Street (where now stands the Sub-Treasury), stood the Federal Hall, with the balcony on which the ceremony was to be performed looking down Broad Street, in front of which for hours the streets, windows, and roofs had been crowded with people.

Of this first inauguration three accounts have been left us, all of which are worth quoting for their local color and the differences which each noted. The first is given us by Tobias Lear, the secretary of Washington, who rode in his carriage with him.

"About two hundred yards before we reached the Hall we descended from our carriages, and passed through the troops, who were drawn up on each side, into the Hall and Senate-Chamber, where we found the Vice-President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives assembled. They received the President in the most respectful manner, and the Vice-President conducted him to a spacious and elevated seat at the head of the room. A solemn silence prevailed. The Vice-President soon arose and informed the President that all things were prepared to administer the oath whenever he should see fit to proceed to the balcony and receive it. He immediately descended from his seat, and advanced through the middle door of the Hall to the balcony. The others passed through the doors on each side. The oath was administered in public by Chancellor Livingston, and at the moment the Chancellor proclaimed him President of the United States the air was rent by repeated shouts and huzzas—'God bless our Washington! Long live our beloved Washington!' We again returned into the Hall, where, being seated as before for a few minutes, the President arose and addressed the two branches of the Congress in a speech which was heard with eager and marked attention."

Such was the scene as described by one of the Presidential cortége. Mrs. Eliza Quincy, however, saw it from quite a different aspect.

"I was on the roof of the first house in Broad Street, which belonged to Captain Prince, the father of one of my school companions, and so near to Washington that I could almost hear him speak. The windows and roofs of the houses were crowded, and in the streets the throng was so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads of the people. The balcony of the hall was in full view of this assembled multitude. In the centre of it was placed a table, with a rich covering of red velvet, and upon this on a crimson velvet cushion lay a large and elegant Bible. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene. All eyes were fixed on the balcony, where at the appointed hour Washington entered, accompanied by the Chancellor of the State of New York, who administered the oath; by John Adams, the Vice-President; Governor Clinton, and many other distinguished men. By the great body of the people he had probably never been seen except as a military hero. The first in war was now to be the first in peace. His entrance on the balcony was announced by universal shouts of joy and welcome. His appearance was most solemn and dignified. Advancing to the front of the balcony, he laid his hand on his heart, bowed several times, and then retired to an arm-chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him, and were at once hushed in profound silence. After a few moments Washington arose and came forward. Chancellor Livingston read the oath according to the form prescribed by the Constitution, and Washington repeated it, resting his hand on the Bible. Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, then took the Bible to raise it to the lips of Washington, who stooped and kissed the book. At this moment a signal was given by raising a flag upon the cupola of the Hall for a general discharge of the artillery of the Battery. All the bells in the city rang out a peal of joy, and the assembled multitude sent forth a universal shout. The President again bowed to the people and then retired."



MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.



THE RIGHT REV. SAMUEL PROVOOST, D.D., THE FIRST BISHOP OF NEW YORK.



DAVID HUMPHREYS.



JAMES DUANE.

Such was the impression left upon the mind of a young girl, while here is that of an old politician, Senator Maclay:

"The President advanced between the Senate and Representatives, bowing to each. He was placed in the chair by the President of the Senate; the Senate, with their President, on the right, the Speaker and Representatives on his left. The President of the Senate rose and addressed a short sentence to him. The import of it was that he should now take the oath of office as President. He seemed to have forgot half of what he was to say, for he made a dead pause and stood for some time to appearance in a vacant mood. He finished with a formal bow, and the President was conducted out of the middle window into the gallery, and the oath administered by the Chancellor. Notice that the business was done was communicated to the crowd, who gave three cheers, and repeated it on the President's bowing to them. As the company returned into the Chamber the President took the chair, and the Senate and Representatives their seats. He arose and all arose, and he addressed them.

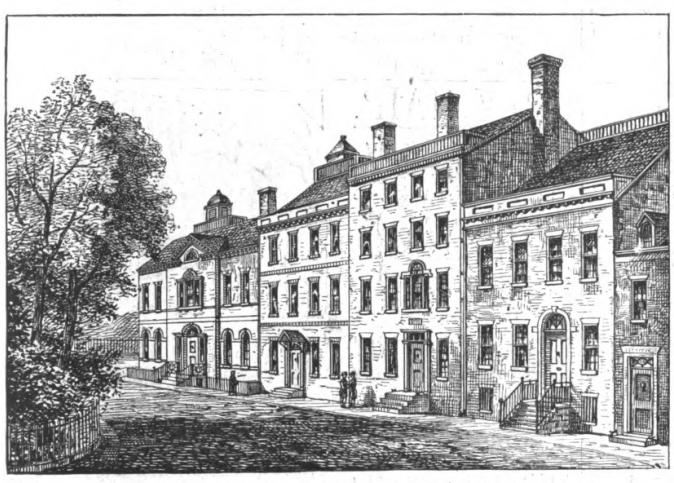
"This great man was agitated and embarrassed more than ever he was by the levelled cannon or pointed musket. He trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read, though it must be supposed he had often read it before. He made a flourish with his right hand which left rather an ungainly impression. I sincerely, for my part, wished all set ceremony in the hands of the dancing-masters, and that this first of men had read off his address in the plainest manner, without ever taking his eyes from the paper; for I felt hurt that he was not first in everything."

As soon as the ceremonies were finished, Washington, accompanied by the Congress, went to St. Paul's Church, where a *Te Deum* and other services were conducted by Bishop Provoost, the Chaplain of the Senate, after which Washington returned to the Presidential mansion.

No ball ended inauguration day one hundred years ago, but the city did its best to observe the evening in a proper manner. Everywhere the city was illuminated, and many transparencies "caught the eye and fixed it in pleasing contemplation," while at the Battery Major Bauman charmed the people with what was said to be the finest display of fireworks ever given in this country, which was witnessed by Washington from the windows of Chancellor Livingston's house on the lower part of Broadway.

But the inauguration was not to be passed over without a ball, and so a week later we find in what we suppose to be the "society column" of *The Daily Advertiser* this notice: "Last evening the subscribers of the Dancing Assembly gave an elegant Ball and Entertainment to his Excellency the President of the United States, who was pleased to honor the company with his presence. His Excellency the Vice-President, most of the members of both houses of Congress, the Governor of New York, the Chancellor, and Chief Justice of the State, the Hon. John Jay, and the Hon. General Knox, the commissioners of the treasury, His worship the Mayor of the city, the late President of Congress, the Governor of the Western Territory, the Baron Steuben, the Count de Moustier, Ambassador of his Most Christian Majesty, and many foreigners of distinction were present. A numerous and brilliant collection of ladies graced the room with their appearance, dressed with taste and elegance. The whole number was about three hundred. The company retired about two o'clock, after having spent a most enjoyable evening. Joy, satisfaction, and vivacity was expressive in every countenance—and every pleasure seemed to be heightened by the presence of a Washington."

And here ends properly the inauguration of our government. It is impossible to realize, without going back and making a study of that period, how much it meant to our ancestors. To us the inauguration of a President has become largely a fête day in which we welcome a new face at the head of our affairs, and possibly witness a change of the government from one political party to the other, but a hundred years ago it meant infinitely more. It meant that we were to be a nation; that we were to take our stand with other nations; that we were to have honor and justice once more in our government. This was not a party struggle after office. It was the laying of the corner-stone of one hundred years of greatness and prosperity.



THE KENNEDY, WATTS, LIVINGSTON, AND STEVENS HOUSES, BOWLING GREEN.



THE FRANKLIN MANSION.



ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.



RICHARD VARICK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

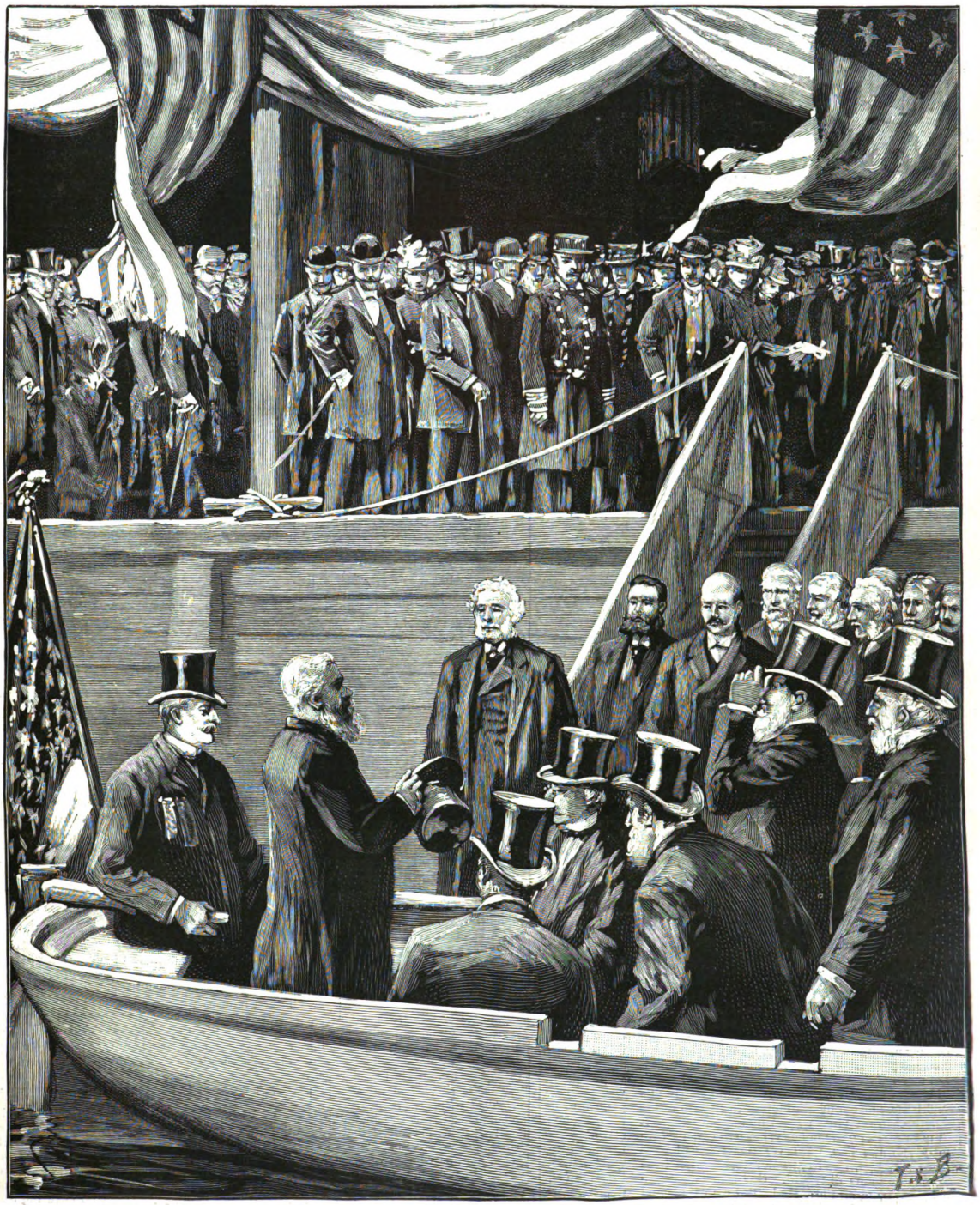
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1690.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—PRESIDENT HARRISON LANDING AT THE FOOT OF WALL STREET, MONDAY, APRIL 29.—DRAWN BY DE THULSTRUP AND BODFISH.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a marvel of entertainment. The wealth of its contents is simply amazing."—*Hartford Courant.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In addition to the two serials "Dorymates" and "Princess Lilivinkins," and a capital short story, the number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for May 7th contains a narrative of actual happenings which were stranger than fiction, and which stand alone among the stories of shipwreck with which our epoch is familiar. It is that of*

THE NAVAL DISASTER IN SAMOA.

The story itself is of absorbing interest, but the facts are emphasized and made more real by the four illustrations, engraved from photographs taken immediately after the hurricane. Only by the aid of such pictures as these can the mind realize the magnitude of the disaster.

Supplementary to this story of shipwreck is a full-page engraving entitled "Rescue," after the painting by TOM M. HEMY, *in the Royal Academy of* 1888.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1690, WITH SIXTEEN-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

The usual instalment of MR. HOWELLS'S *serial story, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," is omitted from the present number of the* WEEKLY, *but will be found in the next number.*

THE THREE DAYS.

THE great celebration was in every way successful. The sun shone, the air was cool and inspiring, and the long previous rains had quickened the blossoming front of spring, so that the natural setting of the spectacle was all that could be desired. The city was unwontedly decorated; the immense throngs of people were characteristically good-humored; the military and industrial processions were brilliant and imposing, and happily no serious mishap marred the universal pleasure. The speeches were all admirable. Mr. DEPEW'S oration was a glowing and comprehensive survey of the events and persons that chiefly influenced the formation of the Constitution and of the amazing material development of the century. Its tone was naturally one of patriotic pride and exultation, and its style happily illustrated the graceful felicity and fluency of the orator. Bishop POTTER'S address at St. Paul's was a masterly and searching contrast of the mercenary meanness of our politics with the lofty patriotism and moral rectitude of WASHINGTON. It was the true Christian cry, "Repent, repent"—the noble improvement of a great and unprecedented opportunity. The speeches at the banquet were brief, and all of them most fitting; and the industrial procession which closed the festivities was a suggestive pageant without which the commemoration would have been incomplete, for it is to enterprise and industry, to peace and not to war, that the miracle of America today is due.

The city and the country may well be proud and satisfied with the three days devoted to the celebration. Its tone was naturally one of exultation. The text was the greatness of WASHINGTON and our own glory. But the address of Bishop POTTER spoke also for a deep and general feeling. The more we extol WASHINGTON, the more we praise a standard of character and conduct by which our own are necessarily measured. The historic church in which he spoke was crowded with the highest officers of the government and distinguished citizens of every kind. As he described the public activity of the first great officer of the government, the spirit which animated and the principles which directed him, was he describing the public course and spirit and principle of political action of the eminent men who sat in the pews before him? Was the mere statement of the simple truth about WASHINGTON a solemn rebuke of our present politics? Undoubtedly it was, and undoubtedly the whole occasion, by bringing WASHINGTON more plainly and definitely into the public mind, has recalled the older and higher ideals of our politics, and reminded us that what was practicable in WASHINGTON'S day is practicable in ours, and that mean and ignoble conduct, the selling of offices for money, or for party and personal service, are not only no more necessary now than they were a hundred years ago, but constitute the real danger of the republic.

Let any man consider who were the actual political leaders of New York at that time, and who are its actual leaders now, and ask himself the reason of the difference. That reason must disappear, because it will not restore public honesty, but will make it constantly less and less, until WASHINGTON will have become mythical, not from our reverence, but from our contemptuous disregard. Our fathers encountered great evils, and bravely battled with them and overcame them triumphantly, and we must confront our evils as bravely. When WASHINGTON was rowed up the bay to be inaugurated, and the little town of that time came out to offer him the best welcome it could command, he wrote in his diary that he considered the reverse of the scene, "which may be the case after all my labors to do good." He foresaw the possibility of the failure of what he called the experiment, and what he had in mind was undoubtedly the moral rather than the industrial failure, "since," as he said in his inaugural address, "we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained." It is to the perception of this truth, which is the great lesson of the great celebration, that Bishop POTTER recalled the thoughts of the distinguished company in St. Paul's, and it is this perception, more and more extended, which is the hope of the government which now enters upon its second century.

THREE GOOD LAWS.

AFTER a winter of legislative torpidity the Legislature of New York, approaching its adjournment, has passed three very important bills with startling rapidity. Among them are the excise law, the ballot reform law, and the prison labor law. They are all acts of the highest importance, and although injured, as usual, by amendments, their addition to the statutes of the State would be a very great public service, and a service to be accredited to the Republican party. For it is one of the significant facts in the history of this legislation that the bills were adopted by a strictly party vote. All three provide for the remedy of abuses universally recognized, and all three are demanded by the best intelligence and character of the State, and all three were opposed by the representatives of the Democratic party. The facts illustrate the wisdom of the remark of Mr. SETH LOW a year ago, that upon the great questions of reform in the State the Republican party is right, while upon the national question of tariff reform it is wrong.

This is the reason that absolute and indiscriminate support of a party as a party is, under existing circumstances, impossible for many most reasonable, intelligent, and patriotic citizens, and the reason why they decline to accept a party name. A man who is in favor of ballot reform, high license, a sound system of convict labor, and tariff revision in the interest of consumers—that is, of the people—cannot call himself a Republican or a Democrat, because neither the present Republican nor the Democratic platform favors that scheme. If he be also a friend of civil service reform he cannot take either party name, because both parties show themselves in practice hostile to reform. Such a man cannot be truly called fastidious or impracticable, because the questions we have mentioned are the paramount public issues. He is compelled as an honest citizen to vote for candidates who will favor the policy that he approves, and consequently at the late election such men generally voted with the Republicans upon State questions and with the Democrats for tariff revision. When they are taunted with taking no active part in the primary movements of politics, they truly reply that it is not the result of any want of interest or desire of participation upon their part. But if they attempt to take part in the primary meetings of either party they find themselves barred by the necessity of accepting the entire party policy. If, for instance, it had been known that a man intended to vote against Governor HILL and the liquor interest and Mayor GRANT and the policy of Tammany Hall, although he meant to support Mr. CLEVELAND, he would not have been admitted to vote in the Democratic primary. On the other hand, if he had declared his purpose of supporting Mr. WARNER MILLER, high license, ballot reform, and convict labor, but also to vote for tariff revision personified by Mr. CLEVELAND, the Republican primaries would have been closed to him.

Such men are not so unreasonable as to expect "to have their way in everything," but it does not follow that they ought to be willing to stultify themselves unnecessarily. If they forbear participation in the party primaries upon those terms, they can vote according to their convictions. But if upon those terms they participate in the primaries, they cannot vote honestly. No decent American can hesitate what to do under such circumstances, and if there be any fault it is certainly not that of those who prefer to vote honestly rather than dishonestly. As Mr. BRYCE states truly and effectively, parties in America do not represent differing views upon public questions in such a way that those who agree can belong to the same party, and no question is by common consent so prominent as to supersede entirely the others, as was the case thirty years ago, when all questions yielded to slavery. That this is the actual situation is shown by the undeniable fact that the chief interest and object of party leaders at present is the maintenance of party organization, not the advance of a party policy. This is the explanation of the party "deal" in the New York Legislature, and of the fact that Dr. DANIEL DORCHESTER, lately appointed by the President Superintendent of Indian Schools, is described by the *Tribune*, not as a person fitted by special knowledge and interest as well as by character and capacity to discharge a duty from which every political and party consideration should be banished, but solely as "a temperance Republican, and is said to have rendered the Republican party considerable service as a newspaper contributor and public speaker." In this situation the mugwump or independent voter, although daily announced to be extinct, is more multitudinous than ever.

THE "DEAL" AT ALBANY.

THE "deal" in the New York Legislature by which certain public officers are legislated out of office and the membership of certain city commissions is reduced to two each, one to be selected from each of the great parties, is simply a bargain between party leaders for the division of municipal spoils. It is an interesting transaction as illustrating the fact that parties now exist mainly for spoils. We say nothing of the absurdity of placing in solemn acts of legislation a recognition of political parties in municipal administration, in which politics are simply impertinent, and are introduced wholly for mercenary objects. But upon the true ground of parties the deal betrays its venal character. For if politics may be properly introduced into the laying out of streets and lighting and draining them, into the organization of the police and the management of the public parks, then honest adherents of one party would no more give its adversary an advantage than honest anti-slavery men would have given the slavery party an advantage thirty years ago. By strenuous argument and eloquent appeal each party would strive to secure the control of the city administration and gladly assume its entire responsibility, as in the national administration.

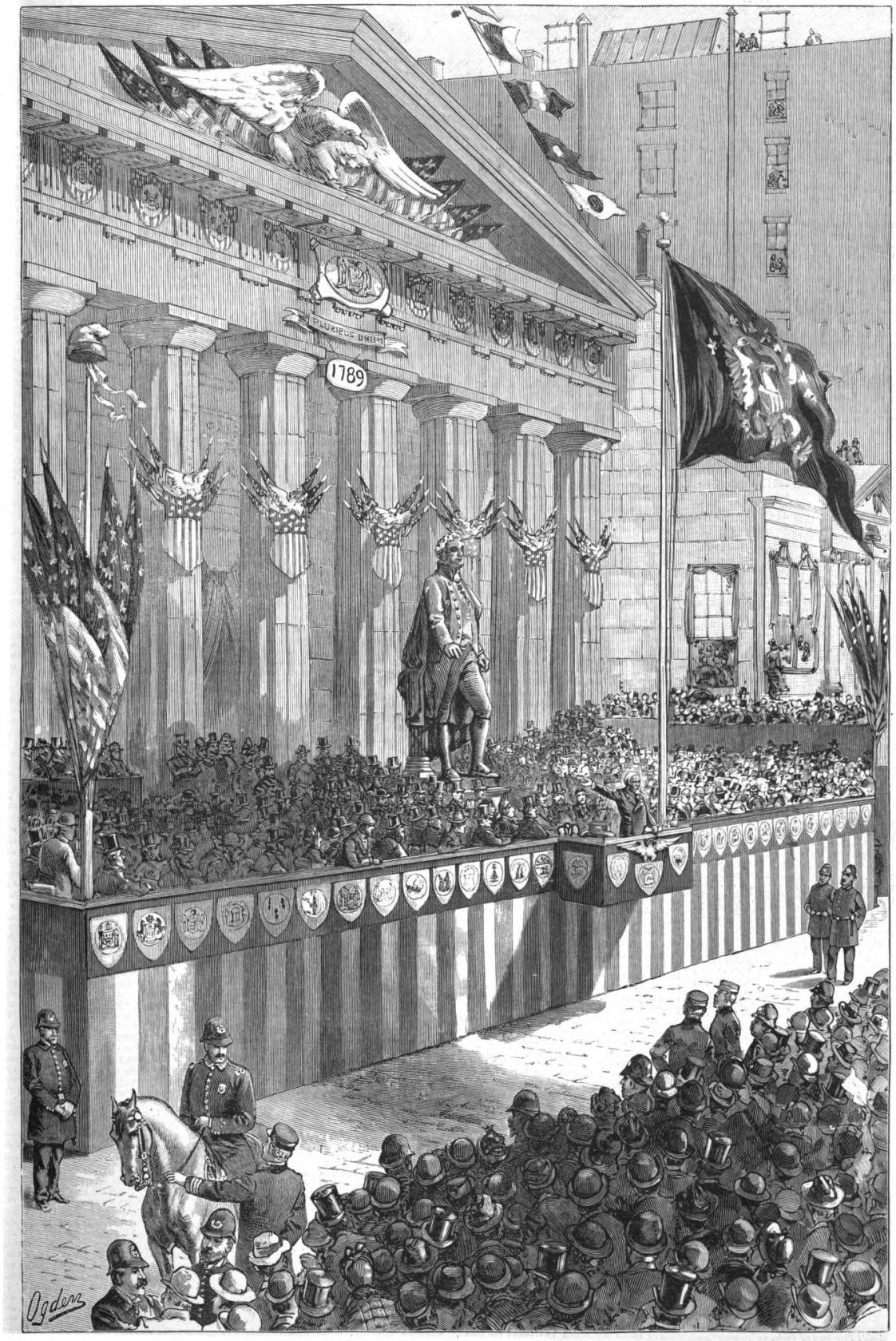
This is the common-sense view of parties and party politics wherever they may be properly recognized. But when the party leaders propose to divide the responsibility of municipal administration upon the basis of an equal division of spoils it is a frank public confession that parties as representative of policies of administration, which is their only reason for existence, have nothing to do with the business. It is a mere bargain by which for a satisfactory consideration each side agrees to take a share of the money paid for the care of the city and to distribute it among the party workers. By its disposition of this money each side hopes to strengthen its organization. There can be nothing more corrupt and demoralizing than such a bargain, which is a mortal blow at the legitimate office of parties. It turns them from organizations designed practically to enforce certain principles of public policy into combinations to plunder the public treasury. It shows in the strongest light the necessity of preventing the conditions which make such a bargain desirable and feasible, by securing the payment of the public money for such services to persons who are not selected by political favor for the very purpose of making them party tools.

A deal or bargain of this kind is always easier upon the basis of municipal government, for the reason that everybody knows that party politics are absurd when applied to city administration. The Central Railroad could be as sensibly managed by a political party as the city of New York. It is because of this fact, which is undeniable, that deals of the present kind are made. A proposition to divide the President's cabinet equally between the parties would be laughed to scorn, because of the intention of our elections. Elections are held to determine at stated periods which policy, of those which are advocated in Congress, in the press, and on the platform, the majority of voters prefer. The choice being made, the direction of that policy is intrusted to those who favor it, to whom also the execution of the laws made by its legislative representatives is committed. They are political officers. Those who are justly so called, and only those, are properly charged with a change of the policy indicated by the election. This is the legitimate function and procedure of parties, and a proposal to make a deal would at once expose the fact that the pretence of honest party difference was merely a solemn farce. Such a deal as that just accomplished at Albany by tricks of legislation which prevent any previous public knowledge or discussion in the press or Legislature of action most important to the city of New York is an unscrupulous and corrupt performance, which happily, however, will only hasten reforms which will prevent such transactions hereafter. The one conservative and consoling fact in our annals is that as fast as our political methods develop new abuses, our political conscience and common-sense begin to correct them.

THE JUBILEE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

IN all that was said, and said so well, in anticipation of the late national commemoration, we saw little allusion to the celebration of the jubilee of the Constitution on the 30th of April, 1839, except the account in the official programme. It was, however, a very notable event, if only for the discourse of the orator, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who gave the Jubilee as the title of his oration. The celebration was held under the auspices of the New York Historical Society. As in this year, the day fell on Tuesday, and

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE CENTENNIAL EXERCISES IN FRONT OF THE SUB-TREASURY—PRESIDENT HARRISON DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.—DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE OF THE BRIGANTINE "MARIA DIVINA."

NOTE.—The brigantine *Maria Divina* has at various times during the last fifteen years occupied so much space in the daily newspapers that her name, at least, must be well known to a large number of readers. It seems, therefore, worth while to publish the following documents, which not only record her history and final wreck, but at the same time explain the mysterious disappearance of her captain and crew. Various fictitious explanations of this mystery have already been offered, but as they partake rather of the nature of hoaxes, the editor of these documents feels justified in publishing the following selection of as many as seem necessary to make the case intelligible from beginning to end. It is needless to add that they are faithful transcripts of the originals in Washington.

PONTA DELGADA, SAN MIGUEL, AZORES, (date).

The Hon. Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.:

SIR,—In compliance with orders received from the Department that a thorough investigation be made into the mystery surrounding the disappearance of captain and crew of the American brig *Maria Divina*, I beg herewith to transmit my official report of results obtained. To facilitate a review of the whole case, I have prefixed to the latest documents a full copy of all important communications in my possession. For the truth of document No. XV. I cannot vouch personally, not having obtained it from an official source. It is my belief, however, that in the main the information contained therein may be considered reliable.

I began my investigation on the island of Santa Maria, Azores (or Western Islands), that being, according to No. IV., the nearest land at the date of interruption of the ship's log. I personally interviewed every foreign resident on the island, and also many native officials, devoting considerable time to the lower classes of fishermen; but after a month of diligent research I was obliged to come to the conclusion that the story was absolutely unknown.

I next sailed over to the group of rocks known as the Formigas, and examined each one carefully for wreckage débris, the result being again absolutely negative.

I then transferred my head-quarters to the large island of San Miguel; its northern shore is comparatively uninhabited, but, especially at the eastern end, well watered, heavily wooded, and healthy. Owing to its location, isolation, and natural advantages, it affords excellent opportunities for protracted concealment, and as I firmly believed that some of the survivors of that ill-fated crew had reached land safely, I began a careful examination of the shore. On the third day I found a piece of plank on which, after some cleaning, the letters MAR— D— were still distinctly visible. Not being successful in my subsequent explorations I repaired to Ponta Delgada with my discovery, and examined the records. These unfortunately proved that on May 18, 1879, the ship *Mario D'Este* had been wrecked on the point near which I had found the plank, and consequently, having nothing further to guide me, I began a systematic interviewing of the population of the island. My success was no greater than it had been at Santa Maria, until an old fisherman advised me to consult a retired English doctor, now living on his *quinta* by the Furnas lake, and who, from a long and constant practice of prying into other people's affairs, possessed an extraordinary knowledge of local history.

This gentleman received me with generous hospitality, and listened attentively to my *exposé* of the case. Before answering he took down a book from a shelf in his desk and put it into my hands.

"That, lieutenant," he said, as I took the volume from him, "is my diary for the year 1873. Unless I am mistaken, you will find somewhere about the middle of September a few pages that will throw some light on the case, and of course you have full liberty to copy them, and use the information in any way you wish. As you will find all the data in writing, it would be useless for me to add anything *viva voce* now, unless it be, first, that the man who told me the story seemed educated far above his station; indeed I believe that he must have been a college-bred man, who for some reason or other had been obliged to conceal his identity—a supposition which is strengthened by his own admission that his past would not bear investigation; and second, that when I was writing down the facts on the day following his death I discovered that he had omitted to give me either his own name or that of the ship. However, the dates, the circumstances, and my own conjectures are too curiously coincident with the official facts which you have given me to allow of any room for doubt."

Under No. XV. you will find a true copy of the extract from the doctor's diary; and as I believe that the mysterious disappearance of the brig's crew is thus fully accounted for, I shall consider my special mission at an end.

Respectfully,

JAMES S. BUCHANAN, U.S.N.

I.

(*Newspaper clipping from Gibraltar "Chronicle" of Dec. 13, 1872.*)

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived, Dec. 13:

Steamers: *Maria Exsova*, from Santander; *Sousa*, from Lisbon.

Schooner: *Mirabella*, from Cadiz.

Brig: *Maria Divina*, from New York (derelict brought in by crew of *Dei Gratia*).

II.

(*Manuscript copy of No. 123.*)

CONSULATE OF THE U. S., GIBRALTAR, 13 *Dec.*, 1872.

Hon. Assist. Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.:

SIR,—I beg to inform you that the American brig *Maria Divina*, of New York, has this day been brought into this port by the mate and two of the crew of the Nova Scotian brigantine *Dei Gratia*, which latter vessel arrived here on the previous evening.

The *Maria Divina* was met, abandoned at sea, on the 4th instant, in lat. 38° 20′ N., long. 17° 15′ W., loaded with a cargo of alcohol from New York, supposed to be bound to Genoa. No ship's papers were found on board except the log-book, which has entries up to the 22d or 23d ultimo, nor were any boats found on board. The vessel is said to leak some, but her new crew had no difficulty to bring her into this port. She is now in the custody of the Vice-Admiralty Court, and is being treated as a derelict. The master of the *Dei Gratia* claims salvage, and would prefer settling the matter out of court if possible, to avoid court formalities and other expenses.

I have telegraphed to the New York Board of Underwriters and also to Genoa on the subject of this disaster, and though prepared to do all in my power for the protection of the interests of those concerned, can do nothing more for the present, as the court will not recognize any party claiming the property in its hands unless accompanied by a power of attorney from the rightful owners of the *Maria Divina* and from the holders of the bills of lading of the cargo on board of her, which facts I have forwarded at once to New York and Genoa.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. B. SPRAGNELL, U. S. Consul.

III.

(*Manuscript extract from No. 130. January 20, 1873.*)

James H. Chichester, principal owner.

IV.

(*Newspaper clipping from Gibraltar "Chronicle," Jan. 31, 1873.*)

In the *Chronicle* of 13th December last appeared a short paragraph announcing the arrival of the vessels *Dei Gratia* and *Maria Divina*, the latter of which was found abandoned at sea by the former. An inquiry into the case was at once instituted, and has been going on ever since. As the circumstances of the case are very extraordinary, a summary of the facts elicited may be of interest. The facts are as follows:

On the 13th of December last a report was made by the master and crew of the British ship *Dei Gratia* that on the 5th day of that month they had found, in lat. 38° 20′ N., long. 17° 15′ W., a derelict ship which they made out to be the American brigantine *Maria Divina*. They further stated that at the time when they fell in with the derelict their own ship, the *Dei Gratia*, was on the port tack, the wind being from the north, whilst the *Maria Divina*, with her jib and foremast staysails set, was on the starboard tack, and also that the derelict was perfectly sound, and that there was not the least apparent cause for her having been abandoned.

This latter statement was in itself so extraordinary that the Queen's proctor in the Admiralty Court, F. S. Jollyflood, Esq., ordered a special survey of the vessel in the first instance on the 23d December last by Mr. Austin, surveyor of shipping, and Ricardo Portunato, diver, accompanied by the marshal of the court, Mr. J. Vecchio. The result of this and a subsequent survey was in brief as follows:

1st. As regards the cargo, it consisted of barrels marked as containing alcohol, all of which were well stowed and in good order and condition, except one which had been started.

2d. As regards the exterior of the hull below the water-line, it did not in any part exhibit the slightest trace of damage, nor was there any appearance that the vessel had come into collision with any other ship, nor that she had struck on any ground or rock, nor, in short, that she had sustained any injury whatever, the hull, the copper with which she was covered, the stem, sternpost, and rudder, being all in good order and condition.

3d. As regards the exterior of the ship, a very minute survey showed most clearly that not only had the vessel not sustained any accident, but that she could not have experienced any seriously heavy weather. The whole of the hull, masts, and yards were in good condition, and the pitch in the waterways had not been started, which must have been the case if any bad weather had been encountered. The deck-house, made of thin planking, and six feet in height above the deck, was perfect, there not being a crack in the planking nor even in the paint. The seamen's chests and their clothing found on board were perfectly dry, some razors even being quite free from rust. Moreover, a small vial containing oil for use with a sewing-machine was found in a perpendicular position, which, together with a thimble and reel of cotton discovered near it, had not been upset, as must have been the case if the ship had been subjected to any stress of weather. Spare panes of glass were also found stowed away and unbroken. All the articles of furniture in the captain's cabin, including a harmonium, were in their proper places and uninjured by water, the music and other books being also dry. Finally, the conclusion arrived at by the surveyor, Mr. Austin, is that there exists no apparent reason why the vessel should have been abandoned.

But in addition to the above facts a sword was discovered, which, on being drawn from its scabbard, exhibited signs of having been smeared with blood and afterward wiped; further, the topgallant rail had marks on it apparently of blood, and both the bows of the vessel had been cut to all appearances with a sharp instrument. No bills of lading nor manifest were found on board. The effects in the captain's cabin were of considerable value, and proved that a lady and child had been on board.

The ship's log, which was found on board, showed that the last day's work on the ship was on the 24th November (sea time), when the weather allowed an observation to be taken, which placed the vessel in lat. 38° 56′ N., long. 27° 20′ W.; the entries on the slate log were, however, carried up to 8 A.M. on the 25th, at which time the vessel passed from W. to E. to the north of the island of St. Mary's, Azores, the eastern point of which at 8 A.M. bore S.S.W., six miles distant. The distance of the longitude of the place where the *Maria Divina* was found from that of the island of St. Mary's is 7° 54′ (equal to about 420 statute miles), and the corrected distance of the longitude from the position last indicated on the log is 1° 18′, so that the vessel had apparently held her due course for ten days after the 25th of November, the wheel being loose all the time.

But the log of the *Dei Gratia* shows that during the time from the 25th of November to the day when she met the *Maria Divina*, the 5th of December, the wind was more or less from the north, and that she was on the port tack during the whole of that period. It appears therefore almost impossible that the derelict should have compassed within the same time a distance of 7° 54′ E., at all events on the starboard tack, upon which she was met by the *Dei Gratia*, and the obvious inference is that she was not abandoned until some days after the last entry was made in the log.

Naturally various theories are set up to account for this extraordinary series of facts, and the sword and blood stains found are held to point to some deed of violence. Be this as it may, the fact remains that up to the present date not a word has been heard nor a trace discovered of the captain or the crew, the lady or her child. The captain—B. S. Boggs by name—is well known in Gibraltar, and bore the highest character. It can only be hoped that by giving the utmost publicity to the circumstances some light may be thrown upon this at present most mysterious case.

V.

(*Manuscript extract from No. 131, Feb. 1, 1873.*)

I have examined the sword to which the article in the Gibraltar *Chronicle* refers. It was found on the floor of the cabin of the *Maria Divina* by the marshal of the court; it is evidently Italian make, and bears a cross of Savoy on the hilt. It remains in the custody of the court. The chronometer and ship's papers cannot be found.

VI.

(*Manuscript extract from No 132, Feb. 7, 1873.*)

Result of analysis adverse to blood existing on sword or wood-work belonging to the *Maria Divina*.

VII.

(*Manuscript summary of report on "M. D." by Captain R. W. Weld, U.S.N.*)

Mutiny highly improbable. Cuts in the bows merely splintering of planks due to straining. Ship abandoned in a moment of panic, and for no sufficient reason.

VIII.

(*Manuscript extract from No 133, Feb. 12, 1873.*)

Value of vessel, $15,000.

IX.

(*Manuscript extract from No. 135, March 10, 1873.*)

The *Maria Divina* has just cleared for Genoa with her original cargo, taken in at New York, and in charge of Captain George H. Hatch, sent out to this port for the purpose by the owners in New York.

X.

(*Manuscript included with No. 142, April 4, 1873.*)

Letter from J. A. Nickelsen, Uetterstroim auf Föhr, Prussia, *viâ* Hamburg (date March 24th), to U. S. Consul at Gibraltar, asking for information regarding the *Maria Divina*, at the request of mothers and wives of missing seamen. Writer states that he knew three of these; they were respectable, peaceable men and first-class sailors.

XI.

(*Newspaper clipping from Gibraltar "Chronicle," Nov. 20, 1873.*)

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Cleared, Nov. 19:

H.M.S. *Vanguard*, for Lisbon; H.M.S. corvette *Dart*, for Malta.

Steamers: *John C. Tree*, for Bilbao; *Estrella*, for Huelva.

Barkentine: *John T. Marsh*, for New York.

(*Pencil note on margin.*)

Effects of missing master of *Maria Divina* shipped on *John T. Marsh*. Inventory shows that no articles of value had been left on board, with exception of an octant, a one-dollar Spanish coin (gold), a silver watch, one dollar and twenty cents in U.S. coin, a sextant, and a flute. The only paper found was a German document in a tin canister.

XII.

(*Newspaper clipping from Boston "Daily Advertiser," Jan. 27, 1885.*)

MARITIME NEWS.—DISASTERS.

Brig: *Maria Divina*, Walker, from Boston for Hayti, struck on Rosbells Reef, Jan. 3d, and will probably be a total loss.

XIII.

(*Manuscript extract from Boston "Daily Advertiser," May 15, 1885.*)

Captain of brig *Maria Divina* charged with wilfully wrecking his ship off the coast of Hayti, Jan. 3d.

XIV.

(*Manuscript.*)

Trial begun July 20, 1885; continued 21st, 22d, 24th, 27th, 28th, 30th, August 5th, 11th; concluded 16th. Jury disagreed.

XV.

(*Manuscript extract from diary of Dr. M. A. Asterly, of Furnas, San Miguel, Azores, September 17, 1873.*)

Called Sept. 15th by Lorenzo Fidalgo to visit unknown castaway; found patient delirious in hut by Usor Creek; quieted down 16th. Grew worse toward evening, and died unconscious about midnight. Malarial fever and utter prostration. Yesterday afternoon, knowing his end to be near, the man told me a very curious story, which I set down here as I remember it. His mind may still have been wandering, though I am inclined to doubt it, notwithstanding the improbability of his tale.

It was about November 25th that matters began to go wrong. Up to that day nothing of the slightest importance had happened during the voyage. The captain was a good man, and as we were a good crew, we liked him all the better for making us do our work up ship-shape. All told, we were nine on board; the captain, his wife and child, myself (mate), and five seamen. Cargo, spirits for Genoa.

It had gone three bells of the first watch when I heard the captain shouting to me excitedly, and I tumbled up on deck in a hurry. He was walking up and down bareheaded, in his shirt sleeves, and in the moonlight his face looked so drawn and haggard that I could not help asking what was the matter. When he saw me, which I don't think he did at once, he ordered me to get the jolly-boat out and pipe up all hands; then he ran into the cabin, and a moment later jumped into the boat with two men. "Lower away! and you, sir," he called out to me, "bring the ship round, and keep near us."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, taking the wheel and shoving her hard a-lee. While we were in stays one of the seamen, named Mehlen, came aft, and I asked him what had happened.

"D—— if I know, sir!" he answered, in a curiously unsteady voice. "It was this way. I had a hold of the wheel, and was kind o' lookin' up at the stars, 'n' the missus she was settin' about ten foot for'ard o' me, and to port, holdin' on to the little 'un; 'n' the next thing I hear war a kind of a snap an' a cry an' a sharp splash, like as if some 'un hed flipped a big hawser across the top of the water; 'n' when I looked down they was gone, chair 'n' all; 'n' the devil of anything in the water but bubbles in the ship's wake. When I come round a bit I made for the cabin and tol' him. You seen the rest. She war goin' jus' 's steady 's she be now, and I reckon 'twer'n't nothin' 's we know of yanked 'em to the bottom quicker'n Jersey lightnin'. Cap'n," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that war the ole man hisself, and you 'n' me 'n' the rest of us 'd better be stowin' our chest for 'ternal darnation."

At first I thought the man might have been drinking, but there was no grog to get at, and he was as steady a man as we had on board. Moreover, I saw that he was really frightened; and then there were the facts. I felt shaky myself, for there is nothing that unhinges a man like a thing he can't understand, and I didn't understand how the *chair* had gone overboard. The lady might have had a fit, or gone mad, or jumped, or something; but the chair? And then, again, things don't disappear in that way in a perfectly calm sea. There was something more than I could account for, and I did not like it any more than Mehlen did.

By this time we had worn round, and, the wind having suddenly slackened, were slowly working our way back. The other two men had come aft, and all four of us strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the boat; but though we were just about where she should be, not a sign of her was to be seen. We hailed through the trumpet, whistled, fired our revolvers, and hailed again; but not a sound came back in answer; and after laying to for about an hour we gradually became convinced that the boat had disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as the captain's wife.

For a long time we stood together in silence by the wheel, feeling a nameless horror creep over us like a damp cold, and spread slowly through our veins. We were threatened by some terrible, unknown, unseen danger, some appalling power that struck suddenly, silently, fatally, and without warning. We did not know what it was, whence it came, or how, and the next second it might be our turn to be seized. It is to our credit that during this agony of fear not one of us for an instant thought of flying from this fatal spot and abandoning our comrades without some further effort to save them. By daylight we might be able to distinguish what was invisible even in the bright moonlight, and so I advised two of the men to turn in; Mehlen and I kept watch. We reloaded our arms and paced the deck silently, while the slightest noise made us jump with alarm and tremble violently. Half an hour later the other men came up again. It had occurred to them that they might no longer find us when it was their turn to come on watch, and they preferred to be near us. I sent one of them aloft, but he merely staid a few minutes, and came back to report that you could see no more from the cross-trees than you could from the deck. I knew that he was frightened, and feeling as I did myself, I had not the heart to send him up again.

So that interminable night passed, as it seemed to us, second by second, and when dawn came we presented a pitiable appearance indeed. But with the warm sunshine matters began to look different, and we even chaffed one another feebly at our fears of the night before. At the same time there was no denying the facts, and we could offer no better suggestion than Mehlen's, who stoutly maintained that it was the "ole man hisself" who had kidnapped our shipmates.

All day long we cruised around the same spot, but saw nothing; and as the moon rose the superstitious terror which we had been able to fight off during the daytime once more took possession of us. No fortune, however great, could have tempted us to spend another night in this neighborhood, and we determined to pursue our course. As yet we had not thought of the future, nor of what explanation it would be possible for us to make on reaching port; for my part, if I thought of the future at all, it was of a future spent entirely on dry land, and I fancy my men were much of the same mind.

Though we had neglected to have them struck,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

I judge it must have been about five bells when I began to feel nervous and apprehensive. Mehlen was again at the wheel, and I was standing beside him, looking ahead in a vague way and thinking about the mystery. The moon was on our port bow, and invisible from where I stood in the shadow of the mainsail; to starboard the sea was one glimmering sheet of silver, slightly tinged with yellow. We were going about five knots, rather less than more, and instinctively I turned a moment to look back at the spot we were leaving and wish we were making better time. As I turned round again a tall dark column rose suddenly from the bright surface of the water on our beam; neither noise nor apparent motion accompanied it, yet there it remained in the same relative position as we advanced, neither gaining nor losing. For a few moments I could neither move nor speak; the strength had gone out of me as water flows from an overturned bucket, and I leaned against the rail more like a wet rag than like a man. I was vaguely conscious of wondering whether I was awake or dreaming, but it was rather a sensation than a thought, and the numbness which pervaded my limbs was beginning to creep over my senses also, when I was startled from my lethargy by a gasping shriek from Mehlen. "Oh my God! look!" The top of the column suddenly shot out at right angles over the deck. It seemed to me that I heard a stifled cry, followed by a sort of whistling plunge, and the next moment I lay at the foot of the ladder on the forecastle floor. Mehlen and another man, whose name, I think, was Burt, were lying beside me, panting; but the fourth? We did not dare ask one another what had become of him, but resolutely and in silence we fastened the hatch, and sat down hand in hand to listen, while the blood throbbed in our temples and we trembled hysterically.

About an hour passed thus, when Mehlen asked, in a faint voice, if there was any rum within reach. I knew that it would be imprudent to trust the men in their present state with a full bottle, so I opened my locker in the dark, half emptied the flask on to my clothes, and brought out the remainder. Under its influence we rallied somewhat, lighted a lantern, and after swallowing a few mouthfuls of biscuit, sat down again to talk over the situation. The men were naturally superstitious, as seamen are, and would be satisfied only with the hypothesis that the mysterious power that was hunting us down could be but the devil himself. Not having been raised before the mast (in fact I only took to seafaring late in life), I held a different view, which, as subsequent events proved, was a correct one; but I saw that it would be useless to argue with them in their present state of mind, and so I remained silent, while they forgot the horror of the moment in speculations of horrors to come.

Sleep was of course out of the question, and to us the night seemed interminable, but eventually wore away, and when daylight came I began to prepare for the next evening's probable visitation. I sent Burt to the wheel, and, assisted by Mehlen, I unshipped the smoke-pipe of the galley stove, replacing it by a hollow cast-iron cylinder, in the walls of which we bored a number of peep-holes. The lower flange we screwed securely to the deck, collected a number of tools, and after cleaning our revolvers and a rifle which I had found in the captain's cabin, we lay down for a nap about noon.

We might have been asleep an hour or so when the brig gave a sudden quick lurch to port, and as she slowly righted herself the deck planks began to creak as if beneath some huge weight. Without a thought of our companion, we rushed to the hatch and secured the bar. Above us we could hear a slow rubbing noise, like the squeak of a squeegee; then all was quiet again. We were certainly much terrified still, but our terror was no longer the same superstitious awe that paralyzed our brain as well as our bodies, for, however formidable, it was evident that our pursuer was a material being, not an intangible supernatural power. It was no more than a hitherto unknown sea-monster, possibly the last of its species, of gigantic size and power, and capable of extraordinary rapidity of motion. But to these qualities, I reflected consolingly, we could oppose human ingenuity and intelligent courage. The danger was no less than before, but, thank God! it was a real danger which we could look in the face.

After considerable hesitation, for with all my philosophy I did not feel over-bold, I passed my head through the opening in the deck, and looked through the peep-holes of the cast-iron box. At first I could not make out anything clearly, but soon saw that we were surrounded on three sides by a dark slimy wall about forty inches high that slowly expanded and contracted at intervals of a few minutes. Looking down the deck, I made out two long lines, the one decreasing in size, the other growing larger, and running the whole length of the ship. Just in front of the mainmast, and on the starboard side, the ridge curved inward, and from a short thick coil behind the foremast rose a column about ten feet high, stemmed on the deck by what appeared to be short fins or wings spread out like a fan. This column, owing to the interference of the mast, I could only partially see. Save for the slow heave of its breathing the huge animal lay perfectly motionless, and I was wondering what its object might be, when, looking upward, I descried Burt in the cross-trees, gazing down with a terrified, fascinated expression; he was evidently on the point of falling, and it seemed to me that his movements were no longer under his control. Even as I was looking, his body moved slowly forward until I could not understand how he retained his equilibrium; and a moment later he dropped.

I stumbled down from the platform and sank on to the floor, faint and sick. Mehlen gave me some brandy, which revived me somewhat, and asked what I had seen to take the stiffening out of me so completely. I told him that we had the sea-serpent on board, and that he had, before my eyes, pulled Burt off the mast, as a cat or a snake draws a bird off a tree branch, by the mere fascination of his eye. A minute later the rubbing noise began again, stopped for a second, as though the animal were hesitating; then, having found the scent, had lain down to wait. It was some time before either of us dared to move; our situation was a solemn one, and might even have been called hopeless, if ever there is such a one below heaven. But as we became more familiar with the presence of the danger, curiosity finally prevailed over our fears, and with infinite precautions I passed my head into the observation box and looked out. Within two feet of me the huge head rested on the deck; the eye, now closed, was nearly abreast of the peep-hole. The head, six feet long, more or less, was of a rich dark bluish green color, shaped somewhat like a cobra's, and rimmed with a broad band of bright yellow that glowed in the sunlight like gold; behind the bulge of the occiput the rugged skin was ruffled into swollen fat ridges, and as far as I could see (eight feet or more) it seemed scaly, like that of an alligator rather than of a fish, and shone with a species of dull iridescence, changing in color as the light struck it. The mouth, outlined by a black glistening burr of horn-like substance, must have been five feet long, and from the fork at the rear end a glutinous fluid oozed out on to the deck, emitting a sickening, powerfully alkaloid odor.

It was impossible, of course, to insert the rifle into the observation box, so I instructed Mehlen to bore a hole through the upright rim of the hatch, and fire a shot, to see what effect a bullet would make upon the monster's carapace. When the smoke had cleared away I realized that the shot had been useless. A slight tremor ran along the folds of the skin, across which a metallic streak showed where the bullet had passed without penetrating; the eye slowly opened, and then I fully understood how poor Burt had been drawn from his refuge in the cross-trees. It would be impossible to describe the wonderful splendor of that living jewel—a moving moon-stone eight inches in diameter, deep, soft, persuading, and so gentle that I could have gazed forever at its changing tints of the most exquisite opalescent sea colors. The pupil was neither round like that of a fish, nor oblong like that of a cat, but more nearly resembled a moving funnel, into which the colors of the iris, concentrated and deeper, flowed with a spiral motion, now slower, now faster, then stopping to flow outward again and dissolve in the luminous outer ring. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could draw my eyes away, and had it not been that the fate of my shipmate constantly warned me of the danger of that beautiful gem, I could have gazed into its liquid depths until the control of my senses had been lured away from me. But with a great effort I broke the spell and jumped down into the darkness of the forecastle, where wonderfully colored fiery circles stared at me from every corner.

Mehlen staid but a short time in the box; when he came down, dazed and enthusiastic, he was muttering to himself.

"It's a tarnation pity, but I guess we'll have to do it."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Why, spike his port fire, cap'n," he answered. "We may reach his brain, but that seems nearly too much to hope for; 'tany rate, if we can put a dead light on that glim of hisn, he'll prob'ly steer straight for home, wherever that may be."

"Yes, and lash the brig to pieces in heaving anchor," I objected.

"That's so, cap'n," Mehlen answered; "but I don't see as we have any choice."

In his present position, however, we could not aim at the monster's eye through any of the peep-holes, for the box was so small that our revolvers would only fit in the centre. So we resolved to wait, and by turns we watched a few minutes at a time; and in return the monster watched us, immovable and silent. Toward evening it opened its colossal jaws to yawn, and the indescribable, overpowering stench that followed nearly sickened us. But after a pull at the brandy bottle we resumed our weary task. All through that night we gazed into the phosphorescent well of light, and hour by hour through the following day, and again all that night, until once more the same superstitious feeling of awe crept into our souls; for instinctively we felt the colossal, incredible age of this sea-saurian witness of preandreonic epochs, to whom the building of the pyramids was as an occurrence of yesterday. Mechanically, like dream-walkers, we stepped up and down from our station; and of all these hours I remember but one feeling, one thought, or rather perception—that "IT" had not moved.

On the morning of the second day as I went on watch I noticed that the expression of the eye had changed. It was no longer gentle; it had become malicious, and a low, leering cunning characterized its purpose. I called out to Mehlen to look out; the next moment a quick flash passed before my eyes; I pressed the trigger, and with the crash of the report fell forward on to the floor, as the ship shot ahead with a sudden spring.

When I regained consciousness the brig was pitching as in a heavy sea, though there was no sound of wind whistling in the shrouds. I raised myself slowly, for I was badly bruised, and looked around, but in the darkness I could see nothing. My memory was still a blank, and obeying a natural instinct, I took down the bar and pushed back the hatch. With the fresh air the recollection of the past few days returned to me, and wondering, doubting, yet incomprehensibly secure, I thrust my head through the opening and looked out at the clear sky above. I understood what had happened, and that at last we were free again. Twenty fathoms away, the sea was as calm as a pond, and we only were tossing, not the waves. For the first time in many years I prayed, thanking God for our wonderful delivery, and recognizing His power. But this excitement did not last. Mehlen soon joined me on deck, and now that the sense of danger was gone, we looked at the immediate future calmly. We were yet too unstrung to reach any satisfactory conclusion; immediate action was not necessary, so we set to work washing the deck to get rid of the horrible odor which the monster had left behind, and which emanated from a dark slimy substance that marked his position on the white planking.

Toward evening, after our supper, we talked the situation over. If we went into port we should have a long story to tell, and who would believe it? We should be arraigned, without a doubt, and cross-examined in dock. My past history I did not wish to have investigated, and Mehlen was not entirely devoid of fear as to what an inquiry into his past might bring to light. So we determined to abandon the ship, take the remaining boat, which was sound and well fitted, and steer for some island where we could live unknown and undisturbed. It was essential that our disappearance should be complete, and so all the next day we labored to replace everything as it was before disaster had overtaken us. Toward night, having taken the instruments and ship's papers, and having carefully surveyed the ship we were about to leave, we put off, and after the usual hardships that beset castaways in a small boat, we eventually landed here. It is not more than a month since I buried my comrade, and now, doctor, you tell me it is my turn. Well—Amen!

JOHN HEARD, JUN.

PRESIDENT BARNARD.

THE death of Dr. BARNARD deprives the nation of a loyal son whose fidelity was tested in trying times; American science, of one of its foremost representatives; Columbia College, of the ablest and most successful in its line of Presidents.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS PORTER BARNARD was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, May 5, 1809. He was graduated from Yale College in 1828, and in 1830 received in that college an appointment as tutor. From that time until his recent death—from his twenty-first to his eightieth year—his energies were devoted primarily to the cause of education, and chiefly to the higher education. From 1837 till 1854 he taught mathematics and natural science in the University of Alabama; from 1854 till 1861 he occupied a similar chair in the University of Mississippi, holding also the Presidency of the latter university from 1856 till 1861. During these years his activity was by no means limited to the classroom. He published numerous articles and essays on educational and scientific topics, and he took a prominent part in the political controversies of the stormy years before the war, writing and speaking fearlessly and effectively for the integrity of the Union. When Mississippi seceded he resigned his position in the State University and returned to the North. He took up his residence in Washington, and in 1863 he accepted a position in the Coast Survey. In 1864 he was called to the Presidency of Columbia College, and although relieved from active duties in the summer of 1888, he still held this position at the time of his death.

To the future historian of Columbia College the quarter of a century covered by President BARNARD'S administration will surely seem more important, because more progressive and fruitful, than the entire preceding century. Within these twenty-five years Columbia has developed from a highly respectable—according to our brief American measurement, we may even say venerable—but extremely old-fashioned college into a modern university. Under President BARNARD'S régime the college proper, the academic department, has doubled its strength and more than doubled its usefulness; but this department has been overshadowed by the development of the university schools which have grown up about it. The School of Mines, where in 1864 less than thirty students pursued their studies in a cellar, has grown, largely through President BARNARD'S fostering care, into one of the largest, best equipped, and most celebrated schools of applied science in the world. The Law School has quadrupled in numbers, and has been brought, largely through President BARNARD'S exertions, into close and vital connection with the other university departments. A successful School of Political Science is just completing its ninth year, and a university School of Philosophy and Letters is in process of development, although as yet without separate organization. In 1864 there were in all these departments of instruction scarcely more than a score of professors and assistants; to-day the number (exclusive of the medical department, whose connection with Columbia is nominal) is more than one hundred. Finally, the higher education of women, a cause which Dr. BARNARD had always at heart, is to be provided for by the establishment of an annex—the Barnard College for Women.

With this great and rapid development President BARNARD'S name will always be intimately associated, not by mere titular right as the name of a ruler is associated with the events of a reign, but by reason of the active sympathy and the intelligent guidance with which he accompanied and aided every forward movement. It was clear to him from the outset that the proper field of a richly endowed city college was the specialized and professional work of the university rather than the disciplinary work of the high-school; and this doctrine he preached fervently and cogently during all his period of service at Columbia.

President BARNARD'S special intellectual interests (aside from the problems of education) lay always in the field of his earlier Southern professorships—the mathematics and the natural sciences. He published numerous essays on scientific subjects. He went to Labrador on the expedition sent out by the government to observe the eclipse of 1860; in the same year he was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was one of the original corporators of the National Academy of Sciences, established in 1863, and he was a corresponding member of many foreign scientific societies. But his interest was keen and his knowledge extensive in almost every domain of human thought. History, politics, and literature always claimed much of his attention, and there were few important developments in these subjects of which he was not fully cognizant. In a generation of specialists he was one of the last (and best) of the encyclopædical scholars of the older school.

His great learning was no cumbrous impediment of his mind; to borrow a happy phrase of LOWELL'S, his learning had been digested into knowledge; and with his great knowledge he combined to a rare degree the power of expression, of communication. His literary style, while possessing a certain characteristic dignity and roundness, was not merely clear, but singularly graceful. This all who have read his writings know, but only those who came frequently into personal contact with him (a circle narrowed in his later years by the growing infirmities of his age) knew the charm of his conversation, where the grave march of the written period was exchanged for the quick movement of fluent speech, and the facts and illustrations drawn from his copious knowledge of men and of things were vivified by a keen and kindly humor.

No man, it is affirmed, is indispensable; but Dr. BARNARD was not one of the men who are easily replaced. In the college of which he was so long the head, and by reason of his sympathy with every form of intellectual activity almost an ideal head, in the nascent university where his receptivity to new ideas made him a potent influence for progress, it will be hard indeed to fill the place which his death leaves vacant.

WILLIAM H. BARNUM.

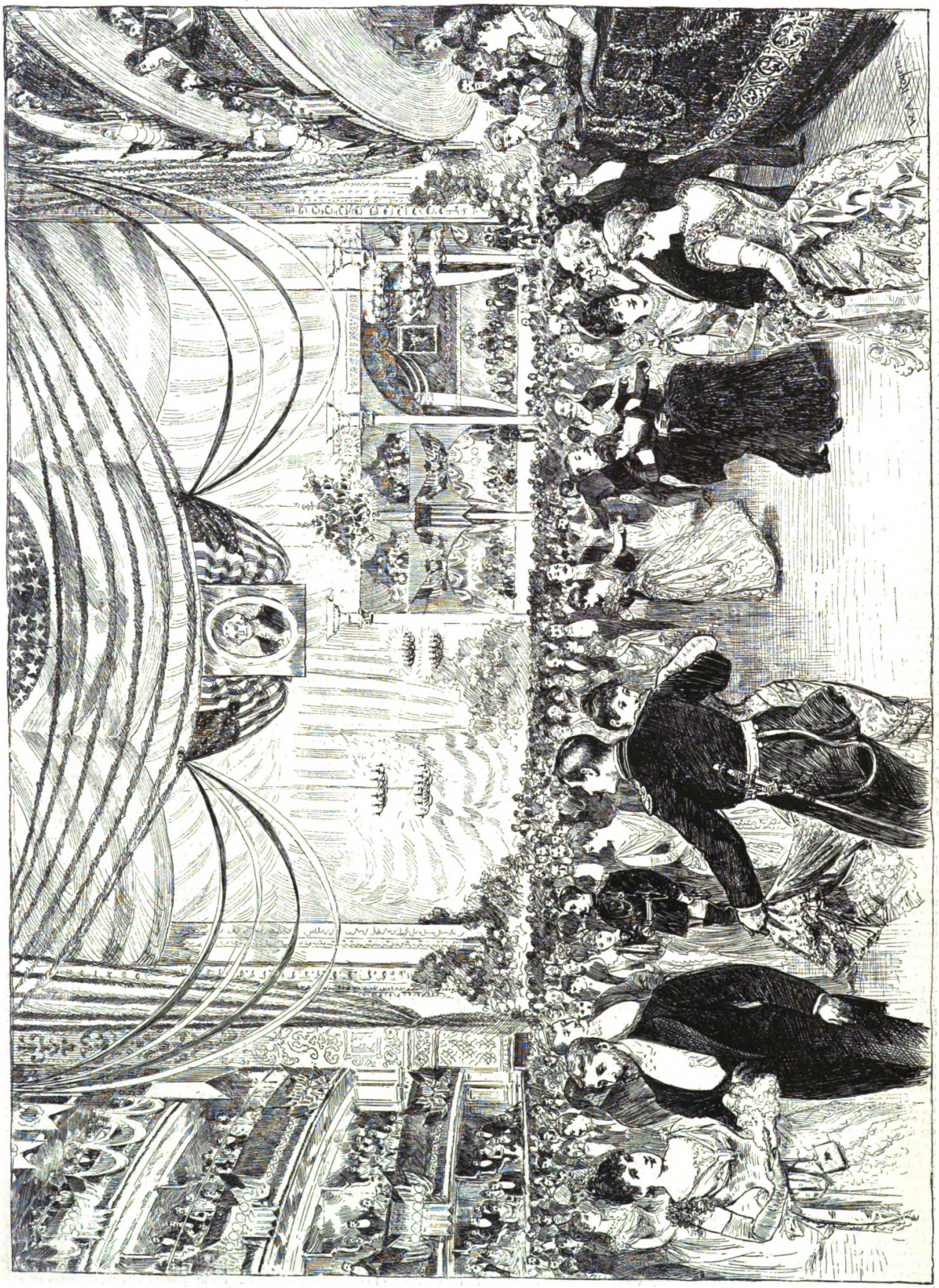
WILLIAM H. BARNUM was a fair example of the typical American, especially of the New-Englander of the earlier type. The son of parents in comparatively humble circumstances, he first saw the light at Lime Rock, Litchfield County, Connecticut, September 17, 1818. His education was limited to that which is afforded by the common school. At the age of eighteen years he became engaged in business pursuits. In that part of Connecticut to which he belonged business is of a varied character, and young BARNUM'S name was connected equally with the smelting of iron ore and with the manufacture of cart wheels. A man of vigor and energy, he was naturally drawn into the arena of politics, and almost from the very first his advice was as much prized by his political friends as his personal activity.

It was not till 1851 that he publicly gave himself to political life. In that year he was elected to the State Legislature. The times were full of excitement. The antislavery agitation was at its height. The Compromise Bill of 1850 had failed to give anything like general satisfaction, and all the States, Connecticut included, were more or less disturbed by the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty." Mr. BARNUM had the full benefit of the experimental teaching of those years which immediately preceded and of those which covered the civil conflict; and in 1866 he had gathered such strength that he was sent as a delegate from his State to the "Union National Convention," held in Philadelphia. In 1867 he was elected a Representative from Connecticut to the Fortieth Congress, and he made himself especially useful on the Committee on Manufactures, Roads, and Canals. Successive re-elections kept him in the House of Representatives till 1876, when he was elected United States Senator to fill the term of ORRIS S. FERRY, deceased. He remained in the Senate till March, 1879, when his legislative career ended.

Mr. BARNUM had long since become a rich man; and working with Mr. TILDEN, Mr. HEWITT, and others, he gave of his means, as well as of his time and talents, to the promotion of the Democratic cause. In 1868, 1872, and 1876 he was one of the largest contributors to the campaign funds. In the last-named year, Mr. HEWITT was Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, having failed to give satisfaction to the party, Mr. BARNUM was, much against his will, induced, on the ground of his known friendship for Mr. TILDEN, to accept the position. In 1880 the friends of General HANCOCK were desirous that Mr. BARNUM should give place to Mr. WILLIAM A. WALLACE, and Mr. BARNUM would have given way but for the interference of Governor TILDEN, who would listen to no such proposal. Success was not yet granted to the Democratic party, but the blame was not to be laid at Mr. BARNUM'S door. In 1884 he held the same position, and assisted by Mr. GORMAN, his efforts were crowned with success. His experience during so many Presidential campaigns had made him master of the situation, and it says much for the skill and ability of the man that he was again, in the year 1888, called upon to take charge of the Democratic forces, and lead them, if possible, to victory.

There can be no doubt that the work and the worrying anxiety of the campaign told seriously on Mr. BARNUM'S physical strength. It is no secret that he was out of sympathy with many of the party leaders, and on certain points of policy out of sympathy with Mr. CLEVELAND himself. That he was willing in such circumstances to hold on to his post and accomplish what he did speaks well for the soldierly spirit that was in him, and compels the admission that in WILLIAM H. BARNUM the Democratic party has lost one of its ablest men and one of its most efficient leaders.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



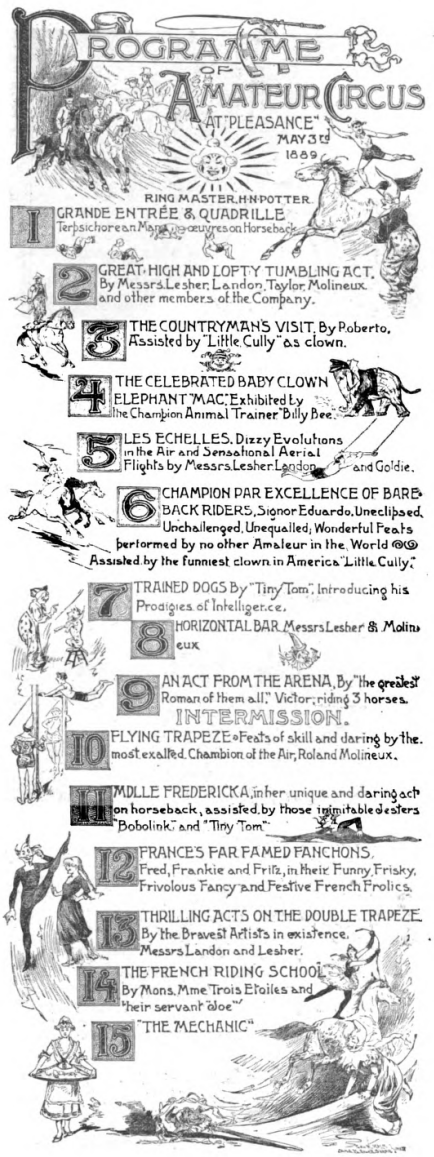
THE CENTENNIAL BALL IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE CENTENNIAL BANQUET—EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND RESPONDING TO THE TOAST OF "THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES."—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SOCIETY'S NEWEST AMUSEMENT.

On Friday evening of last week was given an entertainment by Mr. J. M. Waterbury at his country-seat "Pleasance," at Baychester, on the Long Island Sound, to which there has never been a parallel in this country. In Europe the nearest approach to it was the amateur circus which the Duc de Morny organized and carried on for the amusement of the upper ten thousand of Paris. Mr. Waterbury's circus, however—for it was a genuine circus—is said by persons who saw it, and who have also seen the one in Paris, to have been superior to the French one which inspired the idea of giving it.

The magnificence and completeness of all the arrangements may be judged by a few of the details. It is said that the total cost of the evening's entertainment was not short of $15,000, and the estimate seems a reasonable one. The programmes, one of which is reproduced here in fac-simile, were printed in different colors on parchment paper and mounted on brass rods, and cost, including the artistic work of preparation, more than $1 apiece.

The preparations were begun several months ago. A forty-foot circus ring being laid out by a veteran of the genuine circus, the gentlemen and ladies who were to take part in the performance began a severe course of training, and have practised their parts twice a week ever since last winter. It was a novelty, and the enthusiastic amateurs threw themselves heart and soul into the labor of preparation.

Nearly all the guests, some three hundred in number, were invited from New York city, and a special train of parlor cars took them in the early evening to Baychester. There they found a scene of remarkable brilliancy and beauty. The large tennis-court on the grounds, a building 150 by 200 feet in size, had been fitted up for the occasion, lighted by electricity, and decorated with a total disregard of expense. Around the ring itself was a low wall painted in ivory white and covered on top with silk plush, while golden cords and tassels served to further adorn it. A large gallery, constructed especially for the occasion, afforded sitting-room for the guests.

The actual performances were exceedingly creditable. Not only did the gentlemen who performed the daring acts of trapeze artists and bare-back riders show nerve and skill that were worthy of "professionals," but the clowns and other actors were exceedingly good. As a development of talent among the wealthy young citizens of the city the exhibition was certainly a success. There was little to criticise and much to praise.

Even the ushers and imitation peddlers who distributed flowers and pea-nuts after the old circus fashion were ladies and gentlemen of social standing, so that the entire entertainment was genuinely an amateur one. The pea-nut venders were Miss Georgie Berryman, Miss Mamie Heckscher, Miss Hattie Roberts, and Miss Post. The "supers," who under direction of Ring-master Howard N. Potter did the manual labor required in the changes of the acts, were Messrs. Robert Hargous, Thomas Howard, Adolph Ladenburg, Gordon Fellows, Victor Souchon, Storey, and Beekman. Their uniform was showy and costly, as were all the dresses worn by the actors. The two clowns, who did the traditional and time-honored clown business as if they had been doing it for years, were Messrs. Appleton and Havemeyer.

The first act was a quadrille on horseback, and in this four ladies took part. They wore conventional riding-habits, excepting that the long skirts were white. All the other circus business, excepting one riding act, was done by gentlemen. The quadrille riders were Miss Ladenburg, Miss Daisy Hurst, Miss Sallie Hargous, Miss Cary, and Messrs. Beach, Potter, Woodbury Kane, and Cotenet. They are all famous equestrians, and the act was naturally well done.

Billy Bee of the fourth act was Mr. William Bininger, and his clown elephant was a canvas affair with two gentlemen concealed within. Of course the antics were funny. Signor Eduardo was Mr. E. C. Potter; Victor, who rode the three bare-backed horses, was Mr. Victor Souchon; Mlle. Fredericka was Mr. Frederick Beach, who appeared in the traditional short skirts and tights of the circus equestrienne. His mustache had been concealed, and his blond wig was a wondrous thing. Society had discovered a new amusement, and the delight and applause of the audience were hearty and unrestrained. Mr. Waterbury was voted a prince of hosts, and after the circus maintained the character well by further entertaining his guests with a supper and a ball. The two orchestras that had furnished the music for the circus played dance music till morning, and it was daybreak before the guests reached their homes.

THE LOST SHIP.

The great ship flew
With its living freight
Right in the trough of the sea!
The dense fog came like a pall so thick—
Oh, where can the helmsman be?
For if at his post,
With his hands on the wheel,
He can neither hear nor see.
The blinding rain
Comes hissing down,
And the winds howl so that he
Is deaf to all;
For the captain's call
And the passengers' shrieks
Are all lost on him;
For the icicles dim
His sleepless eyes, and paralyze
Both hand and limb!
So he stands there stiff and cold and still,
Dead! at the *Master's* will.

Ah! what avail are the cries and prayers
Of the voices of those doomed ones there,
With their maniac shoutings filling the air?
No eye can see—none ever know
The agony of those hemmed in,
With hatches battened down below;
Covered with fog and sleet and snow,
And blinding hailstones rattling so,
As if laughing at their woe.
Still, still the doomed ship staggers on,
Right through the hissing waves alone.
No human eye will ever see
One of that great ship's company;
For, shrouded in her storm-clad pall,
The ship went down—went down with all!

Stephen Massett.

THE ROYAL HOUSES OF EUROPE.

The ups and downs of the reigning houses of Europe have been much discussed of late. All those are recognized as being of royal blood members of whose families now occupy or at one time have occupied thrones. According to official reports, there are now 27 such royal families in Europe, with 459 male members, so that each dynasty averages 17 princes, a number reached, however, only by ten of them. Of these 27 families no less than 18 are German, namely, the Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach, Wettin, Würtemberg, Zähringen, Hessen, Mecklenburg, Holstein, Anhalt, Schwarzburg, Reuss, Schaumburg, Lippe, Waldeck, Hapsburg-Lorraine, Welf, Nassau, and Liechtenstein; six are Romanic or Latin, namely, Bourbon, Savoyen, Braganza, Monaco, Bonaparte, Bernadotte; two are Slav, namely, Obrenowitch and Njenosh; and one is Turkish, namely, Osman. Of the German no less than five, and of these the historic houses of Hohenzollern, Welf, and Hapsburg, originated in the little Swabian Würtemberg. The preponderance of the German dynasties is all the greater, because of the 41 actually existing thrones they occupy 33. Of these 22 are in the German Empire, 11 are in other countries, namely, Austro-Hungary, Russia, England, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Liechtenstein. The Romanic dynasties occupy only five thrones, namely, those of Italy, Spain, Brazil, Monaco, and Sweden-Norway. The Slav dynasties are found only in Servia and Montenegro. Nothing is clearer from these data than that the nationality of the reigning families has had but little influence in determining the political ideals and aims of the people they govern. Notwithstanding the thorough German character of the Russian reigning house, the politics of the country is as decided in its anti-German character as though its rulers were Slavs.

The religion of eleven of these dynasties is entirely Protestant, of five others the greater number of the members are Protestants. To these last belong such houses as the Hohenzollern of Prussia, of which the older and Catholic side lines are not entitled to the royal succession in any case; also the house of Wettin, of which the Catholic King of Protestant Saxony is the leading representative; the Holstein house of Denmark, of which the members in Greece and Russia belong to the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the Würtemberg and Lippe houses. The Romanic dynasties are all Catholic, except that of Bernadotte, in Protestant Sweden-Norway. These exceptions to the predominating religion of a dynasty have in nearly all cases resulted from the acceptance of a throne in a country with a different national religion. Where such a change is not made it is the result of special stipulation, as is the case with Princess Sophia of Prussia, who in becoming engaged to the Crown-Prince of Greece insisted upon her adherence to the Protestant faith. Three German dynasties are entirely Catholic, namely, the Hapsburg-Lorraine, the Wittelsbach—to which the rulers of Bavaria belong—and Liechtenstein.

Numerically the strongest is the Danish house of Holstein, with its 58 living princes, next to which comes the Saxon house of Wettin, with 52 princes. Members of the former family rule in Russia, Greece, Denmark, and Oldenburg; of the latter in five German states and in Belgium, Portugal, and Bulgaria, and will, when the Welf family becomes extinct at the death of Queen Victoria, wear the crown of Great Britain and Ireland. The house of Hohenzollern, which lost in 1888 not only the two Emperors Wilhelm I. and Frederick III., but also the last member of its oldest line, the Hohenzollern-Hechingen, still have 20 princes in its ranks, of whom eight are less than fifteen years old. Another side branch will become extinct when the childless Charles of Roumania dies, who will be succeeded by his nephew Prince Ferdinand.

Of the once so powerful house of Bourbon only one representative now occupies a throne, and he is an infant, namely, the King of Spain. There are still 49 princes of this dynasty, of whom only one seems to have a chance to occupy a throne, namely, that of Brazil, where the husband of the Crown-Princess Isabella may succeed her father. The Hapsburg house is really extinct since 1740, and the present members belong really to the Lorraine line. The death of Rudolph causes no embarrassment in the succession, the supply still exceeding the demand, as there are yet 34 princes of this dynasty alive. The most productive soil for princes is the diminutive Liechtenstein, which has only 9000 inhabitants, but boasts of 18 princes of royal blood, or one for every 500 souls. The two influential houses of Savoyen in Italy and Bernadotte in Sweden-Norway are not correspondingly prolific, the former having but eight princes and the latter seven. The old house of Welf, which lost the throne of Hanover in 1864, and will lose that of England at the death of Victoria, which it has occupied since 1714, has five male members, the same number that makes up the contingent of the house of Zähringen that rules in Baden. The house of Bonaparte has three princes, the older Lucien line, with its four representatives, not being recognized as royal.

The senior of the forty-one rulers of the European families, whose average age is fifty-six, is the King of Holland, born in 1817. Five rulers are more than seventy, among them the King of Denmark; 10 are between sixty and seventy, among them the rulers of England, Würtemberg, Brazil, Saxony; 10 are between fifty and sixty, among them the rulers of Sweden, Austria, Belgium, Portugal; nine are between forty and fifty, among them the rulers of Roumania, Turkey, Italy, Russia, Greece, Montenegro, Bavaria; two between thirty and forty, namely, the rulers of Schwerin and Servia; one between twenty and thirty, namely, the Prince of Bulgaria, the Emperor of Germany just having passed thirty. The King of Spain is not three years old. The oldest in the number of years of rule is the Queen of England, who has been on the throne since 1837.

A SOMBRE DAY.

A lonely boat lies on the glass-smooth bay;
As gray the water as spun flax, and gray
The sky as smoke, and gray as moss-grown stone
Crumbling on some old grave, forgot and lone
The shore and boat and tree,
The stretches of beaches,
The long sandy reaches,
The wavering dunes, and the wide, windy sea.

Arlo Bates.

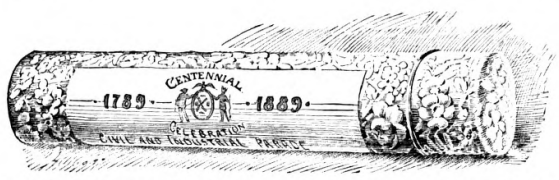
A MYSTERY.

"If you were me, and trouble haunted you,"
He whispered low,
"Weighed down your soul in doubt, what would you do?"
"I'd tell some one my trouble, were I you,"
With accent slow,
She said. And yet again: "If you were me,"
He said 'and loved a sweet lass tenderly,
What would you do?"
Flushed grew her cheek and drooped her head:
"I think I'd go and tell her so," she said,
"If I were you."

"Ah, sweet! 'tis you I mean, my little love—
I love you, Flo."
Yet lower drooped her sun-kissed head above
The roses on her breast; a frightened dove
Ne'er fluttered so.
"I love you, dear," he said again; and she—
Her answer e'er will be a mystery,
'Twas said so low.

Cecil Percy Poole.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE TIFFANY SILVER CASE CONTAINING THE ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BY THE CIVIL, INDUSTRIAL, AND COMMERCIAL BODIES OF NEW YORK.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It is not every day that makes history. The record of the world is only seemingly a continuous story; in fact, it contains as many interruptions as the spaces between the rods that hold up and partly form a great suspension-bridge. Three days that will appear in history came together in New York on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 29th and 30th of April and the 1st of May. They were devoted to the centennial celebration of the inauguration of WASHINGTON, and therefore of the actual establishment of our present system of government. It was intended that the celebration should turn the minds of men back to the stirring scenes of a century ago, but it has had the effect of impressing the nation with its present greatness and its promise for the future.

The credit for this, the greatest popular display in the history of the republic, is due primarily to J. E. PEYTON, Esq., of Haddenfield, New Jersey, who induced the Tennessee Legislature, on March 19, 1883, to pass a resolution asking Congress "to encourage an appropriate celebration of the inauguration of President WASHINGTON in New York in 1889." To the South is due, therefore, part of the honor of originating the idea of the celebration. But MR. PEYTON cuts a more important figure, and one that is unique. He is an Englishman by birth, and has long ago retired from business with a competency. For seventeen years he has been originating, proposing, and devising centennials. His friends assert that to him was in a measure due the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the centennial celebration at Yorktown, this last great display in New York, and several minor affairs of the same nature.

The first practical step toward the just completed celebration in New York city was taken by the New York Historical Society in March, 1884, when it resolved in formal meeting to celebrate the occasion. After that the project began to take form. The Chamber of Commerce decided to ask Congress to make an appropriation toward this end, and to interest the city and State officials. Colonel PEYTON and the late ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN then got up a citizens' movement at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on November 10th of that year. In December, 1887, a committee of fifty-nine citizens was appointed, with Mayor ABRAM S. HEWITT as chairman. Those who then and afterward became distinguished in connection with the hard work of the great effort to give expression to the nation's jubilation were STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER, ASA BIRD GARDINER, BRAYTON IVES, RICHARD WATSON GILDER, W. E. D. STOKES, EDGERTON WINTHROP, HAMILTON FISH, W. G. HAMILTON, ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, STUYVESANT FISH, and WARD MCALLISTER. Still later, as we shall see, Admiral PORTER, Rear-Admiral JOUETT, General DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, C. W. WOOLSEY, General MARTIN T. MCMAHON, and others, came in for well-deserved credit.

For three days before the celebration began it rained violently most of the time, with the effect of greatly disturbing the minds of the New-Yorkers, and of cleaning the streets to a degree that made them one of the principal glories of the occasion. Monday morning, that of the first day of the celebration, found the sky obscured by clouds, and a chill but westerly wind blowing. It was the day of the President's arrival at Elizabeth, New Jersey, in commemoration of the arrival there of GEORGE WASHINGTON a century and six days before. The little New Jersey town, which has to-day the same number of souls (forty thousand) which made up the population of New York city in WASHINGTON'S time, was radiantly decked with bunting, set with three triumphal arches, and electrified by a spirit as patriotic and enthusiastic as that which invested the celebration in New York which was to come. The President rode in a magnificent train of special cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad—a train that is said to have been the most complete ever run on a railroad. Those who rode in it missed few of the comforts that attend life in a well-ordered rich man's house. With the President came MRS. HARRISON, Private Secretary and MRS. HALFORD, MRS. MCKEE and Miss MURPHY, of the White House circle, Secretaries WINDOM and RUSK and the ladies of their families, MR. WALKER BLAINE and the Misses BLAINE, the Chief-Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, army and navy officers, and MESSRS. JOHN JAY, EDWARD COOPER, SETH LOW, O. B. POTTER, JOHN A. KING, and the Washington correspondents of the New York papers. Assistant General Passenger Agent BOYD and Mechanical Inspector PRATT were in charge of the train.

Although it was so early in the morning and the day was but just breaking, Trenton was wide-awake, and there the train took on ex-Senator SEWELL'S private car, containing himself, his wife and daughter, Governor GREEN, General STRIKER, Senator CATTELL, the Rev. Dr. HAMILL, Colonel STOCKTON, General GRUBB, Colonel DONNELLY, and Captain SKIRM, as well as a dozen ladies, the men being mainly members of the New Jersey Centennial Committee. There was an uproar of cheering as the train rolled past a line of boyish soldiers in Continental uniform of buff breeches and waistcoats, and standing with guns at present arms to welcome the President to the beginning of the nation's jubilee.

President HARRISON, Vice-President MORTON and his wife, and a few others breakfasted in Governor GREEN'S house, and then took places upon an impromptu platform to view the unique parade by four thousand men, some of whom were Grand Army men, militia-men, the Third Regiment of New Jersey, Oddfellows, men of the United Order of American Mechanics, Knights of Pythias and Knights of St. John, in uniform, Hibernians, thirteen boys dressed as Continentals, and many farmers attired as Revolutionary soldiers, as Indians, as boys going to mill, as old-time farmers, having dragged behind them several floats perpetuating the memory of household and out-door scenes peculiar to the daily life of our patriot fathers. Half the procession the President saw from the stand; the other half he rode past as the paraders were drawn up in line on either side of the street.

The line of march was to Elizabethport—the same line that WASHINGTON took when he went to what was then called "the Point" to embark upon a large barge manned by thirteen members of the then seven-year-old Marine Society of the Port of New York, and to be carried by the force of these men's oar-strokes to the capital of the country. In his progress to the water-side in this procession the President had to pass under what was called "the living arch," because its outlines were decorated with the beautiful forms of young girls in white, and carrying banners representing the States and Territories. They flung down upon the President's carriage a shower of roses in bud and blossom.

At the water-side the President and the gentlemen of his escort embarked aboard the government steamer *Despatch* to be carried to New York, and on the way to witness the great naval display and parade, the first feature of the metropolitan programme. The ladies, the Governors, and committee-men of the different States, and all their invited guests, were on board the steamboats *Wiman* and *Monmouth*. The steam-boat *Laura M. Starin* was the vehicle for the press.



"SEATS 'ERE NOW, GENTLEMEN AND LADIES. A FEW MORE LEFT."

Upper New York Harbor was then filled with a motley collection of every sort of steam-vessel. Close to the city, anchored in a line, were the fast cruisers that form the nucleus of our coming navy: the *Chicago*, the *Atlanta*, the *Boston*, and such noble representatives of the navy that FARRAGUT commanded, as the *Kearsarge*, the *Yantic*, the *Essex*, the *Brooklyn*, the *Jamestown*, and the *Juniata*. Then there were the revenue-cutters *Grant* of New York, *Gallatin* of Boston, *Dexter* of Newport, *McLean* and *Ewing* of Baltimore, and the boarding tugs *Chandler*, *Washington*, and *Manhattan*. It was a splendid front that they presented, each trimmed with what the sailors call a rainbow decoration of flags, reaching over the mast-tops from the bow to the stern. Behind them assembled a thousand steam passenger boats, steam-tugs, steam-lighters, steam-barges, and other tugs towing freight barges.

Every boat was festooned with as many flags as could be hung upon it, and each boat was crowded with participants or spectators. There were seventy thousand persons on the water. This aggregation of vessels formed a beautiful picture, and when one thinks of the magnificence of nature's arrangement of the bay, and considers that it formed a frame of the picture, with its green highlands, its statue-topped and fort-crowned islands, its two rivers meeting at the point of a city of towering buildings, the grandeur, the magnificence of the scene can be appreciated. Never in this country, in all probability never in Europe, was seen anything of the sort to approach it.

The city itself presented an aggregation of roof lines fluttering with bunting, and fretted with the forms of tens of thousands of men and women looking down upon the water. So ample and prodigious were the preparations for the festival that terraced stands had been built upon the roofs of many of the principal houses, upon the roofs of places like old Castle Garden, upon the ends of the wharves, and elsewhere, while people in extraordinary numbers congregated upon Governor's Island and Castle William, upon Bedlow's Island at the foot of the Liberty Statue, and upon the sea-wall of the Battery Park, where they were massed ten thousand in a body, all with their faces toward the bay. The usual forests of masts that hem the city's sides were now ornamented not only with bunting, but with fence-like lines of sailors, standing hand in hand upon the yards. The boom of a cannon announced the approach of the President upon the *Despatch*, and just then the sun parted the curtain of clouds that had obscured it, and bathed the whole city and the green water in a glorious burst of sunshine, as if nature wanted to commemorate the perfect golden weather through which WASHINGTON was rowed to New York a century ago.

Admiral PORTER had been placed in command of the naval display, and had chosen for the more close supervision of details Rear-Admiral JOUETT and MR. C. W. WOOLSEY, of the Hoboken Ferry Line, as his aides, acting also under MR. ASA BIRD GARDINER, of the committee. These gentlemen had arranged an orderly system of ten squadrons of vessels, and a consultation of their programme suggested the idea that the boats were to be drawn up in separate battalions in different parts of the bay. Whether this was enforced or not, it is a fact that the number of vessels became so great as to practically fill the bay, so that a chaos which was both picturesque and wonderful took the place of system. A passageway was left through the mass of stationary vessels, and through this the *Despatch*, bearing the President, made glorious progress. Not only was she festooned with the rainbow line of bunting fore and aft, but she was also decked with lines of flags hung from side to side, and also stretched over the tops of the masts. As she approached the city she seemed like some great tropical bird of brilliant plumage skimming over the water. As she passed each vessel its colors were dipped, and when she came to the government boats, each ripped the atmosphere with a Presidential salute of twenty-one guns, each boat obscuring itself in a fog-bank of smoke as its guns were fired.

Our second President, JOHN ADAMS, should have been there to appreciate, as he never did in his life, the full import of his own true American sentiment that the best way to express patriotism was with noise. For with a thousand boats blowing their whistles, with twenty ships of the war and revenue service firing their guns, and with seventy thousand people sending up mighty cheers, to be thrown back by the cheers of hundreds of thousands of others in the crowded city, there was noise enough to express a patriotism even as grand as is our own. The yards of the men-of-war were manned by the sailors, who looked, from the airy distance of a thirteen-story building, as clothespins do on clothes-lines.

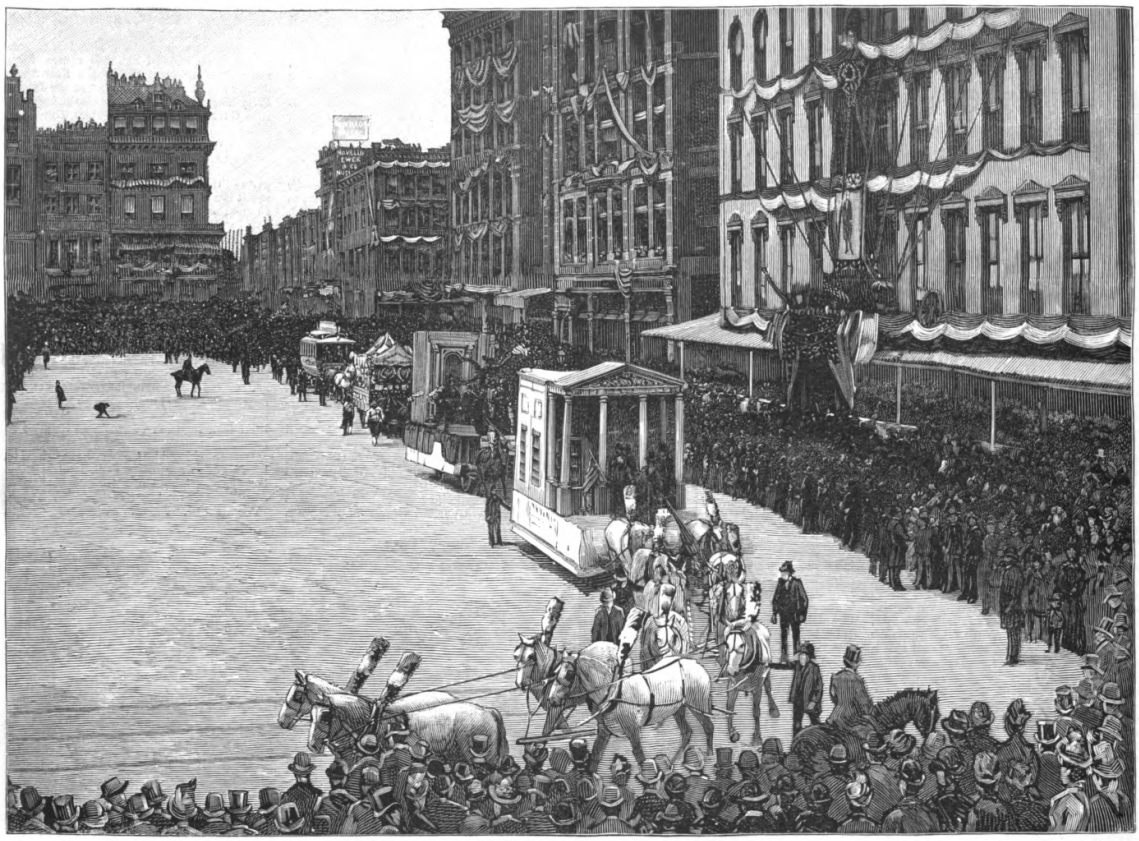
One of the boats in the convoy of the *Despatch* carried with it Captain AMBROSE SNOW, of the New York Marine Society, and twelve old retired sea-captains, who were to row the President ashore at the foot of Wall Street. Every skipper wore a black broadcloth suit, a silk hat, and a dark blue satin badge, and looked in that attire like the prosperous captains of the pilot-boats of old, who used to dress in that way. They manned a great barge called the *Queen Kapiolani*, and with the assistance of a few sailors seated in the bow of the boat, they rowed the President safely ashore, where he stepped upon a float covered with purple cloth, and connected with the street front by steps draped in the same material. Wall Street was magnificently decorated. The principal buildings were almost hidden behind bunting.

From the wharves at the foot of the street to Trinity Church at the head of the street was a fluttering mass of gay color. The Sub-Treasury, standing on the site of old Federal Hall, where WASHINGTON took the oath of office, was especially well ornamented, and was distinguished by a temporary pine platform built upon its steps for the holding of the literary exercises of the next day. It was twenty minutes past one o'clock when the President landed. HAMILTON FISH, Governor HILL, and Mayor GRANT were on the float to receive him, and each addressed a few words to him. Then he entered his carriage, and made his way in an appointed place in the procession that had been arranged along the route to the Equitable Building. Colonel FLOYD JACKSON was the marshal of this parade, and commanded the Fifth Cavalry of the regular army, the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion of officers of the late war, representatives of the New York and Kings County Grand Army posts, the uniformed veterans of the Seventh Regiment, the Sons of the Revolution, and the veterans of the Fifth, Ninth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-first regiments. In other carriages behind that of the President rode the Centennial Committee-men, Governor HILL, Mayor GRANT, Vice-President MORTON, Lieutenant-Governor JONES, Chief-Justice FULLER, the members of the Cabinet (excepting MR. BLAINE), Sena-



A FAMILY GROUP.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



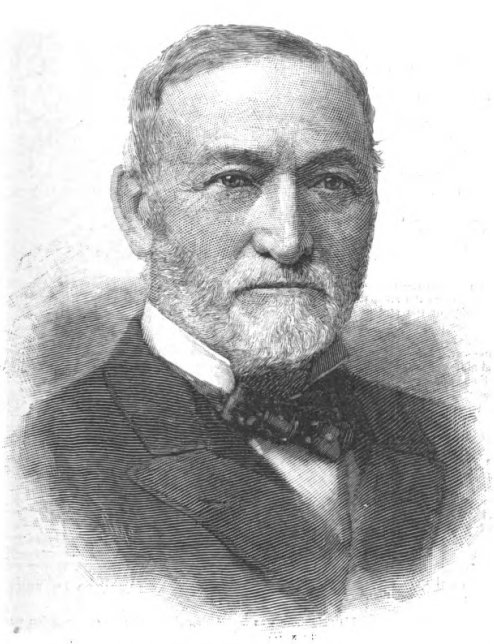
A GROUP OF FLOATS PASSING THROUGH UNION SQUARE.



THE BEETHOVEN FLOAT PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND.

CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE INDUSTRIAL PARADE.—From Photographs by Pach Brothers.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



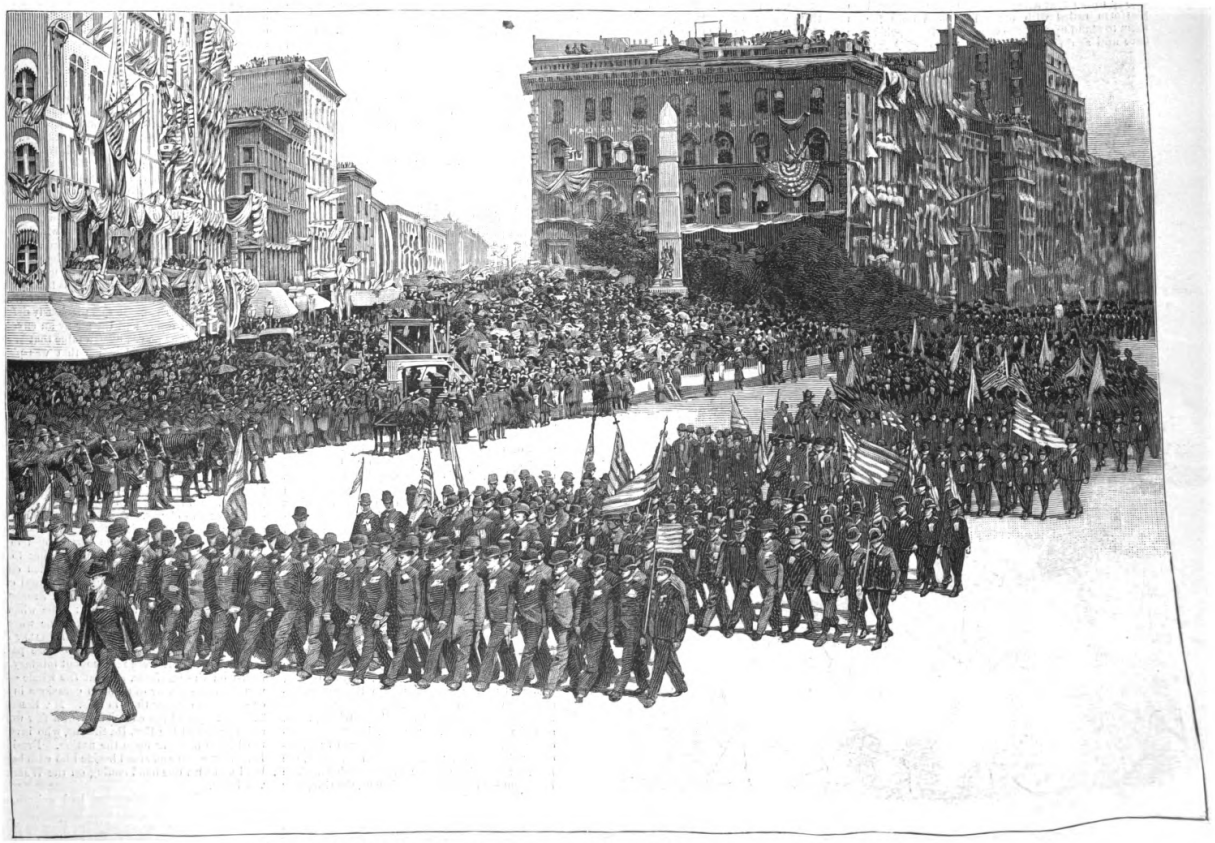
THE LATE WILLIAM H. BARNUM, OF CONNECTICUT.—From a Photograph by Falk. [See Page 371.]



THE LATE REV. FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE. From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 371.]

tors Evarts and Hiscock, and a few others. Following the carriages, on foot, were the Aldermen of New York and Brooklyn, the Governors of nearly all the States, the committee-men sent by each State, the Justices of the Supreme Court, judges of the State and city, the heads of the city departments, many of the consuls, and many members of Congress and the State Legislature. All were to take part in an official reception by the President in the rooms of the Lawyers' Club, in the eight-million-dollar granite building of the Equitable Life-assurance Company, which covers a block on Broadway between Pine and Cedar streets. Upon a raised dais the President, Vice-President, and Governor were introduced to a large number of invited guests, principally selected from those who were in the procession that had formed his escort.

After that the President lunched in a private room at a table which is said to have been the most magnificently appointed and decorated dining table ever seen in this country, if not in the world. Its ornamentation is said to have cost $4500. Upon it were great banks of roses in which were distributed electric lights enveloped by pink silk. A great century-plant towered above the centre of the table, and upon its branches were hung orchids and the same pink electric jets. Heavy silver-ware, delicate shell-like crystal and artistic dishes, were among the other decorations. The *menu* was in keeping with the appointments. The hundreds of other guests of this rich club, whose quarters are more elegant



THE SCHOOL-BOYS MARCHING IN THE INDUSTRIAL PARADE.—From a Photograph by Bidwell.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"BOX, MISTER? ONLY FIFTY CENTS."

and costly than those of any other club in the world, were refreshed in other rooms.

The narrow old-fashioned down-town streets were densely packed with people. The troops were drawn up in a hollow square in front of the great building, and in lines which faced each other along its main hallway and up its stairs. GILMORE'S and CAPPA'S bands, the two finest regimental bands in AMERICA, and an army band as well, each in turn played the tune of "Old Hundred" out in the air of Broadway, and while the multitude listened there fell upon it in the tones of silvery bells the same glorious melody chimed in the steeple of Old Trinity.

From the Equitable Building the President, who all this time impersonated the figure of WASHINGTON, went with a fine escort up to the City Hall, which was elaborately festooned with bunting. When the President reached there, in the presence of an assembly of citizens that filled the park and streets near by, little DOLLY KEESE, the daughter of the janitor of the City Hall, pulled up to the head of one of the flag-staffs the President's flag—a sheet of blue decorated with an eagle bearing upon its breast our country's shield. It was the first time the flag had been seen upon a public building in New York. Fitting it was that on this day of jubilee and peace it should be hauled up by the pink and white arms of a little girl. The President and Governor and Mayor found that a very beautiful plush-covered platform railed with brass had been built for them to stand upon in the Governor's Room, where once and again lay in state the bodies of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and of General GRANT, and where LAFAYETTE had stood in life. It is also the room where New York city stores cherished pictures of its Mayors and the great men of the State. There the people were let in to see the President, and they passed by him at the rate of 5000 an hour. In another half-hour he took his leave, and joined his wife at the house of Vice-President MORTON, in Fifth Avenue, which was to be his home during his stay in New York. He dined that night as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. STUYVESANT FISH, in Gramercy Park, and later went to the great ball in the Metropolitan Opera-house, commemorative of the ball at which WASHINGTON led the cotillon a hundred years ago.

For the artistic, elaborate, and beautiful arrangements that attended the creation of this great social assembly all credit is due to Messrs. WARD MCALLISTER, EDMUND C. STANTON, and STUYVESANT FISH. The floral decorations by KLUNDER were very remarkable. The walls of the lobbies in front of the building were almost concealed behind arbor-vitæ and cedar, and their green foliage formed a background for a great display of such flowers as were cherished in our house gardens when WASHINGTON lived—hydrangeas, the *Lilium longifolium*, pansies, and azaleas. The auditorium of the great opera-house, the largest in the country, has four galleries. Their fronts were hung with royal purple, and behind every gasalier flags were bunched. The shields of the States also ornamented the curving balconies, the lower one of which was festooned with paper roses. Broad bands of red, white, and blue cloth fell in luxurious curves from the centre of the ceiling to the uppermost gallery. The sides of the stage were formed of flags, and over the stage a hundred flying doves, hung by invisible wires, poised in the air. LANDER'S band, divided in two parts, sat in the topmost gallery, and when one part ceased playing the other began, so that the music was continuous. Into the great room (all especially floored so that it had an even surface from the back of the stage to the front of the house) came six thousand men and women, the men including more famous personages than were ever seen together in this country outside of Washington, the women displaying the most opulent, even gorgeous, attire. Over the roadway of Thirty-ninth Street, on the south side of the opera-house, had been constructed a temporary supper-room, in which one feature was a champagne counter three hundred feet long. Behind this bar were stored five thousand bottles of champagne of four brands. This room was resplendent with white table-linen, polished silver, and cut glass. At the head of it, on a raised platform, was an oval table for the President and twelve committee-men and distinguished persons. The centrepiece of the table was a golden device, once the property of LOUIS PHILIPPE. RUDOLPH BUSSE, of the Hoffman House, whose proprietor, Mr. EDWARD STOKES, had taken the contract for this service, had charge of the supper. For this supper and the banquet of the next night $55,000 was set apart for food, decorations, and service. It is said that at one time there were ten thousand persons in the ball-room. It was only after the rush to the supper-room that dancing was possible. The display of diamonds was said to be the most magnificent ever seen in this country.

The next day, Tuesday, April 30th, was the actual centennial day, the hundredth anniversary of WASHINGTON'S inauguration. It was the day of the military parade. But at this point it is necessary to pause, and to consider the massing of the people who came from the houses of the city and the suburbs and the country at large to share in the jubilation. There never was anything like that congregation in any American city. It is estimated by careful calculators that about one million persons were massed along the line of march of the military parade, and seven hundred thousand saw the civic or industrial procession next day. The line of march on Tuesday was five and a half miles long, taking in Broadway from the Equitable Building to Waverley Place, then around Washington Square and up Fifth Avenue to Central Park. The next day this route was shortened a little more than a mile. The line of march was transformed into a passageway between solid black masses of men and women, whose heads formed an arc as the multitude curved upon the stoops at either side of the street. Extraordinary platforms had been built as reviewing stands along the way. They accommodated ninety thousand persons. Some were put up by the public money and some by private enterprise. Windows along the route sold for from $5 to $150 for the two days. The police granted permits for something like 4800 trucks to be stationed in the cross streets, and these accommodated more than a hundred thousand persons. Some of these wagons held the families of their owners, and some had stands built upon them, as our illustrations show, and were made the means of speculation. Any advantage in height that a man could get above his neighbors was worth money; therefore there grew up a trade in which soap boxes and lemon crates were sold by the thousand at from 50 cents to $1 50 apiece. It is narrated, as an illustration of what the people endured simply to see the sights of the gigantic celebration, that on a corner above Delmonico's a man and woman were seen to stand upon a little box six hours, the man holding the woman up with an arm around her waist, the woman carrying her umbrageous hat in her hand so that it should not strike his face. Yet the crowds were largely of New York. It is not discoverable that more than 450,000 persons came to the city each day and went away each night; nor is it calculated that more than 150,000 persons put up at the hotels especially for the occasion.



A VISITING COUNTRYMAN ELEVATED ON BRICKS.

This city, always called so mercenary, so selfish, and so lacking in public spirit, nevertheless gave up three days to this festival. Four days in all were lost from business, for Sunday preceded the holidays. Tens of thousands could not see any of the displays, and spent the time in trooping through the streets in holiday attire, the women adorned with pretty bows of red, white, and blue, and the men wearing medals and badges struck for the occasion.

The three days passed without serious accident or notable interruptions of the programme. New York seems doomed never to entertain her guests without having to report some unnecessary violence by her police. In this instance their rudeness took the form of raids upon the people by the mounted force in order to clear the streets. But no injuries that were received were serious, and altogether it is a question whether anybody concerned in the whole vast celebration deserved more credit than the police, who before the centennial began locked up all the thieves, burglars, and bad characters they could find, and who during the progress of the fête kept the vast concourse of people in perfect order. That was great work, and on account of it the names of the leaders of the blue-coats, Superintendent WILLIAM MURRAY and Inspectors BYRNES, WILLIAMS, and STEERS, who were very faithful and active, ought to be mentioned here.

The second day opened with divine worship in most of the churches, and with bell-ringing in their steeples. Public attention was focussed upon old St. Paul's Church, which stands just below the Astor House on Broadway, and which contains to-day the pew in which President WASHINGTON worshipped, opposite the pew which once was Governor CLINTON'S. These and all the other parts of the church (which had great flags flying from its steeple) were gayly decked with the nation's colors. One pair of flags inside the church were the royal standard of France and the old American flag with the thirteen stars, the two banners under which we fought to rid ourselves of the English yoke.

On that morning a notable procession went from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to this old church. In it were the President, Vice-President, Supreme Court Justices, Governor HILL, Mayor GRANT, GROVER CLEVELAND, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, Senators EVARTS and HISCOCK, the Cabinet Secretaries, the Bishops of New York, Long Island, Iowa, and Tennessee, Mrs. HARRISON, Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. JONES, Senators SHERMAN and INGALLS, General WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, the Hon. THOMAS F. BAYARD, and many others. The President sat in WASHINGTON'S pew, the Governor in CLINTON'S. A prescribed service arranged by the Bishop of New York was celebrated, and the Right Reverend HENRY C. POTTER delivered an address appropriate to the occasion. The choir and the part it played will long be remembered. Although the church congregation was almost entirely made up of notables, they rose when the President appeared, and when the service closed they remained seated until he had left the building. His escort to the street was Mr. STEPHEN P. NASH. In the procession to the Sub-Treasury Building the Mayor's carriage was first, with Mayor GRANT and RUSSELL HARRISON, then came the President and Vice-President and ELBRIDGE T. GERRY and CLARENCE W. BOWEN, the last two being members of the Centennial Committee. The Cabinet, Governors, the two ex-Presidents, and all the other dignitaries followed in other carriages.

An enormous number of persons had assembled on Wall and Broad streets just where and just as the earlier patriots must have done a hundred years before. Their front lines were guarded by police, and behind all were some red-plumed artillery-men moving to and fro with fine effect. The stand that had been built over the steps of the great granite treasure-house held all the dignitaries. It was very prettily trimmed with bunting, and so was the front of the building, in whose pediment a great golden eagle was the chief ornament. A great bronze statue of General WASHINGTON stands on the steps of this building, over the precise spot which WASHINGTON must have occupied; not *on* the spot, for the first President took the oath while in a balcony of the long since departed Federal Hall that then stood there. A wreath of golden laurel leaves was on the head of the statue for this occasion, put there by the order of some one who had not counted the effect, for all were startled and many were shocked at seeing the hero decorated, he whose face has never been seen by us except in unadorned majesty. The Freemasons had brought to the scene the identical Bible on which WASHINGTON took the oath. It was preciously defended from rough usage and the air by an envelope of plush. It was placed upon a table that WASHINGTON once owned, and beside that was placed a chair the first President had often used. This latter was for the last President, who sat in it well forward, close to the mass of people. Close to him were ex-President CLEVELAND, who received a grand ovation of cheering, ex-President RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, Chief-Justice MELVILLE W. FULLER and a few of his colleagues, and Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the orator of the occasion.

What distinguished the dignified party on the platform above any other such assemblage the people had ever seen in New York were the dresses of the clergy. Archbishop MICHAEL AUGUSTINE CORRIGAN made a magnificent centre to the group under his purple beretta and in his purple dalmatica, or lay gown, reaching to the ground. Around his neck was a golden chain, to which was suspended his great pectoral cross of gold. The Rev. Dr. RICHARD S. STORRS, of Brooklyn, always wears a black robe when he preaches, and this and a skull-cap he wore on that occasion, while the Rev. Dr. ELIPHALET POTTER and the Bishop of Iowa also wore partial canonicals. There were resplendent military uniforms on the platform, so that the whole effect was such as we hear of on such occasions in other countries oftener than in this. Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY opened the exercises with a few words, and introduced the Rev. Dr. STORRS, who invoked the Divine blessing upon the nation. President HARRISON arose and stood beside him with bowed head and with one hand resting on the WASHINGTON Bible.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER had written and sent from Oak Knoll, Danvers, Massachusetts, a poem for the occasion, called "The Vow of Washington," and it was read to the multitude by Mr. C. W. BOWEN, a committee-man. The lines,



TYPES OF SPECTATORS AT THE MILITARY PARADE.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"O city sitting by the sea,
How proud the day that dawned on thee!"

seemed to the people as fitting for the present day as for that greater one they were written to celebrate. Then Mr. Depew was introduced as the orator of the day amid great cheering. He spoke for twenty-five minutes, and was at his best in the matter and manner of his address. President Harrison followed with a short address, and then the purple-clad Archbishop of



A THOMPSON STREET DISPLAY.

the Roman Catholic diocese of New York advanced, and raising his jewelled hand, pronounced a benediction.

While these exercises, commemorative of the actual inauguration of Washington, were in progress, the greatest military display since the return of the troops to Washington at the close of the war—the greatest ever made in time of peace in America—was under way in Broadway. All the streets below Chambers Street on the west side of the city and below Beekman Street on the east side were gay and crowded with troops drawn up in waiting to take their places in the great movement. War and peace were seldom more effectively and picturesquely suggested in their eternal kinship than by the scenes in the streets, where drummer-boys sat on their drums in the roadways along which guns were stacked, while the soldiers, in the uniforms of the troops of nearly all the States, stood at rest between the now deserted but bunting-covered business houses. It was to be a wondrous procession. The men in it numbered nearly 52,000, and if all parading at once would have covered eleven miles when halted. The President and the principal personages on the Sub-Treasury platform were driven in carriages past the soldiers, who were already under way to the reviewing stand at Madison Square. There were great stands at the City Hall Park, Washington Square, Union Square, and Madison Square. At the last-mentioned two stands faced each other, and turned the roadway of Broadway into a walled lane. Of these two great sloping hillocks of bench-covered boards the one on the right or east side was for the President, a bow-shaped place having been built for him (and his Cabinet and others) in its front. The neighborhood was solidly packed with people; so were the roof lines, the windows, balconies, and other points of advantage for sight-seeing. For six hours these people stood or sat, for five hours and a half the troops swept by, now in sober blue, now in brilliant dress, and now on horses. All that time the music of bands, the tread, tread, of feet, the rumble of gun-carriages, the clank of swords, the rattle of horses' hoofs, and the fast-flying waves of applause from the spectators filled the air. The business of the town was paralyzed; the city had been captured by pleasure-seekers.

It had been said that to move troops past a given point at the rate of 7000 an hour was a remarkable and seldom-reached performance, but on this occasion there is said to be no doubt that the men and horses swept along at the rate of 9500 an hour! And the men were in wide lines, averaging 18 men in a file, and sometimes including 22 men. The ranks were so close together that in notable instances, like that of the marching of the West Point Cadets, the knees of one file fitted into the bends of the legs of the file in front of them. Major-General John M. Schofield, head of the regular army, and Chief Marshal of the parade, cut a splendid figure as he rode in resplendent uniform with his brilliantly caparisoned staff at the head of the line. Then came two thousand or more regulars of the cavalry and infantry service, and then the cadets from West Point marching like one man possessed of all the legs of the great school. The artillery and light batteries of the regular army, with highly polished, glistening steel guns, provoked loud applause. Then came the marines, the naval apprentice boys, and the sailors, the last always touching sentimental chords in the human breast, though they always march with a rolling, limber movement lacking any sort of beauty. The government had wisely ordered all the sailors to carry marching rations, and in their canteens every alternate man carried coffee and every alternate man carried water.

After these came the militia-men, the National Guard, in detachments, from a great majority of the States east of the Rocky Mountains, including distant Texas and the District of Columbia. They marched in the order in which the States were admitted to the Union, Delaware's 370 men leading, with a band attired in peacock blue uniform. At the head of each body of troops rode the Governor of the State they represented, usually with his staff. Nearly all the Governors were in civilian attire. Notable exceptions were Governor Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, and Governor Gordon, of Georgia—two dashing, splendid men on horseback, whose appearance was one of the sensations of the day. Governor Beaver, crippled by the loss of a leg and lashed to his horse, led the splendid quota sent by Pennsylvania. That State was represented by 8000 men in line, or something like 75 per cent. of her entire force. All wore the dull State uniform, but they carried with them all the impedimenta of soldiers going to battle, excepting ammunition. They carried their knapsacks, blankets, haversacks, canteens, cartridge-boxes, rifles, and tin cups. General Hastings, of Pennsylvania, cut a very soldier-like figure and won great applause. New Jersey's troops, led by Governor Green, and numbering 3700 men, made a gaudy and splendid display, because their regimentals differed, and were often very showy. Georgia sent only 35 men—General Gordon and his staff. Connecticut made a brave display with her Foot Guards, dressed with grenadier hats, buff breeches, and red coats, and with her other troops, numbering in all 600 soldiers. Massachusetts contributed 1500 men, including the justly famous Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, dressed in two or three differing styles of attire, each more ancient than the other. There were 500 Maryland men, and twice as many from New Hampshire, the Granite State having sent the three bodies of men that make up the entire State force. Vermont sent 700 Green Mountaineers. Governor John P. Richardson, of North Carolina, led 500 men, one body of them carrying the flag of a regiment that existed before the Revolution.

Then came 90 per cent. of the home guard of the State of New York, or all that could be mustered on any order at any time; 12,000 men in four brigades, eighteen regiments, one battalion, and five batteries. Leading them were Governor David B. Hill, in plain clothes, and his uniformed staff, Adjutant-General Porter, once the famous Colonel of the still more famous Twenty-second, and his staff, and Brigadier-General Louis Fitzgerald, whose resplendent troop of staff-officers wore snow-white breeches. For an hour and nearly another half-hour the solid ranks of the men of the Empire State swung by, every man with his ankles clad in white canvas leggings, and every regiment except two in the sober State uniform. The two exceptions were the famous Seventh Regiment of rich young men and marvellous training, and the almost equally splendid Twenty-second, the former wearing gray coats and white helmets, the latter in white coats decked with gold. The Seventh Regiment turned out 1021 out of a quota of 1075 men. In all the parade there were four bodies that struggled for applause as the most automatic, rigid, and perfect marching bodies. These were the West Point Cadets, the Seventh Regiment of this city, the boys of the Michigan Military Academy, near Detroit, and the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn. It is not for us to decide the superiority of either. They all four marched like machines.

Fitzhugh Lee, like a Marshal of France in his soldierly bearing, led Virginia's yellow-plumed cavalry and red-plumed artillery, 500 in all. Ohio had 8200 men, with Governor Foraker in command, and there were also in line the small forces from Rhode Island, Louisiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Florida, Texas, and the District of Columbia. Texas sent her Belknap Rifles, all in white. The parade closed with 11,000 Grand Army men and a small force of the Loyal Legion—an organization of officers in the late war.

After that came the banquet in the Metropolitan Opera-house, where the grand figures and dimensions which marked every feature of the great celebration were still in order. Places were set for 800 men, and 5000 others were admitted to see the splendor of their tables and of the banqueting hall—a display never to be forgotten, and never equalled in America. The floor that had pulsated to the steps of the dancers of the night before was now all but covered with tables, arranged as pairs of magnets, ends to ends, with smaller tables within the loops of and between the magnets. On the tables were mounds of lilies, which, being set upon sheets of mirror glass, appeared to float on miniature lakes; here and there between the tables were great clusters of hydrangeas upon leaved stalks so tall as to almost close the view from different points. In other places arose beds of pink roses and of white roses, with tall spires of calla lilies rising above them. There is said never to have been anything like such beautiful floral decoration in a public hall in New York before. The shields and coats of arms of States on the fronts of the balconies were wreathed with flowers. Above the boxes were enormous bunches of roses. The air above seemed full of greenery and flowers, for long curving lines of laurel, evergreen, and roses fell from the ceiling to the boxes and galleries, and in the centre of all was an octagonal construction from whose points hung lines of flowers. The front of the proscenium arch bore a painting of Washington, hung before lines of greenery so closely placed as to suggest a netting that reached across and hid the arch. Everywhere in amazing profusion were brilliant jets of light.

At eight o'clock President Harrison appeared, with Mayor Hugh J. Grant and Vice-President Morton, Governor Hill, Elbridge T. Gerry, Chief-Justice Fuller, and other distinguished men and members of the Centennial Committees. The Mayor took the head of the table as the official representative of the city, which was the host of the occasion. At the grand table where he presided these were the banqueters: the President, the Governor, the Vice-President, the Lieutenant-Governor, Chief-Justice Fuller, Judge Charles Andrews, General Schofield, Admiral Porter, Senator Evarts, Senator Hiscock, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Cleveland, Bishop Potter, Speaker Cole, Secretary Redfield Proctor, S. S. Cox, General Sherman, Clarence W. Bowen, and Elbridge T. Gerry.

At the tables and in the boxes above were what appeared to be all the most famous men of the country, particularly, but not at all exclusively, those in public life. There were thousands of them. These occupants of the stage boxes were perhaps the most notable:

The President.

A. The Chairman.
B. General Fitzgerald.
C. General Sherman.
D. Mrs. McElroy.
E. Mrs. Grant.
F. R. B. Hayes.
G. Grover Cleveland.
H. Thomas F. Bayard.
I. Ex-Governors of New York.
R. The Mayor.
S. The Governor.
T. The Vice-President.
J. Samuel Borrowe.
K. John H. V. Arnold.
L. The Secretary.
M. The Lieut.-Governor.
N. Admiral Porter.
O. The Committee of the House of Representatives.
P. The Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.
Q. The Chief-Justice of the United States.
U. The Members of the Cabinet.
V. The Committee of the United States Senate.
W. General Schofield.
X. Governors of States other than New York.

The apparent repetition of some names in the boxes and at the chief tables is explained by the fact that in the boxes were the families of the great men who themselves sat at the tables. This was the *menu*, printed on plain cards:

Hors-d'Œuvres.
Variés. Variés.
Potage.
Tortue verte.
Hors-d'Œuvre, chaud.
Petites Timbales à la Ministérielle.
Poisson.
Saumon du Kennebec, Sauce hollandaise.
Pommes à l'Anglaise. Salade de Concombres.
Relevé.
Filet de Bœuf piqué, Sauce madère.
Entrées.
Ris de Veau à la Périgueux.
Champignons sautés. Haricots verts.
Bécassines en Caisse. Flageolets.
Aspics de Foies gras, Parcelle. Sorbet à la Presidence.
Roti.
Poulets du Printemps au Cresson. Salade russe.
Glaces fantaisies.
Dessert.
Petits Fours. Gâteaux assortis. Pièces montées.
Mottoes. Fruits. Café. Liqueurs.
Vins.
Haut Sauterne. Giesler, Green Seal.
Thompson Sherry. Romane Counti Burgundy.
Château Léoville, Barton & Guestier. Fine Cognac.
Moet & Chandon, White Label. Russian Kummel.
Irroy. Chartreuse jaune.
G. H. Mumm, Extra Dry. Apollinaris.
Jules Mumm, Grand Sec (in reserve).

Promptly at nine o'clock the wife of the President appeared in his box. This was the signal for all the other invited ladies to make their appearance in a sudden burst of grace and beauty in the boxes that form three tiers around the auditorium. The effect was magical. All the ladies were in evening dress, and the flash of pink arms and the blaze of jewels were magnificent. Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the ex-President, was cheered, as her husband had been before her. It was a striking sight to see all the ladies leaning over the richly caparisoned balcony railings to hear the speeches that followed the coffee. The Mayor, who made an admirable as well as handsome presiding officer, read the toasts and introduced the guests. First he called on the Governor to welcome the guests. The toast "George Washington" was drunk in silence, the guests standing. Then Grover Cleveland addressed himself to the toast "The People of the United States." As he spoke, some of the people, thrilled to excitement, rose and cheered; nearly all did so when he finished. Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes's toast was "The Presidency," and General Sherman, honored by fervent applause, spoke for the Army and Navy. Senator Evarts discuss-



LOW-SPIRITED.

"Why, Ann Augusty, what's the matter with Bijah?"
"Well, you see, he went down to York to the Centeneral, an' it cost him so much, what with sightseein' an' bunco, that it makes him sort o' low-spirited like—"
"Do tell! An' what ever is bunco?"
"Kind of a game he says they play. Bije was always good on checkers an' croakay, but he'd ought ter hev known better than to tackle any new-fangled Centeneral game."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ed the toast to the Judiciary; and other speakers were President CHARLES W. ELIOT, of Harvard College, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Senator JOHN W. DANIEL, of Virginia, and others. President HARRISON closed the speaking with hearty congratulations for New York upon the part she was playing in the centennial celebration. There was tumultuous cheering and an enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs when he began and when he finished.

All over the cities of New York and Brooklyn, in the principal parks and plazas, there were gorgeous pyrotechnic displays. Earlier in the evening there had been a monster open-air concert in Madison Square, in which Herr REINHOLD SCHMELZ led a band of seventy-five pieces, and THEODORE THOMAS controlled 2000 voices selected from the great German clubs and singing societies of the city. Thus ended the second day of the great celebration.

The third day, Wednesday, May 1st, was distinctively that of the people, who, having seen their navy and their troops, were now to join their industrial and other organizations in a monster parade directed and planned by General DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, himself a plain citizen, though once a soldier of valorous record. More than one hundred thousand men had been enrolled as participants in this popular demonstration, and it was early seen that it would be impossible for them to cover the line of march within the hours of daylight. Therefore General BUTTERFIELD had to demand a lessening of the number of men in each body, until the total force was reduced to 75,000 souls. The route was reversed, the line being from Fifth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street down to Canal Street as the disbanding point. The parade began at ten o'clock. The weather was superb; the sun glorified the bunting that shone on two-thirds of the houses of the great city; the streets were filled by our country cousins and our own fellow-residents. But although the display was in very many and important respects the grandest of the three days, the most thrilling and the most replete with gratifying surprises, over all the festivity was felt the fatigue of the people; they were tired of so much sight-seeing, of the long-continued strain upon their physical and nervous systems; 250,000 of the million who had packed the sides of the line of march the day before—perhaps 350,000—were now devoting themselves to strolling about the city, happy in the freedom of their movements.

The President arrived early; the head of the parade reached him soon after ten o'clock in the morning. General SHERMAN and Senator JOHN SHERMAN and several cabinet members were with him. A touching occurrence was the arrival of General ABRAM DALLY supported by two men. The decrepit old General is one of the two survivors of the war of 1812 in this city, and is more than ninety years old. While supported by his friends he handed to the President a letter in which he said he had been refused tickets to the grand stand and the right to ride in the parade. Instantly and heartily the President bade him come and sit at his right. When this was comprehended by the multitude the cheering was like thunder filling the air. After that the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND drove down the open line of march with the Hon. J. HAMPDEN ROBB, and again the cheering was tremendous. Then came the Mayor, heading a double platoon of imposing-looking men, the Presidents of the Marine Society, Columbia College, and many societies taking part in the parade, several of which were more than one hundred years old. The Mayor carried in a silver cylinder an address signed by these gentlemen and addressed to the President, and this he handed to the Executive amid salvoes of applause.

Following General BUTTERFIELD and his staff came the bright-eyed, well-dressed youths of the classes of Columbia College and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Following them were the conquerors of all hearts, the foremost heroes of the whole three days' show, the participants whose performance is even yet the talk of the city—eight battalions of boy pupils of the public schools, with 400 in a battalion. They were led by President J. EDWARD SIMMONS, of the Board of Education, and by Principal JOHN P. ROBINSON, of the West Fifty-second Street School; but no one heeded these dignitaries, for to the people it seemed that the real leader was the tender drum-major of a band of boys. He twirled his big baton like a necromancer; he saluted the President as WELLINGTON might have saluted royalty. The little boys had minds only for one idea, that of marching as they had been taught. They succeeded superbly. President HARRISON, bowing and applauding with his radiant face, said nothing that he had seen was so soldier-like; Vice-President MORTON, beaming and applauding, seconded the assertion for himself; General SHERMAN vowed the boys marched better than veterans, and one man cried out, "Thank God, I am an American!" Some women cried and all but danced with joy at the sight, which lasted more than half an hour, and never varied in its presentation of rigid lines of boys with their heads up and their feet swinging in absolute concert. The famous corps called "the German Warrior Band," whose front rank was formed of eighteen men wearing the Iron Cross they received for personal valor in three of Germany's wars, marched no better. The reason was said to be that the men knew something of the futility of finite efforts, and therefore thought of many things, while the boys had but one idea in their little heads—to march well.

The members of Tammany Hall perpetrated a blunder in failing to salute the President until the spectators demanded the formality. So did the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The survivors of the volunteer fire service of New York, led by HARRY HOWARD, made a splendid exhibition.

But the Germans not only committed no blunders, they bewildered the city with the glory of their exhibition. Nearly sixty floats—the main ones were shown in HARPER'S WEEKLY last week—followed one another in quick succession, the work of their generosity, their freely given money, and their artistic taste. These floats were distinguished by living tableaus, in which men and women displayed the vigor, beauty, and poetry of the Teutonic moral qualities and achievements. Nothing of the sort had ever been seen in New York. Those who had seen similar displays in Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans declared that this form of spectacle never was bettered in the country. For this great success credit is due to JOSEPH KEPPLER, of *Puck*, first, and then to the Baron de Grimm, and to WILLIAM STEINWAY, Colonel EMIL SCHAEFER, Colonel A. E. SEIFERT, and too many others for mention here. All the German, Irish, Italian, Swiss, and French societies turned out, but only about 25,000 men in all had reached the reviewing stand when the rumor sped that President HARRISON had hurried away to catch the afternoon train to Washington. With that the great part of the parade that was to come vanished like smoke. It seemed mysterious at first that this should have happened, for nothing to parallel it ever took place before, but the fact was that the fatigue of the whole city was also felt by the 50,000 men who had been waiting for hours to get their orders to march. It was too great to overcome. They dispersed by common consent, and thus ended the greatest official, popular, and successful series of displays which the American people ever witnessed, or in which they ever took part.



UNCLE SAM. "Whe-ew!! And what will the tew hundredth be?"

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

THE centennial celebration caused a more complete suspension of business in Wall Street than anywhere else. There was no interruption, however, of the current of events that make Wall Street, and in spite of the many able yet generally valueless retrospects of its affairs that were prepared for its especial benefit, the financial community resumed promptly on Thursday morning its consideration of the circumstances that influence its operations to-day. Such a course was natural and inevitable, for Wall Street lives not only in the present, but well on into the future. Its business is such that it has to forecast the years more studiously than any other branch of human industry. And retrospects are of little value to Wall Street. Its memory is proverbially short, which is at times a disadvantage. Still it remembers a good deal; and while it may not dissent from the trite adage that history repeats itself, it has discovered that there is no precedent for getting rich that can be followed with any confidence of success.

The people whose business it is to handle securities, and to determine as accurately as they can their value for the benefit of themselves and others, derive no pecuniary advantage by recounting the steps that have been taken in the development of the Stock Exchange from the coffee-houses of a hundred years ago. It is interesting to know of the methods and events that preceded those of to-day, but a knowledge of them is not essential to the proper equipment of those who devote themselves to financial affairs, and especially to the buying and selling of securities. The only certainty with those people is that prices are continually moving in broad sweeps, now up and then down, like the tide, but unfortunately for him who hasteth to become rich, without periodicity. This last circumstance is the greatest element of danger in Wall Street, and at the same time sharpens the keenest perceptions to detect the rising and falling of the current. Conditions change so constantly, are never exactly twice alike, and rarely if ever produce the same results, that it requires something more than a knowledge of the past, something less tangible than logical deductions, something akin to inspiration, and which may be called intuition or judgment, to perceive the change that as a rule is imperceptible to the great majority of people until it is well under way.

These are the reasons that influenced Wall Street to gather up the threads of its endless weaving so quickly on Thursday morning. The growing sentiment that a change for the better in the conditions affecting railroad properties is taking place has been noted in this column more than once during the last few weeks. Some of the influences that are at work have been discussed at length, and should not be lost sight of, as they are being continually exerted, and with increasing force. Of these perhaps none is more important than the Inter-State Commerce Law, the operations of which have proved to be decidedly beneficial since the railroads began in earnest to live up to its requirements. The observance of the law since January 1st has resulted in better earnings all around, and as a rule from a volume of business that is no larger than last year. In fact the managers of some of the Western railroads have been complaining of the light business passing over their lines. The latest advices are that the surplus corn that has been held back on account of the low prices for that cereal that have ruled during the winter has begun to come upon the market, increasing the traffic of the roads traversing the corn belt. The early development of the wheat crop and the consequent promise of a good crop year have raised expectations that, if fulfilled, will have an important bearing upon the future of the Southwestern and Granger roads that have suffered the most severely from incompetent management and the adversity of the farmers in the regions tributary to them.

The certainty that the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company is to be controlled by the foreign and domestic bankers, who have become identified with it to an extent that their fortunes have become inseparable, removes a very serious menace to the market for railroad securities. The general situation is not all that the optimist would have us believe, but the signs of improvement seem to be plain. No one expects universal prosperity, and Wall Street is content to determine that the preponderant influences are favorable to a higher range of values. It has been gradually coming to that conclusion, and four days' absence from business appears to have strengthened its conviction, for securities, especially good bonds and the stocks of companies whose recuperative powers are regarded with confidence, have been in unusually good demand. Foreign dealers have taken a good deal of active interest—an excellent development, as in the absence of competent leadership here, London has on more than one occasion the last few years supplied that desirable factor. The market was well tested at the close of the week by the withdrawal of a large amount of gold for shipment to Europe, but this expected transaction had no effect upon values in the Stock Exchange. The local monetary situation is such that the specie can be spared, and, besides, the best judges of the foreign exchange market are of the opinion that the export movement of gold this spring will be smaller than usual. COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May 4, 1889.*

DIAMONDS.

TWO qualities are necessary to the ideal diamond — pure color and perfect crystallization.

Less than ten per cent. of all diamonds are pure in color; less than ten per cent. are of perfect crystallization. It follows that perfection in the combination of these qualities is extremely rare.

This leads to a singular condition. There are really not enough perfect stones to supply any large proportion of dealers. If we take London as an illustration, it is an actual fact that the finest diamonds are there sold by not more than five in every one hundred dealers.

Exceptional facilities, arising from our close connection with the markets of Amsterdam and London, give us a position as collectors second to none in this country. Our stock covers a wide range of price, and every grade of diamond is represented.

THEODORE B. STARR, 206 Fifth Ave., Madison Square, New York. Correspondence is invited.—[*Adv.*]

AGONY IS COURTED

By persons who, attacked by a mild form of rheumatism, neglect to seek prompt relief. Subsequent torture is prevented by an immediate resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Slight exposure, an occasional draught, will beget this painful malady, where there is a predisposition to it in the blood. It is not difficult to arrest the trouble at the outset, but well-nigh impossible to eradicate it when matured. No evidence in relation to this superb blood depurent is more positive than that which establishes its efficacy as a preventive and remedy for rheumatism. Not only is it thorough, but safe, which the vegetable and mineral poisons, often taken as curatives of the disease, are not. Besides expelling the rheumatic virus from the system, it overcomes fever and ague, biliousness, constipation, and dyspepsia—[*Adv.*]

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the public of England for half a century, and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used than all the other Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, BEECHAM'S PILLS are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that BEECHAM'S PILLS ARE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.—[*Adv.*]

A SENATOR'S wife, who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington, gave the following receipt to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1691.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



THE OLD CANOE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 386.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the number for May 14th appears the first of four short articles on

BASE-BALL FOR AMATEURS,

BY A. ALONZO STAGG.

These articles are of a practical character, and their value to young players is assured by the name of the author.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON *has an amusing sketch, entitled "Tombstone, Mrs. Perkins, and the Sergeant," and* JOHN KENDRICK BANGS *contributes a humorous story in verse of "How Aunt Anne Saw the Centennial Parade, and What She Saw," accompanied by illustrations by* H. W. MCVICKAR.

Two serial stories are now running, "Dorymates," by KIRK MUNROE, *illustrated by* W. T. SMEDLEY, *and "The Princess Lilowinkins," by* HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1691, WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

The extraordinary demand for the last number of the WEEKLY *has exceeded the capacity of our press-room to supply, and a great many orders still remain unfilled. These will be met in due course, though with an unavoidable delay, for which we must bespeak public indulgence. Presses will be kept at work on the number just as long as the demand continues, but it will greatly facilitate the work if supplementary orders are sent in promptly.*

A MISTAKEN VIEW.

THE journals which accept the failure of the administration to redeem the pledges of the Republican platform as a failure of reform are as much mistaken as when they regard a recital of the facts as a lament over such a failure. Reform is no more defeated by the action of this administration than by that of its predecessors, and the *World* states the situation with entire truthfulness in saying, "There is certainly a deeper-seated feeling against the abuses of the appointive power than ever before, though there is so little official manifestation of it." The progress of a reform which is favored in both parties, yet is the policy of neither, and does not create a distinct party of its own, shows itself chiefly in the condition of public opinion, but also in changes of practice. Nobody would attempt to deny that the point to which public attention is now mainly directed is the distribution of patronage, and never before was the practice of a partisan clean sweep felt so strongly to be a dangerous evil. That conviction is the root of reform. Meanwhile the actual gains in practice are equally undeniable. The passage and honest enforcement of the reform law; the extension of the range of the classified service; the abatement of political assessments upon office-holders, and the stigma cast upon such assessments as an outrage; the discrediting of office-holding interference with nominations and elections—are all illustrations of such gains.

The pulpit and the press continually discuss the question. The party machines are on the angry defensive. Even Mr. PLATT hastens to the rescue. The fact that the great political abuse of the times is the illicit use of money at the ballot-box, and that the salaries of the non-political service, making a sum which is said to be $80,000,000, constitute a vast bribery fund at every national election, justly arouses public anxiety and apprehension, and deepens the determination that there shall be searching reform. The observer who in the presence of such facts supposes that reform is defeated because an administration surrenders to the machine is amusingly mistaken. He is easily discouraged, and will do little to help the good cause. Such a desponding observer is very apt to doubt whether the methods of reformers are not mistaken. He thinks that a more popular character must be given to the reform, or that his particular method should be adopted. He has only to produce a better method, and we venture to say that it will be gladly welcomed by the best friends of reform. They are intent upon an end, and will eagerly adopt a better means. The New York *Herald* says that the way to secure reform is to assure complete publicity for "all the steps in the solicitation of office." It is undoubtedly an admirable method. But the *Herald* is mistaken in supposing that the Reform Associations have not favored publicity. They have distinctly and persistently demanded that the reasons for removals should be stated and placed on file for public inspection, and when President CLEVELAND decided not to require that course they condemned his action. They have been equally strenuous for open executive sessions of the Senate, and for legislation to prevent the interference of Senators and Representatives in appointments.

Nothing is more amusing than the periodical recurrence of the assertion that civil service reform has perished amid universal contempt. This interesting announcement was first made in the administration of General GRANT, when the organized movement for reform began. From that time the question has taken a constantly stronger and more intelligent hold of the public mind. It has accomplished visible and most significant practical results. The Reform Associations have criticised candidly the course of succeeding administrations, and presented facts which are dispassionately considered by all intelligent citizens. Nobody has greater reason for confidence and satisfaction than the friends of reform, not because its course is unobstructed, but because, despite all obstructions, it moves steadily forward.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

IN appointing Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of New York, and Mr. HUGH S. THOMPSON, of South Carolina, to the vacant places in the Civil Service Commission, and in retaining the present member, Mr. CHARLES LYMAN, of Connecticut, President HARRISON has taken a course which will be most heartily commended by every friend of reform. It is the earnest that so far as the Commission is concerned there will be no evasions of the law, and it is the sign of a disposition, of which during the two months of the administration there has been little other sign, to redeem the pledges of the Republican platform and of the President's letter of acceptance. Mr. LYMAN is a man of strong convictions in favor of the reformed system, of great knowledge of the public service, and experience in the administration of the law. When the Commission was organized he was the Chief Examiner, and he is thoroughly familiar with the work. His retention upon the Board is most desirable as the link of continuance, which is of peculiar value in such a branch of administration. Mr. THOMPSON, before coming to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was known as a frank friend of reform, while Mr. ROOSEVELT has been conspicuous among Republican reformers, and took an important part in the passage of the New York reform law.

The President has thus intrusted the central supervision of the work of reform, under the law classifying the service, to unquestionable friends. His own part in executing the law will be discharged by appointing as heads of the offices to which the law applies men of the same faith in it and of the same resolution to enforce it which distinguish the Commissioners whom he has selected. There are none of his fellow-citizens who will more cordially congratulate him and the country upon these appointments than those who have seen with regret the apparent forgetfulness hitherto in his administration of all reform promises and pledges. They will undoubtedly continue to remind him of the principles to which he is pledged, and test his conduct by its conformity to them. But they will not fail to rejoice and to express their rejoicing at every act like the appointment of the Civil Service Commissioners. This appointment will have a collateral result which will be very beneficial. The President is surrounded by swarms of politicians and office-seekers, who engross his time and attention, and who obstruct his view of the great body of the people who are neither politicians nor office-seekers, and who are the most contemptuous opponents of reform. In his cabinet there is probably no really earnest and intelligent friend of reform, and he is practically isolated from communication with the opinion of an immense and intelligent public.

This opinion in the Republican party and in the country will be represented to him by Mr. ROOSEVELT, and probably in a way which will assure him of its reality and strength, and that it is a sentiment worth heeding. In the incessant and immense pressure upon him for place he will be recalled to the fact that office-seekers, however numerous and noisy, are not the people, nor even all his party, and that there is a very large body of his party friends as well as of independent voters who are waiting to see whether there was any meaning or purpose whatever in the Republican declarations upon the subject of removals and appointments. By appointing friends of reform the President has provided for himself a resource which he will probably find very serviceable, and which will greatly facilitate his efforts to promote the reform to which his party is pledged.

THE CENTENARY OF '89 IN FRANCE.

THOSE who had the memorable pleasure of hearing the last great oration of WENDELL PHILLIPS, which was delivered at the centenary of the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge in 1881, will recall the thrill which swept through the audience as the orator, speaking of the French Revolution, paused as if seeking the most fitting word to describe it, and then said, quietly, "the most unstained blessing that ever befell humanity." That is not the general verdict. But the commemoration of the Revolution of 1789 in France, which began as our centennial celebration ended, contemplates not the terror and the massacre or the furious factions, but, as President CARNOT said in his speech at the opening of the great Exhibition at Versailles, the substitution of the will of the people for the personal power of one man as the government of France. But the retrospect of the century in the two countries is very different. We celebrated the formation of a republican government which has advanced in ever-increasing strength. France celebrates the overthrow of a splendid despotism, but is still doubtful, although full of hope, as to the government which shall succeed it.

No great nation has undergone such extraordinary political changes within the century. The Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the restoration of the legitimate King, the Citizen King, the Republic, the Empire again, and after the Commune once more the Republic, have all rapidly appeared and, except the last, have vanished, until now the President of the Republic declares the nation to be in complete possession of herself, recognizing as sole sovereign the laws made by the representatives of the people. Yet the figure of BOULANGER, unmeaning in itself, yet suggestive of revolution, still stands upon the horizon of France. "With ardent hope for the future," said President CARNOT, as he began his speech, and such must be the feeling of every friend of our early friend among nations. Mr. COUDERT in his speech at the French meeting in New York regretted that memorial signs of the French alliance, such as the bust of LAFAYETTE and the tricolor, were not more frequent and conspicuous during our celebration. So much was due, he thought, to the memory of an alliance without which American independence would not have been achieved. This is LECKY'S view, and every student of the Revolution will agree that except for the aid of France the contest must have been indefinitely prolonged, and ample recognition of this aid was given six years ago in the great celebration at Yorktown. But in the celebration of the centenary of the beginning of our constitutional government France has no proper part. Certainly the decisive impulse to the movement of '89 in France was our triumphant Revolution. But we did not expect to see the American flag displayed for that reason at Versailles. Moreover, the emotion with which the French alliance was formerly regarded is necessarily tempered by the conviction that the French government was inspired more by hatred of her ancient foe than by love of republican liberty, and by the fact that when the treaty was made, France sought her own advantage quite as much as the welfare of America.

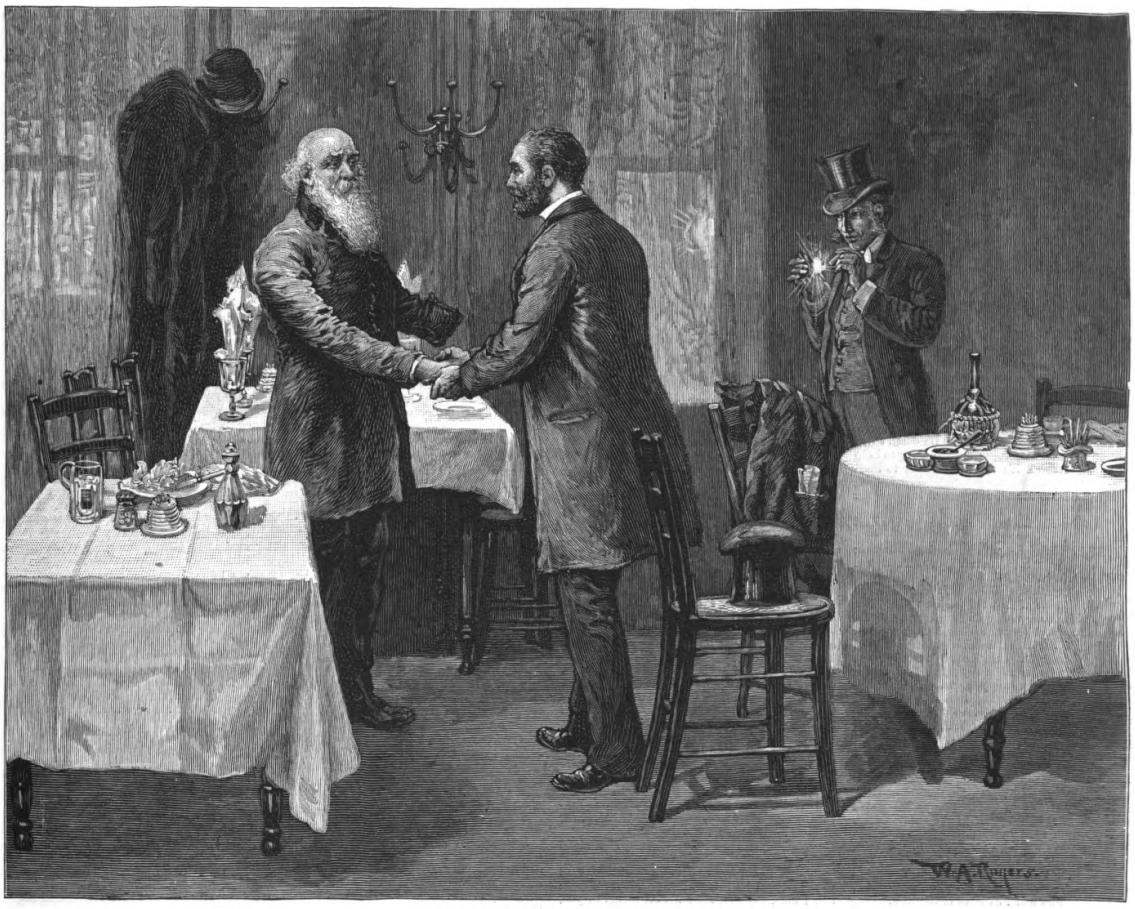
After the surrender of BURGOYNE, when the chances of American success were at least bright, France openly allied herself with the American cause. Moreover, there was popular sympathy with the cause in Paris, which sustained the course of the Ministry. The alliance was happily typified in the picturesque personality of LAFAYETTE, whom WASHINGTON loved. The tales of French courtesy, the brilliant camp of ROCHAMBEAU, the friendly fleet of DE GRASSE—in all these there was quite enough material for the popular tradition. But the feeling of to-day is less animated, and behind the French army and fleet is seen France playing her own political game. This might well have been forgotten in the general rejoicing, but it is undoubtedly largely the explanation of the different point of view. The course of France at the close of the century, the indiscriminate sympathy of the anti-WASHINGTON faction with the French Revolution, the disposition to countenance GENET, and the consequent mingling of sympathies for French factions with our own party politics, and the long dispute over the spoliation claims, all tended to diminish the ardor of American feeling for France. But it cannot affect the American desire for a peaceful issue of the republican experiment in that country, if so tentative a word may still be used, and if all doubt has not disappeared, every sign seems to justify the ardent hope which President CARNOT expresses.

MR. PARNELL'S CONFESSION.

THE extraordinary fluctuations of public sentiment in regard to Mr. PARNELL have not yet ceased. There was probably never a more sudden, swift, and favorable change in the estimation of a public man than that which followed the revelation of the PIGGOTT forgeries. Apparently it had ruined the prestige of the *Times*, and had given to Mr. PARNELL the respect of England. The dramatic scene in the House of Commons after the PIGGOTT disclosure, when Mr. GLADSTONE rose and bowed to Mr. PARNELL as he entered, and the singularly discreet tone of Mr. PARNELL'S remarks both in the House and subsequently at the dinners given in honor of him, all marked what seemed to be the turn of the tide in the fortunes of home rule. It ceased to be a bugbear, and Mr. PARNELL was no longer a traitorous conspirator. This happy situation for his cause was confirmed and crowned by the elaborate address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, which was a plea for that cause, so learned, exhaustive, powerful, and persuasive as to be ranked at once and by common consent with the most famous historic speeches upon the greatest state occasions. The complete reverse of the position of the Irish cause and its leader in English opinion was almost bewildering.

With equal suddenness the situation is again radically changed, and the opinion of Mr. PARNELL undergoes another revulsion. His examination before the Commission to investigate the charges of the *Times* had begun, and his quiet, shrewd, and conclu-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MR. MARCH MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

I.

THE evening when March closed with Mrs. Green's reduced offer, and decided to take her apartment, the widow whose lodgings he had rejected sat with her daughter in an upper room at the back of her house. In the shaded glow of the drop-light she was sewing, and the girl was drawing at the same table. From time to time, as they talked, the girl lifted her head and tilted it a little on one side so as to get some desired effect of her work.

"It's a mercy the cold weather holds off," said the mother. "We should have to light the furnace, unless we wanted to scare everybody away with a cold house; and I don't know who would take care of it, or what would become of us, every way."

"They seem to have been scared away from a house that wasn't cold," said the girl. "Perhaps they might like a cold one. But it's too early for cold yet. It's only just in the beginning of November."

"The *Messenger* says they've had a sprinkling of snow."

"Oh yes, at St. Barnaby's! I don't know when they don't have sprinklings of snow there. I'm awfully glad we haven't got *that* winter before us."

The widow sighed as mothers do who feel the contrast their experience opposes to the hopeful recklessness of such talk as this. "We may have a worse winter here," she said, darkly.

"Then I couldn't stand it," said the girl, "and I should go in for lighting out to Florida double-quick."

"And how would you get to Florida?" demanded her mother, severely.

"Oh, by the usual conveyance—Pullman vestibuled train, I suppose. What makes you so blue, mamma?" The girl was all the time sketching away, rubbing out, lifting her head for the effect, and then bending it over her work again without looking at her mother.

"I am *not* blue, Alma. But I cannot endure this—this hopefulness of yours."

"Why? What harm does it do?"

"Harm?" echoed the mother.

Pending the effort she must make in saying, the girl cut in: "Yes, harm. You've kept your despair dusted off and ready for use at an instant's notice ever since we came, and what good has it done? I'm going to keep on hoping to the bitter end. That's what papa did."

It was what the Rev. Archibald Leighton had done with all the consumptive's buoyancy. The morning he died he told them that now he had turned the point, and was really going to get well. The cheerfulness was not only in his disease, but in his temperament. Its excess was always a little against him in his church work, and Mrs. Leighton was right enough in feeling that if it had not been for the ballast of her instinctive despondency he would have made shipwreck of such small chances of prosperity as befell him in life. It was not from him that his daughter got her talent, though he had left her his temperament intact of his widow's legal thirds. He was one of those men of whom the country people say when he is gone that the woman gets along better without him. Mrs. Leighton had long eked out their income by taking a summer boarder or two, as a great favor, into her family; and when the greater need came, she frankly gave up her house to the summer-folks (as they call them in the country), and managed it for their comfort from the small quarter of it in which she shut herself up with her daughter.

The notion of shutting up is an exigency of the rounded period. The fact is, of course, that Alma Leighton was not shut up in any sense whatever. She was the pervading light, if not force, of the house. She was a good cook, and she managed the kitchen with the help of an Irish girl, while her mother looked after the rest of the house-keeping. But she was not systematic; she had inspiration but not discipline; and her mother mourned more over the days when Alma left the whole dinner to the Irish girl than she rejoiced in those when one of Alma's great thoughts took form in a chicken pie of incomparable savor or in a matchless pudding. The off days came when her artistic nature was expressing itself in charcoal, for she drew to the admiration of all among the lady boarders who could not draw. The others had their reserves; they readily conceded that Alma had genius, but they were sure she needed instruction. On the other hand, they were not so radical as to agree with the old painter who came every summer to paint the elms of the St. Barnaby meadows. He contended that she needed to be a man in order to amount to anything; but in this theory he was opposed by an authority of his own sex, whom the lady sketchers believed to speak with more impartiality in a matter concerning them as much as Alma Leighton. He said that instruction would do, and he was not only younger and handsomer, but he was fresher from the schools than old Harrington, who, even the lady sketchers could see, painted in an obsolescent manner. His name was Beaton—Angus Beaton; but he was not Scotch, or not more Scotch than Mary Queen of Scots was. His father was a Scotchman, but Beaton was born in Syracuse, New York, and it had taken only three years in Paris to obliterate many traces of native and ancestral manner in him. He wore his black beard cut shorter than his mustache, and a little pointed; he stood with his shoulders well thrown back and with a lateral curve of his person when he talked about art, which would alone have carried conviction even if he had not had a thick, dark bang coming almost to the brows of his mobile gray eyes, and had not spoken English with quick, staccato impulses, so as to give it the effect of epigrammatic and sententious French. One of the ladies said that you always thought of him as having spoken French after it was over, and accused herself of wrong in not being able to feel afraid of him. None of the ladies were afraid of him, though they could not believe that he was really so deferential to their work as he seemed; and they knew, when he would not criticise Mr. Harrington's work, that he was just acting from principle.

They may or may not have known the difference with which he treated Alma's work; but the girl herself felt that his abrupt, impersonal comment recognized her as a real sister in art. He told her she ought to come to New York, and draw in the League, or get into some painter's private class; and it was the sense of duty thus appealed to which finally resulted in the hazardous experiment she and her mother were now making. There were no logical breaks in the chain of their reasoning from past success with boarders in St. Barnaby to future success with boarders in New York. Of course the outlay was much greater. The rent of the furnished house they had taken was such that if they failed their experiment would be little less than ruinous.

But they were not going to fail; that was what Alma contended, with a hardy courage that her mother sometimes felt almost invited failure, if it did not deserve it. She was one of those people who believe that if you dread harm enough it is less likely to happen. She acted on this superstition as if it were a religion.

"If it had not been for my despair, as you call it, Alma," she answered, "I don't know where we should have been now."

"I suppose we should have been in St. Barnaby," said the girl. "And if it's worse to be in New York, you see what your despair's done, mamma. But what's the use? You meant well, and I don't blame you. You can't expect even despair to come out always just the way you want it. Perhaps you've used too much of it." The girl laughed, and Mrs. Leighton laughed too. Like every one else, she was not merely a prevailing mood, as people are apt to be in books, but was an irregularly spheroidal character, with surfaces that caught the different lights of circumstance and reflected them. Alma got up and took a pose before the mirror, which she then transferred to her sketch. The room was pinned about with other sketches, which showed with fantastic indistinctness in the shaded gas-light. Alma held up the drawing. "How do you like it?"

Mrs. Leighton bent forward over her sewing to look at it. "You've got the man's face rather weak."

"Yes, that's so. Either I see all the hidden weakness that's in men's natures, and bring it to the surface in their figures, or else I put my own weakness into them. And, anyway, it's a drawback to their presenting a truly manly appearance. As long as I have one of the miserable objects before me, I can draw him; but as soon as his back's turned I get to putting ladies into men's clothes. I should think you'd be scandalized, mamma, if you were a really feminine person. It must be your despair that helps you to bear up. But what's the matter with the young lady in young lady's clothes? Any dust on *her*?"

"What expressions!" said Mrs. Leighton. "Really, Alma, for a refined girl you *are* the most unrefined!"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Go on—about the girl in the picture!" said Alma, slightly knocking her mother on the shoulder as she stood over her.

"I don't see anything *to* her. What's she doing?"

"Oh, just being made love to, I suppose."

"She's perfectly insipid!"

"You're awfully articulate, mamma! Now if Mr. Wetmore was to criticise that picture he'd draw a circle round it in the air, and look at it through that, and tilt his head first on one side and then on the other, and then look at you, as if you were a figure in it, and then collapse awhile, and moan a little, and gasp, 'Isn't your young lady a little too—too—' and then he'd try to get the word out of *you*, and groan and suffer some more; and you'd say, 'She *is*, rather,' and that would give him courage, and he'd say, 'I don't mean that she's so very—' 'Of course not.' 'You understand?' 'Perfectly. I see it myself, now.' 'Well, then,'—and he'd take your pencil and begin to draw—'I should give her a little more— Ah?' 'Yes; I see the difference.' 'You see the difference?' And he'd go off to some one else, and you'd know that you'd been doing the wishy-washiest thing in the world, though he hadn't *spoken* a word of criticism, and couldn't. But *he* wouldn't have noticed the expression at all; he'd have shown you where your drawing was bad. He doesn't care for what he calls the literature of a thing; he says that will take care of itself if the drawing's good. He doesn't like my doing these *chic* things; but I'm going to keep it up, for *I* think it's the nearest way to illustrating."

She took her sketch and pinned it up on the door.

"And has Mr. Beaton been about, yet?" asked her mother.

"No," said the girl, with her back still turned; and she added, "I believe he's in New York; Mr. Wetmore's seen him."

"It's a little strange he doesn't call."

"It would be if he were not an artist. But artists never do anything like other people. He was on his good behavior while he was with us, and he's a great deal more conventional than most of them; but even he can't keep it up. That's what makes me really think that women can never amount to anything in art. They keep all their appointments and fulfil all their duties just as if they didn't know anything about art. Well, most of them don't. We've got that new model to-day."

"What new model?"

"The one Mr. Wetmore was telling us about—the old German. He's splendid. He's got the most beautiful head; just like the old masters' things. He used to be Humphrey Williams's model for his biblical pieces; but since he's dead, the old man hardly gets anything to do. Mr. Wetmore says there isn't anybody in the Bible that Williams didn't paint him as. He's the Law and the Prophets in all his Old Testament pictures, and he's Joseph, Peter, Judas Iscariot, and the Scribes and Pharisees in the New."

"It's a good thing people don't know how artists work, or some of the most sacred pictures would have no influence," said Mrs. Leighton.

"Why, of course not!" cried the girl. "And the influence is the last thing a painter thinks of—or supposes he thinks of. What he knows he's anxious about is the drawing and the color. But people will never understand how simple artists are. When I reflect what a complex and sophisticated being *I* am, I'm afraid I can never come to anything in art. Or I should be if I hadn't genius."

"Do you think Mr. Beaton is very simple?" asked Mrs. Leighton.

"Mr. Wetmore doesn't think he's very much of an artist. He thinks he talks too well. They believe that if a man can express himself clearly he can't paint."

"And what do *you* believe?"

"Oh, *I* can express myself, *too*."

The mother seemed to be satisfied with this evasion. After a while she said, "I presume he will call when he gets settled."

The girl made no answer to this. "One of the girls says that old model is an educated man. He was in the war, and lost a hand. Doesn't it seem a pity for such a man to have to sit to a class of affected geese like us as a model? I declare it makes me sick. And we shall keep him a week, and pay him six or seven dollars for the use of his grand old head, and *then* what will he do? The last time he was regularly employed was when Mr. Mace was working at his Damascus Massacre. Then he wanted so many Arab sheiks and Christian elders that he kept old Mr. Lindau steadily employed for six months. Now he has to pick up odd jobs where he can."

"I suppose he has his pension," said Mrs. Leighton.

"No; one of the girls"—that was the way Alma always described her fellow-students—"says he has no pension. He didn't apply for it for a long time, and then there was a hitch about it, and it was somethinged—vetoed, I believe she said."

"Who vetoed it?" asked Mrs. Leighton, with some curiosity about the process, which she held in reserve.

"I don't know—whoever vetoes things. I wonder what Mr. Wetmore *does* think of us—his class. We must seem perfectly crazy. There isn't one of us really knows what she's doing it for, or what she expects to happen when she's done it. I suppose every one thinks she has genius. I know the Nebraska widow does, for she says that unless you have genius it isn't the least use. Everybody's puzzled to know what she does with her baby when she's at work—whether she gives it soothing syrup. I wonder how Mr. Wetmore can keep from laughing in our faces. I know he does behind our backs."

Mrs. Leighton's mind wandered back to another point. "Then if he says Mr. Beaton can't paint, I presume he doesn't respect him very much."

"Oh, he never *said* he couldn't paint. But I know he thinks so. He says he's an excellent critic."

"Alma," her mother said, with the effect of breaking off, "what *do* you suppose is the reason he hasn't been near us?"

"Why, I don't know, mamma, except that it would have been natural for another person to come, and he's an artist—at least, artist enough for that."

"That doesn't account for it altogether. He was very nice at St. Barnaby, and seemed so interested in you—your work."

"Plenty of people were nice at St. Barnaby. That rich Mrs. Horn couldn't contain her joy when she heard we were coming to New York, but she hasn't poured in upon us a great deal since we got here."

"But that's different. She's very fashionable, and she's taken up with her own set. But Mr. Beaton's one of our kind."

"Thank you. Papa wasn't *quite* a tombstone-cutter, mamma."

"That makes it all the harder to bear. He *can't* be ashamed of us. Perhaps he doesn't know where we are."

"Do you wish to send him your card, mamma?" The girl flushed and towered in scorn of the idea.

"Why, no, Alma," returned her mother.

"Well, then," said Alma.

But Mrs. Leighton was not so easily quelled. She had got her mind on Mr. Beaton, and she could not detach it at once. Besides, she was one of those women (they are commoner than the same sort of men) whom it does not pain to take out their most intimate thoughts and examine them in the light of other people's opinions. "But I don't see how he can behave so. He must know that—"

"That *what*, mamma?" demanded the girl.

"That he influenced us a great deal in coming—"

"He *didn't*. If he dared to presume to think such a thing—"

"Now, Alma," said her mother, with the clinging persistence of such natures, "you know he did. And it's no use for you to pretend that we didn't count upon him in—in every way. *You* may not have noticed his attentions, and I don't say you did, but others certainly did; and I must say that I *didn't* expect he would drop us so."

"*Drop* us!" cried Alma, in a fury. "Oh!"

"Yes, *drop* us, Alma. He must know where we are. *Of course* Mr. Wetmore's spoken to him about you, and it's a shame that he hasn't been near us. I should have thought common gratitude, common decency, would have brought him, after—after all we did for him."

"We did nothing for him—*nothing!* He paid his board, and that ended it."

"No, it didn't, Alma. You know what he used to say—about its being like home, and all that; and I must say that after his attentions to you, and all the things you told me he said, I expected something very dif—"

A sharp peal of the door-bell thrilled through the house, and as if the pull of the bell wire had twitched her to her feet, Mrs. Leighton sprang up and grappled with her daughter in their common terror.

They both glared at the clock, and made sure that it was five minutes after nine. Then they abandoned themselves some moments to the unrestricted play of their apprehensions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD CANOE.

Only an old canoe,
Hewed out of a cypress log,
Half sunk in the saw-grass bog,
And sun-cracked through and through.

In the live-oak crotch on the bluff
A lookout scans the horizon
Of sallow saw-grass, deep enough,
In the channels, to swim a bison.
A bow-shot south of the slough
There's many a wattled wall and thatch,
Corn field, melon, potato patch,
Rots with the old canoe;
Dead as the bones that lie
In the shell marl under our feet
By the thousands, withering white and dry
As their chalky winding-sheet:
The grave of a nation lived all through
That leaves no sign but the old canoe.

Over fifty years ago
The women came wailing, two by two,
To see the tall warriors, all a-row,
Follow their chief to the war canoe
That lay by yon little sedgy shelf,
And watch the rowers row.
The paddles swing like a heron's wing;
The young chief going to give himself
A hostage for Philip the King;*
And his squaw must watch in the live-oak crotch
For a word that a bird of the air will bring.

Coo-a-coochee† has broken his parole!
Slipped from a casemate out of a port-hole!

His fetters left to the next deserter;
But after he passed
Was a shuddering shriek, like the cry of Murther,
And the hoofs of the riders riding fast.
And when he came, in the war canoe,
The robe of scarlet, purple, and blue
Of the King in *Hamlet* was dabbled red,
By a new wig fresh from an actor's head.

As they sat at feast of the Ripened Corn
The wise old Philip talked of ease
And peace beyond the narrow seas.
But Coo-a-coochee spoke in scorn
Of the white man's cunning to deceive;
And the squaw-wife, waiting at his side,
Looked down and said, How could we leave
The grave of the little one that died?

But Coo-a-coochee has broken his parole!
Retaken under a flag of truce,
The fetters clink, for the long gun-barrel,
Shot-pouch, moccasin, deer-skin trews,
He lies in irons in Tampa Bay;
His captors bade him, day by day,
Send for his people. But he said:
If my people listen for my word,
The rattle of my chains is heard,
And they cannot hear; they are afraid.
Then the White Chief answered: Choose you men:
In forty days, if they come again,
And bring your warriors, war shall cease,
And you and yours may go in peace.
If not, at the end of the fortieth day
You hang at a yard-arm in Tampa Bay.

Once more, and no more, the old canoe,
By winding waterways goes and comes.
It bears a people away from their homes,
Like Charon's ferry, that bore the shades
Out of the old life into the new,
And is left adrift in the Everglades.

But fifty years ago!
And the shell marl under our feet
Still keeps the dead in its winding-sheet,
In the places they used to know.
The saw-grass, bright as a basket of gold,
Still holds the scenes that it used to hold;
The slough, the bay, and the river,
And the wreck of the old canoe;
But the forms of the life and love it knew
Shall it know no more forever.
And the low white vapors curled
Over empty village and open graves,
And the cry of the silly whimpering waves
Is like the end of the world.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

* Philip, King of the Seminoles, or Emathla, a brother of Charley Emathla, killed by Osceola for signing the treaty at Payne's Landing, March, 1833, with his son Wild-Cat, or Coo-a-coochee, the Panther sultant, made the attack with four hundred warriors on Fort Mellon, on Lake Monroe, in Orange County, Florida, February 8, 1837, and were repulsed by Colonels Fanning and Harney. He was captured by General Hernandez, September, 1837, and asked leave to communicate with his family. His son Coo-a-coochee came in and gave himself up for his father.

† Coo-a-coochee, son of Philip. For some distrust, after giving himself up, Wild-Cat was imprisoned in the old Spanish fort at St. Augustine. He resented it bitterly. After escape he fell on a troop of Thessians, scalped, and plundered them. He was bold and defiant, and after Osceola's death, if not before, the real leader. To Colonel (now General) Harney's threat of extermination he said: "The Great Spirit might, but the white man could not, or why had he not done it before?" His home was in Orange at first, at the writer's homestead; but he moved his family farther south to the Shell Hammock and Micco's Bluff, on the Kissimmee. He was invited, January, 1841, by General Worth to come in and make a treaty. He came, and reported the treaty was under consideration by the chiefs, and would be accepted. Major Childs ordered him to be seized on suspicion of treachery, while thus responding to General Worth's express invitation, and put in irons on a vessel in Tampa Bay, to be sent to the reservation. But that officer ordered him to be brought before him, and he was brought in his fetters. Fairbanks reports Worth's threat and Wild-Cat's reply. General Worth said the war must end, and he (Coo-a-coochee) must end it.

"'You are a great warrior: the Indians look to you as a leader. By your counsels they have been governed. You can select three or five men to carry your talk; but I tell you, as I wish your relatives and friends told, that unless they fulfil your demands, yourself and your warriors now seated before us shall be hung to the yards of this vessel.'

"Silence prevailed as the General closed, and Coo-a-coochee rose, and replied in a subdued tone: 'I was once a boy; then I saw the white man far off. I hunted these woods—first with a bow and arrow, then with a rifle. I saw the white man, and was told he was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or bear; yet like the wolf and bear he came upon me. Horses, cattle, fields, he took from me. He said he was my friend. He abused our women and children; still he gave me his hand in friendship. We took it; while taking it he had a sword in the other. His tongue was forked. He lied and stung us. I asked but for a small piece of their lands, enough to plant and live upon far south; a spot where I could lay the ashes of my kindred; a spot only sufficient upon which I could lay my wife and child. This was not granted me. I was put in prison; I escaped. I have again been taken. I am here. I feel the irons in my heart.... You say I *must* end this war. Look at these irons. Can I go to my warriors, Coo-a-coochee chained? No; do not ask me to see them. I never wish to tread upon my land unless I am free. If I can go to them unchained, they will follow me; but they will not obey if I talk in irons. They will say my heart is weak, I am afraid. Could I go free, they will surrender and emigrate.'"—FAIRBANKS, pp. 336-7.

WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU.

BOUGUEREAU acquired the beginnings of his art from PICOT, and PICOT was a follower of the school of DAVID; but an art descent of this character explains but little. Indifferent as we may be to-day to the methods of DAVID, which were reflections of the Napoleonic era, we are still conscious that his conceptions were lofty. His Romans may be tender-skinned, looking as if they had come from the bath, for DAVID's study of the antique had rather led him toward Roman than Greek art, nevertheless in the pose of his figures, in their action, and in the climax of his pictures his aspirations were toward the heroic. He was a painter who, first heated with republican ardor, had had his fires tempered. Possibly PICOT took from DAVID those larger conceptions of art which flourished in France toward the close of the last and the beginning of this century. In the beginning of his career PICOT painted Cupids or Psyches; later, a meeting of Æneas and Venus, a Raphael and the Fornarina, but with advancing age chose graver topics. The present illustrious school of French art owes much to PICOT, because having in more ways than one followed the traditions of their old master.

WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU was born at Rochelle, France, in 1825. To-day this artist bears his sixty-four years with ease, and is as active, as industrious, as in his younger life. Incessant work, long study, have given him wonderful rapidity of touch. Looking at one of BOUGUEREAU's pictures, it is the careful finish which excites attention, and those ignorant of his certainty of effects and technical dexterity might imagine that his work only resulted from careful elaboration.

As a pupil of PICOT's, BOUGUEREAU won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1850. Going to Italy, he was the most diligent of students. During his stay in Rome he sent to Paris the pictures which are obligatory on the part of an artist who is a state beneficiary. The first work which showed the talent of the artist was the decoration of the *foyer* of the theatre in Bordeaux. There was such originality, power, and personality in this decoration that it at once made BOUGUEREAU conspicuous. His progress afterward was rapid. He soon secured the first, second, and third medals for artistic merit, and in 1859 received the order of the Legion of Honor. In 1876 he became a member of the Institute, and this is the highest honor France can pay an artist.

M. BOUGUEREAU's works are well known in the United States, for we were among the first outside of France to appreciate his singular merit. Among many of his pictures found in the United States, "The Mother's Treasure," "The Mother and Child," "Hesitation between Love and Riches," "Virgin and Angels," "Far from Home," "La Tricoteuse," "Maternal Solicitude," "Nymphs and Satyr," "Homer and his Guide," "The Guardian Angel," may be cited.

Perhaps a somewhat narrow-minded idea has been entertained by those who only know BOUGUEREAU from his "Nymphs and Satyr," criticism being directed, not as to the quality of the work itself, but the choice of the subject. Magnificent in drawing, notable for its vivacity of action, resplendent in color, it is a masterpiece. It only shows how great is the scope of the painter. If in delicacy of conception there is no modern work of art which can surpass BOUGUEREAU's "Charity," or in tenderness equal his "Virgin and Angels," in his "Nymphs and Satyr" he shows how thoroughly he can enter into the character of any special work. It is nevertheless true that it will not be upon the Dryads or Fauns that M. BOUGUEREAU's fame in the future will rest, but upon his other works, those which excite human sympathies. He stands as the embodiment of that solid, thoughtful school of French art which protests against the firework flashes of the impressionists.

In portraiture M. BOUGUEREAU shows the utmost distinction. Whether the palm of portrait-painting belongs to him or to BONNAT will always be disputed. BOUGUEREAU seems to carry the finish of his portraits further than does his rival, seeking subtler expressions than does BONNAT.

Occupying one of the most important positions in France, having in large measure influenced the art of the last quarter of a century, the portrait of the artist, painted by himself and engraved by BAUDE, helps to a better understanding of the man.

LIFE-SAVING AT SEA.

A NOBLE ship, overcome by the fury of the gale, has struck upon a reef or sprung aleak, and in a short time becomes a helpless wreck. Heavy seas dash continually over her; the masts go by the board, killing or maiming several of the crew or passengers; the ship's boats are smashed to pieces or torn away by the tremendous waves; and there is such a terrific sea running that no boat could live in it for a moment. Time passes even in this agony: many have been washed overboard; but toward evening the gale has somewhat abated, and the shivering survivors, clinging to mast or rigging, eagerly scan the shifting, troubled horizon for signs of a sail. Or, if some of the boats are still uninjured, and the vessel must be abandoned, now is the time to test their serviceableness, and to show that the officers and men have been prepared for such an emergency as this. Alas! what often happens? Boats are stowed bottom up, and the ship sinks or goes to pieces before they can be cleared and got over the side; or they hang in davits through which it is found they are too long to be swung when the tragical moment comes for their employment.

But suppose that the boats are all intact and provisioned, that the men know their places, and discipline is maintained at the trying moment of leaving the ship, what of the many vessels which carry passengers in numbers preposterously in excess of the means supplied for preserving life in the event of disaster? It has always been a well-grounded complaint that passenger ships do not carry enough boats for even half the number of passengers in case of anything happening to the ship. In order to remedy this, many steamships now carry life-rafts on deck, which ordinarily form seats, but which, in case of sudden emergency, can be opened out into rafts capable of supporting a number of people. An Englishman named WHITE some time ago designed a bridge life-boat for passenger steamers. His invention consists in making the bridge used by the officers for crossing from one side of the ship to the other into a regular life-boat, which by a peculiar arrangement can be launched without difficulty and in the shortest possible space of time. One of these bridge life-boats was fitted to H.M. troop ship *Orontes*. It measured 40 feet in length, 10 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 4 feet in depth, and it was composed of two thicknesses of half-inch planking, with a cavity between. It weighed four tons, possessed air-tight chambers like an ordinary life-boat, and was so buoyant that, even if full of water, it could carry 100 men. These patent schemes show up very well on paper, but the difficulty generally is to make them work at the particular juncture when they are required. Something generally goes wrong just at the critical moment, and, besides, the best raft in the world would be useless in such a sea as is represented in the picture. People have

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

advocated rafts that should simply lie on the ship's deck, but which in time of emergency might merely have the lashings cut, and would then float off the deck as the ship went down. No doubt they would be useful; stray planks have before now often saved men's lives; but things have sometimes the disagreeable habit of not floating off the deck of a ship when she goes down, but of going down with her. They come up again, it is true, but the value of a raft would be somewhat impaired if it went down for a minute or two and then came up again bottom upward.

If a ship is wrecked near the shore there are still two appliances for saving life—the life-boat and the rocket apparatus. Many shipwrecked crews have been saved by the rocket apparatus at times when, from the tremendous surf or from other causes, no boat could possibly have approached the wreck. But when a ship is wrecked on the open sea, and her boats are disabled, the only hope is in keeping her afloat by hard, unremitting work at the pumps until some distant sail is sighted, and by signalling brought to the rescue. Sometimes it is found impossible to attract the attention of a passing ship, and then no tongue can tell the agonies of despair that seize upon the unfortunate castaways. But suppose some craft heaves in sight sufficiently near, and by extraordinary efforts the shipwrecked voyagers succeed in communicating a knowledge of their condition to those on board of her; and suppose, too, that the latter—alas! that the supposition should ever be delusive—are endowed with common humanity, the stranger's course is instantly altered, and, as time passes, her hull grows larger and larger to the view as she rises to the summit of the wave, to plunge again into a gulf so deep that one could hardly fancy she could ever come up again. Nearer and nearer she comes, alternately leaping and sinking, and now she is brought to, perhaps two furlongs off, and from her there prepares to come a life-boat manned by eight sturdy rowers under the command of an officer. The crowd of humanity on the fast subsiding wreck forget for a moment their own imminent peril, and rushing to the leeward side gaze on the spectacle with terror. Their hearts sink within them to see those daring men trust themselves on the awful sea, with nothing but a few ashen shafts to fight their way through its surging horrors. The opposite ship rears half her length from the waves and then dips down again. The next moment broad glassy mountains begin to swell beneath her, and she shoots up, leaving the cockle-shell afloat. The men struggle like ants with a wheat grain, and fall down a monstrous valley, rowing away from the overhanging hulk. Inch by inch they force their way through the raging waters, and after what seems an age to the awe-stricken spectators, she is alongside the waist of the doomed vessel. And now the most critical moment of all has arrived. Two of the boat's crew seize grappling-hooks, and fasten them to the vessel's side, while the rowers, under the guidance of the alert officer, steady the boat, and, half blinded by the salt spray, keep her from being dashed to pieces against the vessel. Presently the perilous work of transfer begins, and one by one the women and children are lowered in cages into the life-boat, while the officers of the wrecked vessel stand overhead, straining every nerve to maintain order and to expedite the hazardous operation. Soon the boat has received her living freight, and after facing destruction again and again in the herculean effort of getting clear of the ship, slowly but steadily cleaves her way back, amidst ringing cheers from both vessels. If successful in the first instance, boat after boat is despatched to the sinking vessel till all are taken off, and she is left to her fate.

D. C. MACDONALD.



"RUTH," OF SOUTH STREET.

A STROLL THROUGH SOUTH STREET.

DIRECTLY under the New York "approach" to the great suspension-bridge that spans the East River a thoughtful man may well pause and ponder. Over his head, higher, it seems, than small birds fly, hangs in mid-air a structure as mighty as Rider Haggard's dreams, and as fragile in looks as a spider's web—a haughty triumph of human skill over the very conditions of nature. Looking this way and that, you may realize with little effort that you stand in one of the very foci of material civilization, albeit the neighborhood is dingy. It needs not to "go down to the sea in ships" to know that in navigation lies the very romance of traffic; and here surely in the overhanging bowsprits that make a maze of the vista looking north or south, in the towering bulwarks of the bows of great vessels, in the puff and snort of steamers along the wharf line, in the weather-beaten inadequate wharves piled high with the treasures of commerce—in all these are to be recognized the grandeur of man's activity, the very spirit of civilization itself.

The naked soul of an idea, however, lives in a body gnarled and uncouth, if lusty and mighty, and this body in turn is clothed upon with careless and disordered garb. The outward seeming of traffic is confused and far from clean, yet it will be well worth while to scan it. Along this dingy, storm-worn street there are bits of rare color, quaint figures, and queer sights.

The roadway is crowded. Vilely paved, after the fashion New York follows, it is traversed by horse-cars that try the souls of teamsters, and seem never to get anywhere excepting out of one "jam" into another. With an indifference to the value of time that seems archaic amid such surroundings, people do ride in these cars. Trucks, drays, and peddlers' wagons make up the most of the throng, and at times and places there is real peril in the attempt of a foot-passenger to cross the thoroughfare.



"OI'M LUKKIN' FUR THE LOBSTER'S NAME, SORR."

From the gloomy blank walls of the great warehouses near the bridge to the beautiful granite Barge Office at the Battery stretches a long line of buildings, old and new, no floor or room in which is likely ever to be vacant. Great as the space is along the water-front, it is all too small for our commerce, and a large fraction of it, finding no foothold on our shore, has turned to Brooklyn and New Jersey. In these buildings are followed industries as various as the waves, but nearly all, like the waves, belonging in some way to the sea. Is it a junk-shop you stop to look at?—the ten thousand odds and ends that fill the dusty store-room or basement, and overflow the sidewalk and even the curb, are nautical, and smell of the bilge-water. Is it a lawyer's sign that catches the eye?—there are many lawyers here, but if you enter their dusty offices you will find them all proctors in admiralty. Is it the famous Fulton Market we enter?—the fish trade, far too great for the spacious fish-market opposite, is crowding the dealers in other provisions to the wall.

Nor will the two buildings, large as they are, accommodate the trade in sea food. At the wharves nearest to Fulton Ferry to the north, the fisher craft of all kinds and the trading schooners from Newfoundland-way discharge their cargoes, and the bulk is too great for the dealers' stalls, the crates that lie in the slips, and the cold-storage warehouses. Sometimes the fish are thrown back into the river, the yield rivalling the miraculous draught of the apostles. Not many years ago more than 15,000,000 mackerel came to New York in a single week. More than half a million were thrown back into the water, and good fish could be bought at retail for less than a cent apiece. There was a golden opportunity, and Moy Shoen Bak, a twenty-year-old Chinaman, saw it and seized it. He formed a syndicate among his fellow-countrymen and bought 2,000,000 mackerel. These he took to the Chinese quarter, and employing all the help he could, he speedily had them preserved in various ways in vogue among the Celestials. The syndicate cleared a fortune in two weeks, and Moy Shoen Bak is now rich beyond the dreams of Chinese avarice.

Chinamen are not the only picturesque characters around the markets. As we push through the crowd that clusters on the sidewalks bargaining for the fresh fish exposed on boxes and barrels and in wagons along the curb, a burly Celt, whose whiskers look pickled and whose garments betray his calling, holds up a huge lobster in his left hand, while he twists its wriggling legs roughly around. A twinkle in his eye invites a question, and being asked what he is doing, he replies, "Oi'm lukkin' fur the lobster's name, sorr."

"What do you mean by a lobster's name?"

"Sure ivery lobster has his own name, sorr. Ye'll foind it on wan o' its legs. They have the quarest names—Pat an' Pete an' Jim, an' ahl sarts. Luk! here's this fellow's."

Sure enough, on the inside of one leg, close to the body, is a faint gray-white patch, like a tiny label, with a few indistinct marks resembling badly blurred printed letters. One after another of the wriggling crustaceans does our Milesian friend examine, and on some leg of each one the label is plainly visible. None that we find is legible, though our friend declares that in many cases the "quarest" names can be read distinctly, and that the "name" is on every lobster that grows.

Farther along, past the familiar market and ferry, is the great fruit dock, where from the tropics and from southern Europe come vessels laden with the rich spoils of orchard and jungle and vineyard. Here are hundreds of vehicles, from the frail hand-cart of the street vender to the heavy truck of the wholesale jobber, taking their loads for distribution among millions of consumers. The bustle and seeming confusion are indescribable, and occasionally on a hot day there is a sudden burst of excitement when a tarantula, a centipede, or a crimson snake from Central America is discovered hidden in the fruit, having travelled hither as a stowaway. It sometimes happens that he bites, and his victim dies on the dock.

A little farther on are ramparts of cotton bales, almost enough to shelter a later General Jackson with his army. Hopping around like a gigantic bird, pecking here and there with a lean claw instead of a beak, is a modern Ruth. Surely she would not now fascinate Boaz, though one might almost fancy she had been gleaning ever since his day, so old and so deft she is. Fair to see, too, in her youth she must have been, for, rude as her costume is (and the artist tells that better than I can), her face has fine lines, that might have come from plain living and high thinking, and the strong features are to be fairly called distinguished. Good strong shoes and comfortable new-looking stockings show that she does not suffer from extreme poverty at least.

Standing along the sidewalks in groups, chatting, smoking, killing time as best they may, are the 'longshoremen. I have never seen them fraternizing with sailors, but they are a jolly, sociable lot of fellows generally, earning good wages when they work, and jealously guarding with a "trades-union" their monopoly of the work of loading and unloading the ships. When not at work they serve their country only as a detail in winter there are mostly crowded out, and lie now at Gowanus when the canals are frozen up, though some still lie in the slips beyond the shore line that has been straightened by filling in all that was left of the original bay. The soil is not good, and the shrubs and one tree that were planted there are dying. So, too, one would think is the lone guardian of the peace, a park policeman who is stationed there, and who says with a melancholy smile that he never has anything to do but to stand and look around. One only child of all the neighborhood plays in the park, and he, the policeman says, is always there all day long, with never a comrade. Weird child! Or is it that the policeman's moral tone is lowered by his extraordinary duties, and that he lies?

Has the sailor changed, through some mysterious evolution, or why is it that so few old seadogs are to be noticed along the street? It is where you would expect to find them rolling along on their sea-legs, breathing out strange marine oaths and a perfume of hot rum; but you don't—at least not numerously. I found one, though, a splendid specimen of his kind, getting an impossible danseuse in red and blue tattooed into his hairy chest by Professor Thomas. Like most other sailors, he has little to say to a stranger, perhaps because I cannot approach him properly, not knowing what manner of thought sailors ought to have, except as I have read sea novels. The wonderful man, however, who has reached the dignity of a learned title by sticking needles in his fellow-men for thirty-seven years, is more communicative. He seems to belong to South Street properly, for he is not as other men are. His speech is slow and grave, and his art to him



THE PROFESSOR OF TATTOOING AT WORK.

the wonderful picture of the water-front. I think nobody ever saw a 'longshoreman when not at work do anything more than stand around waiting, excepting on one spot. A few steps off from South Street, beside some little-used steps at the side door of a warehouse, they have drawn a checker-board on the sidewalk with red and blue chalk, and a duel at checkers is generally in good weather going on over this board, while a group of the players' friends stand around and watch the game approvingly.

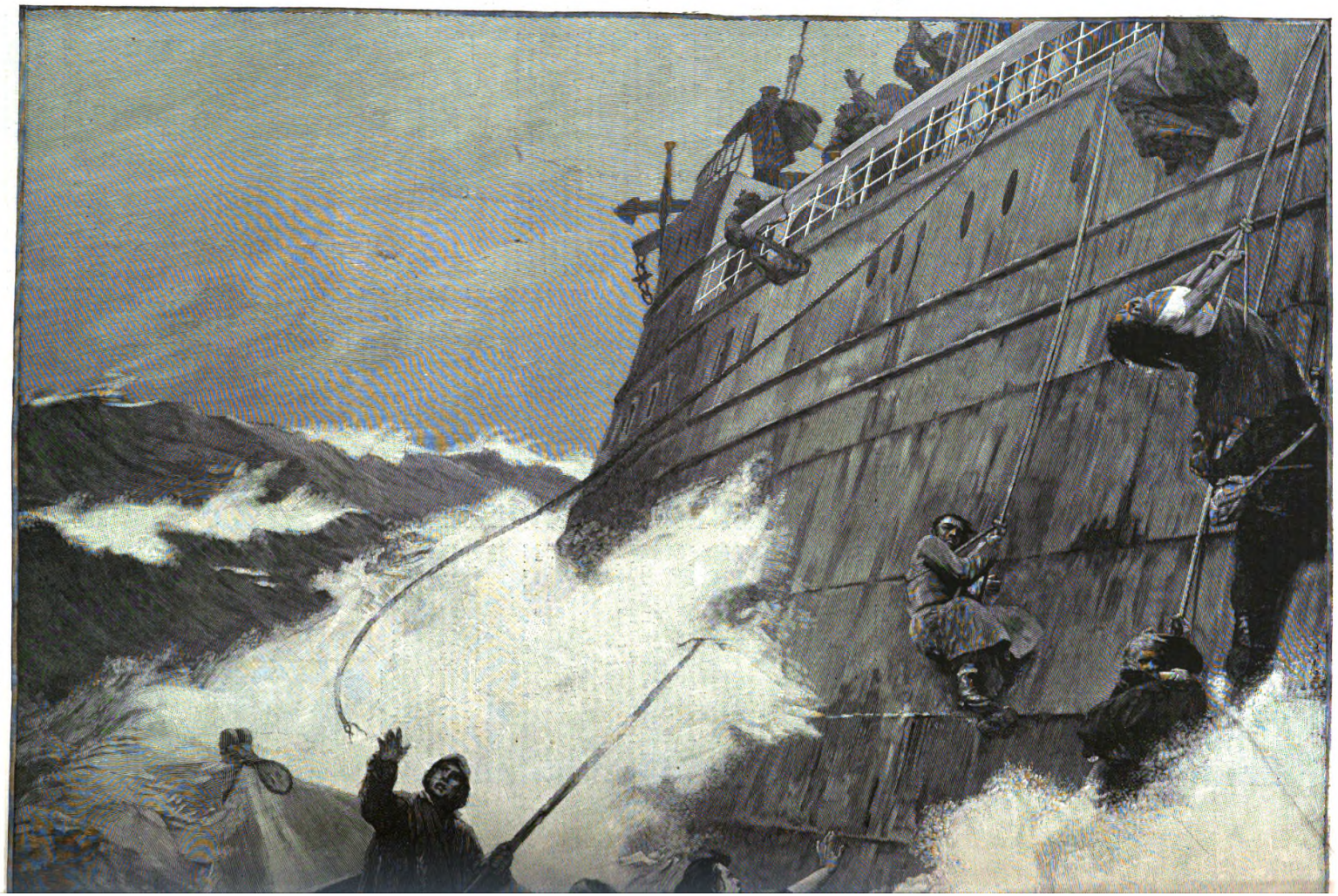
Here is Jeannette Park. It is only a plus-or-minus acre in extent, and stands where Coenties Slip used to be. The canal-boats that used to is an art. He tells strange tales of tattooing elderly and well-to-do merchants and ladies in silk attire, and he discourses learnedly on the differences in inks, proving that his own are harmless by eating some of them. Also he imparts much information about the picturesque ladies and gentlemen in the museums, several of whom are, he says, of his own design.

It is a pleasant stroll, this walk down South Street, and to the careful observer it offers the attraction of almost an endless series of such oddities as we have noticed, for the tithe of what may be seen in an idle hour is not told here.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FILLING THE LIFE-BOAT ("LE SAUVETAGE").—Engraved by Ch. Baude from the Picture by Dawant in the Salon of 1889.—[See Page 386.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

EMMERLINE'S COW.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I DECLARE if Ambrose Hackett hain't got the contr'yest spell he ever did have! I'm all beat out with his argyin' and argyin'."

Deacon Seth Tozier's thin, high-keyed old voice quavered, and it was with a trembling hand that he wiped his wrinkled face and the smooth bald head which contrasted so queerly with it; and he heaved a great sigh as he lowered his angular, stooping frame cautiously into a chintz-covered rocking-chair.

"You hadn't ought to talk politics with him, pa," said his daughter Lyddy, fanning him tenderly with a great turkey-feather fan. "You're all het up." The lively little breeze which the fan made blew the loose rings and tendrils of Lyddy's yellow-brown hair into very becoming disarray, and the exercise brought a color to her cheek which matched the pink of her gown, and a very pretty picture was reflected in the old-fashioned looking-glass, on the top of which perched a gilt owl of an uncommonly austere aspect, which suggested overmuch reflection upon human vanity. The young man lounging upon the door-step cast admiring glances at the mirror, and Lyddy's mother, a large woman, stepping heavily but energetically about the room in preparations for supper, allowed a smile of subtle satisfaction to wrinkle the corners of her eyes.

"It wa'n't politics this time," said "pa," drawing another long breath. "Land! if we'd teched upon them, as contr'y as he was to-day, I expect the fur would 'a flew! There ain't no time that I come so nigh to forgettin' my Christian perfession as I do when Ambrose Hackett gets one of his contr'y spells."

"La, pa, you don't know how to get along with him," said Mrs. Tozier. "'Tain't reasonin' does it, but managin'. You put me in mind of our old cropple-crown hen, that keeps cacklin' and cacklin', kind of mild and monoterous, at the ugly old gobbler, tryin' to peacify him, and there ain't nothin' in the whole barn-yard that riles him so; she can't keep no tail feathers, and her head is bleedin' all the time. Mis' Hackett she says she can't have no riz doughnuts without she tells him she's goin' to make 'em out of milk and eggs; then he begins to argy in favor of riz doughnuts; so she has 'em the way she wants 'em, and peacifies him too. Emmerline she won't do them things, but she is one of the silent kind, and don't cross him no more'n she can help, I guess. Anyhow he sets by Emmerline, though he will thwart her when he's contr'y, same's he will anybody. It makes him nigh about crazy to have her talk about goin' back to her friends in Massachusetts. But I 'most wonder that she don't; it must be about as tryin' to be Ambrose Hackett's daughter-in-law as his wife."

Lyddy looked into the glass, and met the young man's gaze. She thought his face had changed at the mention of Emmerline, but in a glass one sees darkly; it might not be. And it was consoling that one had on one's pink dress, which was becoming, since as he sat he could scarcely avoid looking into the glass.

"I'm terrible afraid I've fetched trouble on to Emmerline," said Deacon Tozier, the anxious expression returning to his brow, which had grown placid under Lyddy's ministrations.

"Was it about Emmerline?" asked Lyddy, quickly.

"One thing fetched on another," said Deacon Tozier, in a despairing tone. "In the first place, he said it wa'n't the year of the great thunder-storm that Galen Tibbetts broke his leg in the mowin'-machine. I could 'a proved it to him if he'd 'a listened to reason, but he wouldn't. Well, then I kind of changed the subject round to meetin' matters, jest to remind him of his Christian perfession, and that he hadn't ought to be so contr'y; and if he didn't go to calc'latin' that the new minister wa'n't no hand for preachin', for all he was so pop'lar, and that he wa'n't spiritooal neither. And then he up and said there wa'n't no great spiritooality exceptin' 'mongst the Baptists. Why, good land! he never had no commess with Baptists; he hain't no kith or kin 'mongst 'em; he don't know nothin' about 'em; 'twas only jest because there ain't none in this town that he said that; and he went to argyin' about immersion. It's terrible warm weather to contend against contr'yness, and I wa'n't, as you might say, prepared to argy on that subject, but I tried to reason with him kind of mild and conciliatin'—"

"Jest for all the world like our old cropple-crown a-cacklin' at the gobbler," interrupted Mrs. Tozier, with wifely candor.

"It *didn't* seem to do no good," admitted Deacon Tozier, sadly. "He was such a terrible fierce Baptist! It put me in mind of the time when I come acrost him a-settin' on the hotel piazza, over to Carmel, argyin' agin prohibition. They're all for it over there, you see. If it wa'n't a curiosity to hear him argyin' as ferce one way as he does t'other way over here! The majority is agin it here, you know. I come up behind him, and he didn't see me at first. When he did he looked for a minute as if I'd ketched him stealin' sheep, and then he straightened up and went on talkin'. He never said nothin' to me about it except that he was glad he had a tarlent for more'n one p'int of view; the trouble with most folks was that they hadn't. Well, he was so strong on the Baptist p'int of view this afternoon that after reasonin' awhile I tried to change the subject, and if I wa'n't awk'ard and unforternit enough to get him on to the subject of the new town-hall! He's all brustled up because they've voted to have it down to the Corner. He kind of favored the Corner at first; he said he didn't know what they wanted a town-hall at Hemlock Ridge for without 'twas for the foxes; but now there ain't no place but the Ridge that'll suit him. He's in a terrible takin' about it. I calc'late it's that has fetched on the contr'yest spell I ever see him have. He up and said that 'Libu Merritt's first wife wa'n't a Carter. I did reason with him consid'able about that, but I see he was gettin' so mad I kind of looked round for a safe way to change the subject, and lookin' over into the barn-yard—he was a-settin' on the wood-pile and I was leanin' agin the fence—says I, as conciliatin' as I could: 'My cows is kind of a homely-lookin' lot. What a harn-some cretur that cow of Emmerline's is!' I hadn't ought to 'a said it. My cattle are oncommon well-favored, if I do say it, but I kind of thought 'twould please him. I expect 'twas a judgment on me like way he took it."

"I expect you might as well not try to do no managin', Seth," said his wife, in a tone of hopeless resignation.

"'Emmerline's cow?' he screeched out. 'What's Emmerline's cow? I don't calc'late there's no creturs on my farm but what belongs to me.' And I says, kind of mild, you know—I says, 'Well, I kind of run of an idee that that white cow with the spots and the red star in her forehead was Lysander's, and so had kind of fell to Emmerline when he died.' 'There wa'n't nothin' that was Lysander's, and there ain't nothin' fell to Emmerline but what I'm a mind to give her,' says he; and his face was red clearn up to the wen on the top of his head. 'And what's more, she ain't no kind of a cow, Betsey ain't, and I'm a-goin' to sell her to Snebbins the butcher.' Well, it come acrost me all of a sudden how terrible bad Emmerline would feel. She raised that cow from a calf, and she's always set by her. I couldn't help rememberin' how I see her and Lysander a-pettin' Betsey, and lettin' the little feller that died ride on her back, and Betsey with her eyes like a human cretur's almost, and as pleased and proud! She did look so, anyhow. Makin' of animals, even if it ain't nothin' but a cow, does seem to put a soul into 'em, as you might almost say. Lysander he'd say, 'Betsey's a lady if ever there was one,' and if that cretur wouldn't give her head a rub agin the fence! Thinkin' of them things, I couldn't help tryin' to reason with Ambrose—kind of mild and soothin', of course. I jest told him that like enough Emmerline set by that cow for the sake of them that was gone, and he hadn't ought to think of selling her, anyhow. I told him we all of us felt contr'y and irritable sometimes, and then we was dretful apt to do something that we was sorry for afterwards. It didn't seem to have a mite of a softenin' effect on him. He hopped down off that wood-pile as lively as a cricket—I've always noticed that he didn't seem to have no realizin' sense of his rheumatiz when he had a contr'y spell—and off he went, a-mutterin' that he'd learn folks that his farm and the creturs on it belonged to him, and nobody else. And if he ain't a-drivin' that cow down to Snebbins's by this time I ain't acquainted with Ambrose Hackett."

"Well, I expect Emmerline will take that hard; she's one of the kind that sets by animals natural. I shouldn't wonder if it should be the means of makin' up her mind to go back to her folks in Massachusetts," said Mrs. Tozier.

"Oh, poor Emmerline!" said Lyddy, with deepest sympathy in her voice.

The young man in the doorway rose to his feet; his freckled face flushed to the roots of his auburn hair. "I expect I'd better be goin'," he said. And all Mrs. Tozier's earnest invitations to stay to supper were powerless to keep him.

With sad speculation in her eyes, Lyddy watched in the glass his strong, well-knit figure going with great strides through the lane.

"I should think you might have said a word to keep him, Lyddy," said her mother, in aggrieved tones. "Nowadays, when men are so scarce and shy, girls have to put themselves forward. You don't know how to manage no more'n your father does. Sometimes it seems to me that these easy-goin' folks is about as tryin' as contr'y ones. And there's Marilly Daggett a-tellin' me every Sunday how well settled in life both her daughters are. Seems as if she liked to spoil my meetin'."

"Land, ma, I guess Lyddy won't be obleeged to look out for herself," said Deacon Tozier, with fond pride.

"'Tain't as 'twas when you and I was young, pa. Nowadays girls that don't look out for themselves are old maids, or else they take up with poor creturs and slave themselves to death. With all the timber land Judson's got up there to the 'Roostick, and the mills he has bought down here, he must be consid'able well off. And there's plenty ready to snatch at him. I did think 'twas a real Proverdence that he was your half-sister Sarah's husband's nephew, but—"

"Well, if Proverdence is attendin' to it, ma, we may as well not worry," said Deacon Tozier, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Proverdence never does for folks that sets and twiddles their thumbs," said Mrs. Tozier, sententiously. "And there's afflicted folks round here that 'ain't got their eyes so full of tears but what they can see the main chance."

"I expect I'm kind of dull. I can't tell more'n half the time what ma is drivin' at; can you, Lyddy? She's smarter'n what we be, 'n' that's a fact. She's a dretful smart woman, that mother of yours, Lyddy." Mrs. Tozier jerked the table-cloth sharply to show that she was quite unmollified. "But I don't calc'late that we need to trouble ourselves none about Judson Rich. 'Tain't for nothin' that it's took him two or three months to get his bargain made for them mills."

"Oh, you sweet, comfortable old daddy!" murmured Lyddy, in the seclusion of the dairy, whither she had gone to get a pitcher of milk for supper. "What a blessing folks are that ain't too long-sighted!"

Ambrose Hackett had had "no realizin' sense of his rheumatiz" all the way up the long hill which he had to climb to reach his farm. He was forced to stop occasionally to draw a long breath and to wipe his heated brow, for not only was the day warm, but his heart was hot within him.

"There ain't no use argyin' with fools," he muttered. "I've been nigh about killed with 'em. You can't fetch 'em to the right p'int of view nohow. They're contr'y jest because they can't see straight. I s'pose I'd ought to have patience. But I *be* the patientest cretur that ever was till they get me clearn put out. When it comes to meddlin' with my proputty, and disposin' of it without consultin' me, I'll show 'em that they're a-goin' too far. I've heard tell of that bein' Emmerline's cow as long as I can stan' it. And 'twa'n't only the other day that I ketched Emmerline a-feedin' her with the best of the Tolman sweetin's. They've got her so fatted up and pompied she ain't fit for nothin' but beef."

Before he reached his house—a great staring white house, alone and bleak on the very top of the hill—he let down some bars and crossed a field, calling "Betsey" all the way. He called softly, and cast furtive glances toward the house, but he would have strenuously denied even to himself that these facts had any significance. In the pool into which the brook obligingly broadened and deepened itself, under the shade of a great oak-tree, Emmerline's cow was standing serene and contemplative.

"That cretur always knows how to take care of herself; she ain't a mite het up. There's the others with the sun a-pourin' down on 'em. There's one good thing about their pompyin' her so; she's learned to come when she's called."

In fact Betsey left her luxurious ease with only a slight show of reluctance, and crossed the pasture to the bars where Ambrose Hackett waited. She laid her nose on the topmost rail, and he raised his hand to stroke her, but remembered and hardened his heart just in time. He liked his animals, this "contr'y" Ambrose Hackett, and was kind to them. He hesitated to let down the bars.

"It's consid'able of a piece down to Snebbins's' and it's terrible hot; mebbe I'd better put it off till to-morrow. But there! it's bein' so soft-hearted and weak-kneed as I be that makes folks take the advantage of me. I've got to show 'em that I won't be put upon no more!"

He went slyly up to the barn and found a rope to lead Betsey with; ordinarily that was not necessary, she was so docile; but the smell of the shambles might make even her unruly.

He drove a sharp bargain with Snebbins the butcher; it was a relief to have his mind absorbed as a bargain always absorbed it. He felt strong and resolute as he came away. But something moved him to look back, and he saw Betsey's soft, human-looking eyes wild with terror, and she uttered a long, wailing cry that rang in his ears long after he was out of hearing.

"Nothin' but a beef cretur!" he said to himself. "I'm a drivellin' idjut, and it's no wonder I'm sot on. I expect it's all along of little Ambrose's settin' so much by her that I take it so hard."

As he walked on his feelings all became merged in a dread of meeting Emmerline, and by the time the great white house on the hill came in sight he had resolved to weakly temporize by telling Emmerline that he "expected Betsey had got astray some'eres."

Worthy Mrs. Tozier went to bed with the chickens, and the deacon, after nodding awhile over his newspaper, in imminent danger of setting it on fire with the candle which he always held in his hand between him and the paper while he read, had followed her. Lyddy, solitary and a little sad, had wandered out into the porch to look up at the white house on the hill and wonder whether, in the green paper curtained parlor, with the funeral wreaths on the walls, Emmerline was entertaining a guest, when a sudden step made her start, and a familiar voice called her name.

"I want to speak to you; I waited until I thought you would be alone." And Lyddy went down into the garden path with her heart in a flutter, for her visitor was Judson Rich. There was a tremor in the voice that came to her through the soft dusk, and she felt herself trembling as she went to meet it. The garden had become enchanted ground, and the odors of hops and marigolds were wafts from paradise.

"I kind of thought you understood," said Judson, and some faint moon rays straggling through the elm branches showed her his flushed forehead and averted eyes—"I've kind of thought for a considerable spell back that you knew. I wish't I could 'a made *her* know it as easy; but either she ain't so quick, or else it's because I'm such an awful bashful fellow, that she don't appear to see what I'm hanging round here for. I don't know as I ever was so awful bashful before, either. I could talk to you easy enough the first time I saw you. But let me get where she is, and I'm just tongue-tied, as you might say. Don't seem as if I'd ever dared to take a good look at her, and yet I know pretty well how she looks. Land! her face comes right up before me, whether my eyes are open or shut. And I come down here thinkin' of nothin' in the world but drivin' logs down river and getting hold of some mill property. And she never took the trouble to give me a smile scarcely; and I was always set against widows. Kind of curious those things are—ain't they? But I don't suppose a girl like you knows anything about it. Of course I have never dared to say a word to her. I don't know as I ever shall. But I couldn't stand it anyhow to have her feel bad about her cow. I went down to Snebbins's and bought her, and as I hadn't any place to put her, I brought her here. She's out there in the barn-yard. I knew your father would be willing I should put her in his barn, but it was kind of awkward to speak to him about it—a fellow does hate to be joked, you know. And now I don't darst to tell her what I've done. Seems as if it might kind of pave the way if a fellow was smart; but land! I ain't anybody where she's concerned. You can't imagine how discouragin' it is to have a person just as easy and indifferent and absent-minded, and no more expecting a fellow to say anything particular than she expects the spun-glass peacock on the mantel-piece to set up and squawk; it just wilts a fellow right down. I want her to know that I've bought the cow for her. Of course I don't want her to feel under any obligation, but it will kind of show her how I feel towards her. If I sent it right up to her it might seem too abrupt, and kind of astonish her; and, too, it might make the old man mad, and make things hard for her. Some fellows that had a talent for it might write it all out to her, but let me take pen and ink and my ideas seem to freeze right up, and I can't get 'em out anyhow. If I could get any further than to tell her that my health was good, and I hoped she was enjoying the same blessing, I should be just as likely as not to ask her if she didn't like pumpkin pies sweetened with molasses, or some such all-fired foolishness. And I've seen smarter folks than I am turn foolish when they got hold of a pen and ink. So I sort of thought maybe you'd tell her that I'd got the cow for her, and kind of somehow let her know that it meant—well, considerable."

Lyddy caught her breath.

"Well, I don't wonder that you hesitate. I suppose it is queer for me to ask you. A fellow ought to do his own courting."

"Oh, I don't hesitate; I'll tell her; I'll go the very first thing in the morning," said Lyddy, with feverish eagerness. "And I'll give you the key of the barn door, and you can drive the cow in there, and when you come back just hang the key on the nail in the porch, because I sha'n't be here; it's late."

Lyddy was walking very fast up the long hill that led to Ambrose Hackett's at nine o'clock the next morning. She had risen very early to explain to her father how Emmerline's cow happened to be in their barn. It would have been less difficult if it had not been necessary that her mother should hear about it.

"It ain't nothin' surprisin' when a girl won't put herself forard," Mrs. Tozier had declared; "but I *should* hate to be cut out by a great, lank, sallow thing with nothin' but a pair of big black eyes to recommend her."

"Widows always 'pears to be kind of drawin'," observed Deacon Tozier, mildly; "but I kind of think 'twas jest because Lyddy showed an interest in Emmerline and her cow that Judson bought it. I can see as fur into things as most folks, and that's my idee."

Lyddy found Emmerline going swiftly and silently about her morning work in the great living-room of the farm-house, and at Lyddy's intimation that she wished to see her alone she led the way silently to the parlor—a room which suggested funerals to Lyddy, since she had never known it to be used on any other occasion. Sacred to courting and funerals the parlors of Hebron were apt to be, and a row of coffin plates was the chief ornament of the mantel-pieces. The young women sat down together on the slippery hair-cloth sofa under the funeral wreaths. Emmerline was tall and angular, and her black hair was drawn tightly back from temples that were somewhat hollow. Soft and dreamy dark eyes contradicted the general coldness of her face. She wore a string of small black beads around her long neck, and a collar of rusty black crape over her dress of mourning calico was pinned with an old-fashioned bosom pin, upon which were depicted a tomb-stone, a weeping-willow, and a drooping female with a reticule of abnormal size upon her arm.

"Old Mrs. Hackett gave her that," thought Lyddy, noticing trifles keenly, as people are apt to do in mental stress. "I remember seeing her wear it in church when I was little, and wondering if the woman's reticule was so big because the woman needed such lots of handkerchiefs."

Emmerline's eyelids were red, and her calm showed a ruffled undercurrent, which was very unusual.

Lyddy told her tale in hard, incisive little sentences, and it sounded in her own ears as if some one else were telling it.

"It ain't anything more'n what I expected—I mean what become of Betsey," said Emmerline. "He's acted so nervous and fidgety, and he's kept saying he calc'lated she'd wandered off. And I knew he hadn't liked to have me think she was my cow. Every contr'y spell he's had I've been expecting he'd sell her, but I wouldn't have thought he'd have carried her to Snebbins's. I'd about made up my mind to go back to my folks in Massachusetts. It was real kind of him to get her." It seemed to Lyddy that she was less impressed by the lover's devotion than by the safety of the cow. "I never knew that he thought anything about me. He'd come here and sit kind of stupid, and sometimes he'd have considerable to say about what kind of victuals he liked, and tell what a sight of logs he'd got in his boom up to the Bend."

"He's in love with you; he wants to marry you," reiterated Lyddy, parrotwise.

"If that's so, maybe I'd better take him. I had calculated to go back to my folks in Massachusetts, but, between you and me, I've got a step-mother there that's so nagging that seems as if 'twas out of the frying-pan into the fire. That's what's kept me through all his contr'yness. I hadn't thought I should marry again. Seems as if the riskiest part of it was his folks. Your own folks are what the Lord sends, and you feel as if you'd got to put up with 'em; but his folks are troubles that you fetch right on to yourself, and they're the hardest to bear. He's steady and likely, and what he's got belongs to himself, I expect, and not to his father. You have to get married once to know anything about what you're doing. I never thought but what the property here was just as good as Lysander's. I'd rather stay a widow if I could without being put upon, but as things are I guess I'd better take him. You may tell him that he can come and see me about it if he wants to. Kind of curious for him to set you to speaking for him, but he does appear bashful, and you're relations, ain't you?" I expect Father

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Hackett will make a great fuss, but he hasn't anybody but himself to blame. I shouldn't think of doing it if he'd treated me right."

Lyddy went homeward feeling shocked and bewildered. Emmerline was only two years older than she, but what a different world she saw through those tender, dreamy eyes of hers! Which was the real world, hers or Emmerline's? Probably it was true that she was a little fool, as her mother often said, and how cruelly little fools could be hurt when no one was in the least to blame! And Judson—how would it fare with him when he found out that those soft eyes meant nothing that they looked? But it might—could it be possible that he would never know the difference? He was waiting for her at the orchard bars—such an eager wooer!—and lightly and gayly she sent him up to Emmerline; for even little fools must take care of their womanly pride.

That night Ambrose Hackett could not sleep. His wife had told him, with grim satisfaction, that Emmerline had decided to go immediately back to her folks in Massachusetts. She had found out that her cow had been driven to the butcher's. His "contr'y spell" was passing away, and gnawing remorse was taking its place. Mis' Hackett, as he always called his wife, was perhaps the Nemesis that haunted his imagination most vividly. How many times in the years that might be his allotted span would she remind him that it was he who had done this despite to Lysander's memory, and deprived them of a daughter's care in their old age? There were people who held that Ambrose Hackett's "contr'yness" was amply punished by Mis' Hackett's genius for repetition. He had humbled himself so far as to go down to Snebbins's to try to get the cow back; but the weather had turned cool, and it was too late. Snebbins had offered him a quarter of the beef!

He left his bed and wandered restlessly round the room, while the crickets chirped monotonously outside, and Mis' Hackett softly snored the snore of the just.

The moonlight was dim, and a light mist had floated up from the lowlands, where the brook wandered into devious courses. Looking out of the window, he saw through the mist the shape of a cow in the field. At first he thought the mist had taken that shape in his fevered fancy. But the mist slowly dissolved, and the cow was still there, and as white as the mist. Now he could see three red spots on her back; she turned her head, and there was a star on her forehead.

"I declare I never heard of anybody's seein' the sperit of a beef cretur! But there ain't a cow like that no'eres round here. I'll set a spell and see if I ain't dreamin', and if I ain't I'll go down and see what the cretur is."

Having satisfied himself that he was awake, he went out to the stone wall which bordered the field. Had Snebbins played him a trick? It was not in the least like Snebbins to trifle in a matter where dollars and cents were concerned. It was almost as easy to believe that Betsey's ghost had revisited the glimpses of the moon.

"I guess I ain't one to be scairt—" Either because of his perturbation or of the darkness he caught his foot in the stone wall which he was attempting to get over, and he fell forward with a loud cry. He had sprained his ankle, and the pain was so severe that for a minute or two he lost consciousness. When he came to himself the cow had disappeared.

"I swum if it *wa'n't* the cretur's ghost!" he said to himself, and for a while he lay where he had fallen, bathed in a cold perspiration, and not daring to move hand or foot. Then he regained sufficient courage to call lustily for help, and brought the hired man and Mis' Hackett both from their beds. It was late in the afternoon of the next day before he revealed to Mis' Hackett the cause of his nocturnal wandering.

"Betsey's ghost! Hain't you got no more sense than that, Ambrose Hackett? Why, it was the cretur herself. She broke out of Seth Tozier's cow-yard; they didn't know where she'd gone. I expect she was homesick, poor cretur! When you fell and hollered you scairt her so she went off. She hadn't no great reason to put confidence in you! The Lufkin boys saw her down in the swamp. Judson Rich is huntin' for her."

"Judson Rich! What has he got to do with her?" demanded the old man.

"He bought her of Snebbins for Emmerline. He made Snebbins agree to say nothin' about it. He's a-goin' to marry Emmerline."

"To marry Emmerline!" echoed the old man, in amazement.

"Yes; and if you go to contr'yin', it won't do no good." Mis' Hackett grew severe in proportion to the unwonted meekness of her husband. "I don't think she sets much by the match, but she calc'lates to put herself where she won't be trod on no more."

"You ask Emmerline to come here to me—won't you?" said Ambrose Hackett, in a conciliating tone.

Lyddy was standing before the looking-glass the next morning, with the owl glowering down at her. There was no one else in the room, and she had stopped in passing to wonder how such an exuberance of pink and white prettiness could cover a heartache. "I shall be a little fat old maid," she said to herself.

A dark figure suddenly overshadowed her in the glass, and there in the doorway stood Emmerline. Her black shawl drooped in melancholy folds from her narrow shoulders, but her face looked brighter than usual under her wide black hat. She spoke in her accustomed unmoved tones.

"I ain't going to have him, after all," she said. "I thought I'd drop in and tell you, seeing you had taken an interest. I told him when he came up last night. He's gone back up to the 'Roostick this morning; just as sudden as that. He seemed to take it real hard, but I couldn't see as I was to blame. You see Father Hackett come right round; he appeared as if he'd met with a change. Not but what I expect he'll get contr'y again; it ain't in him not to, but I can stand that as long as he's agreed to leave every mite of the property to me. He's sent for Lawyer Fisk to draw up his will. I don't know but what *he* had just as much, or more; I couldn't seem to find out just what he did have. But the old folks can't live long, and it's different to have things your own from what it is to be hanging on to a man and taking what he's a mind to give you."

"So Judson's gone off," said Deacon Tozier, when he came in to dinner that day. "But I calc'late he'll be back again before long. I can see as fur into things as most folks, and that's my idee."

"I hope Emmerline has got her cow," said Mrs. Tozier, crisply. "There's been fussin' enough."

THE RUSH TO OKLAHOMA.

In some respects the recent settlement of Oklahoma was the most remarkable thing of the present century. Unlike Rome, the city of Guthrie was built in a day. To be strictly accurate in the matter, it might be said that it was built in an afternoon. At twelve o'clock on Monday, April 22d, the resident population of Guthrie was nothing; before sundown it was at least ten thousand. In that time streets had been laid out, town lots staked off, and steps taken toward the formation of a municipal government. At twilight the camp-fires of ten thousand people gleamed on the grassy slopes of the Cimarron Valley, where, the night before, the coyote, the gray wolf, and the deer had roamed undisturbed. Never before in the history of the West has so large a number of people been concentrated in one place in so short a time. To the conservative Eastern man, who is wont to see cities grow by decades, the settlement of Guthrie was magical beyond belief; to the quick-acting resident of the West, it was merely a particularly lively town-site speculation.

The preparations for the settlement of Oklahoma had been complete, even to the slightest detail, for weeks before the opening day. The Santa Fe Railway, which runs through Oklahoma north and south, was prepared to take any number of people from its handsome station at Arkansas City, Kansas, and to deposit them in almost any part of Oklahoma as soon as the law allowed; thousands of covered wagons were gathered in camps on all sides of the new Territory waiting for the embargo to be lifted. In its picturesque aspects the rush across the border at noon on the opening day must go down in history as one of the most noteworthy events of Western civilization. At the time fixed, thousands of hungry home-seekers, who had gathered from all parts of the country, and particularly from Kansas and Missouri, were arranged in line along the border, ready to lash their horses into furious speed in the race for fertile spots in the beautiful land before them. The day was one of perfect peace. Overhead the sun shone down from a sky as fair and blue as the cloudless heights of Colorado. The whole expanse of space from zenith to horizon was spotless in its blue purity. The clear spring air, through which the rolling green billows of the promised land could be seen with unusual distinctness for many miles, was as sweet and fresh as the balmy atmosphere of June among New Hampshire's hills.

As the expectant home-seekers waited with restless patience, the clear, sweet notes of a cavalry bugle rose and hung a moment upon the startled air. It was noon. The last barrier of savagery in the United States was broken down. Moved by the same impulse, each driver lashed his horses furiously; each rider dug his spurs into his willing steed, and each man on foot caught his breath hard and darted forward. A cloud of dust rose where the home-seekers had stood in line, and when it had drifted away before the gentle breeze, the horses and wagons and men were tearing across the open country like fiends. The horsemen had the best of it from the start. It was a fine race for a few minutes, but soon the riders began to spread out like a fan, and by the time they had reached the horizon they were scattered about as far as eye could see. Even the fleetest of the horsemen found upon reaching their chosen localities that men in wagons and men on foot were there before them. As it was clearly impossible for a man on foot to outrun a horseman, the inference is plain that Oklahoma had been entered hours before the appointed time. Notwithstanding the assertions of the soldiers that every boomer had been driven out of Oklahoma, the fact remains that the woods along the various streams within Oklahoma were literally full of people Sunday night. Nine-tenths of these people made settlement upon the land illegally. The other tenth would have done so had there been any desirable land left to settle upon. This action on the part of the first claim-holders will cause a great deal of land litigation in the future, as it is not to be expected that the man who ran his horse at its utmost speed for ten miles only to find a settler with an ox team in quiet possession of his chosen farm will tamely submit to this plain infringement of the law.

Some of the men who started from the line on foot were quite as successful in securing desirable claims as many who rode fleet horses. They had the advantage of knowing just where their land was located. One man left the line with the others, carrying on his back a tent, a blanket, some camp dishes, an axe, and provisions for two days. He ran down the railway track for six miles, and reached his claim in just sixty minutes. Upon arriving on his land he fell down under a tree, unable to speak or see. I am glad to be able to say that his claim is one of the best in Oklahoma. The rush from the line was so impetuous that by the time the first railway train arrived from the north at twenty-five minutes past twelve o'clock, only a few of the hundreds of boomers were anywhere to be seen. The journey of this first train was well-nigh as interesting as the rush of the men in wagons. The train left Arkansas City at 8.45 o'clock in the forenoon. It consisted of an empty baggage car, which was set apart for the use of the newspaper correspondents, eight passenger coaches, and the caboose of a freight train. The coaches were so densely packed with men that not another human being could get on board. So uncomfortably crowded were they that some of the younger boomers climbed to the roofs of the cars and clung perilously to the ventilators. An adventurous person secured at great risk a seat on the forward truck of the baggage car.

In this way the train was loaded to its utmost capacity. That no one was killed or injured was due as much to the careful management of the train as to the ability of the passengers to take care of themselves. Like their friends in the wagons, the boomers on the cars were exultant with joy at the thought of at last entering into possession of the promised land. At first appearances the land through which the train ran seemed to justify all the virtues that had been claimed for it. The rolling, grassy uplands, and the wooded river-bottoms, the trees in which were just bursting into the most beautiful foliage of early spring, seemed to give a close reality to the distant charm of green and purple forest growths, which rose from the trough of some long swell and went heaving away to meet the brighter hues in the far-off sky. Throughout all the landscape were clumps of trees suggesting apple orchards set in fertile meadows, and here and there were dim patches of gray and white sand that might in a less barbarous region be mistaken for farm-houses surrounded by hedges and green fields. Truly the Indians have well-named Oklahoma the "beautiful land." The landless and home-hungry people on the train might be pardoned their mental exhilaration, when the effect of this wonderfully beautiful country upon the most prosaic mind is fully considered. It was an eager and an exuberantly joyful crowd that rode slowly into Guthrie at twenty minutes past one o'clock on that perfect April afternoon. Men who had expected to lay out the town site were grievously disappointed at the first glimpse of their proposed scene of operations. The slope east of the railway at Guthrie station was dotted white with tents and sprinkled thick with men running about in all directions.

"We're done for," said a town-site speculator, in dismay. "Some one has gone in ahead of us and laid out the town."

"Never mind that," shouted another town-site speculator, "but make a rush and get what you can."

Hardly had the train slackened its speed when the impatient boomers began to leap from the cars and run up the slope. Men jumped from the roofs of the moving cars at the risk of their lives. Some were so stunned by the fall that they could not get up for some minutes. The coaches were so crowded that many men were compelled to squeeze through the windows in order to get a fair start at the head of the crowd. Almost before the train had come to a standstill the cars were emptied. In their haste and eagerness, men fell over each other in heaps, others stumbled and fell headlong, while many ran forward so blindly and impetuously that it was not until they had passed the best of the town lots that they came to a realization of their actions.

I ran with the first of the crowd to get a good point of view from which to see the rush. When I had time to look about me I found that I was standing beside a tent, near which a man was leisurely chopping holes in the sod with a new axe.

"Where did you come from, that you have already pitched your tent?" I asked.

"Oh, I was here," said he.

"How was that?"

"Why, I was a deputy United States marshal."

"Did you resign?"

"No; I'm a deputy still."

"But it is not legal for a deputy United States marshal, or any one in the employ of the government, to take up a town lot in this manner."

"That may all be, stranger; but I've got two lots here, just the same; and about fifty other deputies have got lots in the same way. In fact, the deputy-marshals laid out the town."

At intervals of fifteen minutes, other trains came from the north loaded down with home-seekers and town-site speculators. As each succeeding crowd rushed up the slope and found that government officers had taken possession of the best part of the town, indignation became hot and outspoken; yet the marshals held to their lots and refused to move. Bloodshed was prevented only by the belief of the home-seekers that the government would set the matter right.

This course of the deputy United States marshals was one of the most outrageous pieces of imposition upon honest home-seekers ever practised in the settlement of a new country. That fifty men could, through influence, get themselves appointed as deputy United States marshals for the sole purpose of taking advantage of their positions in this way is creditable neither to them nor to the man who made their appointment possible. This illegal seizure thus became the first matter of public discussion in the city of Guthrie.

When the passengers from the first train reached the spot where the deputy-marshals had ceased laying out lots, they seized the line of the embryo street and ran it eastward as far as their numbers would permit. The second train load of people took it where the first left off, and ran it entirely out of sight behind a swell of ground at least two miles from the station. The following car loads of home-seekers went north and south, so that by the time that all were in for the day a city large enough in area to hold 100,000 inhabitants had been staked off, with more or less geometrical accuracy. A few women and children were in the rush, but they had to take their chances with the rest. Disputes over the ownership of lots grew incessant, for the reason that when a man went to the river for a drink of water, or tried to get his baggage at the railway station, another man would take possession of his lot, notwithstanding the obvious presence of the first man's stakes and sometimes part of his wearing apparel. Owing to the uncertainty concerning the lines of the streets, two and sometimes more lots were staked out on the same ground, each claimant hoping that the official survey would give him the preference. Contrary to all expectations, there was no bloodshed over the disputed lots. This may be accounted for by the fact that no intoxicating liquors of any kind were allowed to be sold in Oklahoma. It is a matter of common comment among the people that the peaceful way in which Oklahoma was settled was due entirely to its compulsory prohibition. Had whiskey been plentiful in Guthrie the disputed lots might have been watered in blood, for every man went armed with some sort of deadly weapon. If there could be a more striking temperance lesson than this, I certainly should like to see it.

When Congress gives Oklahoma some sort of government the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor should be the first and foremost of her laws.

It is estimated that between six and seven thousand persons reached Guthrie by train from the north the first afternoon, and that fully three thousand came in by wagon from the north and east, and by train from Purcell on the south, thus making a total population for the first day of about ten thousand. By taking thought in the matter, three-fourths of these people had provided themselves with tents and blankets, so that even on the first night they had ample shelter from the weather. The rest of them slept the first night as best they could, with only the red earth for a pillow and the starry arch of heaven for a blanket. At dawn of Tuesday the unrefreshed home-seekers and town-site speculators arose, and began anew the location of disputed claims. The tents multiplied like mushrooms in a rain that day, and by night the building of frame houses had been begun in earnest in the new streets. The buildings were by no means elaborate, yet they were as good as the average frontier structure, and they served their purpose, which was all that was required.

On that day the trains going north were filled with returning boomers, disgusted beyond expression with the dismal outlook of the new country. Their places were taken by others who came in to see the fun, and perhaps pick up a bargain in the way of town lots or commercial speculation.

By Wednesday the retreat from Guthrie was at its height. Two persons went home to each one that came in, yet the town seemed to be as lively and as populous as ever. The north-bound boomers asserted that there was nothing in or about Guthrie to support a city; that only a limited number of quarter sections of land on the river-bottom were worth settling upon, and that the upland country was nothing but worthless red sand coated over with a film of green grass. To bear out their assertions, these disgusted men pointed to the city of Guthrie, where the red dust was ankle-deep in the main street. The red dust was an argument that could not be contradicted. It rose in clouds and hovered above the feverish city until the air was like fog at sunrise; it sifted through the provision boxes in the tents, it crept into blankets and clothing, and it stuck like wax to the faces and beards of the unhappy citizens. The heat and the dust and the phenomenal lack of food during the first three days created a burning thirst, which seemingly could not be quenched. This thirst was intensified tenfold by the knowledge that water was scarce, hard to get, and sometimes unfit to drink. The yellow Cimarron and the lukewarm Cottonwood were the only streams where water could be obtained, and on the third day he was very thirsty indeed who would drink from either. Boomers who were not engaged in holding down town lots peddled water in pails to their thirsty neighbors at five and ten cents a cupful. Once, when compelled to moisten my parched throat from one of these pails, I noticed that the water was unusually yellow and thick.

"See here," said I to the Frenchman who held the pail; "you have washed your face in this water."

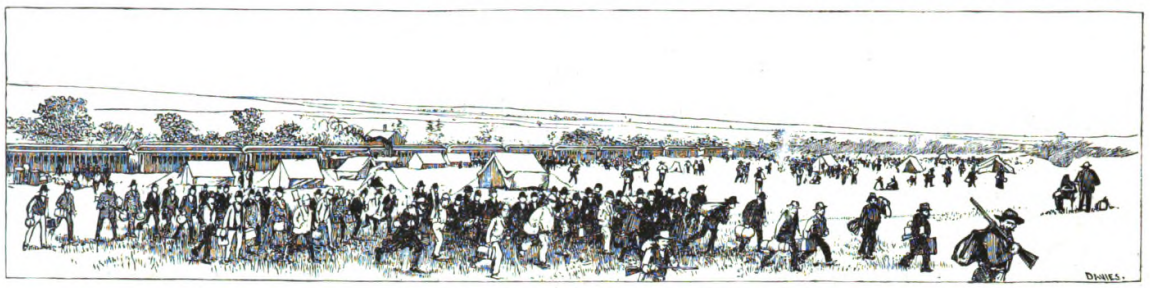
"No, monsieur," he said, with grotesque earnestness; "I do not wash my face for four days!"

I did not doubt it. His face had become so thickly encrusted with red dust and perspiration that he would not have recognized himself had he chanced to look in a mirror.

In this respect he was no worse off than his neighbors, most of whom had not thought of washing their faces since entering Oklahoma. This was not due to any personal negligence, but entirely to the scarcity of water. When men spent their whole time, night and day, in the work of keeping possession of town lots, they could not be expected to go half a mile or a mile for such a trifling diversion as washing their faces.

During the first three days food was nearly as hard to get as water. Dusty ham sandwiches sold on the streets as high as twenty-five cents each, while in the restaurants a plate of pork and beans was valued at seventy-five cents. Few men were well enough provided with funds to buy themselves a hearty meal. One disgusted home-seeker estimated that if he ate as much as he was accustomed to eat back in Missouri his board would cost him $7.75 per day. Not being able to spend that amount of money every day, he contented himself with such stray sandwiches as were within his means. In this manner he contrived to subsist until Wednesday afternoon, when he was forced to return to civilization in

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT GUTHRIE.

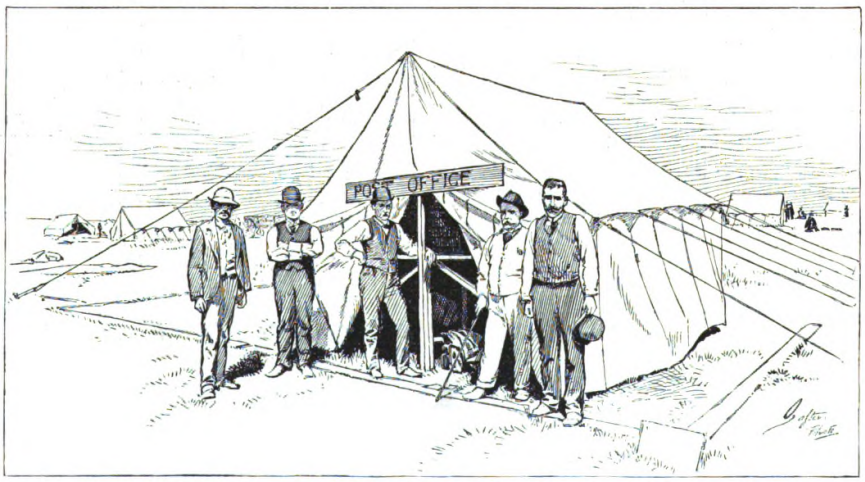


THE HEAD OF THE LINE OUTSIDE OF THE GUTHRIE LAND-OFFICE ON THE OPENING DAY.

southern Kansas in order to keep from starving to death. A newspaper correspondent from Wichita, Kansas, who had never before known the feeling of hunger, was so far gone in the first stages of starvation that upon his return home on Friday he was hardly able to assimilate food. In appearance he was a walking spectre of famine. The only men in Guthrie who made money during the first week were the restaurant-keepers and the water-peddlers. After the first rush had subsided, however, there was no lack of food, and by the sinking of a number of wells there was a plentiful supply of water, so that the city of Guthrie in the matter of food and drink was no worse off than the ordinary frontier town. When the first well was dug, the home-seekers had an excellent opportunity of learning the exact character of the soil. The well-digger went through several feet of red sand after the sod had been cut through, and then found layers of gray and white sand so loose that the spade would sink into it upon very slight downward pressure. Believing that all of the Oklahoma country consisted of this red, gray, and white sand, thousands of home-seekers took the earliest trains back into Kansas, more than ever contented with the fertile soil of the homes that they had left in the first rush to Oklahoma. By the end of the week the crowd of returning home-seekers had lessened, so that Guthrie had what might be called a permanent population with which to begin the serious business of life. Just how long this population will remain, or what size Guthrie will be in another year, is a matter of some uncertainty, for the reason that nothing definite can be decided upon until a thorough test has been made of the farming country round about. Aside from its temporary importance as a land-office centre, the size of Guthrie will be determined, not by the speculative value of town lots, but by the agricultural capacity of the surrounding country. The city has already begun business upon a larger scale than the extent and fertility of the tributary country seems to justify. It has allowed itself the luxury of two mayors and two sets of municipal officers, one set being accredited to Guthrie proper and the other to the outlying district known as East Guthrie. I fancy that when business cools down to a substantial basis it will be found that one set of municipal officers will be enough for both towns.

The first Sunday in Guthrie showed that the new citizens had determined to begin life in the right way. Instead of spending the Sabbath in gambling, drinking, and other riotous ways of living, they held religious services in different parts of the town. If the present spirit of law and order and respectable conduct is continued, as it doubtless will be, the people of Guthrie need never be ashamed of the reputation of their town.

The rush of home-seekers into Oklahoma from the southern border was more picturesque than that from the north, although in numbers it was by no means as great. The intending settlers had been gathered at Purcell, in the Chickasaw Nation, for several months, waiting for the signal to cross the Canadian River and take possession of the coveted land. As the opening day drew near, many of the boomers provided themselves with fleet saddle-horses, and made careful observations of the half-dozen fords leading across the river, their intention being to dash into the river at noon on April 22d, and ride rapidly to their chosen claims. For this purpose the very best of horses were brought into use. Just before noon on the appointed day, hundreds of horsemen gathered at the entrance to the fords waiting for the signal. Lieutenant Adair, of Troop "L," Fifth Cavalry, was stationed on the sands on the oppo-



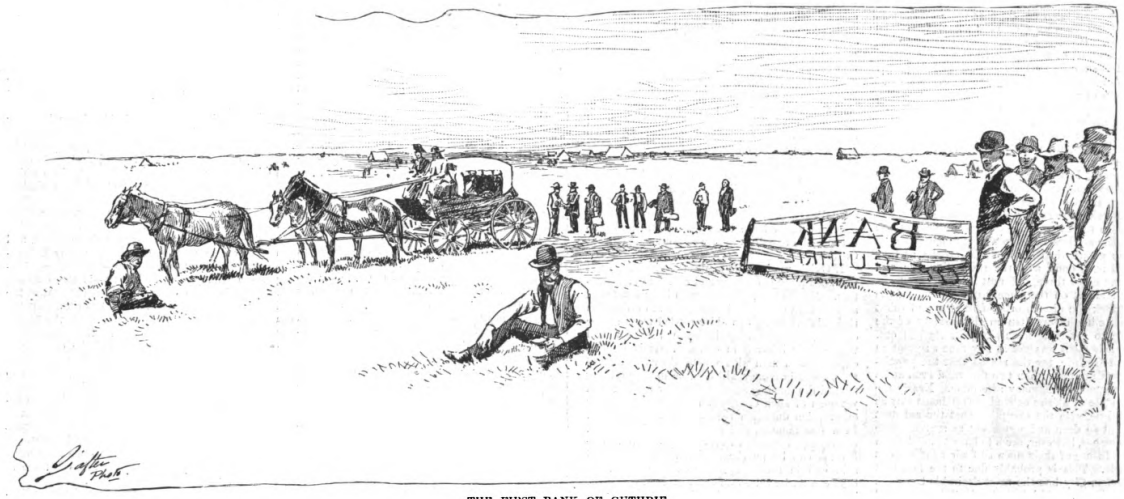
THE GUTHRIE POST-OFFICE.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SETTLEMENT OF OKLAHOMA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

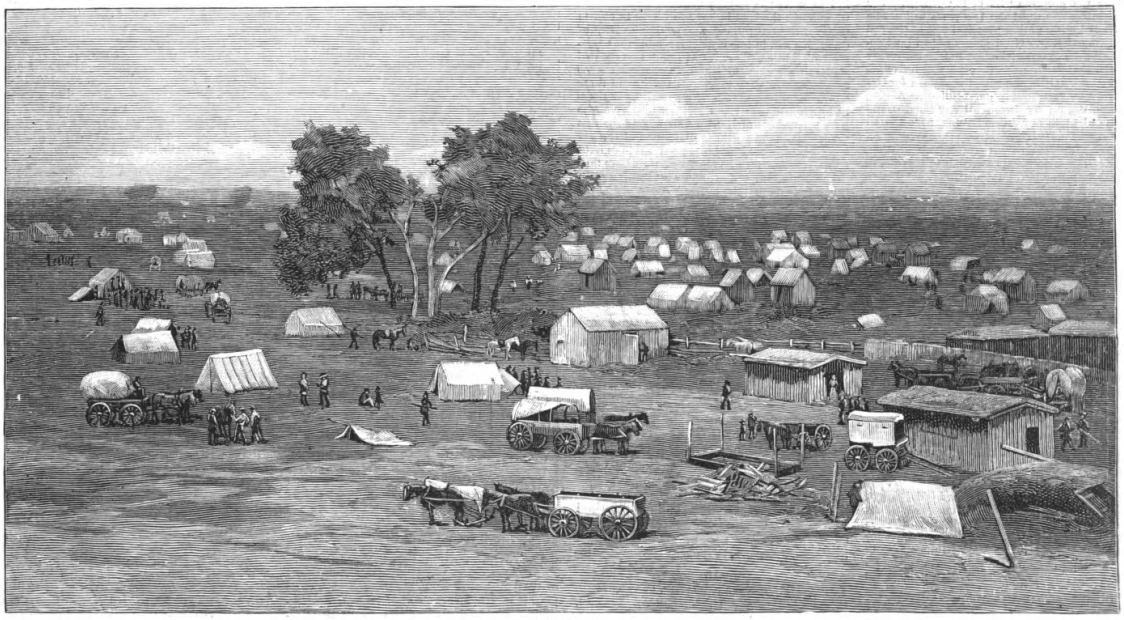
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



LAYING OUT TOWN LOTS IN GUTHRIE, TWENTY MINUTES AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN.



THE FIRST BANK OF GUTHRIE.



OKLAHOMA CITY.

THE FOUNDING OF CITIES IN OKLAHOMA.—From Photographs.

site side of the river. He had arranged that at noon he should order his bugler to blow the recall, while riding a white horse around in a circle. By this means those who were too far away to hear the bugle could get the signal from the circling of the white horse. The lieutenant had caused all the boomers' watches to be set by his own, in order that there might be no false start. Just as the second hand of his watch touched the hour of twelve he gave the signal, and before the stirring notes of the bugle had found an echo against the walls of Purcell, the foremost horsemen had dashed into the fords. Spurred on by yelling and wildly excited riders, the horses made a furious dash through the water, throwing sand and spray on all sides like a sudden gust of rain and hail.

After the horsemen came the wagons, as thick as they could crowd together. The Canadian River is so treacherous, even at the fords, that horses and wagons must keep moving or run a great risk of being lost in the quicksands. The fear of the quicksands, added to the desire to reach the chosen lands, made the crossing on that quiet noonday particularly lively and stir-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ring. The leaders ran a gallant race, but one by one they fell into deep holes in the river-bed, and for a time floundered about at imminent risk of drowning. A young woman, who pluckily held her place in the lead half-way across the river, went into a pool with a mighty splash. Even in the midst of his excitement the nearest boomer, who was racing with her, checked his horse and assisted her out to dry land, thus losing his place among the leaders. A big bay horse held the lead three-quarters of the way across the river, each furious jump giving him more and more of a lead over the others. In an unlucky moment he went into a deep pool head-first, and threw his rider half stunned upon the yellow sand. While the rider was gathering himself together in a half-dazed condition, the big horse stood and looked at him a moment, and then started on again. He soon took his place at the head of the race, and kept it there until the whole cavalcade had passed out of sight. Lieutenant Adair, who had watched this episode with quickening pulse, galloped up to the wet and discomfited rider.

"See here," said he, "I haven't much money about me, but if you'll take $250 for that horse, here's your money."

"No, lieutenant," said the man, with a weary smile; "you needn't make an offer, because you haven't got money enough to buy him."

Most of the boomers who crossed the river at Purcell took up quarter sections of land that they had selected many weeks before; a few tried to organize a town on the flats opposite Purcell, while the others went on to Oklahoma City and Guthrie. Hundreds of boomers came into the southern part of Oklahoma from the Pottawatomie Indian country on the east and from the lands of the wild tribes on the west. As these portions of the border are not protected by soldiers, most of the boomers crossed the line long before the appointed time, and hid in the woods until Monday forenoon, when they emerged from their hiding-places and boldly took up their claims.

The best lots in Oklahoma City, like the valuable locations in Guthrie, were seized by the deputy United States marshals. The actual home-seekers were compelled to take what was left. In their haste to secure desirable lots, the town-site settlers failed to pay as much attention to the geometrical lines of the streets as they should have done, with the result that two, and in some cases three, different streets and blocks were laid out on the same ground. During the first week the discomforts of hunger and thirst were wellnigh forgotten in the anxiety of the people to get their town site properly laid out. The excitement was not at any time as great as that at Guthrie, for the reason that the population was not more than two thousand even at its highest point on Monday afternoon. Nearly the same state of affairs existed at Oklahoma City as at Guthrie, with the exception that the red dust was not so deep and water not as scarce. The new citizens, however, seem to have as much faith in the future of their town as their neighbors at Guthrie. This is probably due to the fact that Oklahoma City has the most desirable town site in Oklahoma, and also to the fact that the land round about is considered to be better than the land in the northern part of the district. The comparative wealth of the two parts will not be definitely known until a practical test of the soil is made next year. Good judges of bad land declare that the country tributary to Oklahoma City will raise no better crops than the soil surrounding Guthrie. If this be true, the outlook for Oklahoma City is certainly not brilliant. A man who hid out in the brush all day Sunday and Sunday night, in order that he might be first on his claim Monday morning despite the disfranchising conditions in the opening proclamation, declared to me that after a search of three days he found no land in the southern part of Oklahoma that he would care to file a claim upon. The upland he found to be worthless red sand, and the river-bottoms to be composed of buffalo wallows and a short wiry grass, which indicated to him the presence of land similar to some of the worthless lands of Kansas. He returned to his farm in Kansas without attempting to make a new settlement.

In this part of the country the poverty and wretched condition of some of the older boomers who have been waiting for years for the opening of Oklahoma were painfully apparent. Men with large families settled upon land with less than a dollar in money to keep them from starvation. How they expected to live until they could get a crop from their lands was a mystery which even they could not pretend to explain. Like unreasoning children, they thought that could they but once reach the beautiful green slopes of the promised land, their poverty and trouble would be at an end. They are now awakening to the bitter realization that their real hardships have just begun.

The original boomers who caused Oklahoma to be opened for settlement have much to be responsible for, not the least of which are the tears and cries of hungry children, who look about for bread and see only the red sand shimmering in the heated air. Could the disgusted home-seekers have laid hands upon the late Captain David L. Payne, the original Oklahoma boomer, the blood-thirsty despatches from Oklahoma in some of the daily newspapers would have had foundation in one instance at least. If the projected monument to Captain Payne is ever built, the expense of it will not be borne by the men who went into Oklahoma on the twenty-second day of April.

The settlement of Kingfisher, in the western part of Oklahoma, differed little from the rush to Guthrie and Oklahoma City, except that the town was laid out about fifty-seven miles from the most available railroad. At the time of the opening of Oklahoma the Rock Island Railroad had reached Pond Creek, in the Cherokee outlet, on its way through the Indian Territory and Texas. The Kingfisher people reached their new home from Pond Creek in wagons and stages. They were held at the Oklahoma line until noon on Monday, when they were allowed to go into the promised land as they pleased. When they arrived at Kingfisher they found that the town had already been laid out by a number of men who had ridden in on horseback from the west border of Oklahoma, only a mile and a half distant. As at Guthrie, two town sites were located. The actual town of Kingfisher will not have a permanent location until the Rock Island road has designated the place for its station.

Meanwhile the people are living in tents and in wagons, waiting for the time when they shall build what they expect to be the capital of the new Territory of Oklahoma. They may not get the new territory this year or next year, yet it is safe to say that they will get it some time, for, now that the heart of the Indian country has been opened to settlement, the rest of it must follow as a matter of necessity. Already the Cherokee outlet has been invaded by boomers who failed to find desirable claims in Oklahoma, and although the soldiers in the Indian Territory have been instructed to drive them out, yet it is quite likely that they will remain on their new claims unmolested. With these people as a nucleus, the white population of the Cherokee outlet will grow steadily, and in time it will compel the Indians to sell out their interest in the lands and go elsewhere.

Various small towns have been laid out in different parts of Oklahoma. In these places the speculative idea is of course uppermost, despite the fact that town-site speculation has already been overdone in Guthrie, Oklahoma City, and Kingfisher. It is said that lots in these three towns have been sold for large sums, yet I think that the reports lack confirmation. From personal observation I know that lots in Guthrie have been offered for sale as low as fifty cents each. In one case a disheartened Wisconsin boomer sold two Guthrie lots, a twelve-dollar tent, six dollars' worth of blankets, and a week's provisions for four dollars. In Oklahoma City lots have probably not yet fallen that low in value, for the reason that fewer of them have been staked off, and also because the reaction there was not as great as at Guthrie.

If Oklahoma is to be made a land of farms, it will need plenty of money and earnest determination. Many of the boomers who have not found a lodgement there will be compelled to relinquish their claims and go to older settled parts of the country, where money is more plentiful and where their labor is in demand. It is folly to expect that a man with a wife, six children, and forty cents in money will be able to do anything toward the development of the new region; and yet men of such circumstances came under my observation during a ride near Oklahoma City. In a few months, and perhaps in a few weeks, the relinquishments to very many claims in Oklahoma can be purchased for a purely nominal sum, and in some cases for nothing at all. A crop cannot be raised on the new land this year. The ultimate success of Oklahoma as an agricultural region depends as much upon the rainfall as upon the fertility of the soil; and those who plough the land in hope will have to wait in faith for the rains to come. The development of Oklahoma will in this respect resemble the settlement of Kansas, where it was found that the real settlers were in many instances men with some means, who came to take up the claims of those whom drought and mortgages and hard times had driven to the wall. Hundreds of people who were starved out of Kansas were among the first to enter Oklahoma with the intention of retrieving their scattered fortunes; yet as they went into Oklahoma with no more resources than they had carried into central and western Kansas, it is not unlikely that the ultimate result will be the same. Men who have gone into Oklahoma and obtained quarter sections of land on the fertile parts of the river-bottoms, with the intention of pasturing stock on the sandy uplands, which are adapted for nothing better than grazing, stand a fair chance of keeping the mortgage company from the door, as, from present indications, it is not probable that the uplands will be disturbed for many years to come.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

I.

O LINGERING, loving touch, soft, come again!
My marble coldness feels the kindly heat.
O come, sweet warmth, and let thy kisses beat
Upon my brow and hands like summer rain!
Strange warmth and joy unknown, and the dim pain
Of earth sweet struggling back to life in spring,
The call the rivers hear when warm winds bring
O'er Ægean blue the summons of the main,
Now come to me, and vague new symphonies,
Sweet as Apollo's song when first the seas
Throbbed to his music, ushering in the sway
Of the new gods. The night gives place to day,
The cold to warmth. I yield to the sweet strife,
And come, Pygmalion, to thee and life.

II.

A glimpse of grace and dewy youth he saw,
Whose rare, chaste beauty, through his sculptor art,
Slow moulded into woman's form, each part
Induing earth with heaven, his only law
His dream divine, until, without a flaw,
The matchless statue stood: then, with sweet strife
Of vaguest longing, yearned and woke to life,
Instinct with soul. So dreams of old could draw
To heaven. We vaguer dream, or not at all,
And dare not lift our eyes to heights serene,
Pygmalion-like, and know not that we fall
With looking down. We fain would pass between
And dare not scale the heights. Alas! how few
Of all our fairest dreams, like his, come true!

HUGH T. SUDDUTH.

NOTES ON THE PARISIAN THEATRES.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHENEVER he chances to revisit Paris a true lover of the theatre has always an undefined and yet distinct feeling as of a return home. It is on the banks of the Seine that he drinks his fill of the drama and quenches his thirst for the histrionic. In these days of doubt and debt the ship on the shield of Paris sails a troubled sea; but whatever the storm of politics or the raging of the trade-winds of party, the undismayed theatre keeps on its course, and conveys its passengers to the isles of the blessed, where the Cid is forever defying Moors and Castilians, and where the light-hearted and light-fingered Mascarille is forever making merry those who love Molière and rejoice in his works. Beyond all question there is good acting outside of France. I have seen Herr Barnay and the Meiningers act *Julius Cæsar*, and I have seen a performance of the *Taming of the Shrew* by Mr. Daly's company of comedians. Nor is it to be denied that there is bad acting in France; I confess that now and again I find a play inadequately performed even in the very house of Molière. But, when all is said, nowhere else is the environment quite as friendly to the development of the dramatic art. Nowhere else, perhaps, is there a show in the streets which suggests that on the stage; to me, at least, the perpetual panorama of the Parisian thoroughfares is continually delightful. There is a flavor, faint if you will, but not to be disputed, of the spectacular about the city as a whole. Some of the "sets" suggest the hand of a dexterous stage-manager, and some of the sights are worthy of a master showman. Even the people who jostle past us on the pavement seem to have a share of the histrionic faculty, as who should say that each was playing a part. Perhaps it is straining an inference to see a touch of the dramatic—or must I call it a hint of the theatrical?—in the wreath of twisted lilac blossoms, redolent of spring, which pious and patriotic hands hung at the feet of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc the day I arrived in Paris.

"Paris is electric," Mr. Brownell has been telling us; "touch it at any point, and you receive an awakening shock." There is no season when the urban battery is more highly charged with vital sparks than the rushing, bustling, crowded fortnight before the running of the race for the Grand Prix. The fresh green of the frequent gardens tells us that it is spring already, but the gayety of winter has scarcely slackened. Though the open-air *cafés chantants* of the Champs Elysées welcome us, yet the theatres have not begun to close their doors. Certain of the successful plays of the year may have run their course and retired for a little space. Last year, for example, I was too late to see *La Souris* at the Théâtre Français, and to behold the sufferings of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as La Tosca at the Porte St.-Martin. That my retarded visit did not allow me to see *Décoré* at the Variétés was a far greater deprivation: from all accounts M. Meilhac's play was the best he has written since he parted company with M. Halévy, whereas M. Pailleron's play was not another "monde où l'on s'ennuie," and M. Sardou's was a rather revolting vehicle for the exhibition of Mme. Bernhardt's specialties, already displayed in *Fédora* and in *Théodora* with far more enticing skill and far less brutality.

But whether the taste of the strayed traveller be for "a comedy, or a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick," he finds in Paris a wide choice of entertainment. Last spring, if his fancy favored the comic opera, he could go to the huge and barbaric Eden Theatre and see Madame Granier and Madame Judic as Clairette and Mlle. Lange in the *Fille de Madame Angot*, of which the music at least is always fresh and lively—far younger, indeed, and more alert than the ladies who are its latest interpreters; or he could go to the Variétés and see a spiritless performance of the *Princesse de Trébizonde*. He might venture as far as the Gaité, where he would find our old friend the *Duke's Motto*, tricked out with tunes as a sort of semi-heroic, semi-comic operetta; or he might betake himself to the Chatelet, where he would behold the amusing panorama which the clever M. Dennery has made out of the clever M. Jules Verne's *Michel Strogoff*. Preferring more dramatic fare, he would seek the Gymnase, where they were acting M. Sardou's *Dora*, an essentially Parisian play, chiefly known to the English-speaking stage in a cockney-jingo perversion called *Diplomacy*; or he would cross the river to the Odéon, where an exotic spectacle might please him, the *Marchande de Sourires*, a genuine Japanese drama honestly transferred to the French stage by Mme. Judith Gautier, interesting rather as a theatrical curiosity than from its dramatic quality. The Japanese theatre appears sadly primitive when we catch its echoes in Paris, although the other-world flavor of the Cathayan play was delightfully brought out by quaint customs and costumes, and by the strange and fan-framed scenery. And the entertainment offered to him this coming summer will be exactly the same in quantity and in quality. At the Vaudeville, for example, will be M. Sardou's *Belle-Maman*, instead of M. Sardou's *Dora*; and at the Variétés Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will be playing in a French version of *As in a Looking-Glass*; while the Gaité offers an elaborate revival of *La Fille du Tambour-Major*.

If the visitor has a fancy for side shows greater than his liking for the more substantial fare of the theatres, he may amuse himself at the summer circus, or at the Cirque Fernando, or at the Hippodrome (where there was a gorgeous equestrian spectacle, with Skobeleff, that spectacular Russian, for its hero); and there was the hippo-aquatic New Circus, with a trained deer that jumped gates, and a trained bear that rode horseback, and with a final nautical pantomime, *La Noce de Chocolat*, which was noisier and duller than a pantomime has a right to be. Or he could take a seat at the Nouveautés to marvel at the wonders of M. Buatier de Kolta, the most inventive of modern magicians since Robert Houdin; or he might squeeze himself into the little Théâtre d'Application to study the startling *Ombres Françaises* of the young draughtsman of surpassing skill who calls himself Caran d'Ache, a most extraordinarily ingenious spectacle, a modification of the old shadow pantomime—a shadow show in which little zinc profile figures a few inches high are projected on a screen, and Napoleon's grand army is evoked before you—a vision of wondrous solidity and breadth; or you are made to see in silhouette likewise the many varieties of man and beast to be observed of an afternoon coming back from the Bois de Boulogne, of which some are reproduced on page 395.

If he enjoys a puppetshow—and what true lover of the drama does not revel in *Punch and Judy?*—he might listen to the Pupazzi of M. Lemercier de Neuville one or two nights a week; or he might go in the afternoon to the new Théâtre Amusant, in the garden of the Tuileries, where for two sous (three sous of a Sunday) he will be privileged to witness the pleasantest of puppet plays, in which sometimes as many as six figures are seen on the stage at once, all animated by the human thumb and fingers. If he has a taste for more highly spiced delights, there is an *al fresco* variety show, where the seductive number on the programme is a naturalistic quadrille danced by two young ladies pleasantly known as La Goulue and Grille d'Égout. And if more innocent pleasures are sought, there is a reproduction of the Bastille and of the surrounding streets, more or less as they were a century ago, with the especial attraction of the escape of a prisoner from the infamous fortress every afternoon at four o'clock precisely.

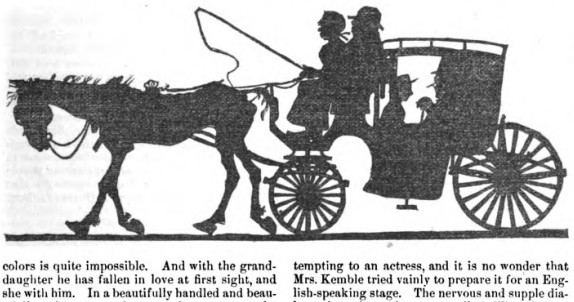
But all these shows and side shows, however fascinating and soul-satisfying, are secondary to the serious business of life as the play-goer in Paris understands it. For him the Comédie Française is the true focus of delight, into which he is drawn at once by an absolutely resistless attraction. As he settles himself in his seat he has high anticipations of enjoyment, and a thrill of ecstasy runs through him when the wooden mallet strikes the premonitory three blows, and the new iron curtain rises majestically heavenward. This new iron curtain—in the eyes of experts a wholly useless luxury—is the outward and visible sign of that making ready against the inevitable conflagration which has been imposed upon every Parisian play-house since the pitiful tragedy of the Opéra Comique. The substitution of the electric light for gas and the opening of additional aisles and exits are other results of that awful warning—results more profitable to the play-goer, as the electric light is not as heating as gas, and as the extra entrances let in a little more air. It must be acknowledged that at the Théâtre Français now and at other well-built theatres of Paris the temperature and the atmosphere are not insupportable, as once they were. A Parisian play-goer no longer takes his life in his hand, like an African explorer.

The Comédie Française, having the guardianship of the reputations of Corneille, Molière, and Racine, has never given in to the detestable habit of long and unbroken "runs." A new play is acted at most four times a week. So it happened that although a new programme was produced on the night of my arrival in Paris, I was enabled also to see two other performances there. *Le Flibustier* of M. Jean Richepin and *Le Baiser* of M. Théodore de Banville are both written in the rhymed Alexandrines which the French have accepted as their dramatic metre. The modern poetic play shows few signs of life outside of France, and even there it has a vague, intermittent vitality; for a season or two it will hibernate, emerging now and again most unexpectedly, but with abundant vigor. The two new plays I had the pleasure of seeing on the same evening were fair specimens of the two tendencies of modern French verse. *Le Baiser* was the pastime of a rhymester, and *Le Flibustier* was the work of a poet. M. Théodore de Banville is a chartered libertine, stretching to the utmost the poetic license of allusion, and bound by no fetters but those of his own rules of rhyme. Here he is a precisian and impeccable. In his little treatise on French versification he has broken the image of Boileau, and declared that rhyme is and must needs be the only basis of verse. In his hands French rhymes are a species of pun, a string of verbal fireworks. It is as though he had taken to heart a desire to prove the truth of Mr. Lowell's saying that "all French poetry is purely artificial, and its high polish is all that keeps out decay." In *Gringoire* M. de Banville showed that he could be a serious dramatist, but *Le Baiser* is an airy nothing; it is the very checkiest of trifles. A fairy changed into an ugly old hag can recover her rank only if she receive the first kiss of an innocent youth. Pierrot appears—the simple-minded, white-garbed Pierrot of an old French pantomime—and, as she begs, he bestows on her the charity of a kiss. In the twinkling of an eye the old crone is transformed into an adorable fairy, beaming with youth, grace, and beauty. With her Pierrot promptly falls in love, and so warmly does he urge his suit that she hesitates—and a fairy who hesitates is lost. But at this psychologic moment there is heard afar off the chorus of her fellows calling her back to join their revels. She listens, and then, hastily returning Pierrot's kiss, she vanishes. At first Pierrot, abandoned and disconsolate, is about to commit suicide; but he changes his mind when he sees so many lovely ladies in the audience, for whose sake he will survive. Although the fairy has disappeared, the actress is waiting for a recall, so Pierrot tells us; and going to the side, M. Coquelin Cadet, the Pierrot, leads forth the fairy, Mlle. Reichemberg, who makes an appeal for the poet

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to the ladies—an *argumentum ad feminam*. How shall a harsh critic break this butterfly on a wheel? *Le Baiser* is the practical joke of a most accomplished rhymester, and it is set off with a glittering chaplet of verbal jests, of pert and pertinent allusions, of wilful anachronisms, and of whimsical incongruities. M. de Banville's play is admirably acted, as it needs should be at the Théâtre Français, and yet—and yet— Well, the very clever M. Coquelin Cadet is nothing if not knowing, and he is perhaps a little too wily, too conscious, too wide-awake, for that idealized greenborn Pierrot; and Mlle. Reichemberg, with her indisputable youth and her pretty ways and her skill in the delivery of verse, is not quite the fairy of our dreams; at best she is but a very Parisian fairy of the Boulanger period.

Though reserves may be suggested as to the final value of M. de Banville's *Baiser*, and as to the absolute perfection of its performance, no allowance needs to be made for M. Richepin's *Flibustier*. This is a very quiet play for the noisy author of *Les Gueux* and *Les Blasphèmes*, and it would fail to please the Frenchman who told Mrs. Kemble that he liked *Macbeth* because there was so much *remue-ménage* in it. (How may we render *remue-ménage* in English?—*rumpus!*) For once the author of *Les Morts Bizarres* is but a tamed Turanian; and it is a simple, straightforward domestic drama he sets before us in a single scene and with sturdy characters, honest folk all of them. In plot the play suggests Scribe, lacking a little of Scribe's surpassing cunning of craftsmanship. For its defects of construction there are compensations; M. Richepin is as skilful and as well equipped as a poet as was Scribe as a playwright. It is a pleasure at once sensuous and intellectual to hear M. Got and M. Worms and Mme. Barretta—three artists of an incomparable art of delivery—speaking M. Richepin's rich and resonant verse. As the strong and homely lines fall on our ears, bracing and tonic like a sea-breeze, we feel that there is such a thing as French poetry, however sceptical we may have been before in more critical moods. *Le Flibustier* is marine and manly, and there is the salt of sea spray in its rhymes. Its story is simplicity itself. On the Brittany coast there lives an aged sailor, too old to go on cruise himself, but loving the sea more and more, forgiving and forgetting that it has taken away his sons one by one, until now he has with him only a granddaughter. There is a grandson somewhere perhaps—who knows?—dead, it may be. He left them when he was but ten, and he would now be twenty-five, and there has been no news of him for eight years. The cousins had been betrothed, and the granddaughter awaits patiently the return of the bridegroom. Suddenly a young man turns up, a friend of the grandson's, with whom he served among the filibusters, where they fought side by side: if the grandson is not home it is because he is dead. This confidence is made to a daughter-in-law of the old man's, who declares the love of the aged sailor for his only grandson, and his absolute confidence in the future return of the boy. Then the old man comes in with the granddaughter, and by an adroitly contrived scene he jumps to the conclusion that the filibuster before him is his own grandson. From kindliness of heart the newcomer is led to acquiesce in the deception. To masquerade before the old sailor is not congenial to an honest young fellow, however high his motive, but to steal the young girl's love under false



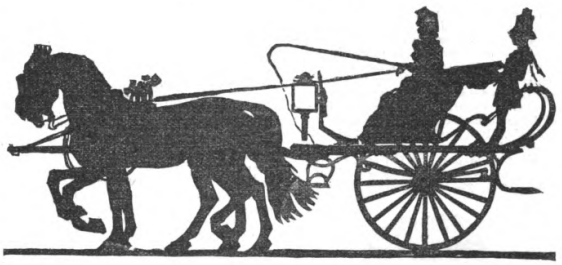
colors is quite impossible. And with the granddaughter he has fallen in love at first sight, and she with him. In a beautifully handled and beautifully written scene between the young people, most beautifully acted by M. Worms and Mme. Barretta-Worms, the girl makes up to her betrothed, as she thinks him, seeing that he loves her, and wondering at his constraint, until at last the man can bear no more, and the truth breaks out. Mme. Barretta was exquisitely chaste and adorably ingenuous in this delicate and difficult situation: she was an ideal sailor's sweetheart, gracefully girlish, but with the ripened charm of true womanhood. M. Worms excels always in the power of expressing repressed feeling, and never has a strenuous endeavor at self-control, the internal and inevitable conflict of duty and desire, been set forth with more virility and sobriety. Then, at this critical stage, the sea gives up its dead, and the grandson returns, whereupon the old sailor roughly orders the impostor from the house. He goes at once, comforted only by a word of love from the girl. In the final act all is explained, and after a struggle the real grandson withdraws in favor of his friend, and all is well.

A bald summary like this is a betrayal of the author. A true play by a real dramatist, to be judged as it should be, must be seen on the stage; a perusal in the closet, however alert the sympathy of the reader, is necessarily inadequate, and a mere barren telling of the outline of the story is cruelly unjust to the playwright. *Le Flibustier* can be appreciated to the full only by those who may have the good fortune to see it at the Théâtre Français, where it is acted to perfection. M. Laroche as the real grandson is perchance a trifle stiff, and Mme. Pauline Granger as the daughter-in-law is a trifle dry, but, when all is said, they are not unworthy of their parts. As the old sailor, M. Got is superb; there was little or no trace of the hard abruptness, if one may so term it, which is sometimes a failing of M. Got's; a tenderness, an elevation, a poetic enthusiasm—these were the chief characteristics of his impersonation, which may fairly be called a masterpiece of consummate histrionic art. To my mind it was his freshest and broadest performance since he "created" the elder brother in M. Augier's *Fourchambault* in 1878. There are not wanting those who cry aloud that the Comédie Française is in its decadence. To them this performance of *Le Flibustier* is a sufficient answer. At no time in the history of the Théâtre Français could such a play have been better acted than it is to-day, and no visitor to the Exhibition of 1889 ought to miss it.

Neither of the other programmes that I was able to see at the Théâtre Français was as interesting as this double bill. They were both revivals, and in both Mlle. Bartet played the chief part. One was *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt failed dismally when she first appeared at the Français, and the other was *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has acted successfully in England and America, but not yet in Paris. In both characters Mlle. Bartet proved herself an accomplished actress, better suited as the less poignant Mlle. de Belle-Isle than as Adrienne Lecouvreur, a part admirably contrived by Scribe and M. Legouvé to disguise the great Rachel's progress from tragedy to more modern drama. There is no lack of dignity or of pathos in Mlle. Bartet's performance, but it is in the more modern passages that she is most at home, and her delivery of the fable of the "Two Pigeons" was a caressing delight to the ear. In the tragic catastrophe Mlle. Bartet was touching rather than powerful. More within her range was the ill-used heroine of Dumas's strange comedy, wherein we see a situation risky beyond expression most delicately treated. She was moving and tender as the victim of a plot which could not have been carried to its culmination in any world except that of four dimensions where we may suppose anything and everything to be possible. Despite the peculiarity and improbability of the central situation, the play is tempting to an actress, and it is no wonder that Mrs. Kemble tried vainly to prepare it for an English-speaking stage. The nervous and supple dialogue is perhaps the most easily brilliant in any of the elder Dumas's plays, with never a sign of effort, whatever the strain of the dangerous situation.

(Here, if I may open a parenthesis—and I do not see why the theologian alone should enjoy the privilege of the excursus—I should like to remark that the Duc de Richelieu is, in our Anglo-Saxon eyes, a sorry scoundrel, although the French seem to look on him with lenity if not with liking. There is a curious coincidence, as the phrase is, between the final words of the *Demi-Monde* and of *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, in which we are shown a *monde* quite as disreputable. M. Dumas fils goes out of his way to call that most unpleasant personality, Olivier de Jalin "le plus honnête homme que je connais"—the best fellow I know; so his father before him made his hero join the hands of the wicked duke and of the woman he has sought to ruin, saying, "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle, my wife—M. le Duc de Richelieu, my best friend." Don Juan may have been born in Spain, but he has been naturalized in France, and no Frenchman ever thinks of asking to see his papers.)

The performance of Mlle. Bartet was spoken of first because in both *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* the part of the heroine predominates; but at the Théâtre Français both plays were "cast to the strength of the company," as a glance at the programme would show. Mlle. Kalb, for instance, played the little part of the waiting-maid in Dumas's comedy, and Mlle. Legault and Mlle. Ludwig appeared in even smaller characters in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. M. Albert Lambert fils was the lover in both plays, and M. Leloir impersonated that pair of noble ninnies the Duc d'Aumont and the Prince de Bouillon. As Mme. de Prié, Mlle. Broisat was not exactly ideal, nor was Mlle. Pierson as the Princesse de Bouillon, which it is intended that Mlle. Brandès shall attempt shortly; but both actresses are artists, and their efforts were wholly honorable. Perhaps as much is to be said for M. Febvre's Duc de Richelieu, which was a worthy performance, and yet altogether unsatisfactory. Quite

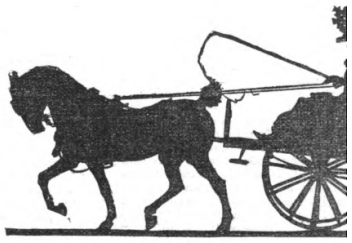


the best acting in either comedy was M. de Feraudy's Michonnet, admirably rounded and perfectly finished, moving, and truthful. Both plays are to be repeated frequently during the Exhibition summer, and both may be recommended to all lovers of the histrionic art.

Just now the Parisian papers like to talk of the decadence of the Comédie Française. No doubt there is a vague relaxing of discipline and an indefinite inadequacy of stage management. There is no denying that the most of the splendid company of the Théâtre Français when first I took a seat in its orchestra, more than a score of years ago — Bressant, Delaunay, Mme. Plessy, Mme. Favart—are now gone; and gone also are not a few of those who made the glory of the Exhibition year of 1878 —Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mlle. Croizette, Mme. Broham. *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* Where are the actors of yesteryear? They have passed, and there is no one to take their places, as there was no one to replace Rachel or Samson or Regnier. In fact a great actor is never replaced, however brilliant or various the ability of those who come after him, for no two men are ever precisely the same. At the Théâtre Français there are at present not a few actors and actresses of whom we shall speak a score of years hence as now we speak of Mme. Plessy and M. Delaunay and M. Regnier. M. Got still remains, and M. Thiron and M. Barry and M. Mounet-Sully, the foremost of French tragedians, and M. Worms, one of the most manly, individual, and satisfactory of actors. Mlle. Bartet and Mlle. Reichemberg and Mme. Samary we have with us still, and Mme. Barretta-Worms, for whose frequent appearance during the Exhibition of 1889 the *Revue des Deux Mondes* recently expressed a wish, that strangers might see an ideal French woman. And there are younger performers of the greatest promise, Mlle. Brandès, for instance, and the beginner, Mlle. Ludwig, M. de Feraudy (who is M. Got's pupil), M. Lebargy (who is M. Delaunay's), and M. Berr (who has modelled himself on M. Coquelin).

And M. Coquelin himself, is he not to be seen again at the Théâtre Français? The Comédie Française is a commonwealth, with a Lord Protector imposed on it by the state, an office now held by the distinguished novelist M. Jules Clarétie, with whom I had the pleasure of discussing the alleged decline of the theatre. I asked M. Clarétie if M. Coquelin would not return. "Why should he not?" was the cordial answer; "this is the house of Molière, and M. Coquelin is the actor of Molière." A saying like this marks the exact difference between the departure of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and of M. Coquelin. The lady was not in place at the Théâtre Français, for there was an echo of the charlatan about her at all times, a flavor of eccentricity and peculiarity. Now the Théâtre Français is a temple of classic art, where things should be done decently and in order, and it is no place for the freak or the crank. So the house of Molière was really stronger when Mme. Bernhardt left it, and it had escaped a great danger. But M. Coquelin is the finest comedian of our generation; he excels in the characters written by Molière for himself, and he is an artist of dignity and self-respect. All his friends and all friends of the Comédie Française would grieve to see a permanent divorce declared between them. But for the present, at all events, there is a separation; in the middle of May M. Coquelin gives his single farewell performance at the Français, and in September he makes his first appearance at another Parisian theatre, the Porte Saint-Martin, where he will appear in M. Paul Delair's version of the Spanish play known to the American stage by Mr. Howells's adaptation called *Yorick's Love*. Yet, as the villain used to say in melodrama, "a time will come" when M. Coquelin will return triumphant to the Comédie Française.

There is good acting outside of the Français, and there are good plays al example, at the Vaudeville—where they give *vaudevilles*—the *Surprises du Divorc* Bisson and Mars would make a Vernon laugh out in meeting. The last play Sir Coverley had been at was the *Committee* I should not have gone to, neither," th knight explained, "had I not been tol hand that it was a good Church of Engl edy." Perhaps it would be stretching a little to say that neither the New Engl con nor the Church of England knight w anything to reprehend in the *Surprises du* A note of bad taste is struck more than there are lines here and there which ev unworthy laughter. But in the main (despite its title) is innocent enough, and ing quite easy to render absolutely in Farce stands to comedy, I take it, in a like that borne by melodrama to trage far as action predominates over thou what is done has a greater importance th is said or felt—in so far, in a word, a more prominent than character. Althou rior doubtless, farce and melodrama are mate forms of the drama as comedy and A good farce is perhaps as great a ra good comedy. There is no need to despa French playwrights as long as they are of a farce as persistently and unfailing as the *Surprises du Divorce*, a master theatrical humor and a marvel of con skill. The characters are broadly and ef sketched, and the dialogue is amusing and always adequate, but the quality of lies in its construction. Everything is and made plain; there is no hurrying hesitation; the second act is a triumph o ous expectation, and the utmost tribute ter is expressed from every situation. that the *Surprises du Divorce* does n literature at any point, except possibly intensity of the character of Mme. Bo the iterant and itinerant mother-in-law, a ter worn threadbare by hard service in th



drama, but furbished, until we see not ther-in-law raised to the nth, but the ve tessential mother-in-law, primeval and et

In general a good play is well perform the acting was satisfactory. Mme. was worthy of the name she bore. He Bonnivard was a colossal, almost epic, ca of the mother-in-law of comic fiction. as the son-in-law, and son-in-law once r was a match for her—it is impossible t more extravagantly. A frank farce unfa its faculty of evoking laughter is a pri thankful for, and the authors and actor *Surprises du Divorce* have deserved well fellow-men.

During the past winter the plays of the ville have not been successful, and the *S du Divorce* is to be revived for the benefi Exhibition visitors. If the farce at the ville stands outside of literature, so also *Grande Marnière*, the drama which I s spring at the Porte St.-Martin, despite a st endeavor to be literary and life-like. I co no fondness for the *pièces Ohnettes*, as the sn of the boulevard call them, and the *Gran nière* is not likely to convert me. It is t of the commonplace, conventional, cut-an we know every character almost before h his mouth, we foresee every situation at word of preparation, and we recognize as friend almost every phrase of the dialogu

La Grande Marnière was a dramatizat novel, and the increasing frequency of the tized novel is one of the signs of the tim Augier produces no more, M. Dumas writ ly for the Parisian market, and M. Sa working chiefly for the export trade. Th men of great literary expectations, M. Pa get, for example, and M. Guy de Maupass their account rather in prose fiction than stage. The novel is at last almost as pr as the play, and it pays even better than t



Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MME. BARRETTA-WORMS.

if it is turned into the play after it has succeeded as the novel. Literary tendencies are like the currents of the air; we can see the clouds moving above us, but we know that the winds are changeable and capricious, blowing by fits and starts, and often two ways at once, and it is not always easy to tell which of the two struggling breezes is the stronger and will bring the final storm. Yet it is scarcely to be disputed that the four or five foremost French novelists of the day are all more or less closely related to the realistic school. Now, for the most part, the novels of the realistic school lend themselves with difficulty to the hand of the theatrical adapter. They are far less fit for stage purposes than were the stories of the old romantic school, and they suffer more in the transfer. I have the highest respect for the strong work of M. Zola, and for the charming subtlety of M. Daudet; the shriek of horror with which British journalists are wont to greet French novels strikes me to be only too often the violent reaction of a guilty enjoyment. But there is no denying that a man may write in his study, and you may read by the fireside, what you do not wish to hear him say aloud on the stage of a crowded theatre. M. Zola, for example, delights in describing the undescribable, and he takes rude pleasure in violating all the decencies of civilized life; rank strength is perhaps his chief characteristic. On the stage he is shaven and shorn perforce, and the result is not wholly satisfactory. I arrived in Paris last spring just too late to see *Germinal*, but I hardly regret it. M. Zola does



MME. JEANNE SAMARY.

not seem to me a born dramatist, and he is hopelessly unwilling to accept or even to understand the conditions of the theatre, the limitations under which the dramatist must work. *Germinal* was the strongest story of the past ten years; there was in it not a little of the magnificent sweep of a great epic; it had the irresistible and inevitable movement of a solemn tragedy. Taken from the pages of a book and put on the boards of a theatre, all this evaporated, and there was left nothing but a rather vulgar panorama of violence and suffering.

I have just been enjoying the two volumes of M. Jules Lemaître's *Impressions du Théâtre*, the fine flower of latter-day criticism. M. Lemaître is a critic with the keenest insight, an easy wit, a gift of raillery, a fresh personality, looking at all things in the theatre from his own private point of view, freely changing his mind, and as frankly giving the reasons for the new opinion, with a high respect for literature, and yet not taking himself too seriously, and ever revealing beneath the most delightful playfulness the firm grip of the scholar who has studied and thought. Nowhere is the passing show of Paris more artfully mirrored or more cleverly commented upon than it is in these impressions of M. Lemaître, though it would be idle to pretend to find in them the constant enjoyment of the theatre, which is perhaps M. Sarcey's most obvious characteristic. Nor has the critic of the *Débats* the extraordinary understanding of the underlying principles of the drama which we see in the critic of the *Temps*. It seems to me indisputable that there has been a definite improvement in the tone and quality of French dramatic criticism since M. Sarcey succeeded Jules Janin as the "prince of critics." M. Lemaître, M. Gustave Larroumet, M. Émile Faguet, M. Léopold Lacour, M. Léon Ganderax, are less flippant and less slovenly than were many of the contemporaries and rivals of Janin and Gautier. I know no more depressing reading than an enforced perusal of the empty volumes in which these two writers have collected the best of their feuilletons. If criticism have any real influence on art—as to which the court is willing to hear argument, agreeing to take the papers and reserve its decision—that influence has been wiser of late and more wholesome. It is greatly to be regretted that M. Sarcey persistently refuses to reprint his weekly reviews of the drama, thus forcing those of us who sit at his feet to keep a cupboard full of old numbers of the *Temps*. (I suppose I must have



MLLE. BRANDÈS.

six hundred of them in a chaotic heap.) M. Sarcey's reason is that journalism is not literature, and that he writes in a different way and with a different emphasis in a newspaper and in a book.

One trait in common have M. Lemaître and M. Vitu and M. Sarcey—they spend themselves chiefly on the analysis and discussion of the play, dismissing the acting briefly. This is the habit, I take it, of the best critics at all times. Lessing did thus, and so does Mr. Archer now. It is only when the play is old, well worn, established beyond peradventure, that the tragedian or comedian takes precedence of the dramatist. The play it is which remains in the end, and which is of first consequence. The acting passes with the falling of the curtain, and the actor takes his pay on the spot in applause, in tears, or in laughter; he gets cash on delivery, subject to no discount. The critics of the modern acted drama have need only now and again to add a few words of praise or blame for the performer, and more than one of them is heartily glad of the exemption, feeling always ill at ease as a judge of acting. After more than twenty years of diligent play-going in France, England, and America, I am willing to confess that I know very little about the histrionic art. It is an art of unformulated principles, empiric and illusive; that they evade me, at least, I am painfully aware. Though I follow it as Hamlet followed the Ghost, and it bid me swear, yet I see it not with the eye of knowledge; and I may admit that I read the articles of most dramatic critics with an awakened wonder as to whether or not they know any more than I do.



MLLE. LUDWIG.

OUR ANTHRACITE COAL TRADE.

EVERY one who studies the value of railroad and industrial securities is now giving careful attention to the anthracite coal trade. The group of securities on the Stock Exchange that are spoken of as the coal stocks is not large, but they represent the most important industry in the country—an industry that, in fact, is the basis of nearly all of the others. For this reason they have always been favorites with investors and speculators as well. Strange as it may seem, the coal trade and the stocks that form an almost infallible barometer of its condition fluctuate quite as widely as any other commodity or security. The consumption of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, is constantly increasing, yet the shrewdest and most experienced producers are unable to forecast their market with any great degree of accuracy. The winter just past has furnished very plain evidence that such is the case. The year 1888 was a great year in the anthracite trade. It was found that comparatively low prices and a stable market had stimulated consumption, especially at the West; hence hopes were aroused of an excellent business this year. This view was shared by some very conservative investors, who did not hesitate to express it and act upon it. But the mildest winter in years demonstrated the futility of all these calculations. And having been thus thrown from the track, while the bears on the coal properties have become disgruntled, since the coal stocks have not declined any more than they have advanced, both sides have renewed the debate as to the immediate future of those stocks with the vigorous spirit of would-be moneymakers.

As was noted in this column a week ago, conditions in Wall Street or affecting its markets are never precisely duplicated. A few years ago and a winter like that of 1888–9 would have demoralized the anthracite coal trade. But at that time the Philadelphia and Reading Company, the largest owner of coal lands in the world, we believe, and the largest producer of anthracite in this country, was in a state of chronic bankruptcy, and literally hypothecated its coal as it mined it. The necessities of that then mismanaged and overburdened concern were such that it virtually mined coal that it might borrow money upon it. Fortunately those conditions ceased to exist long ago, and the change to solvency has imparted to the entire industry a stability that it never before possessed. The agreements between the great producers of anthracite are not tangible, as they used to be at one time, still there is no doubt but that a complete understanding exists, and it is sufficient to secure harmonious co-operation all around. Judging from the course of prices, the concerted endeavor of the coal companies is to follow the market, to meet it, not force it in either direction. It is popular with certain people, especially demagogues, to cry out against the so-called coal barons and their monopoly. Their alarm is unwarranted, for there are hundreds of small and independent producers, whose rights of transportation are guaranteed them under the Inter-State Law, who really make the price. They have been busy all during the dull season selling their coal practically for what they could get for it, while the larger miners have lowered prices moderately, have curtailed their output, and allowed stocks to accumulate at the principal markets.

This last development brings us to a new feature of the coal trade, and one that annoys the bears on stocks very much. It has never been the policy of the coal companies to carry any stock in the sense that a merchant or a manufacturer does. Now, however, they are beginning to appreciate the desirability of doing so, both in justice to their customers and to protect themselves in case of a strike or similar check upon the business. Besides, it enables them to meet sudden increases in the demand that frequently occur. This reasoning changes the three-quarters of a million tons now at tide-water from a menace to the market into an additional element of stability. Present indications are that this stock will soon be drawn upon. Jobbers in coal, like any other class of dealers, are liable to overstay their market. The winter's dulness has made all dealers hold back their orders. They have argued, like the scalpers in the stock market, that inactivity must result in lower prices. But such reasoning is frequently fallacious, for although a large stock may accumulate during the dull season, it is needed in the active season to help out the production when the supply is not equal to the demand.

The believers in the coal stocks at current quotations have in their favor statistics that show an average increase in the consumption of anthracite of five per cent. per annum. Thus far this year the consumption has been about a million tons less than for the corresponding period of last year, or a falling off for the year of about two and a half per cent. It is claimed by competent judges that this will be made up soon after the usual summer demand begins. Two sections are confidently counted upon to increase their use of anthracite—the West and Canada. The development of the Western market for Pennsylvania coal, due chiefly to low prices and cheap transportation, has been one of the phenomena of the trade. As to the Canadian demand, it may be noted that the customs returns of the Dominion show that the receipts of anthracite from the United States have increased from less than three-quarters of a million tons in 1883 to more than two million tons in 1888. The details of the trade are accessible to every one, and an impartial study of them will, we think, lead to the conclusion that the development of the anthracite coal industry cannot, in this rapidly developing country, be permanently checked, nor indeed can the production of any article of prime necessity.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May* 11, 1889.

SOLID SILVER SMALL TABLE-WARE.

TO buyers of solid Silver Forks and Spoons this house offers the following advantages:

Choice may be made from a variety of patterns of artistic merit as well as the highest finish that have been adopted not less for their practical fitness for use and long service than for their beauty of design.

Fixed low prices per ounce and a clear statement of weights enabling purchasers to know exactly what they are getting for their money.

Engraving of initials, not in a merely mechanical way, but in a finished style in harmony with the pattern.

The certainty of being able at any future time to obtain, without trouble, additional pieces of precisely the same pattern they may now purchase.

This last consideration, in connection with the fact that the price per ounce is the same, whether the purchase be of but one half dozen pieces or any larger number, is of no slight importance to those who may wish to form sets by purchasing in modest quantities from time to time.

A "*Fork and Spoon List*," giving weights to the dozen pieces, prices, and illustrations full size of patterns, will be sent on application.

THEODORE B. STARR, Diamond Importer, Jeweller, Silversmith, etc., 206 Fifth Ave., Madison Square, New York.—[*Adv.*]

SEEMINGLY ERADICATED

With repeated and powerful doses of quinine, chills and fever, in some one of its various forms, springs into active existence again, often without the slightest apparent provocation. To extinguish the smouldering embers of this obstinate and recondite malady, no less than to subdue it when it rages fiercely in the system, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is all-sufficient. When every resource of the pharmacopœia has been exhausted against it in vain, the Bitters conquer it—will remove every lingering vestige of it. Nay, more, the Bitters will protect those brought within the influence of the atmospheric poison that begets malarial disease from its attacks. Disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels are among the complaints to be apprehended from the use of miasma-tainted water. These are both cured and prevented by the Bitters. Rheumatism, constipation, and renal complaints yield to its action.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ALL lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion.—[*Adv.*]

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the public of England for half a century, and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used than all the other Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, BEECHAM'S PILLS are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that BEECHAM'S PILLS ARE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.—[*Adv.*]

A SENATOR'S wife, who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington, gave the following receipt to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space	15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space	20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space	25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*	

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

range one of their favorite hiding-places. A tradition prevailed among the miners that prospectors never returned from the Sierras Superstition. By this date that story has been fully exploded. Rumors of ancient tanks having been found among its foot-hills and even at high altitude, some of them of extensive capacity, seem to be well authenticated. On the plain below, however, within an area of some twenty square miles or less, there are still to be seen six well-defined and quite extensive mounds, the largest of which appears in the foreground of the illustration given. They have the same dun gray coloring of the Casa Grande and the débris round about it. I presume the Hemingray expedition have been at work on this large mound. Father Siedelman, a German Jesuit who crossed La Tempe and penetrated the Colorado plateau, and visiting the Moquis pueblos, if not reaching the California missions also, has described a Great House as existing at this point. Whether he wrote from hearsay or described what he saw is a little hazy, but it is probable that he did see the remains of a building quite similar to the Casa Grande that still stands fifty miles to the southward. The evidences of industrial life are abundant. The Mormon farmers near Hayden, of whom there are two small colonies, are reported to have found and recreated for their own use ancient acequias or main irrigating ditches, by which water is taken from the Salt River, and their portions of the secondary plain are transformed once more into fertile gardens and orchards. These acequias extend for at least twenty miles from Salt River; some are large enough to float a barge, and all are so laid out as to serve land at heights higher than is now common in our irrigation works. The attention now being turned to these mounds and their meaning, we shall not be long in finding the extent of the life they represent.

The valleys of the Upper Gila, the San Pedro, the Salt, the Verde, and the Colorado Chiquito rivers, with their tributaries, cutting into the southern face of the Colorado Plateau, are marked all over with these evidences of ancient activity. The Tonto Basin, and that of the White Mountains, now forming the San Carlos Apache Reservation, give ample proofs of former inhabitants. Nothing but foundation-stones, or posts, have been found, and they, it is apparent, must have been those of walls or structures used for defensive enclosures, or buildings of considerable size. There always seem to have been small dwellings around or near these larger ones or enclosures, as the illustrations show. Some of these may well have been designed as fortifications. Certainly the ground-plans force that conclusion upon observers who have had any soldierly training whatever. But these are still in what may be termed the open country, relatively speaking. Following north and northeastward the traces of these ancient people, by the dwellings they have left, and a change in character and conditions becomes at once apparent. The dwellings begin to assume the type of cliff-houses, found so extensively in the Rio San Juan, La Plata, and Manco, in southwest Colorado. Ruins of rude watch-towers are found on the rocky "coigns of vantage," especially where narrow valleys still afforded space for dwellings and cultivated fields. One is forced to the sad conclusion that the once prosperous and industrious town-dwellers, who have left their autographs in the Casa Grande and the La Tempe mounds, were being driven back, in a mighty conflict with both increasing aridity and a fiercer savagery, further and further into the more inhospitable but sheltering wilds of the vast plateau.

The ruins found in this region usually fall into one of several groups: (*a*) the casas grandes; (*b*) mounds like those of La Tempe; (*c*) fortifications such as the watch-towers of the Rio Verde; (*d*) enclosures like those the ground-plans of which are seen in the diagrams herein presented; and (*e*) cliff-dwellings, such as the Colorado Chiquito ruins; finally, the excavations such as those known as the "Montezuma Wells," found just beyond the Tonto Basin. As to other evidences of life, there are abundant shreds of pottery, but no whole vessels. They all have the geometric figuring of the so-called Aztec life and works, but which are also found in the remains of Toltec, Maya, Nahault, and Inca civilizations, while still to be seen in the woven and pottery bowls of Navajo, Rima, Moqui, and Zuñi Indians, as well as among the people of Guadalajara. Stone arrow-heads have been found in abundance; some stone implements; rudely wrought planks also; pieces of woven fabrics, made from the fibre of the yucca, or Spanish-bayonet, and of the maguey (*aloe Americana*) plant, have been discovered in the form of shroud and sandal; some bone tools, such as needles; no metal whatever. Many traditions exist of mining, but none have really been verified. Some very rude surface workings, even shallow tunnels, have been found in Central Arizona, but these are most likely to have been made by Apache or Navajo. In the Rio Verde cliff-caves, and in some discoveries recently made in Chihuahua, near to the Casas Grandes that still stand among the eastern foot-hills of the Sierra Madre, skeletons of men, women, and children have been found entombed. They are evidently of a race different from any we now know. So, at least, the descriptions given would decidedly indicate.

The Casas Grandes in Chihuahua shown in our illustration are located about 150 miles south of the New Mexican line. They are some seventy-five miles west of the Mexican Central Railroad, among the easterly foot-hills of the mother mountains. When General Crook was buried in the heart of the Sierras on his last Apache hunt of 1884, the village of Casas Grandes was the station of a considerable body of Mexican troops, who were awaiting the possible irruption before "Los Gringos" of the dreaded Apache Ishmaelites. The village is also about 150 miles northwest of Chihuahua City. The earliest known discovery of these ruins, still inhabited in part by the Mexican *ladrones* of the region, was made in 1819 by Señor Escudero, who wrote of them, too faithfully perhaps, as "a group of rooms built with mud walls." They had previously been described on hearsay as "a grand edifice of stone, well hewn." They are neither stone nor mud, but of the same material described in the Casa Grande of Arizona. A few miles' distance south and west the remains of a stone-walled fortress are reported as still standing. I have not seen them, but the two have been mistaken for each other without question. In 1842 there was talk of three stories and a roof still to be seen at the Casas Grandes. Nothing of the sort now exists. The ruins are half a mile from the present village, and are located in a fine valley or *cienaga* two miles wide. The crumbling walls will still average twenty feet high; some are but five feet, and other portions stand fifty feet in height. There are evidences of crumbled buildings for two miles up and down the valley. The principal ruin is about 300 feet long, and some fifty in width. There are three large, long, and wide mounds of crumbled *cojon* near by. Inside, the walls have the glaze that the more perfect structure in Arizona possesses; and this is the Casa Grande of Chihuahua, neither so interesting nor imposing as the one I've termed "The Great House of Montezuma."

Let us turn from the contemplation of these prehistoric structures and crumbled remains to the proofs of another and as striking a life, though it has not had in this region so large a population to control. I refer to that of the Spanish missionary priests, in whose footsteps sprung up a series of church stations whose character and power are none the less remarkable that some are in ruins, and all are in more or less decadence. Commencing with San Antonio, Texas, in the far south, it will be seen by a slight examination of the records that, following the success of Cortez in Mexico, there was a systematic use of missionary zeal as a means of building and solidifying Spanish power. The Rio Grande is the only open valley-way from the basin of Mexico into the heart of what was the mysterious continent from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Even a little inquiry into Mexican history will show that the Spanish missions were mainly laid down on two lines, one being the Rio Grande Valley northward, and the other from the Pacific Ocean inward as to California. Undoubtedly the Rio Grande was the traders' and soldiers' highway long before Cortez overthrew the Aztec Empire. There is another strain of mission life projected from the interior of Mexico, but by the Gulf of California. San Antonio, Laredo, Presidio del Norte, Piedras del Negro Isleta, Paso del Norte, Las Cruces, Albuquerque, Santa Fé, with other intermediate places, are the names of the Rio Grande mission stations, where a church, a ranch, and a garrison grew together. The Indian pueblos of New Mexico were all church stations, and often the fires in the estufas of Montezuma seemed to have served as coals with which to burn the incense on Jesuit or Dominican altars. The walls of lonely Abo, herein presented, are still in dispute as to their use. Roofless, gloomy, solitary they stand, marking the site of a long-perished pueblo; but do they, as claimed, mark also the existence of a once prosperous Catholic mission and station? I have my doubts.

Returning to Arizona, it will again be found that an open valley, however small, became a notable highway for soldier and priest—presumably for the trader also. He makes the trinity. Before me lies a Jesuit map printed at the close of the seventeenth century and bearing the name of Padre Kino. The Gulf of California afforded the Jesuits an inlet and footing, and from its shores they pushed their way inland and northward. So they entered the Primeria Alta, or Arizona, by the *puenta* of the Santa Cruz. A few ruins of missions are found south of the present Sonora line; north of it they are numerous enough to be remarkable. The ruins of St. Joseph of Tumaccacori and the finely preserved Church of San Xavier del Bac, views of which are given, are the best specimens of the structures and settlements the Catholic missionaries made in our far southwest. There is a fact of considerable significance in reviewing the ancient with the mission life of our south plateau region. It is that a map showing both strains will in large part preserve the same locations. Between the parallels of 24° and 30° there are no evidences obtained of the existence of casas grandes and similar ruins. Even so diligent a student as Hubert H. Bancroft finds none to record in his work on the *Native Races*. The Jesuit mission map already referred to, and which bears date 1698, contains but very few mission names between parallels 21° and 30°, and those few are quite close to the shores of the Gulf of California. In Lower California there are none, while below 30°, in Sonora and Sinaloa, there are but three indicated. Between 30° and 33° there are over twenty dozen church ruins still to be traced besides the two structures herein illustrated. The Casa Grande was made a mission station by the good Father Kino, and it is indicated on his map by the largest cross it contains. Beginning with Calabasas, but seven miles from the Sonora line, in the open valley of the Santa Cruz, and which was, down to the early part of the present century, a Spanish military station, the whole valley northward, as well as that of San Pedro to the east, bears the traces here and there of important stations. Above Calabasas stand the presidio and church of Tubac. The roofless structure used by the priests not more than sixty years since is still an object of devout curiosity to the Mexican peasants. I have a distinct recollection of being aroused very early one morning when camped close to its walls by the murmur of prayers, as several hooded and beshawled old women told their beads and said their matin orisons under the open sky and within the crumbling adobe walls of the old church. The striking ruins of the mission of St. Joseph of Tumaccacori are but a short distance from Tubac and in full sight of the well-travelled valley, on the west mesa of which it is located. Tumaccacori shows evidence of having been a large and important station. The field and orchard enclosures are large, and the cloisters or priests' dwellings to the rear of the church offer proof of a considerable establishment. It was entirely destroyed some time in the third decade of this century by the Apaches, who, after several generations of comparative quiet, began again their work of desolating this whole frontier. The old mission of San Augustine, or the Casa de Dominic Padre, near Tucson, has long since crumbled away, and only the foundation lines mark the site thereof. It is claimed that the Presidio of Tucson was first established in the latter part of the sixteenth century, but this is doubtful. There is no question, however, that a considerable town existed long before the Spanish occupation some three miles from the present city. To the southwest, beyond the Alida Pass and the bold peak of the Baboquivera, within the Papogueria, there are evidences of active mission life. On the Gila, at its junction with the Colorado, three mission stations were established by Father Kino and his immediate successors. Siedelman and other Jesuits reached the Moquis pueblos, and fitted the Catholic worship to the ceremonial rites of the Montezumists. As early as 1720 there were in all under Jesuit direction, within northern Sonora and southern and central Arizona, twenty-three missions, with seventy-three Indian pueblos under their charge. These included Calabasas, Arivaca, Sopori, San Miguel, Sonoita, Santa Ana, Guarani, San Gertrude del Tubac, St. Joseph of Tumaccacori, San Xavier del Bac, San Philip, near Maricopa Wells, San Augustine, near Tucson, and San Dionysius, with its two minor stations, near Yuma, on the Colorado.

The Church of San Xavier del Bac is the most remarkable Catholic ecclesiastical structure within the borders of the United States, taking its age and situation as well as its really fine proportions and striking appearance into due consideration. It was built as a mission church for the Papago, or "baptized," Indians; that is the significance of their names. The church still remains, as it has done almost unbrokenly since 1768, when it was commenced, the place of Christian worship for a simple, sober, chaste, industrious, and remarkably brave people, who still number some 6000 souls. It presents a remarkable appearance, standing, as it does, a lone and striking monument of simple devotion, in the midst of a widely sweeping landscape of green table-land and brown-toned mountain ranges. Inside, it presents some as striking features as the outside, among which are a few carved figures in olive-wood, apparently, that adorn the chancel arch. The figures are small, but exceedingly well carved. Among them is, or was, a figure of The Christ, into whose features the priestly artist had wrought all the mystic significance of sacrifice and service his soul and brain could conceive of and embody. There was another head — that of St. Francis di Assisi — which for rapt, ascetic, and devout expression could hardly be excelled. Opposite was a figure cast in a different mould, for it represented a jolly, rotund monk in gown and cowl, all of "the olden time," across the rotund stomach of which the hands, clasping a book, are folded. I have said "was," because reports have been published of vandal hands having despoiled the sanctuary of some of the figures I write of.

This paper is already reaching the limits of the space to which it must be confined. But in closing my slight and sketchy description of the remarkable proofs of so diverse a duality of civilizations, let me give very briefly some of the suggestions to which my personal observations, as well as studies, have led me in regard to the ancient people represented by "The Great House of Montezuma."

I have said that construction ranks almost with language in determining the status and character of such peoples. Of language we have nothing, unless the solitary hieroglyphs found and copied by Captain Johnston, U.S.A., be in evidence. The rock-drawings, or ideographs, of which an illustration is given, are too rude for anything but the picture-drawing of the most untutored tribal Indian. There is but the faintest resemblance in any of them to even the poorest rock-pictures found in Lower Mexico. But the Casa Grande of the Gila, the ruins in northwest Chihuahua, the desiccated remains of the ancient dead found quite recently near the same place with the skeletons earlier discovered in the Rio Verde cliffs, the pottery and stone implements, all indicate to my mind an arrested civilization, similar in all probability to that of the earlier stages of the Toltecs, which though at first an exotic, according to Mexican traditions, took on quite rapidly the more elaborate and pre-existing civilization of the Mayas and Nahaults which it found and imposed itself upon somewhere about the sixth century of our era. That Toltec Empire life lasted for five centuries, falling to pieces beneath internal dissensions and the attacks of the Aztecs and other Mexican tribes during the twelfth century. Such glimmering traditions as we are able to gather point to the destruction about the same time of the town-dwellers and house-building communities that lived between 30° and 33° of north latitude. They evidently were not communal house occupants, but dwellers in separate homes. This seems to me to mark them as a people separate from the Pueblo communities of to-day, or of *their* ancestors, unless, indeed, the Zuñis be a surviving remnant of the older race. What I want to point out also is the fact that for at least six parallels of latitude—from 24° to 30°—there are no traces of Casa Grande life, and but little remains of mission activity. This zone of Mexico seems to have been the original home and roaming ground of the heretofore irreclaimable Apache, Lipan, and kindred clans. Is it not probable, then, to conjecture that the same irruptions which weakened and finally overthrew the Toltec Empire to the south also overthrew and destroyed the weaker stock to the north? Combining such savage irruptions with the recession of the waters of the Gulf of California, and the probable irruptions of small volcanoes at the same period, as well also as the increasing aridity of the region, growing with denudation and constant erosion, is there not in all this a reasonable explanation of the complete overthrow of a great people, and their retreat, league after league, into the very heart of the huge and inhospitable plateau? With what wonderful patience and tenacious courage did they resist the decrees of savage Fate! How strikingly adaptable must they have proven themselves to be, as they changed both the material and form of their dwellings and community structures from the *cojon*, or concrete of the Casa Grande, and the sun-brick, or adobe of the family dwelling, to the rude yet massive stone structures and abodes whose remains are found on southern and eastern cañons of the Colorado Plateau. Then mark the endurance and power exhibited in what were evidently the latest phases of their struggle for life—the cliff-dwellings and towers of the Rios Manco, San Juan, La Plata, San Miguel, and Dolores in southwest Colorado.

And here the record ends. From parallels 30° to 37° 30', located within an irregular triangle —the eastern perpendicular of which may be laid along the Rio Grande, and the western oblique can be set in the south at 112° west longitude, and its northeast apex at about 106° 30', while the base-line will be the thirtieth parallel —there is an area full of interest, suggesting marvellous romance and inspiring to searching inquiry. To my imagination, at least, no question of unsolved history holds more of interest than that of the race or races who once inhabited it, and perished utterly some time between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries of the Christian era.

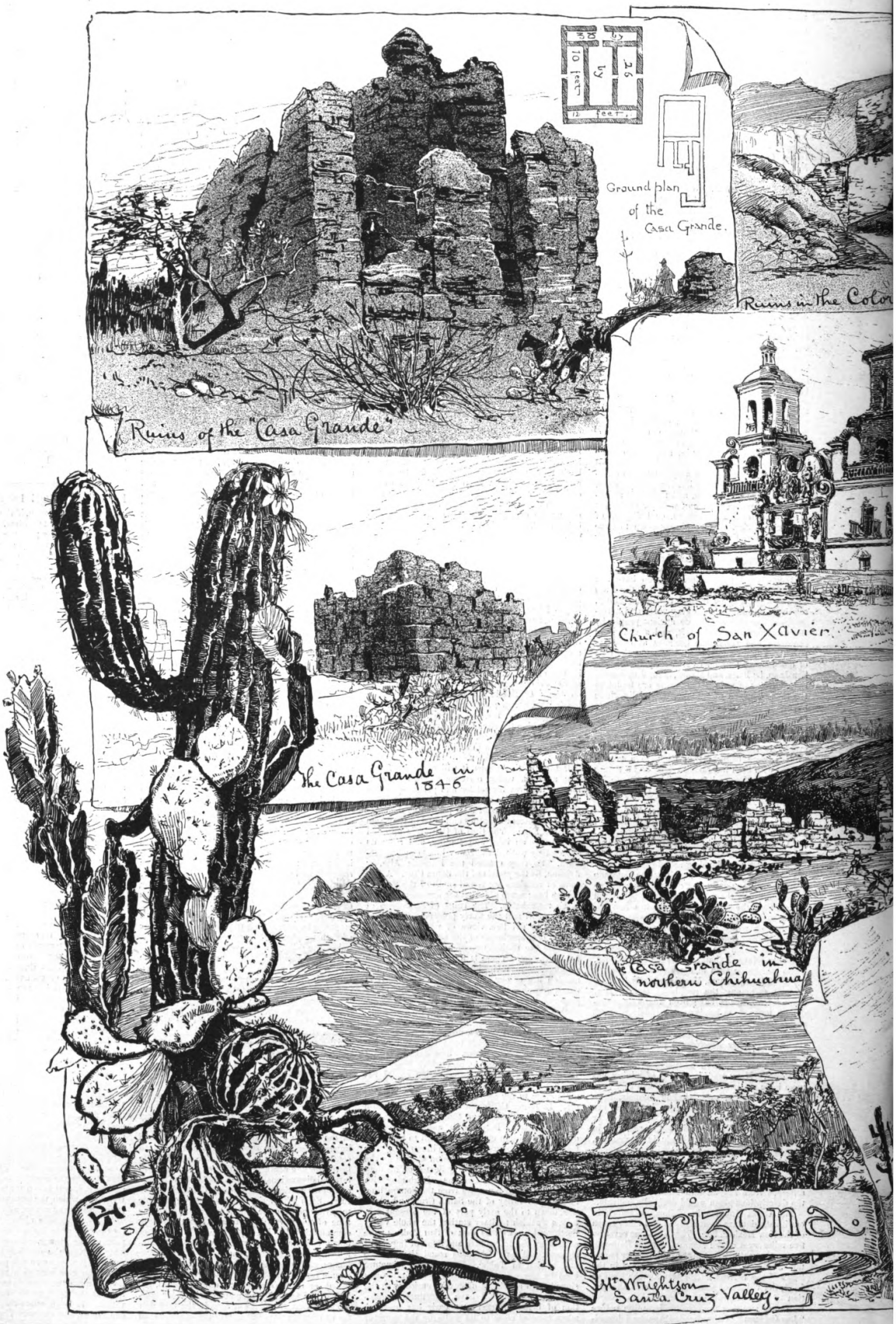
FORT MONROE IN SPRING-TIME.

SPRING is the season, if there is a season at the place, of Old Point Comfort. It is difficult to say why any particular pleasure resort is successful, but it is comparatively easy to say why it remains so. Take, for example, the enormous hotel which figuratively may be said to lie under the shadow of Fort Monroe. There are other eligible sites for a big winter and spring hotel on the shores about the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, for these shores wander in and out, up and down rivers, and finally off behind Norfolk, and everywhere there are stretches of hard sandy beaches which invite the bathers very early in the season—so early that the pleasant summer weather finds many lingering Northern people away from their own more invigorating climate. There is no other spot on the coast, however, where there is a large military post, and, of course, no other spot where there is the most picturesque military post in the country. There are other posts situated in more picturesque localities, but at Old Point Comfort the fort itself is the feature. Its high stone walls and water-battery, with the moat between, are of themselves sufficiently attractive to invite the idler. And yet this does not tell why the success of the place began, why the first man and woman, bride and groom, very likely, made their way to the old government inn and proclaimed its virtues to the world.

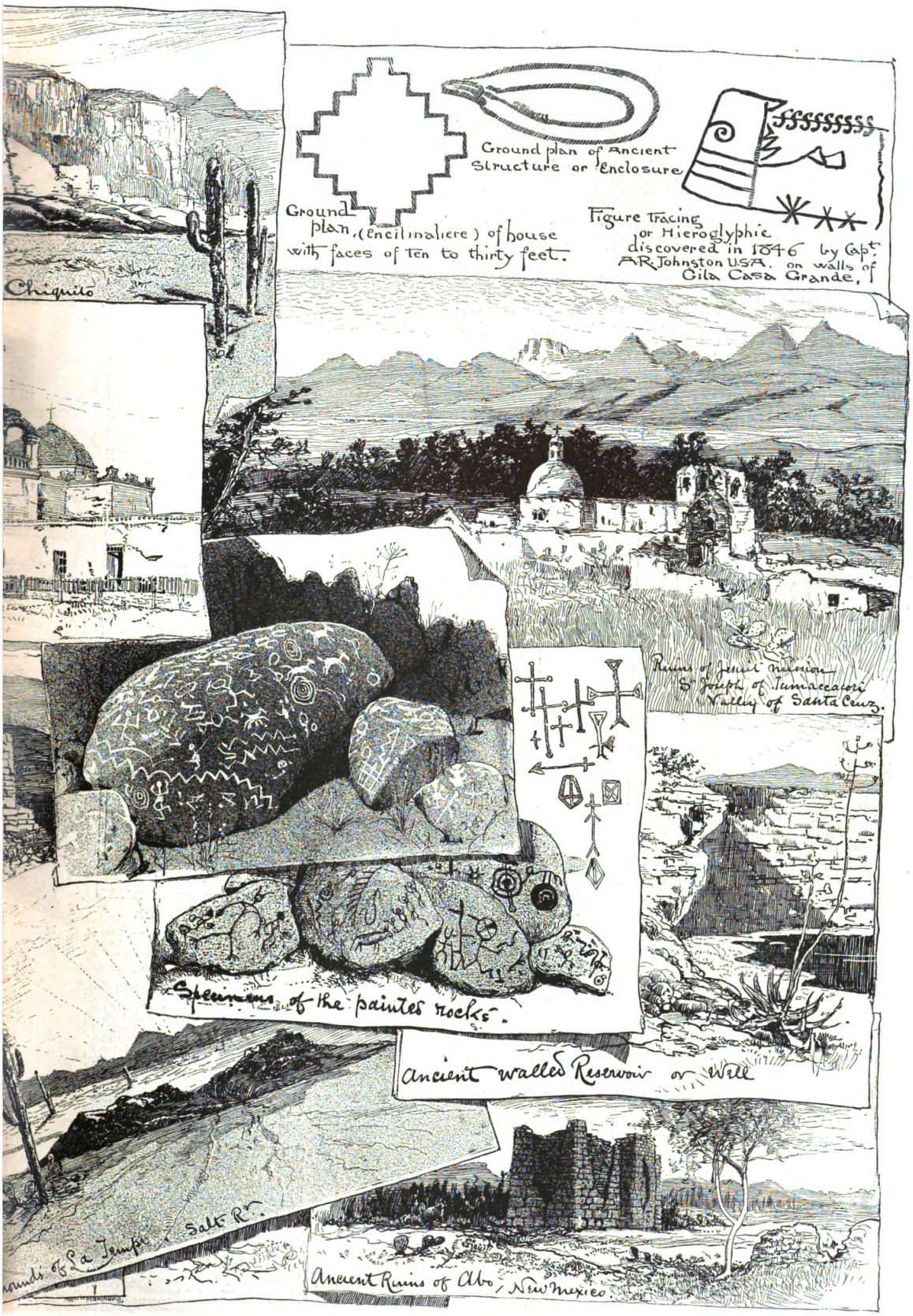
Having once found out the place, however, the world, after its fashion, came on. The old hotel was a small house dominated and overshadowed by the fort. Southerners there found sea airs that were not too harsh for them, and were yet more invigorating than the warmer climate of their interior homes. In the early days, when the army was under Southern influence, when society had more to do with the military profession, the Southern men and women trooped annually to Old Point Comfort, and many of them spent their summers at the Hygeia. Its oysters and fish were good, it was near the terrapin country, while neighboring Norfolk supplied its tables with canvas-back and red-head ducks. To be sure, most of these luxuries of gastronomy were found in the winter, and that has now made the place an all-the-year-round resort. In the summer salt-water bathing was the blessing it conferred upon its visitors, besides idleness and contentment.

From this it is easy to see how it has grown. It had no Southern rival in the ante-bellum times except the "Old White," and the springs were in the Virginia mountains. When the tonic of the sea was needed, "Old Point" was the attractive resort to those who had not the money or the physique for Newport. Then there was the military post with its attractive officers. In those first days the hotel did not stand where it does to-day. It was on the site of the present engineer's office, and the walk that takes one into the postern-gate—the private back entrance which every well-regulated fort possesses—ran by its side. Now it is down on the white beach, one of the best stretches of sand for bathers on the Atlantic seaboard, and it is ten times bigger than the old Hygeia to which the Southerner used to resort. It has grown and grown, and it keeps on growing, until its lights of a night stretch far away, and its farthest wing looks like a house in another part of the village. Room by room has been added. Now the dancing pavilion is joined to the dining-room, and a new pavilion is built, which may soon give way to a still newer. The demands upon the hotel grow, for it is the only hotel at the Point, which is all government reservation. It is an out-of-the-way place, as every one knows, and unique. There is no town. Everything is the government's—the hotel, the drug-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

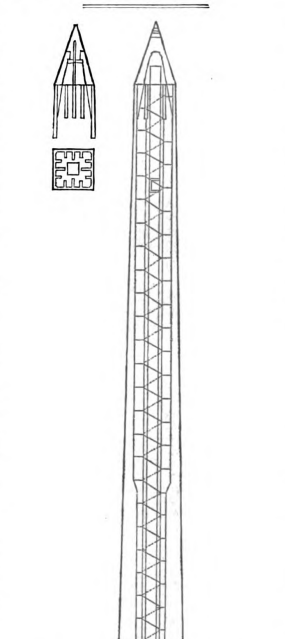
store, the grocery and dry-goods store, the barroom, the oyster shops, and the dwellings—all who occupy premises pay no rent to the government. This sort of thing results in a village that is not like many others in the United States. It is not full of thrifty people, and its idlers constitute the great majority. The negroes of Old Point Comfort have very few equals for laziness, and their vehicles and mules are unique. The former are broken down to the degree of picturesqueness, and the latter are as ragged as their masters. But, on the other hand, the road is good and the walks are neatly kept. The government does this, and the government, as a rule, has neat and cleanly habits. So the village differs in this respect also from towns of its size. There is no "tough end" at Old Point, which is something that cannot be said of many small communities even in good New England. The hotel is at the wharf, but the most fastidious of guests will not find any of the unpleasant sights and odors that are usually found at a landing-place.

It is not necessary, however, to describe the characteristics of so well-known and so old a resort as Old Point Comfort. There are very few Americans who have the money to go anywhere who have not looked over the broad waterway to the capes, or moralized on the Ripraps, now deserted by every one but a single ordnance sergeant, who is so devoted to the place that he has lived there for two years without pay. The memories of the war are pleasantly awakened, the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* are occasionally talked about in the drowsy way that sleepy air inspires. Newport News is in sight, no longer the despatch-point of an army, but distinguished amid all the surrounding landscape by a huge grain elevator. Old Norfolk, with its memories of long before the war, is distant an hour's sail, and there is a tradition there that oysters and ducks are cooked better than they are anywhere else, and amateur gastronomists, whose palates are satisfied by tradition, lug off strangers to the Norfolk restaurants. But Norfolk is not an exception to the rule that theories of the surpassing excellence of out-of-the-way cook shops are better for the ear than for the stomach. All the delights of the Point are known, and they have been written about in innumerable papers and correspondence. What interests us now are the social characteristics of the place.

People come here in shoals. When the boat or the stage from the train is due the bell-boys range themselves into a long line in front of the hotel desk. Every one who can find a chair or a spot of carpet to stand on joins the bell-boys in the enormous front "office"—such an "office" as can be found in no other hotel in the country. Like other apartments of the house, it has been enlarged by knocking away the partitions, and simply turning several rooms into one, leaving the common chimney, with its several fireplaces, in this instance four, the central and commanding feature. Here the guests, men and women, congregate. The men smoke, the women gossip, and all look at the new arrivals. Very few of these are known to those who have preceded them. Naturally it used to be different. There are doubtless habitués now, but in the first years of the Point's career as a resort almost every one was an habitué, and was acquainted with nearly every one who came. So many people come here that one finds it difficult to believe that they can be housed and cared for even in the immense structure which, as the advertisements say, was founded by Harrison Phœbus. Who are they who come? In the first place, they are not the people who go to Florida, Tuxedo, and Washington for the winter. They are not the people who are wholly on pleasure bent. They are many of them after health. Most of them are looking for rest. A very important number of them are brides and grooms playing the old game of trying to look like old married people. Invalids with wasting strength, and business men who have worked too hard during the winter, and who feel the necessity of recovering a little of their lost strength before they rush into the heats of summer, make up a large part of the guests, and pure, simple, unadulterated idleness is their occupation. A few fishing canoes, a cat-boat or so, invite the guests to sail, but there are so few of them in comparison with the human swarm that it is evident at a glance that the passion for sailing is not strong. There are very few carriages except those belonging to the officers of the post, and no "establishments" such as make splendid the roads of Newport, Long Branch, and Saratoga. The people apparently do not care very much for driving, and that is easily explained by the nature of the country about the fort. So far as the brides and grooms are concerned, they naturally forget the game which they suppose they are playing, and sit in the public office for hours gazing tenderly into one another's eyes.

There is an excellent band, for a United States military band, at the post, and the people dine and dance to its music. Sometimes a guest will get up interest enough to suggest a tramp through the big fort, or to wonder when it will be warm enough this year to go in bathing. When the people go into the fort they usually go in a great company, as if to sustain one another under the searching gaze of the officers and soldiers of the United States. Sometimes they go in by the back door, and sometimes by the front way, but they prefer the former, because there they are not obliged to come face to face with a real live sentinel. When they have gone over the wooden bridge which crosses the moat, and penetrated the passage through the walls, and have wandered over the brick walks by the officers' quarters, the barracks, the hospital, and have looked at the archaic field-guns under the live-oaks on the edge of the parade-ground, some one of the tourists, bolder than the rest, will ask an officer or soldier where the fort is situated. They evidently think it is something small and compact, something that they can feel all over with their hands, something that they can take in with a single glance of the eye. They want a condensed fort, a fort that can be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed all at once, and they are apparently disturbed and troubled when they are told that this village is the fort. When they climb up on the ramparts they feel better. Then there are the drills to look at, but these are not satisfactory, because the fort is an artillery post, and artillery drill is not familiar to the average citizen, who has seen no soldiers but those of the militia. People have stood looking at the work of raising a 15-inch gun, or placing it on the blocks, or even at target-firing, and have innocently asked the officer in charge if there wasn't to be a drill. Even a prominent militia officer of New York, in looking at an artillery formation, criticised it because it was different from the formation of an infantry company.

But all this is aside. What is characteristic of Fort Monroe is the placid, unexciting, unexacting existence which is led by the people who go there, upon whom the most laborious demands are those made by the officers of the garrison, who are sure to leave their cards for any one to whom they or their friends desire to be civil. And are not those demands pleasant? Ask the young girls who look up at a red-striped, red-shoulder-strapped lieutenant of artillery with the wondering eyes that betoken worshipful admiration. It seems as though women would never be able to outgrow the brass-button period.

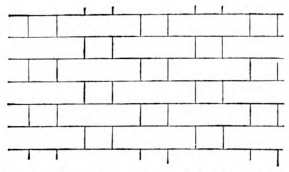


INSIDE OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Appearances are deceptive in two particulars inside of the Washington National Monument: it is neither so dangerous as it looks to ride to the top, nor so tiresome as one would suppose to walk. Most visitors prefer riding, on general principles. The ladies enter the elevator car with many half-smothered "ohs" and "ahs" of misgiving, and seek retired seats where they can faint, if necessary, without getting into anybody's way or otherwise giving trouble. But such precautions are quite needless. The car moves upward with a solemn dignity of gait, which not only is consistent with the memorial atmosphere of the great pile, but—the engineers being not regardless of the element of effect—emphasizes the impression of the distance travelled toward the zenith. Besides, the strong net-work of wire in which the car is incased is enough to discourage any suicidal propensities on the part of the inmates, while the shaft in which it plays is so constructed that no one inside the car has a chance to make himself sea-sick by peering down the well beneath his feet.

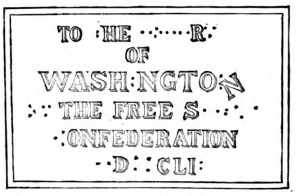
But in spite of all the comfort and convenience of the elevator, the tourist who would enjoy the monument to the full must make one trip through it, either up or down, on foot. The climb upward offers a forbidding prospect at the first glance; but the iron stairs are broad and of an easy rise, and the platforms, at intervals of ten feet, run the whole length of one side of the monument, giving the walker a chance to catch his breath so often that he finds it hard to realize how fast he is ascending.

Arrived at the top by either route, it depends upon circumstances how much the visitor will see. On stormy days, and in high winds, it is of course impracticable to have all the eight windows open. A breeze which would be innocent enough at the surface of the earth may have the force of a small hurricane at the height of five hundred feet; and water, once within the monument, has but one way to get out, namely, by trickling down the side walls, rendering the whole



SECTION OF NEW WALL SHOWING MARBLE HEADERS ALTERNATING WITH GRANITE BLOCKS.

interior damp, cold, and disagreeable. Each side of the pyramidal apex contains two windows. They are closed on the outside every night by marble block shutters, fitting neatly into the sockets left for them, and swinging inward, daytimes, on huge hinges. On the inside are glazed sashes which, when not in use, fold down into sockets hidden under wooden aprons. Sometimes the glass is entirely transparent, and interposes no obstacle to the view; but if there has been a recent rain, or a frost has coated the panes with crystals, a part of the picture, at least, must be guessed at. But, all the conditions favoring, an uncommon panorama is spread before the eye. There is not much about it that is striking. The surface of the country around Washington is rather flat, and the horizon line is almost unbroken. Inside of the city the red of the brick houses is the prevailing color, and the green foliage of the trees, although a relief to the monotony, runs in straight rows and forms angles mathematically exact. Nevertheless, the outlook is most interesting. From no other artificial column in the world can the ground below be studied so directly without the interference of buttresses or roofs. One realizes now the meaning of the term "a bird's-eye view." The whole region round about lies spread out, less like a landscape than a map, dotted here and there with objects which at once arrest attention and stimulate inquiry. To the north, just beyond a fine stretch of greensward, stands the White House, flanked by the Treasury and the State, War, and Navy department buildings. Sixteenth Street, 160 feet broad for its whole length, and bearing on its crown the imaginary line known to geographers as the Meridian of Washington, looks like a white belt bisecting the mass of mingled darker hues. The Patent Office, the Pension Building, and Judiciary Square all come into the same field; and away off in the distance—forty-five miles as the crow flies, say the knowing ones—Sugar Loaf Mountain rears its head, distinguishable from the other blue-tinted hills on either side of it by the peculiar shape which has given it its name. To the eastward, the first object which catches the eye, naturally, is the Capitol, and from no other point in the city is that edifice seen to so fine an advantage. Its architectural proportions, distorted as usually seen from below, are here brought out admirably. One can appreciate its symmetry as well as its size. The pleasure-grounds which lead down from its new marble terraces to the foot of the hill are a triumph of landscape-gardening as viewed from here; and at the place where they end, the Mall, shaped somewhat like a great emerald key-stone, divides the two populous sections of the West End from one another. The brown sandstone tower of the Smithsonian Institution, which near at hand has a rather imposing effect, is dwarfed by distance and the angle at which one looks down upon it. The blue, red, and white patchwork of the National Museum can be dimly discerned beyond, and still further on the glass roof of the botanical preserves reflects the sunlight like a polished mirror. From the west windows we catch a glimpse of Georgetown College clad in serious gray, and the Naval Observatory in refulgent white, with an upper stretch of the Potomac as far as the Chain Bridge, five miles above the city; and Arlington Heights, with the yellow front of the old Custis-Lee mansion peeping out between the trees well over on the left. To the south, practically nothing is to be seen except the reclaimed flats, the historic Long Bridge, and the windings of the river, which can be followed with the naked eye down almost to Mount Vernon.

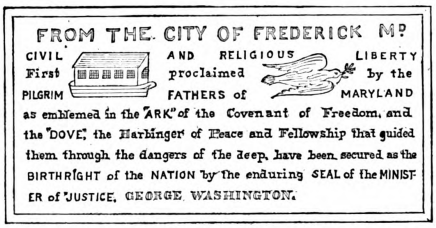


SOME OF THE EFFECTS OF VANDALISM.

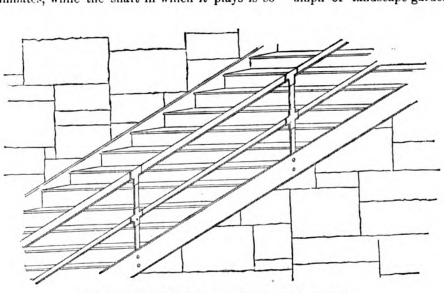
Everything of interest that is visible from the windows of the monument is not to be seen by looking earthward. The curiosity-seeker who is venturesome enough to thrust his head and shoulders out of one of these openings and look up will see what he probably has never seen before in the way of protection against lightning. Each of the four faces of the pyramid bristles with fifty metal points; and the two hundred, standing out like quills upon the fretful porcupine, so dissipate the electricity which plays about the monument that in the fiercest storms persons can stay at the top and watch the lightning without uneasiness, and quite insensible, through any physical effect upon themselves, of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions. Soon after it was finished, and before these precautions had been taken, the monument was once struck, and a stone directly underneath the aluminium cap was cracked from top to bottom. At a first glance this seems like a pretty serious accident, as it is not plain how any one could climb outside to make repairs when the staging and cables used by the workmen had been taken away. But there was where the foresight of the master engineer made itself felt. At a convenient point on one side of the apex, and close to the top, he had left a single stone without cement or other fastening, so that any time, at an hour's notice, it could be removed and leave an aperture large enough for the passage of a human body. Through the hole a steady-headed mechanic crawled, and facing inward, and reaching out as far as possible, contrived to throw a loop of rope over the cap. To the extremities of the rope a plank was fastened; and on this platform he rested while with chisel and hammer he forced a brace of strong copper bolts through the broken stone and gripped the two pieces together.

If the visitor has mounted the monument in the elevator, the chances are that he will have had enough for one day of being packed with some thirty others of his kind into so small a space, and will prefer making the descent on foot. Here he would do well to notice the structure of the inner walls, as revealed by the dim light of an electric bulb or two at each landing. The gray granite which forms the bulk of the inner facing is cut in rectangular blocks, laid lengthwise like bricks; and the alternate courses are broken, at intervals of two blocks, by "headers" of marble which serve as a bond between the outer wall and its lining. This arrangement, suggestive of the checker-board, continues from the 470-foot level till the 160-foot level is reached. At that point the new wall ceases and the old one begins. The square space in which the stairway is confined is narrowed by some feet, as the old wall was built a great deal heavier than the new. From a neat, geometrical, regular piece of masonry the change is instantaneous to a pile of dingy white rubble. No order is visible in the arrangement of the blocks which form it as to either size or shape; and the only assurance of the strength of the mass is to be found in its thickness, which at the base is about fifteen feet.

But the walls offer other attractions to the eye than the study of their composition. For nearly three hundred feet from the ground they are studded with memorial tablets presented by various states, potentates, corporations, societies, and individuals all over the world. The stones given by Connecticut and Florida were both too soft to stand the exposure to which they were subjected while the monument was building. Nearly all the Southern States made their contributions ten or twelve years before the civil war, and the ar-



ONE OF THE REAL "OLD-TIMERS."



SECTION OF STAIRCASE, WITH OLD WALL BEHIND.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dor of the Southern temperament is shown by the patriotic sentiments inscribed on these tablets, as distinguished from the undemonstrative utterances of the North. "Delaware, first to adopt, will be the last to desert, the Constitution;" "Maryland: a memorial of her regard for the Father of his Country, and of her cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to the American Union;" "Virginia, who gave Washington to America, gives this granite for his monument;" "The tribute of Missouri to the memory of Washington, and a pledge of her fidelity to the Union of the States;" "Tennessee: the federal Union, it must be preserved;" "The State of Louisiana, ever faithful to the Constitution and the Union;" "State of Georgia: the Union as it was—the Constitution as it is;" "Alabama: the Union of Equality, as adjusted by the Constitution;" "Under the auspices of Heaven and the precepts of Washington, Kentucky will be the last to give up the Union"—these are some of the sentiments which stare at the thoughtful reader from the wall, like so many Rip Van Winkles waking from their long sleep in blissful unconsciousness of the changes wrought by the passing years on the surface of things about them. The city of Frederick, Md., has the quaintest tablet in the wall; its long inscription cut in an old-fashioned style and illustrated with a relief of Noah's ark, and the dove soaring away with her olive branch, the two emblems being so nearly of the same size as to suggest a wonder whether it was not, after all, the ark that came out of the dove instead of the dove out of the ark. Another odd contribution is a large square stone inscribed, "Nov. 12, 1852. From the Postmasters and Ast. Postmasters of the State of Indiana. Dedicated to the memory of Washington. May his principles be distributed broadcast over the land, and every American be a D. P. O."—whatever that may mean.

The class of relic-collectors who do not stop at vandalism have made havoc with some of the memorial stones. A slab of polished granite presented by the Free Swiss Confederation in 1852, with its inscription in large brass letters riveted fast, has had nearly half of these letters torn off and carried away; while one other, which would not yield to the iconoclast's jimmy readily enough, hangs by a single rivet still. The marble tablet of South Carolina has had the raised Gothic O in the first word knocked off. The nicely carved emblematic relief of the American Medical Association, with a number of human figures in it, has suffered compound mayhem in the loss of sundry hands, arms, legs, feet, heads, and other members; a fine representation of a locomotive is minus several driving-wheel spokes; and the tablet of the American Whig Society of Princeton College, thanks either to the souvenir-hunter or to the hand of Time, acting on a bad setting, has broken quite in two, so that the ragged edges protrude and threaten the head of the wayfarer who hugs the wall too closely.

THE PICTURE OF COMMERCE.

Does anybody suppose that the battle between Daub and Chromo has resulted in the routing of Daub? The odds, apparently fearful ones, are against the picture of commerce; but still it holds its own in defiance of all the formulated rules of political economy. It is nonsense to urge of the decline of hand-work, when pitted against steam-power, when the matter of the daub is studied. Labor bureaus who have examined the many trades ought to have given some attention to picture manufacturing, and accounted for its flourishing condition. They should have told us how, in spite of the changing order of things, it still holds its own. Labor bureaus, satisfactory so far, might have found out for us where, at least, are the markets for the hundreds of thousands of daubs produced every year.

Persons of a practical and observing frame of mind insist that there is a close relationship between stove-pipes and commercial pictures. "There must be," so they say, "thousands of ugly gaping holes punched into walls so as to admit of stove-pipes. When stoves in the summer season are not in use, daubs answer their purpose in covering up the holes." The needs of bar-rooms all over the country have also been advanced. It has been imagined that the sight of a daub hanging from a bar-room wall might incite drinking, the optical effects of a mirage having, as it is well known, that effect on the thirsty traveller in the desert. Others, again, in endeavoring to account for the distribution of the daub, have intimated that the Congo or Stanley Pool might absorb the daub. There may be possibilities in the stove-pipe and bar-room theories, only remarking, however, that as to the concocter of cocktails he plies his vocation to-day in a shrine of art. As to the African demand, if only the black man could be induced to buy the daub in lieu of spirits, his condition would be wonderfully improved, only, peculiar as he may be as to the recognition of the white man's civilization, the negro's mental condition is not yet quite so abased as to receive the picture of commerce.

How are these pictures pushed on a public? Has any one ever met a drummer in daubs? Does he travel on the road? If he did, in order to sell his wares, in eloquence, push, cheek, he would rival Balzac's "illustrious Gaudissard," who was the king of drummers. Where the bulk of the daubs go to must ever remain a mystery.

Some time ago, among the requisitions for an asylum for the insane, funds were asked for "the embellishing of a recreation-room for the patients," and this sentence was found: "We might expend judiciously, say, $75 in the purchase of a dozen or so of oil-paintings to hang on the walls." It is believed that here is discoverable some vague hint which in a measure tends toward the solution of the vexed question, the marketing of the daub. Still, though the aims of the official at the head of the insane asylum might be praiseworthy and looking toward bettering the condition of his patients, doubts may be entertained whether pictures of this character would not have in time turned the inmates of that asylum either into idiots or raging maniacs.

In New York the business of constructing the daub is carried out on a large scale. Sometimes it is the picture which is made in order to sell the frame. A shop has a lot of sham gilt strips which have no market, and can only find purchasers when converted into frames. Twenty-five to forty-five cents is a fair price for a large-sized gilt frame. The labor of cutting the strips and securing them with glue or nails amounts to little or nothing. Stretchers of prepared muslin are purchasable at very low figures. There is a special cotton cloth made with a glaze which does away with priming. Sometimes this is a silicate, badly compounded, with an excess of the alkali, which ruins the poor color put on top of it. To make the picture requires no art at all; not the faintest conception of it; less than is displayed in putting a brand on a coffee sack. It is all done by division of labor and a few tracings made by a stencil. People ignorant of how colored illustrations were made in books prior to 1835, as seen in English books, and how taking are the painted cuts, may be told that in London the coloring of prints was a regular profession, and that one picture went through as many hands as there were colors on it, the work-people knowing nothing at all about art. In the daub shop one hand takes the trunk of that queer tree in the foreground first indicated by the stencil, and with one stroke of a brush puts it in. The same bistre color makes half the rock in the lake and one side of the palatial mansion. Then No. 1 passes the stretcher to No. 2, who quick as a flash has a shade of green which makes the foliage and the grassy slope to the left. Then No. 3 comes on with the blue for the water and the sky. Then No. 4 gets it, and throws a streak of yellow down the trunk of the tree, and puts in light the front of the house, and with what is left in his brush indicates the setting sun. The work now goes to a woman, who in the daub factory visited seemed to be the controlling spirit. She managed exclusively the red and the blue. She put in a figure quick as lightning—a red-bodiced something with a blue petticoat, and remarked, "That's a peasant woman," and then her red paint-brush was on top of the house, and she remarked, "That's a chimney."

By the watch it was exactly eighteen minutes from the time when there was nothing on the muslin until now there was a lake, a house, a mountain, a figure, a rock, and a sunset.

"It's pretty quick," the woman said, "but we are not hurried just now. A quarter of an hour is fair time. But then we slick it up with varnish, and it won't be ready for the frame before this time to-morrow."

"Do you work up animal subjects in this same extraordinary way?"

"Oh, animals don't pay. We did try a lot of dogs, but the boss got stuck on them. We lengthened them out and made deer out of them, sticking horns on them, and they took for a while; but they too kind of hung fire. We worked the deer into cows and horses; but, honest, they looked kind of queer, and they were a dead loss. Landscapes is the thing. Of course we vary 'em. This week we work, say, fifty dozen of this kind. Next week this tree goes to the left, and the rock comes more to the front, and it's a sunrise and not a sunset. And there is a boat, and a boat sells a picture if nothing else will."

"Did you ever have any art instruction?"

"I? Never. What for?" the woman asked, in amazement.

"But yet you put in that figure well enough."

"Maybe; but I couldn't paint a tree—that is, under six months. I don't do so much work now as look after things. The hands are generally trifling—old broken-down sots—though in this shop they are fairly decent. Can't give you wages; it's against the rules. All I can tell you is that it is piece-work. The good times in the business are past and gone. Twenty-five years ago a steady hand could make as much as five dollars a day at it. Now it is not better than tailoring."

"Well, what is a picture worth, finished, frame and all?"

"It's according to the size of your order."

The writer of this found out afterward that about $15 a dozen was a fair price. Taking $2 a dozen for the frames and $1 50 for the sketches—the pictures being about thirty inches long by twenty high—this would leave $11 50 for the manufacturer. Paint and labor per dozen were hardly calculable, but could not have been more than $5; so that on the dozen pictures there might be a profit of $5 or $6.

Such pictures may be seen at auctions on the Bowery, though they rarely make the whole stock in trade of an establishment. They are introduced at passing intervals, and break up the general monotony of the vendue. There may or may not be stool-pigeons present. It is, however, never safe to make a bid over a couple of dollars, or the picture will be inevitably knocked down to you. The auctioneer has a patter, which he repeats over and over again: "Life-like. This glorious bit of nature. Make your home beautiful. It's a thing, gents and ladies, that's a-going to last forever, and the longer you have it the better you will like it. Uptown I've seed the like of this sold for a thousand dollars, and Stewart and Vanderbilt just fightin' for it; and for sech a tasty thing I am only offered three and five cents. Why the frame, gents—the frame, not counting the cost of the very best paint, couldn't be had for ten times that money. And gone, sir—gone at three dollars and fifteen cents."

Mr. Kemble shows the discussion as to the merits of the work of art, the auction, and the sidewalk enticement. The colored population of New York may have musical gifts, but is rather indifferent as to art, and the blandishments of the roper-in are rarely effectual. The specimen art patron is from the rural districts. He has some idea that his prospective summer boarders would rather like their bare bedrooms if they had a picture or so in them. He has made his purchase. He has the daub safe under his arm. Maybe, after all, it is in summer boarding-houses that most of the pictures of commerce find their place.

HIGH BALL AND BASE BALL.

Oh, what a chatter and clatter and patter
Crop up round each matter of dollars or fame!
No wonder the apers of "Giants" cut capers
O'er what's called by the papers "the National game."

In Battery, Bowery, Park, and Rialto,
It's ball-bawl, base-balling bawl—
Tenor, contralto, and high squeaky alto,
And *basso profondo* all bawling base-ball!

See, Pitcher is rushing and Striker is pushing
And flying with flushing of blood in his face—
While running his rounder falls flat on the ground-a—
And swims like a flounder through mud to his base!

"Rah! *that's* what I like!" "Whoop! let 'er go, Mike!"
Yells Umpire, "No strike!" My eyes! hear 'em squall
At poor Umpire (on hire), vengeance dire—"You're a liar!"
How the choir on the bleaching-boards basely do bawl!

Talk of your heroes! With our ball cavalieroes
Your Cæsars and Neros can't begin to compare!
What's a Dutchman or German, a Grant or a Sherman,
A Vau-gilt or a genuine Gould millionaire?

What's a pen-wielding President, *pro tem.* White House resident,
Our pet, Jack o' Diamond, is king of them all!
The idol of Demos, with the riches of Demas,
Whose sceptre's a bat and his orb a base-ball.

What are brains (what's a bustle) to the grandeur of muscle?
Mere scribblers must hustle, or starve on a snub;
It's vastly more fitting we aim at transmitting
The genius for hitting a ball with a club.

What! Artist and Poet *great!* Not if we know it!
For us flows the wine, so let them drink the gall;
What's Music or Science? We hurl them defiance
In our high-toned reliance on the Greatness of Ball!

Ye ghosts of Olympia! *We'll* cripple and crimp ye!
We'll show old-world fooldom what Yankees can do!
We'll twirl before Czars, and slide before Shahs,
And dazzle the dudes of polite Timbuctoo!

To make game at Cheop-a's Pyramid's proper,
Jerus'lem and Joppa—we'll Barnumize all,
Like Moody and Sankey; we'll show our new Yankee
Old English rounders rechristened Base-ball!

Then play ball like euchre, play only for lucre,
For perhaps there may come the degenerate days
Once more, when a national game will grow rational,
The guerdon mere Honor and profitless praise.

So be proud of your betting, your pamp'ring and petting,
Your ball-dollar-getting and swapping at call,
Be sold as a chattel, "like dumb, driven cattle"—
Boys, *this* is the glory of modern "base" Ball.

O. H. G. L.

LITERARY TREASURES IN ORIENTAL LIBRARIES.

The discovery in Constantinople several years ago by Bishop Bryennios of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, and the discussion of this rare find, which made it evident that it was a most important new source of information for the New Testament specialist and the historian, have put Western scholarship on the *qui vive* as to what rich literary treasures may yet lie unknown and unappreciated on the musty and mouldy shelves of Oriental cloisters and libraries. This discovery, as also that of the Codex Sinaiticus by Tischendorf some years earlier in the St. Catharine cloister on Mount Sinai, proved conclusively that notwithstanding the tens of thousands of manuscripts which from the time of the Crusades down to our own day and generation had been brought from the East and deposited in the great libraries of England, Italy, France, and Germany, the Orient still was the possessor of an abundance of treasures that would delight the eye and heart of the scholars of more than one department of research.

A number of circumstances have conspired to make it possible now for Western nations to learn more of the contents of these libraries than was ever the case before. Western scholars have made it a point to secure access to them and to make catalogues of their contents, while the generous rivalry of modern Greek scholarship is also energetically engaged in this work of literary discovery and rediscovery. By a singular piece of good fortune the three libraries of the East which are apt to contain the greatest number of manuscripts have been and are being examined by competent men. These are the libraries on Mount Sinai, at Jerusalem, and on Mount Athos, the three sacred shrines of the Oriental Orthodox Church. It appears from these investigations that literally tens of thousands of literary documents are in these collections awaiting the patient and scrutinizing examination of the scholarly investigator.

The greatest historical interest naturally attaches itself to the St. Catharine cloister, where the most important New Testament codex was discovered. Professor Gardshausen, of Leipzig, has prepared and published in Latin a complete catalogue of all the Greek manuscripts in this cloister. It contains 1223 codices. Of these 147 contain portions of the Old Testament, 133 portions of the New, 15 contain commentaries, 77 contain Church fathers, four are ascetic works, the others being of a liturgical, hymnological, and theological contents. Profane literature is represented only in about two dozen numbers. More than 200 have dates, the oldest manuscript being of the eighth century. The Sinaiticus, it will be remembered, was sent to Europe, the Old Testament being now in Leipzig and the New in St. Petersburg. It dates from the fifth century. The manuscripts have been collected from many cities and lands—Egypt, Alexandria, Cairo, Sinai, Crete, Cyprus, Palestine, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Patmos, Chersones, Athos, Cephalonia, Italy, and other localities being recorded on the manuscripts as the place of their origin. In the case of about 200 the names of the writers are given, not a few of them being familiar ones. Unfortunately this collection is sadly neglected. It will be remembered that Tischendorf found his first fragments of the famous codex in the waste basket.

The *Teaching* now is in the library of the Greek Church in Jerusalem, to which it really belonged. This collection contains at present 1850 numbers. It will, however, increase in the near future, as it is the purpose of the authorities to transfer the libraries of the other convents in this ecclesiastical jurisdiction to Jerusalem, that of the famous convent of Mar Saba being already there. No catalogue of this collection has as yet been prepared, but it is known to contain valuable documents dating back to at least the ninth century. The chief contents are of a Biblical and theological character.

The greatest collection probably in the whole East is found in the twenty cloisters on Mount Athos. Over ten thousand codices are found here alone. For more than eight years Professor S. B. Lambros, of Athens, one of the best among the critical scholars of Greece, has been engaged in the work of catalogueing these vast treasures. Of his catalogue, the first instalment, in which he describes 865 manuscripts of the 5759 which he examined, has been issued. The two largest collections, those of Lawra and Watopedion, had at least in part been examined before. The former was found to contain about one thousand and the latter more than four thousand works. These two accordingly have collections almost as large as those of the other eighteen cloisters together. Singularly, Professor Lambros began his catalogue with the more modern works. Of 568 manuscripts—the others of the 865 being modern, and treating of church music—7 are from the seventh century, 3 from the ninth, 6 from the tenth, 13 from the eleventh, 16 from the twelfth, 31 from the thirteenth, 53 from the fourteenth, 44 from the fifteenth, 62 from the sixteenth, 129 from the seventeenth, 162 from the eighteenth, and 48 from the nineteenth century. There are 78 Old Testament and 36 New Testament manuscripts, several of them very valuable. The Church fathers are exceedingly well represented. Of non-theological literature there is but little.

Professor Lambros has also prepared a special pamphlet on the palimpsests of these collections; that is, those manuscripts from which an older text had been erased to make room for a later. He has proven that at least the Mount Athos monks did not imitate their colleagues in the Western Church and erase good works of the classical literatures in order to use the codices for monastic and ecclesiastical matter. Of course these three are only a few of the many collections of unexplored literary remains scattered throughout the Orient. When the codices of the Eastern libraries are once studied as have been those in the Western, literary discoveries of unusual value and worth can be expected.

CUPID WORSTED.

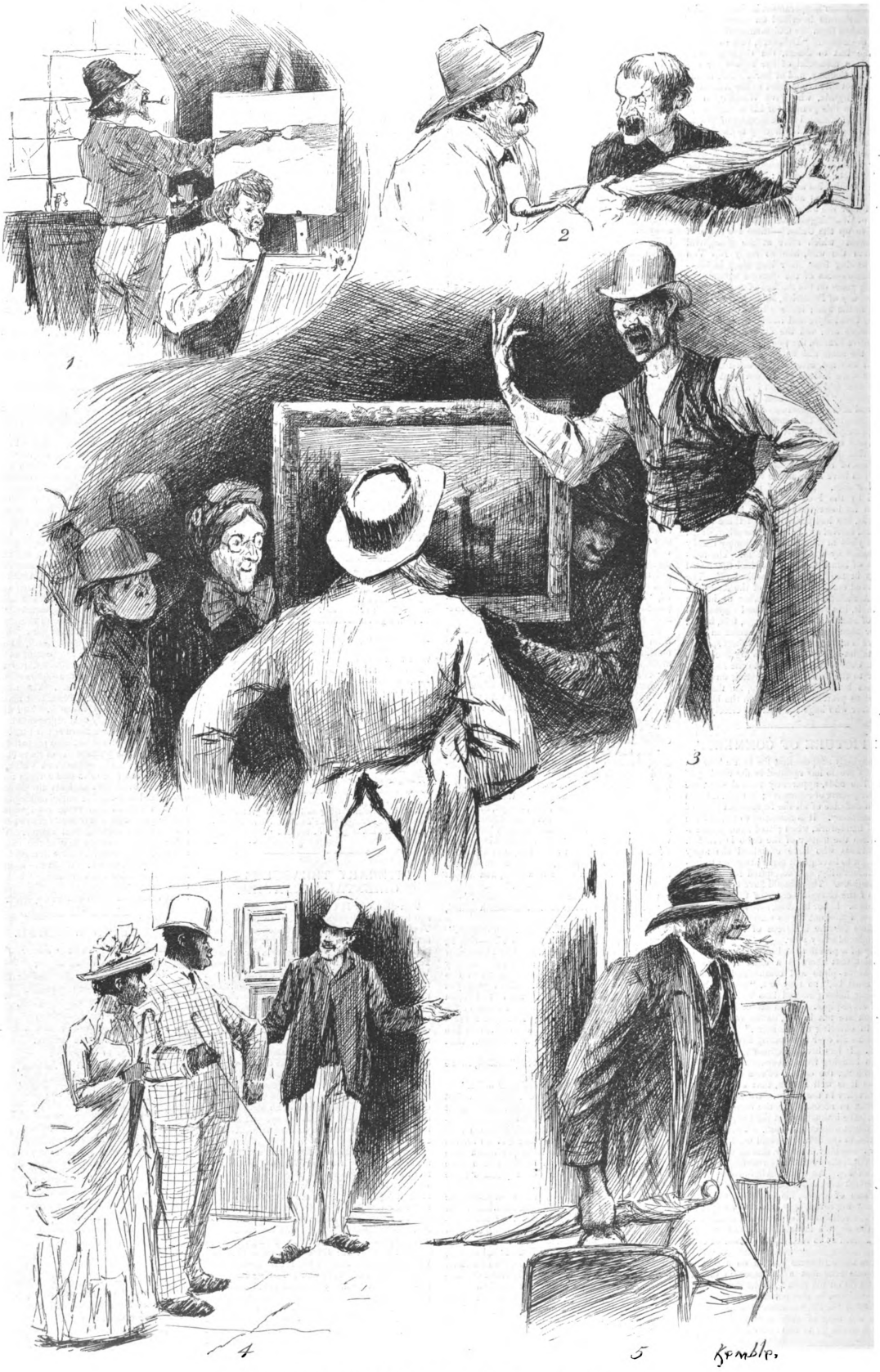
There's a roguish little archer
Who besets us all alike;
No care he knows if friend or foes
His heedless arrows strike.
The proudest he will vanquish,
The sagest he'll deceive;
So, friend, beware and have a care
Lest you his tale believe.
Listen to his story;
Let him tell it through;
But take it not *au sérieux*,
Whatever else you do.

He knows when men are weakest;
He knows when women yield;
His arrows fly ere you and I
Suspect he's in the field.
When some fair maid seems fairest
'Tis time to have a care:
With roguish wile and cunning smile
Be sure he's lurking there.
Be sure it is his doing,
Though the eyes be black or blue;
But take it not *au sérieux*,
Whatever else you do.

Would you pay this merry youngster
For the many tricks he's played,
Would leave forlorn and laugh to scorn
The traps the rogue has laid?
Then follow where he leads you,
But keep a bright lookout
To reap the spoils and skip the toils;
Take care what you're about.
Listen to his story
As though you thought it true;
But take it not *au sérieux*,
Whatever else you do.

Mary E. Vandyne.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HIGH ART IN THE BOWERY.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 403.]

1. In the Studio. 2. A Discussion as to Merits. 3. The Auction. 4. The Sidewalk Enticer. 5. A specimen Art Patron.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

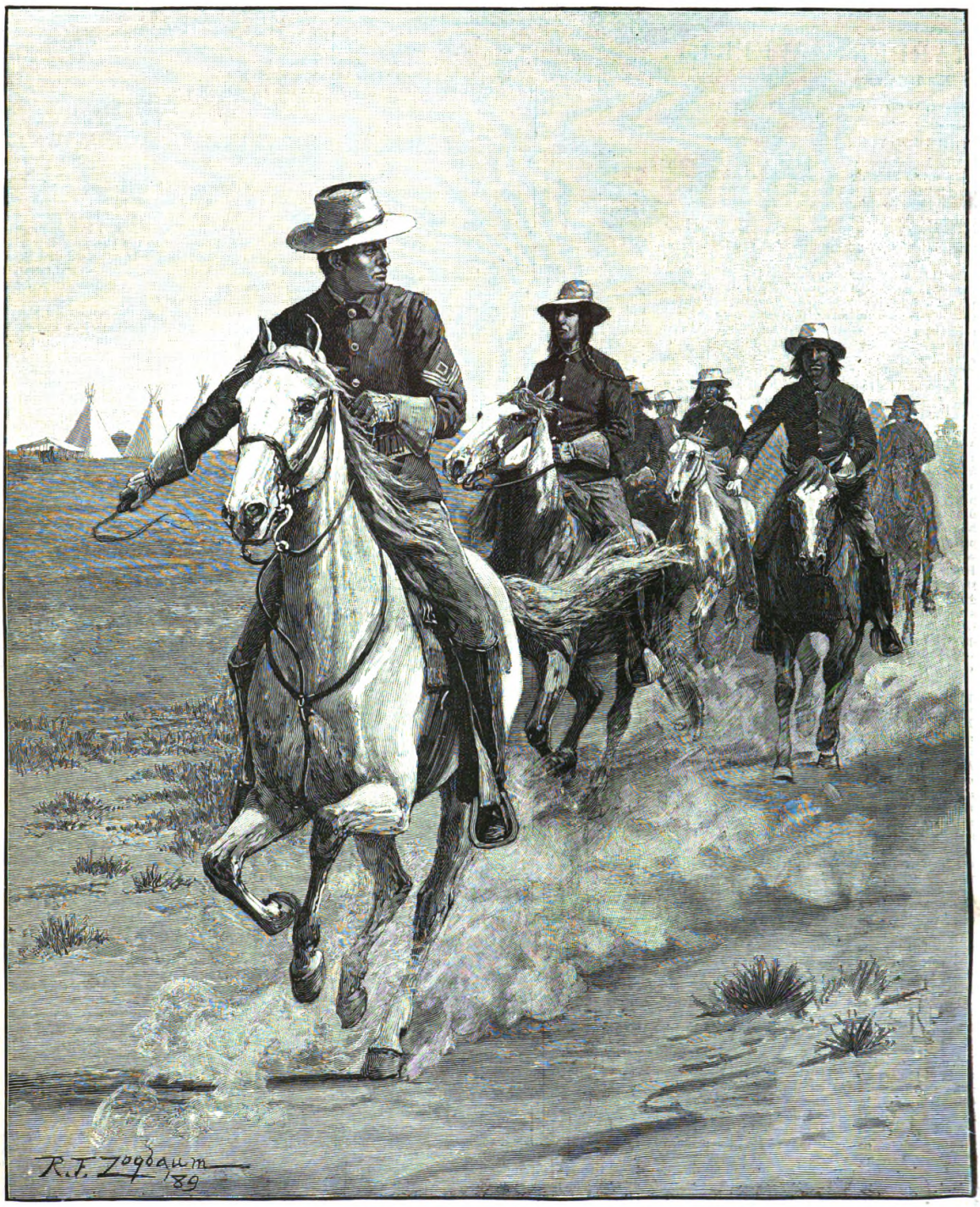
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1692.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



CHEYENNE SCOUTS AT DRILL.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"We cannot commend HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE too highly."—*Christian Union.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for May 21st contains the eighth instalment of "Dorymates," by KIRK MUNROE, *and the fifth part of "Princess Lilowakiana," a fairy tale, by* HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT. *Both these stories are illustrated.*

MR. A. A. STAGG *continues his articles on "Base-Ball for Amateurs," which should be of great value to young aspirants to honors in that popular game.*

The principal illustration is entitled

WAITING FOR A BITE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

Other contributions to this number are MRS. HERRICK'S *"Little Experiments—Sound," a story by* SYDNEY DAYRE, *and a poem by* FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1692, WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE OF 1889.

THE Legislature of New York which has just adjourned may not be altogether, as it has been called, "the most rotten legislative body that has cursed New York for years," but it is a curious illustration of the condition into which the Legislature of the greatest State in the Union has fallen. The ruling prices of votes are openly stated, and the worst of it is that they are generally believed to be accurate. That laws are passed either as political games or for money in hand paid, and not in consideration of the public welfare, is not doubted. That the Legislature in any fair measure, and with certain honorable personal exceptions, represents the intelligence, the enlightened character, and public spirit of the State, or of the two great parties in the State, nobody believes. If it were such a representative, the State of New York would be in a condition of swift decadence. The Legislature soon after organizing, and hearing from the Governor and the Speaker solemn homilies upon the money corruption of politics—homilies emphasized by the notorious facts of the then recent national election—was forced by the press and by public opinion to inquire into a wretched swindle of the public in regard to the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber. A report was made to whitewash the frauds. But the honor of some members could not withstand the derision and scorn with which the report was greeted, and toward the end of the session a frank and manly report of the facts was submitted, exposing a fraudulent conspiracy, denouncing certain conspirators by name, and urging the law officer of the State to prosecute. The facts are not doubted. But so low has the character of the Legislature of New York fallen that the deliberate rejection of the report did not surprise the public, and the Legislature adjourned, it is not too much to say, amid general contempt.

When it met there were three subjects upon which public opinion demanded action. These were ballot reform, high license, and a proper scheme of convict labor. Another measure of a similar reform character was introduced, providing for State care of the insane. The ballot reform bill, substantially that of last year, was passed, and was vetoed by the Governor. The license law is the measure prepared by a commission in accordance with the recommendation of the Governor. Of this bill the joint committee on high license, in the city of New York, says that while not distinctly a high-license measure, it is so great an improvement upon the present situation that its enactment is most desirable. This bill also passed. The FASSETT scheme for convict labor is the best law of the kind yet proposed, and this also passed. The bill for State care of the insane was rejected by the Assembly. But the Senate passed it with amendments. The measure known as the GRANT rapid transit bill became the subject of a "deal" between the party leaders, in which the Republicans were "put in a hole" by the Governor's refusal to ratify the deal, while he signed the police justice bill, which was a concession to Tammany by the Republicans for which they received no consideration. They took their revenge by practically defeating the rapid transit bill, the passage of which was desired by public opinion in the city. The popular estimate of the Legislature is shown by the fact that an alleged arrangement was said to have been made by Governor HILL, Mayor GRANT, and Mr. PLATT, who is not a member of the Legislature, which would finally secure the passage of the bill. Whether the report was true or not, it showed that the action of the Legislature upon such a subject was believed to be determined, not by public reasons, but by a deal.

The best acts of the Legislature are the passage of the ballot reform law and the FASSETT convict labor bill. The first of these may be fairly regarded as a concession to "the better element" of the party of the majority, and the last is an admirable law, drawn with great knowledge, intelligence, and experience. Whatever good legislation has been secured is mainly due to Republican votes. But neither party probably will plume itself upon its performances in the Legislature of 1889. The Republicans, indeed, have the credit of the good measures we have mentioned, while the Democrats have arrayed their party against every measure of reasonable reform approved by the intelligent public opinion of the State. They have identified it with reactionary sympathies, with disorder and political corruption, which go far to annul the effect of party professions of interest in tariff reform. But on the other hand the Republicans are responsible for the great disgrace of the session and for the "deal." These, and not the final failure of the ballot reform and other bills, are the blots upon the record, and these the Republicans had the power, and were bound by their general professions, to prevent. They insist upon judging the Democratic party by the character and performances of the men whom it chooses to represent it. They must not wince at a similar judgment of the Republican party. When each party is content to be no worse than the other, independence in politics will be more general than ever.

UNCLE SAM ON THE CHAMP DE MARS.

ONE excellent result of the centennial commemoration has been the discussion which it has occasioned, especially due to the sermon of Bishop POTTER of the comparative public ideals of the country in 1789 and 1889. The discussion has quickened investigation and led to a great deal of reflection. It has occurred to many that our uncle Samuel in his early youth may have had several virtues which do not characterize his riper years. This suspicion that, excellent as he is, he may not take precedence of every age and country, has been further stimulated by the report of the unsatisfactory appearance which he makes at the Paris exhibition. Uncle Sam is reported not to be a very impressive figure upon the Champ de Mars. Mr. SMALLEY, who is not careless of the good name of his country in Europe, writes to the *Tribune*, and with most careful pen, in view of the fact that its late editor is now Minister in France: "When we come to the general American section it is doubtful whether we shall make much impression upon the general public. We shall be ranked among those nations who have shown themselves careless of appearances."

The correspondent of the Associated Press permits himself a stronger if not more expressive treatment of the case:

"Within the month that has glorified the centenary of our civil independence we cannot offer at the congress of the world's skill a solitary example of American porcelain, fine textiles, superior bronzes, artistic manipulation of wood, decorative paper or leather. We offer machines that can write and talk, machines that perform all the labors of the field, and that solve most of the problems of the factory. In an age of physics distinguished by the discovery of no new principle we have astonished science itself by new combinations of principles, and by the creation of resources for the convenience of mankind. But we have added scarcely anything to the beauty, grace, and repose of idealism. While justly boasting of our rank as mechanics, chemists, and electricians, we still pay transportation to England for our native furs, skins, leather, and cotton, and are content to pay afterward a second transportation and the manufacturer's price, as well as the custom tax, for the products into which our own raw materials have been turned. Add to this the yearly drain of money unnecessarily lost, the millions annually paid for decorative manufactures from every factory of Europe and of a reviving East, and an approximate estimate may be made of the colossal penalty we pay with incomprehensible stupidity for failing to develop a sense of form, color, and composition in our own youth."

This is a strong assertion of our skill in promoting comfort and convenience. It is a tribute to our material prosperity, but it satirizes even our commercial shrewdness, while it stigmatizes us as thus far wanting the highest results of national genius, and the intellectual and æsthetic qualities which add the final grace of civilization. This was nobly said by Mr. LOWELL at the centennial banquet:

"I admire our energy, our enterprise, our inventiveness, our multiplicity of resources, no man more; but it is by less visibly remunerative virtues, I persist in thinking, that nations chiefly live and feel the higher meaning of their lives. Prosperous we may be in other ways, contented with more specious success, but that nation is a mere horde supplying figures to the census which does not acknowledge a truer prosperity and a richer contentment in the things of the mind. Railways and telegraphs reckoned by the thousand miles are excellent things in their way, but I doubt whether it be of their poles and sleepers that the minds are made of that ladder by which men or nations climb to the fulfilment of their highest purpose and function."

Perhaps the best way to receive such words as those of Mr. LOWELL and Bishop POTTER, and such very emphatic statements as those of Mr. SMALLEY and the Associated Press, of the poor appearance that we make even in an industrial and inventive display, is not to declare resentfully that WASHINGTON and his associates were no better than the statesmen of our day, and that seventeen hundred and eighty-nine lied and stole and cheated quite as much and as generally as eighteen hundred and eighty-nine. Whatever shabby thing a man may do he can undoubtedly find a precedent for it in the doing of some earlier man, and how ever far a people may fall below its own ideal, it can doubtless find plenty of stumbling and falling in its predecessors of another day. But is it, after all, by proving that our fathers were as bad as we are, rather than by showing that we excel in the distinctive virtues of our fathers, that we justify our pride in ourselves? In the last generation it was a familiar salutation of old courtesy to a young child, "My boy, may you make a better man than your father!" It was not an insult: it was an exhortation. My son, it said, to excel your father will make you better than a good man. If the celebration should stimulate Uncle Sam to resolve that good as his father was, he will try to be better, he will be a much wiser man than in attempting to prove that his father was no better than he.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

WE trust that the newly organized Civil Service Commission will advise the President strongly against ordering an extension of the term of one year in which a person "separated" from the service may be restored to it without examination. At its first meeting after the election the Civil Service Reform Association of New York laid down what seems to us the true view upon this point:

"That a general system of removals from the public service upon a party change of administration under the plea of correcting the injustice of previous removals is the very evil that reform seeks to correct. Reform could never begin if honest and efficient officers devoted to their duty and not offensively partisan, although appointed for political reasons, should be removed for precisely the same reasons to make place for partisans of the removing power."

There are some strong friends of reform who hold that the limitation of one year within which the restoration may be made without examination should be abolished, and the President will be undoubtedly urged by them to authorize the change. But what would be the result? Let it be supposed that President CLEVELAND had made a clean political sweep of the service, President HARRISON would then make another under the plea of reform.

It is useless to argue that the restoration should extend only to cases where removal is known to have been political. Such cases in general cannot be known, because political reasons for removal are very seldom stated, while every person removed would allege a political reason, and the necessary investigation to ascertain the facts would be impossible. Moreover, such removals when made are generally of persons who were originally appointed for political reasons, and their restoration is not in accordance with sound principle, because if it be wrong to remove a person appointed for political reasons who has practically proved his fitness and efficiency, the wrong done by one President to one person cannot be remedied by the same wrong done by his successor to another person. Practically, if this plan should prevail, every person who under any administration has been politically removed could demand his restoration from every succeeding administration. If President HARRISON should reappoint C because his predecessor, President CLEVELAND, had removed him to appoint B, then A, who was removed by President ARTHUR in order to appoint B, would have a stronger claim than either. Reform must begin by every successive President refusing to remove perfectly capable and satisfactory officers, for whatever reason appointed.

The term of one year within which officers removed for reasons disconnected with the service may be restored is a purely arbitrary term adopted for the purpose of enabling an appointing officer to remedy an evident wrong of which he is subsequently convinced. It was not intended to authorize an appointing officer arbitrarily to evade the required examination and to make political removals in order to make room for political appointments. This we believe to be so plain, and the consequences of unlimited restoration without the operation of the rules to be so mischievous in promoting the evils to be reformed, that we hope the President, upon reflection, will decline to modify the rule. Commissioner LYMAN, who has great experience as well as great intelligence upon the subject, is understood to have advised the President against relaxing any barrier which the rules have raised against the abuses. This is not because he does not acknowledge the great wrong done to an officer by his political removal, but because he sees equally the wrong done to the predecessor whom the officer replaced, and the necessity of basing upon a definite principle the action of each successive Executive. Even were there no other reason, it is at present absolutely impracticable for a President to undertake the correction of all wrongs of this kind which may have been committed by his predecessors.

THE POST-OFFICE.

THE New York *Herald's* Washington correspondence represents Postmaster-General WANAMAKER as saying that the displacement of a postmaster without cause before the expiration of his term would be a removal, and that the President is not making removals except for cause. He added that the President would promptly remove inefficient postmasters, but "he will not remove a man merely to make a place for a Republican." This would be important if true. We do not mean that it is untrue, but as it stands it is a report merely, and may

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

be a misunderstanding. If this is to be the rule, an announcement of the fact by the President would be a public service. It would be also a certain gain for reform, because it would both stay a general sweep and show that there is no reason for it. But the President will see that if there be no reason for dismissing a postmaster before the end of his term for political reasons, it is because such reasons do not affect the efficiency of his service, and consequently that they do not justify his dismissal upon the same grounds at the end of his term.

The only plea for such dismissal would be that as the expiration of the term makes an appointment necessary, the President may properly select a member of his own party. But that is to assume that the chief consideration is not the welfare of the service, which requires the retention of trained and experienced competency, but the advantage of the party, which is the bald spoils doctrine. The result would be that as all the four-year terms expire during every administration the whole service would substantially undergo a political change with every party change of the Presidency. Practically an efficient officer who is not reappointed at the end of an arbitrary term is removed. The four years' act was passed ostensibly to secure greater punctuality and precision in the accounting of certain fiscal officers. President MONROE, according to JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, approved the law incautiously, and both he and his successor uniformly reappointed unobjectionable officers. But the law was undoubtedly really designed by Mr. CRAWFORD to make vacancies for personal and partisan appointments without the odium of removal. Dropping an efficient and experienced officer for no reason connected with the service, and with the injury to the service necessarily arising from inexperience, is substantially to remove him.

Now the President said in his letter of acceptance, "Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." But if those interests do not suggest or justify removal in May, 1889, and they remain absolutely unharmed, they cannot justify removal in June, 1889, or in June, 1890, merely because a month or a year may have elapsed. If this be true of the comparatively few Presidential post-offices, it is equally true of the enormous number of fourth-class offices which have no term. The President's sound principle that only the interests of the public service should suggest removals applies to those without any kind of pretext springing from expiration of term. Every time Mr. WANAMAKER removes a fourth-class postmaster because he is a Democrat, he violates the President's declared principle and violates the pledge of the Republican platform. All the uproar about mawkish mugwumps and super-celestial politics does not change or obscure this fact. Mr. BELL, the chief of the railway service, wrote with entire frankness to a subordinate who was dismissed, that the reason was not any fault, and did not affect in any way his personal character. The reason was that he was a Democrat, and Mr. BELL did not plainly state it, because he is aware that the public mind is ceasing to regard it as a valid reason. The public intelligence holds with the President that the reason must be connected with the interests of the public service, and it will cordially approve his action just in the degree that he conforms to his own principle.

THE WOMEN OF KANSAS.

THE remark of some observers of the woman suffrage movement that most women themselves are indifferent to it, and do not vote when permitted, is resented and denied in Kansas. This is, we believe, the third year of their enfranchisement in that State, and at the municipal election of this spring they voted much more generally than heretofore. It is even stated that a third of the whole vote was cast by women, and the returns of twenty-two cities are declared to have shown a still larger proportion. In one city the women were half the whole number of voters. Two cities elected a woman Mayor and Councilwomen.

These facts have an air of "practical politics," which is increased by the statement that one marked effect of the woman vote is the annulling of partisanship in the municipal elections, and the enforcing of economy in municipal expenditures. The shrewd observer who sends us these facts adds that there was no voting of women against men, but a union of intelligence in both sexes. These are interesting statements for the student of American politics and society. They suggest various inquiries as to the domestic results of such political activity, the replies to which could not be readily obtained, but would be of great value. There is evidently no lack of practical interest in voting among the women of Kansas.

THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL MONEY.

THE proposition to give public-school money to the Catholic Protectory was defeated in the Assembly. But the argument of consistency was very strongly in favor of the grant. For it appears that there are now sixteen institutions of the same general character as the Protectory, that is, sectarian charities with schools, which receive public money, amounting last year to nearly $100,000. The Protectory now receives a certain sum from the city for every child committed to it by the public authorities, and the law requires a semi-annual inspection of the institution by the Common Council.

The argument that if any such institution receive a share of the school money, other similar institutions ought to share the privilege, seems to be unanswerable. Mr. CROSBY therefore moved to withhold the money from the sixteen institutions which now receive it. The principle is plain, and its application should be equal. If the school money may be properly given to quasi public and actually sectarian bodies, the Protectory cannot be equitably excluded. But sects have votes, and the result of Mr. CROSBY'S motion, as one paper reports, was "the liveliest dodging of the session." About thirty members, it says, "ran to cover," and the motion was lost by a tie of 49 to 49. The Protectory bill was then defeated by a vote of 53 for it to 43 against it, which was not the necessary two-thirds.

The principle, we repeat, is plain. The public-school moneys should be scrupulously and exclusively reserved for the public schools, which are wholly under public control. If the State wishes, for any satisfactory reason, to aid other institutions which, wholly or partly, are under private or sectarian control, let it make a specific appropriation. This is the only simple and just way.

"TWO SAINTS."

A CHARMING little poem by ELIZABETH AKERS, called "Two Saints," is a fitting tribute to the singularly disinterested devotion of the late HENRY BERGH. It is, we believe, privately printed, and may have escaped our attention in some other form. But in any form and at any time it is a striking and beautiful tribute. One saint is St. FRANCIS and the other HENRY BERGH.

Of St. FRANCIS, who heard the command to go into all the world and preach the truth to "every creature," the poem says:

"Dear literal soul! he read and he obeyed;
No changing of the text he sought or made;
But held that it embraced, from the beginning,
Bird, reptile, fish, and all four-footed things—
The world that burrows, browses, swims, and sings,
No less than man the sinning.
He craved no salaried place in church or state;
He left to priests and bigots all debate
Of differing creeds and various orthodoxies,
And without scrip, or staff, or gathered alms,
Went forth to preach his faith and chant his psalms
To squirrels, birds, and foxes."

The rest of the picture of the good St. FRANCIS is as tender and true.

The companion portrait follows:

"In modern times there came another saint—
Not tonsured and hemp-girded in the quaint
Old-fashioned manner of the monkish preachers—
A man with men, he brought to beasts and birds
A gospel of good deeds instead of words:
Saint BERGH of All Dumb Creatures."

His gentle and untiring and effectual service is truly and vividly described, and its absolute unselfishness:

"Thank him? They did not even comprehend
That he was their protector, helper, friend:
He was to them, despite his service tender,
But one of that harsh race which wronged them so;
Alas! how cruel that they could not know
Their savior and defender."

The touching poem thus fitly ends:

"Sweet be his rest now all his work is done.
May every loving mother bid her son
Learn mercy from this kindliest of teachers—
This hero, who, until his lifetime's end,
Labored to shield, to comfort, and befriend
All dumb and helpless creatures!"

The memory of this modest benefactor of both the human and the brute species is most happily honored and perpetuated in these quaint and melodious verses.

AN EDITOR'S VIEWS OF THE NEWSPAPER.

THE views of an able and accomplished master of a craft in regard to his own work are always of the greatest interest and value. For this reason the address of Mr. CHARLES R. MILLER, editor of the New York *Times*, upon the Art of Journalism, delivered before the students of Dartmouth College, his *alma mater*, is well worthy attention. The address is especially valuable for its comprehensive conception of the function of a great journal, and for its thorough statement of the qualifications of the directors or editors of such a power. Mr. MILLER holds that the training which fits a man successfully to practise the art of making a newspaper is not less arduous than that which is required for the masters of other forms of professional activity, and although in these days of drift toward special studies it is not easy for any man to make all knowledge his province, yet there is no doubt that the larger the editor's knowledge beyond the range of technical information, the greater his editorial success.

That success, in Mr. MILLER'S view, does not lie in making a journal merely the organ of a personality. He holds that the day of great editors has yielded to that of great newspapers. This is unquestionably true, if the remark is qualified by the recollection that it is the great editor who makes the great newspaper. It is he who makes its opinions "acceptable to right-thinking men," and gives to the journal, which is a finely proportioned mirror of the world in each passing day, the power of moral and mental elevation. Mr. MILLER points out with incisive force the difference between the newspaper success which is due to pandering to morbid and vicious tastes and the legitimate prosperity arising from accord with intelligent and progressive opinion. But he reminds the reader that the former is to be corrected, not by lashing the paper, but only by diminishing ignorance and vice in the community.

It is not by such illicit success that the real character of the American press is to be estimated, but by the unquestionable fact that it was never, upon the whole, so able and independent a national force as it is now. The number of great journals, for instance, which, in Mr. MILLER'S words, publish their own opinions in politics, not opinions dictated by a political committee, which judge public questions upon their merits and not by their relation to parties, which, in a word, seek the public welfare rather than a party advantage, is much larger than ever before. This in itself is a significant and promising sign of the times, for it shows the widening perception of the truth that party is a means, not an end. It is a lofty ideal which Mr. MILLER raises for himself and his brother editors, and the fact that it is raised by the editor of one of the foremost journals in the country in influence and ability is a signal assurance of the wisdom of well-doing.

MR. CHILDS AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE universal kindly greeting to Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS upon his late birthday is a pleasant illustration of the esteem in which he is held. Especially agreeable to him probably was the hearty tribute of the printers, who have more than once testified their regard for him. His heart and hand are always open to good causes, and his *Ledger*, a journal of great circulation, is directed with a candor and courtesy and ability which give it a distinctive character. The smiles of fortune upon this one of her favorites are certainly justified by the spirit and manner in which he shares her favors with others.

THE "SOL AIGU."

THE appearance of a new American prima donna in Paris seems to have been a very brilliant event and an unquestionable triumph. The young lady is Miss SIBYL SANDERSON, of San Francisco, and she sang in the opera of *Esclarmonde*, a new work of JULES MASSENET, of whom Miss SANDERSON has been a favorite pupil. The opera is founded upon a mediæval story, in which the heroine Esclarmonde loves the Knight Roland, and after much musical mischance and misery, the end is happiness, culminating in the unprecedented *sol aigu*, corresponding to the marvellous *ut de poitrine*.

The excitement of the evening was evidently prodigious, and the success of the young singer so unequivocal as to make her a *primus donna assoluta*. The *sol aigu* plainly exalts the style of the description of the interesting event. "It is a work of great force," says one of the reports, speaking of the opera, "full, it is true, of dream-like fantasy and mysticism, woven in with grandeur and human passion, but nevertheless a *chef d'œuvre* of romantic style."

For the singer it is a sudden and intoxicating fame. Her voice and musical training are highly praised, and the opera is called the masterpiece of its composer. The support and setting are also described in the key of the *sol aigu*, and the whole account glows with subdued rapture. The audience was most distinguished, including President CARNOT and singers and professors of fame, besides the American colony in force and fashion. NILSSON beheld the triumphant descent of the younger *diva*, and doubtless recalled another day and another triumph. One of the reports insists that the opera will be sung everywhere, and that the melodies will become public favorites, while another regrets the entire absence of simple melody and cantabile. But who would hold to severe consistency reportorial pens held under the bewildering spell of the *sol aigu*, "which will go down to history with the celebrated *ut*"?

PERSONAL.

PADRE AGOSTINO DI MONTEFELTRO, the famous Franciscan monk who recently offended the Pope by winding up a course of eloquent Lenten sermons in the Church of San Carlo with an invocation of the Divine blessing upon King HUMBERT and upon the royal house of SAVOY, has a most romantic history. He belonged to an ancient and princely family, but was very poor. His poverty prevented his marriage to Princess ODESCALCHI, a young lady of great beauty and wealth, and thoroughly dejected, he joined the insurrectionary forces of General GARIBALDI in Sicily. He distinguished himself in battle and received rapid promotion. While suffering from a serious wound he heard that his former sweetheart was to be married to a rich Florentine noble. As soon as he could he hastened to Rome, only to learn that the princess had committed suicide with poison on the eve of her wedding. Then he challenged the Florentine to a duel, and ran him through the neck, severing the jugular-vein. Sorrow and remorse drove the Garibaldian soldier into a Franciscan monastery, where after twenty-four years of seclusion and study, the expiation of his sins was pronounced, and he was ordered to re-enter the world and use his gifts for the glory of the order and the Holy Church. Padre AGOSTINO does not belong to the irreconcilable party at the Vatican, but openly proclaims his desire to see an early reconciliation of church and state.

—A brief biography and portrait of ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE appeared in No. 1685 of HARPER'S WEEKLY, immediately after his appointment as Minister to Russia. Mr. RICE was so highly pleased with the portrait that he asked to have proofs of it prepared for him, and these were about to be sent at the time of his death. Seldom has a bright and promising career been cut short with such tragical suddenness.

—A professional Japanese tattooer at Hong-Kong makes an annual income of about $6000. One of his prettiest and most intricate designs is a tiny fan, about the size of a halfpenny, on which is a complete landscape with figures well defined.

—Queen VICTORIA made an American artist happy during her recent visit to Biarritz by asking him to paint a picture for her. The lucky man is WILLIAM GEDNEY BUNCE, of Hartford, Connecticut.

—The new Earl of Carlisle is a conscientious tectotaler, and has closed all the public-houses on his property. The casks of home-brewed ale in his cellars have been emptied, and the brew-houses, well known all over England, destroyed.

—Miss SUSANNA M. DUNKLEE, of Newton, Massachusetts, has been treasurer of the United States bank there for fifteen years, and handles about $500,000 every year.

—The wife of Baron ESLANGER is the daughter of the late JOHN SLIDELL, Confederate Minister to England, and it was through her influence that he invested so largely in Southern railroads.

—There was something weird and almost supernatural in the performances of WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, the so-called mind-reader, who died from a cataleptic fit in this city the other day. Sceptics called them muscle-reading, and more than one person successfully imitated some of his tricks. His last feat, however, which proved fatal to him, surpassed all others, and as a prominent physician has said, seemed to be accomplished by mental or physical powers unknown to science. BISHOP was the godson of WASHINGTON IRVING, and took his name. His nature was strange and erratic, and he had made himself notorious on both sides of the Atlantic by his absurd escapades as well as by his strange feats. He was hardly forty years old, dissipation and an irregular style of living having helped to shorten his life.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH.—From the Painting by John S. Sargent.—[See Page 411.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"Mr. Woodburn consented to sit down, and he remained listening to Mrs. Leighton while his daughter bustled up to the sketches pinned round the room and questioned Alma about them."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

II.

"WHY, Alma," whispered the mother, "who in the world can it be at this time of night? You don't suppose he—"

"Well, I'm not going to the door anyhow, mother, I don't care who it is; and of course he wouldn't be such a goose as to come at this hour." She put on a look of miserable trepidation, and shrank back from the door, while the hum of the bell died away in the hall.

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Leighton, helplessly.

"Let him go away—whoever they are," said Alma.

Another and more peremptory ring forbade them refuge in this simple expedient.

"Oh dear! what shall we do? Perhaps it's a despatch."

The conjecture moved Alma to no more than a rigid stare. "I shall not go," she said. A third ring more insistent than the others followed, and she said: "You go ahead, mamma, and I'll come behind to scream if it's anybody. We can look through the side lights at the door first."

Mrs. Leighton fearfully led the way from the back chamber where they had been sitting, and slowly descended the stairs. Alma came behind and turned up the hall gas jet with a sudden flash that made them both jump a little. The gas inside rendered it more difficult to tell who was on the threshold, but Mrs. Leighton decided from a timorous peep through the serims that it was a lady and gentleman. Something in this distribution of sex emboldened her; she took her life in her hand and opened the door.

The lady spoke. "Does Mrs. Leighton live heah?" she said, in a rich, throaty voice; and she feigned a reference to the agent's permit she held in her hand.

"Yes," said Mrs. Leighton: she mechanically occupied the doorway, while Alma already quivered behind her with impatience of her impoliteness.

"Oh," said the lady, who began to appear more and more a young lady, "Ah didn't know but Ah had mistaken the ho'se. Ah suppose it's rather late to see the apawtments, and Ah most ask you to pawdon us." She put this tentatively, with a delicately growing recognition of Mrs. Leighton as the lady of the house, and a humorous intelligence of the situation in the glance she threw Alma over her mother's shoulder. "Ah'm afraid we most have frightened you?"

"Oh, not at all," said Alma; and at the same time her mother said, "Will you walk in, please?"

The gentleman promptly removed his hat and made the Leightons an inclusive bow. "You awe very kind, madam, and I am sorry for the trouble we awe giving you." He was tall and severe-looking, with a gray, trooperish mustache and iron-gray hair, and, as Alma decided, iron-gray eyes. His daughter was short, plump, and fresh colored, with an effect of liveliness that did not at all express itself in her broad-vowelled, rather formal speech, with its odd valuations of some of the auxiliary verbs, and its total elision of the canine letter.

"We awe from the Soath," she said, "and we arrived this mawning, but we got this cyahd from the brokah just befo' dinnah, and so we awe rathah late."

"Not at all; it's only nine o'clock," said Mrs. Leighton, in condonation. She looked up from the card the young lady had given her, and explained, "We haven't got in our servants yet, and we had to answer the bell ourselves, and—"

"You *were* frightened, of co'se," said the young lady, caressingly.

The gentleman said they ought not to *have* come so late, and he offered some formal apologies.

"We should have been just as much scared any time after five o'clock," Alma said to the sympathetic intelligence in the girl's face.

She laughed out. "Of co'se! Ah would have my hawt in my moath all day long too, if *Ah* was living in a big ho'se alone."

A moment of stiffness followed; Mrs. Leighton would have liked to withdraw from the intimacy of the situation, but she did not know how. It was very well for these people to assume to be what they pretended; but, she reflected too late, she had no proof of it except the agent's permit. They were all standing in the hall together, and she prolonged the awkward pause while she examined the permit. "You are Mr. Woodburn?" she asked, in a way that Alma felt implied he might not be.

"Yes, madam; from Charlottesboag, Virginia," he answered, with the slight umbrage a man shows when the strange cashier turns his check over and questions him before cashing it.

Alma writhed internally, but outwardly remained subordinate; she examined the other girl's dress, and decided in a superficial consciousness that she had made her own bonnet.

"I shall be glad to show you my rooms," said Mrs. Leighton, with an irrelevant sigh. "You must excuse their being not just as I should wish them. We're hardly settled yet."

"Don't speak of it, madam," said the gentleman, "if you can overlook the trouble we awe giving you at such an unseasonable houah."

"Ah'm a ho'se-keepah mahself," Miss Woodburn joined in, "and Ah know ho' to accyoant fo' everything."

Mrs. Leighton led the way upstairs, and the young lady decided upon the large front room and small side room on the third story. She said she could take the small one, and the other was so large that her father could both sleep and work in it. She seemed not ashamed to ask if Mrs. Leighton's price was inflexible, but gave way laughing when her father refused to have any bargaining, with a haughty self-respect which he softened to deference for Mrs. Leighton. His impulsiveness opened the way for some confidences from her, and before the affair was arranged she was enjoying in her quality of clerical widow the balm of the Virginians' reverent sympathy. They said they were Church people themselves.

"Ah don't know what yo' mothah means by yo' ho'se not being in oddah," the young lady said to Alma as they went downstairs together. "Ah'm a great ho'se-keepah mahself, and Ah mean what Ah say."

They had all turned mechanically into the room where the Leightons were sitting when the Woodburns rang. Mr. Woodburn consented to sit down, and he remained listening to Mrs. Leighton while his daughter bustled up to the sketches pinned round the room and questioned Alma about them.

"Ah suppose you awe going to be a great awtust?" she said, in friendly banter, when Alma owned to having done the things. "Ah've a great notion to take a few lessons mahself. Who's yo' teachah?"

Alma said she was drawing in Mr. Wetmore's class; and Miss Woodburn said: "Well, it's just beautiful, Miss Leighton; it's grand. Ah suppose it's raght expensive, now? Mah goodness! we have to cyoant the cents so much nowadays it seems to me we do nothing *but* cyoant it. And like to bah something once without askin' the price."

"Well, if you didn't ask it," said Alma, "I don't believe Mr. Wetmore would ever know what the price of his lessons was. He has to think, when you ask him."

"Why, he most be charming," said Miss Woodburn. "Perhaps Ah maght get the lessons for nothing from him. Well, Ah believe in my soul Ah'll trah. Now ho' did you begin? and ho' do you expect to get anything oat of it?" She turned on Alma's eyes brimming with a shrewd mixture of fun and earnest, and Alma made note of the fact that she had an early nineteenth-century face, round, arch, a little coquettish, but extremely sensible and unspoiled looking, such as used to be painted a good deal in miniature at that period; a tendency of her brown hair to twine and twist at the temples helped the effect; a light comb would have completed it, Alma felt, if she had her bonnet off. It was almost a Yankee country-girl type; but perhaps it appeared so to Alma because it was, like that, pure Anglo-Saxon. Alma herself, with her dull dark skin, slender in figure, slow in speech, with aristocratic forms in her long hands, and the oval of her fine face pointed to a long chin, felt herself much more Southern in style than this blooming, bubbling, bustling Virginian.

"I don't know," she answered, slowly.

"Going to take po'traits," suggested Miss Woodburn, "or just paint the ahdeal?" A demure burlesque lurked in her tone.

"I suppose I don't expect to paint at all," said Alma. "I'm going to illustrate books—if anybody will let me."

"Ah should think they'd just joamp at you," said Miss Woodburn. "Ah'll tell you what let's do, Miss Leighton: you make some pictures, and ah'll wrahte a book fo' them. Ah've got to do something. Ah maght as well wrahte a book. You know we Southerners have all had to go to woak. But Ah don't mand it. I tell papaw I shouldn't ca' fo' the disgrace of bein' poo' if it wasn't fo' the inconvenience."

"Yes, it's inconvenient," said Alma; "but you forget it when you're at work, don't you think?"

"Mah, yes! Perhaps that's one reason why poo' people have to woak so hawd—to keep their mands off their poverty."

The girls both tittered, and turned from talking in a low tone with their backs toward their elders, and faced them.

"Well, Madison," said Mr. Woodburn, "it is time we should go. I bid you good-night, madam," he bowed to Mrs. Leighton. "Good-night," he bowed again to Alma.

His daughter took leave of them in formal phrase, but with a jolly cordiality of manner that deformalized it. "We shall be roand raght soon in the mawning, then," she threatened at the door.

"We shall be all ready for you," Alma called after her down the steps.

"Well, Alma?" her mother asked, when the door closed upon them.

"She doesn't know any more about *art*," said Alma, "than—nothing at all. But she's jolly and good-hearted. She praised everything that was bad in my sketches, and said she was going to take lessons herself. When a person talks about taking lessons as if they could learn it, you know where they belong, artistically."

Mrs. Leighton shook her head with a sigh. "I wish I knew where they belonged financially. We shall have to get in two girls at once. I shall have to go out the first thing in the morning, and then our troubles will begin."

"Well, didn't you want them to begin? I will stay home and help you get ready. Our prosperity couldn't begin without the troubles, if you mean boarders, and boarders mean servants. I shall be very glad to be afflicted with a cook for a while myself."

"Yes; but we don't know anything about these people, or whether they will be able to pay us. Did she talk as if they were well off?"

"She talked as if they were poor; poo', she called it."

"Yes; how queerly she pronounced!" said Mrs. Leighton. "Well, I ought to have told them that I required the first week in advance."

"Mamma! If *that's* the way you're going to act—"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Oh, of course I couldn't, after he wouldn't let her bargain for the rooms. I didn't like that."

"*I* did. And you can see that they were perfect ladies; or at least one of them." Alma laughed at herself, but her mother did not notice.

"Their being ladies won't help if they've got no money. It 'll make it all the worse."

"Very well, then; we have no money either. We're a match for them any day there. We can show them that two can play at that game."

Mrs. Leighton looked at her daughter as if she expected a judgment to descend upon her.

III.

Angus Beaton's studio looked at first glance like many other painters' studios. A gray wall quadrangularly vaulted to a large north light; casts of feet, hands, faces, hung to nails about; prints, sketches in oil and water-color, stuck here and there lower down; a rickety table, with paint and palettes and bottles of varnish and siccative tossed comfortlessly on it; an easel, with a strip of some faded medieval silk trailing from it; a lay-figure simpering in incomplete nakedness, with its head on one side, and a stocking on one leg, and a Japanese dress dropped before it; dusty rugs and skins kicking over the varnished floor; canvases faced to the mop-board; an open trunk overflowing with costumes: these features one might notice anywhere. But besides there was a bookcase with an unusual number of books in it, and there was an open colonial writing-desk, claw-footed, brass-handled, and scutcheoned, with foreign periodicals—French and English—littering its leaf, and some pages of manuscript scattered among them. Above all there was a sculptor's revolving stand, supporting a bust which Beaton was modelling, with an eye fixed as simultaneously as possible on the clay and on the head of the old man who sat on the platform beside it.

Few men have been able to get through the world with several gifts to advantage in all; and most men seem handicapped for the race if they have more than one. But they are apparently immensely interested as well as distracted by them. When Beaton was writing, he would have agreed, up to a certain point, with any one who said literature was his proper expression; but then, when he was painting, up to a certain point he would have maintained against the world that he was a colorist and supremely a colorist. At this certain point in either art he was apt to break away in a frenzy of disgust, and wreak himself upon some other. In these moods he sometimes designed elevations of buildings, very striking, very original, very *chic*, very everything but habitable. It was in this way that he had tried his hand on sculpture, which he had at first approached rather slightingly as a mere decorative accessory of architecture. But it had grown in his respect till he maintained that the accessory business ought to be all the other way: that temples should be raised to enshrine statues, not statues made to ornament temples; that was putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. This was when he had carried a plastic study so far that the sculptors who saw it said that Beaton might have been an architect, but would certainly never be a sculptor. At the same time he did some hurried, nervous things that had a popular charm, and that sold in plaster reproductions, to the profit of another. Beaton justly despised the popular charm in these, as well as in the paintings he sold from time to time; he said it was flat burglary to have taken money for them, and he would have been living wholly upon the bounty of the old tombstone-cutter in Syracuse if it had not been for the syndicate letters which he supplied to Fulkerson for ten dollars a week.

They were very well done, but he hated doing them after the first two or three, and had to be punched up for them by Fulkerson, who did not cease to prize them, and who never failed to punch him up. Beaton being what he was, Fulkerson was his creditor as well as patron; and Fulkerson being what he was, had an enthusiastic patience with the elusive, facile, adaptable, unpractical nature of Beaton. He was very proud of his art letters, as he called them; but then Fulkerson was proud of everything he secured for his syndicate. The fact that he had secured it gave it value; he felt as if he had written it himself.

One art trod upon another's heels with Beaton. The day before, he had rushed upon canvas the conception of a picture which he said to himself was glorious, and to others (at the *table d'hôte* of Maroni) was not bad. He had worked at it in a fury till the light failed him, and he execrated the dying day. But he lit his lamp, and transferred the process of his thinking from the canvas to the opening of the syndicate letter which he knew Fulkerson would be coming for in the morning. He remained talking so long after dinner in the same strain as he had painted and written in that he could not finish his letter that night. While he was making his tea for breakfast the postman brought him a letter from his father enclosing a little check, and begging him with tender, almost deferential, urgence to come as lightly upon him as possible, for just now his expenses were very heavy. It brought tears of shame into Beaton's eyes—the fine smouldering, floating eyes that many ladies admired, under the thick bang—and he said to himself that if he were half a man he would go home and go to work cutting gravestones in his father's shop. But he would wait, at least, to finish his picture; and as a sop to his conscience, to stay its immediate ravening, he resolved to finish that syndicate letter first, and borrow enough money from Fulkerson to be able to send his father's check back; or if not that, then to return the sum of it partly in Fulkerson's check. While he still teemed with both of these good intentions the old man from whom he was modelling his head of Judas came, and Beaton saw that he must get through with him before he finished either the picture or the letter; he would have to pay him for the time anyway. He utilized the remorse with which he was tingling to give his Judas an expression which he found novel in the treatment of that character—a look of such touching, appealing self-abhorrence that Beaton's artistic joy in it amounted to rapture; between the breathless moments when he worked in dead silence for an effect that was trying to escape him, he sang and whistled fragments of comic opera.

In one of the hushes there came a blow on the outside of the door that made Beaton jump, and swear with a modified profanity that merged itself in apostrophic prayer. He knew it must be Fulkerson, and after roaring, "Come in!" he said to the model, "That 'll do this morning, Lindau."

Fulkerson squared his feet in front of the bust, and compared it by fleeting glances with the old man as he got stiffly up and suffered Beaton to help him on with his thin, shabby overcoat.

"Can you come to-morrow, Lindau?"

"No, not atto-morrow, Mr. Peaton. I haf to zit for the young ladies."

"Oh!" said Beaton. "Wetmore's class? Is Miss Leighton doing you?"

"I don't know their namess"—Lindau began, when Fulkerson said:

"Hope you haven't forgotten mine, Mr. Lindau? I met you with Mr. March at Maroni's one night." Fulkerson offered him a universally shakable hand.

"Oh, yes! I am gladt to zee you again, Mr. Vulkerzon. And Mr. Marge—he don't zeem to gome any more?"

"Up to his eyes in work. Been moving on from Boston and getting settled, and starting in on our enterprise. Beaton here hasn't got a very flattering likeness of you, hey? Well, good-morning," he said, for Lindau appeared not to have heard him, and was escaping with a bow through the door.

Beaton lit a cigarette, which he pinched nervously between his lips before he spoke. "You've come for that letter, I suppose, Fulkerson? It isn't done."

Fulkerson turned from staring at the bust, to which he had mounted. "What are you fretting about that letter for? I don't want your letter."

Beaton stopped biting his cigarette, and looked at him. "Don't want my letter? Oh, very good!" he bristled up. He took his cigarette from his lips, and blew the smoke through his nostrils, and then looked at Fulkerson.

"No, *I* don't want your letter; I want *you*." Beaton disdained to ask an explanation, but he internally lowered his crest, while he continued to look at Fulkerson without changing his defiant countenance. This suited Fulkerson well enough, and he went on with relish: "I'm going out of the syndicate business, old man, and I'm on a new thing." He put his leg over the back of a chair and rested his foot on its seat, and with one hand in his pocket he laid the scheme of *Every Other Week* before Beaton with the help of the other. The artist went about the room, meanwhile, with an effect of indifference which by no means offended Fulkerson. He took some water into his mouth from a tumbler, which he blew in a fine mist over the head of Judas before swathing it in a dirty cotton cloth; he washed his brushes and set his palette; he put up on his easel the picture he had blocked on the day before, and stared at it with a gloomy face; then he gathered the sheets of his unfinished letter together and slid them into a drawer of his writing-desk. By the time he had finished and turned again to Fulkerson, Fulkerson was saying: "I did think we could have the first number out by New-Year's; but it will take longer than that—a month longer; but I'm not sorry, for the holidays kill everything; and by February, or the middle of February, people will get their breath again, and begin to look round and ask what's new. Then we'll reply in the language of Shakespeare and Milton, "*Every Other Week*; and don't you forget it." He took down his leg and asked, "Got a pipe of 'baccy anywhere?"

Beaton nodded at a clay stem sticking out of a Japanese vase of bronze on his mantel. "There's yours," he said; and Fulkerson said, "Thanks," and filled the pipe, and sat down and began to smoke tranquilly.

Beaton saw that he would have to speak now. "And what do you want with me?"

"You? Oh yes!" Fulkerson humorously dramatized a return to himself from a pensive absence. "Want you for the art department."

Beaton shook his head. "I'm not your man, Fulkerson," he said, compassionately. "You want a more practical hand; one that's in touch with what's going. I'm getting further and further away from this century and its clap-trap. I don't believe in your enterprise; I don't respect it; and I won't have anything to do with it. It would—choke me, that kind of thing."

"That's all right," said Fulkerson. He esteemed a man who was not going to let himself go cheap. "Or if it isn't, we can make it. You and March will pull together first-rate. I don't care how much ideal you put into the thing; the more the better. I can look after the other end of the schooner myself."

"You don't understand me," said Beaton. "I'm not trying to get a rise out of you. I'm in earnest. What you want is some man who can have patience with mediocrity putting on the style of genius, and with genius turning mediocrity on his hands. I haven't any luck with men; I don't get on with them; I'm not popular." Beaton recognized the fact with the satisfaction which it somehow always brings to human pride.

"So much the better?" Fulkerson was ready for him at this point. "I don't want you to work the old established racket—the reputations. When I want them I'll go to them with a pocketful of rocks—knock-down argument. But my idea is to deal with the volunteer material. Look at the way the periodicals are carried on now! Names! names! names! In a country that's just boiling over with literary and artistic ability of every kind the new fellows have no chance. The editors all engage their material. I don't believe there are fifty volunteer contributions printed in a year in all the New York magazines. It's all wrong; it's suicidal. *Every Other Week* is going back to the good old anonymous system, the only fair system. It's worked well in literature, and it will work well in art."

"It *won't* work well in art," said Beaton. "There you have a totally different set of conditions. What you'll get by inviting volunteer illustrations will be a lot of amateur trash. And how are you going to submit your literature for illustration? It can't be done. At any rate, *I* won't undertake to do it."

"We'll get up a School of Illustration," said Fulkerson, with cynical security. "You can read the things and explain 'em, and your pupils can make their sketches under your eye. They wouldn't be much further out than most illustrations are if they never knew what they were illustrating. You might select from what comes in and make up a sort of pictorial variations to the literature without any particular reference to it. Well, I understand you to accept?"

"No, you don't."

"That is, to consent to help us with your advice and criticism. That's all I want. It won't commit you to anything; and you can be as anonymous as anybody." At the door Fulkerson added: "By-the-way, the new man—the fellow that's taken my old syndicate business—will want you to keep on; but I guess he's going to try to beat you down on the price of the letters. He's going in for retrenchment. I brought along a check for this one; I'm to pay for that." He offered Beaton an envelope.

"I can't take it, Fulkerson. The letter's paid for already." Fulkerson stepped forward and laid the envelope on the table among the tubes of paint.

"It isn't the letter merely. I thought you wouldn't object to a little advance on your *Every Other Week* work till you kind of got started."

Beaton remained inflexible. "It can't be done, Fulkerson. Don't I tell you I can't sell myself out to a thing I don't believe in? Can't you understand that?"

"Oh yes, I can understand that first-rate. I don't want to buy you; I want to borrow you. It's all right. See? Come round when you can; I'd like to introduce you to old March. That's going to be our address." He put a card on the table beside the envelope, and Beaton allowed him to go without making him take the check back. He had remembered his father's plea; that unnerved him, and he promised himself again to return his father's poor little check, and to work on that picture and give it to Fulkerson for the check he had left and for his back debts. He resolved to go to work on the picture at once; he had set his palette for it; but first he looked at Fulkerson's check. It was for only fifty dollars, and the canny Scotch blood in Beaton rebelled; he could not let this picture go for any such money; he felt a little like a man whose generosity has been trifled with. The conflict of emotions broke him up, and he could not work.

IV.

The day wasted away in Beaton's hands; at half past four o'clock he went out to tea at the house of a lady who was At Home that afternoon from four till seven. By this time Beaton was in possession of one of those other selves, of which we each have several about us, and was again the laconic, staccato, rather worldified young artist whose moments of a controlled utterance and a certain distinction of manner had commended him to Mrs. Horn's fancy in the summer at St. Barnaby.

Mrs. Horn's rooms were large, and they never seemed very full, though this perhaps was because people were always so quiet. The ladies, who outnumbered the men ten to one, as they always do at a New York tea, were dressed in sympathy with the low tone every one spoke in, and with the subdued light, which gave a crepuscular uncertainty to the few objects, the dim pictures, the unexcited upholstery, of the rooms. One breathed free of bric-à-brac there, and the new-comer breathed softly as one does on going into church after service has begun. This might be a suggestion from the voiceless behavior of the man-servant who let you in, but it was also because Mrs. Horn's At Home was a ceremony, a decorum, and not a festival. At far greater houses there was more gayety, at richer houses there was more freedom; the suppression at Mrs. Horn's was a personal, not a social, effect; it was an efflux of her character—intense, silentious, vague, but very correct.

Beaton easily found his way to her around the grouped skirts and among the detached figures, and received a pressure of welcome from the hand which she momentarily relaxed from the teapot. She sat behind a table put crosswise of a remote corner, and offered tea to people whom a niece of hers received provisionally or sped finally in the outer room. They did not usually take tea, and when they did they did not usually drink it; but Beaton was feverishly glad of his cup; he took rum and lemon in it, and stood talking at Mrs. Horn's side till the next arrival should displace him; he talked in his French manner.

"I have been hoping to see you," she said. "I wanted to ask you about the Leightons. Did they really come?"

"I believe so. They are in town—yes. I haven't seen them."

"Then you don't know how they're getting on—that pretty creature, with her cleverness, and poor Mrs. Leighton? I was afraid they were venturing on a rash experiment. Do you know where they are?"

"In West Eleventh Street, somewhere. Miss Leighton is in Mr. Wetmore's class."

"I must look them up. Do you know their number?"

"Not at the moment. I can find out."

"Do," said Mrs. Horn. "What courage they must have, to plunge into New York as they've done! I really didn't think they would. I wonder if they've succeeded in getting anybody into their house yet?"

"I don't know," said Beaton.

"I discouraged their coming all I could," she sighed, "and I suppose you did too. But it's quite useless trying to make people in a place like St. Barnaby understand how it is in town."

"Yes," said Beaton. He stirred his tea, while inwardly he tried to believe that he had really discouraged the Leightons from coming to New York. Perhaps the vexation of his failure made him call Mrs. Horn in his heart a fraud.

"Yes," she went on. "It is very, very hard. And when they won't understand, and rush on their doom, you feel that they are going to hold you respons—"

Mrs. Horn's eyes wandered from Beaton; her voice faltered in the faded interest of her remark, and then rose with renewed vigor in greeting a lady who came up and stretched her glove across the teacups.

Beaton got himself away and out of the house with a much briefer adieu to the niece than he had meant to make. The patronizing compassion of Mrs. Horn for the Leightons filled him with indignation toward her, toward himself. There was no reason why he should not have ignored them as he had done; but there was a feeling. It was his nature to be careless, and he had been spoiled into recklessness; he neglected everybody, and only remembered them when it suited his whim or his convenience; but he fiercely resented the inattention of others toward himself. He had no scruple about breaking an engagement or failing to keep an appointment; he made promises without thinking of their fulfilment, and not because he was a faithless person, but because he was imaginative, and expected at the time to do what he said, but was fickle, and so did not. As most of his shortcomings were of a society sort, no great harm was done to anybody else. He had contracted somewhat the circle of his acquaintance by what some people called his rudeness, but most people treated it as his oddity, and were patient with it. One lady said she valued his coming when he said he would come because it had the charm of the unexpected. "Only it shows that it isn't always the unexpected that happens," she explained.

It did not occur to him that his behavior was immoral; he did not realize that it was creating a reputation if not a character for him. While we are still young we do not realize that our actions have this effect. It seems to us that people will judge us from what we think and feel. Later we find out that this is impossible; perhaps we find it out too late; some of us never find it out at all.

In spite of his shame about the Leightons, Beaton had no present intention of looking them up or sending Mrs. Horn their address. As a matter of fact, he never did send it; but he happened to meet Mr. Wetmore and his wife at the restaurant where he dined, and he got it of the painter for himself. He did not ask him how Miss Leighton was getting on; but Wetmore launched out, with Alma for a taeit text, on the futility of women generally going in for art. "Even when they have talent they've got too much against them. Where a girl doesn't seem very strong, like Miss Leighton, no amount of *chic* is going to help."

His wife disputed him on behalf of her sex, as women always do.

"No, Dolly," he persisted; "she'd better be home milking the cows and leading the horse to water."

"Do you think she'd better be up till two in the morning at balls and going all day to receptions and luncheons?"

"Oh, I guess it isn't a question of that, even if she weren't drawing. You knew them at home?" he said to Beaton.

"Yes."

"I remember. Her mother said you suggested me. Well, the girl has some notion of it; there's no doubt about that. But—she's a woman. The trouble with all these talented girls is that they're *all* woman. If they weren't, there wouldn't be much chance for the men, Beaton. But we've got Providence on our own side from the start. I'm able to watch all their inspirations with perfect composure. I know just how soon it's going to end in nervous break-down. Somebody ought to marry them all and put them out of their misery."

"And what will you do with your students who are married already?" his wife said. She felt that she had let him go on long enough.

"Oh, they ought to get divorced."

"You ought to be ashamed to take their money, if that's what you think of them."

"My dear, I have a wife to support."

Beaton intervened with a question. "Do you mean that Miss Leighton isn't standing it very well?"

"How do I know? She isn't the kind that bends; she's the kind that breaks."

After a little silence Mrs. Wetmore asked, "Won't you come home with us, Mr. Beaton?"

"Thank you; no. I have an engagement."

"I don't see why that should prevent you," said Wetmore. "But you always were a punctilious cuss. Well!"

Beaton lingered over his cigar; but no one else whom he knew came in, and he yielded to the threefold impulse of conscience, of curiosity, of inclination, in going to call at the Leightons'. He asked for the ladies, and the maid showed him into the parlor, where he found Mrs. Leighton and Miss Woodburn.

The widow met him with a welcome neatly marked by resentment; she meant him to feel that his not coming sooner had been noticed. Miss Woodburn bubbled and gurgled on, and did

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

what she could to mitigate his punishment, but she did not feel authorized to stay it, till Mrs. Leighton, by studied avoidance of her daughter's name, obliged Beaton to ask for her. Then Miss Woodburn caught up her work, and said, "Ah'll go and tell her, Mrs. Leighton." At the top of the stairs she found Alma, and Alma tried to make it seem as if she had not been standing there. "Mah goodness, chald! there's the handsomest young man asking for you down there you evah saw. Ah told you' mothah Ah would come up fo' you."

"What—who is it?"

"Don't you *know*? But ho' could you? He's got the most beautiful eyes, and he wea's his hai' in a bang, and he talks English like it was something else, and his name's Mr. Beaton."

"Did he—ask for me?" said Alma, with a dreamy tone. She put her hand on the stairs rail, and a little shiver ran over her.

"Didn't Ah tell you? Of co'se he did! And you ought to go raght down if you want to save the poo' fellah's lahfe; you' mothah's just freezin' him to death."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

All the resources of science and mechanical ingenuity have been applied during the past quarter of a century to the alleviation of the discomforts and half-comical terrors of the Channel passage, but hitherto with very little effect except that of shortening the duration of the unpleasant voyage. It is probable, indeed, that until the advent of the millennium has encouraged the English people to dig their long-projected submarine tunnel, this turbulent and fickle strip of "silver sea," which has so well served Shakespeare's England

> "In the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happy lands,"

will continue to be the head-quarters of the demon of *mal de mer* and all his spiteful train. The epithet "choppy" is the one generally used to describe the waters of the Channel, and for ordinary purposes the term is sufficiently exact. If any one chooses to inquire into the causes of the disagreeable phenomenon he is respectfully referred to Professor Tyndall, who will be glad to enlighten him as to the principles of the reciprocal interference of like and unlike phases of waves, complicated as their interaction is by violent opposing currents and squalls which impart to the surface of the water that curious appearance of confused dancing hummocks, which have the same effect upon the unhappy voyager as if forty thousand devils, each with a long bar and a leverage, were amusing themselves by tossing the boat about; so that there never is a man who retains enough of his senses to describe the actions of a vessel on a day of storm. On such a day the Channel boat can in the thousandth part of an instant transform herself from a flying-fish or a balloon to a deep-sea monster with no soul for air, and can threaten more capsizes in more separate directions at once than a man's brain is competent to realize. There are few human structures which can go so high or so low, or so far to the right or the left, or so much upon its back, or so little upon its proper surface, or so much upon its beam ends, or its stern, or its bows, or can fly through the air more rapidly, or can strike the water with more force, or can shiver and plunge and rear and fall back again with more diabolical celerity, than this particular craft.

In shape the Channel boat is equally independent. Her distinguishing features are her broad beam, rakish bows, and huge paddles, which are fitted with feathering floats instead of the conventional fixed floats. The object of feathering the floats is that it maintains them in a perpendicular position during the whole time that they are in the water. The floats enter and leave the water in the manner offering the least resistance, and have the maximum effect upon the water all the time they are immersed. For short distances like this, paddle-wheel boats are preferable to screws for many reasons—one reason, of course, being that they do not roll to anything like the same extent as screws. There is not a cruiser that sails the sea with her score of guns that is a braver craft than this stanch little packet, as she struggles desperately on her course through the seething waters. She is strong, swift, and buoyant, for she was built expressly for the purpose. She was planned and constructed with an eye to the awful power of the water, and under the care of men who knew the strength of the dreadful winds. She is so safe that though she is among the fastest vessels in the world, and she has to cross the track of a constant stream of vessels of all sorts and sizes going up and down the Channel, yet accidents to her are almost unheard of.

And yet with all these advantages what a dismal spectacle is presented by her deck before perhaps she has been half an hour out of port! Some hardened old stagers may be able to withstand the strain, and even to parade their accomplishments in this respect before their less seasoned fellow-passengers, like the two solid-looking Britons in the foreground of the picture, but for all their well-assumed *insouciance* it costs them a serious effort to maintain their equilibrium—internal and external. The lady on the left, who has assumed a scientific position, carefully rehearsed before embarkation, has just escaped a drenching, and is being solicited by her inferior half to betake herself to a more sheltered position. It will presently be the turn of the demure-looking inhabitants of the umbrellas on the starboard side to receive a shower-bath—a contingency to which the hopeless-looking old gentleman in the arm-chair is utterly and miserably indifferent. For him the world, including his extensive assortment of "traps," is well lost, and he presents a deplorable contrast to the plebeian-looking individual who is placidly smoking his pipe under the bridge. The sea, indeed, is a great leveller—of conventionalities as well as of other things—and it is a pity that the shaking up that these get in the course of a short but stormy voyage across the Channel should not prove more lasting in its effects.

U. S. S. "CHARLESTON."

Though the preliminary trial of the new partially protected cruiser *Charleston* has not been successful, yet her unofficial performances seem to justify the belief that in the end she will be a notable addition to our navy. Special interest has centred in her because she is, of the larger ships proposed by Mr. Cleveland's administration, the first to be tried, and by the other pregnant fact that she emphasizes the creation of a new industry upon the Pacific coast.

The design was purchased abroad, and is in essentials an exact copy of the English-built Japanese cruiser *Naniwa Kan*, which belongs to the all-steel, twin-screw, central-superstructured type. She was laid down in August, 1887, was built under government supervision and of domestic material, and was launched early in the winter of 1888. Her machinery and boilers illustrate a marked improvement upon the motive power of the *Atlanta* class, for while in that type 3500 horse-power was guaranteed with 600 tons of machinery, in the *Charleston* 7000 horse-power had to be developed with 710 tons of machinery, or an increase in favor of the latter design of nearly two to one. The *Charleston's* motive power consists of two sets of horizontal two-cylinder compound engines, which are estimated to develop 7500 indicated horse-power (500 above the penalized contract), and a speed of 19 knots with forced draft. Until October, 1887, when the *Reina Regente* made 20.6 knots, the *Naniwa Kan* had realized the greatest speed ever attained by a vessel of her size and class, and it may be interesting to note these performances as an index of what ought to be expected of the *Charleston*. Two trials were made, each with different screws. Upon the first the Japanese cruiser developed a speed of 18.775 knots with 7370 horse-power and 123.22 revolutions, and on the second experiment she attained a speed of 18.903 knots with 7650 horse-power and 121.7 revolutions.

In the official report of the *Charleston's* trial off Santa Barbara, it is stated that she made 18½ knots with 5225 horse-power and 107 revolutions, the lack of power being due to the heating of the starboard engine slides. Should further investigation, therefore, prove that no mistakes were made in the data telegraphed, we may congratulate ourselves on having afloat the fastest war vessel of the partially protected type, inasmuch as the treatment of these results, upon the scientific relations of speed to resistance, shows that her ultimate speed with the full horse-power anticipated will give a maximum of nearly 20.5 knots. But until this specific news is received there must be some reserve in accepting a statement which practically declares that with two ships exactly alike one will run 18.25 knots on about two-thirds of the power required to drive the other 18.77 knots, or a difference of only about a half-knot between the results achieved, in one case with 5225 and in the other with 7650 horse-powers.

Since the *Charleston* was originally designed a change has been made in her battery, and she is now to carry two 8-inch breech-loading rifle guns, mounted fore and aft on the longitudinal midship line, and six 6-inch guns of the same class, distributed three in each broadside on sponsons which project slightly and have deeply recessed bulwarks to admit of increased train. The secondary battery consists of four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, six Hotchkiss revolving cannons, and four above-water torpedo tubes.

In general dimensions the ship is 320 feet in length, 46 feet in beam, 18 feet 6 inches in draught, and 3730 tons in displacement. The normal coal allowance is 328 tons, but the bunker capacity is 800 tons, and this will give her an effective radius of 2277 miles at 16.5 knots, 3229 at 15.6 knots, and 6450 at 10 knots. It must be remembered in comparing vessels of the partially protected cruiser class that none of them carries an ounce of side armor; the engines, boilers, and magazines, and the reserve of stability, being guarded in the first case by a protective steel deck, which varies in thickness from two to three inches, extends from below the level of the water-line over the whole ship, and curves from the point of the ram to the extremity of the stern. Beneath this the engine and boiler spaces are surrounded by coal, the double bottom is subdivided into many water-tight compartments, and each of the bunkers and subdivisions made by the longitudinal and transverse bulkheads is directly connected with powerful steam-pumps.

Taken altogether, the *Charleston* is a modern ship of the type best suited to our necessities, and her final achievements will be awaited with an interest that has now become more than national.

INDIAN SCOUTS.

With his customary fidelity to facts derived from personal observation, Mr. Zogbaum gives a sketch of a party of Cheyenne scouts in this number of the Weekly. The practice of employing friendly Indians as allies of the white troops has come down to us from the earliest colonial days, it being only a part of the system always adopted by Great Britain, France, and other nations, and applied to every part of the world. But our force of enlisted red men is always small. The act of 1866 prescribes that Indian scouts to the number of 1000 may be employed in the Territories and Indian country, who shall receive the pay and allowances of cavalry soldiers. But inasmuch as they are included in the maximum of 25,000 enlisted men allowed to the army, the tendency is to keep down their numbers as much as practicable. Even in time of war the maximum is not reached, and in peace the Indian scouts all told do not usually aggregate more than two or three hundred. A return made last year showed that they were 200 strong, including 24 sergeants, 16 corporals, and 160 privates.

It will be seen that the arrangements for employing Indian trailers in our army are liberal. They can rise to the grades of sergeant and corporal; they serve under their own non-commissioned officers; and they have the same pay, rations, and uniform as white troops. In addition, on furnishing their own mounts, they receive a *per diem* allowance of, we believe, about forty cents for the horses. All this, of course, is over and above the regular issues of provisions, etc., which as members of their respective tribes they receive with other agency Indians. They are stationed at various posts on the reservations, the numbers at any particular time depending much on the needs of the region. They are generally selected from the most warlike and efficient young men, some of them, notably among the Cheyennes, having been the fiercest and bravest of their tribe during the wars they waged against their present allies.

That the Indian scouts are invaluable allies is beyond all question. Of course there are drawbacks to their employment. Some experienced and well-informed officers consider that the military drill takes away a little from their efficiency, but they are usually docile and easily taught. Instances also have been known in which, as on one occasion in Arizona, the scouts themselves have created an outbreak; but in general their fidelity and obedience are well attested. General Crook, whose experience and skill both in fighting and negotiating with Indians are widely known, has repeatedly declared that Indian scouts are absolutely indispensable to successful campaigning against hostiles. General Miles declares that one unequalled feature of their military skill is that of "rapidly passing over a country, noting every feature of it, and observing their enemies without exposing themselves or being discovered." Of the practice of employing Indians as scouts he once said, "It cures them of their restlessness, they earn some money, and when not actively employed they have a chance to do a little hunting." It was on this principle that, when the last Indian disturbance broke out—that of Sword-Bearer on the Crow Reservation—one of General Roger's first steps after it had been quelled was to recommend the enlistment of some of the warlike young Crows as scouts, in order to give a better direction to their belligerent energies. Some famous operations have been conducted by cavalry officers in charge of Indian scouts, such as that of Captain Crawford against Geronimo in Mexico.

A PORTRAIT BY SARGENT.

A fact worthy of remark, and one which may be interpreted in various ways, is the favor shown in Europe to artists of American birth. No question but that they win on their own merits—not because they are American, nor because they have influence. When the Royal Academy bought Mr. John Sargent's painting of children in a garden with the income from the Chantrey Bequest, it was flying in the face of English opinion and precedent. Complaints were then made that a foreigner should have been preferred, when plenty of deserving Britons were ready to sacrifice their pictures in the same way. Now another favor has come to Mr. Sargent, for to paint the portrait of an idol of the British stage like Miss Ellen Terry is almost as national a distinction as to receive a commission for a picture from Queen Victoria, an honor which befell Mr. William Gedney Bunce lately during the Queen's stay at Biarritz. No actress on the London stage can compare with this talented woman in the estimation of London critics, and the public shows her as much regard as it gives to the oldest favorites. When Mr. Sargent deserted Paris, where his education as an artist was finished, it pleased the English to start with. The purchase under the Chantrey Bequest was a recognition from artists; and now the big world of London is addressed in a portrait of Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth.

The artist has refrained from the conventional thing by declining to paint her as the somnambulist glaring at her hands by taper-shine. He has presented her in a movement which belongs to the actress rather than the text of the tragedy, being one of those pieces of by-play which are so effective when used with discretion to fill up by action the bare lines of a text. Lady Macbeth is either tempting her husband or trying to soothe him with the sight of a crown; either luring him on to the murder of Duncan or consoling him for the committed crime, by showing him the symbol of that royalty at which he clutches. She raises the crown high above her head, with an expression that reveals the uneasiness of her mind. In this expression the painter has shown the greatest cleverness, though it need hardly be said that technically the work is not wanting in good qualities. But that Mr. Sargent should seize on a novel composition for Lady Macbeth, and lend to the countenance of a popular actress a look of very decided tragic interest, are achievements which speak well for his powers. To this may be added, if in the estimation of most people it should not be placed before everything else, that a very remarkable likeness of Miss Terry has been won.

It is true art to take an idea already presented in another field and stamp it afresh. The wife of the Thane of Cawdor is a creation for whom there is little warrant in history, for Old Wyntoun (Androwe of Wyntowne, Canon of St. Andrews and Prior of Lochleven, about A.D. 1400) has nothing to say about her in the *Cronykil of Scotland*, but does relate how Macbeth was the son of the Devil, who visited his mother in the shape of a very beautiful man, and how this devilish parentage caused Macbeth to murder Duncan, his king and uncle, and then marry his aunt Grwok:

> "The fantasy thus of his dreme
> Movyd hym mast to sla hys eme (uncle),
> As he dyd all furth in dede,
> As befor yhe herd me rede,
> And Dame Grwok hys emys wyff
> Tuk and led wyth hyr hys fyll,
> And held hyr bathe hys wyff and gweyne,
> As befor than scho had beyne.
> For lytyll in honoure than had he
> The greys off alfsnyte."

Shakespeare softened the harshness of this character of Macbeth by making Lady Macbeth the tempter and the sufferer for the crime she instigated, without a hint of the coarse trait quite in keeping with Scotland in the eleventh century, of a murderous nephew taking his uncle's wife in marriage. The psychology is of course far finer if Macbeth is given a weak rather than a fiendish character; he is faithful to his wife, and instead of murdering Duncan openly and seizing the throne, tries to get rid of the persons who stand between him and his ambition by treacherous means, so that he can deny complicity in their takings-off. The poet has also condensed history with his usual mastership; for Wyntoun rambles on to say that Macbeth only became king after the death of his aunt and wife, when his reign lasted for seventeen years. Notwithstanding his paternity, the Father of Lies permitted his son to govern Scotland very well.

> "All thys tyme wes gret plentí
> Abowndand bath in land and se;
> He wes in justice rycht lawchfull,
> And till hys legis all awfull.
> Quhen Leo the Tend was Pape off Rome,
> As pylgryne to the Curt he come."

The fable of his paternity may be explained from political causes, the earlier writers from whom Wyntoun took it being moved thereto by a desire to curry favor with princes opposed to Macbeth's line; but so far as the journey to Rome is concerned, David Laing has pointed out that a contemporary, Marianus Scotus, speaks of the lavish distribution of silver by Macbeth to the poor in the streets of Rome.

Mr. Sargent has been educated in Europe, but his first successes were with his country people here and abroad. A visit to Spain appears to have given him that mental stimulus which most artists need at one period or another. It was after this visit to the galleries where Velasquez is seen at his best that New York learned to know him. A life-size painting of a Spanish woman dancing at a café made a decided sensation when it was first shown here. Since then we have had many portraits and sketches to give us an idea of his artistic worth. On several occasions he has revisited his native land. Two portraits of ladies are now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Galleries among the pictures of the Society of American Artists, and the recent Academy exhibition had one portrait by him of a young girl.

Sometimes he inclines to a certain hardness in workmanship, not the metallic hardness common enough among older American painters, but the hardness that seems to come from an artificial lighting of the sitter. Often the portrait is neglected in some details, in order to give force to more important points. Many look as if they had been wrought at high pressure and with great speed. He does not always catch the most characteristic traits of a sitter, but rarely does his work lack the appearance of a brilliant feat of painting. The Ellen Terry is undoubtedly the most successful thing he has offered for view, since it is not only a likeness, not only novel in pose, not only painted as to the long handsome robe and jewelled zone with the greatest spirit and love of the art, but it expresses something more than all these—a conception of the dramatic possibilities in the character of Lady Macbeth.

THE QUEEN OF DREAMS.

All day, where clouds flock through the sky,
The Queen of Dreams abides on high.

She has peaks of snow and caverns of fire,
Glittering castles and dungeons dire,

And giants and dwarfs and monsters rare
Follow her beck through the lucid air.

Amid the wavering train she dwells,
Where the wind forever sinks and swells,

Singing its marvels, low or loud,
Through opal vapor or sunset cloud.

But at night, when shadows on earth lie deep,
And weary mortals are wrapped in sleep,

The wild Queen comes, with her mystic power,
To cast her spell on the perished hour.

She bids a faded moonlight fall
Yellow once more on hut or hall,

And conjures back their fickle grace
To the grief-bowed form and the wrinkled face.

Hope that was starved and love that was slain
In her wondrous presence revive again;

Earth smiles in a tender, unknown light,
And this woful waste is a garden bright,

Where the heavy burdens of wrong and care
By a soft enchantment grow light as air.

Restless and sad, for her mercy pray
Those spirits who pine for a vanished day;

The livelong night to the darksome skies
Like smoke from fire their prayers arise:

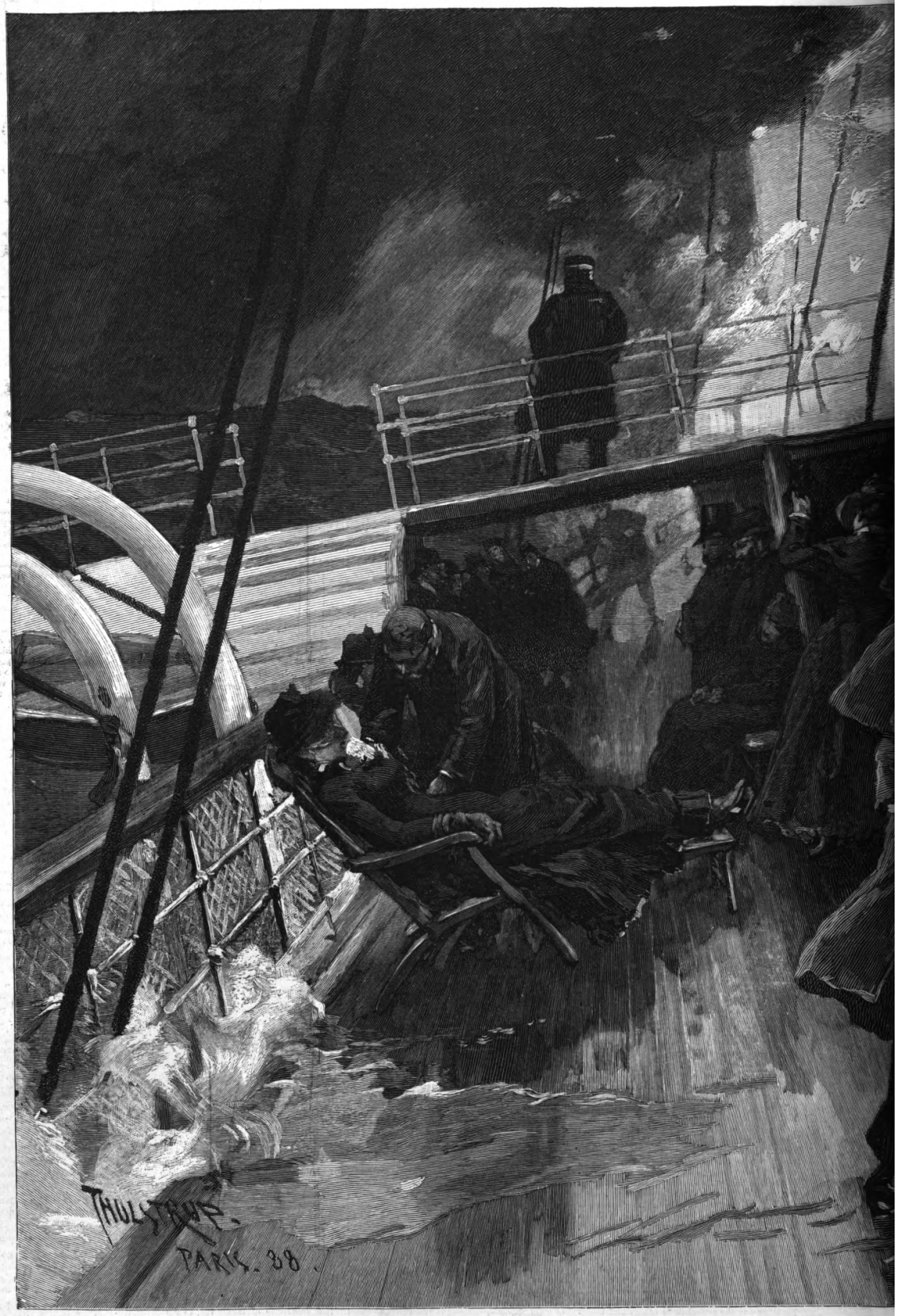
"O come, sweet Queen, and bring us again
The delight of old and the old-time pain;

For no gift to our hungering souls can seem
One-half so fair as a fleeting dream;

And this desolate life holds naught so dear
As the echo of by-gone hope and fear."

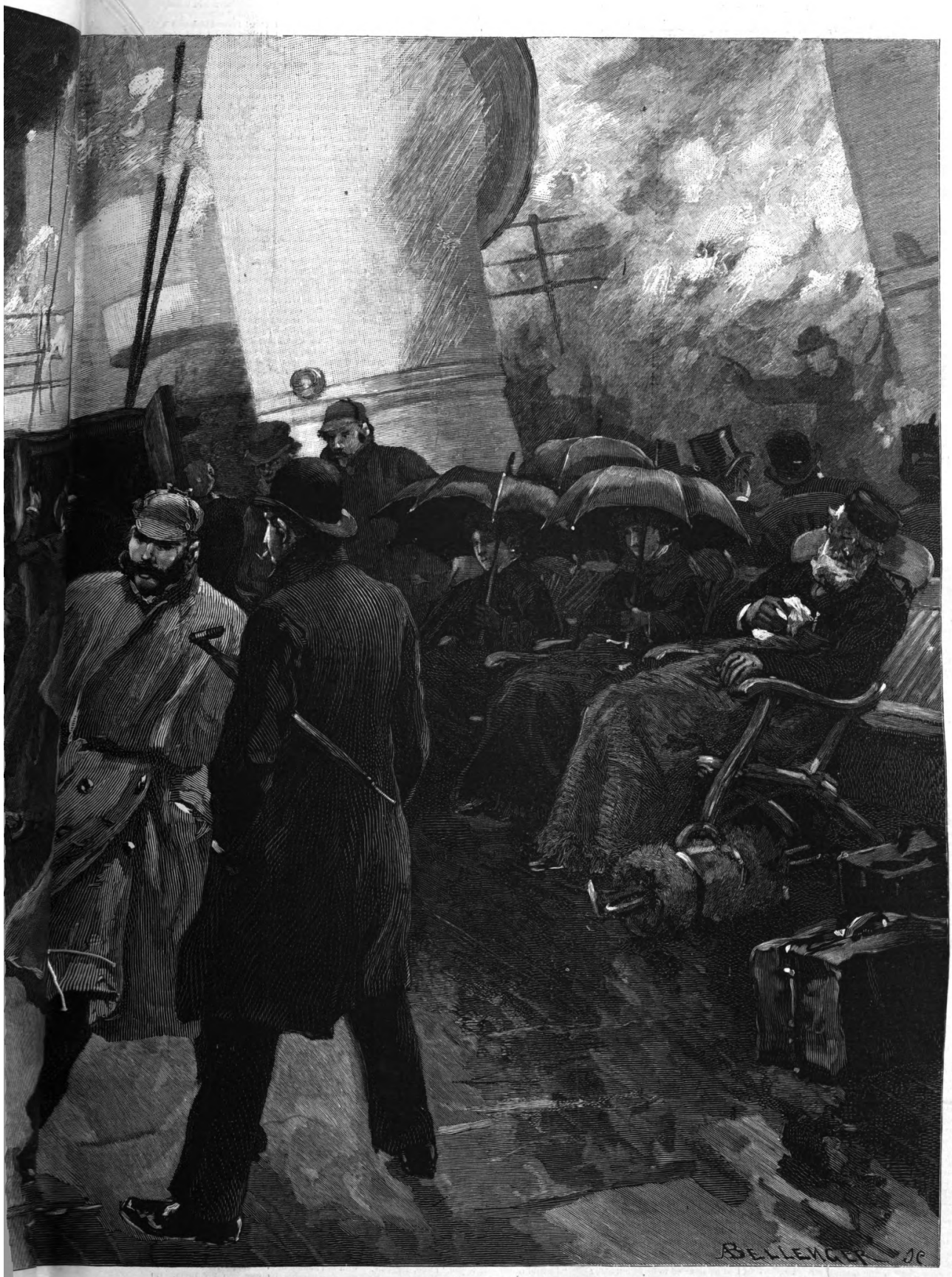
Zoe Dana Underhill.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANN

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



NN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 411.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

YOU THOUGHT OF ME.

What bond is this that draws my life to yours?—
Mine that, till now, for you was but a name.
As one who finds a trail on lonely shores,
You thought of me: I came!

From far off, through the shadows of the storm,
A sail loomed dark and strange; yet 'twas the same
That, now drawn near, shines white with sunlight warm;
So unto you I came.

Like words unspoken, that the mind has guessed,
Like air that some deep odor stirs to flame,
So has my spirit followed your behest.
You thought of me: I came.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE BIFURCATED CRIME.

"WHEN a man's single, his pockets do jingle." Do they? I think not. At least it depends. Fitch and I were single as we sat staring disconsolately at Mrs. Allen's invitation for the 19th, and nothing but a profound hush pervaded our pockets.

"It is certainly awkward," said Fitch, after a dismal pause. "If this work was finished, or it was later in the month; but now—it is most uncommonly awkward."

And it really was. I appeal to you, when a man is invited to a ball (his first), and possesses no—well, trousers to suit with the coat and waistcoat he intends borrowing from his friends, and no money or credit to either buy or hire anything to fill in the gap, is it not, to say the least, embarrassing? When the ball is also given by the mother of the girl he thinks he adores, it is infuriating, and I "made it so." I snubbed all Fitch's attempts to place the situation in a humorous light, and refused to enter into any of his innocent jests as to the possibility of materializing our idea of Poole's best efforts in that line, or the feasibility of—all other resources failing—my robbing the lay-figure of its pink silk tights, and presenting myself to Mrs. Allen as a "little tin god on wheels." In short, I made myself intensely disagreeable, and sulkily announcing that I had given up all idea of going, and did not care to discuss the subject any longer, affected to be completely absorbed in the ridiculous cartoon which played so leading a part in my affairs. It was a spirited sketch of a leopard in the act of changing her spots by means of "Ingles's Imperial and Imperishable Dye." In the background a line of small leopards was hung by their tails to dry, while their mother, seated in a tub, sponging her head, smilingly observed that variety was the spice of life, and for her part she was heartily sick of polka dots. True, it was not art, but it was lucrative, which art was not to me at that period of my life. Near my block lay the notable invitation, the problem; and its solution, waiting like Keely's motor for the missing link; and there it might have waited as long as the motor, had it not been for Fitch, who by a positive inspiration evolved the idea productive of such astonishing results.

Over this idea I draw a veil.

Three hours later there came a soft knock at our studio door. We glanced guiltily at each other. "A prowling female!" hissed Fitch. Then, prompt in action as usual, carried into our bedroom a wash-boiler filled with inky fluid; a basin ditto; four towels; a mahl-stick; and a pair of trousers. *All wet; all black; all fragrant.*

With a parting wink my accomplished friend closed the door with his foot and left me to my fate. I on my part placed chairs where they would do the most good, drew the curtains, shoved my hands into a pair of gloves, and advanced airily to admit Mrs. Fergus Karrick, who announced with a joyous laugh that she expected to meet an elderly friend who would arrive shortly, and sank gracefully into a chair, where I noticed with artistic admiration the contrast of the dark fur on her gown with its pale gray tints. A charming woman—very charming under ordinary circumstances—but at that moment horribly disconcerting. Hampered by the memory of "Ingles, his dye," I was in no mood to do the honors properly, nor did her opening remarks reassure me. She said that I wore a hangdog air; she said that I looked furtive; she said that I had been cremating a refractory model when she arrived, and that the mingled bouquet of steam-laundry and mourning store was simply baked Italian. She laughed wickedly at my lame story of a color-grinding experiment and a new vehicle of startling strength, and then—then I made a discovery that stopped the action of my heart, and for an instant paralyzed every faculty. Mrs. Karrick was sitting in a pool of the Imperial Imperishable.

Now Ingles boasted that the fiendish stuff was ineffaceable. I have not the honor to know Ingles; I do not know that I want it; but that is what he said. Of course he might have sacrificed truth to his advertisement, but the word used was *ineffaceable*. I had made my mark in good earnest. From waist to feet a cascade of pale pearl gray folds flowed gently over the wire annex to Mrs. Karrick's trim figure, and in the centre of these was the proof of my crime in the shape of a large map of Europe done in black. Through my brain floated hazy ideas as to new gores. Suppose I were to confess all and offer a new gore, if that were the proper term; suppose in that case she were to have hysterics; suppose she were to hear me in bitter silence, and go away and make a good story out of the affair! She was a dauntless little woman, who grasped not only the bush, but both birds. With a wing of society in one hand and Bohemia in the other, her stories had a wide field for circulation; and I was told she had a very happy knack of humorously blending truth and fiction that made her good things welcome everywhere. That settled it. I crushed my aching conscience under foot, and drew up my chair. When Mrs. Karrick left, half an hour later, she carried with her two distinct impressions of me—one on her heart, and the other on her pearly draperies. What would she do with them? As she disappeared around the corner, Fitch and I regarded each other like two murderers. And after a dark silence, "The question is," said Fitch, with an effort at cheerfulness, "what will remove this stuff from the skin? We could put up hands with the late lamented Mr. Crowley."

In the week intervening between the crime and the ball we discovered that soda, lemon, borax, milk, lard, ammonia, benzine, and naphtha only intensified the shadows about our knuckles and between our fingers; also that the effect of aniline dyes on the human skin was a subject little understood by apothecaries in general, and the inane bit of blond masculinity in particular who presided over the soda-water fountain in the corner drug store, and whose chief ambition seemed to be to ring the changes on "I really don't know, I am sure." Therefore, like the heroes of occult romances, we took to a course of mysterious old men, and after patient research unearthed an old, old artist, who gave us the following recipe: "Use soft soap, warm water, and time—plenty of time"—was the advice of the sage, which we found good. By the evening of the 19th my hands were all they should be, together with my appearance—at least the fellows said so; that is, the few who, by virtue of certain proprietary interests, had the right to assist at my toilette.

"Tell Mrs. Allen," said Fitch, gravely, as I took up my gibbous hat (that is, Saunders's gibbous hat), "that we should cheerfully have overlooked the formality of an invitation and accompanied you, only that it seemed better to send you as a composite photograph of 'the gang' and its dress suit. Under these circumstances I am sure she will pardon our unavoidable absence, and receive you with the consideration due the five men you represent."

And then I felt a sudden misgiving. If I wanted a jolly evening, here were the materials at hand—a comfortable room, shabby but pleasing to the artistic eye; five good fellows ready to chaff, laugh, sing; plenty of beer and pipes, and no agony about "the correct thing"—but also no Sara Allen. That decided it. I closed the door resolutely and hurried off toward the Allen mansion.

Sara Allen was the sixth only girl I had ever loved; that is, then. Just why I loved Sara I could not have said. She was pretty, stylish, clev— Well, not so very clever, but coquettish, fascinating, distracting. But I loved her for none of these qualities; I loved her because she was she, as I had done the other six—or was it five? There have been a number since then, and I am not altogether sure of my figures. At no point, though, did my fatuity rise to the point of fancying my passion returned. Reason, with the cool, venomous candor peculiar to her, pointed out that a desperately enamored young lady would hardly wait three months after her return to town before remembering her wish to see something of me in the winter; also, that an invitation to a large dance could hardly be tortured into a sentimental desire for a tête-à-tête. On the other hand, there were the beautiful moonlight nights when Miss Sara Allen had gently led me to infer that I was the "tree on which the fruit of her heart was growing," and that though sadly hampered by a mercenary family, her own aspirations pointed toward a snug little island with just room for an easel and an artist husband; and the moonlight had it. So that it was in a tolerably confident frame of mind that I presented myself to Mrs. Allen, and I was not even daunted by the fact that she entirely failed to recognize me until I mentioned my name and Quasset House, whereupon she smiled blandly and murmured; "Ah, yes, *so* ridiculous; certainly I *do* remember now"; and gave me to understand that though my features had vanished from her recollection, she could still recall my knickerbockers and Tam o' Shanter. I accepted the *amende* with great sweetness (stifling the regret I was about to utter that I could not have brought those articles to the ball), and sauntered off to find Sara.

Having found Sara, surrounded by a group of young men, whom I promptly classed as overdressed idiots, it was only due to my condition to instantly stroll in the opposite direction, feigning unconsciousness of her presence. I felt as though I wore my state of mind and the struggles of the past week about my head as a halo to be clearly comprehended by the little group about her; besides which I seemed to feel that anything so simple as to walk up and say good-evening was not only inane, but impossible. Because if a man desires to drag a girl from the flames, or the sea, or the grip of a cyclone, it is not necessary to remember his elbows or his feet, consequently there is no difficulty in the matter; but to carry those exercercences across a brilliantly lighted room, under the fire of all those eyes, and be classed by her friends as a "fellow from nowhere," I positively could not nerve myself to do it. I therefore leaned miserably against a door, and stared at the object of my devotion, who was a radiant creature in her filmy lace gown, cut too low for my fastidiousness, had she been another girl, but at that time she was She, and I was her prophet. From her circle of adorers I singled out one man to concentrate my jealousy upon. Who was he that he should lean over her shoulder with that aggressive air of familiarity and fan her? Was it by virtue of his swarthy style of beauty, or an English title, that he assumed to be so intimate? He looked English to the core, as adjusting his monocle he directed Sara's attention toward me. For an instant she seemed slightly puzzled, and there was a bad moment in which I thought she also had forgotten me; then she bowed, made a little imperious gesture for me to approach, and I rushed across the room, elbows and feet for the nonce lost sight of in the thrilling thought that Sara wished to see me. What I said when I reached her I hardly knew; certainly no one else did. All my carefully planned speeches had vanished, leaving me a plain, unvarnished idiot. Sara was shaking hands with me; Sara was saying she was glad to see me. That was enough. I was raised above all earthly considerations for one delicious moment. And then I became aware of that troublesome article, my personal dignity. It had been affronted. I had seen some of these fellows smile—smile in a pitying manner—especially my *bete noire*, whom Sara presented as Mr. Harcourt. But I was even with him. I received his courteous advances with haughty stolidity, resolving to show him that I was not imposed on by his air of distinction, and though he might excel in some lines, I could give him points in the art of being a complete fool. As to the others, I quickly placed them in possession of the fact that I was not in society in such curt, crude sentences that no one could have blamed them if they had exclaimed, "Thank Heaven for that!" in a chorus, instead of leaving Sara and the faithful Harcourt to do duty as bear leaders alone.

As the band struck into the softly muffled chords of "Seelenliebe," Harcourt, with a deprecatory glance at my crimson face, turned to Sara. "Our waltz, I think, Miss Allen."

"I know it is," she said, in the nicest possible manner; "but I have not seen Mr. Swifter for ages; would you object to changing it for an after-supper dance, so I may take this opportunity for a little chat and a few presentations?"

"Certainly not," returned Harcourt, politely, with a bow to me, which I received in frozen silence. "Perhaps Mr. Swifter will do as much for me another time."

"It is not likely I shall have the chance," I retorted, bent on being a flawless idiot. "I am not in society."

"Then virtue must be its own reward," he said, with an amused look at Sara, who was regarding me with a rather complicated expression. "The first waltz after supper, then, Miss Allen? Thanks." Bowing, he left us.

"Now, Mr. Swifter," murmured Sara, in her adorable confiding manner, "since you will not ask me to dance, come into the conservatory out of all this glare, and let us talk about—everything."

"Do you wish to dance?" I inquired, gloomily, without moving.

"Since you put it in that way, I do not," she replied, leading the way through the palms. "Indeed, I fancy I am really tired," she said, sinking down on a bench near the fountain, and drawing a fluffy white thing over her neck. "Come, sit down and talk to me."

Talk to her! How could I? Sara in various summer combinations was distracting; but Sara in silvery white evening dress, against a background of green leaves, with Chinese lanterns throwing flecks of rose light on her golden hair, was paralyzing. What could I say to such a bewitching creature except, I love you, I love you? Why would she not understand that? Doubtless she did, for she promptly brought the conversation on to firm ground, if any ground is firm when a man is on the verge of a proposal. "I suppose," she continued, gayly, "you are now busy on the great work which is to make you famous. What is the subject? Not historical, I devoutly hope."

"No; biblical," I answered, referring to my dear leopard.

"Biblical? really?"

"No, not really; that was a joke." I gathered audacity as I proceeded. "The fact is, Miss Allen, my present ambition is to keep from returning to my original elements from lack of sustenance: in other words, to make a living. However, these struggles are not amusing."

"Ah, but they are interesting," she returned, warmly. "In biographies, you know, genius always struggles at first; and it is delightful to know men who have ambitions and aims. Do tell me all about yours. What is your dearest wish?" She leaned forward with charming interest. There was my opportunity, but she saw her mistake as soon as I, and glided smoothly on. "Now there is Mr. Harcourt. You noticed him, did you not?"

That struck me as rather cool. "Yes," I said, curtly.

"Well, he is what I call an interesting man," she resumed. "Starting poor—that is, comparatively so—he has made his way all over the world by dint of sheer pluck and energy. He entered Kairwan with the French, and wrote the loveliest book about that mysterious city and the Orient generally; he has been to Peru, Asia, Australia, and picked up some perfectly sweet things everywhere; and though he is not a bit unconventional, I think his poise and expression lift him far above the ordinary level; don't you?"

I looked at her aghast. Did she expect me to assent to this barefaced praise of a suspected rival? "No," I retorted, bluntly; "I thought he seemed the usual vapid tailor's block current in society as a man."

"It is not a crime to be well dressed." Sara's manner was very cold. "Ill-fitting clothes and long hair do not always argue genius. You, if you will pardon the personality, are very well 'turned out,' yet you are called very clever."

I bit my lip. If she only knew!

"However"—she rose, smiling brightly—"I am a very remiss hostess; everybody is filing down to supper, and there are dozens of pretty and clever girls I want you to meet."

"I would rather talk to you," I said, doggedly.

"Thanks. After that back-handed compliment, you may take me for some refreshment. I need it. Ah!" she exclaimed, as we joined the procession toward the dining-room, "there is Mrs. Karrick! What a pretty little porcelain beauty she is! You know her, I think."

As I admitted that I did, I was filled with a guilty recollection of the last time I had seen Mrs. Karrick. "She is an artist, you know," I said.

"Is she?" Miss Allen regarded me with a quizzical look. "Of course you know best; but I should hardly describe those pinky 'ideal heads' of hers as art. They are too painfully suggestive of tea stores—don't you think? Ah, Mrs. Karrick," she cried, joyously, as we reached that dainty little lady, "how glad I am to see you! Why are you so late? We were just speaking of you. You know Mr. Swifter?"

Mrs. Karrick dexterously transferred her mellifluous greeting to Miss Allen into a stony "Yes," and transfixed me with a disdainful glare. "I have good reason to recollect Mr. Swifter," she continued, with appalling distinctness; "he presented me with a mark of his esteem I can never forget—*never*."

"A mark of his esteem?" Sara hesitated, with a puzzled glance at my discomfited face. "What was it?"

"Oh, an artist's proof—an impression unsigned, but easily recognizable. Mr. Swifter would not thank me for going into details now. You know how modest young artists are. Later I may enlighten you." With a nasty sarcastic laugh Mrs. Karrick swept on, leaving me not only the comfortable certainty that later Sara would know all she knew about the horrid accident, but that she was even then confiding her tale to her escort, who listened with evident amusement, and turned to regard me with great eagerness. My only consolation lay in the thought that she could not by any possibility imagine the truth of the affair.

These distressing misgivings, however, were completely submerged the instant we reached the supper-room, when I found it necessary to devote all my attention to the circumvention of Harcourt, who persisted in hovering about Sara in what I considered an unwarrantable way. A century ago his reward for the good-humored tolerance with which he overlooked my crushing snubs would have been a glass of wine in his face and an invitation to coffee and pistols; in these degenerate days the hot-tempered ass has no retort except sulks and sarcasm, and I rung the changes on these dull weapons until Sara's expression was a curious mixture of pity and exasperation. By way of gently rounding out the situation, Mrs. Karrick established herself opposite our party, and confided to all who approached her whatever she had said to her escort on the way down to supper, with the same result—they all turned and looked at me as be had with contemptuous amusement. Altogether I felt matters were unendurable, and was about to tear myself away from the dubious pleasure of Sara's society, when an awkward waiter precipitated events, and gave me rather more excuse for going home than I wished for. As he passed, Sara exclaimed: "Stop that man, Mr. Swifter, please; we must all have some of mamma's famous pineapple bola. She got the receipt in Berlin, and it really is delicious." As I stepped quickly forward, the miserable wretch, overhearing her request, stepped as quickly back, and we met with a crash; the tray slipped from his fingers, eighteen glasses of pineapple bola gushed over my legs, and I was a moral pulp. The immovable object had met the irresistible impulse, and the result was chaos. Naturally everybody looked up. Sara sprang to her feet, and the abject waiter, kneeling in the midst of the shattered glasses and the sticky streams of the flowing bola, proceeded to complete the ruin he had so ably begun. Seizing his napkin he scrubbed my unfortunate trousers with the energy born of remorse. In vain I begged him to desist, saying, with an agonized smile, "that it was of no consequence, and that I would retire to the dressing-room." In vain Sara, with heightened color, ordered him to leave me and remove the ruins. Besotted with fright, conscious only of his desire to atone, the wretched creature paused not until he had accomplished the secret decrees of destiny.

"May he be turned upside down, and jackasses sit upon the graves of his ancestors!"—if he has any. Pardon this flight into Persian. Anything in English available for print is too feeble to express my emotions while this instrument of an unscrupulous providence, rubbing and re-rubbing until I was in positive physical agony, suddenly held up his napkin besmeared by black streaks, and with a wild cry of "Begorra, the divilish dye is all coming off—oh, murther!" fled, followed by a little shriek of laughter from the pleased and interested observers.

And I?

Oh, Ingles! You said *ineffaceable*, but down my right leg coursed an oblong map of something (Aden, perhaps), done in light cream and chocolate plaid crossed by red bars. The pineapple bola had done its work, and Ingles's Imperial was not Imperishable. Before I fled, however, a single sentence in Mrs. Karrick's clear voice struck on my distracted ears. "The trousers, then, were what he was dyeing in the secrecy of his studio!" she said, with a rippling laugh. "Come here and I will tell you all about it." A promise I afterward learned she religiously kept. I am told that "Swifter's Experiment" is one of her stock anecdotes; and that under the title of "Dyed, but not Dead," she contributed a highly colored version to a syndicate, who sent it all over the Union.

When, however, I rushed down the stairs, an ulster veiling my variegated costume, I found Harcourt waiting, and without allowing me to push rudely by him as I had attempted, he took my arm, offered me a cigar, and walked home with me, talking of every subject on earth except the one burning its way into my brain. On reaching the studio he entered with me, ostensibly to make Fitch's acquaintance, but really to join my sympathetic chum in finding balm for

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

my wounded feelings. And by a judicious blending of humor and common-sense they finally reconciled me to stay in New York and live down the affair, instead of starting at once for the boundless West, which was my first desperate impulse. I need scarcely say that the acquaintance formed under such peculiar circumstances ripened into friendship, and that the result of my bifurcated crime against society was hardly too high a price to pay for the pleasure of knowing such an all-round good fellow as Harcourt.

As for Sara? She married neither of us. As a matter of fact, she never had the opportunity. I am told that her husband has not "a delightful aspiration" to his name; but four millions in money and stocks, a town and country house, and a yacht will perhaps answer just as well.

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.

POETICAL INSCRIPTIONS.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

QUITE as interesting as "Poetical Dedications," and much more valuable, because more rare, are those occasional autograph inscriptions in verse to be found on the fly-leaves of certain printed books, but not originally intended to be printed themselves. They may be divided into three classes: first, those written by the author in the special copy of his own book which he has presented to his friend; second, those written by the recipient in the volume his friend the author has presented to him; and third, those written in the books of men who are known neither to donor nor recipient. They are fuller than marginal notes, and more personal and more spontaneous than dedications; they render the tomes in which they are contained absolutely unique, and sometimes they make a volume as precious to the collector of autographs as to the lover of books. A copy of *Venus and Adonis*, for instance, in which Shakespeare had written with his own hand,

"Don't stenle this Booke, my little Freend,
For feare the Gallowes will be your end"

—if it existed—would be worth a mountain of First Folios of the Plays. There were only twenty-seven leaves in the little quarto volume in question, as first published in 1593, so the author could not have completed the inscription,

"If you don't beleeve this Book is mine,
Just turn to Page number ninety nine."

But as literature and as poetry the familiar quatrain is certainly as worthy of the author of *Venus and Adonis* as are the famous four lines carved upon the stone that is said to cover the dust and the bones enclosed in front of the altar of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Ancients, as the *Tatler* called them, were much given to writing sonnets to each other; but these were not always strictly personal—or strictly true; and they always found their way into their authors' printed works, if not into the publications of the authors to whom they were addressed. Milton's famous "Epitaph upon the Admirable Dramatick Poet W. Shakspere"—"dear son of memory, great heir of fame," prefixed to the Second Folio Edition of Shakespeare's plays (1632), and Wordsworth's "Sonnet to Milton," in the two volumes of "Poems by Wm. Wordsworth," first published in 1807, beginning,

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee," etc.,

are cases in point.

Among the earliest specimens of this complimentary verse are the lines addressed by Edmund Spenser to Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of Laws, printed in 1592, with "Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnettes Especially Touching Robert Greene, and Other Parties by him Abused." In an early edition of Captain John Smith's *History of Virginia* are prefixed almost a score of short poems—so called—the most notable, perhaps, being from the pen of John Donne; while George Withers congratulated his "Frend Captain Smyth upon his description of New England," in harmonious numbers in 1616. Bengemennes Jonson wrote verses "to Master John Fletcher upon his Faithfull Shepherdesse"; Fletcher wrote verses "To the True Master of his Art, B. Jonson," which are to be found in the edition of "Volpone the Foxe," printed in 1607. Beaumont wrote verses to Fletcher and Jonson, as Jonson and Fletcher both praised him; and so each did laud the other, as all three of them eulogized or were eulogized by Nat. Field and by Chapman and the rest of their contemporaries for pages.

On a blank leaf of a copy of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, Warton wrote a sonnet, which is printed among his collected poems. Neither Warton nor Dugdale is remembered now. The former was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1757 to 1767, Camden Professor of Ancient History at the same university, and poet-laureate of England from 1785 until he died in 1790, succeeding Whitehead, and immediately preceding Pye, in the long line of commonplace, half-forgotten versifiers who have held the office of court poet to the English kings. Sir William Dugdale was a distinguished antiquarian in the seventeenth century, whose *Monasticon Anglicanum* (1655–73)—a chronicle of the monastic and other foundations in England before the Reformation—has been placed next to the Doomsday Book itself as the most ancient and ample record of the history and descent of the greater portion of the landed property in the kingdom, and has even been admitted as evidence in courts of justice where original titles and documents have been lost.

The lines written by Warton in Dugdale's great work, as being comparatively unfamiliar even to the close students of English verse, and as representing fairly the class of "poetry" to which they belong, are given here in full:

"Deem not devoid of elegance the Sage
Be Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these prond domes th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fierce rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, inclusie falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

Robert Burns, a contemporary of Warton, frequently expressed his affection for his friends in the blank leaves of some favorite book before presenting the volume to the object of his regard. "Miss Cruikshanks," a maiden of twelve years, in whose father's house in Edinburgh he spent some time during the winter of 1787–8, was addressed by Burns as "Beauteous Rosebud, young and gay," on the page of a now-forgotten work; and on the 1st of January, 1787, he gave a copy of Beattie's *Minstrel* to Miss Susan Logan, with the following lines:

"Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heav'n.

"No gifts have I from India's coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

"Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you!"

Miss Logan was sister to the Major Logan to whom Burns addressed one of his "Epistles," and Edwin is the hero of Beattie's poem.

Some fifty years later, in 1831 or 1832, Campbell sent a volume of his poems to his cousin Mary Sinclair, with the following inscription:

"Go, simple Book of Ballads, go
From Eaton Street in Pimlico;
It is a gift my love to show—
To Mary!

"And more its value to increase,
I swear by all the gods of Greece
It cost a seven-shilling piece—
My Mary!

"But what is gold, so bright that looks,
Or all the coins of miser's nooks,
Compared to be in thy good books—
My Mary!

"Now witness earth, and skies, and main!
The book to thee shall appertain;
I'll never ask it back again—
My Mary!

"But what, you say, shall you bestow?
For, as the world now goes, you know,
There always is a *quid pro quo*—
My Mary!

"I ask not twenty hundred kisses,
Nor smile the lover's heart that blesses,
As poets ask from other misses—
My Mary!

"I ask that till the day you die
You'll never pull my wig awry,
Nor ever quiz my poetrye—
My Mary!"

That our contemporary poets have been quite as happy in the Poetical Inscriptions as the men of other days the verses which follow will clearly prove. Many of them have never before been submitted to the public gaze, and such of them as are here printed for the first time are printed with the full consent of those to whom or by whom they are addressed. A copy of *Prince Lucifer* presented to Lord Tennyson contains these lines in the handwriting of Mr. Alfred Austin:

"Poet! In other lands, where spring no more
Fleets o'er the grass, nor in the thicket-side
Plays at being lost and laughs to be descried,
And blooms lie wilted on the orchard floor,
There the sweet birds that from the Attic shore
Across Ausonian breakers thither hied
Own that May's music in their breast hath died,
And sobering words resound not as before.
But in this privileged Isle, this brave, this blest,
This deathless England, it seems always spring.
Though riper grow the days, Song takes not wing;
'Mid autumn boughs it builds another nest;
Even in the snows we lift our hearts and sing,
And still Your voice is heard above the rest."

As a Christmas greeting in 1876, Richard Henry Horne sent to Mrs. Henry Edwards an article of his own, contributed to an English magazine, and on the cover he pasted an embossed card containing the following lines:

"Though age o'er garden, field, and tree
Must cast its thoughtful ash-gray shades,
I send to thee
O'er land and sea
A Rose of Love which never fades."

While Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson's library is wonderfully rich in autograph dedications and inscriptions, he gives but two examples in his "Catalogue," printed in 1886. These are four lines he himself wrote in a presentation copy of Dr. Holmes's *Songs of Many Seasons*, and four verses written by Mr. William Morris in a copy of his *Love is Enough*, addressed as follows, "To Hannah Jane Lampson":

"Spring am I, too soft of heart
Much to speak ere I depart.
Ask the summer-tide to prove
The abundance of my love.

"Summer, looked for long, am I;
Much shall change or e'er I die.
Prithee take it not amiss
Though I weary you with bliss.

"Laden Autumn here I stand,
Weak of heart and worn of hand.
Naught of rest seems good to me;
Say the word that sets me free.

"I am Winter, that doth keep
Longing safe amidst of sleep.
Who shall say, if I were dead,
What should be remembered?"

Beneath the inscription in Dr. Holmes's book, Mr. Locker has written:

"Some books are writ to sell....and don't!
And some are read—such heavy tomes!
But all should buy (though many won't)
And read the books of Dr. Holmes."

In a copy of one of Mr. Locker's own books, given by the author to Mr. Lang, he has written as follows:

"By Esma's fold I strayed of yore,
I've heard the pipe, I've plucked the wheat,
And yet I would not give a straw
To bide where any [Esma's] shepherds bleat.
Give me in Shepherd's Bush a seat
Where Pindar (classic Peter) sang,
My *Daily News*, the vicious sheet
Or pipe (if short?) of Andrew Lang!"

Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote in a copy of the *Hesperides* presented to Mr. Austin Dobson in 1878:

"Fresh with all airs of woodland brooks
And scents of showers,
Take to your haunt of holy books
This Saint of Flowers.

"When meadows burn with budding May,
And heaven is blue,
Before thy shrine our prayers we say—
Saint Robin true!

"Love crowned with thorns is on thy staff—
Thorns of sweetbrier;
Thy benediction is a laugh;
Birds are thy choir.

"Thy sacred robe of red and white
Unction distils;
Thou hast a nimbus round thy head
Of daffodils."

In the copy of *Letters to Dead Authors* presented to Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Lang wrote:

"Go, letters, to the irresponsive Ghosts
That scarce will heed them less than living Men.
For now new Books come thicker than on Coasts
And Meads of Asia throng the sea-birds when
The snow-wind drives them south in clamorous Hosts
From their salt marshes by Cayster's Fen."

These lines, as an "Envoy," were subsequently printed in the second edition of the book.

Mr. Dobson about the same time put the following lines in a copy of his *Old World Idyls*, addressed to an American friend:

"There is no 'mighty purpose' in this book,
Of that I warn you at the opening page,
Lest, haply, 'twixt the leaves you careless look,
And finding nothing to reform the age,
Fall with the rhyme and rhymer in a rage.
Let others prate of problems and of powers,
I bring but problems born of idle hours,
That, striving only after Art and Ease,
Have scarcely more of moral than the flowers,
And little else of mission than to please."

Mr. Henly, who will be remembered as collaborating with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in the authorship of *Deacon Brodie* and other plays, is the possessor of a copy of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in which Mr. Stevenson has written the following quatrain:

"Dramatic Jekyll and dramatic Hyde,
But which is which, let other men decide.
To the two friends, meanwhile, the work is fun,
And being never played, does harm to none."

In the copy of *The Paradox of Acting*, presented by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock to a friend who disapproved of a Latin and later of a French prose inscription it contained, the author finally wrote:

"As no prose pleases, I must write in rhyme,
And wish the book were better worth your time."

In a paper upon Walter Savage Landor, published in a late number of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Lowell gave to the public for the first time a pair of quatrains he had written in a copy of Landor's works presented to a friend upon her marriage some years before. They are interesting as containing a condensation of the younger poet's judgment of the older.

"A villa fair, with many a devious walk,
Darkened with deathless laurel from the sun,
Ample for troops of friends in mutual talk,
Green Chartreuse for the reverie of one.
Fixed here in marble, Rome and Athens gleam;
Here is Arcadia, here Elysium too;
Anon an English voice disturbs our dream,
And Landor's self can Landor's spell undo."

In a copy of *Azurian*, given to Mrs. T. B. Aldrich in 1866, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford wrote:

"Full often pictured on the page
Some reader sees a fair sweet face,
That flouts between the vacant lines
And paints the margin with its grace.

"Precious because th' illumined sheet,
Though idle all its lettered lore,
Here leaves a secret never sung,
And spells a charm unknown before.

"Yet pages less fortunate than mine,
If here a fair sweet face shall bend,
And to the trembling, happy leaf
Perchance one shade of beauty lend."

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, having inadvertently written his name on the back instead of the front cover of a copy of *Afterwhiles*, expressed himself thus in the proper place:

"LINES ON A ERROR.

"In the back of the book,
With his heels in the air,
You'll find your friend here,
Ef you look anywhere."

In a copy of Mr. E. C. Stedman's *Songs and Ballads*, presented by Mr. H. C. Bunner to an intimate friend on the eve of that friend's marriage, Mr. Bunner wrote:

"The new year's not too old, my friend,
To wish a wish for you—
That the fire may ne'er grow cold, my friend,
That now shall shine for two;
The flame for kindly friendship set
Shall blaze for Love the higher yet,
Or be the heavens wintry wet,
Or summer blue."

The following quaint lines are to be found in a copy of Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson's *Songs and Lyrics*:

"This little book it is so small
You scarce can call it book at all;
Yet prithee grant it so much grace
As on your shelf to keep its place,
This little book."

In a copy of *New Waggings from Old Tales*, presented to Mr. E. D. North, Mr. Bangs, one of its authors, wrote the following lines:

"To E. D. N.

"If you ask for a garden with never a weed in,
Where bloom in profusion the flowers of readin',
Why, go you at once to the garden of E. D. N.
To its master I send this small book of letters,
In the hopes that, if placed on a shelf with its betters,
When *The Tales of the Wags* Mr. N. is perusing,
The wags of the Tales he'll not fail to abusing,
But ever continue his pleasant enthusing—
Over me.
J. K. B."

In a presentation copy of *Along the Shore*, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has written:

"Is carking care a guest, and scowls the host,
They dwell not there to whom I send thee:
Where cloud is least and hearty life is most,
The....own the roof: to them commend me."

And in a presentation copy of *Gettysburg, a Battle Ode*, are the lines by its author, George Parsons Lathrop:

"Dear kinsman,.....turn these leaves
That in a chaplet I have bound
For those whose valiant suffering grieves,
Though they our land with glory crowned,
And you will notice, while you turn,
Our modern laurels are of paper,
Yet they at least, being good to burn,
To light Fame's torch may serve as taper."

These fly-leaves, taken at random, are but a few examples of the unique treasures to be found in the private libraries on both sides of the Atlantic at the present day. They are not only valuable in themselves, but they are of interest as showing the possibilities of Poetical Inscriptions, a form of literature to which the bibliophiles hitherto have paid but little attention. They show, too, that the knights of the pen have a fellow-feeling which is not always exhibited by the knights of the brush or the knights of the chisel. While sculptors and painters rarely dedicate their works to each other, authors are very apt to inscribe to authors the books they write—a visible proof that the kinship of letters is more pleasant and more pronounced than the personal amenities of art.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

MARKET GARDENING IN NEW YORK.

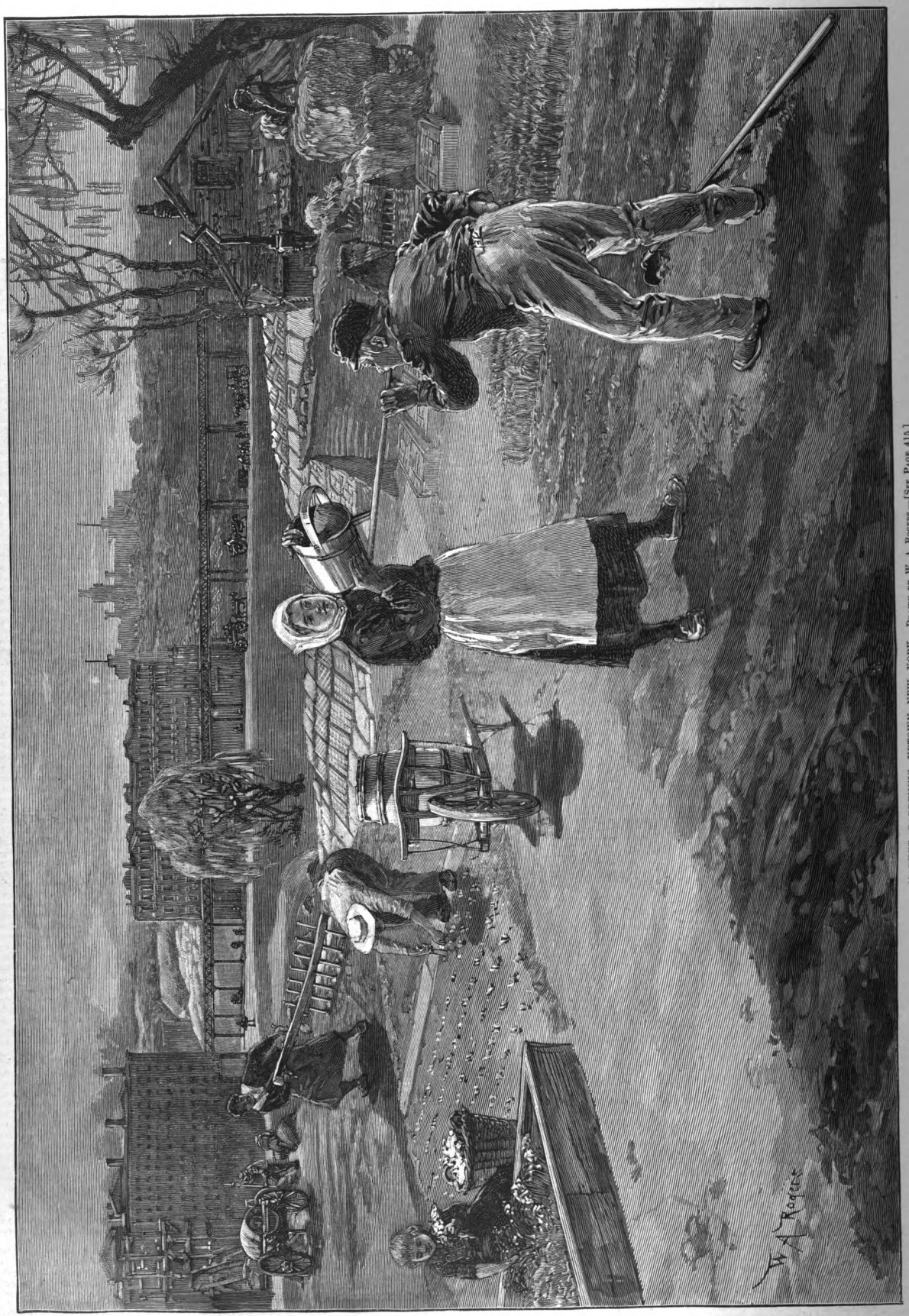
THERE was a time, now many years ago, when passengers on outgoing trains looked from their windows on plot after plot of land given up to rocks and market gardens; when they saw long lines of stooping figures that seemed to be forever plucking or planting, whatever the season might be. Now the passenger sees no green thing. Windows of tall apartment-houses snap the light back at him, or fling their shadows across his open page; and rows of babies—Providence alone protects—hang out of the windows just over the places where once the figures stooped. The only travellers who now get a glimpse of a garden are they who journey for pleasure, men and women in high carts or victorias, who have driven out of the Park, and are dashing up Seventh Avenue, there where it stretches straight and unbroken to the river. Here, over a fence and between groups of houses, is sometimes seen a garden, now no longer a distinctive feature of the land, but something, for all its having lasted so long, so soon are traditions forgotten, most like an incident. Once this whole region, lying as it did in a valley between Washington Heights on the one side, and that border of rocks crowned with squatters' huts there on the other, was given up to farms, and covered with fruit trees and grain. And it is here that the best of the gardens lie, on soil that in some places has been under cultivation for a century or more. Here, too, old memories prevail. That red house there among the lettuce beds has stood there for a hundred years, and still opens its doors to throngs of red-cheeked children. Strange things has that house seen, and strange changes of fortune.

The silence of sunshine lies over the gardens. One may walk all about them on the muddy pavements and hear not a sound, unless a lazy cock should crow. But let him once set foot inside the wooden fence, and he is a well-drilled man who does not start, for the throats of many dogs with loud and rapid barks are opened at him. They are a good-natured set, though, for all their clamor. Their tails wag with glee as they bark, and the visitor sees as he looks that they are fastened. On the path to the house in the oldest of these gardens lilac bushes covered with blossoms shed their fragrance about him; the rich moist earth, with its odor of early spring, lies at his feet. In the barns are cows and horses, and strutting inside their coops are the chickens. Straight lithe men bend over the earth with green sprigs in their hands, that they plant with almost rhythmic motion, swaying now to the right and now to the left. Piled about the fences are the straw mats used in winter for covering the hot-beds. But all of this is where no corner of the lot has been invaded. Just two streets beyond, and the back yard of a new apartment-house has cut into a bed of radishes, and the foundations for a cellar have been started under the shade of a peach-tree in bloom. Civilization is encroaching on every side, even while the men and women work.

"Who runs the gardens?" is sometimes idly asked, and as idly answered, "Squatters." But not a squatter happens to be anywhere about. For all the land that is used high rents are paid—three or four hundred dollars a year for three or four acres. No leases are given, the land being hired by the month or half-year, so that a man who plants has no security that he may ever pick his crop. But they are philosophers, these farmers, and have no idea of any grievance. "The houses must come," they say, "but the landlord is good. We will wait." And so they stoop over their beds again, nor ever glance where, over the railing, bright umbrellas and men in livery sweep by, nor, on the other side, where hodmen with mortar on their shoulders journey up and down the ladders as the walls grow higher every day.

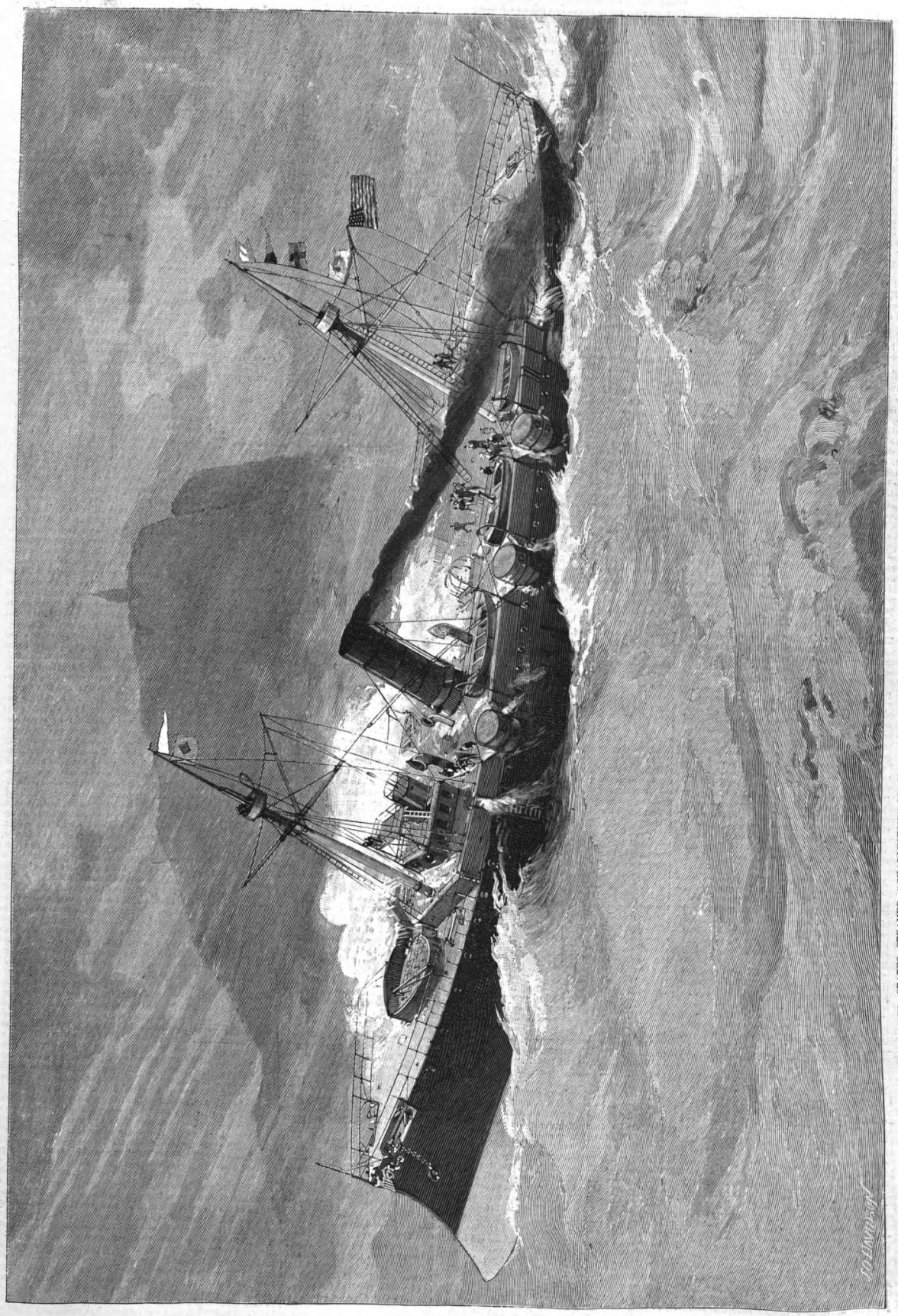
The field of the market garden is limited. There are no stretches of grain nor bushes of peas. No potatoes nor any cabbages are cultivated. The farmer confines himself to soup greens, lettuce, and leeks, to radishes, young beets, and onions. They are easily cared for, and the market for them is steady. When their spring stuff is ready, the Southern truck declines in value.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MARKET GARDENING, UPTOWN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 415.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



UNITED STATES STEAMER "CHARLESTON" LEAVING THE GOLDEN GATE ON HER TRIAL TRIP.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BEN FARGO'S CLAIM.

MR. H. P. SMALL, late of Jack Oak, released the crank handle of the little hand-inking job press, wiped his moist brow, and picking the top paper from the pile, sat down to admire his handiwork. The "running off" of the first issue of the New Boston *Clarion* had been successfully accomplished.

The first number of the *Clarion* was not imposing in appearance, but its editor regarded it with as much pride and satisfaction as if it had been a huge "blanket sheet," instead of being small almost to insignificance, consisting of but two pages, each eight by twelve inches in size, with three columns to the page. This was as large as could be printed on the jobber, the only press that Mr. Small possessed just then, owing to his having become "late of Jack Oak" so suddenly. His stay at the last-named place had not been an extended one, but it had been full of experience for Mr. Small, *then* late of the East. Among other things he had learned that in border settlements Boom is absolute monarch, and that even journalism, which possibly in the "effete East" may mould public opinion and make and unmake whom it will, must be subservient to King Boom. This had been forcibly impressed upon him by a self-appointed committee of wrathful citizens. The course of his paper had been such that the failure of a certain cherished enterprise for the advancement of the boom was laid to his charge, and Mr. Small speedily acquired added journalistic experience. He had been visited by this committee, who dumped his large press into the creek, and gave the moulder of public opinion ten hours in which to leave the country forever.

Half of that time had scarcely elapsed before the editor had loaded his jobber and other material on to a wagon, and had placed the county line between himself and the unappreciative settlement. He had gone to New Boston with his job press and augmented experience, and had found a welcome from its citizens, who considered a newspaper one of the requisites of an embryo "city," which hopefully felt itself already big with a prospective boom. Now intrenched behind his recently acquired experience, Mr. H. P. Small felt that he was in no danger of becoming "late of New Boston." He pridefully regarded his salutatory, which occupied one entire side of the little *Clarion*. It declared the determination of the paper to be found at all times wholly for the advancement of New Boston and the boom. In it the editorial "we" appeared a generous number of times, and to the whole was appended the editor's name,

"HERCULES P. SMALL."

The salutatory apologized for the infantile proportions of the paper, worked in a pleasantry in regard to the journalistic infant having plenty of room in which to grow, and promised much for the next issue, when the new press should arrive. A paragraph said that the press was already on the way, and was expected to arrive almost immediately. Even then, in all probability, it had been turned over to the freighters at Metropolis, where the railroad ended. The reverse of the *Clarion* presented an editorial laudatory of New Boston, a column of complimentary mentionings of prominent, well-known, and prosperous citizens—the adjectives impartially distributed—and several items of news. Said one of these:

"Just as we go to press" (how dear to the heart of provincial journalism is this "just as we go to press"!) "we learn that Ben Fargo's claim has been jumped again. Ben's return is expected to-day or to-morrow, when we predict that he will attend to the eviction in his usual prompt and thorough manner. We will chronicle particulars in our next issue."

No fault could have been found with this item, except perhaps that it was a trifle verbose, and might have been a little indefinite to the uninitiated reader. New Boston fully understood it, and had heard the news even before it reached Editor Small. And taught by the past, when Mr. Cyrus Hickson, the mail-carrier, brought the news, the settlement felt already apprised of what would follow.

"Who's jumped it this time?" asked Colonel Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the "prominent" citizens lounging on the porch of the Eureka General Store.

"Dun know," answered the mail-carrier. "Didn't stop to find out; but I seed enough as I rid past to know that Ben Fargo's claim was jumped agin. Smoke was comin' out o' the shack, an' a scan'lous-lookin' linch-pin wagin an' a pair o' rickety ole mules was standin' by."

"Waal," predicted Colonel Pride, "about five minutes after Ben gits there, them rickety mules 'll be pullin' that scandalous-lookin' wagon away from that claim at double-quick time."

"You bet!" agreed some one. "Ben's got so's he don't let 'em stay long."

"'Pears like Ben Fargo's claim is allus bein' jumped," said another.

"Yes, an' unjumped, so to speak, just as often," spoke Colonel Pride. "It uset to be that he'd try strategy or moral suasion, but now he comes to the point at once."

"Had to laugh, t'other day, as I was ridin' past," said Mr. Cy Hickson. "Feller from Mizzury 'd jumped the claim that time, an' was makin' himself as comf'able as you please, bakin' a johnny-cake in Ben's skillet an' over the fire he'd kindled from the coals Ben 'd left early in the mornin'. 'Five minutes to git your johnny out o' my skillet,' says Ben. 'The year 1901 will find me right yere,' says Mizzury. Says Ben, 'This is my claim, an'—' 'Mebby 'twuz 'fore I jumped it,' broke in Mizzury, turnin' over the johnny-cake. 'Yes, 'n' 'twill be agin soon's you unjump it, which 'll be in 'bout three minutes,' says Ben. 'Chuck yer whip,' says Mizzury; 'I'm able fer you, I reckon; 'sides, the law's on my side, an'—'Hang the law!' broke in Ben, and sailed in. They tangled, an' in about two minutes Mizzury found he'd made a mistake. Fer a while I'lowed Ben 'd drive his head into the ground. Then, after tunkin' him around awhile, Ben sat on him. 'Whose claim's this now?' says Ben. 'Yore title to it 'pears to be a mighty strong one,' says Mizzury. A little later Mizzury had his team hitched to his wagin, an' was a-eatin' his johnny-cake as he driv away."

As has been said, it seemed as if Ben Fargo's claim was being jumped with a regularity that was only equalled by that with which Fargo speedily removed the jumpers. There were several reasons for this frequent jumping. One was that the claim was one of the most desirable in the county, and also one of the easiest to jump. It was handy to New Boston and to the grass-fringed road that led thereto. Then, too, its champion but partially complied with the law for such cases made and provided. During the greater part of the time he did not visit the claim at all, except when there was another jumper to eject. He had made none of the improvements that the law required. Even the "shack" cabin upon it had been erected by one misguided claim jumper, who had been speedily and forcibly ejected by Fargo, who had retained the cabin for his trouble. But in spite of the continued jumping, Ben Fargo continued to hold the claim against all comers. He was not a quarrelsome person, but simply chose the easier of the two ways of retaining possession of the claim.

Claim-jumping consists in moving on to the claim of some one who has not yet secured from the government a title to the land. The legal measures then instituted by the jumper drag their slow way along for an indefinite period after that, and the costs go on piling up in a way that makes the existence of so many lawyers in the newer States possible. Then, if the jumper can prove that the jumped has not complied with all of the requirements of the government, the right to remain, and finally a deed of the land, are given to him. If he fails, he gets nothing but an opportunity to pay the small mountain of costs, while the other regains possession of his claim. That is the painfully slow legal way, and one that Ben Fargo never employed. In the claim country the law is often regarded as being more ornamental than applicable, and the elastic public conscience considers it complied with sufficiently when the claimant makes a few improvements, and exhibits an intention of residing on the claim at some more convenient season. And the swift eviction of a claim-jumper and the throwing after him of his few possessions are regarded with complacence by the community at large.

Mr. Ben Fargo, returning to New Boston the day following the one upon which the news had reached the settlement, became aware that his claim had been jumped long before he reached it. The presence of the old linch-pin wagon and rickety mules told him that.

"Well," he said, half aloud, "I am in something of a hurry to get to New Boston, but I reckon I can spare time to kinder start this jumper on his way. Not overly well fixed," he commented, as he left the road and drew nearer. "Wagon don't look safe, and the mules seem mighty rickety. But they brought the jumper here, and they've got to— Hello, here!"

The presence of the object that he had almost ridden over surprised him a good deal more than did the presence of the jumper. It was merely a little grave, roughly rounded up in the midst of the long prairie-grass. The clods of the ragged little mound showed that it had been there only a short while. Sun and rain had not begun to pulverize them. A tattered little prairie rose-bush had been planted at the head of the tiny mound. The tips of its leaves had withered, and the blossoms it had borne at transplanting were yellow and shrivelled; but one small bud had opened that morning, and the ragged little flower, striving its best to be bright and pure, lay on one of the rough black clods of the ragged little grave.

"Baby!" Fargo muttered.

At that moment a woman left the shack and came toward the grave. In her hand she bore a cup of water. Her eyes were swollen with crying. Fargo gave a start of surprise as he saw her face. Scarcely glancing at him, she returned his brief salutation and bent and watered the ragged little rose-bush.

"Your baby?" Fargo asked presently, feeling awkwardly that he ought to say something.

"Yes," the woman answered, chokingly. "She was all I had—all I had! And now she—"

And she flung herself prone on the grave, as if to embrace the little mound, and sobbed aloud.

Fargo looked uncomfortable. "Now don't cry so! I—you—where's your husband? In the shack?" he blurted.

"No"—lifting her face from the clods. "He died four weeks ago, and with my few belongings in the old wagon I started on the long journey back to the dear old home State. The baby—well, I dug the little grave myself. I had no coffin, no money to buy one, and I buried her in her little white night-gown." A tear dropped on the blossom of the ragged little rose. "I cannot go on yet—yet. And oh! it seems as if I never could go on and leave my baby here alone in the midst of the prairie! Maybe the owner of this claim would not object if I lived in the shack a little while, till—till—" Fargo squirmed about uneasily in his saddle. "Then, after a little time, I suppose I must start back toward the old Indiana home and leave my baby here in—"

"What part of Indiana?" Fargo blurted.

"Champion County. The little cross-road village below Fountainville. Oh—"

"Ever know a darned fool there by the name of Fargo?"

"Ben Fargo? He wasn't a fool, though. He—"

"Yes, he was, too! Got mad at nothing! Ought to have been shot on the spot."

"No! He—we—"

"Mary, don't you know me?"

"Ben Fargo!"

"Yes; a darned fool. Got mad at nothing."

A little later Ben Fargo's horse, whose master had tied him by gathering a number of iron-weeds into a bunch and looping the bridle rein over them, looked on complacently as the proprietor of the claim, with a piece of board left by the dispossessed builder of the shack, was smoothing up the little mound that covered the child of the person who had jumped his claim. And the jumper, sitting on the grass near by and fashioning a wreath of wild roses for the little grave, looked a trifle less grief-stricken than before.

When, later, Mr. Ben Fargo was passing the Eureka General Store in New Boston, he was stopped by Colonel Pride, who sat on the porch.

"Did the jumper cut up rusty, Ben?" asked the Colonel.

"Nope!" Fargo answered, shortly, moving away.

"Go without trouble?"

"Nope!" More shortly.

"Reckoned he was able fer you?"

"Nope!" Farther away.

"Waal, then, what did—"

"Nothing. There yet." Fargo turned the corner.

There was a diversity of opinion among the prominent citizens congregated on the porch of the Eureka General Store. Some believed that the jumper must have been victorious in the fight that was supposed to have ensued when the eviction was attempted. Others were darkly of the opinion that Ben had severely injured or possibly assassinated the jumper. This would account for his "being there yet."

They even talked a little of investigating, but then it was really none of their business, anyhow. If the jumper had been misused, he had only got what he deserved, and besides, it was not wholly policy to interfere too much with Fargo's affairs.

Hickson, the mail-carrier, as he was going from New Boston, saw the smoothing of the baby's grave and marvelled thereat. When he returned from the trip, a day later, he retailed the news to the prominent citizens on the porch of the Eureka General Store.

"Waal, I'm beat," announced Colonel Pride.

"Me too," agreed several.

The attempt to interview Ben Fargo when next he appeared was not a brilliant success. That personage informed them, first, that whatever occurred at his claim was the business of no one but himself, and second, that he was both able and willing to thrash any man who desired to make it his business. For some time thereafter the citizens who were in the habit of congregating at the Eureka General Store imitated the example of the legendary parrot of the mythical sailor, which tradition declares said very little, but indulged in a tremendous amount of thinking.

It was some time before Mr. Hercules P. Small had an opportunity to chronicle in the *Clarion* the events which followed the last jumping of Ben Fargo's claim. Before the arrival of the next publication day he broke the little hand-inking jobber while "running off" stray-bills, and it could not be used till a duplicate of the broken part could be obtained from the foundry. The large newspaper press did not arrive as expected, and the second issue of the *Clarion* did not appear on time. Anxious inquiry brought the reply that the press had been shipped promptly, and later had been turned over to the freighters at Metropolis, where the railroad ended. It was courteously hoped that the press had arrived before the receipt of the letter of explanation, and so forth. But still the press did not come, and the second issue of the *Clarion* did not appear. Hurried correspondence instituted an investigation, but no trace of the press could be found. It had totally disappeared somewhere between Metropolis and New Boston. The freighters who had taken charge of it at the point where the railroad ended could not be found. More than one repetition of the publication day passed by without the appearance of the *Clarion*. In his excitement at the loss of the large press, Small had forgotten to order a duplicate of the broken part of the jobber. Finally a clew was struck which led to the discovery of the press in the possession of an enterprising but unscrupulous journalist, who was cheerfully preparing to begin the publication of a paper in a tiny settlement about half-way between Metropolis and New Boston, and which hopefully expected to some time become a town. This enterprising person, upon meeting the freighters and learning what brought them thither, and also their burning desire to seek pastures new, hastened to inform them that he was Mr. Hercules P. Small, and that having decided to locate at the tiny settlement instead of at New Boston, he would relieve them of the press there. They were not regular freighters, but "movers," who had been employed because they were going in that direction anyhow, and would do the work for a fraction of the regular charge. Not being acquainted with that kind of business, they gladly gave up the big press and departed for their chosen destination.

The rightful owner of the press possessed himself of it in much the same manner that Ben Fargo had been wont to repossess himself of his claim. Several prominent citizens assisted Mr. Small in getting his press, and in a short time it was in the little office at New Boston, and the second issue of the *Clarion* was being "run off." In speaking of the enterprising journalist who had been deprived of the press, an editorial gravely expressed the belief that he had not, at the time of going to press, stopped running in headlong flight from a community that had been made excitingly warm for him. In another part of the paper was a notice:

"Married, by Rev. Mr. Prouty, at the claim given to the bride by the groom, Mrs. Mary Stone and Mr. Benjamin Fargo."

The *Clarion* declared itself as joining the many friends of the happy couple in wishing them all manner of blessings, and expressed unbounded gratitude for a huge hunk of wedding-cake, the handiwork of the bride.

"Waal," commented Colonel Pride, "that was one time that Ben Fargo's claim staid jumped."

TOM P. MORGAN.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC TRAINING.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

In treating this subject my intention is to show that a method of healthful bodily training can easily be followed by the average business or professional man who has athletic propensities. The great drawback to most essays on athletic training is that a mode of life is advised which is too far out of the way of a man's ordinary routine to be followed with comfort or even success. The average amateur can afford neither the time nor the inconvenience to train the way a professional would. College men, as a rule, train very much as professionals do, for they have the time and generally the enthusiasm. When a man's training becomes irksome it does him no good, for the unsatisfactory state of his mind prevents his system from being built up. The ideal training is the kind that is taken with no special object in view, for there is no fear then of its being overdone. It has always been a great relief to me to drift around in a natural way, after the evening meal, to the gymnasium, and fool with different apparatus until I grew tired, and then go home and get nine hours of solid sleep, and feel the next day as though I were supplied with just so much extra energy. If I did not get as much sleep as I wished, I would feel it by not wanting to take any exercise until the strong feeling came to me again.

The two important questions in beneficial athletic training are exercise and rest. If you are working hard during the day, and feel like keeping quiet when you get home, it would be a mistake to go and force upon yourself physical exercise when your energy had been spent in other ways. I have always followed the rule that I never would exercise unless I felt like it, and for general health it is a pretty safe rule. There are so many incidents and duties which prevent one's taking what might be considered a proper amount of recreation that the mind is not allowed to drift on a two hours' pastime in a gymnasium or on a field. Then after a while your muscles will lose their vigor, and you are apt not to care whether you exercise or not. To keep yourself in good tone you must not mistake a slight indisposition to exercise for a genuine fatigue. Every one knows that after a hearty meal, or drinking too much of anything, the very thought of exercise is distasteful, but several hours afterward one might gladly relish some physical work.

For the best general results a gymnasium is the place to attend, for the tendency there is to use different kinds of apparatus, and thereby develop nearly all the muscles. As a rule, the habitués of athletic grounds are those with a special object in view, such as to train for competition in running, jumping, walking, or weight-throwing. The runners and walkers have mostly very poor chests and arms. The short-distance men are not so bad, but the majority, who make distances above one-half a mile their specialties, would be considered poor samples of benefit derived from athletic training. On the other hand, the weight-throwers are big, bulky, inactive men, who could stand no test of endurance, and are muscularly strong because they have the weight. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule, for in C. G. Wood, an amateur in England, we find a man weighing in athletic costume 186 pounds, and yet he has the fastest record in the world, amateur or professional, for running 220 yards. Then in George Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, we find a shot-putter who weighs only 180 pounds, and he is the best amateur in the world at his game, and continually beats men who weigh from thirty to sixty pounds more than he. These two men, with some others I could mention, are shining exceptions. If I should go over the list of runners and weight-throwers, I could speak of hundreds of the former who have not as much strength in their arms as the average non-athletic man has, and plenty of the latter who if they should attempt to run for a street car would cause such a commotion with their heart and lungs that it would be a most unpleasant experience for them. The best examples of the good results of athletic training are those who take general work. Men who do this cannot as a rule make a great record at a special event, but they are stronger and last longer than those who let certain portions of their bodies go to waste simply to build up a part used in their favorite event. The secret of getting strong and active is to tone the muscles with exercise, and then to have plenty of nervous energy to back them up, so to speak.

There is no earthly use of big muscles if there is no nervous strength behind them. Lack of nervous force is like a perfectly constructed boiler with no steam, and there are plenty of cases of men who have more than the usual enthusiasm continuing their athletic practice when they have spent all of their steam on previous efforts. They then feel weak, and often wonder why it is that they do not improve, or even do as well as formerly, especially as they say they are taking regular practice. This is a state called overtraining, or staleness, and nothing but rest will cure it. The bad results of overtraining are, as a rule, exaggerated, for although there are plenty of cases of temporary staleness, they are made so by the fact that the subjects feel weak, and their performances being affected, they gradually grow disgusted and stop exercise. I have seen that hap-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pen so often that it is safe to say that overtraining as a rule corrects itself, for very few will have enthusiasm enough to continue practising for an event when their performances at it grow worse at each trial. Sometimes a man will be stale for one event and perfectly fresh for some other. This would not be a case of spent nervous force, but simply is a sign that the particular muscles used in an event are overworked and need rest. Temporary fatigue is very much like overtraining in the effect upon one, and it might be called the first symptom of staleness, for if daily practice is still taken with the thought that one is doing what is right, vitality will become impaired, and it may take weeks or months of rest to feel as good as formerly. A day or two of non-attendance at the gymnasium or on the field, when you have temporarily overworked muscles, will generally put one right again, especially if he is in good condition. There is no doubt about the benefit that can be derived from the proper usage of the muscles, and the more they are properly used just so much more one will become impressed with the fact that they will stand much more than one had probably expected of them without trouble.

Beneficial athletic training is nothing but a building-up process of the nerves and muscles. Every man starts with a certain quantity of each, and if he wishes to add to his supply he should not waste his capital by taking hard practice, but must let out enough simply to attract more. The main questions with ambitious athletes are, How often shall I practise? how much shall I take? and how am I to know when to stop? These are pretty hard questions to answer, for men vary so in the amount of exercise that they can take. Different instructors in athletics that I have been associated with, such as Professor J. Douglas Andrews, of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium, and Mr. George Goldie, the director of athletics of the New York Athletic Club, have told me that I can take more work and recuperate faster than any one who has yet come under their notice. They would not prescribe the same kind of exercise for most men that probably I might take with impunity. Where they might see me shove a heavy dumb-bell and run one hundred yards and do some severe jumping and not think it strange, they would hardly consider such a combination the proper exercise for most men. The whole story in a nutshell is that my system is thoroughly used to diversified exercise, and the continued indulgence in all-round work keeps the muscles well balanced and in a state where they can be exerted at any time with comparative ease.

As to the amount of exercise for most men to take, I should say that it is a question that can be solved by themselves in a better way than others can do it for them. Growing strong and active is merely cultivating the muscles as far as the nervous system will permit, or so that both that and the muscular system are equal to each other. This condition is called the balancing point, and having reached it, if you keep on exercising in the attempt to develop your muscles further, you will pass the balancing point and become stale. If, on the other hand, you realize that you are in as good condition as is possible with you, and feel timid about doing too much, and ease up in your practice, you will then fall back down the path which you have ascended. A man should learn to be his own judge in these matters, for he can easily tell how he feels. I will mention some of the feelings from my own experience that an athlete will have from being on either side of the balancing point. One side, which can be called lack of training, has with it a feeling of heaviness and inability to get around easily and do what he may be trying to do. He also has no confidence in himself, and feels utterly at sea, and will be stiff after practice. Too much training is accompanied with the same lack of confidence and heaviness, with a perpetual fatigue and thirst, and a dull pain in those muscles which have been most used. Whichever side of the balancing point an athlete is on, the result will be the same, but it is safer to have too little practice than too much. Do not exert yourself in practice, but leave the effort for the competition. In this way you give the muscles the necessary work without tiring them. This is the main point for thought, and if well understood will solve the question of how much excercise one should take. Plenty of light work is far better than a little of heavy work. Three or four times a week is considered often enough for most men to practise, but it all depends upon the amount of exercise taken at a time. So long as a man feels well and strong, it will not matter if he is taking hard practice every day. In extremely hot weather one should not train much, but the same advice about feeling like exercise will apply then as in ordinary weather.

The diet is not important enough to think of, and anything that is usually on your table will do. If you made athletics your business, it might pay to have special dishes of plain cooking served, but the difference in the effect on you between any dish that could be prepared and your ordinary fare would be so slight that you are better off without the inconvenience. After exercise the throat is apt to be dry, caused somewhat by the increased breathing with your mouth open. The temptation then is to pour down fluid enough to deluge the supposed thirst. If you wait a little while you will not be so thirsty as you thought you were, except in hot weather, when you may be continually thirsty. It is not considered good to drink much of anything, for a great deal of fluid deadens one so. Eatables and drinkables are of little account as compared with exercise and rest. Rest does not necessarily mean sleep, nor does exercise simply include work in a gymnasium or on a field. If you walk around a billiard table for half the night, and in other ways lose your sleep and lead a life of excitement, you will bring about the very results that overtraining in athletics will, except in one case you have no muscle to show for your pastime. If a man has not sense enough to know when he is eating or drinking wrongly, losing his sleep, wasting his energy, or in general using himself badly, he surely never will be a successful athlete. It is bound to pay in the end to live simply and watch yourself, and if you begin when young, the habit of keeping well and vigorous will grow on you.

ROBERT W. WEIR, N.A.

One of the most honored names in connection with American art is that of Robert W. Weir, late Professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point. For several years, since his retirement from active service, Mr. Weir has resided in this city and vicinity, and on the 1st of May he died at his residence in Seventy-fourth Street, at the age of eighty-six. To appreciate the place Mr. Weir filled in the history of American art it is necessary to cast the eye backward to an earlier period of its development, when its representatives were few in this country, and when it was marked by characteristics which have since become almost obsolete. The class of sacred and historic subjects to which Mr. Weir gave his best powers is now conspicuous for its absence from the walls of the exhibition-room. Following Allston and Trumbull, Mr. Weir formed a third conspicuous link in a chain of talented artists who served to connect the Old World with the New, and the older forms of art with those which prevail to-day; for it is only a few years since Mr. Weir ceased to send his work to the exhibitions. For the past fifteen or twenty years his profession has mainly served him as a solace for his advancing age.

Born in New York in 1803, his boyhood was passed at his father's country-seat at New Rochelle. His father having been overtaken by financial misfortune, the son was obliged to enter a mercantile house, which situation he lost for caricaturing one of the heads of the establishment. This slight proof of his talent decided his future course, for immediately he formed the determination to devote himself to the study of art. Alone and unaided he began his studies, and his first work which attracted attention was a large picture of "Paul preaching at Athens," painted in his nineteenth year, and under many difficulties, as he had to manufacture his own materials. The figures were of life size, and when exhibited the picture proved so successful that it encouraged the young artist to pursue his chosen profession with redoubled ardor. In order to better qualify himself for its demands, he undertook a course of anatomy at the medical college, and devoted himself assiduously to such other studies as bore upon his object. In 1824 he sailed for Europe, and remained in Italy four years, where his early aspirations were kindled into a glowing flame of love and devotion to art. Studying the old masters, and passing the greater part of his time in the academies and galleries, he yet found time to produce several original works of his own. In Florence he painted "Christ and Nicodemus" and the "Angel releasing Peter," two pictures of remarkable merit. In December, 1825, he left Florence for Rome. There he found his friend and fellow-student Greenough, and they took rooms together on the Pincian Hill. Their house was situated directly opposite that which had been occupied by Claude Lorraine, and between those known as Salvator Rosa's and Nicolo Poussin's.

It may readily be conceived that in the centre of such, to them, holy ground their enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch. Weir set himself resolutely to work. He rose early, and after studying in his own atelier he went to the French Academy to draw from the antique. Later in the day he worked at the Vatican, or in some of the galleries, or in the Sistine Chapel, until three o'clock, when they were closed to students. After dinner he went to the Caffè Greco, and from the fragrant smoke and light-hearted gossip of that unique rendezvous he repaired to the evening life school. When the moon was bright they sometimes would visit the Coliseum and other ruins, which in later years formed the theme of certain of his pictures. During his sojourn in Europe Mr. Weir collected such materials as would aid him in his profession, and his studio at West Point was filled with the rich spoils of a by-gone age thus brought together. His collection of prints, etchings, and sketches by the old masters was a very valuable one. His friend Greenough having became temporarily insane while in Rome, Mr. Weir shortened his stay in Europe in order to restore the sculptor to his friends in America. This he did at great sacrifice to himself and to his purposes and plans, but it well illustrates the generous disposition which governed all his actions through life. Returning to America in 1828, Mr. Weir took up his residence in New York, where he pursued his profession with rapidly growing reputation: very soon his pictures were the leading works of the exhibitions, and he was very soon elected an associate and then a member of the National Academy.

In 1834 he was appointed Professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point, which position he filled until he was honorably retired under the Limitation of Service Act. Mr. Weir had succeeded C. R. Leslie, the distinguished Royal Academician, at West Point, and of his appointment to fill that important position Henry Tuckerman wrote: "The choice of Weir was most happy for the institution. His tone of character, methodical habits, and personal bearing, not less than his high reputation as a painter, gave a dignity to the situation, and the success which attended his instruction has been amply exemplified."

Mr. Weir was a very handsome man, of dignified presence, and he was greatly venerated by the officers of the army. He numbered among his pupils Grant, Sherman, Lee, and indeed all the graduates whose names became famous in the late war. No single officer of that institution, by his example and personal bearing, did more toward promoting a high moral character and patriotism among its graduates than Mr. Weir. In 1836–40 Mr. Weir painted his large picture of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" for the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. His inquiries into the motives which led that band of resolute men to forsake the comforts of their old home and seek a place where they could worship God in the freedom of their consciences, though in a bleak and forbidding wilderness, were the means of awakening in the artist's own mind a deeper consciousness of the truths of religion; from that time on his life was characterized by great religious earnestness. Losing two of his children in infancy, Mr. Weir devoted the proceeds of his great painting, amounting to $10,000, to the building of the Church of the Holy Innocents, near West Point, partly as a memorial, but more significantly "To the Honor and Glory of God," according to the inscription over the entrance porch. The church is built of stone quarried from the neighboring hills, and was designed by Mr. Weir in the older English Gothic style, with square tower and open belfry. In all its details it is extremely well designed, and its reputation became very extensive. Recently the church has been added to by Mr. Pierrepont Morgan, but without marring its original plan. The artist was buried immediately under the chancel window, without the walls, and the church itself is a fitting memorial of his character and his tastes.

The principal works of Mr. Weir are: "The Landing of Hendrick Hudson," "Bourbon's Last March," "Bianca," "Religion," "William Delorraine at the Tomb of Michael Scott," "Subsiding of the Waters after the Flood," "Christ and the Disciples on the Way to Emmaus," "Taking the Veil," "The Two Marys at the Sepulchre," "Paestum by Moonlight," "The Meeting of Marmion and De Wilton," "The Bay of Naples," "Ship on a Lee Shore," "The Evening of the Crucifixion," "The Convent Gate," "Columbus before the Council at Salamanca," "Crossing the Styx," "Devotion," "The Child's Dream," besides many water-color paintings and designs. His larger works were: "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" (12 by 18 feet), "The Evening after the Crucifixion" (7 by 12 feet), an altar-piece for the Church of the Holy Cross at Troy, and a large allegorical work representing Peace and War, filling the entire end of the chapel at West Point: this last is among the finest of his works. Mr. Weir likewise supplied the designs for the stained-glass windows of Trinity Chapel and Calvary Church in New York.



PIETÀ.

A QUAINT OLD THOROUGHFARE.

The most curious part of old Limoges is the butchers' quarter, the most disgusting and the quaintest street I have ever seen. The Rue Torte, as it was called before a modern municipality gave it the name of Rue de la Boucherie, is a narrow alley winding down-hill in the form of a horseshoe, and lined on either side with tall houses built of timber and plaster, with irregular overhanging roofs, and a top story generally open to the air, and forming a sort of loggia. At the bend of the street is a little square, and in the middle a life-size colored Pietà, representing the Virgin with the Saviour at the foot of the cross; to the right is the Chapel of Saint Aurelian, and then the Rue Torte continues, with on both sides still narrower and dirtier alleys branching off to the stables and dependencies of the houses. Two or three of the shops have been slightly modernized, but with these few exceptions the hundred stalls that compose the Boucherie are of the same type. The shop front is open and unglazed, and the counter, *étal*, or stall, supported by the most primitive trestles and wooden girders, projects over the gutter into the roadway. Under this *étal*, charged with piles of meat, stand basins and tubs containing tripe and intestines and other offal, and amongst these tubs the dogs and cats delight to recline, and hunt their fleas lazily on the brink of the babbling rivulet of blood and filth that runs along the gutter. The small children also congregate under the *étal* with the dogs and cats, this being the only place where they can play undisturbed when the narrow street is crowded at high market-time. The open window of the shop is hung with joints of meat, hearts, lungs, livers, lights, calves' heads, and quarters of sheep, forming a blind or screen of bleeding horror, behind which is dimly seen the cavernous obscurity of the interior of the shop, rendered still deeper by the awnings of blood-bespattered white cloths that are stretched irregularly all down the street. The interior of the shop is paved with big unshaped blocks of granite, black with age and polished by centuries of sweeping. On one side of the room is a yawning open fireplace all crackled and corruscating with the black crystallizations of ages of wood smoke; at the back is the round dining-table, and against the wall a dresser laden with coarse faience; in one corner is a doorway and a swinging gate opening into a dark stable, which until recently served also as a slaughter-house; up the wall runs a ladder stairway, disappearing through a black hole in the ceiling, whose huge rafters rest on consoles of sculptured stone. From these rafters hang rods of iron, on which are suspended whole oxen and carcasses of sheep and pigs. Here, in the midst of filth and offal, the butchers of Limoges are born, live, trade, and bring up their children, just as they have lived and traded for centuries past. Their habits have remained unchanged, like their houses, many of which have stood as we now see them since the fourteenth century. And this is precisely what makes the Rue Torte so interesting; it enables us to comprehend how people lived and traded in the Middle Ages, for not only have the butchers of Limoges remained faithful to their ancestral homes, but, in spite of progress, and even of law, they continue to form a guild by themselves. These butchers still exist as a trade corporation, with the traditions of the Roman *municipium* grafted on to the civil and religious institutions of the Middle Ages; they still have the same spirit of turbulent and almost aggressive solidarity as they had when force constituted right; they still have their old superstitions and the mediæval indifference as regards cleanliness and hygiene.

The corporation of the butchers of Limoges appears to have been legally formed in the eleventh century, but as a matter of fact it certainly existed anteriorly, and learned antiquaries trace the origin of the corporation to the Roman administration of Gaul. At any rate, up to the eighteenth century the butchers of Limoges lived entirely apart, almost like pariahs, intermarrying exclusively with women of their own caste. Like the Jews, they made a show of poverty, in order that their sordid exterior might secure them from pillage, and the quarter of the town where they lived was a sort of ghetto, which they barricaded and set their dogs to guard as soon as the fixed market hours were passed. In 1789 the butchers of Limoges formed a tribe of forty families, bearing the names of Cibot, Malinvaud, Parot, Plainemaison, Pouret, and Inge. Incorporated in one of the militia companies, they took part in the national fêtes of the Revolution, notably in that of the apotheosis of Mirabeau; in 1791 their guild was abolished, like all other guilds, by the law of June 16–17, but no one dared to violate the sanctuary where they kept the relics of their patron saint Aurelian, and no sooner had the troubles of the Revolution calmed down than the butchers reopened their chapel. The guild no longer existed, but the religious *confrérie* of Saint Aurelian remained, with all the prestige of long tradition, and at once gathered under its banner the members of the old trade corporation. It is thanks to this religious *confrérie* that the butchers of Limoges still continue their corporate existence and their antique superstitions, holding their old chapel as common property, and contributing in common to the expenses of its maintenance. The present chapel, which has no architectural merit, dates from 1453. In the year 3 of the Revolution it was sold by auction, together with its dependencies, and bought by Barthelemy Cibot and Maurice Malinvaud, acting on behalf of all the butchers, as was subsequently specified in a deed drawn up before a notary in 1827, when all the heads of butchers' families, numbering fifty-eight, appeared and solemnly declared that in the year 3 the chapel had been bought for all, and the price paid by all the butchers, "*comme devant être leur propriété commune*," and this declaration they made "*pour rendre hommage à la vérité et pour le salut de leur conscience*."

The *confrérie* of Saint Aurelian exists up to the present day with a most minutely detailed organization and many curious usages and traditions. Every seven years the relics of the patron saint are exhibited with a pomp and show which recent republican decrees have sadly curtailed. At this date the butchers meet in the sacristy of the chapel, and elect by absolute majority a captain, a lieutenant, and two syndics, each of whom appoints four corporals, while two other dignitaries are appointed, with the special duties of masters of ceremonies. These officers form a council, which watches over the religious, social, and commercial interests of the butchers, and administers the finances of the *confrérie*. After the election, and at the close of the septennial fêtes, the butchers hold a grand banquet, over which the Bishop of Limoges always presides, and to which are invited the prefect, the general commanding the army corps of the district, the mayor of Limoges, the vicars-general, the curé of the parish, and other local dignitaries, and on the last day of the fêtes all the members of the council of the *confrérie* keep open house, and invite the passers-to come and feast with them. Saint Aurelian is most highly honored by the butchers, and his relics are regarded as the palladium of their quarter. At the great fires of 1790 and 1864 the shrine of Saint Aurelian was solemnly carried

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE ROBERT W. WEIR, N.A.—[See Page 419.]

around their precincts by the butchers, and the devouring flames were stayed, as the butchers believe, by the puissant influence of the holy protector. So great, indeed, is their esteem of this saint that they are ready to defend his relics with their knives and choppers, and therefore the prefect and the radical mayor of Limoges have not hitherto dared to fully enforce certain recent anti-religious laws in the butchers' quarter for fear of provoking desperate bloodshed.

The butchers still keep up their tradition of intermarrying, and they still form a caste of themselves, composed of the descendants of the six primary families above mentioned. So the butchers of Limoges are all cousins, and in order to facilitate identification each one bears a sobriquet, which becomes hereditary, like the family name. Thus there are Cibot Parpaillaud (butterfly), Cibot Minet dit gendre à Simon (that is to say, Cibot Pussy called Simon's son-in-law), Cibot dit Petit Maître, or the "Fop"; the Malinvauds bear the nicknames of "Pipe" and "Chagrin," or "Rueful"; the Parots bear the sobriquets of "Näplat" (flat nose) and "Chérant" (selling dear); one Plainemaison is called "Louis XVIII."; and a short Pouret is nicknamed "Tan Piti" (so little). I need not add that these butchers speak a Limousin *patois* of their own, and it is only lately that they have consented to send their children to school and have them taught good French.

In spite of the disgusting aspect of the Rue de la Boucherie, I found my steps constantly guiding me toward this curious relic of the past. I visited the queer little chapel, and contemplated with respect the tawdry Italian altar and the coarsely sculptured idols. I peered curiously into the dark shops, and saw strange waxen-faced old women with Aztec profiles doing household work in odd corners. I made the acquaintance of one of the syndics, a lean and muscular man, with a rose and white complexion, and a dead glaucous gray eye, but withal a pleasant-spoken gentleman, learned in the traditions of his guild, and communicative enough when once I had convinced him that I came not to scoff nor to criticise the drainage of the street. I even dined with this syndic in his fourteenth-century shop, amidst pendent chines and bouquets of bladders, enjoying the Rembrandtesque effects of light and shade, and also the savory cooking of the syndic's pale and wizened old mother. Indeed it is due to the hospitality of these worthy folks that I have been able to briefly sketch this remnant of the society of the past, whose organization, customs, and traditions might be made the subject of a profound sociological study.



RUE DE LA BOUCHERIE, LIMOGES.

THE RIGHTS OF MINORITY OWNERS.

Two events have occurred during the week that are likely to revive interest in a most important question, namely, the rights of the minority in railroad and similar corporations. One of them was the annual election for directors of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company on Wednesday; the other, the contest for control of the Oregon and Transcontinental Company. At the first named a very respectable minority was creditably represented, but, so far as can be learned, was treated with no consideration whatever. Its single candidate for a directorship declined to stand for an election when he found that the majority was determined not to consider the claims of the minority, and the representatives of that minority withdrew from the meeting after announcing their numerical strength. This occurred in a State—Illinois—that in 1870 adopted a constitution that contains a provision to the effect that in all elections for directors or managers of a private corporation the stockholders may cumulate their shares, and give one candidate as many votes as the number of directors multiplied by the number of his shares of stock shall equal, or to distribute them on the same principle among as many candidates as he shall see fit. The constitution directs the Legislature to enact the necessary statutes to secure the execution of this provision, but the railroad or corporation influence in that State appears to have been sufficient up to the present time to keep the Legislature from performing that important duty.

Of course all of the corporations in Illinois whose charters or articles of incorporation antedate the constitution of 1870—among them the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy—will argue that they are exempt from the provision referred to, but the chances are they are not. It has been held in Pennsylvania that such corporations are exempt from a similar provision in the constitution of that State. But it has also been maintained that in case a corporation receives new powers or fresh favors from the State subsequent to the passage of a constitution containing provisions for minority representation, it becomes amenable to the new law. The chances are that a great many old corporations have thus placed themselves under the new order of things wherever it exists. It may be noted right here that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been very careful on this point, and has, it is said, skilfully avoided subjecting itself to the constitution adopted by that State in 1873. There are six States whose constitutions recognize the justice of allowing the minority partners in a corporation representation in its management. They are California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, West Virginia, Missouri, and Nebraska. In none of them, we believe, except California, has the issue been squarely raised, unless it was considered advisable to do so in a contest for control of a corporation, and then it has invariably resulted in a compromise. It has never been conspicuously raised as a right guaranteed to the minority, and simply for the purpose of securing to the minority a voice in the affairs of the company.

For the first time in many years the holders of railroad securities, who have always permitted the people in charge of a railroad company to manage its business as they might see fit, have begun to appreciate their rights. In one sense the revival, or rather beginning, of an intelligent interest in the properties of which they are part owners has accomplished little. In no quarter has it obtained representation. Yet it would be folly to argue that it has not been beneficial. In the case of the Illinois Central Company it was successful in checking the wasteful expansion of the system in placing the management on record as averse to recognizing the rights of the stockholders, and in compelling it to furnish monthly statements of its operations. The presence of a larger and equally courageous minority among the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy stockholders stimulated the managers of that company to secure as large a vote as possible as an endorsement of their acts and policy. But they failed to secure as large a vote as last year by ninety-two thousand shares, and have created public sentiment against themselves by ignoring a conscientious minority. The interest of these last is every bit as dear to them as the larger holdings are to those who own them, and it is not logical to suppose that a representative acting for them in the directory would interfere with a proper conduct of the company's affairs. It is evident, however, that more work will have to be done in every direction before any satisfactory progress will be made toward giving all of the owners in a property equal rights in its management.

The fight for control of the Oregon and Transcontinental presents the same issue in a little different way. The indications are that the owners of a bare majority of the stock will control the concern to the absolute exclusion of the other half. In this case, however, the argument in favor of the minority would lose some of its force should those opposed to the present management win, as the struggle is between vested interests and an enormous speculation, which if allowed to run its course will threaten all vested interests. The principle under discussion is recognized in the new method of selecting State and national legislatures, and there are excellent reasons why it should be established in reference to private corporations. It would obviously result in better business methods and greater integrity in the discharge of official obligations than is now practised. In politics we look to the minority to hold the majority in check, and though it sometimes does so too effectually, a suggestion to limit the power of the minority would not be tolerated.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May* 18, 1889.

SOLID SILVER SMALL TABLE-WARE.

TO buyers of solid Silver Forks and Spoons this house offers the following advantages:

Choice may be made from a variety of patterns of artistic merit as well as the highest finish that have been adopted not less for their practical fitness for use and long service than for their beauty of design.

Fixed low prices per ounce and a clear statement of weights enabling purchasers to know exactly what they are getting for their money.

Engraving of initials, not in a merely mechanical way, but in a finished style in harmony with the pattern.

The certainty of being able at any future time to obtain, without trouble, additional pieces of precisely the same pattern they may now purchase.

This last consideration, in connection with the fact that the price per ounce is the same, whether the purchase be of but one half dozen pieces or any larger number, is of no slight importance to those who may wish to form sets by purchasing in modest quantities from time to time.

A "*Fork and Spoon List*," giving weights to the dozen pieces, prices, and illustrations full size of patterns, will be sent on application.

THEODORE B. STARR, Diamond Importer, Jeweller, Silversmith, etc., 206 Fifth Ave., Madison Square, New York.—[*Adv.*]

A SEA-SICK PASSENGER

On the ocean cares little about a storm. He is positively indifferent whether he is washed overboard or not. But, set right by a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, he feels renewed interest in his personal safety. This fine corrective neutralizes in brackish water—often compulsorily drank on shipboard, to the grievous detriment of health—the pernicious impurities which give rise to disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels. To the mariner, the tourist, the Western pioneer and miner, the Bitters is invaluable as a means of protection against malaria, when its seeds are latent in air and water. To the effect of overwork, mental or manual, it is a most reliable antidote, and to the debilitated and nervous it affords great and speedily felt relief and vigor.—[*Adv.*]

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the public of England for half a century, and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used than all the other Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, BEECHAM'S PILLS are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that BEECHAM'S PILLS ARE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.—[*Adv.*]

A SENATOR'S wife, who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington, gave the following receipt to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN [illegible] FEVER,
For Internal and External Pain [illegible] umatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, D[illegible]ea, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space	15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space	20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space	25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*	

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE CITY OF WORCESTER.

BY JAMES S. WHITMAN.

THE half-dozen settlers who, a little more than two centuries ago, built their cabins on the tract of "very good chestnut-tree land" by Lake Quinsigamond made a happy choice, whether it was the attractiveness of the site or of the soil that influenced them. Within the circle of hills enclosing the land which those early pioneers so wisely selected as a "meet place for a plantation," seventy thousand people are now to be found ready to show their pride in a city which boasts of being the second largest in the State, and of affording one of the most noteworthy illustrations of municipal growth and industrial enterprise in the country.

Looking upon the city from one of the surrounding elevations, Worcester would seem to be completely shut in, so closely do the hills hug every approach; a fact, by-the-way, which may account for the self-sufficiency and individuality so easily traceable in the history and industrial development of the town. The city lies spread over an area of about thirty-six square miles, and the bird's-eye view of it furnishes at once a forcible reminder of the energy, thrift, and public spirit that have been so prominent in every stage of Worcester's growth.

That which especially gave vigorous life to Worcester was the fact that it was the "heart of the commonwealth." It at once became a county-seat and a centre of trade, and, in fact, the interior capital of the State. A project was even set on foot at one time for honoring it with a State-house, in preference to Boston.

One glances through the history of Worcester to be constantly struck with the unceasing, fervent patriotism of the people, and their conspicuous devotion to liberty. "If Worcester has had few great leaders," said Senator Hoar, "it is because her people have been leaders." Worcester has from the very first been true to her name—a monument to that great victory for civil and religious liberty which the Puritans won over King Charles I. She contributed men and money with telling effect during the wars with the French; and in the primary movements of the Revolution she kindled a flame of patriotic zeal which spread over the surrounding country. The town instructed its Representative to resist the Stamp Tax, and to be firm in his opposition to the offensive acts of Parliament. It protested loudly against the Tea Tax, and its daughters came together in a "Woman's Rights Meeting," the first of its kind in the history of the country, and agreed to forego the use of the "foreign herb," and to do without any European commodity. In the war for the Union Worcester contributed more than three thousand men—one in every eight of her population.

No better illustration of the patriotism of the inhabitants could be found than in the story of a controversy between the General Court and the judges of the Supreme Court, just before the opening of the war of the Revolution. The General Court had declared any judge an enemy of the country who should, without its special authority, consent to receive a salary from the Crown. One, Judge Oliver, was bold enough to oppose such a step. The patriots resolved that he should hold no more courts, and the jurors refused to take their oaths before him. The loyalists thereupon framed a violent protest, but the town refused to receive it, and only one in five of the voters signed it. It so happened, however, that the High Sheriff, Gardner Chandler, was an extreme Tory, and the protest was entered on the records, and sent to Boston and published. This infuriated the good people of Worcester. They lost no time to come together in a meeting and require the clerk "to expunge, erase, blot out, and forever obliterate the obnoxious record," and that, too, not only with his pen, but by rubbing his ink-stained fingers over the protest before the whole meeting.

Worcester chanced to be the seat and centre of Shays's Rebellion, yet her inhabitants not only refused to sympathize with the insurgents, but furnished such effective military aid that the movement, which "opened with the solemnity of a tragedy, closed with all the mock heroism of a farce."

Politically, Worcester has never ceased to be a centre of animating influence. Not only has she had a prominent part in shaping the policy of the State, but her sons have been conspicuous in the leading political movements of the past, notably that which resulted in the freedom of the slave. Her famous patriot leader, Colonel Timothy Bigelow, let it be known that "while fighting for liberty he never would be guilty of selling slaves," and Governor Levi Lincoln won over court and jury to sustain him in his argument that slavery could not exist under the Constitution of Massachusetts. The prominent Whigs of Worcester at the time of the Revolution formed an American Political Society, which contributed essential aid to the patriot cause by combining public sentiment, and giving direction and force to public opinion. The town shared to the full in the political excitement accompanying the "Hard-cider Campaign"; and among the many conventions for which Worcester has been pre-eminently conspicuous, that of 1840 was, in size and character, more notable than anything of the kind ever held in the State.

The prominent part that Worcester men have taken in the service of the State and of the nation is something that the city may well be proud of. The Worcester Bar has, since the Revolution, furnished four Governors of the State, and one of Maine, two Lieutenant-Governors, two Attorney-Generals of the United States, one Secretary of War, and one Secretary of the Treasury, four Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and one of that of Maine, and ten Judges of the Superior Court and Court of Common Pleas. To mention the names of John Sprague, Emory Washburn, Benjamin F. Thomas, Levi Lincoln, John Davis, Charles Allen, Alexander H. Bullock, Charles Devens, Francis Blake, Pliny Merrick, and George Frisbie Hoar is but to point to the splendid array of jurists, statesmen, orators, and brilliant advocates to which Worcester can lay claim.

Most of our readers are perhaps familiar with the name of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, to whom, as to Parson Bancroft, father of the historian, Governor Levi Lincoln said all the school-boys of his time were "enjoined to pull off their hats." He was a village blacksmith of Worcester, but he won the heart of the principal heiress of the town, and soon gave her parents opportunity to be proud of their son-in-law. Tall, erect, with commanding figure and martial air, he was exceptionally fitted to be a popular leader. Under his headship the patriot party became strong enough to control the town, and made its influence felt throughout the provinces. He was sent as a delegate from Worcester to the Provincial Congress; as captain of the minute-men he led his company from Worcester to Cambridge on the memorable 19th of April, 1775; and he finally commanded the best-disciplined regiment in the Revolutionary army—the Fifteenth Massachusetts—a regiment composed almost exclusively of Worcester men. He was one of the original committee who in 1773 formed the "American Political Society," the real purpose of which was to control the royalist party, then consisting of the wealthy and influential men of the town. He was present at the storming of Quebec, took part in the capture of Burgoyne, and was among those who shared the bitter experiences at Valley Forge. The monument now standing over his grave on the old Worcester Common was erected by a great-grandson, Colonel Timothy Bigelow Lawrence, son of the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, of Boston.

Another interesting character in the early history of Worcester was Isaiah Thomas. He started the *Massachusetts Spy*—the acknowledged organ of the Whigs of the Revolution—in Boston, and four or five years after, when the war broke out, he moved his press and types to Worcester, and the issue of the first number published there, dated May 3, 1775, "the first thing ever printed in Worcester," contained an account of the battle of Lexington. It was no less for what he had done to advance his profession practically than as the author of the *History of Printing in America* that Dr. Thomas became known in his day as "the American Baskerville." The printing-press used by him is still to be seen in one of the rooms of the American Antiquarian Society, of which he was founder, and which possesses the typographical and other treasures which he collected during his life as editor, author, and publisher.

President Adams had early experiences in Worcester that no doubt furnished him material for many a good story. He taught school here for three years, and apparently his pupils were not of a kind to make things easy for him, for we are told that on one occasion some of the bigger boys took him in hand, and would have plunged him into a huge snow-drift had it not been that the dominie caught up a good-sized stick from a wood-pile close by, and made himself master of the situation as well as thereafter a most efficient master of the school.

Worcester people take pride in pointing to the house in which George Bancroft was born. The historian's father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D., was an undergraduate at Harvard when the war of the Revolution broke out, and began his ministerial work in Worcester when there was only one meeting-house in the town. His parishioners greatly respected the Doctor's power and influence, and at the same time appear to have been on pretty free and easy terms with him. On one occasion, when the good parson was telling a number of them how he was preaching once by candle-light, and his notes caught fire, and it was with great difficulty he saved his sermon, a wag mischievously inquired: "Why didn't you let it burn, Doctor? Your audience would have got more light from it in that way than in any other."

There is one other whose name deserves special remembrance, the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, who died a few years ago at the advanced age of eighty-six. Throughout his protracted life Mr. Salisbury remained faithful to Worcester, contributing greatly, by the ample wealth which he had inherited and by his personal influence and enterprise, to build up that which was a little town of 2400 inhabitants at his birth in 1798, to the importance which it now occupies as the second city of Massachusetts in population, business, and wealth. He was president of the Old Worcester Bank for nearly forty years, president of the Worcester County Institution for Savings for more than a quarter of a century, and of the American Antiquarian Society for thirty-four years, and he was one of the largest benefactors and most active friends of the Worcester Free Institute of Industrial Science. For several years he was a Representative for the town, and a Senator for the county of Worcester; for fourteen years he rendered valuable service as treasurer of the Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, of which he was one of the original trustees; and for twelve years he was an overseer of Harvard, his Alma Mater, which conferred on him the degree of D.C.L. in 1875.

Among Worcester's prominent residents the name of Mrs. Abbey Kelly Foster, who died a few years ago, is well remembered. She was in her day one of the most notable women in New England. As Abbey Kelly she was widely known as an eloquent speaker in the antislavery cause, and after her marriage with Stephen S. Foster, himself a noted abolitionist and free-thinker, she continued to do active work for the cause. During the war she made many Union speeches, and afterward she became conspicuously known as an earnest prohibitionist and a zealous advocate in the Woman-suffrage movement. Twice she and her husband refused to pay taxes on their home estate, because Mrs. Foster was not allowed to vote. On both occasions the farm was sold at tax sales, but was bid in by a friend, and Mr. Foster furnished the money to redeem it.

As the "heart of the commonwealth," and on the principal high-road from Boston to the West, Worcester was naturally fitted to become a great railroad centre. Enterprising capitalists recognized this so far back as 1828, when they planned their scheme of inland navigation, which made Worcester the terminus of the Blackstone Canal, and thus a centre of trade, being the only efficient means of communication between the seaboard and the heart of the State. When, in 1835, that great railroad system was begun which was to connect the East with the West, Worcester was naturally the first prospective point. Four years before this a Boston and Worcester Railroad Company had been incorporated, but the projectors at the time they took their charter had no conception that they could run their cars in any other manner than by horse-power, and people who wanted to use the track were expected to have their wagons fitted to the same. The first locomotive engine that was seen on the road was the first used on any rails in this country. There was a good deal of sneering opposition to the introduction of this "tea-kettle on a fire-cart," which, it was urged, would scare the cows so that they would not give milk, and the hens so that they would not lay eggs; and, moreover, the smoke from the engine would so poison the air as to kill the birds. The passenger train was made up of a collection of stage-coach bodies, resting on four-wheeled platforms, coupled with links of chain. The conductor made his way along the outside of the cars, and collected his fares through the windows.

The Union Passenger Station at Worcester—one of the handsomest and best-equipped structures of the kind in the country—affords an illustration of the great advance in railroad enterprise since the day that the Meteor first steamed its way to the town. One may now take a train here that will carry him over the Boston and Albany, or the Worcester and Nashua, the Providence and Worcester, Worcester and Fitchburg, Norwich and Worcester, or the Boston, Barre, and Gardner. It is such railroad facilities that have contributed greatly to the remarkable industrial growth of Worcester, and have made her one of the most thrifty inland cities in the country.

Among Worcester's buildings there are surprisingly few of marked architectural prominence. The new quarters of the Young Men's Christian Association certainly reflect great credit upon the architect and the city, and some of the churches, notably All Saints (Episcopal) and Central Church (Congregational), are rightly classed among the structures best worth seeing, in point of architectural beauty and artistic design. All the stained-glass windows in the church and chapel building were designed by Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman, of Boston, and Mrs. Helen Bigelow Merriman. The interior decorations were executed from their designs and under their direction, and they guided in the color of wood-work and furnishing so as to secure a harmonious result. The private dwellings of Worcester are among her most conspicuous features, bearing as they do in their construction, and in their arrangements within and without, no less than in their surroundings, *prima facie* evidence of the general thrift and well-directed wealth.

The Old South Meeting-house—the first parish of Worcester—so full of historic associations, has within the past year disappeared; its old neighbor, however, the Town-hall, architecturally insignificant though it be, still stands to serve the needs of the city departments, and to remind one of the birthplace of the Free-soil party. In this building, too, many notable assemblies and conventions have been held, and its walls are still full of associations for those able to recall the merrymaking days of the "annual cattle shows," when the exhibits of the varied things made and grown were no less alluring than the sights and enjoyments to be found on the adjoining common.

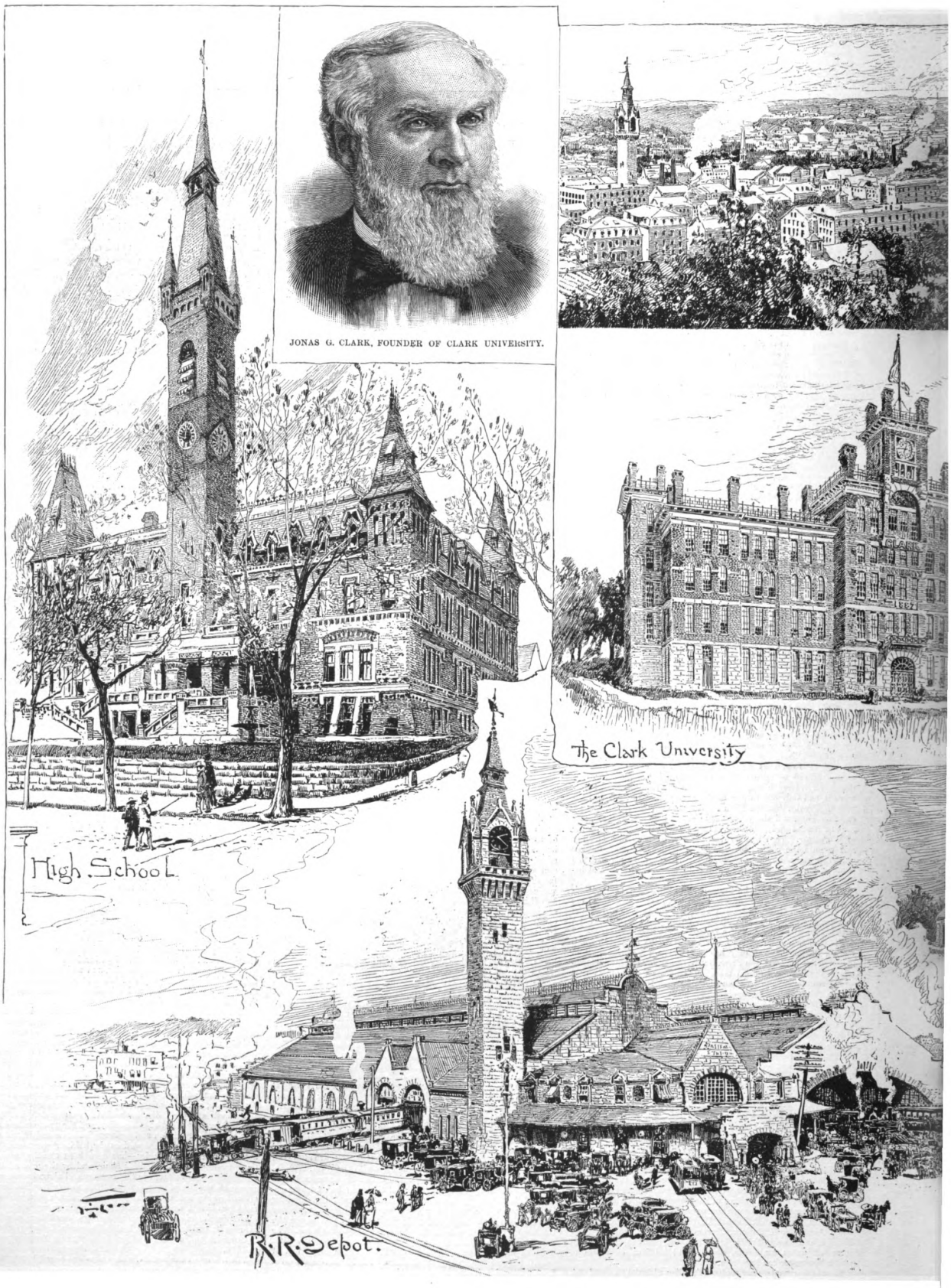
Worcester has a Public Library that holds a unique place among all other institutions of the kind to be found in the country. Dr. John Green's gift to the city, thirty years ago, of his valuable collection of 7000 books furnished the basis of the present library of reference; and in the 4500 volumes handed over by the Lyceum and Library Association a splendid nucleus of a Free Circulating Library was formed. The city provided the building, and has made yearly appropriations, which, with the Green Fund and various bequests, have increased the library to more than 70,000 volumes, besides providing reading-rooms with 250 or more papers, magazines, and reviews. The Worcester Library has won for itself a distinct reputation, not only in this country but abroad, for the movement it has led toward bringing the work of the library into organic connection with the schools and with the life of the community. The librarian, Mr. Samuel S. Green, has proved himself exceptionally fitted for this work. He has been unsparing in his efforts to further the interests of teachers and pupils, and is ever on the alert to give timely suggestion and intelligent advice. Teachers consult with him and make selections of books for use in their classes; and they are allowed the privilege of bringing their pupils to the library and enjoying unrestricted use of books, engravings, maps, pictures—whatever, in fact, the library contains that is fitted to illustrate or have the desired bearing on the special lesson of the day. Every teacher has the privilege of taking out six books on his own card and twelve books on a pupil's card. The older scholars also have library cards of their own, which they are stimulated to use for school purposes. It is no uncommon thing for the principal of a grammar school to use his own cards and those of assistant teachers and of his pupils, and thus to take out as many as fifty volumes at a time. More than 700 volumes of the library have been in use in the school-houses of Worcester every day that the schools have been open.

Another feature of the Worcester Library is its special adaptedness to the needs and best interests of the artisan class, which forms so large an element in the city's population. Many of the books now added are selected with this end in view, and the prominence given to technical journals in the reading-room is very noticeable. Mr. Green and his intelligent and well-trained assistants are doing a splendid work in the community, and under their care and untiring aid the young people of Worcester are being educated to the right use of books, and stimulated to cultivate habits of thoughtful reading. The city of Worcester, recognizing the good work continuing in store for the Public Library, is to make a large and handsome addition to the present building, which is now practically full. An adjoining lot of land has been bought, and the new structure will be completed probably within a year.

Antiquarian Hall is one of the principal places of interest in Worcester. The American Antiquarian Society was founded in 1812 by Isaiah Thomas, giving to it his valuable collections of books, newspapers, pamphlets, engravings, coins, etc., besides building the hall, substantially supporting the institution during his lifetime, and at his death bequeathing money to constitute the Librarian's and the Collection and Research funds. Dr. Thomas was the first president of the society, and the purpose he had before him—the collection and preservation of material fitted to elucidate prehistoric ages, as well as the habits and customs of the aboriginal races of America—has been kept steadily in view by those who have since filled his chair, and by the men of distinction in historical research in this country and abroad whose names appear on the list of membership. The society's publications are of well-recognized value to the archæologist and the historian, most prominent among them being the six volumes of the *Archæologia Americana*, containing, among other things, reprints of rare books and manuscripts, Isaiah Thomas's *History of Printing in America*, and a full list of books printed in America previous to 1776.

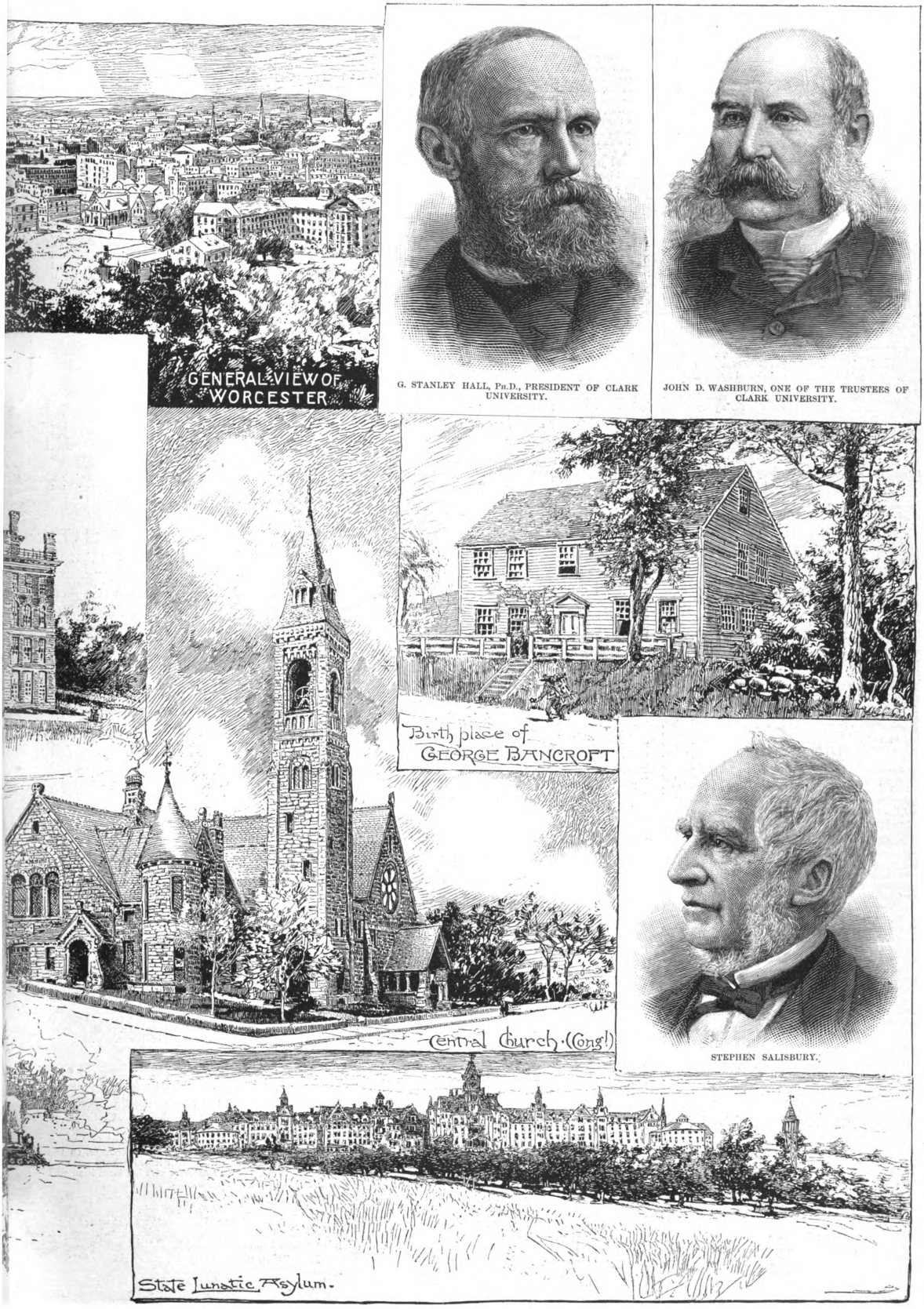
The library of the society, which numbers over 60,000 volumes, is especially rich in early American publications and valuable manuscripts, notably those from the Mather family, and autograph letters, many of which are of rare historical value. The library, moreover, contains books of unique typographical interest: Bibles

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



REPRESENTATIVE SCENES AND CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF WO

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MASSACHUSETTS.—Drawn by Harry Fenn, and from Photographs.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and Testaments to the number of nearly 400 volumes, and in many languages; a great collection of miscellaneous "broadsides"; music-books of early and late date, and almanacs, many of them interleaved with curious notes, and containing cuts illustrative of the times. But perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the library is its extensive collection of newspapers (the largest in the country), comprising over 4000 volumes, from the Boston *News-Letter*, published in 1704, to the leading newspapers of the day. Antiquarian Hall has the further attractiveness of a cabinet of Indian and archæological specimens of special interest to the antiquarian; and on the walls hang portraits of 125 men, among them many of those who have been prominent in Massachusetts history.

Another highly creditable institution of Worcester is the Natural History Society, which Agassiz took special occasion to commend as "an important force among the best agencies of the commonwealth." The function of collecting a museum has not by any means been the principal business of the society. It has inaugurated a work in its free summer and winter classes which supplements the work of the public schools in a way second only to that of the Public Library. Its classes have been the means of encouraging popular interest in natural science, and quickening personal habits of observation. Through the generosity of one of Worcester's prominent men, the society now bids fair to make its influence felt more than ever in diffusing scientific knowledge among the younger portion of the community.

The schools of Worcester, in number, character, and efficiency, can hardly be equalled by those of any other city of its size in the country. Almost one-fifth of the population, or 14,000, are enrolled in the schools, and the expenditure for educational purposes in 1886—close upon $240,000—was the largest item in the municipal outlay. The High-School is one of the most conspicuous buildings in the heart of the city, and the State Normal School, the Worcester Academy, the Polytechnic Institute, and Holy Cross College, crowning the neighboring hills, are constant reminders of Worcester's special claim to distinction as an educational centre. The public schools are conducted by a board, the members of which are directly responsible to the people of the city in the several wards, and any substantial ground for complaint may thus be readily removed through the agency of the local committee.

It is a significant fact that the teachers of the Worcester schools are not selected by any one man, but by a committee of six, whose various qualifications supplement and re-enforce one another. It is in this way that an exceptionally able and faithful corps of teachers has been secured in the High-School and in the primary and lower grammar grades. The secret of the remarkably successful development of the public-school system of Worcester lies in the fact that the schools have in their superintendent (Mr. A. P. Marble) a man fitted by nature in every respect for the position he occupies, and one whose best abilities have been unceasingly directed toward furthering the interests of his calling.

The Polytechnic Institute has been a most important factor for good among the young men of Worcester County, to whom a good education and thorough training in the several branches of industrial science are given free. This school will soon become doubly effective when the new laboratory, now in process of construction in Institute Park, is thrown open. This building, as well as the park, is the gift of Mr. Stephen Salisbury, and, when completed, it bids fair to rank among the largest and best-equipped laboratories in the country.

The State Normal School at Worcester is thoroughly unique, and this through the marked ability and well-applied experience of the principal, E. H. Russell. In no other institution of the kind are the methods and influences so admirably fitted to teach and train young people, not only in the direction of their natural endowments, but in the special work they are preparing to do. One of the original features of the school is the apprenticeship system, the purpose of which is not only to give the student practical acquaintance with the work of teaching and training in that, but also to furnish the faculty of the Normal School with more full and satisfactory data for their estimate of the teaching ability of students. How the recruit will behave under fire cannot be determined by drill in the manual or by dress parade. The apprenticeship goes far toward answering this important question. The apprentice is visited by the faculty of the Normal School while engaged in this work, which is made to extend over six months, and is carefully observed and assisted by suggestions. The teacher of each school in which he has served renders a report on blanks specially provided for the purpose, and each apprentice keeps a diary of the occupation and experience of every day's service, and this record is submitted to the faculty, and its substance given to the school on the day when the apprentices make their weekly visit. This method is new in this country, and it has met with splendid results, no small evidence of which is the fact that the School Board of the city of Worcester heartily approve the system, on the ground of the benefit accruing indirectly to the city schools through the superior fitness of the apprentices to become teachers.

There is still another unique feature of this school. For three years past the ordinary work in psychology has been supplemented by original work on the part of the pupils in the observation of children. The work was begun in consequence of a suggestion made by Professor G. Stanley Hall, who was at that time making an effort to induce parents and others having the care of children to record their sayings and doings, with a view of increasing the data on which mental science rests. Systematic observation of children is made a part of the regular work of this school, and while not taking the place of systematic instruction in psychology, it prepares for it and supplements it. The conduct of children in all circumstances, at home, at school, in the street, at work, at play, in conversation with one another and with adults, is carefully taken note of, and concise record is made on blanks with printed headings, and colored according to the character and bearing of the observation. More than 8000 of these records have already been collected. The conditions under which they have been made, and the experience gained through the cultivation of this habit of observation, have proved of immense value. Perhaps no portion of the pedagogical training has a more direct influence in developing the qualities most sought in a teacher.

That which is destined to give Worcester an enviable stand as an educational centre is the recently founded Clark University. Jonas G. Clark, a native of Worcester County, who by enterprise and the exercise of great native ability had acquired a very large fortune, for many years had entertained the purpose of devoting the principal portion of his estate to the foundation of an institution of learning in his native county, and in its leading city of Worcester, which he has made the home of his later years. Though not himself a college graduate, he had seen much of universities in this country and in Europe, and, with a liberality of view rare even among the most highly educated men, saw that there might be added to the present systems of education, even in a community noted for its institutions of learning, something which would supplement all and interfere with none; and also saw that there could be no nobler object to which men of wealth could devote the accumulations of their business lives than the advancement of learning and the enlargement of the boundaries of human knowledge.

Thus determined in his lifetime, and not waiting till death had removed him from the opportunity of co-operating in the work he had inaugurated, but applying to its undertaking his *living hand*, he invited as associates in the proposed corporation several gentlemen of Worcester, who are not only well known in the community and State—men of recognized influence in the various departments of public and private life—but who, selected on the grounds of personal fitness, are also representatives of several of the leading colleges of New England. These gentlemen are: Hon. George Hoar, United States Senator, and a man of large national reputation, a graduate of Harvard; Hon. Charles Devens, a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court and a distinguished general in the Civil War, also a graduate of Harvard; Hon. W. W. Rice, for ten years the Representative of that district in Congress, a graduate of Bowdoin; Hon. John D. Washburn, a gentleman largely identified with the scholarship and important financial trusts of the city, a graduate of Harvard; Francis P. Goulding, Esq., one of the most prominent practitioners at the Bar, a graduate of Dartmouth; Stephen Salisbury, Esq., the president of the American Antiquarian Society, a graduate of Harvard; and George Swan, Esq., a well-known lawyer and graduate of Amherst. Another member of the corporation, Dr. Joseph Sargent, the head of the medical profession in the city and a graduate of Harvard, has died since the university was incorporated.

The Legislature of 1887 incorporated these gentlemen as the trustees of Clark University, under a charter broad and liberal in its terms, creating a "body vested with the powers of acquiring, holding, and using property, of establishing faculties, and granting university degrees." The trustees, in the early summer of 1887, at a meeting called for the purpose, duly accepted the Act of Incorporation, chose Mr. Clark president and Mr. Washburn secretary, and with the appointment of vice-presidents and committees on buildings and on finance, completed the organization of the corporation. Mr. Clark, meanwhile, as the founder and munificent donor of nearly two million dollars at the start, had prepared plans for and begun the construction of the first building, which was well under way when the Act of Incorporation was accepted, and of which the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies in the fall of 1887.

These were, however, but the material foundations. The time had come for laying the intellectual foundations, a matter of much greater difficulty, and on which much more of the future prosperity of the institution would depend. A faculty was to be established, a scheme to be laid out and developed, the needs of the community were to be considered, and the great question solved, or an attempt made to solve it, how to do the most good with the endowment and the least harm. For it was evident that this university, with its large preliminary endowment, and its future probabilities in that regard, could greatly help all other institutions of learning, or, on the other hand, if unwisely put into competition with them on their own lines, could greatly injure them. The trustees believed that they had at their command or within their reach the material for the creation of a university faculty of the first class. The problem was how to assemble it, and, in assembling it, commit themselves to no narrow and ironclad scheme, but leave themselves free for liberal development.

So much depends upon the selection of a president that the trustees gave to that subject much time and thought. The names of several learned and accomplished men, whose qualifications for the position were undoubtedly very high, were brought to their attention. The delay in making the appointment led to some impatient criticism on the part of the public, but the responsibility was with the trustees, not with the public, and they took their time. The delay was well justified by the result, which is considered by the leading educators of the country as a bright omen of success. Professor G. Stanley Hall, of Johns Hopkins University, was the unanimous choice of the trustees, the first and only person to whom the position of president was ever offered, and who on due and mature consideration accepted the office. Professor Hall needs no introduction to the scholars of the country. The recognized head of one of the great departments of human knowledge and research, he exchanges one place of usefulness and influence for another, and becomes the responsible head of the intellectual side of this new university. Mr. Clark retains the presidency of the corporation, a body wholly distinct from the faculty, no member of one body being eligible to the other.

President Hall, immediately after closing the duties of his professorship in the early summer of 1888, assumed the duties of his new position. After many conferences with the trustees or their officers, he went to Europe in August last, where he is spending some months in the careful study of the systems of all the leading universities on the Continent and in England. Upon his return in the spring, the general scheme of the institution will be formulated and some appointments made, all of which will be duly announced. What will be the beginnings of the university, on what lines it will be opened at first, what subsequently taken up, will depend largely on the matured recommendations of the president. All nominations to professorships will be made by him, subject to the approval of the trustees. What he recommends will be, as a general rule, adopted. The trustees have no pet schemes, and no friends to be provided with offices. On the president the responsibility will largely rest, and his freedom of selection will be great.

Although all is thus open, and the scheme of the institution as yet undeveloped, some things have been so distinctly foreshadowed that it may be safe to make a few predictions. In his published letter of invitation to Professor Hall, Mr. Washburn speaks of enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, or words to that effect. Professor Hall, in his reply, also published, accepts the invitation in the spirit in which it is given. "Advanced courses," "research," "publication," are terms frequently used in the discussion of the probabilities of the university. It has been at least semi-officially stated that there will, for the present certainly, be no academic department. While the trustees can make no announcements in advance of the report of their chosen president which might be considered binding on themselves or him, and cannot be hurried into any premature declarations, it seems safe to say that the university will have no departments which include the kindergarten, the gymnasium, the academy, or high-school; that it will be opened on advanced courses only; that it will be opened *gradually*, perhaps beginning with but one or two departments, in accordance with a general scheme laid out at the beginning, yet subject to such modifications as time may show to be desirable; that investigation, research, and publication will be among its primary objects; that its professors will be men of present eminence or large promise in their respective departments; that its students will not be numerous at first, but will consist of young men who have an earnest purpose and high ambition, who have found out, by preliminary study, what they want to do and to be; that its faculty will be mainly (in its technical sense) *philosophical*; that science will have the leading place in its courses—not *applied* science, for which the various schools of technology have at present amply provided, but science *pure* and abstract; that biology—the science of life, in its varied forms—pure chemistry, pure mathematics, pure physics, perhaps political and administrative law and polity, will, one or more of them, be the leading departments of the university; that it will be, and seek to diffuse, a living power and influence, dealing with the past mainly as the foundation and corner-stone of the present and future, to the development of whose possibilities all its energies will be devoted, all its studies directed, and all its encouragements given.

Among the public institutions of Worcester, the State Lunatic Asylum stands at the head. This enormous granite structure occupies a commanding site of rare charm. It has 1000 feet of frontage, and consists of a central administration building with thirteen wings extending from each side, and each wing so constructed as to admit of light and air from all sides. In each wing there are four floors of wards, each with its separate attendants, separate patients, separate sleeping-rooms, and dining and amusement rooms. There are to-day over 800 patients within the walls of this building, and there are 125 officers and attendants to care for them. Dr. John G. Park has for the past ten years been at the head of this institution.

Worcester's industrial growth is phenomenal. No city in the country can boast of such extent and variety of manufactures, in proportion to its population. The value of the annual product of her industries, which give employment to nearly 15,000 hands, is more than $25,000,000. These industries are largely conducted by private capitalists, who, with but few exceptions, are residents of the city; and it is a significant fact that nearly all the machinery used in operating the factories is made in the shops of Worcester. To mention but a few of her industries will be sufficient to justify Worcester's claim to a foremost rank among the industrial centres of the country. There are two wire-drawing establishments, employing 4000 workmen, and yielding a joint product of 200 tons of finished iron, copper, and steel wire daily, amounting to a yearly value of $8,000,000. The product of one of these—the largest in the world—represents nearly 100 varieties of iron and steel wire, and contributes to more than forty different lines of manufacture.

The power-loom industry originated in Worcester, and there it has been developed, through the inventive genius and the enterprise of local mechanics, to an extent that has made the Worcester looms famous throughout the world. The elder Crompton, after he began the manufacture of fancy looms in Worcester, not only sold the machines, but, as an expert weaver, went about giving instruction in their use. There are now three loom-works in the city, the annual product of which is valued at $2,500,000.

Worcester has indeed become a nurture-ground and a resort for skilled labor. The inducements offered to mechanics in the way of supplying them with power and tools to carry on independently their trade, or to give shape to any form of mechanical ingenuity, are such as can be found scarcely anywhere else. The Mechanics' Association of the city possesses a large hall (one of the most commodious in the country), library, and reading-rooms, and is organized to do effective work in the community by its annual course of lectures.

The manufacture of envelopes is another of the leading industries of Worcester. One of the factories is the largest of the kind in the country, turning out over 1,000,000 envelopes daily. The machine used in the manufacture of envelopes was invented, and has been perfected, in Worcester.

Among the other industries in which Worcester takes prominent rank is the manufacture of organs and organ reeds, and cards for cotton, wool, and flax machinery. There are eighteen boot and shoe factories, with an annual product valued at $6,000,000, and establishments for the manufacture of fire-arms, paper, wood-working and metal machinery, and farming implements—notably those of the Ames Plough Company, which turns out more than 30,000 ploughs a year, of 150 or more patterns.

One of the largest building businesses in the State is to be found in Worcester. The firm's structures are for the most part of a public character, and are to be found in the principal centres of the East. The contractors are their own executors of their contracts, subletting no part of the work except the plumbing; and further, they own and work the quarries from which their brownstone and granite are taken.

Worcester's annual musical festivals have won for the city the reputation of being an important musical centre. These festivals are the enterprise of the Worcester County Musical Association, an organization started thirty years ago, and now fitted to do more for music than any other institution of the kind in the country. Its magnificent chorus of 500 or more voices, the array of solo and virtuoso talent that it brings together every year, and the great choral works included in its programmes, have done much to help along the growth of musical knowledge and taste in the country. At the fifteen performances, counting rehearsals, given in the course of each festival week, the spacious Mechanics' Hall, fitted to seat over 2000 people, is crowded to its utmost, and Worcester is at this time thronged with those who have been attracted by the occasion from all parts of New England and more distant points.

Worcester has great natural attractions. The drives in the neighborhood of the city can hardly be surpassed. In whatever direction one goes he will be sure to have charming views of undulating country, varied with stretches of lake scenery, woodland, and cultivated fields. Lake Quinsigamond, within easy reach by "dummy," or by a mile or two of pleasant roadway, is a natural feature of which any city might feel proud; and when its adjoining lands are made to form one of the links in the proposed chain of parks, Worcester will have done more for the out-door life of her people than any other city in the Union. There is already a charming little park within the city, but this is a mere suggestion of what may be looked for when the Park Commissioners will have carried out their grand project. Not only have the municipal authorities taken the matter vigorously in hand, but the land they have secured for the purpose in view has been added to by generous gifts from leading residents of the city. When these 175 or more acres of park lands are thrown open to the public, Worcester will be encircled by a series of pleasure-grounds unrivalled by those of any city of its size.

MANUAL TRAINING.

The Solution of Social and Industrial Problems. By CHARLES H. HAM. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

From REV. ROBERT COLLYER, *New York City.*

Nothing so good has been done, that I know of, on this side the water; and I feel sure that it will help to create an interest in this fine culture of brain with hand and hand with brain, beyond any we have known.

From FRANCIS W. PARKER, *Principal of Cooke County Normal School, Illinois.*

It is a book for fathers and mothers to read, as well as teachers. It should have a place in Sunday-school libraries—in fact, it is a pioneer book, leading us in a new and better way.

From RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, *Ex-President of the United States.*

Your book, entitled "Manual Training," is in all respects capital. We—all friends of practical education—are largely your debtors.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

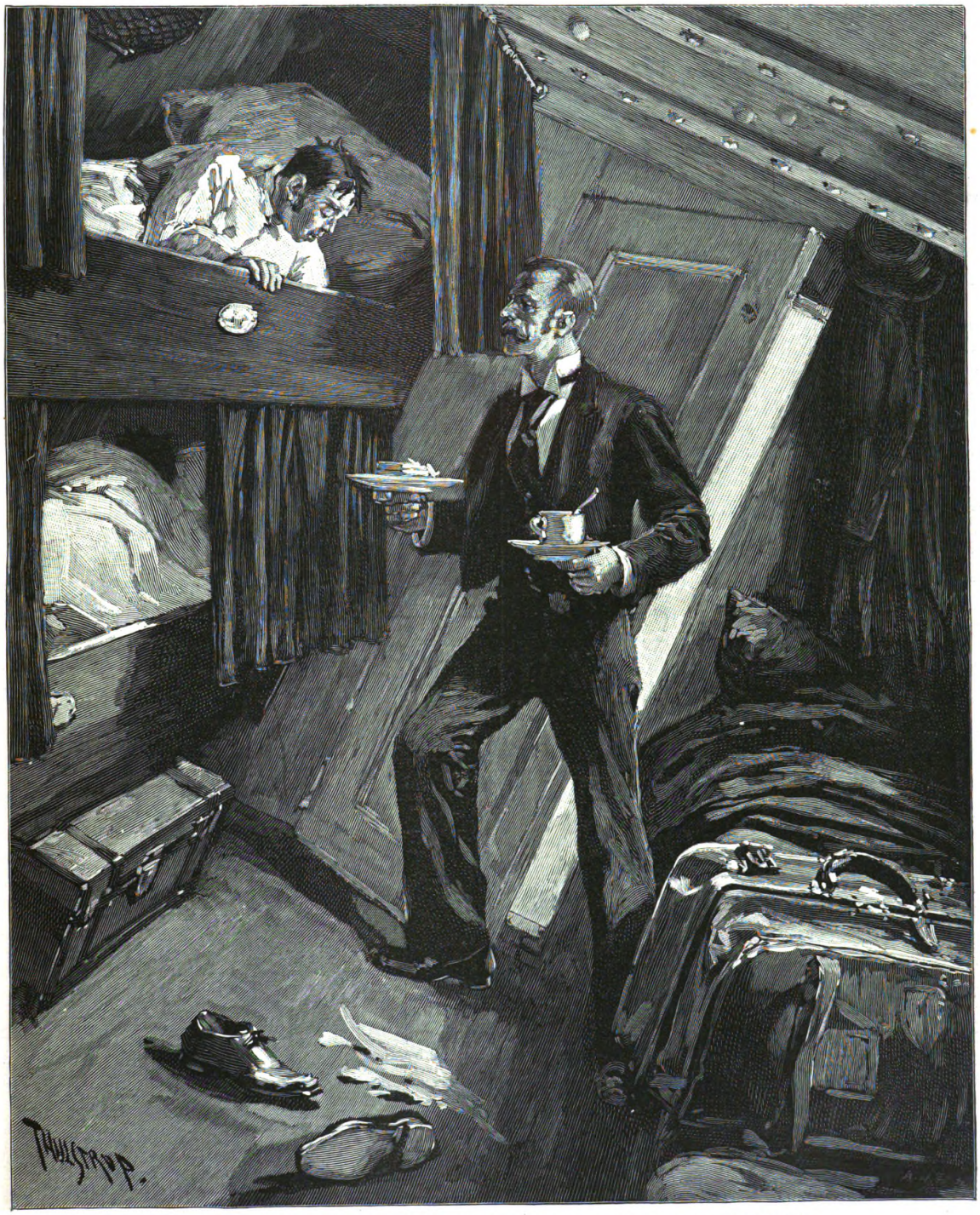
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1693. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY. INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



ON AN OCEAN STEAMER—THE FIRST BREAKFAST AT SEA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 431.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is unsurpassed among serials for children."
—*Saturday Review, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the number for May 28th, DR. W. L. SAVAGE *resumes his articles on "How Can I Get the Best of the Doctor?" The present article is devoted to the gymnasium, and the subject will be pursued in the next one.*

MR. A. ALONZO STAGG *has a third paper on "Base-Ball," which treats of the "out-field." One more article will complete this series. An article on "Vanduck as a Painter of Children" is accompanied by two engravings. The principal illustration is a page entitled*

LITTLE BO-PEEP,

BY F. S. CHURCH, N. A.

In fiction the number contains instalments of two serials, and short stories by DAVID KER *and* R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1693, WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

DECORATION DAY.

IT is nearly a quarter of a century since the civil war ended, and the observance of Decoration Day this year will probably be marred by no angry or vindictive word. That this should be so is not surprising, however unusual, since sincere and brave assailants of the Union were recently in its high official positions and are now among its legislators. There is no other instance in history of so radical a difference, so tenacious and prolonged a civil war, and so complete a subversion of social, industrial, and political institutions in parts of the same country, followed so immediately by so general acquiescence in the result, by so prosperous an industrial revival, and by such absolute extinction of desire or purpose of renewing the struggle. The wars of the Roses, and of the STUART dynasty in England, the civil wars of France, and the religious wars in Germany, were long intermittent. The old fires occasionally flamed forth. In 1642 CHARLES the First unfurled his standard at Nottingham, and in 1746 his great-grandson was fighting for the crown at Culloden. But with the surrender of General LEE there was a conviction which presently became a manly confession that the cause was lost. Bitterness of feeling still survived, and the alienation is still sometimes expressed, especially by women in the Southern States. But without any renunciation of faith in the justice of the cause which they maintained with unquestioned and unquestionable courage, the most uncompromising leaders of that cause are most faithful friends of the Union.

A late speech of General WADE HAMPTON'S at Charleston is a striking illustration of this situation, and it was uttered at a seasonable moment. General HAMPTON might be cited as a representative of the most radical Confederate sentiment, and his words at the time of the nomination of HORATIO SEYMOUR for the Presidency, twenty years ago, seemed to reveal to the Northern mind a spirit which promised trouble for the future. However that may have been, his late address at the dedication of the German Confederate Monument shows that the last spark which might have deepened into flame has expired. His speech is full of tender regard for his old Confederate comrades in the field, and especially for those who "gave their lives as martyrs for a principle as dear to them as life itself." But that principle was only an interpretation of a political instrument, and of certain historical incidents. Radical and sincere differences in regard to it could be settled in one way only. But once made in that way the settlement was final, and not to be doubted nor honorably reopened. Senator HAMPTON, like Mr. LAMAR at the unveiling of the statue of CALHOUN, says, unequivocally:

"The questions which brought about that unhappy war have been settled, and he is no true patriot who would strive to rekindle the fires of sectional hate, or to reopen the wounds which the kind hand of time has healed. No higher duty can inspire the heart of every patriot than that which impels him to devote all his energies of mind and body to make this country worthy the admiration and respect of the world; the fit home for all time to come of American freemen. The duty devolves on us of the South as urgently as upon any other citizens of this broad land, for whatever may have been the issues which brought about civil war, we must remember that now all — North, South, East and West — have but one country and one Constitution, to both of which our allegiance is due."

This is not the tone of the Jacobite pledging the king over the water, and intriguing for his return. It is the simple statement of a sincere Confederate, who justly adds:

"But while we of the South recognize this fact fully, it does not follow that we should refuse to do honor to the memory of our dead comrades. The men who met us in battle would feel a just contempt for us were we base enough to forget those who gave their lives for a cause which they and we believed in our inmost hearts to be just and right."

In speaking of the Confederate veterans Senator HAMPTON says that there is no overflowing treasury from which they can be pensioned. "All was staked on the issue, and all was lost." He says that he has

"no words of censure for the liberality of the North in granting pensions to her soldiers; the feeling that prompts this course is natural, proper, and generous, and upon every occasion my support has been freely given in the Senate to applications of this sort made in deserving cases. Had the conditions of the great civil war been reversed, we should have dealt as generously with our disabled veterans as the North has done with hers. But as losers in the great struggle we must accept the inevitable results of defeat."

These are the manly words of a brave soldier and statesman. They are an illustration of that honest acquiescence in a defeat which overthrew institutions as well as armies, and of that unrepining devotion to the arduous tasks that follow such defeat, which are among the chief causes of national congratulation in this centennial year, because they reveal nobility of character. Could the best and bravest of the boys in blue, whose graves will blossom anew on Decoration Day, and whose memories are cherished with undying affection, have foreseen these real and vital results of their sacrifice, they could not have made that sacrifice with greater heroism, but they would have known that in the highest sense it was not in vain.

PARTIES AND POLICIES.

A CONVENTION of delegates from the Southern States is called to meet at Chattanooga in June to form a Southern Protective Tariff League. The design of the movement apparently is to organize protectionists in those States to vote together upon questions affecting the tariff, and it is understood that when a protectionist Democrat shall be elected to Congress he shall vote with the Republicans upon such questions. This is a droll proposition, and involves an extraordinary view of parties. The tariff is a question so important that it was the chief issue of the late election. It is therefore an issue upon which the country should divide into parties, since a party is but a voluntary association of those who hold a common conviction and aim at a common policy. To suppose a party composed both of the friends and the opponents of a fundamental national policy upon the tariff—a party of protectionist Democrats and free-trade Democrats—is as absurd as to imagine in 1860 a party of pro-slavery and antislavery Republicans. If the policy announced in President CLEVELAND'S message of 1887 be the policy of the Democratic party, Mr. RANDALL, upon any intelligible theory of party, is no more a Democrat than ROBERT TOOMBS was a Republican.

Colonel A. S. COLYAR, of Tennessee, in a letter to the *Herald,* insists that the Democratic party was never a "high" protection party, but a party of "discriminating protection." In fact, he holds its policy to have been substantially a revenue tariff with incidental protection, and that in 1884 and 1888 in the Democratic Convention "the party recognized the doctrine of protection." That a party or party leaders should differ radically as to a fundamental principle or policy of the party is, as the French say, an impossible situation. If Mr. RANDALL and Mr. COLYAR are both Democrats, there is no Democratic policy upon the tariff. Democratic Senators and Representatives who should go to Congress with the intention of voting with the Republicans upon tariff questions would acknowledge practically that upon the chief issue in the late election their party has no common principle or policy. In other words, they would admit that the party had been beaten in defence of a policy which it does not favor. Nothing could be more ludicrous, except the fact that unquestionably Mr. RANDALL and Mr. COLYAR are both acknowledged as Democrats.

This is a striking illustration of the curious situation mentioned by Mr. BRYCE, that American parties do not represent political convictions. Thirty years ago a man who was opposed to the extension of slavery into the Territories was necessarily a Republican, because restriction was the declared and unanimous Republican policy. But to-day a frank protectionist may still be a Democrat. On the other hand, there are Republicans who believe with GARFIELD in a protection which ultimates in free-trade. In this uncertain relation of issues to parties it is not surprising that there are those who earnestly advise a reconstruction of parties upon grounds of actual agreement. The number of those who believe that civil service reform takes precedence in importance of all other questions, and who think that it is useless to expect real reform from either of the existing parties, is rapidly increasing. The conviction of the importance of the issue has been stimulated by the alarming increase of the use of money in elections, and the fact that the spoils system makes the salaries of the civil service—a sum of more than sixty millions of dollars—a huge bribery fund at every election. For this corruption civil service reform offers a prompt and effective remedy, and there are active reformers who are ready to take the stand taken by the Liberty party forty-five years ago. That party was a rally of antislavery men who were willing to stand up and be counted in politics. These are all significant signs of the times. Meanwhile in both parties there are earnest men who are trying to make their party adopt a distinctive policy either of tariff reform or of reform in the civil service. But parties are not arbitrarily adjusted to great issues. They are made by them.

REPUBLICAN CRITICS OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE Philadelphia *American* is a journal warmly devoted to the interests of the Republican party, very contemptuous of mugwumps, and very severe upon the methods of civil service reform which are advocated by the local associations and the National League. But it is hostile to the spoils system, which it would correct doubtless in some way of its own, and it has never supported the party machine in Pennsylvania directed by Senator QUAY. Naturally it does not believe that an engineer whose control of State politics it holds to be discreditable and demoralizing is a wise director of the conduct of the Chief Executive. The *American* was an original HARRISON paper. In this respect it dates from "'way back," and probably antedates upon this point all Republican papers except those in Indiana. It would, we suppose, have preferred Mr. HARRISON as the candidate in 1884, although it faithfully supported Mr. BLAINE. But whether the ascendency of Mr. QUAY in the White House councils, or some difference of view as to selections for office, or some other and occult reason may have alienated the *American,* it has certainly not been distinguished for "thick and thin" support of the administration since the inauguration.

It has spoken, in fact, not in the tone of a partisan resolved to put a good face on everything, but of an independent observer determined to tell the truth. Nevertheless, it is as an independent Republican that it speaks, and in a late issue its remarks upon "The Critical Days of the Administration," with an exception that we shall mention, are exceedingly sensible, and may be wisely heeded by the administration. The *American* says it is indisputable that the most noticeable result of the change of administration is the clamorous prominence of office-seekers. This is not worse perhaps than it was four years ago. But the conditions are very different. It is the Republican, not the Democratic, party which is concerned, and it is a time when the need of reform is beginning to be clearly seen. Nobody, it says, not even the mugwumps, expected as much of Mr. CLEVELAND as is exacted of Mr. HARRISON, and the reason it suggests is that the Republican party "offers itself as having a moral character; its opponent does not." The Republicans, it says, have declared a purpose sincerely to reform the civil service, and unless there be adequate performance, the condemnation of the party will follow.

The *American* thinks that the demand for reform, which did not exist in the time of the elder HARRISON, "has made a new atmosphere of politics," and that the President knows this; and it proceeds:

"Beset as he is, the clamor of his assailants has certainly not changed his mind since he declared how much he would prefer not to have any function of distributing 'patronage.' But he has need to understand the case most distinctly and to regard it most seriously. His administration, so far, trembles in the scale of public judgment. It has been characterized by some appointments of decided merit. But these have appeared rather as fortunate exceptions, and not as the clear and definite results of a settled plan. It is uncertain, therefore, what may follow. It is uncertain whether they may not be completely overwhelmed by the record of such improprieties as Mr. CLARKSON'S proscription of the minor postmasters, and the assumed dictatorship of Mr. QUAY in Pennsylvania, Mr. PLATT in New York, and Mr. MAHONE in Virginia. An occasional good act will not offset occasional bad ones: much less will some good appointments in minor places overshadow an evil system applied to large portions of the public service. Excellent as it is to put two good men in the Civil Service Commission, and extort the unwilling praise of those who mean to condemn him in the end, General HARRISON cannot rest his administration on these. He must do much more."

As a general statement this is true. But the *American* destroys all its force by the words "those who mean to condemn him in the end." This is a fling at independents or mugwumps. But we are very sure that mugwumps hold the very views which the *American* forcibly expresses, namely, that one good act will not offset many bad ones, and that some good appointments will not overshadow an evil system largely applied to the public service. Should this happen, independent and sensible critics undoubtedly mean to condemn in the end, while the *American's* sneer implies that it means to praise. It warns the President that nobody in the party is willing to tell him of the danger of this course. But why is it dangerous unless it is to be condemned in the end? If the party press and party politicians, the cabinet and the leaders, all of whom, the *American* says, are now "silent," are not going to condemn, but to approve and support, why should the President be warned or alarmed? The *American* says to him that "these are days of immense importance." But they are of no importance to him whatever, unless those who believe that "an occasional good act will not offset occasional bad ones" mean to condemn him in the end. If the *American* is not one of these critics, its warning is ridiculous. If it is, its sneer is silly.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CONFISCATING THE PARKS.

It was considered a great victory for the welfare of the people of the city of New York when the law was passed which authorized the opening of more parks within the city limits. Such open spaces for recreation are well called breathing-places, and nothing is more indicative of a humane civilization than the increase in a community of all forms of sanitary resources, such as parks and baths. Among the offences of the late Legislature, whose disgraceful record will be long remembered, was the refusal to postpone the work on the new municipal building until June of next year. The object of the delay was to secure fuller and more general consideration of a project so important, and which involved the obliteration of a large part of the open space of the City Hall Park which still remains. The ruin of the Battery is also sought by the Elevated Railroad Company, and in such Legislatures as that which has just adjourned the authority for completing the ruin could be probably easily obtained. *Garden and Forest* well describes these projects as *the confiscation of the public parks.* But there seems to be little feeling upon the subject, except that some of the daily journals have warmly opposed the devastation. The destruction, therefore, will probably proceed.

An act passed in 1888 authorized the construction of a new municipal building on a site not within the park. When the building should be completed, some of the buildings now obstructing the park were to be removed, and the open space restored to the public. But the late unhappy Legislature repealed this bill, authorized the absorption of a large part of the present limited open space, and, as we have said, refused to delay the consummation of the outrage until the matter could be considered further. The passage of such a law was not demanded by any general or intelligent opinion in the city. There is no need of such action, because if the city does not already own a suitable site, it can readily buy it. The building will not only occupy space which ought to be reserved, but while it will practically complete the destruction of the park, it will also destroy the effect of one of the few architecturally fine buildings in the city—the City Hall. This wanton ruin of the park and of the City Hall, which is apparently now to occur, shows the wisdom and the necessity of withstanding the first steps of encroachment upon public grounds. Tweed's Court-house, the monument of colossal jobbery, occupies a large part; the Post-office occupies another; the Register's office and other buildings obstruct another part; and when the seven-storied mass of building which is now contemplated stretches from Chambers Street to the City Hall, the "park" will have become a name and a tradition, and in its place we shall have enormous and shapeless monuments of reckless greed and the total want of public spirit.

The same public indifference will doubtless yield to the first crafty and powerful invasion of Central Park. As *Garden and Forest* plainly states the fact: "The time has not arrived when the people of the city realize that open spaces are quite as essential to health and comfort as solid blocks of building, or they would never consent to see their property destroyed in this way. . . .The blowing up of a few million dollars' worth of buildings would be a less serious loss to the city than the obliteration of the Battery and the City Hall Park." If, as is alleged, the bill authorizing this destruction of the park was introduced at the suggestion of the Mayor, he has instigated the perpetration of a great wrong upon the poorer people of the city. The *World* calls upon him in their name to postpone action under the law, and insists that he cannot refuse such a concession to public opinion. But the Mayor has announced frankly his complete subservience to Tammany Hall, not to public opinion, and unless Tammany intervenes, the destruction will proceed.

ILLITERACY AND IMMIGRATION.

The Philadelphia *Telegraph*, quoting the State census of Massachusetts in 1885, which shows that the commonwealth "contains more illiterates in proportion to the number of inhabitants in the State than any other commonwealth," asks why the immigration laws, which in certain cases exclude highly educated clergymen as contract laborers, should not exclude vicious and demoralizing ignorance? Ignorant people, it says, are by no means always or necessarily vicious, but as a rule vice is more common among the ignorant than among the intelligent.

The facts in Massachusetts are explained by the statement that the native-born citizens are generally fairly well educated. The vast hordes of illiterates who overrun the State are aliens and largely under twenty years of age, the greater number of them being under ten years old. This mass is composed mainly of Irish and French Canadian immigrants. Of the latter those who can neither read nor write are legion, and those who can do either are singular exceptions. There is an apparent indifference to education upon the part of this population, which is as striking and general as the desire of it among native Americans.

The moral of these facts is evident. In no country is general education so indispensable as in that where every man is a voter. But not only are almost all the voters in this country, but the Irish part of the population mentioned has a peculiar taste for political offices and employments. The question of illiteracy becomes, therefore, of peculiar importance, and the inquiry of the *Telegraph* is at least pertinent. If alien paupers, criminals, and contract laborers, including educated specialists, are to be excluded by our immigration laws, why should they not take some account of illiteracy? The question is wholly one of expediency, and there is evidently a disposition to consider its proper range.

LETTERS OF THE LATE PRESIDENT BARNARD.

It is earnestly requested that all persons having in their possession letters from the late President of Columbia College, Frederick A. P. Barnard, send them to Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia College, New York, U. S. A., at their early convenience. The letters will be returned after copies have been made.

DICERS' OATHS.

When Mayor Grant, in accepting the nomination last autumn, said, "I pledge myself to be guided solely by a determination to secure for the people the highest order of public servants," and to "prescribe no other test than honesty and special capacity for the offices to be filled," was it supposed that he really meant what he said? Having been trained by Tammany, and nominated by Tammany, and Tammany being perfectly well known, and Mr. Grant having had ample opportunity to show his character, courage, and independence in public office, was it seriously believed that he would not wear the Tammany collar?

When the Republican Convention solemnly pledged the party to keep its pledge that "the spirit and purpose of reform should be observed in all executive appointments," was it supposed that if the party carried the election its pledge would be honestly redeemed? Or was this engagement with the country understood to be mere political thimblerigging? When President Harrison, in accepting the nomination, declared, as the principle of his action in the event of his election, "only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office," was it understood that his declaration was to be believed, as any statement made by him to a neighbor would be believed, and that he would not permit mere partisan removals?

When Washington said, "Should it be my fate to administer the government, I will go to the chair under no pre-engagement of any kind or nature whatever; and when in it I will, to the best of my judgment, discharge the duties of that office with that impartiality and zeal for the public good which ought never to suffer connections of blood or friendship to have the least sway on decisions of a public nature," was there a man in the country who did not know that as surely as Washington was inaugurated his action would be inflexibly guided, as it was guided, by the principles he professed? And when the promises of conventions and the pledges of candidates are understood to be mere dicers' oaths, is it surprising that to tell the truth of Washington is felt to be the stern rebuke of modern politicians?

A GLIMPSE OF ENGLISH POLITICS.

The movement to merge the Liberal Unionist party in England with the Tory party is natural, because upon the paramount issue in English politics the two parties are agreed. Moreover, the result has shown that the Liberal Unionists are really seceders from the old Liberal party, and as that party has declared more and more definitely for home-rule, it is evident that the Liberal Unionists cannot acquire control of it. They are a convenient ally for the Tories, and as their separate organization embarrasses the common purpose, a complete union until that common purpose is achieved seems plausible.

The significant fact in the situation is the identification of the great body of the Liberal party with the party of home-rule. For the first time one of the great English parties makes Irish home-rule its distinctive policy, and as that party is the aggressive and progressive and generally dominant party, the ultimate establishment of home-rule would seem to be assured. In that event, Liberal Unionists who cannot accept the Tory view of all politics, or the reactionary and obstructive spirit of Toryism, would drift back into their old party relations.

The situation shows the just prescience of Mr. Gladstone in pronouncing for home-rule. The sentiment of his party was unconsciously ripe or ripening for so signal a "new departure," and substantially it has created a new party. It becomes plainer every day that whether or not he lives to see his triumph, the party which he leads will persist until that triumph is achieved.

IMPERFECT FORESIGHT.

Mr. James A. Briggs sends to the *Tribune* a paragraph from the Boston *Courier* of June 27, 1827, then edited by Joseph T. Buckingham, one of the ablest and most liberal of New England editors. It was but sixty-two years ago that he thus spoke of the projected railroad from Boston to Albany:

"Alcibiades, or some other great man of antiquity, it is said, cut off his dog's tail that *quidnuncs* might not become extinct from want of excitement. Some such motive, we doubt not, moved one or two of our natural and experimental philosphers to get up a project for a railroad from Boston to Albany—a project which every one knows, who knows the simplest rule in arithmetic, to be impracticable, and at an expense little less than the market value of the whole territory of Massachusetts; and which, if practicable, every person of common-sense knows would be as useless as a railroad from Boston to the moon."

The road was built, and there is no more prosperous road in the country.

Mr. Briggs, in quoting this amusing paragraph, adds another illustration to the folly of this kind of argument from anticipation. The chief objections to the adoption of the Constitution a hundred years ago have been shown by experience to be unfounded, while the one point which passed without criticism, the system of Presidential elections, proved to be the most unsatisfactory of all its provisions. In the same way every proposed reform is opposed by lugubrious or whimsical anticipations. When Romilly proposed to abolish hanging for stealing a pocket-handkerchief, the law officers of the crown said that the reform would endanger the whole criminal law of England. When the bill abolishing the slave-trade passed the House of Lords, Lord St. Vincent stalked out, declaring that he washed his hands of the ruin of the British Empire. The old Greenwich pensioners, when they saw a steamer upon the Thames, protested that it was contrary to nature. Under Charles II. there was a fierce opposition to street lamps. Mr. Buckingham might have recalled Jefferson's remark, when New York explored the route for a canal, that it was defensible in theory, and was a fine project that might be executed a century hence; or, still more to the point, the sage observation of Chancellor Livingston in 1811, that a railroad shod with iron to move heavy weights four miles an hour was ingenious and perhaps theoretically defensible, but, upon the whole, the road would not be so cheap or convenient as a canal.

Our hindsight perpetually laughs at our foresight, but we go on, and vaticinations like these are really regarded as arguments. But there is another strain which in this year we may fitly recall. As soon as the Revolution ended, Washington made a tour, which he describes in a letter, through Lakes George and Champlain to Crown Point, then up the Mohawk River to Fort Schuyler, crossing over to Wood Creek, which, emptying into Oneida Lake, affords a waterway to Ontario. Then he went to the eastern branch of the Susquehannah, and saw the Lake of Otsego, and the portage at Canajoharie between that lake and the Mohawk River. He made no prophecy, but he adds that when he saw the vast opportunities opened by nature to this happy country, he could only say, "Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them!" Edward Everett happily quoted this letter at a great meeting in Boston to promote the completion of the subscription to build the railroad which Mr. Buckingham eight years before knew not only to be impracticable but as useless as a railroad to the moon, and whose stock on the 9th of March of this year sold at 214 to 216—a higher price than that of any other railroad stock in the country.

PERSONAL.

Dr. William Bunsen, the famous Professor of Chemistry at the University of Heidelberg, has withdrawn from active life, after more than thirty-five years of teaching. He is still a familiar figure on the streets of the ancient city, and in appearance is the typical German scholar. On his tall, slender, and stooped form hang clothes long out of style, glasses rest on his nose, and a dark beard sprinkled with gray covers his face. Dr. Bunsen has been long known for his absent-mindedness, and as he takes his daily walks he rarely sees or acknowledges the respectful greetings given him.

—Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new English Minister, is a fine technical musician, and in his younger days used to compose and play the piano with considerable skill.

—The Misses Chattaway, for many years the gentle custodians of Shakespeare's birthplace, and the collection of relics at Stratford-on-Avon, are soon to resign their post. The number of visitors to Stratford has grown steadily, until last year it reached seventeen thousand, and the sisters do not feel strong enough to continue their duties. They are the daughters of a local banker, and being left in straitened circumstances by the failure of their father, were appointed to their present place by the Town Council eighteen years ago.

—Mrs. Vice-President Morton and her daughter have gone to Europe.

—Mrs. Ward, the author of *Robert Elsmere*, is helping organize an anti-woman suffrage society in England.

—Miss Clymer, the young lady who is engaged to ex-Secretary Bayard, is well known in Washington society, and is described as an accomplished and most charming woman. Her brother is Professor of English Literature in Harvard College, and her father, the late Dr. George Clymer, was for many years a surgeon in the navy. Miss Clymer is thirty-nine years old, and is a distant relative of the Bayard family, with whom she has been acquainted all her lifetime. She is a fine horseback rider, and this, perhaps, helped to commend her to the ex-Secretary, whose favorite form of exercise is well known.

—The wife of the Marquis of Lorne is a painter and sculptor of unusual cleverness.

—Not many years ago, C. H. Chappell, General Manager of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, and one of the most successful railroad managers in this country, was a green young brakeman on another Western line. He solved the method of "sawing by" two long trains on a short side track, when older heads were puzzling over the problem, and this exhibition of braininess was the beginning of his advance.

—One of the most efficient postmasters in the country is Mrs. Thompson, who presides over the post-office at Louisville, Kentucky. Her salary is $4000 a year, and she has held her place for eight years. She is a daughter of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Campbellite sect of Baptists.

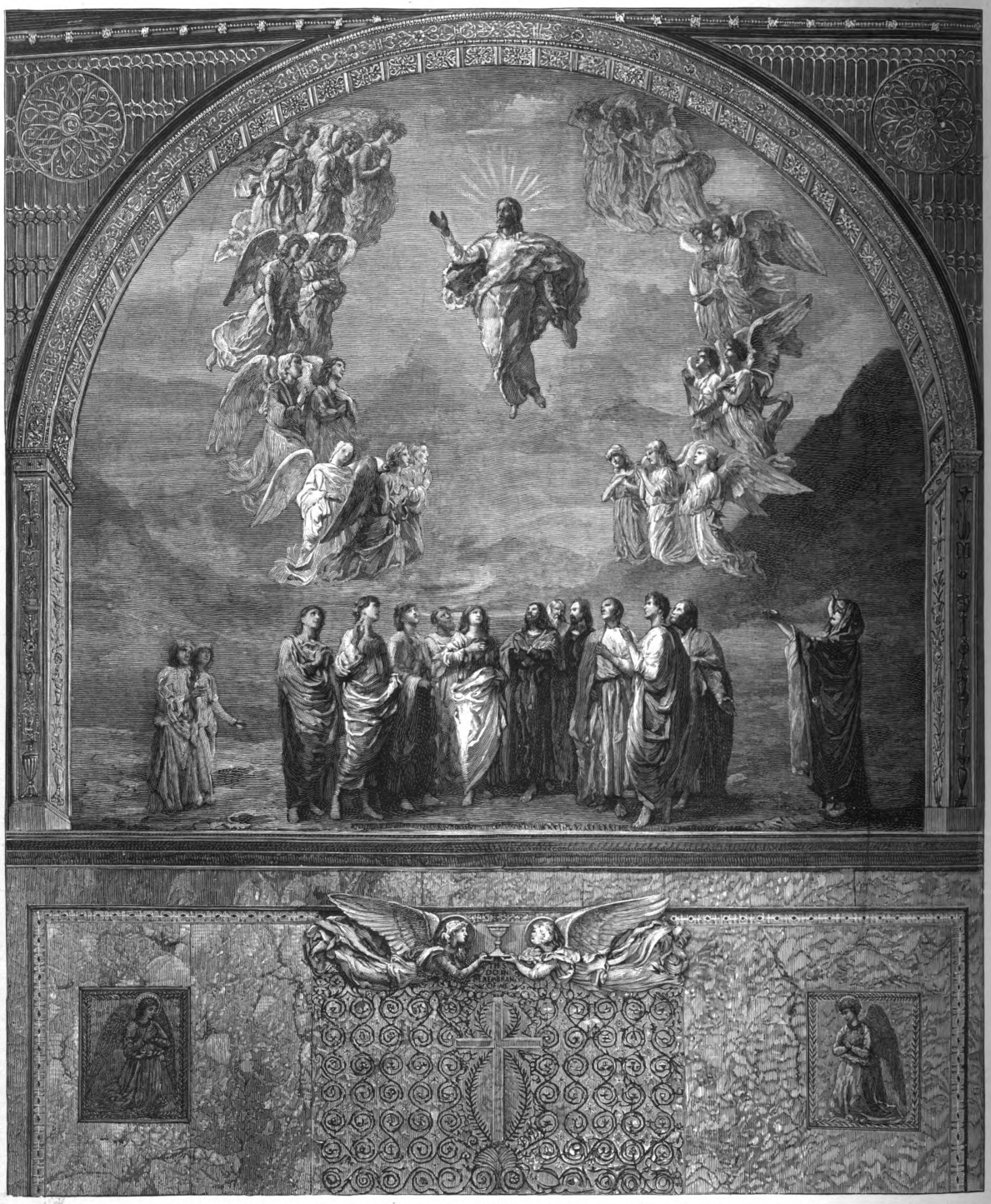
—Lieutenant Henn and his wife, who came over here in the yacht *Galatea* several seasons ago to contend for the *America's* Cup, are to spend the summer along the shores of Ireland, their yacht accompanying them.

—Republican deaf-mutes aspire to be office-holders, and J. F. J. Tresch, President of the National Republican League of Deaf-Mutes, has visited Washington to see about the matter.

—Tolstoï, the Russian novelist, cares little for pleasant surroundings in his study. The floor is bare, and the furniture consists of an immense table littered with papers, a smaller table covered with pamphlets, a chair, and an old lounge. The only hangings on the walls are two wooden rakes, which the novelist uses in his garden, and a great-coat, while a wooden spade stands in the corner.

—A valuable estate was saved to Jefferson Davis during the war by the fidelity and shrewdness of "Ben" Montgomery, a former slave. Three great cotton plantations, known as "the Hurricanes," at the lower end of Warren County, Mississippi, were owned by the Davises and practically managed by Montgomery at the opening of the war. In 1863, when the slaves were emancipated, the property was "sold" to Montgomery "for $300,000 in gold," and the title given him saved the estates from confiscation by Federal agents. He raised fine crops of cotton, corn, and hay, and grew to be one of the richest colored men in the South. In 1875 Mr. Davis received the property back, and it now yields him a handsome income, although he prefers to live at Beauvoir, his pretty sea-shore home.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THE ASCENSION."—From the Mural Painting by John La Farge, in the Apse of the Church of the Ascension, New York.

"THE ASCENSION" BY LA FARGE.

One often hears nowadays the remark that the fine arts approach religion. However true this may be in some respects, it does not extend to individual ministers of religion and professors of art, for their views and perhaps their natures are very distinct one from the other. Artists are wont to complain that the clergy, who, by virtue of their sacerdotal office, are wedded to forms and formulas consecrated by tradition, do not lend their churches to work that represents what is best and newest in modern art. There is something in this grievance, but perhaps a portion of the blame rests on the artist. It might be not unfairly demanded that the latter should accept the problem as it is offered, and strive to express what he thinks best in modern art within the limits fixed by the clergy. Undoubtedly it takes a very strong artistic nature to produce satisfactory results under such disadvantages, but the artist who can do so receives honor for the feat, and gains, it may be, additional power as a result of the struggle to express himself within the lines prescribed.

The mural painting on canvas executed by Mr. John La Farge for the apse of the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue, may well have benefited by some such struggle. The subject is of necessity conventional; the composition on its largest lines has to conform to what the gospels report; there are certain conventions forced on such a picture by the works of old masters in Italy, who in their day received a yet more rigid tradition from the East. The question, then, is, how has the artist wrought on these main lines so as to lose nothing that is important from the old usage, and yet add something valuable of his own? If he has merely repeated the tradition and added nothing, he may be called conscientious; but if he has preserved all the essentials and stamped the picture as his own, he may fairly be said to have established a claim to mastership in his profession.

But there were other limitations imposed on the artist in this case besides those inherent in the subject. The apse of the Church of the Ascension is not round, but square; it is also very shallow, and receives light only from windows high up on both sides, along the plane of the clere-story windows above the nave. The management of the whole apse was not given to him, but his painting was expected to agree with a reredos designed by Mr. Stanford White the architect, which contains mosaics by Mr. Maitland Armstrong, and is surmounted by two flying angels modelled in the highest relief by Mr. Louis St.-Gaudens. What Mr. La Farge has tried to do under these circumstances is to suggest an enormous window edged by the gilt frame designed by Mr. White, through which one sees in an ideal landscape of a mountainous character the eleven apostles gathered together in a group, the Virgin with uplifted hands on the right, the two "witnesses" clad in white raiment on the left, and Christ soaring upward between ranks of kneeling angels. The difficulty of conflicting lights he has solved as best may be. The difficulty of the flying angels just below the picture is not solved at all. The harsh angles of the square apse have been suppressed in part by carrying the frame in a semicircle above. How he has met the demand for a traditional composition, and for painting which shall be architectural, if that term may stand—that is to say, painting which departs from easel-work, and holds its own on great wall spaces in buildings of dignified parts—may best be learned by considering the genesis of the picture.

The small cut is a sketch made long ago for a stained-glass window. It was seen by the rector of the Church of the Ascension and admired. Glass having been eliminated from the scheme,

(*Continued on page 430.*)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"She looked him full in the face, brilliantly smiling, and intentionally beautiful."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

V.

"SHE *is?*" cried Alma. "Tchk!" She flew down-stairs, and flitted swiftly into the room, and fluttered up to Beaton, and gave him a crushing hand-shake.

"How *very* kind of you to come and see us, Mr. Beaton! When did you come to New York? Don't you find it warm here? We've only just lighted the furnace, but with this mild weather it seems too early. Mamma *does* keep it so hot!" She rushed about opening doors and shutting registers, and then came back and sat facing him from the sofa with a mask of radiant cordiality. "How *have* you been since we saw you?"

"Very well," said Beaton. "I hope you're well, Miss Leighton?"

"Oh, *perfectly!* I think New York agrees with us both wonderfully. I never knew such air. And to think of our not having snow yet! I should think everybody would want to come here! Why don't *you* come, Mr. Beaton?"

Beaton lifted his eyes and looked at her. "I—I live in New York," he faltered.

"In New York *city?*" she exclaimed.

"Surely, Alma," said her mother, "you remember Mr. Beaton's telling us he lived in New York."

"But I thought you came from Rochester; or was it Syracuse? I always get those places mixed up."

"Probably I told you my father lived at Syracuse. I've been in New York ever since I came home from Paris," said Beaton, with the confusion of a man who feels himself played upon by a woman.

"From Paris!" Alma echoed, leaning forward, with her smiling mask tight on. "Wasn't it Munich, where you studied?"

"I was at Munich too. I met Wetmore there."

"Oh, *do* you know Mr. Wetmore?"

"Why, Alma," her mother interposed again, "it was Mr. Beaton who *told* you of Mr. Wetmore."

"Was it? Why, yes, to be sure. It was Mrs. Horn suggested Mr. Ilcomb. I remember now. I can't thank you enough for *having* sent me to Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Beaton. Isn't he delightful? Oh yes, I'm a perfect Wetmorian, I can assure you. The whole class is the same way."

"I just met him and Mrs. Wetmore at dinner," said Beaton, attempting the recovery of something that he had lost through the girl's shining ease and steely sprightliness. She seemed to him so smooth and hard, with a repellent elasticity from which he was flung off. "I hope you're not working too hard, Miss Leighton?"

"Oh no! I enjoy every minute of it, and grow stronger on it. Do I look very much wasted away?" She looked him full in the face, brilliantly smiling, and intentionally beautiful.

"No," he said, with a slow sadness; "I never saw you looking better."

"Poor Mr. Beaton!" she said, in recognition of his doleful tone. "It seems to be quite a blow."

"Oh no—"

"I remember all the good advice you used to give me about not working too hard, and probably it's that that's saved my life—that and the house-hunting. Has mamma told you of our adventures in getting settled? Some time we must. It was such fun! And didn't you think we were fortunate to get such a pretty house? You must see both our parlors."

She jumped up, and her mother followed her with a bewildered look as she ran into the back parlor and flashed up the gas.

"Come in here, Mr. Beaton. I want to show you the great feature of the house." She opened the low windows that gave upon a glazed veranda stretching across the end of the room. "Just think of this in New York! You can't see it very well at night, but when the southern sun pours in here all the afternoon—"

"Yes, I can imagine it," he said. He glanced up at the bird-cage hanging from the roof. "I suppose Gypsy enjoys it."

"You remember Gypsy?" she said; and she made a cooing, kissing little noise up at the bird, who responded drowsily. "Poor old Gypsum! Well, he *sha'n't* be disturbed. Yes, it's Gyp's delight; and Colonel Woodburn likes to write here in the morning. Think of us having a real live author in the house! And Miss Woodburn: I'm so glad you've seen her! They're Southern people."

"Yes, that was obvious in her case."

"From her accent? Isn't it fascinating? I didn't believe I could ever endure Southerners, but we're like one family with the Woodburns. I should think you'd want to paint Miss Woodburn. Don't you think her coloring is delicious? And such a quaint kind of eighteenth-century type of beauty! But she's perfectly lovely every way, and everything she says is so funny. The Southerners seem to be such great talkers; better than we are, don't you think?"

"I don't know," said Beaton, in pensive discouragement. He was sensible of being manipulated, operated, but he was helpless to escape from the performer or to fathom her motives. His pensiveness passed into gloom, and was degenerating into sulky resentment when he went away, after several failures to get back to the old ground he had held in relation to Alma. He retrieved something of it with Mrs. Leighton; but Alma glittered upon him to the last with a keen impenetrable candor, a childlike singleness of glance, covering unfathomable reserve.

"Well, Alma!" said her mother, when the door had closed upon him.

"Well, mother!" Then, after a moment, she said, with a rush: "Did you think I was going to let him suppose we were piqued at his not coming? Did you suppose I was going to let him patronize us, or think that we were in the least dependent on his favor or friendship?"

Her mother did not attempt to answer her. She merely said, "I shouldn't think he would come any more."

"Well, we have got on so far without him; perhaps we can live through the rest of the winter."

"I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. He was quite stupefied. I could see that he didn't know what to make of you."

"He's not required to make anything of me," said Alma.

"Do you think he really believed you had forgotten all those things?"

"Impossible to say, ma'am."

"Well, I don't think it was quite right, Alma."

"I'll leave him to you the next time. Miss Woodburn said you were freezing him to death when I came down."

"That was quite different. But there won't be any next time, I'm afraid," sighed Mrs. Leighton.

Beaton went home feeling sure there would not. He tried to read when he got to his room; but Alma's looks, tones, gestures, whirred through and through the woof of the story like shuttles; he could not keep them out, and he fell asleep at last, not because he forgot them, but because he forgave them. He was able to say to himself that he had been justly cut off from kindness which he knew how to value in losing it. He did not expect ever to right himself in Alma's esteem; but he hoped some day to let her know that he had understood. It seemed to him that it would be a good thing if she should find it out after his death. He imagined her being touched by it under those circumstances.

VI.

In the morning it seemed to Beaton that he had done himself injustice. When he uncovered his Judas and looked at it, he could not believe that the man who was capable of such work deserved the punishment Miss Leighton had inflicted upon

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

him. He still forgave her, but in the presence of a thing like that he could not help respecting himself; he believed that if she could see it she would be sorry that she had cut herself off from his acquaintance. He carried this strain of conviction all through his syndicate letter, which he now took out of his desk and finished, with an increasing security of his opinions and a mounting severity in his judgments. He retaliated upon the general condition of art among us the pangs of wounded vanity which Alma had made him feel, and he folded up his manuscript and put it in his pocket, almost healed of his humiliation. He had been able to escape from its sting so entirely while he was writing that the notion of making his life more and more literary commended itself to him. As it was now evident that the future was to be one of renunciation, of self-forgetting, an oblivion tinged with bitterness, he formlessly reasoned in favor of reconsidering his resolution against Fulkerson's offer. One must call it reasoning, but it was rather that swift internal dramatization which constantly goes on in persons of excitable sensibilities, and which now seemed to sweep Beaton physically along toward the *Every Other Week* office, and carried his mind with lightning celerity on to a time when he should have given that journal such quality and authority in matters of art as had never been enjoyed by any in America before. With the prosperity which he made attend his work he changed the character of the enterprise, and with Fulkerson's enthusiastic support he gave the public an art journal of as high grade as *Les Lettres et les Arts*, and very much that sort of thing. All this involved now the unavailing regret of Alma Leighton, and now his reconciliation with her: they were married in Grace Church, because Beaton had once seen a marriage there, and had intended to paint a picture of it some time.

Nothing in these fervid fantasies prevented his responding with due dryness to Fulkerson's cheery "Hello, old man!" when he found himself in the building fitted up for the *Every Other Week* office. Fulkerson's room was back of the smaller one occupied by the book-keeper; they had been respectively the reception-room and dining-room of the little place in its dwelling-house days, and they had been simply and tastefully treated in their transformation into business purposes. The narrow old trim of the doors and windows had been kept, and the quaintly ugly marble mantels. The architect had said, Better let them stay: they express epoch, if not character.

"Well, have you come round to go to work? Just hang up your coat on the floor anywhere," Fulkerson went on.

"I've come to bring you that letter," said Beaton, all the more haughtily because he found that Fulkerson was not alone when he welcomed him in these free and easy terms. There was a quiet-looking man, rather stout, and a little above the middle height, with a full, close-cropped, iron-gray beard, seated beyond the table where Fulkerson tilted himself back, with his knees set against it; and leaning against the mantel there was a young man with a singularly gentle face, in which the look of goodness qualified and transfigured a certain simplicity. His large blue eyes were somewhat prominent; and his rather narrow face was drawn forward in a nose a little too long perhaps, if it had not been for the full chin deeply cut below the lip, and jutting firmly forward.

"Introduce you to Mr. March, our editor, Mr. Beaton," Fulkerson said, rolling his head in the direction of the elder man; and then nodding it toward the younger, he said, "Mr. Dryfoos, Mr. Beaton." Beaton shook hands with March, and then with Mr. Dryfoos, and Fulkerson went on gayly: "We were just talking of you, Beaton—well, you know the old saying. Mr. March, as I told you, is our editor, and Mr. Dryfoos has charge of the publishing department—he's the counting-room incarnate, the source of power, the fountain of corruption, the element that prevents journalism being the high and holy thing that it would be if there were no money in it." Mr. Dryfoos turned his large mild eyes upon Beaton, and laughed with the uneasy concession which people make to a character when they do not quite approve of the character's language. "What Mr. March and I are trying to do is to carry on this thing so that there *won't* be any money in it—or very little; and we're planning to give the public a better article for the price than it's ever had before. Now here's a dummy we've had made up for *Every Other Week*, and as we've decided to adopt it, we would naturally like your opinion of it, so's to know what opinion to have of *you*." He reached forward and pushed toward Beaton a volume a little above the size of the ordinary duodecimo book; its ivory-white pebbled paper cover was prettily illustrated with a water-color design irregularly washed over the greater part of its surface: quite across the page at top, and narrowing from right to left as it descended. In the triangular space left blank the title of the periodical and the publisher's imprint were tastefully lettered so as to be partly covered by the background of color.

"It's like some of those *Tartarin* books of Daudet's," said Beaton, looking at it with more interest than he suffered to be seen. "But it's a book, not a magazine." He opened its pages of thick mellow white paper, with uncut leaves, the first few pages experimentally printed in the type intended to be used, and illustrated with some sketches drawn into and over the text, for the sake of the effect.

"A Daniel—a Daniel come to judgment! Sit down, Dan'el, and take it easy." Fulkerson pushed a chair toward Beaton, who dropped into it. "You're right, Dan'el; it's a book, to all practical intents and purposes. And what we propose to do with the American public is to give it twenty-four books like this a year—a complete library—for the absurd sum of six dollars. We don't intend to sell 'em—it's no name for the transaction—but to *give* 'em. And what we want to get out of you—beg, borrow, buy, or steal from you—is an opinion whether we shall make the American public this princely present in paper covers like this, or in some sort of flexible boards, so they can set them on the shelf and say no more about it. Now, Dan'el, come to judgment, as our respected friend Shylock remarked."

Beaton had got done looking at the dummy, and he dropped it on the table before Fulkerson, who pushed it away, apparently to free himself from partiality. "I don't know anything about the business side, and I can't tell about the effect of either style on the sales, but you'll spoil the whole character of the cover if you use anything thicker than that thickish paper."

"All right; very good; first-rate. The ayes have it. Paper it is. I don't mind telling you that we had decided for that paper before you came in. Mr. March wanted it, because he felt in his bones just the way you do about it; and Mr. Dryfoos wanted it, because he's the counting-room incarnate, and it's cheaper; and I wanted it, because I always like to go with the majority. Now what do you think of that little design itself?"

"The sketch?" Beaton pulled the book toward him and looked at it again. "Rather decorative. Drawing's not remarkable. Graceful; rather nice." He pushed the book away again, and Fulkerson pulled it to his side of the table.

"Well, that's a piece of that amateur trash you despise so much. I went to a painter I know—by-the-way, he was guilty of suggesting you for this thing, but I told him I was ahead of him—and I got him to submit my idea to one of his class, and that's the result. Well, now, there ain't anything in this world that sells a book like a pretty cover, and we're going to have a pretty cover for *Every Other Week* every time. We've cut loose from the old traditional quarto literary newspaper size, and we've cut loose from the old two-column big-page magazine size; we're going to have a duodecimo page, clear black print, and paper that 'll make your mouth water; and we're going to have a fresh illustration for the cover of each number, and we ain't a-going to give the public any rest at all. Sometimes we're going to have a delicate little landscape like this, and sometimes we're going to have an indelicate little figure, or as much so as the law will allow."

The young man leaning against the mantelpiece blushed a sort of protest.

March smiled and said, dryly, "Those are the numbers that Mr. Fulkerson is going to edit himself."

"Exactly. And Mr. Beaton here is going to supply the floating females, gracefully airing themselves against a sunset or something of that kind." Beaton frowned in embarrassment, while Fulkerson went on philosophically: "It's astonishing how you fellows can keep it up at this stage of the proceedings; you can paint things that your harshest critic would be ashamed to describe accurately; you're as free as the theatre. But that's neither here nor there. What I'm after is the fact that we're going to have variety in our title-pages, and we're going to have novelty in the illustrations of the body of the book. March, here, if he had his own way, wouldn't have any illustrations at all."

"Not because I don't like them, Mr. Beaton," March interposed, "but because I like them too much. I find that I look at the pictures in an illustrated article, but I don't read the article very much, and I fancy that's the case with most other people. You've got to doing them so prettily that you take our eyes off the literature, if you don't take our minds off."

"Like the society beauties on the stage: people go in for the beauty so much that they don't know what the play is. But the box office gets there all the same, and that's what Mr. Dryfoos wants." Fulkerson looked up gayly at Mr. Dryfoos, who smiled deprecatingly.

"It was different," March went on, "when the illustrations used to be bad. Then the text had some chance."

"Old legitimate drama days, when ugliness and genius combined to storm the galleries," said Fulkerson.

"We can still make them bad enough," said Beaton, ignoring Fulkerson in his remark to March.

Fulkerson took the reply upon himself. "Well, you needn't make 'em so bad as the old-style cuts; but you can make them unobtrusive, modestly retiring. We've got hold of a process something like that those French fellows gave Daudet thirty-five thousand dollars to write a novel to use with; kind of thing that begins at one side, or one corner, and spreads in a sort of dim religious style over the print till you can't tell which is which. Then we've got a notion that where the pictures don't behave quite so sociably, they can be dropped into the text, like a little casual remark, don't you know, or a comment that has some connection, or maybe none at all, with what's going on in the story. Something like this." Fulkerson took away one knee from the table long enough to open the drawer and pull from it a book that he shoved toward Beaton. "That's a Spanish book I happened to see at Brentano's, and I froze to it on account of the pictures. I guess they're pretty good."

"Do you expect to get such drawings in this country?" asked Beaton, after a glance at the book. "Such character—such drama? You won't."

"Well, I'm not so sure," said Fulkerson, "come to get our amateurs warmed up to the work. But what I want is to get the physical effect, so to speak—get that-sized picture into our page, and set the fashion of it. I shouldn't care if the illustration was sometimes confined to an initial letter and a tail-piece."

"Couldn't be done here. We haven't the touch. We're good in some things, but this isn't in our way," said Beaton, stubbornly. "I can't think of a man who could do it; that is, amongst those that would."

"Well, think of some woman, then," said Fulkerson, easily. "I've got a notion that the women could help us out on this thing, come to get 'em interested. There ain't anything so popular as female fiction; why not try female art?"

"The females themselves have been supposed to have been trying it for a good while," March suggested; and Mr. Dryfoos laughed nervously; Beaton remained solemnly silent.

"Yes, I know," Fulkerson assented. "But I don't mean that kind exactly. What we want to do is to work the *ewig Weibliche* in this concern. We want to make a magazine that will go for the women's fancy every time. I don't mean with recipes for cooking and fashions and personal gossip about authors and society, but real high-tone literature, that will show women triumphing in all the stories, or else suffering tremendously. We've got to recognize that women form three-fourths of the reading public in this country, and go for their tastes and their sensibilities and their sex-piety along the whole line. They do like to think that women can do things better than men; and if we can let it leak out and get around in the papers that the managers of *Every Other Week* couldn't stir a peg in the line of the illustration they wanted till they got a lot of God-gifted girls to help them, it 'll make the fortune of the thing. See?"

He looked sunnily round at the other men, and March said: "You ought to be in charge of a Siamese white elephant, Fulkerson. It's a disgrace to be connected with you."

"It seems to me," said Beaton, "that you'd better get a God-gifted girl for your art editor."

Fulkerson leaned alertly forward and touched him on the shoulder, with a compassionate smile. "My dear boy, they haven't got the genius of organization. It takes a very masculine man for that—a man who combines the most subtle and refined sympathies with the most forceful purposes and the most ferruginous will-power. Which his name is Angus Beaton, and here he sets!"

The others laughed with Fulkerson at his gross burlesque of flattery, and Beaton frowned sheepishly. "I suppose you understand this man's style," he growled toward March.

"They do, my son," said Fulkerson. "They know that I cannot tell a lie." He pulled out his watch, and then got suddenly upon his feet.

"It's quarter of twelve, and I've got an appointment." Beaton rose too, and Fulkerson put the two books in his lax hands. "Take these along, Michelangelo Da Vinci, my friend, and put your multitudinous mind on them for about an hour, and let me hear from you to-morrow. We hang upon your decision."

"There's no deciding to be done," said Beaton. "You can't combine the two styles. They'd kill each other."

"A Dan'el, a Dan'el come to judgment! I knew you could help us out! Take 'em along, and tell us which will go the furthest with the *ewig Weibliche*. Dryfoos, I want a word with you." He led the way into the front room, flirting an airy farewell to Beaton with his hand as he went.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE ASCENSION" BY LA FARGE.

(*Continued from page 428.*)

canvas fixed upon, and the place also chosen, it was necessary that the artist should make a new design, or adapt this to a mural work. This design was preferred. Observe that the oval or egg-shaped cloud surrounding Christ in this sketch, the *vesica piscis* of early Christian art, is closed and firmly drawn. In stained glass there is need of such arrangement, in order that the leads may join each other, and the window, composed of heavy thick pieces, shall have structural strength. That which would be properly rigid and monumental in glass would be stiff in painting. The artist therefore moved the ranks of adoring angels aside, made small changes of great importance in each group of two or three, suppressed in the nimbus about the chief figure the throng of cherubs, so that they are visible from the body of the church only under a strong opera-glass, and altered the lower or terrestrial zone so as to occupy more impressively the whole ground. That he was able so to do argues in Mr. La Farge the kind of practical mastery of his work that a composer shows when he takes a musical theme already conceived for one purpose, and by changing the key adapts it to another, for which it seems, once the work is done, even more appropriate. In removing it from the window to the wall the monumental look has been sufficiently retained, while the occasion has been seized to make each figure beautiful, without forgetting to subordinate the several parts to the whole.

The oval of clouds, of cherubs almost lost in the nimbus, and of kneeling angels, lovely in face, beautiful in line, charming in the tints of their robes and their wings, has opened at the bottom to receive the Son of Man back again into the godhead. It repeats by suggestion merely that *vesica piscis*, a form of the "cosmic egg," which enfolds the Virgin in old Byzantine and Italian art; taken in unison with the figure of Christ, it hints at the shape of the Greek letter Omega, which, as the last of the alphabet in early times, was used as a symbol in many ways no longer permitted to Christians, because the play of suggestion runs back to ideas in religions hostile to Christianity. As the oval nimbus accompanies His birth, so it opens to receive Him back again from a planet subject to space and time, a country where life and death are the rule. But even in His departure hope is left to those who knew Him for a season. For the apostles are to transmit His doctrine to the whole earth after their own human fashion, and the two witnesses clad in white raiment testify that beings of the heavenly sphere do not avoid the physical world though Christ has ascended. A triple arrangement enters into the knot of apostles, where two, who are advanced before the others, divide the group into three sections; also into the kneeling angels, where the topmost and lowermost groups are in threes. Thus the old symbolism of former centuries is retained, without being obtruded in such a way that the observer sees the effort at first, and seeks in vain to escape seeing it later on. It is this untactful effort in old works of art to insist on a meaning which destroys the pleasure of most people of the present epoch, and accounts in part for the contempt felt by all but students of the fine arts for scores of "old masters."

A defect in many old Italian and Flemish paintings of the supernatural, which otherwise deserve all the admiration spent on them, is an appearance of solidity in the floating figures such as to cause one to feel its impossibility unduly. Very great masters have failed to reconcile the eye to figures ascending or suspended in the air. Mr. La Farge has wonderfully met this problem, for the robes of Christ seem to indicate movement upward when examined closely, and the ranks of kneeling angels appear at home in the cloud. From high æsthetic outlooks this is a matter of small concern, but the congregation of the Church of the Ascension will know how to appreciate it in the long-run, when custom dulls the eyes to the more striking beauties of the picture. Absence of this buoyant, floating quality renders the celestial personages of Cimabue, Giotto, and even Fra Angelico, not to speak of lesser lights of painting in their day and later, quite insupportable to the average traveller who has not yet learned to see the beauty of their work, though not always does he confess the heresy.

The coloring of the "Ascension" is naturally not its least virtue, considering the position of John La Farge as a colorist of the first rank. The rugged peaks of the hills of Palestine, the shining stream, the heavens, have been hung with a vapor through which the permanent features shine. This affords a poetic environment, in which things define themselves only to fade away like dream figures. More practically considered, it concentrates the interest on the divine and human actors in the scene. Here the Christ is normally the centre and sum of all, with the light tones of hair and garments, the subdued glory that bathes the vaporous rolls around Him, and the uplifted right hand, made unusually large, after Mr. La Farge's wont, drawing attention to the way He is going and the path He is pointing out to disciples and mankind. The exaggerated right hand and arm of the Christ have provoked much criticism and will continue to do so. The topmost tier of angels looks downward to Him; the middle tiers have their faces level with His figure; the lowest rank gaze upward, thus concentrating their eyes on Him. Yet in these angels, as well as in the group of apostles below, the painter has avoided repetition by giving great variety, not only to the heads and figures, but to the pitch of each head, the elevation of each chin, the amount of direct attention or beatific reverie displayed by each person in the heavenly and earthly groups. When, in addition to all this, one considers the marvellous colors the artist has laid on flowing hair, waving wings, depths of vapor-shrouded sky and valley, one is tempted to echo the remark of an artist of distinction who was present at its unveiling, "There is no fault to be found in it." And in fact, even if it is possible to pick flaws in a painting of such unusual size, there remains this truth: America has nothing to compare with it for masterly handling, religious intensity, combined power and grace, and absolute beauty. It is an old foible of Americans to claim of their own products that they are superior to "anything in the world"; but certainly to the north of the Alps there is no mural painting that comes to the mind of the writer which surpasses the "Ascension" by John La Farge. There are in France more original wall paintings, but none that can compare with this for its profound union of religion with art.

BEHIND THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

ONE Saturday afternoon I had occasion to go upon the stage of the Academy of Music during the performance of the *Old Homestead*. I had seen the play more than once from the auditorium, and the homely characters in it were as familiar to me as old friends, and it was, therefore, something like going behind the pages of a favorite romance to meet the personages in it, to be permitted to pass the forbidden portals of the stage-entrance. In the lobby of the stage-entrance at the Academy is placed one of those little telegraphic instruments known to the initiated as a "ticker," from which is constantly issuing a fateful paper ribbon on which is recorded in cabalistic words and figures the story of Wall Street and of the race-track. Over this throbbing little machine there hung, at the moment of my entrance into the lobby, two strange creatures, who merely glanced weirdly up at me as I passed, and then hungrily tightened their hold on the ribbon as it was belched forth, and resumed their study of it. One of these creatures was an uncanny-looking woman, with blazing red cheeks and lips and coal-black lines around her eyes; her skirts were short as a young girl's would be, and about her head and neck was wound some kind of crocheted head-gear. At that moment, while she was reading with such eagerness what was taking place at Guttenberg or in Wall Street, a fond audience in the front of the theatre was fancying her coasting down a New Hampshire hill on a

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE CHOIR OF GRACE CHURCH SINGING THE PSALMS.

sled, held ecstatically in place by the encircling arms of one Eb Ganzey, whose shrill whistle has delighted so many thousands, and baffled as many more. This was Ricketty Ann, in fact, who on the stage is so comely, even if, as "folks" say, she "ain't very bright." The other of the two was that Pat Clancey, who will not return to Ireland, because he has become so "Yankeefoied" that he would not be understood there. He is supposed to be trudging through snow knee-deep, in order to reach the old homestead in time to greet Reuben. He is waiting for his cue.

As I reach the stage, old Uncle Joshua is in the kitchen, before the audience, putting on his hat and muffler and taking his lantern preparatory to going out to the stables to see that the cattle are properly cared for. The cattle he sees is a man, with whom he talks about some legal business, the country costume and old-fashioned lantern seeming odd enough under the circumstances, though so appropriate only a moment before; the Joshua Whitcomb away from the audience, however, being almost the same man as before it, for his only "make-up" consists in a change of clothing and a slight change in manner. There is no paint, no wig. His hearty face is ruddy enough by nature, which is fortunate, or that life-like touch of washing his face in the tin basin in the first act would be lost, for no paint would stand such vigorous rubbing as he gives his face then.

Presently the young folks in the best room, having "got their cue," begin to enjoy themselves. They come together from all parts of the stage, where they have been lounging, and begin to sing. Suddenly the tenor espies the manager crossing the stage. He has borrowed ten dollars from him during the week, and having received his salary to-day, wishes to return them. The manager does not see him, and he cannot stop singing to call him, so he simply whips a ten-dollar bill out of a roll, and waves it frantically as he sings. The manager is attracted, takes the bill, smiles, puts it in his pocket, and goes his way. Certainly the audience has no idea that the young folks are enjoying themselves in any such way in the "settin'-room." That these instances were not isolated cases of incongruous oddity was proven by a number of subsequent visits. Old Aunt Tildy opens the play by saying: "Our vis'tors are enjoyin' themselves. Waal, I like t' see it. Shows they're happy." The visitors, in fact, are not looking particularly happy. They are waiting for the cue to laugh, standing around listlessly instead of playing lawn-tennis, and thereby endangering the windows, as Ricketty Ann mendaciously says. Laughing to order, and putting the proper ring of sincerity into it, is not really a laughing matter; it is a work of art.

Then there is the Eb Ganzey, whom the audience knows by his loutish walk, his shrill whistle, and his expectation of having sleeve-buttons as soon as he is big enough. The moment he is off the mimic stage he becomes, instead of the stupid butt of everybody, the director of them all, for he is the stage manager. He dons and doffs his stupidity like one of those "lightning-change artists" of the variety stage. In the Grace Church scene he personates the Hoboken Terror, and during the change of scene from the banker's drawing-room to the church he goes about the stage in that "make-up," giving his orders with a ludicrous absence of consciousness of the incongruity of his performance.

It is funny, too, to see Uncle Joshua in the drawing-room scene come behind the scenes ostensibly to go to bed. The picture of the old countryman retiring in a wealthy banker's luxurious room must be in every mind. What he does is to take off his coat and put on a night-gown with the help of his valet, take his hair-covered trunk by the handle, and talk to the by-standers about anything but the play while he is waiting for his cue to rush frantically upon the stage as having been aroused from his sleep by the dread cry of fire.

Waiting for the cue! That is what everybody does on the stage, and the ways of doing it vary with the circumstances attending the wait. During the long scene of the drawing-room, when Joshua Whitcomb and his host, Henry Hopkins, occupy the stage almost alone, there is a long wait, and the actors, the "grips"—as the machinists are called—the fly-men, and the musicians have nothing to do but enjoy themselves as best they can. The musicians sit just under the foot-lights, playing the fascinating "penny-ante," or reading; the actors have a sitting-room of their own, where they may smoke, read, play games, or lounge as it suits them, and the grips are equally well off. The fly-men seem to lead the sort of life ascribed by Sam Weller to pike-keepers — werry lonely. They are up in the loft of the theatre, where they see nothing, and hear but little of what is going on in the other parts of the theatre, and where their surroundings are so much made up of coils of rope, handspikes, and confused masses of running lines that they ought to feel as if they were out on an unreal ocean in an unreally steady ship. The cue of the fly-man, like that of the grip, is the sound of a bell. At that signal he springs to his ropes and handspikes, and immediately the air is full of flying things. At the same signal, the grip, shod in noiseless felt slippers, flies from his lair and assaults the scenery which is on the stage, carrying some away and bringing other of it forward, until between the two classes of fly-men and grips the stage becomes a dangerous place for a stranger who is not under the protecting wing of the stage manager, or who has not been told by him, "I will put you in a safe place, where nothing will hit you."

The Grace Church scene is so realistic that it is little wonder if the audience is beguiled into imagining the choir, as it sings "The Psalms," standing sedately behind the usual brass rod and red curtain. As a matter of fact the choir, however good, is not sedate, nor of the ordinary type. The first tenor is the son of Henry Hopkins, whose duty for that performance is done with the singing of the Psalms. He is ready to go home, and wears his cream-colored overcoat, his silk hat, his gloves, and dapper cane rather too jauntily for a tenor on duty in Grace Church. Next him is Reuben, the drunkard son of Joshua, looking much more sober than a few minutes later; beyond him is the policeman, club in hand. Mrs. Hopkins, also ready to go home, comes next. Behind them, promiscuously and picturesquely grouped, stand the men and women of the Salvation Army, and some of the farm-hands from Swanzey. Over their heads, on a long pole and protected by a wire cage, is a flaming gas jet, which lights up the stained-glass windows of the church. Just in front of them is a man, perched up in a sort of cupboard, directing the rays of a blue moon so that they will fall properly on the scene before the foot-lights. The singing is done, the last encore responded to, and the choir separates.



"THE SLEIGH DROVE UP TO THE DOOR."

In the last act, where the kitchen scene takes up but a small part of the great stage, and when the actors are on and off of the scene at frequent intervals, there is a great deal to interest the unaccustomed eye. The actors sit about the stage on chairs, or upon whatever else is convenient, whispering together quietly or reading, but always alert for the cue, and when it comes, going to the proper entrance, with a "one to make ready, two to prepare, and three to go" sort of air. Over at one side sits Anna Maria Murdock, with that dear baby in her arms. It is the same dear baby that Aunt Tildy must have a look at, which Eb Ganzey is afraid he will be obliged to rock, and which the tender mother does rock as she sings the lullaby. At this moment the dear little thing is held with monstrous carelessness by her long skirts, her head dragging on the floor, while her heartless mother talks to Uncle Joshua. But see, as the time for her cue comes near, how tenderly she gathers the baby into her arms! how lovingly she hugs it!

Then there stand old Cy Prime and Seth Perkins getting ready to wrestle. No one not in the secret would imagine what was about to happen, for they stand at ease, staring carelessly about. Suddenly they begin to stamp their feet and shout, and presently Uncle Joshua looks out of the window and bids them stop their "wras'lin'," by which you know what they have been doing. Then he informs the audience through Aunt Tildy that Cy has flopped Seth over in a snow-bank, when in fact the two men are not within two yards of each other.

But this little bit of deception is as nothing in comparison with that practised when the sleigh which is bringing Reuben from Keene is supposed to be coming. Then Eb Ganzey goes into a far-away room with a string of sleigh-bells, and begins by jingling them softly. The sleigh is in the distance then. Presently the sleigh draws nearer, and Eb jingles a little louder, then louder and louder, and finally he springs into a run which develops into a rush, all the while shaking the bells with all his strength. The run is a long one and the impetus of the man considerable, but he does not slacken his speed because he is near the door. He has, as Eb Ganzey, to announce the arrival of Reuben; so, as he nears the door, he flings the string of bells at a waiting man, who deftly catches it, and he dashes through the door, crying, "Rube's here!" Reuben, in fact, was there. He had been waiting all the time by the door. The man who caught the bells walks slowly off, jingling them quietly, for he now personates the horse as being led to the stable. The most real of all the things done on the stage is the dancing, which often goes on after the curtain is down and continues until the music ceases.



"THE GRIPS" BETWEEN THE ACTS IN THE CELLAR OF GRACE CHURCH.

SLEEP.

How beautiful is sleep!
Sleep, with half-opened lips
And half-clenched finger-tips,
And still as is the deep
Upon a summer morn,
When the waves hardly reach
To break upon the beach;
Or like a field of corn
When the soft western breeze
Lays all the beards together,
As feather over feather
Laps on birds' plumages.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

THE FIRST BREAKFAST AT SEA.

THERE is peculiar perspective, an apparent want, as it were, of parallelism in Mr. de Thulstrup's sketch of "The First Breakfast at Sea." But to draw things actually as they are, they must be topsy-turvy. The curtain to the berth, following that constant law of gravity, being free at its point of suspension, hangs as it should, straight downward. But what is the matter with the door or the floor (if there is a floor on shipboard), and the ceiling of that eccentric state-room? Still, certain objects are at exact right angles with the plan of the picture, as it is printed on a sheet of paper, and they are the cup and the plate that greatest of all human equilibriumists, the waiter, holds in his hands. How on earth does he do it? How is it possible for any human being, whether with sea-legs, without additional props, to maintain that position? Yet reel and pitch as she may, that man could carry a drop of mercury on a sheet of plate-glass and never spill it. To such a gifted creature Pigs in Clover could have no mystery.

What good does it do, after all, to explain what is sea-sickness or its causes? Was there ever a remedy published worth the room it took on paper to print? We do come down to the idea that it is caused rather by mental than physical disturbance, and that the brain throws the stomach out of gear. That is highly consoling. Make the effort then, and call on your higher qualities to prevent physical derangements, and you will find—what? That you will be sicker than ever, notwithstanding the noblest of human efforts.

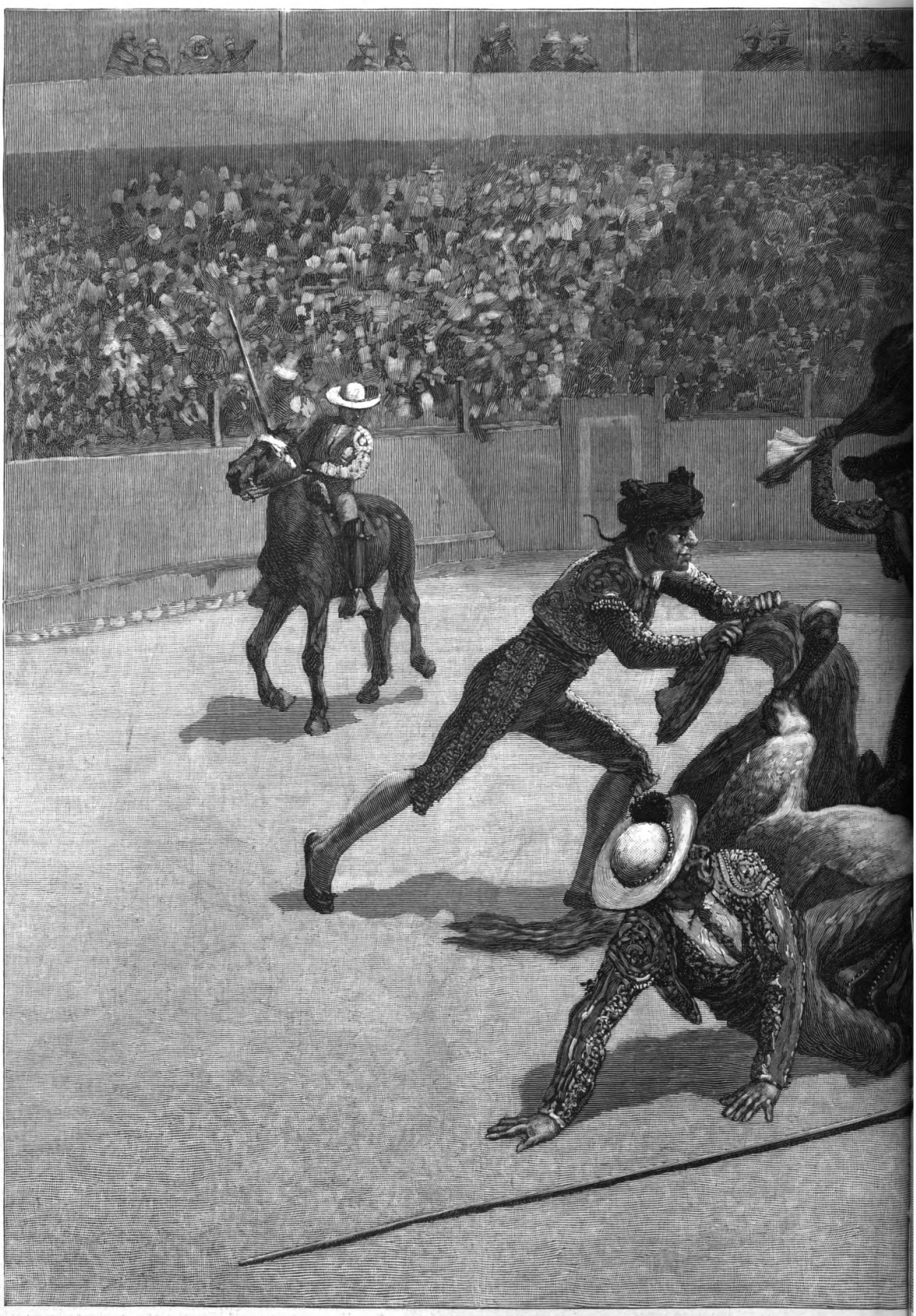
Is it visual distortion that does it? Maybe it is, and the artist shows by the capsizing of his lines how things do topple over. Then the next time you are a day out at sea, and the steamer is heading on through a heavy blow, close your eyes, and don't look at things. Will you be any better? There may be some little comfort in the thought that if you are to die you might add grandeur to the event by doing so with your eyes wide open.

Sometimes you wish that you were that waiter. He is at certain times no mere carrier of bread and tea or of anchovy toast. How can he be cheerful under such distressing circumstances? Why is his cravat so absolutely regular in cut and form? If it were limp and straggling it would be more in keeping with the conditions.

It is the head of the sufferer appearing over the top berth which is so pathetically striking. If you had been used to the sea, and seen that rather stout and pudgy individual slowly sauntering about the deck of the steamer as she passed through the Narrows, you would have at once marked him as one likely to suffer. At sea, with a certain amount of curiosity, there is a dash of cynicism, so you ask the waiter if that rather stout person is not the worse for the weather. He replies at once, in a polyglot style, "Ah, monsieur, in my born days I never seed a gent as was sickerer."

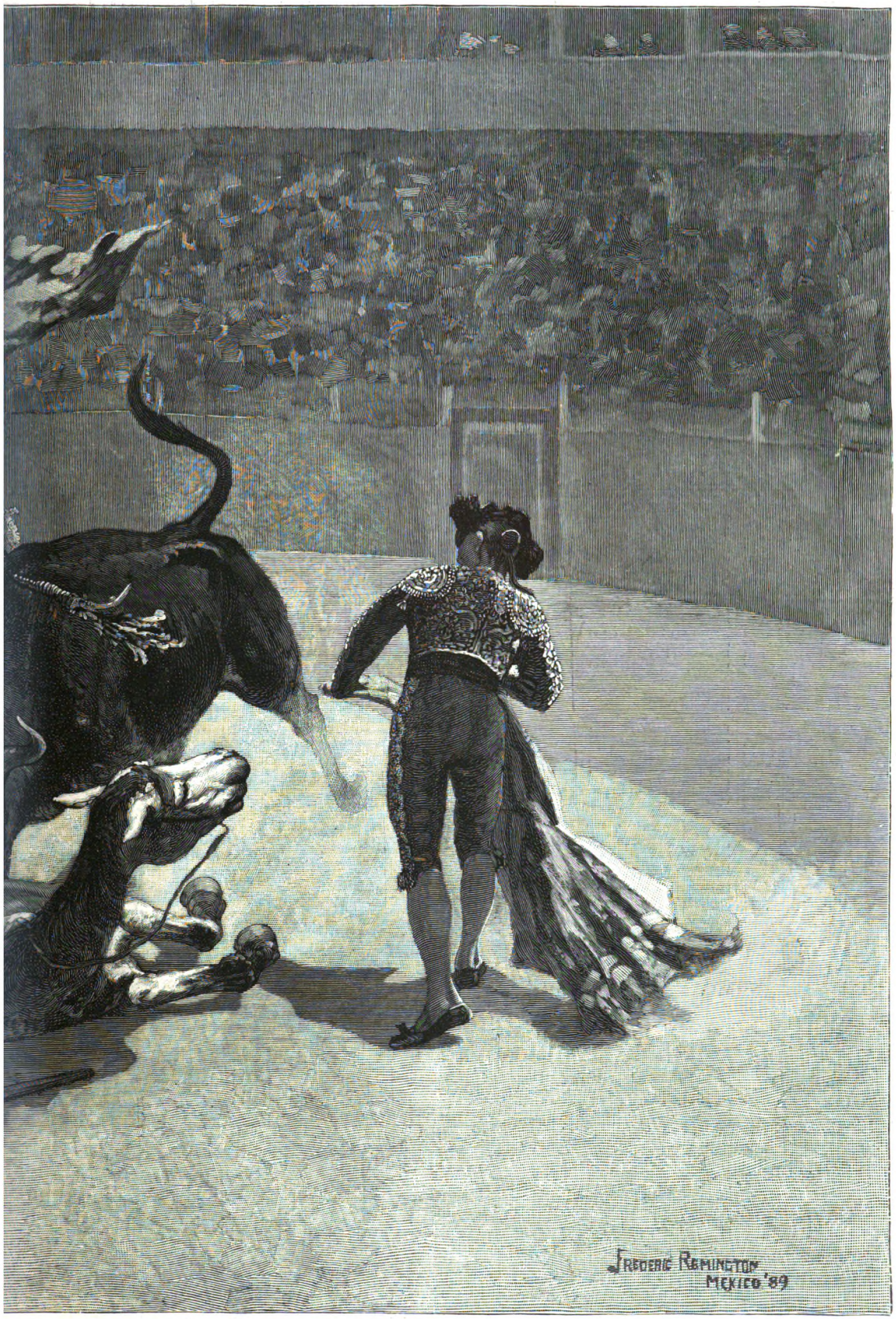
As sticklers for the purity of the language, people in England define degrees in "being ill" and "being sick," and so sea-sickness explains itself as a lesser trouble. Nobody ever died of sea-sickness, and so the pudgy gentleman, who in his berth looked apoplectic at times, got bravely over it in a day or so; and when he gave his experiences afterward to friends at home, spoke of the advantages of "will effort," and how he really had not been more sea-sick than many others.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A BULL-FIGHT IN MEXICO.—Drawn by Frederi

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



TON.—[SEE PAGES 441, 444, AND 445, SUPPLEMENT.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE HAUNTED EDITOR.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I.

WELL, the firm has failed, and the sheriff has at last rapped upon the editorial door. What unnumbered raps have fallen upon that door for the last ten years! Novelists, poets, artists, and young and aspiring souls who wished to whisper their early inspiration to the editor. But the sheriff's rap, which has thundered on all the doors of the bankrupt house, has fallen here at last, and ended all. Why? Our paper, the *Golden Eagle*, five years ago had upon its subscription list fifty thousand names. We thought that the public was ours for a generation to come. We enlarged the paper to meet the times, and secured the highest professional pens for its pages. We put our shrewdest business men over the editorial department, and dismissed those editors who persisted in having inspirations of their own, and established the paper on pure judicial principles. Then came a change. The subscription list declined to twenty thousand names, and that, too, after we had reformed the editorial corps, and reduced matters to mathematics! I sometimes think of what poor old Ambler used to say: "A popular literary paper must be edited from the heart and not the head, and must have individuality and distinct inspiration. The managing editor's heart must be left free to seek the people." Our paper was a rural home journal with literary pages.

I have often wondered as to the growth and the decline of literary papers. I have good cause to now, for the sheriff has just rapped and gone, and we used to be one of the most prosperous publishing firms in the whole country. In the last twenty-five years I have seen as many papers achieve a great popularity, and then decline and fail. Why did they grow? Why did they decline? What is the secret of success in publishing? Old Ambler used to say that success in newspaper publishing was for a paper to have soul, and to keep it; that when the soul of a popular editor went out of a paper, the paper was dead; that a paper could not be run by a professional machine; that it was a true business principle to have no business principles in the editor's office, but to secure a man with a heart, and leave him to his inspiration.

The daisies have grown over poor Ambler's forgotten grave for five years or more. The paper grew under him. He died poor. When we appointed Marlowe to his place the paper was in the full tide of success, and we looked upon it as a fortune. We resolved to put his work under regular business rules. We did. Marlowe was a good man, and he did well for a time, but he failed. Did he fail, or was it we?

Well, the sheriff has rapped, and I must go. Marlowe has gone, poor man—gone to live on a farm, where he can hoe his garden in peace. He left his private diary to me. Here it is—a great roll. I'll take it home; perhaps it will answer my question. In fact, Marlowe said, "Mr. Stone, if you want to know why this paper has failed to hold the public good-will and confidence, you read that." I will. What a curious title for a diary!

UNSPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.

February 28th.—There has been a warm flush of blue in the sky to-day—a bluebird blue, as we used to call it on the old farm when the winter began to drip away.

I rested by the window at noon and looked away to the sky; the composing room seems very near the sky, and I like to look out after lunch. How friendly the sky looked! I had begun to think of the old home farm again, and to hum benevolent Aunt Ruth's old hymn,

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."

when Tommy Todd came over to me, and said,

"Well, old Ambler has got there already, and they do say that they are going to give you his place."

"Got where, Tom?"

"To the 'mansions in the skies.'"

Mr. Ambler had been the managing editor. He was an odd man and had very unbusinesslike ways, but he had a heart that sympathized with the public, and under his sympathetic editing the subscription list grew so rapidly that the managers usually let Ambler have his own way, while they took the profits and honors.

The suggestion that I was to succeed Ambler startled me.

"What was that you said they were gossiping about in the office, Tommy?"

"They say that they are going to put you in old Ambler's place, 'cos they can't get anybody else. They don't want you; they want Professor Pinn, he that wrote the Commonplace Book whot we set up; all about nothin', you know. He's been speculatin' and has failed; but his wife is rich and wants to make an editor of him, so that she can have receptions and sich. She's sister-in-law to the firm or somebody here.

"I was told," continued Tommy, "that the firm said that the paper must have an editor who had some sentimental notions about seeking the good of the public. Ambler had. The firm said that you was a fool—Amber was—but that you had an editorial mind; that you seemed to know just what the public wanted, and where to get it, and, better yet, just what the public were going to want. So I guess you'll get the appointment for all Professor Pinn's wife. I hope so."

The sky looked bluer than ever over the dripping, sooty roofs. A white cloud, like an angel's wing, drifted across the blue field. I found myself tapping upon the window and humming again.

"Say, Tom," said I, speculatively, "what do you think made Ambler die?"

"They pestered him to death, and he all wizened up, and kinder got out of breath like."

This view of the end of the late Mr. Ambler awakened my curiosity.

"Who pestered him to death, Tom?"

"Oh, the poets, and wimmen writers, and agents, and people what wanted to build churches and found colleges and do good with his money—they say that he didn't have but $20 per week—and peddlers, and people who wanted to talk because they hadn't anything to say, and— But that wasn't what killed Ambler. The firm was always finding fault with him because he gave so much time to these callers. Ambler used to say that he found among these people the very things that made the paper such a success. An editor cannot get into a den and make faces at the world, as the firm does—can they, now? They won't take his paper if he does—now, will they? He must be sort of a Farmer Greeley like. Does seem as though the world was governed by imagination—don't it, now?"

I agreed with Tom's views in regard to the qualities that make a successful editor. Ambler had them. He knew the hearts of things, and gathered editorial gold everywhere.

"Say, Marlowe, where do you think old Ambler has gone?" continued Tom. "The firm sent him a bouquet after he was dead—the firm did. They say he didn't leave enough to pay his funeral expenses. The firm ought to have sent him that bouquet after he was dead. The firm was right to do the han'some thing. The firm has just contracted for a hundred-thousand-dollar house—all piazzaed off, and cupalos, and things. The paper's been makin' money. They say it has become the leading literary journal of the metropolis."

The great bell struck "one" in a sightless spire, Tom slipped away, and I went back to the inky old table where I had corrected copy and read proof for ten years.

Tom passed me in the afternoon while going on some errand about the forms.

"Say, Mr. Marlowe, the foreman over there does say that they treated old Ambler awful mean. I pity you. If you should ever hear any rappings over there in the editor's room, when you get there, you may be sure it is Ambler. If my brains had made a firm rich at $20 per week, and I'd 'a died without money enough to pay for a box to express me off to the cemet'ry depot, I'd just come back and haunt um—now I would. Just like that, now!"

Tommy gave three raps on the old table and glided away. All of the typos are given to philosophical speculation: Tom is a spiritualist.

March 1st.—It is indeed march first with me. I have this day been marched out of the composing-room, where I have been a proof-reader for ten years, and given a place in the editorial chair.

"You will hereafter act as editor-in-chief," said the junior partner to me, with a semicircular sweep of his hand, as though he was conferring upon me a knighthood. I thought that he would next say, "Rise up, Sir Solomon." He did, but not in these words. "It will be your business," he continued, "to select and edit copy and to meet all who call."

"That means poets, novelists, travellers, artists, literary people of society, and young writers seeking recognition for genius and inspiration?"

"Yes, yes; and peddlers, and book agents, and insurance agents, and people whose characters need recommendations, and people collecting their salaries for various enterprises, and all. Your salary will be $1200 per year. I hope you will find the position a pleasant one.

"By-the-way, the last office editor, Mr. Ambler, died poor, but he was a much respected man. The firm, the editors, and employés all contributed, as you will recall, a bouquet for his casket, and poets followed him to his grave. He was buried in the Field of Manoah, poor soul!

"Let me add that the late Mr. Ambler was greatly given to encouraging and developing new writers, listening to novelists, travellers, poets, and helping poor people with literary tastes. He used to spend a great deal of time in writing to all sorts of queer people. Now this was not business. The firm objected to it, but I allowed it to go on, because somehow Mr. Ambler's habits did not tend to lessen the very important subscription list. Country people like to read stories, anecdotes, and poetry, and they somehow feel as though they have a personal interest in a paper where new writers are recognized. So I let the late Mr. Ambler have his way. He did waste a great deal of time over witless people, but he brought to the paper some stories and articles that seemed to make the paper grow more than all the other efforts of the firm put together. But this was not business-like. The late Mr. Ambler was not business-like. He killed himself trying to serve everybody. His editing, however, made us quite well off, and we sent him a bouquet after he was dead, and the poets attended the funeral. I hope you will be a little more business-like."

He closed the door and left me there. "The Field of Manoah," "followed by poets," what the former Pantheon was, or where, I had not so much as the confusion of an idea. But to be followed to such a patriarchal-sounding resting-place, after a life of supreme usefulness, by the poets was an inspiring picture indeed. I will go some Sunday and visit the grave of the late Mr. Ambler in the patriarchal Field of Manoah. I wonder if the bouquet sent after the late amiable man is quite withered away?

And here I am alone, and ready for the work of sifting out the great thoughts that fall to the lot of the world. I will put my diary there, so as to be ready to make notes at any time.

Rap, tap, tap. It was a very confident and decided manifestation. You can read a man's mental condition by his rap.

"Come in."

"Are you the editor?"

"I have that honor."

"I have come to make you rich."

How could the late Mr. Ambler have died poor! He must have been a very prodigal man. Here was a man come to make me rich during the very first hour of my editorial existence.

Rap, tap, tap.

"Is the editor in?"

"I am the editor, madam."

"I thought I would like to call and make you happy. You want to be happy, don't you? Yes, I see you do; we all do."

Rich and happy! Why did the late Mr. Ambler die so soon?

"I am not one of those who die with all their music in them, such as Dr. Holmes described. I write poetry, I do, and I have brought you something that anybody who hadn't a head of wood—anybody of genius—would just delight to publish. May I read it to you?"

"Thank you, thank you; but really, madam, this gentleman is waiting, and he has called to do me some great personal favor."

Rap, tap, tap.

"Are you the editor?"

"I am, my little lad."

"Then you are just the man I wish to see. I have written a piece of poetry on 'Ortum.' The minister's wife told me to bring it to you. Father says that I am a regular Alexander Pope?"

Rap, tap, tap.

Rap, tap, tap.

Two more, and the man who has come to make me rich, and the woman who has come to make me happy, and a young Alexander Pope here already! "Come in, come in."

"My dear editor, you are having so many callers that I ought not to detain you." (This was the man that came to make me rich.) "My business with you requires time. Can I speak with you in private a moment? Here? Can you lend me ten dollars, just till noon, until I get my goods out of the custom-house, and as soon as I do I will come back and pay you, and tell you all about it."

Ten dollars! I had only ten dollars to pay for my dinners and horse-car fares for a week. But here is a benevolent gentleman come to make me rich, and his business with me has to be deferred by other important business.

"Yes; I will lend you the ten dollars, but return it just as soon as you have paid the customs, as I shall need that money for my dinner and supper. Good-by."

"Your poem, madam."

"Yes. 'The Two Orphans.' It is very affecting—so people say. I should not be a judge.

'Two orphan children once there was,
And why there was was many a cause.'

That second line is in the suggestive style. How do you like it so far?"

Rap, tap, tap.

"Madam, pardon me, but you must leave that poem for further examination. Have you stamps?"

"Stamps? That's what I'm after. Have you?"

"Pardon, madam, but you do not understand. I mean stamps for the return of the MS."

"Stamps for the return of the MS. You do not intend to return such a manuscript as that, I hope, and put me off in that way? Don't you say in your circulars 'The highest prices paid for articles of merit'? and here is one. Do you doubt your own ears?"

"But you said that you had come to make me happy. 'The orphan children' who once 'was' is not a very cheerful subject."

"You can make it so."

"How?"

"I am their mother. The poem says,

'And why there was was many a cause.'

If you want to be happy, just accept this poem, and begin and do some good in the world. There is too much of yourself in yourself, I can see. You will accept this, now won't you?"

"Madam, please leave the MS., and—" I was about to say "stamps," but how could I?

"And what?"

"And—I am so confused by so many callers waiting for my time—I was about to say— What was I about to say? Oh, I will return it at my own expense."

"You will?"

"If it is not accepted."

She rose with a look of an injured goddess. "Look here! you will never see me again. I have no wish ever to meet you again anywhere in this world or any other."

"Master Pope—Alexander—if you will leave your article it will be examined. Good-by, boy. You see how many are waiting."

"Good-by, boy!" piped Master Pope. "I didn't think that you would treat me so. Good-by, boy," in a tone of mocking sarcasm. *Exit* Alexander Pope.

Noon.—Such a morning as I have had. I will go to dinner. No; I have not got any money. That man who came to make me rich hasn't got the goods out of the custom-house yet. Oh, I am so hungry!

Five o'clock.—There must be some delay at the custom-house, as the man who came to make me rich has not returned. I will have to walk home, as I have nothing with which to pay my car fare, and I would be ashamed to borrow money on the very first day. There was a kind of magnetism about that man that drew the money right out of my pocket before I could think of myself. How my wife will laugh at me! Will she? The late Mr. Ambler, whose respected body the poets followed to the Field of Manoah and the angels further on, doubtless had his troubles.

I will go home now. My first day's experience reminds me of the remark of the late Hezekiah Bedott, of correct memory, "We are all poor critters." This is a very complex world—very. I will be more prudent to-morrow. How can I help it, with nothing in my pocket-book? Perhaps the custom-house officers were away to some political meeting. I'll try to think so. He lives in a perfectly good world who thinks no evil of any one.

March 2d.—The world is full of benevolence. Some weeks ago, when I was merely a proof-reader, I received a letter offering me a lottery ticket for $10. To-day I received another, informing me that my ticket had drawn a prize of $1000, and if I would forward the $10 for the ticket I could have the $1000. What a place of golden rain an editor's office is! Why did they not deduct the $10 and send me the $990?

Good old Aunt Pitcher from the country called to see me to-day. She has come to the city to attend the Anniversaries. I was out when she first came, and the dear old lady sat down in my chair and began to play with the speaking-tube. Presently the tube spoke to her.

"Are you there?" said the tube.

A terrible silence.

"You are wanted," said the tube.

Aunt had dropped the tube on the desk. She did not know that it was "alive," she said.

"Who are you?" asked aunt.

The faint voice, even through the detached tube, was heard in the composing-room.

"I'm the ——"

I met aunt on the stairs. She was flying. She would not tell me what the tube said to her, but said that the voice must have been meant for me, and that my summons had come. Was it Ambler's ghost?

In the afternoon I thought that my summons had come indeed. The junior partner called to ask me about the progress of my work. I told him about my callers.

"Now do you want to know what poor old Ambler would have done?" said he. "He would have made funny paragraphs and editorials and stories out of every one of those incidents; he would not have used the people's names, nor the exact circumstances, for he never hurt any one's feelings; but all these incidents would have suggested other incidents to him. He seemed to see double; he had eyes for everything, he had. But now that the paper is established I disapprove of all these methods. The firm has become rich; we entertain now, and keep our coaches, and we must have more dignified methods. We are going to make some rules for the editorial department soon."

My room is five stories high. It looks out upon the covered roofs and tile chimneys, and the only gardens I ever see is the sky. The sunflowers and cloud-weeds bloom there; purple in the coming of spring, violets. Yes, the violets bloom in the sky before they bloom here. Then, too, there are roses in the sunset, and they bloom in winter.

How I long for the old country farm when I look out on the gardens of the sky! I pity those who live in the prisons of tenement-houses, and hardly know that the Lord planted man in a garden, and outside of the city lies paradise.

March 3d.—Calls! calls! calls! People rapping on the door, and the speaking-tube calling for copy. I have not found time to read half of the manuscripts that have been left, not even that one of the second Alexander Pope.

I have read the production of Alexander II. It was also on orphans—"The Two Orphans." Did he get the title from a bill-board? The last two stanzas were as affecting as the "Babes in the Wood":

"These two young orphans they did die,
And side by side in the church-yard lie;
And the boy was,
And he's gone to be a was-a,
And the girl is a was-a too."

A beautiful example of the use of the aorist.

I read this to the junior partner as the worst thing I had ever seen.

"Every editor, I am told," said he, "receives just such calls from precocious Cowleys, Chattertons, and Alexander Popes, whose productions, I have no doubt, are equal to this. One might as well expect to meet with an infant sea-captain as infant poet. The world is full of people who go to sea in glass ships. Do you want to know what old Ambler would have done with that? He would have put it into the funny column, and he would have told that boy that he had discovered the element of sympathy in his nature, and that he ought to study for three years, and then try again. 'We help people by believing in them,' Ambler used to say. But that would not have been the end of Ambler's method. The author of that awful doggerel would have returned with a half-dozen subscribers to the paper, and would have begged poor Ambler's picture, and have gone to studying English poetry, and just as likely as not in two or three years would have written something worth reading. The firm used to let Ambler go on in just that way; and what patience we did have!"

March 4th.—I thought it would be indeed march forth with me. The junior partner came to the door with a stride, a bang, and very red face.

"How many callers did you have yesterday?" said he.

"I don't know; so many, I did not keep any account. I treated them all well."

"I should think you did. So well that it won't be long before the staircase will be full of literary tramps, just as it was in Ambler's day. I won't scold. Quite a number left their subscriptions at the desk; and one old woman promised to tell all her friends what a polite editor we had. She came from out West—poke-bonnet."

"Judge Hilton's wife."

"Of Iowa?"

"Yes."

"Oh, was it? Well, I'm glad you treated her well; she has influence among schools. Gives away thousands of dollars to education, and ad-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

vises young people's literary societies what to read. Yes, yes. I *was* rather dissatisfied. One of the members of the firm wanted me to tell you that the editorial office was not a hospital, and that the time would come when the paper would have to be run on business principles. You remind me of poor old Ambler. I mean no disrespect; as I said, he helped the paper to grow; we sent him a bouquet after he was dead, and now he's gone where he don't need any. I thought I'd call round."

Poor Ambler! One is obliged to give something to the world before he can expect much from the world; and the fruit of selfishness is nothing. Men get by giving; why does not a paper?

Mem.—When this paper begins to be run on purely business principles, the income will be likely to bear a close resemblance to my salary. There are no mathematics in a really inspired work.

A girl called with a poem on "A Cat in Search of its Tail." Put it on the catalogue. Another girl called with a poem beginning,

"Cold was the night, so icy cold,
It made me shiver shakes untold."

She asked me frankly what I thought of that.

"Very cold," said I.

"I know you think it a piece of powerful writing," said she. "I'm a very powerful writer." Decision reserved.

I have heard that great novelists commonly begin as poets.

A remarkable man called. He said, "When I feel poetic I always write prose." I lifted my hands. "Yes, and when I feel like singing—and I know I can't—I just give a five-dollar bill to some poor singer, and let him sing. It does me just as much good."

"Have you any friends?"

"Oh yes; everybody."

"Don't you want another?"

"Who? You? Yes, you. I used to know Ambler. I haven't brought any poetry, I haven't. I wish I could write it. People express their best lives in poetry, and it is the best souls that read poetry, even if it be poor. 'A man who hasn't got any music in his soul is fit for treason,' as Shakespeare says. But I only called in a friendly way just to say, if you want to promote the growth of a paper you must do as Ambler did—have faith in men. Negation and suspicion build none of the palaces of this world or any other. Any boor can destroy the Taj with a pickaxe or claw-hammer, but it took all the inspiration of love to build it."

He rose and paused. I shivered. I thought he was going to ask me for the loan of $10; but he did not.

"I've got one thing more to say; it is this: I am a rich man, I am, and I like the paper, I do. I like the spirit of it. And if you should ever get into any trouble, or want money, or anything, you just come to me. Here's my card."

Are not the heavens violets, and the earth pinks, and men's hearts streams of perennial goodness?

"I'm an undertaker, that's what I am, and I have become rich. If you want any one buried, you just come to me. Or I'll lay you out at any time. I buried Ambler, and didn't charge him a cent."

There came a ponderous rap at the door. It was the senior partner. He had a terrible look. My heart beat as the senior partner gave his cane a thump and sat down, and with eyes looked at me for a moment in inquisitive silence.

II.

The senior partner gave another tremendous thump with his cane.

"Mr. Marlowe" (thump), "the paper, so some of our subscribers tell us, has not been quite as good of late as it used to be, and the firm have decided to try to improve it. We have come to the conclusion that what the paper needs is a critical editor. So we have engaged Professor Carmen Gove. You will hereafter submit all your copy to him."

"But Professor Gove has not been a popular writer himself."

"All the better critic." (Thump.) "All the better critic." (Thump, thump.)

"But it seems to me that a critic ought to be a successful man. Detraction does not seem to me to be a valuable element to bring to a paper."

"That's what Ambler used to say. We wanted a critical editor before Ambler died."

Professor Gove is a man of one talent. It may be expressed in his own abbreviated words, "'Tain't so." Having failed in everything positive, he had gone over the world of negation; and it was to this man, who had eyes only for the defects of life, that I was in the future to submit my copy for approval.

March 10th.—I have been doing good. Poet called. His poem was a good one, but it was on an ambiguous subject, and such as no editor would use. One line I much liked:

"The purple curtain of the clouds was ruffled by the breeze."

"Tell me what you think of my mission," said he.

"I think that if you would leave trying to be a poet, you would be one. Poetry is not an art—it is an inspiration and a growth. The poet, as Emerson says, 'ought not to exceed his inspiration.'"

"Then I won't try to be a poet."

"How long have you kept your poem?" I asked.

"It is not dry yet."

"I think that it has the inspiration without the growth. Gray's 'Elegy' grew seven years from its inspiration. Poe's 'Bells' was first published as a two-stanza newspaper poem. It grew. Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' was first published with an introduction of rhymed stanzas, and without the grand lines with which it closes, and that made it immortal. It was a growth of seven years as we find it to-day. Goethe's 'Faust' was evolved through a lifetime."

The young man received the criticism kindly. I think I have helped him. I will ask young poets in the future the question as to how long they have kept their poems. Is any poem a poem until it is a year old?

March 25th.—Professor Gove has begun his work. He finds something inaccurate in nearly every interesting article, and he goes to the firm with these fancied inaccuracies, and so gains great credit for critical erudition and worth. The paper begins to look rather colorless. It makes me feel nervous and uncertain to try to do my work under Professor Gove. I have lost editorial anchorage, and I feel that the paper is adrift. The picturesque and sympathetic editing that Ambler put into it is gone. It is growing very dignified, very self-respecting and judicial, very cool and opinionated, and is about as interesting as an old-fashioned college professor's commonplace book. Its new spirit seems to be, "Keep off the grass." That legend is all right, I suppose, and necessary, but it spoils the spirit of a flower-garden. The public have very little interest in no thoroughfare places.

April 1st.—This is a great day in the literary calendar—All-fools' Day—and it does seem to me that they have all been to see me. The office daily swarms with people who wish to do good in the world with other people's money. This kind of benevolence seems to grow wonderfully with the speculative life of the times. It is only money that one earns one's self that really does much good to the giver and the receiver. It seems to me that it is an injury to help any man who can help himself.

May-Day.—There call almost daily one or more young men with rolls of manuscript. They have a common introductory address, "I have written a little volume of poems, and I would like to find a publisher, and I thought that you might help me, and give me some advice," etc.

One of these sweet singers of Spring, Autumn, Love, and Death has just left the room, and is now making his lonely pilgrimage down the office stairs, and I hope I shall rest for the remainder of the day.

Rap, tap, tap.

"Is the editor in?"

"I have written a little volume," etc.

"But has the world called for it? One should not publish a volume of poems until it is called for. Keep your poems a year, then publish them in the papers, but let others collect them. The world only reads the poems that *others* collect."

"But the world does not know that I have got them. I am not a common newspaper poet. There! I am going to leave the manuscript poems for you to read: don't let any one else see them and copy them. What do you think a publisher would pay me for them?"

No publisher would pay the fraction of a cent for a stack of book manuscripts of poems offered in this way. Yet the delusion goes on.

May 7th.—A very solemn occasion. Dined at the Literary Club. There are many literary clubs in the city, some of them consisting of acting, working people of inspiration and influence; but this is by the unanimous consent of its members *the* Literary Club. Most of its members are men past middle life, who have failed to produce saleable books themselves, and so have turned critics of other people's works. The others are rich. When a poet fails he turns critic, and when the world no longer cares for a prose writer who has exceeded his experience, he follows the poet. Yet every city is likely to have one club composed of just such men as these. It says to the world, "I am literature," with the same air that a Bourbon would have said, "I am the state." The world is deaf, and does not stop to listen, but goes on its busy way. It has little use for uncreative minds or irresponsive hearts, and takes no interest whatever in the opinions of pompous clubs of scolds. Yet these clubs multiply, and the men who compose them weave for themselves the robes of judges.

"What America needs," said the president, "is a magazine of criticism." (Great applause.)

To have seen them over their wine, you would have supposed literature existed by their permission, and that their literary judgments, instead of being a matter of no concern, were decisive and final.

At a club like this one hears little but detraction. Now life is too short to spend much time in any social atmosphere where detraction is the spirit of the place. Detraction helps no one; it is born of conscious failure; it produces nothing; it blights and withers everything; its world is dust and its sky is ink. One of the meanest places in the whole green world is a club smoking-room filled with the grinning ghosts of failed literary people.

The critical editor says that we need more "incomprehensible" matter in the paper, that people like to read what they do not quite understand, and that the public have a great reverence for what is profound. This may be true, but all the really great thought of the world is very simple. A boy calculated the sun's horizontal parallax. The book of Job, the works of Homer, and the plays of Shakespeare are not difficult to comprehend. A child can understand Darwin. Handel and Mendelssohn are not difficult. People don't light matches on the face of the moon. A cat in a fog is not a tiger. Are the imitators of the obscurities Carlyle and Browning and Wagner so very, *very* essential, after all, to sincere and healthy journalism? (Cross out that last line.)

A bird from the country drifted into the chimney tiles like a little bark of God with a message. He saw me, and seemed to pity me, and he alighted on an escape wire, and sang of the country, where the flowers bloom and the streams flow, and where there are kine in the meadows, and the people are free and happy. I was there in my boyhood, and I have always loved to think of that legend of the country. Thanks, little bird!

May 15th.—The junior partner called. He said, "I begin to hear complaints that the paper is not as interesting as it used to be." The complaint was not very definite. The paper somehow seemed to be stepping aside from the people, to rise above them, to look down upon them, and not to be one of them.

"A paper should stand above its readers, and lift them," said I.

"Yes," said he; "but there has something gone out of it that used to be in it, and something has come into it that used to be out of it."

I thought of Ambler and Professor Gove. Just here a good-humored college professor called, and told a story of how he had gone out to lecture, and missed the train, and arrived late at the lecture hall, and hurried in and began his lecture. He found that he was in the wrong place. After his lecture had begun, a minister came hurrying in—a stranger who had been expected to preach, and who had also missed the train. The situation was an odd one.

"Ambler would have sent that plot to his best humorous story writer for a story," said the junior partner.

"I will," said I. I did. The result seemed to me a hit. I sent my master-stroke of editorial invention to Professor Gove. He returned it with this legend written across the face of the first page: "Improbable!"

June-Day.—There has come to see me to-day a little miss to whom a thousand doors would fly open in every American city. What has she done to gain such a wide good-will? Simply written a few pleasing short stories. She has more recognition than half the members of Congress, or half the hard students in any of the exact professions. She is proud of the public good-will. She has a right to be. Young as she is she understands life. Her kindly wit has spoken a nature which all love. She has voiced human experiences which make her sister to all.

What is it to be a genius? Is it to have eyes to see life? Yes; but better, it is to have a heart to feel life.

"He is a genius," says Emerson, "who gives me back my own thoughts."

The echo of a million minds, a true poem finds the million. Was not the Southern poet right when he held that the poetical gift transcended all others? Does not the poet, like the Greek god, still dwell on the mountain-tops? Amid the wrecks of nations, poetry is the last thing to perish; and when the poetical spirit declines, a nation begins to die. Genius is spiritual sight—double sight. It *is* more than a crown.

More unspiritual rappings and thumpings. The critical editor thinks I use too much matter on rural subjects; he says eagles do not run around farm-yards. He has been to the firm with this ornithological information, and the senior partner has been to me—thump, thump, thump.

I have closed my Virgil. Farewell, ye pastoral scenes of my imagination! I am scanning the sky for the pens of the eagle. Whither, O winds?

June 25th.—My wings with which I was soaring in my last have been clipped. On the advice of the critical editor, the firm have decided to publish no more original poems, except by recognized authors. The poems are to be selections made by the critical editor.

I have noticed that the periodicals in our country which are the most successful are those that publish the most original poems, and that has been the history of successful publishing. Not that the poetry may be essential, but the poetic spirit is. The world, as Mr. Ambler would say, is governed by imagination. Few things are more welcome to a large class of minds than the work of a new poet.

A golden robin flashed into the air and disappeared. I saw it. It came to the great ark of the city, and I knew that summer was in that great mysterious land called the country. Elms and cool west winds; odd roads full of the odors of the sweetbrier; violets and dewy ferns; old wells; laughing children on their way to the country school; meadows of clover and sun; pastures of daisies and cloud shadows. But I must not dream. Fill again the ink-well.

The little office-boy that used to be here is dead—diphtheria. Somewhere in a tall tenement among the forests of tiles. His mother called.

"Will you go to the funeral?" she said. "You were so kind to little Arthur; you gave him the first dollar that he ever had." (It was Ambler.) Tears gathered in her eyes. "And you sent a bill to me when husband was sick and died" (Ambler).

"Yes, I will go."

A funeral in the great hive of a tenement-house. A minister came and said prayers, then hurried away. One carriage, the widow, her little daughter, and myself. Out of the dark street, out of the money-making, pleasure-seeking city, into the region of sunshine and air. The bobolinks were toppling in the clover, and there were singing robins in the door-yard trees.

"I wish that Arthur could have seen this," said the widow. "If the country had been there, he would not have died."

A little grave in the city lot away among the hills, and removed by a long wire fence from the great city of tombs with its white spires and domes.

We came away after the blanket of earth had been drawn over the poor little sleeper. We heard the partridge drumming in the green woods. There were clouds in the sky, and on them a broken rainbow, and afar the tall arm of a church uplifted a cross.

"I have not much to comfort me," said the widow, "but I shall always love to think that you were good to him. That was his happiness; it was the only happiness that the boy ever had outside of his home." (Ambler! How could I tell her that I was not Ambler?) I do not wonder that the people liked the old paper.

The firm have decided to publish no more editorials on subjects upon which there is a difference in public opinion. The paper is to be kept free from objectionable points. The fountain is to cease to flow. There are to be no more definite principles and opinions; facts only. It is the flowing stream that feeds the oak and meadow.

July 4th.—Went into the country among the cool green hills to visit the old home of my boyhood, and to gather wild strawberries in the woodland pastures, and to rest once more under the oaks. The little red house is gone, the meadow walls have fallen down, but the cellar and well were there, and the old flowers greeted me.

How picturesquely Ambler used to write about the wild flowers and birds! He loved the country. I think that most people like an editor who has nature near to his heart. "*He* loved God, nature, flowers, birds, and children," said an old farmer of Ambler, as we sat under the trees. "I used to like that paper; there was something about it, I can't tell you what."

September 21st.—Fall has come, and with it a great fall in the sale of the paper. The junior partner has been to see me on a very important matter. At a meeting of the firm it has been voted to use only stories by authors of established reputation, and not allow visitors to go to the editorial rooms in office hours.

"We feel compelled to make these rules," said the junior partner, "to protect our interests. The paper must be improved some way. Our sales are diminishing, and we begin to fear for the subscription list. New subscriptions have almost ceased. We have concluded, on the advice of the critical editor, to secure a serial from Baron von Amsden."

"But," said I, "the baron has written out his experience. He is barren of plots. A man soon exhausts all the plots of which he has had any personal knowledge. Not more than three or four really great plots ever become a part of any man's life."

October 1st.—Have begun the baron's story. No one seems to be reading it. The paper is more barren than ever—just as accurate as the multiplication table, and just about as interesting.

The subscription list is at a stand-still. The critical editor, like Tuerveydrop, advises that a little more dignity be put into the humorous column.

November 1st.—It is a cold day. The senior partner has called, and called my attention to the fact that the renewals of subscriptions are not satisfactory. He thumped with his cane, as usual, and remarked ungraciously as he disappeared, "I wish Ambler was alive." Shades of Ambler! I am sure that he would have no wish to return to these rooms in the sky attic if his editing were to be edited by the critical editor and the firm, and the paper were to be so often improved.

There has just been pasted on my door this legend: "No visitors admitted in office hours. Mr. Ambler is dead."

Yes, Mr. Ambler is dead, and the leaves are falling, and I must go out to the Field of Manoah and see that good man's grave. I have met a dozen people who have told me that his influence was the beginning of their success in the literary life.

December 1st.—The subscription list is declining so fast that the firm have come to the conclusion that there have been new conditions of literary life come over the spirit of the people. They have resolved to make the matter in the paper more select. Select! the scissors are kept going all the time now. Select! in publishing a paper for the people, that is the best which will do the most good, and all else is inferior. Success is to be learned, not by reasoning, but by living. Pompous old rhetoric is not literature; true literature is life. Men do not build houses by beginning in the air, at the top of the chimney.

March 4th, 188-.—It is indeed march forth with me. The firm's notes are gone to protest, and only the critical editor is to be retained upon the paper. More knockings. Not the genial story writer now, nor even the optimistic poet. The hard knock of the senior partner. 'Tis these knockings at the editor's door that make or unmake a paper—the unspiritual rappings—the unsympathetic rap, tap, tap.

April 1st.—The paper is bankrupt. The critical editor still remains in the office, repeating over and over, "'Tain't so." But it is—alas! it *is* so.

May-Day.—I have been to Ambler's grave at last. It is far, far away, outside of the great city cemetery. The Field of Manoah is the place of single graves, where sometimes whole families are buried in *one* grave. Was poor Ambler's grave designed to be filled by the editorial corps? If so, the paper died too soon. There was a white board at the head of Ambler's grave, marked No. 2002. That bouquet that the firm sent is there yet, very much withered, 'tis true, but it yet might answer for the soul of one of the firm who sent it.

It was to this place that the poets followed poor Ambler. I wondered if any of them ever recorded their reflections in verse. If I were a poet I would write something to his memory.

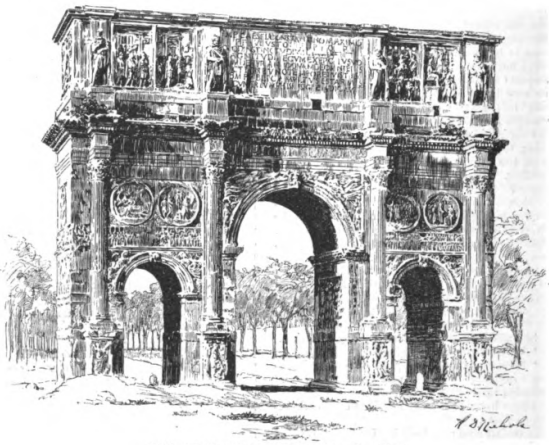
Oblivion? No. All of his unselfishness is a part of the great, great tide of life. It is only what a man has been to others that has any value when he lies down to his long slumber. If a man could help the world like Ambler, it would pay to live a life up here among the flowerless roofs and leafless tiles, and to only know the real true world of the forests, streams, and meadows through the prophetic gardens of the skies and the poets.

I have saved $1000—an enormous fortune for an editor. I am coming, ye birds, streams, and fields! Boy, bring me an agricultural paper. Thank you. Here it is: "Farm for Sale."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



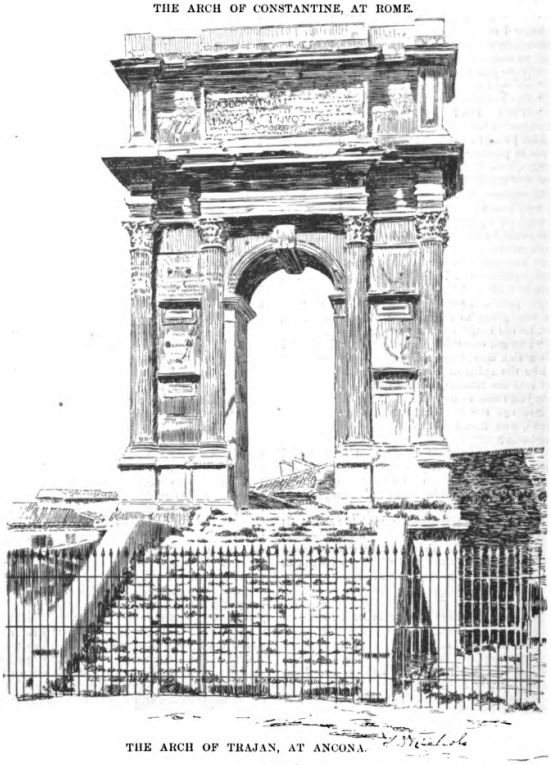
THE SIMPLON ARCH, ERECTED IN HONOR OF NAPOLEON I., AT MILAN.



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, AT ROME.



THE ARCH OF HADRIAN, AT ATHENS.



THE ARCH OF TRAJAN, AT ANCONA.



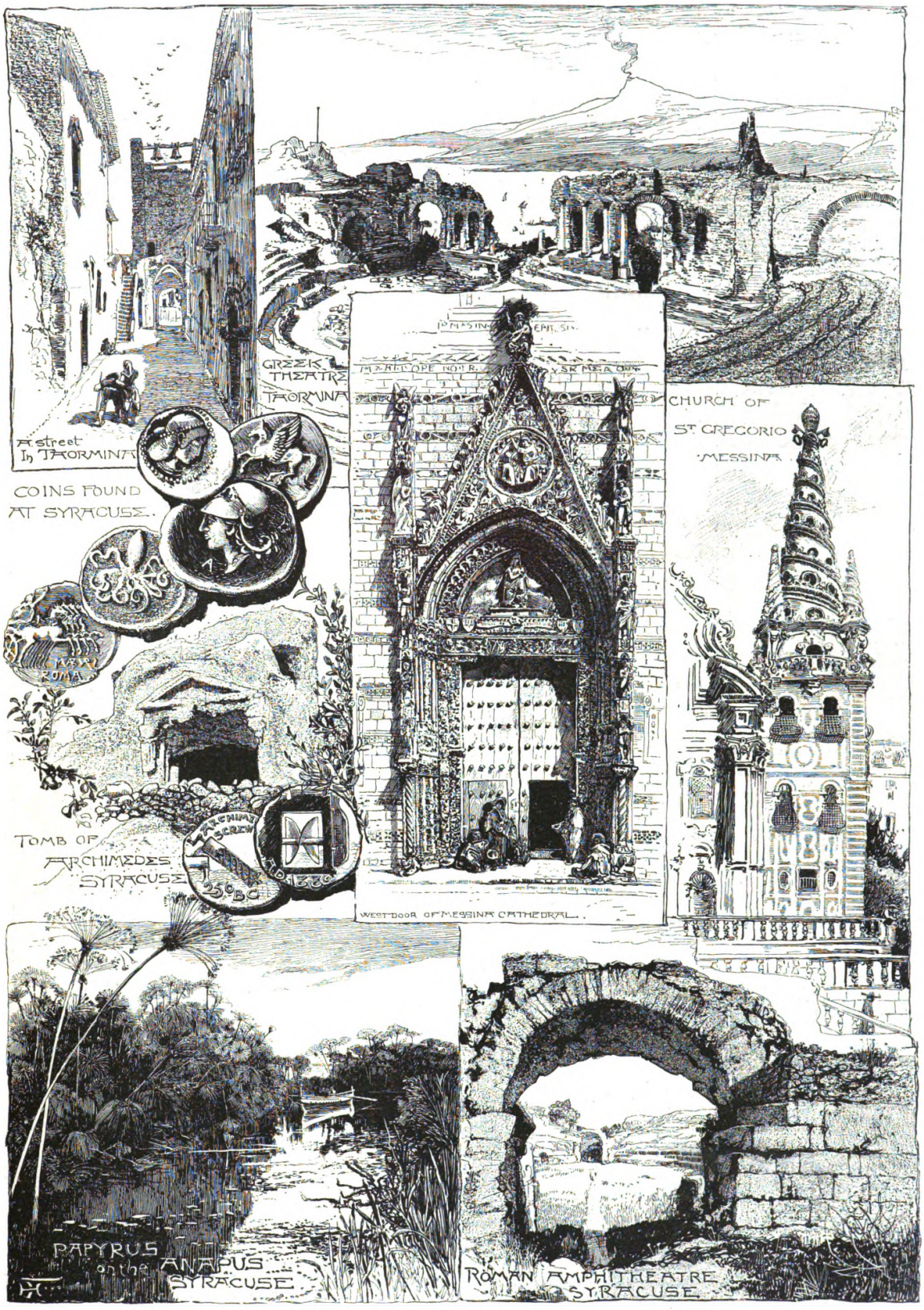
THE ARCH OF TITUS, AT ROME.



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE DU CARROUSEL, IN PARIS.

NOTABLE ARCHES OF TRIUMPH.—From Photographs.—[See Page 439.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SCENES IN SICILY.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Photographs.—[See Page 438.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

SICILIAN DAYS.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

THEIR trip to Sicily was solely due to a discussion as to comparative volcanoes. It happened in this wise. They had made the ascent of Vesuvius, and after having been sufficiently choked by the smoke in the effort to look into the crater, they were quietly seated on outspread rugs, enjoying the prospect, and eating the orthodox eggs, roasted in the usual hot ashes. It was a superb April day. There was not a cloud in the serene Italian sky that Italy so jealously covers up in winter, to hide it from the profane gaze of tourists, and unveils only for the delight of her own children when the warm spring and the glowing summer drive foreigners to uncomfortable Northern regions, where they can contrast, to the satisfaction of their own patriotism, the discomforts of chilly hotels with the comforts of their own fireside. Between Cape Miseno and the Point of Campanella stretched the zone of purple islands that bounds the bay, and at the foot of the mountain the whole city and its suburbs glistened in the sunshine.

"There can be nothing as beautiful as this," said the younger of the two girls.

"And then there is the wonderful volcano too," replied the other. "Oh! there can be nothing like it anywhere else."

"It's very nice, I am sure," said Mrs. Sadlier. "It's really worth coming to see, which is more than I'll say for most of Europe. There! I've got a whole lot of ashes in my egg."

"You wouldn't think so much of this if you were to see Etna," remarked the Scientific Person. "This Vesuvius is a mole-hill by the side of Etna, and its eruptions are not much more than Coney Island fireworks. An immensely overrated mountain. Nobody can have the least respect for it who has seen a real volcano."

"But, uncle," exclaimed the elder girl, "there isn't any such view from Etna as we have here."

"Isn't there, Mary! My dear child, the view of the Strait of Messina is infinitely the finest thing in Europe. Take Taormina, for example—"

"Papa," cried the girl, "let's go to Taormina, and put a stop to uncle's perpetual talk about Etna. He'll never give us any peace about it till we take him there and make him admit that it's no better than Vesuvius. Wouldn't you like to go, Nellie?"

"If we ever expect to have a quiet life we must do it," returned Nellie. "Uncle has talked of nothing but Etna since we have been in Naples. Do let us go, mother. I know there is a steamer to-morrow night, for I read the advertisement this morning."

"Just as you all say," placidly replied Mr. Sadlier. "I don't care where we go, so long as I'm back in New York by the 20th of September. Must be there then."

"Is there a good hotel in Tor— What do you call it?" asked Mrs. Sadlier.

"In Taormina," replied the Scientific Person. "Of course there is. Good hotels all over Sicily."

"Then I suppose we might as well please the girls and go," said the lady, with the judicial air of one accustomed to pronounce decisions in the family.

The girls were delighted, and the Scientific Person maintained that he was also; but Mary declared that his satisfaction was feigned, and that he already knew that his favorite volcano would be a disappointment.

Dinner is served on board the Messina steamer at six o'clock, for the steamer sails at five, and the judicious steward knows that, as a rule, three-fourths of the passengers are far beyond all hope of ever eating again when the dinner-bell sounds. A strong southwest wind was blowing when the *Malta* sailed, and before she reached the Canal of Campanella most of the passengers had fled to their rooms—the Scientific Person among them. The rest of the Sadlier party were excellent sailors, and when they went to dinner and found no one at the table except the captain and a young officer of Bersaglieri, they enjoyed the ineffable, self-righteous bliss of the person who in the midst of sea-sickness possesses his stomach in peace.

The officer sat opposite the girls. He was a handsome young fellow, though he had evidently been recently ill, and was now miserably sea-sick. He heroically tried to eat, but the effort was a failure. His colorless lips were tightly pressed together, and at intervals the cold perspiration shone on his forehead.

"That poor boy is awfully sick," said Mary Sadlier, with the calm confidence with which the American girl assumes that no Italian can understand English. "Why in the world don't he give up and go to bed?"

"The honor of the army is involved, my dear," replied Nellie. "He will die at the post of dinner sooner than yield in the presence of foreigners."

"Then, for pity's sake, let's hurry through and go on deck. I am real sorry for him. His eyes are perfectly magnificent."

"Sh! Suppose he understands English?"

"But of course he don't. You can see that. I'd like to tell him to try brandy, but I don't dare to."

The officer, if he did understand the girls' conversation, gave no sign of intelligence; but he grew paler, and was forced to lean his head on his hand. He did not change his attitude till dinner was over and the Sadliers arose to go on deck. Then he too rose to his feet, saluted them gravely, and disappeared into his state-room.

He appeared the next morning on deck as the vessel was rounding the Punta del Faro, and presently lingering near the Sadliers, begged a light for his cigar from Mr. Sadlier.

"Perhaps the young fellow knows about Messina," said that gentleman. "You ask him, John, when the train leaves; you can talk Eyetalian, and I can't."

But before the scientific John Spencer could collect his scattered Italian words, the officer, raising his cap, said: "The train will part for Catania at three o'cl'k. You go to Taormina perhaps?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Sadlier. "We're going to T'orminy, and we don't want to stay in Messina. There isn't much there to see, I suppose?"

"At the contrary, there are many beautiful things. You should make a promenade in carriage. It is a fine city."

"You live there, do you?" asked Mr. Sadlier.

"Oh no; I am Neapolitan; but I have many parents in Sicily. I come to make them some visits. But I shall part from Messina this evening in the train at three."

"Is your regiment at Naples?" asked Mrs. Sadlier. "I saw some beautiful regiments there."

"No, madam; my company is at Massowah. I was wounded there, and am now on l'ave by r'ason of illness. But you will permit me to present myself. Alas! I have no ticket with me; but I am the Lieutenant Rossi, of the Twenty-seventh Bersaglieri."

"Very glad, I'm sure," murmured Mr. Sadlier. "Lieutenant, this is Mrs. Sadlier. These are my daughters. Professor John Spencer, Lieutenant Rossi. My name's Sadlier, of New York."

The soldier bowed to each person as he was presented, drawing his heels together and bending his whole body from the waist. Then turning to Mary Sadlier, he said: "You like the sea, is it not? You have enjoyed the voyage?"

"Oh, very much. And you, of course, enjoy it. You are not sea-sick?"

"I love the sea, miss. No, I do not suffer. At the contrary."

"We thought," said Nellie, "that you looked a little ill at dinner last night."

"I was perhaps somewhat thinkful last night. But sick—no, begorra!"

The unexpected Irish flavor of the lieutenant's English struck Nellie Sadlier as so irresistibly funny that she was in terror of laughing hysterically. Fortunately the soldier did not prolong the conversation, but with an exquisite bow remarked that with permission he would "remove the incommodity," and so went below.

"What did I tell you?" cried Nellie. "He does understand English, and understood every word you said about him last night. Good heavens! what must he think?"

"Think! Why, if he is at all 'thinkful' about us, he thinks we are two poor American savages. It doesn't matter what he thinks. But where in the world did he learn his English?"

"From an Irishman, of course. Isn't he perfectly cunning when he says 'begorra'?"

"Girls, are you all ready? We'll go ashore now in a few minutes. Now do try to get ready in time." Thus Mrs. Sadlier, who always made it a point to be ready for any given travelling event so far in advance that the Scientific Person once remarked, "Susan, you're always just a little late for yesterday's train."

However, he was too much pleased to-day to find fault with anything. The witchery of that marvellous sight, the Strait of Messina, had hold upon him. On the one hand, Messina, white as an Egyptian city, but backed by the glorious Sicilian mountains; on the other, the vast and solemn bulk of Aspromonte—*aspra e dura* as the mountain where Dante wandered—and between the two the blue strait swarming with the white sails of fishing-boats, and the air full of sun and myth and history. Scylla's rock still frowns on the passing sailor, and you can see the gleam of Norman armor on the beach, the flash of Roman and Carthaginian spear-heads among the olive-trees, and the flame of Garibaldian red shirts on the slope of Aspromonte.

The Sadliers gave half a day to Messina, and drove to the churches, the fountains, and the ruined Badia. Messina is not rich in architecture, and it has no pictures. There is an occasional Gothic doorway richly moulded, and some good carving in the ornamentation of certain fountains, but, like most of the cities of southern Italy and Sicily, its picturesqueness is in its situation and its people. And yet, in common with other Sicilian towns, Messina is an architectural palimpsest. The Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, the Norman, and the Spaniard have all left traces of their respective architectures, the one often superimposed upon the other, and all alike covered with the all-levelling whitewash of the modern architectural anarchist.

"I don't think," said Mrs. Sadlier, "that the churches here are at all pretty. Now there are very pretty churches in Rome and Florence; St. Peter's, now, is very pretty; but here everything is ugly except the fountains."

"And they haven't any water in them," added Mary.

"I remember the last time I was here," said the Scientific Person, musingly, "the fountains were dry then. I don't see why."

"Look at the people and you'll see," replied Mr. Sadlier. "They hate the sight of water."

At the station, as they took their tickets for Taormina, the Sadliers found the young lieutenant. He explained that he also was going to Taormina—"he had a parent there"; and it naturally happened that they travelled together. He was very quick to help the travellers and point out the places of interest along the route, and Mr. Sadlier took warmly to the handsome bright young fellow. At Taormina, by his advice, they drove to the same hotel, and when Rossi strolled out to see "his parent," the whole party, with the exception of Mary, was enthusiastic in his praise.

The Scientific Person had a proud moment when the next morning the Sadliers had their first sight of Etna. A heavy bank of clouds hid the mountain from about half-way up its height to within a short distance of the summit. The apparent height of the mountain was curiously increased by this accident, and the snow-clad cone that showed far up among the clouds had the effect of a celestial phenomenon—a pyramid floating in the ether, and as remote, perhaps, as the moon or stars.

"Well, I am so glad we came!" said Mrs. Sadlier. "Etna is perfectly splendid, and the hotel is as nice as it can be. Oh, I do love natural scenery of all things!"

At Rossi's suggestion they decided to postpone visiting the ruins of the theatre until evening, and the day was easily taken up in wandering through the picturesque streets of Taormina and climbing the steep paths outside the gates, where the cactus hedges lined the road, and the sun gleamed between the olive-trees.

"How ugly the cactus is!" exclaimed Nellie. "It is the only ugly plant I ever saw."

"It's not a plant," said the Scientific Person.

"What in the world is it, then, if it isn't a plant?"

"It's a terrestrial disease," was the serious reply. "When the earth is overheated it breaks out with an eruption of cactus. It's a sort of mange, and I think sulphur would be the proper remedy."

"How perfectly horrible!" cried Mrs. Sadlier. "Do you really mean it, John? It isn't catching, I hope! Girls, for goodness' sake, don't touch the dreadful thing!"

They tired themselves out with the endless allurements of Taormina. It is a place where you must always walk a little further, for some fresh beauty of nature or architecture perpetually beckons you on. Even the remembrance that the hotel was a good one could not wholly occupy Mrs. Sadlier's mind, or successfully divert her from the beauty of Taormina and the winsomeness of the young soldier, for he was with them all the day, and devoted himself almost exclusively to Mrs. Sadlier; so much so that Nellie perceptibly pouted, and exhibited a sudden and overdone interest in the Scientific Person's theories and facts, which awoke even that unworldly man's suspicions.

As the girls were dressing for dinner, Nellie suddenly said that Rossi was tiresome and impertinent, and that she did not believe that he had any relatives in Taormina, and she wished he would go about his business. Mary made no immediate reply, but presently said that the young man was to her very uninteresting, and it was indifferent to her whether he staid or went.

"And yet you are so tremendously Italian. I thought you worshipped everything Italian, especially an Italian soldier."

"Yes, I love Italy. I sometimes think I have never loved and never shall love anything else. Look across the strait, Nellie! St. John never dreamed of anything so beautiful."

"How can you speak in that wicked way about the Bible?"

Mary did not reply. The sun was lighting the top of Aspromonte, and the shore and sea were already in the half twilight. From the bright eastern sky to the dark olives at the foot of Aspromonte there was every gradation of tint. Far down the hill of Taormina could be seen the goats on their way back to the town, and the droning song of a band of returning laborers came like a faint vague memory to the ear. The elder girl leaned on the railing of the balcony and dreamed, while Nellie, out of sympathy with all peaceful beauty, fretted over her dressing.

It was Rossi's uniform, added to more prosaic arguments, that induced the custode of the Greek theatre to admit the party after nightfall. They had the whole place to themselves and the moonlight; and the daily English girl with her sketching-book on her angular knees, the German painter with his pipe and easel, and the party of tourists with their chattering guide, were not there to break the æsthetic peace.

They wandered among the columns and climbed the grass-grown walls. Mrs. Sadlier confessed herself tired, and sat down on a broken pedestal, while her husband and the Scientific Person smoked silently beside her. Rossi and the two girls were at the highest point of the ruins, their figures sharp against the sky.

They were lost in the beauty of the scene, when suddenly the soldier began to sing. His voice was a superb and sympathetic barytone, and he sang as the natural expression of the feeling of the moment, and as if he were miles away from any listener. It was a passionate dramatic song of a soldier who takes a friend's place in the army in order to leave him with the woman whom they both love, and who, in the proud sorrow of his sacrifice, declares that henceforth his flag shall be his bride. At the last refrain, throbbing with hot blood and glorified with self-sacrifice—"*la mia sposa sara! la mia bandiera*"—a sob of overwrought nerves warned Rossi, who was standing close to Mary Sadlier, that the song was *troppo forte*.

He took no notice of her emotion, but when she recovered herself enough to ask him who wrote the song, he told her the writer's name, and offered to send it to her.

"What was that song all about?" asked Nellie, who knew no Italian.

Mary told her.

"Well, I don't believe there are many Italians who would give up a girl in that way," said Nellie.

"You think that we others can love only for pleasure?" asked the lieutenant. "Listen, signorina. I knew a man—he is of my friends—in Naples who was espoused to a beautiful young lady, but the day of the wedding the mamma would not consent, and the young lady cut off all her hair, and sent it to her lover, and went into a convent. It gave him a blow in the stomach, and it is now years that he can take nothing but English biscuit and water. Does not that show how my friend loved? Begorra, it appears to me."

"It was very dreadful," said Nellie, "and it is the first time I ever heard of blighted love striking to the stomach. But, Mr. Rossi, may I ask you who was your English teacher?"

"He was Sir Flanagan, an English gentleman from the capital of England. Dublin is its name, I think. He was in difficulties; indeed, he was a servant; but his family was of the highest, so he assured me."

"Did he teach you to say 'begorra'?"

"Certainly."

"Very well; you must not say it before ladies. It is not nice."

The lieutenant, who prided himself on his perfect knowledge of English, was severely wounded in his self-love, though he affected to be grateful for Nellie's reproof.

Impulsively Mary said, in Italian, "Do not mind her; she is quite wrong."

Rossi swiftly pressed her hand, but dropped it again so quickly that it was impossible for her to protest by withdrawing it herself. Just then Mrs. Sadlier's thin sharp voice called the girls to come down before they should all take their deaths of cold up there in that dew.

"As if there is any more dew here than there is where she is?" protested Nellie. "She wants Rossi to talk to her, and not to us."

They had one more day at Taormina. The ruined Gothic tower of La Badia, with its exquisite gradations of tint, and the wilderness of wild flowers which caress its base, fascinated Mrs. Sadlier, and she wondered why some enterprising man did not buy it, add a nice new building to it, and open it as a first-class hotel. Mr. Sadlier submitted meekly to Taormina, as he had submitted to the rest of Italy. He was very tolerant of intelligence and taste in other people. Sometimes he would remark: "The only comfortable place I have seen in Italy is ——'s pension. Every room is the same temperature, and they gave us pie." But this was a mild and innocuous protest against the beauties of nature and art.

The last night in Taormina the girls went silently to bed, and exchanged few words while undressing. It had been settled that Rossi was to go with them to Syracuse, and he had become so much at home in the family that it seemed the most natural thing in the world. The girls lay in their little iron bedsteads and thought of the handsome soldier. Nellie knew she was in love with him. She knew nothing of his character, his reputation, his position. She loved him for no intelligible reason, but to her it was enough that he was "so awfully nice." She dreamed of herself as a bride in white standing by the side of her husband in his dark blue and gold uniform. She had not the slightest doubt that he would propose to her. She knew she was pretty, and believed she was irresistible. The elder girl, with her slow, deep, intense nature, was as different from her sister mentally and morally as she was physically. She was a dreamer because her insight was clearer than that of other girls. She saw the material, prosaic side of her life in her New York home so vividly that it oppressed her, and drove her to dream of Italy as a place of spiritual freedom—a land where she could break out of her prison of prose. It did not disappoint her. To her it was given as it is given to few foreigners to know the Italy that is not seen but felt. She loved it with all the passion of her nature. She knew that she was at home in Italy and an alien elsewhere.

Rossi had interested her from the first. The feminine element in him that is never wanting in the strongest Italian man, and that adds grace and subtlety without detracting from strength, charmed her. His perfect naturalness and sincerity—qualities which can coexist in the South-Italian with an inveracity of speech that appalls the truthful Anglo-Saxon—attracted her strongly. She did not love him, but she foresaw that love for him awaited her in the near future. It might be a week, it might be two weeks, but she knew that it was inevitable. And she knew why she would love him. It was because he was sympathetic to her, not because she imagined him to possess qualities which perhaps he did and perhaps he did not possess. She could speak with him in a look, in the careless touch of a hand. She knew that her will could dominate his and her magnetism enslave him. Through the long soft night, with the remote and passionless stars watching her through the open window, she thought out the possible poem of love, and turned away from it. She did not yet love Rossi, but she was sure her sister did. She would turn back from the path that led to love while it was yet possible, and leave Nellie to win or lose unrivalled.

Through the dull plain of Catania, and over and through the worn gray hills south of it, the train made its slow way to Syracuse, where the quaint, rambling old hotel, maligned of Hare and suspected of Murray, but withal charming in its quaintness, awaited the travellers. There are ruins of all nations at Syracuse, and when one is tired of the Greek fountain of Arethusa, the Roman temples, the Saracenic and Norman doorways and windows, and the picturesque and dirty Sicilian town, there is the Anapus, where one floats on an Egyptian stream—a miniature Nile, with doubtless invisible pyramids and sphinxes concealed behind its hedge of tall papyrus reeds. The Anapus is unique in Europe—an Egyptian dream left behind when Isis was expelled from Italy, and never yet awakened; a concrete objective dream that can be seen and touched without ever passing from dreaminess to reality.

They had spent two days at Syracuse when one evening Rossi asked for a private interview with Mr. Sadlier. The latter really liked him, but it being an article of his creed that all foreigners were fortune-hunters, he was determined that no daughter of his should marry one.

"Sir Sadlier," began the lieutenant, "I have the honor to ask you what will be the dowry of Miss Mary?"

"What do you want to know that for?"

"Because, if she has enough, I shall beg of you the permission to make to her the court."

"Is it the girl or the money that you want?"

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The young man flushed. "It is not her money that I love," he replied. "No, Signor Sadlier, by the piper that played before Moses! But you comprehend that I cannot marry her without a dowry. Perceive, Signor Sadlier: I have passed my examins, and shall be captain in six months. Then there will be necessary only thirty thousand francs. I have nothing, but my mother will surely give me ten thousand if I tell her I have lost it at cards. Then there will be needed but twenty thousand. If Miss Mary will have only that, it suffices, and I will ask you to let me make her the court at once."

All the Americanism of Sadlier's nature revolted against what seemed to him a proposal to marry his daughter at the price of twenty thousand francs. But he was habitually a cool-headed man, and he kept his temper.

"Mr. Rossi," he replied, "you've made a mistake. We don't buy husbands for our daughters in America. I'm willing to make allowances for your being a foreigner and to overlook this conversation, but you must understand that under no circumstances will I give my consent to my daughter's marrying any foreigner, whether he wants to be paid for it or not."

Rossi bit his lip. "It is then finished," he said, presently, "and I must see the young lady no more. I thank you for your kindness, and I say farewell. May the Howly Vargin bless you and yours!"

"No, no!" cried Sadlier. "You needn't do that. You'd better come with us to-morrow, or else the ladies will think something is wrong. Come, we'll shake hands and say no more about it. We're going away day after to-morrow anyway, and it will be time enough to say good-by then." And so it was settled, and the young man withdrew sadly, but with the consolation that he had got one more day left to him.

As he left the room the Scientific Person entered. "What did the marquis want?" he asked.

"Marquis! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that the young fellow is a marquis. He gave one of his cards to me to-day."

"Well, he never put on airs about it, I must say that for him," said Mr. Sadlier; "but he's just made me a proposal to marry Mary if I will give her twenty thousand francs."

"Then he must have some money himself, and proposes to furnish the balance. That's rather to his credit, anyhow."

"Will you condescend to tell me what you mean?" cried Mr. Sadlier, feeling himself beclouded by mystery.

"Why, simply this. No Italian lieutenant is allowed to marry unless the girl has thirty-five thousand francs invested in government bonds. If he is a captain, only thirty thousand is required. Now if Rossi said he could marry Mary with a dowry of twenty thousand francs, he must have meant to furnish the balance himself."

"I believe he did say something about getting ten thousand from his mother by telling her a thumping lie."

"Well, what did you tell the boy?"

"I told him that my daughter should never marry a foreigner, but I didn't pitch into him, as I had a great mind to do. I told him to stay with us to-morrow, and then say good-by. After what you say I think better of him, but I am still dead against an American girl marrying any beggarly foreigner. But, for Heaven's sake! don't let my wife know the young fellow is a marquis. I don't know what she wouldn't do if she knew it."

Later in the evening Rossi and the ladies walked to the sea-wall, and stood gazing at the marvellous bay under the matchless Sicilian moonlight. Rossi stood near Mary Sadlier, and was strangely silent. Suddenly he lighted a match and held it up to his face.

"Will the miss kindly regard my cheek?" he said. His cheek was wet with tears. "Behold how I weep," he continued. "I shall weep all this night, and I must not tell you why." With a dramatic gesture he hurled the match into the water. "I shall be after weeping for many days. I would that I had staid in Africa, and been kilt entirely," he added.

Just then the rest of the party drew near, and Mrs. Sadlier, who had just learned that Rossi was a marchese, overwhelmed him with her republican sense of the grandeur of his title.

They had reserved the excursion to the Latomia of the Cappuccini for the last morning of their stay at Syracuse. A Latomia is an ancient and deserted quarry, and he who wishes a description of one, as well as of the other attractions of Syracuse, will find it in the guide-books. The Latomia of the Cappuccini is perhaps the most picturesque of its kind, although one of its rivals, the Latomia del Paradiso, boasts of the unique attraction of the Ear of Dionysius, which persons skilled in believing may manage to accept as the earliest substitute for the telephone. In the Latomia of the Capuchins six thousand Athenian prisoners are said to have "languished" for eight months during one of the Peloponnesian wars—a story which is quite credible, since prisoners in such a place could not well have done anything else except languish. It is now a wilderness of wild and unspeakably beautiful vegetation. The perpendicular walls are nearly a hundred feet in height, and the winding path by which the descent into the interior is made is ill-adapted for use by nervous persons.

The party had explored the Latomia, and were returning to the clear day above. It was by accident that Mary had lingered in the rear, but not by accident that Rossi had retraced his steps to find her. She met him on a narrow ledge about thirty feet from the bottom, and answered his greeting coldly. With a pained look he stepped aside to let her pass. The crumbling rock gave way under him, and as Mary turned at the sound of the falling stones she saw him in the very act of falling headlong.

With a step as swift and sure as that of an Alpine mountaineer she rushed down the path. She found him lying senseless on a thicket of flowers. There was a red stain on the white roses that were crushed under his shoulder. She threw herself by his side, and drew his head on her lap. The blood oozing through his coat sleeve wet her hand. She thought he was dead, and thought of nothing else. She strained him close to her bosom, and kissed him as one who kisses without hope and in the sweep of wild despair. An exclamation made her raise her slow, dazed eyes, and she saw her sister standing close beside her.

SOME FEATHERED BRIGANDS OF THE AIR.

Among the many enemies which threaten to exterminate our game birds the powerful hawks of the air stand almost in the front rank, occupying a position, as it were, among the feathered tribes that can only be likened to brigands. Powerful of flight, keen of eye, swift as shooting arrows in their descent, bold and rapacious in their habits, and wild and roving in their continual search for prey, they form a species of enemy that few creatures, whether they be feathered or furred, can escape when pounced upon in the open. Among these terrible warriors of the air the buzzard-hawks occupy first place by virtue of their size and strength. East of the Mississippi four species are found, the great red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*) being the commonest and largest. Its loud scream, resembling the syllable *kal*, uttered now and then as it soars around in great circles, is familiar to the ears of most hunters. Its majestic appearance in the air has often been the theme of poets' songs; but the sportsman sees nothing but fair "game" in the circling creature sailing two to four hundred feet above his head. The shot-gun is not of much use for these birds, as they rarely approach within ordinary range of such an implement, but the stout body and long wings make a fair target for a rifle ball. When the bird has made half of its circle, and comes up against the wind, its flight is much slower, and the hunter's chance has come. The birds live almost entirely off such dainty food as ruffed grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, quail, rabbit, spruce-partridge, and migratory birds.

Nearly as large as the red-tailed hawk, but less majestic in its flight and habits, is Swainson's buzzard (*Buteo swainsoni*), which prefers to obtain its food by decoying birds from the bush, and then pouncing upon them from a short distance. Birds smaller than quails form their principal food, while many insects are devoured by them. To have sport with this bird, one must frighten it off its nest, when the cunning creature will limp and flutter away as if severely wounded. Follow it a sufficient distance from the nest, and it will suddenly rise up in the air and sail off to other parts. A fine shot is then offered. It has a wing expanse of some forty-nine inches or more, which offers a fair target for a ball.

The red-shouldered hawk (*Buteo lineatus*) is a trifle smaller than either of the above, and far more timid in its habits. It seldom ventures outside of the forest, where it obtains its food by perching itself on some old stump of a tree, and sitting motionless until some prey approaches its resting-place. The sight of an enemy coming through the forest is the signal for alarm, and it immediately sails up in the air to great heights. But just after it has finished a hearty meal, the gourmand becomes so gorged that rapid flying is almost impossible, and it cannot even sail around in the air for a long time at once. The hunter can at such times often get good shots at the creature. The broad-winged hawk (*Buteo pennsylvanicus*) resembles it somewhat, only the latter is more daring and fierce in its attacks. Hunger will often make it so bold that it will seize wounded game from before the very gun of the hunter.

Supplementing these large brigands of the air are many smaller species, which, though not so noble game, are far more common and easier of capture. Every duck-hunter is familiar with that destructive creature known as the peregrine, or duck-hawk, the powers of which have been known for years. It does not hesitate to attack game as large and even larger than itself, and its well-aimed, arrow-like blow seldom gives its victim a chance to retaliate. In New England it is called the great-footed hawk, and it may be found all along our Atlantic coast every year, following close on the heels of the spring and autumn flocks of ducks. The flight of the bird when in quest of prey is something astonishing, and it is a common occurrence for it to overtake the fleet-winged carrier-pigeon. German falconers train the birds for the express purpose of overtaking carrier-pigeons, which make them of great service in times of war. The courage and dash of the bird make it a favorite in spite of its destructive qualities. To shoot one of these rapid flyers when in pursuit of a flock of ducks, the hunter wants a shot-gun, well charged with heavy duck-shot. The bird does not soar about in the air as do the buzzard-hawks, but often approaches within a very reasonable distance of the gunner.

The little pigeon-hawk (*Falco columbarius*), though a tiny creature compared with the duck-hawk, rivals its larger companion in its rapid flying. It is seldom shot, even by the best of woodsmen. It is always on the move, restless and quick, watching with the keenest of eyes for danger or prey, and ready at a moment's notice to enter into the wildest sort of race. It doubles up, circles around, dodges, falls, and rises alternately with such rapid motion that the larger hawks can seldom capture it. They kill thousands of pigeons, doves, and robins every season, catching them with apparent ease.

Of the chicken-hawks, as they are called, the small Cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*) is probably the boldest and most destructive. It is a pretty bird, with a white breast and dark ashy-brown back, and it is found throughout North America. Everybody is its enemy, and it is killed whenever possible, which isn't every day in the week. It flies close to the ground for its prey, but its ever-watchful eye detects danger as quickly as it does food. Rabbits, grouse, squirrels, lizards, and snakes are also its prey.

A few other feathered brigands are worthy of passing notice. The little sharp-shinned hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*) imitates its larger companions in destroying wild pigeons, partridges, grouse, and song-birds so successfully that sportsmen are killing it whenever a shot is obtainable. The woodpecker is a quick bird, and can usually escape a hawk by darting around a tree; but the sharp-shinned hawks are too much even for these artful little birds. The hawks usually hunt in pairs, and they very easily out-wit the most cunning bird. They have a zigzag, wavering flight when they are searching a woods for prey. The squirrel-hawk is another destructive creature, that hangs about in the woods and along the sea-coast, destroying small birds by the wholesale. Squirrels, mice, moles, and reptiles are devoured by them. They are dull and sluggish compared with most of the other hawks, and lack their dash and boldness. The marsh-hawk, or harrier, is probably one of the least destructive of the whole feathered tribe of brigands. Its feeding-ground is low marshes, where it destroys field-mice and small birds. Agriculturists are in favor of protecting this bird, inasmuch as its services in destroying mice and moles more than compensate for its destruction done in other ways. It is easily shot by hunters, but it fights fiercely when only wounded. In the Southern States the planters welcome it, for it serves most effectually to drive rice-birds off the rice swamps. Unfortunately it has been trapped and shot so universally that it is getting very scarce in North America—a fact that cannot but be deplored by all who understand the nature of the bird.

George Ethelbert Walsh.

ARCHES OF TRIUMPH.

The accidental is sometimes more beautiful and worthy of life than objects wrought with anxiety by the trained hands of masters, but there is need of the eye of genius to seize and establish it as a type forever. The accidental plays a great part in triumphs of invention and the fine arts. Who has not wondered, when visiting the ruins of cathedrals in northern Europe, the remains of aqueducts near Rome, the lonely arch which marks the site of some forgotten mosque of Asia Minor, whether the finished building could possibly have had such grandeur and noble simplicity as its ruin? Were we able to see as they really once appeared the strange pyramidal temples of Yucatan, or the rugged, cyclopean buildings at Titicaca in Peru, would they impress us with so much awe as now, when the very races who fashioned them can hardly be detected among the aboriginal tribes of the land, and their antediluvian frames have all the advantage of apparent imperishability when seen unclothed of their former coverings? A single lancet-window that rears itself without a trace of painting, leading, or stained glass from a heap of stones over which the ivy runs wild may well be a more beautiful object than the church itself as it stood smug and prosperous with its shiny roof of lead, its profusion of pinnacles and finials, its neat wooden frames and colored panes of glass. The eye is no longer confused by many impressions, but follows the upward swing of the arch with the pleasure felt when tracing the swoop of the night-hawk. The sky relieves the noble simplicity of each curve, and the ruin seems to have to the highest degree that union of strength and delicacy which is so grateful in works of art.

Arches of triumph are but portions of buildings detached and glorified for a purpose above mere utility. Like most things, they spring from more than one root; they are, as we see them now and read of them in old books, merely the results of many phases of evolution. They are essentially Latin; for although Greece can boast at Athens of an exquisite example, whose smallness only brings out better its charm, the Arch of Hadrian is a Latin arch in honor of the Roman emperor of that name. It is crowned with the skeleton of a building in a purely Greek style. On either side, above and below, are the traces of the pillars which graced rather than gave any structural aid to the right and left of the passage. The same simple means of decoration is found at Rome in the Arch of Drusus, so called, which is not a triumphal arch at all, but merely the passageway for a street under an aqueduct. Yet the massive arch stones and prominent key, the well-detached columns that supported a false architrave, give it an air of distinction beneath the formless superincumbent mass of brick-work. Neither is the beautiful arch of the King's Tomb at Delhi triumphal, nor that in the ruins at Ephesus, nor in all probability that at Palmyra which is called the Arch of Triumph; they are the remains of lofty entrances or gates to old buildings. Yet among the ideas from which the true arch of triumph has sprung that of a gateway may be fairly reckoned.

Nations which did not use the arch in their buildings employed the independent detached portal as a mark of the highest honors. Perhaps the nation or tribe which left at Titicaca the square gateways hewn out of one gigantic stone had not reached this degree of specialization in architecture, and quite surely not the point of erecting one for a human being. But it is likely that the Peruvian monoliths were meant to honor a deity, or the spirits of the dead, like the gateways elaborately wrought in stone by the nations of Farther India. In Egypt the purpose of gateways as distinctive honors to a god is clear. The pylons at Karnak prepared the visitor for the great courts of the temple, for the solemn pillared inner halls, and the final cell, dark and mysterious, most ancient as well as most holy, where the god himself dwelt behind a veil.

Perhaps it was the Etruscan federation which gave to Rome the pattern out of which the Latins evolved the earliest arches of triumph, making them more luxurious and permanent as they became rich with the booty of conquered and of slowly despoiled provinces. A certain connection between such buildings and the state religion to be noted points that way, for most of the forms of religion, most of the elements in the state-craft and architecture of the Romans, came from Etruria. But this strange old people could only have supplied the germs.

The early Romans caused those captives in war whom they wished to humiliate and then send despoiled to their towns to pass under an Arch of Ignominy, which was handily set up by the aid of three long spears, one lashed across the upper ends of two others which were thrust in the ground. Having made the common herd pass under the yoke, the commander returned to Rome with the captive leaders in hopes to receive the honor of a triumph—a reward by no means certain, owing to politics and the jealousies of rivals. Later generals were not averse to have at Rome itself, when a triumph was decreed to them, a representation of the yoke on a large scale, which the enthusiasm of the citizens decked with inscriptions and hung with trophies composed of captured armor and weapons. In the timber arches temporarily placed across the Sacred Way on such occasions, we may confidently find the main root of the stately arched buildings of stone and marble, decked with sculptures and bronze statues, of a later day.

With the development of her architecture from contact with Asia Minor there came a development of the science of honoring the gods and great men. The Arch of Triumph when made of imperishable materials was no longer a "yoke" for the captives in the procession of a victorious general, no longer an erection of squared beams to support painted words of welcome and trophies, but an ornament for the city, for whose erection great sums were spent and the best architects engaged, whether these were Etruscans, or Greeks of Asia Minor or Greece proper, or Romans learned in the sciences of the East. Bass-reliefs covered their shafts and ran up inside the sweep of the arch. The shafts came to be hollowed out in side arches for the convenience of foot-passengers. Front and rear were crowded with figures emblematical or realistic, sometimes to the detriment of the monument, so that those who could not read might know where and over what nation the conqueror had triumphed. The entablatures between architrave and cornice before and behind were made high in order to receive the severe but vainglorious, the highly abbreviated but pompous, record of the deed and the giver of the monument. The top was decorated with figures in bronze richly gilt, sometimes with horses and chariot, heroes afoot, and equestrian statues at the four corners. Finally, as one triumphal arch was neglected and went to ruin, another was clothed with the sculptures and decked with the figures plundered from it. Thus the Arch of Trajan at Rome—not the Ancona arch of the wood-cut—on which stood in bronze a chariot and six horses, with Trajan on the car and six generals afoot, had to yield up many of its bass-reliefs to ornament the Arch of Constantine, shown herewith.

Though the Romans were materialists rather than a religious folk, they were in the habit of connecting their triumphal arches with the temple, and probably in epochs of less luxury brought the two into much closer relationship. In B.C. 190 Scipio Africanus built an arch on the hill of the Capitol facing the road that led up to the temple of Jupiter. On the top were seven gilded bronze statues and two horses; before the arch stood two marble cisterns. Six years before, Stertinius brought such a spoil from Farther Spain that he erected two in the old cattle market, the Forum Boarium, one of which, according to Livy, stood before the Temple of Fortune. Thus these early arches have somewhat the same position before a temple as the pylons or honorary gateway before the temple at Karnak. After a victory over the Allobrogi of Gaul, in which Bituitus, King of the Arverni, was captured and taken to Rome (B.C. 120), a commander who bore the old and famous name Quintus Fabius Maximus erected an arch in the Great Forum. Victories won by Claudius over the Britons were the excuse for an arch erected A.D. 43, and pulled down in the sixteenth century by Pope Alexander VII. The emperor was in a four-horse chariot, between trophies, probably of bronze gilt. That of Marcus Aurelius was destroyed A.D. 1563. The Arch of Titus, still standing, was erected by Domitian in honor of Vespasian and Titus, and is famous for the triumph over the taking of Jerusalem; note the seven-branched candle-tick sculptured in the reliefs, still visible even in the little wood-cut here shown. The arch was part of a fortification during the Middle Ages, where the Frangipani clan had its robber nest in defiance of civic government. The Arch of Septimius Severus was erected in honor not only of Severus but of Caracalla and Geta. When Caracalla murdered his brother he had the inscriptions mutilated wherever Geta's name appeared. The base is of travertine stone, but encrusted with slabs of marble; the arch is of Pentelic marble. On the top was a six-horse chariot, with Severus crowned by a Victory. Caracalla and Geta stood beside the car, and equestrian statues were at each angle. Rome had a vast wealth of arches, triumphal and otherwise, and it still has more than any other city in the world.

But at present France rivals Italy in the number and beauty of its triumphal arches, ancient and modern. Without including Algiers, where several fine arches exist more or less preserved, there are Roman arches at Cavaillon, Carpentras, Langres, and Besançon, and two at the ends of a

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE BRANDENBURG GATE, POTSDAM, PRUSSIA.

bridge at St.-Chamas, Provence, which are probably antique. At St.-Rémy a triumphal arch of a single passage has the archivolt sculptured with fruits and flowers; figures of slaves are in relief on the front. One of very remarkable magnificence at Reims was built into the old wall of that town. But the most distinguished example of the period when Gaul formed an integral part of the Roman Empire is the arch at Orange in Provence, whence the famous house of Holland took its title. The early Greek influence of Marseilles is supposed to show itself in this beautiful structure by a lighter style of architecture than the arches which are extant in the Eternal City. It has side passages for pedestrians, and, like that at St.-Rémy, decorations of fruit and flowers, together with human figures in relief, now greatly defaced. A very beautiful arch across the Rue de Nazareth in Paris, on which the monograms of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers figured, was doomed in 1841, when Didron entered protest against its destruction. Lille has an arch of triumph to Louis XIV. But the present century is not lacking in these effective objects of decoration. To France is due the classical arch of triumph at Milan in honor of Napoleon the Consul, which is one of the illustrations given. About 1808 the modern Charlemagne wished to erect an arch on the Place Bastille, but objections were made by the Académie des Beaux Arts, or else it was not the policy of Napoleon for the time being to honor the Revolution that far. Paris has, however, two triumphal arches of great beauty, one being the smaller building which stands between the Louvre and the former site of the Tuileries. It is no small merit in this that it gives to the full the impression of its size, whilst it has been said with perfect justice of its great rival at the upper end of the Champs Élysées, the celebrated Arc de Triomphe, Place de l'Étoile, that only by a good deal of examination can one realize how very large it is. The smaller is therefore more Roman in one sense than the larger, which is here reproduced on a much smaller scale than the other arches. For if the arches in Italy have one virtue more than another—and this is also true of the antique arches in France—it is that they impress one with their size and dignity beyond what might be expected of their comparatively small size. Looking at the Louvre arch, and then at the Arc de l'Étoile, who would imagine that the latter is almost as big as the front of Notre Dame?

Standing isolated from other buildings, railed off from the approach of carriages, this magnificent and largest of all known arches of triumph requires something near it to give an inkling of its majestic bulk. Seen from afar, however, from the suburbs of Paris, it towers up like a giant, and deserves the verses made in its honor by Victor Hugo. Chalgrin was the architect to whom it was intrusted. It is 150 feet wide, 158 feet high and 75 feet deep. From 1833 to 1841 it cost about $500,000, and an authority writing in 1862 placed the cost up to that time at a little over $2,000,000. It is possible that with a tithe of that sum it might give at first look an equally good impression, but it could never have stood criticism as it now does when seen from all points of view and from many varying distances. Seen from the suburbs, it would have been lost.

Just at present New York is interested in the marble arch proposed for Washington Square. The sum fixed for the arch itself ($100,000) compels extreme modesty with respect to size, nor can we expect from the sum mentioned for sculptures ($50,000) anything approaching in richness and variety the decorations of the great arch in Paris. But such an arch and such decorations would be utterly out of place in a modest neighborhood like Washington Square. The simple, substantial old dwellings on the north side demand an arch of modest dimensions, with few sculptures, but these of the best. Triumphal arches are generally overloaded with decorations at first, time dealing mercifully with them when it thins out the statues. There can be little doubt that at Rome, and also in Gaul, triumphal arches were painted with bright colors to accentuate the architectural details. Marble slabs and sculptured panels glittered on their sides, the bronze statues on them were gilt, and the whole arch glowed with purple and fine linen, like a city father on his curule chair. Doubtless, also, they were often painted in bad taste, for it is not likely that the Roman who dared to paint architecture like the Greek would have the artistic instinct to restrain his hand and use color merely to enhance the beauty of the edifice.

From such bold lines we are debarred by the taste of the day, and especially by the necessity of keeping close to the ideals of our forefathers a century ago. The most we can do is to make up for colors by stronger lines in the monochrome of marble, unless, indeed, the architect has the courage to use other marbles than Carrara white to relieve its uniformity of tint. It is possible to imagine results far more beautiful than any arch or any temple known to the ancients by using marbles of varying shades, chosen with all the taste and care employed by our makers of stained glass when composing a window. But such an attempt, fascinating from its novelty, has the drawback of adding greatly to the expense. We shall probably have to be thankful for the present if we can get in clear white marble something similar to the simple, dignified arch in wood erected by Mr. Stanford White. There is also a poetic justification for an extremely simple monument, when we reflect for what purpose it is raised. We do not wish to impress the world with our great riches as a commonwealth; that would be a poor way of celebrating the hero of Valley Forge. But while desirous of recalling by the terms of the memorial the massive simple character of Washington, we are also concerned with showing that worldly success has not made us vulgar as a people, and that the close of the century finds the Republic keen to distinguish between good and bad art. A small and rather severely simple arch may do good as a denial of the charge that we care nothing for quality, everything for quantity; that so long as things are big, we do not mind if they are ugly. An arch of triumph which has the Greek quality of exquisiteness of proportion in all its parts will be a wholesome makeweight to the Bartholdi statue and the Brooklyn Bridge. CHARLES DE KAY.



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, IN THE PLACE DE L'ÉTOILE, PARIS.

THE REVIVAL OF SPECULATION.

THE dealings in railway and other stocks on the Stock Exchange yesterday footed up over half a million shares. A good many months have passed since the transactions were so large upon a rising market. The last bull market practically culminated in the latter part of 1886. In December of that year moderate stringency in the money market caused a sudden collapse of the most extensive speculation Wall Street has ever known. There was a partial recovery in prices during the first half of 1887, but the effects of over-speculation checked the rising tide, and the disasters resulting from overbuilding of railways in the Northwest and Southwest followed closely, influencing a declining market throughout the year 1888.

The period of depression, whether reckoned from the climax in 1886 to the truce between the Western roads last December, or from the flurry in the so-called specialties in the spring of 1887 to the revival of speculation to-day, covers about two years. It has been an exceedingly trying period to Wall Street, for its business has dwindled away until some of its would-be philosophers have questioned whether the public had not determined to permanently boycott the Stock Exchange. Investors have also suffered severely. Yet when the defaults by railroad corporations are considered, the experience of the owners of railroad securities has not been as bitter as on previous similar occasions. They have simply had to contribute their share toward repairing the exhaustion that is constantly recurring in this rapidly growing country. Capital was responsible for the ambitious and excessive railway building that weakened nearly every company whose lines stretch out across the Mississippi Valley and beyond. It has had to participate in the inevitable reaction, and has only itself to blame for having been too enthusiastic as to results, or unwise in the selection of those upon whose judgment it has relied.

Since the managers of the Western trunk lines resolved early last winter to obey the Inter-State Commerce Law there has been a growing discussion in Wall Street as to whether the end of the bear market was not at hand, and better times in sight. The progress of that discussion has been noted in this column, colored perhaps with a conviction that time would vindicate those who contended for the affirmative. The developments having a favorable bearing upon the value of railway securities have not taken place rapidly. At least not rapidly enough for so impatient a community as Wall Street. But it is important to note that the tendency of events is almost uniformly toward better results for the capital that is invested in railroad property. Certainly some progress has been made toward a higher standard of corporate management, and the indications are that railroad managers as a rule have begun to appreciate that the public expects them to conduct their business according to the established principles of commercial morality, and that they can be legally punished if they fall back into any of the reprehensible practices that have always been productive of rate wars.

Nature has thus far countenanced, if indeed she has not to a great extent inspired, the more hopeful feeling that is beginning to prevail both in and out of Wall Street. Should the promises of greater integrity in the management of corporations and of excellent crops be fulfilled, the results will be all that could be desired. The first condition alone is already giving increased earnings over last year. The speculative element does not hesitate to discount the last-named condition, and to that extent it has rendered a signal service in helping to get the market under way. During the week now closing especially, the people who trade on margins and the brokers who turn stocks in the market for a living have been instrumental in bringing the bears to terms. The element that is bent upon depressing values has, as every one knows, ceased to be aggressive. It no longer contests the improvement in prices, and to an extent may have already enlisted upon the long side. Of course there is always a certain number of straggling operators who fail to appreciate the big turns in prices that take place every few years.

The period of depression from which the security market seems now to be emerging has not been devoid of advantages. They may have been unsought, but that has not prevented their improvement. The opportunity has been offered to effect changes in the ownership of several important properties, and whatever has been done in that line has been with a view toward greater harmony in the railway world. A number of weak roads have been absorbed by larger ones with which they would naturally affiliate, and this work is still going on. It cannot be checked. Besides, alliances between large competitors are probable, especially in the case of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul company, which, according to current and plausible reports, is likely to be established in very close relations to the Chicago and Northwestern road. The control of the Oregon and Transcontinental company has been sought by a combination of capitalists, with the view of securing the unification of all of the roads in the extreme Northwest. Of course it may be argued that this tendency is toward monopoly, but it cannot be overcome simply on that ground. The effect of the most important anti-railroad legislation on the statute books, the Inter-State Commerce Law, is to force the railroads together, especially the weaker ones into the control of the stronger. Since the railway became a factor in the country's progress, the cry of monopoly has attended each successive consolidation, yet the public has not suffered; on the contrary, has obtained better service, while the value of securities has invariably been enhanced. COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May* 25, 1889.

SOLID SILVER
SMALL TABLE-WARE.

TO buyers of solid Silver Forks and Spoons this house offers the following advantages:

Choice may be made from a variety of patterns of artistic merit as well as the highest finish that have been adopted not less for their practical fitness for use and long service than for their beauty of design.

Fixed low prices per ounce and a clear statement of weights enabling purchasers to know exactly what they are getting for their money.

Engraving of initials, not in a merely mechanical way, but in a finished style in harmony with the pattern.

The certainty of being able at any future time to obtain, without trouble, additional pieces of precisely the same pattern they may now purchase.

This last consideration, in connection with the fact that the price per ounce is the same, whether the purchase be of but one half dozen pieces or any larger number, is of no slight importance to those who may wish to form sets by purchasing in modest quantities from time to time.

A "*Fork and Spoon List*," giving weights to the dozen pieces, prices, and illustrations full size of patterns, will be sent on application.

THEODORE B. STARR, Diamond Importer, Jeweller, Silversmith, etc., 206 Fifth Ave., Madison Square, New York.—[*Adv.*]

CLEAR THE WAY

Without loss of time when the intestinal canal is blocked up by reason of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become lasting and obstinate, and breed other and worse complaints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the precise remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drenching or weakening the blockaded bowels, a consequence always to be apprehended from the use of violent laxatives, which are among the most pernicious of the cheap nostrums swallowed by the credulous and misinformed. The fiat of experience, and of the medical fraternity, sanction the claims of this standard aperient. Not only as a source of relief and permanent regularity to the bowels, liver, and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles, and fever and ague, it is without a peer. —[*Adv.*]

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the public of England for half a century, and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used than all the other Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, BEECHAM'S PILLS are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that BEECHAM'S PILLS ARE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. —[*Adv.*]

A SENATOR'S wife, who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington, gave the following receipt to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

USE Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer, of exquisite flavor.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

deed. There was an air of squalor and wretchedness about it that smelt of crime, and my heart shook within me as I sniffed it. I was considerably ahead of time, but I thought I would take a look at the place, at any rate. It proved to be a corner groggery near the bay, and surrounded by all the evidences of a seafaring population. There was a curious hitching-post on the corner, and an uncouth villanous-looking individual was leaning against it, smoking a black, short-stemmed clay pipe. He raised his head at my inquiry as to whether this was No. ——, and snarled out, "Can't ye see?" then softened a trifle as he asked, "Be you the young feller what's to meet my chums here this afternoon?" On my replying that I was to meet Messrs. —— and ——, he said, "Well, you're on time, sure enough"; and then relapsed into his position of evil soliloquy.

I was at a loss for something to say, but in casting about for some subject of remark I hit upon the curious hitching-post as a topic, and remarked: "That's a very curious post, is it not? It looks like a figure-head of some ship."

"And what might you be knowin' about figger-heads?" he quickly retorted.

"Oh, nothing much," I answered, "but being a seafaring man myself, its shape suggested the idea to me. Do you know anything about it?" I cautiously asked.

He took his pipe slowly from his mouth, glanced at me curiously from head to foot, and then inquired, with a touch of fierceness in his tone,

"What do you want to know for?"

There was a strange mixture of fear and cunning about his bearing that seemed to be roused by my question.

"No reason in particular," I said; "only it is odd that an old ship's figure-head should come to be a hitching-post."

This reply seemed to satisfy him, for he resumed his pipe and careless attitude. He puffed away slowly for several minutes. That something was working away in his mind was evident. The smoke rolled out in thick bluish clouds and coiled about his head, intensifying the devilish expression of his face. At last he paused.

"You're right," he said; "it was a figger-head, and of as neat a little bark as ever dipped in brine. I come to 'Frisco in her thirty-two year ago."

"Did you indeed?" I exclaimed. "And what was the bark's name?"

Again he paused to scrutinize me. There was a suspicion in his look that I could not understand. His eye met mine with a restless, uneasy glance. He seemed inspired by dread of some object behind my course of questions; but then, with an impatient gesture, as if throwing it aside, and a careless laugh at his own fears, he replied:

"The *Acasta* was her name, and— Hello! here comes Bill and Jim. Step in, young feller, and we'll settle this business."

Before I could recover from the astonishment that the name produced, the two men joined us, and I followed them into the saloon, receiving as I entered the door a nod from the detective, who had been a witness from across the way.

As we entered I heard a tremendous racket in an adjoining room. There were unintelligible yells, preceded by loud hammerings on the door.

"We've got 'em, blast 'em," said one of my villanous friends, with a significant leer and jerk of his thumb toward the room from whence the noise proceeded.

"Got what?" I innocently inquired.

"What?" he replied, in coarse jocularity. "Why, them Chinee what you wanted. Eighteen of 'em, and all dyin' to go. Don't you hear 'em?" and the rascal grinned at his own humor.

"Well," said our host, "let's get to business. Have you got your money with you, young feller?"

"I have, but—"

"Well, hand it over," he gruffly interrupted.

"I will when you put the men on board the Vallejo steamer," I quickly but firmly replied.

What inspired me to revive the subject of the figure-head I know not. Perhaps it was a feeling that the taunt might strengthen my nerve for the encounter which I felt sure was to follow. The attitude that the three men assumed when I showed a determination to be treated fairly in the matter was a murderous one. That the whole thing was a trap, I saw at once. That no servants had been secured, and that the commotion in the next room was the work of confederates, to lead me to believe that the Chinamen had really been corralled, flashed across me in an instant. I might have made a dive for the door, have given some signal that would have called in the detective, and thus escaped, but one of those impulses that come to us at times and bid us do the most foolish things took possession of me, and with the effrontery of a madman I remarked: "You said the name of the bark was the *Acasta*, I believe, my friend? Perhaps, then, you knew Robert Harley and Charles Bennett and Miss Gardner?"

I remember hearing one of the men say, as all three rose: "By God! I thought so. He's on to us. I knowed it would come;" and then everything swam before me, and I only awoke when in my room at the Occidental. Anxious friends were standing about. They told me of the events that transpired after my injudicious remark—that I had been knocked senseless with a blow from the fist of one of the ruffians, and would undoubtedly have been murdered had the detective not entered at the noise of the scuffle. Indeed, the man with whom I had talked about the figure-head seemed determined to kill me, and the detective had to put a ball into him before he would give over his murderous design. All three were now in custody, and the police were delighted, for they had long been the terror of Chinatown. I recovered quickly, and that night was about to join a theatre party, when a hurried card from my friend the detective called me to the office.

"That fellow that I shot this afternoon is dying," he said, "and he wants to see you before he goes off. Can you come with me to see him a little while?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I'll go at once."

I excused myself from the party, and repaired with the detective to the City Hospital. The wounded man lay on a couch. The pallor of death had spread over his face.

"He is strong now and can talk well enough," the surgeon said; "but he is bleeding internally, and nothing can save him. We have told him that he had better make his peace with God before he dies. He says that he has something to confess to you, so we sent for you. Here's the gentleman you wished to see," he said, turning to the dying man. "Do you want any one present?"

"Yes," he replied; "I want the sky pilot, and no one else." So the Rev. Mr. —— and I were the hearers of the following remarkable story:

"Young feller," he said, in a voice that trembled with fear and excitement, "how you come to know anything about the bark *Acasta* I don't know, but I argues that you does, 'cause you spoke of Robert Harley, Charles Bennett, and Hadassah Gardner. Robert Harley war the master of the *Acasta*, and Charles Bennett war one of the crew. That's me. My name's Charles Bennett, and I killed Robert Harley. He loved Hadassah Gardner, and she loved him. I loved her too. Them war days when I was better than I am now; though not much, 'cause I killed Robert Harley. It come about in this way: It war in 1849 that the *Acasta* left Sag Harbor for whalin' in the Pacific. I knowed that Haddie and Robert war to be married when he got back, and I made up my mind that he never would come back. So I shipped as carpenter on his bark. I made myself solid with the crew. They all swore by me, but they had nothing agin the old man, and I couldn't get no cause to pick a row with him. We catched a few whales in the Atlantic, got around the Horn, and stood up for the islands with the southeast trades. It war somewhere about twenty-five degrees south latitude that we spoke a big American ship bound for 'Frisco. We boarded her, and learned of the diggin's in Californy, and how every one was bound for that country. When we got back to our ship I said to the boys, 'Let's ask the old man to go to Californy.' So we come aft in a body, and asks him to let the whales go, and to stand up for the land of fortune. He refused to do so, and ordered us forward. That night I worked up the crew to take the ship away from the old man, and offered to lead them. Enough agreed to do the work, so the next day we took the ship. I killed the old man with a windlass brake, and we dropped him out of the cabin window. Nobody saw me, and nobody asked no questions. The mates guv in, and all hands was glad that we was goin' to the land of gold. We ran across an island, and I got up a plan to fool anybody what happened to land there. I got the mate to write a letter sayin' as how he war Robert Harley, sole survivor of the bark *Acasta*, what was knocked down by a squall and all hands lost, and as how he loved Miss Gardner, and a lot of other stuff, and then I cuts a notice on a capstan bar to look under a stone, and I put the paper in a tobacco-box under it. Then the mate steered us for 'Frisco. We got there all safe, and the first night in the bay everybody but me and my two chums—the same what you seed this afternoon—jumped the ship and put for the diggin's. A strong nor'easter come up and the cable parted, and we went ashore. The old *Acasta* piled up high and dry, and I made a hotel outen her, and made a heap of money, but somehow I couldn't keep it. I was allus a-hearin' poor Haddie calling for Robert, and went and got drunk to keep from a-hearin' of her, and now that I am a dyin' man I swears that my life has been one eternal punishment, and I thinks I ought to be let up on when I dies. I didn't do no more than what any man would ha' done when he war kept from his rights. Gold's better nor whales any day, and—" A sudden pang brought him to a stop. His face grew ghastly white. Some sudden rupture had hastened the fatal tide, and life was fast ebbing away.

"Have you any letters or papers of Robert Harley?" I asked.

"Yes; one letter for Haddie. God 'll forgive me my sins if I do her right at last; won't He, parson? It's in my chest at the tavern. Take it to her, and say that—that—" He hesitated to express his mind, then began with an earnestness that bespoke his last efforts: "My chums didn't have nothing to do with the killin' of Robert Harley. Let up on them." The words came in faint whispers. His face settled down to a look of calm satisfaction: he had been loyal to his chums.

I revisited the tavern with the proper police officers. On overhauling his chest we came across a dingy letter addressed to Miss Hadassah Gardner, Southampton, Long Island. It proved to be the journal-letter of Robert Harley to his sweetheart. He had written a few lines daily; but its delivery was sadly delayed. Inquiry elicited the fact that the bark had gone ashore as Bennett had related, and that the city had filled in and built about it, leaving only the figure-head to mark its grave. No one knew anything further about her history, for events of the kind were only too common in the exciting days of '49.

I wrote to the Historical Society of Sag Harbor, asking them to renew their search for one Hadassah Gardner, of Southampton, saying that I had important documents for her—a letter from Robert Harley.

We were 112 days from the Golden Gate to Narragansett Bay, and when the mail came on board at Newport it brought me a letter from Sag Harbor, saying that Hadassah Gardner had been found—an old lady, very feeble, living entirely on the memory of her absent lover—and that she had died shortly after learning of the letter that never came. C. H. HARLOW, U.S.N.

RUE.

She planted in her garden bed
The quaintest blossoms, gold and red;
And then she planted rue.
So every year the little maid
Among her nodding neighbors played,
And passing fair she grew.

Ah! that was very long ago:
The fashions change in flowers, you know,
As well as frocks, and fret
Us till we hide them far apart:
So 'tis not strange that in her *heart*
She's planted rue—regret.

THE LITERARY ACTIVITY OF LEADING NATIONS.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE H. SCHODDE.

The comparative statistics of the literary productions of the principal peoples on the globe present some curious and instructive data. In more than one way they throw a strange light on the mental trend and national individuality of a people. Looked at in the proper way such statistics are anything else than dry figures; they are valuable aids and adjuncts for the study of a nation's character and history.

The most noteworthy feature in this regard is the extraordinary amount of literary work done by the Germans. The publications of Germany alone exceed in number those of England, America, and France combined. The German publications for 1888 are officially reported to have been exactly 17,000, over against 15,972 for 1887. During the same twelve months England's presses sent out 6591 works, although the year before the number had been only 5686. America in 1888 published 4631 books, over against 4437 in 1887, and 4676 in 1886. The French statistics for 1888 are not yet accessible, but according to the *litérateur* Ernst Bark, that country in 1887 issued 3380 volumes. It is a fair estimate to say that the average annual book publications of France are about four thousand. The statistics for Italy are officially reported at 10,863 separate works for 1888, which is 298 less than the year before. This rather remarkably good showing for the fair peninsula can be properly estimated only when we remember that the list includes also all new editions, republications of magazine articles, and the like. But even then it must be said that Italy is showing a remarkable literary activity—a fact which stands in close connection with the other fact, that the university attendance in Italy is 15,000 and more, or proportionally twice what it is in England and America, and almost up to that of Germany. Since the establishment of the Italian Kingdom in 1870 a strong literary and educational zeal has been developed there.

The why and wherefore of the remarkable leadership of Germany in the literary work of the nations find their explanation in the character and ideals of the people. Nowhere on the globe is so high an estimate put upon a literary career and literary success as is done in the father-land. It is not only one, but it is the leading, method of securing and maintaining public recognition and prominence. In this respect it has all the attractions for a German that the opportunities of a business career have for the American. A German's ambition to write a book is as pronounced a characteristic in his mental make-up as is an American's ambition to make money a prominent trait in his character. Nowhere is this fact more noticeable than in the close connection existing between educational and literary work in Germany. In any of the grades of schools above the elementary, no person who has not by a publication of his own proved that he is able to make independent research can expect a position, or to ask for promotion, unless new and further publications show that he has claims in this direction. Of the 2230 professors and instructors in the twenty-one German universities, there is not one who is not an author, and many of them are such a dozen or a score times over. A professional man who is not "productive" is regarded as behind the age, and as an unfit leader in the research of his department. And to be this is the aim of a German scholar and teacher above everything else. The esteem in which a university teacher is held by the government and by the public is not at all based upon his ability to instruct and impart what he knows, but upon his success in developing new lines of thought, and showing his hearers how to do this. That the pursuit of such aims must be a great stimulus to the literary productiveness of a people is self-evident.

Another cause co-operating to the same end is this, that the Germans are the greatest book-buying people on the earth. This is not because of their wealth, for in comparison with England, France, and America, Germany is a poor country. But the Teutons are willing to forego many things which others deem necessary to their comfort in order to have a good library. There are but few educated Germans who have not a comparatively complete library in this or that department in which they are especially interested. The English are not book-buyers, and the prevalence of circulation libraries in the British Isles explains both the smallness and fewness of editions and the great prices asked. In the last regard the Germans have of late shown a strong tendency of imitating their neighbors across the Channel, but they still adhere to their old custom of setting up anew every new edition of a book, improving and correcting it down to the date of publication. A stereotyped book is a rare exception on the German book market outside of the field of popular fiction.

As contrasted with American works, the literature of European lands shows a stronger predominance of works of a more solid character. Fiction, indeed, headed the list in England, as it did in America, in 1888; in the former case being represented by 929 works, and in the latter by 808. But then England published as second on her list 749 theological works, while America had only 339. By a strange contrast, America leads England heavily in legal works, having issued 329, to 115 in England. But in other cases England is considerably in advance of America in the heavier lines, so that, as a farther example, England's list of educational works was 690, while that of America was only 306. The contrast is still more marked when we come to Germany. There, in the land of scholars and scholarship, educational works stand head and shoulders above all the rest, being almost two thousand in number, not including non-German works, such as Latin and Greek authors, used in the gymnasia and universities. Theology is represented by 1623 numbers, the legal department by 1490, the medical by 1108, belles-lettres by 1423. Even in Italy the same features are noticeable, theological and religious works having appeared in 1888 to a number exceeding a thousand; educational works to about eleven hundred.

A singular phenomenon in connection with these literary data is the fact that no other nation has been able to produce such thoroughly popular magazines and periodicals of a high literary character as America has been doing. The tendencies of European literary work are considerably more technical and inclined toward specialism than is the case in America. The historic class distinctions and feelings in the traditional soil of the Old World have seemingly prevented the development of a periodic literature that is genuinely popular in character. In this regard the youngest among the nations is the greatest and the teacher of all. Whether the fact that America is the greatest magazine and paper producing and reading country under the sun tends to produce a superficiality of thought, as is frequently charged, is an altogether different question. But the close connection between the rapid development and flourishing condition of this species of literature and the history of the formation of the American nation and character is not difficult to trace. The latter furnished the natural conditions for the production of the former.

PHYSICIAN AND FRIEND.

Sometime I would have scorned the cup he brings,
Revolting from the draught, but when he flings
The challenge of his smile across the rim,
With answering smile I turn and drink to him.
Bitter or sweet, I dare it to the lees.
It is my own; I take it, pain or peace,
Unfaltering, and glad with gratitude to him
Whose friendly smile has crossed it, rim to rim.

Written of the late Dr. F. W. Rockwell, in Brooklyn, January, 1885.

TITLED CANADIAN PIONEERS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

There is a very remarkable bit of this continent just north of our Territory of Dakota, in what the Canadians call Assiniboia, one of the Northwest provinces. Here the prairie reaches away in an almost unbroken plane, like a brown ocean of grass. Here are some wonderful and some very peculiar phases of immigration and of human endeavor. Here is Major Bell's farm of nearly one hundred square miles, famous as the Bell Farm. Here Lady Cathcart, of England, has mercifully established a colony of crofters, rescued from poverty and oppression. Here Count Esterhazy has been experimenting with a large number of Hungarians, who form a colony that would do better if those foreigners were not all together, with only each other to imitate—and to commiserate. But stranger than all these, here is a little band of distinguished Europeans, partly noble and partly scholarly, gathered together in as lonely a spot as can be found short of the Rockies, or the far Northern regions of this continent. These gentlemen are Dr. Rudolph Meyer, of Berlin, the Comte de Cazes and the Comte de Raffignac of France, and M. Le Bidau de St.-Mars, of that country also. They form in all probability the most distinguished and aristocratic little band of immigrants and farmers in the New World.

Seventeen hundred miles from Montreal, in a vast prairie where settlers every year go mad from loneliness, these polished Europeans till the soil, strive for prizes at the provincial fairs, fish, hunt, read the current literature of two continents, and are happy. The soil in that region is so black that the roads and the buffalo trails look like ink lines on brown paper. The vast territory of which this is a part is considered the best wheat section in the world. It takes in part of Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Dakota, and is a tract five hundred miles long by two hundred and fifty miles in width. Well-diggers have pierced the earth to a depth of three hundred feet in places before they have come to the bottom of this opulent layer of black soil. The Canadian Pacific Railway crosses this belt, with stops about five miles apart—some mere stations and some small settlements. Here the best houses are little frame dwellings; but very many of the settlers live in shanties made of sods, with such thick walls and tight roofs, all of sod, that the awful winters, when the mercury falls to fifty degrees below zero, are endured better in them than in the more costly frame dwellings.

I stopped off the cars at Whitewood, picking that four-year-old village out at hap-hazard as a

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SETTLER'S SOD CABIN.



PRAIRIE SOD STABLE.

likely point at which to see how the immigrants live in a brand-new country. I wanted, if possible, to reproduce in my own mind a picture of settlers' life as it must have been seen on our own plains fifty or more years ago. I had no idea of the existence of any of the persons I found there. The most perfect hospitality is offered to strangers in such infant communities, and while enjoying the shelter of a merchant's house I obtained my first idea of a thunder-storm on the prairie—a hair-bleaching experience—and news of the distinguished settlers, all of whom live away from the railroad in solitude not to be conceived by those who think their homes the most isolated in the older parts of the country. I had only time to visit Dr. Rudolph Meyer, five miles from Whitewood, in the valley of the Pipestone.

The way was across a level prairie, with here and there a bunch of young wolf-willows to break the monotonous scene, with tens of thousands of gophers sitting boldly on their haunches within reach of the wagon whip, with a sod house in sight in one direction at one time and a frame house in view at another. The talk of the driver was spiced with news of abundant wild-fowl, fewer deer, and marvellously numerous small quadrupeds, from wolves and foxes down. He talked of bachelors living here and there alone on that sea of grass, for all the world like men in small boats on the ocean, and I saw, contrariwise, a man and wife who blessed Heaven for an unheard-of number of children, especially prized because each new-comer lessened the loneliness. I heard of the long and dreadful winters when the snowfall is so light that horses and mules may always paw down to grass, though cattle stand and starve and freeze to death. I heard too of the way the snow comes in flurried squalls, in which men are lost within pistol-shot of their homes. In time the wagon came to a sort of coulee or hollow, in which some mechanics imported from Paris were putting up a fine cottage for the Comte de Raffignac. Ten paces farther, and I stood on the edge of the valley of the Pipestone, looking at a scene so poetic, pastoral, and beautiful that in the whole transcontinental journey there were few views to compare with it.

Reaching away far below the level of the prairie was a bowl-like valley, a mile long and half as wide, with a crystal stream lying like a ribbon of silver midway between its sloping walls. Another valley, longer yet, served as an extension to this. On the one side the high grassy walls were broken with frequent gullies, while on the other side was a park-like growth of forest trees. Meadows and fields lay between, and nestling against the eastern or grassy wall was the quaint old-fashioned German house of the learned Doctor. Its windows looked out on those beautiful little valleys, the property of the Doctor—a little world far below the great prairie out of which sportive and patient Time had hollowed it. Externally the low long steep-roofed house was German, ancient and picturesque in appearance. Its main floor was all enclosed in the sash and glass frame of a covered porch, and outside of the walls of glass were heavy curtains of straw, to keep out the sun in summer and the cold in winter. In-doors the house is as comfortable as any in the world. Its framework is filled with brick, and its trimmings are all of pine, oiled and varnished. In the heart of the house is a great Russian stove—a huge box of brick-work, which is filled full of wood to make a fire that is made fresh every day, and that heats the house for twenty-four hours. A well-filled wine-cellar, a well-equipped library, where HARPER'S WEEKLY, and *Über Land und Mer*, *Punch*, *Puck*, and *Die Fliegende Blätter* lie side by side, a kindly wife and a stumbling baby, tell of a combination of domestic joys that no man is too rich to envy. The library is the Doctor's workshop. He is now engaged in compiling a digest of the economic laws of nations. He is already well known as the author of a *History of Socialism* (in Germany, the United States, Scandinavia, Russia, France, Belgium, and elsewhere), and also for his *History of Socialism in Germany*. He writes in French and German, and his works are published in Germany.

Dr. Meyer is fifty-three years old. He is a political exile, having been forced from Prussia for connection with an unsuccessful opposition to Bismarck. It is because he is a scholar seeking rest from the turmoil of politics that one is able to comprehend his living in this overlooked corner of the world. Yet when that is understood, and one knows what an Arcadia his little valley is, and how complete are his comforts within-doors, the placidity with which he smokes his pipe, drinks his beer, and is waited upon by servants imported from Paris, becomes less a matter for wonder than for congratulation. He has shared part of one valley with the Comte de Raffignac, who thinks there is nothing to compare with it on earth. The Count has had his house built near the abruptly broken edge of the prairie, so that he may look down upon the calm and beautiful valley and enjoy it, as he could not had he built in the valley itself. He is a youth of very old French family, who loves hunting and horses. He was contemplating the raising of horses for a business when I was there. But the Count mars the romance of his membership in this little band by going to Paris now and then, as a young man would be likely to.

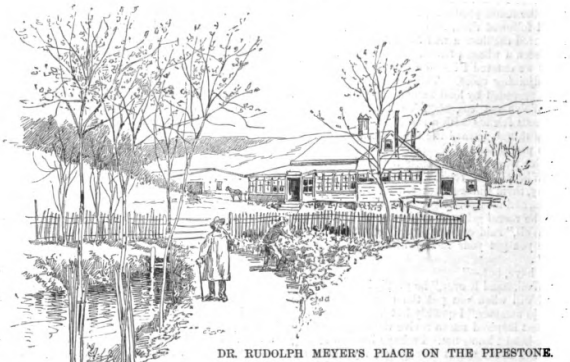
Out-of-doors one saw what untold good it does to the present and future settlers to have such men among them. The hot-houses, glazed vegetable beds, the plots of cultivated ground, the nurseries of young trees—all show at what cost of money and patience the Herr Doctor is experimenting with every tree and flower and vegetable and cereal to discover what can be grown with profit in that region of rich soil and short summers and what cannot. He is in communication with the seedsmen, to say nothing of the savants, of Europe and this country, and whatever he plants is of the best. Near his quaint dwelling he has a house for his gardener, a smithy, a tool-house, a barn, and a cheese factory, for he makes gruyere cheese in great quantities. He also raises horses and cattle.

The Comte de Cazes has a sheltered, favored claim a few miles to the northward, near the Qu' Appele River. He lives in great comfort, and is so successful a farmer that he carries off nearly all the prizes for the province, especially those given for prime vegetables. He has his wife and daughter and one of his sons with him, and an abundance of means, as, indeed, these distinguished settlers all appear to have.

These men have that faculty, developed in all educated and thinking souls, which enables them to banish loneliness and entertain themselves. Still, though Dr. Meyer laughs at the idea of danger, it must have been a little disquieting to live as he does during the Riel rebellion, especially as an Indian reservation is close by, and wandering red men are seen every day upon the prairie. Indeed the government thought fit to send men of the Northwest Mounted Police to visit the Doctor twice a week as lately as a year after the close of the half-breed uprising.



INTERIOR OF SOD CABIN ON THE PRAIRIE.



DR. RUDOLPH MEYER'S PLACE ON THE PIPESTONE.



WHITEWOOD, A SETTLEMENT ON THE PRAIRIE.



TRAINED OX TEAM.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

OURAY, THE GEM OF THE ROCKIES.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

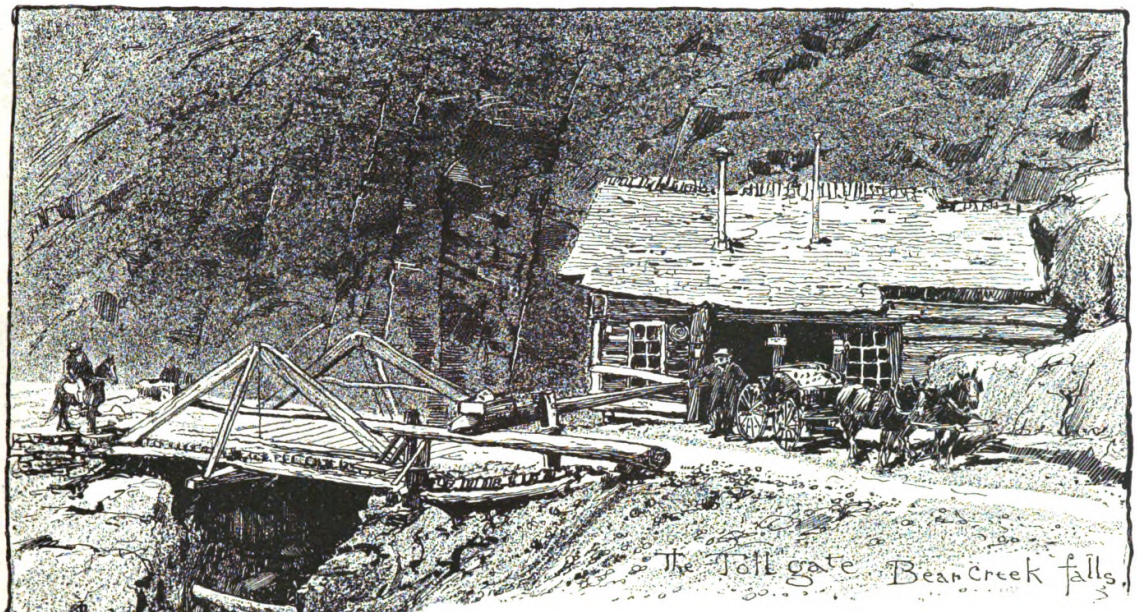
IF some prehistoric cyclone on its way across the western half of the continent had tarried for a time at the head of the Uncapahgre Valley,* in southwestern Colorado, and dug a great hole in the heart of the mountains, the physical result would have borne a creditable resemblance to the site of the city of Ouray. Such an origin of the bowl-shaped valley is in fact naturally suggested by the nearness and height of the encompassing mountains, and by the narrow gorge that lets the waters of the Uncapahgre River out upon the fertile valley far below. In no other place in America does the traveller have such a startling sense of actual imprisonment, such an awesome feeling of encircling power, as here in the bottom of the bowl at Ouray. To one accustomed to the undulating beauty of Eastern landscapes, the monotonous levels of the great plains, or the grand sweeps of most Colorado scenery, the environment of the mountains is so masterful and complete that he is tempted to look about for breathing-room. This impression is at best only temporary, as it is inevitably lost in an engrossing contemplation of the might and majesty of near-by steeps.

Ouray is asserted to be the handsomest mountain town in Colorado. I am not inclined to dispute this, for there are few towns on the North American continent that in point of natural attraction are worth comparing to it. As usual in Colorado, the scenic surroundings had nothing whatever to do with the location of the town. In July, 1875, two adventurous prospectors from the country of the Rio de Las Animas Perdidas crossed the crimson heights of Red Mountain, and picked their slow way down to the head of the Uncapahgre Valley, where they found traces of rich mineral. Other prospectors followed them, and before the snow banners began to blow from the dome of Uncapahgre Peak an actual settlement of the town had been made.

In the years that followed, the buildings in the sloping bottom of the bowl grew in number steadily, although slowly, and in time the new camp attracted its share of attention beyond the circle of hills that hemmed it in. Naturally and appropriately the pioneers called the town Ouray, in honor of the head chief of the Ute Indians, who at that time had their head-quarters on the grassy uplands of the Uncapahgre Valley. If there have been any good Indians within the past century, old Ouray must surely have been one of the best, for, unlike most of his contemporaries of the Ute tribe, he had the confidence and respect of the white settlers of Colorado, and this, too, in times when the hatred between whites and reds was at its bitterest. In the closing years of his life the old man's love of justice and his unfaltering friendship for his white neighbors were barely tolerated by the warriors of his tribe, whose thirst for blood has never yet been wholly quenched. It was against his express command that the dreadful Meeker massacre was undertaken by vengeful Ute raiders. Old Colorow, who recently brought his reprehensible career to an unexpectedly peaceful close by dying quietly in his tepee on the Uintah Reservation, was an average specimen of these red fiends.

Ouray gave nothing to the new town except his name; but his unruly red subjects took from it such things as they could lay hands on and convey down the valley undetected. The miners naturally took a pessimistic view of the Indian question, as miners invariably do, and as a result of their pessimism the Utes were eventually removed to the Uintah Reservation, in eastern Utah.

There were other things, however, more vexatious than the Indian question to the new town. Chief of all was the remoteness of railways. With the nearest shipping point 335 miles away, the prospect for the rapid growth of the town could not be called bright. To obtain provisions, clothing, blasting powder, and mining tools, the miners were compelled to send their ore to the railway or to the nearest smelter on the backs of burros, or, where it was possible, in slow-going freighting wagons, at a cost but little below the value of the ore. Had the mines been less rich, or had the pioneers shown less pluck, patience, and endurance, the valley of the Uncapahgre, and the rosy peaks of the mountains roundabout, might still be in possession of the raiding Utes. The mines were rich, however, and the pioneers knew it, or fancied that they did, which was much the same thing in practical effect. In the breezy vernacular of the mountains, the men "staid with it," and by-and-by, as the mountain trails grew broader and the freighting charges became less burdensome, some of them began to make a little money. That was all that was needed to give the new town a start in life, for where one man succeeds at a thing a dozen others will come in and try to imitate him. Prospectors, miners, saloon-keepers, and gamblers came into the camp in numbers sufficiently large to gain for Ouray a reputation of some degree of permanency.



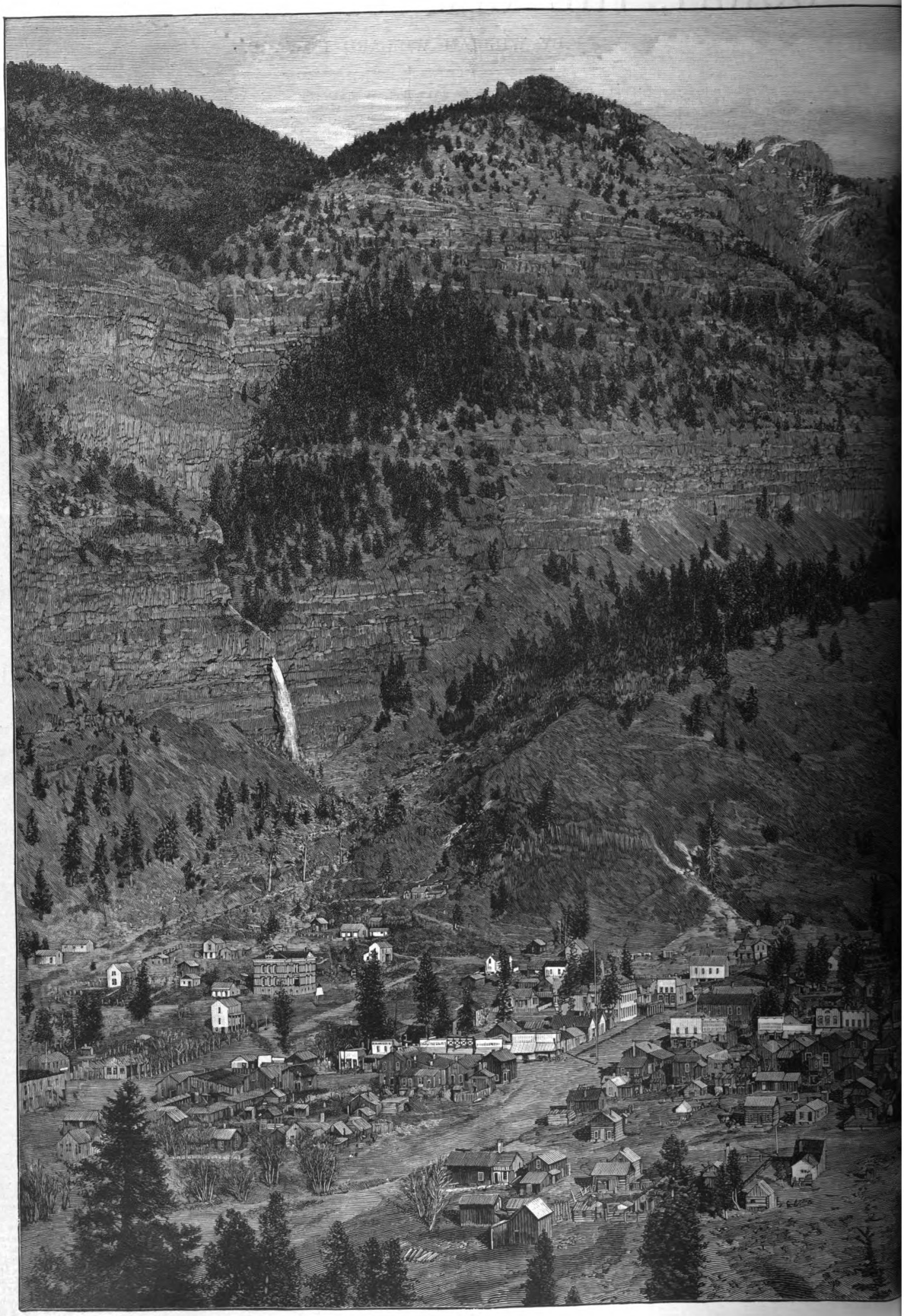
Merchants, traders, and persons engaged in various kinds of legitimate business followed.

One of the first evidences of the substantial prosperity of the town was the publication of a weekly newspaper, by Mr. David F. Day, in 1878. The paper was as unique as its name, and as interesting as the strong personality of its editor could make it. It was called *The Solid Muldoon*, and it had for its mission, in addition to the printing of local news, the denunciation of dishonest mining transactions. Naturally it made enemies, but despite boycotts and other forms of active opposition it has lived to be one of the best known and most widely respected newspapers in Colorado. It is feared, also, nearly as much as it is respected, for when it strikes at fraud or dishonesty it is as savage as a grizzly-bear. Mr. Day, the editor of the paper, and senior proprietor in the publishing firm of Day & Atkins, has had a career that would be considered remarkable in any part of the world, and not less so in the mining regions, whose inhabitants are, for the most part, men of unusual force of character and tenacity of purpose. At seventeen years of age Mr. Day was a chief of scouts of the army corps under General F. P. Blair, who, in common with General Sherman, General McPherson, General Logan, and others, publicly recognized the value of his work and his personal bravery. The young scout was four times wounded and three times made a prisoner during his military service.

The *Muldoon* has a rival in the *Plaindealer*, which is a clever and capable paper, conducted by Harry Lee. Newspapers are among the brightest products of Colorado. Nearly every mining camp has its weekly publication, or, if it is large enough, its morning or afternoon daily. Few camps seem to be so obscure as to escape the keen business instinct and enterprise of the mountain printer. Years ago I met a job printer at a railway junction in eastern Colorado who had been up in the mountains working for a new paper. It may have been the Holy Cross *Pilgrim* or the Snowy Range *Banner*—I have forgotten which. After he had borrowed from me fifty cents with which to subsidize the conductor of an east-bound freight train, he mentioned in a casual way that Holy Cross—or whatever it was—did not seem to be much of a place for a first-class plain and fancy job printer.

"You see," he explained, "I sort of drifted into the concern, and asked the editor if he wanted a job foreman. He said he did, but he inquired if I was sure I could do first-class work, because he didn't want any second-rate blacksmith cumbering up his office and driving trade away. 'Well,' said I, sort of independent, 'I learned my trade at Little's in New York, and I've worked in every office between Holy Cross and Halifax.' 'That's all right about Little's,' he said, 'but I don't know about all the rest of the offices. However, you can try. Here's a bill head and a mine contract to be done in two colors.' I took the copy and went into the next room to begin work. There was one of those old army presses in one corner, and two or three cases of type in another, but, hunt high or low, not a single line of job type could I see. There was no job press either; but as I could have worked the jobs on the newspaper press, it didn't matter so much, but job type couldn't be done without. When I got tired of hunting around the office I went in to see the editor. 'See here,' I says; 'I can't do job work without job type.' 'Who asked you to?' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'I've looked all over, and not a line of job type can I find.' 'You idiot,' says he, 'the job type is in a bag behind the door!'"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



OURAY, COLORADO.—FROM

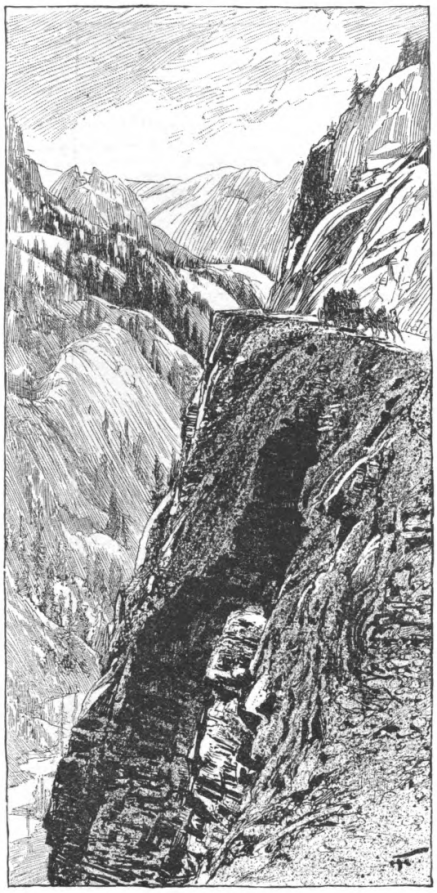
Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Y W. H. JACKSON & CO., DENVER.
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



OURAY AND SILVERTON TOLL ROAD.

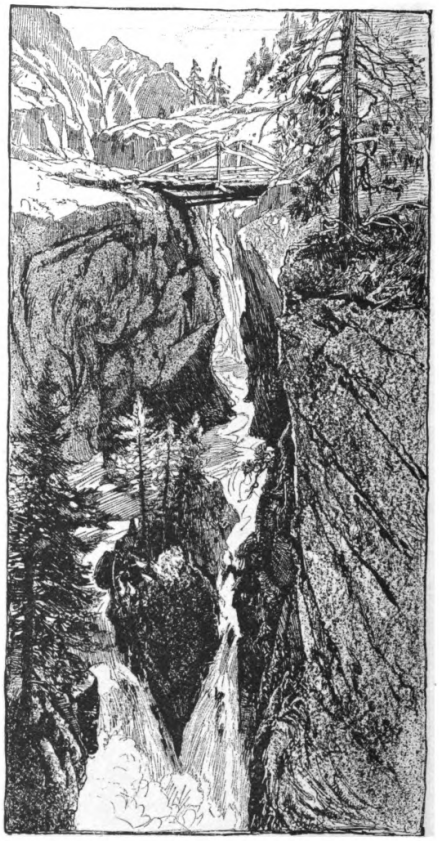
Oversanguine and too-enterprising Western printers, who sometimes have to manufacture their own printing-ink as well as their own rollers and printers' furniture, will appreciate the intense realism of this man's story. Subsequently I learned that the facts were practically as they are here given. *The Solid Muldoon* was never in such straits, but it has seen the time when it paid from seventeen to thirty cents a pound for common print paper. The price varied according to the state of the roads and the condition of the teamsters' tempers.

Paper is no longer unduly expensive in Ouray, nor, for that matter, is anything else. The building of a branch line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad from Montrose to Ouray in the summer of 1887 gave the people a quick and cheap outlet to the supply points of the East, and enabled them to live and transact their business as advantageously as their neighbors in other parts of the mountains. Coincidently the place became something more than the ordinary mining camp, remote from the every-day life of the world: tourists drifted in, and lingered weeks and sometimes months, visibly brightening the social life of the hard-working people, and giving a passing touch of luxurious idleness and gayety to the crowded streets. The visitors found Ouray rather better and more companionable than they had been led to expect, for among the busy men of affairs in that secluded region were many who, in point of culture, intellect, and morals, were fully equal to those who drifted in on the transient tide of travel.

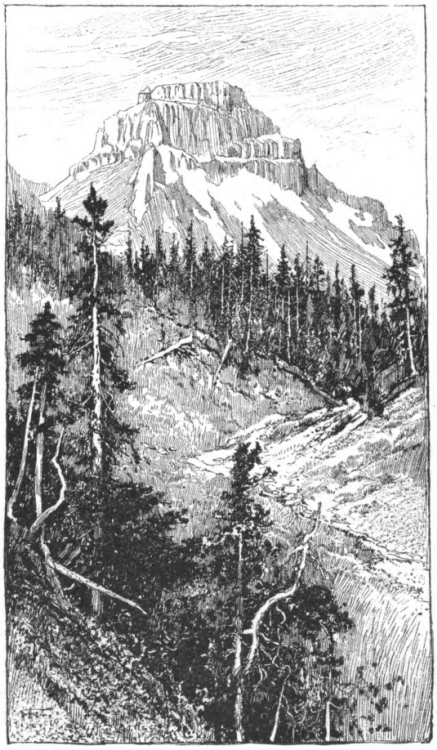
Herein lies a contrast in civilization as quaint and charming as any that I have seen. Thoughtful mothers with growing young daughters, timid brides, or delicate invalids may here observe for themselves the always interesting phases of mining life, and yet not step beyond the radiance of the electric light or get out of reach of the telephone call. The latest achievements of modern progress and the highest development of civilization jostle elbows constantly with all those characteristics that have made mining unique and picturesque since the now misty days of '49. That rude and costly freight-carrier, the six-horse wagon, and the still costlier means of transportation, the ancient and primitive burro, work side by side with the American railway train in the latest perfection of its development. Down in the bowl-shaped valley the long summer is like the perpetual coolness and freshness of spring, while far away on the highest peaks of the encircling mountains winter sits and broods in a changeless robe of white.

Not less noteworthy are the contrasts in color among the tumbled masses of rocks and mountains, which seem to have caught not only the gorgeous glows of sunset, but likewise the pinks and purples and varied hues of the April rainbow. The presence of streaks and patches of bright color in the bare rocks gives to the scenery an added charm, which one does not feel so distinctively in the barren grays and browns in other parts of the great mountain ranges. One might well fancy that the deep maroons and rusty reds which abound in such remarkable profusion contained the gold and silver and other valuable metals with which Ouray and the San Juan region are endowed, yet even in this rich district one cannot pick up gold and silver on the bare mountain-side. On the contrary, precious minerals must be sought deep in the bulk of the mountains hundreds of feet from the surface. Mining in any part of the Rocky Mountains is a tedious and expensive process, yet it pays, or men would not work at it. In the Ouray district mining operations are perhaps not more costly than in other places, while the returns have so far been considered very satisfactory. The mineral output of Ouray has increased from $800 in 1876 to $1,497,892 in 1887 and $2,123,000 in 1888. It will be seen by these figures that the building of the railroad in the summer of 1887 nearly doubled the output in the year following. I look for these figures to grow larger rapidly year by year. It has already been conclusively shown that nearly all the mountain ranges of southwestern Colorado are richly stored with gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron, to say nothing of vast deposits of coal, marble, and building stone. As the railways still further penetrate this region new mines will be opened and new towns established, to the end that Ouray will be the shipping-point and supply station for not only her own mines, but also for dozens and perhaps scores of prosperous camps in the neighboring mountains.

Ouray has worked for this consummation from the first. Whatever may be the private jealousies or personal prejudices of her citizens, they pull all together for Ouray when she seems to need it. They paid for the grading of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad into Ouray, and expended in constructing wagon roads a sum aggregating $170,000. Two miles of one wagon road cost $52,000. The road-bed was cut through the solid rock of a precipitous mountain-side from six hundred to eight hundred feet above the river. One may learn from this what obstacles nature placed all about her stored wealth in the Southwestern mountains. The people are overcoming these obstacles one by one, patiently and perseveringly, and in time they will have unrestricted possession of peaks and passes and lofty ranges that are now almost inaccessible. The prosecution of this work in the face of great disadvantages implies in the people a rare solidity of character and steadfastness of purpose. Ouray itself shows this character in a rather greater degree than the stranger would be led to expect of the ordinary remote mining camp. Its Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic churches give it a certain guarantee of morality and right living; its excellent school facilities provide for the careful education of the young; its county court-house preserves the even balance of justice, especially to disputing mine operators; and its miners' hospital cares for the victim of falling rocks, premature blasts, or other physical misfortunes. In more material ways Ouray has the latest improvements—in water-works, electric lights, telephones, sampling-mills, and other things that make up the equipment of the modern city. A remarkable feature of the municipal government is the fact that there has been no tax levy for city purposes since 1883. The heavy license fees exacted of the saloon-keepers pay all of Ouray's expenses.



UNCAPAHGRE BRIDGE.



UNCAPAHGRE PEAK.

Apart from these practical considerations, which interest the student of mining progress and Western growth, Ouray deserves quite as much attention from the invalid, the pleasure-seeker, the sportsman, and the scientist. The town's elevation of 7200 feet above sea-level, its perpetual coolness and freshness, and its freedom from harsh winds make it a particularly charming and healthful summer home for invalids and persons of sensitive nerves, while the hot-springs with which the valley is lavishly provided furnish bathing facilities second only to Manitou and Glenwood springs. The Ouray springs gush out of the earth in various places at a temperature of 140°. So hot is the water and so abundant is the flow that the Uncapahgre River at this point never has so much as a film of ice in the coldest days of winter. In very cold weather the steam arising from it gives it the appearance of a boiling river.

If the pleasure-seeker be anything of a sportsman he will find Ouray to be the centre of a region of perpetual delight. In the midst of scenery of unexampled grandeur and magnificence he will meet game that will occasionally put to flight all of his preconceived ideas of skill and personal bravery. He must needs be skilful and quick of eye who successfully chases the Rocky Mountain sheep in its haunts on the highest and remotest peaks, and be stout of heart and cool of nerve if he faces the grizzly-bear in some lonely cañon miles away from human aid. The lordly elk, which has disappeared from nearly every other part of the United States, is here found in considerable numbers. To the tired and hungry sportsman there is no more delicious food on earth than a nicely cooked elk steak. Venison and antelope meat are the commonest of range beef compared with it. Less skilful sportsmen than the sheep, bear, and elk hunters must be very unlucky indeed if they cannot find deer and wild-cats and mountain-lions enough to thoroughly test their capabilities. Other varieties of game may be had for the hunting.

The sportsman who is also a scientist will never kill much game in the Ouray country. It is safe to assume that he will do nothing further than collect mineral specimens, and pound away at the mountain-sides with his little hammer, until he is amazed to find that his vacation has come to an end. Even the mere pleasure-seeker who resolutely sets his mind against geology, mineral specimens, and such things cannot wholly resist the scientific charm of these wondrously colored mountains. He will be exceedingly fortunate if he does not become infected with the craze for gathering specimens, which is in its way as greatly to be avoided as the Eastern mania for collecting thousands of worthless postage-stamps.

At best, the tourist who stays in the quaint bowl of the Uncapahgre a few days or a few weeks gets only a passing glimpse of Ouray; he has little time in which to analyze or study the ineffable charm which seems to hang about the place. It leaves its influence on the mind like the impalpable tint of sunset on the rosy heights overlooking the valley. As the departing stranger rides slowly up the southern wall of mountains in one of Nuttall & Clark's stages, on the wonderful toll-road that Otto Mears built from Ouray to Silverton, he can only look back at the mighty bowl and its town in the centre, and regret that a beautiful incident in his life has come to an end.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1694. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



THE AMBUSHED PICKET.—FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 460.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is as useful and wholesome as it is rich in entertainment."—*The Independent, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the number for June 4th DR. JOHN S. WHITE *talks to boys on Electricity and the Telephone in connection with the "Six Wide-open Professions."*

"Base-Ball for Amateurs," a series of four short papers by A. A. STAGG, *is brought to a close in this number with the article on "Team-Play."*

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD *contributes a story entitled "Bella's Choice," with a full-page illustration. "The Princess Likwidkins" is concluded.*

A SUPPLEMENT *contains "Boys in Business," by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER; *"Floral Decorations for Commencement," by* HELEN M. NORTH; *and "Pot-Pourris and Old Still-Rooms," by* LUCY C. LILLIE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1694, WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

PATRIOTISM.

SENATOR EDMUNDS says truly that the way to correct the evils of the undeniably wide-spread corruption in politics is to emancipate ourselves from party fealty or zeal sufficiently to make "the well-springs of true liberty" our first consideration. This is the manly and the properly American doctrine. Party is a convenience, but the means must not be mistaken for the end. The Senator's view is fatal to the theory that reform must be sought within the party, because it holds that to keep pure the well-springs of liberty it may be necessary to emancipate ourselves from party fealty. But the theory of reform within the party, as generally understood and expounded, involves unswerving support of the party under all circumstances, whatever it may propose or whomsoever it may nominate. The support is supposed to be given in the hope that the party will do better by-and-by, and because its worst measure or candidate is better than the best of the other party. It is this view which compels many intelligent and excellent citizens to vote for policies which they disapprove and for candidates whom they distrust. Nothing is to be gained, they say, by the success of "the other fellows." But might they not consider whether something might not be gained by the defeat of their own fellows? If the party is so good an agency that it ought not to be destroyed, is not the surest way to save it from destruction to insure its temporary defeat when it falls into bad hands? Is confirming the grasp of such hands upon the party the way to save it?

To confound indiscriminate support of a party with patriotism, or to assume that a party must be always equally deserving of support, is nonsense. In a popular government maintained by parties the patriotic citizen will generally act with the party which, upon the whole, is most harmonious with his convictions and aims. But the accomplishment of purposes for which a party was formed, and the interregnum which follows before party relations are readjusted, will necessarily emancipate many of its adherents from party fealty, and produce great and general independence of political action. The present is precisely such a period. The great objects of the original Republican party have been achieved. Slavery has been not only territorially restricted but abolished, and a national Union is established, without challenge, upon universal freedom and equality. The present vital questions affecting the public welfare are not so much those of policy of administration as corrupt political practices. It is very much more important to check this enormous and increasing evil than it is to revise the tariff. The fundamental inquiry in all political action is, What do the people approve? But this corruption is an evil which prevents the popular will from being known. Until the corruption which controls elections is checked it is impossible to accept the apparent result as indicative of that will. Now in order to check it effectually, as Senator EDMUNDS remarks, there must be an emancipation from party fealty.

That is to say, in order to arrest this perilous tendency, measures and candidates must be supported upon their merits, and not because of a party name or nomination. If in a Democratic district Republicans nominate an honest ballot reformer, who will support all that is logically connected with an effective ballot law, namely, improved registration laws administered by men of all parties, secrecy of the ballot, publication of election expenses, prompt judicial settlement of disputed questions, with searching naturalization and bribery laws, then, according to Senator EDMUNDS, such a candidate should be supported by Republicans and Democrats alike; and in a Republican district the same result should be pursued. This is simply common-sense, patriotism, and independence in politics. If it does not produce, under existing organizations, the result desired, this spirit would lead to a readjustment of parties by organizing a party specifically to secure this reform. It is idle for honest Republicans and honest Democrats to go on deploring courses in their party which, as Senator EDMUNDS says, "both the laws and the general moral sense of the nation condemn." And if they cannot make such reform the platform and purpose of their party, they will emancipate themselves from fealty to their old parties, and organize a new party to secure a reform which they hold to be essential. In co-operating with the movement to organize the Republican party, Mr. SEWARD said, "Such true Democrats and true Whigs are now ready to unite on those sound principles common to both." Pending such union among men in all parties of similar views upon political corruption and collateral wrongs, the position and action suggested by Senator EDMUNDS are precisely those of independent voters.

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THERE has been a great deal of comment upon the apparent inactivity or want of "dash" and "brilliancy" and "Americanism" of the Secretary of State. But the dreary monotony of the clean sweep in the post-offices, which has been the chief achievement of the administration thus far, is about to be relieved by the announcement of the results of the Samoan Conference and the appointment of the Haytian Commission. In regard to the first it will be found, probably, that if BISMARCK had any improper purposes in Samoa, the plain public approval in this country of Secretary BAYARD'S general views induced the Chancellor to reconsider, so that the Samoan Commissioners have found little difficulty in reaching a settlement which will be none the less satisfactory because it will be the one that under the circumstances any American administration would have preferred. There is, of course, something droll in the agreement of three great powers to guarantee the absolute autonomy of a small group of islands, and at the same time to prescribe a constitution and determine the details of government. The great powers also agree to erect buildings upon the islands for the convenience of their citizens, without affecting the local sovereignty, but also without asking its leave. The fact is that Germany, Great Britain, and the United States have just as much right to regulate the government of the Samoan Islands as Russia, Prussia, and Austria had to partition Poland. In both cases the greater powers decided that their interests required the arrangement, and they made it.

The Commission of Inquiry to Hayti began unfortunately. It was announced one evening that General WALLACE and Mr. BEVERLY TUCKER had been appointed Commissioners, and the next morning it was announced that the appointments were suspended because Mr. TUCKER was stated to have held a questionable position in regard to the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN. This was a curious political blunder for a Republican administration. If the late President or Secretary of State had made such a mistake he would have been denounced by every Republican organ in the country as the tool of JEFFERSON DAVIS. Probably Mr. TUCKER will not go. But that will not correct the consequences of the blunder. It is not improbable that the Haytian situation will soon develop itself more definitely. HIPPOLYTE has been pressing LÉGITIME very closely. He was threatening Port au Prince, the capital, and he may have driven out LÉGITIME before this paper is issued, and seized the government. In that event, as in France in 1848, our practice would lead to an acknowledgment of the actual situation without favoring any party. The government *de facto* is necessarily the government which the neutral foreigner must recognize. But unless such a government plainly appears in Hayti, the report of an intelligent Commission upon the spot would greatly illuminate the situation.

The third point of interest in our foreign relations is the Behring Sea. By the terms of our purchase of Alaska from Russia we claim certain rights over that sea which are questioned. The question is what those rights are. The claim that the sea is a *mare clausum*, or water so enclosed by American territory as fairly to fall under American jurisdiction, has not been officially asserted. Canadian sealers, indeed, have been seized and condemned by local tribunals. But the Canadian authorities do not believe that the United States will justify the seizure, and negotiations upon the subject are now going on with Great Britain. Our object in the Behring Sea is to prevent the wanton slaughter of seals, which will end in the disappearance of the fur. This is a common object of civilized states, and should be the subject of a friendly understanding. It is not a *casus belli*, and a tone of defiance may be wisely discarded. M. DE LAVELEYE has just written an appeal for an agreement between the United States and Great Britain to settle all differences by arbitration. The eminent publicist undoubtedly expresses the feeling and the wish of the most patriotic and intelligent citizens of both countries.

MR. CLEVELAND'S LATE SPEECH.

MR. CLEVELAND is unquestionably the most prominent Democrat in the country. This is due less to the fact that he has been President than to his personal character. Upright and unaffected, he is a man of convictions and courage and of a high standard of public life. But while he is an undeniable leader of his party, he is by no means its idol, or even its representative, like JACKSON or DOUGLAS. There is a feeling of strong opposition to him within his party, because of the characteristics which made General BRAGG say of him, "We love him for the enemies he has made." Except for these enemies of his own party household he would have been re-elected. They were strong enough both to affect injuriously his executive course and to "sell him out" in New York at the election. But their attitude serves merely to reveal the fact that the Democratic party is divided, and that no man now represents it as LINCOLN or SEWARD or SUMNER represented the Republican party in its prime, while among its leaders no one is so prominent as Mr. CLEVELAND. He is, moreover, the especial champion of the issue of tariff reform, upon which the last election campaign was fought, the only definite policy which the Democratic party has proclaimed for many a year, and which they owe to him.

The dinner recently given to Mr. CLEVELAND in New York by the Young Men's Democratic Club was the proof that he is still recognized by his distinctive supporters in his party as the foremost champion of their views, and it is impossible not to regard the occasion as a declaration of their entire willingness to fight in 1892 the battle of 1888 with the same leader and under the same banner. There is no doubt, also, that so far as possible they mean to make their views the platform of the party. Mr. CLEVELAND'S speech skilfully favored this plan. The speech identified him with the party, and it interpreted the party purpose and spirit by his own. So far as this was done historically, we differ strongly from Mr. CLEVELAND'S view. Under the leadership of men of his convictions and character, the Democratic party may become a party of high political morality, of a sincere purpose of reform, and of a wise national policy. But that it has been such a party, devoted to furthering justice and liberty and equal rights, is not within the memory of those who are familiar with our political history for forty years. The cause of the perpetuity of the party name is certainly not to be discovered in the uniformity of the party devotion to the welfare of the people; on the contrary, the astonishing rise of the Republican party, and the exclusion of the Democratic party from power for a quarter of a century, were due to its betrayal of human rights and its defiance of the national conscience. The Democratic party cannot be strengthened or commended by its history, and it is only in the degree that it is seen clearly not to be the party of the last generation that it can hope for future success.

In Mr. CLEVELAND'S general statement of what he holds to be the present Democratic purpose all good citizens must agree. An economical administration of the government, together with the utmost practicable freedom of individual enterprise, a policy in accord with the advanced thought of the country, a genuine national brotherhood and honest equality before the law, reform of the abuses of patronage and of corruption at the polls—if these objects characterize "a true Democracy," then that party is to-day what the Republican party was thirty years ago. However that may be—and the immediate approval by Governor HILL of Mr. CLEVELAND'S statement of the Democratic faith did not add to its value—the purposes which he mentioned are those of an immense number of American citizens, who will vote for such candidates as they believe will honestly and effectively promote such objects.

A GOOD CHANGE.

THE change in the civil service rules recommended by the National Commission, which makes the eligible list public, is excellent, for the reason that it discards just so much secrecy. The rule was adopted to prevent the personal and partisan pressure likely to result in favor of individuals known to be eligible. But despite the rule the names have been often ascertained, and the reason for the rule has largely disappeared. In Poughkeepsie, New York, the Examining Board has been ordered to produce the papers of a person who was examined, and who claims to have been unjustly denied the entry of his name upon the eligible list. This will show whether decisions of the Board, which are not at all discretionary, have been fair. This also is excellent, and for the same reason, that it promotes publicity. When the examinations in the New York Custom-house began under President HAYES, especial pains were taken to make them public, and the utmost possible publicity is the spirit and desire of the reform. It is for this reason that the rules often provide that all letters vouching for the character and habits of applicants may be made public at the discretion of the appointing power.

It is in accord with the same desire of complete publicity that the filing of reasons for removal is de-

Digitized by Google
Digitized by PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

manded by the friends of reform. There is, and very properly, no limitation upon the power of removal. But as it is constantly exercised arbitrarily and unworthily, and merely to make a vacancy to be filled at pleasure, nothing would tend more certainly to restrict removals to reasons connected with the service than a statement of those reasons accessible to the public. Mr. WANAMAKER has the unquestioned power of removal of fourth-class postmasters. But it would be most useful to the public service and instructive to the public mind if he were required to state the reasons for dismissing them at the rate of one a minute, which is the rate at which he has sometimes recently exercised his authority. If the postal service has fallen into such a desperate condition through the spoils system as this implies, it would be interesting to see it officially stated that Mr. WANAMAKER'S remedy for the results of the spoils system is the spoils system. Light is as effective an agency of reform as of police. It is for the same good reason that the publicity of executive sessions of the Senate, when considering nominations, is demanded by the friends of reform.

The Philadelphia *Press*, admitting that since the inauguration "we have heard nothing but the contention for place," suggests a rule providing that good officers should serve out their terms. It would be an excellent rule, and if the President wishes it he would announce it and conform to it. Nothing prevents him from retaining such officers except the importunity of such persons as Mr. PLATT. Suppose that the President should require Mr. PLATT to state, in a letter to be published, the reasons he offers for every appointment which he favors. Suppose Mr. QUAY and Mr. HISCOCK and all the other place-brokers at the White House were required by him to do the same thing. If he should require it, undoubtedly these gentlemen would "make it hot for him" in the Senate and at the polls. That is a reason why he does not require it, but it is also the strongest reason that it should be required. It is also a reason why he does not permit good officers to serve out their terms, as the *Press* suggests. The roots of reform are in public opinion. Nothing promotes it so much as knowledge of the facts, and therefore reformers advocate the utmost possible publicity.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

SUPERINTENDENT BELL, of the railway mail service, recently made some interesting and suggestive statements to a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. He was speaking of the changes which have been made in that service since the change of administration, and he remarked that such change was necessary if the service were to be efficient. Of eleven division superintendents, he says, only two were competent, and the efficiency of the subordinate employés was not much greater. He gives statistical details of the ineffective work of this service as he found it, and adds that the report of the late Postmaster-General shows that the service was "terribly demoralized," and that he has evidence that the real state of affairs was worse than the report shows.

Superintendent BELL then adduces figures to prove that the efficiency of this service had decreased 34 per cent. during the years from 1885 to 1888, while in the preceding three years, from 1882 to 1885, it had increased 46 per cent. In the first division, comprising the six New England States, the efficiency was decreased 39 per cent. In the second division, comprising the Middle States, the decrease was 40 per cent. In the third division, western Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and the District of Columbia, the decrease of efficiency was 46 per cent.; and in the fourth division, of the more southern States, it was 41 per cent. In only one division, the extreme West, was there an increased rate of efficiency. The largest proportionate decrease of efficiency, he says, was in the Southern States, where the clean sweep of Republican officials was first begun and soonest completed.

A stronger practical argument for reform than this statement of Superintendent BELL could not be made. A branch of the public service which was admitted to be one of the best organized and efficient was summarily reduced to comparative inefficiency—by what? By changing its employés for political reasons. Trained and experienced officers were turned out merely because they were Republicans, and untrained and inexperienced men were put in their places merely because they were Democrats. This is just as senseless and absurd a performance in the government service as it would be in that of the Central Railroad or in a manufactory, or upon a great farm. Yet this is precisely what Superintendent BELL confesses that he has been doing. He removes capable employés with the polite assurance that it is for no fault, but that the "reasons for your retirement were of a political nature."

This is the practice which Superintendent BELL demonstrates to have been most injurious to the service, and which, as he will remember, the Republican platform denounced, and the President promised not to encourage. Yet the course of a Democratic administration, which, as the Superintendent says, and assuming the accuracy of his figures, proves to be seriously injurious to the railway mail service, is the course which in other departments the Republican administration is pursuing. If the heads of other important branches of the service would publish similar statements to those of Superintendent BELL of the comparative rates of increased or decreased efficiency consequent upon political changes in purely business places, the folly and public loss and inconvenience of the system would be still more conclusively exposed.

THE PRESS AND THE STAGE.

THE oration by Mr. WILLIAM WINTER upon the Press and the Stage, which was published in the WEEKLY a few weeks ago, is now issued in an extremely tasteful volume, worthy both of the spirit and form of the address, and as the edition is limited, it will become a rarity and a prize. Mr. WINTER'S address was delivered at a meeting of the Goethe Society, in reply to Mr. DION BOUCICAULT'S strictures upon the American press in relation to dramatic art. An able and interesting supplement to it will be found in this number of the WEEKLY under the title of "The Actor and his Duty to his Time." There is no one in the country more admirably equipped for the discussion of either topic than Mr. WINTER, and his work is conclusive. In the reply to Mr. BOUCICAULT his keen and delicate fence pierces and ends his adversary.

Apart from its literary grace and controversial skill, Mr. WINTER'S address is delightful for its reminiscences and annals of the American stage, and for its testimony to the fair conduct of the newspaper. To no man are the players more indebted. He treats the theatre, its history and influence, and the actors who make the theatre, with a sincerity and thoughtful and scholarly intelligence which in its serious tone is unknown to the French *feuilletonistes*. His *Brief Chronicles*, issued by the Dunlap Society, in DE VINNE'S beautiful and fitting typographical form, are not trivial, fond records, but tender and truthful words of commendation as the player of greater or less degree makes his exit, and his biographies of eminent actors tell the vivid story of the stage whose spell is imperishable.

Mr. WINTER'S papers upon the drama and upon actors, which have now continued for almost a generation, have given to the *Tribune* a distinction in this branch like the work of the late Mr. RIPLEY in literary criticism. He is a fully informed and competent witness when he says, "During nearly thirty years of experience as a writer for the press I never yet encountered the least opposition from the publishers of newspapers as to the expression of judgment"; and he cites against his adversary his adversary's own words, "I never paid a farthing for a favor from the press, and I never will, and in candor I am bound to say that if I offered it I am sure it would be regarded as a gross insult." Mr. WINTER naturally takes pleasure in vindicating the craft of which he is an honored fellow, and in doing it he corrects a general misapprehension. No man has done so much in this country to fix public attention upon the acted drama as an art. His love of letters, his poetic feeling, and his intellectual earnestness recall in their spirit and tone, not in their form, the occasional dramatic criticisms of the elder DANA'S *Idle Man*.

THEN AND NOW.

IT was a pleasant coincidence that on the morning of Decoration Day, when all hearts were turned kindly to the memory of the soldiers of the Union, accounts were published of the happy celebration of industrial triumphs in Texas and Alabama. At New Decatur, in the Tennessee Valley, among the incidents of the day was the laying of the corner-stone of a public school, and at the request of the President, Assistant Attorney-General SHIELDS attended the celebration and made a speech, which concluded with the demand of "American productions for American markets."

Colonel COLYAR, of Tennessee, a protection Democrat, followed in the same tone, and said that the manufactures of the Southern States must have what all other prosperous manufacturing communities have had, "the benefits of a revenue system which cares for home people rather than foreign people." At Fort Worth, in Texas, the "Spring Palace" was formally opened, and the city was thronged with people from all parts of the Union. Governor KEY made a speech of welcome, and Governor THAYER, of Nebraska, spoke in the true Union spirit, rejoicing that sectional lines were so generally obliterated. The Palace is designed to illustrate the resources of Texas by assembling specimens of all the productions of the State, and the effect of the skilful arrangements and combinations of color is described as very brilliant and beautiful.

The value and charm of these two holiday assemblies do not lie in any economical theories that may have been asserted, but in the happy contrast of the newly awakened industrial life with the situation of thirty years ago, the sectional alienation and the approaching war. These are sweeter fields than even hope could see beyond the swelling flood of the last generation. These are the spectacles which fill the opening second national century with promise. They admonish us of the reality of the Union, and give every American a prouder consciousness than was possible to our fathers that the fatal sectionalism of the earlier day has disappeared with its cause.

FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBORS.

THE letters from Paris describing the opening of the Great Exhibition at Paris allude to the absence upon that occasion of the Ministers of all the great powers except the Minister of the United States. It was supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE would make the absence of the British Minister the occasion of a strong attack upon the government. But when a motion was offered in the House of Commons which gave the opportunity for commenting upon the absence of Lord LYTTON, the British Ambassador, in concert with the representatives of other powers, the Under Foreign Secretary denied that there was any such concert, Mr. GLADSTONE acquitted the government of the charge, but blamed it for an error of judgment. He thought that Lord LYTTON should have attended.

The Under Secretary defended the ministry upon the ground that England should have nothing to do with the celebration of a revolution regarding which political parties in France remained bitterly divided. He said that when a nation is unanimous in the commemoration of a great historical event, as the United States were at the centenary of American independence, it is very proper that the Queen's representative should attend, and Lord BEACONSFIELD instructed the British Minister accordingly.

But this reasoning is not sound. Governments deal in other friendly states with accomplished facts. They do not take official account of domestic parties in other countries. The Revolution of 1789 in France led to the establishment of the present republic, which is the form of government now agreeable to the French nation, and as such it has been recognized by the British government. When that friendly government celebrates the centenary of its origin with an imposing exhibition of the triumphs of the arts of peace, the representatives of friendly powers do not by their official presence approve or disapprove the circumstances under which the republic arose; they merely acknowledge, as their official missions to the republic acknowledge, the right of every people to ordain its own government. It is not the terror of '93 which the Exhibition commemorates, nor any crime committed during the great change. It is only the national decision that a republic is preferable for France to a monarchy. That decision is competent for any nation in its own case, and, as Mr. GLADSTONE truly says, it is a serious error to order an action which implies an opinion either of the form of the French government or of the movement from which it sprang. It was as gross an insult to French constitutionalists and republicans to fraternize with LOUIS NAPOLEON as it can possibly be to French legitimists to countenance the republic.

PERSONAL.

CONINGSBY DISRAELI, a nephew of the former English Premier, has made his début in British politics with much the same audacity of method which marked the earlier efforts of his uncle to gain notoriety. He is only twenty-one years old, but did not hesitate to roundly abuse Mr. PARNELL and other prominent Irish legislators in his maiden speech at Bath.

—A young and pretty woman, Dr. GIUSEPPINA CATTANI, has been appointed Lecturer on Pathology at the University of Bologna, Italy, the oldest university in the world. Her lectures are pronounced most learned, and large audiences of students and others listen to her whenever she speaks. Her beauty and profundity have, in fact, combined to create a sensation.

—Ex-Governor JOHN D. LONG, of Massachusetts, is a good amateur base-ball player, excelling both at the bat and in the field.

—Harvard College has invited Sir EDWIN ARNOLD to attend its coming Commencement, and it is not improbable that he will accept the invitation.

—Mr. and MRS. GLADSTONE are soon to celebrate their golden wedding. In anticipation of this event leading Liberal ladies at Washington have presented MRS. GLADSTONE with a massive gold bracelet bearing the miniature reproduction of Sir JOHN MILLAIS'S portrait of her husband.

—A niece of King KALAKAUA of the Sandwich Islands, the Princess KALANI, has been spending a few days in this country on her way to Europe, where she is going to complete her studies. She is fourteen years old, and the daughter of ARCHIBALD SCOTT CLEGHORN, Collector-General of the Port of Honolulu, and the Princess LIKE-LIKE. She is especially fond of music and languages, and during her stay abroad is expected to perfect herself in these and other accomplishments.

—Queen VICTORIA has just passed her seventieth birthday, and is in splendid health. Unless something unforeseen occurs, those who have looked for her early abdication will be disappointed.

—Professor E. H. GRIFFIN, of Williams College, who has been chosen Professor of the History of Philosophy and Dean of the Academic Faculty at Johns Hopkins, is a graduate of the Berkshire college and one of its most profound scholars. Although a comparatively young man, he has taught acceptably in some of the departments formerly belonging to Dr. MARK HOPKINS.

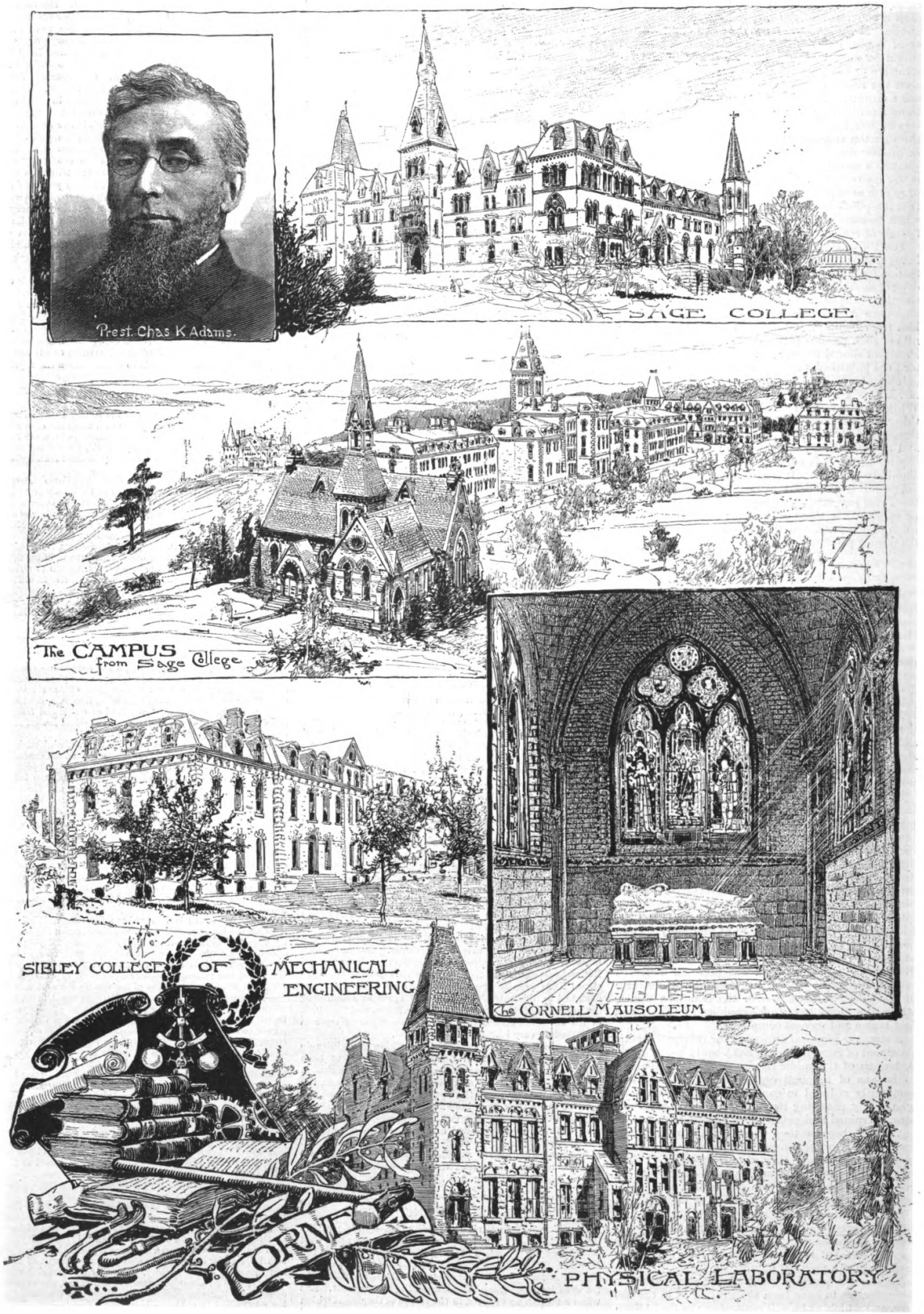
—HENRI ROCHEFORT, Jun., son of the famous French editor, was only twenty-nine years old when he shot himself dead the other day in Algeria. He possessed much of his father's fiery spirit, and had led a very adventurous life. In the Soudan he was the companion of OLIVIER PAIN, and in the Congo country he shared the hardships of M. DE BRAZZA, while he had also travelled in South America.

—Senator WILLIAM M. EVARTS has a fine farm at Windsor, Vermont, on the banks of the Connecticut River, and a pleasant country house to which he and his family may retreat during the hot season. His cattle have always been of the best breeds, and he has now interested himself in a creamery across the river in New Hampshire, the gilt-edged product of which is expected to put to the blush the obese imitations of the metropolitan markets.

—Extraordinary skill as a chess-player brought fame, wealth, and a title to the late Baron ROLISCH, of Vienna. While yet a boy he left his humble Austrian home, with but a few thalers in his pocket, to seek his fortune. He drifted to Paris, where, after suffering great privation and poverty, he finally won a reputation among chess-players, and his prosperity began. Rich and influential men became his pupils, and he stood high in their favor. Baron ROTHSCHILD helped him establish a bank in Vienna; but his accumulation of wealth there was not as rapid as it was, later on, in the Paris Stock Exchange. He played chess with President GRÉVY in the evening, and dabbled in stocks during the day, political information received from the statesman helping him, it was believed, in making successful ventures. A few years ago he returned to Vienna, and devoted much of his time to collecting paintings and altar-cloths, while he also tried editing and publishing a paper, but with indifferent success. He was raised to the nobility by the Grand-Duke of Weimar.

—Queen MARGHERITA of Italy possesses many graces and accomplishments, and while she is well versed in classic and modern literature, she is also one of the best violoncello players of the day. Wishing to pay special tribute to Italian genius, she not long ago had published at her own expense, for the education of her son, an elaborate edition of DANTE'S works, containing much that has been written about the poet, with the reproduction of every picture inspired by him. She is also an ardent patron of the arts and industries of her country, and under her fostering care the manufacture of Burano lace, once apparently lost, was saved from extinction. Her alms-giving is munificent but practical, and in her religion she is neither a bigot nor a freethinker. Her attitude toward public questions has been so wise and politic that she is generally loved by the people, and the greatest criticism made of her by her enemies is that she does not dress in good taste.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CORNELL UNIVERSITY.—From Photographs.—[See Page 459.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"FAREWELL."—From the Painting by Albert Operti, presented to Kane Lodge, F. and A. M.—[See Page 455.]



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "YANTIC" IN A CYCLONE.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 462.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

VII.

MARCH and Beaton remained alone together for a moment, and March said: "I hope you *will* think it worth while to take hold with us, Mr. Beaton. Mr. Fulkerson puts it in his own way, of course; but we really want to make a nice thing of the magazine." He had that timidity of the elder in the presence of the younger man which the younger, preoccupied with his own timidity in the presence of the elder, cannot imagine. Besides, March was aware of the gulf that divided him as a literary man from Beaton as an artist, and he only ventured to feel his way toward sympathy with him. "We want to make it good; we want to make it high. Fulkerson is right about aiming to please the women, but of course he caricatures the way of going about it."

For answer, Beaton flung out, "I can't go in for a thing I don't understand the plan of."

March took it for granted that he had wounded some exposed sensibility of Beaton's. He continued, still more deferentially: "Mr. Fulkerson's notion—I must say the notion is his, evolved from his syndicate experience—is that we shall do best in fiction to confine ourselves to short stories, and make each number complete in itself. He found that the most successful things he could furnish his newspapers were short stories; we Americans are supposed to excel in writing them; and most people begin with them in fiction; and it's Mr. Fulkerson's idea to work unknown talent, as he says, and so he thinks he can not only get them easily, but can gradually form a school of short-story writers. I can't say I follow him altogether, but I respect his experience. We shall not despise translations of short stories, but otherwise the matter will all be original, and of course it won't all be short stories. We shall use sketches of travel, and essays, and little dramatic studies, and bits of biography and history; but all very light, and always short enough to be completed in a single number. Mr. Fulkerson believes in pictures, and most of the things would be capable of illustration."

"I see," said Beaton.

"I don't know but this is the whole affair," said March, beginning to stiffen a little at the young man's reticence.

"I understand. Thank you for taking the trouble to explain. Good-morning." Beaton bowed himself off, without offering to shake hands.

Fulkerson came in after a while from the outer office, and Mr. Dryfoos followed him. "Well, what do you think of our art editor?"

"Is he our art editor?" asked March. "I wasn't quite certain when he left."

"Did he take the books?"

"Yes, he took the books."

"I guess he's all right, then." Fulkerson added, in concession to the umbrage he detected in March, "Beaton has his times of being the greatest ass in the solar system, but he usually takes it out in personal conduct. When it comes to work, he's a regular horse."

"He appears to have compromised for the present by being a perfect mule," said March.

"Well, he's in a transition state," Fulkerson allowed. "He's the man for us. He really understands what we want. You'll see; he'll catch on. That lurid glare of his will wear off in the course of time. He's really a good fellow when you take him off his guard; and he's full of ideas. He's spread out over a good deal of ground at present, and so he's pretty thin; but come to gather him up into a lump, there's a good deal of substance to him. Yes, there is. He's a first-rate critic, and he's a nice fellow with the other artists. They laugh at his universality, but they all like him. He's the best kind of a teacher when he condescends to it; and he's just the man to deal with our volunteer work. Yes, sir, he's a prize. Well, I must go now."

Fulkerson went out of the street door, and then came quickly back. "By-the-by, March, I saw that old dynamiter of yours round at Beaton's room yesterday."

"What old dynamiter of mine?"

"That old one-handed Dutchman—friend of your youth—the one we saw at Maroni's—"

"Oh—Lindau!" said March, with a vague pang of self-reproach for having thought of Lindau so little after the first flood of his tender feeling toward him was past.

"Yes; our versatile friend was modelling him as Judas Iscariot. Lindau makes a first-rate Judas, and Beaton has got a big thing in that head if he works the religious people right. But what I was thinking of was this—it struck me just as I was going out of the door: Didn't you tell me Lindau knew forty or fifty different languages?"

"Four or five, yes."

"Well, we won't quarrel about the number. The question is, why not work *him* in the field of foreign literature? *You* can't go over all their reviews and magazines, and he could do the smelling for you, if you could trust his nose. Would he know a good thing?"

"I think he would," said March, on whom the scope of Fulkerson's suggestion gradually opened. "He used to have good taste, and he must know the ground. Why, it's a capital idea, Fulkerson! Lindau wrote very fair English; and he could translate, with a little revision."

"And he would probably work cheap. Well, hadn't you better see him about it? I guess it'll be quite a windfall for him."

"Yes, it will. I'll look him up. Thank you for the suggestion, Fulkerson."

"Oh, don't mention it! *I* don't mind doing *Every Other Week* a good turn now and then when it comes in my way." Fulkerson went out again, and this time March was finally left with Mr. Dryfoos.

"Mrs. March was very sorry not to be at home when your sisters called the other day. She wished me to ask if they had any afternoon in particular. There was none on your mother's card."

"No, sir," said the young man, with a flush of embarrassment that seemed habitual with him. "She has no day. She's at home almost every day. She hardly ever goes out."

"Might we come some evening?" March asked. "We should be very glad to do that, if she would excuse the informality. Then I could come *with* Mrs. March."

"Mother isn't very formal," said the young man. "She would be very glad to see you."

"Then we'll come some night this week, if you will let us. When do you expect your father back?"

"Not much before Christmas. He's trying to settle up some things at Moffitt."

"And what do you think of our art editor?" asked March, with a smile, for the change of subject.

"Oh, I don't know much about such things," said the young man, with another of his embarrassed flushes. "Mr. Fulkerson seems to feel sure that he is the one for us."

"Mr. Fulkerson seemed to think that *I* was the one for you, too," said March; and he laughed. "That's what makes me doubt his infallibility. But he couldn't do worse with Mr. Beaton."

Mr. Dryfoos reddened and looked down, as if unable or unwilling to cope with the difficulty of making a polite protest against March's self-depreciation. He said, after a moment: "It's new business to all of us except Mr. Fulkerson. But I think it will succeed. I think we can do some good in it."

March asked, rather absently, "Some good?" Then he added: "Oh yes; I think we can. What do you mean by good? Improve the public taste? Elevate the standard of literature? Give young authors and artists a chance?"

This was the only good that had ever been in March's mind, except the good that was to come in a material way from his success, to himself and to his family.

"I don't know," said the young man; and he looked down in a shamefaced fashion. He lifted his head and looked into March's face. "I suppose I was thinking that some time we might help along. If we were to have those sketches of yours about life in every part of New York—"

March's authorial vanity was tickled. "Fulkerson has been talking to you about them? He seemed to think they would be a card. He believes that there's no subject so fascinating to the general average of people throughout the country as life in New York city; and he liked my notion of doing these things." March hoped that Dryfoos would answer that Fulkerson was perfectly enthusiastic about his notion; but he did not need this stimulus, and at any rate he went on without it. "The fact is, it's something that struck my fancy the moment I came here; I found myself intensely interested in the place, and I began to make notes, consciously and unconsciously, at once. Yes, I believe I can get something quite attractive out of it. I don't in the least know what it will be yet, except that it will be very desultory; and I couldn't at all say when I can get at it. If we postpone the first number till February I might get a little paper into that. Yes, I think it might be a good thing for us," March said, with modest self-appreciation.

"If you can make the comfortable people understand how the uncomfortable people live, it will be a very good thing, Mr. March. Sometimes it seems to me that the only trouble is that we don't know one another well enough; and that the first thing is to do this." The young fellow spoke with the seriousness in which the beauty of his face resided. Whenever he laughed his face looked weak, even silly. It seemed to be a sense of this that made him hang his head or turn it away at such times.

"That's true," said March, from the surface only. "And then, those phases of low life are immensely picturesque. Of course we must try to get the contrasts of luxury for the sake of the full effect. That won't be so easy. You can't penetrate to the dinner party of a millionaire under the wing of a detective as you could to a carouse in Mulberry Street, or to his children's nursery with a philanthropist as you can to a street boys' lodging-house." March laughed, and again the young man turned his head away. "Still, something can be done in that way by tact and patience."

VIII.

That evening March went with his wife to return the call of the Dryfoos ladies. On their way uptown in the Elevated he told her of his talk with young Dryfoos. "I confess I was a little ashamed before him afterward for having looked at the matter so entirely from the æsthetic point of view. But of course, you know, if I went to work at those things with an ethical intention expheitly in mind, I should spoil them."

"Of course," said his wife. She had always heard him say something of this kind about such things.

He went on: "But I suppose that's just the point that such a nature as young Dryfoos's can't get hold of, or keep hold of. We're a queer lot, down there, Isabel—perfect menagerie. If it hadn't been that Fulkerson got us together, and really seems to know what he did it for, I should say he was the oddest stick among us. But when I think of myself and my own crankiness for the literary department; and young Dryfoos, who ought really to be in the pulpit, or a monastery, or something, for publisher; and that young Beaton, who probably hasn't a moral fibre in his composition, for the art man, I don't know but we could give Fulkerson odds and still beat him in oddity."

His wife heaved a deep sigh of apprehension, of renunciation, of monition. "Well, I'm glad you can feel so light about it, Basil."

"Light? I feel gay! With Fulkerson at the helm, I tell you the rocks and the lee shore had better keep out of the way." He laughed with pleasure in his metaphor. "Just when you think Fulkerson has taken leave of his senses he says or does something that shows he is on the most intimate and inalienable terms with them all the time. You know how I've been worrying over those foreign periodicals, and trying to get some translation from them for the first number? Well, Fulkerson has brought his centipedal mind to bear on the subject, and he's suggested that old German friend of mine I was telling you of—the one I met in the restaurant—the friend of my youth."

"Do you think *he* could do it?" asked Mrs. March, sceptically.

"He's a perfect Babel of strange tongues; and he's the very man for the work, and I was ashamed I hadn't thought of him myself, for I suspect he needs the work."

"Well, be careful how you get mixed up with him, then, Basil," said his wife, who had the natural misgiving concerning the friends of her husband's youth that all wives have. "You know the Germans *are* so unscrupulously dependent. You don't know anything about him now."

"I'm not afraid of Lindau," said March. "He was the best and kindest man I ever saw, the most high-minded, the most generous. He lost a hand in the war that helped to save us and keep us possible, and that stump of his is character enough for me."

"Oh, you don't think I could have meant anything *against* him!" said Mrs. March, with the tender fervor that every woman who lived in the time of the war must feel for those who suffered in it. "All that I meant was that I hoped you would not get mixed up with him too much. You're so apt to be carried away by your impulses."

"They didn't carry me very far away in the direction of poor old Lindau, I'm ashamed to think," said March. "I meant all sorts of fine things by him after I met him; and then I forgot him, and I had to be reminded of him by Fulkerson."

She did not answer him, and he fell into a remorseful reverie, in which he rehabilitated Lindau anew, and provided handsomely for his old age. He got him buried with military honors, and had a shaft raised over him, with a medallion likeness by Beaton and an epitaph by himself, by the time they reached Forty-second Street; there was no time to write Lindau's life, however briefly, before the train stopped.

They had to walk up four blocks and then half a block across before they came to the indistinctive brownstone house where the Dryfooses lived. It was larger than some in the same block, but the next neighborhood of a huge apartment-house dwarfed it again. March thought he recognized the very flat in which he had disciplined the surly janitor, but he did not tell his wife; he made her notice the transition character of the street, which had been mostly built up in apartment-houses, with here and there a single dwelling dropped far down beneath and beside them, to that jag-toothed effect on the sky-line so often observable in such New York streets. "I don't know exactly what the old gentleman bought here for," he said, as they waited on the steps after ringing, "unless he expects to turn it into flats by-and-by. Otherwise, I don't believe he'll get his money back."

An Irish serving-man, with a certain surprise that delayed him, said the ladies were at home, and let the Marches in, and then carried their cards upstairs. The drawing-room, where he said they could sit down while he went on this errand, was delicately decorated in white and gold, and furnished with a sort of extravagant good taste; there was nothing to object to the satin furniture, the pale soft rich carpet, the pictures, and the bronze and china bric-à-brac, except that their costliness was too evident; everything in the room meant money too plainly, and too much of it. The Marches recognized this in the hoarse whispers which people cannot get their voices above when they try to talk away the interval of waiting in such circumstances; they conjectured from what they had heard of the Dryfooses that this tasteful luxury in no wise expressed their civilization. "Though when you come to that," said March, "I don't know that Mrs. Green's gimcrackery expresses ours."

"Well, Basil, *I* didn't *take* the gimcrackery. That was *your*—"

The rustle of skirts on the stairs without arrested Mrs. March in the well-merited punishment which she never failed to inflict upon her husband when the question of the gimcrackery—they always called it that—came up. She rose at the entrance of a bright-looking, pretty-looking, mature, youngish lady, in black silk of a neutral implication, who put out her hand to her, and said, with a very cheery, very lady-like accent, "Mrs. March?" and then added to both of them, while she shook hands with March, and before they could get the name out of their mouths, "No, *not* Miss Dryfoos! Neither of them; nor Mrs. Dryfoos. Mrs. Mandel. The ladies will be down in a moment. Won't you throw off your sacque, Mrs. March? I'm afraid it's rather warm here, coming from the outside."

"I will throw it back, if you'll allow me," said Mrs. March, with a sort of provisionality, as if, pending some uncertainty as to Mrs. Mandel's quality and authority, she did not feel herself justified in going further.

But if she did not know about Mrs. Mandel, Mrs. Mandel seemed to know about her. "Oh, well, do!" she said, with a sort of recognition of the propriety of her caution. "I hope you are feeling a little at home in New York. We heard so much of your trouble in getting a flat, from Mr. Fulkerson."

"Well, a true Bostonian doesn't give up quite so soon," said Mrs. March. "But I will say New York doesn't seem so far away, now we're here."

"I'm sure you'll like it. Every one does." Mrs. Mandel added to March, "It's very sharp out, isn't it?"

"Rather sharp. But after our Boston winters I don't know but I ought to repudiate the word."

"Ah, wait till you've been here through March!" said Mrs. Mandel. She began with him, but skilfully transferred the close of her remark, and the little smile of menace that went with it, to his wife.

"Yes," said Mrs. March, "or April, either. Talk about our east winds!"

"Oh, I'm sure they can't be worse than *our* winds," Mrs. Mandel returned, caressingly.

"If we escape New York pneumonia," March laughed, "it will be only to fall a prey to New York malaria as soon as the frost is out of the ground."

"Oh, but you know," said Mrs. Mandel, "I think our malaria has really been slandered a little. It's more a matter of drainage—of plumbing. I don't believe it would be possible for malaria to get into *this* house, we've had it gone over so thoroughly."

Mrs. March said, while she tried to divine Mrs. Mandel's position from this statement, "It's certainly the first duty."

"If Mrs. March could have had her way, we should have had the drainage of our whole ward put in order," said her husband, "before we ventured to take a furnished apartment for the winter."

Mrs. Mandel looked discreetly at Mrs. March for permission to laugh at this, but at the same moment both ladies became preoccupied with a second rustling on the stairs.

Two tall, well-dressed young girls came in, and Mrs. Mandel introduced, "Miss Dryfoos, Mrs. March; and Miss Mela Dryfoos, Mr. March," she added, and the girls shook hands in their several ways with the Marches.

Miss Dryfoos had keen black eyes, and her hair was intensely black. Her face, but for the slight inward curve of the nose, was regular, and the smallness of her nose and of her mouth did not weaken her face, but gave it a curious effect of fierceness, of challenge. She had a large black fan in her hand, which she waved, in talking, with a slow, watchful nervousness. Her sister was blond, and had a profile like her brother's; but her chin was not so salient, and the weak look of the mouth was not corrected by the spirituality or the fervor of his eyes, though hers were of the same mottled blue. She dropped into the low seat beside Mrs. Mandel, and intertwined her fingers with those of the hand which Mrs. Mandel let her have. She smiled upon the Marches, while Miss Dryfoos watched them intensely, with her eyes first on one and then on the other, as if she did not mean to let any expression of theirs escape her.

"My mother will be down in a minute," she said to Mrs. March.

"I hope we're not disturbing her. It is so good of you to let us come in the evening," Mrs. March replied.

"Oh, not at all," said the girl. "We receive in the evening."

"When we *do* receive," Miss Mela put in. "We don't always get the chance to." She began a laugh, which she checked at a smile from Mrs. Mandel, which no one could have seen to be reproving.

Miss Dryfoos looked down at her fan, and looked up defiantly at Mrs. March. "I suppose you have hardly got settled. We were afraid we would disturb you when we called."

"Oh no! We were very sorry to miss your visit. We are quite settled in our new quarters. Of course it's all very different from Boston."

"I hope it's more of a sociable place there," Miss Mela broke in again. "I never saw such an unsociable place as New York. We've been in this house three months, and I don't believe that if we staid three years any of the neighbors would call."

"I fancy proximity doesn't count for much in New York," March suggested.

Mrs. Mandel said: "That's what I tell Miss Mela. But she is a very social nature, and can't reconcile herself to the fact."

"No. I can't," the girl pouted. "I think it was twice as much fun in Moffitt. I wish I was there now."

"Yes," said March, "I think there's a great deal more enjoyment in those smaller places. There's not so much going on in the way of public amusements, and so people make more of one another. There are not so many concerts, theatres, operas—"

"Oh, they've got a splendid opera-house in Moffitt. It's just grand," said Miss Mela.

"Have you been to the opera here, this winter?" Mrs. March asked of the elder girl.

She was glaring with a frown at her sister, and detached her eyes from her with an effort. "What did you say?" she demanded, with an absent bluntness. "Oh yes. Yes! We went once. Father took a box at the Metropolitan."

"Then you got a good dose of Wagner, I suppose?" said March.

"What?" asked the girl.

"I don't think Miss Dryfoos is very fond of Wagner's music," Mrs. Mandel said. "I believe you are all great Wagnerites in Boston?"

"I'm a very bad Bostonian, Mrs. Mandel. I suspect myself of preferring Verdi," March answered.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Miss Dryfoos looked down at her fan again, and said, "I like Trovatore the best."

"It's an opera I never get tired of," said March; and Mrs. March and Mrs. Mandel exchanged a smile of compassion for his simplicity. He detected it, and added, "But I dare say I shall come down with the Wagner fever in time. I've been exposed to some malignant cases of it."

"That night we were there," said Miss Mela, "they had to turn the gas down all through one part of it, and the papers said the ladies were awful mad because they couldn't show their diamonds. I don't wonder, if they all had to pay as much for their boxes as we did. We had to pay sixty dollars." She looked at the Marches for their sensation at this expense.

March said: "Well, I think I shall take my box by the month, then. It must come cheaper, wholesale."

"Oh no, it don't," said the girl, glad to inform him. "The people that own their boxes, and that had to give fifteen or twenty thousand dollars apiece for them, have to pay sixty dollars a night whenever there's a performance, whether they go or not."

"Then I should go every night," March said.

"Most of the ladies were low neck—"

March interposed, "Well, I shouldn't go low *neck*."

The girl broke into a fondly approving laugh at his drolling. "Oh, I guess you love to train! Us girls wanted to go low neck too; but father said we shouldn't, and mother said if we did she wouldn't come to the front of the box once. Well, she didn't, anyway. We might just as well 'a' gone low neck. She staid back the whole time, and when they had that dance—the ballet, you know—she just shut her eyes. Well, Conrad didn't like that part much either; but us girls and Mrs. Mandel, we brazened it out right in the front of the box. We were about the only ones there that went high neck. Conrad had to wear a swallow-tail; but father hadn't any, and he had to patch out with a white cravat. You couldn't see what he had on in the back o' the box, anyway."

Mrs. March looked at Miss Dryfoos, who was waving her fan more and more slowly up and down, and who, when she felt herself looked at, returned Mrs. March's smile, which she meant to be ingratiating and perhaps sympathetic, with a flash that made her start, and then ran her fierce eyes over March's face. "Here comes mother," she said, with a sort of breathlessness, as if speaking her thought aloud, and through the open door the Marches could see the old lady on the stairs.

She paused half-way down, and turning, called up: "Coonrod! Coonrod! You bring my shawl down with you."

Her daughter Mela called out to her, "Now, mother, Christine 'll give it to you for not sending Mike."

"Well, I don't know where he is, Mely, child," the mother answered back. "He ain't never around when he's wanted; and when he ain't, it seems like a body couldn't git shet of him, nohow."

"Well, you ought to ring for him," cried Miss Mela, enjoying the joke.

Her mother came in with a slow step; her head shook slightly as she looked about the room, perhaps from nervousness, perhaps from a touch of palsy. In either case the fact had a pathos which Mrs. March confessed in the affection with which she took her hard, dry, large, old hand when she was introduced to her, and in the sincerity which she put into the hope that she was well.

"I'm just middlin'," Mrs. Dryfoos replied. "I ain't never so well, nowadays. I tell fawther I don't believe it agrees with me very well here; but he says I'll git used to it. He's away now, out at Moffitt," she said to March, and wavered on foot a moment before she sank into a chair. She was a tall woman, who had been a beautiful girl, and her gray hair had a memory of blondness in it like Lindau's, March noticed. She wore a simple silk gown, of a Quakerly gray, and she held a handkerchief folded square, as it had come from the laundress. Something like the Sabbath quiet of a little wooden meeting-house in thick Western woods expressed itself to him from her presence.

"Laws, mother!" said Miss Mela; "what you got that old thing on for? If I'd 'a' known you'd 'a' come down in *that*!"

"Coonrod said it was all right, Mely," said her mother.

Miss Mela explained to the Marches: "Mother was raised among the Dunkards, and she thinks it's wicked to wear anything but a gray silk even for dress up."

"You hain't never heared o' the Dunkards, I reckon," the old woman said to Mrs. March. "Some folks calls 'em the Beardy Men, because they don't never shave; and they wash feet like they do in the Testament. My uncle was one. He raised me."

"I guess pretty much everybody's a Beardy Man nowadays, if he *ain't* a Dunkard!"

Miss Mela looked round for applause of her sally, but March was saying to his wife: "It's a Pennsylvania German sect, I believe—something like the Quakers. I used to see them when I was a boy."

"Aren't they something like the Mennists?" asked Mrs. Mandel.

"They're good people," said the old woman, "and the world 'd be a heap better off if there was more like 'em."

Her son came in and laid a soft shawl over her shoulders before he shook hands with the visitors. "I am glad you found your way here," he said to them.

Christine, who had been bending forward over her fan, now lifted herself up with a sigh and leaned back in her chair.

"I'm sorry my father isn't here," said the young man to Mrs. March. "He's never met you yet?"

"No; and I should like to see him. We hear a great deal about your father, you know, from Mr. Fulkerson."

"Oh, I hope you don't believe everything Mr. Fulkerson says about people," Mela cried. "He's the greatest person for carrying on when he gets going *I* ever saw. It makes Christine just as mad when him and mother get to talking about religion; she says she knows he don't care anything more about it than the man in the moon. I reckon he don't try it on much with father."

"Your fawther 'ain't ever been a perfessor," her mother interposed; "but he's always been a good church-goin' man."

"Not since we come to New York," retorted the girl.

"He's been all broke up since he come to New York," said the old woman, with an aggrieved look.

Mrs. Mandel attempted a diversion. "Have you heard any of our great New York preachers yet, Mrs. March?"

"No, I haven't," Mrs. March admitted; and she tried to imply by her candid tone that she intended to begin hearing them the very next Sunday.

"There are a great many things here," said Conrad, "to take your thoughts off the preaching that you hear in most of the churches. I think the city itself is preaching the best sermon all the time."

"I don't know that I understand you," said March.

Mela answered for him. "Oh, Conrad has got a lot of notions that nobody can understand. You ought to see the church he goes to when he does go. I'd about as lief go to a Catholic church myself; I don't see a bit o' difference. He's the greatest crony with one of their preachers; he dresses just like a priest, and he says he *is* a priest." She laughed for enjoyment of the fact, and her brother cast down his eyes.

Mrs. March, in her turn, tried to take from it the personal tone which the talk was always assuming. "Have you been to the fall exhibition?" she asked Christine; and the girl drew herself up out of the abstraction she seemed sunk in.

"The exhibition?" She looked at Mrs. Mandel.

"The pictures of the Academy, you know," Mrs. Mandel explained. "Where I wanted you to go the day you had your dress tried on."

"No; we haven't been yet. Is it good?" She had turned to Mrs. March again.

"I believe the fall exhibitions are never so good as the spring ones. But there are some good pictures."

"I don't believe I care much about pictures," said Christine. "I don't understand them."

"Ah, *that's* no excuse for not caring about them," said March, lightly. "The painters themselves don't, half the time."

The girl looked at him with that glance at once defiant and appealing, insolent and anxious, which he had noticed before, especially when she stole it toward himself and his wife during her sister's babble. In the light of Fulkerson's history of the family, its origin and its ambition, he interpreted it to mean a sense of her sister's folly and an ignorant will to override his opinion of anything incongruous in themselves and their surroundings. He said to himself that she was deathly proud—too proud to try to palliate anything, but capable of anything that would put others under her feet. Her eyes seemed hopelessly to question his wife's social quality, and he fancied, with not unkindly interest, the inexperienced girl's doubt whether to treat them with much or little respect. He lost himself in fancies about her and her ideals, necessarily sordid, of her possibilities of suffering, of the triumphs and disappointments before her. Her sister would accept both with a lightness that would keep no trace of either; but in her they would sink lastingly deep. He came out of his reverie to find Mrs. Dryfoos saying to him in her hoarse voice:

"I thiuk it's a shame, some of the pictur's a body sees in the winders. They say there's a law ag'inst them things; and if there is, I don't understand why the police don't take up them that paints 'em. I hear tell, since I been here, that there's women that goes to have pictur's took from them that way by men painters." The point seemed aimed at March, as if he were personally responsible for the scandal, and it fell with a silencing effect for the moment. Nobody seemed willing to take it up, and Mrs. Dryfoos went on, with an old woman's severity: "I say they ought to be all tarred and feathered and rode on a rail. They'd be drummed out of town in Moffitt."

Miss Mela said, with a crowing laugh: "I should think they would! And they wouldn't anybody go low neck to the opera-house there, either—not low neck the way they do here, anyway."

"And that pack of worthless hussies," her mother resumed, "that come out on the stage, and begun to kick—"

"Laws, mother!" the girl shouted, "I thought you said you had your eyes shut!"

All but these two simpler creatures were abashed at the indecorum of suggesting in words the commonplaces of the theatre and of art.

"Well, I did, Mely, as soon as I could *believe* my eyes. I don't know what they're doin' in all their churches, to let such things go on," said the old woman. "It's a sin and a shame, *I* think. Don't you, Coonrod?"

A ring at the door cut short whatever answer he was about to deliver.

"If it's going to be company, Coonrod," said his mother, making an effort to rise, "I reckon I better go upstairs."

"It's Mr. Fulkerson, I guess," said Conrad. "He thought he might come;" and at the mention of this light spirit Mrs. Dryfoos sunk contentedly back in her chair, and a relaxation of their painful tension seemed to pass through the whole company. Conrad went to the door himself (the serving-man tentatively appeared some minutes later) and let in Fulkerson's cheerful voice before his cheerful person.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Conrad? Brought our friend Mr. Beaton with me," those within heard him say; and then, after a sound of putting off overcoats, they saw him fill the doorway, with his feet set square and his arms akimbo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INUNDATION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

On Friday, May 31st, a dam which held a lake in check in the mountains of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, gave way, and before the inhabitants of the valley were fully aware of their danger the waters were upon them, and the towns and the people were engulfed. The latest estimate places the loss of life at six thousand, and the damage to property at many millions of dollars.

Johnstown was a flourishing place, at the eastern terminus of the western division of the Pennsylvania Canal. It is the county-seat of Cambria County, and is situated in a valley of the Alleghany Mountains, at the junction of Conemaugh Creek and Stony Creek, which form the Conemaugh River, seventy-eight miles from Pittsburgh. A number of small villages along the creek and river are incorporated in Johnstown borough. The inhabitants of the borough number above 20,000. The Cambria Iron Company has its works there, and employs several thousand persons in the manufacture of iron and steel rails for railroads. The town also contains a number of tanneries, flour, planing, and woollen mills, several banks, sixteen churches and schools. Two and a half miles east of Johnstown is the site of the reservoir, which was one of the feeders of the Pennsylvania Canal. It is now owned by a corporation, under the title of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club. This water, formerly known as Conemaugh Lake, is from 200 to 300 feet above Johnstown. It is one and three-quarter miles in length and a mile to a mile and a quarter in breadth, and in some places 100 feet in depth. The dam which held the water in check is 1000 feet wide, 90 feet in thickness at the base, and rises to a height of about 100 feet. It is over 20 feet broad at the top. The reservoir held more water than any other of its kind in the United States. Along the Conemaugh Creek, which flows from the reservoir or lake, are situated a number of small villages, the first of which is known as South Fork, of about 1400 inhabitants. Mineral Point, with a population of several hundreds, is below, and the other small towns, with the exception of Cambria City, are incorporated in Johnstown borough. Eighteen miles below, in the valley, is the town of Bolivar, Westmoreland County. The mountains on either side from South Fork to Bolivar form a perfect roadway, which admits of no outlet, and through which the river flows. About noon on Friday, May 31st, a low rumbling noise was heard, which increased to a roar, and before the people could realize the disaster a volume of water swept down the narrow valley and carried everything before it. The dam had burst, and the lake was emptying its waters into the valley below. The houses were caught by the flood, and torn from their foundations. Some were carried away by the raging torrent, which tore along the river course through the valley, while others were jammed in a mighty heap against an immense viaduct of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Johnstown. Later on this heap, which was nothing but a mass of timbers piled forty feet high, burst into flames, and hundreds who were imprisoned therein perished by the fire. The water up to four o'clock in the afternoon spread as far as Johnstown to the depth of seven feet, was supplemented by another torrent, which completed the destruction. This last rush swept everything before it, and those who were imprisoned in their houses were carried on to death. The great rush reached Bolivar at seven o'clock, and the Conemaugh River in a few moments rose from six to forty feet. Houses were borne onward with the flood, from which men, women, and children cried out piteously to be delivered, but it was impossible for the on-lookers to render any aid, and but few were rescued. Darkness soon covered the scene, and through the night could be heard the cries of the unfortunates as they swept on to their doom.

When daylight broke on Saturday morning the picture was a terrible one. Railroad bridges and passenger trains and their occupants had gone down before the flood. The waters bore the bodies of the victims down the current or cast them on the shores. Rescuing parties were formed, and from their stations on the river-banks managed to bring some living persons to the land, but few had survived the day and night of horror. It was impossible in many places to communicate with other towns, as the wires were down and wildest rumors filled the air. At length news came from Johnstown, and the worst fears of all were realized. There was scarcely a frame house left standing there, and but a single one remained in Cambria City. Conemaugh and other places had been totally wiped out. Thousands of people are homeless. Throughout Pennsylvania and other States calls have been sent out for aid and relief societies organized. Army and militia tents have been sent to the sufferers, and on Sunday many of the churches throughout the land took up collections for the purpose of alleviating the distress. The members of the Red Cross Society were on the scene as early as practicable. It is impossible to picture the misery. Home, family, and personal possessions have been completely lost to many. Each report adds new terrors to what is already known of the calamity, and the loss of property is something enormous. All along the course of the flood great damage has been sustained by towns far removed from the scene of the disaster, and peaceful sluggish streams have overflowed their banks and wrought ruin on all sides.

In the midst of these reports replete with misery and sorrow come accounts of brave deeds and heroic self-sacrifices. Men declined the rescuing hand in order that their wives or children might be saved, and sons died so that their fathers might live.

The pictures given on page 461 represent merely the first approach of the flood. Of the awful scenes which followed a corps of artists working on the spot will supply us with ample materials for illustration which will be reproduced in the WEEKLY to be published on June 12th.

THE HARVEST OF THE STORM.

On the fierce Baltic's storm-lashed shore he stood;
Still writhed the waves from the dead Tempest's wrath:
"Accursed winds and shoreward-thundering flood—
What human woe thy reckless fury cost!"
In truth, no heart was wrecked, no ship was lost
Keen-eyed for Ill, poor Dullard, blind to Good,
He saw it not—the Tempest's aftermath—
That wealth of uptossed amber in its path!

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

ABANDONING THE "ADVANCE."

THE painting of which we give a reproduction represents Dr. Kane and his companions abandoning the brig *Advance* at Rensselaer Harbor on Sunday, May 20, 1855, just after they had removed from the vessel its figure-head, which is now in possession of Kane Lodge, and had placed it in the bow of the whale-boat *Hope*. It is a dreary scene which the artist has depicted, although the light of an arctic sun is shining upon it, and there are suggestions of the dangers as well as the grim monotony of a two years' sojourn in the solitude of the far North. The group of figures seen in the foreground, surrounded by the Eskimo dogs, includes Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, and Messrs. Wilson, Borsall, Sontag, and Ohlsen, and others of the ship's company. The portraits are from photographs. Dr. Kane is looking off toward the brig, which is seen in the middle distance. The ship's spars and bulwarks are in part cut away, having been used for firewood, enough only being left to keep her seaworthy in case the ice should break up. Beyond is Fern Rock, with the little observatory in which the astronomical observations were carried on, and the cairn which marks the graves of the two sailors Schubert and Baker. To the right is a grounded conical iceberg, from which the party procured fresh water during their two years' imprisonment in Rensselaer Harbor, and in the distance is Cape Leiper. To the left, across the straits, lie Cape Hawkes and Cape Hayes, and floe bergs and rubble ice mark the line of the horizon. Floe bergs are huge elongated masses of ice, unlike icebergs in form, inasmuch as they have flat tops and vertical sides. Rubble ice is the broken, irregular piles of ice produced by the contact of one field with another when in motion, and the destruction and upheaval of the edges of the conflicting floes.

On the ice-floe, mounted on a sledge, is the whale-boat, on which a number of the crew, assisted by Eskimos, are stowing away the last few bags of provisions. In every direction ice in various forms is seen, and overhead an arctic sky, flecked with delicate clouds.

The picture was painted by Mr. Albert Operti, under the personal supervision of Captain J. Hall Wilson, a survivor of the second Grinnell expedition. The topographic details were taken from government charts, surveys, and photographs, and it is believed to be a faithful presentation of the scene. Mr. Operti has given a good deal of attention to the details and results of arctic research, and two historical pictures painted by him, "The Rescue of Lieutenant Greely" and "The Highest North of all Time," are now in the Capitol at Washington. The present work was undertaken for Kane Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and was presented to that organization by the artist. Kane Lodge, as its name suggests, was founded in honor of one of the bravest of arctic navigators, who was himself a member of the fraternity. It was chartered in June, 1859, and numbers over four hundred members. As it is so closely associated with arctic exploration, and as the names of two of the officers of the *Advance* are to be found on its roster, the artist could have selected no more fitting custodian of his work.

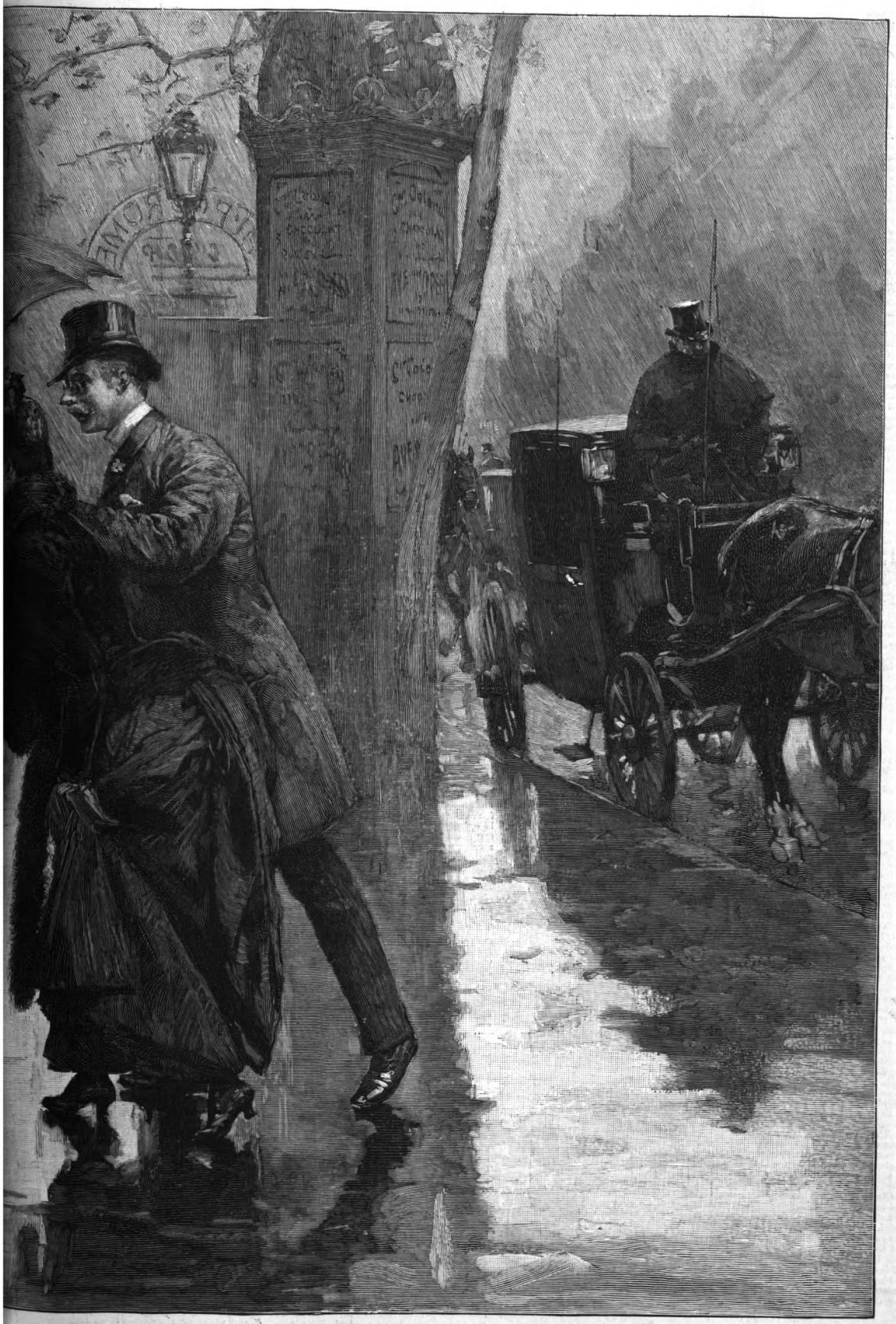
The presentation ceremonies, which took place on June 4th, were preceded by the reception of the Grand Officers of the State of New York and a delegation from Kane Lodge, No. 55, of Newark, New Jersey, and the giving of a testimonial to Past Master Thomas E. Stewart by Right Worshipful Joseph Little, Past District Deputy Grand Master of the sixth district. Brother Charles J. Bliven, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, then introduced a number of well-known arctic explorers, who were received and welcomed by Most Worshipful J. Edward Simmons, Past Grand Master. In presenting the painting, Brother Operti spoke at length upon the subject of arctic history as treated by art. He said that while America had made ten-league strides to the regulation pace of the foreigners, Art, who has set her palette to do homage to great leaders, had seemingly forgotten her heroes of the ice, and he hoped at no distant date that Art would place upon historic walls her tablets to such names as Greely, Schley, Melville, Hall, Schwatka, and Gilder.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A WET DAY ON THE PARISIAN BOUL

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 460.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE WRONG CARD.

MR. HIRAM LEADBETTER passed very lonely evenings. In fact he did not know what to do with himself since his wife died, and the delightful card party which had been gathered in the sitting-room of his little domicile for years was broken up. Since that time he had not even had an opportunity to play a two-handed game of euchre or high-low-jack, for in less than a week after his wife's funeral his old neighbor, who had formed one of the party, had gone to live with his daughter at the West, and the other member, his wife's youngest daughter, had married a sea-captain and sailed with him to South America. There were no card-playing people in the town now. The Pride's Corner minister did not approve of games, unless it might be, as he said, "an innocent game of checkers or fox-and-geese, at a suitable time." Hiram and his wife had joined the Universalist church years before over in Plumfield, where they lived in their youth, and where, as Hiram frequently remarked, "folks hed sense enough to know that religion hedn't nothin' more to do with checkers 'n' fox-'n'-geese than it hed with cards, 'n' thet Satan hedn't much int'rest in neither." But the worthy couple were shunned by the majority of the towns-people on account of their persistence in this unholy entertainment.

When the minister asked Hiram if his wife had not repented of her downward course before her death, his indignation was so great that he declared he was sick of the whole place, and was going to leave it anyway, whether he could sell his farm or not, though he answered the reverend gentleman very quietly that she was alwus a-believin' as well as a-doin' Christian, 'n' hedn't nothin' ter repent of, 'n' no regrets, without 'twas leavin' her family. The last words she said to him, poor M'riar, was, "How dretfully you'll miss your game evenin's, Hiram, if you can't git nobody to take my place!"

It was February then, and as it grew toward spring the long twilights were almost maddening in their dreary blankness. Heretofore there had been the one bright hour of lamp-light and the pleasing excitement of whist to look forward to before bedtime. M'riar would never consent to play until eight o'clock, as she did not hold that it was right to put by one's work until that time, unless she hurried to finish the task which she had allotted to herself for the day. But with such a pleasure before one, who would not wait? Cynthy, his wife's oldest daughter, had come to keep house for Hiram now—a neat and industrious spinster, the best of house-keepers, the best of cooks, but he did not find her company enlivening. She stepped about in her cloth slippers as noiselessly as a ghost, with her prim little mouth closed as tightly as if it had been fastened with a lock and key, and it was only at the table that she opened it, having a strange fashion of speaking the few words which she found it necessary to speak without moving her lips. She sang psalm tunes also in the same objectionable manner. When, on her first arrival, Hiram timidly proposed that they should try a game of euchre, just to while away the long evenin', she looked absolutely horrified, and said he "mustn't run of an idea that she had such dretful slack notions about things as ma had. She was clear Averill. Ma was a Baldwin. She hadn't no Baldwin blood in her."

Hiram was meek by nature, but he retorted, with considerable emphasis, that "daughters 't was half as good as such a ma as she was 'd orter be thankful, 'n' he didn't know what she meant by slack notions." But Cynthy made no reply. She was apparently absorbed in sewing what she called "slop-work," which occupation she pursued every moment which she could snatch from her household duties when she was not playing on her melodeon. Hiram settled into abject melancholy. Even the face of the sun seemed darkened; the very cocks crowed in a minor key; his food became tasteless, his sleep broken. He reproached himself for not being thankful for his mercies. If he had lost a good wife—he hadn't half realized until she was gone how cheery and comfortable a companion she was—he had still plenty o' cretur comforts. His tasks were light; there was no lack of money for his simple needs; his home was peaceful, at least, if it was lonely, and there was no more card-playing. "'N' here I be settin' up grievances," he would say over and over to himself. "Mebbe Satan does hev the doin' o' cards, as the minister said, the habit of playin' had me in so tight a clutch. 'Tis like gamblin', a kind er greed, though I hain't never played for a cent or nothin' in my life." And then he would console himself by concluding it warn't nothin' but a miss—missin' M'riar 'n' the cards too—'n' a miss at his time o' life was hard.

He tried to follow the example of his neighbors, and find entertainment by sitting in the store evenings, but it was even drearier there than at home. The men invariably talked politics or told sea yarns, and Hiram wasn't much interested in politics, and hated the very name of the sea, having been taken as cabin-boy by his father, who was a sea-captain, in his extreme youth, where he suffered untold agonies of sea-sickness. So he sat silent and listless while the other men argued and narrated. Sometimes one would ask his opinion when there was some disputed point to be settled, but he would shake his head dismally. "I can't seem ter git up enough int'rest in politics ter git the hang of 'em nohow. I catilate it's like fallin' in love, this fallin' into politics; folks must do it young; then they git it bad, 'n' it kinder hangs on to 'em."

When planting-time came the days were less tedious, his time and thoughts being so wholly occupied in working his little farm; but the evenings, though shorter, were more dreary than before. The frogs in the little pool at the back of the orchard seemed to be piping his own gloomy thoughts. The perfume of the lilacs was like a voice shouting continually of the good old times, when the lamp-light shone in M'riar's rosy and beaming countenance as she deftly shuffled the cards, the pleasant, expectant one of the wrinkled old neighbor, and the sympathetic, smiling one of the young girl opposite him at the table.

But one warm evening when Cynthy's voice and the mournful wail of her melodeon mingled with the songs of the frogs to the tune of "Federal Street" and "Balerma," Hiram, sitting dismally on the back porch, was suddenly blessed with a new idea. There were two maiden ladies, sisters, living over at Brimport, about six miles away, who were famous for card-playing. Hiram had known them when he was a young man and they were young women, and had sometimes enjoyed a social game with them, though they evidently regarded him as being somewhat beneath them, as he was only a farm hand then, and they the daughters of the richest ship-master in town. But living in a severely orthodox neighborhood, they were willing to stoop for the sake of having an opportunity to indulge in their favorite recreation. He had not seen them now for nearly twenty years, and affairs had changed since that time.

After their father's death they had lost the greater part of their property through bad management, and though they still lived in the spacious old family mansion, it was said that they had a hard time to make both ends meet. They had never married. The neighbors said that it was because they were so unlikely, "both inclined to be cranky, and Miss Lucy, the younger of the two, of a dreadful spunky disposition," which, in common parlance, means that she had a bad temper. Hiram was no longer a farm hand, but had a good farm of his own and bank stock besides, and was not to be looked down upon by the two spinsters, though they began life under so much more favorable circumstances than he did. Why should he not drive over to Brimport and play cards with them occasionally? The roads were not bad between Pride's Corner and that place, and Dolly, his old white mare, though not very nimble, was sure and steady, and was good for such a journey any pleasant evening, when she had not been working much during the day. To-morrow would be a leisurely day, as the early planting was finished, and he would just go over and make a call to see how the land lay in the direction of his desires.

Miss Lucy, as prim and polite as ever, opened the door in answer to his ring, greeting him with gratifying cordiality, and inviting him into the same room where he had spent such delectable evenings twenty years before. Everything seemed unchanged there, with the exception of Miss Lucy herself, who had grown old and sallow.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Leadbetter!" smoothing down her black silk apron with both hands, as if to emphasize her speech in this way. "I knew you was somebody I knew the minute I saw you coming up the walk. Now don't say a word, 'n' see if Jane 'll know you; she's coming in now."

But Jane did not exactly remember. She "reckoned he was somebody she used to be acquainted with, but there, he had the advantage of her anyhow."

"Can't you call to mind a card party that used ter play consid'able in this very room the year the cars begun to run here, 'n' the packet was took off that used ter land down ter the wharf below, 'n' your father 'n' ole Cap'n Turner had their meadows set out ter cranb'rry vines?"

Miss Jane, who was several years older than her sister, and not nearly as (what the Brimport people called) "genteel and pretty-spoken" as she was, though credited with being less fiery-tempered, reflected a moment.

"There, go 'long!" she exclaimed; "you're Hiram Leadbetter. Well! well! who'd 'a thought it? It's been a long spell since we sot eyes on you, an' we was speakin' about you not long ago. We saw your wife's death in the county paper."

Hiram did not care to be reminded of poor Maria just then; he was afraid they would think he had come courting. He was sure Cynthy and all his neighbors would be absolutely certain that such was the case when they found out that he had called on the Slater girls—they were still called girls, though Jane was more than sixty—and they would find it out in some way before the week was over. Pride's Corner and Brimport had nothing whatever to do with each other, but gossip of that kind seemed to go on the wings of the wind.

"M'riar wouldn't care nothin' about it," he reflected; "but there, it don't seem respectful to her mem'ry to have folks sayin' such things."

Miss Jane would not be satisfied, however, without hearing all the details of her illness, listening with a kind of solemn pleasure, and eager to know if the poor lady's countenance looked natural after her demise.

"Don't you never have a game o' whist or ole sledge now'days?" Hiram hastened to inquire, when these mournful preliminaries were over.

"Oh yes, whenever we get a chance," said Miss Lucy; "but that ain't very frequent, unless we play three-handed, or whist with a dummy, and that ain't very interesting. Cap'n Bowers, that's built that new house you see across the street, likes to play as well's we do, but his wife don't know one card from another, and if she tries to learn she just goes to sleep over it. But she's willing he should play all he wants to. Folks about here never were any hands for cards; most of 'em thinks it's wicked to play; the ministers both preach against it. Jane and I never should have learned if we hadn't gone to the city visiting at uncle's when we were young girls, likely as not, though pa sometimes liked a game when he was at home. There's a young set here now that go about from house to house playing a little on the sly in the winter-time. But they don't invite any of the older folks, and it's a kind of outlandish game they play—progressive euchre they call it, I believe."

"Yes, 'n' somethin' they call drivin' whist too," said Miss Jane. "Fur my part, I don't want no new fashions hitched on to my game. I like it plenty well enough as 'tis. Lucy"—addressing her sister—"if Hiram would put up his hoss, 'n' stop till after tea, Cap'n Bowers would be tickled ter death ter come over this evening, and we could hev a beautiful rubber."

Hiram looked radiant. "I don't want ye to put yourselves out on my account," he said, "but I should lik.e a rubber first-rate. I shall have to start for home pritty early, though, for it's a good six miles, you know, 'n' in my neighborhood folks are expected to be in bed by nine er-clock, or a few minutes past."

"Well, I'll go right in 'n' speak to Cap'n Bowers now, 'n' we'll get under way early, so you can get home in good season. But I *do* wish you lived nearer, it's so hard to stop before nine o'clock."

Hiram hadn't enjoyed an evening for years as much as he enjoyed that one. "'N' M'riar 'd be glad of it," he kept saying to himself over and over again in answer to little prickings of conscience which he felt in his breast, that he should be so happy and she dead and gone.

Miss Lucy made a delicious cup of Old Hyson, brought out the best china from the old corner cupboard in the parlor, and as the trio sat about the festive board they became quite exhilarated. After tea, the card-playing neighbor appeared with his fat and jolly wife, who brought her knitting-work and sat down to watch the game, as she said, but who was soon fast asleep in her chair. Everything progressed beautifully. The first game was won by Hiram and Miss Lucy, the second by Captain Bowers and Miss Jane, and the first rubber by Hiram and his partner.

When this was finished, Hiram thought he really must be starting for home. It was a rather dark night, and he shouldn't be home much before nine if he drove at a pretty good jog. But they all protested against such an early termination of the festivities.

"You'll have a moon to light you in the course of an hour, 'n' you can get over the ground twice as fast then," said Cap'n Bowers; "'n' what's one rubber o' whist?—only an aggravation."

So Hiram remained for another. And this rubber was so exciting that he became entirely reckless, and played another without even looking at the clock. And it was just striking nine when he finally took his departure, having engaged to come and play again as soon as he possibly could, and to make arrangements to come once a week when the evenings should be longer and the farm-work over for the summer.

Poor Hiram! he felt fairly appalled as he drove along over the deserted roads and realized the lateness of the hour. The lights had nearly all disappeared in the houses far and near, and only night sounds were astir. The way for a long distance lay through deep woods, where the shadows were so dense that one must drive carefully and slowly to keep in the road; so it was after ten o'clock when he drove through his own gate at Pride's Corner.

"'N' here I be a widower, and she 'ain't been dead much more'n three months *yit*. But M'riar 'd be glad of it—she'd be glad of it," he still consoled himself by repeating over and over again.

He was careful to make as little noise as possible; but in the stillness of the hour his every movement woke answering echoes throughout the whole neighborhood. The roosters fluttered down from their perches and began to crow lustily as he opened the barn door, evidently in the belief that morning had come. The wagon wheels took a wrong turn and bumped against the wall, and the barn door had never squeaked so mercilessly before. Cynthy's head was immediately thrust from a chamber window.

"Is that you?" she called. "I've been real concerned. What's happened to keep you out so late? 'Ain't met with any accident, have you?"

"Well, it 'pears ter be me, 'n' I 'ain't met with any accident as I know of. I called on some old friends, 'n' we was havin' such a proper sociable time that time passed a little quicker'n I was aware of," said Hiram, trying to be facetious.

"That indeed!" remarked Cynthy, from her height, with great dignity. "But I thought this was a Christian community, where folks don't do jest as they do over to Plumfield." And she closed the window with considerable energy.

Hiram crept up to bed with a guilty feeling which he could not shake off in spite of indignant remonstrances with himself. "I 'ain't done the leastest thing to be ashamed of, so why should I care what Cynthy and the folks round here say? But I ain't goin' to let on jest where I spent the evenin', though Cynthy 'll try to find out pritty hard. She's master close-mouthed till she gits ter askin' questions, then you find out she has got a tongue 'n' no mistake."

But Cynthy had found out before the next afternoon, though he had been very discreet under her cross-questioning. The news had been brought by a neighbor. Cynthy's indignation was too deep for words, but her looks were fairly overpowering, stern, injured, contemptuous; and poor Hiram, sitting opposite her at the table, found it hard work to swallow his food under such a weight of displeasure; and hurried out-of-doors as soon as possible.

At twilight she wailed "Balerma" and "Federal Street" with such unparalleled dismalness that the whippoorwills themselves were silenced, and flew away from their accustomed perch on the old pump in the orchard. But Hiram bore the music with more fortitude this time. The memory of last night's cheer and the sure prospect of more such evenings in the future served to uphold him. He should not be obliged to spend all his hours of relaxation to the tune of Cynthy's melodeon.

The next week he drove over to Brimport again, and spent a more delightful season, if possible, than before; and all through the summer, even during haying-time, he managed to go and indulge in one rubber at least as often as once a fortnight. The games had become quite thrilling now, and the ladies were not a whit less interested in them than Hiram and Captain Bowers. They looked forward impatiently to Hiram's appearance, for there were few bright spots in their lives.

"I don't see why you can't come over once a week when the harvest is in, Mr. Leadbetter," Miss Lucy said to him one evening.

"Bless me!" said Captain Bowers, "I believe I shall be obliged to pull up anchor 'n' be off to sea again if you can't come as often as that. This is a confoundedly dull place to stay ashore in."

"Oh, *do* come, Mr. Leadbetter. Card-playing's kind o' lonesome for me, but anything to keep John contented at home," the captain's jolly little wife chimed in.

Then Miss Jane added her voice to the general pleading. "It's real harrowin' to get so interested in games," she said, "'n' then have to wait so long between 'em."

And he thought he could come once a week till winter set in; "'twould be kinder hard gittin' over then." A great pang came over him when he looked forward to that time. From the first of September to the middle of October nothing occurred to hinder this happy arrangement. The weather was beautiful; the roads continued good; the moon smiled upon his way. It is true, Cynthy grew more and more solemn and severe, and the whole village, from the squire's family down to the half-gypsy folk who inhabited a rat-ridden barn on the outskirts of Hiram's farm, were talking about him, for it was impossible for them to believe that a man would drive so far as that, so often, and at such regular intervals, for any other object than courting, and that they all agreed was shameful, as his wife had only been dead a few months. But Hiram bore it all with a good degree of composure, the wailings of Cynthy's melodeon being the only thing which he felt that he could not endure.

But about the middle of October the fall rains commenced—a dreary and disheartening drizzle which lasted weeks almost without intermission. The dark nights shut in early, and there was no possibility of going abroad. Then, after the rains were over, the roads were almost impassable, and for four whole weeks he was unable to go to Brimport, and on that occasion it took him so long to get there, there was only time to play two games of cards, much to the regret of the whole party.

"I tell you what, Leadbetter," said Captain Bowers one day, in the absence of the ladies, "you must come over to Brimport and live. There's no other way as I can see. What's the use in living over there to Pride's Corner all alone when there's such good company over here? A cheerful winter you'd have with nothing to 'liven up your evenin's but the presence of that awful glum-lookin' woman I saw over there the other day! And here's Miss Lucy all ready ter name the day, I've no doubt—good-lookin', genteel, 'n' about the best card-player I ever *did* see. A little lively tempered, maybe, but that ain't such a terrible fault."

"'Twill be a dretful lonesome winter, 'n' M'riar wouldn't care; she'd be glad—she'd be glad," said Hiram, with serious reflection. "But then, if she'd have me, 'twould be too soon; folks 'd wear their tongues out talkin' about it."

"If you mind what folks say, your peace of mind is gone in this world. Let 'em talk if they want to."

Hiram pondered deeply on this advice for a week and two days, and during this time the weather was cloudy, the wind moaned around the house, keeping time with the monotonous click of Cynthy's sewing-machine or the harrowing wail of her melodeon.

"Supposin' she's willin' to have me, 'n' everything should go smooth," he reflected, "am I doin' right to have her jest ter rid o' these lonesome evenin's without any card-playin' or any heartenin' sociability of any kind? I don't set any great store by Miss Lucy, 'n' that's a fact. I'd give more for one look o' M'riar's than twenty years of her society, 'n' I'm afraid what folks say about her havin' an unlikely temper is true. She's flared up once or twice over the card-playin'. Still, I hev a proper friendly feelin' fur her, 'n' respect her highly fur her good qualities, fur she has good ones, certain; 'n' she's smart too—smart as a steel-trap, Lucy is, 'n' pritty-appearin' too—genteel, in fact, fur a rough farmer like me."

But as the days went on he became more and more inclined to take the advice which had been given him, and one bright sunny afternoon in November, the first sunny day that had blessed the world for a long time, he harnessed Dolly into the top-buggy, and donning his best black broadcloth suit, which had been purchased for his wife's funeral, and was most impressive in its shining and unwrinkled newness, drove solemnly toward Brimport.

Cynthy looked after him with dilated eyes and open mouth, for he had never dressed himself so elaborately for his evening outings, and the neighbors, like the historical Cortez and his men,

> "Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent,"

save for sundry spasmodic ejaculations on the part of some, such as, "I told you so!" "Disgraceful!" "Did you ever!"

Miss Lucy opened the door to him as usual, and seeing him in this state, she also seemed somewhat taken aback. Hiram's countenance was deeply serious, but was deprived of its usual calm.

"I—I'd like ter speak to you alone, if it's convenient," he said, stammeringly.

"Oh, certainly;" and she led the way into the disused parlor, for the privacy of an interview there none alive would dare to interrupt.

"You see," he began, pulling at his somewhat

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ragged fringe of whisker, "I couldn't come over to play cards reg'lar in the winter-time. I—I s'pose I might come over now 'n' then when the sleighin' was real good, but 'twould be uncertain, proper uncertain, 'n' I've been a-thinkin' 'twould be master lonesome through the long cold winter evenin's."

"Oh, dreadful lonesome!" sighed Miss Lucy, wondering what he was driving at, after all.

"'N' in the course o' meditation," he continued, "it come aerost me that—that p'r'aps you'd be willin' to merry me, 'n' I could let my farm to M'riar's—that is to say, my wife's—oldest son John, 'n' come here to live, if—if 'twould be agreeable all around. There ain't any other way, as I see."

Miss Lucy blushed, and nervously pleated her black silk apron into folds for a moment without speaking.

"Well," she said at length, "I've got kind of out the way of marrying, 'n' so set in my ways that I'm afraid I should find a husband the least bit trying. However, as it's you, Mr. Leadbetter, why, I'll think of it, and let you know in a few days. It's too soon, I—"

"I s'pose 'tis too soon. The regerlation time fur a widower to take another companion seems ter be a year, but I don't know as we're obligated ter foller the fashion." And having quite recovered his self-possession by this time, he explained to her just how he felt on this point, because he knew just how M'riar 'd feel: she'd be glad, he was so lonesome.

"Don't put yourself out a mite, though," he added; "but if it's goin' to be, it's got to be right away, because, you see, I've got a good chance to let my farm now. John's ready to come this month, but if I put him off, he'll get another place before spring."

"Well," said Miss Lucy, "I don't see as there's any other way, as you say; but it seems dreadful sudden; and how folks will talk!"

And before Hiram left the house the time had been set for the wedding—just two weeks from that day—every detail had been arranged, and Captain Bowers, who was greatly delighted, had invited them to his house for a wedding supper.

Everything was ready when the happy day arrived, and Hiram departed for his new home at an early hour, carrying with him such worldly goods as his betrothed had expressed a desire to have, namely, one brass kettle, two new washtubs for which Maria herself had bargained with a tin peddler, also two tin milking-pails and an assortment of pans, several small farming tools, and tied to the back of the cart his best Jersey cow.

Many curious eyes attended him as he drove through the village, and every small detail of the morning was repeated over and over again to those who were not so fortunate as to have seen it.

The wedding ceremony was performed at the Slater homestead in the afternoon, and all would have gone off well if Cousin Louisa, when she was asked to sing something appropriate to the occasion, had not struck up "Thou art gone from my gaze," accompanying herself on the ancient, heart-broken, and spider-legged piano. Hiram, who was not generally superstitious, felt that it was a bad omen, and the indignant Miss Jane declared that it was just like Louisy for all the world, so nervous and flustrated that she made 'bout everybody 'bout crazy with her blunders. Captain Bowers, who facetiously called it *his* wedding, was the life of the party, and the wedding supper which he gave lingers still in the happy memory of most of the participants. When the relatives and near friends had all departed, with the exception of Miss Jane, the captain proposed, as wedding days didn't come often in one's life, they should be reckless for once, and play whist as long as they liked, and it was after the solemn midnight before the party broke up.

Hiram found a plenty to occupy himself in his new home, for everything had gone to decay through neglect and want of means, and whatever he did he found his Lucy inclined to manage the situation, and have her own way at all cost. But his equanimity was not easily disturbed, and though he may have entertained some fears for his future peace of mind, was not at all prepared for what happened one evening about six weeks after the wedding.

They were playing some very exciting games of cards, Captain Bowers playing with Mrs. Leadbetter and Hiram with Miss Jane, when Hiram detected his wife in playing a trump which she had withheld when trumps were called before.

"Hold!" he cried; "you cheat, you cheat! You denied trumps just now."

She darted him one glance full of unspeakable rage, and throwing her cards in every direction, rose from the table and fled from the room, slamming the door after her. The two men seemed perfectly stunned with astonishment.

"Lucy always was dretful quick-tempered," said poor Miss Jane, looking deeply mortified. "She gets over it pritty quick, but I guess we may as well stop playin' for to-night. We sha'n't any of us feel like it now."

"I ought not to have spoke so hasty, but I didn't mean no offence," said Hiram, and following his irate spouse, he apologized humbly for what he had said.

But this only seemed to infuriate her the more.

"I won't bear being accused of cheating by anybody!" she cried. "Leave my house at once, and don't you ever dare to darken my doors again!"

"There, now, Lucy, I reckon you don't know jest what you're sayin'," said Hiram, growing very white. "I see it's no use talkin' to you now. I'll wait till you come to your senses."

She sent a perfect torrent of angry words after him, but he paid no heed to them, and betook himself to the kitchen lounge for the night, hoping to find her in a different frame of mind in the morning.

But her anger had not abated in the least degree, and she still repeated her command that he should leave her house, and never darken the doors again. Poor Miss Jane remonstrated with tears in her eyes, saying she hadn't been so comfortable in twenty-five years as she had since Hiram had been in the house to provide and care for things. How kind and thoughtful he had been, and then to treat him in this way, and he her husband too!"

"Well, Lucy," said Hiram at length, "if I go, I shall go for good. I shan't never come back again; remember that. I'm sorry that I spoke so hasty, as I've said over and over again, but I can't do no more about it as I know of."

"Come back, indeed! I'll never speak to you again in this world—never."

It took Hiram some time to collect his possessions and reload them on the cart, and it was quite dark when he drove through the village of Pride's Corner after the same fashion in which he left it a few weeks before. The blue tubs were there, and the brass kettle, with the moon's face reflected in its shining depths, and the Jersey cow walked sedately along behind, lowing gladly when she came in sight of her old home. But the friendly shades of evening hid him from general observation this time.

"I played the wrong card. I hadn't ought to hev merried her jest for the sake of the games evenin's, and p'r'aps my punishment's only just. Folks mustn't be too self-indulgent, fur pleasure is alwus desateful," Hiram said to himself, sadly.

But though it was humiliating to be sent home in this way—and the event has not yet ceased to be talked of at Pride's Corner—Hiram began to feel in a few days that his punishment was not as great as he deserved. John's folks were very glad to take him as a boarder, and John's household was a delightfully cheerful one. Cynthy's melodeon had vanished with her. A rosy-cheeked little boy played about the house; and to crown all, John's jolly little wife was an enthusiastic whist player; her sister, who lived with her, was of the same mind; and John himself was always willing to take a hand. Hiram brightened into something of the kind of a man he was while Maria was living.

In the course of two or three months Lucy wrote him a letter saying "if he would return to the side of his grief-stricken wife he would be forgiven all."

But Hiram could not bring himself to think it his duty to do so. "'Twouldn't be more'n another six weeks before she'd flare up again, 'n' it's jest like livin' on the sidge of a volcano to be her husband," he reflected; "'n' ef a man can have a chance ter play whist without encumbrances, it's a good deal better. But I'll take care to give her a good maintainance." And so he did.

SUSAN HARTLEY.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE first impression on leaving the train at the Ithaca railway station, as you look out upon the landscape, is that of surprise; and the more you see and know of the location of Cornell University, and of what has been accomplished since its inception in 1865, the more the wonder grows. From the station only two or three towers on the university campus are visible. You find yourself presently upon an elevated plateau. Four hundred feet below you is the beautiful Cayuga Valley, closed in on the south by hills, and extending on the north to the lake of the same name, which expands to an inland sea forty miles to the north and west. Standing upon the university grounds the outlook is grand and picturesque. Ithaca lies at your feet, a thriving city, and on the hill-sides beyond are scattered farmhouses, breaking the rolling country, which is divided into alternate fields and forests, and affording a range of view that in the late afternoon or at sunset is of almost unparalleled richness. A finer spot for the location of a great institution could hardly have been selected. The magnificence and the glory of nature suggest greatness to the imagination, and both the plans and their present execution betray the influence of the location upon the founders and builders of the university. At the two sides of the plateau, to the north and to the south, streams descend, like the water at Lodore, roaring and sparkling and foaming from cataract to cataract, into the gulch, that deepens through the soft rock nearly five hundred feet. The wildness of this great gorge is only paralleled by the magnificent beauty of the outlook from the campus above. To the east, beyond the university grounds, the country is open, and does not differ from the other farming lands of the country.

Cornell University is planted in central New York, in the great farming region of the State. Its very location indicates its relation to the soil; its foundation stones are instruction in agriculture and the mechanical arts, not less than the development of the higher and purely academic education. Like Oxford and Cambridge in its range of study, and yet so unlike them in the freshness of its growth, it is a complete educational centre. Nothing adventitious, nothing but men and women transferred from contact with the virgin soil to its halls, gives it character or assists in its work. Ithaca furnishes its supplies, but not its culture or its society. It is unlike the institutions of the East in its remoteness from an intellectual centre; it is more like the institutions of the West in the newness of its methods and in the free and generous spirit of the youth gathered to its academic retreats.

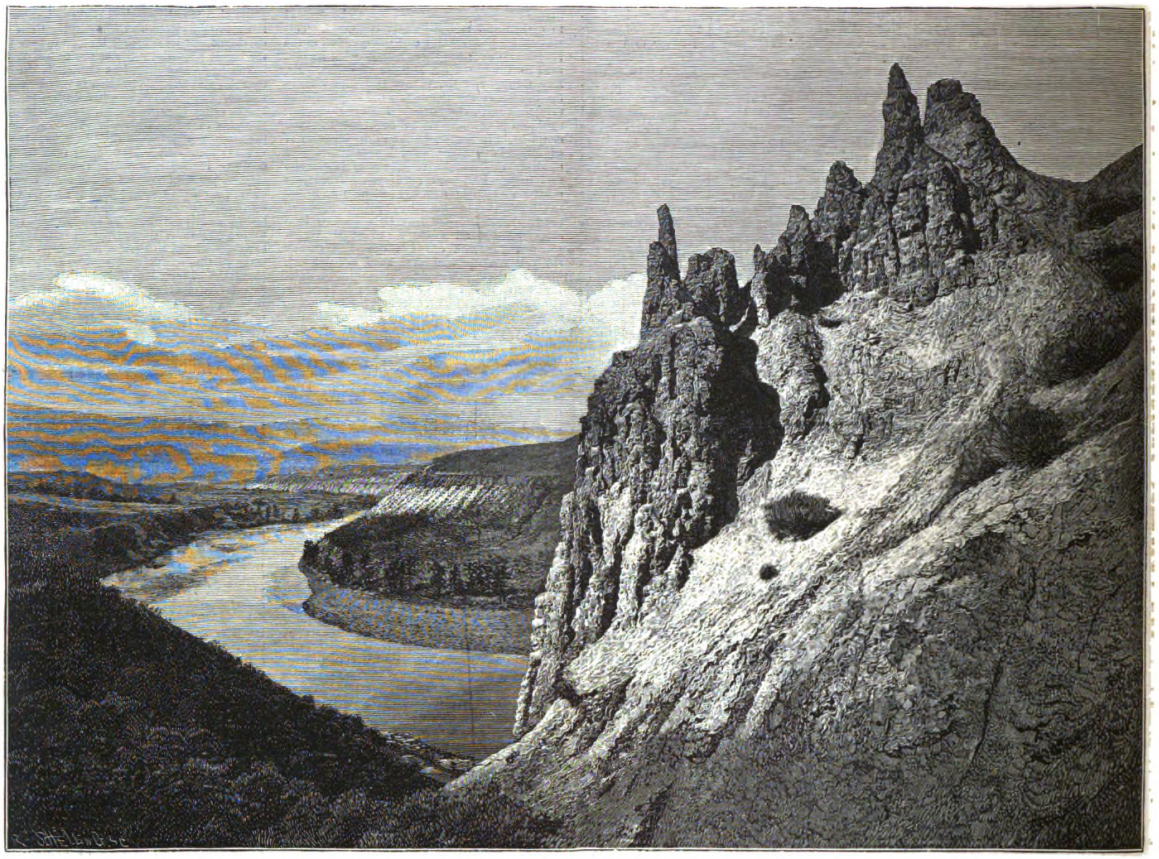
It has been modelled, so far as one institution can be made like another, upon the University of Michigan, where President White had originally the professorship of history and political science. Cornell University grew out of the Morrill land grants of 1862, which gave to the State of New York 990,000 acres, to be devoted to agricultural and industrial education. This was valued at $600,000, and the question in the Legislature at Albany was how it could be best used for the promotion of State education. Mr. Ezra Cornell and Mr. Andrew D. White were in the Senate at the time when the disposition of this grant had to be settled. Each of these men, unknown to the other, had thought how this land script could be best employed in the interests of education in the State. Mr. Cornell had become suddenly rich, and in a moment of inspiration said to the Legislature: "If you will adopt a charter acceptable to me, I will add $500,000 to the lump sum granted by the general government. What I desire may be expressed in a single sentence: I would found an institution where any person can find education in any study." Mr. White worked hand in hand with his friend to put this noble conception into practical form. The State of New York accepted the condition implied in Mr. Cornell's comprehensive idea, and in 1865 the university received its name from its first and greatest friend, and began to take organic shape. Great founders are ever men of great ideas, and though Ezra Cornell was not himself a university man, his thought and experience enabled him to comprehend at a glance what an American university, adapted to the needs of the people, ought to be. Mr. White, trained in the best traditions of Yale, with a mind enlarged by contact with the free spirit of the West at Ann Arbor, with a personality at once enthusiastic and strong, was the natural co-founder with Mr. Cornell of the institution. Each supplemented the other, and neither was willing to be surpassed by his companion in devotion to the great enterprise. Mr. Cornell lived for the university, gave to it his energy and far-sightedness as a business man, and almost his last words were: "Do not give up my policy. The land will yet be worth three millions of dollars." For eight years, from 1873 to 1881, the university had a hard fight for existence against bankruptcy. Its pine lands were unavailable in the market, and the trustees, thoroughly aroused to its needs, contributed nobly to its maintenance, and refusing to sacrifice great prospective endowments, chose to exhaust their own means in carrying on the institution rather than to allow the sale of its pine lands at a great loss.

It is only through sacrifice and devotion that great principles find their lodgement in the minds and hearts of men, and bring forth worthy results. Cornell University was built upon the plans of Mr. Cornell and Mr. White through the aid of the State government. It was built in its spiritual fibre upon the devotion and self-sacrifice and comprehensive foresight not only of these leaders, but of the resolute and devoted company of trustees and early teachers associated with them. Turning back through the twenty years since the institution began as a university, and looking at its history in the light and in the shadow, the ripeness of its plans, the absence of radical mistakes in the carrying out of its policy, and the rapidity of its material and intellectual development are typical of American civilization on its best side. To-day, with twelve hundred students on its roll-call, with an equipment of buildings which is without a parallel in America, with a faculty which represents a large number of our best educators, with a variety of departments that recalls the many-sided activity of the educational centres of the Middle Ages, with libraries and museums and collections that compare favorably with those of institutions established for two or three centuries, with a grip upon the best methods of education which is almost beyond the reach of an institution weighted down by traditions, and with a President who combines large foresight with excellent executive gifts, Cornell University stands in the vantage-ground, if not at the head, of American educational institutions. The University of Michigan may have a larger plant, and may have more completely realized its development; Johns Hopkins has been able to do much more post-graduate work; Harvard and Yale have widened out upon the old foundations to a breadth and a variety of work belonging to the university; but from the very start, Cornell, beginning with the methods pronounced the best twenty-five years ago, and unfettered by the traditions of the past, has been able, with the assistance of the best men at its command, to take a lead in American university education which was practically beyond the reach of other institutions. With all the drawbacks incident to its isolation, its trustees have been able to gather to it the resources of money and of material which were necessary for the illustration of its different departments, and make it practically complete within itself. Its groups of buildings, the cottages erected upon the outskirts of the campus for its professional corps, not less than the unique character of its intellectual development, impress the stranger, as they more and more satisfy the student who seeks here enlarged facilities for his instruction, that Cornell is a great educational centre. It was the policy of President White to gather at Cornell the best men to be had, and that policy has been maintained ever since. It was partly the advantage for a fresh educational start which Cornell promised that induced Professor Goldwin Smith to leave the classic halls of Oxford and give his service, without salary, to the new institution in central New York, and he has always been one of the most devoted friends of Cornell University. In Europe its fame is said to exceed that of all other American institutions, and this is largely due to the influence which Professor Smith himself has exerted in its favor. Other men less widely known, but from the first, and some of them, still engaged in instruction, have stood among the foremost educators of America in their several departments. This university has avoided the drawbacks of many similar institutions, and has gone forward in its organization and development with a rapidity that is only equalled perhaps by the way in which Johns Hopkins University has itself been developed, and its influence brought to bear upon the higher educational life of the United States.

The method employed at Cornell is the German method. The instruction is very largely by lectures, and examinations based upon them, allowing in the mean time each student a large opportunity for seminary work. This implies that the students themselves shall be sufficiently advanced to study by subject rather than by memorizing. It also implies that the students have reached years of discretion, and have begun to know their own minds. This is as true of the men as of the women. Sage College, established upon the university grounds, and intended to give women the same education that is received by men, has offered to the sex for at least a dozen years all that the university offers in the higher education. Here, as at Michigan University, the experiment of co-education has been freely and fully tried, and the stimulus brought into the lecture-room and the class-room by the presence of the two sexes in friendly rivalry with one another is one of the moral victories of modern education. One of the marked features at Cornell is the intellectual seriousness and purpose of the students. Out of twelve hundred under-graduates, nearly two-thirds come from the State of New York, and both sexes are taken largely from the farming region of the interior. They represent the best native element. The spirit of self-culture rules among them; many of them are struggling to improve upon their birthright and surroundings; and the vices of an institution located in or near a large city are practically unknown. Indeed, the principle of self-respect may be said to be so well established at Cornell that it takes away the rigor of college discipline. The institution governs itself. Without committing itself to any especial form of Christianity, the Christian religion is treated there in its proper place, and for what it means in the order of actual life. The university preachers on the Sage foundation represent fairly the best pulpit talent in America, and for a portion of the year the students are brought voluntarily into touch and sympathy with some of the leading religious minds in the country. In addition to this the students themselves take the religious oversight of one another in weekly and sometimes daily meetings, which, under the auspices of the Christian Association, bring the sheltering influences of his own religious home to bear upon each student. This also is a large element in what amounts to the self-discipline of the university. The absence of dormitories on the university campus is both a loss and a gain. The students are so far left to themselves and their own resources that they take care of themselves, and are scattered all over the sections of Ithaca immediately outside of the university grounds. The good working spirit of the institution encourages the self-respect that promotes manliness of character, and the social relations between the young men and the young women represent the freedom and intelligence of the best society of America. The Greek letter societies have built chapter houses which furnish delightful rooms to many of their members. The relations of the Cornell faculty to one another upon the academical grounds, where inevitably they are a company by themselves, are of a very delightful character. It reminds one of Weimar, in what we know of it during the best years of Goethe's life. Its refinement and the variety of entertainment which it supplies contribute greatly to the elevating and refining influence of the place. Not only are the faculty able to maintain a choice social existence, but the students themselves, to a great extent, are brought within this circle and feel its influence. The young people who enter Cornell with the marks upon them of their previous rustic life feel unconsciously a new atmosphere, and are improved and changed by it, and the academic inspirations are felt in the elevation and the brightening of the outlook upon life itself. The frequent narrowness of a denominational institution is not known; the university is really the antitype of what is best in the world outside.

It must not be inferred, however, from the serious impression here given of Cornell University that it is deficient in the gayety and freedom that belong to the youthful age. Four times in the week the Freshman and Sophomore classes are engaged in military drill on the campus in the afternoon, and their warlike parade furnishes at once exercise and recreation. The large gymnasium, with its perfect appointments, gives opportunities for athletic exercise of all sorts. Boating is within reach on Cayuga Lake. The grounds furnish ample scope for games of football, and lawn-tennis and other amusements are in constant demand among the students. The outlying country, at the proper seasons, tempts students to walk in every direction. Sage College is a centre of great social interest. Each young lady is allowed to receive her friends on two evenings in the week, and no worthy student is without opportunities to enjoy the companionship of charming young women whose interests in life are similar to his own. The policy of Cornell authorities is not to suppress the healthful relations of the sexes, but to use them, so far as possible, in the mutual building up of character. The naturalness of the home, its moral tone, its refinement, its promotion of right feelings, is the characteristic of Cornell society. Within limits, the largeness and the healthful freedom of the life there are a welcome surprise to those who are interested in the best tendencies of American education. It was the free outburst of a Harvard professor who visited Cornell, on coming to feel the wholesomeness of the associations there: "I feel as if I must send my boy here!" And it was the outburst of a Boston minister, on his first sight of Cascadilla Gorge, "Nature itself marked out this place for a great university."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY OF THE CLAY FORMATIONS NEAR ASHCROFT, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SCENERY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is to a certain extent trough-shaped, for whereas the coast is margined by the lofty parallel ranges of the Cascades, and the eastern border is guarded by the Rocky Mountains, range beside range, the interior consists of a great hill-broken valley, drained by two great watercourses—the Fraser and the Thompson rivers. The latter is in reality a tributary of the Fraser, into which it empties at Lytton; but it occupies a wide valley, and drains an important lake system in the southeastern part of the province, while the main stem of the Fraser comes from the far North to Lytton, where the combined currents break their way through in a westerly direction to the coast, forming the magnificent Fraser cañon. It is the valley of the Thompson, and afterward the Fraser cañon, which the Canadian Pacific Railway takes advantage of to make its picturesque passage of the multiplied coast ranges; and a feature of the scenery along the lower Thompson, near Ashcroft, forms the subject of the illustration.

This southern central interior of British Columbia has one of the driest climates on the continent, although you can sight snow-covered mountains in all directions (except south) from almost any hill-top, and will see portentous rain-clouds coursing overhead and discharging their contents on the distant heights. This is due to the fact that the rain-clouds drifting in from the Pacific are arrested by the lofty Cascades, condensed by their cold summits, and deprived of a large part of their moisture, while the remainder, buoyed up in the rarefied, equable, and steady currents of the upper air by the volumes of heated air always ascending from the dry plains, drift over to the Rocky Mountains before they encounter any interference sufficient to precipitate the residue of moisture. Two circumstances result—one, the absence of forests, which there is not rainfall enough to support; and second, the great size of the rivers, which flow steadily and strongly from the abundant snows of the bordering mountains right across the intervening valley. As all these rivers were more fully fed and stronger in past ages than now, and as the whole country has been undergoing elevation, the rivers have been able to cut deep channels, and both the Fraser and the Thompson now flow some hundreds of feet below the general level of the country.

The elevation of the district appears to have ceased from time to time, and then to have gone on again, for the lofty banks of the rivers—especially in places where they have a cliff-like steepness—show a succession of well-marked terraces, one above the other, which can be traced for long distances as plainly as one can see the railway embankment. From just below Kamloops, where the North Thompson comes into the South Thompson, and where a trap dike dams the water back into a beautiful lake, down nearly to Lytton, these terraces form a very striking feature of a landscape which is one of the most curious in America. The train runs upon a sinuous ledge cut out of the bare, irregular south side of the Thompson, where the headlands are penetrated by tunnels, and the ravines spanned by lofty bridges. In the purity of a trout brook the river whirls down a winding torrent path as limpid and green as an emerald. Sometimes are rounded cream-white slopes; next, cliffs of richest yellow, streaked and dashed with maroon, will jut out; then masses of rust-red earth, suddenly followed by an olive-green grass slope or some white exposure. With this gay and fantastic color, to which the doubly brilliant emerald river opposes an artistic contrast, and over which bends a sky of deepest violet, there goes the additional interest of great height and breadth of prospect, and a constantly changing grotesqueness of form, caused by the water and wind wearing down rocks of unequal hardness into odd monumental semblances and other phases of mimicry, reminding one of architectural, human, or animal figures. Near Ashcroft the rocks are overlaid with great deposits of stiff clay, in which the action of the atmosphere and of the streams of water which follow the occasional deluges that now and then fall with tremendous energy have worn deep gullies, and left a strange ruin of titanic towers, spires, and broken walls, which blaze with strong light on one side and cast sharp and fantastic shadows on the other, as is suggested in the illustration. Not all the scenery is cast in this grotesque mould, but the strange forms and gaudy hues of the rocks, the clay cliffs, and the scantily herbaged terraces, through which this grass-green river races, impress themselves most strongly on the memory.

There is plenty of evidence of life. Kamloops is a flourishing town of two or three thousand people, and steam-boats ply along the river and lakes above and below it. Lower down we see many ranches; and a wagon-road was long ago cut into the cliffs along the lower Thompson, to form one of the routes to the Cariboo district, which still accommodates considerable travel, while colonies of Chinamen are busily engaged here and there in washing the river gravel for gold. Ashcroft—a modern town with several hundred inhabitants—is the supplying point for farmers, cattle-men, and miners, and the point of departure for Cariboo, Bakerville, and the well-settled gold-mining region of the northern interior.

Farming here, however, can only be done by irrigation; and the fact that most of the streams flow in deep channels renders irrigation difficult and expensive except for limited areas of bottom-land. Fruit raising succeeds wonderfully well. The hills and treeless valleys are covered with nutritious bunch-grass, and grazing will always be the most important industry—an industry which is constantly on the increase over the wide area between the Thompson River and the United States boundary, as well as somewhat to the northward.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE AMBUSHED PICKET.

THE battle-field is not the only scene in which the soldier's courage and fidelity to duty are tried. There he has the excitement to buoy him up, the presence of comrades to animate him, and the immediate commands of superiors to carry out. As a sentinel or vidette his duties and responsibilities are of a somewhat different sort. In lonely service of this sort he may find the highest demands made upon his stout-heartedness, his watchfulness, his military aptitudes. The soldier who has escaped even a scratch on a dozen bloody fields may meet his fate in outpost duty from the death-dealing messenger of the hostile rifle, while the brief record, "shot on picket," covers many a tragedy of war never told.

In this number of the WEEKLY Mr. Remington presents one of these scenes. His picture of the horse dragging by one foot the hapless rider, who has been shot in the saddle on his lonely ride, and has plunged headlong, shrinks from no detail to add to its effectiveness. There is always an element of deep pathos in the fate of an ardent and heroic soldier who would gladly yield up his life facing his foe in the stress of a great conflict, but is doomed to fall a prey to an ambuscade. Perhaps no warriors in the world are more skilled in the arts of ambush than the Indians of the West. Even where there is little or no assistance to be had for this purpose from the nature of the ground, they can often effect a surprise by extraordinary devices. General Cook once said that he had known sixty Apaches to lie in the open prairie, where the grass could not fully conceal them, and yet somehow elude the notice of a wagon team moving on the trail near by, and then, when it had passed without suspicion, spring up and capture it.

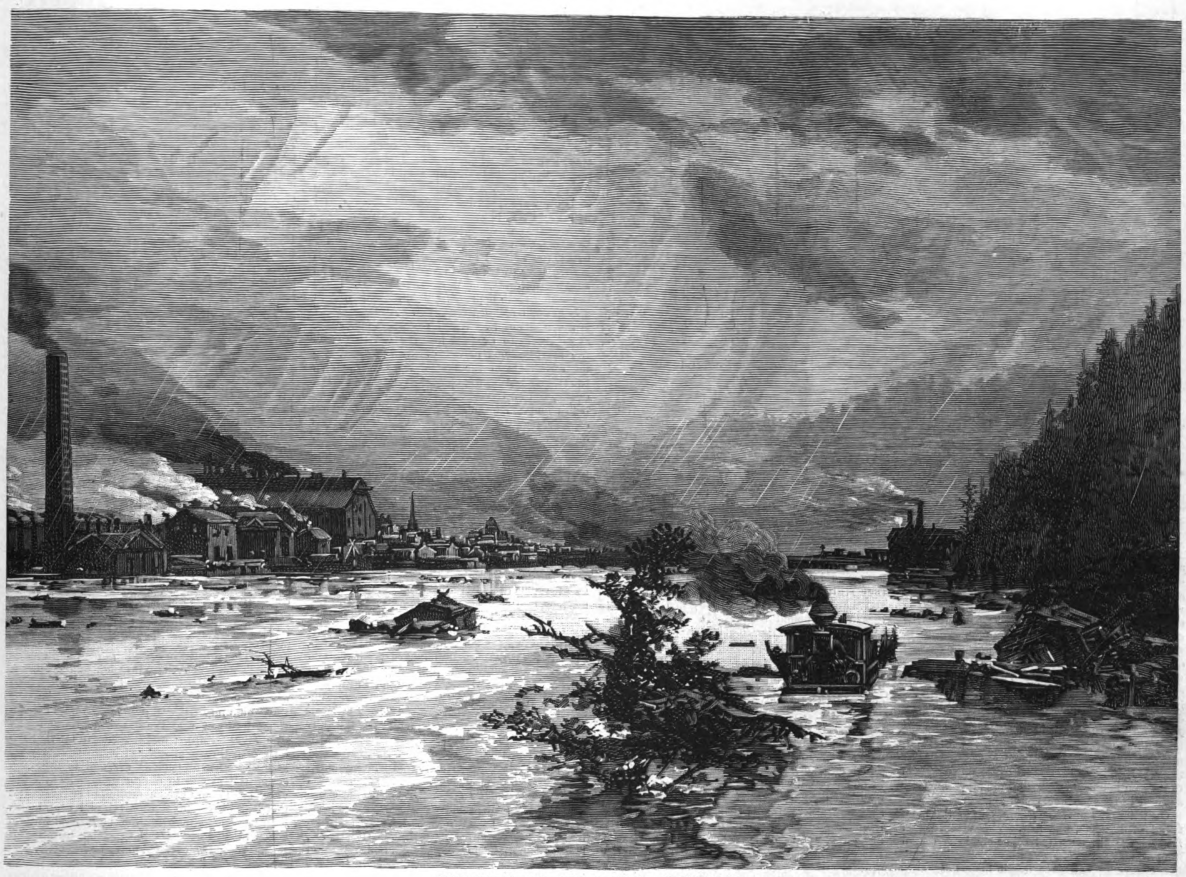
"A WET DAY ON THE BOULEVARD."

"IL pleut, bergère." So goes the refrain of a famous old French song. But what did it really mean in regard to a common incident in the times when it was voiced to the accompaniment of the spinet? When the first drops fell, would the shepherdess, decked "à la Watteau," have scurried across fields, seeking the "umbrageous shelter of the *agrément rustique*," as the Hôtel Rambouillet, with its euphuisms, would have designated a simple tree? Probably the "*chaise à porteur*" of the marquise would have been near, and so ensconced, crook and all, within her Sedan-chair, that shepherdess would have had enough of Mademoiselle de Scudéri, of Florian, until the sun shone again. What sympathy could there have existed between a beribboned shepherdess and soggy sheep? Yet for some short distance the lady of quality of the days that are past may have had to trip along on her high heels through the wet grass, and most gracefully did she acquit herself. French women do not play at shepherdesses today; the prettiness of the Little Trianon is merely traditional; but as to elegance of *demarche*, the French woman is ever the same.

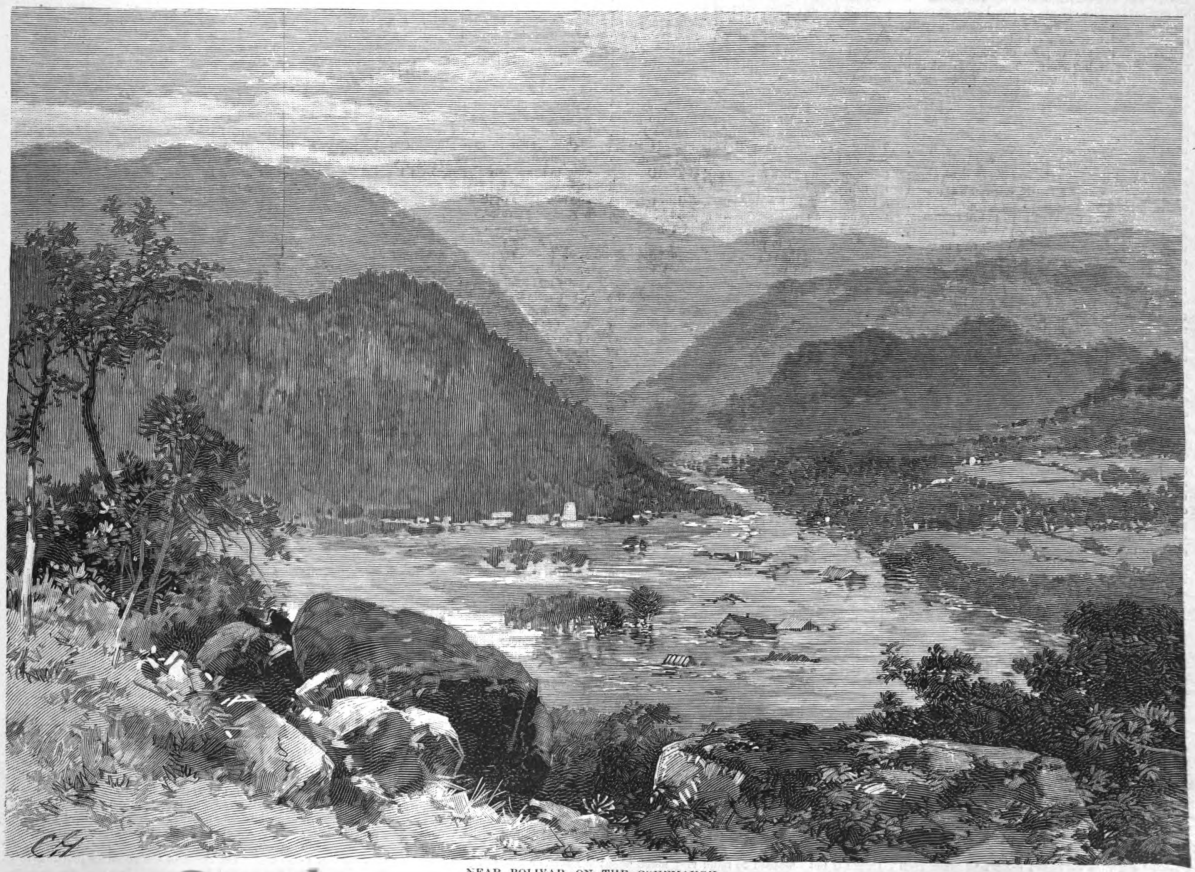
You cannot say that a French woman is in her element in the rain, but short of a deluge she is not disconcerted. What is a downpour to her? There is intuitive elegance in the management of her skirts. She never trails the hem even of her dress in the Paris mud. How it is done simply defies the imitative powers of those of her sex of other nationalities. An English woman has no assimilative qualities. An American, without becoming a servile copyist, can deck herself as does a French woman; but when a New York, Philadelphia, or Boston woman is caught in a shower, try and try as she may, she is a failure. Where the art of the French woman comes in, never has been clearly defined. She is really neither better shod nor gloved than is her American sister, for both hold in horror the cut, form, make, of the English shoe or boot, and yet as madame or mademoiselle glides across the wet pavement or the sloppy street, umbrella in one hand, the folds of her dress held in the other, there is a sprightliness of step, an easy balance, an apparent indifference to the downpour, which is indescribable. It is her perfect repose which makes her mistress of the situation.

Mr. Smedley, who has a peculiar acquaintance with the elegances of French life, has selected one of the most difficult of subjects. To give "a wet day on the boulevard" was to catch in the female figure the ideal. The transit the lady makes is not far; perhaps only from the carriage across the sidewalk to the awnings of the café. In form, pose, and step she is wonderfully graceful. Though the shower may be a sharp one, she will reach her destination without a single drop of water marring her toilet. Of course the gentleman who is with her is exercising all precautions, but as far as the rain is concerned, or his umbrella, such is her peculiar magical art that she could have taken care of herself without him. Frenchmen are particularly observant, exacting in fact, in regard to what they consider should be the ways of an elegant woman. She must play her part well. Though Mr. Smedley has not represented the *habitués* of the café as prying, they have undoubtedly watched every movement. They are too polite to express their admiration at the elegance, and, above all, good-breeding, shown in this little incident. Should she not have been ease itself, that would have deprived their refreshments of their quality, their coffee would have been of bad flavor, their absinthe without proper fragrance. They would have felt as a personal slight, a sign of the coming decadence of their race, any gaucherie on her part; for, modifying a well-known axiom, in France to be awkward is worse than to be criminal.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



JOHNSTOWN AND THE CAMBRIA IRON-WORKS.



NEAR BOLIVAR, ON THE CONEMAUGH.

SKETCHES ALONG THE LINE OF THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE VALLEY OF THE CONEMAUGH, PENNSYLVANIA.—[See Page 455.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



DECK OF "YANTIC" IN DISORDER.

THE "YANTIC" IN A HURRICANE.

THE corvette *Yantic* made as brave a show as any vessel in the navy during the parade at the close of last month. Belonging to that build of ships somewhat of the past, her graceful lines were pleasantly familiar. On the 10th of May she left New York, her duty being to destroy such floating derelicts as obstruct the ocean highway. As these floating wrecks follow the current of the Gulf Stream, the cruise of the corvette was to be up and down and across that tepid stream of water, and with torpedoes she was to blow up and sink such derelicts. In the pursuit of this particular duty the *Yantic* encountered, May 21st, in latitude 38° 35′, longitude 68° 23′, a terrific hurricane, in which she lost her foremast, main-topmast, and mizzen-topmast. The force of the wind and waves was so great that she was thrown on her beam ends, and remained for fully an hour in that perilous condition.

On the 21st the *Alice Borda*, one of the most noted of derelicts, was met. This vessel was a fairly large three-masted schooner, loaded with lumber. Filled as she was with her floating load, her chance of existence might have been very long. As a source of disaster to vessels, the *Alice Borda* was considered the most dangerous of all derelicts. The officers of the *Yantic* at once made preparations for her destruction, but, as will be seen, the *Alice Borda* had great powers of resistance. First a torpedo of gun-cotton was exploded under her stern. That staggered the derelict. The jagged ends of her timber load were made visible, but the schooner still floated. Torpedo number two was then fired on her starboard side, about midships, and a big gap made in her side. She took that heavy punishment with apparent unconcern. She reeled a little, recovered herself, and floated along quite complacently. A third torpedo was put on deck about midships, and finally a fourth torpedo was placed under her bows. This last blew off all her nose. But still, being of the kind hard to kill or drown, she seemed to defy attempts to sink her. Trappers may have to show the scalps of wolves in order to obtain their bounties, so the wheel of the *Alice Borda*, and some of her wood-work with her name painted on it, were secured and put on the *Yantic*, which steering gear can now be seen; but as to the wood-work, something quite curious happened to that. In the seas that washed completely over the *Yantic* one of these identical bits of planking broke loose, and was swept through one door of the officers' cabin on deck and out of another door, so that the name painted on it could be seen, as if in mockery, and then the plank was carried overboard and lost.

Just when final measures were to be taken by means of guns to knock the *Alice Borda* into chips, on came the howling gale. Its threatening presence had already been signalled. Barometric indications foretold the storm. In twenty minutes the mercury had tumbled down five-eighths of an inch. The *Alice Borda* was left, and every preparation was made to make the ship safe. Commander J. C. Rockwell was too efficient a seaman not to know what might be expected.

In the afternoon at 3.30 the hurricane, coming from the south, struck the corvette. It was not a cyclone; had it been, the sweep of it would have been circular. But simply as a hurricane it was bad enough. There was not a stitch of canvas on, but by force of sea and wind over bent the corvette; she struggled yet a while in battle with the most powerful of nature's forces, and then she had to give way, and was on her beam ends on her larboard side. The *Yantic* has a free-board of not more than four feet, and so at once everything was flooded. Then captain, officers, and a gallant crew were active, cool, and replete with good judgment as to the ways of getting the ship on an even keel again. It is one of the false notions acquired from sea novels that seamen take axes and chop down the mast as would lumbermen a pine-tree. What they do, in order to regain their centre of gravity, is to cut away halyards, stays of wire or rope, that hold the great stick in its place. As quickly, then, as possible all the stays were cut, and as one of the men on board expressed what then followed, "Bless you, sir, before you could count three she jerked that stick out of herself, and then it was stand from under." With the loss of the foremast came that of the main-topmast and a portion of the mizzenmast. Such heavy spars and masts, though they right a ship, as happened in this case, are sources of danger; they still hang by means of tackle to the ship, and with the force of the great green seas they thrash and pound the vessel's sides. It was five o'clock when the foremast was cut away; then the decks were deluged, and the fires under the boiler were drowned out, but the worst was over. Men were put to the pumps, and some little water was taken from the ship. The second whale-boat, the cutter, and dingy had been swept overboard. It was eleven o'clock that night before the fires could be made to burn; and with the first steam pressure that noblest of all engines, so ignominiously called "the donkey-engine," did excellent work. It was found, as was to be expected, that the *Yantic* was leaking, and men had plenty to do to aid with hand-work the steam-power. Crippled then as was the *Yantic*, it was believed that she had seen the worst of a hurricane, and would soon make a port. But it was doomed that the corvette should receive another rousing buffet from the same storm, or what was left of it.

It was rough enough on the 22d, but on the 23d on came another blow quite as heavy as the first one. The *Yantic* was now without her foremast, and consequently elevated at the bows and depressed at the stern. She had her steam-power in fair command, but there were uncertainties as to her condition. She might leak more, and the chances were that in the terrific gale she would become unmanageable. If she were to lose her rudder or get it jammed, there might have been nothing ever heard again of the *Yantic*. Then came into play the real old-fashioned seamanship of her commander, and he used the drag—something which in a furious gale of wind Gloucester fishermen resort to. A sail was stretched on a triangle made of heavy spars, and to this was suspended an anchor of 700 pounds. This, thrown into the sea and secured by a hawser to the ship, kept her in position.

By means of the sea drag and steam-power the straining of the vessel was prevented, her bow was kept in the proper direction, and the chance of breaking her rudder lessened. At once the benefits of this old-fashioned method were apparent. What, however, is to be particularly noted was the effects of oil on the surface of the water. There was on board two barrels of lard oil for illuminating purposes, and for painting the ship a small quantity of linseed-oil. To eke out the supply of oil the two ingredients were mixed. On the starboard closet oakum was put, on which the oil was poured in quantity and allowed to drip. On the bow on the same side a canvas bag was kept filled with oil, the contents falling slowly into the sea. Conditions were then at once changed. Around the ship on the starboard side, from whence came the shocks of the water, there was, if not a calm, certainly a moderate sea. Instead of angry waves hammering the sides of the ship until she trembled, their effects were null. The oil is declared, especially by Lieutenant Richman, the navigator of the *Yantic*, to have acted like a charm. The *Yantic* then, with drag, oil, and steam, faced the second blow, and the next day, with her crest somewhat cut, prepared to make her way for New York.

The men, during the trying times, behaved in the pluckiest way. Officers watch for such gallantry, and are always pleased to report it. When the foremast came down with a crash, the blocks tumbling down, the great ropes lashing themselves like huge whips, the seas thundering on deck, one man said to another, "Hey, Bill, now that your mast's gone, what will you do for a job?" Another fine old sailor, the armorer of the ship, who for distinguished service in saving life wears a gold medal given him by the United States, knew by old experience that there was a fair chance of drowning. That man took his many decorations from his ditty-box, buckled them on his breast, and declared that "if he went down it would be with all his medals on him."

A man-of-war that has passed through a hurricane is not supposed to mind very much about the appearance of things when she comes into port; but just as soon as the worst was over, matters had to be put to rights again, so as spruce as ever, notwithstanding that some of her feathers were knocked out of her, the *Yantic* steamed into New York on the 24th of May, looking as saucy and pert as ever; for her engines and steam-power were just as efficient as when she made such a fine show at the parade. The sketch of the *Yantic* shows her on her beam ends.

The smaller picture represents one portion of the deck just astern, where the pantry bulkhead was stove in during the gale of the 21st. There may be neither confusion nor even litter on board the deck of such a thoroughly well-drilled ship as is the *Yantic*, but the accidents of the 21st and 23d May were quite near to a shipwreck. Considering that all the officers and men whose quarters were on the larboard side were in the sea for hours, the amount of damage done was great. All the books were left in a pulpy condition, and as to the uniforms, they were utterly ruined. There is nothing more depressing than a cocked hat in a limp and undefined condition. All the "cock" is taken out of it. When the artist made the sketch, were to be seen hanging out to dry in the neighborhood of one of the big guns, taking advantage of the first warmth of the sun, the officers wardrobes, epaulets, the ship's charts, books, and all the diverse articles to be found on board ship. At the dock, too, were sunning all Jacks damaged "duds"; for in accidents of this nature all hands suffer as to their worldly goods.

THE ACTOR AND HIS DUTY TO HIS TIME.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ACTORS' FUND SOCIETY, AT PALMER'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1889.

AT this moment the faculty of eloquence would be a precious possession. It is an honorable privilege, as well as a great pleasure, to share in the proceedings of this delightful occasion, and I wish it were possible for any words of mine adequately to express the esteem in which that privilege is held by me. Dull indeed would be the spirit that could not be impressed by the intrinsic loveliness and the artistic meaning of this imposing scene; by the presence of this remarkable assemblage, remarkable equally for genius, intellect, beauty, sensibility, noble achievement, exalted character, and auspicious promise; and by conscious and thrilling perception of that noble and beautiful art, the art of acting, of which this assemblage is the visible sign. As I look upon this brilliant throng, as I remember the sacred cause and the great profession that are represented here, as I consider for what high and worthy and sufficient reasons you are assembled in this place, many thoughts come crowding upon my mind which I might naturally wish to clothe in suitable language, and submit to your genial acceptance. It is difficult, however, in such a presence as this wisely to choose and firmly to guide the messengers of the agitated brain. I must therefore crave your indulgence if I restrict myself in some measure to the written word, for otherwise in my excitement and agitation I might treat my subject as that indecisive Baptist minister, the friend of Charles Lamb, treated the old woman whom he was baptizing in the Thames, and whom he held under water so long that she was drowned, before it occurred to him to lift her out.

Once again is exemplified here the puissant and perpetual charm of the stage, its ever-changing but never-dying sway over the fickle multitude whereby an actor's prosperity is obtained and assured, and its placid dominion, held as with a sceptre of roses, over the educated mind, the refined taste, the comprehending spirit, the adequate and responsive heart, whereby an actor's fame is clearly defined and permanently established. Back of this occasion stand the prosperity and renown of the American drama. There are observers who always take a despondent view—drab-colored and unmitigated—of the condition of our theatre. In each succeeding period of dramatic history contemporary writers are found who declare that the stage is in a decline, and is much inferior to what it was in earlier and better days—those halcyon days when Noah gave amateur private theatricals in his ark, and himself played Aquarius, with a real watering-pot. No doubt its condition has always fluctuated, and no doubt in this respect the future will resemble the past. But there never was any warrant for the proclamation of a hopeless theatrical decline. Such lamentations have always proceeded from idealists. Their error consists in the wrong custom of judging exclusively by the standard of the scholar and the man of taste an institution that can only exist—independent of subsidy—when it is made to please and satisfy many classes of people. We do not take the opinion of the multitude upon such a subject, for example, as the poetry of Shelley or the paintings of Murillo; but to a certain judicious and well-considered extent we must take it upon the question of the acted drama. It is the presence of this element which has inspired a long line of Jeremiahs in their irrational moans over the alleged fatal degradation of the drama. If there was an audience for the flippant levity of Foote and the bovine drollery of Tate Wilkinson, there was also an audience for the aerial intellect, the glittering comedy, the tragic fire, and the exquisite pathos of Garrick. The horse-dramas that were shown at Drury Lane in the palmy days did not finally invalidate the sovereignty of Mrs. Siddons or the glory of her companion monarchs, the princes of the proud house of Kemble. Edmund Kean held his sceptre notwithstanding "Catalini's pantaloons." The same journals of the passing hour that record a long and remunerative currency for *The Parlor Mat*, or *The Kitchen Poker*, or *The Old Hen-Coop*, or *The Hole in Uncle John's Sunday Breeches* must also record that Edwin Booth is sometimes paid ten thousand dollars for one week of his Shakesperian acting; that Joseph Jefferson finds throughout America a practical response for dramatic art as perfect in form as even the best of exigent Paris, and refined with a poetic spirituality to which the stage of Paris is a stranger; that Miss Mary Anderson acts for a whole season to crowded houses at the London Lyceum Theatre in a Shakespearian comedy; that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry have had three long seasons of splendid prosperity upon the American stage, giving only plays of the highest order, and giving them only in the best manner; that under the management of Albert M. Palmer a single good play, in three seasons out of five, runs through the whole of a theatrical year in this capital; that Miss Ada Rehan, playing Shakespeare's shrew, has been as widely and as eagerly accepted as ever Woffington was in Wildair or Nisbett in Rosalind; and that Augustin Daly not long ago obtained a brilliant career of nearly fourscore nights in the prosaic city of New York for the most delicate and evanescent of dramatic compositions, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is perfectly true that in the present period, which is one of turbulent democratic upheaval, the social caldron is boiling with such furious impetuosity that the dregs often come to the surface, and for a while remain there. It is perfectly true that a widely potential factor in contemporary civilization is Mediocrity, and that under the influence of this malign and stupefying force various venerable and noble ideas are for a while discarded or modified. But when allowance has been made for every qualification, it remains a truth that the stage was never so great or so powerful in this republic as it is to-day, and never before so capable of wielding a superb influence upon the advancement of society.

The word that ought to be spoken here and now is, nevertheless, a word of warning. In the period of nearly thirty years, during which I have been, in my humble way, a continuous writer about the stage, it has seldom been my fortune to write anything that was intended specially for actors. My writings have been intended for the public, and they have been prompted and guided by an ardent desire to broaden and deepen a thoughtful public interest in the stage. There are many and various benefits to be derived by the community from an appreciative and sympathetic intimacy with the art of acting and with dramatic literature; and it seems to me that the duty of a theatrical essayist is to indicate what and where those benefits are, and to urge and entice the people to obtain them. Many other views are taken of the vocation of criticism, but this will be found a practical and useful one. Every effort is propitious for the general welfare which tends to dignify the popular estimate of the theatre; for it should never be forgotten that an institution, like an individual, may be prominent and influential without being either rightly understood or properly respected. In John Gay's comedy of *Three Hours After Marriage*, it is said that "a parrot and a player can both utter human sounds, but we allow neither of them to be a judge of wit." The old view of the stage—much as the stage was followed and enjoyed—is often a blandly tolerant and half-contemptuous view. To adjust that mistaken estimate—which is still extant—and to assist in the education of public opinion respecting the intellectual aspects of the acted drama, is a worthy mission for a theatrical writer. He mistakes his function when he assumes the attitude of an instructor to the players. He should no more undertake to teach an actor the art of acting than he should undertake to teach a doctor the science of medicine or to teach a lawyer the science of law. In addressing my observations directly to you, the representatives and guardians of the acted drama, I am speaking not as an instructor, but simply as an observer stationed in the outer circle of theatrical affairs. Great and potent as the stage now is in America, it is not as beneficent as it ought to be, and therefore I think that a word of warning may properly be spoken with reference to the duty of the actor to his time.

The period of national development through which we are passing is strongly marked by two characteristics—cynical levity and a studious but insincere and unscrupulous consideration of popular caprice. Almost everybody makes light of almost everything. The young people, upon whom modesty would sit with so much grace and sweetness, are too often "smart" and pert. Their elders, whom charity and gentleness should adorn with cheerful composure, are too often fretful and harsh with distrust and sarcasm. No historic career, no personal character, no principle of action, no occurrence of life, is so serious that it cannot be made the subject of a jest. Slang is printed in almost every newspaper and spoken in almost every drawing-room. The mind of the nation is tinged with a jocose and vulgar humor, and the voice of the nation is raucous with a rude hilarity. You may hear, indeed, if you will pause to listen, the hum of industry, the fine poetic murmur of reverence and aspiration, and faint and far away, the gentle note of worship, the mellow music of the bells of God; but the prevalent and almost the overwhelming sound is the sound of the guffaw. Beneath this boisterous joviality there is a spirit—not universal, but widely diffused—of crafty and sordid selfishness. The tone of our politics is often mercenary and mean. Accepted, practised, and approved methods of our business partake of an indirection which is almost fraud, and which certainly is incompatible with a fine sense of honor. Agnosticism has so shaken the fabric of ancient faith that to thousands of persons religion, ceasing to be a refuge and an anchor, has become merely a fashion of vacant ceremonial. In many directions luxury is rampant, and in all directions it is passionately desired. The mood of the populace (notwithstanding the awful admonitory fact that the American

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

republic had not existed one hundred years before it was convulsed by the bloodiest and most hideous civil war of which history makes any record) is a mood of vainglorious complacency; and in this the people are stimulated to the utmost by the American press. We hear continually of the *rights* of man, but almost never of his duties. Foreign elements, seditious, boisterous, dangerous, actively pernicious in many ways, and made potential through abuse of the suffrage, largely affect or entirely control the disposition of our practical affairs. Public office, the chief object of political intrigue, and not infrequently made a commodity for barter and sale, is often perverted in its functions and disgraced in its incumbents. An insane greed for sudden wealth startles the observer by its prevalence and its rapacity. Youth is trained to acquire the rewards of industry and enterprise, not by prudent, patient, and continuous toil, but by craft or the strong hand. Manners—the final and perfect flower of noble character and a fine civilization—are so completely overwhelmed by violent and boisterous vulgarity and insensate hardness that they can scarcely be said to exist; while refinement, which is the essential comfort and charm, and which ought to be prized and guarded as the crown and consummate glory of social life, is oppressed and insulted at every turn. Haste and strife, flurry and racket, convulse the towns and madden the population. Men and women are hustled and packed into the public conveyances as if they were hogs in a pen. The sanctity of the individual is not merely disregarded; it is unknown. Reckless newspapers print whatever they please, and the honest man, bemired by their abuse, who proceeds against any of them for libel is universally ridiculed as an over-sensitive fool. The book-stalls teem with fiction that is either erotic delirium or sentimental rubbish. Thirty-five years ago a woman was thought to be courageous who dared to read the novel of *Jane Eyre*. To-day the loathsome feculence and hideous moral leprosy of the novels of Émile Zola may be seen in public places borne in the hands even of young girls. The spectacles that are still admired as architecture—the New York Post-office, the Cooper Institute, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and kindred horrors—elude specification, and are indeed too terrible for words. The sounds to which we listen unmoved would deafen or would destroy any other people this side of China or Madagascar. The morning, noonday, and evening steam-whistle rising from a thousand able-bodied boilers; the intermittent tooting of a hundred aerial locomotives; the clank and rattle of incessant railway trains in the air and tramway cars in the shattered and jagged streets; the pounding of heavy trucks over broken pavements; the clangor of dissonant church bells; the strident blast of the ubiquitous and incessant hand-organ; and the rasping yell of the licensed vender—they are all here, so that often, after listening for a day and a night to the infernal din of this capital, I think that New York has become what the great orator Rufus Choate declared Boston Common would become if ever the occupation of it should be granted to the acquisitive desire of the Boston and Providence Railway Company. "At present," he said, "it is a peaceful pleasure-ground, wherein your citizens can walk abroad and recreate themselves. Grant it to this corporation, and what follows? Ætna—Vesuvius—Stromboli—Cotopaxi—Hell."

The sentiment of patriotism is a noble and lovely sentiment, but it cannot be nurtured by self-deception. Undoubtedly the shield has two sides. There are great and auspicious elements in our civilization, and since the web and woof of our time are woven of various colors, the fabric shows bright as well as dark. The beautiful observation of Charles Reade is as true of our people as it is of any other: "Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows." If it were not so, the battle would be lost already, and further struggle would be useless. But these things that I have stated are true, and they indicate a tendency in the drift of our time—by no means historically new, but as dangerous as ever—against which every intellectual force of the age, either directly or indirectly, ought to be arrayed.

There are two institutions which, beyond all others, indicate the condition of the public mind, and which, equally beyond all others, affect its tone and influence its movement. These two institutions are the newspaper and the stage. The supreme and universal rulers of human conduct are woman, vanity, money, political ambition, and religious fanaticism; but among specific social forces the newspaper and the stage transcend all others in their reflex bearing and their direct power upon the community; and for that reason a greater responsibility rests upon them than upon any of their associate forces, with reference to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual advancement of the human race. Each stands in the same environment, and each is confronted by the same problem. When your existence depends upon a perfectly harmonious adjustment of yourself to the needs and the pleasures of the people, to how great an extent will you defer to the drift of the popular mood? For you, who are actors and managers, and therefore the representatives and guardians of the acted drama in this republic, the question is a vital one. Your temptation is to feed "the many-headed beast" to the top of his bent: and thereupon your danger is, in the fierce strife of competitive endeavor and under the imperative need of instant success, that you will end by surrendering your authority altogether into the hands of the mob. To some extent, within the last thirty years, this surrender has already been made. It is about the period of one generation now since Dion Boucicault made the first specimen of the "Sensation Drama," and invented and proclaimed that epithet to designate a new school of art. Next came the lascivious charm and wanton allurement of the Opéra Bouffe, embodied in Tostée and conducted by Bateman. Rapidly after that the semi-nude burlesque was enthroned in the capital, with Lydia Thompson for its empress and Samuel Colville for its prophet; while William Wheatley, with the glittering spectacle of the *Black Crook* revived and implanted upon the American stage the same voluptuous and mischievous pageantry that Sir William Davenant, two hundred and fifty years ago, conveyed into London from the theatre of France. Then for a while the drift was in favor of tainted French dramas on the everlasting theme of incontinence in the state of marriage. Sentimental farces succeeded, and after them the deluge. Of late the current runs to horse-play and the "real tubs" of Mr. Crummles, and the enraptured multitude is thrilled to behold an actual woman swimming in an actual tank of water, or an actual fire-engine dragged across the stage almost as swiftly as it can be dragged in the street, and with almost as much racket. These are some of the results of an uncompromising submission to the popular lead, which almost always is ignoble, irrational, casual, and wrong. In this submission many of the newspapers of America have set a pernicious and deplorable example; but this fact, while it makes the duty of the actor to his time more arduous, should also make it more evident and more imperative. That duty is to check and withstand as much as possible the gross, levelling, degrading influences of excessive democracy, which tend to blight everything with the baleful tyranny of the commonplace, and to instil, to protect, and to maintain purity, sweetness, and refinement in our feelings, our manners, our language, and our national character. The common precept, the precept of the shop-keeper in dramatic art, is spoken every day: "Give them what they want." The higher and better precept, the precept of the moralist, would enjoin you to "give them what they ought to have." Which is the better counsel? and to which of these voices will you listen? The welfare of the people in every age is committed as a sacred trust to the best intellect of the time. A part of that responsibility rests on you, and it can only be evaded by the sacrifice of the institution that is your life. If the shop-keeping spirit is permitted absolutely to prevail, if you yield more and more and more to the caprice of the thoughtless multitude, while you will not destroy the stage (because the art of acting is immortal), you will help to bring upon it another blight of decrepitude, another season of dulness and decay, such as followed the orgies of the Restoration in England toward the end of the seventeenth century, or such as attended the general collapse of dramatic art in America about sixty years ago. *Vulgus vult decipi: decipiatur!* That was the haughty, unsympathetic, contemptuous doctrine of ancient cynical philosophy ("the common people like to be fooled; fooled let them be"), and under its malign influence, the few taking heed only of themselves, and leaving the many to folly and riot, the great Roman Empire slowly crumbled into pieces like a moth-eaten garment. Surely for you, the leaders of thought in your domain, there is a nobler principle than that old Latin sneer. In the lofty elegiac lines that Matthew Arnold wrote upon "Rugby Chapel," none is more touching or more significant than the proud and tender exclamation, "Thou, my father, wouldst not be saved alone." While the late Lord Beaconsfield—a great man—was Prime-Minister of England, every essential measure of national policy, it is said, was originated and prompted by him; yet in every case its inception and pursuance appeared to have been suggested to him by her Majesty Queen Victoria. It is within your province undoubtedly, in dealing with the sovereign people, to give them what they want; but it is within the power of your intellect, your knowledge of human nature and of the world, your wisdom and dexterity and tact, to make them want what they ought to have, and to make them think, when you provide it, that they have asked you to do so. This is the duty of the actor to his time—and his duty is likewise his interest.

The stage has generally needed popular support, but it has never prospered under popular dominion. In Greece, for example, nearly twenty-three hundred years ago, when the theatre established by Æschuylus and nurtured by Pericles had reached and passed its highest phase, there came that memorable period of popular license and misrule, when the multitude had supreme power over the state, and when the idol of the multitude was the ribald Aristophanes. You are all familiar with the hideous and pathetic story of the persecution and murder of Socrates. The *Clouds* and the *Birds* have survived to our day, and it is easy to perceive at once their caustic wit and their pernicious influence. Sophocles and Euripides were derided. Everything venerable and noble was covered with ridicule. The reputation of individuals was assailed without truth or mercy, and defamed without humanity or limit. The peace of families was ruthlessly destroyed. The very magistrates who sanctioned the appearance of the comedians were publicly lampooned and insulted. The gods themselves were flouted. The mob had what it wanted, and the theatre became a mere conduit for comic libel and vulgar mirth, while dramatic art was submerged in ribald licentiousness and scurrilous indecency. To such a depth, indeed, was the Grecian stage degraded by this supremacy of the popular taste, misled by a wickedly brilliant humorist, that even the transcendent genius of Menander, rising in the next age, could scarcely redeem it from settled ignominy and disgrace. In Italy, where the dramatic revival began in the thirteenth and culminated in the fifteenth century, there came a season of democratic experiment and disorder about the middle of the seventeenth, when the theatre was left unprotected to the popular caprice; and from that time onward for fifty years nothing was seen upon it but coarse Spanish farces—the paltry one-act buffooneries with which the Spanish stage began, but which in that period it had outgrown. Kindred illustrations might readily be drawn from the history of the theatre in France and England. Look into the lives of Fleury and Macklin and Fennell and Edmund Kean; look into Jackson's account of the Scottish stage, and Hitchcock's account of the stage in Ireland, and your righteous indignation is more than once aroused at the spectacle of popular tyranny overriding and degrading the stage. On the other hand, the best periods in the history of the drama have been those periods when it has been closely affiliated with the highest, because the ablest and most refined, classes of intellectual society—for these could guide and stimulate and govern its powers and its beauties, and, by the force of fashion and example, could lead the multitude in their train. The Shakesperian audience was not a popular audience. It was an audience largely composed of intellectual persons. It was an audience that would listen to poetry, and was capable of understanding and appreciating great and beautiful things. In that fertile and sumptuous period of English dramatic literature extending from 1580 to 1640 it accepted and enjoyed not only the incomparable grandeur and beauty and truth of Shakespeare, but the stormy splendor of Marlowe, the funeral pomp and sombre pageantry of Webster, the lovely simplicity of Heywood, the passion and pathos of Ford, the indolent but affluent grace and music of Dekker, the strong thought and trenchant and vibrant verse of Massinger, the noble repose and copious emotion of Middleton, and, above all, the wonderful feeling, depth, eloquence, variety, and loveliness of Beaumont and Fletcher. No such body of literature had ever, in all the world, been created before, and nothing like it has been created since. Creative art, indeed, is in no sense a result of environment: its impulse proceeds out of the great central heart of Nature. But in those "spacious days of great Elizabeth" the plays were not only written, but were acted and received. They had a public. The stage flourished because the finest intelligence and the finest feeling in the English nation fostered and guarded it, and the multitude was lifted to the level of Spenser and Sidney and Raleigh—

> "Of those great spirits who went down like suns
> And left upon the mountain-tops of death
> A light that made them lovely."

Upon that high level the people do not habitually stand, and it would be wild folly to assume that they do; but there are noble elements and grand possibilities in human nature; to that high level the people can be lifted; and it is the duty of every intellectual man, and therefore of the actor, to lead them upward. Much is accomplished when the stage is made and kept important—as Edwin Booth and Henry Irving and Mr. Daly and Mr. Palmer have made and kept it—in the esteem of the best contemporary minds. Every student of its history knows that it has always been a thing of moods, now exalted and now depressed, but of late years, when viewed apart from all parasite entertainments, steadily in the ascendant. The time was when the wise and gentle Charles Lamb expressed a mild astonishment that a person capable of remembering and repeating the words of Shakespeare should for that reason be supposed to possess a mind congenial with that of the poet. Such an idea surprises nobody now. Modern thought has recognized that the actor is a mental and spiritual force; that he is intimately connected with the cause of public education; that he is not a mere parrot and not simply an interpreter; that he brings something of his own; that although the poet provides the soul, it is the actor who must provide the body; and that without having the body as well as the soul you cannot have dramatic representations or the benefit of the dramatic art. This righteous illumination of modern thought, however, with reference to the profession of acting, is not yet absolutely complete. The fact that the stage now stands upon the same level with the other learned professions has not yet become permanently imbedded in the spontaneous convictions of society. Little denotements frequently occur as the days go by that the ultra-respectable and conventional mind of our time is still disturbed and twisted upon this subject. Bigotry dies hard. In 1832 the Harrisburg clergyman who read the burial service over the remains of Joseph Jefferson, the great comedian of that period (an actor as noble and famous even as his illustrious and beloved descendant in our generation), altered the text of that service so as to say, "this man" instead of "our deceased brother" in the sentence which commits the body to the ground. In 1870 the Rev. Mr. Sabine, of New York (manfully true to his principles and standing fast by his colors, for which he should be respected and not reviled), refused to open his church for the funeral of that venerated actor George Holland; be-towing, as he did so, by a single fortunate phrase a permanent glory upon "the little church around the corner," and making it possible for me to originate and fulfil the movement known as the Holland Benefit. In 1883 a minister of the gospel in New Jersey publicly stigmatized a renowned French actress, then in America, as being "as vile a hag as the sewers of Paris ever spewed into the state-room of an Atlantic steam-ship"—hags always coming out of sewers, and the sewage system of the French capital being directly connected with ocean travel. Clarendon, the old historian, said that "clergymen understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind who can read and write"; and perhaps you will think there is occasionally some ground for his extreme opinion. In this year 1889 the amiable and admirable Quaker poet Mr. John G. Whittier, in a published letter, wonders whether Mrs. Langtry entertains as strong an objection to an author as he does to an actress. The incisive and trenchant writer of *Obiter Dicta*—one of the few contemporary books of real literature, rich in vital thought and therefore destined to survive—dismisses the profession of the actor with a civil sneer. Some of my valued friends among the scholars of this period, reading those recent volumes of *Brief Chronicles* in which I have endeavored to commemorate many of the actors of the last thirty years, have expressed to me their gentle wonder that so much labor should have been expended on such insignificant persons. These are trifles; but all along the current of human life trifles disclose the involuntary views of mankind. These signs, and others like them, indicate that the ancient spirit of commingled bigotry and condescension toward the theatre, while it is fast dying away, is not yet dead. Seven hundred years ago, when the modern dramatic movement began in Italy and in England with the Miracle Plays, the clergy themselves were frequently the actors; and perhaps the Church has not yet quite forgiven the regular dramatic profession for having invaded that field and confiscated its forces and its fruits. In every period possibly—in recent times certainly—men of ability and acquirements in other walks of life have been made uncomfortable by the rapid rise, the opulent prosperity, and the dazzling renown of actors. Dr. Johnson, beside whom David Garrick, who had been his school-boy, remained his school-boy to the last, possessed no such brilliancy of reputation in his own day, and has descended in no such picturesque splendor of fame to ours as that which David Garrick obtained and transmitted. Lowell and Holmes and Bancroft, as men of letters, have done a work of more radical and abiding value for the public than that of Jefferson or Booth; but the prevalent sentiment toward Lowell and Holmes and Bancroft is cold respect in comparison with the fervor of enthusiasm that stirs in the more enlightened American heart for Jefferson and Booth. There is no reputation in mighty London at this moment so brilliant as that of Henry Irving; and this is not confined to the capital, for when, as it happened last summer we were walking together over the lonely hills of remote Westmoreland, the passengers upon every carriage that chanced to pass took off their hats to him, and often cheered him by name. It is natural that "your royal preparation" should somewhat annoy the doctor of divinity and the man of science and letters. Oliver Goldsmith, it is said, was displeased because the people in somebody's drawing-room, preferring female beauty to poetical genius, looked at the lovely Horneck girls instead of looking at him. This mild competitive resentment of your ascendency, however, is superficial, transient, and ultimately ineffective. The essential vitality of the remnant of respectable aversion to the actor still extant consists in his own faults and is fed by his own errors. He has allowed himself sometimes to trifle with his own avocation, and in the pursuit and practical administration of the theatre he does not always sufficiently assert the dignity and weight of intellectual character.

The popular drift of the day, as I have stated, sets in the direction of jocose levity and cynical sarcasm. This note, in its proper time and place and proportion, is amusing and perhaps salutary, but it may readily become immoderate. I once read in a newspaper that a parson who had got into trouble and been overhauled by his congregation defended himself with the following epigram:

> "My Christian friends, I think the fact is
> All human worth is incomplete;
> But I will preach and you shall practise,
> And that way we'll make both ends meet."

The late Park Benjamin, scoring a clergyman of the sentimental Honeyman pattern, wrote an epigram in a somewhat kindred strain:

> "Your pastor's charm I cannot prize;
> I never saw his glance divine;
> For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
> And when he preaches I shut mine."

There was an epitaph in circulation some time ago which caught my glance in a Western journal, and which runs as follows:

> "Our Jane has climbed the golden stair
> And passed the jasper gates:
> Henceforth she will have wings to wear,
> Instead of roller skates."

In still another newspaper I found another form of personal disaster recorded in this way: "Harvey Schaske, of Elmira, fooled with a gun. He didn't know it was loaded. He never will."

These citations exemplify the habit of the time to make light of serious things. It may be a droll habit; but when it is permitted in any way to detract from the dignity of a great institution—when the professors of the stage themselves employ it to undermine and enfeeble their own authority—it becomes a pernicious one. The Greek farce writer Philemon died of laughter at seeing a jackass eat figs. Appetite is perennial, and the jackass continues his ministrations—only the laughing Philemon does not die. He gets his guffaw, and it agrees with him, and under its clodpoll influence he grows grosser and coarser and commoner day by day. In other words, there is a porcine taste for indelicate buffoonery, and in the practical, shop-keeping cultivation of this popular appetite a most inordinate prominence has been given to vulgar varieties and to burlesque. No one begrudges to the burlesquers all the remuneration to which their trivial proceedings may be entitled, but at present the true interest of the stage and of society needs their repression. They are excessive. All trifling with serious things has a direct tendency to lower them in the esteem of the multitude, by nature trivial, desultory, and capricious. The art of acting is the living soul of the theatre as an institution, and by heaping upon that noble art an almost illimitable burden of elaborate silliness, these

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

burlesquers have done much to obscure the lustre of the theatre, and in part to sequester it from the sympathy and respect of hundreds of the best minds of the age. A little frolic does well; but rank foolishness, in the various garbs of farcical mummery, slang, indelicate display of the female person, and vacant antic and babble, have been carried far and tolerated long. The representatives of this rubbish, indeed, do not now scruple to assert themselves as artists, and there is such a phalanx of them that in some parts of America nothing but "leg business" is offered upon the stage, whence mind and beauty and refinement, crystallized in dramatic art, were long since banished. This is nothing less than a calamity. "It is not, nor it cannot come to, good." Theatrical entertainment, indeed, must take many forms, and burlesque can be treated as a fine art; but considering how it is treated, and remembering its natural tendency, every friend of the theatre must deplore its dominion. Greek art, which was perfect art (save that it lacked the divine ideal expressed in the character and experience of Christ), was informed by one supreme, inexorable, triumphant principle, never to be forgotten or neglected—*nothing in excess.*

Conduct is character, expressed under the pressure of circumstances. The flippant manner goes with the flimsy mind. Dignity is repose. It is the dignity of the dramatic character that must be trusted to sustain the power and augment the renown of the dramatic profession. That dignity I have always asserted, and it is no spirit of detraction that leads me now to urge that actors ought to be stern critics of themselves, that they ought to give little or no attention to what is said about them in print, and that they would enhance the importance of their calling in the public esteem by the severest reticence with reference to their personal affairs. When one of the admirers of Wellington told him that he was equally great as a statesman and a soldier, the Iron Duke replied, "I am glad that there is no one to hear you say this, for I would not have any one think me such a fool as to believe it." The man who is thus a stern critic of himself is neither to be misled nor wounded by the observations of others. To a character like that, self-poised, simple, and sincere, critical commentary naturally appears like what for the most part it is—the buzzing of flies in the air. The actor is necessarily sensitive; but inordinate sensibility is a misfortune, and to shield himself from stupidity and malice, to maintain his repose, and to assert his power, he must wear the armor of a cheerful philosophy. There is a wise passage in the old *Spectator*, wherein Addison has paraphrased and applied the excellent counsel of Epictetus: "When I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavor to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence." Let me add that it is a piece of fortitude which, in this period of general flippancy and chatter, every one owes to his own self-respect. With the practical adoption of this philosophy by actors, with the abatement of undue solicitude as to the frivolous babble of the hour, much that belittles the stage and makes it still seem subservient and paltry and incidental in the judgment of some of the best minds of the age will disappear. The torrent of gossip which is now a curse will run dry, and the actress who is constantly losing her diamonds, and the handsome actor who is continually bewitching her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, will be heard of no more.

And so I end as I began, the advocate of the intellectual principle, which alone can crown a perfect civilization with the white lilies of dignity and refinement. Our republic has been more than abundantly favored with material prosperity; yet it cannot be truthfully denied that, as a people, we are still deficient in gentleness and grace. That way lies our need, and in that direction it is time that we should make ourselves capable of practical fidelity to the highest ideal. As much of heaven is visible as we have eyes to see. All the forces of spiritual culture are within us. In the development of those forces the actor can accomplish a great work; and surely there is something more involved in his noble avocation than that one man should display talent and another man should praise it. The capacity to reveal universal human nature, helping man to understand himself, is the justification of the actor. His faculties are not necessarily more important or more brilliant than those of other intellectual men; but the medium that Nature has provided for their expression is to the majority of persons more sympathetic, alluring, and delightful than any other form of utterance in the world. More than ever in the movement of human affairs, accordingly, the attention of the people is fixed upon the actor; and more than ever is it essential that he should know and feel and remember that he is the representative and guardian of a beautiful art, and not simply the keeper of a shop.

It was once my privilege, toward the end of a lovely day in June, to stand upon the ramparts of Windsor Castle, and to gaze in mute wonder and rapture over that delicious landscape—the hallowed realm of learning and taste—which environs the stateliest and most majestic of the royal palaces of England. The glory of sunset was fading in the west. The soft and mellow light of the gloaming was just beginning to creep over the emerald velvet of the meadows and the dense foliage of the slumbering elms. Far below lay the quaint city, so beautiful in its carved and timber-crossed antiquity, so venerable with historic association and with martial and poetic renown. At a little distance the "antique spires" and lancet casements of Eton glimmered in the last faint rays of sunset gold. Many church towers, gray and solemn and ancient, were dimly visible on the darkening plains. The old Thames, black and shining, flowed in sweet tranquillity through the peaceful scene. The evening wind was laden with fragrance of syringa and jasmine. Over and around the great central tower of the castle a multitude of birds, warned homeward by impending night, circled with incessant motion and strange, melodious cries. And out from the sombre, mysterious sanctity of Saint George's Chapel, borne tremulous on the perfumed twilight air, came the sobbing organ music of the vesper hymn. In that solemn hour it was again, and more deeply than ever, impressed upon my mind that the divine privilege of art, and the supreme obligation of every intellect engaged in its ministry, is to diffuse and to secure for all the people this superb exaltation of the soul—to set upon the familiar face of our every-day lives the immortal seal of spiritual refinement, the sacred radiance of gentleness and beauty.



INJURED.

"Poor man, how were you injured so? Railway accident?"
"No 'm."
"Explosion?"
"No 'm."
"Something fall on you?"
"Yes 'm; the wrath of a base-ball team. I was an umpire, 'm."

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THERE is a good deal of talk in Wall Street just now of a revival of the speculative spirit of the country. The public—that is, the portion of it that does not find its daily occupation in Wall Street—has not had very much to do with the improvement in every respect that has taken place in the stock-market; still its pressure toward the financial centre of the country has been felt in the growing demand for securities of all kinds, and present indications are that its progress in the direction of the Stock Exchange is likely to be accelerated rather than retarded. It is well worth while to determine the causes that are influencing a more general desire to engage in speculative ventures. The answer may be given in a word or two, namely, that business is better. This may be true enough, and certainly it is logical, as speculation is simply the inflation of business, the foam upon the current of legitimate undertakings. But when this has been said, he who asserts that business is better is very likely to be asked for his proofs. And that brings us to a review of the present condition of general business.

For many months past the regular trade reports, which are carefully compiled by a great number of experts working through innumerable channels, have told of an unsatisfactory condition of business. The volume has been large in a great many branches of trade, and the majority of industries have been fairly active. But profits have been almost uniformly small, and the snap of a brisk demand has been totally lacking. Within the last few weeks the tenor of the most trustworthy of the trade advices has been gradually changing. The hopeful spirit that has been noted from time to time, and which is one of the most pleasing phases of our business life, is beginning to find fruition. The prices of staple goods are still at about the lowest figures, and it is by no means certain that the bottom has been reached. Nevertheless there is a growing feeling that the worst is over. This is especially true of the iron trade, which has been suffering from the suspension of railroad building on a large scale, and also from its inability to compete with other iron-producing countries for the demands of less favored communities. But limited as we are to home markets, a better demand at current prices is reported. The decline, as it invariably does, has stimulated the consumption, and iron is more largely used for architectural purposes than ever before. This week the steel rail trade has shown a little life, in consequence of sales of about 80,000 tons. In viewing the iron trade hereafter the vision must extend beyond the limits of Pennsylvania, which for nearly a century has boasted of its sovereignty in the production of that metal. The South and the nearer Northwest must be recognized as important factors in the market, especially as their facilities are enabling them to make the market for nearly all producers and manufacturers. It is this comparatively new competition that has made the outlook seem so gloomy to the Pennsylvania ironmongers. As this industry is universally regarded as the business barometer of the country, evidence that it is coming upon better days will be gladly received by every one.

The prospects of the anthracite coal trade were set forth at length in this column only a few weeks ago. Time has brightened those prospects, and bids fair to fulfil them. The individual producers who practically had the market to themselves during the customary season of dulness in the early spring are now beginning to regret that they have sold their product so far in advance of their ability to mine it. The larger companies will profit by the greed or necessities of the smaller concerns, and it is chiefly upon the financial returns of the first-named that the condition of the trade is determined by investors and by speculators as well.

The recent heavy sales of both cotton and woollen goods have demonstrated the substantial character of the market for them. In neither case were prices much below the figures asked by agents. The dry-goods market has already begun to show beneficial effects from these transactions. The outlook for staple crops has naturally assisted the distribution of general merchandise. The marketing of a large proportion of last year's corn crop has contributed to the same end, and both operations are reflected in more satisfactory railroad returns. The condition of our foreign trade is beginning to receive attention, both because of the continuous large shipments of gold and the fact that imports are keeping pace with the larger exports. These developments are offset to an extent by the tendency of money toward this centre from the interior, and also by the larger offers to sell bonds to the government, which show that the medium through which money may be released from the Treasury is at hand, should it become necessary to liberate it more freely than at present.

In the main, the general conditions governing business are favorable to its development. Money is in abundant supply the world over, and not because there is a disposition on the part of capital to shrink from permanent investment, for securities and schemes of indifferent value find takers and backers readily, but because even in this comparatively new country the growth of wealth has outrun the wildest estimates. It is not to be wondered at that in these circumstances a sense of greater security prevails in Wall Street, where the confidence as well as the apprehensions of the entire business community constantly finds expression.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June* 1, 1889.

DISEASE AND DEATH

Force their way into many a household that might be protected from their inroads, by the simple precaution of keeping in the house that benign family medicine and safeguard of health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Particularly where there are children, should it be kept on hand, as a prompt remedy for infantile complaints, in their outset easily conquerable, but which, if allowed to engraft themselves on the delicate childish organism, are not easily dislodged, and speedily work grievous mischief. Irregularity of the bowels, indigestion, and biliousness are ailments of common occurrence in the household. Children living in malarious regions are more liable to be attacked with chills and fever than adults, and the ravages of that fell disease in their system are speedier and more serious. In remote localities, far from professional aid, it is especially desirable.—[*Adv.*]

A WELCOME INNOVATION.

THE Chicago and Denver Express, the superb vestibuled train running through between Chicago and Denver via the Chicago & North-Western and Union Pacific railways, will, beginning May 12th, in addition to its superior service of coaches, sleepers, and free chair cars, carry vestibuled North-Western dining-cars through, serving patrons of the train all meals en route to Denver. The superior service of these dining-cars has given them a national reputation, and patrons of the train will appreciate the comfort and luxury that this innovation will add to the trip. The price of meals will be 75 cents.

Excursion tickets to Denver and all Colorado, California, and western and north-western resorts are now on sale, via the North-Western, at all ticket offices.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A SENATOR'S wife, who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington, gave the following receipt to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.—[*Adv.*]

WE recommend the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the public of England for half a century, and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used than all the other Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, BEECHAM'S PILLS are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that BEECHAM'S PILLS ARE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

"MY daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—G. KING, Killingly, Conn.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space	15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space	20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space	25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*	

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1695.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



AFTER THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—RELIEF PARTY CROSSING THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE ERECTED OVER THE CONEMAUGH.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"A rare collection of valuable and instructive reading, with choice illustrations."—*New York Observer.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the number for June 11th, RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON *tells the story of* ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS *and his dog "Rio," which was hardly less famous in Georgia a generation ago than his master.*

MISS MARY E. WILKINS *contributes a story, with an illustration by* MISS ALICE BARBER. *The eleventh chapter of the serial story "Dorymates" is accompanied by an excellent illustration after a drawing by* W. T. SMEDLEY.

A novel device for a summer entertainment is a "Tennis Drill," designed by MARGARET FEZANDIÉ. *This is simple and very practicable, as well as effective. It can also be performed on a stage, if so desired.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.
A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1695, WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE BEHRING SEA.

WHEN in 1870 the United States paid Russia $7,200,000 for all her possessions on the North American continent and the adjacent islands, we bought all the just Russian rights and claims. The title of Russia was derived from prior discovery by BEHRING in 1725, under instructions of PETER the Great, which were carried out by the Empress CATHERINE. The treaty by which Alaska was ceded to the United States defines the boundary of the Territory, which includes the waters to the western end of the Aleutian group of islands, over which, therefore, presumptively, the authority of the United States extends. But in 1821, when Russia claimed sovereignty over the Pacific Ocean north of the 51st degree of latitude, and prohibited foreign vessels from approaching within less than a hundred Italian miles, the United States protested. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS asked of the Russian Minister an explanation, upon principles recognized by the laws and usages of nations, of so extraordinary a claim. The Russian Minister replied that the Behring Sea was really a *mare clausum*. Mr. ADAMS rejoined conclusively that the line claimed by Russia included a part of the unquestionable open sea, because from shore to shore on this sea, in latitude 31° north, the distance was several thousand miles. From this position the United States did not recede, and in 1824, Russia, in a convention with the United States, practically withdrew the claim, and in the next year she made a similar treaty with Great Britain.

The Russian claim has not been formally asserted by the United States. But in August, 1886, the United States revenue-cutter *Corwin* seized several seal-hunting Canadian schooners in the Behring Sea. American sealers had been seized previously. But when the British vessels and their contents were confiscated, the officers sentenced to fine and imprisonment, and the crews left to find their way home as they could, complaints were promptly made to the British government, and early in October that government protested against the seizures. The Canadian vessels were released, but no compensation has been made to the owners, officers, or crews, and no proper explanation offered to the British government. In acknowledging the British protest, Secretary BAYARD stated that upon receipt of authentic information from the Alaskan courts he would consider the matter. But notwithstanding the lapse of time and the frequent solicitations of the British Foreign Office, the United States have as yet neither claimed sovereignty over the Behring Sea nor disapproved the seizures. A circular from the Treasury Department to the Collector of Customs at San Francisco answers his inquiry as to the proper interpretation of the phrases "waters thereof" and "adjacent waters" by quoting the terms of the treaty, but expressing no opinion, and leaving the question open.

It is a serious mistake to assert that the United States claim a supremacy which with that of Russia closes the Pacific entrance of the Arctic Ocean. It is hardly to be supposed that upon any ground as yet known such a claim will be asserted. When it is, however, the reasons alleged can be considered. Meanwhile the rumors of the despatch of a British fleet to protect British sealers in Behring waters, and the suggestion of imminent hostilities between the countries, are wholly premature. The British Under Foreign Secretary denies explicitly that a fleet has been sent. There is no desire whatever among intelligent Americans to blow every little spark of misunderstanding into a grave international difficulty, and it would be a serious reproach upon the good sense of both countries if a difference of this kind could not be peacefully adjusted.

THE GREAT CALAMITY.

THE unprecedented calamity in the valley of the Conemaugh, in Pennsylvania, has for many days superseded in the attention of the country every other topic. A more appalling catastrophe is not recorded. The statement concerning it, in the appeal of the Governor of Pennsylvania to the people of the United States, is temperate and restrained, but none the less impressive:

"The valley of the Conemaugh, which is peculiar, has been swept from one end to the other as with the besom of destruction. It contained a population of forty thousand to fifty thousand people, living for the most part along the banks of a small river confined within narrow limits. The most conservative estimates place the loss of life at five thousand human beings, and of property at twenty-five millions. Whole towns have been utterly destroyed. Not a vestige remains. In the more substantial towns the better buildings, to a certain extent, remain, but in a damaged condition. Those who are least able to bear it have suffered the loss of everything."

The story is as simple as it is sorrowful. It has been told in every awful and heroic detail, and is now familiar in every household. If experience did not prove the probability of the situation, it would be incredible that great communities could live quietly in the immediate presence of an inconceivable possible disaster which yet could be readily averted, and take no steps to secure the common safety. But familiarity with such possibility seems often to paralyze apprehension. The warning of Mill River and Williamsburg, in western Massachusetts, fifteen years ago, must have startled every town in the country which was similarly situated. But in this valley of the Alleghanies, where a more awful form of the same peril impended, it was apparently unheeded, until too late. Like the brave boy who rode for his life before the flood in the Mill River Valley, rousing every house and alarming the town, an unknown messenger passed through Johnstown crying, but crying in vain, that the terrible wave was at hand, which overwhelmed him in the midst of his sublime mission of rescue.

It is impossible that this event should not produce an effective determination that such disasters shall be rendered largely impossible hereafter. In the myriad mountain valleys of all the more thickly settled parts of the country the streams are dammed for manufacturing purposes, and towns and villages are strewn along their level shores. One is the type of all, and all are at the mercy of the accumulated waters. The storms of every season swell these reservoirs to the utmost, and there is never a year in which at times there are not thousands of dams, large and small, upon whose stability during the floods depends the safety of whole towns and villages. Since experience has proved that such care as has been hitherto taken is not sufficient to avert such a terrible deluge as that in the Conemaugh, the protection of the people should be assumed by themselves, and the ablest possible public supervision of such works should be established. Adequate and certain safeguards should be provided, to be available long before the danger-point is reached, and the supervising officers should be held to the strictest responsibility. It must be conceded that private interest under such circumstances is not an adequate guarantee of the public safety.

The munificent contributions of the country for the relief of the devastated valley are a signal illustration of the profound sympathy which the calamity has excited. It shows no less the noble generosity of the country. Since the destruction of Chicago there has been no such general feeling, and that was less appalling to the imagination than this, because of the unspeakable loss of life and the suddenness and completeness of the ruin in the present event. An American must always contemplate with pride the instinctive ability to manage such a situation which shows itself in the prompt organization of an effective administration in the midst of universal confusion. The orderly method with which every detail is soon controlled and the efficient use to which all aid is turned are the blessings of a community accustomed to govern itself. This organization in Chicago, and the immense work wisely accomplished by it, are among the most memorable facts of that calamity. But the final proof of a high civilization will be that an event so horrible as this in Pennsylvania shall never occur again. Its causes are perfectly comprehended; they are entirely avoidable; and a disaster of the same kind anywhere and in any degree, after this appalling warning, would be not only a calamity, but a disgrace.

THE BENEFICENT ROD.

THE Philadelphia *American*, in reply to some comments of HARPER'S WEEKLY, says that

"General HARRISON .... is passing through a critical stage, but we still hope that he may pass it successfully.... Mr. HARRISON may surmount the difficulties of the situation. He may lead his party upward and forward. He may see that it is not occasional and sporadic good works which are required, but a system which will leave little chance for any evil and scandalous outcome. He may shake off the spoils highwaymen who now pistol him with their 'demands.' He may determine that the straightforward observance of the declarations in the platforms of 1884 and 1888 and of his own letter of acceptance is the only open road through the difficulties and perils of the present situation. In such case, how can HARPER'S WEEKLY condemn him? How can any honest and patriotic journal condemn him? Whether other issues come up or not, he will compel the praise of fair-minded men on this point."

In such case, neither HARPER'S WEEKLY nor any other honest journal would condemn him. On the contrary, they would as promptly and cordially acknowledge the excellence of his conduct as they did in the reconstruction of the Civil Service Commission. There are, undoubtedly, as the *American* says, journals which mean nothing else than opposition to Mr. HARRISON'S administration. These are the regular Democratic organs, as four years ago the regular Republican organs meant nothing else than opposition to Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, and sedulously pursued that intent to the end. More constant and complete misrepresentation no administration ever received from its party opponents; and the uniform support and commendation of Mr. HARRISON by such organs are as unmeaning and unimportant as their abuse of Mr. CLEVELAND.

There are very few Republican journals which treat the present administration with the independence and candor of the *American*, which does not obsequiously praise every act of the Executive, or belittle its shortcomings, nor, on the other hand, merely captiously complain. In reply to our suggestion, however, that the *American* spoke as if it meant ultimately to commend the President, whatever his course might be, it says: "We do not determine now to 'condemn him in the end,' because, if his administration shall deserve praise, we shall be prompt and glad to give it." This is the purpose, undoubtedly, of every self-respecting journal. The intention to condemn him in the end, whatever his course may be, is simply the stupidity of partisanship. But the determination to extenuate every violation of executive pledges, and to praise the President under all circumstances "in the end," is equally stupid. Moreover, the fact that President HARRISON may pass through the present stage of his administration successfully—that is to say, the stage of absolute disregard of rules laid down by himself and the stage of nepotism—is not a reason for silence or for suspension of condemnation. A child who is caught telling lies is not spared because at some time hereafter he may tell the truth. Ichabod Crane applied the birch to help the stumbling pupils over the tall words. To make better Executive action probable hereafter, the *American* is properly applying the rod now.

There can be no honest pretence that the President is carrying out the pledges of the platform, or enforcing his own rules; and the party organs prove nothing and gain nothing by comparing his course, in regard to the civil service, with Mr. CLEVELAND'S. The conduct of a party organ is determined by the spirit of Dr. JOHNSON'S remark that the first Whig was the Devil, and of Lord MELBOURNE'S, that a supporter was one who would support him when he was wrong. Those who are not supporters of the President in that sense judge him by the conformity of his conduct to the principles which ought to govern any President. This rule of judgment has been largely overlooked in the discussion of President HARRISON'S course, and it has never been more clearly and admirably stated than by Mr. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE in his recent address as President of the Maryland Civil Service Reform Association:

"Among honest men there can be no difference of opinion as to what he ought to do: no one would for a moment question that the superintendent of a store or a factory or a railroad is bound to choose his subordinates solely with a view to their fitness for their allotted tasks, and that if he were to choose them because they shared his opinions as to matters having nothing to do with their work, or because they had done or might do him, or others, favors, he would be simply unfaithful and dishonest. Civil service reformers demand, and demand only, that this fundamental principle of good faith and fair dealing be observed by the nation's first officer in the nation's business; and it is not harsh criticism to say that during the past three months General HARRISON has already so failed to observe it that if he were the agent of any prudent private employer he would be removed from his place."

THE CLUBS AND THE COLOR QUESTION.

AT the late Congress of Working-men's Clubs at West New Brighton, Staten Island, Mr. JOHN DURHAM, president of the Progressive Working-men's Club in Philadelphia, read a paper upon "The Clubs and the Color Question." Mr. DURHAM is a colored man, a protectionist, and, we presume, a Republican. His paper is candid and temperate, and its main proposition is undeniable, that "the colored workman who has earned his title to American citizenship by sweat and blood should enjoy the same opportunities to learn and to rise in every department of work as are so freely extended to unskilled foreigners." Mr. DURHAM says that the colored man has been the American janitor, waiter, and barber, but that foreign immigrants are pushing him into higher departments of labor. Consequently he turns to the learned professions, and many a half-educated man who would have been an excellent blacksmith or carpenter or commercial drummer "is now failing most successfully in the pulpit," and as a half-made doctor or lawyer. What he really needs is freedom of entry into industrial and commercial competition. "Give him a chance. If then he should not succeed,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dub him, as 'Bob' TOOMBS did, 'the scrub race,' but not till then."

Mr. DURHAM appeals to white employers and employed to stifle the protests of prejudice. Let the workman declare his readiness to work side by side with the clean, honest, and capable colored man; the employer give his colored porter or messenger the same chance as the white apprentice or cash boy to learn the business and to rise; and the charitable giver of money to promote negro education or Christianity also give money in salaries to a capable colored book-keeper or salesman. He exhorts the Northern man to hesitate in his denunciation of Southern political intimidation while he considers our own Northern system of industrial caste. Mr. DURHAM'S statement is clear, and his appeal is strong. He sees plainly the difficulty. It is prejudice; prejudice calling itself instinctive and natural, and wheedling itself by what it calls the design of God and the welfare of society and the necessity of the case, but none the less prejudice. It is, however, one of the most subtle and invincible forces in human society. The Jewish race is a monument of its persistence and power. It is not amenable to reason. It does not argue. Constitutions and statutes cannot deal with it. Legal inequalities may be removed from its victims, but its social spell remains, and affects every relation which law cannot reach.

Here, for instance, is one of the foremost, most intelligent, and prosperous nations in the world, and for four years one of the bitterest civil wars in history raged among its white population because of the slavery in which the colored race was held. The contest ended in the emancipation, enfranchisement, and legal equality of that race. But how much of the race prejudice did those torrents of blood wash away? How much more likely is the bloody-shirt Republican of to-day to cultivate personal intimacy and social relations with his colored neighbor than the cotton Whig of forty years ago? In Republican drawing-rooms how many colored guests appear? In the Union League Club, which sent with acclamations a colored regiment to the war, how many colored members are enrolled? The Republican party cheers FREDERICK DOUGLASS in its conventions. How many Republican Secretaries and Senators invite him to their dinners? We are not uttering reproaches nor finding fault. We assert, before our censors, that these are questions of social relations, and beyond the law. What we are saying is simply that the prejudice of race has outlasted the fierce antislavery controversy, the fires of the war of emancipation, and the constitutional guarantees of equality. It is as strong, although very different, in the feelings of those who offered their lives for the freedom of the slave as in those who mobbed abolitionists and murdered LOVEJOY. This is the explanation of the situation which Mr. DURHAM deplores, and against which he protests. It is this which prevents the free association in labor and employment of every kind for which he pleads. He asks "only a square start and a fair field," and every man who has at heart the love of fair play will acknowledge the reason and justice of his demand, even if he be unable to show him precisely how the conditions are to be secured.

THE YACHT RACE.

AFTER due diplomatic correspondence it is understood that the race between the *Valkyrie* and an American yacht will take place, and the pleasant rivalry of two and three years ago will be renewed. The recent performances of the English craft have not been uniform triumphs, but nothing is more uncertain than an aquatic contest between vessels of about the same general speed, and this fact, together with the feeling that "luck will turn," will invest the match with the usual interest.

The choice of a competitor with the English yacht, and the details of the time and course, etc., are yet to be arranged, nor, indeed, as we write, is the affair conclusively settled. But there seems to be no reasonable doubt. The country of the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, and the *Volunteer* naturally anticipates success. But the contestants of our yachtsmen are of their own blood and spirit. American superiority will not be conceded, but must be constantly demonstrated. The audacity which challenged and disproved the claim of Britannia to rule the waves will be challenged in turn by a resolution which it has inspired and instructed, until at last it may appear that America has shown her rival how to equal her.

This is the aspect of the race which is universally interesting. It is a contest of skill in naval construction and in navigation between the two great maritime nations. It has the air of a pleasure bout, but it is essentially a friendly trial of real forces. Each says to the other, Gentlemen, fire first, but each means to win.

A WISE DECISION.

IT is stated, and apparently with reason, that the President has decided that public officers who are appointed for a term of four years shall serve out their terms, unless they are shown to be dishonest or incompetent. If this report be true, the decision is in itself a decided act of reform, upon which the President and the country are to be heartily congratulated. If it be true, no good reason occurs to us why it should not be authoritatively announced, for such an announcement would be received with great satisfaction by all except professional politicians. The great body of the people are not office-seekers, and they desire only an honest and efficient public service.

The term of four years was not adopted as a measure of reform, but on the contrary, under the plea of facilitating the settlements of certain accounting officers, it enabled removals to be made without the odium of arbitrary dismissal. As we have mentioned heretofore, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, then Secretary of State, records that President MONROE did not understand the scope of the law when he approved it, and both he and his successor, Mr. ADAMS himself, reappointed worthy officers as their terms expired. This is but reasonable, for no good reason can be urged why the country should lose the services of competent officers who are peculiarly qualified for their duties by experience.

But the practice of not removing such officers until the end of their terms is, in the present situation, a distinct gain for reform, because it proves that a clean sweep with every party change of administration does not increase the efficiency of the public service. It accustoms the country to the spectacle, which has not been seen since the early days of the government, of public officers serving effectively and satisfactorily under Executives of different political views. This will naturally stimulate the inquiry, what good reason exists for a change on political grounds at the end of the term which did not exist during its continuance? Mr. PEARSON was a Republican, but he was universally known to be as good a postmaster under a Democratic as under a Republican administration. The benefit of the course which it is now reported that the President intends to pursue is that it will make good public reasons for removal more imperative. Meanwhile the President may well ask whether the same rule might not apply to fourth-class as well as to other postmasters and public officers.

THE COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, to whose excellent article in the *Forum* upon corrupt political methods we have already alluded, states the common-sense view of the public service. He is a Republican leader who holds to the Republican platform.

"Nobody in a republic is or should be in favor of an office-holding class; but as the great bulk of the small administrative employments are those involving no policy of government, and merely call for the exercise of particular and strictly defined business work, it is difficult to suggest upon what ground they should be treated differently from other business employments in the country, in respect to which the question of the political opinions of those employed is almost never heard of. It would be an astonishing spectacle, and one everybody would contemn, if at every change of directors in a great railroad or manufacturing corporation all the station agents, engineers, line-men, and operators should be dismissed in order to make places for successors whose political or other opinions were supposed to be like those of the new board of directors. The business of the government is of common interest to every one of its citizens, and to be successful must be conducted upon the same principles and by the same general methods that are found to be wise and adequate in private affairs; and in these the man would be thought demented who should maintain that the views of the station agents or engineers or factory workmen on the subject of protection, or woman suffrage, or any other of the questions of public consideration, make them any more or less fitted for or entitled to employment."

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION AND THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE report of the Civil Service Commission upon the results of their investigation in the New York Custom-house was prompt and decisive. It was a unanimous report, with the exception that Mr. THOMPSON did not think that the evidence established the guilt of Mr. DAVIS, the secretary of the Examining Board. But there was no difference of opinion in regard to the laxity and indifference of the majority of the board, nor on the recommendation of the removal of two employés of the customs and the prosecution of one.

The recommendation that only honest friends of reform be placed upon such boards is the dictate of sound principle, and the proposal of publicity of the eligible list we have already commended. The energy and vigor of the Commission in this matter are of the best augury. It is plain that they "mean business," and they can render no better service than to impress that fact upon the public employés. The law which provides for the examination of applicants to enter the public service is a statute of the United States, and penalties are provided for its violation. If every man in the service fully comprehended this fact, and was made by the punitive hand of law to respect it, the public benefit would be great.

THE JUNE "HARPER."

THE sympathy of authors and artists is traditional. It has a constant illustration in the Century Club of this city, which grew out of the Sketch Club, an association of men of literary and artistic tastes. Another fresh and delightful illustration of the same sympathy is the paper by HENRY JAMES in the June HARPER upon "Our Artists in Europe." Mr. MILLET, Mr. ABBEY, Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER, and Mr. CHARLES S. REINHART are sketched by Mr. JAMES with a felicity of insight and grace of touch which show in the most charming manner how an artist in letters can deal with brother artists in black and white. Both the sketcher and the sketched are so happily familiar to the readers of HARPER that the article has a peculiar value.

But the whole June number has been justly commended as a capital illustration of what a magazine like HARPER should be. It is almost invidious to mention especially one paper when all the papers might, for reasons of fitness, be especially commended, and if we again specify, and say that the article "The Negro on the Stage" admirably touches a new and peculiarly interesting subject, we say only what would be inferred from the name of the author, Mr. LAURENCE HUTTON, and what would be equally and justly inferred if we should mention every paper in detail.

The social sketches of Mr. DU MAURIER which appear from month to month so reproduce the society which THACKERAY immortalized by impaling that they would suggest a marvellous combination of THACKERAY illustrated by DU MAURIER if they were not substantially that. ABBEY'S illustrations, in this number, of PRAED'S bright and characteristic poem, "Quince," introduce us to the world of which the artist is master—that world in which Squire Hardcastle is host and HERRICK'S songs are sung. If the reader but open the Drawer, he will wish never to shut it; and if he stray into the Editor's Study, he will hope never to come out. We cannot say of the June number, *O si sic omnia*, because they are so.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES PARSONS, who has been for more than a quarter of a century the Art Superintendent of Messrs. HARPER'S publications, has, at his own desire, retired from the active duties of that office. While still retaining his connection with the house, his time will be at his own command. Thus there is secured for him the abundant leisure which has been well earned by his faithful and satisfactory service. The very mention of the position he has so long occupied will suggest the important character of that service; and it is not too much to say that no one else could have so fitly filled his place during this period, which will ever be held memorable for the remarkable progress in American draughtsmanship and wood-engraving. Himself one of the best of American water-colorists, he had that frank and ready sympathy with all artists which won for him their warm and steadfast friendship. All who were in any way associated with him loved him for his noble and guileless nature, and were inspired by his ever fresh and hopeful spirit; but to young artists he was, moreover, a helpful counsellor, and those who to-day stand in the foremost rank as black-and-white artists remember that it was his appreciation that first gave them encouragement, and his counsel that first guided their faltering steps in a new field. In his new field of activity he will be brought into still closer association with contemporary artists, at the same time that he will be able to more freely indulge his individual tastes and sympathies.

—Among the earliest and most enthusiastic lady photographers in this country is Miss ALICE M. LONGFELLOW, the daughter of the poet. She began using the camera more than a dozen years ago, and her collection of views contains many from the vicinity of Boston and along the coasts of Massachusetts and Maine.

—Among the graves decorated at Concord, New Hampshire, on the last Memorial Day was that of Ex-President FRANKLIN PIERCE, who was a brigadier-general during the Mexican war.

—The public library at Wakefield, New Hampshire, receives an annual gift of $50 worth of books from Ex-Mayor SETH LOW, of Brooklyn, who pays this tribute to his mother's birthplace.

—Ex-President WOOLSEY, of Yale College, who is now eighty-seven years old, is gradually growing weaker. He still rides out or takes short walks, leaning on the arm of his daughter, but his later trips are planned by him for the purpose of taking a last look at places which have been so familiar to him during his active life.

—Miss JENNIE CHAMBERLAIN, of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the fair young American celebrities upon whom the Prince of Wales has smiled, has been married in London to Captain LEILAND, of the British army, a man of wealth and good family. About a dozen years ago Miss CHAMBERLAIN'S grandfather had his fortune tied up in Minnesota State bonds, the interest on which had been defaulted. The Legislature decided to pay a certain amount of this interest, and when the news was telegraphed to the old gentleman he chartered a special engine and steamed to St. Paul, where he received the sum due him before other bondholders had arrived.

—Secretary BLAINE will take a long vacation during July and August, and probably spend it, with his family, at his house in Bar Harbor, Maine.

—Rev. ARTHUR PHELPS has just been graduated at the Yale Divinity School, after twenty-one consecutive years of study for the ministry, which included the academic courses at Brown and Yale universities.

—Ex-Secretary BAYARD is preparing to resume law practice in Wilmington, Delaware, where he will soon be joined by his son TOM, who will be graduated at Yale this summer.

—ROBERT BROWNING'S hair and the mustache and goatee he wears are white, but his health is of the best, and his spirits and enthusiasm almost boyish in their exuberance. He is extravagantly fond of society, and has an especial weakness for dinners.

—Mrs. CLEVELAND and Mrs. HARRISON are both expected to attend Commencement at Princeton College, the former as one of the patronesses of the Sophomore reception, and the latter as a guest of Mrs. President PATTON. Mrs. HARRISON will give the Seniors the ivy which they are to plant.

—Dr. JENNIE MCCOWAN, of Davenport, Iowa, a practising physician, a member of various medical societies, and a practical friend to the working-girls of her city, has been elected President of the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences.

—Deacon CLEMENT DREW, the Boston marine artist, is dead, at the age of eighty-three. He was one of the original antislavery men, and prominent in philanthropic and religious work.

—The wife of Count TOLSTOÏ, the Russian novelist, is, like the wives of many literary men, the business member of the family firm. She has sole charge of the sale and distribution of her husband's books, and is his amanuensis, reviser, and translator. Besides all this, she superintends the bringing up and education of their thirteen children, and looks after all domestic matters.

—Miss JANE COBDEN, a daughter of the great political economist, is the first woman to be elected a county councillor in England. She is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snow-white. Her speaking is said to be without especial oratorical strength, but her gentle womanliness, genuineness, pleasant voice, picturesque and becoming gowns, and her generally attractive personality have combined to make her one of the most successful political advocates in England.

—SAMUEL and JOHN WISE, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, are believed to be the oldest pair of twins in the United States. They are eighty-one years old.

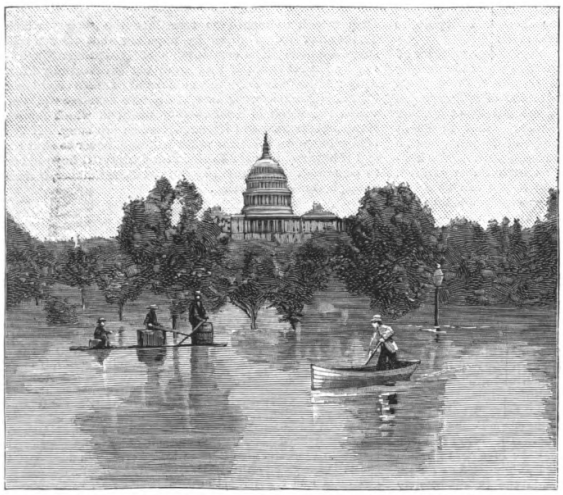
—AMASA SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, elder brother of the late Governor WILLIAM SPRAGUE, and once worth $10,000,000, is now a sheriff in that State at a salary of about $400 a year.

—Miss CARRIE J. BARTLETT, the first woman preacher in Dakota, has accepted a call from All-Souls Church at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to the Unitarian church at Kalamazoo, Michigan. She was educated in the West, taught school for several years, and did acceptable newspaper work before she entered the ministry.

—Justice and Mrs. LAMAR will go abroad for a short stay this summer.

—Belle Mead, Senator MCPHERSON'S farm of thirteen hundred acres in Somerset County, New Jersey, is one of the finest in the country, and is run on business principles, a substantial profit being returned each year. It contains ten thousand peach-trees, hundreds of fruit trees of other varieties, a game preserve, and domestic animals and fowls of every description. The chief pride of the farm is the herd of Jerseys and Holsteins, which are among the best in America, the queen of the Holsteins being De Bless, a cow valued at $5000.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SCENE BETWEEN MISSOURI AND MAINE AVENUES, WASHINGTON, D. C.



EXTERIOR OF PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT ON SIXTH ST. AND PENNSYLVANIA AV.

THE FLOOD ON THE POTOMAC.—From Photographs.—[See Page 483.]

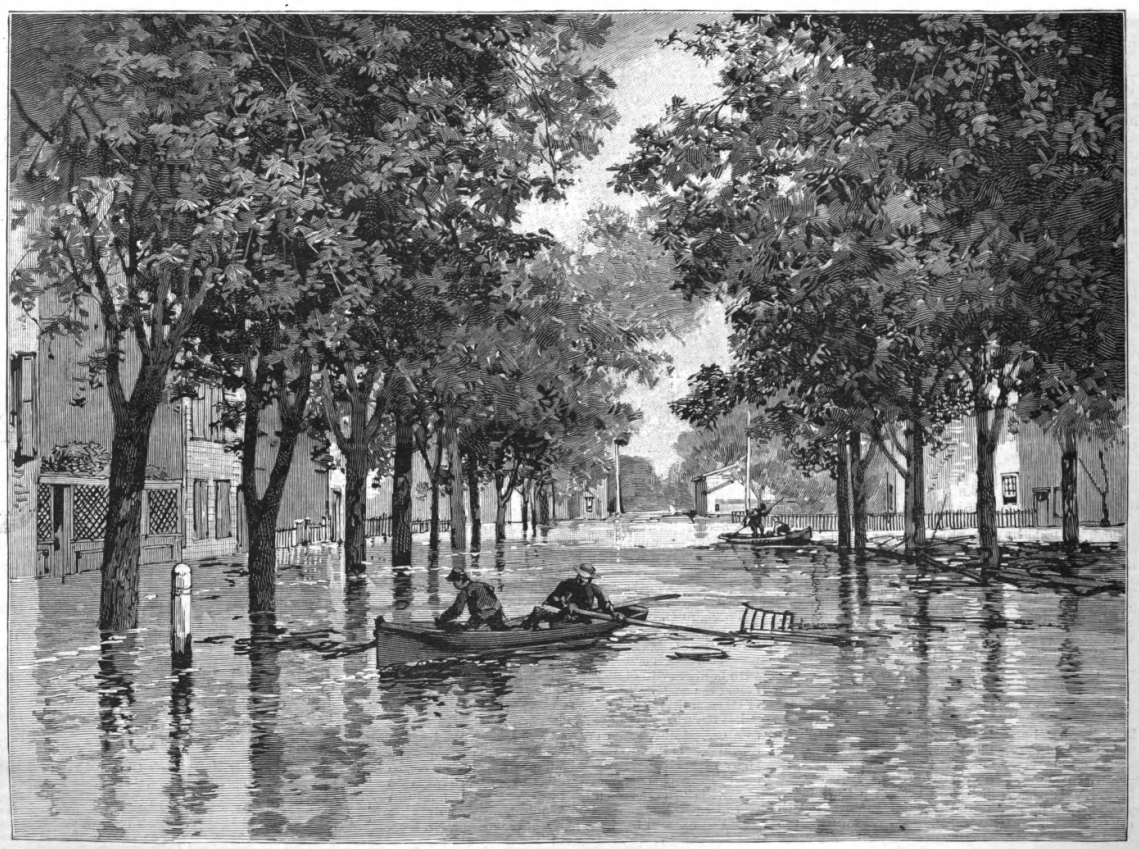
GREAT FLOODS AND INUNDATIONS.

The old Romans seem never to have suffered from any great inundation, although they built aqueducts and reservoirs about their towns, owing to the great strength of their works, which were built to last. In A.D. 353 an inundation of the sea in Cheshire, England, or Britain as it was then, laid much land under water, and 3000 persons and a large number of cattle are reported to have perished. Four hundred families were drowned in 758 at Glasgow, and in 836 the Tweed overflowed its banks and covered the country for a distance of thirty miles. Nearly two centuries later, in 1014, a number of seaport towns were swept away on the English coasts by the ocean. An enormous sand-bank on the coast of Kent, known now as the Goodwin Sands, was formed in 1100, when the sea overflowed more than 4000 acres of Earl Godwin's lands. Eight years afterward Flanders was treated to an immersion, and the town of Ostend and the harbor were completely covered. At Dort, in 1421, the sea broke in, and 72 villages were swept away, and 100,000 people drowned. The Severn rose above its banks for ten days in 1483, and men, women, and children were drowned in their beds. It is reported that the tops of many mountains were covered, and that the waters settling upon the lands thereabout were known for a hundred years as the Great Waters.

The dikes in Holland gave way in 1530, and a general flood resulted, in which 400,000 people perished. In Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, England, in 1607, the waters rose above the housetops, and over 100 people were drowned. There is merely a brief record of an inundation in Catalonia in 1617, where 50,000 persons perished. In Yorkshire "a rock opened and poured out water to the height of a church steeple," is the record of a disaster which occurred in 1686. Zealand suffered in 1717, and 1300 persons were lost; and much damage was done at Hamburg. Several of the nobility of Spain lost their lives at Madrid in 1723; and in 1771 there is the account of a "dreadful inundation, called Ripon Flood," in Yorkshire, but no account of the deaths resulting from it is given. The mountain torrents in Navarre in 1787 swept away 2000 of the inhabitants; and in that year and in 1802 did the Liffey overflow and cause much damage at Dublin. A reservoir burst on the 14th of April, 1802, which swept away Lorca, a city of Murcia, in Spain, and covered the land for twenty leagues. A thousand lives were lost. By the overflow of the Danube at Pesth, near Presburg, in 1811, twenty-four villages and their inhabitants were destroyed. Hungary, Austria, and Poland suffered from great floods during the summer of 1813; and in September of that year a corps of Turkish soldiers, numbering 2000, while on a small island near Widdin, were surprised by an overflow of the Danube, and suffered instant demolition.

Six thousand inhabitants of Silesia also met their death in 1813; the ruin of the French army under Macdonald was hastened; and 4000 persons in Poland were drowned. In the fen countries, England, 5000 acres were laid under water in 1819. The Vistula broke through the dikes at Dantzic in 1829, and 10,000 head of cattle and 4000 houses were demolished, while many persons were drowned. Rainfall caused the "Moray Floods" in 1829, and the Spey and Findhorn rose fifty feet above their level in places, causing great destruction of life and property. Fifty thousand houses were inundated at Vienna in February, 1830. China suffered greatly in many places during 1833 from excessive rains; 10,000 houses and 1000 persons were swept away at Canton, and similar distress was experienced in other parts. Sheffield, England, was flooded by the breaking away of the Bradfield reservoir in 1864, and about 250 persons perished.

The Mill River Valley disaster, near Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 16th of May, 1874, was owing to the breaking of a dam. Several villages were swept away, and 144 persons drowned. One thousand lives were lost at Toulouse on the rising of the Garonne, and much property was destroyed, in June, 1875. Above six thousand houses were destroyed by the breaking of the dams of the River Theiss, at Szegedin, Hungary, and 77 lives lost, in 1879; and that same year a thousand lives were lost by inundations in the Spanish provinces of Andalusia, Alicante, Almeria, and Malaga, in October. Within a year thousands have been drowned in China by the overflow of the Yellow River, and the storm which wrecked the men-of-war at Samoa last March caused the death of hundreds in the South Pacific islands.



THE FLOOD AT HARRISBURG—FRONT STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.—From a Photograph.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—[See Page 483.]



AFTER THE FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN—MAIN STREET.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

IX.

"Ah! hello! hello!" Fulkerson said, in recognition of the Marches. "Regular gathering of the clans. How are you, Mrs. Dryfoos? How do you do, Mrs. Mandel, Miss Christine, Mela, Aunt Hitty, and all the folks? How you wuz?" He shook hands gayly all round, and took a chair next the old lady, whose hand he kept in his own, and left Conrad to introduce Beaton. But he would not let the shadow of Beaton's solemnity fall upon the company. He began to joke with Mrs. Dryfoos, and to match rheumatisms with her, and he included all the ladies in the range of appropriate pleasantries. "I've brought Mr. Beaton along to-night, and I want you to make him feel at home, like you do me, Mrs. Dryfoos. He hasn't got any rheumatism to speak of; but his parents live in Syracuse, and he's a kind of an orphan, and we've just adopted him down at the office. When you going to bring the young ladies down there, Mrs. Mandel, for a champagne lunch? I will have some hydro-Mela, and Christine it, heigh? How's that for a little starter? We dropped in at your place a moment, Mrs. March, and gave the young folks a few pointers about their studies. My goodness! it does me good to see a boy like that of yours; business, from the word go; and your girl just scoops *my* youthful affections. She's a beauty, and I guess she's good too. Well, well, what a world it is! Miss Christine, won't you show Mr. Beaton that seal ring of yours? He knows about such things, and I brought him here to see it as much as anything. It's an intaglio I brought from the other side," he explained to Mrs. March, "and I guess you'll like to look at it. Tried to *give* it to the Dryfoos family, and when I couldn't, I sold it to 'em. Bound to see it on Miss Christine's hand somehow! Hold on! Let him see it where it belongs, first!"

He arrested the girl in the motion she made to take off the ring, and let her have the pleasure of showing her hand to the company with the ring on it. Then he left her to hear the painter's words about it, which he continued to deliver dissyllabically as he stood with her under a gas jet, twisting his elastic figure and bending his head over the ring.

"Well, Mely, child," Fulkerson went on, with an open travesty of her mother's habitual address, "and how are *you* getting along? Mrs. Mandel hold you up to the proprieties pretty strictly? Well, that's right. You know you'd be roaming all over the pasture if she didn't."

The girl gurgled out her pleasure in his funning, and everybody took him on his own ground of privileged character. He brought them all together in their friendliness for himself, and before the evening was over he had inspired Mrs. Mandel to have them served with coffee, and had made both the girls feel that they had figured brilliantly in society, and that two young men had been devoted to them.

"Oh, I think he's just as lovely as he can live!" said Mely, as she stood a moment with her sister on the scene of her triumph, where the others had left them after the departure of their guests.

"Who?" asked Christine, deeply. As she glanced down at her ring, her eyes burned with a softened fire. She had allowed Beaton to change it himself from the finger where she had worn it to the finger on which he said she ought to wear it. She did not know whether it was right to let him, but she was glad she had done it.

"Who? Mr. Fulkerson, goosie-poosie! Not that old stuck-up Mr. Beaton of yours!"

"He *is* proud," assented Christine, with a throb of exultation.

Beaton and Fulkerson went to the elevated station with the Marches; but the painter said he was going to walk home, and Fulkerson let him go alone.

"One way is enough for me," he explained. "When I walk up, I don't walk down. By-by, my son!" He began talking about Beaton to the Marches as they climbed the station stairs together. "That fellow puzzles me. I don't know anybody that I have such a desire to kick, and at the same time that I want to flatter up, so much. Affect you that way?" he asked of March.

"Well, as far as the kicking goes, yes."

"And how is it with you, Mrs. March?"

"Oh, I want to flatter him up."

"No; really? Why?—Hold on! I've got the change."

Fulkerson pushed March away from the ticket office window, and made them his guests, with the inexorable American hospitality, for the ride down-town. "Three!" he said to the ticket-seller; and when he had walked them before him out on the platform and dropped his tickets into the urn, he persisted in his inquiry, "Why?"

"Why, because you always want to flatter conceited people, don't you?" Mrs. March answered, with a laugh.

"Do you? Yes, I guess you do. You think Beaton is conceited?"

"Well, *slightly*, Mr. Fulkerson."

"I guess you're partly right," said Fulkerson, with a sigh, so unaccountable in its connection that they all laughed.

"An ideal 'bu-ted'?" March suggested.

"No, not that, exactly," said Fulkerson. "But I had a notion maybe Beaton wasn't conceited all the time."

"Oh!" Mrs. March exulted, "nobody could be so conceited all the time as Mr. Beaton is most of the time. He must have moments of the direst modesty, when he'd be quite flattery-proof."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

"Yes, that's what I mean. I guess that's what makes me want to kick him. He's left compliments on my hands that no decent man would."

"Oh! that's tragical," said March.

"Mr. Fulkerson," Mrs. March began, with change of subject in her voice, "Who *is* Mrs. Mandel?"

"Who? What do you think of her?" he rejoined. "I'll tell you about her when we get in the cars. *Look* at that thing! Ain't it beautiful?"

They leaned over the track, and looked up at the next station, where the train, just starting, throbbed out the flame-shot steam into the white moonlight.

"The most beautiful thing in New York—the one always and certainly beautiful thing here," said March; and his wife sighed, "Yes, yes." She clung to him, and remained rapt by the sight till the train drew near, and then pulled him back in a panic.

"Well, there ain't really much to tell about her," Fulkerson resumed, when they were seated in the car. "She's an invention of mine."

"Of yours?" cried Mrs. March.

"Of course!" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes—at least in her present capacity. She sent me a story for the syndicate, back in July some time, along about the time I first met old Dryfoos here. It was a little too long for my purpose, and I thought I could explain better how I wanted it cut in a call than I could in a letter. She gave a Brooklyn address, and I went to see her. I found her," said Fulkerson, with a vague defiance, "a perfect lady. She was living with an aunt over there; and she had seen better days, when she was a girl, and worse ones afterward. I don't mean to say her husband was a bad fellow; I guess he was a pretty good; he was her music teacher; she met him in Germany, and they got married there, and got through her property before they came over here. Well, she didn't strike me like a person that could make much headway in literature. Her story was well enough, but it hadn't much sand in it; kind of—well, academic, you know. I told her so, and she understood, and cried a little; but she did the best she could with the thing, and I took it and syndicated it. She kind of stuck in my mind, and the first time I went to see the Dryfooses—they were stopping at a sort of family hotel then till they could find a house—" Fulkerson broke off altogether, and said, "I don't know as I know just how the Dryfooses struck you, Mrs. March?"

"Can't you imagine?" she answered, with a kindly smile.

"Yes; but I don't believe I could guess how they would have struck you last summer when I first saw them. My! oh my! *there* was the native earth for you. Mely is a pretty wild colt now, but you ought to have seen her before she was broken to harness. And Christine? Ever see that black leopard they got up there in the Central Park? That was Christine. Well, I saw what they wanted. They all saw it—nobody is a fool in all directions, and the Dryfooses are in their right senses a good deal of the time. Well, to cut a long story short, I got Mrs. Mandel to take 'em in hand—the old lady as well as the girls. She was a born lady, and always lived like one till she saw Mandel; and that something academic that killed her for a writer was just the very thing for them. She knows the world well enough to know just how much polish they can take on, and she don't try to put on a bit more. See?"

"Yes, I can see," said Mrs. March.

"Well, she took hold at once, as ready as a hospital-trained nurse; and there ain't anything readier on *this* planet. She runs the whole concern, socially and economically, takes all the care of house-keeping off the old lady's hands, and goes round with the girls. By-the-bye, I'm going to take my meals at your widow's, March, and Conrad's going to have his lunch there. I'm sick of browsing about."

"Mr. March's *widow*?" said his wife, looking at him with provisional severity.

"I *have* no widow, Isabel," he said, "and never expect to have, till I leave you in the enjoyment of my life-insurance. I suppose Fulkerson means the lady with the daughter, who wanted to take us to board."

"Oh yes. How are they getting on, I do wonder?" Mrs. March asked of Fulkerson.

"Well, they've got one family to board; but it's a small one. I guess they'll pull through. They didn't want to take any day boarders at first, the widow said; I guess they have had to come to it."

"Poor things!" sighed Mrs. March. "I hope they'll go back to the country."

"Well, I don't know. When you've once tasted New York— You wouldn't go back to Boston, would you?"

"Instantly."

Fulkerson laughed out a tolerant incredulity.

X.

Beaton lit his pipe when he found himself in his room, and sat down before the dull fire in his grate to think. It struck him there was a dull fire in his heart a great deal like it, and he worked out a fanciful analogy with the coals, still alive, and the ashes creeping over them, and the dead clay and cinders. He felt sick of himself, sick of his life and of all his works. He was angry with Fulkerson for having got him into that art department of his, for having bought him up; and he was bitter at fate because he had been obliged to use the money to pay some pressing debts, and had not been able to return the check his father had sent him. He pitied his poor old father; he ached with compassion for him; and he set his teeth and snarled with contempt through them for his own baseness. This was the kind of world it was; but he washed his hands of it. The fault was in human nature, and he reflected with pride that he had at least not invented human nature; he had not sunk so low as that yet. The notion amused him; he thought he might get a Satanic epigram out of it some way. But in the mean time that girl, that wild animal, she kept visibly, tangibly before him; if he put out his hand he might touch hers, he might pass his arm round her waist. In Paris, in a set he knew there, what an effect she would be with that look of hers, and that beauty, all out of drawing! They would recognize the flame quality in her. He imagined a joke about her being a fiery spirit, or nymph, naiad, whatever, from one of her native gas wells. He began to sketch on a bit of paper from the table at his elbow vague lines that veiled and revealed a level, dismal landscape, and a vast flame against an empty sky, and a shape out of the flame that took on a likeness, and floated detached from it. The sketch ran up the left side of the sheet and stretched across it. Beaton laughed out. Pretty good to let Fulkerson have that for the cover of his first number! In black and red it would be effective; it would catch the eye from the news stands. He made a motion to throw it on the fire, but held it back, and slid it into the table drawer, and smoked on. He saw the dummy with the other sketch in the open drawer, which he had brought away from Fulkerson's in the morning and slipped in there, and he took it out and looked at it. He made some criticisms in line with his pencil on it, correcting the drawing here and there, and then he respected it a little more, though he still smiled at the feminine quality—a young lady quality.

In spite of his experience the night he called upon the Leightons, Beaton could not believe that Alma no longer cared for him. She played at having forgotten him admirably, but he knew that a few months before she had been very mindful of him. He knew he had neglected them since they came to New York, where he had led them to expect interest, if not attention; but he was used to neglecting people, and he was somewhat less used to being punished for it—punished and forgiven. He owned to himself that Alma had punished him very neatly, and so thoroughly that she ought to have been satisfied with her work and to have forgiven him in her heart afterward. He bore no resentment after the first tingling moments were past; he rather admired her for it; and he would have been ready to go back half an hour later, and accept pardon, and be on the footing of last summer again. Even now he debated with himself whether it was too late to call; but decidedly a quarter to ten seemed late. The next day he determined never to call upon the Leightons again; but he had no reason for this; it merely came into a transitory scheme of conduct, of retirement from the society of women altogether; and after dinner he went round to see them.

He asked for the ladies, and they all three received him, Alma not without a surprise that intimated itself to him and her mother with no appreciable relenting; Miss Woodburn, with the needle-work which she found easier to be voluble over than a book, expressed in her welcome a neutrality both cordial to Beaton and loyal to Alma.

"Is it snowing out-do's?" she asked, briskly, after the greetings were transacted. "Mah goodness!" she said, in answer to his apparent surprise at the question. "Ah mahght as well have staid in the South, for all the winter Ah have seen in New York yet."

"We don't often have snow much before New-Year's," said Beaton.

"Miss Woodburn is wild for a real Northern winter," Mrs. Leighton explained.

"The othah naght Ah woke up and looked oat of the window and saw all the roofs covered with snow, and it turned oat to be nothing but moonlaght. I was never so disappointed in mah lahfe," said Miss Woodburn.

"If you'll come to St. Barnaby next summer, you shall have all the winter you want," said Alma.

"I can't let you slander St. Barnaby in that way," said Beaton, with the air of wishing to be understood as meaning more than he said.

"Yes?" returned Alma, coolly. "I didn't know you were so fond of the climate."

"I never think of it as a climate. It's a landscape. It doesn't matter whether it's hot or cold."

"With the thermometer twenty below, you'd find that it mattered," Alma persisted.

"You don't mean it goes doan to that in the summah?" Miss Woodburn interposed.

"Well, not before the Fourth of the July after," Alma admitted.

"Is that the way you feel about St. Barnaby too, Mrs. Leighton?" Beaton asked, with affected desolation.

"I shall be glad enough to go back in the summer," Mrs. Leighton conceded.

"And I should be glad to go now," said Beaton, looking at Alma. He had the dummy of *Every Other Week* in his hand, and he saw Alma's eyes wandering toward it whenever he glanced at her. "I should be glad to go anywhere to get out of a job I've undertaken," he continued, to Mrs. Leighton. "They're going to start some sort of a new illustrated magazine, and they've got me in for their art department. I'm not fit for it; I'd like to run away. Don't you want to advise me a little, Mrs. Leighton? You know how much I value your taste, and I'd like to have you look at the design for the cover of the first number: they're going to have a different one for every number. I don't know whether you'll agree with me, but I think this is rather nice."

He faced the dummy round, and then laid it on the table before Mrs. Leighton, pushing some of her work aside to make room for it, and standing over her while she bent forward to look at it.

Alma kept her place, away from the table.

"Mah goodness! Ho' exciting!" said Miss Woodburn. "May anybody look?"

"Everybody," said Beaton.

"Well, isn't it perfectly chorming!" Miss Woodburn exclaimed. "Come and look at this, Miss Leighton," she called to Alma, who reluctantly approached.

"What lines are these?" Mrs. Leighton asked, pointing to Beaton's pencil scratches.

"They're suggestions of modification," he replied.

"I don't think they improve it much. What do you think, Alma?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl, constraining her voice to an effect of indifference, and glancing carelessly down at the sketch. "The design might be improved; but I don't think those suggestions would do it."

"They're mine," said Beaton, fixing his eyes upon her with a beautiful sad dreaminess that he knew he could put into them; he spoke with a dreamy remoteness of tone: his wind-harp stop, Wetmore called it.

"I supposed so," said Alma, calmly.

"Oh, mah goodness!" cried Miss Woodburn. "Is that the way you awtusts talk to each othah? Well, Ah'm glad Ah'm not an awtust—unless I could do all the talking."

"Artists cannot tell a fib," Alma said, "or even act one," and she laughed in Beaton's upturned face.

He did not unbend his dreamy gaze. "You're quite right. The suggestions are stupid."

Alma turned to Miss Woodburn: "You hear? Even when we speak of our own work."

"Ah nevah head anything lahke it!"

"And the design itself?" Beaton persisted.

"Oh, I'm not an art editor," Alma answered, with a laugh of exultant evasion.

A tall, dark, grave-looking man of fifty, with a swarthy face, and iron-gray mustache and imperial and goatee, entered the room. Beaton knew the type; he had been through Virginia sketching for one of the illustrated papers, and he had seen such men in Richmond. Miss Woodburn hardly needed to say, "May Ah introduce you to mah fathaw, Co'nel Woodburn, Mr. Beaton?"

The men shook hands, and Colonel Woodburn said, in that soft, gentle, slow Southern voice without our Northern contractions: "I am very glad to meet you, sir; happy to make yo' acquaintance. Do not move, madam," he said to Mrs. Leighton, who made a deprecatory motion to let him pass to the chair beyond her; "I can find my way." He bowed a bulk that did not lend itself readily to the devotion, and picked up the ball of yarn she had let drop out of her lap in half rising. "Yo' worsteds, madam."

"Yarn, yarn, Colonel Woodburn!" Alma shouted. "You're quite incorrigible. A spade is a spade!"

"But sometimes it is a trump, my dear young lady," said the Colonel, with unabated gallantry; "and when yo' mothah uses yarn, it is worsteds. But I respect worsteds even under the name of yarn: our ladies—my own mothah and sistahs—had to knit the socks we wore—all we could get—in the woe."

"Yes, and aftah the woe," his daughter put in. "The knitting has not stopped yet in some places. Have you been much in the Soath, Mr. Beaton?"

Beaton explained just how much.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, "then you have seen a country making gigantic struggles to retrieve its losses, sir. The South is advancing with enormous strides, sir."

"Too fast for some of us to keep up," said Miss Woodburn, in an audible aside. "The pace in Charlottesboag is pofectly killing, and we had to drop oat into a slow place like New York."

"The progress in the South is material now," said the Colonel; "and those of us whose interests are in another direction find ourselves—isolated—isolated, sir. The intellectual centres are still in the No'th, sir; the great cities draw the mental activity of the country to them, sir. Necessarily New York is the metropolis."

"Oh, everything comes here," said Beaton, impatient of the elder's ponderosity. Another sort of man would have sympathized with the Southerner's willingness to talk of himself, and led him on to speak of his plans and ideals. But the sort of man that Beaton was could not do this; he put up the dummy into the wrapper he had let drop on the floor beside him, and tied it round with string while Colonel Woodburn was talking. He got to his feet with the words he spoke, and offered Mrs. Leighton his hand.

"Must you go?" she asked, in surprise.

"I am on my way to a reception," he said. She had noticed that he was in evening dress; and now she felt the vague hurt that people invited nowhere feel in the presence of those who are going somewhere. She did not feel it for herself, but for her daughter; and she knew Alma would not have let her feel it if she could have prevented it. But Alma had left the room for a moment, and she tacitly indulged this sense of injury in her behalf.

"Please say good-night to Miss Leighton for me," Beaton continued. He bowed to Miss Woodburn, "Good-night, Miss Woodburn," and to her father, bluntly, "Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," said the Colonel, with a sort of severe suavity.

"Oh, isn't he chorming!" Miss Woodburn whispered to Mrs. Leighton when Beaton left the room.

Alma spoke to him in the hall without. "You knew that was my design, Mr. Beaton. Why did you bring it?"

"Why?" He looked at her in gloomy hesitation. Then he said: "You know why. I wished to talk it over with you, to serve you, please you, get back your good opinion. But I've done neither the one nor the other; I've made a mess of the whole thing."

Alma interrupted him. "Has it been accepted?"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"It will be accepted, if you will let it."

"Let it?" She laughed. "I shall be delighted." She saw him swayed a little toward her. "It's a matter of business, isn't it?"

"Purely. Good-night."

When Alma returned to the room, Colonel Woodburn was saying to Mrs. Leighton: "I do not contend that it is impossible, madam, but it is very difficult in a thoroughly commercialized society, like yours, to have the feelings of a gentleman. How can a business man, whose prosperity, whose earthly salvation, necessarily lies in the adversity of some one else, be delicate and chivalrous, or even honest? If we could have had time to perfect our system at the South, to eliminate what was evil and develop what was good in it, we should have had a perfect system. But the virus of commercialism was in us too; it forbade us to make the best of a divine institution, and tempted us to make the worst. Now the curse is on the whole country; the dollar is the measure of every value, the stamp of every success. What does not sell, is a failure; and what sells, succeeds."

"The hobby is oat, mah deahr," said Miss Woodburn, in an audible aside to Alma.

"Were you speaking of me, Colonel Woodburn?" Alma asked.

"Surely not, my dear young lady."

"But he's been saying that awtusts are just as greedy about money as anybody," said his daughter.

"The law of commercialism is on everything in a commercial society," the Colonel explained, softening the tone in which his convictions were presented. "The final reward of art is money, and not the pleasure of creating."

"Perhaps they would be willing to take it all out in that, if othah people would let them pay their bills in tha pleasure of creating," his daughter teased.

"They are helpless, like all the rest," said her father, with the same deference to her as to other women. "I do not blame them."

"Oh, mah goodness! Didn't you say, sir, that Mr. Beaton had bad manners?"

Alma relieved a confusion which he seemed to feel in reference to her. "Bad manners? He has no manners! That is, when he's himself. He has pretty good ones when he's somebody else."

Miss Woodburn began, "Oh, mah—" and then stopped herself. Alma's mother looked at her with distressful question, but the girl seemed perfectly cool and contented; and she gave her mind provisionally to a point suggested by Colonel Woodburn's talk.

"Still, I can't believe it was right to hold people in slavery, to whip them and sell them. It never did seem right to me," she added, in apology for her extreme sentiments to the gentleness of her adversary.

"I quite agree with you, madam," said the Colonel. "Those were the abuses of the institution. But if we had not been vitiated on the one hand and threatened on the other by the spirit of commercialism from the North—and from Europe too—those abuses could have been eliminated, and the institution developed in the direction of the mild patriarchalism of the divine intention." The Colonel hitched his chair, which figured a hobby careering upon its hind legs, a little toward Mrs. Leighton, and the girls approached their heads, and began to whisper; they fell deferentially silent when the Colonel paused in his argument, and went on again when he went on.

At last they heard Mrs. Leighton saying, "And have you heard from the publishers about your book yet?"

Then Miss Woodburn cut in, before her father could answer: "The cease of commercialism is on that too. They are trahing to falnd oat whethah it will pay."

"And they are right—quite right," said the Colonel. "There is no longer any other criterion; and even a work that attacks the system must be submitted to the tests of the system."

"The system won't accept destruction on any othah tomes," said Miss Woodburn, demurely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BIG TROUBLE AT THE BAGDAD FREE-WILL CHURCH.

"WE-ALLS Babtiss, or we-alls ain't. Dat's my 'pinion. But ebber sincet we-alls wusshipped in de ole log cabin by de branch we's been called de Free-will Meetin'. Now we-alls might be Methodis', er Prisbeteern, er 'Piscopal, er dem tight hick'ry Baptiss, fer all we-alls said to de contrarywise; an' now dat we-alls has built de Lawd a shoo-'nuff house, it's my 'pinion dat we sh'd put ovah de do' de 'scription, in white letahs, 'De Free-will Baptiss African Chu'ch.' Den, if any of de young folks gits toll'd off, dey won't have no scuses lef' to deir backs dat dey mistook de place. An' dem folks dat move to town, an' done potend dey can't find deir own meetin', 'll hab ter fly round an' done git up some new projeckin' ter 'count fer deir doin's." Uncle Cassius Culpepper wiped his head with a resplendent bandana, and after bestowing a benignant smile upon the people about him, sat down. Uncle Zebedee Fisher rose, with a flounce, at the other side of the meeting-house. A sore tooth, which had not been relieved by the efforts of a friend to pry it out with a chisel, tormented him. Moreover, he was secretly fretted that he had been obliged to defer to the superior judgment of Uncle Cassius in the matter of pulpit furnishings for the new meeting house.

"It are *my* 'pinion," he began, with unnecessary heat, "dat dem letters orter be brack. An' if we-alls has ter p'intedly tell de whole worl' we's Babtiss, which I's jiss as ready ter do as anybody, do 'scription oster read, 'De African Free-will Baptiss Chu'ch.' Dat's de 'scription on de chu'ch at Atalanty, an' dat's de way it ott 'o be, if we-alls has it, or not at all."

Though a class of young men were coming up who had been sent to school, and had many other advantages denied their elders, Uncle Cassius Culpepper and Uncle Zebedee Fisher were the great men in the membership of the Free-will Church of Bagdad, which is a quarter of a pretty Southern city. Uncle Cassius had been the butler of Major Jack Culpepper, the principal man in the county. A quick-tempered bachelor, and an advocate of the theory that sparing the rod spoils the negro, the Major had ruled his people with an iron hand. But Uncle Cassius had from his earliest consciousness felt himself a Culpepper, and held himself accordingly. His manners were courtly, his instincts refined, and his speeches, at least by the old folks, were considered models of eloquence. He had prospered since freedom, and owned a little cabin among the pines on the Magnolia Road. But with the Culpepper name he had inherited some traditions, which had made it difficult for him to thrive as he might with less generous tendencies. Uncle Zebedee had been a sort of general utility man for a certain Nathan Fisher, whose antecedents were unknown, and who had begun life in Georgia as an overseer. From this employment he had become a cotton broker, and had acquired a narrow footing in society by marrying a cousin of a prominent family. But people called him "that man Fisher" behind his back, and though at his death he had given Uncle Zebedee ten acres of excellent land, a span of mules, and a wagon, making him the richest man of his race anywhere about, Uncle Zebedee, in the minds of the older generation, bore the same relation to Uncle Cassius that his old master had borne to the late Major. In financial matters Uncle Zebedee's opinion had the weight his property entitled him to, but in those matters which are decided by taste and a sense of what is fitting, Uncle Cassius was the final authority.

After a long struggle the Free-will Church had built themselves a new house of worship, and the day of its dedication had been full of unalloyed rejoicing. There had been many prayers and speeches and much fervid singing of the old hymns, and the people had come up to the altar again and again to give money, and then to give pledges, till only about one hundred and fifty dollars remained to be provided for. It was then, seeing no more could be done, that Uncle Cassius had offered his suggestion.

Every prominent man has his following, and the assembly was divided in sentiment in an instant. Uncle Zebedee had gone to the Atlanta Exposition, and had stopped at a hotel, as became a capitalist. His friends believed his travels and knowledge of the world should count for something. On the other hand, Uncle Cassius's friends sniffed audibly, as Uncle Zebedee could not read, whereas Uncle Cassius could read and write very well.

"De old folks cud see brack letters bettah," reasoned Cæsar Jones, in the hot debate that followed. "An' dey's mo' 'propriatin'. *We's* brack, an' dis *is* de Free-will African, not w'ite folks's meetin'."

"Laws a Moses! our brackness ain't nothin' I's so bery thankful fer," irritably put in Pompey Mitchell, who was a bright yellow color. "I don't see no use in a-stompin' on yerse'f."

Mr. Camp, the pastor, anxious to conciliate both parties, pleaded and cajoled and scolded by turns, until he restored quiet enough to announce that in two weeks there would be a picnic to celebrate the fourth day of July.

"I hopes an' prays an' trusts dat de 'rangements 'll meet you-all's disproval," he said, anxiously. "'Twon't be no mere stomic picnic, do dat 'll be well 'tended to, but yoo min's 'll be feasted. De fust t'ing 'll be pra'r. Po' doin's dem dat ain't begun wid a blessin'. Den Une' Zebedee Fisher 'll lead us in some ole-fashioned hymns; mawster han' at dat, Une' Zebedee is. Den Une' Cassius 'll make a 'dress 'bout ole times, an' his 'pinion 'bout new times. Yoo all knows what Une' Cassius am on a speech. Den I's gwine ter read de Constitertusion ob de United States—dat great dockymint you-alls hab heard sich a mons'ous heap 'bout fum de quality. De 'casion 'll be closed up by de young folks singin' sich chunes as dey picks out. Dose dat 'prove dis 'rangement 'll please rise whar dey's settin'."

The programme was unanimously approved, but as the people dispersed, the question at issue between the two uncles was rancorously debated, and many petty quarrels were started that death alone put an end to.

Uncle Zebedee voiced his feelings without restraint, but Uncle Cassius went homeward meditative and calm, his thoughts intent upon his speech, which he was determined should settle the question of his superiority for some time to come. The next day he bought a ten-cent bottle of ink, a new pen, and six sheets of fool's-cap paper. But he wasted no time with these implements of literary achievement, for the daily wants must be supplied by daily labor. His dear old deaf sister Dinah needed a new shawl, and he needed a new alpaca coat for the picnic; moreover, what Mr. Camp had called the "stomic refreshments" must be well provided. So he made curious hieroglyphs upon his fool's-cap paper late at night and early in the morning, and spent the day seeking work at his usual post, the corner of the Exchange Hotel. His business was named by himself "haulin'." His tiny dray had two tiny wheels. Jackson Robinson, in return for a favor for which Uncle Cassius had refused to receive pay, had painted the shafts of the vehicle red, and upon one of them had printed in black the legend, "Limited." He had thought it a good joke, and had laughed much about it. But Uncle Cassius, to whom it never occurred to suspect mean motives, thought the name very proper, and was correspondingly grateful. Small as it was, the Limited could carry extraordinary loads for two bits, and as enterprise and faithfulness are in demand the world over, Uncle Cassius did the best business of any man of his calling in the city.

The 3d of July found Uncle Cassius proudly serene. His six sheets of foolscap were crowded with what he called "p'ints," and he had recited his speech several times "in a voice," as he termed elocutionary effects, to his sister, and the equally appreciative gum-trees behind his cabin. Uncle Zebedee and his friends were saying some unpleasant things, but he was conscious that he had something in store which would extinguish all opposition to his wishes in the Free-will communion for some time to come. With the ten dollars in the tin box now tucked in between the logs at the head of his bed he intended to begin the raising of the remainder of the church debt. The Free-will Meeting-house was not the house of God, he reasoned, so long as Jackson Robinson held a mortage on it.

"I'll *raise* dat debt!" shouted Uncle Cassius into his sister's dull ears. "De Free-will folkses 'll fin' out dat a man ob fambly are mo' 'count den a half-strainer, ef he do hab a plantation an' er span mules."

"Laws a Moses, but I'm glad ter see yer, Une' Cass," said Pompey Mitchel, when, on the eventful morning, Uncle Cassius appeared at the corner of the Exchange. "I tole Sis' Holden dat I'd tell ye de fust t'ing, fer I 'low'd yoo' be glad ter know sompin' 'bout Marse Wanton Culpeppah;" and Pompey shifted his weight from his lame to his good leg. "She 'low'd w'en she seed dat light las' night she felt like she'd drap inter her tracks in er faint. She war allus turrible triflin', war Sis' Holden, ter my way ob t'inkin'. W'at's ther good ob faintin' w'en dere's sompin' ter fin' out?"

"Whar war de light?" cried Uncle Cassius, in much excitement; "an' whar am Marse Culpeppah?"

"De light war up in de Gin'al's ole room at de ole place," said Pompey, prolonging the pleasure of telling his news as long as possible. "An' Sis' Holden she said she felt like she hadn't a bone in her twell she seed de doctah a-comin' out'n de do'; an' no wondah, for de moon war jiss arisin' ober de tops ob de willers in de holler, an' a squinch-owl war a-cryin'—"

"Am Marse Wanton up to de ole place?" broke in Uncle Cassius, abruptly.

"Fer a fact," admitted Pompey. "Praise glory de ole Major couldn't tek de homestead to der kentry whar he went, an' dat blessed feller hab come back to his own! But dey do say he's mighty bad wid some kin' of fevah, an' dey 'low he's mighty po', an' dere ain't no one ter do a lick fo' 'im but ole Laviny."

"My King!" exclaimed Uncle Cassius; and a shadow floated between him and the brightness of the day. He saw himself a barefooted little boy riding a long stick beside Marse Wanton, who bestrode the same sort of a steed, and both were going at a fast gallop down the red sand road that wound in and out among the majestic oaks that stood between Oakhurst and the highway, a mile distant. Never had a little slave a more imperious or more generous playmate. If "young marse" insisted upon instant obedience to his orders, he never allowed the punishment of any mischief to fall upon his ally, but took it himself without a whimper. It was he who taught Cassius to read and write, and when discovered and flogged by his older half-brother, the Major, he shut his little white teeth together, and when it was over gave Cassius one of his prettiest books, Æsop's Fables illustrated. Ah, what a sad time it was when, after the old General's funeral, young marse had gone to live with his mother's people, and the wide acres of Oakhurst fell under the sway of Major Jack! Uncle Cassius forgot for a moment that he was a free man, the owner of a cabin, a—"double pen" at that—of the Limited, and of Neezer, who, if not everything to be desired in looks, had good blood in him, and could go surprisingly well for a horse of his years.

"It are mighty bad t'ing ter be ailin' an' po' an' 'lone," went on Pompey. "An' dey do say Marse Wanton fit wid de Fed'rals."

Uncle Cassius's long sensitive upper lip closed firmly over his dazzling teeth, and he shut his eyes. The one thing he was afraid of was illness. "Did Sis' Holden say 'twar a cotchin' sickness?" he asked.

"She 'lowed 'twas so," said Pompey, industriously turning the crank of his pea-nut roaster.

All the morrow's possible triumphs passed before Uncle Cassius's mental vision as a panorama. Then came a verse of the chapter he had read that morning—"I was sick, and ye visited me." In the most intimate fibre of his being he felt that he would be present at that final reckoning, when the heavens shall depart as a scroll, and the quick and the dead shall be marshalled before the Lord. His hesitation lasted scarcely a moment. Neezer received a sharp twitch, which he knew meant "go," and in no long time the cabin latch string was drawn in, and Dinah, with the big basket which was to have gone to the picnic, was in the Limited, and on her way to Oakhurst.

"We b'long to de fambly, sah," explained Uncle Cassius to the doctor, who was new to the region. "I war raised with Marse Wanton, an' we 'lowed 'twa'n't no time fo' ole Laviny ter be nussin'. She ain't above tu'nin' to er witch an' riding' dat sick man to witch meetin'." Uncle Cassius spoke in a whisper, having no desire to excite the wrath of so powerful a person as Laviny. "Bein' Culpeppahs ourselves, we 'lowed we couldn't nowayS hab her 'round."

It was a hard fight with Death, and there would have been no question of his victory had not Uncle Cassius appeared just when he did. But when the crisis was over, and the last of the Culpeppers began the difficult climb back to strength, the perplexities of his nurse increased with every day. "Wine and nourishing food are all he needs," said the doctor; and then, as Uncle Cassius was silent, he went his way, as a man Northern born is wont to. Men born among snows are sympathetic, but they are slow to show it. Cobwebs alone occupied the Culpepper cellars, and not a chicken scratched about the rotting stables, or in the riotous waste where once was "my lady's rose garden." The ten silver dollars which were to have headed the subscription to wipe out the debt on the Free-will Church were soon gone, and one morning there was a journey made to the city, during which, all the way under the majestic pines, and past the three-mile branch, Uncle Cassius thanked the Lord that he possessed the Limited and Neezer to exchange for delicacies for his old friend. But there came a day when Uncle Cassius could not go on with his labor of love. He dozed in his chair, and replied to all questions addressed to him by unintelligible mutterings. "He can't live," said the doctor, who, being young, formed an opinion early. "The trouble is all in his head."

"Cass, dear old fellow, pay attention, if you can," begged Wanton Culpepper one breathless August morning. "God bless you! I know what you have done for me, and I am not a poor man. Dinah shall have a good home, and Neezer shall live on the fat of the land. Is there anything else?"

Uncle Cassius slowly opened his tired eyes. "Dat debt on de Free-will," he murmured.

"I'll pay it to-day," said Culpepper.

"Not till dat Une' Zeb gib in 'bout 'scription," interposed Uncle Cassius, with a gasp.

Doctors are sometimes mistaken, and when the corn and tobacco crops were quite laid by, Uncle Cassius, bald as a baby, and very feeble, crept into the meeting-house. No one was willing that he should sit in his accustomed place. Mr. Camp himself assisted him to a rocking-chair near the pulpit, brought in from the cabin of Pompey Mitchell for the purpose. When the sermon was over, leaning heavily upon his cane, Uncle Cassius drew himself up, and said, quite in his old voice, "Bredderin, I'd like fer ter make a few remarks."

"It doos us proud to hear yoo," said Mr. Camp; and cries of, "Go on, brudder!" came from all sides.

"Yoo all knows I's been in de valley ob de shadder," the old man continued, gravely. "Yas, my feet hab been down to de ribber; but de Lawd seen I was nowayS ready, an' sez He, jess afore I plomp in, 'Tu'n back, Cassius!'"

There was a breath of silence, which Mrs. Camp broke by crying, "Praise de Lawd!"

"An' whiles I was a-gittin' my strength," went on Uncle Cassius, "I dess nachelly was set studyin' w'at for de Lawd done said ter me, 'Tu'n back!' An' I study, an' I study, an' I foun' out. W'y, bredderin an' sisterin, I was dat sot in my own will dat I war 'termined ter jine de Hick'ry Baptisses 'fore I'd gib in ter Br'er Une' Zeb; w'en all de time I know'd, as you all knows, dat brack lettahs show off bettah, jess 's he say, an' w'at dey has down t' Atlanty nachelly is."

Uncle Zebedee, who had come forward now, laid a trembling hand upon the invalid's arm. "Doan' ye say nudder wud," he said, with much excitement. "I's gwine to der coss myself ob dat 'scription in w'ite chaney paint, an' it's gwine ter be, Free-will Baptiss African. Dess dat away, an' no oder."

Sister Camp, who had suffered much in her mind because of the difference between these two good men, broke into the exultant strains of, "I'm goin' up the hill of Zion." The Big Trouble was over.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

BULLS AND BEARS.

THE farmer with the banker ranks;
He's' not afraid of "bulls and bears";
He manages substantial banks,
In which he holds "advancing" shares.
Tender his lambs, fit for the slaughter;
"Lively" the stock he has to water.

His banks are banks of loam and clay,
His shares are plough-shares in the mould.
Nature he trusts, and gets his pay
In dividends of green and gold.
His "margins" are in fields grown over
With crops, and he can "live in clover."

His stock if "down" is sure to "rise"
When he "calls" "white face," "spot," and "roan";
And he is "cute" and worldly wise
When speculators ask a loan.
He prospers well at money-making
E'en when his richest banks are breaking.

The farmer with his "spanking" team,
"Lightfoot" and "Swift," can sweep the plain.
His "splendid sorrel" and his "cream"
Will "take no dust," with might and mane;
They speed in triumph fast and faster,
Uphill and down without disaster.

His face is bronzed, his hands are brown,
But on his name there is no stain.
He sleeps well when his stock is down,
For well he knows 'twill rise again.
And when time brings fate's rainy weather
He'll discount what he's "put" together.

In field and orchard we behold
The ploughman's promissory notes.
His green backs are redeemed with gold,
And not with "stuff" the broker flouts.
His best protection his good sense is,
Nor bulls nor bears break down his fences.

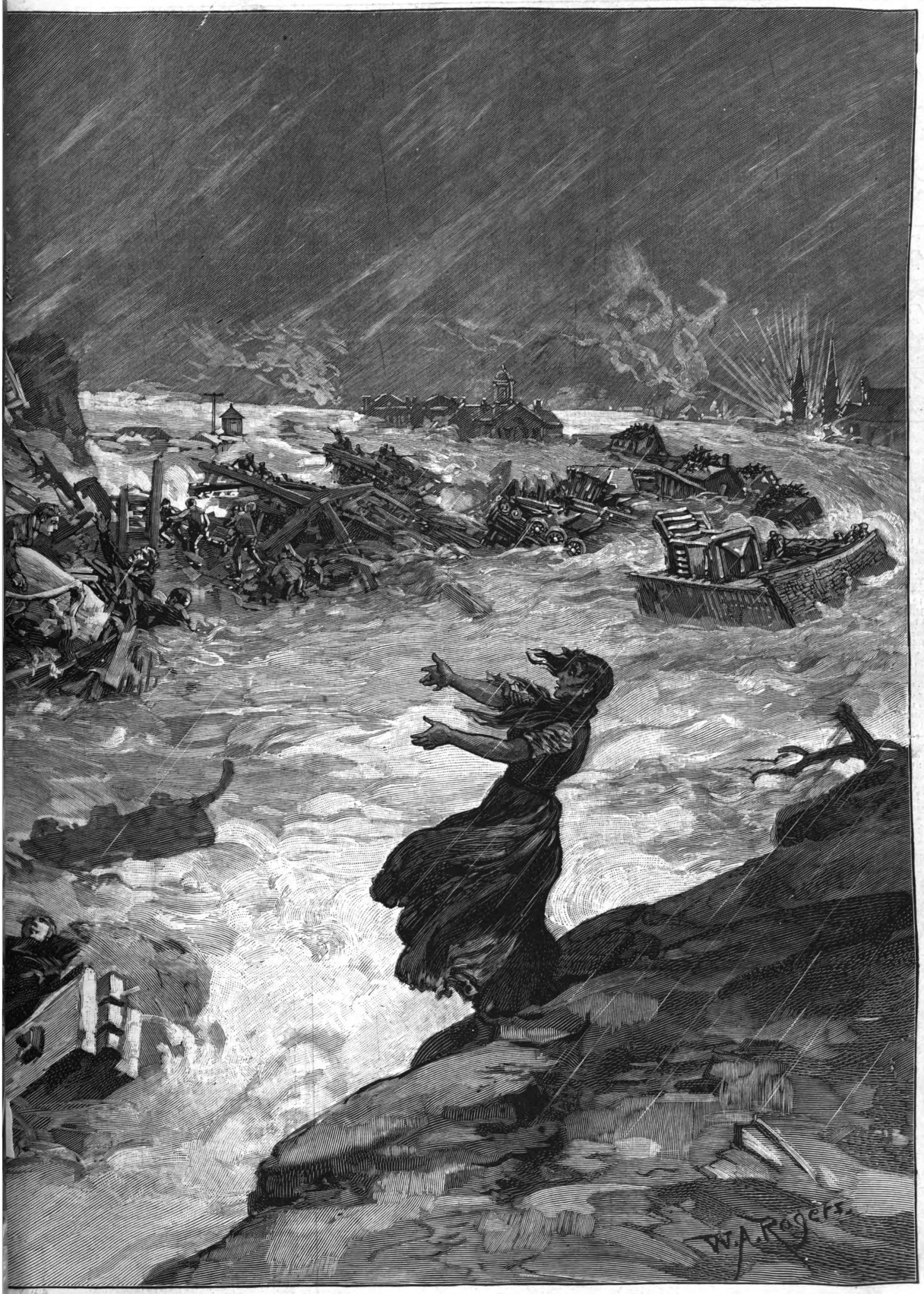
GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



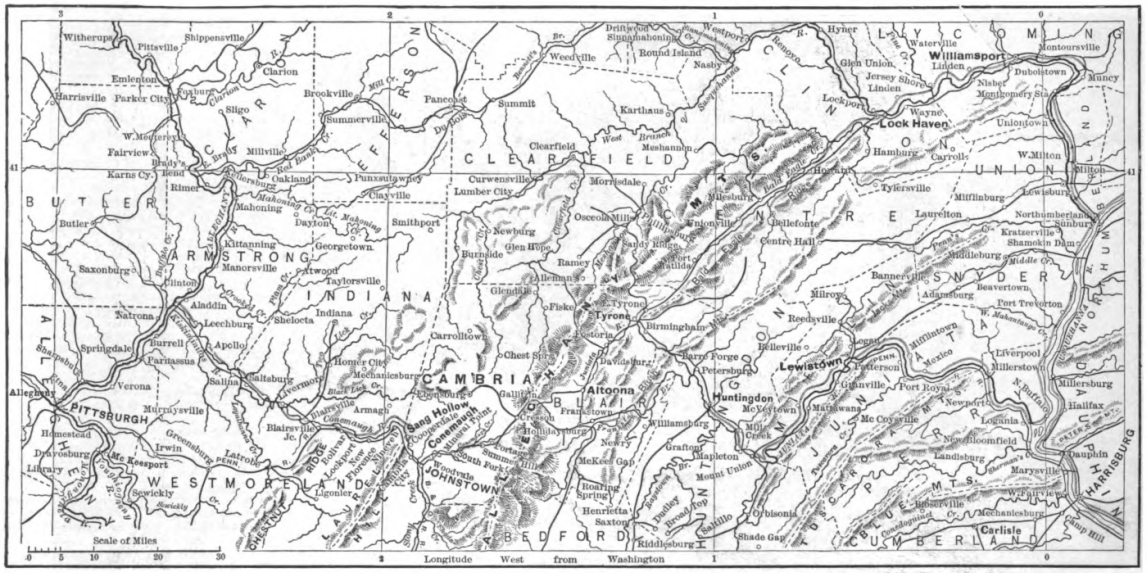
THE FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN—THE SCE

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



AT THE BRIDGE.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE AREA COVERED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA FLOODS.

JOHNSTOWN AND THE FLOODS.

THE floods that have brought death and disaster to the people of both sides of the Alleghany Mountains in Pennsylvania culminated on Friday afternoon, May 31st. They extended over a wide region of country, embracing the whole State of Pennsylvania, a small part of New York, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. As this article is written, the deaths and losses which have been inflicted by the rushing waters have not been measured. It is very probable that they will never be. The chances are that the dead will never be accurately counted. It is estimated now that at least 12,000, perhaps 14,000, people have perished. Millions of property has been destroyed.

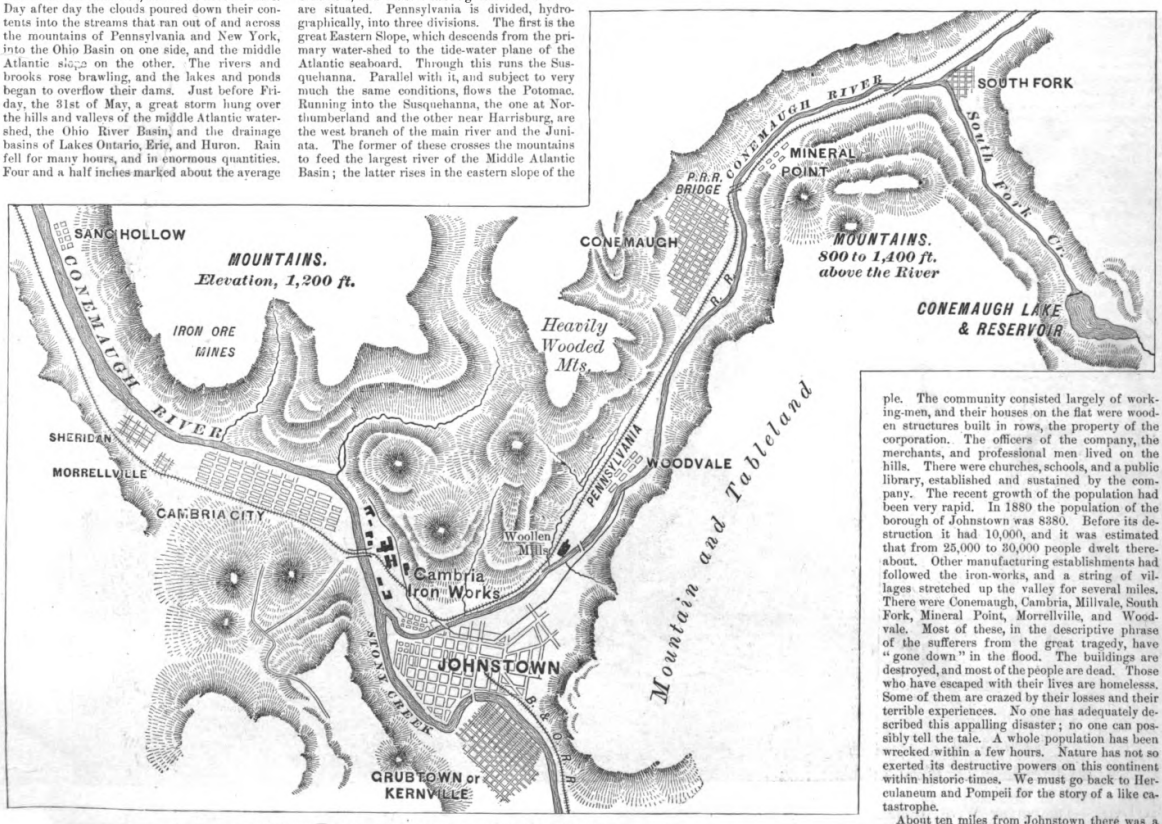
It had been raining many days before the dam in Conemaugh Lake gave way, and the floods washed Johnstown, Conemaugh, and the attendant train of villages nearly out of existence. The streams in the Great Valley and on both sides of the Appalachian range were filled to choking. The earth was saturated, and could hold no more. Day after day the clouds poured down their contents into the streams that ran out of and across the mountains of Pennsylvania and New York, into the Ohio Basin on one side, and the middle Atlantic slope on the other. The rivers and brooks rose brawling, and the lakes and ponds began to overflow their dams. Just before Friday, the 31st of May, a great storm hung over the hills and valleys of the middle Atlantic watershed, the Ohio River Basin, and the drainage basins of Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron. Rain fell for many hours, and in enormous quantities. Four and a half inches marked about the average fall for a few hours preceding the dreadful disaster which has saddened the country for many days, and called forth the heroism and humanity of its citizens to an extent that has been never equalled except when war swept over the land. When this last rain came there was no power of absorption left in the ground. The water ran off the resisting surface, and into the streams, which even then were gorged and dangerous, and the floods came.

These are not usually dangerous streams. They run through deep troughs cut into the mountains. The Alleghany Mountains in this part of the system of which they are part do not rise to a great height, and the Great Valley is nearly as accessible to railroads and other means of communication as the plane countries farther west. In dry weather the streams are low, and frequent dams are essential to make them available for water-power. There are dams also for floating logs in the region on the western branch of the Susquehanna, where Williamsport, Clearfield, and other suffering towns and cities are situated. Pennsylvania is divided, hydrographically, into three divisions. The first is the great Eastern Slope, which descends from the primary water-shed to the tide-water plane of the Atlantic seaboard. Through this runs the Susquehanna. Parallel with it, and subject to very much the same conditions, flows the Potomac. Running into the Susquehanna, the one at Northumberland and the other near Harrisburg, are the west branch of the main river and the Juniata. The former of these crosses the mountains to feed the largest river of the Middle Atlantic Basin; the latter rises in the eastern slope of the mountains and within the Atlantic water-shed. The second hydrographic division of the State is an irregular trough, its uniformity being broken by the characteristic division of the Appalachian system into parallel mountain ranges. It is watered by the feeders of the Ohio River. It is here that Johnstown was, and it is here that the Conemaugh River takes its rise. The trough at this point is between the Alleghany Mountains and Laurel Hills. The Conemaugh at Johnstown has a feeder of its own, known as Stony Creek. The stream begins some distance east of Johnstown, and runs to the borough, where it is joined by Stony Creek. The river passes under a heavy stone railway bridge, and by the neighboring village of Cambria, named from the county of which Johnstown is the seat. Then it continues westward, makes its way by Blairsville to the Kiskiminitas, which is one of the principal feeders of the Alleghany River. Williamsport is in the drainage basin of the Atlantic slope, while Johnstown has been destroyed by a feeder of the Ohio. The third division of the State is a small slope in Erie County, which declines to the lake.

Johnstown was situated in a triangle of lowlying land. The embankment of the Pennsylvania Railroad is on one side of this plane, and above the site of the town; the river swept around it. The waters are generally quiet and placid, although swift, and the scenery is charming. Blue mountains in continuous lines, without peaks, covered with forests, cleft for the passage of the mountain streams, make the background of the picture on every side. Very near, on the Conemaugh, is the Pack-Saddle, celebrated in the scenery of the State.

Johnstown itself has been one of the busiest manufacturing places in the country. It was made, and is largely owned, by the Cambria Iron Company, one of the largest and most flourishing establishments of its kind in Pennsylvania. Conemaugh was near it, and the two together were called Johnstown City. In its various furnaces and mills the company employed about 5000 people. The community consisted largely of working-men, and their houses on the flat were wooden structures built in rows, the property of the corporation. The officers of the company, the merchants, and professional men lived on the hills. There were churches, schools, and a public library, established and sustained by the company. The recent growth of the population had been very rapid. In 1880 the population of the borough of Johnstown was 8380. Before its destruction it had 10,000, and it was estimated that from 25,000 to 30,000 people dwelt thereabout. Other manufacturing establishments had followed the iron-works, and a string of villages stretched up the valley for several miles. There were Conemaugh, Cambria, Millvale, South Fork, Mineral Point, Morrellville, and Woodvale. Most of these, in the descriptive phrase of the sufferers from the great tragedy, have "gone down" in the flood. The buildings are destroyed, and most of the people are dead. Those who have escaped with their lives are homelesss. Some of them are crazed by their losses and their terrible experiences. No one has adequately described this appalling disaster; no one can possibly tell the tale. A whole population has been wrecked within a few hours. Nature has not so exerted its destructive powers on this continent within historic times. We must go back to Herculaneum and Pompeii for the story of a like catastrophe.

About ten miles from Johnstown there was a dam owned by the South Fork Fishing and Hunt-



TOPOGRAPHIC MAP OF JOHNSTOWN AND ITS VICINITY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A WAIF OF THE FLOOD HAMMERING ON A PIANO IN THE WOODS.

ing Club, an organization of wealthy sportsmen —most of them from Pittsburgh—who accumulated the waters in Lake Conemaugh for their pleasure. The dam which has broken was an old structure built by the Pennsylvania Canal Company for a viaduct. The canal was abandoned, and the dam was leased by the club of sportsmen. Originally there was a series of waste gates in solid masonry at the base of the dam, which were calculated to carry off any dangerous surplus of water that did not find an outlet by a sluiceway which was built around the dam. When the club leased the dam it was in bad condition. The waste gates and their machinery were useless, and it is said that they were not repaired, because, as some people allege, they were too far gone to ruin, while others assert that the club kept them closed in order that the fish in the lake might not escape. The club is said to have made some improvements, but the structure seems to have been a mass of earth and shale, without any masonry of importance. The stream at its base was forty feet wide, and the dam was four hundred feet long at the top. The club had increased its height, and the volume of water cooped up behind it was greatly augmented. One writer describes the dam as a "heap of dirt."

There had been repeated warnings given to the people of the valley that the dam was unsafe, and efforts had been made to prevent its reconstruction by the club. Injunctions were talked of to restrain the increase of the height, and the consequent increase of pressure. Engineers had pronounced against it, but to no purpose. The subject seems to have become threadbare, and the people had grown tired of hearing of a disaster that never came. Occasionally there had been rumors that the waters were about to burst through their barrier. Men had before this ridden down the valley crying to the people to take to the hills, but these alarms had so often turned out to be false that, when they were repeated on the fatal Friday morning, there were very few to give them credence.

All day on Friday it rained in the region over which the great storm was suspended. The waters rose inch by inch and foot by foot, until the people who were watching them became desperately alarmed. John G. Parke, Jun., a young civil engineer, was the first to apprehend danger from the water above the dam. It was early on Friday morning when he discovered that the structure must go if new ways of escape for the fast rising lake were not at once provided. Getting together a force of workmen he made a new sluice, but still the water continued to rise at a frightful rate. The rise was about ten inches an hour. There were signs of breaking, when he ordered his men to dig another channel, and mounting a horse, galloped swiftly down the valley, warning the people of their impending doom. When he arrived at South Fork station he sent two men to the telegraph tower to forward the news to Johnstown.

The dam broke at one o'clock, and soon afterward South Fork station was in ruins, but all who had heeded the warning had escaped. Mr. Parke says only one man was drowned at this place. His warning was given at noon, and thousands of people in Conemaugh, who discredited the alarm because it was like the false warnings which they had heard before, were killed, when they might have been saved by flying to the hills.

The telegram that Parke sent to Johnstown was received by a woman who had been manager of the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in that place for nearly twenty-five years. She remained at her post, assisted by her daughter and the rest of the office force, until it was too late to escape. This widow, whose name was Mrs. Ogle, is one of the heroic figures of the great tragedy. She sent telegram after telegram down the valley, warning the people of the coming flood. The last word received from her was sent at three o'clock on Friday afternoon to the manager of the Pittsburgh office, to whom she made her reports. It was as follows: "This i my last message." It is presumed that then the flood struck the office, carried it away, and that Mrs. Ogle, her daughter Minnie, and the whole force were drowned.

When Saturday morning came, Johnstown and the neighboring towns and villages had been wiped out. The rest of the community knew that there had been a terrible calamity, but was ignorant of its extent. Communication was cut off. The telegraph wires were down, and the railroads had been washed out. No one could reach the scene of the disaster. The newspapers on Saturday morning announced that two hundred lives had been destroyed. That was terrible enough, but on Sunday the number had increased to 6000; on Monday there was no better news, for it was seen that the loss could not be counted. On Tuesday it was estimated that at least 8000 had perished, and on Thursday the numbers had run up to between 12,000 and 15,000.

On Monday the first despatch came from Johnstown, but it was not until Tuesday that word was received from any of the special correspondents who were sent from the city to obtain information of the disaster. The correspondents of the New York *Sun*, and Mr. W. A. Rogers, the artist of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who has supplied the material for most of the accompanying illustrations, having journeyed to Pittsburgh, engaged a special train of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and reached Johnstown on Monday morning. Their journey was very roundabout. They went first to Philadelphia. Then it was discovered that the way to Johnstown was impassable. There were seven miles of water between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and 160 miles of the company's road that could not be found. The artist and the two reporters travelled back to New York, and left here on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad on Sunday morning. It was the only road open to the West. Reaching Buffalo, it was discovered that it was impossible to reach Pittsburgh from that city, so the three went to Ashtabula, Ohio, and travelled thence to Pittsburgh by the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad. They were too late for the regular trains, hired a special, and went to the scene of disaster of high hills at the rate of nearly a mile a minute.

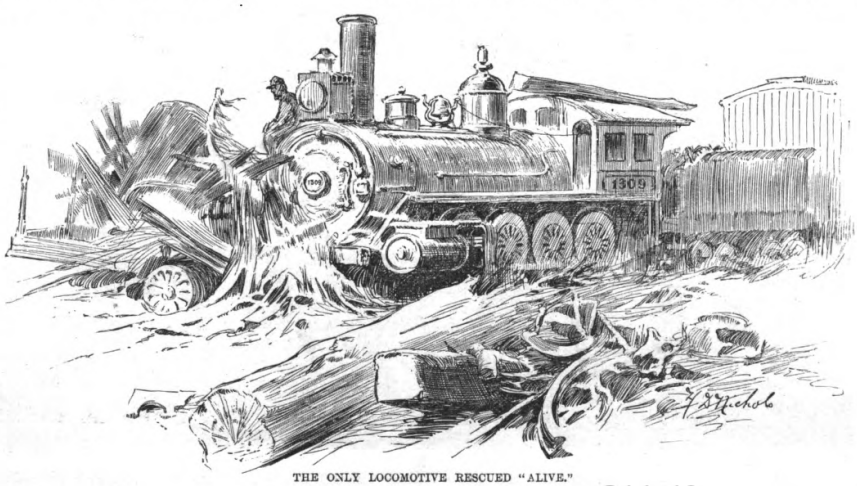
Engineer Parke says that the dam did not break; it simply moved off. Nothing was left finally but a wooden bulwark. When the barrier between the piled-up waters and the people of the valley gave way, the torrent with a leap went rushing for its prey. An eye-witness says that the water seemed not to touch the earth. The overwhelming flood was as sudden as it was disastrous. It was upon its victims before they realized that it was coming. As it reached the villages the houses tottered, and were then swept from their foundations. They crashed against one another, breaking themselves into pieces. Brick as well as wooden houses were carried off, and only their foundations remain. Many of the dwellings had no stone foundations and no cellar. Nearly all who are dead had time to escape. The flood carried its wreckage with it. It was not only terrible, but it was swift. The lake was emptied of its enormous volume of water in two hours. By that time Johnstown had been reached, and the borough was destroyed. Part of the brick walls of the furnaces and mills of the Iron Company were left, but the interiors of the buildings were in ruins. The waters knocked out only a corner of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station, but swept its contents off to the bridge. It was the railroad bridge against which buildings and human beings were rushed, and there they were stopped. Churches were knocked to pieces as if they had been cottages, and one was burned. In it a funeral was going on, and dead and living were burned or carried away. In another, two people were marrying. Since the waters subsided, the bodies of bride and bridegroom have been found clasped in each other's arms. The first impulse of the startled people appears to have been to rush to the tops of their houses, and seated there, they floated down, most of them to death. Some were saved. One mother picked up pieces of drift-wood as they floated by her, and placing her four children on the frail rafts, sent them out upon the angry torrent. All of them were lost. The father had been drowned before in the streets, on his way to buy food for his family against the siege which he supposed was about to begin when the streets of Johnstown would be passable only in boats.

Two sections of a through train on the Pennsylvania Railroad met the flood near Conemaugh. The passengers were urged to take to the hills. Some of them heeded the warning, while others scoffed at it. Two of the cars of one section were taken up on the bosom of the escaping lake, and tossed about as if they were the merest shells. Nineteen passengers were killed. A round-house was beaten to pieces, and its thirty locomotives were scattered about like playthings. Upside down, with their wheels in the air, or on their sides, or in a hundred parts, they lie witnesses of the immensity of the power which overcame them. There is a story of a fatal tree, full of grim and awful interest. A man, powerless to interfere, saw men, women, and children borne down the stream, and dashed to death against this tree. The waters were full of human bodies. The dead kept floating by the telegraph stations of the railroad, and the operators counted them. It is a hundred miles by water from Johnstown to Pittsburgh, but the dead and the wreckage travelled all the way in twenty-four hours. They went down the Conemaugh, through the Kiskiminitas, into the Alleghany, and then they floated by the city. On Saturday thousands of people stood on the banks watching for the bodies. By Sunday there were reports that a hundred bodies had been found at Nineveh; that dead bodies were picked up here and there along the stream; that the water was constantly giving up its victims; that seventy-five bodies were found in a ten-acre field. And with these general statements came the stories of individual loss and suffering, of men wandering over the mud flats where towns had once stood, bereft of everything—of property, wife, and children; of women suddenly widowed and made childless. We had accounts of the discovery of the dead bodies of the missing, and of the stolid, dazed, uncomprehending grief of those who had been left behind.

The episode is so stupendous that we who are at a distance cannot begin to appreciate its extent. Those who are near it are simply dazed or stunned. A whole community dwelling in a valley fifteen miles in length was picked up bodily by the angry flood, and was hurled shrieking against the railroad bridge. And there the bodies, houses, and trees were piled up in a heap fifty feet high, the débris covering an area of sixty acres. An overturned stove set fire to the mass, and the human beings who escaped drowning, pinned into the mass beyond all possibility of escape, were roasted to death. It was not only death, but death with all the horrible tortures that can be imagined. It is no wonder that we hear of persons begging to be shot as the flames begun to burn them.

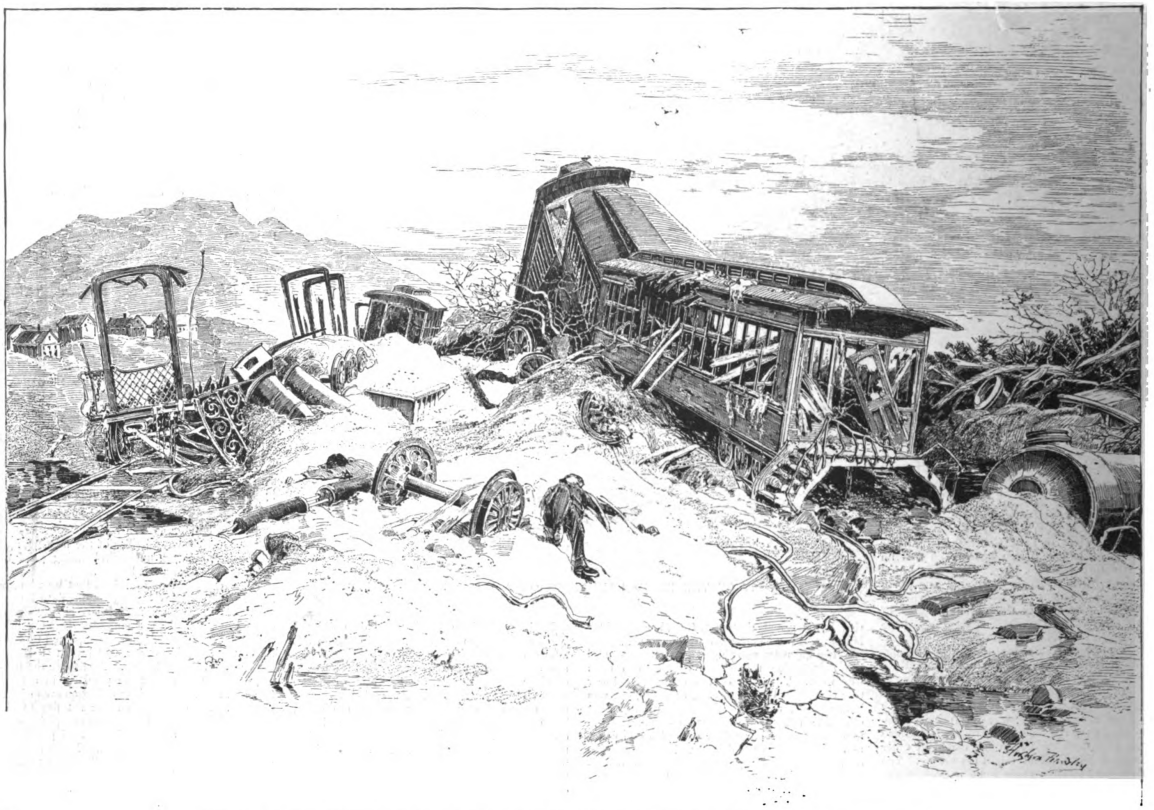
When Saturday morning came the floods had begun to subside, and Johnstown, Conemaugh, and the other villages had disappeared. There was nothing left but the triangular flat and the valley beyond in which they stood, and these were a mass of slimy mud. Most of the ruins were smouldering at the bridge. The pile of buildings, in which there were supposed to be buried quite three thousand persons, covered an area of sixty acres. The bridge itself was broken at the eastern end. Seven of the massive arches remain, but the rest were carried away. The reason why the bridge withstood the terrible pressure upon it is this: as the waters came down the valley of the Conemaugh they ploughed their way across the flat, and leaping over Stony Creek, struck against the hill opposite Johnstown. They were deflected thence, and when they reached the bridge the shot was spent. Mr. Rogers's picture of the "Jam at the Bridge" not only tells the story of the wreck that was seen at that point, but of the general course of the torrent. It indicates also the course of the Conemaugh as it comes around the shoulder of the hill, and takes its further stretch toward the Kiskiminitas.

The estimates of the height of the water wall which have been spoken of are not entirely trustworthy. Naturally no one's opinion of the size of this enormous engine of death is worthy of consideration. The man who said that the first thing he saw was a mass of white spray and the

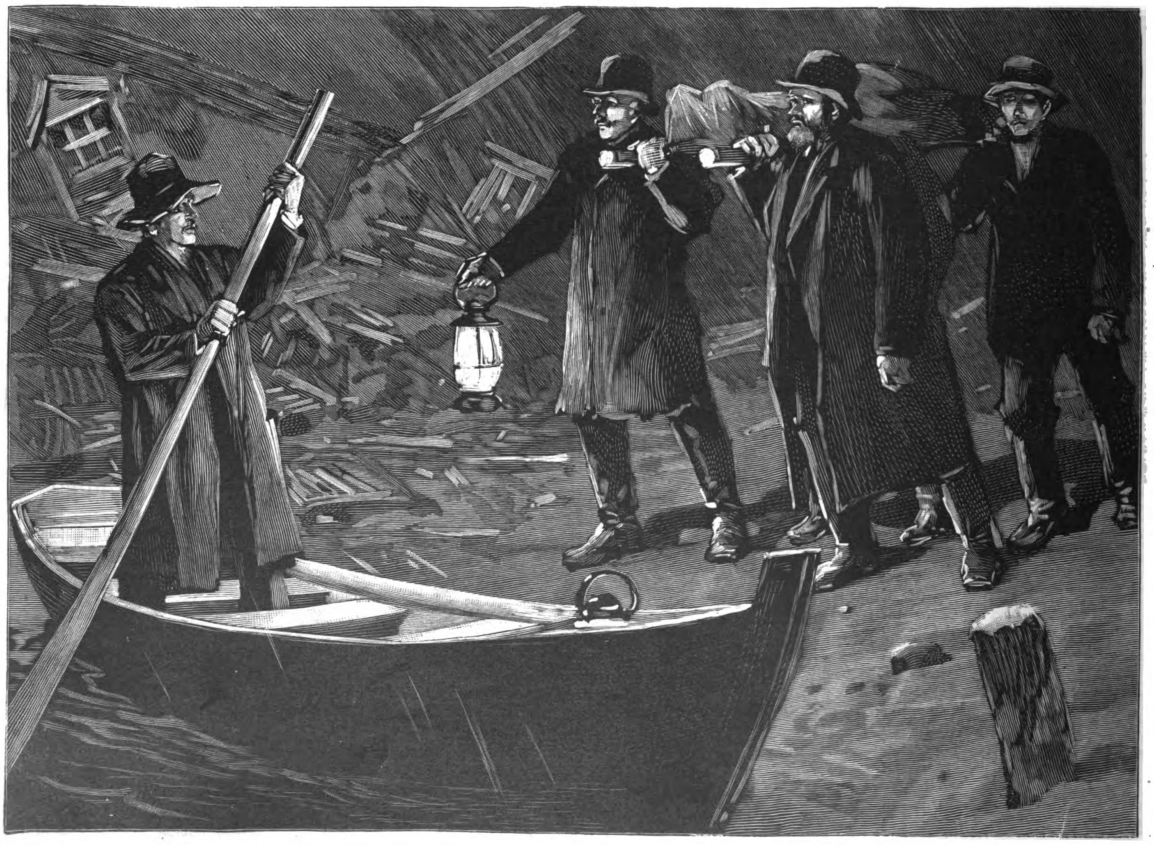


THE ONLY LOCOMOTIVE RESCUED "ALIVE."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

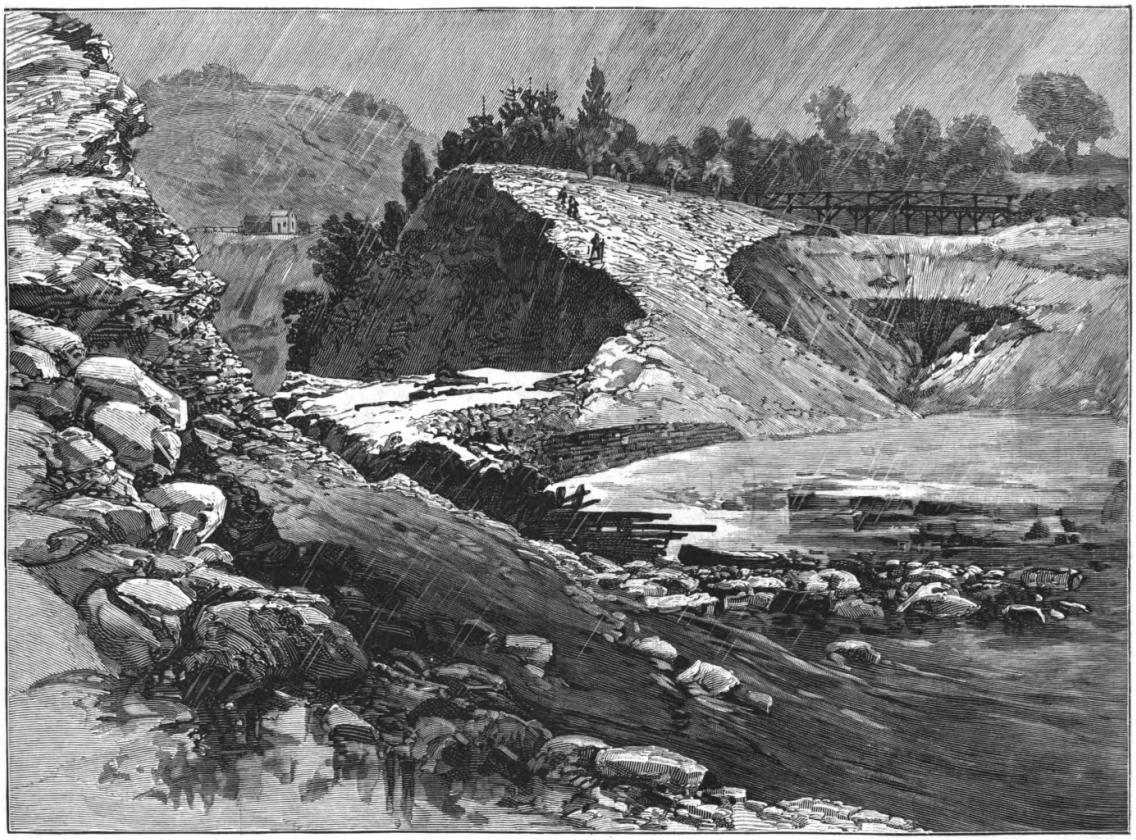


WRECK OF THE VESTIBULE TRAIN FROM WHICH MRS. HALFORD ESCAPED.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

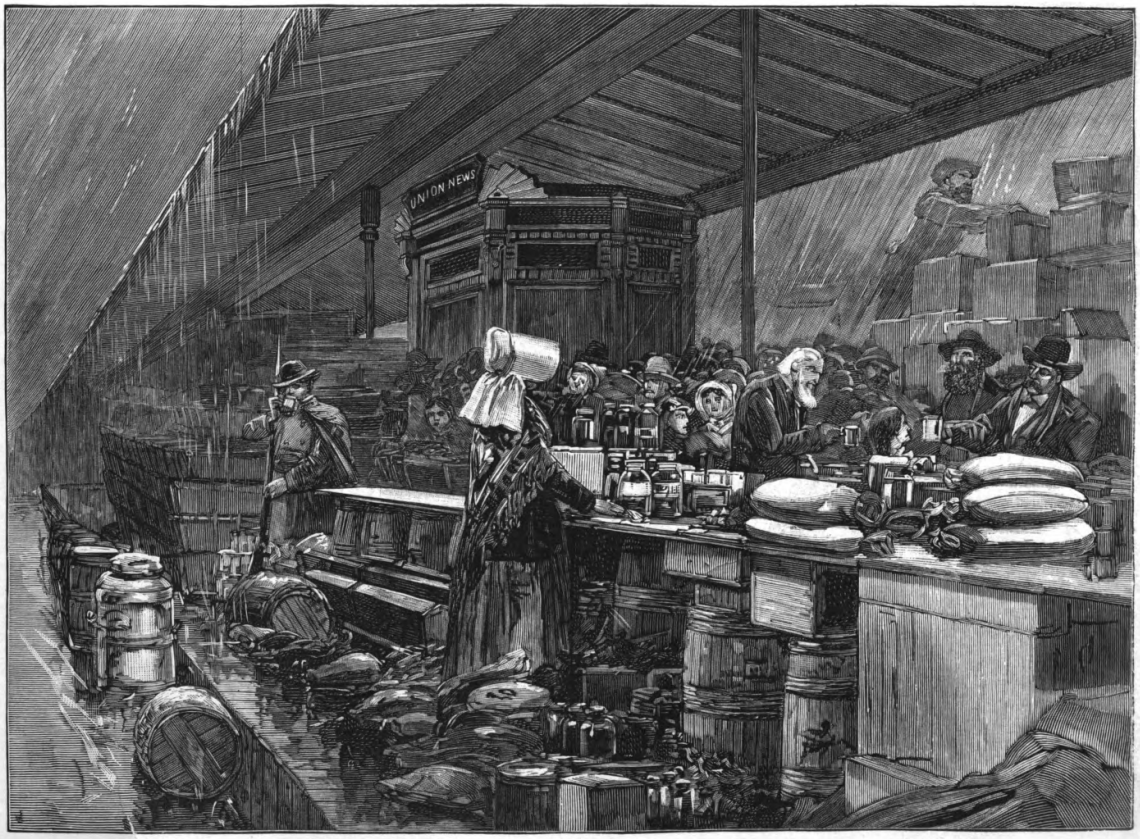


FERRYING THE DEAD ACROSS THE CONEMAUGH AT NIGHT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE BROKEN SOUTH FORK DAM, AS SEEN FROM INSIDE THE EMPTY RESERVOIR.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.



RELIEF STATION AND MORGUE AT THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DEPOT.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

next thing was Johnstown coming toward him was nearer accuracy than those who attempt to measure the volume of the flood in feet and inches. The wall that fronted this flood was composed of buildings, trees, rocks, masses of earth, and drowning human beings. As for the waters themselves, they twisted this way and that way. Sometimes they appeared to run upon edge. At other times the water behind seemed to rise up to take a header over that in front. It was full of freaks. It not only hurled its burden against the bridge or carried it on down the Alleghany as far as Pittsburgh, but it swirled in eddies, and the dead and the living were borne into recesses of the hills. In one of the accompanying illustrations is a child striking on the strings of an upturned piano, while a dead woman lies half buried under a mass of flotsam. The thirty locomotives in the round-house at Conemaugh and elsewhere in the vicinity were tossed about as if they were light as feathers. Some of them were buried in the sand, only a wheel showing where they had been plunged into the sand. Twenty-seven of the engines have been found. When the engineer at Conemaugh blew his whistle to announce the approach of the flood, every effort was made by those who heard it to escape. The engineer blew until he was obliged to jump for his life. Whatever engine had up steam did its best to run away. A "rescued engine" is illustrated in one of the engravings. Its life has been saved, but it has not escaped damage. Three engines have apparently been lost, for not a piece of one of them has been discovered. Although the flood threw the engines here and there and everywhere, and apparently utterly destroyed three of these iron monsters, the vestibule cars, also shown in one of the illustrations, escaped the waters, only to be burnt by collision with a lime car whose contents had been set on fire by the contact of the water. The flood came only to their floors. Rails were twisted in most curious shapes. One steel rail came out a perfect letter S. The brick buildings which were destroyed were the most treacherous for their inmates, for while the frame houses floated off, and became rafts for a time, the more substantial structures were knocked to pieces.

During the dreadful afternoon many acts of heroism were witnessed. Those who were saved escaped upon the hills, and standing there, watched the flood do its deadly work. They saw men, women, and children go to their doom. Some of them rode on the roofs of their former homes, and others had grasped passing trees, planks, or telegraph poles. As these were carried in toward the hill against which the stream struck, they endeavored to seize hold of trees, or of ropes that were thrown to them, and in a great many cases the helpless people on the banks saw men save the women and children who accompanied them, and themselves go down to death. The current swept the people by the banks in such numbers that the count given by spectators staggers belief. A dozen women and children on a single raft were saved by a watcher in a railroad signal tower. There are pitiful stories of young girls swept so far into the bank that the watchers could almost touch them, and yet not far enough to be saved. On the other hand, brave men went out into the stream and brought to the shore people who seemed to be doomed to destruction. Others tried and failed. It was a torturing night to those who were on the brink of the waters. They could hear the cries of those whom they could not reach. Husbands saw wives and children perish before their eyes. The women and children make the largest count in the death-roll.



TELEGRAPH OPERATORS IN THE OLD CEMENT MILL.

Immediately after the disaster the search for the dead began. The waters had subsided. The flat had been entirely changed. It was a slimy mud bottom. Even the cellars had disappeared. Here and there a bit of wall indicated where a cellar had been, but, as a rule, mud had levelled everything. Fifty bodies were found in front of the ruined Roman Catholic church, the picture of which is given. Fifty bodies were taken out of the hotel. Bruised and muddy bodies were found everywhere, but most had been lost in the great jam at the bridge. Three thousand are reported to have been buried there. There is a sketch of a common sight. Men are carrying home coffins for the burial of their children. It tells not only of the great loss of children, but of the stolid, business-like manner in which the survivors went about the sad tasks that are demanded by their new circumstances.

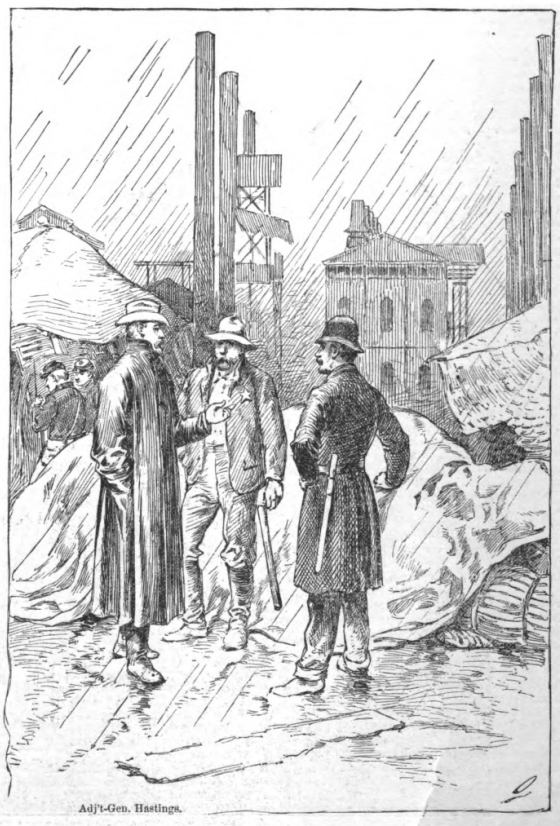
In order to go to and from Johnstown it was necessary to cross a swinging rope bridge, which is illustrated on the first page. One was obliged to creep along the treacherous way. Walking was almost impossible. Over the swinging bridge relief parties made their way to the succor of the people who remained in Johnstown.

Relief parties organized at once, and provisions and money have been pouring into the city ever since the news of the disaster reached the outside world. Johnstown wanted everything—food, clothing, kitchen utensils, and houses. For days the people slept on the ground. By Friday last temporary sheds were erected. Charitable people of the country began to send money, clothes, and food on Saturday morning. Washington, partly under water itself, held a great meeting, over which the President presided. He had already telegraphed his subscription.

It will never be possible to give exact figures of the money contributions for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers. The total up to the present can only be approximated. It is safe, however, to add fully five per cent. to the amounts acknowledged. Not only money has been directly sent to many individuals by their friends, but supplies of food, clothing, bedding, etc., have been forwarded. Never was money given so largely and speedily. The whole civilized world



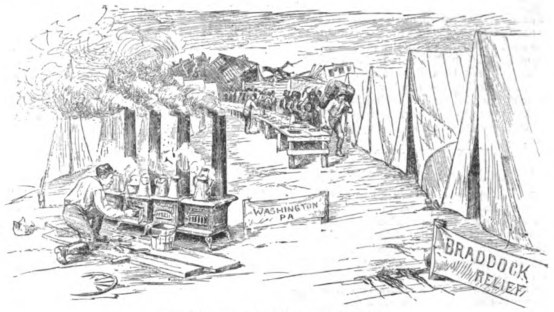
CARRYING HOME COFFINS IN WHICH TO BURY THEIR CHILDREN.



Adj't-Gen. Hastings.

GUARDING SUPPLIES.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ENCAMPMENT OF RELIEF PARTIES.

has been responsive to the cry of distress. Up to the publication of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY the amounts contributed from various sources have been $1,834,705.

The measures taken to care for the living, to recover the bodies of the dead, and to set Johnstown on its feet again seem to have been all that could be desired. The Pennsylvania militia have been on duty in sufficient force, and Adjutant-General Hastings, who had charge of the executive work, has done his duty in a manner to win the admiration of all who have come in contact with him. One of our illustrations shows the old ferryman who carried the dead, trip after trip, over the Conemaugh. Another shows the Pennsylvania Railroad station, a morgue at one end and a relief station at the other, the people passing the coffins on their way to get supplies.

In contrast with the heroism, generosity, and self-sacrifice that have been displayed are the sordid crimes that have been committed. No sooner was the news of the disaster known to the country than Johnstown's ruins were visited by hordes of petty thieves. These, and a lot of foreign working-men who are to be found in great numbers in all parts of Pennsylvania, set about plundering the dead. There are tales told of men who cut off the fingers and otherwise mutilated the bodies they discovered in order to get at valuables.

The field of desolation is already in the hands of those who will restore it. Woodville is entirely gone. Cambria City is so utterly destroyed that the soil is washed from its rocky base. Workingmen in abundance reached Johnstown early in the week, but it is impossible to tell how long it will take to clear away the wreckage. In the mean time the unrecovered bodies are putrefying, and a pestilence is threatened. There are no houses, and death by exposure and over-exertion is apprehended. Charnel-houses have been established in Johnstown, Conemaugh, and in every village visited by the flood. The United States government has sent engineers to blow up the jam, disinfectants to purify the air, and tents for shelter.

The Conemaugh would not have destroyed any lives, it would not have swept these towns and villages out of the world, if it had not been for the dam at the lake. The accompanying picture of that dam illustrates the description of its construction that has been given. It is the first accurate representation of the break that has been presented to the public. But while the Conemaugh itself was not dangerous, other rivers were breaking over their embankments. The west branch of the Susquehanna had risen, Lock Haven and Williamsport were greatly damaged. Pictures of the floods at Williamsport, Harrisburg, and Washington accompany this article. The Juniata also overflowed its banks, and the Potomac invaded the shores of Maryland and the streets of the national capital.

The Genesee and its feeders reached a greater height than they had attained for years before. Travel on the Erie Railroad was seriously interfered with. There were wash-outs along every line. The Chemung River rose in its might, and railroad bridges on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western and Northern Central railroads were washed away. In that part of the country a great many cattle were drowned. The streets of Rochester and Elmira, and a number of smaller places in that part of the State, were in danger. In Virginia the Appomattox River exercised its power and broke out of its limits. Part of Petersburg was under water. The streets of Richmond were flooded by the James, and the fields of the Valley by the Shenandoah. The Patapsco and other streams along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were in a rage, and covered the tracks and made their way into the villages on the route. At one place the water was nine feet deep on the roadway.

In the Cumberland Valley all the railroads were damaged by wash-outs, and fifteen bridges were carried away.

Almost all of the southern part of the city of Washington was under water. Pennsylvania Avenue was navigable for small boats from the Peace Monument to Ninth Street. The Potomac swept through the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution, and destroyed many valuable trees and plants, and the ponds of the Fish Commission. Communication with the South was cut off. Long Bridge was in danger for several days. The water rose to the level of the railroad tracks, and at last one of the spans gave way. The high-water mark was the highest on record, and Washington has been more than usually unfortunate in the matter of floods.

On Sunday night no trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad were running west or south of Harrisburg or south of Washington.

The Alleghany assaulted the iron tanks of the oil company at Oleau, and badly damaged property. It is said that 15,000,000 logs were swept away.

Outside of Johnstown, however, the most serious damage was done at Williamsport and Lock Haven. The west branch of the Susquehanna was in particularly savage mood. It swept away dams built for the storing of logs, and inundated the streets of the towns. Williamsport was nearly cut off. Its great Montgomery Bridge was destroyed. Its lights were put out, so that darkness reigned at night. All the logs in the boom were floated off.

It is fortunate that in all the floods, except that of the Conemaugh, the loss of life has been very slight. Here and there a man was drowned while trying to cross a swollen stream, but the total loss will be very small. The flood gave ample notice of its coming, and everywhere but along the Conemaugh the warning was heeded.

It is a very sad and dismal story at its best, and yet there is some relief to its darkest side. Nature seems to have done its worst, and men have done their best. The exhibition that we have had of quick-responding charity from all parts of the world, even from the sufferers who have found themselves with anything to give, has been as exhilarating as its occasion was depressing. We neither know the full extent of the great calamity, nor have the people ceased to send their gifts and sacrifices to the unfortunate victims of the storm's wrath.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE MAN WHO RODE TO CONEMAUGH.

INTO the town of Conemaugh,
Striking the people's souls with awe,
Dashed a rider, aflame and pale,
Never alighting to tell his tale,
Sitting his big bay horse astride.
"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried;
"Run to the hills!" was what he said
As he waved his hand and dashed ahead.

"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
Spurring his horse, whose reeking side
Was flecked with foam as red as flame.
Whither he goes and whence he came
Nobody knows. They see his horse
Plunging on in his frantic course,
Veins distended and nostrils wide,
Fired and frenzied at such a ride.
Nobody knows the rider's name—
Dead forever to earthly fame.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried;
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

"Stop him! he's mad! just look at him go!
"Tain't safe," they said, "to let him ride so."
"He thinks to scare us," said one, with a laugh,
"But Conemaugh folks don't swallow no chaff.
'Tain't nothing, I'll bet, but the same old leak
In the dam above the South Fork Creek."
Blind to their danger, callous of dread,
They laughed as he left them and dashed ahead.
"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
Lashing his horse in his desperate ride.

Down through the valley the rider passed,
Shouting, and spurring his horse on fast;
But not so fast did the rider go
As the raging, roaring, mighty flow
Of the million feet and the millions more
Of water whose fury he fled before.
On he went, and on it came,
The flood itself a very flame
Of surging, swirling, seething tide,
Mountain high and torrents wide.
God alone might measure the force
Of the Conemaugh flood in its V-shaped course.
Behind him were buried under the flood
Conemaugh town and all who stood
Jeering there at the man who cried,
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

On he sped in his fierce wild ride.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried.
Nearer, nearer came the roar
Horse and rider fled before.
Dashing along the valley ridge,
They came at last to the railroad bridge.
The big horse stood, the rider cried,
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"
Then plunged across, but not before
The mighty, merciless, mountain roar
Struck the bridge and swept it away
Like a bit of straw or a wisp of hay.
But over and under and through that tide
The voice of the unknown rider cried.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" it cried—
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

JOHN ELIOT BOWEN.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

SEATTLE (pronounced Se-at-tle), the largest and wealthiest city in Washington Territory, the business quarter of which has been destroyed by fire, was an insignificant hamlet less than fifteen years ago. It was first occupied by white men in 1852, and takes its name from an old Indian chief, who showed a friendly disposition toward the settlers. For more than twenty years it remained an isolated trading post, inaccessible except by water, and only important as the source of supply of the scattered saw-mills and logging camps of its immediate neighborhood. Its founders chose wisely the site of the future city. They built their hamlet on the east side of Elliot Bay, a broad, well-sheltered harbor, entirely free from obstructions, with good anchorage, and water deep enough for the largest sea-going vessels. Here they waited in full expectation that in due course of time their settlement would be chosen for the Puget Sound terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for which, indeed, it had been recommended by the earliest surveyors as affording the most central harbor of that great inland sea on our northwestern boundary, which has been called, not inaptly, the Mediterranean of America, and which in reality is situated at the western end of the most direct and practicable route between the head waters of Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. But these long-cherished hopes proved to be delusive. In 1873 an organized land company that was in control of the railroad directory purchased a large tract of wild land near Tacoma, at the head of Commencement Bay, and that point was established as the Puget Sound terminus of the line.

This was a sore disappointment, of course, to the people of Seattle. But the final decision had the instant effect of arousing energies that had been dormant during the long years that the advent of the railroad, with its capital and enterprise, had been looked for. Conscious of the superior natural advantages of Seattle and the abounding material resources that invited development, the citizens of the place, whose numbers at the time did not exceed 1500, began the process of "booming" their town in the most vigorous and systematic manner. From 1873 until now the growth of the city has been rapid and constant, and its prosperity is based upon substantial foundations. Seattle is pre-eminently a typical Western city, transformed from a primeval wilderness almost within a decade to a centre of modern life and civilization. Unquestionably its site is one of the most beautiful and advantageous of any city in the United States. Its land-locked harbor is pronounced by experienced navigators to be one of the best and safest anywhere to be found, vessels riding securely at anchor during the severest storms. Until it was overtaken by this calamity its water-front was lined with wharves and docks extending a distance of two miles, at which vessels of every size, from the smallest steam-tug to the largest ocean-going steam-ship, were amply accommodated.

Public improvements are represented by massive blocks of buildings for business purposes, twenty miles of graded streets, and forty miles of sidewalks; a water company capable of furnishing 2,000,000 gallons daily; gas and electric light plants; a street railway three miles in length; nineteen churches of various denominations; two large public-school buildings, one of which cost $42,000, besides the University of Washington Territory, which is part of the public-school system; three well-equipped hospitals; several fine hotels, one of which, the Occidental, was recently built and furnished at a cost of $120,000, and an opera-house upon the construction of which $100,000 was expended.

The residence quarter of the city is situated on the heights, which rise somewhat steeply from the plateau on which the mercantile and manufacturing establishments are located. Many of the houses are of great architectural beauty, some of them costing $75,000 or more, rising upon terrace after terrace, until they reach the summit of the hills. They then give way to luxurious country-seats that fringe the margin of Lake Washington, a body of water on the eastern side of the acclivity. This lake is about twenty-five miles in length and five miles in width. It is fed by mountain springs, and its deep waters are pure and cold. The forest and mountain scenery which surround this beautiful sheet of water have given it a just reputation as one of the most picturesque places in the United States. The residence portion of Seattle seems to have escaped the conflagration.

It would be an error to assume that the marvellous growth of the city is due entirely to the enterprise of its merchants. To its manufacturers also much of its prosperity is owing. It had ten saw-mills, four sash and door factories, three foundries, three large machine shops, two car factories, an extensive boiler factory, an ice and cracker factory, besides breweries, cigar and soap factories, hide and leather curing establishments, grist-mills, ship-yards, and other industries of almost every kind. In 1885 the assessed value of Seattle property was less than $11,000,000, and the population at that time was 12,000. During the past four years the growth of the place has been uninterrupted, and conservative persons estimate that the population has increased to 20,000. Seattle has been overtaken by a dire visitation, and it is very likely that sympathizing hearts throughout the country may find occasion to help the people who have been suddenly made homeless and destitute. But any such assistance will at most be temporary. The citizens of Seattle will soon recover from the disaster, and will be able and willing to repair their own fortunes.



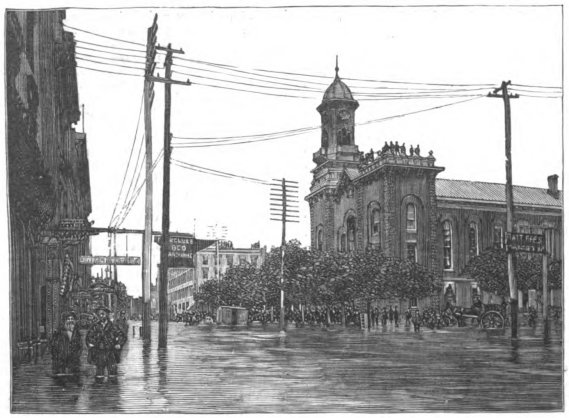
A MONUMENT TO HORACE GREELEY.

"PEACE hath her victories no less than war. She also has her heroes who have fought valiantly and well, and who richly deserve all the honor that may lie in commemorative bronze or marble. The design of a monument to be erected to the memory of Horace Greeley is one of these testimonials to the achievement of honest industry, coupled with high principle, that seem to have a peculiar relationship to our American soil. In no other country than our own would such a career as that of Horace Greeley have been possible. Rising from the ranks, without the advantages of birth, early education, or family influence, he achieved for himself an important position in the commonwealth, and a commanding influence in all affairs that had to do with the welfare of his native land. He was what might be called a typical American of our country's early days, a "self-made man," a product of the times which are rapidly passing away, when a lad may begin his career doing chores on a farm and end as candidate for the Presidency.

At the time of Horace Greeley's death a movement was made toward erecting a public monument to his memory in some prominent position in New York city, and a committee was formed to solicit and take charge of subscriptions for the purpose. At its head was W. W. Niles as chairman; Andrew H. Green was treasurer, and among the members appeared the names of such important fellow-craftsmen of Mr. Greeley as Charles A. Dana, Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Greeley's successor, and the great showman P. T. Barnum. The sum of $7000 was collected, but after that the project seemed to languish; the money was invested to await events, and gradually the matter faded from the memory of the public.

About a year ago the scheme of building some worthy memorial of the great abolition editor was revived, this time by a company of printers, many of whom had been immediately connected with or in the employ of Mr. Greeley. The movement began among the members of the Horace Greeley Post. It was also taken up with considerable

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



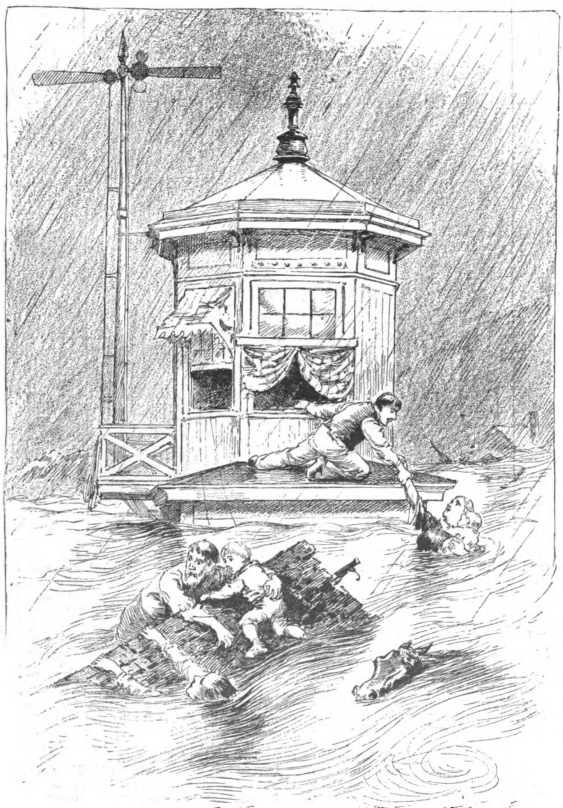
WILLIAMSPORT COURT-HOUSE.—From a Photograph by Craytor Brothers.

enthusiasm by Typographical Union No. 6, the largest in New York city, and by other bodies connected with the profession of printing. A committee was formed, with George W. Moore as chairman, and included among its members a number of representative citizens.

It is rather a curious circumstance that until the new committee had been formed and was actively at work collecting funds for its proposed undertaking, the members were in entire ignorance that a previous committee was already in existence, and that a considerable sum of money had been collected for the same object. When the fact transpired, negotiations were soon opened, and an amicable arrangement arrived at, whereby the new body should take possession of the money already raised and carry on the work. This sum now amounts to about $10,000.

With this amount in its possession, the committee determined that the work should begin. A commission was given to the sculptor Mr. Alexander Doyle, of New York city, who immediately set to work upon a small sketch of his proposed statue. It is a representation of this preliminary sketch or model that is given in our paper. Every reader who is familiar with the features of the energetic editor and benign old philosopher, or who remembers his usual expression and characteristic attitudes, will see at once what a faithful portrait the sculptor has succeeded in producing even in this his first suggestion for his large and complete work. Mr. Greeley is represented in the attitude which was perhaps the most familiar to those who knew him best. He is seated in his comfortable old office chair, a copy of his newspaper in his hand, and he has apparently just been interrupted by a visitor. The hand, still holding the paper, drops to his side, and his head is slightly raised as if to meet the eyes of the visitor, who is standing in front of him. This gives his features at their best. The effect of quiet repose is preserved, the serene benevolence of his usual expression retained, while the slightly questioning or interested look in the eyes, as if he expected to hear of some matter with which he had some pleasant concern, supplies the necessary animation. In regard to costume, the sculptor has effected a graceful compromise between the well-known and characteristic carelessness of Mr. Greeley's dress and the demands of art, where carelessness and negligence must be confined within reasonable limits. The inevitable trousers' leg, for instance, that never was known by man to escape from the confining hold of the end of the wearer's low shoe, is in the statue only slightly turned up. This is as well, perhaps. Mr. Doyle may have had his future reputation in view. Coming generations, unfamiliar with the tradition of the trousers leg, might regard it, perhaps, not as a bit of realism, but as an indication of an aberration of intellect on the part of the sculptor.

Mr. Doyle is to receive $10,000 for his work. This sum has been raised, but a pedestal is equally as necessary as the statue itself. For this part of the work the committee desire to raise $15,000 more, or $25,000 in all. It is to be hoped that this task will not be a difficult one. It should not be, considering the number of friends the founder of the *Tribune* left behind him, and the many literary and other workers who have a direct interest in the honor he cast upon their profession.



THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER—RESCUES AT THE SIGNAL TOWER.

THE WORK OF RECUPERATION.

The business community has had to contend against a number of serious misfortunes this week. The frightful destruction of property by the floods here at the East, to which must be added the large losses by fire at Seattle, makes an aggregate simultaneous disappearance of wealth that has rarely been approached in times of peace in any country. The firmness of the security market in the face of these almost national misfortunes is as good evidence as could be required of the inherent soundness of business generally. The strength of the stock and bond markets is the more noteworthy as the authorities of the Stock Exchange happened to undertake, contemporaneously with the events referred to, the execution of a strategic move that proved abortive, except in checking the feeling of confidence that has recently been developing in relation to Wall Street affairs. For four days the street and the public were relegated to the methods of a quarter of a century ago in a vain attempt on the part of the Exchange to control the quotations that are made on its floor. Yet even that unkind treatment of its clients by the Stock Exchange did not upset the market, though a large number of small traders were influenced to throw their stocks overboard. From this it may be inferred that the majority in interest who hold stocks had quite as much faith in the eventual triumph of common-sense in the Stock Exchange as they have in the recuperative power of the country.

This last observation brings us close to the work in which every one has a greater or less interest, namely, the building up of the stricken localities. Every industry is bound to feel the effects of the extensive work of reconstruction that will go on for months to come. There will be more employment in many important trades, and especially in those that have to do with architecture. There are millions of dollars' worth of goods that will have to be replaced, to say nothing of the preparation to receive them. Already the iron trade has begun to reflect an increasing demand, growing out of the many miles of railroad track that have been destroyed and the putting up of new buildings. The price of steel rails has been advanced one dollar per ton, and pig-iron is fifty cents a ton higher. There are innumerable new bridges to be built for the railroads—a necessity that will give a very important industry a good deal to do. And all of this involves the transportation of a vast amount of material and the shifting of no inconsiderable proportion of the population. Individuals have suffered financial losses from which many will never recover, and a comparatively small number of corporations have encountered misfortunes that will curtail their profits for some time to come, but the unimpaired arteries of commerce will pulsate more quickly while the process of restoration is going on.

This may seem to be too pleasant a view to take of one of the most fatal calamities that ever overtook a civilized community. But no one can deny that it describes the present and the immediate future of the situation from a business point of view, and it is with them that we have to deal incessantly. A more general view of the situation reveals other changes that have taken place in the business world within the calendar week. The matter of readjusting through rates to and from points west of Duluth and Chicago has been taken up by the managers of the roads engaged in that traffic. The issue presented is clear enough, but not so its solution. It involves the diversion of traffic from channels to which it has long been accustomed to a nearer, shorter, and cheaper route. The traffic that would naturally go by way of Duluth will take that route in the end, and no amount of coaxing or forcing will induce it to go by way of Chicago. There is a region naturally tributary to Chicago, but it is now restricted, whereas a few years ago it included the entire West and Northwest. While this situation is unsatisfactory, and at times appears to be threatening, it is very doubtful if any of the companies interested will take the responsibility of precipitating a rate war. The geography of the situation is relentless, and will prevail in the end.

Additional heavy exports of gold have also caused some apprehension, as was to be expected, for there is always, both in Wall Street and out of it, a large number of people who seem to believe that prosperity is entirely based upon the yellow metal. At the present rate we are not parting with more gold than we can afford to. As long as foreign dealers will return our securities to us, because they do not happen to see an improvement in railroad earnings as clearly as a large number of people in this country believe they foresee it, and as long as we import luxuries by the ship-load, and go to Europe every year by the tens of thousands with liberal purses, we must expect to pay the bills, and in the international coin. But in the long-run the balance is in our favor. Despite our trade restrictions we sell Europe more than we buy from her; that is, including securities. That some hesitancy in finance and in trade should result from the changes that have been noted is perfectly natural. The surprise is in the almost universal complacency. Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, June* 8, 1889.

HOW 'THE TRAVELERS' CAME TO BE THE ONE GREAT ACCIDENT COMPANY IN AMERICA.

ANY new sort of business generally gets on its feet by bankrupting pretty much everybody who goes into it for the first few years; the great firms who finally grow rich out of it come later, and profit by the knowledge others have paid for. One of the few great exceptions to this is accident insurance in America: the Company which began it is still greater than all the rest put together, has long ago seen every one of its early rivals buried, and has grown into one of the leading business institutions of the whole earth. Of course it seems ridiculous that one set of men should coin money right along where everybody else starves in the same field; and lots of people can't understand it and can't bear it—it looks *so* easy to give a man a piece of paper and promise to pay him something if he gets killed! So they try it and burn their fingers; and other concerns come from foreign countries to see if they can't turn the stream into their ditches, and *they* get weary and go home: and the more there are to fight, the more The Travelers looms up above them all.

And why? Well, partly because their idea is huge nonsense—the business is not an easy one, but one of the hardest in the world: needing a mint of money, *experience*, and no end of business ability, care, hard work, and the faculty of deciding just right at an instant's notice. The Travelers is the only one that has the first two; we won't say anything about the rest. There are other reasons, too, but there is no space to detail them here. It is enough that it has become *the* accident company of the country. Its assets on January 1, 1889, were $10,383,000, and its surplus to policy-holders $2,041,000—a magnificent fund, which makes its policies equal to any security in the world. It has paid back to policy-holders over $16,000,000, one tenth of it during 1888; its claim payments in the Accident Department alone are now over a million a year; there have been $200,000 in a single month, and it could have paid the entire million in any one month without endangering it in the least.

And to sum up, we draw the sound deduction which was attached to every item, prose or poetry, jest or earnest, in an early number of their monthly paper, and which has become nearly classical, viz.:—"Moral: Insure in the Travelers."—[*Adv.*]

AN INDOLENT ORGAN.

When the liver is indolent, as it must necessarily be when it fails to secrete the bile in sufficient quantities to meet the requirements of digestion and evacuation, it should be set at work with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The healthful stimulus to activity imparted by this incomparable alterative, speedily evinces itself in a departure of the uncomfortable sensations in the right side; the nausea; fur upon the tongue; indigestion, and sick headache consequent upon inactivity of the liver and the diversion of the bile from its proper channel. Irregularity of the bowels is always and painlessly reformed by the corrective indicated, which is infinitely to be preferred, both because it is safe and more efficacious, to blue pill, calomel, and drenching purgatives of every class It cures and prevents fever and ague, and rheumatism —[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Imperial Granum.—The safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. A nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged—Imperial Granum.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

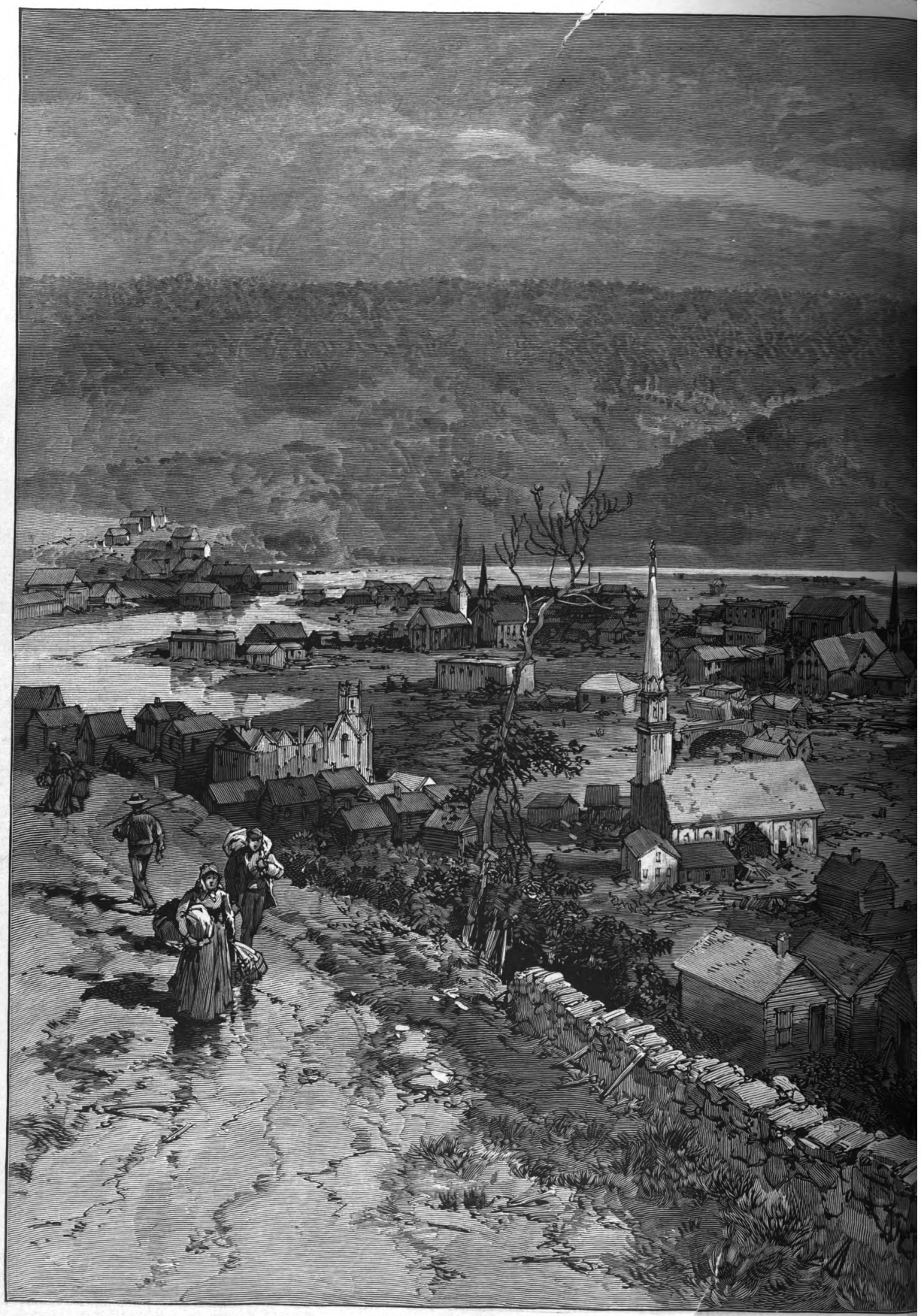
"For a long time I had no appetite, was restless at night, and very much debilitated. After taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my strength and appetite returned, and my health was completely restored." D. M. Fisher, Oswego, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE RUINED ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT JOHNSTOWN.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



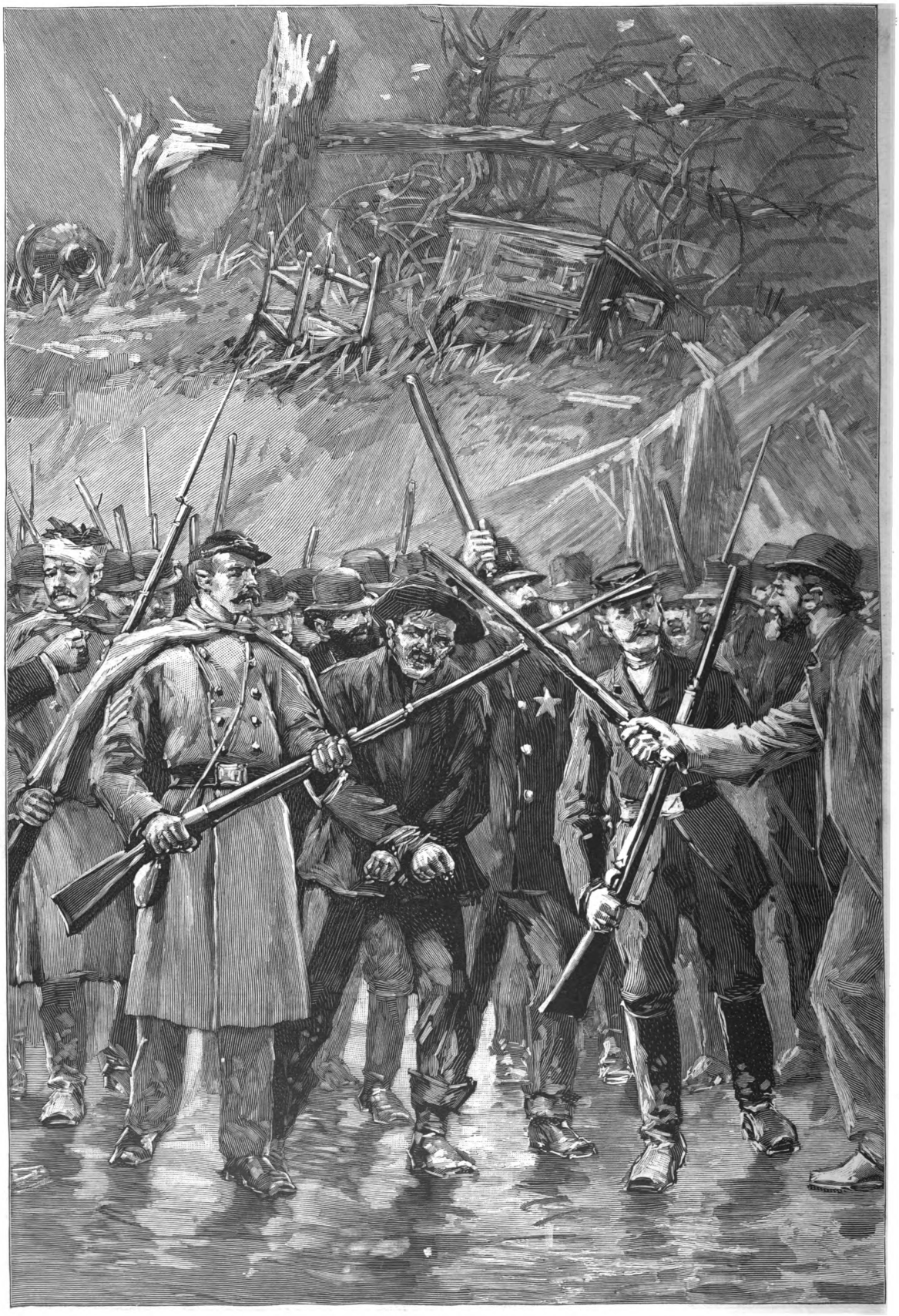
JOHNSTOWN, FROM SOUTH FORK TURN

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



OKING WEST.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ARREST OF PLUNDERERS OF THE DEAD.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1696.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



THE MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT ARTHUR.—DRAWN BY ALFRED FREDERICKS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 495.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR JULY.

THE STATE OF IOWA. By Mr. Justice Miller. Accompanied by a Frontispiece Portrait of Mr. Justice Miller, and 13 other Portraits.
SHORT STORIES. By Florence E. Weld, and by F. Doveridge.
GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES. VIII. A PIECE OF GLASS. Twenty Explanatory Illustrations.
JUPITER LIGHTS. By C. F. Woolson. A Novel. Part VII.
PALATIAL PETERSBURG. By Theodore Child. Fifteen Illustrations.
IS AMERICAN STAMINA DECLINING? By William Blaikie.
TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD. A Poem of 1632. Seven Illustrations by Abbey and Parsons.
A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD. A Novel. By Charles Dudley Warner. Part IV.
THE SOUTH AND THE SCHOOL PROBLEM. By Rev. Atticus G. Haygood, D.D., LL.D.
LES PORTEUSES. By Lafcadio Hearn. Illustrated.
ADRIAAN VAN DE VELDE. By E. Mason. Illustrated.
THE BANKS OF THE BRANDYWINE. By H. M. Jenkins. Illustrated.
POEMS. By Rev. Walter Mitchell (Illustrated), and by Charles Washington Coleman.
A SONNET. By William Wordsworth. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons.
SOCIAL PERSEVERANCE. By George du Maurier. Full-page Illustration.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR. By George William Curtis.
EDITOR'S STUDY. By William Dean Howells.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER. Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.
LITERARY NOTES. By Laurence Hutton.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....	*Per Year.*	*Postage Free,* $4 00.
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	" $4 00.
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	" $4 00.
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE...	"	" $2 00.

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1696.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

ORGANIZING THE HOUSE.

THE Republican majority in the House of Representatives at the opening of the next session of Congress is so small that apprehensions are expressed that a use of the power of the majority will be attempted which will be resisted by the minority at whatever cost. This is a singular statement. It is a virtual threat that in expectation of an effort of the majority to do what the minority do not like, or what a majority would not be justified in doing, the minority will arrest the operation of the government. The statement is the more singular because it is alleged that in such a course the minority would be led by Mr. RANDALL, who, upon the chief question on which the majority was elected, agrees with the majority. Under the accepted rules of parliamentary procedure, motions to adjourn in various forms may be made continuously, so as entirely to baffle the proceedings. But, pushed to extremity, this course becomes revolutionary, because it prevents the very purpose for which the House was elected, and because it annuls the fundamental principle of peaceful parliamentary procedure—the rule of the majority. A majority of one carries the principle as plainly and fully as a majority of one hundred. Even if it should happen that a dispute arises over the right of any member to his seat upon whose vote the actual majority might depend, the just rule is that the name of the person who holds the official certificate of election is entitled to be placed upon the roll, and his right to a seat can be considered only by the House when organized.

The question arose at the organization of the Twenty-fifth Congress, just fifty years ago, in 1839, and the circumstances deserve to be recalled at this time. The House met for organization on the 2d of December, and it was known that the seats of five members from New Jersey who held the usual credentials would be contested by five other claimants. Mr. GARLAND, clerk of the preceding House, according to custom, called the members to order, and proceeded to call the roll. When he reached the New Jersey names he called one of them, and then said that for the five other seats there was a contest which he did not feel competent to decide, and he would therefore pass the names and complete the call, that the House might organize and decide the question. This seemed plausible; but the holders of the regular credentials were Whigs, and the contestants were Democrats, while the House undoubtedly elected was so evenly divided that the party character of the organization would be determined by the New Jersey members. If the Whigs who held the certificates were excluded from the organization, as Mr. GARLAND designed, the Democrats would control the organization. The excitement at once became intense, and for three days the utmost confusion prevailed, and the situation was evidently perilous, because there seemed to be no course of action which both sides would accept. In this emergency there was a general deference to JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, a member of the House, as a man of such experience, ability, and indomitable integrity that perfect confidence could be placed in the strict justice of his action.

On the 5th of December he rose, and addressing his fellow-members as fellow-citizens, begged the House to organize itself, and said that he would offer a resolution ordering the clerk to call the names of the New Jersey members who held the certificates. As the clerk would put no motion, when the members of the House asked, "How shall the question be put?" Mr. ADAMS characteristically answered, "I intend to put the question myself." There was a tumult of applause, and he was made chairman of the assembly. But the end was not yet. For eleven days more the embittered contest raged. At last, in plain violation of sound principles, all the New Jersey contestants were excluded from the organization of the House, because the Democrats thought that they could organize without them, and on the 16th of December R. M. T. HUNTER, of Virginia, was elected Speaker. It is not supposed that this precise contest will arise next December. There is apparently an apprehension that the Republican majority will propose some rules of procedure designed to deprive the minority of their rights. But this would be a palpable abuse of the power of the majority which would instantly alienate public sympathy. On the other hand, the filibustering of the minority to prevent an organization because of such apprehension would be equally resented by public opinion. The uncontested majority may rightfully organize the House. Then, if they propose measures or rules which the minority dislike, the minority will be undoubtedly morally supported in reasonable opposition, but not to the point contemplated in some quarters of arresting the wheels of government.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERSHIP.

UPON receipt of an intimation from the Secretary of the Interior that the President proposed to make a change in the office, Mr. OBERLY resigned the Indian Commissionership, and General THOMAS I. MORGAN, of Providence, Rhode Island, has been appointed in his place. Mr. OBERLY has discharged his duties with great ability and efficiency, and with exclusive regard to the welfare of the Indians and of the public. He is a man of unusual executive faculty, and he has firmly excluded all political and partisan considerations from the administration of his office. He was in entire sympathy with the general views and spirit of the Indian Rights Association, and that body in every fair and honorable way sought to secure his retention. There is no suggestion that the change is made for any other than a political reason. The Indian policy of the administration, if it be based upon just and considerate and non-political regard for the Indians, must necessarily be that of the late Commissioner, and as he held that politics had no concern with his duties, and carefully observed that principle in practice, it cannot be urged that he was not in sympathy with the Executive. The change has been made not because the late Commissioner was in any way unfitted for the office, nor because he disagreed with the administration, nor because of any personal reason, but solely because in his general political views he is a Democrat.

This will be accepted by many persons as a perfectly satisfactory reason. But the Republican platform declared that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments," and the party pledged itself to enforce this rule. The President accepted the declaration and confirmed the pledge, adding that "only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." It cannot be contended honestly that these pledges are not deliberately violated in this instance, as they have been in so many other instances. If Mr. OBERLY were a Republican instead of a Democrat, and a change had been made, it would not have been made for any reason connected with the service, but solely to give the place to some other Republican, under the old plea that Mr. OBERLY had had his share. As no allegation against his official action has ever been made which was not promptly and conclusively refuted, the argument which has prevailed was undoubtedly the assertion that the retention of the Commissioner would be "bad politics," because it would imply that there was no Republican fit for the position of Indian Commissioner. This is the familiar sophistry by which a clean party sweep in the entire service is attempted to be justified. But it is a plea which the Republican platform and the President's declaration very properly and completely disregard. "Only the interest of the public service," he said—not the demand of party politicians or the supposed interest of a party—"should suggest removals from office."

The argument that the retention would show that there was no Republican fit for the place assumes the condition which the letter and the spirit of the reform distinctly deny, namely, that because the successful party can furnish suitable men for all the places in the service, therefore equally suitable men ought to be turned out to make room for them. The reply is that the assumption is totally irrelevant, and if it should be made a principle of action, would necessarily prevent reform. The removal of the Indian Commissioner is another conspicuous illustration of the want of any consistent or intelligent conception or purpose of reform. General MORGAN, who is appointed Commissioner, was a gallant soldier of the Union, and he will undoubtedly make an excellent officer, notwithstanding the vicious principle by which a vacancy was created. The criticism which a change in violation of reform principles and pledges was sure to elicit has had the good effect of securing a selection which in itself is unobjectionable. The Indian Rights Association, in the event of Mr. OBERLY'S removal, which it greatly deplored, desired and urged the appointment of General MORGAN. But when the nature of the Indian Department, the immense advantage of experience, the mastery of details and the knowledge which are gained by service, and the just views and integrity of the late Commissioner, are considered, the loss of them all to the public service, in order to appoint a successor solely because of different political views, which are totally irrelevant to the duties of the office, a false system is seen in all its folly. There is no doubt of the high character and ability of the new Commissioner, but there is also no doubt that his appointment, under the circumstances, is the confirmation of an evil practice.

PARTY DISCORDS.

THE temperature of party politics is tropical. There is no great measure now pending, and party lines are not drawn upon great policies, but the animosities within them are more rancorous than the feeling toward the opposition. On the one hand, a New York Republican especially friendly to Mr. BLAINE, and one of the most devoted supporters of Mr. HARRISON at the last election, recently remarked with fervor that an election in New York now would show a Democratic majority of the most imposing size. To the inquiry as to the reasons of such a result, the crisp reply was, "Republican disgust." The statement of this gentleman was undoubtedly somewhat perfervid, and strongly suggested that he might be a friend of ex-Senator WARNER MILLER.

On the other hand, the St. Louis *Republic*, a violent Democratic journal, remarks of the Governor of New York:

> "This is the year to tell the truth about DAVID BENNETT HILL, one of the most ignorant, narrow, and unscrupulous pot-house politicians who ever pretended to be a Democrat, or knifed a Democratic ticket. He is not honest enough to be reputable, and he has not brains enough to conceal the traces of his subterranean work."

As Mr. HILL is the only Democrat now mentioned as a possible contestant for the nomination, if Mr. CLEVELAND should be proposed again, and as the *Republic* would probably support "the most ignorant, narrow, and unscrupulous pot-house politician" as its candidate, if he should be nominated, the remark is an interesting illustration both of the "getting together" of the Democratic party and of party spirit in general. The tone of this remark indicates an apprehension that HILL'S "subterranean work" may carry the day, after all, and make him the representative of the party which in the view of the *Republic* is the party of public probity and progress. Such an assault in a party organ upon a prominent candidate for the highest party honor is significant of the fierce animosity within the party, of which there are other striking illustrations.

One obvious "lesson" to be drawn from such facts as these is the droll folly of a pledge to support three years hence the candidate of a party whoever he may be. The shibboleth of party loyalty before a nomination is the phrase, "I am for the candidate." That is the only assurance which "subterranean" workers demand. Pledge yourself to support the candidate, whoever he may be and however his nomination may be secured, and the game of bribery and swindling will begin, with you as an involuntary accomplice. Fifteen years ago, when there was a body of Republicans in New York strongly opposed to the machine, but which supported the machine candidates when they were nominated, the machine leaders used to say, with supreme scorn, "Let 'em blow; they'll vote the ticket." The "subterraneans" are really impressed only by an opposition which "means business." If they think that the kickers will really refuse to vote the ticket, or will actually vote against it, they will consider. Otherwise they will only sneer. If Governor HILL as a candidate would be generally supported by Democrats who assail him in the tone of the St. Louis *Republic*, he is a very proper representative of his party.

THE EDUCATIONAL DISPLAY AT PARIS.

THE despatch of the New York Associated Press from Paris on the exhibits of educational methods at the Paris Exposition is an admirable summary of the significance of the display. The result is, indeed, unexpected, for it is not to such an exhibition that the observer would turn for the kind of information which the despatch crisply summarizes. The display

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

reveals a revolution in the means, methods, and objects of schooling. The ancient view of higher education as the exclusive privilege of a class is superseded by the wiser conception that it is rather the right of all. The Exhibition shows that in every country there is a practical and effective conviction that thought should develop skill, and that education, besides disciplining the mind and enlarging spiritual power and resource, should also train the eye and the hand, thus maturing and moulding the physical capacity to make life happier and easier for all. This particular branch of the Exposition illustrates an immense advantage of these cosmopolitan displays. By assembling specimens of the methods and results of all nations and countries on a common theatre, they reveal each nation to itself in comparison with all others, and lift it out of the narrow and self-satisfied provincialism into which every nation tends to sink.

The English-speaking countries have been so inclined to regard themselves as the unquestionable heads of the world, and to point to their public schools as the corner-stone of their greatness, that it is surprising to find that in a comparative exhibition of the educational systems of the civilized world they show, according to the report, "scantiness and relative inferiority." But the small American display is doubtless due to the usual American indifference to such frequent exhibitions, and hardly justifies the judgment of the reproof as to the American system. For the science of teaching, both England and America must go to Germany and France. More than twenty years ago the French Minister of Education in an admirable report set forth the reasons and practicability of compulsory attendance at school. France, first among great nations, threw off the tradition of exclusive literary training, and in the Exposition, besides a representation of the entire school system of Paris, seventy of the eighty-seven departments of the republic are represented.

Then, according to the despatch, comes Belgium, combining the greatest density of population with the largest diversity of occupation, and the most uniform distribution of wealth with the minimum of pauperism. Closely following are Holland and Switzerland, and abreast of them are the French colonies in Asia, Oceanica, and Africa. The great surprise, however, is Japan, where the kindergarten, or the intelligent and happy training of children, outdoes FROEBEL. There are nearly 3,000,000 of children and 70,000 teachers in the elementary schools of Japan, and the entire educational system, from the primaries up to the university, is as scientific and orderly as in France. Especially remarkable is the work of the schools for the blind and for deaf-mutes. The skill of the latter in wood-carving, painting, modelling in clay, and in designing for ceramics, textiles, and iron, is "almost phenomenal." The schools of Boston are practically the representative of the entire American system in the Exhibition. St. Paul shows the primary schools; Buffalo, the grammar-schools; Philadelphia, the schools of manual training; and California, the normal schools. If the representation be a fair illustration of our system and schools, and they are really inferior, as this friendly statement asserts, no eyes will recognize the fact so soon as those of American observers, and there will be little delay in the practical result of modifying our system in accordance with the better methods shown at the Exhibition.

FOREIGN DISPUTES IN DOMESTIC POLITICS.

MR. PATRICK EGAN was appointed Minister to Chili undoubtedly because he was a conspicuous Irish agitator, and for the purpose of conciliating the Irish vote, which is now the Republican policy. For reasons of special fitness and knowledge and diplomatic ability distinguishing him above other American citizens—for we believe it is a fact that he has been duly naturalized—Mr. EGAN would not have been selected. It was undeniably a bid for the Irish vote. Naturally, therefore, when the American government makes prominence in the fierce political controversies of other countries a reason for conferring its honors, it excites the opposition of other participants in those controversies who also have become American citizens.

The British-American Association has published a very emphatic protest against the appointment of Mr. EGAN, telling the universally recognized truth about it in very plain English, and of course scoring a point against the administration. It should seem that our own political contentions are sufficiently animated and engrossing to make it wholly unnecessary for any legitimate public purpose to import and domesticate those of other countries. The predominant political interests of the Irish-American voter are largely those of his native land, and there is nothing to be gained for American interests and welfare by stimulating the English-American to prefer English politics to ours.

The worst result of the deference of the American government to the domestication of foreign politics in this country is a necessary indifference to the cultivation of true Americanism—a word of which we hear a great deal, but which certainly does not mean servility to sentiments and votes wholly foreign to American self-respect and dignity. If our public affairs are to be conducted with regard to the views of those who desire a certain policy to prevail in England or France or Germany, they will not be conducted either in a characteristic or an honorable American way.

A PREMATURE ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE expressed our gratification last week at the reported decision of the President to allow honest and efficient officers, who show due regard to the proprieties of their position by refraining from partisan activity, to serve the terms for which they were appointed. We are sorry to say that the announcement of this decision was premature. It is not a rule which has been adopted by the President. The dismissal of the postmasters at Bridgeport (Connecticut), Norwich (Connecticut), New Bedford (Massachusetts), Jacksonville (Florida), Jersey City (New Jersey), Vineland (New Jersey), and many more, in some instances against the expressed wishes of citizens of all parties, shows that the good rule has not yet been adopted.

Meanwhile Senator BLAIR, of New Hampshire, who is not the least amusing member of the Senate, fulminates against reform with an energy which tumbles over the platform of his party, and heaps foul scorn upon the pledges and professions of the President. In the case of some other Senator it might be interesting to inquire whether he repudiates with the same contempt, as nonsensical and un-American, the declarations of his party platform about protection. The Boston *Transcript*, a Republican journal of high character and discrimination, says that "Senator BLAIR, of New Hampshire, is one of those Republicans who hang to the Republican party because by no other agency could they be continued in public life." The Senator should take care, therefore, not to ridicule and denounce the Republican platform. He may disregard reform, perhaps, in practice, but in view of the *Transcript's* remark he must really insist that the spirit and purpose of reform shall be observed.

We regret sincerely that the President has not concluded to enforce a rule so excellent as that which he was said to have adopted. It falls very far short of a thorough principle of reform, but it is a step in the right direction, and would make all other steps easier. We believe, also, that the strict observance of such a policy, as of an unwritten law, would secure for the President a regard and a confidence which would be better for him than any favor he can gain by removing good officers before the expiration of their terms.

THE CRONIN MURDER.

THE Clan-na-Gael is a secret Irish society which seeks to promote the Irish cause by any means, however criminal. Dr. CRONIN was a member of this society in Chicago, and by the freedom of his comments and censure upon its management had made himself very disagreeable to its managers. Suddenly, some weeks ago, Dr. CRONIN disappeared, and after much excitement and inquiry, his body was found in a sewer, and upon examination it was evident that he had been murdered. The coroner's jury, after hearing many witnesses, rendered a careful verdict, in which they say that the murder was evidently the result of a most foul and brutal conspiracy, that a number of persons were privy to it, and that certain of them, whom the jury name, should be held to answer to the Grand Jury.

Among these persons is ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, one of the most conspicuous of the Irish leaders in this country, who was immediately arrested and committed to jail. The jury conclude their verdict with a declaration to which every honorable American citizen will heartily respond, "That in our judgment all secret societies whose objects are such as the evidence shows that of the Clan-na-Gael or United Brotherhood to be are not in harmony with and are injurious to American institutions."

It is this system of secret conspiracies to commit crimes, under the pretext of liberating Ireland, and the apparent indifference to such conspiracies, if not connivance with them, which constantly check and alienate the sympathy of honest men with the Irish cause. Mr. PARNELL'S statement that he had deliberately lied to the House of Commons in order to aid his purposes has undoubtedly been of great injury to Ireland among a people who are not secret conspirators even for a good cause. Whatever may be the faults of the English-speaking nations, they pursue their objects, even when they are Revolutionary, openly and frankly. It was in the town meeting, with free public speech, not in a secret chamber, with passwords and grips, that SAM ADAMS inspired the American revolution; and it was in the open field, under the recognized laws of war, not by assassinations and by wholesale crimes that involve men, women, and children in indiscriminate slaughter, that WASHINGTON and his soldiers fought for American independence. There is no excuse for soiling a great movement like that of local government for Ireland with the basest and most repulsive crimes. It is not enough for the leaders to disclaim such crimes. They should denounce and punish and prevent them.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE has written a letter to Mr. HENRY CLEWS to correct some misstatement of important facts in Mr. CLEWS'S work, *Thirty Years in Wall Street*. The tone of Lord PALMERSTON, who was British Prime Minister during our civil war, and of Lord RUSSELL, the Foreign Secretary, with the familiar remark of Mr. GLADSTONE that JEFFERSON DAVIS had created a nation, and the earnest correspondence between Mr. ADAMS, our Minister, and the British Foreign Office, led to a general conviction in this country that the British cabinet awaited only a plausible excuse and a fortunate situation to recognize the Confederacy.

Mr. GLADSTONE has rendered an important service to history by his denial, and Mr. CLEWS may be congratulated upon having elicited, although wholly without design, the authoritative explanation. Mr. GLADSTONE says:

"Allow me to assure you that, so far as that cabinet is concerned, you have been entirely misled in regard to matters of fact. As a member of it, and now nearly its sole surviving member, I can state that it never at any time dealt with the subject of recognizing the Southern States in your great civil war, excepting when it learned the proposition of the Emperor NAPOLEON III., and declined to entertain that proposition, without qualification, hesitation, delay, or dissent. In the debate which took place on Mr. ROEBUCK'S proposal for the negotiation, Lord RUSSELL took no part, and could take none, as he was a member of the House of Lords. I spoke for the cabinet. You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that there is no foundation for a charge which, had it been true, might have aided in keeping alive angry sentiments happily gone by."

Mr. GLADSTONE'S own remark about JEFFERSON DAVIS he has already amply explained. The words were unquestionably spoken, and they were unquestionably unfortunate, although they did not import either the desire or the glee which were attached to them in this country when they were spoken. What we instinctively demanded from Englishmen like Mr. GLADSTONE was what we found in JOHN BRIGHT, a clear perception of the real character and scope of the contest, which would have made our misfortune the disaster of the English-speaking race. This is now so plain that no recent event is so discreditable to this country, and so inconceivable as an act of the Republican party, as the practical refusal of the Senate, upon Mr. SHERMAN'S motion, to pass a resolution of respect for the memory of the truest friend in Europe of this country in its extremity—JOHN BRIGHT. In his letter to Mr. CLEWS, Mr. GLADSTONE says of his own remark:

"To your reference in page 70, as a record of impressions, which I am not entitled to use, I can make no objection, though you are probably aware that they were many years ago the subject of a detailed explanation from me to the American government, and of a most handsome reply from Mr. HAMILTON FISH."

PERSONAL.

THE portrait of General GRANT which was placed last year on the walls of the Cadet Mess Hall at West Point by Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, has been followed this year by the paintings of Generals SHERMAN and SHERIDAN, which are also the gifts of Mr. CHILDS. All three are the work of Mrs. DARRAGH, of Philadelphia. That of General GRANT was painted from a photograph selected by Mrs. GRANT, and is considered a faithful likeness of him as he appeared during and just after the war. The others are also copies of previous likenesses, although the artist was assisted by sittings of the originals. General SHERMAN is represented as he was fifteen years ago, Mrs. DARRAGH being guided by HUNTINGTON'S portrait, which now hangs in the War Department. A photograph of General SHERIDAN, taken about the time he left Chicago to succeed SHERMAN in command of the army, and showing him in the full uniform of his rank, was selected by the great cavalry leader to aid the artist in her preliminary work, and he afterward gave her several sittings. Although greatly opposed at first to being painted by a woman, he was much pleased with the portrait, and requested that the old sabre which he carried through the war be represented in the picture. After General SHERIDAN'S death, the artist changed the uniform in the portrait, so that it might coincide with the rank of General conferred on the hero while he was dying. Through the generosity of the Philadelphia editor the three central figures of the rebellion have thus found appropriate representation in the halls where they learned the art of war.

—EDWARD BURGESS, the yacht designer, looks more like a professor of mathematics than a practical boat-builder. He is forty years old, member of an aristocratic Boston family, and a graduate of Harvard. His father's financial losses led him to become an instructor of entomology in his Alma Mater, and for fifteen years he was Secretary of the Society of Natural History in Boston. Possessing a natural taste for mathematics, Mr. BURGESS readily drifted from the study of bugs to the designing of yachts, and in his present avocation he has found both pleasure and financial profit. With his wife and two children he now lives in a handsome house on Boston's select thoroughfare—Beacon Street.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S return from his present trip to Europe will also be a return to "Elmwood," his beautiful homestead at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which has been leased by Mrs. OLE BULL for a number of years. His only daughter, Mrs. EDWARD BURNETT, will live with him, as her two sons are to enter Harvard this fall.

—Rear-Admiral DANIEL AMMEN, the champion of the Nicaragua Canal, was a school-mate of General GRANT in Ohio, and was appointed a midshipman in the navy the same year that young GRANT was made a cadet at West Point. They always remained close friends, and General GRANT was greatly disappointed when he was made President because AMMEN, then fleet captain of the Asiatic squadron, would not resign and become Secretary of the Navy.

—Professor MAX MÜLLER is to be the guest of the King of Sweden during the meeting of the International Congress of Orientalists at Stockholm next September.

—Agricultural Secretary RUSK will still further demonstrate his fitness to preside over the granger economies of the country by writing a book on the common diseases of horses and cattle.

—ISRAEL COE, of Waterbury, Connecticut, claims the distinction of being the oldest ex-member of the Legislature of that State, as well as the oldest nutmeg Freemason. He is ninety-four years old.

—It is said of the late LEONARD H. SWETT, of Chicago, that he strongly resembled ABRAHAM LINCOLN, his old and intimate friend, in feature and manner. He nominated Mr. LINCOLN for the Presidency in 1860, and performed a like service for Judge GRESHAM at the last Republican National Convention in Chicago. He was born and educated in Maine, but drifted to Indiana in 1846. Then he went to the Mexican war, and when he was discharged, on account of illness, settled in Bloomington, Illinois, and began the law practice which afterward brought him into intimate association with Mr. LINCOLN. Mr. SWETT was married twice, the last time, about two years ago, to his private secretary.

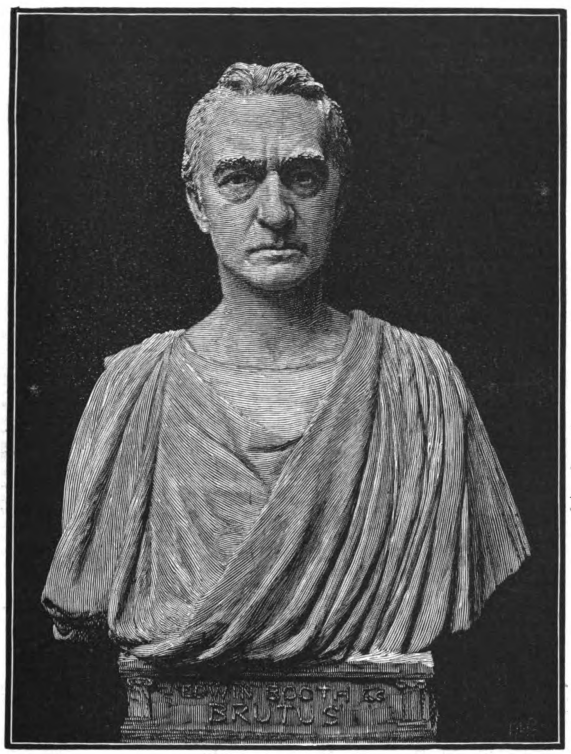
—Captain GEORGE A. ARMES, the retired army officer at Washington, who disgraced himself during and after the last Presidential inauguration by pulling Governor BEAVER'S nose and indulging in other remarkable conduct, and escaped full punishment through the interposition of President HARRISON, has probably survived more court-martial and their findings than any other soldier in the country. Three Presidents have intervened between him and dismissal—HAYES, GARFIELD, and HARRISON. He was a Virginian, but joined the Union army at the breaking out of the war, and is credited with an irritable temperament over which he has little or no control.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SKETCHES FROM THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 499.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

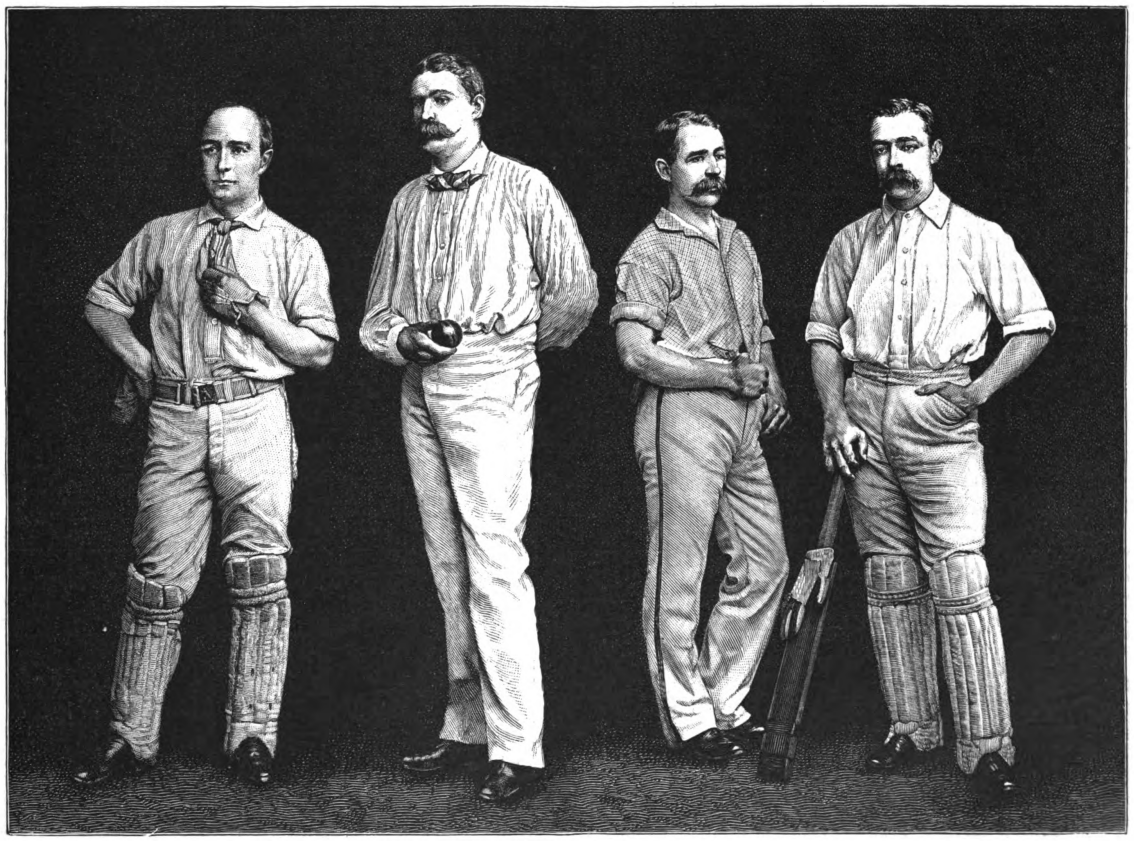


EDWIN BOOTH AS "BRUTUS."



JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR PETER TEAZLE."

BUSTS FOR THE PLAYERS' CLUB.—J. SCOTT HARTLEY, SCULPTOR.—[SEE PAGE 499.]



THE NEWHALLS, THE GREAT AMERICAN CRICKETERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 495.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

XI.

At the reception, where two men in livery stood aside to let him pass up the outside steps of the house, and two more helped him off with his overcoat in-doors, and a fifth mi-called his name into the drawing-room, the Syracuse stone-cutter's son met the niece of Mrs. Horn, and began at once to tell her about his evening at the Dry-foos-es'. He was in very good spirits, for so far as he could have been elated or depressed by his parting with Alma Leighton he had been elated; she had not treated his impudence with the contempt that he felt it deserved; she must still be fond of him; and the warm sense of this, by operation of an obscure but well-recognized law of the masculine being, disposed him to be rather fond of Miss Vance. She was a slender girl, whose semi-æsthetic dress flowed about her with an accentuation of her long forms, and redeemed them from censure by the very frankness with which it confessed them; nobody could have said that Margaret Vance was too tall. Her pretty little head, which she had an effect of choosing to have little in the same spirit of judicious defiance, had a good deal of reading in it; she was proud to know literary and artistic fashions as well as society fashions. She liked being singled out by an exterior distinction so obvious as Beaton's, and she listened with sympathetic interest to his account of those people. He gave their natural history reality by drawing upon his own; he reconstructed their plebeian past from the experiences of his childhood and his youth of the pre-Parisian period; and he had a pang of suicidal joy in insulting their ignorance of the world.

"What different kinds of people you meet!" said the girl at last, with an envious sigh. Her reading had enlarged the bounds of her imagination, if not her knowledge; the novels nowadays dealt so much with very common people, and made them seem so very much more worth while than the people one met.

She said something like this to Beaton. He answered: "You can meet the people I'm talking of very easily, if you want to take the trouble. It's what they came to New York for. I fancy it's the great ambition of their lives to be m-t."

"Oh yes," said Miss Vance, fashionably, and looked down; then she looked up and said, intellectually: "Don't you think it's a great pity? How much better for them to have staid where they were and what they were!"

"Then you could never have had any chance of meeting them," said Beaton. "I don't suppose you intend to go out to the gas country?"

"No," said Miss Vance, amused. "Not that I shouldn't like to go."

"What a daring spirit! You ought to be on the staff of *Every Other Week*," said Beaton.

"The staff—*Every Other Week?* What is it?"

"The missing link; the long-felt want of a tie between the Arts and the Dollars." Beaton gave her a very picturesque, a very dramatic sketch of the theory, the purpose, and the *personnel* of the new enterprise.

Miss Vance understood too little about business of any kind to know how it differed from other enterprises of its sort. She thought it was delightful; she thought Beaton must be glad to be part of it, though he had represented himself so bored, so injured, by Fulkerson's insisting upon having him. "And is it a secret? Is it a thing not to be spoken of?"

"*Tutt' altro!* Fulkerson will be enraptured to have it spoken of in society. He would pay any reasonable bill for the advertisement."

"What a delightful creature! Tell him it shall all be spent in charity."

"He would like that. He would get two paragraphs out of the fact, and your name would go into the 'Literary Notes' of all the newspapers."

"Oh, but I shouldn't want my *name* used!" cried the girl, half horrified into fancying the situation real.

"Then you'd better not say anything about *Every Other Week*. Fulkerson is preternaturally unscrupulous."

March began to think so too, at times. He was perpetually suggesting changes in the make-up of the first number, with a view to its greater vividness of effect. One day he came in and said: "This thing isn't going to have any sort of get up and howl about it, unless you have a paper in the first number going for Bevans's novels. Better get Maxwell to do it."

"Why, I thought you liked Bevans's novels?"

"So I do; but where the good of *Every Other Week* is concerned I am a Roman father. The popular gag is to abuse Bevans, and Maxwell is the man to do it. There hasn't been a new magazine started for the last three years that hasn't had an article from Maxwell in its first number cutting Bevans all to pieces. If people don't see it, they'll think *Every Other Week* is some old thing."

March did not know whether Fulkerson was joking or not. He suggested, "Perhaps they'll think it's an old thing if they do see it."

"Well, get somebody else, then; or else get Maxwell to write under an assumed name. Or—I forgot! He'll be anonymous under our system anyway. Now there ain't a more popular racket for us to work in that first number than a good, swingeing attack on Bevans. People read his books and quarrel over 'em, and the critics are all against him, and a regular flaying, with salt and vinegar rubbed in afterward, will tell more with people who like good old-fashioned fiction than anything else. *I* like Bevans's things, but, dad burn it! when it comes to that first number, I'd offer up anybody."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

"What an immoral little wretch you are, Fulkerson!" said March, with a laugh.

Fulkerson appeared not to be very strenuous about the attack on the novelist. "Say!" he called out, gayly, "what should you think of a paper defending the late lamented system of slavery?"

"What *do* you mean, Fulkerson?" asked March, with a puzzled smile.

Fulkerson braced his knees against his desk, and pushed himself back, but kept his balance to the eye by canting his hat sharply forward. "There's an old cock over there at the widow's that's written a book to prove that slavery was and is the only solution of the labor problem. He's a Southerner."

"I should imagine," March assented.

"He's got it on the brain that if the South could have been let alone by the commercial spirit and the pseudo-philanthropy of the North, it would have worked out slavery into a perfectly ideal condition for the laborer, in which he would have been insured against want, and protected in all his personal rights by the state. He read the introduction to me last night. I didn't catch on to all the points—his daughter's an awfully pretty girl, and I was carrying that fact in my mind all the time too, you know—but that's about the gist of it."

"Seems to regard it as a los' opportunity?" said March.

"Exactly! What a mighty catch, title, heigh? Look well on the title-page."

"Well written?"

"I reckon so; I don't know. The Colonel read it mighty eloquently."

"It mightn't be such bad business," said March, in a muse. "Could you get me a sight of it without committing yourself?"

"If the Colonel hasn't sent it off to another publisher this morning. He just got it back with thanks yesterday. He likes to keep it travelling."

"Well, try it. I've a notion it might be a curious thing."

"Look here, March," said Fulkerson, with the effect of taking a fresh hold; "I *wish* you could let me have one of those New York things of yours for the first number. After all, that's going to be the great card."

"I couldn't, Fulkerson; I couldn't, really. I want to philo-ophize the material, and I'm too new to it all yet. I don't want to do merely superficial sketches."

"Of course! Of course! I understand that. Well, I don't want to hurry you. Seen that old fellow of yours yet? I think we ought to have that translation in the first number; don't you? We want to give 'em a notion of what we're going to do in that line."

"Yes," said March; "and I was going out to look up Lindau this morning. I've inquired at Maroni's, and he hasn't been there for several days. I've some idea perhaps he's sick. But they gave me his address, and I'm going to see."

"Well, that's right. We want the first number to be the key-note in every way."

March shook his head. "You can't make it so. The first number is bound to be a failure always, as far as the representative character goes. It's invariably the case. Look at the first numbers of all the things you've seen started. They're experimental, almost amateurish, and necessarily so, not only because the men that are making them up are comparatively inexperienced like ourselves, but because the material sent them to deal with is more or less consciously tentative. People send their adventurous things to a new periodical because the whole thing is an adventure. I've noticed that quality in all the volunteer contributions; it's in the articles that have been done to order even. No; I've about made up my mind that if we can get one good striking paper into the first number that will take people's minds off the others, we shall be doing all we can possibly hope for. I should like," March added, less seriously, "to make up three numbers ahead, and publish the third one first."

Fulkerson dropped forward and struck his fist on the desk. "It's a first-rate idea. Why not *do* it?"

March laughed. "Fulkerson, I don't believe there's any quackish thing you wouldn't do in this cause. From time to time I'm thoroughly ashamed of being connected with such a charlatan."

Fulkerson struck his hat sharply backward. "Ah, dad burn it! To give that thing the right kind of start I'd walk up and down Broadway between two boards, with the title-page of *Every Other Week* fac-similed on one and my name and address on the—" He jumped to his feet and shouted, "March, I'll *do* it!"

"*What?*"

"I'll hire a lot of fellows to make mud-turtles of themselves, and I'll have a lot of big fac-similes of the title-page, and I'll paint the town red!"

March looked aghast at him. "Oh, come, now, Fulkerson!"

"I mean it. I was in London when a new man had taken hold of the old *Cornhill*, and they were trying to boom it, and they had a procession of these mud-turtles that reached from Charing Cross to Temple Bar. '*Cornhill Magazine*,' Sixpence. Not a dull page in it.' I said to myself then that it was the livest thing I ever saw. I respected the man that did that thing from the bottom of my heart. I wonder I ever forgot it. But it shows what a shaky thing the human mind is at its best."

"You infamous mountebank!" said March, with great amusement at Fulkerson's access; "you call that congeries of advertising instincts of yours the human mind at its best? Come, don't be so diffident, Fulkerson. Well, I'm off to find Lindau, and when I come back I hope Mr. Dry-foos will have you under control. I don't suppose you'll be quite sane again till after the first number is out. Perhaps public opinion will sober you then."

"Confound it, March! How do you think they *will* take it? I swear I'm getting so nervous I don't know half the time which end of me is up. I believe if we don't get that thing out by the first of February it 'll be the death of me."

"Couldn't wait till Washington's Birthday? I was thinking it would give the day a kind of distinction, and strike the public imagination, if—"

"No, I'll be dogged if I could!" Fulkerson lapsed more and more into the parlance of his early life in this season of strong excitement. "I believe if Beaton lags any on the art-leg I'll kill him."

"Well, *I* shouldn't mind your killing Beaton," said March, tranquilly, as he went out.

He went over to Third Avenue and took the elevated down to Chatham Square. He found the variety of people in the car as unfailingly entertaining as ever. He rather preferred the east side to the west side lines, because they offered more nationalities, conditions, and characters to his inspection. They draw not only from the uptown American region, but from all the vast hive of populations swarming between them and the East River. He had found that, according to the hour, American husbands going to and from business, and American wives going to and from shopping, prevailed on the Sixth Avenue road, and that the most picturesque admixture to these familiar aspects of human nature were the brilliant eyes and complexions of the American Hebrews, who otherwise contributed to the effect of well-clad comfort and citizen-self-satisfaction of the crowd. Now and then he had found himself in a car mostly filled with Neapolitans from the constructions far up the line, where he had read that they are worked and fed and housed like beasts; and listening to the jargon of their unintelligible dialect, he had occasion for pensive question within himself as to what notion these poor animals formed of a free republic from their experience of life under its conditions; and whether they found them practically very different from those of the immemorial brigandage and enforced complicity with rapine under which they had been born. But, after all, this was an infrequent effect, however massive, of travel on the west side, whereas the east offered him continual entertainment in like sort. The sort was never quite so squalid. For short distances the lowest poverty, the hardest pressed labor, must walk; but March never entered a car without encountering some interesting shape of shabby adversity, which was almost always adversity of foreign birth. New York is still popularly supposed to be in the control of the Irish, but March noticed in these east side travels of his what must strike every observer returning to the city after a prolonged absence: the numerical subordination of the dominant race. If they do not out-vote them, the people of Germanic, of Slavonic, of Pelasgic, of Mongolian stock, outnumber the preponderant Celts; and March seldom found his speculation centred upon one of these. The small eyes, the high cheeks, the broad noses, the puff lips, the bare, cue-filleted skulls, of Russians, Poles, Czechs, Chinese; the furtive glitter of Italians; the blond dulness of Germans; the cold quiet of Scandinavians—fire under ice—were aspects that he identified, and that gave him abundant suggestion for the personal histories he constructed, and for the more public-spirited reveries in which he dealt with the future economy of our heterogeneous commonwealth. It must be owned that he did not take much trouble about this; what these poor people were thinking, hoping, fearing, enjoying, suffering; just where and how they lived; who and what they individually were—these were the matters of his waking dreams as he stared hard at them, while the train raced further into the gay ugliness—the shapeless, graceless, reckless picturesqueness of the Bowery.

There were certain signs, certain façades, certain audacities of the prevailing hideousness that always amused him in that uproar to the eye which the strident forms and colors made. He was interested in the insolence with which the railway had drawn its erasing line across the Corinthian front of an old theatre, always grazing its fluted pillars, and flouting its dishonored pediment. The colossal effigies of the fat women and the tuft-headed Circassian girls of cheap museums; the vistas of shabby cross streets; the survival of an old hip-roofed house here and there at their angles; the Swiss-chalet, histrionic decorativeness of the stations in prospect or retrospect; the vagaries of the lines that narrowed together or stretched apart according to the width of the avenue, but always in wanton disregard of the life that dwelt, and bought and sold, and rejoiced or sorrowed, and clattered or crawled, around, below, above—were features of the frantic panorama that perpetually touched his sense of humor and moved his sympathy. Accident and then exigency seemed the forces at work to this extraordinary effect; the play of energies as free and planless as those that force the forest from the soil to the sky; and then the fierce struggle for survival, with the stronger life persisting over the deformity, the mutilation, the destruction, the decay of the weaker. The whole at moments seemed to him lawless, Godless; the absence of intelligent, comprehensive purpose in the huge disorder, and the violent struggle to subordinate the result to the greater good, penetrated with its dumb appeal the consciousness of a man who had always been too self-enwrapt to perceive the chaos to which the individual selfishness must always lead.

But there was still nothing definite, nothing better than a vague discomfort, however poignant, in his half recognition of such facts; and he descended the station stairs at Chatham Square, with a sense of the neglected opportunities of painters in that locality. He said to himself that if one of those fellows were to see in Naples that turmoil of cars, trucks, and teams of every sort, intershot with foot-passengers going and coming to and from the crowded pavements, under the web of the railroad tracks overhead, and amidst the spectacular approach of the streets that open into the square, he would have it down in his sketch-book at once. He decided simultaneously that his own local studies must be illustrated, and that he must come with the artist and show him just which bits to do, not knowing that the two arts can never approach the same material from the same point. He thought he would particularly like his illustrator to render the Dickensy, cockneyish quality of the shabby-genteel ballad-seller of whom he stopped to ask his way to the street where Lindau lived, and whom he instantly perceived to be, with his stock in trade, the sufficient object of an entire study by himself. He had his ballads strung singly upon a cord against the house wall, and held down in piles on the pavement with stones and blocks of wood. Their control in this way intimated a volatility which was not perceptible in their sentiment. They were mostly tragical or doleful; some of them dealt with the wrongs of the working-man; others appealed to a gay experience of the high seas; but vastly the greater part to memories and associations of an Irish origin; some still uttered the poetry of plantation life in the artless accents of the end-man. Where they trusted themselves, with syntax that yielded promptly to any exigency of rhythmic art, to the ordinary American speech, it was to strike directly for the affections, to celebrate the domestic ties, and, above all, to embalm the memories of angel and martyr mothers, whose dissipated sons deplored their sufferings too late. March thought this not at all a bad thing in them; he smiled in patronage of their simple pathos; he paid the tribute of a laugh when the poet turned, as he sometimes did, from his conception of angel and martyr motherhood, and portrayed the mother in her more familiar phases of virtue and duty, with the retributive shingle or slipper in her hand. He bought a pocketful of this literature, popular in a sense which the most successful book can never be, and enlisted the ballad vender so deeply in the effort to direct him to Lindau's dwelling by the best way that he neglected another customer, till a sarcasm on his absent-mindedness stung him to retort, "I'm a-trying to answer a gentleman a civil question; that's where the absent-minded comes in."

It seemed for some reason to be a day of leisure with the Chinese dwellers in Mott Street, which March had been advised to take first. They stood about the tops of basement stairs, and walked two and two along the dirty pavement, with their little hands tucked into their sleeves across their breasts, aloof in immaculate cleanliness from the filth around them, and scrutinizing the scene with that cynical sneer of faint surprise to which all aspects of our civilization seem to move their superiority. Their numbers gave ethnical character to the street, and rendered not them, but what was foreign to them, strange there; so that March had a sense of missionary quality in the old Catholic church, built long before their incursion was dreamt of. It seemed to have come to them there, and he fancied in the statued saint that looked down from its façade something not so much tolerant as tolerated, something propitiatory, almost deprecative. It was a fancy, of course; the street was sufficiently peopled with Christian children, at any rate, swarming and shrieking at their games; and presently a Christian mother appeared, pushed along by two policemen on a handcart, with a gelatinous tremor over the paving and a gelatinous jouncing at the curb-stones. She lay with her face to the sky, sending up an inarticulate lamentation; but the indifference of the officers forbade the notion of tragedy in her case. She was perhaps a local celebrity; the children left off their games, and ran gayly trooping after her; even the young fellow and young girl exchanging playful blows in a robust flirtation at the corner of a liquor store suspended their scuffle with a pleased interest as she passed. March understood the unwillingness of the poor to leave the worst conditions in the city for comfort and plenty in the country when he reflected upon this dramatic incident, one of many no doubt which daily occur to entertain them in such streets. A small town could rarely offer anything comparable to it, and the country never. He said that if life appeared so hopeless to him as it must to the dwellers in that neighborhood he should not himself be willing to quit its distractions, its alleviations, for the vague promise of unknown good in the distance somewhere.

But what charm could such a man as Lindau find in such a place? It could not be that he lived there because he was too poor to live elsewhere: with a shutting of the heart, March refused to believe this as he looked round on the abounding evidences of misery, and guiltily remembered his neglect of his old friend. Lindau could probably find as cheap a lodging in some decenter part of the town; and in fact there was some amelioration of the prevailing squalor in the quieter street which he turned into from Mott.

A woman with a tied-up face of toothache opened the door for him when he pulled, with a shiver of foreboding, the bell knob, from which a yard of rusty crape dangled. But it was not Lindau who was dead, for the woman said he was at home, and sent March stumbling up the four or five dark flights of stairs that led to his tenement. It was quite at the top of the house, and when March obeyed the German-English "Komm!" that followed his knock, he found himself in a kitchen where a meagre breakfast was scattered in stale fragments on the table before the stove. The place was bare and cold; a half-empty beer bottle scarcely gave it a convivial air. On the left from this kitchen was a room with a bed in it, which seemed also to be a cobbler's shop; on the right, through a door that stood ajar, came the German-English voice again, saying this time, "Hier!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

LOVERS' LANE.

On a gay spring day,
Said Will to May:
"You seem like a dream, and yet you are none.
You might be a flower, touched by the sun
In hair and eyes and your glances at me,
And yet you are only May Willoughby!"

All under white drift
Of clouds that shift
With color of heaven quiet between,
A smile like a butterfly sent a sheen
Over her lips, and a thrill very shy
Made deeper the eyes of May Willoughby.

"Though I've known you long,"
Said he, while the song
Of a bird danced out of a pale green tree,
"You've always been dearest May Willoughby."
The blood of a rose swept over her brow,
And she spoke no word; but they're married now.

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

THE NEWHALL BROTHERS.

ONE noticeable feature in cricket is the fact that, although it can be made very rigorous as an exercise, still the playing of it can be enjoyed by men who would not be considered exactly active athletes. A glance at those who play cricket will show many men at the stage of middle life, and sometimes beyond it. There are very few athletic pastimes that can be enjoyed by the older class of men, but cricket seems to have patrons of all ages. This game in America, as those who have watched its growth know well, has been largely indebted to the energy and personal influence of one family. Twenty-nine years ago the name of Newhall was already known in connection with cricket. In Philadelphia there is a family of ten brothers of that name, and they all have more or less figured prominently in the game which the family name is so much associated with. One figure in our accompanying illustration represents Mr. Robert Stuart Newhall in his cricket attire. He was born at Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, on September 16, 1852. He was only sixteen years old when he was promoted into the first eleven of the Young America Cricket Club, which had been founded by his brother Walter, and which had received the assistance of all the other cricketing members of the family. This was in the spring of 1868, and the form showed during the ensuing summer was so promising that he was deemed worthy of a place in the twenty-two of Philadelphia, which played Edgar Willsher's All-England Eleven in October of the same year.

Although Mr. Newhall only contributed 3 and 0 (each time not out) in this match, nevertheless the defence which he displayed to the lightning deliveries which were given him stamped him as a cricketer of more than ordinary ability. He was not successful against the powerful eleven of English amateurs which visited America in 1872, but two years later he was one of the members of the Philadelphia team which beat All-Canada and the British Officers' Eleven at Halifax, Nova Scotia. From that year to 1884 he played in numerous matches with success. He was captain of the Philadelphian Amateurs which visited England in 1884. Since then he has not done much. He was noted as driving a very hard ball, keeping it well on the ground, and placing it with judgment. He never did much bowling, but was a sure field, and it can be stated truthfully that his performances wherever he visited were of the kind to give the highest satisfaction to the friends of American cricket.

George M. Newhall made his début at the old Germantown grounds twenty-eight years ago. The enthusiasm of the time was divided between his brother Walter, the oldest of the family, and himself, the former as a good batsman and George as a bowler. He soon rose to a prominent place, and what he subsequently lost as a bowler was more than made up by his abilities as a batsman. He was one of the founders of the Young America Cricket Club, and is greatly responsible for the growth of that organization. He is noted for both the theory and the practical playing of his favorite game, and his almost faultless judgment of gauging the play of other contestants is far-famed. In 1881 he retired from active participation in the game, and has not done much since, but this year he will captain the Gentlemen of Philadelphia on their tour to England. He has lost none of his old-time play, and his remarkable head-work made him the choice for the prominent position he has just taken.

Twenty-six years ago Mr. Charles A. Newhall played his first important match, and since then no American eleven has been complete without him. He has had a truly remarkable career, and passing over his domestic performances, a few figures will give an idea of the respect which he compels the best batsmen of England and Australia to feel for his bowling. In the match in 1868 against Willsher's professional eleven his record in the first innings was 29 overs, 48 runs, 11 maidens, 6 wickets; and in the second innings, 18 overs, 21 runs, 8 maidens, and 5 wickets—in all, making 11 wickets for 69 runs, including Griffith, Lilywhite, Charlwood, Freeman, etc. He played in all the important matches in 1872, '74, '78, '79, '81, and '82. In 1884 he was one of the "Gentlemen of Philadelphia" in England, but in the preliminary practising at Liverpool he strained his back, and was unable to take part in the earlier games. Afterward he bowled in several matches, but not being fully recovered, the injury to his back was intensified to such an extent that many think his bowling has never since regained its great effectiveness. His analysis for those matches in which he took part in England was 1525 balls, 168 maidens, 683 runs, and 36 wickets. The only occasion on which he displayed anything like his true form was against Gloucestershire, his analysis there reading: First innings, 27 overs, 41 runs, 19 maidens, and 3 wickets; second innings, 29 overs, 24 runs, 18 maidens, and 5 wickets—in all, 8 wickets for 65 runs. Since his accident his bowling has not been up to his old performances, but if we take his performances against every English, Irish, and Australian team that has played in this country from 1868 to 1884, we find his analysis to read 3204 balls, 1049 runs, 369 maidens, and 101 wickets—an average of about 10 runs to a wicket—against the best batsmen in the world, during a period extending over sixteen years; a record unparalleled in the history of American cricket, and one which has probably never been equalled in any country where the game is played. He will always be known as the greatest bowler which America has yet had.

Daniel S. Newhall is the next oldest to Robert S. He is still active in the field, and is known as the king of all-round players. He probably is today the most prominent figure in American cricket. He states that he attributes much of his success and that of the family to the fact that as boys they played together nearly every day, and with the exception of Robert, the youngest, all were pretty much self-taught. Daniel has never made a specialty in any one feature of the game, but his general knowledge of it enables him to fill almost any position on the field. It has been said quite often that if he should take up any one position in the game, he would undoubtedly make a great mark at it, but he prefers to have his knowledge of general play, rather than to be a celebrated specialist. There is no point in the game on which he is not qualified to speak, and in all his matches he has shown the generalship and adaptability for which he is famed.

THE SEATTLE FIRE.

THE fire that consumed the business district of Seattle, Washington Territory, on the 6th instant, may well be termed a conflagration. It broke out at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon in the premises of the Seattle Candy Factory, at the corner of Front and Madison streets, and by midnight thirty-one blocks of buildings, covering an area of sixty-four acres, were in ruins. The city, therefore, with the exception of the residence quarter, which is situated on the heights overlooking the harbor, was obliterated as effectively, if not as suddenly, by the flames, as were the towns in the Conemaugh Valley by the flood. The building in which the fire originated was a type of the structures that were very common in the business centre of Seattle. It was one of a row of wooden stores joined together and of varying height. Interspersed among such frame buildings, however, there were many large and substantial edifices, some of which reflected great credit upon the place. When the fire began a strong wind was blowing from the northwest. The roofs of the wooden structures were almost as dry as tinder, and were easily set in a blaze by the showers of sparks and flying fragments of burning wood. The contents of the stores in many instances were of a highly inflammable, sometimes of an explosive, nature, and thus the flames were constantly fed with new material.

It was soon obvious that the Volunteer Fire Department, although its operations were conducted with intelligent zeal and energy, was utterly unable to cope with the conflagration. The water supply was exhausted within two hours after the fire broke out, and the flames had a clean sweep. A great deal of property that had been moved at the earlier stages of the fire to places believed to be secure was burned up, so rapidly did the flames spread. Explosions of giant-powder, with a view of demolishing buildings in the path of the fire and checking its progress, were of no avail. The flames swept onward with relentless fury, leaping across street after street, and destroying block after block of stores, until a distance extending one mile north and south from the starting-point was laid in ashes. The entire water-front, and everything south of Union Street and west of Second Street, reaching around to the gas-works above Fourth Street on Jackson Street, were completely burned. Every bank, hotel, and place of amusement, all the principal business houses, every newspaper office, the several railroad stations, miles of wharves, all the coal bunkers, freight warehouses, and telegraph offices were consumed. The shipping at the docks escaped by dropping out into the stream.

The losses are variously estimated from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. It is impossible to get an accurate statement as yet on this point. The real estate was generally unmortgaged. One prominent resident of Seattle now in the East is of the opinion that $4,000,000 more nearly approximates the value of the property destroyed than any other figure. However this may be, the people of Seattle are not disposed to look upon the visitation as an unmitigated calamity. The fire did not reach the residence part of the city, where its unstayed progress would have left utter destitution. The blocks of cheap wooden buildings that have been swept away will be replaced by finer and more substantial structures, a fact in itself which will afford large compensation for the destruction of the Opera-house, the Continental Hotel, some of the bank edifices, and a few of the wholesale stores that possessed claims to architectural beauty. The lodging-house district and the slums were entirely wiped out of existence. Laborers were set to work as soon as practicable to clear away the débris, and in less than a week the people had recovered from the shock, and were laboring with renewed enthusiasm.

Considering the magnitude of the fire there was comparatively little loss of life to be deplored. It is believed that not more than five persons perished. Temporary relief was promptly supplied to the hungry and homeless by the generous citizens of Portland and Tacoma—the latter city, entirely forgetting for the moment her bitter rivalry with Seattle, sending her fire department to assist in quenching the flames. The promptitude with which the country at large responded to the call for aid did much toward alleviating the destress of those who were made destitute. Since the fire the entire burned district has been under the control of the militia and a special police force, no unauthorized persons being permitted to enter the ravaged area. A recent despatch from Judge Lewis, chairman of the Relief Committee at Seattle, says: "A careful examination discloses much destitution that might be relieved. Thousands are being fed and lodged. The work of rebuilding has begun. Soon more labor will be employed, but hundreds meanwhile must live in tents for months."

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S MONUMENT.

THE personal friends of Chester Allan Arthur have raised a monument to his memory in Rural Cemetery, at Albany. He lies buried there by the side of his wife. It is fitting that personal friendship should find its expression in the late President's memorial, for no one knew its value so well as Mr. Arthur. They who conceived and carried out the project which culminated in the ceremonial of last Saturday were his friends before he was President, and not because he became the Chief Magistrate of the nation. The suggestion of the monument was made on the journey back to New York from the funeral at Albany. Without public proclamation of their desires and purposes, without arousing public sympathies, quietly, decently, and with the dignity that Mr. Arthur loved in those last years which he spent in Washington, the fund was raised and the monument was erected. The chief contributors and the memorial committee were Mr. John H. Starin, Mr. C. N. Bliss, Mr. Stephen B. French, Mr. Elihu Root, Mr. Howard Carroll, Mr. Daniel G. Rollins, and Mr. George Bliss. The sum that was raised was greatly in excess of the requirements of the purpose of the originators of the Albany monument, and more than $15,000 remains in the hands of the treasurer. This is to be expended for a statue of Mr. Arthur, which will be erected in this city.

If memorials of our noteworthy public men are to be built, there is every reason why Mr. Arthur's monument should be among them. The time has gone by when he can be made the object-lesson in a dissertation upon the evils of practical politics. What he did or did not do as a local party leader in New York may well be permitted to rest with him in his grave. The reason for his journey to Albany when he was Vice-President, to secure the return to the Senate of his old leader, has been told. There are those who are satisfied with it and those who are not. The truth remains that when the assassination of Mr. Garfield made Mr. Arthur President, he rose to the occasion, and performed the functions of his office with dignity and grace.

It is not necessary to inquire as to his capacity or qualifications for the higher tasks of statesmanship, in considering the fitness of a public memorial of him. His carriage as the President amply justifies the homage that his friends have paid him. He undoubtedly did his utmost to follow worthily in the steps of the best who had gone before him. He made some mistakes, especially in the beginning of his term. He was advised against the most flagrant of them, and he bitterly repented them before he retired from his office. He was, at first, strongly under the influence of his early training and traditions. As the four years went on, he rose above them. He broke absolutely with his old leader, because the demand that was made upon him in the name of political comradeship was unworthy of the consideration of the President, although to grant it would have been doubtless gratifying to revengeful human nature. To those who had known his early political career there seemed to be a stronger revolution in his life. They had not understood the fine domestic atmosphere in which he lived when the doors of his home closed behind him. He lies now beside the woman who made that home what it was, and to whose memory he was always singularly loyal. The men with whom he had worked in party politics were rarely advanced beyond their merits, and when they were the mistake was due to the distorted point of view into which Mr. Arthur had been forced by his former close intimacy with them. At the same time, every man who had been his friend, and was worthy of his regard, remained so to the end. He was loyal to all who had his confidence. That was often misplaced, but it was not given while he was President, at all events, for the advancement of any ambition of his own. He executed the laws to the best of his ability. He asked for the assistance of his friends so far as he could, and he created a social atmosphere at the White House the like of which had not been known there for a generation.

Perhaps no man who has ever filled the office of President would have been more grateful for a second term. While he held the office he did his very best, but he felt throughout his term that he was regarded as an accident, and was not in the chief place by the people's choice. But no President has ever so sternly refused to use his office for the gratification of his desires. If for no other reason, there should be a tribute to Mr. Arthur for his complete aloofness from personal politics. No solicitation—and there was a great deal—prevailed against his resolution to do nothing to procure a nomination. If he had taken any part in the Convention of 1884, it would have been against the man who obtained the nomination. He had been the bitterest political and personal enemy that the President had had during his term of office. In the exercise of all its functions, he measured his office by the highest standard that had been set. If he failed as a leader and a statesman, because of deficient training, or his early environment, the country may well overlook his faults and his weaknesses in view of his evident fine appreciation of the great dignity of his office. He received it with modest trepidation, and administered it with the utmost conscientiousness.

HENRY L. NELSON.

The design of the monument, comprehending a winged female figure of heroic size, in bronze, placing a bronze palm branch upon a sarcophagus of polished granite, is that of Ephraim Keyser, of this city, and very well sustains the deservedly high reputation that this sculptor already has gained by his statue of Baron de Kalb at Annapolis. Although an American (a Baltimorean) by birth, Mr. Keyser is better known in Europe than in his own country, for the several fine examples of his work which have come to America, excepting his "Psyche," in the Cincinnati Art Museum, and his "Baron de Kalb," are in private galleries. His training has been wholly European. From 1873 until 1877 he was a student in the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, Munich, where he received the silver medal for his three-quarter-life statue, "The Page." During the ensuing two years he studied under Professor Albert Wolff, at Berlin, and there received, in 1879, the Michael Beer *prix de Rome*. From 1879 until 1886, excepting short intervals spent in his native country, he studied and worked in Italy. During the past two years his home and studio have been in New York. Among his more important works have been: "The Old Story," a youth and maiden, half-life, in Italian fifteenth-century costume, showing much tenderness of feeling combined with strong modelling, admirable composition, and a singular grace of pose; the airy conceit "Titania," a little less than half-life, the fairy queen, with Puck as footman, driving a span of squirrels in a coach made of a calla leaf, with sunflower wheels; "The Page" (of which a replica was in the Stewart collection), a three-quarter-life bronze that shows both the feeling and the technical qualities of the Italian Renaissance; the striking statue of Baron de Kalb (an order from the United States government), and the "Psyche" above mentioned, purchased by the Cincinnati Art Museum. Among the more notable of his portrait busts have been those of Sidney Lanier, Cardinal Gibbons, Henry Harland ("Sidney Luska"), and President Daniel C. Gilman.

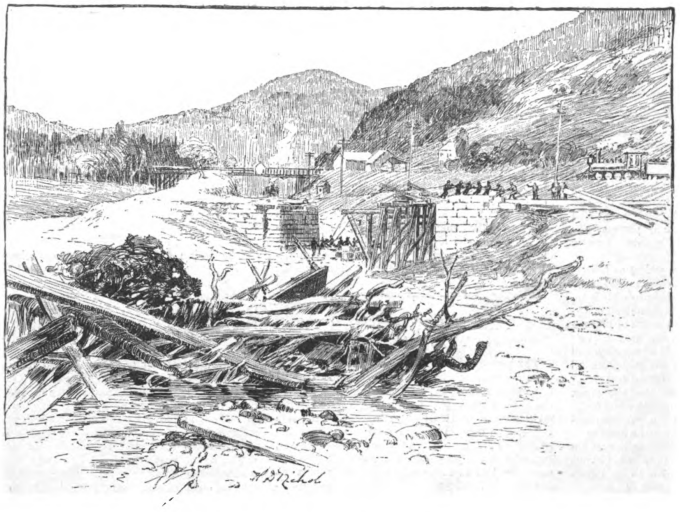
The result of Mr. Keyser's six years of study and work in Rome has been to give him the large method and strong feeling of the antique, with the grace and refinement (but not the undue fussiness and irritating waste of skill in too elaborate detail) of the modern Italian school. The work immediately under consideration, in its distinctness and in its broadness, which is not sketchiness, but the intelligent elimination of irrelevant detail, very well illustrates the blending of these complementary qualities. Technically, in point of size, the figure is heroic, and it represents an emotion eminently susceptible of heroic treatment—grief. The strong, flowing lines, the massiveness of the handling, the simple majesty of the pose, all are in harmony with the artistic as well as with the sentimental requirements of the subject; while the delicate, finished modelling of the face, arms, and hands, the stroke of genius that has overcome the inmate awkwardness of attaching wings to a human figure, and the vigorous, impressive action—notably exhibited in the fine curve gained by the slightly leaning attitude that, the weight being upon the right leg, throws out the right hip—are several points of excellence which combine to show a high degree of technical skill.

The effect produced as a whole is that of the relaxation, the unconscious abandonment, of deep sorrow. The left arm, in an unrolling curve as gracious as it is expressive, lies lightly upon the tomb, while from the lax fingers falls, rather than is consciously placed there, a branch of palm. The right arm hangs its full length downward, the fingers limp and nerveless. The same feeling of sorrowful self-forgetfulness is carried out in the long, simple lines of the drapery, that seemingly is so carelessly, yet really is so carefully, disposed—for grief has no thought for dainty lines and folds. Yet the grief thus manifested is not the first despair of utter abandonment, but the soberer, lasting regret that is united with submission to irrevocable fate. The symbolical wings, which enclose in sweeping curves the grave figure, serve more than an artistic purpose in that they typify a future life; while the human nature of the sorrow is tenderly suggested by the loving action of leaning against the tomb, on which, as a last tribute of affection, the palm is laid.

From the strictly artistic as well as from the practical stand-point this work especially is to be commended, because it explains itself, and would explain itself quite independently of its surroundings. The figure has a definite meaning distinctly carried out. It is not a conventional angel, but a noble conception of grief, with every line, from the carefully careless arrangement of the drapery to the drooping head, relaxed muscles of arms and fingers, and complete self-abandonment of the pose, telling of a great sorrow, which yet in a mysterious future finds hope.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

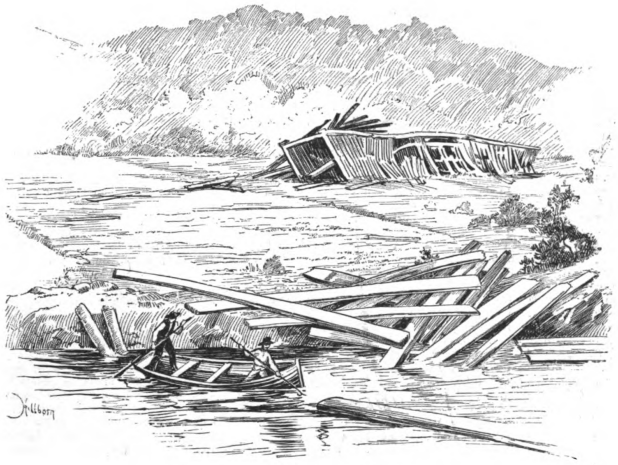
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



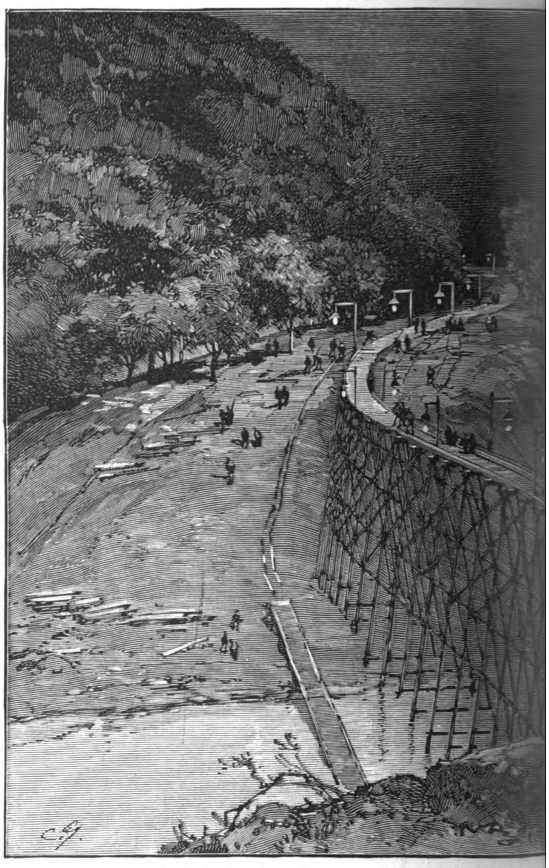
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRIDGE AT SOUTH FORK.



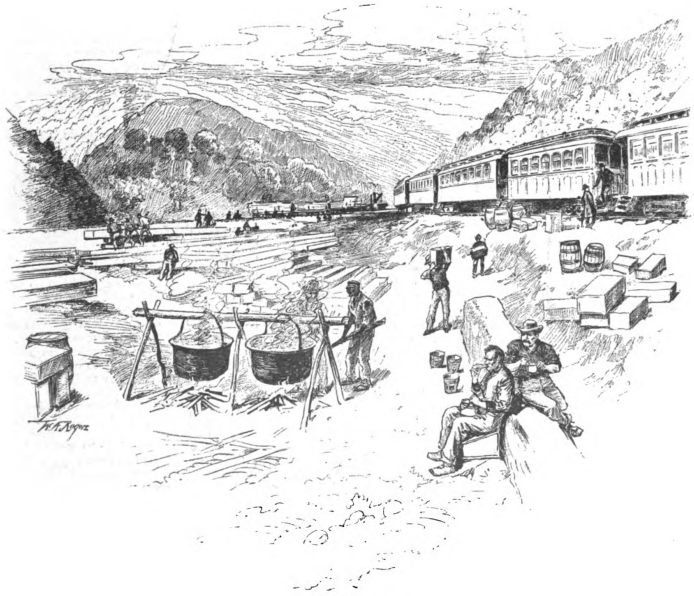
SPAN FROM PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRI



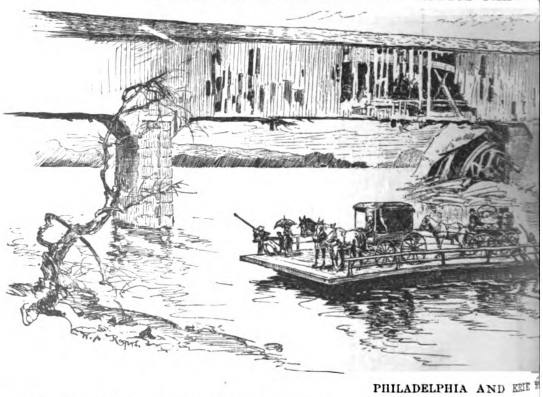
SPAN OF WAGON BRIDGE ABOVE JERSEY SHORE.



1. TEMPORARY TRESTLE IN PLACE OF VIADUCT OVER THE



COMMISSARY STORES.



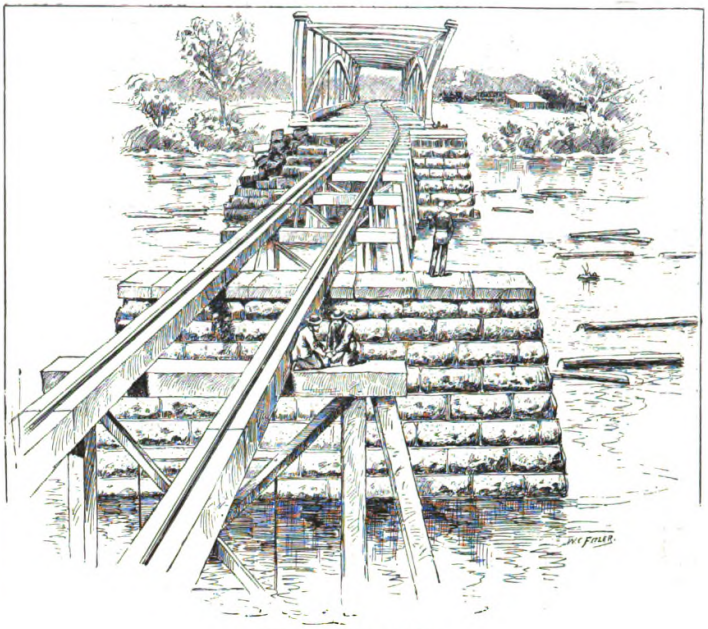
PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE R

THE WRECK OF THE GREAT FLOOD, AND THE PROCESS OF REPAIR ON PE

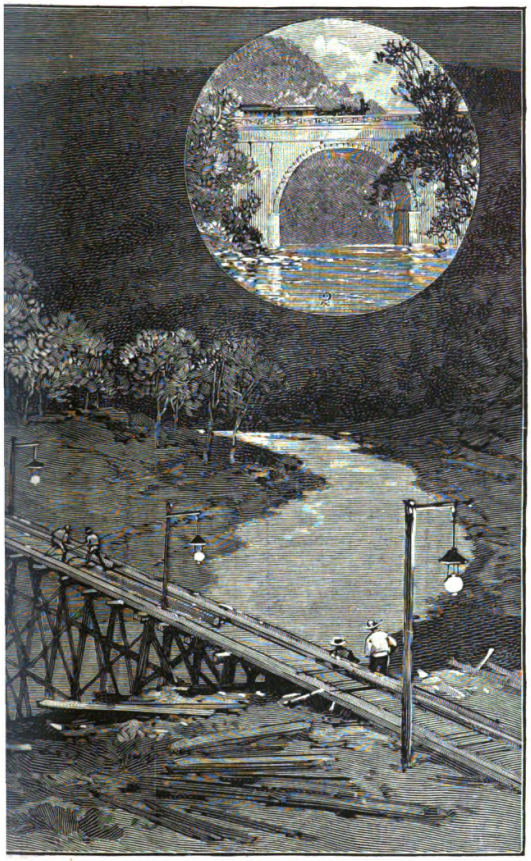
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



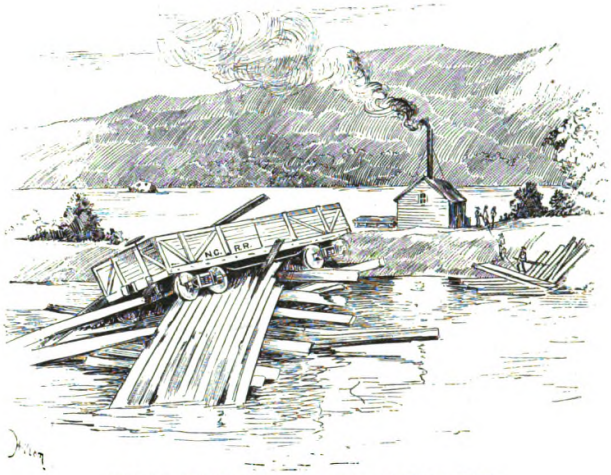
T RANSOM'S ISLAND, WILLIAMSPORT.



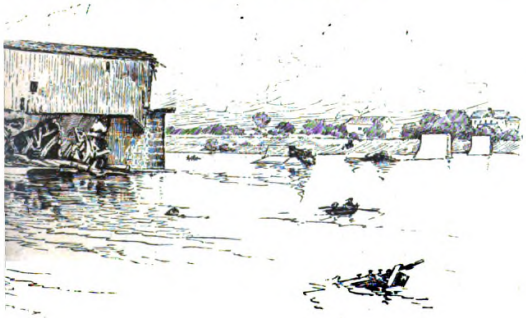
THE MONTGOMERY BRIDGE.



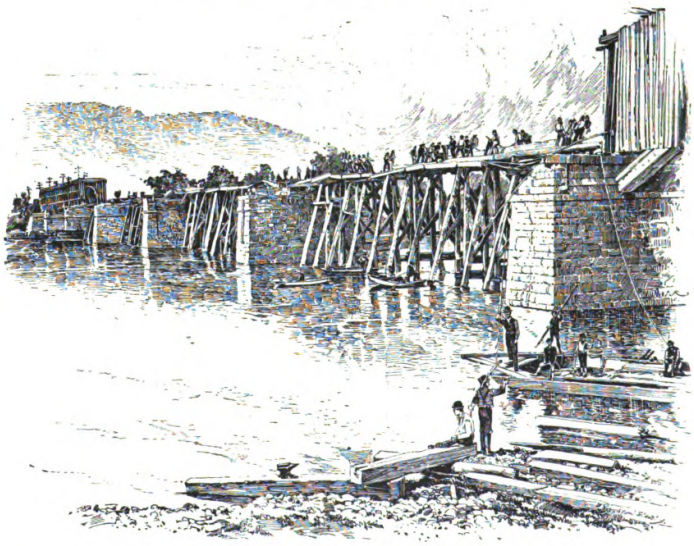
1. 2. CONEMAUGH VIADUCT BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.



COAL CAR WASHED FROM THE BRIDGE AT WILLIAMSPORT.



RIDGE AT LEWISBURG.



RECONSTRUCTING BRIDGE AT WILLIAMSPORT.

VANIA RAILROADS.—From Sketches by F. E. Lummis and F. C. Schell.—[See Page 502.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE UNDOING OF EBEN WITHERWAX.

"IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Nancy," said the school-master, smiling pleasantly.

"I don't see what good it will do Eben Witherwax to think about Nancy Halliday," said the school-master's wife, snappishly.

"Why not?" asked the pedagogue. "He seems a likely young fellow enough."

"Because her father is poor, and she will not marry anybody who cannot give her a better home than Eben can."

"Tut! tut!" said the kindly old man. "Don't think so harshly of people, Maria. Nancy is a good girl, and if she loves him—"

"Much you know about it!" said the wife, who prided herself on her knowledge of human nature, and had a profound contempt for the books the school-master loved. So he sighed and said no more.

Eben Witherwax sighed too, much more sadly than the old man, who had been watching him as he talked with the girl he loved.

The two had met on the village street, and he had just asked her if he might escort her to a picnic that was to be given in the early summer.

"Thank you," she had said, with demure coquetry, "but I am going with Frank Turner."

Then the iron entered Eben's soul. Frank Turner was rich, and had the handsomest turn-out that was to be seen on any of the country roads around Modena. Eben knew that his own horse and buggy were both old and far from stylish, and the worst of it was that he saw no hope of replacing them with anything better. The old farm yielded him and his mother a living, but that was all. He knew his rival was as much in love with Nancy as he was himself, and he felt certain that he would soon lose what little hope he still cherished.

"Darn it all!" he swore, as he turned away from the girl after a few moments' chat, and started for home—"Darn it all! if I had the money, I could get her. I believe she likes me best."

And as he walked homeward he was busy with a process which he would have called thinking. Cerebration was not much in his line, however, and the burden of his thought was little more than a vain repetition of his strong desire. "I want money. I want money." No plan for getting any suggested itself, however, and his thinking ended as it had a thousand times before, in a hopeless recognition of the probability that he never would have any money to speak of.

Now the desire for money is no very unusual phenomenon, nor is it very seldom that men reach the same conclusion when thinking it over that Eben reached. What was perhaps remarkable, and what certainly proved important, was that while he was thinking about the matter he should have received the letter he did.

He stopped at the post-office, more because it was the proper thing to do than because he expected to find anything there for him. His usual mail came once a week, and consisted of a copy of the *Ulster County Farmer*. This time, however, there was a letter from New York addressed to him.

At first he thought there must be some mistake, but the address was plainly written, and he took the letter after some hesitation, wondering greatly who could have written to him. This wonder continued unabated as he walked on homeward, turning the letter over and over as he went.

He was fairly intelligent, though somewhat slow, and when he had time enough to act at leisure, he generally showed common-sense. So it happened that after he had walked a mile or so, wondering who his correspondent was, he determined to open the envelope and find out. With this in view he picked out a shady spot, and sitting down on the grass, he broke the seal and read as follows:

"SIR:—If you are a man of honor you may read this letter, which contains information which will be of the greatest value to you and those dependent upon you. You may be surprised at hearing from one who is a stranger to you, but you were so highly recommended to me by one of the most prominent citizens of your county as a perfect gentleman, and one to be implicitly trusted, that I write to you in consequence.

"I have for sale some *green goods*. They are so splendidly made as to defy detection by the greatest experts. There is no risk in using them, and they are very cheap. I have them in all sizes—ones, twos, fives, tens, XX., fifties, and hundreds. I will let you have them any size you want at the following rates: $500 for $100, $1000 for $150, $2000 for $250, $5000 for $400, $10,000 for $750.

"I will send them to you by mail or express on receipt of price. But as you do not know me, I would much sooner have you come on here and examine my goods for yourself, and you will be satisfied that I mean well by you and will give you perfect satisfaction, and make your fortune for you. If you like the proposition, write and let me know, and I will send you a letter explaining how you can meet me. If you don't like it, destroy this letter, and say no more about it to anybody. And above all, do not betray my confidence. If you should, it would be better for you if you had never been born. I am rich and powerful, and never forgive nor forget an injury. I have my trusted agents everywhere, and know how to strike at an enemy where he is least prepared for a blow. I believe you are honest and square, though, and say no more.

"Your true friend,

"JAMES JACKSON.

"4 MOTT STREET, NEW YORK."

A newspaper clipping, or what looked like one to Eben's inexperienced eyes, fell out of the letter. He picked it up and studied it. It ran:

"NEW YORK, *August* 18th.—In the United States Court to-day, before Judge Benedict, Henry Anderson, a Nebraska farmer, and Job Belcher, a Maine merchant, were acquitted of having counterfeit money in their possession. It transpired that a set of the plates from which the currency is printed had been stolen from the Treasury Department at Washington, from which the money in question had been made. Judge Benedict stated that while the action was immoral, it was not illegal, and discharged the prisoners. Both were poor men not long ago, but now Anderson is worth over a half million and Belcher almost as much, which they have made by this clever trick."

After Eben Witherwax had read this letter twice through and fully mastered its meaning, he struggled for a long time with the temptation it had brought, but his struggles, only half-hearted at first, grew weaker and weaker, and when he arose and walked on, he had made his bargain with the devil. He had never been dishonest in his life beyond the limits which were set by custom among the farmer-folks in the matter of trading. He had been to Sunday-school when a boy, and to church almost every Sunday of his life, and though not professedly religious, was looked upon as "steady," and had always had a pride in his reputation. Here, though, had come a chance to get the money he wanted so badly, and his unknown correspondent assured him it could be done without danger of detection.

Then, there was Nancy. Life seemed little worth living without her, and slow as he was, and unwilling to impute evil to the woman he loved, he was yet of the same opinion as the school-master's wife. If he only had a couple of thousand dollars he could pay off the mortgage, fix up the old house, and, he felt sure, win the bride he wanted. "She likes me best; she likes me best," he said, over and over. "And if I could support her well, she'd have me."

The balance turned, as it turns so often when money is in one scale, and with terrible tremblings and careful secrecy he wrote to the city for more particulars. They came, of course, and in a week he was on his way to New York.

It was not without a severe struggle that he had taken the two hundred dollars that were hidden away in the old nook that had served his father and grandfather for a bank. The money, he knew, was all that he and his mother had to live on till the next crops could be sold, and he did not dare to confide his purpose to her. So, like a thief, he stole down to the chimney-corner the night before he started for the city, and took the money while his mother slept.

It had been very hard indeed for him to face his mother's surprise and curiosity when he told her that he was going to the city for three or four days, and still harder to watch her as she lovingly and carefully made preparations for his comfort that would have been ample for a three-months' voyage. The knowledge that he was deceiving and robbing her was a burden almost too great for his unaccustomed shoulders. The gadfly of desire had stung him fairly, though, and the golden prize he was going for was too alluring to give him pause.

It was late in the afternoon when Eben Witherwax arrived in the city, and confused and almost stunned by the noises of the streets, inquired his way to the Merchants' Hotel, where he was to meet the man who offered him a fortune on such easy terms. He registered, and after getting his supper, waited in the reading-room nervously till nearly ten o'clock. It seemed to him that this was late, and thoroughly worn out with excitement and fatigue, he then retired, and was soon in that deep slumber which comes oftentimes to the wicked as well as to the just. A flashily dressed young man, whose broad shoulders and red face announced him to be a member of the sporting fraternity, entered the hotel a few minutes later, and approaching the desk, bowed to the clerk, and looked over the entries in the register. When his eye reached "James K. Watts," under which name Eben had registered, according to the instructions he had received from Mr. "Jackson," a faint smile covered his face a moment. Two minutes after, he left the place, first giving a cigar to the hotel official.

Eben Witherwax awoke bright and early. His dreams had been pleasant, and he was eager to meet the man who was to make him rich. At the same time he felt a terrible nervousness. The consciousness that he was doing wrong, the fear of arrest, imprisonment, and disgrace, and the excitement of his new surroundings, made his heart throb and his nerves quiver in a frightful way. He ordered a breakfast to be served in his room, but when it came he could eat nothing, and only sip a mouthful of coffee. He paced up and down his little room, anxiously waiting the approach of the messenger who was to come for him. Suddenly an awful thought flashed through his brain. Perhaps these city folks had heard something to his disadvantage, and had given him up. The thought was overwhelming. He pictured his return home and the renewal of his former life. The dreams he had had of wealth and pleasure gave place to familiar scenes of hard and hopeless work, and made the latter all the more distasteful.

The painful reflections were cut short by a tap upon the door.

"Come in!"

It opened, and disclosed a man of about fifty, whose erect carriage, white hair and beard, handsome clothes, heavy watch chain, and polished shoes impressed Eben at once with the feeling that he was in the presence of a superior being.

A critical eye would have come to the opposite conclusion. The carriage suggested the prison step, the white hair was premature from vice, the jewelry was cheap and vulgar, and everything about the fellow said "Crime! Criminal!" as plainly as with words.

The stranger advanced a step, smiled, and gave the password Mr. "Jackson" had written about. The suspense was ended. Eben sprang forward and warmly shook his caller's hand.

In a few minutes they had left the hotel and were walking toward the tenement-house district. A hundred feet behind the pair slouched a dirty specimen of humanity who seemed on the verge of delirium tremens. This was the "tailer," the spy who follows the prey and gives warning of the police, or assists in beating and robbing a recalcitrant victim.

They stopped at a glaring sporting-house on the Bowery, and drank some vitriolic compound which chemical genius has invented for the speedier destruction of humanity. Eben was talkative enough before; he now became garrulous. He told his story, hopes, and dreams to the stranger, who seemed very friendly and sympathetic, and then began to ask questions about the green goods of which he was in quest. The messenger looked closely about the room, as if fearful some one was watching, and then from a capacious pocket-book took a roll of bills.

"Here are some I bought myself last week," he said, and handed them to Eben. The latter took the bills, which were crisp and clean. So far as he could see they were good, but, on account of their newness, they appeared suspicious to the poor farmer, who had never seen unused currency before. The messenger saw the doubt, and called a waiter. "Please ask the cashier to change this twenty for me." Eben followed the waiter with his eye, saw the cashier examine the bill, put it away, and produce the desired change. This almost convinced him.

"To show how good the stuff is," said the messenger, "we'll pass one in the nearest bank."

Eben was half afraid, but to a bank they went. The teller, polite, according to the time-honored etiquette of all banks, received the experimental note from the messenger, scarcely looked at it, and handed back the small bills asked for.

Eben wanted no further evidence. He already saw himself the possessor of a vast fortune. With the guide he left the bank, and they walked rapidly to their destination.

It was a huge building in a busy neighborhood, where men crowd and elbow one another unceasingly. They entered its main hall and came to a door on which the messenger knocked. It opened, and they entered.

"Mr. Jackson, Mr. Watts," said the messenger. "You'll find Mr. Watts a very pleasant and reliable man. If you'll excuse me, I'll leave and go down-town. I'm going to invest $10,000 in Wall Street this morning, and am behind time."

He bowed, shook hands all around, and was gone.

Eben looked around. The room was small and poorly furnished. A table, two chairs, and a desk comprised the furniture. Mr. "Jackson" was a young man, handsome, and too well dressed. On his shirt front were three large diamonds; on his hand two large solitaires glittered; while a locket attached to his watch chain coruscated with gems.

"I'll show you our goods, mister," he said. The voice was low and pleasant to the ear. He opened a door of the desk, and there lay great packages of paper with green edges.

"There's over a million, dear boy," said the confidence operator; "but you won't buy it all this time. You'll have to work off three or four lots before you can go that high. It will take about eight months. What sizes do you want?"

"Twos and fives, I guess," answered the victim, palpitating with eagerness.

"Jackson" took down two bundles, and handed them to his victim with the remark, "Count them."

They were counted and found correct. The money for them was paid over, and "Jackson" produced a small valise or hand-bag, in which he placed the green goods.

"Don't open this in New York. Wait until you are in New Jersey, where the law is different. I'll lock it— But where's the key? Ah! here it is, on the desk."

He turned to it, so that his body came between Eben and the valise, seized something, and turned around again. He was locking the bag as he turned. He withdrew the key, and handed it and the bag to his customer. The latter was now only too anxious to leave. He wanted to cross the ferry to Jersey City, and there gloat over his treasure. He left the room, barely pausing to say "Good-day," and went like a man in a dream to the street. Trembling with excitement, he turned away from the door, and started on a quick walk for his hotel. There was only one desire in his mind at the moment, but that was strong enough to make him oblivious of his surroundings. He wanted to get away from the city as quickly as possible and go home, where he could count over this package of money that had come to him so strangely. He did not see the quiet-looking man who was following him, and if he had seen him would not have known that the law already had him in its grasp. He knew enough to tremble when he passed the big policeman on Broadway, who looked at him keenly, but who made no sign beyond a look of intelligence at the quiet man close behind. This sign was unseen by Eben, who reached his hotel, safely, as he thought, and was just entering the door when the quiet man spoke.

"What have you got in that satchel, my friend?" he said, in a low tone, and the question sounded like the crack of doom in Eben's ears.

He trembled and turned white. For a moment he could not speak. Then he gasped, "N-nothing!"

"Well, you are a good deal nearer right than you think you are," said the detective; "but we will have to see. I'll have to trouble you to go with me."

"What for?" stammered Eben, his heart sinking.

"Oh, nothing in particular, only the Inspector wants to see you."

"Who is the Inspector?" Eben's courage rose a little—just a very little. He had expected to be charged with high crimes and misdemeanors.

The detective smiled. "Inspector Byrnes," he said. "Why, he is a very pleasant gentleman in the city here who has an interest in you."

Eben grew bolder. This gentleness was too subtle for his comprehension. "I can't go with you," he said, trying to speak roughly. "I have important business that calls me out of town at once."

The detective's smile vanished. "Now see here, my friend," he said, sternly, "the best thing you can do is to go quietly. There is no use in making trouble, for I shall take you anyhow. Come." And the unhappy Eben Witherwax was led away, unresisting, still clutching the little satchel containing the rich prize that he had risked so much to get.

It had fared very much the same with the kindly gentleman who had sold him the little fortune so cheaply. When Eben had left his office, he had hastily locked the door, pocketed the key, and started on a rapid walk in the opposite direction from that in which his victim disappeared. He had not gone twenty steps from the door, however, before he too encountered a quiet man who took an interest in his movements. He turned a shade paler when he saw him, but, with a pretense of not seeing, walked on.

"It won't do, Diamond Harry," said the detective, stepping up to him.

"Ah, Heidelberg, how are you?" said the "crook," trying to look unconcerned.

"I'm well," said Heidelberg, dryly. "Supposing you come with me, and find out if the Inspector is well too; he wants to see you."

"What for?" he asked.

"Oh, there's a calf missing up the river somewhere. We have caught the calf, and the Inspector thinks you may know something about him."

"You've caught the calf!" This in a tone of surprise.

"Yes. Tilly saw him just coming out of your place."

"Say, Heidelberg, how did you get on?" said "Diamond Harry," walking along with the detective. He was too wise to offer resistance, though he knew, as poor Eben did not, that he need not submit to arrest at the moment. He also knew, however, that it was useless to defy the officer, for, if he should, that experienced individual would simply have him shadowed till a warrant for his arrest could be procured, and this would be remembered against him. Policemen like no better than any one else to be put to needless trouble. So the prisoner went coolly to Police Head-quarters, only asking as he went, "Say, Heidelberg, how did you get on?"

"We piped you off last night," said Heidelberg, briefly, and the other asked no more.

Arriving at the "Central Office," as Police Head-quarters is commonly called, Heidelberg led his prisoner through a long narrow passage to the detective office, where a gray-bearded sergeant sat behind a tall counter-like desk of the ugly and convenient pattern in vogue in all the police stations.

The sergeant was the only man in the room in uniform, but four or five others stood by the window chatting in undertones, and all looked keenly but furtively at Heidelberg's companion as the two walked up in front of the desk.

"I've arrested this man," said Heidelberg, briefly; and the sergeant impassively turned to his big book of record to make the proper entry.

"What's the charge?" he asked.

"Green goods game," said Heidelberg.

"Did you catch the sucker?"

"Tilly has him by this time."

"Good," said the sergeant, as calmly as if he were buying a sheet of paper. Then he "took the prisoner's pedigree," asking him his name, age, nationality, and sundry other particulars in a matter-of-course fashion, as if he did not know all the particulars by heart.

Mr. "Jackson" was then escorted to a side room, where the door was locked on him, and he sat down to meditate. He had been in that room before, but if he had not been, he would have had no thought of trying to escape, for he knew it was almost in the centre of a huge building that was full of policemen, and that every door was specially guarded.

A few minutes later Tilly arrived with Eben Witherwax, who still clutched the little satchel. The sergeant smiled grimly as he saw this, but Eben was not yet technically under arrest, and his "pedigree" was not taken. He waited a little while, looking curiously about the gloomy room, but not forgetting his misery for a moment.

Tilly waited with him, saying nothing, and looking as if he had the least possible interest in his charge, or, for that matter, in anything else. The sergeant went on writing, and the other men in the room stopped talking, and one by one sauntered out as if they had nothing on earth to do.

Presently a faint sound was heard of a bell in another room, and the sergeant stepped out. In a moment he returned and looked at Tilly, saying nothing. "Come," said Tilly to Eben, and he led the way through two doors and a tiny waiting-room to a large inner apartment, where a handsome middle-aged man sat behind a flat desk. He had a mild, pleasant look, and to Eben's untrained eye seemed like anybody else but the famous terror of all criminals. It was the Chief Inspector himself.

He motioned Eben to a seat, but said nothing, and Tilly retired without a word. Eben sat down trembling, but holding on nervously to his satchel. It seemed a half-hour to the frightened man that the Inspector looked at him without speaking, and

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the silence grew insupportable. In fact, it was something over a minute, and the Inspector was waiting for him to speak first.

At length he was compelled to do so. He felt that he would go mad if he sat looking into those keen eyes much longer. "They told me you wanted to see me," he stammered.

After a still further pause the Inspector said: "I did. What is in your satchel?"

"Nothing much," said Eben, as boldly as he could. Then, breaking down under the searching gaze and terrible silence of the man whose power was so great and so mysterious, he said: "It's money. Good money, too. It isn't counterfeit."

Not the faintest indication of a smile crossed the Inspector's face as he heard the criminating words. He understood the man in front of him as well as if he had always known him.

"Let's see if it is money," he said, pleasantly.

"Must I open it?" asked Eben, meekly. He no longer had any thought of defiance.

The Inspector nodded, still silent, and Eben opened the satchel. There was a brown paper parcel inside tied carefully with a string.

"Open the package," said the Inspector, smiling slightly for the first time, and Eben untied the string. There was nothing inside but a lot of scraps of slightly stained white paper.

The unhappy man was stunned. He fumbled the paper for a moment, and then sprang to his feet, desperate with rage and humiliation. "He has robbed me! He has robbed me!" he cried, and started to run out of the room in a wild, vain search.

The Inspector did not move. "Sit down," he said, coolly; and the terrified countryman sat down and burst out crying like a child.

"You thought you had some counterfeit money, did you not?" asked the merciless Inspector, after a short pause; and Eben broke down fairly and squarely. With the tears still streaming down his face he told his whole story, while the Inspector listened silently.

"You'll have to go to court," he said at length, when Eben had finished. "But," he added, kindly, as the countryman started in terror, "you are only a witness, you know. We want your testimony to convict the man who has robbed you."

Then he rang a bell, and Tilly reappeared with suspicious quickness, and Eben was led away, stunned and helpless. He carried his satchel with him, hardly knowing why, but unable to let go of even the shadow of his dreams.

He never knew how he got there, but he was presently in the Tombs Police Court. Mr. "Jackson" was there too, and was much cooler than he was. Justice Duffy was on the bench, and listened grimly while the officers told of the arrest; and the hapless Eben was forced once more to tell what had happened to him.

It was all like a dream; but he remembered afterward to have heard the justice say: "Prisoner held for the Grand Jury. Complainant committed to the House of Detention."

It might as well have been Greek so far as Eben Witherwax was concerned, for he understood nothing of what he meant. What he did presently understand was that he was locked up in a place that seemed like a prison to him, and was told that unless he could furnish a bond for one hundred dollars he would be kept there till Mr. "Jackson" was brought to trial. Mr. "Jackson," they told him, had given bail, and was at large, but Eben would have died rather than ask any of his friends to bail him out.

He felt, however, that he must tell his mother, and he wrote her the truth.

In the sad correspondence that followed, and was kept up for over three months, one item of news his mother sent was, "Nancy Halliday is engaged to Frank Turner." FALES-CURTIS.

AMERICAN TYPES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

If kings, queens, emperors, august dignitaries and such have given Paris on the occasion of the Exposition the cold shoulder, their places have been amply filled by republicans. In fact, their Serene Highnesses have hardly been missed. It may be somewhat of a revelation, but Europe now knows that a show can be run without co-operation of potentates. Our own people have flocked to Paris. They are there *en masse*, and as much as anybody else have helped to make the exhibition a success.

Mr. Reinhart, with his clever sketching powers, catches some of the incidents in which our Americans figure. Somehow or other our best man never is very enthusiastic. There is a certain coolness about him. With his nervous energy, though expansive enough, he still refuses to be astonished. That is, doubtless, a New-Yorker who assumes in the sketch the pose of Gulliver, and he declines being overtopped by the Eiffel tower. "Yes," he says, "fairly lofty; but lay it flat, and it would not span the East River. As to height, well, take an elevator in any of the new buildings in New York, and if you want to be dizzy you can have quite enough of that kind of thing."

The Paris garçon is now in his element. This influx of visitors is his harvest. How the francs will drop into his rapacious hands! If he gets a chance he will foot up *l'addition* in the most marvellously expansive manner, with an arithmetical progression quite his own. There will be charges for food which have never been partaken of. How cleverly the waiter and the *dame de comptoir* will do it! The artist, as a suggestion, has put a warning placard on the waiter's back. Sometimes it is a privilege to be robbed, and the Parisian waiter is so perfect in his art that he might find place at the Comédie.

The showman of the West is in Paris, and for the first time the Frenchman realizes his "Coopare," as he calls the first of our romance writers. He gazes at the *peau rouge* with wonder, and tries to compare him with his own Arab, and finds no similarity. Around the tepee the Frenchmen swarm, and gaze enraptured at the hired Indians.

The American mamma, with her four daughters, figures as a type, but whether the stout lady with her pretty bevy can all be squeezed into that one *voiture de remise* is a question. The row of heads at the foot of the sketch shows diverse nationalities at the exhibition. There is the English cad, the heavy German, the East Indian, and the Nubian.

Last and not least is America's "finest exhibit," and very charming products of civilization are they. Those young persons are satisfying their natural curiosity, but they do not stare. They absorb their surroundings in a matter-of-fact way, just as does their fellow-countryman. There is no angularity, no insularity, about these young women. There is only a little bit of an individual *cachet*, which makes them barely distinguishable from well-dressed French women, and that to the disparagement of neither. If M. Du Maurier has constructed well-bred English ladies, so has Mr. Reinhart his Americans.

JOHN GILBERT.

When the news came to us from Boston a few days ago that John Gilbert, the comedian, was seriously, perhaps dangerously, ill in that city—where he had paused on his journey from New York to his sea-side home at Manchester—this community suffered a shock of sorrow and felt the burden of a great anxiety; and when a little later the convalescence of the famous actor was announced there was joy in every heart. Mr. Gilbert, born in Boston on February 27, 1810, is in his eightieth year, and an illness less formidable than pneumonia, with which he was overtaken, is serious to any man at fourscore. It was natural that the public mind should be alarmed. Mr Gilbert, making his first appearance upon the stage on November 28, 1828, at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and remaining in the dramatic profession ever since, is one of the best-known and best-beloved of actors, and the thought of losing him cast a bleak chill upon our lives. It was natural that the public heart should be grieved. Mr. Gilbert's life and character, like his public services during a professional career of nearly sixty-one years, are a precious possession to the world. He has lived a good life. His character is not less noble and venerable than it is quaint and sweet. And as an actor he is unrivalled in his special field—which is that of old men. Indeed, when Blake and Warren are excepted, he never has had any rivals in our time. The latest actor who resembled him, and who might have been his counterpart, was the English actor William Farren—the elder of that name—who died in 1861, aged seventy-five. But Farren, according to all that is recorded and remembered of him, was inferior to Gilbert in mind and in original personality as well as in variety of talent. William Rufus Blake was the only formidable competitor that Gilbert ever had to encounter, and Blake, who never equalled him as an artist, could excel him only in the coarser characters of uncuous humor, such as Lord Duberley. As the old man noble, or the old man eccentric, or the old man choleric—as Mr. Dornton, or Mr. Hardcastle, or Sir Anthony Absolute—he has always been easily first, and he stands alone. As Sir Peter Teazle he has filled the ideal of that famous character for the play-goers of nearly two generations, and as Sir Peter he will pass into history. The new bust of him—a splendid bronze, life-like, massive, and spirited—which has been made by Mr. John S. Hartley, and recently placed in the club-house of the Players, shows him in that character; and that it shows him well the reader can perceive by reference to the engraving of the bust which appears in this journal. Mr. Hartley has also made a bust of Edwin Booth as Brutus, and these two works of art now adorn the beautiful club-house, founded by Mr. Booth, that was dedicated and opened on the last night of 1888.

It was not as an actor of old men that John Gilbert began his career, but as a juvenile tragedian—playing Jaffier in Otway's splendid tragedy of *Venice Preserved*. In a speech that he delivered at the Lotos Club, New York, where the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance upon the stage was celebrated by many friends of his at a banquet on November 30, 1878, the veteran actor thus alluded to this event: "The public said it was a success, and I thought it was. The manager evidently thought it was too, for he let me repeat the character. I suppose it was a success for a young man with such aspirations as I had..... The lady who personated Belvidere was Mrs. Duff, a lovely woman, and the most exquisite tragic actress that I ever saw, from that period to the present." It was in tragedy that Mr. Gilbert then and for some time afterward desired to excel, and the old theatrical records associate his name with such parts as King John, the Ghost of King Hamlet, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer, Penruddock, Adrastus, Iago, Matthew Elmore, Wolsey, and Macbeth. But he began to play old men when he was only nineteen years old, and even then he displayed a special aptitude for that line of professional business—which he has followed ever since. His name will always remain identified with Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Robert Bramble, Sir William Dorrilon, Lord Ogleby, Job Thornberry, Jesse Rural, and kindred characters. He enacted a wide range of Shakespearean parts, including Polonius, Malvolio, Sir John Falstaff, Adam, Autolycus, Caliban, Jaques, and Menenius. His presentment of Polonius is remembered as perfect—the still impressive relic of a man who has been wise and who remains kind and gentle and elaborately ceremonious. But his absolutely unique embodiments have been those of choleric character and antique manners. He always made a point of identifying himself, when acting, with the spirit and the essential life of the period of his part. He could play Sir Epicure Mammon—hard, unlovely, arrogant, luxurious, sensual—and he could play Jesse Rural—affectionate, gentle, paternal, venerable, simple, and altogether lovely—and he was perfectly truthful in both. His old men were old and they were true, but they were widely diversified. He was never monotonous. Each person that he assumed was seen as a distinct identity, and felt to be living from his own peculiar centre, with his own peculiar environment and background and experience and horizon and views. Mr. Gilbert may never act again. He is very feeble. But his gracious figure, his expressive face, his winning voice, his beautifully clear and correct enunciation of our language, his symmetrical assumptions of character, his blended dignity, grace, refinement, humor, and sweetness will be treasured in the memory of all old play-goers as long as anything good and noble is remembered with love and honor. WILLIAM WINTER.

EDWIN BOOTH.

There was a great shower of meteors on the night of November 13, 1833, and on that night, in Baltimore, Maryland, was born the most famous tragic actor of America in this generation, Edwin Booth, now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and in the fortieth year of his professional life. No other American actor of this century has had a rise so rapid, or a career so early and continuously brilliant, as those of Edwin Booth. His father, the renowned Junius Brutus Booth, had hallowed the family name with distinction and romantic interest. If ever there was a genius upon the stage, the elder Booth was a genius. His wonderful eyes, his tremendous vitality, his electrical action, his power to thrill the feelings, and easily and inevitably to awaken pity and terror—all these made him a unique being, and obtained for him a reputation with old-time audiences distinct from that of all other men. He was followed as a marvel, and even now the mention of his name stirs, among those who remember him, an enthusiasm such as no other theatrical memory can evoke. His sudden death (alone, aboard a Mississippi River steam-boat, November 30, 1852) was pathetic, and the public thought about him thenceforward commingled tenderness with passionate admiration. When his son Edwin began to rise as an actor, the people everywhere rejoiced, and they gave him an eager welcome. With such a prestige he had no difficulty in making himself heard, and when it was found that he possessed the same strange power with which his father had conquered and fascinated the whole dramatic world, the popular exultation was unbounded.

Edwin Booth went on the stage in 1849, and accompanied his father to California in 1852, and between 1852 and 1856 he gained his first brilliant successes. The early part of his California life was marked by hardship, and all of it by vicissitude, but his authentic genius speedily flamed out, and long before he returned to the Atlantic sea-board the news of his fine exploits had cleared the way for his conquest of all hearts. He came back in 1856–57, and from that time onward his fame continually increased. He early identified himself with two of the most fascinating characters in the drama—the sublime and pathetic Hamlet, and the majestic, romantic, picturesque, tender, and grimly humorous Richelieu. He first acted in *Hamlet* in 1854; he adopted Richelieu in 1856; and such was his success with the latter character that for many years afterward he made it a rule (acting on the sagacious advice of an excellent counsellor, the veteran New Orleans manager, James H. Caldwell), always to introduce himself before any new community in that part. The popular sentiment toward him early took a romantic turn, and the growth of that sentiment seems to have been accelerated and strengthened by every important occurrence of his private life. In July, 1860, he was married to a lovely and most interesting woman, Miss Mary Devlin, of Troy, and in February, 1863, she died. In 1867 he lost the Winter Garden Theatre, which was burnt down on the night of March 22d, that year, after a performance of John Howard Payne's *Brutus*, in the heroic central figure of which tragedy (a singular dramatic cento), Mr. Booth is represented by Mr. Hartley's noble bust, elsewhere shown, at the club-house of the Players. He had accomplished beautiful revivals of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and other plays, at the Winter Garden, and had obtained for that theatre a most honorable eminence; but when in 1869 he built and opened Booth's Theatre in Twenty-third Street, he proceeded to eclipse all his previous efforts and triumphs. The productions of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, *A Winter's Tale*, and *Julius Cæsar* were marked by ample scholarship and great magnificence. When the enterprise failed, and the theatre passed out of Mr. Booth's hands, the play-going public endured a calamity. But the failure of the actor's entirely noble endeavor to establish a great theatre in the first city of America, like every other conspicuous event in his career, served but to deepen the public interest in his welfare. He has far more than retrieved all his losses since then, and has made more than one triumphal march throughout the length and breadth of this continent, besides acting in London and other great cities of Great Britain, and gaining an extraordinary success upon the stage of Germany. To think of Edwin Booth is immediately to be reminded of these leading events in his career, while to review them, even in a cursory glance, is to perceive that, notwithstanding great losses, calamities, and sorrows, notwithstanding a little experience of personal bereavement and of the persecutions of envy and malice, Edwin Booth has ever been a favorite of fortune.

The bust of Booth as Brutus and that of John Gilbert as Sir Peter, standing side by side in the Players' Club, must stir many memories and prompt many reflections. Gilbert was a young man of twenty-three, and had been six years on the stage, before Edwin Booth was born; and when, at the age of sixteen, Booth made his first appearance (September 10, 1849, at the Boston Museum, as Tressil to his father's Richard), Gilbert had become a famous actor. The younger man, however, speedily rose to the higher level of the best dramatic ability as well as the best theatrical culture of his time; and it is significant of the splendid triumph of tragic genius, and of the advantage it possesses over that of comedy in its immediate effect upon mankind, that when the fine and exceptional combination was made last year for a performance of *Hamlet* for the benefit of Lester Wallack, Edwin Booth enacted Hamlet, with John Gilbert for Polonius, and Joseph Jefferson for the Grave-digger. Booth has lasted and grown with us across a peculiar period in the history of dramatic art in America. Just before his time the tragic sceptre was in the hands of Edwin Forrest, who never succeeded in gaining the intellectual part of our public, but was constantly compelled to dominate a multitude that never heard any sound short of thunder, and never felt anything till it was hit with a club. The bulk of Forrest's great fortune was gained by him with *Metamora*, which is mere rant and fustian. He himself despised it, and deeply despised and energetically cursed the public that forced him to act in it. Forrest's best powers, indeed, were never really appreciated by the average mind of his fervent admirers. He lived in a hard period, and he had to use a hard method to subdue and please it. Edwin Booth was fortunate in coming later, when the culture of the people had somewhat increased, and when the old sledge-hammer style was going out, so that he gained almost without an effort the refined and fastidious classes, and—as long ago as 1857—with all his natural grace, refinement, romantic charm, and fine bearing, his impetuosity was such that even the dullest sensibilities were aroused and thrilled and astonished by him, and made to realize that something vital was in action, when it happened that he also gained the multitude. His supremacy continues, and there is no sign that the sceptre will soon pass from his hands. The player who stands between Edwin Booth and John Gilbert, as depicted in Mr. Hartley's imposing and highly characteristic busts, can scarcely fail to think of these things, to realize the steady advance of the stage in the esteem of the best people, and to feel grateful that his lot as a play-goer was not cast in "the palmy days"—those raw times that John Brougham used to call the days of light houses and heavy gas bills.

WILLIAM WINTER.

NATIONAL FLOWERS.

In crown and seal the royal Rose is sign
And symbol sweet of England's sovereignty;
Old France her banners filled with Fleur-de-Lis,
And German flags shake out the Corn-flower's shine.
The Thistle is the Scotsman's kingly flower,
And Ireland proudly waves her Shamrock green.
But in our flag no one flower might be seen
As emblem of our greatness. Splendid shower
All blossoms on our vastness—lily, rose,
The thistle, shamrock, corn-flower, thousands more
That grow from stern Alaska to Gulf shore,
And bloom by sandy beach or mountain snows;
All flowers of use or beauty God bestows
To grace our boundaries and their scope disclose.

A TOURMALINE CORONET.

O mother country, rich and strong and great,
And dear and glorious as Jerusalem,
I watch thy mighty banner's trailing hem,
Curve like a shield round every separate State,
Wrapt in its sovereign folds, where large and fair
It grows. No roses crown thee; diadem
Of tourmaline, that lovely native gem,
Shines on thy regal brow, and doth declare
Thy oneness, for this jewel doth unite
All colors blended, clear and crystal set
In harmony, nor tints each other fret.
So tropic crimson, temperate green, snow white
Of arctic zone; colors and climates meet
Upon thy shores in love and union sweet.

EMILY E. F. FORD.

A NEW COMPETITOR FOR THE CUP.

Undaunted by their many defeats, our British cousins have again challenged for the *America's* Cup, and the *Valkyrie*, owned by Lord Dunraven, is to be the next yacht to try to carry back to England the cup won by the schooner *America* in 1851. She was built from designs of George L. Watson, by J. G. Fay & Co., and launched from the yards in Southampton May 1. A glance at her picture shows her to be very like his other challenger, the *Thistle*. What she is like below the water-line is not known generally, but, from all that can be learned, she is simply a smaller *Thistle*, with many of the faults of the larger boat corrected. Instead of being cut away so rapidly forward, the *Valkyrie* has been given more depth there, and she will probably hold better into the wind. She has been fitted with a trunk for a centre board, and it will be used, Lord Dunraven says, if necessary.

The measurements given in the challenge sent to the New York Yacht Club show the following: Length over all, 85 feet; beam, 15 feet 9 inches; depth, 11 feet 6 inches; length on load water-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT "VALKYRIE."

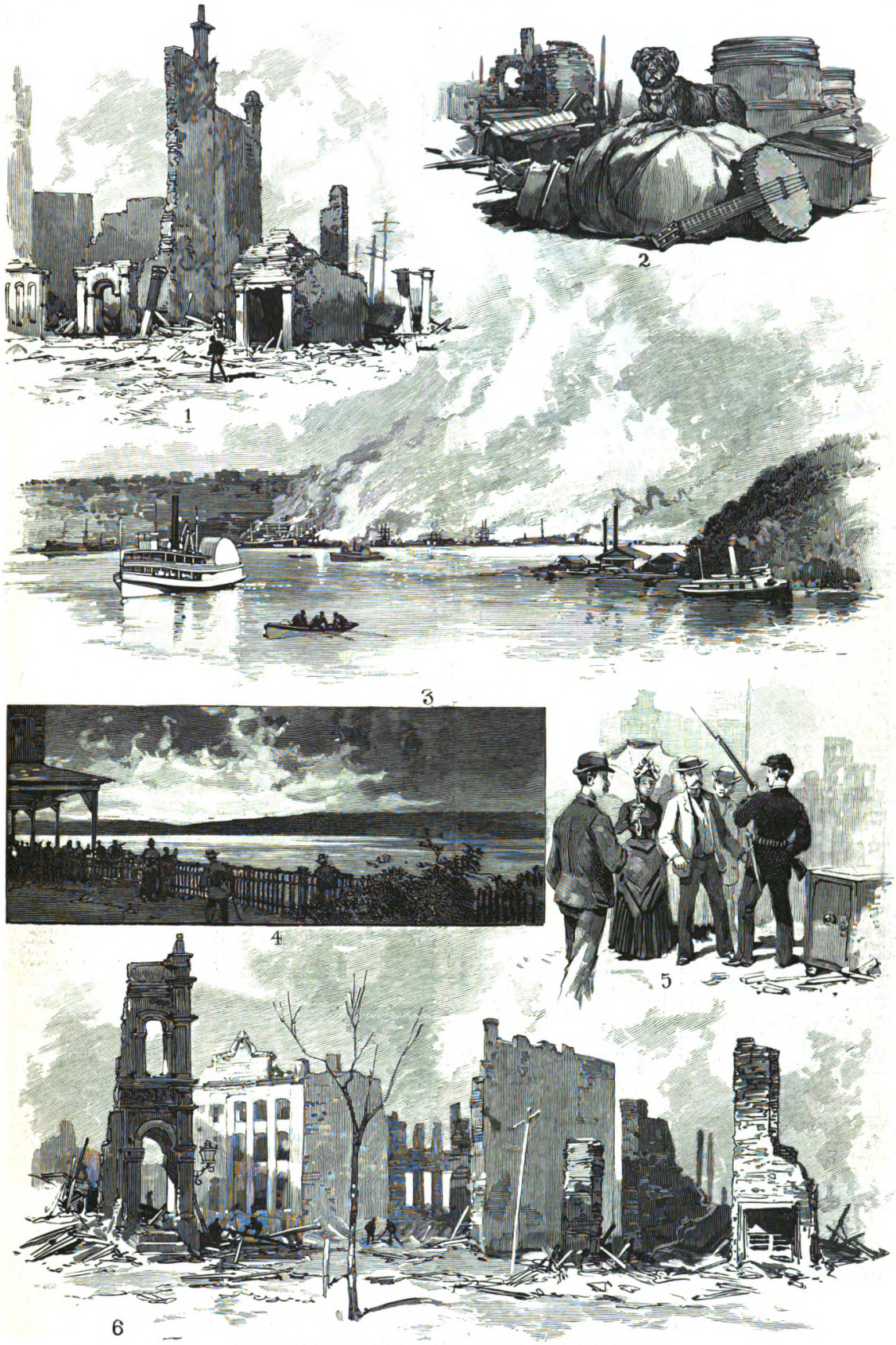
line, 69 feet 8 inches; tonnage, 56.76. The first measurement given is a trifle misleading, as the English system of measurement differs from that of New York. It is the distance from the knight-heads to the stern post. By New York rules her length over all would be 94 feet, and a glance at the picture will show what an immense overhang the yacht has. Taking her dimensions given, and using a photograph in connection with them, it is apparent that the *Valkyrie* has a mast 60 feet long, a topmast 38 feet long, a main-boom 70 feet long, and a bowsprit 34 feet long. Her sail area would seem to be in the neighborhood of 6700 square feet.

In his challenge Dunraven said that his boat had been built to come within the 70-feet class of boats, and although he was probably in hopes that a boat of that class would be pitted against her, he has said that he was willing to try conclusions with the *Volunteer*. From the contests between the 70-foot boats this year it seems extremely likely that the *Katrina* is the best of them, and a comparison between her and the *Valkyrie* would seem to be interesting. On load water-line her length is two inches more than the *Katrina's*. She is much heavier sparred than the *Katrina*, and although her sail area is 150 square feet less, her capacity for carrying sail is probably much greater than that of the *Katrina*. Her immense spar plan, her powerful hull, and her appearance generally, indicate a great spread of canvas when the boat is in racing trim. There is room between the topmast and the end of the bowsprit for a balloon jib-topsail which will very likely astonish the yachtsmen in this harbor.

It is generally conceded that a yacht rarely goes off the ways and immediately engages in racing with as good results as those got by the *Valkyrie*. Since her launching she has sailed in seven races, and in none of them has she done anything but creditable work. In the first race, although hardly fit, she beat the crack *Yarana* by five minutes, although she lost on time allowance; the *Ivez* was beaten handily. In the second race she easily defeated the same boats. Both days there was a fairly good breeze. In the next three races the winds were light and puffy. She won easily from both the *Ivez* and the *Yarana*. The sixth race, with the same boats in, was sailed on May 28th, and the *Valkyrie* was beaten. She was, however, in difficulties, and her sail was on deck for twenty minutes—the time by which she was beaten. On June 1st she was beaten again in a strong wind. This time her topsail-sheet parted, and she split her spinnaker.

There is little doubt in the minds of yachtsmen that the *Valkyrie* is a very fast boat; how fast she is as compared with the *Volunteer* is a matter of conjecture. The only way of deciding this point would be through a match with the *Thistle*. Her value is well known, and unless she is put in commission and a race sailed with the *Valkyrie*, no one can form any idea as to which is the faster, the *Valkyrie* or the *Volunteer*, until they sail together. In any event, there is a general impression that the boat capable of winning the *America's* Cup for England is yet to be built.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE GREAT FIRE AT SEATTLE.—From Sketches by J. Anderson.—[See Page 495.]

1. Ruins of Occidental Hotel. 2. Canine Guardian. 3. Seattle in Flames. 4. Fire as seen from Tacoma, Forty Miles distant. 5. National Guard Protecting Property 6. View looking up First Street.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



For First-class Schooners. For Fourth-class Sloops. For Seventh-class Sloops. For Fifth-class Schooners. For Third-class Sloops. For Fifth-class Sloops. For Third-class Schooners.

PRIZE CUPS OF THE JUNE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—By Tiffany & Co.

PRIZE YACHT CUPS.

The seven cups given by the New York Yacht Club on the occasion of their spring regatta on Thursday last are excellent examples of the silversmith's art. They are of sterling silver, made by Tiffany & Co., after their own designs. The prize for schooners of the first class is a vase eighteen inches high, including an ebony base. It is ornamented with shells and sea-weed, and is of graceful shape. It was won by the schooner *Palmer*, beating the *Dauntless* by ten minutes and twenty-five seconds. The other vase on ebony pedestal is also eighteen inches in height, and somewhat smaller in circumference. This was won by the *Grayling*. She beat the *Sea-Fox* over the course two minutes and fourteen seconds, although on actual time the *Sea-Fox* finished first. Time allowance changed the result. The salad bowl, which is a very pretty dish, has on its sides fish and sea-weed etched, and it goes to the *Azalea*, which won in the fifth class of schooners, beating the *Agnes* by two minutes and six seconds.

The three-handled loving-cup is the prize for third-class sloops. The bases of the handles are anchor-shaped, and sea-weed is used for decoration. The *Katrina* won this prize, beating the *Shamrock* by two minutes and seven seconds. The two-handled loving-cup was for fourth-class sloops, and figures of children disporting in the water are etched on the surface. The handles are entwined with sea-weed, and the whole effect is pleasing. The *Hildegard* won this cup by beating the *Whileaway* six minutes six seconds. The Greek vase, with dolphins etched upon it, was won by the smart English cutter *Clara*. She beat the *Bertie* by eleven minutes twenty-six seconds. The pitcher was given to the seventh-class sloops, and it was won by the Burgess boat *Nymph*, beating her nearest competitor, the *Tomahawk*, seven minutes fourteen seconds.

The cups were well won by the victors in a first-class sailing breeze, and in remarkably short time. There were several unfortunate accidents, which might have changed the result very materially. The *Titania* would have made the *Katrina* work harder to win, and might have won herself, if her bobstay had not parted early in the race. The *Bedouin* too might have landed a winner if she had not run on the sand at Sandy Hook. Two of the new seventh-class sloops lost their masts in the blow also.

REBUILDING A RAILROAD.

The storms which resulted in the floods of May 31st nearly wiped Pennsylvania out of the railway map. Its great line was closed to the public for more than two weeks, and other lines are still unable to run through trains. The display of skill and energy in overcoming the difficulties of the situation was magnificent. Great rivers were respanned by bridges in a few days, and the repair of the wash-outs was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. What the water did to the railways, and what the officers of the roads did for their recuperation, is the subject of this article and its accompanying illustrations.

When the floods of Friday, the 31st, were over, and men began to look after their property, there was a good deal that could not be found. The artist of Harper's Weekly, who went to Johnstown as soon as news of the distressing disaster was received, went to Philadelphia with a Pennsylvania railroad man, who undertook to find him transportation at once. By diligent telegraphing to every point in the State, he discovered that 160 miles of the Pennsylvania roadway were not to be found. They were under water or washed away, or the telegraph lines were down. The result to Mr. Rogers was as has been described. He and his companions were obliged to make their way by Ashtabula, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, and thence by special train to Johnstown. Several train loads of passengers were caught in the flood and cooped up at Altoona, beyond the reach of the mail or telegraph. For a few days their friends did not know whether they had "gone down" in the flood or had been saved. So far as Johnstown itself was concerned, it was fortunate that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had a way into the place, through devious valleys and by branch routes, for otherwise there might have been serious delays in getting supplies to the people who so sorely needed them. It was on Saturday that the Pennsylvania Railroad officers discovered that they did not know where so many miles of their road had gone, and on the same day there was a meeting of the executive heads of the company for the purpose of devising plans for putting the wrecked portions of their property into serviceable condition. The conferees were all practical railroad men, and every one was capable of taking personal part in the work that had to be begun and completed within a few days. President Roberts, Vice-President Thomson, General Manager Pugh, and Chief-Engineer Boyd started for different parts of the road, and raising men and securing timber where they could, set about the rebuilding of the bridges and filling in the washed-out road-bed. It was the Pennsylvania Railroad that had suffered the most. The Baltimore and Ohio was a sufferer from the Potomac and Patapsco, and the Philadelphia and Reading lost some bridges on the Susquehanna. One of the officers of the latter road estimates that fewer than a half-dozen of its bridges were carried away or damaged so as to be impassable. The Pennsylvania Railroad was not available for through trains on its main lines or by any of its branches. Miles of roadway had been washed away, and many bridges of all kinds were down.

In two weeks after the floods, and in less than that time after work was begun, the road was open. The streams had been spanned by temporary structures, and sleepers, earth, and broken stone that had been floated away were replaced. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to estimate the number of miles of road that had to be repaired before trains could run over it. One of the officers at the Pennsylvania's general offices says that from thirty to forty miles will cover the breaks. Vice-President Thomson insists that the pecuniary losses of the company have been greatly exaggerated; at the same time he is reported to have admitted that the storm has inflicted upon the road the most serious blow it has ever received. At all events, the damages will be measured by millions.

In order to give an adequate idea of the extent of the storm's ravages, the company's lines in the State had best be described, and the damages to them noted. The main line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh runs westerly through Lancaster to Harrisburg. Until near Harrisburg the line was not touched by the storm. But just beyond Conewago the road strikes the Susquehanna River, and between there and Harrisburg about seven miles of tracks were under water. When the flood subsided it was discovered that many spots were washed out, all of them dangerously and some of them fatally. Travel to Harrisburg was impossible for a short time. Three miles beyond Harrisburg, at Rockville, the road crosses the river on a long bridge of heavy iron girders, and makes its way northwesterly to Lewistown. Here it runs alongside of and several times across the Juniata, which empties into the Susquehanna at Dauphin, a few miles above Rockville. Back and forward over bridges the tracks run from Lewiston to Huntingdon, making a large horseshoe curve. From just east of the latter place to Huntingdon occurred the damage that caused the most delay. The Juniata had done its utmost to make mischief. It had washed away miles of track. How many no one outside of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will know unless he takes the trouble to measure for himself. It is safe to say, however, that more than a score of miles had to be rebuilt. Four large bridges were destroyed, carried off in pieces and sections, lodged against trees or rocks or in meadows, and many smaller ones shared their fate.

From Huntingdon the main line runs northwest to Tyrone, then, sharply turning, southwest to Altoona. Here the tracks are in the most lofty and picturesque part of the route. They wind around the horseshoe, pass Cresson, and finally reach the Conemaugh and Johnstown. The world knows what the flood did to the people and villages that lay in its path. It was stayed by the splendid stone bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose seven arches stand intact, only the earth at one end being washed away. There were two fine bridges over the Conemaugh between Cresson and Johnstown. One was at South Fork. It was a comparatively stout structure of iron girders resting on stone piers. The other was the stone viaduct of the Pennsylvania Canal Company, used then by the railroad. The first bridge was literally swept away. It received the first force of the water, and the girders were tossed off the masonry as if they were chips. The river made a new channel for itself, twisting in behind a hill, and coming out in another place. The flood not only carried away the heavy stone viaduct, but washed away the earth at both ends to such an extent that the new structure will be a good deal longer than the old. The pictures of the old and new structures show this. The railway was an utter ruin for the nine or ten miles from South Fork to Johnstown. Perhaps it would be exaggeration to say that every vestige of it had gone, but it is certainly not exaggerating to say that not a particle of the road was traversable by trains.

After leaving Johnstown the road runs along the Conemaugh and the Kiskiminitas northwesterly to the Alleghany Valley junction. On this section it passes through Bolivar and Blairsville. The flood had washed out the embankments for the whole distance between these two places. After reaching the junction the run is southwesterly to Pittsburgh.

From the junction to the northeastward there is a branch of the Pennsylvania company to Driftwood, where the Philadelphia and Erie road is met. This road runs from Wilkesbarre to Erie, and touches branches of the Pennsylvania's original road at Lock Haven and Driftwood. It has also some branches of its own, the principal one being at Lewisburg. It is now the property of the Pennsylvania Company. There was no damage of moment on the branch road from Pittsburgh to Driftwood, but there were very bad breaks on the Philadelphia and Erie division in the vicinity of Lock Haven, Williamsport, and along the western branch of the Susquehanna to the point of its union with the main river at Northumberland.

The Northern Central road is another property which now belongs to the Pennsylvania company. It begins at Harrisburg and runs to Sunbury. Thence it uses the tracks of the Philadelphia and Erie to Williamsport, and then it makes its way north to Canandaigua. This road north of Williamsport was practically abandoned for a time. It was washed out so completely, and its bridges were so utterly destroyed, that it was determined that nothing should be done until the main lines of the Pennsylvania road were ready for through travel.

The havoc that the waters made along all the rivers must be seen to be appreciated. It is easy to say that nearly all the railroad bridges and practically all the wagon bridges of the region were destroyed, but it is difficult to comprehend exactly what that means, until one sees the number of bridges. As one rides from Harrisburg to beyond Lock Haven, the main river and the western branch seem to be dotted with stone piers that are partially or wholly bereft of their bridges. The piers are encumbered with piles of logs, trees, spans of strange bridges, sawed lumber, and laths still retaining their form. There stand up out of the water big stone stumps holding up nothing, monuments of the structures which have been wrecked by the river that now peacefully laves their feet. The banks of the river for more than two hundred miles are strewn with the millions of logs that were driven out of the booms at Williamsport and Lock Haven. Barns and houses have been knocked down, but the force of the flood was chiefly felt by whatever was on the water. Most of the railroad bridges are the victims of escaped wagon bridges, which tore down the river, bumping against anything that came in their way, and involving it and themselves in a common wreck. In an accompanying illustration will be found the span of a wagon bridge which was carried more than a mile from its piers, and finally deposited, right side up, in a meadow. In another is a coal car, which was borne off with the bridge which it was crossing, and anchored, with a lot of boards and the flooring of the bridge, in a shoal place in the river. The material things of this region have been broken away from their fastnesses and scattered over the country. Wherever the waters were given a chance, they tore away barns, houses, and uprooted trees. The stone ballast, of which the Pennsylvania company is justly proud, was treated with as little respect as if it had been the merest sand. Cars were pitched wheels over roofs, axles were bent, and iron wheels sent rolling to the bottom of the streams. The whole track in several places near Lock Haven was torn up, carried off several feet, and thrown upside down into a ditch, the sleepers on top, but still fastened to the rails. Not only did the large rivers engage in this wild work, but every inconsiderable brooklet aided to the best of its ability. The waters poured over the fields and highways, and seem to have even carried their stony bottoms with them. The brook pebbles are to be found everywhere—in the fields and in the hills and in the roadways. New cuts were made, and now, only a little more than two weeks after the storm, there are dry brookways which have been the beds of streams only for a day, but which look as if they had long held running waters. Wherever there were no brooks, the rains did all they could to take their place. They made watercourses of their own, and stormed in their feeble way with all the malignant will that characterized the work of the rivers. This brief recital will give some idea of the power of the water, and why it is that all through central and western Pennsylvania the bridges are down, and the traveller sees only the battered or broken pieces that tell how communication was once maintained.

The Pennsylvania people went quickly to work. All their trains were stopped. For two days the road from Harrisburg to Sunbury, over the Northern Central tracks, was stopped. This was due to wash-outs, which were quickly repaired. The engineers required a longer time on the way from Sunbury to Williamsport. It was here, however, that the first efforts were made. In the first place it was seen that the breaks on this part of the road could be more quickly mended than those on the main line between Lewistown and Huntingdon. Moreover, Johnstown was on the main line, while it was possible for trains to make their way to Pittsburgh, over the Northern Central and Philadelphia and Reading, through Driftwood.

It was Vice-President Thomson's task to repair the road from Sunbury, for he went to the Pennsylvania Company from the Philadelphia and Erie. Every man who could be obtained and used to advantage in the work of reconstruction was hired. Gangs of laborers of all nationalities were sent to the spots where the work was to be done. Bridge lumber was telegraphed for to New Jersey, New York, Buffalo, Erie. It came from everywhere, from the east and the west, by millions and tens of millions of feet. Bridge builders were quickly obtained, and the company went to work to redeem its wreckage in a manner that places its accomplishments among the wonders of this wonderful storm.

One of our illustrations presents very graphically not only the terrible power of the storm, but the manner by which much of the destruction was accomplished. It is a picture of the bridge at Lewisburg over which ran the tracks of the branch of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad from Montandon to Oak Hall. The demolition is so complete that nothing has yet been done toward making repairs. This inactivity is doubtless partly due to the fact that the bridge is owned by a private corporation, being both a railroad and a wagon bridge. The damage was immediately due to the collision of the Milton Railroad bridge, which was swept down from a point two miles above Lewisburg. A span of this bridge is illustrated in the picture, lying against the piers of the part of the Lewisburg bridge on which a superstructure continues to rest. The other spans of the Milton bridge rose by the action of the water until they bore down against the wooden covering and the tops of the piers. The wood-work was torn in shreds, and most of it was carried down the river in unrecognizable fragments. The tops of two of the piers were broken off. One of them fell up the stream, and the other down, showing that the Milton bridge was twisted around them and wrung them off. Another action of the flood is indicated by the planks torn off from the sides of the structure. Planks and logs were driven straight through the bridge from one side to the other, battering their way in and out.

Mr. Thomson went at once to Montgomery. The bridge at that place is very important. The road crosses over it from the left to the right bank of the Susquehanna. It is fifteen miles south of Williamsport. The road from there runs along the right bank of the river, which it crosses as it reaches Williamsport. On the way from the latter place to Lock Haven the river

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

is again crossed at a place known as Williamsport Junction. This route through the city of lumbermen is for passenger trains and local freight. All through freights continue on up the right bank of the river. The three bridges, one at Montgomery and two at Williamsport, were partly carried away, so that passenger business was suspended.

Mr. Thomson started at once for the break at Montgomery bridge. Until that was repaired the trains ran on the Reading tracks, on the right bank of the river. Mr. Thomson and the division superintendent reached Montgomery on Sunday morning. Three spans were gone. As soon as they were rebuilt, or replaced with a temporary trestle, a way to the West would be opened to the Pennsylvania road, for the freight line around Williamsport could be used until the other two bridges were finished. Mr. Thomson, riding in the cab with the engineer, took his timber and men with him. Attached to the train was a commissary department, and there were bunks for the men to sleep in. Four hundred men were with Mr. Thomson, all ready to conquer the water; but the water was still in no mood to be conquered, as was revealed by the sinking of a 200-pound weight. It was discovered that the current was running so fast that nothing could be undertaken, and it was not until Tuesday night that work was actually begun. Then the hammers rang, the men pulled with a will, and on Saturday the temporary bridge was finished. It consisted of a trestle, such as is shown in several of the illustrations. These trestles are braced uprights resting on a cross-piece, which, in turn, rests upon the bottom of the river. All the temporary bridges that have been constructed in the flooded region are of this kind.

The Montgomery bridge had a singular experience. The outermost span that was on the left bank of the river was twisted out of place. The curve in the track is shown in one of the drawings. The flood at this point just lacked the strength to carry off the bridge. As the trains go over it, the bridge groans as if it were in agony of protest against the harsh treatment to which it had been recently subjected.

Mr. Thomson and his helpers next attacked the bridge leading into Williamsport from the south, but it was the completion of the Montgomery bridge on Saturday, June 8th, a week after the flood, that gave the road a way to the West.

The Williamsport bridge was very badly damaged. Its spans were very long, and it was very high. Some coal cars were on it when all but two spans were carried away, and they were tumbled into the river. One of the spans, as shown in the illustration, was carried down the river about a quarter of a mile to Ransom's Island. There it stands, very much in its proper form, and there it will probably remain for some time. The temporary trestle at Williamsport was built in a little more than three days, and trains ran over it and into Williamsport for the first time on Wednesday, June 12th. In order to go on to Lock Haven and beyond, however, the trains were obliged to back across the bridge and take the freight tracks; but on Thursday, the 13th, the bridge at the Junction was completed, and trains were running over both ways. The representatives of HARPER'S WEEKLY were on the first trains that crossed into Williamsport, both from the south and west. There are no sides to these high, spindling structures, and looking out of the window, one sees only the swift water running below. It is as if the train were suspended in the air. Only those who go to the rear platform see that there is a structure under them.

The damage between Williamsport and Lock Haven was in the washing away of the roadway and small bridges crossing brooks. The town of Lock Haven was in a most deplorable condition. As one of the towns-people said, everything in the place was spoiled. The earth and stones were washed out from under the rails for miles. Workmen were still building a new embankment when the first train that entered Williamsport passed on its way to Tyrone.

After the through way was opened by the round-about northern route, the whole force of the executive departments of the road was concentrated at Tyrone on the viaduct and the bridge at South Fork. The road here, as has been explained, was practically swept away, but trains ran over it in two weeks from the time that the flood did its awful work. Our illustration shows the process of building the temporary trestle at South Fork. The bridge stood almost directly in the way of the flood as it came down from the dam. It was here that the limited express was saved by the quickness of its engineer, to whose disobedience of orders the passengers owe their lives. The train had been signalled to stop just before reaching the bridge. At that time the water was rushing over the girders, which appeared and disappeared as the torrent rose and fell. The dam had not yet broken. Disobedience of this signal is punished by instant dismissal. Presently a freight train appeared on the opposite side of the bridge. Its engine was uncoupled, and moved over the suspected structure. It was thought safe, and the two trains were ordered to proceed. Scarcely had the limited gone a few rods beyond the bridge, however, when it was directed to return and take up its former position. There it remained for some time, when suddenly the engineer heard a terrific roaring. Without looking back to see if his passengers were aboard—fortunately, they were—the engineer, who guessed the cause of the uproar up the valley, threw open the throttle, and heedless of the signal, flew over the bridge and up into the hills. He had barely reached a place of safety, when, looking back, he saw the flood sweep away the bridge, the road, and everything that stood in the way of its progress.

With the officers who have been mentioned, several division superintendents met at South Fork to aid in the work of reconstructing the roadway and the bridges. It was determined to twist the Conemaugh into new channels, so that it will never again be able to destroy towns and villages and human life as it did on this occasion. The South Fork bridge and the Conemaugh viaduct have been replaced by temporary trestles of the character already described. An army of men worked night and day on the two structures. The officers of the road stimulated the contractors by their presence and by money rewards. At night the work was carried on by the light of electric lamps, as is shown in the picture of the temporary viaduct. Both of these bridges on the Conemaugh will be replaced by stone structures. The viaduct was a single stone arch. It was 80 feet long, and had stood up against many a flood since the State built it in 1832. It went at last before the resistless waters of Conemaugh Lake. The temporary bridge is about 405 feet long, the waters having washed away the earth at both ends to such an extent that the chasm to be spanned is five times as great as it was. This trestle is 93 feet high. About 5000 men were employed between Johnstown and the top of the hill.

The breaks on the Conemaugh beyond Altoona were repaired in a short time, and the road between that city and Pittsburgh was ready for trains nearly as soon as the bridge at Montgomery was finished.

The hardest work was on the main line between Lewistown and Huntingdon. On this stretch of river twenty-three bridges were carried away. Four of them were very large. The Granville bridge was 640 feet long. It was iron, but iron seems to have been as powerless as planks in the grasp of this mighty flood. Four of its five spans were swept away, and the fifth was greatly damaged.

May's bridge, which is two miles west of Granville, is of the same length as the former. It was completely destroyed; even the stone piers were damaged, and the whole structure must be rebuilt.

The Manayunk bridge was of about the same length, and was totally ruined. So was the Petersburg bridge. Thirteen smaller bridges were damaged slightly, but were quickly repaired.

All the new bridges along the Juniata will be of iron. It was at first proposed to build with nothing but stone, in view of the manner in which the stone bridge at Johnstown withstood the flood and the battering-ram of buildings, logs, and trees in its front, but it was discovered that the nature of the bottom of the Juniata would not admit of the necessary foundations for stone structures.

Besides the bridges, miles of roadway along the Juniata were washed out, and the amount of work to be done along this division of the main line would have appalled any but the stoutest-hearted and richest corporations.

It ought to be stated that the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad people assert that they did the quickest work in bridge building at Sunbury on the Susquehanna. The bridge had nine spans, and three of them were carried away by collision with the Northumberland wagon bridge, which came rushing down the river on a mission of destruction. The three spans were rebuilt in five days.

As a rule, the builders constructed the temporary trestles in from three to five days. The work was postponed for several days by the state of the rivers and other streams, and on the Pennsylvania road, by the fact that the very great number of breaks rendered it impossible for the most energetic superintendence to be directed to all points at the same time. The actual work of restoration, however, is to be measured in days, and not in weeks, and all the damaged railroads, with some trifling exceptions, have been put in running order within two weeks of their damage and destruction. This splendid exhibition of courageous enterprise is worthy to be recorded. It is one of the finest displays of indomitable human nature that the century has witnessed. For two weeks transportation was suspended in Pennsylvania, and then it was resumed, new ways having been made in that time. While the work has been going on, the railroad managers have taken advantage of every opportunity to hurry through the business of their patrons. The Philadelphia and Erie road was long choked with trains—freight and passenger. Much of the way is a single track, and the consequence was that no passenger train was on time. So long as it was necessary, everything gave way to cars carrying relief to the Johnstown sufferers. Now that the lines are open, transportation will get back somewhere near its interrupted course, but it will be many months before the railroads are as well equipped for the transaction of their business as they were before the floods. When the work is all finished, Pennsylvania will doubtless possess as well-built railroads as can be found anywhere in the world.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

A POOL.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PULSELESS in twilight's hazy hush it lies,
Where in the odorous mead the insects boom,
While the wild flowers fold their flakes of bloom,
And in the west the rose serenely dies.
In its smooth breast the bird reflected flies,
And through the curtains of the deepening gloom
The billowy clouds that in the heavens loom,
Rest in its depths in snowy argosies.
It seems some hallowed spirit gently breathes
A subtle charm o'er quiet field and wood—
A dreamy sense of Eden's gates ajar.
Now the first moonbeam all the still scene wreathes—
Is that a lily on the silvered flood,
Or the white image of the evening star?

ADJUTANT-GENERAL KELTON.

ON the 7th of June the President appointed Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General John C. Kelton to be Adjutant-General of the Army, with the rank of Brigadier-General, in place of General R. C. Drum, who had been retired for age ten days before. This appointment was in accordance with popular expectation, inasmuch as the qualifications of General Kelton for this responsible office did not admit of doubt, and he was next in the line of promotion, being the ranking Colonel in the Department.

Born June 28, 1828, in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, to which State his great-grandfather had come from Ireland nearly a century before, General Kelton entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1847, and on graduating in 1851 joined the Sixth Infantry. Frontier and garrison service followed for half a dozen years, and then, on his promotion to a First Lieutenancy, came a tour of four years as instructor of infantry tactics at West Point, in which duty the opening of the civil war found him. He obtained an appointment at once in the Adjutant-General's Department, and has there remained ever since, reaching its highest honors after a staff service of twenty-eight years. In the autumn of 1861, while on staff duty at St. Louis, he had received the Colonelcy of the Ninth Missouri Infantry, and held it for several months, then joined the staff of General Halleck, and took part in the advance on Corinth and the siege of that place. With Halleck he went back to Washington soon after as Assistant Adjutant-General. When the brevets were given out at the end of the war, he received those of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, for "most valuable and arduous services, both in the field and at head-quarters," and that of Brigadier-General for like services.

General Kelton continued on duty at Washington in the Adjutant-General's office until 1870, and then went to San Francisco as Adjutant-General of the Division of the Pacific. While there he became known as an inventor of many military appliances, some of which have been adopted by the Ordnance Department. They include a rear sight for rifles, a front sight cover and protector, a locking mechanism for the regulation rifle, which allows it to be loaded and fired with only four motions, and a detachable magazine. He has also invented a pistol pack for rapidly loading any jointed revolver, and a safety stop to prevent the accidental discharge of a revolver in cavalry fighting; also, an automatic check-rein, which allows the horseman to have both hands free. At the outset of the civil war he had published a *Manual of the Bayonet*, and in 1882 he printed for private circulation *Fencing with Foils* and *Pigeons as Carriers*, followed, two years later, by *Information for Riflemen*, and *Select Songs for Special Occasions*, besides editing Grace's *System of Horse Training*. Since 1885 he has been on duty at Washington.

No doubt most of our readers are aware that the office of Adjutant-General is one of the most influential in the army, by reason of its dual relation to the Secretary of War and to the Commander-in-Chief, and its important functions in the issue of orders, instructions, and information. It also has a peculiar importance to the militia, since the Adjutant-General collects the statistics of the State forces, regulates the distribution of the appropriations of Congress to them, and is in many ways able to assist them.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, the Chicago lawyer and Irish agitator, who has been brought into unenviable prominence by his arrest on the charge of having murdered Dr. P. H. Cronin, a political opponent, is of Irish parentage and descent. According to the statements of his relatives he was born in July, 1841, in the town of Amherstberg, Ontario, Canada. According to his own story he was born in the State of Maine. Owing to his father being a British soldier assigned to garrison duty in the Dominion, and transferred from time to time to various posts, he had no fixed domicile in his early boyhood.

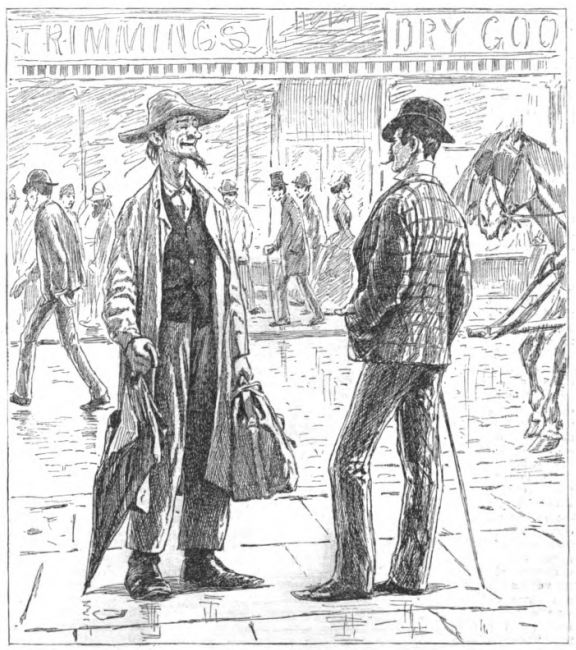
He received but little education, and when a mere lad started life for himself as an office boy in Detroit, Michigan. In that city he remained over ten years, gradually working his way up in business until he was the proprietor of a small shoe store, and in his leisure moments devoting himself to study and reading. In the latter work he had the advantage of the friendship and assistance of Miss Margaret Buchanan, a school-teacher and clever writer, who afterward became his wife.

His career in Detroit came to an end by the burning of his store, and his arrest and trial for arson in the second degree. He was acquitted by the jury, and shortly afterward came to New York. Here he secured employment as a salesman in a retail dry-goods store, and in the evenings studied law and history. To comply with the statutory requirements he formed a nominal connection with the law office of the late Hon. Algernon S. Sullivan, to whom he was distantly related. During this time he spent considerable time upon the meetings of temperance, political, and literary organizations, with a view of fitting himself for forensic work. His progress was rapid, and he soon made a local name for himself as an interesting and forcible, though not a graceful speaker.

In the mean time he had kept up his former Michigan relations so wisely that early in 1869 he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue in New Mexico by President Grant. The appointment has been charged to both Senator Ferry and Senator Chandler. In the summer of this year he had a violent quarrel with Judge Hough, of Santa Fe, which, like most affairs of that sort in the old Southwest, terminated in an appeal to the revolver. Sullivan was much the better marksman, bringing his enemy down seriously wounded, but received no injury himself.

At the close of 1869 his accounts were either short or inaccurate, and he was removed from office, although no criminal proceedings were brought against him by the United States authorities.

In 1870, through the same influence as before



A FRIEND IN NEED.

BUNCO STEERER (*to farmer*). "Isn't this Mr. Swansdown of Grayneck Corners?"

FARMER. "That's me."

BUNCO STEERER. "My name is Jim Sharper, son of old man Sharper, the banker in your town."

FARMER. "Your looks don't show it; but, by gosh, Jim, I'm glad to see you! I dropped into Wall Street to-day, and you've got to help me git back to the Corners or I'll have to walk."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. KELTON, THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 503.]

he was appointed Postmaster at Santa Fe, and had a similar experience as when Collector. His accounts were found to be incorrect by the Post-office Department, and were in such a shape that the Grand Jury of the Territorial Court found an indictment against him for embezzlement. He fled the jurisdiction, telling his friends that he was going to England and to Germany.

He went only as far as Chicago, where, after several unsuccessful attempts to enter commercial life, he became, in 1871, a reporter on the *Tribune* of that city. He made an energetic and successful newspaper man, but devoted all his spare time to politics. The latter rewarded him in due season by giving him, in 1873, a clerkship in the Board of Public Works. From this time on he has kept himself continually before the public eye. He shot and killed a man named Hanford for an alleged slander upon his wife. He was twice tried for murder for this offence, but was acquitted on the second trial. He entered the bar about 1875, and built up a very fair practice. In 1879 he became bankrupt, and filed schedules in the Illinois District Court showing debts amounting to $26,255, owed to forty-four creditors in various parts of the country, but more especially in New Mexico, Chicago, and Detroit.

During much of the period described, and in fact until a very short time ago, he took a remarkably active part in Irish affairs. He is said to have been a participant in the ill-starred Fenian movement, but this is hearsay. He was among the founders of the Land League in America, and afterward of the National League, its successor. He became in a short while one of its recognized orators, and was honored with its presidentship. He took an equally energetic interest in the organization known as the Clan-na-Gael, or United Brotherhood—a society which in character and purpose bears a striking resemblance to the Carbonari of Italy. He was its head several terms, and was long a member of what was known as the "triangle"—an executive committee of three officers of the Brotherhood, who enjoyed almost unlimited authority in the management of the order and the application of its funds.

It is in the application of these funds that the trouble which culminated in the murder of Cronin and the arrest of Sullivan has arisen. For several years it had been charged that the vast sums of money raised by the Clan-na-Gael had been either misused or malused by its officials. The charges finally took definite shape, and were formulated by a committee, of which Dr. Cronin was the central figure. Their gist was that the "triangle," and especially Alexander Sullivan, had converted the funds, and more particularly one sum of $100,000, to its or his own use. A preliminary examination by the officials of the order left the matter in about the same shape as before the inquiry, there being two reports—one exculpating and one inculpating the accused. Feeling ran high, and quarrel and contention occurred in every "camp" of the Clan-na-Gael and branch of the League. Cronin and his sympathizers determined to bring the matter up at the annual conventions of the two organizations, which are to occur soon. While working up his evidence, Cronin was assassinated under circumstances seeming, at least, to indicate that the murder had been carefully planned by members of the order. A coroner's inquest was held in Chicago last week, and a verdict was found reciting these facts, and charging Sullivan with being a participant in the crime. He was arrested, indicted, and is now in jail.



ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, OF CHICAGO, THE IRISH AGITATOR.
[SEE PAGE 503.]

In personal appearance Alexander Sullivan is at first sight disappointing. He is below medium stature, thin, slender, and of poor physique. His head is well shaped, the forehead high, the back head small, and the contour an oval, much more Greek than Milesian in type. The eyes are gray and of good size, the nose long and aquiline, the complexion sallow and bilious, the mouth large, the lips thin, and the teeth somewhat irregular. The general expression is that of a well-educated but overworked professional man.

In public meetings all this is changed the moment he rises to his feet. A sonorous and penetrating voice, a clear and manly enunciation, an admirable diction, a good flow of words, and a fine sense of the pathetic and dramatic, make him a public speaker of the best type. Among the many orators who have been identified with the Irish cause in this country, he has no superior except John C. Maguire, of Brooklyn. In working power and executive ability he deserves especial mention. Few can realize the difficulty of managing such heterogeneous bodies as the National League and the Clan-na-Gael. The controlling of great masses of men by parliamentary law is hard enough, but when these men are drawn from the most mercurial, excitable, and belligerent race in the world, the problem is rendered ten times as hard. His success, therefore, is evidence of a talent of a very high order.

THE TWOFOLD HOARD IN THE TREASURY.

THE week ends, in accordance with recent custom, with a large shipment of gold to Europe. The French steamer takes out nearly four million dollars of gold, and this time the stock-market was rather taken by surprise, the general opinion as late as Thursday being that no gold would go out this week. It is true that gold shipments ought not to cause surprise while sterling exchange continues to rule at current figures; but Wall Street seems always to be surprised when gold is sent to any European market other than London, and does not follow the rates of exchange between the chief European centres. Coming thus somewhat unexpectedly, and on a day when questions of rate-cutting among railroads both West and East were prominent, yesterday's engagements of gold had a depressing effect on the stock-market, and doubtless had a good deal of influence upon holders of stocks as well as upon operations for lower prices. At the same time no effect whatever was produced upon the money market. Indeed, there is extremely little change in money after several weeks of free exports of gold, which is to be explained by the fact that the domestic exchanges are at present generally in favor of this city, and that borrowers are not as numerous as they will be later in the season. And it is precisely on these accounts that the money market now deserves a degree of attention which it has not generally received.

We are at present dealing with money at 2 to 2½ per cent. on call, and so easy that the securities offered by borrowers are treated with much liberality. The receipts of money from interior markets, joined to the disbursements of the Treasury in regular course and for bond purchases, have so far prevented the export movement of gold from cramping the loan market. How much longer these conditions can last is what borrowers and lenders alike desire to know, and, as usual for many years past, the most uncertain element in the problem is the action of the Treasury. Other influences give signs in advance, and signs which men of business are trained to read and understand. But the course of the Treasury is peculiar, and in its most important influence upon the market, subject to other than business considerations. There is, and long has been, a general belief that the Treasury will let money out freely if necessity arises; but this is only the conviction that at some point in financial distress the Treasury will know how to afford relief. It has always been so since the Treasury held too much money; periods of great ease in the money market have been succeeded by rising rates and growing stringency, until the position becoming unbearable, the Treasury is at last moved to restore to circulation some considerable amount of its unnecessary and unbusinesslike hoard. Are we to see this happen again in 1889, after more than twenty years' experience of just such vicissitudes?

The evil effects upon general business of the Treasury's own hoard have been modified, thanks to the initiative of Mr. Fairchild, by an expansion of the system of government deposits, and the relief thus afforded can be estimated by attempting to consider what the position would be if these deposits were withdrawn without a simultaneous purchase by the Treasury of the bonds which it holds as security for the deposits. The purchases of bonds, though made daily, are fitful in amount, and recently small. They need to be materially increased before money in natural course becomes active again, unless the Treasury deposits can be raised to a much higher total than at present. Such an increase of deposits in a time of easy money would facilitate purchases of bonds when money becomes more active. But after all has been done that can be done in these two ways with the hoard which is actually owned by the Treasury, there remains the vast accumulation in the Treasury of lawful money held for the redemption of national bank-notes. This special accumulation amounted at the beginning of this week to $80,119,425, and it is increasing by the surrender of national bank-notes about as fast as it is reduced by their actual redemption and cancellation. No less than eighty millions of money is thus locked up in the Treasury, aside from its own accumulations, deposited there by national banks which withdrew their bonds pledged as security for circulation, and thus washed their hands of this amount of notes of their own issue.

What must be done to get this vast sum out of the Treasury and back into circulation? The attempt to pass a bill authorizing the investment of part of it in United States bonds came to nothing, and indeed the weight of reason was against it. If it could be deposited with the national banks that would be a great gain, and would also facilitate the redemption of the bank-notes for which it is held, but it seems impossible to find banks to take it, owing to scarcity of bonds for security. All that can be hoped is to hasten the presentation of the surrendered bank-notes, which would bring out the hoarded deposit once for all. The Treasury might help in this direction by furnishing to banks in the reserve cities a list of surrendered notes; and the banks themselves, which regularly sort the currency they receive, would do well to send to Washington for redemption all the bank-notes they can spare. And with all that can be done to reduce this dangerously large hoard of lawful money, the Treasury will still need to put out all it can by way of deposits and of purchase of bonds before the exchanges again turn against New York city. The course of trade and speculation shows that the people want the use of their money, and they want it in time.

H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June* 15, 1889.

THOUGH SHAKEN LIKE A LEAF

By the most trivial causes, weak nerves are easily susceptible of invigoration, a term which also imports, in this instance, quietude. The nervous have but to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically to overcome that super-sensitiveness of the human sensorium, which is subversive of all bodily comfort and mental tranquillity, and which reacts most hurtfully upon the system. The difficulty underlying this, as well as many other ailments, is imperfect assimilation, no less than incomplete digestion of the food. In the discharge of both the digestive and assimilative functions, the Bitters are the most potent, the most reliable auxiliary. As the body regains vigor and regularity by its aid, the brain and nervous system are also benefited. Persons subject to the influence of malaria, dyspeptic and rheumatic invalids, and persons whose kidneys are inactive, should also use the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

THE centennial of Washington's Inauguration, which has been celebrated in such regal style throughout the country, recalls another event for which all our loyal citizens should be thankful, viz.:—the invention of Pears' Soap, the purest, best, most economical, and therefore the most popular of all soaps. For the complexion it cannot be equalled, and its other sterling qualities render it invaluable to all with whom "cleanliness is next to godliness."

For one hundred years Pears' Soap has been held in the highest estimation in all parts of the civilized world, and this year is the anniversary of Queen Charlotte's visit to Pears' establishment, where she purchased this valued and valuable article for the complexion. She prized the product of Pears' ingenuity, and by her example "set the style" among her subjects; but since that time its fame has spread to both hemispheres, and is now as much appreciated among connoisseurs in toilet necessities in the New World as it has been for a century in the Old.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of impure water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 20c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE benefits of vacation season may be greatly enhanced, if, at the same time, the blood is being cleansed and vitalized by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A good appetite, fresh vigor, and buoyant spirits attend the use of this wonderful medicine.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

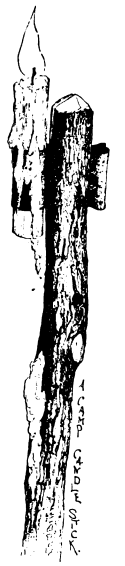
ON THE ST. MAURICE RIVER.

BY FREDERICK POLLOCK.

SOME authorities consider the habitations and haunts of men as cities, towns, villages, or country, defining these terms in various ways. Thus the city of Three Rivers, at the confluence of the St. Maurice and the St. Lawrence, half-way between Montreal and Quebec, became so by discovery after a recent census that it had reached the number of ten thousand inhabitants. Thereupon it declared itself no longer a town, but a true and perfect city, as, according to the laws and customs of the Province of Quebec, it might, though to the outward eye the public buildings of Three Rivers—the hotel, the "salon de barbier trifluoica," the resources of the stores, and the general appearances of activity—would betoken rather a town than a city, and not a very large or busy town. According to our English books, a town is a place which has or hath had a church and divine service and a constable, so that many small or even deserted villages must be towns in law, and on the other hand the *township* (if we may make it an abstract noun) of many considerable collections of streets and houses which are elaborately policed, educated, repaired, sanitated, and inspected under a tangle of modern statutes and by-laws, may be doubtful for want of a history going back to the days of the old-fashioned constable. Whether this best can be satisfied in Canada, or in the United States out of New England, and two or three of the other early plantations, I cannot tell, not knowing, indeed, what makes a lawful town in Lower Canada. But if there be any rule of proportion in these things, Grandes Piles is a goodly town, for it hath a railway terminus, and a lumber trade, and a store where there is French mustard, this last being a universal note of Lower Canadian patriotism in even the smallest Lower Canadian grocery store. "Notre langue, nos lois, notre moutarde," is the motto of the French Canadian journals; but I am quoting from memory, and may have got something slightly wrong. And so it seems that Three Rivers and Grandes Piles, being the only collective habitations of men with which our journey has to do, are now sufficiently defined as to their rank. There is, however, another manner of division which is of more practical use to the traveller, being founded, not on technical distinctions, but on the nature of things. In some places, as Montreal, New York, London, and Paris, men wear white collars every day of the week. In some they wear collars on Sundays, as at universities, watering-places, and summer resorts generally. In some they may wear collars if they please, but the wise man does not in the Keene Valley as at Clovelly (both names of great significance for those who deserve the knowledge) and up the St. Maurice River. I am not unaware that in some places it is an offence to wear collars, and commonly punishable with summary confiscation of any other valuables one may be carrying, as in the quarters of Paris where the chiffonniers, before they were disestablished, made themselves houses of old sardine boxes, and sat in them in rows on Sunday mornings, with their boots sticking out of the doors. But this is a special and curious branch of inquiry, to pursue which would lead us too far from the argument. There is nothing, I repeat, in the civil code of Lower Canada to prevent a man from wearing collars on the St. Maurice; as a fact, however, we did not see any, and a more collarless region within the range of civilized countries would be difficult to find.

How did we come to go up the St. Maurice River? Two years ago, no such matter being in our thoughts, Mr. O'Brien was with us at Clovelly, and fell in love with Clovelly at first sight. On the days when we went out sailing the talk would fall on the great waters of Canada, the sailing on the lakes, and the canoeing on the rivers. Once Mr. O'Brien said, among such talk, "Why don't you come out and see a Canadian river for yourselves?" or words to that effect. Such words mostly pass off light as thistle-down. We all know the travellers who say with benevolent pity, Why don't you go to Constantinople, to the Nile, to India, to Ceylon, to Japan, to Hawaii, to Kilima-Njaro, to Patagonia? and to whom we answer with a shrug or a sigh that life is short, and leisure shorter. This time such an answer came to the lips; but close upon it followed the better thought, Why not, indeed? The proved love of Clovelly and its ways, which we knew, gave weight to our friend's assurance concerning the scenes and the ways of Canadian holidays which we did not know. Then there were standing promises and half promises already exchanged with certain learned friends dwelling, as it were, in the transplanted flower and paradise of the Common Law (to wit, in the County of Suffolk, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts), and with certain scholars and philosophers of that Cambridge which puzzles an Englishman, yet with a thoroughly English disregard of external congruities, by being in Essex; of which promises, be it said in passing, the fulfilment was found delightful and fruitful even beyond expectation. In short, the stray seed took root and grew. And so it was that on a day early in August, 1884, a canoeing party was assembled at the city of Three Rivers aforesaid. It consisted of the Painter (otherwise Le Capitaine), inventor and director of the expedition, the Professor, the Frau Professorin (otherwise Madame), and three sturdy lumbermen, who, notwithstanding that one of them bore the name of Peter Ball, mustered about a dozen English phrases between them. The Painter knew the lower reaches of the river from Grandes Piles to its mouth (about thirty miles), but not the upper part. The plan was to take the railway to Grandes Piles, thence ascend the river as far as might be convenient, and canoe down its whole length to Three Rivers; and so it was performed. A curious observer might have guessed our intentions from the small bulk of our personal baggage compared with the Painter's tents and cooking apparatus, well tried in former camping tours, which seemed quite to fill up the ground-floor of the principal hotel of Three Rivers. Then in that evening and the early hours of the next morning ensued solemn consultation with the canoemen and ransacking of the stores of Three Rivers for provision of divers kinds; and we learned that there exists a city, professing to combine the resources of English and French civilization, in which it may be impossible to get bacon at less than twenty-four hours' notice, and far from easy to get a knife that will cut. The pleasing uncertainty of language adds to the interest of shopping in a Lower Canadian town. Broadly speaking, English will be acceptable in the larger stores, and French in the smaller ones. Whether the French you get in exchange will be intelligible is another matter. And so we quit the principal hotel of Three Rivers, nothing loath, with no more than time to catch the one train on the branch line— "But what! No frying-pan! I thought you had bought a frying-pan," cries the Painter. "I thought there was one among your cooking machines," cries the Professor. We pull up and supply the dreadful omission at the hardware store in such haste as can be made in dealing with a well-meaning old lady who speaks no English and not much French; and after some anxious moments we still save our train, and are soon at peace.

A small branch railroad has a soothing effect. This from Three Rivers was one train a day; it starts about the appointed time, and arrives at Grandes Piles at any time consistent with going back to Three Rivers in the course of the afternoon, a journey which cannot be altogether dispensed with, as the line owns but one engine. We stop at various places, by no means always at a station, to pick up or deposit a truck-load of lumber; we learn various things about the St. Maurice River from a fellow-passenger, who turns out to be a partner in the chief business of that region; among others, that we shall get no salmon, and that the elegant trout rod we bought at Montreal is not much more to the purpose. But we are at Grandes Piles, a white hamlet (and white hot in the August mid-day) consisting of the railway terminus, a large sawmill, a small inn, a post-office and general store, and a timber wharf. From the landing-place we look up the broad river, divided by long and massive booms, whose uses are mysterious to the stranger, to the rounded heights between which our journey lies. And here it is proper that, not omitting the light of the following three weeks' experience, we take stock of ourselves.



Two canoes, a larger and a smaller, three travellers, of whom two are able-bodied, and one is expert in this kind of work, three lumbermen, and a proportionate quantity of *butin*, as they conveniently call the whole of the dead-weight added to the canoes; these are the elements. Our normal arrangement was to put the travellers and the head man in the large canoe, the other two men and the bulk of the *butin* in the small one. This had its drawbacks, for the large canoe was a rather heavy goer, and moreover afflicted with invincible ignorance of the art of being steered—a thing not natural in a birch-bark canoe, which, if well built, ought to steer exquisitely. On stationary days we paddled about in the small canoe as a luxury. Concerning paddling in general there is little to be said; the first step of casting away prejudices derived from rowing does not take long; but the guiding of a canoe in broken waters requires mastery and judgment such as can be gained only by long experience. Concerning our equipment, it was of almost barbarous simplicity, and much best so. The Painter had, indeed, a kind of nest of little pots and tin boxes inside a great cooking-pot, which was a pretty study in the way of using up space; but there were no complicated inventions about our camp, unless a stylographic pen be reckoned such; we dispensed even with a lantern. The naked light set on an improvised candle-stick, as per margin, to use the classical English of official papers, does not afford great facilities for reading and writing; but then gossip round the camp fire is more inviting than the practice of those accomplishments after a day's paddling. A few books go a long way on such a journey: there will be enough if every member of the party takes one or two favorite authors. The Professor doth confess to a pocket Homer, and flatters himself with the conjecture that peradventure Odysseus never voyaged so far up the St. Maurice before.

To celebrate our canoe-men fitly would require a minute knowledge of the French Canadian language in both narrator and listener. The local color of their words and works evaporates in English. In general type they were not unlike the guides one might find in French-speaking parts of the Alps, a little out of the highways of mountaineering; accustomed to long working hours and the roughest fare for themselves, and not quite seeing by the light of nature that the traveller's aim is not mere getting along, and that he will spend a little more time and take some little trouble for the sake of doing things more pleasantly; but apt at finding out their employers' wishes on better acquaintance, and indefatigable in executing them. The number of pounds of pork and biscuit which those three men converted into muscular energy was remarkable, but never was that kind of conversion more effectual. In the combination of a frank and independent manner, with perfect courtesy, they resembled Alpine guides; but this seems common to all sorts of men who live face to face with the elements in disciplined or concerted employments, from the seafaring Greek warriors of Homer to modern English fishermen. They had no touch, however, of the dash and enterprise and enjoyment of the work, for its own sake, which one usually finds in a good guide, whether German or French speaking. Once the Painter proposed to Théophile to make trial—without Madame and the *butin*, of course—of shooting a minor rapid, which is not regularly shot, but looked to him practicable. Théophile would have absolutely nothing to say about it. He would take any risk that came in the day's work; but whatever went beyond this was "de l'ambition," and sure to have a bad end in some way. At the outset there was some difficulty in persuading Théophile, Pierre, and Adolphe that the party was not undermanned; they would hardly believe in travellers taking any substantial share of work; but the first day up the river settled that point. In the latter days Théophile became quite ingenious in making things comfortable. One hot Sunday at La Tuque (the highest point of our exploration) we came back to camp from visiting the rapids and falls, and found it adorned with a shady grove of young branches, to which the spare flies of one of the tents were also cunningly stretched out; another time Théophile employed the mid-day halt in fitting the canoe with an awning for the special convenience of Madame. Théophile, however, could be tenacious in some small matters, and in one he had his revenge. It appears to be a sacred custom of camp life to make tea, whether morning or evening, as soon as any water is hot, and leave it to stew at the edge of the camp fire while the rest of the meal is preparing. At last we determined to revolt against overstewed tea-leaves, and suggested to Théophile that he might reverse the order of his operations, and let the tea stand for about five minutes instead of fifty. Next time Théophile presented the teapot to us with the words, "J'ai bouillanté le thé pendant cinq minutes, comme madame me l'a dit": and this formula was never afterward varied or omitted. The tea was hopelessly weak, but our mouths were closed. I do not think the verb *bouillanter* is to be found in Littré. So much the worse for Littré. Neither is the extended usage of *emmancher* and *démancher*, verbs of all work, without which affairs could not be carried on at all up the St. Maurice. I conjecture that *emmancher* has been influenced in this respect by "fix up"; for there is a good deal of Anglo-Americanism about Lower Canadian French in common usage, whatever is said—and may be true, for ought I know, of the language of highly educated persons—for its claims to represent the pure French of the monarchy before boulevards and *feuilletons* were invented. Anyhow, the regular answer to any small request was, "Je vais vous emmancher cela, madame"; and the final act of striking camp in the morning was no less regularly announced by the question, "Faut-il démancher la tente?" For the rest, we were struck by the meagreness of our canoe-men's vocabulary. They seemed to lack words to express distinctions perfectly familiar to them in fact. *Sapin* included every coniferous tree, and though fully aware of the existence of owls, they called the loon *hibou*. Popular Canadian French, altogether, has the air of a stunted and mistthriven dialect.

Not the least point in the voyageur's skill is the choice of camping-ground, if we apply the old name of voyageur to the modern lumberman, now that the old calling is practically extinct. During our three weeks on the St. Maurice we had only one bad camp. A pleasant site, a good access to the river for water supply and bathing, a space round the tents clear from dense wood, which harbors flies, and with this a moderate elevation above the river-level, and a supply of balsam or hemlock boughs to make beds of—such are the conditions of a camp to be remembered with pleasure. The bad one was on the Bostonnais River, a tributary which drains a lake of the same name.* We found ourselves compelled to halt in a cramped situation at the beginning of a trouble-some portage about three miles long, and much gone to decay and obstructed by windfalls and slashes. Over this portage we took only the small canoe, and left behind everything we could spare for a couple of days. Now there are trout in the Bostonnais River above the falls which are circumvented by this portage—whereby it came to pass that our elegant fishing-tackle was not forth-coming in the one piece of water where it could have been effectively used. Not that, as regards the ultimate purpose of getting fish for supper, it mattered much; Théophile disappeared into the woods, regardless of black-flies, with a freshly cut rod that in his hands did just as well. But the Bostonnais River is a charming bit of navigation, an idyllic episode relieving the epic breadth and volume of the St. Maurice; its falls would anywhere else be a show sight (the Painter sat sketching them till we had almost to carry him off by force to prevent him from being eaten up by the black-flies), and the two days of island camping on the lake were delicious.

We had broken away from even the scattered farm-houses along the St. Maurice, and were in absolute solitude, but for the shanty of a half-breed Indian who built canoes all by himself with a crooked knife made of an old file set in a handle of cedar root. Only in one respect nature was marred by the works of man; the dam above-mentioned had so sensibly raised the level of the water as to drown the roots of many trees, and the shore and the islands were fringed with dead standing wood. Almost the only sound to be heard on the lake besides those proceeding from our own camp was the half-human cry of the loon, and sometimes its still more human laughing note. Twice only we slept under a roof during our three weeks' expedition, and once we repented it. The night of which we did not repent was passed in a substantial farm-house at a point called Grande Anse, which gave us opportunities of observing divers points of French Canadian household, such as building the oven out-of-doors at some distance from the house. Here, too, we saw the winter hunting-gear laid by, and came in for tales of bears.

A camp which divided our affections with that of the lake, and to which we returned on the way down, was at the mouth of the Caribou River, another and smaller tributary. There was a fair open space, gently trending down to the river, with a mighty pine-tree that formed a natural landmark; on one side the wood, fragrant with balsam pines, and abundant in wild raspberries; on the other, the estuary of the little river, with a flat expanse of sand between banks rapidly rising inland, which somehow carried back one's thoughts to mornines and glacier streams (a moraine may be a picturesque object when you have not to walk on it), and just enough traces of lumbermen's work to prevent the spot from being utterly savage. We staid longer at other places, yet this camp, as a camp, was the most perfect. Our days at Shawenegan Falls were memorable, but for things outside the encampment: we spent the time in studying the falls round and about, under sunshine and cloud, and in the light of different times of day. How one envies the white men who could camp at Niagara before there were hotels and paper-mills! And then it was our last encampment, and we glorified our last camp fire with passing great stumps of cedar and spruce, not to be seen, much less burnt, on European rivers; and the Grand Remou—a lake-like bight into which the river spreads out below the gorge of the fall—was charming to look forth upon in the mornings and evenings; and the little Shawenegan River that comes in at the corner farthest from the main current, about the size of a Devonshire stream, such as the East Lyn, and with miniature rapids—"stockles," as we say in England—and falls of its own, gave us an amusing ramble or two and a new scale to estimate the dimensions of the St. Maurice by. At La Tuque, again, the scenery of the rapids was exquisite, but our camp was pitched in a civilized meadow quite near habitations. The meadow was full of crickets, merry, innocent creatures, but they would be better company if one did not want to dust them out of the tent before turning in for the night. Moreover, there were mosquitoes of a peculiarly ferocious gray variety with speckled legs. Then we had an attack of *boïobs*—an almost invisible midge, which comes out in swarms about sunrise and sunset, and feels, as the Painter expressed it, like a shower of hot needles. Tobacco and smudge, however, afford a fair measure of local and personal relief against this kind of trouble. And the interest of La Tuque is great. The name comes of the cap-like rounded cliff that seems to close all view up the river; but that is not the most interesting feature. A fall, not of imposing mass, but perfect in form and setting, which plunges into a rock basin with a swelling curve of smooth unbroken water, and a long reach of rapids below it, are enough to cause even those who are no painters to think their journey well repaid. The form of the cliff above-mentioned is characteristic of the Laurentian rocks, and often recurs on the banks of the St. Maurice. When the dip of the stratification is moderate the slabs make a series of oblique ledges, which, as any one who has climbed or walked on rocks will understand, afford convenient walking to the traveller. But where the dip is increased, the slabs, being tilted almost or quite on end, form exceedingly steep cliffs, of which the most celebrated and frequented examples are to be found on the lower Saguenay. The summits have always, I believe, a rounded profile. Neither on the Saguenay nor on the St. Maurice is

* The nomenclature of the only detailed map I have seen (issued by the government of the province) does not altogether agree with that which we picked up *viva voce*.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

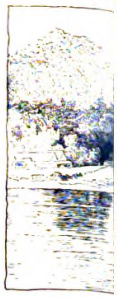


GRAND'MER

there anything like the boldly squared lines of a granite coast or of the Dartmoor tors. As good a specimen as any of the general character of the river-shores is afforded by their aspect at Rapide Croche, the first rapids below La Tuque.

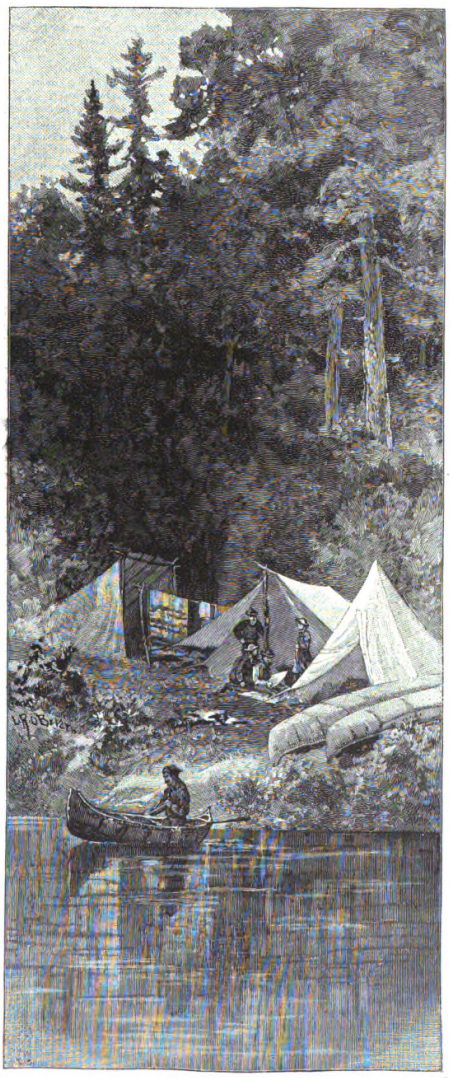
It is an abrupt meeting of oblique and vertical strata that has determined the singular and impressive course of the river at Shawenegan. Above the falls there is a broad placid reach divided by a chain of islands, a system of booms, and a channel leading to a timber slide; in short, the usual signs of an abrupt change of level which cause the canoe-man, if not already possessed of local knowledge, to travel cautiously, and look about for the portage. Then comes the water-fall; not a clear plunge over an upright barrier, but a broken tumultuous descent of tawny waters, rushing and tossing in complex yet definite forms. Thus far there is nothing to be called unusual in its kind. But now the whole moving mass of the river is flung against a vertical face of rock; the gently dipping ledges which have made an easy path for it are cut short, and there is no straightforward way of escape. Driven back upon itself, the water becomes a whirlpool, not very large in surface, but deep and strong, known as Remou du Diable. Emerging from this tormented spot, it forces its way out in the line of the fault, between the inexorable wall on the left and the shelving bank from whose height it has fallen, on the right. Among these ledges many a tiny stream from the overflow of the falls may be seen picking its way, on a humble scale, in just the same fashion. Having taken up the stream diverted for a timber slide, and therewith the timber at such times as it is sent down, the river unruffles itself into the expanse of the Grand Remou. Finally the stream is gathered up, and resumes its general southerly direction, but not without having completely turned round upon itself. At Grand'mer, not very far above, the river, split into two branches, makes a fine double fall, and there likewise expands into a pool, as I take the name to import; it is sometimes written Grand'mère, but this has no meaning in the absence of a local tradition which might explain it, and we could not hear of any; besides, there is no authoritative spelling in these parts. There is another dubious question at this place, namely, how Salvator Rosa came to paint the rocks of Grand'mer, or they came to build the rocks of Grand'mer out of Salvator Rosa's pictures: but as to this I cannot offer even a conjecture.

Some of the local names—this in particular—may suggest questions about sport. As to fishing we have already explained ourselves. The St. Maurice does not breed the nobler fish, but maskilonge may be had in any reasonable quantity by trolling with a spoon bait while the canoe is travelling. They would be called coarse fish in Europe, being of the

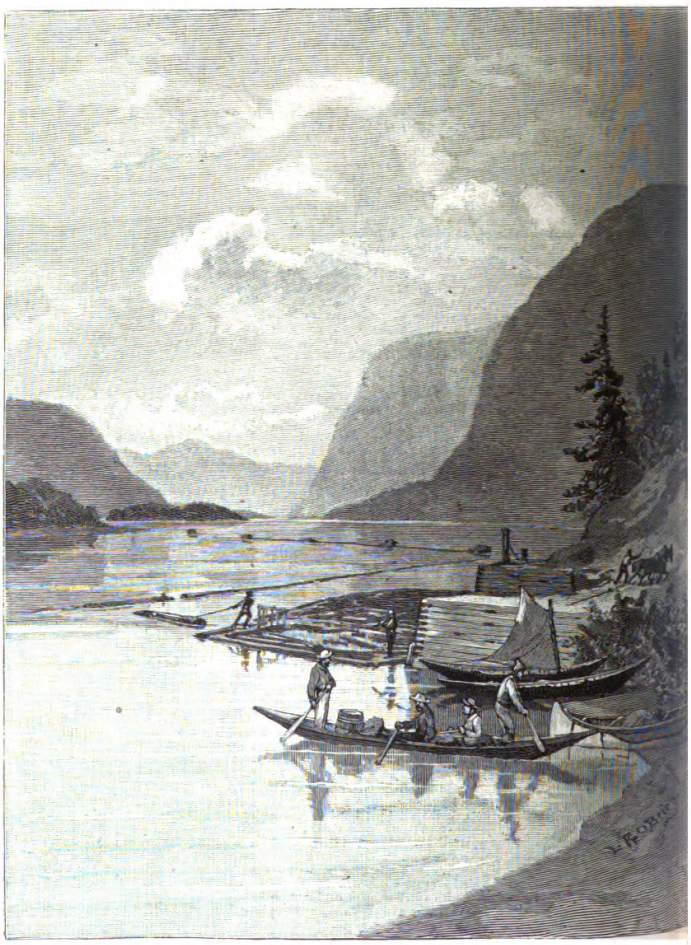




WORKING UP RAPIDE MANIGANCE (RIVER ST. MAURICE).



OUR CAMP.



THE LANDING AT GRANDES PILES.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



RATS.

venture, but not of rats. They were no rats that caused the Painter and the Professor to confront one another at dead of night with looks of despair, and after a brief council march out to the ruder but better shelter of a spacious barn with clean hay, the slovenly, good-natured *habitant* and his wife meanwhile volubly lamenting that such things should be, and protesting that it was quite unheard-of and inexplicable, though certainly three priests had staid in the house about a week before. Wherefore the Painter and the Professor and the Frau Professorin sorely repented them that they had forsaken their tents that night and put their trust in a roof. Neither were they consoled by any improvement on their camp fare in the way of meals. It is understood that French provincial cookery is capable of being detestable, and I suppose that the country cookery faithfully represents the tradition of small French villages before the Revolution.

The navigation of the St. Maurice does not present any features of surprising novelty, but is varied enough to avoid any reproach of monotony. Poling and towing were more called for on the upward journey than we should have desired if it had been left to our choice. The stream is broad and strong, and in some parts contending with it is laborious at best. On one or two days we could hardly do any straightforward paddling. But the traveller has his revenge on the return voyage. Once we ran down in half an hour a reach that we had consumed half a day in working up. Apart from falls, there are not many considerable rapids: thus at Croche and Manigance the canoes may, on the ascent, have to



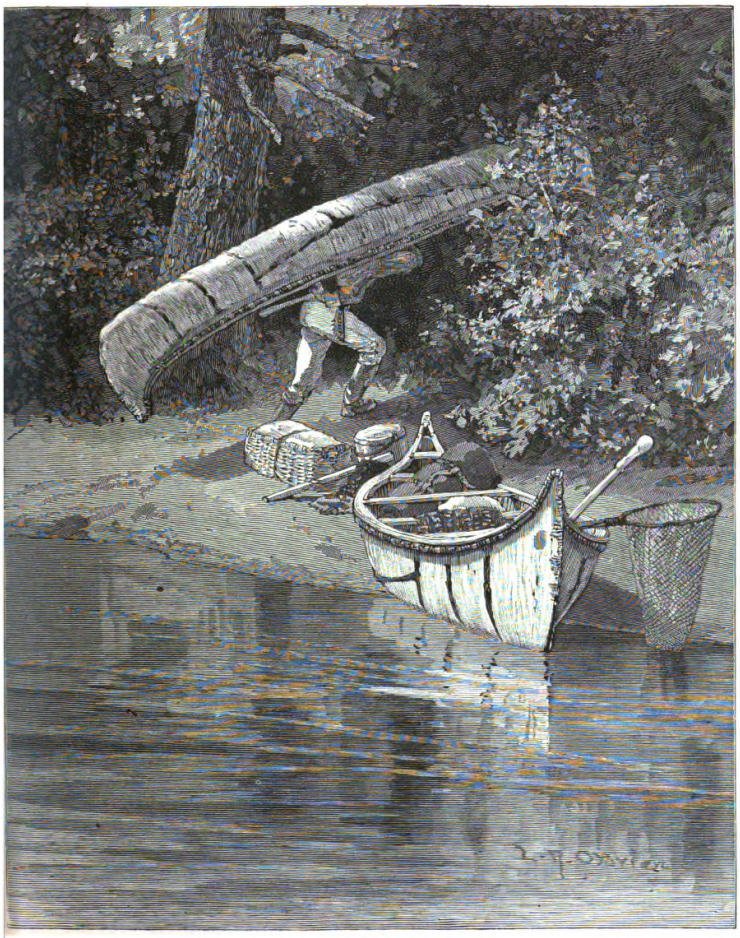
LA TUQUE

quite good
been pad-
hooting, we
f any kind
as nothing
or a gun to
re. A Eu-
t by the ab-
imals, four-
e Canadian
s of caribou
I think, of
youngest of
he saw a
e other two
it, and had
Sir Thomas
Birds were
oons on the
l a solitary
Shawenegan
meconcerned
anoe's bows
about made
the winter
everything
at the local
r do as a
aux Rats,
a fair speci-
e *habitant's*
octurnal ad-



RAPIDE CROCHE MOUNTAIN.

be put over a corner of rock by hand, but there is nothing amounting to a portage. In descending the river these rapids are shot without difficulty. The very pretty rapids of Petites Piles, just below the railway terminus of Grandes Piles, whence we canoed upward, involve a short portage. This was where Théophile flatly refused to have anything to do with *l'ambition*, so that the probability of shooting that rapid must remain for us a pious opinion founded on the Painter's conjecture. On the main stream the portages are well kept, but it is a different matter when one gets on a byway. Below Grandes Piles there is a good deal of engineering, mainly in the interest of the lumber trade. Timber slides, dams, cribs, and the rest of it are quite unlike anything familiar to European travellers, and it would take a long time to lose the sense of novelty in their aspect. As regards communication with the outer world, we mostly did without it. Once or twice we found occasions for sending letters down, but the river is little frequented by travellers. The only strangers we met were a party of missionary priests. At Three Rivers, indeed, they kept a postal address for us; it consisted of the simple and comprehensive words, "Up river," whose virtue sufficed to bring our correspondence to meet us at Grandes Piles on our way down.



THE PORTAGE.



ON THE BOSTONNAIS RIVER.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"Play!"



"Look out for Second!"



"Two Out!"



"Foul Ball!"



"——!!!"



"Look out, Shorty!"



"Ah, there!"



"No Flies on Billy."



"Keep right on, Boys!"



"Now, then, Cy; right in here!"



"That Man is Out!" "Rats!"



The Effect of the Umpire's Decision.

THE NATIONAL GAME.—Drawn by C. G. Bush

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH.*

BY BRET HARTE.

I.

THE sun was going down on the Dedlow Marshes. The tide was following it fast, as if to meet the reddening lines of sky and water in the west, leaving the foreground to grow blacker and blacker every moment, and to bring out in startling contrast the few half-filled and half-lit pools left behind and forgotten. The strong breath of the Pacific ruffling their surfaces at times fanned them into a dull glow like dying embers. A cloud of sand-pipers rose white from one of the nearer lagoons, swept in a long eddying ring against the sunset, and became a black and dropping rain to seaward. The long sinuous line of channel, fading with the light and ebbing with the tide, began to give off here and there light puffs of gray-winged birds like sudden exhalations. High in the darkening sky the long arrow-headed lines of geese and "brant" pointed toward the upland. As the light grew more uncertain, the air at times was filled with the rush of viewless and melancholy wings, or became plaintive with far-off cries and lamentations. As the marshes grew blacker, the far-scattered tussocks and accretions on its level surface began to loom in exaggerated outline, and two human figures, suddenly emerging erect on the bank of the hidden channel, assume[1] the proportion of giants.

When they had moored their unseen boat, they still appeared for some moments to be moving vaguely and aimlessly around the spot where they had disembarked. But as the eye became familiar with the darkness, it was seen that they were really advancing inland, yet with a slowness of progression and deviousness of course that appeared inexplicable to the distant spectator. Presently it was evident that this seemingly even, vast, black expanse was traversed and intersected by inky creeks and small channels, which made human progression difficult and dangerous. As they appeared nearer, and their figures took more natural proportions, it could be seen that each carried a gun; that one was a young girl, although dressed so like her companion, in shaggy pea-jacket and southwester, as to be scarcely distinguished from him above the short skirt that came half-way down her high India-rubber fishing boots. By the time they had reached firmer ground, and turned to look back at the sunset, it could be also seen that the likeness between their faces was remarkable. Both had crisp, black, tightly curling hair. Both had dark eyes and heavy eyebrows. Both had quick, vivid complexions, slightly heightened by the sea and wind. But more striking than their similarity of coloring was the likeness of expression and bearing. Both wore the same air of picturesque energy; both bore themselves with a like graceful effrontery and self-possession.

The young man continued his way. The young girl lingered for a moment, looking seaward, with her small brown hand lifted to shade her eyes—a precaution which her heavy eyebrows and long lashes seemed to render utterly gratuitous.

"Come along, Mag. What are ye waitin' for?" said the young man, impatiently.

"Nothin'. Lookin' at that boat from the fort." Her clear eyes were watching a small skiff invisible to less keen-sighted observers, aground upon a flat near the mouth of the channel. "Them chaps will have a high ole time gunnin' thar, stuck in the mud, and the tide goin' out like sixty!"

"Never you mind the sogers," returned her companion, aggressively; "they kin take care o' their own precious skins, or Uncle Sam will do it for 'em, I reckon. Anyhow, the people—that's you and me, Mag—is expected to pay for their foolishness. That's what they're sent yer for. Ye oughter to be satisfied with that," he added, with deep sarcasm.

"I reckon they ain't expected to do much off o' dry land, and they can't help bein' queer on the water," returned the young girl, with a reflecting sense of justice.

"Then they 'ain't no call to go gunnin', and wastin' guv'ment powder on ducks instead o' Injins."

"Thet's so," said the girl, thoughtfully. "Wonder ef guv'ment pays for them frocks the Kernel's girls went cavortin' round Longport in last Sunday; they looked like a cirkis."

"Like ez not the old Kernel gets it outer contracts, one way or another. *We* pay for it all the same," he added, gloomily.

"Jest the same ez if they were *my* clothes," said the girl, with a quick fiery little laugh, "ain't it? Wonder how they'd like my sayin' that to 'em when they was prancin' round—eh, Jim?"

But her companion was evidently unprepared for this sweeping feminine deduction, and stopped it with masculine promptitude.

"Look yer; instead o' botherin' your head about what the fort girls wear, you'd better trot along a little more lively; it's late enough now."

"But these darned boots hurt like pizen," said the girl, limping. "They swallowed a lot o' water over the tops while I was wadin' down there, and my feet go swashin' around, like in a churn, every step."

"Lean on me, baby," he returned, passing his arm around her waist, and dropping her head smartly on his shoulder. "That!" The act was brotherly and slightly contemptuous, but it was sufficient to at once establish their kinship.

They continued on thus for some moments in silence, the girl, I fear, after the fashion of her sex, taking the fullest advantage of this slightly sentimental and caressing attitude. They were moving now along the edge of the marsh, parallel with the line of rapidly fading horizon, following some trail only known to their keen, youthful eyes. It was growing darker and darker. The cries of the sea-birds had ceased; even the call of a belated plover had died away inland; the hush of death lay over the black funereal pall of marsh at their side. The tide had run out with the day. Even the sea-breeze had lulled in this dead, slack water of all nature, as if waiting outside the bar with the ocean, the stars, and the night.

Suddenly the girl stopped, and halted her companion. The faint far sound of a bugle broke the silence, if the idea of interruption could have been conveyed by the two or three exquisite vibrations that seemed born of that silence itself, and to fade and die in it without break or discord. Yet it was only the "retreat" call from the fort, two miles distant and invisible.

The young girl's face had become irradiated, and her small mouth half opened as she listened. "Do you know, Jim," she said, with a confidential sigh, "I allus put words to that when I hear it, it's so pow'ful pretty. It allus goes to me like this: 'Goes the day, Far away, With the light, And the night Comes along—Comes along—Comes along—Like a-a-so-o-ong.'" She here lifted her voice—a sweet, fresh, boyish contralto—in such an admirable imitation of the bugle, that her brother, after the fashion of more select auditors, was for a moment quite convinced that the words meant something. Nevertheless, as a brother, it was his duty to crush this weakness.

"Yes, and it says, 'Shut your head, Go to bed,'" he returned, irascibly, "and *you'ld* better come along, if we're goin' to hev any supper. There's Yaller Bob hez got ahead of us over there with the game already."

The girl glanced toward a slouching burdened figure that now appeared to be preceding them, straightened herself suddenly, and then looked attentively toward the marsh.

"Not the sogers again?" said her brother, impatiently.

"No," said the girl, quickly; "but if that don't beat anythin'! I'd hev sworn, Jim, that Yeller Bob was somewhere behind us. I saw him only jest now, when 'Taps' sounded, somewhere over thar." She pointed with a half-uneasy expression in quite another direction from that in which the slouching Yellow Bob had just loomed.

"Tell ye what, Mag, makin' poetry outer bugle calls hez kinder muddled ye. *That's* Yeller Bob ahead, and ye orter know Injins well enuff by this time to remember that they allus crop up jest when ye don't expect them. And there's the bresh jest afore us. Come!"

The "bresh," or low bushes, was really a line of stunted willows and alders that seemed to gradually sink into the level of the plain, but increased in size further inland, until they grew to the height and density of a wood. Seen from the channel, it had the appearance of a green cape or promontory thrust upon the marsh. Passing through its tangled recesses, with the aid of some unerring instinct, the two companions emerged upon another and much larger level that seemed as illimitable as the bay. The strong breath of the ocean lying just beyond the bar and estuary they were now facing came to them salt and humid as another tide. The nearer expanse of open water reflected the afterglow and lightened the landscape. And between the two wayfarers and the horizon rose, bleak and startling, the strange outlines of their home.

At first it seemed a ruined colonnade of many pillars, whose base and pediment were buried in the earth, supporting a long parallelogram of entablature and cornices. But a second glance showed it to be a one-storied building, upheld above the marsh by numberless piles placed at regular distances; some of them sunken or inclined from the perpendicular increasing the first illusion. Between these pillars, which permitted a free circulation of air, and, at extraordinary tides, even the waters of the bay itself, the level waste of marsh, the bay, the surges of the bar, and finally the red horizon line, were distinctly visible. A railed gallery or platform, supported also on piles, and reached by steps from the marsh, ran around the building, and gave access to the several rooms and offices.

But if the appearance of this lacustrine and amphibious dwelling was striking, and not without a certain rude and massive grandeur, its grounds and possessions, through which the brother and sister were still picking their way, were even more grotesque and remarkable. Over a space of half a dozen acres the flotsam and jetsam of years of tidal offerings were collected, and even guarded with a certain care. The blackened hulks of huge uprooted trees, scarcely distinguishable from the fragments of genuine wrecks beside them, were securely fastened by chains to stakes and piles driven in the marsh, while heaps of broken and disjointed bamboo orange crates, held together by ropes of fibre, glistened like ligamented bones heaped in the dead valley. Masts, spars, fragments of shell-incrusted boats, binnacles, round-houses, and galleys, and part of the after-deck of a coasting schooner, had ceased their wanderings, and found rest in this vast cemetery of the sea. The legend on a wheel-house, the lettering on a stern or bow, served for mortuary inscription. Wailed over by the trade-winds, mourned by lamenting sea-birds, once every year the tide visited its lost dead, and left them wet with its tears.

To such a spot and its surroundings the atmosphere of tradition and mystery was not wanting. Six years ago Boone Culpeper had built the house, and brought to it his wife, variously believed to be a gypsy, a Mexican, a bright mulatto, a Digger Indian, a South Sea princess from Tahiti, somebody else's wife, but in reality a little Creole woman from New Orleans, with whom he had contracted a marriage, with other gambling debts, during a winter's vacation from his home in Virginia. At the end of two years she had died, succumbing, as differently stated, from perpetual wet feet or the misanthropic idiosyncrasies of her husband, and leaving behind her a girl of twelve and a boy of sixteen to console him. How futile was this bequest may be guessed from a brief summary of Mr. Culpeper's peculiarities. They were the development of a singular form of aggrandizement and misanthropy. On his arrival at Longport he had bought a part of the apparently valueless Dedlow Marsh from the government at less than a dollar an acre, continuing his singular investment year by year, until he was the owner of three leagues of amphibious domain. It was then discovered that this property carried with it the water-front of divers valuable and convenient sites for manufactures and the commercial ports of a noble bay, as well as the natural *embarcaderos* of some "lumbering" inland settlements. Boone Culpeper would not sell. Boone Culpeper would not rent or lease. Boone Culpeper held an invincible blockade of his neighbors, and the progress and improvement he despised, granting only, after a royal fashion, occasional license, revocable at pleasure, in the shape of tolls, which amply supported him, with the game he shot in his kingfishers' eyrie on the marsh. Even the government that had made him powerful was obliged to "condemn" a part of his property at an equitable price for the purposes of Fort Redwood, in which the adjacent town of Longport shared. And Boone Culpeper, unable to resist the act, refused to receive the compensation or quitclaim the town. In his scant intercourse with his neighbors he always alluded to it as his own, showed it to his children as part of their strange inheritance, and exhibited the starry flag that floated from the fort as a flaunting insult to their youthful eyes. Hated, feared, and superstitiously shunned by some, regarded as a madman by others, familiarly known as the "Kingfisher of Dedlow," Boone Culpeper was one day found floating dead in his skiff with a charge of shot through his head and shoulders. The shot-gun lying at his feet at the bottom of the boat indicated the "accident" as recorded in the verdict of the coroner's jury, but not by the people. A thousand rumors of murder or suicide prevailed, but always with the universal rider, "Served him right." So invincible was this feeling that but few attended his last rites, which took place at high-water. The delay of the officiating clergyman lost the tide. The homely catafalque—his own boat—was left aground on the marsh, and deserted by all mourners except the two children. Whatever he had instilled into them by precept and example, whatever took place that night in their lonely watch by his bier on the black marshes, it was certain that those who confidently looked for any change in the administration of the Dedlow Marsh were cruelly mistaken. The old Kingfisher was dead, but he had left in the nest two young birds, more beautiful and graceful, it was true, yet as fierce and tenacious of beak and talon.

II.

Arriving at the house, the young people ascended the outer flight of wooden steps which bore an odd likeness to the companion-way of a vessel, and the gallery or "deck," as it was called, where a number of nets, floats, and buoys thrown over the railing completed the nautical resemblance. This part of the building was evidently devoted to kitchen, dining-room, and domestic offices; the principal room in the centre serving as hall or living-room, and communicating on the other side with two sleeping apartments. It was of considerable size, with heavy lateral beams across the ceiling—built, like the rest of the house, with a certain maritime strength—and looked not unlike a saloon cabin. An enormous open Franklin-stove between the windows as large as a chimney, blazing with drift-wood, gave light and heat to the apartment, and brought into flickering relief the boarded walls hung with the spoils of sea and shore, and glittering with gun-barrels. Fowling-pieces of all sizes, from the long ducking-gun mounted on a swivel for boat use, to the light single-barrel or carbine, stood in racks against the walls; game-bags, revolvers in their holsters, hunting and fishing knives in their sheaths, depended from hooks above them. In one corner stood a harpoon; in another two or three Indian spears for salmon. The carpetless floor and rude chairs and settles were covered with otter, mink, beaver, and a quantity of valuable seal skins, with a few larger pelts of the bear and elk. The only attempt at decoration was the displayed wings and breasts of the wood and harlequin duck, the muir, the cormorant, the gull, the garnet, and the femininely delicate half-mourning of petrel and plover, nailed against the wall. The influence of the sea was dominant above all, and asserted its saline odors even through the spice of the drift-wood smoke that half veiled the ceiling.

A berry-eyed old Indian woman with the complexion of dried salmon; her daughter, also with berry eyes, and with a face that seemed wholly made of a moist laugh; "Yellow Bob," a Digger "buck," so called from the prevailing ochre markings of his cheek; and "Washooh," an ex-chief, a nondescript in a blanket, looking like a cheap and dirty doll whose fibrous hair was badly nailed on his carved wooden head, composed the Culpeper household. While the former two were preparing supper in the adjacent dining-room, Yellow Bob, relieved of his burden of game, appeared on the gallery, and beckoned mysteriously to his master through the window. James Culpeper went out, returned quickly, and after a minute's hesitation and an uneasy glance toward his sister, who had meantime pushed back her southwester from her forehead, and without taking off her jacket had dropped into a chair before the fire, with her back toward him, took his gun noiselessly from the rack, and saying carelessly that he would be back in a moment, disappeared.

Left to herself, Maggie coolly pulled off her long boots and stockings, and comfortably opposed to the fire two very pretty feet and ankles, whose delicate purity were slightly blue-bleached by confinement in the tepid sea-water. The contrast of their waxen whiteness with her blue woollen skirt, and with even the skin of her sunburnt hands and wrists, apparently amused her, and she sat for some moments with her elbows on her knees, her skirts slightly raised, contemplating them, and curling her toes with evident satisfaction. The firelight playing upon the rich coloring of her face, the fringe of jet-black curls that almost met the thick sweep of eyebrows and left her only a white strip of forehead, her short upper lip and small chin, rounded but resolute, completed a piquant and striking figure. The rich brown shadows on the smoke-stained walls and ceiling, the occasional starting into relief of the scutcheons of brilliant plumage, and the momentary glitter of the steel barrels made a quaint background to this charming picture. Sitting there, and following some lingering memory of her tramp on the marsh, she hummed to herself a few notes of the bugle call that had impressed her, at first softly, and finally with the full pitch of her voice.

Suddenly she stopped.

There was a faint and unmistakable rapping on the floor beneath her. It was distinct, but cautiously given, as if intended to be audible to her alone. For a moment she stood upright, her feet still bare and glistening on the otter-skin that served as a rug. There were two doors to the room, one from which her brother had disappeared, which led to the steps, the other giving on the back gallery, looking inland. With a quick instinct she caught up her gun and ran to that one, but not before a rapid scramble near the railing was followed by a cautious opening of the door. She was just in time to shut it on the extended arm and light blue sleeve of an army overcoat that protruded through the opening, and for a moment threw her whole weight against it.

"A dhrop of whiskey, miss, for the love of God!"

She retained her hold, cocked her weapon, and stepped back a pace from the door. The blue sleeve was followed by the rest of the overcoat, and a blue cap with the infantry blazoning and the letter "I" on its peak. They were for the moment more distinguishable than the man beneath them, grimed and blackened with the slime of the marsh. But what could be seen of his mud-stained face was more grotesque than terrifying. A combination of weakness and audacity, insinuation and timidity, struggled through the dirt for expression. His small blue eyes were not ill-natured, and even the intruding arm trembled more from exhaustion than passion.

"On'y a dhrop, miss," he repeated, piteously, "and av ye pleeze, quick! afore I'm stharved with the cold entoirely."

She looked at him intently—without lowering her gun.

"Who are you?"

"Then it's the truth I'll tell ye, miss. Whisth, then!" he said, in a half whisper; "I'm a desarter!"

"Then it was *you* that was doggin' us on the marsh?"

"It was the sarjint I was lavin', miss."

She looked at him hesitatingly. "Stay outside there; if you move a step into the room, I'll blow you out of it."

He stepped back on the gallery. She closed the door, bolted it, and still holding the gun, opened a cupboard, poured out a glass of whiskey, and returning to the door, opened it, and handed him the liquor.

She watched him drain it eagerly, saw the fiery stimulant put life into his shivering frame, trembling hands, and kindle his dull eye, and—quietly raised her gun again.

"Ah, put it down, miss—put it down! Fwhot's the use? Shure the bullets ye carry in them ois of ye's is more deadly! It's out here oi'll sthand—glory be to God—all night, without movin' a fut till the sarjint comes to take me, av ye won't levil them ois at me like that. Ah, whirra! look at that now! But it's a goddess she is—the livin' Jaynus of warr, sthandin' there like a statoo, wid her alybaster feet put forward."

In her pride and conscious superiority any suggestion of shame at thus appearing before a common man and a mendicant was as impossible to her nature as it would have been to a queen or the

* Copyrighted, 1889, by BRET HARTE.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

goddess of his simile. His presence and his compliment alike passed her calm modesty unchallenged. The wretched scamp recognized the fact and felt its power, and it was with a superstitious reverence, asserting itself through his native extravagance, that he raised his grimy hand to his cap in military salute and became respectfully rigid.

"Then the sogers were huntin' *you?*" she said, thoughtfully, lowering her weapon.

"Thrue for you, miss, they worr; and it's meself that was lyin' flat in the ditch wid me faytures makin' an illigant cast in the mud—more betoken, as ye see even now—and the sarjint and his daytail thrampin' round me. It was thin that the mortial cowld sthruck throuzh me mouth, and made me wake for the whiskey that would resthore me."

"What did you desert for?"

"Ah, list to that now! Fwhat did I desart for? Shure, ev there was the ghost of an inemy round, it's meself that would be in the front now. But it was the letthers from me ould mother, miss, that is sthruck wid a mortial illness—long life to her!—in County Clare, and me sisther's in Ninth Avenue in New Yorrk, fornint the daypo, that is brekken their harruts over me listin' in the Fourth Infanthry to do duty in a haythen wilderness. Av it was the cavalry—and it's me own father that was in the Innisbkillen Dthragoons, miss—oi wouldn't moind. Wid a horse betune me legs, it's on parade oi'd be now, miss, and not wandhering over the bare flure of the marsh, stharved wid the cowld, the thirst, and hunger, wid the mud and the moire thick on me, facin' an illigant young leddy as is the ekal ov a Fayld-Marshal's darter—not to sphake ov Kernal Preston's—ez couldn't hold a candle to her."

Brought up on the Spanish frontier, Maggie Culpeper was one of the few American girls who was not familiar with the Irish race. The rare smile that momentarily lit up her petulant mouth seemed to justify the intruder's praise. But it passed quickly, and she returned, dryly:

"That means you want more drink, suthin' to eat, and clothes. Suppose my brother comes back and ketches you here?"

"Shure, miss, he's just now huntin' me, along with his two haythen Diggers, beyond the laygoon there. It worr the yellar one that sphotted me lyin' there in the ditch; it worr only your own oives, miss—more power to their beauty for that!—that saw me folly him unbeknownst here; and that desaved them, ye see."

The young girl remained for an instant silent and thoughtful.

"We're no friends of the fort," she said, finally, "but I don't reckon for that reason my brother will cotton to *you*. Stay out thar where ye are till I come to ye. If you hear me singin' again, you'll know he's come back, and ye'd better scoot with what you've already got, and be thankful."

She shut the door again and locked it, went into the dining-room, returned with some provisions wrapped in paper, took a common wicker flask from the wall, passed into her brother's bedroom, and came out with a flannel shirt, "overalls," and a coarse Indian blanket, and reopening the door, placed them before the astonished and delighted vagabond. His eye glistened; he began, "Glory be to God!" but for once his habitual extravagance failed him. Nature triumphed with a more eloquent silence over his well-worn art. He hurriedly wiped his begrimed face and eyes with the shirt she had given him, and catching the sleeve of her rough pea-jacket in his dirty hand, raised it to his lips.

"Go!" she said, imperiously. "Get away while you can."

"Av it vas me last words—it's speechless oi am," he stammered, and disappeared over the railing.

She remained for a moment holding the door half open, and gazing into the darkness that seemed to flow in like a tide. Then she shut it, and going into her bedroom, resumed her interrupted toilet. When she emerged again she was smartly stockinged and slippered, and even the blue serge skirt was exchanged for a bright print, with a white fichu tied around her throat. An attempt to subdue her rebellious curls had resulted in the construction from their ruins of a low Norman arch across her forehead, with pillared abutments of ringlets. When her brother returned a few moments later, she did not look up, but remained, perhaps a little ostentatiously, bending over the fire.

"Bob allowed that a fort boat was huntin' *men*—deserters, I reckon," said Jim, aggrievedly. "Wanted me to believe that he *saw* one on the marsh hidin'. On'y an Injin lie, I reckon, to git a little extra fire-water for toting me out to the bresh on a fool's errand."

"Oh, *that's* where you went!" said Maggie, addressing the fire. "Since when hev you tuk partnership with the guv'nment and Kernel Preston to hunt up and take keer of their property?"

"Well, I ain't goin' to hev such wreckage as they pick up and enlist set adrift on our marshes, Mag," said Jim, decidedly.

"What would you hev done had you ketched him?" said Maggie, looking suddenly into her brother's face.

"Given him a dose of snipe-shot that he'd remember, and be thankful it wasn't slugs," said Jim, promptly. Observing a deeper seriousness in her attitude, he added, "Why, if it was in war-time, he'd get a *ball* from them sogers on sight."

"Yes, but *you* 'ain't got no call to interfere," said Maggie.

"'Ain't I? Why, he's no better than an outlaw. I ain't sure that he hasn't been stealin' or killin' somebody over theer."

"Not *that* man!" said Maggie, impulsively.

"Not what man?" said her brother, facing her quickly.

"Why," returned Maggie, repairing her indiscretion with feminine dexterity, "not *any* man who might have knocked you and me over on the marshes in the dusk, and grabbed our guns."

"Wish he'd hev tried it," said the brother, with a superior smile, but a quickly rising color. "Where d'ye suppose *I'd* hev been all the while?"

Maggie saw her mistake, and for the first time in her life resolved to keep a secret from her brother—overnight. "Supper's gettin' cold," she said, rising.

They went into the dining-room—an apartment as plainly furnished as the one they had quitted, but on its shelves, cupboards, and closely fitting boarding bearing out the general nautical suggestion of the house—and seated themselves before a small table on which their frugal meal was spread. In this *tête-à-tête* position Jim suddenly laid down his knife and fork, and stared at his sister.

"Hello!"

"What's the matter?" said Maggie, starting slightly. "How you do skeer one!"

"Who's been prinkin', eh?"

"My ha'r was in kinks all along o' that hat," said Maggie, with a return of higher color, "and I had to straighten it. It's a boy's hat, not a girl's."

"But that necktie and that gown, and all those frills and tuckers?" continued Jim, generalizing, with a rapid twirling of his fingers over her. "Are you expectin' Judge Martin or the expressman this evening?"

Judge Martin was the lawyer of Longport, who had proven her father's will, and had since raved about his single interview with the Kingfisher's beautiful daughter; the expressman was a young fellow who was popularly supposed to have left his heart while delivering another valuable package on Maggie in person, and had "never been the same man since." It was a well-worn fraternal pleasantry that had done duty many a winter evening, as a happy combination of moral admonition and cheerfulness. Maggie usually paid it the tribute of a quick little laugh and a sisterly pinch, but that evening those marks of approbation were withheld.

"Jim dear," said she, when their Spartan repast was concluded, and they were re-established before the living-room fire, "what was it the Redwood Mill Kempany offered you for that piece near Dead Man's Slough?"

Jim took his pipe from his lips long enough to say, "Ten thousand dollars," and put it back again.

"And what do ye kalkilate all our property, letting alone this yer house and the drift-wood front, is worth all together?"

"Includin' wot the guv'nment owes us—for that's all ours, ye know?" said Jim, quickly.

"No; leavin' that out—jest for greens, you know," suggested Maggie.

"Well, nigh onter a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, I reckon, by and large."

"That's a heap o' money, Jim! I reckon old Kernel Preston wouldn't raise that in a hundred years," continued Maggie, warming her knees by the fire.

"In five million years," said Jim, promptly sweeping away further discussion. After a pause, he added, "You and me, Mag, kin see anybody's pile, and go 'em fifty thousand better."

There were a few moments of complete silence, in which Maggie smoothed her knees, and Jim's pipe, which seemed to have become gorged and apoplectic with its owner's wealth, snored unctuously.

"Jim dear, what if—it's on'y an idea of mine, you know—what if you sold that piece to the Redwood Mill, and we jest tuk that money and—and—and jest lifted the ha'r offer them folks at Longport? Jest as-tonished 'em! Jest tuk the best rooms in that new hotel, got a hoss and buggy, dressed ourselves, you and me, fit to kill, and made them fort people take a back seat in the Lord's Tabernacle oncet for all. You see what I mean, Jim," she said, hastily, as her brother seemed to be succumbing, like his pipe, in apoplectic astonishment, "jest on'y to *show* 'em what we *could* do if we keerd. Lord! when we done it and spent the money we'd jest snap our fingers and skip back yer ez nat'ral ez life. Ye don't think, Jim," she said, suddenly turning half fiercely upon him, "that I'd allow to *live* among 'em—to stay a minet after that!"

Jim laid down his pipe, and gazed at his sister with stony deliberation. "And—what—do—you—kalkilate—to make by all that?" he said, with scornful distinctness.

"Why, jest to show 'em we *have* got money, and could buy 'em all up if we wanted to," returned Maggie, sticking boldly to her guns, albeit with a vague conviction that her fire was weakened through elevation, and somewhat alarmed at the deliberation of the enemy.

"And you mean to say they don't know it now?" he continued, with slow derision.

"No," said Maggie. "Why, theer's that new school-marm over at Longport—you know, Jim, the one that wanted to take your picter in your boat for a young smuggler, or fancy pirate, or Eyetalian fisherman, and allowed that your handsomed some, and offered to pay you for sittin'—do you reckon *she'd* believe you owned the land her school-house was built on? No! Lots of 'em don't. Lots of 'em thinks we're poor and low down, and them ez doesn't, thinks—"

"What?" asked her brother, sharply.

"That we're *mean*."

The quick color came to Jim's cheek. "So," he said, facing her quickly, "for the sake of a lot of riffraff and scum that's drifted here around us, jest for the sake of cuttin' a swell before them, you'll go out among the hounds ez allowed your mother was a Spanish nigger or a kanaka, ez called your father a pirate and land-grabber, ez much ez allowed he was shot by some one or killed himself a purpose, ez said you was a heathen and a looney because you didn't go to school or church along with their trash, ez kept away from maw's sickness ez if it was small-pox, and dad's fun'ral ez if he was a hoss-thief, and left you and me to watch his coffin on the marshes all night till the tide kem back. And now you—*you* that j'ined hands with me that night over our father lyin' there cold and despised ez if he was a dead dog thrown up by the tide, and swore that ez long ez that tide ebbed and flowed it couldn't bring you to them, or them to you again—you now want what?—what? Why, to go and cast your lot among 'em, and live among 'em, and join in their Godforsaken holler foolshness, and—and—and—"

"Stop! It's a lie! I *didn't* say that. Don't you dare to say it!" said the girl, springing to her feet, and facing her brother in turn, with flashing eyes.

For a moment the two stared at each other, it might have been as in a mirror, so perfectly were their passions reflected in each line, shade, and color of the other's face. It was as if they had each confronted their own passionate and wilful souls, and were frightened. It had often occurred before, always with the same invariable ending. The young man's eyes lowered first; the girl's filled with tears.

"Well, ef ye didn't mean that, what did ye mean?" said Jim, sinking, with sullen apology, back into his chair.

"I—only—meant it—for—revenge," sobbed Maggie.

"Oh!" said Jim, as if allowing his higher nature to be touched by this noble instinct. "But I didn't jest see where the revenge kem in."

"No? But never mind now, Jim," said Maggie, ostentatiously ignoring, after the fashion of her sex, the trouble she had produced; "but to think—that—that—you thought—" (sobbing.)

"But I didn't, Mag—" (caressingly).

With this very vague and impotent conclusion, Maggie permitted herself to be drawn beside her brother, and for a few moments they plumed each other's ruffled feathers, and smoothed each other's lifted crests like two beautiful young specimens of that halcyon genus to which they were popularly supposed to belong. At the end of half an hour Jim rose, and, yawning slightly, said, in a perfunctory way,

"Where's the book?"

The book in question was the Bible. It had been the self-imposed custom of these two young people to read aloud a chapter every night as their one vague formula of literary and religious discipline. When it was produced, Maggie, presuming on his affectionate and penitential condition, suggested that to-night he should pick out "suthin' interestin'." But this unorthodox frivolity was sternly put aside by Jim, albeit, by way of compromise, he agreed to chance it—*i.e.*, open its pages at random.

He did so. Generally he allowed himself a moment's judicious pause for a certain chaste preliminary inspection necessary before reading aloud to a girl. To-night he omitted that modest precaution, and in a pleasant voice, which in reading was singularly free from colloquial infelicities of pronunciation, began at once:

"'Curse ye, Meroz, said the Angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.'"

"Oh, you looked first," said Maggie.

"I didn't now, honest Injin! I just opened."

"Go on," said Maggie, eagerly shoving him and interposing her neck over his shoulder.

And Jim continued Deborah's wonderful song of Jael and Sisera to the bitter end of its strong monosyllabic climax.

"There," he said, closing the volume, "that's what *I* call revenge. That's the real Scripture thing; no fancy frills theer."

"Yes; but, Jim dear, don't you see that she treated him first—sorter got round him with free milk and butter, and reg'larly blandished him," argued Maggie, earnestly.

But Jim declined to accept this feminine suggestion, or to pursue the subject further, and after a fraternal embrace they separated for the night. Jim lingered long enough to look after the fastening of the door and windows, and Maggie remained for some moments at her casement looking across the gallery to the marsh beyond.

The moon had risen, the tide was half up. Whatever sign or trace of alien footprint or occupation had been there was already smoothly obliterated; even the configuration of the land had changed. A black cape had disappeared, a level line of shore had been eaten into by teeth of glistening silver. The whole dark surface of the marsh was beginning to be streaked with shining veins, as if a new life was coursing through it. Part of the open bay before the fort, encroaching upon the shore, seemed in the moonlight to be reaching a white and outstretched arm toward the nest of the Kingfisher.

III.

The reveille at Fort Redwood had been supplemented full five minutes by the voice of Lieutenant George Calvert's servant before that young officer struggled from his bed. His head was splitting, his tongue and lips were dry and feverish, his bloodshot eyes were shrinking from the insufferable light of the day, his mind a confused medley of the past night and the present morning, of cards and wild revelry, and the vision of a reproachfully trim orderly standing at his door with reports and orders which he now held composedly in his hand; for Lieutenant Calvert had been enjoying a symposium variously known as "Stag Feed" and "A Wild and Stormy Night" with several of his brother officers, and a sickening conviction that it was not the first or the last time he had indulged in these festivities. At that moment he loathed himself, and then after the usual derelict fashion cursed the fate that had sent him, after graduating, to a frontier garrison, the dull monotony of whose duties made the border horseplay of dissipation a relief. Already he had reached the miserable point of envying the veteran capacities of his superiors and equals. "If I could drink like Kirby or Crowninshield, or if there was any other cursed thing a man could do in this hole," he had wretchedly repeated to himself, after each misspent occasion, and yet already he was looking forward to them as part of a "sub's" duty, and worthy his emulation. Already the dream of social recreation fostered by West Point had been rudely dispelled. Beyond the garrison circle of Colonel Preston's family and two officers' wives, there was no society. The vague distrust and civil jealousy with which some frontier communities regard the Federal power, heightened in this instance by the uncompromising attitude the government had taken toward the settlers' severe Indian policy, had kept the people of Longport aloof from the fort. The regimental band might pipe to them on Saturdays, but they would not dance.

Howbeit, Lieutenant Calvert dressed himself with uncertain hands, but mechanical regularity and neatness, and, under the automatic training of discipline and duty, managed to button his tunic tightly over his feelings, to pull himself together with his sword-belt, compressing a still cadet-like waist, and to present that indescribable combination of precision and jauntiness which his brother officers too often allowed to lapse into frontier carelessness. His closely clipped light hair, yet dripping from a plunge in the cold water, had been brushed and parted with military exactitude, and when surmounted by his cap, with the peak, in an artful suggestion of extra smartness, tipped forward over his eyes, only his pale face—a shade lighter than his little blond mustache—showed his last night's excesses. He was mechanically reaching for his sword, and staring confusedly at the papers on his table, when his servant interrupted.

"Major Bromley arranged that Lieutenant Kirby takes your sash this morning, as you're not well, sir, and you're to report for special to the Colonel," he added, pointing discreetly to the envelope.

Touched by this consideration of his superior, Major Bromley, who had been one of the veterans of last night's engagement, Calvert mastered the contents of the envelope without the customary anathema of specials, said, "Thank you, Parks," and passed out on the veranda.

The glare of the quiet sunlit quadrangle, clean as a well-swept floor, the whitewashed walls and galleries of the barrack buildings beyond, the white and green palisade of officers' cottages on either side, and the glitter of a sentry's bayonet, were, for a moment, intolerable to him. Yet by a kind of subtle irony, never before had the genius and spirit of the vocation he had chosen seemed to be as incarnate as in the scene before him. Seclusion, self-restraint, cleanliness, regularity, sobriety, the atmosphere of a wholesome life, the austere reserve of a monastery, without its mysterious or pensive meditation, were all there. To escape which he had of his own free-will successively accepted a fool's distraction, the inevitable result of which was the viewing of them the next morning with tremulous nerves and aching eyeballs.

An hour later Lieutenant George Calvert had received his final instructions from Colonel Preston to take charge of a small detachment to recover and bring back certain deserters, but notably one, Dennis Mc'affrey, of Company H, charged additionally with mutinous solicitations and example. As Calvert stood before his superior, that distinguished officer, whose oratorical powers had been considerably stimulated through a long course of "returning thanks for the army," slightly expanded his chest, and said, paternally:

"I am aware, Mr. Calvert, that duties of this kind are somewhat distasteful to young officers, and are apt to be considered in the light of police detail; but I must remind you that no one part of a soldier's duty can be held more important or honorable than another, and that the fulfilment of any one, however trifling, must, with honor to himself and security to his comrades, receive his fullest devotion. A sergeant and a file of men might perform your duty, but I require, in addition, the discretion, courtesy, and consideration of a gentleman who will command an equal respect from those with whom his duty brings him in contact. The unhappy prejudices which the settlers show to the military authority here render this, as you are aware, a difficult service, but I believe that you will, without forgetting the respect due to yourself and the government you represent, avoid arousing these prejudices by any harshness, or inviting any conflict with the civil authority. The limits of their authority you will find in your written instructions, but you might gain their confidence and impress them, Mr. Calvert, with the idea of your being their *auxiliary* in the interests of justice, you understand. Even if you are unsuccessful in bringing back the men, you will do your best to ascertain if their escape has been due to the sympathy of the settlers, or even with their preliminary connivance. They may not be aware that inciting enlisted men to desert is a criminal offence; you will use your own discretion in informing them of the fact or not, as occasion may serve you. I have only to add that while you are on the waters of this bay and the land covered by its tides you have no opposition of authority, and are responsible to no one but your military superiors. Good-by, Mr. Calvert. Let me hear a good account of you."

Considerably moved by Colonel Preston's manner, which was as paternal and real as his rhetoric was somewhat perfunctory, Calvert half forgot his woes as he stepped from the Commandant's

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

piazza. But he had to face a group of his brother officers, who were awaiting him:

"Good-by, Calvert," said Major Bromley; "a day or two out on grass won't hurt you, and a change from commissary whiskey will put you all right. By-the-way, if you hear of any better stuff at Westport than they're giving us here, sample it, and let us know. Take care of yourself. Give your men a chance to talk to you now and then, and you may get something from them, especially Donovan. Keep your eye on Ramon. You can trust your sergeant straight along."

"Good-by, George," said Kirby. "I suppose the old man told you that although no part of a soldier's duty was better than another, your service was a very delicate one, just fitted for you—eh? He always does when he's cut out some hellish scrub-work for a chap. And told you, too, that as long as you didn't go ashore, and kept to a despatch-boat or an eight-oared gig, where you couldn't deploy your men or dress a line, you'd be invincible."

"He did say something like that," smiled Calvert, with an uneasy recollection, however, that it was *the* part of his superior's speech that particularly impressed him.

"Of course," said Kirby, gravely; "*that*, as an infantry officer, is clearly your duty."

"And don't forget, George," said Rollins, still more gravely, "that whatever may befall you, you belong to a section of that numerically small but powerfully diversified organization—the American army. Remember that in the hour of peril you can address your men in any language, and be perfectly understood. And remember that when you proudly stand before them, the eyes not only of your own country, but of nearly all the others, are upon you. Good-by, Georgey. I heard the Major hint something about whiskey. They say that old pirate Kingfisher Culpeper had a stock of the real thing from Robertson County laid in his shebang on the marsh just before he died. Pity we aren't on terms with them, for the cubs cannot drink it, and might be induced to sell. Shouldn't wonder, by-the-way, if your friend McCaffrey was hanging round somewhere there; he always had a keen scent. You might confiscate it as an 'incitement to desertion,' you know. The girl's pretty, and ought to be growing up now."

But haply at this point the sergeant stopped further raillery by reporting the detachment ready; and drawing his sword, Calvert, with a confused head, a remorseful heart, but an unfaltering step, marched off his men on his delicate mission.

It was four o'clock when he entered Jonesville. Following a matter-of-fact idea of his own, he had brought his men the greater distance by a circuitous route through the woods, thus avoiding the ostentatious exposure of his party on the open bay in a well-manned boat to an extended view from the three leagues of shore and marsh opposite. Crossing the stream which here separated him from the Dedlow Marsh by the common ferry, he had thus been enabled to halt unperceived below the settlement, and occupy the two roads by which the fugitives could escape inland. He had deemed it not impossible that after the previous visit of the sergeant, the deserters hidden in the vicinity might return to Jonesville in the belief that the visit would not be repeated so soon. Leaving a part of his small force to patrol the road, and another to deploy over the upland meadows, he entered the village. By the exercise of some boyish diplomacy and a certain prepossessing grace, which he knew when and how to employ, he became satisfied that the objects of his quest were not there; however, their whereabouts might have been known to the people. Dividing his party again, he concluded to take a corporal and a few men, and explore the lower marshes himself.

The preoccupation of duty, exercise, and perhaps, above all, the keen stimulus of the iodine-laden salt air seemed to clear his mind and invigorate his body. He had never been in the marsh before, and enjoyed its novelty with the zest of youth. It was the hour when the tide of its feathered life was at its flood. Clouds of duck and teal passing from the fresh water of the river to the salt pools of the marshes perpetually swept his path with flying shadows; at times it seemed as if even the uncertain ground around him itself arose and sped away on dusky wings. The vicinity of hidden pools and sloughs were betrayed by startled splashings; a few paces from their marching feet arose the sunlit pinions of a swan. The air was filled with multitudinous small cries and pipings. In this vocal confusion it was some minutes before he recognized the voice of one of his out-flankers calling to the other.

An important discovery had been made. In a long tongue of bushes that ran down to the marsh they had found a mud-stained uniform, complete even to the cap, bearing the initial of the deserter's company.

"Is there any hut or cabin hereabouts, Schmidt?" asked Calvert.

"Dot vos schoost it, Lefdennun," replied his corporal. "Dot vos de shanty from der Kingvisher—old Gulbebber. I pet a dollar, py shimminy, dot der men haf der gekommt."

He pointed through the brake to a long low building that now raised itself, white in the sunlight, among the many blackened piles. Calvert saw in a single reconnoitring glance that it had but one approach—the flight of steps from the marsh. Instructing his men to fall in on the outer edge of the brake and await his orders, he quickly made his way across the space, and ascended the steps. Passing along the gallery he knocked at the front door. There was no response. He repeated his knock. Then the window beside it opened suddenly, and he was confronted with the double muzzle of a long ducking gun. Glancing instinctively along the barrels, he saw at their other extremity the bright eyes, brilliant color, and small set mouth of a remarkably handsome girl. It was the fact, and to the credit of his training, that he paid more attention to the eyes than to the challenge of the shining tubes before him.

"Jest stop where you are, will you!" said the girl determinedly.

Calvert's face betrayed not the slightest terror or surprise. Immovable as on parade, he carried his white-gloved hand to his cap, and said, gently, "With pleasure."

"Oh yes," said the girl, quickly; "but if you move a step, I'll jest blow you and your gloves offer that railin' inter the marsh."

"I trust not," returned Calvert, smiling.

"And why?"

"Because it would deprive me of a few moments' conversation with you, and I've only one pair of gloves with me."

He was still watching her beautiful eyes—respectfully, admiringly, and strategically. For he was quite convinced that if he *did* move she would certainly discharge one or both barrels at him.

"Where's the rest of you?" she continued, sharply.

"About three hundred yards away, in the covert; not near enough to trouble you."

"Will they come here?"

"I trust not?"

"You trust not," she repeated, scornfully. "Why?"

"Because they would be disobeying orders."

She lowered her gun slightly, but kept her black brows levelled at him. "I reckon I'm a match for *you*," she said, with a slightly contemptuous glance at his slight figure, and opened the door. For a moment they stood looking at each other. He saw, besides the handsome face and eyes that had charmed him, a tall, slim figure, made broader across the shoulders by an open pea-jacket that showed a man's red flannel shirt belted at the waist over a blue skirt, with the collar knotted by a sailor's black handkerchief, and turned back over a pretty though sunburnt throat. She saw a rather undersized young fellow in a jaunty undress uniform, scant of gold braid, and bearing only the single gold shoulder-bar of his rank, but scrupulously clean and well-fitting. Light-colored hair cropped close, the smallest of light mustaches, clear and penetrating blue eyes, and a few freckles completed a picture that did not prepossess her. She was therefore the more inclined to resent the perfect ease and self-possession with which the stranger carried off these manifest defects before her.

She laid aside the gun, put her hands deep in the pockets of her pea-jacket, and slightly squaring her shoulders, said, curtly, "What do you want?"

"A very little information, which I trust it will not trouble you to give me. My men have just discovered the uniform belonging to a deserter from the fort lying in the bushes yonder. Can you give me the slightest idea how it came there?"

"What right have you trapseing over our property?" she said, turning upon him sharply with a slight paling of color.

"None whatever."

"Then what did you come for?"

"To ask that permission in case you would give me no information."

"Why don't you ask my brother and not a woman? Were you afraid?"

"He could hardly have done me the honor of placing me in more peril than you have," returned Calvert, smiling. "Then I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Culpeper?"

"I'm Jim Culpeper's sister."

"And, I believe, equally able to give or refuse the permission I ask."

"And what if I refuse?"

"Then I have only to ask pardon for having troubled you, go back, and return here with the tide. You don't resist *that* with a shot-gun, do you?" he asked, pleasantly.

Maggie Culpeper was already familiar with the accepted theory of the supreme jurisdiction of the federal sea. She half turned her back upon him, partly to show her contempt, but partly to evade the domination of his clear, good-humored, and self-sustained little eyes.

"I don't know anythin' about your deserters, nor what rags o' theirs happen to be floated up here," she said, angrily, "and don't care to. You kin do what you like."

"Then I'm afraid I should remain here a little longer, Miss Culpeper; but my duty—"

"Your wot?" she interrupted, disdainfully.

"I suppose I *am* talking shop," he said, smilingly. "Then my business—"

"Your business—pickin' up half-starved runaways!"

"And, I trust, sometimes a kind friend," he suggested, with a grave bow.

"You *trust?* Look yer, young man," she said, with her quick, fierce little laugh, "I reckon you *trust* a heap too much." She would like to have added, "With your freckled face, red hair, and little eyes," but this would have obliged her to face them again, which she did not care to do.

Calvert stepped back, lifted his hand to his cap, still pleasantly, and then walked gravely along the gallery, down the steps, and toward the cover. From her window, unseen, she followed his neat little figure moving undeviatingly on, without looking to the left or right, and still less toward the house he had just quitted. Then she saw the sunlight flash on cross-belt plates and steel barrels, and a light blue line issued from out the dark green bushes, round the point, and disappeared. And then it suddenly occurred to her what she had been doing. This, then, was her first step toward that fancy she had so lately conceived, quarrelled over with her brother, and lay awake last night to place anew, in spite of all opposition. This was her brilliant idea of dazzling and subduing Longport and the fort. Had she grown silly, or what had happened? Could she have dreamed of the coming of this whippersnapper, with his insufferable airs, after that beggarly deserter? I am afraid that for a few moments the miserable fugitive had as small a place in Maggie's sympathy as the redoubtable whippersnapper himself. And now the cherished dream of triumph and conquest was over. What a "looney" she had been! Instead of inviting him in, and outdoing him in "company manners," and "fooling" him about the deserter, and then blazing upon him afterward at Longport in the glory of her first spent wealth and finery, she had driven him away.

And now "he'll go and tell—tell the fort girls of his hair-breadth escape from the claws of the Kingfisher's daughter."

The thought brought a few bitter tears to her eyes, but she wiped them away. The thought brought also the terrible conviction that Jim was right, that there could be nothing but open antagonism between them and the traducers of their parents, as she herself had instinctively shown. But she presently wiped that conviction away also, as she had her tears.

Half an hour later she was attracted by the appearance from the window of certain straggling blue spots on the upland that seemed moving diagonally toward the marsh. She did not know that it was Calvert's second detail joining him, but believed for a moment that he had not yet departed, and was strangely relieved. Still later the frequent disturbed cries of coot, heron, and marshhen, recognizing the presence of unusual invaders of their solitude, distracted her yet more, and forced her at last with increasing color and an uneasy sense of shyness to steal out to the gallery for a swift furtive survey of the marsh. But an utterly unexpected sight met her eyes, and kept her motionless.

The birds were rising everywhere and drifting away with querulous perturbation before a small but augmented blue detachment that was moving with monotonous regularity toward the point of bushes where she had seen the young officer previously disappear. In their midst, between two soldiers with fixed bayonets, marched the man whom even at that distance she instantly recognized as the deserter of the preceding night, in the very clothes she had given him. To complete her consternation, a little to the right marched the young officer also, but accompanied by and apparently on the most amicable terms with Jim—her own brother!

To forget all else and dart down the steps, flying toward the point of "bresh," scarcely knowing why, or what she was doing, was to Maggie the impulse and work of a moment. When she had reached it the party were not twenty paces away. But here a sudden shyness and hesitation again seized her, and she shrunk back in the bushes with an instinctive cry to her brother inarticulate upon her lips. They came nearer, they were opposite to her, her brother Jim keeping step with the invader, and even conversing with him with an animation she had seldom seen upon his face; they passed. She had been unnoticed, except by one. The roving eye of the deserter had detected her handsome face among the leaves, slightly turned toward it, and poured out his whole soul in a single swift wink of eloquent but indescribable confidence.

When they had quite gone, she crept back to the house, a little reassured, but still tremulous. When her brother returned at nightfall, he found her brooding over the fire, in the same attitude as on the previous night.

"I reckon ye might hev seen me go by with the sogers," he said, seating himself beside her, a little awkwardly, and with an unusual assumption of carelessness.

Maggie, without looking up, was languidly surprised. He had been with the soldiers—and where?

"About two hours ago I met this yer Leftenant Calvert," he went on, with increasing awkwardness, "and— Oh, I say, Mag, he said he saw you, and hoped he hadn't troubled ye, and—and—ye saw him, didn't ye?"

Maggie, with all the red of the fire concentrated in her cheek as she gazed at the flame, believed, carelessly, that she had seen a shrimp in uniform, asking questions.

"Oh, he ain't a bit stuck up," said Jim, quickly; "that's what I like about him. He's as nat'ral ez you be, and tuck my arm walkin' around, careless-like, laffen at what he was doin', ez if it was a game, and he wasn't sole commander of forty men. He's only a year or two older than me—and—and—" he stopped, and looked uneasily at Maggie.

"So ye've been crawfishin' agin?" said Maggie, in her deepest and most scornful contralto.

"Who's crawfishin'?" he retorted, angrily.

"What's this backin' out o' what you said yesterday? What's all this trucklin' to the fort now?"

"What? Well, now, look yer," said Jim, rising suddenly, with reproachful indignation, "darned if I don't jest tell ye everythin'. I promised *him* I wouldn't. He allowed it would frighten ye."

"*Frighten me!*" repeated Maggie, contemptuously, nevertheless with her cheek paling again. "Frighten me! With what?"

"Well, since yer so cantankerous, look yer. We've been robbed!"

"Robbed?" echoed Maggie, facing him.

"Yes, robbed, by that same deserter. Robbed of a suit of my clothes and my whiskey-flask, and the darned skunk had 'em on. And if it hadn't bin for that Leftenant Calvert, and my givin' him permission to hunt him over the marsh, we wouldn't have caught him."

"Robbed?" repeated Maggie again, vaguely.

"Yes, robbed! Last night, afore we came home. He must hev got in yer while we was comin' from the boat."

"Did—did that Leftenant say so?" stammered Maggie.

"Say it? Of course he did, and so do I," continued Jim, impatiently. "Why, there were my very clothes on his back, and he daren't deny it. And if you'd harkened to me jest now, instead of flyin' off in tantrums, you'd see *that's* jest how we got him, and how me and the Leftenant joined hands in it. I didn't give him permission to hunt deserters, but *thieves*. I didn't help him to ketch the man that deserted from *him*, but the skunk that took *my* clothes. For when the Leftenant found the man's old uniform in the bush, he nat'rally kalkilated he must hev got some other duds near by in some underhand way. Don't you see—eh? Why, look, Mag. Darned if you ain't skeered, after all! Who'd hev thought it? There, now—sit down, dear. Why, you're white ez a gull."

He had his arm around her as she sank back in the chair again with a forced smile.

"There, now," he said, with fraternal superiority, "don't mind it, Mag, any more. Why, it's all over now. You bet he won't trouble us agin, for the Leftenant sez that now he's found out to be a thief, they'll jest turn him over to the police, and he's sure o' gettin' six months' State-prison for stealin' and burglarin' in our house. But—" he stopped suddenly and looked at his sister's contracted face. "Look yer, Mag. You're sick, that's what's the matter. Take suthin'—"

"I'm better now," she said, with an effort; "it's only a kind o' blind chill I must hev got on the marsh last night. What's that?"

She had risen, and grasping her brother's arm tightly, had turned quickly to the window. The casement had suddenly rattled.

"It's only the wind gettin' up. It looked like a sou'wester when I came in. Lot o' scud flyin'. But *you* take some quinine, Mag. Don't *you* go now and get down sick like maw."

Perhaps it was this well-meant but infelicitous reference that brought a moisture to her dark eyes, and caused her lips to momentarily quiver. But it gave way to a quick determined setting of her whole face as she turned it once more to the fire, and said, slowly, "I reckon I'll sleep it off, if I go to bed now. What time does the tide fall?"

"About three, unless this yer wind piles it up on the marsh afore then. Why?"

"I was only wonderin' if the boat wus safe," said Maggie, rising.

"You'd better hoist yourself outside some quinine, instead o' talkin' about those things," said Jim, who preferred to discharge his fraternal responsibility by active medication. "You arn't fit to read to-night."

"Good-night, Jim," she said, suddenly stopping before him.

"Good-night, Mag." He kissed her with protecting and amiable toleration, generously referring her hot hands and feverish lips to that vague mystery of feminine complaint which man admits without indorsing.

They separated. Jim, under the stimulus of the late supposed robbery, ostentatiously fastening the doors and windows with assuring comments calculated to inspire confidence in his sister's startled heart. Then he went to bed. He lay awake long enough to be pleasantly conscious that the wind had increased to a gale, and to be lulled again to sleep by the cozy security of the heavily timbered and tightly sealed dwelling that seemed to ride the storm like the ship it resembled. The gale swept through the piles beneath him and along the gallery as through bared spars and over wave-washed decks. The whole structure, attacked above, below, and on all sides by the fury of the wind, seemed at times to be lifted in the air. Once or twice the creaking timbers simulated the sound of opening doors and passing footsteps, and again dilated as if the gale had forced a passage through. But Jim slept on peacefully, and was at last only aroused by the brilliant sunshine staring through his window from the clear wind-swept blue arch beyond.

Dressing himself lazily, he passed into the sitting-room, and proceeded to knock at his sister's door, as was his custom; he was amazed to find it open and the room empty. Entering hurriedly he saw that her bed was undisturbed, as if it had not been occupied, and was the more bewildered to see a note ostentatiously pinned upon the pillow, addressed in pencil in a large school-girl hand, "To Jim."

Opening it impatiently, he was startled to read as follows:

"Don't be angry, Jim dear, but it was all my fault, and I didn't tell you. I knew all about the deserter, and I gave him the clothes and things that they say he stole. It was while you was out that night, and he came and begged of me, and was mournful and hidjus to behold. I thought I was helping him and getting our revenge on the fort, all at the same time. Don't be mad, Jim dear, and don't be frighted fer me. I'm going over thar to make it all right—to free *him* of stealing—to have *you* left out of it all—and take it all on myself. Don't you be a bit feared for me. I ain't skeert of the wind or of going. I'll close reef everything, clear the creek, stretch across to Injin Island, hugg the Point, and bear up fer Longport. Dear Jim—don't get mad—but I couldn't bear this fooling of you nor *him*—and that man being took for stealing any longer! Your loving sister, MAGGIE."

With a confused mingling of shame, anger, and sudden fear he ran out on the gallery. The tide was well up, half the marsh had already vanished, and the little creek where he had moored his

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

skiff was now an empty shining river. The water was everywhere —fringing the tussocks of salt grass with concentric curves of spume and drift, or tumultuously tossing its white-capped waves over the spreading expanse of the lower bay. The low thunder of breakers in the further estuary broke monotonously on the ear. But his eye was fascinated by a dull shifting streak on the horizon that, even as he gazed, shuddered, whitened along its whole line, and then grew ghastly gray again. It was the ocean bar.

IV.

"Well, I must say," said Cicely Preston, emphasizing the usual feminine imperative for perfectly gratuitous statement, as she pushed back her chair from the Commandant's breakfast table— "I *must* really say that I don't see anything particularly heroic in doing something wrong, lying about it just to get other folks into trouble, and then rushing off to do penance in a high wind and an open boat. But she's pretty, and wears a man's shirt and coat, and of course *that* settles anything. But why ear-rings and wet white stockings and slippers? And why that Gothic arch of front and a boy's hat? That's what I simply ask;" and the youngest daughter of Colonel Preston rose from the table, shook out the skirt of her pretty morning dress, and, placing her little thumbs in the belt of her smart waist, paused witheringly for a reply.

"You are most unfair, my child," returned Colonel Preston, gravely. "Her giving food and clothes to a deserter may have been only an ordinary instinct of humanity toward a fellow-creature who appeared to be suffering, to say nothing of McCaffrey's plausible tongue. But her perilling her life to save him from an unjust accusation, and her desire to shield her brother's pride from ridicule, are altogether praiseworthy and extraordinary. And the moral influence of her kindness was strong enough to make that scamp refuse to tell the plain truth that might implicate her in an indiscretion, though it saved him from State-prison.

"He knew you wouldn't believe him if he had said the clothes were given to him," retorted Miss Cicely, "so I don't see where the moral influence comes in. As to her perilling her life, those marsh people are amphibious anyway, or would be in those clothes. And as to her motive, why, papa, I heard you say in this very room, and afterward to Mr. Calvert, when you gave him instructions, that you believed those Culpepers were capable of enticing away deserters; and you forget the fuss you had with her savage brother's lawyer about that water-front, and how you said it was such people who kept up the irritation between the civil and Federal power."

The Colonel coughed hurriedly. It is the fate of all great organizers, military as well as civil, to occasionally suffer defeat in the family circle.

"The more reason," he said, soothingly, "why we should correct harsh judgments that spring from mere rumors. You should give yourself at least the chance of overcoming your prejudices, my child. Remember, too, that she is now the guest of the fort."

"And she chooses to stay with Mrs. Bromley! I'm sure it's quite enough for you and mamma to do duty, and Emily—who wants to know why Mr. Calvert raves so about her—without *my* going over there to stare."

Colonel Preston shook his head reproachfully, but eventually retired, leaving the field to the enemy. The enemy, a little pink in the cheeks, slightly tossed the delicate rings of its blond crest, settled its skirts again at the piano; but after turning over the leaves of its music-book, rose, and walked pettishly to the window.

But here a spectacle presented itself that for a moment dismissed all other thoughts from the girl's rebellious mind.

Not a dozen yards away on the wind-swept parade a handsome young fellow, apparently halted by the sentry, had impetuously turned upon him in an attitude of indignant and haughty surprise. To the quick fancy of the girl it seemed as if some disguised rustic god had been startled by the challenge of the mortal. Under an oil-skin hat, like the *petasus* of Hermes, pushed back from his white forehead, crisp black curls were knotted around a head whose beardless face was perfect as a cameo cutting. In the close-fitting blue woollen jersey under his open jacket the clear outlines and youthful grace of his upper figure were revealed as clearly as in a statue. Long fishing-boots reaching to his thighs scarcely concealed the symmetry of his lower limbs. Cricket and lawn-tennis, knickerbockers and flannels, had not at that period familiarized the female eye to unfettered masculine outline, and Cicely Preston, accustomed to the artificial smartness and regularity of uniform was perhaps the more impressed by the stranger's lawless grace.

The sentry had repeated his challenge; an angry flush was deepening on the intruder's cheek. At this critical moment Cicely threw open the French windows and stepped upon the veranda.

The sentry saluted the familiar little figure of his Colonel's daughter, with an explanatory glance at the stranger. The young fellow looked up, and the god became human.

"I'm looking for my sister," he said, half awkwardly, half defiantly; "she's here somewhere."

"Yes, and perfectly safe, Mr. Culpeper, I think," said the arch hypocrite, with dazzling sweetness; "and we're all so delighted. And so brave and plucky and skilful in her to come all that way, and for such a purpose."

"Then—you know—all about it," stammered Jim, more relieved than he had imagined, "and that I—"

"That you were quite ignorant of your sister helping the deserter. Oh yes, of course," said Cicely, with bewildering promptitude. "You see, Mr. Culpeper, we girls are *so* foolish. I dare say *I* should have done the same thing in her place, only *I* should never have had the courage to do what she did afterward. You really must forgive her. But won't you come in? *Do!*" She stepped back, holding the window open with the half-coaxing air of a spoiled child. "This way is quickest. *Do* come." As he still hesitated, glancing from her to the house, she added, with a demure little laugh, "Oh, I forgot; this is Colonel Preston's quarters, and I'm his daughter."

And this dainty little fairy, so natural in manner, so tasteful in attire, was one of the artificial, overdressed creatures that his sister had inveighed against so bitterly. Was Maggie really to be trusted? This new revelation coming so soon after the episode of the deserter staggered him. Nevertheless he hesitated, looking up with a certain boyish timidity into Cicely's dangerous eyes.

"Is—is—my sister there?"

"I'm expecting her with my mother every moment," responded this youthful but ingenuous diplomat, sweetly. "She might be here now; but," she added, with a sudden heart-broken flash of sympathy, "I know *how* anxious you both must be. *I'll* take you to her now. Only one moment, please." The opportunity of leading this handsome savage, as it were, in chains across the parade, before everybody—her father, her mother, her sister, and *his*—was not to be lost. She darted into the house, and reappeared with the daintiest imaginable straw hat on the side of her head, and demurely took her place at his side. "It's only over there, at Major Bromley's," she said, pointing to one of the vine-clad cottage quarters; "but you are a stranger here, you know, and might get lost."

Alas! he was already that. For keeping step with those fairy-like slippers, brushing awkwardly against that fresh and pretty skirt, and feeling the caress of the soft folds; looking down upon the brim of that beribboned little hat, and more often meeting the upturned blue eyes beneath it, Jim was suddenly struck with a terrible conviction of his own contrasting coarseness and deficiencies. How hideous those oiled canvas fishing trousers and pilot jacket looked beside this perfectly fitted and delicately gowned girl! He loathed his collar, his jersey, his turned-back sou'wester, even his height, which seemed to hulk beside her—everything, in short, that the girl had recently admired. By the time that they had reached Major Bromley's door he had so far succumbed to the fair enchantress and realized her ambition of a triumphant procession, that when she ushered him into the presence of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, he scarcely recognized his sister as the centre of attraction, or knew that Miss Cicely's effusive greeting of Maggie was her first one. "I knew he was dying to see you after all you had *both* passed through, and I brought him straight here," said the diminutive Machiavelli, meeting the astonished gaze of her father and the curious eyes of her sister with perfect calmness, while Maggie, full of gratitude and admiration of her handsome brother, forgot his momentary obliviousness, and returned her greeting warmly. Nevertheless, there was a slight movement of reserve among the gentlemen at the unlooked-for irruption of this sunburnt Adonis, until Calvert, disengaging himself from Maggie's side, came forward with his usual frank imperturbability and quiet tact, and claimed Jim as his friend and honored guest.

It then came out with that unostentatious simplicity which characterized the brother and sister, and was their secure claim to perfect equality with their entertainers, that Jim, on discovering his sister's absence, and fearing that she might be carried by the current toward the bar, had actually *swam the estuary* to Indian Island, and in an ordinary Indian canoe had braved the same tempestuous passage she had taken a few hours before. Cicely, listening to this recital with rapt attention, nevertheless managed to convey the impression of having fully expected it from the first. "Of course he'd have come here—if she'd only waited," she said, *sotto voce*, to her sister Emily.

"He's certainly the handsomer of the two," responded that young lady.

"Of course," returned Cicely, with a superior air; "don't you see she *copies* him."

Not that this private criticism prevented either from vying with the younger officers in their attentions to Maggie, with perhaps the addition of an open eulogy of her handsome brother, more or less invidious in comparison to the officers. "I suppose it's an active out-of-door life gives him that perfect grace and freedom," said Emily, with a slight sneer at the smartly belted Calvert.

"Yes; and he don't drink or keep late hours," responded Cicely, significantly. "His sister says they always retire before ten o'clock, and that although his father left him some valuable whiskey, he seldom takes a drop of it."

"Therein," gravely concluded Captain Kirby, "lies *our* salvation. If, after such a confession, Calvert doesn't make the most of his acquaintance with young Culpeper to remove that whiskey from his path and bring it here, he's not the man I take him for."

Indeed, for the moment it seemed as if he was not. During the next three or four days, in which Colonel Preston had insisted upon detaining his guests, Calvert touched no liquor, evaded the evening poker parties at quarters, and even prevailed upon some of his brother officers to give them up for the more general entertainment of the ladies. Colonel Preston was politician enough to avail himself of the popularity of Maggie's adventure to invite some of the Longport people to assist him in honoring their neighbor. Not only was the old feud between the fort and the people thus bridged over, but there was no doubt that the discipline of the fort had been strengthened by Maggie's extravagant reputation as a mediator among the disaffected rank and file. Whatever characteristic license the grateful Dennis McCaffrey—let off with a nominal punishment—may have taken in his praise of the "Quane of the Marshes," it is certain that the men worshipped her, and that the band pathetically begged permission to serenade her the last night of her stay.

At the end of that time, with a dozen invitations, a dozen appointments, a dozen vows of eternal friendship, much hand-shaking, and accompanied by a number of the officers to their boat, Maggie and Jim departed. They talked but little on their way home; by some tacit understanding they did not discuss those projects, only recalling certain scenes and incidents of their visit. By the time they had reached the little creek the silence and nervous apathy which usually follow excitement in the young seemed to have fallen upon them. It was not until after their quiet frugal supper that, seated beside the fire, Jim looked up somewhat self-consciously in his sister's grave and thoughtful face.

"Say, Mag, what was that idea o' yours about selling some land, and taking a house at Longport?"

Maggie looked up, and said, passively, "Oh, *that* idea?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well," said Jim, somewhat awkwardly, "it *could* be done, you know. I'm willin'."

As she did not immediately reply, he continued, uneasily. "Miss Preston says we ken get a nice little house that was near the fort until we want to build."

"Oh, then you *have* talked about it?"

"Yes; that is—why, what are ye thinkin' of, Mag? Wasn't it *your* idea all along?" he said, suddenly facing her in querulous embarrassment. They had been sitting in their usual evening attitudes of Assyrian frieze profile, with even more than the usual Assyrian frieze similarity of feature.

"Yes—but, Jim dear—do you think it the best thing for—for us to do?" said Maggie, with half-frightened gravity.

At this sudden and startling exhibition of female inconsistency and inconsequence Jim was for a moment speechless. Then he recovered himself, volubly, aggrievedly, and on his legs. What *did* she mean? Was he to give up understanding girls? or was it their sole vocation in life to impede masculine processes and shipwreck masculine conclusions? Here, after all she said the other night; after they had nearly "quo'lled" over her "set ideas"; after she'd "gone over all that foolishness about Jael and Sisera —and there wasn't any use for it; after she'd let him run on to them officers all he was goin' to do; nay, after *she* herself (for he had heard her) had talked to Calvert about it—she wanted to know now if it was *best!* He looked at the floor and the ceiling as if expecting the tongued and grooved planks to cry out at this crowning enormity.

The cause of it had resumed her sad gaze at the fire. Presently, without turning her head, she reached up her long graceful arm, and clasping her brother's neck, brought his face down in profile with her own, cheek against cheek, until they looked like the double outlines of a medallion. Then she said—to the fire—

"Jim, do you think she's pretty?"

"Who?" said Jim, albeit his color had already answered the question.

"You know *who*. Do you like her?"

Jim here vaguely murmured to the fire that he thought her "kinder nice," and that she dressed mighty purty. "Ye know, Mag," he said, with patronizing endearance, "ye oughter get some gownds like hers."

"That wouldn't make me like her," said Maggie, gravely.

"I don't know about that," said Jim, politely, but with an appalling hopelessness of tone. After a pause, he added, slyly, "'Pears to me *somebody else* thought somebody else mighty purty—eh?"

To his discomfiture, she did not solicit further information. After a pause, he continued, still more archly,

"Do you like *him*, Mag?"

"I think he's a perfect gentleman," she said, calmly.

He turned his eyes quickly from the glowing fire to her face. The cheek that had been resting against his own was as cool as the night wind that came through the open door, and the whole face was as fixed and tranquil as the upper stars.

V.

For a year the tide had ebbed and flowed on the Dedlow Marsh unheeded before the scaled and sightless windows of the "King-fisher's Nest." Since the young birds had flown to Longport, even the Indian care-takers had abandoned the piled dwelling for their old nomadic haunts in the "bresh." The high spring tide had again made its annual visit to the little cemetery of drift-wood, and as if recognizing another wreck in the deserted home, had hung a few memorial offerings on the blackened piles, softly laid a garment of grayish drift before it, and then sobbed itself out in the salt grass.

From time to time faint echoes of the Culpepers' life at Longport reached the upland, and the few neighbors who had only known them by hearsay shook their heads over the extravagance they as yet only knew by report. But it was in the dead ebb of the tide and the waning daylight that the feathered tenants of the marsh seemed to voice dismal prophecies of the ruin of their old master and mistress, and to give themselves up to gloomiest lamentation and querulous foreboding. Whether the traditional "bird of the air" had intrusted his secret to a few ornithological friends, or whether from a natural disposition to take gloomy views of life, it was certain that at this hour the vocal expression of the marsh was hopeless and despairing. It was then that a dejected plover, addressing a mocking crew of sand-pipers on a floating log, seemed to bewail the fortune that was being swallowed up by the riotous living and gambling debts of Jim. It was then that the querulous crane rose, and bodily protested against the selling of his favorite haunt in the sandy peninsula, which only six months of Jim's excesses had made imperative. It was then that a mournful curlew, who, with the preface that he had always been really expecting it, reiterated the story that Jim had been seen more than once staggering home with nervous hands and sodden features from a debauch with the younger officers; it was the same desponding fowl who knew that Maggie's eyes had more than once filled with tears at his coming, and had already grown more hollow with many watchings. It was a flock of wrangling teal that screamingly discussed the small scandals, jealous heart-burnings, and curious backbitings that had attended Maggie's advent into society. It was the high-flying brent who, knowing how the sensitive girl, made keenly conscious at every turn of her defective training and ingenuous ignorance, had often watched their evening flight with longing gaze, now "honked" dismally at the recollection. It was at this hour and season that the usual vague lamentings of Dedlow Marsh seemed to find at last a preordained expression. And it was at such a time, when light and water were both fading, and the blackness of the marsh was once more reasserting itself, that a small boat was creeping along one of the tortuous inlets, at times half hiding behind the bank like a wounded bird. As it slowly penetrated inland it seemed to be impelled by its solitary occupant in a hesitating, uncertain way, as if to escape observation rather than as if directed to any positive bourne. Stopping beside a bank of reeds at last, the figure rose stoopingly, and drew a gun from between its feet and the bottom of the boat. As the light fell upon its face it could be seen that it was James Culpeper. James Culpeper! hardly recognizable in the swollen features, bloodshot eyes, and tremulous hand of that ruined figure! James Culpeper, only retaining a single trace of his former self in his look of set and passionate purpose! And that purpose was to kill himself—to be found dead as his father had been before him—in an open boat, adrift upon the marsh!

It was not the outcome of a sudden fancy. The idea had first come to him in a taunting allusion from the drunken lips of one of his ruder companions, for which he had stricken the offender to the earth. It had since haunted his waking hours of remorse and hopeless fatuity; it had seemed to be the one relief and atonement he could make his devoted sister, and, more fatuous than all, it seemed to the miserable boy the one revenge he would take upon the faithless coquette, who for a year had played with his simplicity, and had helped to drive him to the distraction of cards and drink. Only that morning Colonel Preston had forbidden him the house, and now it seemed to him the end had come. He raised his distorted face above the reedy bank for a last tremulous and half-frightened glance at the landscape he was leaving forever. A glint in the western sky lit up the front of his deserted dwelling in the distance, abreast of which the windings of the inlet had unwittingly led him. As he looked he started, and involuntarily dropped into a crouching attitude. For, to his superstitious terror, the sealed windows of his old home were open, the bright panes were glittering with the fading light, and on the outer gallery the familiar figure of his sister stood, as of old, awaiting his return! Was he really going mad, or had this last vision of his careless youth been purposely vouchsafed him?

But even as he gazed the appearance of another figure in the landscape beyond the house proved the reality of his vision, and as suddenly distracted him from all else. For it was the apparition of a man on horseback approaching the house from the upland, and even at that distance he recognized its well-known outlines. It was Calvert! Calvert, the traitor! Calvert, the man whom he had long suspected as the secret lover and destined husband of Cicely Preston! Calvert, who had deceived him with his calm equanimity and his affected preference for Maggie, to conceal his deliberate understanding with Cicely. What was he doing here? Was he a double traitor, and now trying to deceive *her*, as he had him? And Maggie here! This sudden return—this preconcerted meeting. It was infamy!

For a moment he remained stupefied, and then, with a mechanical instinct, plunged his head and face in the lazy-flowing water, and then once again rose cool and collected. The half-mad distraction of his previous resolve had given way to another more deliberate, but not less desperate determination. He knew now *why* he came there—*why* he had brought his gun—why his boat had stopped when it did.

Lying flat in the bottom, he tore away fragments of the crumbling bank to fill his frail craft until he had sunk it to the gunwale, and below the low level of the marsh. Then, using his hands as noiseless paddles, he propelled this rude imitation of a floating log slowly past the line of vision until the tongue of "bresh" had hidden him from view. With a rapid glance at the darkening flat, he then seized his gun, and springing to the spongy bank, half crouching, half crawling through reeds and tussocks, he made his way to the brush. A foot and eye less experienced would have plunged its owner helpless in the black quagmire. At one edge of the thicket he heard hoofs trampling the dried twigs. Calvert's horse was already there, tied to a skirting alder.

He ran to the house, but instead of attracting attention by ascending the creaking steps, made his way to the piles below the rear gallery, and climbed to it noiselessly. It was the spot where the deserter had ascended a year ago, and, like him, he could see and hear all that passed distinctly. Calvert stood near the open

(*Continued on page 519.*)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1697. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



"SHE SAW A RATHER UNDER-SIZED YOUNG FELLOW IN A JAUNTY UNDRESS UNIFORM."—[SEE BRET HARTE'S STORY, PAGE 510, SUPPLEMENT.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Unquestionably ranks as the foremost juvenile publication in the country, and the young folks are hardly able to await its arrival, so eager are they to enjoy its pages."—*Albany Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The summer numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will have an out-door holiday character in keeping with the season. Even more space than usual will be devoted to fiction—short stories and short serials in addition to the serial "Dorcasters," by* KIRK MUNROE, *the thirteenth instalment of which is published in the current number.*

Short papers on out-door sports will be a feature of the summer numbers. "Base-ball for Amateurs," by A. A. STAGG, *has already appeared. "Lawn-Tennis," by* VALENTINE G. HALL, "Cricket," *by* CHARLES E. CLAY, *and "Lacrosse," by* HERBERT BALCH, *are among the articles arranged for.* MR. HENRY P. WELLS, *author of "The American Salmon Fishermen," is now contributing three articles on "Fishing and Fishing-Tackle," and* J. HARRINGTON KEENE *will write about "Bait Fishing."*

Among other timely articles will be DR. FELIX L. OSWALD'S *"Home Studies in Natural History," and* DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT'S *short papers on Common Life in the Fields and Woods.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1697.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE SAMOAN SETTLEMENT.

MR. PHELPS, of the Samoan Commission, will arrive in the steamer *Fulda* by the time this paper is issued, bringing with him a copy of the treaty, protocol, or agreement which has been signed at Berlin, but which is understood to await the approval of the Senate. In fact everything in regard to the agreement is "understood" rather than known. Mr. PHELPS was seen upon the *Fulda* before she sailed, and declined, very properly, as all the Commissioners had declined in Berlin, to talk about the treaty until they had reported to the State Department. A summary, however, has been published, which is "understood" to be correct. It is further "understood" that the American Commissioners have displayed great ability, and have secured what our government desired. The work has been accomplished promptly, and if also satisfactorily, it is very creditable to the Commissioners. It is reported that Mr. PHELPS will be appointed Minister to Germany—an appointment which would be generally regarded as satisfactory.

The four points which are supposed to have been settled by the Conference are, first, the restoration of the Samoan king, MALIETOA; second, the payment of an indemnity by Samoa to Germany; third, the establishment of a land court to adjust foreign claims to real estate upon the islands; and fourth, the formation of an advisory council for the king, to be composed of seven members, one to be selected by him, three to be chosen by the Samoans, and one each by Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. The two facts which strike the observer most forcibly in this arrangement are, first, that in this settlement of the government of Samoa the Samoans had no voice, and second, that the United States have entered into an alliance with two great European powers for the political administration of a small group of islands in the remote Pacific. It is not apparent from anything which has yet been disclosed that our relations with this group of islands are so intimate or our interests in them of such importance that our wise and ancient policy of refraining from foreign alliances of the kind should be abandoned; and the result naturally suggests the inquiry whether we are to extend the policy of which this is the first step, and continue, in concert with other powers, to adjust the governments and settle the domestic troubles of other semi-civilized communities throughout the world. Substantially, the Berlin Conference leaves the question of peace or war between the United States and certain European powers to the chance of events in remote and inconsiderable Pacific islands in which really we have no interest. It draws us without adequate reason within the stormy circle of European politics, and the London *Times* eagerly welcomes our advent as a check upon the power of BISMARCK, saying that Germany "would have to think twice before provoking a collision with the United States over such a question as that of Samoa." The English press naturally compliments us profusely.

The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, a paper entirely friendly to the administration, says that "we are participants in the present settlement only because the outcry which we raised over German interference compelled us for very shame to share in the council through which Germany offered a satisfactory settlement." It adds that we have never found any use for our harbor rights in Samoa, and probably never shall. It is, of course, gratifying to know that our Commissioners, as was indeed to be anticipated, have shown great ability. But it must not be forgotten that Germany has not shown herself at any time indisposed to a friendly understanding, and it may be a question whether she may not find some reason for self-congratulation in the fact that it is at Berlin that we have taken the first step toward a departure from our traditional and approved policy.

A LESSON FROM CHICAGO.

IN one of the most celebrated speeches ever delivered in Congress, that of FISHER AMES upon the ratification of the JAY treaty, which in renown, although not in importance or effect, ranks with WEBSTER'S reply to HAYNE, the orator said, speaking of our domestic politics, "Any foreign influence is too much, and ought to be destroyed." This truth has been recently recalled with great force by the investigation of the CRONIN murder at Chicago. As we stated last week, there is a secret society for purposes wholly foreign to this country, which undertakes to deal with its members for what is called "treason," and some of the members entered into a conspiracy for the murder of a fellow-member, Dr. CRONIN, which was duly perpetrated. Such societies in this country should be sternly discountenanced by public opinion, and instead of saying, as some papers say, that the disgrace of such a conspiracy ought not to attach to every member of the society or to the cause in which they are interested, every honest and patriotic journal in the country ought to show that no man who means well should permit himself to join a secret and irresponsible society to promote foreign political objects, because in this country any such society is justly suspected of seeking its objects by methods that will not bear disclosure.

The abject subservience of parties and of public men to such conspirators is one of the shames of the time. There is no excuse or plausible pretext for such associations. Irishmen who are naturalized in this country, and who combine in secret clubs to promote political schemes in Ireland and to take an active part in English politics, show how utterly unworthy of American citizenship they are, and should be plainly told the truth, not flattered and cajoled. Irishmen who are not naturalized, and who enter into clubs for such purposes, and assume to deal with treason, are simply public enemies. There should be no welcome in this country for immigrants who come to abuse the American name and hospitality by making the country a base for foreign politics or crimes. Among honorable and patriotic Americans there is no such welcome, and even among public men, who consider silence or servile speech upon the subject a hard necessity, there are inward disgust and loathing. The multitude of honorable American citizens of Irish birth are peculiarly disgraced both by such associations as that in Chicago, and by such natural consequences of them as the murder of CRONIN. We say natural consequences, because, as FISHER AMES truly said in the speech to which we have alluded, "The only constant agents in political affairs are the passions of men," and a secret club of ignorant persons who hold that certain political conduct is cruel tyranny will inevitably excuse crime to redress it, and stimulate each other to its commission.

All justifiable political objects in this country can be sought openly. There is perfect freedom of speech and of the press, and practically universal male suffrage. If Irish-born American citizens wish to denounce the British government, their liberty of denunciation is unrestrained. If they wish to raise money for the support of members of the British Parliament, or for the relief of suffering tenants, or to pay the costs of Irish suits at law, they may do it freely and without any necessity of concealment. If they wish to express sympathy with individuals, and to contribute money for any honest and reputable purpose, nothing prevents their public action. But if they wish to promote crime, to furnish arms and ammunition to those who are resisting the law in other countries, to send dynamite for the indiscriminate murder of men, women, and children, they are criminals for whom there should be a summary process of law. It would seem to be both the interest and the duty of honest Irish-born citizens in this country to be first and most stringent in the exposure and denunciation of such offences and of the associations which stimulate them. Twenty years ago Republicans used to say, and justly, that it was not enough for decent citizens in the Southern States to disclaim countenance of the Ku-Klux Klan; they should pursue and punish them. So, while there is no energetic Irish protest and action against Irish dynamiters and murderers, the Irish name itself is compromised.

AT THE FEDERAL CLUB.

THE Federal Club, of which Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is president, is a Republican reform association, which recently gave the well-merited honor of a "reception" to Mr. ERNEST H. CROSBY, who as a member of the Legislature has pursued effectively a course similar to that of Mr. ROOSEVELT—a course which has justly distinguished both gentlemen. In a vigorous letter to the club, regretting his necessary absence, Mr. ROOSEVELT spoke very severely of those who, claiming to be non-partisan, are at once well-meaning and futile citizens who, timidly and selfishly refusing to attend primaries and to do their political duty, aid scoundrelism in politics. This view seems to us to overlook one or two vital considerations. Among them is the fact that the present conditions of party organization necessarily exclude from the caucus and the primary not only well-meaning but active and energetic men of strong convictions and high self-respect. At the last general election a New York voter who favored the election of Mr. WARNER MILLER as the candidate of high license and ballot reform would have been denied part in the Republican primary if he had stated that as a friend of tariff revision he should vote for Mr. CLEVELAND. On the other hand, the Democratic primary would hardly have welcomed the voter who proposed to vote for the Republican candidates except Mr. HARRISON. By no act of his own, therefore, and from no timidity or indifference to political duty, such a voter is excluded from the primary.

Again, the implied condition of connection with a party, under the present system, is support of its candidates and measures even when the voter disapproves them. The general reason urged is that the view of the majority ought to prevail. Undoubtedly it will determine the party action. But ought it to prevail so far as to compel individual support of a candidate whom the voter believes to be unfit? It is no reply to this question to say that ours is a government by party, and the voter must choose his party and stick to it, as better upon the whole than the other party. This theory makes honest men the tools of the dishonest, not because the dishonest are more numerous, but because they make politics a business in a manner impossible for other men.

This fact discloses the sophistry of the plea that reform must be sought within the party. This is a proposition which must be greatly limited. It means that good men must stick to the party and get control of it, and then turn it to reform. But if good men confirm the hold of bad men upon the party by supporting their candidates and measures, how soon will the party become an agency of reform? As we have often said, the most unscrupulous party machine asks nothing more than that reform shall be sought by sticking fast to the party. A party will promote honest government when it discovers that it will be beaten if it does not. Mr. ROOSEVELT justly denounces a merely captious spirit in politics. A useful critic of public men and measures must have a fair sense of proportion. Men and measures are to be judged upon the whole. But while this is true of parties, it must not be forgotten that by this rule all parties will be sometimes condemned.

We do not know the constitution of the Federal Club. If it be distinctively a partisan club, requiring that its members shall support whatever the party may do, while they try to make it do well, we certainly honor its aim, but we distrust its method. It is playing fairly and credulously against those whose dice are loaded. As JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE said, in effect, the most conservative of party rights is the right of bolting. Bolters, kickers, mugwumps, independents, are all very disagreeable names for party ears. But it is the spirit which produces those who are called by such names that makes and unmakes parties, and thereby saves the state. If reform had been sought within the party, as many good Whigs advised, there would have been no Republican party. In 1847 CHARLES SUMNER and his friends in Massachusetts decided that the reform which they desired was not to be found in the party with which they acted, and they withdrew to form another, the precursor of the Republican. But whether they had formed another or not, they would not have remained Whigs under the plea that the Democrats were worse, and that reform was to be expected only from the Whigs. There need, however, be no quarrel between honest men bent upon good government, whether or not they take the same view of the probabilities of party action. Mr. SEWARD in 1847 thought the anti-slavery cause could be best served by adhering to the Whig party, while Mr. SUMNER thought that no effectual antislavery action could be expected from that party. Yet both were equally sincere in their opposition to the slave power, and both were finally great Republican leaders.

JOHN GILBERT.

THE death of no contemporary actor could have produced so general a sense of personal loss as that of JOHN GILBERT. The reason is that no actor was ever regarded with more personal affection. This was so universal that it was sometimes difficult to dissociate admiration for the actor from feeling for the man. Ten years ago he said that he had played eleven hundred and fifty characters. He first appeared in Boston, on the 28th of November, 1828, and his last appearance was in the same city, sixty years later.

It was an extraordinary career for its versatility and admirable use of unusual powers, and for its conscientious and exquisite art. GILBERT had a strong taste for the stage, but it was not at first that the bent of his genius was disclosed, and it was only gradually, by patient care and unremitting labor and devoted intelligence, that he ac-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

quired his supremacy. He trod no royal road to success, but passed through all the vicissitudes of his most trying profession. He lived in many cities. He knew the hard privations of the peripatetic actor. But his genius and character and temperament were his triple talisman, and the crown which he attained was the symbol of intrinsic royalty of worth.

To the generation in which he dies, GILBERT was known upon the stage as the most dignified and delightful of old men. There was not a noted character of this kind which he had not made, not so much his own, as himself. He was what he played. The selecter and more familiar old comedy, as it is called, became latterly his especial field, and in certain of its chief parts, Sir Anthony Absolute, Sir Peter Teazle, and Squire Hardcastle, he leaves apparently no successor, and it is questionable whether the tradition of those parts will not die with him. The old English quality of such characters was perfectly reproduced. It was a country gentleman or a city gentleman, with a certain courtly grace or rural urbanity, but it was always as English as Robert Walpole or Lord Chatham. All was permeated and invested with the simplicity and charm of his own nature. The man that he was prevailed over all. Admiration and delight in the artist ended in love for the man. This was fully disclosed at the banquet in his honor upon the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance upon the stage, and was felicitously expressed upon the occasion by Mr. WINTER. A man like GILBERT, alike in his genius and his character, explains the fond hold of the theatre upon successive generations of men. If it was enough to carve upon the monument of a great writer of plays, "O rare BEN JONSON!" over the grave of this great actor might well be written, "O good JOHN GILBERT!"

OUR FATHERS AND OURSELVES.

IN his eulogy upon Mr. SEWARD, Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS said:

"Our forefathers would marvel could they imagine it possible for me to claim credit for Mr. SEWARD on the score of his honesty as a public man. Yet the time has come when we must honor one who never bought nor sold a vote or a place, and who never permitted his public action to be contaminated in the atmosphere of corporation influence."

This was sixteen years ago. How far we have advanced in the direction which Mr. ADAMS intimates that our fathers would deplore is shown by a recent incident.

In the Republican caucus in New Hampshire which has just nominated Mr. CHANDLER for a Senator of the United States, one of the members said, openly: "I am here to attend an auction, not a caucus....Votes have been bought for CHANDLER on the public streets—$600 for one vote, $1200 for two, and so on up the scale of iniquity." A Senator denied the charges of bribery, and was followed by a Representative who stated that a fellow-member had told him that a bribe had been offered to him. The bribery was further denied. Mr. CHANDLER then appeared, and that nothing should be wanting to the startling significance of the scene, the newly nominated Senator of the United States, according to the report in friendly papers, actually

"pledged his sacred honor that he had done nothing undignified, unworthy, or dishonest in the course of the canvass, had spent no money, and had promised no money for votes."

We have no reason to doubt Mr. CHANDLER'S word. But what a glimpse of the political situation the report discloses, and what a view Mr. CHANDLER must take of his own reputation to feel that at such a moment such a disclaimer was necessary! It is impossible to suppose such a scene at the nomination of JOHN JAY or of CHARLES SUMNER, or of Mr. EDMUNDS or Mr. HOAR, to any office, or, in such an inconceivable event, to suppose a single word of denial or explanation from them. Yet that the practice which Mr. ADAMS with deprecation felt had arisen sixteen years ago is even very general now is shown by the universal conviction that a millionaire or corporation candidate for a Senatorial nomination has the advantage over any competitor. This is not always true, as the recent history of New York proves. But the general conviction of the advantage is unquestionable, and it is a fact which is not disposed of satisfactorily by insisting that Mr. ADAMS was a pessimist, and that our fathers were as bad as we are.

PARTIES AND THE BALLOT LAW.

IN striking the party balance of the result of the late movement for ballot reform, it appears that in New York the Democratic Governor and in Connecticut the Republican Governor and Senate are responsible for the defeat of the bill. In the latter State the Governor vetoed it. The House passed it over the veto, then reconsidered, then amended it, and passed it again. The Senate decided that a vetoed bill must be voted upon in the vetoed form, which is probably correct. But that would not have prevented a Senate which was really friendly to the reform from passing the amended bill from the House and sending it to the Governor as a new bill. The Senate is as plainly responsible for the defeat in Connecticut as the Governor in New York.

This fact, however, will not bear too wide a generalization. It shows certainly that the measure cannot be regarded as a Republican measure, but it does not show that such a reform is not much more probable under Republican than under Democratic auspices. This is the kind of calculation which a good citizen is constantly forced to make. All kinds of views upon public questions are held in both parties. They are divided by no lines of definite policy. Mr. RANDALL and Mr. GORMAN are protectionists, and they are both accepted Democratic leaders. In voting for members of Congress and of the Legislature a citizen who desires the best probable result cannot abide by the name of the party; he must consider the candidate and the probabilities.

The probabilities for high license, for ballot reform, and for civil service reform will incline him, other things being equal, to support the Republican candidates, despite such a performance as that in Connecticut. Ballot reformers in that State might decide that they had little to expect from either party, but they would hardly vote for a candidate in the belief that, as a Democrat, he would be more likely to favor reform than his Republican competitor. This statement, which will not be seriously disputed, explains the independence in voting and in commenting upon public affairs which is much more general than ever before.

THE BROOKLYN GUILD.

AN enterprise in Brooklyn which takes the name of the Brooklyn Guild is well worthy attention and aid. It may be called a friendly enterprise to distinguish it from a technical charity, for it proposes "a common meeting-ground" of the more and less fortunate in life, a kindergarten, reading-room, and class-rooms, with entertainments—a club, in fact, to satisfy in some degree the higher tastes of those whose circumstances do not otherwise than in such a club permit their gratification. The work will naturally develop itself, and it begins under excellent auspices, Mr. WILLIAM POTTS being the president. The Guild has purchased a suitable home at 245 Concord Street, and it desires the co-operation and aid of all who approve its spirit and purpose.

OFFICIAL VIGILANCE AND VIGOR.

IT is obvious that one way to enforce laws is not to appoint agents who do not know what the laws are, and the only way in which the President can enforce the civil service law in offices to which it applies is to appoint as heads of such offices those only who know the law, who believe in it, and who mean faithfully to observe it. When, therefore, Commissioner ROOSEVELT said to the postmaster at Indianapolis, "I must request you at once to read the law; it is your duty to know the law," he said virtually that the postmaster was unfit for his position, and should not have been appointed.

The spirit and energy with which the new Commission has entered upon its duties is most significant. Whatever Republicans may violate the pledges of the party platform and discredit the professions of the President, the Republican Commissioners of the Civil Service will honorably observe them. Mr. ROOSEVELT characteristically speaks in an unmistakable tone. He is a strong Republican, but he is not the least afraid to say that he is a Republican reformer, and that reform contemplates a non-partisan minor civil service by means of a competitive examination. If anybody has a more effective practical method to propose, he will gladly consider it. But in the mean while, by the common consent of many eminent Republicans at the head of great offices, the present scheme produces the best results, and he will abide by that until a better is offered. In doing this he stands where Messrs. INGALLS, BLAIR, and many other Republican leaders do not stand, squarely upon the Republican platform.

It is refreshing to see a man in important public office who has no meal in his mouth, and who tells the truth clearly and strongly. Is there any sensible Republican who does not see that a man of convictions, ability, and courage like Mr. ROOSEVELT is infinitely more serviceable to his party, as well as to his country, than a man like Mr. TANNER, the Pension Commissioner? Has the Republican party so wholly lost its original impulse and moral virility that it is not aware that the appointment of men like Mr. TANNER to offices of great responsibility is an injury to the party which no rhetoric about veterans can remedy? "The public is not a fool." If the Republican administration had in general frankly and honorably maintained the party declarations and fulfilled the party pledges, as Mr. ROOSEVELT has done within his official sphere, it would be a very much stronger party in the fifth month of the administration than it is.

"HARPER" FOR JULY.

THE July number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is thoroughly characteristic, and the special aims and spirit of the Magazine may be readily perceived in it. It is an essentially modern and American spirit. We do not mean that it is limited to distinctively American topics only, but that it reflects the world of to-day as mirrored in the American mind. This, however, permits a most comprehensive range, and excludes nothing in literature or art. Thus in the present number there is an old English poem of two centuries and a half ago, and a sonnet by WORDSWORTH. But they are illustrated by the modern American genius, and have a certain quaintness, which is due to our remoteness from them.

Mr. Justice MILLER, of the United States Supreme Court, writes upon his State of Iowa with a fulness of information and warmth of feeling which make a very valuable article, and Dr. ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD treats briefly, but effectively and authoritatively, of "The South and the School Problem." Mr. HOWARD JENKINS'S illustrated paper upon the historic Brandywine is exceedingly interesting, and Mr. LAFCADIO HEARN'S "Les Portenses" is one of the vivid West Indian sketches in which he is a master. It is not necessary, however, to point out all the papers which justify our general encomium. But this number of the Magazine, like the three numbers immediately preceding, is peculiarly interesting from the novel of Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, "A Little Journey in the World."

It is, we believe, his first novel, if we may regard "Their Pilgrimage" as a series of sketches. "A Little Journey in the World" is a story of to-day, the scene opening in New England, and transferred to New York in the third number. There are a freshness and fulness in the treatment which are delightful, impressing the reader with the conviction that the author has something to say. This impression is confirmed by the vivid definiteness of the characters, the brilliancy of the conversation, and the characteristic contemporary tone. Already the heroine is singularly interesting. She reveals a womanly nature of charms and forces which forecast a career not yet clearly discernible. The tale is plainly a picture of American life drawn by a subtle hand, following an eye of keen observation and shrewd appreciation. It shows ripened and easy power, and seems to us sure to arrest general attention.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S pleasant home on Seventy-first Street, in this city, contains many art treasures, among them being paintings or colored photographs of some of his great battles, notably Vicksburg; the famous interview near the close of the war, at which President LINCOLN, Generals GRANT and SHERMAN, and Admiral PORTER were present; and a life-size portrait of the General himself in full uniform, painted by HEALY at the close of the rebellion. There is also a marble bass-relief of LINCOLN, considered one of the finest likenesses of the martyr President in existence. A personal friend recently asked JOHN SHERMAN what his religious faith was, and he reverently replied: "I believe in God, the Almighty. That is as far as I have got."

—The death of the Rev. PETER C. OAKLEY, which occurred at his home at Milton-on-the-Hudson, June 15th, deprives the Methodist ministry of an able and devoted worker, and severs one of the links which bind this younger generation to the past. In 1817, when JAMES and JOHN HARPER, founders of the present firm of HARPER & BROTHERS, started in the printing business, PETER C. OAKLEY, a boy of seventeen, was their first apprentice. He continued with them until 1821, when he left to study for the ministry, and for sixty-five years he was an active member of the New York Conference. The remembrance of his early trade was always a pleasant one to him, and he was fond of recalling the days of pioneer printing. He was a lovable man, sincere and earnest in all his undertakings, and his death is felt by all who knew him. His nearest surviving relative is a daughter.

—A term of remarkable efficiency and brilliancy as a citizen soldier has been closed by Colonel EMMONS CLARK, of the famous New York Seventh Regiment, who resigns after thirty-two years of service in the National Guard, during twenty-five of which he was commander of the Seventh. When the war broke out, and the regiment hastened to the relief of Washington, CLARK was captain of the second company, and in 1864, when Colonel LEFFERTS resigned, he succeeded to the command. During the quarter-century that has followed, the regiment has participated in many important events, always reflecting credit on its colonel.

—The house in which BEETHOVEN was born has been bought by the people of Bonn, and will be restored, as far as possible, to its condition at the time of his birth. It will then be made a museum, where objects illustrating the life and works of the great composer may be collected and preserved. JOACHIM is the president of the museum.

—The necrologist of Andover Theological Seminary, in performing his work during the past year, devoted much time to looking up a member of the class of 1838 of whom all trace had been lost for many years. He finally found the man living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as the member of a Roman Catholic brotherhood. The priest was near the point of death, but expressed an affectionate regard for his old associates, from whom he had been separated for over half a century.

—Baltimore has a musical prodigy in LOU ALLEN SPRINT, three and a half years old, who is said to possess a remarkable gift for improvising on the piano.

—Professor JAMES WOODS MCLANE, the recently elected President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, was the physician of WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, and it was through him that the millionaire offered the college $500,000 and the ground for the new building at Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue. Through Dr. MCLANE'S influence, also, Mrs. SLOANE, a member of the VANDERBILT family, built and endowed the Maternity Hospital near the college.

—The Vermonters in Washington made a special effort to observe Senator MORRILL'S recent birthday. He is seventy-nine years old, hale and hearty, and has been in Congress thirty-six years.

—GEORGE HILLIER, custodian of the Custom-house Building since 1841, is dead. He was formerly a page in the United States Senate, and was appointed to the customs service on the recommendation of DANIEL WEBSTER.

—HIRAM HITCHCOCK, one of the trustees of Dartmouth College, and proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city, is to erect a hospital at Hanover, New Hampshire, in memory of his wife. It will be made a part of the Dartmouth College Medical Department.

—IRA D. SANKEY, the gospel singer, who has been Evangelist MOODY'S companion in much of his work in this country and Great Britain, has bought a farm in Suffolk County, on Long Island, and will probably spend the remainder of his life there.

—Colonel THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON has been appointed Military and Naval Historian for Massachusetts by the Legislature of that State.

—Princeton College has given President HARRISON the degree of LL.D.

—General BOULANGER is enjoying himself during his banishment in London. He dresses like a dandy, makes his way into society, and receives many flowers and kind messages from his friends.

—Few rich people ever could have the distinction of losing $30,000 worth of dogs in a short time; but E. H. MOORE, of Melrose, Massachusetts, has recently been bereft by disease of three famous prize-winning mastiffs, which he valued at that sum.

—The University of Edinburgh has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, of this city, and WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Professor of Sanscrit and Philology in Yale College, both of whom were graduated from Williams College.

—Rev. WILLIAM HOSMER, conspicuous in antislavery agitation, and one of the earliest temperance advocates in this country, died last week in Auburn, New York.

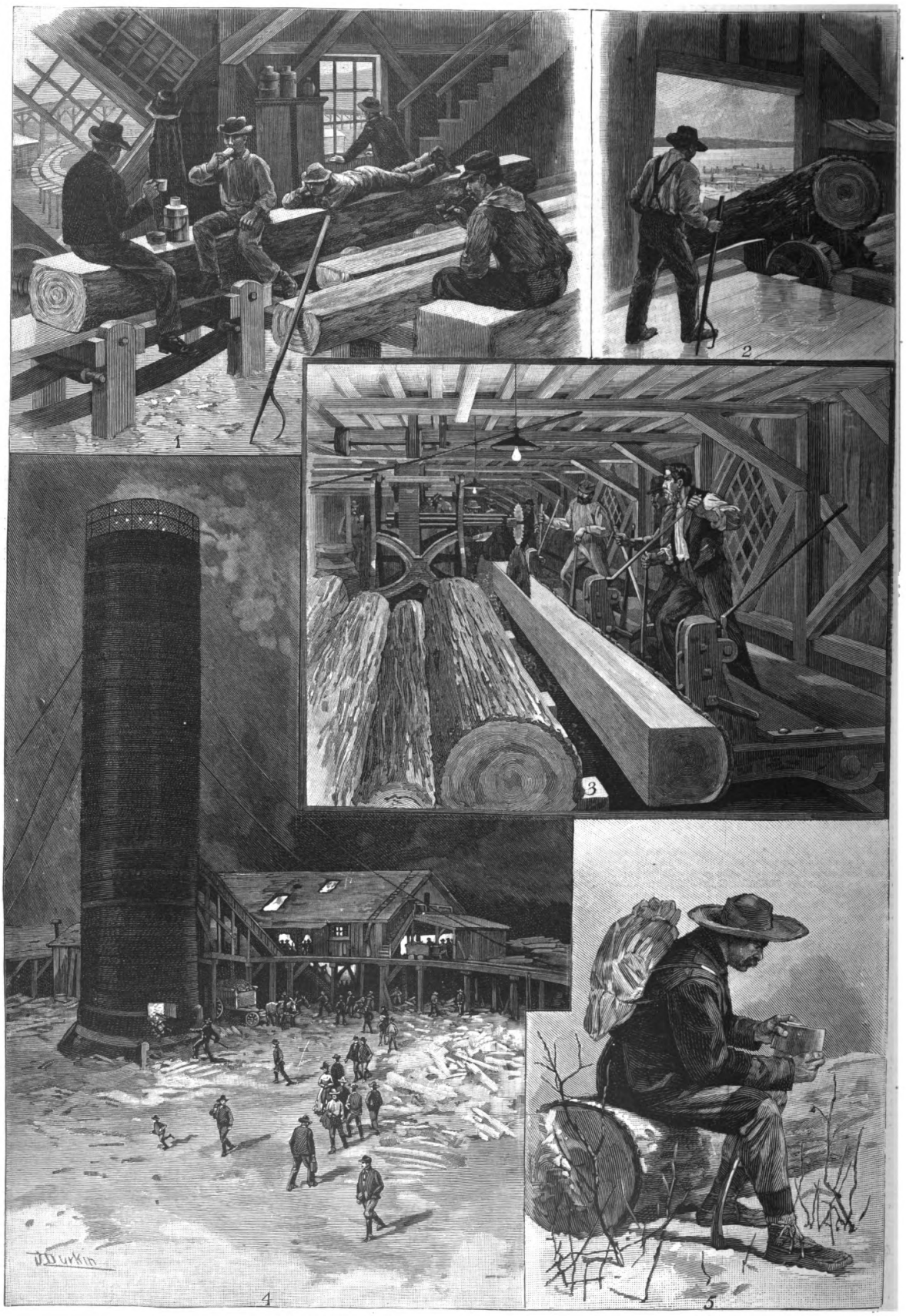
—EDWARD HANLON, of Toronto, once the champion oarsman of the world, has returned home, after a series of defeats in Australia, well convinced that his rowing days are over.

—THOMAS A. EDISON claims to need but about four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, although he sometimes breaks over this rule, and feels the worse for it.

—Ex-Minister PHELPS will return to his duties as a professor in the Yale LAW School with the opening of 1890.

—Among the inmates of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, Maine, is RICHARD ROWLEY, who was captain of the guns on the *Kearsarge* when she sunk the *Alabama* off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, and performed an act of bravery which probably saved his ship and her crew. The battle had raged for over an hour and a half, when a 100-pound rifle shell from the *Alabama* struck the gun which ROWLEY was sighting, and fell on the deck, with the fuse still burning. In an instant ROWLEY picked it up and threw it into the sea, where it exploded just as it touched the water. The sailor's beard and mustache were burned off by the fuse, but he stepped back to his gun and sent a shot into the sinking *Alabama*. Captain WINSLOW at once gave the order to man the rigging and give three cheers for Quartermaster ROWLEY. The latter was greatly lionized after his return to this country. Congress voted him a gold medal, he received other valuable gifts, and President LINCOLN personally thanked him. For several days before his interview with the President, ROWLEY had accepted frequent invitations to drink champagne, and probably showed the effects. As he arose to go, Mr. LINCOLN gave him a hundred dollars, saying: "Now don't drink too much liquor; drink just a little, but not too much. I know you old sailors all like a little grog, but be careful and not drink too much." Red tape and a rascally claim agent have thus far deprived ROWLEY of his pension.

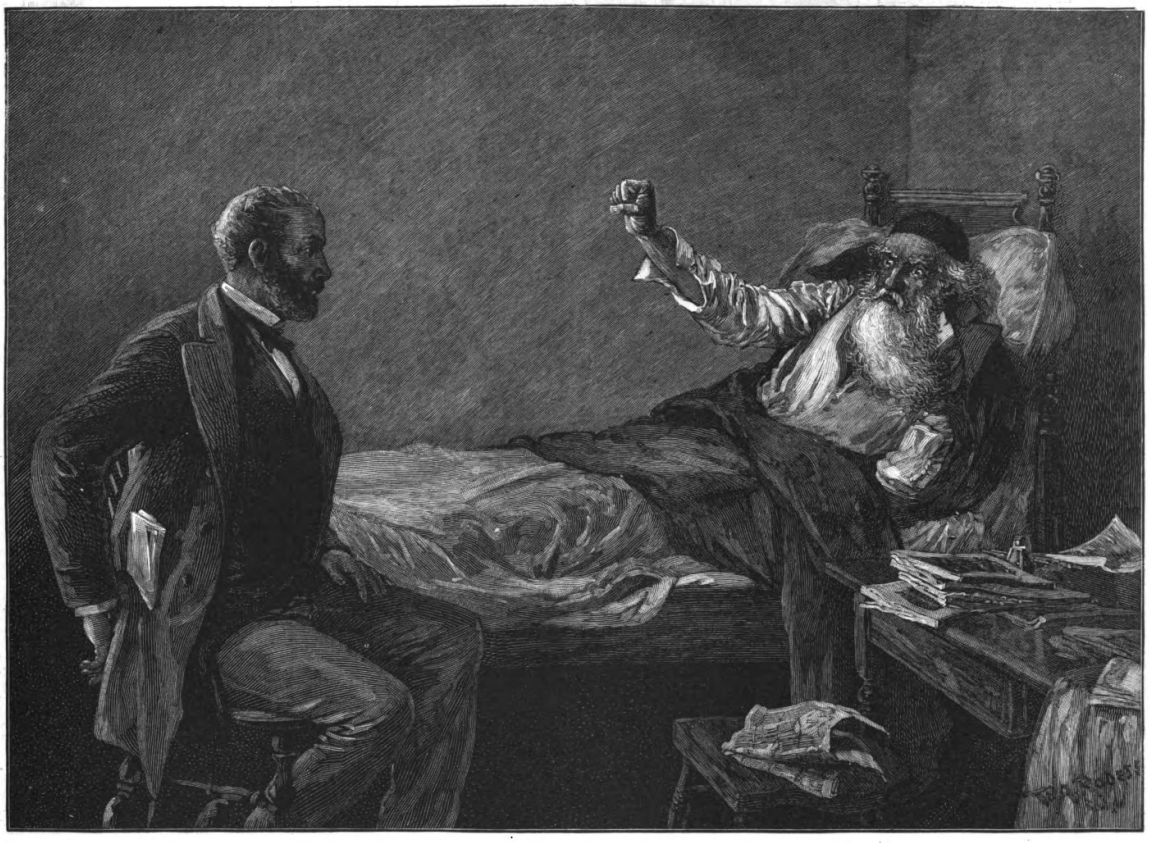
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FROM LOG TO LUMBER.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 519.]

1. Dinner Hour. 2. The Log Carrier. 3. Sawing the Log. 4. The Refuse Burner. 5. A Logger.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"Lindau furiously interrupted. 'Yes, when they have gathered their millions together from the hunger and cold and nakedness and ruin and despair of hundreds of thousands of other men, they "give work" to the poor!'"

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

XII.

MARCH pushed the door open into a room like that on the left, but with a writing-desk instead of a cobbler's bench, and a bed, where Lindau sat propped up, with a coat over his shoulders and a skull-cap on his head, reading a book, from which he lifted his eyes to stare blankly over his spectacles at March. His hairy old breast showed through the night-shirt, which gaped apart; the stump of his left arm lay upon the book to keep it open.

"Ah, my tear yo'ng friendt! Passil! Marge! Iss it you?" he called out, joyously, the next moment.

"Why, are you sick, Lindau?" March anxiously scanned his face in taking his hand.

Lindau laughed. "No; I'm all righdt. Only a lidtle lazy, and a lidtle eggonomigal. Idt's jeaper to stay in pedt sometimes as to geep a fire a-goin' all the time. Don't wandt to gome too hardt on the *brafer Mann*, you know:

'Braver Mann, er schafft mir zu essen.'

You remember? Heine? You readt Heine still? Who is your favorite boet now, Passil? You write some boetry yourself yet? No? Well, I am gladt to zee you. Brush those baperss off of that jair. Well, idt is goodt for zore eyess. How didt you findt where I life?"

"They told me at Maroni's," said March. He tried to keep his eyes on Lindau's face, and not see the discomfort of the room, but he was aware of the shabby and frowsy bedding, the odor of stale smoke, and the pipes and tobacco shreds mixed with the books and manuscripts strewn over the leaf of the writing-desk. He laid down on the mass the pile of foreign magazines he had brought under his arm. "They gave me another address first."

"Yes. I have chust gome here," said Lindau. "Idt is not very cay, heigh?"

"It might be gayer," March admitted, with a smile. "Still," he added, soberly, "a good many people seem to live in this part of the town. Apparently they die here too, Lindau. There is crape on your outside door. I didn't know but it was for you."

"Nodt this time," said Lindau, in the same humor. "Berhaps some other time. We geep the undertakers bretty pusy down here."

"Well," said March, "undertakers must live, even if the rest of us have to die to let them." Lindau laughed, and March went on: "But I'm glad it isn't your funeral, Lindau. And you say you're not sick, and so I don't see why we shouldn't come to business."

"Pusiness?" Lindau lifted his eyebrows. "You gome on pusiness?"

"And pleasure combined," said March, and he went on to explain the service he desired at Lindau's hands.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

The old man listened with serious attention, and with assenting nods that culminated in a spoken expression of his willingness to undertake the translations. March waited with a sort of mechanical expectation of his gratitude for the work put in his way, but nothing of the kind came from Lindau, and March was left to say, "Well, everything is understood, then; and I don't know that I need add that if you ever want any little advance on the work—"

"I will ask you," said Lindau, quietly, "and I thank you for that. But I can wait; I ton't needt any money just at bresent." As if he saw some appeal for greater frankness in March's eye, he went on: "I tidtn't gome here begause I was too boor to life anywhere else, and I ton't stay in pedt begause I couldn't hafe a fire to geep warm if I wanted it. I'm nodt zo padt off as Marmontel when he went to Paris. I'm a lidtle loaxurious, that is all. If I stay in pedt, it's zo I can fling money away on somethings else. Heigh?"

"But what *are* you living here for, Lindau?" March smiled at the irony lurking in Lindau's words.

"Well, you zee, I foundt I was begoming a lidtle too moch of an aristograt. I hadt a room oap in Creenvidge Willage, among dose pig pugs over on the west side, and I foundt"—Lindau's voice lost its jesting quality, and his face darkened—"that I was beginning to forget the boor!"

"I should have thought," said March, with impartial interest, "that you might have seen poverty enough, now and then, in Greenwich Village to remind you of its existence."

"Nodt like here," said Lindau. "Andt you must zee it all the dtime—zee it, hear it, smell it, dtaste it—or you forget it. That is what I gome here for. I was begoming a ploated aristograt. I thought I was nodt like these beople down here, when I gome down once to look aroundt; I thought I must be somethings else, and zo I zaid I better take myself in time, and I gome here among my brothers—the beccars and the thiefs!" A noise made itself heard in the next room, as if the door were furtively opened, and a faint sound of tiptoeing and of hands clawing on a table. "Thiefs!" Lindau repeated, with a shout. "Lidtle thiefs, that gabture your breakfast. Ah! ha! ha!" A wild scurrying of feet, joyous cries and tittering, and a slamming door followed upon his explosion, and he resumed in the silence: "Idt is the children cot pack from school. They gome and steal what I leaf there on my daple. Idt's one of our lidtle chokes; we onderstand each other; that's all right. Once the goppler in the other room there he use to chase 'em; he couldn't onderstand their lidtle tricks. Now dot goppler's teadt, and he ton't chase 'em any more. He was a Bohemian. Gindt of grazy, I cuess."

"Well, it's a sociable existence," March suggested. "But perhaps if you let them have the things without stealing—"

"Oh no, no! Most nodt mage them too gonceitedt. They mostn't go and feel themselfs petter than those boor millionairss that hadt to steal their money."

March smiled indulgently at his old friend's violence. "Oh, there are fagots and fagots, you know, Lindau; perhaps not all the millionaires are so guilty."

"Let us speak German," cried Lindau, in his own tongue, pushing his book aside, and thrusting his skull-cap back from his forehead. "How much money can a man honestly earn without wronging or oppressing some other man?"

"Well, if you'll let me answer in English," said March, "I should say about five thousand dollars a year. I name that figure because it's my experience that I never could earn more; but the experience of other men may be different, and if they tell me they can earn ten, or twenty, or fifty thousand a year, I'm not prepared to say they can't do it."

Lindau hardly waited for his answer. "Not the most gifted man that ever lived, in the practice of any art or science, and paid at the highest rate that exceptional genius could justly demand from those who have worked for their money, could ever earn a million dollars. It is the landlords and the merchant princes, the railroad kings and the coal barons (the oppressors whom you instinctively give the titles of tyrants)—it is these that *make* the millions, but no man *earns* them. What artist, what physician, what scientist, what poet was ever a millionaire?"

"I can only think of the poet Rogers," said March, amused by Lindau's tirade. "But he was as exceptional as the other Rogers, the martyr, who died with warm feet." Lindau had apparently not understood his joke, and he went on, with the American ease of mind about everything: "But you must allow, Lindau, that some of those fellows don't do so badly with their guilty gains. Some of them give work to armies of poor people—"

Lindau furiously interrupted. "Yes, when they have gathered their millions together from the hunger and cold and nakedness and ruin and despair of hundreds of thousands of other men, they 'give work' to the poor! They *give* work! They allow their helpless brothers to earn enough to keep life in them! They give *work!* Who is it gives *toil*, and where will your rich men be when once the poor shall refuse to give toil? Why, you have come to give *me* work!"

March laughed outright. "Well, I'm not a millionaire, anyway, Lindau, and I hope you won't make an example of me by refusing to give toil. I dare say the millionaires deserve it, but I'd rather they wouldn't suffer in my person."

"No," returned the old man, mildly, relaxing the fierce glare he had bent upon March. "No man deserves to suffer at the hands of another. I lose myself when I think of the injustice in the world. But I must not forget that I am like the worst of them."

"You might go up Fifth Avenue and live among the rich awhile, when you're in danger of that," suggested March. "At any rate," he added, by an impulse which he knew he could not justify to his wife, "I wish you'd come some day and lunch with their emissary. I've been telling Mrs. March about you, and I want her and the children to see you. Come over with these things

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and report." He put his hand on the magazines as he rose.

"I will come," said Lindau, gently.

"Shall I give you your book?" asked March.

"No; I gidt oap bretty soon."

"And—and—can you dress yourself?"

"I vhistle, and one of those lidtle fellows comess. We haf to dake gare of one another in a blace like this. Idt iss nodt like the worldt," said Lindau, gloomily.

March thought he ought to cheer him up. "Oh, it isn't such a bad world, Lindau! After all, the average of millionaires is small in it." He added, "And I don't believe there's an American living that could look at that arm of yours and not wish to lend you a hand for the one you gave us all." March felt this to be a fine turn, and his voice trembled slightly in saying it.

Lindau smiled grimly. "You think so? I wouldn't moch like to drost 'em. I've driedt idt too often." He began to speak German again fiercely: "Besides, they owe me nothing. Do you think I knowingly gave my hand to save this oligarchy of traders and tricksters, this aristocracy of railroad wreckers and stock gamblers and mine-slave drivers and mill-serf owners? No; I gave it to the slave; the slave—ha! ha! ha! —whom I helped to unshackle to the common liberty of hunger and cold. And you think I would be the beneficiary of such a state of things?"

"I'm sorry to hear you talk so, Lindau," said March; "very sorry." He stopped with a look of pain, and rose to go. Lindau suddenly broke into a laugh and into English.

"Oh, well, it is only dalk, Passil, and it toes me goodt. My parg is worse than my pidte, I cuess. I pring these things roundt bretty soon. Good-by, Passil, my tear poy. *Auf wiedersehen!*"

XIII.

March went away thinking of what Lindau had said, but not for the impersonal significance of his words so much as for the light they cast upon Lindau himself. He thought the words violent enough, but in connection with what he remembered of the cheery, poetic, hopeful idealist, they were even more curious than lamentable. In his own life of comfortable revery he had never heard any one talk so before, but he had read something of the kind now and then in blatant labor newspapers which he had accidentally fallen in with, and once at a strikers' meeting he had heard rich people denounced with the same frenzy. He had made his own reflections upon the tastelessness of the rhetoric, and the obvious buncombe of the motive, and he had not taken the matter seriously.

He could not doubt Lindau's sincerity, and he wondered how he came to that way of thinking. From his experience of himself he accounted for a prevailing literary quality in it; he decided it to be from Lindau's reading and feeling rather than his reflection. That was the notion he formed of some things he had met with in Ruskin to much the same effect; he regarded them with amusement as the chimeras of a rhetorician run away with by his phrases.

But as to Lindau, the chief thing in his mind was a conception of the droll irony of a situation in which so fervid a hater of millionaires should be working, indirectly at least, for the prosperity of a man like Dryfoos, who, as March understood, had got his money together out of every gambler's chance in speculation, and all a schemer's thrift from the error and need of others. The situation was not more incongruous, however, than all the rest of the *Every Other Week* affair. It seemed to him that there were no crazy fortuities that had not tended to its existence, and as time went on, and the day drew near for the issue of the first number, the sense of this intensified till the whole lost at moments the quality of a waking fact, and came to be rather a fantastic fiction of sleep.

Yet the heterogeneous forces did co-operate to a reality which March could not deny, at least in their presence, and the first number was representative of all their nebulous intentions in a tangible form. As a result, it was so respectable that March began to respect these intentions, began to respect himself for combining and embodying them in the volume which appealed to him with a novel fascination, when the first advance copy was laid upon his desk. Every detail of it was tiresomely familiar already, but the whole had a fresh interest now. He now saw how extremely fit and effective Miss Leighton's decorative design for the cover was, printed in black and brick-red on the delicate gray tone of the paper. It was at once attractive and refined, and he credited Beaton with quite all he merited in working it over to the actual shape. The touch and the taste of the art editor were present throughout the number. As Fulkerson said, Beaton had caught on with the delicacy of a humming-bird and the tenacity of a bull-dog to the virtues of their illustrative process, and had worked it for all it was worth. There were seven papers in the number, and a poem on the last page of the cover, and he had found some graphic comment for each. It was a larger proportion than would afterward be allowed, but for once in a way it was allowed. Fulkerson said they could not expect to get their money back on that first number anyway. Seven of the illustrations were Beaton's; two or three he got from practiced hands; the rest were the work of unknown people which he had suggested, and then related and adapted with unfailing ingenuity to the different papers. He handled the illustrations with such sympathy as not to destroy their individual quality, and that indefinable charm which comes from good amateur work in whatever art. He rescued them from their weaknesses and errors, while he left in them the evidence of the pleasure with which a clever young man, or a sensitive girl, or a refined woman had done them. Inevitably from his manipulation, however, the art of the number acquired homogeneity, and there was nothing casual in its appearance. The result, March eagerly owned, was better than the literary result, and he foresaw that the number would be sold and praised chiefly for its pictures. Yet he was not ashamed of the literature, and he indulged his admiration of it the more freely because he had not only not written it, but in a way had not edited it. To be sure, he had chosen all the material, but he had not voluntarily put it all together for that number; it had largely put itself together, as every number of every magazine does, and as it seems more and more to do, in the experience of every editor. There had to be, of course, a story, and then a sketch of travel. There was a literary essay and a social essay; there was a dramatic trifle, very gay, very light; there was a dashing criticism on the new pictures, the new plays, the new books, the new fashions; and then there was the translation of a bit of vivid Russian realism, which the editor owed to Lindau's exploration of the foreign periodicals left with him; Lindau was himself a romanticist of the Victor Hugo sort, but he said this fragment of Dostoyevski was good of its kind. The poem was a bit of society verse, with a backward look into simpler and wholesomer experiences.

Fulkerson was extremely proud of the number; but he said it was too good—too good from every point of view. The cover was too good, and the paper was too good, and that device of rough edges, which got over the objection to uncut leaves while it secured their æsthetic effect, was a thing that he trembled for, though he rejoiced in it as a stroke of the highest genius. It had come from Beaton at the last moment, as a compromise, when the problem of the vulgar croppiness of cut leaves and the unpopularity of uncut leaves seemed to have no solution but suicide. Fulkerson was still morally crawling round on his hands and knees, as he said, in abject gratitude at Beaton's feet, though he had his qualms, his questions; and he declared that Beaton was the most inspired ass since Balaam's. "We're all asses, of course," he admitted, in semi-apology to March; "but we're no such asses as Beaton." He said that if the tasteful decorativeness of the thing did not kill it with the public outright, its literary excellence would give it the finishing stroke. Perhaps that might be overlooked in the impression of novelty which a first number would give, but it must never happen again. He implored March to promise that it should never happen again; he said their only hope was in the immediate cheapening of the whole affair. It was bad enough to give the public too much quantity for their money, but to throw in such quality as that was simply ruinous; it must be stopped. These were the expressions of his intimate moods; every front that he presented to the public wore a glow of lofty, of devout exultation. His pride in the number gushed out in fresh bursts of rhetoric to every one whom he could get to talk with him about it. He worked the personal kindliness of the press to the utmost. He did not mind making himself ridiculous or becoming a joke in the good cause, as he called it. He joined in the applause when a humorist at the club feigned to drop dead from his chair at Fulkerson's introduction of the topic, and he went on talking that first number into the surviving spectators. He stood treat upon all occasions, and he lunched attachés of the press at all hours. He especially befriended the correspondents of the newspapers of other cities, for, as he explained to March, those fellows could give him any amount of advertising simply as literary gossip. Many of the fellows were ladies who could not be so summarily asked out to lunch, but Fulkerson's ingenuity was equal to every exigency, and he contrived somehow to make each of these feel that she had been possessed of exclusive information. There was a moment when March conjectured a willingness in Fulkerson to work Mrs. March into the advertising department, by means of a tea to these ladies and their friends which she should administer in his apartment, but he did not encourage Fulkerson to be explicit, and the moment passed. Afterward, when he told his wife about it, he was astonished to find that she would not have minded doing it for Fulkerson, and he experienced another proof of the bluntness of the feminine instincts in some directions, and of the personal favor which Fulkerson seemed to enjoy with the whole sex. This alone was enough to account for the willingness of these correspondents to write about the first number, but March accused him of sending it to their addresses with boxes of Jacqueminot roses and Huyler candy.

Fulkerson let him enjoy his joke. He said that he would do that or anything else for the good cause, short of marrying the whole circle of female correspondents.

March was inclined to hope that if the first number had been made too good for the country at large, the more enlightened taste of metropolitan journalism would invite a compensating favor for it in New York. But first Fulkerson and then the event proved him wrong. In spite of the quality of the magazine, and in spite of the kindness which so many newspaper men felt for Fulkerson, the notices in the New York papers seemed grudging and provisional to the ardor of the editor. A merit in the work was acknowledged, and certain defects in it for which March had trembled were ignored; but the critics astonished him by selecting for censure points which he was either proud of or had never noticed; which being now brought to his notice he still could not feel were faults. He owned to Fulkerson that if they had said so and so against it, he could have agreed with them, but that to say thus and so was preposterous; and that if the advertising had not been adjusted with such generous recognition of the claims of the different papers, he should have known the counting-room was at the bottom of it. As it was, he could only attribute it to perversity or stupidity. It was certainly stupid to condemn a magazine novelty like *Every Other Week* for being novel; and to augur that if it failed, it would fail through its departure from the lines on which all the other prosperous magazines had been built, was in the last degree perverse, and it looked malicious. The fact that it was neither exactly a book nor a magazine ought to be for it and not against it, since it would invade no other field; it would prosper on no ground but its own.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BUILDING OF OKLAHOMA.

IF the occupation of Oklahoma on April 22d had left in the public mind any room for surprise and wonder, the subsequent growth of the new country would have been considered the most bewildering instance yet known of Western enterprise and business progress. With the human capacity for wonderment completely run out, however, the returning visitor to Oklahoma City, Guthrie, and other of new towns in Oklahoma, can only feebly exclaim and marvel and feel confused at the change brought about in a few weeks. That Oklahoma would, in the first two months of its existence, get much beyond its chaotic state of tents and hap-hazard existence was not thought possible even by those enthusiasts whose imaginations were as rosy as the soil of the Oklahoma uplands; that it would in that time have better buildings than many Western towns ten years old was simply not thought of at all. There are some things that even the mind of the Western real estate speculator cannot grasp. The scramble for town lots and quarter sections of land on the opening day had been expected weeks in advance, and men had made their plans accordingly; yet few persons believed that the new towns would settle down to serious work in less than at least six months' time. As events have come about, however, the practical side of Oklahoma has overshadowed its picturesque features to a degree not often known in the settlement of the West. Oklahoma as a picturesque incident of Western civilization has already yielded place to Oklahoma as a practical town-builder. This in itself is remarkable, for the reason that most Western towns retain their picturesque features long after the streets are laid out and a corporate existence established. The wonderful rapidity with which Oklahoma City and Guthrie merged from what at first appeared to be confused camps of holiday excursionists into matter-of-fact towns of excessively practical ways of thought, showed plainly the dominating influence of the experienced Kansas town-builder. No people other than those who had grown skilful in the work of building pioneer towns in the West could have created a town of such compactness, completeness, and future promise as Oklahoma City in the incredibly short space of time of two months. The result shows that the new citizens of Oklahoma had planned what to do weeks ahead, that they had ordered their lumber and other building supplies, and that, with the exception of delays unavoidable in a pioneer country, they had carried out their arrangements like clock-work. In the old days of town-building in the West the pioneers felt their way cautiously from day to day, resting content if at the end of a year they had succeeded in giving their settlement something the appearance of ordinary civilization. The Oklahoma pioneer built his place of residence and moved his family into it, and put up his store and began every-day business, all in three or four weeks. In some cases these things were done, and done well, in less than ten days' time. In the newer West the building of a town is no longer a hap-hazard and doubtful experiment; it is a science capable of the most minute demonstration.

At first Oklahoma City was rather slow in beginning its substantial building operations. Guthrie had a long lead of it; but afterward what the slower town lacked in speed it more than made good in the size and permanent character of its buildings. It seemed as though the Oklahoma City people had first made certain of the fertile nature of the North Canadian Valley soil, and then carried out their building plans with quadrupled energy and confidence. The building activity of the town during the two weeks ending May 22d was amazing. On a reasonable estimate there were eight hundred buildings within the city limits on May 22d. Of this number at least six hundred represented the work of two weeks. Naturally the structures were of wood, but many of them were built in a rather substantial and pretentious manner. One block of six buildings, two and a half stories in height, was ready for use on June 1st.

With the top of the water-tank at the Santa Fe Railway station as a point of view, the new Oklahoma City is seen to be a reasonably compact and judiciously built town, with half a dozen business streets and numerous well-chosen residence thoroughfares. Interspersed among the hundreds of one and two story buildings are scores of tents that still give a passing touch of reality to the almost dim and misty pioneer days of April 22d. The streets are crowded with men and teams engaged in all manner of pursuits, from hauling lumber and other freight to grading the roadways as provided by formal ordinances of the new City Council. The busy hammer and the complaining saw set to familiar music the poetry of progress that fills every Western man's heart in such scenes as this. To the full-veined town-builder these early Oklahoma days are as so many years of unalloyed joy. His pulses thrill; his enthusiastic mind takes on an added brilliance, and he waylays the unoffending and bewildered stranger in the street, and confidently predicts things that no man will ever see verified. A spirit of elation is in the air. The real estate agent is speechless with emotion. He points to the large business blocks, to the new hotels, to the imposing Mayor's Office, and to the graded streets, and mutely demands that the visitor shall swoon with wonder. This is the only instance that has as yet come under my notice in which the growth of the town has had a paralyzing effect upon the real estate men. It has outstripped their faculties of comprehension so completely that they have failed to keep within sight of it. I fancy that the real estate men feel something of a sense of injury at this reprehensible action on the part of the town. That any town should in a few weeks grow from nothing to be a creditably built place of five or six thousand people, without giving the real estate men an opportunity of turning over several fortunes each, was something so altogether extraordinary that the defrauded agents could only helplessly bewail a wasted opportunity. Now that the town is already full grown, the realty men will doubtless have little to do beyond the arranging of loans on farm improvements. From present indications this will not be a profitable employment for five years to come. As loans cannot be made on property to which there is no legal title, the business of the mortgage companies will not begin until the farmers prove up on their homesteads, five years from the date of settlement. There are no pre-emptions in Oklahoma. It is not customary for farmers to put many valuable improvements on homesteads, even when able to do so, before an iron-clad title is obtained from the government. Thus the mortgage companies will have very little in the way of good security to make loans upon until after the lapse of five years. This will prove of genuine benefit to the new country, for the reason that the farmers will not burden themselves with unnecessary debts, as in too many parts of the great West.

Notwithstanding the cheerless outlook for real estate and loan men in Oklahoma, there seems to be plenty of them seeking business. Transactions in realty are confined to the sales of relinquishments to claims on town lots and quarter sections of farming lands. On this basis the real estate dealer has by no means an alluring chance of making a fortune. Instead of being a detriment to the growth of the town, as many persons might suppose, it will be of actual benefit, for the reason that there will arise no opportunity for the working up of one of those speculative "booms" that now and then bring ruin to many a promising Western town. If booms were conducted for the good of the town only, and not for the selfish purposes of individual speculators, they would be unobjectionable; but such a state of things is too much to expect. Except in very rare cases, boomers are not philanthropists. It is fortunate that Oklahoma has nothing to fear from a real estate boom.

Nothing short of a repetition of the pioneer days, however, would be called a boom in Oklahoma, and yet that cannot be hoped for there, and perhaps not elsewhere in the United States. To the person who did not take part in the rush of April 22d, and who has not seen the towns of a few weeks' growth, it is difficult to explain satisfactorily the miracle of the occupation of Oklahoma. It is as though one were to walk over the sand-dunes of Fire Island one day, and upon returning, a week or so later, find the waste places packed thick with comfortable houses and commodious business blocks. The comparison would be better understood, too, if Fire Island were one hundred miles, instead of eight, from civilization. To say that eight hundred buildings were erected in Oklahoma City in one month, eight hundred in Guthrie, and nearly as many in Kingfisher, Reno, and the rest of the Oklahoma towns, makes only a faint impression upon a person's mind as compared with that produced by two visits, thirty days apart, to the scenes of the actual occurrence. This amazing growth of Oklahoma loses in the telling, because no man can adequately describe what he saw or what he felt. The wonder of Oklahoma's growth is not so much a matter of mere houses and stores and graded streets as an undefinable impression of an almost instantaneous concentration of modern civilization in one of the waste places of the earth. Yet in appearance, and also in the every-day conduct of affairs, there is little of the miraculous in Oklahoma. Many persons who went there to witness the hilarity and erratic conduct of the new towns find life painfully prosaic and dull. Even the gambling-houses, divested of their chief element of peril to human life by the enforced absence of intoxicating liquors, are wretchedly uninteresting and dismal, especially to the jaded men from Leadville, Deadwood, and other mining camps that have made their names and had their day.

The people of Oklahoma City mean to maintain their present excellent reputation, and to add to it as their town grows in commercial importance and population. They have already decided in their own minds that they will get the capital when the prospective Territory of Oklahoma becomes a reality, and they are willing to wager various sums of money that the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad will cross the Santa Fe at their town. They assert that their tributary country is the richest in Oklahoma, and that the North Canadian Valley alone is capable of supporting a town of five thousand inhabitants. At present this is little more than a matter of mere assertion, as nothing short of a two years' test of the soil will show its value.

The people of Guthrie, Kingfisher, and Reno are equally confident of the prospects of their towns. In Guthrie the confidence is so serene that a tract of ten acres of land has been set apart for the new Capitol. This faith has hardly been borne out by works as yet, for few of the buildings of Guthrie impress the visitor with a sense of permanency. Many of the structures are portable, like the movable houses of railroad-builders. If necessary, the cracks in some of them would serve also as windows. The unpretentious nature of the houses and places of business does not prevent the new citizens from asserting a most steadfast faith in the stability and continued prosperity of their chosen town. They

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

point to their five banks, their two daily newspapers, their water-works, and their mercantile establishments in proof of the reasonableness of their faith. A leading banker of the place, in assuring me that business was everything that could be wished, declared that Guthrie was and would continue to be the best town in the Southwest.

"What is there here to make business good?" I asked, as I watched him charge up his depositors fifty cents a hundred exchange on Kansas banks.

"Well, sir," he replied, "there are more men with money in this town than in any place of its size in the country. They make business good."

"Who supports the town?"

"They do."

"Who supports them?"

"Nobody. They've got their own money, I tell you, and they don't need support."

"But these men came here to make money, not to spend it. Who will support them when their investments are all made?"

"Why, the farmers. You needn't smile, sir, because there is the finest soil around this town that you ever ran a plough through. Why, sir, the farmers will all be rich when they get their first crop."

"That will be a year from next fall, if they have good luck. Who is to support the town, the men of business, and the farmers for eighteen months?"

"Now you are looking too far ahead, and I've been so busy right here in this bank that I have not had time to look into these things."

This question of supporting the town, the business men, and the farmers will be a serious one after a time. Why should they bother about it now, while the breeze of prosperity sings in the new rigging like an Æolian harp? In the philosophy of some men to-morrow will take care of itself; if not, the day after to-morrow will.

Guthrie is trusting a great deal in the future, and living pleasantly in the present. There is a certain air of frankness about many of her citizens that interests the stranger greatly. In the early days of Guthrie a commotion was made about chasing gamblers out of town. On my return there a month later I found gambling-places remarkably numerous in the principal streets. I recalled to the mind of a Deputy United States Marshal the spasm of righteous indignation of the first week.

"Oh, those were the shell gamblers that we ran out," said he, in explanation. "We let the decent, respectable gamblers stay."

"The decent, respectable gamblers? I don't quite understand."

"Why, the faro men, and the three-card-monte and keno players, you know; and roulette, and chuck-a-luck, and all that kind of play."

Later in the day I sat at table in a restaurant with two of these decent, respectable persons. While their food was being prepared they played several creditable duets on guitar and banjo, first asking politely if music annoyed me. Save for the gambler's distinguishing look, which comes into the eyes only when heart and soul have gone, I might easily have fancied them careless troubadours drifted in from some more leisurely latitude of an older civilization. Guthrie has far too many of these people. By permitting them to do business in her main streets she simply handicaps herself in the race that she must run against Oklahoma City and Kingfisher for commercial supremacy. I do not think that this matter of supremacy will be established permanently this year. The Frisco road is yet to be built, the Rock Island has not yet completed its Indian Territory extension, and the Cherokee outlet is waiting for the white man's plough. These things have so important a bearing on the building of a commercial centre that the selection of Capitol sites now is somewhat premature.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

THE TEACHER.

If as a Teacher, wise, and strong, and great,
Into my life, then, you had come that day,
And bade me listen as to who should say
Things grand and sweet to help me bear my fate,
Full well I know I had refused to wait,
And from your side had darted quick away,
Not over-eager at your feet to lay
Homage for which all asking comes too late.
But listening you came, with eager eyes
Seeming to bend your head to catch my thought;
And straightway in my heart did there arise
Things brave and sweet to meet yours, so inwrought
With yours, I knew not, in the swift surprise,
Which was the Teacher, which the humbly taught.

A. W. R.

AMONG THE LOGGERS.

Few persons who are not in some way actually engaged in the lumber business have any adequate idea of the magnitude of the industry, and none who have not been with the loggers in the forest, and also seen the actual hauling, "driving," and sawing of the logs, can realize the wonderful picturesqueness of a traffic which, as the scientists tell us, is rapidly changing the face of nature and the very climate of our country. The illustrations on another page are suggestions of hundreds of pictures to be seen in the great pine woods of the Northwest, and about the great saw-mills as well, any one of which is a feast for an artist's eye.

The men who do the "logging" are a race of giants. More than almost any other, their work calls for a giant's strength and for almost superhuman powers of endurance. They are not long-lived. The exposures and hardships of the calling are enough to break down the hardiest constitution, and the temptations to dissipation after a winter in camp are as strong as those that assail the sailor after a long cruise.

Winter is the time for the camp work, for only over the snow can the great logs, perhaps half a ton in weight, be easily dragged from where they fall to the waterway down which they are to be floated to the mill, on the spring freshets. The Northern winter is severe enough, the cold being often twenty degrees or more below zero, but it is in the spring that the greatest perils and hardships are encountered. Then, the great logs having been drawn by horses or oxen, or in some places over rude railroads, from the neighborhood of the camp to the "banking-ground," on the banks of the stream which is to carry them to the mill, the "drive" begins, and this is the hardest of the work. The sun has not yet loosened the bands with which the frost tied up the waters and the logs as well, and dynamite is often used to break them. A confused mass of logs and floating ice is started down the stream, and the men follow it, watching closely for jams and derelicts, and for days together, with very little rest, guide, force, and control the floating mass. A jam is often perilous in the extreme, and the promptest action is necessary to prevent delays, for if the pressure of the whole drive comes upon a gorge, it is Herculean work to break the combination.

So in the freezing cold water waist-deep, or clambering over the logs themselves in midstream, the loggers wrestle with obstructions, taking their lives in their hands hourly. For five or six weeks they travel thus, with no camp, no change of clothing, and as little in the way of luggage as possible. Stiff and sore from overexertion and the terrible soaking in ice-water, they sleep in their blankets on the ground at night, with only the comfort of a rousing bonfire between them and the sleep from which there is no waking. It is sometimes almost impossible for one of them to rouse the others in the morning; but the drive is on, and there is no rest for them till the "boom" is reached, into which their logs are delivered, mixed higgledy-piggledy with others from other camps.

A million logs or "pieces," belonging, it may be, to a dozen owners, float in a confused mass within the enclosure, which is formed by chaining together a string of extra large logs. Each piece, however, is marked with the device of its owner, and the sorting is not as difficult or as hap-hazard an operation as it looks. They are made into rafts, and floated, or it may be towed, down the main river they have reached to the mill, where they are to be fed to the saws.

To describe the modern saw-mill would be a dry piece of work for these columns, though to see one in operation is an interesting thing. It is as different from the saw-mill of fifty years ago as most machinery of to-day is from the appliances of that earlier day, but the improvement is in mechanical appliance only; the manipulation of the logs remains the same, and the same result is achieved, only more rapidly and perfectly. In this pursuit, as in all others, the human side is more attractive and more picturesque than the mechanical side. The adventures and the strange wild life of the loggers make them a class by themselves, and one far more interesting than most others. To one who has been with them in the great forests and marked their reckless heroism and powers of endurance, they must always be objects of admiration, rough and uncultured though they be. They are among the veritable pioneers of civilization, and their work, destructive as it is, and greatly to be deplored, according to the standard of the arborist or the meteorologist, has been, and still is, indispensable to the progress of the world. Their virtues and their faults are such as are commonly found among men who struggle directly with the forces of nature in the service of civilization, but their peculiar work gives them many peculiar characteristics.

THE JUNE YACHT RACES.

On the morning of the day of the New York Yacht Club Regatta, Commodore Gerry's steam-yacht *Electra* took up her place off Buoy No. 15, below Fort Wadsworth, at an early hour. A strong breeze was blowing from the westward when the starting gun boomed across the water, shortly after eleven o'clock. Away the yachts rushed, the *Sea Fox* crossing ahead of the *Grayling* by ten seconds. As she went away she broke out a big jib-topsail, which sent her tearing through the water at a splendid rate of speed. The *Clara* was a little in advance of the schooners. After them came the saucy *Katrina*, and as she flew along, up into the eye of the wind she went. Then there was a bunch of them, and the *Titania*, *Belonia*, *Gracie*, and *Marguerite* were in front. The *Shamrock*, *Gorilla*, and *Nymph* brought up the rear. The little *Liris* darted away in advance of the whole fleet. They were all on the starboard tack, close hauled, and headed for the Southwest Spit, where the first turn was to be made.

The *Titania* got into difficulties at the start; her bobstay had parted, and she was out of the race. In around the Horseshoe the yachts went, then came a stretch to the point of the Hook, and then out to sea, the big boats to round Sandy Hook Light-ship, and the smaller ones to weather the *Scotland* Light-ship. The *Belonia* then came to grief. The "oil spot" off the point of the Hook had shifted, and while the stanch cutter was trying to get to windward of the *Shamrock*, she brought up all standing on one corner of it. There she lay until a tug came to her assistance. A few minutes later the *Liris* caught a little puff of wind, and in an instant her mast went by the board, the hollow spar snapping off like a pipe-stem. She was towed to her anchorage. A short time after, the *Gorilla* lost her topmast, and had to give up the race; too heavy spars was the cause of it. The *Nymph* was first to luff around *Scotland* Light-ship, followed thirty-three seconds after by the *Mariquita*, with the *Tomahawk* six seconds later. Coming up to the mark they were on the starboard tack, and as they went around they started their sheets and bowled along merrily. The *Sea Fox* rounded the Sandy Hook Light-ship and rushed after the *Grayling*, which was two minutes ahead. Coming in to Sandy Hook she had every sail set, and the water fairly boiled under her bows as she sped along. The finish was made in good time, and only once was the wind light, when the *Sea Fox* and *Katrina* seemed to be in a calm spot for a short time.

The Seawanhaka Regatta was begun in a good breeze on June 15th, and ended in a calm. The *Mayflower* made her first appearance as a schooner, and fulfilled all that was expected of her. She sailed well, and looked very pretty in her new rig. The *Belonia* was there, ready and anxious to show her heels to the *Shamrock*; as she did to the *Katrina* in the cruise of the New York Yacht Club last year. The *Minerva*, the fleet forty-foot cutter which crossed the ocean to meet the fast boats in New York, was ready for her initial race, and darted about like a witch. When the start was made, the *Sea Fox* was first over, the *Mayflower* being next, 400 yards behind. Both yachts were close hauled on the starboard tack, the *Mayflower's* best point of sailing. Down through the bay the fleet schooners went along under the favoring breeze, and making good headway. In the procession at the Hook the breeze was fresh, and the *Belonia*, *Hildegard*, and *Mayflower* made a very pretty section of it.

The beautiful forty-footers were a charming sight as they rushed away for their outer mark, the *Scotland* Light-ship. The *Minerva* led, nine minutes ahead of the *Gorilla*, the *Nymph* was next, and the *Mariquita* last, the three last-named being close together. Before reaching the light-ship a puff of wind carried away the *Banshee's* topmast, and she was forced to give up the race. Then came the run home from Sandy Hook. The storm came and drove away the wind, and the rest of the race was nothing but drift. Before the squall came, the thirty-footers had succeeded in getting near the finish line: they had sailed a shorter course. The little *Kathleen*, the fastest boat of her inches in the harbor, got safely home under shortened sail a half-hour ahead of her nearest competitor.

MAY-DAY AT RIO.

AFTER THE FEVER OF 1889.

May at the North! The happy children throng
The woodland paths; scarcely a flower yet—
A buttercup or two, a violet,
A few anemones—yet gay their song,
Happy their laughter: they are never wrong
In their sweet wisdom. That the fields are wet
With April rain, their little hearts forget;
For May is here, and summer comes ere long.
Earnest of royal harvest are the few
Pale struggling blossoms that they find to-day—
Anemones and violets, one or two—
But glorious with the promise of the May.
Laugh, dance, and sing. A few bright flowers they glean;
And glad with these, they crown the prettiest Queen.

May in the tropics! Ah! thank God! at last!
But because Summer goes, not comes, here too
May-Day is dear; to beating hearts that knew
No rest until that fevered breath had passed.
Here May brings Winter. Thronging thick and fast,
The eager flowers blossom, cool with dew.
Alas! it is the children who are few.
Safe are the blossoms, poor May, that thou hast
In beauty with such rich profusion here
Brought to us, fragrant with thy cool sweet breath.
The little restless hands that held them dear
Are folded quietly in peaceful death;
And the pale city—Niobe bereft—
Clasps to her heart the darlings that are left.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

RIO DE JANEIRO, *May 1, 1889.*

THE HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH.*

(*Continued from page 512, Supplement.*)

door, as if departing. Maggie stood between him and the window, her face in shadow, her hands clasped tightly behind her. A profound sadness, partly of the dying day and waning light, and partly of some vague expiration of their own sorrow, seemed to encompass them. Without knowing why, a strange trembling took the place of James Culpeper's fierce determination, and a film of moisture stole across his staring eyes.

"When I tell you that I believe all this will pass, and that you will still win your brother back to you," said Calvert's sad but clear voice, "I will tell you why—although, perhaps, it is only a part of that confidence you command me to withhold. When I first saw you, I myself had fallen into like dissolute habits, less excusable than he, for I had some experience of the world and its follies. When I met *you*, and fell under the influence of your pure, simple, and healthy life; when I saw that isolation, monotony, misunderstanding, even the sense of superiority to one's surroundings could be lived down and triumphed over without vulgar distractions or pitiful ambitions; when I learned to love you—hear me out, Miss Culpeper, I beg you—you saved *me* (I, who was nothing to you), even as I honestly believe you will still save your brother whom you love."

"How do you know I didn't *ruin* him?" she said, turning upon him bitterly. "How do you know that it wasn't to get rid of our monotony, our solitude, that I drove him to this vulgar distraction, this pitiful—yes, you were right—pitiful ambition?"

* Copyright, 1889, by BRET HARTE.

"Because it isn't your real nature," he said, quietly.

"My real nature!" she repeated, with a half-savage vehemence that seemed to be goaded from her by his very gentleness—"my real nature! What did *he*—what do *you* know of it? My real nature! I'll tell you what it was," she went on, passionately. "It was to be revenged on you all for your cruelty, your heartlessness, your wickedness to me and mine in the past. It was to pay you off for your slanders of my dead father, for the selfishness that left me and Jim alone with his dead body on the marsh. That was what sent me to Longport, to get even with you, to—to fool and flaunt you. There, you have it now! And now that God has punished me for it by crushing my brother, you—you expect me to let you crush *me* too."

"But," he said, eagerly, advancing toward her, "you are wronging me—you are wronging yourself cruelly."

"Stop!" she said, stepping back, with her hands still locked behind her. "Stay where you are. There! That's enough!" She drew herself up and let her hands fall at her side. "Now let us speak of Jim," she said, coldly.

Without seeming to hear her, he regarded her for the first time with hopeless sadness.

"Why did you let my brother believe you were his rival with Cicely Preston?" she asked, impatiently.

"Because I could not undeceive him without telling him I hopelessly loved his sister. You are proud, Miss Culpeper," he said, with the first tinge of bitterness in his even voice. "Can you not understand that others may be proud too?"

"No," she said, bluntly; "it is not pride, but weakness. You could have told him what you knew to be true. That there could be nothing in common between her folk and such savages as we; that there was a gulf as wide as that marsh and as black between our natures, our training, and theirs; and even if they came to us across it, now and then, to suit their pleasure, light and easy as that tide, it was still there to some day ground and swamp them. And if he doubted it, you had only to tell him your own story. You had only to tell him what you have just told me; that you yourself, an officer and a gentleman, thought you loved me—a vulgar, uneducated, savage girl; and that I, kinder to you than you to me or him, made you take it back across that tide, because I couldn't let you link your life with mine, and drag you in the mire."

"You need not have said that, Miss Culpeper," returned Calvert, with the same gentle smile, "to prove that I am your inferior in all but one thing."

"And that?" she said, quickly.

"Is my love."

His gentle face was as set now as her own as he moved back slowly toward the door. There he paused.

"You tell me to speak of Jim, and Jim only. Then hear me. I believe that Miss Preston cares for him as far as lies in her young and giddy nature. I could not, therefore, have crushed *his* hope without deceiving him, for there are as cruel deceits prompted by what we call reason as by our love. If you think that a knowledge of this plain truth would help to save him, I beg you to be kinder to him than you have been to me. Or even, let me dare to hope, to *yourself*."

He slowly crossed the threshold, still holding his cap lightly in his hand.

"When I tell you that I am going away to-morrow on a leave of absence, and that in all probability we may not meet again, you will not misunderstand why I add my prayer to the message your friends in Longport charged me with. They beg that you will give up your idea of returning here and come back to them. Believe me, you have made yourself loved and respected there in spite—I beg pardon—perhaps I should say *because* of your pride. Good-night and good-by."

For a single instant she turned her set face to the window with a sudden convulsive movement, as if she would have called him back, but at the same moment the opposite door creaked, and her brother slipped into the room. Whether a quick memory of the deserter's entrance at that door a year ago had crossed her mind, whether there was some strange suggestion in his mud-stained garments, and weak, deprecating smile, or whether it was the outcome of some desperate struggle within her, there was that in her face that changed his smile into a frightened cry for pardon, as he ran and fell on his knees at her feet. But even as he did so her stern look vanished, and with her arm around him she bent over him and mingled her tears with his.

"I heard it all, Mag, dearest. All! Forgive me! I have been crazy!—wild!—I will reform! —I will be better! I will never disgrace you again, Mag! Never, never! I swear it!"

She reached down and kissed him. After a pause a weak, boyish smile struggled into his face.

"You heard what he said of *her*, Mag. Do you think it might be true?"

She lifted the damp curls from his forehead with a sad, half-maternal smile, but did not reply.

"And, Mag dear, don't you think *you* were a little—just a little—hard on *him*? No! Don't look at me that way, for God's sake! There, I didn't mean anything. Of course you know best. There, Maggie dear, look up. Hark there! Listen, Mag, do!"

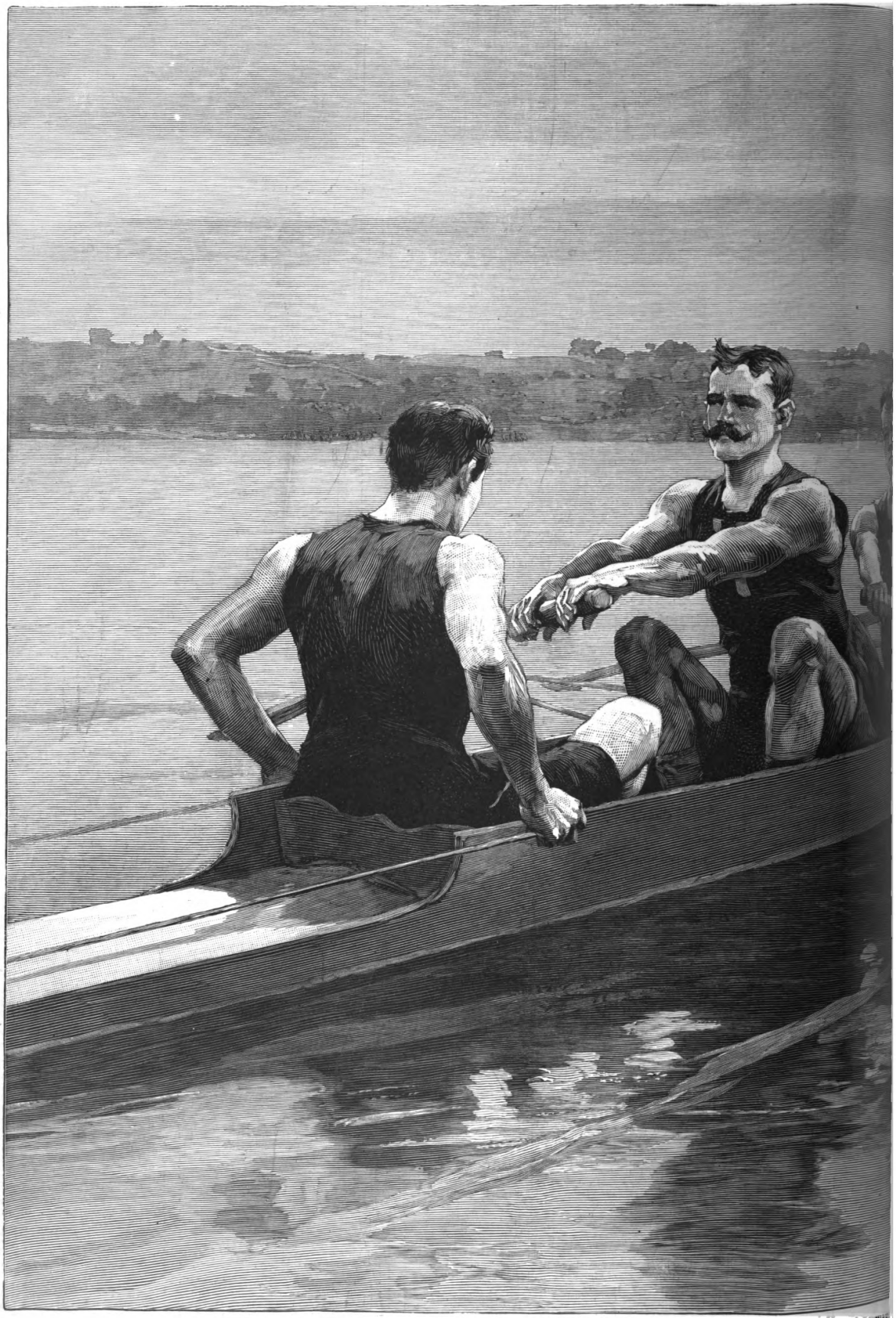
They lifted their eyes to the dim distance seen through the open door. Borne on the fading light, and seeming to fall andd ie with it over marsh and river, came the last notes of the bugle from the fort.

"There! Don't you remember what you used to say, Mag?"

The look that had frightened him had quite left her face now.

"Yes," she smiled, laying her cold cheek beside his softly. "Oh yes! It was something that came and went, 'Like a song'—'Like a song.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE YALE 'VARSITY CREW OUT FOR A SPIN WI

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



EIR COACH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 527.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A PRECIPITATED COURTSHIP.

BY ALICE L. CLARK.

My mission to the readers of *The Sunday Chat* is like Mark Antony's traditional attitude to the populace—to tell them that which they themselves do know; and when I tell them that which they do not know, and which I do not know either, the results range from tragedy to comedy. Last January, in *The Chat's* social department, of which I, Priscilla Plume, am the editor, appeared the following:

"Among the engagements which rumor says are soon to be announced is that of Miss Ethel Arlington, of New York, daughter of Mr. Francis K. Arlington, formerly of this city, and Mr. Theodore G. Wiggswell. Mr. Wiggswell is a nephew of the Hon. George P. Giltedge."

Also:

"Major Peleg Wiggins entertained a number of friends at a masquerade ball on New-Year's Eve at his beautiful country residence in Walnut Park. Among the guests from the city were the Hon. George P. Giltedge and family."

I congratulated myself that I should have an "exclusive" on those items; that they would not appear in our rival, *The Saturday Mail*. I was right: they did not appear in *The Saturday Mail*. On Sunday morning I was looking over *The Chat*, and admiring the discrimination with which the printer interspersed among my notes upon the aristocracy such information and advice as: "Allemand & Co.'s malt whiskey is the best," "Buy your spring overcoat at Smoothly's," "For indigestion take De Whittier's Little Pepsin Pills," "Try Smoothly's suspenders and neckties," when a visitor was announced.

Mr. John Spruce entered, said "Good-morning," and immediately observed, "I always did advise you to try your hand at fiction, Priscilla."

"Well?" I inquired.

"Short stories are an excellent beginning in a literary way. I always felt sure that you had a vivid imagination," he continued, reflectively, "and I really felt hurt that you never took my advice. I've told you again and again, when you are hard up for 'copy,' to make it up out of your own head. Now this new departure—"

"Oh dear!" I interrupted, as the meaning of these remarks began to dawn upon me, and I picked up the paper. "What is it? *Which* is it?"

"Don't be agitated," he replied, pointing to the two items I quoted above. "You have often said that more literary tone, and less hard, dry chronicling of facts, would improve this sort of work. Now there is no hard, dry chronicling of facts about those paragraphs. If originality and imagination are qualities of literary tone, there you have it."

"I suppose you mean that they are mistakes," I said.

"Pure fiction," he replied, unsympathetically. "I told you about the Peleg Wiggins fancy-dress ball myself, I remember, and I said that Jim Giltedge told me, but I did *not* say that the Giltedges were there. It happens that they and the Wiggins family are sworn enemies. It's a regular Montague and Capulet feud. I have done considerable law business for Hon. George P. Giltedge in connection with the matter, and I know all about it. I will try to convince him that this item of yours was a mistake, and not a practical joke. But you will probably hear from Wiggins. Really it was an enterprising bit of speculation to conclude that the Giltedges went to that ball. And about the engagement: Wiggswell is a cousin of my friend Jim Giltedge, and I happen to know that he has not the pleasure of Miss Arlington's acquaintance. Still, it might be a good match. I suppose you thought it over carefully before you selected her for his wife."

"I meant to write Sumner Bothwell instead of Mr. Wiggswell; they do say that he and Miss Arlington are engaged," I interposed; but John Spruce paid no attention, and mused on:

"Wiggswell is an obliging young fellow. Perhaps he will marry her, since you think best. Now I wonder how your plan strikes Miss Arlington?"

"I think that you had better accept a position on our funny column," I said, bitterly; "and unless you stop laughing, and think of some way to help me out of this fix, beware! *I have not yet announced your engagement*, but I may select some eligible young woman for you, and put your names in next week's *Chat*. Please tell me what to do. Of course I can announce in next week's paper that my statements were incorrect, but it is so very humiliating, so stupid, so absurd;" and I blurred a tin-ware advertisement with a few tears. Only a few, however, for I knew that John Spruce was more sympathetic than he seemed, and would help me in this predicament as he had in others. From our childhood, when we had played together; through our school-days, when he had helped me get my lessons, procured the snakes and tadpoles which I insisted upon having for my zoological researches, rescued me from drowning when I skated into air-holes and fell out of boats, and from being killed when I attempted to ride an unruly horse; through the sad time of a few months ago when my father had failed in business and soon after died of heart-disease—we had been friends. He had laughed at my mistakes, regarded my mishaps as excellent jokes, but had been in fact generous and sympathetic. To my appeal he replied:

"Well, since you were doing your best to follow my advice in these little literary ventures of yours, I shall have to stand by them. I will see today what people are saying about it, and decide accordingly whether you had better bury those unhappy paragraphs in oblivion or explain them. Say that some of the Giltedges were at the ball, although the Hon. George P. could not be present; and as to the engagement, don't commit yourself further than to look wise and say that time will tell whether or not it is true. Just insist, *comme toujours*, that you are right. Now I am going to call on Theodore Giltedge Wiggswell, and give him my blessing and a bunch of flowers."

Following is what passed when John made his call, as he afterward described it to me:

"Theodore," he began, "my dear friend, my feelings were hurt to learn the happy news from the newspapers instead of from your own lips; but I congratulate you. Accept my blessing and my boutonnière. Miss Arlington is a charming girl."

"By Jove! Spruce," exclaimed Wiggswell, "what does this mean? Is it some joke that you are at the bottom of? It may be funny, but it's getting me into deep water. What's the point?"

"I do not wish to be intrusive, Theodore, but if you announce your engagement to Miss Arlington in *The Sunday Chat*, I suppose an old friend may be permitted to wish you joy."

Wiggswell actually turned pale. "Is that in the paper?" he gasped. "Why, I do not know Miss Arlington—at least I didn't. Is it possible that—" He seemed too much overcome to go on for a minute, and then said: "It's a queer piece of business. Those society reporters find out everything, and jump at conclusions, and have it printed and illustrated while the parties interested are making up their minds."

"Yes, they do jump at conclusions," John admitted. "Then I infer that you are not engaged to Miss Arlington?"

"No; but I wish—that is, I was just going to tell you. I am just home from a dinner at the Copleys'. Mrs. Copley remarked, as we took our places at table, that two vacant places were for Mrs. Arlington and Miss Ethel, whom she expected later, and then *she* got off something about being surprised at learning the news from the papers, and congratulated me."

"You denied it, of course?" said Spruce.

"Well, no, I didn't; that's the trouble. I was so staggered I couldn't say a word."

"Why, man, what a position to leave Miss Arlington in! What happened when she arrived? Where is your carefully and expensively acquired *savoir-faire?* Why didn't you say something graceful about its being a mistake, a rumor, which you wished were founded on fact? What did they say when Miss Arlington denied it, after you had complacently accepted the situation?"

"Well, as soon as my head stopped swimming and I got my breath I was going to correct the mistake. It would have been deuced awkward then, but I was going to do it. Then Miss Arlington came. Talk about *savoir faire!* I said I was ill, and left," explained the unfortunate Wiggswell.

"This is a nice mess!" ejaculated John Spruce.

"It is a fix," continued the other, "and I've rather made a fool of myself. The idea of calmly accepting congratulations in that public way, and leaving as soon as my supposed fiancée came! It looks like a rude thing. It looks as if I wanted to give the idea that we are engaged, and left when she came so I should not have to deny it. No matter how much I deny it now, it's deuced complicated. Why, every one was there—the Miltons, and the Maypoles, some of the Giltedges, and the Gilligs. It will be talked all over town before night."

"Were there any Wigginses there?" inquired Spruce.

"No—on account of the Giltedge-Wiggins feud—only Mrs. Arlington and Miss Arlington," he replied.

"What! you don't mean that Miss Arlington is a Wiggins? Another Wiggins-Giltedge complication?"

"She is a niece of Peleg Wiggins. I do not quite understand you, Spruce."

"A Montague and a Capulet," murmured Spruce.

Wiggswell reddened. "What do you mean, John? Have you heard—you were not at the masquerade, were you?"

"No; were you? What has that to do with it? Come, I see there are more complications in this affair than I thought. Make a clean breast of it now, Theodore."

While Theodore hesitated, there came a hasty knock on the door, and Jim Giltedge entered, elegant, conventional, congratulatory. "Ah, Theodore, this is a surprise. I had hardly expected that any of us would marry into the Wiggins family. I read the notice in the paper this morning, but supposing you would have consulted my father if it were true, passed it over as one of *The Chat's* atrocious blunders. But hearing you accept congratulations at dinner, and then Miss Arlington accepted the situation, very prettily too. By George, I quite admire your taste, Theodore!"

"Miss Arlington denied it, of course!" exclaimed Spruce and Wiggswell in concert.

"*Denied it!* why, no. Mrs. Copley spoke of having congratulated you, and Miss Arlington blushed very prettily and said she supposed you denied it; and when Mrs. Copley said no, that you seemed quite overcome with your good fortune, Miss Arlington looked confused and charming, by George! I saw that she did not know just what to say, so I rose to the occasion with something graceful, you know, and the conversation turned. I left as soon as possible, fearing you were seriously ill, else you would not have left in—excuse me—such an odd way."

"Wiggswell always was eccentric," murmured Spruce.

"By-the-way, Theodore," continued his cousin, "how are you now? You look flushed. Let me feel your pulse: very high. You had better take something cooling. Oh yes. I was going to say I will go with you to call on Miss Arlington any time you like, and I will try to make the matter right with my father. The Hon. George P. hates Peleg Wiggins, but I dare say, when he knows that it's all settled, he will give you his blessing. I tell you, Theodore, you have fever; I never saw you so flushed in my life."

"Oh, she isn't—that is—I'm not, I mean. I haven't. It's all a mistake. There's no ground for it, Jim; not the least," cried Theodore, desperately.

"Well, perhaps not," said his cousin; "but you look it. High pulse, flushed face, eyes rather wild, mean fever. I'm on my way to an appointment at the club, and will send Pilkins to see you as I pass his office: you must have a doctor. I will call in again to-night, and if you are no better then, will stay;" and before Theodore could protest, Mr. Giltedge had gone on his way.

John Spruce leaned back in his chair and laughed, but Theodore sat eying the cigar which he had allowed to go out in his hand in perplexed silence. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Worse and worse! It's too late to make Jim come back for an explanation, and he will tell all the fellows at the club that this engagement is a fact. It looks as if I were doing my best to circulate the rumor. How can I ever explain it to Miss Arlington, or to any one?"

"Perhaps no one will believe it anyway. There's a general impression that Miss Arlington is engaged to Sumner Bothwell."

"What! you don't mean it!—that insignificant little fellow! He's an artist, isn't he? Oh, it's impossible—it's preposterous!" exclaimed Wiggswell.

"No, not at all preposterous," his friend replied. "Bothwell is a rising artist. He will be famous in a few years. He knew Miss Arlington abroad."

The gloom deepened in Wiggswell's face. "You see, John," he said, "if they had said I was engaged to one of the girls in our set here, I should not have lost my presence of mind, and allowed the matter to get so complicated and misunderstood; but there are circumstances about this case that— Well, in fact, I have escaped for twenty-eight years, John; but the game is up: I am in love with Ethel Arlington, and if this development in the situation spoils the little chance I had, it will be the most serious thing in my life."

"Why, where have you seen her? You told me last week that you didn't know Ethel Arlington, when I told you she was coming on from New York to visit friends here."

Wiggswell unlocked an elaborate jewel case which stood on the table, and took from its solitary resting-place therein a handkerchief. He carefully unfolded the bit of embroidered linen and lace, and gazed pensively at the initials in the corner—E. A.

"You remember I went to New York for a visit about a year ago, John? This is a souvenir of that occasion. My mother has a second cousin there, a Mrs. Browning, whom I had never seen. I left a card at her house, to please my mother, and the next day found myself honored with the information that Mrs. Browning was at home some evening or other, I forget the date now, but I accepted, and went, quite late, on the evening mentioned. The rooms were rather crowded, no one in particular seemed to be receiving, and I saw no one whom I knew. Most of the ladies had on bonnets. Mrs. Browning, being the hostess, must be one of those who had not. I figured a little mentally, compared her age with my mother's, and concluded she must be past fifty. I picked out a jolly-looking little old lady with gray hair, who was talking to several men; probably she was Cousin Browning. I advanced; the men stopped talking; she looked at me without a sign of recognition, but I expected that. I held out my hand, and said: 'My name is Wiggswell. So awfully kind of you to invite me, Mrs. Browning.' 'Oh, I am not Mrs. Browning. She is in the other parlor, I think,' she replied. The men smiled, and I hurried into the next room. It was no use to guess which of the solid, rather unhappy-looking men standing about was Mr. Browning; so this time I selected a different kind of hostess—a tall, severe-looking woman, bonnetless, and undoubtedly past fifty. I approached her confidently, and said: "Mrs. Browning, is it not? My name is Wiggswell. So kind of you—" But I was down on my luck; she wasn't Mrs. Browning either. I think she offered to find the hostess for me, but I was disgusted, and went and leaned against the wall. I was just weighing the claims to the honor of being my hostess of two other women—one tall and stout, gotten up in a purple velvet, and the other small, and dressed in black, both without bonnets, and both past fifty—when I suddenly realized that a pretty girl opposite me had been watching me ever since I entered. She was probably pretending to be amused at her companion's conversation, but I saw that she was laughing at me. I blushed, my collar felt limp, and I felt as if my clothes did not fit. I think my hair began to stand on end. I glared wildly around. Was it derision or sympathy in the young woman's smile? Perhaps *she* was the hostess? although her youth and her bonnet seemed to forbid the idea. And although I was so unhappy, and she evidently thought me so absurd, I was conscious of vaguely wishing that she were Mrs. Browning, and hence my cousin. Still, in that case, she was married.

"I dare say that while I was pursuing these speculations I looked as if I were losing my mind, for she suddenly spoke to an elderly lady near her, evidently her mother, and coming up to a lady who stood near me, said, quite pointedly, '*Mrs. Browning*, we will bid you good-evening,' and murmuring the usual thing about a pleasant evening, left the room. I shot a glance of gratitude and admiration at her as she spoke, succeeded by disappointment as she turned to go, though it has since occurred to me that she was obliged to go, having said good-by. I paid my respects to Mrs. Browning, who was very unlike any of the hostesses I had selected, and she was exceedingly kind; but I could think of nothing but my deliverer, the beautiful girl with the merry eyes and the sweet smile. I picked up a handkerchief which lay at Mrs. Browning's feet. It was not hers, she said, and I replied that I would leave it in the dressing-room, that it would no doubt be called for. I knew that it belonged to my lovely protector, and I did not leave it in the dressing-room. After the reception I assiduously made party calls on Mrs. Browning, hoping to meet the beautiful being who had come to my assistance, but she did not appear. How should I find out about her? I did not know her name, only that the initials were E. A. She did not appear, and I began to fear that I should be reduced to saying to Mrs. Browning, 'Who was the young lady who said good-by to you just before I spoke to you on the evening of your reception? Her initials are E. A. She is very beautiful, and evidently kind-hearted, with a well-developed sense of the ludicrous.' But the happy thought came to me to examine the photograph album. I opened it with trembling hands. There was her picture. 'Ah!' I said, 'who is this pretty girl, Cousin Browning?' She replied: 'That is Ethel Arlington. She has gone to Europe, to be gone a year or more.' That finished my series of party calls. I came home. Until lately I did not know whether or not she had come back from Europe. Last Friday evening I went down to the Wiggins's fancy-dress ball."

"Then there *were* some Giltedges there," remarked John Spruce, in an undertone.

"What did you say, Spruce? Nothing? I just went down there for fun—of course I wasn't invited—and I intended to slip away soon. It does not seem so much of a joke now."

"Well, Theodore, my boy, in the course of twenty-eight years you have been the hero of no end of unique exploits, but I do not recall your ever doing anything so mediæval as going unasked to a ball in a private house. But go on: what else did you do in your rôle of modern Romeo?"

"By Jove, John, you have hit it! I found Juliet. I had no business to be there, much less to dance, but I did. I danced with a lovely girl in an old Italian costume. There was something fascinating about it. She seemed like some one I knew, but I could not recognize her. I danced with her two or three times, and suddenly she laughed and seemed to recognize me, though she did not speak my name. When the quadrille was finished we went into the conservatory. She took off her mask, and I was simply overcome to find that it was Ethel Arlington. I unmasked, of course, and introduced myself, and thanked her for coming to my rescue at Mrs. Browning's reception. She seemed glad to see me, and we compared notes about what we had done since. She told me about her visit in Europe, and I told her that I had watched the steamer lists ever since to see when she returned, and missed her name after all. I kept thinking that I ought to go, but—"

"'Parting is such sweet sorrow,'" observed John.

"Beg pardon, John? You did not speak? I had to tell her that I had not been bidden to the feast, and when the company unmasked, and I saw the Major and Mrs. Wiggins bearing down on us, I disappeared in the crowd to save Miss Arlington the embarrassment of presenting an uninvited guest. Now, in addition to having appeared in that erratic manner, comes this absurd item in the paper, and my subsequent idiotic behavior at dinner. What do you think, John—is it a hopeless case?"

"Hopeless! Why, Theodore, I congratulate you once more. You ought to treasure that newspaper item, along with the handkerchief, in the jewel case. It has fought half the battle for you. By this time Miss Arlington has considered you as a possible fiancé, and there's nothing like getting used to an idea. Strike while the iron is hot; go and make yourself master of the situation. The subject is opened up for you as gracefully as possible." Then, dropping his usual jesting manner: "I mean it, Theodore. Go and see her to-day, and propose to her as soon as possible. I wish you happiness, my dear fellow;" and shaking him warmly by the hand, John Spruce left him without another word.

On Sunday afternoon I walked up to the house where Miss Arlington was visiting, reflecting as I went on my reportorial misdeeds. In writing up lists of persons present on notable occasions I had put in the absent, the unasked, the dead, and left out personages of stupendous importance; I had once dubbed the Rev. Priestley "Major," and reported him on the wrong side of a temperance discussion; I had dressed a débutante in black velvet, *en train*, and her mother in white tulle; I had reported the inventor of a patent soup preparation, the *chef* of a hotel, as being prominent in a certain *recherché* social affair. These and similar crimes rose before me like Banquo's ghosts, and I had composed quite a conscience-stricken apology for Miss Arlington's benefit by the time I found myself entering the drawing-room, in obedience to the servant's suggestion that Miss Arlington would be there presently to see another visitor who awaited her. As I glanced around to see who the other visitor might be, I heard Miss Arlington's voice in the library adjoining. "Ah! how do you do, Mr. Wiggswell? I am glad to see you. Mamma and I were sorry that you were obliged to leave the Copleys before we came. How very strange this talk is, about—about an engagement between us! Can you explain it at all? It was so very odd for it to appear in *The Sunday Chat*."

"I cannot explain that, Miss Arlington, but I particularly want to apologize for seeming to confirm what I had no right to, at dinner. It was stupid, very. I will take pains to correct any false impressions I hear expressed to-morrow. It's all very awkward. I—" Suddenly his voice changed: "Ethel, I wish it were true. I love you. Every one thinks we are engaged. *Suppose we don't deny it.*"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Oh, we must deny it," came the answer, in an astonished tone. Too bad, I thought; but then she added, so low that I scarcely heard it, something which sounded like, "*At least for the present.*"

As I slipped out the door I glanced into the library. Evidently Theodore had heard, and comprehended even better than I, Ethel's concession, and it was not wholly the light of the setting sun which had brought the color to her cheeks. A ray of red gold sunshine fell like a happy omen on their clasped hands. On the door-step I met John Spruce, who asked why there were tears in my eyes, and at my suggestion turned to walk home with me instead of calling on Miss Arlington.

"John," said I, impressively, "Ethel Arlington and Theodore Wiggswell will deny their engagement, *for the present!*"

"What! you don't mean that it's true, after all? I know it isn't."

"Yes," I assured him; "their engagement is soon to be announced. I was right, *comme toujours.*" Then I explained more fully, and added, "You see I am not such a marplot after all." John Spruce assured me that I was not a marplot, but he took the opportunity to urge me to give up my profession and follow out other plans which he proposed. In fact, he said many things which suggested a state of mind similar to Mr. Wiggswell's, and I found that changing the subject four times would not alter his train of thought. When we arrived at home he accepted a far from pressing invitation to come in, deliberately walked into the parlor, and said:

"Now, Priscilla Plume, it is no use to try to evade the subject any longer. We have practised your theories about your ability to be independent, and mine to be patient, long enough to have demonstrated them beautifully. I consider both propositions proved. I decline to act my rôle any more. You know I am going West next autumn. I want you to go with me. Shall we consider it settled?"

I must have been thinking of Ethel Arlington to have replied, as John says I did, "Well, yes, for the present."

He did not seem to think me nearly as obstinate as usual, and when he said good-evening, referred to some promise, which I suppose that there is no doubt I had made, about the last of June.

The months hastened by. In May I wrote a long description of the "Wiggswell-Arlington" wedding. That was my last reportorial work. To-morrow, as *The Sunday Chat* might phrase it, the marriage of Miss Priscilla Plume and Mr. John Spruce will be solemnized. Mr. and Mrs. Spruce will go to the Adirondacks for a short trip, and next fall will settle in the West, where Mr. Spruce will continue the practice of law.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

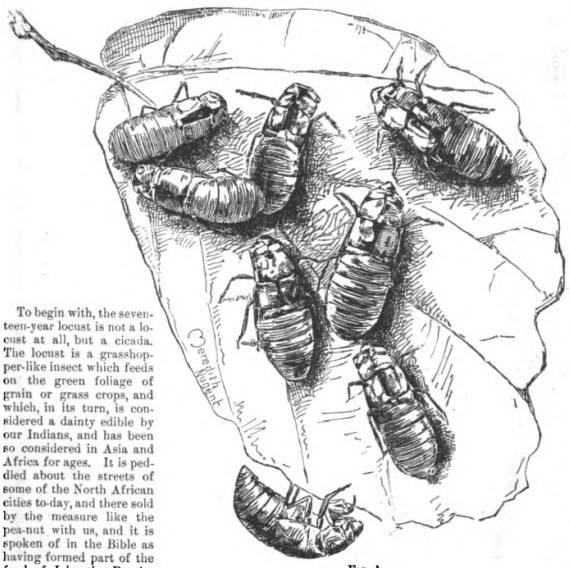


FIG. A.

To begin with, the seventeen-year locust is not a locust at all, but a cicada. The locust is a grasshopper-like insect which feeds on the green foliage of grain or grass crops, and which, in its turn, is considered a dainty edible by our Indians, and has been so considered in Asia and Africa for ages. It is peddled about the streets of some of the North African cities to-day, and there sold by the measure like the pea-nut with us, and it is spoken of in the Bible as having formed part of the food of John the Baptist at one time. It is probably because the locust appears in great swarms at times, and that the cicada does the same, that the early settlers of this country named it the locust, after the swarming insect of the older countries. And it will always go by the name of locust in spite of anything that may be said.

The seventeen-year locust was noticed by the settlers of Massachusetts as early as 1633, when it was described as "a numerous company of flies, which were like for bigness unto wasps or bumblebees; they came out of little holes in the ground, and did eat up the green things, and made such a constant yelling noise as made the woods ring of them, and ready to deafen the hearers." Excepting for the fact that they do not eat the green things, this is a very good description of the seventeen-year locust, as those who are now being favored with a visit from them will avouch. The manner in which they come out of little holes in the ground smacks of the marvellous. They pass seventeen years underground, and then, as if by preconcerted arrangement, make their appearance out of the little holes almost simultaneously, and in numbers that run far up into the millions. This is always done after sunset, and by nine o'clock the same night the hordes have appeared. They are not very active when they first appear out of their subterranean homes, but they make what speed they can toward the nearest trees, and climb them to the lower leaves, where they fairly swarm, sometimes as many as thirteen pupæ clinging to one oak leaf (Fig. A). Those which are belated either cling to the bark of the tree or—if too late to get that far—fasten their claws to the first convenient object, and wait for the grand transformation which is to convert them from ugly crawling things of silence and gloom into gorgeous things of the air and sunlight, the males endowed with musical powers, and both sexes clad in gay suits of orange and black, with gossamer wings of iridescent hues. But a few minutes elapse after the pupæ have secured a resting-place before the dull skins begin to crack along the back. Then the imprisoned cicada works his way to freedom, at the first a soft white thing, but quickly developing wings, and becoming hard and active (Fig. B). For the most part, it does not require more than twenty minutes for the soft prisoner to become a perfect cicada, though sometimes an hour or more is consumed in the process, and several hours are required to produce the final color. The males are the first by several days to appear, and they herald the first dawn of their new existence by trying their drums; for their musical apparatus is in effect drum-like. At first their music is rather feeble, but in a little while it secures the proper tone and force, and then it scarcely knows any rest. Nor do they drum at hap-hazard, but rather in unison, and so it is that the noise of the swarms can be heard fully a mile away, and is positively deafening when close at hand.



FIG. B.

1. Cicada one hour out of Shell. 2. Cicada emerging from Shell. 3 and 4. Back and Side View of perfect Cicada.

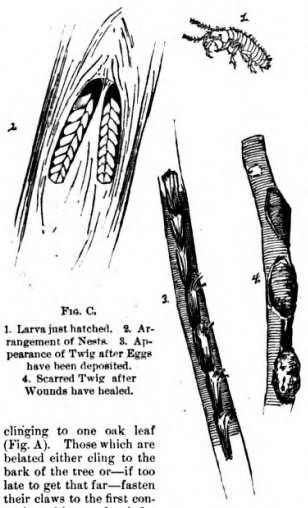


FIG. C.

1. Larva just hatched. 2. Arrangement of Nests. 3. Appearance of Twig after Eggs have been deposited. 4. Scarred Twig after Wounds have healed.

The male cicada eats very little while waiting for the female to appear, and that little is in the form of sap from the trees, the bark of which is slightly punctured for the juice to exude. The coming of the females is hailed by the waiting lords with an increased noise, and for a few days the air is thick with the flying insects, so much so that the sun is obscured for small areas. In a few days after this the males die gradually, and the females busy themselves with the task of egg-laying. Each female will lay in the neighborhood of five hundred eggs, and the manner in which she lays them is really remarkable. She selects young twigs only, and with a singular apparatus, called an ovipositor, bores holes in regular order along the underside of the twigs, into which the eggs are regularly and carefully placed. Each nest contains about twenty eggs (Fig. C). The ovipositor is a most ingenious contrivance, and is composed of three parts, one part being an awl with which to pierce, and two parts being opposing saws with which to cut. And after the nest has been cut out of the twig, the ovipositor acts as a tube, down which the egg is propelled into its place in the nest.

After the cicada has laid all her eggs she loses her strength and dies. She has lived a dreary underground existence of seventeen years, to enjoy a brief life of a few weeks in the air and sunshine. And now the new brood is started on a seventeen years of life. The eggs hatch in about six weeks, and the baby cicada is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and very active, though so light that it falls to the ground from a height sometimes of a hundred feet without the least injury. It has a pair of strong claws with which to dig a hole in the ground, and it puts them into use immediately. Down it goes into the earth, and for seventeen years burrows and burrows, sometimes going as deep as twenty feet, and sometimes not one-quarter of that, but changing its skin twenty-five or thirty times during its underground travels. It lives on the juices extracted from roots, and sometimes, but not often, injures trees. When the time for its reappearance on earth comes near again, it gradually works its way toward the surface, and finally digs a tunnel upward to the surface, going up occasionally to peer about and discover by signs known to itself when the 20th of May has come. If the soil is marshy where it has elected to appear, or if heavy rains are prevailing at the time, it has been known to build a turret six inches above-ground, with a roofed cap, so curved that it can go up into it and be in safety from drowning in case of flood. It is at the time when it emerges from the earth after its long sojourn there that it is in most danger from enemies; for then the hog and other animals find it a toothsome morsel, and devour it in great numbers. At a later period, when it has gained the power of flight, it becomes the prey of some birds, though it was reserved for the little English sparrow to make the most determined and destructive war upon it. So ravenously have the sparrows been known to devour the insects, that in the height of the cicada season a few years ago the air would frequently be full of the floating gossamer wings of the devoured insect.

The only real injury done by the cicada is when the twig which has been bored to receive the eggs is not strong enough to recover from the wound. As a rule, the twig does recover and the wound scars over, but with very young nursery trees the wound is very likely to injure the tree beyond recovery. As a matter of fact the life of the twig in which the eggs have been deposited is considered necessary to the hatching of the eggs, though it was at one time thought that the female deliberately sawed the twig off after depositing her eggs in it. The cicada is also often maligned by being credited with having a poisonous sting. It has no sting at all. It can bite, but never has been known to do so to anything but the bark from which it wished to extract some juice. It might cause trouble by depositing an egg with its ovipositor in the flesh of a person, but the person who would quietly submit to that process, for the fifteen minutes which would be required to accomplish it, could have no just cause for complaint. Country boys freely play with them, inciting them to drum for the pleasure of watching the vibrating diaphragms, which in the seventeen-year locust are located just under the wings. And they carry them to school in their hats occasionally, that they may there discourse such music as is in them.

SHIRÎN.*

BY THOMAS ADDISON.

My love lies lightly on her couch,
So fair, so pure! The silence that she keeps
Is Death, they tell me, as I crouch
Beside her; but I know she only sleeps.

I gaze upon her calm, still face,
And cannot find there aught to make me weep:
The subtle smile, the tender grace,
Of waking hours still haunt her placid sleep.

Within her closèd eyes I know
The love-light lingers yet, this restful day;
And I can almost catch the slow,
Sweet, solemn word her fragrant lips would say.

The slender hand that wove a chain
Of loving deeds around her winsome way
Would answer still the cry of pain,
As sunlight answers to the call of day.

The gentle heart, I know, still glows—
A faultless crystal chalice, pure and white—
And holds a sacred sorrow for our woes,
As dew-drops hold the tender tears of night.

Whate'er her strange sweet silence be,
It is not Death. For though her lips are dumb,
Her soul still surely speaks to me;
And blessèd answers to my questions come.

And thus I learn a secret sweet:
She whispers low: "We have not loved in vain;
For though no more on earth we meet,
Beyond the veil our hearts are one again.

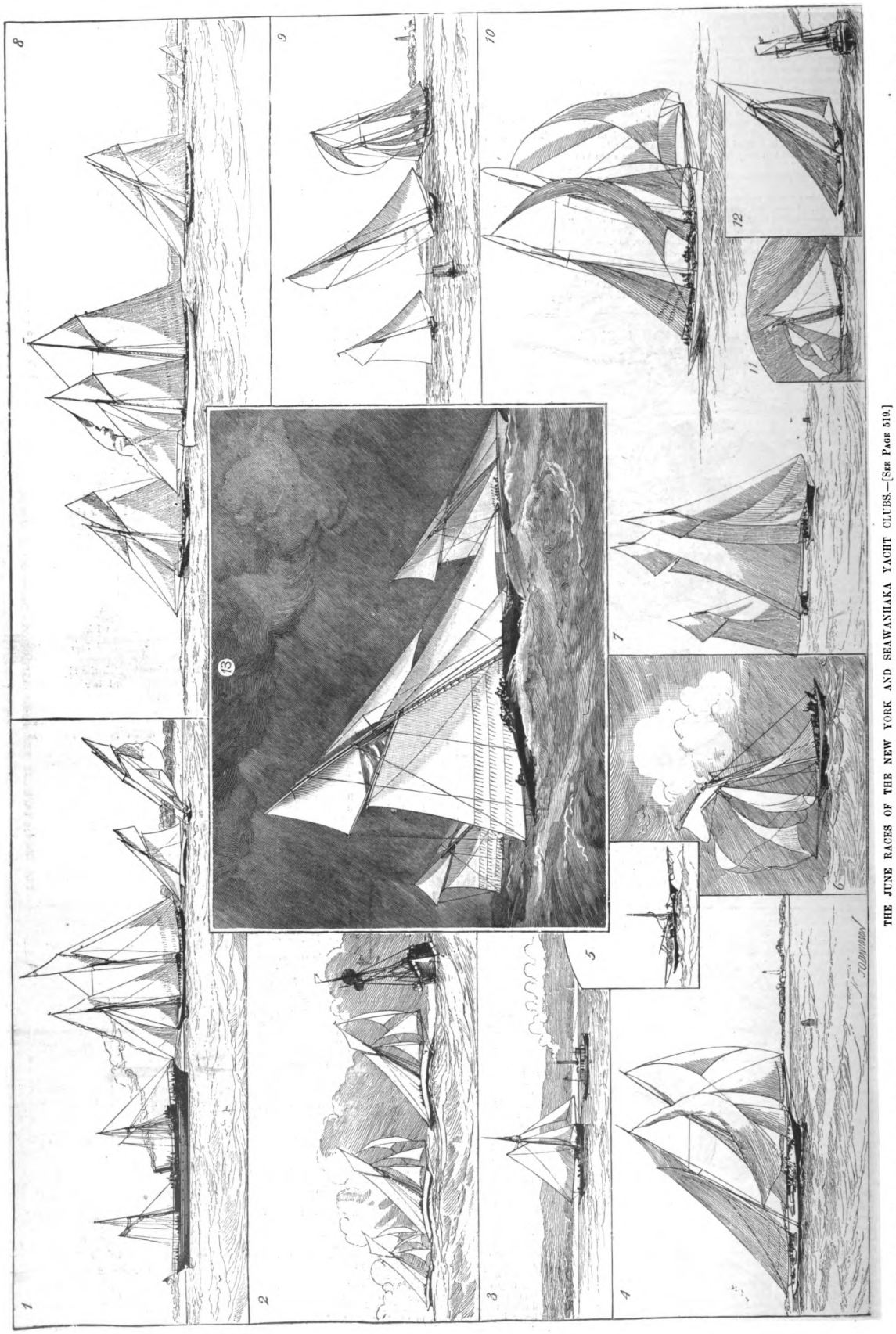
"For Love is measured nor by time,
Nor place, nor state, nor any known degree,
But lofty, infinite, sublime,
Includes all space and all Eternity!"

And thus I know 'tis but to wait
With perfect patience some few yearning years,
Till I may pass the ivory gate
My love has passed, unstained by idle tears.

And so a sacred, calm delight
Within my hopeful heart its music makes;
And so I bid my love "Good-night,"
And wait to have her claim me when she wakes.

* A Persian word, meaning "Sweet."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE JUNE RACES OF THE NEW YORK AND SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUBS.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

1. The Start from the *Electra*, off South Beach, June 13th. 2. The Sloops at the Light-ship. 3. *Bedouin* aground in the "oil spot." 4. *Sea Fox* running in at Sandy Hook. 5. *Livia* loses her hollow Mast. 6. *Gorilla* loses her Topmast. 7. *Sea Fox* and *Katrina* becalmed. 8. *Bedouin*, *Mayflower*, and *Minerva*. 9. The Procession at the Hook—*Bedouin*, *Hildegard*, *Mayflower*. 10. *Mayflower* crossing the Line. 11. *Benalec* losing her Topmast. 12. *Kathleen* finishing first. 13. Dash of the Forty-Footers for the *Scotland* Light-ship.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PHONOGRAPH AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

THE consular service of the United States is of very little benefit to the country. It needs reformation from top to bottom. For years it has been a refuge for politicians and the friends of politicians. Sometimes an administration does itself credit by appointing a trained business man to a foreign commercial post. Occasionally a consulate is bestowed upon a literary man in order that he may accumulate a competence which will enable him to pursue his art undisturbed by *res angusta domi*. Hawthorne was sent to Liverpool not because he understood the commercial relations between England and the United States, but because he was President Pierce's classmate, and in need of the money which he undoubtedly deserved. Hawthorne remains the most conspicuous literary man who has ever held an American consulate. When the grateful republic desires to pay homage to a man of genius, the victim of her bounty is usually appointed to a diplomatic position where the expenses are greater than the income. Hawthorne made a good consul,

> "Sitting in a dismal office,
> Full of mates and full of captains."

He was in office at a time when the treatment of American sailors by their commanders was so savage and brutal as to arouse the energies and awaken the indignation of the philanthropic on both sides of the water. Hawthorne did a good deal to mitigate the evils to which sailors were exposed. He was active in their behalf, and he knew their story. Salem was full of seafaring men, and there was an especial fitness in the selection as their champion of the man who used to say that he had pirate blood in his veins, and whose great-grandfather, "Bold Daniel," was a privateer in the war of the Revolution. When he retired from the service he was thanked by Secretary Cass for the information on commercial topics which he had furnished to the State Department. Other less important literary men have been consuls at less important posts than Liverpool, and it is pleasant to record the fact that they have served the country much better than the average heeler and worker, who is supposed to be more practical than the mere writer of books. And yet it is not a sound policy which permits the appointment of literary men to consular offices merely because, on general principles, they deserve well of their country. No man should be a consul, and, of all countries, a consul of the United States, who has not been bred to the profession by a long course of training.

That a consul of this country especially requires training is a proposition that may astonish a good many easy-going people who have been taught to regard foreign appointments as plums of patronage, by the dispensation of which riches or a few pleasant years abroad may be given to a party worker. But the fact is that if an American consul does his full duty to his country, under its peculiar system of commercial law, he will have an office very far from easy, and just now very unpleasant. He will be very likely to pass his days in the performance of tasks which are not congenial, and his evenings in solitude, or in the society of whatever stray Americans may visit him. And this is largely due to the fact that both he and the people among whom he must live know that his office and rank are temporary. He is the servant of a government whose policy is to discourage foreign trade. In order to protect its own manufacturers from competition, it sets up barriers against their rivals. The result of the protective system must be constant war between the customs officers of the government which undertakes to maintain it, and the men whose profits lie in securing an entry into the market from which it is attempted to exclude them. This is an unequal contest when it is waged between small politicians who have never been educated in commercial matters, and the keen intellects of the business men of Europe. Nearly all foreign commerce is engaged in the effort to outwit the government of the United States, and whether protection is a sound or an unsound policy is not the question. So long as it is maintained, it is essential to meet, and if possible to overcome, attempts to make it inoperative. It is, of course, a question whether it is within the power of the public officers of any government to overmaster the knowledge, skill, and cunning of the craftsmen of the world, or whether the best official training and the longest official experience can ever match the training and experience acquired in the life-long practice of a mechanic or a business art. But this is a matter with which the administrative part of our government has nothing to do. Its solution lies with the legislative branch, and at present the decree has gone forth that the French manufacturers of silk and the English makers of woollens must be met at our customs frontier, to be overcome by careful watchfulness and intelligence whenever they undertake to play the tricks of their trade.

Our customs frontier is not conterminous with our geographical frontier. The most important function of a large majority of our important consular officers is in connection with the execution of the tariff law. The consul who goes to Liverpool or Manchester or Lyons or Havre is sent into the land of the stranger to spy out the cunning thereof. He ought not to discover methods by which the commerce of his country may be increased, but in what manner it may be restricted. His reports ought not to tell of people to whom American goods might be sold, but of those who are wickedly trying to sell to Americans goods that are cheaper than their home-made articles. Such ought to be the effort of the American consul, and if he does not perform that task it is because he does not understand the nature of the duties which our customs law imposes upon him, or else he is incompetent. He ought to be the outpost of the custom-house, the spy and informer of the collector and his inspectors and appraisers.

Under our law the consul ought to know the market value of every piece of goods exported to the United States from the district over which he has jurisdiction. When invoices are presented to him for his certification he ought to know whether the declared value is or is not the price which the American importer paid to the foreign manufacturer or merchant. There is no one to aid him in his enterprise. He must work alone, and in the face of all the obstacles that acute men can invent and throw in his way.

It is impossible to appreciate the worthlessness of our consular service until what might be done by efficient officers is contrasted with what is actually accomplished by those who are sent abroad to look after the commercial interests of the country. It must also be understood that the American importer is under as great a temptation as his foreign correspondent to defeat the law and its administrators. It becomes the business of every one not over-scrupulous to secure the introduction of goods into the country at low declared values. Even manufacturers who are protected by the government, and who are recipients of the tribute which the people pay for the maintenance of what are known as American industries, join in the game of bringing the laws into contempt. By securing a different classification of wools than was adopted at any other port in the country, the importers of Philadelphia were once enabled to obtain high-priced wools on payment of low-priced rates of duty. The angry dispute that was carried on between the sugar importers of Boston and New York is a matter of such recent history that it is unnecessary to repeat the facts.

Thus we have the foreign business community, American importers, and even American manufacturers, constantly devising methods to evade our customs law. This makes a very large and formidable body of friends of the law and enemies of its honest enforcement. It is a mistake to suppose that all importers are opposed to the prohibitive law; the most that can be said of them in this connection is that, while not all of them would make an active struggle in behalf of the system, there are some among them who are perfectly content to leave things as they are. It is true that among these are the sharp and unscrupulous dealers who avail themselves of the opportunities which the law and the government give to them to cozen the customs officers, and to take unfair advantages of their honest competitors. There is a common trick played under *ad valorem* laws which illustrates the methods that are employed for the purpose of importing high-grade goods as though taxable at low-grade rates. It is customary to distinguish certain qualities of silks and woollens by the number of cotton threads in a square yard. It is very easy, by adding cotton threads in the selvage, to import a fine silk as second or third rate goods. It is a trick which has been successfully played for many years by more than one French manufacturer. Any number of methods have been concocted by unscrupulous foreign exporters and American importers to evade the customs laws. It is not intended to question the ethics of the business community. It is, however, not only true that trade is conducted for the purpose of making money, but it is also true that it will insist on sweeping away obstacles to its natural flow, or will cut a new channel around them. The laws of the United States which relate to the administration of the custom-house assume that its officers will always be obliged to look out for and defeat attempted evasions of the tariff tax. Whether or not human nature likes the reflection, it is the truth, the United States government is very often the victim of practices which, in transactions between private persons, would be denounced as common swindling, and that would not be resorted to by those who are guilty of them except for the purpose of beating the customs law.

Another fact is true. Trade having worn itself a channel around the obstacle which government has placed in the way, they who are familiar with its new windings prefer them to the old and natural course. So far as importers are concerned, the protective system is as much the bulwark of established houses with large capital, and of foreign manufacturers and exporters, as it is of the domestic manufacturer. When a duty is based upon the price of an article at the place of export, it is very easy to declare a low nominal price to the agent or partner of the exporter. If an American capitalist is desirous of trying this effect of the tariff law, let him engage in the enterprise of importing silks or woollens or cutlery. He will not be long in the business before he will discover that his most dangerous competitors are not American importers who buy, as he is obliged to, in the open foreign markets. They are the agents and representatives of the people who sell him his goods. The tariff law kills competition in a variety of ways. Its operation is not confined to protecting the domestic manufacturer and the American working-man from the rivalry of cheap goods and pauper labor. It hampers and restricts trade in such foreign articles as may be imported. It steps in to defend those who can make satisfactory arrangements with their foreign correspondents.

The prevalence of the practice of undervaluing dutiable goods is familiar to all readers of the daily newspapers. For several years the undisputed evidence has been in the possession of Congress, and bills have been pending providing certain remedies for whatever is corrupt or careless at the custom-houses. A good deal of the success of undervaluations is due, however, to the insufficiency of our consular service, if that can be called a service which offers no promotion or permanency of tenure to those who enter it as a temporary cure for the ills of poverty, or for a brief vacation in a foreign country. From the character of the service demanded of an American consul in a foreign commercial port it is clear that a representative of this government who does his utmost to make its peculiar laws as effective as possible must have commercial training, the shrewdness and distrustfulness of a detective, and absolute integrity and independence. He must be proof against the social arts and blandishments of the community to which he is sent. He must be as offensive as is necessary to thwart designs upon the laws of the country which he represents. Occasionally a man may be found so persuasive, so inductive to confidences, that he may lead those who cultivate the art of concealment to betray to him the inmost secrets of their trade; but men like him are so rare that it would be the height of folly to found a public service on the theory that they would constitute its *personnel*. The average man who undertakes to catch another in misrepresenting the value of his goods must have the strength of character and the ability to command the respect of his antagonist, but he cannot hope to be liked.

There are very few consuls who are appointed to office because of their peculiar fitness for its duties, although there have been some very excellent consuls representing the United States. It may be stated, however, as a general proposition, that the presumption must be against the probable efficiency of a man who is sent to a consulate because he has helped a Congressman or a President to secure a nomination, or because he is the editor of a newspaper organ of the administration's party or faction, or because he is a sputter of ringing stump-speeches, or because he has worn himself out in the caucuses and primaries, or because he is the author of a collection of poems or a novel. What often happens is what might have been anticipated from the previous training of the appointee, and from the motive of his selection.

Many of the men who go abroad have never been engaged in a commercial transaction, and are absolutely ignorant of the trade laws of the country that they represent. In view of the peculiar task that must devolve upon many of our consuls, it may not be well to make too much of a point in favor of the selection of men who are acquainted with the ordinary and decent customs that obtain in polite society. Under the circumstances, we may feel ourselves obliged to forgive the consul who returned the call of an admiral of a United States squadron by sending his card by the admiral's orderly. We may be forced to overlook the social crime of our representative who, on a warm day in the Riviera, made a round of formal visits clad in an unpleasantly moist linen duster, a straw hat, and a palm-leaf fan. We do not pay men to refrain from these solecisms, and the truth is, many of the gentlemen who are in the consular service are there largely because the interests of the American manufacturer are not cared for with the zeal and industry that the laws of the country contemplate. There was a time, many years ago, when no country had a service, and when the office of consul was held by a merchant, selected by his colleagues in trade, and commissioned by the government. The world has outgrown that time, however, and this country, of all others, needs trained, diligent, and incorruptible officers. When it has such men, good manners will follow.

The history of our consuls abroad indicates how little value they are to the business interests of the country. Many of them go, first, for the purpose of obtaining a social position. Probably not one-tenth of them understand that their office bars them from presentation at court. The chief burden of many of the complaints that are addressed by American consuls to the State Department is that the salaries paid by the government are not sufficient to enable them to maintain a suitable social position, although the social position of the average consul is not one that demands the expenditure of very much money. An orderly and decent life and good manners are quite sufficient. If there were permanency of tenure in the service, with very little increase of salaries, and that here and there, we should undoubtedly have consuls possessing all the character and social position that the government needs and ought to require.

The first ambition of a new consul is to be on terms with the people among whom he is to live. He sees no reason why he should sacrifice his comfort or pleasure for the government. He is sure of his office only during the administration of the President who appointed him. Even if his own party is again successful in the following Presidential election, some one else's personal friend may desire four years at the particular post upon the enjoyment of which he is now entering. So he seeks at once the agreeable side of life. He accepts the courtesies of the men whose trade interests are directly hostile to the policy of his government. He becomes a member of the local clubs, and he is dependent on his dinners and his game of whist for his comfort and amusement. If the trade of the place with the United States is important, he becomes a social lion. He is in demand at banquets and civic festivities. The wit of his after-dinner speeches and the splendor of his annual Fourth of July party are themes for the panegyrics of the local newspapers. An American consul stationed in an important foreign manufacturing city may be always popular if he will. His reception of favors extends beyond the rites of hospitality. The government allows him a certain sum for office rent: a well-disposed merchant, with a shrewd eye to the extensive market of the United States, kindly offers him a place in his own establishment, and the American consul puts the money allowed for rent into his own pocket. Another sum is allowed for clerk hire. It is easy to save some of this by making use of the kindness of the same friend, who, as likely as not, finds that he has more clerks than the necessities of his business demand. Everything possible is done to unite the personal interests of the American consul with the commercial interests of the people to whom he is accredited. He is made to realize that if he does his full duty he will be unpopular. If he tells the whole truth as to what he sees, his office will be decidedly unpleasant. If he reports that the invoices of foreign manufacturers in dealing with their agents are not honest, life in a foreign country will not have for him the joys that he anticipated.

For his own comfort, he must become one of the community in which he lives. It is not an uncommon practice for American consuls to appoint as vice-consuls natives of the place where the office is situated. An American Consul-General in an Eastern country once chose as his vice-consul a Greek whose business was smuggling. The two were partners. For many years the office of the American consul in an important European city has been in the building occupied by a transatlantic steam-ship company. The vice-consul, a native of the city, has been in the employ of the company as its agent, and the consul has depended almost entirely on his subordinate in certifying invoices. The sign of the American consulate is at one window of the office; the sign of the agent of the company, and vice-consul, is at the other. A picture of this interesting building has been lithographed and distributed throughout Europe. It is a splendid advertisement for the company, for he who runs may read, from the juxtaposition of the signs, how easily goods shipped to America by that line may be undervalued. These facts have been called to the attention of the State Department in an official report, but the report was suppressed. It cannot be obtained. In the language of the office, it was treated as a private communication. Two American boys were robbed on a ship of this company. Redress was sought of the American vice-consul, who, as agent of the line, declined to entertain the complaint.

This is a gross illustration of much that is going on in our consular service; but not only are our consuls greatly tempted to save money at the expense of the country, but officers who try to do their duty are constantly in danger of losing their heads. There is a good deal of political influence on this side of the water in favor of the abuses which have for years disgraced the consular service of the United States. Two other experiences will illustrate the danger to which an honest officer is exposed by the exhibition of too much zeal, and the effect of a long tenure of office in enabling a consul to overcome prejudices engendered by the faithful performance of his duties. A consul in an inland manufacturing city had reason to believe that goods exported thence to the United States were systematically undervalued, and that there was collusion between the makers in his district and their customers in this country. He made careful inquires, and by the exercise of unusual ability and vigilance discovered that his suspicions were well founded. His report on the subject to the Secretary of State was a vigorous and thorough exposure of those who were engaged in defrauding the revenue laws; but for a long time the results were far from agreeable to the energetic consul. He was ostracized by the people among whom he was obliged to live, and the enemies he had made on this side of the water rose up against him and demanded his immediate recall. Their political influence was considerable, and it was not until the intervention of a prominent official, who happened to be on familiar, even confidential, terms with the friends of the Secretary of State, that the consul who had served the government to the best of his ability was safe from the revenge of those whom he had exposed.

Another consul, who represented the government at the port of one of the richest wine districts of the world, made an elaborate report, in which he described the process of manufacturing wines that was carried on on the very wharves of the city, openly in the public gaze. The wine-merchants of the town turned their backs upon him. The notarial business by which our consuls help out their salaries fell off. The consul remained. One administration after another reappointed him. The opposite political party carried the country, and still the consul held his office. The wine-merchants learned at last that they were to get no more pliant representative from the country with which they dealt. They made the best of their bargain. They never again treated the consul with the insulting familiarity which men adopt toward those whom they may purchase, but with the respect due to character. These two men are marked exceptions to the rule, which is that American consuls do not do their duty as they should under the tariff law which establishes the nature of our commercial intercourse with the world. It may be impossible, as I have already said, to secure the services of men who will be able to make our trade restrictions perfectly effective; but so long as we insist upon those restrictions the administrative part of the government has only one duty to perform, and that is to do its utmost to prevent undervaluations and all other frauds upon the revenue. If our government should ever go out of copartnership with its own manufacturers, consular duties will be pleasanter and of a more liberal sort, and the service which should be established now for the purpose of defending our policy and executing our statutes would become valuable in extending our relations with other countries.

The government and the country look somewhat contemptuously upon the consular office. There is no service with its prospective reward for merit, and those who are made consuls are neither trained men, nor are they led to believe that they must do their best to uphold the country's protective system. They soon realize that the best and most comfortable way to get along

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

is to be Roman in Rome, and if they feel compelled to do anything at all for the American system, they content themselves with making an occasional exposition of foreign pauper labor.

There is an enormous inequality of salary. The Consul-General at London receives $6000 a year; the salary of the office at Paris is the same. The incumbent at London, however, has an income from his place considerably more than twice as large as is enjoyed by our representative at Paris. The former place has been worth from $40,000 to $60,000 a year. The Liverpool consulate is nearly as profitable. All posts in the United Kingdom are more valuable than those in other countries on account of the peculiar national laws of the British Empire. Some consuls are undoubtedly underpaid, but those who are so fortunate as to secure the prizes receive more than the consuls of any other country in the world. Now York is the principal port with which British merchants deal, and to the British Consul-General stationed there is paid a salary of £3660, less than half the profits of the American Consul-General at London, and considerably less than the income of the consul at Liverpool. At other ports and cities whose trade is valuable the representative of Great Britain is better paid than our own. The subject of salaries was fully discussed in an elaborate report prepared in 1884 by Assistant-Secretary of State John Davis, and submitted to Congress by President Arthur. With the report the draft of an act was submitted, and Congress was urged to abolish fees, to revise the salary list, and to appoint a commission for the remodelling of the consular service, which remains about as it was established in 1856, nearly forty years ago. The only intelligent attempt to improve the organization is embodied in acts of 1864 and 1874, providing for the appointment of thirteen consular clerks. These clerks hold office during good behavior, and are only removable on charges which the President must report to Congress. They are appointed after it has been satisfactorily shown to the Secretary of State, "after due examination and report by an examining board, that the applicant is qualified and fit for the duties to which he shall be assigned." They receive a salary of $1000 a year for the first five years of their service; after that they receive $1200. It was the purpose of the authors of this legislation that the clerks should be young men desiring to enter the consular service. They were to be distributed among the various consulates, at the pleasure of the President, in order that they might become familiar with the duties which they would eventually be called upon to perform. But the government does not secure their services as consuls, because the law offers them a premium to remain clerks. A consul has a short life, however merry it may be, and the consular clerk has permanent employment. The consequence is that the clerk declines promotion, and justly prefers his modest stipend and certainty of tenure to a slight advance of salary and a post which is every four years regarded as the quarry of a hungry pack of yelping "boys." Moreover, the first consulate that would be given to a clerk would not pay to its incumbent much more salary than a $1200 clerkship. It is not at all likely that a clerk would be promoted to a better than a $1500 consulate; but it is not so much the question of salary as of tenure of office with the consular clerks, and the fact that they are unwilling to accept promotion illustrates the value of permanency of employment. If there were a consular service the clerkships would naturally be its basis, and having once entered upon a career, a competent man would be as certain of promotion to the grade of Consul-General as a midshipman is of becoming a rear-admiral. The prizes of the foreign service are awarded as favors, and this is especially injurious to the consular branch of it, which is by far the more important. If our consuls knew that first-rate talent and zealous industry would surely meet with their reward, the United States would be better represented than it is in the ports of the world. We should not find our agents yielding to social attractions, or in collusion with foreign merchants and manufacturers for the purpose of defrauding our revenue laws. So long as our laws require that we shall be informed of the actual market value of imported goods, our consuls would make it their business to understand the trade secrets of the people to whom they are sent. They would forego pleasure, and would refuse the paltry bribes of low office rents and cheap clerks for the sake of placing themselves well at the State Department. We should hear no more of partnerships with steam-ship companies or with the foreign correspondents of American houses. With an adequate consular service we should have long ago adopted the recommendation of one of the cleverest of our consuls, and declared valuations would have been published in our ports of entry. The profits of importers would have been less, and the protective tariff might have lost that powerful support, but the laws of the country would have been enforced.

We have been considering consular duties from a very disagreeable point of view. Unfortunately the law compels us to regard them in that way. So long as we continue to enjoy the blessings of our present commercial law, shrewdness, alertness, cunning, and absolute indifference to surrounding opinion would carry their possessor to the highest places. There are consulates in which these qualities are not demanded. When our government ceases to take an active part in business, and its consular officers are simply charged with the duty of looking after the interests of American seamen and citizens who may find themselves in foreign places, and of reporting, for the benefit and spreading of our commerce, wherein trade in American commodities may be promoted, different qualities will be evoked, and a different order of men will come to the front. In both cases, however, the duty of the government is the same, and that is the establishment of a service where rewards, both in the matter of compensation and in permanency of employment, shall be sufficient to command, of those who enter it, the best they have to give.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE.

THE Yale-Harvard boat race, on the 28th of June, is interesting to rowing men as showing the gradual tendency in this country to approach the English system of rowing and the English stroke by two of our leading universities. Yale was the originator of the English stroke in this country. In 1873, Robert J. Cook, then a Freshman at the college, and not of special boating reputation at the time, but known to be a strong, determined, and athletic Freshman, went to England, and through the courtesy of the boating authorities in Cambridge and Oxford, practised their strokes under the supervision of the captains of the "varsity" crews. He made up his mind that he could improve on these strokes. The first stroke that he taught the Yale University crew at Springfield was in many respects the basis of the stroke of this year. The back was kept straight, the head thrown back, the body brought to hardly more than a perpendicular position at the end of the stroke, and the chief work was done by means of the sliding seat and the legs. It was a stroke which was at the same time the laughing-stock of such men as Hammil, who was training the Yale Freshman crew, and the Ward brothers, who were training the Amherst and Williams crews, who were then present at Springfield. The old-fashioned Ward brothers' stroke was regarded at the time as the best stroke in vogue. It was very similar to the stroke used subsequently by the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, of Michigan—in other words, it was a "git thar" stroke. The reach forward was hardly as far as the toes, the back, arms, and legs moved simultaneously, and the body at the end of the stroke was at a slight angle forward of the perpendicular. It was a difficult stroke to pull for any distance beyond three miles by any except very strong athletes, the reason being that the swing of the body was so great as to pump the oarsman, without any corresponding benefit in the way of speed. To this day there are old professional oars who claim that this stroke is the best for a strong man. If one goes to the Thames in London, and watches the crews of the English Rowing Club and other professional and semi-professional crews on the river, he will find that they all pull one kind of stroke, with but little variation; that is to say, they rarely move their bodies beyond the perpendicular: there is rarely any attempt to get any of that so-called "swing" which at one time was a notable feature and the chief blemish of the Harvard crews. The trouble with the swing is that, like all pendulums, the body has to swing backward as well as forward, and on the backward swing a crew of eight men will be almost certain to retard the steady motion of the boat fully a minute to the mile, and crews of less number in proportion. But a single-sculler who is a strong, brawny, untiring man can sometimes drive his boat by means of this false stroke nearly as rapidly as his competitors using the English stroke, though it is done in spite of the stroke and at great loss of strength.

In a race of four miles the great point that the captain of a crew and the trainer look to is, of course, the last half-mile; all the training and all the work done for the preceding year are directed to that last half-mile, and if a crew succeed in passing the two and three mile points, showing good speed, and weaken as they come to the three-and-a-half-mile point, then, of course, the pretty performance of the first few miles goes for naught.

It is not claimed for the English stroke that it is a pretty stroke, but it is by no means a homely stroke. Experts in rowing who saw the Yale crew in 1888 pronounced their exhibition on the water the most perfect specimen of skill that had ever been seen in America. The fact that there was no swing or pitch in the boat was fully made up by the smooth, machine-like, and elegant method of their stroke. It was seen that it had great power, and at the same time gave no appearance of the exertion of great strength. The men did not seem to be pulling hard; they were not puffing and blowing, and the boat did not move by jerks, but nevertheless the speed was something remarkable. An old Oxford oar, who stood by my side and watched them, several days previous to the race, said, enthusiastically, "That is the London eight rowing, with the single exception that they get in their leg and 'barrel' work better than any English crew I ever saw."

Mr. Cook claims to have made several important improvements on the English stroke as taught him at Oxford in 1873, and it is true that the present Yale stroke is a much finer and smoother performance than the crude stroke of 1873. The changes since that day are the result of Mr. Cook's wise and judicious study of the matter since he left college. It is very hard to persuade a college oarsman who has attained some success in class races, and who thinks that he knows it all, to adopt all the little peculiarities that go to make up a perfect stroke. He is often headstrong, self-willed, and has such a belief in himself that it is impossible to teach him anything. After several years, however, of constant coaching, and coaching in a wise direction, the college oarsman learns by instinct how to teach those who follow him. It is the constant changing of strokes and methods that has done more harm to both Yale and Harvard boating the last fifteen years than if each college had settled upon a certain stroke and tried no other.



"TO THE MANNER BORN."

PUNCTILIOUS TRAVELLER. "*Now what ought little boys to say* when a gentleman gives them a nickle for carrying his satchel?"
SMALL BOY. "Tain't 'nough."

The cause of the changing of strokes from year to year has usually been traceable to professionals, and it has taken Harvard a number of years to learn that an eight-oar college crew can never gain anything from professionals. The professional oarsman rarely thinks out a matter himself. He adopts the methods of other professionals who have gone before, and he is the inferior of the college boating man in this work. When he does undertake to devise novelty in rowing, he makes, as a rule, an egregious fool of himself. In the year 1883 an old Yale oarsman, as he sat in the train of cars which was ready to follow the boats on the race day, looked down upon a singular sight. In the Yale boat, which was some ten feet longer than the Harvard, sat four pairs of men, each pair at considerable distance from the other. Each oarsman held a peculiar cuneiform-shaped blade. On the bow of the boat was a large wind sail, which caused some jocular Harvard men to insist that the Yale boat must be some new form of yacht. When the boat started it was seen that the Yale crew pulled a rapid, short, clipping stroke in four separate styles, which reminded one of an ancient Greek trireme starting out from Salamis. It was also seen that the crew, more powerful than Harvard's, were driving their boat rapidly to the fore. At once, among the legions on the train of uninformed and uninstructed rowing men, it was decided that Yale had discovered a new and easy method of covering the four miles at a speed which would leave its rival far in the rear. At the mile flag, however, the new professional experiment proved entirely wanting. Steadily, and on an even keel, the Harvard crew forged ahead. The Harvard stroke of that year had some of the old "Dicky Dana" swing. The crew did not cover the four miles in very good time, and the same Yale crew, as Bob Cook remarked at the time, pulling a proper stroke, and seated properly in the boat, with oars of a proper length, could have easily distanced Harvard after the third mile. But Yale was thus learning the fallacies of professionalism. Other professionals have at times tried to devise a new system of boat rowing for eights, and have signally failed.

JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.



COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

MISTRESS. "See here, Uncle Henry, there was as much as a bushel of corn left in a bag out here by the door last night. What do you think has become of it?"
UNCLE HENRY. "Dun' know, missis; but 'spec' dem pesky hens eat it up."
MISTRESS (*with small respect for Uncle Henry's ideas of* mem *and* tum). "*Two-legged* hens, I guess, sir!"
UNCLE HENRY (*gravely*). "Well, missis, de hens about hyah am mostly constructed on dat ar principle."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE REASON WHY.

PRETTY COUSIN (*in art gallery to Mr. Sissy*). "But why is your painting hung so high, Charley?" MR. SISSY. "Well—er—you see, Maud, there are a good many vandals come in here with umbrellas and canes, and I told the committee to hang it as high as possible, to keep it out of their way."

THE CHINESE MIMES.

A FRESH illustration of the cosmopolitan character of New York city is afforded this week by the appearance of a Chinese dramatic company at the Windsor Theatre in a series of select plays from their own literature. Thespians in the Orient are as prone to altisonance and verbal splendor as our only P. T. Barnum. Each organization styles itself "The Heavenly Eloquent Company," "The Imperial Golden," "The Prosperity and Beauty Fraternity," or something equally magniloquent. Our visitors are no exception, and call themselves the *Swin Tien Lo*, or *Soon Han Lok* ("The Sublimest Company").

It consists of nearly fifty male actors, young and old, women never being allowed to go upon the stage. Minor female parts are taken by boys and youths; important ones by a class of actors who have no counterpart in the American dramatic world, but of whom "the female impersonator" of good old minstrel days is the nearest approach. Of this class the present company has a notable representative in Tak-A-Wing, who has long been considered a star of the greatest magnitude. His voice is a treble, almost a soprano, and from incessant practice, both on and off the stage, has become permanent rather than falsetto in character. The peculiar gait and carriage of the Chinese woman, superinduced by bandaging the feet as well as by circumscribed modes of living, are with him second nature, and he reproduces the actions and manners which Oriental etiquette forces upon the sex with a fidelity which is remarkable.

Of the actors who assume male parts, Moo Sung Jee is the most celebrated and popular. His rôles may be fitly compared with those made familiar by Frank Mayo in D'Artagnan and Nordeck.

He has an agreeable voice, a good stage presence, and a thorough knowledge of his art, which it is hardly necessary to observe is far more artificial than anything known in the Occident. Of the other members of the company, Tzung Yung, who plays pathetic "old men," Lee Yuen in royal characters, Chow Loon Yin and Woy Soon Wo as warriors and statesmen, Li Shi Dau as a ghost, genius, or demon, all deserve especial mention. The remainder are both capable and well trained. It would be wonder were it otherwise. A Chinese dramatic company is as much a unit as a company of soldiers in time of war. When they arrived in New York they did as they do invariably, engaging an entire floor in a huge warehouse in Chinatown, where they cook, eat, sleep, study, and rehearse together. They practise unceasingly, and do it in a way that would startle American players. Any departure from the precedents of their stage is met with scolding and objurgation, fines, penalties of extra work, and where the offence is very heinous with corporeal punishment. Chinese actors are born, not made, and from the first time they are permitted to appear, until they have become capable and experienced, their lives are a long experience of harsh words, privations, and many stripes. They obtain their reward, however, in wages that are higher in proportion to money values in the East than are the large salaries earned by the profession in Europe and America. In the Soon Han Lok the lesser lights receive $10, the stars $50 and $100, and the rest from $12 to $25 per week. As their mode of living is inexpensive, and as their admirers indulge in the pleasant practice of presenting them with money, food, tobacco, and opium, their lot is far from unhappy.

The "Sublimest Company," like many amateur actresses, glories most of all in its wardrobe. Their pride is somewhat justifiable, as their many robes and dresses, armor and costumes, although somewhat the worse for wear and tear, are about as rich and beautiful as anything ever seen in this country. In the East, men's attire is remarkable for color and brilliancy. The mandarin, the scholar, the noble, the general, and the high official has each distinctive robes, not only for the class to which each belongs, but also for the occasion where it is to be worn. The Sublime is thoroughly equipped in this regard, having not only all the standard articles of wear which belong to to-day, but also the numerous styles of the past. In the *Faithful Vassal* they give in this way a very excellent picture of Chinese life as it was centuries ago under the Tang dynasty.

As might be naturally expected, the "Sublimest Company" have not drawn great audiences of Americans to their performances, and here, as on the Pacific coast, where they first appeared, they rely chiefly on the patronage of their fellow-countrymen. Americans who go from curiosity to see them are quickly satisfied, and generally wearied by the tediousness of the action.

The Chinese people themselves look down upon their actors more contemptuously than the British nation did in the days when the term "player" was one of reproach. For example, Wong Lau, a wealthy merchant of the Chinese quarter, speaking of the company now here, said: "Of course it is likely that we will go to the theatre to see them, but we go exactly as American gentlemen might go to see a prize-fight. We have absolutely no consideration for the actors, and not only have no knowledge of them personally, but we would be rather ashamed to acknowledge it if we had any. With you Americans the line of exclusion from society is drawn outside of your first-class actors and actresses. You might invite them to your houses, but you would not so invite the lower class of the variety stage. In our case we exclude them all. If I should have a party of friends at my house, and should introduce an actor to them, every one of them would consider himself foully insulted."

The chief play in the répertoire of the new company, and one that has long been a favorite with Chinese theatre-goers, is *Shee-Long Tan-Moo*, which means, "The Loyal Slave, or The Faithful Vassal." The play, which is of a historical character, is of the age of the Emperor Tang Tai Zoon, who, according to the chronology as compiled by the missionaries, reigned early in the seventh century. It was one of the most flourishing eras of the history of the country.

The Emperor in his old age, according to the construction of the play, which is said to be faithful to the records, was beset by Northern invaders, and had at the same time to contend with domestic treachery. He appealed to the spirits, who prove propitious, but who deem him worthy of punishment for the sins of his youth. They inform him that he must suffer great trials, but will be preserved, and that he shall eventually bequeath his throne to his son. He sends his son-in-law Prince Yung Zoon Pow in command of his army to repel the invaders. This Prince is the hero, and his wife, Princess Kung Joo, is the heroine, of the play. Their parting when he goes to the war is esteemed a masterpiece of Chinese dramatics. It is presented with a striking tableau, in which the Princess appears surrounded by her maids of honor in their most gorgeous court costumes.

In the first important engagement of the war, mutiny and disaffection in the imperial army result in their complete defeat. Not only are his soldiers routed, but the Prince and his personal adherents are captured by the Tartars. In captivity, however, the hero displays his literary ability to such advantage that the Tartar King not only frees him from captivity, but loads him with honors, and bestows his eldest and fairest daughter on the Prince as a wife. Five years later, news comes from China that induces him to obtain a parole from the Tartar, and leaving his wife and a son who has been born, he returns home. Here he finds that matters have steadily grown worse. The Chinese armies have all suffered defeat, and rebels in the very capital have slaughtered all the relatives and friends of the Prince, excepting his first wife. She has escaped, aided by Tsung Yung the "Faithful Vassal," and has started North to find her husband. She can travel only by night, owing to the disturbed and warlike condition of the country, and her progress is slow. At length she is lost in the wilderness. Here the vassal conceals from his mistress the fact that food is scarce, and eating nothing himself, he dies of starvation. At the moment before his death the Prince arrives, just in time to hear Tsung Yung's last words.

The Prince returns with his wife to Tartary, and tells the King the story. The latter is so moved that he becomes an ally at once of the Chinese Emperor as against his rebellious servants, and sends Prince Yung Zoon Pow at the head of a vast army back to China to fight for his Emperor and his own vengeance. He conquers and slays all his enemies, man, woman, and child, and is proclaimed the heir-apparent to the thrones of both China and Tartary, and his wives are made queens consorts. The entire play is poetic and epigrammatic in language, and approaches the dignity of an epic. It is one of the favorites of the Chinese theatre-goers, having retained its popularity for centuries.

WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

THE OUTFLOW OF GOLD.

THE shipments of gold to Europe continue. The amount this week, going by to-day's steamers, and destined, like the recent shipments, for Paris, is about five and a half millions, and it makes a total of fully seventeen millions in four weeks. Practically no effect has yet been produced on the money market, the bulk of yesterday's call loans having been at 2½ per cent., though 3½ to 4 was quoted late in the day. Time loans are also a little less easy than they were, but the figures are still low. The continuance of this movement of gold to Paris is much discussed, and many people persuade themselves that there is something special or unusual about it. It seems, however, to be an ordinary case of settling trade balances, and it is a mistake to suppose that exchange could be sent more cheaply than coin; for while small amounts of exchange might be procured and utilized on about equal terms with coin, there is so little exchange to be had at present that it is really not available. Sterling is not at present an advantageous remittance to Paris, being low in that market; and even if it were, it would be no easy matter to procure it in quantities to suit the present demand. The outward movement of gold is not yet at an end, and it may last well into July, and it will be better to accept it as what it is, a natural incident of our foreign trade.

There was more discussion than heretofore yesterday as to the effect of the gold outflow upon the bank statement and the future of the money market, partly because for a couple of days New York exchange had been quoted in Chicago at a small discount, which was, however, changed again to a premium in yesterday afternoon's despatches. The Western demand for currency is likely to be earlier than usual this year, but it has hardly declared itself yet. The actual beginning of this demand will soon tell upon our loan market, and no one can tell when our rates will take a higher range. But higher rates for money, both on call and on time, will certainly have their advantages. They will dispel the present natural feeling that money is easy because so much of it is idle, and they will soon increase the amount of foreign exchange on sale, for bankers will draw freely under such circumstances when the rates of exchange show that they can cover with gold if nothing else offers. Hence higher rates for loans will at once tend to reduce the rates of foreign exchange, and so to stop the export of gold. There is undoubtedly a great deal of idle money both here and in Europe, which is available for this market, but not at two and a half to three per cent. Moreover, the time is not distant when our exports of produce and merchandise will be more active, thus modifying or changing the current trade balance, and, like better rates for money in this market, increasing the supply of foreign exchange. The gold movement, therefore, ought to be a bugbear, for it is not mysterious, but natural and healthy.

How far the Treasury will or can make good to our banks the gold which they are now losing by export is a difficult question. Its purchases of bonds are at present small. Its deposits in national banks are about $42,000,000, out of its available surplus of some $62,000,000, and they do not seem to increase. The special fund in the Treasury for the redemption of national bank notes is rather smaller than last week, but amounts, by the latest figures we have seen, to $79,000,000 of lawful money, all of which ought to be in the banks instead of the Treasury, but is locked up in accordance with legislation which is quite anti-commercial in its character. Take the two amounts together—$62,000,000 of available surplus and $79,000,000 of lawful money locked up to await the presentation of as many bank-notes—and we have a total Treasury hoard of $141,000,000, of which sum $42,000,000 are on deposit with national banks on terms which make them virtually a call loan terminable at the option of either party. It is the greatest waste of financial resources to be seen to-day in the civilized world. But when the people realize the fact they will presently determine that it must be remedied, and discussions in Congress will afterward find the way.

The stock-market is dull and firm. The fair promise of the crops sustains the hopeful feeling, in face of some railroad dissensions and the tedious process of settling railroad disputes which have a real foundation in geography. That the feeling is hopeful is shown by the firmness of railroad stocks under these circumstances, and perhaps still more by the wide-spread interest taken in certificates of the National Lead Trust and the Sugar Refining Company. It would have been impossible to excite this interest last year; the most promising stories about these properties would have fallen flat, and even the dividends of the sugar concern would have failed to make the certificates popular, as popular they certainly are now. The disposition to make ventures, to take some risk, has certainly increased of late months, though there is a great amount of money which has not yet made up its mind to anything more risky than loans or negotiable securities. Should the harvest come anywhere near to realize its promise, matters are in train for lively business in stocks of all kinds.

In the mean time there is a good market for investment securities, though restricted by high prices of bonds of really approved character. As to new securities, bankers are taking them on private terms, and waiting the development of demand before offering them to the public, as in the case of the first instalment of the new loan of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway Company. This new loan, nominally for $150,000,000, but with $118,000,000 reserved to redeem bonds already existing, is the most striking instance of the way in which railroads propose to turn to account the four per cent. days which have now replaced the former age of six and seven per cent. loans, and it will serve the company's needs for years of new development to come.

H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June* 22, 1889.

A MULTITUDE OF AILMENTS.

THE ailments which afflict the kidneys and bladder are so numerous that merely to name them would fill a space far outrunning the limits of this article. Suffice it to say, that they are both obstinate and dangerous. To their prevention Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is well adapted. The stimulus which it lends to the action of the kidneys when they are lethargic serves to counteract a tendency in them to lapse, first, into a state of pernicious inactivity, and afterwards into one of positive organic disease, which soon destroys their delicate integuments, poisons the blood, and causes death. A double purpose is served by this depurent. It promotes activity of the kidneys, and expels impurities from the blood which have no natural channel of outlet, except these organs. Constipation, biliousness, fever and ague, rheumatism and dyspepsia, are also remedied by this medicine of thorough action and wide scope.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM.—The safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. A nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

AFTER a sleepless night, use ANGOSTURA BITTERS to tone up your system. All Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

SAVED.—A fine family of children were all afflicted with scrofula. Two died early; the rest would soon have followed, but for the timely and persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which built them up into a healthy and vigorous manhood.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

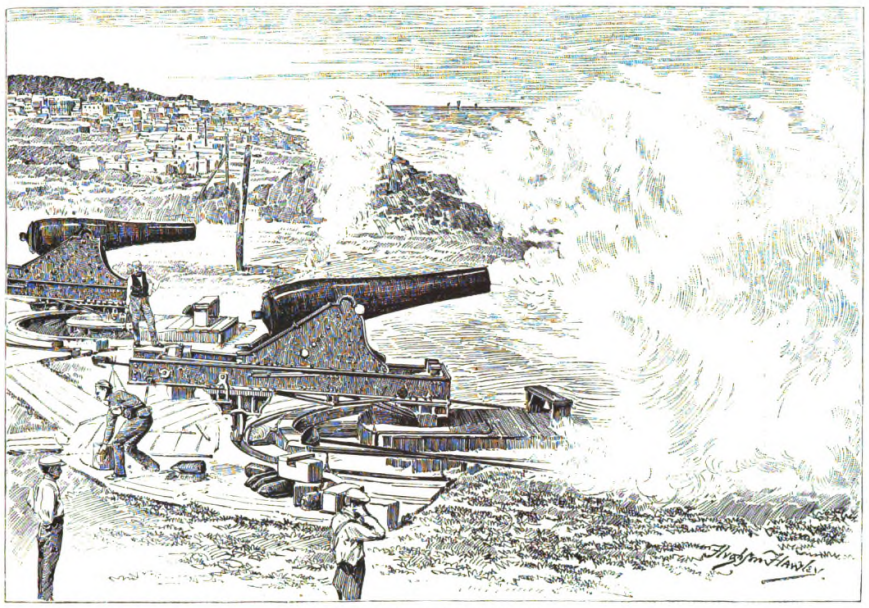
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL OF THE ARMY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

So far as its effectiveness as a fighting force goes, the army of the United States is little more than a name. It is so weak in numbers, so deficient in material, so scattered, and so much ruled by politicians instead of by soldiers, that it is not in itself, and as a body, a first-class school of instruction for its officers and men. There is, however, a large amount of educational work done in the army outside of the Military Academy at West Point. Every arm of the service has its own school for post-graduate courses, the thoroughness of which is highly commendable to the officers who act as instructors and students. There are the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, the Engineer Torpedo School at Willet's Point, the Cavalry and Light Artillery School at Fort Riley, and the Artillery School at Fort Monroe. At each of these posts there is a good deal of intellectual activity, and the interest that is shown by the officers stationed there is surprising, when one considers the poverty of the army in modern material of war. Not a modern gun has been delivered to the troops, and yet we find modern weapons and projectiles studied as carefully and as thoroughly as is possible without actual practice.



FIRING EIGHT-INCH CONVERTED RIFLES.

This is especially true of the Artillery School at Fort Monroe. In the evolution of modern warfare it has come to pass that to the United States the heavy artillery is the most important branch of the army. Upon it and the navy we must depend in any war in which we may engage with a foreign power. Whatever may be the result of the contest between the target and the projectile, whatever may be the character of the new ships or the coast defences of the future, upon one thing all military authorities agree, and that is that this country will fight whatever enemy may come against it on its seaboards or in its harbors. Whether our ships shall be heavily armored, or built for speed and dependent on the long range of their guns, the weight of metal in their projectiles, or the uniformity and destructive force of their high explosives; whether dynamite guns, torpedoes, Grüsons turrets, or earthworks shall form the chief reliance of our coast defenders—it is settled that our army and navy should know all that can be learned of the problems involved in the experiments in guns, explosives, methods of firing, and in defences that are everywhere going on. The discovery, or recognition, of the best methods of conducting battles between ships, and between ships and forts, and of the best material that can be employed, constitutes the task before the officers of our land and sea forces.

It is true that we are not in immediate danger of war, but it is also true that we are very far from being prepared to contend at once with, not first and second, but third and fourth rate powers. So long as we maintain any army or navy at all, it is well that they should be advanced to the very highest point of efficiency. The trouble at present is that, with few exceptions, our soldiers are not instructed in the use of modern arms, except theoretically, in the schools; and it would be impossible, in the event of an emergency, for our "nucleus," as we call the army, to give to volunteers the practical instruction which they would need in order that they might become such troops as will be essential to success in any war that may break out in this day, when the art of battle is so completely dependent upon the laws of science, and upon each soldier's accurate knowledge of his tools—a knowledge that will inspire every man with the self-dependence that was not so necessary in the days when he always felt the elbow of his comrade in the ranks.

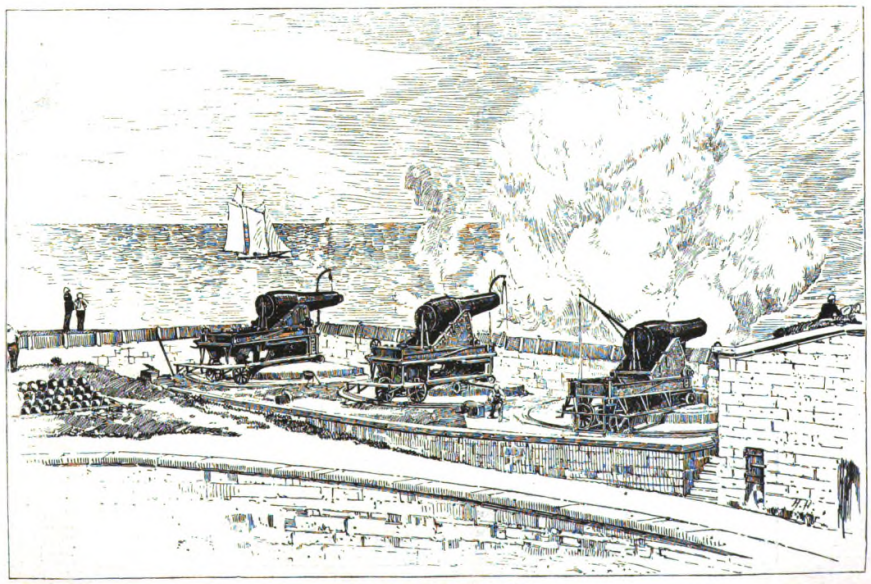
No men in the country appreciate the changed conditions of war so keenly as the officers who instruct and study in the Artillery School at Fort Monroe. It is true that their knowledge of breech-loading guns, not to speak of the latest improvements in heavy ordnance, must be obtained at second hand; that they learn the details of the construction of the most destructive projectiles from the literature and reports of foreign services; that not a single effective piece can be fired from the ramparts of their absolutely defenceless fortifications. Nevertheless, the officers at the school pursue their experiments and studies with results that give them rank among the best artillerists of the world.

In 1888 two shots were fired at Shoeburyness, England, from a wire-wound gun. It is a comparatively light gun, with a calibre of 9.2 inches. The weight of its projectile is 380 pounds. It was fired at an angle of 40 degrees, and the initial velocity was 2375 feet a second. The mean shot is known to artillerists the world over as the "jubilee shot." Before the gun was fired, the problem of the shot was given out by the professor of ballistics at Woolwich to all the artillery schools of the world. It contained the elements which have been mentioned, and the question was asked, How far will the gun send the projectile? The mean distance of the two shots was 21,203 yards, or 12 miles and 83 yards. The greatest altitude reached by the projectile was 6274 yards—a little more than three and a half miles. The shot travelled higher than any mountain on the North American Continent or in the world, except some peaks of the Himalayas and the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes. The professors of ballistics worked their problem, and announced the results to the Royal Artillery School. The most accurate result was obtained by Captain James M. Ingalls, of the First Artillery, who is instructor in ballistics at Fort Monroe. Captain Ingalls's computation was within 166 yards of the mean shot, and within 11 yards of one of the shots. This fact, and the further fact that the ability of this officer is recognized by the army and is utilized at the school, illustrate the intelligence and capacity of the officers of the United States army. Without furnishing proper means for practical experiment, the government has in its service an officer who is recognized as one of the first authorities in ballistics, and other officers of reputation in their specialties.

This shot ought to serve as a warning to the country, which leaves its richest cities unprotected. The accompanying illustration shows the point in the harbor of New York from which the gun might send its 380-pound projectile into the business part of the city. It may be objected that the piece could not be discharged at so great an angle as 40 degrees from the deck of a modern ship without irreparably damaging the carriage and the vessel. The best authority, however, says that there is no reason why such a comparatively light gun should not be discharged from a ship of war at any desired elevation. But even if we assume the correctness of the position of naval experts that 18 degrees represents the greatest angle of elevation at which a gun can be safely discharged from a vessel, the projectile of this particular gun would then travel more than eight miles. It has been discharged at an angle of 15 degrees, with the result of sending the shot 7.63 miles.

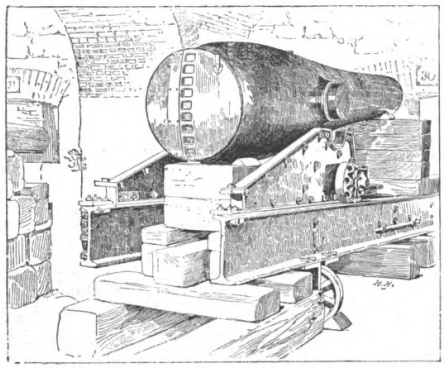
There is nothing in this country which can resist this shot. Judging from recent experiments in resistance, there is nothing in the world which can successfully oppose the force of a projectile of 380 pounds, sent from a gun with the initial velocity of this Longridge 9.2-inch cannon. It is certain, of course, that no city, and especially no great city like New York, can be turned into a suffocating bomb-proof. If guns alone are in question, the wealth of the metropolis would be always at the mercy of any power possessing an armed ship. But fortunately for the security and the peace of mind of peoples who have jealous and evil-disposed neighbors, there is something more in the art of attack and defence than engines of destruction and their missiles. There have been times when walls were stronger than projectiles, when the target was proof against ordnance; but theuse of explosives in warfare changed all that; and in our time, as in the time of our grandfathers, forts and ships are strong only as they have the means of replying to those who attack them.

The "jubilee shot" warns us that we cannot make any response to a projectile hurled at our cities from a piece of modern ordnance. We are making experiments with dynamite guns and with torpedoes, but thus far we possess nothing whatever for our



FIRING FIFTEEN-INCH GUNS.

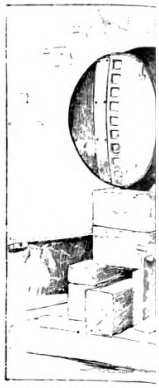
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MOVING CARRIAGE OF FIFTEEN-INCH GUN—GUN FREE OF CARRIAGE.

defence, and the only answer we could make to a "jubilee shot" would be in money. The banks and citizens of New York would be compelled to buy off the enemy at an enormous cost, a cost that would be felt not only in the city, but on every acre of farming land in the West, in every mine, in every workshop, and in every factory in the country. No one is more short-sighted, or less patriotic, than the public man who supposes that a war ransom wrung from New York will not be paid by every producer in the land, or that the humiliation of an inglorious defeat will not be felt by every citizen.

The value of the Artillery School at Fort Monroe lies in the fact that it is furnishing instruction, as far as it can without proper material, in the most advanced achievements in the construction of ordnance. Its development and present position are entirely due to the army. Congress has done very little for it, and although politicians might do a good deal to its injury by securing the detail of inefficient officers to act as instructors, fortunately their favorites are not usually those who delight in the exercises of higher mathematics, of chemistry, and of electricity. For ten years the school has been granted an annual appropriation of $5000. Beyond that sum the fort has cost the government very little more than it would if it had remained a mere artillery post. It is probable that not a score of members of Congress understand or appreciate the character and value of the work that is being carried on at the school. Even those who go to Old Point Comfort to enjoy the rest and the sea-breezes realize very little beyond the fact that a picturesque old fort and an agreeable set of officers add considerably to the pleasures of their outing. They enjoy the parades and the band, but very few of them take sufficient interest in the real work of the post to attend even the important drills in raising and dismounting heavy guns, and in the many mechanical operations essential to the artillery service. In the present state of the art of war the Artillery School is the most important of the educational establishments of the army, and it is one of the most neglected. It not only has no modern guns or projectiles, but its library is not what it ought to be, and its school-rooms, containing, among other things, very valuable electrical apparatus, are in an old frame building, once used, I believe, as a commissary's or quartermaster's storehouse. The rooms are bare, unfurnished, uncomfortable apartments, and so hot in summer that life in them is a burden. The collections of books and of valuable photographic apparatus are also exposed to the risks of wooden buildings. The library is very much more complete than was to have been expected, in view of the small amount of money at the command of the school, and the outfit for photography is admirable. The school is indebted to the intelligence of the officers who have had charge of them for the value of both of these collections. The nucleus of the library was a collection of books given by the War Department to the school at its beginning in 1824. In 1825, Colonel Archer, an artillery officer, dying, bequeathed his military library to the school. The next additions were made in 1858, and consisted of duplicates from the Military Academy and of books and instruments from the War Department. At present the number of volumes is about 6500. The collection is entirely professional. Lack of means renders it difficult to procure standard works, which are generally expensive, and limits most of the purchases to current periodical literature. With a little more money, a better house, and a competent librarian the school would very soon own as good a military library as is needed outside of the War Department.



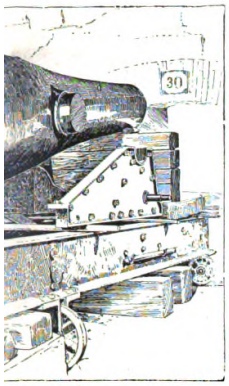
MOVING CARRIAGE OF FI

The history of the school has been one of advance in every department. It was established by general orders in 1867. The conception, however, was not new. Since 1824 there had be "School of Practice," frequently interrupted, at the post. Its purpos not then that which now governs the establishment. Now the scho for the instruction of lieutenants who have seen service with their teries. There are five batteries at the fort, one from each of the



WHAT THE "JUBILEE SHOT" COULD DO

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

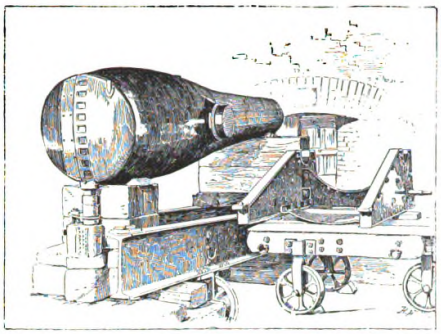


N-INCH GUN—CARRIAGE READY.

ments of artillery. These are called "Instruction Batteries." Twenty lieutenants are detailed for instruction, four from each regiment. These first and second lieutenants serve for two years, the term of the course, with the "Instruction Batteries." The staff of the school consists of three field-officers of artillery, one of whom is the commandant of the post. The two others are superintendents. The captains of the five batteries are the instructors. This year there are six instructors. Captain Ingalls's battery having completed its tour of duty at the school, and having been relieved by another battery of the same regiment, the captain has been retained in order to complete his course, and it is not likely that the school will even then part with him. In addition to the instructors, there are assistant instructors who are generally of the grade of first lieutenant. Moreover, the twenty student-officers perform duties outside of their scholastic and military work. There is a school for enlisted men in which some of them are instructors; others act as instructors of their fellow-officers; while some assist in the mathematical and electrical work that is always pursued at the post.

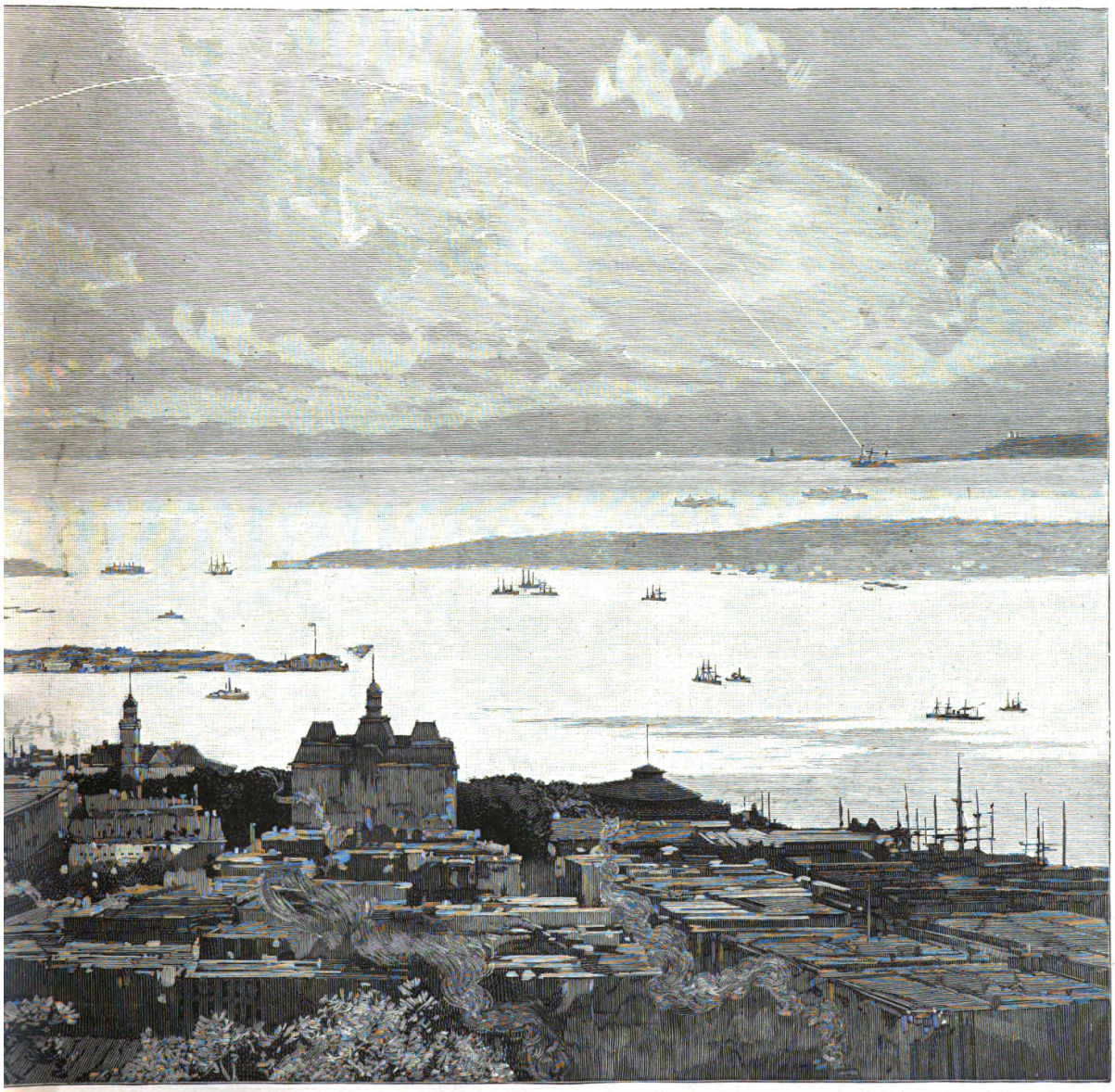
At the beginning, in 1824, the school was intended for the instruction of the young officers who had been assigned to artillery regiments on their graduation from the Military Academy. The course of that day was supplementary to the study and practice of West Point, and was as inferior to that of to-day as the ordnance of the Seminole War is inferior to the modern guns of Europe. Colonel Tidball, in his report for 1887, says that in those early days of the school "the instruction amounted to nothing more than should exist at every well-regulated artillery post." From the breaking out of the Seminole War until after the close of the Mexican War the school was discontinued. In truth, there was very little to teach that had not been completely mastered by actual service in the field. Ordnance experts were feeling their way through various forms of guns and mortars, siege pieces and howitzers, and only the most elementary scientific laws were resorted to for guidance. By 1855 artillery had made a good deal of advance. Something had been learned in the Mexican War, and the field and siege guns of the United States army were equal to the like arms used in Europe. In that year the Artillery School was reorganized, and it was placed upon a much better and higher basis than it had been. It was a drill school at the beginning; now it was proposed that it should be a real school of science. But the War of the Rebellion came too soon, and once more the army gained its instruction in the field.

From 1861 to 1865 the inventive genius of the country was exercised for the improvement of implements of war. The United States led the world in armament and armored ships. Its artillery was the largest and most effective, and the development on this side of the water stimulated the activity of all the great military nations of the world. Our Monitors and "Swamp Angels" have built the splendid navies of Europe, and have made the "jubilee shot" possible. When the war was over, our advance in the art of war came to a halt, and whatever aptitude we now possess for modern warfare, aside from the personal courage and quick adaptability of our people, is solely due to the scientific spirit and the professional enthusiasm of the officers of our army and navy. Instead of sustaining and stimulating that spirit and enthusiasm, the politicians have actually placed obstacles in their way,



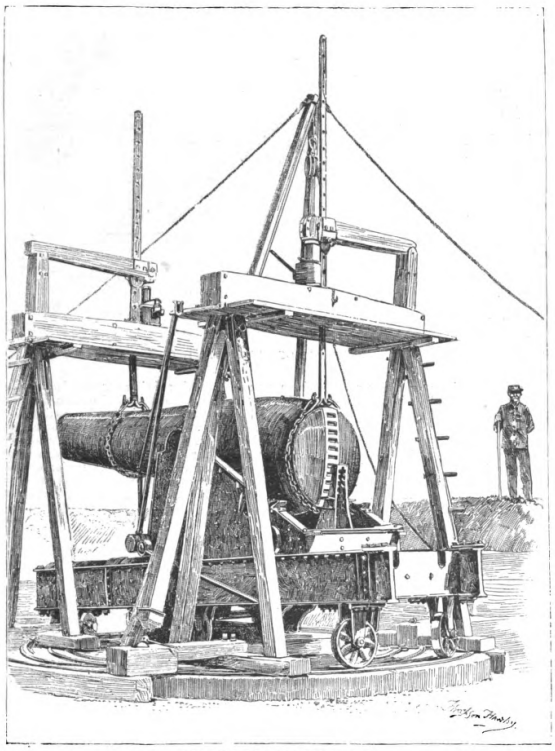
MOVING CARRIAGE OF FIFTEEN-INCH GUN—CARRIAGE MOVED.

Other countries have gone on improving their arms, supplanting the great smooth-bores of twenty-five years ago with rifled cannon, machine guns, breech-loaders; replacing the wooden carriages with carriages of iron and steel; improving explosives; making use of the discoveries of science; and modifying and revolutionizing works of defence, until the heavy stone forts and earthworks, which are our sole reliance for defence, have given way to armored turrets and fronts. During all this time, until very recently, the government of the United States has been idle. Within a few years the Navy Department has undertaken the con-



N NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PLACING FIFTEEN-INCH GUN.

struction of heavy guns for the armaments of our new ships, and our ordnance officers have already shown their capacity to meet the new requirements of the new era. There is no doubt that the army can accomplish in this direction all that has been achieved by the navy, and that this is true is due to the steady progress of the work at Fort Monroe.

Colonel Tidball, speaking of the reorganization of the school in 1867, says: "This organization contemplates more than mere drill exercises. It is a course of study and practical training, not limited to what is necessary for merely expert artillerists, but one which aims to qualify officers for any duty they may be called upon to perform, or for any position, however high in rank of command, they may aspire to in the service. Such an advance is demanded by the progress made in the methods of warfare during the last thirty years, particularly as regards artillery, wherein the improvement has been from almost primitive rudeness to the requirements of an exact science, combining with it many cognate branches hitherto considered of little or no importance to military men." What this means will be learned later, when we come to the consideration of the extraordinary development in the course of study pursued at the school.

Until 1875 the course was pursued by the student-officers for one year; but it was found that the time was too short to admit of the thoroughness which experience showed to be essential. Moreover, the school was greatly crippled by lack of means. The instruments were very few, and were old and worn out. They were furnished by the War Department from those that had been discarded by the engineers. There were also few text-books to be had, the department allowing from its contingent fund only a small annual sum for their purchase. Even now there is great poverty in this respect, although there has been improvement, owing to the recognition of the value of the school at the headquarters of the army. Most of the text-books have been written by the officers who have been instructors at the school.

The extract quoted from a report made by Colonel Tidball, who was commandant of the fort and school until his retirement from the active list of the army about a year ago, gives, in a general way, the objects of the school. More particularly, it is the purpose of the school to instruct the artillery corps, as thoroughly as is possible without guns, in the requirements that will be made upon it when our government constructs new sea-coast defences and supplies the army with modern implements of war.

In the beginning, under the reorganization of 1867, a good deal of time had to be devoted to instructing the students in the preliminary branches of mathematics, for an artillerist of to-day must be a first-rate mathematician. Many of the artillery officers who had won commissions by the display of soldierly qualities in the field were naturally deficient in education. Some of them had been promoted from the ranks. All of these had to be prepared for the higher studies which are essential to the instruction of officers of artillery. Year by year the number of those who were obliged to undergo this preliminary training became smaller, until now the study of mathematics is pursued only by the enlisted men, for there is also a school for the non-commissioned officers and for those privates who desire to attend it.

The commandant and staff of the school have just issued a new programme of instruction, which is a decided advance upon anything that has gone before. Until this was adopted the course was divided into four departments—Artillery, Engineering, Military Art and Science, and Law. Under the new programme there will be six departments—Engineering, Artillery, Electricity and Submarine Mining, Chemistry and High Explosives, Military Science, and Practical Military Exercises. In addition, there will be taught photography, telegraphy, and cordage. It will be seen that the study of law is dropped. It is an essential part of a sound military education, but it is taught in the West Point course, and it is the purpose to make the course at Fort Monroe essentially post-graduate for the instruction of the artillery arm of the service. Artillery officers are generally from among the best of the graduates of the Military Academy. They are presumed to be familiar with the studies pursued by the cadets of the army, and qualified to go on with the higher course of their own particular school.

The officers at Fort Monroe study the higher branches of the military art. The organization probably approaches more nearly the German school of the staff than any other of our educational institutions. Those who go through its course of study are prepared for the practical duties of their profession. It ought to be stated that the school is open to officers of all arms of the service and of the navy. Artillery officers are ordered to attend; others are detailed at their own request. This privilege has been taken advantage of by members of all branches of the army and by marine and naval officers. The experience of the officers of the navy, however, has not been fortunate, for the two who undertook to avail themselves of the instruction of the school were assigned to other duty by their department before their course was completed.

Whatever of science is taught at the school is for immediate practical military use. The course in engineering, for example, is not general. It is intended for the instruction of those who study it in what is absolutely essential for the training of soldiers, and especially artillerists, in modern warfare. The school is now provided with better instruments than it was when it was forced to take the cast-off compasses and protractors of the engineer corps. The student-officers and their instructors make such surveys as would be demanded of them in the field. Land and topographical surveying are taught, to the end that officers may acquire that rapidity of execution which comes from familiarity with the instruments and the facility of making and reducing notes. A great deal of work has been done in reconnoissance. All the peninsulas in the neighborhood of Fort Monroe have been most carefully mapped. Every defensive position, every road, swamp, creek, and meadow, has been noted by the parties of officers who have annually taken the field. The character of these reconnoissances may be judged from the following extract from the report of Colonel Tidball already mentioned:

"The object was, in about five days, to reconnoitre the country, construct a reliable map of the territory surveyed, to chart all roads, rivers, streams, swamps, and objects that might be of military importance, noting all the leading topographical features, showing the location and boundaries of cultivated, cleared, and timber lands, the kind of fences, the position of mills, smithies, factories, churches, taverns, public buildings, and important private houses.

"Notes were prepared setting forth the nature of the soil, the character and condition of the roads, the kind and dimensions of available timber, the officer's opinion of the number of rations of meat, bread-stuffs, and forage which could be supplied by the district, the quantity and availability of potable water other than that of streams shown on the map, the facilities for grinding corn and wheat, the quantity and availability of fuel, the number of serviceable horses which the district could furnish, and all similar information which could be of value in conducting military operations in the neighborhood."

Another problem which was set for the school is described as follows:

"*Assumption.*—An enemy's fleet, with transports carrying 10,000 troops, including three six-gun field batteries and 200 cavalry, has entered Chesapeake Bay. The entrance to Hampton Roads is effectually closed against him. It is presumed that he intends to land the above force at Lynn Haven, and make a dash at Norfolk and the Navy-yard.

"There are 3000 regulars, including one six-gun field battery, two six-gun siege batteries, and 8000 armed militia, including two six-gun field batteries and 200 cavalry, available for immediate service.

"*Required.*—1. A reconnoissance map and description of the roads by which the enemy might advance for the purpose assumed.

"2. A detailed reconnoissance map and description of every position on these roads where the enemy could be effectively opposed, and the number of men required to occupy each position.

"3. Plans and profiles of the necessary field-works, with their armaments and garrisons, and an explanation of their purposes.

"4. Working plans and specifications of such bridges and roads as are required to facilitate the defence, with notes of material available, and an estimate of the number of men and length of time required for their construction.

"For two officers, one on the offensive and the other on the defensive. Five days allowed for field- work, and seven for drawing and making up reports."

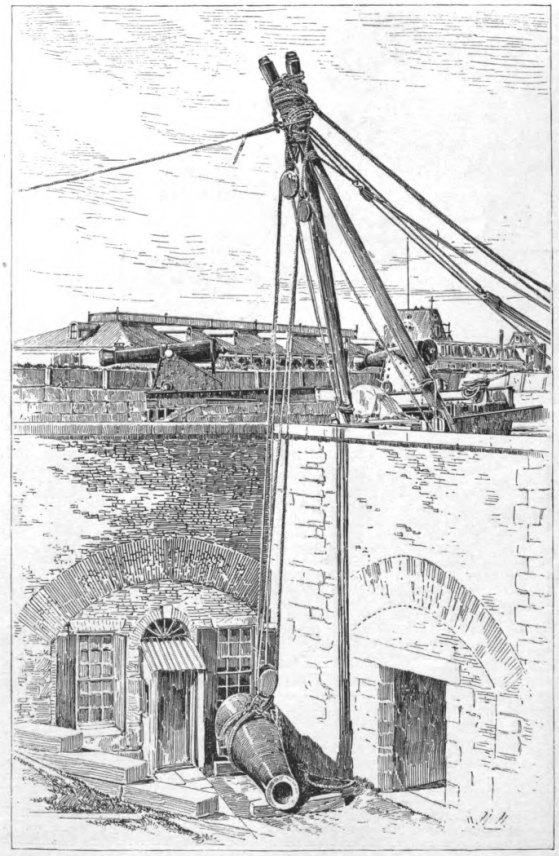
Thus far this problem comes under the Department of Engineering, but it is carried still further, and, under the Department of Military Art and Science, the officer who is on the offensive, assuming to be the commander of the attacking force, must report all his operations, "giving the orders issued by him for the purpose of carrying out the object in view."

These extracts sufficiently indicate how serious and thorough is the work done at the Artillery School. It will be probably a revelation to most of the readers of the WEEKLY, for the common idea of the army and its officers is very false. The captains and lieutenants are too old for their grade. A service of as many years in any European army would have found most of the captains field-officers, and some of them generals. In almost any other service than our own, colonels and lieutenant-colonels are selected to perform such duties as are assigned to the instructors at Fort Monroe. Many of our first lieutenants of artillery are gray-haired men. Their average age is very dangerously near to that of the real commanders of British regiments of the line. Some of them have been lieutenants for a quarter of a century. It is very rare, so slow is promotion, that an officer of artillery gets his battery until he has served as a subaltern for twenty years. They are the younger men of the lieutenants, however, who make up the classes at Fort Monroe; but a sincere and conscientious performance of their duty is characteristic of the officers of the army, from the major-general commanding to the youngest supernumerary second lieutenant; and so far as the schools are concerned, and especially the Artillery School, the rule is hard work, and the results are excellent.

In the Engineering Department the students are trained to build the bridges and roads that are demanded by the emergencies of war. Modern field and siege artillery, with its weight of ammunition, must be carried on railroads, and the problems of building and strengthening this means of transportation are taught. The question of intrenchments and fortifications is now full of interest and importance, and among the subjects of the course are: "The influence of increased range, accuracy, and destructive power of modern artillery upon the attack and defence of fortified positions; object of the fortress of to-day; conditions to be fulfilled, how obtained; siege and defence of a fortified position." Not only are the text-books and other authorities consulted on these subjects, but practical work is also done. Student-officers are expected to indicate on maps the line of works that ought to be constructed for the defence of the country indicated; to give the reasons for their location; and to construct in clay the configuration of the ground and such work.

Machinery and mechanical appliances have become of greater importance in modern works of offence and defence, and in the new programme a course in steam and mechanical engineering has been adopted. This includes the study of steam and the steam-engine, and of hydraulic power and machinery. The value

(*Continued on page 546.*)



LIFTING FIFTEEN-INCH GUN WITH SHEARS.

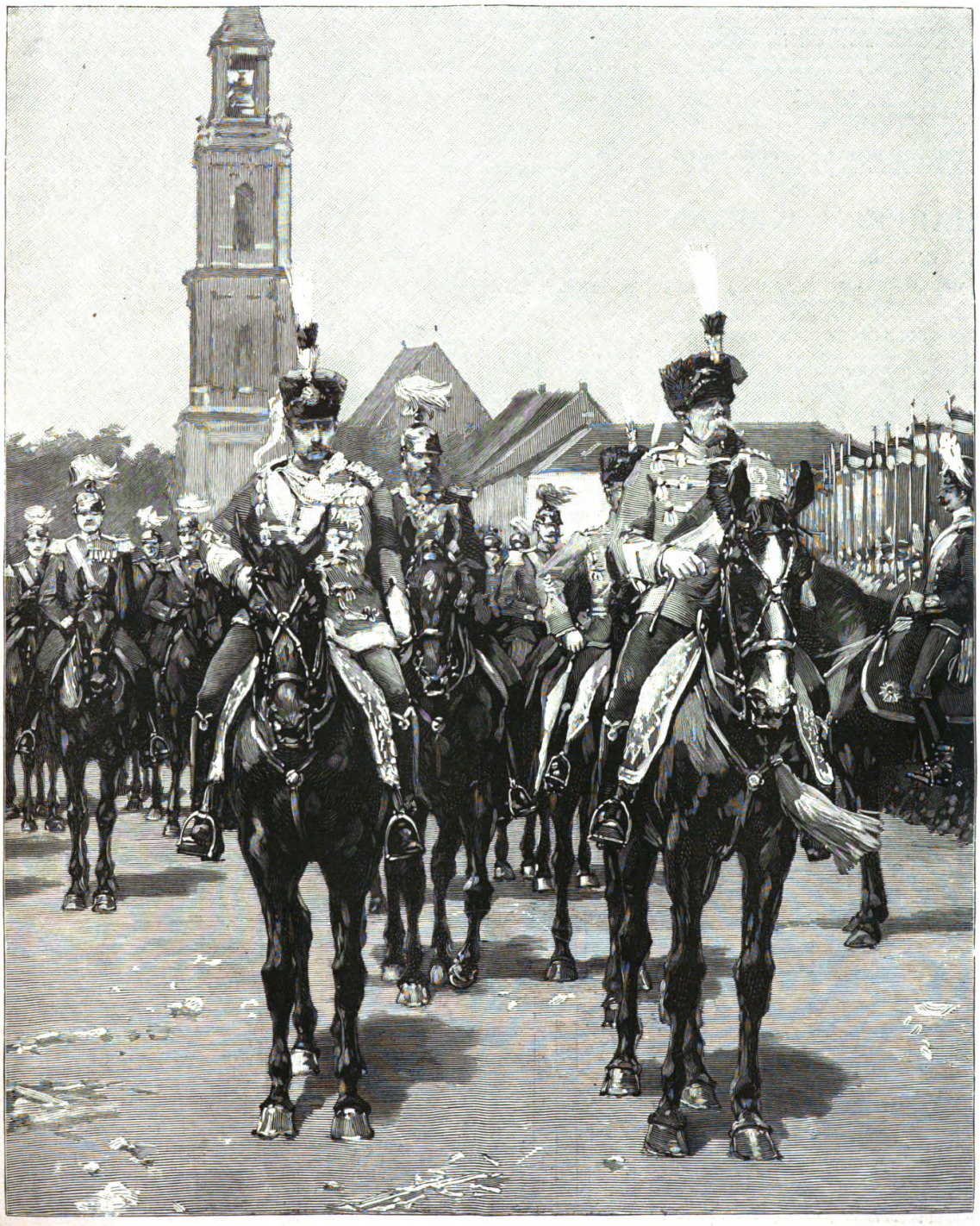
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1698. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND THE KING OF ITALY IN BERLIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 589.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

NOVELS.

ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

It is an absorbing and artistic placing of the social question.... A great and powerful book.—Boston Transcript.

APRIL HOPES. A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Mr. Howells never wrote a more bewitching book. He reports perfectly and with exquisite humor the manifold emotions of the modern maiden and her lover.—Philadelphia Press.

FARCES.

THE MOUSE-TRAP AND OTHER FARCES. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART and HARPER PENNINGTON. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Very delightful reading they are—so exquisite and deliciously funny as to be quite unique.—Newark Daily Advertiser.

ITALIAN POETS.

MODERN ITALIAN POETS. ESSAYS AND VERSIONS. By W. D. HOWELLS. With Portraits. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

Mr. Howells has in this work enriched literature by a great deal of delicate, discriminating, candid, and sympathetic criticism.—N. Y. Tribune.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1698.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HOME RULE IN THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

THE suggestion of Mr. JAMES G. WRIGHT, of Chicago, as Indian Agent at Rosebud Agency, in Dakota, has been opposed upon the ground that all appointments to office within the Territories as well as States should be made only from residents. This doctrine of "home rule" has been carried so far that Senator MITCHELL, of Oregon, and the member of Congress from that State, protested against the appointment of a gentleman and his wife, both especially fitted for the place, to the Yakima School. But the protest was in defence of their own usurpation of executive authority quite as much as of "home rule," for the Senator and Representative further stated not only that they had selected proper persons to fill the offices in their State, but that the persons had been informed of their selection. Upon the receipt of this letter the Secretary of the Interior revoked the appointments already made. This is a specimen of Congressional interference and of executive deference under the spoils system which illustrates its complete subversion of the Constitution. Mr. WHITRIDGE'S admirable article in the *Political Science Quarterly* for June describes the advance of this usurpation. Its conditions, however, are humiliating. There is no more mortifying spectacle than that of Senators, often honored and distinguished men, hanging about Washington and the White House as peddlers of petty place, taking part in the wretched squabbles of political traders whom they despise.

The rule that appointments to office within the Territories should be made from residents only is based upon the view that the interests of a community are safer in the hands of one of its own citizens than in those of a stranger. This may be a good general rule for such appointments, but obviously it does not apply to Indian appointments, because the Indian reservation is practically outside of the Territory in which it is situated. The Indians are not in the least, in the sense of this home rule doctrine, citizens of the community in which they live. On the contrary, the voting and controlling citizens are often very hostile to them, and desirous only of being rid of them, and the selection of one of those citizens as the Indian Agent would often result in placing the Indians in the power of one who had no sympathy with them whatever, but shared the hostile feeling of the community. We do not mean that there may not be excellent and suitable agents to be found in the neighborhood of a reservation. But to those who are familiar with the situation it is plain that a general rule compelling such a choice, and excluding those who are known by experience to be peculiarly fitted for the duties of an Indian Agency, would be a fatal policy for the Indian administration.

Mr. WRIGHT'S appointment has been warmly urged by so intelligent and devoted and disinterested a friend of the Indian as Bishop HARE, of Dakota. His high character, ability, long experience, and success in dealing with these Indians make it manifestly for their interests that he should be appointed to the Rosebud Agency. If the citizens of Dakota are really opposed to his appointment, it cannot be in the interests of the Indians, for no intelligent Dakotan would question the peculiar qualifications of Mr. WRIGHT for the agency, and unless some personal objection should be substantiated, the refusal to make the appointment would be a misfortune to the Indian service. We do not understand that the Secretary of the Interior or the Indian Commissioner is opposed to the appointment. The only difficulty, we believe, lies in the home rule doctrine. That this should not apply, however, to the Indian service will certainly be evident to the Executive upon reflection. The most competent counsellors among those who are truly interested in the Indians are most strongly opposed to the rigid application of this home rule doctrine in the appointment of agents.

THE SITUATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

SOME time ago some of the Republican leaders in Massachusetts sent Mr. L. EDWIN DUDLEY to South Carolina to inquire into the character and prospects of what is called an independent Republican movement in that State. Mr. DUDLEY has now returned, and reports that for thirteen years the Republican party has had no standing in the State, and although the Republican Committee claims a Republican majority of 40,000, the party has placed no State or county ticket in nomination since 1876, and there is not a single State, county, or town officer who holds by Republican election. There are very few white men in the State identified with the party, and their bond is apparently national office-holding. There is a very complete party organization on paper; a State Central Committee and a committee in each county. But these committees are all self-perpetuating, the voters having practically no voice in their selection. There is no party newspaper of any importance, and none of the leaders, white or black, has any suggestion to make toward a change by which white men might be brought into the organization, or the free casting and honest counting of the colored vote be secured. Mr. DUDLEY says that among small white farmers, manufacturers, and artisans in the State there are great disgust with Democratic ascendency, a decided inclination toward protection, and a decided indisposition to join the present Republican organization, because of its bad record, dislike of its leaders, and disbelief in its ability to command sufficient respect and confidence to insure its success.

In this situation, he adds, there is a great desire for a new party organization, to be led by native citizens of high character and standing, and he says that there are thousands of white citizens ready to unite with such an organization if it can be recognized as the Republican party. Mr. DUDLEY says that there is an independent organization which began in 1878, which in 1884 put a BLAINE and LOGAN ticket in the field, and at a fair and honest election would return four or five Representatives to Congress. It is not a "white man's" organization, but a party of good and honest government. How this movement is to absorb the Republican organization and vote, however, is not stated. Mr. DUDLEY says that there is such disgust among a multitude of white voters with the present Democratic régime that he believes the independent party can command their votes. But why hereafter, if not heretofore, he does not point out. He says, however, that the colored voters will join when they see that the independent organization is in harmony with the national Republican party and administration, "and fully recognized by them." He repeats his conviction that the administration must "recognize favorably the independent party." This means that the national patronage must be given to it. But how this will effect now what it has not formerly effected Mr. DUDLEY does not state, nor is it easy to see.

The situation in South Carolina is as simple as it is perplexing to every conservative and patriotic observer. There is a conviction among the great mass of Southern white voters that the immediate and fatal peril of the community lies in negro dominance, and that such dominance is to be averted at any cost. A party, therefore, which, under any name or plea, unites the negro vote, they feel to be a party which the whites must unitedly oppose. This is not a situation which will be improved by the distribution of national patronage to a new organization. On the contrary, it will only strengthen the resistance. The situation is altogether beyond the reach of such simple devices. Mr. DUDLEY, however, cannot overstate its importance, and if he cannot suggest a practicable remedy, neither has anybody else yet suggested it. The proposed scheme of national supervision of Congressional elections would not reach or remedy the difficulty. The suppression of the colored vote would not be in the least affected by national supervision of elections, because such supervision could not affect the real causes of the suppression. It is an evil which legislation can but remotely touch. It is to be remedied by moral influences affecting local public opinion. Politically it can be treated only by the determination, which will undoubtedly influence many voters in other States, not to support for any purpose a party which in their judgment owes its success, not to the conviction of the majority of the voters, but to the deliberate suppression of honest votes. The feeling that in certain States or districts the Republican party is successful, not honestly, but by corruption, undoubtedly weakens that party, and the Democratic party will suffer just in the degree of the conviction that it elects Southern electors or members of Congress dishonestly.

PROPOSED RUIN OF THE CITY HALL PARK.

WE have already spoken of the serious blow that is contemplated to the interests of the city of New York in the proposed destruction of the City Hall Park. The building which is to be erected in the northeast part of the Park will extend from Chambers Street to the space or "plaza" in front of the City Hall, a distance of 459 feet. It will cover an area of one and a quarter acres, and the main building will be six stories high. The Post-office building took one-tenth of the Park, and ruined its whole effect from the south. The New Court-house destroyed the north part of the Park, and the proposed building sweeps away the eastern or Centre Street side. It is a finishing blow to the public ground which, with the Battery, is the oldest and most historical in the city, and destroys one of the most interesting and familiar spots in New York. More room for public offices is undoubtedly required. But no good reason has been given for securing it at such a cost of many kinds as that involved in the present design. The *Tribune* justly suggests that STEWART'S building, at the corner of Chambers Street, and several other adequate and fitting sites, could be undoubtedly procured for a smaller sum than would be expended upon the new structure.

The responsibility for a plan so injurious to the beauty and health and historic association of the very business centre of the city rests largely with the Mayor. Certainly, if the Mayor had opposed it, the operation of the act authorizing the erection of the building would have been postponed for a year. The act was passed by the Republican Legislature, and even intelligent members from the city voted for it. But when the facts were made known more fully, and it appeared that votes had been secured by misrepresentation, a strong effort was made at the last moment, by members who had supported the bill, to procure a postponement of its operation. But a strenuous partisan allegation that the Mayor warmly favored the building rallied his party friends to oppose postponement. The necessary unanimous consent to allow the third reading of the relief amendment could not be obtained, and the effort failed. But it is useless, under the circumstances, to view it as a partisan measure. It is a great public injury which is contemplated, an injury to the traditions and associations and convenience of the city, which should enlist the vigorous opposition of all good citizens. The press has generally condemned the scheme, and undoubtedly the best public opinion of the community is earnestly opposed to it. But the law is mandatory. The architects' plans are to be opened on the 1st of August. The Commissioners of the Sinking Fund may lawfully make the contract for building, and it would seem that nothing but an imposing public demonstration of disapproval of the scheme can arrest or delay its accomplishment.

There is always a hopelessness of staying any such mischievous municipal scheme which paralyzes action. The organized interests of jobbery are felt to require for withstanding them more time and toil and money than good citizens are often willing to give. But the danger here is so obvious and immediate that if there be public spirit enough in New York to attempt to baffle a scheme which, without reason or excuse, threatens a serious blow to the common interest, it will make itself heard and felt without delay. The situation is one which again emphasizes the folly of permitting the government of this city to be made a prize of partisan contention and intrigue. All good citizens should make but one party in regulating municipal affairs.

COMMENCEMENT.

ONE of the pleasant signs of the times is the general attention of the press to the college Commencements. More than fifty years ago Mr. EMERSON said, in his famous Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge—the most memorable of addresses at Harvard since EDWARD EVERETT'S remarkable oration in 1824—"Thus far our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more." This is still, perhaps, the most that can be said. But there is this difference between the time in which EMERSON spoke and our own, that while the college is less exclusively devoted to literary studies, it has greatly enlarged its resources, and its range and exactness of study, so that it is conforming to EZRA CORNELL'S noble desire in founding the university that bears his name—"I would found an institution in which any student may pursue any study." During the debates in the Constitutional Convention of 1867, which involved the disposition of the land grant that was finally given to the CORNELL enterprise, Mr. CORNELL

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sat listening intently, and one day, hearing a Latin quotation in one of the speeches, he said, quietly, "I don't know what that means, but if I can have my way, no boy in this State need be obliged to say so hereafter."

The college is steadily adjusting itself to the conditions of the time, not by renouncing any of its purely scholastic and literary aims for, as we say, it is expanding them, but by multiplying its opportunities and by entering into more intimate relations with the world around it. The first indication of this new spirit was the selection of young, sagacious scholars, who were men of affairs as well as of study, for the presidency of the college. Dr. NOTT, of Union, was in some sense the precursor of the new movement. He was a clergyman, but not a recluse nor a pedant, but an active, energetic, inventive, shrewd man, with a keen sense of public spirit and of public duty. The latest illustration of this disposition is the election of Professor ANDREWS to the Presidency of Brown University, of which we speak elsewhere. Another sign of the changing view was the swift rise of interest in strictly scientific studies, until they threatened to challenge the traditional supremacy of the "humanities." But this tendency, which, pushed too far, might have been a serious injury, has yielded to the conviction that "good is not good to eat;" that knowledge of material laws and the exquisite analysis of their operation is not the end of intellectual culture, but that its highest purpose is spiritual, the development and attainment of high ideals, the consolation and elevation of the soul, which MATTHEW ARNOLD held to describe the true service of the scholar to mankind.

This is the real word of the Commencement exhortation. There is a great deal of fun made of the volleys and broadsides of good advice with which the graduates are saluted and bombarded from the pulpit and the platform. But it is not lost. It is seed sown broadcast, but some falls upon good ground, and springs up into a golden harvest. The word which is spoken at such times is exceedingly significant, because it is never an exhortation to rely upon material results, or to find in riches or honors or industrial prosperity the highest individual happiness or true national glory. This is an instinctive tribute to the fact that the aims and spirit and influence which are felt to be most precious to man are not those which can be measured and weighed and estimated in gold, but which the college and the highest education represent. The last word which the college speaks to the departing graduate is that which expresses the most vital truth of human experience, that man does not live by bread alone. A disposition to sneer at the spiritual culture and intellectual catholicity and discipline which the college symbolizes is as childish as the fancy of a cabin-boy to throw the compass overboard.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THERE has been a universal revival of patriotic memories this year, and the return of Independence Day will prolong the happy strain of patriotic pride and exultation. It will also renew the discussion of the comparative virtue of the earlier epoch and of our own. Mr. CHARLES E. FITCH, the editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, in an eloquent and timely Commencement address at Keble School, in Syracuse, New York, makes a strong and fervid plea for the hopeful view, and regrets what seems to him a pessimistic tendency upon the part of some critics of the country and its condition.

Mr. FITCH quotes with approval the fine passage in which Mr. BRYCE points out the elasticity of the American temperament, and holds national health to be indicated by national hopefulness. This view is true, and the fact of our cheerful disposition is undeniable. But experience is not a bad mentor either for individuals or for states, and to perceive dangerous tendencies is the first step toward correcting them. That party spirit was as acrid in the early days of the government as it is now, and that BENEDICT ARNOLD and AARON BURR are names to warn by, is indisputable. The most ardent eulogist of the past must admit that our fathers, even the Federal JOHN ADAMS and the Republican THOMAS JEFFERSON, the "Colossus of Independence" and the scribe of the Declaration, were exceedingly human.

This must be frankly conceded. But it does not follow that the orator or critic who points out in the same sense our exceeding humanity is a pessimist, or that it is not a patriotic duty to declare that in certain grave particulars we must mend our ways. It is not the man or the nation who boasts most vociferously, or who "celebrates himself" most unqualifiedly, who most commands respect and confidence. WENDELL PHILLIPS'S seeming paradox was a simple truth, that to be as good as our fathers, we must be better. That is a good lesson for Independence Day, which the most hopeful of us may profitably ponder.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR PROHIBITION.

THE recent decisive result of the popular vote upon prohibition in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island shows that the public mind is not yet ripe for that kind of restriction of the liquor traffic. This was especially shown in Rhode Island, where the constitutional amendment has been in operation for three or four years, and could be annulled only by a two-thirds vote, which was easily obtained. There is no especial partisan significance in the result. The fact is evident that effective license legislation is generally, but not always, due to Republican Legislatures, and that the liquor interest, as a rule, favors the Democratic party.

There is no question that great numbers of the sincerest temperance men voted against the prohibitory amendment in Pennsylvania and for its repeal in Rhode Island. This means both that they do not think it a proper provision for a constitution, and that they think another kind of regulation of the liquor traffic to be wiser. It would be a great mistake to interpret the result as approval of a passive policy. The Republican party would be undoubtedly stronger as a positive high license party, and in New York it may be justly expected that the efforts of the last three or four years will be renewed, unless the party should decide to stand only for high protection.

There is no reason to suppose that the prohibitionists will cease their agitation. It is with them as with the old antislavery men, a moral crusade, and they are probably afraid neither of a defeat nor of being a minority. But there are nevertheless essential differences between their position and that of the antislavery leaders, and a distinct decline of their vote may suggest a doubt of the wisdom of their methods for these ends. Stout assertion and steady persistence are of great service in the promotion of any reform movement. But a clear comprehension of the actual situation is indispensable to success.

FAIR PLAY IN SPOILS.

THE following extract is a vivid picture of a familiar scene. The "reportorial" artist is describing the return of the Collector of the Port and his private secretary to the Custom-house to attend to the public business, a place with which politics have no more proper concern than in a bank, a school, or a hospital.

"Both had run away to get a rest from the demands of the hungry Republicans. Both got back to the Custom-house at about the same time yesterday. There never was such a scene there as that which was before them. District leaders from New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and scores of lieutenants from up the State, were waiting for them. They choked the iron-railed stone stairway leading to the Collector's office. Clumps of the boys were in all the anterooms leading to the Collector's office. In the big room where Collector MAGONE had his desk, more boys filled the chairs and lounges. The Collector and his private secretary were almost paralyzed. Colonel ERHARDT fled to the inner office, and Mr. HUNT, resigned and apprehensive, went to his desk right among the hungry. Those in the outside corridors crowded in, and until sundown the demands of the faithful were heard. It was a continued shout for places, and long before the afternoon was over, the Collector and his secretary were wilted. The demands were for the places of the Democratic messengers, ushers, and laborers. For every place there was a score of new applicants. There are just so many places, and as each hour goes by the number of applicants increases, until Collector ERHARDT scarcely knows whether he is afoot or on horseback. Just before leaving the Custom-house he ordered that the corridors and entrances be placarded with this:

"'The Collector will have to ask the indulgence of those seeking employment for two weeks.

"'Official business will prevent his granting personal interviews until that time.

"'Applications may be directed to W. S. ROBINSON and given to the messenger.'"

This is a pleasant and creditable way of transacting the public business. It is called the American way, and is described as essential to the preservation of our institutions. Anything else is aristocratic, and belongs to effete monarchies. This is simple, democratic, effective, and economical. If, however, as the Collector's notice implies, it is not official business, why does he engage to attend to it officially after a fortnight? If it be official business, why does he postpone it for a fortnight, when it will be still more difficult to attend to it? If the Custom-house places are spoils, and district leaders and their lieutenants have a just claim to dispose of them, the Collector's attention to them is just as much official business as his attention to importers and merchants. If they are not spoils, the interference of these "leaders" and their lieutenants is as impertinent as would be their assumption to direct any other business in the Custom-house.

If this be the legitimate and proper business of the Collector of the Port, there is a way in which he can greatly facilitate its despatch. Upon the spoils principle every one of the applicants who demands a place has precisely as good a right to it as every other. The Collector presumably will serve for four years, and every place under him may be considered to be of the same term. He has, then, only to divide forty-eight months by the number of applicants, and the result will be the equitable term for each. If there are forty-eight claimants demanding a messengership, let him give each of them one month's service and salary. If more applicants appear, divide the months and reduce the term and salary accordingly. This is the only fair way. One man who has done all he could for the success of the party has just as much right to a messengership as any other man who has done no more, and in appointing one worker to a place for forty-eight months whose emoluments for that term might be equitably divided among forty-eight workers, each getting his share, is manifest treachery to the sacred cause of spoils.

A TIMELY AND SENSIBLE LETTER.

Mr. COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT has written an admirable letter to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, which disposes of a great deal of nonsense about civil service examinations, and especially the alleged absurdity of the questions, which is one of the most venerable sneers. It began with the first application of the system under President GRANT, when the statement that a candidate had been asked to name the chief lake ports in the United States was regarded as a complete exposure of the folly of reform. This is a fair illustration of the force of the criticisms and of the opposition to the proposed overthrow of the spoils system, and it is because this is a good specimen of the quality of that opposition that the demand for reform has become so general.

It must be remembered that the result of the examination is not conclusive. It prevents personal favoritism, and it establishes a strong presumption of fitness. But the final appointment is made only after a probation, which is really a practical examination showing qualities which cannot be otherwise demonstrated. But even without the probation the probability of the fitness of a candidate who has passed an adequate examination is infinitely greater than that of one selected to please a committee of politicians or to pay a political debt. This is Mr. ROOSEVELT'S letter:

"MILWAUKEE, *June 21st.*

"*To the Editor of the Sentinel:*

"You are quite right in supposing that I never made the statement that I could not myself pass the civil service examinations. The assertion that I did so is a falsehood, pure and simple, and a very ridiculous falsehood at that. I am glad to have a chance to say as emphatically as possible that our examinations are already of a practical character, and that we aim to make them more so day by day. The people who speak about their severity and their scholastic and pedagogic character either err from pure ignorance or else make malicious misstatements. We prepare or have prepared thousands of questions; it is, of course, inevitable that there should occasionally be one that it would be wiser to leave unasked, but as a whole they are perfectly fair tests, either of the candidate's special fitness for his work or else of his general good sense and intelligence. I challenge any one to produce a series of papers (not an isolated question) of which these statements are not true.

"The average age of applicants under our rules we find to be about thirty-one, and this is a sufficient proof that our examinations are drawn so as to suit the average man of full growth, not boys just out of school or college. I have questioned many heads of departments and local government officers about the character and capacity of the men obtained under the new system, and where the head of the department is himself an excellent public servant, doing good work with a good, well-managed office, his reply has invariably been that the men employed under the merit system are much better than the products of patronage.

"The merit system, of course, has faults; we shall try to remedy them where possible; but in any event it is an immeasurable improvement upon the old spoils system, which was, and wherever it obtains to-day is, a fruitful source of all that is most corrupt and degrading in our politics. THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

MRS. HAYES.

MRS. HAYES will be always remembered as among the most charming and gracious mistresses of the White House. The charm was enhanced by her force of character, womanly dignity, and social courage, and her cheerful tact was of the highest service in her conspicuous position. There was something in the impression made by her which might be described as especially American in the highest and best sense. It had nothing of the imitative or exotic air which often marks the *grande dame*, and which, like all imitation, is essentially weak and disappointing. She was a woman of strong and winning personality, of cultivated intelligence and shrewdness, who occupied a great place with entire comprehension of its responsibilities, making a host of sincere friends, and leaving in the White House a tradition of domestic happiness which will be one of its best associations.

PERSONAL.

THE wife of Senator INGALLS says he can not only pack a trunk as well as a woman can do it, but he can also be trusted to select buttons, match a ribbon, or even pick out a dress and have it made up, all of which is most commendable in a man who is also a good lawyer and an editor, and does not lack in other masculine accomplishments.

—During the ARTHUR and CLEVELAND administrations the room in the White House where GARFIELD spent long days of agony before he was carried to Elberon was kept closed and unoccupied. The demands of the present and enlarged Presidential household have, however, brought the apartment into use again.

—Vice-President MORTON'S house at Washington, lately the home of Professor ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, has been thoroughly renovated, enlarged, and beautified for its new occupants. It is perhaps the grandest private residence in the city, and in its size and arrangements is well fitted to become the Vice-Presidential mansion.

—Ex-President CLEVELAND has been spending a few days with his wife at Marion, Massachusetts, and during the past week has found time to enjoy a fishing trip on the Long Island coast.

—Rev. WILLIAM HENRY BEECHER, a brother of the late HENRY WARD BEECHER, and the eldest of Dr. LYMAN BEECHER'S seven sons, all of whom became Congregational ministers, has just died in Chicago at the age of eighty-seven.

—MARY ANDERSON will not appear on the stage again till October, 1890, it is said, the improvement in her health not being as rapid and radical as had been hoped for.

—G. B. STUDD, once a famous cricketer in England, and now a missionary in China, has not lost his fondness for the game or his skill, but judiciously mixes religion and athletics in his efforts to convert the Celestials.

—Princeton was not the only college to make President HARRISON an LL.D. this year, Miami University, his *alma mater*, having also remembered him.

—Mr. FREDERICK S. CHURCH has presented to Vassar College his great painting called "Knowledge is Power," a very fine engraving of which appeared in HARPER'S BAZAR of July 14, 1888. The original inscription on the frame of the painting was, "Dedicated to the College Girls of America," and it could have found no more fitting home than on the walls of Vassar.

—Lord TENNYSON was much disgusted recently to learn that the manuscripts of some of his unpublished verses had been sold at public auction in London. His protests were too late, and he has been unable to learn how the papers came to the sale.

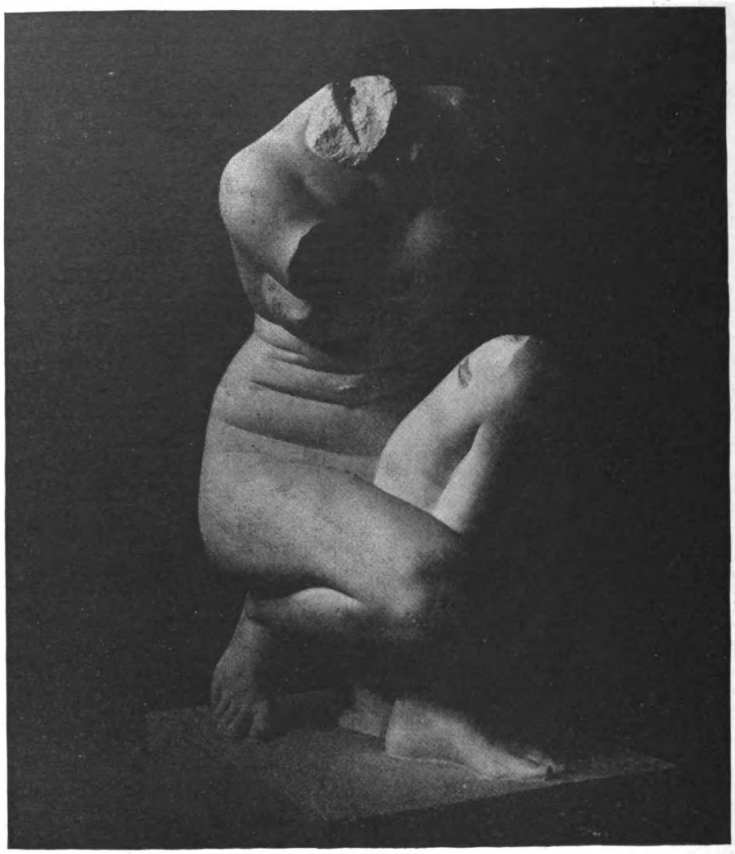
—ADOLPHUS W. MORTEN, Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds, etc., has had, perhaps, as curious a career as any man in Jersey City, where he has lived and practised law ever since 1854. A little one-story and one-roomed structure on Oakland Avenue, not far from the Oakland Park Base-ball Grounds, is his court-house and castle, and here he has dispensed justice ever since 1857, when there were few houses in that part of the town. He was born in Dantzic, Prussia, in October, 1801, and six years later his father, a wealthy lumber dealer, was driven from the town to Memel, another seaport, by NAPOLEON'S army, then on the march to Moscow. When sixteen years old young MORTEN ran away to sea, and was disinherited by his father. He knocked about the world, fought in the Turkish navy for a while, and finally became a peddler in Canada. From there he drifted to New York, acted as a rigger organized in 1835 the first labor strike ever known in this country, two thousand longshoremen participating. A boycott by the stevedores then drove him to book peddling. He finally became the owner of a book-stand, and numbered HORACE GREELEY among his patrons and friends. Then he got into politics, adopted Fourierism, lost his property, and at last found a haven in Jersey City.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BROWN'S NEW PRESIDENT.

THE Commencement season has brought a new President to Brown University, the corporation of that institution having chosen as the successor of President Robinson, Elisha Benjamin Andrews. Older and more conservative men had been proposed for the place, but the trustees preferred one who was still in the prime of life, and who had made a mark as an original and independent educator. Professor Andrews was the favorite candidate of the younger element in the alumni body. A tradition survives in the affairs of Brown making it necessary for the President to be a Baptist minister. Professor Andrews entered the ministry of that denomination some fifteen or twenty years ago, and for a time he preached. One of the degrees he has received is that of Doctor of Divinity, but he has taught a great deal more than he has preached, and in his denominationalism there has never been anything that could be called bigotry. His sympathies are wide, his learning is ample, and he has made an impression on the life of the communities in which he has made his home.

Professor Andrews was graduated from Brown University in 1870, and is still under forty-five years of age. He thought himself old enough in the time of the war to take part in that memorable contest, and thus is able to count among the incidents of his life a share in the siege of Petersburg. When he had completed his course at Brown he went to Newton Theological Seminary, and was prepared for the ministry. He has also been connected with Denison University, and several years ago he was called to Brown as a professor, taking the chair of History and Political Economy. In the chair he made a distinct mark at Brown, and the value of his work soon became known in other colleges, and especially at Cornell, where, about a year ago, he was offered the chair of Political Economy and Finance. Leaving Brown, to the great regret of friends of the institution, he had just closed the first year of his work at Cornell when invited to return to his *alma mater* as the chief of its faculty.



THE VENUS OF VIENNE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE C. COX.—[SEE PAGE 539.]

Professor Andrews, though a young man to be called to this office, is far from being exceptionally young among newly chosen college Presidents. When Andrew D. White became the President of Cornell, more than twenty years ago, he was younger than Professor Andrews now is. The President of Harvard was chosen as a very young man, and the most celebrated President of Brown, Dr. Wayland, when called to the office was fourteen years younger than Professor Andrews. Within the past year Professor Andrews published in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* a paper on "Trusts According to Official Investigations," which was widely discussed and liked. His election is believed to promise much for the future of Brown. The university has already in promise a new astronomical observatory and a model gymnasium, and the impetus of progress that has been made in recent years, combined with the vigor and enthusiasm to be inspired by the new President, ought to lead to excellent results.

MINISTER PHELPS.

THE appointment of Hon. William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, to be Minister of the United Sates to Germany is a very good one. He has had much experience of public affairs as a member of Congress, and served for a short time as Minister to Austria under President Garfield, while his recent success as a member of the Samoan Commission at Berlin has indicated his possession of some special qualifications for the post of permanent Minister there, for which, indeed, he had been repeatedly mentioned in popular rumor after the rejection by the Senate of the nomination of Mr. Murat Halstead.

Mr. Phelps has not yet quite completed his fiftieth year, having been born in the city of New York August 24, 1839. William Phelps, brother of the private secretary of Oliver Cromwell, and one of the earliest English settlers of Connecticut, was his paternal ancestor, while his father, John J. Phelps, was a prominent merchant of New York, and the first President of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad. The present Minister graduated with honor at Yale in 1860, then took the course at Columbia College Law School, gaining the valedictory address in 1863. He at once entered on the practice of his profession, became counsel for some prominent corporations, declined a judgeship offered to him by Governor Fenton, and then, in 1869, on the death of his father, devoted himself to the management of the very large estate which he inherited. This included an extensive tract of real estate near Hackensack, in New Jersey, and in 1872 he was elected to Congress by a very large majority as a Republican from the Fifth District of that State. He soon became prominent in debate, and was a member, with Messrs. Foster and Potter, of the New Orleans Investigating Commission. He was beaten by seven votes in 1874 for re-election to Congress, but in 1880 and 1884 was a delegate at large from New Jersey to the Republican Presidential Convention, and was an earnest supporter of Mr. Blaine.

In Blaine's first term as Secretary of State, 1881, he was sent as Minister to Austria, but resigned after President Garfield's death, and then was elected and re-elected to Congress in 1882, 1884, and 1886.

Of Mr. Phelps's confirmation by the Senate next winter there can be no doubt, and his experience as one of the successful negotiators of the Samoan agreement will make his return to Berlin in his new office particularly easy and agreeable.

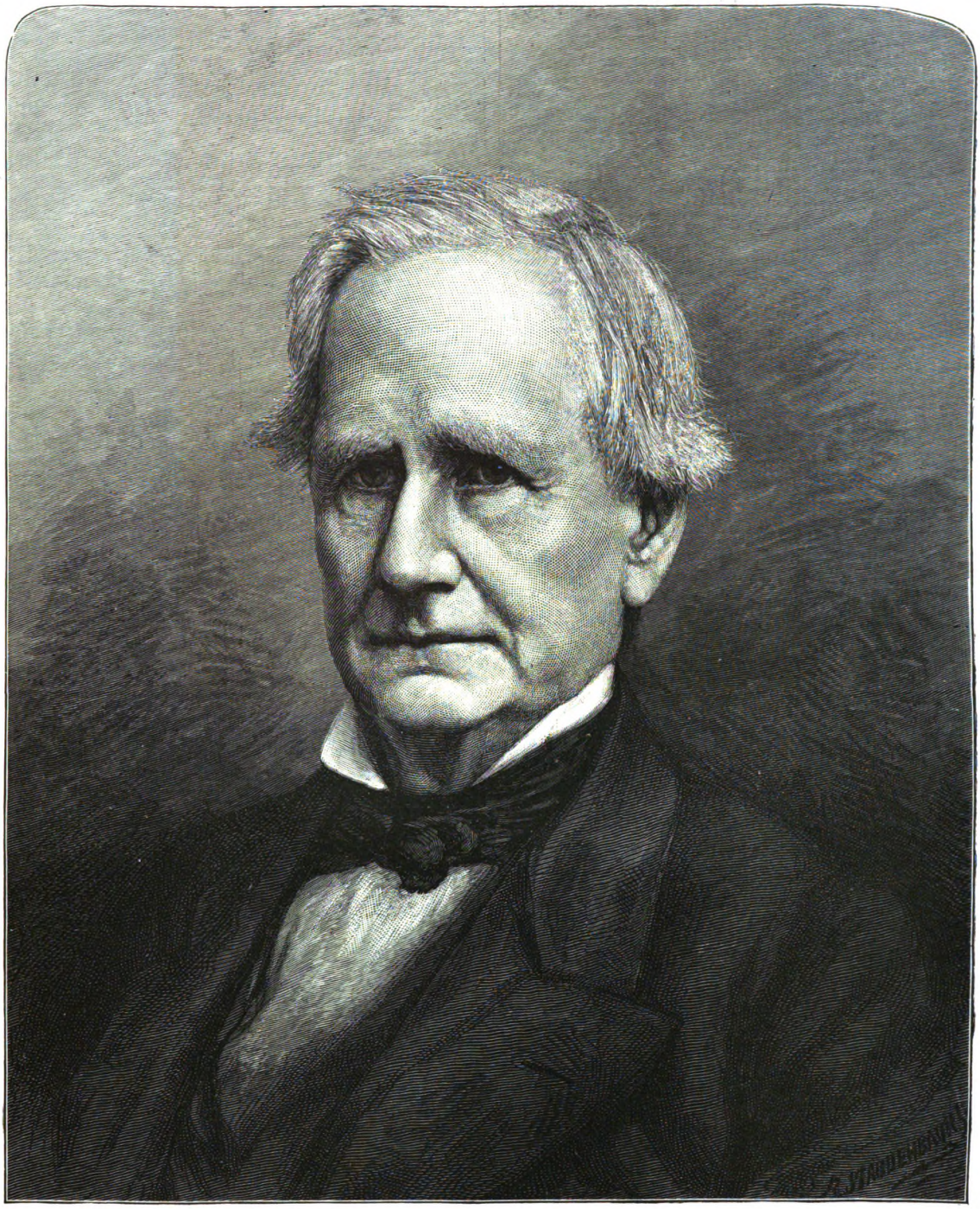


PROFESSOR E. B. ANDREWS, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HORTON BROTHERS, PROVIDENCE.



HON. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE SIMON CAMERON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SIMON CAMERON.

SIMON CAMERON, who has held so large a place in public affairs, had a very extended and remarkable political career. Probably no modern nation is as fond of oratory as are the Americans. They worship the political orator as the greatest of men. The man of statesman-like ideas is always respected, but it has been very rare for him long to retain anything like popularity. The clever millionaire, or he who can command millionaires, has now and then been able to coin a sufficient amount of popularity to fill a large measure of what the world calls success. There have been very few great politicians who have laid claim neither to oratory nor statesmanship nor wealth as a basis of their success; but such a one was Simon Cameron. He was a man of great native talent, a practical politician of the ablest and best type, but not a statesman in the general meaning of the word. Few men not in the highest offices have ever or so long exerted such a powerful influence over national politics, and for more than a generation he was known as the "Czar of Pennsylvania politics." The source of his great strength was his knowledge of human nature, and his consequent ability to manipulate men through their personal interests and idiosyncrasies, as well as by his own magnetism. He was as different from the demagogue and the man of vulgar riches as he was from the orator.

Although born at the end of the eighteenth century, it was his fortune to live well on into the nineteenth. Being of the plucky Scotch stock that yields to no obstacles, becoming an orphan at an early age in no way discouraged the lad. In those days newspapers, although very poor, were almost the only popular source of information. Therefore his desire for knowledge soon took him to a printing-office, and the need of earning a livelihood led him to apprentice himself. At the age of eighteen the youth's mind was so stocked with ideas of adventure that he resolved to try to make his fortune in South America; but the adventurer rapidly became prudent, and concluded to halt at Harrisburg, where he finally became part owner of the regular organ of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania.

Editor Cameron soon became influential in politics, and as a result, Governor Shultz appointed him Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania. Owing to his American "push" and Scotch thrift, by 1832 he had saved enough money to enable him to take a conspicuous part in the business of banking and the construction of railroads, then very profitable in Pennsylvania. For the succeeding thirteen years he was a man of business, only retaining an active interest in politics as an observer. During these years his wealth increased enormously, for the banking business has never been so profitable as it was at that time, when a bank with $100,000 capital could command the profits of seven or eight times that amount. In his old age he is reported to have said that if he had not gone into politics he might have become the richest man in Pennsylvania.

As far back as 1823 he had made his paper noticeable on account of its vigorous advocacy of the tariff. In 1845 Buchanan resigned his seat in the Senate. The Democrats had a majority in the State Legislature, and the free-trade element of the party carried the party caucus in favor of selecting a Senator of their own economical faith. But those Democrats who were largely engaged in manufacturing, thinking pockets of more importance than party, joined with the Whigs and elected Simon Cameron to the United States Senate. But how did it happen that

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Cameron's popularity, except on the question of free-trade, was so great with both parties so many years after he had ceased to be an editor and to try to influence public affairs? The secret is told in a short account of a drive which John W. Forney had with him in 1858: "It was very pleasant to notice.... how at intervals he would stop the carriage, hail the passer-by, ask about his health, joke him on politics, inquire after his wife, sons, and daughters by name, and enter into a familiar speculation as to the coming crops." Mr. Cameron being of a decidedly sociable disposition and prepossessing in his manners, it was his habit to become acquainted with every member of the State Legislature, and to entertain and assist, regardless of party, all who felt disposed to give him an opportunity. Although by nature a man of positive opinions and quick temper, he was, like Seward, of too fine grain to ever show a particle of malice, even toward those who had wronged him. It is only rarely that such men do not receive a generous reward.

In the Senate Cameron at once became the special guardian of Pennsylvania's interests in protection, regardless of Democratic ideas elsewhere. During his many years there, petitions for higher or special protection were almost as sure to be championed by him as were those in regard to slavery to be introduced in the House by John Quincy Adams. During the period when he was Senator for the first time he was a stanch Democrat except in regard to this single question. At that time a Democratic protectionist was rather more of an anomaly than he is to-day. On one occasion, during the tariff debate of the summer of 1846, after Senator Cameron had presented numerous petitions from several counties in Pennsylvania, whose welfare was said to be in danger, Sevier, of Arkansas, playfully complained: "On the meeting of the Senate, every day, first we have prayers by the chaplain, then the reading of the journal, and next an hour and a half is consumed in the recital of a sort of funeral dirge from the pensioners of Pennsylvania." In 1860, on presenting a petition asking for an increase in the tariff, Senator Cameron remarked: "To Pennsylvania this is the great question. It is that in which all her interests, as her people believe, are centred. It is our 'nigger.'"

On the question of slavery, Mr. Cameron stood with the Northern Democrats until the ideas of Douglas became prevalent among them; then he broke loose, and ultimately joined his forces with those of the other discontented leaders who organized the Republican party. From 1857, when Cameron was again chosen Senator, to the time of the meeting of the National Republican Convention in 1860, his fame greatly increased. He received 50½ votes for the Presidential nomination, and would have been nominated for the Vice-Presidency but for a division in the Pennsylvania delegation.

Finance being Pennsylvania's specialty, she very logically requested the portfolio of the Treasury for her leading politician. But Lincoln thought of the whole country, and could only give her the War Department. Mr. Cameron's past had in no way given him special training for this department; nevertheless, when, after he had been in office but a few weeks, the gigantic machinery of war had to be created and set in motion, he showed great energy and much skill. During the summer of 1861 he took a very conservative position toward the question of slavery: the war had no direct connection with slavery; it was for the Constitution, and slaves were to be treated like other property. However, a few weeks later, he was one of the first to appreciate the logic of events, and began to advocate the arming of slaves. Colonel Cochrane sounded the key-note, and Secretary Cameron plainly put to Congress the question: "What shall be done with them? Can we afford to send them forward to their masters, to be by them armed against us, or used in producing supplies to sustain the rebellion?"

Probably there never was an administration whose cabinet officers were so constantly plotted against as were those of Lincoln. From these attacks Secretary Cameron suffered most severely. The great haste with which the commissariat had to be supplied led to a number of large contracts with speculators at a great disadvantage to the government. The enemies of the Secretary wrongly laid this at his door. Those who believed in fighting secession in gloves and without lead venomously assailed his war policy. Finally, in January, 1862, owing to a combination of unfavorable circumstances rather than to any one reason, Simon Cameron withdrew from the cabinet, and was at once appointed Minister at St. Petersburg. As the main object of his accepting the Russian mission was to make the misfortune of his having to retire from the War Department less noticeable, he resigned before the end of the year.

Mr. Cameron was elected to the Senate in 1866, and again in 1873, that being the fourth time. He was a power in the committee-room, but was generally silent or very brief on the floor of the Senate. The great power which he wielded over State and national politics for several decades was supported by his exceptional favor among Pennsylvanians, and his quick perception of and ability to use the peculiarities of different men in high office. He was one of those unusual politicians who are habitually silent, but yet know just when speech is necessary. Among those who are less well informed such a man is generally accounted a philosopher. Grant regarded him as a statesman of the highest order, and when Sumner was so brutally removed from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Cameron was put in his place.

After retiring from active political life, Mr. Cameron continued for many years to have much influence in Pennsylvania politics, and most of the followers of his younger years never ceased to have an ardent admiration for him.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

XIV.

THE more March thought of the injustice of the New York press (which had not, however, attacked the literary quality of the number) the more bitterly he resented it; and his wife's indignation supcrheated his own. *Every Other Week* had become a very personal affair with the whole family; the children shared their parents' disgust; Bella was outspoken in her denunciations of a venal press. Mrs. March saw nothing but ruin ahead, and began tacitly to plan a retreat to Boston and an establishment retrenched to the basis of two thousand a year. She shed some secret tears in anticipation of the privations which this must involve; but when Fulkerson came to see March rather late the night of the publication day, she nobly told him that if the worst came to the worst she could only have the kindliest feeling toward him, and should not regard him as in the slightest degree responsible.

"Oh, hold on, hold on!" he protested. "You don't think we've made a failure, do you?"

"Why, of course," she faltered, while March remained gloomily silent.

"Well, I guess we'll wait for the official count, first. Even New York hasn't gone against us, and I guess there's a majority coming down to Harlem River that could sweep everything before it, anyway."

"What do you mean, Fulkerson?" March demanded sternly.

"Oh, nothing! Merely that News Company has *ord-ed* ten thousand now; and you know we had to give them the first twenty on commission."

"What *do* you mean?" March repeated; his wife held her breath.

"I mean that the first number is a booming success already, and that it's going to a hundred thousand before it stops. That unanimity and variety of censure in the morning papers, combined with the attractiveness of the thing itself, has cleared every stand in the city, and now if the favor of the country press doesn't turn the tide against us, our fortune's made." The Marches remained dumb. "Why, look here! Didn't I tell you those criticisms would be the making of us, when they first began to turn you blue this morning, March?"

"He came home to lunch perfectly sick," said Mrs. March; "and I wouldn't let him go back again."

"Didn't I *tell* you so?" Fulkerson persisted.

March could not remember that he had, or that he had been anything but incoherently and hysterically jocose over the papers, but he said, "Yes, yes—I think so."

"I knew it from the start," said Fulkerson. "The only other person who took those criticisms in the right spirit was Mother Dryfoos—I've just been bolstering up the Dryfoos family. She had them read to her by Mrs. Mandel, and she understood them to be all the most flattering prophecies of success. Well, I didn't read between the lines to that extent, quite; but I saw that they were going to help us, if there was anything in us, more than anything that could have been done. And there was something in us! I tell you, March, that seven-shooting self-cocking donkey of a Beaton has given us the greatest start! He's caught on like a mice. He's made the thing awfully *chic;* it's jimmy; there's lots of dog about it. He's managed that process so that the illustrations look as expensive as first-class wood-cuts, and they're cheaper than chromos. He's put style into the whole thing."

"Oh, yes," said March, with eager meekness, "it's Beaton that's done it."

Fulkerson read jealousy of Beaton in Mrs. March's face. "Beaton has given us the start because his work appeals to the eye. There's no denying that the pictures have sold this first number; but I expect the literature of this first number to sell the pictures of the second. I've been reading it all over, nearly, since I found how the cat was jumping; I was anxious about it, and I tell you, old man, it's *good*. Yes, sir! I was afraid maybe you had got it *too* good, with that Boston refinement of yours; but I reckon you haven't. I'll risk it. I don't see how you got so much variety into so few things, and all of them palpitant, all of 'em on the keen jump with actuality."

The mixture of American slang with the jargon of European criticism in Fulkerson's talk made March smile, but his wife did not seem to notice it in her exultation. "That is just what I say," she broke in. "It's perfectly wonderful. I never was anxious about it a moment, except, as you say, Mr. Fulkerson, I was afraid it might be too good."

They went on in an antiphony of praise till March said, "Really, I don't see what's left me but to strike for higher wages. I perceive that I'm indispensable."

"Why, old man, you're coming in on the divvy, you know," said Fulkerson.

They both laughed, and when Fulkerson was gone, Mrs. March asked her husband what the divvy was.

"It's a chicken before it's hatched."

"No! Truly?"

He explained, and she began to spend the divvy.

At Mrs. Leighton's Fulkerson gave Alma all the honor of the success; he told her mother that the girl's design for the cover had sold every number, and Mrs. Leighton believed him.

"Well, Ah think *Ah* maght have *some* of the glory," Miss Woodburn pouted. "Where am *Ah* comin' in?"

"You're coming in on the cover of the next number," said Fulkerson. "We're going to have your face there; Miss Leighton's going to sketch it in." He said this reckless of the fact that he had already shown them the design of the second number, which was Beaton's weird bit of gas-country landscape.

"Ah don't see why *you* don't wrahte the fiction for your magazine, Mr. Fulkerson," said the girl.

This served to remind Fulkerson of something. He turned to her father. "I'll tell you what, Colonel Woodburn, I want Mr. March to see some chapters of that book of yours. I've been talking to him about it."

"I do not think it would add to the popularity of your periodical, sir," said the Colonel, with a stately pleasure in being asked. "My views of a civilization based upon responsible slavery would hardly be acceptable to your commercialized society."

"Well, not as a practical thing, of course," Fulkerson admitted. "But as something retrospective, speculative, I believe it would make a hit. There's so much going on now about social questions; I guess people would like to read it."

"I do not know that my work is intended to amuse people," said the Colonel, with some state.

"Mah goodness! Ah only wish it *was*, then," said his daughter; and she added: "Yes, Mr. Fulkerson, the Colonel will be very glad to submit po'tions of his woak to yo' edito'. We want to have some of the honaw. Perhaps we can say we helped to stop yo' magazine, if we didn't help to stawt it."

They all laughed at her boldness, and Fulkerson said, "It 'll take a good deal more than that to stop *Every Other Week*. The Colonel's whole book couldn't do it." Then he looked unhappy, for Colonel Woodburn did not seem to enjoy his reassuring words; but Miss Woodburn came to his rescue. "You maght illustrate it with the po'trait of the awthor's daughtaw, if it's too late for the covah."

"Going to have *that* in every number, Miss Woodburn," he cried.

"Oh, mah goodness!" she said, with mock humility.

Alma sat looking at her piquant head, black, unconsciously outlined against the lamp, as she sat working by the table. "Just keep still a moment!"

She got her sketch-block and pencils, and began to draw; Fulkerson tilted himself forward and looked over her shoulder; he smiled outwardly; inwardly he was divided between admiration of Miss Woodburn's arch beauty and appreciation of the skill which reproduced it; at the same time he was trying to remember whether March had authorized him to go so far as to ask for a sight of Colonel Woodburn's manuscript. He felt that he had trenched upon March's province, and he framed one apology to him for bringing the editor the manuscript, and another to the author for bringing it back.

"Most Ah hold raght still like it was a photograph?" asked Miss Woodburn. "Can Ah toak?"

"Talk all you want," said Alma, squinting her eyes. "And you needn't be either adamantine, nor yet—wooden."

"Oh, ho' very good of you! Well, if Ah can toak—go on, Mr. Fulkerson!"

"Me talk? I can't breathe till this thing is done!" sighed Fulkerson; at that point of his mental drama the Colonel was behaving rustily about the return of his manuscript, and he felt that he was looking his last on Miss Woodburn's profile.

"Is she getting it raght?" asked the girl.

"I don't know which is which," said Fulkerson.

"Oh, Ah hope *Ah* shall! I don't want to go round feelin' like a sheet of papah half the time."

"You could rattle on, just the same," suggested Alma.

"Oh, now! Just listen to that, Mr. Fulkerson. Do you call that any way to toak to people?"

"You might know which you were by the color," Fulkerson began, and then he broke off from the personal consideration with a business inspiration, and smacked himself on the knee: "We could *print* it in color!"

Mrs. Leighton gathered up her sewing and held it with both hands in her lap, while she came round, and looked critically at the sketch and the model over her glasses. "It's very good, Alma," she said.

Colonel Woodburn remained restively on his side of the table. "Of course, Mr. Fulkerson, you were jesting, sir, when you spoke of printing a sketch of my daughter."

"Why, I don't know— If you object—"

"I do, sir—decidedly," said the Colonel.

"Then that settles it, of course," said Fulkerson. "I only meant—"

"Indeed it doesn't!" cried the girl. "Who's to know who it's from? Ah'm jost set on havin' it printed! Ah'm going to appear as the head of Slavery—in opposition to the head of Liberty."

"There 'll be a revolution inside of forty-eight hours, and we'll have the Colonel's system going wherever a copy of *Every Other Week* circulates," said Fulkerson.

"This sketch belongs to me," Alma interposed. "I'm not going to let it be printed."

"Oh, mah goodness!" said Miss Woodburn, laughing good-humoredly. "That's becose you were brought up to hate slavery."

"I should like Mr. Beaton to see it," said Mrs. Leighton, in a sort of absent tone. She added, to Fulkerson: "I rather expected he might be in, to-night."

"Well, if he comes, we'll leave it to Beaton," Fulkerson said, with relief in the solution, and an anxious glance at the Colonel, across the table, to see how he took that form of the joke. Miss Woodburn intercepted his glance and laughed, and Fulkerson laughed too, but rather forlornly.

Alma set her lips primly and turned her head first on one side and then on the other to look at the sketch. "I don't think we'll leave it to Mr. Beaton, even if he comes."

"We left the other design for the cover to Beaton," Fulkerson insinuated. "I guess you needn't be afraid of him."

"Is it a question of my being afraid?" Alma asked; she seemed coolly intent on her drawing.

"Miss Leighton thinks he ought to be afraid of her," Miss Woodburn explained.

"It's a question of *his* courage, then?" said Alma.

"Well, I don't think there are many young ladies that Beaton's afraid of," said Fulkerson, giving himself the respite of this purely random remark, while he interrogated the faces of Mrs. Leighton and Colonel Woodburn for some light upon the tendency of their daughters' words.

He was not helped by Mrs. Leighton's saying, with a certain anxiety, "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Fulkerson."

"Well, you're as much in the dark as I am myself, then," said Fulkerson. "I suppose I meant that Beaton is rather—a—favorite, you know. The women like him."

Mrs. Leighton sighed, and Colonel Woodburn rose and left the room.

XV.

In the silence that followed, Fulkerson looked from one lady to the other with dismay. "I seem to have put my foot in it, somehow," he suggested, and Miss Woodburn gave a cry of laughter.

"Poo' Mr. Fulkerson! *Poo'* Mr. Fulkerson! Papa thoat you wanted him to go."

"Wanted him to go?" repeated Fulkerson.

"We always mention Mr. Beaton when we want to get rid of papa."

"Well, it seems to me that I *have* noticed that he didn't take much interest in Beaton, as a general topic. But I don't know that I ever saw it drive him out of the room before."

"Well, he isn't always so bad," said Miss Woodburn. "But it was a case of hate at first sight, and it seems to be growin' on papa."

"Well, I can understand that," said Fulkerson. "The impulse to destroy Beaton is something that everybody has to struggle against, at the start."

"I must say, Mr. Fulkerson," said Mrs. Leighton in the tremor through which she nerved herself to differ openly with any one she liked, "I never had to struggle with anything of the kind, in regard to Mr. Beaton. He has always been most respectful and—and considerate, with *me*, whatever he has been with others."

"Well, of course, Mrs. Leighton!" Fulkerson came back in a soothing tone. "But you see you're the rule that proves the exception. I was speaking of the way *men* felt about Beaton. It's different with ladies; I just said so."

"Is it always different?" Alma asked, lifting her head and her hand from her drawing, and staring at it absently.

Fulkerson pushed his hands both through his whiskers. "Look here! Look here!" he said. "Won't somebody start some other subject? We haven't had the weather up, yet, have we? Or the opera? What is the matter with a few remarks about politics?"

"Why, I thoat you lahked to toak about the staff of yo' magazine," said Miss Woodburn.

"Oh, I do!" said Fulkerson. "But not always about the same member of it. He gets monotonous, when he doesn't get complicated. I've just come round from the Marches'," he added, to Mrs. Leighton.

"I suppose they've got thoroughly settled in their apartment by this time." Mrs. Leighton said something like this whenever the Marches were mentioned. At the bottom of her heart she had not forgiven them for not taking her rooms; she had liked their looks so much; and she was always hoping that they were uncomfortable or dissatisfied; she could not help wanting them punished a little.

"Well, yes; as much as they ever will be," Fulkerson answered. "The Boston style is pretty different, you know; and the Marches are old-fashioned folks, and I reckon they never went in much for bric-à-brac. They've put away nine or ten barrels of dragon candlesticks, but they keep finding new ones."

"Their landlady has just joined our class," said Alma. "Isn't her name Green? She happened to see my copy of *Every Other Week*, and said she knew the editor; and told me."

"Well, it's a little world," said Fulkerson. "You seem to be touching elbows with everybody. Just think of your having had our head translator for a model."

"Ah think that your whole publication revolves around the Leighton family," said Miss Woodburn.

"That's pretty much so," Fulkerson admitted. "Anyhow, the publisher seems disposed to do so."

"Are you the publisher? I thought it was Mr. Dryfoos," said Alma.

"It is."

"Oh!"

The tone and the word gave Fulkerson a discomfort which he promptly confessed. "Missed again."

The girls laughed, and he regained something of his lost spirits, and smiled upon their gayety, which lasted beyond any apparent reason for it.

Miss Woodburn asked, "And is Mr. Dryfoos senio' anything like *owah* Mr. Dryfoos?"

"Not the least."

"But he's jost as exemplary?"

"Yes; in his way."

"Well, Ah wish Ah could see all those pinks of puffection togethah, once."

"Why, look here! I've been thinking I'd celebrate a little, when the old gentleman gets back. Have a little supper—something of that kind. How would you like to let me have your parlors for it, Mrs. Leighton? You ladies could stand on the stairs, and have a peep at us, in the bunch."

*Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Oh, mah! What a privilege! And will Miss Alma be there, with the othah contributors? Ah shall jost expah of envy!"

"She won't be there in person," said Fulkerson, "but she'll be represented by the head of the art department."

"Mah goodness! And who'll the head of the publishing department represent?"

"He can represent you," said Alma.

"Well, Ah want to be represented, someho'."

"We'll have the banquet the night before you appear on the cover of our fourth number," said Fulkerson.

"Ah thoat that was doubly fo'bidden," said Miss Woodburn. "By the stern parent and the envious awtust."

"We'll get Beaton to get round them, somehow. I guess we can trust him to manage that."

Mrs. Leighton sighed her resentment of the implication.

"I always feel that Mr. Beaton doesn't do himself justice," she began.

Fulkerson could not forego the chance of a joke. "Well, maybe he would rather temper justice with mercy in a case like his." This made both the younger ladies laugh. "I judge this is my chance to get off with my life," he added, and he rose as he spoke. "Mrs. Leighton, I am about the only man of my sex who doesn't thirst for Beaton's blood most of the time. But I know him, and I don't. He's more kinds of a good fellow than people generally understand. He don't wear his heart upon his sleeve—his ulster sleeve, anyway. You can always count me on your side when it's a question of finding Beaton not guilty if he'll leave the State."

Alma set her drawing against the wall, in rising to say good-night to Fulkerson. He bent over on his stick to look at it. "Well, it's beautiful," he sighed, with unconscious sincerity.

Alma made him a courtesy of mock modesty. "Thanks to Miss Woodburn."

"Oh, no! All she had to do was simply to stay put."

"Don't you think Ah might have improved it if Ah had looked better?" the girl asked, gravely.

"Oh, you *couldn't!*" said Fulkerson, and he went off triumphant in their applause and their cries of "Which? which?"

Mrs. Leighton sank deep into an accusing gloom when at last she found herself alone with her daughter. "I don't know what you are thinking about, Alma Leighton. If you don't like Mr. Beaton—"

"I don't."

"You don't? You know better than that. You know that you did care for him."

"Oh! That's a very different thing. That's a thing that can be got over."

"Got over!" repeated Mrs. Leighton, aghast.

"Of course, it can! Don't be romantic, mamma. People get over dozens of such fancies. They even marry for love two or three times."

"Never!" cried her mother, doing her best to feel shocked, and at last looking it.

Her looking it had no effect upon Alma. "You can easily get over caring for people; but you can't get over liking them—if you like them because they are sweet and good. That's what lasts. I was a simple goose, and he imposed upon me because he was a sophisticated goose. Now the case is reversed."

"He *does* care for you, now. You can see it. Why do you encourage him to come here?"

"I don't," said Alma. "I will tell him to keep away if you like. But whether he comes or goes, it will be the same."

"Not to him, Alma! He is in love with you!"

"He has never said so."

"And you would really let him say so, when you intend to refuse him?"

"I can't very well refuse him till he *does* say so."

This was undeniable. Mrs. Leighton could only demand in an awful tone, "May I ask *why* —if you cared for him; and I know you care for him still—you will refuse him?"

Alma laughed. "Because—because I'm wedded to my Art, and I'm not going to commit bigamy, whatever I do."

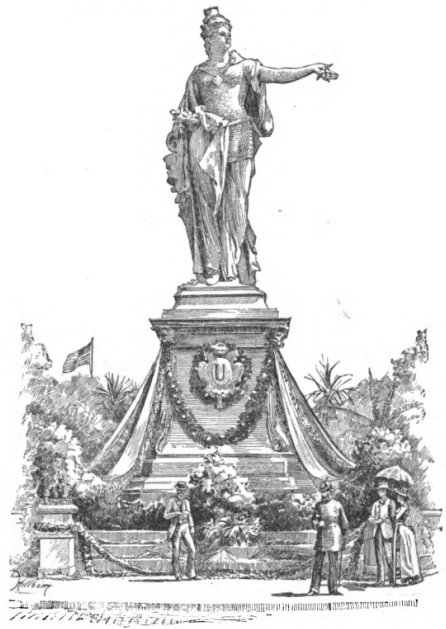
"Alma!"

"Well, then, because I don't *like* him—that is, I don't believe in him, and don't trust him. He's fascinating, but he's false and he's fickle. He can't help it, I dare say."

"And you are perfectly hard. Is it possible that you were actually pleased to have Mr. Fulkerson tease you about Mr. Dryfoos?"

"Oh, good-night, now, mamma! This is becoming personal."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE BEROLINA.

THE FESTIVE DECORATION OF A CITY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

When the King of Italy entered Berlin as the guest of his great ally the German Emperor, he was much pleased to note the way in which plastic art had contributed to make the occasion memorable. The city looked as though for weeks nothing had been done save to create festive decorations, and since the triumphal entry of the German troops after the late war with France, it would be hard to mention an event that has evoked a higher order of artistic decoration. The spirit which in New York reared the graceful arch at Washington Square here produced a colossal impersonation of the German capital, Berolina. She is proudly welcoming her guest from beyond the Alps, stretching toward him an open palm, from which fall olive leaves.

Much there is about this splendid monument that strikes the political critic. The beautiful features of the statue strangely resemble those of the Dowager Empress Victoria, daughter of the Queen of England. The monument glorifies, not Germany, but Berlin, and the glorious sense of beauty and power that animates the whole says plainly that Berlin has no reason to be ashamed of herself.

The story is told in the clubs that the Berlin City Fathers were indisposed to assist the Emperor in entertaining Umberto on this occasion, because they had recently received from his Majesty a sharp lecture in regard to the way the papers had spoken of him and the late Emperor Frederick. The Burgomaster ran away, concealed himself at some spa, and left orders that no one should trouble him on business. Thus it happened that, a week before Umberto was to arrive, Berlin had not voted one thaler toward making the streets look pretty. In this dilemma the Emperor was appealed to, for there is nothing in the Prussian Constitution that can force a civic corporation to look cheerfully against its will.

The Emperor, with the tact for which he is celebrated, took in the situation at a glance, and immediately telegraphed to the Burgomaster thanks for his co-operation on the festive occasion. This message was of course incomprehensible to the reverend senior, for he had left Berlin for the very purpose of making it impossible to give Umberto a civic reception. On receiving the imperial despatch, therefore, his first feeling was of amazement; his second, that the City Fathers must have made promises to his Majesty of which he had not been informed; his third, that he must post to Berlin and immediately straighten matters out. He calls on one official and then the other; each shrugs his shoulders and swears he knows nothing about the despatch. Meantime precious time is flying. There are three days left. The Emperor is evidently counting upon the city for a festive display. Some one has clearly given their imperial master a wrong impression, and if the city is to do anything, it must be worthy of its reputation.

All at once then all is bustle. In three days Berlin is waving with bunting, and in that short time is reared the beautiful Berolina, the work of Hundrieser, that rises proudly to the occasion in spite of the short time allowed for preparation.

The American flag over our consulate seems to wave in sympathy with her olive twigs, and to suggest a Teutonic Goddess of Liberty offering the blessings of peace to this generation of soldiers. The U at the base of the monument might be easily crossed with an S, in order to make our flag feel still more at home, permission for which, however, might be difficult to obtain from the bearded policeman who is standing close by.

This monument will soon be taken down from its present proud position, and cast into metal to adorn—a beer-garden.

THE VENUS OF VIENNE.

Can there be a rival of the Venus of Milo? When in 1877 the Hermes was uplifted from his bed of clay, and the soft moss scraped from his cheeks, there stood erect a work believed to be of Praxiteles. It was not a supreme deity, but a subordinate god. You can see that, for the head of Hermes shows nothing of that great will power which stamped the god. But for grace, elegance, the idealization of the human form, though the Hermes be legless from the knees downward, one foot alone remaining, the subtle, penetrating secret of Greek art is there. Apart entirely from the character of the figures, comparing art with art, did the Venus of Milo lose after the discovery of the Hermes a tittle of her greatness? She still reigns as imperially as would the mistress over her servant, for she might in her mythological sovereignty have bidden Hermes carry her messages to earth. There she stands in the gallery of the Louvre as magnificently impressive as ever.

Is there, however, a rival to her? It seems to be as one of the limitations, narrowing down human judgment, that any one great work should be pitted against another. Do we appreciate Beethoven better, when making a parallelism between him and Mozart? The illustration gives an accurate idea of another famous statue, known as the Venus of Vienne. It has been taken from the cast made under the direction of the officials of the Louvre, and recently brought to the United States. The original is placed in the one position in the world where it could stand and suffer no disparagement; that is, in the same *salle* in the Louvre where towers the Venus of Milo. There is no Greek statue of a woman existing to-day, save this Venus of Vienne, that could bear such juxtaposition. Each statue holds her place; neither suffers by comparison. There are some critics who carry refinement of art so far, however, as to declare, after careful study, that there is a naturalness about the Venus of Vienne, a want of formality, which makes her the greater of the two statues. If the pose of the Venus of Milo be imperious—for she stands as if to command—the position of the Venus of Vienne differs. She belongs to that class of Venuses known as the *accroupi*, and that as a set name is an unfortunate one, because the major part of the *accroupi* are more or less meretricious.

The history of this Venus is as follows. She was found about half a century ago in a faubourg of Vienne, on the right bank of the Rhone, in France. For some years, covered with a thick crust of oxide of iron, arising from the ferruginous character of the soil in which she had slept so long, she was unsightly, and had been stowed away in a lumber-room as of little worth. Two men possessing the keenest insight into art, Stendahl and Merimée, got, however, a glimpse of her, and by intuition knew that, ignoble as she seemed, there was concealed greatness. In 1843, Prosper Merimée, in his *Lettres à une Inconnue*, writes: "I saw at Vienne, some days ago, an antique statue which upset all my ideas about Roman statuary. I had heretofore believed in the fine idea of what is conventional intervening in the imitation of nature." Little by little the existence of some marvel of art to be found at Vienne was bruited about. It is by no means uncommon to disinter statues in France or Italy belonging to Roman periods. In one hundred statues thus found the chances are that ninety-nine of them have only an archæological and no artistic worth. Age only can impart to them a certain amount of curiosity. All old things are not necessarily good. The very fact that the statues found belonging to the Roman times were copies, deprived them of merit, for there always must be a wide difference between an original and the imitation of it.

If the story of this Venus is to be credited, Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, was the first who was struck with the money value of this statue, and wanted to buy it. In 1877 it was exhibited at the Lyons Exhibition. There its transcendental greatness was made clearer, and soon after it became the property of the French government. In 1878 the statue was placed in the Louvre, and it devolved on M. Félix Ravisson to describe it. It required the services of the experts at the Louvre to remove the last remnants of the crust which masked the beauty of the flesh. Soft pieces of wood were used, and little by little appeared all the soft and pliant contours of this exquisite form. It was a statue carved from the purest Parian marble, and finished to the utmost perfection man's brains and hands can impart to stone. Was it Roman or Greek art? Was it a copy of some original of the best time of Alexander or of the first of the Cæsars? Might this Venus be classed as of the school of Praxiteles, or of Lysippus? It is by no means easy to decide at once between what is true Greek and the best Roman art, especially when statuary is found in Roman soil or in a Roman colony. As Rome was mistress of the world, why might she not have bought the choicest of Greek works of the past and carried them to the imperial city? Is the authenticity of great works of the old masters to be doubted or their source of origin to be questioned because in centuries yet to come they will be found in Paris, London, Berlin, or New York? As a recent writer has put it, Greece could never have supplied artists enough to make the almost incredible number of statues existing in Rome. What a legion of sculptors must have plied the chisel in order to supply Scaurus with the 3000 statues required by him for the embellishment of his theatre! If, then, as Merimée and M. Ravisson believes, this Venus is Roman work, the sculptor who worked in Italy might or might not have been a Greek. If he were Roman born, he was an artist supreme in his calling. When comparisons are made between sculptors' art, and the figures are of men, then the bold freedom of the Greek is at once evident. We see not so much the strong muscular development cut out as clearly indicated. It was the decision of the Greek touch which stamped his work and made it legible.

Rome bowed to Greece as to art, just as the rest of the world does now to France. Returning, then, to this Venus of Vienne, if she be Roman, or even a copy of an original Greek statue made in Italy and carried to France, her great beauty is not thereby in the least diminished. All it shows is that, if generally Roman art was a debased art, there were exceptions. Mr. Brander Matthews, in a late paper in Harper's Weekly, entitled "Notes on the Parisian Theatres," says that, reading many articles by dramatic critics, "he wondered whether or not they knew any more than he did." In the discussion of an equally difficult subject, rendered even more complex by the remoteness of time, sometimes the student in art finds it quite impossible to settle definitely what is Greek or Roman art within a range of at least two centuries. Upon the part of those who are authorities on such subjects there is the inclination to be unnecessarily dogmatic. What becomes evident is that Athens did not give alone all the masters of art to Greece.

The statue in the original has lost both feet from the ankles, and there have been added feet in plaster. Ineffectual search has been made for the head. It looks as if that poor head never is to be discovered. The arms are stretched to the left, and marvellously has the sculptor overcome the difficulties of the position. Again the question is raised, What did those arms seek? M. Ravisson surmises that from a certain rough spot left on the right leg a vase was placed just there. He thinks that this female figure is but one of a group. Who among sculptors of to-day dares make successfully more than two figures on the same pedestal? If, then, the one figure, or the Venus of Milo, is but part of a work as it originally existed, how superb, how self-reliant, was that art that gives us by accident fragments, as it were, and that these fragments are still so impressive!

On the back of this figure is seen a part of a small hand, only the finger and the back of a little hand. The main figure being larger than life, this baby hand is about in the same proportion. It would then belong to a child to-day. Was it a Cupid? Was it a mortal child?

Certain furrows in the figure show indifference as to their concealment. The bending of the woman's body might induce this accentuation. The reasons for making these so pronounced have caused vexation of spirit on the part of those discussing the merits of the figure. M. Ravisson, explaining the position of the arm, which would be extended across the body, the arm now no longer existing, shows how it would have been close to the body, and thus concealed or shaded the lower part of the statue. This is the most natural of conclusions, and the right one. It would be as if to ignore, on the part of the critic, the admirable quality of the unknown artist, who followed in his modelling every rising, palpitating swell of that gracious body, and to have supposed him incapable of making his Parian marble plastic where or when he pleased.

A headless body, as is this statue, the grandeur of it is impressive. It is more womanly than the austere Venus of Milo. After all, the feeling which the artist has in looking at this cast is that of wonder, amazement, and something akin to depression. He racks his brain in order to find out what it was that gave this artist of the past such inspirations, and he wonders whether the time ever will come when such forms can be repeated. The model of to-day permits him to copy her, but he knows he is only imitative of the commonplace. The nobler inspirations, that balance before mentioned of the physical and spiritual, he is afraid have forever escaped the modern artist.

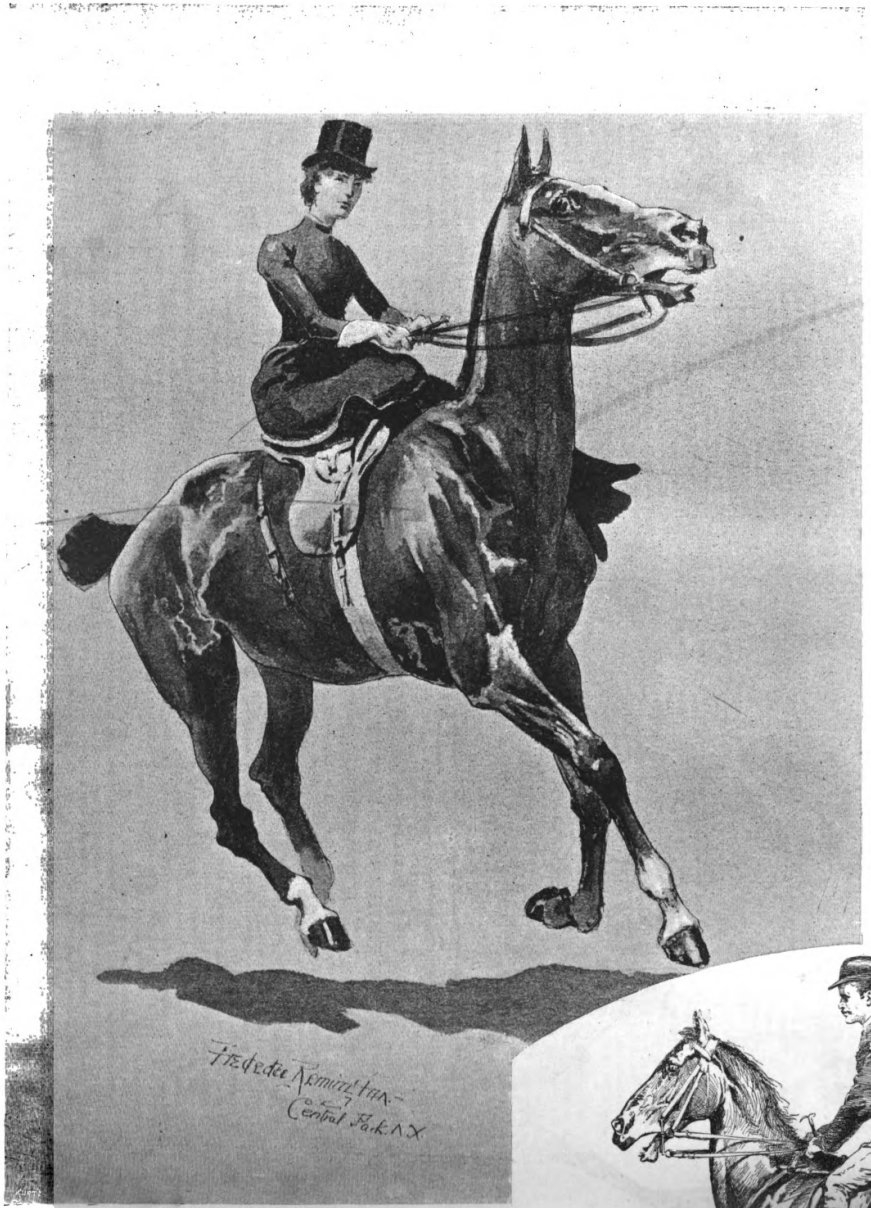
In the United States, since we cannot have the originals, it is not difficult to obtain casts. So that art students should become better acquainted with what will give them new ideas, and widen their acquaintance with the grander epochs of the past, this illustration is given. The hope is entertained that this Venus of Vienne will be added to our cast collections, for the most carefully prepared print, as is the one found in this issue of Harper's Weekly, gives at best but one view of a figure the beauty and imposing quality of which become manifest no matter how approached. Above all, no chaster statue ever was cut in stone.

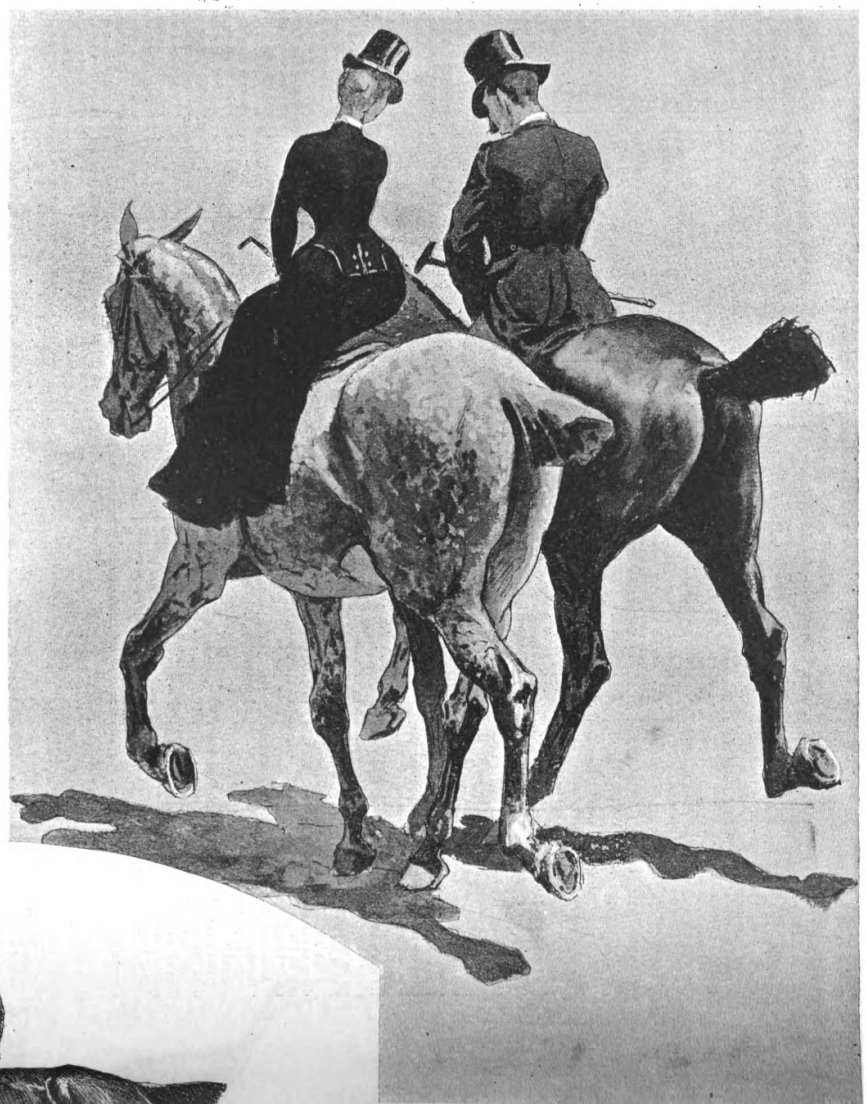
Barnet Phillips.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

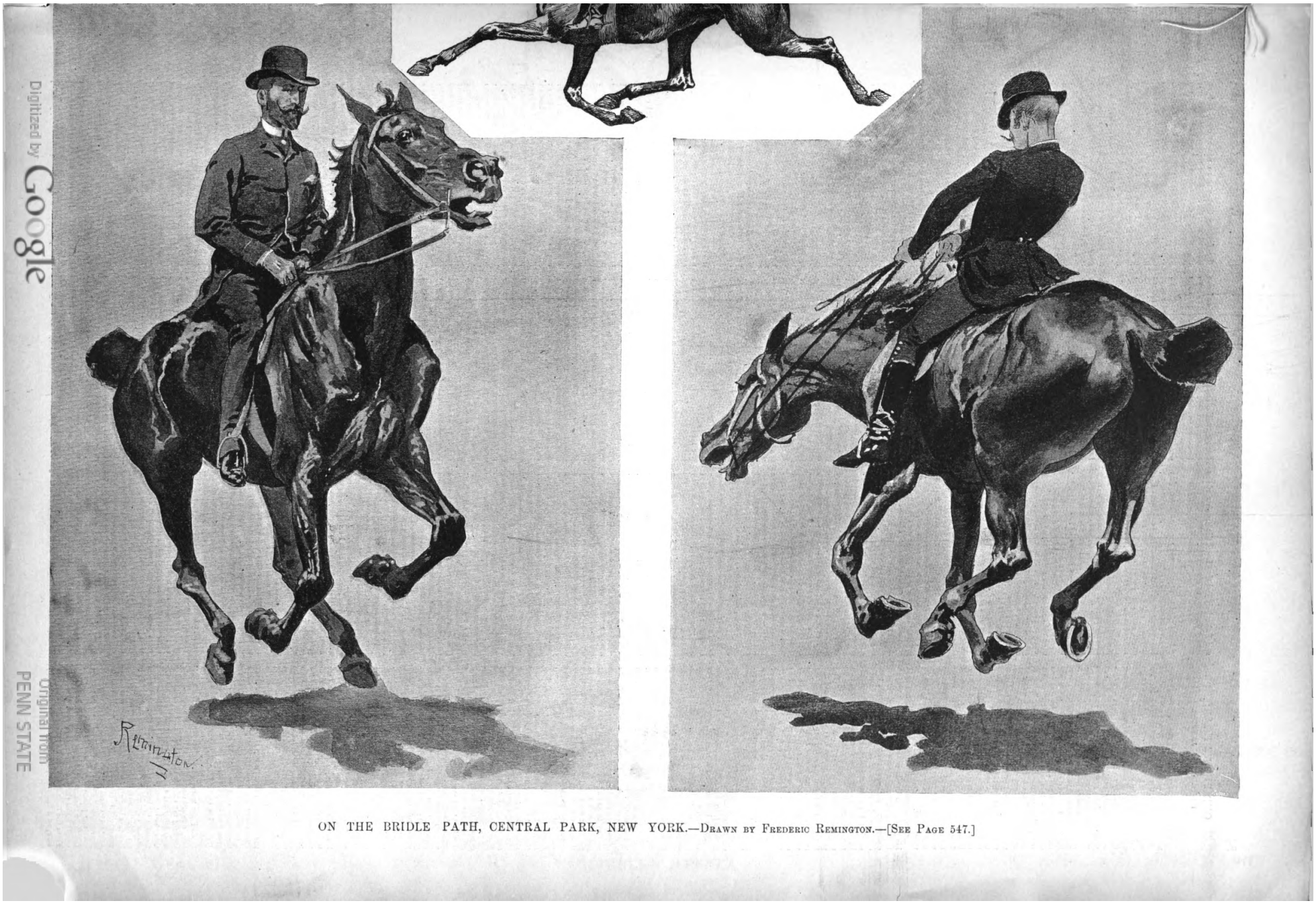
Digitized by Google





Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ON THE BRIDLE PATH, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 547.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

OUR PIRATE HOARD.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

My great-great-great-uncle was one of the many sturdy, honest, high-spirited men to whom the early years of the last century gave birth. He was a brave man and a ready fighter, yet was he ever controlled in his actions by so nice a regard for the feelings of others, and through the strong fibre of his hardy nature ran a strain of such almost womanly gentleness and tenderness, that throughout the rather exceptionally wide circle of his acquaintance he was very generally beloved.

By profession he was a pirate, and although it is not becoming in me, perhaps, to speak boastingly of a blood-relation, I would be doing his memory injustice did I not add that he was one of the ablest and most successful pirates of his time. His usual cruising-ground was between the capes of the Chesapeake and the lower end of Long Island, yet now and then, as opportunity offered, he would take a run to the New England coast, and in winter he frequently would drop down to the s'uthard and do a good stroke of business off the Spanish Main. His home station, however, was the Delaware coast, and his family lived in Lewes, being quite the upper crust of Lewes society as it then was constituted. When his schooner, the *Martha Ann*, was off duty, she usually was harbored in Rehoboth Bay. That was a pretty good harbor for pirate schooners in those days.

My great-great-great-uncle threw himself into his profession in the hearty fashion that was to be expected from a man of his sincere, earnest character. He toiled early and late at sea, and on shore he regulated the affairs of his family so that his expenses should be well within his large though somewhat fluctuating income, and the result of his prudence in affairs was that he saved the greater portion of what he earned. The people of Lewes respected him greatly, and the boys of the town were bidden to emulate his steady business ways and habit of thrift. He was, too, a man of public spirit. At his own cost and charge he renewed the town pump; and he presented the church—he was a very regular church-goer when on shore—with a large bell of singularly sweet tone that had come into his possession after a casual encounter with a Cuban-bound galleon off the Bahama Banks.

And yet when at last my great-great-great-uncle, in the fulness of his years and virtues, was gathered to his fathers, and the sweet-toned Spanish bell tolled his requiem, everybody was very much surprised to find that of the fine fortune accumulated during his successful business career nothing worth speaking of could be found. The house that he owned in Lewes, the handsome furniture that it contained, and a sea-chest in which were some odds and ends of silver-ware (of a Spanish make), and some few pieces-of-eight and doubloons, constituted the whole of his visible wealth.

For my great-great-great-aunt, with a family of five sons and seven daughters (including three sets of twins) all under eleven years of age, the outlook was a sorry one. She was puzzled, too, to think what had gone with the great fortune that certainly had existed, and so was everybody else. The explanation that finally was adopted was that my great-great-great-uncle, in accordance with well-established pirate usage, had buried his treasure somewhere, and had taken the seat of its burial-place with him to another and a better world. Probability was given to this conjecture by the fact that he had died in something of a hurry. He had been brought ashore by his men after an unexpected (and by him uninvited) encounter with a King's ship off the capes of the Delaware. One of his legs was shot off, and his head was pretty well laid open by a desperate cutlass slash. He already was in a raging fever, and although the best medical advice in Lewes was procured, he died that very night. As he lay dying his talk was wild and incoherent; but at the very last, as my great-great-great-aunt well remembered, he suddenly grew calm, straightened himself in the bed, and said, with great earnestness, "Steer up the plank midway—"

That was all. He did not live to finish the sentence. At the moment my great-great-great-aunt believed the words to be nothing more than a delirious use of a professional phrase, and this belief received color from the fact that a little before, in his feverish fancy, he had been capturing a Spanish galleon, and had got about to the part of the affair where the sheering up of a plank midway between the main and mizzen masts, for the accommodation of the Spaniards in leaving their vessel, would be appropriate. Thinking the matter over calmly afterward, and in the light of subsequent events, she came to the conclusion that he was trying to tell her how and where his treasure was hid. Acting upon this belief, she sheered up all the planks about the house that seemed at all promising. She even had the cellar dug up and the well dragged. But not a scrap of the treasure did she ever find.

And the worst part of it was that from that time onward our family had no luck at all. Excepting my elderly cousin, Gregory Wilkinson—who inherited a snug little fortune from his mother, and expanded it into a very considerable fortune by building up a large manufacture of carpet slippers for the export trade—the rule in my family has been a respectable poverty that has just bordered upon actual want. But all the generations since my great-great-great-uncle's time have been cheered, as poverty-stricken people naturally would be cheered, by the knowledge that the pirate-hoard was in existence, and by the hope that some day it would be found, and would make them all enormously rich at a jump. From the moment when I first heard of the treasure, as a little boy, I believed in it thoroughly, and I also believed that I was the member of the family destined to discover it.

II.

I was glad to find, when I married Susan, that she believed in my destiny too. After talking the matter over quite seriously, we decided that the best thing for us to do was to go and live either in or near Lewes, so that my opportunities for investigation might be ample. I think, too, that Susan was pleased with the prospect of having a nice little house of our own, with a cow and peach-trees and chickens, where we could be very happy together. Moreover, she had notions about house-keeping, especially about house-keeping in the country, which she wanted to put into practice.

We found a confirmation of my destiny in the ease with which the preliminaries of my search were accomplished. The house that we wanted seemed to be there just waiting for us—a little bit of a house, well out in the country, with a couple of acres of land around it, the peach-trees really growing, and a shed that the man said would hold a cow nicely. What I think pleased Susan most of all was a swallow's nest under the eaves, with the mother swallow sitting upon a brood of dear little swallows, and the father swallow flying around chippering like anything.

"Just think of it!" said the dear child; "it is like living in a feudal castle, and having kestrels building their nests on the battlements."

I did not check her sweet enthusiasm by asking her to name some particular feudal castle with a frieze of kestrels' nests. I kissed her, and said that it was very like indeed.

Then we examined the cow-stable—we thought it better to call it a cow-stable than a shed—and I pulled out my foot-rule and measured it inside. It was a very little cow-stable, but, as Susan suggested, if we could not get a small grown-up cow to fit it, "we might begin with a young cow, and teach her, as she grew larger, to accommodate herself to her quarters by standing cat-a-cornered, like the man who used to carry oxen up a mountain." Susan's allusions are not always very clearly stated, though her meaning, no doubt, always is quite clear in her own mind. I may mention here that eventually we were so fortunate as to obtain a middle-sized cow that got along in the stable very well. We had a tidy colored girl who did the cooking and the rough part of the house-work, and who could milk like a steam-engine.

As soon as we got fairly settled in our little home I began to look for my great-great-great-uncle's buried treasure, but I cannot say that at first I made much progress. I could not even find a trace of my great-great-great-uncle's house in Lewes, and nobody seemed ever to have heard of him. One day, though, I was so fortunate as to encounter a very old man—known generally about Lewes as Old Jacob—who did remember "the old pirate," as he irreverently called him, and who showed me where his house had been. The house had burned down when he was a boy—seventy years back, he thought it was—and across where it once had stood a street had been opened. This put a stop to my search in that direction. As Susan very justly observed, I could not reasonably expect the Lewes people to let me dig up their streets like a gas-piper just on the chance of finding my family fortune.

I was not very much depressed by this turn of events, for I was pretty certain in my own mind that my great-great-great-uncle had not buried his treasure on his own premises. The basis of this belief was the difficulty—that must have been even greater in his time—of transporting such heavy substances as gold and silver across the sandy region between Lewes and where the *Martha Ann* used to lie at anchor in Rehoboth Bay. I reasoned that, the burial having but temporary, my relative would have been much more likely to have interred his valuables at some point on the land only a short distance from the *Martha Ann's* anchorage. When I mentioned this theory to Susan she seemed to be very much impressed by the common-sense of it, and as I have a great respect for Susan's judgment, her acquiescence in my views strengthened my own faith in them.

To pursue my search in the neighborhood of Rehoboth Bay it was necessary that I should have the assistance of some person thoroughly familiar with the coast thereabouts. After thinking the matter over I decided that I could not do better than take Old Jacob into my confidence. So I got the old man out to the Swallow's Nest—that was the name that Susan had given our country place; only by the time that she had settled upon it the little swallows had grown up and the whole swallow family had gone away—under pretence of seeing if the cow was all right (Old Jacob was a first-rate hand at cow doctoring), and while he was looking at the cow I told him all about the buried treasure, and how I wanted him to help me find it. When I put it in his head this way he remembered perfectly the story that used to be told about the old pirate's mysteriously lost fortune, and he entered with a good deal of spirit into my project of getting it again. Of course I told him that if we did find it he should have a good slice of it for helping me. I told Susan that I had made this promise, and she said that I had done exactly right. So, after we had given him a good supper, Old Jacob went back to Lewes, promising that early the next week, after he had got through a job of boat-painting that he had on hand, he would go over with me, and we would begin operations on the bay. He seemed to think the case very promising. He said that when he was only a tot of a boy his father had pointed out to him the *Martha Ann's* anchorage, and that he thought he could tell to within a cable's length of where the schooner used to lie. I did not know how long a cable was, but from the tone in which Old Jacob spoke of it I judged that it must be short. I felt very well pleased with the progress that I was making, and when I told Susan all that Old Jacob had told me, she said that she looked upon the whole matter as being as good as settled. Indeed she kept me awake quite awhile that night while she sketched the outlines of the journey in Europe that we would take as soon as I could get my great-great-great-uncle's treasure dug up, and its non-interest-bearing doubloons converted into interest-bearing bonds.

III.

The day after I had this talk with Old Jacob I was rather surprised by getting a telegram from my cousin Gregory Wilkinson, telling me that he was coming down to pay us a visit, and would be there that afternoon. I was not as much astonished as I would have been if the telegram had come from anybody else, because Gregory Wilkinson had a way of telegraphing that he was going to do things that nobody expected him to do, and I was used to it. Moreover, I had every reason for desiring to maintain very friendly relations with him. He had told me several times that he had made a will by which his large fortune was to be divided between me and a certain Asylum for the Relief and Education of Destitute Red Indian Children that he was very much interested in; and he had more than hinted that the asylum was not the legatee that was the more to be envied. This made me feel quite comfortable about the remote future, but it did not simplify the problem of living comfortably in the immediate present. My cousin was a very tough, wiry little man, barely turned of fifty. There was any quantity of life left in him—his father, who had been just such another, had lived till he was eighty-nine. There was not much of a chance, therefore, that either the asylum or I would receive anything from his estate for ever so long—and I may add I was very glad, for my part, that things were that way. Gregory Wilkinson was a first-rate fellow, for all his queerness and sudden ways, and I should have been sorry enough to have been his chief heir. One reason why I liked him so much was because he was so fond of Susan. When we were married—although he had not seen her then—he sent her forks, and he had lived up to those forks ever since.

Susan was rather flustered when I showed her the telegram; but she went to work with a will, and got the little spare room in order, and stewed some peaches and made some biscuits for supper. Susan's biscuits were something extraordinary. Gregory Wilkinson came all right, and after supper—he said that it was the nicest supper he had eaten in a long while—she did the honors of the Swallow's Nest in the pretty way that is her especial peculiarity. She showed him the cow-stable, with the cow in it, and the colored girl milking away in her usual vigorous fashion, the chickens, the garden, the peach-trees, and the nest under the eaves where the swallows had lived when we first came there. Then, as it grew dark, we sat on the little veranda while we smoked our cigars—that is, Gregory Wilkinson and I smoked—and all that Susan did was to try to poke her finger through the rings which I blew toward her; and I told why we had come down there, and what a good start we had made toward finding my great-great-great-uncle's buried money. And when I had got through, Susan told how, as soon as I had found it, we were going to Europe.

We neither of us thought that Gregory Wilkinson manifested as much enthusiasm in the matter as the circumstances of the case demanded; but then, as Susan pointed out to me, in her usual clear-headed way, it was not reasonable to expect a man with a fortune to be as eager to get one as a man without one would be.

"Very likely he'll give us his share for finding it," said Susan; "he don't want it himself, and it would be dreadful to turn the heads of all those destitute red Indian children by leaving it to them."

I should have mentioned earlier that, so far as we knew, my cousin and I were my great-great-great-uncle's only surviving heirs. The family luck had not held out any especially strong temptations in the way of pleasant things to live for, and so the family gradually had died off. Whatever my search should bring to light, therefore, would be divided between us two.

By the time that Old Jacob got through with his boat-painting, Gregory Wilkinson had gathered a sufficient interest in our money-digging to volunteer to go along with us to the bay. We had a two-seated wagon, and I took with me several things that I thought might be useful in an expedition of this nature—two spades, a pickaxe, a crowbar, a measuring tape that belonged to Susan, an axe, and a lantern (for, as Susan very truly said, we might have to do some of our digging after dark). I took also a pulley and a coil of rope, in case the box of treasure should prove so heavy that we could not otherwise pull it out from the hole. Old Jacob knew all about rigging tackle, and said that we could cut a pair of shear-poles in the woods. We were very much encouraged by the confident way in which Old Jacob talked about cutting shear-poles: it sounded wonderfully business-like. Susan, of course, was very desirous of going along, and I very much wanted to take her. But as we intended to stay all night, in case we did not find the treasure during our first day's search, and as the only place where we could sleep was an oyster-man's shanty that Old Jacob knew about, she saw herself that it would not do. So she made the best of staying at home, in her usual cheery fashion, and promised, as we drove off, to have a famous supper ready for us the next night—when we would come home with our wagon-load of silver and gold.

It was a long, hot, dusty drive, and the mosquitoes were pretty bad as we drew near the coast. But we were cheered by the thought of the fortune that was so nearly ours, and we smoked our pipes at the mosquitoes in a way that astonished them. After we had taken out the horses and had eaten our dinner (Susan had put us up a great basket of provisions, with two of her own delicious peach pies on top) we walked down to the bay-side, with Old Jacob leading, to look for the place where the *Martha Ann* used to anchor. I took the tape-measure along, both because it might be useful, and because it made me think of Susan.

I was sorry to find that the clearer the lay of the land and water became, the more indistinct grew Old Jacob's remembrance of where his father had told him that the schooner used to lie.

"It mought hev ben about here," he said, pointing across to a little bay some way off on our left; "an' agin it mought hev ben about thar," with a wave of his hand toward a low point of land nearly half a mile off on our right; "an' agin it mought hev ben sorter atwixt an' atween 'em. Here or hereabouts, thet's w'at I say; here or hereabouts, sure."

Now this was perplexing. My plan, based upon Old Jacob's assurance that he could locate the anchorage precisely, was to hunt near the shore for likely-looking places and dig them up, one after another, until we found the treasure. But to dig up all the places where treasure might be buried along a whole mile of coast was not to be thought of. We implored Old Jacob to brush up his memory, to look attentively at the shape of the coast, and to try to fix definitely the spot off which the schooner had lain. But the more that he tried, the more confusing did his statements become. Just as he would settle positively—after much thinking and much looking at the sun and the coast line—on a particular spot, doubts would arise in his mind as to the correctness of his location; and these doubts presently would resolve themselves into the certainty that he was all wrong. Then the process of thinking and looking would begin all over again, only again to come to the same disheartening end. The short and long of the matter was that we spent all that day and a good part of the next in wandering along the bay-side in Old Jacob's wake, while he made and unmade his locations at the rate of about three an hour. At last I looked at Gregory Wilkinson and Gregory Wilkinson looked at me, and we both nodded. Then we told Old Jacob that we guessed we'd better hitch up the horses and drive home. It made us pretty dismal, after all our hopes, to hitch up the horses and drive home that way.

My heart ached when I saw Susan leaning over the front gate watching for us as we drove up the road. The wind was setting down toward us, and I could smell the coffee that she had put on the fire to boil as soon as she caught sight of us—Susan made coffee splendidly—and I knew that she had kept her promise, and had ready the feast that was to celebrate our success; and that made it all the dismaler that we hadn't any success to celebrate.

When I told her how badly the expedition had turned out she came very near crying; but she gave a sort of gulp, and then laughed instead, and did what she could to make things pleasant for us. We had our feast, but notwithstanding Susan's effort to be cheerful, it was about as dreary a feast as I ever had anything to do with. We brought Old Jacob in and let him feast with us; and he, to do him justice, was not dreary at all. He seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. Indeed the most trying part of that sorrowful supper party was the way in which Old Jacob recovered his spirits and declared at short intervals that his memory now was all right again. He even went so far as to say that with his eyes blindfolded and in the dark he could lead us to the precise spot off which the schooner used to lie.

Susan was disposed to regard these assertions hopefully, but we, who had been fumbling about with him for two days, well understood their baselessness. It was not Old Jacob's fault, of course, but his defective memory certainly was dreadfully provoking. Here was an enormous fortune slipping through our fingers just because this old man could not remember a little matter about where a schooner had been anchored.

After he had eaten all the supper that he could hold—which was a good deal—and had gone home, we told Susan the whole dismal story of how our expedition had proved to be a total failure. It was best, we thought, not to mince matters with her; and we stated minutely how time after time the anchorage of the schooner had been precisely located, and then in a little while had been unlocated again. She saw, as we did, that as a clew Old Jacob was not much of a success, and also that he was about the only thing in the least like a clew that we possessed. Realizing this latter fact, and knowing that his great age made his death probable at any moment, Susan strongly advised me, in her clear-sighted way, to have him photographed.

IV.

Gregory Wilkinson seemed to find himself quite comfortable in our little home, and settled down there into a sort of a permanency. We were glad to have him stay with us, for he was a first-rate fellow, and always good company in his pleasant, quiet way, and he told us two or three times that he was enjoying himself. He told me a great many more than two or three times that he considered Susan to be a wonderfully fine woman; indeed, he told me this at least once every day, and sometimes oftener. He was greatly struck—just as everybody is who lives for any length of time in the same house with Susan—by her capable ways, and by her unfailing equanimity and sweetness of temper. Even when the colored girl fell down the well, carrying the rope and the bucket along with her, Susan was not a bit flustered. She told me just where I would find the clothes-line and a big meat-hook; and when, with this hastily improvised apparatus,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

we had fished the colored girl up and got her safely on dry land again, she knew exactly what to do to make her all right and comfortable. As Gregory Wilkinson observed to me, after it was all over, from the way that Susan behaved, any one might have thought that hooking colored girls up out of wells was her regular business.

As to making Susan angry, that simply was impossible. When things went desperately wrong with her in any way she would just come right to me and cry a little on my shoulder. Then, when I had comforted her, she would chipper up and be all right again in no time. Gregory Wilkinson happened to come in one day while a performance of this sort was going on, and for fear that he should think it odd, Susan explained to him that it was a habit of hers when things very much worried her and she felt like being ugly to people. (The trouble that day was that the colored girl, who had a wonderful faculty for stirring up tribulation, had broken an India china teacup that had belonged to Susan's grandmother, and that Susan had thought the world of.) That evening while we were sitting on the veranda smoking, and before Susan, who was helping clear the supper table, had joined us, Gregory Wilkinson said to me, with even more emphasis than usual, that Susan was the finest woman he had ever known; and he added that he was very sorry that when he was my age he had not met and married just such another.

He and I talked a good deal at odd times about the money that our great-great-great-uncle the pirate had buried, and that through all these years had staid buried so persistently. He did not take much interest in the matter personally, but for my sake, and still more for Susan's sake, he was beginning to be quite anxious that the money should be found. He even suggested that we should take Old Jacob over to the bay-side and let him try again to find the *Martha Ann's* anchorage. But a little talk convinced us that this would be useless. The old man had been given every opportunity, during the two days that we had cruised about with him, to refresh his memory; and we both had been the pained witnesses of the curious psychological fact that the more he refreshed it, the more utterly unmanageable it had become. The prospect, we agreed, was a disheartening one, for it was quite evident that for our purposes Old Jacob was, as it were, but an elderly broken reed.

About this time I noticed that Gregory Wilkinson was unusually silent, and seemed to be thinking a great deal about something. At first we were afraid that he was not quite well, and Susan offered him both her prepared mustard plasters and her headache powders. But he said that he was all right, though he was very much obliged to her. Still he kept on thinking, and he was so silent and preoccupied that Susan and I were very uncomfortable. To have him around that way, and to be always wondering what he possibly could be thinking about, Susan said, made her feel as though she were trying to cavesdrop when nobody was talking.

One afternoon while we were sitting on the veranda—Susan and I trying to keep up some sort of a conversation, and Gregory Wilkinson thinking away as hard as ever he could think—a thin man in a buggy drove down the road and stopped at our hitching post. When he had hitched his horse he took out from the after-part of the buggy a large tin vessel standing on light iron legs, and came up to the house with it. He made us all a sort of comprehensive bow, but stopped in front of Susan, set the tin vessel upon its legs, and said:

"Madam, you behold before you the most economical device and the greatest labor-saving invention of this extraordinarily devicious and richly inventive age. This article, madam," and he placed his hand upon the tin vessel affectionately, "is Stowe's patent combination interchangeable churn and wash-boiler."

Susan did not say anything. She simply shuddered.

"As at present arranged, madam," the man went on, "it is a churn. Standing thus upon these light yet firm legs" (the thing wobbled outrageously), "with this serviceable handle projecting from the top, and communicating with an exceptionally effective churning apparatus within, it is beyond all doubt the very best churn, as well as the cheapest, now offered on the American market. But observe, madam, that as a wash-boiler it is not less excellent. By the simple process of removing the handle, taking out the dasher, and unshipping the legs—the work, as you perceive, of but a moment—the process of transformation is complete. As to the trifling orifice that the removal of the handle leaves in the lid, it becomes, when the wash-boiler side of this Protean vessel is uppermost, a positive benefit. It is an effective safety-valve. Without it, I am not prepared to say that the boiler would not burst, scattering around it the scalded, mangled remains of your washer-woman and utterly ruining your week's wash.

"And mark, madam, mark most of all, the economy of this invention. I need not say to you, a house-keeper of knowledge and experience, that churning day and wash day stand separate and distinct upon your household calendar. Under no circumstances is it conceivable that the churn and the wash-boiler shall be required for use upon the same day. Clearly the use of the one presupposes and compels the neglect of the other. Then why cumber your house with these two articles, equally large and equally unwieldly, when, by means of the beautiful invention that I have the honor of presenting to your notice, the two in one can be united, and money and house-room alike can be saved? I trust, madam, I believe, that I have said enough to convince you that my article is all that fancy can paint or bright hope inspire; that in every household made glad by its presence it will be regarded always and forever as a heaven-given boon!" Suddenly dropping his rhetorical tone and coming down to the tone of business, the man went on: "You'll buy one, won't you? The price—"

The change of tone seemed to arouse Susan from the spell-bound condition in which she had remained during this extrordinary harangue.

"O-o-o-oh!" she said, shudderingly, "do take the horrid, horrid thing right away!" Then she fled into the house.

I was very angry at the man for disturbing Susan in this way, and I told him so pretty plainly; and I also told him to get out. At this juncture, to my astonishment, Gregory Wilkinson interposed by asking what the thing was worth; and when the man said five dollars, he said that he would buy it. The man had manifested a disposition to be ugly while I was giving him his talking to, but when he found that he had made a sale, after all, he grew civil again. As he went off he expressed the hope that the lady would be all right presently, and the conviction that she would find the combination churn and wash-boiler a household blessing that probably would add ten years to her life.

"What on earth did you buy that for?" I asked, when the man had gone.

"Oh, I don't know. It seems to be a pretty good wash-boiler, anyway. I heard your wife say the other day that she wanted a wash-boiler. She needn't use it as a churn if she don't want to, you know."

"But my wife never will tolerate that disgusting thing, with its horrid suggestiveness of worse than Iri-h uncleanliness, about the house," I went on, rather hotly. "I really must beg of you to send it away."

"All right," he answered. "I'll *take* it away. I'm going to New York to-morrow, and I'll take it along."

"And what ever will you do with it in New York?" I asked.

"Well, I can't say positively yet, but I guess I'll send it out to the asylum. They'd be glad to get it there, I don't doubt—not as a churn, you know, but for wash-boiling."

Then he went on to tell me that one of the things that he especially wanted done at the asylum with his legacy was the construction of a steam-laundry, with a thing in the middle that went round and round, and dried the clothes by centrifugal pressure. He explained that the asylum was only just starting as an asylum, and was provided not only with very few destitute red Indian children, but also with very few of the appliances which an institution of that sort requires, and that was the reason why he had selected it, in preference to many other very deserving charities, to leave his money to.

I must say that I was glad to hear him talking in this strain, for his sudden announcement of his intended departure for New York, just after I had spoken so warmly to him, made me fear that I had offended him. But it was clear that I hadn't, and that his going off in this unexpected fashion did not mean anything. He always did have a fancy for doing things suddenly.

Susan was worried about it, in just the same way, when I told her; but she ended by agreeing with me that he was not in the least offended at anything. Indeed that evening we both were very much pleased to notice what good spirits he was in. His preoccupied manner was entirely gone, and, for him, he was positively lively. Evidently, whatever the thing was that he had been thinking about so hard, he had settled it in a way that satisfied him.

Just as we were going to bed he told me, in what struck me at the time as rather an odd tone, that he was under the impression that he had somewhere a chest full of old family papers, and that possibly among these papers there might be something that would tell me how to find the fortune that Susan and I certainly deserved to have. As he said this he laughed in a queer sort of way, and then he looked at Susan very affectionately, and then he took each of us by the hand.

"Oh!" said Susan, rapturously (when Susan is excited she always begins what she has to say with an "Oh!" I like it). "To think of finding a piece of old yellow parchment with a quite undecipherable cryptogram written on it in invisible ink telling us just where we ought to dig! How perfectly lovely! Why *didn't* you think of it sooner?"

"Because I have been neither more nor less than a blind old fool. And—and I have to thank you, my dear," he continued, still speaking in the queer tone, "for having effectually opened my eyes." As he made this self-derogatory and quite incomprehensible statement he turned to Susan, kissed her in a great hurry, shook our hands warmly, said good-night, and trotted off upstairs to his room. His conduct was very extraordinary. But then, as I have already mentioned, Gregory Wilkinson had a way of always doing just the things which nobody expected him to do.

He had settled back into his ordinary manner by morning; at least he was not much queerer than usual, and bade us good-by cheerily at the Lewes railway station. I had hired a light wagon and had driven him over in time for the early train, bringing Susan along, so that she might see the last of him. What with all three of us, his trunk and valise, and the churn-wash-boiler, we had a wagon-load.

Susan was horrified at the thought of his giving the churn-wash-boiler to the asylum. "Even if they only are allowed to use it as a wash-boiler," she argued, earnestly, "think what dreadful ideas of untidiness it will put into those destitute red Indian children's heads!—ideas," she went on, "that will only tend to make them disgrace instead of doing credit to the position of easy affluence to which your legacy will lift them when they return to their barbaric wilds. If you *must* give it to them, at least conceal from them—I beg of you, conceal from them—the fatal fact that it ever was meant to be a churn too."

Gregory Wilkinson promised Susan that he would conceal this fact from the destitute red Indian children; and then the train started, and he and the churn-wash-boiler were whisked away. We really were very sorry to part with him.

V.

Two or three days later I happened to meet Old Jacob as I was coming away from the post-office in Lewes, and I was both pained and surprised to perceive that the old man was partially intoxicated. When he caught sight of me he came at me with such a lurch that had I not caught him by the arm he certainly would have fallen to the ground. At first he resented this friendly act on my part, but in a moment he forgot his anger and insisted upon shaking hands with me with most energetic warmth. Then he swayed his lips up to my ear, and asked in a hoarse whisper if that old cousin chap of mine had got home safely the night before, and wanted to know, with a most mysterious wink, if things was all right *now*.

I was grieved at finding Old Jacob in this unseemly condition, and I also was ruffled by his very rude reference to my cousin. I endeavored to disengage my hand from his, and replied with some dignity that Mr. Wilkinson at present was in New York, whither he had returned several days previously. But Old Jacob declined to relinquish my hand, and, with more mysterious winks, declared in a muzzy voice that I might trust *him*, and that I needn't say that my cousin was in New York, when he and him had been a-ridin' around together to the bay and back ag'in only the day before. And then he went off into a rambling account of this expedition, which in its main features resembled the expedition that we all three had taken together, but which displayed certain curious details as it advanced that I could not at all account for. By all odds the most curious of these details was that they had taken a large tin vessel along with them, Old Jacob's description of which tallied strangely closely with that of the churn-wash-boiler, and that they had left it behind them when they returned. But as he mixed this up with a lot of stuff about having shown my cousin the course of an old creek that a storm had filled with sand fifty years and more before, I could not make head nor tail of it.

Yet somehow there really did seem to be more than mere drunken fancy in what he was telling me; for in spite of his muzzy way of telling it, his story had about it a curious air of truth; and yet it all was so utterly preposterous that belief in it was quite out of the question. To make matters worse, when I begged the old man to try to remember very carefully whether or not he really had made a second trip to the bay, or only was telling me about the trip that the three of us had made together, he suddenly got very angry, and said that he supposed I thought he was drunk, and if anybody was drunk I was, and he'd fight me for five cents any time. And then he began to shake his old fists at me, and to go on in such a boisterous way that, in order to avoid a very unpleasant scene upon the public streets, I had to leave him and come home.

When I told Susan the queer story that Old Jacob had told me she was as much perplexed and disturbed by it as I was. To think of Gregory Wilkinson driving around the lower part of the State of Delaware in this secret sort of way, in company with Old Jacob and the churn-wash-boiler, as she very truly said, was like a horrible dream; and she asked me to pinch her to make sure that it wasn't.

"But even pinching me don't prove anything," she said, when I had performed that office for her. "For—don't you see?—I might dream that I was dreaming, and asked you to pinch me, and that you did it; and I suppose," she went on, meditatively, "that I might even dream that I woke up when you pinched me, and yet that I might be sound asleep all the while. It really is dreadfully confusing, when you come to think of it, this way in which you can have dreams inside of each other, like little Chinese boxes, and never truly know whether you're asleep or awake. I don't like it at all."

Without meaning to, Susan frequently talks quite in the manner of a German metaphysician.

The next day we received a letter from Gregory Wilkinson that we hoped, as we opened it, would clear up the mystery. But before we had finished it we were in such a state of excitement that we quite forgot that there was any mystery to clear up. My cousin wrote from his home in New York, and made no allusion whatever to a second visit to Lewes, still less to a second expedition with Old Jacob to Rehoboth Bay. After speaking very nicely of the pleasant time that he had passed with us, he continued:

"I enclose a memorandum that seems to have a bearing upon the whereabouts of the hidden family fortune. I am sorry, for Susan's sake, that it is neither invisible nor undecipherable; but I think that for practical purposes visible ink and readable English are more useful. I advise you to attend to the matter at once. It may rain."

The enclosure was a scrap of paper, so brown with age that it looked as though it had been dipped in coffee, on which was written, in astonishingly black ink, this brief but clear direction:

Sheer uppe ye planke midwai atween ye oake and ye hiccorie sapplyngs 7 fathom Est of Pequinky crik on ye baye. Ytte is all there.

There was no date, no signature, to this paper, but neither Susan nor I doubted for a moment that it was the clew to my great-great-great-uncle's missing fortune. With a heart almost too full for utterance, Susan went straight across the room to the big dictionary (Gregory Wilkinson had given it to us at Christmas, with a handy iron stand to keep it on), and in a trembling voice the dear child told me in one single breath that a fathom was a measure of length containing six feet or two yards, generally used in ascertaining the depth of the sea. Then, without waiting to close the dictionary, she threw herself into my arms and asked me to kiss her hard!

Susan wanted to start right off that afternoon—she was determined to go with me this time, and I had not the heart to refuse her; but I represented to her that night would be upon us before we could get across to the bay, and that we had better wait till morning. But I at once went over and hired the light wagon for the next day, and then we got together the things which we deemed necessary for the expedition. The tape-measure, of course, was a most essential part of the outfit. Susan declared that she would take exclusive charge of that herself; it made her feel that she was of importance, she said. During all the evening she was quite quivering with excitement—and so was I, for that matter—and I don't believe that we slept forty winks apiece all night long.

We were up bright and early, and got off before seven o'clock—after Susan had given the colored girl a great many directions as to what she should and should not do while we were gone. This was the first time that we ever had left the colored girl alone in the house for a whole day, and Susan could not help feeling rather anxious about her. It would be dreadful, she said, to come home at night and find her bobbing up and down dead at the bottom of the well.

As we drew near the bay I asked several people whom we happened to meet along the road if they knew where Pequinky Creek was, and I was rather surprised to find that they all said they didn't. At last, however, we were so fortunate as to meet with quite an old man who was able to direct us. He seemed to be a good deal astonished when I put the question to him, but he answered, readily:

"Yes, yes, o' course I knows where 'tis—'tain't nowhere. Why, young man, there hain't ben any Pequinky Crik fur th' better part o' sixty year—not sence thet gret May storm druv th' bay shore right up on eend an' dammed th' crik short off, an' turned all th' medders thereabouts inter a gret nasty ma'sh, an' med a new outlet five mile an' more away t' th' west'ard. Not a sign o' Pequinky Crik will you find at this day—an' w'at I should like ter know is w'ere on yeth a young feller like you ever s' much as heerd tell about it."

This was something that I had not counted on, and I could see that Susan was feeling very low in her mind. But by questioning the old man closely I gradually got a pretty clear notion of where the mouth of the creek used to be; and I concluded that, unless the oak and hickory had been cut down or washed away, I stood a pretty good chance of finding the spot that I was in search of. Susan did not take this hopeful view of the situation. She was very melancholy.

Following the old man's directions, I drove down to the point on the road that was nearest to where the Pequinky in former times had emptied into the bay; then I hitched the horse to a tree, and with Susan and the tape-measure began my explorations. They lasted scarcely five minutes. With no trouble at all I found the oak and the hickory—grown to be great trees, as I had expected—and with the tape-measure we fixed the point midway between them in no time. Then I went back to the wagon for the spade and the other things, Susan going along and dancing around and around me in sheer delight. It is a fortunate trait of Susan's character that while her spirits sometimes do fall a very long distance in a very short time, they rise to proportionate heights with proportionate rapidity.

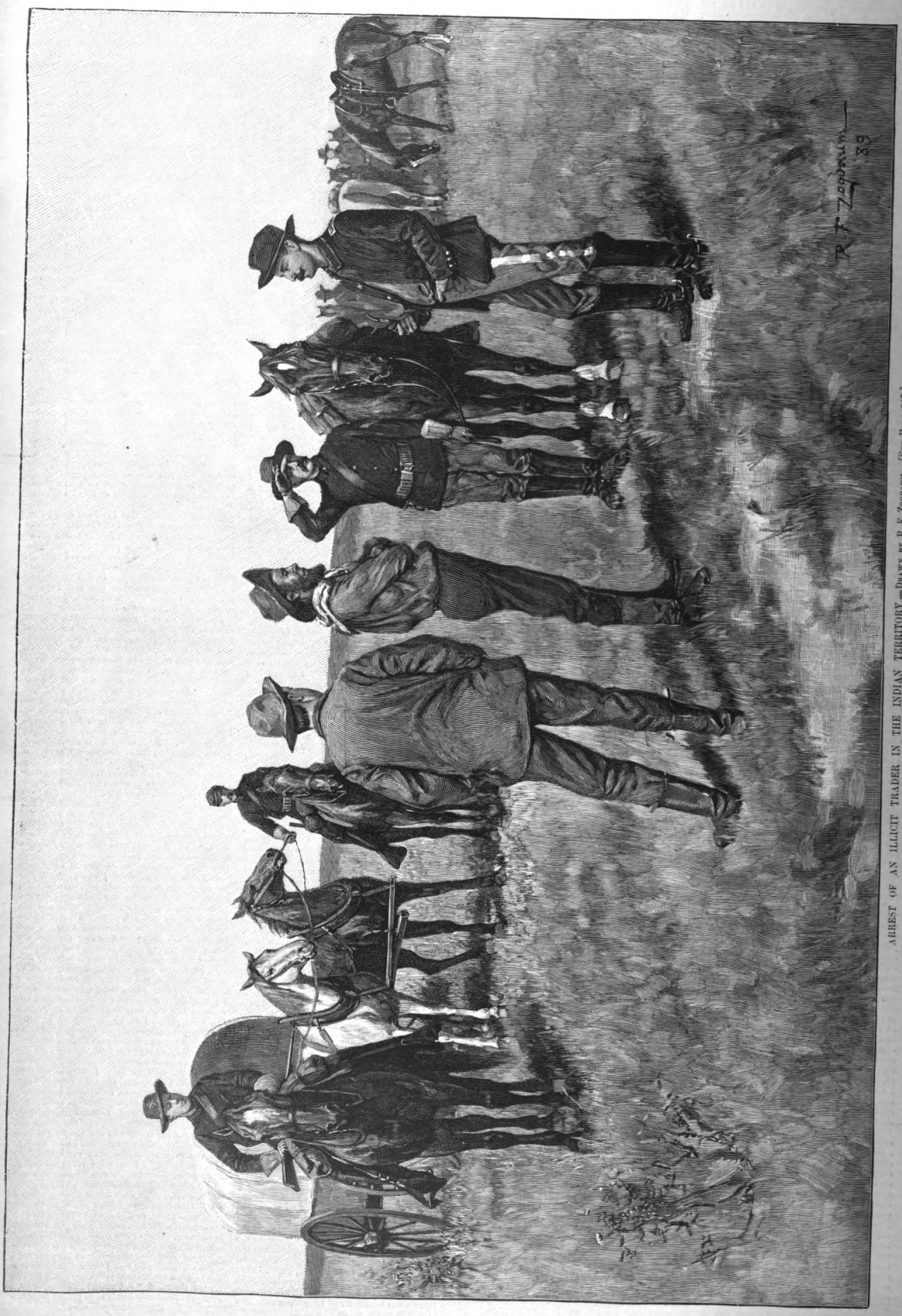
The point that we had fixed between the trees was covered thickly with leaves, and when I had cleared these away and had begun to dig, I was surprised to find that the soil came up freely, and was not matted together with roots as wood soil ought to be. I should have paid more attention to this curious fact, no doubt, had I not been so profoundly stirred by the excitement incident to the strange work in which I was engaged. As for Susan, the dear creature said that she had creeps all over her, for she knew that the old pirate's ghost must be hovering near, and she begged me to notify her when I came to the skeleton, so that she might look away. I told her that I did not expect to find a skeleton, but she replied that this only showed how ignorant I was of pirate ceremonial; that it was the rule with all pirates when burying treasure to sacrifice a human life, and to bury the dead body over the hidden gold. She admitted, however—upon my drawing her attention to the fact that the treasure which we were in the act of digging up had been placed here by my relative only for temporary security—that in this particular instance the human sacrifice part of the pirate programme might have been omitted.

Just as we had reached this conclusion—which disappointed Susan a little, I think—my spade struck with a heavy thud against a piece of wood. Clearing the earth away, I disclosed some fragments of rotten plank, and beneath these I saw something that glittered! Susan, standing beside me on the edge of the hole, saw the glitter too. She did not say one word; she simply put both of her arms around my neck and kissed me.

I rapidly removed the loose earth, and then with the pickaxe I heaved the plank up bodily. But what we saw when the plank came away was not a chest full of doubloons, pieces-of-eight, moidores, and other such ancient coins, mingled with golden ornaments thickly studded with precious stones; no, we saw the very bright lid of a tin box, a circular box, rather more than two feet in diameter. There was a small hole in the centre of the lid, into which a little roll of newspaper was stuffed—presumably to keep the sand out—and beside this hole I noticed, soldered fast to the lid, a small brass plate on which my eye caught the word "Patented." It was strange enough to find the tin box in such perfect preserva-

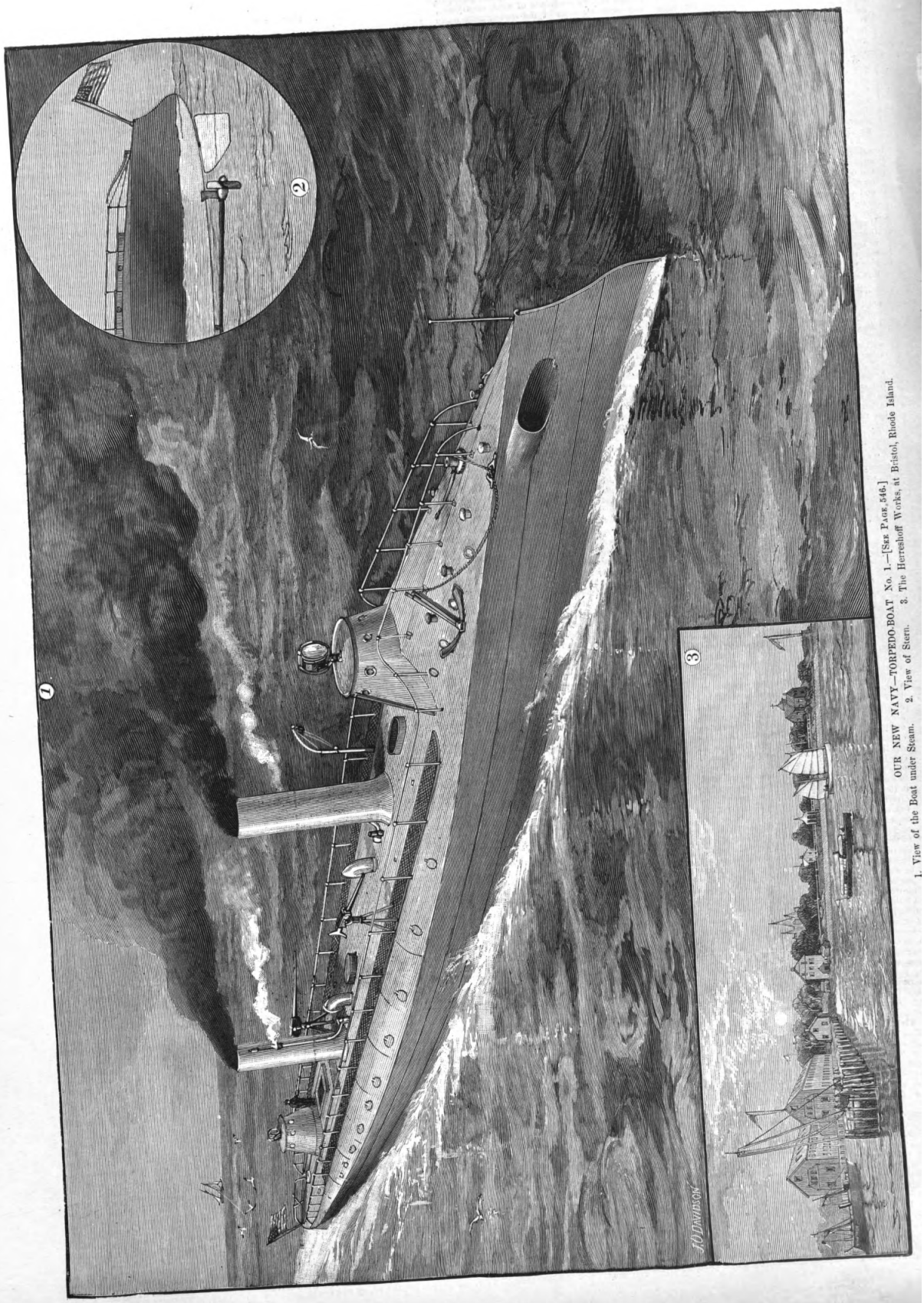
(Continued on page 546.)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ARREST OF AN ILLICIT TRADER IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 547.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



OUR NEW NAVY—TORPEDO-BOAT No. 1.—[See Page 546.]

1. View of the Boat under Steam. 2. View of Stern. 3. The Herreshoff Works, at Bristol, Rhode Island.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

(*Continued from page 543.*)

tion while the stout oak plank above it had rotted into fragments; but the wisp of newspaper, and the brass plate with its utterly out-of-place inscription, were absolutely bewildering. My head seemed to be going around on my shoulders, while something inside of it was buzzing dreadfully. Suddenly Susan exclaimed, in a tone of disgust and consternation, "It's—it's that perfectly horrid churn-wash-boiler!"

As she spoke these doomful words I recalled Old Jacob's drunken story, which I now perceived must have been true, and the dreadful thought flashed into my mind that Gregory Wilkinson must have gone crazy, and that this dreary practical joke was the first result of his madness. Susan meanwhile had sunk down by the side of the hole and was weeping silently.

As a vent to my outraged feelings I gave the wretched tin vessel a tremendous poke with the spade, that caved in one side of it and knocked the lid off. I then perceived that within it was an oblong package carefully tied up in oiled silk, and on bending down to examine the package more closely I perceived that it was directed to Susan. With a dogged resolve to follow out Gregory Wilkinson's hideous pleasantry to the bitter end, I lifted the package out of the box—it was pretty heavy—and began to open it. Inside the first roll of the cover was a letter that also was directed to Susan. She had got up by this time, and read it over my shoulder.

"My dear Susan,—I have decided not to wait until I die to do what little good I can do in the world. You will be glad, I am sure, to learn that I have made arrangements for the immediate erection of the steam-laundry at the asylum, as well as for the material improvement in several other ways of that excellent institution.

"At the same time I desire that you and your husband shall have the benefit immediately of the larger portion of the legacy that I always have intended should be yours at my death. It is here (in govt. 4's), and I hope with all my heart that your trip to Europe will be a pleasant one. I am very affectionately yours,

"Gregory Wilkinson."

"And to think," said Susan, as we drove home through the twilight, bearing our sheaves with us, and feeling very happy over them—"and to think that it should turn out to be your cousin Gregory Wilkinson who was the family pirate and had a hoard, and not your great-great-great-uncle, after all!"

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL OF THE ARMY.

(*Continued from page 532, Supplement.*)

of a thorough knowledge of lifting powers, and of the best methods of accomplishing results by the most economical employment of force, is indicated in the accompanying illustrations of the methods of dismounting and mounting heavy guns, of lifting them from the ground to the parapet of a fort, and of moving them from one carriage to another.

The study of artillery involves, first of all, proficiency in mathematics. Guns are built and fired on mathematical principles. Instruments determine very nearly everything, but, finally, the accuracy of the shot must depend somewhat on the judgment and coolness of the man in charge of the piece. If war were to be carried on in the future at the long range permitted by modern inventions in artillery, instruments would take the place of the human mind, which used to squint its eye over the barrel that was levelled in the direction of the enemy; but, big and far-carrying as modern ordnance is, human nature has not changed, and when the men of to-day engage in battle they will feel the irrepressible tendency of their kind to get as near as possible to their opponents. Fighting is not to be safer, but it will not last so long, for it will be more destructive. Nevertheless, a modern gun cannot be built, nor its charge determined, nor its projectile fired, without the application of mathematical formulæ and the use of instruments that would have sadly bothered the brains of the artillerists of a hundred years ago. It is impossible, and it would be uninteresting to the general reader, to go into the mathematical work of the school in detail. Even the course pursued by the enlisted men would be difficult to explain without some graphic illustrations. A rapid survey of some of the subjects considered by the student officers and by the enlisted men will indicate the intellectual requirements of this arm of the service and the results aimed at by the school.

The first subject taught in the Artillery Department is exterior ballistics, which treats of the flight of projectiles after leaving the gun. The text-book used by the school was prepared by Captain Ingalls, of whose computation of the "jubilee shot" mention has been already made. The subjects under this head are given in the new programme of the school. Some of them are as follows: The mathematical study of the laws of resistance of the air to the motion of projectiles; the method of determining resistances, with deductions from the most notable experiments; the relation between time, space, and velocity; deflecting action of wind; drift; jump; moment of inertia of an oblong projectile of different forms; calculation of range tables; plotting of trajectories.

The manner in which a trajectory is plotted may be seen from the illustration of the line traversed by the "jubilee shot." The distance of every essential point of the trajectory from the ground must be calculated and the line drawn. Range tables indicate the point of impact of a shot fired from a certain piece under certain conditions. It is possible to tabulate a harbor for all the pieces that command it, and the tables may be depended upon to a certain point, although varying conditions of wind, atmosphere, and other elements of the environment make frequent corrections necessary.

Interior ballistics includes the study of the properties of powder. An extraordinary advance has been made in the manufacture of explosives since the close of our war. Special grades of powder are now used for specific pieces of artillery. Every kind of powder will no longer do for any variety of ordnance, and the artillerist must know precisely what his gun demands to secure its highest efficiency. At the school the students are instructed in the chemical properties of powder and of gases; in the heat developed by the explosion; in the expansive energy of the gaseous products; in the general equation of motion of a projectile in the bore, and in the mathematical theories in gun construction. The endeavor is to discover all that may be known of what goes on inside the gun during and after the explosion, and of what is likely to happen to the projectile after its expulsion from the muzzle. So far as modern ordnance is concerned, the artillerists of the United States must depend upon the experiments and observations that are made by foreign officers. There is not a modern gun at Fort Monroe. Most of the cannon are constructed on the patterns of thirty years ago. The only rifled cannon are some 8-inch converted guns. The investigations of the school proceed under difficulties which will be remedied whenever Congress grows generous and the Ordnance Bureau makes up its mind as to the kind of gun which the artillery needs, for it is one of the curious features of the peculiar organization of our army that the arm of the service which uses the guns and defends the fortifications has very little to say concerning the kind that shall be adopted or the methods of their construction.

Leaving ballistics, the next course concerns the "Employment of Artillery Material, Munitions, Armor, etc." It includes the metallurgy of gun-metals; the constitution and the processes of manufacture of different kinds of iron and steel; the casting, converting, and rifling of guns; machine guns; the construction of gun-carriages; manufacture and uses of projectiles, fuses, and primers; the history and manufacture of armor; the experiments that have been made; the study of the trials between the target and ordnance. It includes gunnery, firing tactics to be employed against fleets, and the inspection of cannon with instruments.

The mere mention of what the officers of the school are expected to do shows not only how serious and practical is the work of the establishment, but its high intellectual character. It is the testimony of officers of the artillery that the school has already accomplished very much for the improvement of their branch of the army. It has been stated, and there is no reason to doubt its truth, that in each one of recent classes there have been more well-instructed artillerists than could have been found twenty years ago in the whole army.

The course of study in the school for the enlisted men is naturally confined to artillery; but most civilians will be surprised to find what the non-commissioned officers are expected to know. They are taught the phenomenon of explosion; the constituent parts of explosives; the comparative advantages of the different forms of the grain of powder; the gravity, density, pressure, and velocity of explosives. They are also taught how to pack and care for these destructive and dangerous agents. They study the nature of fuses and their uses; projectiles in all their forms, and their comparative values; the advantages and disadvantages of rifled guns, and the various systems of manufacture; the structure and motions of rockets; the meanings of terms employed. They are instructed in the different kinds of arms of the artillery service; the different uses to which they may be put; the various parts of a gun, and their rationale; the methods of constructing guns; the various instruments used for inspecting ordnance—the barometer, thermometer, hygrodeik, anemometer, densimeter, pressure-plug, and chronograph. They are also taught how to make range tables, and all the mechanical work that is essential in the manipulation of both heavy and field artillery. In a word, the enlisted men—at least, those who become non-commissioned officers—are expected to have an intelligent knowledge of their weapons, and a private achieves his chevrons by profitable attendance upon the school for enlisted men. In the new programme the men are instructed in some of the elementary principles of mechanics and mechanical engineering, and in electricity.

The practical work in artillery, with the exception of firing, goes on whenever out-of-door work is possible; that is, when it is not too hot or too cold, or too stormy. Among the improvements greatly needed at the post is the filling in of the parade-ground, much of which is under water after heavy storms. The mechanical drills and the firings are illustrated in the accompanying pictures. It was probably of the formation about the howitzer that a prominent militia officer complained, because the men did not follow the tactics of the infantry, with which he happened to be familiar.

The firing at a target takes place in July, August, and September. It is sometimes participated in by other troops than those who are stationed at Fort Monroe. Last summer, for example, five batteries from Washington Barracks and three from Fort McHenry were sent there for their annual heavy artillery practice. A large part of the practical artillery-work consists of the mechanical manœuvres to which allusion has been made, and which are illustrated.

It is in this important part of the course that the lack of modern ordnance and gun-carriages is chiefly felt. The officers and men are necessarily instructed in the manipulation of very much lighter pieces than are used in foreign armies and navies, because the government has no modern heavy ordnance. They are still firing muzzle-loading 15-inch smooth-bores and 8-inch converted rifles at targets set at a distance of from 2000 to 3500 yards. The carriages as well as the guns are old. The modern methods of absorbing the recoil have not been put into use in this country. There are no disappearing carriages. Notwithstanding all its disadvantages, the school keeps at work firing the guns that were used in the last war, and carefully plotting the shots. The 8-inch converted rifles, which are outside the walls of the fort, on the beach, are oftenest fired.

There is no better place on the coast for heavy artillery practice than Old Point Comfort. The broad Chesapeake Bay lies in front of the fort, and there is clear space for miles. The targets are distant not more than two miles, and the danger to vessels is nothing. Not even a small boat has been struck during all the years the target firing has been maintained. Hampton Roads is a great harbor, but it is not yet so busy that target practice in its waters is dangerous, while its great breadth and extent give the space that is needed.

The targets are stationary or drifting. The first are anchored; the second are towed about behind a tug or allowed to float out with the tide. The target being placed, its position is obtained trigonometrically. The base line, for this purpose, has been surveyed from the Rip Raps in the harbor to a point of the beach beyond the fort. By the use of transits and graduated circles from the observation stations at the ends of this base line the distance of the target from the gun is obtained, and this is plotted on a plane table, on which is marked the base line, the two stations, and each gun being indicated by holes. These holes are the centres of arcs which are graduated in degrees, and any angle can be laid off to minutes from either station. The angles being reported by telegraph from one and by flag from the Rip Raps, the point of intersection of the lines from the stations to the target is measured. In the same way the distance of the striking-point of the shot is determined, the observers at the two stations noting the splash, and telegraphing and signalling the angles indicated by the reading of the arcs. The angles are plotted, and the striking-distance from the gun measured. Thus the deviation is discovered. Before the firing takes place, the quality of the powder is carefully considered. Its density and the percentage of moisture in it are determined by the densimeter and in the laboratory. The crew of a gun understands precisely what each shot has accomplished, the weight of the projectile, and the quality and condition of the powder used to drive it from the gun.

Besides the practice with the big guns, there is mortar and light artillery practice. Some new steel breech-loaders have been sent to the fort for trial. The government has several of these new field-pieces, but they have not been distributed. There is also the rifle practice, which, within a few years, has become one of the most prominent and important exercises at every military post of the army. Last April the great storm in the Chesapeake destroyed the rifle range of Fort Monroe, and it is somewhat doubtful if money to replace it can be obtained until Congress passes another army appropriation bill. This means, briefly, that if during a recess of Congress any branch of the public service is crippled by such an accident as is designated in marine insurance policies as "an act of God," the damage cannot be repaired, however necessary to the public welfare the work of the particular service may be, until Congress meets again, or unless, by squeezing economy, money that was intended and needed for another purpose may be diverted.

Electricity has a great deal to do in connection with modern artillery, and plays a very important part in all recent systems of coast defence. Electricity and submarine mining are therefore exceedingly valuable features of the course at the Artillery School, and in the new programme the work of the department is very greatly increased and advanced. Electricity is studied theoretically and practically, and for the purposes of this department the school has an excellent outfit.

Submarine mining embraces the examination of all kinds of torpedoes, the causes of their failure, and the conditions under which success is obtained. Instruction is also given in the methods of manufacturing and firing both mechanical and electrical torpedoes. The difficulty that operates against the complete success of the Torpedo School at Willet's Point is keenly felt at Fort Monroe. Owing to the insufficiency of the appropriations, the school does not possess the materials with which to make practical experiments in planting, firing, and countermining torpedoes. The officers are familiar with the theories and with the various systems that have been adopted by other governments, but Congress will not probably give to them an opportunity to actually handle and conduct drills in submarine mining until the danger which torpedoes might avert is actually upon the country. There is a torpedo school for the navy at Newport, as well as that for the army at Willet's Point, and it is probably better supplied than the latter. The artillery, which will be called upon to use torpedoes, has no plant, except for the application of electricity.

There remains only space for a brief account of the other departments of the school. Under military science, the officers study minor tactics, logistics, battle tactics, and strategy. Practical problems are worked out, all of which involve the use of artillery.

The course in chemistry includes lectures in chemical philosophy, qualitative and quantitative analysis, the description and use of laboratory apparatus, the analysis of crude sulphur, crude nitre, and gunpowder, the theory and use of the densimeter. The six student-officers of each class who have shown the greatest aptitude in laboratory work pursue what is known as the "Advanced Course" in chemistry. In this course iron ores are analyzed, and the commercial tests of iron and steel are applied. It is within the option of the students to also examine the ores of copper and lead.

The nature, use, force, and effect of high explosives are studied in the second year of the course. Directions are given for manipulating and making explosives prepared with nitro-glycerine, and experiments are conducted.

For the purpose of familiarizing the officers with appliances for lifting heavy weights, they are taught the material, manufacture, care, and manipulation of cordage, pulleys, and tackles. They are also instructed in practical telegraphy and photography.

The standing of an officer of artillery depends very largely upon the manner in which he acquits himself at the Artillery School. Examinations are held by the instructor of each department, and the student-officers are marked for their proficiency or failure. They do not go through the form of attending school. They actually attend, and are graded as they used to be when they were cadets at West Point. They are also examined in the presence of the staff in the practical work of their profession, and they are informed, by the regulations of the school, that "in estimating standing and proficiency in the tactical exercises, the ability of officers to give the proper commands will not be alone considered, but their aptitude for seeing what is required, their power of imparting instruction to those under them, and their soldierly qualities and ability to command will be taken fully into account."

When the examinations are concluded, and the officers graded according to their special and general merits, a report is made by the staff of the school to the general-in-chief of the army. In it the officers who have distinguished themselves are designated, and the staff states "the professional employments for which any of them appear to be specially qualified." Officers who fail are also reported to the general-in-chief. A certificate is given to all who pass through the course successfully.

This outline of the history, purposes, and achievements of the Artillery School of the army will give to those who read it some knowledge which, unfortunately, the country generally does not possess. It will at least show that, among the officers of the army of the United States, there are many accomplished men engaged in serious and valuable work. It is greatly to the credit of these men that neglect and indifference have not destroyed their enthusiasm. It is owing solely to their patriotism and professional zeal that the country is in a position to begin the erection of coast defences. The Artillery School is a centre of light which proceeds entirely from the army. It owes its origin, its maintenance, and its great advance to the men whom it educates. The civil power of the government is not entitled to any gratitude for what has been accomplished at Fort Monroe. The school is what it is because the intelligence of the army, and especially of the artillery branch of the service, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of the advance of our whole military system, has kept abreast in the rapid race of modern scientific achievement. If we can defend our shores with the courage, ability, and energy which have been shown in developing the Artillery School, we need feel no fear of a foreign enemy.

THE DEEP-SEA TORPEDO-BOAT.

The Herreshoff torpedo-boat, built by the Bristol Company, gives our navy a type which for fifteen years has been developed as zealously by the other great maritime powers as it has been persistently neglected by us, though, curiously enough, we invented it, and were the first to demonstrate its practical advantages. The apologists for this cheese-paring policy invariably euphonize such delays as wise conservatism, and no war having intervened, they have in this case, perhaps, the best of the argument, for to-day widely divergent views exist as to the value of the weapon.

This form of attack was originally limited to the employment by ordinary steam-launches of spars fitted with powder tanks, so fused as to explode under control or by contact; and though in this crude shape its success was sufficient to justify extended experiments, little progress was made before the introduction of machine guns, murderously dominating all zones of approach, banned further attempts at direct attack. When, after some years, the tactical pendulum swung in turn from the offensive to the defensive point of rest, and gave a new weapon in the auto-mobile torpedo, the type was rehabilitated; for here, flying under water, at a constant depth and with fair accuracy, was a self moving projectile which could be discharged from a small craft that need not approach the attacked vessel nearer than three or four hundred yards.

Of course the millennium had now arrived for torpedo enthusiasts, who, slaughtering thousands for the love of peace, declared the last word had been spoken, and that war was impossible, because its theories were revolutionized. Less than five years since, Gabriel Charmes decided that "a squadron attacked by torpedo-boats was a squadron lost"; and within three years, Admiral Aube, then French Minister of Marine, asserted that, as between the torpedo-boat and the armored battle ship, "the microbe would destroy the giant." Nor were governments less excited than individuals, for in a sudden frenzy of fear they galloped pell-mell into a fever of buying or building, and spurred sharply, into a keen race for supremacy, rival constructors everywhere. Thornycroft, Yarrow, and White, in England; Schichau in Prus-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sia; Normandy in France; Herreshoff with us—indeed, in nearly every sea-frontiered country, builders, earlier or later, took up the fight, struggled Kilkennywise in it, and tooth and nail are at it yet.

Speed, dimensions, offensive power increased, and variant demands differentiated types, till at last, for the sake of clearness, two classes were established, one including boats of a size that could keep the sea independently, and the other such as could be carried on shipboard and be used as auxiliaries. In 1873 Thornycroft built for the Norwegian government a boat that was 57 feet in length, displaced 7¼ tons, and made about 15 knots; then followed another, 67 feet long, which ran 18 knots; and so up the gamut constructors raced, until Yarrow, in 1881, reached 22½ knots with a 100-foot vessel over the measured mile, while Schichau, a little later, produced one that made, with a load of 12½ tons, 115 knots at the rate of 21⅝ knots per hour. Coal supplies were augmented, speeds went still higher, until finally the *Ariete*, a Thornycroft boat, 147 feet in length, rushed to the forefront last year with a speed of 26 knots.

Actual sea-work did not, however, realize these trial promises, and implicit confidence in the type is much disturbed by the experience gained in every tactical evolution since 1886. Too much was claimed—was promised; too much, in truth, was sacrificed for speed; and it is now granted by their warmest advocates that the boats are delicate instruments to handle, and that for sea service, lengths above 130 feet, with displacements over 90 tons, must be given. It is conceded by French experts that the smaller class is of value mainly for coast defence; that the much-beheaded 35-metre boat cannot keep the sea nor carry coal enough for ordinary work, and that the 45-metre type is the smallest that can be profitably employed off shore. In England it is acknowledged that the hulls ought to be strengthened, the vitals protected, and indeed, if one may judge from the changes made in naval programmes, both for building and for evolutions, all other nations accept the compromises quoted.

It must be remembered that this alleged unseaworthiness does not relate to safety, or imply danger to life, for these boats have kept the ocean under the severest conditions of weather, and have made deep-water voyages—one, notably, by the *Childers*, to Australia, in the winter of 1884. The unfitness for outside service rests rather upon their want of habitability, upon the impossibility of living on board in the open; they are so boisterously lively, so persistent in their twistings and turnings, that the crew cannot rest, nor work, nor cook, nor indeed muster an appetite even could dinner be served. Then, too, these ballotings and tumblings tell quickly and disastrously upon machinery and armament, which are necessarily delicate, and worse than all, in a heavy sea, the offensive power, the speed, and even the *personnel* are apt to disappear summarily. Apart from these inherent difficulties, the pendulum now appears to be swinging the other way, for of late the resistance offered by steel-wire nets to auto-mobile torpedoes shows that a ship thus crinolined may be perfectly defended below the water-line.

Notwithstanding this expert uncertainty, this confusion of values, the Navy Department wisely determined to make its own tests, and submitted last year the plans of a first-class torpedo-boat to the competition of American ship-builders. This vessel is of the deep-sea, twin-screw type, and has the following dimensions: length, 138 feet; breadth, 15 feet; depth, 10 feet; draught, 4 feet 8 inches; displacement, about 100 tons, and estimated horse-power, 1600. The engines are of the five-cylindered, quadruple expansion type; the two boilers are of the latest Herreshoff design, and are placed in coal-protected compartments forward and abaft the engine-room; the interior is electrically lighted, and divided into eleven water-tight compartments; each of the two conning towers carries a search-light, and the armament will consist of two torpedo tubes in the bow, one torpedo gun aft, and three 37-pounder rapid-fire guns. The trial will be a continuous run for three consecutive hours, and fifteen tons' weight must be carried. Should the boat be finally accepted, a bonus or penalty for speed accomplishment is provided: $1500, in addition to the contract price, will be given if the mean speed exceeds 22 knots, and $2000 will be paid for each quarter of a knot above 23 knots; but in case the speed falls below 22 knots, $4000 are to be refunded by the builder, and if it does not reach 20 knots, the government reserves the right to reject the vessel.

These conditions were accepted by the Herreshoff Company, and in the light of their past success, it may safely be prophesied that the speed expected will be attained in the boat just completed. The trials will be watched with the greatest interest, because in the great problem of coast defence there is no other country to which torpedo-boats, whether of the first or second class, can be of such paramount importance. The larger boats will necessarily form a part of the first line, with the battle-ships, rams, and cruisers; and the smaller ones gathered along shore, secreted in creeks and bayous, rendezvoused in bays and harbors, and, should the necessity arise, transported by railways and canals from central stations to threatened positions, will prove most important auxiliaries to those heavily armored and powerfully armamented coast and harbor defence vessels upon which, as the second line, our safety so much depends.

A CAPTURED TRADER.

One of the purposes for which troops, under express provisions of the Revised Statutes, may be employed in the Indian Territory is the arrest of illicit traders. In that Territory, and in all reservations set apart for the use of the red men, the government guarantees that whites shall be kept away. Exceptions are made, of course, under the permits of the Indian Bureau, through its agents, and soldiers are also authorized to perform certain duties there. But the chances of profit carry into the Indian country traders who have no authority to enter it. The tribes themselves in some instances encourage their presence, especially where they have alcoholic liquor among their goods, the selling of which to Indians is forbidden anyway, and they are the more tempted to risk arrest and punishment from the good prices they can get. When their presence becomes known, troops are sometimes summoned by the agents to scout for and arrest the offenders.

Rather a striking instance of the trouble occasionally caused by illicit traders occurred among the Navajos of New Mexico a year or two ago. A squad of soldiers, starting from Fort Wingate to arrest whiskey peddlers, was confronted by a large force of Navajos, who declared that the men should not be taken away. The sergeant in charge of the squad, finding his party greatly outnumbered, was compelled to proceed to Fort Defiance, where the Indian Agent communicated with Fort Wingate, and a troop of cavalry was sent out. For a time an outbreak of this powerful tribe was feared from the mischief thus stirred up by the whiskey sellers. More recent testimony to the connection between the suppression of illicit traders and the well-being of the Indians is given in this extract from the last annual report of Mr. Carroll H. Potter, acting agent for the Osages in the Indian Territory: "There has been no improvement in the condition of the Osage Indians during the last year. These people are not sufficiently industrious to control in the right direction the amount of money they get. In consequence a large share is spent for contraband articles, which it seems very easy for them to procure along the State line and from peddlers on the reservation. The latter class the Indians will protect in every possible way. The traffic in whiskey by peddlers on the reservation is, in my opinion, alarmingly on the increase."

Mr. Zogbaum gives a sketch in this number of the Weekly of the arrest of an illicit trader in the Indian country. Some cavalrymen have come down upon him and his outfit, and have brought him to the officer in command of the party. The quiet, undemonstrative character of the scene suggests that the officer and the trader facing each other perfectly understand the nature of the offence, and will exchange very few words about it.

ON THE BRIDLE-PATH IN CENTRAL PARK.

Nobody who has made even the most cursory experiences or observations upon the bridle-path in the Central Park can need any verbal assurance that it has been the scene of Mr. Remington's vivid and remarkable pictures. So far as the quadrupeds are concerned, some of them might perhaps have been equally well gathered from Hyde Park or the Bois, though the shooting action of the American trotter, as the American artist has depicted him in full career, would testify his nationality to horsemen. The thoroughbred, however, though it is to England that he owes his nurture and development, is now the common possession of Europe and America. Even in the more powerful and more generally useful animal that owes its speed and its spirit to him, and is known as "half-bred," no matter what the precise admixture of patrician and plebeian elements in its breeding may be, it is scarcely distinguishable upon the common stock of what country he is founded. That an infusion of the English racing strain is desirable in a saddle-horse is recognized now in every stud from Trakene to Miles City. The American saddle-horse, for which a distinctive demand has set in only within a few years, is already successfully compounded in the Northwest in various proportions, not yet accurately adjusted, of the thoroughbred and the broncho. This latter has as clear a title to be called an indigenous American horse as any Caucasian biped has to be called an indigenous American man—a much clearer title, indeed, if we reckon by the number of generations that have elapsed since his Spanish ancestors left Europe behind. He is a beast of very limited utility for draught, but the endurance and even the "cussedness" which his nomadic habits and his unfavorable experience of mankind have impressed upon him supply in him an excellent basis for a saddle-horse when crossed with an animal of greater size, higher speed, and more power. The combination has already so far succeeded that those Northwestern breeders do not seem to be over-sanguine who look forward to the time when the cavalries of Europe shall be remounted from America.

In the present series of sketches the artist has not undertaken to include all the types, either of horses or of horsemen and horsewomen, that the bridle-path affords. The mounted Park policeman is mounted upon a long-tailed animal as unmistakably American as himself or as a troop horse of an American cavalry regiment, and it is fitted with the regulation saddle and single-reined curb bridle. The untempered broncho himself is by no means uncommon on the bridle-path, and one may often see the Mexican saddle of stamped leather, with high pommel and cantle and hooded stirrups. Nevertheless, the character of the bridle-path as a fashionable equestrian resort is undoubtedly given by the horses and the equipments that the artist has chosen. The cruel disfigurement of the docked tail has almost completely superseded, for the typical riders of the Central Park, not only nature's notion of what becomes a horse, but the racing bang which is held to smarten the horse's appearance at the expense of a foot or so of fly-brush. A circular shoe-brush seems to be the model which the present race of horse barbers have set themselves, and which they come ludicrously near attaining.

It is the riders, however, in Mr. Remington's drawings that betray their nationality. The male Anglomaniac, however faithful his imitation of English horse and man millinery may be, cannot doff his inherited countenance. The horsewomen, it is to be hoped, do not even desire to do so, for much and justly as they may exult in the tailor-made habit and the high hat, there are not many of them who would take it as a compliment to be told that they looked like English women. Whether they would or not, they unquestionably don't. The British lounger, fresh from Rotten Row, might think he was at home as he stood on the wall of the reservoir, at five o'clock on a fine afternoon, to see the equestrian procession go by, so long as he looked only at the horses and the clothes; but a glance at the nervous visages and spare figures of one sex, softened in the other into bright alertness of face and lissome grace of form, would convince him that he was in a new land.

Mr. Remington's drawings, however, are so much more interesting as pieces of art than as mere illustrations that it seems futile to discuss them in this latter aspect, except to assure the remote reader of their accuracy. The startling reality of these drawings may very likely lead the untrained observer to attribute this quality to the introduction of instantaneous photography, whereas the effect most commonly, and indeed almost without exception, attained by that art in the representation of horses in motion is an impression of startling unreality, and of unnatural fixedness. While a horse in the momentary hang over the hurdle may be photographed, no position of the trot or of the gallop represents a trotting or a galloping horse. It is the reassembling and blending of these evanescent postures, either mechanically by the zoetrope, or artistically by the painter, that conveys the sense of motion. No doubt scientific knowledge has its legitimate influence upon art; the camera has its use in teaching the artist to look for what he is assured by it is there. Even in this respect its uses are limited. It was very long before Muybridge that Delacroix selected the gathered instead of the conventionally extended position of the running horse as the more characteristic of furious motion, as Mr. Remington has done here in his headlong runaway. The truth and force of the action in the horse galloping forward will be appreciated by whoever has really watched a horse approaching at this gait and appreciated neither less nor more if he happen to be familiar with what photography has done, not toward its representation, but toward its dissection. It is conceivable, perhaps, that the delightful dancing poise of the thorough-bred carrying a girl in Mr. Remington's picture might have been caught by the camera, but it is quite certain that no camera has ever caught it. The question, indeed, that most appreciative persons feel inclined to put when dislocated fractions of flowing movement are put before them by photography is, "Can these bones live?" It is the artist who must furnish the answer.

THE GROWTH OF AMATEUR ATHLETICS.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

The growth of amateur athletic sport has been very steady during the past ten or fifteen years. It is safe to say that sports, as followed by amateurs, will continue to gain in popular support faster, in proportion to their following, than professional games will, for in the former the chief end in view is the sport itself, while in the latter the money is the main point, and the sport is all right so long as it produces the money. There have been so many professional contests where charges of fraud as to the results of them have been made, that the public of to-day needs pretty strong guarantee as to the honesty of the contestants and the so-called backers before support will be given. With amateurs it is quite different. In the first place, the patrons of amateur sport are not, as a rule, betting men. There are bets made at most of the important matches of amateurs at yachting, rowing, athletics, tennis, billiards, and bowling, but it would be very strange if such bets were ever of magnitude enough to influence a truthful result of the competition. In other words, amateur contests are, as a rule, patronized by a class of society whose business interests are good enough not to need any auxiliary, such as amateur sport might be made.

It has taken some time for the public to see the difference between amateur and professional sport, but a strict line between them has been drawn, and so many are versed on the subject that the comparative few who are not do not seem to exert much influence through their ignorance. A glance at the list of officers of any of the large athletic clubs of this country or England will reveal names prominently identified with the upper ranks of society and business. There is no better proof of the advancement and standard of amateur sport than this fact, and judging by clubs now in existence, and also those forming, amateur athletics in the future bid fair to become a fixture among civilized nations. There is no doubt that if people had more time they would indulge much more freely in pastime than they do even now. Out-door recreation is to the majority of men a luxury, because their every-day vocations keep them so confined, and when they do manage to have the time they very often feel more like keeping quiet than taking even the lightest kind of physical exercise. The Saturday early-closing movement, which is gaining such headway in this country among business institutions, is undoubtedly a great impetus to the following of amateur sport, for if men feel that they can indulge in this recreation with no interference to more important subjects, they naturally will take more kindly to it. The question has often been asked why it is that the West is not so far advanced in amateur sports as the East, for there is no question about there being plenty of material to build on out there, and many would think that the material there would make better subjects for athletic sports than that found East, on account of having a presumedly hardier and more rugged set to draw from. It does not matter what kind of a foundation a man has for the successful indulgence in athletic sport, if he has not time for it, the community never will hear of him. That is very much the case of our Western brethren, for civilization in the way of leisure is not quite so far advanced there as in the East. It is growing more so, however, every year, and the West is now further advanced in amateur pastimes than the East was a dozen years ago.

It will be interesting to note a few figures showing the amount of capital invested in different amateur athletic clubs throughout the country. The constitutions and by-laws of these various clubs read that the object of the clubs is the promotion and encouragement of physical



THAT DEED OF GIFT.

UNCLE SAM. "Can't accept it, Johnny? What's the matter? Ain't skeered, be yer?"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER AND HIS OFFENSIVE NEIGHBOR.

"Why don't yer be a man, and try ter git used to smoke?"

exercise and athletic competition, and judging by the methods of these clubs, they follow the ideas as expressed by their constitutions pretty well. The pioneer American athletic association, the New York Athletic Club, has invested in its clubhouse in New York city, and its summer home and grounds at Travers's Island, on Long Island Sound, a little over $400,000, and the encouragement which it gives to amateur sports in the way of competitions and prizes is too well known to need mention. The Berkeley Athletic Club, of this city, occupies property valued at about $250,000. The Manhattan Athletic Club, of this city, is at present in course of making a still larger investment. This club was organized in 1877, and after twelve years of steady building up, it intends occupying property by the end of this year representing an outlay of $650,000. The Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, of Philadelphia, is building a structure which, with the land, will cost $150,000, and the Boston Athletic Association took possession recently of premises valued in the neighborhood of $300,000. In Washington, D.C., the Columbia Athletic Club has invested about $100,000 in the furtherance of their object, and the clubs are too numerous to mention throughout the country that own plants valued at between $50,000 and $100,000. These figures are suggestive, and show at a glance what a firm footing amateur athletics have in this country.

Although there is much more money invested by athletic clubs in this country than in England, and the clubs here own finer buildings and premises, still the competitions themselves are more numerous and better patronized on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean than statistics prove to be the case here. Athletic sports are even taking a hold in France, although Englishmen have laughingly predicted for some time that this pastime would never be popular in that nervous nation. Frenchmen are thought not to be able to make good athletes, as a rule; and although it has been within their power to be good gymnasts, they do not seem to have the necessary hardiness which good athletes require. The popular interest of athletic sports in England is something marvellous. All through the spring and summer, numerous meetings are held each week, and the towns, in proportion to their size, give finer meetings from a point of attendance, value of prizes, and number of competitors, than this country has yet shown. It will not be amiss to state that the indications are that within another decade the details of athletics here will be brought to a stage as far advanced as they are in England.

The effect of athletic sports on the general health of competitors has been proved in most instances to be good. There are many persons who have more or less indulged in athletics, and lay any complaint or ailments which they may have in after-years to their early days of athletic training; but when one thinks of the great number of men who have taken hard physical exercise, and who say that they are better off for it, and prove it by their lives, the few who are supposed to have been injured by competition would make a very small showing. There is no better way of proving the above than by thinking of the many men who have made records for themselves as athletes, and getting their opinion as to the effects of their competitions on their after-life. It is a well-known fact that nearly all the cases of genuine athletic over-training have been professional athletes who have been engaged in instructing or taking part in, as a means of livelihood, athletic exercises for a long term of years. Those who have been unfortunate enough to reach that stage have evidently had to do too much work to keep up to their daily duties, and have gradually worn themselves out and exhausted their vitality through over-physical work, just as much as in many cases we hear of, from time to time, exhausted vitality from too much mental work.

The advantage of amateur competitions is that they very rarely bring about such results, for they are not the livelihood of those taking part in them, and their patrons stop following them whenever they feel so disposed. I have had many professional athletes tell me that they could not do so well after they went into the subject as an every-day matter than they could when they were looked on as amateurs, and judging by their performances both before and after entering the professional ranks one could easily see the truth of their assertions. In one case they indulged in athletic competition only when they felt like it, and as their living did not depend upon their success in it, it never worried them. In the other case, the better they did the more money they would make, and if they were not up to a certain standard their livelihood would suffer. This state, causing a certain amount of anxiety, sometimes wore on them to such an extent that they were often almost useless for athletic competition. To this cause has often been attributed the fact that amateurs can, in nearly all kinds of games, where the element of skill or technique is not the predominating feature, do as well as professionals. For instance, take a ten-mile run. There is very little skill about doing a fast performance at it, for all a man wants is plenty of vitality and endurance, and the amateur and professional records for it are not enough apart to amount to anything worth mentioning. In the game of base-ball, which is looked on as a most athletic game, a successful performer does not necessarily need strength of arm or fleetness at running, but his knowledge of the game or the technique of it is always found to be good. The ten-mile run is an example of genuine athletic ability, while the game of ball is a combination of head-work and general athletic adaptability, which takes long-continued practice. In other words, a man could keep on playing ball and learn something almost every day, but there is so little to learn about a ten-mile run that an amateur, devoting but a little time every day to practice, may do as good a performance as a professional athlete can who might have nothing else to engage his time except getting in good condition for ten-mile running.

Taking a list of the well-known athletic pastimes, it can be very easily proved that where genuine athletic ability is the important factor for a good performance, the amateurs do almost as well as the professionals. It has often been asked why this is so, and the best answer which has been given by men familiar with the subject is that as good athletes, as a rule, are born and not made, their ability shows itself very soon when given an opportunity. No man can be born with a knowledge of the fine points of lawn-tennis, base-ball, cricket, billiards, or any other game where skill is important. In these games professionals are recognized as being superior to amateurs. It is not their athletic ability that makes them so, but they are better acquainted with the fine points of them. Knowing that they can do almost as well as professionals acts as an incentive to the participation of amateurs in competition at running, walking, jumping, and weight-throwing. The difference of play between an amateur and a professional base-ball nine can be readily seen, but it would be hard to notice any difference in the performances done at athletic sports between amateurs and professionals.

The general effect of amateur athletic competition having been found to be beneficial to the majority who patronize it, and the tendency toward a degrading influence of most professional competitions in the same line, it is no wonder that the first-named has developed more rapidly in proportion to its age than the last one has. It is improbable that either subject is followed with the idea of benefiting one's health, and the fact that the general tone of the nervous and physical systems being benefited can simply be mentioned as one of the arguments in their favor. Professionals go into competition mostly for livelihood. Amateurs do the same as a recreation, and knowing this to be the case, no further explanation is necessary in showing that totally different results can be derived from them. There are some splendid examples of so-called professional athletes, who stand well with the community in every way. The different tutors of amateur athletic clubs, colleges, schools, private and public gymnasiums, are all professional athletes according to the universally recognized definition as laid down by athletic legislators; but the majority of these should in no way be connected with the every-day professional sporting element, for, as a rule, they are above the mass of men in general intelligence. To be successful in their business they do not simply have to know how to perform on a horizontal bar, but they must have read a great deal about deeper subjects concerning the health of mankind; and their association with and continued tutoring of their pupils increases their mental faculties even more than their physical powers. No better argument can be used in showing the beneficial results of even the most ardent following of athletic competitions than describing the influence of them on the general life of those successful at them. Good performers, whether they are amateurs or professionals, must lead what would be called a strict, watchful life. Can any one deny that such an influence is good in the long-run? The temptations associated with civilization need not be pointed out, and surely any pastime which is directly opposed to self-indulgence ought to gradually show itself as being worthy of recognition. To sum up the question in a general way, it is a fact that the majority who follow amateur athletic sport to any extent are first-rate examples in every way of average mankind, and although it is quite possible to derive the same results from professional sport, still statistics would prove the ordinary results to be quite different.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

THE approach of the 1st of July, with the necessary preparations for payment of interest and dividends on that date, has begun to illustrate the effect of the late gold shipments. On Wednesday money became worth 3½ to 4 per cent. for demand loans on usual collateral of railroad stocks, and to-day the rate was 4 to 5 on the same security, a higher rate very naturally prevailing where the new Trust stocks were accepted. Foreign exchange at once became more plentiful, and sterling was offered at rates that make it a cheaper remittance than gold. At the close of business to-day only $1,200,000 gold was engaged for Saturday's steamers, against $4,250,000 at the same time a week ago. The preparations for the disbursements of July 1st will have to be completed to-morrow, as on Saturday the banks close at noon, and higher rates for call loans are therefore quite likely. The market for time loans and commercial paper is also dearer than it was last week, and the inducements for the temporary employment of foreign capital in this market are correspondingly increased. Better rates for money are likely to prevail for some days after the beginning of July, owing to the distribution in thousands of small sums of the large amounts now held together for that date, and this will attract money that has been waiting for this opportunity, so that next week may see the end of large gold shipments for this season.

Railroad stocks are duller, but continue to be held with much determination, notwithstanding the fight over St. Paul and Chicago business, the reductions made and threatened by the Chicago and Alton road, and the movement for lower rates by State officials in Kansas and Nebraska. The weekly reports of railroad earnings continue to show gains over last year in most cases, and there is general expectation that the foreign market for our surplus grain will be profitable enough to pay well both the railroads and the farmers. The demand for steel rails is good, both East and West, and this is naturally interpreted as a good sign for railroad business. The whole iron industry looks better, and the producers of anthracite coal have felt warranted in raising their prices 5 to 15 cents per ton. There is therefore some reason for the tenacity with which railroad stocks are held. Going back a month, and seeing how they turned out for the railroads which have reported their gross and net earnings, the examination is, upon the whole, satisfactory; and the review of the first six months of the year, to be furnished to-morrow by the Vanderbilt railroads, the New York Central, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central, and the Canada Southern, is awaited with confidence in fairly good results. All these influences go to explain why it is that the market has received the news of railroad rivalries in the West with diplomatic composure. But they would not suffice were it not that the temper of the market is high and hopeful.

This hopefulness is again, as it was last week, most strikingly shown by the dealings in the Trust stocks. There have been wide fluctuations in one of these, the Sugar Refineries Company, the stock of which rose from 114 to 126, fell to 113, and closed at 115½, and Cotton Oil is lower. But the dealings in these and in the Lead Trust indicate no revulsion of feeling; on the contrary, the feeling is so good that another Trust stock, the Distillers and Cattle Feeders', was successfully added to-day to the unlisted department of the Stock Exchange. Every Trust stock which reaches even this outer circle of the Stock Exchange has passed through many stages, and has been brought at least into presentable shape. It is true that we do not officially know the exact amount of the capital stock of these concerns, but a good deal can be learned of them nevertheless, and they are probably destined, like the Chicago Gas Trust Company, to reach the stage where they will furnish all needful information, and pass, like it, to the regular list of the Stock Exchange. The published details in regard to the Sugar Refineries Company would almost justify the opinion that that company should reach that point soon. And when that point is reached it will be a decided advantage for the Stock Exchange to have these various concerns regularly "listed." It is desirable that the great manufacturing companies of the country should be, duly represented in this market, as is the case in European capitals, and as local corporations of this class are represented in the Boston market. The New York Exchange has been too exclusively a railroad market, but it is likely hereafter to furnish a market of a more diversified character.

But these new-comers have to fight their way to recognition, and they cannot expect all at once from money-lenders the treatment so long accorded to railroad stocks. This is due to a natural instinct of caution, which cannot be too carefully educated. At the same time some criticisms of the Trust stocks are heard which are wide of the mark. Once admit the principle of capitalizing the various properties that are taken into a Trust, without which there can be no shares to represent the property, and it is childish to complain because stock is issued in excess of the cash value of the plant. The going business and the good-will are entitled to be valued too, and the market will set its own valuation upon the whole combination, whatever be the proportion first agreed upon by the managers in issuing the stock. The earning capacity will settle that, as it has done in the familiar case of the stocks of the express companies. Another point to note is that these Trust concerns are organized for a manufacturing profit, not for a speculative profit on the raw material of their industry. The Sugar Refineries Company, for example, turns raw sugar into refined, and makes its manufacturer's profit. The ups and downs of raw sugar probably do it more harm than good. But it is so clearly to the interest of the Trusts to make such matters understood that it is reasonable to expect they will do so when their negotiations have reached a certain point. H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Thursday evening, June 27, 1889.*

OVER THE PATHLESS OCEAN,

Athwart vast continents traversed by mighty iron thoroughfares, many-armed like the fabled Briareus, myriads set forth daily to encounter the vicissitudes of travel, change of climate, unaccustomed food, and an atmosphere possibly miasmatic, yet with a calm confidence that their health will be preserved. When this confidence is based upon the possession of the supreme medicinal defence, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it is indeed well founded, otherwise not. Brackish water, bad food, the wearying and other bad effects of railroad jolting, sea-sickness, and nervousness, aggravated by a journey and its attendant discomforts, are shorn of their pernicious influence by this sterling alterative, pacifier, and compensating medicine, invaluable for dyspepsia, feebleness, nervousness, constipation, malarial disorders, rheumatism, and kidney complaints.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

No buffet should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

CANKER in the mouth can be cured only by expelling the poisonous humor from the system. To do this effectually requires the persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, together with a good, generous diet. One dollar a bottle. Six bottles for $5. Begin at once.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1699.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



A FAIR BAGGAGE PORTER IN CAPRI.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MISS WOOLSON'S NOVELS.

ANNE. A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 25.

It proves the author's right to stand without question at the head of American women novelists.—New York Tribune.

FOR THE MAJOR. A Novelette. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Illustrated. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00.

Some very delightful touches justify those who see many points of analogy between Miss Woolson and the late George Eliot.—New York Times.

EAST ANGELS. A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 25.

A perfectly sustained and powerful work of fiction.—Independent, New York.

RODMAN THE KEEPER. Southern Sketches. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16 mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00.

These stories exhibit that unique charm of style and subject which stamped Miss Woolson's earliest work as perfect of its kind.—Critic, New York.

CASTLE NOWHERE. Lake-Country Sketches. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00.

Nine stories, grave, gay, and pathetic, touched with that inimitable power which marks Miss Woolson.—Boston Traveller.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

No. 1699.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

AGGRESSIVE REFORM.

THE allegation that civil service reform is in a state of syncope is hardly sustained by the facts. Its official representatives were never so aggressive and positive as now. General SICKLES is the president of the New York Commission. He is a Democrat, and not exactly a sentimentalist or a doctrinaire. The law makes it the duty of the Mayors of cities in this State to introduce the reformed system of appointments in municipal administration, and observing that some of them disregarded the mandate of the law, President SICKLES invited them to Albany to explain. The Mayors of Hudson, Jamestown, Dunkirk, and Lockport appeared. The *Herald* thus describes the interview with President SICKLES:

"All cursed in a chorus in the corridors, but put on a contrite countenance and pleaded ignorance of the law before the Commission. Mayor OLIVER [of Lockport], however, proved a Tartar, and roused the wrath of General SICKLES to boiling-point before the close of the admonitory session. General SICKLES fairly gasped for breath at the Mayor's audacity. 'What is this all about, anyhow?' asked Mr. OLIVER, after he had answered a few of the questions. 'We want to know whether you propose to carry out the law or not,' replied General SICKLES. 'No, I don't,' answered Mayor OLIVER, briskly. 'It's no good, anyhow; it's a fraud from beginning to end. It only keeps a man from putting in somebody he wants, and makes him put in somebody he don't want. We don't want it; we don't need it; and we won't have it unless we are forced to.' 'What's that?' roared General SICKLES. 'Don't you know you took an oath to enforce the laws of the State?' 'Not that law,' responded the Mayor. 'There ought not to be any such law on the books. It's a nuisance, no matter how you look at it.' 'I don't want your ideas, but your intentions in respect to this law,' interrupted General SICKLES. 'You have violated the statute giving preference to veterans.' 'They are first-class suckers, and I won't give them a place anyway,' broke in Mayor OLIVER. In a few minutes which followed this outburst, General SICKLES laid down the law to the belligerent ruler of Lockport in a manner that fairly frightened the audience which had gathered during the interim. Finally, pausing for breath, he concluded: 'If I were not a State officer I would knock you over the head with my crutch, you ignorant, impudent ass.' The crutch passed unpleasantly near the Mayor's head as the General waved it in his wrath, and the Lockport brave made his escape hastily, and the meeting adjourned."

This was not in the least sentimental, but the blow of the crutch was not necessary to aid the tone and words of President SICKLES to convince the astounded Mayor that the civil service law is a statute of the State binding upon him, and that his further refusal to obey it would be punished by the same authority that made the law. While the President of the New York Commission was thus demonstrating that he was not a puppet, nor the law of the State a mere pretence and trick, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of the National Commission, was engaged in the same good work. The Collector of Port Huron, in Michigan, asked authority to hold a competitive examination for certain appointments. Mr. ROOSEVELT is as good a Republican as President SICKLES a Democrat, and no less aggressive and resolute in official action. The Commission had heard that the Collector at Port Huron was of the opinion of the Mayor of Lockport that the law was a nuisance and a humbug, and the request was for the present refused. Mr. ROOSEVELT on behalf of the Commission said:

"We are especially reluctant to do this, but it is in consequence of an article which has appeared in a Detroit paper, purporting to be an interview with Mr. GEER, Collector of Customs at Port Huron. As far as we know, this interview has not yet been repudiated. In it Mr. GEER is reported as strenuously condemning the civil service law, and stating his belief that the proper theory to adopt in the management of his office is that implied in the old adage, 'To the victors belong the spoils.' Mr. GEER being an appointive officer of the Custom-house, whose duty it is to administer the law which he thus condemns, his expressions render it especially incumbent upon the Commissioners to see that no chance whatever is given for an evasion of the law. The Commission have, of course, no control over the expression of any public officer, but they intend to make it their particular duty to prevent any administration of the law in accordance with the theories enunciated by Mr. GEER. They will tolerate no violation and no evasion of the statute. The examinations are open to all, Democrats and Republicans alike. All can apply who choose. All those applying in proper form will be examined and marked with positive impartiality, and will be certified in their order to the appointing officer. This statement is to be considered as an authoritative statement of the position of the Commission. The statements of the kind attributed to Mr. GEER have the effect of keeping Democratic applicants from applying for the competitive examination in the classified service. We wish to show them that the Commission will take good care to see that Mr. GEER'S words remain words only, and do not crystallize into deeds."

Like the action of President SICKLES in requiring the New York Mayors to observe the law, this resolution of the National Commission will greatly illuminate the public and official mind. When the public see that the law was made to be obeyed and must be obeyed, and that a Democrat stands as good a chance to succeed in the examination and to be appointed as a Republican, one of the most persistent misapprehensions will be removed, and an immense gain secured for reform. Precisely the qualities shown by President SICKLES and Commissioner ROOSEVELT are indispensable to this end, although the actual whack of the crutch may be spared. "Clear official grit" and aggressive resolution to enforce the law will wonderfully advance the interests of reform, and the country is greatly indebted to the two officers in question. Trading and professional politicians have always felt that the law was a mere sop to the "better element," and was not intended to be executed. This was also the view of some of the officers to whom its execution has been committed. Such officers have evaded it in every ingenious way, and have confirmed the incredulity among applicants of its honest enforcement. Republicans have believed that Democrats were sure to be preferred under Democratic administration, and *vicè versa*. The National Commission proposes to demonstrate the fallacy of this view, and to secure the honest enforcement of the law. In this determination they can count upon the cordial support of all honest citizens. This support may be needed, for it is not impossible that the conviction that the law is to be honestly enforced will lead to a strong effort for its repeal or modification. This should be met in the spirit of Mr. ROOSEVELT. There should be no "diplomacy," no attempt at "conciliation," with those who favor the maintenance of the outrageous abuse of treating the service of the people as the loot and prize and property of a successful party. Mr. ROOSEVELT has done much excellent public service, but none better than that in which he is now engaged.

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN IN OHIO.

THE political campaign of the year opened in Ohio by the action of the Republican Convention. It was an event of peculiar interest as the first important demonstration of the administration party since its return to power. But that its action was inspiriting or auspicious, no honest Republican would assert. The three able and chief Republican leaders in Ohio are Senator SHERMAN and Messrs. BUTTERWORTH and MCKINLEY. They were all opposed to the renomination of Governor FORAKER, but Governor FORAKER was renominated. Whatever may be his private virtues, as a public man he is merely an extravagant partisan of the Corporal TANNER school. His apparent aim is to produce a sensation by outdoing the party violence and folly of the most reckless stump ranters, and that, as against the wishes of the Republicans we have mentioned, he should be enthusiastically selected as the representative of Ohio Republicanism, is a very significant fact. As the New York *Tribune* truly remarks, the platform matches the candidate. Its important points are the declarations for protection and for a general service pension, the extraordinary bid for the Irish vote in specifically praising the appointment of PATRICK EGAN, and the absolute silence in regard to civil service reform. This is what is now called Republicanism in Ohio.

The declaration for protection, although not in accord with the views of original Republican leaders, is the present platform of the party. But the demand for a general service pension is a new departure. It is not a pension for wounds, illness, or disability, or even poverty, but for service only, to be paid to the vigorous and prosperous as well as to the disabled. It would consume the surplus and stimulate even an increased tariff, while it would suspend all enterprises looking to national defences, and degrade the generous and noble instincts of unselfish patriotism. This it would do, not because of any necessity or obligation, or even as national charity, but simply as a bid to secure the "soldier vote." The bid for the other vote, the Irish, is made in the form of commending the appointment as a foreign Minister of the United States of a newly naturalized Irish agitator, whose sole political interest, so far as appears, is the contest of Ireland with England. This is the only appointment of the administration which is praised, and this appointment is intended to conciliate, among others, the members of a secret club of foreigners organized to take part in foreign politics, and now implicated in murder in pursuance of its ends.

While the Ohio Republican Convention thinks fit to make these declarations as illustrating the Republican principles, policy, and spirit of to-day, it carefully and contemptuously omits any allusion to the question of civil service reform, upon which the national platform of last year made so trenchant a declaration. In Ohio, it appears, profuse adulation of Irish dynamiters is good Republicanism, but civil service reform is not. It was stated in the accounts that Mr. MCKINLEY, who reported the national reform declaration of 1884 and 1888, would submit a resolution of the same general character to the platform committee. If he did so it was rejected, and even the amusing remark of the chairman of the Convention that the party had pledged itself to reform and would keep its pledge, was received with grim impatience. This is the opening of the Republican campaign for 1889. That there are hosts of honest Republicans disgusted with such a party manifesto is unquestionable. But if a party be an agency to promote the public welfare, would it be better for the Republicans to succeed or to be defeated upon such a platform?

TRUTH OR GOOD-NATURE?

WHEN a famous orator was denounced as inhuman and malignant for criticising severely the conduct of a public man who had been dead for many years, he replied to his censors, "If the lapse of a few years is to make forgetfulness of evil-doing a duty, I have offended; but if it be a duty to prevent evil-doing, you are the offenders." One of the most powerful incentives to upright living and to the honest discharge of public duty is the certainty that weakness or cowardice or carelessness or selfishness or venality in the discharge of such duty will cover the memory of the offender with odium. If the treatment of public men during their lives is often bitterly unjust to them, the treatment of them after their death is often a signal injustice to the community and to public morals. In the height of TWEED'S success, when he was triumphantly stealing the public money and corrupting public life, the tons of coal that he gave to the poor, and the pretty plots of flowers in the City Hall Park and the Battery, led many a man to say, "Well, old TWEED may be a thief, but he has a good heart." Such shrewd little tricks appealing to universal good-nature led to the shallow and reckless condoning of great crimes against the community. There was a vague feeling that the coal and the flowers proved a certain goodness of heart upon TWEED'S part. But it was forgotten that the money which paid for them was stolen, and that it was spent, not for the purpose of relieving suffering, but to facilitate further stealing.

The orator to whom we alluded laid down a fundamental principle of public duty. Plain speech in regard to official conduct is as much a moral obligation of the press as honest administration of his trust of a public officer. Yet such plain speech and censure are often denounced as detraction and a serious public injury because discrediting public life. Falsehood and slander are deserving of that denunciation. But that is not its intention. The denunciation implies that all such comment upon public men and life is false and slanderous. As uttered by many public men it has the purpose of TWEED'S coal and flowers. It is intended, by charge of slander, to divert attention from fraud. A newspaper calls attention to something "shady" or "crooked" in the course of a Senator or a Representative or an executive officer, and thereupon we are told that the campaign of mud has opened, or that the statement is a secret stab, or a base calumny, or jealousy, or the detraction that always dogs public men. But this is a retort merely, not a denial. It is the discoloration of the water, presumably to facilitate escape.

The newspapers which, in commenting upon the late death of SIMON CAMERON, have told the truth of his career have performed a more patriotic public service than those which have celebrated his political smartness and unscrupulousness and pecuniary success. The latter have aided to debauch public sentiment, which certainly needs no encouragement to accept such success as the chief prize of life. The former have shown that whatever the lapse of years and the peacefulness of declining life, the truth will be told at last, and the pure ideals of public character will be vindicated. Yet how strong is the temptation to conceal and distort public wrong in high places is shown by the fact mentioned by the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, that although President LINCOLN summarily removed Mr. CAMERON from the Secretaryship of War after the public censure of the House in 1862, practically for official corruption, yet in the very act of removal he appointed him to another honorable office, and subsequently permitted the preparation and

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

publication of a correspondence which conceded the fact of the removal, and substituted for dismissal for the highest cause a voluntary resignation. Mr. LINCOLN'S good-nature was infinite and the national situation was perilous, but this incident seems to us the most to be regretted in his whole career.

THE AXE AMONG TREES.

IN an article upon a seasonable topic, the thinning of trees in a public park or other artistic grounds, *Garden and Forest* mentions in passing a truth which is exceedingly suggestive, the American indifference to technical knowledge, except in industrial or immediately money-making pursuits. The source of the indifference is evident. If, as our institutions and traditions assume, any branch of public duty may be assumed by anybody at a moment's notice, as was wittily said of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, respect for special training will certainly be in danger of declining among us. Rev. Dr. STORRS recently resigned, very properly, his position as Park Commissioner in Brooklyn upon ascertaining that the taste and knowledge of the Commission have no authority to enforce themselves, and that the Commission did not really control the work for which it was responsible. One great advantage of the presence of a man like Dr. STORRS in an important public office of the kind is that his action, with the plain statement of his reasons, has resulted promptly in such modifications of the system that he has been reappointed. It should seem that our common-sense, upon which we not unreasonably pride ourselves, would suggest that works of art should be intrusted to artists, and the management of public works requiring taste and intelligence to citizens who are possessed of such qualifications.

Private owners and Park Commissioners may consult with great profit a recent report upon the use of the axe in plantations of trees. The occasion of the report is an illustration of the general feeling that a park may be managed without specific knowledge or training. The public was of opinion that the axe was used too freely in the Park, and was evidently inclined to the belief that any tree cutting is a wrong to be promptly arrested. This feeling should not have existed in regard to any great park, for the reason that it should have been known that the axe was under the control of perfectly qualified judges, and that when the axe fell it was because it ought to fall, whether or not at the moment the uninstructed citizen perceived the reason. A controversy having arisen, the question was referred to two experts, one the most accomplished authority upon the subject in the country, Mr. OLMSTED, and the other Mr. HARRISON, the secretary of the American Forestry Congress.

Their report is brief, interesting, and conclusive. Their judgment in substance is that the public opposition to the tree-thinning axe is mistaken, and that its wise and liberal use is indispensable to the beauty and true purposes of a public park. The report is enriched with the opinions of all the chief authorities in sylviculture except EVELYN. He wrote especially with a view to the growth of trees to repair "the wooden walls" of England, the supply of which had suffered in the civil wars. But his directions to foster the growth of fine trees are strictly pertinent to the question of sylvan effects which are sought in a park. "When you espy a cluster of plants growing as it were all in a bunch, it shall suffice that you preserve the fairest sapling, cutting all the rest away. And if it chance to be a chess-nut, service, or like profitable tree, clear it from the droppings and incumbrances of other trees that it may thrive the better." This is the principle which underlies the report. The moral is, do not fear the axe. The lesson of wisdom and experience is, as Messrs. OLMSTED and VAUX say, that when the axe is not used the presumption is of unfeeling or ignorant management. It follows that since the axe ought to be used it must be used wisely, and a wise use can be secured not by a majority vote of a political board, but by the counsel of experts. Even if anybody is fit to be a postmaster, everybody is not fit to direct a great work of landscape art.

A PUBLIC LOSS.

THE retirement of Mr. E. O. GRAVES from the head of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington is a serious public loss. Mr. GRAVES belonged to that class of public officers of which the late Postmaster PEARSON and Naval Officer BURT are conspicuous examples: men of the highest character, of especial knowledge and trained ability, who have an experience and familiarity with the business which are invaluable, and which in the public service of wiser nations are retained for the public benefit.

Under Mr. GRAVES'S control the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, like the Post-office under Mr. PEARSON and the Naval Office under Mr. BURT, have been conclusive illustrations of the simplicity, practicability, and efficiency of the reformed system. Of this system they were among the earliest and most intelligent friends, and its successful initiation and operation were very largely due to their skilled knowledge and sincere interest. The abuses of the spoils system were nowhere more flagrant than in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and Secretary SHERMAN made Mr. GRAVES chairman of a committee of investigation of its management. His report was a clear exposition of the waste and demoralization consequent upon the practice of creating places to be filled by the political or personal parasites of members of Congress.

Mr. GRAVES was appointed to the office by President CLEVELAND, and under his control it became one of the model offices of administration. In submitting his resignation Mr. GRAVES briefly recounted some of the beneficial changes accomplished in the bureau:

"Among these changes have been the securing of specific appropriations under proper heads for the support of the bureau, in the place of the loose and indefinite system of appropriation that formerly prevailed; the discharge of superfluous employés and the doing away with unnecessary places; the adoption of a just system of promotion; the classification of the employés in regular grades, with fixed annual salaries arranged according to the importance and responsibility of their duties and their individual efficiency; and finally, the placing of the great body of the employés under the protection and beneficent influence of the civil service regulations."

His letter recounts the details of these and other changes, and it is a very instructive document. That the public service loses such trained intelligence and ability, not because its possessor is a party politician, but because he is not, is a striking illustration of the folly which will seem incredible to another generation.

MR. LINCOLN'S RENOMINATION.

THE HAY and NICOLAY history of Mr. LINCOLN and the war recently described the circumstances of Mr. CHASE'S proposed resignation of the Treasury at the time of the failure of the Senatorial movement against Mr. SEWARD, and also his course in regard to the Presidential nomination. The Boston *Herald*, in commenting upon the biography, doubts whether the efforts of Mr. CHASE to secure the nomination fall properly within the range of a life of LINCOLN, and insists that if they do the biographers were bound to tell the story of Mr. LINCOLN'S endeavors to secure a renomination, the *Herald* holding that Mr. LINCOLN was a very shrewd politician, and that he undoubtedly interested himself, not improperly, in the work of the Convention.

In further elucidation of the election of 1864, the *Sun* recently published some letters of various conspicuous Republicans after the nomination of that year, revealing a strong conviction of the unavailability of Mr. LINCOLN. The FREMONT nomination and the CHASE movement in the same year, like the attempt to drive Mr. SEWARD from the cabinet, were all illustrations of this feeling which is familiar to those who recall those days. There was an ardent body of Republicans who thought Mr. LINCOLN too deliberate and too slow. But those of them who survive would now undoubtedly agree that Mr. LINCOLN was wiser than they, and that to put him aside would have been to risk the good cause, as the success of the GATES and CONWAY cabal to supersede WASHINGTON in command of the Revolutionary army would have been a disastrous error.

The HAY and NICOLAY history shows more clearly and connectedly than it has yet been shown the greatness of LINCOLN in the general conduct of the war. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, in his eulogy upon SEWARD before the New York Legislature, virtually claims for the Secretary of State the direction of affairs during the contest. This claim has been disposed of by the irrefragable proof furnished by the biography. The clearer the details, the more manifest is Mr. LINCOLN'S remarkable ability. The *Times* well points out that neither Mr. CHASE nor the leaders whose letters are published by the *Sun* seemed to comprehend the fact which was the key of the whole situation—the profound popular confidence in "honest ABE LINCOLN." It was a trust which in such a tremendous exigency overbore both the schemes of politicians and the honest apprehensions of upright statesmen. The popular conviction that it might be fatal, according to one of LINCOLN'S most familiar stories, to swap horses in the midst of the stream, was universal, and his renomination was never seriously contested. The life of Mr. LINCOLN which is now publishing when completed and issued as a book will undoubtedly produce considerable controversy. But its value as an important contribution to the history of the civil war will not be questioned.

A NEW COLLEGE OF THE PROPAGANDA.

THERE is a general and peculiar interest in the organization of the new Roman Catholic university in Washington which attaches to none other in the country. It is that its primary object is sectarian and not educational. It is designed to be a nursery and seminary of the Roman Catholic view of Christianity and of the Church, and not an institution in which literature and science are to be studied with reference solely to truth, and not to the power of an ecclesiastical hierarchy. The question of the nationality of the professors becomes, therefore, a subject of importance.

When Mr. JEFFERSON founded the University of Virginia he sent an agent to Europe to invite eminent scholars to become professors. Their religious views were unimportant if they were masters of their various branches of study. This is the normal principle of a sound scholarly foundation. But it is now stated in a letter to the New York *Times* that the Pope is exceedingly anxious that foreign clergymen shall be appointed to chairs in the new Washington University. This interest in American education would be very pleasing if it existed. But the Pope's anxiety is not for our education, but for our conversion. He desires the university to be a college of the Propaganda, the base of Papal operations in this country.

Doubtless his Holiness thinks that our colleges are as godless as our schools. But his view of the remedy is that of an Italian priest, not of an American statesman. He holds that the commands of the Vatican in Rome ought to prevail over the laws of Congress at Washington, and to secure so far as possible the teaching of this doctrine in the new university he would appoint foreign teachers who believe it. In a letter about two months ago to the Primate of Bavaria the Pope says that Christ has provided for the preference of the decisions of the Church, by which he means the Roman Church, over laws made by the civil power. This is a tolerably comprehensive rule, and very pleasant for the head of the Church, whose mandates are to set aside the laws of the land made by the people. Our present purpose is to extend public knowledge of this view of the Pope, who is so anxious that the professors in the new university should be foreigners, who would hold his view, and would be his servants. That the arrangement would be advantageous to the Vatican is clear, but it is equally clear that it would not be advantageous to America.

THE McDOW MURDER.

THE acquittal of Dr. McDOW for the murder of Colonel DAWSON, the editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, is a surprising incident, revealing an extraordinary condition of public feeling. Dr. McDOW does not deny that he was plotting the ruin of a young Swiss girl who lived in Colonel DAWSON'S family, and he speaks of her in a ribald tone which is incredible as that of a sane man in his situation. Colonel DAWSON called at Dr. McDOW'S office to remonstrate with him, and McDOW killed him. His statement is that he shot him in self-defense, and a colored coachman testifies that he heard McDOW say as much to DAWSON after the shot. This is the only confirmation of McDOW'S story.

The significant fact is not that there was some doubt in the mind of some of the jury, but that the acquittal was unanimous, and that it was followed by demonstrations of regard and respect. In any civilized community the sudden killing of one man by another under such circumstances is the gravest of events. But in this case the homicide itself seems to have been regarded as unimportant. But when the slayer acknowledges the infamous offence which produced the altercation, and, despite this confession and the homicide, he is still honored as a hero and acknowledged as a gentleman, and we are told that he is of "good family," or "well connected," as if that fact did not make the whole affair more amazing, it is impossible not to wonder what kind of standards of manliness and conduct prevail in such a community, or how it excuses itself to the decent sentiments of mankind.

The *Evening Post* suggests that in South Carolina homicide is held to be venial if not committed for gain. If such a theory be true, South Carolina goes far to justify all that has been said of the barbarism which still prevails in the State. Undoubtedly the crime which McDOW confessed, one of the basest of which human nature is capable, is unhappily not confined to any part of the country. Such wrongs are known everywhere. But nowhere else in the country is it a title to honor to plan the dishonor of a young and defenseless woman in a dependent station, and to shoot the man who, with the instinct of an honest man and a gentleman, protests. This is a state of sentiment which degrades the entire community in which it exists, wherever it may be, and which should certainly startle every generous and true-hearted gentleman in it.

PERSONAL.

MRS. ALICE FERRIS, a sister of Mayor CHAPIN of Brooklyn, has made her début on the stage of the Globe Theatre in London. She hired the theatre and equipped the company herself. Her success is said to have been moderate.

—STANLEY'S hair has turned white under the privations which he has suffered in his African explorations.

—WALT WHITMAN writes to a friend that he is "easier and rather better these days," but still "a bad old wreck."

—The wife of THOMAS C. PLATT is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. She has taken negatives from Florida to Alaska, and is seldom unattended by her camera while on her travels.

—One of the saddest of recent occurrences was the death of Miss MARY A. BRIGHAM in a railroad accident near New Haven, Connecticut. Long known as one of Brooklyn's most successful teachers, she last winter accepted the invitation to become the head of Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, as it passed on into the more extended sphere of a college. She was about fifty-five years old, and was coming back from Massachusetts to pay Brooklyn friends a farewell visit when she was killed.

—The Hamburg-American Company did a very commendable thing in making it possible, under specially favorable terms, for nearly four hundred teachers from all parts of the United States to enjoy an excursion to and through Europe and back. The party left New York June 29th, on the steamer *Suevia*, Captain Ludwig. Some will leave the ship at Southampton, run up to London, and then over to Paris to see the Exposition. The rest will go to Hamburg, and take in Germany on their way to France. Those who wish may make a year of it, the tickets being good for that length of time.

—Rev. Dr. DONALD, Rector of the Church of the Ascension in this city, is a young man, but is too conservative an Episcopalian to believe in bowling-alleys, gymnasiums, billiard tables, kitchens, etc., as church adjuncts, which, he says, transform churches into "houses of amusement or clubs of physical comfort."

—The will of the late Baroness de Fahnenburg, formerly a St. Louis girl, who died several years ago at Nice, France, leaving a large property, is to be contested at Louisville, Kentucky. After providing for the building of a mortuary chapel at Spa, Belgium, to contain her own and the remains of her mother and brother, the baroness made a few small personal bequests, and left the rest of her estate for building and establishing at Lexington, Kentucky, a home for old white Protestant men and women and white Protestant children. The will was sustained in St. Louis, but the heirs-at-law wish to try their luck in Kentucky.

—WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, the Democratic nominee for Vice-President in 1880, is one of the richest men in Indiana. He owns nearly one thousand houses, besides other property, in Indianapolis. Just now he is employing his leisure in writing a history of his State.

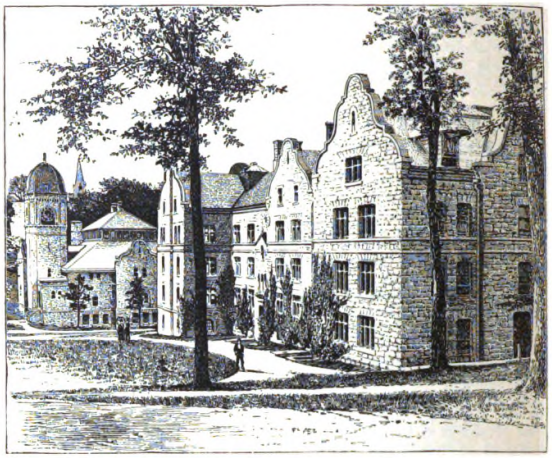
—The late ABRAM WAKEMAN, of this city, was a leader in the antislavery movement, and one of the founders of the Republican party in this State. He was elected to Congress in 1856 as a representative of the Free-soil branch of the Whig party, but was afterward defeated by the Know-Nothing candidate. Under LINCOLN he was made Postmaster of New York city, and then Surveyor of the Port.

—JOHN HANKS, a staunch friend and a distant relative of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, has just died at Decatur, Illinois, aged eighty-eight. He introduced the rail-splitting feature into the campaign of 1860, furnishing rails which LINCOLN split on his farm when a young man. HANKS spent $17,000 in electing his friend President, although he had up to that time been a strong Democrat.

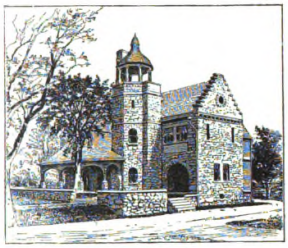
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GRIFFIN HALL—NATURAL HISTORY ROOMS.



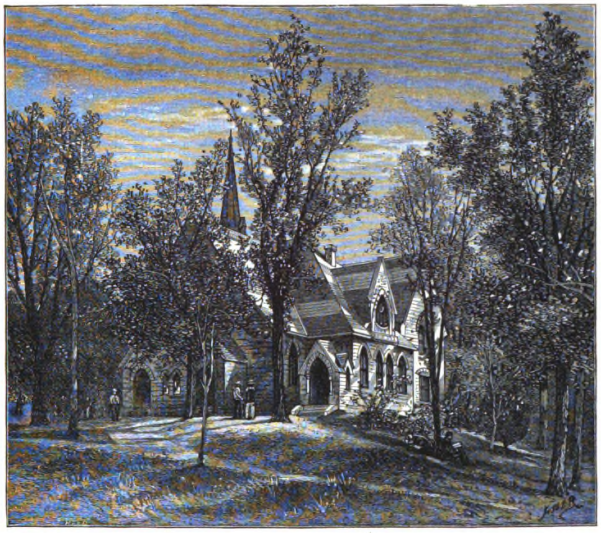
MORGAN HALL—DORMITORY.



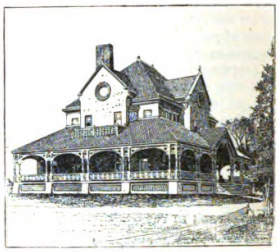
DELTA PSI LODGE.



KAPPA ALPHA LODGE.



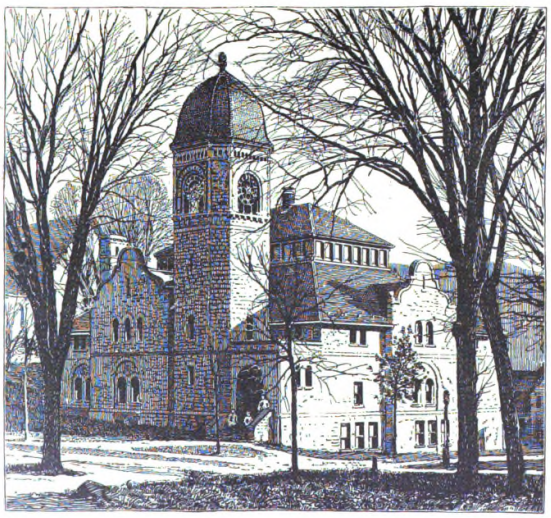
FRONT AND TRANSEPT OF NEW CHAPEL.



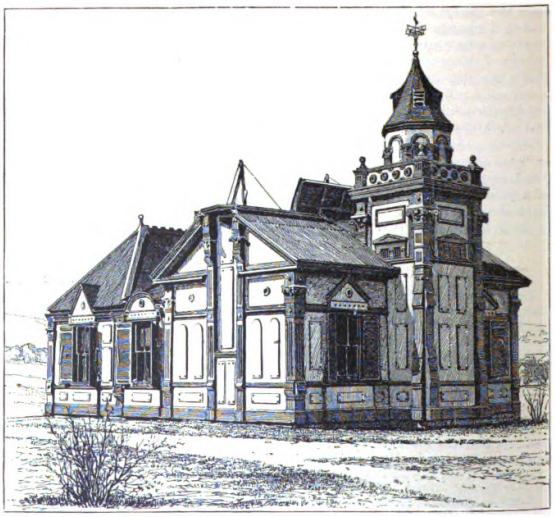
SIGMA PHI LODGE.



ALPHA DELTA PHI LODGE.



LASELL GYMNASIUM.



THE FIELD OBSERVATORY.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 554.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MISS EMMA EAMES.

THE début of Miss Emma Eames, the new American prima donna, has been literally the great event of the musical season in Paris this year. Within a few weeks her name has become famous, while her splendid voice and perfect method have established her artistic reputation on a basis of absolute solidity. Miss Eames is an artist who owes everything to her art and to her will, and nothing to intrigue, influence, or favoritism. The story of her life is as simple and radiant as the lady herself.

Miss Eames was born at Boston. Her mother, who is a distinguished amateur musician, was the first to discover that Emma was gifted with the rare treasure of a voice, and the first to train that voice with the care that it deserved. Then Mrs. Eames brought her daughter to Paris, and placed her in the hands of that distinguished teacher Madame Marchesi, in whose school she made very rapid progress. Thanks to her mother's intelligent care, her voice had never been deformed nor strained; it had no "holes" in it, to use a professional familiar term; it needed only to be developed and brought out. After a period of study at Madame Marchesi's school, Miss Eames, being ready to begin the great battle of her professional career, went to Brussels, hoping to make a début at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The opportunity did not present itself; several times Miss Eames might have made a début in an understudy, but the eminent director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, M. Gevaërt, dissuaded her. "You have a voice and talent," M. Gevaërt used to say to her, "to give you the first place in your profession: you must make your début as a prima donna and not otherwise. If you begin as an understudy you will remain an understudy."

The next experience was an engagement at $100 a month at the Opéra Comique at Paris. Month after month Miss Eames waited, learning now this opera and now that one, working all the time, and chafing with impatience, but no chance of singing was given her. Finally, after propositions had been made to her from the Grand Opéra, by dint of perseverance, earnest argument, and sheer power of will, Miss Eames obtained the cancelling of her contract at the Opéra Comique, and signed an engagement with the Grand Opéra, which was kept secret until the moment of her début. The circumstances of this début are doubtless fresh in the memory of our readers. Patti had created at the Opéra Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, and sang the rôle for a short season. Then, through protection and influence, a certain Mademoiselle Darclée sang the rôle of Juliette, but so badly that there was an outcry and a demand for a new Juliette. Then Miss Eames made her début, one of the most completely triumphant that we have seen. The freshness and power of her voice were only equalled by the excellence of her method and the extreme sensitiveness of her acting. As for her beauty, there was but one opinion: here, indeed, was the ideal Juliette. The next morning the critics were all enthusiastic in their praise, and Miss Eames was immediately adopted as a charming idol by the Parisian musical public.

In Miss Eames there are two distinct personages, the woman and the artist. The artist belongs to the public and to the theatre; the woman lives entirely aloof from the theatre, and all that is connected with the stage and things stagy. Our picture shows the woman, tall, slender, proportioned with the lilial elegance of Watteau's figures, very supple and lithe in all her movements, having in her presence and in her walk something of the imposing rhythm and flowing line of the suave maidens who animate Botticelli's frescoes. The head, on the other hand, is quite modern, both in the features and in the vivacity of the expression; it is a beautiful American head, fine, pure, and delicate in aspect, clean-cut like a cameo, and crowned with a wavy mass of crisp brown hair. Miss Eames's eyes are blue-gray; her complexion has the clearness and freshness of virginal youth; her expression, while full of will and strength of character, is still that of a maiden who might repeat every morning the prayer that the ancients used to address to Venus: "Grant that I may do nothing that is not agreeable, and say nothing that will give displeasure."

Miss Eames lives very modestly with her mother in a simple flat in the Rue Boissière. Her engagement at the Opéra, at present at least, is more glorious than remunerative—a phenomenon due to the inexperience of the débutante and to the smartness of the managers. Time, however, will soon modify this state of affairs. Miss Eames is about to make her second début, as Marguerite in *Faust*. She will then sing *Sigurd*, and next year she will create at Paris the rôle of Desdemona in Verdi's *Othello*. In Miss Eames's sitting-room are two photographs which she prizes very highly as souvenirs and landmarks in her young career. One is a photograph of the director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, with this inscription: "A Mlle. Eames, à qui il prédit le plus bel avenir, son affectueusement dévoué. Gevaërt. Mai, 1888." The other is a photograph of the author of *Faust*, with these words written upon it: "A ma charmante petite Juliette Eames. Ch. Gounod. 13 Mars, 1889. Début à l'Opéra."

THEODORE CHILD.



MISS EMMA EAMES, THE NEW AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENGUE & CO., PARIS.

THE TAMMANY HALL OF TO-DAY.

For just a century has the Tammany Society of New York endured. Its celebration of the Fourth of July was this year its one-hundredth. For all that time it has been assailed, often vigorously, and its vitality has remained unimpaired. Originally instituted as a benevolent society for the democratic population as distinguished from the aristocratic or Federalist portion, it became Democratic in politics from the first, gained prominence in Jefferson's time, and has continued Democratic without wavering ever since. Nearly every one of the "platforms" of the Democracy has been framed within the walls of the society, and of those which were not, the inspiration has come from the same source.

The Tammany Society is not a political organization. It remains as it was started, a benevolent association, and singularly enough, its administration is the very opposite of democratic. Probably no one, excepting the treasurer and some few of the higher officers, knows what is in its treasury, or what aid is extended to any members who may become entitled to its benefits. No one seems to care, and the council does as it pleases, or rather acts according to its own judgment, without reporting details to the society at large. It was named, it is well known, after a tribe of Indians, and its officers are all called by Indian titles, while its members are all "braves."

As was said, however, it was democratic in its inception, and almost immediately its members began taking an active part in politics. Maintaining, as they always have, a meeting-place for the uses of the society, it was natural for them to use that place for political meetings, and thus sprang up a political organization, which took its name, not from the society, but from the hall where it met, and became known as the Tammany Hall Democracy. It has sometimes been said, not exactly in a friendly spirit, that this branch of the Democratic party owes its vitality largely to the fact that the Tammany Society always maintained a hall which the political workers were always welcome to use. Be this as it may, it is certain that almost every prominent Democrat in New York has at one time or another in his political career been identified with Tammany Hall, though factional differences have led many of them to leave it from time to time and establish or join other "halls" or branches of the party.

Probably the most serious embarrassment ever encountered by Tammany Hall was its long exclusion from the foremost position, just ended by the election of last year. To enumerate the causes of it would be to write a chapter of political history in which no two authorities would fully agree, and which would be set down as inaccurate by the generality of readers, no matter how it might be written. It is sufficient to say that power has been regained under leaders of a new generation. There is a new Tammany of to-day, and the people know it not. Tilden they knew; Tweed they knew; Kelly they knew; but not yet have they learned what Tammany Hall will be under the leadership of Croker and his chief supporters.

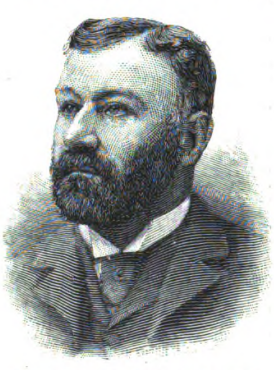
To understand the succession to the leadership of Tam-



HUGH J. GRANT, MAYOR OF NEW YORK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WENTWORTH & SON.



THOMAS F. GILROY, COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARVALHO.



RICHARD CROKER, CITY CHAMBERLAIN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EDSALL.



W. BOURKE COCKRAN, LAWYER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

THE "BIG FOUR" OF TAMMANY HALL.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

many Hall, it is necessary to explain the manner in which the organization is carried on. It is no new plan, nor have there been, so far as I can learn, any very serious changes made in it since it was first established early in the history of the association. There is first a General Committee of something like twenty-five hundred members, comprising the most active workers in the association all over the city of New York. Membership in this committee is theoretically a matter of election at the primaries, but as a matter of fact no man is elected who is not approved by the district leaders. This position is easily attained by any energetic and capable man who is willing to devote himself to the political fortunes of Tammany Hall. This committee is organized by districts, there being, according to the system, twenty-five districts in the city. The Assembly districts below Harlem River and the Twenty-third and the Twenty-fourth wards each counts as a district. Over each District Committee a district leader is recognized, and these leaders compose the Committee of Twenty-five, who are, so long as they hold their positions, the rulers of the party. In Tweed's time he was the acknowledged ruler of all, but under Kelly's control all power was, according to his plan, vested in the Committee (then of twenty-four), and he ruled only by virtue of the following they gave him voluntarily. This later plan obtains to-day, and Mr. Croker is even more democratic than was Mr. Kelly, for while Kelly attended to political matters in his private office, sending hither and thither for such men as he wished to see, and expressing his wishes (virtually giving his orders) from that office, Mr. Croker does not assume even so much of the color of authority. He is careful always to maintain the position of an equal among the twenty-five, and to rule only by virtue of his personal influence.

Nevertheless, although Tweed was recognized as "Boss" of the party, and became actually "Boss" of the city, and although Croker assumes no higher position than district leader, the latter is the true successor of the former in the leadership of the party. It should be carefully noted that this does not imply any similarity in the methods or character of the two men.

After Kelly's death there was no recognized leader for a considerable time, and it may be said that his successor was never chosen. There was, however, a silent, self-contained man in the Committee of Twenty-four whose history comprised more than one triumph, and whose power and personal strength of character had more than once been recognized.

Judge George C. Barrett, of the Supreme Court, had recognized it. While he sat on the bench in the first term for which he was elected, a man of considerable prominence had been tried before him for murder. This man had been a Coroner of the city of New York, and had been noted for the utter fearlessness and disregard of favor with which he had discharged his duties. He had been a political leader in a district that was by no means conspicuous for the law-abiding character of its citizens, and his contempt for physical peril was a subject of admiring comment even among the "toughs" of the district. There had been a fight at election time, and he had been present. Pistols were discharged, and a man known to be his enemy was killed. It was said and denied that he did the killing, and he was indicted and tried for the murder. Public opinion was divided, and although he was acquitted in court, the stigma was slow to fade away.

In time Judge Barrett's term of office expired. He was nominated for re-election by Tammany Hall, and the very man, Richard Croker, whom he had tried for murder brought him the offer of renomination from Tammany Hall, and accepted in the name of Tammany Hall, as its accredited ambassador, the thanks of the Judge for the honor done him.

It is characteristic of the man who to-day wields such tremendous power as belongs to the actual head of this party to listen quietly, saying nothing, and making up his own mind, and then, when discussion is ended, to act with entire independence. I reported a case in his court once, when he was Coroner and before he was famous. An ignorant man of brutal instincts had been left temporarily in charge of a well-known charitable institution in the city which is supported by some of the wealthiest and best-known people of New York. The trustees were men of the very highest standing. The temporary superintendent was guilty of an act of gross cruelty which resulted in the death of one of the inmates, a poor unknown Italian child. At Coroner Croker's investigation the trustees, startled by the importance of the case, made every effort to have their employé exonerated, and several of them were present in court. Beyond a question they influenced the jury (not illegally, as by bribery) to bring in a verdict wholly exonerating the accused. Coroner Croker listened to this verdict without a word, and then quietly, and without the slightest change in expression, said, "The prisoner is committed, without bail, to the Tombs, to await the action of the Grand Jury." Instantly there was a tumult. All the trustees present and several of the jurymen stepped up to the Coroner's desk, with that disregard for formality which has always characterized this particular court, and remonstrated vigorously. They urged that it was an outrage to lock up a man who had been cleared by a jury. They pleaded that it would be a terrible injury to the man, and a terrible blow at the institution itself. The Coroner arose as they came up, and stood like a statue, listening in perfect silence till all had said all they had to say. Then, as impassive as ever, he repeated, "The prisoner stands committed," and turned away without another word.

No single quality could ever have won for Richard Croker the pre-eminence he enjoys, and it is doubtless owing largely to his political sagacity, political honesty, great knowledge of individuals, and spotless personal integrity that he is what he is to-day, but if one qualification has contributed more than another to his success, it is probably this direct, downright strength of purpose, unchangeable by any outside influence. What such a man wants in this world is always his if he live long enough. Mr. Croker has been, since his term as Coroner, a Fire Commissioner, and is now the Chamberlain of the city, having held, I believe, no other public offices; but a man's influence in Tammany Hall is not dependent upon the holding of public office.

This is amply shown by the position of the man who stands nearest to Croker, who is consulted by him in all party matters of any considerable importance in which a ripe judgment and thorough knowledge of principles and men are requisite; the man, moreover, who has been Mayor Grant's chief adviser in the very weighty matters that have engaged his attention since his election; the man whose voice is listened to in Tammany Hall as the voice of one having authority —W. Bourke Cockran. Mr. Cockran has been counsel to the Sheriff of New York for two terms, and he has served one term in Congress, but at present he holds no public office, and manifests no desire to hold any. Yet he is the real counsel of Tammany Hall, and is relied upon to formulate nearly all, if not all, of its public utterances, and is called on to advise as to every important appointment that is made in the city government.

Mr. Cockran is a young man yet, probably not more than thirty-five or so. It is said that he was educated in Ireland with a view to his entering the priesthood. Whether this is or is not true, his education was one of unusual excellence. Coming to America when hardly more than a boy, he became a school-teacher in Mount Vernon, and while pursuing that vocation studied law. He was for a time a student in Ex-Judge Tappen's office, and on being admitted to the bar, some dozen years ago, gave up teaching and devoted himself to legal practice and to politics. In both he was greatly assisted by his handsome presence, polished manners, and gift of rare eloquence. It is commonly said of him by lawyers that he has at command the largest vocabulary of any lawyer practising at the New York bar.

Oratory is the sure key to prominence in Tammany Hall. The brilliant speaker, if capable and trustworthy, is certain to command attention there, and Bourke Cockran was soon recognized as one of the most brilliant speakers who had ever been heard there. He was recognized by John Kelly as an important and a growing man, and in the generation which has succeeded Kelly's he has taken the highest place to which his aspirations apparently lead him.

Next in importance in the ranks of Tammany Hall is the Mayor of the city, Mr. Hugh J. Grant, another illustration of the fact that the holding of office is not the true test of prominence in the organization. Mayor Grant is also a young man, about the same age as Mr. Cockran, but he holds the position of Mayor at a time when it happens that the Mayor has extraordinary powers and influence. He first came into prominence in the eyes of the public as a member of the Board of Aldermen in 1884—the Board which attained the greatest depth of infamy of any which the city has had for many years. He was almost the only member who was considered unapproachable at the time when jobbery and bribery were rampant. Jacob Sharp was at the climax of his career, and achieved his last success in life by buying the whole of the Board excepting two, and Hugh J. Grant was the only one who voted against granting him the franchise for the Broadway Railroad. It was a notable instance of the value of honesty as a policy, for he was instantly a marked man. From that time his advancement was assured. He was put in nomination for Mayor, and defeated the first time. The next election he ran for Sheriff and was elected, and last year was elected Mayor.

Mayor Grant, although well educated and a tolerably astute politician, is prominent as an executive rather than as an adviser in the council. His established reputation for personal honesty and for trustworthiness as a public official makes him the most valuable man in the organization for the position of figure-head merely. Shrewd and far-seeing rather than able, he is thoroughly acquainted with the city and with the men and measures likely to prove acceptable to the people. Aside from this, he is entirely fearless, and his party loyalty is beyond a question. Possessed of a large personal fortune, he has always been liberal, and politics being a passion with him, he has devoted his attention to it ever since attaining his majority.

Of the fourth man in the group that now holds power in New York city, comparatively little is known by the public outside of Tammany Hall, but few men are better known or more popular within the organization. Thomas F. Gilroy, now Commissioner of Public Works, has been for many years the Secretary of the General Committee of Tammany Hall and of the Committee on Organization, and is, moreover, one of the Committee of Twenty-five, being the leader of the Twenty-third District.

A word should be said of the Committee on Organization as explanatory of the methods of party government obtaining in Tammany. It is the most important of the sub-committees of the General Committee, in that it takes the initiative in all matters of discipline, and originates all suggestions as to the policy of the party. The power of Tammany Hall is undoubtedly centered in a few, but it is thoroughly understood that a continuance in power depends entirely on the popular will of the party. Disaffection among the voters is therefore promptly noticed in the Committee on Organization, which has some five hundred members, and is certain to cause prompt action. A leader of a district is a great man while he is leader, but any dissatisfaction with his rule will be quickly known to and considered by the Committee on Organization, and if it is justified, there will be a change made almost at once. Thus, with a somewhat arbitrary method, the popular will is really paramount in the party.

Mr. Gilroy has won his reputation as a member of this committee. In all questions of the policy of the party, proposed coalitions or feuds, general resolutions, reorganizations, or personal changes such as frequently become necessary, his judgment is recognized as invariably sound and excellent. He was Deputy County Clerk under James A. Flack, and was always popular with such of the public as had business in that office, being a genial, pleasant, and obliging man, as well as remarkably gifted with business ability. This last faculty was conspicuously shown when he was made receiver of the business of Mitchell, Vance, & Co. The affairs of the business seemed to be hopelessly entangled, yet he straightened them out so that payment was made in full, and the business was resumed.

Of the army of other men who share with these four the power that Tammany Hall has lately regained the limits of space forbid an extended notice. Enough has been said to show the manner in which pre-eminence is held in the party, and how easily it may be forfeited. Tammany is full of ambitious men, who stand ready at any time to pull others down, if thereby they may advance themselves, and any prominent position that is held must be maintained by personal strength. In the army there are many officers of distinction, but not one who has not won that distinction by his own exertions. They vary in characteristics very widely. Some hold their places by reason of personal influence over their followers in their districts, some by reason of political sagacity as shown in the council, and some by ability in those practical politics for which Tammany has always been famous.

Among the twenty-five district leaders there are a number who deserve more than a mention, though the limits of this article forbid it. Ex-Senator George W. Plunkett, Sheriff James A. Flack, ex-Judge John McQuade, Register James J. Slevin (who led the city and county ticket when elected Register), ex-Register John Reilly, John J. Scannell, James J. Martin, Charles Steckler, John D. Purroy, and Justice Weide are perhaps the most influential members of this committee, each in his own way. Each has influence with Croker of some kind, and each wields his power to the utmost possible extent.

Outside of the ranks of the district leaders there are many who have also great influence. Bourke Cockran is not one of the twenty-five, although he is *de facto* their counsel. Neither is Judge P. Henry Dugro, of the Superior Court. He resigned the position of Grand Sachem (or head) of Tammany Society when he went on the bench, and no longer takes any public part in politics, though he is credited with being a constant adviser in all important matters. State Senator Cantor is influential, and is expected to grow in political stature. Ex-Senator Grady, famous for his differences with Grover Cleveland, has less influence than he would have had if he had not "bolted" when Tammany voted to support Mr. Cleveland as the regular Democratic nominee for President. Tammany may bolt as a body, but the man who bolts from Tammany has hard work to regain lost ground, as Mr. Grady has learned since he returned to the fold. Morgan J. O'Brien, Judge Barrett, Congressman Cox, and others, are conspicuous examples of men who have power in Tammany without taking an active part in the management of the organization. "Ed" Kearney and "Ed" Stokes are credited by rumor with having a "pull," but if this is true it is held by constant intriguing and wire-pulling; they are not recognized factors inside the organization.

The extent of the power held by the men mentioned as the representatives of Tammany Hall is just now very great. Not since the overthrow of Tweed has the party had such control of the city as it acquired at the beginning of Mayor Grant's term of office. It is true that Mayor Edson was nominated for the Mayoralty by Tammany Hall, but it was in pursuance of one of those compromises to which the organization has been compelled to resort in its struggle for power. He was not a Tammany man, and did nothing for the organization beyond making Mr. Croker Fire Commissioner. The election of 1888, however, was one of remarkable importance, in that the incoming Mayor was to have the filling of many of the most important positions in the city government, which were to become vacant by the expiration of the terms of office of the incumbents. By winning the election, therefore, Tammany was enabled, in the words of some disappointed politicians, to "build a wall around the city and bar the gates." There became vacant by limitation the offices of the Commissioner of Public Works, a Police Commissioner, and the Corporation Counsel. Then the City Chamberlain resigned. The offices of Mayor, County Clerk, Register, and Sheriff had all been captured by Tammany candidates at the election, and Mayor Grant set about filling the vacancies mentioned and many minor ones with other Tammany men. DAVID A. CURTIS.

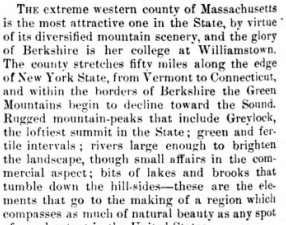
THE CITY OF DURANGO.

THE fire that destroyed a considerable part of Durango, Colorado, on Monday of last week has checked for a time the commercial activity of one of the most promising of the younger cities of the far West. As in other cases of a similar character, however, this calamity may prove to be the best thing that could have occurred to make Durango's business blocks equal in size and appearance to those of Denver and Pueblo. Durango has been of such recent origin that her people have had no time in which to build business blocks entirely worthy of the city's commercial importance. The nearest approach to a representative architecture is the Strater Hotel, which was built last summer, and which fortunately escaped the fire. The buildings destroyed were for the most part ordinary wooden structures of the frontier and mining camp type, with such additions in the way of paint and ornamentation as the cosmopolitan claims of the young city seemed to demand. Outside of the business district three churches and twenty-five dwellings were destroyed.

When the position of Durango with respect to the surrounding country is considered, it will be seen that the wooden buildings of the business section could well be spared, especially as their destruction will be followed by the erection of blocks of brick and stone. The city lies in the lower part of the valley of the Rio de las Animas Perdidas (the River of Lost Souls), in southwestern Colorado. As its name implies, it is the gateway to the rich silver mines of the San Juan country to the north and west, and to the coal fields of La Plata County near at hand. Its settlement dates back only to 1880, when it became a supply point for miners and prospectors going into the San Juan region. While its mining fever lasted, Durango had all the characteristics of the usual mining town, but when the silver excitement had worn itself tame and threadbare, the city assumed the sober and business-like appearance that it has since borne. The silver fields were altogether too extensive and difficult of access for the oft-told mining excitement to continue any length of time.

Not long after the settlement of the place, the cattle-men and sheep-raisers of southwestern Colorado and northwestern New Mexico made it their head-quarters as a convenient shipping point, and also as a protection from marauding bands of Indians and badly civilized white men. Afterward a smelter was built to handle the ore from the San Juan mines, and this in turn tapped the immense deposits of bituminous coal which underlie the country roundabout. Still later, the lower half of the valley of the Rio de las Animas Perdidas was settled thick with farmers, who found a rich market in the mines and among the stores of Durango. Thus the foundations were laid for a particularly strong and progressive commercial capital of the entire San Juan region in both Colorado and New Mexico. The business of the city is already so well established, and active competition so remote, that the fire will be only temporary in its evil effects. Indeed, the rebuilding of the burned district may give to the city an impetus that will be felt in all parts of the San Juan country, for by it the people will give unmistakable assurance of their wealth and enterprise. This doubtless will stimulate the promised building of a broad-gauge railroad from the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway system at Albuquerque, New Mexico, to compete with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad's narrow-gauge line from Pueblo and Denver, and to give Durango coal an outlet into New Mexico and Arizona. With this increased facility for transportation, and with new brick and stone business blocks, Durango will stand an excellent chance of doubling her population within the next five years.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.



THE MARK HOPKINS MEMORIAL—RECITATION ROOMS.

THE extreme western county of Massachusetts is the most attractive one in the State, by virtue of its diversified mountain scenery, and the glory of Berkshire is her college at Williamstown. The county stretches fifty miles along the edge of New York State, from Vermont to Connecticut, and within the borders of Berkshire the Green Mountains begin to decline toward the Sound. Rugged mountain-peaks that include Greylock, the loftiest summit in the State; green and fertile intervals; rivers large enough to brighten the landscape, though small affairs in the commercial aspect; bits of lakes and brooks that tumble down the hill-sides—these are the elements that go to the making of a region which compasses as much of natural beauty as any spot of equal extent in the United States.

It follows that there be "those who love" this county and Williams College, whose seat is in the most northern town. The eminent New Yorkers who have planted their country homes in Stockbridge and elsewhere, even more than those who have made Lenox a summer capital of fashion, can understand the spirit of loyalty and devotion with which the graduates of Williams look back on the institution which nurtured them for four years amid surroundings so delightful and stimulating.

There is something appropriate in the fact that this institution was moulded by the most distinguished son of Berkshire, and that one who was

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

born under the shadow of Greylock devoted his life to Williams College, and was, during over half a century, the beloved master of over seventeen hundred boys. Never was the impress of environment more clearly stamped on any man than was the influence of Berkshire made manifest in Mark Hopkins. To a degree perhaps unsurpassed in the history of American colleges the life of Williams circled around its President, and for the thirty-six years of his Presidency—from 1836 to 1872—and indeed during all the fifty-nine years of his association with the institution as teacher, until his death, June 17, 1887, he was the chief figure in it. In comprehensiveness of thought, in his method of teaching, and the supreme manliness of his life, he seemed much more the outcome of natural surroundings than the product of books and schools of philosophy.

But with Dr. Hopkins passed the last example, as it was the most illustrious, of the college President as chief instructor and personal guide. It was left for his successor, the late President Paul A. Chadbourne, who was in office from 1872 to 1881, and more especially for the present head of the college, Dr. Franklin Carter, to bring about a readjustment of the work of the institution on larger lines. The problem that had grown out of the vast development of the sciences and increased breadth of scholarship in all departments challenged the power of the American college to adapt itself to the more complex conditions of modern life and thought. There was a great and delicate machine to be built up and managed, and the Presidency of such a college had grown into an administrative office, dealing with endless details of ways and means and methods, and yet calling for large and wise leadership and ready tact. The old college scheme had become antiquated. To make room for the many new subjects of inquiry, and the greater thoroughness with which the old ones must be presented, made the task of planning a course of study a difficult one.

Some have met the pressure of these modern intellectual interests by abandoning all attempt at discrimination, and offering students unlimited liberty of election. This has gone so far in certain instances as to obliterate the old-fashioned college and give us the university in its stead. Others, adhering to a required curriculum, have, in order to broaden and liberalize it, admitted so many subjects that a confused medley of elements and fragments has resulted, almost destitute of disciplinary value. Between the relinquishment of all responsibility for the selection of studies on the one hand, and a degultory, overcrowded, superficial, prescribed course on the other, the middle ground is not easily discerned. The problem which institutions not aspiring to be universities have to settle is how to construct a course of study which shall be sufficiently comprehensive to meet the demands of modern thought, and at the same time homogeneous and self-consistent enough to furnish a thorough intellectual discipline. They start with the wise old assumption that the boy needs to be guided, and yet would give him the opportunity to specialize intelligently. A course of which the larger part is prescribed, making it certain that every student will acquire the essentials of a liberal culture, but a part of which is elective, enabling the student to gratify his tastes and cultivate his special powers—this is the solution which Williams College, in common with other institutions of similar aim, has adopted. One who renews his acquaintance with the college after an absence of two decades will find that much has been done toward correcting the fragmentariness which was introduced into the curricula in the attempt to satisfy the demands of the modern sciences and literatures. The electives which are permitted are sufficient to secure continuity of instruction through the course in most of the great departments of study.

Very much of the success of such an institution must depend on its appliances and external surroundings and atmosphere, and the Berkshire college has been brought in touch with the times on this side of its work. At how great an expenditure of labor on the ground, and of untiring pleading abroad for the wherewithal, progress here has been slowly gained, any one at all acquainted with any country college can conjecture; but the result is certainly worth celebrating. Something of the beauty and harmonious growth achieved appears in the illustrations which accompany this sketch. The fine dormitory, Morgan Hall, is the first of the buildings which President Carter secured. This thoroughly creditable structure serves to link the name of the late Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York (who was born in the Massachusetts town of Washington), with his native county. The Lasell Gymnasium, companion piece to Morgan Hall, is a memorial of the late Josiah Lasell, of Whitinsville, Massachusetts, an alumnus. The Hopkins Memorial Building, now in process of erection, made possible through the liberality of Frederick F. Thompson, of New York city, and a popular subscription among the alumni, will constitute a monument to Dr. Mark Hopkins. It will meet the greatest present need of the college. In place of the odd assortment of corner rooms in the various college buildings, where inefficient stoves battled with the stern atmosphere of a Williamstown winter, each poorly ventilated class-room being in almost constant demand, the Hopkins Building will provide commodious recitation halls, each with its fireplace and fitted with every modern convenience. Under the same roof will be much-desired executive offices, and a large examination hall.

Since 1881, therefore, the President has been able to invest in the neighborhood of $250,000 in three buildings, two of them constructed of the beautiful bluish gray limestone quarried in the region. More land has been bought, to give the institution its proper setting, and an ample athletic field is the most valued of these purchases. Beyond all this, Dr. Carter has added over $400,000 to the invested funds of the college. Probably $700,000 would represent the money which has come during President Carter's administration, an amount absolutely essential to the proper ongoing of the college, yet insufficient to satisfy all the pressing needs of the situation.

But multiplication of appliances is not the chief result brought about during the eight years of the present administration. The teaching equipment has been greatly strengthened. A college pastor relieves the President and professors of the burden of preaching; a Garfield professorship of ancient languages, in honor of the most famous graduate of Williams, the late President of the United States, has been endowed; the Thomas Thornton Read professorship of physics has been established, a second professor of modern languages; the Barclay Jermain professorship of natural theology, filled by the President; a professor of anatomy and physiology; a director of the gymnasium; and the just-founded J. Leland Miller professorship of American history, literature, and eloquence—these are additions and enlargements of the Carter period. Chemistry, natural history, and physics are taught with full laboratory aids, in place of the old scheme of lectures, and modern methods have been brought into all the departments.

It is entirely just to say that nothing of the personal enthusiasm that distinguishes faithful teaching has been dropped out since the time of Mark Hopkins, while the little social democracy at Williamstown is in all respects better cared for than it used to be. The intelligent application of the gospel of village improvement, leading to the abolition of fences, has transformed the town, with its wide, park-like Main Street, into a gem among beautiful villages. It seems to have been planned for the college. A system of drainage, the introduction of water and gas into the buildings, and the laying of concrete walks on the college grounds are essentials that have been provided. Two hotels—the Tachonic Inn and the Greylock—have lately been modernized and refitted by Colonel A. D. Bullock, of Cincinnati, who has become a helpful factor in the town's progress. One by one, too, the mansions of summer residents are rising on the hills that circle about the old village. These pleasant academic surroundings are found far enough removed from cities to cancel the distractions of town, while the days when only the stage-coach penetrated to the college are long past. The situation is therefore admirable for study, healthful growth, and all manly development.

Without stopping to consider the things that are attractive about a small college—the closer oversight given to the student, and the more intimate social relations that are possible with the whole body of students in such an institution—it may be said that the ideals prevailing in student life at Williams are wholesome. In the main the standards of judgment are such as characterize the best side of life in that "world" of which the aspiring boy is so fond of talking. Athletics are tolerated and even encouraged, but they are not permitted to consume the time and thought given in some institutions. Williams has carried off the base-ball pennant in the combination with Amherst, Dartmouth, and Trinity for two seasons, and her standing in foot-ball is respectable. The journalism of the college has greatly improved of recent years, and the growing disposition of students to enter newspaper work on graduation may be traced in the general catalogue. This signifies the recognition of another great avenue of usefulness. It would be possible to show by statistics touching all the professions that this college imparts an impulse that leads to useful work in life, and that the devoted labors of an underpaid and able faculty are honored in the test of results.

The Greek letter fraternities afford a feature of the local life deserving the prominence given in the accompanying illustrations. The place which these societies fill is both beneficent and natural when the influence of a college training is considered as a preparation for citizenship, and their relation to the college is fixed and recognized. The individual profitably seeks the more intimate association which is akin to the family relation, and he finds it in his society. The friendships formed there last longest. As in the home, the interests of one are common to all, so in the society the shortcomings of any disgrace the fraternity. It is easy to make this common pride contribute to the speedy correction of any failure on the part of members, and the authorities find the secret societies a powerful aid in administering the discipline of the institution. Since the Kappa Alpha society was transplanted from Union College in 1833, eight other fraternities have found a home at Williams—the Sigma Phi, Alpha Delta Phi, Chi Psi, Delta Psi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Delta Upsilon, Phi Delta Theta, and Zeta Psi. All of them have pleasant quarters, and in many cases the society houses are provided with stewards, so that comfortable board is secured at a reasonable price. Indeed these fraternity buildings often compare in rich appointments with the club-houses of the cities, the graduate members contributing generously to their erection and repair. The holding of property in the village identifies the young men with the interests of the community, and gives them much of the spirit of citizenship; they take pride in the good order and attractiveness of their premises. Courtesy, hospitality, and all neighborly virtues are essential to the good name of the organization, and are valued and practised accordingly. No small part of the improvement in student manners and customs, which is so noticeable at Williams and elsewhere, may be traced to the influence of society organizations, and the increased responsibility which has come upon them as property owners.

SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Down by the sea, the deep blue sea,
We two stood close together,
While o'er us fell that magic spell
Fays weave in summer weather.
One glittering track of silvery light
Led onward, upward to the moon.
"Ah! earth hath naught, nor Heaven, methought,
Wherewith to add a single boon
To this night's ecstasy
Down by the sea."

"'Tis not alone that man should be"—
Thus saith the holy pages—
And sages tell it is not well
Adown, adown the ages.
Ah! how that 'witching, 'wildering moon
Again its old-time magic wrought,
Lit curving lips and finger-tips
That might have met, and meeting brought
Such wondrous joy to me,
Down by the sea!

"Look, Katie! Watch that glittering way—
Be sure it hath a meaning—
Your path and mine, where jewels shine,
And every joy worth gleaning.
There hand in hand be sure we'll find
Whate'er of good life has to give.
Sweetheart! one word, one that once heard
Will make me happy while I live,
Will give the world to me,
Down by the sea."

Alas! the moon, the treacherous moon,
That instant kissed the pulsing wave;
O'er earth and sky it flashed good-by,
Then sank into its watery grave.
As 'neath the lowering thunder-cloud
Earth, sea, and sky grew drear and black.
There is no way where jewels play;
It disappeared and left no track.
She whispered "No" to me
Down by the sea.

MARY E. VANDYNE.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

"Work with your head first, then with your hands." It makes no difference as to what people invented this proverb, all the world understands it in its figurative sense, and some special races practically carry it out to-day. To use the head, calling in the great muscular power of the neck, must have been the primitive method of transportation. When man first made a wheelbarrow, a tremendous step was made in advance. When that big baby carriage the Jin-riki-sha was introduced into Japan, that empire was revolutionized.

When the English tourist, as Mr. Smedley has sketched him, gazed from the mountain-top to the depths of the valley below him, and saw that perpendicular flight of stone steps which alone gave access to the village, "How on earth," he thought, "are my traps to be landed away down there? Such an unprogressive people! Why don't they have an inclined plane or something of that kind, you know? If there was only a porter, for that trunk of mine is no light weight." Then there tripped up a rather short and stocky young woman, who, pointing smilingly at the trunk, disclosed the whitest of teeth.

The tourist had some slight acquaintance with art as far as the comprehension of the feminine outline went, so he looked at the young woman, who, in clever pantomime, put her sunburnt hand on the top of her head, pushed further back the coil of her hair, and stood expectant.

The impression he derived was a pleasant one, only he thought that certain painters who have sketched women carrying loads on their heads must have over-refined the figures. "It stands to reason," he said, arguing out the problem on the strictest lines of human mechanism, "that a lithe and willowy-built woman never could carry heavy weights. A trumpery vase or a little pitcher of water poised on the head would require no special build, but when it comes to a poor woman staggering under a load of two hundred pounds or more, why, you want what we would call at home a pony-built woman. That heavy-weight business must shorten the neck and produce abnormal muscular development. But I want my trunk landed somewhere, and I'm precious tired and hungry, and so I will stop theorizing and devote myself to the facts in the case." So he smiled too, and intimated that he should be very happy to utilize the young woman's trunk-bearing accomplishments. Then that young woman took hold of one handle of the sole-leather trunk, and made signs that its owner should seize the other handle. Next she showed by a gesture that he was to help her in the landing of that trunk on her head.

"Ah! that's so. I know these women carry with ease on their heads weights they cannot lift. She wants what might be called a boost. It's co-operative work, in a certain sense. All right, young woman. Now when I say one, two, three, up she goes." The woman was quick-witted and at once understood, for she repeated in her Italian the three numerals. The tourist entered into the spirit of the thing, did his best, and in a trice the trunk was on the woman's head. She showed that she was well up in the business. As the trunk rose in the air she ducked a little and caught the trunk on the rise, and so broke its sudden fall. Now she adjusted it a trifle, got it into exact equilibrium, found her own precise centre of gravity, and, preceding the tourist, went down the steep descent.

Was there a sentimental side to the tourist? Did he for a moment pity women who are beasts of burden? Englishmen, and for that, Americans, when they travel become very practical. So to this tourist it simply was the question of having a clean shirt to put on when he got to his destination. He had not the heart to make the woman carry his travelling bag. He took that himself, but cheerfully resigned it again. Never making a false step or a stumble, the freight was landed at the village inn, and the merry transporting agent received her full pay. Dickens, in his description of travel in Italy, tells of an infallible way by which a foreigner may know to a certainty whether he has paid enough to a native. "When he begins to laugh, you may be sure you have overpaid." This is about what Dickens wrote. When our tourist had put many small pieces of coin into the brown palm of the girl's hand, and she showed her white teeth again through the pretty smile, the owner of the trunk knew it was all right.

BLUE-FISHING IN THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

TROLLING for blue-fish on the Great South Bay, near Fire Island Light, is now the most delightful and exciting sport of the summer resident with aquatic tastes. Every pleasant day this arm of the ocean is studded with the sails of all sizes of craft. The occupants of the boats are full of animation. Hand over hand they may be seen paying out and hauling in their long hand lines. These lines vary in length from two to four hundred feet. A so-called squid, with a single hook, is attached to each line, and it spins through the water like a thing alive. It is usually made of lead, but bone, shell, and other materials are frequently used. The spinning of the squid attracts the blue-fish, and they make a rapacious rush for it. When they strike, the angler quickly discovers that there is no introductory nibble with the blue-fish. From the first vicious strike, which almost takes the line out of one's hand, until safely landed in the boat, it is a grand struggle between man and fish.

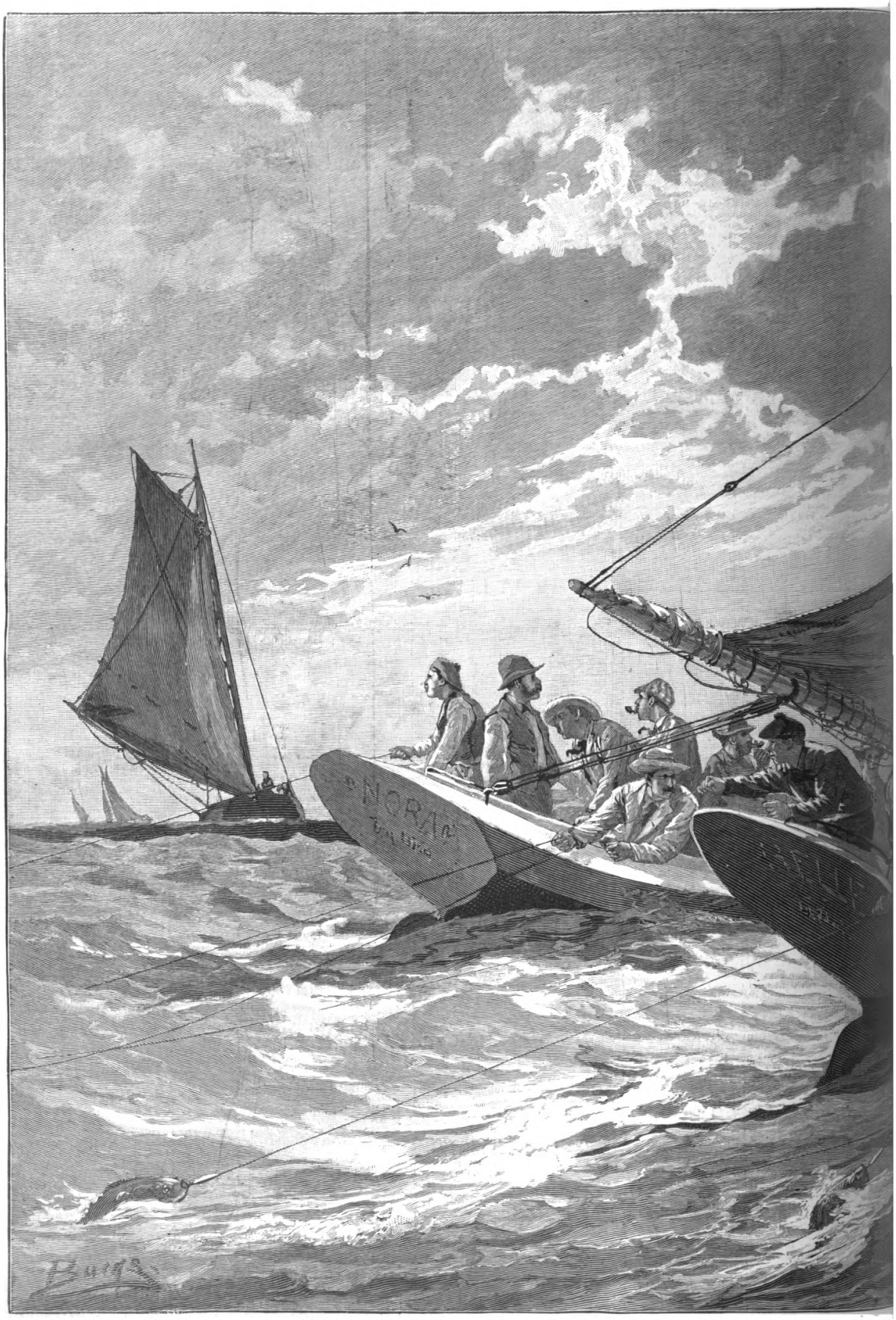
The angler must have a steady nerve and quick hand to make a success of trolling for blue-fish. The fish must be hauled in as quickly as possible. Such a thing as playing with him is entirely out of the question. The slightest bit of slack line or delay, and in nine instances out of ten the fish will break away. It is not an unusual thing to catch them with lacerated jaws, thus showing evidence of previous battles with anglers. To the amateur there is a good deal of downright hard work about the sport. In time, however, he becomes accustomed to the work of constantly hauling in his line to remove the ever-troublesome sea-tangle with which the hook becomes clogged, in which condition the nimble blue-fish could not see the shimmering squid. He must also become accustomed to an occasional sore finger, caused by the strain upon the line. These annoyances, however, are trivial in comparison to the sport and the delightful sail. There are no mosquitoes or black-flies to make one's life a burden, as in trout and salmon fishing. Expensive fishing tackle is not at all necessary. It is a pleasure which may be indulged in by every individual wealthy enough to hire a sail-boat.

Chumming for blue-fish is slightly more expensive than trolling, but it is more exciting. The captain of the sail-boat must be notified in advance to secure a few hundred menhaden. On the eventful day he sails out with his party to his particular favorite spot and anchors. An improvised fish-grinder is placed on one side of the boat, and the menhaden are ground up into what is called chum. This is gradually thrown overboard; then the captain baits each angler's hook with a good-sized piece of the fish, and the sport begins. The anglers pay out their lines, allowing the bait to float away with the chum. The fine chum simply aggravates the blue-fish, and they dash through it, looking for more substantial food, which they invariably find enveloping a copper-snelled hook. This is the supreme moment when the angler's skill is tested. It is the moment when he needs all the presence of mind he possesses. Should he become excited, he is sure to lose his prize. An advantage in chumming is that either hand lines or rods and reels may be used. Sportsmen prefer the latter. In both cases the line must be paid out as rapidly as the tide is running; when nearly out it must be reeled or hauled in again, the bait examined, the sea-weed removed, and the line again paid out. One is as likely to get a strike reeling in as in paying out; and, as in trolling, one must be ever on the lookout for the sudden, savage strike of the fish. When the rush comes, if you have not the rod and reel under perfect control, you will not only lose the fish, but you may return with a broken rod or the loss of hundreds of feet of line.

Blue-fish feed on the schools of menhaden and other small fish with which the bay abounds. It is a grand sight to see them at feeding-time. Whole regiments of them may be seen to leap from the water in their wild rushes after their unfortunate prey. They lash the water into foam in their mad charges, and often bite each other during their delirious efforts in procuring food. Even when not hungry they will wantonly rush upon schools of other fish and snap and bite right and left, killing and maiming merely for the sport it affords them. These cannibals act as though they were not afraid of anything above or below the water. An occasional shark gets among them, however, and brings them to their senses. Another peculiarity of the fish is that they may be caught as freely during a thunder-storm as on a pleasant day. It is said that they are the only fish which have no respect for the battles of the elements. Almost all others seek deep water as soon as thunder is heard. They are at all times an interesting study, but, as one captain aptly put it, "The more you study them, the less you know about them."

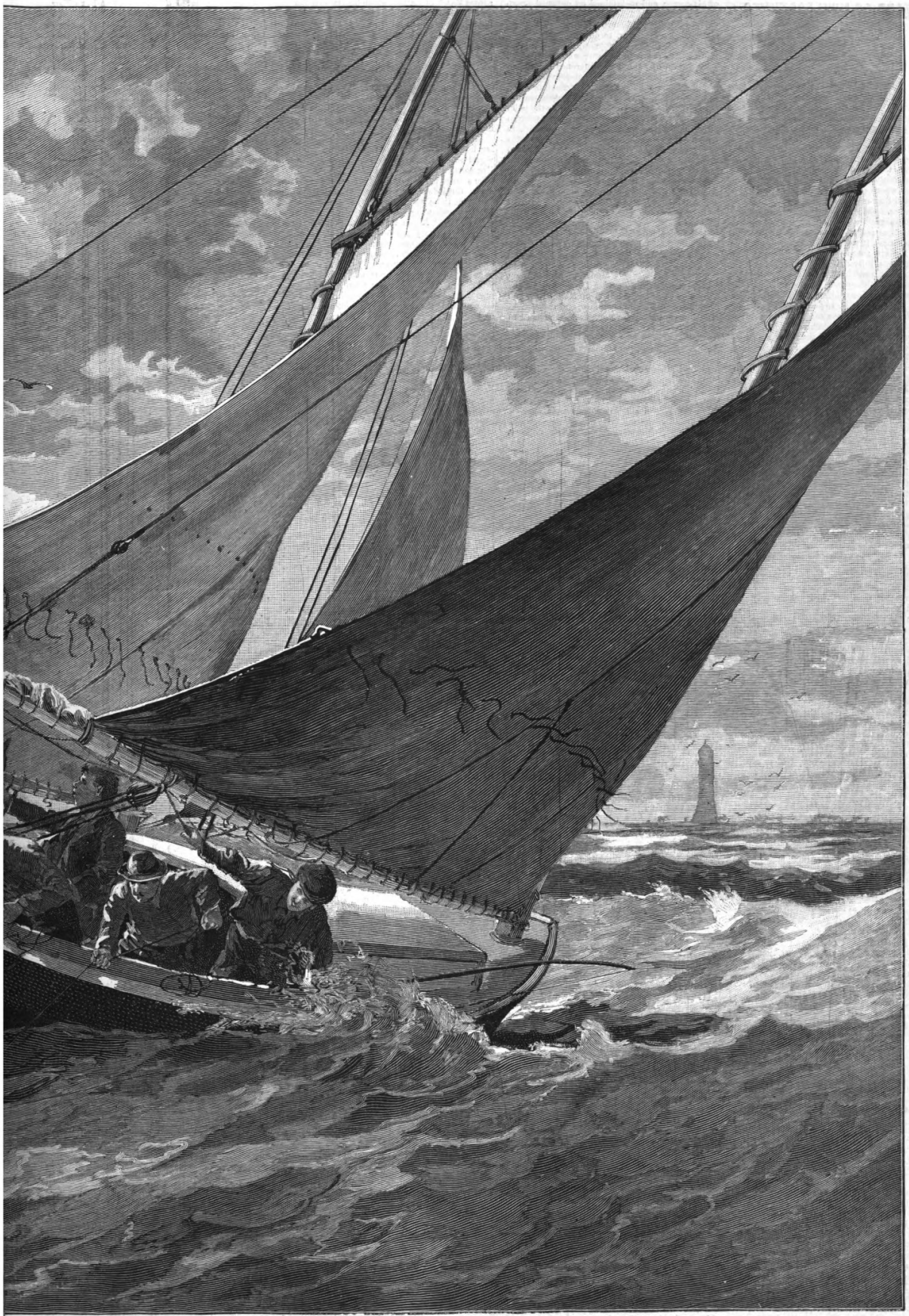
THOMAS J. MURREY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



TROLLING FOR BLUE-FISH IN FIRE I

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ET.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 555.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.

I.

THE scheme of a banquet to celebrate the initial success of *Every Other Week* expanded in Fulkerson's fancy into a series. Instead of the publishing and editorial force with certain of the more representative artists and authors sitting down to a modest supper in Mrs. Leighton's parlors, he conceived of a dinner at Delmonico's, with the principal literary and artistic people throughout the country as guests, and an inexhaustible hospitality to reporters and correspondents, from whom paragraphs, prophetic and historic, would flow weeks before and after the first of the series. He said the thing was a new departure in magazines; it amounted to something in literature as radical as the American Revolution in politics: it was the idea of self-government in the arts; and it was this idea that had never yet been fully developed in regard to it. That was what must be done in the speeches at the dinner, and the speeches must be reported. Then it would go like wildfire. He asked March whether he thought Mr. Depew could be got to come; Mark Twain, he was sure would come; he was a literary man. They ought to invite Mr. Evarts, and the Cardinal, and the leading Protestant divines. His ambition stopped at nothing, nothing but the question of expense; there he had to wait the return of the elder Dryfoos from the West, and Dryfoos was still delayed at Moffitt, and Fulkerson openly confessed that he was afraid he would stay there till his own enthusiasm escaped in other activities, other plans.

Fulkerson was as little likely as possible to fall under a superstitious subjection to another man; but March could not help seeing that in this possible measure Dryfoos was Fulkerson's fetich. He did not revere him, March decided, because it was not in Fulkerson's nature to revere anything; he could like and dislike, but he could not respect. Apparently, however, Dryfoos daunted him somehow; and besides the homage which those who have not pay to those who have, Fulkerson rendered Dryfoos the tribute of a feeling which March could only define as a sort of bewilderment. As well as March could make out, this feeling was evoked by the spectacle of Dryfoos's unfailing luck, which Fulkerson was fond of dazzling himself with. It perfectly consisted with a keen sense of whatever was sordid and selfish in a man on whom his career must have had its inevitable effect. He liked to philosophize the case with March, to recall Dryfoos as he was when he first met him, still somewhat in the sap, at Moffitt, and to study the processes by which he imagined him to have dried into the hardened speculator, without even the pretence to any advantage but his own in his ventures. He was aware of painting the character too vividly, and he warned March not to accept it exactly in those tints, but to subdue them and shade it for himself. He said that where his advantage was not concerned, there was ever so much good in Dryfoos, and that if in some things he had grown inflexible, he had expanded in others to the full measure of the vast scale on which he did business. It had seemed a little odd to March that a man should put money into such an enterprise as *Every Other Week* and go off about other affairs, not only without any sign of anxiety but without any sort of interest. But Fulkerson said that was the splendid side of Dryfoos. He had a courage, a magnanimity, that was equal to the strain of any such uncertainty. He had faced the music once for all, when he asked Fulkerson what the thing would cost in the different degrees of potential failure; and then he had gone off, leaving everything to Fulkerson and the younger Dryfoos, with the instruction simply to go ahead and not bother him about it. Fulkerson called that pretty tall for an old fellow who used to bewail the want of pigs and chickens to occupy his mind. He alleged it as another proof of the versatility of the American mind, and of the grandeur of institutions and opportunities that let every man grow to his full size, so that any man in America could run the concern if necessary. He believed that old Dryfoos could step into Bismarck's shoes, and run the German Empire at ten days' notice, or about as long as it would take him to go from New York to Berlin. But Bismarck would not know anything about Dryfoos's plans till Dryfoos got ready to show his hand. Fulkerson himself did not pretend to say what the old man had been up to, since he went West. He was at Moffitt first, and then he was at Chicago, and then he had gone out to Denver to look after some mines he had out there, and a railroad or two; and now he was at Moffitt again. He was supposed to be closing up his affairs there, but nobody could say.

Fulkerson told March the morning after Dryfoos returned that he had not only not pulled out at Moffitt, but had gone in deeper, ten times deeper than ever. He was in a royal good humor, Fulkerson reported, and was going to drop into the office on his way up from the street (March understood Wall Street) that afternoon. He was tickled to death with *Every Other Week* so far as it had gone, and was anxious to pay his respects to the editor.

March accounted for some rhetoric in this, but let it flatter him, and prepared himself for a meeting about which he could see that Fulkerson was only less nervous than he had shown himself about the public reception of the first number. It gave March a disagreeable feeling of being owned and of being about to be inspected by his proprietor; but he fell back upon such independence as he could find in the thought of those two thousand dollars of income beyond the caprice

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

of his owner, and maintained an outward serenity.

He was a little ashamed afterward of the resolution it had cost him to do so. It was not a question of Dryfoos's physical presence: that was rather effective than otherwise, and carried a suggestion of moneyed indifference to convention in the gray business suit of provincial cut, and the low, wide-brimmed hat of flexible black felt. He had a stick with an old-fashioned top of buckhorn worn smooth and bright by the palm of his hand, which had not lost its character in fat, and which had a history of former work in its enlarged knuckles, though it was now as soft as March's, and must once have been small even for a man of Mr. Dryfoos's stature: he was below the average size. But what struck March was the fact that Dryfoos seemed furtively conscious of being a country person, and of being aware that in their meeting he was to be tried by other tests than those which would have availed him as a shrewd speculator. He evidently had some curiosity about March, as the first of his kind whom he had encountered: some such curiosity as the country school trustee feels and tries to hide in the presence of the new schoolmaster. But the whole affair was of course on a higher plane; on one side Dryfoos was much more a man of the world than March was, and he probably divined this at once, and rested himself upon the fact in a measure. It seemed to be his preference that his son should introduce them, for he came upstairs with Conrad, and they had fairly made acquaintance before Fulkerson joined them.

Conrad offered to leave them at once, but his father made him stay. "I reckon Mr. March and I haven't got anything so private to talk about that we want to keep it from the other partners. Well, Mr. March, are you getting used to New York yet? It takes a little time."

"Oh, yes. But not so much time as most places. Everybody belongs more or less in New York; nobody has to belong here altogether."

"Yes, that is so. You can try it, and go away if you don't like it a good deal easier than you could from a smaller place. Wouldn't make so much talk, would it?" He glanced at March with a jocose light in his shrewd eyes. "That is the way I feel about it all the time: just visiting. Now, it wouldn't be that way in Boston, I reckon?"

"You couldn't keep on visiting there your whole life," said March.

Dryfoos laughed, showing his lower teeth in a way that was at once simple and fierce. "Mr. Fulkerson didn't hardly know as he could get you to leave. I suppose you got used to it there. I never been in your city."

"I had got used to it; but it was hardly my city, except by marriage. My wife's a Bostonian."

"She's been a little homesick here, then," said Dryfoos, with a smile of the same quality as his laugh.

"Less than I expected," said March. "Of course she was very much attached to our old home."

"I guess my wife won't ever get used to New York," said Dryfoos, and he drew in his lower lip with a sharp sigh. "But my girls like it; they're young. You never been out our way, yet, Mr. March? Out West?"

"Well, only for the purpose of being born, and brought up. I used to live in Crawfordsville, and then Indianapolis."

"Indianapolis is bound to be a great place," said Dryfoos. "I remember now, Mr. Fulkerson told me you was from our State." He went on to brag of the West, as if March were an Easterner and had to be convinced. "You ought to see all that country. It's a great country."

"Oh, yes," said March, "I understand that." He expected the praise of the great West to lead up to some comment on *Every Other Week;* and there was abundant suggestion of that topic in the manuscripts, proofs of letter-press and illustrations, with advance copies of the latest number strewn over his table.

But Dryfoos apparently kept himself from looking at these things. He rolled his head about on his shoulders to take in the character of the room, and said to his son, "You didn't change the wood-work, after all."

"No; the architect thought we had better let it be, unless we meant to change the whole place. He liked its being old-fashioned."

"I hope you feel comfortable here, Mr. March," the old man said, bringing his eyes to bear upon him again after their tour of inspection.

"Too comfortable for a working-man," said March, and he thought that this remark must bring them to some talk about his work, but the proprietor only smiled again.

"I guess I sha'n't lose much on this house," he returned, as if musing aloud. "This downtown property is coming up. Business is getting in on all these side streets. I thought I paid a pretty good price for it, too." He went on to talk of real estate, and March began to feel a certain resentment at his continued avoidance of the only topic in which they could really have a common interest. "You live down this way somewhere, don't you?" the old man concluded.

"Yes. I wished to be near my work." March was vexed with himself for having recurred to it; but afterward he was not sure but Dryfoos shared his own diffidence in the matter, and was waiting for him to bring it openly into the talk. At times he seemed wary and masterful, and then March felt that he was being examined and tested; at others so simple that March might well have fancied that he needed encouragement, and desired it. He talked of his wife and daughters in a way that invited March to say friendly things of his family, which appeared to give the old man first an undue pleasure, and then a final distrust. At moments he turned, with an effect of finding relief in it, to his son and spoke to him across March of matters which he was unacquainted with: he did not seem aware that this was rude, but the young man must have felt it so; he always brought the conversation back, and once at some cost to himself when his father made it personal.

"I want to make a regular New York business man out of that fellow," he said to March, pointing at Conrad with his stick. "You s'pose I'm ever going to do it?"

"Well, I don't know," said March, trying to fall in with the joke. "Do you mean nothing but a business man?"

The old man laughed at whatever latent meaning he fancied in this, and said, "You think he would be a little too much for me there? Well, I've seen enough of 'em to know it don't always take a large pattern of a man to do a large business. But I want him to get the business training, and then if he wants to go into something else, he knows what the world is, anyway. Heigh?"

"Oh, yes!" March assented, with some compassion for the young man reddening patiently under his father's comment.

Dryfoos went on as if his son were not in hearing. "Now that boy wanted to be a preacher. What does a preacher know about the world he preaches against, when he's been brought up a preacher? He don't know so much as a bad little boy in his Sunday-school; he knows about as much as a girl. I always told him, You be a man first, and then you be a preacher, if you want to. Heigh?"

"Precisely." March began to feel some compassion for himself in being witness of the young fellow's discomfort under his father's homily.

"When we first come to New York, I told him, Now here's your chance to see the world on a big scale. You know already what work and saving and steady habits and sense will bring a man to; you don't want to go round among the rich; you want to go among the poor, and see what laziness, and drink, and dishonesty, and foolishness will bring men to. And I guess he knows, about as well as anybody; and if he ever goes to preaching he'll know what he's preaching about." The old man smiled his fierce, simple smile, and in his sharp eyes March fancied contempt of the ambition he had balked in his son. The present scene must have been one of many between them, ending in meek submission on the part of the young man whom his father perhaps without realizing his cruelty treated as a child. March took it hard that he should be made to suffer in the presence of a co-ordinate power like himself, and began to dislike the old man out of proportion to his offence, which might have been mere want of taste, or an effect of mere embarrassment before him. But evidently, whatever rebellion his daughters had carried through against him, he had kept his dominion over this gentle spirit unbroken. March did not choose to make any response, but let him continue, if he would, entirely upon his own impulse.

II.

A silence followed, of rather painful length. It was broken by the cheery voice of Fulkerson, sent before him to herald Fulkerson's cheery person. "Well, I suppose you've got the glorious success of *Every Other Week* down pretty cold in your talk by this time. I should have been up sooner to join you, but I was nipping a man for the last page of the cover. I guess we'll have to let the Muse have that for an advertisement instead of a poem the next time, March. Well, the old gentleman given you boys your scolding?" The person of Fulkerson had got into the room long before he reached this question, and had planted itself astride a chair. Fulkerson looked over the chair back, now at March, and now at the elder Dryfoos as he spoke.

March answered him. "I guess we must have been waiting for you, Fulkerson. At any rate we hadn't got to the scolding yet."

"Why, I didn't suppose Mr. Dryfoos could 'a' held in so long. I understood he was awful mad at the way the thing started off, and wanted to give you a piece of his mind, when he got at you. I inferred as much from a remark that he made." March and Dryfoos looked foolish, as men do when made the subject of this sort of merry misrepresentation.

"I reckon my scolding will keep awhile yet," said the old man, dryly.

"Well, then, I guess it's a good chance to give Mr. Dryfoos an idea of what we've really done—just while we're resting, as Artemus Ward says. Heigh, March?"

"I will let you blow the trumpet, Fulkerson. I think it belongs strictly to the advertising department," said March. He now distinctly resented the old man's failure to say anything to him of the magazine; he made his inference that it was from a suspicion of his readiness to presume upon a recognition of his share in the success, and he was determined to second no sort of appeal for it.

"The advertising department is the heart and soul of every business," said Fulkerson hardily, "and I like to keep my hand in with a little practice on the trumpet in private. I don't believe Mr. Dryfoos has got any idea of the extent of this thing. He's been out among those Rackensackens, where we were all born, and he's read the notices in their seven by nine dailies, and he's seen the thing selling on the cars, and he thinks he appreciates what's been done. But I should just like to take him round in this little old metropolis awhile, and show him *Every Other Week* on the centre tables of the millionaires—the Vanderbilts and the Astors—and in the homes of culture and refinement everywhere, and let him judge for himself. It's the talk of the clubs and the dinner tables; children cry for it; it's the Castoria of literature, and the Pearline of art, the Won't-be-happy-till-he-gets-it of every enlightened man, woman, and child in this vast city. I know we could capture the country; but my goodness! I *didn't* expect to have New York fall into our hands at a blow. But that's just exactly what New York has done. *Every Other Week* supplies the long-felt want that's been grinding round in New York and keeping it awake nights ever since the war. It's the culmination of all the high and ennobling ideals of the past—"

"How much," asked Dryfoos, "do you expect to get out of it the first year, if it keeps the start it's got?"

"Comes right down to business, every time," said Fulkerson, referring the characteristic to March with a delighted glance. "Well, sir, if everything works right, and we get rain enough to fill up the springs, and it isn't a grasshopper year, I expect to clear above all expenses something in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Humph! And you are all going to work a year—editor, manager, publisher, artists, writers, printers, and the rest of 'em—to clear twenty-five thousand dollars? I made that much in half a day in Moffitt once. I see it made in half a minute in Wall Street, sometimes." The old man presented this aspect of the case with a good-natured contempt, which included Fulkerson and his enthusiasm in an obvious liking.

His son suggested, "But when we make that money here, no one loses it."

"Can you pro'e that?" His father turned sharply upon him. "Whatever is won is lost. It's all a game; it don't make any difference what you bet on. Business is business, and a business man takes his risks with his eyes open."

"Ah, but the glory!" Fulkerson insinuated with impudent persiflage. "I hadn't got to the glory yet, because it's hard to estimate it; but put the glory at the lowest figure, Mr. Dryfoos, and add it to the twenty-five thousand, and you've got an annual income from *Every Other Week* of dollars enough to construct a silver railroad, double track, from this office to the moon. I don't mention any of the sister planets because I like to keep within bounds."

Dryfoos showed his lower teeth for pleasure in Fulkerson's fooling, and said, "That's what I like about you, Mr. Fulkerson: you always keep within bounds."

"Well, I *ain't* a shrinking Boston violet, like March, here. More sunflower in my style of diffidence; but I am modest, I don't deny it," said Fulkerson. "And I do hate to have a thing overstated."

"And the glory—you do really think there's something in the glory that pays?"

"Not a doubt of it! I shouldn't care for the paltry return in money," said Fulkerson, with a burlesque of generous disdain, "if it wasn't for the glory along with it."

"And how should you feel about the glory, if there was no money along with it?"

"Well, sir, I'm happy to say we haven't come to that, yet."

"Now, Conrad, here," said the old man, with a sort of pathetic rancor, "would rather have the glory alone. I believe he don't even care much for your kind of glory, either, Mr. Fulkerson."

Fulkerson ran his little eyes curiously over Conrad's face and then March's, as if searching for a trace there of something gone before which would enable him to reach Dryfoos's whole meaning. He apparently resolved to launch himself upon conjecture. "Oh, well, we know how Conrad feels about the things of this world, anyway. I should like to take 'em on the plane of another sphere, too, sometimes; but I noticed a good while ago that this was the world I was born into, and so I made up my mind that I would do pretty much what I saw the rest of the folks doing here below. And I can't see but what Conrad runs the thing on business principles in his department, and I guess you'll find it so, if you'll look into it. I consider that we're a whole team and big dog under the wagon with you to draw on for supplies, and March, here, at the head of the literary business, and Conrad in the counting-room, and me to do the heavy lying in the advertising part. Oh, and Beaton, of course, in the art. I 'most forgot Beaton—*Hamlet* with Hamlet left out."

Dryfoos looked across at his son. "Wasn't that the fellow's name that was there last night?"

"Yes," said Conrad.

The old man rose. "Well, I reckon I got to be going. You ready to go uptown, Conrad?"

"Well, not quite yet, father."

The old man shook hands with March, and went down-stairs, followed by his son.

Fulkerson remained.

"He didn't jump at the chance you gave him to compliment us all round, Fulkerson," said March, with a smile not wholly of pleasure.

Fulkerson asked with as little joy, in the grin he had on, "Didn't he say anything to you before I came in?"

"Not a word."

"Dogged if *I* know what to make of it," sighed Fulkerson, "but I guess he's been having a talk with Conrad that's soured on him. I reckon maybe he came back expecting to find that boy reconciled to the glory of this world, and Conrad's showed himself just as set against it as ever."

"It might have been that," March admitted, pensively. "I fancied something of the kind myself from words the old man let drop."

Fulkerson made him explain, and then he said, "That's it, then; and it's all right. Conrad 'll come round in time; and all we've got to do is to have patience with the old man till he does. I know he likes *you*." Fulkerson affirmed this only interrogatively, and looked so anxiously to March for corroboration that March laughed.

"He dissembled his love," he said; but afterward in describing to his wife his interview with Mr. Dryfoos he was less amused with this fact.

When she saw that he was a little cast down by it, she began to encourage him. "He's just

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

a common, ignorant man, and probably didn't know how to express himself. You may be perfectly sure that he's delighted with the success of the magazine, and that he understands as well as you do that he owes it all to you."

"Ah, I'm *not* so sure. I don't believe a man's any better for having made money so easily and rapidly as Dryfoos has done, and I doubt if he's any wiser. I don't know just the point he's reached in his evolution from grub to beetle, but I do know that so far as it's gone the process must have involved a bewildering change of ideals and criterions. I guess he's come to despise a great many things that he once respected, and that intellectual ability is among them—what *we* call intellectual ability. He must have undergone a moral deterioration, an atrophy of the generous instincts, and I don't see why it shouldn't have reached his mental make-up. He has sharpened, but he has narrowed; his sagacity has turned into suspicion, his caution to meanness, his courage to ferocity. That's the way I philosophize a man of Dryfoos's experience, and I am not very proud when I realize that such a man and his experience are the ideal and ambition of most Americans. I rather think they came pretty near being mine, once."

"No, dear, they never did," his wife protested.

"Well, they're not likely to be, in the future. The Dryfoos feature of *Every Other Week* is thoroughly distasteful to me."

"Why, but he hasn't really got anything to do with it, has he, beyond furnishing the money?"

"That's the impression that Fulkerson has allowed us to get. But the man that holds the purse holds the reins. He may let us guide the horse, but when he likes he can drive. If we don't like his driving, then we can get down."

Mrs. March was less interested in this figure of speech than in the personal aspects involved. "Then you think Mr. Fulkerson has deceived you?"

"Oh no!" said her husband, laughing. "But I think he has deceived himself, perhaps."

"How?" she pursued.

"He may have thought he was using Dryfoos, when Dryfoos was using him, and he may have supposed he was not afraid of him when he was very much so. His courage hadn't been put to the test, and courage is a matter of proof, like proficiency on the fiddle, you know: you can't tell whether you've got it till you try."

"Nonsense! Do you mean that he would ever sacrifice *you* to Mr. Dryfoos?"

"I hope he may not be tempted. But I'd rather be taking the chances with Fulkerson alone, than with Fulkerson and Dryfoos to back him. Dryfoos seems somehow to take the poetry and the pleasure out of the thing."

Mrs. March was a long time silent. Then she began, "Well, my dear, *I* never wanted to come to New York—"

"Neither did I," March promptly put in.

"But now that we're here," she went on, "I'm not going to have you letting every little thing discourage you. I don't see what there was in Mr. Dryfoos's manner to give you any anxiety. He's just a common, stupid, inarticulate country person, and he didn't know how to express himself, as I said in the beginning, and that's the reason he didn't say anything."

"Well, I don't deny you're right about it."

"It's dreadful," his wife continued, "to be mixed up with such a man and his family, but I don't believe he'll ever meddle with your management, and till he does, all you need do is to have as little to do with him as possible, and go quietly on your own way."

"Oh, I shall go on quietly enough," said March. "I hope I sha'n't begin going stealthily."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. March, "just let me know when you're tempted to do that. If ever you sacrifice the smallest grain of your honesty or your self-respect to Mr. Dryfoos, or anybody else, I will simply renounce you."

"In view of that I'm rather glad the management of *Every Other Week* involves tastes and not convictions," said March.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH IN THE COAL MINES.

THERE is no State in the Union richer than Pennsylvania. Its mountains are filled with coal, and the roofs of its iron mines are fertile farms. The limit of its potentiality has not been discovered. In nearly every decade of its history new sources of wealth have been discovered. First there were iron ore and limestone. Then it was anthracite for the smelting. Afterward fuel was cheapened by the use of bituminous coal and coke. And now the discovery of natural gas has reduced the wage list of the iron and steel mills, and placed the plate-glass of western Pennsylvania on a footing with the famous products of France and Belgium. It is unnecessary, however, to repeat the story of this plutocratic commonwealth. The breath of the nostrils of many of its newspapers are the statistics of the output of the mines and factories. The hammer of Thor rings in its literature. So much devotion has been exhibited in the pursuit of wealth and in its worship that the finer traits of the sturdy people who have built up the State, and even the exquisite beauties with which nature has surrounded them, are often obscured. When statistics of the "output" are daily proclaimed to a people as the record of their most splendid achievements, the community will naturally consider price before quality.

There are thousands of people in this rich State who are the victims of its enormous wealth. The laws of the Federal government have taught the lesson that the mines and factories of Pennsylvania are so precious a possession that the whole country must make sacrifices for them. Those who have much and the great majority who have little pay their tribute to the iron monster who dominates the land. That tribute does not go to the preservation of industries, but to the enrichment of the capitalists who own them. The toiling wage-earners do not share in the booty; their lives are part of the sacrifice. The policy which has made certain industries the first concern of the government has induced the belief in the minds of its beneficiaries that everything is right which cheapens production and increases prices. That labor is cheap in Pennsylvania has been demonstrated in former articles on this subject. It has been also shown that some mine operators resort to every imaginable device in order to reduce the cost of labor: that the lowest and most degraded people of Europe are imported; that the miner is at the mercy of bosses who, by fines, by overcharges for his supplies, and by means of the illegal company store, reduce the sum of his earnings to the merest pittance. Labor is degraded in Pennsylvania as it is everywhere where the laws are not equal as between it and capital, where the whole force and energy of the State is directed to increasing the profits of owners. The readers of the WEEKLY have seen how wretched are the homes and their surroundings of the coal and iron workers of Pennsylvania. They have been told the story of poverty; there remains another tale of the mines—the loss of life due to the wicked and reckless negligence of cupidity.

Mr. Rogers has given us a striking picture of human existence in rich Pennsylvania. The scene is common enough in both the anthracite and bituminous regions. The miners have come to tell this woman that she is a widow. It is probable that not many hours have elapsed since she saw the dead man go forth to his daily task in his usual health and strength. Accidents in the coal mines are very likely to occur in the morning. With the employment of the best precautions that are known underground work is dangerous. It is difficult to foresee precisely what will happen to the mass of rock and earth overhead, only partly revealed by the glimmering lamp in the workman's cap. Familiarity, however, makes the miner careless. It is a frequent practice of those who dig bituminous coal to put too much confidence in the treacherous slate which is in conjunction with the coal. Depending upon its firmness and immobility, they knock out the props that hold up the wall of their room, in order that they may go on picking down the coal beyond, thus increasing their day's earnings. Their carelessness is not likely to be followed by an immediate result, but the slate remains unsupported all night, loosening itself from the clay and the other laminæ of its own substance. When the miner strikes his first blow in the morning, down comes the mass upon him, and there is another fatal accident, due to the man's own folly and to the neglect of laws and regulations which require the mine boss to make daily examinations of the mine before work begins in the morning. Or it may be that the miner is the victim of the explosion of the gases that have accumulated during the night, and of whose presence he should be warned by the officer charged with his safety.

It is true that many of the accidents are the result of the carelessness of their victims, but it is also true that many more are occasioned by the employment of imported foreigners who do not understand the language of the country, or the nature of the work in which they are engaged, and that others still are due to the criminal neglect of precautions, some of which are prescribed by law. The laws of Pennsylvania, however, do not guard the working-men very carefully, and what statutes there are have not been enforced as they should have been. In a recent report of the State Bureau of Statistics it was admitted that "in the matter of proper factory regulations Pennsylvania is behind England and Massachusetts." The report continues as follows: "Factory legislation is a farce in Pennsylvania, there being no proper person to enforce what little statutory regulations do exist upon the statute-books. Pennsylvania has an institution known as a ward constable. His duty consists in part of reporting, under oath, violations of certain laws to the Court of Quarter Sessions of his county. It is a part of the duty of the constable to report certain violations of factory laws, particularly those laws which relate to the employment of children and the per diem working hours, but the constable has never been known to make report."

It is not only asserted that laws intended "to protect the lives and health of miners" are not enforced, but the reports of mine inspectors show that this fact accounts for many disasters, fatal and otherwise. The officer from whose report these quotations have been made has stated that "recent accidents in those [bituminous] mines render evident the importance of more rigid inspection and more certain prosecutions of wilful violations of the mine laws."

Not only are the miners of Pennsylvania paid so little, and charged so much for what they consume, that they barely exist in the black shadow of poverty, but their employers are careless of their lives. Human life is exposed and destroyed in order that the cost of production may be lowered, and the policy of the government sustained and promoted. In a district of Pennsylvania in one year there were 59 casualties; of these 15 were fatal. Inside of the 126 mines of the district 5546 persons were employed. The causes of the accidents were various. Legs, hips, collar-bones, and backs were broken, and men were killed, by falling coal or slate. Some of the victims were burned by the explosion of gas; men were killed or injured by being crushed between cars. These are the commoner forms of casualties. Reports from other districts are very similar. The largest number of injuries are caused by falling roofs, either coal or slate. Mining experts assert that this might be remedied by a proper system of roofing, which would also improve the ventilation of the mines, and prevent many of the gas explosions which are now so often fatal.

According to the inspector of one of the Pennsylvania districts, the system employed in many of the mines over which he has supervision amounts simply to working from "hand to mouth." Speaking of an accident in a mine in which 19 persons lost their lives, this inspector said: "Had the true system of room-working been adopted.... of the 19 persons who lost their lives in this mine on the 20th of last February by the explosion, 14 of them at least would have been saved." In discussing an accident which occurred in another mine, "one of the best in that section of the country," he said: "At the time of the explosion it was nothing more or less, under the condition (the air course having been gutted), than a mere trap. The men were cut off entirely from any intake of air, and by the time the apertures in the air course were temporarily restored, and fresh air brought down into the mine, the men were suffocated."

This same inspector, who was evidently stirred to the very depths of his soul by the fatal accidents which had occurred in his district, and which might have been prevented, indicates in his report that the employment of unskilful and inexperienced superintendents is the cause of much of the destruction of human life and much maiming of the human body. This is what he says on this subject:

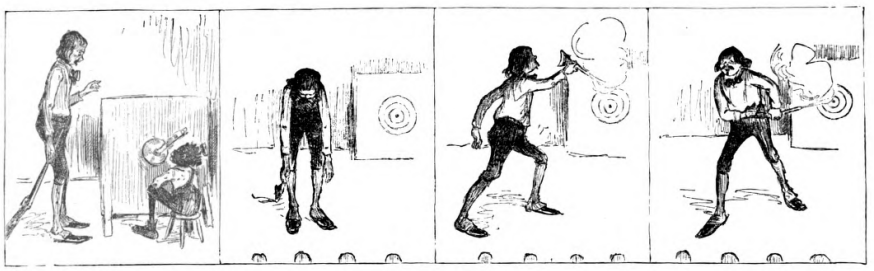
"If there is an honest desire to work the mines with more safety and security, then under no circumstances whatever should any person be placed in charge of any mine or responsible position where life is at stake who has not a thorough and practical knowledge of mines and mining. It is certainly an absurdity to place persons in responsible positions in mines who have had only a few years' or a few months' experience."

It ought not to be necessary to state this apparent truism in a grave and practical report, and yet experience taught this expert miner that at least some of the mines which were within his jurisdiction were in charge of ignorant and inexperienced persons. It is an ungrateful thought that employers will add to the risks and dangers of mining by putting the lives of their workingmen in the care of incompetent persons for the sake of decreasing the cost of production, but there is no other conclusion that is warranted by the facts, especially when we bear in mind that some of the miners themselves are so ignorant that they can hardly escape death or injury.

The blow has come suddenly and swiftly to this widow. It too often comes in that way to the wives and children of the men who work underground. What can she do for her support in the mining regions of Pennsylvania? Very little. The arts which women practise in other communities are not much in demand in the coal or iron districts. No little store can rival the great establishment maintained by the company, or, to evade the law, by the company's shareholders. The milliner or dress-maker finds little to do, and little money to pay for that. There are few schools, and probably the widow could not teach if she would, or if there were opportunities. There is little room for solitary women in a community where at the end of the month a man often gets nothing but a receipt for rent and supplies in payment for his hard and dangerous toil. If the woman continues to live in the midst of her unhappy surroundings she will no doubt be often ejected for non-payment of rent, and will many nights go supperless to bed. What charity she will receive will come from persons who are but one remove above her in the scale of poverty. When her baby grows to boyhood she will see him go into the mine, contrary to the law, perhaps, and every day she will watch for his return, realizing how great are the chances that he has been struck by a piece of falling coal, or kicked by a mule, or caught and squeezed in a doorway between galleries, or that a carelessly fired blast or an explosion of gas has sent him to join his father who was a victim before him. Even if the boy lives he must grow up in ignorance, for there is so great a lack of educational provision in these regions that an officer of the State has found it necessary to urge that at least sufficient schools should be established in the mining regions for those who are likely to be charged with the duty of superintending mines, because, as he asserts, accidents result not only from the carelessness, but from the gross ignorance of bosses.

To all who are familiar with the labor problem of the coal mines, Mr. Rogers's picture is a vivid reminder of evils that exist and flourish, fostered by the law and upheld by a vitiated public sentiment. The story of cheap labor from beginning to end is full of tragedy, and perhaps its most terrible and terrifying feature is not the sudden destruction of human life which we have been considering.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



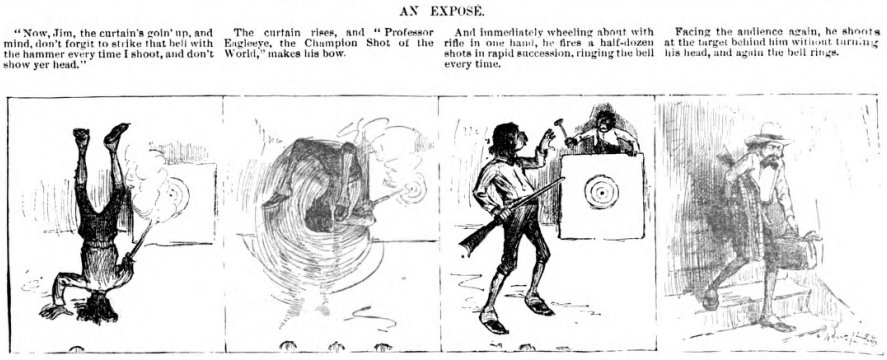
AN EXPOSÉ.

"Now, Jim, the curtain's goin' up, and mind, don't forgit to strike that bell with the hammer every time I shoot, and don't show yer head."

The curtain rises, and "Professor Eagleeye, the Champion Shot of the World," makes his bow.

And immediately wheeling about with rifle in one hand, he fires a half-dozen shots in rapid succession, ringing the bell every time.

Facing the audience again, he shoots at the target behind him without turning his head, and again the bell rings.



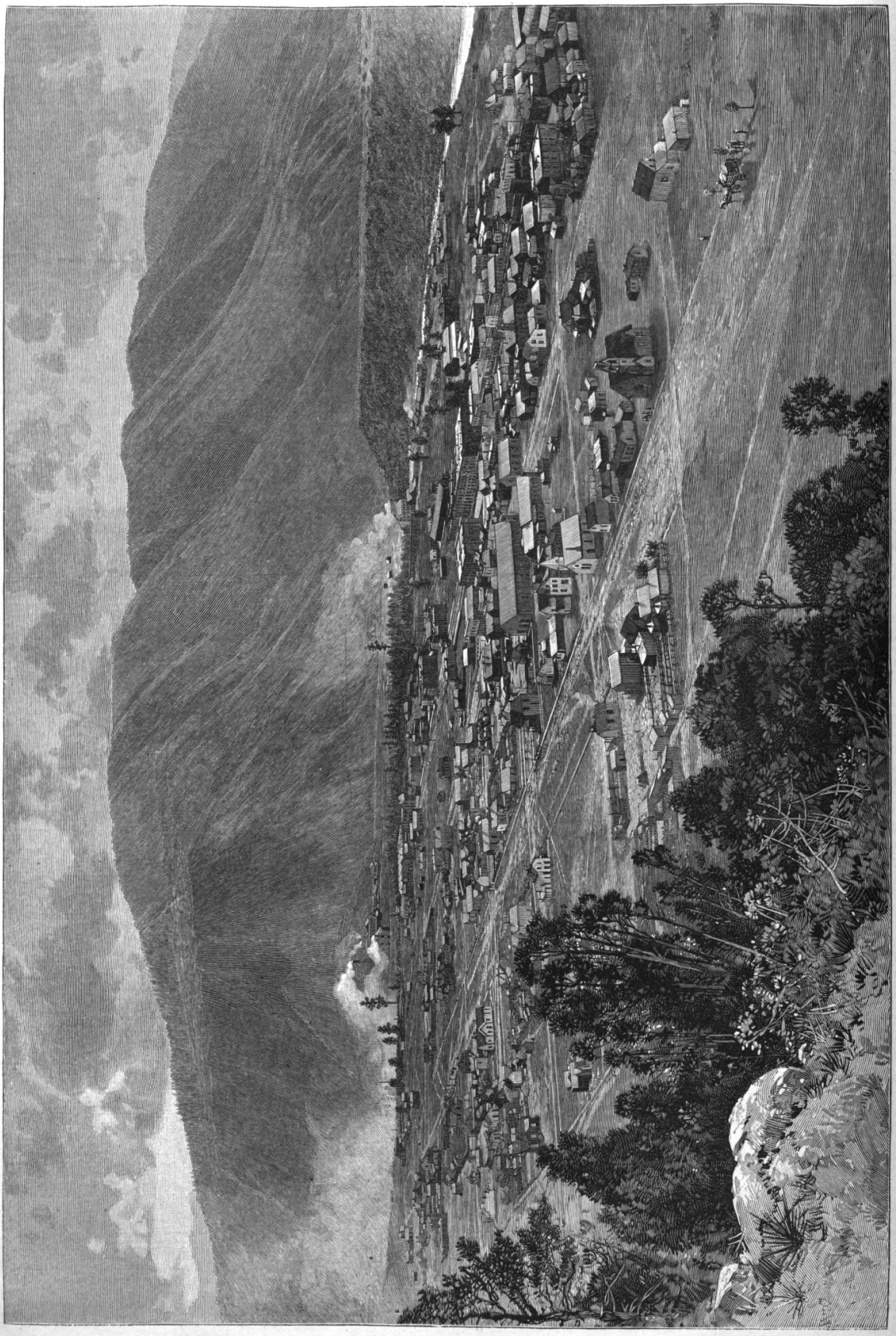
He then gives a marvellous display of skill by standing on his head, and ringing the bell several times.

But perhaps the most remarkable performance of the evening is the back-somerset shot,

When, "I say, boss, I hain't gwan ter stay hyur no longer! I hea'd dat fas' shot come a-buzzin' right by my ear!"

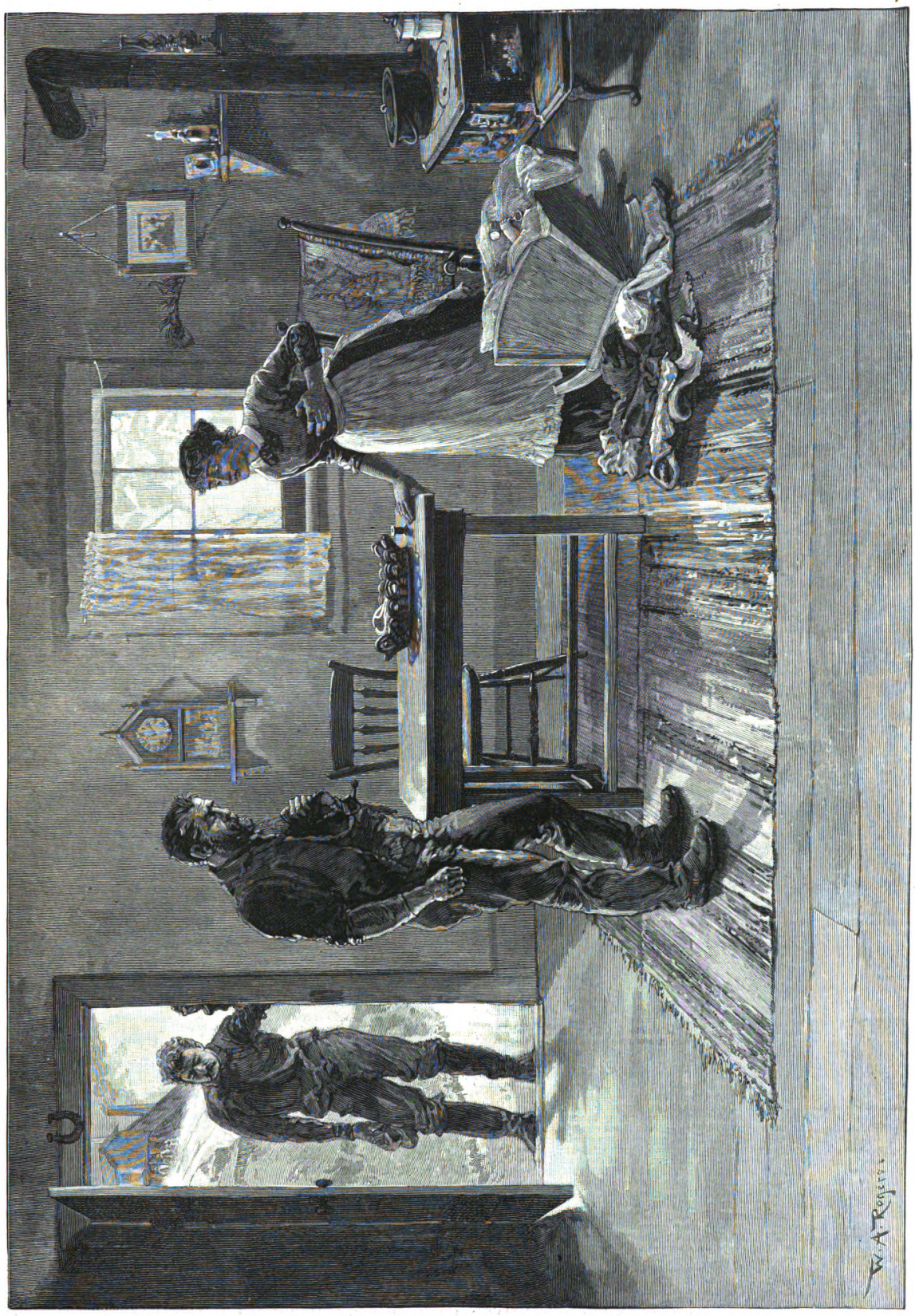
The instinct of self-preservation.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE CITY OF DURANGO, COLORADO.—From a Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co., Denver.—[See Page 559.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"DELEGATED TO BREAK THE NEWS."—A COMMON EPISODE IN THE MINING REGIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED MITCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 559.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MISS DRUSY'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Did you ask the new minister to stop to tea, father?"

"I asked him, Lucilly, but he concluded 't he was in consid'able of a hurry. Seemed to come acrost him jest as soon as I told him your aunt Drusy wa'n't to home. Now you may laugh, Lucilly, but I can see as far through a stone wall as most folks, and it's my idee that the new minister comes here to see your aunt Drusy. It come acrost me jest like a flash, when I see how kind of foolish he looked, that that was the way of it."

"You dear old innocent! As if everybody in Damsonfield hadn't known it for six months!"

Lucilly, who was a pretty girl, in spite of a large mouth and freckles, came out into the porch where her father sat, and perched upon the railing.

"You don't say so, Lucilly! Drusy! Well, I never!" exclaimed Luther Janes, as excited by this confirmation of his idea as if it had just been revealed to him. "I wonder you hadn't 'a' told me if you knew it, Lucilly," he added, in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, as long as he hadn't said anything, and I didn't know how Aunt Drusy'd feel." (Lucilly having reserves of her own, knew how to respect those of other people.)

"It's a terrible upsettin' kind of an idee. 'Tain't that she's so dretful old; she must be some nigher to forty than fifty now, Drusy must; but I don' know as she ever had, when she was young, nor no time, what you could really call a *beau*. Calline she used to get 'em all. 'Twa'n't that she was so much prettier, but she was one of the kind of girls that has a way with 'em. Men follers after them kind of girls jest as onaccountable as a moth flies into a candle. 'Twa'n't beaux alone, neither, that Calline got away from Drusy. Seems 's if she had a knack of gettin' the best of everything. Drusy never let on that she cared, but I've wondered sence whether or no 'twas in human nater not to feel it. Why, that missionary feller that Calline married and went off out West with, Drusy got acquainted with him when she was keepin' school over to Hebron, 'n' he 'peared so pleased with her 't folks thought sure 'twould be a match; but as soon as ever he see Calline, why, Drusy wa'n't nowhere. I don' know as Drusy set by him, nor by any of the half a dozen that acted consid'able the same way, but it ain't any use to tell me that the unselfishest woman in the world would find such things pleasing."

"I remember asking Aunt Drusy once, when I wasn't old enough to know better, if she wasn't sorry that she wasn't married," said Lucilly. "And she said 'I don't know but I'm contented enough as I am, dear, but I should have liked an opportunity!'"

"'Tain't surprisin' that a woman should feel so, neither," said Luther Janes, sympathetically. "Seems 's if 'twas agin nater when they don't get one. I s'pose she'll take Parson Averill—don't you, Lucilly?—and I don't doubt he's all he'd ought to be, if he has got a kind of a narrer, contracted look. I expect that look don't mean nothin' more'n dyspepsy sometimes, and Drusy 'll enjoy havin' him kind of ailin', so's't she can nurse him up. There's nothin' that suits Drusy like doin' for folks."

"I guess she'll have to give up some of her queer ways if she marries Mr. Averill," said Lucilly. "I don't believe he'll approve of 'em. Folks laugh at her. You would think she was 'most crazy sometimes the things she buys. I kind of think he's close, too. I don' know exactly why, but I do. She talks about lendin', but land! she don't get more'n half the things back."

"I kind of run of an idee that she's tickled when folks don't fetch 'em back, only she was brought up to be thrifty, and she's kind of doubtful how she'd ought to feel," said Luther Janes.

"Sh! there she comes! Oh dear! She's been down to that bargain store again! I hope Mr. Averill *will* put a stop to it; it's real ridiculous that lending of hers," said Lucilly, with youthful intolerance.

A middle-aged woman with a brisk and cheerful air was coming along the garden path. Her strong likeness to her brother was curious, because it was in spite of the fact that nature had given her angles for his curves and an anxious brow instead of his unwrinkled and jovial aspect.

She sat down upon the step, and with an appearance of childish delight untied a package which she carried. "There! it was a bargain, or else I shouldn't felt as if I could 'a' bought it," she said. "Marked down from fifty cents to a shillin'. Some folks might think 'twas kind of frivolous." Lucilly shrewdly suspected that a thought of Parson Averill had intruded upon Aunt Drusy's childish satisfaction. "But then folks will curl their hair. The Lord didn't seem to think 'twas frivolous to let nature curl some folks's. Don't you remember, Lucilly, the night the Jenkins girls and Martha Sprowle had to stop here on their way to the sociable, and curl up their bangs that the rain had spoiled, and we hadn't anything but the poker for 'em to do it with, and Marilly Jenkins burnt one side of hers clear off? Well, I've been thinkin' ever since that we ought to be prepared when folks come along that way; and so when I saw this Electric Hair-Curler marked down to a shillin', I jumped at it. Of course it won't be any use to Lucilly, seein' her hair curls natural; don't seem as if I ever got hold of anything that was any use to Lucilly." Miss Drusy looked wistfully at the comely averted face of her niece. "But I thought maybe she'd like to feel that we had something to lend."

"You've got something else, Aunt Drusy," said Lucilly, in a severe tone.

"I didn't expect you'd be interested," said Aunt Drusy, who, although moved by conflicting emotions, never failed to show at length all her purchases. This time she disclosed two small woolly quadrupeds, mounted upon rickety platforms with broken wheels, and so original in execution as to forbid classification in the animal kingdom. "They're real kind of pretty, ain't they?" she said. "And they say the folks that's goin' to move into the old Hackett house have got children. It comes handy to have something in the house to amuse the neighbors' children. I didn't give much of anything for 'em, 'count of their bein' a little out of repair, and I expect a little tinkerin' will make 'em all right. And this soap—I never did see soap so cheap as they were sellin' it there; and Abby Ellen is real kind of nigh about lendin' her soap; and if there's anything that folks are kind of slow and forgetful about fetchin' back, it's soap. This toilet soap—well, I thought the queer shapes of it, the monkeys and the little fat babies, would make an impression on folks's minds, so they'd remember that they'd borrowed it; it will be a real savin' in that way. That package? O—h! that's a little mite of tobacco! I don't s'pose I ought to encourage such a habit; the ladies from the s'ciety that come to see me about it they made me nervous. I didn't seem to have anything to say, except that old Ichabod Toosey, over to the poor-house, hadn't a mite of comfort in the world except his pipe, and the town wouldn't furnish no tobacco. They kept talkin' about our duty to the risin' generation, but land! Ichabod is goin' on ninety, and he always pays—when he can get a job. It's only a triflin' accommodation."

"How does it happen that you get out of tobacco, then, Drusy?" asked her brother, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, there was Mrs. Green Packard; I lent her some to keep out moths, and she forgot to fetch it back; and to tell the truth, old Ichabod he *needs* a little when he pays it back, perticklerly when I don't let on that I remember how much he had. I don't make any account of it, and I can't really think he'll find in the day of judgment that the Lord has, he's such a poor old soul. Seems 's if I knew just how he felt by the way I set by my tea. I don' know as I could do without it anyway. And it isn't clear to me that one's a sin more'n the other, though one of the committee, Mrs. Eli Quimby, that's a minister's daughter, said her father always held that a man couldn't be a Christian and use tobacco."

"I wonder if our minister thinks so?" said Lucilly, mischievously.

Miss Drusy looked troubled. "He does seem real kind of strict, don't he?" she said. "And maybe it is the right way to look at it. Sometimes I'm afraid it's because I ain't spiritual that I can't seem to see it so. Tobacco is hurtful, they say, more'n what tea is."

Lucilly gave her father a sidelong glance and an emphatic nod, which was as if she said, "There! you see she means to have him!"

Aunt Drusy gathered up her parcels and went into the house. She had lost her brisk air and her face was heavy.

"I hope changin' her ways ain't goin' to put her out more'n it pays," said her brother. "Of course marriage is a good thing, more perticklerly for women-folks, but there's a sight of comfort to be took too in follerin' your own ways, even if they're ways that other folks calls odd. There was Isaiah Preble, that was subject to low-spirited spells, and nothin' wouldn't do him any good but gettin' up in the night and havin' some fried onions and playin' on the 'cordion. Isaiah lived a bachelor till he was nigh upon forty, and then he up and married Sophrony Nickerson, and she put a stop to the fried onions and the 'cordion; she said she wasn't goin' to have no such a-messin' round and turnin' night into day; 'twa'n't reasonable that it done him any good; and in less than two years after he was married Isaiah he was carried to the insane asylum. And there was Eben Chiswick's wife, Lizz, she wouldn't have no fire in the settin'-room stove till just such a day of the month, not if everybody froze: they did say that Grandmarm Chiswick come to her death that way: and everybody in the house had got to go to bed at nine o'clock, because she calc'lated 'twa'n't healthy to set up late. I tell you what, Lucilly, it's a great thing to have a comfortable pardner. I don't want to discourage young folks, but it's a more lastin' consolation than bein' so terrible in love, or even than gettin' a minister. I don' know but what I'd better drop a word of warnin' to Drusy."

"It won't do a bit of good," said Lucilly. "And I'm sure it would be a good thing if Mr. Averill should make her give up that lending business; the people impose upon her so."

"Some folks are bound to be imposed upon," said Luther Janes, "and 'tain't so tryin' to have it done outside the family as it is in."

But in spite of this philosophy he admitted that it was "resky business to meddle or mix with courtin'," and decided to let matters take their course between Aunt Drusy and her clerical admirer. He was not without the vague compassion which almost all men feel for their female relatives who have remained unmarried, and the summing up of all his reflections was that, "so long as he was a bony fidy beau, at last, mebbe Drusy had better take him whether or no." Miss Drusy herself was less perturbed in spirit by her new experiences than were her relatives. She had received the minister's attentions with gentle wonder. So far from matrimony were her thoughts that it had only just dawned upon her that they might be serious. She was like a young girl who regards the advent of her first wooer with vague alarm, although with delightful flutterings, and refuses to question her own heart or scan the future. The only outward and visible signs of her state of mind were a slight timidity and abstraction of manner, a new arrangement of her hair, which concealed the few gray streaks, and some light blue ribbon upon her bonnet, at which Lucilly inwardly jeered.

Lucilly's suggestion about the tobacco had disturbed her.

"As like as not folks do think I'm crazy about lendin' things, as Lucilly says. I expect *he's* heard it talked over," she said to herself. "But I don't really believe he means anything, anyway; so it's no use to borrow trouble about it," she added, with determined cheerfulness.

But it happened that the very next evening the minister walked home from prayer-meeting with Miss Drusy, and invited her to sit with him, in the moonlight, in the grape arbor. The arbor was damp and rickety and mosquito infested, but the minister had forgotten his rheumatism, and Miss Drusy was wafted into enchanted regions where even ghosts of vanished neuralgias could not walk. She knew that Luther was fond of her in a careless brotherly fashion, not untinged with contempt for her spinsterhood, and Lucilly was affectionate sometimes, although she was "a trial" to her; but here was one who "prized her above all other women," who asked her to be his "honored helpmeet." His phrases were somewhat measured and ministerial. Lucilly would inevitably have laughed at them, but Miss Drusy was conscious of no lack, until suddenly into the enchanted land a ghost did walk in the shape of poor old tobacco-loving Ichabod Toosey.

The minister was plain-spoken upon that point, and very firm; he thought she had allowed her kindness of heart to blunt her moral sense a little. And was it not to the encouragement of thriftlessness and even dishonesty that she allowed people to borrow of her, and repay her tardily and in scanty measure, if at all? Some people might regard this as a slight unrighteousness, but from his lofty moral stand-point no such thing as slight wrong-doing was possible, and moreover the minister's wife must be above suspicion. Poor Miss Drusy admitted this, with a quelled spirit, but asked time for reflection. She spent a sleepless night, and by the next afternoon her doubt and trouble had grown too great to be carried in her own bosom. She sought her brother, the most sympathetic listener at hand, divulged her troubles, and asked his advice.

Luther Janes had not forgotten his theories concerning "comfortable pardners," and he inwardly cherished strong doubts whether Parson Averill could be ranked in that category. But he had a strong masculine conviction that no woman ought to miss her only chance of marriage.

"Well, 'two'n't be so hard to kind of drop the business," he said, cheerfully. "You can tell folks when they come to borrer that you ain't a-lendin' no more, and quit buyin' them kind of cur'us things that don't amount to much, and so, without feelin' it no great, you'll get to be jest like other folks."

"But there's Salome Hodgkins and Mis' Jake Mann dependin' on me for wash-boards, and Meddy Wheelock that's so afraid to keep kerosene in the house that she has to keep runnin' over for a little, and Hubby Bemis that gets out of tea, 'count of a drunken husband, and does set so by it, poor soul, and poor half-crazy Sally Pool that won't go to meet'n' without she can wear my old lace shawl, so't's a real means of grace, as you might say; and the crutches! seems 's if somebody—town's folks, or back folks, or 'way-off folks—was always wantin' crutches; and the mournin' bonnet; I declare if it hasn't been a sight of comfort to folks that couldn't afford a scrap of black in time of affliction; and if I have never been called to mourn since I was a girl, thank the Lord! and if Lucilly has made all manner of fun of that bonnet, I've always felt glad I bought it. What folks 'll do if I've to give up lendin'!"

"You'd have more to give, if you was the minister's wife, mebbe. That would do jest as well, mebbe," said her brother, with a palpable effort to refrain from committing himself. "It beats me to tell how you do make that little money that uncle 'Lijah left you go so fur, Drusy."

"I'm one that enjoys economizin' and gettin' bargains—if Lucilly does make fun. I've enjoyed myself consid'erable, Luther. Seems 's if I just began to have a realizin' sense of my blessin's."

"Well, there is blessin's about a single state that you can't reasonably expect to find in a married one," said Luther Janes, feeling himself tossed helplessly between his theories and his sense of what was proper for a woman. "But yet, and nevertheless, Drusy, it does seem to me that when women-folks get a chance it's kind of flyin' in the face of Proverdunce for 'em not to take it; not to mention a minister."

"I expect that is the right way to look at it, Luther," said Miss Drusy, meekly.

But she went up to the large attic room where she kept her treasures and sat herself down among them with a heavy heart. She could not banish the thought of poor old Ichabod Toosey's bitter disappointment when he should find that the supplies of tobacco had given out; he would weep childishly, and her heart would be wrung. She might give him what she had; she believed she could not help doing that, although it seemed underhanded and deceiving—Miss Drusy's conscience pricked her—and that she thought *would* be encouraging pauperism. Moreover, old Ichabod prized dearly the remnant of independence to which he could cling, and loved the business flavor of the tobacco transaction.

"I am afraid I wasn't quite honest to say that he scanted a little, though," said Miss Drusy to herself. "He does scant considerable."

Her beneficiaries flitted before Miss Drusy's troubled mind, a forlorn, aggrieved procession, confronted with boardless wash-ing days, groping in kerosenceless darkness, and unconforted of tea, with the edges of their poverty made jagged and rasping by numberless little privations and humiliations which she had prevented. The lame and the lazy, Abby Ellen, the thrifty and expert "hired girl," called them, but they were all dear to Miss Drusy's heart.

"Seems 's if nobody ever needed or wanted me but just them," she mourned aloud in the retirement of the attic. "Abby Ellen bein' so smart and willin', and Lucilly takin' hold of the liner in' so young 'count of my eyes bein' weak. And I could always have been spared from home jest as well as not. Always seems to me as if nobody was so forlorn and miserable as those that can be spared from home. I couldn't be two, could I, if—if I had a home of my own?" Miss Drusy's face brightened at this thought. "And seems 's if our folks expected I would have it. Aunt Abigail called out to me before I got anywhere near her, when I met her the other day, 'He ain't a-fallin' off, is he?' she says. 'We were terrible afraid he was a-fallin' off, because we haven't seen him go past the corner so frequent lately.' I was all worked up, and I feel as if she ought not to speak so; but I expect she and Uncle Phineas would be disappointed, if they and most folks would think I'd never had a chance. I suppose it's kind of weak-minded to think of that, but I do. I've always felt it, bein' an old maid, and it's no use denyin' it."

Meanwhile Lucilly had tiptoed out to the piazza, and in a cautious whisper demanded of her father, "Is she going to have him?"

Luther Janes shook his head doubtfully. "She appears kind of waverin'," he said. "Those pensioners of hers seems to be preyin' on her mind, perticklerly old Ichabod Toosey. I took off an idee that it's him that's a-henderin' her most, because she's always thought so hard of the town for not allowin' the old folks to the poor-house more cretur comforts. When Drusy takes it into her head to stand up for anybody, it's dretful hard to turn her. She don't like to say what folks thinks ain't right, perticklerly when they tell her 'tain't consistunt with her Christian perfession; but that didn't hender her from bein' as set as the meetin'-house when that woman committee come to argy with her."

"I don't see how she can be so foolish," said Lucilly, looking greatly vexed. "She must know how people laugh at her, and she ought to think how mortifying it is to *me*."

"Well, it *ain't* pop'lar not to be like other folks. If you ain't, you'd better pretend you be, if you don't want to be called ridickerlous," said her father, in a philosophizing, impersonal way which made Lucilly feel that he did not realize the gravity of the situation.

"It would be so respectable to be the minister's wife that folks would forget how old she's been," she said.

"'Tain't the Squire's folks, can't be Frank himself, that makes fun of your aunt?" said Lucilly's father, interrogatively, with a twinkle in his eye.

Lucilly colored. "It isn't any advantage to a girl to have an aunt that folks call crazy," she said. And then she vanished into the house, and returned in a moment with her hat, and took her way across the fields with a determined air.

"I don't know what she's up to, but it's something," soliloquized her father, looking after her with mild, meditative wonder. "That's a sight of business about the young folks now'days. She beats me, Lucilly does, and I guess Drusy ain't any match for her neither."

While the family were at breakfast next morning Ichabod Toosey appeared, and asked for Miss Drusy.

"I come to tell you, Miss Janes," said old Ichabod, speaking with some apparent difficulty, and with furtive glances about him, "that I'm a changed man. I've been a perfessor a good many years, but I expect I've jest begun to see the error of my ways. And 'tain't the sin alone, but I've been fetched to a realizin' sense that tobacco is underminin' my constitution. I ain't nigh so rugged as what I used to be."

"Why, why, Ichabod, you can't expect to live! You're almost ninety!" exclaimed Miss Drusy, in astonishment. "And you think so much of your little mite of tobacco. Won't it be hard for you to give it up?"

The old man's lips quivered childishly. "There is a sight of human nater about folks when they get to be 'most ninety," he said. "But rather than hender and make trouble for them that's been kind to me—I mean"—old Ichabod hesitated, catching a glimpse of Lucilly's figure lingering within hearing—"I mean perfessors hadn't ought to use tobacco, ginerally speakin'; I've heard tell the minister thinks they hadn't; and if it *should* break up my health, I don' know what I should do; and—and if I should kind of miss it, why, I can go out in the shed and set and think of the gnawin's of them ar'tic explorers, and of them three Scriptooral characters in the fiery furnace, and that had ought to help me bear it."

"You sha'n't do it, Ichabod!" cried Miss Drusy, excitedly. "I know how it is about my tea. And nobody can make me believe that the Lord grudges his old folks a little mite of comfort like that in this vale of tears. Don't you let 'em make *you* believe it, Ichabod. And if you should be out and want to borrow a little, I've got a fresh lot, just the kind you like best. And you needn't be beholden a mite; you can pay it back when you get some."

A pitiful eagerness came into old Ichabod's faded eyes. "I hadn't ought to, Miss Janes—I know I hadn't ought to; but there's a sight of tiredness and unlikely thoughts that it keeps one from; folks don't know. But I'm kind of scant about payin' it back. I hain't had a mite to about payin' it back. I hain't had a mite to about payin' it back. I hain't had a mite to

stirred Miss Drusy's whole heart. "Don't you be a mite worried but what you'll pay; you always have. Come and get all you want between now and snow-shovellin', and then we'll square up."

Old Ichabod went away radiant, with his pocket full of the delectable "fine-cut." His scruples had vanished like morning dew. Fortunately Lucilly's loudly voiced opinion of "town's poor" escaped his dulled ears.

"I don't know as I really ought to have told him that he always paid up, but I don't believe he knows that he scants more'n half," said Miss Drusy.

"You're too feelin', Drusy! I calc'late it's makin' you stand in your own light," said Luther Janes. "If you're a-goin' to give up havin' the minister on account of them pensioners—"

"'Tisn't that altogether, Luther. As true as you live, it isn't. Martha Perigo came over last night and told me something I never knew before: Mr. Averill is so close-mouthed. His wife was Sar' Abby Kelton. Why, I used to go to school with her at Hebron Academy. I knew her, root and branch. I don't want to say anything against those that are dead and gone, and there wasn't anything *against* her, as you might say. Keltons were Keltons, and you couldn't expect anything different. I couldn't feel to marry Sar' Abby Kelton's husband. Maybe it *is* ridiculous. I don't expect a man would understand it, but a woman is very apt to judge a man by his women-folks. I'm glad Martha happened to come over last night, so I hadn't any hesitation about poor old Ichabod's tobacco. No, Luther, you can't be sure that I should have done just so anyway, because I ain't. I do feel happy to have it settled so comfortable. I hope he won't take it hard; and I don't believe he will. Sar' Abby Kelton's husband! There's one thing about it that worries me a little, and I can't help it, though I know it's mean-spirited and foolish—I'm afraid folks won't know I've had a chance."

TIJUCA.

I.—DE PROFUNDIS.

A DELL, deep in the hollow of the hills;
Full of all sweetest scents and sounds, I know;
Through bending grasses beautiful streams flow,
And lovely foliage all the garden fills.
Bright are the flowers; yet a deep dread kills
My joy in them. I like not dells; too low
Is this fair garden where sweet flowers grow.
A thirsty eagerness my spirit thrills
To seek the mountain-tops; a soul should dwell
Always upon the heights, where keen the air,
Not scented with this perfume all too sweet.
The sun has set already in the dell;
Yet see! it still is shining higher, where
With eager longing I would turn my feet!

II.—AUF DER HÖHE.

Tijuca a deep dell, too low for thee?
Nay, come with me close to its outer rim.
Look down. This pretty garden all too trim
To thy sick fancy, see how it may be
At once both low and high. Thou hast the key
To its security, while mountains grim,
To tempt thee higher, tower above its brim.
A thousand feet below us moans the sea;
A thousand feet below us moans and toils
The feverish city. Poor mistaken soul,
Thou hast both peace and hope! Let not thy heart
Cry out too quickly, wound in the dark coils
Of subtle Fate. Thou seest a nobler goal;
Already on the heights perchance thou art.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

TIJUCA, NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO.

A GALLANT ARMORER.

QUITE six feet tall, well built, looking, notwithstanding his fifty-nine years, still agile, and of that sparer build belonging to the Spanish race, is Antonio Williams, who is to-day armorer in the United States Navy, and now on duty in the corvette *Yantic*. Although the gale of the 21st of May broke into the larboard bulwark of the ship and made a wreck of everything there, the starboard compartment, on the deck, where the small arms are stored, escaped damage. The storm tumbled about the rifles and pistols Williams has under his charge, rusted locks and barrels, and so when the artist made a sketch of the armorer he was still engaged in oiling and furbishing that little arsenal allotted to a man-of-war. The portrait of this armorer is presented as that of a remarkably good and brave man, who, having passed through many perils, has always showed honorable conduct and pluck. Williams was born in Cadiz in 1830, his father having been a seaman before him. In 1845 he went to Cuba, and the same year left the island and became a sail-maker's apprentice in New York. While still a lad he was shanghaied, put on a whaler, served on her for two years, and was left on one of the Sandwich Islands by a rascally captain.

In 1865 Williams entered the United States Navy, and has remained in it ever since, his steady service commencing in 1869. Antonio is the recipient of the large gold medal, sent him in 1879 by the United States government for brave deeds while forming one of the crew of the unfortunate U.S.N. steamer *Huron*, wrecked off the coast of North Carolina on the 23d of November, 1877. The Secretary of the Navy, in sending the medal to Antonio Williams, wrote to him: "It is shown in evidence that upon that occasion, the wrecking of the U.S.N. steamer *Huron*, you gave up whatever chance of life a foothold upon the wrecked vessel offered by taking to the sea, with Ensign Young, on a small balsa in the attempt to carry a line to the shore for the relief of your ship-mates. The effort failed by the shortness of the line. Four times capsized on the balsa, and nearly drowned, you reached the shore, where, before you were clear of the undertow, and notwithstanding your bruises and worn condition, joining hands with your companion, you helped with him to haul two men out of the water, and afterward, joining hands with him again, and running back into the surf, hauled out two more. It is also shown that you rendered material assistance to the weak and exhausted men whom you had saved." Then the Secretary concludes, "For conduct so manly, and alike honorable to yourself and the navy, this is justly recognized by sending you the gold medal of the Life-saving Service." In addition to this distinction Williams received a bronze medal from the Naval Department.



A FOURTH OF JULY RETROSPECTION.
U. S. "Gosh! whose country is this, anyhow?"

Asking the armorer about this dreadful shipwreck, when out of the crew of the *Huron*, numbering 138 men, only 34 were saved, Williams's replies were very simple and straightforward.

"Did you think you would reach the shore?" was asked.

"Yes, I did; and every time the sea knocked me off the balsa I set my teeth the harder together, and made up my mind to do my best. You know what a sea can do with the *Yantic*. The sea off that coast of North Carolina would take me and throw me clear off of the balsa, and then I would have to get back again. I was very much battered and bruised, as was Mr. Young, but he was as brave as you ever find them. If we had only known that we were 300 yards from the shore we might have done better, but we could not see. It was pitch dark. I said to myself the wind and the sea must fetch us up somewheres near the shore, and we worked about three miles of a course on that balsa before we struck the beach, and we struck it hard, I tell you. Of course I must have been used up, but I didn't know it then. I was so glad Mr. Young was saved. I saw more work to do, and I forgot the pains in my back, where the seas, or a spar, or something struck me. I was three months in hospital before I got all over it. I never was a strong man after it; though my nerves were just as good as ever, but I tell you, sir, I do not want to see any more storms like that of the *Yantic* in May. I been to sea all my life, and that was the worst storm. I tell you what help us all, the easy way the officers took it. No fuss, no hollooing; they just pass orders through the captain; and then the crew was young and spry and jump like cats at the work to do, and they hung on it. I was by the captain. I see how nice he work the ship. He was a good officer. He knew just what to do; but I don't want to see anything of that kind again. That sea spoil all my guns. It rust them, and I have been trying to clean them up ever since."

Antonio Williams is the man, when it was thought that the *Yantic* would founder, who strapped on his medals, and declared that if he went down he would still carry his decorations for manly and honorable conduct about him. "That's the belt I put them in, and I wear it for three days—until the medals hurt my back. The sea make the bronze medal a little green, but the gold one is just as bright as when my adopted country give it me"—and then Antonio Williams took some oil on a rag and tried to polish off a very rusty rifle barrel.

SWEET-BRIERS.

WEAR I my lady's picture? Nay, not so.
When I anew her gracious face would know,
Down through the rain-washed meadow-lands I go
To where the wild sweet-briers bud and blow.
There, waiting silent in half-wakened mouns,
Lo, my dear lady stands revealed to me.

Amid the dewy blooms herself I trace,
Both bend and waver with the same sweet grace,
The same shy flushes burn on each fair face,
And both do blossom in a sheltered place.
What say you, that "the brier rose hath thorns"?
Still holds the semblance, so in truth hath she.

LEON E. TILLEY.

A COUNTRY ROAD.

YELLOW with dust it sleeps in noonday's glare,
Yellow with dust it stretches far away;
On the mossed wall the chipmonks frisk and play,
Where golden daisies broider all the air.
Now nature seems to dream mid fragrance rare,
For summer silence holds unbroken sway,
Till round the bend a creaking wain of hay
Comes lumbering down the drowsy thoroughfare.
Then all is still again; the orchard trees
Are motionless as the distant purple hills
On which the shadows of the white clouds rest,
When suddenly the white-flecked clover seas
All joyous tremble, while the bobolink trills
His wildest melodies with sweet unrest.

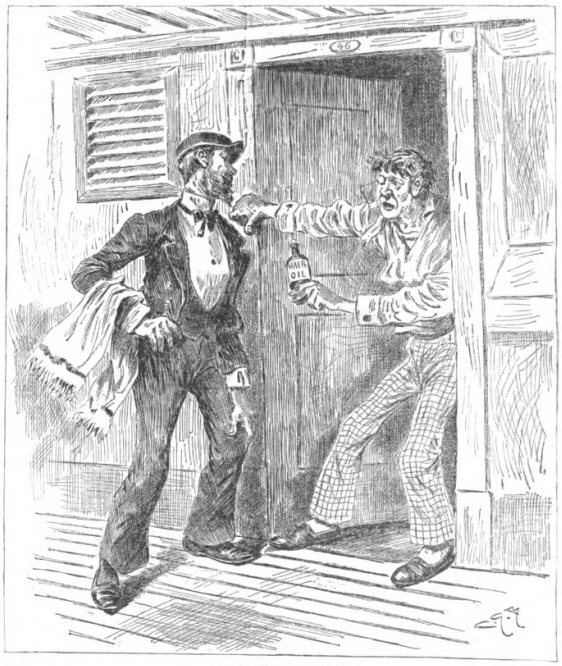
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

THE college Presidents to whom the old Yalensians look back with most love and veneration are the Dwights and those who are of them; and of all the teachers and governors that have come from that noted family, the old man who is just dead at the age of eighty-eight is the one whose name means most to the majority of the living alumni. Every year from 1871 until 1887 the graduates of Yale during Commencement week went to the ex-President's house, and heard a cheery word of welcome from the man who had spent a long life under the elms of New Haven. In 1888 he was too weak to meet his friends; and this year, after a hard twelve-month struggle, he is dead.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey was not only one of the great teachers of the day when denominationalism and education went together, but he was a liberal leader in a movement which has unshackled the intellectual work of the colleges, and has dignified the task of instruction. He and Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, preachers as they were, were teachers first. They were contemporaries, and distinctly different from their theological predecessors. Woolsey's nature was not chilled or warped by Puritan austerity. He loved his kind, and was a preacher of the gospel which lifts the gloom from human souls. The quality which made him a teacher rather than a theologian like the long line of his predecessors brought him closer in contact with the young and modern life of Yale, both graduate and undergraduate. The old traditions of the college had governed with a strong hand from its foundation by the ten ministers of the Connecticut colony in 1700 until nearly the middle of the present century. Ministers still rule the college, but the ministers who were educated under President Woolsey are not the mighty theologians that went before them.

Dr. Woolsey was born in New York, October 31, 1801. His father was a merchant of the city; his mother was Elizabeth, the sister of Dr. Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale. When Woolsey was nineteen years old, in 1820, he was graduated. He was counted even then a great Greek, and after a year's study of law he put himself in training for the congenial career which had been marked out for him. He pursued theology at Princeton for two years, and then, in 1823, was appointed tutor at Yale. He was licensed to preach in 1825, but he never was the incumbent of any other pulpit than that of his college. He was destined for the Greek professorship, and in order to prepare himself for his duties, he



OIL ON THE WATERS.

STEWARD. "Did you ring, sir?"
SMITHKINS. "Wing! wather. Got an engagement on deck this morning with Miss Jenkins. Your infernal steamer wobbles wound so, I can't awange my hair. Take this bottle of oil to the captain and ask him to throw it overboard, and see if it won't get the Atlantic quiet enough for me to awange my toilet."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE REV. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D.D., LL.D., EX-PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.—From a Photograph by Pach.—[See Page 563.]

spent three years in studying and travelling in Germany, France, and Italy. During these journeyings he began the collection of his famous library of Greek literature, which he recently presented to the Yale library.

He was appointed to the chair of Greek in 1831, and within two years began his active literary work, which continued for half a century. Among his earlier students was Senator Evarts, who at an alumni dinner announced that President Woolsey and he knew more Greek than any other two men in the country. For fifteen years Woolsey devoted himself entirely to the Greek language and literature. He did not publish any original works in the language, but he edited the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Gorgias* of Plato. His notes were not so abundant as those made by more modern editors, but the text was accurate, and the Woolsey editions were the hand-books of the Greek plays in the most of American colleges.

In 1846, after a service of fifteen years in the Greek chair, Dr. Woolsey was made President of the college. His fame as an educator, and the affection with which he was regarded by the students under him, gave a great impetus to the institution. It was under Woolsey that Yale made its first strong steps toward becoming a university, and President Dwight's task is the lighter for the work that was accomplished by his predecessor.

After his election to the presidency, Dr. Woolsey's literary work became more original. His discourses on education and his sermons were generally delivered at college Commencements and in the chapel, but he especially delighted in writing on international law, political and social science, and on religious topics. He was not, however, to escape wholly from his first love, for his Greek learning made him chairman of the American Committee of the Revisers of the New Testament; this was from 1871 to 1881, after his retirement from the presidency of the college.

In 1860 he published his first work of general interest and importance, the *Introduction to the Study of International Law*. The revised edition, published in 1879, is still a clear and full enunciation of the principles that govern the dealings of nations with one another, and the work is not only a text-book, but an authority. In 1869 he published a volume of *Essays on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with special reference to the United States*. This work greatly stimulated the agitation for a uniform national divorce law in this country. In 1874, after the death of Dr. Francis Lieber, Dr. Woolsey edited the *Civil Liberty and Self-Government*, and the *Manual of Political Ethics*. In 1877 he published *Political Science*, and in 1880 *Communism and Socialism*. His first religious work, except sermons and addresses, was published in 1871, the year of his resignation of the presidency, after a service of a quarter of a century: it was *The Religion of the Past and the Future*.

Yalensians will remember their old president, however, as a preacher. He was a man of remarkable physical and intellectual power and vitality, and this is visible through the sermons and college addresses which gave him his greatest fame. In his prime he was counted as one of the great preachers of the country.

Dr. Woolsey died on the first of this month. The end had been coming for a year. For several months the body, once remarkable for its vigor, grew to be so weak that some member of his family always accompanied the venerable man when he went for his daily walk. Three weeks before his death he went with his daughter to pay a farewell visit to the campus and the college buildings. Sixty-four of the eighty-eight years of his life had been spent at Yale. From the beginning of his freshman year until his death he had lived only nine years outside its walls.



A NAVAL HERO—ANTONIO WILLIAMS, ARMORER U. S. S. "YANTIC."
From a Photograph by F. Pearsall.—[See Page 563.]

THE WEEK IN WALL STREET.

The composure of Wall Street has been rudely shaken since last week, and Western railroad stocks closed on the eve of the national holiday two to three points lower than last Thursday, with Atchison down as much as 5¼ per cent. This is not due to the working of the money market, for there has been none of the stringency which was regarded as quite possible in passing from June to July. Demand loans on railroad collateral did not go above 5 per cent., and money was abundant yesterday afternoon at 3 per cent.; nor has there been any increase of caution on the part of money-lenders. The shipment of gold on Saturday was less than half of the preceding week, and foreign exchange has ruled easier, so that further gold shipments have scarcely entered into calculation. The decline began with what seemed to be an attack upon Atchison in Boston, accompanied by a renewal of old rumors that the road would soon pass into the hands of a receiver, and the sales have been continued in spite of assurances that these rumors were unfounded. It must, however, be said that money seems to have been more active in Boston than here, and this may have had something to do with the pressing for sale of this particular stock. The weakness of Atchison led to large sales of it by speculative holders, and this stock has gone before all others both in extent of decline and volume of transactions.

The difficulties among the St. Paul and Chicago railroads and the members of the Interstate Railway Association have also become sharper, if not actually greater, and Chicago operators have sold heavily for a decline, not without suspicions in this market that there has been concerted action between speculators and railroad officials. Such suspicions, however, are part of the stock in trade of Wall Street, and it is useless to dwell upon them in face of the known difficulties of the railroad problem in the regions traversed by the roads referred to. More important, for the moment, is the fact that the temper of the market has changed; from being high and hopeful, as it was a week ago, it has become critical and nervous, and discussions which scarcely ruffled it ten days since have this week seemed to it of great and fresh importance. Many causes, doubtless, have contributed to this sudden change of feeling; perhaps the weakness of Atchison more than any single thing, and the continuance of hot, damp weather in this city has certainly done something to make local speculators more susceptible to unfavorable news and rumors. The railroad difficulties themselves have been appreciated for some time, and those who are most directly charged with the task of adjusting them have not abandoned their labors, nor has the confidence of holders of stocks given way. The latest rumors yesterday were less bearish, and coming at the same time with the return of ease in money, they reminded people here that recovery is often as sudden as the decline. But the dulness of Wall Street has been dispelled, and by the familiar means of lower prices. The sympathetic decline in the rest of the market was quite moderate.

The dealings in trust stocks continue to be active, and indeed lead trust is the most active thing in the market. The public has not yet shown signs of wearying of this new variety of stock, though it is constantly reminded of the great opportunities afforded to insiders to realize handsomely in cash upon their properties. With all the drawbacks incident to stocks of which the amount is not officially certified, the speculative public has found a congenial employment in buying and selling the trusts, in which they believe there is both intrinsic value and a profitable business carried on. One more has been added to this group—the American Cattle Trust—and an examination of the assets reported by this concern will show that the current quotation of the stock, about 18, represents a quite conservative valuation of them. The sugar refineries stock has fluctuated between 123¼ and 112, closing at 117½, its natural fluctuations having been exaggerated in the fall to 112 by rumor of an adverse decision by the General Term of the Supreme Court in the case of one of its affiliated companies. The decision is not out yet, and if unfavorable, will doubtless be appealed; but court decisions and lawsuits are to the trust stocks what railroad associations and conferences are to the railroad stocks; they furnish speculators with the means of starting rumors to affect prices, and such rumors will be used from time to time, so long as they are found to be effective.

Notwithstanding the railroad disputes at the West, with consequent reductions of rates, general trade looks well, and the crops promise to be very satisfactory. Trade reports are in most departments good, and there is general expectation of a profitable business this fall. The development of the country, South as well as West, continues without check, and everything points to an active demand for money before long. The recent exports of gold, about $20,000,000 in the five weeks ending with June 29th, have left the New York banks with a surplus reserve of about $7,600,000, which is little more than a third of what it was last year, but double the surplus of 1887. The figures are low enough to make bankers thoughtful, and to turn attention once more to the idle hoard in the Treasury, which now amounts to $70,000,000, in addition to some $78,000,000 held for redemption of bank-notes surrendered. For the moment money is easy, but no one can say how suddenly it will become dearer when the crops begin to move. The Treasury is watched by every one interested in financial matters, as it has been for so many years, and the usual hope is indulged that it will make its disbursements timely as well as liberal. Is this reasonable hope to be disappointed?

H. J. Macdonald.

New York, *Thursday, July 4*, 1889.

THREE REBELLIONS A DAY.

Three rebellions, obstinate, though bloodless, occur in the stomach of the dyspeptic who partakes of food thrice a day. The digestive organ refuses on each occasion to perform the duty assigned to it by nature, and trouble ensues. How discipline, how regulate it? Simply with a wineglassful of the genial invigorant and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, before each meal and before retiring. Digestion will, after a course of this pleasant regulator, become easy, and its forerunner, appetite, also improve. Nervousness and insomnia, always induced by chronic dyspepsia, will disappear with its disappearance thus insured, and constipation and biliousness, its usual attendants, also take their leave. Not only will the system acquire strength, but also substance by a more perfect assimilation of the food. Rheumatism, malarial and kidney complaint, and neuralgia yield to the Bitters. —[Adv.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

Imperial Granum.—The safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. A nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[Adv.]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[Adv.]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[Adv.]

All danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of Angostura Bitters.—[Adv.]

Until the blood is cleansed of impurities, it is useless to attempt the cure of any disease. Rheumatism, which is traceable to an acid in the blood, has been cured, in numerous cases, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, external treatment being of no avail.—[Adv.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE RENAISSANCE OF STAINED GLASS.

An American Triumph.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

WERE one to analyze the pleasure that falls, like gentle music on the ears, into the eyes that regard a window of stained glass of the best quality, for a certainty the greater part of that pleasure would be found in the colors. There is an effort in examining the subject of a window; the discovery that very fine drawing is there does not quicken the pulse. For composition the field is restricted; but I question whether the artist who shows great cleverness in disposing his figures on that field is really thanked. The sensuous impression of rich or beautifully clear colors overweighs all other considerations to such an extent that in some cases, particularly in ancient glass windows, bad drawing, even distorted figures, and worse composition, go unrebuked, while we revel in the art that turns the bare daylight into a coruscation of hues.

Stained glass, therefore, corresponds more to the colorist wing of the painting art than to that composed of painters who excel in drawing. An artist who is a colorist ought, other things being equal, to be a better workman in stained glass than his colder, more scientifically correct brother. Delacroix and Monticelli might have excelled in the art, when Ingres and Bouguereau would not have reached the level demanded by connoisseurs. But, as a matter of fact, the workmen or artists who have striven to uphold this important branch of the fine arts in Europe during the present century have not had that instinctive love for color, that natural and often irrational pleasure in the use of rich and brilliant hues which is commonly meant by the term colorist. None of them have used the colors of glass as a tone-master uses music. Indeed, the colorist in his extreme example is a rather recent product of the arts, for never heretofore have artists reached fame with so little attention to form, so much insistence on color, as Delacroix, Diaz, Monticelli for Europe, La Farge, Whistler, Albert Ryder for America. When, prior to this age, has an artist dared, as Whistler has, to exhibit simple notes of unblended color side by side like his famous "nocturnes" in black and gold, silver and gray, and so forth? We see by this, therefore, that the age has been preparing itself for some departure from old precedents in those branches of the fine arts which especially favor color and the colorist.

The traveller who takes with him the gift of appreciation is like to find his heart beating fast when he sets foot in a town like Chartres. Its old walls yet visible in spots; its sluggish river, over which lean the washerwomen from quaint sheds green and yellow with moss and lichens; its steep streets and views across the fertile plains of the heart of France, are by themselves worthy of leisurely enjoyment. But the cathedral and other churches of Chartres draw one from the town itself. And, once in the cathedral, it is the stained glass that holds the eye and enraptures the soul. Haarlem may boast its amazing organ, Amsterdam its old masters, St. Peter's the mighty wall spaces incrusted with mosaics; but Chartres can also smile secure while it realizes the glories of its historic past and the glories of its surviving windows.

The cathedral has 146 windows, containing some 1400 subjects; other sanctuaries in the charming old town have fine glass in plenty. Rouen, Rheims, Caen, Poitiers, Tours, Auxerre, Clermont have more or less glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. No other country has such a display. If there is any soundness in the reasoning that the place where most of a given kind of art survives is likely, in the absence of proof of its former existence in greater quantity elsewhere, to be the home of its original development, it is plain that northern France and the French Netherlands must be the home of stained glass.

Were, then, the makers of the lovely windows of Chartres and her sister cathedrals colorists? Assuredly they were, but not such colorists as we have to-day. Their work has a grand simplicity, a naïveté that is touching, but it affects one like the music of certain old composers, which is indeed rich after a fashion, as compared with other old music, but was made for instruments of small compass or an orchestra of few pieces, and cannot be fairly compared with the splendid results of modern masters. Thirty years ago Didron and Lafaye, of Paris, offered so much finer glass than ordinary makers that English and American firms imitated them as soon as the Paris Exposition brought the workmen of the different nations in contact. In this country, until a few years ago, churches were content to buy crude imitations of poor work by these learned men; poor because they lacked the sense of color, and were tied to conventional imitations of the old designs.

Certain English artists were the first to break away, be it said to their honor, from the juiceless style of Paris and Brussels. From them much glass came and still comes to America. At first the English glass had the merit of boldness and individuality, although always weak in color and affected in design. Previous to Rossetti, awkward figures and expressions that reflected a certain rudeness and disdain were common in English windows; after the pre-Raphaelite movement a breath of genuine art blew for a little, and stained glass felt the reviving influence. So far as the United States is concerned, however, the vitality of the British movement exhausted itself long before it reached our shores. We have suffered from the driest, stiffest work from France and Belgium, the most affected and juiceless products of English workmen in glass.

Such, however, is the respect of the Protestant clergy of the United States for art work admired in England, such the zeal of their Catholic brethren in Christ for art work popular in Belgium and Italy, that native artists of the highest merit found it hard to obtain a foothold in churches where these conscientious but wearisome products of Europe fill window after window. They remind one of the religious pictures on copper destined for Mexico and South America, which used to be fabricated in vast quantities at Madrid for export to the benighted Indies. Making exception of the windows from Mr. W. Morris, there is no individuality to them; one sees that they can be ordered by the gross. They add nothing to the artistic impression of the services. None of them delight nor soften the worshipper; they are powerless to lead men by way of the refinements that address the nobler senses to that religious calm filled with a glow which sensitive people experience before the old glass made by the little masters of Europe.

Why—such was the question that forced itself upon me as I once stood in Chartres—cannot the makers in the present century equal the work of the grand period of stained glass when they have the advantages of a much larger palette of colors, when the chemical reactions of pigments under heat are far better known, the glass itself infinitely



MEMORIAL WINDOW OF HELEN ANGIER AMES IN THE CHURCH AT NORTH EASTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—By John La Farge.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

purer, the materials for making it far more abundant and varied, the science of painting and the laws of perspective more thoroughly published? Shall we agree with Professor Edmond Lévy, of Rouen, that no one can produce art fit for ecclesiastical buildings whose character is not level with the spiritual ideal attributed to Fra Angelico? The rudeness and irreligion of the centuries that produced the glass forbid. The lives of the makers of cathedrals forbid, of the men who carved the statuary that clothes their porches, doorways, and façades like colossal lace. That amiable theory is naught before the opposition they made to Churchmen, nay, before the rank paganism of artists and artisans of all Christian ages, not excluding our own, but more particularly of the period under discussion. Standing in the vast nave watching the wonderful rose-window as the sun's position changes, the conviction comes that the men who wrought in glass were indeed greater artists, but not necessarily souls of deeper religious fervor, than their descendants in Europe to-day.

At that time I had not studied what Americans were doing in stained glass, and did not dream that in order to find men who approach the old glass-painters in worth I had merely to return to my native land.

A veritable renaissance has occurred in the United States quietly and by normal means, which is fully as defined as the advance of engraving on wood, though naturally less understood. Whereas the engraving is by the nature of its existence a popular, wide-spreading art carried to every hamlet and farm-house by the magazines, the stained glass window cannot be reproduced so as to show its chief and vital qualities. Even a colored print of it would be a makeshift. It has not the chance of oil-painting—to be carried from city to city on canvas, and thus appear before new audiences to tell what story it may have. Nor is it likely that museums of the fine arts will ever show much stained glass in this country, owing to the necessity they are under of getting all the light they can for their other collections. In Rouen, it is true, the charming little museum has given shelter to some curious old windows depicting the tragic legend of "Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter." As the Scottish ballad has it:

"She's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she through mine;
She's laid him on a dressing-table,
And stickit him like a swine."

But in Rouen the museum has been established in an old monastery, and some window spaces in the cloisters can be used without detriment to the light. Alas! we have no old monasteries short of California. It would not be so with us. No, the stained glass window goes into the church or luxurious dwelling to live its individual life, seen only by a limited number of people. Hence the little stir that has been made about American glass. Unless their attention is directed to them by persons who know what has been accomplished here and where the windows are, foreign observers may live for a long time among us without becoming aware of our claims in stained glass—supposing always that they are of sufficient knowledge and fairness to appreciate what they see. As a rule, they are accustomed to the crude color of Bavarian, Belgian, and French modern glass, or to the sad, ineffectual glass of England, and are not capable of understanding our advance. Exceptions to the rule exist, however, and they have admitted that Europe offers nothing to compare with the product of our shops.

Be it noted that the greatest success has attended the efforts of that artist who is the greatest colorist in the band of earnest workers striving after perfection in this beautiful art. Thus it will hardly be challenged that as a colorist John La Farge is first in America—if, indeed, any European can be placed beside him.

The rose-window in the dining-hall of the Union League Club, the glass in the hall and on the stairway of the late W. H. Vanderbilt's house, several windows in the southern wall of the Church of the Ascension, Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, the glorious effects of the window at North Easton, Mass., in memory of Helen Ames, which was shown in New York, are sufficient to place Mr. La Farge at the head of our fast-increasing body of window-designers. To appreciate the force of Louis C. Tiffany as a colorist, it is necessary to see the window at Norwich, Conn., in the house of Mr. W. A. Slater, though churches and chapels in New York and New Jersey offer windows by him which are only second to this in richness of color. The glass by Mr. Francis Lathrop is only part of the decorative work which he furnishes, but what there is places him a good third in the race for fame as a window-colorist. Especially clever is the Christ for Bethesda Chapel, Saratoga, in which Mr. Lathrop has treated the rays of light spreading out and downward from the figure with great skill, originating a new way of dealing with our brilliant American glass, while retaining what is fine in the simple ancient windows. He has hit very happily a mean, having kept the broad, simple, restful effects of the old without losing the spirit of the new. When we examine the work of artists of distinction who are not by nature colorists, we see the difference. The exquisite feeling for the figure and for the loveliness of the antique shown by Mr. Will H. Low is not of avail when it comes to stained glass. In the gracious Madonna and Bambino for Rock Creek Church, Washington, one recognizes his art, but finds that he belongs to the comradery of the shoemaker who goes beyond his last. In him we see the difference between an artist in black and white, water-colors, oils, and the artist in color, who uses glass with ease to express his feeling in a special art.

That the ancient Romans used glass for windows is likely enough, for remains in Pompeii and on Roman villa sites in Great Britain attest the fact. But its quality was poor and its use rare at the very time that vases, dishes, and goblets of a very high degree of art were apparently part of every luxurious household. Such as was used for windows in the cold countries subject to the Romans, instead of mica or talc-stone, must have been supplied by ordinary workmen from small benches. Its poor quality adhered to it down to the Middle Ages, when glass-making rose in Venice and northern France. In primitive times men applied to the decoration of their persons art work of which no artistic jeweller of today, were it his, need be ashamed. Mosaic, enamel, glass of rich colors, gems, and jewels of crystal or imitations thereof went to the making of a man's gear. When stained glass was needed for the adornment of churches, and at the same time the edification of the unlearned by the stories told through its aid, it might have been expected that artists in the decoration of small objects would carry their gems and thick brilliant pieces of glass into windows. Some such *a priori* reasoning as this accounts for the fixed idea that mosaic gave rise to stained glass for windows. But instead of a thick jewelly glass the master glaziers produced a flat transparent material tinged with green or blue in very few tones, which were altered to suit by the free use of paint. Supporting bars and leads for outlines were usually very heavy. The pieces were small and the leads often ran across important parts, such as the backs of heads. Ancient windows are therefore not so legitimate, not so developed in their handling, as the best American, nor are they so rich in color, nor so durable. In this country far more glass is used already stained to the right color for the needs of the picture. What makes some old glass so fine is the color sense of the artists, or, in some cases, the softening effects of the atmosphere acting upon the surface of the glass during centuries, minute hollows being caused by a subtle disintegration of the outer parts. The poor quality of the original glass had something to do with the color it took, a finer kind having more brilliancy but less softness of tone.

A purist may object to setting glass behind glass because it was little done, if at all, by the artists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but especially in our climate, where there is little cloud or fog, and with our methods of building, which give large space to windows, the darkening that results from this method is not a loss when compared with the gain in depth of tone. On the contrary, it is often difficult to get the glass dark enough. American artists in glass also search the foundry for wrinkled, striated, convoluted, and unevenly colored pieces, having learned how often a glassman's mistake can be adapted to some problem in forming a picture; they also experiment so as to gain pieces of glass with one color shading from a deep to a light tone, or more than one gradually merging together. The fold of a robe, a bit of landscape, a shadow, may be hit exactly by some such "fluke," just as it is said many of the most prized colors in ceramics are due to miscalculations in the heat of a kiln or length of cooking. Taking a hint from the decorative work on boxes and jewelry of the early Middle Ages, our artists have produced marvellously rich effects in windows by breaking balls of colored glass with the hammer and fixing the shattered fragments in lead, so as to get the reflections of their angles, as in jewels cut by the lapidary. The boldness and success of American glass-painters, as they are still often called for want of a better term, are very remarkable, and have been by no means admired at home or abroad as deserved. Their products are heavy, bulky, and difficult to exhibit, so that the great public of picture-gazers sees little of them. Yet if we may judge by the expressions of profound surprise and admiration uttered by a number of European artists who have visited our country, when shown some of our work in this line, there must be at least a strong chance that the United States will get in Paris more praise for glass than for sculpture or oil-painting. France is still the first of all lands for the quality, quantity, and value of its art products, still the country where prejudices once removed allow of a broad and generous treatment of the work of foreign-born artists. To conquer the praise of Frenchmen is to gain a passport to the good-will of connoisseurs in every quarter of the globe.

The reviewer of stained glass for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*



Copyright by Francis Lathrop.

THE GODDARD MEMORIAL WINDOW IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.—By Francis Lathrop.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Copyright by FRANCIS LATHROP.

MEMORIAL WINDOW IN CHURCH AT OCEANIC, NEW JERSEY.—BY FRANCIS LATHROP.

strives hard to give Italy the credit of first producing windows of high artistic worth. Yet France and Flanders are the countries in which they first appeared, northern France is still the land where the most and the best old glass is found. It would be difficult to show for Italy so early a date as A.D. 450, the year in which Saint Patient built at Lyons a church with green and sapphire glass in the windows. At all periods Italian stained windows appear inferior to French. When the duomo at Florence approached completion, glassmen were imported from the North to give it the touch of magnificence that comes when light and sombre colors, wisely mingled in fine designs, are filtered into the church from the white light of the sky or the yellow of the sun. How came it that a land pre-eminent for artists and a city where geniuses in the arts abounded should have looked to the North for aid in any particular? Because the use of glass in windows was a Northern custom based on Northner needs. In the Levant, in Italy, men are not so bitterly assailed by cold that they are forced to seal the apertures of their public buildings which let in light. A climatic reason made France, if not invent the window-pane, at least make it a commonplace; a climatic reason gave to France, far behind Italy in sculpture, oil, and fresco at that epoch, the honor of pre-eminence in stained glass.

The early churches in the Levant and Italy used glass in mosaics, but rarely, if ever, in the form of panes. In Dalmatia a number of basilicas have escaped the restorations under which San Marco, in Venice, has suffered. In the duomo at Parenzo the keen eye of Mr. T. G. Jackson noted the neglect by the architects of openings for windows, and in his recent delightful volumes on Dalmatia remarks: "It was to the walls, and not, as in later ages and more Northern styles, to the windows, that the architect desired to attract the eye." He fortunately noted a number of cases in these old buildings, erected by Byzantine masters and decorated even more beautifully than the famed churches of Ravenna, where the original windows have been discovered walled up. These windows are small, and show no trace of having been glazed at any period. On the contrary, they were filled with open-work tracery of a strong but charming pattern, either carved from a slab of stone or moulded from some kind of concrete. At Arbe there are no windows in the apse, but pierced slabs, "which served instead of glazing or tracery in early Dalmatian churches." Two of the original windows in the apse of San Lorenzo in Pasenatico are "filled with a slab of stone three inches thick, carved with a Romanesque pattern of interlacing circles, of which the intervals are pierced to admit light. There was evidently no idea of glazing these openings."

But in more rigorous climates, where light and warmth rather than shade and coolness were desired, the window-pane of some material or other must always have existed; when wealth accumulated it received decoration along with the rest of the building; and under the fosterage of the Church of the Middle Ages the stained glass window came into being with the splendor and poetic force of color which we still find at Chartres. The land that was content before with panes of bladder, oiled linen, parchment, mica, and translucent stone, substituted for such primitive windows a glass inferior in quality to that of to-day, but stained with all the art of little masters of color.

Those who suggest mosaic as the origin of stained glass by a transfer of decoration from wall to window would perhaps acknowledge themselves on the wrong track if they examined the record embedded in the languages. *Musivum*, from which we get mosaic by a mistake of Moses for Muses, harks back to the nymphs of mythology who presided over many of the arts. It betrays its classic origin. Not so the word glass. In Germany, Great Britain, and France the common word does not come from the Latin, but from the Celtic. Like *musivum*, it is an adjective which now serves as a noun, but its primitive meaning is not found in mythology, for it means a color. Thin slabs of stone, which we still find perforated but not glazed in the Dalmatian churches that belong to the age of Justinian, took in cold countries the place of more primitive and perishable window-panes. And just as the primitive glass-makers of the Mediterranean imitated in glass both jewels and cups of rock-crystal, so the artisans of the Middle Ages in France imitated with glass the window-slabs of stone. The Germans get their term *Glas* as a loan word from the Gauls; the French their *glace* from the same source; we our *glass* through the Anglo-Saxon from the British. The original meaning in Celtic is preserved in the Irish *glas*—pale green-blue, a favorite term among poets for the ocean. It is true that French has another word, *verre*, which comes from the Latin, but this term appears to have entered Gaul at first with the drinking-cups and other admirable products of Italy, which were not for windows but the use of the household. The Welch get their *wydyr* from the same source, namely, Latin *vitrum*. There is reason to believe that the word "glass" was once used as an adjective to specify the kind of stone used in the primitive windows of western Europe, and at that time defined the stone as colored of a pale greenish or bluish tint.

Had the Gauls imported Italian window-glass, it could hardly have failed to come about that the rest of western Europe would have used a word from Latin or Greek. From Germany, Scandinavia, Ireland, and Great Britain we do not get sufficient indications of glass factories in ancient times to warrant us in supposing that these lands fabricated the material to any degree worth noting before the fall of the Roman Empire, but everything points to northern France as an early centre of the art. So that when Colbert founded glass factories in Normandy and at Paris with workmen stolen from the Murano shops of Venice, he was only reviving an industry which once flourished in the same region under the encouragement of the Churchmen. During that revival a nobleman who put capital in glass-making, or worked with his own hands at the furnace, lost none of his nobility. He wore his sword and hat with the best; his dogs were cared for by his employer; and for the evening meal he had the right to claim a place at that master's table. It was by such wise ordinances, suited to the prejudices of the times, that Colbert sought to engage educated men in the artistic production of glass. The United States freed themselves from a feudal system which came across the Atlantic with the settlers, and held on in many places till the Revolution. Colbert's idea is being realized now, when artists of good birth, education, and social distinction do not think themselves degraded by the workshop, and have turned their attention more especially to that art of the glass-maker once placed by Colbert on such a high plane in France.



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—BY MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.



"THE VISION OF ST. JOHN"—WINDOW IN TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.—BY JOHN LA FARGE.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE"—THE WINDOW OF THE CLASS OF 1863, IN HARVARD MEMORIAL HALL.
By Frederic Crowninshield.

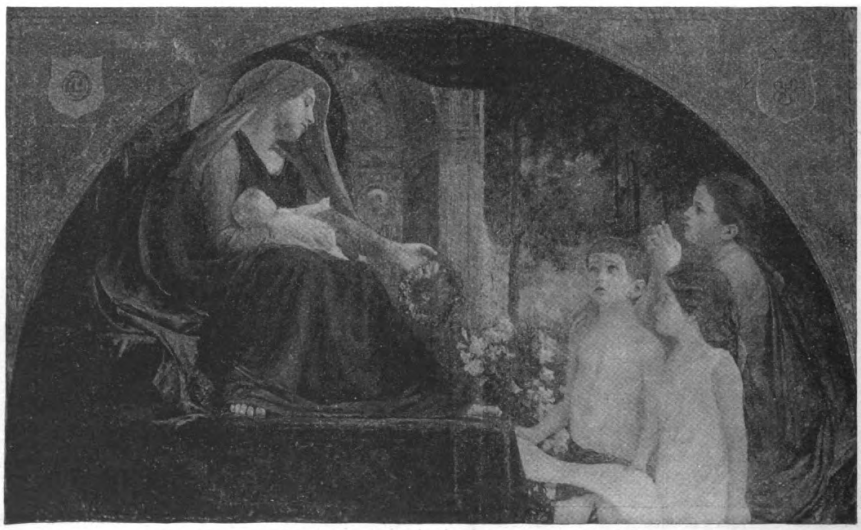
To hit the mean between opening too wide and broad a space to the light and narrowing it down too much; to strike justly between a broad handling of the glass and that niggling, restless treatment of windows which we find in the ordinary church, are matters that require great taste in the artist—to put it most moderately. Purists are greatly shocked at stained glass windows that simulate closely an oil-painting, arguing very rightly that glass is quite another substance, with qualities of its own which should be brought out, not subordinated in an attempt to reach the qualities of painting, for which it is not fitted. Some of the weaker American workmen sin on this side, as the Italians are said to. The Munich glassmen, on the other hand, are so faithful to old traditions that their products are lacking in all directions. Striving for good drawing, they are tame; striving for the richness of old glass by established methods, they are dry; apparently aware of the need of broad work, they are nevertheless mediocre. The self-consciousness in English stained glass is perhaps preferable to the dead level of intelligence shown by Munich work, and indeed by much of the Belgian. Yet what resources are not theirs, compared to the men of the Middle Ages! The use of lead to hold the panes has not been traced beyond A.D. 1000. The glass of the eleventh and twelfth centuries was blown or cast—it is not quite certain which—in thick, irregular, small pieces of a bottle green; and only five stains were known, namely, red, blue, yellow, green, and violet. One enamel, brown, was used for shading and drawing features and hands. It was not till the fifteenth century that glass was placed on glass to get shades and tints, and then it was never used as in America to-day. In the seventeenth century it was thought clever to treat the whole window as a painting, and even divide the picture with a grille of leads; so that it was divided into exact squares, the leads sometimes cutting through part of a head or bisecting a finger. Modern artists have at least avoided this kind of error. It arose during the triumph of discovering how to enamel the picture on the glass, for the invention was supposed to make the artist independent of the leads. But the chief merit in a stained glass window is not to give a picture in color, but to employ beautiful color in producing a picture fitted for the place where it is to stand. Hard and fast rules are of little importance in the fine arts. Sometimes they seem only meant to prevent the inexperienced workman from taking flight before his wings are grown; and, as regards the master certain of his powers, only useful in so far as they are broken. But we can say that, as a general thing, the cardinal rule for glass designers is to remember that they are not painting a picture, that they are not to be realists in oils, as the fashion of the day demands. A few suggestions more may be pardoned, not for the benefit of masters, but of laymen who may have to decide what glass is to be bought.

American workmen may be safely said to stand at the head of this fine branch of art, but it would be wrong to conceal some of their weaknesses. They do not study in all cases the position of the window, and very commonly they compose without reference to the architecture of the building. On the face of it there is a different handling for a cathedral, a church, a chapel, a mansion, or suburban villa; for the solitary window ordered by a poor person, or the fire-screen that gives a rich note to a drawing-room. But the allusion is rather to the placing of a window in a church. Trinity Church, Boston, sins in this regard. The glowing, magnificent windows by John La Farge in the west transept, and to the right as the nave is entered, do not belong where they are; they should be in the apse. The conventional windows by Clayton and Bell in the apse might do better in the nave. The latter have not known how to centre on the altar the glories of really beautiful windows; Mr. La Farge has not subordinated his color-genius to the note of the windows in the apse. The consequence is that the eye constantly leaves the altar to revel in the American windows placed elsewhere; the poetry of the church is broken; there is discord; there is trouble in decorations which ought to be as exquisitely adapted to their several places in the edifice as the figures in the picture are adjusted to each other. Grace Church, New York, suffers from a similar lack of understanding on the part of the authorities or the artists. English, French, and American windows are there to be seen swearing at each other in different tones, few of them worthy of any regard whatever.

The chief producers of stained glass in the United States are Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, or the company that uses his name. In Boston the glass of Mr. Frederic Crowninshield is admired. Francis Lathrop and Maitland Armstrong, of New York, are hardly less prolific. Among those who carry out as well as design windows are Messrs. John Johnston and John Dufais, and Miss Mary E. Tillinghast. Elihu Vedder, Frank Millet, and Will H. Low have employed their talents in designing for the glass-maker. An important factor in American glass is the opaline variety, which began to be used about the same time by Messrs. La Farge and Tiffany. Undoubtedly its use, for it is not a transparent glass, has been favored by the brilliant, clear atmosphere of America, which makes a darker kind of glass grateful during daylight, and by our wealth of artificial light for interiors, for a great deal of the beauty of opaline glass can be seen after dark. It has been used ignorantly and without taste, but in competent hands is a sumptuous and charming material for windows. Its effects recall the descriptions of the "myrrhine vases" of antiquity, a ware concerning which no one seems to know anything very definite. The latter seems, however, to have had the nacreous reflections we find in Belleek ware, and was, perhaps, opaline in color.

Though American glass is at present the finest in the world, it does not follow that it will remain so, unless certain tendencies are fought down which are peculiarly insidious in our land, owing to the passion we have for manufacturing things on a grand scale by the aid of labor-saving inventions. The prices now paid for stained glass windows offer a temptation to the unconscientious to supply the market with stereotyped objects. Workmen without talent for anything but cheap reproductions will spring up to compete with each other, until prices go too low for the payment of an original design and a master of color. But if clergymen and other church authorities, if private patrons and those intrusted with orders for the beautifying of public buildings, will hold fast to the resolution to exact as much individuality and genius from the stained window artist as from the painter of canvases, remembering always the wide difference between oil-painting and stained glass, the magnificent start which the United States has now gained on all other countries need never be lost.

Fortunately for the assertions made above, the London critics have just had an opportunity to see a small and imperfect exhibition of the work of a few American glass-painters. Their praise, which is nearly unanimous, comes across the ocean as we go to press. The International at Paris may also have a few small windows if exhibits are permitted to enter long after the opening day. But in the nature of things the stained glass of America can only be guessed in Europe so long as Europeans fail to send commissions to our workmen, and import our glass as we import their paintings. National pride, and that intimate conviction that the United States has no art which seems a birthright on the other side, will probably prevent this most desirable result. But meanwhile I would like to repeat that it is not enough to have struck out a novel and beautiful phase of art; there is need of constant vigilance lest it be degraded into those lifeless forms of shop-work which gradually drive out the finer creations of artists in communities that fail to distinguish keenly between the best and second-rate in the fine arts.



CARTOON FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW.—By Louis C. Tiffany.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1700. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



"THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST.

Published July 22d.

THE KREMLIN AND RUSSIAN ART. By Theodore Child. Eighteen Illustrations.
PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE QUIET LIFE." A Poem. By Austin Dobson. Twelve Illustrations by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons.
FIFTY YEARS OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By J. Wells Champney. Full-page Portrait of Daguerre.
SHORT STORIES. By Mary E. Wilkins and M. G. McClelland.
WESTMINSTER EFFIGIES. By John Lillie. Illustrated.
COUNTY COURT DAY IN KENTUCKY. By James Lane Allen. Nine Illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.
THE FAN. By Lucius Park. Twelve Illustrations.
SONNET BY WORDSWORTH. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons.
POEMS. By Richard E. Burton and Frances L. Mace.
MEXICAN LUSTRED POTTERY. By Y. H. Addis. Illustrated
SERIAL STORIES. By Constance Fenimore Woolson and Charles Dudley Warner.
THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN GERMANY. By F. Lichtenberger, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris.
EXPERIENCES OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER. By George H. Hepworth.
TEUTONIC SATIRE. By George Du Maurier. Full-page Illustration.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS. By George William Curtis, W. D. Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner
LITERARY NOTES. By Laurence Hutton.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	*Per Year, Postage Free,*		$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	"	$4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	"	$4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	"	"	$2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1700.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A DEFENSIVE NAVY.

IN his speech at Woodstock on the Fourth of July President HARRISON said, "It is not in the power of any people upon earth much to harm us, except our own people," and "all the more, exempt from thoughts of foreign assault, ought our thoughts to turn to dangers which are internal, and from which alone we can have serious harm." These words, so far as they concern our foreign relations, are not mere Fourth-of-July buncombe and optimism. They state an unquestionable fact. No sensible man has seriously supposed that we should come to blows with Great Britain about the fisheries or the Behring Sea, or with Germany about Samoa, or that any great power would not hesitate long before appealing to the last resort to settle a difference with us. President HARRISON'S words are an unconscious comment upon the demand for a huge navy. The condition he describes, and the Samoan understanding with Germany, and that which undoubtedly will be reached with Great Britain, are all coincident with the want of a navy, and suggest some important considerations. One thing, for instance, is evident. A great power with a continental coast should not suffer her undoubted possible resources in an emergency to prevent her from avoiding emergencies by immediate readiness to meet them when they arise. Another thing is no less evident. Such a power must not permit such readiness to be the pretext for a bumptious foreign policy.

Two of the weightiest of recent Commencement orators—Mr. EDWARD J. PHELPS at Harvard, and General FRANCIS A. WALKER at Brown—treated this question. Mr. PHELPS pleaded for a definite foreign policy, regardless of domestic parties, and continuously sustained by every administration, and as its adjunct and bulwark, a navy. We presume that Mr. PHELPS means to favor a policy founded upon certain postulates, as, for instance, our primacy upon this continent. But after the familiar fustian about manifest destiny, it is pleasant to hear of justice and equity, and our interests only as subserved by them. This principle is absolutely sound, but the policy, or specific application of the principle, cannot be forecast. The construction of a navy, however, should be determined by certain precise conditions, which General WALKER has stated generally in a letter to the *Sun*, which had commented upon his discourse. He would maintain an adequate number of first-class, high-speed cruisers, and would so fortify our principal ports that "no fool of a foreign admiral could, under any impulse, in any complication, bombard one of our chief cities, or exact tribute or hostages from it. Not less than this is due to ourselves."

General WALKER then points out the extreme to be avoided in the project of a navy, and he agrees with the President that there is no serious apprehension of external assault.

"What I deprecate is the undertaking of such armaments as would invite the angry discussion of contested rights, or inspire a jingo administration to seek a little cheap glory by boisterous demonstrations which would be likely to result in actual conflict. The time will never hereafter be, at least until our nation shall be disrupted, when we cannot secure by fair discussion and wholly peaceful demands all that is clearly our due. By the close of this century we shall be eighty millions, stronger in all the elements of industrial, financial, and military power than any two if not three nations of the Old World. It is absurd to suppose that any European government would deliberately seek to insult or injure such a people. The one great danger is that we may ourselves be tempted to abuse our power, to use a giant's strength tyrannously. It is the first duty of every patriot and of every lover of his kind to exert all his influence, in season and out of season, to draw and educate our people away from the perilous thought of international supremacy, and especially to point the young to the peaceful glories and the useful triumphs of industry, science, and art."

In a word, General WALKER favors a defensive and not an aggressive navy, both because the latter is unnecessary for our potection, and because it is a perilous temptation. This is undoubtedly the true view, and its plain statement is most timely, because the construction of an immense and extravagant navy would be very acceptable to those who favor a policy of extreme protection, which produces an enormous surplus beyond the just requirements of the government. The tendency toward a great naval outlay and the demand for a general service pension are illustrations of the serious mischiefs of a surplus, especially when its maintenance is the policy of vast vested interests. If it be from domestic dangers only, as the President says, that we are to anticipate trouble, he can hardly recommend great expenditures for a navy. As for a foreign policy, the counsel of Washington is as wise as it was a hundred years ago. If we propose to be neither filibusters nor bullies, but to meet all international differences with the equitable spirit which becomes unquestionable and acknowledged power, we can devote ourselves to the settlement of those internal questions which the President declares to be our chief concern, but which he does not specify.

CENTRAL PARK THREATENED.

CENTRAL PARK in New York, like all such noble pleasure-grounds, was not designed nor is it maintained as a common for circuses and cattle-shows, nor as an available space for fairs and exhibitions, upon however great a scale and for however important and interesting an occasion. If there is to be a national observance in 1892, of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, and if part of the observance is to be an international industrial exhibition, and if that exhibition is to be held in New York, which would be undoubtedly the proper place for it, there is no reason whatever that New York should ruin the Central Park in honor of the great occasion. A report, which we presume does great injustice to Mr. WALDO HUTCHINS, the President of the Park Commission, represents him as saying that if the people wish to use the Central Park for a World's Fair in 1892 he sees no objection. We presume that the report is incorrect, because Mr. HUTCHINS knows as well as any man the character and purpose of the Park, and that the fact of its affording a large space for a fair would no more justify its occupation for that object than it would justify employing the Catholic cathedral for a similar purpose. They are both large enclosures. But they are not only designed for purposes wholly incongruous with such uses, but would require that upon occasion of a vast increase of people in the city their space should be more than ever unencumbered.

The price of a public park is that of liberty. It is eternal vigilance only which saves it from the incessant pressure of schemes of all kinds that would merely deform and disfigure it. Mr. HUTCHINS is a man of education and public experience. He knows New York and its politicians and newspapers. He also knows that there is an intelligent puplic opinion which judges the conduct of public officers and determines their standing. There are certain enterprises which that public opinion arrests, or upon which its expression is so decided that its judgment remains. The buildings projected in the City Hall Park are of that kind. That project is a bold and knavish job. It is so understood, and its accomplishment will brand the Mayor and his associates with a stigma from which they cannot escape. The abuse of the Central Park as suggested would amount practically to its destruction. This is perfectly well known to the great mass of those who frequent it, and to all who take honorable pride in it, and to the President of the Park Commission as to all other intelligent citizens.

The parks should be guarded with jealous care, because one such perversion of them is a precedent. This is a country of equal rights. If a great public pleasure-ground may be wrested from its purposes by one enterprise, it must be for another. If it is not to be held sacred for the kind of recreation which it provides, it will be diverted to every kind that may demand it. We must be warned by experience. The Battery has been partly occupied by the Elevated Railroad, and the attempt to sequester more of it is incessant. The City Hall Park is already largely destroyed, and the completion of its ruin is now proposed by the Mayor. TWEED and his gang took the upper part of the Park, the United States snipped off the lower part for the Post-office, and now the eastern space is to be occupied. If so-called temporary invasions and obstructions of Central Park are tolerated its total ruin will follow. Plausible pretexts of every kind will multiply, and the noblest public work in New York, one of the chief delightful pleasure-grounds of the world, will be sacrificed. This would be a misfortune so serious that, if the reported remark of President HUTCHINS was a "feeler," there is no question of the character and the force of the response.

WANTON SLAUGHTER.

As we are not fatalists in this country, and make our own laws, it is singular that the laws protecting human life are not more stringent and effective. Within the same week recently the awful calamity of a wrecked train consumed by fire, the torture of a man entangled in an electric wire, the instant death of four persons at a railroad grade crossing, with numerous other catastrophes of the same kind, were recorded. All of them were easily avoidable. Simple laws honestly enforced would have prevented untold suffering and sorrow. The real fault is not with the companies who own the roads and wires, but with the public, which does not insist that the price of the privileges for which such companies ask is reasonably assured security of life and limb. The electric light is very serviceable, but there is no reason whatever that its use should be permitted without ample safeguards and adequate penalties for their violation. Not only should the hideous disfigurment of city and country by the monstrous poles be forbidden, but the chances of human injury should be reduced to the minimum by burying the wires. That there is such a law in this State, and that it is neglected and despised, merely accuses the public, not the companies. They mean to spend as little money and make as much money as possible, and their principle is that the public must look out for itself. If it does not, so much the worse for it.

This is equally true of railroad management. Two things are as conclusively demonstrated by our railroad experience as anything can be. One is that cars can be heated without stoves, and that stoves in cars annually and needlessly destroy scores and hundreds of lives. The other is that crossings at grades without gates or watchmen annually destroy as many more. In both cases it is a massacre absolutely without excuse or extenuation. It is due wholly to the greed of companies unrestrained by the public. No company should be suffered to operate a railroad upon which in the event of accident passengers are exposed to the certain peril of stoves, and which are not compelled either to lay their tracks under or over highways, or to provide at every grade crossing gates and guards, with the severest penalties of negligence. The wanton recklessness of human life upon the Long Branch Railroad is shown by the fact that there is one passenger train at every point on the road every thirteen minutes upon the average, and during the busy hours trains pass at intervals of five minutes only. It is stated that nearly all the crossings are at grade, and that only a few of them are guarded. The persons who were the most recent victims had stopped for one train, and then proceeding were instantly crushed by the next.

It is astonishing that such events should be tolerated month after month in a civilized community. The inevitable risks of railroad travel are, of course, many; but the great multitude of disasters are due to preventable causes. The condition of prevention is larger expense upon the part of the companies, an expense which experience shows they will not usually incur except upon compulsion. But to nothing can legal compulsion be more wisely applied than to the care of life upon railroads. If by the law of averages the number of accidents by rail for the next winter be forecast, it will be easy also to calculate the percentage of horrible suffering and slaughter which will be occasioned by the car stoves, and which could be wholly avoided. One of the worst forms of pecuniary corruption is the buying of votes in Legislatures by railroad corporations to defeat wise laws compelling a proper regard for the safety of passengers. The Legislature and the community which enforce the burying of electric wires, and either the abolition or the strict guarding of grade crossings, will have accomplished an immense public service and removed a monstrous public shame.

THE "ANGELUS."

ACCORDING to responsible statements the famous picture of the "Angelus," by MILLET, which has just been bought for the Louvre at the price of $110,000, was originally ordered by an American for less than a thousand dollars. It was secured for the French government at the late sale only after very sharp American competition. But if the American competitor had been successful and had bought the picture, the American government would have required him to pay a penalty of about $30,000 for introduc-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing the work into this country. Yet it is not a demoralizing work, nor one in any way injurious to any interest whatever. It represents a peasant man and woman in the fields at the hour of the "Angelus," and as the bell sounds from the distant spire, they drop their heads in reverence, and repeat the prayer to the Virgin Mary which begins with the word. The same scene is described in the life of GEORGE HERBERT. When his chapel bell at Bemerton was heard in the fields, the ploughman stopped, bowed his head, and said a prayer. It is a significant incident exquisitely depicted by a master of the art of painting, and it is not conceivable that the contemplation of the picture could harm the most sensitive American mind. But the government apparently suspects in it some lurking peril as of moral dynamite, and compels the man who would expose us to it to pay about a third of its value in money, in order, probably, to repair some of the damage caused by its introduction.

This penalty is called protection of artists. But the very persons whom the government thus assumes to protect protest that they neither need nor ask such succor, and that, however well meant by a paternal government, it is a serious loss and injury to them. They declare that they are painters of pictures, and poor men; that in order to paint better pictures and improve their lot they must see great pictures, and as they are unable to go abroad for such study, it is a cruel oppression by the infliction of heavy penalties to prevent such pictures from coming into this country. They assert and prove that such a penalty is a total misconception of the principle of protection, because a picture, as such, has no market value. Only a picture which is the work of a particular man has such value, and even if the penalty for introducing fine pictures were absolutely prohibitive, yet the exclusion of MILLET'S "Angelus," for instance, would not cause it or anything in any degree resembling it to be produced in this country. The man who would give one hundred and ten thousand dollars for MILLET'S picture would not give one hundred and ten cents for somebody else's picture. How do we gain, therefore, they ask, or how does anybody gain, by punishing Americans for buying fine pictures and bringing them into the country?

In other countries the presence of noble works of art, whether paintings or sculptures, are held to be means of education, and most refining and civilizing influences. They are thought to be so desirable in Italy, for instance, where they abound, that there is a penalty for taking them out of the country, not for bringing them in. The most intelligent Americans have sought in every way to stimulate the production of such works here, to aid struggling genius by supplying means of education in art, among which none are more effective and inspiring than masterpieces of great artists. It is to see and study such works that many an American student at the utmost sacrifice contrives to pass a year in Europe. Returning home, he finds that the exclusion of pictures by famous foreign artists is a lessening of resource and opportunity to the American which renders the production of worthy pictures and the development of American art more and more difficult. Artists and lovers of art, therefore, have formed the National Free Art League, the object of which is to relieve American art—a term which includes knowledge, taste, and appreciation of art, of the immense disadvantage under which it labors by the heavy penalty laid in the form of a duty upon the introduction of works of art. It is not, as they truly say, a protective tax, because the increase of the price of foreign works of art does not benefit domestic production.

THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTIONS.

THE Constitutions of the four new States will be very interesting studies. The Conventions have ample experience and precedent by which to guide their action. Their work will be closely scanned to see whether the tendency, of which the California Constitution is the most striking illustration, to place a great deal of legislation in the fundamental law, is stronger, or whether the wiser disposition to state only recognized primary principles which should govern legislation and provide the necessary organization of government, will prevail.

It will be especially interesting also to observe whether the present degree of woman suffrage which exists in Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territories will lead to striking out the word "male" from the suffrage provisions of the Constitution. Wyoming, we believe, is the only Territory in which there is entire equality of suffrage. In other Territories there is some limited form for women, municipal or school. In Washington, although public sentiment is said to be favorable, the laws of this kind are temporarily inoperative. Probably the most that the friends of equal suffrage of the sexes can accomplish will be the submission of the question to the people as a separate clause. But Mr. H. B. BLACKWELL, in an address to the Convention of North Dakota, is reported not to favor this plan, preferring to leave the decision to the Legislature. It is further stated that Mr. BLACKWELL'S argument made a good impression, and that members who are opposed to woman suffrage are friendly to his scheme of reference to the Legislature.

In the new Territorial communities the subject has been more favorably considered than in the seaboard States. But the actual force of public opinion will be shown by the feeling and action of the Conventions. Entire neglect or the perfunctory mention which a political convention often gives the question would be a serious blow to the movement, because it would show that its hold upon the popular mind is not as strong as its friends often suppose. The Conventions are, of course, partisan bodies, and neither party has yet shown anywhere in the country a disposition to take up the issue. But nowhere better than in newly organized and sparsely settled communities could the inevitable experiment be tried.

SOME MISTAKE.

A LETTER from Washington says that the President is ready to name certain public officers in New York as soon as the party politicians can stop quarrelling over the plunder and agree how it shall be divided.

There must be some mistake in this statement, because the President was elected upon his express assurance that "in appointments to every grade and department fitness, and not party service, should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." To suppose that he intends to do what this report alleges is to assume that the President of the United States means deliberately to break his word. There must be some mistake.

It is also stated that fourth-class postmasters are removed by Mr. WANAMAKER at the rate of a thousand a week. This also must be a gross and wilful falsehood, for the Republican platform declares that "the spirit and purpose of reform," not of party spoils, "should be observed in all executive appointments." Such a system of removals as is attributed to the Postmaster-General would be merely a freshet of spoils, and would bury beneath universal contempt the Republican claim to be the reform party. It not only pledged itself to reform, but pledged itself specifically to keep its pledge. To assume that the report of Mr. WANAMAKER'S performances is true would be to assume the party to be a party of liars. There must be some mistake.

In the same unaccountable way it is announced that Presidential postmasters are constantly removed during their terms without assigned cause. Now this is, of course, untrue. At least it must be so, because the President himself said of this very practice:

"I do lift up a hearty prayer that we may never have a President who will not either pursue and compel his cabinet advisers to pursue the civil service policy pure and simple, and upon a just basis, allowing men accused to be heard, and deciding against them only upon competent proof, and fairly. Either have that kind of a civil service, or for God's sake let us have that other frank and bold if brutal method of turning men and women out simply for political opinion. Let us have one or the other."

If there is any faith to be placed in the President's word, it is clear that these reports must be untrue. And who can it be who by such persistent statements shamefully brands the President of the United States with falsehood?

HUNTER'S-POINT-CUM-NEWTOWN-CREEK.

IF the axiom be true that in a popular government the will of the people prevails, it is the will of the people that the upper part of the city of New York and the gateway to the most delightful ocean resorts in the neighborhood of the city should be desolated by the most unspeakable stenches. It is certainly comical that the largest community upon the continent should submit quietly to the pestiferous nuisance of Newtown Creek and Hunter's Point. If popular government is unequal to suppressing a horrible effluvium by compelling the removal of its cause, there should be some abatement of our Fourth-of-July heroics.

A few years ago the Governor of the State undertook to deal with the nuisance; but it is now greater than ever. There was recently a special meeting of the State Board of Health, and Dr. BRYANT called its attention to the vile odors and the imperilled health of Long Island City, Brooklyn, and New York, and asked the Board to take vigorous action. The secretary replied that it could do nothing. It could act only through local boards, and as there was a quarrel between the Mayor and the Aldermen of Long Island City, there was no health board, and consequently nothing could be done to abate the dangerous nuisance. But as diphtheria has already broken out in Long Island City, and New York and Brooklyn could not escape much longer, it was decided to ask the Attorney-General whether he could point out a way of relief.

In a savage satire of SWIFT'S this might be expected; but read in a newspaper still smoking with the festal fires of the Gaylorious Fourth, it is inexpressibly amusing. A few men get up a stifling and sickening atmosphere which threatens as well as utterly disgusts whole communities, and nothing can be done! The most comical part is the look of those who are taking friends with them out of town to enjoy the delights of Long Island and the sea in reply to their friends' astonished and inquiring glance. The price of that pleasure is high. If all the perfumes of Araby could not sweeten one little hand, the briny airs of Rockaway are all haunted with the anticipation of Hunter's Point upon the return. John Bull used to say that Cousin Jonathan hadn't the pluck to pitch the thirteenth man out of the omnibus. But Hunter's-Point-cum-Newtown-Creek is the most colossal, imperturbable, and irremovable thirteener on record.

ANOTHER WHACK AT PESSIMISM.

THERE is one illustration of our superiority to our fathers which Senator HISCOCK omitted in his recent roasting of the vile pessimists who hold WASHINGTON'S political morality and the popular virtues of an earlier republican day to be worthy of contemplation and reproduction. The Senator could have said, without fear of challenge even from the most resolute pessimist, that the history of WASHINGTON'S time might be searched in vain to discover such general and ardent attention paid by the newspapers, as to an affair of immense and universal interest, to the progress across the country of two bruisers, openly defying the law without serious resistance upon the part of the law-officers, that in the presence of a great, lawless, brutal, and ignorant crowd they might beat each other to a bloody jelly.

If the newspaper public be justly estimated by the kind of news purveyed for it by many papers, the most hopeless pessimist would not deny that the space devoted to this ennobling incident reveals a state of the public mind which the epoch of WASHINGTON cannot parallel. It is a pity that the Fourth of July came just too soon for Senator HISCOCK to avail himself of the interesting contrast. Even Mr. MCMASTER, the diligent student of the earlier American newspaper, would doubtless own his inability to discover at the close of the last century any sign of such a state of the public taste as is disclosed by the head-lines and the fascinating details of description of this proud "sporting" event.

We trust that no pessimist will try to get his head out of chancery (in the pleasant phrase of the prize-ring), where it has been put by Senator HISCOCK, long enough to say that such prominence given to a disgusting and brutal incident is a national disgrace. Disgusting and brutal, indeed! We want no pharisceism of that kind. It is only the wretched and despicable holier-than-thou people who do not see in this noble mill and the keen interest with which the newspapers invest it a characteristic American regard for manly sport and honorable self-defence and healthful recreation. What can be more elevating than the tone of the assembly which gathers to witness the generous contest? What could illustrate more signally our advance upon the well-meaning but antiquated standards of public feeling in the slow days of WASHINGTON and JAY than the enthusiasm of excitement over this gratifying incident? What can be more puerile and effeminate and significant of the highest degree of British dudishness than the suggestion that such a performance and the interest in it are unmanly, inhuman, and revolting? As Mr. Joseph Surface would truly say, "the man who" presumes to think that certain characteristics of WASHINGTON'S time deserve our attentive consideration implies that some of our ways might be mended, and deserves, as a wicked pessimist, to be deprived of the privilege of reading a full and illustrated account of the great world's slugging match.

PERSONAL.

HON. EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD, D.D., LL.D., recently appointed by President HARRISON as Consul to Lyons, is a Virginian by birth, and a cousin of "Stonewall" JACKSON. He was early imbued with abolition principles, and graduated from Oberlin College in 1842. He was the first President of Hillsdale College, Michigan, a place which he held for twenty-one years. While occupying this position he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State. Several times he was candidate for Congress and for the United States Senate from Michigan, but his removal to Nebraska to become Chancellor of the State University took him out of the field of active politics. He returned to Michigan in 1882. He is an accomplished linguist in French, German, Portuguese, and Italian, besides being a classical scholar.

—MISS BEATRICE CAMERON, who personated Lady Anne in RICHARD MANSFIELD'S London production of *Richard III.*, has won many warm friends in England. She is now staying with the family of the Rev. WALTER CLARK, B.D., Head-master of Derby School, and will make a tour in Scotland with Mr. I. J. LYELL'S daughters before her return to America. She has put much of her personal charm and delicacy into her Lady Anne, which part she will play here in the autumn.

—The Yale crew have lost their stroke, E. L. CALDWELL, who, after studying in the theological school for two years, has determined to go into business. He stroked the university crew to victory in six races, three with Harvard, and his class crew in four races, making a better record, it is said, than that of any other college oarsman.

—Queen VICTORIA'S health seems to be failing. She has to be assisted by servants in entering or leaving her carriage, and uses a cane to support her while walking.

—CHARLES S. GILL, Belgian consul at Boston for the past fifteen years, has been decorated by his King, and made a Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold.

—Dr. DONLIN, interpreter of the General Sessions Court of this city, speaks eleven different languages fluently, and can make himself understood in several more. He has held his place, which is a non-political one, for over twenty years.

—General NEAL DOW has an invalid daughter at Nashua, New Hampshire, who has not been able to leave her chair for years, but in that time has mastered the French, German, Spanish, Russian, and Greek languages.

—The "Keeper of the Great Seal" of the United States is GEORGE BARTLE, who was appointed a clerk in the State Department by DANIEL WEBSTER forty-three years ago. Nothing but a formal warrant signed by the President will induce him to unlock the doors which guard the seal.

—The most elaborate dress in which the Shah of Persia arrays himself on state occasions is said to be worth about $1,000,000, the principal value being in the precious stones and other ornaments with which it is decked. English papers observe with interest that the Shah's manners have greatly improved since his former visit to that country in 1873. He is over sixty years old.

—THOMAS EWING SHERMAN, the eldest son of General SHERMAN, has been ordained as a Roman Catholic priest at Philadelphia. His father was not present at the ceremonies.

—The widow of Professor RICHARD A. PROCTOR, the astronomer, was left with but little property when yellow-fever carried off her husband, and has been forced to sell her Florida home, with the Professor's library and scientific apparatus.

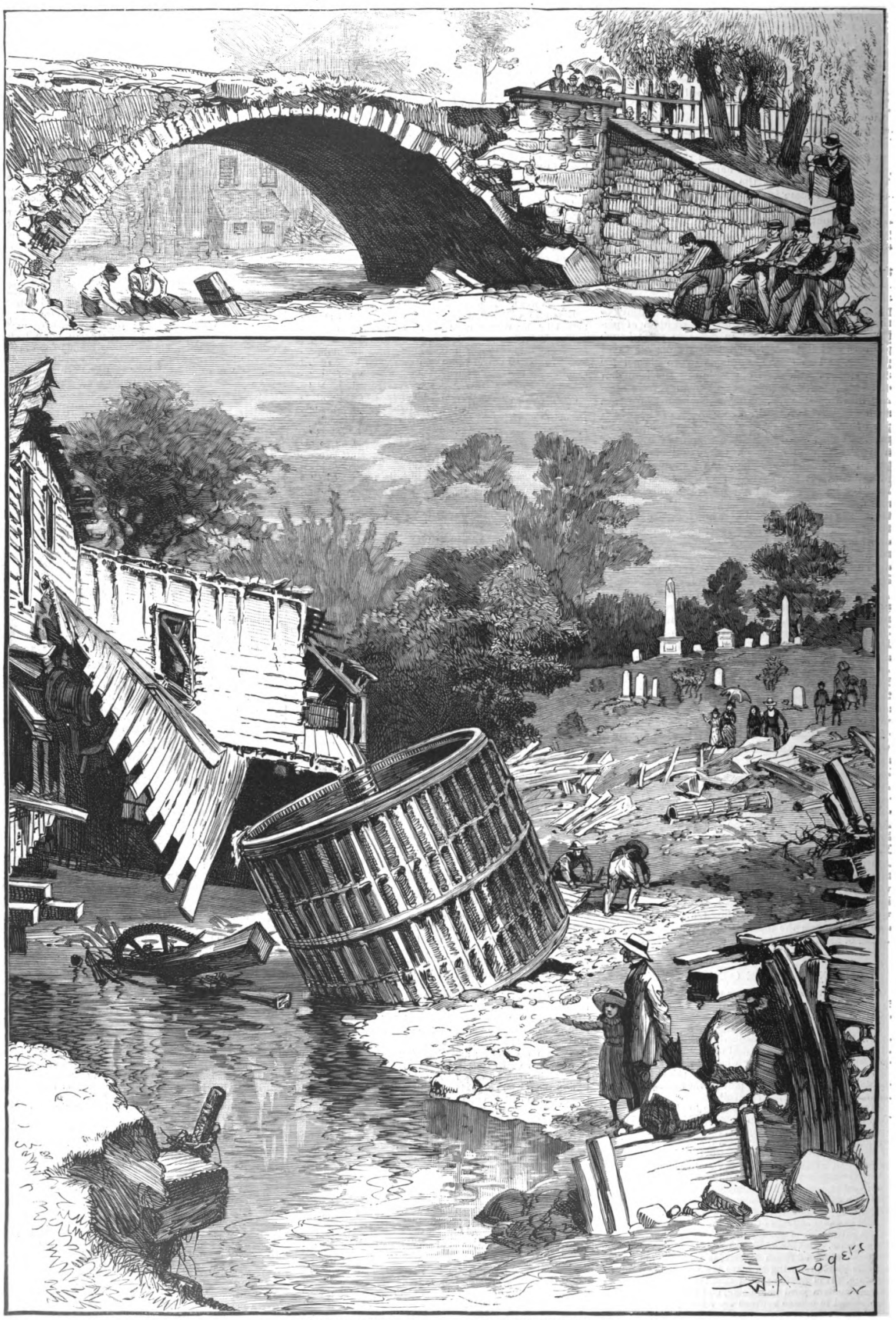
—CHARLES RANDOLPH UNCLES, the first colored student to be ordained to the Catholic priesthood in this country, received the tonsure at the hands of Cardinal GIBBONS in Baltimore recently.

—Professor DAVID P. TODD, of the Amherst College Observatory, has been appointed chief of a government party of scientists to observe the total eclipse of the sun in southwestern Africa, December 22d.

—WELLS GOODWIN, of Newbury Centre, Vermont, ninety-six years old, is a veteran of 1812, and loves to tell how he and his companions made the British run at Lundy's Lane. He enlisted when seventeen years old, and has drawn a pension of twelve dollars a month for many years. He is a Democrat of the old school, and has voted for every Democratic candidate for President from MONROE down.

—Captain NICHOLAS MURPHY, of Boston, is one of the most noted life-savers in this country. During a period of thirty-five years he has saved upward of one hundred persons from drowning, his first rescue being made when he was fourteen years old. For a number of years he followed the sea, but is at present a night watchman at one of the wharves.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE FATAL BRIDGE. THE BROKEN MILL-DAM.

THE DISASTER AT JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 583.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THROWING THE WANGA.

(ST. JOHN'S EVE.)

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

SHRILL over dark blue Pontchartrain
It comes and goes, the weird refrain,
Wanga! wanga!

The trackless swamp is quick with cries
Of noisome things that dip and rise
On night-grown wings; and in the deep
Dark pools the monstrous forms that sleep
Inert by day uplift their heads.
The zela flower its poison sheds
Upon the warm and languorous air;
The lak-vine weaves its noxious snare;
The wide palmetto leaves are stirred
By venomed breathings faintly heard
Across the still, star-lighted night.

Her lonely spice-fed fire, alight
Upon the black swamp's utmost rim,
Now spreads and flares, now smoulders dim;
And at her feet they curl and break,
The dark blue waters of the lake.

Her arms are wild above her head—
Old withered arms, whose charm has fled.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is slim an' straight ez a saplin'
Dat grows by de bayou's aidge;
You is brown an' sleek ez a young Bob White
Whar hides in de yaller sedge.

Yo' eyes is black an' shiny,
An' quick ez de lightnin' flash;
You wuz bawn in de time er freedom,
An' never is felt de lash.
—Me, I kin th'ow wanga!

Her dusky face is wracked and seamed,
That once like ebon marble gleamed.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is spry on yo' foot ez de jay-bird
Whar totes de debble his sau';
You kin tole de buckra to yo' side
By de turnin' o' yo' han'.

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Digitized from PENN STATE

Yo' ways is sweet ez de sugar
You puts in yo' *pralines*,
When de orange flower on de banquette draps,
An' de pistache-nut is green.
—Me, I kin th'ow wanga!

Her knotted shoulders, brown and bare,
The deathless scars of slavehood wear.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is crope lak a thieft to de do'-yard
When de moon wuz shinin' high,
An' you stole de ole man' heart erway
Wid de laughin' in yo' eye.

My ole man!—de chillun's daddy!—
We is hoed de cotton row
An' shucked de corn-shuck side by side
For forty year an' mo'!
—Me, I kin th'ow wanga!

The flames that leap about her feet
Burn with a perfume strange and sweet.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
Twis' yo'se'f in de coonjine
Lak a moccasin in de slime;
Twis' yo'se'f when de fiddle talks
Fer de las' endurin' time.

Den was'e ter de bone in de midnight,
In de mawnin' was'e erway;
Bu'n wid heat in de winter-time,
An' shiver de hottes' day—
Wanga! wanga!

Onder yo' fla'ntin' *tignon*
De red-hot beetles crawl,
Wid claws dat sco'ch inter de meat,
An' mek de blood-draps fall!

Over yo' bed de screech-owl
In de midnight screech an' cry!
Den kiver yo' head, Creole Zizi—
Den kiver yo' head an' die—
Wanga! wanga!

Her voice is hushed, she crouches low
Above the embers' flickering glow.
The swamp-wind wakes, and many a thing
Unnamed flits by on furry wing;
They brush her cheeks unfelt; she hears
The far-off songs of other years.

Her eyes grow tender as she sways
And croons above the dying blaze.

Oh, de cabin at de quarter in de old plantation days,
Wid de garden patch behin' it an' de gode-vine by de do',
An' de do'-yard sot wid roses, whar de chillun runs and plays,
An' de streak o' sunshine, yaller lak, er-slantin' on de flo'!

We wuz young an' lakly niggers when de ole man fotch me home.
Ole Mis' she gin de weddin', an' young Mis' she dress de bride!
He say he gwineter love me twel de time o' kingdom come,
An' forty year an' uperds we is trabble side by side!

But ole Mars' wuz killed at Shiloh, an' young Mars' at Wilderness;
Ole Mis' is in de graveyard, wid young Mis' by her side,
An' all er we-all's fambly is scattered eas' an' wes,'
An' de gode-vine by de cabin do' an' de roses all has died!

My chillun dey is scattered too, an' some is onder groun'.
Hit wuz forty year an' uperds we is trabble, him an me!
Ole Mis', whar is de glory o' de freedom I is foun'?
De ole man he is lef' me fer de young eyes o' Zizi!

Her arms are wild above her head,
The softness from her voice has fled.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
Twis' yo'se'f in de coonjine
Lak a moccasin in de slime;
Kunjur de ole man wid yo' eye
Fer de las' endurin' time!

Den cry an' mo'n in de mawnin',
In de midnight mo'n an' cry,
Twel de debble has you, han' an' foot,
Den stretch yo'se'f an' die!—
Wanga! wanga!

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.

III.

THAT night Dryfoos was wakened from his after-dinner nap by the sound of gay talk and nervous giggling in the drawing-room. The talk, which was Christine's, and the giggling, which was Mela's, were intershot with the heavier tones of a man's voice; and Dryfoos lay awhile on the leathern lounge in his library, trying to make out whether he knew the voice. His wife sat in a deep chair before the fire, with her eyes on his face, waiting for him to wake.

"Who is that, out there?" he asked, without opening his eyes.

"Indeed, indeed I don't know, Jacob," his wife answered. "I reckon it's just some visitor of the girls."

"Was I snoring?"

"Not a bit. You was sleeping as quiet! I did hate to have 'em wake you, and I was just going out to shoo them. They've been playing something, and that made them laugh."

"I didn't know but I had snored," said the old man, sitting up.

"No," said his wife. Then she asked, wistfully, "Was you out at the old place, Jacob?"

"Yes."

"Did it look natural?"

"Yes; mostly. They're sinking the wells down in the woods pasture."

"And—the children's graves?"

"They haven't touched that part. But I reckon we got to have 'em moved to the cemetery. I bought a lot."

The old woman began softly to weep. "It does seem too hard that they can't be let to rest in peace, poor little things. I wanted you and me to lay there too, when our time come, Jacob. Just there, back o' the beehives, and under them shoomakes—my, I can see the very place! And I don't believe I'll ever feel at home anywheres else. I woon't know where I am when the trumpet sounds. I have to think before I can tell where the east is in New York; and what if I should git faced the wrong way when I raise? Jacob, I wonder you could sell it!" Her head shook, and the fire-light shone on her tears, as she searched the folds of her dress for her pocket.

A peal of laughter came from the drawing-room, and then the sound of chords struck on the piano.

"Hush! Don't you cry, 'Liz'beth!" said Dryfoos. "Here; take my handkerchief. I've got a nice lot in the cemetery, and I'm goin' to have a monument, with two lambs on it—like the one you always liked so much. It ain't the fashion, any more, to have family buryin'-grounds; they're collectin' 'em into the cemeteries, all round."

"I reckon I got to bear it," said his wife, muffling her face in his handkerchief. "And I suppose the Lord kin find me, wherever I am. But I always did want to lay just there. You mind how we used to go out and set there, after milkin', and watch the sun go down, and talk about where their angels was, and try to figger it out?"

"I remember, 'Liz'beth."

The man's voice in the drawing-room sang a snatch of French song, insolent, mocking, salient; and then Christine's attempted the same strain, and another cry of laughter from Mela followed.

"Well, I always did expect to lay there. But I reckon it's all right. It won't be a great while, now, anyway. Jacob, I don't believe I'm a-goin' to live very long. I know it don't agree with me, here."

"Oh, I guess it does, 'Liz'beth. You're just a little pulled down with the weather. It's coming spring, and you feel it; but the doctor says you're all right. I stopped in, on the way up; and he says so."

"I reckon he don't know everything," the old woman persisted. "I've been runnin' down ever since we left Moffitt, and I didn't feel any too well there, even. It's a very strange thing, Jacob, that the richer you git, the less you ain't able to stay where you want to, dead or alive."

"It's for the children we do it," said Dryfoos. "We got to give them their chance in the world."

"Oh, the world! They ought to bear the yoke in their youth, like we done. I know it's what Coonrod would like to do."

Dryfoos got upon his feet. "If Coonrod 'll mind his own business, and do what I want him to, he'll have yoke enough to bear." He moved from his wife, without further effort to comfort her, and pottered heavily out into the dining-room. Beyond its obscurity stretched the glitter of the deep drawing-room. His feet, in their broad, flat slippers, made no sound on the dense carpet, and he came unseen upon the little group there near the piano. Mela perched upon the stool with her back to the keys, and Beaton bent over Christine, who sat with a banjo in her lap, letting him take her hands and put them in the right place on the instrument. Her face was radiant with happiness, and Mela was watching her with foolish, unselfish pleasure in her bliss.

There was nothing wrong in the affair to a man of Dryfoos's traditions and perceptions, and if it had been at home in the farm sitting-room, or even in his parlor at Moffitt, he would not have minded a young man's placing his daughter's hands on a banjo, or even holding them there; it would have seemed a proper attention from him if he was courting her. But here, in such a house as this, with the daughter of a man who had made as much money as he had, he did not know but it was a liberty. He felt the angry doubt of it which beset him in regard to so many experiences of his changed life; he wanted to show his sense of it, if it was a liberty, but he did not know how, and he did not know that it was so. Besides, he could not help a touch of the pleasure in Christine's happiness which Mela showed; and he would have gone back to the library, if he could, without being discovered.

But Beaton had seen him, and Dryfoos, with a nonchalant nod to the young man, came forward. "What you got there, Christine?"

"A banjo," said the girl, blushing in her father's presence.

Mela gurgled, "Mr. Beaton is learnun' her the first position."

Beaton was not embarrassed. He was in evening dress, and his face, pointed with its brown beard, showed extremely handsome above the expanse of his broad white shirt front. He gave back as nonchalant a nod as he had got, and without further greeting to Dryfoos, he said to Christine: "No, no. You must keep your hand and arm so." He held them in position. "There! Now strike with your right hand. See?"

"I don't believe I can ever learn," said the girl, with a fond upward look at him.

"Oh yes, you can," said Beaton.

They both ignored Dryfoos in the little play of protests which followed, and he said, half jocosely, half suspiciously, "And is the banjo the fashion, now?" He remembered it as the emblem of low-down show business, and associated it with end-men, and blackened faces, and grotesque shirt collars.

"It's all the rage," Mela shouted in answer for all. "Everybody plays it. Mr. Beaton borrowed this from a lady friend of his."

"Humph! Pity I got you a piano, then," said Dryfoos. "A banjo would have been cheaper."

Beaton so far admitted him to the conversation as to seem reminded of the piano by his mentioning it. He said to Mela, "Oh, won't you just strike those chords?" and as Mela wheeled about and beat the keys, he took the banjo from Christine and sat down with it. "This way!" He strummed it, and murmured the tune Dryfoos had heard him singing from the library, while he kept his beautiful eyes floating on Christine's. "You try that, now; it's very simple."

"Where is Mrs. Mandel?" Dryfoos demanded, trying to assert himself.

Neither of the girls seemed to have heard him at first in the chatter they broke into over what Beaton proposed. Then Mela said, absently, "Oh, she had to go out to see one of her friends that's sick," and she struck the piano keys. "Come; try it, Chris!"

Dryfoos turned about unheeded, and went back to the library. He would have liked to put Beaton out of his house, and in his heart he burned against him as a contumacious hand; he would have liked to discharge him from the art department of *Every Other Week* at once. But he was aware of not having treated Beaton with much ceremony, and if the young man had returned his behavior in kind, with an electrical response to his own feeling, had he any right to complain? After all, there was no harm in his teaching Christine the banjo.

His wife still sat looking into the fire. "I can't see," she said, "as we've got a bit more comfort of our lives, Jacob, because we've got such piles and piles of money. I wish to gracious we was back on the farm this minute. I wish you had held out against the children about sellin' it; 'twould 'a bin the best thing fur 'em, I say. I believe in my soul they'll git spoiled, here in New York. I kin see a change in 'em a'ready—in the girls."

Dryfoos stretched himself on the lounge again. "I can't see as Coonrad is much comfort, either. Why ain't he here with his sisters? What does all that work of his on the East side amount to? It seems as if he done it to cross me, as much as anything." Dryfoos complained to his wife on the basis of mere affectional habit, which in married life often survives the sense of intellectual equality. He did not expect her to reason with him, but there was help in her listening, and though she could only soothe his fretfulness with soft answers which were often wide of the purpose, he still went to her for solace. "Here, I've gone into this newspaper business, or whatever it is, on his account, and he don't seem any more satisfied than ever. I can see he hain't got his heart in it."

"The poor boy tries; I know he does, Jacob; and he wants to please you. But he give up a good deal when he give up bein' a preacher; I s'pose we ought to remember that."

"A preacher!" sneered Dryfoos. "I reckon bein' a preacher wouldn't satisfy him now. He had the impudence to tell me this afternoon that he would like to be a *priest;* and he threw it up to me that he never could be, because I'd kept him from studyin'."

"He don't mean a Catholic priest—not a Roman one, Jacob," the old woman explained, wistfully. "He's told me all about it. They ain't the kind o' Catholics we been used to; some sort of 'Piscopalians; and they do a heap o' good amongst the poor folks over there. He says we ain't got any idea how folks lives in them tenement-houses, hunderds of 'em in one house, and whole families in a room; and it burns in his heart to help 'em like them Fathers, as he calls 'em, that gives their lives to it. He can't be a Father, he says, because he can't git the eddication, now; but he can be a Brother; and I can't find a word to say ag'inst it, when he gits talkin', Jacob."

"I ain't saying anything against his priests, 'Liz'beth," said Dryfoos. "They're all well enough in their way; they've given up their lives to it, and it's a matter of business with them, like any other. But what I'm talking about now, is Coonrad. I don't object to his doin' all the charity he wants to, and the Lord knows I've never been stingy with him about it. He might have all the money he wants, to give round any way he pleases."

"That's what I told him once, but he says money ain't the thing—or not the only thing you got to give to them poor folks. You got to give your time, and your knowledge, and your love—I don't know what all—you got to give *yourself*, if you expect to help 'em. That's what Coonrad says."

"Well, I can tell him that charity begins at home," said Dryfoos, sitting up, in his impatience. "And he'd better give himself to *us* a little—to his old father and mother. And his sisters. What's he doin' goin' off there, to his meetings, and I don't know what all, an' leavin' them here alone?"

"Why, ain't Mr. Beaton with 'em?" asked the old woman. "I thought I heared his voice."

"Mr. Beaton! Of course, he is! And who's Mr. Beaton, anyway?"

"Why, ain't he one of the men in Coonrad's office? I thought I heared—"

"Yes, he is! But *who* is he? What's he doing round here? Is he makin' up to Christine?"

"I reckon he is. From Mely's talk, she's about crazy over the fellow. Don't you like him, Jacob?"

"I don't know him, or what he is. He hasn't got any manners. Who brought him here? How'd he come to come, in the first place?"

"Mr. Fulkerson brung him, I believe," said the old woman, patiently.

"Fulkerson!" Dryfoos snorted. "Where's Mrs. Mandel, I should like to know? He brought *her*, too. Does she go traipsin' off this way, every evening?"

"No; she seems to be here pretty regular most o' the time. I don't know how we could ever git along without her, Jacob; she seems to know just what to do, and the girls would be ten times as outbreakin' without her. I hope you ain't thinkin' o' turnin' her off, Jacob?"

Dryfoos did not think it necessary to answer such a question. "It's all Fulkerson, Fulkerson, Fulkerson. It seems to me that Fulkerson about runs this family. He brought Mrs. Mandel, and he brought that Beaton, and he brought that Beaton fellow! I guess I give *him* a dose, though, and I'll learn Fulkerson that he can't have everything his own way. I don't want anybody to help me spend my money. I made it, and I can manage it. I guess Mr. Fulkerson can bear a little watching, now. He's been travelling pretty free, and he's got the notion he's driving, maybe. I'm a-going to look after that book a little myself."

"You'll kill yourself, Jacob," said his wife, "trying to do so many things. And what is it all fur? I don't see as we're better off, any, for all the money. It's just as much care as it used to be when we was all there on the farm together. I wisht we could go back, Ja—"

"We *can't* go back!" shouted the old man, fiercely. "There's no farm any more to go back to. The fields is full of gas wells and oil wells and hell holes generally; the house is tore down, and the barn's gone!—"

"The *barn!*" gasped the old woman. "Oh, my!"

"If I was to give all I'm worth this minute, we couldn't go back to the farm, any more than them girls in there could go back and be little children. I don't say we're any better off, for the money. I've got more of it now than I ever had; and there's no end to the luck; it pours in. But I feel like I was tied hand and foot. I don't know which way to move; I don't know what's best to do about anything. The money don't seem to buy anything but more and more care and trouble. We got a big house that we ain't at home in; and we got a lot of hired girls round under our feet that hinder and don't help. Our children don't mind us, and we got no friends or neighbors. But it had to be. I couldn't help but sell the farm, and we can't go back to it, for it ain't there. So don't you say anything more about it, Liz'beth!"

"Pore Jacob!" said his wife. "Well, I woon't, dear."

IV.

It was clear to Beaton that Dryfoos distrusted him; and the fact heightened his pleasure in Christine's liking for him. He was as sure of this as he was of the other, though he was not so sure of any reason for his pleasure in it. She had her charm; the charm of wildness to which a certain wildness in himself responded; and there were times when his fancy contrived a common future for them, which would have a prosperity forced from the old fellow's love of the girl. Beaton liked the idea of this compulsion better than he liked the idea of the money; there was something a little repulsive in that; he imagined himself rejecting it; he almost wished he was enough in love with the girl to marry her without it; that would be fine. He was taken with her in a certain measure, in a certain way; the question was in what measure, in what way.

It was partly to escape from this question that he hurried down-town, and decided to spend with the Leightons the hour remaining on his hands before it was time to go to the reception for which he was dressed. It seemed to him important that he should see Alma Leighton. After all, it was her charm that was most abiding with him; perhaps it was to be final. He found himself very happy in his present relations with her. She had dropped that barrier of pretence and ironical surprise. It seemed to him that they had gone back to that old ground of common artistic interest which he had found so pleasant the summer before. Apparently she and her mother had both forgiven his neglect of them in the first months of their stay in New York; he was sure that Mrs. Leighton liked him as well as ever, and if there was still something a little provisional in Alma's manner at times, it was something that piqued more than it discouraged; it made him curious, not anxious.

He found the young ladies with Fulkerson when he rang. He seemed to be amusing them both, and they were both amused beyond the merit of so small a pleasantry, Beaton thought, when Fulkerson said, "I introduce myself, Mr. Beaton: Mr. Fulkerson, of *Every Other Week*. Times I've met you at our place." The girls laughed, and Alma explained that her mother was not very well, and would be sorry not to see him. Then she turned, as he felt, perversely, and went on talking with Fulkerson, and left him to Miss Woodburn.

She finally recognized his disappointment: "Ah don't often get a chance at you, Mr. Beaton, and Alma just goin' to toak yo' to death. Yo' have been Soath yo'self, and yo' know ho' we *do* toak."

"I've survived to say yes," Beaton admitted.

"Oh, now, *do* you think we toak so much mo' than you do in the No'th?" the young lady deprecated.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I don't know. I only know you can't talk too much for me. I should like to hear you say *South* and *ho'se* and *aboat* for the rest of my life."

"That's what Ah call raght personal, Mr. Beaton. Now Ahm goin' to be personal, too." Miss Woodburn flung out over her lap the square of cloth she was embroidering, and asked him, "Don't you think that's beautiful? Now, as an awtust—a *great* awtust?"

"As a *great* awtust, yes," said Beaton, mimicking her accent. "If I were less than great I might have something to say about the arrangement of colors. You're as bold and original as Nature."

"Really? Oh, now, do tell me yo' favo'ite colo', Mr. Beaton."

"My favorite color? Bless my soul, why should I prefer any? Is blue good, or red wicked? Do people have favorite colors?" Beaton found himself suddenly interested.

"Of co'se they do," answered the girl. "Don't awtusts?"

"I never heard of one that had—consciously."

"Is it possible? I supposed they all had. Now *mah* favo'ite colo' is gawnet. Don't you think it's a pretty colo'?"

"It depends upon how it's used. Do you mean in neckties?" Beaton stole a glance at the one Fulkerson was wearing.

Miss Woodburn laughed with her face bowed upon her wrist. "Ah do think you gentlemen in the No'th awe ten tahms as lahvely as the ladies."

"Strange," said Beaton. "In the South—Soath, excuse me!—I made the observation that the ladies were ten times as lively as the gentlemen. What is that you're working?"

"This?" Miss Woodburn gave it another flirt, and looked at it with a glance of dawning recognition. "Oh, this is a table covah. Wouldn't you lahke to see where it's to go?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, if you'll be raght good I'll let yo' give me some professional advass aboat putting something in the co'ners or not, when you have seen it on the table."

She rose and led the way into the other room. Beaton knew she wanted to talk with him about something; but he waited patiently to let her play her comedy out. She spread the cover on the table, and he advised her, as he saw she wished, against putting anything in the corners; just run a line of her stitch around the edge, he said.

"Mr. Fulkerson and Ah, why we've been having a regular faght aboat it," she commented. "But we both agreed, fahnally, to leave it to you; Mr. Fulkerson said you'd be sure to be raght. Ah'm *so* glad you took mah sahde. But he's a great admahrer of yours, Mr. Beaton," she concluded, demurely, suggestively.

"Is he? Well, I'm a great admirer of Fulkerson's," said Beaton, with a capricious willingness to humor her wish to talk about Fulkerson. "He's a capital fellow; generous, magnanimous, with quite an ideal of friendship, and an eye single to the main chance all the time. He would advertise *Every Other Week* on his family vault."

Miss Woodburn laughed, and said she should tell him what Beaton had said.

"Do. But he's used to defamation from me, and he'll think you're joking."

"Ah suppose," said Miss Woodburn, "that he's qualate the baihpe of a New York business man." She added, as if it followed logically, "He's so different from what I thought a New York business man would be."

"It's your Virginia tradition to despise business," said Beaton, rudely.

Miss Woodburn laughed again. "*Despahse* it? Mah goodness! we want to get *into* it, and 'work it fo' all it's wo'th,' as Mr. Fulkerson says. That tradition is all past. You don't know what the Soath is now. Ah suppose mah fathaw despahses business, but he's a tradition himself, as Ah tell him." Beaton would have enjoyed joining the young lady in anything she might be going to say in derogation of her father, but he restrained himself, and she went on more and more as if she wished to account for her father's habitual hauteur with Beaton, if not to excuse it. "Ah tell him he don't understand the rising generation. He was brought up in the old school, and he thinks we're all just lahke he was when he was young, with all those ahdeals of chivalry and family; but mah goodness! it's money that cyoants no'adays in the Soath, just lahke it does everywhere else. Ah suppose, if we could have slavery back in the fawm mah fathaw thinks it could have been brought up to, when the commercial spirit wouldn't let it alone, it would be the best thing; but we can't have it back, and Ah tell him we had better have the commercial spirit, as the next best thing."

Miss Woodburn went on, with sufficient loyalty and piety, to expose the difference of her own and her father's ideals, but with what Beaton thought less reference to his own unsympathetic attention than to a knowledge finally of the *personnel* and *materiel* of *Every Other Week*, and Mr. Fulkerson's relation to the enterprise. "You *must* excuse my asking so many questions, Mr. Beaton. You know it's all *mah* doing that we awe heah in New York. Ah just told my fathaw that if he was evah goin' to do anything with his wrahtings, he had got to come No'th, and Ah *made* him come. Ah believe he'd have staid in the Soath all his lahfe. And now Mr. Fulkerson wants him to let his editor see some of his wrahtings, and Ah wanted to know something aboat the magazine. We awe a great deal excited aboat it in this ho'se, you know, Mr. Beaton," she concluded, with a look that now transferred the interest from Fulkerson to Alma. She led the way back to the room where they were sitting, and went up to triumph over Fulkerson with Beaton's decision about the table cover.

Alma was left with Beaton near the piano, and he began to talk about the Dryfooses, as he sat down on the piano stool. He said he had been giving Miss Dryfoos a lesson on the banjo; he had borrowed the banjo of Miss Vance. Then he struck the chord he had been trying to teach Christine, and played over the air he had sung.

"How do you like that?" he asked, whirling round.

"It seems rather a disrespectful little tune, somehow," said Alma, placidly.

Beaton rested his elbow on the corner of the piano, and gazed dreamily at her. "Your perceptions are wonderful. It *is* disrespectful. I played it, up there, because I felt disrespectful to them."

"Do you claim that as a merit?"

"No, I state it as a fact. How can you respect such people?"

"You might respect yourself, then," said the girl. "Or perhaps that wouldn't be so easy, either."

"No; it wouldn't. I like to have you say these things to me," said Beaton, impartially.

"Well, I like to say them," Alma returned.

"They do me good."

"Oh, I don't know that that was my motive."

"There is no one like you—no one," said Beaton, as if apostrophizing her in her absence. "To come from that house, with its assertions of money—you can hear it chink, you can smell the foul old bank-notes; it stifles me—into an atmosphere like this, is like coming into another world."

"Thank you," said Alma. "I'm glad there isn't that unpleasant odor here; but I wish there was a little more of the chinking."

"No, no! Don't say that!" he implored. "I like to think that there is one soul uncontaminated by the sense of money in this big, brutal, sordid city."

"You mean two," said Alma, with modesty. "But if you stiffle at the Dryfooses', why do you go there?"

"Why do I go?" he mused. "Don't you believe in knowing all the natures, the types, you can? These girls are a strange study: the young one is a simple, earthly creature, as common as an oat field; and the other a sort of sylvan life: fierce, flashing, feline—"

Alma burst out into a laugh. "What apt alliteration! And do they like being studied? I should think the sylvan life might—scratch."

"No," said Beaton, with melancholy absence; "it only—purrs."

The girl felt a rising indignation. "Well, then, Mr. Beaton; I should hope it *would* scratch, and bite, too. I think you've no business to go about studying people, as you do. It's abominable."

"Go on," said the young man. "That Puritan conscience of yours! It appeals to the old Covenanter strain in me—like a voice of pre-existence. Go on—"

"Oh, if I went on I should merely say it was not only abominable, but contemptible."

"You could be my guardian angel, Alma," said the young man, making his eyes more and more slumbrous and dreamy.

"Stuff! I hope I have a soul *above* buttons!" He smiled, as she rose, and followed her across the room. "Good-night, Mr. Beaton," she said.

Miss Woodburn and Fulkerson came in from the other room. "What! You're not going, Beaton?"

"Yes; I'm going to a reception. I stopped in on my way."

"To kill time," Alma explained.

"Well," said Fulkerson, gallantly, "this is the last place I should like to do it. But I guess I'd better be going, too. It has sometimes occurred to me that there is such a thing as staying too late. But with Brother Beaton, here, just starting in for an evening's amusement, it does seem a little early yet. Can't you urge me to stay, somebody?"

The two girls laughed, and Miss Woodburn said, "Mr. Beaton is such a butterfly of fashion! Ah wish *Ah* was on mah way to a pawty. Ah feel qualite envious."

"But he didn't say it to *make* you," Alma explained with meek softness.

"Well, we can't all be swells. Where is your party, anyway, Beaton?" asked Fulkerson. "How do you manage to get your invitations to these things? I suppose a fellow has to keep hinting round pretty lively, heigh?"

Beaton took these mockeries serenely, and shook hands with Miss Woodburn, with the effect of having already shaken hands with Alma. She stood with hers clasped behind her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DELAGOA BAY INCIDENT.

THE trouble that has arisen between England and Portugal, of which so much has been said in recent cable despatches to the newspapers, grows out of the competition between the English, the Portuguese, and the Dutch for the control of the shortest line of communication between the sea and the rich gold and other mineral districts of South Africa. The actual bone of contention is the Lourenzo Marquez (Delagoa Bay) and Transvaal Railway, a line about fifty-two miles in length, running across Portuguese territory from Delagoa Bay to the frontier of the Transvaal Republic. Short as it is, this railway is of vast importance, present and prospective, to the commercial world, commanding as it does the only good harbor in a stretch of about two thousand miles on the east coast of Africa.

Near its western terminus are the principal gold-producing districts of the Transvaal, which has been pronounced a second Ophir in mineral resources, embracing inexhaustible beds of iron, coal, and copper. In course of time it must make Delagoa Bay a great coaling station for Africa, Australia, and the East Indies, available in that respect to every nation whose ships sail the seas. On this point the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society at Halifax says, "The whole of the southeastern part of the Transvaal is one extensive coal-field." Bechuana-land, to which also this railroad smooths the way, is an English possession divided into farms for English settlers. It lies to the west and the north of the Transvaal, and comprises a territory larger than Spain, rich in minerals, and noted for its fine climate and luxuriant vegetation. The road from this country *via* the Delagoa Bay to deep water is several hundred miles shorter than any other. Besides the white population, which is constantly swollen by English, German, Australian, and American immigration, there is in these countries a black population variously estimated at from thirty to forty millions, all of which must be, in the fulness of time, tributary to the Delagoa Bay Railway.

The Portuguese government owns the strip of land across which the Delagoa Bay Railway is built. American enterprise and American and English money built it. Its construction was desired long before the way was found, but the difficulties seemed insurmountable. The financiers of England, France, and Germany declined to have anything to do with so hazardous a scheme. American pluck, however, was equal to the emergency. Eight years ago Colonel Edward McMurdo, an American temporarily residing in London, became convinced that the gold-fields of South Africa were richer than the world suspected, and that the time had come to tap them for the benefit of civilization. He foresaw the inevitable influx of immigration and the means of its promotion, and believed that the geographical advantages of Lourenzo Marquez, as the Portuguese call Delagoa Bay, made it the key of the situation. After a full survey of the field and all of the circumstances, he asked of the Portuguese government a concession to build a railway from Lourenzo Marquez to the frontier, the understanding being that the Transvaal government stood ready with plans for the extension of the line through the heart, and would make a concession for that purpose to a company organized in the Netherlands, and known as the Netherlands Transvaal Railway. On December 14, 1883, Colonel McMurdo obtained his concession. The terms were thoroughly matured on both sides. The Portuguese government obtained the railway essential for the maintenance of its position on the east coast of Africa and to secure its full share of the rich harvest awaiting gleaning. The arrangement also yielded to the government five per cent. of the dividend distributed to the shareholders, reduced fares for military men and seamen, gratis carriage of government employés and mails, the free use of the company's electric telegraph and extra wires for special service, the right to redeem the concession after the lapse of thirty-five years, and the absolute ownership of the property at the expiration of ninety-nine years. On the other hand, the concessionaire was given a positive assurance that no parallel railway should be constructed within sixty miles on either side of it; 250,000 acres of land, by him to be selected, in the districts of Lourenzo Marquez and Inhambane; land in alternate blocks on both sides of the railway to the amount of 10,000 acres, with the accompanying mineral rights; a free right of way through government lands; a square kilometre of land in Delagoa Bay Harbor; land on an island in the bay for warehouses, depots, etc.; exemption of the railway from any special tax; the admission of all articles for construction and use of the railway free of duty for fifteen years; the right to cut timber from government forests; and the right to regulate the tariffs of the company was vested in the board of directors of the company when organized. It was stipulated that the company building the railway should be organized under the laws of Portugal, and that the line should be constructed on plans provided by the Portuguese engineers, minute specifications being made as to route, foundation, equipment, etc. Fifteen thousand pounds were to be deposited as caution money, and the concessionaire was bound to the building of the road within three years.

The concessionaire fulfilled his contract under most trying conditions. Capital from the first suspected bad faith on the part of the Portuguese; the millions of English money already invested at Natal were jealously antagonistic to the enterprise; the Transvaal government threw every available obstacle in the way, and it was with the utmost difficulty that competent engineers were induced to risk their lives in making the preliminary surveys in the malarious and pestilence-breeding country through which lay the path to the ore-producing mountains. Within the specified time, however, the road was built, but at an expense of £25,000 in excess of the estimates. New complications arose when the Portuguese came forward with the extraordinary demand that the company should build nine kilometres further to a new alleged frontier, and that within a certain period, covering a season when railway building in a tropical country is a physical impossibility. The failure to meet this requirement—a requirement not contemplated by the original concession or by any agreement between the contracting parties—led to the attempt of the Portuguese on the 24th of June to cancel the concession and seize the railroad as forfeit to the government.

This action was taken in face of protest, or polite request from Great Britain and the United States, through the Foreign Office in London and the State Department in Washington. It was followed by the dispatch of English gun-boats to Delagoa Bay, and by the filing in Washington of a claim of damages to the amount of £750,000 by the widow of the American concessionaire. Colonel McMurdo himself died only six weeks before the Portuguese proceeded to extreme measures to carry their point, and his sudden death is attributed to the threat that such action would be taken. The probability is, according to the latest advices from Lisbon and London, that Portugal will beat a retreat before British demands, and agree to a settlement by arbitration.

QUATRAINS.

I.—PATIENCE.

ONLY heroic patience and sublime
Through cark and care can make the victory ours:
The humble vine in storm and dark must climb
Ere it be crowned with flowers.

II.—STORM AND CALM.

Great sullen clouds the western heavens pile,
And thunder rumbles through those seas of jet;
But o'er it all the skies serenely smile,
Blue as the bosom of a violet.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

DO TAKE US TO PARIS, PAPA!

SEVEN! What a lucky, mysterious figure that is, fraught with numerical potentialities, eccentricities, idiosyncrasies of its own, but obstinate, indivisible! If you were an equitable parent blessed with seven daughters (and there must be many such), as a happy father you could not say, "Three and a half of you go to Saratoga, the other three and a half to Newport." Harsh, even unjust, would it be for that sire to say, "Three to Narragansett Pier, three more to the White Mountains, and one of you stay home. That settles it."

The mother of this pretty bevy may or may not have had her trials with these seven daughters. She may have thought more than once over some wholesale method of decking them, but then has shuddered at the idea of heading a procession uniformed like the inmates of a parochial school or an orphanage. The variety of complexions, shades of hair, differences of size, always insisted on a special apparel assorted to the wearer.

Considering the subject alphabetically, if Alice, Bertha, Clara, Daisy, Eugenia, Fanny, Gertrude, do what their mother might, how many problems she had to solve! But when it came to that time when a change of air was absolutely necessary (for, though Eugenia was stronger this spring than she had been, Daisy was by no means up to her former standard), and a move was in the air, when this graver subject of an exodus was mooted, mamma apparently washed her hands of it. "Your father, my dears, will decide for us." Dear good woman! as if she would not watch carefully on which side was the majority, and how ready she would be to join with it; for be it known, when there are seven daughters in a house, no matter what may be their age, the father very properly is in the minority.

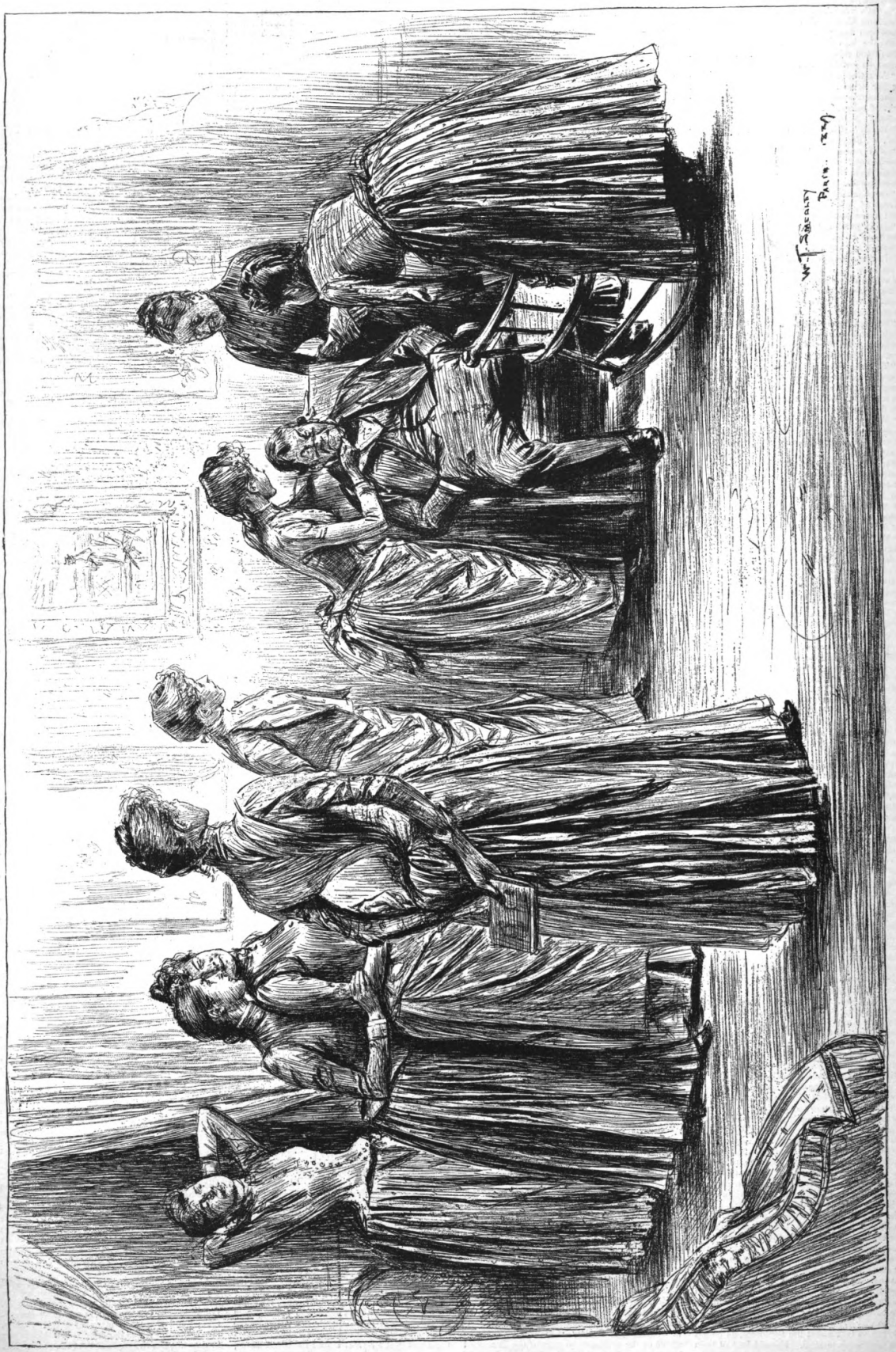
So in Mr. Smedley's happy sketch the girls have held a preliminary caucus, and very cleverly they have managed it. You can see at a glance that this little battalion is of one mind, and equipped with happy wiles and cajoleries. They have at once agreed on a leader and a lieutenant. Very judicious has been the choice. Alice (why disclose her age?), she is the eldest, but Fanny and Gertrude are the youngest. "Now, mind," Alice had said to Fanny and Gertrude—"now, little girls, do just as I tell you. Gertrude, you close with papa and kiss him; and if he looks glum, kiss him again. And you, Fanny, take a chair right opposite to him, and look at him imploringly, and don't you budge from there. Fanny, I need not instruct you. You are a natural wheedler. Be ever so sweet and taking. As for the rest of us, don't think we won't back you up. Now listen. I propose a higher flight this time than you ever dreamt of. It's Paris. We have—that is, Bertha, Clara, Daisy, Eugenia—laid it all out. Oh! mamma; she is with us, of course. Question of expense? Oh, now, really it will not come to so very much more than if we went to Saratoga. It must be done—adroitly, simultaneously. Don't you all talk at once at papa. Each one can have her turn. Dear old papa! He will have to give in; but so much depends on opening the business properly. Now, 'mademoiselles, *en place*,' and don't some of you forget to bring in the great advantages of acquiring the most necessary of all languages, which is French. Don't for your lives talk dresses and things. Say we are prepared to go just as we are. Once on the other side, we can't, you know, go mooning around like Indians in blankets. Now, girls, ready? Strike, then, for your altars and your fires, which is Paris and the Exhibition." It was a warm, a thrilling speech.

First, sweet Gertie put one of her pretty soft hands on her father's chin, steadied his old face with the other hand, tipped his glasses over his nose, and then kissed him, and Fanny moved with her battery straight in front of him. Had the mother connived with the daughters as a reenforcement? It looked as if she had. Then the action began. "Paris, papa. Oh, please! Everybody we know is going, and we will be so good when we come back."

Wily old papa! he had actually been expecting it. Dear old man, as if he lived for anything else than to anticipate their wishes! But of course it would have been undignified for him to have given in at once. It was a delight to have them all pleading so, and to be kissed and fondled when he seemed to yield a point, and to be further kissed and fondled when he apparently hesitated. Then Fanny said something ever so funny: how she would teach papa French, and bid him repeat after her, like a good little boy, the opening line in *Télémaque*, which she had learned on purpose for the occasion. Papa laughed, called her "a sly puss," and then, with really less of a struggle than was anticipated, though "Do, papa, take us to Paris!" had been repeated in various keys, the battle was won. Battle suggests a loss on one side. There was no loss.

"What a charming family of Americans!" said an admiring and statistical Frenchman, as the whole party moved about, laughing and chattering, following one another in the Paris Exposition; "and there are many of them. Such a country, with such an increasing population, must in time acquire the supremacy of the world. But sept demoiselles! c'est beaucoup."

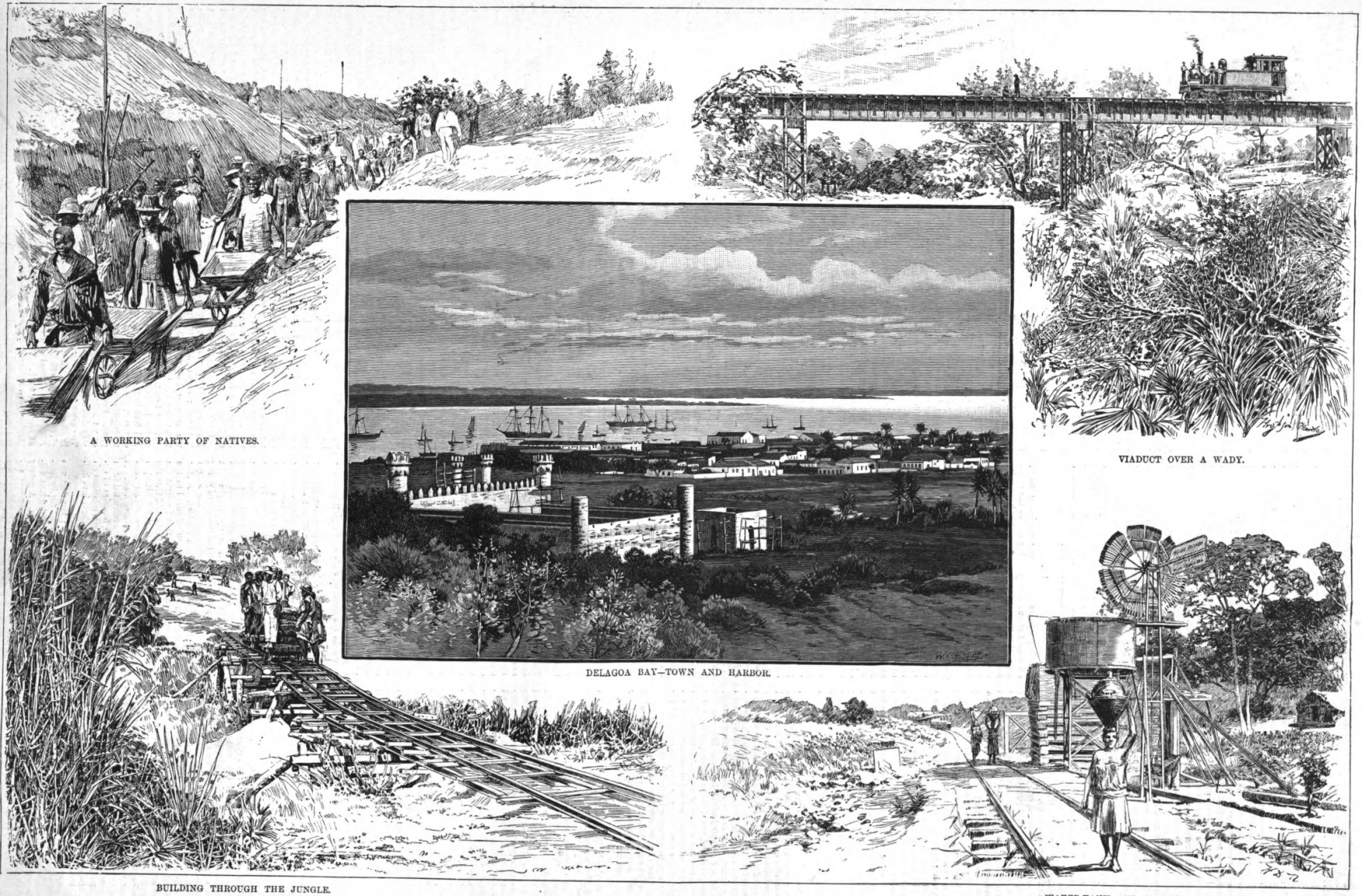
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"YOU WILL TAKE US TO PARIS, PAPA?"—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 575.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A WORKING PARTY OF NATIVES.

VIADUCT OVER A WADY.

DELAGOA BAY—TOWN AND HARBOR.

BUILDING THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

WATER-TANK AND WATER-CARRIERS.

THE SOURCE OF THE DISPUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL—DELAGOA BAY AND ITS RAILROAD.—From Photographs.—[See Page 575.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

A LANDSMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF THE GREAT NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

I.

In the summer of 1888 the British government sought to demonstrate to the world in general, and to Germany in particular, that her navy was in good fighting condition. For some time prior to this effort the public mind had been much disturbed by statements emanating from responsible quarters to the effect that England's boasted naval supremacy was largely upon paper, and that she was liable to be rudely awakened from a pleasant dream in the event of a great war. To allay this feeling, and at the same time vindicate the naval administration of the country, it was determined to call out an unusually large force of war vessels, and have them operate over an indefinite period of time, according to the accepted rules of naval warfare. The ships, guns, and men were to be well tested, and money enough was furnished to do the thing handsomely.

The general scheme of the manœuvres was to prove that England could keep a German fleet of corresponding vessels from leaving Bremen or Hamburg, providing that England had seven ships to Germany's five. About seventy vessels of war were therefore put into commission and divided into two squadrons, in the proportion of five to seven, one to represent England, the other to represent the navy which England proposed to shut up in its home port. It was treated as a foregone conclusion that the "Seven" Squadron would effectually prove superior to the "Five" Squadron, and thus once for all stop the mouths of the members of Parliament who persisted in alarming the country as to the relative weakness of the British navy.

The result of the sham war was, however, directly opposed to the fond anticipations of the Lords of the Admiralty. Admiral Baird, in command of Squadron Seven, failed completely in his attempt to blockade Admiral Tryon's Squadron Five, and in consequence the towns of the tight little island were technically pillaged all along the coast from the tip-top of Scotland to the lodging-houses of Brighton. Of course such an ending created a wide-spread feeling of surprise and disappointment among the people.

No foreign attaché was allowed on any of the ships engaged, and even the officers of foreign birth who were attached to the ships for special instruction were left behind on this occasion. One of the principal London daily newspapers offered me the opportunity of witnessing the manœuvres from the flag-ship of Admiral Tryon's Squadron Five as their special correspondent, an offer I accepted with pleasure, after warning them, however, that I knew nothing of the naval trade, and was a Yankee into the bargain. Both of these statements, instead of alarming the manager of this conservative paper, appeared, on the contrary, to promise impartial despatches, and from the complimentary language he used when I called upon him at the close of the "war," I judge that I had not wholly disappointed their expectations.

II.

Portland, England, unlike its namesake on the Maine coast, is a place that excites no interest in the tourist, and may be said to be alive only when some men-of-war rendezvous there. When I first saw it from the railway, it seemed as though we had reached a seaport town of importance, for the roadstead was crowded with the ships of the "Five" Squadron; nine iron-clads, eleven cruisers, and twelve torpedo-boats, a total of about 80,000 fighting tons, all scurrying to complete final arrangements, for the signal to sail was imminent. An officer of the *Hercules* took me under his protection as we left the train. At the landing-stage a heavy ship's launch was in waiting, and we immediately puffed away over the short waves of the harbor to the flag-ship, threading our course between iron monsters of all sizes and shapes.

Hardly a type of war craft that was not represented—the *Rodney*, of 9700 tons, with her armor 18 inches thick, at whose launching I had been present only three years before, was anchored close to the *Black Prince*, with armor only 4½ inches thick, and guns but half the weight of her neighbor's; and yet in 1861 the *Black Prince* was looked upon as a very powerful vessel. The torpedo-boats, lying close to the water, looked like mysterious and devilish pieces of mechanism, the torpedo cruisers almost as bad. The battle-ships *Hero* and *Rupert* looked as though built up from the bottom of the harbor. In fact, the only vessels that seemed seaworthy were the comfortable old-fashioned central-battery ships, whether unarmored cruisers or battle-ships mattered little. The rest look like, and are, in fact, complicated machine-shops, that do, it is true, move on the water, but do so somewhat under protest, much as a dog who is made to stand on his hind-legs—he does it, but does not enjoy it.

The flag-ship *Hercules*, to which I am accredited by the Admiralty, is a splendid specimen of the full-rigged fighting ship, central battery, plenty of deck room, easy in a seaway, thoroughly reliable, twenty years old, and much poohpoohed by the present generation, who admire no war vessel that is not a bunch of puzzles in electricity, steam, and hydraulics. I may anticipate by saying that most of the very modern war ships —torpedo-boats, torpedo catchers, and torpedo cruisers—failed in these manœuvres to do what was expected of them, through a series of accidents, but the venerable *Hercules* and other plain unfashionable vessels behaved admirably.

The commander of the *Hercules*, an eccentric though witital good-hearted officer, received me with gruff good-nature, roared out one or two unintelligible words of command that rolled along the gun-decks like juvenile thunder peals, and handed me over to two blue-jackets, who loaded themselves with my luggage, and led the way to the stern battery. The after-gun had been hauled in from the stern port on the gun-deck; a species of canvas partition had been made to simulate a cabin; a hospital hammock swung in the middle of this space; a clothes-line represented my chest of drawers, the deck served as washstand, and in dressing for dinner I had to stub my toes many times in the brass run of the gun-carriage before acquiring the agility demanded by these improvised quarters. The ventilation, I must own, was abundant, one distinct advantage I possessed over all the officers in the ship that had to sleep in the poisonous spaces below the gun-deck. Poor fellows! I pitied them, for when I went down there early in the morning the air was as foul as in a transatlantic steerage, and those who slept in it awoke with a coppery taste in their mouths. The health of all the officers who slept below the gun-deck of the *Hercules* suffered, as it necessarily would, from living in a dungeon that is dark all day and devoid of air at night. The quarters of the admiral, however, occupy not only all the space under the poop, but a section of the gun-deck as well, an arrangement that forces the bulk of the officers to live in a manner prejudicial to health.

III.

Thirty officers compose our wardroom mess, all seated at one table running across the cabin allotted to them. The chairman, as the head, raps his gavel, thirty heads bow into their plates, the chaplain mumbles a form of grace, and the dinner is begun. Immediately before the dessert and "wine" the gavel of the chairman is again heard, and a second mumbling from the parson indicates that the mess is giving thanks for the food partaken of. The dinner at this point is over so far as food is concerned, but decanters of port, sherry, and massala are now sent from right to left, commencing with the chairman, until they have passed the whole extent of the mess and return to their places at the head of the table. All glasses being presumably brimful, the chairman solemnly fixes with his eyes the officer seated at the foot of the long table, raises his wine, and says, solemnly, "Mr. Vice—The Queen!" The gentleman thus addressed raises in like manner his glass, gives the table a sweeping glance, and in accents equally portentous says, "Gentlemen—The Queen!" Thirty thirsty mariners take up the words—"The Queen!"—toss off the liquor of their choice, refill, and proceed to general conversation—one, by-the-way, which not uncommonly turns upon the Queen's stinginess toward the "service" in general, and the officers of the navy in particular.

The admiral, the captain, the flag-lieutenant, and admiral's secretary—all these are deemed too valuable to place at the same table with the rest of the officers. They have a dining-room to themselves on the deck above, a well-lighted, well-ventilated space. They have a separate cook and steward, and of course much better fare. It struck me that the presence of the captain in the midst of his fellow-officers at dinner could do him little harm, and must do the others much good. It should conduce to sympathy between different grades, and lead to profitable conversation at table. Any one who remembers the venerable and much-beloved Professor Kendrick at the head of the West Point mess-table, will recognize the many ways in which a dignified and respected chairman can influence for good a table surrounded by younger and less experienced men. The captain of the *Hercules*, I was happy to hear, favored one mess for all officers, while the admiral did not. Opinion in the navy is divided on the subject, some thinking that admirals and captains should conceal themselves like the Mikados of old in order to heighten veneration for their orders; while more humane officers believe that admiration for worthy superiors grows with personal contact, and that inferior men only need shun the society of those whom they are called upon to command.

In the German service the captain is a constant stimulus to professional discussion on the part of his officers, and, needless to say, all take a pride in acquitting themselves well in the presence of such a judge. As compared to the German or American service, the English seems to evoke little discussion of a purely scientific nature around the mess-table—at least if the *Hercules* can form the basis of such a sweeping generalization.

Dress for dinner is, of course, compulsory amongst Englishmen, ashore or afloat; and our dinners were always very formal affairs, involving considerable display of white linen, and corresponding ingenuity on the part of the younger officers in carrying the necessary amount in their regulation chests. On a six weeks' cruise the opportunities afforded by the laundry are few; and I grieve to say that many a soiled shirt front appeared night after night at the resplendent mess-table, not merely upon the bosoms of young engineer lieutenants, but even upon the sacred breast of the Queen's chaplain himself. A flaw in the evening dress line is so criminal in the eyes of the English gentleman that I sought the explanation of what I saw, and was told that the relation of the executive officers, the fighters, to the civilian officers of the engineer and paymaster branch, is not of the most agreeable kind. It was pointed out that engineers are recruited from a class of people with whom the families of executive officers can have scant social relations on shore, and that therefore to force them into intimacy on board ship is not fair.

As to the food, it was not good; but that was the cook's fault, and partially atoned for by having at meals twelve servants in resplendent uniforms to pass the food, such as it was. A greasy soup came first, then an *entrée* of uncertain ancestry, followed by the last course, which consisted of a huge joint, accompanied by the irrepressible potatoes and greens. Cheese and biscuit took the place of dessert. On rare occasions a deep dish tart of apple or gooseberry was launched from the pantry, but it rarely went more than half-way around. Our table-cloth was usually unappetizingly dirty. The presence of the admiral or captain at dinner would have made the meal at least a fairly good one, and no admiral needs better food than suffices for his youngest lieutenant.

The mess was run by a messman, who is allowed fifty cents a day per head—twenty-five cents a head by the government, and twenty-five cents a head from each member. This amount is supposed to be sufficient to feed a British officer in a country where food is about as expensive as in New York. Messmen have the reputation of dying rich, but if they do it cannot be by the most honest means. Our messman supplied us with a persistent stream of bad eggs, poor butter, and awful coffee. He did not supply jam or cocoa gratis, but allowed members of the mess to buy of him at a liberal commission for himself. He received corkage on all wine drunk, and had the monopoly on the trade in beer and mineral waters. The bar-room receipts, it may be inferred, largely dominated those from all other sources combined, for the very badness of his food induced the thirst that made his bar business profitable.

The mess-room was below the gun-deck, and that below the admiral's quarters. What light we had at breakfast or lunch came through a skylight. Cabins of officers, with very small parts, opened into the room, and so bad was the ventilation that in the forenoon the air was unpleasant. Far from wondering that some of the officers occasionally felt indisposed, it is strange that any of them felt fit for duty. Bad air at night and bad food by day are two evils that unite most powerfully in driving men to the consolations of brandy and soda.

IV.

The only room on board where the officers below the rank of captain could congregate to sing a song, smoke a pipe, or play a quiet game of whist was one on the gun-deck no larger than that given to the admiral's secretary for his office alone. In this den it was not possible to get all who were entitled to its privileges, but as many as could crowded in night after night to join in a good strong chorus; to listen to the violin of the torpedo lieutenant, the 'cello of the assistant surgeon, or, best of all, the pathetic song of the portly paymaster to the piano accompaniment of the lieutenant of marines—a song whose chorus, as I remember it, ran:

"I never thought she could be false,
Or ever prove untrue,
As we sailed away from Milford Bay
Aboard the *Kangaroo*."

No naval officer, of course, ever complains of his food, his quarters, his ship, or his admiral, whatever he may find to grumble at in the government in general and the Admiralty in particular. Everything that I here find fault with is therefore on my own account, reflecting what the officers feel, but do not say. One of my friends, for instance, who has been eight years a commissioned officer, still sleeps on the gun-deck in a hammock, without even the privacy of a small cabin. His dressing and undressing are done in public on the deck, where men are cleaning their accoutrements and the stewards scraping fish. His whole wardrobe and toilet arrangement is comprised in a chest smaller than many a lady's trunk; on the top tray of this rests his washbasin, and against its lid is hung his hand-glass. Two candles relieved the darkness of this region on the occasion of my visit, the result of which was so unsatisfactory that one could not tell, without feeling, where the hair was parted, where the cravat was tied, where the shaving had taken place, or whether the shirt front was clean or otherwise. All this to me seemed a relic of barbarous times, but many an English gentleman of to-day will tell you that this darkness and discomfort is one of the elements in completing the education of the perfect officer.

V.

Our blockaded squadron, which I call Squadron Five, to distinguish it from the blockading one, Squadron Seven, was divided into two divisions, one of which took shelter in a bay on the northwest end of Ireland, while ours set about defending itself in Bantry Bay, at the southwest end.

We anchored between a long narrow island and the main-land of Ireland, and promptly proceeded to defend each end of this miniature Long Island Sound by stretching at each end steel hawsers supported on booms and casks, sinking torpedoes and erecting shore batteries to protect the ends of the cables from marauding parties that might attempt to land on a thick night and emulate the fame of the immortal Lieutenant Cushing.

Our division consisted here of the armor-clads *Hercules*, 8680 tons; *Ajax*, 8510 tons; *Warspite*, 7390 tons; *Rupert*, 5440 tons; *Hero*, 6200 tons; the cruisers *Volage*, 3080 tons; *Cossack*, 1630 tons; *Iris*, 3730 tons; *Severn*, 3550 tons; *Sandfly*, 450 tons; and six torpedo-boats (built between 1885–7) of about 75 tons displacement, 125 feet long, 12½ feet wide, and 4 feet draught of water. These carried each 4 torpedo tubes, 2 three-pounder machine guns, 3 one-inch machine guns. Each was officially registered as capable of 22 knots, although in an ordinary easy seaway they could not probably do half that amount. The armament of these little boats was frequently altered during the manœuvres, but what I have given is what is officially expected of them. The *Sandfly* was classed as a cruiser, but proved unfit for such work. The *Cossack*, another of the *Archer* type of torpedo cruisers of the most modern construction, did not realize the promises of her projectors.

Of the big battle ships the *Ajax* carried as high as 18 inches of armor; *Hero*, 12; *Rupert*, 14; *Warspite*, 12; *Hercules*, 9. Our heaviest monitors launched in 1883—*Amphitrite*, *Monarch*, *Monadnock*, *Puritan*, and *Terror*—have 11½ inches as their maximum. This by way of comparison.

Supposing now that a United States fleet was in Long Island Sound, aware of the presence outside of a blockading squadron superior to them in the ratio of seven to five, the situation would be somewhat that of Squadron Five at Bantry Bay. We should probably seek to obstruct the South not only at Hell Gate, but at Montauk Point as well, and await an opportunity when we could slip through the hostile blockade, and send our fast cruisers to prey upon the enemy's commerce. This was exactly what Admiral Tryon sought to do.

The torpedo-boats as well as steam-launches from the different ships went out night after night to patrol the neighboring waters, gather information about the movements of the enemy, and if possible cut off some of their vessels bound on similar errands. Occasionally some of our larger ships went out by day to feel the enemy's strength, and at least give them some trouble. They had to watch night as well as day, and the more we could annoy them by feints and false alarms, the more chance was there that our efforts would be successful when the time came to fight our way out in earnest. On an eminence facing the sea, upon an abandoned martello tower constructed during the Napoleonic wars, we had stationed a guard of blue-jackets, who signalled to us the news from the off-shore squadron by means of flags in the daytime, at night by flashing lanterns. The coast-guard stations along the coast kept us also apprised of the movements of the enemy in other quarters, where and when they coaled, the source of their supplies, and where they made their repairs. In this way we also learned how the other division of our squadron in the north, at Lough Swilly, was doing. The batteries erected on shore were manned also with blue-jackets, who kept a strict watch at night, went into camp in soldier fashion, and, to make assurance doubly sure, stretched most delicate electric wires in the neighborhood of their camps, in order that an automatic alarm would sound upon the approach of any blundering footstep.

One night a dissipated frog, returning at a late hour to his domestic puddle not far from the extremity of one of the submarine mines, leaned for support upon one of these wires. He was not merely promptly galvanized, but roused the whole neighborhood in alarm. Out ran the guard from the tent, the sentry cocked his rifle and awaited the rush, the call to arms resounded on all the men-of-war, the ominous clicking of metallic implements ran like a patter of hail over the surface of the harbor, the electric searchlights played upon every cranny of the rocky shores, and—the conviction slowly stole over the fleet that some mistake had been made, and, so far as froggy was concerned, the mistake was certainly a fatal one.

VI.

In real war the number of killed and wounded, as well as the number of ships disabled, serve to indicate who comes out ahead in the different stages of the war. But for times of peace rules have to be observed, in order to insure fair play. In Germany, during the great manœuvres on land between army corps, a staff of umpires is organized sufficiently large to cover all emergencies, and so well trained in their duties that the least possible friction is created between the contesting sides. Well-established principles of military probability are adopted, and the decisions are rendered, not only in strict conformity to the probabilities of actual warfare, but, what is of the greatest importance, *immediately*.

During the naval manœuvres of which I am speaking, a continuous source of irritation arose from the lack of umpiring. Four gentlemen were assigned for this duty, one upon the flag-ship of each division. As the flag-ship is commonly the heaviest of the fleet, and as most of the active work is done by small cruisers and torpedo-boats at a distance from the iron-clads, it so happened that our umpires saw scarcely any of the engagements about which disputes arose. As the Admiralty assigned them to their respective flag-ships, they did not feel called upon to go on any other, and in consequence, at the end of the manœuvres, they could, with a clear conscience, say that they had managed to be of as much use as though they had staid ashore. Our men came in with reports of having met this, that, and the other hostile craft, and having constructively smashed her to pieces by ram, torpedo, and guns. Our umpire would thereupon demand that said hostile craft be delivered over to us, or at least be withdrawn from further activity in the war. In each case our umpire rested upon the evidence of the participants, and in nearly every case his pretensions were poohpoohed by the other side. In the heat of an engagement both sides are apt to exaggerate the situation in their own favor, and it is just at such times that the services of a cool umpire are most needed. We were, therefore, engaged in a war game without umpires to enforce such rules as alone could make the game of interest.

The rules, as laid down by the Lords of the Admiralty, contain such provisions as these:

"No gun is to be fired until ships are within 4000 yards by day or 2000 by night, and no ship is to approach within 1000 yards of an enemy's ship."

In the absence of trained umpires it can easily be seen how many errors of judgment might be the outcome of this rule alone.

"Should, however, one squadron prove to be incontestably superior numerically to the other, then if the stronger force can maintain a position

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

within three miles of the enemy for two hours, this is to be considered as evidence of the ability of the superior force to bring on an action, and to have gained the advantage in the engagement.

"If two iron-clads can succeed in getting within 3000 yards from a single iron-clad, and maintain such position for two hours, then the single iron-clad is to be considered to be put out of action.

"If an armor-clad or protected vessel can approach an enemy's vessel at anchor in an unfortified port within a distance of 2000 yards by day or night, the vessel so caught at anchor is considered to have been rammed and put out of action.

"A single torpedo-boat attacking will be put out of action when she has been under continuous fire for three minutes within a distance of 2000 yards."

I quote but a few examples by way of illustration. They are well enough as far as they go, but, like all rules, depend upon application for their value. Our umpires might have been spared the necessity of mastering their details, for the provisions of this code had as little effect upon the "war" as the resolutions of the Cobden Club upon the German Reichstag. But upon the umpires themselves the rules did fall with oppressive weight. They never turned into their bunks without anticipating a call on deck an hour or two before dawn. Any moment might be the occasion for him to judge between excited parties; day and night he had to be within call, and for every decision one party at least would be dissatisfied.

VII.

The afternoon of the 3d of August was a serious one to the fleet blockaded in Bantry. All the ships had filled their bunkers from the colliers that had come with us from Portland; the many small boats that abounded about the *Hercules* had been hauled on board and made snug for a cruise; the heavy metal crinoline that hangs from the sides of an iron-clad to protect it from torpedoes was raised, and the booms lashed to the ship's side. Black paint had been used on all the ships, so that in the darkness they could with difficulty be made out. Dinner passed off as usual, but afterward, instead of repairing to the smoking-room, officers hurried to dress for night work. The nine-o'clock gun, followed by the melancholy bugle calls, tokens usually of sweet sleep to follow, on this night meant hard work, and plenty of it; for no sooner had the bleak mountains about us absorbed their echoes than we were under way, steaming into the blackness in a ghostly black line of iron-clads and cruisers, the torpedo-boats going ahead to give warning in case a surprise was being prepared for us.

All the lights in the fleet were carefully concealed, even my white yachting cap and canvas shoes called for a suspicious growl from our conscientious commander. The signal-house was draped in sombre bunting to prevent a ray escaping, and even the binnacle was carefully covered with canvas. The guns were ready for action—every fighting man at his station. Wherever I moved in the darkness, it was to stumble upon groups of blue-jackets and marines crouched behind coils of ropes and spars, each man at his post, and catching what sleep he could before the attack should sound.

Below, on the table where we had dined but a few minutes ago, was displayed a full set of surgical implements, our two surgeons, with their staff of hospital assistants having arranged for the reception of any that might need help, from vaseline to sawing a leg off. Nor could I help feeling that the risk involved in manœuvring in the dark a large fleet of iron-clads and torpedo-boats justified all the preparations made.

As it happened, the great *Ajax* nearly ran us down, for she had misunderstood one of our signals, and kept on while we were backing astern. Fortunately the critical situation was discovered before it was too late, and we started ahead full speed, while the *Ajax* reversed, and thus escaped, though at one time we were close enough to have jumped from one to the other.

Slowly and silently we moved out toward where the enemy had been last seen from the signal tower, our three fast ships, *Warspite*, *Iris*, and *Severn*, taking the northerly, the rest of us the southerly, direction. Our object was to draw attention from these three escaping parties by drawing fire upon ourselves, and it was not long before our opportunity came in the shape of a silver streak on the black water, which we immediately recognized as the wake of a torpedo-boat. "Fire into the torpedo-boat," came the sharp, quick order from the bridge; and at once there blazed along the whole port side such a volley of small-arms and machine guns as must have sunk any torpedo-boat within a mile. In a moment afterward, however, the enemy whistled to indicate that she had discharged her torpedo, whereupon she indicated her whereabouts by a Holmes light. A light at the head of the torpedo gave us the welcome information that we had not been hit, the missile having gone astern of us. The torpedo-boat had evidently miscalculated our speed, for we were then doing twelve knots. The shot, however, was made under most favorable circumstances, in smooth water, close to the target, and a very large target at that. Surely if failure can result under such favorable conditions, torpedoes may be looked upon as bugaboos for real war. During all these manœuvres I am not aware that more than one torpedo managed to do any damage out of the dozens that attempted to do so.

When the hostile torpedo-boat had satisfied itself that its shot had missed, away it steamed into the darkness to give the alarm to the blockading squadron. Electric search-lights soon commenced playing upon us, we meanwhile crowding on all steam to southward, and firing our heavy guns as rapidly as possible. The confusion of the enemy we heightened still further by a multiplicity of rocket signals, and the sending of beams of electric light across their own, so that they were puzzled to read the signals of their own ships, and could but imperfectly profit by the light cast from their own electric searchers. Meanwhile the shots to the northward came fainter and fainter; we realized that the bulk of the enemy had concentrated upon us, had been completely outwitted, and had let our three fast vessels escape to the north. Now, therefore, we turn in under the shadow of the coast and put about for home, having given a two hours' start to *Warspite*, *Severn*, and *Iris*. By midnight the battle is over, and we are soon afterward in our bunks, sound asleep.

Two nights afterward the remainder of the ships escape as easily as did the first, and unite at Lough Swilly, in the north of Ireland, discovering, to their pleasant surprise, that the blockading squadron had given up the idea of keeping us locked up in port, and had gone off to protect English ports against the depredations of such as had already got loose.

VIII.

After a week of technical devastation to British commerce, Squadron Five repaired to Lough Swilly to renew its strength by putting coal into the bunkers of the twenty vessels of all shapes and sizes that then constituted its fighting strength. The Admiralty had requested information as to the best means of coaling at sea; they got none. Our highest result was forty-five tons in an hour, hoisting sacks with a derrick from the collier that came alongside, although the average was about thirty-six and a half tons an hour. Coaling by means of baskets carried on the heads of black women, as at St. Thomas, is much quicker than this. A small fortune awaits the man who invents a means of coaling at sea.

THE PERILS OF PETER DUFF.

I DID not hear him enter. Nervous as I was, I should have appreciated the foot-fall of a cat. He did not burst upon me. He rose up as if he had control of a theatrical trap worked through the carpeted floor.

There was my writing-table, littered with books. The limit of my horizon used to be a garden, seen through the window; now the figure of a great lank, ominously faced man blocked the light.

How did he get there? He did not glare at me, but veiled his eyes, concentrating their fell powers under half-closed lids. Clad in a seedy black coat, he stood motionless, like to a rusty-feathered crow, and said, in a croak that was startling enough, at least for me, "You are Peter Duff."

There was no inflection of an interrogatory character in those dread words. I have a well-trained ear, sensitive to an intonation. I should have detected hesitancy had he raised the pitch of his squawk the fraction of a note. He made no gesture; there was no facial movement. He simply had that concentration of vocal expression a man employs when he announces an irrevocable, undisputable fact.

I might have floundered in vain expostulations, empty explanations, that I was not Peter Duff, but I knew such efforts would be useless. I felt no inclination to wrangle over my identity. There crept over me the certainty of some former condition. What I was positive about was that I had been discovered. "Found out at last—at last!" was the despairing refrain that kept repeating itself in my mind. Yes, there arose some slight distress, but only that of a baffled curiosity. What was the particular specific culpability of Peter Duff? What had he done? For what was he to be brought to book?

I felt intense hatred toward the man who had trailed me—that rage which makes a cornered rat turn and try to bite his pursuer—but as I looked at the great, gaunt, big-boned man who towered over me, I knew at once how unequal would have been the combat.

I rapidly ran over the words the man had uttered, and I came to this fixed conclusion: I was the villain who, despite disguises, the avenger had at last unearthed. But why had he not put a heavy hand on my shrinking shoulder, and said, "Justice claims her own?" Or to his sepulchral, "You are Peter Duff," why not have added the *de rigueur* exclamatory, "Ha! ha?"

I looked at him in a furtive way. Was the bulge in his side-pocket caused by the stock of a pistol? His long black coat hung down so straight that I felt sure it was weighted at the skirts with a pair of handcuffs.

The man looked remorseless. Had he blinked, I might have hoped for a chance. Had he changed in the least the form of those words, "You are Peter Duff," I would have grappled with him. But he never weakened. He was as if of bronze, as is a statue, that, for ever and ever asserting a thing, never budges from its pedestal.

I was speechless. Silence meant consent. I ran back quickly, during a few painful seconds, over all the facts which might account for his presence.

If there had been a clang of the bell! Then, perhaps, the servant would have told him that Peter Duff did not live there. I never, as far as I remembered, had been confidential with either my wife or Bella as to my antecedents. Still, in an unguarded moment I might have been, for men will babble in their dreams. Had—had they an inkling of that doubly-dyed villain the one woman called husband, the other master?

I knew he was to come sooner or later. It was inevitable, preordained, and how futile, I thought, were all my deeply laid schemes! Of what avail twistings and doublings? Who was it, to use the common slang of the day—who was it who had given me away? Who among my former pals had peached? Had I or had I not been a fairly honorable scoundrel? When had I chuckled? That was years on years ago, when the last man Jack of them was hanged, on secret evidence I had sent the State prosecutor. Then, of course, I had reformed. How came I to be suspected, after all?

How silly it was of me in such a moment, when the cold sweat was oozing out of every pore of my body, to keep repeating an old Turkish proverb, "The sword of the Sultan grows and grows, and circles and sweeps and sweeps and circles, until it cuts off the head of the offender!"

All these thoughts trooped through my brain and jostled one another, but no question as to the denying of my identity presented itself. I was positive now that that fiendish man had my exact description. There would be witnesses who would come into the obscurest of police courts, and at once, unhesitatingly, point finger at me among a crowd of other men, and scream at me, "That is Peter Duff!"

Escape! I thought out a feeble plan. There was a Japanese paper-knife on the table, but of so soft an alloy that it would double in the cutting of a thick leaf. How would the killing of him have helped me now?

If the man would only say something more! Fortunately he did, or I would have gone mad.

"Mr. Duff, we will proceed to business."

The construction of that brief but guarded sentence brought some slight relief. The tension was momentarily loosened. He had mistered and mastered me. It was the mock courtesy adopted by the emissaries of justice; that cruelest of all small wit. Is it not recorded that Vidocq, when he struck down his quarry, the most murdering of men, said, "*Mon cher*, we will proceed to cut off your curly head with grace and despatch"?

Knowing every loop and tangle in the skein of my life, he would now proceed to unravel it. Evidently he would enjoy playing with me as a cat does with a mouse.

"I want your particular attention," said the man.

Had I been pretending to be an idiot? Had I, with devilish cunning, assumed the cretinism of imperturbable innocence?

"How clever I must be," I thought to myself, "to appear callous!" For the moment my vanity was tickled. What wonderful resources I must possess! What *sang-froid!* Here had I been stretched on a mental rack, and yet with such control over my twittering nerves that I actually came up smiling. "I must smile," I said to myself; "it belongs to the part." I did try to smile, and was particular as to the putting in of the least shading of mockery. I might outwit him yet, if I seemed perfectly at my ease, and yet no squirming wretch in the dark chamber of the Inquisition leaning forward to catch the whispered mumbling of the judge could have given more attention.

He was going to lay before me, in a gradual way, all the sickening details of my murders. It might have been not the last one, but some one before the last. How many had I committed? Who knew better than I that the perpetration of crime varies according to circumstances, the accidents of the surroundings? I consoled myself with the idea that there was no fixed scheme for murdering.

Had I, though, been actuated by greed or revenge? What a black record had been mine! Which trait had been predominant—the cruelty of the tiger or the maliciousness of the ape? Had I been dull, inattentive as to the effacing of my tracks?

Could they have—fished—out—of—the—East River the—black-handled—knife? Was it black or white? We had eleven kitchen knives—so my wife had told me. Would that knife, of the precise shape and form, make up the dozen? But then salt-water rusts steel so rapidly. Yes, there had been corrosive-sublimate in the house, used for domestic purposes. My wife might say that much to save me; but would she stick to it under the ordeal of a rigid cross-examination?

There was motion on the part of the man. He drew a black, greasy note-book out of his pocket, and applied the end of a stubby pencil to his lips. He was prepared to take down my deposition.

"Silence is my only escape," I said. "He never can extort a syllable from me." If I open my mouth, I was positive that I must criminate myself. Duff was a precious villain and deserved hanging, but Duff was no fool. "Dead men tell no tales," and live ones would not be dead ones had they the gift of reticence.

"I never give any more trouble than I can help, Mr. Duff," said the man.

He wanted to wheedle me. It was an insidious attempt on his part to be specious. I caught my tongue between my teeth and bit it. I bit it harder than I intended, until it hurt me. I felt mentally abased at my inability to suffer so little a pain without wincing. If I was a villain, I was a poltroon. I was losing even my self-respect, that heroism which any decent criminal should possess.

"Not wanting to give trouble, Higgins & Haggins must have their money, and we expect you to pay it. The items are: three-quarters of a dozen of shirts, and a half-dozen pairs of hose for Mrs. Duff, with other things. Bill sold in 1885, and you have been putting off the account for some years."

I knew it. In my wild career of crime I had the habit of rushing to fashionable "gents' furnishing goods" establishments, and in magnificent style purchasing at one time a shop windowful. With the recklessness of a Brummel, I would buy an assortment of ties, and never wear the same "four-in-hand" twice. What on earth had urged me to indulge in gorgeous dressing-gowns, smoking, polo caps, and eccentric tennis suits? What could I have ever done with a gross of shirt studs and cuff buttons? Had I been possessed of as many necks as Hydra, were there not in my bureau drawers hundreds on hundreds of dozens of collars sufficient to strangle that monster? And my wife! She had followed me headlong in my reckless course. Could I ever recall having seen a hole in her stocking? Evidently her extravagance had been fostered by me. I had carried her with me over the precipice.

I understood it now. The worst had come. I had been arrested on the eve of my sudden flight to Canada. But an hour more and I would have foiled them. Where had I secreted the carpet-bag so gorged with bank-notes that it was difficult to lock it? I had bruised my fingers in trying to force in the lasp. I had cooked the accounts and dabbled in Wall Street. Oh, the orphans and widows I had beggared! Of what avail to have steered a boom, to have breasted a panic? And still, had I but a single week before me, by means of our syndicate or a trust I should have sucked the whole street into my pool.

"Duff, you acknowledge the debt. You will pay it." He had the same tone of asseveration. "This day month there shall be a settlement. See the figure. You know it." He did not ask me to look at the total. It was taken for granted that I knew it. "You know it to a cent," he concluded. He built up his sentence in granite blocks.

I felt convinced that I did know the total, for when he snapped a rubber band about the book the elastic closed to like a steel-trap around my throbbing temples, and within my head there circled now an interminable line of figures.

I must have nodded, or he took my expression of mental collapse, my falling jaw, to intimate assent.

He toyed with the book again, slobbered with the pencil, rattled it between yellow teeth, protrusive, like those of a rodent, and then wrote down a date. I think he showed it to me, for, he said: "You see plainly enough. This day month is the 27th of July. It is agreed, Duff. Don't forget." He pointed with a dirty finger to a piece on the paper. Forget! forget! How could I forget? He disappeared. How did he get out of the room? What made something mirage-like come and flicker for a while where he had stood, then slowly fade away—return indistinctly, and then melt away?

How my head spun! Forget! Here was I under solemn promise to pay at the end of a month a row of figures standing for dollars of an interminable length. Where was the money to come from? I entertained some very peculiar hopes. Yes; what about that grandaneole of mine, who was last heard of off the coast of Yucatan (*circa* 1803, whom I always believed was a pirate)? Would he reveal the exact spot under the cocoa-nut-tree where he had buried the doubloons? Would that loan my grandfather made Meyer Anselm Rothschild when they were both bag-men be returned, principal and compound interest, after an interval of more than a century? Would a quarter section I held a disputed title for, situate in Georgia, be found packed like a Belgian pavement with diamonds? Could I raise even a part of the sum?

Time—time! that was everything. I remembered another Oriental story, and found a momentary consolation in it. The Sultan said to a wise man, "Since you are so learned, and can do everything, pray teach my ape to recite a verse of Hafiz within the year. Fail, and off goes your head." "Certainly," replied the wise man, who walked away apparently unconcerned. Some friend asked him why he was troubled so little, and this wise man's reply was: "I must have patience, because the chances are really not so much against me. One year is a long time. In the twelvemonth the Sultan might die, or the ape or I." Did that wise man at once arrange to poison the ape or the Sultan? What else could have made him so cocksure?

I studied the grand total of my liabilities, learned what was its proportion to the people of the United States, to the world's population. I laid some very bold schemes. I constructed a martingale, based on the calculation of chances.

I might make myself a political power, settle down on something or other—one of the necessities of life—have it protected, then manufacture it, and prevent anybody else from making or disposing of it. That struck me as the most plausible of all my plans.

Thirty days! That was so short! Business, I said, after all, must have the element of romance, and time for its development. The Italian street-corner vender always will roast pea-nuts, because he is wanting in imagination.

Then my train of thought took another track. "How are great fortunes made?" I asked. Has not Balzac said, "Le secret des grandes fortunes, sans cause apparente, est un crime oublié, parce qu'il a été proprement fait?" If I only dared! All Peter Duff wanted was some little of his former nerve.

Rapidly fled the days. My wife noticed the change in me. I concealed the vulture that was, so to speak, leaving but a veneer of me, a thinner shell that has a Boulak mummy case.

On the morning of the 27th I sat gloomily at my desk. I had found nothing, and yet I looked ahead at the consequences of my default. It would convulse two, perhaps three, continents. If at the coming fair at Nijnii-Novgorod times were hard, I would be the cause of it. Russians, Tartars, Chinese, Armenians, would curse Peter Duff. Knowing that the crash must inevitably come, might I not give the tip to Chicago, New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, of the impending disaster, and induce financiers to go short on the whole products of the globe? But how would that avail me? Logically, it seemed absurd; and yet if men only could they would forestall an earthquake, discount a deluge, and take or give the odds on a cataclysm with the same easy grace as does a book-maker at the Suburban.

When that dread day of reckoning came

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

was fitful, feverish, dazed. Every jingle of the bell would echo through my brain. So far Nemesis had not come, but I knew he was coming. I came to appreciate the exact moment when he looked at a date in his black book. He was striding through the streets. He had taken a horse-car. I could see him reading his paper coolly, calmly, unconcernedly. An accident to a street car? Why are they so rare?

The bell clanged. By the movement down-stairs I knew that Bella Maginnis was disputing with the ice-man as to the bulk of the piece of ice. Bella always was keenly alive to the interests of her employers.

"It's not only a schmal bit, but a dhurty bit besoides, yer a-lavin' me; as if my leddy's money wasn't as bright and clane as onybody ilse's in the strate."

Evidently the ice-man was parsimoniously inflexible, for I heard Bella declare him "a chate."

Then came the grocer's lad, the butcher's boy, who were received and dismissed with fleas in their ears. "And me a-doin' me livil bist to tidy up, a-clanin' this intry flure, and yer a-trampoisin' thru' it."

I suspected a big tub of water somewhere induced disputativeness on her part.

Then the tocsin sounded. My hour had come. There was no reprieve. I waited with bated breath. It was his clutch on the bell-pull. I heard the dreary croak. What were the exact words I did not know. It was only the depressing sound of it I caught. Then an irascible brogue.

"An' oi a-tellin' yer, sor, that Pater Duff — or Daff, is it? — no more lives here than Daffy Pater, by the token that oi've been a-livin' here, man an' bi, for six mortial yares, wid plenty to ate and dhrink, an' wages paid reg'lar. An' it's a-bodderin' me yer are, inthistin' that Duffy, which his Christian name, so sez you, is Pater, lives here, an' me a-talkin' English to yez as he don't, and nivir did, nor will."

"But, my good girl, who does live here, then?" said the voice, in an attempt to soften the croak.

"Oi'm none of yer good gurls, sor, and kape a dacent tongue in yer ugly mouth." Then I heard that wooden oath a door makes when it slams to. Presently there was another ring. It was an accentuated ring, not prolonged.

"See here. It's no use. You are trying to shield this man Duff. He lives here. I saw him. He did not deny it. I am a-coming in."

"A-comin' in, are ye? Divil a bit. Not whilst there's a dhrop of blud to defind me masther and mistress, sor. It's wiolence yer up to, wid yer old carrion carcass. Now just you put out of this. No! Oi won't give ye the shatisfacshun of knowing, sor, who lives here, only his name isn't Pater Duff. What are ye after, onyways, a-hintrodusin' yourself into a gintleman's risidence?"

"He shall feel the power of the law."

I knew I was doomed now. The heroism of that poor girl could avail me no longer. Convicted forger, murderer, defaulter, swindler, I must make a clean breast of it.

Then I heard what sounded like a splash of water—just that swis-s-sh which indubitably follows the flying out (by centrifugal force) of the contents of a tub. I had the courage to look out of the window. I saw a soaking Nemesis. It ran across the street. Something resembling a broom was projected after it. A street car came, and a dripping man shook his fist at the house, and then disappeared.

Folk-lore, as Mr. Andrew Lang informs us, tells over and over again of the regeneration of the man brought about by the means of a little water. This crystal fluid the enchantress or anti-enchantress (as the case may be) invariably holds in the palm of her hand. Bella had broken the spell with a tubful.

My identity came back to me with a rush. I was no longer Peter Duff. It is possible that, having read too much political economy and psychology, there had been a spell of mental confusion, with obliteration of the Ego. And yet I felt sorry for Duff — the same kind of pity a sincere Scotchman expressed for "the Old Diel."

I am not yet quite positive as to whether or not, some time or other, a Peter Duff had not killed an assertive person—not necessarily a collector or house agent—and that the ghost of the murdered man still wanders around. I might have read of a mysterious disappearance, conjured up a flying Dutchman of a collector, who, having sworn a terrible oath to get a payment and failing, still stalks the world.

Said my wife to me that evening: "Dear, I am so glad you are quite yourself again, and have made up your mind to take a holiday. You were getting distressingly morbid. As you say you will do no work for a week, Bella proposes a thorough overhauling of your study; and what a good and faithful creature she is, and anticipates all our wishes!"

"A paragon," I replied, expansively.

"If she has a fault, it is a certain acerbity shown to strangers, especially on scrubbing days. Sometimes I am afraid she is a trifle too vivacious."

"Is she?" I asked, innocently.

"It is too absurd," continued my wife. "There was a horrid-looking man here to-day, who showed such persistence about something or other that Bella lost her temper, and she threw something at the man. I must tell her to be more careful."

"My love, pray say not a word to Bella, at least on this occasion. She was acting Perseus to my Andromeda."

"But Perseus was a man."

"So he was. I reverse the rôles, that's all."



MURAL STATUE IN HIGH RELIEF OF EX-PRESIDENT McCOSH, OF PRINCETON, BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSE, PRINCETON.

"Well, dear, I never did pretend to follow you in your mythological allusions."

BARNET PHILLIPS.

ST. GAUDENS'S MURAL STATUE OF DR. McCOSH.

"I HAVE finished my work as President of this college; I have written the last volume of my philosophy. My labors seem to be ended; but I don't like to be idle; I like to work. I am in my seventy-ninth year, but I'll still lecture to the students, and I hope occasionally to write something in defence of my philosophy. There is nothing gives me greater pleasure than to follow the work of my boys—the students who have sat under my teaching. And there are seventy-six of them now occupying important chairs as professors in colleges of this and other countries."

This is a part of what the venerable ex-President McCosh said as he sat in a group of his old students on the Princeton College campus during the recent Commencement. He still showed some traces of the dangerous illness through which he had passed, but his eye was bright, his voice rich and full, and his faculties as alert as ever in seizing the point of the questions which were addressed to him. As he sat there on a glorious June day under the ancient elms and in the shadow of old Nassau Hall, he was a splendid specimen of a fine type of man—with the large physique, clear complexion, and vigorous manner of one who might have spent his years in the open air, but with the bent shoulders, massive forehead, and deep-set eyes of a hard student—a fit subject for a sculptor.

The group of young men around the ex-President were members of the largest class which had ever been graduated at Princeton—the class of 1879; and after ten years they had returned for a brief season to their Alma Mater to do honor to the aged scholar who for twenty years had been its President, and who had within twelve months resigned the cares of that office. In his honor this class were about to present to the college a mural statue in bronze of Dr. McCosh by Augustus St. Gaudens—the sculptor who has won a foremost place by his "Farragut" in New York, "Puritan" in Springfield, and "Lincoln" in Chicago. This ceremony was performed on June 18th, when, in the presence of a very large audience in the Marquand Chapel, the statue was unveiled. The class president, Rev. A. W. Halsey, formally presented the statue; President Patton received it for the college, and Dr. McCosh made a few remarks full of fine feeling.

Thus was brought to successful completion a project upon which the class had entered on December 10, 1887, when they decided to raise the sum of $12,500 for such a memorial. The sculptor began to make preliminary studies for his work in May, 1888. Dr. McCosh gave him many sittings in his studio, and Mr. St. Gaudens visited Princeton several times to see the doctor in his class-room and catch his most characteristic attitudes. A life-size study of the head, and many small sketches of the figure for pose and composition, were made in clay. Finally, in August, 1888, work on the large clay model was begun, and in March, 1889, it was completed and sent to Philadelphia to be cast in bronze.

Mr. St. Gaudens undertook the work with enthusiasm, perceiving what an unusual subject for a sculptor was offered by Dr. McCosh's imposing figure and noble head. As he worked, the subject grew upon him; and instead of a bronze portrait, part in low and part in moderately high relief, he has made—what is as effective as a heroic statue—a very high relief, parts of the figure being entirely free from the bronze ground-work. The head is in almost full relief, and is an impressive portrait of Dr. McCosh as he appeared ten years ago in his physical prime. The pose of the figure will be recognized by all who have heard Dr. McCosh, in pulpit or class-room, as one most characteristic of him when he was summing up a long course of vigorous reasoning. The Genevan gown (always a little off the right shoulder), and the open coat, with heavy watch-guard and eye-glasses in view, are details most familiar to Dr. McCosh's old students, though they may have little importance in estimating the artistic worth of the statue.

The statue conveys an impression of strength and dignity, with scholarly grace. It is simple, unartificial, imposing; it suggests not so much the student and philosopher as the instructor and leader of young men, and the ruler over important interests. The countenance expresses the commanding and forceful side of the ex-President's nature rather than the benign and reflective. It is, all in all, as posterity should know the man who found Princeton a poor struggling college with 200 students, and made it a rich university with more than 600. The statue is placed to the left of the apse in the Marquand Chapel, and is set on a bracket and in a border of African marble, after the design of Mr. Stanford White. The entire bronze is 8 feet 2 inches high and 4 feet 7 inches wide. The bronze figure of Dr. McCosh is 6 feet 4½ inches high.

The class of 1879, which presented this memorial, graduated 120 men, among them Cleveland H. Dodge, C. C. Cuyler, Harold Godwin, John Farr, Edward W. Sheldon, William B. Isham, Jun., and William R. Wilder, of New York; Colonel Edwin A. Stevens, of Castle Point; Cyrus H. McCormick and Rev. Thomas C. Hall, of Chicago; Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Wesleyan University, the author of *Congressional Government*; Louis C. Vanuxem and Edward H. Trotter, of Philadelphia, and other men who have already reached positions of influence and importance in the business and professional worlds.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE NOISES OF NEW YORK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

How diametrically different persons disagree about the noises of New York! "I am not aware that there are any noises in particular," remarks the New-Yorker. "They are the all-pervading sensation of the city," says the country visitor. There are men, called frequently to the city on business, who have gone from one hotel to another, almost exhausting the enormous list of hostelries in an endeavor to find one in which they can enjoy sufficient quiet to sleep at night; and then, again, only the other day I met a New-Yorker who had been out on a Dakota ranch, who said that he no longer wondered at the statement that the loneliness of life on the prairie drives many men insane; the awful quietness there had almost done as much for him. A week ago a famous naval officer came to town from Norfolk. Meeting a friend on Broadway, he said to him, "Come off this street; I wish to speak to you." He led his friend to Church Street, a narrow, tall-sided cañon of great houses that gathered and focussed the noise of the traffic as the tube of a trumpet does the sounds that are blown into it. He led him farther, to West Broadway, where the elevated railroad roofs the street over, and the heavy trains pound and roar like giant sticks beating a vast drum in which men have built a street. Then he saw that there could be no quiet found out-of-doors by walking, except upon the end of a North River wharf, so the two went into a restaurant, where the naval man confided to his wandering city friend that not only was he unable to hear—"even his own thoughts," as he expressed it—but that on every visit to New York he was in mortal terror of his life for two or three days, until he became once again accustomed to the rattle and crash of trains overhead, the confusion of vehicles at the crossings, and the omnipresent deafening undertone that fills the air.



BLIND BROOM PEDDLER.

If strangers have one of their senses obliterated by the city's din, how is it that the citizens can hear? The question is natural. The simplest answer is an illustration. If the oldest New-Yorker were to go at this minute into the operating-room in the top of the Western Union Telegraph Company's building on Broadway, his sense of hearing would be so confused by the sounds of the five hundred or seven hundred telegraph instruments that he would be filled with wonder at seeing that each operator was able to hear and write down the often minute sounds of the one instrument in his charge. Each operator would explain that the general noise was as so much silence to him. In such a room or in such a city we can appreciate the wondrous qualities of the human ear. We are able to comprehend the fact that two boiler-makers pounding rivets on the inside of a cylinder of resonant steel may relieve the monotony of their work by exchanging family gossip.



"CAB?" "KEB?" "COUPÉ?"

It is said that the lights of New York city affect the atmosphere for very many miles, so that under certain meteorological conditions (I fancy it is when the sky is clouded and the clouds are very high in air) there is a perceptible illumination of the air as far away as Keyport, New Jersey—at least twenty miles. A citizen of that village has declared that he can "almost see to read" a newspaper there on some nights when there is no moon and no lamps or lights are near. In receiving the assertion the reader should reflect upon the elasticity and scope of the word "almost," and should be frankly informed that the villager is at times a sailor and at times a poet. Yet it is not to be doubted that at night the great city would appear to an eagle, or from a balloon, like a huge torch or gigantic lantern, and its light may sensibly affect the neighborhood for a distance of twenty miles.

But far more interesting and tangible is a study of the noises of New York pursued at a distance. Over on the heights behind Hoboken, for instance, or perhaps the back part of Brooklyn is a better point, it is most astonishing to hear the great city wake up. Before that time is reached, it has been curious to hear it sleep—for at best the mastodon settlement has a troubled rest, only to be likened to that of a fever-stricken invalid. As the noise of a rushing train, or of a caravan of heavy-laden trucks, or the hoarse whistle of a great steamer, sounds across the miles of house-tops, one can easily fancy that the mammoth aggregation of men and women is tossing in its bed, is catching its breath, or relieving itself with the loosening of a long-pent-up sigh.

But hark! hear the great town wake up! Daylight is just touching the sky with gray. There is a faint rattle over the pavements, then another and another rattle, each in a different part of the long narrow island. The milk carts are the harbingers of the morn in Gotham—the New York chanticleers. It is the milkmen who are the early birds. The first rattle of their heavy wagons, of their jangling cans, and of the hoofs of the horses ahead of them, doubtless sounded from the neighborhood of the Long Island ferries. The next came from the down-town Jersey ferries, the last from the uptown ferries to New Jersey. These are in the main the wagons of the wholesalers sent to meet the trains from the farming regions north, east, and west of the city. The disconnected sounds of these milk vans increase in number and grow and swell, until at last they blend in a general common volume of sharp, slightly metallic sound. Fancy how many wagons there must be, how many clashing cans, how many horses' hoofs! If we only estimated a quart of milk to each New-Yorker for the approaching day, the noise would be that of the cartage of 1,600,000 quarts, and a quarter of a million more for the tea and coffee and custards and ice-cream of the two hundred and fifty thousand persons who will come to town to leave some of their money with us during the day. Hear the sharp, clear vibrations of the myriad milk vans, all racing over the Belgian blocks — for they move at nothing short of a gallop. Surely the city must be now awake, for this clatter presently ascends from every part of it.



"RADISH-E-E-S!"

Awake? No, indeed. No more than an army camp may be judged to be so because one hears the circling cry of the sentinels, "Four o'clock, and all's well." That is all that the milk carts are saying to the listening man on the roof in Brooklyn. He knows that not even the hard-worked drudges of the kitchens are yet astir. If we were over among the otherwise quiet streets, we would see the lights all blinking, the houses all closed and dark, and only here and there a few pedestrians, a few lounging policemen, a few bakers taking the air by poking their white caps up out of their hot cellars. But before the rush and race of the milkmen is done there laps over the sound of their wagons a duller, heavier, louder noise—a distinctly bass tone. It grows apace. It covers the first chorus as men in the carpet stores roll one pattern over another. Ah! this is the tumult of the marketmen—not the butchers, but the wholesale green-grocers, the produce commission merchants, they call themselves. These have cumbrous heavy double trucks that are sent out very early to meet the first boats and trains from the peach groves of Delaware, the cranberry and grape regions of South Jersey, the small fruit farms of southern New York and northern New Jersey, and the market gardens of the belt beyond the suburbs. The truckmen seem all to come out of the Ninth Ward, a tangled corner of contrary streets on the west side, where the stables are behind the houses, and the trucks are kept in front of the doorways. If you can say of any class of men in cosmopolitan New York that they are Americans, it must be said of these truckmen. And so, very largely, are their employers, whose stores are all crowded together between Washington Market and Spring Street Market in West, Washington, and Greenwich streets, and the dozen or more side streets that cross these great arteries.

It is a dull hoarse roar that the truckmen and the milkmen and the now rapidly increasing trains on the four lengths of the elevated railroad are making. But the city is not awake yet, though from this time forward the growth in volume and the change in tone of the city's uproar are so gradual that, instead of seeming to swell, it is rather as if it drew nearer. The key-note of the music of the metropolis has been struck, and the whole band of concerted sounds is now going rapidly to blend its different parts. Rising and advancing, the mighty volume of noise rushes through the air from this time on, until at last, by six or seven o'clock, there can be no more. Later enforcements are not able to impress their strength upon the ear. The aural comprehension is surfeited.

How the buildings of the great city are trembling when the noise is at its height! We may not feel them tremble, as we do the framework of a boat in which a powerful dynamo is used for the purpose of electric lighting, but we know that they



"OLD RAGS!"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FISH VENDERS.

are trembling, because when only one heavy truck passes a dwelling in a comparatively quiet side street we can feel the mason-work jarred in its every part, because when the elevated trains were first run, the people in the houses half a block away from each of the iron roads thought their dwellings would topple in upon them, because astronomers have told us that it is useless to attempt to utilize a telescope on the roof of a New York or Brooklyn house, so continual and forcible are the vibrations of the buildings, caused by the heavy traffic upon the earth. President Stephen V. White, of the American Astronomical Society, who lives on Brooklyn Heights to enjoy a degree of quiet unobtainable in New York, has been obliged to sink the foundations of his modest observatory forty feet into the soil in order to put them beneath the disturbance of the ground. Fancy, then, how all our houses in New York are dancing about, so to speak! When the elevated roads had been in operation only a short time, a house along the route—it was in South Fifth Avenue—fell in ruins. But it was scarcely the fault of the aerial railroad. It was because the house was decrepit, and was tired of its long-sustained effort to hold itself together.

At this time—when the elevated railroads were new—many New-Yorkers believed them unendurable. It is wonderful what we will get used to—to what strange usage we may come at last. There was a church in South Fifth Avenue, there was one in West Third Street, three in Sixth Avenue, and one in West Fifty-third Street—all beside the iron road-beds. The clergymen in them could not make their sermons heard. The Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, the famous minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, was one of these. At that time it was a joke of the paragraphers of the day that a summer visitor to Long Branch was observed to converse very peculiarly. He talked very rapidly, and then stopped a moment; then talked again, and again stopped. It was discovered that the periods during which he talked were two minutes long, and were divided by pauses each of half a minute's duration. The explanation of his singular method of speech lay in the fact that he was a Sixth Avenue shopkeeper who had so accustomed himself to the periodic passage of the overhead trains by his store that his speech necessarily assumed this peculiarity. It was not a far-fetched joke. It was difficult to transact business on that avenue in those days. But to-day the preachers have forgotten that they ever complained of the noise of the cars, the shop clerks whisper to one another behind the counters. The elevated roads are not so noisy, after all, as compared with the din of wheeled vehicles far beyond the sound of the cars. This was well illustrated by a peculiar incident in Park Row the other week. Across the way from the Post-office a ring of men, two or three circles deep, had gathered. Persons on the Post-office sidewalk, less than twenty-five feet away, imagined that a rough-and-tumble fight must be the attraction. When they made their way to the outer edge of the gathering they found that the crowd was listening to a performer on the cornet. That of all instruments was not able to produce a sound that could pierce the tumultuous racket of that part of New York to a distance of thirty feet! However, that is an exceptionally busy and noisy block or two, from Ann Street to the Franklin statue. To illustrate again the volume and strength of the city's noise in the down-town streets, let it be known that a violent thunderstorm makes but a slight impression there. We read in the newspapers of a frightful electrical disturbance that has done great damage in the city, yet the reporters who have written what we read, the desk men who have edited it, and the printers who have set the accounts up in type, are almost certain to have performed those tasks in upper stories near the City Hall beside open windows, mindful only of a deadened rumbling in the air during the storm. The lightning itself seems diluted and robbed of its terrorizing quality to a down-town New-Yorker.

I may be mistaken, but I do not think that wild birds are seen to fly over the lower end of Manhattan Island. We have plenty of sparrows down-town, but they are everywhere and every way invincible, and besides they are born in the city like ourselves. We have very many other birds wild in the Central Park, but that is different. To get there they need only to fly from the wooded heights of New Jersey, the farms of Westchester, or the fields of Long Island, passing over comparatively quiet residence streets, few in number, between the rivers on either side of town and the great inviting park. But who ever saw them flying over the business end of the city? I fancy the racket and clatter would frighten the stoutest or the dullest birds.

What are the noises of New York taken categorically, from the cry of "Cab, cab, coupé!" at the ferries, to the plaintive call of "Rad-ish-ees!" by the German women who invade the far up-town residence quarters? It might not be interesting to specify them all, yet there is much about them that is odd. To begin with, the street cries of the city have greatly changed since the town began to lose its provincialism, which was at the close of the war. Then we were not astonished at being serenaded in our bed-chambers in the early morning by the loud hoarse song of a sooty black chimney-sweep, perched upon a roof, and lazily lowering his weights and brushes down a neighbor's chimney. The chimney-sweeps are like the lobsters that enriched our harbor before the greater opulence of refuse oil upon the waters poisoned them—all, all gone. I fancy he was the last of the tuneful race of sweep-ohs whom I found in a cellar in Sullivan Street a few years ago, seated like a Hindoo god, and shaking his head in despair over the loss of custom. I thought to get much ancient and valuable information from the old man, but to nearly all my queries the wrinkled, white-haired darky replied, "I s'peck I must forgot 'bout dat, sah," or, "I don't c'reckly remember 'bout dat, sah."



"CHARCO-O-A-L!"

His wife sat by, placidly knitting and listening and looking on. Feeling that the interview was not wholly satisfactory, she endeavored to explain it in this perfectly reasonable manner:

"Do you know, sah," said she, "that I s'peck de ole man ain't jist right in his mind? I do; indeed and 'deed I do. Well, you must git along wid him der best yer kin, mister. 'Tain't no wonder if he am a leetle cloudy in his brain, considerin' de number ob times he's been hit on his head by falling bricks. He's been hit in dat way, sir, till his head is right sof'."

The clam venders, once characteristic of the city, are all dead or out of the business. Their cry used to be a rhyme set to music. It began, "Clams, nice clams, all fresh to-day; clams, hard clams, from Rockaway." The silent soap-fat men, who trained dogs to drag their heavy little carts, have also disappeared, and we will have to tell our children what queer wagons the charcoal peddlers went around in, for it is only now and then that one is seen. These are jet-black vehicles, with oval tops made by bending thin poles almost into a circle from one side of the wagon to the other, and then nailing boards across them. The cry of the drivers, "Char-r-r-coal, charco-o-o-al," is only heard occasionally in our days. It will soon have passed away, like the cry of the dodo and the snort of the bison, never more to be heard.

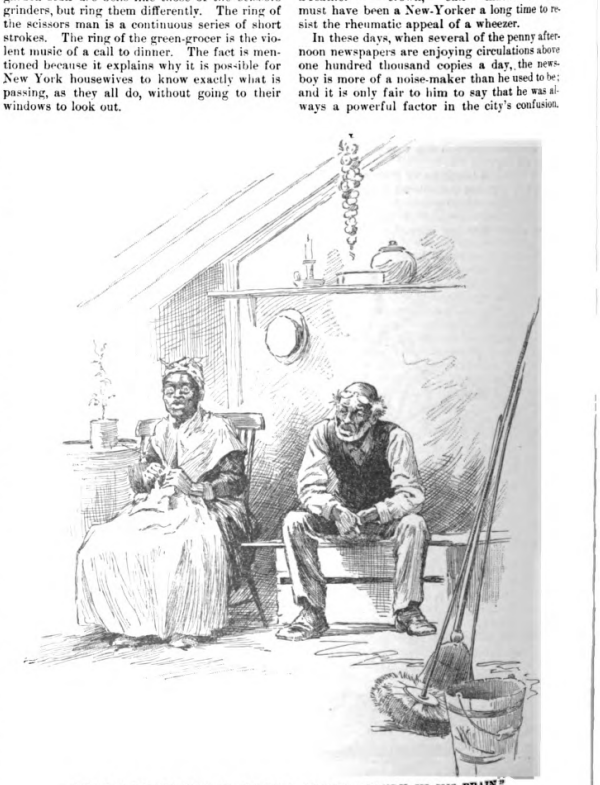
The street cries uptown are still numerous and peculiar, and now that the fact is mentioned, many New-Yorkers will, upon reflection, note how singular it is that almost all of them are uttered in plaintive, almost tearful tones. The shrill cry of the women peddling "Straw-ber-e-e-es"; the pitifully high-keyed monosyllable of the old blind man who taps the sidewalk with his long cane and calls out, "Brooms, brooms"; the almost pathetic call of those who trudge, tinker's furnace in hand, shouting "Tin-ware to mend, to mend; tin-ware to mend!" the yell of the men whose voices are half drowned by the jangle of a string of cow-bells on a rope above their push-carts: "Anny rags, rags, bottles, ould iron, anny rags"—all these, and nearly all the other venders, peddlers, and itinerant workmen, fall into a plaintive, melancholy tone when they cry their business. If they fill our streets with music, it is only to be likened to a requiem over lost hope or fading ambition. Who can tell why this is so? It cannot be that their tones express their feelings, for some are fat and some are merry; others are stalwart and lusty. The blind broom man, for instance, is as rotund and chubby as an overgrown figure of Cupid, yet his piteous cry almost brings tears to the eyes of sensitive persons. One set of constant patrolmen of our streets is silent, yet makes a noise more pervasive than any of the others. This is the contingent of scissors menders, who, as they roll their grindstone frames along upon the wheel which also serves as the adjunct of the treadle under their feet when they are at work, keep pulling a sort of dinner-bell with one finger, the bell being swung upon the same useful frame. The fish venders cry their wares by sounding blasts upon rude tin horns—the horns of Thanksgiving Day in the city, of the charivari or tin-pan-onion serenades in the country. Some peddlers of market garden stuff use bells like those of the scissors grinders, but ring them differently. The ring of the scissors man is a continuous series of short strokes. The ring of the green-grocer is the violent music of a call to dinner. The fact is mentioned because it explains why it is possible for New York housewives to know exactly what is passing, as they all do, without going to their windows to look out.

Even though a good-wife be at her sewing in the back of the house, she reads the noises of the street as the rest of us do the strokes of a bell. She knows the ragman's jangle, the fish-dealer's blast, the bell of the scissors man apart from that of the vegetable peddler, the mere tone of the broom man, or the berry vender, or the orange seller trudging beside his golden load. These sounds tell her more than the mere nature of each man's calling. They tell her of what she will find cheaper than usual in the stores, for when too many fish come in at once the fish men multiply extraordinarily; when the supply of oranges or bananas or apples is greater than the usual demand, the venders of these edibles come in great numbers. Thus are perishable goods marketed in the city. The wholesalers pass the word that they have something to sell dirt-cheap, and instantly there flock to them the owners of peddlers' licenses in what the gifted author of *Bluebeard* would call "clouds"; and how in other clouds the poor people of the tenements flock to the peddlers in turn, even when what they sell is tainted, or worse! Ah! that is pitiful to think of—far worse to see.

These same wagon peddlers seek other wares. For instance, when the dealers in auction goods offer some product of the factories for which the public call has ceased, or for which there has been little demand at prices that include a fair profit, these licensed peddlers speculate in those wares. They change their line of trade with every other day in the year. Now you find them all peddling cheap tin-ware; now they have loads of plush picture-frames; now they are selling lithographs, or gaudy chromos, or penknives, or dolls; and so the list might be stretched beyond interest, almost beyond human credence, for there is very little which men make or sell that they do not load up with and peddle; now they have something for business men or boys, and their line Nassau Street; now they have what they think poor women want, and they invade the poorer districts; again they are up-town selling fish; anon they are at the Jews' market in Hester Street with wagon-loads of shirts at sixteen cents each, or of shawls at a quarter apiece.

Nothing has been said about the organ-grinders, though they certainly increase the aggravation of the noise, if they do not swell its volume. New York enjoys the rare distinction of possessing a hand-organ mender. The organs are made abroad, but this artisan repairs them, and fits them out with new tunes as fast as Dave Braham invents the ballads of the streets to be fitted into the comedies of our local playwright, Edward Harrigan. When an organ is past mending, when it has lost its teeth, and its lungs give partly out, and its joints squeak, it is not to be thrown away. It then becomes a "wheezer," and easily finds a new owner in the person of some blind or decrepit beggar, who sleeps by day and comes out by night to sit on a curb-stone in some gay and busy night centre like Madison Square, and to grind on incoherently upon the broken barrel and the sympathy of passers-by. The music of a wheezer may be best described by saying that if it were to proclaim the air of "Yankee Doodle," it would sound as if it were sung this way, "Yan— doo— come to town, — — a po—, stick a feather — — crown, — call — macaroni." One must have been a New-Yorker a long time to resist the rheumatic appeal of a wheezer.

In these days, when several of the penny afternoon newspapers are enjoying circulations above one hundred thousand copies a day, the newsboy is more of a noise-maker than he used to be; and it is only fair to him to say that he was always a powerful factor in the city's confusion.



"'TAIN'T NO WONDER IF HE AM A LEETLE CLOUDY IN HIS BRAIN."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

There is now only a short period, say from ten o'clock in the morning until before one o'clock in the afternoon, during which the newsboy's voice is stilled. One of the wonderful new sights of the town is that of the gaudy little delivery carts of the afternoon newspapers dashing madly along Printing-house Square, each with a motley, ragged band of street urchins scampering pell-mell after it, one boy at a time succeeding in handing up his store of pennies, in return for which a man in the cart tosses out the requisite number of freshly printed sheets. And as the wagons dash through town they enable the boys to invade its every quarter, its every alley, with their shrill alto cries of "Extra! Extra!" For we never have any other quality of news in these days than that which the word "extra" expresses. And so, as the boys scatter and their cries echo far into the night, I must close this article upon the city's noises, conscious only that, long as it is, the subject has been but opened. The ballad peddlers will feel slighted; the boys whose whistling turns the Post-office Building into a great organ all day long; the office peddlers who sell soap and shoe-strings, suspenders, matches, and sandwiches in the big down-town buildings will owe the WEEKLY a grudge; the Frenchmen who sing in the streets for pennies will feel neglected; the thundering trains that shoot through the great tunnel will be all but forgotten. But there must be an end to this article, even though there be none to the noises.

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

BY DAVID KER.

"THE next time there is a fight out here," said an officer to me in Afghanistan, just after the Kandahar campaign, "we had better tell off so many men to *keep the telegraph wires cut* till all is over."

This sarcasm, though aimed at the blundering orders sent out from England, may have been also meant to include the special correspondents, who are no favorites with military men as a rule. Nor is this at all surprising. The newspaper letter—which is often pointedly caustic in criticism or unsparing in denunciation—has many more readers than the official bulletin, and not unfrequently arrives before it. Archibald Forbes's announcement of the Zulu defeat at Ulundi, McGahan's announcement of the fall of Khiva, my own announcement of the Russian capture of Kungrad on the Oxus, all reached the home public before the official despatches containing the same news; and in such a case the first comer is master of the situation, and his words, whether they deal blame or praise to the men in command, make an impression not easy to efface.

The subjection of correspondents to a rigorous censorship in some recent campaigns, and their absolute exclusion in others, show sufficiently the feeling with which they are regarded by the men in uniform—a feeling pithily summarized by a grim old brigadier of our own day: "By Jove, I'd hang all these scribbling fellows—hang 'em, every one, sir!" But though so obnoxious to the professional soldier, the "special" is himself a soldier in his own way, and equally bound to face all perils and all sufferings in the cause of duty, as one for whom no excuse can avail. He may be faint with thirst and hunger, dizzy from fatigue and want of sleep, almost blind from "sand-blight," half delirious with fever and overwork; he may be forced to sit taking notes in his saddle amid a pelting storm of balls and bullets, with half a dozen of the enemy's riflemen singling him out as an excellent mark; but no matter—his despatch must be written, and, when written, it must be sent off at once. It is easy enough for some comfortable "stay-at-home" to sit over his newspaper at a well-spread breakfast table, and pooh-pooh all that the poor correspondent does or says.

The blunders and misstatements of travelling journalists have furnished the small "wits" of society with many a threadbare joke; and they have certainly some cause to smile when a man pronounces authoritatively upon the state of a country which he has just entered for the first time, or begins a letter with "Every intelligent native with whom I have conversed," after exchanging a dozen words with two half-caste storekeepers and a native groom. I shall not easily forget how one of my brother correspondents in the East eloquently prophesied a time when every market of western Europe should be filled with "the preserved fruit stored in the *khans* of Tartary, and the rich fleeces sheared from the great *lama* of Thibet," or how another, indistinctly overhearing some mention of the British wounded being carried away by a *doolie* (ambulance litter), began his next letter with a thrilling account of "the ferocious doolie swooping down upon the battle-field and carrying off the helpless wounded."

But there have been many "specials" at whom no one dare laugh. Stanley fighting his way through the deadliest jungles of East Africa to save Livingstone; Russell calmly pencilling his notes before the death-dealing guns of Sebastopol, or keeping his saddle till he fell fainting to the earth under the burning sun of Lucknow; Nasmyth and Butler nerving the garrison of Silistria to a defence that broke the power of Russia and changed the course of history; McGahan proclaiming the wrongs of Bulgaria in words which fired the whole world into indignant sympathy; Vereshtchagin rallying the wavering Russians against tenfold odds in the fatal breach of Samarcand; Forbes galloping alone across a whole province, through countless perils, with the first news of Plevna in his pouch; the English correspondents in the Soudan, of whom only one out of five came back—such figures as these will live when the fools who sneer at them are forgotten.

But the correspondent's life has its bright side as well as its dark one. To see two great armies meet in the shock of battle, and history make or unmake itself before your very eyes; to stand face to face with death, not for hours, but for days and weeks, in a besieged fortress or a wrecked ship; to stem flooded rivers and struggle up snowy gorges; to watch the sun rise over the great white cathedral towers of the highest mountains upon earth; to hack your way through the gloomy depths of tropical forests, swarming with fierce beasts and fiercer men; to ride hundreds of miles over a voiceless desert, with no guide save the stars by night and the bleaching bones of the dead by day—one week of life like this is worth ages of the tame, vegetable existence that we call civilization.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

PROBABLY no branch of science has advanced more rapidly in important scientific improvements during the past ten years than that of photography. Primarily this has been brought about by the general introduction of the modern sensitive gelatine film, either spread on glass plates or paper, now sold commercially on an extended scale. The prepared glass plates or sheets of paper are used in the camera to receive the image. The extreme sensitiveness of the film enables instantaneous photographs to be very easily made. So general and popular has the taking of instantaneous views become, that manufacturers of apparatus are kept busy in devising improved instruments for more perfectly carrying out the requirements of the photographer.

Heretofore the photographer has been confined to the employment of glass plates for the support of the sensitive film, and glass is still the support preferred, on account of its rigidity and transparency; but it has serious faults—weight, is very fragile and of varying thickness, often containing air bubbles, which sometimes mar a good negative. Lightness in all kinds of photographic apparatus, that it may be readily carried about and handled, is one of the noticeable features of the present time. In order to further lighten the burdens of the amateur photographer, manufacturers have within the past five years been striving to perfect a substitute for glass that shall be as light and as flexible as paper. It is somewhat singular that soon after the daguerreotype was invented, paper sensitized on a silver bath was used, when dry, in the camera. Then collodion flowed on glass was substituted, which is still used, and is known as the wet process. As the thickness of the dry gelatine film is only two-one-thousandth of an inch, naturally some lighter support than glass could be used. So paper again came into use as a support, being evenly coated with the sensitive emulsion, uniform in thickness, very light, and capable of being manufactured in long rolls, on which successive pictures, one after the other, could be made; it was particularly adapted to the wants of the tourist.

In order to overcome the drawback of the increased opaqueness of a paper negative over glass, and render it semi-transparent, the paper side of the negative was smeared with castor-oil, which had to be forced into the pores by means of a hot flat-iron. This was unpleasant to do; besides, the resulting positive print frequently showed the grain of the paper. Shortly after this, in England appeared a thin transparent film, which was made by dipping very thin paper in a resinous compound, and then coating the sensitive film on both sides of it. It was only made in short pieces about the size of sensitive plates, and was not a practical success, inasmuch as the film would crinkle up and not lie flat. Still later was invented, and is now on the market in England, the Vergara film, made after Froedman's patented process. Its base is a thin bichromated insoluble sheet of gelatine, having the yellow color eliminated by treatment with sulphurous acid. Owing to its thickness and slight brittleness the film cannot be readily prepared in rolls, but is used mostly in cut sheets. It comes nearer fulfilling the chief desire of the photographer than any film previously invented.

But in 1888 a film based on a previously patented industry which has grown up in this country—the manufacture of celluloid—appeared. It was about as transparent as glass, having one side smooth and the other slightly roughened to resemble ground-glass, was insoluble in the ordinary acids and water, did not curl or crinkle, and stood the ordinary processes of development, fixing, and washing as perfectly as glass. It is a little curious that at this late day the same collodion used so many years ago as a support for the sensitive film on glass should now by a simple process be converted itself into a substitute for glass; it illustrates very forcibly how slowly sometimes the simplest inventions are perfected. The manufacturers of transparent celluloid had not until the present moment succeeded in making sheets of it in long lengths, or of a sufficient degree of thinness to permit them to be rolled up like paper; hence it has only been used in cut sheets the size of the usual glass plates. Even this advantage was greatly appreciated, since the great weight of glass was avoided.

An American house which has been foremost in bringing before the public flexible films, and until lately has prepared sensitive negative paper on a large scale, from which the negative, after exposure and development, is removed and transferred to a gelatine skin to render it transparent—a very troublesome and unsatisfactory process—has now succeeded in perfecting a very thin transparent celluloid film as clear as glass, as flexible as paper, of uniform thickness and quality, will compactly roll up like paper, and is manufactured in sheets fifty feet long. It is to be known as the Eastman Transparent Film. A roll of the prepared film is inserted in a light box attached to the rear of the camera, called a roll-holder, and as each picture is exposed it passes over a flat surface to a second spool, on which it is wound up. The undeveloped exposures are then cut off from the long roll, and developed in the usual pyro and potash developer. The result is a negative as transparent as glass on a thin smooth film about $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch thick, unbreakable, tough, and as light as paper. Another advantage is that negatives thus made do not require as much washing and dry much quicker than when the sensitive film is on glass. When dry, the film negative is ready for the printing-frame, or can be enlarged from precisely the same as if it were glass.

The many uses and advantages of such an important improvement in photography will be apparent to any one at all familiar with the subject: we will not stop to point them out. One, however, worthy of special mention is that large direct photographs may be made with comfort, since the weight of glass is abolished. In quite a different direction has another novel improvement been made which has been demonstrated to be feasible. It consists in spreading on the back of the sensitive plate, in a dry form, the salts that go to make up a developer, so that each plate carries its own developer. All one has to do after exposure in the camera is to place the plate in a tray containing a little water. The salts on the back gradually dissolve, thus forming a developer strong enough to bring out the image in a few minutes, saving the operator the trouble of mixing a developer. Another improvement not quite so practicable consists of automatic photographic machines, arranged to take a picture of the person standing in front of it when a nickel is dropped into a slot. In a few minutes the picture of the person is developed, fixed, and dried, and comes out of the machine accompanied by a small picture-frame or case. Photography is rapidly becoming very popular, and is universally practised. On account of its simplicity, it is easier to learn than it is to read. Doubtless the improvements will continue, its field of usefulness expand, until no one can foretell what wonders future generations may see.

F. C. BEACH.

THE FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

THE cloud-burst and flood at Johnstown, New York, on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 9th, by which five persons were drowned and a great deal of damage done to dams, mill property, and public bridges, formed part of one of the most remarkable coincidences known in this country in many years. Following so closely upon the great disaster at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and resembling it in origin and course of action, the occurrence in the little valley of the Cayadutta was well calculated to excite terror in the minds of superstitious people who saw it, and to induce the more practical-minded to question the possible fatality of the name of the two unfortunate towns. The beginning of the disaster was unspeakably weird and awe-inspiring. At five o'clock in the afternoon the yellow July sunlight lay thick and hot upon the peaceful Cayadutta Valley. The little Cayadutta creek trickled feebly down through artificial mill-ponds on its way to the Mohawk River at Fonda. A drowsy hush hung upon the tremulous wheat fields and upon the yellow country roads. Nature seemed to be asleep with the fading of the day.

All this was changed like a flash. The sun withdrew behind a sudden darkness of the sky, while in the northeast a huge cloud, seamed all over with electric fire, appeared above the fields like a monster of the air. Then up from the southeast rose a second cloud, grim, silent, and awe-inspiring, to meet the first. To the terrified people of the neighborhood they were frightful giants, mad with heat and rage, about to do battle to the death. This thought was justified by the course of the two clouds, for they came together with a roar and shock terrific beyond all human conception. The trembling grain, the waving bushes, and the tossing trees were beaten to the earth in an instant, as though an unseen power had cut a great swath through them. On a tree-covered knoll in the centre of the disturbance a man had stood watching the approach of the two clouds. Before he could flee to a place of safety they came upon him. When they had swept past, the knoll was bare of trees, and the man was prone upon the ground, dazed and paralyzed beyond the power of speech.

When the clouds came together a mighty deluge of rain dashed upon the earth. In a few minutes' time plough furrows became rivulets, dry watercourses became creeks, and the gentle Cayadutta became a raging torrent. The people remained in-doors and watched the storm, the like of which had never before been seen in that neighborhood. Such thunder, such fierce and awful bellowings of the sky, no native of the Mohawk Valley had ever heard. The clouds came together about three miles east of the town of Johnstown. Close by was McVain's dam, in the course of the Cayadutta. It held back the rush of water for a short time, and then gave way with a crash, letting a great flood down upon the dams below. Schriver's pond, at the foot of the hill upon which Johnstown is situated, held the water and wreckage in check until the pressure became too great to be resisted. Then, with a roar that sounded high above the raging of the flood, the dam broke. The full force of the pent-up body of water struck Schriver's three-story mill fairly in the side. A large part of the structure went like a straw. Its beams and timbers tossed about for a few moments, and then found a lodgement among the graves and head-stones of the cemetery a short distance beyond the Cayadutta's banks.

By this time the sun had gone down. The banks of the Cayadutta were crowded with people who had rushed from their homes to see the flood as soon as the deluge of rain had lessened. More than a thousand persons were gathered on and near the stone bridge at Perry Street, a short distance below the site of Schriver's mill. The police had warned them away from the bridge in vain. Between half past seven and eight o'clock in the evening a dozen or more persons were leaning over the iron railing of the bridge, looking upstream, and watching the water as it shot through the arch a few feet below where they stood. Suddenly there came an awful grating sound, and amid shrieks of terror and wild cries for help a part of the bridge upon which the people were standing fell into the flood. Five persons went down in the wreck. They were swept under the bridge and out into the raging waters below before so much as a step could be taken toward saving them. As the electric-light works had been flooded, there was no artificial light in the streets. The darkness was so intense that absolutely nothing could be done to help the unfortunate people.

In its rush down to the Mohawk the Cayadutta swept away other bridges and did much damage to property. The total damage is estimated to be $150,000 or more. Rickett's, Liebenheimer's, and Stewart's dams, between Johnstown and Fonda, were torn out. The same storm and flood did much damage in the valley of the Mohawk. At Fonda, the highway bridge and the New York Central and Hudson River Railway bridge were swept away. A railway bridge between Fonda and Tribe's Hill was also carried off, together with the four railway tracks. The plank road between Fonda and Johnstown was piled up in heaps all along its length. In the country round-about many highway bridges were destroyed. In the fields in the storm's track the growing crops were ruined.

No one seems to be to blame for the disaster at this Johnstown. The broken dams were weak, but they were not expected to stand such a strain as the flood from the cloud-burst put upon them. The people on the stone bridge had been warned repeatedly to keep away from it, as it was not considered strong enough to withstand the rush of the water.



HAIR TONIC.

"I've just heard a tale which fairly raises the hair!"
"Tell it to me right off!"

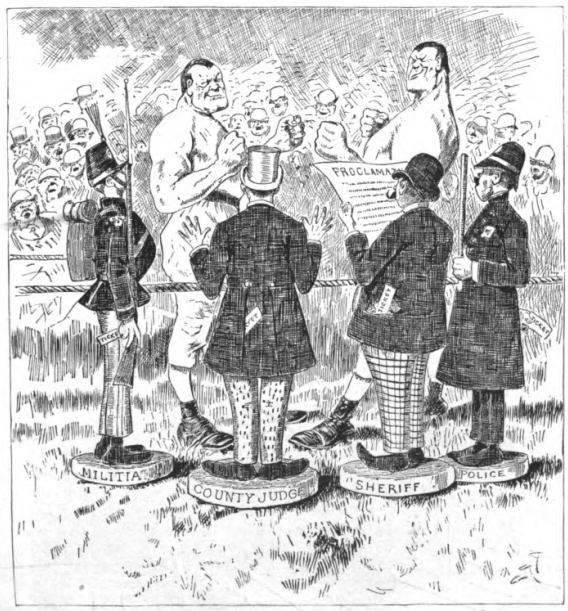
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



JOSE ZORILLA, THE NATIONAL POET OF SPAIN.

THE NATIONAL POET OF SPAIN.

It is years since any event in Spain not connected with politics has awakened so general and warm an interest as the crowning of José Zorilla as national poet—a ceremony which was performed in the city of Granada, June 22d. The act was accompanied with all that pomp and festivity which the Spaniards delight to throw around their public spectacles: endless banquets and processions, orations and poems, musical and literary tournaments, and of course bull-fighting without stint leading up to and following the central event. The personal representative of the Queen Regent, the Brazilian ambassador bearing an autograph letter of congratulation from Dom Pedro, many representatives from Spanish America and the Spanish colonies, delegates from the leading literary societies of Spain, scholars, journalists, and politicians, school-children and working-men's societies, all united with the greatest enthusiasm in the tribute to the aged poet. The object of all this adoring honor, Zorilla himself, was born in 1817 in the city of Valladolid. Destined by his parents for the law, he spent two years in legal studies, and then, disgusted with the profession chosen for him, and filled with an impetuous longing to embark in the career of literature to which he felt himself inwardly drawn, he went to Madrid, at the cost of a rupture with his family, to test his fortune in the metropolis. His first volume of poems appeared when he was but twenty, and for eight years afterward he poured out poetical and dramatic productions with true Spanish fecundity. No less than ten volumes of verse and thirty dramas are to be assigned to this period. But his literary activity brought him more fame than money. His father having died unreconciled to the disobedient son, the latter was left to his own resources. He went to Paris, and there began publishing his longest and most famous poem, "Granada"—a sort of epic, into which he wove some of the proudest traditions and most cherished legends of the southern kingdom. It was to this poem that was due the initiative taken by the *Liceo* of Granada in proposing his crowning, it being thought eminently fitting that the province and city whose glories he had sung should take the lead in doing him honor. But even from this work Zorilla derived no profit—what with a bankrupt agent, pirated editions, and the difficulty of making collections from American booksellers. The poet became discouraged, and left his epic unfinished, though it had already extended through two volumes. Next came twelve years passed in Mexico, lost to poetry, though filled with pleasant experiences, and marked by the temporary advantage of the patronage of the mushroom Emperor, Maximilian. Upon the fall of the latter, Zorilla returned to Spain to begin life anew. It was a hard struggle. Hack-work was for a long time his principal contribution to literature. Finally, Amadeus appointed him a sort of roving commissioner to examine Italian libraries and archives, but his salary on this score ran for less than two years. Then he had a period of successful lecturing, and at last, through the eloquent advocacy of Castelar, was granted a pension by the government. Since then he has been living a retired life in Valladolid, to be called forth at the end of his days to receive, in memory of his former literary labors, the nation's tribute of affection and honor.



ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

THE LAW. "*Gentlemen*, the law forbids your fighting here."
THE GENTLEMEN. "Who's a-goin' ter fight 'ere, anyway?"
THE LAW. "Well—you *can*, if you want to."

MIDSUMMER TRADE AND FINANCE.

AFTER the celebration of the national holiday the business of the country was resumed with energy and confidence. The past week has brought out statistics for June which well illustrate the activity of railroad traffic this season. The receipts of live stock at Chicago during June were larger by one-fourth than in the same month last year, the receipts of grain were 80 per cent. greater, and those of provisions nearly equal to June, 1888, and June, 1887, together. No wonder that the railroads concerned have exerted themselves to prevent a wasteful cutting of rates from neutralizing such a business; no wonder that the great majority of roads in the Inter-State Association have stood firm in opposition to the interests which assailed them; and no wonder that the St. Paul and Chicago roads are finding means to meet the Northern Lake competition on through business from the East without entirely sacrificing their local rates.

Statistics of condition of grain on the 1st of July are also received. Most important are those which refer to wheat, showing a probable harvest, notwithstanding injury to spring wheat in June, of from seventy to a hundred million bushels more than last year. General trade is reported fairly good; the great iron trade, as a whole, better than previous favorable reports. Adjustments of railroad tariffs have been made to facilitate the movement of iron in both directions—East and West—and the grain schedule of the trunk lines, after a brief disturbance from individual action by the Baltimore and Ohio line, has been lowered for Indian-corn, but reaffirmed for wheat. The freight problems are so numerous and intricate, especially west of Chicago and St. Louis, that disturbance must be expected from time to time, but the prospects of a reasonable working solution are felt to be much better than a week ago.

The better aspect of business—better both for merchants and for railroads—has been reflected in the stock market, where prices that were sharply depressed have made a quick recovery. The ease of money at this centre has conduced to this result, demand loans having ruled at 3 to 4 per cent., although the bank statement showed a further loss of $2,500,000 of surplus reserve, and higher rates in Boston have drawn off an amount of currency which is considerable in view of our low reserves. It is the fresh money out of the Treasury which accounts for this ease, the payment of its July interest and the placing of the quarterly pension money to the credit of disbursing officers. But this money is being gathered back into the Treasury again at the rate of $400,000 to $700,000 a day, as the purchases of bonds are small. Unless, therefore, the Treasury buys bonds more freely, its daily drain upon the banks, joined to the commercial demands for currency, will soon result in dearer money. The relations of the Treasury to the money market have been pretty generally discussed in print since they were considered in this place a month ago, and it is to be hoped that the head of the department is preparing to do something beyond ordering the publication of statistics. Figures have been issued to show that the community outside of the Treasury has seven millions more of coin and paper money than it had last year at this time. But this is a small matter; what the public wants is all of its money that is hoarded in the Treasury, to do with it as it pleases, without any dependence upon such imitation of divine providence as can be offered by a Secretary of the Treasury. This hoard is called in official language the "available balance" in the Treasury, and it amounts to-day to $55,000,000, even after July interest has been paid and quarterly pensions set aside. And this without reckoning the lawful money hoarded in the Treasury for redemption of bank-notes.

The railroad meetings at Chicago are the occasion of much and various comment on the admitted difficulties of the situation. Small but troublesome lines have before now been absorbed by larger companies, and the tendency has for some time been supposed to be in the direction of larger railroad corporations, though it might be more correct to say that many corporations have grown from small to large, from a company at home in a single State to one with allegiance to half a dozen States. But the recent speculation in trust certificates has led to the suggestion of a great railroad trust, to absorb and represent all the roads of a great division of territory. The railroad companies, however, may prefer to wait and see what is the precise legal status of the trusts which are already in operation.

The trust certificates dealt in at the Stock Exchange continue active—the Sugar, Cotton Oil, and Lead trusts, that is, for the other two are neglected. The lead certificates have declined under continued heavy selling, after which the public is informed that the total of these now amounts to $83,000,000, a great increase since former confidences of this kind were made by the managers. The public may well prefer the rule which the Stock Exchange is able to apply to companies whose stock is on its regular list; thirty days' notice of the precise amount of increase. But the trust certificates are not on the regular list, only in the "unlisted department"—a distinction which has made no difference whatever to the activity of the market for them.

It may be worth mention that singularly few new issues of bonds are at present offering in the market. This fact, with the very high prices current for old and first-rate bonds, should improve the price of good bonds that are not yet fully distributed among investors, and to some extent this is seen at the Stock Exchange, though not so largely as probably ought to be the case.

H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Thursday evening, July* 11, 1889.

THE CLOSING OF AN IMPORTANT OUTLET.

THE blockade of a port is not more injurious to its commerce than is even the temporary obstruction of the bowels to the health of the system. Constipation necessarily arrests the secretion of bile, impedes and disorders digestion, and poisons the circulation. The safest and most effective, as it is also the most genial, laxative, and anti-bilious medicine in existence is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it is more than probable that its sovereign efficacy as a preventive and remedy for intermittent and remittent fever is largely due to its reformatory action upon the liver, an organ prejudicially involved in all malarial complaints. Persons with a tendency also to rheumatic, neuralgic, and kidney trouble cannot do better than to antagonize it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invariably checks it at the outset. The weak, moreover, are invested with strength by this fine invigorant.—[*Adv.*]

STOP-OFF AT CRESSON SPRINGS ON PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TICKET.

THE Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that passengers holding first-class limited tickets of any description, except those designated as "Special," will be allowed to stop over at Cresson Springs, during the season, as long as desired up to October 31st.

In order to avail themselves of this privilege, passengers should notify the train conductor of their intention to break the journey at Cresson, and immediately upon arrival should deposit their tickets with the company's agent at Cresson.

This concession will be greatly appreciated by through passengers, as it will enable them to become acquainted with one of the most delightful mountain resorts in the country. All through passenger trains, including the celebrated New York and Chicago Limited Express, stop at Cresson during the season.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are BROWN'S Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

THE inestimable value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier should be known to every wife and mother. It corrects irregularities, gives tone and strength to the vital organs, and cleanses the system of all impurities. The best family medicine.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

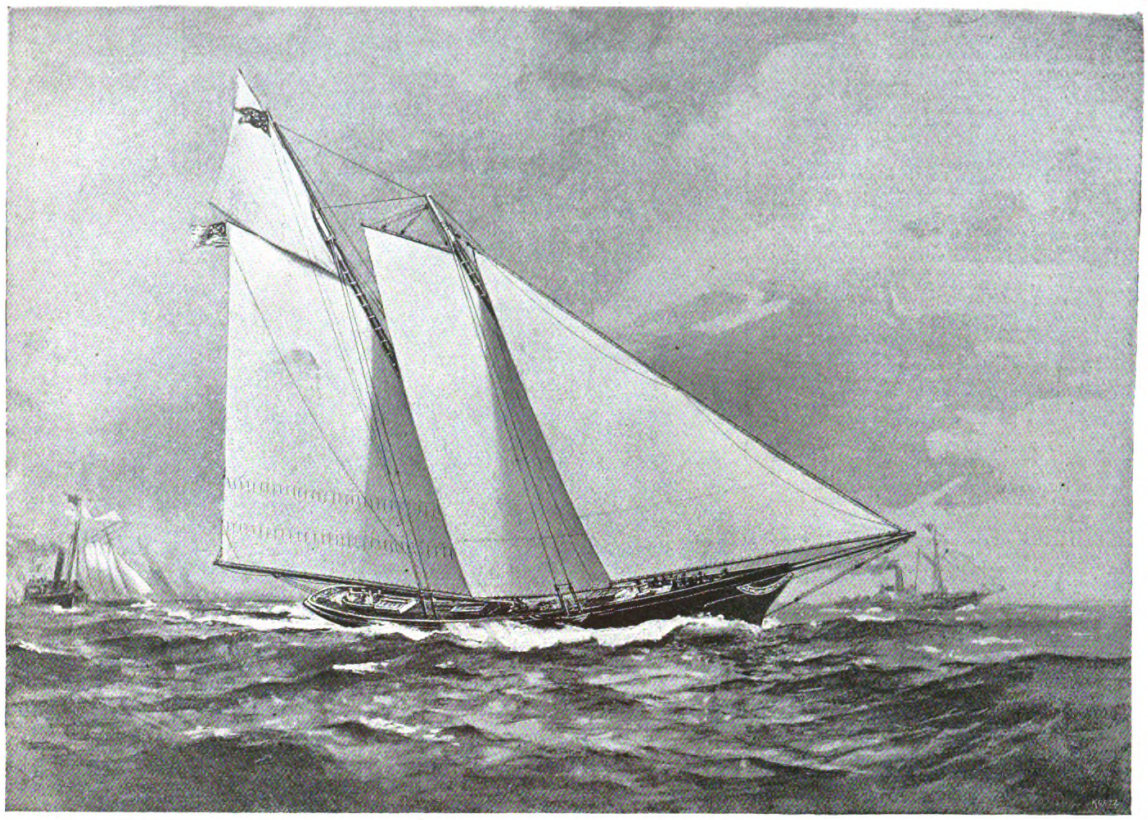
Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space	15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space	20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space	25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*	

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE *AMERICA* WINNING THE CUP, AUGUST 22, 1851.

THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.—ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK H. SCHELL.

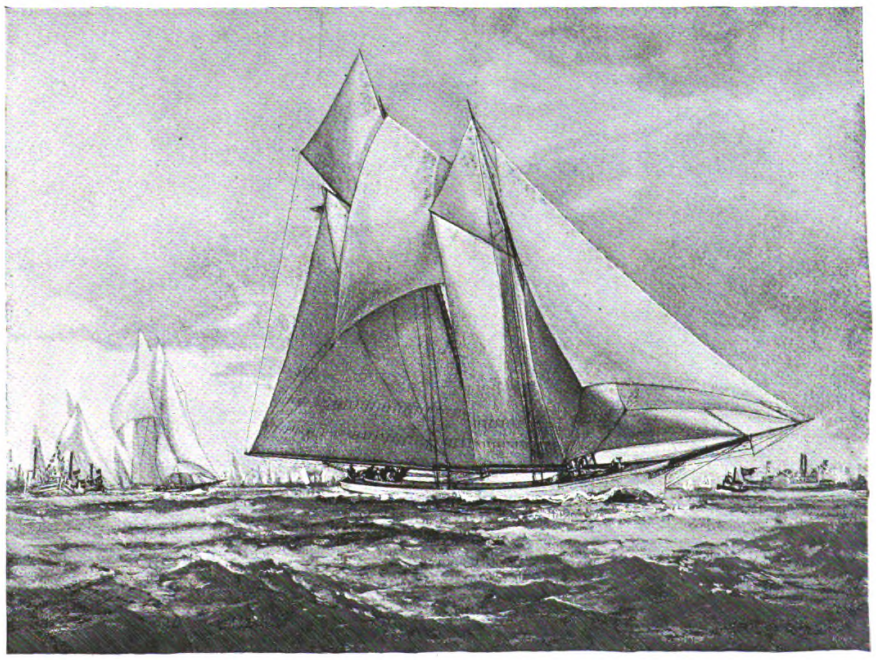
IT was in 1851 that the schooner-yacht *America*, designed and built by the celebrated George Steers, sailed for Havre and thence for Cowes. The "World's Fair" was open in London, and the idea had occurred to some Americans that it would be well to exhibit one of our fore-and-aft-rigged vessels. Nothing was known here at the time about the cup offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron for yachts of all nations. When the *America* arrived at Cowes her owners posted in the club-house a challenge to sail the schooner against any British yacht for from one to ten thousand guineas. No attention was paid to this challenge, though one match of twenty miles to windward and return, with the schooner *Titania*, for £100 was made. The Americans declined to regard her as a representative vessel, and still asked for a national match. They were simply referred to the regatta of August 22d, in which the *America* could be entered. The owners of the yacht decided to bring her home, but through the earnest advice of English and American friends they were induced to enter her. These facts are taken from the written statement of the schooner's only surviving owner, George L. Schuyler, published in the late Captain R. F. Coffin's history of the *America's* Cup. Mr. Schuyler's brief and graphic story of the famous race is as follows:

"Here are the entries for this regatta. No allowance of time for tonnage; yachts to start at 10 A.M. from Cowes and sail round the Isle of Wight. No time prescribed for accomplishing the distance, so that the cup might be won in a tempest or a drift—with entries ranging from 392 to 47 tons.

Name.	*Class.*	*Tons.*	*Owners.*
Beatrice	Schooner	161	Sir W. P. Carew.
Volante	Cutter	48	J. L. Cragie.
Arrow	"	84	T. Chamberlayne.
Wyvern	Schooner	205	Duke of Marlborough.
Ione	"	75	A. Hill.
Constance	"	218	Marquis of Conyngham.
Titania	"	100	R. Stephenson.
Gypsy } Queen }	"	160	Sir H. B. Hoghton.
Alarm	Cutter	193	J. Weld.
Mona	"	87	Lord A. Paget.
America	Schooner	170	J. C. Stevens and others.
Brilliant	3-masted schooner	392	G. H. Ackers.
Bacchante	Cutter	80	B. H. Jones.
Freak	"	60	W. Curling.
Stella	"	65	R. Frankland.
Eclipse	"	50	H. S. Fearing.
Fernande	Schooner	127	Major Martyn.
Aurora	Cuiter	47	T. Le Merchant.

The *Titania*, *Stella*, and *Fernande* did not start. I do not propose unnecessarily to add to the length of this communication by giving any account of the race further than to call attention to three points:

"First. That starting at 10 o'clock with a light westerly wind, at about 11.30, after the yachts had turned No Man's Land buoy and were beating to the westward, the wind freshened to a good six-knot breeze for a short time, at the end of which the *America's* position was two miles to windward of the nearest yacht. The wind then died away, and the yachts beat slowly up under Shanklin Chine with a strong head-tide, the *America* still widening the distance. At 3 o'clock the wind freshened again, and when at 5.40 P.M. the *America*, having carried away her jib-boom, rounded the Needles, the *Aurora* (47 tons, the smallest entry) was, by the best English report of the race, about eight miles astern, and the rest of the squadron were not to be seen. Second. That the wind again becoming light and the tide ahead, the *America* anchored, winner of the cup, at 8.35 P.M.; the *Aurora* at 8.55 P.M."



MAGIC LEADING THE FLEET IN THE UPPER BAY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The remainder of Mr. Schuyler's story it is not necessary to quote. I desire to call attention to one thing: this trophy is not, as it has been frequently called, the "Queen's Cup." Its correct name is the *America's* Cup, and it was nothing more or less than a regatta prize, won by the old schooner, until July 8, 1857, when J. C. Stevens, E. A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beekman Finley, and George L. Schuyler, owners of the *America*, presented it to the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual international challenge cup.

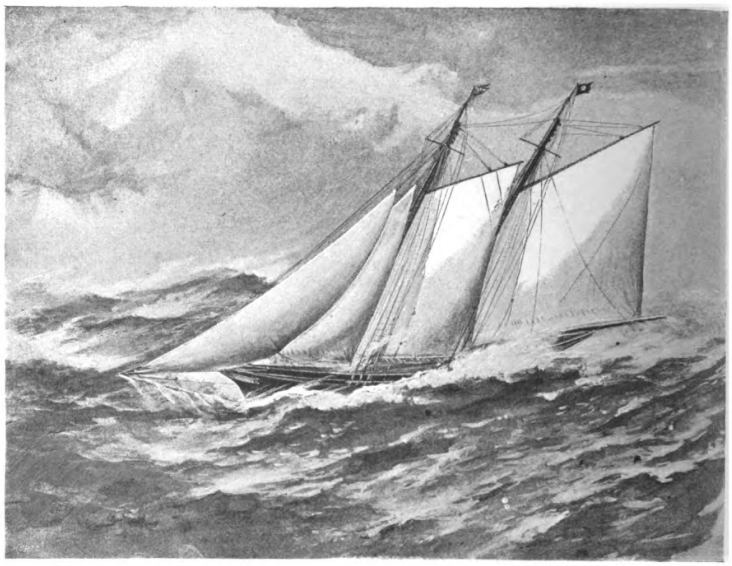
The new holders of the prize remained in quiet, undisputed possession of it until 1868, when, in October, a letter was received from James Ashbury, a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, announcing his desire to sail his new schooner *Cambria* for the trophy. Owing to Mr. Ashbury's misunderstanding of the terms on which the cup was offered, he was unable to complete his arrangements with the New York Yacht Club for the season of 1869. In the mean time he had made a match with James Gordon Bennett to sail the *Cambria* against the *Dauntless* across the ocean. The course was from Daunt Head buoy, near the Old Head of Kinsale, to the Sandy Hook Light-ship, and the racers started at 2.20 P.M. on July 4, 1870. The *Dauntless* was commanded by the noted Captain Samuel Samuels, who had been skipper of the victorious *Henrietta* in her race across the ocean with the *Fleetwing* and *Vesta* in 1866. The race was a slow one, but very close. The *Cambria* passed the light-ship at 3.04 P.M. on July 27th, after sailing 2917 miles in 23 days 5 hours and 17 minutes. One hour and 43 minutes later the *Dauntless* arrived, passing the light-ship at 4.47 P.M. The *Dauntless* crossed in 23 days 7 hours, sailing 2963 miles. She was therefore beaten by good navigation rather than speed.

Mr. Ashbury and the New York Yacht Club failed to come to terms, so the challenger accepted the privilege, then included in the deed of gift, of sailing one race under the regular regatta rules of the holders of the cup. Captain Coffin, who saw this race, gives a full account of it, and calls attention to its importance as the only one in which the challenger sailed against a fleet. The race took place on August 8, 1870. The yachts were started from their anchors at 11.26 A.M., on the last of the ebb tide, with a good sailing breeze from south by east to south-southeast, and smooth water. The *Magic* was smartest in setting canvas, and got away from the starting-place, off Stapleton, ahead of the rest. The official record of the race is as follows:

	Finish.			*Elapsed Time.*			*Corrected Time.*		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Magic	3	34	54	4	07	54	3	58	26·2
Idler	3	37	23	4	11	23	4	09	35·1
Silvie	3	55	12	4	29	12	4	23	45·3
America	3	47	54	4	21	54	4	23	51·4
Dauntless	3	35	28½	4	09	23½	4	29	19·2
Madgie	3	55	07	4	29	07	4	29	57·1
Phantom	3	56	05	4	29	05	4	30	44·5
Alice	4	18	27½	4	52	27½	4	34	15·2
Halcyon	4	03	08	4	37	08	4	00	35·9
Cambria	4	00	57	4	34	57	4	37	38·9
Calypso	4	15	29	4	49	29	4	40	21·3
Fleetwing	4	02	09½	4	36	19½	4	41	20·5
Madeleine	4	14	46	4	48	46	4	42	35·4
Tarolinta	4	10	23	4	44	23	4	47	29·2
Rambler	4	51	35½	4	51	35½	4	48	35·5

The *Magic* beat the second boat, *Idler*, 11 minutes 8.9 seconds, and defeated the *Cambria* by 39 minutes 12.7 seconds. Thus, in the first race for the cup in this country, the challenging yacht finished tenth in a fleet of eighteen starters, the *Tidal Wave*, *Widgeon*, and *Alarm* not completing the course.

Mr. Ashbury was beaten, but not disheartened. He went back to England and ordered a new yacht, the *Livonia*. In arranging for her competition for the cup a great quantity of ink and paper was consumed. The New York Yacht Club held that the *Livonia* must sail against a fleet, as her predecessors had done; but to this Mr. Ashbury stoutly objected. The point was referred to George L. Schuyler, and he decided in favor of Mr. Ashbury, thus establishing the excellent custom of sailing matches instead of regattas for the cup. Mr. Ashbury's next contention was that, as the *Livonia* was authorized to represent eight yacht clubs, she should be accorded the privilege of a series of eight separate consecutive contests for the cup, so that, having lost the cup as the representative of the Royal Albert Yacht Club on Monday, she could sail for it again on Tuesday as the champion of the Royal Yorkshire. It would have been genuinely hard luck if Mr. Ashbury could not have carried the cup home under such an arrangement. However, even English papers ridiculed this demand, and it was not granted.



ASHBURY'S ENGLISH SCHOONER YACHT *CAMBRIA* IN A GALE WITH HOUSED TOPMAST.

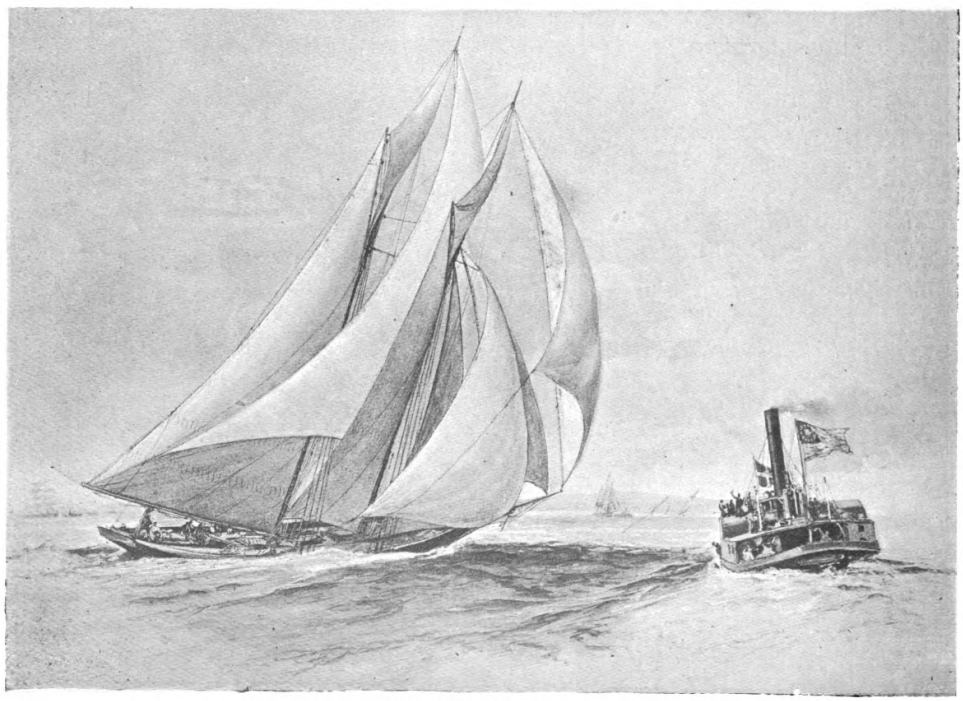
Four vessels were selected to meet the *Livonia*—the *Columbia*, *Palmer*, *Sappho*, and *Dauntless*—and the committee had the right to name any one of them on the morning of a race. This was manifestly unfair. On a light weather day the committee could put in the skimming-dish *Columbia;* in fresh sailing weather, the *Palmer;* in a stiff wind and sea they could start the *Sappho* or *Dauntless*. Mr. Ashbury, who proved to be a most energetic "kicker," opposed this plan, and I believe that it is largely due to him that in our cup contests now one yacht has to be named for the entire series of races.

The first of the *Livonia's* races was against the *Columbia*, on August 16, 1871, over the New York Yacht Club course. The corrected time was, for the *Columbia*, 6 hours 19 minutes 41 seconds, and for the *Livonia* 6 hours 46 minutes 55 seconds, the former winning by 27 minutes 14 seconds. The race was sailed in light weather, and Mr. Ashbury said afterward that it was a foregone conclusion. The second race, on August 18th, was 20 miles to windward from Sandy Hook Light-ship and return. The wind was light at the start, and the *Columbia* was put in. It breezed up to a moderate gale afterward, but the *Columbia* won by 8 minutes. Mr. Ashbury very justly entered a protest on the ground that the *Columbia* had rounded the mark-boat the wrong way, luffing, and thus gaining a great advantage over the *Livonia*, which was jibed around. The skipper of the *Columbia* had been informed that he could round as he pleased. The captain of the *Livonia* had not been so instructed, and he followed the English racing custom of keeping the mark on the starboard hand. Mr. Ashbury did not claim the contest, but wanted it declared no race. His request was a fair one, and ought to have been granted, but the committee refused it.

The third race was again with the *Columbia*, and over the club course. The *Columbia* parted her flying-jib stay and broke her steering gear, losing the race by 15 minutes 10 seconds, so that the *Livonia* achieved the distinction of being the only challenger that has ever won a single race in the contests for the *America's* Cup. The *Livonia's* fourth race was against the *Sappho*, October 21st, 20 miles to windward and return. The *Sappho* won by 30 minutes 21 seconds. The final race was sailed on October 23d, over the club course, and the *Sappho*, after running through the *Livonia's* lee almost at the start, again won by 25 minutes 27 seconds. Mr. Ashbury had a long war of words with the New York Yacht Club, and accused the organization of unfair and unsportsmanlike conduct. The club responded by deciding to have nothing further to do with him, and he disappeared from international yachting contests.

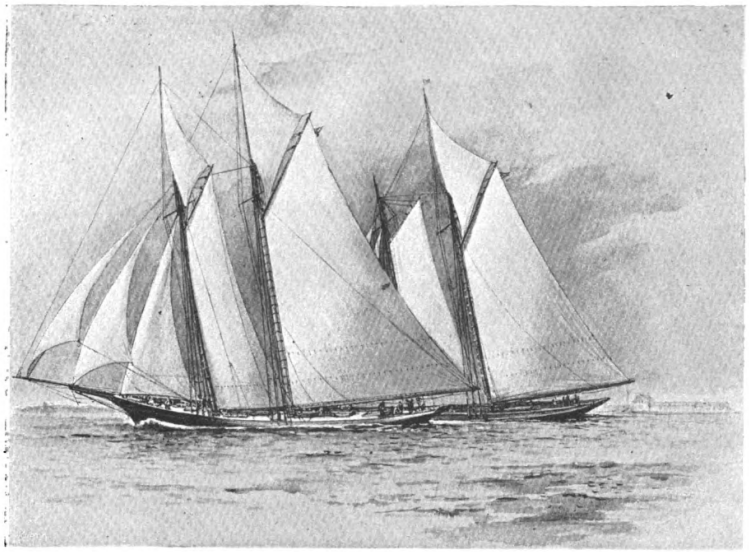
Several years elapsed before another challenger appeared. In 1876 Vice-Commodore Charles Gifford, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, sent to Secretary Minton, of the New York Yacht Club, a challenge, naming the schooner *Countess of Dufferin*, and requesting the holders of the cup to waive the required six months' notice. At a special meeting of the New York Yacht Club on April 20th the challenge was accepted. Of all the confident persons who have come to New York to get the cup, undoubtedly the yachtsmen aboard that Canadian schooner were the most disappointed. The schooner made her first public appearance here in the Brenton's Reef Cup race, which began July 27, 1876. This is a race for a cup given by James Gordon Bennett, from the Brenton's Reef Light-ship, off Newport, to and around the Sandy Hook Light-ship and return. It is usually sailed, however, with the start and finish at the New York end of the course. Captain Coffin records that the *Countess of Dufferin's* people were so confident that they started to accompany the racers over the course without setting top-sails. They soon discovered their mistake, and by adding their upper canvas managed to keep up with the rear of the procession in the run to the eastward. As soon as the fleet rounded the Brenton's Reef Light-ship and turned to windward, the *Countess* fell astern and was left out of sight. Her owners, on reaching New York, promptly ordered a full set of new balloon canvas.

The schooner *Madeleine* was selected by the New York Yacht Club as the cup defender. Her record was a fine one, and she was well manned. The first race was sailed on August 11th, over the club course, with a southerly wind. The *Madeleine* gained steadily from start to finish. The official record follows:



SAPPHO RUNNING HOME IN *LIVONIA* RACE OF OCTOBER 23, 1871.

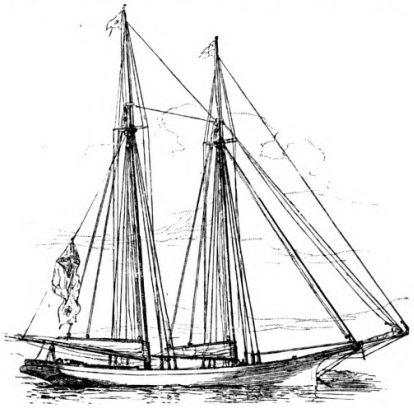
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SAPPHO PASSING *LIVONIA* IN THE LOWER BAY, OCTOBER 23, 1871.



LIVONIA PREPARING FOR START WITH *SAPPHO*, OCTOBER 23, 1871.



COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN ANCHORED OFF STAPLETON.

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Madeleine	11 16 31	4 41 26	5 24 55	5 23 54
Countess of Dufferin	11 17 06	4 51 59	5 34 53	5 34 53

The second race took place on August 12th, the course being twenty miles to windward, south-southeast from Buoy 5, off the point of the Hook and return. The *Countess* was sailed by the crack skipper Capt. Joe Elsworth, but he could not force her to do more than there was in her. The race was uninteresting, the *Madeleine* gaining from start to finish. The *America* went over the course, and was timed by courtesy of the regatta committee. She also beat the *Countess*. The following are the official figures:

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Madeleine	12 17 24	7 37 11	7 19 47	7 18 46
Countess of Dufferin	12 17 58	8 03 58	7 46 00	7 46 00
America	12 22 09	7 49 00	7 26 51	7 26 51

Thus the *Madeleine* beat the *Countess* 27 minutes 14 seconds, and the *America* beat her 19 minutes 9 seconds.

Captain Cuthbert, the designer of the *Countess of Dufferin*, came forward once more in 1881, when he designed and built the centre-board sloop *Atalanta*, at Belleville, Ontario. After three trial races the iron sloop *Mischief* was selected to meet this new challenger, which arrived here by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River on October 30th. This voyage of the *Atalanta* led to the insertion of this clause in the deed of gift of the cup, "Vessels selected to compete for this cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place." The *Atalanta's* first race was sailed in a fine breeze over the club course on November 9, 1881, the *Gracie* going over the course and beating both contestants. In fact, the whole interest of the day, after the start, centred in the contest between the two New York yachts. The record is as follows:

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Mischief	11 14 50	3 31 59	4 17 09	4 17 09
Atalanta	11 15 51	4 04 15½	4 48 24½	4 45 29½
Gracie	11 25 00	3 30 46	4 05 46	4 05 46

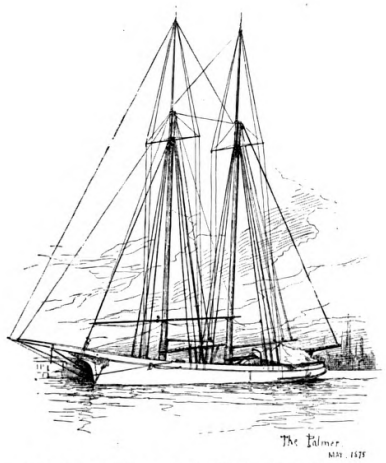
Thus the *Mischief* beat the *Atalanta* 28 minutes, 20½ seconds. The second race, which was the final one as usual, was sailed on November 10th. The wind was west by north, a fresh breeze, and the course was sixteen miles to leeward from Buoy 5 and return. This time the *Mischief* beat both *Atalanta* and *Gracie*. The Canadian did well in the leeward work, but she had not a ghost of a chance after the outer mark was rounded. The beat home was made by the New York boats under single-reefed mainsails; the *Atalanta* put in two reefs. The record of the race follows:

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Mischief	11 58 17	4 53 10	4 54 53	4 54 53
Atalanta	11 58 47	5 35 19	5 36 32	5 33 47
Gracie	12 08 30	5 03 15	4 54 45	4 59 31

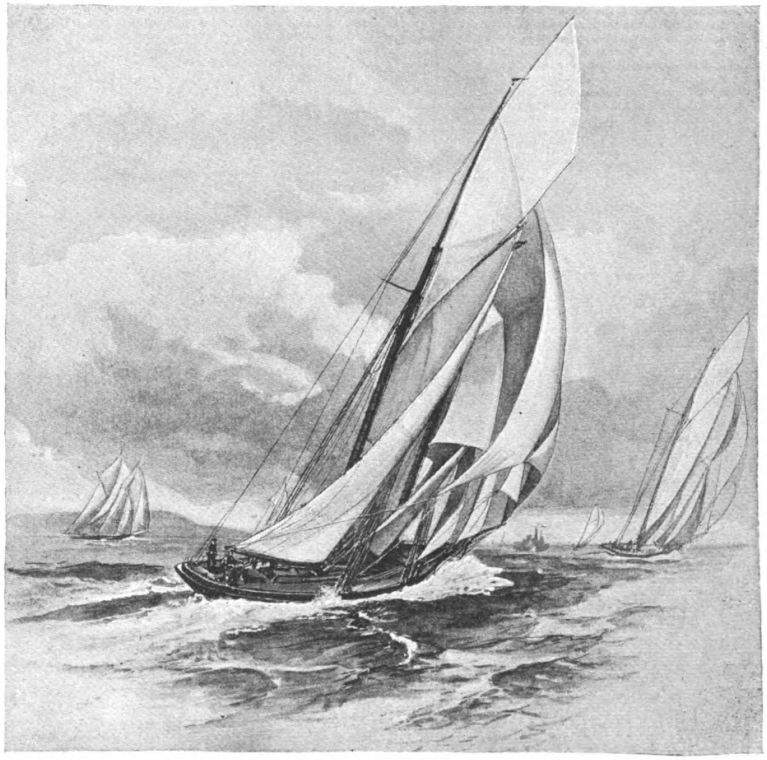
The *Mischief* beat the *Atalanta* 38 minutes 54 seconds, and the *Gracie* beat her 34 minutes 16 seconds.

The New York Yacht Club now decided that the old deed of gift was inadequate, and returned the cup to George L. Schuyler, the only surviving donor, who once more made it over to the club with a new deed. Copies of this document were sent to all foreign yacht clubs; and the Canadians, who had talked of challenging again, declined to do so. The only change, however, was the insertion of the clause designed to prevent competing yachts from being brought here on the decks of steamers or by way of canals.

On February 26, 1885, the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Royal Northern Yacht Club, through J. Beavor Webb, challenged the New York Yacht Club to defend the cup against the cutters *Genesta* and *Galatea*. The proposition was to have the *Genesta* sail first, and if the New York defender won, then to bring forward the *Galatea* immediately. The New York Yacht Club accepted the challenge. I do not propose to weary the reader with an account of the arrangement of the details of the race. Suffice it to say that the final programme provided for the contest between the *Genesta* and the American yacht, the *Galatea's* races being deferred till the following year. There was the usual discussion between Mr. Webb and the Cup Committee about courses and allowances, the former asking, as his successor did, to have all the races sailed outside the bay. It took the New York Yacht Club a long time to discover that the bay was not a suitable place for yacht racing, but the way in which the racers were crowded by a lot of lubberly steamboat captains finally carried the point, and this year's cup contest will be settled in open water, as it ought to be. A letter was sent out by the New York Yacht Club to all

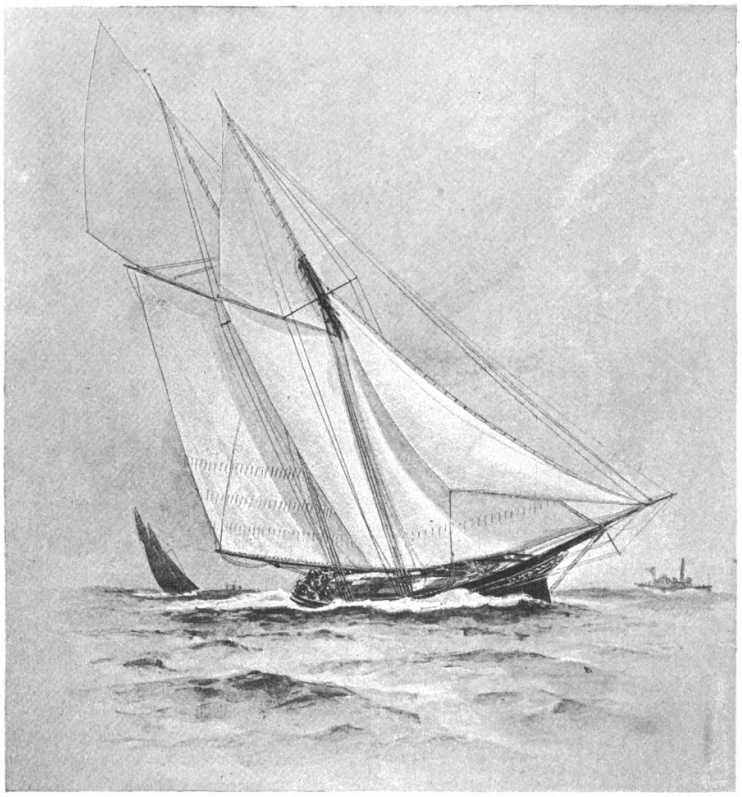


PALMER, ONE OF THE SCHOONERS SELECTED FOR *LIVONIA* RACE.

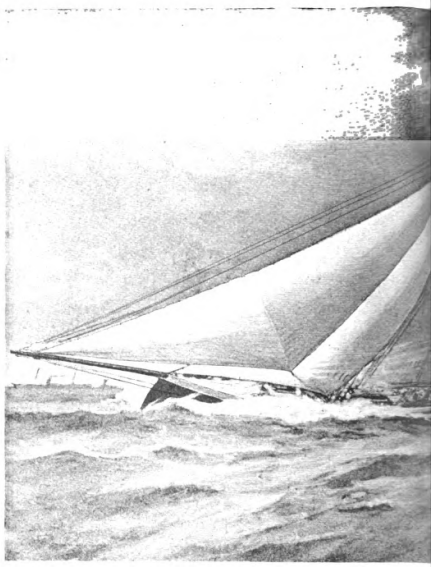


DAUNTLESS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



COLUMBIA.

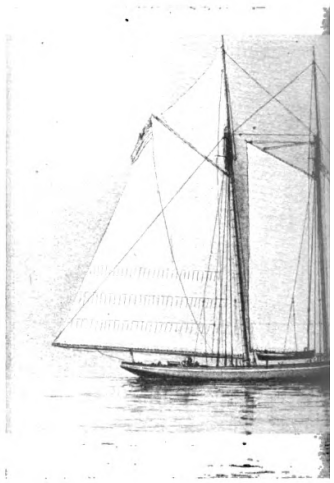


PURITAN AND GEN

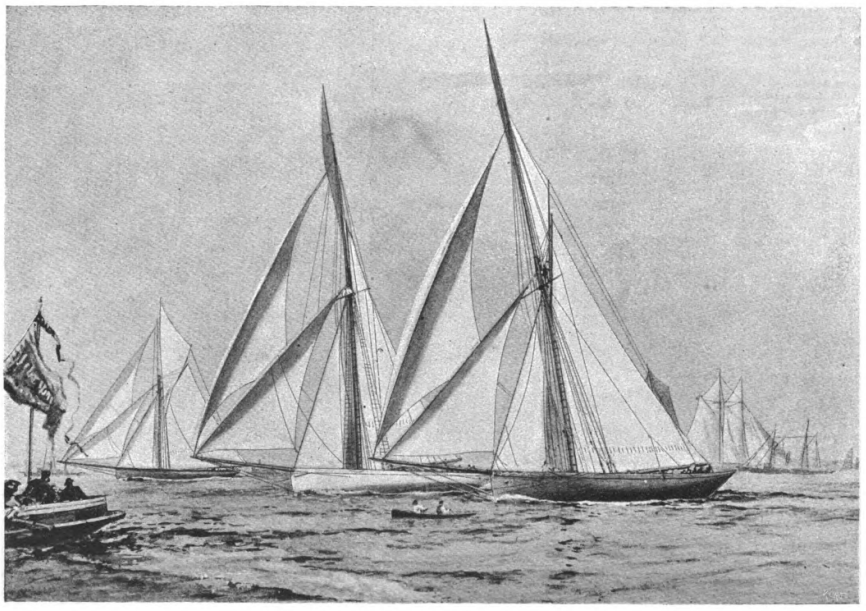
yachting organizations in this country, inviting them to enter competitors in the trial races. One clause in this letter stipulated that the committee reserved the right of forming its own judgment as to the fitness of any entry for the purpose in view, irrespective of the actual result of the races. This point is worth bearing in mind: The best boat does not always win, and the club still has the right to select a beaten boat, if it is deemed desirable.

James Gordon Bennett, commodore, and W. P. Douglass, vice-commodore, of the New York Yacht Club, resolved to build a yacht about the size of the *Genesta*, for at the time there was no single-sticker larger than the *Gracie* in this country. For these two gentlemen A. Cary Smith designed, and the Harlan and Hollingsworth Company built, the iron centre-board sloop *Priscilla*. About the same time several Boston gentlemen, chief among whom were the now famous yachtsmen General Charles J. Paine, J. Malcolm Forbes, and Edward Burgess, put their heads together and evolved the design of the grand *Puritan*. I do Mr. Burgess no injustice when I say that some share of the credit for her design belongs to the two gentlemen whom I have named with him. The *Puritan* was built by G. Lawley and Sons, of Boston, and many enthusiastic admirers still believe her to be the best sloop afloat in all weathers. The *Priscilla* was a fast yacht, but the *Puritan* was faster, and when they first came together in a heavy wind and sea off Newport, the latter won the Goelet Cup. The two sloops subsequently sailed three trial races at this port. The *Puritan* won the first and third; the *Priscilla* the second. The *Puritan*, having proved to be the better all-around boat, was wisely chosen to defend the cup.

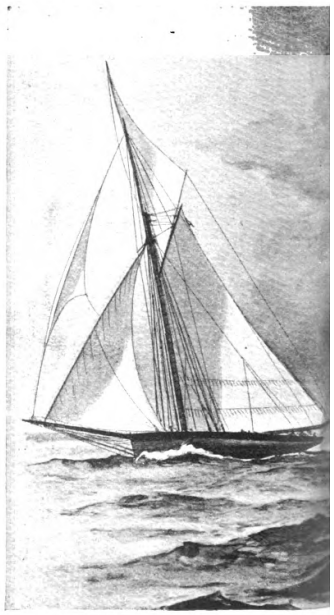
The *Puritan* and *Genesta* first met on September 7, 1885, but light winds prevented them from making a race. Another attempt was made the next day, but the *Puritan* fouled the *Genesta* at the start, and carried away the latter's bowsprit. The judges promptly ruled out the *Puritan*, and gave Sir Richard Sutton the privilege of sailing over the course and taking the race. With true English sportsmanlike spirit, he declined to avail himself of this right. The first race was sailed over the New York Yacht Club course on Monday, September 14th. The wind at the start was southeast, very light, and the tide on the last quarter of the flood. The preparatory signal was given at 10.25 A.M., and both yachts were handicapped at 10.32. It was dead to windward through the Narrows, and the *Puritan*, by not setting a jib-topsail, outwinded the *Genesta*. When they made their first tack, at 10.37, the *Puritan* was a hundred yards to windward. The wind subsequently haul



MADELEINE.



TRIAL RACE BETWEEN *ATLANTIC*, *PURITAN*, AND *PRISCILLA*.

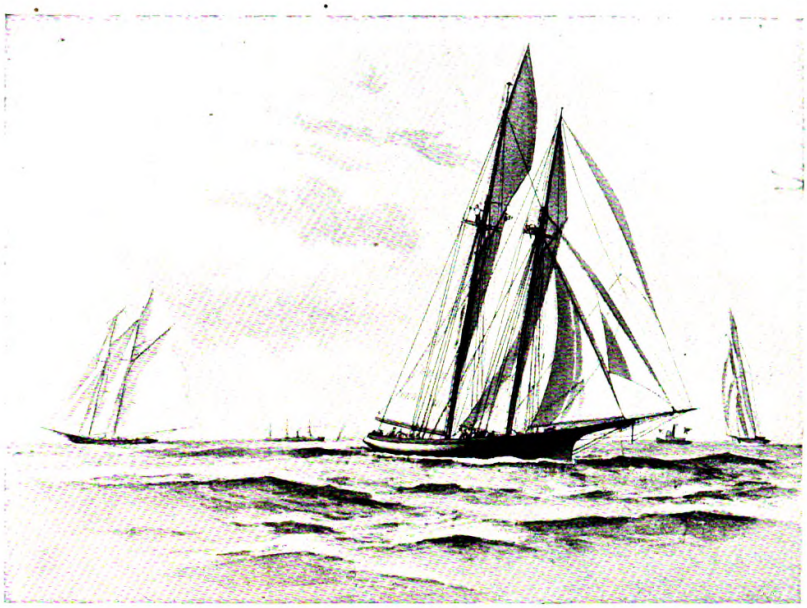


MISCHIEF BEATING *ATA*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



LL.



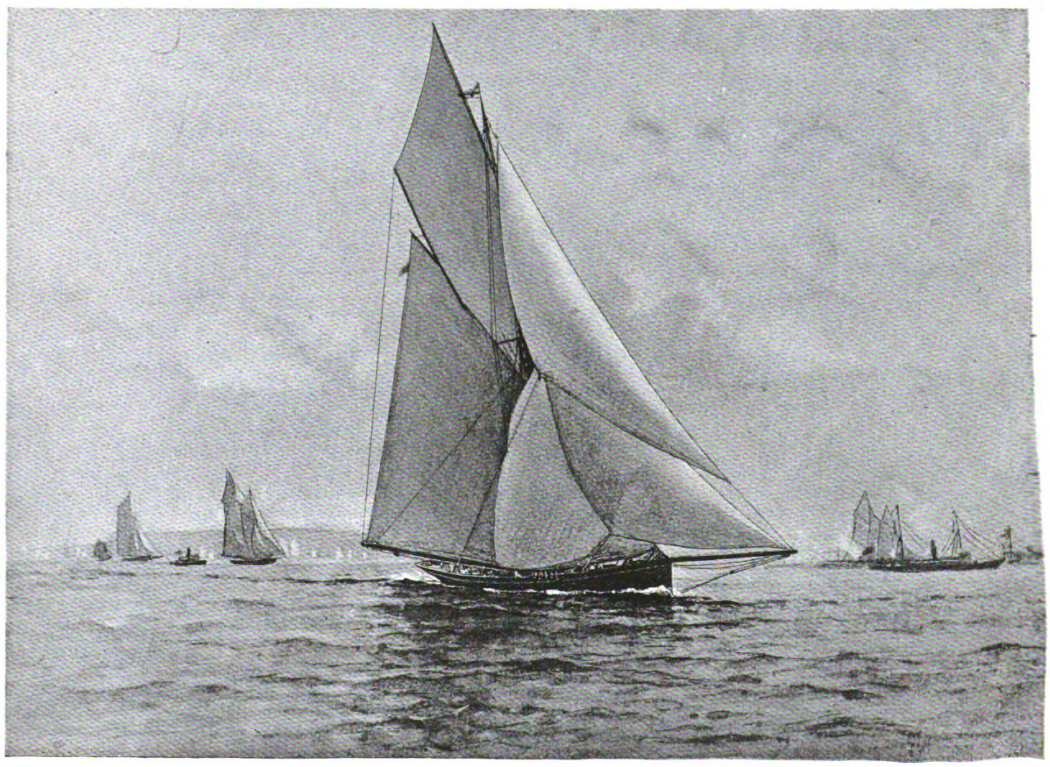
RACE OVER INSIDE COURSE BETWEEN *COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN* AND *MADELEINE*. *COUNTESS* NEARING SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP. *MADELEINE* RUNNING HOME.

ed to the southwest, and the *Puritan*, passing through the Narrows ahead of her opponent, got the breeze first and obtained a commanding lead. The steamboat men, who have always treated the racing yachts with scant courtesy, now began to annoy the *Genesta*. The two yachts had all kinds of baffling winds going down the bay, but finally rounded Buoy 10 as follows: *Puritan*, 1.16.22; *Genesta*, 1.19.25. The *Puritan* had gained 3 minutes 3 seconds on the *Genesta* in the beat down.

As soon as the yachts passed outside the Hook they got a good breeze. It was the old story—plenty of racing weather outside, but only calms on the New York Yacht Club's favorite drifting ground inside. The *Puritan* rounded the Sandy Hook Light-ship at 2.14.54; the *Genesta* at 2.19.16. The *Puritan* had made the run out in 58 minutes 32 seconds, and the *Genesta* in 59 minutes 51 seconds, the Boston sloop gaining 1 minute 19 seconds. The distance is about 8¾ nautical miles. Going back, the yachts had their sheets lifted a little, but the tide was against them. The *Puritan* rounded Buoy 10 at 3.38.05, and the *Genesta* at 3.46.05, the former having gained 3 minutes 38 seconds on the reach in. The finish up the bay was made with a very light wind on the quarter, and a strong opposing tide. The *Puritan* gained 8 minutes 47 seconds on her opponent in the run up. The following is the official record of the race:

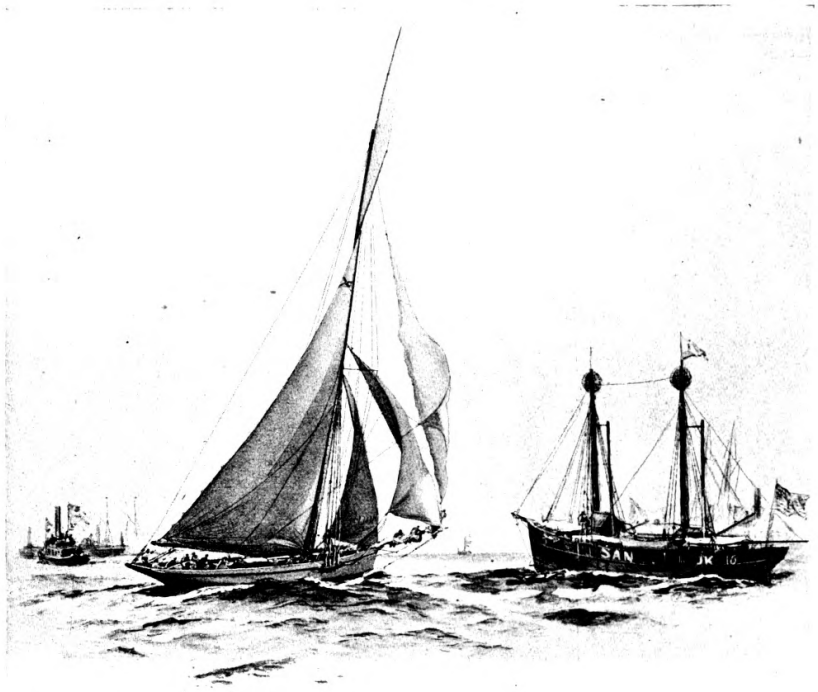
	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Puritan	10 32 00	4 38 05	6 06 05	6 06 05
Genesta	10 32 00	4 54 52	6 22 52	6 22 24

Thus the *Puritan* beat her opponent 16 minutes 47 seconds actual time, and 16 minutes 19 seconds corrected time. The second race was sailed 20 miles to leeward and return on Wednesday, September 16th, in a fresh wind from west-northwest, which at one time blew 37 miles an hour. Beaufort's scale rates a wind of from 28 to 40 miles an hour as a fresh gale, and calls for three reefed top-sails on a ship. The *Puritan's* people made that day the only mistake I have ever seen made on any yacht that had General Paine aboard. They set their spinnaker on the wrong side. Being anxious to avoid jibing at the outer mark, they boomed their main-sail out to port and set their spinnaker to star-board. The *Genesta* followed suit; but before she had gone far she took in her spinnaker, jibed her mainsail to starboard, and set her spinnaker to port. The mainsail did far better work on this side, and the *Genesta* walked past the *Puritan*, beating her to the outer mark 2 minutes 6 seconds. The *Genesta* rounded at 1.05.30, and the *Puritan* at 1.07.36. On the beat in, with a freshening wind, the *Genesta* made a mistake. She carried a working top-sail, which did her no good, but, on the contrary, caused her to bury herself too much. The *Puritan* housed her top-mast and went to windward beautifully. When both yachts were about three miles from the outer mark, bound in, both being on the port tack, the *Puritan* a mile nearer the Long Island shore than her opponent, the wind shifted a little farther northward. Both yachts at once tacked and laid their courses for the finish. My brother yachting writers held that this was an advantage to the *Genesta*, because it put the *Puri-*



GENESTA RUNNING HOME.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GALATEA ROUNDING SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP IN FIRST RACE WITH *MAYFLOWER*.

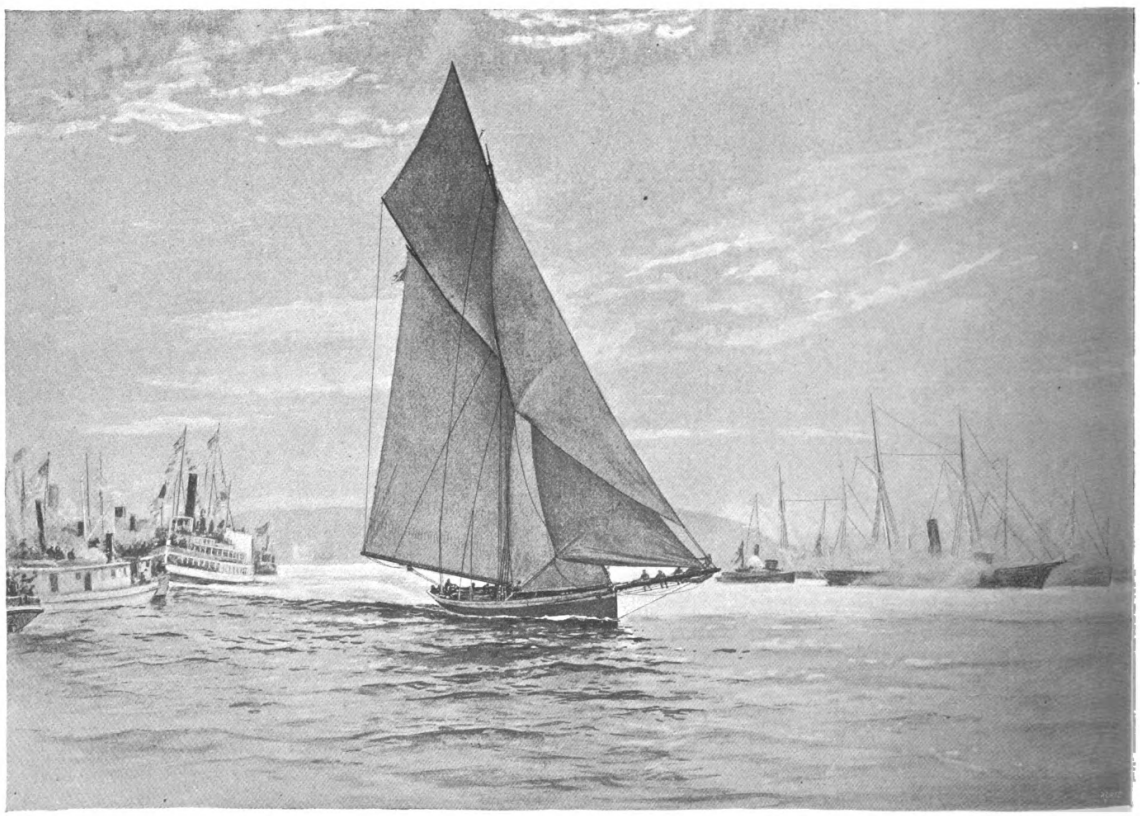
tan a mile farther to windward than she needed to be, and gave her a longer distance to sail, while the *Genesta* was on the shortest possible course to the Light-ship. I have never been able to agree with this view. The *Genesta* certainly did lay her course, but she was as close to the wind as she could go. Allowing the *Genesta* to have been from 15 to 17 miles from the finish, and the *Puritan* one mile to windward of her, the latter must have sailed not more than three-eighths of a mile farther, but she laid a course which gave her the wind half a point freer. Any sailor will admit that this is a very great advantage. It certainly proved to be so with the *Puritan*, for after getting on even terms with her opponent, she lifted sheets, kept away, and ran down in front of the *Genesta*, holding that position till the line was crossed, and winning the race and cup by 1 minute 38 seconds. The following are the official figures:

	Start.			*Finish.*			*Elapsed.*			*Corrected.*		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Puritan..	11	06	01	4	09	15	5	03	14	5	03	14
Genesta..	11	05	16	4	10	39	5	05	23	5	04	52

The following season preparations were made to meet Lieutenant Henn's steel cutter *Galatea*, also designed by J. Beavor Webb. The wooden centre-board sloops *Atlantic* and *Mayflower* were built. The former was designed by Philip Elsworth for a syndicate of members of the Atlantic Yacht Club. The latter was designed by Edward Burgess for General C. J. Paine, of Boston. The *Mayflower* did not make a good showing in the early regattas. Her mast and boom were taken out and reduced in diameter; some of her inside ballast was removed, and more lead put on her keel. After that she showed her true pace. The *Atlantic* was a failure from start to finish as compared with the Burgess yachts; but she could have beaten the *Galatea*, and, in fact, always did when they subsequently met in the regattas of 1887. Two trial races were sailed to select the cup defender of 1886, the starters being the *Mayflower*, *Puritan*, *Priscilla*, and *Atlantic*. The *Puritan* had been purchased by J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, and the *Priscilla* by A. Cass Canfield, Commodore of the Sea-wanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, of this city. The first trial race took place on August 21st, over the New York Yacht Club course, with a moderate southeasterly wind.

The *Mayflower* defeated the *Atlantic* by 10 minutes 51 seconds. The second trial race was sailed 15 miles to leeward, south-southwest, and return from the *Scotland* Light-ship. The breeze was moderate and the sea comparatively smooth. The starting signal was given at 12.04, and two of the yachts were handicapped, the *Priscilla* by 20 seconds, and the *Mayflower* by 2 minutes 26 seconds. The yachts started before the wind under spinnakers. At 1.03 the *Puritan* rolled her spinnaker-boom under water and carried it away. A few minutes later, however, the mark-boat was found to be a little to windward of the course, and the *Puritan*, hauling up, was able to do well without her spinnaker. Going back from the outer mark the yachts did not have their work dead to windward, but were nevertheless well tested in sailing close-hauled. The *Mayflower* fully proved her superiority. In the windward work she beat the *Puritan* 4 minutes 41 seconds; *Atlantic*, 9 minutes 2 seconds; *Priscilla*, 7 minutes 10 seconds. The Cup Committee announced immediately after the race that the *Mayflower* had been selected to meet the *Galatea*.

The first race between the *Mayflower* and the *Galatea* took place on September 7, 1886, over the New York Yacht Club course. The wind was from south to southeast, light inside the Hook and fair outside. The yachts got away on the starboard tack, the *Galatea* blanketing and passing the *Mayflower* right on the line.



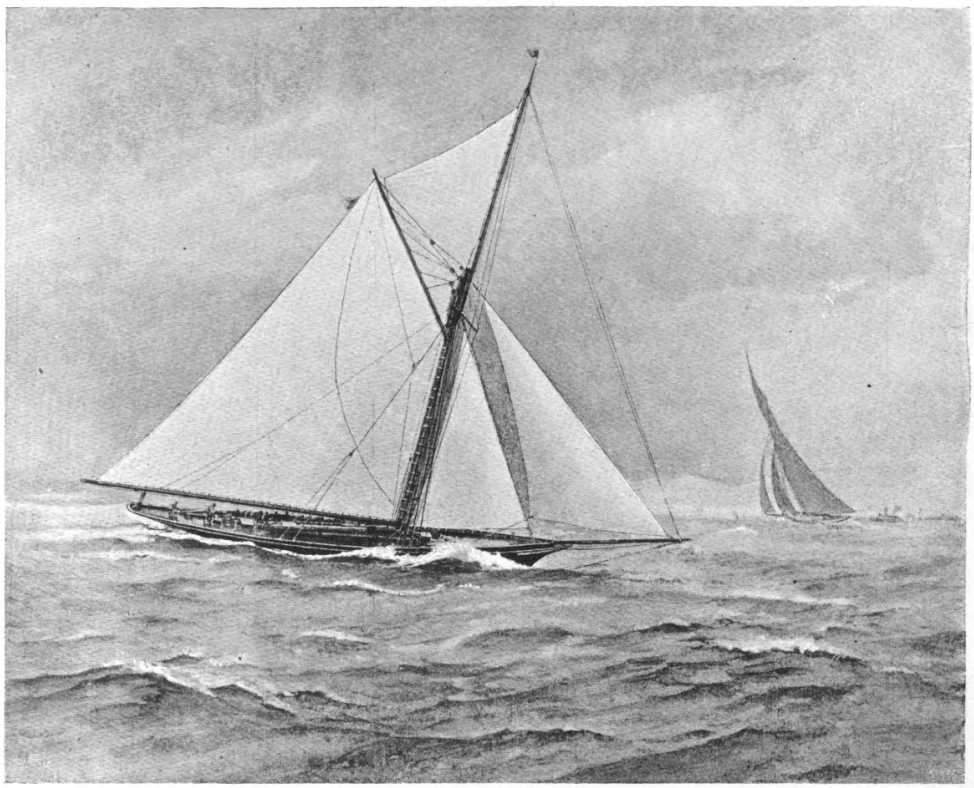
MAYFLOWER WINNING OUTSIDE RACE WITH *GALATEA*.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

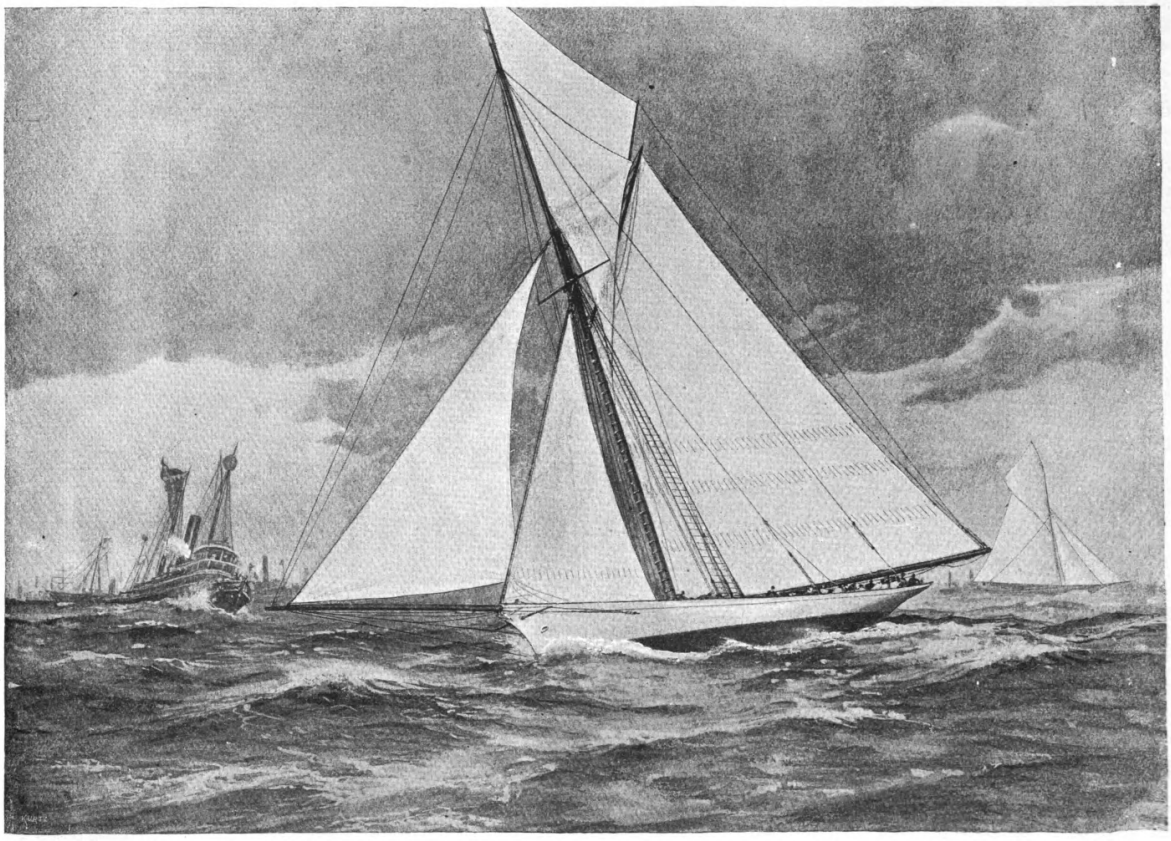
The *Mayflower* kept away and outfooted the cutter, so that when they tacked under the Long Island shore she had the weatherly position. She continued to walk out to windward of her antagonist from that time, and passed Hoffman Island half a mile ahead. The *Mayflower* rounded the Southwest Spit buoy, No. 8½, at 1.01.51, and the *Galatea* at 1.07.07. The sloop had gained 5 minutes 16 seconds thus far. It was a long and uneventful reach out to the Sandy Hook Light-ship, with a light breeze. The *Mayflower* rounded at 2.35.02, and the *Galatea* at 2.44.13. The sloop had gained 3 minutes 55 seconds in the reach from Buoy 8½. Returning over that stretch, the yachts had the wind on the port quarter and moved better. No official time was taken at the buoys inside the Hook on the return. By the time taken by Captain Coffin and myself, the *Mayflower* gybed around Buoy 10 at 3.38, and the *Galatea* at 3.51, the former having gained 3 minutes 49 seconds on the run in. The *Galatea* gained 21 seconds on the *Mayflower* between Buoy 10 and the finish, which gain was wholly due to the fact that the steamboats formed in a solid line behind the *Mayflower* and cut up her wind. The official figures are as follows:

Mayflower.				Galatea.			
Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*				
H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.				
10 56 12	4 22 53	5 26 41	5 26 41				
10 56 11	4 35 32	5 39 21	5 38 43				

Thus the *Mayflower* won by 12 minutes 2 seconds, corrected time. The second race was sailed on September 11th, 20 miles to leeward, southeast, and return. The wind was extremely poor at times and was very unsteady. It finally died out altogether, and then came off the shore from the westward, so that the yachts had it abeam when they should have been beating to windward. Cutters were supposed to be fast in light airs, but the *Galatea's* only gain on the *Mayflower* in this race was made when the breeze freshened a little, after the racers had rounded the outer mark. As a test of speed this race was so unsatisfactory that I shall devote no space to it. The starting signal was given at 11.20, and the yachts made fair time to the outer mark, rounding it as follows: *Mayflower*, 1.55.05; *Galatea*, 2.10.20. The sloop had gained 13 minutes 45 seconds on the run. From 3 till 4.17 the yachts were in the doldrums. The *Mayflower* then got a slant of wind from the west-northwest which carried her far ahead of the *Galatea* This bit of luck netted the *Mayflower* a gain of eight or nine minutes, and she beat the *Galatea* from the outer mark to

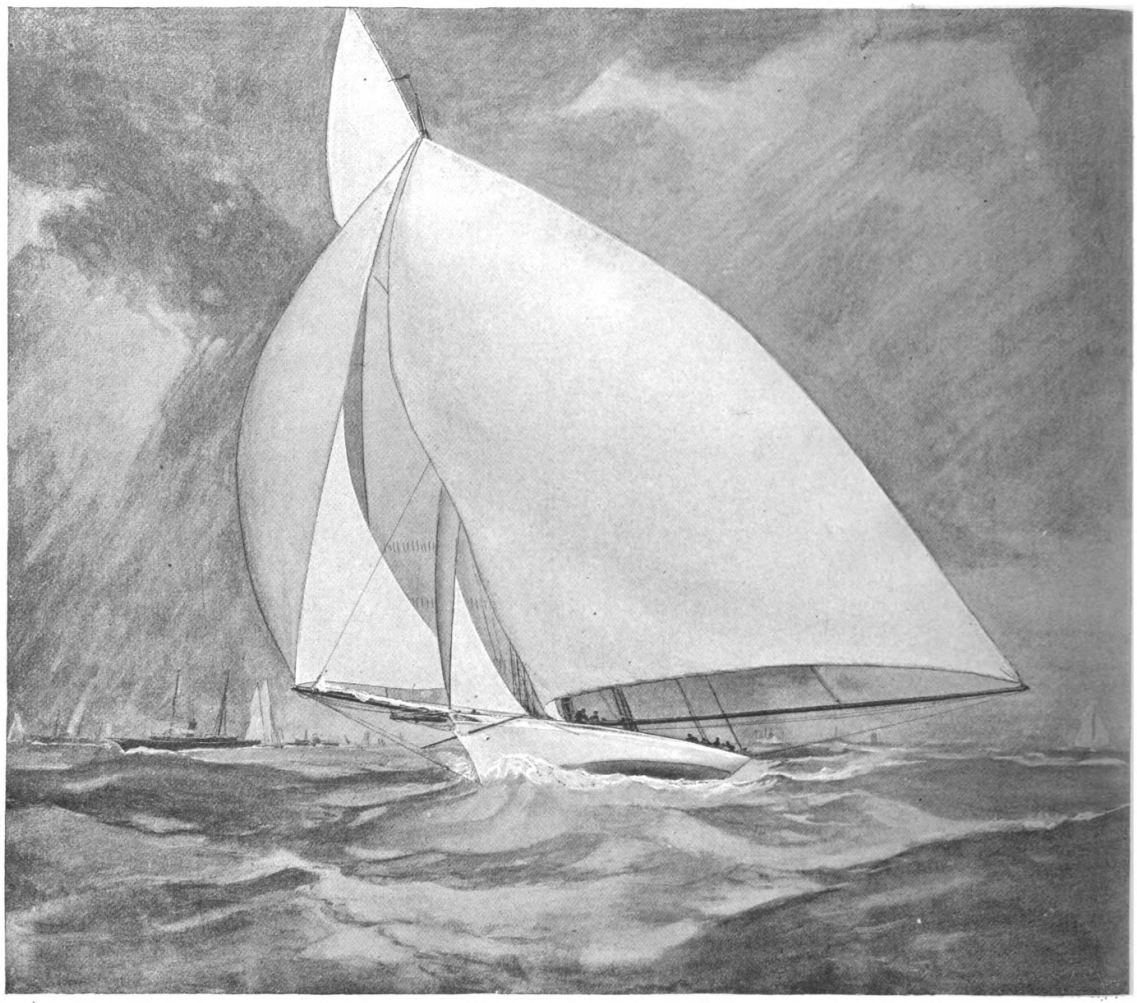


THISTLE ON FOURTH TACK—OUTSIDE RACE WITH *VOLUNTEER.*



VOLUNTEER ABOUT TO ROUND OUTER MARK-BOAT—SECOND RACE WITH *THISTLE.*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



VOLUNTEER RUNNING IN NEAR LIGHT-SHIP.

the finish 16 minutes 3 seconds, winning the race by 29 minutes 9 seconds. The official figures follow:

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Mayflower.....	11 22 40	6 11 40	6 49 00	6 49 00
Galatea.....	11 24 10	6 42 58	7 18 48	7 18 09

The next challenger for the cup was the *Thistle*, owned by a syndicate of Scotch gentlemen, for whom she was designed by G. L. Watson. Again the indomitable General Paine came forward and built the steel sloop *Volunteer*, designed by Edward Burgess. She sailed two trial races with the *Mayflower*. The first one, over the inside course, was abandoned inside of the Hook for want of wind, with the *Volunteer* about 100 yards ahead. The second was sailed on September 16, 1887, over an outside course of 38 miles, in a stiff breeze. It resulted in a decisive victory for the *Volunteer*, and also proved that the *Mayflower* could beat the *Thistle*, which went over the course. The course sailed over was 10 miles to leeward, southeast by south, 9 miles west-southwest, 9 miles east-northeast, and 10 miles dead to windward to the finish at the *Scotland* Light-ship. The *Mayflower*, after rounding the outermost mark, was forced to house her top-mast, but the *Volunteer* carried a working top-sail to windward.

The *Volunteer* beat the *Mayflower* 16 minutes 2⅝ seconds. The *Thistle* was accurately timed on the windward leg of the course. The *Mayflower* beat her 1 minute 58 seconds, and the *Volunteer* defeated her by 14 minutes 40⅜ seconds. This little brush of the *Thistle's* settled in the minds of experts all doubts as to her failing to win the cup. The first race of the *Thistle* and *Volunteer* was sailed on Tuesday, September 27, 1887, over the New York Yacht Club course, and the cutter was outsailed from start to finish. The wind was light from south-southeast, shifting to southwest. There was but one period of uncertainty in the race. The *Thistle* crossed the line 1 minute 52½ seconds ahead of the *Volunteer*. At 12.39—six minutes after crossing — the *Thistle* tacked and headed for the Long Island shore. Captain Haff held his port tack. The *Thistle*, seeing this, went about again. At 12.45 the *Volunteer* went on the starboard tack and was crossing the *Thistle's* bows when the latter tacked at 12.46.25. The race was decided then and there. After that the *Volunteer*, first catching the breeze through the Narrows, simply walked away from the cutter. The sloop passed Buoy 10 at 2.21.08, and the cutter at 2.36.45. The former had gained 17 minutes 29¼ seconds up to this point. The racers had a tolerably good breeze going out to the light-ship, which the *Volunteer* turned at 3.42.12, followed by the *Thistle* at 4.01.15. The *Volunteer* gained 3 minutes 26 seconds on the reach out. The sloop passed Buoy 10 on the return at 4.36.15, having made the run from the light-ship in 54 minutes 3 seconds. The *Thistle* rounded the buoy at 4.52.47, having accomplished the run in 51 minutes 32 seconds, thus gaining 2 minutes 31 seconds on the *Volunteer* on this leg. In the run from Buoy 10 to the finish the *Volunteer* gained 1 minute 4½ seconds. The following are the official figures:

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Volunteer....	12 34 58¾	5 28 16¾	4 53 18	4 53 18
Thistle	12 33 06	5 45 52¾	5 12 46¾	5 12 41¾

The *Volunteer* therefore won by 19 minutes 23⅝ seconds, or about 2⅛ miles. The second race was sailed on Friday, September 30th, 20 miles to windward, east by north, and return. The breeze at the start blew about 15 miles an hour. It soon diminished to about 10 miles. After the vessels rounded the outer mark it freshened steadily, and at the finish was blowing more than 20 miles an hour. It was an unusually true wind, making but one shift of four points to the southward, and then going back to east by north. The shift favored neither boat. The *Volunteer* went to windward of the *Thistle* at the very start, and decided the race in the first board. On the starboard tack the yachts had the sea abeam, and on the port tack ahead. On the latter the *Volunteer* beat her opponent much more than on the former. The *Thistle* gained on the run in, again demonstrating that she was fast before the wind. If she had not been all cut away under the water forward, she would probably have been a much better windward yacht. The racers rounded the outer mark as follows: *Volunteer*, 2.26.40½; *Thistle*, 2.41.00. The sloop beat her antagonist in the windward work 14 minutes 49½ seconds. On the run in the *Thistle* gained 2 minutes 54½ seconds, so that the *Volunteer* won by 11 minutes 47⅞ seconds. The official figures are as follows:

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed.*	*Corrected.*
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Volunteer.....	10 40 50¾	4 23 47	5 42 56⅝	5 42 56⅝
Thistle;.....	10 40 21	4 35 12	5 54 51	5 54 44

The dimensions of the competitors for the *America's* cup are instructive. They are as follows: *Magic*, water-line length, 78.11 ft.; beam, 20.9; draught, 6.7. *Cambria*, water-line length, 100 ft.; beam, 20.5; draught, 12.4. *Sappho*, water-line length, 119.4 ft.; beam, 27.4; draught, 12.8. *Columbia*, length, 96 ft.; beam, 25.1; draught, 6. *Livonia*, 107.5 ft.; beam, 23.3; draught, 12.8. *Madeleine*, length, 95.2 ft.; beam, 24; draught, 7.4. *Countess of Dufferin*, length over all 107 ft.; beam, 24; draught, 6½. *Mischief*, length on water-line, 61 ft.; beam, 19.10; draught, 5.4. *Atalanta*, water-line length, 64 ft.; beam, 19; draught, 5½. *Genesta*, length, 81 ft.; beam, 15; draught, 13. *Puritan*, length, 81 ft. 1½ in.; beam, 22 ft. 7 in.; draught, 8 ft. 8 in. *Galatea*, length, 87 ft.; beam, 15; draught, 13.03. *Mayflower*, length, 85 ft. 7 in.; beam, 23 ft. 6 in.; draught, 9 ft. 9 in. *Thistle*, length, 86.46 ft.; beam, 20.03; draught, 13.8. *Volunteer*, length, 85.88 ft.; beam, 23.02; draught, 10. All the lengths are on the water-line, except that of the *Countess*.

If these figures show anything, it is that the American and English yachts are approaching one another in model, and that our present vessels are much more substantial and sea-worthy craft than those we turned out fifteen or twenty years ago.

There was very little change in American designs previous to the advent of the famous Scotch cutter *Madge* in 1881. To be sure, Commodore Robert Center had designed and built the stanch cutter *Volante*, but most yachtsmen regarded him as an Anglomaniac. Other cutters followed, but the *Madge* carried the day. She is of the extreme type, 38 ft. 6 in. on the water-line, 7 ft. 9 in. wide, 46¼ feet over all, and 8 ft. 4 in. draught. She was matched against the *Schemer*, *Wave*, *Shadow*, and *Mistral*. The *Schemer*, for instance, is 39.1 ft. over all, 36.4 on the water-line, and 14.6 ft. beam. The *Madge* beat every boat she met with ease, and in anything like a sea-way played with them. She taught us a good lesson as to the value of depth, and one of the best results of it was the building of the cutter *Bedouin*, designed by John Harvey, a man who deserves much more praise than he gets. The *Bedouin* is a fine type of vessel, possessing much more beam than the old style of English cutter. She has a beam of 15 ft. 6 in., with a water-line of 70 ft. 6 in., while the *Galatea* has 15 ft. of beam to 86 ft. of water-line. The *Bedouin* wrestled for the supremacy with the new *Katrina* all through last year's cruise of the New York Yacht Club, and whenever there was any breeze she always beat her opponent.

Since the advent of the *Madge*, our best yachts have been made narrower and deeper, and we have adopted the best features of the English rig. Such yachts as the *Titania* and *Volunteer* are not sloops at all, but simply centre-board cutters. What changes were introduced in designing the *Mayflower?* I quote Mr. Burgess: "We had certain points in view in designing the *Mayflower*, which we thought would make her better than the *Puritan*. In order to make her *easier in a sea-way*, her bilge was made slightly easier, and the centre of gravity lowered, the centre of buoyancy being considerably lowered also." The Italics are mine. What are the main differences between the *Volunteer* and *Mayflower?* The former is a trifle longer, her beam at the water-line is a little less, and her draught is a little greater. I suppose there can be no doubt that the *Thistle* is the best yacht that ever came after the cup. Certainly she fully proved her superiority to all her English competitors. What striking change of design did she present? On a water-line of over six inches less than the *Galatea* she had five feet more beam. The *Galatea* carries 81.5 tons of lead on her keel. The *Thistle's* ballast amounts to 62 tons, and the *Volunteer's*, partly inside and partly out, to 55 tons. Speed is the first consideration in a racing yacht; but if it can be shown that the best speed can be got out of a vessel that has plenty of head room and plenty of elbow room, and will ride out a gale of wind, then the yachting problem will be solved, and a man can own a racing yacht in which he can cruise around the world.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ELECTRIC LIGHTING IN NEW YORK.

BY SCHUYLER S. WHEELER, Sc.D.,

ELECTRICAL EXPERT OF THE BOARD OF ELECTRICAL CONTROL, NEW YORK.

GENERATING AND DISTRIBUTING.

THE extensive introduction of electricity into many industries to which it has now become indispensable has made the work of providing means for its distribution in crowded places the most difficult problem of electrical engineering. Of the thousands of lights seen in our towns and cities, every one of the arc lights requires for its operation all of the force which is developed by a one-horse-power steam-engine, and an equal force is consumed by ten of the small or incandescent lights. These lights are often several miles from the central building or station where the machinery is operated, and from which this power must be distributed in the form of electricity. Although the most valuable feature of electricity is that it furnishes a means of transmitting power with no troublesome motion, and in an incomparably more compact form than any other agent, the fact that such enormous quantities of energy are demanded in closely settled districts requires the running of conductors which are small only in comparison with any other means of distributing the like amount of power. The observer in the street sees only the silent wire which if it is the size of a lead-pencil he considers rather large. If this wire is supplying its usual quota of fifty arc lights, it is carrying from house to house about fifty-horse-power, which, being entirely invisible, is likely to lack appreciation. The same power could not be carried by a moving belt, running at the usual speed of about half a mile a minute, unless the belt were one foot wide. Or to illustrate further the compactness of electrical transmission by comparison with steam, a pipe about six inches in diameter would be required under the usual conditions to transmit the same power by the latter. The use of any such means in public streets, for connections from point to point to transmit power, is of course out of the question. For this reason alone the new convenient systems of house-to-house distribution of force which have sprung up since the birth of industrial electricity, and to which the cheapness of the electrical conductors is indispensable, would have succeeded.

It is hard to realize that as much power is being carried by each of these silent electric-light wires in the street as can be carried by the older and purely mechanical means of transmission, such as moving belts, and pipes with fluids under pressure. The real work done and the power conveyed are fully as great with the modern wire, while its form is more manageable for many of the uses to which it is put. And it is likely that the continuation of the rapid progress which has already made electrical as common as mechanical transmission will, in the near future, make it the chief means of doing work at a distance, with belting, shafting, and pipes as local accessories for special cases. In producing light, the current may be thought of as a means of making the necessary heat to produce the light, in the same way that gas or oil is sometimes used to produce them, and it may be considered roughly that the fuel which would produce a light equal to the arc electric light will run a steam-engine of one horse-power. In other words, if, instead of converting a horse-power into electricity, carrying this along a wire, and changing it into heat and light, we build a fire at the place sufficient to give the same light, we will have carried one-horse-power of fuel to the point, and made a fire capable of doing the same amount of work. With the smaller lights the explanation is the same, allowing for each light one-tenth the amount of fuel.

With motors and other appliances which convert the power into tangible form, equivalent and identical with the power consumed at the station, the absorption, transmission, and return of the power are self-evident and need no explanation. And upon a very complete investigation into all other ways in which electricity is consumed, such as in operating upon chemicals, heating masses of ore, in smelting, etc., it will invariably be found that the electrical energy consumed is nearly the equivalent of the work accomplished.

If all other means of carrying power require a moving conveyer, how can the same power be conveyed by electricity in a conductor of one-hundredth the size and apparently without any motion whatever? The answer is, that the conductor is not really motionless, but is in intensely rapid vibration. Instead of the entire conductor moving in one direction, as with a body of steam or a leather belt, each particle moves back and forth an infinitesimal distance within its own bounds with incredible rapidity, and transmits its energy to the next particle, thus leaving the conductor as an aggregate apparently without motion. This will seem less absurd if we reflect a moment upon the difference between a number of men carrying buckets of water, and the old plan of passing buckets of water for extinguishing fires, when the men formed a line and passed the buckets from hand to hand while themselves remaining stationary. The difference between the two plans is very much the same as the difference between the transmission of power by mechanical motion and by electrical motion or electricity. In the first case the entire body moves, and the work transferred is equal to the strength of the body multiplied by the speed with which it moves. In the second case, only the particles of the body move, the motions being very short and at greater speed, returning immediately to the points of starting; so that while here there is a more rapid transfer, the conducting body as a whole is stationary. In this case the work transferred is also equal to the strength of the body multiplied by the speed of its motion.

In other words, the difference between an electrical conductor and a moving belt is that the latter conveys motion by moving itself bodily, while the former does it while standing still, by passing inappreciable motions from particle to particle along the line. The power transmitted by the chain of electrical oscillations in a comparatively small conductor is equal to that carried by a large belt, because the motions have an enormous velocity and carry a much greater tension—in the same way that the power of a belt is greater when run at a high speed, and when the pulling power or tension of the belt is made greater.

The strain which is going on in an electrical conductor is as real as the strain on a belt. When a heavy machine which is driven by a belt from an engine is suddenly made to run hard, the belt will slip on the wheel or slow down the engine. And when an engine is driving an electric machine connected to wires, it is a common occurrence for some sudden labor which is required at the distant end of the wires to break the belt, to cause it to slip and run off the pulley, or even to stop the engine, through the increased strain on the electrical motions in the wire. It is common among the men in charge of electrical generators and steam-engines to exclaim that more machines have been put on the line, or that some trouble has occurred, because they hear the "belt squeak."

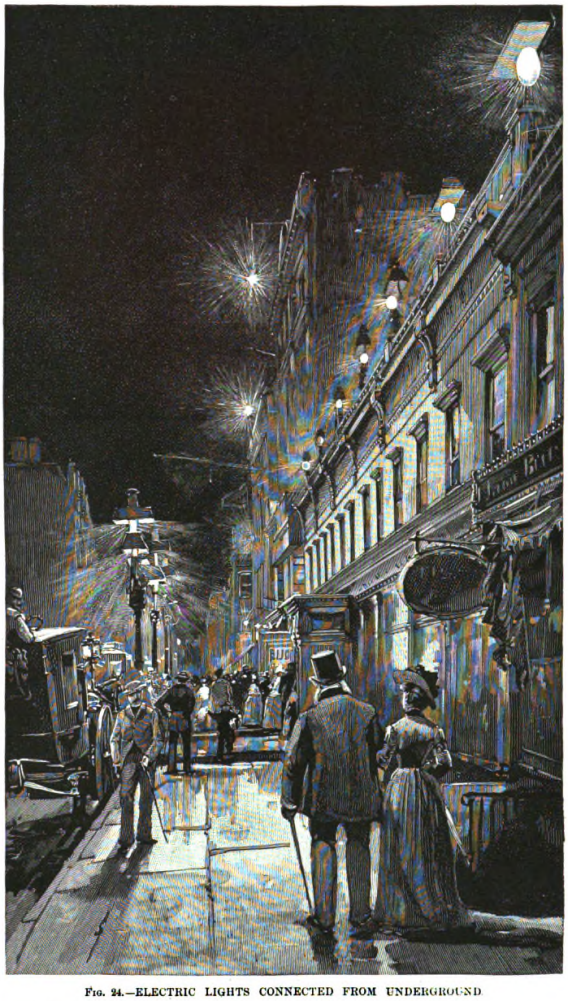


FIG. 24.—ELECTRIC LIGHTS CONNECTED FROM UNDERGROUND.

We see that by electricity alone, through its power of carrying a great deal of motion quietly, in conductors which are very small, because the work through them is done at high speed and at great pressure, a new set of industries can be carried on. These industries requiring heat, light, and power in great quantities, deliverable easily at any and every place, could not have been thought of before the advent of electricity, when the slow and clumsy moving mechanical distributors were the only means known. Since the new agent has become known, its wonderful properties, useful for producing almost every kind of physical effect, have been adapted to the corresponding commercial applications with surprising rapidity and ingenuity. The commercial development of electricity has been limited only by the time required for the public to learn that it is at hand for their every service. They have now learned this, and, we think, sometimes carry the idea of its universal applicability too far—a result due, no doubt, to the suddenness of its growth, which causes impossibilities to be expected.

The principal uses to which electricity is put to-day, outside of the all-important classes of electric signalling and electro-chemical work, are, as we have said, for furnishing light, heat, and power. And as a striking illustration of the industrial growth of this branch we propose to give a description of it as it exists in the city of New York, where there are, including all kinds, about 160,000 electric lights, of which 7500 are of the larger kind.

New York possesses more of the practical applications of electricity than any other place in the world, and is the most extensively developed centre of electrical industries. The bulk of the electricity used is supplied by seven companies, whose single generating establishments or stations are distributed so as to divide the entire territory of the city. The lines used by each company for delivering electricity overlap these districts, however, to a considerable extent, so that, as with the pipes of the gas companies, most of the streets are reached by the wires of two or three electric-light companies. The United States Company covers the lower part and a part of the middle of the city. The Brush Company covers the middle section. The Manhattan covers the upper east side, upper middle, and middle parts. The East River covers the east side and part of the middle section. The Harlem covers the upper east side. The Mount Morris covers the extreme west side through its whole length. And the Edison has three stations, one in the lower part and two in the middle part, each supplying a compact section with about fifteen thousand small lights.

The wires of these companies in most places overlap each other, as stated before, and are of all kinds of construction, some old and some new, most of it in the worst disorder, and some of it, of recent construction, well arranged.

The Brush and Mount Morris companies supply nothing but large lights and motors. The Manhattan Company supplies small lights exclusively. The Harlem Company supplies large and small lights and motors. The United States and East River companies supply both large and small lights and motors. The Edison Company supplies only small lights and motors. They all furnish heat occasionally when their wires get out of order. The currents which are distributed in these districts over their several net-works of wire are generated in large buildings containing steam-engines of great power, coupled to and driving the necessary electrical generators. These establishments, of which there are nine, are most impressive evidences of the growth of electricity. A visit to them shows at once that great quantities of power are being dealt with on the most economical plans. A glance at the engines shows that they are of the most improved type, run according to the best methods for securing high economy, while the heavy labor of the engines, combined with the perfect order and smooth economical running of the machinery within the building, shows that nearly the whole of the thousands of horse-power produced is actually being carried out of the building to all parts of the city by the mass of wires which are connected to the generators.

An idea of the appearance of the generating-room of the station of the Brush Electric Light Company, at 210 Elizabeth Street, the largest of its kind in the world, may be had from Figure 1. The electrical generators, or dynamos, are arranged in rows, with sufficient space between for the passage of the attendants, who must be constantly on the lookout to see that each machine is running properly at its high speed, and not becoming heated. Each machine is driven by a belt, about a foot wide, passing up through the floor from a shaft supported from the ceiling below, which is driven by the engines placed directly under it. About fifty-horse-power is transmitted to each of the dynamos from this shaft. The amount of current generated by each machine is adjusted automatically by electrical regulators in small boxes suspended near by. If the current drawn by the wires temporarily exceeds at any time the usual amount, the corresponding belt is insufficient to turn the armature, or revolving part of the dynamo, against the increased magnetic attraction in the machine. Then the belt slips on the pulley, producing a creaking noise. In the conversion of the power into electricity by the machine not more than one or two tenths is lost, and the converted force, nearly equal to the original, is carried off by two small wires not larger than a clothes-line. That all of this force is actually in these wires may be proved readily by connecting to them another machine similar to the generator. This machine will then run at the same speed as the generator; and if a similar driving-belt is placed around its pulley, it will act as a motor, and develop a force equal to that in the first belt, with, say, one-quarter deduction for the losses of transformation in the two machines.

Thus we have it visibly demonstrated that this enormous power is not lost, but is flowing quietly through the small wires, ready to be reconverted for use at pleasure. The two wires from each of the eighty machines in this station are laid under the floor in glass tubes imbedded in cement, and carried to suitable terminals forming a large switch-board at the front of the building, shown in Figure 2. From this point the wires are carried out of the building and scattered. Every dynamo is constantly emitting bright, vicious-looking green sparks at the point where connection is made with the bundle of wires, which is revolved under the action of the powerful magnets, to generate the current. These sparks are in fact the newly generated electricity passing out from the revolving generating coil to the stationary terminals of the main wires which lead under the floor, and, strange to say, when once in these wires, the current is perfectly safe from sparking, and is so in every solid and continuous conductor. It is only

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

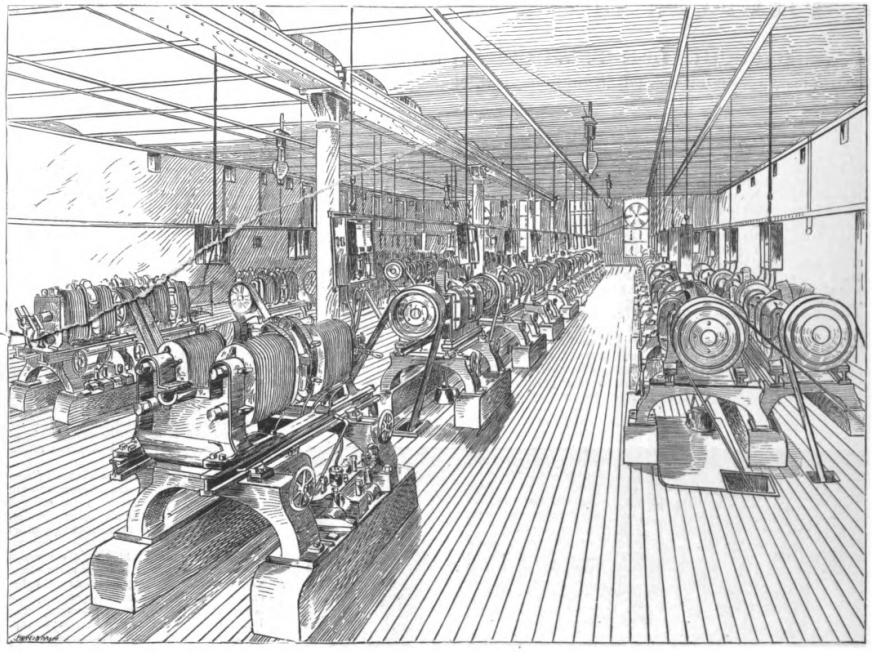


FIG. 1.—DYNAMO-ROOM OF BRUSH STATION.

where connection is interrupted that sparking occurs, and the necessity for the sparking mentioned arises from the fact that the connections to the revolving part of the machine cannot of course be made solid, a fact often misunderstood.

Going to the floor below the visitor sees the picture presented in Figure 3, and is at once struck by the size of the four powerful engines which are required to drive the dynamos above.

Returning to the front of the dynamo-rooms he finds the wires from the dynamos terminating in flexible cables with clamps at their ends, near a large switch-board, upon which, arranged in regular order and numbered, are a multitude of brass sockets to which are attached the wires leading out of the building (Figure 2). The terminal of each wire has its name and the direction of its route plainly marked on it, so that any circuit may be easily picked out. By clamping the ends of the flexible cables leading from either of the dynamos to these terminals a current may be supplied to any line or circuit from any dynamo. This arrangement is particularly useful for making temporary changes in the supplying of any line in case of interference with the wires, etc. This switch-board has just been destroyed by fire, two days after the picture was taken. The fire was probably caused by some of the wires getting out of order.

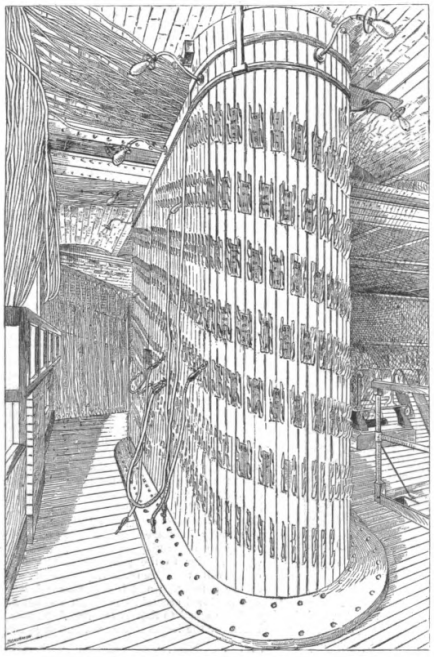


FIG. 2.—SWITCH-BOARD IN BRUSH STATION.

The lights supplied by the company are classified and placed on the appropriate circuits as follows: those for street lighting, called "city lights," are connected on "city circuits"; those for lighting stores are on "commercial circuits"; and such as are needed in the daytime are supplied by "day circuits." On the wall by the switch is posted a list giving the precise hour and minute when each circuit is to be started and stopped for every day in the year, as regulated by the time of sunrise and sunset. At the required time the attendant connects the cables from the proper dynamos to the circuits to be lighted.

The wires from the switch-board, after passing from the building in a body, spread out upon a pole on the opposite side of the street, as seen in Figure 4, and stretch in all directions, reaching all parts of the city, silently carrying with them the enormous power of the station. The wires leaving this building have in them about two-thousand-horse-power, which is equivalent to the power, when in motion, of all the belts which come up through the floor into the dynamo-room. This station has just been rebuilt, having been destroyed by fire two years ago.

The machinery of the other stations for running arc lights is much the same as this in principle, though perhaps not so well arranged, and will not be further described, as we have yet to consider the other parts of the lighting systems.

Our large picture shows the appearance of a street lighted by electricity. The view is taken in Grand Street, near the Bowery, a short distance from the Brush station. It is undoubtedly one of the most brilliantly lighted streets in the world, and this representation of it gives an idea of the liberal use which is now made of these lights.

The application of electricity for furnishing power is next in importance, and consumes the bulk of the current outside of that which is used for lighting. The machines by which it is converted into power —electric motors — are the same in their general form and operation as dynamos, and differ only in the details which are added to render them convenient in regulating their power, etc., to the special uses for which they are employed. It is on account of the ease with which they are managed that they are particularly advantageous for all kinds of work. To be so fitted for the several kinds of service, they require attachments by which they may be regulated in respect to speed or power, or both, according to the demands of machinery which they are required to run, and the differences in motors, therefore, lie in the means for accomplishing this. We illustrate a motor (Figure 5) arranged for one of these special purposes, that of running a fan at variable speeds to produce a mild or a strong breeze. The motor is of the smallest size (one-eighth of a horse-power), with the Crocker-Wheeler governor. The speed is regulated by the cord attached to the small lever at the left, the action of which is simply to slide the shaft and armature sideways away from the stationary magnets; this reduces the power of the machine and causes the fan to run slower.

LAMPS.

There are two kinds of lamps in use, entirely dissimilar in principle and construction, and therefore suitable for entirely different purposes. They are founded on the two different ways in which electricity may be converted into light. In one, known as the incandescent, the light is produced by passing a small current through a fine wire or filament, which it heats to a dazzling brilliancy or incandescence. In the other, the light is obtained by burning off the ends of two large rods with a heavy current which jumps bodily from one to the other across a small space, taking a slightly curved path, called the electric arc, from which its name are light is derived. This is the intensely brilliant light seen in our streets.

The incandescent lamp produces a soft, steady light, about equal to that of a gas-burner, and therefore suitable for in-door use. Its filament is sealed up in a glass globe, and uses a small current of steady pressure. This filament is very slender, and yet, when emitting light, it appears to be of considerable size, owing to the effect of the light upon the eyes. Our artist has endeavored to give two views indicating the appearance of the same lamp when lighted and when not lighted. The air is exhausted from the globe to prevent the thread-like filament being instantly burned up by the great heat. If the air is admitted by making a hole in the globe, the filament will vanish with a flash, and this occurs so quickly that it is impossible for it to set fire to anything. The lamp is lighted equally well by a continuous current or by one flowing alternately in opposite directions. The study of the phenomena produced by this intensely heated filament in the vacuum of its globe, as disclosed by scientific observing instruments, has brought out many interesting discoveries in the sciences of light, heat, and radiant energy, which, however, do not belong to this subject. The perfecting of these lamps by Edison and others about eight years ago was the cause of considerable excitement at that time.

The arc light, which is much older than the incandescent, is now produced practically by passing a powerful current between the points of two large carbon rods, which are kept close together by an automatic mechanism known as the regulator of the lamp. The space allowed between the tips of the rods, across which the current jumps, is about one-sixteenth of an inch, and the duty of the regulator is to move one of the rods toward the other as fast as the tips are burned off by the intense heat, keeping the space to be jumped by the current as nearly uniform as possible. The principle of the regulator, whose sudden action is sometimes the cause of the flickering noticeable with these lights, is shown in Figure 8. The current from the line, after reaching the upper carbon, passes across the tips and through the lower carbon, thence through a wire which is wound a few times around a magnet, thence to the continuation of the line, and on to the next lamp. This magnet attracts a lever, which when raised grasps the upper carbon through the agency of a washer, which allows the carbon to slide downward through it, except when it is lifted by the action of the magnet and lever, as shown in the drawing. The upper carbon is arranged in suitable guides to slide straight up and down, and the lower carbon is held stationary. When at

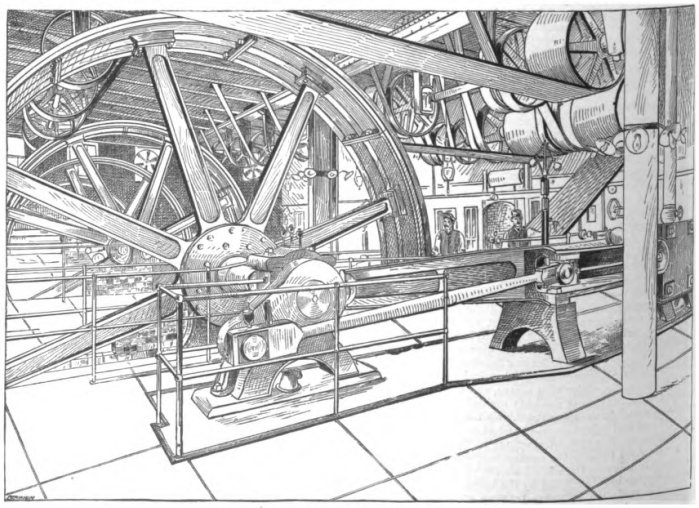


FIG. 3.—ENGINE-ROOM OF BRUSH STATION.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

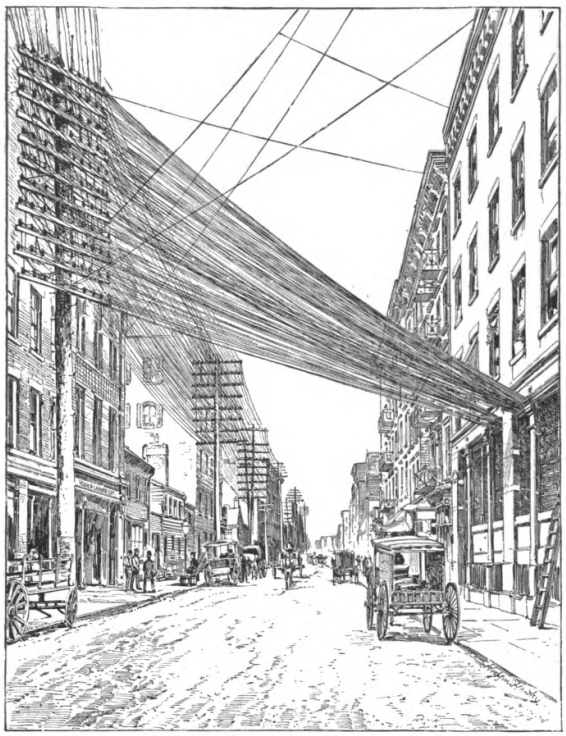


FIG. 4.—ELECTRIC-LIGHT WIRES LEAVING THE BRUSH STATION.

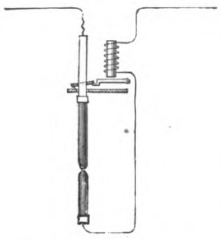


Fig. 8.—ARC LAMP REGULATOR.

rest the washer lies flat, and the upper carbon slides down until in contact with the lower one. When the current is turned on, it passes across the tips of the carbons, which at first are in contact, and around the magnet, causing it to raise the lever, tilt the washer till it grasps the carbon, and thus elevate the movable carbon, until the increased length of the space between the tips weakens the current and checks the lifting action of the magnet. The light then burns steadily until enough of the tip is burned off to further weaken the current by increasing the space, when the magnet, being no longer able to support the carbon, lowers it enough to readjust the space. Then the burning of the lamp continues as before. The readjusting of the space is sometimes accompanied by a flicker of the light. It is interesting to note the action of the current in passing from the upper to the lower carbon. Although both tips are consumed, the current in passing from one to the other carries with it particles of the carbon, which are added to the end of the second carbon. This builds up material on the second carbon as fast as it is burned away, so that its length is not very materially reduced, and therefore a short rod is used in practice, while the rate of consumption of the other carbon is doubled and a longer rod must be used. As there is very little burned off of the end of the short rod, if this rod is held stationary, the position of the light produced at its end will not change, while if the long rod, which is consumed rapidly, were held stationary, and the short rod moved, the position of the light would change, moving rapidly along the length of the stationary rod as it was burned off. To keep the light stationary, which is desirable, the short or non-consumed rod is clamped stationary in a socket, and the long rod is fed down to it as fast as its end is eaten away. This sliding rod is placed above the other, so as to be moved downward by gravity, as well as for another reason. The piling up, on the lower tip, of the particles of carbon which are carried across by the current, forms a pointed or cone-shaped tip, while the carrying away of those particles from the upper carbon hollows it out on the end, leaving a crater-shaped depression. Figure 9, which is from a photograph, shows this formation at the ends of the rods. The effect of this crater, with a point or cone opposite it, upon the light which is produced between them, is to throw it downward from the crater as from a reflector, the point below not cutting off as much light as the crater would were it beneath; consequently this arrangement with the crater pointing downward is the best one for street lighting.



Fig. 9.—ARC LAMP CARBONS.

The second view shows the appearance of the lamp working regularly, smoked glass being used to reduce the light so that the tips may be examined closely. The lights are examined in this way by the lampmen, to see that they are working properly. It shows the shape of the tips and the length of the space between them. The irregularities on the outside of the carbons are scales, or heat blisters, which gradually disappear, some dropping off and the rest being vaporized as the combustion goes on. The shape of the crater of the positive carbon above, and of the pointed or negative carbon below, are clearly seen. The current passing across the space is not visible in the picture. It forms a faint blue flame, visible only upon very close scrutiny of the narrow space between the tips, the more intense light being produced by the ends of the carbons themselves, which are heated to intense brilliancy by this almost invisible current.

To give an idea of the effect of the darkened glass, which is used to deaden the light, so that the details may become visible, a third picture is prepared giving a full view of the same light. This was taken at a greater distance, as to make a picture possible it was necessary to bring in some of the darkness at the sides. At the same distance as the others its representation would have been a sheet of pure white the full size of the drawing. The light is so intense that nothing can be seen of the rods near their points.

The two separate classes of lights, the arc and the incandescent, require currents of different character, and therefore they are not supplied in the same way. As the arc lights require a heavy current, they are so connected that the entire current passes through each one in succession, while the incandescent lights, which require small currents, are connected, so that only a small portion of the main current passes through each one. This arrangement is known as connection in "multiple arc," while the former, adapted to arc lights, is known as connection in "series."

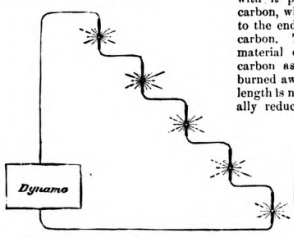


Fig. 12.—DIAGRAM OF "SERIES" CIRCUIT.

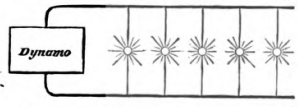


Fig. 13.—DIAGRAM OF MULTIPLE ARC CIRCUIT.

SYSTEMS OF DISTRIBUTION.

These methods of connecting the lamps and arranging the wires, together with the corresponding construction of the generating machines, for properly filling the wires without overcharging, and the appliances for lighting and extinguishing the lamps, make up the differences in the methods of lighting practised by the several companies. As the current from the wires is used for many other purposes besides lighting—such, for example, as running motors—the different arrangements are often termed more broadly "Systems of distribution of electricity."

There are several modifications of both the series and multiple arc systems; there is also a new one—the alternating current, or converter system—which is unlike either, and is superseding both in some places.

In the "series" circuit a single wire is carried from lamp to lamp, so that the current passes through each of the lamps in succession, returning to the dynamo generator after passing through the last lamp. In this arrangement the quantity of current used is only that required to operate one lamp, as the whole of the current, after passing through the lamp, reaches the next one and operates it, and so on for each lamp. But as some pressure is required to force the current through the first lamp, enough pressure must be added to carry the current through the next lamp, and still more for the purpose of carrying it through each succeeding one; so that while in the "series" system the mere quantity of current required is not increased, no matter how many lamps are

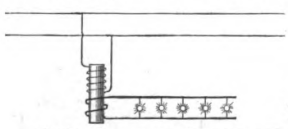


Fig. 14.—DIAGRAM OF A CONVERTER.



Fig. 15.—A CONVERTER.

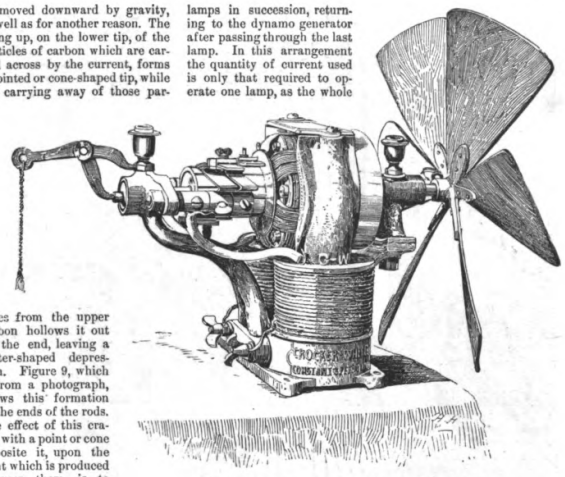


Fig. 5.—MOTOR WITH SPEED REGULATOR AND FAN.

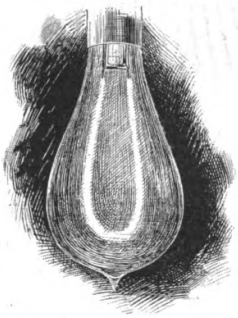


Fig. 6.—INCANDESCENT LAMP LIGHTED.



Fig. 7.—INCANDESCENT LAMP

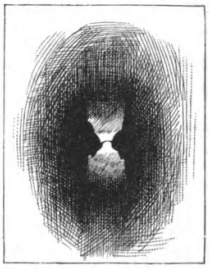


Fig. 10.—ARC LIGHT SEEN THROUGH SMOKED GLASS.



Fig. 11.—AN ARC LIGHT.

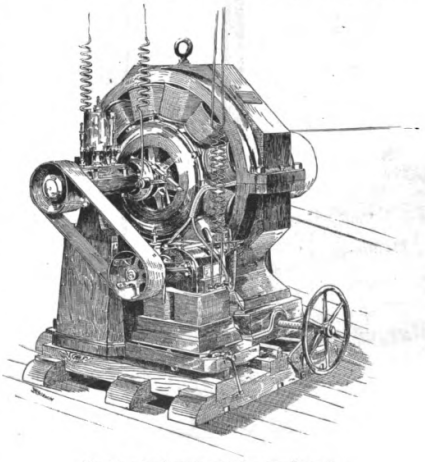


Fig. 16.—AN ALTERNATING CURRENT DYNAMO.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

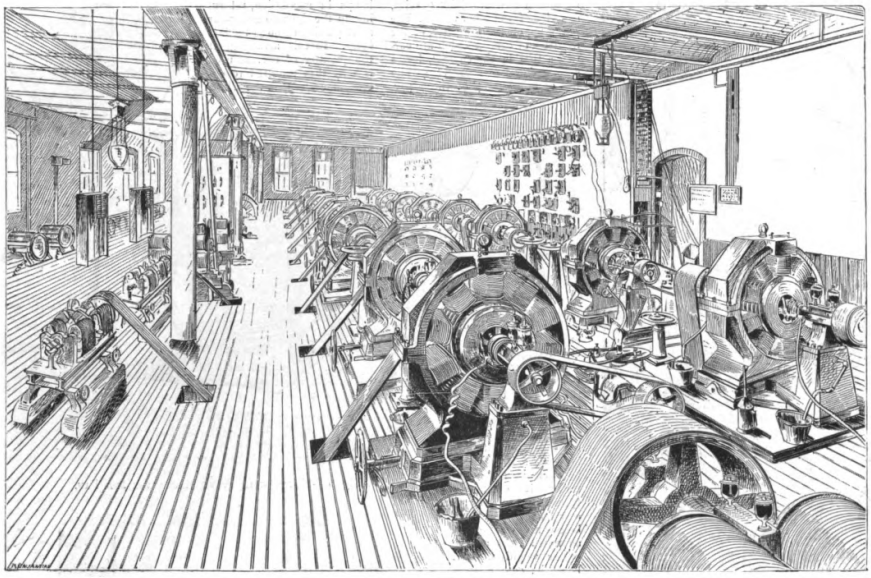


FIG. 17.—GENERATING THE ALTERNATING CURRENT—MANHATTAN COMPANY'S STATION.

connected to the wire, the pressure with which the current is forced along must be doubled when two lamps are operated instead of one, and increased by like amounts for every additional lamp in the circuit. It is by this piling up of the pressure or moving force (called by electricians electro-motive force) that great power is pumped into and contained in such circuits. The relation of the lamps to the connecting wire and the dynamo is more clearly expressed by a diagram, Figure 12, representing the generator as pumping the electricity to a height from which it falls in succession through each lamp a sufficient distance to operate it, until, after passing through the last lamp, it reaches the bottom, which represents no pressure. In order to give the fall in the pressure required by each lamp, the height of pressure to which the dynamo forces the current must equal the amount required by each one multiplied by the number, of lamps—so that on a series or arc light circuit operating the usual number of about fifty lamps there is always a pressure of fifty times that required by one lamp, or two thousand volts—the volt being the unit of pressure of electricity, and each lamp requiring about forty volts. A peculiarity of electricity, in which it differs from water and steam, when forced through pipes for giving power, is that it does not flow or act at all until it has a completed path in which to circulate. Such a path is therefore appropriately called a circuit. In this respect it is more like a moving belt, which comes to the wheel, passes around it and returns, and, like the current which, after passing through the lamps, returns without pressure, the belt has no pulling power on the side which is returning to the driven wheel. This peculiarity of electric circuits, though very important, is often overlooked, and is mentioned to explain, further on, how electric shocks are received.

The series system is that upon which all arc lights are operated. All of the wires from the Brush arc light station, shown in Figures 2 and 4, are connected in this way to the arc lamps.

The multiple arc system is used exclusively for supplying incandescent lights. Every light is connected directly to two main conductors, Figure 13, and draws current from one and discharges it into the other, each lamp using a small portion of the whole quantity of current that is supplied to the upper conductor. The quantity of current in the main wires therefore varies, and must be increased in proportion to the number of lamps supplied, there being always in the conductor enough in quantity to supply the demand of every lamp that is lighted. As each divided portion of the current has to pass through only one lamp, the pressure maintained on the main wire and from the dynamo is only that required for a single lamp, and therefore the whole electro-motive force in this system is equal only to as much as is required by one lamp in the series system—about forty volts or a little more. In this plan the pressure is kept constant at just enough to run a lamp, and it cannot, therefore, give a severe shock; but the quantity of current drawn through the main wire increases as lamps are connected to it; it is therefore called the constant potential or pressure system, while on the same basis the other is called the constant current system, because with it the amount of current in the wire is invariably the same. The multiple arc system is used exclusively for incandescent lights, and, until the invention of the alternating system, was the only way of connecting them. As the supplying of many lamps requires current of great volume, the main wires are always very large. For this reason the Edison Company, who were the first to introduce incandescent lights, constructed their lines underground, as they were too heavy to be hung over head. They laid a large amount of copper rods, connected together simply in multiple arc, on the plan just described. This work, executed with a quality of workmanship which has been very creditable to them, was done several years before the invention of cheaper systems, but the plan is not adapted to long distances because the conductors must be large enough to carry current for each lamp, instead of the same current being used again for the next lamp, as in the series system.

There are two other plans which are important modifications of the multiple arc and of the series

[*Continued on page* 601.]

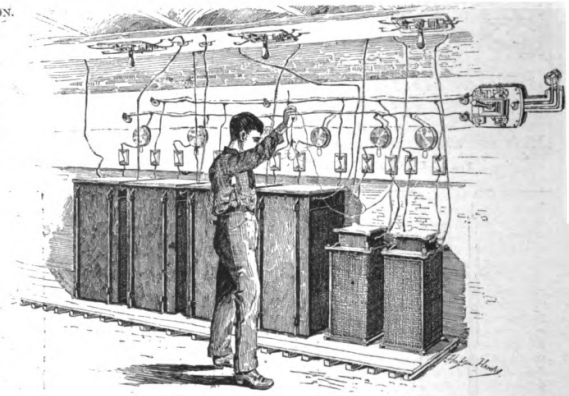


FIG. 19.—CONVERTERS IN CELLAR OF THEATRE.

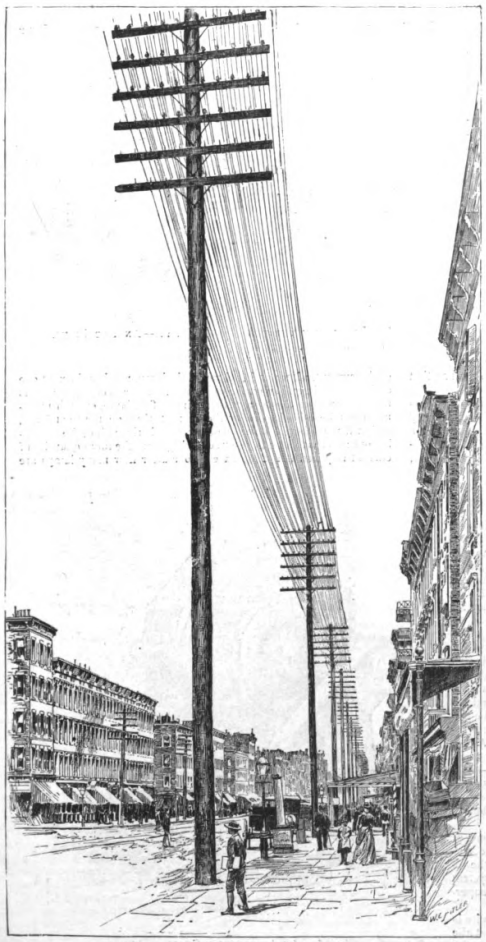


FIG. 18.—MODEL POLE LINE ON FIRST AVENUE.



FIG. 20.—CONTROLLING LIGHTS ON THE STAGE OF PROCTOR AND TURNER'S THEATRE

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1701. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



A COAST PLANTER HAILING A NEW ORLEANS STEAMER.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.—[SEE PAGE 607.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"A perfect paper for young people."—*Boston Transcript.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The summer numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *have an outdoor holiday character in keeping with the season. The special features of the current number are the serial story,* "Dorcastes," *by* KIRK MUNROE; "A Summer Experiment," *a story by* AGNES CARR SAGE; *a fairy tale by* CLARENCE WALWORTH MCILVAINE; *the first of two articles on* "Bait Fishing," *by* J. HARRINGTON KEENE; *and* "Sea-Weed," *a poem by* JOHN H. JEWETT, *illustrated by* CULMER BARNES.

A DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT

contains a fine illustration, entitled "Visiting Day at the Hospital," *engraved by* BAUDE *after the Painting by* GEOFFROY, *in the Paris Salon of* 1889.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.
A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1701.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

THE wisdom of the fundamental rule that the limit of taxation should be the honest necessities of the government is shown by the consequences of its violation. There is an uneasy feeling that the surplus may cause trouble, and that an extra session may be found desirable to provide against disaster. The surplus is money withdrawn from circulation, and to trust to bond purchasing to reduce it is to depend upon the Treasury for business relief. The consequences of such dependence are obvious. Besides placing the business of the country at the discretion of the Secretary, it stimulates a confidence in the certainty of relief which is often delusive. It is an abandonment of sound principles attended with the possibilities of catastrophe which would precipitate a panic. The interference of the government with the money market is always to be deprecated. And although there is no special apprehension arising from the actual situation, there is undoubtedly a feeling that the demand for money will be presently very large, and the condition of the Treasury, even if the Treasury were a proper resource in an emergency, is not altogether reassuring.

An extra session of Congress in the early autumn is not improbable, and its chief object will be to devise a proper measure to reduce the surplus. The President has seemed to think that the reduction could be adequately accomplished by buying bonds, but the result has not justified his expectation. The simple and natural way of reduction is to equalize receipts and expenditures by revising the tariff and moderating exorbitant duties. The course of events since the inauguration has not demonstrated that the success of the high protective policy at the election has resulted in industrial contentment. The most serious strike of recent years in the works of one of the most conspicuous advocates of protection is a significant commentary upon the results of a war tariff in peace, and upon the general doctrine that high protection secures general employment and high wages. Moreover, the effort to replace the strikers with foreign laborers will open the eyes of American workmen to the merits of a system which, while professing to protect them against the low wages of foreigners by excluding the product of their work, admits the foreigners themselves to compete with American workmen.

Unfortunately the question will not be treated upon its merits, but with a view to party advantage. The Republicans cannot afford to lose the support of great moneyed interests, and those interests are concerned solely with their own profit. No highly protected business will willingly surrender its degree of protection, and the Republican scheme must be an ingenious juggle and evasion and shift to appear to do something while preserving the statu quo. It is the precise situation in which the temptation simply to spend the surplus under the patriotic pretence of a strong navy, of gratitude to the soldiers, and of costly public works will be very strong. There will be Democratic protectionists enough to support the Republican action to make it quite sure that there will be no effective reduction of the tariff, and consequently no such equalization of receipts and expenditures as would really relieve exorbitant taxation. It is an extraordinary political situation when political parties are determined by tradition and not by actual issues, and an extra session to provide financial relief, and the policy by which such relief is likely to be sought, are striking demonstrations of the disturbing and corrupting influence of a surplus, and the danger of the system which produces it.

A SEARCHING EXAMINATION.

THE New York *Tribune* remarks that the civil service reformers are now being subjected to a searching but unconscious competitive examination. The tests, it says, are the appointments of President HARRISON, and the question which daily "floors" a very large proportion of the examined is this: "Have President HARRISON'S appointments as a whole been worthy or unworthy?" This is an artless attempt at subterfuge, which will not aid the desperate attempt to show that this is a reform administration. The question upon which, in the *Tribune's* words, "the intelligent public are the judges" is not that which the *Tribune* states. It is this: "Are President HARRISON'S removals made upon the principles which he publicly declared should determine them, namely, that only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office?" This is the question which "the intelligent public" is asking, and which no honest man is puzzled to answer. It is not disposed of by saying that professional reformers are wretched little nobodies, who are enraged because they were not "recognized" by appointment to important offices. That may be true or untrue of professional reformers, but "the intelligent public" is asking and answering the question, "What is true of President HARRISON?"

It is not reform, it is the abuse which is to be reformed, to remove a good public officer because of his political opinions, and it is an abuse which is not remedied by appointing a competent successor for the same reason. Reform demands that the good officer be retained. To turn him out because of his politics is the very thing which President HARRISON as a candidate condemned. It is not reform, nor good government, nor common-sense, for instance, to dismiss the head of the Coast Survey because he is a Democrat, and to appoint a successor because he is a Republican. Politics have no more concern with the fitness of a man to be Superintendent of the Coast Survey than with his fitness to be Bishop of New York. If the late Superintendent were for any reason unfit, and his successor were more competent, that, and not the fact that one is a Democrat and the other a Republican, would be a proper reason for the change. But if this were not the case, the fact that the late Superintendent, like his successor, is a man of scientific qualification and high personal character is no reason whatever for the change, which then becomes a conspicuous and flagrant violation of the principle which the President declared ought to govern such cases.

The crucial question in the President's action is not whether an appointment is a good one, but whether the removal ought to have been made. The thousand postmasters appointed every week may be honest men, and after a time they may become good officers. But why were equally honest men, and good and experienced officers, displaced to make room for them? This is the question. The only answer is that they were Democrats. But President HARRISON has expressly said that this is not a valid reason, and no man or newspaper which pretends to favor reform will assert that it is. The general course of the HARRISON administration in its treatment of the civil service cannot be explained except upon the doctrine of Mr. MARCY and Tammany Hall and Senators INGALLS and BLAIR, that the public service is the proper spoils of the successful party. The "intelligent public," which, we agree with the *Tribune*, is holding a very severe examination, knows that the Republican party solemnly repudiated this doctrine, and pledged itself to disregard it, and that the President distinctly disclaimed it as a principle of executive action. The "intelligent public" is not diverted from the point by the question whether the President's appointments are worthy. It knows the question to be dishonest, because, whether the appointments in themselves are worthy or unworthy, upon the President's own principle the larger number of them ought not to have been made.

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Public Opinion publishes some important papers upon the question of religion in the public schools. Among them is one from Cardinal GIBBONS, and one from the Rev. Dr. HILL, an eminent Unitarian divine, and ex-President of Harvard University. These gentlemen, at what may be regarded as the extreme right and left of the Christian line, both agree that religious training in the schools is necessary. The Roman prelate says that religious and secular education cannot be safely separated, and that Sunday-schools are insufficient to supply the religious wants of children. The Cardinal holds that the union of the two is easily accomplished in denominational schools, but that it would be very difficult to arrange the matter satisfactorily to all in the public schools.

Dr. HILL treats the question more definitely. Religious instruction, he thinks, is demanded as a political necessity. But it must not be given by text-books, lectures, or recitations. It must be given first by the selection of teachers of good character and good sense, then by careful selection of wholesome reading, and finally by a daily brief religious exercise of a kind to which no reasonable parent could object. The state, he says, does not assume to define Christianity nor to interpret the Scriptures. But it cannot admit that the instruction of a denominational school is a political equivalent for a public education. Least of all, he thinks, is this possible in a Roman denominational school, because not only does it teach a limited and distorted view of history, but a limitation of the right of private judgment, which unfits the pupil for unbiassed political decisions. This is, so far, undoubtedly true. But the only safe and acceptable treatment of the question proceeds upon the ground that as the state, as such, professes no religion, but permits the free exercise of all, and as the introduction of direct religious instruction in the schools cannot satisfy all parents, such instruction cannot be permitted. The course for the state is very simple. It must authorize sectarian instruction in the schools, which is impracticable, or it must attempt some kind of unsectarian religious exercise, which is equally impracticable, or it must decline to direct the religious education of its citizens, leaving that to such agencies as they may select for themselves. Dr. HILL'S suggestion of a daily religious exercise to which no reasonable parent could object omits the fact that many parents are not what he would call reasonable. Yet they are as much entitled to be considered as reasonable parents, and there is no method of discriminating between them for school purposes.

This question is of comparatively recent discussion. In the earlier day, when the population of the country was largely homogeneous, and all of it held to some form of Protestant faith, there was entire acquiescence in the reading of the Bible without comment as an opening exercise of the school. But when there is a difference of opinion as to a proper version of the Bible and as to its free lay reading, a difficulty arises which a majority cannot wisely settle. The Israelite and the Roman Catholic hold views which are to be considered equally with those of other religious faiths. The one thing which is absolutely fixed in the American mind, however, is that the public money shall not be given for sectarian schools or other sectarian uses of any kind. If any parent decides that his religious faith shall be taught to his children at school, he must not expect that it shall be taught at the public expense. The education for which the state provides is limited to the elements of certain branches of knowledge. If the teachers are of good character and good sense, as Dr. HILL requires, the pupil will be constantly and unconsciously trained in obedience to the moral law. But the domain of distinctive religious instruction is beyond that of state education.

STATE SOCIALISM.

THE Nationalist Club, as we understand, is what Colonel HIGGINSON explains it to be in a letter to the *Evening Post* describing his own position:

"There are a good many persons, I take it, who have reached just this point of conviction, namely, to hold that, if the government carries on the Post-office fairly well, as it certainly does, it may well undertake the telegraph also, as in England; that if it can conduct a bankrupt railroad through a receiver, it could also carry on a successful one; that if a city can supply its inhabitants with water, it might as well try the experiment of supplying them with gas. How far this tendency is to go, such persons do not undertake to say; and here they stop short of Mr. BELLAMY and his thorough supporters."

The Post-office, with its various financial functions, the public school, the water supply of cities, and a few other great conveniences are illustrations of what is called state socialism. Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, of London, in a recent pamphlet, mentions a very large number of such public or government services in London, and Mr. BELLAMY, in his *Looking Backward*, fancies the extension of the system to a degree which seems to us to threaten individual initiative and energy. The defects of organized capital for accomplishing certain results are obvious enough, but they would not be remedied merely by transferring them to another organization called government. In both cases the organization is of men, and the same fallible men that we know. The short-comings of government in the management of such business as is now confided to it are obvious, and before extending its functions in such directions, let us remedy those defects.

The private management of railroads, for instance, is in many ways open to correction. But its transfer to another body of managers, who were not personally interested in the business, would not necessarily improve the management. The first result of the government control of railroads would be an enormous increase of the civil service. But if the present system of the civil service is the chief source of the corruption in our politics, which every good citizen sees and deplores, what would be the public gain in immensely extending the system? If instead of the present number of places to be fought for under the spoils system at every election there were ten times as many, how much nearer honest politics and clean government should we be? If, as is unquestionably the fact, the present extent of patronage is a prolific source of public demoralization, how should we less-

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE

en the demoralization by enormously multiplying its causes? There is no great railroad in the country which is now managed upon so degrading a system, so fatal at once to self-respect and a really efficient service, as the national Post-office.

We do not say, of course, that postmasters, as a class, are inefficient and dishonest. But a body of officers whose tenure in a non-political service is determined by political considerations, and not by actual merit, will necessarily regard party advantage rather than the public welfare. To turn over the railroads to Mr. WANAMAKER and Mr. CLARKSON to be managed for the benefit of a political party would not be an improvement upon the present plan. To make the removal of experienced "hands," honest and satisfactory brakemen and conductors and accountants, and the whole necessary force of a road, dependent upon the success of a party at the polls—to dismiss a competent and tried engineer because he was a Republican, and to replace him by another because he was a Democrat—would be a change which no sensible man can possibly desire. Before we enlarge the functions of government and vastly extend the civil service let us establish it upon sensible principles, and guard it against the dangerous abuses of which long experience has made us fully aware. The benefits contemplated by the Nationalist Club would be bought much too dearly by an indefinite increase of party patronage and spoils.

SILENCING MR. ROOSEVELT.

Puck seems to think that Commissioner ROOSEVELT will find himself suddenly silenced by the Republican leaders if he continues to express his views of reform strongly and to enforce them firmly. But silencing is a process which requires at least two persons. Mr. ROOSEVELT is a Republican who has said nothing upon the subject which is not plainly stated by the Republican platform, and which has not been unreservedly approved by the Republican President. Those who do not agree with him fall short of the Republican declaration. Measured by the highest and most binding action of the party, Messrs. INGALLS, QUAY, WANAMAKER, PLATT, BLAIR, and a host of the party papers are not so regularly Republican as Commissioner ROOSEVELT. He alone among conspicuous Republicans upholds the party standard upon this subject, and to silence him, if it were possible, would be to lower the standard in surrender.

The complete falsehood of the platform, however, so far as a very large part of the Republican party is concerned, is shown by such remarks as the following from the Binghamton *Republican*. Mr. ROOSEVELT, in accordance with the platform, had said that the examiners in the New York Custom-house should be "men of practical sagacity and absolute integrity, who were free from political bias, and would give Democrats and Republicans an equal chance in examinations and appointments." Upon this the *Republican* remarks:

"If Commissioner ROOSEVELT keeps up that sort of talk much longer, there is danger that he will make somebody believe he means it. He is very much in the position of the frontiersman who aimed his gun to kill if it was a deer and miss if it was a calf. It is all right to make the mugwumps believe him, just as CLEVELAND did; but if he causes the working Republicans to put much faith in his pretensions, he may cause the administration to see that it has picked up the poker by the hot end, and something must be dropped."

In the same strain is the remark of another Republican paper, the Albany *Evening Journal*, in regard to the appointment of Professor GOULD, of Harvard, to the Superintendency of the Coast Survey. The *Journal* admits frankly that for a purely scientific position the most eminent scientific fitness would not avail if the partisan views of the proposed officer were not those of the administration.

"And if Professor A. B. GOULD had been a thorough-going HARRISON Republican last fall, he might have received the appointment; his fitness is beyond question. The suspicion spread, however, that he was affected by the mugwumpery that grows so rank and luxuriantly in the neighborhood of Cambridge; and in the absence of positive denials GOULD'S chances were dissipated. It was the Republican party that the people voted into power; and no mugwumps will be put on guard—not if BEN HARRISON knows it."

This is unquestionably the general feeling of the Republican machine, and Mr. ROOSEVELT'S courage and tenacity will show whether he, or Senators INGALLS and BLAIR and others, and the Binghamton *Republican* and Albany *Evening Journal* and others, really represent the party. If he could be silenced, the demonstration of the party contempt for its own pledges would be complete. It may be assumed that Mr. ROOSEVELT has political ambition, as he has large political experience. But it is a comical impeachment of his political sagacity to suppose him capable of being silenced by a machine which he knows perfectly well to be his deadliest enemy, which no silence or speech of his could possibly propitiate. It will "hit him every time." He has the advantage of it now, and, more than any Republican in the country, he is the most conspicuous representative of the best impulse of his party.

MR. PARNELL AND THE LONDON "TIMES."

MR. PARNELL is understood to have decided recently to withdraw from the investigation before the Irish Commission, upon the ground that it refuses to allow the introduction of evidence to prove that PIGOTT inspired, if he did not write, the articles upon Parnellism and Crime. But the withdrawal would have been a great mistake. The *Times* practically undertook to prove the complicity of Mr. PARNELL with the worst crimes in Ireland. This was the universal understanding of the investigation. If the *Times* should fail, it would cover itself with shame and discredit, and have done more than was otherwise possible to commend Mr. PARNELL to British confidence and to aid the cause of Ireland.

The chief reliance of the *Times* has broken down, its chief witness, branded as a perjurer, fled the country and killed himself, and it has failed completely in its main purpose. But the full moral weight of its failure requires the formal and decent conclusion of the legal inquiry. To withdraw would inevitably impress the public mind as a sign of apprehension of the result, and affect Mr. PARNELL'S position most unfavorably. After the total discomfiture of PIGOTT, nothing has been more serviceable to him than the testimony of MICHAEL DAVITT, whose sincerity and truthfulness are not doubted, and who is known to differ with Mr. PARNELL upon many points of policy. Mr. DAVITT, however, says that if Mr. PARNELL'S views could prevail, the separatist feeling would disappear.

This is also an unexpected vindication of Mr. GLADSTONE'S view. The strongest Tory charge against him is that of separatism. But the frankest and honestest separatist concedes that the GLADSTONE policy would put an end to separatism. The worst blow which the investigation has dealt Mr. PARNELL was his own admission that he deliberately deceived the House of Commons. But in the encounter with the *Times* he has been victorious.

WASHINGTON ON PARTY SPIRIT.

IN his recent extraordinary speech at Woodstock, Connecticut, Senator HISCOCK, of New York, said:

"If we critically examine the history of our country, we will discover no signs of political degeneracy in the present. If another WASHINGTON were living to-day, possessed of the same lofty intellect, imbued with equally high virtues, equally patriotic, equally distinguished in all qualities that we impute to the Father of his Country, I doubt not he would be a leader of one or the other of our great political organizations, accept from it the nomination for the Presidency, and hope to attain the distinction of his election by the methods that were adopted by the rival parties last fall."

The methods adopted by the successful party last fall were, with others, as everybody remembers, "frying the fat out of manufacturers," and marshalling "voters in blocks of five." In the State of New York there was also a large trading of votes for Governor HILL for HARRISON votes. Senator HISCOCK says that WASHINGTON would have hoped to be elected by such means.

The Senator's critical examination of the character and career of WASHINGTON may lead him to that conclusion. But before young Americans accept the Senator's view of the man whom his country reveres, let them consider the last words that WASHINGTON addressed to his countrymen, and decide for themselves whether he would now be the unscrupulous partisan whom Senator HISCOCK depicts:

"Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.... It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy. The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetuated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism.... There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and sure to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true, and in governments of a monarchical cast patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged.... And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

This is the man who, as Senator HISCOCK'S critical examination of history has satisfied him, would have hoped to be elected President by methods which no man has so solemnly denounced and repudiated as most dangerous to liberty and the public welfare.

PATRIOTISM IN EDUCATION.

COLONEL GEORGE T. BALCH, who has made a long and careful study of the condition of the poorer population of the city of New York, recently delivered an interesting address before the teachers of the Industrial Schools of the Children's Aid Society, treating especially the necessity of patriotic education. The general result of his investigation and correspondence with other States is great confidence in the general educational system as tending to promote a national spirit. The improvement in the condition of immigrants he also thinks to be marked and unquestionable.

Colonel BALCH says:

"Between October, 1819, and December, 1889, there came to this country 14,429,000 immigrants, of whom 10,230,000 landed at New York. From Ireland there came 3,391,000, and from Germany 4,360,000, very many of the latter coming after the German revolution of 1848–9. In 1791 the population of Ireland was 4,200,000. There were 483,000 cabins of one hearth each, and these generally consisted of one room, with no door or chimney. The inhabitants paid the one-hearth tax. There were 168,234 cabins whose inhabitants were too poor to pay the tax. In 1841 the peasant population was 2,052,000, and the civic 1,043,000. They lived about six in a house. The tenements in this city are palaces in comparison."

About two-thirds of the people in the city of New York live in tenement-houses, and the education of this population is of the highest importance. The public schools teach about 196,000, the sectarian schools about 32,000, and there are 33 non-sectarian pauper schools. The scholars in all public schools are largely drawn from the tenement-houses. Dr. HILL, of whose views we speak elsewhere, would have the public schools so good as to attract all the children, and he would establish a careful supervision of private schools.

Colonel BALCH remarks that the attendance in private schools is steadily decreasing. But the public schools are not capable of accommodating all children of school age, and a very large proportion of such children are not enrolled in the schools. It is only lately that systematic efforts have been made to inculcate patriotism. Indeed it is imperatively necessary by the most effective means to Americanize this vast immigration as rapidly as possible. To this end schools of various nationalities and different languages should be discouraged. It is indispensable that colonies of foreigners among us should not be permitted, and every new-comer should be required, as soon as possible and as far as practicable, to become an American.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONER.

THE retention of competent teachers, farmers, and other subordinates of the Indian service by the new Commissioner, MORGAN, deserves the highest praise, not because it is not a duty, but because it is a duty which demands courage and strong conviction for its performance. The reappointments are accompanied with this circular:

"These approvals are made with the distinct understanding (1) that the parties named are thoroughly competent to fill the positions for which they are nominated, and that they will be zealous and faithful in the performance of their duties; (2) that their tenure of office is permanent so long as they remain competent and efficient; and (3) that this office reserves the right to remove, for cause only, any employé upon sufficient evidence of unfitness for the position held."

If Mr. Postmaster-General WANAMAKER had issued such a circular to the fourth-class postmasters, he would not have covered the party platform with contempt. Commissioner MORGAN'S conduct in this matter is in conformity with that of his predecessor, and with that of Commissioner ROOSEVELT, of which we speak elsewhere; it marks a strong stand and excellent promise for reform.

PERSONAL.

A RECENT issue of the London *Star* has the following appreciative characterization of EDWIN A. ABBEY:

"He has the simplest and most unassuming manners, and his face beams with such cheerfulness and good-humor that the expression of his brown eyes somehow suggests a fun-loving boy, and perhaps this is the reason why every one docks ten years from Mr. ABBEY'S age. He writes to a friend from Worcestershire: 'I think I told you I had been rash enough to attempt some drawings to an edition of SHAKESPEARE'S comedies, that I have cut the season, which means depriving myself of much pleasure.' Mr. ABBEY is so modest when he speaks of his rashness in illustrating the immortal comedies. He is by far the best artist in black and white in the world, and doubtless these illustrations will surpass anything he has ever done."

—FREDERICK DOUGLASS, once a slave, is said to be worth $300,000.

—General GRANT'S memoirs have thus far netted his widow about $900,000.

—Miss GWENDOLEN CALDWELL, the Kentucky girl who gave $300,000 toward the Roman Catholic University at Washington, and is worth at least a million besides, is engaged to Prince MURAT.

—An exceedingly sad incident marked the introduction of the late Mrs. JULIA GARDINER TYLER to her husband, President JOHN TYLER, in 1844. With her father, Mr. GARDINER, she had just returned to this country from Europe, and was visiting in Washington when the two were invited by the President to join a pleasure excursion down the river on the war steamer *Princeton*. During the trip the explosion of a gun killed Mr. GARDINER and several others. Mr. GARDINER'S body was taken to the White House, and in the sad scenes attending the funeral began the acquaintance which ripened into intimacy, and resulted in the marriage of Miss GARDINER to the President.

—The wedding trousseau provided by the Czarina of Russia for her niece, the Princess Royal of Greece, cost over 300,000 rubles, or about $150,000.

—Captain BUNDY, of Chicago, a religious enthusiast, has built a steam gospel ship, and is making a tour of the lakes in her, stopping at various towns along the way to hold religious services. He is accompanied by his daughter, and pays his expenses largely himself.

—Two policemen are constantly on guard at General GRANT'S tomb in Riverside Park, the six men detailed for the purpose being on duty in couples for eight hours each.

—The *Journal des Débats*, of Paris, one of the most influential of French newspapers, has just celebrated its one-hundredth birthday. Among the members of its staff have been such brilliant writers as CHÂTEAUBRIAND, THIERS, RENAN, TAINE, and JULES SIMON.

—The late JOHN GILBERT had a holy horror of sales of the wardrobes of distinguished actors, and gave orders before he died that, aside from a few things which his wife might wish to give away to friends, his old clothes should be burned.

—WILLIAM THROCKMORTON, of Griffin, Georgia, has a 'possum farm near that town, where he raises about five hundred opossums yearly, and ships them to different parts of the country in the season. The farm consists of a ten-acre persimmon grove, thickly interspersed with old hollow trees or hollow logs thrust into the ground. Here are 'possums of all sizes, from the little one-pounder to the big fellows that weigh nearly thirty pounds. When the persimmons are ripe the animals reach their perfection as a delicacy, and during the remainder of the year they are fed on fruit peelings, vegetables, bits of bread and meat, and other kitchen slops.

—Mrs. HARRISON is bored daily with numerous letters from persons of her own sex. Some of them beg for a piece of one of her dresses for a crazy quilt, for a tress of her hair, or for a substantial contribution to some charity, while others give her all manner of advice on subjects in which the writers are little fitted to advise. The present lady of the White House has learned the full value of a waste-basket.

—Mrs. ANGIE TRUAX, a retired actress, has invented a combination electric land and marine carriage, and thinks that she will be able to apply the same principles to aerial navigation. Mrs. TRUAX'S carriage is provided with electric lights, a tent, and an electric stove for cooking or heating, and is propelled by an eight-volt battery.

—Baltimore people are to erect a monument over the grave of FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, the author of "The Star-spangled Banner."

—D. K. PEARSON, the Chicago millionaire, has, during the last few years, given Western educational institutions nearly $800,000.

—The Grand Army Post at Fond du Lac, Michigan, has dropped General BRAGG from its roll of membership because he opposed the Dependent Pension Bill.

—WILKIE COLLINS has had a second light stroke of paralysis, which, while it has not seriously endangered his life, has helped to cripple him physically.

—The graves of SHELLEY, KEATS, and SEVERN in the Protestant cemetery at Rome are in danger of demolition, it is said, as the city authorities have appropriated the ground for other purposes.

—The Johnstown disaster swept away Miss ANGIE FACKLER'S wedding trousseau and her house, but spared her to be married to EDWARD LEVY, a wealthy Omaha man, to whom she had been engaged twenty-five years. Quarter of a century ago LEVY went West to make his fortune, and having accomplished his purpose in the past few years, he arranged with his promised bride to meet her in Philadelphia June 1st and marry her. She did not appear on her wedding day, and for nearly a week no tidings came from her. Then it was learned that she was safe, and her marriage has now taken place.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE S. L. M. BARLOW, OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 607.]



DANIEL APPLETON, THE NEWLY ELECTED COLONEL OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N.G.S.N.Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEAD.—[SEE PAGE 612.]



SEWING ON THE NEW STARS.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN.—[SEE PAGE 612.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

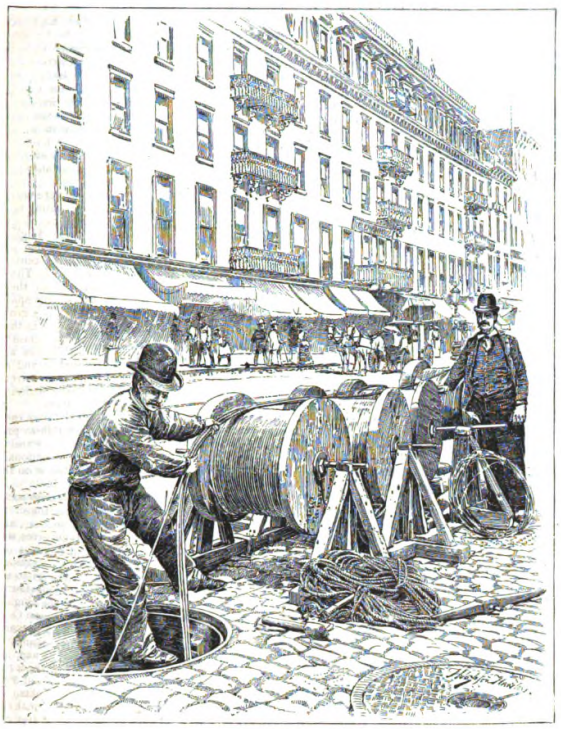


FIG. 21.—DRAWING FOUR CABLES INTO AN UNDERGROUND DUCT.



FIG. 22.—MAKING A HOUSE CONNECTION UNDERGROUND.

as is saved by the method of the alternating current. It is now used by the Edison Company in place of the simple multiple arc circuit of two main wires.

The multiple series system is a device for connecting incandescent lights into an arc light circuit. A number of incandescent lamps, sufficient when combined to stand the strong current of the arc circuit, are connected to the wire at the required location, in place of one of the regular arc lamps. This arrangement has several disadvantages, of which one is that a single lamp cannot be turned off, because the remaining ones will not be able to carry the entire current. In the multiple arc system, the current of each lamp being entirely independent of the others, any number of lamps can be turned off and on at will without affecting the rest. This is one of the most important facts about the multiple arc method of connection.

But the heavy wires required for running lamps in multiple arc are too costly to permit lights being supplied economically at long distances through them. If the lights could be connected to a

ELECTRIC LIGHTING IN NEW YORK.

[*Continued from page 596, Supplement.*]

systems respectively. One of these, the "three-wire system," is really two ordinary multiple arc circuits with two of the conductors, one of each circuit, merged into one, so that there are only three conductors, which supply two full sets of lights as if the circuits were entirely separate. This arrangement permits a considerable saving of wire, but not as much

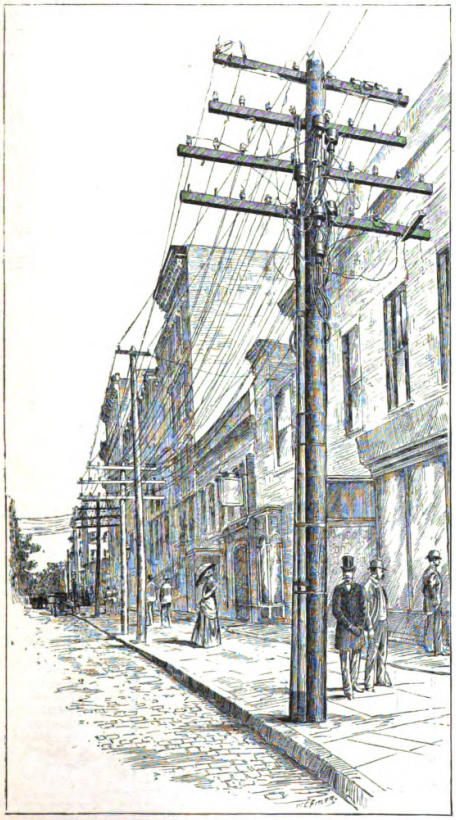


FIG. 23.—A "TERMINAL" POLE WITH WIRES CONNECTED TO SUBWAY.

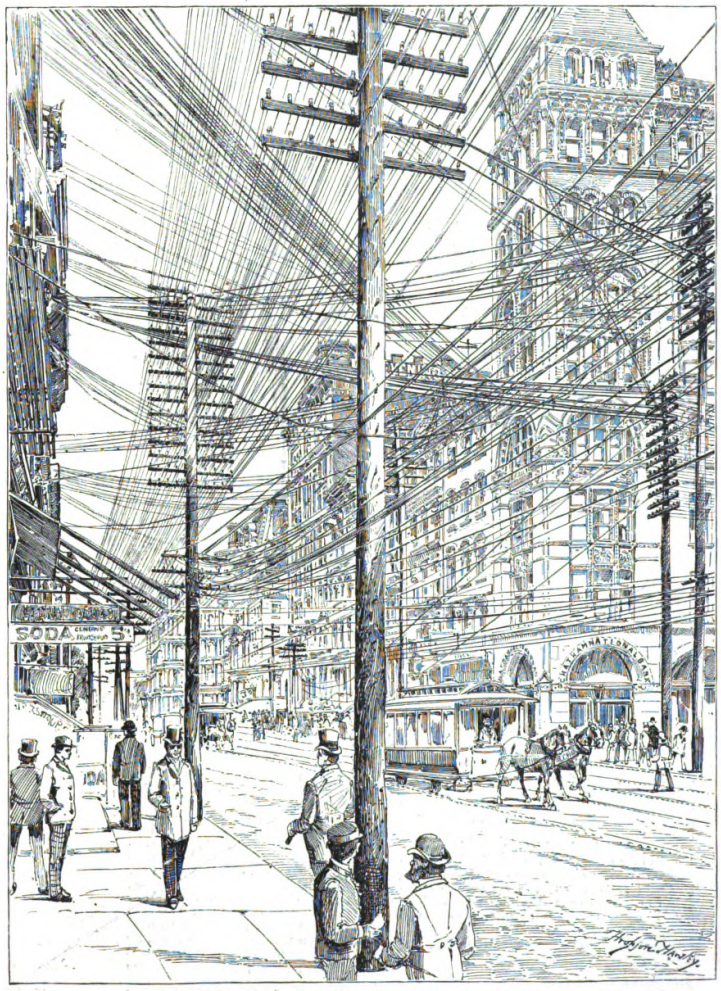


FIG. 25.—DISORDERLY WIRES ON LOWER BROADWAY ABOUT TO BE CUT DOWN.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

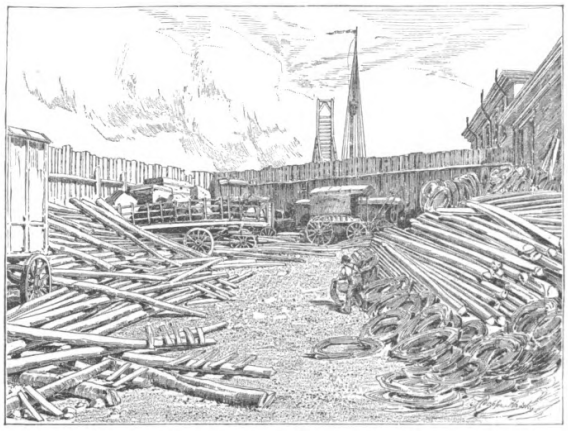


FIG. 26.—REMOVED POLES AND WIRES AT THE PUBLIC YARD.

short wire in simple multiple arc, and this wire could be charged by the power of the arc circuit current without touching that circuit, we should have the advantage of the arc circuit for bringing the power to the place, and at the same time be able to turn each light off and on independently. This is precisely what is accomplished by the alternating system.

In this system the power is carried on small wires by means of high pressure to the locality of the lights, and is there absorbed by an induction coil, which generates a low-pressure current in a separate wire, to which the lamps are connected in multiple arc, and from which they are supplied. As the only way of carrying the power long distances economically is by using high pressure, it was very desirable to have the lamps run by power from a high-pressure wire; at the same time it was desirable to have them not connected to it, to avoid danger of shocks. Attention was therefore given to the problem of obtaining from a high-pressure current another current which could be of low pressure in a separate wire, and by which the lights could be supplied without being connected with the main line. It was known that such a transfer or recreation of a new current from an old one could be made with an ordinary induction coil by connecting the main line to one part of the coil and the local lamp wires of the house to its other part. The coil would then generate the current required in the house-wiring; but the principle on which it generates the current required that the main line current be rapidly interrupted and reconnected. And though this interrupting could not be done without complicated machinery, a number of attempts were made to do it, on account of the desirability of operating incandescent lights cheaply from long circuits; finally the idea was hit upon of making the current itself intermittent before it was sent out on the wire, in order to do away with this machinery, and then the problem was solved.

THE ALTERNATING CURRENT.

To appreciate properly the importance of the alternating current and the inventions to which it is likely to lead, we must review the ways in which electricity produces its effects. A current passing through a wire may produce either heat or chemical decomposition, and at the moment of *starting* it shoots out into space invisible lines of force or energy which will generate a brief current in any neighboring conductors which they meet. But this effect, which we call induction, is only momentary, and the induced current ceases immediately. When the inducing current is stopped, a similar but reversed action takes place, the lines of force returning into the wire, and inducing in the neighboring conductor another momentary current flowing in the opposite direction. This induction is the means by which all currents are generated in a wire. As the currents so produced are only momentary, it is necessary to again start and stop the acting or inducing current to produce other momentary currents in the separate wire. When such interruptions are made to succeed each other with great rapidity, the momentary currents generated succeed each other with equal rapidity, and even become a constant vibratory flow of current in the second wire, without its being connected in any way with the inducing wire.

The effect of the induction due to the interruptions of the primary current may be increased, in fact, exactly doubled, by sending the current instantly in the opposite direction, and then reversing it, and so on, instead of simply stopping it at each pulsation, since the electrical changes in the wire will then be twice as great and sudden as if the current were simply interrupted and then restored without there being a reversed current in the interval.

The power of the electricity transferred by this means to the second wire is proportional to the lengths of the first and second wires, which must be placed parallel, as that is the position required to produce the action. To get a sufficient length of the wires in proximity to each other, they are usually wound together in large coils, which are called induction coils. If in such a coil the secondary wire is wound many times around the other the current produced in it will have great penetrating power with but little volume, while if it is wound only a few times around, and is made of large wire, its current will have correspondingly small penetrating power, but great volume, in consequence of having a large wire through which to flow. The former winding for coils is common in medical batteries for converting the low current of the chemical cell into a high current which can be felt without having enough volume to do harm. When these coils are being used the humming noise of part of the instrument is always noticed. This noise is caused by a mechanism which interrupts the exciting current rapidly for the purpose of producing the induction. Electricians started with this device as a means of converting a high-pressure current, by which power could be carried a long distance economically, into a current of low pressure, which would be safe and manageable for every-day use; but the vibrating mechanism accompanying the coil could not be left at every house to take care of itself. This difficulty was overcome by substituting for the continuous current, which required interrupters at each coil, a current which was itself vibratory, or "alternating," and constructing the dynamos so that the current generated would alternate as it came out of them. This invention permitted the interrupters to be dispensed with entirely. The induction coils thus simplified were also doubled in power by the substitution of the current which alternated instead of merely stopping and starting. The number of alternations was increased to about 300 per second, an immense rate of vibration, by which the effects of the coils were made still greater. The two coils of wire in each induction instrument were then made to have more powerful effect upon each other by interlocking them with magnetic iron, by means of which a portion of the inductive influence of the main or exciting coil, which had always before been wasted, was concentrated upon the other coil, thereby increasing the effect upon it. The principle of the whole device is shown in Fig. 14, which will serve to explain its construction. A portion of the current from the main line flows from a branching connection through a coil wound around a bundle of iron, which becomes magnetic every time a current surrounds it. Upon this magnet is another coil of wire of larger size, connected to the lamps in the house, in multiple arc, in the usual manner, as explained in Fig. 13. The alternating current passing from the main line through the first coil magnetizes and demagnetizes the bar at each alternation, and generates brief but powerful currents in the second or lamp coil, the magnet serving merely to carry the excitation from the primary coil into the centre of the secondary coil to add to the effect. The magnet is always made of very thin sheets of iron, separated by tissue-paper, for the reason that were it not cut up, the alternations would induce currents in it instead of in the secondary coil, to prevent which it must be broken up or laminated, so that no current can circulate in it.

The induction coil thus simplified and improved is known as a converter, because it serves to convert the electrical energy of one line into new energy in another line.

An important feature of the converter is that its magnet reacts upon the primary coil, and prevents any currents being drawn from the main line except when the magnet is weakened by doing work in generating current in the secondary coil. A current can flow from the secondary coil only when lamps are connected to it, no current is drawn from the main line unless some is being actually used on the lamp circuit. When a small current is drawn it produces a corresponding effect upon the magnet, and a proportionate current is taken from the line.

By using a very large wire having but few turns for the secondary coil, the current derived may be made to have great volume, while its pressure or penetrating power depends upon the number of turns of wire that are used in the secondary coil. By selecting a sufficiently large size of wire the apparatus can be made to give any desired quantity of current, suitable, for instance, to run a large or small number of incandescent lights, while its pressure may be very low compared with that of the main line. The range of the converter is not limited to this, however, for by varying the size of wire used in the coils it may be built to produce a still lower pressure from a high one, or *vice versa*, as in changing a low-pressure current into one of very great pressure. This arrangement has been used for changing the current of a dynamo into a more intense current, in order that it may be carried a long distance economically for special purposes. There seems to be no limit to the use which can be made of these simple coils when employed in conjunction with the alternating current, on account of the means which they furnish of exchanging any given kind of current for one of any other desired dimensions.

The efficiency or perfection of converters is quite remarkable. It will be remembered that dynamo generators produce in electricity ninety per cent. of the power they receive. The yield from the secondary coil of a converter has over ninety-five per cent. of the power of the current supplied to the primary coil. This transformation or exchange with almost no loss is not equalled nor approached in any machinery used in the other arts.

The converters are usually incased in cast-iron boxes. Figure 15 shows the appearance of one complete and ready to be fastened up in a building. The two ends of the two coils are seen projecting through the case at the top, ready to be connected to the main line and to the lamps in the building respectively.

The introduction of the alternating method opens up an entirely new field in electricity, and presents a fresh supply of possibilities. As the most important transformations of electricity into useful products are facilitated by its ready transfer into separate currents of different volumes that are convenient for different purposes, and as this change can be made only by the use of constant interruptions to operate the transformer, the invention of a form of electricity in which the pulsations are self-contained gives us practically a new force. It is owing to the fact that half of the uses which are made of electricity depend upon the effects which it produces only at the moments of its starting and stopping that the alternating current is of such importance. It contains in a condensed form all of the active powers of electricity, while the continuous current contains only half of them, namely, the power of heating and of effecting chemical action. Perhaps an illustration will explain this better. Motion and power are derived from electricity through its power of attraction; but after the electrified wire has attracted the moving part of the apparatus to it, the motion will continue no further unless the attraction is stopped long enough for the moving part to be put back so that it can be attracted again. This must be done during an interval in the attraction, which can be obtained only by interrupting or switching off the current, unless the current is of itself vibratory or alternating. With a current of this kind the part which had been attracted can move back when the current reverses, and be attracted again by the next current of the right direction. A continuous motion to and fro will then be kept up in the movable piece without any switch.

The alternating current, which possesses the intervals and reversals required to produce additional effects, may be looked upon, then, as a higher kind of electricity, possessing greater powers than those of the ordinary current.

The original object of the introduction of this energy-radiating current was to generate currents for electric lighting in separate wires from one main line, by means of simple coils in each building, to which the local wires are connected without being connected to the main line. The main line might then be safely charged at high pressure, for the purpose of reaching long distances, without danger from the local wires. It might be interesting to mention here that the same thing is being done in Boston, for the same reasons, with steam, or rather superheated water, which is carried in strong pipes through the streets at very high pressure, and converted at the houses into low-pressure steam, which is easier to handle. The same object has now been completely accomplished with electricity, which affords a better means of generating the low pressure sought for, and lighting is now done on this plan on a very large scale, while the examination of the properties of the new current possessing the new feature of a surrounding region of intense energy has led to remarkable inventions, and to discoveries as to the nature of electricity. It has been found, for example, that electricity, magnetism, and light are very much alike, if not exactly the same thing.

In New York electric lights are supplied by alternating currents over wires six and eight miles long by the Manhattan Electric Light Company, who, by means of this system, are enabled to establish their generating station at a distance on the outskirts of the city, where the operating expenses are a minimum. The machinery used is known as the Slattery Induction System.* The station is on the East River at Eighteenth Street, where coal and supplies can be brought by barges at considerably less expense than if they had to be unloaded and carted across the city. The current is generated by a large number of dynamos, which are placed on strong foundations on the second floor of the building, and are driven by five powerful engines situated on the floor below, and similar to those shown in the illustration of the Brush station.

These dynamos are quite large, but are somewhat simpler than those used in generating continuous currents. Fig. 16 gives a view of one of the kind used, which supplies a thousand lights. It contains twelve powerful magnets, which are supported by its frame, and surround a central space which they keep highly magnetized. These magnets and the circular space between them may be seen in the drawing. Within this space is a revolving drum or wheel, which has a great length of wires wound upon it in such a way that as the wheel rotates the wires are passed close to each magnet in succession. As the wires approach, a current is generated in them; and as they pass away from the magnets this current ceases, and a current of the opposite direction is generated.

One such alternation will be produced as each magnet is passed. All that remains is to provide a connection from the wires on the wheel to the line outside. This is made by a stationary spring connected to the line, and bearing on the wheel as it revolves.

This part is much simpler than the corresponding part in continuous current machines. In these the generating operation is the same, and the current is alternating until it leaves the machine, but is made continuous as it passes out by a rapid automatic changing of the connections, which sends the currents to the right and to the left, in harmony with and correcting the alternations as fast as the armature revolves. Fig. 17 gives a view of one room of the Manhattan Company's station, and shows how the machines are arranged. This building is the latest and largest that has been put up for electric light purposes. It has a capacity nearly double that of any other station, having accommodations for engines of 5000 horse-power, and dynamos for 70,000 lights. It was built upon the most approved plan, with the aid of the experience gained with former stations. It is fire-proof, and very substantial, and is the best arranged station in the city. The wires from each machine are led to switches placed on the wall, which can be seen in the background of the picture, and above these are metres which show constantly the amount of current being supplied over each wire. All of the electricity generated here is carried down to the centre of the city in comparatively small wires over a well-built line of poles five miles long. From this line, part of which is shown in Fig. 18, the wires are turned off at convenient corners, and carried across town on other poles to the terminals of the subways, where they are connected to the corresponding cables underground, which in turn are connected by branches to numerous theatres and stores. A great many public places are lighted from these wires, the current which can be carried by each one of them, when transformed by the converters into currents of low pressure, being sufficient to light a large number of lamps.

To show the arrangement of the rest of the system, we illustrate the appliances as used in a well-known theatre in Twenty-third Street, where fourteen hundred lights are supplied by converters through two slender wires which run six miles from the station. The wires, after passing through the subways from the pole lines to the theatre, are connected to five converters of the largest size, which are placed in the basement of the building, as shown in Fig. 18.

The wires come in at the right of the picture through the wall of the vault from the subway. They are carried horizontally along the wall to the left, and after passing through a large switch, by which they may be interrupted and the entire current cut off from the theatre, they are tapped by branch wires, which supply the primary coils of the five powerful converters seen in the cen-

* It should be stated that the claims urged on behalf of various patents for the alternating current system as applied to electric lighting are still under adjudication by the courts. Judge Colt, of Boston, has already decided that the Ganlard & Gibbs patent, sold by the Westinghouse Company, does not affect the use of the Slattery apparatus in the United States. A suit is now pending in the United States District Court of Indiana to test the question whether the Slattery patent does not cover all forms of the present alternating current system for electric lighting. The plaintiff in the suit is the Fort Wayne Jenney Electric Light Company, and the defendant is the Evansville Gas and Electric Light Company, which uses the Westinghouse alternating current system.—ED. HARPER'S WEEKLY.

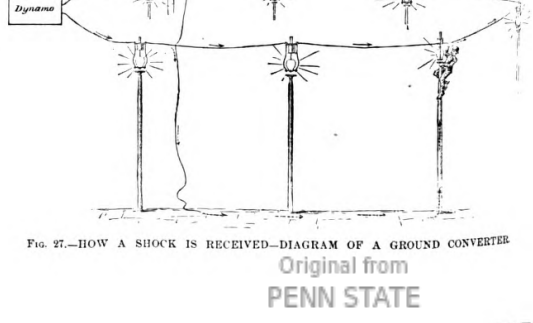


FIG. 27.—HOW A SHOCK IS RECEIVED—DIAGRAM OF A GROUND CONVERTER

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

verter room. These are on the same principle as the one described with the diagram Fig. 14.

The house wires, connected with the secondary coils, are carried upstairs to a large switch-board on the stage at one side of the proscenium arch. The wires from the lights in all parts of the house are run separately to this point, and are here controlled by switches placed within reach of the gas-man, that name being given in theatres to the man who attends the lights, whether they be gas or electric. A part of the lights, which sometimes require to be lowered gradually, such as the foot-lights, etc., are provided with regulators, by which the amount of current passing to the lamps may be controlled. These are placed beside the other switches at the right in the view, and the whole makes an imposing but simple array of cranks and levers. The "gas-man," standing at the lamp-regulator board, a view of which is given in Fig. 20, has perfect and instantaneous control of every light in the building, whether in the auditorium or on the stage, in the flies or in the dressing-rooms. These lights are very convenient for theatrical people, because they can be turned on instantly without the aid of a torch. They do not produce enough heat to cause discomfort in warm weather, and being sealed in glass globes, they cannot vitiate the air nor set fire to inflammable materials on the stage. One of these incandescent lamps, though it be covered with highly combustible material, such as finely divided cotton saturated with turpentine or gasoline, will set nothing on fire, even if the glass globe is broken off.

The faculty of furnishing independent currents of all kinds and sizes gives the alternating current a very large field of usefulness, and although a great deal has already been done with it, its development has probably hardly commenced.

One of the successes which have been brought about by the converter, and which was impracticable until the alternating current was invented, is electric welding, which requires a current of the greatest quantity, sufficient to heat bars of all sizes to a welding heat, but which may be so low in pressure that it is almost imperceptible. Such a current, though not representing much power, because it has little pressure, could not be produced by a dynamo of any practicable size, since the current would heat the dynamo in passing through it. But with a small converter the current of an ordinary dynamo or an electric-light circuit is easily changed into another of suitably increased volume and lowered pressure. The secondary coil of coarse wire, represented by the heavy spiral in the diagram Fig. 14, is exchanged for a still coarser coil formed of a huge bar of copper, which, owing to its greater size, makes correspondingly fewer turns around the magnet. The large size of the bar permits the low-pressure current generated in it by the alternations of the main coil to be of enormous volume. The ends of this bar are attached to two vises, which serve to clamp the two pieces of metal which are to be welded together. The parts to be united are clamped in these vises with their ends in contact, and when the current is turned on, it passes from the coil to these parts, and heats them instantly to a white heat at the point where they are in contact with each other, producing a perfect weld.

The heat is concentrated at exactly the point desired, because the contact of the pieces is not as perfect for carrying the current as are the continuous portions of each piece, and consequently the current finds a greater resistance at this point, and produces its heat here. After being welded by this process the pieces are much cleaner than when welded in a furnace, because the operation is completed so quickly that the metal does not have time to scale.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE LINES.

The consumption of electricity having become very great, the work of obtaining the necessary rights of way and maintaining lines for carrying the current to the consumers is now absorbing the attention of electrical managers. This is most difficult in crowded cities, and is in some places, notably New York, where a long narrow territory is covered by many distinct sets of wires, the only department of the business which is uncertain, and cannot be definitely planned or estimated in advance.

To appreciate the situation as met in New York and elsewhere, for that it is not peculiar to us is proved by the fact that other cities are closely watching our treatment of the wire question, it is necessary to have some idea of the amount of wires in use, the necessity of protecting some of them, and the probable increase of each group in the future, in the ordinary growth of business.

The wires of the Fire Department are first in extent and importance. They cover practically every street in the city, and serve to connect a thousand signal boxes to one central building—Fire Head-quarters—besides furnishing connection back from this building to the houses of the fire companies, of which there are over one hundred. The necessity of preserving this net-work of wires from interruption, to prevent the danger of failure to receive alarms of fire, is self-evident. That it is not lost sight of is shown by the fact that all legislation upon the subject of wires has left the management of the Fire Department lines solely within the control of their own department, and exempt from any other regulation.

The lines of the telephone company connect with about eight thousand subscribers, and are therefore far more numerous than any others, though not of such imperative importance as those of the Fire Department. They are, like all the commercial classes, subject to official regulation.

The wires of the telegraph company are next in number, but do not occupy as many of the streets, for the reason that they run together in numbers over single routes, which are more or less direct, to the city limits, where they connect with lines beyond. The same company operates also a quantity of wires which are more scattering, like the telephone and fire wires, for connecting with various buildings to operate stock telegraph printers or "tickers," for the distribution of observatory time, and special local wires for the private use of individuals.

A comparatively small system of wires is maintained by the Police Department for their use in communicating from the station-houses to head-quarters.

These, together with a quantity of wire run by about twenty minor companies, such as the District Messenger, the Burglar Alarm, the Automatic Fire Alarm, the Livery Stable Calls, etc., make up the total of wires for signalling, which probably aggregates about fifty thousand miles.

The wires of all the electric-light companies combined, which constitute the opposite class, aggregate something less than one thousand miles, probably about nine hundred, according to the best statistics.

The signalling wires are very much alike as a class compared with the electric-light wires, being small, and usually made of iron, while the electric-light wires are large, and always of copper. The former carry weak currents, which are not dangerous, and are usually not provided with covering, while the latter carry very heavy currents, and are always insulated, or at least kept from coming into contact with each other and with the smaller wires by a wrapping of some kind. The difference between the two classes (of electric-light and signalling wires) is therefore very great, and is an important factor in the problem of the disposition of wires. Electrically, the only danger from the signalling wires lies in the fact that they may come in contact with an electric-light wire, and cause trouble by carrying the current to some unexpected point. In such case the misplaced wire which has fallen against the electric-light circuit is called, in the language of the line-man, a "foreign wire." To the electric-light companies there are fifty thousand miles of foreign wires that their own lines must be kept clear of, and consequently their chief interest in this class lies in the fact that they must so construct their own as to keep them as safe as possible from danger of contact with the foreigners. As there are only five hundred and sixty miles of streets in the city, the average number of these small wires for each street must be considerable. To make the danger of accidental contact as remote as possible, the practice in the construction of electric-light circuits has been to place them on the side of the street which is unoccupied by the other wires. But, with the rapid growth of business, the telephone and telegraph wires very soon occupied both sides of the streets in most places. And as electric-light wires had to be run to meet the demands of the public, the streets were gradually occupied on both sides by signalling and electric-light wires mixed. This of course rendered interference possible, and numerous cases of serious trouble followed.

With business increasing rapidly, and without any combined systematic arrangement of wires, something had to be done, and laws were passed placing the whole matter in charge of the Subway Commission, afterward the "Board of Electrical Control." This board, after offering for some time to allow the various companies who operate wires to lay conduits themselves in which to place their wires underground, decided to have the subways built by a company, who should rent the ducts to all alike. This Electrical Subway Company agreed to build all the ducts that should be needed by each of the other companies. After trying several methods of construction, they adopted the simplest as the best, and now make all subways of common iron pipe, about three inches in diameter, laid side by side in numbers, and imbedded in concrete. These tubes are run into square brick man-holes built at each street intersection. For wires which require connections at every building a separate conduit is laid on top of the other, terminating at the same man-holes. This distributing duct is built of cast-iron shells, or boxes, joined together in one continuous flat tube known as the Johnstone conduit, the advantage of the boxes being that a side or panel may be taken out at any point where connections are to be made, and the wires which have already been drawn into the duct may be reached and connected to, after which a new panel, having a neck or opening in it, is put on in place of the one taken off. This neck is fitted with a branching pipe to carry the branch wires. To protect the wires in the main subway from each other as much as possible they are drawn into the separate tubes forming the conduit, and for the two distinct classes of wires—namely, electric lighting and signalling—two entirely different subways are built on opposite sides of the street, following the same policy which led to the construction of overhead wires on opposite sides of the streets. All of these subways have been perfectly successful so far. The only trouble remaining which is not entirely disposed of is that caused by explosions in them of illuminating gas, which has in several cases torn up the pavements, and been a source of danger to pedestrians. But while this is far from satisfactory, it is not new, and is not in any sense ascribable, as is sometimes supposed, to the fact that the subways are electrical. There have been ten explosions of gas in these conduits, but in no case was there any wire in use, and the ignition of the gas cannot possibly be ascribed to them. There is nothing unusual in such explosions, a large number of the same character having occurred in the sewers without the cause being ascertained. One of these, which occurred about twenty years ago, is a little more conspicuous than others. It took place in the sewer in Forty-second Street, tearing off in succession the covers of seven man-holes between Fifth and Seventh avenues, a distance of about one-quarter of a mile, as the explosion advanced in that direction. While the cause of the ignition of the gas in the subways has not been ascertained, the fact has been settled that the explosive in every case was street gas, which percolates through the walls of the man-holes from the surrounding earth, which is saturated by leakage from the gas-pipes. To stop its ingress the plan has been hit upon of using a blower on the subways to keep the air in the conduits at a slight pressure, so that instead of the gas leaking in, the tendency to leakage is outward, so that the advance of the gas from the outside is checked, and the tubes are kept filled with fresh air. This has been found successful, and though as little as four per cent. of gas mixed with air will cause an explosion, this use of blowers prevents it, and there have been none where they have been in use. That the prevention is due to the blowers is proven by the fact that the last serious explosion, which occurred near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, took place within a few hours after the pressure which had been in use in that subway for some time was taken off temporarily.

The conduits for telegraph and telephone wires are more advanced than those for electric lighting, both in the number that have been laid and in the amount of wires placed in them. This is owing to their practicability for this class of conductors having been demonstrated earlier. There are now about eight thousand miles of wires in these conduits, which, with their branches, extend from the Battery to Central Park, covering an area five miles long by one mile wide.

In placing lines in the subways, the wire, made up in a cable, is brought to the spot on large reels. It is then cut up into lengths sufficient to reach through the tubes from one man-hole to the next, and drawn in piece by piece from each man-hole to the succeeding one. The friction in the tubes is so great that it would be difficult to draw in a piece longer than the distance between the man-holes, so it is drawn in in these short lengths of about two hundred and fifty feet. We give an illustration of the operation of drawing electric-light cables in at one of the man-holes. The cables in every case have a lead pipe covering outside the proper insulation of the wires, to protect them from damage from water, rough handling, etc. They are being drawn in four at a time, in order to completely fill the duct at one drawing; as, if this were not done, spaces would be left in the tube which could not be utilized afterward, because the cables already in place would be slightly crooked, and would require that the last cable should bend frequently, in order to pass around the others as it was drawn in. A cable could not be forced in under these circumstances. The cables on the four reels are paid off uniformly, and form a bundle which is drawn in by a rope passing through the duct and operated by a windlass at the next man-hole. The several cables are often painted different colors as they pass in, to enable them to be distinguished at any point without testing. The cables from which connections to buildings may be required are laid in the ducts of the sectional Johnstone conduit described before, which is usually placed on top of the main conduit. This duct is afterward opened at the proper place, and the desired one of the cables within is connected to another piece of cable which is laid in a pipe under the gutter and sidewalk across to the cellar of the building. Our figure, Fig. 22, which was taken from a photograph, shows the operation of making a branch connection from the cable in one of these distributing conduits to the short piece which is to branch off and extend into the building. One of the top panels or covers of the duct is removed, exposing all of the cables which pass through. The splicer pick out the desired main cable, cuts off the lead covering at a convenient point, and after removing the insulation and splicing the bared wire to the end of the wire of the branch cable, which has been similarly treated, wraps a tape of adhesive insulation over the joint, covering the bared parts of the wires in place of the insulation which was removed, taking care to make it attach itself to the ends of the insulation remaining on the main and branch cables. After this he takes a short piece of lead pipe which had been split so as to slip over the jointed cables, and after putting it in position, solders up the slit, and also solders it to the lead coverings of the main and branch cables, making "plumbers' wipe-joints," similar to those used on water-pipes. The same kind of completely covered joint is used in the man-holes at street corners for connecting ends of sections of the cable. When finished, the entire line of cable and its branches are completely enclosed and protected from any amount of water, should it get into the subways, and from all other destructive influences.

All of the cables laid for electric lighting are tested every day, and reports of the tests are filed with the proper officer.

At the places where the subway routes terminate, the cables from underground are connected with the overhead wires by being run through a tube to the nearest pole of the old aerial lines, and the routes of the circuits are completed through these overhead wires. The poles at which overhead and underground lines meet are called "terminal" poles. The cables, after leaving the ground at the foot of the pole and running up the tube, are connected to the corresponding overhead wires by means of small clamps, which are at the same time arranged so as to protect the cables from lightning. The clamps and connections are covered with small tin boxes to protect them and the upper ends of the cables from the weather. This matter of covering the ends of cables is of great importance, since the ends are the only places where they cannot be protected from moisture by the complete lead covering with soldered joints. We give a view of a "terminal" pole at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, Fig. 23, which has upon it a number of cables connected to overhead lines. The pole has been drawn over by the weight of the wires which was thrown on one side of it when, in clearing Broadway, all the wires were cut away from its other side. The protectors mentioned may be seen at the ends of each of the cables which run up the pole out of the ground. The circuits which supply the lights, shown in Fig. 24, connect from the underground to the overhead wires at this pole, from which they run overhead straight across town away from the subway district.

The removal of the wires from overhead to the subways has greatly improved the appearance of the streets, and has added to the neatness and beauty of such street lights as have been reconnected underground. We give a view of some lamps which are connected by underground wires in the manner already described. These lights are free from all overhead wires, so that the view is clear on all sides, and being mounted on ornamental posts, they are much more attractive than usual. The picture is taken at a point on Broadway about opposite Palmer's Theatre, where there are a number of lights, making the scene brilliant at night.

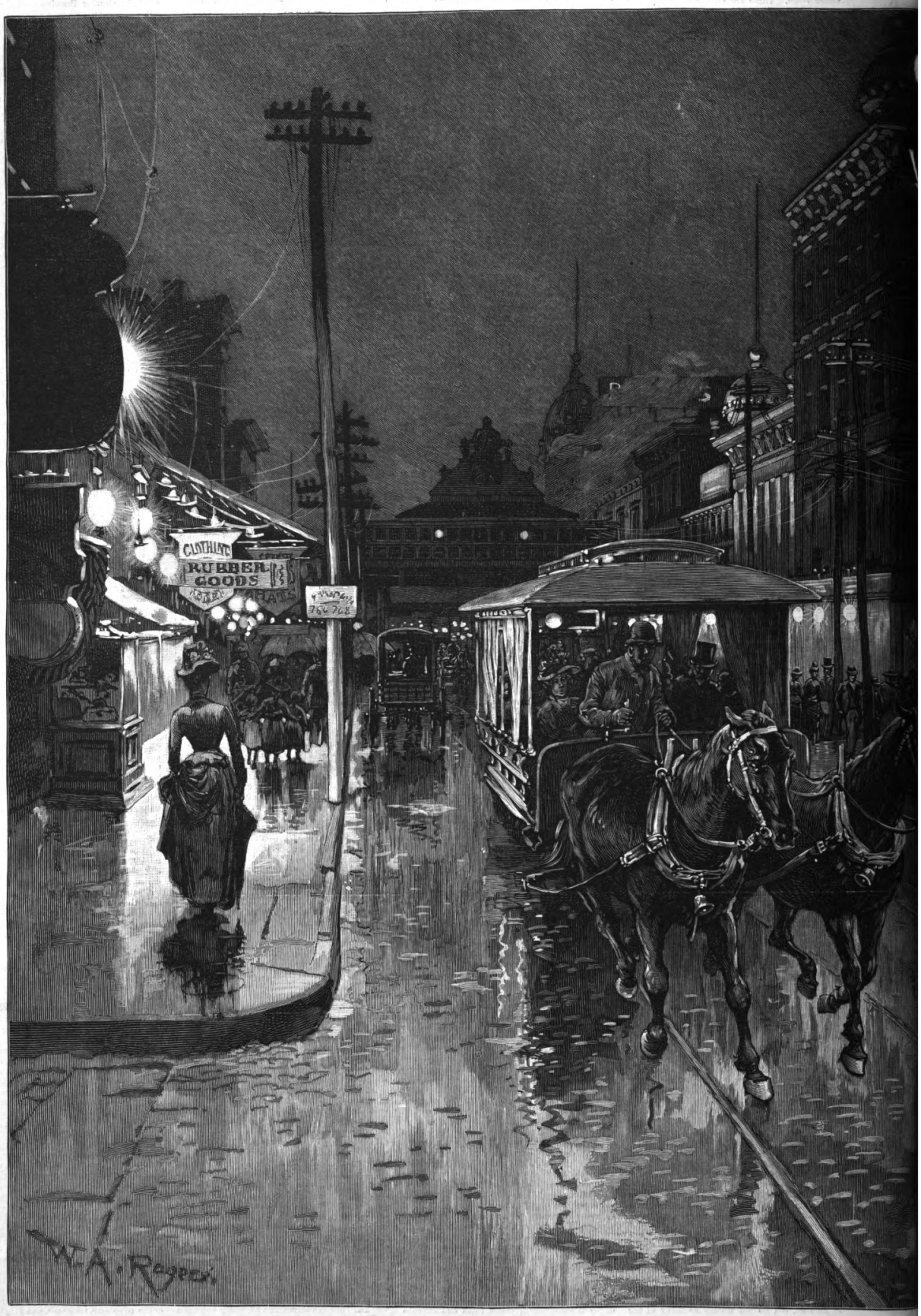
Though subways are being built as fast as possible, and the wires overhead are being placed in them as soon as they are ready for occupancy, it will be a long time before they can be provided in every street. Meanwhile some more systematic plan should be adopted for laying out the routes of such wires as must remain for the present on poles. By an orderly and semi-ornamental construction, the more important wires can easily be provided for without being as unsightly and dangerous as they are at present. If the electrical companies had long ago given this the attention which it deserves, they would not have evoked against themselves the strong public feeling which exists at present, and would probably not have been put to as much inconvenience and expense as that to which they are now subjected.

Up to the present time the mere fact that electrical wires are out of reach overhead seems to have freed them from any kind of official regulation. Streets were pre-empted and rights of way were secured and occupied by different classes of wires in confusion, without any regard to good arrangement or such disposition of them as would accommodate the largest number of wires with the least confusion and the greatest safety. This was partly owing to the rapid growth of the business, and partly to the stringing of wires, in the absence of any restraint, in numerous streets that were not occupied, to prevent other lines being built through the same territory. Then when other kinds of wires were needed they were put up through the same streets on separate poles under and over those first placed there. This process resulted finally in the presence of two, three, and in some cases four separate sets of poles on the same side of the street, carrying all kinds of wires, which were sure to come in contact and cause trouble. These wires should never have been allowed to be put together on the same side of the street.

When no longer required, these wires were seldom removed, owing to the small value of the material. On account of this, and of the running of wires to crowd others out, a great quantity of unnecessary or "dead" wires and poles were left after a few years. We give a photographic view to show how bad this disorder is even in our most important streets. The view is taken on Broadway, looking north toward the corner of John Street, within two blocks of the City Hall. The line on the left-hand side of the street is the telegraph, while on the right is the telephone route, each carrying about 800 wires. Under each of these is a line of electric-light poles. There are also in the picture fire-alarm, burglar-alarm, police, stock "ticker," postal-telegraph and private wires in confusion. When the subject was agitated with a view to clearing the streets, it was found that at least half of the one hundred thousand miles of wire in this city was unnecessary, and could be removed, leaving fifty thousand miles actually in use. The city authorities then took the matter up, and have been engaged in removing such poles and wires for about one year. About twenty-five hundred poles and two thousand miles of wire have already been cut down. And the inspectors employed in tracing out useless wires are still finding them fast enough to keep the full force of men at work constantly in their removal. In addition to this all poles and wires of every description are cut away in such streets as have completed subways. This is done without regard to whether they are in use or not, each company having been given ninety days' notice to provide themselves with the necessary wires in the subway. And, strange to say, the number of unnecessary wires that were up was so great that, with the exception of the electric-light companies and the telephone company, who have lost about four hundred connections by this cutting, business has not been interfered with. All the subway streets are now entirely cleared of wires except the few in which the Fire Department circuits, which must not be interfered with, and have not been removed. The wires and poles after being cut down are removed to the public pound, where they are sold at auction. We give a view of the yard, showing the appearance of two months' accumulation (Fig. 26).

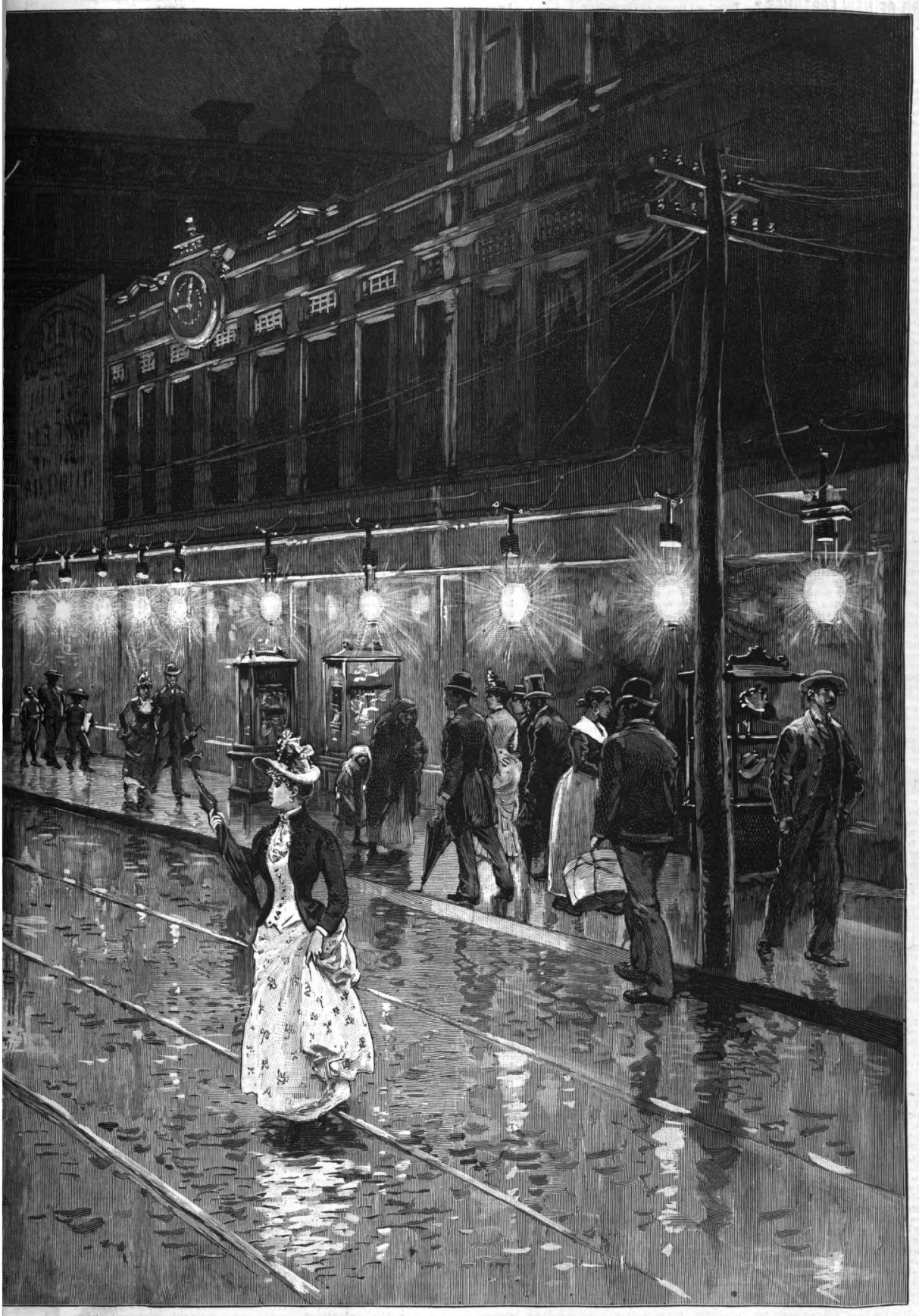
In connection with this clearing out of the subway streets, some effort has been made to straighten the remaining wires in streets where they will probably remain for some time, and to provide a uniform standard of construction, of which the line of the Manhattan Company, on First Avenue, Fig. 18, is the model. The poles of this line are high enough to carry all the wires up out of the way of fire ladders, and they are strong enough to carry all the electric-light wires in the neighborhood, thus altogether relieving several other streets of poles. And as the more delicate wires of the telephone, telegraph, and Fire Departments are on the other side of the street, there is the minimum danger of the two kinds coming in contact.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GRAND STREET, NEW YORK, AT NIGHT.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 594, SUPPLEMENT.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.

V.

BEATON went away with the smile on his face which he had kept in listening to Fulkerson, and carried it with him to the reception. He believed that Alma was vexed with him for more personal reasons than she had implied; it flattered him that she should have resented what he told her of the Dryfooses. She had scolded him in their behalf apparently; but really because he had made her jealous by his interest, of whatever kind, in some one else. What followed, had followed naturally. Unless she had been quite a simpleton she could not have met his provisional love-making on any other terms; and the reason why Beaton chiefly liked Alma Leighton was that she was not a simpleton. Even up in the country, when she was overawed by his acquaintance, at first, she was not very deeply overawed, and at times she was not overawed at all. At such times she astonished him by taking his most solemn histrionics with flippant incredulity, and even burlesquing them. But he could see, all the same, that he had caught her fancy, and he admired the skill with which she punished his neglect when they met in New York. He had really come very near forgetting the Leightons; the intangible obligations of mutual kindness which hold some men so fast, hung loosely, weakly upon him; it would not have hurt him to break from them altogether; but when he recognized them at last, he found that it strengthened them indefinitely to have Alma ignore them so completely. If she had been sentimental, or softly reproachful, that would have been the end; he could not have stood it; he would have had to drop her. But when she met him on his own ground, and obliged *him* to be sentimental, the game was in her hands. Beaton laughed, now, when he thought of that, and he said to himself that the girl had grown immensely since she had come to New York; nothing seemed to have been lost upon her; she must have kept her eyes uncommonly wide open. He noticed that especially in their talks over her work; she had profited by everything she had seen and heard; she had all of Wetmore's ideas pat; it amused Beaton to see how she seized every useful word that he dropped, too, and turned him to technical account whenever she could. He liked that; she had a great deal of talent; there was no question of that; if she were a man there could be no question of her future. He began to construct a future for her; it included provision for himself too; it was a common future, in which their lives and work were united.

He was full of the glow of its prosperity when he met Margaret Vance at the reception.

The house was one where people might chat a long time together without publicly committing themselves to an interest in each other except such as grew out of each other's ideas. Miss Vance was there because she united in her catholic sympathies or ambitions the objects of the fashionable people and of the æsthetic people who met there on common ground. It was almost the only house in New York where this happened often, and it did not happen very often there. It was a literary house, primarily, with artistic qualifications, and the frequenters of it were mostly authors and artists; Wetmore, who was always trying to fit everything with a phrase, said it was the unfrequenters who were fashionable. There was great ease there, and simplicity; and if there was not distinction, it was not for want of distinguished people, but because there seems to be some solvent in New York life that reduces all men to a common level, that touches everybody with its potent magic and brings to the surface the deeply underlying nobody. The effect for some temperaments, for consciousness, for egotism, is admirable; for curiosity, for hero-worship, it is rather baffling. It is the spirit of the street transferred to the drawing-room; indiscriminating, halting, but doubtless finally wholesome, and witnessing the immensity of the place, if not consenting to the grandeur of reputations or presences.

Beaton now denied that this house represented a salon at all, in the old sense; and he held that the salon was impossible, even undesirable, with us, when Miss Vance sighed for it. At any rate, he said that this turmoil of coming and going, this bubble and babble, this cackling and hissing of conversation, was not the expression of any such civilization as had created the salon. Here, he owned, were the elements of intellectual delightfulness, but he said their assemblage in such quantity alone denied the salon; there was too much of a good thing. The French word implied a long evening of general talk among the guests, crowned with a little chicken at supper, ending at cock-crow. Here was tea, with milk or with lemon—baths of it—and claret-cup for the hardier spirits throughout the evening. It was very nice, very pleasant, but it was not the little chicken—not the salon. In fact, he affirmed, the salon descended from above, out of the great world, and included the æsthetic world in it. But our great world, the rich people, were stupid, with no wish to be otherwise; they were not even curious about authors and artists. Beaton fancied himself speaking impartially, and so he allowed himself to speak bitterly; he said that in no other city in the world, except Vienna, perhaps, were such people so little a part of society.

"It isn't altogether the rich people's fault," said Margaret; and she spoke impartially, too. "I don't believe that the literary men and the artists would like a salon that descended to them. Madame Geoffrin you know, very plebeian; her husband was a business man of some sort."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

"He would have been a howling swell in New York," said Beaton, still impartially.

Wetmore came up to their corner, with a scroll of bread and butter in one hand and a cup of tea in the other. Large and fat, and clean shaven, he looked like a monk in evening dress.

"We were talking about salons," said Margaret.

"Why don't you open a saloon yourself?" asked Wetmore, breathing thickly from the anxiety of getting through the crowd without spilling his tea.

"Like poor Lady Barberina Lemon?" said the girl, with a laugh. "What a good story! That idea of a woman who couldn't be interested in any of the arts because she was socially and traditionally the material of them! We can never reach that height of nonchalance in this country."

"Not if we tried seriously?" suggested the painter. "I've an idea that if the Americans ever gave their minds to that sort of thing, they could take the palm—or the cake, as Beaton here would say—just as they do in everything else. When we do have an aristocracy, it will be an aristocracy that will go ahead of anything the world has ever seen. Why don't somebody make a beginning, and go in openly for an ancestry, and a lower middle class, and an hereditary legislature, and all the rest? We've got liveries, and crests, and palaces, and caste feeling. We're all right as far as we've gone, and we've got the money to go any length."

"Like your natural-gas man, Mr. Beaton," said the girl, with a smiling glance round at him.

"Ah!" said Wetmore, stirring his tea, "has Beaton got a natural-gas man?"

"My natural-gas man," said Beaton, ignoring Wetmore's question, "doesn't know how to live in his palace yet, and I doubt if he has any caste feeling. I fancy his family believe themselves victims of it. They say—one of the young ladies does—that she never saw such an unsociable place as New York; nobody calls."

"That's good!" said Wetmore. "I suppose they're all ready for company too: good cook, furniture, servants, carriages?"

"Galore," said Beaton.

"Well, that's too bad. There's a chance for you, Miss Vance. Doesn't your philanthropy embrace the socially destitute as well as the financially? Just think of a family like that, without a friend, in a great city! I should think common charity had a duty, there—not to mention the uncommon."

He distinguished that kind as Margaret's by a glance of ironical deference. She had a repute for good works which was out of proportion to the works, as it always is, but she was really active in that way, under the vague obligation, which we now all feel, to be helpful. She was of the church which seems to have found a reversion to the imposing ritual of the past the way back to the early ideals of Christian brotherhood.

"Oh, they seem to have Mr. Beaton," Margaret answered, and Beaton felt obscurely flattered by her reference to his patronage of the Dryfooses.

He explained to Wetmore, "They have me because they partly own me. Dryfoos is Fulkerson's financial backer in *Every Other Week*."

"Is that so? Well, that's interesting, too. Aren't you rather astonished, Miss Vance, to see what a pretty thing Beaton is making of that magazine of his?"

"Oh," said Margaret, "it's so very nice, every way; it makes you feel as if you *did* have a country, after all. It's as *chic*—that detestable little word!—as those new French books."

"Beaton modelled it on them. But you mustn't suppose he does everything about *Every Other Week;* he'd like you to. Beaton, you haven't come up to that cover of your first number, since. That was the design of one of my pupils, Miss Vance—a little girl that Beaton discovered down in New Hampshire last summer."

"The one I told you of," said Beaton to Margaret.

"Oh yes. And have you great hopes of her, Mr. Wetmore?"

"She seems to have more love of it and knack for it than any one of her sex I've seen yet. It really looks like a case of art for art's sake, at times. But you can't tell. They're liable to get married at any moment, you know. Look here, Beaton, when your natural-gas man gets to the picture-buying stage in his development, just remember your old friends, will you? You know, Miss Vance, those new fellows have their regular stages. They never know what to do with their money, but they find out that people buy pictures, at one point. They shut your things up in their houses where nobody comes; and after a while they overeat themselves—they don't know what else to do—and die of apoplexy, and leave your pictures to a gallery, and then they see the light. It's slow, but it's pretty sure. Well, I see Beaton isn't going to move on, as he ought to do; and so *I* must. He always *was* an unconventional creature."

Wetmore went away, but Beaton remained, and he outstayed several other people who came up to speak to Miss Vance. She was interested in everybody, and she liked the talk of these clever literary, artistic, clerical, even theatrical people, and she liked the sort of court with which they recognized her fashion as well as her cleverness; it was very pleasant to be treated intellectually as if she were one of themselves, and socially as if she were not habitually the same, but a sort of guest in Bohemia, a distinguished stranger. If it was Arcadia rather than Bohemia, still she felt her quality of distinguished stranger. The flattery of it touched her fancy, and not her vanity; she had very little vanity. Beaton's devotion made the same sort of appeal; it was not so much that she liked him as she liked being the object of his admiration. She was a girl of genuine sympathies, intellectual rather than sentimental. In fact she was an intellectual person, whom qualities of the heart saved from being disagreeable, as they saved her on the other hand from being worldly or cruel in her fashionableness. She had read a great many books, and had ideas about them, quite courageous and original ideas; she knew about pictures—she had been in Wetmore's class; she was fond of music; she was willing to understand even politics; in Boston she might have been agnostic, but in New York she was sincerely religious; she was very accomplished, and perhaps it was her goodness that prevented her feeling what was not best in Beaton.

"Do you think," she said, after the retreat of one of the comers and goers left her alone with him again, "that these young ladies would like me to call on them?"

"Those young ladies?" Beaton echoed. "Miss Leighton and—"

"No; I have been there with my aunt's cards already."

"Oh yes," said Beaton, as if he had known of it; he admired the pluck and pride with which Alma had refrained from ever mentioning the fact to him, and had kept her mother from mentioning it, which must have been difficult.

"I mean the Miss Dryfooses. It seems really barbarous, if nobody goes near them. We do all kinds of things, and help all kinds of people in some ways, but we let strangers remain strangers unless they know how to make their way among us."

"The Dryfooses certainly wouldn't know how to make their way among you," said Beaton, with a sort of dreamy absence in his tone.

Miss Vance went on, speaking out the process of reasoning in her mind, rather than any conclusions she had reached. "We defend ourselves by trying to believe that they must have friends of their own, or that they would think us patronizing, and wouldn't like being made the objects of social charity; but they needn't really suppose anything of the kind."

"I don't imagine they would," said Beaton. "I think they'd be only too happy to have you come. But you wouldn't know what to do with each other, indeed, Miss Vance."

"Perhaps we shall like each other," said the girl bravely, "and then we shall know. What church are they of?"

"I don't believe they're of any," said Beaton. "The mother was brought up a Dunkard."

"A Dunkard?"

Beaton told what he knew of the primitive sect, with its early Christian polity, its literal interpretation of Christ's ethics, and it's quaint ceremonial of foot-washing; he made something picturesque of that. "The father is a Mammon-worshipper, pure and simple. I suppose the young ladies go to church, but I don't know where. They haven't tried to convert me."

"I'll tell them not to despair—after I've converted *them*," said Miss Vance. "Will you let me use you as a *point d'appui*, Mr. Beaton?"

"Any way you like. If you're really going to see them, perhaps I'd better make a confession. I left your banjo with them, after I got it put in order."

"How very nice! Then we have a common interest already."

"Do you mean the banjo, or—?"

"The banjo, decidedly. Which of them plays?"

"Neither. But the eldest heard that the banjo was 'all the rage,' as the youngest says. Perhaps you can persuade them that good works are the rage too."

Beaton had no very lively belief that Margaret would go to see the Dryfooses; he did so few of the things he proposed that he went upon the theory that others must be as faithless. Still, he had a cruel amusement in figuring the possible encounter between Margaret Vance, with her intellectual elegance, her eager sympathies, and generous ideals, and those girls with their rude past, their false and distorted perspective, their sordid and hungry selfishness, and their faith in the omnipotence of their father's wealth wounded by their experience of its present social impotence. At the bottom of his heart he sympathized with them rather than with her; he was more like them.

People had ceased coming, and some of them were going. Miss Vance said she must go too, and she was about to rise, when the host came up with March; Beaton turned away.

"Miss Vance, I want to introduce Mr. March, the editor of *Every Other Week*. You oughtn't to be restricted to the art department. We literary fellows think that arm of the service gets too much of the glory nowadays." His banter was for Beaton, but he was already beyond ear-shot, and the host went on, "Mr. March can talk with you about your favorite Boston. He's just turned his back on it."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Miss Vance. "I can't imagine anybody voluntarily leaving Boston."

"I don't say he's so bad as that," said the host, committing March to her. "He came to New York because he couldn't help it—like the rest of us. I never know whether that's a compliment to New York or not."

They talked Boston a little while, without finding that they had common acquaintance there; Miss Vance must have concluded that society was much larger in Boston than she had supposed from her visits there, or else that March did not know many people in it. But she was not a girl to care much for the inferences that might be drawn from such conclusions; she rather prided herself upon despising them; and she gave herself to the pleasure of being talked to as if she were of March's own age. In the glow of her sympathetic beauty and elegance, he talked his best, and tried to amuse her with his jokes, which he had the art of tingeing with a little seriousness on one side. He made her laugh; and he flattered her by making her think; in her turn she charmed him so much by enjoying what he said that he began to brag of his wife, as a good husband always does when another woman charms him; and she asked, Oh, was Mrs. March there; and would he introduce her?

She asked Mrs. March for her address, and whether she had a day; and she said she would come to see her, if she would let her. Mrs. March could not be so enthusiastic about her as March was, but as they walked home together they talked the girl over, and agreed about her beauty and her amiability. Mrs. March said she seemed very unspoiled for a person who must have been so much spoiled. They tried to analyze her charm, and they succeeded in formulating it as a combination of intellectual fashionableness and worldly innocence. "I think," said Mrs. March, "that city girls, brought up as she must have been, are often the most innocent of all. They never imagine the wickedness of the world, and if they marry happily they go through life as innocent as children. Everything combines to keep them so; the very hollowness of society shields them. They are the loveliest of the human race. But perhaps the rest have to pay too much for them."

"For such an exquisite creature as Miss Vance," said March, "we couldn't pay too much."

A wild laughing cry suddenly broke upon the air at the street crossing in front of them. A girl's voice called out, "Run, run, Jen! The copper is after you." A woman's figure rushed stumbling across the way and into the shadow of the houses, pursued by a burly policeman.

The Marches went along fallen from the gay spirit of their talk into a silence which he broke with a sigh. "Can that poor wretch and the radiant girl we left yonder really belong to the same system of things? How incredible they make each other seem!"

VI.

MRS. HORN believed in the world and in society and its unwritten constitution devoutly, and she tolerated her niece's benevolent activities, as she tolerated her æsthetic sympathies, because these things, however oddly, were tolerated, even encouraged by society; and they gave Margaret a charm, they made her originality interesting. Mrs. Horn did not intend that they should ever go so far as to make her troublesome; and it was with a sense of this abeyant authority of her aunt's that the girl asked her approval of her proposed call upon the Dryfooses. She explained as well as she could the social destitution of these opulent people, and she had of course to name Beaton as the source of her knowledge concerning them.

"Did Mr. Beaton suggest your calling on them?"

"No; he rather discouraged it."

"And why do you think you ought to go in this particular instance? New York is full of people who don't know anybody."

Margaret laughed. "I suppose it's like any other charity: you reach the cases you know of. The others you say you can't help, and you try to ignore them."

"It's very romantic," said Mrs. Horn. "I hope you've counted the cost; all the possible consequences."

Margaret knew that her aunt had in mind their common experience with the Leightons, whom, to give their common conscience peace, she had called upon with her aunt's cards and excuses, and an invitation for her Thursdays, somewhat too late to make the visit seem a welcome to New York. She was so coldly received, not so much for herself as in her quality of envoy, that her aunt experienced all the comfort which vicarious penance brings. She did not perhaps consider sufficiently her niece's guiltlessness in the expiation. Margaret was not with her at St. Barnaby's in the fatal fortnight she passed there, and never saw the Leightons till she went to call upon them. She never complained: the strain of asceticism, which mysteriously exists in us all, and makes us put peas, boiled or unboiled, in our shoes, gave her patience with the snub which the Leightons presented her for her aunt. But now she said with this in mind, "Nothing seems simpler than to get rid of people if you don't want them. You merely have to let them alone."

"It isn't so pleasant, letting them alone," said Mrs. Horn.

"Or having them let you alone," said Margaret; for neither Mrs. Leighton nor Alma had ever come to enjoy the belated hospitality of Mrs. Horn's Thursdays.

"Yes, or having them let you alone," Mrs. Horn courageously consented. "And all that I ask you, Margaret, is to be sure that you really want to know these people."

"I don't," said the girl seriously, "in the usual way."

"Then the question is whether you do in the unusual way. They will build a great deal upon you," said Mrs. Horn, realizing how much the Leightons must have built upon her, and how much out of proportion to her desert they must now dislike her; for she seemed to have had them on her mind from the time they came, and had always meant to recognize any reasonable claim they had upon her.

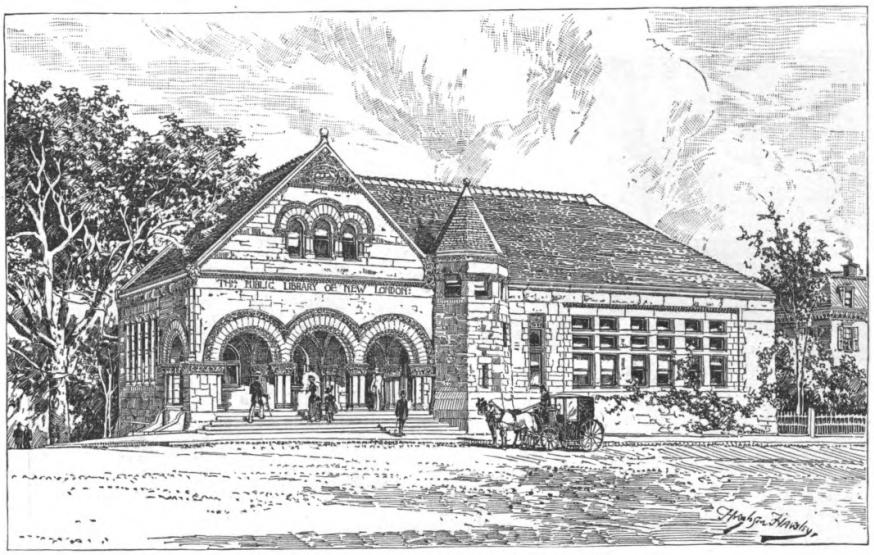
"It seems very odd, very sad," Margaret returned, "that you never can act unselfishly in society affairs. If I wished to go and see those girls just to do them a pleasure, and perhaps because if they're strange and lonely, I might do them good, even—it would be impossible."

"Quite," said her aunt. "Such a thing would be Quixotic. Society doesn't rest upon any such basis. It can't; it would go to pieces, if people acted from unselfish motives."

"Then it's a painted savage!" said the girl. "All its favors are really bargains. Its gifts are for gifts back again."

"Yes, that is true," said Mrs. Horn, with no more sense of wrong in the fact than the political economist has in the fact that wages are the measure of necessity and not of merit. "You get what you pay for. It's a matter of business." She satisfied herself with this formula which she

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

did not invent as fully as if it were a reason; but she did not dislike her niece's revolt against it. That was part of Margaret's originality, which pleased her aunt in proportion to her own conventionality; she was really a timid person, and she liked the show of courage which Margaret's magnanimity often reflected upon her. She had through her a repute with people who did not know her well, for intellectual and moral quantities; she was supposed to be literary and charitable; she almost had opinions and ideals, but really fell short of their possession. She thought that she set bounds to the girl's originality because she recognized them. Margaret understood this better than her aunt, and knew that she had consulted her about going to see the Dryfooses out of deference, and with no expectation of luminous instruction. She was used to being a law to herself, but she knew what she might and might not do, so that she was rather a by-law. She was the kind of girl that might have fancies for artists and poets, but might end by marrying a prosperous broker, and leavening a vast lump of moneyed and fashionable life, with her culture, generosity, and good-will. The intellectual interests were first with her, but she might be equal to sacrificing them; she had the best heart, but she might know how to harden it; if she was eccentric, her social orbit was defined; comets themselves traverse space on fixed lines. She was like every one else, a congeries of contradictions and inconsistencies, but obedient to the general expectation of what a girl of her position must and must not finally be. Provisionally, she was very much what she liked to be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AT NEW LONDON.

THE massive and dignified railroad station on the "Shore Line," at New London, Connecticut, built from designs of the late Henry Hobson Richardson two or three years ago, may be said to have begun an architectural "revival" which is still going on in the pretty city by the Thames. One of its latest manifestations is the Public Library (to be finished next year) now constructing from the plans and under the supervision of Mr. Richardson's successors, Messrs. Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge, of Boston. The creation of the library building is due to the trustees of the late Henry P. Haven, of New London, who in 1876 left his property in trust until 1890, one-third of its income and principal to be expended for charitable and benevolent purposes under the direction and according to the discretion of his trustees. It is not, however, to be directly associated with Mr. Haven's name, but when completed will be presented to the Public Library Association of the city. Every one interested will thus feel free to aid in enriching its contents. The architects, for their part, have been eminently successful in designing a structure worthy to be a storehouse of the best literature.

The site is a pleasant slope practically in the centre of the city, at the junction of two broad, elm-bowered streets, Huntington and State, the latter being the chief business thoroughfare, but bordered at this point—at its head, and near the quaint eighteenth-century Court-house—with handsome dwellings and gardens. The sloping ground gives opportunity for a large and convenient basement, dry, and well-lighted. From the front the building (40 by 90 feet) presents somewhat the appearance of one tall story with a high sloping roof, although in reality there are two stories, as may be seen by the gable, pierced with three arched windows, over which appears a carved stone tympanum bearing the arms of New London—a ship under full sail. It is fit that a city founded on granite should have a granite Library; but in this case the granite comes from Worcester, and has more of a pink tinge than the local stone. The trimmings of Kibbe sandstone will form an effective combination with the rock-face, random-jointed ashlar of granite, and the color effect will be further heightened by the use of Akron tile on the roof. The entrance porch, formed of three groined vaults, with wide arches opening on Huntington Street, and another arch on the State Street side, is especially commendable for its beauty and strength; and a picturesque pointed tower to the right of the porch, enclosing a staircase to the upper story, lends height and variety to the façade.

The interior arrangements are excellent. The Delivery-Room, entered from the porch, is nearly in the middle of the building, with a Magazine-Room at the rear, and on the left a Reading-Room lighted from three sides. It contains an elaborately carved stone fireplace, and will be panelled, both between the heavy beams of the ceiling and around the walls, to a height of thirteen feet, with quartered oak well rubbed, which forms the finish of all the lower rooms. To the right of the Delivery-Room are the Librarian's Office and the spacious Book-Room. The latter has an immediate capacity of 30,000 volumes, on the "stack" plan, bringing every book within easy reach of the arm, and the height of the stacks can be increased so as to accommodate 50,000. Every aisle between the stacks is flooded with light from the two sides of the room. The whole second story of the building is occupied by one large room, finished in fine Georgia pine, which will be the home of the New London County Historical Society. Mr. Shepley, the head of the firm of architects, is the son-in-law of Richardson, and Messrs. Rutan and Coolidge also practised under the leadership of that eminent man. While they have drawn inspiration from him, they also manifest solid originality and artistic power; for the New London Library is hardly surpassed in excellence and charm of design by any building of similar size and purpose in this country. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

COAST PLANTER HAILING A NEW ORLEANS STEAMER.

THE Coast. Where is the Coast? It used to begin at the mouth of the Mississippi, extending right and left, up and down, and had no reference to salt-water. Coast is derived from an old French word brought to Louisiana by the first settlers in Law's time, and is as applicable to-day in France to the shores of a river as to the side of a hill. With American influences, stronger now than before the civil war, the Coast is being shorn of its vast proportions, and seems to designate more particularly the southern portions of the Father of Waters and its lower confluents.

In the time that has gone the Coast planter was a vastly more important personage than he is to-day. Possessed of a fruitful soil, and with numerous and well-disciplined slaves, the producer of cotton and sugar was a well-to-do man. There was more thrift among these planters, owing to their admixture of French blood, than is generally supposed. Everything—the necessaries of life—could be produced on their own plantations. The luxuries were purchasable in New Orleans. Before the war Paris sent its choicest wares to the New Orleans factor for distribution among the planters. In no part of the country was there then greater prosperity than on this Coast. In many respects life there had some resemblance to what is believed to have been the most pleasant of existences, that of the English country gentleman, only the somewhat haughty and exclusive manners of the Briton were tempered by the pleasanter ways of the Frenchman. There always was a handsome balance at the planter's factor's. The *crevasse* came now and then and washed away a big piece of a river frontage, but then there was always a surplus of virgin soil.

After the civil war the changes in the Coast plantations were marked. Cases of individual suffering were many, but within the last ten years there has been a steady advance, and matters are very much better than they were. The labor, under new conditions, has been improving, and to-day there are many Coast planters who are doing well. Plantations have been curtailed as to extent, with the advantage of a higher culture and a more economical one. Old creole ways are fast becoming as reminiscences of the past.

New Orleans, however, to the Coast is still "la grande ville," and thither the planter goes oftener on business than pleasure. The advent of the steamer to some of these isolated plantations is always an event. Where locomotion is difficult, save by means of the river, the steam-boats do all they can to be accommodating. They can well afford to stop when the planter signals, for when the crop is made, the captain of the boat is quite certain that he will carry that particular planter's bales of cotton to New Orleans.

The little party await then the coming stern-wheeler. The gentleman waves his handkerchief, while his wife is making her little one better acquainted with the old colored man who has carried the carpet-bag. Little missee hugs her doll, but is too intent on her travels to pay much heed to the advances of her colored friend.

THE LATE S. L. M. BARLOW.

SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHELL BARLOW, who died at his country home at Glen Cove, Long Island, on the 10th of this month, was one of the best known of New York lawyers. For nearly forty years he had been one of the leaders of the bar, and few law firms were better known than that in which he was the second partner—the firm of Shipman, Barlow, Laroque, & Choate.

Samuel Latham Mitchell Barlow was the eldest son of Samuel Bancroft Barlow, a physician of this city, and was born at Granville, Massachusetts, on the 5th of June, 1826. He was educated at the public schools of this city, and when sixteen years old, in 1842, began an apprenticeship in the law office of Willett & Greig, with a prospective pay of one dollar a week. Mr. Barlow used afterward to relate that when, after waiting for three months for that pay, he asked Mr. Greig for his wages, that gentleman seemed amazed and hurt.

"Wages, sir!" he exclaimed. "You do not receive wages here! You are in receipt of a salary, sir—a salary of $52 a year—payable semi-annually."

After an apprenticeship of seven years, young Barlow was admitted to the bar in 1849, when twenty-three years old. Soon afterward Mr. Greig died, and Barlow started out for himself. He soon had more business than he could attend to. From the very first his principle was to settle all differences privately out of court if possible, and he continued to practise this principle to the last.

In 1852 Mr. Barlow formed a partnership with George R. J. Bowdoin and Jeremiah Laroque, under the style of Bowdoin, Laroque, & Barlow. Mr. Bowdoin died in 1870, Mr. Laroque in 1868; Mr. Joseph Laroque entered the firm in 1870, and in 1873 ex-Judge Shipman became senior partner. In 1881 ex-Judge Choate became junior partner.

As a lawyer Mr. Barlow was widely known entirely apart from his firm. His private practice was large, and from it he made a fortune. His fees as manager of some Mexican claims are said to have been $200,000; in the Erie Railway litigation which ended in the dispossession of Mr. Gould, Mr. Barlow's fees are said to have been $250,000.

An instance of Mr. Barlow's methods was his separately inviting Commodore Vanderbilt and Mr. William H. Aspinwall, at loggerheads over the Pacific Mail and the Panama Railroad, to call upon him at the same time. They came, they saw, he conquered. A peace was made between them by which both companies were benefited.

In politics Mr. Barlow was a Democrat; he never held any office, however. He opposed the election of Lincoln, although in other respects he was a "war Democrat." His politics made no difference in his friendships, however, and it was to his Glen Cove house that Horace Greeley, his political opponent, fled in 1872 from the swarm of politicians that harassed him. Mr. Barlow belonged to the Union and the Manhattan clubs.

Mr. Barlow read Latin, French, and Spanish easily; he was an authority on whist, and furnished for the *American Cyclopædia* the article on that game. His library of Americana was surpassed only by the Brinley, Carter-Brown, and Lenox collections, and he so used it that he was able to help Henry Harrisse in making the latter's *Notes on Columbus* a work of great value to the historian. His collection of bric-à-brac and china was extensive, and his paintings, though comparatively few in number, were of more than average excellence. Among them was Vandyck's "Children of Charles I." and Titian's "Sleeping Venus." The latter is said to have come to him as a fee in a law case.

In 1852 Mr. Barlow married a daughter of Peter Townsend, a merchant of this city. Mrs. Barlow survives him, with one son, and two granddaughters, children of an only daughter who died some seven years ago.

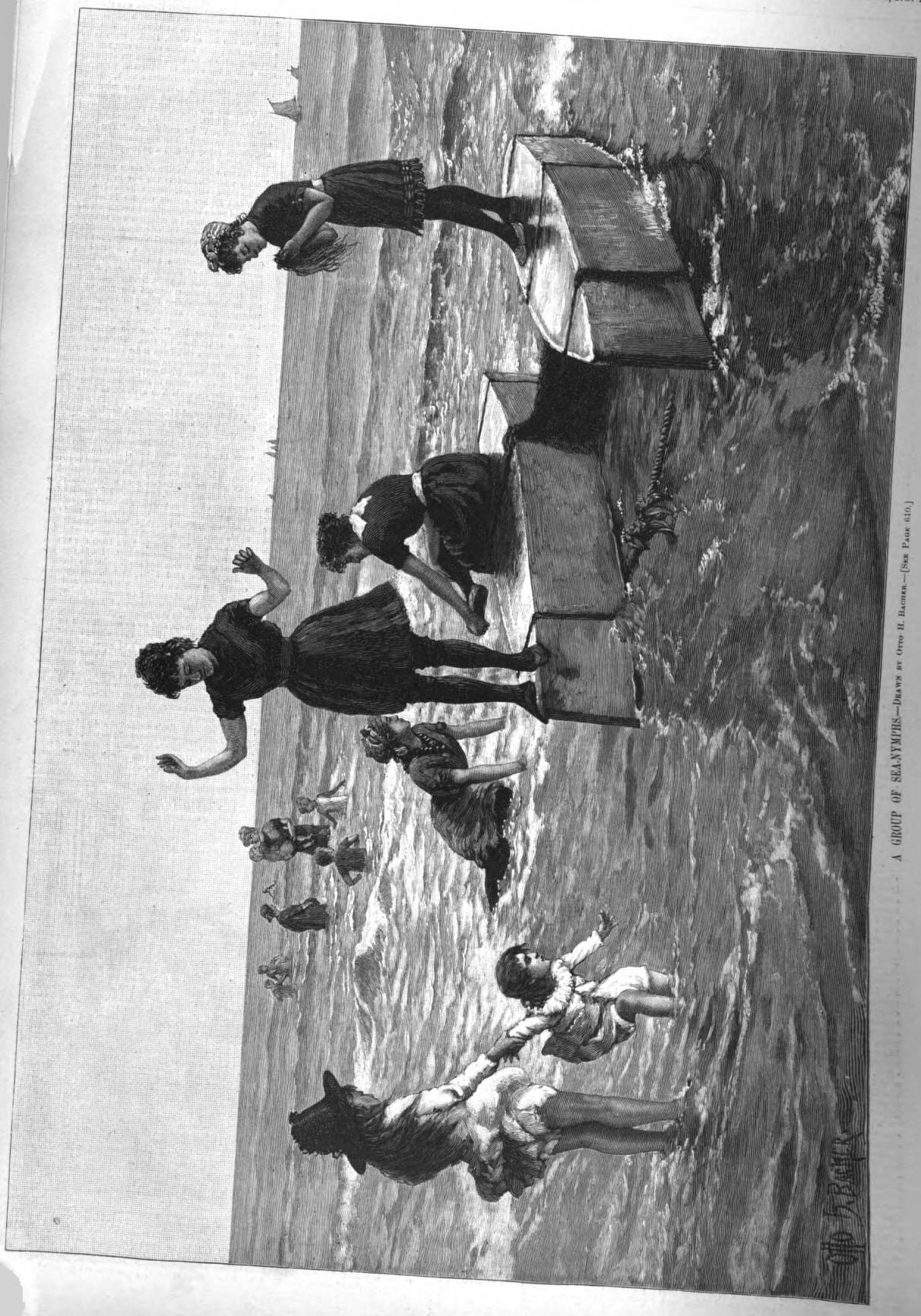


ACCOMMODATING ON BOTH SIDES.

VOICE FROM UP STAIRS. "Tell the burglar to go away, Mr. Jenkins, there's nothing for him to get in this house."

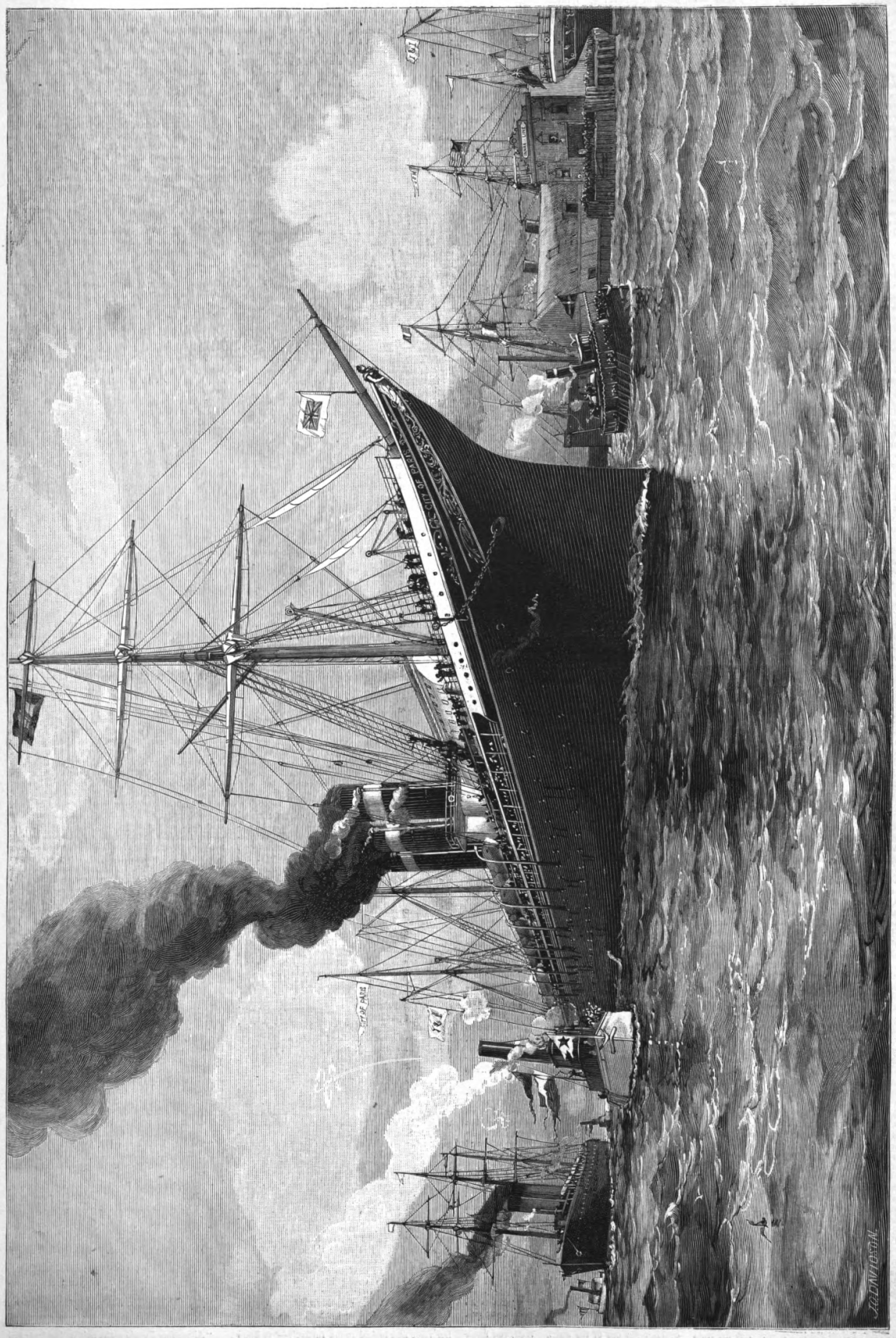
MR. JENKINS. "Yes, my dear. I did tell him so, and he says he is going out in a moment."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A GROUP OF SEA-NYMPHS.—Drawn by Otto H. Bacher.—[See Page 610.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"STEAMER DAY" IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 611.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A FROLIC WITH THE SEA.

AMONG the blessings that rapid transit has brought in its train, not the least is the facility with which New York and other cities near the seaboard can empty their sweltering denizens upon the neighboring beaches, and give to each weary sufferer from toil and heat an opportunity to refresh his spirit and renew his strength by a plunge into the cool green sea. Sea-bathing has been a luxury familiar to certain classes since the days when the Romans forsook their elaborate thermæ within the walls of the capital to go down to Naples and there disport themselves among the placid waves of the Mediterranean, but only of late years has it been a luxury within the reach of many even of the poorest in our great cities. From the luxurious owner of a villa at Long Branch down to the toil-worn woman whom charity enables to take her sick baby for a week's stay at Coney Island, there are few who cannot find an opportunity for trying what a hand-to-hand frolic with old Neptune will do toward adding to their sum of health and happiness.

There is no greater leveller of humanity than the sea. Even the author of *Sartor Resartus* might almost have been satisfied could he have viewed his fellow-men in bathing dress. The millionaire looks no better than the clown, and all of beauty's devices are set at naught by the tempestuous waves. Persons and things appear so far as is possible *au naturel*. What a relief this is to the modern belle no one who has not suffered personally from the decrees of fashion can imagine. At one time the sojourners at Ocean Grove showed such a disposition to abuse the luxury of dispensing with elaborate toilettes and stiff collars that a rule was passed forbidding persons to wear their bathing dresses longer than one hour. The maids and matrons had found it so delightful to roam along the beach, gossip with their friends, and consume the latest novel in the easy undress of the bathing suit that only some great emergency in the social way would induce them to abandon it until late in the afternoon. The result was such a series of grotesque figures populating the beach and roaming about the streets that the authorities finally convinced themselves that it was not respectable or decent, and determined to take the matter in hand. Hence the decree that occasioned no small amount of lamentation among those who had been in the habit of preferring comfort to appearance.

One unfortunate feature in connection with our sea-side resorts is the little attention that is paid to the security of human life. The more popular and expensive watering-places have usually one man at least employed whose business it is to see that the unwary bather does not venture out too far, and to go after him if he exhibits any signs of distress. It is not possible, however, for this man to be always on hand, and thus we hear from all quarters sad stories of persons who have lost their lives simply for want of a warning word, or who might have been rescued had an expert swimmer been at hand in their moment of need. Within a few days a sad catastrophe took place at one of our most popular sea-side resorts simply because the man whose business it was to attend to such cases was asleep. It was not the regular hour for bathing, and he had gone away to secure a few hours' rest. Before he could be found, awakened, and made to comprehend the situation, there was no further need for his services. A life had been lost. Abroad, such a thing could scarcely have occurred. There the laws governing the keepers of bathing pavilions are much more stringent. In England it is not customary for the sexes to bathe together, and a strict watch is kept over those who go into the water.

Among the many charities for which New York is famous, one of the noblest and best is the establishment of so many sea-side homes where the poor may go and enjoy a week of fresh air and sea-bathing. At one of these institutions on Coney Island there are accommodations for 250 mothers with their infants, and in cases of emergency 300 can be entertained. There is another at Bath Beach, the books of which show that during last year there were 4457 children benefited. This is one of the charities in which Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt specially interested herself. Nothing that money can do toward procuring comfort and well-being has been spared. In the "Vanderbilt Cottage," as it is called, at Coney Island, there is a large pleasant sitting-room for the mothers of the little folk, a doctor's office where medical advice can be had at any moment, a lawn supplied with merry-go-rounds, croquet sets, and every other kind of out-door games. Here the children of the great city come, exchanging the hot fetid atmosphere, the miserable surroundings of their wretched homes, for the broad sandy beach, the great wide ocean, and the comfort, and to them luxury, of a clean, well-ordered home. It is not surprising that when the end of the week comes there are many sad and regretful countenances among the group that start cityward. The running expenses of the Bath Beach home last year were $7448 54. The managers claim that the cost of each child during its week's stay is less than $2. When we consider the smallness of this sum and the number of wealthy and well-to-do people in our great city, it would seem as if such charities as these might be extended until every one of our poor little waifs and strays should have its week by the sea.

On page 608 our artist has given us a delightful sketch of a merry party of bathers. They are all of the gentler sex, and seem to be enjoying thoroughly their immunity from masculine supervision. The overturned row-boats furnish a vantage-ground, and mounted on them they can rest, whenever they have a fancy to do so, from their struggle with the waves. One has evidently found some sea treasure, which she proposes to examine thoroughly before she lets it go. Not the least part of the fun that may be had on the sea-shore is the collection and comparison of the many forms of animal life. Without being in the least a naturalist, there are so many strange and wonderful creatures, all of them apparently weak and harmless, tossed up by the tide, that one must be very unobservant not to take an interest in them, and to spend many an hour examining their marvellous peculiarities. The sea-beach is a great natural play-ground, not only for little folk, but for "children of a larger growth." Apart from the health and strength, the renewal of life's forces, the refreshment of nerves it stands so ready to give, it is a great teacher.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

I AM a travelling salesman for a large firm, and I have seen a great many queer things in my time; but the strangest I ever struck was the experience of a conductor that I used to ride with on one of the big Western lines. I had known him in a business way, as one might say, for years, and one day I saw his name honorably mentioned in the papers in connection with a big railroad accident, where he was instrumental in saving many lives. But after that I neither saw nor heard of him again for a long while, and he quite passed out of my mind. Business, however, happened to bring me East, and one day when I was travelling on a little branch railroad in New England—a regular one-horse affair—I was surprised to hear a voice I knew call for tickets. I looked round and saw Waring, and I was even more surprised to see him than I had been to hear him. When I had known him he had been a stout, burly fellow, with that self-satisfied and condescending manner which is one of the blessings that attend the lot of a conductor. But now he had lost his flesh; he looked disheartened, and had a timid way of demanding fares and giving information that really touched my feelings when I remembered the brisk hauteur that used to be his.

"Why, Waring, what brings you here?" I asked.

He gave a feeble grin. "Oh, I thought I'd come to the land of culture and rest awhile," he said.

"What's up?" I went on. "You've lost all your flesh. What's gone wrong? I hope it's nothing bad."

"Bad enough for me," he said. "Nobody else seems to think much of it."

He spoke so humbly I felt sorrier for him than ever.

"Why, tell me what the trouble is," I cried. "Maybe a friend can pull you through."

He smiled again—the same uncertain grin. "I don't care if I do," he said. "You won't be able to do anything, but I get uneasy if I don't tell it once in a while, and all my friends are tired of it. They say it's nothing. That's what you'll say when you've heard it. But I'll come over to-night, all the same, if you're going to stop at the end of the line."

That evening Waring came to the village inn where I was staying. To make things pleasant, I began to talk about the road he used to run on—tell him when I had been there last, and so on—but presently I saw that didn't suit at all. He grew uneasy, and in a moment more spoke up in a sharp, hurried way, as if he was at the same time anxious and afraid to plunge into a disagreeable subject.

"Perhaps you didn't know why I left," he said. "I was the conductor on the train in that big Hammersville accident."

"Why, no," I replied. "I had forgotten that, or I wouldn't have brought it up. Tell me about this road you're on now. Do they make it pretty comfortable for you?"

He didn't even look at me, but went on as if I hadn't spoken.

"There were a hundred and fifty people killed, you know. A great many of them were burnt to death. The company didn't blame me at all. No one did. A cloud-burst had torn down a trestle bridge just before we came along, and it was dark. The engineer couldn't see it, and over we went."

"That was terrible," said I; "but you certainly weren't to blame."

"That's what the company said," he repeated, "and what the papers said. I got to the bottom all safe, and the papers praised me for the way I worked to get the injured out of the ruins. They said I made 'heroic efforts.' But," he continued, slowly, "I was on the last car. They didn't seem to take that into account. I had no business to be on the last car. I told the company about it, but they didn't make anything of it either."

"Why should they?" asked I. "A conductor has to be on the last car sometimes. What's the harm of that?"

"I oughtn't to have done it," he answered, shaking his head. "I knew better. I never went to the end of the train except just when we were starting or when we were slowing up, but that evening I met an old friend there, and like a blamed fool I sat down and talked awhile, and before I could get forward we were over the edge."

"What difference could your getting forward make?" I cried, a little impatiently. "You couldn't have seen the trouble if the engineer hadn't. I tell you what, you've got a shock from the accident, and you've let your mind dwell on it till it's unhinged. You must turn your thoughts away, or you'll get into worse trouble."

He looked at me contemptuously, as any one might at a man who was pretending to lay down the law on a subject he knew nothing about.

"You don't understand," he said. "I'll tell you from the beginning. I never could make out myself why I had to suffer so for what was no fault of mine in the first place. But, you see, when once I got mixed up in it, it seemed as if I couldn't get out of the snarl. Well, you know the train you used to meet me on? I had been on that road and run that train for five years when I first met you, and I never expected but what I'd be there all my life. I suppose when I get through you won't see why I'm not there yet." He stopped a moment, sighed heavily, and then went on. "I wasn't a married man, but I had fixed myself as comfortably as a railroad man can. I was away from my place a good deal, of course, but I had all my traps there, and always called it home. It was in the town of Hunter. There was an old man I knew, and his wife, had a house there. They had more room than they wanted and less money, so they were glad to take in a quiet fellow like me. The engineer that always ran on my train was only a few doors off; Lawrence O'Brien his name was, but the boys all called him Larry. His mother lived with him, and a funnier little Irish woman you never set eyes on. She had a round little face, as wrinkled as an old apple, and eyes so sharp they seemed to cut you right in two, and she'd duck a courtesy to anybody that so much as looked her way. But for all her queer old-fashioned notions she was the smartest little body I ever came across, and full of her fun too, and I used often to stop as I went by and crack a joke with her. Larry didn't treat her well. He thought because he knew some things she didn't, he was the wise one and she was the fool. I've seen several other wiseacres make that same mistake before. He was a blundering, brutal fellow, for all he was clever at his work, and his canny little mother seemed to think she was made for nothing but to watch out for him and keep things straight without his knowing it. She just worshipped the ground he trod on. She'd trot round their rooms and work for him and wait on him at every turn, and he'd sit there and take it all, and maybe swear if everything wasn't just to his liking.

"Well, I'd been living there some time when one day Larry came home and told the old lady he was going to be married. The next morning she came to me with her apron to her eyes, and begged me to speak to Larry. She said the girl he was going to marry was a worthless hussy, and would bring him nothing but trouble. Of course it was none of my business to interfere with the fellow's concerns, but the old woman seemed so unhappy, I did say a few words to him. Much good it did! Afterward I heard his mother went down on her knees to him, and he got into a rage and struck her. Anyhow, before the month was out he had married the girl, and the little woman was running round waiting on them both.

"She never said a word more to Larry against his wife, not even when, before two years were out, the girl ran away with another man, leaving him with a baby on his hands. The old woman delighted in the baby; she cuddled it and cosseted it, and it grew into a fine boy. But Larry's temper was more savage than ever for the trouble he had been through, and he was very rough to the little fellow, and a perfect Turk to his poor mother. I began to fear he had taken to drinking, though he hid it well for fear of being turned off the road, and I never could make sure. His mother never complained, but I used to see the tears coming in her eyes when she looked at him, and she was all the time trying to coax him to dress up neat and go to church and take pride in his boy. But no matter what she said, it made no difference to him. At length it came to be open gossip that Larry drank, and that he beat his mother. That was a little too much, and I went round one afternoon to see if I couldn't frighten him by threatening to tell the company.

"When I got to the house there was a crowd about the gate, and when I asked what the matter was, they told me Larry had hurt the old woman. I pushed ahead into the house, and there, in a back room, was the little boy sobbing in the corner, and the grandmother lying on a bed, with two or three neighbors looking after her. She had been badly injured, and the end of it was she died that night. They all agreed the way it happened was that Larry had started to beat the child, and when she interfered had given her a blow which threw her on the sharp edge of the stove. But though there wasn't the least doubt this was the truth of it, yet—would you believe it?—when the officer came to take her testimony she stuck to it from first to last that Larry had never laid a finger to her. Her foot had slipped and she had fallen against the stove, she said, and she swore to it as calmly as if perjury was a pastime.

"'Sure, is it Larry do you think would be raisin' his hand agin his old mother? Niver a bit. 'Twas me own fault entirely, and the fault of me stumblin' feet. Larry has been a good boy to me always. I've no fault to find wid Larry. Come here, me son, an' let me old eyes rest on ye at the last,' and she looked at him as affectionately as if he were all a mother's heart could ask. She entirely succeeded in imposing on the officers of the law, but after they had gone she called Larry to her. She had sent the woman who was waiting on her out of the room on some errand, but as it happened I had taken a seat on a low bench behind the head of the bed while the officers were there, and both she and Larry had forgotten my presence. 'Come here, me poor boy,' she said, softly. 'I have to leave ye, an' me heart's sore thinkin' of all the trouble in store for ye when I'm gone. Sure I'll have to watch over ye wherever I am, Larry, an' the good Lord only knows where that 'il be. I've risked me sowl for your sake this day. But never think twice o' that. Only lay all me words to heart, me son, for I'm sick o' havin' ye deaf to me warnin's. Every time ye've gone wrong it's been because ye wouldn't listen to your poor mother. Like to-night now, ye know, ye wouldn't hear to me when I begged ye not to beat the boy, and then when he grew wild an' turned agin ye'—she dropped her voice and looked round furtively—'ye know what happened then. It's better me nor him, anyhow, an' I'm not seekin' to blame ye. I forgive ye freely for all, an' may Heaven forgive ye as free as I do? But remember, Larry'—the old woman suddenly raised herself on her arm and looked at him with intent yet glazing eyes—'I'll be doin' the best I can to keep ye out o' trouble yet. I'll be watchin' after ye all the time from beyand, me son, and don't ye go to harden your heart agin your old mother, but open your ears to me.' Her voice rose shriller and shriller, till it was almost a shriek. 'Have heed to what I say! Listen to me, then, Larry! Listen to me!'

"Suddenly she sank back unconscious. The neighbors hurried in, and everything possible was done to revive her, but in vain, and before an hour was over she was dead. Larry seemed entirely dazed, and scarcely spoke. Nothing could be done to him, of course, for his mother had sworn so stoutly that he had no hand in her fall that it was impossible to discredit her testimony, especially as all that could be brought forward against it was the sobbing, incoherent story of the child, and the disconnected talk of the neighborhood. I don't know—I might have gone up then and told what I had overheard; but, after all, it amounted to nothing, and besides, if I must tell the truth, I don't think I could have had the heart to go against the old woman's will. At any rate, the end of it was that the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death, and Larry kept his place on the road.

"But he was greatly changed. He had a nervous, anxious look, like a man who has a weight on his mind; and no wonder, though I think he never suspected that I or any one else doubted the accidental nature of the old woman's death. He came up one day as I was going in my gate and began to talk to me, a thing he had never done before.

"'I'm a changed man, Mr. Waring,' he began. 'I can't forget my poor mother, rest her soul! I'm always uneasy, thinkin' what she may have meant by her partin' words. You won't have heard her; but she was talkin'—about warnin's an' such like. What warnin's could she give me from heaven? The dead never come back to this world, I've been told. The priest himself says she can't come back; then what can she have meant by me bein' deaf to her? Maybe I'd ha' done better to listen to her while she was alive; I know I didn't mind her then as I should; but what can she have to say to me now? That's what I'd like to know, Mr. Waring.'

"'Indeed, I can't imagine her ever having anything more to do with you,' cried I, turning off abruptly.

"But that night I kept thinking of the old woman; my mind misgave me for what I had done, and I couldn't get to sleep till I had settled with myself that I would speak to the boy decently the next day. But I had no chance to do so before we started out. We were going through the mountains, and it wasn't more than half an hour after we left, while I was taking up tickets in the smoking car and the train was rushing along a down grade, that I heard the clang of the bell to stop the car. I jumped as if I was shot, and was on the cab in less than a moment. There stood Larry, with the bell ringing like mad over his head, and he never lifting a hand to signal down brakes. I leaned over him and pulled the whistle for an instant stop, and before we had gone two hundred feet further the train had come to a stand-still. The track ran along the mountain-side. On one hand the rocks rose above it, and on the other was a precipice, and then ahead of us, not more than fifty feet off, was a big bowlder. We should all have been over the precipice, and probably not a soul left alive, if we had gone into that rock at the speed we were making. Of course there was a tremendous commotion amoug the passengers, with my rushing forward so, and the whistling and the sudden stop; and when they came flocking out, and saw what we had escaped, I never knew a set of people more overcome. I am free to say my own nerves were a good deal shaken, and it was hard for me to get my senses together enough to give the necessary orders. We backed to the last station, and from there sent for workmen to remove the obstruction. The rock had to be blown up, it was so big. It must have been loosened from the overhanging mass and fallen since the passing of the last train.

"After I began to get cooled down, there were three things that puzzled me. One was, who rang the bell? And another was, what did they ring it for? No one on the train could have known about the bowlder, and if we didn't stop for that, what did we stop for? I went all through the car inquiring who gave the alarm, and not a soul could I get to acknowledge it. More than that, in each car the passengers declared in a body that no one there had touched the cord. The other thing that puzzled me was Larry. How came he to stand there, without stirring, when it was his business to obey the signal and stop the train? When I had got through with the passengers I went forward to him.

"'Larry,' I said, sharply, 'why were you so slow just now? The whole train and every one on it might have gone to kingdom come for all you.'

"'Sure, how was I to know to stop the train, Mr. Waring?' he answered, sullenly; 'the rock wasn't so much as in sight when you blew the whistle.'

"'I should think the bell was enough,' I cried; 'I never heard such a racket.'

"Larry's voice dropped. 'Did the bell ring?' he asked, sharply.

"'Bell ring!' I cried, angrily; 'it rang loud enough to raise the dead. Do you mean to pretend you never heard it?'

"'Never a ring, Mr. Waring,' whispered Larry; and at the moment I could not understand why his face grew suddenly white.

"Altogether I could make neither head nor tail

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the whole performance; and the more I thought of it the less I liked it. I was so uncomfortable that when I overheard some of the passengers talking about getting up a little testimonial for the conductor who had saved them by his 'promptness and devotion,' I actually stepped forward and begged them to do nothing of the sort. The whole affair made me shiver, and I wanted to have nothing more to do with it.

"I could not forget it, though; and I never passed over that part of the road without looking ahead to see whether there was any new obstruction on the tracks. But there never was. Perhaps it was Larry that kept it so in my mind, for he had got a way of peering about when he was on his engine and starting at every little sound that was enough to upset any one.

"'I wish to goodness you'd quit looking at that bell!' I cried one day, entirely out of temper. I had stepped out on the cab to speak to him, and I truly believe he started and looked up at the bell half a dozen times in the two minutes I was there. 'What's the good of staring at it all the time? You'll hear it fast enough when it rings.'

"'Are ye sure o' that, Mr. Waring?' he said, in a low voice.

"I was just about to ask him what he meant, when to my horror I saw the big bell vibrate for a second and then rock back and forth, giving out a discordant clamor that rose loud above the noises of the train. Larry never looked up, but went on opening and shutting his draughts and valves with his eyes sunk as if ashamed. It actually seemed as though he could not hear the din that shook the air around us. I bent forward to him.

"Larry,' I cried, 'don't you hear the signal? For God's sake stop the train.'

"He looked first at me, and then slowly raised his eyes to the clanging bell. The minute he saw it he turned deadly white, and was seized with such a fit of trembling that he could not grasp the rope before him, though he raised his hand and clutched at it. For the second time I leaned forward and pulled the whistle for down brakes. We had been going at full speed round a curve which skirted a low hill, and as we came to a stop I looked across the top of the hill and saw rising from the other side a thin column of dark smoke. There was no doubt of what it was. It was the smoke from another train, and from the swiftness with which it changed its position it was evidently rushing upon us at full speed. Larry was trembling so that he was utterly unmanned, and I, with the help of the fireman, gave the necessary signals and reversed the engine. In a moment more, with a heavy jar, the train began to move sluggishly backward. Slowly she gathered speed, and then went faster and faster with each second until, just as I felt the floor fairly trembling beneath my feet, the other train rushed round the curve and pursued us like a crazy demon. Her engineer saw us, and I heard him whistle for the brakes, but it was impossible to stop her instantly, and there was a moment when there was not more than twenty feet between her smoke-stack and our own. Then she began to slow down, and I relaxed our speed. In a few moments more we had both come to rest within a short distance of each other, and the other conductor jumped from his car and came forward to meet me. All this time I was greatly shocked by the conduct of Larry, who throughout had been cowering in a corner and staring at me. As the train slowed up, with a hopeless gesture he flung himself down on the floor and burst into tears.

"'Oh, Mr. Waring,' he moaned, 'why didn't I hear the bell? Why didn't I hear it?'

"I was really sorry for him, but I could not wait to speak to him. I jumped down and ran to meet the other conductor. It seemed that he had been behind time. It was his duty to wait; but when he had heard of a trifling delay to our train he had concluded there would be no danger in his trying to make the next station before our arrival. It was in the endeavor to do this that he was plunging ahead at such a frantic rate, and of course endangering the lives of all on board in doing so. You will understand that we told no more of this than we could help to the passengers, who crowded round us from both sides, but they must have suspected what the matter was. When they asked me how I came to reverse my engine so rapidly, before the train was in sight, I answered shortly that I saw the smoke from the other side of the hill. Nothing on earth would have tempted me to tell another soul that it was because of the warning bell, and I would no more have gone through the cars to ask who pulled the cord than I would have bitten my tongue out. It would have been a fool's errand: I knew well enough beforehand what they would all say.

"Well, we were all safe that time, and when the company heard of the affair I was highly praised; but it gave me a shock I couldn't get over. And instead of the memory dying out, it preyed on my mind more and more. Our running into the danger was simple enough; it was the fault of the other conductor. But how came we to escape it? Who rang the bell? I couldn't keep these two questions out of my head. Whenever I reasoned about it I made out there must have been some accidental cause that set the bell swinging, but the trouble was that when I didn't reason about it I thought something else. I knew well enough what Larry believed, though he never opened his lips; Larry thought it was his mother gave the warning, and he couldn't hear it because there was a curse on him. I really couldn't help pitying the man: he grew thinner and thinner, and the least sound—even a quick word—would set him to trembling. He was on the watch perpetually, and got a way of putting his hand up to his ear when he thought no one was looking at him. He used to hang around and try to get me to talk to him, and at last I got so I used to go into the engine cab whenever I got a chance, and chat with him a few moments. It quieted him to have me there, perhaps because he knew I knew what he was thinking. But he seemed to have a horror of any one else suspecting it, and he grew very irritable with the fireman who had been in the cab when I stopped the train, and who took to teasing him with questions about the bell, just because he saw they annoyed him. Larry's savage temper broke out again and again under this provocation, and at last, in return, the other man got into a very ugly frame of mind. I always supposed it was through him that some hint of Larry's strange conduct at the time of the threatened collision got to the ears of the company, for they had him up on a complaint that he had grown deaf, and was no longer fit to be in charge of an engine. But when they tested his hearing it was as keen as could be, and nothing seemed to be out of order with him, though any one could tell he wasn't the man he used to be. But since there was no practical fault to be found, he was reinstated, and I was able just then to say a word to one of the bosses that led to his having a new fireman. This was a young fellow, scarcely more than a boy, who had just come on the road, and couldn't possibly know anything of Larry's trouble, so that I hoped he would get quieted again and forget all about it. You may ask why, if I felt as I did about him, I made no effort to get him turned off. I wish to Heaven I had, if it was only for my own sake; but I just ask you now, how was I to know what the end would be? And what kind of a story had I to tell the company? A lot of crazy yarns about what I fancied and what I feared, and never a solid fact among 'em. The only sure thing was that we had twice escaped a frightful accident by a warning given by Heaven knows who, and what was that to complain of? I used to worry over it night after night, till I couldn't sleep; but as sure as I made up my mind to go to the company the next morning with a complaint of Larry, just so sure would his old mother's face come up before me as clear as the day she died, with the look it had on it when she called to him at the last, and I could no more bear to go against the poor old creature and ruin her boy than I could have struck her if she stood before me—and ruined he would have been if the company had turned him off, for he was in a state to stand nothing.

"At any rate I left it alone, but you may know that I was anxious and uneasy every time Larry was running my train. I got up all sorts of pretexts for staying in the baggage-car and on the tender, and I always took up the fares from the rear cars as we were leaving a place and before we got full steam on, so as to be near the engine in case of danger. And yet—would you believe it—when several months passed over without an accident I began to get careless. And one night when I happened on an old friend in the last car, and he began to talk about old times, I was such a blind fool that I stood there chattering with him for ten minutes—maybe more. It was a stormy night; the wind was blowing like mad, so that all outside noises were deadened, and the first I knew was my friend saying:

"'Can that be the bell ringing? What's up?'

"I jumped up and dashed ahead like a crazy man, without waiting to listen. I could see the people all turning round in their seats and staring as I burst open the doors and rushed through the cars. Each time I leaped across a platform I heard the clanging of the bell above the noises of the storm, and as I crossed the last platform I saw the cab before me. What I saw brought my heart to my mouth. The boy was on the floor, with Larry's hand at his throat, and the man's face was so wild with anger that for a second I forgot the dreadful bell above them. Then I jumped forward, but as my feet struck the floor of the cab it gave a great lurch and plunged downward, and I was thrown far out into the empty air. When I came to myself I was hanging among the branches of a tree, while from the blackness below me came a noise of shrieks and groans. For a moment I hung motionless, then I roused myself and clambered along the branches to the trunk, and so down. The ground was wet and miry, and I felt bruised and sick, but I made my way as best I could toward the sounds, and as I neared them a light sprang up. Some wood-work had caught fire from an overturned stove, and by the glare I saw in the ravine, which still lay below me, a dozen cars piled one upon another, with some human beings running back and forth beside them, and others writhing in the ruins, unable to extricate themselves. It was a sight to make a man forget his own hurts, and I hurried down to do what I could. You needn't be uneasy; I'm not going to tell you any more than I can help; I don't like to talk of it any too well myself. I and the other men who were free worked with all our might, and we must have got more than a hundred people out of the ruins, but the rest perished before we could save them. Larry was never found, but the young fireman was drawn from under the wreck of the engine. He was badly hurt, and only lived an hour, but he kept calling for me, till at last they found me and brought me to him. I knew I should be working every instant, yet when I came near him he grasped my hand so tight I hadn't the heart to tear it away.

"'Oh, Mr. Waring,' he moaned, 'it wasn't my fault. Say you know it wasn't my fault. I can't die easy till you tell me I wasn't to blame. I did all I could, indeed I did. I heard the bell, and when Larry took no notice, I made bold to ask him didn't he hear it. And, oh, Mr. Waring, the look he give me! He seemed to be crazy mad at me for speaking. But I knew something awful must be the matter, and so I asked him again. And he thought I was only mocking him, for he raised his fist, and came at me swearing. He said I'd heard some cursed story about him, but if I dared to speak again— _I was so frightened I near jumped backward off the cab. And then the bell rang louder than ever, and I couldn't jump for thinking of all the people behind, and I crept up and caught his arm, and pointed up at the bell; and when he saw me do that he seemed to go out of his head with rage, and he jumped at me, and caught me round the throat, and threw me down, and just as my breath was gone I felt the car give way beneath us. Oh, Mr. Waring, say you know it wasn't my fault. I can't rest till you tell me it wasn't my fault.'

"I soothed the poor boy, for who could blame him? He had thrown away the chance of saving himself in trying to save the fellow-beings who had gone so swiftly to destruction. I told him that so far from deserving blame he had acted nobly, and he was pacified. They told me afterward that he died quietly, murmuring over my words of praise. But what could I say to myself? That poor lad had lost his life in trying to avert from others an unknown danger. But I, who had foreseen and dreaded it for long, had doomed more than a hundred souls to death for the sake of a few moments' idle chatter."

The conductor's face, which had been growing whiter and whiter as he went on, had now become of an utter pallor. "If I had done my duty, those people would all have been alive now. The men would have gone back to their wives, the old people would have been safe in their homes, the mother and the children—that's the worst of all—would have been laughing and playing together now. I think of it all day, and at night a crowd of them come round my bed and ask me why I took their sweet lives away. I can't stand it. Some day I won't be able to endure it any longer, and then you'll hear I'm dead."

Suddenly he rose and held out his hand to me. "Good-night," he said. "I see you are getting ready to reason with me. It's no use; there's no reasoning can make any difference to me, because I know the *truth*. Good-night; good-by."

He had left the room before I could stop him, and the next morning when I looked for him he was not to be found. But I was so impressed by his pitiful condition that when I returned to the West I immediately set on foot a series of inquiries, hoping to find some flaw in his story which would enable me to prove to him that he had taken a distorted view of the facts. I was able, however, to discover nothing which could offer a rational explanation of his strange experiences. There could be no question that he was right as to the main points of his story. The train he ran on had twice, owing to his intervention, been stopped on the eve of a great accident; the third time it had, as he said, thundered ahead to destruction. The man who had called him to the injured fireman testified to the entire correctness of his account of that scene and to the strange words of the dying boy. All that he had told me of the old Irish woman and her son was also abundantly confirmed by inquiry in the neighborhood. In truth, the whole mystery of the bell grew only more and more incomprehensible as I investigated it. The further I searched into the matter the more heavily it weighed upon my mind; and I must confess that it was almost with a sensation of relief—even more for his sake than my own—that before a month was out I heard of Waring's sudden death.

ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

STEAMER DAY.

FEW, even of New-Yorkers, realize how many communities weekly depart from the metropolis, each bound together by inexorable limits for a week at least, and each under the absolute government of one man—a government as despotic, at least in possibility, as that of an African chief. For on an ocean steamer the captain is the embodiment of law, and from his individual decision there is no immediate appeal. These communities are of no mean size either, for a thousand souls or more may be on a single one of the monster "greyhounds of the sea." For good or ill, for a smooth or perilous passage to the Old World, they leave in fleets on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and there is no chance of secession until the passage is finished.

Yet even this, striking as the thought is, does not give the greatest stress to the emotion that is apt to overpower those who "go down to the sea in ships," as well as those they leave behind. It is the sense of parting that is uppermost, and the decks and palatial saloons of the great passenger-carriers are filled with pictures, each one worthy an artist's deftest work. The general scene is familiar enough to the public, at least through the medium of oft-repeated description, but there are particulars well worthy of careful attention.

First, perhaps, is the military precision with which details are carried out. In all the confusion apparent to the landsman's eye there is nothing that is suffered to interfere with the exact performance of every duty, exactly on time, by every man and officer of the great crew. The decks are cleared as if by magic, at the sound of the bell, of the crowd of visitors, and the crowd of passengers alone remain. Every man is at his post. The great wagons bringing the European mails from the Post-office come thundering down the dock, the mails are taken aboard, the gangplanks drawn in, and on schedule time the steamer starts. Tides wait for no man, and so closely are all the conditions of the ocean passage studied that the tide is made to serve its utmost purpose in facilitating the departure of the ship.

Next in interest is the magnitude of the preparations necessary for so important a matter as the conveying of a thousand persons across the seas, and their maintenance in comfort for the time of the passage. The ship itself has cost a million or a million and a half, the service is maintained at a cost of thousands of dollars daily, and the luxury that is provided for the first-cabin passengers is on a par with that found in first-class hotels. Perhaps the easiest way to illustrate this is to take a few figures from the steward's list of provisions laid in for a single trip. Before the ship starts there have been put on board (among many other things) about seven tons of beef, a little of which is corned, two tons and a half of mutton, a ton of fresh fish, 850 pounds of lamb, 350 of veal, an equal weight of pork, 11,500 eggs, 15 tons of potatoes, five or six hundred fowls—chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese—200 brace of grouse, 30 crates of vegetables, 1000 quarts of milk, 1200 pounds of coffee, 650 of tea, 750 of sugar, 1500 of cheese, a ton of butter, over two tons of ham and bacon, and some 15,000 or 20,000 bottles of wine, ale, and the like.

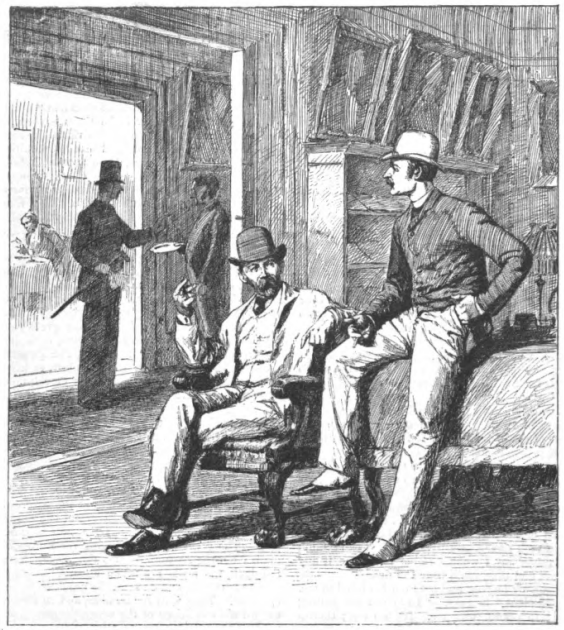
Last, but not least, to the eye at any rate, is the beautiful picture on the bay. Clumsy and unmanageable as the monster ships seem while half a dozen tugs are busy with each one, dragging it slowly from its berth in the docks to midstream, they take on a majesty that must be seen



THE RUSSET SHOE.

"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION GONE."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GILES. "Don't ask him to lend you anything now. Wait till he has had luncheon. He will be in a better humor."

MERRITT. "But as you are going to lunch with him, he won't have anything left when he comes back."

to be appreciated when their huge screws begin their work, and they fairly begin the voyage.

Dwarfed to the eye by distance and the wide stretches of water on all sides, it is difficult from the shore to realize the great dimensions of these artificial leviathans. They need to be seen from the deck of a small boat near by. But no eye can fail to note the exhibition of enormous force as they plough steadily through the water, adding a beauty to the harbor that is already fitted by its beauty, as well as its size and its safety, to be the open gate to the great New World.

THE NEW COLONEL OF THE "SEVENTH."

CAPTAIN DANIEL APPLETON, who was elected on July 19th to succeed Emmons Clark as Colonel of the Seventh Regiment N.G., S.N.Y., comes of fighting stock. Three great-grandfathers fought in the Revolution, and two grandfathers held commissions during the war of 1812; and for a hundred years before the Revolution his foregoers were making their marks in the history of the America of that time.

Colonel Appleton was born in this city on the 24th of February, 1852; his father was John A. Appleton, a son of that Daniel Appleton who founded the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. He expected to go to Harvard College, and spent part of the years 1866 and 1867 studying in Germany; returning home, he lived in New York, continuing his preparations for entering college. In 1867, when only fifteen years old, he had his first taste of military life, when he entered the famous Boston Cadet Corps; for five summers he went with that organization into camp.

In 1871 Private Appleton's presence was wanted in the publishing house, and he gave up college for business. He thought he had had enough of soldiering; but the Orange riot of July 12, 1871, showed him that he hadn't.

"If respectable men can't parade in peace under the law," he said, "it's time for Americans to do something;" and so on the 31st of October, 1871, he enlisted as a private in "F" Company, Seventh Regiment.

In that company he has remained ever since. On the 8th of April, 1873, he became Corporal; on the 7th of November of the same year he was chosen Sergeant. March 9, 1875, saw him First Sergeant, and as such he paraded with the regiment in Boston on Bunker Hill Day. On the 23d of May, 1876, he was promoted Second Lieutenant, and camped as such with the regiment at Philadelphia, when the thermometer recorded 110 degrees in the tents, when glory was plenty, and comfort *nil*. As Second Lieutenant, too, he helped garrison the old armory over Tompkins Market during the railroad riots in 1877. He became Captain on the 13th of January, 1879.

At that time there were about thirty-five men in "F" Company; within a year there were 103, the number allowed by law, and since that time there has never ceased to be a waiting list. "F" Company for several months past has been the color company of the regiment, its Captain being the third in date of commission.

Although Colonel Appleton has worked in and been in charge of all branches, he is practically the head of the business department of the firm of D. Appleton & Co. He is over six feet tall, and is slender; he is unmarried, and though he belongs to half a dozen of the leading clubs of the city—among them the Century, the Union, and the New York Athletic—he does not consider himself a club man; his company and his regiment leave him no time for clubs.

"SEWING THE STARS."

THE old United States war ship *Minnesota* is moored to a dock in the Hudson River, where she does duty as a receiving ship. Time has left an indelible impress upon the hull, but strips of painted cloth hide all its ravages from view, and gain for the gallant old man-of-war the title of "the canvas-clad." The subject chosen by the artist is "Fuger the Flag-maker," as he sits beneath the awning on the upper deck and adds to the flag four stars, in honor of the approaching advent of four new States into the Union.

Congress in 1777 passed a resolution "that the flag of the thirteen United States should be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing the new constellation." On board of the *Ranger*, Paul Jones first raised the Star-spangled Banner. In 1794 the District of Columbia, Vermont, and Kentucky having joined the Union, the same resolution was passed by Congress, with the number of the stars and stripes increased to fifteen. A committee was appointed in 1816 to inquire into the expediency of changing the flag, and President James Monroe, two years later, approved a bill reducing the stripes to the original number, and increasing the stars to represent at all times the number of States in the Union. For each new State a star has been added, until in 1876, when Colorado was admitted, the total number of stars was thirty-eight. During the last session of Congress President Cleveland signed the bill admitting the Territories of Washington, Idaho, and Dakota—the latter to be divided into two States, North and South. These Territories are now preparing their State Constitutions, and next year will become full-fledged States, each one entitled to a star in the flag. The new flag, with its forty-two stars, is not yet lawful, but active preparations are going on, so that when the time comes, and the favored Territories are incorporate with the United States, the flag will show to the world the true meaning of *E Pluribus Unum*.

And so "Fuger the Flag-maker," who left the service of Emperor William to join Uncle Sam, passes away the long summer days by preparing for the new order of things. There is no hurry—he realizes that—and so he carefully selects each star before he sews it on the blue field, and if one fails to suit his taste he throws it aside and takes in its place a perfect star, so that the new States may have a perfect representation.

HESITATION IN THE STOCK MARKET.

THE chief interest of the business community at this date continues to centre in the harvest, and the advices on this head are still of a very favorable character. Winter wheat is already moving, and the receipts will soon be more important, while spring wheat has been improved by recent seasonable weather, and the grain already threshed turns out better than estimated. Receipts of cereals, live stock, and provisions at Chicago continue thus far in July the gains over last year shown in June, and this superiority is expected to last for some time, even to the extent of characterizing the business of the entire fall. Railroad traffic returns are generally good, and railroad managers seem increasingly anxious to maintain rates and avoid disastrous competition. The trunk lines show this by agreeing to restore their rates on grain; and in the West, where matters are more complicated, the difficulties caused by the action of the Chicago and Alton Company have united the neighboring lines in a conservative course; and the question of St. Paul and Chicago through rates, in competition with Upper Lake and Canadian routes, appears to be near to a working settlement that will prevent serious loss. In saying this we take no account of rumored attempts to secure control of the Alton road, nor of the report, plausible enough on its face, that the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad has arranged to increase its holdings of Chicago, Burlington, and Northern stock to a controlling interest. The reference is solely to the published negotiations between managers of lines concerned, in which the intention to maintain living and business-like tariffs is plainly seen.

The constant discussion, however, of the relations of the chief groups of railroads among themselves has been attended this week with a general though irregular reaction in the price of railroad stocks. Midsummer dulness accounts for part of this, as it has given good opportunity to speculators who sought to depress prices by attacking them—an operation which is always tempting when demand for stocks has become sluggish. Prices are knocked down by free offerings of stocks which look neglected, and in many such cases it takes time to communicate the news of lower prices to parties best informed as to intrinsic value, or most concerned in seeing a steady market. Instances of this were conspicuous to-day, and a sharp recovery in prices followed before the close of business. Holders of stocks have not lost their confidence, but in many cases the attack has been more alert than the defence. Many weak holders have doubtless been compelled to sell, especially where they have sought to limit their losses by selling at a certain decline from cost. But the important holders have rather bought than sold, and the unsettled speculation for lower prices seems to have been increased.

In the mean time, the practical efforts of railroad managers and bankers are steadily directed to keeping the railroads remuneratively employed, and all the more so that the business of the fall months promises to be ample for the facilities at command. Looking at the railroad interest as one among many, these efforts are amply justified; but still more so when the influence of railroad tariffs on all other business is considered.

Fortunately, at this juncture, the money market remains easy in New York, with 3 per cent. the common rate for demand loans, and has returned to a condition of ease in Boston, where July began with some stringency. We are not yet clear of the possibility of exporting gold, present indications being that a moderate shipment to Paris will be made on Saturday. These shipments to Paris, about which there has been so much talk, are still to be regarded as natural. The rate of exchange on Paris is still at the shipping-point, though that on London is not; and as few bills are making, gold goes to settle balances. Sterling at current prices is not available in Paris in place of gold, because it is low in that market. An increase in the supply of sterling bills, however, might easily cause sufficient reduction in their price to make them cheaper than gold for remittance to Paris, where they would certainly be sent, and the gold remain here. Any decided hardening of our money market would equally stop gold shipments, if money remained easy in Europe. No serious tendency in that direction is visible at present, though the Treasury has taken three million dollars from the market this week, making its "available balance" to-day $58,354,000. The Treasury's receipts so far in July, fifteen working days, amount to over $16,500,000. But the market is well supplied with funds yet, and time loans are freely offered at 4 per cent., notwithstanding which fact every one recognizes that the legitimate demand for money may soon become urgent. In that case the old question is in every one's mouth—What will the Treasury pay for bonds, and how many can it get?

The Trust stocks dealt in at the Stock Exchange have been weaker than anything else; Sugar Refineries stock and Lead Trust are down 6 points, and Cotton Oil 2, while railroad stocks are down perhaps 1½ per cent. on the average. The greater weakness of the Trust stocks is, under present circumstances, quite natural; they were bought with much enthusiasm and little knowledge, and insiders took advantage of this to sell and take large profits. A period of inquiry followed the buying period, and as no business could come up to the expectations that had been formed, many of the buyers sell out. This turn in affairs was utilized by more seasoned speculators, including doubtless some of the insiders, to make things look as gloomy as possible, with a view to buying cheap. The Trusts are in this way becoming better known, and their stocks more widely distributed; money-lenders, among other people, are becoming less afraid of them as the business underlying the certificates is better understood. The experience has been harsh, and perhaps it will bear fruit in greater caution and more diligence in securing and publishing information about the Trust stocks that may be introduced. Many others will no doubt be brought out as opportunity offers, for it is only through the medium of Trust certificates that industrial properties unconnected with railroads have been able to make any figure on the New York Stock Exchange.

H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Thursday evening, July* 18, 1889.

FIRST A PIGMY—ANON A GIANT.

We are too apt to regard a small ailment much as we would some pigmy, unpleasant of aspect and prankish indeed, but incapable of serious mischief. We ignore the fact that it grows prodigiously, strengthens in proportion, and begets evil progeny. A fit of indigestion, a slight bilious attack, sensations of unrest and languor when the system should have been braced by recent sleep, unaccountable nervousness, inactivity of the kidneys or bladder—what are these but the precursors of obstinate and serious bodily disturbance? In either of the above emergencies, common-sense and experience unite in indicating Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the best preventive. Particularly should its use be prompt when the languor, yawning, chilliness down the back, and feverishness that precede a malarial attack manifest themselves. Incipient rheumatism grows apace. Don't neglect it. So with constipation and debility.—[*Adv.*]

STRONG POINTS OF THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE OF THE TRAVELERS' OF HARTFORD.

1. Policies are not forfeited by change of occupation, but paid in the same proportion the premium under the old occupation bears to that under the new.
2. The full principal sum is paid for loss of both hands, both feet, hand and foot, or sight, by accident; one third the principal sum for loss of single hand or foot.
3. All claims are paid *without discount*, and immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs.
4. Policy-holders are secured by *two and a quarter million dollars of surplus* above liabilities, and in the first instance by eleven million dollars of well-invested assets. It does not have to wait for anybody else to pay up before paying its bills.
5. THE TRAVELERS' has lived and prospered for a quarter of a century; no other American company is either old or prosperous.
6. Though its claim payments steadily increase, its ability to meet them increases still faster.—[*Adv.*]

IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT FLOOD.

THE great flood of May 31st in Pennsylvania followed the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad for fifteen miles. The scene of its greatest destruction is between South Fork and Johnstown, and the terrible extent of the devastation can well be seen from the windows of a passing train. The New York & Chicago Limited leaving New York at 9 A.M., the Western Express at 6:30 P.M., and the Pacific Express at 8 P.M. pass through this region by daylight and afford a complete view of the ravages of the waters. —[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing-Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

An eminent New York physician says of Nicholson's Liquid Bread: "It contains all the best features of other malt extracts in a manner which renders it decidedly preferable to any one of them."—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. BOX 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

USE ANGOSTURA BITTERS to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

WORDS cannot express the gratitude which people feel for the benefit done them by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Long-standing cases of rheumatism yield to this remedy, when all others fail to give relief. This medicine thoroughly expels the poison from the blood.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion: 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

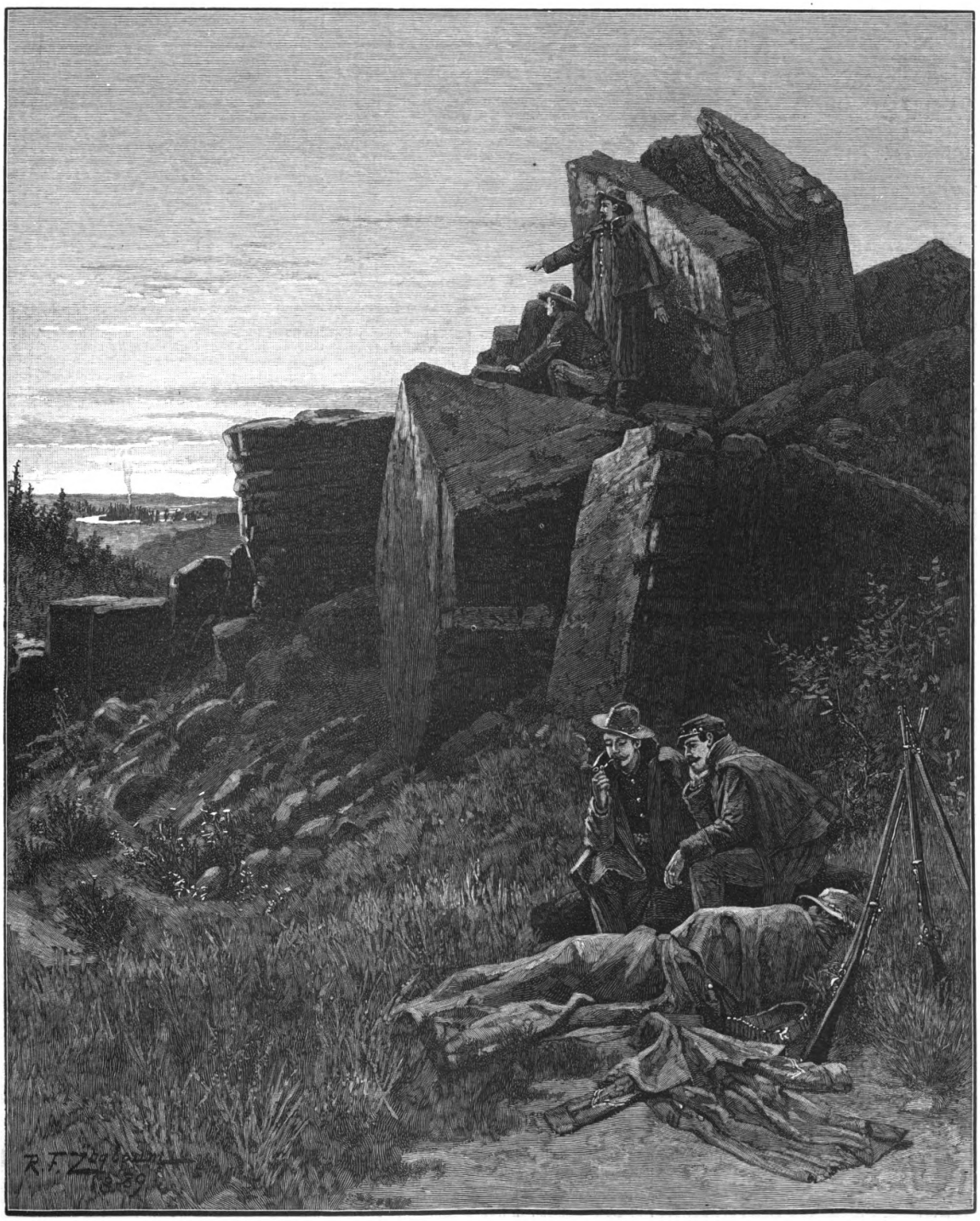
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1702.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



A PICKET POST IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 623.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"A delight and a treasure in thousands of happy homes."—*Evangelist, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for July 30th contains the eighteenth chapter of the serial story "Dorymates," by KIRK MUNROE; *a story by* SOPHIE SWETT, *with a full-page illustration by* ALICE BARBER; *and a charming sketch by* S. BAYARD DOD, *entitled "My Friend the Admiral."*

"The Fate of the 'Intrepid,'" by S. G. W. BENJAMIN, *relates a tragic incident of the United States expedition against piracy in the Mediterranean. It is accompanied by a spirited illustration by* J. O. DAVIDSON.

J. HARRINGTON KEENE, *an expert angler, completes his paper on "Bait Fishing," and* JOHN KENDRICK BANGS *has some amusing verses.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.
A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1702.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1892.

THE celebration in New York of the centenary of the establishment of the constitutional government was so imposing and in every way successful that it is not surprising the city should take the initiative for a fitting celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by COLUMBUS. COLUMBUS, indeed, was not the first European to see the mainland of the continent; for whatever may be true of the Northmen, JOHN CABOT saw the continent in 1497, and COLUMBUS not until the next year. But it was his earlier voyages which led to the expedition of CABOT, and his renown is unchallenged. There can be hardly a question that New York is the suitable place for the great fair which will commemorate the event, not because there are not other great cities in the country, but because New York is the chief city, the great mart of commerce and seat of manufactures, with unequalled facilities of transport and accommodation. The centenary of the Declaration of Independence in 1876 was naturally commemorated by the Exhibition at Philadelphia, where the Declaration was adopted, as that of last April in New York, where the government was inaugurated. The chief scene of the event of 1892, which is designed to commemorate the material growth and prosperity of America, should be the great city, which is itself one of the most imposing monuments of that progress, and already the fourth city in the world.

At the invitation of the Mayor, New York has taken the initiative in the enterprise, and nowhere has its action been more sincerely applauded than in Philadelphia, which proved in 1876 its ability to direct one of the most interesting, extensive, and successful of such exhibitions. The event now contemplated will appeal less to the distinctive national sentiment than the centenary of the Declaration, but the universal interest of the country in the event and local spirit and pride and energy will unquestionably assure a triumphant result. The question has been raised whether such a celebration should be placed under the control of the national government. Undoubtedly, to insure the hearty interest and co-operation of other countries, the Exposition must have a certain national aspect. As Mr. CALVERT VAUX remarks: "To get commissioners and exhibits from foreign countries, representations must be made through the Secretary of State and through the Ministers of the United States in those countries. They will send commissioners and exhibits to a United States exposition, while they could not send them to a purely New York exposition.... The co-operation of Congress should be early enlisted." Hitherto such occasions elsewhere have been largely demonstrations of the government. But republican America, which is the significant and historic America, symbolizes individual liberty and energy. The great achievements which the Exposition will commemorate have been triumphs of private enterprise accomplished under a government which is founded upon personal right and individual freedom. It is becoming, therefore, that the celebration itself, however magnificent and comprehensive, should illustrate the same spirit. Private sagacity and skill and liberality should take the lead.

New York will also naturally desire to prove what she did not prove thirty-five or thirty-six years ago, that she can hold a World's Fair worthy of America and of herself, and can attract the world to the new continent as Paris is now drawing it to the old. But it is not to be disguised that the work which is indispensable to success in such an undertaking is enormous. Again we quote the words of Mr. VAUX in an interview with the *Sun* as worthy of careful consideration. After suggesting that the Mayor should take the course which he has taken, Mr. VAUX says:

"After a conference to find out what citizens will give their time and money to starting the Exposition, it should be pressed on the municipality by representative citizens. The responsibility of getting it up should not be left to rest on the Mayor alone. An exposition cannot be started by a fiat. To do anything there must be a thorough co-operation between the municipality and the representative citizens."

We may add that Mr. VAUX is of opinion that the Exposition should be maritime. New York should avail herself of her unrivalled water facilities, and the buildings should be erected upon the shore where the water will allow foreign vessels to unload upon the grounds, and where foreign visitors could be accommodated in the steamers which bring them across the ocean. Mr. VAUX apparently favors Port Morris as a suitable site. Pelham Bay would be a perfect site, but it is too far. Central Park is unsuitable for many reasons. Mr. VAUX is an authority of great weight. He was named in the bill which passed Congress several years ago as one of the commission to do the preliminary work for an international exposition this year. He has studied the subject very carefully, and he is of opinion that a water site is altogether preferable.

A TEST OF STATESMANSHIP.

IN saying that "there are yet many undeveloped points at which national authority may have to touch the individual States," the Indianapolis *Journal* expresses guardedly the feeling of many Republicans that the paramount public question is the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States. This is constantly presented in the platforms and speeches of the administration party as the vital issue. A year ago last winter, in a speech in Chicago, the President, then General HARRISON, laid especial emphasis upon it. Senators HOAR and CHANDLER are known to regard it as one of the gravest subjects, if not the gravest, which can absorb public attention. The party which takes this view of it is now in control of every branch of the government, and such articles as that in the Indianapolis *Journal* from which we quote indicate a strong undercurrent of feeling in the party. What, then, will it do? What policy or measure will it propose which shall remedy a great and acknowledged evil? The only practical suggestion yet made is that of Mr. CHANDLER, that Congress shall take charge of Congressional elections in the States.

But it has not been shown, indeed the attempt has not been made to show, that this would remedy the evil, because it cannot be shown that it would change the situation from which the evil springs. If it were provided that every colored voter should be escorted to the polls by a United States soldier, and told by him where to deposit his vote, it is wholly improbable that a considerable number of such voters would avail themselves of the protection, because they would know that they would be made to suffer for it in ways which United States soldiers could not prevent. The Constitution undoubtedly authorizes Congress to make regulations for holding such elections. But the exercise of the authority is a question of expediency. Will it lessen or increase the evil? is the true inquiry. If the exercise of an undoubted authority in order to redress an unquestionable wrong will plainly aggravate the situation, is its exercise wise or humane? That is the real question for those who consider the removal of the wrong, and not the advantage that may result to a party from agitating its removal. If the national regulation and control of Congressional elections in the States, a course which would reverse the policy of the government hitherto, would make the lot of the colored citizens in certain districts harder, no honest Republican certainly would advocate it.

If such a Republican should ask whether it is not our duty to do all that we can to remedy the wrong, the answer would be that undoubtedly it is. But the manner still remains to be decided, and it is at least a question whether under the Constitution and the decisions of the Supreme Court there is any direct effective remedy for the wrong complained of. The attempts to promote temperance by prohibitive laws signally illustrate the truth that reformatory legislation to be efficient must represent the average opinion and feeling of the community. This is as true of election laws as of other laws. The subject, however, is of such importance, and the position upon it of the party which controls the government is so pronounced, that the course of Congress will be carefully watched. Republican leaders who profess to consider it the chief question before the country cannot remain passive. It is, in any view, a question of the highest interest, which demands for its wise treatment something very different from hatred of Confederate brigadiers and mere party spirit. The administration party accepts an issue which will test to the utmost its practical statesmanship.

PARNELLISM AND CRIME.

THE PARNELL Commission will probably have adjourned, or have reached the end of its sessions, when this paper is issued. Its organization is an incident of great significance in English annals, because it has been substantially a judicial inquiry into the nature and justification of the Irish movement, when for the first time it has become an issue in English politics. The chief of living English statesmen, and the leader of the party which has succeeded the Whig party in England, has adopted the Irish agitation of to-day as his own party policy. The Irish leader, whose leadership promises to be more successful than that of FLOOD, GRATTAN, or O'CONNELL, is received in Edinburgh with the highest honors, while the proceedings of the tribunal organized in the expectation, if not the hope, of convicting him either of practical treason or anarchy, have merely shown the malice of his enemies and commended him to the respect of England. The worst thing proved against him is proved by his own admission that he deliberately deceived the House of Commons. But even this confession of his own falsehood has not served to establish perjury in any of his statements to the Commission.

When the evidence is closed and the argument of the Attorney-General is concluded, the Commission will not sit again, and will report to Parliament in February. Whatever its report may be—and it is not supposed that it will be friendly to Mr. PARNELL—it cannot convict him of the crimes of which he was accused in the articles in the *Times* on "Parnellism and Crime." The sudden and lamentable failure of the *Times's* assault adds a very striking and dramatic incident to the interesting and picturesque Irish story. The real author of the *Times's* case, convicted upon the cross-examination, fled, a confessed perjurer, and killed himself. That was really the end of the trial. The basis of the *Times's* accusation had disappeared. The man who told it, that PARNELL was virtually in conspiracy with murderers, has owned his lie and sealed the confession with his life. But that nothing might be wanting to clear PARNELL'S name, MICHAEL DAVITT, whose word is not doubted, affirmed that he, DAVITT, personally, desired Irish independence, but that if PARNELL'S policy should prevail the movement for separatism would be at an end.

The great and important charges against Mr. PARNELL are thus conclusively refuted. He is left a constitutional agitator for reform in Ireland. His proposals are to be considered upon their merits, and not as the threats of an enemy of the empire. It is not to be expected that every step adopted by his associates will be found wise or just. But it appears that some of the most questionable of them, especially the plan of campaign, have been disapproved by him. Whatever the report of the Commission may be, therefore, it is already clear that its proceedings will be serviceable to the Irish cause. They will dispel the apprehension that Mr. PARNELL aims at a dissolution of the British Empire, and enable the English mind to comprehend that he proposes only to reconstruct the Union with Irish consent and upon more equitable terms. It is hard to suppose that intelligent Englishmen do not wish to put an end to the unhappy relations with Ireland, or that they do not see that no *modus vivendi* can be satisfactory which does not consult Irish wishes. This is the conclusion which Mr. GLADSTONE reached, after great practical acquaintance with the situation, and it is the one which, upon historical principles, is the most reasonable.

THE "BOODLE" TRIALS.

THE acquittal of MCQUADE is probably the end of the "boodle" trials, and the result is not one upon which this community can congratulate itself. The testimony leaves no reasonable doubt that the Aldermen were bribed, but the whole machinery of law, after several trials, fails to secure justice. The failure seems to have been generally expected, and was received with languid indifference. The whole transaction, however, is very important and significant. It shows not only how far the evil of the direct use of money to affect legislation has extended, but, what is worse, the public expectation and toleration of it. The assertion three or four years ago that the election of Senator PAYNE from Ohio had been procured by money was apparently so well sustained that it was startling. But the disclosures in regard to DUDLEY'S "floaters in blocks of five" at the last Presidential election, and the large sums "fried out" of proprietors to protect their interests, actually threw suspicion upon the validity of the result. Republicans who are justly concerned at the suppression of the colored vote in certain districts of the Southern States should with equal reason concede that voting corrupted voters in blocks of five is no less a deadly injury to our institutions.

Pecuniary corruption at elections is not new. Many years ago, when great manufacturers in Rhode Island took an active personal interest in politics, it was well known that their money was corruptly spent to affect elections; and in the time of the younger SPRAGUE the market for votes in that State

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

was almost as open as in England under GEORGE the Third. The party machine which is built upon bribery in the form of patronage was never more effective and absolute than in the same State. Corruption was evidently general, acknowledged, and half condoned when a Vice-President of the United States could allude at a public dinner and in a bantering strain to success at the polls achieved by the liberal use of money. This is a much more serious sign of the political times than the suppression of the colored vote. The sordid corruption of the popular vote by money is as alarming a symptom of our condition as can be imagined, because it is a loss of moral honor.

There are many reasons to be mentioned in explanation of this situation, but the chief and prolific source of the corrupt use of money at elections and of the numbness of the public mind in regard to it is the prostitution of the official patronage of the government into a huge fund to pay for services which are the simple duty of every good citizen. When a President turns out an honest and efficient public servant in order to lay hands upon his salary to reward a man, not because he is especially fit, but because he worked hard to secure his benefactor the Presidency, he teaches that money is to be justly expected for doing a political duty. If JACOB SHARP had reasoned, he would have said that if a man might properly bestow the public money upon his relations, or use it to reward other men who had done him a service, it could not be very wrong for him, SHARP, to reward with his own money a man who was willing for that consideration to do him a service. If it is proper that great manufacturers to advance their interests should contribute large sums of money to buy votes—for that is what they know they are doing—how is JACOB SHARP a sinner for promoting his own interests in the same way? It is not surprising that if we justify bribery in one way we should condone it in another. But it is manifestly unjust that MCQUADE should go free, and JAEHNE and O'NEIL lie in prison.

REPUBLICANISM IN VIRGINIA.

REPUBLICANISM is to be introduced into Virginia under the auspices of Mr. QUAY, chairman of the National Committee, whom the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune* have described as a gentleman whose conduct puts his party upon the defensive, Mr. CLARKSON, the Assistant Postmaster-General, who is treating the post-offices as mere party spoils, and Mr. DUDLEY, whose letter advising that voters should be voted in blocks of five, has not yet been disclaimed. The executive Republican agent of these gentlemen is General MAHONE, a gentleman belonging to a class against which these gentlemen warn the country as "Confederate brigadiers," who must be kept out of the saddle at all costs. General MAHONE'S political career is also more familiar than reputable.

These gentlemen represent political corruption in its two most common forms, bribery by patronage and bribery by purchase. In speaking of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, CARLYLE says that the latter is the franker and the other the deadlier form. In 1856, when Mr. UNDERWOOD carried Republicanism into Virginia, it was of a different kind from that of Messrs. QUAY, MAHONE, CLARKSON, and DUDLEY. It asserted certain great and fundamental principles, and appealed to the conscience and the common-sense of the people. It had little response in Virginia, but no Republican was ashamed of the appeal.

There are plenty of Republicans to-day who hold the same principles, and who desire only honest methods of government. But they would not say that Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, and DUDLEY are known representatives or advocates of those principles, or that they think Mr. CLARKSON is carrying out the Republican platform in despoiling post-offices, or Mr. DUDLEY enforcing an honest ballot by marshalling blocks of five. Such Republicans could not allege that these gentlemen are merely individuals, and that delinquents will be found in every party, because they are the chosen and accepted official agents of the party. Neither can they declare in general that parties are essential in a republic, and that men of robust and masculine minds always attach themselves to parties, because robust and masculine minds are always opposed to bribery of every kind, and aim at honest government by honest means.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE better sentiment of South Carolina evidently responds to the amazement of the rest of the country at the MCDOW verdict. It is disavowed by many of the leading papers, by the pulpit, and by many citizens, and it is represented as an exceptional incident significant only of a feeling of race. This explanation, however, is very significant of a bitterness of race feeling which is sometimes denied. The colored people are described as seeing in Colonel DAWSON not the defender of a friendless girl against the worst of personal wrongs, but merely the deviser of some of the ingenious methods by which colored citizens are deprived of political rights.

If this be true, it is plain that they are strongly attached to those rights and warmly resent the deprivation of them, and the incident forcibly illustrates the social situation. The South Carolina Medical Society at a special meeting has expelled Dr. MCDOW, alleging that by his own confession he has been proved guilty of immoral, unprofessional, and ungentlemanly conduct, and after due notification had failed to appear and explain. This is the ban that should be pronounced by all honorable men. But it is certainly a startling fact, if we may believe abundant assertion, that half of the population of South Carolina do not recognize MCDOW'S confessed conduct as criminal, and gladly disregard oaths and evidence and law in order to show satisfaction in the death of an opponent.

A single murderer is of small account. But such a social condition is of the utmost importance. Despite the disclaimers from South Carolina of any general light feeling in regard to taking life, some letters which have been published reveal a singular state of mind. One correspondent, who signs himself "A Southern Parson," justifies murder or "lynching" as a penalty for the accomplishment of MCDOW'S contemplated offence, not, however, for MCDOW, but for colored offenders of the same kind, on the ground that practically they are barbarians. We do not argue the question. It is enough to state the fact to show that there is a Southern question of the very gravest character which is not to be answered by ignoring it, or by alleging that it is none of our business.

DOWNING PARK.

THE Common Council of Newburgh have unanimously decided to call the park in that city Downing Park, and Messrs. VAUX & OLMSTED, the former of whom was a pupil of A. J. DOWNING, have very generously offered to furnish plans and designs for the work. This action is very honorable to the authorities of Newburgh, and shows a fine sense of fitness. For whatever valid reasons might have been urged for the selection of another name, the fact that the earliest recognized authority upon landscape gardening in this country was a native and resident of Newburgh, and that his brother, also a native and resident, was an eminent horticulturist, was conclusive.

We can easily understand, however, that there may have been a strong pressure of many applicants for the honor; and the Common Council is the more to be congratulated that, after full and fair deliberation, it reached with unanimity a decision which will be universally accepted as the best. No man in the country did more to stimulate and educate the taste for rural art than DOWNING, and his works are still valuable manuals. His interest and enthusiasm in the pursuit were constant and inspiring, and the respect paid by his native city to his memory and his work is honorable to both.

The interest and value of the park will be greatly enhanced by the co-operation of the distinguished artists whose regard for DOWNING has led them to offer their aid. This is an act which secures to the park the benefit of the best skill, and Newburgh will have the satisfaction of possessing in her pleasure-ground not only a memorial of her distinguished son, but a work of his most eminent successors in the same noble and beautiful art. It will be truly a labor of love.

BRITISH ROYAL GRANTS.

THE debate in Parliament on the committee report recommending the addition of £180,000 to the annual allowance paid to the Prince of Wales, and maintaining that the Queen has the right to ask for public provision for her grandchildren, brings the matter of royal grants prominently to the attention of the British tax-payer. The immediate causes of the agitation of the subject are the approaching marriage of the Princess LOUISE of Wales and the proposition that Prince ALBERT VICTOR, now twenty-five years old, should have an establishment of his own. It is represented that if the Prince of Wales is to be looked to for the appropriate support of his grown sons and daughters, he should be supplied with the funds needed to furnish it.

According to Mr. LABOUCHERE, royalty is a luxury which the United Kingdom indulges in at an unnecessary yearly expense of £3,500,000. The Queen has a direct annual grant of £1,925,000, and a large sum from the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which in 1887 amounted to £250,000. She has the income from a great private fortune besides. The Prince of Wales draws £200,000 from the Treasury, and more than that from the Duchy of Cornwall. From the latter source in 1887 some £300,000 was paid to him. His wife receives from the government £50,000—the salary of the President of the United States. The Queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, is paid £125,000; and her third son, the Duke of Connaught, a similar annuity. The widow of her youngest son, the Duke of Albany, has a stipend of £30,000. The Queen's eldest daughter, the Princess VICTORIA, who afterward became Empress of Germany, was granted on her marriage £40,000 a year. Her other daughters, the Princesses HELENA, LOUISE, and BEATRICE, draw £30,000 each. An aggregate of £250,000 more is annually paid to relatives of the Queen outside of her immediate family.

It is evident from the opposition made to the last grant, which was to the Princess BEATRICE on her marriage to HENRY of Battenberg, and from the character of the present discussion, that this species of governmental liberality is coming to an end.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL NORTH, who not so many years ago was a machinist in the north of England, but is now known as "the Chilian nitrate king," pays the Chilian government $1,725,000 a year in export duties on nitrate of soda produced at one of his works. He is building a magnificent country-seat near London, England.

—Miss CAROLINE FITZGERALD, of this city, whose engagement to Lord EDWARD FITZMAURICE, the younger brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, has been announced by cable, is only twenty-one years old, but is a fine classical scholar and a clever linguist. She studied Sanscrit under Professor WHITING, of Yale College, and has published a book of poems. A large fortune in her own right has enabled her to fully gratify her taste for study and travel.

—The late S. L. M. BARLOW left an estate of about $2,000,000, largely accumulated in his law practice.

—The greatest land-owner in this State, GEORGE CLARKE, died recently at Richfield Springs, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He inherited a large landed property, much of which had descended from his great-grandfather, who, as colonial Governor of New York in 1740, had received a crown grant of about sixty thousand acres of land in Otsego, Montgomery, Oneida, Greene, and Dutchess counties, and it was his ruling passion to acquire real estate. At one time he owned over fifty thousand acres, but the unbridled gratification of his whim led him to financial disaster, and when he died his affairs were badly involved. Mr. CLARKE always dressed in a faded overcoat and ragged clothing, and prided himself on his shabby appearance, but his under-clothing was of the finest silk.

—Harvard College conferred an LL.D. on President PATTON, of Princeton College, at her last Commencement, but by some oversight the fact was not made public at the time.

—Lord FIFE, the Scottish nobleman who is to marry the Princess LOUISE of Wales, Queen VICTORIA'S granddaughter, has a rent roll of from $300,000 to $400,000 a year, and has also $2,000,000 invested in a London banking firm. He is a popular landlord, and possesses plenty of common-sense. He sees no reason why the people should be taxed for the support of his wife, and offered to settle on her a sum the interest of which would equal any grant Parliament would make, but for some reason his offer was not accepted.

—Lord SALISBURY keeps about seventy in-door servants, the best paid of whom, the house steward, receives only $1000. His butler commands $750, and his two French cooks only $500 each. He also has at Hatfield, his London residence, a head-gardener with twenty-five assistants, and a forester who has twenty men under him. In all, the Marquis's yearly expenditure is about $400,000.

—Rev. Dr. THOMAS ARMITAGE, who has just resigned the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, is one of the most prominent of the ministers of his denomination, and a commanding figure among the general body of clergymen in this city. He was born in Yorkshire in 1819, began preaching at sixteen, and came to this country as a Methodist in 1838. Ten years later he became pastor of the Norfolk Street Baptist Church, and remained with it when, in 1859, it was moved to its present site on Fifth Avenue.

—JOHN H. HEWITT, of Baltimore, Maryland, who is known as "the father of the American ballad," and has composed over two hundred songs, recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. He has lived in Baltimore for over sixty years, and the oratorio *Jephthah's Daughter* is his most ambitious production.

—A nephew of the poet BROWNING, FRANCIS BROWNING OWEN, who has practised law in Detroit for some time, but has been prevented from meeting success by his love for liquor, has finally been converted, and has turned evangelist. He is said to be a writer of creditable verse.

—The Archduchess STEPHANIE, widow of Crown Prince RUDOLPH, will soon leave Austria, as there is now no longer a possibility of the birth of a posthumous heir to the throne. The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has made a splendid provision for her.

—A life nearly one hundred and twenty-one years long gives NAZY FERENCZ, of Bares, Hungary, a very fair claim to being the oldest man in the world. He attended the funeral of Queen MARIA THERESA, one hundred and nine years ago, and has quite vivid recollections of the occasion. For twenty years he fought in the Austrian army, and at different times saw NAPOLEON, BLUCHER, and other great generals of the day.

—ANDREW JACKSON COFFEE, of San Francisco, is a nephew of the hero of New Orleans, and owns his sword and a number of other interesting family relics.

—CHARLOTTE STARK, a granddaughter of General JOHN STARK, of Revolutionary fame, and a lady of the old school, the fame of whose hospitality has extended far beyond the borders of her State, has recently died at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, at the ripe age of eighty-nine.

—GEORGE LORING BROWN, a well-known landscape painter, died recently at his home in Malden, Massachusetts, at the age of seventy-five years. Among his best known pictures is "The Bay of New York," which was presented to the Prince of Wales by a number of New York men as a memento of his visit to this country.

—Governor LADD, of Rhode Island, is to give Brown University an observatory as a memorial to his wife. The building will cost from $25,000 to $30,000, and will be equipped with the best of modern instruments.

—The deaths of Mrs. HAYES and Mrs. TYLER narrow the circle of former ladies of the White House to six. They are Mrs. JAMES K. POLK, HARRIET LANE JOHNSON, Mrs. GRANT, Mrs. GARFIELD, Mrs. MCELROY, and Mrs. CLEVELAND.

—Senators CAMERON and BUTLER, unlike in almost all their characteristics, are the David and Jonathan of the United States Senate. The Pennsylvanian is a Republican, a man of the people, plain in manners, and very rich, while the South-Carolinian is a Democrat, blue-blooded, of elegant breeding, and broken in fortune. Yet the two men are almost inseparable.

—The substitution of a handsome two-cent stamp for the present aquamarine apparition of the Post-office Department will be one of the most popular acts of Mr. WANAMAKER'S administration. The new stamp will be either carmine or metallic red in color, and it may be made smaller than the one now in use, both for economy and convenience.

—The new librarian of Columbia College, Professor GEORGE HALL BAKER, was graduated from Amherst College in 1874, and afterward studied in Germany. He is only thirty-nine years old, but has been a successful and persistent student of bibliography, and has been associated with the Columbia Library since 1883.

—Captain FREDERICK WATKINS, the commodore of the Inman Line fleet, and now commander of the ocean racer the *City of Paris*, is fifty-one years old. He has commanded Inman steamers for the past twenty years. He was the son of a British army officer, but went to sea when thirteen years old, and had become an officer at twenty-two.

—ADOLF SUTRO, who is to give San Francisco a great public library building and partly fill it with two hundred thousand volumes of his own, is now travelling in Europe gathering plans and ideas for his project.

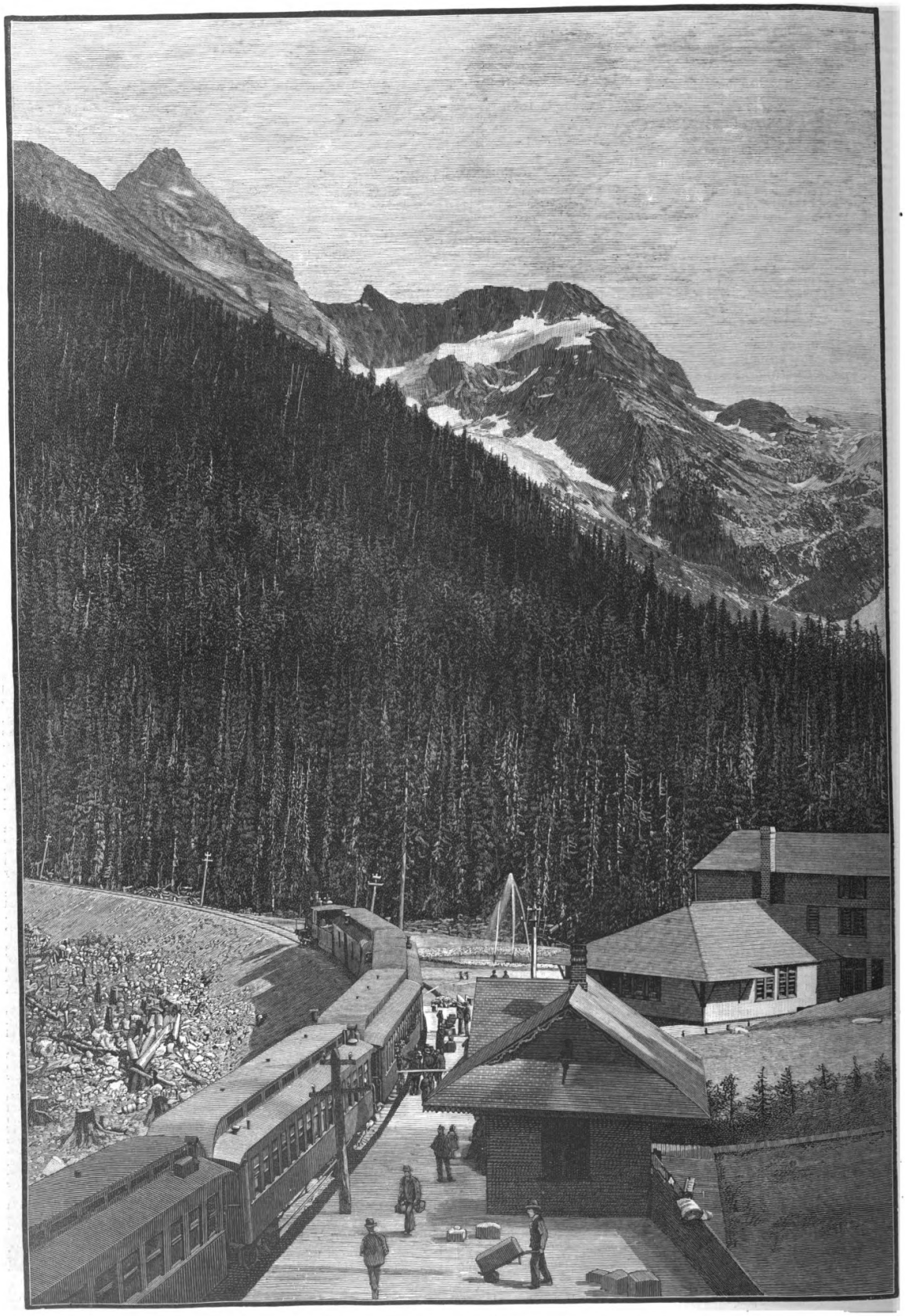
—In the quiet life which Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE leads at her home in Hartford she is greatly entertained by five pets—two pugs and three cats, Bosco, a big tortoise-shell puss, being her special favorite.

—A curious story is told of how Chief-Justice FULLER and his family were driven from the Congregational to the Episcopal fold by a dance when they lived in Augusta, Maine. In 1840, when NATHAN WESTON, Mr. FULLER'S father-in-law, was Chief-Justice of Maine, a young ladies' sewing circle was held at the WESTON house, and Mrs. FULLER played the piano for the dancing that followed the sewing, her brother accompanying her on a violin. This ungodly innovation stirred up such a rumpus in the Congregational church that the WESTON and FULLER families went over to the Episcopalians.

—General WILLIAM SEWARD lives at the SEWARD homestead in Auburn, New York, and uses the desk at which his father, Secretary SEWARD, wrote many of his speeches. The library is filled with many mementos of the statesman.

—A jilting which ZEBULON HANCOX, of Stonington, Connecticut, received many years ago made him a miser and a recluse. Ever since then he has lived alone in a hut, wearing outlandish clothing, and gaining his living by fishing. One of his peculiarities is to never buy anything that he can make, and the buttons on his clothes, the spear with which he catches eels, and the scales on which the fish are weighed are of his own manufacture. At the age of seventy-nine he has solved the problem of living on $20 a year, and has $10,000 in the bank, while he has built nine good houses, which he rents.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MOUNT SIR DONALD STATION AND HOTEL AT THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS, BRITISH COLUMBIA, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL.—[SEE PAGE 617.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.

THE United States can boast of glaciers only in the loftiest and most northerly peaks of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges of California, Oregon, and Washington Territory. In the Rocky Mountains there is not a living glacier south of the very lofty Wind River peaks, and those, with the few other ice accumulations in northwestern Montana, are almost inaccessible, and of small account in any way.

The Rocky Mountains and Cascades of British Columbia, however, abound in these frozen rivers, which occupy almost every gorge among the higher summits.

Across the wildest part of these exceedingly rugged mountains the Canadian transcontinental railroad has been built with daring skill, and the traveller upon it has a fine chance to see ice and snow in its most Alpine form—nowhere better than in crossing the Selkirks, the innermost of the British Columbian ranges, which occurs at a place about 250 miles north of Spokan Falls, Idaho.

Here, as the narrow pass opens westward, the passenger sees ahead of him a vast pit filled with woods and shut in by stupendous mountains. It is the gorge of the Illecillewaet River, and far below can be traced the railway ingeniously descending into the valley by a series of extraordinary curves and trestle bridges.

The train clings to the southern wall of the pass, and swinging to the left, stops shortly at the station and hotel called Glacier, which form the foreground of the larger illustration, and which stand at the very foot of the "Great Glacier of the Selkirks." This station stands on the western side of the ravine of Glacier Creek. The noble peak beyond overshadowing the glacier (only the edge of which appears in the margin of the wood-cut at the right) is Sir Donald, whose apex is a mile and a quarter in vertical height above the hotel lawn, and has never yet been scaled. One of its subordinate knobs on this side, long known as Eagle Peak, peeps over the steep wooded crag-face in front of the station, down whose verdant face hangs a scarf-like cataract, falling a thousand feet through the trees, with romantic beauty.

Looking down the gorge, one gathers at a glance the whole black, bristling wall of the Hermit Range (shown in the smaller illustration), accented and outlined by the masses and threads of snow borne along its crest or caught in its crevices, which swings from the pass westward to where the huge buttresses of Ross Peak cut off the view.

The great glacier itself, which completely fills the head of the ravine, is hidden from view by the forest, but an excellent path, less than a mile long, leads to it, so that even ladies and children may reach or even go upon the ice without any difficulty. A quarter of a mile above the hotel the path emerges from the woods upon the creek, just where it receives its "West Branch." This branch, like the main stream, flows from a glacier, which by-and-by becomes visible, and their combined currents, greenish white with the milky washings from beneath the ice, cataract over bowlders whose grinding, sliding, and destruction are always audible, and sometimes produce muffled detonations somewhat startling to the unsophisticated. The channel is bordered by masses of fallen and rounded rocks, plastered over with lichens and mosses, and overhung by the lean arms of the forest trees, stretched out in an appeal for more sunshine.

The path follows the main stream over a huge pile of marble-like rocks and battered logs which have been hurled down the mountain by some earth-quaking land-slide long ago, until we come to a second rustic bridge. Here a covered seat has been made where one can rest. Facing you is Sir Donald's stately monolith, attenuated to a blade-shaped apex, something like a ploughshare upturned to furrow the blue prairie of the sky. The face of the summit is an almost sheer precipice of purple rock, forming a triangular, richly colored pyramid—a superb prism shooting its slender apex far above all its royal mates, and cleaving clouds that have swept unscathed over their heads.

Two or three subsidiary summits, rising far above the timber, cluster about and support it, dropping by immensely long slopes straight to the very creek bank, as is well shown in the larger picture on page 616. From the farther edge of the peak a huge wing will be noticed curving around toward a lesser peak, whose naked crags fence in the glacier on that side. These massive projections half environ a hollow, into which all winter long the peak sheds its burdens of snow, to be garnered and impacted by the gales. This snow never wholly melts; even in late summer broad banks lie there under the lee of the mighty wall, and below them lurks a small glacier just visible above the trees, and surrounded by an utter desert of rocky débris, through which innumerable thread-like cataracts wriggle downward, joining and parting like a tangled skein of silk.

Crossing the bridge, we follow the path up the farther bank of the stream through beautiful woods of spruce, hemlock, and cedar, where the moss lies many inches thick, and where in sunny places a variety of pretty shrubs and flowering herbs relieves the sombreness of the evergreen foliage.

I have lingered over these surroundings be-



THE LATE JOHN P. MORTON, OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 619.]



FROM THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS, BRITISH COLUMBIA, LOOKING DOWN THE ILLECILLEWAET.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cause it is in them that the visitor finds the charm of this attractive spot; for here, unlike the glaciers of Switzerland, which tourists go so far to see, an I find only among the naked crags above timber line, the ice descends right into the woods.

Suddenly you come out face to face with it—a gigantic hill-side of rough ice, hundreds of feet thick, ending far down here in the forest in a rounded forefoot, from whose crumbling margin gurgle many rivulets of milky water. From this forefoot the ice sweeps upward in a steep, hollow slope between two and three miles in length, to where it pours over the precipice that sustains it. The glacier is much broader up there, for its shape is that of a saddle flap; and the edges of the fractured ice, which refuses to bend smoothly over the brink, show as jagged against the sky as the flying scud on a line of surf. The whole crest is gashed and splintered into innumerable and shapeless fragments, but below, where the slope is easier, the surface of the glacier flows in billowy lines with soft gradations of shadow and tint, heaped up somewhat at the sides, and hollow down the middle in conformation to the trough of the gulch. All the ribbings and longitudinal furrows, where rivulets sparkle, can easily be discerned from this point five hundred yards away; and all the curving cross-crevasses that show how by successive partings—the front falling away a little and the rear pressing on again—this ice-river flows downward.

The forefoot is wonderfully wrinkled and reticulated with crevasses, while at several points along the base caves appear, from whose roofs on warm days ponderous flakes are continually falling with an echoing crash into the streams that carry their melted crystals away.

From a distance the glacier looks grayish white in summer, because its surface is so honeycombed by the sun as to destroy its reflecting power; but when you are close by it the ice is richest turquoise in color, while the caves and all the cracks and fissures in it are cobalt. At a little distance, on the other hand, when the sun is shining full upon it, the broken faces of the ice become a soft, pure grass green, darker in the transparent shadows, and the whole glacier takes a slightly greenish tinge, especially toward its top. From another point of view, or under a different sky, new colors and combinations of color develop themselves upon this great picture, whose easel is Sir Donald's purple height.

On this, the eastern margin of the glacier, we do not see much in the way of moraines; they have been levelled by running water and the constant sliding of snow and loose materials, if they ever existed. Along the western margin, however (which is outside of the field of the illustration), a huge moraine is heaped close against the steep wall of Mount Agassiz, and is steadily augmented by a stream of fragments from a ravine reaching far up toward the black crest. It is not difficult to reach and climb this moraine, but great care should be exercised in doing so to avoid falling between the loose angular rocks or bringing a slide of them down upon you.

From this moraine you can walk out upon the ice, but after wetting, cutting, and bruising yourself by repeated falls, you will not make a second attempt without proper equipment for glacial travel. The roughness underfoot is only partly indicated by the white foreground seen in the smaller of the accompanying pictures. The view gained from the ice is a good one, but not enough better than that from points below to alone reward one for the arduous climb.

A terminal moraine is not well marked. Bushes and weeds are abundant at the very foot of the ice, and flowers in their season, so that it is probable the glacier is slowly diminishing, as is true of other ice bodies in these mountains.

Enormous as it is, the glacier before us is a mere overflow or outlet of a *mer de glace* level with its top—a plateau of ice of untested thickness—buried under constantly renewed blankets of snow, and overlying an area of the summit many, many miles in extent. It is environed by a wall of cliff-like peaks, of which Sir Donald, and Mounts Carroll, Dawson, and Ross, are examples, and it sends down tongues of ice into the radiating valleys wherever a break in the rim permits. Our "great glacier" is one of these. The masses at the head of the West Branch, of which so beautiful a view is obtained from several points on the path, are another. The great glaciers behind Ross Peak are still other fringes of the same cloud-swept waste of frost and fierce light. Its area has never been measured, but men of good judgment, who have scanned this snow plateau from overlooking heights, declare that it is forty miles in length, north and south, by ten in width—400 square miles of silence and solitude.

On the returning walk to the hotel the whole gorge of the upper Illecillewaet is under your eye, and the vast barrier of the Hermit range,

"Its blown snows flashing cold and keen."

Noble summits rear their ice-clothed crests at the left, too, while Ross Peak looks exceedingly lofty and symmetrical. Nearer, there is always ample enjoyment in the cataracts; in the ancient and gigantic trees; in the forms and colors of the dislocated rocks hidden in the forest or obstructing the stream; in the multitude and variety of mosses, flowers, and foliage; and in the rolling, gale-tossed, and very beautiful clouds lingering about the snow-banks, now hiding and now revealing the summit peaks that emerge at intervals into the sparkling ether.

The altitude of the station is only 4122 feet above the sea, and it forms a luxurious headquarters for mountaineering and sport. Game is abundant in the vicinity, and good fishing is obtainable at a little distance by rail. These lofty ranges are the home of the mountain goat and the big-horn sheep. Wapiti (elk) and deer frequent the lower glades in winter, while bears can always be obtained on the heights, and the birds and small animals interesting to the naturalist are plentiful. Several painters of world-wide repute have camped in this ravine, exercising their art, and many a noted traveller has testified to the grandeur and exceeding interest of the spot.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

HENLEY THROUGH NEW EYES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

"I MUST go to Henley!" Every acquaintance said so at every chance meeting on the streets; every friend, whether English or American, said so. Apparently every one who said so was going himself. It would not have occurred to one so new in London to tear one's self away from all its wonders and to deliberately throw off the intoxicating influence of the mammoth town even for a day; but there was no choice. The order never varied. It was always, "You must go to Henley." Happily there came along an American millionaire, who said in the wholesale way characteristic of American success that he had taken two houses close to Henley for the week, and that in one of them was a room set apart for me. I would be expected at noon at the Red Lion at Henley on Wednesday, he said, or a day earlier if I was already provided with the necessary costume for the great occasion.

"Is there any particular way to dress for Henley?" he was asked.

"Yes, indeed," said he: "you must have a suit of flannels for the daytime, with a soft woollen cap and Russia-leather shoes. For evening, bring along your dress suit. The flannels will cost you under three pounds, and though you can get along without them, you would give ten pounds to have them half an hour after you get there should you come dressed as you are for London. Come along, that's a good fellow. It will open your eyes as they never were opened before. Henley is the great national fête. It is the one week when the English, who love the water more than any people on earth, get a chance to demonstrate their fondness for it. About nothing else is England so unanimous as in her insistence that the great aquatic festival shall be her greatest triumph in pleasuring. It is the one occasion when all classes enjoy themselves together. The Derby is democratic, Ascot and Goodwood are swell, but the regatta at Henley is both swell and popular. It will amaze you. There is nothing like it in the world, and there cannot be, for it comes of the single opportunity given to thirty-eight millions of beings, crowded on a little island, and all loving fun and aquatics, to meet under the happiest circumstances. Unhappily we had a fine Ascot, and, you know, the rule is, 'Fine Ascot, bad Henley'; so you may look for rain all the time. Don't mind that; nobody else will mind it."

After such tempting eloquence and enthusiasm there was no room for dissent. My tailors began to prepare me for Henley. Unhappily no one concerned had wit enough to suggest a cap of the same flannel as the suit, and other friends advised the purchase of an ordinary cricket cap, one of the circular flat cloth caps with peak in front that one sees thousands of in the hat store windows. When all had been prepared, and the porter had taken the Henley outfit down to the hotel doorway in a bag, there stalked into the hotel a splendid apparition of manhood in a white flannel suit, with the trousers tightened around the flannel shirt by means of a silk scarf. And, horror! on his head was a tall Royal Yacht Club cap that bulged outward at the top, and had a white leather peak and a white leather strap with gold buttons at either end. What sort of effect would the cricket cap have at Henley, and the white linen shirt and the vest and suspenders in the bag at the doorway? For the apparition was going to Henley. It said so, loudly and proudly.

Agitation, under the circumstances, was pardonable, or at least human. For not only must every sentient being who finds himself among foreigners be often ill at ease, but he who never has sworn allegiance to the kingdom and glory of fashion must be a dullard not to tremble when circumstances push him suddenly and bodily into the very throne-room of that monarchy—for I forgot to say there were to be the first lords and ladies I was to see abroad in the rich American's party at Henley. Feeling quite as good as any of them, the next thing was to *look* as good, when up must rise that royal navy cap and the sash of silk and the flannel shirt!

"You'll 'ave to 'urry to the roilway, sir," the porter broke in, and in ten seconds the cricket cap and the rest of the uncertain and distrusted outfit for Henley, as well as its perturbed owner, were flying at the mad rate at which everything on wheels seems to go in London. Presently the flying hansom became part of a flying column of hansoms, and all sped together, like a line of retreating field-guns, until other lines of flying hansoms, coming together from all points, filled a wide street with their rattle and their wheels, and then Paddington station was reached. There are half a dozen Grand Central Depots in London, and Paddington is one of them. As the hansoms and the four-wheelers and the private carriages of the rich drew up under the vaulted roof of the great depot, blue-coated porters and ragged beggars opened the doors, out of which came that which almost amazed the senses—a vast assembly of men and women, all dressed for the country, in spotless white, in stripes, in India silks of the most delicate shades. Half the London beauties and half the London swells seemed to be there, the ladies with their filmy skirts girted up to show their silken ankles and to avoid the country dust, the men luxurious and dainty in their loose, soft, summer colored flannels. Half the men wore cricket caps. Into the little closet-like compartments of the railroad cars they went. And into one went the present historian in a suit of diagonals, high silk hat, and black shoes, the only man there whose Henley suit was in his valise instead of on his back. The other men in the same closet of that car said that there never had been such a Henley, that special trains were being run every few minutes at sixty miles an hour, and that there were so few stops between London and the great resort that we would reach the latter in a little more than an hour. Then away went the swift, smooth-rolling train. It had the perverse habit of all English trains, that of going straight to its mark on a level road, and consequently through innumerable cuttings and tunnels, with attendant views composed mainly of masonry, chalk-sided gullies, overhead bridges, and fences of hedge or of disused sleepers. When a glimpse of the country was flung by at a mile a minute it was refreshing, for the English country appears everywhere opulent. The other men in the car said the country was all burned up for lack of rain, but it seemed resplendently green. The rich American had erred: the day was glorious, and there was to be no rain at Henley.

The only remarkable thing at Henley station was the way in which the guards and porters, all in blue and some with gold-lace, ran along the train and threw open the doors of the absurd, unhandy little cars. Then out came all the swells and the beauties, and the others dressed so like them in summer skirts and flannel coats and trousers that they were hard to tell about. A beggar seized my bag and led the way to the Red Lion. The route was dusty, and led between the usual low and small houses of stucco or of unfaced rough brick that make up all English villages. The road was crowded with people hurrying at cross-purposes. The scene brought to mind scattered pages of a hundred English novels. Here were beggars and gypsies, negro minstrels made up for performing, clergymen with peculiar round hats and clergymen with strange felt hats, fakirs and peddlers, men and women crying papers, and— But it is best to see them from the doorway of the Red Lion. The inn is a sprawling brick building, very old, but very much modernized, so that one must look in its courtyard and see the ivy-clad Elizabethan out-buildings, with their low stories and peaked roofs, to appreciate its age. Outside, the walls are half covered with dense vines, and inside there is a queer public-room, with the bar at one side, sofas for ladies opposite, and in a corner a queer little empty letter-rack on a table all covered with letters and telegrams and pencilled messages on cards. In order to feel perfectly at home, each new-comer read all these missives as a first duty, and then strode up to the bar. There were three bar-maids behind it—a fat and homely one and two thin and homely ones. They were waiting upon men standing three rows deep. During the three days of the regatta, from daylight until midnight, they were never to wait on less than three rows; they were often to see before them six or even eight rows of men, suffering from what is at once the curse and boast of the nation—the British thirst.

All the orders at the bar sounded strange to American ears. "Give me a Scotch and split soda," said one man. "A glass of bitter, please," called another. "Have you any Bond Street cigarettes?" "A fourpenny smoke, miss." "A glass of potass, please;" and so they went. Bitter meant bitter ale; split soda meant half a bottle or a small bottle of soda-water, half the size of the standard bottle; "a smoke" was a cigar; and "potass" a mineral water. But, after all, the confusion out-of-doors was more interesting. The American was right when he said that the crowds at Henley were only possible in a compact population of 38,000,000 of lovers of aquatic sports at a rendezvous close to the richest and biggest city in the world. Two battling streams of men and women met before the Red Lion Inn, one from the constantly arriving cars, and one from the crowded river. The oarsmen of the crack crews of the world were in the crowd, always bare-legged from their knees to their soft cloth shoes, and wearing heavy sweating shirts, flannel knee-breeches, and colored caps whose stripes told the initiated what club each belonged to. Dandies in light flannels of every delicate shade and pattern, and beautiful ladies, some in flannels and some in India silks or lawn, clustered around them. Poor men who touched their hats when they met your gaze hawked programmes of the races and London newspapers, and so did many pinched-visaged, sun-bronzed women.

Men and girls, with baskets and push-carts, offered roses and strawberries with the piteous voices of the London street crier, and with the frequent cry of, "For God's sake, buy a rose, ma'am; only a penny!" Bands of negro minstrels, all blacked up, and wearing steeple-like hats and striped coats with fantastic tails, strode along with banjoes and guitars over their shoulders. Some famous ones had their names painted on their hats—such names as "Inky," or "Panky," or "Sambo." It is said that some of these own houses at Henley, and rent them to rich families. Then there were jugglers, and men with galvanic batteries and scales, with trays of pork pies and wagons laden with ice-cream, to sell at a penny a cup, or little boxes on wheels with cargoes of tiny bottles of soda-water and lemonade. There were men in donkey-carts selling milk out of polished brass-topped milk cans; there were bands of gypsy women in flounced dresses and very large flowery bonnets stopping every one with a "Won't you give a penny to the gypsy, sir?" They seemed very natural, and like their pictures in the novels, so dark and thin and foreign-looking; in fact everything seemed to the Americans partly unreal (as belonging to the fiction we import), and partly quite to have been expected, and meeting all the requirements of anticipation. Such is the case with everything in England. At each new glimpse of the life here the well-informed American is at first surprised, then reassures himself with the recollection that it is all what he has seen and read in illustrated books.

The inevitable American lovers were in the crowd, of course, for no foreign holiday would be complete without them. "It is at once surprising and familiar," he whispered to her. "It is all a succession of pen and pencil sketches from novels," she replied. "I have to pinch myself now and then to make sure I am not making an excursion into Dream-land."

But great and peculiar as was the bustle before the Red Lion, it was as nothing to the scene on the Thames. The rich American had not come, the ancient stone bridge was not one hundred feet away. There would be time to run upon it for a minute and view the historic river. For a minute! The thought was born of ignorance. To be in the presence of that scene was to realize for the first time what the Henley Regatta was. So amazing was the view that the wealthiest man alive may venture all his dollars on the wager that nowhere else does the world offer anything to compare with it. The river swarmed with boats as far as one could see in either direction. Just as at the great Centennial Ball in New York last spring, there were so many dancers that there could not be any dancing, so here there were so many row-boats that not a soul could row. There were thousands upon thousands of them. Every now and again, at places, they were so massed that a man could have walked dry-shod upon them from shore to shore. Close at hand the view was of boats, but at a quarter or half a mile away no boats were to be seen; only the beautifully dressed people were visible. It was as if tens of thousands of men and women were holding a mass-meeting in what must have been the dry bed of a river.

"You can no more describe this scene than you can swim upon dry land," said the rich American. "There is no man who can; no language adequate to the task." He had been delayed at a lock down the river, and he had worked so hard in the sun that he needed a new collar and cuffs. There would be time to continue the view from the bridge.

The setting of the scene was exquisite. At Henley there is a long straight reach of the river, and therefore the place was chosen sixty years ago for the annual battle of the university crews. The hills enclose this course at either end, and give it the appearance of a lake. On the one side are the quaint houses and inns of the village, centred by an ancient church, which is said to have been designed by Cardinal Wolsey. Its great square battlemented tower rises above the luxuriant clothing of the trees around it in picturesque and feudal grandeur. Beyond the village, at either end, are country-seats upon lawns that lave their green edges in the river. On the opposite side are dense woods, whose shapely piles of foliage look strangely dark to American eyes. Here and there the cupolas and towers of country houses illuminate apertures in the woods. A rounded bank of leafage closes the view below, and a softly swelling hill-side, sown in grain, hems in the scene above. This is the mere framing of the picture. It is the picture itself that cannot be described. Yet something must be ventured about it. No one blames Wolfe for saying at Quebec that he would "try." And here there is no such penalty for failure as he paid.

The incomprehensible confusion of boats in the river begins with a gorgeous line of what are called "house-boats," moored one behind the other along the Henley bank. There are seventy-five or a hundred of these, and they are between twenty-five and sixty feet in length and ten to fifteen feet wide. They are one-story houses built on barges, with their flat roofs shaded by awnings, and appointed with chairs and rockers. By spending from $1000 to $10,000 upon a Hudson River hay barge, you could turn it into a Thames house-boat. You would have to put great plate-glass windows close together in the sides, and if you sheathed the outer walls with polished natural wood you would do nothing extraordinary. You might loop fresh roses, day after day, upon the sides between the windows, and you would be obliged by custom to keep a ribbon or band of gorgeous flowering plants along the top of the boat on either side. Then if you hung richly striped scallop-edged awnings high above the roof, with dangling lanterns a-plenty and brilliant flags galore on the awning poles and flag-staffs, you would have nothing more to do than to appoint your boat's interior with costly furniture and rugs and bric-à-brac. There you have an idea of the nether wall of house-boats along the Henley bank. A more opulent, gorgeous, splendid effect than they produced it would be difficult to imagine. It was like an exaggerated Oriental pageant halted, and yet with all its line a-flutter with gay bunting and lanterns. Some of these boats were pure white, some were walled with polished oak or lustrous maple; others were great blocks of rich color. So extreme is the opportunity to spend money upon them that in special cases the ladies and gentlemen aboard them were dressed to match the colors of their boat-hangings.

It has long been the fashion for wealthy people to own or rent these house-boats, and in them to spend their summers. They cook and eat and sleep in them, though some have separate kitchen barges lashed to their dwelling-boats as a tender is fixed to a locomotive in our country. Change is what we are all after—not rest, as the doctors prescribe—and so it pleases rich ladies, who never enter their kitchens in London, to cook and keep house in these boats.

To understand the scene, then, fancy the long line of house-boats along the lawn-edged bank of the river. The lawns were dotted with dining tables and canoes and racing shells and splendid carriages and heaps of ladies' wraps and shawls. Dandies and beauties were at the tables, and extra-dignified waiters in aprons and men in liveries were waiting upon them, for every lawn was leased to wealthy Londoners who wished fixed

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

meeting-places and luncheons al fresco. The very cottages upon the lawns were leased also, sometimes to still different parties. Three miles from Henley little cottages fetch $125 for the regatta week, so that the reader may estimate for himself what those actually at Henley rent for. But the interest was mainly focussed on the river, and we have seen that it was as crowded with pleasure-boats as if it were a pail of water in which there had been dropped a small measure of corks. Sir Morell Mackenzie, physician to the late Emperor of Germany, had brought a real gondola from Venice to anchor off his lawn, and a Mrs. Hamersley came with another genuine gondola sculled by a Venetian in native dress. There were birch-bark canoes and modern American canoes by the score; there were dozens of dingies looking like the bow ends of whale-boats cut in half; there were scores of long, iron-bound, flat, shallow punts, in which men walked to and fro wielding great poles; there were steam-launches and sail-boats with their sails tied up, and finally there were thousands of Thames pleasure-boats. These are like very broad and very light Whitehall boats. Each has a cushioned settee for two in the stern and seats for two oarsmen. There is also a pillow and rug for a fifth person near the bow of each. All have carpets in them, and some are covered with awnings, while others carry radiant masses of flowering plants in bow and stern. All carry paddles and hooks as well as oars. The paddles are more often in use than the oars, and the hooks become useful when in the thick of the crush you see a few men poling or paddling, and scores of boats hooked on behind each other, all moving by the efforts of those who are at work.

The scene is amazing. The ladies lie back on the settees, the colors of the costumes dazzle the sight, the minstrels float about and sing, the peddlers cruise around and hawk their wares, the boats crash into one another, row-locks are torn off, oars are snapped, canoes are overturned, and the only element that is ever uninterrupted is the general good-nature. That is the distinctive feature of the three holidays after all. Nothing disturbs the even temper of either the multitude or the individuals.

Once an hour a black boat, manned by men in uniform, pushes down the stream. It is a boat of the Thames Conservancy. "Clear the river for a race!" the guardians of the river shout. Not far behind them comes a little launch manned by more of the same force. As if by magic the pleasure-boats mass together along the Henley bank, leaving a clear space 75 feet wide near the other shore. The Thames at Henley is about the width of the Passaic at Newark. It is about 300 feet wide; perhaps a little wider. Bang! goes a cannon. A moment later every man and woman on the river stands up. "Do you see them?" is closely followed by, "Here they come!" Two rows of white-shirted men dot the clearing on the water. Their backs and their long oar-blades sway in the sun. There is confusion on the bank across the river from Henley. Scores of youths are running along even with the oarsmen, and shouting to them. Their money or friendly interest is staked upon one crew or the other. Among them ride men on horseback, the coaches of the crews. Behind the hindmost racing boat a steam-launch glides along. The judges are on board the launch. Nine throats in ten in all the tremendous multitude yell at the racers, but not two persons in ten know or care who they are or what the race is. Interest in the boat races is the last and least thing felt at Henley. The people go there for fun in the open air and on the water, to meet one another, and to say they have been to Henley. A foremost figure in the races this year was a New-Yorker named Psotta. On the first day the rumor ran that he had won; so it was again on the second day. "Good!" said the multitude each day. On the third day he was beaten. "Good!" said the multitude again. In truth very few cared. A noble lord who was present was asked at one time what boats were racing. He did not know one race in the three days, he said. Suddenly a man cried, "There's Christ-church ahead!" The noble lord, as all lords are called, no matter how little they deserve it, sprang to his feet at once. "I must cheer Christ-church," said he. "Well rowed, Christ-church; well rowed." Then he sat down and continued his luncheon. Christ-church was his *alma mater*, or he would not have stirred.

Across the river, where the men ran beside the racing boats, is a tow-path. There are many open lots there also. That is the public's common ground. During the regatta this bank was dotted with circus tents, gypsy wagons, drinking booths, and vans, and all the paraphernalia of all the mountebanks, fakirs, peddlers, contortionists, street singers, minstrels, and beggars of half the three kingdoms. Dickens knew these shifting sands of humanity as well as any ferryman knows his route, and not only did all the scenes and sounds there this year recall his pages, but the reproduction was so faithful as to make these people living and successive monuments to his genius. An adventure with one of that colony at Henley with which this account closes will demonstrate this better than any descriptive writing could do.

But before that all that remains to be said is that the scene outlined above was the scene at Henley for three days. No words can give an idea of the beauty of the house-boats, of the lavish display of the rich in their costumes, their retinues of liveried servants, or their elegant repasts on the lawns. No straining of English will picture to the absent reader's mind the swarm of boats in the water, the boats in the roads, on the banks, on the lawns, on wagons, in the railroad cars, and in the inn court-yards. One might as well try to reproduce in words the beauty of the fair and high-bred women or the general jollity and good-nature of the men. But to complete the record of a visit to England's greatest gathering it is necessary to say that at its close on the last night, when all the lanterns on the house-boats were sending their chromatic rays upon the clutter of craft in the river, there was a grand display of fireworks. At once the earth and the sky were made resplendent with colored lights. It was a beautiful scene, but it gave the American girl who was there with the inevitable American lover her only chance to show her patriotism.

"It is very pretty," said she, "but it is nothing to the Thousand Islands at night. The scene there on every night in the season is many times more brilliant."

"But what about Henley by daylight?" asked her radiant companion.

"Ah," said she, "that's another thing. I began to see some time ago that we Americans have been thinking of Europe through the little end of the telescope, so to speak. At home we think everything over here is small. One day in London gave me my first view through the right end of the glass. What is on a big scale over here is enormous beyond our wildest ideas, and Henley is the second biggest thing I've seen yet."

Her beaming satellite vouchsafed no comment on her words; but had she been Solomon come to earth again and wearing skirts, he could not have listened more devoutly.

"I'll get you a seat for a shilling, sir," said a porter at the Henley station. It seemed a providential suggestion, for of the thirty cars in the train each one was packed. "Here's a guard's box, sir; pop in lively. It's the only seat in the train. Thank ye, sir."

The guard's box was a comfortable padded seat in a little house built out beyond the side of the coach, and with a window in each side commanding a view up and down the train and the road. It opened into a little room at the end of the car. At the other side was another guard's box, and between the two was the big brake, such as American cars have upon their platforms. The compartment was as dark as Erebus. Some one tried one of the doors at the side, and at the same instant a vague figure of a man materialized in the gloom, and warned the intruder off.

"Private, sir," said the figure; "carn't come in, sir. This 'ere 'ole car is 'ired by me Lord 'Obnob, sir. 'E's in the forward part, sir, and we're hall 'is servants in 'ere, sir."

The man in quest of a seat went away, and the figure in the gloom remarked, "'Ow was that, Jack?" From another corner of the darkness a gruff voice sounded: "That's what I call fust clars." It was evident that the guard's compartment contained two other passengers. Presently the train rolled away from Henley, and the dusky figure that first revealed itself dropped into the vacant guard's box. Then, still remaining in obscurity, it spoke as follows:

"Oh, Jack, 'ere's a go! I've got the guard's seat. I've travelled thousands of miles and never 'ad one of these boxes. I say, Jack, you can see hup and down the 'ole train, and the 'ole line, and the 'ole country. Bless my eyes! this is a rum go. I'm feeling worth a thousand a year. No wonder the guards are so sleepy! It's ''Ere, guard, 'ere's a shilling,' and it's ''Ere's a drink, guard,' and it's ''Ere's a smoke, guard,' and then they sits 'ere in these boxes and goes regular to sleep. Why, I wouldn't give up this seat, not for a pension. Oh, my! 'what luck at the end of a bad beginning,' as the fellow said when he got locked up and met 'is father in a cell, which 'e 'adn't seen for years.

"Keep the 'ole floor, Jack, and make yourself perfeckly at 'ome. My name is Midgely, your 'onor—George Midgely, sir—that is to say, J. Midgely, your 'onor. I've a wife and four in a little cottage which I have to raise eight shillings and sixpence a week for the rent of, sir. I've a 'ole 'ouseful of furniture forward, sir, in the brake, consistin' of my paytent try-yer-weight scales and my paytent try-yer-lungs machine. I've been to 'Enley, and I've done so poorly, sir, that I'm goin' 'ome stony, sir—stony broke. I 'ad my machines on the bridge at 'Enley, sir, but really, I do tell you, sir, I never seen such a poor lot. I'm out of money by it, sir; but that's getting to be nothing. I'm gettin' used to it, sir. It was the very same at Ascot. I came 'ome stony from there too, sir. Didn't we, Jack?"

"'Deed we did," came a voice from the floor of the car.

"Ay, Jack 'as the rights of it, sir, as the magistrate said when the woman sued 'er sailor 'usband for bein' away from 'ome so much of the time. I say, Jack, this 'ere train's goin' it lively, ain't she? I spoke to the General Manager, and I asked 'im to make no stops 'twixt 'ere and London. 'E said 'e'd 'tend to it. It's the longest train ever I saw—a deal too big a load for one 'orse, even if it is an iron one. But, as I was a-sayin', yer 'onor, I never see such a lot as at 'Enley. The beggars and the waxies got all the pennies. I calls the nigger minstrels 'waxies' 'cause as they waxes their faces. But the public wouldn't 'ave my machines. Why not? Simply because their fathers 'adn't 'ad them and their grandfathers 'adn't 'ad them. That's why enough.

"I tried hall my ways of speakin'. I 'ave three ways: what I call my humorous, dramatical, and clarsical ways. I judge my public, and I know what to give 'em. I looks at all their faces, and then I lets go the sort that 'll please 'em—just like old Gladstone, a-shifting an' a-chopping about from one thing to another to suit my public. If I 'as a high-clars public such as you, yer 'onor, I let go my clarsical, or a bit of my medical and my clarsical. I tell 'em as 'ow hold Diogenus wasn't 'unting for honest men with 'is lantern, but was 'unting for such a thing as my try-yer-strength machine, which he couldn't find, 'cause it wasn't brought out. I never 'ad no set speech—never in the 'ole course of my natural. I halways say what's put in my 'ead to say; don't I, Jack?"

In this manner he and the cars rattled on together all the way to London. And there the experience of the new eyes at Henley properly ended.

MIDSUMMER NOON.

A subtle silence nature sweetly fills,
Lulled by the cricket and the droning bee;
The dull leaves scarcely rustle on the tree,
The sky seems blended with the distant hills.
No bird upon the way-side alder trills.
And in the wheat, a crinkled olive sea,
The poppy brightly flames, while merrily
The woodpecker the drowsy apple drills.
These sunny moments softly slip away,
Like unto dreams that all our cares release,
While sheep bells tinkle in the dusty fold.
O perfect calm o'er nature holding sway,
Making the day a shore of shining peace,
White as a lily with a heart of gold!

R. K. Munkittrick.

GOING TO CAMP FOR SUPPLIES.

In the relations of the common hand-car to man there are more latent possibilities of excitement and mental anxiety than in any other contrivance of modern railroading. Like its prototype in marine transportation, the cat-boat, the hand-car is practically an agent of disaster designed to entrap the innocent and unwary. Almost any man will attempt the guidance of a cat-boat because it has only one sail; anybody will undertake the management of a hand-car for the reason that it does not run by steam. In each case the real danger lies in the simplicity of the thing as well as the apparent absence of risk. In reality a cat-boat is safe only when tied to a wharf in a dead calm, and a hand-car is harmless only when lying bottom upward at the foot of a hill.

Persons who tamper with a hand-car at the top of a grade are likely to get themselves into trouble, for the machine will develop more unsuspected tendencies to run away than an unbroken broncho fresh from the herd. In the every-day management of railroads, however, and particularly in the construction of new lines, the hand-car is a humble and useful mechanical servant. Its chief function is the transportation of laborers and tools from one part of the line to another, but at times it is used as a supply train to carry provisions to the men at work, as shown in the engraving on another page. The car in this instance is technically known as a push-car, which is the simplest form of railway conveyance manufactured. It is not propelled by a system of levers or cranks, as in the hand-car proper, but by men on foot, who push it before them with its load of cross-ties or iron rails. For use as a brake it sometimes has a heavy bar of wood thrust through a hole in the floor. This brake-stick may or may not fall through the hole, and let the car go down the grade at the rate of something like four miles a minute: it all depends upon circumstances and the steepness of the grade.

As in the superstition of the gambler, there is one thing certain about the hand-car: it is bound to jump the track upon the slightest cause, and frequently from no cause at all. If it is running light, it will leave the rails because it is not heavy enough to move evenly at a high rate of speed, while if it is loaded, it will jump the track for the reason that the load may not be well balanced. For rapid running down a grade the hand-car is safest when weighted with rocks or iron rails.

The push-car shown in the illustration bears an important relation to the men at the top of the grade, inasmuch as it keeps them supplied with provisions while working some distance from camp or the commissary train. The two men in charge of it spend their time in riding the car down the grade and pushing it up again. The ride down is the more desirable of the two trips, as any one may see by the apparent exhilaration of the man who waves his hat in glee to a friend at the station below. Aside from its artistic merits, the picture might be called unsatisfactory by a practical man, in so far as there is nothing about it to indicate the safe arrival of the two men at the foot of the grade. It is fairly reasonable to assume that the car may suddenly yield to a desire to reach the station by the quickest and most direct way, and so leave the curve and plunge headlong down the mountain-side. Upon this supposition the hilarity of the hatless man is seen to be ill-timed, if not actually incongruous. His companion seems to have a more fitting conception of the situation, and so far as his personal exertions will avail, the trip may be made in safety. Even should the car arrive at the station in the proper manner, the hilarious man will not feel quite so hilarious on the return journey, for then he will be compelled to work his passage, and at the same time push a load of provisions up that long and wearisome grade. He is wisely having his fun in advance. For the sake of the hungry men whom he has left behind it is to be hoped that he will arrive at the base of supplies with his bones in their proper places.

JOHN P. MORTON.

John P. Morton, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, and the oldest bookseller in the United States, died at his home in that city on Friday, July 19th. Born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1807, he was thrown upon his own resources at the age of sixteen, being recalled from the Transylvania University by the financial failure of his father. About 1825 he was given the active management of a book-store, which had been started by W. W. Worsely. Later the firm became Morton & Smith, and the publication of a daily paper called *The Focus* was continued under the title of *The Focus and Journal*. The paper was afterward called the *Louisville Journal*. In 1838 the firm became Morton & Griswold, and ten years later John P. Morton & Co., under which name it has existed up to the present time. Mr. Morton, until within a few years, always took an active interest in the business, which became known as one of the largest publishing houses in the South.

Outside of his book business, he was largely interested in other investments which made him one of the most wealthy citizens of Louisville. He was particularly successful with real estate which he owned in Florida, and which grew to be very valuable.

Mr. Morton was a man of many charities, and a prominent Episcopalian. At an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars he endowed the Church Home and Infirmary, one of the most magnificent charities of Louisville. His wife, who was Miss Harriet Griswold, survives him.

THE PATH OF HOPE.

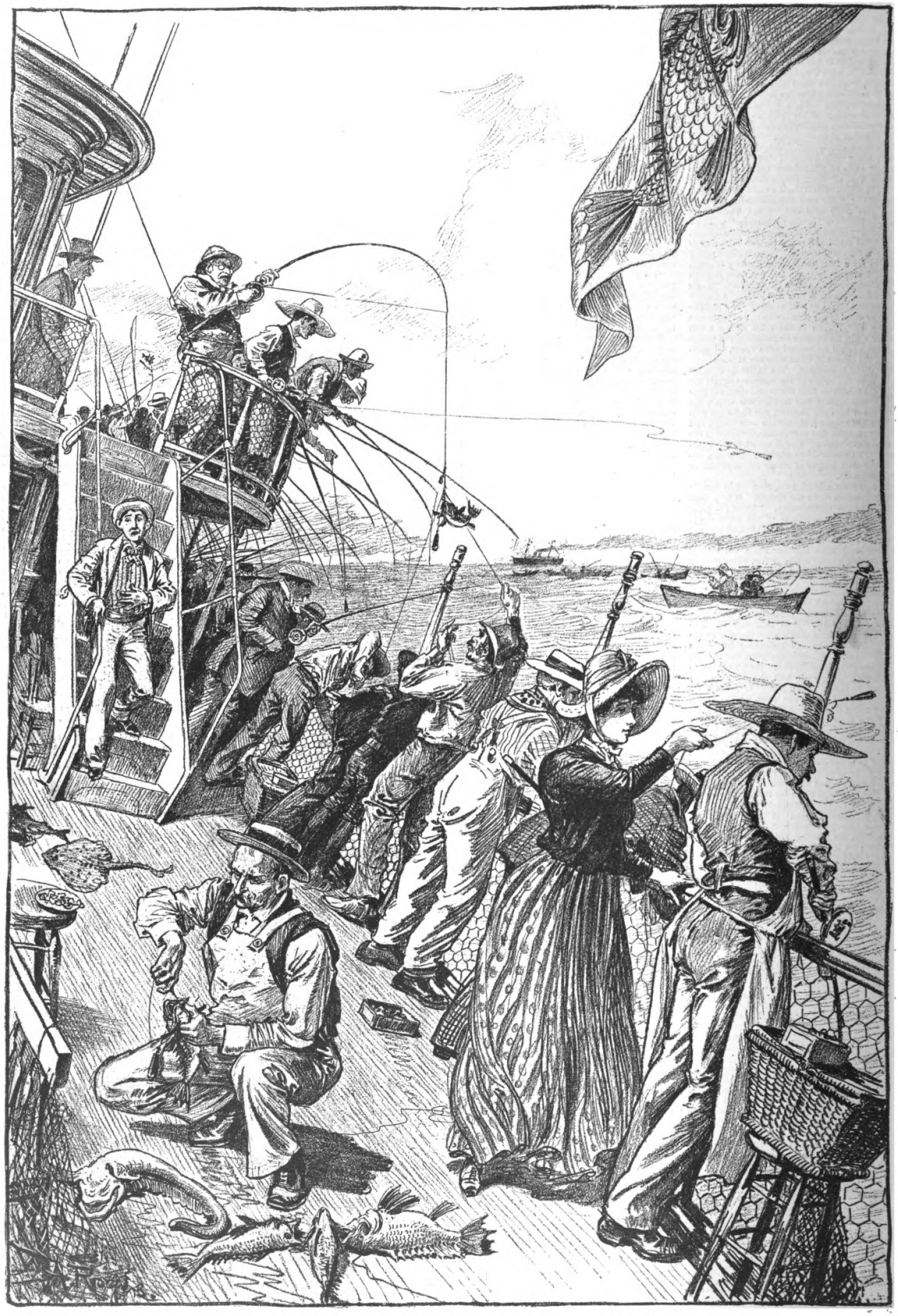
Danger came once, but with so sweet a face
I scarcely knew 'twas Danger:
It was a pitfall decked with flowers,
As lovely to the longing feet
As leafy alleys in the heat,
Or meadows white with showers:
Could aught resist so fair a place,
The poppy-path of Danger?
Thank God, who plucked me back
Just as my step was sinking to the fall,
A truant from the chosen track,
Whose iron roadway stretches black
And blackens to a wall!
Here, only here,
Strange lights of hope appear,
These sultry portents of the morning sky:
Then courage, heart! and onward without fear
Till God shall teach you why!

Dora Read Goodale.



IO TRIUMPHE!

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 623.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



DOWN THE GRADE FROM THE DIVIDE—SECTION HANDS GOING TO CAMP FOR PROVISIONS.
Drawn by H. F. Farny from a Sketch by Alfred Mitchell.—[See Page 619.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.

VII.

MARGARET VANCE tried to give herself some reason for going to call upon the Dryfooses, but she could find none better than the wish to do a kind thing. This seemed queerer and less and less sufficient as she examined it, and she even admitted a little curiosity as a harmless element in her motive, without being very well satisfied with it. She tried to add a slight sense of social duty, and then she decided to have no motive at all, but simply to pay her visit as she would to any other eligible strangers she saw fit to call upon. She perceived that she must be very careful not to let them see that any other impulse had governed her; she determined, if possible, to let them patronize *her;* to be very modest and sincere and diffident, and, above all, not to play a part. This was easy, compared with the choice of a manner that should convey to them the fact that she was not playing a part. When the hesitating Irish serving-man had acknowledged that the ladies were at home, and had taken her card to them, she sat waiting for them in the drawing-room. Her study of its appointments, with their impersonal costliness, gave her no suggestion how to proceed; the two sisters were upon her before she had really decided, and she rose to meet them with the conviction that she was going to play a part for want of some chosen means of not doing so. She found herself, before she knew it, making her banjo a property in the little comedy, and professing so much pleasure in the fact that Miss Dryfoos was taking it up; she had herself been so much interested by it. Anything, she said, was a relief from the piano; and then, between the guitar and the banjo, one must really choose the banjo; unless one wanted to devote one's whole natural life to the violin. Of course, there was the mandolin; but Margaret asked if they did not feel that the bit of shell you struck it with interposed a distance between you and the real soul of the instrument; and then it did have such a faint, mosquitoy little tone! She made much of the question, which they left her to debate alone while they gazed solemnly at her till she characterized the tone of the mandolin, when Mela broke into a large, coarse laugh.

"Well, that's just what it *does* sound like," she explained, defiantly, to her sister. "I always feel like it was going to settle somewhere, and I want to hit myself a slap before it begins to bite. I don't see what ever brought such a thing into fashion."

Margaret had not expected to be so powerfully seconded, and she asked, after gathering herself together, "And you are both learning the banjo?"

"My, no!" said Mela; "I've gone through enough with the piano. Christine is learning it."

"I'm so glad you are making my banjo useful at the outset, Miss Dryfoos." Both girls stared at her, but found it hard to cope with the fact that this was the lady friend whose banjo Beaton had lent them. "Mr. Beaton mentioned that he had left it here. I hope you'll keep it as long as you find it useful."

At this amiable speech even Christine could not help thanking her. "Of course," she said, "I expect to get another, right off. Mr. Beaton is going to choose it for me."

"You are very fortunate. If you haven't a teacher yet, I should so like to recommend mine."

Mela broke out in her laugh again. "Oh, I guess Christine's pretty well suited with the one she's got," she said, with insinuation. Her sister gave her a frowning glance, and Margaret did not tempt her to explain.

"Then that's much better," she said. "I have a kind of superstition in such matters; I don't like to make a second choice. In a shop I like to take the first thing of the kind I'm looking for, and even if I choose further I come back to the original."

"How funny!" said Mela. "Well, now, I'm just the other way. I always take the last thing, after I've picked over all the rest. My luck always seems to be at the bottom of the heap. Now Christine, she's more like you. I believe she could walk right up blindfolded and put her hand on the thing she wants every time."

"I'm like father," said Christine, softened a little by the celebration of her peculiarity. "He says the reason so many people don't get what they want is that they don't want it bad enough. Now when I want a thing, it seems to me that I want it all through."

"Well, that's just like father, too," said Mela. "That's the way he done when he got that eighty-acre piece next to Moffitt that he kept when he sold the farm, and that's got some of the best gas wells on it now that there is anywhere." She addressed the explanation to her sister, to the exclusion of Margaret, who, nevertheless, listened with a smiling face and a resolutely polite air of being a party to the conversation. Mela rewarded her amiability by saying to her finally, "You never been in the natural gas country, have you?"

"Oh, no! And I should so much like to see it!" said Margaret, with a fervor that was partly voluntary.

"Would you? Well, we're kind of sick of it, but I suppose it *would* strike a stranger."

"*I* never got tired of looking at the big wells when they lit them up," said Christine. "It seems as if the world was on fire."

"Yes, and when you see the surface-gas burnin' down in the woods, like it used to by our spring-house—so still, and never spreadin' any; just like a bed of some kind of wild flowers when you ketch sight of it a piece off."

They began to tell of the wonders of their strange land in an antiphony of reminiscences and descriptions; they unconsciously imputed a merit to themselves from the number and violence of the wells on their father's property; they bragged of the high civilization of Moffitt, which they compared to its advantage with that of New York. They became excited by Margaret's interest in natural gas, and forgot to be suspicious and envious.

She said, as she rose, "Oh, how much I should like to see it all!" Then she made a little pause and added, "I'm so sorry my aunt's Thursdays are over; she never has them after Lent; but we're to have some people Tuesday evening at a little concert which a musical friend is going to give with some other artists. There won't be any banjoes, I'm afraid, but there'll be some very good singing, and my aunt would be so glad if you could come with your mother."

She put down her aunt's card on the table near her, while Mela gurgled, as if it were the best joke: "Oh, my! Mother never goes anywhere; you couldn't get her out for love or money." But she was herself overwhelmed with a simple joy at Margaret's politeness, and showed it in a sensuous way, like a child, as if she had been tickled. She came closer to Margaret, and seemed about to fawn physically upon her.

"Ain't she just as lovely as she can live?" she demanded of her sister when Margaret was gone.

"I don't know," said Christine. "I guess she wanted to know who Mr. Beaton had been lending her banjo to."

"Pshaw! Do you suppose she's in love with him?" asked Mela, and then she broke into her hoarse laugh at the look her sister gave her. "Well, don't eat *me*, Christine! I wonder who she is, anyway? I'm goun' to git it out of Mr. Beaton the next time he calls. I guess she's somebody. Mrs. Mandel can tell. I wish that old friend of hers would hurry up and git well—or something. But I guess we appeared about as well as she did. I could see she was afraid of you, Christine. I reckon it's gittin' around a little about father; and when it does I don't believe we shall want for callers. Say, are you goun'? To that concert of theirs?"

"I don't know. Not till I know who they are first."

"Well, we've got to hump ourselves if we're goun' to find out before Tuesday."

As she went home, Margaret felt wrought in her that most incredible of the miracles, which, nevertheless, any one may make his experience. She felt kindly to these girls because she had tried to make them happy, and she hoped that in the interest she had shown there had been none of the poison of flattery. She was aware that this was a risk she ran in such an attempt to do good. If she had escaped this effect she was willing to leave the rest with Providence.

VIII.

The notion that a girl of Margaret Vance's traditions would naturally form of girls like Christine and Mela Dryfoos would be that they were abashed in the presence of the new conditions of their lives, and that they must receive the advance she had made them with a certain grateful humility. However they received it, she had made it upon principle, from a romantic conception of duty; but this was the way she imagined they would receive it, because she thought that she would have done so if she had been as ignorant and unbred as they. Her error was in arguing their attitude from her own temperament, and endowing them, for the purposes of argument, with her perspective. They had not the means, intellectual or moral, of feeling as she fancied. If they had remained at home on the farm where they were born, Christine would have grown up that embodiment of impassioned suspicion which we find oftenest in the narrowest spheres, and Mela would always have been a good-natured simpleton; but they would never have doubted their equality with the wisest and the finest. As it was, they had not learned enough at school to doubt it, and the splendor of their father's success in making money had blinded them forever to any possible difference against them. They had no question of themselves in the social abeyance to which they had been left in New York. They had been surprised, mystified; it was not what they had expected; there must be some mistake. They were the victims of an accident, which would be repaired as soon as the fact of their father's wealth had got around. They had been steadfast in their faith, through all their disappointment, that they were not only better than most people by virtue of his money, but as good as any; and they took Margaret's visit, so far as they investigated its motive, for a sign that at last it was beginning to get around; of course a thing could not get around in New York so quick as it could in a small place. They were confirmed in their belief by the sensation of Mrs. Mandel, when she returned to duty that afternoon, and they consulted her about going to Mrs. Horn's *musicale*. If she had felt any doubt at the name—for there were Horns and Horns—the address on the card put the matter beyond question; and she tried to make her charges understand what a precious chance had befallen them. She did not succeed; they had not the premises, the experience, for a sufficient impression; and she undid her work in part by the effort to explain that Mrs. Horn's standing was independent of money; that though she was positively rich, she was comparatively poor. Christine inferred that Miss Vance had called because she wished to be the first to get in with them since it had begun to get around. This view commended itself to Mela too, but without warping her from her opinion that Miss Vance was all the same too sweet for anything. She had not so vivid a consciousness of her father's money as Christine had; but she reposed perhaps all the more confidently upon its power. She was far from thinking meanly of any one who thought highly of her for it; that seemed so natural a result as to be amiable, even admirable; she was willing that any such person should get all the good there was in such an attitude toward her.

They discussed the matter that night at dinner before their father and mother, who mostly sat silent at their meals; the father frowning absently over his plate, with his head close to it, and making play into his mouth with the back of his knife (he had got so far toward the use of his fork as to despise those who still ate from the edge of their knives), and the mother partly missing hers at times in the nervous tremor that shook her face from side to side.

After a while the subject of Mela's hoarse babble and of Christine's high-pitched, thin, sharp forays of assertion and denial in the field which her sister's voice seemed to cover, made its way into the old man's consciousness, and he perceived that they were talking with Mrs. Mandel about it, and that his wife was from time to time offering an irrelevant and mistaken comment. He agreed with Christine, and silently took her view of the affair some time before he made any sign of having listened. There had been a time in his life when other things besides his money seemed admirable to him. He had once respected himself for the hard-headed, practical common-sense which first gave him standing among his country neighbors; which made him supervisor, school trustee, justice of the peace, county commissioner, secretary of the Moffitt County Agricultural Society. In those days he had served the public with disinterested zeal and proud ability; he used to write to the *Lake Shore Farmer* on agricultural topics; he took part in opposing, through the Moffitt papers, the legislative waste of the people's money; on the question of selling a local canal to the railroad company which killed that fine old State work, and let the dry ditch grow up to grass, he might have gone to the Legislature, but he contented himself with defeating the Moffitt member who had voted for the job. If he opposed some measures for the general good, like high-schools and school libraries, it was because he lacked perspective, in his intense individualism, and suspected all expense of being spendthrift. He believed in good district schools, and he had a fondness, crude but genuine, for some kinds of reading—history and forensics of an elementary sort.

With his good head for figures he doubted doctors and despised preachers; he thought lawyers were all rascals, but he respected them for their ability; he was not himself litigious, but he enjoyed the intellectual encounters of a difficult lawsuit, and he often attended a sitting of the fall term of court, when he went to town, for the pleasure of hearing the speeches. He was a good citizen, and a good husband. As a good father, he was rather severe with his children, and used to whip them, especially the gentle Conrad, who somehow crossed him most, till the twins died. After that he never struck any of them; and from the sight of a blow dealt a horse he turned as if sick. It was a long time before he lifted himself up from his sorrow, and then the will of the man seemed to have been breached through his affections. He let the girls do as they pleased—the twins had been girls; he let them go away to school, and got them a piano. It was they who made him sell the farm. If Conrad had only had their spirit he could have made him keep it, he felt; and he resented the want of support he might have found in a less yielding spirit than his son's.

His moral decay began with his perception of the opportunity of making money quickly and abundantly, which offered itself to him after he sold his farm. He awoke to it slowly, from a desolation in which he tasted the last bitter of homesickness, the utter misery of idleness and listlessness. When he broke down and cried for the hard-working, wholesome life he had lost, he was near the end of this season of despair, but he was also near the end of what was best in himself. He devolved upon a meaner ideal than that of conservative good citizenship, which had been his chief moral experience: the money he had already made without effort and without merit, bred its unholy self-love in him; he began to honor money, especially money that had been won suddenly and in large sums; for money that had been earned, painfully, slowly, and in little amounts, he had only pity and contempt. The poison of that ambition to go somewhere and be somebody which the local speculators had instilled into him, began to work in the vanity which had succeeded his somewhat scornful self-respect; he rejected Europe as the proper field for his expansion; he rejected Washington; he preferred New York, whither the men who have made money and do not yet know that money has made them, all instinctively turn. He came where he could watch his money breed more money, and bring greater increase of its kind in an hour of luck than the toil of a thousand men could earn in a year. He called it speculation, stocks, the street; and his pride, his faith in himself mounted with his luck. He expected, when he had sated his greed, to begin to spend, and he had formulated an intention to build a great house, to add another to the palaces of the country-bred millionaires who have come to adorn the great city. In the mean time he made little account of the thing that occupied his children, except to fret at the ungrateful indifference of his son to the interests that could alone make a man of him. He did not know whether his daughters were in society or not; with people coming and going in the house he would have supposed they must be so, no matter who the people were; in some vague way he felt that he had hired society in Mrs. Mandel, at so much a year. He never met a superior himself, except now and then a man of twenty or fifty millions to his one or two, and then he felt his soul creep within him, without a sense of social inferiority; it was a question of financial inferiority; and though Dryfoos's soul bowed itself and crawled, it was with a gambler's admiration of wonderful luck. Other men said these many-millioned millionaires were smart, and got their money by sharp practices to which lesser men could not attain; but Dryfoos believed that he could compass the same ends, by the same means, with the same chances; he respected their money, not them.

When he now heard Mrs. Mandel and his daughters talking of that person, whoever she was, that Mrs. Mandel seemed to think had honored his girls by coming to see them, his curiosity was pricked as much as his pride was galled.

"Well, anyway," said Mela, "I don't care whether Christine's goun' or not; *I* am. And you got to go with me, Mrs. Mandel."

"Well, there's a little difficulty," said Mrs. Mandel, with her unfailing dignity and politeness. "I haven't been asked, you know."

"Then what are we goun' to do?" demanded Mela, almost crossly. She was physically too amiable, she felt too well corporeally, ever to be quite cross. "She might 'a' knowed—well, *known*—we couldn't 'a' come alone, in New York. I don't see why we couldn't. I don't call it much of a invitation!"

"I suppose she thought you could come with your mother," Mrs. Mandel suggested.

"She didn't say anything about mother. Did she, Christine? Or, yes, she did, too. And I told her she couldn't git mother out. Don't you remember?"

"I didn't pay much attention," said Christine. "I wasn't certain we wanted to go."

"I reckon you wasn't goun' to let her see that we cared much," said Mela, half reproachful, half proud of this attitude of Christine. "Well, I don't see but what we got to stay at home." She laughed at this lame conclusion of the matter.

"Perhaps Mr. Conrad—you could very properly take him without an express invitation—" Mrs. Mandel began.

Conrad looked up in alarm and protest. "I—I don't think I could go that evening—"

"What's the reason?" his father broke in, harshly. "You're not such a sheep that you're afraid to go into company with your sisters? Or are you too good to go with them?"

"If it's to be anything like that night when them hussies come out and danced that way," said Mrs. Dryfoos, "I don't blame Coonrod for not wantun' to go. I never saw the beat of it."

Mela sent a yelling laugh across the table to her mother. "Well, I wish Miss Vance could 'a' heard that! Why, mother, did you think it was like the ballet?"

"Well, I didn't know, Mely child," said the old woman. "I didn't know *what* it was like. I hain't never been to one, and you can't be too keerful where you go, in a place like New York."

"What's the reason you can't go?" Dryfoos ignored the passage between his wife and daughter in making this demand of his son, with a sour face.

"I have an engagement, that night—it's one of our meetings—"

"I reckon you can let your meeting go for one night," said Dryfoos. "It can't be so important, as all that, that you must disappoint your sisters."

"I don't like to disappoint those poor creatures. They depend so much upon the meetings—"

"I reckon they can stand it for one night," said the old man. He added, "The poor ye have with you always."

"That's so, Coonrod," said his mother. "It's the Saviour's own words."

"Yes, mother. But they're not meant just as father used them."

"How do you know how they were meant? Or how I used them?" cried the father. "Now you just make your plans to go with the girls, Tuesday night. They can't go alone, and Mrs. Mandel can't go with them."

"Pshaw!" said Mela. "We don't want to take Conrad away from his meetun', do we, Chris?"

"I don't know," said Christine, in her high, fine voice. "They could get along without him for one night, as father says."

"Well, I'm not a-goun' to take him," said Mela. "Now, Mrs. Mandel, just think out some other way. Say! what's the reason we couldn't get somebody else to take us just as well? Ain't that rulable?"

"It would be allowable—"

"Allowable, I *mean*," Mela corrected herself.

"But it might look a little significant, unless it was some old family friend."

"Well, let's get Mr. Fulkerson to take us. He's the oldest family friend *we* got."

"I won't go with Mr. Fulkerson," said Christine, serenely.

"Why, I'm sure, Christine," her mother pleaded, "Mr. Fulkerson is a very good young man, and very nice appearun'."

Mela shouted, "He's ten times as pleasant as that old Mr. Beaton of Christine's!"

Christine made no effort to break the constraint that fell upon the table at this sally, but her father said: "Chris-tine is right, Mela. It wouldn't do for you to go with any other young man. Conrad will go with you."

"I'm not certain I want to go, yet," said Christine.

"Well, settle that among yourselves. But if you want to go, your brother will go with you."

"Of course, Coonrod 'll go, if his sisters wants him to," the old woman pleaded. "I reckon it ain't a-goun' to be anything very bad; and if it is, Coonrod, why you can just git right up and come out."

"It will be all right, mother. And I will go, of course."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1653.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"There, now, I knowed you would, Coonrod. Now, fawther?" This appeal was to make the old man say something in recognition of Conrad's sacrifice.

"You'll always find," he said, "that it's those of your own household that have the first claim on you."

"That's so, Coonrod," urged his mother. "It's Bible truth. Your fawther ain't a perfesser, but he always read his Bible. Search the Scriptures. That's what it means."

"Laws!" cried Mela, "a body can see, easy enough from mother, where Conrad's wantin' to be a preacher comes from. I should 'a' thought she'd 'a' wanted to been one herself."

"Let your women keep silence in the churches," said the old woman solemnly.

"There you go again, mother! I guess if you was to say that to some of the lady ministers nowadays, you'd git yourself into trouble." Mela looked round for approval, and gurgled out a hoarse laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OUTPOST IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

DANGER everywhere—ahead of them, behind them, on all sides of them. Danger in that bunch of cottonwoods waving their feathery branches in the night breeze on the banks of the "creek," danger lurking on the trail through the cañon, the dark and rugged sides of which rise precipitately upward from the rough bowlder-strewn bed of the stream, rushing with gurgling and splash of angry waters toward the river away out on the plain beyond. Possible danger behind every rock and bush, in every coulee and dark-mouthed cavern. Behind them and below—down in the hollow, black with the shades of night—is the main command, the soldiers sleeping lying on their arms; the pack-mules are herded close together, no fires are burning, and everything seems still as death save for the roar of the stream and the soughing of the wind in the tree-tops. At every available point of approach to the camp the outposts—"outlying parties" they are called in this Indian campaigning—watch over the safety of their comrades. Here is no pacing up and down of "the sentry's lonely beat," no bayonets "gleaming in the moonlight"; but huddled close up to one another, wrapped in their overcoats and blankets, the little groups carefully hide themselves from view. One of their number lies prone on the ground or squats behind some pile of rocks, eyes searching through the darkness, ears attentive to the slightest sound.

Away over there in the east, far beyond the wide plain before them, the sky over the distant hills takes on a lighter hue, and objects close at hand become distinguishable one from the other. Brighter and brighter glow the heavens, and blacker by contrast looms the range of mountains on the horizon; the stars shine palely still, and a curving gleam of silver on the prairie marks the course of the rivulet as it reflects the sky in its clear waters. One by one the stars go out, rosy flushes glow on the edges of the lowlying clouds, and now a shaft of yellow light darts upward. The valley still lies in shadow, but the rocks up there where the sentry stands catch on their tips the glowing harbingers of approaching day. The lookout carefully conceals his rifle—no shaft of glancing light must strike the polished barrel to carry warning perhaps of the presence of the soldiers to a wary and suspicious enemy—and gazes out earnestly over the valley. He sees something over yonder—something vague and misty, a thin, almost imperceptible, vaporous line floating in the air against the now brilliant sky—between where he stands and the far-away mountains. Softly he calls the corporal, and together they eagerly look down into the valley. And now, with a burst of brilliant light darting away up to the zenith, the sun rises in all his splendor, covering the mountains with waves of golden glory, and chasing away the last lingering shadows of night from the surface of the plain. Yes! it *is* smoke, that faint blue vapor, and down there among the trees must lie the village of the savage foe.

A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS.

If there be a distinctly felt want on the part of any considerable section of the community that is not supplied (for money) by some enterprising person, the research, even of the newspaper reporter, who of necessity knows all things, has failed to disclose it. Moreover, it is difficult to recall an instance in which the enterprising person aforesaid, if he be lucky in his venture, does not encounter competition.

There be many men and some women who delight in catching fish, albeit very few discriminate between what may be called the fine art of angling and the plain, straightforward hauling up of finny food. Doubtless a fish is a fish, and a fisherman may be as conscientious a tax-payer and as good a juryman as an angler, and he who catches and keeps a sea-robin or a conger-eel may be entitled to esteem in other respects as well as he who lands a trout, a salmon, or a tarpon.

For him who delights in mere piscatorial slaughter, and who perchance has neither the means, the time, the tackle, nor the skill to pursue the game fish in his chosen haunts, there is ample provision made in the complex civilization of the great city. It need not be that he shall have rods and reels, and fancy hooks, and feather flies, and leaders, and things. All he requires is a dollar and a half and a day off. If it be so that nature has given him a strong stomach, so much the better. If not, he can suffer in company and be not ashamed.

Let such a one go early in the morning to Pier 6 on the banks of the mighty Hudson, and part with his half-dollar to a genial stentor who peddles tickets there. This simple ceremony will initiate him in the curious company of regulars who go, many of them every week, to the Fishing Banks, and there indulge in what is to them great sport. The boat on which he will embark is a comfortable excursion steam-boat, of fair size and the regulation pattern, which goes out daily during the season, from early spring till late autumn, on such trips. It is commanded by a skilled pilot, who has really the surname Foster, but whom everybody on board calls Al. Popular belief credits him with knowing every day just where the fish are in greatest number, and with being able to get to that particular spot, even out of sight of landmarks. His crew consists entirely of his brothers, who all look exactly alike, and the number of whom no man knows.

Every foot of space along the guards of each deck, the main, the upper, and the hurricane, is promptly pre-empted by some one of the passengers, who places his belongings—for most of them bring their own tackle and baskets—on a stool or on the deck, and then settles himself for a couple of hours of sociable chat. Marvellous captures of other days and the prospects for the present day's fishing are the two staples of conversation, and no formality of introduction is esteemed necessary to warrant addressing your neighbor. Your common aim puts you on an immediate equality with him, and, as you will at once find, democracy pure and simple rules on the boat, at least in form. Sandy Hook being passed, the skipper—of course he is a captain, but skipper seems to the observer a more appropriate title—calls for an expression of the popular will.

"All them as want to go to the Cholera Banks will say 'Ay,'" he roars on the main deck, loud enough to be heard half-way to shore. "If we go to the Cholera Banks we ain't certain o' finding it in this fog; and, gentlemen, if we go to the Cholera Banks I won't guarantee to find any sea-bass there; and, gentlemen, if we do go to the Cholera Banks and don't find it, and don't get any sea-bass, I won't return your money. All them as want to go to the Cholera Banks say 'Ay.'"

Then it seems to the inexperienced passenger that everybody shouts "Ay"; whereupon the skipper says, "Contrarily," and his rising inflection seeming to call for a response, everybody shouts "No."

Forms having been thus observed, the skipper does as he pleases, which is apparently satisfactory to every one. Whether or no the Cholera Banks are reached, the steamer comes to anchor, turns comfortably and promptly into the trough of the sea, and whether the water be rough or smooth, begins rolling sufficiently to send the weaker ones to the cabin or to the lee rail.

It is a motley throng, as Mr. Rogers's pencil shows, and as we look around for "types" to sketch with pen or pencil, the bewilderment of choosing grows. Perhaps a majority are Germans. More than half are past middle age. Nearly all are rough of tongue, and the fallacy of the saying, "If you swear, you won't catch fish," is amply proven; but there is seldom a fight, and never a serious one, though there is often provocation. What can be more provoking than to stand on the upper deck, throw out your line, have it get entangled in six other lines, and then *for* some impatient fisherman on the lower deck to cut your hook, bait, and sinker all loose in trying to untangle the snarl? This is occasionally though not often done.

Sunburned, sore of stomach, and perhaps of fingers too, the novice will get back to the city by five or six o'clock, with the experience gained of one day's enjoyment of a quaint and simple pleasure. He will have spent his dollar for a plain, hearty dinner, a line and hook and some bait, and he may, if he is lucky, have a string of strange swimming creatures, including his money's worth of good bass, weakfish, blue-fish, or cod. Moreover, he will have seen how curiously curious people take their pleasure.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN ATLANTA.

In her streets and in her buildings Atlanta shows in a marked degree the influence that Georgia marble and granite are beginning to have on her architecture. The streets and even the country roads for several miles are paved with granite. The compactly built and granite-paved streets, with the heavy noise of the vehicles and the general solidity of things, attract the attention of new-comers. It does not give the impression of quick and irregular growth, for its corporate limit is a circle described about the central depot, with a radius of a mile and a half, and the population, having filled these seven and a half square miles with nearly uniform density, has overflowed its limits, and formed a cordon of interesting suburbs, to which street-car lines and more rapid forms of transit have been extended. At some remove from the bustle and din of the centre, people of means have sought the restfulness of stone, and it appears in pleasing variety on the further end of Peachtree and other streets.

The Georgia marble, with its wealth of color, appears occasionally in the finish of interiors, and this is particularly noticeable in the new Capitol and the Traders' Bank building. The shades of pink, blue, and gray are contrasted with fine effect, and their strong markings are occasionally matched in striking combination. The recent opening of suburban parks with rapid transit has given a new stimulus to the building of substantial residences, and in the architecture of the better class of these new homes granite will predominate.

THE NEW CAPITOL.

The completion within the limits of the million-dollar appropriation of a new Capitol in keeping with the dignity of the State, and the furnishing of it in elegance commensurate with the magnificence of the building itself, is the occasion of profound satisfaction and general congratulation among the people of Georgia. The architecture of the new building very much resembles that of the national Capitol, and its dimensions are ample for all the needs of the government. The length through the centre from north to south is 347 feet 5 inches, and from east to west through the portico its width is 272 feet 8½ inches. The ground-floor covers an acre and a quarter, and on the walls there are ten acres of plastering.

In the centre of the building, just back of the portico, the rotunda, 48 feet in diameter, rises from the first floor through the other stories to a height of 172 feet. To the north and south of this are the great light shafts, large rectangular courts 50 feet wide by 70 long, open from the first floor through the roof to the top of a rectangular lantern of the same size. The lantern is 12 feet high, and is walled in with a series of windows. Around the light shafts are the grand corridors, whose broad pavements are laid with white marble tiles. The offices of the Governor and other State officers are on the first floor, and the principal halls are on the second, rising to the top of the third story. The House of Representatives is in the portico directly over the main entrance, on the west side, and the Senate-Chamber is in a smaller portico on the east, just opposite the House. The State Library takes up the second and third stories entirely across the north end, and the Supreme Court room occupies the second story in the south. The rest of the third floor is taken up by the thirty committee rooms.

It is a matter of general regret among Georgians that Indiana oolitic limestone and not Georgia granite was used in building their magnificent new Capitol. There is no particular objection to the Indiana stone, though it bleaches in the summer and frowns again with the winter, but it was a matter of State pride that the structure should be built of Georgia material. The Capitol commissioners, who took up the work five years ago, found that they could not get either Georgia marble or Georgia granite within the $1,000,000 appropriation, and for fear that the legislators, who had voted this sum with reluctance, would reduce the amount or wipe it out entirely, an increase was not asked. So the Capitol was built of Indiana limestone, though Stone Mountain, only fifteen miles away, raises its granite sides in sullen protest.

There is some compensation to Georgians in the fact, recently made public, that less money was sent to Indiana for the limestone in the exterior than has been spent on the native marble tiles and wainscoting of the interior. Seventy thousand square feet, or more than an acre and a half, of white marble tiles have been laid in the halls and corridors. The white tile pavements are bordered along the walls with a twelve-inch strip of wavy blue, and from this the pink marble wainscoting rises four feet. This wainscoting is polished to the last degree, and about every twelve feet there are massive pilasters of the same material. The wood finish is in keeping, and the effect is one of palatial magnificence. The Governor's private office is finished in maple and his reception-room in cherry. The other offices are in oak. The hall of the House of Representatives and the State Library are finished in cherry, and the Senate-Chamber in oak. The painting of the House and Senate-Chamber and the other halls is a beautiful blending of delicate shades of yellow, gold, and buff in graceful designs, with tracings of other colors.

The heating is done by indirect radiators, which furnish 19,200 square feet of surface, and ventilation is kept up by means of an immense fan eight feet in diameter. Combination fixtures for gas or incandescent electric lights have been put in, and electric call bells are arranged. In addition to the broad stairways which take up so much room in the light shafts, there is a steam elevator near the rotunda. From the third floor a spiral stairway leads up to the dome and around it to the lantern. From the balcony around the base of the lantern, about 200 feet above ground, there is a fine panoramic view which takes in Stone Mountain in the east and Kennesaw on the north, and the naked eye reaches over the rolling country for miles beyond these landmarks.

When a million-dollar appropriation was made for a new Capitol and the plans had been adopted, it was generally predicted that the building would never be finished within that limit. Those who knew anything of the usual sequel to appropriations for great government buildings thought the cost would not be less than a million and a half or two millions. The commissioners, however, executed their trust with the same care that they give to their own affairs, and the structure, which was completed within the appropriation, is, by general consent of those who have seen it, the best million-dollar edifice in America. The Governor of the State is *ex officio* chairman of the commission, and it was organized during the administration of Governor H. D. McDaniel, and completed in the term of Governor Gordon. The commissioners are General E. P. Alexander, General Phil Cook, Hon. A. L. Miller, Hon. W. B. Thomas, and Hon. E. P. Howell, the last succeeding the late Hon. Benjamin F. Crane, who died in the first year of the commission's service. Edbrook & Burnham, of Chicago, are the architects. The bill for the appropriation was introduced in the Legislature by Hon. Frank Rice, of Atlanta. The furniture commission includes the Governor, Speaker Clay and Mr. J. S. Lamar of the House, President Du Bignon and Mr. Frank Rice of the Senate.

The Legislature at its December session appropriated $71,000 to furnish the Capitol, and a commission was appointed to expend that sum to the best advantage. Furniture in oak, cherry, and maple, to match the finish of the halls and offices, has been put in, and in the House and Senate the desks are of cherry and oak, with places for the member's umbrella, hat, and overcoat, and arranged so that his easy-chair may revolve to face different sides of the Chamber. The Governor's private office is a dream of beauty. Above is an ethereal blue, and under your feet the ashes-of-roses. The desk, table, chairs, window and door frames are of maple, and the furniture is upholstered with morocco. The adjoining reception-room, finished in cherry, with blue and ecru carpet, rich reps and plush furniture, mahogany centre table, and chandelier of solid silver and bronze, is hardly less beautiful.

The Executive Department is provided with patent shelving, upon which heavy books of record lie flat on trucks which roll in and out of the shelves, so that the books may be handled with ease. Lying in that position, the heavy folios do not pull down from their binding, and it is said that in this position they will not burn sooner than an oak log.

The painting of the rotunda has been left for a time, and it is proposed to make it a pictorial representation of the events of Georgia history from the landing of Oglethorpe at Yamacraw to the present time, and this will doubtless have the effect of enlarging the gallery of life-size portraits of distinguished Georgians whose forms and faces on the walls of the House of Representatives give the incipient statesmen constant reminders that they must aim high or fall short of the standards of the past.

This is the first in any sense permanent seat of the government of Georgia. The little brick house occupied by the first Legislature after the evacuation of the British was still standing in Savannah a few years ago. From that Legislature's meeting till now the government has dwelt in tabernacles, and the occupation of a permanent Capitol is an event in the history of the State.

OTHER NOTABLE BUILDINGS.

Among the most important buildings of recent construction is the Girls' High-School, built last year on the spot where General Sherman established his head-quarters twenty-five years ago. It is the best of the school buildings, and its construction was on the most approved plan, adopted by the Board of Education after careful investigation of various systems of construction, heating, and ventilation. The cost was about $30,000.

The B'nai Brith Orphans' Asylum, completed and occupied the past spring, was built by the division of that order which extends from Washington city to Savannah. The fund was started two years ago, and since then $60,000 has been raised, and the building has been completed. It is now occupied, and accessions are coming in every month. The structure, situated on an eminence in a quiet suburb on the south side, is in the Moorish style of architecture, with the Oriental minaret rising near the centre of the front. The impression is one of picturesque beauty.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

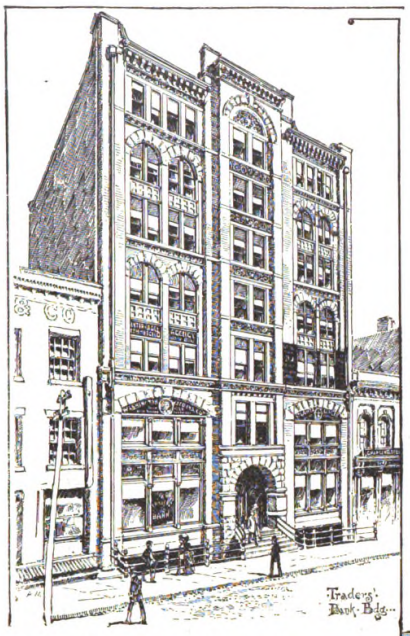
Next to the Capitol, the institution of which Georgians are most proud is the Technological School. It was built on a $65,000 appropriation by the Legislature, supplemented by a $70,000 donation by the city and citizens of Atlanta. The cut shows two buildings—the machine shop on the left and the academic building on the right. The shop runs back two hundred and fifty feet to a foundry where castings of brass and iron are made. The machinery is in every respect equal to that of any technical institute in the country. The arrangement of the shop is much like that of the Technological School at Worcester, Massachusetts, with such improvements as experience has suggested, and the mechanical department is in charge of Professor Milton P. Higgins, who has been for years in the Worcester shop. The boys, who now number 120, are divided into sections, so that each student spends twenty continuous hours a week in the shop, with no interval except for rest and sleep. At this time the most skilled of the boys are working on four hundred looms sent in for repair by Elsas May & Co.'s cotton factory. This work includes the making of a variety of light-geared wheels and various parts which require work of a good class. The students have recently done such work as the making of brass boxes for the journals of heavy machinery.

The President of the institution is Dr. Isaac S. Hopkins, long time president of Emory College, who established there the first technological school in the State. He is in immediate charge of the academic department, where a corps of professors teach those sciences which are part of the scheme of technology, together with a substantial English course. Dr. Hopkins himself is the teacher of physics, and has in his class-rooms an unusually large collection of apparatus, all of the newest pattern. He is a skilled mechanic, and has devoted his leisure moments to the construction of special apparatus in brass, steel, and iron.

At the entrance of the machine shop there are rooms for pattern drawing and office work. A system of accounts determines the cost of machines part by part, and trains the boys to make estimates as well as to make good work at a minimum cost.

In the construction, equipment, and organization of the Technological Institute the commission, composed of five of the best business men and manufacturers in the State, has exercised the same care and judgment that distinguished the Capitol commission's work. As an example of this, on a part of the fund which came into its hands before it was used in construction it accumulated $5000 from interest. The commission is composed of Mr. N. E. Harris, of Macon; Mr.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



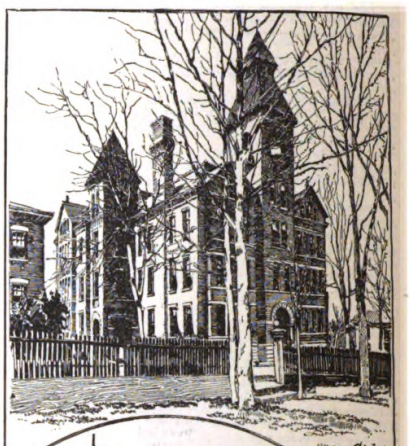
S. M. Inman, of Atlanta; Mr. E. R. Hodgson, of Athens; Mr. O. S. Porter, of Covington; and Mr. Columbus Heard, of Greensborough.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

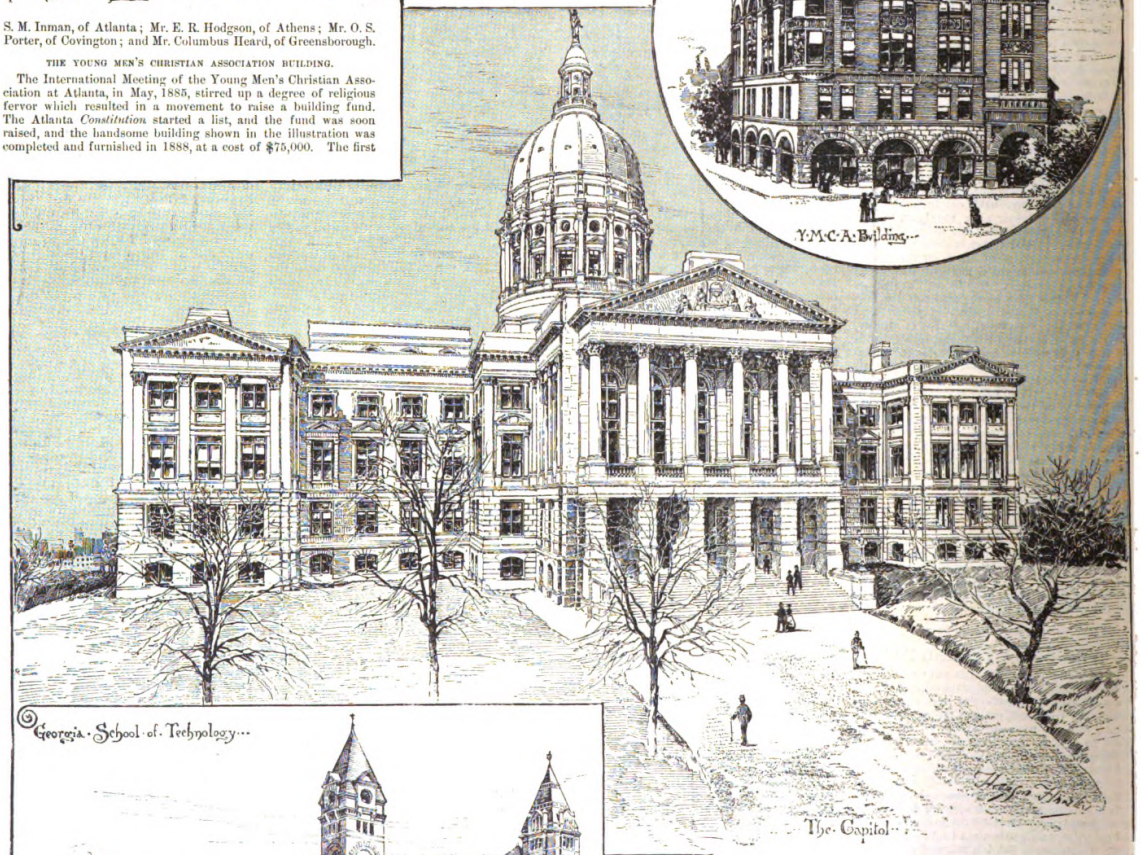
The International Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Atlanta, in May, 1885, stirred up a degree of religious fervor which resulted in a movement to raise a building fund. The Atlanta *Constitution* started a list, and the fund was soon raised, and the handsome building shown in the illustration was completed and furnished in 1888, at a cost of $75,000. The first floor, besides the stores shown in front, accommodates the gymnasium, bowling-alley, and bath-rooms. The gymnasium apparatus is equal to the best of the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasiums, and the exercises are directed by a superintendent who was prepared for the work by a course of study in the Young Men's Christian Association train schools. Classes are arranged in the afternoon and evening to suit the convenience of business men or young men in school. The bath-rooms are tiled with marble, so laid that the water from the shower and spray baths runs away readily. The members are provided with lockers, in which articles of clothing are left during the exercises. Members, when they enter the gymnasium, are subjected to a physical examination, and the exercises are proportioned in each case to the strength and needs of the individual.

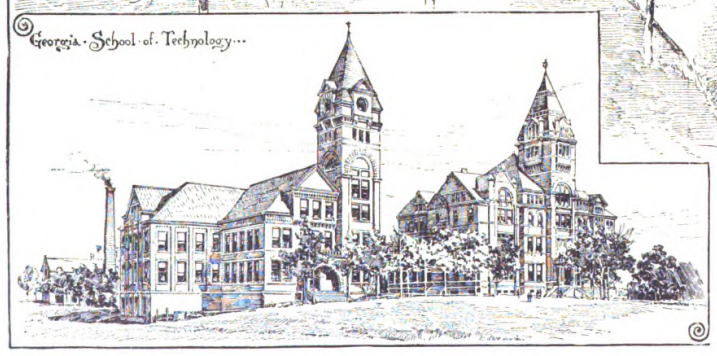
The second floor is devoted to the office of the secretary, the parlor, reading-room, and lecture-room. The last will seat 400, and on special occasions the double doors are rolled back so as to bring occupants of the reading-room and front hall within the audience. Besides this, there is on the third floor a concert hall, which will accommodate 800 people. These two halls were designed for the lecture course and concerts which are part of the attractions held out to young men by the association. In addition to the income from the dues of 600 members, the association receives from the rent of its stores $2000 a year, which goes to extinguish the principal and interest of $15,000 of bonds, and after accomplishing that in ten years will go into the treasury for general purposes. The building is the pride of the business men of Atlanta, to whose efforts and subscriptions it is chiefly due, and they have a sustained interest in the work of the association, which is conducted in a way that makes it wholesome and attractive to young men.

Prospective architecture is too large a subject to enter upon briefly.





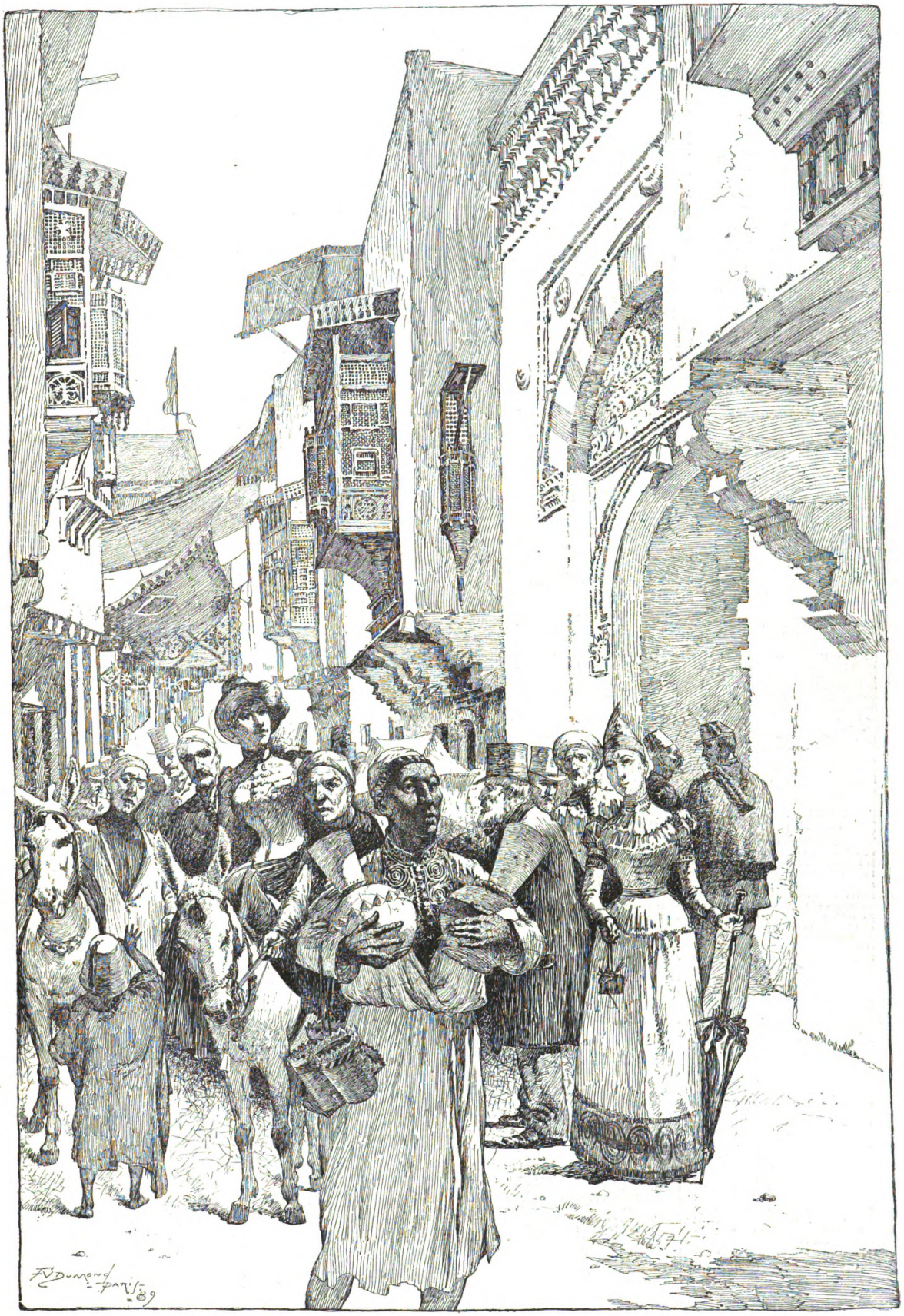




Atlanta is building more rapidly than at any time in her history, and the residences are notably of a better class, while the cottages of modest people grow up rapidly under the stimulus of numerous building and loan associations. The most important work now under way is the enlargement of the Custom-house, for which the last session of Congress provided by an appropriation of $120,000. The Confederate Soldiers' Home is to be erected on beautiful grounds near Grant Park. It will be a building somewhat in the style of the Luray Inn. The central building will be surrounded by a series of cottages, each of which is to have a small tract of something like five acres, and upon this land the old soldier, if he is able and so inclined, may find employment in the culture of fruits or flowers. A company having been organized for the distillation of perfumes, it is expected that the culture of flowers will be a considerable source of profit to the veterans.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 623.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE EGYPTIAN STREET AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—Drawn by F. V. Du Mond.—[See Page 626.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AN EGYPTIAN STREET IN THE EXPOSITION.

EGYPTIAN towns may be defined as islands of dirt in a sea of sand, and Arabi Pasha never proved his patriotism more truly than by assuring me, when I saw him in Ceylon last year, that he was pining to return to his own country—a country which most people pine to quit as soon as they enter it. So much the more fortunate are the good folks of Paris to have Egypt brought to their very doors by the Exposition, and (like the ingenious author of *Un Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*) to visit foreign lands and study foreign customs without any risk of fever, ophthalmia, sunstroke, crocodiles, sand-flies, murderers, hyenas, Turkish policemen, and other plagues of Egypt.

But so far from there being anything incongruous in the mixture of French soldiers, Parisian belles, and tall-hatted dudes with the high blank walls, grated windows, and deep tunnel-like archways of the East, this very mixture only makes the likeness to the real Egypt more complete. Alexandria, Ismailia, Port Said, are Franco-Italian towns with an Egyptian population. Even in Cairo and Suez, where one still sees traces of the Oriental custom of making the public streets as much as possible like sewers with the top taken off, the grotesque mingling of the ancient East and the modern West strikes one at every turn. Albert biscuits are sold side by side with the "baked meats" of the Pharaohs. Walls that looked down upon the march of the Crusaders are placarded with announcements of a new opera. Gaunt, shaggy, wild-eyed dervishes, whom any artist might paint for Elijah without altering a hair, rest their bare brown shoulders against telegraph poles. Desert Arabs, clad in the black camel-hair cloaks worn by the herdsmen of Abraham, stare through plate-glass windows at the "latest Paris fashions," and copies of *Monte Cristo* and *I Promessi Sposi* are offered for sale in front of a mosque built by the Moslem conquerors of the seventh century.

Nor are these strange contrasts confined to the cities. In every village market of the Upper Nile you will find "Chocolat Menier" figuring along with the parched corn and sticky, dusty, fly-spotted dates of the Soudan. As you look up at the grand, passionless faces of the stone giants of Abu-Simbel, the tomb-like silence is rudely broken by the popping of beer corks and the boisterous laughter of a crowd of cockney tourists brought thither by an excursion steamer from Assouan. More than once, on your way up to Khartoum, you will see the Arab huts on the bank patched with fragments of wooden packing cases bearing the stamp of a well-known English railway company. At Suez Landing you will find donkeys named "Gladstone," "Salisbury," "Parnell," or "Bismarck," being whacked without mercy by politicians of the opposite party. If you stop on the way back to visit the Sphinx, you will probably find in front of it an enterprising photographer trying vainly to "give to his sitter's face a pleasing expression." I myself once heard an Arab strike up "Not for Joe" on the summit of the Great Pyramid in true music hall style; and when I entered the burial-chamber in its centre, the first hieroglyphics I saw were, "Buy So-and-so's Beetle-destroying Powder," from which a huge Egyptian beetle that was clinging to it like an illustration fled in terror as fast as his countless legs would carry him the moment my candle gave him light enough to read the fatal inscription.—DAVID KER.

THE ARMY AND THE POLITICIANS.

THERE are some subjects which are very seldom discussed calmly and judiciously outside of professional literature. Among them are the decisions of courts of last resort in trials that arouse popular interest and the army. Many people, even in this enlightened age, do not understand the real purposes of the institutions which administer the extreme functions of the judicial and executive branches of the government. They would probably be astonished to learn that the two are for practically the same end—the settlement of disputes—and that notwithstanding the presumed learning and experience of the one and the power of the other, the first is not to be wholly trusted, nor the second to be wholly feared. Ideal justice is not to be expected from human judges, nor are armed men serving Teutonic institutions to be dreaded as the enemies of popular liberty.

The army has been treated by English and American civilians in fearful fashion, and from the earliest times English-speaking people have professed to dread their own soldiers more than the forces of their enemies. It is true that the liberties of England have seldom been endangered by its troops, and that the first standing army of the kingdom was organized after Oliver Cromwell had so utterly smashed kingcraft that the revival of the Stuart assertions of prerogative resulted in a change of dynasty. On this side of the water a century and a half ago the troops were used as if they were in a hostile country, but the quartering of soldiers in private houses was one of the grievances which led to the Revolution. When the outbreak came, the Continental Congress was strongly averse to raising an army for the united colonies. The war had been going on a long time before there were any troops in the field organized under national authority. Congress had the old fear about the standing army. The statesmen of the day were under the spell of the history of the Roman Empire in its decline and of continental feudalism. They did not discriminate between the armed hosts of a tyrant and the soldiers of a people. The lesson of the Swiss Guards and the National Guard of Paris had not yet been taught. Militia enlisted for short terms hampered Washington from the beginning until the arrival of the French allies, and greatly lengthened the duration of the war. The standing army which Englishmen and Americans have feared is largely a creature of timid imaginations. There has not been a time since Charles II. formed his household troops, which became the nucleus of the present British army, when the armed executive of the nation has not been subject to the laws. It is true that efforts have been made to use the troops against institutions and laws, but the attempt of James II. to overawe the citizens of London is illustrative of their weakness. The laws of England and of the United States are more powerful than armies, and soldiers, especially in this country, will never be more than instruments for the settlement of international disputes, generally in actual war, although they may be made formidable enough to avert war by the fear which they may inspire.

The army of the United States is so little in evidence that the average citizen seldom realizes its existence, and yet its achievements have been most excellent in the field and in peace. Not only have the most efficient leaders in our wars been professional soldiers, but the officers of the army surveyed the route for the first railroad to the Pacific, planned the jetty system at the mouth of the Mississippi before Captain Eads was heard of, channelled and bridged our navigable waters, and built our light-houses. The army has served, without the rewards of war, as the police of the frontier, and has made possible the existing civilization of the plains. Its 25,000 enlisted men and 2100 officers are so few in comparison with the population of the country, the posts are so many and scattered over such a vast extent of territory, that a uniform is rarely seen except in the smaller garrison towns. The army might be four times its present size and then it would not form an important feature in the visible life of the country.

It is the purpose of this paper to discuss some of the evils which affect the army and materially decrease its efficiency. It is to be assumed that the land forces constitute an essential part of the machinery of government, that the soldier may become as important as the marshal or sheriff. The army is created by law, and the presumption is that it is designed for use. The prevailing theory seems to be that the regular troops shall form the nucleus, the instructive nucleus, of any larger army that must be organized for actual war. How this theory is to be put into practice has not been definitely determined, and the future will have to decide whether the regular troops shall teach the militia and the volunteers by precept or example. Be that as it may, so long as we possess this instrument of government we should make it as efficient as possible. It may remain at the limit of 25,000 enlisted men, which is fixed in annual appropriation bills, or it may be increased to the 40,000 necessary to fill out the existing meagre skeleton. Whether it is large or small, it should be trained and educated to the highest degree of efficiency. It should thoroughly understand the tools of its trade. It should be armed with the best weapons that modern experience and ingenuity have devised. Its officers should know all that has been discovered concerning the art of war. It should be an organization of soldiers, governed by soldiers, and its discipline should be fully up to the highest standard. It is nearly impossible to imagine any one who will dispute these propositions, and yet there are law-makers in the country who apparently act on the principle that any army is good enough for a republic, and that the day for war has gone by. Perhaps it has. In that case the land and naval forces had better be disbanded; but so long as they exist they should be maintained at their best estate. There is no reason in the fact that we are a republic why we should conduct our affairs through the medium of ill-conditioned instruments. Whether or not we shall ever be at war again, we are certain of discovering that we have neighbors, and neighbors with a decided turn for controversy when they come to the conclusion that we have been infringing on their rights.

We are not now, however, considering whether we should have an army. The army exists, and is deserving of more care and less abuse than it receives. It is not the efficient body that it should be, and that this is true is largely due to both the neglect and the interference of the politicians who govern the country. It is too small to police the posts and to perform necessary military duties, or to afford a proper school for the instruction of its officers and men. It is not well armed. It is not governed by soldiers, but by civilians who know very little of what goes to the making of an efficient force, while many of them care less so long as they are able to advance their own interests by the abuse of anything so little in evidence as the army. Instead of being a menace to the liberties of the people, the standing army of the United States is the victim of the encroachments and usurpations of ignorant civilians. Whatever has been accomplished by the army, or whatever efficiency it possesses, is due to the intelligence and professional pride of its officers.

The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have already been informed of the poverty of the service in modern arms. The government is just beginning the manufacture of heavy ordnance, but there is not a single defensible fortification in the country. There are not the means of instructing the officers and troops in the use of modern arms or modern works of defence. A few light batteries have been made, but the new guns are steel, mounted on old-fashioned carriages, and they have yet to pass the trials of the artillery. The infantry of other countries are armed with magazine-guns; our own still carry the breech-loader of fifteen years ago. Our field-pieces are so old that gunners with modern armament can engage us efficiently at a distance far beyond our range, while many of our light cannon cannot be safely discharged. In muskets and rifles our troops have always been behind the inventors of the world. Percussion-caps were in use at the time of the Mexican war, and breech-loaders when the war of the rebellion broke out, yet our troops were armed with flint-locks in the first and muzzle-loaders in the second war. The revolver is the only weapon of the most approved pattern now used by the army. It is unnecessary to further discuss a subject which has been before the country for several years. The fact that the army is not armed with modern weapons, and that the country is not provided with means of defence, is due to the neglect of politicians, who seem to regard one man in uniform as good as any other, a proposition more nearly true before guns were invented, when swords were short, and when muscle counted for more than brains. One fact will suffice to show the difference between the infantry of the United States and the well-armed troops of foreign countries. A modern soldier with a modern magazine-gun of 30 calibre in his hands is able to carry 120 rounds of ammunition; an American soldier with his 45 calibre breech-loader can carry only 40 rounds. Consequently, other things being equal, the foreign infantry-man is three times as effective as our own.

All such difficulties as these can be remedied. It lies within the power of Congress to give to the troops proper arms, uniform, quarters, equipment of every kind, and the more the civil power leaves the details to the officers of the army, the better will be that equipment. We have the recent testimony of an officer of engineers of the British army, who was sent to this country to examine and report upon our military system, that the officers of the United States are very close students of all that is being done in the war establishments of the world; that our two preparatory academies at West Point and Annapolis have furnished to their respective services a body of experts who would astonish their own fellow-citizens by the rapidity with which they would repair their defective offensive and defensive material were the chance once given to them. The testimony of this English officer, who was searching for the truth for the information of his own government, is fully in agreement with the results of the observations made by other intelligent persons who have taken the trouble to investigate this interesting subject. There is no doubt that the army itself is doing all in its power to overcome the difficulties created by lack of material.

There is an evil, however, which cannot be overcome by the professional enthusiasm of officers—that fundamental and essential evil which is the influence of politicians in the management of military affairs. The power of the President over the two services is undoubted. He is their commander-in-chief; he can do as he will with them; he can manage their details if he desires, or he can leave the management to the officer in command. His immediate representative, so far as the army is concerned, is the Secretary of War, who is always a civilian, and generally has had no military experience. As a rule, he is not in sympathy with army methods of government. There has been an almost constant controversy between the Secretary of War and Head-quarters. It has been held more than once by the soldier in command that he represented and stood in place of the President in managing the strictly military affairs of the army. This has been denied, and it is probably true that the Secretary of War is unimportant in army matters until the President himself intervenes. His acts are those of the commander-in-chief of the army.

Whether the Secretary interferes in military details rests entirely within his discretion. The President and he may confine themselves wholly to the general relations of the army to the government. It is proper that they should supervise the expenditure of appropriations; that the President alone should exercise the general power over the forces as a political body. It is not usual that a civilian should interfere at all in the internal discipline of the army, and especially that subordinate officers should be able, through political or social influence, to defeat the purposes of their superiors. The truth is, however, that the office of the commanding general is subject to limitations that are injurious to discipline, and that the army, poor as it is in all that goes to the equipment of the modern soldier, would fare very much better off were it not for the interference of the influential politician in what may be described as its private affairs.

A comparatively recent order issued by a Secretary of War is symptomatic of the conflict that is going on between civilians and soldiers for the command of the army. This order directed that no officer should remain away from his regiment on staff or other duty for a longer period than four years. This interference of the Secretary of War with the power of a general officer to appoint his own military family was of a piece with the conduct of the civilians whose military experience generally covers the four-year period during which they represent the President as commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces of the United States. Without inquiring into the merits of this particular order, it is only necessary to say that it offends against all the traditions of the army, and if there be a question, it is one which should be decided by the commanding general.

The army has always been under civil authority, and the power has been often abused. For a few months Washington had dictatorial powers, but they were delegated to him by the Continental Congress. That body ruled and hampered him during most of the war of the Revolution. In the first years of the struggle it acted directly; in the last years, through the Board of War and the Secretary at War.

In 1784 the troops were mustered out, twenty-five being retained at Fort Pitt and fifty-five at West Point to guard the stores. The ranking officer of this force was Captain John Doughty. As commanding officer of the army, he was allowed the pay and emoluments of a major of artillery. The first peace establishment consisted of 700 men. This regiment and army was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Harmer. The troops were under the direction of the Secretary at War, who in turn was subject to the orders of Congress. While he was on the frontier, Harmer was made brevet Brigadier-General.

After the adoption of the Constitution, Major-General Arthur St. Clair was appointed commander of the army of the frontier. He held the command for one year, and was succeeded by Major-General Anthony Wayne, who was followed by Brigadier-General James Wilkinson. The command of these officers, it will be noticed, was not of the army of the United States, but of the army of the frontier. In 1798, in anticipation of trouble with France, Washington was called from his retirement, and was once more given command, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. In 1799 the Congress revived the rank of General for him, but President John Adams refused to confer it, on the ground that the existence of the grade was inconsistent with the constitutional authority of the President as commander-in-chief. Alexander Hamilton was second in command, with the rank of Inspector General, but the Secretary of War really commanded. After the disbandment of the provisional army in 1800, Brigadier-General Wilkinson again became senior officer. In 1812 Henry Dearborn was Secretary of War, and was also appointed Major-General. It was as Secretary, however, that he commanded the army, and in 1813 took the field on the northern frontier. When Jacob Brown was the senior Major-General, in 1821, his head-quarters were established at Washington, but he was not in command of the army. That was still the prerogative of the Secretary of War. Major-General Alexander Macomb was the first officer who was directed by the President to "assume command" of the army. But the President and Secretary of War have always exercised all the rights of command, even over the minutest details of military discipline.

The Adjutant-General of the army has a dual capacity. He is the adjutant of both the Secretary of War and the commanding general. This gives him an influence that is entirely disproportionate to his rank in our army. He has the ear and generally the confidence of the Secretary of War, who must rest on some officer in deciding purely military questions. In a conflict between the military and civil heads of the army the Adjutant-General is very likely to lean to the side of the Secretary. Instances are not unknown of differences originated by the Adjutant-General, who is enabled to defeat the will of his commanding officer by his influence with the President's personal representative. If the state of affairs which has existed at Head-quarters during the last ten years should obtain when the troops were in the field, the results would be most disastrous. The demoralization in time of peace is very great, but war would emphasize it and make it fatal. The immediate evil, what first appears on the surface, is the anomalous position of the soldier who is nominally in command, but who has less authority over the military forces and very much less initiative in the government of the army than the Major-Generals who are in command of the three divisions.

The interference of the Adjutant-General with the duties of his superior officer is only a slight incident of the exercise of supreme military power by the civil authority. Many old general staff officers are practically independent of the commanding general. It is not the ills that arise from this, if they are evils, that need the first application of a remedy. The radical evil is that the hand of the politician is in the army. The spoils system is not confined to the civil service; it pervades and enfeebles the military service; the logical result of the control over officers and men which is exercised by the President and Secretary is the power of political and social influence, of which the country has heard so much complaint. If the President or his Secretary will detail a subordinate officer to this or that duty, without regard to the wishes of his superior officers, why should not a Congressman or a leader of society ask details for their favorites? As a matter of fact, very many of the staff appointments and of the details to special duty are brought about through the solicitation of politicians and others who stand well with the administration.

If there is a vacancy in the Inspector-General's staff the captains of the line apply for the post through their friends in politics or society. One of the last persons whose opinion is asked is the head of the corps. Indeed, so often are their requests denied, that some heads of staff departments decline to ask for young officers whom they would be glad to have. Recently there was a vacancy on the general staff which was filled by the appointment of a totally unfit man. The head of the corps had repeatedly asked for a certain officer, who was distinguished for the ability with which he had performed every duty that had been assigned to him. President after President had treated his requests contemptuously, until he refused to make any recommendation whatever with reference to the selection of his own staff, which was, and is, loaded with incompetents. To cap the series of disastrous selections, came this appointment. The officer chosen was notorious for indolence and incompetency. He was known at every post as the "loafer of the army." But a near relative was an important man in the party, and the President gratified his friend and henchman without much apparent concern for the service of which the Constitution declared him to be the commander-in-chief. There are any number of officers on duty in Washington and in the larger cities who

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

are simply the favorites of politicians. The work at Head-quarters very often requires special training and aptitude; but officers are detailed for it who have neither education nor inclination for their duties, and others who have the requirements must supplement them. This of course makes the number of officers on special duty very much larger than it ought to be. Long-continued service in the cities, away from troops, is very demoralizing to the army. One of the cleverest of our officers insists that all young officers of the general staff should, immediately on their appointment, be ordered to serve with troops, that they may acquire and prove their power to command. The military spirit and essential military knowledge are lost by service away from troops. There is a story extant of an assistant adjutant-general who had done duty for so many years at New York that one day when he met a cavalryman he asked to what arm of the service the man belonged; he did not recognize the distinguishing features of the uniform.

It is not generally known to what extent the Secretary of War has interfered with the *personnel* of the army. Not only has he interfered with the officers, sending them hither and thither without regard to the wishes of post and department commander or of the commanding general, but he has discharged enlisted men at his own volition, or in response to the request of influential politicians or the tears of mothers, wives, or other interested friends and relatives. One day the adjutant of an important post learned with surprise that his tenor drummer had been discharged. The man was in Washington on leave, made a request to the Secretary for discharge, and that functionary gratified the drummer without making any inquiry of the officers at the post. He did not know what was the condition of the man's enlistment, what charges, if any, were pending against him, or whether there existed any reason against granting the discharge. It is hardly necessary to point out the evils that must inevitably follow such government of the army. There cannot be the discipline which is found in every properly organized military establishment when a civilian does as he will with the officers and men, on his own motion or moved by some political or other outside pressure, without regard to the welfare of the army, and without thought of taking counsel of purely military considerations.

Another evil incident to the control of the army by politicians is found in the maintenance of posts that are too small to be of advantage to the service, but which cannot be abolished because the politicians of the locality protest. It is well known that the army is so small that it does not furnish sufficient material to the officers for the practice of their profession. There are not at any post enough men for the proper performance of police and military duties, and this is an evil which might be remedied by a concentration of the army at fewer posts. The army garrisons 113 posts, and there are a number of forts at important places which are not garrisoned. There are 430 companies, troops, and batteries—something more than three companies to a post. Last year there were 23,208 enlisted men, including musicians, farriers and blacksmiths, saddlers and wagoners. The fighting force was less than 21,000 men, or about 50 to the company. It may be accepted as true that a four-company post is the smallest that should be maintained, and that each company in time of peace should number at least 100 men. If the number of posts were reduced one-half and the average garrison doubled, it would be possible for the officers and men to drill in something more advanced than company tactics. There are officers and men in the United States army who for years have performed nothing but company duties. There are some companies so small that there are not more than men enough to do police and fatigue duty. An important percentage of the enlisted men of the army devote most of their time to the work of laborers, and there is no doubt that a large number of desertions may be accounted for by the fact that the soldiers resent the constant imposition of uncongenial tasks. There are several posts in the army at which are stationed fewer than 45 enlisted men, and there are a number of artillery posts at which drill in the heavy guns cannot be conducted because there are not enough available men to handle the pieces.

As has been stated, four companies constitute the smallest unit that will work well as a garrison. It is the smallest number of companies that will make a battalion. The troops that are stationed at one, two, and three company posts are simply wasted. They do no good to themselves or to the country. And yet there are only fifty-two posts in the army of more than three companies each. More than half the posts are not only useless, but consume troops that are needed elsewhere. Of the 430 companies in the army, 113, more than twenty-five per cent. of the whole force, are so distributed and divided that they cannot perform military duties or receive military instruction.

There is no necessity for this, and this inordinately large number of posts is not due to mismanagement by the army. Military posts are supposed to be of some benefit to the community in which they are situated, and, as a rule, any proposition to reduce their number is defeated by the interference of the civil authority. Senators and Representatives insist that the army shall be governed in accordance with what they regard as the interests of their constituents. A few illustrations will suffice to indicate why our small army is so widely scattered.

Fort McDermit is in Nevada. The nearest town is Winnemucca, seventy-eight miles distant. It is a one-company post, the company having thirty-six enlisted men. It is absolutely useless to the government, and demoralizing to the troops stationed there. Every attempt to break it up by the commander of the army has failed because the Nevada Senators have said, "There is only one post in Nevada, and we are going to keep it." To that intention thirty-six men and three officers are sacrificed.

There is a two-company post in southern Oregon, situated in the mountains, far from civilization. The lands about the place are barren, and the nearest town is nearly a hundred miles away. The Inspector-General recommended again and again that the post be broken up. Finally the necessary orders were given. One company had left, and the other was in wagons ready to start, when an order arrived directing that the post should not be abandoned. The local politicians had succeeded in defeating the Inspector-General, because the post afforded a good market for the garden-farmers of the surrounding country.

Fort Bennett, Dakota, is another post maintained through political influence to the injury of the service. It is in the Cheyenne agency, and fifty-five men and two officers are wasted there, for it is absolutely injurious to the army. The Inspector-General tried to break it up. He was aided by General Terry when he was in command of the division, but all efforts were unavailing. On investigation it was learned that the troops were retained at Fort Bennett at the request of the Indian agent, who had political influence. This gentleman wrote to the Interior Department that his agency was lonely, and that if the military company was removed his family would be deprived of the delights of the society of the officers.

These cases are hardly credible, but they are of record, and are a very few of many. A full account of the politicians as commanders of the army of the United States would be an interesting addition to current humorous literature were the subject not so serious and important. Whatever of discipline remains in the service, whatever of efficiency there is, exist in spite of the interference of the President and the Secretary in the details and with the *personnel* of the force. So long as the President confines his functions to their proper sphere, his office gives him a wholesome power which must be held by the chief magistrate of every government, monarchy or republic; but when he takes the active command of the troops, either personally or through his Secretary of War, he not only assumes duties of which he has very little knowledge, but he invites his friends to share with him in the military patronage. The army and navy, quite as much as the civil service, require to be protected against the unregulated control of the President, for that means the control of the politicians. Any politician who has the President's ear has a more potent voice in the detail of officers and the transfer and location of troops than Major-General Schofield.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.

I.—A GROUP OF RAILROAD PRESIDENTS.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

WHO does not know of Chauncey Mitchell Depew? Only fifty-five years old, he has for twenty-five years steadily refused political preferment which has again and again been urged upon him, and despite this abnegation he has become one of the foremost figures of contemporaneous history. In 1865 he was appointed and confirmed United States Minister to Japan, but after a month of deliberation resigned the office. Last year he was the choice of the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention as candidate for President, but refused to allow his name to be pushed, fearing that the granger vote would defeat the party if a railroad man were nominated.

Nevertheless Mr. Depew's life has been full of such honors as are rarely attained. He was born in Peekskill in 1834, graduated at Yale College with high honors in 1856, and was admitted to the bar in 1858, having studied law in the office of the Hon. William Nelson. His early and brilliant political career was the result of his active work in the organization of the Republican party, of which he has been a prominent member ever since its formation. His success was doubtless due to the same gifts of keen, accurate judgment and rare eloquence which have won distinction for him in so many other ways. His own explanation of it is more modest. He says it is because he is always at work, excepting when he is asleep. He has no idle moments, and only within a short time has he found it necessary to devote one hour a day to physical exercise.

Unquestionably he must have had himself in mind when he said in one of his addresses: "There is not at this hour in public life a single recognized and undisputed leader of a great party or the progenitor of accepted ideas. The *Congressional Record* is a morass of crudity and words, whose boundless area and fathomless depths none have the courage to explore. The Washingtons, Adamses, and Jays of the first period; the Hamiltons, Jeffersons, and Madisons of the second; the Websters, Clays, and Calhouns of the third; and the Sewards, Sumners, Chases, and Lincolns of the fourth—have no successors of equal power and influence. The debates of to-day are unread, but the utterances of these statesmen were the oracles of millions. Has the talent which made these men eminent died out? Oh no! It is practising law, editing newspapers, managing manufactures, mines, and commerce, building railroads, and directing transportation."

Early in life Mr. Depew was fortunate enough to win the friendship and entire confidence of Commodore Vanderbilt. It proved to be a stepping-stone to his remarkable business career, the result of which is that he now manages and controls more millions of capital than can easily be reckoned. It is, in fact, impossible to say how many.

In 1866 he was appointed attorney for the Harlem Railroad. In 1870 he became attorney for the New York Central and Hudson River. Six years later he was general counsel and Vice-President of the latter company, and in 1885 he became its President. This position he still holds. In 1887 he was chosen President of the West Shore road as well. He is also a director on the boards of more than half a dozen other roads.

Of the many other positions of honor which he fills it is only possible in this brief sketch to specify a few. He is regent of the University of the State of New York. He has been four times elected president of the Union League Club, and has been for many years president of the Yale Alumni Association. He was made LL.D. by Yale in 1887. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, a trustee of St. Luke's Hospital and of numerous charitable institutions, a director in the Equitable Life-assurance Company, the Union Trust Company, and the Western Union Telegraph Company.

It is not easy to describe adequately a man who must of necessity be so many-sided and brilliant as he who has done so much. Some of his leading characteristics, however, are indicative of the secret of his success. He is exceedingly quick, never seeming to hesitate in judgment, and always ready in argument or repartee. He is eminently judicial, seeing all sides of a question at once, and selecting the right side with a promptness that indicates intuitive wisdom. He is unusually cultured, having been a great reader of books and men, and rarely forgetting what he has once learned. He is genial, urbane, and large-hearted, seldom failing to win the warm regard of any person who comes in contact with him, and is always ready to do a kindness for a friend or a stranger. He is a man of inflexible principles, and has never been known to sacrifice what he considers right to any rule of expediency.

In addition to all this, Mr. Depew has the gift of personal magnetism that serves him equally well on the "stump," the rostrum, at the dinner table, or in the parlor. Socially he is a favorite everywhere, and he finds ample time for the claims of society, as of everything else that suits his catholic taste. As he is never idle, so he is never hurried, and no reasonable demand on his time or attention is ever slighted.

It is perhaps in the capacity of orator that Mr. Depew will be longest remembered, and his oratory must be heard to be appreciated. He is easy in manner, forceful in argument, and brilliantly witty. He has been for many years a favorite speaker on all public occasions in New York—perhaps it is not too much to say the favorite speaker.

It would be too much to describe such a man as being domestic in habit or taste, but any one who has seen Mr. Depew in his own home will appreciate that his greatest happiness seems to be found in his own family. He married in 1871 Miss Elise Hegeman, and their only child, a son, is Mr. Depew's greatest pride.

GEORGE B. ROBERTS.

"The service of the Pennsylvania Railroad is a clear civil service," said Mr. George B. Roberts, the other day. "Under our rules no man has any question as to retaining his position so long as he is capable and properly performs the duties required of him, nor need he fear that he will be overlooked whenever an opportunity for promotion occurs. And I do not believe there is a man in the service who has not a feeling of intense pride in its excellence."

No better example of the truth of these words could be found than the career of the man who spoke them. Nearly all his active business life has been devoted to the interests of the great railroad, from the time when, in the spring of 1851, he secured a place as rod-man in the party surveying the Alleghany Mountain division of the road to the present time, when he has been for just nine years its President.

Mr. Roberts does not at first sight impress the careless observer as a man of sufficient force or ability to have had such a career as he has had. Modest and very quiet in his manner, he seems almost too deliberative and calm to have ever accomplished what he has done. It is only necessary, however, to talk with him for a few minutes to see that his deliberation is never likely to be hesitation, and that his calm is that of great strength and force. Above all, there seems to be a perfect balance of powers in his mental make-up, wherein no quality seems to be conspicuously developed above others, but all are of extraordinary clearness, precision, and force. His picture gives no hint of the greatness of the man, but his quiet, easy conversation betrays it all.

He is born of a family originally Welsh, but for more than two hundred years resident in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Thither his forefather, the then head of the house, went in November, 1683, and bought the property which has been the Roberts homestead ever since. No deeds to this land have ever been made out since the original ones in the seventeenth century, and the room in which Mr. Roberts was born on June 15, 1833, was the same one in which all the children of the house have been born since that early date. The old house is his homestead now, where he spends the most of the year with his family. It will descend doubtless to one of his children. He has a wife and six children, four of whom are sons.

He was educated in the Troy Polytechnic Institute, and graduated from there in 1850. Being yet a mere boy, however, and ambitious for a thorough training in his chosen profession of engineering, he returned to the school for a post-graduate course, and remained there till the following year.

Beginning, as was said, as a rod-man, his promotion in the engineering corps was rapid, and for a few years he remained with the Pennsylvania, actively engaged in the work of original construction, which that company was then pushing so energetically. He then went with the Philadelphia and Erie for a time, and then with other roads both in and out of the "system" now dominated by the great corporation of which he is the head.

His conspicuous ability was marked by Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, then President of the Pennsylvania, and in a few years Mr. Roberts was induced to return to that company, where he has remained ever since. Mr. Thomson employed him actively in the management of the company, and when Colonel Thomas Scott, then Vice-President of the company, was called to Washington in 1862 to become Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Thomson appointed Mr. Roberts his own assistant. In May, 1869, he became fourth Vice-President; in March, 1873, second Vice-President; and in June, 1874, on the death of Mr. Thomson and the accession of Colonel Scott to the Presidency, Mr. Roberts was elected first Vice-President. Only one step in the service remained, and this was taken in June, 1880, when the rod-man of twenty-nine years before became the President of the road.

Steady promotion in such strides as these was not to be won by engineering ability alone, and Mr. Roberts was early marked, not only for his executive gifts in management, but for his diplomatic powers. Under the administration of Mr. Thomson the policy of the company was directed toward securing a control of the various minor roads which now make up the "system" by which the Pennsylvania Railroad dominates the transportation business in its own territory. The securing of this called for much careful negotiation, and in this Mr. Roberts distinguished himself by almost invariable success.

He says of himself that almost his whole life, outside of his home, has been given to the managing and construction of railroads. He has little taste for society, and is not at all a club man. "I have joined two or three clubs," he said, "which I believe I have never visited once." He is a member of an Episcopal Church, though he was born in the Society of Friends, but in church matters he has never allowed himself to be made a prominent figure. Neither has he permitted the use of his name in business enterprises outside of railroading—such as insurance companies, banks, and the like. He is President of several of the larger companies whose roads are comprised in the Pennsylvania system, and a director in nearly all of the minor ones, but in no other business enterprises. He is, however, a trustee of the estate of Mr. Thomson, which was all left to charitable purposes after the death of his widow. He is also one of the managers of the Burd Orphan Asylum.

Personally, Mr. Roberts is not a man of colossal fortune, though he is sufficiently rich. The many millions he controls are not his own. He is young in appearance considering his real age, and seems likely to continue in active business for a score of years more.

AUSTIN CORBIN.

If it were necessary to indicate by a single word the secret of the success of the King of Long Island, as Austin Corbin is sometimes called, the best word to use would be aggressiveness. Like certain men in the prize-ring who force every antagonist into defensive warfare, so Mr. Corbin seems always to be getting after the other man so vigorously that the other man has no opportunity to get after him. It is this qualification perhaps more than any other which has changed the young man, who in 1847 gratified his ambition by publishing a novel, to the railroad magnate and banker of to-day, who has a hundred interests of many diverse kinds, and who controls, aside from his own great fortune, the invested millions of other owners.

Mr. Corbin was born in Newport, Rhode Island, on July 11, 1827. He studied law with Chief-Justice Cushing of New Hampshire and Governor Metcalf of Rhode Island, and finished the course at the Harvard Law School, where he received his degree in 1849. He practised awhile at home, but in 1851 he removed to Davenport, Iowa, where he remained until 1865. He was successful as a lawyer, but did not practise long. In 1854 he became a partner in the banking firm of Macklot & Corbin, which was the only concern of the kind in Davenport which did not suspend payment in the financial panic of 1857. With the prestige thus earned, Mr. Corbin was enabled to organize the first national bank which began business under the National Currency Act of 1863. One result of the successful operation of that bank was that Mr. Corbin was enabled in 1865 to come to New York with a handsome fortune. His coming, however, was only a step in his career. He founded the Corbin Banking Company, and with that as a means he has acquired interest after interest, until to-day he is fairly to be called one of the leading men in railroad and various other matters.

The development of Coney Island into a great fashionable summer resort first brought him into general prominence. For many years that famous beach had been given over to the lowest and most depraved characters. Its condition was such that scarcely any one dared to remain within its borders after nightfall. Its western half was a pandemonium, its eastern a dreary waste. In 1873, Mr. Corbin, while spending a week in the neighborhood, saw and appreciated the remarkable natural advantages of the place as a summer resort. In the following three years he had succeeded in purchasing a large portion of the island. In 1878 he opened both a new railway system from New York to his property and a great hotel on its ocean front.

Both road and hotel sprang into instant popularity, and rewarded their founder and his associates to a degree that was almost unparalleled. Subsequent improvements still further increased the popularity and pecuniary value of Manhattan

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, PRESIDENT OF THE N. Y. CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER R.R.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.

Beach, until it became, as it has since remained, one of the best paying properties of its class upon the American coast.

Immediately following his success with Coney Island, Mr. Corbin turned his attention to Long Island and the Long Island railroads. This great territory, despite its wonderful beauty and healthfulness, its proximity to New York, and its natural availability to be the home of a great population, had been so overlooked and neglected as to be practically a *terra incognita* to the outside world. Its roads were disgraceful, and its railways a laughing-stock to the general public and a burden to its people. Mr. Corbin secured control of the railroads on the one side, taking the position of President, and on the other organized a vast scheme whereby the island was to be developed into a territory of homes, hotels, and clubs. Both ventures proved more than successful. The railways, which for years had done nothing but oscillate between bankruptcy and insolvency proceedings, were amalgamated into one system. This was so ably managed as to become remunerative to its owners and a source of prosperity to the entire island. The other scheme was equally prosperous. Babylon, Patchogue, Shelter Island, and the smaller communities became thriving towns, with an increase in wealth and population such as had never been dreamed of by its former citizens. So rapid has been the development of Long Island under the Corbin régime that it has been found necessary to establish new ferries and other lines of communication between it and its neighbors. Beyond this it is now proposed to connect it at the Brooklyn end with tunnels and bridges between that city on the one side and New York and Jersey City on the other.

Mr. Corbin's latest public achievement was the rehabilitation of the great Reading Railroad of Pennsylvania. This had been bankrupt so long that its condition seemed hopeless. Under his presidency it has steadily risen, and now seems to be approaching the prosperity which once marked its career.



GEORGE B. ROBERTS, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA R.R. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.



AUSTIN CORBIN, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND READING R.R., AND OF THE LONG ISLAND R.R.—FROM A PHOTO. BY SARONY.

Personally, Mr. Corbin is remarkably well preserved, the gray in his hair and beard being the only visible indication of his years. He is large, athletic, and active, moving like a man of thirty. Prompt and decisive, he is somewhat arbitrary in his government, but eminently just in his treatment of his armies of employés. Impetuous and somewhat brusque in his manner, he has the faculty of winning not only loyalty, but esteem, from those who come in close contact with him, and he earns respect by the jealous pride with which he regards his commercial honor.

He was married in 1853 to Miss Hannah M. Wheeler, and has had several children. His oldest daughter married M. Champollion, a grandson of the famous Egyptologist. Two younger daughters have been prominent in society here. His city and country residences are both hospitably open to a multitude of friends, and Mr. Corbin, as a host, appears at his very best.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

THE money market has remained easy during the past week, and for a couple of days demand loans have been even easier than they were, with 3 per cent. a full rate; and this although three millions of gold were shipped to Paris on Saturday, and the Treasury has steadily withdrawn money from circulation. The bank statement of Saturday showed a small gain in surplus reserve, due to repayment of loans, as was the case the previous week. The domestic exchanges were, on the whole, favorable to this city. The monetary position is therefore unchanged on the surface, and the stillness of a midsummer market tends to make people careless about the inevitable demands which will come with the active moving of the crops. The reports from the latter are at least as favorable as they were a week ago, and European advices confirm the belief that a good export trade awaits us. In fact speculative orders for grain have already arrived from Europe, showing confidence in a coming export demand—orders which are quite likely to be followed by similar orders for railroad stocks, which should benefit by the anticipated movement. The stock-market is the natural place for such orders, and will probably vindicate itself in this respect when activity sets in again.

The reports of trade generally show no falling off, and certainly no abatement of the very general belief that the second half of the year will be busy and prosperous. The iron trade seems to be distinctly better, and the coal trade is improving. Railroad traffic in most cases repeats the story of increased gross earnings, though the Chicago and Northwestern for June, and the St. Paul road for the expired portion of July, show a falling off. The net results in these cases, however, very easily show an increase, and are, we believe, expected to do so. The losses of the Pennsylvania Railroad by the June floods are now valued and charged off, and the company's business at present is declared to be greater than before the Johnstown disaster, while it is already assumed that the October dividend will be paid as usual, any deficiency being taken out of the surplus account. And in this connection it is satisfactory to know that the great steel works at Johnstown are again employed to their full capacity, so energetic has been the work of restoration and so favorable the conditions of the trade.

The detailed information as to the course of affairs in the various branches of trade and industry is so voluminous that it is fortunate there is a summary method of forming some conclusions on the subject. At present the railroad movement is the readiest means of measurement, and it would have a greater value than it has if tonnage were reported as fully as gross earnings. Combining tonnage and receipts as well as the various reports permit, we get the best indication now attainable of the course of trade—better than that afforded by the statements of bank clearings, useful as those are, because the movement at bank includes a large and uncertain amount of purely speculative transactions, in which one piece of property figures many times, which is not the case with the actual transportation of property. And it will, we think, be conceded that the current railroad returns attest a satisfactory degree of activity in legitimate trade, particularly when the season of the year is taken into account.

The discussion of such points is, of course, carried on more actively in the stock-market than elsewhere, because the business of that market is with securities which are constantly open to their influence, and are designed for lasting use as investments, not for consumption as commodities. The business in stocks may be dull, as it has been for some time, but discussion about them, as they are affected by events more or less closely related to them, is unceasing, and continually influences selling and buying. The net result on prices for the past week is slight; Atchison is down about 2 per cent., and has depressed Missouri Pacific half as much; Western and Northwestern stocks are rather firmer, St. Paul gaining a full point; most other stocks are steady, and Reading and Lackawanna, the most active of the coal railroads, are down a trifle more than 1 per cent. At the same time the open speculation for a decline, carried on by means of borrowed stocks, seems at least as large as it was a week ago. But no progress has been made in the threatened disintegration of railroad associations, while there is evidence that the Chicago and Alton road, though it remains outside of the Inter-State Association, is maintaining rates firmly.

Stocks were depressed for a time this morning by the failure of a large dry-goods house, long established in Philadelphia and New York, but the conclusion was soon arrived at that the failure was due to causes peculiar to the house, and not to general conditions of business.

The low reserves of the New York banks naturally lead, in view of the coming season of active trade, to a consideration of the Treasury surplus, which is again larger this week. So long as this surplus exists, the Treasury is the Rome to which all roads lead. Secretary Windom is quoted as saying that forty-three millions of this surplus are already in the hands of the people, the government deposits in national banks reaching that sum. They are and they are not. These deposits are only a loan, terminable at the option of lender or borrower, and thus they differ greatly from money actually paid out by the Treasury for its expenditures or for bonds purchased. The Treasury deposits mitigate the injury done to trade by the surplus, but they do not take the place of a final liquidation of the surplus. What is needed is that the available balance should be distributed by purchase of bonds, until the day arrives, should we live to see it, when Congress has cut down the government's income to match its expenses.

H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Thursday evening, July 25, 1889.*

AMONG ERRORS RUINOUS TO HEALTH

One of the most mischievous and most common is the indiscriminate and too frequent use of purgatives. Such medicines, if well chosen and seasonably resorted to, are certainly useful, but many persons select the worst, fly from one to the other, and employ them when there is no occasion, or their utility has ceased. To establish on a permanent basis a regular condition of the bowels, the finest alterative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is botanic in origin, and a safe succedaneum for those objectionable drugs, calomel and blue pill; it does not gripe or drench the bowels like the ordinary evacuents, and it not only reforms irregularity of the habit of body, but remedies the disorder and inactivity of the liver and stomach, which usually accompany that condition. Rheumatism, kidney trouble, malarial complaint, and nervousness are removed by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

STOP-OFF AT CRESSON SPRINGS ON PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TICKET.

THE Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that passengers holding first-class limited tickets of any description will be allowed to stop over at Cresson Springs, during the season, as long as desired, up to October 31st.

In order to avail themselves of this privilege, passengers should notify the train conductor of their intention to break the journey at Cresson, and immediately upon arrival should deposit their tickets with the company's agent at Cresson.

This concession is greatly appreciated by through passengers, as it enables them to become acquainted with one of the most delightful mountain resorts in the country. All through passenger trains, including the celebrated New York and Chicago Limited Express, stop at Cresson during the season.—[*Adv.*]

HALF-RATE EXCURSIONS.

THE Chicago & North-Western Railway offers exceptional opportunities for an inspection of the cheap lands and growing business centres of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Colorado, and the far West and Northwest, by a series of Harvest Excursions, for which tickets will be sold at half rates, or one fare for the round trip. Excursions leave Chicago, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. For full particulars address E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Illinois.—[*Adv.*]

FLOOD SCENERY ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

A NEW interest is added to the scenic attractions of the Pennsylvania Railroad since the great flood. The line follows the track of the flood in both the Juniata and Conemaugh valleys, and the full effect of the devastation is seen from the passing train. The New York and Chicago Limited leaving New York at 9 A.M., the Western Express at 6:30 P.M., and the Pacific Express at 8 P.M., all afford a daylight ride through this region.—[*Adv.*]

A LEADING New York physician says: "I have used Nicholson's Liquid Bread with especially good results in a number of cases of extreme nervous prostration."—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,

For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

MOTHERS give ANGOSTURA BITTERS to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THOUSANDS have been relieved of indigestion and loss of appetite by a single bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The use of this medicine, by giving tone and strength to the assimilative organs, has made innumerable cures of chronic dyspepsia. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THE COMFORTABLE HOME WITH HIGH-PEAKED ROOF, PARTLY THATCHED AND PARTLY SHINGLED."

AN IDYL OF THE EAST SIDE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

IN the matter of raising canary-birds—at once strong of body and of note, tamed to associate with humanity on rarely friendly terms, and taught to sing with a sweetness nothing short of heavenly—Andreas Stoffel was second to none. And this was not by any means surprising, for he had been born (and for its saintly patron had been christened) close by the small old town of Andreasberg, that stands barely within the verge of the Black Forest, on the southern declivity of the Harz—and that, while famous for its mines, is renowned above all other cities for the excellence of the bird songsters which there and thereabouts are raised.

Canary-birds had been the close companions of this good Andreas through all the fifty years of his lifetime. They had sung their sweet song of rejoicing at his birth—when the storks had brought him one day, while his father was far underground at work in the mines, and was vastly well pleased, when he came home all grimy at night, to find what a brave boy God had sent him by these winged messengers. They had sung over his cradle as his mother, knitting, rocked it in the midst of the long patch of sunlight that came through the low wide window of the *Bauernhaus*—the comfortable home with high-peaked roof, partly thatched and partly shingled, and with great drooping eaves, that was nooked snugly on the warm southern slope of the Andreasberg beside a little stream. They had sung him awake many and many a bright summer morning; and one of his tenderest memories of the time when he was a very little boy—and was put to bed, as little boys should be, at sundown—was of their faint, irregular, sleepy-headed chirpings and twitterings as they settled themselves to slumber on their perches for the night.

And when the time came that Andreas, grown to man's estate, being one-and-twenty years old, but not to man's strength, for he was small of stature and frail, was left lonely in the world—the good father killed by a rock-fall in the mines, and the dear mother thereafter pining away from earth, and so to the heaven that gave her husband back to her—it was his house-mates the birds who did their best to cheer him with their songs. And presently, as it seemed to him, these songs began to tell of new happiness in a new home far away across the mountains and beyond the sea—in that distant America where already his father's brother dwelt, and whereof he had heard wonderful stories of splendors and of riches incalculable all his life long. Indeed, the adventurous uncle had prospered amazingly in the twenty years of his American exile, rising in due course from the position of a young man of most promiscuous all work in a delicatessen shop in New York, to the position of owner of the business, shop and all. To go to a land where such things as this were possible seemed to Andreas most wise; and to be near his uncle, and the aunt and cousins whom he had never seen, his sole remaining kin, held out to him a pleasant promise of cheer and comfort in his loneliness.

But, in very truth, the sweet burden of the song of his birds was not born of thoughts of mere commonplace family affection and commonplace worldly wealth. Far more precious than these was the motive of the music that Andreas listened to and understood, and yet scarcely would acknowledge, even to himself; for in America it was that Christine now had her home—and that which set his heartstrings a-thrilling, as he listened to the song of his birds, was the deep, pure melody of love.

They had been children together, he and Christine, their homes side by side on the flanks of the Andreasberg; and when, three years before, she had gone with her father and her mother on the long journey westward, the heart of Andreas Stoffel had gone with her, and only his body was left behind among the mountains of the Harz. And Christine had dulled to him a little the keen edge of the sorrow of their parting by admitting that she left her own heart in the place of the heart that she bore away.

More than once had the rich uncle, owner of the delicatessen shop in New York, written to urge that his nephew—whose frailty of body made him unfit to enter upon the hard life of a worker in the mines—should come to America; and with his large knowledge of affairs the uncle had explained that the best bill of exchange in which money could be carried from Andreasberg to New York was canary-birds, that could be bought for comparatively little in the German town, and that would be worth in the American city a very great sum. And now on this shrewd advice Andreas acted. The dear old bauernhaus was sold, and its furnishing with it; and all the money thus gained, together with the greater sum that, little by little, his father had added to the store in the old leather bag (saving only what the journey would cost) was spent in buying the finest canary-birds which money could buy; so that for a long while after that time Andreasberg was desolate, for all of its sweetest singers were gone.

Thus it fell out that even in the time of his long journey his birds still sang to him; and his fellow-travellers by land and sea regarded curiously this slim pale youth, who shyly kept apart from human converse and communed with his companions the birds. And so lovingly well did Andreas care for his little feathered friends that not one died throughout the whole long passage; and as the ship came up the beautiful bay of New York on a sunny May morning, while Andreas stood on the deck with his cages about him, very blithely and sweetly did the birds sing their hopeful song of greeting to the New World.

But it was a false song of hope, after all. Hearts were fickle thirty years ago, even as hearts are fickle to-day; and the first news that Andreas heard when he was come to his uncle's home (a very fine home, over a very fine shop, indeed) was that Christine had been a twelvemonth married—in very complete forgetfulness of all her fine words about the heart left behind her, and of all her fine promises that she would be true.

That there be such things as broken hearts is an open question. Yet when this news came suddenly to Andreas a keen agony of pain went through his heart as though it were really breaking; and with his hands pressed tightly against his breast, and with a face as pale as death itself, he fell to the floor. He would have died then very willingly; and it was very unwillingly—the fierce pain leaving him as suddenly as it had come—that he returned to life. Whatever may be said for or against the probability of broken hearts, there can be no question as to the verity of broken lives. That day, assuredly, the life of Andreas Stoffel was broken, and it never wholly mended again. For a while even the song of his birds lost all its sweetness, and seemed to him but a discordant sound.

Yet even a broken life, until it be snuffed out entirely, must battle in the world for standing-room. Luckily for Andreas, there was no need for him to question how his own particular battle should be made. The shape in which his little store of worldly wealth was cast obviously determined the lines on which he should seek maintenance. It was plain that by the rearing and the selling of canary-birds he must gain support until the time should come (and he hoped that it would come soon) when he might find release from this earth, where love so soon grows false and cold.

The rich uncle, who was a kind-hearted man, gave his help in the matter of finding a shop wherein the canary-bird business might be advantageously carried on, and gave also the benefit of his commercial wisdom and knowledge of American ways. And so, with no great difficulty, Andreas was soon established in a snug little place of his own on the East Side, where the friendly German speech sounded almost constantly in his ears, and where the friendly German customs obtained almost as completely as in his own dear German home. But, after all, the change was a dismal one. As his unaccustomed nose was assailed by the rank oil vapors blown across from Hunter's Point he longed regretfully for the fresh, aromatic air that the south winds swept up and over his old home from the pines of the Schwarzwald; and the contrast was a sorry one between a home on the slopes of the Harz Mountains and a home in Avenue B.

Yet had these been his only sorrows, and had he borne them—as he had hoped to bear them—with Christine, his lot would have been anything but hard. It was the deep heart-wound that he had suffered that made his life for many a year a very dreary one, too dreary for him to find much pleasure even in the singing of his birds. Now and again he met Christine. At their first meeting—in his uncle's fine parlor over the fine delicatessen shop, one Sunday afternoon—she was, as she well might be, confused in her speech and very shamefaced in her ways. Her husband was with her, quite a prosperous person, so Andreas was told, who had built up a great business in the pork and sausage line. He was a loud-voiced, merry man, and he aired his wit freely, though evidently with no intent to be unkind, upon the lover out of whose lucklessness his own luck had come. Even as pretty a girl as Christine could not have more than one husband at a time, said this big Conrad, with great good-humor; and so, since they could not both marry her, Andreas would do well to stop crying over spilled milk. They all would be very good friends, and Andreas should be godfather to the first child. He put out his big hand as he made this proffer of friendship; and although Andreas could not refuse to clasp it, there was not, in truth, any great store of friendliness for Christine's loud-voiced husband in his heart. So soon as this was possible he was glad to get away from the merry Sunday afternoon gathering in his uncle's fine parlor to the more sympathetic society of his birds. Yet there did not seem to him much music in the singing of his birds that day.

Christine was vastly proud of her big, rosy-faced, noisy husband, whose sausage-making greatly prospered, and to whom the American dollars rolled in bravely. But even in these days of her good-luck she sometimes found herself thinking—when Conrad's rough love-making was still further roughened, and his noisiness greatly increased, by too free draughts of heady German beer—of the gentler ways and constant tenderness of her earlier lover, whose love, with her own promise to be true to it, she had so lightly cast aside. Thoughts of this sort, it is true, did not often trouble her, but now and then they gave her a little heart-pang; and the pang would be intensified, sometimes, as the thought also would come to her that perhaps it was because she had broken her plighted troth that her many prayers to become a mother remained unanswered.

As time went on, Christine's sorrows came to be of a more instant sort. Her too jolly husband's fondness for heady beer grew upon him, and with its increase came a decrease in the success that until then had been attendant upon his sausage-making. His business fell away from him by degrees into soberer and steadier hands, which had the effect of making him take to stronger drinks

* "A Romance of Tompkins Square," the first of a series of stories of the East Side of New York, by Thomas A. Janvier, appeared in No. 1687 of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

than beer in order that he might the more effectually forget his troubles. He lost his merriness, and somewhat of his loudness, and became sullen; and the wolf always was shrewdly near the door. Thus, in a very bad way indeed, things went on for half a dozen years; then the big Conrad, what with drink and worry, fell ill—so ill, that for a long while he lay close to the open jaws of death.

No one ever knew — though several people quite accurately guessed—why the wolf did not fairly get into the house during that dismal time. It is certain that when Conrad arose from his bed at last, a thin remnant of his former bigness, there were few high-priced birds left in Andreas Stoffel's little shop, where there had been a score or more when his sickness began. And, possibly, it was something more than a mere coincidence that nearly all of these few were sold about the time that Conrad started again, in a very humble way, his business of sausage-making.

But if Andreas did thus sacrifice his birds for Christine's good, he did not grudge the sacrifice; for upon the big Conrad poverty and sickness had exercised a chastening and most wholesome influence. He got up out of his bed a changed man, and the change, morally at least, was greatly for the better. Physically the result was less salutary; indeed, he never quite recovered from his sharp attack; and three or four years later, just as his business was getting into good shape again, he sickened suddenly, and then promptly paid to nature the debt that all men owe, and that his partial return to health had but a little time delayed.

But Christine was not left desolate in the world, for in the last year of her husband's life the strong yearning that so possessed her had been satisfied, and she was the mother of a baby girl. Andreas, claiming the fulfilment of the promise made so long before, had stood godfather to the little Rosa—for so, because of her fresh rosiness, was she named; and there was a strange, sorrowful longing in his heart when, the rite being ended, he came again to his lonely home and sat him down to be comforted by the singing of his birds: for while the children of Alice call Bartram father, there must be ever a weary weight of sadness in the world.

Life had not given so much of happiness to Christine—though, possibly, her happiness was equal to her deserts—that her hold upon life was a very firm one; and although she tried, for the little Roschen's sake, to put fresh strength into her grasp, the pressure of poverty and care and sorrow all combined to make her loosen it. Gently, a little at a time, her hold gave way. She knew what was coming, and so did Andreas. Once or twice they spoke about it, and spoke also of the old days on the Andreasberg, when began the love that in one of their hearts at least never had grown cold. And for this old love's sake Andreas promised that when she was gone the little Roschen should find a home with him and with his birds. It was not a great while after this promise was made that the end came.

Some of the women laughed a little, and cried a little too, when, after the funeral, old Andreas—for so already had they begun to call him, because of his silent habit and quaint old-fashioned ways—asked to be shown how a baby should be carried, and being in this matter properly instructed, bore away with careful tenderness in his arms the little Roschen to her new home. And when he was come home with her, the birds, as though in welcome—which seemed the more real because certain of the tamer ones among them came forth from their open cages and perched upon his arm—broke forth together into a chorus of sweetest song.

The good-wives living thereabouts were somewhat shocked at the thought of risking a baby's life in the care of a man who was qualified only to minister intelligently to the needs of baby canary-birds; yet were they not a little touched when they came—in unnecessary numbers, as Andreas thought—to give him the benefit of their superior wisdom in the premises by finding how well, in a queer, awkward way, he was discharging the duties of his office. And such gentleness in a man they all vowed that they had never seen. Yet it was not surprising that his quaint effort was crowned with so signal a success; as the birds could have explained, had their song notes been rendered into human speech, Andreas had served an apprenticeship in caring for them which well fitted him to care with a mother's tenderness for this little girl, who, such was his love for her, seemed to him in all verity to be his own proper child. Benefiting by the advice that was so lavishly bestowed upon him, he presently became—as even the most critical of the women were forced to admit—a much better mother to the little Roschen than many a real mother might have been. It was, indeed, a sight worth travelling far to see, this of Andreas washing and dressing the baby in the sunny room at the back of the shop where hung the cages in which were the choicest of his birds. Roschen's first conscious memory was of laughing and splashing in her little tub in the sunshine, while all around her was a carolling of song.

In the course of the years that had drifted by since Andreas came with his birds to New York that May morning he had not made for himself many friends. To be a friend of birds a man must have a quiet habit of body, and great gentleness of nature, and a true tenderness of heart; which qualities tend also to solitariness, being for the most part harmed rather than fostered by association with mankind. As suited him well, his business was not one that called him much abroad, nor that brought him greatly into contact with his fellows. In his good care the famous stock of songsters that he had brought with him from the fatherland had increased prodigiously; and even the sale of nearly all his best old birds, about the time that Conrad was ill, had worked in the long-run to his benefit; for he had taken these birds to one and another of the great dealers, who thus came to know that in the little shop on Avenue B were to be found canaries the like of which for tameness and for rare beauty of note could not be bought elsewhere in all New York. Thereafter, as his young birds grew up, learning from Andreas himself the lesson of gentleness, and from his teaching-birds the lesson of sweetness of note, he had no lack of high-paying customers; so that from his business he derived an income far in excess of his modest needs. What went with the overplus was known only to certain of his country-folk, whose ill venture after greater fortune in America had proved to be but a fiercer struggle with still greater poverty than they had struggled with at home; and no doubt the angels also kept track of his modest benefactions, for such is reputed to be their way.

Many a wounded life was healed by these hidden ministrations on the part of Andreas; and, as rightly followed, great love there was for him in many a humble heart. But love of this sort is not friendship, for friendship requires some one plane at least of equality, and also association and converse—which conditions were lacking in the case of Andreas and those to whom he gave his aid; for the shyness of his nature led him to keep himself apart—save when the demand upon his charity was for that comfort and sympathy which can only be given in person—from those whose burdens he lightened; so that while the needed help was given, the hand that gave it remained concealed.

Yet with a few of his country-folk in New York Andreas had established, in course of time, relations of warm friendliness. Of his kin only two cousins were left—for the rich good uncle, from overmuch eating of his own delicatessen, had come to a bilious ending; and his uncle's widow, wise in her generation, had returned to her native town in Saxony, where she was enabled, by reason of the fortune that the delicatessen shop had brought to her, to outshine the local baroness, and presently to attain the summit of her highest hopes and happiness by wedding an impoverished local baron, and so becoming a baroness herself. Her two sons were well pleased with this marriage. They were carrying on a great business in hog products, and had purchased for themselves fine estates in the country and fine houses in town. To be able to speak of their mother as "the baroness" suited them very well. Andreas saw but little of these gilded relatives—who yet were good-hearted men, and very kindly disposed toward him—for their magnificent surroundings were appalling to his simple mind. His few friends were more nearly in his own walk in life, and his friendship with them had been built up, as substantial friendship should be, by slow degrees.

At the Café Nürnberger, near by his own little shop—a bakery celebrated for the excellence of its bread, and for the great variety of its toothsome German cakes—it was his custom to make daily purchases. With the plump, rosy Aunt Hedwig, who presided over the bakery, he passed the good word of the day shyly; he responded shyly to the friendly nod of the baker, Gottlieb Brekel, when that worthy chanced to be in the shop; and he shyly greeted a certain jolly Herr Sohnstein, a German lawyer of distinction, who was about the bakery a great deal, and who popularly was believed to be a suitor for the plump Hedwig's plump hand. And these shy greetings might have gone on day after day for all eternity—or at least for so much of it as these several persons were entitled to live out on earth—without increasing one particle in cordiality, had there not been one other dweller in the bakery to act as a solvent upon the bird-dealer's reserve. This was the baker's daughter Minna, a child a year or two older than Roschen, and cast in a sturdier mould.

There was that about Andreas which drew all children to him, even as his birds were drawn to him; and a part of the spell certainly was the love for children that always was in his heart. The small Minna was disposed not a little to caprice—for she was a motherless child, and Aunt Hedwig humored her waywardness a trifle more than was good for her—and she manifested, usually, a certain haughtiness toward those who sought to make friends with her. Yet of her own accord one day, when Andreas had ceased to be a stranger to her, she went up to him and offered him a kiss. Aunt Hedwig volubly explained to Andreas the honor that had been done him, and from that moment became most friendly disposed toward him herself—as was also the baker, and as was also Herr Sohnstein, when the story of this extraordinary performance was duly related to them; and thus there began a real friendship between Andreas and these kindly souls that ever grew riper as the years went on. Sometimes of an evening, when his birds were all asleep, and he was left lonely, Andreas would step around to the bakery, and sit for an hour or so in the little room back of the shop, listening pleasantly to the talk of Gottlieb and Herr Sohnstein, as they smoked their pipes, and even laughing in a quiet way at the merry sallies thrown into the conversation by Aunt Hedwig as she sat knitting beside the fire. Andreas himself rarely spoke—it was not his way; but there was such a sympathetic tone in his silence that his lack of words passed almost unobserved. Much more attention was attracted by the fact that he did not smoke—a fact that was looked upon as most extraordinary. But this also went unheeded after a while, as it well might in a small room wherein Gottlieb and Herr Sohnstein were smoking with such vigor that the air was a deep, heavy blue. It was because his birds did not like smoke that he had given up his pipe, he explained, simply; and only to Minna did it occur to say, after she had turned the matter over in her small mind for a while, that the Herr Stoffel must be a very kind-hearted man to go without smoking because the smell of it wasn't nice for his birds.

When Andreas took the little Roschen to his home, that sad day after the funeral, the good Hedwig was among the first of the womenkind to go to him with tenders of instruction and advice; for while Hedwig was only, as it were, a matron by brevet, she was deeply impressed by the extent of her own knowledge in the matter of how motherless children should be raised—and it is but just to add that this self-confidence was fully warranted by the good results that had attended upon her care of her brother's child. Something of the story of Andreas and Christine, and something of what he had done for her and for her husband, was known in the bakery; and enough more was guessed to make these friends of his feel toward him, because of it all, a still stronger and more earnest friendship. Herr Sohnstein, who, being a lawyer with an extensive practice in the criminal courts, was not by any means in the habit of praising his fellow-men indiscriminately, even went so far as to say that Andreas was "better than any of the saints already." And when Aunt Hedwig, somewhat shocked at this comparison to the disfavor at a single thrust of the whole body of saints put together, reproved Herr Sohnstein for his irreverence, he stoutly declared that while his knowledge of saints was comparatively limited—since they did not come within the jurisdiction of the courts—he certainly never had read of one who had shown a finer quality of charity, both in forgiveness and in self-sacrifice, than that which Andreas had displayed.

"Don't you make-believe, Hedwig," Herr Sohnstein continued, "that if you go off after promising yourself to me and marry another fellow, that I'll take care of him when he's sick, and set him up in business when he gets well, and wind up by giving him a first-class funeral; and don't you get it into your head that I'm going to adopt any of your children that are not mine too—for I'm not a saint already, even if Andreas is."

To which general declaration Aunt Hedwig replied, with much spirit, that in the first place Herr Sohnstein had better wait until she promised to marry him, or to marry anybody for that matter, before he took to preaching to her; that in the second place it was unnecessary for him to declare that he was not a saint, since only a deaf blind man would be likely to take him for one; and that in the third place he would do well to save his breath to cool his broth—at which lively sally they all laughed together very comfortably.

With these good friends Andreas consulted in all important matters relating to Roschen's well-being. Aunt Hedwig's practical advice in regard to clothing and food and general care-taking was of high value in the early years; and it was Gottlieb's suggestion, when the time came for beginning the sowing of seeds of wisdom in her small mind, that Roschen should go with his own Minna to the school where the Sisters taught. And of a Sunday the children went also together to be instructed by the Redemptorist Fathers in the way of godliness. So these little ones grew in years and in knowledge and in grace together, and toward each other they felt a sisterly love.

Insensibly, too, as Roschen grew out of childhood into girlhood, her attitude toward her adoptive father changed. In the great matters of her life he still cared for her, planning always for her good, and withholding from her nothing suited to her station in life that money could buy. In the matter of her music, Aunt Hedwig declared that he was positively extravagant; yet accepted in good part his excuse that a voice so beautiful deserved to be well trained. It was her mother's voice alive again, he said; and as he spoke, Aunt Hedwig saw that there were tears in his eyes. But while Andreas still continued the larger of his parental duties, in the smaller matters of every-day life his adopted daughter now cared for him; so beginning to pay the debt (though to neither of them, such was their love for each other, did any thought of debt or of payment ever occur) that she owed him for all his goodness to her and to her dead father and mother in the past.

In truth, it was a pretty sight to see Roschen first beginning to play at keeping house for her father—for so she always called him—and then, in a little while, keeping house for him most excellently in real earnest. Here again the good qualities of Aunt Hedwig came to the front, for to her intelligent direction was due the rather surprising success that attended Roschen's ambitious attempt to become so early a *Hausfrau*. Time and again was a great culinary disaster averted by a rapid dash on Roschen's part from her imperilled home to the bakery, where Aunt Hedwig's advice was quickly obtained and then was promptly acted upon. And if sometimes the advice came too late to avert the catastrophe—as on that memorable and dreadful day when Roschen boiled her sausage-dumplings without tying them in a bag—the lessons taught by calamitous experience caused only passing trouble, and tended in the long-run to good.

Indeed, by the time that Roschen was sixteen years old, and had so far passed through her apprenticeship that she no longer was compelled to make sudden and frantic appeals to Aunt Hedwig for aid, the little household over which she presided so blithely was very admirably managed; and it certainly was as quaint and as pretty an establishment as could be found anywhere upon the whole round globe. Whoever entered the little shop was greeted by such a thrilling and warbling of sweet notes that all the air seemed quivering with music, and the leader of the bird choir was a certain wonderful songster that Andreas had named the Kronprinz, and for whom he repeatedly had refused quite fabulous sums. Andreas himself had bred the Kronprinz, and had given him the education that now made him such a wonder among birds, and that made him also of such great value as an instructor of the young birds whose musical education was still to be gained. After his adopted daughter, Andreas held this bird, and justly, to be the most precious thing that he owned.

But far sweeter than the singing of the prized Kronprinz—at least to any but a bird-fancier's ears—was the singing that usually was to be heard above the trilling of the canaries, and that came from the room at the back of the shop where Roschen was engaged in her housewifely duties. It was such music as the angels made, Andreas declared, yet thinking most of all of one angel voice, the memory of which while still on earth was very dear to him; and even in the case of those who were moved by no tender association of the sweet tones of the living and the dead this estimate of Roschen's singing did not seem unduly high. Gustav Strauss, the son of the great bird-dealer over in the rich part of the town, vowed that Andreas was entirely right in his angelic comparison; and Ludwig Bauer, the young shoemaker, who lived next door but one, went even farther and said that Roschen's voice was as much sweeter than any mere angel's voice as Roschen herself was sweeter and better than all the angels in paradise combined. There was nothing halting nor half-way in Ludwig Bauer's opinion in this matter, it will be observed.

The little room wherein Roschen sang so sweetly while at her work was their kitchen and dining-room and parlor all in one. As noon-time drew near there would come out into the shop from this room, through the open doorway, such succulent and enticing odors of roasting pork and stewing onions and boiling cabbages that even Bielfrak—as the Spitz dog, who was chained as a guard close beneath the cage of the Kronprinz, appropriately was named—would fall to licking his chops as he hungrily sniffed these smells delectable; and Andreas suddenly would discover how hungry he was, and would make occasion to go to the doorway that he might see if the setting of the table was begun.

"Patience, father! Presently. You are as bad as Bielfrak himself!" Roschen would say; and as this attribution of gluttony to her father was a time-honored joke between them, they always would laugh over it pleasantly. And then Andreas would stand and watch his little hausfrau with a far-away look in his gentle blue eyes as she bustled about her work in the sunny room, her pretty dimpled arms bared to above the elbow, her lovely cheeks (because of much stooping over the fire) brighter even than the roses after which she had been named, her golden hair done up in a trig tight knot (as Aunt Hedwig had taught her was the proper way for hair to be arranged while cooking was going on), and over her tidy print gown a great white apron, fashioned in an ancient German shape, as guard against the splashings and spillings that even the most careful of cooks cannot always control. In the sunny windows, opening to the south, flowers were growing; the Dutch clock, with pendulous weights made in the similitude of pine cones, ticked against the wall merrily; Mädchen, the cat—who, being most prolific of kittens, notoriously belied her name—sat bunched up in exceeding comfort on a space expressly left for her upon the sunny window-ledge among the plants; steam arose in light clouds from the various pots upon the stove, and in the middle of the little room the table stood ready for the dinner to be served.

It was a very cheerful, home-like picture this; and yet many a time, as Andreas stood in the doorway and contemplated it, there would be tears in his eyes, and a strange feeling, half of glad thankfulness, half of very sorrowful longing, in his heart. She was so like her dead mother! In look, in speech, in motions of the body, in turns of the head, and in gestures of the hands she was Christine over again. Sometimes Andreas would forget his fifty years and all the sorrows of hope destroyed and irrevocable death-parting which his fifty years had brought him, and would fancy for a moment that he was young again, and that the dearest wish of his life was here fulfilled. And then she would call him "Father!" and his moment's dream of happiness would die coldly in his heart. Yet would there come to him always an afterglow of solacing warmth, as comforting thoughts would steal in upon him of the happiness not a dream—different from that which he had hoped for in his youth, but most sweet and real—that God's goodness had given him in these his later years.

Andreas truly was old Andreas now. As men's lives go, his age was not great; but sorrow had made him, as it had made many another man, far older than the mere number of years which he had lived. No great store of strength had been his at the beginning, and the heart-break that he had suffered that day of his landing in the New World, when faith and love and hope all died together at a single blow, was less a sentimental figure than a physical reality. A like pang, yet not so keen, had wrenched him when he first came to know of Christine's sharp trial of poverty, and another seized him in the night-time following that sad day when she passed away from earth. And now of late, without any cause at all, these pangs had come again. Andreas was glad that they had come always when he was alone; for the pain was too searching to be wholly hidden, and his strong desire was that Roschen should be spared all knowledge of his suffering. In his own mind he perceived quite clearly what before long must come to pass. And it was a good happening, he thought, that in Gottlieb Brekel and Aunt Hedwig, and the excellent Herr Sohnstein, who, being a lawyer, could care well for the little store in the bank and for the little house that Andreas now owned, Roschen had such stanch and worthy friends. The only sign of these thoughts that Roschen perceived was that her father grew much keener in the matter of selling his birds at high prices, and that she was somewhat seriously reproved when, in her housekeeping or in her occasional expeditions to the fine shops in Grand Street, she ventured upon any small extravagance. But Roschen would laugh when thus reproved, and declare that her father, who long had been a glutton, was become a miser already in his old

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

age; whereat Andreas also would laugh, yet not quite so heartily as Roschen liked to hear him laugh when she cracked her little jokes upon him, and would say that sometimes a miser was not thought by his heirs so bad a fellow when they found what a snug little fortune he had left behind him all safe in the bank.

It was because of these thoughts that he kept hidden from her that Andreas began to take a much more active interest in what Roschen had to say from time to time about certain young men of her acquaintance. The young man of whom she spoke most frequently, and with a frank friendliness, was the handsome young assistant baker at the Café Nürnberger, a very likely young fellow, Hans Kuhn by name, who of late had brought that excellent bakery into great vogue because of the almost miraculously good *Lebkuchen* that he baked there. But Andreas was not at all alarmed by this open friendship; for Hans and the stout Minna Brekel were to be married presently, and Roschen's feeling obviously was no more than hearty good-will toward the lover of her own dear sister friend. Fine chatterings she and Minna had, as Andreas inferred from her occasional brief reports of them, about the prodigious matrimonial event that was now so near at hand. As Andreas also inferred, these chatterings put various notions of an exciting and somewhat disturbing sort into Roschen's little head. If one young girl might get married, so might another, no doubt she thought; and it is conceivable that from this mental statement of a rational abstract possibility her thoughts may have passed on to consideration of the concrete possibilities involved in her own relations with the good-looking Gustav Strauss, son of the rich bird-dealer, or with the good-looking young shoemaker, Ludwig Bauer, who lived next door but one.

It is certain that when Roschen had arrived at the dignity of eighteen years, and her hitherto slim figure had taken on quite a plump, pleasing, womanly roundness, the business visits of the young Herr Strauss to the little bird shop on the East Side became, as it struck Andreas, rather curiously frequent. And about this time, also, their neighbor Ludwig developed a very extraordinary interest in the business of raising canary-birds. It was a business that he long had thought of engaging in, he explained; and he truly did exhibit an aptitude in comprehending and in practising its mysteries that greatly exalted him in the little bird-dealer's esteem. The birds all seemed to recognize a friend in him; and even those which were but partially tamed, and were gentle only with Andreas himself, would perch willingly upon his hand. With Andreas it long had been a maxim that canary-birds were rare judges of human character, and the testimonial thus given to Ludwig's worth counted with him for a great deal—as did also the quite converse opinion of the birds in regard to the young Herr Strauss, from whom, notwithstanding his training in the care of their kind, they always flew away, and whose mere presence in the shop sufficed to make every bird ruffle himself, and to chirp angrily in his cage. Yet Herr Strauss was most agreeable in his manners, and was a very personable young man. As for his riches, they spoke for themselves in his fine attire and in his fine gold watch and chain; and he also spoke for them, making frequent allusions to his comfortable present position in the world as his father's partner, and to his still more comfortable prospective position as his father's sole heir.

Ludwig, on the other hand, could not boast of any great amount of gilding upon, as Andreas believed it to be, the sterling metal of which he was made. But he was by no means what would be considered by the dwellers on the East Side a poor man. He was a steady and a good master-workman, with three or four apprentices under him; and all day long there was to be heard in his shop the cheerful, business-like sound of the thumping of short hammers on lapstones, together with the loud clicking of the sewing-machine on which the delicate stitching of uppers was done. In the window, screened with a green curtain of growing vines—as is the pretty custom with most of the German shoemakers on the East Side—there always might be seen a pair or two of well-made, stout shoes drying in the sunshine on their lasts; and with these a half-dozen or more pairs of shoes newly soled and heeled in a substantial, workmanlike fashion that would have done credit to Hans Sachs himself. Making and mending together, it was a very good business that Ludwig was doing; each year a better balance was lodged to his credit in the savings-bank, and the great golden boot that hung above his doorway told no more than the truth of the good work that was done, and of the good money that was well earned within. From the stand-point of public opinion on the East Side, this thriving young shoemaker already was a man of substance, whose still more substantial future was assured.

There was in the nature of Ludwig much the same simplicity and gentleness that characterized Andreas—which common qualities, no doubt, had much to do with the strong friendship that there was between them; and all his neighbors, remembering how good a son he had been, and knowing also how deeply he still sorrowed for the dear mother lost to him in death, were more than ready to vouch for the goodness of his heart. Indeed, it was while trying to comfort him a little after this great sorrow fell upon him that Roschen first felt toward him something more than the passing interest that every maiden reasonably feels in every seemly young man. Her disposition toward him, to be sure, even when thus stimulated by a sympathetic melancholy, was only that of friendliness; but it evidently was a friendliness so cordial and so sincere that it made quite a tolerable foundation upon which Ludwig freely built fine air-castles of hope. For his disposition toward Roschen was altogether that of a lover—as anybody might have known after hearing that decided expression of his opinion to the effect that all the angels singing together could not make music so sweet as the music of her voice.

In due time, in accordance with the decorous German custom, both of these young men made formal application to Andreas for permission to be ranked formally as Roschen's suitors; and, as it chanced, they both preferred their requests upon the same day. The young Herr Strauss undeniably had some strong points to make in his own favor; and he made them, to do him justice, without any hesitation or false modesty. As he truly said—speaking with an easy assurance, and airily fingering his gold watch chain as he spoke—in marrying him Roschen would make an excellent match. In rather marked contrast with this justifiable yet not wholly pleasing assumption of self-importance, was the modest tone in which Ludwig urged his suit; yet was Andreas not unfavorably impressed by the fact that he dwelt less upon his deserts than upon his desire to be deserving; and that in connection with the creditable presentment that he made of the condition of his worldly affairs he did not insist, as the Herr Strauss had insisted, upon a minute examination of Roschen's dowry. As bearing indirectly yet forcibly upon a general consideration of the cases of these young men, the statement may be added that one of them had made for his proposed father-in-law several excellent pairs of shoes, while the other had made for him only a series of uncommonly sharp bargains.

To neither of the lovers did Andreas give an immediate answer. He must think a little, he said. The self-esteem of the Herr Strauss was a trifle ruffled by the suggestion that in such a case waiting of any sort was necessary; it seemed to him that an offer so desirable as that which he had made was entitled to instant acceptance. But Ludwig noted a certain trembling in the voice that bade him wait, and was not so completely engrossed with his own hopes of happiness but that he could perceive its cause and could feel sorrow for it. All these years had Andreas cared for this sweet Roschen, and had cherished her as his dearest treasure; and now, when the best time of her life had come, he was asked to give her up to a love that rested its claim for recognition upon nothing more substantial than promises of caretaking which the future might or might not make good. That Andreas, under such circumstances, even should consider his request, touched Ludwig's good heart with gratitude; and the love that he had for a long while felt toward the old man led him now to put an arm around his shoulder, as a son might have done, and to tell him that the home which he had ready for Roschen was ready for Roschen's father too. And Ludwig's voice also trembled a little. Andreas did not speak, but he put his thin hand into the big brown hand—much stained with the dark wax that shoemakers use and with long handling of leather—that Ludwig held out to him; and when they had stood together thus affectionately for a little time they parted, silently.

In truth, Andreas was more deeply moved than even Ludwig, for all his affectionate sympathy, had divined. His love for Roschen was a double love. With the love of a father he had watched over her these many years; yet even stronger had come to be his love for her as her mother born again. Sometimes, for whole days together, confusing the past with the present, he would call her Christine; and in his heart he ever gave greater room to the fancy that the life which he had hoped for was realized, and that the life which he was living was a dream. No wonder, then, that he asked for a little time in which to school himself to meet the fate that at a single blow brought destruction to his dear home on earth and to his dearer castle in the air.

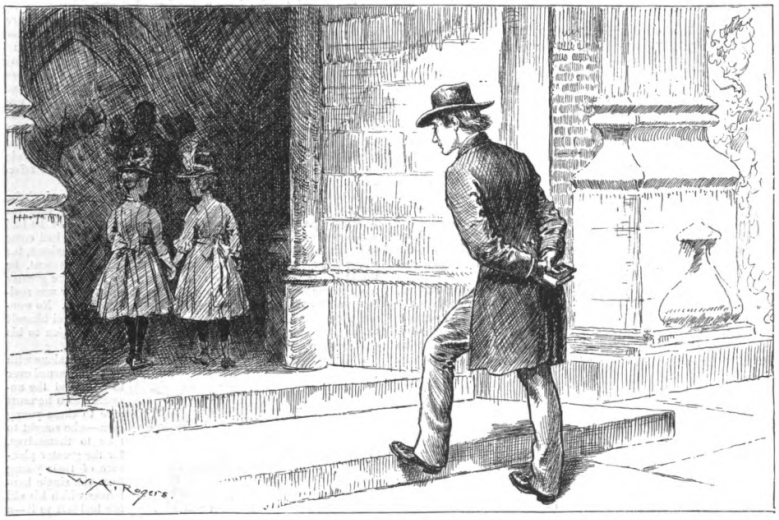
Roschen was abroad that afternoon, and as Andreas, alone with his birds, turned over in his mind the answers which he must give to these young men—who sought to take to themselves, for the greater pleasure of their young lives, the single happiness which his old life had left to it—a great bitterness possessed his soul. When they had so much and he so little, it was cruel of them to seek to rob him thus, he thought. And their love, after all, was but the growth of a day, while his love had been growing steadily for forty years. Roschen was to him at once the sweetheart of his youth and the dear daughter of his age. How could these young fellows have the effrontery to place their own light love fancies in rivalry with this profound love of his that was rooted in all the years of a lifetime? His thoughts went back to those long-past days when he and Christine first had known each other as little children on the sunny slopes of the Andreasberg, and when began the love that still was a living reality. And then he followed downward through the years his own love-story from this its beginning—the promise made in the twilight, while the south wind, laden with the sweet smell of the pine trees of the Schwarzwald, played about them; the hard parting; his joyous journey with his birds westward across the sea; the black day when that journey ended; the years of sorrow which closed in still keener sorrow when his Christine was lost to him utterly in death; and then through the later years, which ever grew brighter and happier as his love for Christine was born anew and lived its strange, half-real life in his love for Christine's child, who also was the daughter given him by Heaven to cheer and comfort him in his old age. And now at the end of it all he was asked to give to another this sweet flower of love that for his happiness, almost by a miracle, as it seemed, a second time had bloomed. Was not this asking more of him, he thought, than rightly should be asked?

So heavy was the load of bitterness that oppressed him that even the singing of the Kronprinz, who was moved to break forth into song just then, failed for a time to arouse him. Yet presently the sweet sound penetrated the thick substance of his sorrow, and slowly turned the current of his sombre thoughts. Andreas loved all music; but because of the long train of associations which it invoked, and because of his skilled knowledge of its quality, there was no music so sweet to him as the singing of a bird. And when the singer was the Kronprinz, who sang with a mellow sweetness rare and wonderful, the music never failed to move his tender nature to its very depths. And so, as he listened to the singing of his bird, gentler and better thoughts possessed him, and then he reproached himself for the selfishness that had so filled his heart. He had no right, he thought, to stand in the way of Roschen's happiness—to compel her to take the old love that he had to give in place of the fresh young love that was offered to her. It was only a foolish fancy, this that he had cherished, that she was his sweetheart of long ago; it was the rational truth that he had to deal with—that she was his daughter, who had given



"AND WHEN HE WAS COME HOME WITH HER, THE BIRDS BROKE FORTH TOGETHER INTO A CHORUS OF SWEETEST SONG."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"AND OF A SUNDAY THE CHILDREN WENT TOGETHER TO BE INSTRUCTED BY THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS."

him in full measure a daughter's love and duty, and for whom now, as was a father's duty, he must secure a good husband, who would care for her well and loyally when death had taken her father from her. This was the right conclusion, but all the strength of his will was required to bring him to it; and when at last he said to himself that what so plainly was right should be firmly done, the color suddenly left his face, and there went through his heart the sharp pang that he had learned to dread because of the agony of it. So wrenching was the pain that he could not repress a cry; but it was not a loud cry, and the sound of it was lost in the glad carolling of the Kronprinz's song.

When Roschen came home, a little later, she was frightened by finding her father looking so pale and worn; but the sight of her dear face, and her loving looks and words, revived him quickly, and her fear passed by. And she forgot her fear the sooner because of the momentous question that he then opened to her; for this last sharp seizure, keener than any that had preceded it, had warned Andreas that the duty which he had to do should not be delayed.

Very tenderly and lovingly did he speak of this heart matter to his little rose, his Roschen, as she sat beside him on a low stool, after the childish habit that she never had relinquished, while her head was nestled upon his shoulder, and while he stroked her fair hair gently with his thin, delicate hand. And as he made clear to her all that she was to know, and explained to her that the decision between these rival lovers, or the rejection of them both, must be made by herself, the rosiness of this pretty Roschen became a deep crimson, and her head sank down upon her father's breast so that her face was hid from him; and as his arms clasped her closely to this loving haven she fell to crying gently there, as in such cases is a proper maiden's rather unreasonable way.

"Does the thought of lovers make thee sad, my little one?" Andreas asked; and he could not quite stifle, though he tried hard to stifle, the hope that perhaps Roschen might settle this present matter so that for a little time longer she still would be wholly his own.

"It is not the thought of lovers, dear father," Roschen answered, and her voice was low and broken, "but the thought that anything should take me away from thee."

The hope grew larger in the heart of Andreas, but he said: "The young Herr Strauss will make thee a fine husband, my daughter. He is a rich young man already, and—"

But Roschen promptly cut short this eulogy by raising her head abruptly and saying, with great decision: "He is a horrid young man, and nothing is good about him at all. He tries to cheat thee whenever he comes here to buy our birds; and—and he has said things to me; and he—and he tried to kiss me. Ugh! I will have nothing to do with the Herr Strauss—nothing at all!"

As she spoke, Roschen held up her head firmly and looked Andreas straight in the eyes. Her own eyes quite sparkled with anger, for all the tears that were in them; and the tone in which she pronounced the name of the Herr Strauss suggested pointedly that he was one of the various unpleasant creatures which humanity disposes of with tongs. All this was so emphatic that Andreas suffered his hope to grow yet stronger; for now, certainly, one of these lovers was put safely out of his way.

"And Ludwig, my little one?"

Roschen did not speak, but the angry sparkle that was in her eyes gave place to a softer and much pleasanter brightness, and a still deeper crimson showed in the pretty face that she hid again suddenly upon her father's breast.

"And Ludwig?" Andreas repeated.

But still Roschen did not speak. She put her arms around her father's neck, and nestled her head beneath his chin in a lovingly coaxing way that she had devised when she was a little child, and then she fell again to sobbing gently.

"Hast thou, then, nothing to say of this friend of ours, my daughter?" Andreas spoke eagerly, his hope being very strong within him now, for he was not versed in the ways of maidens, and the silence that would have been so eloquent to another woman or to a wiser man conveyed a very false notion to his mind.

"Thou hast told me, dear father, that Ludwig makes very good shoes," Roschen said at last, speaking hesitatingly, and in a voice so low that it was little more than a whisper.

"Yes," Andreas answered, somewhat taken aback by the irrelevant and very matter-of-fact nature of this remark; "yes, Ludwig makes good shoes."

"And thou likest those which he has made for thee?"

"Truly. They are good shoes. They have cured my corns." Andreas spoke with feeling. He was sincerely grateful to Ludwig for having cured his corns. "But it is not of Ludwig's shoes that we are talking now, my Roschen," he went on. "It is of Ludwig himself. Hast thou nothing to say in answer to what he asks?"

Through her tears Roschen laughed a little, and she pressed her head still more closely beneath her father's chin. "Thou dear foolish one," she said, "canst thou not understand?" And then, after a moment of silence, she went on, "Hast thou not seen, dear father, how all the birds love Ludwig, and of their own accord go to him?"

Then a little light broke in upon Andreas, and the hope that he had cherished began to pale; but he answered stoutly: "Yes, the birds love him, for he is a good young man. And thou, my daughter?"

And Roschen answered in a voice so low and tremulous that Andreas divined rather than heard the words she spoke. "Perhaps it is with me also, dear father, as it is with the birds!"

For a little time there was silence—for Andreas did not trust himself to speak while his hope was dying in his heart—then he raised the pretty head from its resting-place upon his breast, and as he kissed the forehead that was so like the dead Christine's, he said, reverently and tenderly, "For thy good and happiness, my dear one, may God's will be done." And as he clasped her again to him closely, the Kronprinz once more lifted up his voice in sweetest song.

When at last Roschen raised her rosy, happy face from her father's breast, she was so full of the wonder that had come to pass that she did not perceive his weary look, nor how pale he was; yet less pale now than a little time before when his face was unseen by her.

And presently the rosiness of this sweet Roschen grew still deeper as the shop door opened, with a great tinkling of its little bell, and Ludwig entered. Andreas arose from his chair slowly—but neither of them noticed how feeble and labored were his motions, like those of a weak old man—and clasped in both of his own Ludwig's great brown hand, while with a look of love he said: "It is as thou wouldst have it, my son. This dear rose of my growing will bloom in thy garden now"—and he led Ludwig to where Roschen, who indeed was a true rose just then, was standing and put her hand in his.

And then, with a wistful eagerness, he went on: "And thou wilt care for her very tenderly and well, in my place? Thou canst not understand what my love has been; part of it, I know, has been foolishness—and that which thou wilt give her, if it be strong and steadfast, will be far better than ever was mine. For it is the way of life"—and here the voice of Andreas trembled and fell a little—"that for young hearts love also must be young."

"With God's help, dear father, I will be true and good to her," Ludwig answered, speaking with a stout heartiness that gave the ring of truth to his words; "and I will care well for her and for thee too."

"For me it will not be long," Andreas answered; "but give the care which thou wouldst have given to me to these my birds."

"Do not make us sad to-day, dear father, by such gloomy words," said Roschen, as she put her arms around his neck. "To-day a beautiful time of happiness has begun for us."

"Truly a beautiful time of happiness has begun," Andreas answered; "and I thank God that I have seen its beginning—for when grief comes to thee, and grief must come to us all, my daughter, thou hast now a strong young heart to stay and comfort thee. Yes, this is truly the beginning of a happy time." It was with a very tender smile that Andreas spoke these cheery words; and he added, cheerily: "Now go out into the Square, my children, and say to each other the words which I know are in your hearts. I will be glad in your happiness as I sit here among my birds."

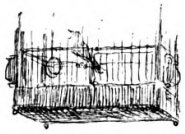
And so Andreas, for the second time in his life, was left alone with his birds.

As he sat there, desolate, he buried his face in his hands, and between his thin fingers there was a glistening of tears. It was so hard to bear! They might have waited just a little while, he thought; it would not have been very long. For he forgot, and perhaps it would be unfair to blame him for forgetting, his own desire that before that little time should pass his Roschen should have assured to her the good care-taker whom she surely would need when the season of sorrow came. A little thrill, a premonition of which he knew the meaning, ran through him.

Then it was that the Kronprinz began to sing. The notes at first were low and liquid, and they fell soothingly upon the ears, and so into the heart of this poor Andreas; and as they rose higher and fuller and clearer, light began to show for him where only darkness had been. The other birds, fired to emulation by these mellow warblings, joined in a sweet chorus, above which the strong rich notes of the Kronprinz rose in triumphant waves of harmony. And gladness came then into the heart of Andreas, and great thankfulness; for as the music of the birds exalted him he seemed to see with a strange clearness into the depths of the future, and all that he saw there promised well for those whom he loved. Such wonderful music was this that the very air about him seemed to be growing goldenly radiant; and with a certain awe creeping into his heart he seemed to hear low echoes of a music even more ravishingly beautiful that came faintly yet with a bell-like clearness from very far away.

Truly there was something strange about this music, for even Bielfrak, who was grown to be a deaf, rheumatic old dog now, heard it and was greatly moved by it. From his comfortable rug in the corner he raised himself painfully upon his haunches, and, pointing his nose upward, he uttered a long melancholy howl. Then he came by slow effort across the room to where his master sat and laid his head upon his master's knee. And there was a puzzled look upon Bielfrak's face, for never before had he thus manifested the love that was in his honest heart without finding a quick response to it in the gentle touch of his master's hand. Yet now that hand remained most strangely still, and it was strangely white, and Bielfrak drew back suddenly from touching it—finding it most strangely cold.

The birds had been frightened into silence by Bielfrak's howl, but now they all burst forth again into the song of strange and wonderful sweetness that of a sudden they had learned to sing. In waves of harmony the chorus rose and fell, and above all sounded the notes of the Kronprinz, rich, full, clear, so delicately perfect as to seem a blending of sunlight and of sound. And in this song there was a strain that seemed to tell of restful triumph and eternal joy. And on the gentle, kindly face of Andreas, as he sat there so very quietly while all the air around him with these sweet sounds was vibrant, there was a most tender smile that told of perfect peace.





"PERHAPS IT IS WITH ME ALSO, DEAR FATHER, AS IT IS WITH THE BIRDS."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.

BY CAPTAIN FRANCIS V. GREENE.



THOMAS TELFORD.

THE progress of civilization has everywhere been marked by good roads. It may even be said to be largely due to them. Ancient Rome was not only famous for its own roads, but it carried the art of road-making into all its conquered provinces. As its civilization disappeared in the degeneracy of the Dark Ages, good roads ceased to exist, and they only reappeared when modern nations began to emerge from the Middle Ages. It is often said that the test of civilization in any country is the consumption of iron; but this is true only because railroads are the chief consumers of iron, and they are but one form of roadway.

It is an undeniable fact that while the United States has the finest railway system in the world—the most perfectly adapted to the work it has to do, and the cheapest in charges for transportation—yet its roads and its city streets are far inferior to those of France, England, Germany, Austria, and Italy. Doubtless the admirable character of its railways is itself the cause of its bad roads and streets, for the railways serve their purpose so well that there is less apparent need of good carriage roads. All the other countries above named had reached a high degree of civilization before the advent of railways about fifty years ago, whereas about three-fourths of the present area of the United States have been settled and populated during the railway era. The rapid advances in wealth and population of the principal countries of Europe during the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century would have been impossible without a corresponding and simultaneous improvement in the quality of their roads. The still more rapid advance of America during this century has been accomplished chiefly through the instrumentality of railways, and these have so thoroughly intersected the country in every direction, bringing the merchant and manufacturer at one end and the farmer and miner at the other into such close communication, that the necessity for good roads has been overlooked. The opinion is now gaining ground, however, that notwithstanding the excellent and cheap service of the railways, there is a great loss in the unnecessary cost of transportation in hauling merchandise through the mud to reach the railroad, and again over rough cobble-stones when it leaves the cars at its destination. And independent of the commercial aspect of the question, there is still to be considered the comfort and convenience of those who use roads and streets for pleasure riding and driving, and to whom good road surfaces are absolutely necessary. During the last few years there has been a constant increase in the attention and thought devoted to the question of roads both without and within cities, and the object of this article is to give briefly such information as to the history and present condition of the art of road-making as may be useful in this discussion.

ROMAN ROADS.

The much-quoted Roman roads were, in reality, far inferior to the best roads of modern Europe, and were much more costly. Hence they may be dismissed in a few words. They were stone pavements with a very thick concrete foundation; or, as described by another writer, they were "masonry walls laid on their sides." The most famous of them was the Appian Way, constructed about 313 B.C., from Rome to Capua, and subsequently extended to Brundusium (Brindisi). The foundation consisted of one or two courses of large flat stones laid in lime mortar; next came a layer of concrete made of one part of lime and three of broken stones, thoroughly mixed and consolidated by ramming; on this was spread a thin layer of mortar, in which the stones forming the top course were bedded. These stones were of basaltic lava about twelve to fourteen inches in width, with smooth upper surfaces but irregular sides, and when carefully jointed together they formed a large mosaic. The total thickness of the road was about three feet, and its width varied from twelve to twenty feet. On either side were raised footways, paved with stone, and at frequent intervals were stepping-stones for mounting horses. It was also marked by mile-stones indicating the distance from the forum at Rome.

This road was certainly durable, as is proved by the fact that although it had to be rebuilt by Trajan, at the end of the first century A.D., parts of it are still in existence, 2200 years after it was first constructed; but it was deficient in the other qualities of a good road. Horace is authority for the statement that it was "less fatiguing to people who travel slowly."

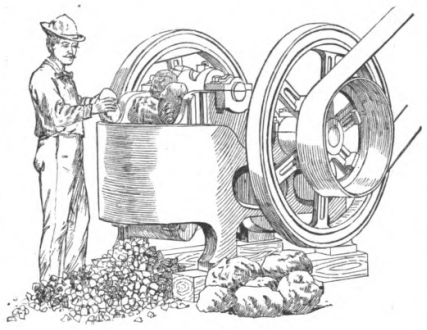


FIG. 3.

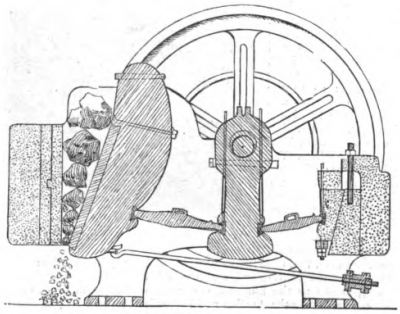


FIG. 3a.

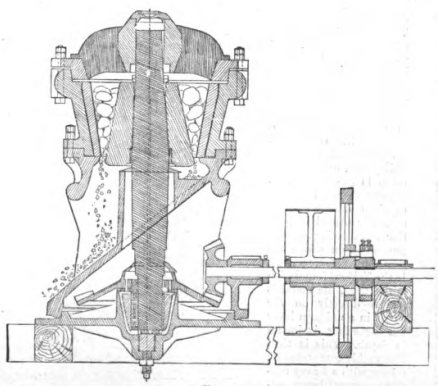


FIG. 4a.

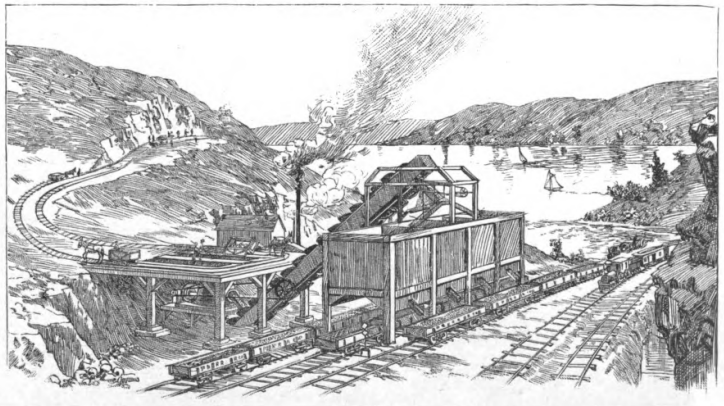


FIG. 4.



JOHN L. MACADAM.

Similar roads were built in Gaul, in Great Britain, during the Roman occupation, and in Thrace by the Emperor Trajan.

With the decline of Rome, road-making shared the fate of the other mechanical arts, and for the time was forgotten. Good roads were unknown again in Europe until the middle of the eighteenth century. They were revived almost simultaneously in France and England, and soon afterward in the other chief countries of Europe.

MACADAM ROADS.

Among English-speaking races the perfection of modern roads is generally attributed to two Englishmen, Macadam and Telford, who rebuilt nearly all the English roads in the early part of this century. Telford was a distinguished engineer, while Macadam prided himself on being nothing but a road-maker. It is also generally believed that to Macadam is due the principle of using small angular fragments of clean stone, which, under traffic, unite into a solid mass. The distinctive feature of Telford's roads was a layer of irregular stone, from six to eight inches in size, carefully placed on the ground as a foundation for the smaller stones, technically called the road metal. The chief object of this foundation was to afford good drainage, and prevent the metal from being pushed into the ground in places where it was soft; but Macadam always denied its utility or necessity, and engineers are still divided on this question. In regard to the size of the metal, Telford specified that the stones should be as nearly as possible uniform in size, the largest of which should pass, in its longest dimensions, through a ring two and a half inches in diameter. Macadam preferred the test of weight, and insisted that no stone should weigh more than six ounces — which is the weight of a cube of one and a half inches of hard, compact limestone. His overseers were provided with a small pair of scales and a six-ounce weight, in order to test the largest stones.

It is a fact, however, that the correct principles of modern road-building are not due to either Macadam or Telford, but to a French engineer, Trésaguet, who an-

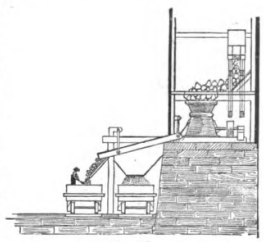


FIG. 4b.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

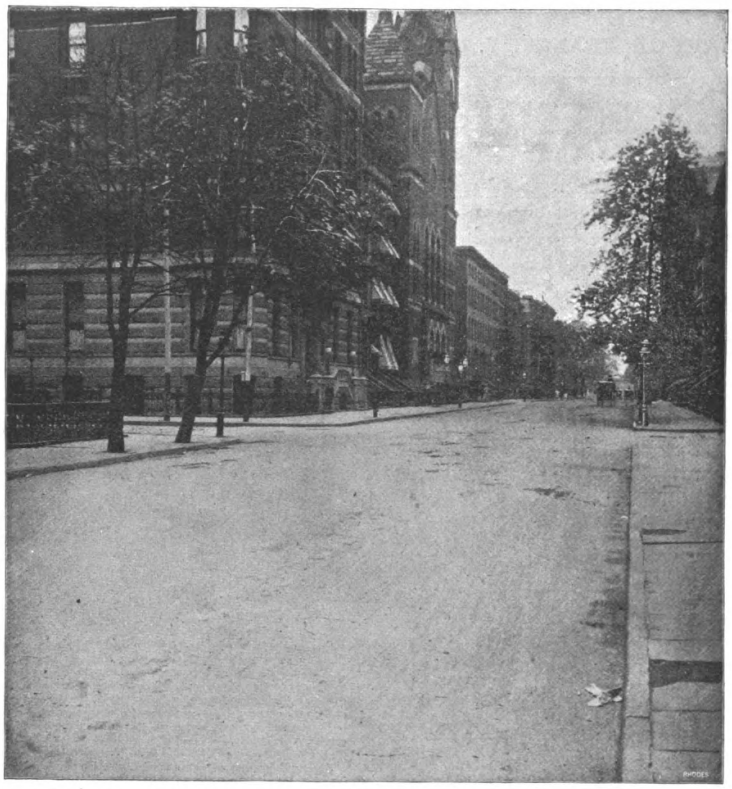


FIG. 14.—ASPHALT PAVEMENT ON MADISON AVENUE AT TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

ticipated them in every detail by about thirty years. In a memoir prepared in 1775 Trésaguet advocated the small angular fragments of broken stone of Macadam, and the rough paving foundation of Telford. He built the high-roads from Paris to Toulouse, and from Paris to the Spanish frontier. His views were adopted by all French engineers at the end of the last century, and it was in accordance with them that the Simplon and other great roads over the Alps, as well as the principal roads of France, were built under Napoleon.

The excellence of broken stone roads caused their universal adoption in the first half of this century, and in only two particulars have any improvements been made upon them to the present day. The first is in regard to the manner of breaking the stone. Macadam caused the stone to be broken by hand on the side of the road, the size and weight of the hammer being carefully specified. Now they are much more quickly and cheaply broken by machine. Two classes of stone-crushers have been devised for this purpose, shown in Figs. 3 and 3*a*, 4, 4*a*, and 4*b*. The first, usually known as the Blake, consists essentially of a strong iron frame, near one end of which is a movable jaw of iron. By means of a toggle-joint and an eccentric this jaw is moved back and forward a slight distance from the frame. As the jaw recedes, the opening increases and the stone descends; as it approaches the frame, the stone is crushed. The second class is known as the Gates, and consists of a solid mass of iron shaped somewhat like a bell, which is supported within an iron cone. By means of an eccentric shaft a rocking and rotary motion is given to the bell, so that each point of its surface is successively brought near to and removed from the surface of the cone, which causes the stone to descend and be crushed as before. These machines are driven by steam-engines and are of various sizes, capable of crushing from ten to two hundred tons per day. By regulating the width of opening between the jaws, or within the cone, the size to which the stone can be broken is correspondingly regulated; and by the use of revolving screens with openings of various sizes, the stones of different sizes can be separated and delivered in separate piles of one-half inch, one inch, two and one-half inches, etc.

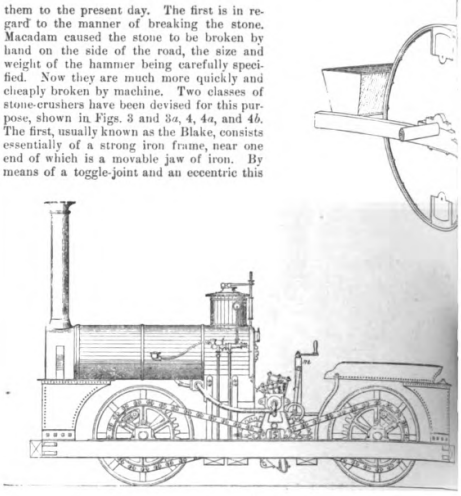


FIG. 6.

The other improvement is in the use of rollers to consolidate the road and give a smooth, uniform surface, instead of allowing this work to be slowly and painfully performed by the vehicles using it. Horse-rollers were introduced about 1834 and steam-rollers about 1860. There was for some time a discussion as to the relative economy and merits of the two kinds of rollers, but this has now been settled in favor of the steam-rollers. The ordinary form of horse-roller is shown in Fig. 5. Of steam-rollers there are three principal varieties, the first (Fig. 6), known as the Ballaison, or Gellerat, designed in France, the second (Fig. 7), known as the Aveling and Porter, designed in England, and the third (Fig. 8), known as the Lindelof, designed in America. Of these the Aveling and Porter is the best for macadam roads, and the Lindelof for rolling plastic pavements.



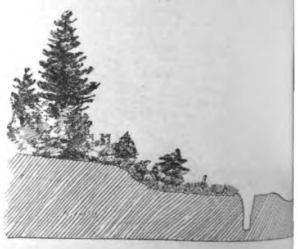
FIG. 19.—MADISON AVENUE, NE

Macadam roads are now everywhere constructed on substantially the same principles. The ground is first cleared and levelled of the prescribed width, and, if necessary, excavated to the depth of the road-covering. All roots of trees, and soft and spongy spaces not affording a firm bearing, are removed and their places filled with good gravel or broken stone. The surface is then rolled with a heavy roller, in order thoroughly to compact it. If the Telford foundation is used, it is placed on the rolled earth in the form of irregular stones from six to eight inches in size, carefully placed in position and forming a rough pavement, on which the macadam metal is placed. If the Telford foundation is not used, the metal is placed directly on the earth, in a uniform layer not exceeding six inches in depth. This is then thoroughly compacted by rolling with a heavy roller for several hours, until the metal will not yield under the roller. Another lay on the first and compacted in the inc es in depth of very fine broken inch in largest dimensions, is spre rolling. The road is then ready compactness of the road increases with the rolling. In many cases inches, instead of twelve to thirte

Fig. 10 is a section of the high is a section of Telford's Holyhead R vard in New York.

For purposes of comparison Fig which was supplanted by the refor

The cost of such roads depends o of broken stone. In addition to t



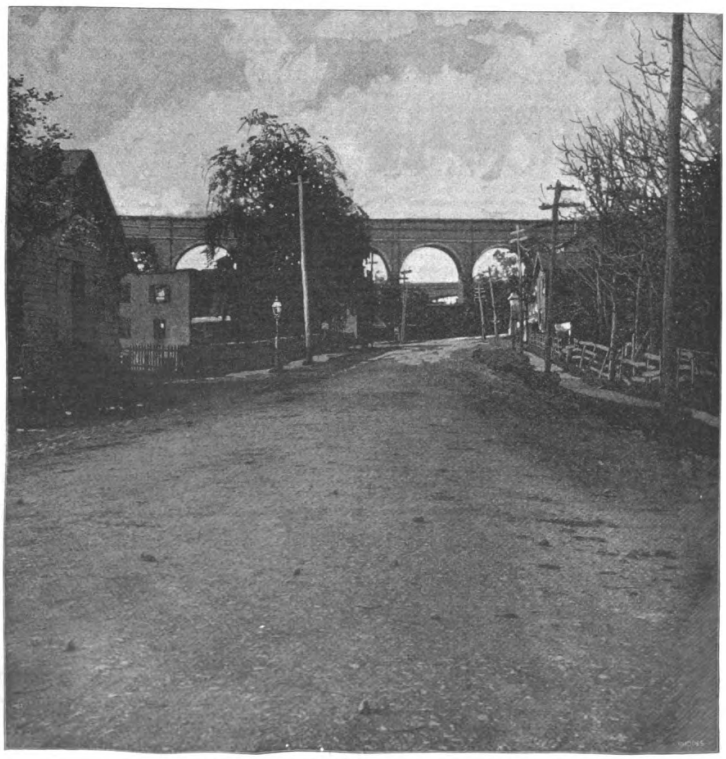


FIG. 16.—MACADAM ROAD NEAR HIGH BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



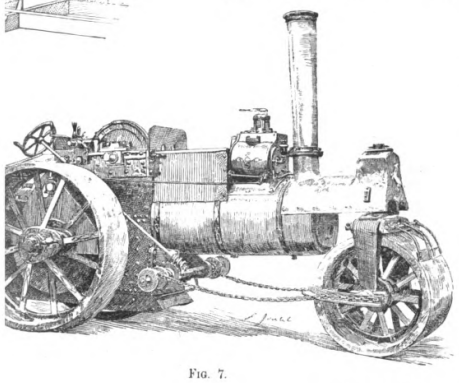


FIG. 7.

be provided for any road, whatever the road surface may be. The price of broken stone varies from 70 cents to $2 per ton, depending on the character of the stone and the distance which it has to be hauled. For a road 30 feet wide and 9 inches thick, about 5500 tons are required for each mile in length. The cost of the road surface alone is about $12,000 per mile. The cost of embankment, excavation, culverts, drains, stone gutters, etc., may carry the cost up to $70,000 per mile.

These figures might even be increased in the case of roads traversing a mountainous district, where expensive embankments, cuttings in rock and earth, retaining walls, etc., would be necessary. The laying out of such roads calls for the same surveys and the same engineering skill as in the laying out of railways.

The shape or cross-section to be given to the road has been the subject of much discussion in the past. Roads which are much rounded in the centre shed the water very easily, but, on the other hand, they are very uncomfortable for vehicles. There has also been much dispute as to whether the cross shape of the road should be a curve, or should consist of two straight lines meeting at the centre. It is now generally conceded that the cross-section should be a curve, and that the height of the road should be about one-sixtieth of its width, *i. e.*, in roads 30 feet wide the centre should be 6 inches higher than the sides, in roads 40 feet wide it should be 8 inches, and so on in proportion to its width.

The great cost of macadam roads, and the comparative lack of necessity for them in consequence of the enormous development of railways, has prevented their construction to any great extent in America. The National Road, which was intended to form the great highway across the Alleghanies from the Potomac to the Ohio, was begun under authority of Congress about sixty years ago, but it had only progressed a short distance beyond Cumberland, Maryland, when its construction was abandoned, in consequence of the building of railways for the same purpose. Macadamized roads have therefore been confined to city or suburban streets, and to a few of the older States in the East. Even the turnpikes, or toll roads, originally built by corporations which made their profit by levying toll on each passing horse or vehicle, were macadamized only for a small portion of their width in the centre, leaving earth roads on each side. These latter were habitually used in summer, leaving the hard central portion, whose surface was seldom kept smooth, for use during the rains and mud of winter.

With the exception of these few turnpike high-roads, American roads have been built of whatever material was nearest to hand. Frequently, if not generally, they were made by simply ploughing a ditch on each side and throwing the earth into a mound in the centre. An improvement on this was to spread a layer of bank gravel containing a large proportion of clay over the road; and on the New England coast, where a rocky soil and clean gravel or beach shingle were everywhere available, these materials were used and formed a comparatively hard and durable road surface. Through the swamps and clay soils of the South, where stone and gravel were not available, the corduroy road was much used. This consisted in felling trees, stripping the branches, and placing the trunks across the road; and it was probably the most inhuman device ever suggested as a means of communication. In central New York, and in some parts of the West, plank roads were at one time constructed, but their lack of durability caused this system to be soon abandoned.



FORTY-FIFTH STREET.

he same depth is then placed
a layer of from one to two
ceeding three-fourths of an
his in turn is compacted by
s greatly facilitated and the
ng each layer in connection
the macadam is only eight
bribed.
Paris to Cherbourg. Fig. 11
ection of the Western Boule-
the type of English roads
e price of labor and the price
rts and bridges, which must



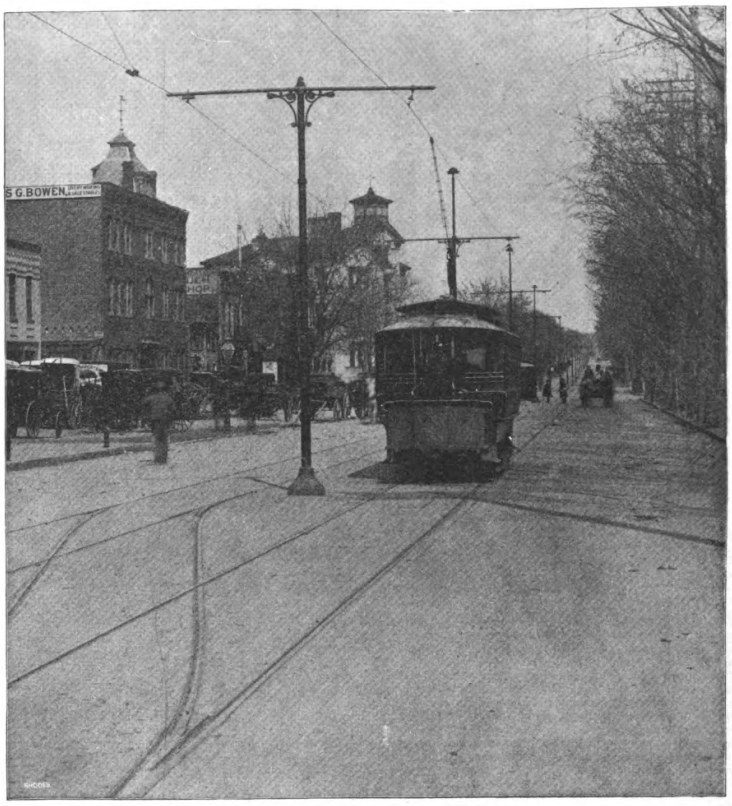


FIG. 18.—NEW YORK AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MAINTENANCE.

The condition of a road depends not only upon the manner in which it is constructed,



FIG. 17.—OLD ALBANY POST-ROAD ABOVE NEW YORK CITY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

but upon the manner in which it is maintained. The best of roads are being constantly worn by traffic, and if they are not quickly repaired whenever any defects appear, they are soon destroyed. Macadam's reputation was made not in building new roads, but in repairing old roads and *keeping them always in good order*. In order to accomplish this result incessant attention is necessary, so as to fill up any ruts or holes the moment they appear, and prevent them from being enlarged by travel and rain. The road thus gradually wears down, but always presents a uniform and smooth surface; and when its thickness is reduced to about five inches it is necessary to make general repairs by covering it with a new coating of stone. The amount of wear is proportional to the volume of traffic. On some of the heavily travelled macadam

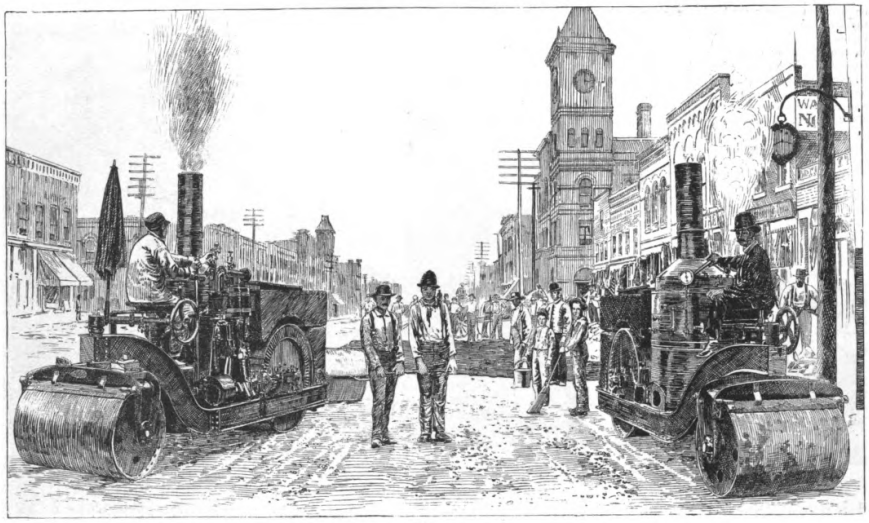


FIG. 8.



FIG. 11.

streets of London and Paris it has been as much as four inches in a year, but on high-roads between cities it is often as low as one-half inch in a year.

Nowhere is the art of road-making and maintenance carried to such perfection as in France, where the necessity of constant supervision and prompt repairs is fully appreciated. Her roads have a length of about 200,000 miles, of which more than 120,000 miles are macadamized. They have cost nearly $600,000,000 for construction, and the sum of $18,000,000 (or about three per cent. of first cost) is annually spent for their maintenance. Until we are prepared to expend the necessary sums for solid construction and



FIG. 10.

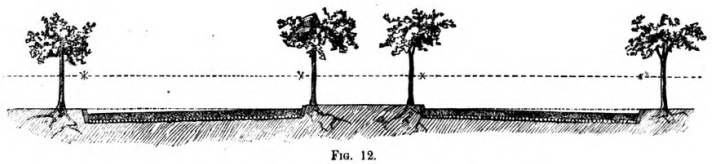


FIG. 12.

incessant maintenance, we cannot have good roads. With an area of 204,000 square miles, and a population of 38,000,000 inhabitants, France has about one mile of road to every square mile of territory, and to every 190 inhabitants; its roads have cost about $3000 for each square mile, and about $18 for each inhabitant; their maintenance costs annually $90 for each square mile, and 48 cents for each inhabitant.

The State of New York has an area of 47,000 square miles, and a population of about 6,500,000, the number of inhabitants per square mile being about three-fourths the number in France. On the basis of area, in order that its roads should be equal to those of France, their length should be 46,000 miles; the first cost would be $138,000,000, and the annual cost of maintenance would be $4,140,000, or 64 cents for each inhabitant. The railroads of this State have cost nearly $900,000,000, and the annual expense of maintaining their road-beds is fully 6 per cent. of their first cost. It is evident that it would not be an impossible task to create a system of roads corresponding in excellence to the railroads whenever

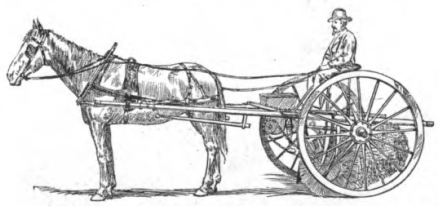


FIG. 13.

the necessity for them is fully recognized; and it would not be difficult to prove that the benefits derived in cheapening the cost of transportation to the railroads, of which the roads would act as feeders, would be more than an equivalent for the expense. Nor would the cost in reality be anything like the large sums above named, for many of the existing roads contain an abundance of stone, which could be taken up, broken, and relaid, after the manner in which Macadam rebuilt the roads of England, the cost of which is stated in his memoir to have been as low as $600 per mile. Owing to the increase in the cost of labor since Macadam's time, the cost would now be about $2500 per mile.

It is worth while to note the manner in which France maintains these splendid roads. The data is all available in the ninth volume of *Debauve's Manual for the Engineers of the Ponts et Chaussées*. While we have no such large body of trained engineers in the public service, and while our political organization does not permit the adoption of the system as a whole, yet there are many of its features which are not only applicable to us, but are essential to any satisfactory method of road maintenance.

The roads in each department in France are under the general supervision of the prefect of the department, and their construction and repair are intrusted to the engineers of the ponts et chaussées. The necessary funds for this purpose are allotted to each department by the Minister of Public Works. The high-roads are divided into two classes — national roads, running through two or more departments and connecting the chief cities, and departmental roads, connecting the principal cities within a single department. The local roads are divided into three classes—the important local roads, the ordinary local roads, and the by-roads. Each road is thus classified according to its use and the traffic upon it, as determined by actual count at stated periods. The construction and the maintenance are varied according to the use and the volume of traffic. Some of the national roads are paved with stone blocks, like city streets, for long distances; others are macadamized; and the local roads are of gravel. The engineer-in-chief has charge of all the roads in the department; under him are engineers having charge of certain districts, and under each of these are superintendents and overseers, each in charge of a certain length of road, and with a certain force of laborers and the necessary materials for keeping the road always in good order. It is, in short, the same system of constant inspection, maintenance, and repair which is in use on every one of our principal railroads, but which is never applied to our roads.

The fundamental principles of maintenance, as laid down in the *Manual of Instruction*, are only two in number, viz.: 1. The removal of the daily wear of the road, whether in the form of mud or dust; 2. The prompt replacement of this wear by new materials.

Each road is divided into sections called *cantons*; on heavily travelled roads a canton may be only 100 yards long, on light roads it may be a mile; and to each canton there is a workman known as a *cantonnier*, who is responsible for the condition of the road in his canton. He lives in the immediate vicinity, and is obliged to be on the road from 5 A.M. to 7 P.M. in summer, and from sunrise to sunset in winter; he can rest two hours for his noonday meal, but with this exception he must be always at work between the hours above stated. He has the following tools, viz., wheelbarrow, iron shovel, wooden shovel, pick, iron scraper, wooden scraper, broom, iron rake, crowbar, hammer, and tape-line. His duties are, 1, to keep the gutters clear so that the water can run off freely; 2, to scrape off the mud in wet weather and sweep off the dust in dry weather, so as to keep his canton always clean; 3, to clean off the snow as far as possible, and break up the ice on the surface of the road and in the gutters during the winter; 4, to pick up all loose stones, break them, and pile them in regularly shaped piles on the side of the road, ready for use in repairing ruts and holes; 5, to keep the mile-posts in good order; 6, to take care of the trees bordering the road.

The six adjacent cantonniers form a squad called a *brigade*, which is under a foreman known as a *cantonnier-chef*, and forms the unit of working force. Several brigades are placed under the charge of a *conducteur*, or superintendent, who has charge of a section of forty to fifty miles of road, for the good order of which he is responsible, and every part of which he must inspect and

(*Continued on page 650.*)

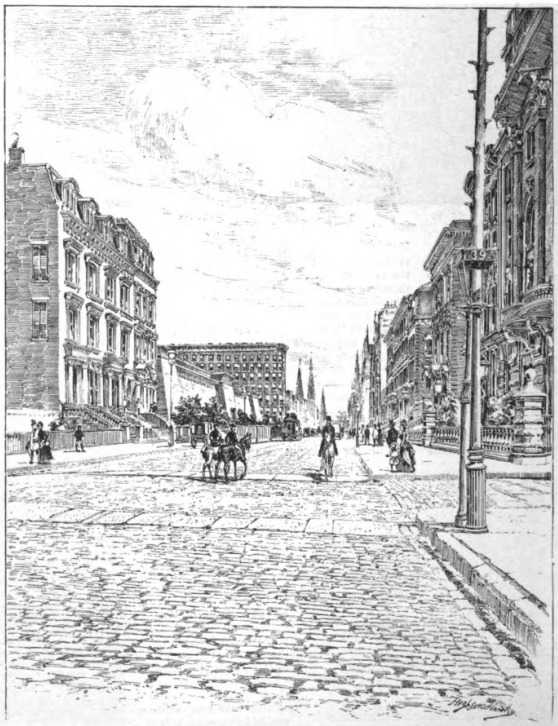


FIG. 15.—GRANITE PAVEMENT ON FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1703. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



A BOARD OF HEALTH DOCTOR IN A NEW YORK TENEMENT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 651.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BEN-HUR. A TALE OF THE CHRIST. By LEW WALLACE. New Edition from New Plates. 16mo, Cloth, Extra, $1 50.

"With this beautiful and reverent book you have lightened the burden of my daily life."—*President Garfield.*

"Full of power, elevated thought, profound insight. It cannot fail to move the heart and command the intellect."—*Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati.*

THE BOYHOOD OF CHRIST. By LEW WALLACE. Fourteen Full-page Engravings on Plate Paper. 4to, Ornamental Leather Covers, Gilt Edges, $3 50. (*In a Box.*)

"This sumptuous work is superlative in more respects than one. . . . It is such a bit of fine and fluent story-telling as we are sure no one could write but the author of *Ben-Hur.* It is the boy Christ who figures in these pages, none other."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"It is illustrated with exquisite engravings . . . It would be difficult to imagine a work which would more absolutely satisfy the ideal of a Christian art book."—*Courier, Boston.*

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1703.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A LATE GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE was the occasion for another expression of the honor in which the most eminent of Englishmen is held. By a happy chance, also, just at the same time the debate upon the grants to the Queen's grandchildren gave him the opportunity to express his loyalty to the crown and his opposition to all that impaired its splendor and dignity, professing his pleasure in remembering in his old age his services as its official representative. This speech, bringing him in accord with the government, and arraying him against the radical wing of his party, drew even the *Times* into the chorus of congratulation upon his golden anniversary; and that his triumph might be complete, Mr. PARNELL joined him in supporting the government and in testifying to the dignity of the crown, from which he is accused of wishing to tear his country. The Queen sent her congratulations upon the happy day. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent letters, and the Prince a gold inkstand, to Mr. GLADSTONE. The King of the Belgians telegraphed his good wishes. All the Liberal and many of the Unionist clubs and associations in the kingdom sent addresses. Irish admirers sent an album illustrative of his political career. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord HARTINGTON, the Unionist leader, all the Liberal and many Unionist peers, with an immense multitude of friends, called to pay their respects. A number of liberal ladies presented a portrait of GLADSTONE by MILLAIS. Many other presents were received, and the members of the GLADSTONE family will erect a memorial portico at Hawarden.

In the evening, amid great enthusiasm, at the Liberal Club, Mr. GLADSTONE declared that he was overwhelmed in an ocean of kindness. His speech was touching, eloquent, and wholly free from political allusions, reciprocating the universal good-will and invoking blessings upon his friends as Britons and Christians. The occasion was most interesting, and not least so because, in the midst of a radical and acrimonious party contest, it was an expression of sincere regard from adherents of all parties to the great leader of one party. Beneath the conflict the combatants are men and Englishmen, and for one humane hour of truce they met as friends. It was a significant spectacle, an oasis in the hot desert of angry difference, on which the imagination happily lingers. It is impossible that Lord HARTINGTON and others of Mr. GLADSTONE'S former associates should not still regard their old leader with fond admiration, however they may think him strangely in error. As Englishmen, also, they cannot but rejoice in so splendid a specimen of English manhood, physical, mental, and moral, while as public men they see in him with pride a statesman whose name will share the renown of the greatest political names in English history.

The secret of this singular hold of a great party leader upon his political opponents as well as friends is his unquestionable sincerity. That Mr. GLADSTONE has the ambition which often accompanies great powers, and that he desires the place which his character and ability adorn, is not improbable. But that this is not the mainspring of his course is attested by the regard which is felt and shown for him. That he honestly aspires to crown his career by the happy settlement of the oldest and most difficult of political problems in England is his true title to universal respect. He is too genuine and instinctive an Englishman in every heart-beat to desire any diminution of British imperial power. But he seeks for the empire the greatness which arises from the willing union of different states, the greatness of consent, not of conquest. It is seldom that contemporary statesmanship of the highest class has been more strikingly contrasted than in the careers of BISMARCK and GLADSTONE. Its last simultaneous display in Germany and England was in the time of FREDERICK the Great and Lord CHATHAM. But CHATHAM restored the renown of England by FREDERICK'S methods. That parallel does not now hold. BISMARCK has united Germany by might. GLADSTONE aims at uniting Great Britain by right. If it be a longer process, it is a stronger tie. Even if he does not live to see the result accomplished, he will apparently give it so strong an impulse that it will sway English politics until the end is reached. But however this may be, in combined loftiness of life, splendor of abilities and acquirements, purity of political aims and methods, and untiring energy and sagacity, Mr. GLADSTONE is the most conspicuous figure of the time.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

As Congress adjourned at the beginning of the administration, the elections of this year, so far as they are affected by general considerations of public policy, and not merely by party tradition and local questions, will be determined by the course and promise of Executive action. The Samoan treaty and the changes in the civil service are the only "issues" which present themselves since the inauguration. The treaty is not yet published, and the report, when the negotiations closed, that it was very favorable to the United States, and showed great ability upon the part of our negotiators, is now followed by a statement to the effect that our negotiators did not obtain what they might have obtained had they been less bent upon personal and private objects. This is mere gossip, however, the grounds of which are not known. That BISMARCK would be outgeneralled by less experienced diplomatists ought not, indeed, to be hastily assumed, while the fact of an alliance of the United States with European powers to regulate the affairs of Pacific islands which were not represented in the conference is not necessarily a subject of congratulation. If it should turn out that Germany and Great Britain have a controlling voice in the management of Samoan affairs, the treaty would hardly prove to be a brilliant American triumph. But thus far the details have been well concealed.

When the Congress of American States meets at Washington it will be possible, perhaps, to perceive whether the administration proposes a definite foreign policy other than that of maintaining friendly relations with other countries. The immediate foreign question is that of our Canadian relations. Discussing this question in a recent letter, Senator HOAR holds that certain towns in the United States are the natural centres of trade with British Columbia, and others for that with Manitoba, and that the natural outlets for commerce and the natural sources for manufacture and supply for the eastern Canadian provinces are undoubtedly Boston and Massachusetts. The great wheat supplies of Manitoba, he says, ought to go to St. Paul and Minnesota in exchange for the supplies of goods and wares which the merchants of those cities sell. In this situation it would seem to be the policy of good sense to remove all obstructions from this intercourse, and in every way to encourage and extend it. But Senator HOAR holds that absolute freedom of Canadian commercial intercourse with us is impracticable without political union, as Canada could not admit our manufactures without a tax, and could not establish against the country of which it is a part a protective or, still less, an excluding tariff. The views of the administration upon the Canadian question will be awaited with great interest. But our foreign relations can play little part in the autumn elections.

It is the changes in the civil service which will be the only practical issue. That "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments" was the pledge under which the administration came into power. That it has been flagrantly violated cannot be denied. The abuse of political removals has been very much greater than for many years—we believe greater than since the LINCOLN administration. Senator PLUMB, of Kansas, for instance, says there have been four times as many changes made in the post-offices in Kansas by President HARRISON as were made by CLEVELAND in the same length of time. "In my county there is not a Democratic postmaster remaining." There was never a grosser, more deliberate, or more contemptuous violation of pledges solemnly given to the country than in the course of the administration in regard to the civil service. The President, indeed, has appointed an admirable Civil Service Commission, but the Commission has no power whatever over removals and appointments. Mr. ROOSEVELT is an honorable, energetic, and efficient friend of reform, who says and believes that the removal of a good officer because he is a Democrat is a violation of the spirit of the law. But he cannot prevent a single removal. Mr. CLARKSON is a frank and active enemy of reform, and he turns out postmasters at the rate sometimes of a thousand a week. The President approves amendments of the rules recommended by the Commission. But the President also permits, and therefore sanctions, the performances of Mr. CLARKSON, which totally discredit his assertion that "only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." On the 25th of May, Mr. BONAPARTE, president of the Maryland Civil Service Reform Association, and, we believe, a Republican, said in his annual address:

"It is not harsh criticism to say that during the past three months General HARRISON has already so failed to observe it [the principle of reform] that if he were the agent of any prudent private employer he would be removed from his place."

This is the only national issue which can affect in any degree the autumn elections. All that is evident is that the enthusiasm of Republican friends of reform cannot have been aroused by the course of the administration.

THE GRAND ARMY IN POLITICS.

THIS country cannot be honestly accused of indifference to the surviving soldiers and sailors in the civil war. They have been amply pensioned, and they are preferred by law in public employments. The debt which is thus generously and effectively acknowledged is also constantly and eloquently commemorated, and it is justly cited as a characteristic triumph of republican institutions that the great multitude of citizens who came forward to offer their lives for the common welfare, when the occasion had passed were quietly and immediately absorbed into the peaceful mass of the population, and the country, which had been saved by arms, was yet able at once to dispense with a great military establishment. It was natural, however, that while such citizens ceased to be soldiers they should still seek to cherish the feeling of old comradeship and the memories of a common cause and a common peril. As the officers of the Revolutionary army with the same feeling organized the Society of the Cincinnati, so the body of surviving Union soldiers formed a society called the Grand Army of the Republic, for the purpose of preserving freshly the military associations of the contest and of relieving the needy and unfortunate.

This was the worthy and legitimate object of the Grand Army of the Republic. With this purpose every honorable citizen heartily sympathized. But nothing could be more unworthy and illegitimate than to convert such an association into a political society, and to make the special interest of a class instead of the common welfare the object of its action. In the army during the war, and as a result of the large bounties offered for enlistment, there were adventurers, "bummers," and vagabonds of every kind and degree besides the great mass of devoted and patriotic citizens. This is the class which, when the war ended, would be sure to trade to the utmost upon their connection with the army, and if possible to convert the Grand Army into a machine to extort advantages of every kind for themselves and their kind by promising their continued political support or threatening their opposition. Gradually this tendency seems to have prevailed. The leadership has apparently passed in large part from the true representatives of the patriotic and charitable impulse from which the Grand Army sprang to those who basely mean to use it as a machine to secure money from the public treasury.

This is a course which necessarily covers the association with discredit, and alienates the sympathy of patriotic and intelligent citizens everywhere. It disgraces the name of Union soldier, and it is a gross outrage upon the brave and honest men who served honorably in the war. It is a degradation of patriotic service, fully and gladly recognized and rewarded, to regard it as a claim for living at the public expense. But that the Grand Army has been largely forced into this false and shameful position, and is becoming a sturdy and menacing beggar, is shown by the fact of the appointment of TANNER to the head of the Pension Office, and by his reckless conduct of that office, as if he recognized no citizens but former soldiers, and no duty but that of grabbing for them as much public money as possible, and under every plausible pretence. Commissioner TANNER was the most notorious representative in the country of this mercenary tendency in the Grand Army, and the fact that the administration, although fully informed of the facts, felt constrained to appoint him, shows how strong and menacing the power which he represents has become. His official conduct is one of the great scandals of the administration, which in its fifth month has been compelled to order an investigation of his course. His reconsiderations, re-ratings, and increase of pensions, his declarations in regard to "liberality" and service pensions, echoed by the Republican Convention in Ohio, indicate the tendency of the movement which he typifies toward a profuse extravagance which will become as intolerable for the country as it is unjust and disgraceful. In his first pension veto, as the Springfield *Republican* re-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

calls, President CLEVELAND said what is well worth pondering by every intelligent and patriotic man:

"Every relaxation of principle in the granting of pensions invites applications without merit and encourages those who for gain urge honest men to become dishonest men. Thus is the demoralizing lesson taught the people that as against the public treasury the most questionable expedients are allowable."

THE COMPETITION OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SERVICE.

IT is stated that Judge COOLEY, chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, has been offered $25,000 a year as chairman of the Railway Trunk Line Association. He receives $7500 in his present position. He is also known to be conspicuously fitted for the vacancy upon the Supreme Bench, although to this appointment his age might be a barrier. But the offer of the Railway Association raises the question whether the government can hopefully compete with private corporations for the greatest ability in its service. If the United States should ask an accomplished lawyer and upright man to a seat on the Supreme Bench, for which service it would pay him a salary of $10,000, and a railroad organization should invite him to its service and offer him a salary of $25,000, which invitation would he probably accept? In this particular instance the honor and dignity and certainty of the government position for life would probably secure him. But in other offices of the government, subject to the chances of an administration and of an election every four years, are the dignity and honor so great that they would probably overbear the much larger income and the reasonable certainty that the tenure would depend upon the same qualities of honesty and efficiency which led to the appointment?

To put the question in another way, do great business and executive abilities gravitate toward public or private employment? Does the man who develops the qualities which command large incomes and naturally seek a career apply for an office under government or under a great corporation? There are thousands of men at this moment fiercely contending for executive appointment at Washington, seeking foreign missions, or "anything else as good," willing to be made officers of almost any grade and almost anywhere. Are they generally men whose services would be sought by private corporations or business houses? Once more, when the government selects among these applicants, does it choose those who are best fitted by character, knowledge, experience, and training, or by some rule of thumb? In other words, in the necessary competition for employés with private business which offers larger salaries, does the government endeavor to make up for the lower compensation by the higher consideration? Does it enhance or cheapen the value of its own service? Does it, for instance, offer a man the gratification of honorable distinction, of the conscious dignity which naturally attaches to public service, or by the method of obtaining and holding place does it add to the lower emolument a certain degradation, and so repel those whom it should attract?

It is impossible for the government to compete with private corporations in the amount of salaries which it pays even for its higher service. Commonsense would dictate, therefore, that by providing a reasonable and not a capricious tenure, and by making the most of the honor of its service in every grade, it would attract to it the best available skill and character and training. It was reported of an eminent and eloquent clergyman that in speaking of a family in his parish he said that Tom was the youngest and stupidest of the children, and as he was not particularly fit for anything, they made a minister of him. The government certainly ought not to add to its disadvantages in the competition with private employers. But when it deliberately selects for offices of great trust and responsibility, controlling sometimes enormous sums of public money, men whom no private corporation or business would even think of intrusting with such responsibilities, the whole public service and every public officer are discredited. *Noscitur a sociis.* A commission of the high character and qualifications of the Inter-State Commerce Commission has a right to demand for the good name of the government and country that all Commissioners in other departments shall not be persons of whom self-respecting men are necessarily ashamed.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

THE suggestion of Mr. WANAMAKER that the city of New York should buy the Post-office building for municipal offices, and that a new building for the Post-office should be erected upon Union Square, is not received with favor upon any side. Mr. WANAMAKER forgot that what Tammany wants is not municipal offices, but a job. It wants the contracts and the chances that belong to a new building, not the accommodations which are required, nor the possible saving of money. It is not in the saving but in the spending of public money that Tammany is interested.

Mr. WANAMAKER also misapprehends the conditions which should determine the situation of the Post-office in New York. The great centres of heavy business, the banks, the commercial offices, newspaper offices, and exchanges, are all down-town. The Post-office should be among them, while branch offices can accommodate the postal business of other parts of the city. The Post-office building is a marvel of inconvenience for its purpose. But the government cannot hope to get rid of it easily or without enormous loss, and the last hope would be the city, which now means Tammany Hall.

WOMEN IN WAR.

IT is announced that Colonel PHISTERER, Post Adjutant of the New York militia, is preparing a military history of the State. It is intended to be complete, and among the interesting and valuable parts of the work will be an account of

"the work performed by New York women for the cause, with other material which has long been buried in the national archives, and which has been recovered only by a most persistent and energetic digging."

This will be of especial interest because in the continuous discussion upon this subject it is urged as a conclusive argument that laws depend in the last resort upon force, and that women, if they should pass a law by their exclusive vote, could not enforce it.

In reply to this statement, Mrs. LUCY STONE, Mrs. LIVERMORE, and Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, three of the most eminent leaders of the cause, have remarked, in a paper addressed to the Constitutional Conventions of the four new States:

"If it is objected that women do not fight for their country, it must be remembered that while a majority of men are never called on for military service, all mothers *must* devote many of the best years of their lives to rear the sons who may defend the country. This inevitable and indispensable service of mothers is fully as important to the national welfare as the possible service of the soldier. Moreover, on the battle-field, in camp and hospital, women do their part in nursing the brave but wounded men, while the women at home often do the work the soldier was obliged to leave, and their own work also."

Colonel PHISTERER'S work will at least show what women have actually done during a great war to help the common cause, and it will enable a fair judgment to be formed upon the urgency and force of the argument adduced by the ladies whom we have mentioned. The Greenfield (Massachusetts) *Gazette and Courier* points out that the weight of the names of certain eminent English women which were recently published as opposed to the suffrage of women is quite outdone by that of four hundred names of high distinction selected from two thousand names received by the *Fortnightly Review*, and which favor the suffrage movement. The *Gazette and Courier* adds, "Women will vote in parliamentary elections, we predict, before even Massachusetts corrects itself."

THE ENGLISH SITUATION.

MR. SMALLEY'S letters to the *Tribune* are those of an intelligent and experienced observer of conservative sympathies, and there are no better glimpses of the passing world of London and of public feeling upon current events. He says in a recent letter that the debate upon the royal grants has brought to a head a long-festering mutiny in the Liberal ranks, which Mr. GLADSTONE has striven in vain to prevent. In his speech, which Mr. SMALLEY thinks was in his best vein, "he spoke to an almost unbroken accompaniment of Tory cheers," while "his own party sat silent or nearly silent. . . . It was a speech of perfect dignity and beauty, unmarred by a single flaw." But the Liberal politicians "are in full revolt against him."

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL described Mr. LABOUCHERE as "a cheap-Jack republican," and Mr. SMALLEY calls it "a remark which defines about all the republicanism there is in the country." This is a very different view from that which is generally entertained. What Mr. SMALLEY says of Mr. PARNELL is no less important.

"All expectations of a disturbance at Edinburgh when the freedom of the city was bestowed on Mr. PARNELL were disappointed. His welcome the second day, like the first, was one which the *Times* was forced to describe as magnificent. Most remarkable of all were his two speeches. They may be said to contain the first explicit renunciation of Mr. PARNELL'S old hatred to England, and his old purpose to bring about a separation between England and Ireland. If they mean anything, they mean that Mr. PARNELL would accept Mr. GLADSTONE'S scheme for home rule as a finality, as in fact clearing off old scores between England and Ireland. What he said and the way in which he said it produced beyond doubt a deep impression on the audience, and an impression not less deep on the English public. It was the speech of a man who believes in the imperial policy, and is willing that Ireland should keep her place on fair terms in the empire, substantially as it now exists."

THOU ART THE MAN.

THE New York Republican Convention of 1885 vehemently denounced the Democratic administration for its conduct in regard to removals and appointments, and laid especial stress upon the removal of Republican editors.

"We denounce the hypocritical pretences under which faithful Republican officers are removed on the plea of offensive partisanship, while such men as HIGGINS, THOMAS, TROUP, CHASE, PILLSBURY, AQUILLA JONES, and others, some of whose names appear upon the prison records of the country, and whose recommendation is political partisanship, are appointed in their places. Whil removing elsewhere on the ground of offensive partisanship Republicans who edit newspapers, the national administration continues in a high judicial office in the city of New York a prominent Democratic appointee who publicly announces himself as having assumed since his appointment the control of an avowedly partisan journal. We believe it the duty of the Republican majority of the Senate to oppose the confirmation of any person appointed in violation of the letter or spirit of the civil service act."

The appointment of officers "whose recommendation is political partisanship," or "whose names appear upon the prison records of the country," and the bribery of newspapers by patronage, are very justly condemned. The refusal of the Senate to sanction removals which violate the letter or spirit of the civil service act is a measure of radical reform which, except in this Republican platform, has been advocated only by some advanced reformers. This passage of the New York Republican platform of 1885 anticipated in its thoroughness and fervor the Republican pledge of reform in the national platform of 1888, and that there should be no suspicion of its absolute sincerity, it was reported to the Convention by Mr. GEORGE BLISS, the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.

Its entire sincerity is further attested by the course of the Republican administration, and its strict conformity to the pledges of its platform and of its successful candidate for the Presidency. It must have been sincere, not only because platforms always are so, but because otherwise the national platform of 1888 would be proved to be a deliberate imposture.

PERSONAL.

COUNT LEO SCHWABE, who died the other day at Beachmont, not far from Boston, at the age of about seventy-five years, distinguished himself during the late war by his kindness to sick and disabled Union soldiers. He owned slaves in South Carolina when the war broke out, but set them free at once. He was active in constructing hospitals, chapels, and libraries in the army, and contributed at least fifty libraries to the soldiers. Since the war he has been engaged quietly in various kinds of philanthropic work. Count SCHWABE came from one of the most illustrious houses of northern Germany, whose members have been noted for their learning, refinement, and wealth. The secret of his apparently voluntary exile from his native country he never divulged, and of his former life he always refused to speak. He was a great traveller, and served with distinction during the Mexican war.

—Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE met the Queen at a recent garden party for the first time in three years, and are said to have been received "affably and cordially."

—The SPENCER cottage at Deer Park, Maryland, where President HARRISON and his family are spending a part of the summer, looks like a pretty Swiss chalet, and, with its broad verandas, comfortable rooms, and adjacent shade-trees, it makes a very attractive warm-weather retreat. There is a square hallway fitted up with bright rugs, enticing chairs, and a fireplace, and a cozy parlor, whose walls are adorned with Mrs. HARRISON'S paintings. Deer Park is not a new fancy of the HARRISONS, for they have been coming there at different times for the past eighteen years.

—Bishop G. F. SEYMOUR, of the Episcopal diocese of Springfield, Illinois, has given many of his friends a pleasant surprise by marrying Mrs. HARRIET ATWOOD AYMAR, a wealthy Jersey City widow. The groom is sixty years old, and the bride thirty-five, and their friendship dates back to the lady's girlhood, when, as the member of a well-known Massachusetts family, she was Miss ATWOOD. The marriage ceremony was performed at Old Trinity by Bishop POTTER, assisted by Rev. Dr. MORGAN DIX, a classmate of the groom at Columbia College, and but few other persons were present.

—American Minister REID and his wife occupy one of the most magnificent private residences in Paris. It was once the home of Countess de Grammont, whose father, formerly the French Consul-General to Egypt, and an enthusiastic Egyptologist, had filled the vast hall of the splendid hotel with mummies, statues, pottery, bronzes, and a host of other curiosities, many of which had to be packed away by the present occupants.

—The Pope has given Archbishop CORRIGAN, of this city, two of his jubilee presents—a chalice and a ciborium—both of which are of gold, while the chalice is studded with amethysts and rubies.

—ANTONIO BOITESINA, whose performances on the ponderous double-bass were considered almost as remarkable in their way as the violin playing of PAGANINI, has just died at Parma, sixty-six years old. He composed several operas, directed the orchestra of the Italian opera at Paris for a while, and subsequently became manager of the Italian opera in Cairo.

—Secretary BLAINE is spending $10,000, it is said, in renovating the old SEWARD house, which he has rented for his home in Washington. The chamber in which LINCOLN'S Secretary was attacked by assassins would hardly be recognized now. With an adjoining apartment, it has been thrown into a large oblong salon, and beautified by all the latest adornments. The changes in other parts of the house are hardly less radical.

—Mrs. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, daughter of ex-Secretary of War ENDICOTT, is said to have made herself the most popular woman the United States has sent to England. She has won every one from the Queen down by her manners and bearing, by her faultless taste in dressing, and by that tact which seems to come so naturally to many American girls.

—Thirty years ago, as some of the residents of Trenton, New Jersey, recall, Prince MURAT drove a milk wagon in that town, and was considered a farmer of rather uncertain resources. Few people supposed then that he would ever be restored as a prince of the empire; but time works queer changes, and it is to his son that Miss GWENDOLINE CALDWELL, of this city, is reported to be engaged.

—King LEOPOLD of Belgium is not only the sworn enemy of tobacco, but he is a vegetarian, dislikes music, and is the embodiment of other eccentricities. One of these is an aversion to wearing his hat in the open air, as he believes the action of the wind on his head is beneficial. He is nevertheless a rare linguist, an enthusiastic amateur painter, and a man of strength and character.

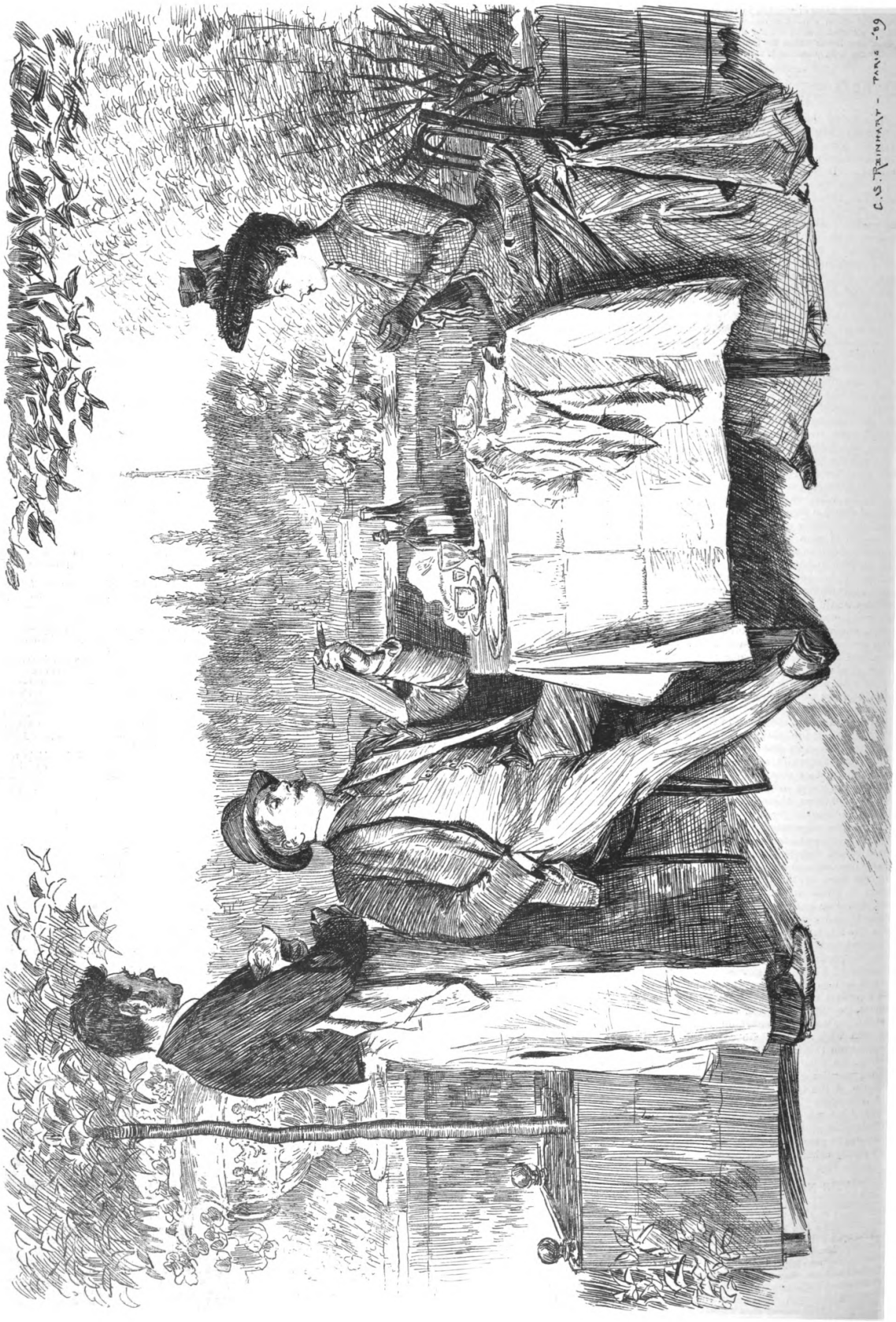
—RALPH THOMPSON, coxswain of the Yale crew for three years, announces that he has retired from boating. He began his career as coxswain at St. Paul's, and has steered ten eight-oared crews to victory.

—Judge PATTON, of Hicksville, Ohio, is one of the few men living who held office under President JACKSON. "Old Hickory" appointed him a United States Court Judge in Pennsylvania many years ago.

—Secretary TRACY has bought himself a fine house in Farragut Square, Washington, which he will entirely remodel before he moves into it. The first thing he will do will be to pull off the Mansard-roof with which it is at present disfigured. It is said that not only are French roofs being left off of new houses in Washington, but that those which already have them are being shorn of the disfigurement, and that cheap stained glass has also had its day at the nation's capital.

—Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS has a collection of dramatic literature which, though small compared to that of some collectors, is made up of very choice volumes. The rarest of these he keeps behind glass doors on velvet-lined shelves, contrary, by-the-way, to a printed statement of his that books, like human beings, need all the light and air they can get. Mr. MATTHEWS lives in a house on East Eighteenth Street, New York, which he bought a few years ago. The middle room on the parlor floor is devoted to his books, and there his desk stands, though in the daytime he writes at a table in the dining-room, where the light is better. Mr. MATTHEWS is one of those fortunate authors who are not obliged to depend upon their work for their bread and butter. Just now play-writing engages the most of his attention. He works in collaboration with Mr. GEORGE H. JESSOP.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



AMERICANS IN PARIS.—DINING ON THE SEINE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 642.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

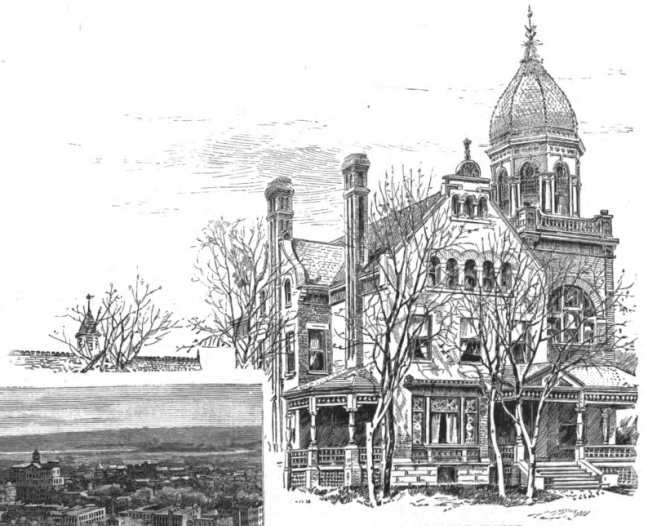
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



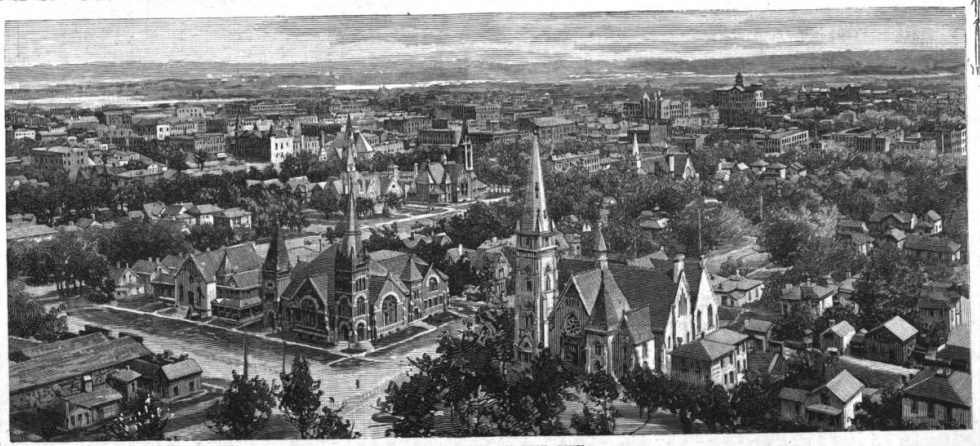
RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN ZEHRUNG.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.



MR. IMHOFF'S HOUSE.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY.



VIEW IN O STREET.



NEBRASKA HALL, STATE UNIVERSITY.



ELEVENTH STREET, NORTH FROM M STREET.

THE CITY OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.—From Photographs by A. J. Finch, Lincoln, and J. W. Taylor, Chicago.—[See Page 642.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

THE CAPITAL CITY OF NEBRASKA.

If there be any virtue in the modern intellectual theory that early privations, hardships, or obstacles of some sort or other are needed to bring out latent qualities of success in centres of population as well as in men, it must be acknowledged that the capital city of the State of Nebraska was abundantly blessed at the outset. When the city of Lincoln began life it had as working material a resolution of the State Legislature and a lot of obstacles that would have appalled even the most persistent of Western townbuilders. As the resolution of the Legislature was of little value unless its provisions providing for the removal of the capital from Omaha to a new site in Lancaster County could be carried into effect by force or strategy, no one will doubt that the working material consisted chiefly of the obstacles. Whether or not the first citizens of Lincoln, which was begun on the new capital site, recognized these obstacles in their intellectual character of blessings, the faithful chroniclers of Nebraska history have not set down with satisfactory clearness.

The city of Omaha, on the eastern boundary of Nebraska, had been the seat of government from the time that there had been any government up to 1867, when the Legislature decided that the capital should be located at some more central point in the interior of the State. How Omaha had retained the capital all this time, in spite of several vigorous attempts to remove it, need be referred to here only for the purpose of showing the nature of some of the obstacles that Lincoln was compelled to overcome. Omaha's favorite method of subduing unruly rural legislators was a judicious presentation of town lots. Legislators did not come high in those days, if one may believe Omaha's exultant but positively indiscreet historians. When bribery failed, various threats and even fisticuffs were sometimes resorted to. These facts I learn from Omaha direct, and not from any of her interior rivals. There came a time, however, when neither bribery nor physical intimidation could prevent the removal of the capital. Duly appointed State Commissioners selected the Lincoln site in 1867, and began the erection of a Capitol. As the Legislature had appropriated no money for building purposes, the Commissioners were compelled to build the Capitol with money derived from the sale of Lincoln town lots. Omaha was so persistently opposed to the capital removal plan that her people declared that, despite the action of the Legislature, the removal should never be made. They were prepared to prevent it by injunctions, or by force, if necessary. During the progress of the preparatory work at Lincoln from 1867 to 1869, stories were frequently circulated that the lot sales had ceased, that work on the new building had been abandoned, and that the capital removal scheme had been given up as hopeless. These stories are supposed to have had their origin in Omaha.

Added to these discouragements were the natural obstacles in the way of erecting a fifty-thousand-dollar building in an open prairie remote from the appliances of civilization and railway transportation. Building material had to be brought long distances by wagon, and all other supplies were taken overland by the same means. As one of the Commissioners recently described it, the Capitol was designed by a "fifth-rate architect out of a job," and an Englishman at that, because no other could be obtained either in Omaha or Chicago. It was with great difficulty, also, that a contractor could be found who would consent to go so far out into the Great American Desert as Lincoln was then supposed to be. Even when the contractor's fears had been overcome and work actually begun, the enterprise was more than once in danger of failure through lack of funds to fulfil the requirements of the contract. The lot sales dragged discouragingly. Buyers arrived at Lincoln in a more or less demoralized condition of mind, according to the distance that they had travelled across the lonesome plains in wagons. A brass band and liberal quantities of patriotic oratory were needed to revive their oozing courage and get them warmed up to that degree of enthusiasm where they would bid actual money for lots with little more than a prospective value. Due credit ought to be given to the brass band, even at this late day, for it roused the reluctant visitors into the making of bids that they were heartily sorry for when their patriotic ardor cooled. Fortunately for the success of Lincoln, the Commissioners were men who would not listen to a repentant bidder. A bid once made could not be withdrawn. This was in the nature of an actual kindness to the bidders, since a year or two later their property was worth in open market at least five hundred per cent. more than they gave for it.

During the two years that the Capitol was in course of construction the enemies of Lincoln kept persistently at work. When at length the time came to make the actual removal the great seal of the State was taken out of Omaha by stealth, and carried by the Secretary of State to Lincoln in a light buggy, thus escaping the injunction that the Omaha people were threatening to serve upon him. So far as Omaha was concerned, this decided the matter of capital removal, but afterward Lincoln was compelled to defend her capital from the schemes of other ambitious towns in the interior of the State. It was not until the present Capitol was built that Lincoln could count upon being free from these attacks. If the intellectual theorist believes that the success of Lincoln is due to these early obstacles, I have merely to add that the true growth of the city began only when its many annoyances had ceased.

When the people of Lincoln felt reasonably sure that the capital would never be taken from them, they turned their energies toward building their city. They were confident that their location was the best in the interior of the State for a large commercial centre and distributing point, and they had hopes that a sufficient number of railroads would come their way to enable them to reach every township of their tributary country. On railroads they built their hopes of future success. With that liberality which is common among the more successful cities of the West, and which, by-the-way, is the most influential town-builder known to modern civilization, the business men and property owners of Lincoln gave substantial bonuses to incoming roads, to the end that in time Lincoln became the recognized railway centre of Nebraska west of the Missouri River. Some of the strongest roads in the West reach Lincoln, and others are expected. The comprehensive Missouri Pacific system, which covers a stretch of country bounded on the north by Omaha, on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the east by St. Louis, has an important branch line to Lincoln, thus enabling Lincoln manufacturers to get hard woods and iron from Missouri and Arkansas, and to send their manufactured product into all parts of Kansas, Colorado, and the Southwest. The Union Pacific gives an easy outlet into western Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana, which may be considered as Lincoln's special field. The Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley Railway gives direct connection with the Chicago and Northwestern system to the lumber districts of the Northwest, and also takes care of much of the local trade of Nebraska. The Burlington and Missouri Railway also comes to Lincoln. Two roads most earnestly wanted by the people of Lincoln are the great Rock Island system and the big Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, each of which ranks with the largest and best in the country. There is said to be a reasonable chance that these two will get to Lincoln in the near future. With all these big lines, the city would need only the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe's far-reaching system to complete the list of available railways west of the Mississippi River. The business men of Lincoln will not be satisfied until all the roads that I have named are carrying Lincoln goods to all parts of the West. The people of Lincoln and Lancaster County combined have given an aggregate of $365,000 as bonuses to railroads. Doubtless they will give more if occasion offers.

The energy that the people showed in bringing in the railroads had an excellent effect on the substantial growth of the city. Visitors saw that the citizens were unusually wide-awake and enterprising, and in time it became known in the East and elsewhere that Lincoln was a good place in which to invest money, and an excellent home for persons desiring to begin life anew. Since 1880 the growth of the city has been remarkable. As in all cities in this part of America, the best year was in 1887, the year of the great boom. In that year the population increased from 29,000 to 43,000. Best of all, the population did not dwindle when the boom ceased, but maintained its own, and actually continued to advance. Visiting strangers saw in Lincoln something more than a commercial city of speculative tendencies. They found in it the foundation and superstructure of the best home life of modern civilization—schools, colleges, churches, and intelligently adjusted society. They foresaw, too, that these advantages were likely to increase and broaden in the future, thus making Lincoln a city of more than ordinary refinement and culture. It has been the policy of Lincoln from the first to provide excellent public schools for her children, and to encourage the building of colleges and other institutions of learning, with the result that the city's intellectual tone is now very clearly marked. The University of Nebraska is one of the best of its kind to be found in the West. Like the city of Lincoln, its progress during the past few years has been worthy of more than passing mention. The recent completion of Nebraska Hall for the industrial department of the university, and the Grant Memorial Hall for use as an armory and drill-room, indicates that the work of the various branches has met with public approval. The present satisfactory condition of the Nebraska Wesleyan University shows well for the energy and earnestness of the Wesleyans in the West. The corner-stone of the university building was laid in September, 1887, and a year later instruction was begun in its large and convenient rooms. The institution is growing steadily in use and influence. The corner-stone of the Christian University building was laid in August, 1888. It is expected that instruction will be begun next year.

In churches, as well as in universities, the building record was unusually good last year. Chief among the improvements were the erection of the new First Baptist Church and the new First Christian Church, at a cost of about $50,000 each. In addition to improvements by other denominations, the Episcopalians built the Church of the Holy Trinity at a cost of $46,000. These various improvements, together with the yearly enlargement of the public-school facilities, show clearly to the careful observer the predominating characteristics of the people. A community that spends hundreds of thousands of dollars for schools, colleges, and churches, and at the same time gives substantial encouragement to incoming railroads, needs little other recommendation to the investor and the home-seeker. During recent years the competition among Western cities has become so keen that the merit of a community is judged by what it does and not by what it says. For the most part, Western people are practical-minded, and in estimating the value of a city for business or residence purposes actual achievements far outweigh the most plausible of promises.

On this basis the steady and substantial progress of Lincoln is easily explained. The city always has had something tangible to show to the inquiring stranger. To the business man seeking a new location she has only to point to her diversified railway systems and her numerous wholesale houses and manufacturing establishments to prove her claim of being the jobbing and trading centre of interior Nebraska; to the retail merchant contemplating a removal from the East she has merely to put in evidence the numbers of men who have grown from comparative poverty to riches in her retail trade; while to convince the home-seeker of her advantages as a place of residence she need do nothing more than call attention to the well-paved, well-lighted streets, the hundreds of handsome private houses, the public-school facilities, the colleges, the well-stocked libraries, the busy churches, the active temperance societies, the enlightened social feeling, and the general interest shown in literature, art, and music.

If the visiting stranger cares to dip into statistics, the people of Lincoln will tell him that during the year 1888 they expended $3,303,668 in various improvements, which, for a city of fifty thousand people, is a remarkably good showing. Of the whole amount, there was spent for public buildings the sum of $395,000; for public improvements, $627,368; for semi-public improvements, 888,500; for railways, $64,950; for business blocks, $459,000; for residences, $1,014,100; for churches, $184,500; for colleges, $156,500; and for factories, $297,500. The public buildings included in the first-named amount were the State Capitol, $225,000; the Lancaster County Court-house, $130,000; and public schools, $40,000. The public improvements consisted of paving, sewering, and increasing the distribution of water. The item for paving alone was $445,168. After several changes and many vexatious delays, the State Capitol has been declared finished. From an architectural point of view it has its defects, but on the whole it is a good serviceable building, well adapted to the purposes for which it was built. It is only fair to explain that the architectural defects are the result of legislative attempts at economy, and not of public taste. When Nebraska finds it necessary to build a new Capitol, she will do better. A much more creditable piece of architecture is the new Lancaster County Court-house, which is now in course of construction. When finished it will be one of the chief ornaments of the State.

As might be expected from the wide-awake character of her people, Lincoln is well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. The *Nebraska State Journal* has been published since 1867, first as a weekly, and later as a morning daily. Like the typical Western journal, its growth has always been a little in advance of the growth of the city, so that now it would do credit to a city nearly twice the size of Lincoln. Its influence, not only in Lincoln, but also in all parts of the State, is unquestioned. The *State Democrat* is always keenly alive to the best interests of Lincoln and her tributary country, and often proves itself a valuable ally to the business men in encouraging the permanent growth of the city. The other daily and weekly publications also show evidences of prosperity and judicious management.

Of the many other things that go to make up the progressive city, but which must necessarily be omitted in an article as restricted in its scope as this one, I need say only that they are in all essential respects fully up to the standard of merit of the most enlightened and enterprising civilization of the West. Lincoln has little that she need be ashamed of in comparison with any city of her size in the country. Her past has been creditable, her present is praiseworthy, and her future may be what her people decide to make it. In the West, more than anywhere else in America, are cities the actual work of man.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

DINING ON THE SEINE.

You are forced to begin precisely where Mr. Reinhart leaves off. There is what is called in French *le mauvais quart d'heure*. Rabelais signalizes that as the period of time when the bill for what you have eaten or the wine you have swallowed has to be paid. That distressing "quarter of an hour" belongs evidently to the age of the Renaissance, when Swashbucklers went to taverns and drained their flagons of wine, and when the host brought the score, were inclined to pay the same with sword stroke and dagger push. We are more civilized to-day. As can be seen, the gentleman has dined, and he knows the lay of the land. He has had many experiences of this kind. The bill is to be scrutinized only perhaps as a matter of form. He is indifferent as to the cost, provided the dinner was good, and his and her satisfied airs are indicative that the cook knew his business.

You will observe the characteristic pose of the hand in the gentleman's trousers pocket. A woman (and the wife has dined) under these circumstances always assumes a critical manner. She is buttoning her glove, and she stops for a second that serious work, and her expression—one of supreme contentment—is a trifle inquisitive. "George, is that bill right? Now don't you pay it if it is not." Just as if she could cast up the puzzling centimes and fetch them into francs. She would be amazed, perhaps, at the price of the Léoville, which is her husband's especial favorite.

The waiter is a picture. There is high art in his portrayal. Those few bristly hairs that stand shaggy like from his pent eyebrows denote a garçon with strong characteristics. He knows his business. He will not dispute about the bill, but his manner will be so imposing, so convincing, all due to his eyebrows, that though the "addition" were full of glaring inconsistencies, the diner would be forced to yield the points, and what is more, the francs.

"Have not monsieur and madame been admirably served? Was not the wine perfect, and at just the proper temperature? Had he, their humble servant, not thrown all his skill in the adjustment of the salad? The common tip of even a franc could be nothing to a man of his parts." He was appreciative at once, too, of the easy, nonchalant way of monsieur and the elegance and pose of madame; for had he not unbent that eyebrow and been a guileless and innocent waiter for the time being when he said, "We are honored by the presence of many American gentlemen and ladies this year, and it is a delight to serve them"? And all that nice cajolery was hardly balanced by the four francs seventy-five centimes extra he had managed to put into the bill. Conscience had alone forbidden that waiter making it a round five francs.

Yet they have dined well. Each dish was perfect. The sole à la Normandie was exquisite. There was a poulet au blanc which was supreme, and something with just a suspicion of truffles in it, à la Provençal, which capped the climax. Then the coffee and the little glass of brandy settled the repast so comfortably! With the man, the cigar, showing that some half-inch only of it had been consumed, assures us of the perfect success of the dinner.

The selection of a place by that restaurateur has been made with admirable judgment. The Japanese know some little, but the Frenchman more. It is on the banks of the Seine, and tables have been spread under the shade. There are orange-trees in wooden boxes and lilac bushes in great tubs, and just over the wall there is to be had a glimpse of the Seine.

The Seine has charms of its own best described by calling it an indolent yet graceful stream, "careless of its reaching its destination." Nature made that river for the peculiar delectation of the Parisian, and placed it in the most beautiful of settings. Down to its brink lay now green meadows, or it runs through hilly woods, and winds past villas and palaces. The Seine, indifferent to the bull, is the Parisian's aquatic playground. Have the two dined at Passy, Auteuil, St. Cloud, Billancourt, Sceaux? It makes no matter where. You know it is not far from Paris, for above and beyond the wooded distance shoots up, as a dentilated tracery, the ever-constant Eiffel Tower.

TUBAL THE FIDDLER.

"Yor ain' never hearn 'bout we-all's Tubal? I thought ev'body in de State uv Virginny had done hearn 'bout Tubal de fiddler."

Outside the cabin door the sun of May shone bright, beautiful, intoxicating. The old negro held his ragged hat in his lap, and sat on the corner of the bench that caught the full glare of the sun, unvexed by the dappled shadows of the black-leaved poplars.

"Tubal he *wuz* a fiddler, Gordamighty knows. Nobody never did know how he learn ter play de fiddle. Hit mus' er come ter him natchel, like de way de bees sing in clover-time, 'kase one day ole marse gone ter git he fiddle outen de case, an' 'twarn't dyar! You jes oughter heah ole marse sw'ar! He allers could cuss an' sw'ar like a gentmun; an' ef he didn' fyar, smoke, an' sizzle dat day dis nigger is a liar. All day long ole marse he r'ar an' pitch. But when de han's come in at sundown, Yaller Josh, de hademan, he brung Tubal 'long todes de house. Josh he hol' little Tubal by de collar, an' Tubal he walk 'long, playin' de fiddle, an' he never stop. Josh he haul Tubal up 'fo' ole marse, settin' on de po'ch, an' it tu'n out dat little coon Tubal had been settin' 'hine de straw-stacks all day long learnin' ter play on ole marse's fiddle. He had done tooken it. 'Fo' ole marse could git he bref ter bawl out, Tubal he say, 'Marster, please, sir; jes listen, sir;' an' he strike up 'Forked Deer,' an' he play de same ez any morkin* singin'. Old marse he jes set dyar an' styar at de boy. Den Tubal he teched up 'Snow-bird on de Ash-bank,' an' he 'gin ter shuffle he foots on de po'ch, while ole marse he beat de flo' wid he stick; but when Tubal come ter play 'Kiss me sweetly,' he back-step all de time he playin' it; an' fust thing we all see ole marse he jump up an' start ter footin' it, doin' de back-step, double-shuffle, cut de pigeon-wing, an' ev'ything—he an' Tubal jes dancin' a reg'lar breakdown twell de po'ch rattle.

"'Twuz a sight, I tell you, wid Tubal sawin' de bow, an' he an' ole marse, bofe on 'em, whackin' de groun'. Den ole marse he tooken de fiddle an' *he* play, an' Tubal *he* dance, an' dyar dey wuz!

"Arter dat, ole marse buy Tubal a fiddle fer hi-se'f, an' Tubal he never do no mo' wuk, 'ceusin' 'twuz wid de fiddle an' de bow. He never wuk in de crap. He make 'tense he wait in de house; but Unc' Daniel, dat wuz de dinin'-room servant, he say Tubal warn' no mo' use ter him dan de fiddle wuz. In dem times, 'fo' de cullud folks wuz free an' enlightenment, 'twarn' counted no sin fer ter play on de fiddle. Now de niggers know de devil is a fiddler, an', consequenchical, de chu'ch members doan play on nuttin', 'cep' 'tis de 'corjion. But ez fer 'ligion, Tubal he didn' have none. Once, when ev'y nigger on de Shelter plantation wuz seekin', 'cep' Tubal, ole marse he beller, 'You kin all git jes ez much 'ligion ez you kin tote, but ef I coteh dat fiddlin' Tubal seekin' an' cryin' an' prayin', I lay I'll wallop de gorspel out-n him 'fo' he knows it, gentul an' quick.' An' he would, too. But Tubal warn't a seeker, er even a backslider. Den de white folks in de county got ter sen'in' fer him ter play at de parties, an' ole marse he gin him a ole jinny mule dat th'o' ev'ybody dat ever did try ter ride her,

* Mocking-bird.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Tubal he sot on dat jinny mule jes a-hol'in' on by he knees, wid he fiddle under he chin, an' he play 'Billy in de Lowgrounds' fer life. Jinny didn' know what ter make er dat; so she ciphered it out, an' say ter herse'f: 'Dis heah nigger mus' be Cun'l Boswell's Tubal. 'Tain't wuff while ter wrastle wid dat nigger.' An' she didn'. Ole marse he wuz a widower, an' he had done los' bofe he chillen, but he had two gran'sons—Marse Jack Boswell an' Marse Page Carter—dat live at de Shelter, an' wuz gwi' git all ole marse lan' an' niggers. I doan know how 'twuz, but Tubal an' all de black folks got de notion dat he wuz gwi' b'long ter Marse Page when ole marse die an' de niggers wuz 'vided out. Tubal sutny did love Marse Page, an' track him same like a dog. Dey allers got in mischief toge'er; an' Marse Page take a whuppin' fer hisse'f, but he allers try an' baig Tubal off.

"Ole marse he wuz mighty cur'us 'bout some things. He want jes three hunderd niggers—no mo' 'n' no less. Sometimes de black folks teck ter dyin', an' he git down ter two hunderd an' ninety odd. Ole marse he groan an' moan, an' say he cyarn wuk de Shelter plantation wid less 'n three hunderd niggers, an' ef dey keep on dyin' in dis infernal discontemptuous way, he gwi' be a bank-rup'. Den, fust thing, de black babies would come like de blackberries on de bushes, an' may-be he have three hunderd an' fifteen. Den ole marse would cuss twell you see de brimstone in de a'r, an' say dat de Shelter place cyarn s'port mo' 'n three hunderd niggers nohow, an' ef dey keep on gittin' born, de owdacious niggers would ruin him.

"He wuz allers gwi co'tin', but he never did. He say de plantation want a mistis an' somebody ter look arter de two boys; but he couldn' go co'tin' in summer, 'kase he had ter go to de Springs; an' in de fall, wid de sellin' uv de craps, an' de fallowin' fer wheat, an' de 'lection, he didn' have no time; an' in de winter he had de rheumertiz; an' he 'low dat co'tin' never did 'gree wid him in de spring uv de year. Miss Patty Corbin she wait fer him fo'teen year, an' den she sen' him word 'twuz gen er never. Ole marse he sen' her back word 'twuz never, 'kase he didn' like ter be hurried in he 'rangements. So he didn' never got married; an' when he die he jes leave all he property ter be 'vided out 'tween Marse Jack an' Marse Page, 'cep' he lef' Marse Page he silver watch. Ole marse tho't a sight er dat watch. He wouldn' never let no watch-maker tech it, fer he feard he mought spile it; an' when it got wrong, he jes take a feather an' some lard an' grease it hisse'f, an' den 'twuz all right ag'in.

"Well, all de black folks like Marse Page de bes', an' all on 'em want ter 'long ter him. Marse Jack he mighty quarrelsome an' 'sputifyin' 'bout things, an' he say he want Tubal de fiddler. Tubal he fall down on he knees 'fo' Marse Page an' baig dat Marse Page take him; but Marse Page he had done ask fer Mam' Bet-sy—dat wuz de mammy uv bofe de boys—an' Marse Jack say he 'titled ter Tubal. Marse Page he offer ter buy Tubal right outen; but Marse Jack say no, Tubal wuz de bes' fiddler in de county, an' *he* want him. So Tubal had ter go wid Marse Jack; but Tubal he say to we-all, mighty solemn like: 'Marse Jack think he gwi' git a first-class fiddler. I sw'ar I ain' never gwi' draw dat bow ez long ez I is Marse Jack's nigger. I done sw'ar it, an' I done make a cross in de ashes 'fo' I sw'ar.'

"Naix thing we heah, Marse Jack he gwi' move ter de upper country, whar dey doan' have no oshters er crabs er nuttin' fer ter eat—an' sho' 'nuff 'twuz so.

"I never will furgit de day dey all lef'. Dey wuz wagons fur all de women an' de chillen an' de sick folks an' de ole folks, an' de men dey walk. Tubal wuz dyar on de jinny mule, but he didn' have no fiddle. Marse Page come ter tell 'em good-by. De black folks cry an' pray an' sing, same like 'twuz a baptizin', twell Marse Page he tooken out he white hankercher an' he cry too. Tubal he hol' on ter Marse Page, an' ax Gord ter bless him, an' ax him ef he 'member when dey useter go fishin' toge'er, an' Marse Page tyar he Sunday jacket, so Mam' Betsy have ter give it ter Tubal—he allus like brass buttons—an' Marse Page tell him he ain' never gwi' furgit he faithful Tubal, an' lars' thing Tubal say ter we-all er cryin' wuz, 'I ain' gwi' tech dat fiddle, I ain' gwi' tech dat bow, ez long ez I b'long ter Marse Jack Boswell.' An' he didn'.

"De years an' de years pass on. We done hear dat Marse Jack he try ter make Tubal play when he got him up de country, but Tubal he doan' play. Marse Jack den put him in de corn fiel', an' Tubal he han's jes es sof' ez Marse Jack's hisse'f; he have ter hoe de row, but he doan' play de fiddle. Marse Jack he tell him ef he will play de fiddle he kin hire out ter play at de parties, an' make a heap uv money. Tubal he 'low steadfas' he ain' never gwi' play no mo'. But de niggers say dat in de night-time Tubal he git up an' go 'way in de woods, whar he had done hide de fiddle, an' he play twell mos' mornin'. De folks gwi' 'long thu de woods moonlight nights hear de soun's floatin' by, an' dey git skeered an' run, an' say 'tis evils 'broad; but nobody never tole Marse Jack. He an' Marse Page didn' have nuttin' 'tall ter do wid each urr arter dey fell out 'bout Tubal. Bofe on 'em got married, an' Marse Page wife die soon, an' lef' him er little gal. She growed up mighty putty, wid gray eyes, sorter like partridge eyes, an' she wuz slim an' slight. Marse Page he live on at de Shelter, but he warn' like ole marse. He wuz sof'-spoken, an' he read books, an' he never talk 'bout goin' co'tin' no mo', an' he wuz de best marster in de county. He wuz mighty fond o' Miss Letty, an' useter say, 'Dat little gray-eyed gal *she* got er sperrit.'

"Well, arter a while de Rebellion broke out at de Norf, an' Marse Page he raise a cump'ny an' went ter de war. He sont Miss Letty off ter school, an' de niggers jes stay on de plantation an' work under de overseer. But it didn' seem like nuttin' pro-per no mo'. De craps warn' no 'count—de wheat allers had de rus' an' de corn warn' nuttin' but nubbins, an' de line fence cotch fire an' bu'n up mos' all de fencin' on de place, an' a storm come an' to' down mo'n haif de house; an' when Marse Page an' Miss Letty come back arter de war, de niggers wuz free, an' t' wasn' nuttin' lef' but de lan'. But Marse Page wuz a gentmun, an' he couldn' live no way 'cep' de quality way, an' co'se he had ter borry money fer ter do it; 'sides dat, he had done los' he right arm in de war. So fer a year er two things wuz putty much like dey wuz 'fo' de war: Miss Letty had her piany an' her hoss, an' marse he cigars an' he silk stock-in's an' sech.

"One de fust things dat happen arter de war wuz one day when Marse Page wuz settin' on de po'ch in ole marse' cheer. He look up, an' dyar, stan'in' on de gravel parf, wuz a ole man on a jinny mule, an' he had er fiddle under he arm, an' widout sayin' er word he 'gin ter tune up dat fiddle, an' he start ter play 'Kiss me sweetly.' Marse Page he sot right still, an' de tears rain down he face, an' den de nigger man he hop off in de jinny mule, an' he come up de steps, an' he say, 'Marse Page, I is a free man now, an' I come fer ter be yo' nigger oncet mo'.'

"Marse Page he call out fer Miss Letty, an' she come flyin', an' 'fo' her par could say a word she say, 'Why, it's Uncle Tubal.' She ain' never seen Tubal, but she hearn 'bout him; and den he kiss her little han', an' Marse Page had he liquor case fotch out, an' he an' Tubal drink ter ole times, an' Tubal he fyar make de fiddle talk. Arterward Tubal lie go right back in he ole house he had lived in in ole marse' time. Tubal didn' have no wife er chillen; he say he fiddle were all de wife he want; an' he go back ter de ole ways. No mo' hoein' an' wukkin' for Tubal; he jes sot an' play de fiddle all day.

"Dis heah way went on fer a while, an' mought er gone on twell now, but all de po' white trash dat Marse Page had intrusted wid de mortgage on de Shelter speck him ter pay de money back, an' co'se Marse Page didn' have it; ef he had had it, he wouldin' er borried de money nohow. An', ef you will b'lieve dis nigger, dem low-down white folks make Marse Page pay all he debts fur ez he could, an' de place wuz sol', an' de black folks went off, an' Marse Page an' Miss Letty had ter go an' live in de overseer's house. It didn' have but fo' rooms. Tubal he went wid 'em, an' he wuk de bes' he kin, but Tubal warn' no wukker natchel. Marse Page couldn' do nuttin', 'kase he didn' have but one arm, an' bimeby times got wuss an' wusser, an' hard an' harder, an' Miss Letty—she had a fine eddication—she had ter go 'way an' teach school, an' leave Tubal ter take keer uv Marse Page.

"Now Tubal he useter hoe in de gyardin an' keep things goin', but de onlies way he could git money wuz by fiddlin'. Marse Page he do widout all he could, but he wuz er gentmun, an' he couldn' do widout much, an' Miss Letty she sent him all she make. An' den one night he wuz tooken sick an' had a stroke uv paradise. He couldn' move, an' he couldn' hardly talk, but he call Tubal ter de baidside, an' he say, 'Remember, boy, not a word of this to your Miss Letty.' You see, Marse Page didn' have no right arm, an' he couldn' wrote wid he lef', an' Tubal had 'rections fum Miss Letty dat ev'y week he wuz ter git somebody ter write ter her an' tell her 'bout Marse Page, an' she keep on sen'in' him her money, but dat wouldn' been 'nough arter Marse Page got he stroke uv paradise, ef it hadn' been fer Tubal's fiddlin'. 'Bout dat time some Yankee officers come down dyar projeckin' 'bout inginairin'; dey wuz inginairs. Dey camp out in de woods, an' Tubal useter go over ter de camp an' play fer 'em, an' come back wid er greenback in he pocket. Marse Page by dat time didn' know nuttin' hardly. He jes lay dyar an' suffer an' groan. Out at de camp dey wuz a orficer—a Cap'n—dat wuz mighty gin'rous ter Tubal, an' Tubal ax him ef he write a letter fer him ter Miss Letty. De Cap'n 'gree, an' ev'y week Tubal go over an' git dat Cap'n ter write. He warn' so ole, and he were a gentmun as wuz a gentmun, ef he didn' have no niggers. 'Fo' de war, an' had ter have low-down white folks ter black he boots an' bresh he close. All de time Tubal wuz tellin' de Cap'n what ter write, de Cap'n wuz larfin' ter hisse'f, an' presny he look kinder pitiful. Tubal's letters wuz mighty cur'us. Fust he tell de Cap'n ter write dat all de quality in de county come ev'y day ter 'quire arter Marse Page. 'Twuz a lie, an' Tubal say so: 'Co'se dat's a lie, Cap'n,' he say. 'Seem like de quality folks has clean forgot how Marse Page useter live at de Shelter 'fo' de war, wid thirty hosses in de stalls, an' cump'ny all de time, an' champagne like water outen de spring. But I cyarn let Miss Letty know dat.' Den he tell him ter wrote, Marse Page wuz so spry, an' he so intrusted in her letters, an' didn' want no mo' uv her money; an' ev'ybody know Marse Page 'ain' been able ter read hardly sence Miss Letty went away. De Cap'n wroten it all, an' he gin Tubal a greenback mos' ev'y time he see him, an' sen' Marse Page some brandy like he been useter, an' tell Tubal ef he want nuttin' ter come ter him.

"One night de Cap'n wuz settin' in he tent readin', an' Tubal sneak in, lookin' sorter queer. He say in a whisper: 'Cap'n, Marse Page is 'mos' gone. He callin' fer Miss Letty, an' you mus' wrote Miss Letty fer me, an' tell her, fer Gord A'mighty's sake, ter come home ez quick ez she kin.' De Cap'n he wroten it right away, an' he tole her all 'bout de boats, an' how she wuz ter make corrections wid de kyars, an' could git here by Sadday. An' Tubal he never lef' Marse Page night er day.

"Well, dat naix Friday night, when de boat stop at de landin', off step Miss Letty: she had done make de corrections, an' got here 'fo' dey speck her. T' warn' nobody at de wharf ter meet her, but de Cap'n wuz dyar wid he orderly, an' when he see Miss Letty so pale an' putty an' distrussful, he went up to her an' injuced hisse'f, an' ax ef he could be uv any resistance ter her. Miss Letty she toss her hade, an' look him all over wid dem gray eyes o' hern; she didn' like no sort o' Yankees, an' he hâd he uniform on; but he wuz so perlite an' respectious, an' he hol' he cap in he han' all de time, dat presny Miss Letty kinder softened. An' when he tole her he had done wroten de letters fer Tubal, an' he hope she doan fin' her father ez bad ez she speckted ter fin' him, Miss Letty jes broke down, an' cry fit ter break her heart. De Cap'n tu'n away, an' didn' notice her twell she had got th'u' cryin', an' den he come back an' bow like a gentmun, an' tole her he mus' take keer on her home, dat he horse 'ain' never had de honor uv kyar'in' a lady, but he know she ain' 'feerd, an' kin ride on he on any saddle. Den Miss Letty smile a little bit, an' de orderly—mighty po' white trash he were—brung up de hosses, an' de Cap'n swung Miss Letty on he own hoss—a scrimptious bay hoss with black mane an' tail—an' de hoss fret little bit; but Miss Letty she sot him, an' de Cap'n he smile, an' say she kin ride like a soldier. Den he got on de orderly hoss, an' off dey went.

"'Twuz fo' miles ter de overseer's house, an' when de Cap'n lef' her at de do', he tell her de camp warn' mo'n harf mile away, an' ef she want any help, he hope she would treat 'em like frien's 'stid uv enemies, an' Miss Letty she promise she would.

"Marse Page didn' live a week arter Miss Letty got dyar. She foun' out dat de quality folks had sorter neglec' him, an' she wuz so proud and haughtical she wouldn' sen' fer none on 'em; an' Tubal say he doan know what she would er done ef it hadn't been fur de Cap'n. Co'se, arter Marse Page done dade, all de folks pay him deir respec's, an' heap on 'em come ter see ef dey couldn' do nuttin' fer him—arter he wuz laid out. But Miss Letty say no, she thank 'em; dey couldn' do nuttin' 'tall. De funeral wuz mons'ous big. Miss Letty she walk by herse'f 'hine de coffin, an' Tubal he walk right 'hine Miss Letty. De Cap'n wuz dyar too.

"Miss Letty, arter de buryin', she settle down quiet at de overseer's house wid a po' relation dat come fum somewhar, an' fur two or three weeks she didn' do nuttin' but set an' look at de fire an' go ev'y evenin' an' stan' by Marse Page grave. Den she 'gin ter ax Tubal 'bout things, an' Tubal tole her how kin' de Cap'n had been, an' sen' Marse Page brandy an' things, an' come ev'y day ter see ef he couldn' do sumpin' fer him—an' all dis heah 'fo' Marse Page wuz laid out—an' how he had done see 'bout de coffin, an' had tole Tubal what wuz fitten ter do. De Cap'n didn' call ter see her, but ev'y day er two he sen' de orderly ter ax how she do, wid de Cap'n's compliments, an' sometimes he sen' her er basket er grapes or er bokay. Miss Letty she wroten him er little note an' ax him ter come an' receive her thanks in pusson, an' he come. Tubal say it discomfuse him ter have Miss Letty seein' cump'ny in dat dyar ole overseer's house, but she wuz fust quality, jes de same ez ef she wuz at de Shelter in de ole time. Naix day Miss Patty Corbin, dat wait fo'-teen year ter ger git ole marse, come in her gre't big kerridge ter quile wid Miss Letty fer receivin' Yankee orficers.

"'De bes' people in de county doan countenance it,' she say.

"'Very well,' answer Miss Letty, wid her checks afire, 'it seems they didn't countenance my poor father much after he left the Shelter; but this Yankee orficer *he* countenance my father when he was ill an' poor an' want frien's—and, Miss Patty,' she say, wid her eyes blazin', 'it's a subject I won't have mentioned to me again—please understand—an' I wish you good-morning.' Miss Patty she flounce out ter her gre't big kerridge in a huff, an' Miss Letty she walk back inter de overseer's house like it wuz a palace, an' she wuz a queen.

"Tubal he meet de Cap'n on de road dat very day, an' tole him de whole contention. De Cap'n grin when Tubal tole him de way Miss Letty sen' Miss Patty off, same like she wuz shoot out uv a gun.

"Naix Sunday, at chu'ch, Miss Letty see de Cap'n comin' in jes ez she wuz; an' she wait fer him, an' smile, an' ax him inter her pew, an' let him walk up de aisle 'longside o' her. Dey sutny wuz a han'some couple—she look so putty in her black frock, an' he wuz jes ez straight as a Injun.

"Arter chu'ch, 'stid o' folks stoppin' ter speak wid Miss Letty, dey jes went by her wid a nod an' a scowl. Miss Letty she had a sperrit, ez Marse Page say; she smile an' keep on talkin' wid de Cap'n, an' let him walk home wid her. Tubal he had done gone in de woods ter play de fiddle—'kase dat sinner acshilly play de fiddle Sunday same ez week-days—he seen 'em walkin' 'long home, an' he see de Cap'n when he tooken Miss Letty han' an' say, 'Can you bear that treatment fer me?' An' Miss Letty she say, 'Yes, and a great deal more.' Ef you will believe dis nigger, Miss Letty she marry dat Cap'n! She did, fer a fac'! She married him, sartin an' sho! She marry him 'fo' de summer wuz out. Dey went away, an' dey want ter take Tubal wid 'em, but Tubal he say naw, he cyarn leave Marse Page all by hisse'f in de graveyard, an' ef he could jes live on at de overseer's house, an' had he fiddle an' sumpin' ter eat, he wuz all right. Miss Letty fix fer him ter stay, an' de' wuz a little gyarden patch fer him; but Tubal he warn' never no 'count ter wuk; he wuz too much uv a artis', de Cap'n say. So arter dey wuz married an' gone, Tubal useter take he fiddle an' go an' set in de sun by Marse Page grave, an' play ter him, an' dat nigger had de s'prisin' owdaciousness ter play hymn tunes on de fiddle, like 'Roll, Jordan, Roll,' an' 'Dem Golden Slippers.' Dem wuz fer hisse'f, he say, but de reels an' jigs wuz fer Marse Page, 'kase he allers like dat sort o' music. An' it seem ter me like Tubal play mo' like de birds ev'y day; when he play a reel, it wuz like de win' sweepin' ober de wheat fiel', er de water in de mill-race po'in' ober de dam. Dat wuz in de fall; but todes winter Tubal cotch de rheumertiz, an' he couldn' git outen de house, an' he finger-j'ints got kinder rusty, an' he couldn' play no mo'. It sutny wuz pitiful ter see him settin' wid de fiddle on he knee an' he cyarn play it. He wuz mighty po'ly, an' he keep on sayin' he ain' gwi' live long. When de spring come he got outen de house when it was sunshiny, an' he useter creep wid he fiddle ter de graveyard, but he couldn' hardly walk. An' one day we had done miss him, but it was sunshiny, so we knowed he wuz somewhar 'bout dat graveyard; we-all went ter look fer him, an' dyar, layin' on Marse Page grave, wuz Tubal wid he fiddle. He wuz done dade.

"He had ax us 'fo' dat ter bury him an' de fiddle close by Marse Page, 'kase Miss Letty had promise him he could be laid in de white folks' buryin'-groun', an' he wuz laid right dyar. He look mighty natchel in de coffin wid he fiddle an' he bow by him. So we-all buried Tubal, an' I 'ain' never see sech a fiddler sence."

M. ELLIOT SEAWELL.



AT THE COUNTRY BOARDING-HOUSE.

LANDLADY. "Not fond of huckleberry pie, Mr. Smithkins?"

SMITHKINS. "Yes, ma'm, very; but—shoo!—under the circumstances, I can't tell where the huckleberries begin and the flies leave off."

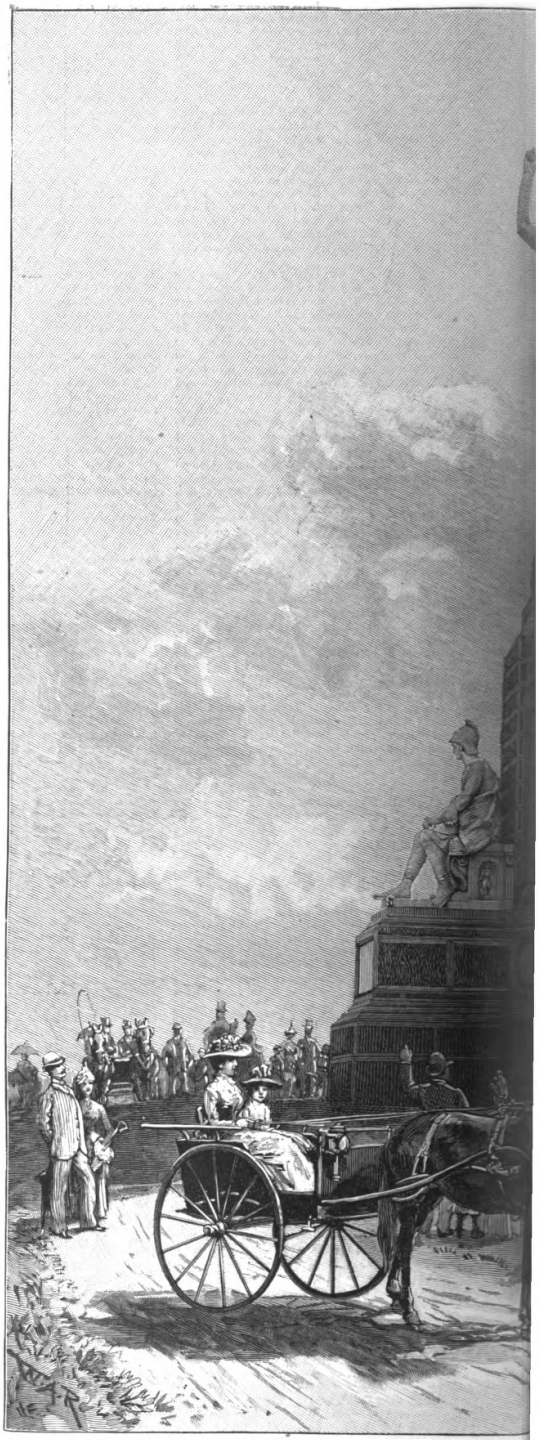
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MORALITY.



FREEDOM.



THE PILGRIM MONUMENT, DEDICATED AT PLYMOUTH, M

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

THIRTY-NINE years ago, at the annual meeting of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, it was determined to commemorate the landing of the forefathers by a monument. Contributions were asked, both of the descendants of those who landed on the "stern and rock-bound coast" and of all who admired their independence and heroism. One of the cleverest men that the cape has produced, Judge Thomas Russell, was then the president of the society, and year after year, at the feasts of the associates, he called the project of the monument to the attention of all who had the pleasure of listening to him. In six years—1859—the corner-stone of the monument was laid, and on the first of this month, thirty years afterward, the completed monument was dedicated. Thirty years ago Nathaniel P. Banks was Governor of the Commonwealth, and he was the principal orator of the first occasion. Sitting with him on the platform were Governors Salmon P. Chase of Ohio and Buckingham of Connecticut, while Mr. William M. Evarts was one of the speakers. The ceremony was the greatest that the cape had then witnessed, but its glories paled before the celebration of August 1st.

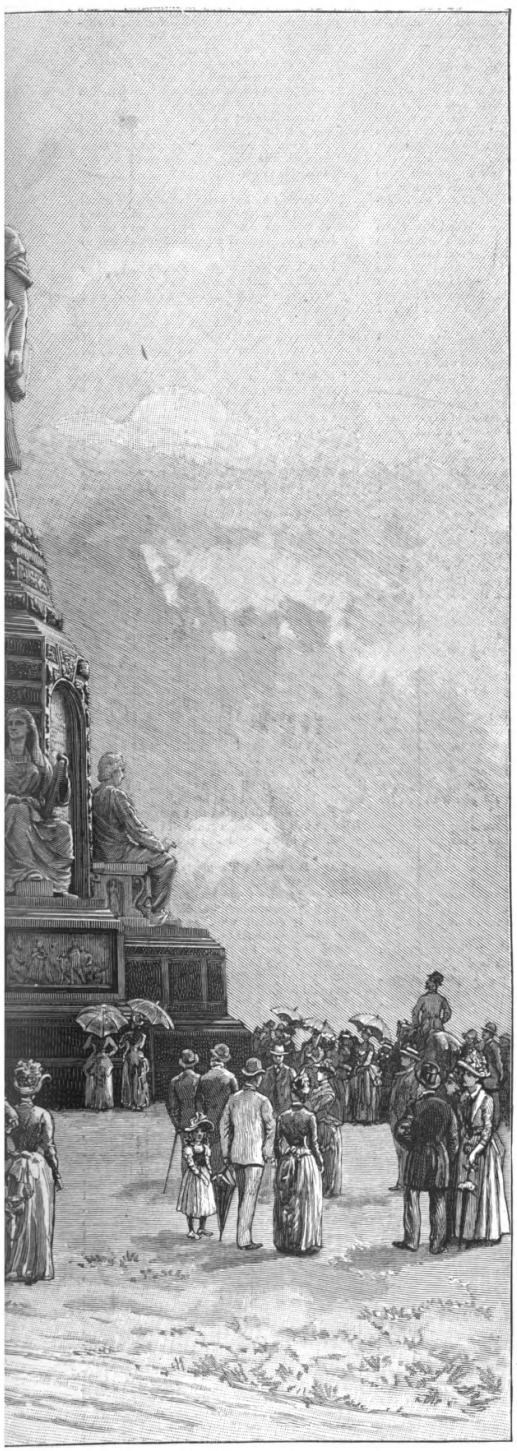
After the corner-stone was laid the project languished. The design of the monument was made by Hammatt Billings, whose name recalls the early days of the Plymouth colony. It has been built substantially in accordance with these first plans. A great granite pedestal is surmounted by a sculptured figure of Faith, while at the feet of Faith sit four figures—of Law, Freedom, Education, and Morality. All these are monoliths of granite. They are of immense size, Faith alone measuring thirty-six feet. Between the statues are glass-covered alto-rilievos, representing the embarkation at Delft Haven, the signing of the compact in the *Mayflower's* cabin, the landing of the Pilgrims, and the treaty with Massasoit. Tablets celebrate the virtues of the fathers and of some of their descendants. Models of the design were distributed as incentives to subscriptions, but the money came in very slowly. The Pilgrim Society opened its arms to all the descendants of the men and women who landed on the rock. The sale of certificates of membership brought in money. But it was not until the government took hold of the enterprise that the end began to approach.

Connecticut, peopled from the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and not from that of Plymouth, gave $10,000 to the society. Massachusetts followed with a like sum. The four statues for the base were p[ur]
the special subscriptions. Through the efforts of ex-Governor Lo[ng]
was then a member of the House of Representatives, the Fed[eral]
ernment appropriated $15,000 for the statue of Freedom. The
only $13,500, and the difference, $1500, was, again through th
of ex-Governor Long, applied to the building of the statue of La
was undertaken by the lawyers, who were helped, not only b
tional government, but by Governor Bodwell, of Maine, who is
of the Hollowell Granite Company, which had the contract for t
ment.

The statue of Faith is an immense granite figure of a woma
the feet in Greek drapery. An open Bible is in her left hand.
points upward with the index finger of her right hand. The
the gift of Oliver Ames, uncle of the present Governor. It sta
a piece of Plymouth Rock.

The appropriation made by the State of Massachusetts was
for the statue of Morality. It, like the other four figures, is
single stone. A seated woman looks upward to Faith. Sh
one hand the tablet of the decalogue, and in the other the scro

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google





EDUCATION.



LAW.

TTS, ON AUGUST 1.—From Photographs by Notman, Boston.

her breast is the jewel of the Jewish high-priest. On one s a small statue of an evangelist, and on the other side the prophet. In the end of this buttress is the alto-rilievo repe departure of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven. This last of Connecticut.

e of Education was the gift of Roland Mather, of Connecticut. s on her left arm, to which she points with the right hand. s of her throne are small statues, representing "Youth Led ce" and "Wisdom Ripe with Years." Mr. Mather also gave nying alto-rilievo of the signing of the compact in the cabin lower.

aying the statue of Law, which has the head of Daniel Webanel of the "Treaty with Massasoit."

is the sitting figure of an armed man carrying a Roman e small statues represent "Peace" and "Tyranny Overreedom," and the alto-rilievo is of the landing of the explorom the *Mayflower*.

t 1st the quaint old town of Plymouth was filled with people ake part in commemorating the tribute of the Pilgrims. Another generation had come upon the field of active life since the laying of the corner-stone. General Banks is here, but he no longer has the fire and vigorous bearing which distinguished him in early life. Judge Russell is dead, and his place at the head of the Pilgrim Society is taken by ex-Governor John D. Long, who presided at the dinner. Massachusetts has taken long strides toward liberality, or else the stock of Pilgrim oratory and poetry is low. The latter evidently is not true, but it is a strange and significant fact, and one that greatly excited the quick Yankee mind, that they were not sons of Pilgrims who pronounced the oration and wrote the poem, but Colonel W. C. P. Breckenridge, ex-Confederate and Kentuckian, was the orator, and John Boyle O'Reilly was the poet. The celebration took place on the 1st of August, because it was "on or about that time" that the Pilgrims sailed from Delft Haven for America. There was a great procession, which wound its way about the streets of the old town. There was military from Boston and the surrounding towns, but the ceremonies of dedication were Masonic, and therefore the Masons were the most conspicuous figures of the procession. There was a dinner at which numerous toasts were drunk and numerous speeches were spoken. Myron W. Whitney, Boston's favorite basso, sang Mrs. Hemans's hymn, "The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast." In the afternoon there was music, and in the evening there were fireworks. It was a great day, and Plymouth worthily celebrated the 269th anniversary of the departure of its founders from Holland.

The monument stands on a hill, and can be seen from far out in the harbor. It is one of the most conspicuous landmarks of Cape Cod, and is a credit to those who have carried out the design. The contributions for its building came from every State in the Union, but by far the larger number of the contributors were Massachusetts people of moderate means. To each who sent to the society money for the monument was given an engraved certificate illustrating the monument very nearly as it stands to-day. These certificates of membership are to be found in nearly every parlor of the cape. Most of the men who organized and planned the monument are dead. Their work has been finished by their successors, but the certificates are often the cherished and living mementos of a little sacrifice made by people who could ill afford to spare the pittance which they contributed. Hammatt Billings, the designer of the monument, died before its completion.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.

IX.

THE Dryfooses went late to Mrs. Horn's *musicale* in spite of Mrs. Mandel's advice. Christine made the delay, both because she wished to show Miss Vance that she was not anxious, and because she had some vague notion of the distinction of arriving late at any sort of entertainment. Mrs. Mandel insisted upon the difference between this *musicale* and an ordinary reception; but Christine rather fancied disturbing a company that had got seated, and perhaps making people rise and stand, while she found her way to her place, as she had seen them do for a tardy comer at the theatre.

Mela, whom she did not admit to her reasons or feelings always, followed her with the servile admiration she had for all that Christine did; and she took on trust as somehow successful the result of Christine's obstinacy, when they were allowed to stand against the wall at the back of the room through the whole of the long piece begun just before they came in. There had been no one to receive them; a few people, in the rear rows of chairs near them, turned their heads to glance at them, and then looked away again. Mela had her misgivings; but at the end of the piece, Miss Vance came up to them at once, and then Mela knew that she had her eyes on them all the time, and that Christine must have been right. Christine said nothing about their coming late, and so Mela did not make any excuse, and Miss Vance seemed to expect none. She glanced with a sort of surprise at Conrad, when Christine introduced him; Mela did not know whether she liked their bringing him, till she shook hands with him, and said, "Oh, I am very glad, indeed! Mr. Dryfoos and I have met before." Without explaining where or when, she led them to her aunt and presented them, and then said, "I'm going to put you with some friends of yours," and quickly seated them next the Marches. Mela liked that well enough; she thought she might have some joking with Mr. March, for all his wife was so stiff; but the look which Christine wore seemed to forbid, provisionally at least, any such recreation. On her part, Christine was cool with the Marches. It went through her mind that they must have told Miss Vance they knew her; and perhaps they had boasted of her intimacy. She relaxed a little toward them when she saw Beaton leaning against the wall at the end of the row next Mrs. March. Then she conjectured that he might have told Miss Vance of her acquaintance with the Marches, and she bent forward and nodded to Mrs. March across Conrad, Mela, and Mr. March. She conceived of him as a sort of hand of her father's, but she was willing to take them at their apparent social valuation for the time. She leaned back in her chair, and did not look up at Beaton, after the first furtive glance, though she felt his eyes on her.

The music began again almost at once, before Mela had time to make Conrad tell her where Miss Vance had met him before. She would not have minded interrupting the music; but every one else seemed so attentive, even Christine, that she had not the courage.

The concert went on to an end without realizing for her the ideal of pleasure which one ought to find in society. She was not exacting, but it seemed to her there were very few young men, and when the music was over, and their opportunity came to be sociable, they were not very sociable. They were not introduced, for one thing; but it appeared to Mela that they might have got introduced, if they had any sense; she saw them looking at her, and she was glad she had dressed so much; she was dressed more than any other lady there, and either because she was the most dressed of any person there, or because it had got around who her father was, she felt that she had made an impression on the young men. In her satisfaction with this, and from her good-nature, she was contented to be served with her refreshments after the concert by Mr. March, and to remain joking with him. She was at her ease; she let her hoarse voice out in her largest laugh; she accused him, to the admiration of those near, of getting her into a perfect gale. It appeared to her, in her own pleasure, her mission to illustrate to the rather subdued people about her what a good time really was, so that they could have it if they wanted it. Her joy was crowned when March modestly professed himself unworthy to monopolize her, and explained how selfish he felt in talking to a young lady when there were so many young men dying to do so.

"Oh, pshaw, dyun', yes!" cried Mela, tasting the irony. "I guess I see them!"

He asked if he might really introduce a friend of his to her, and she said, Well, yes, if he thought he could live to get to her; and March brought up a man whom he thought very young and Mela thought very old. He was a contributor to *Every Other Week*, and so March knew him; he believed himself a student of human nature in behalf of literature, and he now set about studying Mela. He tempted her to express her opinion on all points, and he laughed so amiably at the boldness and humorous vigor of her ideas that she was delighted with him. She asked him if he was a New-Yorker by birth; and she told him she pitied him, when he said he had never been West. She professed herself perfectly sick of New York, and urged him to go to Moffitt if he wanted to see a real live town. He wondered if it would do to put her into literature just as she was, with all her slang and brag, but he decided that he would have to subdue her a great deal: he did not see how he could reconcile the facts of her conversation with the facts of her appearance: her beauty, her splendor of dress, her apparent right to be where she was. These things perplexed him; he was afraid the great American novel, if true, must be incredible. Mela said he ought to hear her sister go on about New York when they first came; but she reckoned that Christine was getting so she could put up with it a little better, now. She looked significantly across the room to the place where Christine was talking with Beaton; and the student of human nature asked, Was she here? and, Would she introduce him? Mela said she would, the first chance she got; and she added, They would be much pleased to have him call. She felt herself to be having a beautiful time, and she got directly upon such intimate terms with the student of human nature that she laughed with him about some peculiarities of his, such as his going so far about to ask things he wanted to know from her; she said she never did believe in beating about the bush much. She had noticed the same thing in Miss Vance when she came to call, that day; and when the young man owned that he came rather a good deal to Mrs. Horn's house, she asked him, Well, what sort of a girl was Miss Vance, anyway, and where did he suppose she had met her brother? The student of human nature could not say as to this, and as to Miss Vance he judged it safest to treat of the non-society side of her character, her activity in charity, her special devotion to the work among the poor on the East Side, which she personally engaged in.

"Oh, that's where Conrad goes, too!" Mela interrupted. "I'll bet anything that's where she met him. I *wisht* I could tell Christine! But I suppose she would want to kill me, if I was to speak to her *now*."

The student of human nature said politely, "Oh, shall I take you to her?"

Mela answered, "I guess you better *not!*" with a laugh so significant that he could not help his inferences concerning both Christine's absorption in the person she was talking with, and the habitual violence of her temper. He made note of how Mela helplessly spoke of all her family by their names, as if he were already intimate with them; he fancied that if he could get that in skilfully, it would be a valuable color in his study; the English lord whom she should astonish with it, began to form himself out of the dramatic nebulosity in his mind, and to whirl on a definite orbit in American society. But he was puzzled to decide whether Mela's willingness to take him into her confidence on short notice was typical or personal; the trait of a daughter of the natural gas millionaire, or a foible of her own.

Beaton talked with Christine the greater part of the evening that was left after the concert. He was very grave, and took the tone of a fatherly friend; he spoke guardedly of the people present, and moderated the severity of some of Christine's judgments of their looks and costumes. He did this out of a sort of unreasoned allegiance to Margaret, whom he was in the mood of wishing to please by being very kind and good, as she always was. He had the sense also of atoning by this behavior for some reckless things he had said before that to Christine; he put on a sad, reproving air with her, and gave her the feeling of being held in check.

She chafed at it, and said, glancing at Margaret in talk with her brother, "I don't think Miss Vance is so very pretty, do you?"

"I never think whether she's pretty or not," said Beaton, with dreamy affectation. "She is merely perfect. Does she know your brother?"

"So *she* says. I didn't suppose Conrad ever went anywhere, except to tenement-houses."

"It might have been there," Beaton suggested. "She goes among friendless people everywhere."

"Maybe that's the reason she came to see *us!*" said Christine.

Beaton looked at her with his smouldering eyes, and felt the wish to say, "Yes, it was exactly that," but he only allowed himself to deny the possibility of any such motive in that case. He added, "I am so glad you know her, Miss Dryfoos. I never met Miss Vance without feeling myself better and truer, somehow; or the wish to be so."

"And you think *we* might be improved too?" Christine retorted. "Well, I must say you're not very flattering, Mr. Beaton, anyway."

Beaton would have liked to answer her according to her cattishness, with a good clawing sarcasm that would leave its smart in her pride; but he was being good, and he could not change all at once. Besides, the girl's attitude under the social honor done her interested him. He was sure she had never been in such good company before, but he could see that she was not in the least affected by the experience. He had told her who this person and that was; and he saw she had understood that the names were of consequence; but she seemed to feel her equality with them all. Her serenity was not obviously akin to the savage stoicism in which Beaton hid his own consciousness of social inferiority; but having won his way in the world so far by his talent, his personal quality, he did not conceive the simple fact in her case. Christine was self-possessed because she felt that a knowledge of her father's fortune had got around, and she had the peace which money gives to ignorance; but Beaton attributed her poise to ignorance of social values. This, while he inwardly sneered at it, avenged him upon his own too keen sense of them, and, together with his temporary allegiance to Margaret's goodness, kept him from retaliating Christine's vulgarity. He said, "I don't see how that could be," and left the question of flattery to settle itself.

The people began to go away, following each other up to take leave of Mrs. Horn. Christine watched them with indifference, and either because she would not be governed by the general movement, or because she liked being with Beaton, gave no sign of going. Mela was still talking to the student of human nature, sending out her laugh in deep gurgles amidst the unimaginable confidences she was making him about herself, her family, the staff of *Every Other Week*, Mrs. Mandel, and the kind of life they had all led before she came to them. He was not a blind devotee of art for art's sake, and though he felt that if one could portray Mela just as she was she would be the richest possible material, he was rather ashamed to know some of the things she told him; and he kept looking anxiously about for a chance of escape. The company had reduced itself to the Dryfoos groups and some friends of Mrs. Horn's who had the right to linger, when Margaret crossed the room with Conrad to Christine and Beaton.

"I'm so glad, Miss Dryfoos, to find that I was not quite a stranger to you all when I ventured to call, the other day. Your brother and I are rather old acquaintances, though I never knew his name before. I don't know just how to say we met where he is valued so much. I suppose I mustn't try to say how much," she added with a look of deep regard at him.

Conrad blushed and stood folding his arms tight over his breast, while his sister received Margaret's confession with the suspicion which was her first feeling in regard to any new thing. What she concluded was that this girl was trying to get in with them, for reasons of her own. She said: "Yes; it's the first *I* ever heard of his knowing you. He's so much taken up with his meetings, he didn't want to come to-night."

Margaret drew in her lip before she answered, without apparent resentment of the awkwardness or ungraciousness, whichever. she found it. "I don't wonder! You become so absorbed in such work that you think nothing else is worth while. But I'm glad Mr. Dryfoos could come with you; I'm *so* glad you could all come; I knew you would enjoy the music. Do sit down—"

"No," said Christine bluntly, "we must be going. Mela!" she called out, "Come!"

The last group about Mrs. Horn looked round, but Christine advanced upon them undismayed, and took the hand Mrs. Horn promptly gave her. "Well, I must bid you good-night."

"Oh, good-night," murmured the elder lady. "So very kind of you to come."

"I've had the best kind of a time," said Mela cordially. "I hain't laughed so much, I don't know when."

"Oh, I'm glad you enjoyed it," said Mrs. Horn in the same polite murmur she had used with Christine; but she said nothing to either sister about any future meeting.

They were apparently not troubled. Mela said over her shoulder to the student of human nature, "The next time I see you I'll *give* it to you for what you said about Moffitt."

Margaret made some entreating paces after them, but she did not succeed in covering the retreat of the sisters against critical conjecture. She could only say to Conrad, as if recurring to the subject, "I *hope* we can get our friends to play for us some night. I know it isn't any real help, but such things take the poor creatures out of themselves for the time being, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "They're good in that way." He turned back hesitatingly to Mrs. Horn, and said, with a blush, "I thank you for a happy evening."

"Oh, I am very glad," she replied in her murmur.

One of the old friends of the house arched her eyebrows in saying good-night, and offered the two young men remaining seats home in her carriage. Beaton gloomily refused, and she kept herself from asking the student of human nature, till she had got him into her carriage, "What *is* Moffitt, and what did you say about it?"

"Now you see, Margaret," said Mrs. Horn, with bated triumph, when the people were all gone.

"Yes, I see," the girl consented. "From one point of view, of course it's been a failure. I don't think we've given Miss Dryfoos a pleasure, but perhaps nobody could. And at least we've given her the opportunity of enjoying herself."

"Such people," said Mrs. Horn, philosophically, "people with their money, must of course be received sooner or later. You can't keep them out. Only, I believe I would rather let some one else begin with them. The Leightons didn't come?"

"I sent them cards. I *couldn't* call again."

Mrs. Horn sighed a little. "I suppose Mr. Dryfoos is one of your fellow-philanthropists?"

"He's one of the workers," said Margaret. "I met him several times at the Hall, but I only knew his first name. I think he's a great friend of Father Benedict; he seems devoted to the work. Don't you think he looks *good?*"

"Very," said Mrs. Horn, with a color of censure in her assent. "The younger girl seemed more amiable than her sister. But what manners!"

"Dreadful!" said Margaret, with knit brows, and a pursed mouth of humorous suffering. "But she appeared to feel very much at home."

"Oh, as to that, neither of them was much abashed. Do you suppose Mr. Beaton gave the other one some hints for that quaint dress of hers? I don't imagine that black and lace is her own invention. She seems to have some sort of strange fascination for him."

"She's very picturesque," Margaret explained. "And artists see points in people that the rest of us don't."

"Could it be her money?" Mrs. Horn insinuated. "He must be very poor."

"But he isn't base," retorted the girl with a generous indignation that made her aunt smile.

"Oh, no; but if he fancies her so picturesque, it doesn't follow that he would object to her being rich."

"It would with a man like Mr. Beaton!"

"You are an idealist, Margaret. I suppose your Mr. March has some disinterested motive in paying court to Miss Mela—Pamela, I suppose is her name. He talked to her longer than her literature would have lasted."

"He seems a very kind person," said Margaret.

"And Mr. Dryfoos pays his salary?"

"I don't know anything about that. But that wouldn't make any difference with him."

Mrs. Horn laughed out at this security; but she was not displeased by the nobleness which it came from. She liked Margaret to be high-minded, and was really not distressed by any good that was in her.

The Marches walked home, both because it was not far, and because they must spare in carriage hire at any rate. As soon as they were out of the house, she applied a point of conscience to him.

"I don't see how you could talk to that girl so long, Basil, and make her laugh so."

"Why, there seemed no one else to do it, till I thought of Kendricks."

"Yes, but I kept thinking, Now he's pleasant to her because he thinks it's to his interest. If she had no relation to *Every Other Week*, he wouldn't waste his time on her."

"Isabel," March complained, "I wish you wouldn't think of me in *he, him*, and *his:* I never personalize you in my thoughts: you remain always a vague unindividualized essence, not quite without form and void, but nameless and pronounless. I call that a much more beautiful mental attitude toward the object of one's affections. But if you must *he* and *him* and *his* me in your thoughts, I wish you'd have more kindly thoughts of me."

"Do you deny that it's true, Basil?"

"Do you believe that it's true, Isabel?"

"No matter. But could you excuse it if it were?"

"Ah, I see you'd have been capable of it in my place, and you're ashamed."

"Yes," sighed the wife, "I'm afraid that I should. But tell me that *you* wouldn't, Basil!"

"I can tell you that I wasn't. But I suppose that in a real exigency, I could struckle to the proprietary Dryfooses as well as you."

"Oh, no; you mustn't, dear! I'm a woman, and I'm dreadfully afraid. But you must always be a man, especially with that horrid old Mr. Dryfoos. Promise me that you'll never yield the least point to him in a matter of right and wrong!"

"Not, if he's right and I'm wrong?"

"Don't trifle, dear! You know what I mean. Will you promise?"

"I'll promise to submit the point to you, and let you do the yielding. As for me I shall be adamant. Nothing I like better."

"They're dreadful, even that poor, good young fellow, who's so different from all the rest; he's awful, too, because you feel that he's a martyr to them,"

"And I never did like martyrs a great deal," March interposed.

"I wonder how they came to be there," Mrs. March pursued, unmindful of his joke.

"That is exactly what seemed to be puzzling Miss Mela about us. She asked, and I explained as well as I could; and then she told me that Miss Vance had come to call on them and invited them; and first they didn't know how they could come till they thought of making Conrad bring them. But she didn't say why Miss Vance called on them. Mr. Dryfoos doesn't employ *her* on *Every Other Week*. But I suppose she has her own vile little motive."

"It can't be their *money;* it *can't* be!" sighed Mrs. March.

"Well, I don't know. We all respect money."

"Yes, but Miss Vance's position is so secure. She needn't pay court to those stupid, vulgar people."

"Well, let's console ourselves with the belief that she would, if she needed. Such people as the Dryfooses are the raw material of good society. It isn't made up of refined or meritorious people—professors and littérateurs, ministers and musicians, and their families. All the fashionable people there to-night were like the Dryfooses a generation or two ago. I dare say the material works up faster now, and in a season or two you won't know the Dryfooses from the other plutocrats. *They* will—a little better than they do now; they'll see a difference, but nothing radical, nothing painful. People who get up in the world by service to others—through letters, or art, or science—may have their modest little misgivings as to their social value, but people that rise by money—especially if their gains are sudden—never have. And that's the kind of people that form our nobility; there's no use pretending that we haven't a nobility; we might as well pretend we haven't first-class cars in the presence of a vestibuled Pullman. Those girls had no more doubt of their right to be there than if they had been duchesses: *we* thought it was very nice of Miss Vance to come and ask us, but *they* didn't; they weren't afraid, or the least embarrassed; they were perfectly natural—like born aristocrats. And you may be sure that if the plutocracy that now owns the country ever sees fit to take on the outward signs of an aristocracy—titles, and arms, and ancestors—it won't falter from any inherent question of its worth. Money prizes and honors itself, and if there is anything it hasn't got, it believes it can buy it."

"Well, Basil," said his wife, "I hope you won't get infected with Lindau's ideals of rich people. Some of them are very good and kind."

"Who denies that? Not even Lindau himself. It's all right. And the great thing is that the evening's enjoyment is over. I've got my society smile off, and I'm radiantly happy. Go on with your little pessimistic diatribes, Isabel; you can't spoil *my* pleasure."

"I could see," said Mela, as she and Christine drove home together, "that she was as jealous

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

as she could be, all the time you was talkun' to Mr. Beaton. She pretended to be talkun' to Conrad, but she kep' her eye on you pretty close, I can tell you. I bet she just got us there to see how him and you would act together. And I reckon she was satisfied. He's dead gone on you, Chris."

Christine listened with a dreamy pleasure to the flatteries with which Mela plied her in the hope of some return in kind, and not at all because she felt spitefully toward Miss Vance, or in anywise wished her ill. "Who was that fellow with you, so long?" asked Christine. "I suppose you turned yourself inside out to him, like you always do."

Mela was transported by the cruel ingratitude. "It's a lie! I didn't tell him a single thing."

Conrad walked home, choosing to do so because he did not wish to hear his sisters' talk of the evening, and because there was a tumult in his spirit which he wished to let have its way. In his life with its single purpose, defeated by stronger wills than his own, and now struggling partially to fulfil itself in acts of devotion to others, the thought of women had entered scarcely more than in that of a child. His ideals were of a virginal vagueness: faces, voices, gestures had filled his fancy at times, but almost passionlessly; and the sensation that he now indulged was a kind of worship, ardent, but reverent and exalted. The brutal experiences of the world make us forget that there are such natures in it, and that they seem to come up out of the lowly earth as well as down from the high heaven. In the heart of this man well on toward thirty there had never been left the stain of a base thought; not that suggestion and conjecture had not visited him, but that he had not entertained them, or in anywise made them his. In a Catholic age and country, he would have been one of those monks who are sainted after death for the angelic purity of their lives, and whose names are invoked by believers in moments of trial, like San Luigi Gonzaga. As he now walked along thinking, with a lover's beatified smile on his face, of how Margaret Vance had spoken and looked, he dramatized scenes in which he approved himself to her by acts of goodness and unselfishness, and died to please her for the sake of others. He made her praise him for them, to his face, when he disclaimed their merit, and after his death, when he could not. All the time he was poignantly sensible of her grace, her elegance, her style; they seemed to intoxicate him; some tones of her voice thrilled through his nerves, and some looks turned his brain with a delicious, swooning sense of her beauty; her refinement bewildered him. But all this did not admit the idea of possession, even of aspiration. At the most his worship only set her beyond the love of all other men as far as beyond his own.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF PUGET SOUND.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

New America is rising on the shores of the vast and romantic fiord called by the Indians the Whulge, but known to modern geographers as Puget Sound. Already the prophets of Seattle claim that their city will one day be the larger New York. "We shall be," they say, "the port of the Pacific and of Asia. We shall distribute our commodities through the vast empire west of the Mississippi as New York does through that on the east. We are to be the lumber-yard of the world. Pennsylvanias of coal and unknown mountain treasure-houses of all kinds of ores lie behind us, and the quiet waterways to all lands before us, and one of the three great cities of modern times must here lift its domes of industry over the sunset sea." Tacoma, the beautiful, makes the same claim, and argues that she not only has the port on which are to ride the ships of the world, but the Northern Pacific Railroad as the direct route to the shop towns and cities of the East. The most beautifully situated of all American cities, the Naples of the North, on the new Mediterranean, with Mount Tacoma, 14,444 feet high, spread out like a celestial tent above her, the most splendid and poetic peak in the American atmosphere, Tacoma has literary and artistic as well as commercial aspirations. These ambitions are well founded, if we may trust the modern prophets. Says the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* (Robert Chambers): "When the populations of America shall reach the Pacific, the literary period of that country will begin." Theodore Winthrop, drifting down the Puget Sea in a canoe, prophesied that religion would find its new spiritual development and evolution among the new nations that were to gather there. The march of progress here holds her steeds in the blaze of the sunset, with the crystal tent of Tacoma like a deserted abode of the gods of the golden age in the sky. The axe and hammer have begun their work everywhere in all these lands of the woods. Troy was, and Troys are to be. The Puget Sound laborer smites the giant trees with faith in the future. But let the prophets pass and the poets come, here surely is to be a great political empire, and the literary sense is awakening to the fact, and beginning to inquire about the old romances and traditions of these new-created scenes.

The Puget Sound country is rich in legendary lore, and here new Schoolcrafts and Longfellows, new poets and composers and painters and artists, may find a field worthy of a higher inspiration. The religion of the Puget Sound Indians is spiritualism: every tree has its soul, and all of the mountains are the abodes of invisible gods; personification, as in ancient Greece, is everywhere, and all the truths of life taught in parable.

The student from the North unrolls his map, and asks, "Who was Juan de Fuca?" He finds that the strait that opens this new world was named after an Italian romancer and pretended discoverer. And he next asks, "Who was Puget, and why was that name given to the Indian Whulge?" Even the cyclopædias are silent here, as are Wilkes, Swan, and Victor; but the old pioneer will tell you that Puget was the chivalrous lieutenant of Vancouver, and that he measured the one hundred and twenty miles of the winding sea, and fathomed its sea-green waters, and saw the celestial tent of Mount Tacoma spread in the sky, and dreamed in the bright days of 1792 that he would soon enter a marvellous river that would run from the Pacific to the Atlantic. So he drifted on in the wonder-land anywhither; but although the sky was domed with crystal, the open river to the Atlantic did not appear. The way to the Atlantic was to come; but it was to be iron and steam. Puget's old camping-ground is still shown to the tourist on the Whulge. His body should be brought there, and his monument bear the name of the sea. But his name is already written on the waters eternally, like Vancouver's on the island, where also infant cities are at play with the axe and hammer. Puget's romantic dreams, like that of the old adelantado of Florida and Bimini, were allegorical; the types of stupendous realities, like a child's visions of life.

Theodore Winthrop, in his *Canoe and Saddle*, fixed the Siwash name of Tacoma on Mount Rainier or Regnier. The Seattle people still call the mountain Rainier, and you may know a Seattle man by the emphatic use that he makes of this word. "Rainier" is never allowed to be so much as uttered in Tacoma. The legend of Tacoma evolved through the lively and picturesque imagination of Theodore Winthrop may be found in *Canoe and Saddle*, a Rip Van Winkle medley of little classic importance, and we will not repeat it here. The Siwashes have a nobler legend of the mountain, growing out of the probable view that it was once a volcano. Once, in times dim and distant, the tamanouses or guardian spirits of the mountain became enraged with the tamanouses of Mount Hood, who were acting unruly, and tossing, as we may imagine, stones and smoke and fire into the air. To teach Mount Hood a lesson and make him more quiet in his manners among the monarchs of the air, Tacoma began to stone the rival peak. Some of the stones thrown by Tacoma fell short, and a terrible accident happened, the bad effects of which remain to this day. Some of the rocks thrown by Tacoma fell into the Columbia River and turned it aside, and caused the Cascades and Dalles. You may see them there to-day. That is why the steam-boat from Portland, Oregon, cannot go all the way up the New Rhine.

Tacoma has learned the arts of peace since then, and buried under mighty glaciers her spiteful fires. Mount Hood smokes a little at times, but he too is becoming quiet. Men will soon blow the rocks out of the Columbia, and illumine Mount Tacoma and Mount Hood with red fires on Fourth-of-July nights, and then all the land of the new empire will be peace. This legend has grand outlines. Like many of the Siwash tales, it is stupendous, and the proofs of it are wonderfully visible.

Poor old Angeline Seattle—the Princess Angeline! Her flat tan-colored face, fiery black eyes, and black hair are a familiar picture in the streets of the new city, where she sits down daily on some log or shoe-box to marvel at all that is going on. Now and then she hies away to beg "one bit" or "two bits" of Henry Yesler or some other old pioneer. She is a very happy mortal if you please her, and very ugly if you tease her. She is the daughter of Seattle, the chief who gave the name to the lively and ambitious city whose prophets claim the earth. Her legend is: Once upon a time the town of Seattle was surrounded by a union of the war tribes bent on its destruction. Warriors were hiding in every bush. Angeline, the princess, the daughter of the chief, discovered the plot and the plans to murder the town, and she stole away from her lodge under "the moon and stars," and came to the imperilled place, and gave the old settlers warning. Was her warning true? Many laughed at it. The war ship *Decatur* lay in the harbor. The captain determined to shell the woods. The Indians understood the "one shot" of the cannon-ball, but not the "two shot" of the shell. The sight of a ball that would *shoot again* was to them a miracle. The "two-shot" balls caused such an astonishment in the woods that a hideous yell arose, and the Princess Angeline's warning was proven to be an episode of heroism.

It seems a pity to doubt so desirable a story, especially as old Angeline is a very benevolent soul, and gives away to others nearly everything she has or begs. But Mr. Yesler, the old pioneer and Mayor, has recently written an article, in which he claims that it was old Curley, a friendly Indian, who gave the warning and caused the shelling of the woods. We visited Mr. Yesler, and he denied the heroic claims of the Princess Angeline. Veto. We must know the truth, so went to the palace of the princess herself.

The palace of this daughter of the hero-chieftain of the new New York consisted of a hovel or tent of boards on the side of a hill, among other hovels and pans and kettles and stumps innumerable. We knocked at the door. A dog came to meet us. One dislikes to meet a dog at the door in an Indian town. We went away cautiously, and looked over the bay, and listened to a thousand hammers, which one may hear anywhere. Then we came back again over the charred stumps. The palace door was open, and on the step sat the dumpy form of the daughter of the great Seattle.

"Are you Angeline, the daughter of the chief?"

A nod—a bow nod. Triumph!

I gave her one bit. Her face beamed.

"*Nika attle copa mika.*"

"Did you save Seattle during the war?" A low bow. There, Henry Yesler, that settles it. She herself said, and it is greatly to her credit. We gave her another bit.

"*Mitlite.*"

"Yes, I will sit down," and I did, and she "shooed" away the suspicious-looking dog, and there on the palace step I had a talk with the venerable princess, the once lovely heroine of Seattle. Paint her picture, somebody; she will not be here long to watch the progress of the city from the log or shoe-box.

The "great Seattle"? Who was he? The lord of all the Indians, one would suppose. Veto again. He came with Dr. Maynard, the pioneer, to Seattle, and was true to the interests of the white, and so Governor Stevens, the great Territorial Governor, made him a titular chief, and the new town received his name.

Long, long ago, say the Siwashes, in the splendid sunsets of the Whulge, or Puget Sea, there came a canoe of copper, sailing, sailing. The painted forest lords and feathered maidens saw it from the bluffs—in the sunrise at times, or in the moonsets, but ever in the red sunsets, sailing, sailing. The gleam of copper in the red sunset is more beautiful than gold; and ever and anon on the blue wave was seen the burnished gleam of the copper canoe.

On it came, and the Solitary Voyager in the copper canoe landed at last on the Whulge, under the crystal dome of Mount Tacoma, and he shadowed among the cool firs of the headlands there the boat that flashed out the rays of sunset light.

He called together the tribes. They came in canoes from everywhere. He began to teach and preach. "I come among you as a preacher of righteousness," he said, or thoughts like these. "All that men can possess in this world, or any other, is righteousness. If a man have that, he is rich, though he be poor, and his soul shall rise, rise, rise, and live forever.

"O Siwashes," he preached, "the unseen power that thinks and causes you to act is the soul. It does not die when the breath vanishes. It goes away with the unseen life, and inhabits the life unseen. You have never seen the soul or life, but death is only the beginning of a longer life, and the soul with righteous longings shall be happy forever.

"But war is wrong—the spear, the arrow, and the spilling of human blood. Man may not kill his brother. The soul was meant for peace."

He preached these or like doctrines, a beautiful gospel, like the Sermon on the Mount.

The warlike tribes rejected the word. They nailed the Saviour who came gleaming over the violet sea in the copper canoe to a tree, and he died there. They took down his body, but, wonder of wonders! it rose from the dead, and appeared to all the tribes, and the risen Saviour preached the same doctrine of righteousness and immortality as before. The legend may have been derived from the preaching of some forest priest in some distant place, for the Catholic missionaries were on the coast of California before 1700.

As curious and wonderful is the Siwash tradition of the flood, which may have had a like origin. There once fell upon the earth a long and terrible rain; the Whulge arose; it filled the mountain walls, and all the tribes perished except one man. He fled before the rising waters up the sides of Mount Tacoma, or Rainier, or Ranier. The waters rose and covered the mountain. They swept over his feet; they came to his knees, to his waist. He seemed about to be swept away, when his feet turned to stone.

Then the rain ceased. The clouds broke and the blue sky came again, and the waters began to sink.

The one man stood there on the top of Rainier. He could not lift his feet; they were rocks. Birds flew again, flowers bloomed again, but he could not go.

Then the Spirit of All Things came to him. "Sleep," said he. And the one man with stone feet slept.

As he slept there the Spirit of All Things took from him a rib and made of it a woman. When he awoke, there stood his wife ready-made on the top of Mount Tacoma. His stone shoes dropped off, and the happy pair came down the mountain to the wooded paradises of the Whulge on the sunset sea. Here sprung the human race at the foot of Mount Tacoma, or Rainier, or Ranier. Hear that, O ye builders of the new cities! The golden age began with you, and it is yours to bring it back again. The ark, however, did not rest on Mount Tacoma; we are sorry for that. Yet this legend is worth any two traditions of the ark; it is the story of Adam, Eve, and Noah all in one. Are the stone shoes yet on the top of the mountain, like the rocks tossed by the tamanouses in the Cascades of the Columbia? It is a hard climb up the mountain. The traveller begins to bleed from eyes and ears at the height of eleven thousand feet; and it is very hot in the thin air, although the glaciers lie beneath. But these stone shoes would be worth going up to get. Who shall find them, the "Rainier" man or the "Tacoma" man of the rival cities?

The devil dance has been forbidden by the British government among the Canadian tribes. It was once the great feature of all the potlatches. The potlatch is a feast of gifts. The wealthiest man of the tribe makes a potlatch, or feast, and gives away to his own tribe or a neighboring tribe all that he possesses, and whoever gives a potlatch becomes an Indian grandee or lord. The inspiring plan of this Northern feast is benevolent though somewhat vain, but the ceremonies used to be of the most horrid character, especially the tamanous dance, or spirit dance, and the devil dance, which was a dance of blood.

"I once witnessed a potlatch," said a pioneer missionary, "and I hope I may never see such a scene again. I had landed among a tribe of northern Siwashes on the Whulge, where I had gathered a little church some months before, and I expected to hold a meeting on the night I came, in one of the cabins. The place was deserted; the woods were all silent. Sunset flashed his red light along the sea—such a sunset as one only sees here in these Northern latitudes—a wannish glare of smoky crimson lingering long into the night. As soon as the sun went down I began to hear a piping sound like birds in all the woods around. One call answered another everywhere. I had never heard a sound like that. I tried to approach one of these sounds, but it receded before me.

"Suddenly a great fire blazed up and lit the sky. I approached it; it was built on a little prairie. Near it was a huge platform, covered with canoes, blankets, pressed fish, berry cakes, soap-olalely, or berry soap, wampum, and beads. Not an Indian was in sight save one. She was an old squaw bound to a stake or tree.

"'What is this?' I asked in Chinook.

"'Cultus tee-hee,
Cultus hee-hee,
Dah-blo!'

she wailed in Chinook.

"'When?—tamala?' (to-morrow).

"'Ding ding—

Cultus tee-hee,
Cultus hee-hee,
Dah-blo!'

"Then I knew that all was preparation for a potlatch, and that there was to be a devil dance —*ding ding*—at that very hour.

"It was a night of the full moon, as such a night would be selected for such a ceremony. The moon rose red in the smoky air, and the sounds like the bird-calls grew louder and wilder. There was a yell; it was answered everywhere; and hundreds of Indians in paint and masks came running out of the timber upon the prairie. Some were on all fours, some had the heads of beasts, fishes, and birds, some had wings, and many had *tails*.

"Then came the biters, attended by raving squaws. The biters were to tear the flesh from the arms of any who were not found at the dance after a certain hour.

"Now the drums began to beat and the shells to blow. Indians poured out of the woods in paint, blankets, and beads. A great circle was formed; the tamanous or spirit dance was enacted. Great gifts were made at a powwow, or wahwah. Then the great dark crowd grew frantic, and under the full moon gleaming on high came the devil dance.

"The first victim was a live dog. He was seized, torn in pieces, and eaten by the dancers, so as to redden their faces with blood. The yells were now more furious; the dancers leaped into the air, and circled round the old woman tied to the tree. I will not describe the sickening sight that followed; I will only say that the old hag who was accused of 'casting an evil-eye,' shared the same fate as the dog.

"'Why do you worship the devil?' I asked an exhausted brave the next day.

"'Good spirits always good; him we no fear. Please the devil, and him no harm you. All well—happy; good tamanous, bad tamanous. See?'

"It was plain—the old philosophy of the sinking sailor, who prayed, 'Good Lord! good devil!' The tradition was—it came out of the long past —that the devil must be appeased."

They are vanishing, the tribes, and it is time to gather up the old legends. The Southern Pacific Railroad is to run *up* to Seattle, and the Canadian Pacific *down* to Seattle, and the city will sit like a jewel in the great ring of iron that runs round the coast of North America. Tacoma's triumphal road strikes at once the States, and here the past is forever to go and the future forever to come; here on the woody shores of the sunset are the castellated headlands of the Whulge. It is God's land all where the wheel of industrial progress is to be arrested, and spiritual domes to hang in air. One of the old legends states that the tamanous once stole the sun and hid it. It was happily found, and the theft is not likely to occur again in the new empire of the North and West, that will one day largely dominate the States, and perhaps lead the thoughts of mankind.

A TRUE LOVER.

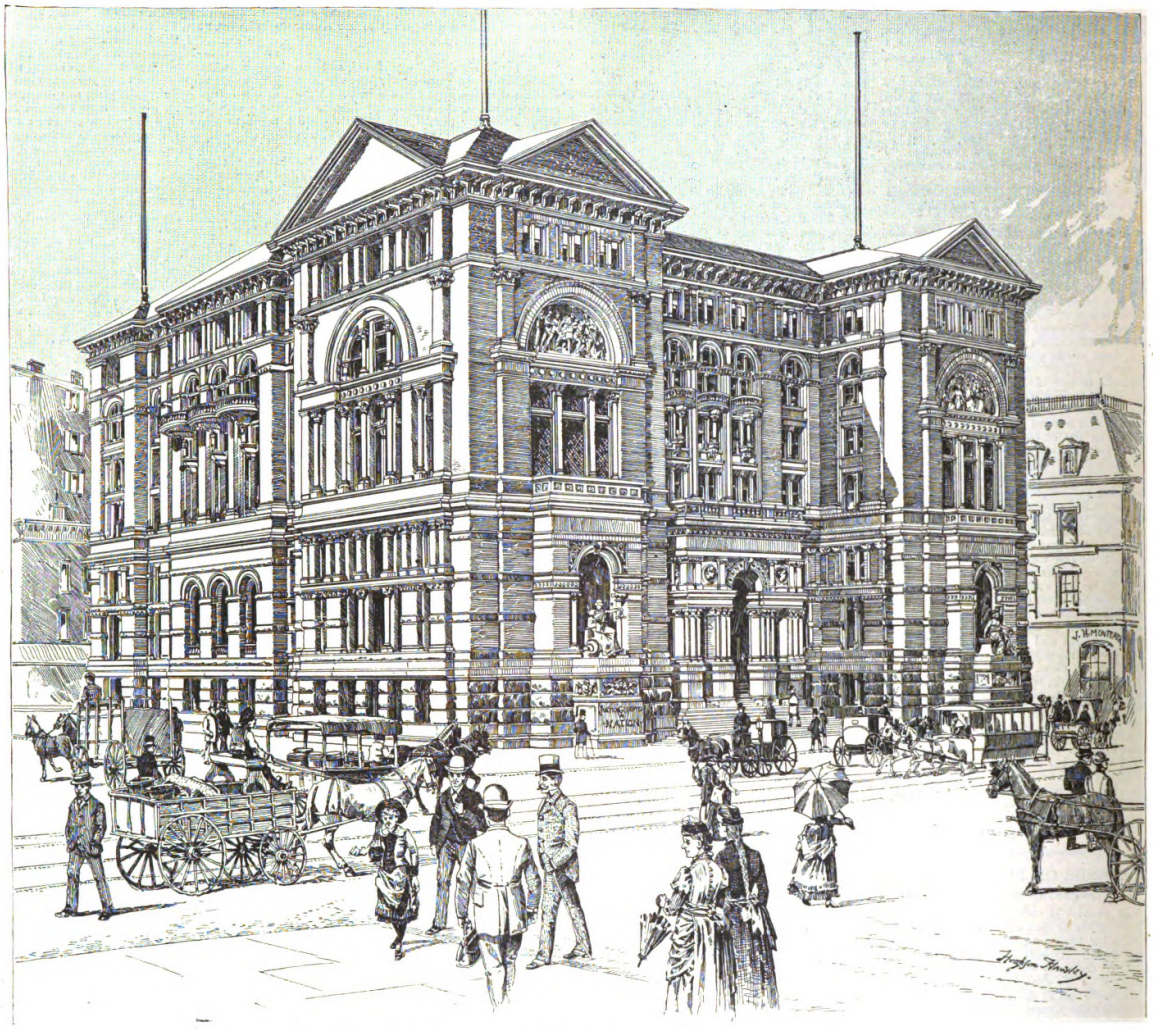
Go forth into the world again,
Searching for one as fair and sweet?
Leave you, who are my dream complete?
Leave you, and let the great sun wane,
Shrouding my life in darkness? Oh,
Love, oh my love, I cannot go!

They say that love is but a show
Some wizard casts before our eyes;
They say that as a fading flower
Rapture will lose its magic power
To turn to heaven this earth of woe:
But I say, "Love, I cannot go!"

To touch your heart with perfect faith,
To win with ardor your rare life,
So full of beauty, charm, and praise,
So full of bliss to light my days
From now to death, were you my wife—
I take your trembling answer so,
And love, my love, I cannot go!

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PROPOSED NEW CRIMINAL COURT-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLAN.

THE NEW CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING.

DURING the session of 1887 the State Legislature authorized the Sinking Fund Commissioners of the city of New York to erect "a building for criminal courts and other purposes." For two years the selection of a proper site was delayed in the interest of factional politics, or, speaking more definitely, until the Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners became a practical unit politically. Changes in the city government on May 1st created a new board of five members, all of them Tammany men with the single exception of Comptroller Myers.

A "notice to architects" was issued about May 1st, calling for plans, specifications, and estimates, with the assurance that the "architect whose plan shall be approved will be appointed architect for the construction of the building, and be paid for his services in superintending the work the fees prescribed by the American Institute of Architects." These fees are five per cent., and upon these terms thirteen plans were submitted, under such marks and seals as were supposed to conceal the identity of the makers. The city's experts who passed upon the merits of the plans were two official engineers and the Superintendent of the Building Department. These gentlemen selected the three plans which they considered the most meritorious of the thirteen, and submitted them to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund without recommending any particular one for final choice.

Here the Commissioners stopped, and decided to go behind the stipulation made in their "notice to architects," and through the public prints invited the unknown architects of the three plans to appear before them and compete for the prize on a basis of smaller remuneration than had been promised. To the credit of Comptroller Myers, it is to be said he was opposed to this manifest breach of business faith, but he was overruled by his colleagues. Two out of the three architects appeared, James W. Wilson, of Thom, Wilson, & Scharschmidt, and Napoleon Le Brun, of Le Brun & Sons, the third one probably not caring to enter into any such competition. Mr. Le Brun's plan called for the expenditure of $1,200,000 for the building, three per cent. of which sum he was willing to accept for his services. The plan of Mr. Wilson, when presented, was accompanied by an estimate of $1,000,000, but on his appearance before the Commissioners he requested leave to increase the sum to $1,400,000, on the ground that the first estimate had been made "in a hurry"; he was allowed to make the correction, and declaring his willingness to accept two per cent. for his services, his plans were adopted, and the position awarded him of the supervision of contracts amounting to $1,400,000, provided the expenditure is held within that limit.

The plans provide for a building 115 feet in height, and of six stories, with a frontage of about 188 feet on Centre Street, the same on Elm Street, 171 feet on White Street, and 190 feet on Franklin Street, covering the entire square. The architecture is of that hybrid type known as "the modern renaissance"—a mixture of the Dutch and French schools that endeavors to soften the severe solidity of the former by the ginger-bread features of the latter school, and as a rule succeeds only in creating an inartistic jumble of bricks, stone, and terra-cotta. The building is to be constructed of brick, either Milwaukee or red-pressed, with a base of granite six feet high to the line of the main floor, and trimmings of Long Meadow or Belleville brown stone on sills, lintels, and columns; terra-cotta panels will be used extensively for reliefs. The cornices will be of stone and terra-cotta, the roof of iron, and covered with tiles laid in cement at laps, the gutters and valleys to be lined with copper. Mr. Wilson claims that this roof will last five hundred years if properly put on.

The main entrance on Centre Street will be imposing, and reached by a broad flight of granite steps, the supporting columns of the same stone, and surmounted by a balustrade. The halls will all be of mosaic tiling, and the basings of marble; the main stairway will be built with iron springs and risers and marble treads, the newels and railings of bronze; all other stairways will be made of slate, with slate and iron instead of marble and bronze. The first floor will be occupied as offices by various officials, and the second by the courts of Oyer and Terminer, the General Sessions, the Special Sessions, and the Tombs Police Court. The District Attorney, the Coroners, and the Board of Excise will have ample accommodations in the building above and below the court-rooms, which will all be of good size, and with ceilings thirty-two feet high, provided with approved ventilating facilities; on the Franklin Street side will be a mezzanine gallery, off of which will be prisoners' pens and police quarters. All office and court-room floors will be laid in hard wood, door and window frames to be the same; the floors will be laid on concrete and iron, and the building throughout will be practically fire-proof. Six elevators placed at convenient points, gas and electric light connections, and the most approved sanitary plumbing are provided for.

A most wise and commendable provision is made for a covered bridge to arch over Franklin Street, and connecting the court floor of the new building with the Tombs. It will be used for bringing the prisoners back and forth between the court-rooms and the prison, and does away with the barbarous "Black Maria," excepting for those brought from the distant police courts. If a prisoner be innocent of all crime, the humiliation suffered at being seen in public shackled perhaps to a typical "tough" is peculiarly unjust, and is apt to rest a stigma upon his whole after-life; again, if the unfortunate is but newly started on a criminal career, and perhaps the victim of a momentary weakness, for which he must suffer the penalty of imprisonment, the same condition of enforced public companionship with the professional criminal is a punishment the law does not contemplate, and which police authorities have no right to inflict; but having no other means at hand, they have hitherto been powerless to avoid it. The effect of such a public exhibition day after day has had a most demoralizing effect on a certain class of the youth of the city—the "street Arabs," who are to be found gazing upon these processions of shackled unfortunates with that interest and admiration that their pitiable surroundings have taught them to regard the criminal who has "done time."

The site chosen for the Criminal Court Building is in every way suitable for the purposes designed. One or two members of the late Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners objected most strenuously to this location, the principal argument being its alleged unhealthfulness because it was originally a swamp. It was also feared that the great weight of a building such as proposed could not be sustained on "made ground." That this apprehension was unnecessary was shown in the fact that the old building, but just razed from the site and so long used as a freight depot, had not appreciably settled, and it was subjected for years to the strain of tons on tons of accumulated freight, as well as that of the great aggregation of machinery in use by the number of manufacturers who occupied the three upper floors.

The ground is part of what was known as "the commons" in early colonial days, and which extended from about the location of the present Post-office northward to a little above the site in question. At this spot was the "Kalch Hook," which afterward became corrupted into the "Collect." It was in its natural state a beautiful lake of clear water, fed by a number of springs and surrounded by wooded hills and pasture land. There were two outlets to the lake, one of which, a lively little brook, emptied into the East River; the other, a small stream, percolated through the meadows of Anthony Rutgers, and finally reached the waters of the Hudson, which at high tide backed up as far as the present corner of Canal Street and Broadway. These outlets having become a public nuisance, "causing fevers and other sicknesses," in 1791 the corporation proposed filling up the lake, and while thus obviating the nuisance, reclaiming some land that was becoming very valuable. The Rutgers heirs claimed title to the west side of the lake under grant from the Colonial Council in 1733. The city paid them about $400 in release of their claim, but it was not until about 1800 that the filling in was commenced, and then, in the deliberate manner of the times, it took about ten years to complete the work, and was looked upon as one of the most important public improvements of the day.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ALBEMARLE SOUND FISHING.—Drawn by A. Kappes from a Photograph by the United States Fish Commission.—[See Page 651.]



A BIG MENHADEN CATCH.—From a Photograph by the United States Fish Commission.—[See Page 651.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.

(*Continued from page 636, Supplement.*)

report upon twice a month. Several sections are placed under an engineer, who has charge of all the roads in an *arrondissement*, or township, and must inspect every part of them once in three months. Finally, the engineer-in-chief has charge of all the roads in the department, or province, eighty-seven of which constitute the territory of France.

During the winter, when the repairs are heavy, and whenever a general resurfacing of the road is undertaken, the regular cantonniers are assisted by auxiliary labor hired for the time being. The broken stone required for such work is furnished by contract.

It should be borne in mind that this is not a mere paper organization, or code of forgotten

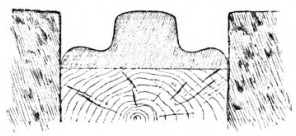


FIG. 20.

statutes, but an actual working system in full operation to-day. It is the result of 120 years of thought and labor devoted to an important subject by some of the best minds in France, and the result is the most superb system of roads to be found anywhere in the world. The cost is surprisingly small, considering what is accomplished. The actual cost per mile of maintaining the national roads (all macadamized) is given in Debauve's *Manual* for each of the eighty-seven departments. It varies from $60 to $500 per mile, with an average of $150, of which about half is for labor and half for materials. For maintaining less important roads the average cost per mile is as follows: departmental roads, $135; important local roads, $92; ordinary local roads, $57; by-roads, $42.

It would seem as if a somewhat analogous system might be devised in America, by which the roads in each State might be placed in charge of the State Engineer, the repairs in each county to be made by the county survey, or according to the instructions of the State Engineer, a uniform road tax of say five mills to be levied throughout the State, but the amount of taxes raised in each county to be expended in that county. With an estimated valuation in the State of New York of $1,200,000,000 (exclusive of city property) for the census of 1890, such a tax would yield $6,000,000 per annum for the roads of the entire State; and this sum judiciously expended, according to well-digested plans and under competent supervision, would in a few years rebuild nearly all our important roads and maintain them in good order.* The present system of independent action or inaction by each board of county commissioners is known to be a complete failure. What it costs for the entire State cannot be stated, for there are no statistics on the subject. Possibly, if the statistics were available, it would be found that the total cost is fully as great as the sum above stated, although the result is almost nothing. As for toll roads, and compulsory labor or a tax in lieu thereof, they are both out of date at the end of the nineteenth century.

In brief, then, the only system for good country roads, as shown by universal experience, is a bed of stone, broken into small angular fragments and thoroughly rolled, and maintained in good order by a small force of laborers, under proper organization and supervision, constantly at work summer and winter in cleaning off the road and repairing any defects the moment they appear; to which must be added from time to time, according to the amount of traffic and resulting wear, a general renewal of the road surface with the same materials.

City streets are simply roads of very heavy traffic, and the problem of paving is road-making designed to meet certain special conditions. A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended in the effort to make pavements that would be indestructible, but the effort is entirely futile. In the constant attrition of wheels and pavement something must be worn, and if the pavement is indestructible the vehicles will soon be destroyed.

* A bill of a somewhat similar character is now pending in the Pennsylvania Legislature. It provides for a uniform road tax of seven and a half mills, to be raised in each county by a board of road commissioners, and expended under their direction by a county engineer, provided that not less than forty per cent. of the road tax shall be expended in macadamizing or other permanent improvement. The act further provides that the county engineer shall be appointed by the Court of Common Pleas, that the roads shall be classified into highways, roads, and lanes, that the county shall be subdivided into districts, each in charge of a supervisor, and that he shall make plans and specifications for all work upon roads, and report at stated periods concerning the same. The only defect in the proposed plan is its failure to provide some central supervision for the entire State, so that the roads should be constructed and maintained on a uniform system in the different counties.

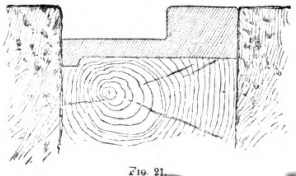


FIG. 21.

That pavement is the cheapest which affords the least wear to its own surface and to the vehicles combined. A good pavement should be durable, smooth, cleanly, as nearly noiseless as possible, and afford a good foothold for horses. Every form of construction material—iron, brick, stone,* and wood—has been tried in every conceivable manner of application during the last fifty years. The results of this large experience—as to cost and durability, ease of traction and cleanliness, noiselessness and slipperiness—have been carefully studied by French and English engineers, and to a certain, though much less, extent by American engineers. While it cannot be said that the exact amount of wear in terms of the traffic has been fully determined, nor that the effect of different pavements upon the wear of vehicles and the cost of transportation has been mathematically demonstrated, yet certain fundamental principles are now generally admitted by all who have given careful thought to the matter, viz.: 1. A foundation is necessary, which constitutes the real pavement, and which is indestructible. 2. On this foundation a suitable wearing surface should be laid, and renewed from time to time. 3. The only suitable wearing surfaces are stone blocks, asphalt, and wood.

In reality these principles are only a development of the macadam road. Since the surface of macadam is worn too rapidly by heavy traffic, it must be protected with a renewable surface, leaving the body of broken stone as the permanent road-bed. As broken stone and cement mixed with sand will acquire in a few days the solidity that macadam will attain only after several months or years, the bed of macadam metal has naturally given place to a bed of concrete. This is universally conceded to be the proper foundation for any good city pavement. A thickness of six inches has been found by experience to be amply sufficient; in cases of exceptionally heavy traffic it should be made of Portland cement, but in all other cases the ordinary American cements are quite strong enough.

In selecting the wearing surface due regard should be had to the gradient, the traffic, and the climate. Stone blocks are the most durable, but they are the most expensive, the most noisy, and offer the greatest resistance to traffic. Asphalt is the smoothest and cleanest, but it should not be used on grades of more than 4½ in 100. Wood is the least durable, but it is smooth and noiseless. Among different kinds of stone, sand-

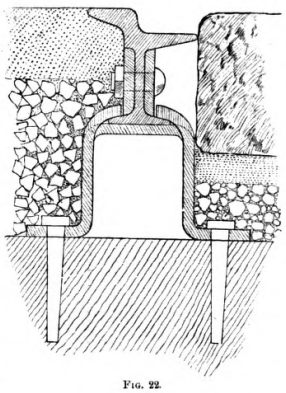


FIG. 22.

stone and limestone are not sufficiently durable, and trap is so hard that it polishes and becomes very slippery under traffic. Hence granite is considered the best stone to use. Of asphalt there are two varieties, the natural bituminous limestone of France, and the artificial bituminous sandstone, made by mixing sand with pure asphalt, which is largely used in many American cities. Of wood many varieties both hard and soft have been used, but the best wooden pavements of London and Paris are made of Baltic fir.

Acting on these general principles, engineers have usually recommended granite blocks in streets of heavy traffic or steep grades, and asphalt or wood for residence streets. They have for many years condemned macadam as a city pavement on account of its lack of durability, and because it cannot be kept clean, being always muddy when watered and dusty when dry. There are still large areas of macadam in the cities of Europe as well as of New England, but the expense of maintaining them is so great that they are being replaced as rapidly as possible. The wood pavement on a concrete foundation has not been popular in America on account of its lack of durability, the wood surface requiring renewal every five or six years; but it is largely used in London and Paris.

The granite block surface has been used more largely than any other, an undue importance having been attributed to the element of durability, regardless of all other qualities. But of late years the questions of noiselessness, cleanliness, and ease of traction have been more fully considered, and the result has been a large development of smooth-surface pavements, *i. e.*, asphalt and wood.

The limits of this article do not admit an exhaustive statement of the relative merits of the different kinds of road surfaces, but certain facts in relation to them may be briefly stated.

* Asphalt pavements are really a form of stone. The asphalt which they contain acts as a cement to hold together the limestone or sand which forms the body of the material, being from 8% to 9% of its weight.

1. *As to Durability.*—The average life of granite blocks under heavy traffic in London is fifteen years, during which time the wear is about two inches, and the edges become so rounded that the pavement is as rough as cobble-stones. They can then be taken up, redressed, and laid on streets of lighter traffic, where they will last for twenty years more, during which time the wear is another two inches. The blocks are then so worn that they have not sufficient depth for a pavement surface, but can be sent to the crusher and broken up for concrete.

The average life of asphalt as laid in London and Paris is seventeen years. Cheapside was paved with asphalt in 1871, and after sustaining the heaviest traffic for seventeen years, it had worn down about one inch when it was resurfaced in 1878. The life of asphalt as laid in America is not yet fully determined. The first good asphalt pavement was laid on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, in 1876, and it is reported that it will be resurfaced this year, after thirteen years' use. On the other hand, several streets laid in Washington in 1879 are in perfect order, and do not show any apparent diminution in thickness after ten years' use. It is probable that the average life will prove to be about fifteen years.

The average life of wood in London and Paris is from six to seven years, as shown by the experience of large numbers of streets.

2. *Ease of Traction.*—Elaborate experiments have been made by Morin, MacNeil, Rumford, Gordon, and others, to determine the force required to draw a given load on various surfaces. The results agree fairly well, and show that the force is from $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{18}$ of the load, depending on the surface. The result of all the experiments, as regards the relative value of different surfaces, is as follows:

	Force required to draw one ton.
Iron	10 lbs.
Asphalt	15 "
Wood	21 "
Best stone blocks	33 "
Inferior stone blocks	50 "
Average cobble-stone	90 "
Macadam	100 "
Earth	200 "

i. e., if a certain amount of force is necessary to draw one ton on iron rails on level ground, it will require additional force in the proportions above stated to draw the same load on the other surfaces. The importance of these facts is but little realized, and in the absence of accurate statistics as to the number of vehicles, the amount of tonnage, and the distance travelled in large cities, it is impossible accurately to demonstrate their effect; but it can be approximately estimated. For instance, in the city of New York it is estimated that there are 12,000 trucks, carrying an average load of 1½ tons for 12 miles on each of 300 days in the year, at an average daily cost of $4 for each truck. The result is about 65,000,000 tons transported one mile in every year, at a total cost of $14,400,000, or at the rate of over 22 cents per ton-mile. The excessive nature of this charge is seen when it is remembered that the same goods are now carried by rail at $\frac{6}{10}$ of 1 cent per mile. On asphalt or wood pavements the same horses could transport a load three times as heavy as on the present rough stone pavements. If the saving in transportation is proportional to the load carried it would amount to nearly $10,000,000 per annum. It is safe to say that at least one-half of this amount would be saved by substituting smooth pavements for those now in use in New York.

3. *Cleanliness.*—The joints of a block pavement are receptacles for manure, urine, and all other street filth, and these joints can never be perfectly cleaned. The only remedy is to make the joints as small as possible. This is easily accomplished in wooden pavements where the blocks are sawed to exact shape. In stone pavements it is more difficult, but the dirt spaces are reduced to a minimum by filling the joints with gravel and hot tar, which renders them water-proof, and fills them up flush with the surface. When this work is carefully done with proper materials the filling is very durable, and remains in place for many years. It can easily be replaced when worn or broken by travel, by raking out the joints and refilling them. On asphalt pavements there are no joints, the surface being continuous, and for this reason the asphalt is the cleanest of all pavements.

There are two methods of cleaning streets. The cheapest, and the one most commonly used, is to clean the pavements (preferably at night, and after being sprinkled to lay the dust) by revolving brooms attached to carts. The ordinary form of street cleaning machine is shown in Fig. 13. The broom is set at an angle, and revolved by cog-wheels connecting with the main wheels. The dirt is thus brushed into the gutter, where it is collected into piles and removed by carts. The other method consists in removing by hand every particle of manure or dirt the instant it is placed on the street. Boys or men are stationed on every block, and provided with a broom and dust-pan, or canvas bag, into which they brush the dirt, and deposit it in a receptacle placed on the sidewalk, whence it is removed every few hours by carts. Broadway between Seventeenth and Twenty-third streets, and Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets between Fifth and Sixth avenues, in front of the large dry-goods stores, are thus cleaned by private enterprise. In London this work is done at public expense by large numbers of boys between ten and fourteen years of age, whose dexterity in darting between the horses and wheels in the most crowded thoroughfares is quite remarkable. Iron boxes are placed on the curb-stones at intervals of about one hundred and fifty feet, into which they empty the contents of their dust-pans, and the boxes are in turn emptied into carts, and hauled away every few hours. The expense of this hand labor is much greater than a daily sweeping with machines, but it is very much more effective. Where the streets are not properly cleaned, sprinkling is resorted to in order to lay the dust, and the result is only to substitute one evil for another, for the sprinkling turns the dust into mud, and renders all pavements very slippery. Pavements of all kinds should be kept dry and perfectly clean.

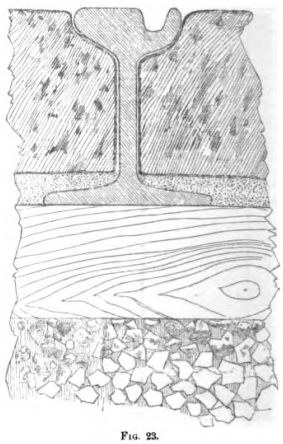


FIG. 23.

4. *Noise.*—The asphalt and wood pavements have a great superiority over stone in the matter of noise. Wood is probably the most noiseless of all, as the only sound is a low rumbling, due to the wheels passing over the joints of the blocks. On asphalt there is a click of the horses' feet, but no noise from the wheels; this is hardly noticeable in summer, but is observed in winter, when the pavement becomes harder. But both the rumbling and the click are insignificant in comparison with the roar caused by the mingling of countless blows of iron shoes and wheel tires on stone blocks. Several eminent physicians have expressed the opinion that this incessant noise is the chief cause of the nervous diseases which have come to be such a feature of modern city life.

5. *Foothold.*—The opinion generally prevails that granite block pavements are less slippery than smooth pavements, but careful observations show that this is not the fact. The best foothold for a horse is afforded by the soft dry soil of a race-track; next to this is a gravel road, and then macadam. But all of these surfaces are out of the question on heavily travelled streets. Exhaustive experiments, conducted by Colonel Haywood in London, showed that the relative proportion of falls of horses on different pavements, under the average conditions of weather, was as follows: On asphalt, 1; on granite, 1.47; on wood, 0. Similar observations in American cities established the following: On asphalt, 1; on granite, 1.40; on wood, 0.

It is thus evident that under ordinary conditions, such as exist on probably three hundred and fifty days in a year, the number of accidents to horses is much greater on stone pavements than on either asphalt or wood. In fact the surface of granite, or of any stone sufficiently hard for use on streets, polishes under traffic and becomes very slippery. The only foothold afforded to the horses is in the joints between the blocks. On the other hand, under certain conditions, such as a light, dry snow, or a fine rain on a dirty surface, asphalt and wood are more slippery than stone. The surface of these materials is not so slippery even under these circumstances as the stone, but they have no joints to prevent the horse from completely losing his footing. The number of accidents on stone pavements, under the circumstances named, is very great, but not so great as on the smoother pavements. But when kept dry and clean, both asphalt and wood afford a perfectly good foothold for horses, if reasonable care is exercised in turning corners. It is the practice in London and Paris to sprinkle sand on the smooth pavements, when the conditions are unfavorable, and the same practice is followed daily under all circumstances by the street car companies in New York on the stone pavements used by their horses.

6. *Cost.*—The prices of labor and materials differ so widely in various cities and at times in the same city, the conditions of traffic and cleanliness are so different on different streets, and the character of the maintenance is so different, that it is extremely difficult to form comparative tables of cost of the different road surfaces that can be relied upon as accurate. It is evident at a glance that the cost of construction is only one factor in the problem, and not the most important one. The main question to be determined is the cost of construction and interest on the same added to cost of maintenance during a long term of years. And by maintenance is meant maintaining the surface in a condition practically as good as when first laid. Of course if stone blocks are placed upon a street and become full of ruts and depressions at the end of five years (as has happened on Broadway between Seventeenth and Twenty-third streets), these defects will not become very much worse in another twenty or even thirty years, even if no repairs are made. The cost of maintenance under such circumstances would be very different from the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

figures obtained from the experience of Paris, London, Manchester, or Liverpool, where the surface is always kept in good order. In the following statements the comparison is made between different pavements laid in the best manner, with concrete foundations, and maintained at all times in a condition substantially as good as when first put down.

In Law and Clark's *Treatise on Roads* are given a great number of tables of first cost and maintenance of pavements in English cities, and in Debauve's *Manual* and the notes of the engineers accompanying the annual budgets of Pairs are given similar data in regard to French cities. They differ widely, according to varying circumstances, but all agree in showing the excessive cost of macadam under city traffic, which ranges from fifty cents to over two dollars per yard in every year. They also agree in the general statement that of pavements proper the granite is the cheapest, asphalt next, and wood the most expensive. The only scientific attempt to reduce these varying data to a uniform basis of cost for a given traffic is that made by Mr. Deacon in a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1879, and since widely quoted. He had extensive statistics of cost and traffic in several English cities, and he reduced them to a uniform standard of 100,000 tons of traffic per year on each yard of width of the pavement. This is equivalent to about one hundred tons per day on each foot of width, and would be produced on a street forty feet wide by about 5000 vehicles of an average weight, including load, of 1800 pounds each. This is substantially the traffic of Fifth Avenue, in New York. He counted interest at three per cent., sinking-fund at fifty years, and maintenance at actual cost. His figures are as follows:

For 100,000 tons annual traffic per yard of width: granite blocks, 26 cts. per yard per year; bituminous concrete, 45 cts.; wood, 52 cts.; macadam, 71 cts.

The "bituminous concrete" referred to in his tables was a mixture of coal-tar and gravel used in Liverpool. Data now available for asphalt streets would place their cost about midway between granite blocks and bituminous concrete, *i. e.*, about 35 cts.

In America, owing to the absence of accurate statistics on the cost of maintaining granite, it is difficult to give exact figures, but it is believed, from present experience, that the relative expense of the granite block pavement on Fifth Avenue and the asphalt pavement on Madison Avenue in fifty years will be as follows, per square yard per annum:

	Granite.	Asphalt.
Cost of construction	$4.60	$3.75
Interest at 3%, and sinking-fund at 50 years	.27	.22
Annual maintenance	.04	.10
Three renewals of surface at $2.50 $\frac{2.50 \times 3}{50}$ =	.15	
Four renewals of surface at $2.25 $\frac{2.25 \times 4}{50}$ =		.18
Total per year	.46	.50

In the above statement the cost of renewing granite surface is taken at $2.00 per yard. The actual cost, on the basis of the contract price for Fifth Avenue, would be $3.75, from which should be deducted the value of the old stones, estimated at $1.25, which would be available for redressing and use on the lighter streets.

There are no statistics in America as to the expense during a term of years of wood pavement on a concrete foundation. In Paris the current contracts run for eighteen years, and the entire cost, both of construction and maintenance, is paid in annual instalments during that period of eighty-nine cents per yard for each year. It is stipulated that the surface is to be renewed every six years.

In brief, then, of the three wearing surfaces granite block is the cheapest, but at the same time the noisiest, the most destructive to vehicles, and the most expensive for transportation. Asphalt is the smoothest and cleanest, and is slightly more expensive than granite; wood is the most noiseless, is quite smooth, but is the most expensive.

There are various other pavements, such as brick, wooden blocks on plank, macadam, etc., which are useful in villages and small towns, but are incapable of standing the traffic of large cities, and hence are not discussed here.

One of the principal features of road-making within city limits is the construction of street railways. It is less than forty years since they were introduced, and their greatest development has taken place during the last fifteen years. Their use is not fully comprehended in Europe, which still adheres in the main to omnibuses and cabs as means of public transport. London alone has more than 15,000 cabs, and while these, in connection with smooth pavements, are a great luxury for the rich, they afford a very inadequate service for the poor. In America the street cars are universally employed in cities of all sizes, and with the final perfection of the mechanical motors in place of horses, they will have completely solved the problem of passenger traffic in cities. No idea of restricting their use would be tolerated for a moment. Their utility is so great that until recently the managers have been allowed to adopt the form of construction which they considered cheapest and most suitable for their cars, regardless of the rights of others who make a common use of the streets. Ordinarily they have built their roads with cross-ties, on which were placed longitudinal sleepers, and to these was spiked a rail with a broad base and without any vertical web or girder. The ordinary forms are the New York rail (Fig. 20), and the Philadelphia rail (Fig. 21). The longitudinal sleepers quickly rot, the spikes pull out, leaving the rail loose, and the rail itself has a high shoulder or centre-piece, which twists the wheels of every passing vehicle, and not infrequently breaks the axle. Within the last few years a more permanent construction has been devised by the use of a girder rail, whose vertical web gives the necessary stiffness, and does away with the necessity of the longitudinal sleeper. The rail rests upon chairs securely fastened to the cross-ties, and no spikes are necessary. If the cross-ties are embedded in concrete, the construction is very solid and permanent. The form of the head of the rail is, however, the most important feature as regards the obstruction to street traffic. The centre-bearing rail is shown in Fig. 20, the side-bearing in Figs. 21 and 22, and the flat grooved rail in Fig. 23. It needs only a glance at these sections to see the great superiority of the last form, by which the obstruction to vehicles is almost wholly removed. Wheels pass over it at any angle without catching in the groove. This form of rail has been in use in European cities for many years, and it has lately been introduced in Washington and in Boston. Objection is made to it by the street-car companies on the ground that the groove becomes filled with dirt in summer and with ice in winter; but these objections are of the same specious character as those so long used by electrical companies in opposition to placing their wires underground, and do not, in fact, constitute any practical difficulty. While the centre-bearing rail is undoubtedly the best for the interests of the street-car companies, yet it is an intolerable nuisance for all others who use the streets. And this nuisance is wholly unjustifiable when it can be avoided by the use of another form of rail.

In Figs. 18 and 19 can be seen the appearance of two streets, one constructed according to the most modern ideas, and the other according to the practice of the last generation. In the latter there is a rough stone pavement, a high rail, and cars drawn by horses; in the other a smooth pavement, grooved rail, and cars moved by electricity, which also lights the street by clusters of incandescent lights.

THE ALBEMARLE SOUND FISHERIES.

THE *Clupea estivalis*, known as the glut herring of the Albemarle and Chesapeake, and further south as the English herring, abounds in these warmer waters. The illustration represents the fisheries at Avoca, on Albemarle Sound, North Carolina. It was only in 1879 that a distinction was found to exist between the two kinds of herring, the *estivalis* and *vernalis*, known as often as not as the alewife, indifferent to its belonging to *estivalis* or *vernalis*. Colonel MACDONALD, the present United States Commissioner of Fisheries, tells us that in the Albemarle region in a single season 20,000,000 alewives have been taken. The hauls at Avoca take in many varieties of fish, and at times large numbers of striped bass are landed. When the fish come in, great activity exists, and many colored people are employed, who clean and prepare the fish for shipment. Few if any herring are smoked in the South, the fish entering into immediate consumption. Shad are very abundant in this same region, and in one season 750,000 were taken. At one time the United States Fish Commission secured shad eggs in the rivers entering into Albemarle Sound, but shad are now found nearer at hand. It is questionable, too, whether the Southern shad are as fine fish as those found in more northerly waters, and in its selection of stock of fish the Fish Commission must be governed by what is the best for actual use. When fresh fish can be brought profitably to New York from the Pacific coast, there is no reason why fish taken so much nearer the greatest point of consumption as off the coast of North Carolina should not find a ready market in the Northern States.

THE WORK OF "THE SUMMER CORPS."

THE recently published statistical tables by which it appears that the mortality is no greater in the homes of the poor of New York city than among the well-to-do were extremely surprising to those who have made a study of the tenement-houses in the worst portions of the city. For, to one who will visit and examine some of these houses, the wonder is not that people die there, but that any remain alive. That they do, that children are born, thrive, and grow up under the conditions that still obtain in certain neighborhoods, seems a contradiction of what are popularly supposed to be the laws of nature, for it establishes the fact that the human system is capable of seemingly healthy growth under the constant influence of foul air and tainted water, and contact with the disease germs that are supposed to be generated by miscellaneous filth.

There is no possible doubt that these conditions have been vastly ameliorated in late years by the constant and intelligent efforts of the Board of Health, and by the force of public opinion and law as directed to the question of house building.

The picture which appears on another page is an accurate representation of what was seen on a recent trip made in company with Dr Davies Coxe, of the Summer Corps of the Board of Health. It indicates clearly the character of that work which has indubitably reduced the rate of mortality, and which, by its constancy and thoroughness, assists in making New York a healthy city, despite many drawbacks. In the course of the war on disease which is maintained by the Board of Health, attention was early directed to the high rate of infant mortality in the worst neighborhoods, and especially to the fact that this rate was highest during the hottest portions of the year. In consequence, a visiting corps of physicians was organized, whose duty was to make a systematic canvass of what is known as the tenement districts, visiting as nearly as possible every family, and inquiring for and treating all such children as were found to be ill. Because their work lasts through July and August, they are called the Summer Corps. About forty such physicians are now canvassing the city daily, being paid a small salary by the board.

Much has been learned and much accomplished by this corps from year to year. They have enlarged the scope of the invaluable statistics of the board. They have directly saved many lives, and indirectly improved the conditions of life for thousands of children, by distributing personally to the mothers the little commonsense circulars of the board, containing simple and plain directions as to the care of children. They have directed attention to numerous plague spots of dangerous filth, which but for domiciliary visits would have remained hidden. And they have been, as any one may be who may accompany them, profoundly stirred by close contemplation of the awful miseries of poverty and ignorance.

As every one must be who takes up arms against the sea of troubles in which the very poor continually struggle, they are sometimes discouraged. "At times I hardly think we do much good," said Dr. Coxe. "What the children whom I see need is proper care and proper food, and I go to them with powders. Medicine won't save a child that hasn't proper food and care, and those I cannot give." Yet the results show that he errs in the conclusion, though his premises are sound. Probably the circulars do more good than the medicines; but, whatever does it, the children do not die as they used to, even in severe seasons.

It is interesting to note the difference in the way these domiciliary visits are received now from the way they were received at first. Years ago, when the Summer Corps was new, in company with some one of the physicians, I have often seen doors slammed, and heard violent threats from some surly and ignorant father, who refused to listen to explanations, and ordered intruders away from his premises with incontinent wrath. Now such an experience is almost unheard of. The most ignorant seem to have learned the nature of the effort, and to accept the doctors' visits either with gratitude or stolid composure.

There is a difference, too, in the way the poor now live from the conditions of twenty years ago. None of the little party who were with a visitor from the Howard Mission will ever forget one scene they witnessed then in a Water Street cellar The Board of Health had not then interdicted the use of rooms underground for dwellings, and in this room the tide-water rose, twice in twenty-four hours, till it put out the fire in the broken stove. Yet it was the home of a poor widow, who sat on a table, sewing on the "slop-work" by which she earned her living, while her baby, wrapped in a bundle, was hung on a nail in the wall to keep it out of the water.

This scene could not be duplicated now in New York city; the regulations are too strict and too well enforced. Yet poverty and ignorance as factors in the great problem seem invincible. However wisely and well planned the great tenements may be, the habits of some of the people will turn them speedily into pest holes, and constant vigilance is required and exercised to keep them from becoming uninhabitable. Moreover, it is not in these well-built tenements of modern times that the worst conditions are found. In one of the older of the great five-story barracks in Chrystie Street (a double house) we found thirty-three families living. The two entrances were through long narrow halls, open front and rear, but standing at the front door in the middle of the day it was difficult to see anything at the rear door, and impossible to distinguish objects midway. The darkness came from the fact that the sun never shines into the back yard. And such a yard as it is! Perhaps twelve feet by forty in dimensions, it is surrounded by five-story buildings. Paved with stone and walled with brick, the stone and brick are broken, and foul with dampness on the hottest day. Fully one-third of the space is occupied by the necessary out-buildings, that serve for the use of probably a hundred and forty persons. Standing in one corner were four large garbage barrels, from which foul exhalations arose on the stagnant air. In another corner stood a cot upraised on one end. The halls are doubtless scrubbed from time to time, though it was hard to believe this, and they can never dry As the narrow stairs were ascended, the smell of wood decaying in the constant dampness mingled with worse odors, and the darkness grew denser until the upper stories were reached. Yet this was not the worst place found. Two blocks below, on a triangular bit of ground, a huge five-story building was erected in the dark ages of the builder's art, and still stands, a home for perhaps fifty families. Overcrowding, that was formerly so common, is now held in check, but no authority exists here which can be so stretched as to prevent the taking of many lodgers by the tenant of the smallest rooms. Not less than two hundred persons sleep here. Each family has two rooms. The larger, with windows on the street, is parlor, kitchen, dining-room, and living-room; the smaller, opening on a balcony which runs around the three sides of the yard, is the sleeping-room. The yard beggars description. The sun has never struck the stone pavement since it was laid. The broad balconies are thoroughfares, and dripping from them in a perpetual shower is the moisture that comes from filth and the constant effort against it of daily scrubbing. The out-buildings are in the yard, never light, and impossible of ventilation.

Even this is not the worst. We find in a six-story rear tenement two families on each floor, with two rooms for each family, and no opening from the sleeping-rooms to the outside air excepting one small grated window about two feet square. There is no back yard. The front contains little but the inevitable out-buildings and the small hydrant. There is no room for more. Yet in each of these tiny sleeping-rooms, about seven feet by ten, from two to eight persons pass the nights.

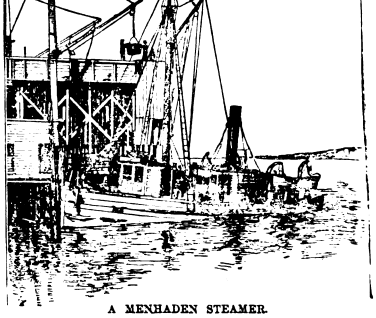
These people, after all, present the most serious obstacles to the work of reformation. Words can hardly convey a notion of their ignorance. This doubtless seems the denser because many neither speak nor understand English, but it is shown to be very great by their habits. Either from recklessness, indolence, or crass ignorance they neglect the commonest precautions against pestilence, render the struggle of nature twofold harder than it should be, and compel the use of drastic means to prevent their own destruction. A neat-looking Italian barber, learning that a doctor from the Board of Health was in the neighborhood, came running out to make a complaint against the house-keeper of one of these great tenements. She poured, he said, some nasty black stuff around the doorway next to his shop every night, and the smell was obnoxious. He wanted it stopped. A glance showed that the "nasty black stuff" was a powerful disinfectant, and, moreover, that its use was very essential on the spot named, but the doctor attempted no explanation. One look at the barber told him that it was useless. DAVID A. CURTIS.

A MENHADEN CATCH.

THE illustration represents a catch of menhaden rather of the past than of the present, for of late years the *Brevoortia tyrannus* has not been taken in such vast quantities as formerly. An idea of their abundance in prior periods may be judged from the following figures. In 1877 three sloops from New London seined 13,000,000 fish, and in the same year in Booth Bay 50,000,000 fish were taken. Captured for their oil, the yield differs in accordance with the condition of the menhaden. Fish are poor in the spring, when a barrel of them will only make three quarts of oil, but when they are fat, as in the fall, from five to six gallons of oil are obtainable. Besides the value of the menhaden as a source of oil, it is for manure that the fish is considered so valuable. Professor C. Brown Goode made the calculation that in 1875 the amount of nitrogenous substances derived from this fish was equivalent to the nitrogen contained in 60,000,000 pounds of Peruvian guano, and that its money value was $1,920,000. Another great use of the menhaden is for bait. At the period when the last fishery census was made the number of persons employed in the fishery was 3635, and the capital invested $2,362,000. Though the menhaden is so common a fish, we do not know its place of breeding. Professor Goode writes: "Thousands of specimens have been dissected since 1871 without the discovery of mature ova." It is probable that they do not follow the coast, but head in directly from the sea. Notwithstanding the heavy inroads which have been made before this by man on menhaden—the bulk of fish captured weighing from 200,000 to 300,000 tons—the predacious fish consume untold millions of tons. As a leading authority puts it, "When we eat striped bass, blue-fish, weak-fish, sword-fish, we consume fish which have grown and become fat on menhaden."

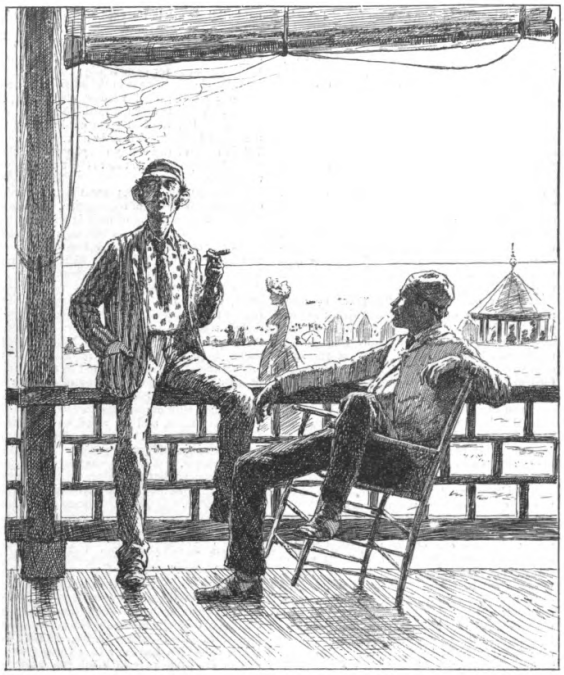
The illustration shows the unloading of a catch into a huge receptacle, from whence the menhaden will be carried to the factory, where they will be boiled so as to get the oil from them. The residue is then dried and ground, and when mixed with the South Carolina natural phosphate rock gives all the best elements of guano. Restrictions as to the taking of the menhaden would not affect as much those who use the oil for manufacturing purposes, as for tanning, the dressing of jute, or as a mixer with paint oils, as it would deprive the farmer of a cheap and important element in the making of manures.

The steamers used for catching the menhaden are specially constructed for the purpose. They have fairly powerful machinery, and are thoroughly equipped. When fish are abundant the men have but little rest. Crews are paid in proportion to the catch.



A MENHADEN STEAMER.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



NOT HIS STYLE OF BEAUTY.

YOUNG CROSS-EYE. "That's Miss Inglis, Thompson. Thought pretty, you know; but she's not *my* style of beauty."

THOMPSON. "Ah, Cross-eye; well, I'm rather glad of that. I don't think I admire your style of beauty altogether."

THE WORLD'S FAIRS OF 1889 AND 1892.

NEARLY three months have passed since the Exposition now being held in Paris was opened, and the indications now are that at its close it will have been visited by a much larger number of persons than have ever before attended a World's Fair. And yet this centennial celebration of the French Revolution contends with serious drawbacks. No important European monarchy has given it official countenance. Even the government of Great Britain, wherein the power of the throne is practically but nominal, refrained from answering the invitation to take part, and its ambassador, Lord Lytton, failed to be present at the opening ceremonies. When this course was assailed in Parliament, the defence from the ministerial benches was that England "ought not to express approval of the Revolution while that event is a subject of such fierce party controversy in France." The superfluous and illogical excuse advanced by a Tory member, that the English representative was absent on account of ill health, was met by Mr. Labouchere's remark, "We know all about sick ambassadors." The *Spectator* of June 1st gave the real reason in saying that, "to many it will seem as rational to celebrate [this] centenary as it would have been to celebrate the bicentenary of the Fire of London, on the ground that the city which arose from the ashes was cleaner and healthier than the city that was burnt." Russia, which has powerful diplomatic reasons for not giving offence to the French people, could not swallow the bitter dose which would be involved in aiding in the commemoration of an event the most abhorrent to her in all history, or in seeming to sanction in any way a principle diametrically opposed to the traditions and practices of her rulers. The Russian ambassador, like Lord Lytton, found it convenient to be out of Paris when the doors of the Exposition were formally thrown open. The governments of Austro-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, Spain, and Portugal also declined the invitation to participate. In all these instances, however, private enterprise has done more or less toward filling the gaps. But Germany holds aloof altogether, creating a most important void in a fair assuming to comprehensively stand for what is best in modern civilization. Denmark, Sweden, and Turkey are likewise wholly unrepresented. Outside of Europe, the governments of Egypt and Brazil have withheld their co-operation. The only countries that have officially accepted the invitation of France are the United States, Mexico, the Central and South American republics, Hayti, Switzerland, Norway, Greece, Monaco, Servia, Morocco, Persia, Siam, Japan, the republic of South Africa, and the British colonies of Victoria and New Zealand, acting independently of the imperial authority. The United States is the only nation of the first class that has cordially and unreservedly joined France in sustaining the enterprise, and it is American money that is flowing most freely through the channels of trade stimulated by the occasion.

Aside from the governmental discouragements on the part of foreign powers, it is to be remembered that international bad feeling has a deterrent effect upon private enterprise in a matter of this kind. There has long been a threatening war cloud hanging over Europe, which cannot but have had a depressing effect upon individuals forming the class which supplies exhibitors. The animosity of the Italians toward the French is scarcely, if any, less than that of the Germans. No one could say with confidence a short time ago that Continental peace would be maintained until the end of the Fair. Even now that proposition falls short of certainty. Nor within France is there the feeling of political and financial security which leaves the public attention free to wholly occupy itself with the Exposition. The elections soon to be held refer to questions of a critical nature. The national debt is a grievously heavy one, and is growing larger in spite of very onerous taxation. The collapses of the Panama Canal Company and of the Copper Syndicate come inopportunely. It is an interesting manifestation of the French character that notwithstanding these adverse influences an atmosphere of cheerfulness and gayety, such as is fitting to a prolonged festival season, is now maintained at Paris.

Whatever the merit of the French Exposition of 1889 may be—and it is acknowledged to be a success—it will have been gained in spite of marked disadvantages. The history of previous World's Fairs, commencing with that of the Crystal Palace in England in 1851, indicates a comparatively steady increase in the popular interest taken in them, and the fact that the attendance at the present one in Paris is as large as it is, under the circumstances mentioned, confirms this conclusion. It is in accordance with the growing interchanges of the gains of inventions in the various countries, the constantly improving means of communication and transportation, the widening habit of travel, and with material progress generally. The Exposition likely to be held in or near New York city in 1892 to celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America will be peculiarly free from the detriments experienced at Paris. The event to be commemorated is one which pre-eminently concerns all mankind. It has no offensive significance for any one, either politically or historically. The United States is at peace with every nation on the face of the earth. It is known to have no aggressive designs in any quarter, and is the object of no animosities. There is not a government which will decline to take part in honoring upon our soil the transcendent achievement of Columbus. Almost every nation on the globe is represented to a greater or less extent in our population. Though the Anglo-Saxon predominates, our nationality is a composite one. To say nothing of those whose parents were born elsewhere, eight millions of our people are of foreign birth. More than two millions of these are Germans. Almost as many are Irish. Then follow Scandinavians, French, and Italians in appreciable numbers, and the census takes note of some thirty other classifications. Everything conspires to make the World's Fair of 1892 at New York what it purports to be—a thoroughly representative occasion. There is no spot where delegations from every country can meet with better grace than in the chief city of the Western hemisphere, and nothing in which all mankind can more appropriately join in celebrating than the material addition Columbus made to the real estate and breathing-room of civilization.

It cannot be predicted what condition the business of the country will be in three years hence, but a prosperity that can stand as much abuse as ours has demonstrated a capacity to meet may safely be relied on to bear up under all the depressing influences that can accumulate between that time and this. Whatever happens, our financial buoyancy will then be greater than that of France is now. It requires a study of statistics to convince one who has not given the subject attention of the extent of the economic strides made by the United States since the Centennial Fair of 1876 was held. In the matter of exports and imports the figures for 1888 are forty-two per cent. greater than those of twelve years ago. This stands for the progress of our business transactions with foreign countries, and our internal manufacturing and commercial growth has kept the same pace. Assuming that the indications to the effect that the popularity of World's Fairs is steadily increasing are trustworthy, noting the advantages the centenary of 1892 in New York will have over that of Paris of the present year, both with respect to foreign co-operation and home progress and prosperity, and holding in view the augmenting interest taken abroad in American trade and affairs generally, the prospect for the success of our contemplated Exposition is particularly bright. AMOS W. WRIGHT.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC TRADE.

THE figures of the foreign commerce of the United States have been issued within the week by the Bureau of Statistics. They are for the fiscal year ending June 30th, and they show a total movement of merchandise to the value of 1487 millions of dollars, being 745 millions of imports and 742 of exports. The total merchandise movement exceeded that of the previous year by 67 millions, the imports being 21 and the exports 46 millions larger. The excess of imports of merchandise in the year just ended was only $2,725,677, against a similar excess of $28,002,607 in the fiscal year 1888; but the excess is habitually the other way, and for twelve years ending with 1887 the average annual excess of exports of merchandise was $134,388,312. The conditions of trade caused during the past year a net export of gold to the extent of $49,667,427.

The official figures show that the merchandise exports of the year have only been exceeded in 1880 and three years following, and that the imports are the largest ever recorded. But the total movement of exports and imports, 1487 millions, was almost equalled in 1882, and was exceeded both in 1881 and in 1883, the totals for those years being 1545 and 1547 millions respectively. Since 1883 the total has been as low as 1315 millions, namely, in 1886, from which point it has again risen to 1487 millions. The movement, therefore, is at present on the increase, but it is matter for serious concern that it is now 60 million dollars smaller than it was six years ago, and 58 millions under the figures of 1881. The falling off is about four per cent., and might mean little in the case of an old and densely populated country, where a practically stationary condition of foreign commerce might be accepted as a natural incident.

But that the foreign commerce of the United States has no expansion to show for the past decade is a glaring contradiction to the vigorous increase of their population, with its more than proportionate gains in production and domestic trade. The figures of the Bureau of Statistics are the figures of the Custom-house, gathered with great care by a numerous body of clerks familiar with the details which come before them, and they have to be accepted as approximately correct. And they furnish strong evidence of arrested development. Population has increased largely in the past ten years; the area of land newly broken to agriculture is immense; the growth of the railroad system is prodigious; the accumulation of wealth and the enlargement of trade and of banking facilities strike the most careless observer; but the foreign commerce of the country has fallen off in actual value, and declined in a striking manner when presented in the ratio of values and population.

It is a singular anomaly. Personal intercourse with foreign countries has increased considerably; the desire for foreign markets and the need of them seem greater than ever; the desire for foreign products is certainly no less; the productive habits and the trading instincts of the American people grow more rather than less energetic; the capacity to imagine great enterprises and to work them out has developed rapidly of late years—and with all this the foreign trade of the country diminishes. If this state of things is not agreeable, it has at any rate not yet seriously disturbed the good-nature of the people at large. Perhaps they have not found it out.

The money market has been very easy during the past week, with demand loans 2½ to 3 per cent. A couple of failures in Boston, one of them quite large, have made very little sensation, and have not affected rates for commercial paper here. The stock-market is dull and rather firmer, with London a moderate buyer from day to day. No gold was exported last Saturday, and sterling exchange is so plainly below the point for shipment to London that Wall Street expects none will be exported this week. Exchange on Paris, however, remains high, and it is possible that more gold may yet be sent to that market. The railroad situation has remained unchanged in the West, and the chief dispute among the transcontinental roads, that between the Southern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, has been compromised on terms more favorable to the American lines. Railroad earnings continue to be generally favorable, and the gross and net earnings of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy were very handsome. The movement of grain is rapidly increasing, and confidence in full employment for rolling stock is stronger than at any time this summer. The restored rates on grain eastward from Chicago went into effect to-day, and it is reported that the St. Paul and Chicago roads are raising the so-called commodity rates, which were recently reduced. Every preparation that the railroads can make for a heavy fall business, they are making, and the State Commissions seem to find little to object to in their tariffs. The iron trade has passed its season of dulness, and activity has already returned; the coal trade shows no change of importance. The spring wheat crop has been much improved at its latest stage, confirming the favorable estimate of the total wheat harvest; and nothing has occurred to injure the prospects of Indian-corn. As things stand now, the calculations of a notable harvest and active trade are considered to hold good. H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Thursday evening, August 1, 1889.*

SHAKEN, BROILED, AND DRENCHED.

THESE are three participles of English grammar. They are also the three successive conditions undergone every day, every other day, or every third day, by the unhappy wretch heedless enough to allow fever and ague to fasten its clutch upon him. No need of it—none. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will and does preserve those who use it from every type of malarial disease, whether intermittent or bilious remittent. For nearly thirty-five years it has been a professionally recognized specific for and preventive of these tenacious maladies, not only on our own soil, but in tropical and equatorial lands where the scourge is prevalent at all seasons and in its worst forms. Biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness, and debility are also ailments to the complete removal of which the Bitters long since demonstrated its adequacy.—[*Adv.*]

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FLOODED VALLEY.

THE once picturesque and prosperous Valley of the Conemaugh is now a scene of desolation inconceivable in its terrible proportions. No one can realize the extent of the flood's damage without seeing the country as it now appears. A panoramic view of the devastated valley may be seen from the windows of the Pennsylvania Railroad trains, leaving New York 9:00 A.M., (New York and Chicago Limited), 6:30 and 8:00 P.M.—[*Adv.*]

A MISSOURI physician says: "I think Nicholson's Liquid Bread a fine restorative to worn and broken systems, especially where there is feeble digestion." It is also a delightfully pleasant and healthful beverage.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing-Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES take ANGOSTURA BITTERS generally when they feel low-spirited. It brightens them up.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

"I WAS troubled with Catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me.—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C. —[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1.75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1.50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1.25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1.00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2.00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

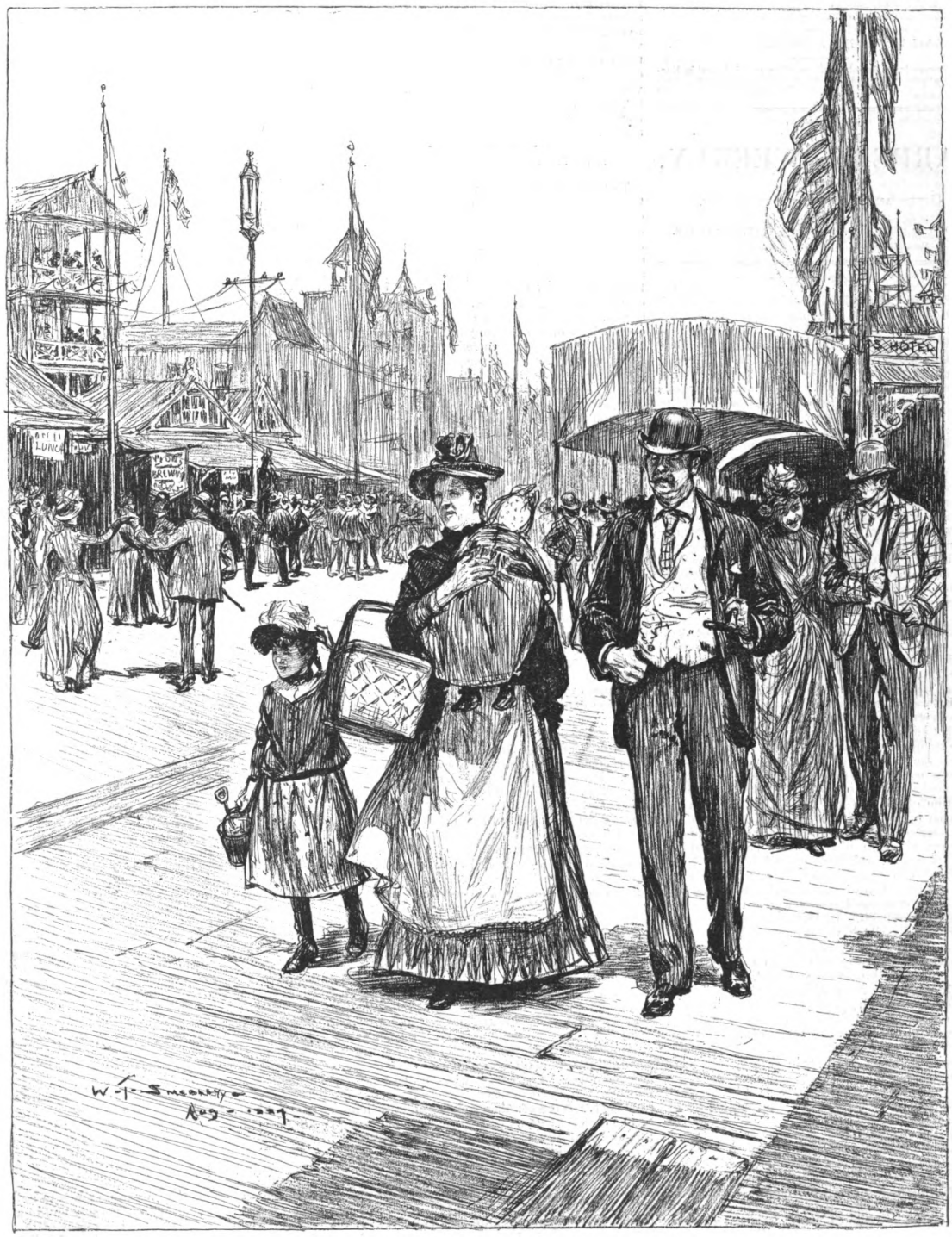
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1704.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



HOLIDAY-MAKING AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 658.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

NEW EDITIONS
OF
CAPTAIN KING'S STORIES.

"CAPTAIN KING'S *novels hold high and solitary rank in American fiction.*"—New York Tribune.

BETWEEN THE LINES. A Story of the War. By Captain CHARLES KING, U.S.A. Illustrated by GILBERT GAUL. Post 8vo, Cloth Extra, $1 25.

"A more spirited war novel it would be difficult to name. Thrilling adventures, embodying the prominent incidents of military life, are constantly and effectively introduced."—*New York Sun.*

"The war sketches with which it abounds are vivid and faithful. It easily ranks with the best tales of the rebellion."—*Commercial Gazette, Cincinnati.*

A WAR-TIME WOOING. A Story. By Captain CHARLES KING, U.S.A. Illustrated by R. F. ZOGBAUM. Post 8vo, Cloth Extra, $1 00.

"A capital military story.... Captain King's stories are full of spirit, and have the true ring about them."—*New York Times.*

"Captain King writes with spirit and grace and power of human emotion. A most intense and thrilling story."—*Boston Traveller.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

No. 1704.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE QUESTION OF THE BEHRING SEA.

THE seizure of the British sealing schooner *Black Diamond* in the Behring Sea by the United States revenue-cutter *Rush*, in pursuance of the President's proclamation of March 22, 1889, has been the main topic of recent discussion in the press. This was a seizure far without the three-mile limit of jurisdiction which every maritime power controls. It was a seizure upon the high seas, and the substantial question, in view of a probable demand for explanation, is whether the United States have formally claimed jurisdiction over the Behring Sea as a closed sea, or *mare clausum*. What such a sea is, is perfectly well known. A land-locked sea is defined by VATTEL as one which "must be entirely surrounded by the territory of the nation claiming jurisdiction, and must have no other communication with the ocean than by a channel of which that nation may take possession." This is the accepted description of a *mare clausum* over which a nation has authority. It is affirmed by what is called international law, which is only the acquiescence of great states for their common convenience. Does the Behring Sea conform to this definition, or is it admitted by the common consent of states to be such a sea? The answer to both questions is an unconditional negative.

The Behring Sea on one side is enclosed by the Russian main-land and Russian islands, and the passage between the nearest Russian and American points is one hundred and eighty-three miles broad. This fact answers the first question.

The second is as readily answered. When Russia held all the surrounding land she made a claim of authority over the Behring Sea, which the United States denied and refused to acknowledge. Our demonstration of the case was complete, and Russia did not insist upon the claim. Moreover, we have always asserted the right to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, although it is entirely surrounded by British territory, and the channel between Newfoundland and Cape Breton is only fifty miles broad. As the United States have denied that the Behring Sea is enclosed, no other great power except Russia has asserted it. In 1870, however, the treaty with Russia by which we acquired Alaska defined our water boundary by a line "starting from the Arctic Ocean and running through Behring Strait to the north of St. Lawrence Island," then southwesterly midway between Alton and Copper islands. In 1881 the Treasury Department instructed our naval officers that all the waters within that boundary are considered to be the waters of Alaska Territory. Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration in 1885 adopted this view, and many arrests of British sealers were made. A strong protest followed from the British government, and the vessels were released. In consequence of the release, a great number of British sealers appeared in the sea. Congress then took up the subject, and prohibited the catching of seals within the dominion of the United States in Behring Sea, except by the Alaska Commercial Company. But Congress distinctly refused to claim that the waters of Alaska Territory comprised the whole Behring Sea eastward of the line mentioned in the treaty. The law assumed jurisdiction, but did not define its limits.

The seizures of the sealers now raise the question, Do the United States claim dominion over the Behring Sea east of the line mentioned? If they do, they derive their title solely from Russia. But they have long ago demonstrated that Russia could have no such title. The United States, however, have not claimed, but, on the contrary, by the action of Congress, have declined to claim, a jurisdiction which the common consent of nations, the United States included, has denied. Moreover, the object for which the carefully qualified jurisdiction is asserted is common both to Great Britain and to the United States. It is the protection of the seal fishery, which would be soon exterminated if the ravages which the seizures are intended to prevent should continue. The situation, therefore, is obviously one for the calmest deliberation. The Canadians certainly cannot be allowed to destroy the seal fisheries. But they are not to be restrained by a claim of authority which cannot be maintained. It must be remembered constantly, however, that this claim is not made. We have not yet defined our dominion in the Alaska waters, and we are not likely to make a claim there which would imperil our interests and rights elsewhere. This is evidently the general American view, as expressed by the press on all sides, and a prompt and reasonable adjustment of the question by negotiation would be most honorable to the administration.

THE MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH.

THE celebrations at Plymouth of the landing of the Pilgrims have been the occasion of some famous orations, of which the chief is that of WEBSTER, on the two-hundredth anniversary in 1820. This was followed by the address of EDWARD EVERETT in 1824, and about thirty years later Mr. SEWARD delivered a striking discourse, and at the public dinner which followed, WENDELL PHILLIPS, who spoke at no other dinner that we recall, made a brief and characteristic speech. There have been other very distinguished celebrations of the landing at Plymouth, and the latest, which has just occurred, the dedication of the long-projected monument, was remarkable, apart from any other consideration, for the fact that the orator was a Kentuckian, bred in traditions wholly alien from those of the Puritans, and the poet an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. Whatever the reasons of the selection may have been, it was happy and significant as illustrating the comprehensive nation of many origins which has followed the Pilgrim landing, and whose development thus far has been dominated by the essential principles of the Pilgrims. Mr. BRECKENRIDGE'S oration was an exposition of the general character of the Puritan, and his political convictions and institutions as the source and strength of liberty under law.

The orator had been reared in a society essentially different from that of New England. He had been taught doubtless to look upon Yankee-land with distrust if not aversion. He had been, we believe, a slave-holder, and had appeared in arms to overthrow the Union of which his great predecessor as the orator at Plymouth had been by distinction "the defender." By conviction and association his training and experience had been so different that he might well have felt himself to be a stranger in a strange land, unless he chanced to remember that the charming city in his own State, which was among its earliest settlements, was called Lexington in patriotic commemoration of the rally of New England minute-men for independence upon Lexington Green, in Massachusetts. His oration was dignified, self-respectful, and just. There was no tone of flattery or defiance. In a calm and comprehensive survey of history the orator acknowledged that until 1801 New England dominated the country. Then other views and another spirit prevailed. But again, from 1857 "until a period about which there might be much dispute," New England was leader. Her views are now recognized as the fundamental principles of all freedom; and in the culminating passage of his discourse, the orator said truly, and with admirable qualification, "All will gratefully admit that, humanly speaking, liberty was impossible without New England, even if it were impossible for New England alone."

It is one of the felicities of our national fortune, which Mr. BRYCE mentions as a source of our general optimism, that upon such an occasion and upon that spot an American of the training and career of Mr. BRECKENRIDGE should have spoken such words. It is another striking illustration of the actual Union, of which the years before the war gave us only the spectral image. The vital bond of union is a community of faith and spirit and purpose. It is seeing eye to eye. It is a common conviction of the nature and scope and necessary consequence of fundamental principles. Fifty years ago, when Miss MARTINEAU was in Washington, she discovered, in conversation with the chief statesmen of the day, that there was no real union, and that WEBSTER'S deprecation of its possible dissolution as he ended the reply to HAYNE was due to his forecast of the tragedy. The true Union is rapidly forming. Mr. O'REILLY'S poem was exceedingly significant and interesting as the cordial and appreciative tribute of a Roman Catholic to the Puritans. The speeches of ex-Governor LONG, president of the Pilgrim Society, and of Senator HOAR and Representative LODGE, were all characteristic and worthy of the place and the day. It was indeed an occasion so nationally significant that it is greatly to be regretted that no member of the administration was present.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND REFORM.

IN his speech at the late Plymouth celebration, Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE, who is a strong Republican partisan, said:

"Of all the evils which beset public life and which destroy the usefulness of parties and of public men, the greatest beyond all doubt is the evil of patronage. It is utterly un-American, it is wrong in theory, it is vicious in practice, and it should be done away with entirely as unworthy of American intelligence, and fit only for the monarchies from which it is inherited."

These are the words, and undoubtedly the conviction, of one of the younger Republican leaders. Mr. ROOSEVELT, another active young Republican, cordially agrees with Mr. LODGE; and the chief of the older Republican leaders, Senator EDMUNDS, is of the same opinion. Secretary WINDOM says that he thinks the enforcement of the law has improved the public service, and he likes to be relieved of the trouble of selecting his clerks. Secretary PROCTOR agrees with Secretary WINDOM. Secretary NOBLE says that he will obey the law as far as it goes, but will not submit to any pretensions of the Commission. Secretary RUSK and Attorney-General MILLER decline to express their opinion. The Republican platform and the declarations of the Republican President before the election accord completely with the views of Mr. LODGE and the conduct of Mr. ROOSEVELT. But the views neither of Mr. LODGE nor of Mr. EDMUNDS, nor the President's pledges, nor the party platform, nor Mr. ROOSEVELT'S honorable course, are in accord with the course of the administration, nor with the general sentiment of the party as expressed in the remarks of the larger number of its active politicians and newspapers who have spoken upon the subject.

Senators BLAIR, INGALLS, FARWELL, and PLUMB; Representatives BROWNE of Indiana, PERKINS of Kansas, CANNON of Illinois, TAYLOR of Ohio, HAUK of Tennessee; the Albany *Journal*, the chief Republican organ for the interior of the State of New York; the Oswego *Times;* the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat;* the Philadelphia *North American;* the Washington *Post;* the Evansville *Journal*, in Indiana; the Manchester *Mirror*, in New Hampshire—are examples of the Republican leaders and newspapers that unite in declaring that the National Republican Convention solemnly pledged the party to a "humbug," thereby agreeing that the party itself upon this question is the most arrant of humbugs. Mr. CLARKSON, the Assistant Postmaster-General, has changed nearly a quarter of the fourth-class postmasters within the first five months of the administration, and holds such action to be his duty. During the same time the President has changed a fifth of the Presidential postmasters. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thinks that fourteen months will suffice for a clean sweep of the fourth-class post-offices. Meanwhile conferences of Republican leaders are held to decide who shall be "recognized" by patronage, and Senatorial place-brokers are constantly passing to and from Washington, the busy agents of a practice which Mr. LODGE describes as un-American, wrong in theory, vicious in practice, unworthy of American intelligence, and fit only for the monarchies from which it sprung—a truth which the Republican platform emphasizes by speaking of "the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage." The situation shows what can hardly be denied, Republican abandonment of the party platform and the pledges of the candidate, and at the same time the strongest expressions of fidelity to them by a few eminent Republican leaders and editors, who, however, are powerless to affect the course of the administration or to stay the wrong which they deplore.

Naturally it is said that a proposition will be made to repeal the law. Such a proposition may be made, as often before, but the law will not be repealed. It is much more likely to be paralyzed by evasions and the refusal of adequate appropriations. The work of the Civil Service Commission, which the late administration greatly embarrassed by retaining Mr. EDGERTON, is largely in arrears, and without proper means its scope cannot be extended. The CLEVELAND administration increased the classified service, or range of places to which the reform rules apply, from about 15,000 to 25,000—an increase which of course implies much larger clerical labor. The reform can be delayed by refusing aid, and it can be discredited and foiled by appointing to the head of classified offices politicians like Postmaster AQUILA JONES, at Indianapolis, under the last administration, or Postmaster WALLACE under this. This is the way in which an administration can do much to nullify a law which it does not wish honorably and in good faith to enforce. To propose the repeal of the reform law would evoke an expression of indignant disapproval which no Republican administration

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

would wish to face, and alienate an intelligent sympathy and support which the Republican party could not afford. The reform is discredited by the course of the administration, and the spirit and purpose of the law are contemptuously disregarded, but the law will not be repealed.

UNDER WHICH KING?

THE Buffalo *Courier*, one of the leading Democratic journals in New York, gives a rather disconsolate view of its party situation. It says:

"For the Republicans who expect that in the coming Democratic State Convention an element of the party will oppose Governor HILL, disappointment is in store. There are no Democratic dissensions relating to State affairs, and the Convention will undoubtedly be an entirely harmonious body of party representatives. The term for which administrative State officers are to be elected in November will be coextensive with the remaining part of the Governor's present term. Governor HILL'S associates in the State administration ought to be in accord with him, and the Democratic party will nominate only candidates for State offices whose co-operation with the Governor will admit of no doubt. Moreover, the Governor's leadership in the coming canvass will be undisputed."

This is undoubtedly good news for the Republicans, for it is the Democratic acceptance of Governor HILL as the representative Democratic leader. No Republican can ask anything better than a straight contest upon Governor HILL as the issue. That was not the situation when he was elected last year. It was the Republican vote given to him in exchange for Democratic votes for HARRISON which explained the defeat in New York of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency with the election of the Democratic Governor. This year the issue of Governor HILL and his political views, purposes, and methods will not be complicated with any enmities of national candidates or doubts of national policies. To use words which are not suggested by his public career, the issue of Governor HILL pure and simple would be gladly hailed by every friend of good government. It is not easy to imagine any opposing candidate who would not be preferable.

Governor HILL represents hostility to ballot reform and high license, which are the real State issues, and the political honesty and methods of Tammany Hall. The latter are undoubtedly set off by those of the Republican machine. But the former are questions of State policy upon which the appeal may well be made to the voters. There is, of course, the usual complication of State and national considerations. Many Democratic friends of reform would fear that Democratic defeat in New York would be interpreted as a verdict against tariff revision, and that view they would regard as a greater evil even than success in the State under the Governor's leadership. On the other hand, there is an important body of Democrats who regard Governor HILL as the cause of Mr. CLEVELAND'S defeat, and the consequent discredit of the national policy of the party, and who would see in his success as the acknowledged leader of this year's campaign in New York a perilous omen for the election of 1892. The Governor is the Democratic Old Man of the Sea, and the Buffalo *Courier* perhaps thinks that the only practicable way at present is to let him ride lest he should throttle the party. The result last year has shown both his apparent power and his disposition to use it for Governor HILL rather than the party. The attempt to get rid of him might be fatal. Therefore, hurra for HILL!

It is probably plain enough to every sensible Democrat in the State that it is the apparently instinctive preference of the party for representatives like Governor HILL rather than Mr. CLEVELAND which explains its fate. Had the party cordially supported President CLEVELAND in conforming his administration to his known convictions of the necessity of reform, it would not now in New York be looking to Governor HILL as its leader. It is because men like Governor HILL are so often its chosen representatives that the old distrust still clings to it so closely. The NICOLAY and HAY *Life of Lincoln*, in its vivid annals of the war, recalls the spirit and conduct in that party which strengthened and deepened that distrust. Its long exclusion from power was ended by the nomination of a candidate who was wholly free from its old noxious traditions. But his re-election was defeated by the ascendency of those old traditions in his own State. The Buffalo *Courier* now serves notice that the party is to be united under a leadership which is reactionary, and hostile to the whole impulse of reform in State administration. It is a defiance which, should it be justified by the event, the intelligent reform sentiment of the State ought to accept. Every friend of ballot reform, of high license, of good government, ought to strive to defeat the election of candidates nominated to aid Governor HILL in his resistance to wise reforms.

SOMEBODY MUST BEGIN.

MR. PATRICK A. COLLINS, a Democratic leader in Massachusetts, says that "four years of these disappointments [in matters of patronage] have convinced me that patronage is a weakness rather than strength to a party." Whether Mr. COLLINS when in Congress sought to strengthen his party by refusing to take part in the distribution of spoils, we do not know. Mr. LODGE, now a Representative from Massachusetts, holds the same views of patronage which Mr. COLLINS expresses, and Mr. REED, of Maine, a prominent candidate for the next Speakership, says, sarcastically, "We managed to get our district out of the doubtful list last fall, but it looks as though, with the help of the post-offices, we shall be able to put it back again."

Whether Mr. LODGE or Mr. REED endeavors to keep the party out of the doubtful list by declining to dabble in post-offices, we are not informed. But it is evident that if reasonable methods approved by these gentlemen are to supersede the vicious ones now in use, then, as the farm boy said to his comrade when they were sent to bring in a cross cow, "Somebody's got to begin."

JUDGE COOLEY'S DECISION.

JUDGE COOLEY, of Michigan, the chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and one of the most eminent constitutional lawyers in the country, has declined the offer to enter the railroad service at a very large salary, and he will remain in the service of the United States. This is a patriotic sacrifice which the country will appreciate. It secures to the public service a man of great ability and of the highest character, and it fosters greater respect for a service the honor of which is not enhanced by the practice of treating it as a reward of mere partisan activity.

One "improvement" of Judge COOLEY'S case is timely. Had he been removed to make a vacancy to be filled by a man of different political views, the removal would have been regarded generally as a folly and an outrage. The country knows that its interests require such a man in such a place, and that to remove him merely to appoint another man, who might or might not be of equal ability, but who would certainly lack his experience, would lead to the most mischievous results. But this is equally true in its degree of every efficient and experienced postmaster whom the President and the Postmaster-General are turning out as fast as practicable.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

GOVERNOR LOWREY, of Mississippi, is resolved that he will discharge his duty and deliver to the courts an offender who flagrantly defied the laws which he is sworn to enforce. In pursuance of his demand, SULLIVAN the pugilist was surrendered and brought to Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. His journey and arrival had the air of a triumph. An immense crowd received him at the station, and he was escorted to the hotel, where the pressure of the mob to see him was so great and persistent that "Colonel HAMILTON" at last introduced him to the crowd from "the grand stairway," and the hero was received with acclamation, and "shook hands with hundreds," until he found that it would be impossible personally to greet all his admirers, and so withdrew.

After bathing, and then dining in the private rooms of the hotel, the distinguished guest of the State, at the invitation of the Governor, repaired to the jail, where he was suitably accommodated. His trial will be apparently a general festival; and should he be insolently sentenced to any penalty, it will be probably regarded by the Jackson mob as a persecution entitling him to their deeper reverence.

The renown of the hero will be evidently augmented by the endeavor of the Governor to enforce the laws and to maintain the honor of his State. If convicted of a breach of the law, no discredit will attach to him. The only result will be the proof that the law outruns public opinion. No recent event in the country has aroused such profound and universal interest. It has been proved that the question of the Behring Sea, of the rules of the House, of prohibition, of a Congressional election law, of the Canadian fisheries, are totally unimportant to the multitudes that hang upon the bulletin-boards, compared with that of the ability of SULLIVAN to mash KILRAIN to a jelly before KILRAIN could mash SULLIVAN.

THE LAST COLUMBIAN CENTUARY ANNIVERSARY.

MR. GEORGE H. MOORE gives, in the New York *Times*, an interesting account of the celebration in New York of the third centennial of the discovery of America. A writer in a New York journal of the 18th of August, 1792, calls attention to a suggestion in a Philadelphia paper that the great day is at hand, and urging a fitting celebration of "the Columbian centuary anniversary." A fortnight later the same paper stated that on the 3d of August, the date of the sailing of COLUMBUS from Palos, a gentleman laid the corner-stone of a memorial obelisk in a Baltimore garden. But already, in the previous December, 1791, JEREMY BELKNAP had proposed a celebration to the Massachusetts Historical Society, which occurred accordingly on the 23d of October, 1792.

New York, however, anticipated Boston, and a contemporary account states that

"the 12th inst., being the commencement of the IV. COLUMBIAN CENTUARY, was observed as a Centuary Festival by the Tammany Society, and celebrated in that stile of sentiment which distinguishes this social and patriotic institution."

This is the same Tammany which is known to us as the source of every form of political corruption, and the seat of resistance to every measure of political progress.

"An elegant oration was delivered by Mr. J. B. JOHNSON, in which several events in the life of this remarkable man were pathetically described, and the interesting consequences to which his great achievements had already and must still conduct the affairs of mankind were pointed out in a manner extremely satisfactory. During the evening's entertainment a variety of national amusement was enjoyed."

"A portable monumental obelisk," fourteen feet high, was displayed, with suitable inscriptions, and was afterward placed in Mr. BOWEN'S Museum and Wax-work at the Exchange. Upon the same day in the following year Mr. BOWEN announced that it would be exhibited, "elegantly illuminated," for three evenings, the doors being opened at candle-light, and the exhibition closing at nine o'clock. Such were the simple observances of a hundred years ago, which it is supposed will be surpassed by the commemoration of 1892.

A PIPE SMOKED OUT.

THE whole vote at the late election in France for the local councils was 2,258,000, of which 258,000 were cast for General BOULANGER. He carried about one in twelve of the districts which he selected as probably friendly to him. THACKERAY used to say, ruefully, of the end of certain little flirtations with the fair, "That little pipe is smoked out." The phrase would well describe the present condition of BOULANGER'S flirtation with France. His plan of campaign was revolution by plebiscite. He proposed to obtain a majority of the votes of the electors in enough districts to show that he was the favorite son of France, when he hoped probably that the government, like Captain CROCKETT'S 'coon, would "come down."

This is a much better way of carrying on a revolution than that of a century ago. It recalls the scheme of Mr. DORR in 1842 in Rhode Island. The charter of that day limited the number of voters. But Mr. DORR invited all male adults, under certain simple conditions, to express their views of his constitution by a vote. Many of the legal voters joined his friends at the polls for the purpose of expressing a desire of change, and the result was an actual majority of such adults in the State. Of course the vote had no legal validity, but Mr. DORR treated it as a valid action of the majority of the people of the State, by which his constitution became the fundamental law. The "DORR rebellion" followed, which was his endeavor to enforce by arms what he held to be the fundamental law.

The result in France will not lead necessarily to the disappearance of BOULANGER, but it shows that he has little personal prestige left. His prominence, however, was not due to his personal qualities nor to any policy which he represented, but to discontent with the situation. He was selected as its representative, because as Minister of War he had ingratiated himself with the army by a system of constant small favors, which soldiers appreciate, but not by heroic and successful leadership, or by qualities which arouse enthusiasm.

PERSONAL.

MR. GLADSTONE'S habits of life are very simple, although busy. He rises about 6.30 o'clock, breakfasts on bacon and eggs or a little fish and tea, and then goes to his library to skim over the newspapers. From 9 to 1 o'clock he receives callers. A light lunch follows, and then he is driven directly to Parliament. He usually dines quietly at home at 7.30 in the evening, the food being simple and the wines light, and then he returns to the House. Unless there is to be an important division, he is at home and in bed by 11 o'clock. Mr. GLADSTONE has a fondness for his old clothes, and when new ones are bought for him his wife has to resort to diplomacy to make him wear them. When he speaks in the House he loosens his collar, turns up his wristbands, and unbuttons his waistcoat, his gestures becoming exceedingly vigorous as he warms up.

—Captain L. G. SHEPARD, commander of the revenue-cutter *Rush*, whose seizure of the Canadian sealing vessel *Black Diamond* has brought him into recent prominence, has been in the revenue marine service since 1866, and has served through all the grades from third lieutenant to captain. He is a native of Massachusetts, and is regarded as a cool and brave officer.

—The late FRANCIS L. CAPEN, of South Boston, was a weather prophet of more than local prominence, and his prognostications were oftentimes reliable. He predicted the earthquake period of August, 1886, and the eruption of Vesuvius in 1871, when, with other scientists, he was attending an astronomical observation at Gibraltar. Mr. CAPEN was a graduate of Harvard College, and his predictions were always based on careful observations.

—HANNIBAL HAMLIN is eighty-one years old, but preserves his vitality and strength to a remarkable degree. He loves to work in the big flower garden and orchard which surround his cozy home at Bangor, Maine, and not infrequently takes walks of ten or fifteen miles in a day.

—Father NATHANIEL CHASE, one of the best Bible students in the country, and a famous "Millerite," has just died at Andover, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-nine years. For nearly half a century he had been expecting the world to come to an end. On one occasion he gave away several thousand dollars' worth of property and donned an ascension robe, in anticipation of the "second coming."

—A strange coincidence is noted in the death of General HENRY DUPONT, head of the well-known gunpowder manufacturing firm, in that he died in the same house in Wilmington, Delaware, on August 8th, where, exactly seventy-seven years before (August 8, 1812), he was born.

—Cadet WHITTAKER, whose color brought him into public notice when he was at West Point, has become the principal of a colored school at Sumter, South Carolina.

—CARL SCHURZ and Dr. HASS KUDLICH, both political refugees of 1848, have gone back to Germany together this summer. Another of Mr. SCHURZ'S compatriots in the German revolt, FREDERICK WILLIAM FLEISHER, has recently died at New Britain, Connecticut, where he lived.

—NOADIAH M. HILDRED, who recently died at North Chatham, New York, at the age of seventy-three years, was an odd sort of stick, with a craze for mastering languages. He could read and understand fifty different languages and dialects, and was still studying when he died. He was formerly a merchant, but of late years had led a retired life.

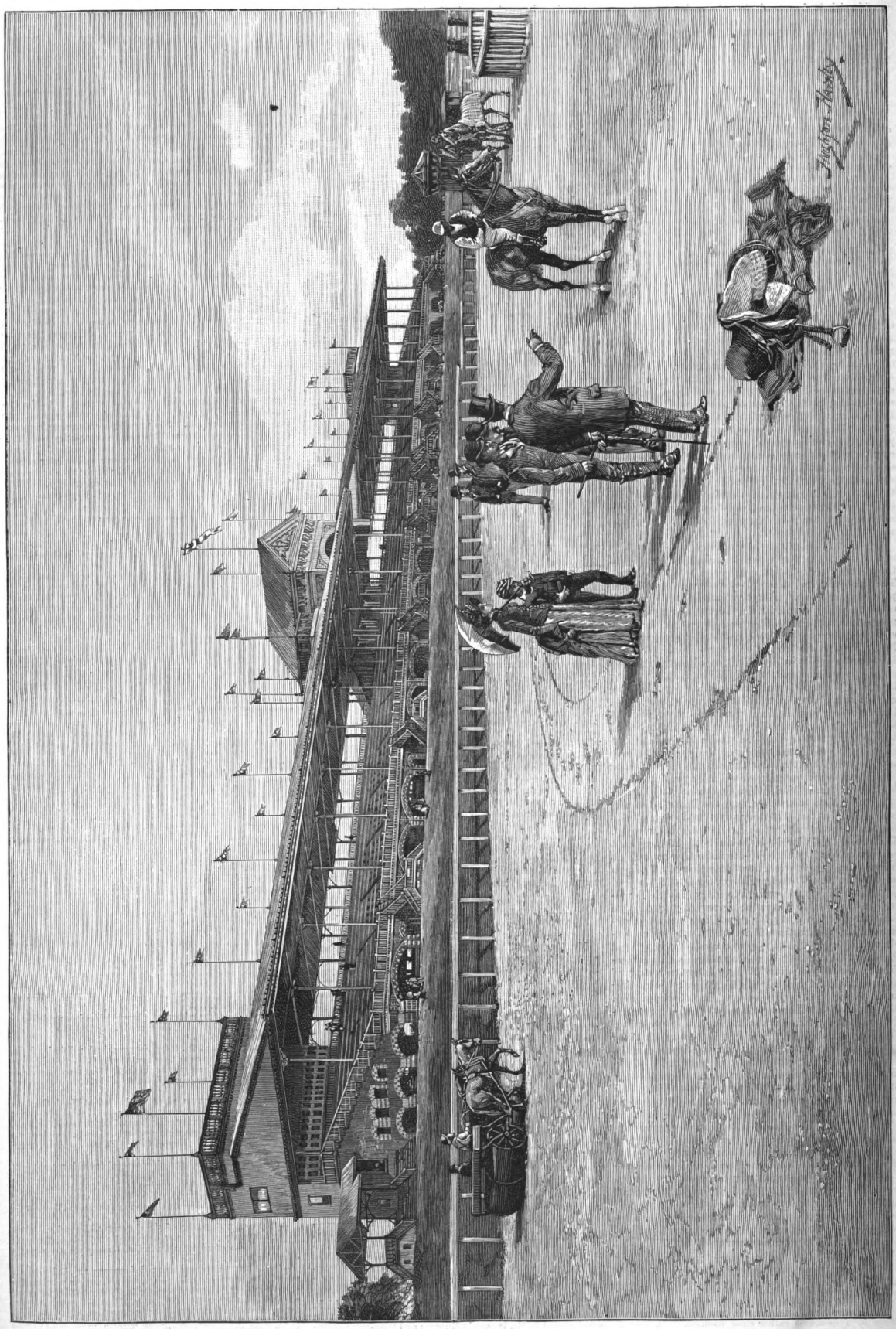
—Professor HUXLEY has nearly recovered from his recent breakdown, but still has to be careful how he taxes his strength.

—A statue is soon to be erected in Lincoln Park, Chicago, to LA SALLE the explorer, by Hon. LAMBERT TREE. LA SALLE camped in 1682 on the site of Chicago, and was the first man to descend the Mississippi to its mouth.

—F. WILLIAM SEUF, one of the cleverest violin-makers in the world, has just passed away at his home in Baltimore, Maryland. He was a man of gigantic stature, and many years ago was a cuirassier in the Prussian army.

—Rev. CALVIN FAIRBANK, an aged clergyman now living in Angelica, Alleghany County, New York, was a Kentucky school-teacher back in 1840, and gained the enmity of slave-holders by saving a beautiful quadroon slave-girl, one of his pupils, from being sold South. He raised money enough among Northern friends—SALMON P. CHASE being a contributor—to buy the girl, set her free, and send her North, where GAMALIEL BAILEY, editor of the *National Era*, adopted and educated her. Not long after, Mr. FAIRBANK was imprisoned in the Kentucky penitentiary and severely flogged, on the charge of aiding slaves to escape.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE GRAND STAND AND RACE-TRACK OF THE NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB—PREPARING FOR THE OPENING.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 657.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL ARCH, TO BE ERECTED IN BROOKLYN.—From the Original Design.—[See Page 663.]



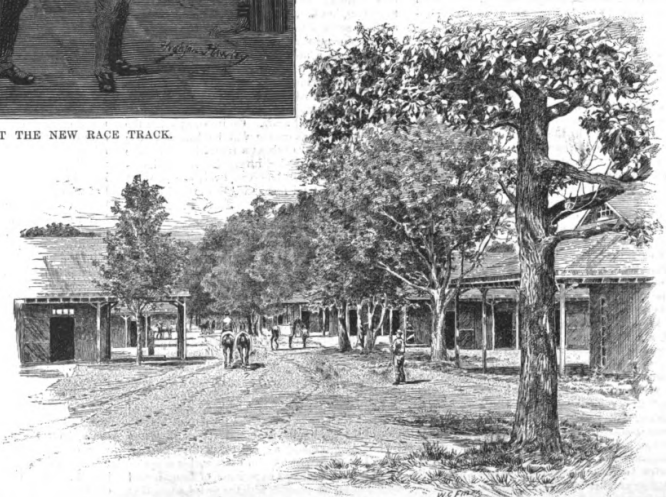
THE BETTING RING UNDER THE GRAND STAND AT THE NEW RACE TRACK.

THE NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB.

The New York Jockey Club begins its inaugural meeting on Tuesday at the new track in Westchester. The meeting will open with each event crowded with entries, the lusty sporting infant having outdone its older rivals by putting up $86,500 in purses for the crack horses of the country to come to Westchester village and contend on the club's superb track. This is the largest sum of money ever offered at one meeting by any club in America, and seems to be characteristic of the new club's management, as everything they have done in connection with the track and improvements is on a scale of equal liberality.

The officers of the New York Jockey Club are: Leonard W. Jerome, president; Charles E. Coddington, treasurer; and T. Hermann Kock, secretary. Mr. Jerome is also president of the Coney Island Jockey Club, and was the chief spirit in the organization of the famous old American Jockey Club, and the founder of Jerome Park. At the track the superintendency is in the hands of Mr. W. Percy Ward, an English gentleman, lately an officer in the "Cameronians," one of Queen Victoria's celebrated "fighting regiments." Mr. Ward brings to his present congenial duties the experience gained from close observation of the management of the principal tracks of England.

That an ardent rivalry will develop between the American and New York Jockey clubs is a certainty; in fact, the two associations have announced their autumn meeting for the same days in October. This is to be regretted, in the interest of that harmony and good-fellowship that ought to exist between two rival organizations pursuing the same line of pleasure and profit; but the fault cannot be laid at the door of the New York club, as it was very willing to arrange with the American for alternate racing days at each track, but the latter refused to treat upon the matter. It is believed by many, and the belief is fostered by members of the American, that the New York club was intended to rival the former from its inception. The fact is that the Westchester track was conceived by Mr. Jerome at the time when the Villa Site and Improvement Company, who own Jerome Park, had informed him unofficially that the property was about to be sold to the city for a reservoir site, thus leaving the American Jockey Club without a home or track. So certain were they that Jerome Park would be lost to them, the club declined to admit new members, and even allowed some of their buildings to fall into a state of dilapidation. Mr. Jerome had in the mean time found the only available site within a reasonable distance of the city, and it was purchased by Mr. John A. Morris, upon the understanding with Mr. Jerome that it was to be improved as a race-course and leased to the American Jockey Club. Mr. Morris, who is himself an enthusiastic horse owner, began the improvements at once, and had them well under way when the negotiations between the city authorities and the Villa Site company fell through. The American club were then assured of another lease, and of course preferred to stay where they were. It was then that the New York Jockey Club project was born in the brain of Mr. Jerome, for the avowed purpose of taking an elephant off the hands of Mr. Morris, the existence of which Mr. Jerome felt himself responsible for. Before this was done, however, Mr. Morris made several fruitless efforts to make some arrangement with the Jerome Park owners. He offered for a controlling interest a higher price than the stock has ever sold at. Again, he offered to lease the park for five years at a rental of five per cent. on the capital stock, $750,000, intending, if the lease was granted, to invite the American club to move over to his new track. He was unable to make any terms, when the New York Jockey Club took definite shape and purpose, and to-day looms up on the



THE STABLES AT THE NEW RACE TRACK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

horizon of the racing stable owner with such a setting of big rolls of money behind it that the horseman is very apt to keep his eyes fixed that way.

It is to be hoped that the American Jockey Club will maintain its organization and reputation. It was the only club of its kind in the East that had any standing, and the wealth and public spirit of its founders encouraged the breeding and form of the present peerless American running horse. It is now twenty-three years since Leonard W. Jerome first contemplated his proud success as organizer of the new club, and the honor accorded him in giving the track his name. Horse-racing was at a stand-still, excepting between the trotters, and the breeding of the delicate, clean-limbed thorough-bred was a discouraging pursuit. The civil war had depleted, wholly or in part, the purses of the Kentucky breeders, and though they still had the "blue grass hills" whereon to fortify the blood of their stock, the necessity existed of a pecuniary fortification for themselves. The ready wealth of the country at that time was mostly centred about New York and the larger Eastern cities, and in that direction, therefore, the Kentuckian looked for his stimulation, and the American Jockey Club became a "means toward an end" that resulted in the salvation of the blue-grass stock farms. The wealth and sporting spirit of the earlier members of the club, and the establishment of racing stables by many of them, encouraged a renewed interest in running horses that had lain entirely dormant for more than twenty years previously. From that awakening this interest has developed into a popular demand that supports racing all the year round wherever the climatic conditions are favorable. It is rapidly becoming as thoroughly a national sport with the American as it has been with the Englishman for centuries.

The Westchester race-course is situated just the same distance from the City Hall as is Jerome Park—twelve miles. It is in the midst of a beautiful rolling country, and surrounded by rural features as yet unmarred by any sights or sounds that suggest the high walls and hard pavements of the big city near by. The facilities for reaching the track by rail are as yet incomplete, but next season this difficulty will be obviated, and the most convenient means of transit provided for. As it is, the Harlem and Portchester branch of the New York and New Haven road drops you right at the main entrance, in the rear of the grand stand. This is about as convenient as are the means for reaching Jerome Park, the only difference being that in going to Westchester you change cars at the Harlem River instead of at the Grand Central Depot, as formerly. The approaches for carriages are through delightful country roads, lined on either side by stately trees and handsome suburban residences. The land purchased by Mr. Morris was a succession of hills, vales, and meadows, and in one spot a hill of solid rock, which it was necessary to blast entirely out to make way for the upper turn in the full course. The whole field now presents practically a level surface, and a person standing at the rail at any point on the course can see every horse and rider in a race from start to finish.

The main feature of a race-course, from a business or sporting stand-point, is the track itself; a more important one to the ladies and amusement lovers is the grand stand, and the comforts it may offer. The designing of the grand stand was the work of William H. Day and Thomas R. Jackson, architects, assisted by the suggestions of the members of the executive committee, all of whom had "ideas" on the subject. This was Mr. Day's first essay at architecture of this character, but Mr. Jackson had already designed the grand stands and laid out the tracks of both the American and Coney Island Jockey clubs; and to Thomas R. Jackson, as supervising architect and engineer, is due the credit for the production of the most completely perfect race-course in all America; and it is said upon authority that there is not one in all Europe so complete in all its details. The grand stand, viewed from the track in front, is a vast and most imposing structure, 650 feet in length and 150 feet in depth. It is of the Pompeiian order of architecture, and the decorations are consistently in colorings of the same order of rich tints in reds, browns, and yellows. It stands on an eminence 100 feet back from the track, approached by a beautiful sloping lawn of rich-colored grass; the structure is practically a two-story one, and is built of pressed and glazed brick up to the line of the main floor, and all above that in iron, excepting only the floor itself, which is a double one of yellow pine, three inches thick. The roof of iron is built on the cantilever principle, so that the nuisance of posts intervening at a critical moment in the race is almost entirely obviated; in fact, the spectators in the rear seats have fully as good a view as those in front, and from any point on the grand stand every foot of the track can be plainly seen. Eighteen rows of roomy, comfortable arm-seats, arranged terrace-like, one above the other, furnish sitting accommodations for ten thousand people, not one of whom needs to rise from his seat to see every detail of each race. A promenade thirty feet wide, and running the whole length of the stand in the rear of the seats, serves several thousand more people with ample room, and an excellent view. Another particularly good feature is that after noon the sun passes over the roof of the grand stand, and remains shining on the rear only, doing away with a most unpleasant experience for ladies with delicate complexions or gentlemen with weak eyes.

To the venturesome youth who "follows the horses" as a pursuit in life the betting ring is a revelation. He probably does not appreciate the æsthetic beauty or the convenience of his surroundings, as his sordid soul looks at nothing but the book-makers' best odds, and listens to nothing but "tips" and the clang of the "French mutual" register as another five dollars drops into a memory for its owner. The "ring" is on the ground level, directly underneath the grand stand, and is 350 feet in length by 150 feet in width; it is open on all sides, giving a delightful circulation of air in the summer season. A floor of colored concrete, handsomely laid in panels, is both dry and cool under the feet, and the book-makers' stalls are tastefully fitted in natural woods of the same general style as the structure itself. In this room also is an immense bar and refreshment counter, while at the lower end is a spacious ladies' dining-room, securely partitioned off from the noises and excitement of the betting ring. The catering privileges have been presented by the club to Mr. Nelson, of Cortlandt Street, on condition that all edibles be of the very best quality, served in the best of style, and on a basis of the prices charged at any of the first-class city restaurants.

"It's the ideal race-track," said that eminent authority Captain John H. Coster, on viewing the Westchester course. A. J. Cassatt and D.D. Withers echoed the captain's remark. There are two complete tracks, one a three-quarter mile straightaway, the only one in America, therefore a big feature of the course; and the other a mile and a half with two turns, or a mile and a quarter with one turn. This is somewhat elliptical in shape, with a long back stretch, a rather short turn, and a homestretch of nearly 2400 feet in length. This latter recommends itself to horse owners as enhancing the safety of their high-priced racers, and to jockeys because of the much lesser risk of their necks: a homestretch of 2400 feet lessens the necessity for the jockeys to crowd to the front on the last turn, and in a large measure obviating the danger of falls, and also the chances for getting "pocketed." On a track of this kind owners are more ready to enter and run their most valuable horses in a big field, when on one of the old style "circus-ring" tracks they would not feel warranted in running the risk of injury unless the stakes and purse were of very large proportions. This course is 90 feet wide on the turn and 200 feet at the finish. The straightaway three-quarter track will be a valued boon to the owners of promising but frisky juveniles. Many a nervous filly has been sacrificed by its owner because of his despairing of getting any show for his horse in the ruck and rush of a scramble round the turn, and not caring to carry it over a season; this man will particularly appreciate the straightaway.

Starter J. F. Caldwell believes that his work at starting big fields of horses on these tracks is reduced to a comparative minimum, as jockeys naturally are disinclined to take the chances of a fine or "ruling off" for tricky starts when they have these long stretches before them, where they can get in their "head-work."

That the laying, grading, and draining of the track has been most skilfully engineered was attested when it was visited by a turf critic a few weeks ago. He went over the track within six hours after the cessation of one of the heaviest rainfalls of the year, and it was dry as punk on the surface. Monmouth Park at the same time was pastern deep in mud, while Jerome Park track was covered with water in some places. A new departure is the placing of the judges' stand at the front of the grand stand lawn, and about on a line with the horses' heads; this materially aids correct decisions in a nose-and-nose finish.

The stables accommodate over nine hundred horses, each in a commodious and well-ventilated box-stall. Every group of stables has a dining-room, kitchen, and bedroom for trainer and jockey, and the stable hands bunk over their charges. Many of the stables are most picturesquely situated underneath big spreading elms and chestnuts, presenting delightful contrasts to the barrack-like shanties that some of the racing associations furnish for their equine guests. The saddling shed in the paddock is of iron, with a cantilever roof, and having no awkward pillars or posts against which a "saddle-bad" horse is likely to injure himself.

The enormous cost of this stupendous enterprise has been up to date over $1,500,000, all of which has been borne by Mr. John A. Morris; and the outlay is not yet over by any means, as it is now estimated by Treasurer Coddington that $1,750,000 will be required to put everything in a state of completion. The land alone cost $300,000, but is now worth much more, property in that section having enhanced in value very rapidly during the last two years. Such an expenditure on a race-track has never been heard of before by any club or company, much less by one single individual. Mr. Morris believes he has a profitable investment, along with the pleasure he feels in extending the interests of the turf on such a magnificent scale. On its completion the Westchester Race-course will be leased to the New York Jockey Club, at a rental based on five per cent. on the capital invested. A very handsome club-house will be erected this winter, work on the grand stand forbidding any attention to it this season.

SCOTT THOMPSON.

AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

"No, don't repeat it again. I have heard it often enough. If you doubt whether the American people knows how to amuse itself, come with me." He was not altogether an intractable person, this student of our national characteristics; and seizing him figuratively by the button-hole—practically by the arm—I dragged him aboard the Hunter's Point ferry-boat. Arrived at that famous locality, and cautioning him for the time being to put his nose in his pocket, I soon had him spinning over the merry little open-windowed railroad that leads across the great salt swamp geographically known as Jamaica Bay. Perhaps by way of increasing a great effect through contrast, I should have let him exercise his sense of smell during our short experience of Long Island City, and fill his nostrils with the awful odors that come from the petroleum and other factories of that renowned place, in order to secure better appreciation of the delicious breath of the salt-marshes that greets one as soon as the shores of the "bay" are reached.

Rockaway Beach, let it be said for the benefit of those who have never visited the sandy strip of pleasure-ground so familiar to New-Yorkers, is a long reach of sand lying between old ocean and the south shore of Long Island, and not more than twelve miles distant from the great city. It is nothing more nor less than a huge sand-bar that contrives to keep itself out of water during the highest tides, and upon which some very rank grass and a few stunted trees contrive to grow. But behind it lies a strip of water where great excursion boats as well as small craft may find a safe anchorage, where still-water bathing may be had, blue-fish caught and crabs ensnared, where, in fact, all the delights and luxuries of a smooth and glassy bay may be enjoyed, while with a few minutes' scamper one can at any time stand on the surf-beaten shore in the presence of the wide and limitless deep. It is little wonder that Rockaway Beach should be a great resort, a delicious playground, during all the summer months, for the worn and heated denizens of the great metropolis.

Where shall we stop? There are a number of stations, for a railroad strikes the beach at its eastern end, and turning cityward, runs along parallel to the surf for a mile or more. All along the line are hotels and pavilions, and liberty of choice among them, every variety of taste being accommodated, from that of the lover of his species, who can only be happy amid a crowd, to that of the follower of Zimmermann, who loves to roam the sea-beaten strand beyond the gaze of man. We, however, have come out to see the great American people—"the world and his wife"—out on a pleasure-jaunt, and so we will leave our train at the Sea-side House, the largest hotel, the most popular resort, and the centre of all the life and gayety at Rockaway. On the right, as we forsake our car, lies an enormous expanse of wooden platform, the centre of which is occupied by a gay pagoda. This proves, on familiar acquaintance, to be a miniature drug-store. Pictorial signs on every side announce the deliciousness of the soda-water, ginger-beer, and other thoroughly temperance drinks to be enjoyed, while the array of serious-looking bottles, and the learned expression of the clerk within, suggest that here may be found specifics of every kind for any ill that may attack humanity while luxuriating at the beach. Beyond the pagoda stands the hotel. A short walk across the boarded platform brings us to it. Here we may find all the hospitality that a sea-side hotel can offer: meals at all hours; a bed, if we would stay the night; and if we have not been able to subdue our thirst at the pagoda, an ample opportunity to do so.

But we have not come to shut ourselves up in any hotel, however attractive. Turning backward, we cross the railroad track again, and find ourselves in the main street of this summer city. It is a curious scene. Before us lies the sea; on either side, all the devices that imagination and experience can suggest for amusing a holiday crowd from a great city. What are these two obtrusive figures on our right? Two cows? Certainly. To all appearance two fusty well-to-do milch cows. That they are only wooden figures is not apparent at first sight, and if it were, what a concession it is to the common-sense and tender feeling of the great multitude who come here to escape from the heat and noise and weariness of the great city! These big wooden cows, who have borrowed the skins of real animals to cover the nothingness of their arboreal interior, are in reality an advertisement of the "milk at 3 cts. per glass" offered for the refreshment of the army of little folk, who are always thirsty and ready to enjoy a great foaming glass of this wholesome fluid as their first introduction to the day's pleasures.

It is now an *embarras de richesse*. What will you do? On our left is a merry-go-round, a score or more of well-behaved steeds, revolving by means of a crank to the music of a hand-organ. Well, we are too old for that diversion, and will pass it by. Do you want to acquire a cane to aid your feeble footsteps through this land of delights? Pay ten cents; take up the magic ring and toss it so as to fall upon the one of the canes in yonder group that you fancy. The probabilities are that you will secure any but the one you aimed at; but never mind! the game is an honest one, and unless you are very awkward, you will have something for your money.

What next? The "Museum" is making a demand upon our attention. What is this remarkable creature who serves as a suggestion to the miracles and wonders to be seen within? She is nothing more nor less than a very pretty young lady, in full flush of healthful youth and vigor, but who to all appearance has no corporate existence beyond her waist. She is all a young and lovely girl can be, except for her very abrupt ending. If we did not know what the magical effects of a carefully arranged set of mirrors might be, we should certainly regard this young lady as a most remarkable *lusus naturæ*. But then you see we do know. I think we will not enter the Museum. The "Boy with the Elephant Legs," "the Serpent from Asia"—an unhappy old snake just at the point of death—the "Circassian Girl," whose clothes seem as old as those of the "Egyptian Mummy," and who apparently never had a bath in her life, are all too familiar to those who know the Dime Museum of the Bowery.

Shall we try the Skating Rink? Ah! we are just in time for the cream of the performance. The bell has rung, and all ordinary skaters are ordered off the floor. Who is this little fairy who occupies the great arena alone? She is "Miss Fairy Fulkerson," the Queen of the Skating Rink, the little maid whose performances on roller-skates put to shame all who attempt to rival her. With the eyes of the multitude fixed upon her, the little maid sails back and forth, turns and twists, executes the "grape-vine twist" and the "double grape-vine twist," until one is bewildered in the maze, and wonders how—the clumsy skate considered and the great friction on the rough boards—any childlike thing can so flash and twinkle and execute such miracles of motion.

Well, by avoiding the merry-go-rounds, the soda-water stalls, the rifle gallery (where one may shoot just so many times at the great target for a nickel), the photograph gallery, and many other attractions, we have at last reached the sea. What is going on here? Ah! Miss Louise Batts, a young aeronaut, is to make a balloon ascension this afternoon. Shall we stay to watch her? We know her record. Last Thursday she rose in her balloon to the height of a thousand feet, descending with the aid of a parachute. The adventurous lady came down out at sea, but a row-boat armed by powerful men promptly rescued her, and so she is here ready to make her perilous flight again. Fifty thousand people, they tell us, witnessed the wonderful performance, so you can estimate the number of eyes about here to-day.

Are you hungry after all these experiences? What shall we do? Go out on the long pier and have our luncheon served there, or take it, in the true Rockaway spirit, under yonder tiny tent, where clams roasted in a wood fire are the delicacy *par excellence*, the truly distinguishing characteristic of an *al-fresco* meal at Rockaway Beach. Of course there must be lager-beer. Are you so truly an advocate of total abstinence that you will drink no lager-beer? Be quite easy. Only the most searching analysis could detect a trace of alcohol in the beverage they will serve us here.

But now for a swim! Whatever we have enjoyed, however we have been "taken in," there is no doubt about this. Old Neptune is as true as ever, and the frolic we can have with him, the delicious rough-and-tumble, the falls and foils, and everything else legitimate and illegitimate in the way of a prize-fight he can give us, are all awaiting us here. There is no possibility of a controversy regarding a half-hour spent battling with the breakers. It is all delightful, and the fact that one must invariably issue from the conflict completely beaten does not alter it at all.

"And now, John"—turning to my victim, whom I have dragged through all these varied pleasures—"will you tell me again that all these people, these fifty to a hundred thousand souls, men, women, and children, whom we have seen about us to-day, do not enjoy themselves or know how to enjoy themselves on a summer outing?"

But John, the cynic, simply laid his finger aside his nose, and said, "Has it escaped your observation that one-half of these people speak German, another quarter French, Spanish, and Italian, and that of the remaining quarter your true American enters not into the spirit of the thing at all, but looks on, criticises, and—wonders."

WISTFUL.

THE house had to be painted; and alas!
Down to its roots they cut with ruthless knife
The fair Wisteria, that on the grass
Breathed slowly out its beautiful crushed life.

But in the evening the electric light
Cast flickering shadows from the elm-tree near
Over the house. "It seems," she said one night,
"As if the sad Wisteria's ghost were here.

"Uncanny, isn't it? It trembles so
As if with grief, you see." He raised his head
Where the pale vine still darl ly seemed to grow:
"Very Wis-terious indeed," he said.

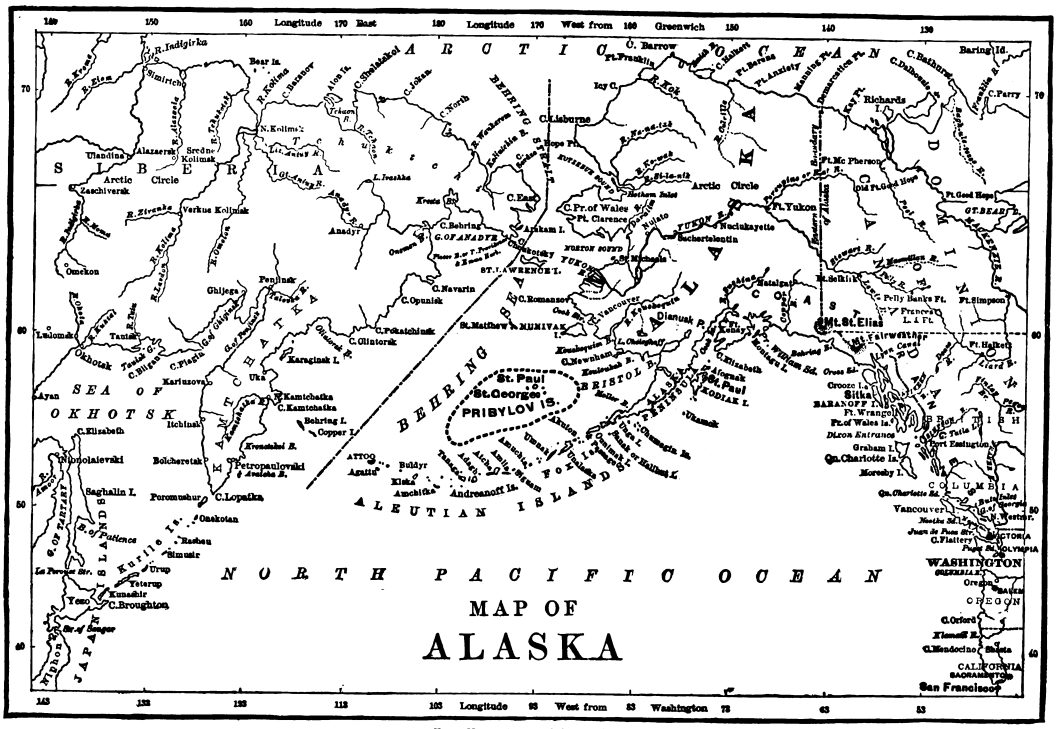
A. W. K.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF BOOK CATALOGUES.

IF error is the discipline through which we advance, as Channing has said, the compilers and printers of book catalogues must have advanced famously of late years. Most of the world is probably aware that the chief aim of the struggling compositor in a printing-office is to stand sponsor for some particularly reprehensible typographical error, one which shall startle and amuse the world; and it is sometimes suspected that the historic errors of the types were premeditated assaults upon the risibles of the public and the patience of the author who is sacrificed. There is room for doubt, however, if the compiler of book catalogues, to whom error is worse than ignorance, would ever willingly expose himself to the ridicule of the bibliophiles and bibliomaniacs, whose reading is largely confined to a perusal of his work. Of the professional cataloguer of books it has been well said that if there is anything he does not know, he does not know it. There is an encyclopædic air about him that to the man whose knowledge is limited to the boundaries of what is, who is entirely in the dark as to the existence of what is not, is somewhat depressing, but which to him who has studied the cataloguer deeply, and knows him for what he is, is as invigorating as the breezes of the balsam regions, as bracing as the salt-laden zephyrs of the ocean.

Considering, therefore, the inherent contrariety of the compositor, and the exalted sense of self which is characteristic of the professional cataloguer, a perusal of catalogues, with a view to catching both in some egregious error, has become one of the most popular pastimes of the book-lover. That it is a profitable pastime cannot be denied, since aught that furnishes amusement to so serious a person as the average bibliomaniac, anything, in short, that conduces to his

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



From HARPER'S School Geography.

obesity—and it is said that laughter is the best anti-lean remedy the world knows—must be regarded as beneficial. I have encountered but one stout bibliophile in the course of my mania, and he was not what I might call a good all-round bibliophile, confining his attentions entirely to works of humor. We are a lean race, for some occult reason, but the errors of cataloguers keep many of us from following the advice of Lamb and sitting around in our bones.

The whole world has heard by this time of the Bostonian's claim to have seen a book catalogue containing this entry:

ÆSCHYLUS: Promethens.....(unbound.)

"which," he adds, "is quite as good in its way as the entries:

Mill on the Floss,
Do. on Liberty,

and the excerpt from the catalogue of a country library:

Pattl.....Adelina.
Do. .....Oyster."

The French binder's error in labelling two volumes of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* "L'Oncle, Tome I." and "L'Oncle, Tome II." is also historical, but hardly more deservedly so than that of the cataloguer who entered *Heine's Songs* as "Hens Lays."

One is apt to question the accuracy of an entry which claims 1806 as the year of publication of a tract on the War of 1812, and it would require a bibliomaniac of an unusually maniacal type to invest a guinea in a volume which is numbered 175 in a *de luxe* edition of 150 copies.

"Celebrated Criminals Bound in Morocco" appears to indicate that a just retribution has overtaken a body of nefarious persons, among whom it would be a pleasure to number the printer who caused the types to make mention of Professor Beers's *Thankless Muse* as the "Thankless Nurse."

"French Cathedrals, by Winkles" is possibly a correct entry, but "by Winkles" sounds unpleasantly like a substitute for profanity.

We can appreciate the feelings of the cataloguer who wrote "One Hundred and Fifty Choice Masterpieces," and failed to observe in reading his proofs that it had been set up as "One Hundred and Fifty Choice Mantel-pieces."

"Poems by Chaucer very scarce" states an undoubted fact; but when a set of Sterne is entered as having "the author's signature in nine volumes" to enhance its value, one is disposed to suspect that some one has been imposed upon.

There is a perfect Daniel come to judgment in the north of England. His entry of Brough's *Falstaff*, illustrated by Cruikshank, as "Cruikshank's Falstaff, written up by Brough," is eminently just.

The author of *50 Salads* would be glad to see the volume referred to as "571 Paines," even though it should turn out that the works of Paine were numbered 571 in the catalogue, and were given a companionable sound by the oversight of the proof-reader and the "cussedness" of the type-setter.

It is easy to picture the consternation of the librarian who found under the classification "Works on the French Capital" the volume *Parish Register of Kirkbarton County, York*—an error which finds its parallel in the entry of *Paul and Virginia* under Americana as "Virginia (Paul and)." Nor can we exclude here the classification of *Horatii Flacci Opera* under Operatic Works. The proprieties were certainly observed when, as we learn from a recent catalogue, a life of Peter the Great was bound in Russia, which certainly cannot be said of the binding of *Burton's Anatomy of the Melancholy* in "full Salmon Morocco."

One cannot but reflect that the author would be very angry were he to see his work alluded to as "Fleming's Rabies"; nor can it be gainsaid that the probably mythical error, "Bing Hamsandwich Islands" for *Bingham's Sandwich Islands*, would have plunged its author into a gulf of dark despair.

Another probably mythical slip is the entry of Michaelis's *Ancient Marbles* under the head of Sport; but "*The Emperor Napoleon* slightly soiled" is *bona fide*.

The "*Manual of Chiromophy*, well thumbed"; "*Cores*, in half calf," and "*Jack Sheppard*, with gilt edges," are mistakes heard of but not seen; but the allusion to "*Mrs. Breton's Cook-Book*, extra illustrated with fine plates," is in existence.

Tales of a Grandfather, immediately following Darwin, seems like a premeditated assault upon the risibles of the bibliophile, and is chiefly valuable as indicating that the cataloguer is possessed of a sense of humor.

Errors of this description are of almost daily occurrence, and for an afternoon of combined instruction and amusement I know of nothing that I could better recommend than a search for these humorous bits; indeed, with a large selection of catalogues, what could better while away the tedium of a summer's day than a game of progressive idiosyncrasies, in which the errors of the cataloguer and his able lieutenant, the typesetter, should be the basis of action?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

FOR two months before the recent seizure of the Canadian schooner *Black Diamond* in Behring Sea the fur seals had been pouring northward, through the many channels among the Aleutian Islands, toward their breeding-grounds on the two largest islands of the Pribylov group. At first they came in small numbers, then in myriads, and when the *Black Diamond* was interrupted in her stealthy hunt, she was picking up only the stragglers that had lagged behind. This was on July 11th. Seventy miles from the place where the revenue-cutter *Rush* overhauled the schooner could then be witnessed the most remarkable massing of animal life that the world presents. Over four million seals had clambered up on shore, and covered nearly every inch of thousands of acres on the islands of St. Paul and St. George. The killing season was at its height, and sixty native employés of the Alaska Commercial Company were hard at work killing and skinning 100,000 young males, which is the limit of annual destruction permitted by law. Others were salting and packing the furs, and most of the work was to be done in forty days, for only within that period is the fur in prime condition.

The life story of the fur seal is indeed stranger than fiction. During the short summer he seeks the only bits of ground in Behring Sea which in their temperature, surface, and facilities for landing are adapted for his perfect life and reproduction. He is found only on the islands of the Pribylov group, except on Behring and Copper islands, just west of the Aleutian chain, and there only in very small numbers. The breeding season over, he leaves Behring Sea, and for eight months follows the shoals of fish that form his food, roaming east and west over 5000 miles of the Pacific, almost as far south as the latitude of Vancouver Island. Then, as summer approaches, his unerring instinct leads him thousands of miles back to his birthplace again, and he crawls up the bank at the very time when his thick coat is exactly right for the uses of commerce.

Thus the world is entirely dependent upon these two little islands for its supply of the highly prized seal-skin. Every nation that buys this beautiful fur has an interest in the protection of the fur seal against reckless slaughter. Ample warning has been given that a few years of complete license on the seal-killing grounds would forever cut off the world's supply of skins. Once this valuable animal was widely spread over the south polar regions, and his breeding-grounds on the Falkland Islands, along a part of Patagonia and elsewhere, even surpassed those of St. Paul in extent. But a fleet of sixty sealers, annually visiting these grounds intent only upon killing, succeeded in glutting the markets, cutting prices to a song, and finally in so nearly exterminating the seal that the industry was destroyed.

Our government nineteen years ago fixed the lawful limit of seal-killing at 100,000 a year. Recently experts have decided that the limit might safely be extended to about 180,000 to 200,000. It is estimated that about 1,000,000 seal are born every year on the islands of St. Paul and St. George. Females are never killed, and the fur of old males is valueless. Mr. H. W. Elliott estimates that of the 500,000 male pups leaving the islands every fall, only 250,000 survive the first year's struggle for existence, and the casualties of the second year reduce the number to 225,000. This, therefore, is about the net number of males added annually to the family, and deducting the number required for breeding, upward of 200,000 are supposed to be safely available for slaughter. It is likely that when the lease of the Alaska Commercial Company expires next year, a readjustment will be made of the killing limit. It is believed the fur seal in Northern waters has reached the limit of its productive capacity, and every step our government has taken has evinced its anxiety to maintain the number of seals at its normal level. The preservation of about one-ninth of the yearling males is all that is needed.

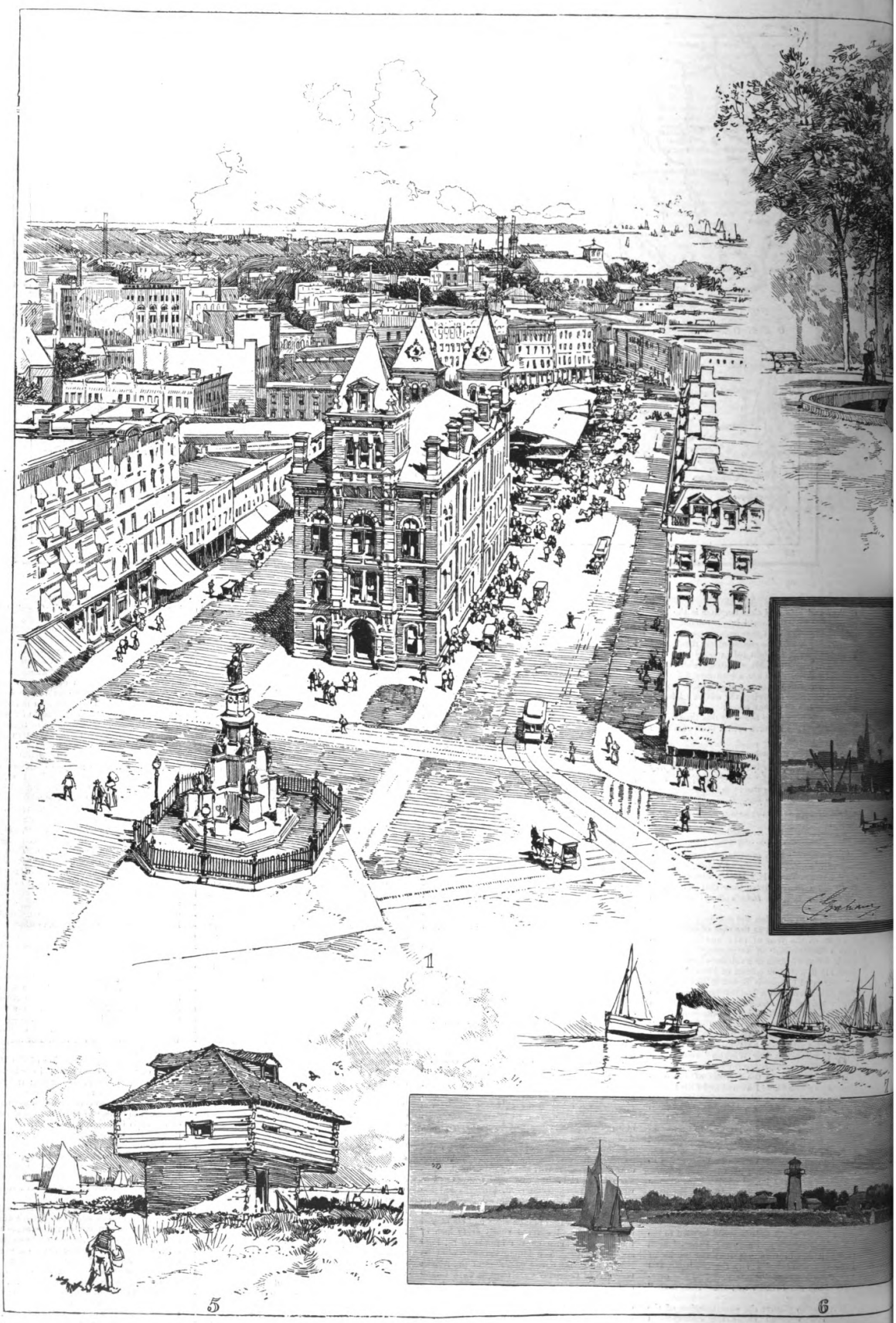
Since 1873, ship-owners at several west coast ports, tempted by the large profits of the fur industry, have repeatedly defied the law and invaded the sealing-grounds. At first they shot seal within sight of the St. Paul rookeries, wholly indifferent to the claims of the Alaska Commercial Company, which pays our government about $315,000 a year for the monopoly guaranteed by its lease. When revenue-cutters began in 1877 to search the waters of the Pribylov group for intruders, the only apparent effect was to keep the poachers further off-shore. In the guise of fishing craft their vessels still went north, taking all the seals they could get while the animals were travelling to the breeding-grounds. Most of the vessels seized by our cutters have been from our own ports. San Francisco vessels began the invasion, and among the eleven captured in 1887, the last seizures made before the recent incident, only five were Canadian craft. The line encircling the Pribylov group on the accompanying map shows the area within which unlawful sealing has been carried on and most of the seizures have been made. The position of these remarkable islands relative to our Western seaboard may here be seen at a glance; and it will be readily understood that it is almost impossible for one or two little revenue cruisers to wholly suppress unauthorized sealing in the large expanse of water crossed by the animals between the Aleutian chain and their summer home.

The Canadians criticise our seizure of their vessels severely, on the ground that we are interfering with commerce on the high seas, where international law accords no special privileges nor exclusive jurisdiction to any nation. This criticism seems to have been first inspired by the legal proceedings at Sitka against some of their seized vessels. The brief filed in these cases by the attorney for our government asserted our right to exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea, on the ground that it is a land-locked body of water, formerly controlled by Russia, to whose rights we succeeded by the Alaska purchase. This view of the case was sustained by the court who fined and imprisoned several Canadian captains of vessels, and told them it was "little better than piracy to go into the waters of another nation and interfere with its industries." The decision of the court was not enforced by the government, for when Great Britain demanded the release of the prisoners, and $160,000 damages for illegal arrest and loss of property, the authorities at Washington ordered the release of the prisoners and their property.

No message or proclamation of the President or act of Congress has affirmed our right to exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea; and President Cleveland in his last annual message said that he was endeavoring to establish by international cooperation measures to prevent the extermination of fur seals in Behring Sea. There is no doubt that all the leading geographical authorities regard Behring Sea merely as the northern extension of the Pacific Ocean, and consequently a part of the high seas. The line on the map running from Behring Strait to the Aleutian Islands shows the partition of the islands between Russia and this country.

Last year no seizures were made in Behring Sea, and there was reason to believe during the winter that an attempt would be made this season to resume the forbidden trade on an unusually large scale. Captain Shepard, who seized the *Black Diamond*, testified before a Congress committee that he believed fifty or sixty vessels were fitting out for this season's work. Such a fleet would equal in destructive potency the sealing expeditions that in a few short years ruined the great sealeries of the Antartic Ocean. While the great breeding and killing grounds are ours, England is the chief dyer and manufacturer of seal-skins, and the whole civilized world is interested in the preservation of the sealing industry.

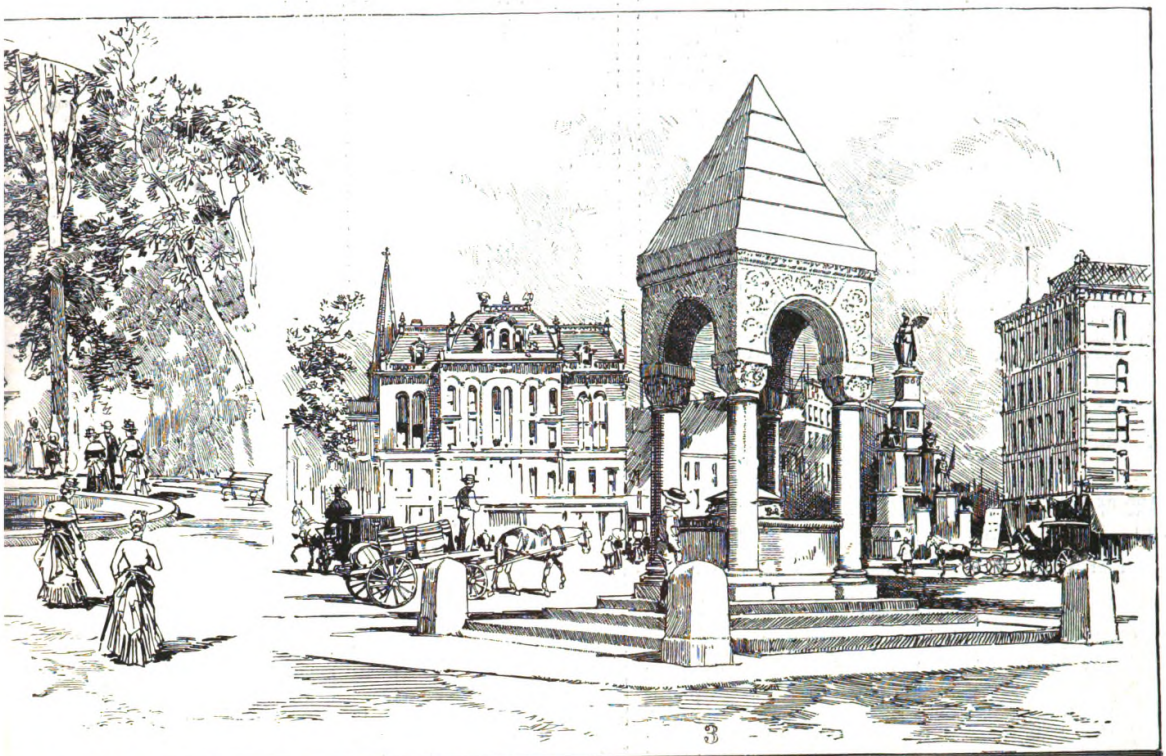
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



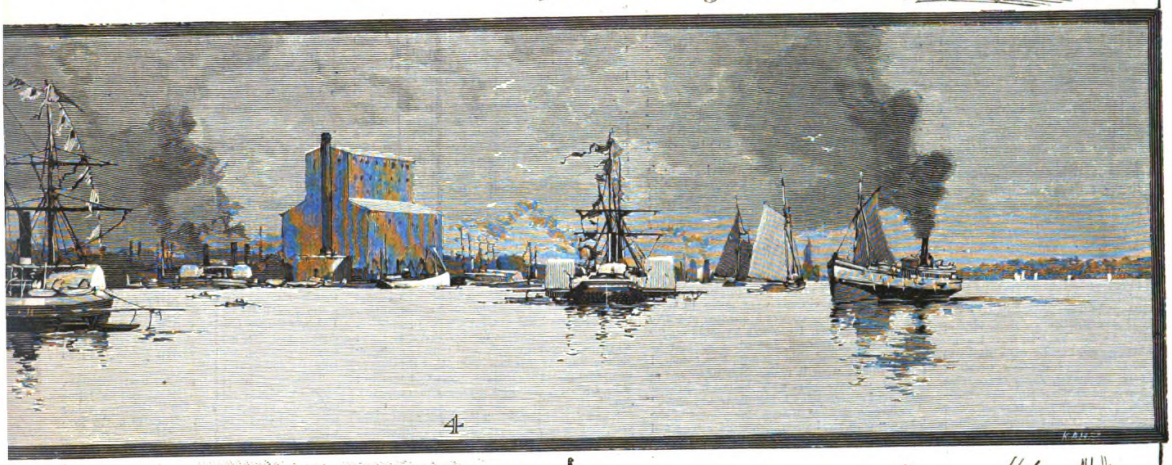
THE CITY OF DETROIT AND ITS SURROUN

1. The Market, from City Hall. 2. The Grand Circus. 3. The Bagley Fountain. 4. The River, with Rever

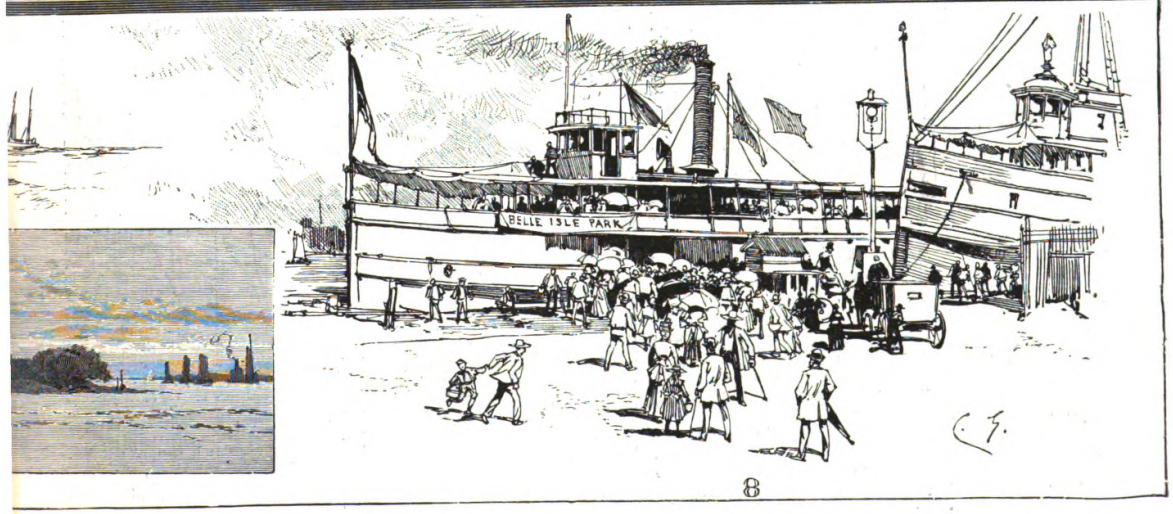
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



3



4



8

BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 669, SUPPLEMENT.]

or. 5. Old Block-House on Grosse Isle. 6. Grosse Isle. 7. Lumber Tow. 8. Excursion to Belle Isle.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

As from the outer world you pass—
Just where the forest skirts the plain—
An open book lies on the grass,
And there for years, untouched, has lain.

The leaves are yellow now with age,
But one may read in letters free,
As the wind turns the ragged page,
The blotted name—*Philosophy.*

'Tis said a student one day stood
Outside the bounds, when on him fell
The mystic power of that wood,
And Love cast over him a spell.

Then long he strove to enter there;
But guardian spirits in array
Prevented him, until despair
Had made him throw the book away.

And then, when he at length had cast
The stern Philosophy aside,
Love bade him enter—held him fast
As conqueror of Self and Pride.

And now in dim, enchanted nooks
Ruled by a Love that never fails,
He seeks not sympathy of books—
Love whispers to him fairy tales.

Outside, swept by the wind and rain,
Philosophy, uncared for, lies;
It cannot enter Love's domain;
It was not meant for Paradise.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

I.

NOT long after Lent, Fulkerson set before Dryfoos one day his scheme for a dinner in celebration of the success of *Every Other Week*. Dryfoos had never meddled in any manner with the conduct of the periodical; but Fulkerson easily saw that he was proud of his relation to it, and he proceeded upon the theory that he would be willing to have this relation known. On the days when he had been lucky in stocks, he was apt to drop in at the office on Eleventh Street, on his way uptown, and listen to Fulkerson's talk. He was on good enough terms with March, who revised his first impressions of the man, but they had not much to say to each other, and it seemed to March that Dryfoos was even a little afraid of him, as of a piece of mechanism he had acquired, but did not quite understand; he left the working of it to Fulkerson, who no doubt bragged of it sufficiently. The old man seemed to have as little to say to his son; he shut himself up with Fulkerson, where the others could hear the manager begin and go on with an unstinted flow of talk about *Every Other Week;* Fulkerson never talked of anything else if he could help it, and was always bringing the conversation back to it if it strayed.

The day he spoke of the dinner he rose and called from his door, "March, I say, come down here a minute, will you? Conrad, I want you, too."

The editor and the publisher found the manager and the proprietor seated on opposite sides of the table. "It's about those funeral baked meats, you know," Fulkerson explained, "and I was trying to give Mr. Dryfoos some idea of what we wanted to do. That is, what I wanted to do," he continued, turning from March to Dryfoos. "March, here, is opposed to it, of course. *He'd* like to publish *Every Other Week* on the sly; keep it out of the papers, and off the news-stands; he's a modest Boston petunia, and he shrinks from publicity; but I am not that kind of herb, myself, and I want all the publicity we can get—beg, borrow, or steal—for this thing. I say that you can't work the sacred rites of hospitality in a better cause, and what I propose is a little dinner for the purpose of recognizing the hit we've made with this thing. My idea was to strike you for the necessary funds, and do the thing on a handsome scale. The term little dinner is a mere figure of speech. A little dinner wouldn't make a big talk, and what we want is the big talk, at present, if we don't lay up a cent. My notion was that pretty soon after Lent, now, when everybody is feeling just right, we should begin to send out our paragraphs, affirmative, negative, and explanatory, and along about the first of May, we should sit down about a hundred strong, the most distinguished people in the country, and solemnize our triumph. There it is, in a nutshell. I might expand and I might expound, but that's the sum and substance of it."

Fulkerson stopped, and ran his eyes eagerly over the faces of his three listeners, one after the other. March was a little surprised when Dryfoos turned to him, but that reference of the question seemed to give Fulkerson particular pleasure: "What do you think, Mr. March?"

The editor leaned back in his chair. "I don't pretend to have Mr. Fulkerson's genius for advertising; but it seems to me a little early, yet. We might celebrate later when we've got more to celebrate. At present we're a pleasing novelty rather than a fixed fact."

"Ah, you don't get the idea!" said Fulkerson. "What we want to do with this dinner is to fix the fact."

"Am I going to come in anywhere?" the old man interrupted.

"You're going to come in at the head of the procession! We are going to strike everything that is imaginative and romantic in the newspaper soul with you and your history and your fancy for going in for this thing. I can start you in a paragraph that will travel through all the newspapers, from Maine to Texas and from Alaska to Florida. We have had all sorts of rich men backing up literary enterprises, but the natural-gas man in literature is a new thing, and the combination of your picturesque past and your æsthetic present is something that will knock out the sympathies of the American public the first round. I feel," said Fulkerson, with a tremor of pathos in his voice, "that *Every Other Week* is at a disadvantage before the public as long as it's supposed to be *my* enterprise, *my* idea. As far as I'm known at all, I'm known simply as a syndicate man, and nobody in the press believes that I've got the money to run the thing on a grand scale; a suspicion of insolvency must attach to it sooner or later, and the fellows on the press will work up that impression, sooner or later, if we don't give them something else to work up. Now, as soon as I begin to give it away to the correspondents that *you're* in it, with your untold millions—that in fact it was your idea from the start, that you originated it to give full play to the humanitarian tendencies of Conrad here, who's always had these theories of co-operation, and longed to realize them for the benefit of our struggling young writers and artists—"

March had listened with growing amusement to the mingled burlesque and earnest of Fulkerson's self-sacrificing impudence, and with wonder as to how far Dryfoos was consenting to his preposterous proposition, when Conrad broke out, "Mr. Fulkerson, I could not allow you to do that. It would not be true; I did not wish to be here; and—and what I think—what I wish to do—that is something I will not let any one put me in a false position about. No!" The blood rushed into the young man's gentle face, and he met his father's glance with defiance.

Dryfoos turned from him to Fulkerson, without speaking, and Fulkerson said, caressingly, "Why, of course, Conrad! I know how you feel, and I shouldn't let anything of that sort go out uncontradicted *afterwards*. But there isn't anything in these times that would give us better standing with the public than some hint of the way you feel about such things. The public expects to be interested, and nothing would interest it more than to be told that the success of *Every Other Week* sprang from the first application of the principle of *Live and let Live* to a literary enterprise. It would look particularly well, coming from you and your father, but if you object, we can leave that part out; though if you approve of the principle I don't see why you *need* object. The main thing is to let the public know that it owes this thing to the liberal and enlightened spirit of one of the foremost capitalists of the country, and that his purposes are not likely to be betrayed in the hands of his son. I should get a little cut made from a photograph of your father, and supply it gratis with the paragraphs."

"I guess," said the old man, "we will get along without the cut."

Fulkerson laughed. "Well, well! Have it your own way. But the sight of your face in the patent outsides of the country press, would be worth half a dozen subscribers in every school district throughout the length and breadth of this fair land."

"There was a fellow," Dryfoos explained in an aside to March, "that was getting up a history of Moffitt, and he asked me to let him put a steel engraving of me in. He said a good many prominent citizens were going to have theirs in, and his price was a hundred and fifty dollars. I told him I couldn't let mine go for less than two hundred, and when he said he could give me a splendid plate for that money, I said I should want it cash. You never saw a fellow more astonished when he got it through him that I expected *him* to pay the two hundred."

Fulkerson laughed in keen appreciation of the joke. "Well, sir, I guess *Every Other Week* will pay you that much. But if you won't sell at any price, all right; we must try to worry along without the light of your countenance on the posters, but we got to have it for the banquet."

"I don't seem to feel very hungry, yet," said the old man, dryly.

"Oh, *l'appetit vient en mangeant*, as our French friends say. You'll be hungry enough when you see the preliminary Little Neck clam. It's too late for oysters."

"Doesn't that fact seem to point to a postponement till they get back, some time in October?" March suggested.

"No, no!" said Fulkerson, "you don't catch on to the business end of this thing, my friends. You're proceeding on something like the old exploded idea that the demand creates the supply, when everybody knows, if he's watched the course of modern events, that it's just as apt to be the other way. I contend that we've got a real, substantial success to celebrate now; but even if we hadn't, the celebration would do more than anything else to create the success, if we got it properly before the public. People will say, Those fellows are not fools; they wouldn't go and rejoice over their magazine unless they had got a big thing in it. And the state of feeling we should produce in the public mind would make a boom of perfectly unprecedented grandeur for *E. O. W.* Heigh?"

He looked sunnily from one to the other in succession. The elder Dryfoos said, with his chin on the top of his stick, "I reckon those Little Neck clams will keep."

"Well, just as you say," Fulkerson cheerfully assented. "I understand you to agree to the general principle of a little dinner?"

"The smaller the better," said the old man.

"Well, I say a little dinner because the idea of that seems to cover the case, even if we vary the plan a little. I *had* thought of a reception, maybe, that would include the lady contributors and artists, and the wives and daughters of the other contributors. That would give us the chance to ring in a lot of society correspondents and get the thing written up in first-class shape. By-the-*way*," cried Fulkerson, slapping himself on the leg, "why not have the dinner *and* the reception *both*?"

"I don't understand," said Dryfoos.

"Why, have a select little dinner for ten or twenty choice spirits of the male persuasion, and then about ten o'clock, throw open your palatial drawing-rooms and admit the females to champagne, salads, and ices. It is the very thing! Come!"

"What do *you* think of it, Mr. March?" asked Dryfoos, on whose social inexperience Fulkerson's words projected no very intelligible image, and who perhaps hoped for some more light.

"It's a beautiful vision," said March, "and if it will take more time to realize it I think I approve. I approve of anything that will delay Mr. Fulkerson's advertising orgy."

"Then," Fulkerson pursued, "we could have the pleasure of Miss Christine and Miss Mela's company; and maybe Mrs. Dryfoos would look in on us in the course of the evening. There's no hurry, as Mr. March suggests, if we can give the thing this shape. I will cheerfully adopt the idea of my honorable colleague."

March laughed at his impudence, but at heart he was ashamed of Fulkerson for proposing to make use of Dryfoos and his house in that way. He fancied something appealing in the look that the old man turned on him, and something indignant in Conrad's flush; but probably this was only his fancy. He reflected that neither of them could feel it as people of more worldly knowledge would, and he consoled himself with the fact that Fulkerson was really not such a charlatan as he seemed. But it went through his mind that this was a strange end for all Dryfoos's money-making to come to; and he philosophically accepted the fact of his own humble fortunes when he reflected how little his money could buy for such a man. It was an honorable use that Fulkerson was putting it to in *Every Other Week;* it might be far more creditably spent on such an enterprise than on horses, or wines, or women, the usual resources of the brute rich; and if it were to be lost, it might better be lost that way than in stocks. He kept a smiling face turned to Dryfoos while these irreverent considerations occupied him, and hardened his heart against father and son and their possible emotions.

The old man rose to put an end to the interview. He only repeated, "I guess those clams will keep till fall."

But Fulkerson was apparently satisfied with the progress he had made; and when he joined March for the stroll homeward after office hours, he was able to detach his mind from the subject, as if content to leave it.

"This is about the best part of the year in New York," he said. In some of the areas the grass had sprouted, and the tender young foliage had loosened itself from the buds on a sidewalk tree here and there; the soft air was full of spring, and the delicate sky, far aloof, had the look it never wears at any other season. "It ain't a time of year to complain much of, anywhere; but I don't want anything better than the month of May in New York. Farther South it's too hot, and I've been in Boston in May when that east wind of yours made every nerve in my body get up and howl. I reckon the weather has a good deal to do with the local temperament. The reason a New York man takes life so easily with all his rush is that his climate don't worry him. But a Boston man must be rasped the whole while by the edge in his air. That accounts for his sharpness; and when he's lived through twenty-five or thirty Boston Mays, he gets to thinking that Providence has some particular use for him, or he wouldn't have survived, and that makes him conceited. See?"

"I see," said March. "But I don't know how you're going to work that idea into an advertisement, exactly."

"Oh, pshaw, now, March! You don't think I've got that on the brain all the time?"

"You were gradually leading up to *Every Other Week*, somehow."

"No, sir; I wasn't. I was just thinking what a different creature a Massachusetts man was from a Virginian. And yet I suppose they're both as pure English stock as you'll get anywhere in America. March, I think Colonel Woodburn's paper is going to make a hit."

"You've got there! When it knocks down the sale about one-half, I shall know it's made a hit."

"I'm not afraid," said Fulkerson. "That thing is going to attract attention. It's well written—you can take the pompos-ity out of it, here and there—and it's novel. Our people like a bold strike, and it's going to shake them up tremendously to have serfdom advocated on high moral grounds as the only solution of the labor problem. You see in the first place he goes for their sympathies by the way he portrays the actual relations of capital and labor; he shows how things have got to go from bad to worse, and then he trots out his little old hobby, and proves that if slavery had not been interfered with, it would have perfected itself in the interest of humanity. He makes a pretty strong plea for it."

March threw back his head and laughed. "He's converted you! I swear, Fulkerson, if we had accepted and paid for an article advocating cannibalism as the only resource for getting rid of the superfluous poor, you'd begin to believe in it."

Fulkerson smiled in approval of the joke, and only said, "I wish you could meet the Colonel in the privacy of the domestic circle, March. You'd like him. He's a splendid old fellow; regular type. Talk about spring! You ought to see the widow's little back yard, these days. You know that glass gallery just beyond the dining-room? Those girls have got the pot plants out of that, and a lot more, and they've turned the edges of that back yard, along the fence, into a regular bower; they've got sweet-peas planted, and nasturtiums, and we shall be in a blaze of glory about the beginning of June. Fun to see 'em work in the garden, and the bird bossing the job in his cage under the cherry-tree. Have to keep the middle of the yard for the clothes-line, but six days in the week, it's a lawn, and I go over it with a mower myself. March, there ain't anything like a home, *is* there? Dear little cot of your own, heigh? I tell you, March, when I get to pushing that mower round, and the Colonel is smoking his cigar in the gallery, and those girls are pottering over the flowers, one of these soft evenings after dinner, I feel like a human being. Yes, I do. I struck it rich when I concluded to take my meals at the widow's. For eight dollars a week I get good board, refined society, and all the advantages of a Christian home. By-the-way, you've never had much talk with Miss Woodburn, have you, March?"

"Not so much as with Miss Woodburn's father."

"Well, he *is* rather apt to scoop the conversation. I must draw his fire, some time, when you and Mrs. March are around, and get you a chance with Miss Woodburn."

"I should like that better, I believe," said March.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you did. Curious, but Miss Woodburn isn't at all your idea of a Southern girl. She's got lots of go; she's never idle a minute; she keeps the old gentleman in first-class shape, and she don't believe a bit in the slavery solution of the labor problem; says she's glad it's gone, and if it was anything like the effects of it, she's glad it went before her time. No, sir, she's as full of snap as the liveliest kind of a Northern girl. None of that sunny Southern langnor you read about."

"I suppose the typical Southerner, like the typical anything else, is pretty difficult to find," said March. "But perhaps Miss Woodburn represents the new South. The modern conditions must be producing a modern type."

"Well, that's what she and the Colonel both say. They say there ain't anything left of that Walter Scott dignity and chivalry in the rising generation; takes too much time. You ought to see her sketch the old-school, high-and-mighty manners, as they survive among some of the antiques in Charlottes-burg. If that thing could be put upon the stage it would be a killing success. Makes the old gentleman laugh in spite of himself. But he's as proud of her as Punch, anyway. Why don't you and Mrs. March come round oftener? Look here! How would it do to have a little excur-sion, somewhere, after the spring fairly gets in its work?"

"Reporters present?"

"No, no! Nothing of that kind; perfectly sincere and disinterested enjoyment."

"Oh, a few handbills to be scattered around: 'Buy *Every Other Week*,' 'Look out for the next number of *Every Other Week*!' '*Every Other Week* at all the news stands.' Well, I'll talk it over with Mrs. March. I suppose there's no great hurry."

March told his wife of the idyllic mood in which he had left Fulkerson at the widow's door, and she said he must be in love.

"Why of course! I wonder I didn't think of that. But Fulkerson is such an impartial admirer of the whole sex that you can't think of his liking one more than another. I don't know that he showed any unjust partiality, though, in his talk of 'those girls,' as he called them. And I always rather fancied that Mrs. Mandel—he's done so much for her, you know; and she *is* such a well-balanced, well-preserved person, and so lady-like and correct—"

"Fulkerson had the word for her: academic. She's everything that instruction and discipline can make of a woman; but I shouldn't think they could make enough of her to be in love with."

"Well, I don't know. The academic has its charm. There are moods in which I could imagine myself in love with an academic person. That regularity of line; that reasoned strictness of contour; that neatness of pose; that slightly conventional but harmonious grouping of the emotions and morals—you can see how it would have its charm, the Wedgwood in human nature? I wonder where Mrs. Mandel keeps her urn and her willow."

"I should think she might have use for them in that family, poor thing!" said Mrs. March.

"Ah, that reminds me," said her husband, "that we had another talk with the old gentleman, this afternoon, about Fulkerson's literary, artistic, and advertising orgy, and it's postponed till October."

"The later the better, I should think," said Mrs. March, who did not really think about it at all, but whom the date fixed for it caused to think of the intervening time. "We have got to consider what we will do about the summer, before long, Basil."

"Oh, not yet, not yet," he pleaded, with that man's willingness to abide in the present, which is so trying to a woman. "It's only the end of April."

"It will be the end of June before we know. And these people wanting the Boston house another year complicates it. We can't spend the summer there, as we planned."

"They oughtn't to have offered us an increased rent; they have taken an advantage of us."

"I don't know that it matters," said Mrs. March. "I had decided not to go there."

"Had you? This is a surprise."

"Everything is a surprise to you, Basil, when it happens."

"True; I keep the world fresh, that way."

"It wouldn't have been any change to go from one city to another for the summer. We might as well have staid in New York."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Yes, I wish we had staid," said March, idly humoring a conception of the accomplished fact. "Mrs. Green would have let us have the gimcrackery very cheap for the summer months; and we could have made all sorts of nice little excursions and trips off, and been twice as well as if we had spent the summer away."

"Nonsense! You know we couldn't spend the summer in New York."

"I know *I* could."

"What stuff! You couldn't manage."

"Oh, yes, I could. I could take my meals at Fulkerson's widow's; or at Maroni's, with poor old Lindau: he's got to dining there again. Or, I could keep house, and he could dine with me here."

There was a teasing look in March's eyes, and he broke into a laugh, at the firmness with which his wife said, "I think if there is to be any housekeeping, I will stay, too; and help to look after it. I would try not to intrude upon you and your guest."

"Oh, we should be only too glad to have you join us," said March, playing with fire.

"Very well, then, I wish you would take him off to Maroni's, the next time he comes to dine here!" cried his wife.

The experiment of making March's old friend free of his house had not given her all the pleasure that so kind a thing ought to have afforded so good a woman. She received Lindau at first with robust benevolence, and the high resolve not to let any of his little peculiarities alienate her from a sense of his claim upon her sympathy and gratitude, not only as a man who had been so generously fond of her husband in his youth, but a hero who had suffered for her country. Her theory was that his mutilation must not be ignored, but must be kept in mind as a monument of his sacrifice, and she fortified Bella with this conception, so that the child bravely sat next his maimed arm at table and helped him to dishes he could not reach, and cut up his meat for him. As for Mrs. March herself, the thought of his mutilation made her a little faint; she was not without a bewildered resentment of its presence as a sort of oppression. She did not like his drinking so much of March's beer, either; it was no harm, but it was somehow unworthy, out of character with a hero of the war. But what she really could not reconcile herself to was the violence of Lindau's sentiments concerning the whole political and social fabric. She did not feel sure that he should be allowed to say such things before the children, who had been nurtured in the faith of Bunker Hill and Appomattox, as the beginning and the end of all possible progress in human rights. As a woman she was naturally an aristocrat, but as an American she was theoretically a democrat; and it astounded, it alarmed her, to hear American democracy denounced as a shuffling evasion. She had never cared much for the United States Senate, but she doubted if she ought to sit by when it was railed at as a rich man's club. It shocked her to be told that the rich and poor were not equal before the law in a country where justice must be paid for at every step in fees and costs, or where a poor man must go to war in his own person, and a rich man might hire some one to go in his. Mrs. March felt that this rebellious mind in Lindau really somehow outlawed him from sympathy, and retroactively undid his past suffering for the country: she had always particularly valued that provision of the law, because in forecasting all the possible mischances that might befall her own son, she had been comforted by the thought that if there ever was another war, and Tom were drafted, his father could buy him a substitute. Compared with such blasphemy as this, Lindau's declaration that there was not equality of opportunity in America, and that fully one-half the people were debarred their right to the pursuit of happiness by the hopeless conditions of their lives, was flattering praise. She could not listen to such things in silence, though, and it did not help matters when Lindau met her arguments with facts and reasons which she felt she was merely not sufficiently instructed to combat, and he was not quite gentlemanly to urge. "I am afraid for the effect on the children," she said to her husband. "Such perfectly distorted ideas — Tom will be ruined by them."

"Oh, let Tom find out where they're false," said March. "It will be good exercise for his faculties of research. At any rate, those things are getting said nowadays; he'll have to hear them sooner or later."

"Had he better hear them at home?" demanded his wife.

"Why, you know, as you're here to refute them, Isabel," he teased, "perhaps it's the best place. But don't mind poor old Lindau, my dear. He says himself that his parg is worse than his pidte, you know."

"Ah, it's too late, now, to mind him," she sighed. In a moment of rash good feeling, or perhaps an exalted conception of duty, she had herself proposed that Lindau should come every week and read German with Tom; and it had become a question first how they could get him to take pay for it, and then how they could get him to stop it. Mrs. March never ceased to wonder at herself for having brought this about, for she had warned her husband against making any engagement with Lindau which would bring him regularly to the house: the Germans stuck so, and were so unscrupulously dependent. Yet, the deed being done, she would not ignore the duty of hospitality, and it was always she who made the old man stay to their Sunday evening tea when he lingered near the hour, reading Schiller and Heine and Uhland with the boy, in the clean shirt with which he observed the day; Lindau's linen was not to be trusted during the week. She now concluded a season of mournful reflection by saying, "He will get you into trouble, somehow, Basil."

"Well, I don't know how, exactly. I regard Lindau as a political economist of an unusual type; but I shall not let him array me against the constituted authorities. Short of that, I think I am safe."

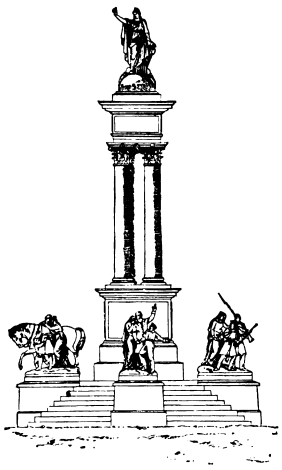
"Well, be careful, Basil; be careful. You know you are so rash."

"I suppose I may continue to pity him? He *is* such a poor lonely, old fellow. Are you really sorry he's come into our lives, my dear?"

"No, no; not that. I feel as you do about it; but I wish I felt easier about him—sure, that is, that we're not doing wrong to let him keep on talking so."

"I suspect we couldn't help it," March returned lightly. "It's one of what Lindau calls his 'brincibles' to say what he thinks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DESIGN FIRST ACCEPTED FOR THE BROOKLYN SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

AN ARCH FOR BROOKLYN.

WHILE New York collects very slowly by popular subscription a fund for an arch on Washington Square, the city of Brooklyn has appropriated $250,000 for an arch at the entrance to Prospect Park which shall serve as a monument to the soldiers and sailors of the civil war. In doing this, Brooklyn follows the example of Hartford, as it has so often in the past patterned itself on Connecticut. Last year the Common Council authorized $100,000 to be spent on a soldiers' and sailors' monument, and the matter went so far that a design by Henry Baerer, a sculptor born in Prussia, but American by long residence, was as good as accepted. From a raised platform, reached by four flights of stairs and adorned with four large groups of figures in bronze, rose a simple square pedestal bearing four Corinthian columns and a simple attic with wide cornice. Above stood a draped figure of Brooklyn on a half-globe. As the cut shows, the composition is not intricate, and in that respect good, but it has little novelty, while the proposed groups, which would be the most important features, are far from artistic. This is the design which recent developments in the local politics of Brooklyn nipped in the bud; in place of it the arch here shown has been accepted.

That the change is one for the better is very evident, if for no other reason, that the arch is one of the most dignified and massive forms of decoration for great cities, and on this side of the world one of the rarest. At Hartford the arch commemorative of the civil war is in the nature of a bridge entrance, such as existed in the Middle Ages, when bridges were fortified, and subsequently adorned with structures semi-military in nature. The Washington Square arch is to be less mediæval, more classical. That at Prospect Park will in some respects approach the Roman triumphal arch, but ally itself more to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile of Paris. It is to stand detached, like that great arch. There will be no suggestion of a gateway, as we find at Berlin in the Brandenburg Gate, which is also an arch of triumph. While at first the arch of triumph may seem to portray a gate, say the entrance of a conquered town, the probabilities are against this explanation, and in favor of its evolution from an independent structure of stone which took the place of a perishable arch of wood run up for the triumphal entry of a conqueror. Exactly so the wooden arches on Fifth Avenue were hastily constructed, and one of them thought worthy of perpetuation in stone.

The Brooklyn arch is to stand across the roadway, after passing the fountain, and before reaching the entrance to the Park. Now modern streets are not so narrow as the ways of Rome. Unless an arch is to be a gimcrack ornament for a lawn, it is necessary to have a wide span; but this entails a heavy body of masonry at each extremity; otherwise the downward thrust of the arch would be too great for the side shafts to bear.

The architect of the Brooklyn arch has met this difficulty by designing two tower-like masses, and throwing between them an arch of much less thickness from front to rear. He has also made this part shallower from archivolt to cornice than we find it in French and Roman triumphal arches. In these the relatively higher and narrower opening below the arch gives a more massive look to the whole edifice. Moreover, the Roman arches of triumph bore very high attics, so that attic as well as entablature above the arch might carry elaborate inscriptions on a large scale. Hence the masonry that supported them was very thick; but often ways for foot-passengers were carried through the latter, and thus the heavy look of the sides somewhat relieved. The chosen design calls for a span of 64 feet, and measures 65 feet in the clear from the roadway to the archivolt, while the outside measurements for height and breadth are about 100 feet each. Comparison with classical arches, such as that of Septimius Severus and that of Titus, will demonstrate that 64 by 65 is a very large opening indeed. On the other hand, little has been done to relieve the heaviness of the two masses of masonry which carry this superb sweep.

These have not been pierced for foot-passengers. They contain stairways, reached by doors on the sides, by which one ascends to a chamber above the arch, where relics of the war, battle-flags and statues, may be preserved, and where light is obtained from the roof in such a way that no windows will detract from the solid appearance of the structure. As the architect supposed when he made his design that the arch was to serve as a gateway to the Park, he treated his subject accordingly, and made no provision for the outer sides in the way of relieving those sides from bareness, for the outer shafts were to a certain extent to be broken by the walls abutting, or by some architectural device which might attach the structure to the line of enclosure for the Park.

On the same understanding he sought rather for relief for the two main shafts in front and rear. For this purpose he introduced solid projections which might carry inscriptions or bass-reliefs below, and break the monotony of the lower front with sets of triple round columns just disengaged. These projections simply officiate as pedestals to carry groups of statuary, indicated on his plan by purely fanciful figures, which do not show the groups themselves, but the general outline which they might take—an outline somewhat pyramidal. The size and prominence of these pedestals make them similar to false porches. Their columns apparently have Roman composite capitals, such as appear on the arch of Titus at Rome. The bareness of the inner walls is interrupted by niches for statues of soldiers and sailors. The spandrils, or three-cornered spaces between the curve of the arch and the architrave, are filled with large recumbent figures in relief. The attic is diversified with bold, simple architectural details, but only one rather narrow space is left for an inscription, which will read:

TO THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION
1861–1865

Some large group in bronze will crown this triumphal arch in the orthodox fashion, but whether the statuary here and on the roofs of the false porticos on both sides below will prove successful must depend on the sculptor chosen to embellish the structure. For arches may in one sense be considered merely very beautiful stands for the display of sculpture, which latter will always remain as the chief test of the artistic level of the people for whom the monument is erected.

The gentleman who won the prize of $1000 for this monument, under the name Red Seal, is Mr. John H. Duncan, a member of the Architectural League, and the designer of many handsome dwellings in New York and elsewhere. The competition was in the hands of the Mayor of Brooklyn; the experts called in to judge which of the thirty-six designs deserved first prize, and which a second prize of $500, were Professor William R. Ware, of Columbia College, and Mr. Charles B. Atwood. They decided that no other design departed sufficiently from the commonplace, and offered enough signs of having been prepared by a man competent to carry out such a structure in a proper fashion. As they gave to no design the second prize, a fair inference is that between Mr. Duncan's arch and the others there was so wide a gap that none approached it. And in fact it is difficult to induce architects of the first rank to enter competitions at all. In the first place, the specifications are never exact enough to warrant busy men running the risk of losing all chance of success by ignorance of some vital necessity of the particular case in point. Then committees of award have been so often thoughtless or unfair that there is little confidence in the profession that justice will be done. Again, some architects will not submit to be hampered by such directions as are given for the guidance of competitors; they argue that their worth and standing are known, and sufficient faith should be put in them to warrant the leaving of the design to their proven taste and skill.

Mr. Duncan is a native of New Orleans, and still a young man. He has designed the outlook tower at Newburgh, New York, which stands near the Washington Head-quarters. It is probable that the arch when finished will vary in important particulars from the design by which he has won the $1000 prize. In their report to Mayor Chapin and the rest of the committee having the monument in charge, the experts make a suggestion which can hardly fail to improve the proportions of the building, if carried out. As the arch is to stand in the plaza before the entrance, there is no need of so wide a span, for, like the big arch overlooking the Champs Elysées, which it will approach in size and somewhat in general disposition, it will be used only for processions and on festal occasions. By shortening the span the outline of the opening will become much finer in proportions; narrower, it is true, but apparently higher; certainly of a nobler look. Along with the diminished thrust from this narrower span goes a lighter and handsomer treatment of the supports. They need not come so far forward, nor is it necessary to make them so heavy; there will be an astonishing economy of material, and a corresponding one of money, so that more of the fund can be applied to the statuary, which, on any scale commensurate with so large an arch, will cost a great deal. Brooklyn is to be congratulated, not so much on the present design—for that is obviously in many important respects ill adapted to the new position it is to occupy—as on the design a trained architect like Mr. Duncan will perfect, after he has fixed all the new requirements in his mind, and had time to study thoroughly every detail of the arch.

Such buildings are, to be sure, simple affairs structurally, but their very simplicity makes them extremely difficult to accomplish. A large working model has to be made, and studied from all directions. The relative broken and unbroken spaces have to be weighed against each other, as well as the proportions of attic to shafts, and arch opening to attic. It is a ticklish question how the statuary should be disposed, and whether at a given point there should be figures in the round, or in high relief, or very low. The sky-line is a most important matter, and then come the delicate questions of light and shade—what and how much shadow shall be secured by this or that architectural detail? Arches of triumph have as many intricate problems in architecture to solve as a Greek temple, and woe to him who imagines that it is sufficient to follow precedents without analyzing the why and wherefore of each detail!

If the prize design were to be the actual design of the arch, it might be asked whether the groups borne on the pillared projections in front were in themselves sufficient warrant for those projections, which are sufficiently large to force one to demand that they should give some account of themselves. Do you add to the stability of the arch? one might ask them. Are you structurally accounted for in the design? Then the niches for statues beneath the arch—should the inner faces of the shafts, any more than the curve of the archivolt above, be weakened of the proper impression of a strong clean sweep by breaks in the surface? Should not decorations in such places be in comparatively low relief? These are some of the puzzling questions that must beset an architect who is studying out the manifold details of a great and conspicuous public monument, which will be certain to make or mar his fame for life. CHARLES DE KAY.

HARBOR OF REST.

IT was noon of a midsummer day;
The air was like gold in the high-vaulted skies
As I rode through the sea-port town,
Sniffing the cart-loads of sea-weed that crawled up the street,
Driven by sea lads lusty and brown—
The cart-loads of sea-weed wholesome and sweet,
And the wagons of salt-marsh hay.

Blue was the arch overhead—
Blue, blue were the inlets that tempted my eyes
Over ridges of marl and loam,
Till I caught the lisp of the tide as it broke on the beach,
Lapping the pebbles spotted with foam,
Whose millions of sea-shells crumble and bleach,
And the waste of the sea is spread.

Motionless glistened the bay—
Motionless, too, lay the sunny white sand;
Not a trace of sorrow was there,
No wreck to sink in those sparkling treacherous seas,
Or cloud that burst on the hot blue air,
But fishers hanging their nets to the breeze,
And the children ruddy with play.

The wind blew warm in the west,
And far from their green stable birthplace, the land,
Asleep on the tide lay the ships;
Far in the offing they lay with their indolent sails,
And the kiss of the brine at their lips,
Like souls of the weary snatched from the gales
To a purple harbor of rest.

Hark! 'tis a voice like a flute—
A voice like a flute in the morning of time
From the cliff where the sea-weed lies:
Hark! 'tis the sailor's lass, with her young brown breast half bare,
And the lids dropping over her eyes
While the wild-fowl stoop to listen and stare,
And the lizard creeps to her foot.

* * * * * *

O seafarer tost by the seas,
Your bed has been laid amid coral and slime
On the awful floor of the main,
And your sweetheart loiters and laughs in the laughing air
As she waits for your coming—in vain;
For her are the waters of trouble and care,
But yours is the haven of Peace.

DORA READ GOODALE.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE FIRE AT SPOKANE FALLS.

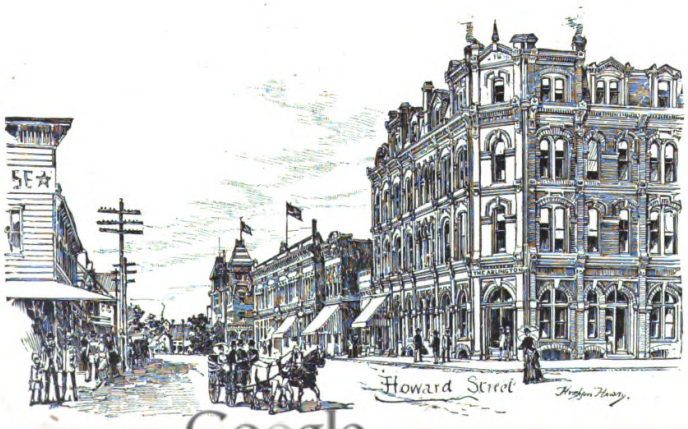
By one of those strange coincidences which show that calamities of a similar nature often follow each other in quick succession, the people of Washington Territory, for a third time within a few weeks, have lost by fire the business part of one of their most prosperous cities. The burning of the business centre of Spokane Falls on the night of Sunday, August 4th, was practically a repetition of the destruction of much valuable business property at Seattle early in June, and the proportionately disastrous fire in the town of Ellenburg. In the Spokane Falls calamity the flames originated in a lodging-house in Railroad Avenue, at about seven o'clock in the evening. Owing to an insufficient supply of water the firemen were unable to subdue the fire, which soon spread to neighboring buildings, and went roaring into the business centre of the city. Most of the buildings were of the wooden type so common in rapidly built Western towns, although here and there through the principal streets were large brick and stone structures that would have done credit to any city four times the size of Spokane Falls. Attempts were made to save these buildings by blowing up other buildings between them and the advancing fire, but without good result, as the strong wind that was blowing at the time carried the sparks and burning cinders across the open spaces, and even from side to side of the broad streets. Howard Street and Riverside Avenue, the chief business thoroughfares—one running north and south and the other east and west—were swept of their best buildings. Only one business block of any consequence was left standing. In three hours the fire had burned itself out. The Spokane River prevented its spread northward to the residence part of the city.

The loss was very great. Despatches from Spokane Falls placed it at from ten to fifteen millions of dollars, while the insurance men of San Francisco estimated it at six millions. Although the city itself is of recent growth, yet it was unusually rich and prosperous. It was no uncommon thing for a Spokane Falls merchant to carry a fifty-thousand-dollar stock of goods in a five-thousand-dollar building.





SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE.



Grievous as this calamity is to those most directly concerned in it, the result will be, in a way, wholly beneficial, for the reason that when the city is rebuilt more careful attention will be given to the prevention of such conflagrations in the future. The new buildings, too, will be of a better and more substantial character, and in other ways the young city will be improved and strengthened. The rapidity with which her people will recover from their present misfortune will in itself show conclusively the solidity of her growth and the diversified richness of her resources. In the far West a calamity of this kind is oftentimes more of a blessing than a detriment.

The city of Spokane Falls is in many respects well calculated to rise triumphant over disaster. It is situated on the eastern edge of Washington Territory, about four hundred miles east of the Pacific coast at Seattle and Tacoma, and about the same distance west of Helena, Montana. Near it and tributary to it are some of the richest mining, farming, and grazing regions in the West. The Palouse Valley is claimed to be the best agricultural land in the Territory, while the Big Bend country of the Columbia River is already noted for its fine herds of horses and cattle. The mining resources of the city are classified into six districts: the Cœur d'Alene, Colville, Okanagan, Kootenai, Metaline, and Pend d'Oreille. The Cœur d'Alene is the best known. It produces gold, silver, and lead in large quantities. None of these districts has been fully prospected. In fixing upon the falls of the Spokane River for the site for a town that should control the trade of all these diversified fields of industry, the builders of the city of Spokane Falls took into consideration not only the central and accessible location of the place, but also the inexhaustible water-power which the falls would provide for mills and factories. Already has their foresight brought its reward. Ten years ago Spokane Falls was a frontier hamlet that had just risen to the dignity of a place on the map. It was waiting in hope and faith for a railroad to come and give it connection with civilization. The Northern Pacific Railroad reached Spokane Falls in September, 1884, when the population of the place had reached nearly one thousand. In 1885 the population was three thousand, which in-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THE LOCK."—From the Painting by John Constable, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

creased to seven thousand by the 1st of January, 1888. During the past year the young city has grown sturdily, so that at present the population may be set down at fully sixteen thousand.

The water-power at the falls may be called the basis of the city's prosperity. It has been utilized in turning the machinery of flouring-mills, lumber-mills, an electric-light plant, and other industries. Among the recent uses to which the water-power has been put is the driving of a cable for a new street-car system. Fortunately the great fire did not damage any of the factories and mills connected with the water-power. The goods that can be manufactured at Spokane Falls will find a ready market in the surrounding mining regions and in the near-by agricultural districts. When finished the railways now in course of construction, together with the Northern Pacific and the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba railroad systems, will give a quick outlet to all the local products, as well as place the manufacturer within easy reach of his raw material. The business men of Spokane Falls appreciate these advantages fully, and they show by their enterprise and intelligently directed energy that they mean to make use of them. The present embarrassment will at best be a matter of only a few weeks.

"THE LOCK."

The picture given above is a skilfully executed copy of John Constable's famous painting, "The Lock," bought for 150 guineas by Mr. Morrison in 1824, and afterward admirably engraved in mezzotint by David Lucas, with several of its companions, the original being now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is a characteristic specimen of the great painter's favorite landscapes —a rural scene with rustic figures, and a background of the genuine English type, painted with a fidelity to the minutest details of nature which was habitual to the man, who rose early every morning to study the effect of dew-drops on the grass, and who, while still quite a lad, answered his friend Sir George Beaumont's query as to what style he intended to adopt by saying, firmly, "None but God Almighty's own style."

In this, as in other works of the English Millet, all the features of the picture are perfectly simple and quiet, but all the more effective on that account. The sturdy fellow who is opening the lock, the boatman who is waiting to pass through it, the bare-armed laborer on the wide stretch of arable land below, are all three fair samples of the ordinary English peasant, and do their work as deliberately as if the drenching rain threatened by those clouds which are fast overspreading the clear bright sky were not worth thinking of. The flat ploughed fields and grassy meadows, framed in low green slopes and dotted with clumps of trees, form the same typical English landscape over which Washington Irving lingered so lovingly eighty years ago; and the square dark gray church tower that sentinels it has its counterpart in every village from the bleak moors of Cumberland to the sunny hills of Sussex.

But the aspect of rustic seclusion and repose in which the country-bred artist delighted is here rendered to perfection. Gray might have fitly penned his "Elegy" beneath the shadow of this quaint antique church, around which, under nameless mounds of green turf, the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," unknown in death as in life, rest from their long toil. The huge moss-grown oaks may have heard the joy-bells ring for the birth of Charles I., and have bowed beneath the tempest in which Cromwell's stern spirit passed away. This heavy, round-bowed boat recalls the clumsy "galliots and carracks" of Elizabethan England; and the mouldering, weather-stained lock, encircled with reeds and broad-leaved water-plants, looks as if it may have opened two thousand years ago to admit the leather canoe of some Briton savage in a light summer suit of blue paint.

"Not much romance in a lock-keeper's life," remark I, "though Dickens *did* make a lock the scene of Riderhood's death-grapple with Bradley Headstone, in *Our Mutual Friend*."

"My father once found some romance in one, anyhow," says my friend. "On a walking tour through the southeast of England in his college days he found a boy looking thoughtfully into the water just below a lock, and asked if he were watching for fish. 'No,' says the boy; 'I was thinking that this water, trickling so slowly from under that lock, is just like the world's trade, kept back by all the restrictions that people have put upon it.'"

"Quite an embryo free-trader, upon my word! Who was he?"

"Some one whom you ought to know, being a distant relation of your own. His name was Richard Cobden." David Ker.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PRIZE GOELET CUP FOR SLOOP YACHTS.—By Tiffany & Co.



THE PRIZE GOELET CUP FOR SCHOONER YACHTS.—By Tiffany & Co.

THE PUDDING LANE HOAX.

My friend, Edward Noble, and I had been talking of the credulity of people, and had agreed that they—the people aforesaid—liked nothing so well as to be well humbugged. We had in mind certain late occurrences, and, I remember, drew considerable satisfaction from the reflection that we would have shown much keener apprehension of fraud had we been in the situation of the victims. Sitting among our books that hot afternoon, idly talking metaphysics, it came to pass that five minutes after I had agreed with my friend in whole-souled pity for humbug-inviting mankind, I found myself opposing him—pretty stoutly, too, considering it was July—and presently declared that hatred and fear of humbug was one of the very strongest characteristics of the average man; that I did not believe he could go out into the street and sell a gold-piece for a pint of walnuts. Though withal a dull fellow, Noble remarked that while this was probably true, yet after all it only went to prove his position; that approaching the boy with the gold and offering such an exchange would lead him to think the genuine coin spurious, and that he was humbugged out of his bargain. This suggestion, however, would have been beyond Noble's depth; probably I made it myself, and he agreed with me.

Neither my friend nor I had ever been popular at school. I did not care to be. So we had in a manner struck up a companionship between ourselves which continued after college days, and will last through life. Not that we like each other particularly, but we endure each other better than either could any one else. To me every one but Noble is disagreeable and peculiar, and Noble is a little peculiar. But we live together, endurably, in the day, talking, idling, sleeping, or doing something else equally "improving," and walking out in the night.

It may have been two in the afternoon when the profound psychological reflections above enunciated were uttered; it was near the same hour the next morning, before the Theatre Royal, in our nightly ramble, that Noble next broke silence by observing that he believed we would try that. Believing for both had been a habit of mine, but Noble had caught it. I put my hand into my trousers pocket for a coin, but my friend interrupted by saying he did not propose we should make the experiment on a single boy, but upon all the people of the city. He proceeded to develop his idea, and I added a suggestion or two that much improved it.

As the first step, we drew up a brief advertisement under a street light, took it to the leading newspaper rooms, and went home. The morning papers contained the following:

"NOTICE!

"The debts of all persons who are owing will be paid for them on presentation of itemized statements of same, at 97 Pudding Lane, Cheapside, on Monday, August 12th, between the hours of 2 and 4 P.M."

From what we could judge in our nightly rounds, from the many curious eyes directed at our house, and from paragraphs in the papers, the notice made quite a sensation from its first appearance. By our order it continued to appear daily. Noble and I mutually declared our full intention of standing by our proposition to pay every debt that should be presented as long as our fortunes should hold out. Passing the day in our darkened house—for we were enamored of Night, and strove to counterfeit her sombre beauty when her more brilliant rival held the field without—and stirring forth only during the hours when most men sleep, it was not to be expected that we would see much stir, if indeed any, following our strange announcement. And yet some years of night-walking had made us adept at reading as an index the midnight stragglers of the street; and, indeed, no class so thoroughly know what is doing in all grades of society, from the homes to the jails, as these. So, in jostling men on the street, at the entrance to the theatres and before the clubs, among all the tattle of the latest book, politics, the favorite in music or the drama, we heard always a word about the Pudding Lane notice.

It was the second night before we heard any expressions as to the feeling with which the proposition had been received generally. My own conviction had been that the first feeling would be scepticism, and that the continued publication might induce some degree of confidence. But in this I was wrong. By the close of the second day it was not to be doubted that the overwhelming belief was that the proposal had been made in good faith. The conclusion was that underneath the surface of the thing there was some scheme of the originators for making money. As to just how this was to be done few guesses were ventured, but the almost unanimous opinion was that it was a gigantic scheme of fearless speculators. In order to feel all the variations of the public pulse, we had allowed for a period of two weeks from the first appearance of the notice till the day on which the debts were to be paid.

The belief in the trustworthiness of our proposal continued throughout the third and fourth days, though toward the close of the fourth there was an appreciable weakening of confidence, if we did not misjudge the indications. But on the fifth day the tide set overwhelmingly backward. Several prominent financiers had declared that in no possible way could any capitalist or syndicate fulfil the published offer and not be at sheer loss for the full amounts. The public reflected that no name had been signed to the notice; it was learned that the inmates of 97 Pudding Lane were unknown; some even declared that the house was vacant. In short, on the fifth day the public took its little laugh, and settled down into the conviction that the thing was a humbug. Thereafter it was known as the Pudding Lane Hoax.

There seemed to be no possibility of any change from this belief. It seemed unanimous and settled. Noble proposed that we take the notice out of the papers, as the game was played; but this we concluded not to do, though merely that we might fulfil our part. We heard little more said of the matter for the next week; it seemed to have been forgotten. Indeed, Noble and I scarcely spoke of it ourselves—scarcely thought of it. So the time passed till August 12th. At breakfast, near ten o'clock, Noble yawned that this was the day on which we were to pay the city's debts, and that we had better see our lawyer as to the disposition of our property. Nothing more was said till between the noon hour and one o'clock, when it happened that I stepped to the window to draw the curtain closer, for a careless servant had left it partly open, and a gleam from the street made our gas-light pale. In arranging the drapery, I casually glanced out, and noticed, it might have been, a score of people standing on the opposite curb. This was unusual, for our street is a quiet one, and I said to Noble that there was some excitement without. He instantly connected it with our experiment. I believed he was right, but attached little importance to the matter. Nevertheless, we repaired to another apartment, one window of which projected slightly over the street at a height of perhaps twenty feet from the ground. In this we could watch unobserved.

At one o'clock there were two men lounging on the opposite side of the street. The crowd of twenty I had first seen had dispersed. The two were presently joined by three or four others, who, passing, had stopped to joke with them, and had staid, like men who expect some small spectacle and stop to catch a glimpse of it, if they happen to be in no haste. Occasionally one would start on. The group continued to grow slowly. At 1.15 there was again a score. About this time I glanced up and down the street, and counted a dozen more in doorways. Turning my eyes again to the original group, I was surprised to see it had been augmented by half a hundred. The gathering now became rapid. At 1.20 there may have been a hundred people in sight; five minutes doubled the number. From every quarter men and women began to stream in. All halted in sight of our door, but no one approached it. It was plain, Noble observed, they all came as spectators merely. The attention of the crowd was divided between our house and a neighboring steeple-clock. Two o'clock was approaching. As for our house, it stood before the crowd, a large, plain stone structure, every curtain drawn, and no sign of life within.

The third quarter struck. Then on every hand the crowd broke into a rush for positions before the door. They instantly lost the appearance of spectators and became a mass of eager men, struggling for first places. Noble and I looked into each other's eyes; instantly, with that moment, we saw the annihilation of our fortunes. I clasped my friend's hand; it was cold as ice. Together we went to the library. Without a word Noble wheeled a table into the middle of the floor, seated himself, took out a check-book, and laid it open before him. I made a quick calculation, from my best knowledge, of the amount of our joint fortunes, handed it to him, and, gathering the servants, gave them some brief instructions. When I got back to my seat at the window the crowd had grown till its limits could not be seen. Filling the street, not a long one, it reached from end to end and from wall to wall, and I judged by the sounds that more were gathering around the corners and in the adjacent thoroughfares.

You may have seen a throng before a lottery-wheel, impatient, excited. Some such an aspect had the mob before our door, save that it was far more immense, far more excited. There was occasional laughter, such as we hear from drunken men. Every man acted as one partially deranged; it was apparent that the strangeness of the situation had its effect on the crowd. Two o'clock struck. The first stroke of the bell was hardly heard for the murmur and excitement; the second stroke fell upon the throng, as still as though that second every man had been turned into a corpse. Every eye was upon the door. Not a motion was visible about the house. The door was unlocked, and a servant stood behind it, but made no sound; not a curtain stirred.

I had expected, when a little time had passed, and it was seen that the door was not to be thrown open, that there would be a rush, and it would be pushed in. So presently I observed that those far back now began to push forward. Those nearest the door, too, crowded upon the stoop; but there every man looked to his neighbor to first put hand to the door, but none did it. Then a terror seized them and ran back through the people, and they fell back. Then arose a great cry. I could not make out what it was, but in the midst of it the first quarter struck. Then there was silence, and for a long time they did nothing but wait, each for the other, the crowd behind upbraiding those in front for not pushing in. Our quiet house terrified them by its very stillness and helplessness.

Again those in the rear and on all sides began crowding forward. After two or three starts they surged forward, but only for a few feet, those in front immediately pushing back. This wave-like movement was repeated several times, the last time the reacting surge placing those in front farther back than ever. They stood thus for a moment when the half struck. Then they crowded again forward, but no man put hand on the door. Up to this time there had been an appearance of good-nature and raillery, though underneath it was an intense earnestness; but now they broke out into quarrelling. Blows were exchanged, and dark looks were everywhere; but nothing was done beyond an occasional surge for the door and a sweep back.

Three-quarters past, and it was almost three, when a single man ascended the steps and knocked. The mob was breathless. The door was silently opened, the man went in or was pulled in, and all was as before. Then what a cry went up! And what a silence followed! But no second man offered to go in. The first would be out presently, and would tell what he had seen. But ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed, and he did not reappear. The silence was profound. Half past three, and still no sign. A shiver passed through the throng. Not many but thought of a possible tragedy on the other side of that mysterious door. The truth is, the man had been ushered into the library, where he saw a sedate gentleman of thirty sitting behind a table, who asked him simply if he brought a statement of his debts. For a reply he presented it. The amount was small, and the gentleman laid aside his check-book and handed him the sum in gold. He was then invited to pass into the adjoining parlor and to be seated; he was requested kindly to remain till four o'clock, or until the crowd dispersed. And I, watching at the window, realized that the slightest variation in the temper of the mob would sweep away every penny of our families' wealth, for both Noble and I would have died before we would have allowed a demand to go unhonored while anything remained.

It was evident that we had been mistaken when we supposed that the final and universal verdict had been that our notice was a hoax. We had not walked out the last night, it being Sunday. If we had done so, it is likely we would have learned there had been a change. While almost all, I afterward learned, had continued to ridicule the thing and pronounce it a humbug, there had been a secret preparing of statements and a determination to be not far distant at the appointed hour. This had been so general that it had resulted in the immense gathering now before me. But why did they not press in? It would have been supposed that their very numbers would have permitted no other thought. But it is likely that those before the door feared that if they started it would be to go in alone; that those in the rear would let them alone run the risk of the jeers that would follow if it proved they had been hoaxed. The fear of ridicule, so strong a motive ordinarily, before such a crowd, became superlatively powerful. The sources of those impulses, more contagious than pestilence, that move vast crowds are generally mysterious and indiscernible. Fickleness is the ordinary characteristic of a mob. In the throng before our door, fear of humbug, and a powerful dread of ridicule superinduced by the concourse itself, were the causes to which I attributed the inaction of the first hour. But one man had the strength to throw off the general paralysis.

But undoubtedly other causes came into action the second hour. The house stood before them, silent and mysterious, the one venturesome man did not return, and the strangeness of the whole affair, the impossibility of assigning any motive for the published notice, and the strange behavior of the crowd itself, in every other member of which each saw his doubts reflected, all conspired to throw around an atmosphere of mystery and undefined fear. Thus it was that the people stood, while the church-clock hands moved on toward four. An occasional wave seemed to sweep over them but left them standing as before, under a paralysis. Ten minutes to four. Every hope was now on the return of the man. Five minutes to four. There was a *leaning* forward, but no man stirred foot. Three minutes, two minutes, one minute. The clock struck four.

I rushed down to Noble and caught him in my arms. How we danced! We went up together to the front apartment and the window. Now it is stranger than anything else connected with the affair that there was no violence toward our residence. But when we looked out into the street, it was fast becoming empty. But of those we saw hastening away, every one seemed to be possessed of the very spirit of the devil. They were all fighting, striking each other with their fists, sticks, stones, and cursing like demons. But very soon the street was empty.

Such is an esoteric account of an affair which caused no small stir at the time. Noble and I, in our nightly rambles, often talk it over. Our experiment came near being more serious than we would have liked. If the man who ventured in ever told any one of his reception, it never came to the ears of the public, and to this day London had few mysteries more profound than the episode known as "The Pudding Lane Hoax."

William Bayard Hale.



Small Boy (*excitedly pointing to sign*). "Please, mister, don't stand with your feet so close together; this floor won't hold but 200 pounds to the square foot!"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FREE ICE-WATER AT THE POST-OFFICE.

A HOT NIGHT IN NEW YORK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

When a clever New-Yorker was asked by a European, "What is the climate of your city?" he replied, "It has not any climate. It has plenty of weather, but no climate." Among the various kinds of weather that make up this "plenty," hot weather is an important sort. Of the heat that is known to inland cities like St. Louis, Cincinnati, and even Trenton—dead, suffocating, peppery, motionless, blistering heat—it seldom has above a dozen days and half that number of nights in a year. But it is not given to everybody to know all the possible gradations of discomfort; and while men like the Hon. Henry Watterson and others from the interior advance the idea that New York is a delightful summer resort because Coney Island is only six miles away, there are hundreds of thousands in town, bound to the bricks and the flagging like Prometheus to his rock, who find the city hot enough in all conscience.

I knew some Cubans who had a house uptown and staid in it all of every summer. They never could understand what the rest of the town complained of when the dog-days came. They lived as they had done in Cuba. In the heat of the day they staid in the house, which was thrown open, front and back. They knew how to manage themselves in hot weather, just as a sailor knows how to handle a ship at sea. They knew what to eat. They ate fruit and fish, and nothing more solid than cereals and an occasional omelette. They drank tamarind water and lemonade, or lime juice, or cold tea and lemon juice. To dissipate, the men took a little gin with a great deal of aerated water. They knew how to dress. It would never do to say how little they wore, but all that one saw of their outer apparel was straw on their heads and seersucker or linen on their bodies. The men never walked in the sun. If there was no way to ride where they wished to go, they waited until after sundown, or did not go at all. After sundown all migrated to the roof. It had been kept moderately cool all day by means of an awning. It was appointed with cane lounges and rocking-chairs, and with rugs and little tables, and a few gas jets enclosed in lanterns. There were colored servants to spare the energy and save the steps of the family.

But that was one family—one out of hundreds of thousands. To all the rest the dog-days came like a scourge. Few had been able to leave the city, and few within it knew how to meet the trying condition. In a city where the intensest hot weather is a mere episode, coming for a day or two in June, a day or two in July, a fortnight in August, and again, for a time, in September, no one studies how it should be met, but all suffer immeasurably. It would be an interesting and an amazing calculation to estimate how much of flesh alone, to say nothing of vitality, is lost by our million and a half of citizens in the annual week of temperature at 90 degrees in the shade that we have in August.

Let no one fancy that it is only the poor who suffer. There is no appreciable fraction of the population out of town in midsummer. No stores are closed; not even on Fifth Avenue. There are whole rows and even blocks of houses turned over to the keeping of care-takers, but the people who lived in them are not missed by those who remain. Even the millionaires are apt to be found at their offices in the heat of the day, though they may flee to the surf or the hills at night. No; the whole city stands the brunt of the weather, and to such an extent that when the enormity of the disaster at Johnstown was realized, and aid was called for this summer, there was no sign that any New York purse was inaccessible, though the thermometer registered 90 degrees and higher day after day as the people met and the money was poured out.

But whoever has seen New York in winter should also see it in such weather. It is scarcely recognizable as the same city. Primarily this is a city of cheerful folk. The term "New-Yorker" signifies a degree of gayety and alertness and spirit only excelled in buoyancy and extent by the so-called *chic* of the Parisians. That is true of the cool weather New-Yorker, the New-Yorker of three hundred and thirty-five days in the year. On a hot day none of these words apply to the Gothamite. If you have ever seen the body of a defunct animal in the hands of a surgeon who is demonstrating the functions of its lifeless nerves and muscles by the application of electricity, you will have had an idea of the effect upon the city when Nature denies it every life-giving principle except heat directly applied. The men seem impelled by something apart from life. They go about in the sun-blaze with a carriage that suggests the idea that they are propelled forward by holding their heads well down and letting the weight thereof drag them ahead. They bump into one another helplessly and with manifest disregard of the consequences to themselves or the feelings of those with whom they collide. Their respect for their appearance becomes a lost characteristic. Some wear their vests unbuttoned, and some wear no vests at all. Some wear their office coats, and many run on short errands without any coats.

The only persons who look tidy and self-contained and natural are the ladies. Of them the men say that a comparison of the weight of the clothing that all women wear in summer with that which men wear will show the women to be carrying less than half as much as their lords. It is said to be on record that an actress and an actor at Long Branch in one midsummer handed their apparel out of the doors of their respective dressing-rooms in a bath-house at the beach and had them weighed, with that result. Yet the fact remains that in midsummer nearly all the men drink copiously and continually, while the women do not. Whether this is because the women have better sense or fewer facilities I do not pretend to say; but no one will deny that there is a bar-room on seven corners out of every ten in the business parts of the city, where the men are, and that every saloon is crowded all day long in hot weather. Those who do not drink beer or liquor drink temperance drinks, and each drink makes its victim just so many degrees more uncomfortable after he returns to the streets or to his work. Because there is no law to prevent them, an organization of misguided men put up water-coolers down-town in the summer and dole out free ice-water to the unthinking in the slandered name of humanity.

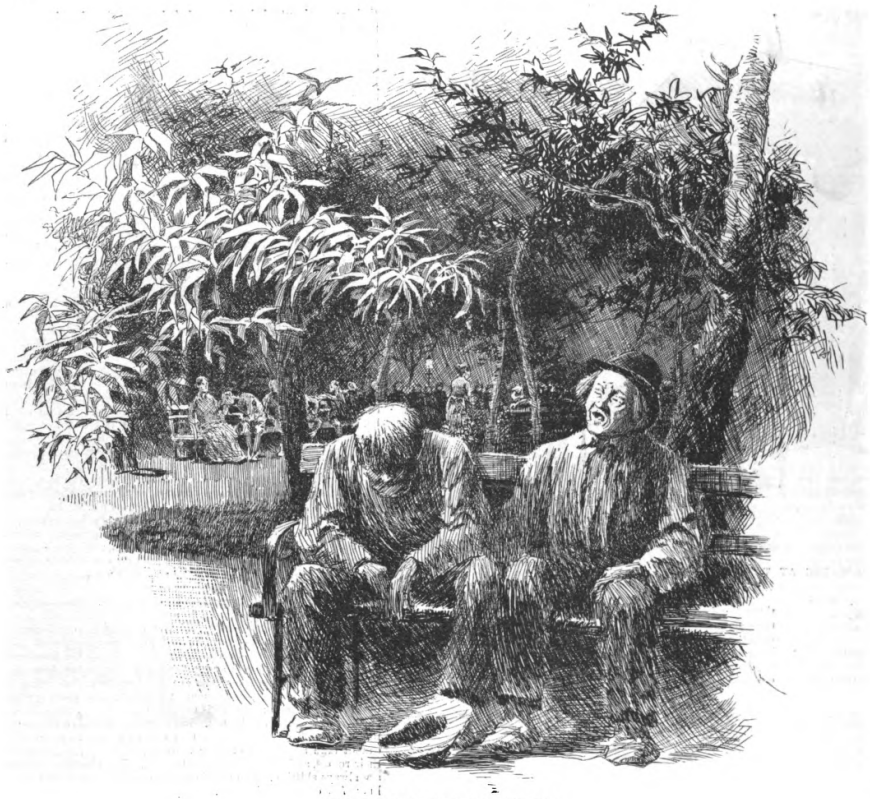
But it is at night, when the people are free to do as they please, that the city becomes doubly interesting in the dog-days. It is when the shops are closed and the suppers have been cleared away in the tenements, and the clerks and mechanics and shop-girls and the housewives are all at liberty and are all sweltering and half suffocated in the hot apartments far in among the wind-baffling streets—it is then that the city offers to the observer a chapter or phase of its life that is most peculiar. It is very sad or merely interesting according to your way of looking at it—according to the fineness of your sensibility. On more than a dozen intensely hot nights in as many years I have walked through Baxter and Mulberry streets just to see, again and again, the scenes that they present, and to try to make myself realize, from year to year, that they are actual and commonplace instead of extraordinary or accidental, as it seems, afterward, that they must be. There, in those narrow lanes, between tall and swarming tenements, you see complete surrender to the heat, and just as complete indifference to the conventions of ordinary city or polite existence. Men and children lie upon the sidewalks, asleep or courting sleep, in every degree of undress except the last, with their coats or shawls under their heads for pillows. The flagging of the sidewalk is hot, the walls of the houses all but burn your hands, but there is a breeze stirring—or perhaps it is hoped there will be one. I have walked through some of the tenements wherein whole families sometimes have but one room, and have seen the doors open and the women and young girls on the beds or on the floor, wofully hot, though so scantily clad that a glance will sometimes seem unpardonable. The end of such a journey brings one to the roof, and with that comes a fresh surprise. Sometimes on such nights those tenement roofs are literally packed with men and boys. They lie about like soldiers ordered to rest during a forced march at night—many, indeed, prone and motionless, like the same soldiers dead on a battle-field as seen in the half-light of the stars. All the men and boys who are not on the sidewalks are on the roofs, and the rooms are given up to the women and girls in these most crowded tenement districts. The roofs are the best sleeping-places; if there is the faintest motion in the air, that is where it is certain to be felt. Nothing obstructs it so far above the streets. The women know that as well as the men, but they cannot take advantage of their knowledge. They must keep to their rooms, and they are welcome to them. Tenement populations are always shifting. The people in any one of those great houses know few of their neighbors. They live together distrustfully, as strangers.

There are few vagrants in the city in midsummer. Only a few of the women tramps remain, and their single aim is to be sent to the islands for ten days at a time for drunkenness or bad conduct. The men all take to the country roads. Tramps are aristocrats in their way. They lose their liking for the close and stuffy lodgers' quarters in the police station-houses when the weather becomes sultry. But though the vagrants are gone, there are more persons sleeping in the parks and in the wagons drawn up along the curbs than ever begged shelter in all the police-stations on the bitterest cold winter night we ever knew. Very, very strange are the scenes in the small parks, when the surplus men of the tenements gather in them to sleep on the benches. Only a little light sifts through the dense foliage of the trees to reveal the motionless, shadowy outlines of the sleepers. All the benches are occupied, and since the police discourage the assumption of recumbent attitudes, there is all the more room for those who prize it, and the spectacle in each square is that of a park crowded with rigid figures bolt-upright on the settees. So must have looked the palace yard of the Sleeping Beauty, peopled with paralyzed courtiers, before the gallant prince touched the lips of the lady and set all astir. Other somnolent men and boys are in the wagons and on the trucks all over town, not only resting peacefully, but vaguely conscious in their sleep of something of the sense of satisfaction and of triumph which they felt when they secured those quarters, so far superior to their own at home. Still others are asleep on the wharves—all men, of course—making use of the cotton bales and the tarpaulin covers over the waiting cargoes. They smile in their sleep, as their heated bodies are fanned by the breezes from the rivers. Indeed, there are only a few parts



A SIDEWALK SCENE IN BAXTER STREET.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SLEEPERS ON THE PARK BENCHES.

of out-of-doors that are not utilized by the poor when they are driven from the tenements by the heat, as the same element scatters water in the form of steam. Those places are the Central Park, which is closed early in the evening, and the private parks, like Gramercy Square, to which only the rich people of their neighborhoods possess keys.

The parks and the piers are interesting earlier in the evening in the very hot season. It is always freshly surprising to see how quickly after work is over the young people gather in the parks. While the last of the homeward procession from the shops and factories is still under way the first-comers are under the trees, promenading or looking on from the benches. The parks are godsends to the people of New York. It is incredible that there can be found corporations that dare to ask leave to build in them, or a public spirit so dulled as to remain quiescent under the mere proposition. Such a condition shows not that the masses, to whom the parks are precious, have no voice, but that they have not the means or the spirit, which should be theirs, to make it heard. This they must find in self-defence.

From seven o'clock until ten o'clock at night, parks like the Battery, Tompkins Square in the tenement district, and Washington Square near the French and boarding-house quarters, are crowded with the youths of both sexes on every midsummer night. The girls dress for such occasions, and look either gay or neat. The men, harder worked, are apt to fling themselves on the benches in the clothes they have not had the energy to change. As there is nothing to do but to walk or sit down, the only frolicking is by the children, who dart along the paths playing tag and screaming their enjoyment. The formal, stiff, and sedate parade of the young girls on such occasions is worth seeing. It is a trick of the New York shop-girl to assume a mock-haughtiness and gravity of manner and carriage when she walks among the boys, whether in the parks or on the East side avenues, that would be very comical were it not so praiseworthy and well meant. These girls are nearly all good dancers, and therefore are not ungraceful; but in their opinion it is the eminently proper thing, when "passing in review" of the other sex, to stiffen their bodies, hold themselves rigidly erect, and to walk on their heels, seeing everything and everybody, but seldom turning their heads in order to aid their vision.

But that is because they are among strangers. To see them at their ease one must meet them at the river-side. The wharves along the North and East rivers—those that are open to the public—are immensely popular resorts on dog-day nights. They then become the ballrooms of the poor. The New York boy and youth has his tricks, as well as his sisters, and one of these is that of playing the mouth-organ. Until you have heard a stripling of the tenement quarters play upon one of these instruments you will never know the power and range of either the youth or the toy. Both become heroic when in conjunction. At best the music of a mouth-organ is melody struck with the asthma; but when one of these masters of it chooses, he can make it sound like a small orchestra—asthmatic, of course, but complete. Along the string-pieces of the wharves these boys seat themselves, and with a gallantry and self-sacrifice too little acknowledged, they play dance music for their own contiguous companies of male and female friends. Polkas, waltzes, and even quadrille compositions are wheezed out of the little instruments that they all but enclose in one hand, and as they play, the couples whirl and balance and trip and spin with a vim and an enthusiasm that more than offsets their lack of other merely ornamental qualities that prouder folks may boast. There on the breezy wharves they forget how insufferably hot it was among the city's walls of brick; but, alas! when they wend their ways back to the tenements the heat comes full upon them again. And then it is that they make those calculations which result in one's capturing a park bench for his bed, in another's throwing himself flat upon his roof, and in the fair partners of both sleeping, none too secure against observation, in their cramped rooms with the doors left open.

THE RAILROAD SITUATION.

The market for railroad securities has for some little time past reflected such a degree of confidence on the part of the holders of stocks that it is pertinent to review the traffic situation to determine if present conditions warrant the satisfaction or hopefulness that seems to exist. A fair inference from the conflicting statements that find their way into the newspapers would seem to be that the situation is an anomalous one. A great majority of the railroad companies whose securities are among the most active on the Stock Exchange are constantly reporting earnings that are considerably in excess of last year, and which are quite as good as any that have been recorded in the history of the companies. Statistics relating to the volume of the traffic of these roads, namely, the Southwestern and the Granger groups, are more quickly obtainable than those of the financial results; and these, too, tell of an enormous and rapidly increasing business. But in spite of these figures and the certainty that a very large part, if indeed not all, of our surplus grain will have to be hauled to the seaboard, the newspapers contain in nearly every issue details of the complications that are incessantly multiplying between the companies referred to. Beyond question, a good many of the railroad managers feel very sore. They are beginning to appreciate the disaster they helped to draw upon themselves and their security-holders last year, and they are also beginning to realize that the problems resulting from new competitors are rather beyond their ability to solve. The properties they have undertaken to manage have literally grown away from them. The Atchison company, for instance, has, in one way and another, acquired more road than it can operate to advantage, and so, to a less extent, have some of its competitors. All this new mileage may become profitable in time, when the country has grown up to the facilities that have been provided, but the capital invested in them, or at least a part of it, demands an immediate return, and it is no easy matter to carry on borrowed money long stretches of unprofitable railroad. In their anxiety to secure traffic under these conditions it is not surprising that the operating officers of the roads should resort to methods that jeopardize harmonious relations with their neighbors.

The failure of the Chicago and Alton Company to provide itself with feeders west of the Missouri River, as nearly every one of its competitors has done, has resulted in a novel complication, yet one that has assumed a most serious aspect. The management of the Alton Company has prided itself upon its conservative policy in not yielding to the building mania. In consequence of that policy it is now likely to suffer some curtailment of its business, as its competitors insist upon carrying to Chicago over their own lines all of the traffic that is collected upon their extensions west of the Missouri River. The natural remedy for this state of affairs would be for the Alton Company to make a close traffic alliance with some one of the railroads west of the Missouri that does not control a Chicago line of its own. Current rumors would seem to indicate that something of that sort is probable; but it is likely to be accomplished slowly, if at all. In the mean time the Alton Company, in its haste to secure business originating beyond its western terminus, has, according to its competitors, violated the Inter-State Commerce Law, and a formal complaint of its alleged offence has been filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

It looks very much as if the situation in this quarter would not be improved unless the Inter-State Commission bears a firmer hand upon the railroads than it has heretofore. There is plenty of work for the Commission among the Southwestern roads if some one would only furnish the evidence of violations of the law. The officials of the several roads are well advised of the shortcomings of their neighbors, but the trouble is that all are about equally guilty, and consequently afraid to invite punishment by turning State's evidence. Ordinarily the pressure of heavy traffic would determine the rates in this region for a time, at least; but the chances are that on this occasion natural causes will have to be supplemented by the strict enforcement of the Inter-State Commerce Law.

In the Northwest the older roads especially are suffering from the increasing facilities for handling through business by way of Duluth and adjacent points. This is a competition that the railroads tributary to Chicago cannot meet successfully, and the sooner they abandon the effort to do so, the better. Some of them have virtually done so already, but in the main they are compelled to recognize it because the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern road, which extends about two-thirds of the way from St. Paul to Chicago, insists upon trying to meet the schedules of the more direct and cheaper routes running eastward from Minneapolis and St. Paul. Its action, and that of its competitors in following it, have practically fixed a semi-water rate upon a very large proportion of the traffic in the Northwest. As indicating what the competition by way of Duluth amounts to, it may be noted that the cost of carrying freight from that port to Buffalo by steamer has been reduced to less than fifty cents a ton, including interest upon the facilities for doing the work. And the service can be performed in three days. As the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern is an irresponsible concern, backed by a wealthy corporation, there is no telling how long it will continue its unwarranted policy. The larger roads, however, are beginning to appreciate the changed conditions, and will doubtless soon concede that the geography of the situation is too much for them, and confine their efforts to getting fair rates from traffic that is unaffected by the competition described.

Fortunately the Eastern trunk lines and the transcontinental roads are at present enjoying a period of comparative freedom from serious problems, and the Southern roads are reaping the fruits of peaceful prosperity. It is the conviction that the Southwestern and Granger companies are slowly making progress in the same direction that sustains the holders of their securities.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Friday, August* 9, 1889.

A CLOUD.

It drifts adown the peaceful sky unto
No bounden port, the plaything of the air—
A fleecy palace, with a tower fair,
Whose orlel a pale star glimmers through.
Its filmy structure sportive winds undo;
Now it's a boat of Venice, whose sails wear
Indolent folds aflame with color rare—
Day's delicate orange in the western blue.
A white-winged galleon on seas of space,
It vanishes serenely as it came,
Growing in mellow distance less and less,
Until, in turquoise ether, all its grace
Of swan-like hull and sail of trembling flame
Softly dissolves to misty nothingness.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HALE AND HEARTY IN OLD AGE.

What is more beautiful than an ancient tree clothed with an ample robe of verdure? Apt is the comparison between such a growth and an old man or woman infused with health and vigor. The *sine qua non*, the indispensable condition of vigorous youth, robust manhood, and a virile old age, is sound digestion. Without this life is shorn of the hearty zest that should attend it. No more beneficent and agreeable contributor to the attainment of a hale old age, and efficient means of counteracting the infirmities that too often attend life's decline, can be found than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Dyspeptic symptoms, a tendency to kidney complaint, nervous inquietude, and rheumatic trouble are overcome by its use. The effects of exposure and overwork are nullified by it, and it affords efficient protection to all subjected to malarial influences. Give it a thorough trial.—[*Adv.*]

A prominent St. Louis physician says: "I consider Nicholson's Liquid Bread the most generally serviceable remedy in all those cases that need a nourishing tonic." Ask your grocer or druggist for it.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD-PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies who have tried
CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
will use no other.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies never have any dyspepsia after a wineglass of Angostura Bitters. Sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority) the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the use of which cleanses the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

DETROIT, AND HER INTERNATIONAL FAIR AND EXPOSITION.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

THE trend of modern civilization in the West shows beyond question that the progress of the United States in agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts was never greater than at present. Circumstances of various kinds demonstrate that the burden of growth is not altogether with the far West, but that it is shared in a noteworthy degree by the middle West, which may be described as that magnificent stretch of fertile country lying north of the Ohio River, east of the Mississippi River, and west of the Alleghany Mountains. The most conspicuous illustration of the soundness of this prosperity is seen this year in Michigan, where the people have made arrangements to hold the largest combined fair and exposition ever seen in America. The significance of the enterprise, as indicating the quickened business life of the middle West, may be appreciated fully when it is known that the movement was set on foot in the city of Detroit, the local conservatism of which has wellnigh passed into a proverb.

To remove this implied reproach, and to give Detroit her rightful place among the greater cities of the West, a better method could not have been planned than the combined international fair and exposition which will be held in the city on September 17th to 27th, inclusive. The need of something of this sort to attract attention to the city, and at the same time to show the wide diversity of the products of Michigan, had been felt for several years



HON. JAMES McMILLAN.

by the more progressive of Detroit people, but until this year all efforts having such a purpose in view had come to no practical result, owing in some instances to the action of certain real-estate dealers concerning the selection of a proper site. The present fair and exposition might have come to the same end had less determined or less liberal men had control of it. The claim has been made that the references of the Detroit International Fair and Exposition are its stockholders—among whom are James McMillan, United States Senator; Russell A. Alger, ex-Governor of Michigan; T. W. Palmer, United States Minister to Spain, and formerly a United States Senator; and D. M. Ferry, George H. Barbour, William B. Moran, and Francis Palms, business men of more than local reputation. With these and other capable men of affairs in charge of the project, the obstacles in the way of the selection of a suitable site did not prove to be so overwhelming as in the case of the former projects; in fact, President McMillan and his associates went so far in the matter as to acquire by purchase a site valued at $150,000. This in itself indicates the unusual magnitude of the undertaking, as in most public enterprises of this nature the grounds are provided, free of cost, by committees of citizens.

The site chosen covers seventy acres of ground on the bank of the Detroit River, about a thousand yards beyond the city's western line. Its adaptability to the purposes required of it is self-evident, as it can be reached readily by street cars, electric motors, steam railway trains, or by steam-boats on the river. In addition to its accessibility, the place can lay some claim to scenic attractiveness. From the tower of the Main Building may be seen a panorama worth an hour's study. To the left, reaching out to the horizon, lies the city, tinged over with the smoke of industry. To the right the green fields of Canada stretch up from the eastern shore of the Detroit River, and go out to meet the lower rim of the distant sky. Close at hand the stately river flows past, with its fleets of barges, its casual schooners, and its steam craft, while all alongshore the giant elevators and the prosaic warehouses give a strong contrast to the dim beauty of Belle Isle and the farther stretches of river and woodland, and the drifting sails of commerce.



HON. THOMAS W. PALMER.

With this excellent site secured, the Association decided to place upon it the most extensive fair and exposition buildings yet constructed. With a capital stock of $500,000 to draw upon, this was by no means a difficult thing to do, and as a result the buildings erected will cover a space of more than fourteen solid acres of ground. Chief of all the structures is the Main Building, which is the largest of its kind in the world. It has a frontage of nearly five hundred feet, with an area for exhibition purposes of about two hundred thousand square feet. From an architectural point of view, the prominent feature of the building is the central tower, which rises to a height of two hundred feet. It is said that there are only six higher towers in the United States. Unlike many towers, this one is well lighted. In fact, its windows contain twenty thousand square feet of glass—an amount that would cover about four and one-half acres of ground. Two or three ordinary State fairs could be held at the same time in this huge building and yet leave room for the usual number of visitors.

When the size and character of the buildings had been decided upon, the question of cash prizes for exhibitors was disposed of by setting aside the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for this purpose. If anything were wanting to convince hard-headed conservatism that the Detroit International Fair and Exposition had a wider range of interest than even the great State of Michigan, or, indeed, the United States themselves, this undoubtedly would be the thing. A fair that offers one hundred thousand dollars in cash prizes is certain to attract attention in other countries than this, despite the overwhelming attractions of the Paris Exposition. Outside of the United States, the people most interested in the Detroit fair are the Canadians. The intelligent inhabitants of Canada invariably take an active interest in fairs and expositions along the American border, mainly because they are close at hand, but also because Canada makes an effort in the same direction herself, with satisfactory results, and also by reason of the fact that most of the residents of the Canadian border are secretly, if not openly, in favor of annexation or commercial union. Whether they acknowledge these sentiments or not, they certainly show a commendable disposition to visit their American neighbors on every reasonable opportunity. In the Detroit fair the Canadians will be unusually well represented. Their strongest showing will be made, no doubt, in the live-stock departments, where their entries of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and other animals will be worth careful attention. The competition between Canada and Michigan in the matter of live-stock will be particularly interesting, as the educated Michigan farmers have an idea that their horses and cattle are the finest in the country. Under these circumstances there can be no doubt that some of the best live-stock in the United States and Canada will be on exhibition at the fair. The prizes offered ought to bring prize-winners from all parts of the American continent. The following table shows some of the cash premiums offered by the Detroit fair, as compared with premiums offered by the Michigan State Fair, the Toronto Fair, and the St. Louis Fair:

	Michigan State Fair.	Toronto.	St Louis.	Detroit.
Horses, breeders' classes	$2,953	$5,545	$7,995	$13,450
Cattle, " "	3,235	3,399	6,255	14,405
Sheep, " "	1,519	1,949	1,250	3,090
Poultry	377	1,278	721	2,398
Art Department	875	1,070	none	6,183
Ladies' Department	326	1,276	2,114	3,610
Total	$9,285	$14,617	$18,435	$43,136
Michigan State, Toronto, and St. Louis combined				$42,337
Detroit International alone				43,136

The true size of the Detroit fair may be appreciated when the fact is considered that the fairs in St. Louis and Toronto have been the largest in their respective countries. The Ohio Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati last summer offered prizes amounting to $22,877 for horses, cattle, sheep, and poultry. The Detroit fair offers $33,343 in the same classes, and then adds premiums amounting to $6513 for the Art Department, in which the Cincinnati people offered nothing.

The fact that this great fair and exposition will advertise the resources and material interests of Detroit more than those of any other locality ought not to lessen the interest of neighboring cities. Local pride is all well enough in its way, but in this case it would be very much out of place. Not even an active commercial rival should begrudge Detroit the attention that the big show will attract to her. Detroit has needed something of this sort so long that every American ought to feel pleased that she has done so well and so wisely in making what must be considered the beginning of a new public spirit. The managers of the enterprise are to be congratulated upon the success with which they have secured the active co-operation of Detroit's ultra-conservative and overcautious element, and upon the wisdom of adopting the new plan of combining fair and exposition together in one great whole, and placing them in a location where plenty of ground could be obtained for out-door sports. Improvements are being made constantly in the matter of agricultural and industrial displays, as in everything else, and it has been found that the system of combining fair and exposition is rapidly displacing the old style of exposition, in which machinery and trade exhibits were placed in one building. The tendency of the present age is toward concentration. The average man, and particularly the busy farmer, will not go to two or three different kinds of agricultural, mechanical, and trade shows when he can see the whole thing, and more too, at one time and for one price of admission.

I fancy, however, that the thrifty person who tries to see the Detroit International Fair and Exposition for one price of admission will be sorry for it afterward, unless he be a postman, or what is sometimes spoken of as a professional pedestrian. The combination show will be far too large to be seen in one day. The Main Building alone, with its two floors of exhibits, its fountains, its embowered central courts, and its music by Cappa's famous Seventh Regiment Band from New York city, will occupy the visitor's attention one long day and evening. This is at best only a good beginning, for out in the spacious grounds there will be a bewildering diversity of things demanding consideration. To the agriculturist keenly alive to improvements of farm machinery there will be nearly fifteen acres of mowers, reapers, harvesters, windmills, engines, and all manner of agricultural implements, under tents and private structures. This display will be entirely independent of Machinery Hall, where the mechanic and the artisan will find the latest improvements in labor-saving devices.

Naturally the farmer will find the live-stock buildings the most



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.

attractive in the grounds. Each of the four buildings for the exhibition of live-stock will be three hundred feet square, with a large inner court for the exercise and display of animals. If placed side by side, the stalls in these buildings would reach two miles. It is not too much to say that the display in these buildings, probably, will be the finest ever seen in the West. Of lesser general interest, perhaps, but yet equally as important in its special field, will be the exhibition of fowls, dogs, and household pets, which will be contained in a well-lighted and well-ventilated building three hundred feet in length. Prize-winners from all parts of the American continent, and also from European countries, will meet in open competition in this building, thereby adding the charm of an international contest to the ordinary attractions.

In contrast to all the material considerations that I have touched upon is the interest of the art display, which will be contained in a building having a frontage of one hundred and fifty feet. The display will include the American Prize Fund Collection, consisting of three hundred and fifty paintings by two hundred American artists. The chief attractions in the Art Building, however, will be the two famous paintings, "The Russian Wedding Feast," and "The Last Hours of Mozart."

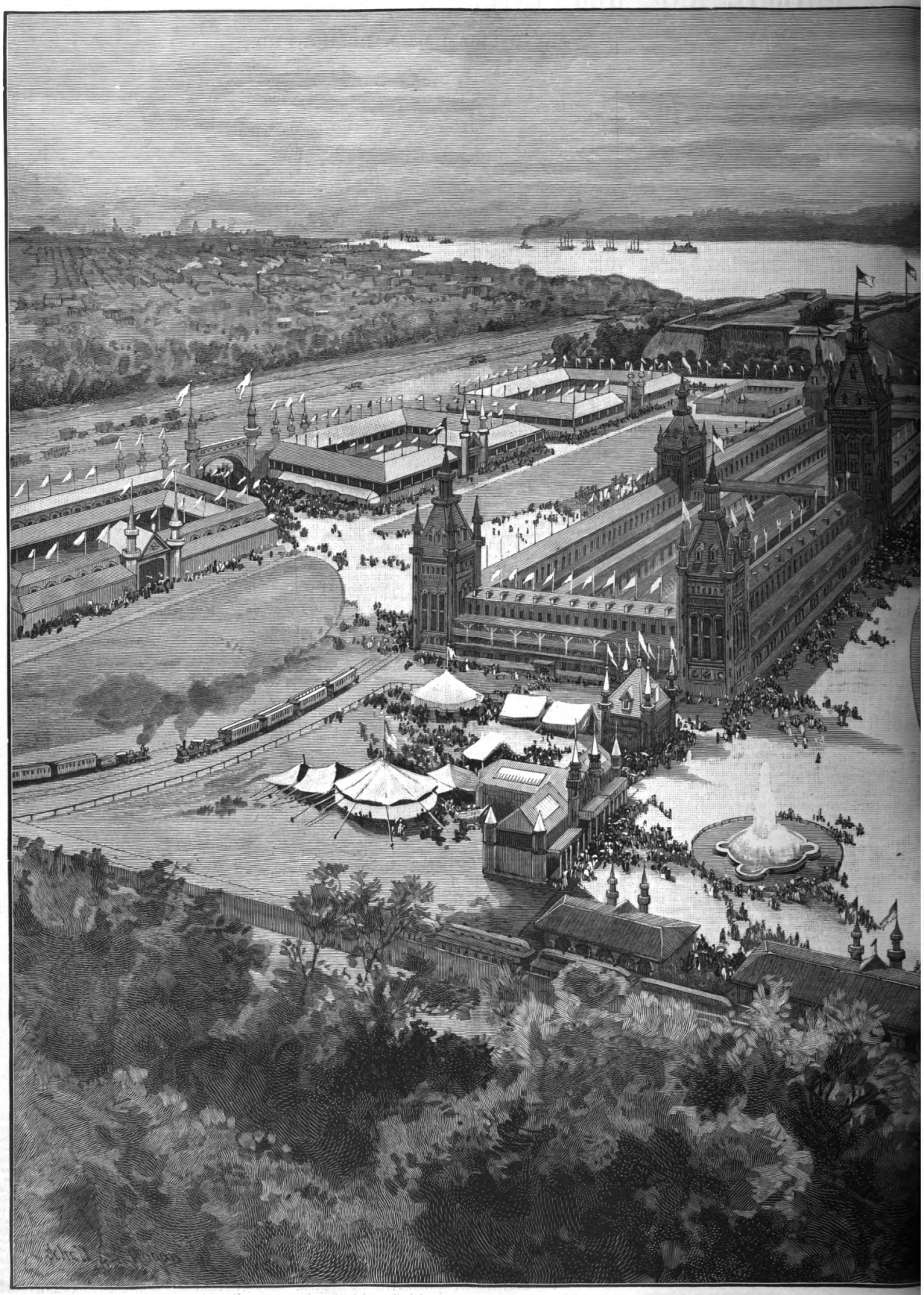
Aside from the regular features of fair and exposition, which I have named in a necessarily cursory manner, there will be plenty of special features to entertain the visitor. Chief of these will be the contests on the race-track. In reality the trials of speed among the horses ought not to be classed as a special feature, as horse-racing has been a regular part of public shows of this kind since the days of the Roman hippodrome. Baseball, lacrosse, polo, and bicycle competitions, however, may safely be classed as special features, although the example set by Detroit may cause them to become regular parts of future fairs and expositions. This is to be hoped for, if for nothing more than the diversity of interest that it would create.



MR. D. M. FERRY.

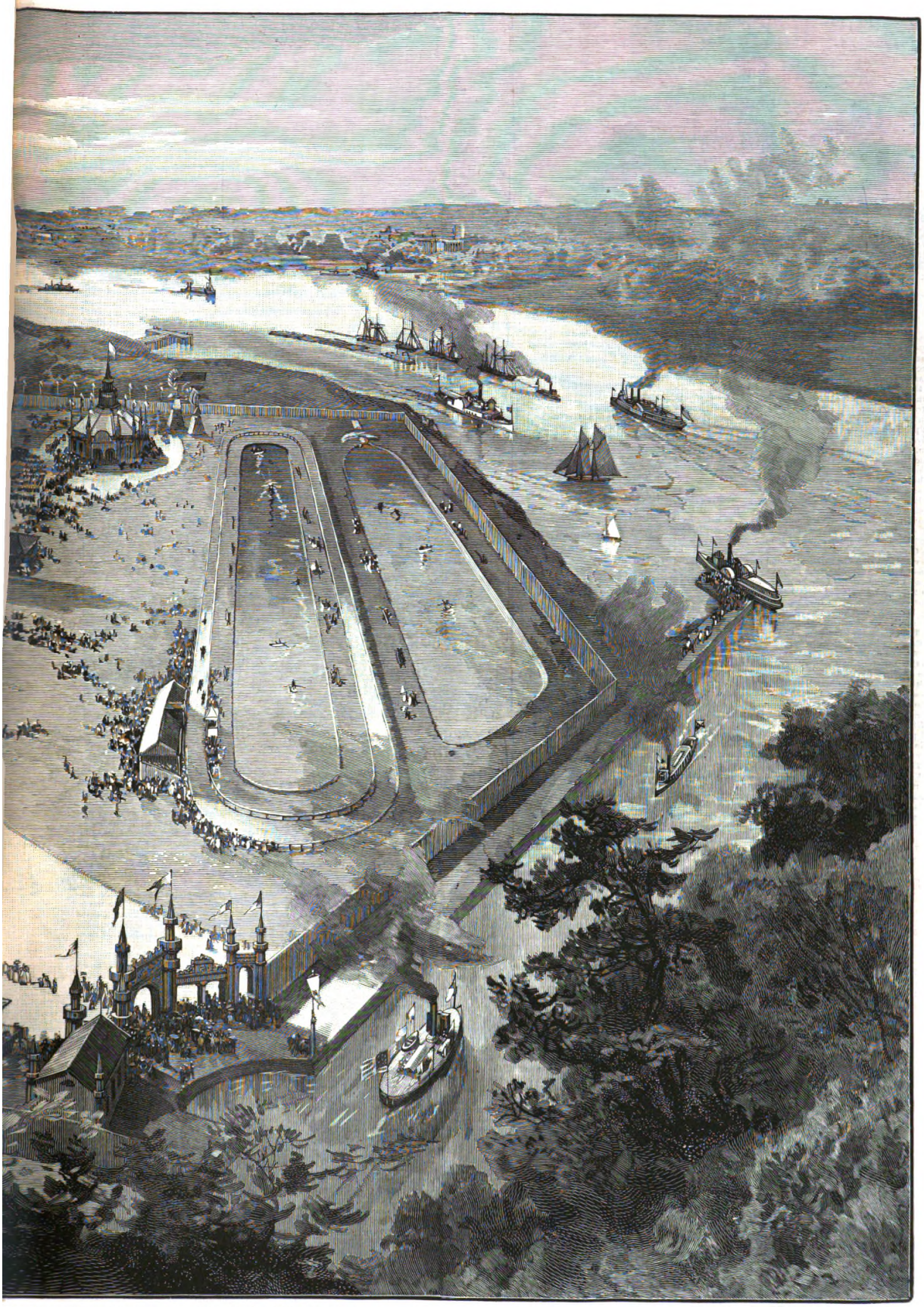
In the Detroit fair there will be no lack of diversity of interest. The representation made by Michigan alone would stock two ordinary fairs, as any one will readily believe who knows what the State can do when she tries. The rank of Michigan as an agricultural State is hardly understood, owing, no doubt, to the importance of her lumber and mining interests. Official statistics show that she has 8,400,000 acres of improved lands, the gross value of which is $500,000,000. Her live-stock, if sold, would bring $55,720,000. One-sixth of her people are engaged in agricultural pursuits; and that, too, mostly on small farms. In the number of farms between twenty-five and fifty acres in extent, occupied by owners, Michigan stands first in the United States, and fourth in the number of farms of from fifty to one hundred acres. In the production of hops, potatoes, and buckwheat she ranks fourth, in wheat fourth, in wool third, in oats ninth, in barley ninth, in horses tenth, in oxen ninth, in milch-cows eleventh, and in sheep fourth. These comparisons indicate, in a general way, the agricultural resources of the State, while the prosperous condition of the State Agricultural College shows the interest taken

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



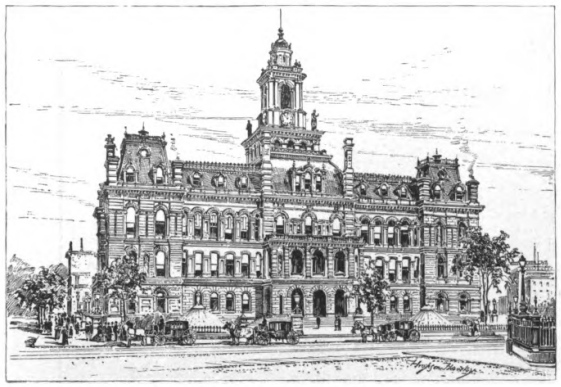
GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE DET

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



TERNATIONAL FAIR AND EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



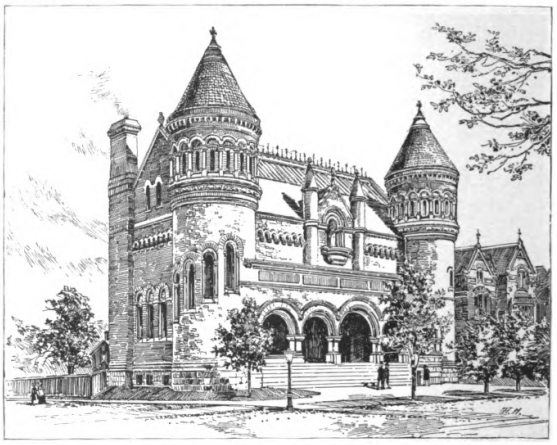
THE CITY HALL, DETROIT.

by the people in the study of farming as a science, and not as a mere hap-hazard digging-up of the soil. The College has a farm of 676 acres, valued at $350,000. Instruction is given to more than three hundred students. The State Agricultural Society, which was incorporated in 1849, has grown in such a substantial manner that at present it has four large and important sub-societies, known as the Northeastern, the Eastern, the Western, and the Central Michigan Societies. This is by no means the extent of the interest taken in organized effort for improvement. In different parts of the State there are more than one hundred and twenty-five distinct agricultural and breeders' societies in active operation. The State Grange has a large and influential following. The Holstein-Friesian Cattle-Breeders' Association has some of the most important breeders in the West and Northwest among its members. The bee-keepers and the dairymen have unusually strong associations.

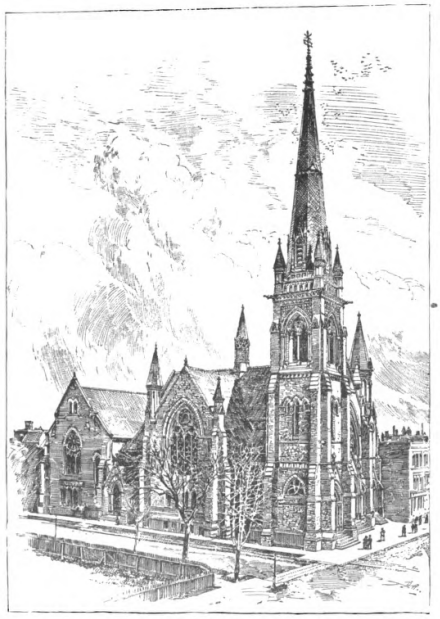
Thus it will be seen that Michigan is fully justified in setting out to hold an international fair and exposition. Even a passing consideration of the city of Detroit will show, also, that the local home of the great undertaking was well chosen. The city lies on the west bank of the Detroit River, at the natural crossing-point between Canada and Michigan. The population is thought to be between two hundred and two hundred and fifty thousand. The City Directory for 1888 contained 85,200 names. By using the figure 3 as a multiple, the directory publishers estimate the population at 255,000, which is probably something in excess of the actual number. The census in 1880 gave Detroit a population of 135,000, but since that time the city has annexed its outlying districts, which contained most of the manufacturing establishments. The increase in population in recent years has been very large. Conservative estimates place the increase at ten thousand a year. An idea of the annual gain may be obtained from the fact that the City Directory for 1888 contained 5444 more names than the same directory for 1887.

Detroit may congratulate herself on this excellent showing, for the reason that there has been nothing of the typical far Western boom about this growth. Indeed, Detroit has rather erred on the side of caution and commercial distrust. It is the opinion of many of her business men that the city would now be twice her size had proper means been taken for the encouragement of her growth in the past. This is to some extent true, as the business character of the place shows. The city is above all a manufacturing point. The unusual natural advantages of this place are plain to the least careful observer when the fact is considered that here a great manufacturing city has grown up unaided where a yet greater commercial city might have been. Manufacturers of various kinds of things saw these advantages more clearly than any one else, apparently, and shrewdly located their works where they could ship their goods by rail or water to all parts of the country, east, west, and south, while, at the same time, having the raw material close at hand. Among the largest of her manufacturing concerns are three car-works, three stove-works, and two medicine factories. These establishments are of national importance. The iron industry is large and growing. One of the largest and best-known seed houses in the world has its head-quarters here. The tobacco manufacturing interests are very strong. Ship-building is carried on to a considerable extent, while the handling and manufacturing of lumber in various forms give employment to large numbers of men. Few logs are sawed at Detroit, but many Detroit men are interested in the logging camps in the northern part of the State. Wealthy lumbermen of Michigan have built many of the finest private houses in Detroit, alike creditable to themselves and ornamental to the city. Their presence has been beneficial in other directions, chief among which is the financial soundness that they have helped to give to the city. In times of panics Detroit's business men stand like rocks. Moreover, the city itself is owned by its inhabitants, and not by Eastern capitalists at nine per cent. interest a year.

The transportation facilities for the commerce and manufactures of Detroit could not well be better than they are. The lake traffic that passes up and down the Detroit River is enormous. It is estimated that a lake craft of some sort or other passes Detroit every seven and one-half minutes during the season. From Detroit there are regular lines of passenger steamers to all parts of the great lakes, from Buffalo on the east to Duluth at the head of lake navigation. The Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Company makes a specialty of summer tourist travel between Detroit and Cleveland. The railroad transportation facilities at Detroit are exceptionally complete and comprehensive, even to connections with the remoter parts of Canada. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad comes around the head of Lake Erie, and gives a direct route East by connecting with the New York Central and Hudson River Railway at Buffalo. The Central-Hudson's fast Chicago limited trains take the Lake Shore tracks west of Buffalo. A pleasant ride from New York to Detroit is made by taking the picturesque New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad to Cleveland, where, after a few hours' sight-seeing, one may board a night steamer for Detroit. The advantage of this is a quick and comfortable run to Cleveland, a drive on beautiful Euclid Avenue, and a night's rest on the water. The Michigan Central is an important road at Detroit, as it handles a great deal of Michigan business, and reaches out into the richest part of Canada. The Wabash and several other American roads come here, as well as the Grand Trunk and the Great Western from Canada. The railway trains cross the Detroit River on powerful ferry-boats, even when it is choked with ice. The visitor to the Detroit International Fair and Exposition will not be troubled by any lack of transportation facilities.



THE MUSEUM OF ART, DETROIT.



WOODWARD AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, DETROIT.

The visitor to the fair will do well to spend a portion of his time in seeing the city itself. Detroit is worth a three days' visit at any time, summer or winter; but in summer her attractions in the way of parks and beautifully shaded avenues cannot be surpassed by any city of her size on the continent. The residence streets are noted throughout the West for their beautiful shade trees of elm and maple, and their scrupulously kept lawns and private grounds. From an architectural point of view, there are many fine business blocks, public buildings, and places of residence worth consideration. The new Art Museum shows plainly the architectural tendencies of the city, and at the same time indicates the genuine interest in art and the sciences taken by the people. An art school of promise has been established in connection with the museum. Both museum and school are the result of a popular subscription. This is by no means the only outward expression of the intellectual culture of the people. The city is, in fact, noted for its private art galleries and libraries. A number of literary societies are in existence, together with many social organizations of various aims. The Detroit Club and the Grosse Pointe Club are the leading clubs, the members of the last-named of which have summer cottages at Grosse Pointe, where they fish, shoot, and concern themselves with other out-door amusements. Apart from the Art Museum, a creditable accession to the artistic features of the city is the drinking fountain in the principal square. It was placed there by a provision in the will of the late John J. Bagley, formerly Governor of Michigan. The simple harmony of the design is much enhanced by the unusual beauty of the material, which is, for the most part, a delicate cream-colored stone, flecked thickly with spots of dull brown and black. Doubtless the honest laborer, as he drinks from it, and contemplates the ornamental trivialities of the Court-house close by, or the bold grace of the statue of Michigan in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, on the other side of the way, wonders vaguely what there is about this simple little pillar of stone that made it cost four or five thousand dollars.

The artistic and literary characteristics of Detroit are found in all Western cities that have as their leading citizens educated natives of New York and New England. A large number of New York and New England men are engaged in business in Detroit. The foreign-born portion of the population is made up of Irish and Germans. Recently the Polish element has become prominent. Among all walks of life in Detroit the Poles are said to be hard-working and industrious people. They have their own schools and church organizations. The necessity for separate schools of their own is not quite apparent, as the public schools of Detroit are open to all. They are as good, too, as any in the West. The school system is based on that in use in Connecticut, where the science of public instruction has for many years been in a high state of development.

Detroit's culture in art and literature is harmoniously rounded out and given pleasing symmetry by an educated taste for music, which finds public expression in symphony concerts and musical entertainments. Several musical clubs are in active existence, a leader among which is the Detroit Musical Society, which gives occasional concerts. The artistic, literary, and musical tendencies of the people are steadfastly encouraged by the newspapers, which, almost without exception, show a breadth and liberality in their treatment of these things that promises exceedingly well for the future. In their consideration of other and more material affairs, the best of the Detroit newspapers keep in view the general good of their readers quite as conscientiously, I think, as any similar journals in the country. I believe that I am entirely justified in saying that Detroit may well be satisfied with her newspapers. There are two morning dailies—the *Free-Press* and the *Tribune;* two evening dailies—the *News* and the *Journal;* three German dailies, and several religious weeklies and other publications. The *Free-Press* has an international reputation for its humor, its pathos, and its unfaltering good sense. Its weekly issue is printed in three editions, one of which is made up for the State of Michigan, another for the United States in general, and the third for the people of Europe. The *Tribune* is carefully edited and well conducted. Its political influence is recognized by all factions. The *News* and the *Journal* are both newsy, enterprising, and capable. In political affiliations the newspapers are nearly evenly divided. For that matter, so is the city itself. By hard work the Democratic party can ordinarily count upon filling the offices, but when public questions of importance are involved in an election, a strong independent element sometimes upsets the most carefully made arrangements. Naturally this sort of thing is highly annoying, not to say exasperating, to the practical politician, who knows no such thing as independent action, except, perhaps, for personal advancement. The people of Detroit, however, may congratulate themselves that the independent sentiment is strong among them. The independent is the balance wheel of politics. Perhaps the existence of the independent sentiment accounts in a measure for the fact that the politicians have never led the city into any great extravagances. The debt of the city is very light, which is a pleasant state of affairs for property owners to contemplate. The city has never been bonded except for the water-works, and the water-works pay for themselves. Three millions of dollars have been spent for parks and public buildings. For public gas and electricity the city pays about two hundred thousand dollars a year.

The safe financial condition of the city has no doubt stimulated the building of private houses to an unusual degree. The assurance of a comparatively low rate of taxation is a strong incentive to the person of moderate means to own his own home. Individual ownership of houses is a marked feature of Detroit realty. Working-men of moderate incomes have been, in many cases, enabled to acquire city lots and cottages of their own. With a shrewd appreciation of this economical tendency, speculative real-estate dealers have made handsome profits by selling cottages on the monthly instalment plan. The individual ownership of houses, added to the home feeling that such a condition of things necessarily implies, is given as the reason why Detroit is so reluctant in its encouragement of theatrical performances. In the vernacular of the greenroom—if such there be—Detroit is often described as "the graveyard of the road." To my own knowledge many a hopeful travelling company has left Detroit with tears of grief and rage, and with very little else worth mentioning as available assets. In other cities I have occasionally found the same peculiarity, for local peculiarity merely I take it to be. Indianapolis more nearly resembles Detroit in this respect than any other Western city.

In social matters the city is reasonably democratic. Originally, the society was composed of military men and their families; but the place has long since outgrown its character as a military post, although Fort Wayne is still maintained as a border station. The spirit of change has come over its surroundings, however, as the fort is wellnigh overridden by the big buildings and spacious grounds of the Detroit International Fair and Exposition close at hand. Visitors to the big fair can see in the fort a passing indication of Detroit's original character; yet, I fancy, they will find her present character more interesting and attractive. It is a beautiful city, strong in resources, full of life, and rich with opportunity. If this great fair and exposition be, as it seems to me, an indication of new business spirit and enterprise, the future of the city will be creditable alike to herself, to the State of Michigan, and to the American nation.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE.

BY CHARLES ARNOLD McCULLY.

EARLY in the present year a leading daily paper of Boston published an article, afterward widely copied, in which the trotting horse of to-day was compared with the animal of the past, much to the disparagement of the former. The writer, Rev. W. H. H. Murray, has long been known as a lover of the light-harness horse, and was at one time actively engaged in breeding and rearing that stock as a commercial enterprise. It might be argued that, since Mr. Murray had little or no success as a breeder, and finally abandoned his stock farm, he was not competent to give an opinion regarding what value attaches to the efforts of those who have labored before and during his time, and are still trying to improve the breed of trotters. But it will be fairer and of more value to a most popular subject to discuss the case briefly on its merits, and endeavor to ascertain whether the breeding of the American trotter has been progressing or retrograding, and if it is a success or a failure. Mr. Murray complains that in New England the Morgan horse, that was the fashionable strain in an earlier day, has given place to a breed of "trotters," bred for speed alone. He admits that the faster animal has taken the place of his ideal roadster, and immediately asserts that such breeding is solely a matter of luck, using the lottery ticket as a simile to express his estimate of such a venture.

If it be true, as admitted, that the modern trotter, with an extreme flight of speed, has filled the place in the popular fancy of his high-stepping predecessors, to whom a mile in three minutes was a supreme effort, there must be a natural cause for the change. If the road-riding people of this country wanted the Morgan horse, that is the animal that would command the price and be more extensively bred than ever. But the fact is, New England, in common with the rest of the United States, has found a new pleasure, that has been growing in favor for more than fifty years, and now eclipses in its extent and influence any other pastime. This is the contest or trial of speed between horses at the trotting gait, seconded in a lesser measure by similar contests at the pace or lateral gait. That is why men are giving their time and thoughts to breeding for speed instead of style, and explains the decline and fall of the Morgan and kindred strains, until, as Mr. Murray says, "the glory of the class they composed is departed."

Nor is this new type of horse only fit for the race-track. His neck may not arch like Cupid's bow, and his tail may not rise in a majestic sweep when he starts to move, but he is ready to do his work when hitched to a carriage; and having much less waste action, gets over more ground with less fuss and show than the effete ideal so deplored by Mr. Murray. As a matter of fact, too, the Morgan horse is not extinct in New England; he still exists, oftentimes blended with strains from other sections of the country, and occasionally in a separate and distinct form. But he too has been affected by the demand for stock able to compete for fortune and fame on the race-track, and by the aid of modern devices for developing speed, has been moulded to meet the requirements of the day. Of trotting roadsters there is now a larger and better supply than was possible half a century ago, but they are lost sight of, while their faster fellows, trained and equipped for exciting battles on the race-track, fill the popular eye, and are eagerly sought on all sides.

So it is, then, that the trotting horse means first and essentially an animal designed for racing, whose value increases as his speed, just as the worth of the diamond multiplies as its size becomes remarkable.

Away back in 1810, a horse brought from Boston to Philadelphia is said to have trotted a mile in 2.48½—as much of a champion feat as was the mile in 2.8¼ made by Maud S. in 1885; yet the pioneer trotter could have been bought for a few hundred dollars, while the living queen of the turf was not for sale at $100,000 when William H. Vanderbilt owned her, and the sum ($40,000) for which he transferred her to Robert Bonner was merely a nominal figure.

This year, a colt, Bell Boy, brought more than $50,000 at auction; the two-year-old Mascot realized $26,000 at competitive sale in New York; and another, California-bred trotter, the stallion Stamboul, record 2.14¼, changed hands privately for $50,000. These are only samples of the long prices that have been paid for fast or well-bred stock; and the phenomenally speedy colt Axtell (Fig. 1), three years old, who trotted in 2.14¾ at Cleveland, August 1st, is valued by his owner at $100,000, and three-quarters of that sum was promptly refused within a few days for this new champion. Twenty odd years ago, when Robert Bonner set the fashion of giving a snug fortune for the fastest trotting horses as they appeared on the turf, it was deemed a sheer waste of money; but to-day there is practically no limit, from a purely business standpoint, to the value of a promising or tried trotter. Bell Boy, through his stud engagements, can bring an annual revenue of $20,000 to his owners, and there is no stronger illustration of this increase in value than is seen in the fact that an untried young sire commands the same price ($500) as was set upon the generative powers of Rysdyk's Hambletonian himself when he was in the zenith of his fame.

To harness racing, then, is principally due the evolution of the American trotting horse, which, commencing slowly in the second quarter of the present century, has increased rapidly during the past thirty years. The achievement of 1810 has been beaten by about forty seconds, and it will not be surprising to see a trotter accomplish a mile in two minutes of time before the century closes. That is the acme how in the minds of those who are breeding for extreme speed, and no one disputes its possibility. The cause of this most remarkable advance, by which the trotting gait, formerly but the connecting motion between the walk and the run, has been brought to a point of cultivation that makes it second only to the swift gallop, lies in the fact that the horsemen of this country, quick to see the possibilities connected with fast trotting, turned their attention in that direction, with the result already stated, namely, that a horse has been produced to trot a mile nearly a minute faster than was possible eighty years ago, while the animal itself is in every way superior to the early strain. The original carriage horse of this country was descended from breeds brought here from England and the continent of Europe. The thorough-bred was at that time the only variety to whose breeding any attention was directed, and, as a matter of fact, the American trotter owes most of his good qualities to the English thorough-bred. In 1768 there was foaled near Leeds, in Yorkshire, a colt afterward called Mambrino; his sire, Engineer, was thorough-bred, as was his dam, Dulcinea, by Cade, son of Godolphin Arabian, and the colt inherited the blood of many famous winners on the running turf. He himself was trained, and won several races, but not until he was well matured. While training for the Newmarket stake in 1779, Mambrino broke down, and was thereafter used for stock purposes. The most significant fact about Mambrino was that, though he could run fast, and was exceptionally good at long distances, his natural gait was the trot, and Lord Grosvenor, who owned him, always stood ready to wager that his gray stallion could trot fourteen miles in an hour—an unheard-of feat up to that time.

Whyte's *History of the British Turf* says of Mambrino that "he was likewise the sire of a great many excellent hunters, and strong, useful road horses, and it has been said that from his blood the breed of horses for the coach was brought nearly to its present state of perfection." Among the numerous progeny of Mambrino were some that found their way to the United States. In 1787 a chestnut filly, two years old, named Mambrina, was imported to South Carolina. This daughter of Mambrino produced several foals that were fast, and one, called Fairy, was owned by General Washington himself. But a much more notable event was the importation of a son of Mambrino, the now famous Messenger, who was brought to this country in 1788, and landed from a ship at South Market Street, Philadelphia, on the 27th of May. Imported Messenger, as he is called, was then eight years old, and he, too, was strictly thorough-bred. Soon after he arrived he was advertised as available for breeding at three guineas, and one dollar for the groom. No one then could foresee that from the loins of this stout English thorough-bred there should come a race of horses that would eclipse all others at the trotting gait. Like his sire, Messenger had what may be called the trotting instinct, and, what was of much more importance, he possessed the power to transmit that to his get. In 1794 Messenger was purchased by Henry Astor, and brought to New York. From that time to his death he remained in and about the metropolis, becoming more and more valuable as his colts continued to show their superiority over all others. Indeed, so famous did he become that, when he died, at Townsend Cock's stables, Oyster Bay, Long Island, on the 28th of January, 1808, horsemen came from everywhere to see the body of this great sire, and he was buried with more ceremony than is accorded to the average member of the human race.

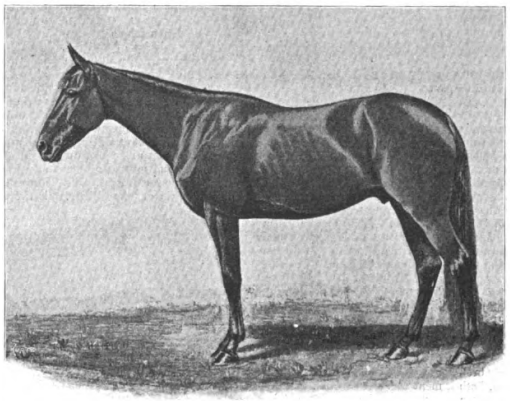


FIG. 1.—AXTELL, 2.14¾, CHAMPION THREE-YEAR-OLD TROTTER.—FROM SKETCH BY F. WHITNEY.

In appearance Messenger was a horse of great power, standing almost 15.3 hands high, and, like his sire, of a gray color, becoming flea-bitten, or covered with brown specks, as he grew old. His mane and tail were thin; his ears were large, but always erect, denoting great vitality; his head was large and long; his neck was short, and his nostrils were twice as large as those of the average horse. A more striking characteristic was that his withers were very low, so that he stood higher behind than he did at the shoulders. This peculiarity has been transmitted through many generations, and is known as the "Messenger pitch." Most of the trotting champions have inherited this slope from hip to withers, and there is no doubt that it plays an important part in the effort for extreme speed. One experienced horseman says that "the Messenger pitch makes down-hill trotters"; that is, the hind parts, being elevated, send the horse along almost in spite of himself.

One of those who saw Messenger says of him: "His barrel, loins, hips, and quarters were incomparable, and he was far superior to all others."

In earlier days there were naturally local prejudices in favor of other breeds of horses that could trot fast, but with the advance of time there has come overwhelming testimony to show that the stout gray stallion, imported Messenger, laid the foundation of the American trotting horse of to-day. Of his sons the one destined to affect the breeding interest most largely was Mambrino, a thorough-bred stallion, his dam being by imported Sour Crout. Mambrino was a roughly built horse, and had none of the fine thorough-bred finish in his make-up. He was trained, and ran several times, but finally broke down, and was placed in the stud. It is said of him that he inherited the trotting instinct so marked in his English grandsire, and a number of his colts achieved honors on the trotting turf. One of them, a mare, Betsy Baker, defeated the famous Top Gallant, and is credited with the ability to trot twenty miles in an hour. Among the mares bred to Mambrino was a pair owned by John Treadwell, of Brooklyn, N.Y., named Amazonia and Sophinisba. The result of the union with Amazonia was a bay colt, foaled in 1823, called Abdallah, from whom has come the fastest and most fashionable strains of trotters ever produced in



FIG. 2.—RYSDYK'S HAMBLETONIAN, THE GREAT SIRE OF TROTTERS.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.



FIG. 3.—HAROLD, SIRE OF MAUD S.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

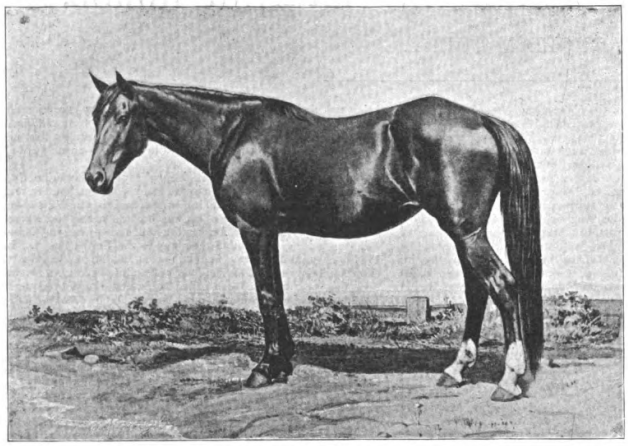


FIG. 4.—GREEN MOUNTAIN MAID, THE GREAT MOTHER OF TROTTERS.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

this country. He too was an inbred Messenger, for Amazonia was by a son of the great stallion, her dam's breeding being unknown. Abdallah lived till 1854, but was not cared for in his old age, and perished on a Long Island beach in November of that year. Three of his get obtained records of 2.30 or better, and he also sired a pacer with a record of 2.27; but the most notable event in his stud career was when he was mated with the Charles Kent Mare, June 5, 1848, and got a bay colt, foaled May 5, 1849, who was destined to be the founder of the greatest family of trotting horses the world has ever seen. This Charles Kent Mare was owned by Jonas Seely, of Chester, Orange County, N. Y., and was herself quite well bred, her sire being imported Bellfounder, and her dam, One Eye, was by Bishop's Hambletonian, a son of imported Messenger. This mare One Eye was also owned by Mr. Seely, and although she was never trained, had the reputation of being the most remarkable natural trotter ever seen in Orange County. She was foaled in 1815, and besides the infusion of Messenger blood through her sire, had another stream of it through her dam, Silver Tail, also by Messenger. When this strongly bred colt by Abdallah was still running by the side of its dam, both were purchased for $125 from Mr. Seely by William M. Rysdyk, a farmer, who also lived at Chester, and was desirous of owning some good stock. Mr. Rysdyk proved to be a man of considerable shrewdness, and while he is entitled to some credit for making the selection of this colt, he could have had no idea that he was buying so wonderful a sire. In choosing a name for his colt, Mr. Rysdyk was influenced by the fact that a stallion called Harris's Hambletonian had got several fast trotters during his stud career in Vermont, and as he had died in 1846, the name Hambletonian was given to the colt, related to him on the maternal side. (Fig. 2.)

To Mr. David Bonner, of New York, who probably knows more about Hambletonian than any horseman living, I am indebted for the following history and description of this remarkable stallion:

"When Mr. Rysdyk's colt was two years old he commenced using him for stock purposes. In 1851 he got three foals, one of which afterward became famous as Alexander's Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid. It was not until 1860 that I first met Mr. Rysdyk and saw his horse. I was attracted to him because he was by Abdallah, and also on account of the speed shown by a bay gelding called Nutwood, sired by Hambletonian. At that time match-making was the popular way of arranging contests between trotters. Nutwood had been matched several times, and his opponents had paid forfeit rather than compete with him. An advertisement of Mr. Rysdyk's horse appeared in the *Spirit of the Times* in 1860, and I went to Chester to see him. He was then eleven years old, and I was greatly impressed by his many good points. He was a grand horse in every respect, and was then in his full vigor, but had only a local reputation as a sire of trotters, and his stud fee was $35. Hambletonian was a dark bay in color, with two white ankles behind, and a small star in his forehead. He was about fifteen and a half hands high, and was heavily built and substantial. He had a head which, though rather plain, was much more pleasing than it appears in any of the pictures of him I have ever seen. It was large and heavy, but clean and long, with the large powerful jaw which is still characteristic of many of his descendants. A remarkable feature was his eye, which was unusually prominent, more so than in any horse I can recall, and denoted the keen intelligence possessed by the horse. Added to this he had a most excellent disposition, mild and kind, and he remained so even in his old age. I consider that the brain force of Hambletonian contributed much to the superiority of his progeny, and while some of his sons proved rather vicious, they did not inherit this from their sire.

"Hambletonian's neck was a trifle short to be in harmony with his general make-up, but it was of good shape, and not at all thick, as has been written of him, with a clean-cut throat and plenty of breathing-room. His shoulders were oblique and muscular, running into a well-rounded body, with broad and powerful loins. His hips were elevated, making him higher behind than at the withers, and his quarters were simply immense. Then, too, he had a splendid set of legs, clean and free from blemishes, with an abundance of bone. Like his sire, Abdallah, he had good hocks, broad and well let down, permitting free action of the legs. His feet were well formed, of fine texture, and free from contraction. For a horse whose physical powers were so little exercised, his muscular development was phenomenal.

"Though he was never trained for racing or a record, he possessed quite a turn of natural speed, and on one occasion, at Mr. Rysdyk's request, I started the stallion up to see his motion, as I was driving him hitched to a skeleton wagon in front of his owner's house at Chester. He responded at once when asked to quicken his pace, and I am persuaded showed me a gait equal to a mile in 2.40, or faster, and Mr. Rysdyk assured me he had not gone faster than a slow jog for five years. It has been frequently written and remarked that Hambletonian, though a great sire of trotters, did not possess any speed himself; but this is not true, and there is no doubt that if he had been trained and used for racing, he would have trotted quite fast. A further evidence of this is that in 1852 Mr. Rysdyk brought his colt to a fair at the American Institute in this city, and during his visit was induced to take Hambletonian to Union Course, Long Island, to try his speed. There he trotted, hitched to a sulky, against another colt got by Abdallah, called Roe's Abdallah Chief, and beat his half-brother, going the mile in 3.3. This was his first experience in a sulky, as he had been led beside a pacer in bitting harness while Mr. Rysdyk was breaking him.

"It was not until a brown stallion by Hambletonian, called Robert Fillingham, defeated the crack trotter Ethan Allen, in 1862, in a match for $10,000 at Fashion Course, Long Island, that Mr. Rysdyk's horse achieved national fame as a sire of trotters. By my advice the service fee of the stallion was increased, and in 1864 it was $100, then raised to $300, and during the last ten years of his stud career it was $500. From statistics in my possession it is shown that Hambletonian got 1330 foals between 1851 and 1875, and his gross earnings amounted to $205,750."

Mr. Rysdyk did not live to see the last of his cherished horse, as he himself died in 1873, and Hambletonian survived till March 27, 1876, having lived for nearly twenty-seven years.

In his will Mr. Rysdyk provided that a certain piece of land should be preserved as a grave for his horse, and he was buried as directed. A small marble slab marks the spot, and contains a short record of the horse, and an effort has been since made to raise a fund and substitute a more valuable tribute to his memory. Whether this is accomplished or not, Rysdyk's Hambletonian has left a lasting monument in a progeny endowed with trotting ability and endurance to a wonderful degree. His descendants are to be found in all parts of this country, while of late years many of them have been sent to Europe and South America. In the first generation forty of his get have earned records of 2.30 or better, the greatest of them being the brown gelding Dexter, whose mile at Buffalo, August 14, 1867, in 2.17¼, gave him and his sire a world-wide fame, and made him the champion trotter until Goldsmith Maid wrested the laurel from him. One other of Hambletonian's get—the bay mare Nettie—trotted in 2.18, and it is a significant fact that both she and Dexter were out of mares by a stallion called Seely's American Star, that was kept at Goshen, the county-seat of Orange County, until his death in 1861. This horse must have been nearly thorough-bred, and his daughters proved a most successful cross with Hambletonian, as we have seen that his two fastest colts were out of Star mares, and no less than thirteen of his 2.30 performers were produced by mares sired by this same American Star stallion.

But if the "Hero of Chester," as Hambletonian is often called, was a great sire of trotters in the first generation, one almost loses sight of that fact in view of his incomparable ability to transmit speed through succeeding generations. His numerous sons and daughters have continued to beget and produce fast stock, until it is the exception to find a fast trotter that cannot trace directly back to him in the male or female line, and it is no uncommon thing to see a horse inheriting his blood on both sides. Inbreeding is something about which horsemen are much at variance, but it is generally conceded that there can scarcely be too many streams of the wonderfully potent blood of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. To attempt a comprehensive statement of what his descendants have done is beyond the scope of this article, but some notion of his phenomenal power may be had from a brief reference to the statistics of the turf. Up to the close of 1888 there were 107 sons of Hambletonian that had sired 567 trotters with records from 2.8¾ to 2.30, and forty-four dams by him had produced forty-nine foals that have trotted to records ranging from 2.14 to 2.30.

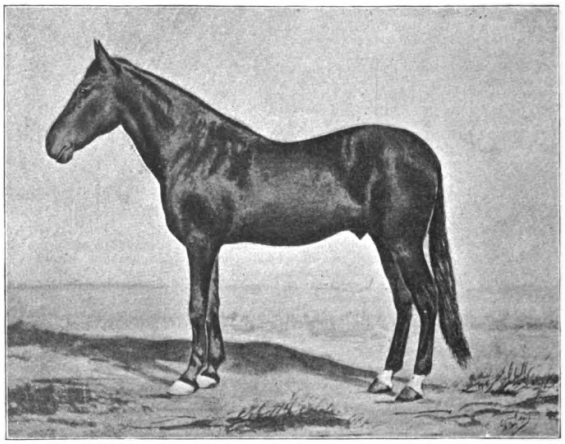


FIG. 6.—ELECTIONEER, THE PREMIER SIRE OF MENLO PARK FARM. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.

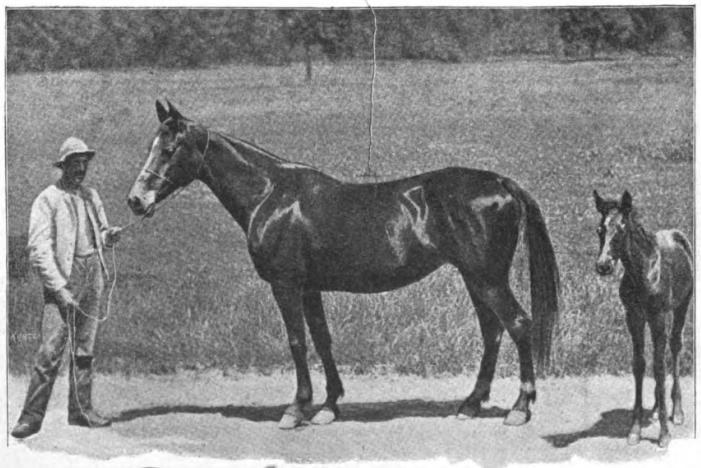


FIG. 5.—HATTIE HOGAN, THE MOST PROMISING DAM NOW AT STONY FORD FARM, AND HER FOAL BY KENTUCKY PRINCE.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

To Harold (Fig. 3), foaled in 1864, his dam, Enchantress, being by the same Abdallah that got Hambletonian, belongs the distinction of having sired Maud S., the present queen of the trotting arena. Harold was bred in Illinois, but his success in the stud has been made at Woodburn Farm, in Kentucky. It is worthy of note that at this same stock farm another son of Hambletonian—Alexander's Abdallah—was also kept until killed by soldiers in 1865; this horse got a bay mare out of a dam by his grandsire, Abdallah, that, as Goldsmith Maid, is known as the champion of her time, her record of 2.14 being scarcely as remarkable as the fact that she won 332 mile heats in 2.30 or better. Goldsmith Maid was not bred at Woodburn Farm; but it was there, in 1873, that the mare Miss Russell was mated to Harold, and the next year a chestnut filly was foaled destined to show a greater flight of speed for a mile than any trotter the world has yet seen. The subsequent history of the mare, her rapid development, her purchase by William H. Vanderbilt, her triumphs on the turf while in his possession, her transfer to Robert Bonner, and her continued improvement under his direction till she trotted her fastest mile at Cleveland, July 30, 1885, are familiar facts, known to the most casual observer. To-day Maud S., now fifteen years old, is as strong and vigorous as ever, and Mr. Bonner keeps her in constant exercise, occasionally permitting her to trot for a short distance at her highest speed, which she seems to enjoy as much as she did when in racing form. It is not probable that Maud S. will ever again trot in public, as Mr. Bonner's love for the comfort of his horses is greater than his desire to exhibit their powers, and his favorite mare has passed the age when she can stand the severity of training for a supreme effort without a risk of overtaxing her powers. Harold gave no promise of being a great sire in the early part of his stud life, but he has since got quite a number of trotters that have beaten 2.30, though none of them have attained to anything like the speed of Maud S. This

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

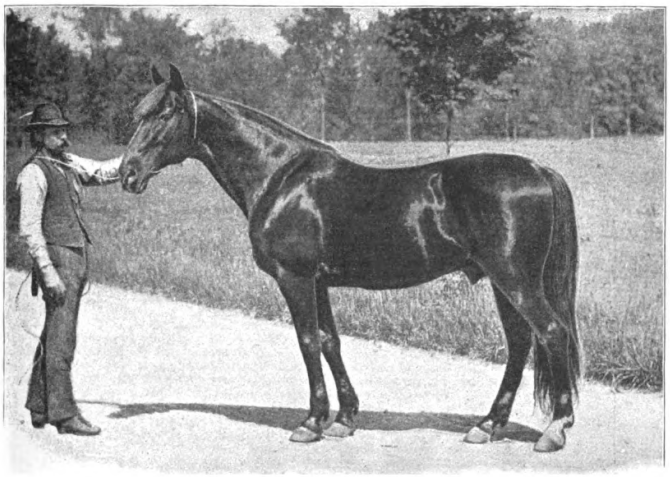


FIG. 7.—KENTUCKY PRINCE, BY CLARK CHIEF, THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE STONY FORD STUD. FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.



FIG. 8.—BEATRICE, DAM OF PATRON, 2.14¼, NOW AT PARKVILLE FARM, LONG ISLAND.

fact set the watchful breeders to thinking, and while the breeding of Harold is first-class, running back twice to Abdallah, a great share of credit has been accorded to the sire of the dam of Maud S. a gray stallion called Pilot, Jr. This horse was got by Pilot, a horse supposed to be of Canadian origin, and his dam, Nancy Pope, though she gave evidence of good breeding, had no authentic pedigree. Pilot, Jr., was at one time kept at Woodburn Farm, and while there was bred to Sally Russell, a mare by the famous running horse Boston. The produce was Miss Russell, the dam of Maud S.; and the same mare bred twice to Belmont, a son of Alexander's Abdallah, produced the chestnut horse Nutwood, one of the most successful sires now living, with a record of 2.18¾, and Cora Belmont, another fast mare, that has trotted in 2.24½. This not only shows Miss Russell to be a great broodmare, but places Pilot, Jr., in the front rank among sires of dams.

To return to Rysdyk's Hambletonian and his sons, two at least deserve more than passing notice. In the third year of his stud service Hambletonian was bred to Lady Patriot, a mare of principally thorough-bred origin. The colt passed through several hands, and was finally purchased by Alden Goldsmith, a farmer living at Washingtonville, a few miles from Chester. Mr. Goldsmith was a man of good education, and possessed of rare genius as a horseman. He was in ordinary circumstances when he decided he would like to own the bay colt by Hambletonian out of Lady Patriot, and Edwin Thorne, a wealthy horseman of Millbrook, Dutchess County, joined him in the venture. The young stallion had been in Brooklyn, and Mr. Goldsmith brought him back to Orange County. He was then called Young Hambletonian; but Mr. Rysdyk, who had conceived an intense dislike for Lady Patriot and her colt, made strong objections to the name, and, by consent of Mr. Thorne, Mr. Goldsmith changed it to Volunteer, the new name being suggested by the advent of the war of the Rebellion. Despite the strong opposition of Mr. Rysdyk, who was naturally jealous of Hambletonian's fame, Volunteer forced his way to recognition by the breeders, aided by Mr. Goldsmith's keen business methods. Though Mr. Rysdyk did not live to see it, the stallion he so much despised got a colt that eclipsed the performance of Dexter and all other previous trotters, and became for a time king of the turf. This was St. Julien, foaled in 1869, out of a mare by Harry Clay, a stallion whose daughters have proved a good cross with the Hambletonian strain. Up to St. Julien's time the best mile on record was 2.13¼, made in 1878 by Rarus, a gelding of obscure breeding. Two years later, at Hartford, Conn., St. Julien trotted in 2.11¼, and the fame of Volunteer was assured. Mr. Goldsmith, who had spent the best years of his life in developing and making a reputation for the colts got by Volunteer, had at last been rewarded by the highest honors achievable on the turf, and he at once placed the stallion's fee at $500. Volunteer's stock are not only fast, but are also of wonderful endurance, due no doubt to the amount of thorough-bred blood he inherited, and they have been appropriately called "the game-cocks of the trotting turf." He got twenty-six trotters and two pacers with fast records, and his descendants continue to beget a superior breed of horses that are eagerly sought for racing purposes on account of their gameness. Volunteer's history has another parallel with that of Hambletonian, in that he outlived his owner, as Mr. Goldsmith died in 1886, while the horse, for whom he labored so faithfully and well, lived till December 12, 1888, having reached the unusual age of thirty-five years. Mr. Goldsmith left two sons, to whom he gave a good education, and then caused them to devote themselves to the business of training and driving. One of them, James H. Goldsmith, ranks among the most skilful reinsmen in the world; and his brother, John Goldsmith, who went to California some years ago, has been equally successful on the other side of the continent.

Another son of Hambletonian that has had a most important influence on the breed of trotters was the brown colt foaled in 1856, already referred to as Robert Fillingham, the conqueror of Ethan Allen. This stout young trotter was bred at Newburgh on the Hudson, and his dam, Dolly Spanker, was a fast road-mare, whose pedigree has never been fully established, though it is now claimed that she was got by Henry Clay, a black stallion of Bashaw stock, and the great-grandsire of Harry Clay that got the dam of St. Julien. When a colt, Robert Fillingham became the property of Z. E. Simmons, a shrewd horseman of New York, who soon discovered that he was a horse of rare quality. After trotting a number of races the stallion's name was changed to George Wilkes, in honor of the founder of the *Spirit of the Times*, and he was kept on the turf for a few years longer, during which time he obtained a record of 2.22, and was accounted the most resolute trotter of his time. He was then placed in the stud, and got several foals in and about New York. In 1873 he was taken to Lexington, Kentucky, but as he was of small size, and was thought to have been worn out on the turf, he went begging for patronage. In time, however, his potency as a sire earned for him a recognition, and at the time of his death, in 1882, he was the acknowledged king of trotting stallions in the Blue Grass region. Since that time his progeny have continued to add to his fame, and to-day he leads the list of successful sires, with fifty-nine trotters and six pacers that have records of 2.30 or better. The fastest of his get, Harry Wilkes, has trotted in 2.13¼, and was the greatest campaigner during his turf career, which was suspended in 1888 on account of lameness. This year he is again in training, and has already been matched to trot against the fast mare Belle Hamlin during the race meeting at Buffalo in August. In the second generation George Wilkes has given further evidence of



FIG. 9.—GUY, RECORD 2.10¾, BY KENTUCKY PRINCE.—FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.



FIG. 10.—MAYENNE, BY WILDWOOD, ONE OF THE BROODMARES AT PARKVILLE FARM, LONG ISLAND.



FIG. 11.—PANDECT, TWO-YEAR-OLD, BY PANCOAST, DAM REINA VICTORIA, BY HAMBLETONIAN.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

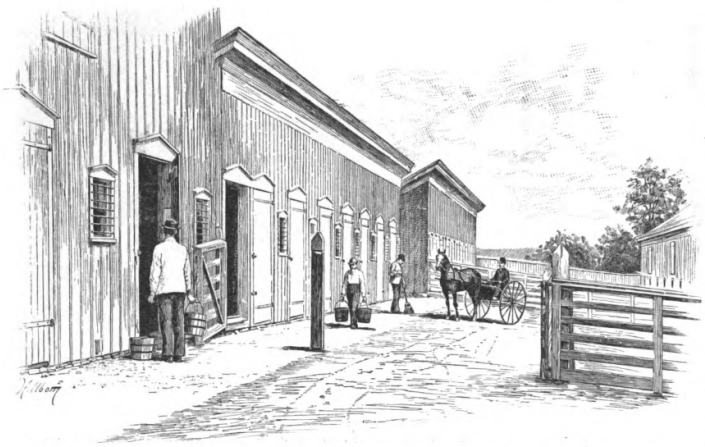


FIG. 12.—A SCENE AT STONY FORD FARM, ORANGE COUNTY, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS.

his greatness. Already twenty-nine of his sons have got eighty-one trotters that have beaten 2.30, Red Wilkes leading the list with fifteen performers of merit, among them the chestnut gelding Prince Wilkes, with an almost unbeaten career on the turf, and a record of 2.14¼. It was expected that Prince Wilkes would be one of the trotting stars in the United States this year, but he was purchased some months ago by a gentleman in Buenos Ayres for $30,000, and is now in the Argentine Republic. Red Wilkes is fifteen years old, and is kept in his native State, near Lexington. He has an ambitious rival in his half-brother Onward, who is a year younger, and has already got fourteen trotters and two pacers that have earned a place on the roll of 2.30 performers. Red Wilkes has a record of 2.40, and is a heavily built, large-boned horse, while Onward is well finished and shapely, and has himself a record of 2.25½. Both are bred in the same lines on the maternal side, the dam of each being by Mambrino Chief, a stallion to which special reference will be made later. Though lacking in physical attractions, Red Wilkes has won a place among great sires; and while his fastest son, Prince Wilkes, has virtually retired from the turf, he has a colt, Repetition, that trotted in his three-year-old form last season in 2.21, and promises to train on to a much faster mile. Onward's best performer is the bay mare Houri, with a record at three years of 2.19¾, which she lowered by half a second last year; and as she will be on the turf again this season, there is a strong probability that she may earn new honors for herself and her sire.

In the North, George Wilkes is best represented by Alcantara, a bay stallion foaled in 1876, bred at Lexington, out of the great broodmare Alma Mater by Mambrino Patchen, a son of Mambrino Chief. Alcantara was trained while quite young, and at the age of four years trotted against much older horses, making a record of 2.23. He was afterward purchased by Elizur Smith, a wealthy manufacturer of Lee, Massachusetts, and placed in the stud on his stock farm near that town. Alcantara has seven trotters and one pacer in the 2.30 list, and several more in training that will probably obtain similar honors in the future. Mr. Smith also purchased Alcyone, a full brother to Alcantara, one year younger, and he too gave promise of being a worthy son of his great sire, but his stud career was cut short by his death in 1887.

To-day the Wilkes family of trotters are by all odds the most valuable for racing purposes, as they have more than the average amount of speed, with the ability to stand training and improve under it, while they have a resolute way of going that carries them through a hotly contested race, and enables them frequently to beat faster horses by reason of their superior courage. Prince Wilkes was a notable instance of this last quality, and no trotter of modern times had such a reputation for stamina and gameness. George Wilkes himself was of a sluggish temperament, and had to be driven under the whip, but he never failed to respond to the blow, and won many races by outlasting his opponents. If the Volunteers are game-cocks, the Wilkes trotters are bull-dogs.

Another descendant of the American Mambrino that got the sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian was a brown stallion called Mambrino Chief; this horse was got by Mambrino Paymaster, and his dam was a mare of unknown pedigree, brought from the West to Dutchess County, New York. In 1844 she produced a colt—Mambrino Chief—that was used for stock purposes in the North for a few years without much success, and was then taken to Kentucky, where he died in 1862. The move was a most fortunate one, for the big, coarsely built stallion proved a successful cross with the hot-blooded mares in the land of his adoption, and though his stud career was much shorter than that of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, he too was the founder of a family second only in importance to that of the great Orange County sire. Six of his get obtained records faster than 2.30, the best of them being Lady Thorn, one of the most famous mares ever seen on the trotting turf, with a record of 2.18¼, made nearly twenty years ago. Dan Mace, the greatest of all the professional reinsmen this country has produced, trained and drove Lady Thorn, and frequently declared that if she had been prepared specially for a fast mile she could have trotted faster than 2.10. An accident, which injured her back, brought this wonderful mare's turf career to an abrupt termination.



FIG. 13.—CARRIAGE AND HARNESS ROOM, WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER'S STABLE, NEW YORK CITY.

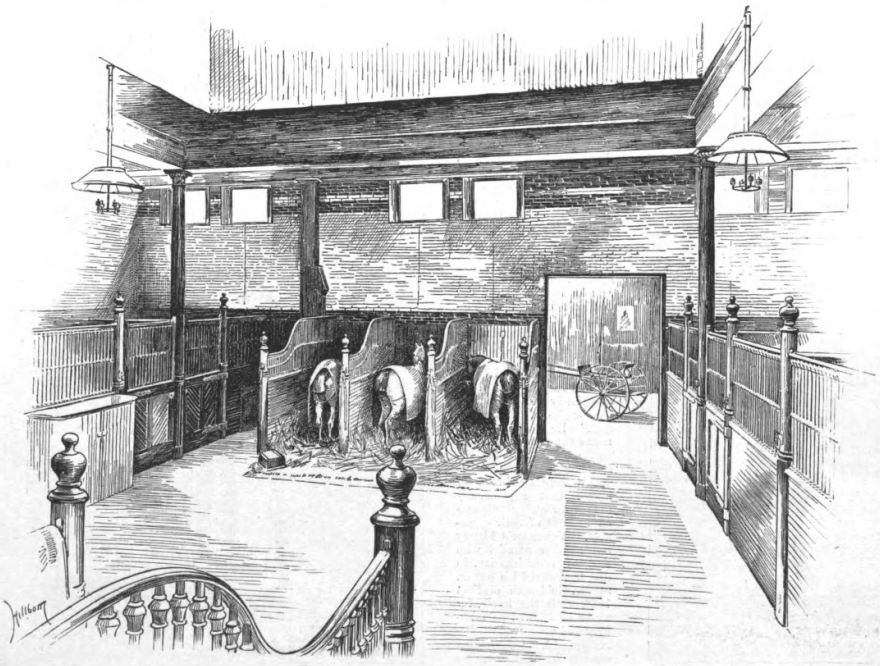


FIG. 14.—INTERIOR OF WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER'S STABLE, NEW YORK CITY.

Like Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief has proved greater as a perpetuator of trotting speed in future generations than he did as a sire of trotters in the first line. Up to the present time twenty-three of his sons have got seventy-seven foals that have trotted in 2.30 or better. Besides this, fifteen dams by him have produced twenty trotters that have earned the right to be classified in the list of 2.30 performers. As time goes on the blood of Mambrino Chief is becoming more and more valued, and it is a significant fact that the phenomenally fast gelding Guy has not a drop of Hambletonian blood, but is directly descended from Mambrino Chief in the male line; and as he is making a strong bid for the champion honors, it is possible that the present year will see the trotting crown removed from the house of Hambletonian and transferred to that of Mambrino Chief. Should it go there, it will continue to reflect honor on their common ancestor, imported Messenger, the fountain-head of both families.

Though Rysdyk's Hambletonian ceased to beget trotters nearly a score of years ago, his native county of Orange has continued to be one of the most important breeding centres in the North. About the time that Rysdyk's horse had begun to attract general attention by reason of his prepotency as a sire, Mr. Charles Backman, a wholesale merchant of New York city, retired from business and purchased an estate of six hundred acres a few miles from Goshen, along the Walkill River. On leaving the metropolis and quitting business life, he found more leisure to indulge his fancy as a horseman, and before long began to stock his farm at Stony Ford with some of the best broodmares he could procure in his locality. Up to that time he had never met Mr. Rysdyk, and having on one occasion sent several mares to be bred to Hambletonian, had them returned to him with a point-blank re-

(To be continued on Page 690.)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

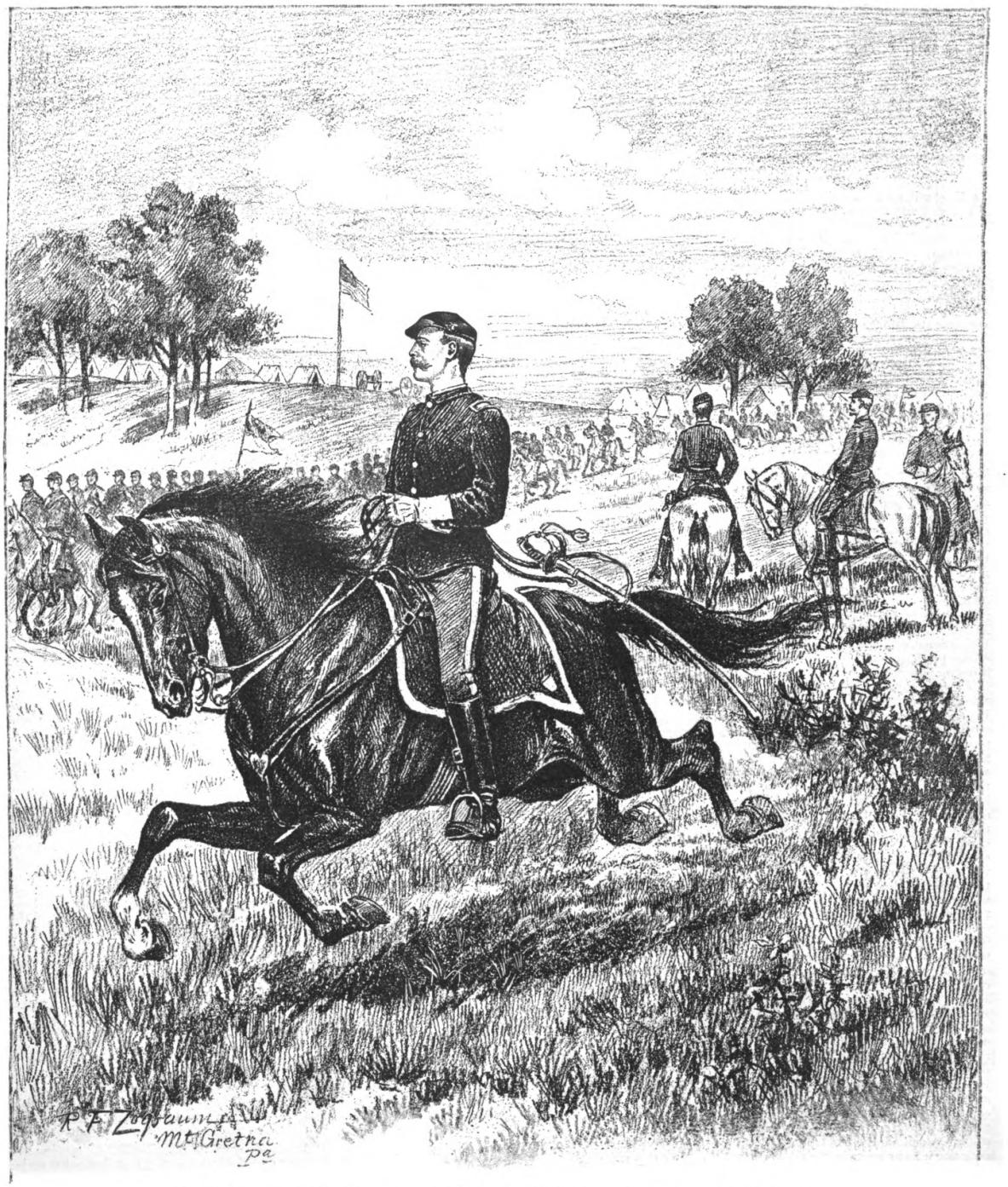
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1705.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT CAMP SHERIDAN, PENNSYLVANIA.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 691.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

NEW EDITIONS OF MISS RIVES'S STORIES.

A BROTHER TO DRAGONS, AND OTHER OLD-TIME TALES. By AMÉLIE RIVES (Mrs. J. Armstrong Chanler). Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth Extra, $1 00.

"Three striking stories of very unusual force and fertility of thought and diction, and strong dramatic feeling."—*New York Sun.*

VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA. A STORY. By AMÉLIE RIVES (Mrs. J. Armstrong Chanler). Post 8vo, Cloth Extra, $1 00.

"A story such as the reviewer naturally grows enthusiastic over, so fresh, so full of vital art, so powerful is it."—*Boston Advertiser.*

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1705.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

AN APOLOGY.

AT length we have a defence or apology for the President's course in regard to the civil service from an eminent Republican Senator, Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts, who is one of the very few public men who really desire the reform. Mr. HOAR has recently written a letter to a friend who had held him, as a Republican leader, responsible for the course of the President. This responsibility the Senator disclaims, and undoubtedly with justice. His responsibility concerns the defence which he offers for that course. In alluding to changes in the consular service, Mr. HOAR says that he approves entirely the appointment of protectionists, because "in a thousand ways a free-trader may injure the public service in such a position." "I thought, however," he adds,

"that Mr. UNDERWOOD, who is an eminent scholar, a man of great industry, and capable of performing the public duty, whatever may be his opinion as to the policy of the law under which the duty arises, would be an exception to this principle."

Now what is true in this way of Consul UNDERWOOD is true of every other consul. If great industry and a capacity for performing consular duty, without regard to his views of protection, justify the retention of Consul UNDERWOOD, they equally justify the retention of every other consul of similar qualifications, and Senator HOAR'S statement would justify removals only for the lack of those qualities, and not for free-trade opinions. If such opinions are a disqualification, they disqualify Mr. UNDERWOOD, whose retention was, we believe, recommended by Senator HOAR.

The Senator then proceeds to the general defence of the President. He says in substance that a very large majority of the American people hold to what is called the spoils system, but that although he thinks that under that system, if administered by the Republican party, the great body of public agents would be faithful, honest, and able, yet he disapproves it because of its corrupting tendency. He states that he believes President HARRISON agrees with him, but that the President labors under embarrassments. The only way in which the Senator can know the views of the majority of the people upon any question is by the result of an election. He holds that the country approves the protective policy because it supported a party which declared for it, and elected a President who professed faith in it. But the same party declared for civil service reform, and the same President professed faith in it. The party which nominated him not only declared its fidelity to reform, but pledged itself to keep its pledges to enforce and extend it, and the candidate strongly reiterated them. If there be any relation between party professions and the result of an election, the country in electing Mr. HARRISON declared for reform in the civil service as well as for protection. However, assuming that this is untrue, Mr. HOAR says that the President cannot alone maintain a policy which the majority of the people do not approve, and can go only as fast as public opinion will permit. But when this precise defence was made for Mr. CLEVELAND, whose party had made no professions upon the subject and given no pledges, like Mr. HOAR'S party, and which might therefore plausibly say that the country, in Mr. CLEVELAND'S election, had not approved a reform course, Mr. HOAR and his fellow-partisans denounced President CLEVELAND, who made very much less change in the civil service than President HARRISON has made, as a hypocrite, a charlatan, a humbug, and a fraud, and the very defence and apology which Mr. HOAR now offers for President HARRISON was treated by him and his friends when offered for President CLEVELAND as a miserably feeble and futile effort to shield a contemptible impostor.

Senator HOAR'S denunciations have come home. But, apparently not aware of it, in the very act of apologizing for President HARRISON'S devastation of the civil service as due to a pressure which he cannot be reasonably expected to resist, the Senator seriously describes President CLEVELAND'S efforts at reform as "a mere and shallow pretence," and strives to excuse the frank contempt of the Post-office Department for the party professions and pledges by saying that eighty per cent. of the CLEVELAND appointments to the postal-car service were bar-tenders. Mr. HOAR'S apology ends by saying that when he sees any cause for believing that the President has intentionally broken his pledges, he will not hesitate to say so emphatically. The conclusive reply to this remark, and to the whole apology that he offers, is that President CLEVELAND'S want of consistent fidelity to his pledges was held by Mr. HOAR to prove him to be a hypocrite and humbug, and the only reason that Mr. HOAR now urges why the same epithets should not be applied to President HARRISON is one which he spurned as despicable when urged for President CLEVELAND. At the close of six months of the late administration, Senator HOAR said, in speaking of President CLEVELAND'S course, "You cannot serve God and the Democratic party." At the end of six months of the HARRISON administration, the Senator is confronted with the same truth which President HARRISON is demonstrating in the same way—"You cannot serve God and the Republican party."

TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF.

WE have often stated the argument against industrial trusts, and one of the arguments against a high tariff is that it favors their establishment. Trusts are more numerous and powerful than ever, and protection has recently achieved a signal victory. During the campaign the large dependence of trusts upon protection was plainly demonstrated, and it will hardly be contended that if the protective policy had been defeated at the polls, trusts would have continued to multiply, except upon the belief that there would be no serious disturbance of the tariff. The relation of a high tariff to trusts is evident and simple. A high tariff discourages importations of protected manufactures. Such discouragement is supposed to secure the home market. If, then, the existing domestic producers of protected manufactures can agree to combine instead of compete, they can destroy domestic competition, and command the market at their own prices. In a period of tendency to the aggregation of capital this result is quite sure, as experience proves, to follow a high tariff. Such a tariff is expressly designed to secure a domestic monopoly. But that monopoly, once established, will by its own law tend to its own aggrandizement. Defended from foreign competition, it will strike at the domestic competition which remains.

This is the actual situation, and it has naturally alarmed some of the warmest friends of a high tariff, who see plainly the dangers of trusts. They see that they destroy the fundamental argument for a high protective policy, which is that it tends to diversify industries, and that diversified domestic industries are indispensable to a great nation. Consequently, even if a high tariff inevitably enhances the price of articles which it excludes from importation, the increase should be patriotically borne for a time, because the increase of production and the free and fair competition of domestic industries for the domestic market will presently diversify industries and lessen prices. This is the great argument of a high protective policy. But the natural development of that policy discredits it. This is denied by some of its ardent friends. But it is obvious. The very fact of the rapid rise of trusts illustrates it. Undoubtedly a wise and humane view of a high tariff regards it not as a device of taxing the many for the few, but as a national benefit. It is a theory that a nation may well pay a high price for its industrial independence of the rest of the world, and that patriotism should persuade its citizens to pay, at least for a time, higher prices for certain commodities than other nations pay, in order to secure the immense advantages of industrial independence. This is the most engaging, because not wholly a mercenary, argument for a high tariff.

But it is sentimental, not practical. In practice, just in the degree that a high tariff tends to secure that independence, the independence is abused to the selfish interests of a class. The abuse is expressed in the word trusts. Are they patriotic? Are they formed for the public benefit or for private advantage? Are the prices which, like all monopolies, they can command, the price of greater national independence or a tribute paid to monopolists? Yet are they not in this country the simple, natural, and inevitable result of the industrial situation produced by a high tariff? Is it supposed that except for such a tariff they would be generally organized? The natural corrective is foreign competition. If it be argued that such competition would merely tend to international trusts with the same ends in view, that is only to say that the evil would become so vast that it would be prohibited as against public policy. Laws to prevent combinations to raise prices are proper and familiar. But the discussion of the subject of trusts will inevitably deepen the conviction that a high tariff, by its necessary results, produces the effects of such a combination.

THE FLACK CASE.

THE recent failure of the "boodle" trials and the demonstration that there is apparently no remedy in the courts for the most flagrant and dangerous corruption of municipal power, the delay of months in the trial of "Silver Dollar" SMITH for bribing voters, and the refusal of a justice to issue a warrant for his arrest for a personal assault at a political meeting, and the extraordinary revelations of the FLACK case, apparently incriminating judges and officers of one of the highest courts, recall the days of BARNARD, CARDOZO, and MCCUNN, when the TWEED oligarchy was supreme, and the foundations of civilized social order were threatened. The case of Sheriff FLACK is now familiar, and it is extraordinary. Mrs. FLACK alleges that she was divorced from her husband without her knowledge and consent, by a decree signed by Judge BOOKSTAVER, of the Court of Common Pleas. The referee was a clerk in the County Clerk's office, formerly appointed by Mr. FLACK. The decree is alleged to have been secreted by the clerk of the court, who is a friend of Mr. FLACK. Mr. FLACK'S counsel in the case was a civil justice, and the lawyer who appeared for Mrs. FLACK was not authorized by her. This is the case as alleged, and a more startling one has not been recently known. Mr. FLACK is sheriff of the county, and he is also the Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall. With tender regard for the honor and purity of that organization, he has resigned his position "until such time as a trial can be had." But if Tammany suffers from the accusation of one of its officers, the community suffers no less, and may fairly ask the resignation of the shrievalty. If it be thought that such resignation implies confession, it is no less true of the resignation already offered. It is a subject of public congratulation that Mrs. FLACK, before she could be silenced, placed her case in the hands of the most eminent counsel, and not in those of Tombs shysters. If the facts be as stated, there would have been probably no hesitation in taking any measures necessary to prevent Mrs. FLACK from reopening the case. As now stated, it is a flagrant conspiracy against the most sacred relations of society, involving the reputation of trusted officers and public confidence in the courts of law. It is startling that men in high and honorable positions, and supposed to be quite beyond suspicion of any malfeasance, should be suddenly exposed as conspirators against social order. In the present case no adequate motive is perceptible, unless it be the greed of money or fear of loss of place or power.

One thing, however, is worthy of attention. Judicial, like other nominations in this city, are made by small cliques, and are given in a way to secure the advantage of the clique. Heavy assessments are levied by it even upon candidates for the bench, as well as for executive and other offices. Some candidates for the bench have been known to pay an assessment of a sum equivalent to a year's salary of the office. The nomination goes, of course, to some one who is known to be willing to pay the assessment. Without such payment, the nomination, which is generally the same as an election, would not be obtained. In such cases the office is practically sold. The same practice is true of the clerkships and minor places which depend upon election or the pleasure of the appointing power. They represent generally a money consideration. It is impossible that this fact should not taint them with suspicion, and that there should not be an uneasy feeling that justice as well as the seat of the judge may be sold. In this case of FLACK, for instance, there was no instant public feeling that such an accusation must be untrue because it involved the honor of officers of the law. On the contrary, the truth of the allegation was at once assumed. This shows the actual situation. There is a lurking distrust of a judiciary built upon such foundations. A very eminent lawyer in the city of New York once said to a friend who asked him why he sent his wine at a public table to a notorious judge, "Because no lawyer knows before what judge his case may come." The bench has been somewhat purged since that day. But the instant assumption of the substantial truth of the FLACK accusation is very significant, and it is not surprising that Judge BOOKSTAVER expressed a strong desire that the case should be reopened. That is the instinctive wish, under such circumstances, of an upright judge. Upon the hearing, which the judge granted, the divorce proceedings were peremptorily annulled. But the conspiracy remains to be exposed, and the guilty agents to be made known. That so serious and flagrant a crime could be committed in one of our chief courts is a fact which tends to impair confidence in all courts, and the whole truth must now be told.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MAGNIFICENT LEADERSHIP.

THE late Pennsylvania Republican Convention was notable chiefly for its adulation of Senator QUAY of that State, who was chairman of the Republican National Committee during the last campaign. When the president of the Convention referred in his speech "to Chairman QUAY'S magnificent leadership," there was "long-continued applause." Then followed the reading of the platform, which rejoiced greatly in the victory of 1888, "first, because it was fought and won under Pennsylvania leadership and upon a Pennsylvania platform"; and again, more distinctly and amply, it declared that "the thanks of the Republicans of the commonwealth are due and hereby tendered to MATTHEW S. QUAY for the honorable and masterful way in which he conducted that campaign." What was this "magnificent" and "honorable" and "masterful" leadership? LINCOLN, SUMNER, SEWARD, and ANDREW were Republican leaders. They were men of the highest ability, who with noble eloquence taught the country Republican principles, who maintained by resistless argument Republican policy, and by their personal character won the enthusiastic confidence of the whole party and the respect of their opponents. Mr. QUAY is totally unknown as a leader in any such sense of the word. His reputation is wholly that of a party boss. He is a magnificent and masterful leader like ex-Senator DORSEY and Mr. THOMAS PLATT, or like the elder CAMERON, whom the Pennsylvania platform eulogizes with Mr. TANNER and Mr. QUAY.

Mr. DORSEY'S magnificent and masterful leadership carried elections by "soap," Mr. QUAY'S by marshalling floaters in blocks of five. Mr. QUAY was known to the country before the last campaign solely by the strong denunciation of Republican journals. A few years ago, according to the Philadelphia *Press*, in the case of attempted bribery of members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, Mr. QUAY, being then Secretary of the Commonwealth, "connived at crime by setting the criminals free in defiance of the constitution and the law." When he was trying to secure a nomination as State Treasurer, the *Press* asked how this story, told upon every Democratic stump, was to be met. "Mr. QUAY'S nomination," it said, "would raise questions and involve risks which would imperil the result of the canvass." And again, hinting at his connection with irregularities which it charged in the management of the Treasury, it said:

"What is still more important, such a campaign would inevitably lift the lid from the administration of the Treasury itself, and uncover secrets before which Republicans would stand dumb."

The New York *Tribune*, alluding to these things and the conduct of Mr. QUAY, said:

"A more insolent defiance of public sentiment has not been seen since TWEED asked the tax-payers of New York what they were going to do about it."

This was Mr. QUAY'S "magnificent" and "honorable" and "masterful" leadership in his own State as estimated by Republican journals. What was it last year in the country? Did it lie in his eloquence or his argument? Was it the leadership of intellect or character or personal enthusiasm? No; it was of another kind. The *Voice* has shown that Mr. CLARKSON, the present First Assistant Postmaster-General, who was vice-president under Mr. QUAY of the Republican National Committee, bribed two of the clerks of the *Voice* to furnish its mail lists to the Republican committee. That Mr. QUAY was ignorant of the transaction will be believed by those who believe that Mr. DORSEY knew nothing of the "soap" sent to Indiana, and Mr. DUDLEY nothing of "floaters in blocks of five," or of "a trusted man with necessary funds in charge" of them. Mr. QUAY'S leadership was illustrated also in the enormous sum of money raised by Mr. WANAMAKER and devoted to the final expenses of the campaign. Probably there is not a single person in the country who is competent to have an opinion upon the subject who believes that all this money was legitimately used by Mr. QUAY. There has never been any accounting of its use, and there never will be. Undoubtedly it went to meet Mr. DORSEY'S "soap." But however it may have been used, Mr. QUAY'S candidate was elected by "magnificent" and "honorable" leadership of this kind. This is the leader who is now the Republican hero of Pennsylvania. His conduct, which the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune* have described as we have seen, is praised with an enthusiasm of acclamation to which there seems to have been no dissent. It is also announced that he is to be urged by Pennsylvania as its candidate for the Presidency. Should the movement succeed, we may expect Mr. DORSEY to be associated with him as Vice-President, and in the event of their election, probably Mr. PLATT would not be again disappointed in securing the Treasury; nor could Mr. DUDLEY'S equally magnificent and honorable services be overlooked.

THE MAYBRICK TRIAL.

THE public surprise in England at the conviction of Mrs. MAYBRICK upon the testimony at the trial was significant, because there could be no reason for especial popular interest in the prisoner. Those who read the evidence at the inquest were certainly not prepossessed toward the supposed murderer, and the feeling evinced at the final verdict indicated a regard for justice according to law which was hardly to be expected. Trial by newspaper, or the street, or the barber's shop or bar-room, is certainly not better than trial by courts of law. But in this day of universal publicity, when the evidence and the arguments in important trials are reported and widely read, a popular impression is unavoidable.

It may be assumed that this impression is not generally incorrect, and undoubtedly the consciousness of an alert and intelligent public attention is one of the best guarantees of an honest administration of justice. Trial by newspaper, to which Mr. FLACK objects, may be easily abused, and degenerate into mere clamor, with the effect of coercion, as by a mob. But this evil does not offset the immense advantage of the complete publicity of the facts in important cases which the press supplies. It was the newspapers which really compelled the "boodle" trials, and the public, although morally confident of the guilt of the Aldermen, has seen that, as the trials were conducted, and upon the testimony, conviction was impracticable, and it has acquiesced in the failure. Public interest and sensitiveness in regard to trials are not to be regretted. If there had been a free press and a public opinion to attend JEFFREYS, the bloody circuit would not have been ridden, and a black chapter in English history would have been unwritten.

The English practice, in which, under the form of summing up, the judge appears as counsel, is very foreign to the American sense of fitness and justice. That the arguments for the prosecution and the defence should be made by proper counsel, and that the judges should summarize their arguments and state the law, is much more satisfactory than that he should sit virtually as a juryman, answer the arguments of the counsel with whom he disagrees, and urge upon the jury, with all the necessary prestige of his position, the conclusion which he has reached.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL SERVICE.

THE new Indian Commissioner, General MORGAN, is apparently disposed to manage his department with strict regard to the pledges under which the administration came into power. Those who have the deepest interest and the largest experience in the care of the Indians are of opinion that in no branch of the government would adherence to sound business principles and common-sense be more serviceable than in the Indian Department. That this is happily the view of the Commissioner is shown by the following letter addressed to an applicant for appointment as teacher in the Indian school service:

"It is the purpose of the office to appoint no person as a teacher in the Indian school service who would not be able to secure a similar position in the best schools for white children in the community in which he resides. Indeed, the exigencies of Indian schools are such as to require really a higher order of talent to secure success than is required in ordinary teaching. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that those who are engaged in the Indian school service should be persons of maturity, of vigorous health, with some experience in teaching, and with special fitness for the work. Preference is expressed for those who have had a normal-school training. It is very undesirable that persons should enter the service who, by reason of ill health, or age, or other infirmities, are unable to do full, vigorous work."

No removals have been made among Indian school employés for political or sectarian reasons, and the appointment of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS MESERVE, of Springfield, Massachusetts, as superintendent of the Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, secures to the service a man admirably qualified for its duties.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THERE has never been any intimate relation between the United States and the South American states. In the time of BOLIVAR, and during the revolt against Spanish domination, there was a romantic and sentimental sympathy in this country, stimulated by the eloquence of HENRY CLAY and other orators; but it was evanescent, and the national habit has been a contemptuous feeling for those states as half-civilized parodies of republics. Difference of race, of civilization, of language, of religion and traditions, has prevented any close union based upon continental neighborhood; and the Panama Congress sixty years ago was a futile scheme, although undoubtedly the practical union of the United States and England in their recognition of the South American republics had a decided effect upon the Holy Alliance.

Our interest in those states is now commercial rather than political, and sentiment will hereafter play a minor part. Congress has authorized a conference of the American states to assemble in Washington in October. It was proposed by Mr. BLAINE as Secretary of State in 1881, but the scheme was not approved by the ARTHUR administration. Its purpose, as stated in the joint resolution of Congress, is

"the adoption of uniform patent and copyright laws; the establishment of regular and frequent communication between the different countries participating in the conference; the selection of a plan of settling international disputes; the adoption of a uniform silver coinage, and of a uniform standard of weights and measures; the adoption of a uniform standard of customs and tariff duties."

The last proposition is that of reciprocal commercial relations among the Northern, Southern, and Central American states, which is, of course, the central proposition. This, as the Philadelphia *Telegraph* well says, is a question for the manufacturers who now control our government. It would be undoubtedly advantageous to exchange equally our manufactures for the raw materials of our South American neighbors. But Mr. CLARK, a representative of the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, says: "The South Americans, like other people, will buy where they can get the lowest prices, and they cannot get them here." If this should prove to forecast the policy of the manufacturing interest in this country, the conference would be doubtless pleasant for the delegates, but the practical result would be that of the Congress of Panama.

RACE FEELING.

THE disturbance in Atlanta in regard to the appointment of a colored clerk in the post-office shows not only the feeling against the negro, but also the existence of a sound conservative sentiment, which must be the reliance of the Southern communities for the adjustment of all such outbreaks, and for the moderation of the feeling from which they spring. The newly appointed postmaster was obliged to fill two vacant clerkships, and to fill them according to law. His choice was limited to two persons, one of whom was white and the other colored. In deference to the prevailing prejudice against the negro, he decided to place the white clerk at a desk where he would be in frequent contact with the public, and the colored clerk at a desk more retired from public view.

It was alleged that this desk was next to that of a white woman, who immediately resigned, it was said, in consequence of her colored neighbor. But the postmaster says—and there is no reason to doubt—that the desk of the colored clerk was in another and adjoining room, but separated by a wall. Nevertheless the incident produced great excitement, and the postmaster and a prominent Republican politician were hung in effigy. In the disturbance a colored offender was shot by a white policeman, and a race conflict was apparently imminent, which was averted by the good sense of Governor GORDON and other sensible citizens. This interference, together with the fact that a woman of excellent character and standing immediately accepted the clerkship which the other woman had resigned, shows that the better sentiment of the Southern community perceives the danger of acquiescing in disorders arising from race prejudice.

Such excitement over the employment of a colored clerk reveals a situation which involves one of the most serious of public questions. It is not to be paralleled by the prejudice against negroes in States where they are few, and it must be dealt with by local courage. It is unfair to generalize against the whole Southern community from such an incident. Those who are disposed to think that no negro can expect fair-play in any of the Southern States may well ponder the fact that JOHN YELDELL, the colored clergyman who was recently taken from Pennsylvania to South Carolina to be tried on a charge of murder, was vigilantly protected by white citizens, upon his acquittal, against a threatened attack from friends of the murdered man, and he left safely by a special train on his return to Pennsylvania. If it be said that an attack upon a person legally acquitted of crime does not argue very advanced civilization, it is none the less plain that the facts of YELDELL'S trial and departure show the successful determination of good citizens of South Carolina that a colored man under such circumstances shall be treated as fairly as in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts.

PERSONAL.

AN active life and a successful career were ended by the death of JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, Jun., at Chicago, August 8th. Mr. DOOLITTLE was born in Warsaw, New York, April 2, 1845, and spent his early life there. After graduation with honors from Rochester University and the Cambridge law school he began practice in this city, but in a short time moved to Chicago, and entered into partnership with his father, ex-Senator DOOLITTLE. There he early developed the elements of success, winning prominence in his profession, and later on doing effective service as a member of the city Board of Education. His mind was broad and his sense of honor high, and an unusually bright future seemed to be his, when disease, brought on by overwork, closed his life.

—One of the two men who set the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, in preparation for the more elaborate ceremony of laying it, which was performed by LAFAYETTE, was WILLIAM N. GARDINER, who now lives at East Milton, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-six years. Mr. GARDINER was at the time a young stone-mason in the employ of GRIDLEY BRYANT, who helped set the stone. His recollections of the event are interesting, and he tells how LAFAYETTE, after performing his part, declined to take a seat among the dignitaries of the occasion, but sat with the veterans, saying he belonged there. Mr. GARDINER worked quite steadily at his trade until up to the last two years.

—Ex-Governor P. B. S. PINCHBACK, of Louisiana, once one of the most powerful political factors in this country, and now a member of the Republican National Committee, is a professional patron of the turf. He follows the principal races throughout the different States, enjoys the excitement, and picks up considerable money by betting.

—Rev. W. J. JONES, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Jamaica, Long Island, recently received his mother, who is over eighty years old, into his church by baptism.

—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS-WARD has established a fisherman's reading-room at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and is doing other kind work among her old friends there.

—Among the well-known figures at Saratoga is Judge HENRY L. CLINTON, of this city, once an active lawyer, but now retired. He claims to have defended and saved one hundred persons from the gallows.

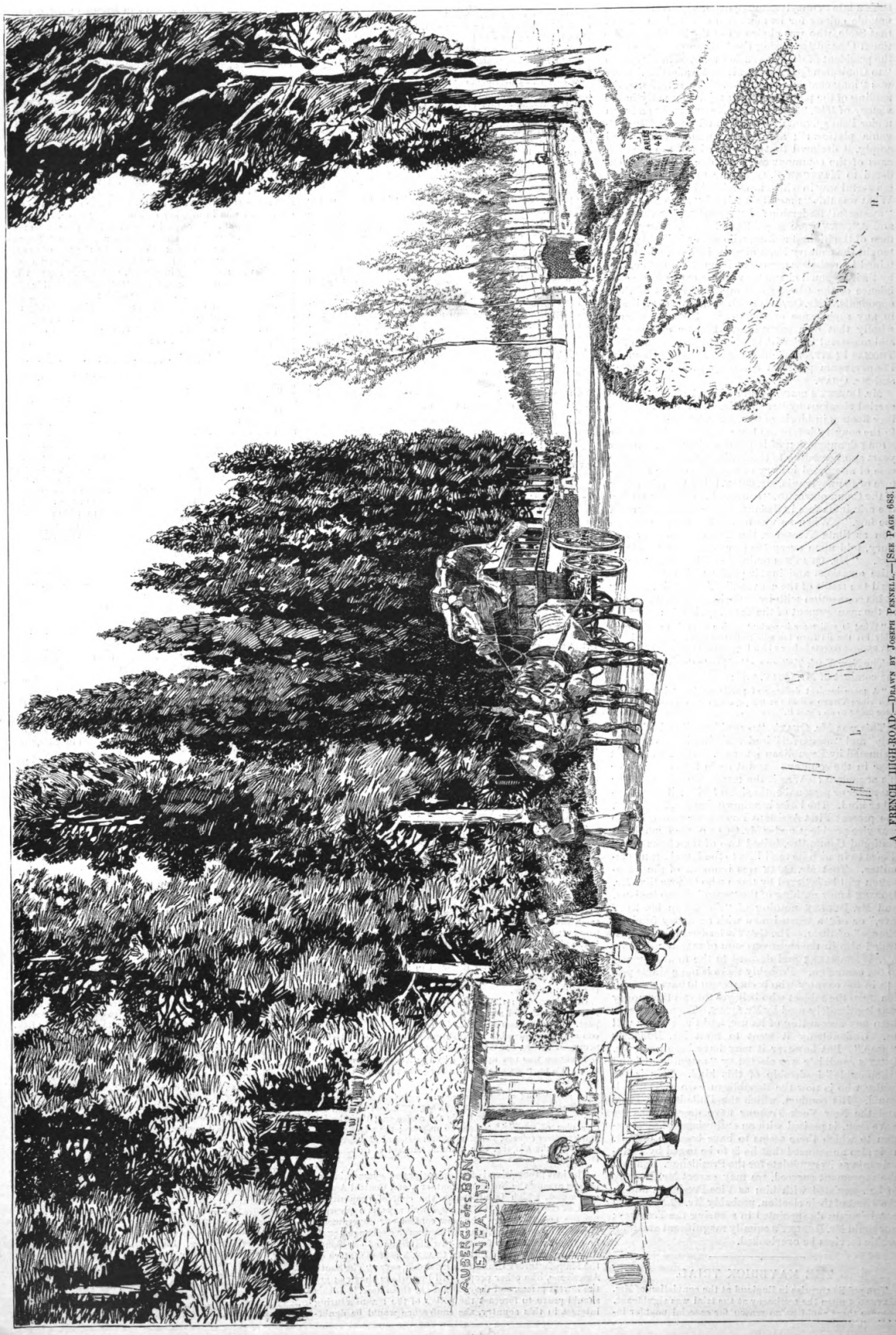
—Miss YDA ADDIS, the discoverer of the place of manufacture of the iridescent Mexican pottery, and of the process by which it is made (described in the HARPER'S MONTHLY for August), is a well-known newspaper writer on the Pacific coast, is a good Spanish scholar, and has spent several years in Mexico. She is living now in Chihuahua.

—The many who have enjoyed the writings of Mrs. ROSE TERRY COOKE will regret to learn that in these later days of her life she is an almost confirmed invalid. She is confined to her home at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and suffers much pain from rheumatic troubles.

—WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT is soon to build an elaborate cottage on property which he bought at Newport some time ago for $300,000. It will, in fact, be a marble palace, and although only two stories high, will in other dimensions and general splendor be the finest and costliest residence along the shore. The grounds are extensive, and command a fine view of the ocean.

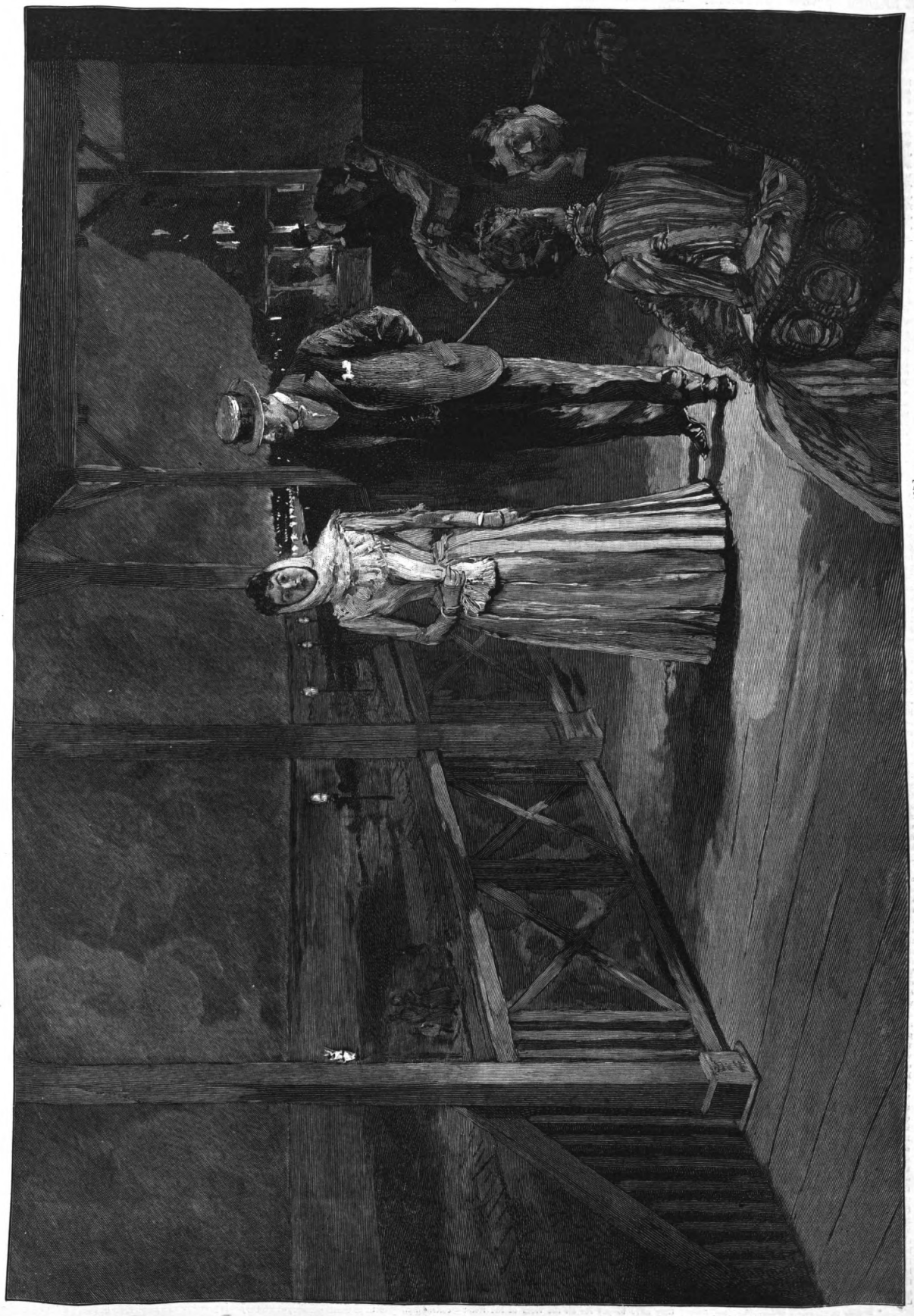
—ALBERT G. THOMPSON, steward of the Fifth Avenue Hotel since its opening thirty years ago, has just died at his summer home in New Hampshire. His genial manners and enormously long white beard made him a well-known figure, and all the famous men who visited the hotel were his acquaintances. Years ago he drove a stage-coach in New Hampshire, and when railroads absorbed the business of the stage lines, like many another old whip, he became a hotel-keeper. PARAN STEVENS found him while he was pursuing his business in Boston, and engaged him for the Fifth Avenue. One of Mr. THOMPSON'S self-imposed duties was that of rising at five o'clock in the morning, and it is said that he was late but once in the thirty years of his service.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A FRENCH HIGH-ROAD.—Drawn by Joseph Pennell.—[See Page 683.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.—Drawn by William T. Smedley.—[See Page 687.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

II.

THE Marches had no longer the gross appetite for novelty which urges youth to a surfeit of strange scenes, experiences, ideas; and makes travel, with all its annoyances and fatigues, an inexhaustible delight. But there is no doubt that the chief pleasure of their life in New York was from its quality of foreignness: the flavor of olives, which, once tasted, can never be forgotten. The olives may not be of the first excellence; they may be a little stale, and small and poor, to begin with, but they are still olives, and the fond palate craves them. The sort which grew in New York, on lower Sixth Avenue and in the region of Jefferson Market and on the soft exposures south of Washington Square, were none the less acceptable because they were of the commonest Italian variety.

The Marches spent a good deal of time and money in a grocery of that nationality, where they found all the patriotic comestibles and potables, and renewed their faded Italian with the friendly family in charge. Italian *table d'hôtes* formed the adventure of the week, on the day when Mrs. March let her domestics go out, and went herself to dine abroad with her husband and children; and they became adept in the restaurants where they were served, and which they varied almost from dinner to dinner. The perfect decorum of these places, and their immunity from offence in any, emboldened the Marches to experiment in Spanish restaurants, where red pepper and beans insisted in every dinner, and where once they chanced upon a night of *olla podrida*, with such appeals to March's memory of a boyish ambition to taste the dish that he became poetic and then pensive over its cabbage and carrots, peas and bacon. For a rare combination of international motives they prized most the *table d'hôte* of a French lady, who had taken a Spanish husband in a second marriage, and had a Cuban negro for her cook, with a crossed-eyed Alsacian for waiter, and a slim young South American for cashier. March held that something of the catholic character of these relations expressed itself in the generous and tolerant variety of the dinner, which was singularly abundant for fifty cents, without wine. At one very neat French place he got a dinner at the same price with wine, but it was not so abundant; and March inquired in fruitless speculation why the *table d'hôte* of the Italians, a notoriously frugal and abstemious people, should be usually more than you wanted at seventy-five cents and a dollar, and that of the French rather less for half a dollar. He could not see that the frequenters were greatly different at the different places; they were mostly Americans, of subdued manners and conjecturably subdued fortunes, with here and there a table full of foreigners. There was no noise and not much smoking anywhere; March liked going to that neat French place because there Madame sat enthroned and high behind a *comptoir* at one side of the room, and everybody saluted her in going out. It was there that a gentle-looking young couple used to dine, in whom the Marches became effectlessly interested because they thought they looked like that when they were young. The wife had an æsthetic dress, and defined her pretty head by wearing her back hair pulled up very tight under her bonnet; the husband had dreamy eyes set wide apart under a pure forehead. "They are artists, August, I think," March suggested to the waiter whom he had vainly asked about them. "Oh, hartis, ceedenly," August consented; but Heaven knows whether they were, or what they were: March never learned.

This immunity from acquaintance, this touch-and-go quality in their New York sojourn, this almost loss of individuality at times, after the intense identification of their Boston life, was a relief, though Mrs. March had her misgivings, and questioned whether it were not perhaps too relaxing to the moral fibre. March refused to explore his conscience; he allowed that it might be so; but he said he liked now and then to feel his personality in that state of solution. They went and sat a good deal in the softening evenings among the infants and dotards of Latin extraction in Washington Square, safe from all who ever knew them, and enjoyed the advancing season, which thickened the foliage of the trees and flattered out of sight the church-warden's gothic of the University Building. The infants were sometimes cross, and cried in their weary mothers' or little sisters' arms; but they did not disturb the dotards, who slept, some with their heads fallen forward, and some with their heads fallen back; March arbitrarily distinguished those with the drooping faces as tipsy and ashamed to confront the public. The small Italian children raced up and down the asphalt paths, playing American games of tag and hide-and-whoop; larger boys passed ball, in training for potential championships. The Marches sat and mused, or quarrelled fitfully about where they should spend the summer, like sparrows, he once said, till the electric lights began to show distinctly among the leaves, and they looked round and found the infants and dotards gone, and the benches filled with lovers. That was the signal for the Marches to go home. He said that the spectacle of so much court-ship as the eye might take in there at a glance was not, perhaps, oppressive, but the thought that at the same hour the same thing was going on all over the country, wherever two young fools could get together, was more than he could bear; he did not deny that it was natural, and, in a measure, authorized, but he declared that it was hackneyed; and the fact that it must go on forever, as long as the race lasted, made him tired.

At home, generally, they found that the children had not missed them, and were perfectly safe. It was one of the advantages of a flat that they could leave the children there whenever they liked without anxiety. They liked better staying there than wandering about in the evening with their parents, whose excursions seemed to them somewhat aimless, and their pleasures insipid. They studied, or read, or looked out of the window at the street sights; and their mother always came back to them with a pang for their lonesomeness. Bella knew some little girls in the house, but in a ceremonious way; Tom had formed no friendships among the boys at school such as he had left in Boston; as nearly as he could explain, the New York fellows carried canes at an age when they would have had them broken for them by the other boys at Boston; and they were both sissyish and fast. It was probably prejudice; he never could say exactly what their demerits were, and neither he nor Bella was apparently so homesick as they pretended, though they answered inquirers, the one that New York was a hole, and the other that it was horrid, and that all they lived for was to get back to Boston. In the mean time they were thrown much upon each other for society, which March said was well for both of them; he did not mind their cultivating a little gloom and the sense of a common wrong; it made them better comrades, and it was providing them with amusing reminiscences for the future. They really enjoyed bohemianizing in that harmless way: though Tom had his doubts of its respectability; he was very punctilious about his sister, and went round from his own school every day to fetch her home from hers. The whole family went to the theatre a good deal, and enjoyed themselves together in their desultory explorations of the city.

They lived near Greenwich Village, and March liked strolling through its quaintness toward the water-side on a Sunday, when a hereditary Sabbatarianism kept his wife at home; he made her observe that it even kept her at home from church. He found a lingering quality of pure Americanism in the region, and he said the very bells called to worship in a nasal tone. He liked the streets of small brick houses, with here and there one painted red, and the mortar lines picked out in white, and with now and then a fine wooden portal of fluted pillars and a bowed transom. The rear of the tenement-houses showed him the picturesqueness of clothes-lines fluttering far aloft, as in Florence; and the new apartment-houses, breaking the old sky-line with their towering stories, implied a life as alien to the American manner as anything in continental Europe. In fact, foreign faces and foreign tongues prevailed in Greenwich Village, but no longer German or even Irish tongues or faces. The eyes and ear-rings of Italians twinkled in and out of the alleyways and basements, and they seemed to abound even in the streets, where long ranks of trucks drawn up in Sunday rest along the curb-stones suggested the presence of a race of sturdier strength than theirs. March liked the swarthy, strange visages; he found nothing menacing for the future in them; for wickedness he had to satisfy himself as he could with the sneering, insolent, clean-shaven mug of some rare American of the b'hoy type, now almost as extinct in New York as the dodo or the volunteer fireman. When he had found his way, among the ash-barrels and the groups of decently dressed church-goers, to the docks, he experienced a sufficient excitement in the recent arrival of a French steamer, whose sheds were thronged with hacks and express wagons, and in a tacit inquiry into the emotions of the passengers, fresh from the cleanliness of Paris, and now driving up through the filth of those streets.

Some of the streets were filthier than others; there was at least a choice; there were boxes and barrels of kitchen offal on all the sidewalks, but not everywhere manure heaps, and in some places the stench was mixed with the more savory smell of cooking. One Sunday morning, before the winter was quite gone, the sight of the frozen refuse melting in heaps, and particularly the loathsome edges of the rotting ice near the gutters, with the strata of waste paper and straw litter, and egg-shells and orange-peel, potato-skins, and cigar-stumps, made him unhappy. He gave a whimsical shrug for the squalor of the neighboring houses, and said to himself rather than the boy who was with him: "It's curious, isn't it, how fond the poor people are of these unpleasant thoroughfares? You always find them living in the worst streets."

"The burden of all the wrong in the world comes on the poor," said the boy. "Every sort of fraud and swindling hurts them the worst. The city wastes the money it's paid to clean the streets with, and the poor have to suffer, for they can't afford to pay twice, like the rich."

March stopped short. "Hallo, Tom! Is that *your* wisdom?"

"It's what Mr. Lindau says," answered the boy, doggedly, as if not pleased to have his ideas mocked at, even if they were second-hand.

"And you didn't tell him that the poor lived in dirty streets because they liked them, and were too lazy and worthless to have them cleaned?"

"No; I didn't."

"I'm surprised. What do you think of Lindau, generally speaking, Tom?"

"Well, sir, I don't like the way he talks about some things. I don't suppose this country *is* perfect, but I think it's about the best there is, and it don't do any good to look at its drawbacks all the time."

"Sound, my son," said March, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder and beginning to walk on. "Well?"

"Well, then, he says that it isn't the public frauds only that the poor have to pay for, but they have to pay for all the vices of the rich; that when a speculator fails, or a bank cashier defaults, or a firm suspends, or hard times come, it's the poor who have to give up necessaries where the rich give up luxuries."

"Well, well! And then?"

"Well, then I think the crank comes in, in Mr. Lindau. He says there's no need of failures or frauds or hard times. It's ridiculous. There always have been and there always will be. But if you tell him that, it seems to make him perfectly furious."

March repeated the substance of this talk to his wife. "I'm glad to know that Tom can see through such ravings. He has lots of good common-sense."

It was the afternoon of the same Sunday, and they were sauntering up Fifth Avenue, and admiring the wide old double houses at the lower end; at one corner they got a distinct pleasure out of the gnarled elbows that a pollarded wisteria leaned upon the top of a garden wall—for its convenience in looking into the street, he said. The line of these comfortable dwellings, once so fashionable, was continually broken by the façades of shops; and March professed himself vulgarized by a want of style in the people they met in their walk to Twenty-third Street.

"Take me somewhere to meet my fellow-exclusives, Isabel," he demanded. "I pine for the society of my peers."

He hailed a passing omnibus, and made his wife get on the roof with him. "Think of our doing such a thing in Boston?" she sighed, with a little shiver of satisfaction in her immunity from recognition and comment.

"You wouldn't be afraid to do it in London or Paris?"

"No; we should be strangers there—just as we are in New York. I wonder how long one could be a stranger here."

"Oh, indefinitely, in our way of living. The place is really vast, so much larger than it used to seem, and so heterogeneous."

When they got down, very far up town, and began to walk back by Madison Avenue, they found themselves in a different population from that they dwelt among; not heterogeneous at all; very homogeneous, and almost purely American; the only qualification was American Hebrew. Such a well-dressed, well-satisfied, well-fed looking crowd poured down the broad sidewalks before the handsome, stupid houses that March could easily pretend he had got among his fellow-plutocrats at last. Still, he expressed his doubts whether this Sunday afternoon parade, which seemed to be a thing of custom, represented the best form among the young people of that region; he wished he knew; he blamed himself for becoming of a fastidious conjecture; he could not deny the fashion and the richness and the indigeneity of the spectacle; the promenaders looked New-Yorky; they were the sort of people whom you would know for New-Yorkers elsewhere, so well appointed and so perfectly kept at all points. Their silk hats shone, and their boots; their frocks had the right distension behind, and their bonnets perfect poise and distinction.

The Marches talked of these and other facts of their appearance, and curiously questioned whether this were the best that a great material civilization could come to; it looked a little dull. The men's faces were shrewd and alert, and yet they looked dull; the women's were pretty and knowing, and yet dull. It was, probably, the holiday expression of the vast, prosperous, commercial class, with unlimited money, and no ideals that money could not realize; fashion and comfort were all that they desired to compass, and the culture that furnishes showily, that decorates and that tells; the culture, say, of plays and operas, rather than books.

Perhaps the observers did the promenaders injustice; they might not have been as commonminded as they looked. "But," March said, "I understand now why the poor people don't come up here and live in this clean, handsome, respectable quarter of the town; they would be bored to death. On the whole, I think I should prefer Mott Street myself."

In other walks the Marches tried to find some of the streets they had wandered through the first day of their wedding journey in New York, so long ago. They could not make sure of them; but once they ran down to the Battery, and easily made sure of that, though not in its old aspect. They recalled the hot morning, when they sauntered over the trodden weed that covered the sickly grass-plots there, and sentimentalized the sweltering paupers who had crept out of the squalid tenements about for a breath of air after a sleepless night. Now the paupers were gone, and where the old mansions that had fallen to their use once stood, there towered aloft and abroad those heights and masses of many-storied brick-work for which architecture has yet no proper form and æsthetics no name. The trees and shrubs, all in their young spring green, blew briskly over the guarded turf in the south wind that came up over the water; and in the well-paved alleys the ghosts of eighteenth-century fashion might have met each other in their old haunts, and exchanged stately congratulations upon its vastly bettered condition, and perhaps puzzled a little over the colossal lady on Bedlow's Island, with her lifted torch, and still more over the curving tracks and chalet-stations of the elevated road. It is an outlook of unrivalled beauty across the bay, that smokes and flashes with the innumerable stacks and sails of commerce to the hills beyond, where the moving forest of masts halts at the shore, and roots itself in the groves of the many-villaged uplands. The Marches paid the charming prospect a willing duty, and rejoiced in it as generously as if it had been their own. Perhaps it was, they decided. He said people owned more things in common than they were apt to think; and they drew the consolations of proprietorship from the excellent management of Castle Garden, which they penetrated for a moment's glimpse of the huge rotunda, where the emigrants first set foot on our continent. It warmed their hearts, so easily moved to any cheap sympathy, to see the friendly care the nation took of these humble guests; they found it even pathetic to hear the proper authority calling out the names of such as had kin or acquaintance waiting there to meet them. No one appeared troubled or anxious; the officials had a conscientious civility; the government seemed to manage their welcome as well as a private company or corporation could have done. In fact, it was after the simple strangers had left the government care that March feared their woes might begin; and he would have liked the government to follow each of them to his home, wherever he meant to fix it within our borders. He made note of the looks of the licensed runners and touters waiting for the immigrants outside the government premises; he intended to work them up into a dramatic effect in some sketch, but they remained mere material in his memorandum-book, together with some quaint old houses on the Sixth Avenue road, which he had noticed on the way down. On the way up, these were superseded in his regard by some hip-roof structures on the Ninth Avenue, which he thought more Dutch-looking. The perspectives of the cross-streets toward the river were very lively, with their turmoil of trucks and cars and carts and hacks and foot-passengers, ending in the chimneys and masts of shipping, and final gleams of dancing water. At a very noisy corner, clangorous with some sort of iron-working, he made his wife enjoy with him the quiet sarcasm of an inn that called itself the Homelike Hotel, and he speculated at fantastic length on the gentle associations of one who should have passed his youth under its roof.

III.

First and last, the Marches did a good deal of travel on the elevated roads, which, he said, gave you such glimpses of material aspects in the city as some violent invasion of others' lives might afford in human nature. Once, when the impulse of adventure was very strong in them, they went quite the length of the west side lines, and saw the city pushing its way by irregular advances into the country. Some spaces, probably held by the owners for that rise in value which the industry of others providentially gives to the land of the wise and good, it left vacant comparatively far down the road, and built up others at remoter points. It was a world of lofty apartment-houses beyond the Park, springing up in isolated blocks, with stretches of invaded rusticity between, and here and there an old country-seat standing dusty in its budding vines, with the ground before it in rocky upheaval for city foundations. But wherever it went or wherever it paused, New York gave its peculiar stamp; and the adventurers were amused to find One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street inchoately like Twenty-third Street and Fourteenth Street in its shops and shoppers. The butchers' shops and milliners' shops on the avenue might as well have been at Tenth as at One-hundredth Street.

The adventurers were not often so adventurous. They recognized that in their willingness to let their fancy range for them, and to let speculation do the work of inquiry, they were no longer young. Their point of view was singularly unchanged, and their impressions of New York remained the same that they had been fifteen years before: huge, noisy, ugly, kindly, it seemed to them now as it seemed then. The main difference was that they saw it more now as a life, and then they only regarded it a spectacle; and March could not release himself from a sense of complicity with it, no matter what whimsical, or alien, or critical attitude he took. A sense of the striving and the suffering deeply possessed him; and this grew the more intense as he gained some knowledge of the forces at work—forces of pity, of destruction, of perdition, of salvation. He wandered about on Sunday not only through the streets, but into this tabernacle and that, as the spirit moved him, and listened to those who dealt with Christianity as a system of economics as well as a religion. He could not get his wife to go with him; she listened to his report of what he heard, and trembled; it all seemed fantastic and menacing. She lamented the literary peace, the intellectual refinement of the life they had left behind them; and he owned it was very pretty, but he said it was not life—it was death-in-life. She liked to hear him talk in that strain of virtuous self-denunciation, but she asked him, "Which of your prophets are you going to follow?" and he answered, "All—all! And a fresh one every Sunday." And so they got their laugh out of it at last, but with some sadness at heart, and with a dim consciousness that they had got their laugh out of too many things in life.

What really occupied and compassed his activities, in spite of his strenuous reveries of work beyond it, was his editorship. On its social side it had not fulfilled all the expectations which Fulkerson's radiant sketch of its duties and relations had caused him to form of it. Most of the contributions came from a distance; even the articles written in New York reached him through the post, and so far from having his valuable time, as they called it, consumed in interviews with his collaborators, he rarely saw any of them. The boy on the stairs, who was to fence him from importunate visitors, led a life of luxurious disoccupation, and whistled almost uninterruptedly. When any one came, March found himself embarrassed and a little anxious. The visitors were usually young men, terribly respectful, but cherishing, as he imagined, ideals and opinions chasmally different from his; and he felt in their presence something like an anachronism, something like a fraud. He tried to fresh-en up his sympathies on them, to get at what they were really thinking and feeling, and it was some time before he could under-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

stand that they were not really thinking and feeling anything of their own concerning their art, but were necessarily, in their quality of young, inexperienced men, mere acceptants of older men's thoughts and feelings, whether they were tremendously conservative, as some were, or tremendously progressive, as others were. Certain of them called themselves realists, certain romanticists; but none of them seemed to know what realism was, or what romanticism; they apparently supposed the difference a difference of material. March had imagined himself taking home to lunch or dinner the aspirants for editorial favor whom he liked, whether he liked their work or not; but this was not an easy matter. Those who were at all interesting seemed to have engagements and preoccupations; after two or three experiments with the bashfuler sort—those who had come up to the metropolis with manuscripts in their hands, in the good old literary tradition—he wondered whether he was otherwise like them when he was young like them. He could not flatter himself that he was not, and yet he had a hope that the world had grown worse since his time, which his wife encouraged.

Mrs. March was not eager to pursue the hospitalities which she had at first imagined essential to the literary prosperity of *Every Other Week;* her family sufficed her; she would willingly have seen no one out of it but the strangers at the weekly *table-d'hôte* dinner, or the audiences at the theatres. March's devotion to his work made him reluctant to delegate it to any one, and as the summer advanced, and the question of where to go grew more vexed, he showed a man's base willingness to shirk it for himself by not going anywhere. He asked his wife why she did not go somewhere with the children; and he joined her in a search for non-malarial regions on the map, when she consented to entertain this notion. But when it came to the point, she would not go; he offered to go with her then, and then she would not let him. She said she knew he would be anxious about his work; he protested that he could take it with him to any distance within a few hours, but she would not be persuaded. She would rather he staid; the effect would be better with Mr. Fulkerson; they could make excursions, and they could all get off a week or two to the sea-shore near Boston, the only real sea-shore, in August. The excursions were practically confined to a single day at Coney Island; and once they got as far as Boston on the way to the sea-shore near Boston; that is, Mrs. March and the children went; an editorial exigency kept March at the last moment. The Boston streets seemed very queer and clean and empty to the children, and the buildings little; in the horse-cars the Boston faces seemed to arraign their mother with a down-drawn severity that made her feel very guilty. She knew that this was merely the Puritan mask, the cast of a dead civilization, which people of very amiable and tolerant minds were doomed to wear, and she sighed to think that less than a year of the heterogeneous gayety of New York should have made her afraid of it. The sky seemed cold and gray; the east wind, which she had always thought so delicious in summer, cut her to the heart. She took her children up to the South End, and in the pretty square where they used to live, they stood before their alienated home and looked up at its close-shuttered windows. The tenants must have been away, but Mrs. March had not the courage to ring and make sure, though she had always promised herself that she would go all over the house when she came back, and see how they had used it; she could pretend a desire for something she wished to take away. She knew she could not bear it now; and the children did not seem eager. She did not push on to the seaside; it would be forlorn there without their father; she was glad to go back to him in the immense, friendly homelessness of New York, and hold him answerable for the change in her heart, or her mind, which made its shapeless tumult a refuge and a consolation.

She found that he had been giving the cook a holiday, and dining about hither and thither with Fulkerson. Once, he had dined with him at the widow's (as they always called Mrs. Leighton), and then had spent the evening there, and smoked with Fulkerson and Colonel Woodburn on the gallery overlooking the back yard. They were all spending the summer in New York. The widow had got so good an offer for her house at St. Barnaby for the summer that she could not refuse it; and the Woodburns found New York a watering-place of exemplary coolness after the burning Augusts and Septembers of Charlottesburg.

"You can stand it well enough in our climate, sir," the Colonel explained, "till you come to the September heat, that sometimes runs well into October; and then you begin to lose your temper, sir. It's never quite so hot as it is in New York at times, but it's hot longer, sir." He alleged, as if something of the sort were necessary, the example of a famous Southwestern editor, who spent all his summers in a New York hotel, as the most luxurious retreat on the continent, consulting the weather forecasts, and running off on torrid days to the mountains or the sea, and then hurrying back at the promise of cooler weather. The Colonel had not found it necessary to do this yet; and he had been reluctant to leave town, where he was working up a branch of the inquiry which had so long occupied him, in the libraries, and studying the great problem of labor and poverty as it continually presented itself to him in the streets. He said that he talked with all sorts of people, whom he found monstrously civil, if you took them in the right way; and he went everywhere in the city without fear and apparently without danger. March could not find out that he had ridden his hobby into the homes of want which he visited, or had proposed their enslavement to the inmates as a short and simple solution of the great question of their lives; he appeared to have contented himself with the collection of facts for the persuasion of the cultivated classes. It seemed to March a confirmation of this impression that the Colonel should address his deductions from these facts so unsparingly to him; he listened with a respectful patience, for which Fulkerson afterward personally thanked him. Fulkerson said it was not often the Colonel found such a good listener; generally, nobody listened but Mrs. Leighton, who thought his ideas were shocking, but honored him for holding them so conscientiously. Fulkerson was glad that March, as the literary department, had treated the old gentleman so well, because there was an open feud between him and the art department. Beaton was outrageously rude, Fulkerson must say; though as for that, the old Colonel seemed quite able to take care of himself, and gave Beaton an unqualified contempt in return for his unmannerliness. The worst of it was, it distressed the old lady so; she admired Beaton as much as she respected the Colonel, and she admired Beaton, Fulkerson thought, rather more than Miss Leighton did; he asked March if he had noticed them together. March had noticed them, but without any very definite impression except that Beaton seemed to give the whole evening to the girl. Afterward he recollected that he had fancied her rather harassed by his devotion, and it was this point that he wished to present for his wife's opinion.

"Girls often put on that air," she said. "It's one of their ways of teasing. But, then, if the man was really very much in love, and she was only enough in love to be uncertain of herself, she might very well seem troubled. It would be a very serious question. Girls often don't know what to do in such a case."

"Yes," said March, "I've often been glad that I was not a girl, on that account. But I guess that on general principles Beaton is not more in love than she is. I couldn't imagine that young man being more in love with anybody, unless it was himself. He might be more in love with himself than any one else was."

"Well, he doesn't interest me a great deal, and I can't say Miss Leighton does, either. I think she can take care of herself. She has herself very well in hand."

"Why so censorious?" pleaded March. "I don't defend her for having herself in hand; but is it a fault?"

Mrs. March did not say. She asked, "And how does Mr. Fulkerson's affair get on?"

"His affair? You really think it *is* one? Well, I've fancied so myself, and I've had an idea of some time asking him; Fulkerson strikes one as truly domesticable, conjugable at heart; but I've waited for him to speak."

"I should think so."

"Yes. He's never opened on the subject yet. Do you know, I think Fulkerson has his moments of delicacy."

"Moments! He's *all* delicacy in regard to women."

"Well, perhaps so. There is nothing in them to rouse his advertising instincts."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT EUROPEAN ROADS.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THERE is a general impression at home that the roads of England are the best to be found anywhere, and are therefore to be taken as models of construction and repair. But leaving out Russia, England possesses the worst roads in what might be called civilized Europe. Of course for light traffic the roads of Belgium are impassable, as they are all paved with Belgian blocks, like Fifth Avenue in New York or Broad Street in Philadelphia. But there is not a single hundred-mile stretch of well-made road to be found anywhere in England at the present day, and there is not a foot that is decently kept. That there are some good roads is due to the fact that they were laid on the foundation either of the old Roman roads or the more modern military ones, and having such good foundations, can keep themselves in fair repair, or else that they were built by Macadam, and are not yet worn out. Certainly no English road is scientifically kept in order.

The Romans, as they conquered the world, also conquered the savage tracks across the countries they invaded, and left behind them—though this is a fact of which one scarcely ever hears, the road-beds on which all the principal European highways are constructed. When Napoleon, the greatest road maker who ever lived, came into power, he saw at once that to transport his armies over the played-out paving of the Roman ways in France, and to have his men, when they arrived at the frontiers, in any sort of fighting condition—his cavalry not all lame, his artillery and baggage not a line of wreck from Paris to the frontier—there was simply one thing for him to do, and he did it. He tore up the paving, converting it into fine stones, with which he renewed the surface underneath, of course mixing these smaller stones with gravel, sand, and chalky substances; or else he used the paving as a road-bed, and laid his surface of fine stone on top of it. It was thus he made those absolutely perfect highways which stretch from one end of France to the other. He then gave the control of these roads into the hands of government officials, who have kept them, and kept them well, until this day.

So long as a road-bed has a reasonably compact and solid foundation, and this bed is laid by engineers to follow the lay of the land, avoiding steep rises, going sometimes three miles around a hill, up which an American road would take you in half a mile; so long as the road is so arranged as to drain itself; so long as it escapes the water produced by banks of melting snow in the winter, and does not allow those gullies, which become rivers after every shower, to drain themselves into it; or so long as properly paved gutters will carry off this overflow of water, if it cannot be avoided; so long as when you come to a remarkably steep but short hill, around which you cannot pass, instead of going over it you tunnel through it—the actual road-bed is not the most important factor in maintaining a good road. I remember how carefully the Lancaster Pike at Philadelphia was put down. I have seen French *Routes Départementales* in the process of construction, and I can say that the American work was quite equal to, if not better than, the French—I mean simply as far as putting down the road metal was concerned. Of course the French work was done by a most skilled engineer; the American work was probably the jobs of half a dozen contractors.

But after the road has been constructed comes the important point—the mending of it. As has been said, this is most costly. So marvellously is it done in France that I can scarcely expect any one to believe the statements I am about to make. The great military roads of France, *Les Routes Nationales*, radiate from the large cities like the spokes of a wheel. They are all marked with kilometre stones, a kilometre being about five-eighths of a mile. The stones are about two feet and a half high, a foot and a half broad, and a foot thick. As you approach the first stone you will notice on the side nearest you the name of the next important town, with its distance in kilometres and metres. On its face, following the lines of the semicircular top, you will read *Grande Route* number so-and-so, and below, the name of the great city from which it starts and the great city to which it goes, say Paris and Marseilles, and the actual distance to each by this road. On the other side is the distance from the large town from which you started. Every hundred metres you will see a neat little white stone with the number inscribed on it As there are a thousand metres in a kilometre, there are ten of these stones, and when you come to each you can tell exactly the distance you have made. The fifth stone, which marks the half-way distance between the two kilometre stones, is usually a little larger than the others. As you pass from one of the eighty-six departments of France into another, you will see a larger stone marking the boundary line and recording the distance to many important points. If the gradient becomes at all steep, the fact will be announced somewhat as it is at the side of a railway, and there are several other marks used by the engineers which I do not understand. On the first house in each village, approaching from either end, you will find the name of that village clearly written in white letters on a blue ground on a metal plate, the name of the village you have just left, with the distance, an arrow pointing in its direction, the name of the one you are coming to, and the names of the nearest large cities both ways. At all cross-roads you will find the same information. The kilometre stones themselves are painted white, and the numbers and names are cut into the stone to protect them from the rain, and painted black.

The roadway is wide enough for two or three teams to pass. Beyond is a sweep of beautifully kept grass, and beyond again two great deep gutters, outside of which is a bank of earth higher than the fields which it bounds, keeping all the water, if there should be any, back in the fields and off the roads. Every hundred feet or so, cut in the grass by taking the turf out, is a small gutter, through which any water which may fall in the road is drained into the deeper gutter. As you ride along you will see that the road is divided by movable tin signs with *cantonniers* on them. Near these signs, which are usually about a mile or two apart, you will find a man breaking stones small enough to go through a two-and-a-half-inch ring, piling the broken stone up in a symmetrical mass like a house roof, which must exactly fit into a skeleton frame the *cantonnier* places over it. These stone-breakers are at work spring, summer, and autumn. Other men will be picking up the droppings on the road, putting them in a wheelbarrow, in another part of which is fresh sand to sprinkle over the place, and they carry rakes and brooms to touch up any imperfections on the surface, for such a thing as a loose stone or a lump of dirt is almost unknown. Having gathered up anything which may have fallen from passing carts or wagons—for the horses' hoofs do not kick up the surface of the road, nor do the wheels grind into it—each goes over the whole of his allotted space with a broom about ten feet long, sweeping off the sand which is taken away and stored for future use or sold. This is kept up daily from April till October, and so thoroughly that, though I have travelled over the roads of France in both the wettest and driest summers and autumns, I have never found half an inch of dust or mud on the *Grandes Routes*. The *cantonniers*, when any distance from villages or towns, have houses in which they live, and they go to their work morning and evening between the magnificent avenues of poplars in the north, of cypresses in the south, of sycamores, which line so many of the roads of the *Midi*. It is absurd to say the roads are like those of a park, for in no park out of France are they equalled.

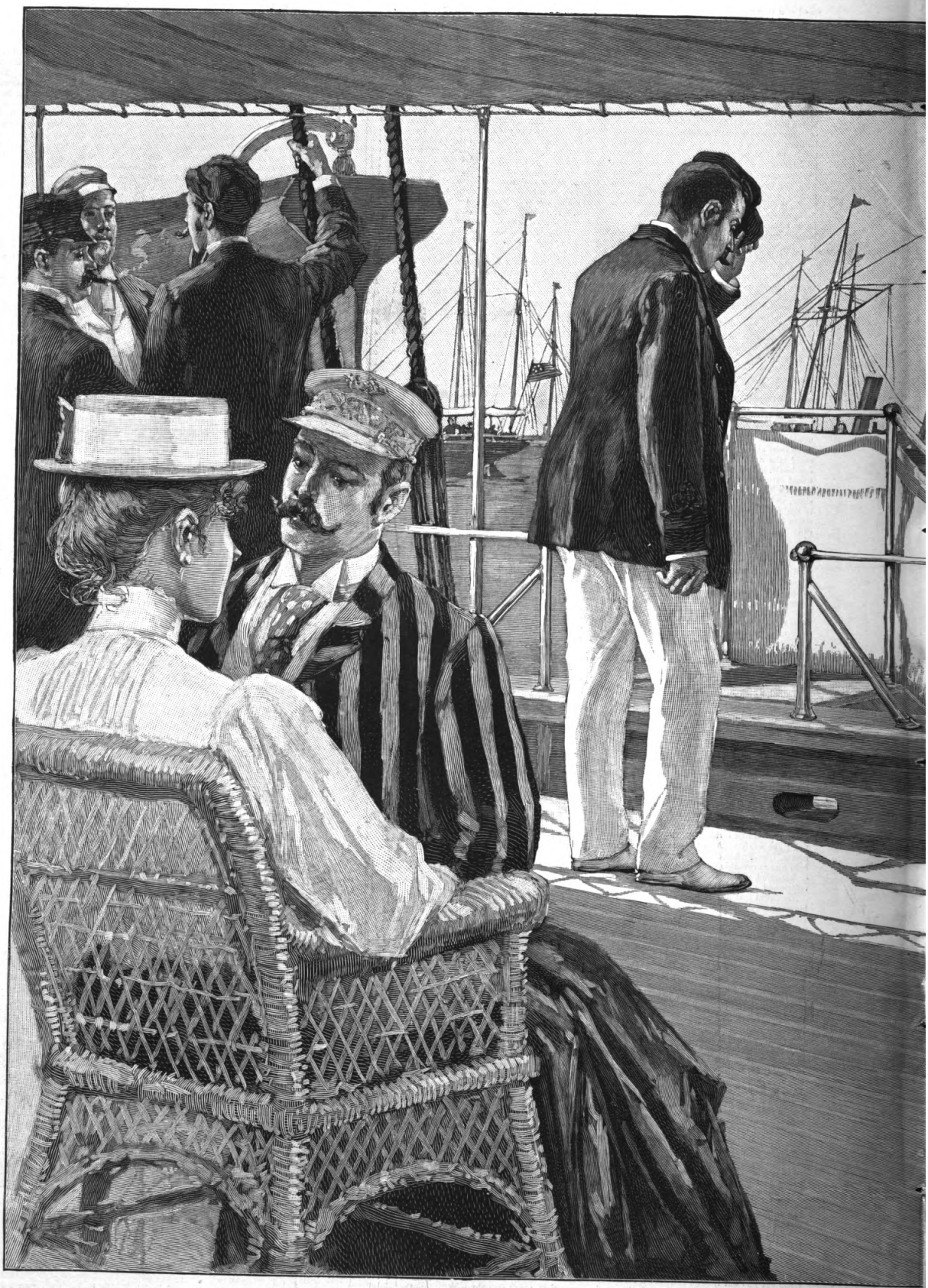
With the beginning of October and the rainy season an inspector comes out—though for that matter he is almost always travelling up and down—followed by a large gang of men, one or more steam-rollers, which, if the district is far from a town, pull after them gypsy vans in which the men live. The properly broken stone is then spread evenly over the road; the interstices are filled up with smaller stones and pebbles, the refuse from the larger stuff; over this is spread a layer of chalky or clayey earth, which had been carted and heaped there in neat piles during the summer; what we would call mush-mully is made out of the whole mass with water from the gutter which the engine of the roller pumps through a hose; the steam-roller next parades up and down over the surface for a day or so, boards and guards are put up to keep the passers-by from driving on the grass, and by the middle of winter the whole surface is perfect: so perfect is it that in a ride through the Vosges in the early spring, although there were high snow-banks on both sides, the road having been cleared, and although frost was coming up out of the ground, it was comparatively easy to ride on a light bicycle, instead of being obliged to pull the machine through a sea of mud. This is a description of the actual way in which French roads are kept in repair by the Department of Ponts et Chaussées. The same system is more or less carried out in Germany and Italy.

I have learned these facts from the top of a cycle, and there is no more sensitive point from which one receives impressions of road-making than the base of one's cerebellum, which is brought into contact with the ground by means of the backbone and the little wheel of a bicycle. The good roads of France are so delightful to ride over that I have looked into the manner in which they are made and repaired. Although I have had many a day of pleasure awheel in England and America, I have paid up for it with many a night of misery through the shaking up this cerebellum got from the bad roads.



NEW YORK. "Now, then, dear old Father Knickerbocker, open your cash-box, for we must have the fair."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A RECEPTION ON A YACHT.—Drav

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 688.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

LUKE JUDKIN'S CHEERFUL END.

AN EAST VILLAGE STORY.

"Tough? He's all made o' whip-cord, I tell ye. Last? O' course he'll last. Ain't he over ninety a'ready? Smart? See 'm out there now a-playin' croky—he an' Henery Green! Henery is a babe as compared with Luke, an' Henery is over seventy-five. Ye'll never open the new cem'tery with Luke, I tell ye. 'Tain't no use waitin'."

The undertaker moved a quid of tobacco slowly from one side of his long lantern-jaw to the other as he replied, dubiously, "The new cimetery folks say thet the folks to East Village ain't respondin' as they hed ought to the new enterprise."

"Waal, they hedn't ought to cal'late on old Luke, anyhow."

The speakers sat on the steps of Enoch Johnson's store in East Village, and looked across the green to where two old men were playing croquet—a game not yet extinct in the mountain farming districts of Vermont. Pretty soon a quarrel seemed to spring up between the players; loud words rang out under the elms, then came a fierce interchange of blows. The undertaker and Enoch Johnson stood up on the store steps to watch the contest at better advantage. Presently Enoch said, as if apostrophizing: "Thet Luke Judkin's the consarnedest, cussedest, peskiest old critter! Henery is hurted, an' here comes Luke with a broken mallet. Shouldn't wonder ef he'd say Henery was all to blame. Spry? Ain't he spry! D'ye ever hear about his dog? *He's* cuter than old Luke himself. Here the old reskill comes. H'lo, Luke!"

"H'lo, Enoch! How's folks?"

Luke Judkin briskly walked up to the store, holding the parts of a broken mallet handle in his hands. He was a picture of that agile, athletic old age which so often obtains at the present day among the "hill farms" in Vermont. His nose and chin betrayed a ludicrous intimacy. His back was bent with the weight of years. His hands had grown into long unsightly claws. The day was hot, and it was mid-day, but the sun at 110 degrees only sufficed to pleasantly warm the bald head of the old man, whose sharp little eyes in their cavernous sockets gleamed up at the store-keeper in keen recognition.

"Been a-playin' croky?" answered Enoch, not replying, according to East Village etiquette, to the old man's inquiry concerning his "folks."

"Yas; beat Henery Green three games runnin'," said Luke. "Would 'a beat a fourth, only Henery, *he* said I cheated. 'Twa'n't no sich a thing!" and his eyes blinked savagely, like the eyeballs of an antiquated parrot. "I didn't cheat no more 'n' no less than he did."

"Come to blows, eh?"

"Yas. 'Twa'n't nothin'. Struck our mallets together a leetle. Say, Enoch, measure me out a cent's wuth o' glue—Henery broke my handle."

"I'd like to see that cent," drawled Enoch, slowly rising and meandering within his store for the glue.

Luke took a seat on the steps, near the undertaker, and proceeded to wipe his perspiring face with his shirt sleeve. The undertaker looked him over professionally a moment; then said, musingly: "Luke, what is you measure? Five foot seven an' a harf, or five eight an' a harf?" He put the question casually, as if not personally interested.

"Mr. Stapples, you got money in thet new cem'tery enterprise, 'ain't ye?"

Mr. Stapples allowed he had—"a few hunderd."

"Waal, 'tain't nothin' to you what I measure. I cal'late I ken tire out any cem'tery enterprise as has started to East Village, an' when I deecease I purpose bein' buried to Weston."

"Sho!" Mr. Stapples leaned over and picked up a straw, to conceal his feeling of disappointment and vexation.

"I'm agin all them new-fangled patent iron moniments an' iron fixin's, an' agin all this 'ere flummery folks is talkin' about. The old-fashioned marble head-stuns is plenty good 'nuff. Ther's altogether too much fancy fixin' to the new cem'tery. I'm agin fountain play into a cem'tery—yes I be! an' ef the old 'berryin'-ground's full, as they say, I'm a-goin' to Weston."

"Sho!" again ejaculated the undertaker, in an undertone. "Shouldn't think you'd like to make yourself so unpopular."

"What's folks to East Village ever done for me? I ain't a-goin' to do nothin' for them—no I ain't!"

"We hed hoped," urged the undertaker, "that you'd open our new cimetery, an' we cal'lated t' have the Weston band."

"'Tain't no use argufyin'!" said Luke, stubbornly.

"A band, an' a adress by the Methodist an' Presbyterin ministers," softly smiled Mr. Stapples.

Luke moved uneasily on the step.

"A adress makin' mention of your noble carrickter, an' praisin' of it, an' makin' out as how you were a great philanthropeed," smiled Mr. Stapples, affably.

"A what is't?" asked Luke, quickly turning his sharp, discrediting eyes full upon the undertaker.

"A phi-lanthropeed—I cal'late one what is a sorter m-agnit."

Old Luke began to chuckle well within himself. "Me a magnit 'n East Village!" he grinned. "Why, I can't get trust fer a bag o' oats!"

Enoch came out with the glue done up in a bit of brown paper. "Guess ye hurted Henery, ye old sinner," said he, looking across the green. "There's Marier a-doin' his head up in a handkercher. Look's though his skull was cracked—darn me ef't don't!"

"Hope 'tis," said Luke. "He'd no bizness to say I cheated. Why, croky ain't no fun onless ye cheat some; an' Henery, he's wuss 'n I be."

"Waal," said Enoch, slowly, "folks *know yeou!* an' I guess Henery's mostwise in the right. Say, Luke, here's the glue; now where's the cent?"

Old Luke felt about in his breeches pockets for some moments, apparently to no purpose. Then he felt in his boot top, and pulled out a dirty and much-mangled five-dollar bill.

"Here, Enoch; give me four doller an' ninety-nine cents change"—and Luke handed up the bill.

Enoch laughed a sickly laugh. "Yeou know I hain't got the change," he said; "but I'll cabbage onter this bill, an' yeou can let it go agin our akount—thet there forty-nine doller an' eighty-six cents fer store projuce as has stood fer—le's see—three year an' over."

Luke quickly thrust the bill into his trousers pocket. "I call ye to witness, Mr. Stapples, I tendered the cash. Yes I did; an' now, Enoch, le's have the glue."

"Le's hev the bill, Luke. Guess I ken get the change up to the savin's-bank."

Luke shook his head.

"No bill, no glue," insisted Enoch.

"Waal, no glue, no cent!" replied Luke, savagely.

"Sho! at yer old games, ain't ye!" said Enoch; and he sheepishly handed over the glue and walked back into the store, while Luke Judkin grinned.

"Luke's got ye, Enoch. I see 'im tender the cash," said the undertaker.

Enoch stood in the doorway, shuffled his feet a little, and looked foolish.

"He allus do get the better o' most," said Enoch. "But some day, mark my word, Luke 'll git fetched up short. Some un will take an' thrash him; and tough as he is, he'll wish he was a darn site tougher then."

Luke said nothing. Placing the glue in his breeches pocket, he walked rapidly across the green toward his barn.

"He's smart," ejaculated the undertaker, "an' no mistake; but I cal'late the new cimetery's smarter'n him. It ken wait longer'n he ken, an' he knows it. I cal'late I did them folks a good turn when I put in a word about the brass band an' the oration. Luke kinder pricked up his ears, I see."

Enoch sloook his head. "No; he'll beat you folks yet," he said. "He'll trick ye some way." Shading his eyes with his hand, Enoch looked down the road. "Darn me ef his dorg 'ain't come back home agin! Ther's one smarter'n Luke to East Village. 'Tain't no man; it's a dorg! Yas, Luke's cute, but his dorg—he's cuter'n Luke. But both on 'em are a pair. Land! see thet dorg sneak home, hidin' behint thet hedge, knowin', sure as guns, he's bin sold agin fer five dollar—the bill ye see Luke hev—an' comin' home fer to be sold agin! Why, Luke's made forty dollars outen thet p'inter inside o' three months, to my sartin knowledge."

The undertaker laughed. "Make money outen a dorg? No! G'way!"

"Yep."

"The same dorg?"

"Yep. I see 'm sell the p'inter yestiddy to Hank Spink. Hank's a feller as won't stand no nonsense neither. Hank druv off with the dorg in his buggy, him a-lookin' kinder knowin' at old Luke, an' a-waggin' of his tail ez tho' he knowed what to do without bein' told. Now he's back, an' Luke 'll try an' sell 'm agin to some fool afore the week's out."

"I swan! Thet's cheatin'."

"Cheatin'? Luke 'd cheat the store teeth outen his gran'ther. Why, he's the cuss they renegaded into the war fer palmin' off shoe-pegs on government hosses fer oats. An' ye ought to hear him brag o' them war times! I shouldered a gun, but he never saw Dixie's land 'cept as a sutler, an' now he's a-livin' off a pension as he got 'cause he claimed he was injured in the Wilderness, bein' throwed heavy in a wrastlin' match—he war allus wrastlin'—an' sprainin' a shoulder-blade, which he gets ten dollars a month fer ever sence. P'r'aps thet five-dollar bill was dorg money; p'r'aps it was guv'ment money; guess likely dorg money—I dun know."

"Pour me out a gallon o' molasses," said the undertaker, as he rose to go. "Guess ef Luke's a reskill we don't want ter open our new cimetery with no such a carrickter. We'd better be lookin' around fer a corpse as we ken praise up without lyin' about. Sho! The village is so dern healthy, an' we've waited an' waited, an' spent our money; and the undertaker heaved a deep sigh.

"Waal, better look fer another corpse as ain't a reskill, an' hasn't sold a dorg over a dozen times," laughed Enoch, as the molasses slowly drained from the hogshead into the undertaker's jug. "Luke would spile any cem'tery. Guess folks to Weston won't thank Luke much fer his choosin'. Guess likely he'll be forced to try the new enterprise arter all."

An empty farm wagon drove by in the dusty road, making a great clatter, and obscuring Luke's house and barn across the green in a cloud of dust.

When the dust rose and they could see beneath it, Luke could be seen leading his pointer into the barn. He seemed to be in somewhat of a hurry, and the dog proving unwilling, he led the animal quickly back into the house. At the same moment a horseman rode furiously up to the store, threw himself off his horse, and shouted to Enoch, who stood on his door-step, scarcely ten feet away: "H'lo, Enoch! Seen anything of my p'inter I bought o' Luke Judkin fer five dollars?"

"Cheap dorg?" grinned Enoch, in reply.

"Bought 'im last Thursday, an' here 'tis Tuesday, an' the dorg run off. I suspect Luke's got 'im back. Ef the consarned reskill has gone an' done me, I'll—I'll—" The speaker, a tall, thin, athletic young farmer, gave a quick swing to his arm as he spoke, indicative of the punishment he would inflict upon old Luke Judkin if found delinquent.

"Hank Spink, you'd orter know better'n to try an' buy thet dorg. Menny hez tried it," said Enoch, "an' not one on em's ever hed much success. You carn't buy thet dorg, Hank; you carn't do it! The dorg's too smart. Yes, I see thet dorg not a few minits ago. Guess he's to Luke's barn now."

"Well, I guess I boughten the dorg; an' I'll hev the dorg, or I'll hev the law onter Luke!"

The undertaker smiled. "Mebbe as you ken arest a dorg," he said. "As for Luke, he 'ain't done nuthin'; it's the dorg's fault."

Hank Spink scratched his head. "I ain't no lawyer shark, but guess I know 'nuff to know thet dorg's boughten an' paid for; an' he's my dorg, an' I'll get 'im outen Luke's barn, or Luke gets a lickin', one or t'other!" said Hank, angrily, striding across the green toward Luke Judkin's white house and dingy gray barn.

The others followed. Enoch was altogether too much interested in the event of the "dorg" matter to hesitate a moment about the need of 'tendin' his store. Perceiving his departure, half a dozen young urchins, strolling homeward from a bath and swim in a neighboring stream, stole into the store and slyly helped themselves to "Jackson balls" and 'lasses cakes in the window. Not content with these sweets, they daubed their faces with flour, and arrayed themselves in the yellow tarpaulin suits which hung over the counter.

But if the urchins were having a good time, the ill-concealed look of amusement in honest Enoch's face as he crossed the green also showed that he too was enjoying himself, perhaps equally well. "I'd like to see how Hank 'll go to work," he laughed. "Hank's mad, an' Luke ain't no match for him in a bare stand-up fight. But Luke's tricky. Hank 'll never git the dorg! You see, Mr. Stapples, it 'll take a sheriff an' a possy to fetch the dorg away—an' I was a-goin' to say a hull jedge an' jury to hold 'im! Luke is game, he is. Guess he's got the dorg hid away by this time. Sho! here he comes! Now what's he a-doin' of?"

Enoch's genuine admiration for old Luke's shrewdness found vent a moment later in a hearty slap upon his thigh. Luke advanced toward Hank Spink with a hearty treble "How-ter-doo?" and a hand-shake which, by its warmth of feeling, quickly disarmed the stalwart young farmer. "So—ye forgot to tie the dorg up, did ye? Waal, he's come home. Yes he has. Hank, ye didn't feed him 'nuff vittles. Marier, she used to feed him too much, and the dorg, he likes vittles; so he's run off, I s'pose."

"Yes, I come arfter the dorg, Mr. Judkin," said Hank Spink, mollified.

The old man's thin hair was brushed and combed up back over his ears. No rural saint could ever have looked meeker and milder than Luke in his clean linen duster, his collarless shirt, and his greased boots.

"Waal, he's high an' low 'bout the yard somewheres, Hank. I see 'im chasin' 'bout like's though he was glad to get back an' get vittles agin. Hi, Snapper! Snap! Don't see 'im now 'zactly."

Old Luke gazed about the yard and at the house furtively, as if he expected the dog to look out at him from a second-story window and wink. But Snap made no appearance at a window or elsewhere, and Hank Spink shoved his lean hands far down in his breeches pockets, with:

"Look a-here, Luke; I ain't a-goin' to stand no foolin'. I want thet dorg. I paid fer him fair, an' I do admit he was a dern cheap dorg fer the price."

"Well, tarnation! Ketch the dorg an' take 'm away. I 'ain't got nothin' to do with the dorg. The dorg's yourn; take 'm away ef he's here," replied Luke's high treble.

"Waal, he's here, I guess, ef he ain't hid," said Hank, inconsequently. "Come, now, fetch him out!"

At the same moment the door opened, and a round chubby woman, with very black bead-like eyes and little black ringlets, appeared. She only stood in the open doorway long enough to make up a face at the strange men in the door-yard, exclaim, "*Land!*" and retire again within the house, as if provoked beyond all desire for further discovery.

"Marier's mad's a hornit a'ready," laughed Enoch, *sotto voce*, to the undertaker; "an' see them men trackin' up her clean floor!"

Hank Spink had entered the porch at the side of the house, and Luke had followed him. They walked the length of the porch, which had been freshly cleaned that morning, and Hank placed his hand on the latch of the door, when old Luke placed *his* hand on *him*.

"'Tain't no use goin' in an' upsettin' everything in this house on 'count of a dorg."

"Leggo me!" answered Hank. "I'm a-goin' to hev thet dorg, an' I cal'late no one ain't goin' to stop me!"

Luke placed himself before the door.

"I'm a-goin' to stop any man openin' my door an' enterin' my house without a search-warrint. Yes I be!"

"Oh, you be, be ye?" And Hank gave the old man a thrust aside. They glared at each other. There was a little sparring for a "side hold," when, quick as a flash, the old man threw Hank over his shoulder, landing him a good twelve paces on the grass. As Hank lay there sprawling on the turf, Luke, pale with his effort and with anger, shook his fist over his prostrate foe.

"You'll never git thet dorg, Hank, onless ye ken wrastle better'n thet!" Then he put his hand suddenly to his heart. "God A'mighty!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, as Enoch ran forward. "Somepen's broke inside! Run an' fetch Marier! Some one go for the doctor! I'm—I'm—I'm— He kin hev his dorg."

The old man sank to the floor of the porch, and rolled over on one side, a ghastly whiteness spreading over his face.

"He's dead—dead as a nit!" cried Enoch, aghast.

"No he ain't, "said the undertaker, kneeling by his side. "He's only fainted. Hank, you run fer the doctor. Mebbe it's a murder case. Guess ye'd bette kinder let the doctor know, Hank, an' then yeou lite out, an' keep hid away. I'll testify 'twan't your fault bein' throwed thet way, but yeou hed orter got a sarch-warrint—yes yeou hed!"

Hank took the hint, and went out of the yard, much crestfallen and quaking with fear. Although he fancied he heard a dog's whine come out to him from the house, he did not stop to look back or attempt to whistle after him, the fatal cause of all his trouble that day. He left word with the doctor, and galloped back to his little hill farm on the mountain-side, a sadder and a wiser, if a dogless, man.

The doctor worked over Luke for an hour. Aunt Marier, with a scared look, made gruel and poultices, for which there could be no possible use; but on being so informed, only went on making more gruel and more poultices, as if by way of proving herself useful in an emergency, if for no other reason.

Luke Judkin "came round." After a week he was out again, the hard, knotty old fellow. But he was not the same man he was. "'Pears like I hain't got long fer to live," he said, with a melancholy whine. "My innards ain't right. 'Pears my orgins is twisted inside."

But however great the changes wrought by his last "wrastle" on Luke's body and insides, his mental change and moral regeneration were something astonishing.

"He ain't the same cuss," said Enoch, as he sat on his threshold, two weeks later, with one or two farmers, and glanced across the green. "He's sorter meachin' an' wilted down—no spunk left! Land! he as uster be kinder feelin' round ter do somethin' mean ter his neighbors, and make 'em feel mean ter him, why, he's turned right round! Guess he won't live long. No! Folks says he's paid up all his debts. Waal, he's paid my 'count—every cent, an' he went an' paid fer Marier's—thet's his fourth wife, yeou reklect?—sister's child's schoolin' down to Northfield. An' ez fer thet dorg o' hizen, Hank got him back all right; yes, an' Luke, he's tryin' fer to act on the square. Why, there's Mr. Stapples a-comin'! Dead? Luke Judkin dead? Why, I want ter know! Thet's news! Whew!"

"Yes; died half an hour ago," said the undertaker, who came across the green to the store with a pail for ice. "Passed away peaceful like. Yes, yes, I were on hand; happened so. Luke's dead at last. The strain's what killed him. Yes, looks peaceful an' like a saint."

"I cal'late he's a saint 'nough now," sighed Enoch, with a New-Englander's readiness to canonize all deceased persons. "He were wicked at times, were Luke, but mostwise he were so dern smart thet ye hed ter fergiv' 'im. An', waal, what ef he did sell his dorg over a dozen times? Wa'n't it half the dern dorg's fault? Dead? Waal, ye don't say so!"

"It were part the dorg's fault," replied the undertaker; "but ef I stan' here a-talkin', Luke 'll spile, an' all thet there peaceful ind of hizen will go for naught. I never see a corpse look so mild and good-tempered. Most looks sour, Mr. Johnson; but Luke, he smiles away, as ef he hed a easy death, kinder passed over the river, as they say, an' larfin' an' smilin' good-by; an' it's jest hit the cimetery folks off right, tew, Mr. Johnson—jest right. Oh, we finished off the roadways jest in time, an' we shell give Luke a big funeril—as big as from seventy-five to one hunnired dollars 'll buy; yes."

Luke's was indeed a grand funeral for East Village. There was some smirking and smiling over the patent fact that the "new cemetery folks" had got the better of old Luke at last, and there were some hidden winks over the fervid eloquence of the Rev. Mr. Scrooby as he praised the high character of the deceased—encomiums better fitted, perhaps, to the last fortnight of his life than the previous five-and-eighty years. But the band was on hand, and its narrow *répertoire*, though containing no funeral music, gave the greatest satisfaction imaginable. Was it not auspicious to open the new cemetery with the tune "John Brown's Body," followed, between prayers, by "The Star-spangled Banner"? Certes. Old Luke Judkin that summer's day had a most cheerful end! "We hev made him," said the undertaker, solemnly—"we hev made him a sorter phi-lanthropeed!" J. S. W.

RECENT BROOKLYN ARCHITECTURE.

The growth of Brooklyn during the last ten years has been much more rapid and steady than any of those miraculous developments of Western towns of which such marvellous stories are told. In some parts of the city whole blocks of fine residences and stores have grown up in a twelvemonth, while round about Prospect Park, and dotted here and there throughout the city, private houses of truly palatial proportions have sprung up as if by magic.

One of the most striking features of this rapid architectural advance has been the phenomenal growth of club life in a city which but a few years ago looked with suspicion and dislike on what was regarded as a species of modernized monasticism inimical to the interests of the family and the church. Club-houses, luxurious and prosperous, now abound throughout the city, and scarcely a quarter of a year passes without the formation of some new social organization. Of the club-houses now in process of building in Brooklyn, prominent specimens will be found in the structures chosen for illustration in this issue.

The Thomas Jefferson Association, the newly adopted name of the organization of regular Demo-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cratic politicians of Brooklyn, are erecting a new head-quarters building on Boerum Place, near Fulton Street. The building will be Romanesque in style, seven stories high, with a frontage on Boerum Place of 56 feet, and an average depth of 110 feet, with the rear facing on Red Hook Lane. The first story will be built of rock-faced Gatelawbridge stone, in the form of large piers, with clustered columns flanking the broad windows, and two bold arched entrances, fitted with broad massive doors of quartered oak, which lead to the elevators and hall. The chief feature of this floor will be the Democratic Hall, elevated only four feet from the street, and approached by three entrances. It is designed expressly for campaign and other political uses, and including a commodious gallery, will seat 650 persons. A large stage, with offices for campaign purposes, together with two stories of executive offices in the front, complete the first floor.

The upper part of the front is built of moulded brick and terra-cotta of elaborate design, with three large copper bay-windows, surmounted by enriched terra-cotta arches. These windows admit a flood of light to the offices of the intermediate floors. Above this the building is made impressive by a tower and steep-pitched roof, covered with Spanish tiles, and flanked on each side by two large copper dormers. In order to obtain as much light and ventilation as possible, the building is planned in the form of two wings, with a court 13 feet wide between, open from front to rear. The upper stories are divided into offices for renting purposes, and access to them is gained through a larger arched entrance on the Fulton Street side. This entrance is very impressive, and is flanked on both sides with cluster columns and ornamental caps. The basement, which is also well lighted and ventilated, will probably be used as a first-class restaurant. The estimated cost of the building is $90,000, the site having cost $50,000. The architect of this unique and imposing structure is Mr. Frank Freeman, of New York, whose skill and artistic taste have been shown in many other buildings of note in both cities.

Mr. Freeman's ability will soon be seen illustrated in another beautiful example of his work, viz., the Germania Club-house, now in process of building on Schermerhorn Street, near Smith Street. The first story will be built of two warm-colored stones, the faces left rough as they come from the quarry, except around the window and door openings. The second story will be of buff-colored brick, trimmed with terra-cotta of a darker shade, and the roof will be of red slate, with an ornamental cornice of terra-cotta.

On entering the building through the spacious archway, and crossing the vestibule, which is 14 feet square, the ladies' dining-room will be seen by the visitor on the right, and the main club-room on the left. Here the large bay-window admits light enough to illuminate the whole floor as far back as the billiard-room. Near the entrance is the hat and cloak room, under the main stair. By building the second-story wall on girders in the rear, a skylight covering the whole length of the billiard-room is obtained. The club-room, on the first floor, is 19 feet in height, and there are low middle stories, or mezzanines, for the less important rooms, such as the manager's rooms and pantry. The toilet-room receives light and ventilation from the area at the side of the building. The main stair is a prominent feature of this floor.

The main dining-room is 72 feet by 42 feet in area, and will seat 450 persons at table. The ceiling is 19 feet high. On occasion the small rooms at the side can be thrown open, and the whole space will then seat 650 persons. The ballroom occupies the whole area of the top floor, except what is needed for lobby and stage, and it will seat an audience of 950 persons, while the gallery over the ballroom floor will seat 250 persons. A fire-proof passage and stairway lead down to the basement, where there are three bowling-alleys, 70 feet long, with an alcove and plenty of well-lighted space in front. Raised three feet above the floor is a small balcony for spectators.

A building of a different order of architecture is the proposed new home of the Union League Club, of which the architect is Mr. P. J. Lauritzen, of New York, the designer of the Manhattan Athletic Club-house in New York, as also of the Smith & Gray building in Brooklyn. The new house will have a frontage of 96 feet on Bedford Avenue, and extend for a distance of 50 feet along Dean Street. It will be four stories high, the first story to be built of granite, and the remaining three stories of brick with stone trimmings. The approach to the building will be through the main entrance on Bedford Avenue, by a double flight of steps leading to a portico 30 feet by 7 feet. On the right of this portico will be the café; on the left, the parlor, with one large bay-window; and in the two spandrels between the windows there will be set two medallions of Lincoln and Grant. The ladies' entrance, designed on the same plan as the main entrance, will be on Dean Street.

According to the plan, there will be a large hallway on the first floor, with an office in rear of it. On the right of this will be the lobby leading into the hat and coat room; on the left will be the dining-room, extending the whole length of the rear building. The main stairway is on the left of the main hall, while directly opposite the stairway on the first floor will be the reception-room, and to the right of that the men's parlor. On the second floor will be the billiard-rooms, with a café adjoining; and a board of managers' room, which can be used as a card-room or a general meeting-room. The library and a large card-room will also be on this floor. On the third floor will be several sleeping-rooms, with toilet and bath rooms accessible from any room. The gymnasium will be on the same floor, directly over the billiard-room, and with large dressing and locker rooms adjoining; in another room will be shower-baths. It is provided that the cost of the building and ground shall not exceed $100,000; and as already money enough has been subscribed to begin building, the members of this club are in hopes of being able to celebrate their opening night on Lincoln's birthday.

Another notable instance of Brooklyn architecture is the house which Mr. Francis H. Kimball has been selected to build for the Montauk Club. This unique structure will be entirely unlike any other in the city, and will make a worthy ornament to the beautiful site it is to occupy—a plot of ground running along Lincoln Place, from Eighth Avenue to the Plaza Circle, with a frontage of 100 feet on the avenue and 117 feet on Lincoln Place. It is on one of the highest points of Prospect Hill, overlooking the bay as far as the Narrows on one side, while on the other it is flanked by the square mile of greenery which makes up the Park.

The striking architectural creation which will be placed upon this plot of ground will be entirely in harmony with its surroundings. Its style will be Venetian, its recessed loggias and projecting balconies at once suggesting the familiar pictures of the palaces along the Grand Canal. Its general appearance will be that of a harmoniously proportioned four-story structure, 60 feet by 90 feet, of a rich tawny-yellow terra-cotta, standing in a mat of greensward 10 feet wide on the three sides which have a street frontage, and 40 feet on the other. In details its color treatment will follow the best examples of Venetian work, and its isolation from surrounding buildings will render it visible at every turn.

The first story will be built of stone of an appropriate shade, and those above it will be of the yellow terra-cotta brick. Three bands of glazed terra-cotta, besides the combined cornice and frieze, will be carried around its four sides. The spandrels around the doors and windows will be of the same material, inlaid with mosaics of tinted stone. The Eighth Avenue side will be the most ornate. Here the divided main entrance will be placed in close proximity to the north wall. It will consist of an archway with two openings, and a column in the centre. Above those openings the wall space will be done in carved stone-work, besides the glazed terra-cotta and rich mosaics, which will be the prominent features of the color effects throughout. The ladies' entrance will be the left-hand or northerly one, and it will lead directly to the elevator close to the main staircase. Above the entrance is a balcony, and a loggia carried up to the cornice and frieze, which mark the beginning of the fourth story. To balance this, another loggia and balcony will be carried upward from the right-hand side of the entrance. The slanting roof will be of moderate pitch.

Next in importance to that end of the building will be the Plaza front, which overlooks the favorite driveway of visitors to the Park and to Coney Island. This front will consist almost entirely of a huge circular bay-window, occupying 50 of its 60 feet of width. On the first floor it will have ten windows, and open into the smoking-room. On the second floor it will be treated as an enclosed loggia, with polished granite columns, and on the third it becomes an open balcony. The Lincoln Place front will have a loggia and balcony, with a modest entrance leading to the main hall. The northerly face, which is the one most sheltered from observation, will be broken only by a sufficient number of windows to give light within, and by the colored bands of glazed terra-cotta.

Within the house, though all the arrangements are not yet final, it is a settled fact that the first floor shall contain the parlor, library, and smoking-room, and be so arranged that all of these apartments can be thrown into one large room for entertainment purposes. On the Plaza front of the second floor the billiard-room will be placed, and the remaining space will be used for card and reception rooms. On the third floor, and facing the Plaza, will be the main dining-room. The smaller dining-room, furnished with movable rolling partitions, will be on the Lincoln Place side, while the Eighth Avenue front will be devoted to the ladies' parlor and dining-room.

So far as it has been developed, Prospect Hill, where the new Montauk Club-house is to be built, is perhaps the finest and most promising portion of the city. In the same neighborhood many beautiful private residences are growing up year by year. One of these, which will be sure to attract considerable attention when completed, and of which Mr. Frank Freeman is the architect, is the mansion to be built for Mr. Guido Pleissner at the corner of the Plaza and Lincoln Place. It will be built of stone, terra-cotta, and brick, with a Spanish tile roof, and its interior arrangements, while rivalling in magnificence the elaborate workmanship and fine composition of the exterior, will also be carried out in a style quite independent of conventional ideas. The most striking features of the inside will be the staircase and hall, and a suite of parlors opening into each other, with the vista terminating in a large conservatory at the end.

In that part of the city known as the Eastern District, as well as on Prospect Heights, many handsome private residences have been put up during the last year or two, and of these probably none possesses so many original features as the magnificently equipped home built nearly two years ago by arcuitect Lauritzen for Mr. Millard F. Smith, of the well-known Brooklyn firm of Smith, Gray, & Co., at a cost of $50,000. This structure, which is of the modern Queen Anne style, and is situated at the corner of Rodney Street and Bedford Avenue, measures 50 feet wide by 60 feet deep, and consists of three stories and a basement. The material used is composite, and of the costliest description, the roomy basement being built of Belleville brown stone, the first and second stories of red brick with terra-cotta trimmings, and the third story having a French roof covered with red Spanish tile, with terra-cotta cresting.

The striking features of the exterior are the corner tower, the "Romeo and Juliet" balcony over the square bay-window projection on Bedford Avenue, and an ornamental front chimney on Rodney Street, which has two specially original features in the way of a semicircular window in the dining-room directly over the large mantel, and a large square window over the mantel of the parlor, both windows being glazed with artistic cathedral figures from special designs made by the architect.

Those two private dwellings, situated as they are in different parts of the city, well represent the advance being made in residential architecture in Brooklyn—an advance so rapid and so radical in its nature that it is, without doubt, destined ultimately to change the whole character of the city's buildings.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

ALL the poets, from Shakespeare in his immortal *Midsummer-Night's Dream* down to the most insignificant rhymester who appeals to his limited public from the corner of some rural periodical, agree in telling us of the witching influences that are abroad during the balmy nights of midsummer. When they are supplemented with moonlight, music, the plashing waves, the subdued glow of Chinese lanterns, all the accessories, in fact, of a fashionable hotel piazza by the sea-side, there can be no doubt of the effect of the *tout ensemble*, nor of the truth of Byron's cynical statement, that

"there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile."

Shakespeare expressly tells us that it was this kind of a night that induced Troilus to forget his allegiance to the Trojan monarch, and "sigh his soul" toward the Grecian tents that harbored Cressida. It was the deep shadows thrown by the moon on such a night that made unhappy Thisbe play the coward while the lion was still at a safe distance. Unquestionably nights like these had much to do with the abominable behavior of Queen Dido, not to mention Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, and scores of lovers since the old drama was first played on the banks of the Euphrates. What the world would have lost in the way of delight, not to mention all the misery and tribulation that so frequently follow upon the luxury of love-making, had the thermometer never been known to rise above freezing-point, let us not overwhelm our imaginations by trying to picture.

It is one of these summer nights by the sea, with its dreamy atmosphere, its soft breezes, its manifold suggestions of pleasures varying from *dolce far niente* to the moonlight sail or drive or the merry dance within the hotel parlor, that our artist has taken for the subject of his picture on page 681. He has caught the spirit of the scene well. It is familiar to all of us, or nearly all; for true to our national reputation for restlessness, there are probably very few of us who have not made one or more visits to these great caravanseries by the sea-shore that invite us so seductively to indulge in a holiday during the season when the dog-star rages. The couple in the foreground are undoubtedly engaged in that very sort of wickedness Byron alludes to, but which, iniquitous as it may be, and however fraught with calamitous possibilities, is nevertheless unquestionably the one chapter of life that we should be most unwilling to have expunged. The lady seems a little coy, but probably that is only with a view of enhancing the effect of her final surrender.

Our summer hotel life, as it may be called, is one of our habits and customs as a people that at once strikes the foreigner with amazement, and then sets him to work admiring the prodigality with which we scatter our substance during the holiday season, and the luxury with which we surround our pleasure-seeking. He stands on the "Millionaire's Piazza" at Saratoga and marvels much and long at the wealth of gilding and upholstery, the costly devices for adding to the ease and comfort of life, that are accumulated in a place which is comparatively deserted for nine months of the year. That these tremendous buildings, with their lofty corridors, wide drawing-rooms, luxurious sleeping-apartments, furnished with hot and cold water, marble baths, gas, electric bells, are closed from the first of October to the middle of June, seems to the calculating Briton, the prudent Frenchman, as the extreme of wasteful extravagance.

There is, however, a charm about hotel life that has been discovered by our American, and brought about in its development the luxurious palaces where, like Falstaff, we can not only take our ease, but can enjoy ourselves in an easy, carefree fashion that precisely suits our temperament. We have society without the trouble of entertaining, luxury without care, pleasure of every kind without the necessity of putting one's foot from under the roof where one lives. The reading-room is the centre of news, the office divulges the state of the stock-market or any great financial or business operation at any moment. Everything that humanity can ask, want, or even dream of, is here supplied if it be within the realm of possibility to do it. What wonder that we Americans, with our eager, restless, interested dispositions, delight in this way of living? How agreeable our young people find it is told in Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's watering-place story, which was so popular during its appearance as a serial in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. We can imagine the envy of the secluded English girl or the convent-bred French maiden as she reads of the young American who had the whole range of our great summer resorts as a background to her love story.

There is one feature to our summer hotel life which would, however, cause great anxiety to the English matron could she put up with its ease and indulgence in other ways; that is, the presence in multitudes of what is known in Albion as the "detrimental." Jack and Tom and Charlie, bright, brave young fellows, excellent dancers, experts at lawn-tennis, well dressed, well read, and well—not bashful, but entirely impecunious, when their summer holiday comes hie away at once to the nearest watering-place. Not always are they as wise and self-denying as the young gentleman who tells his woes thus poetically:

"Did I love her, Jack, my boy?
Yes, with all my heart, sir.
Two short weeks of summer joy,
Then we had to part, sir.

"Silks and jewels blushed and smiled,
One of fashion's scholars.
Jack, the rainbow round the child
Cost a thousand dollars.

"Summer brings us royal feasts!
What of wintry weather?
Butterflies and working beasts
Can't be yoked together."



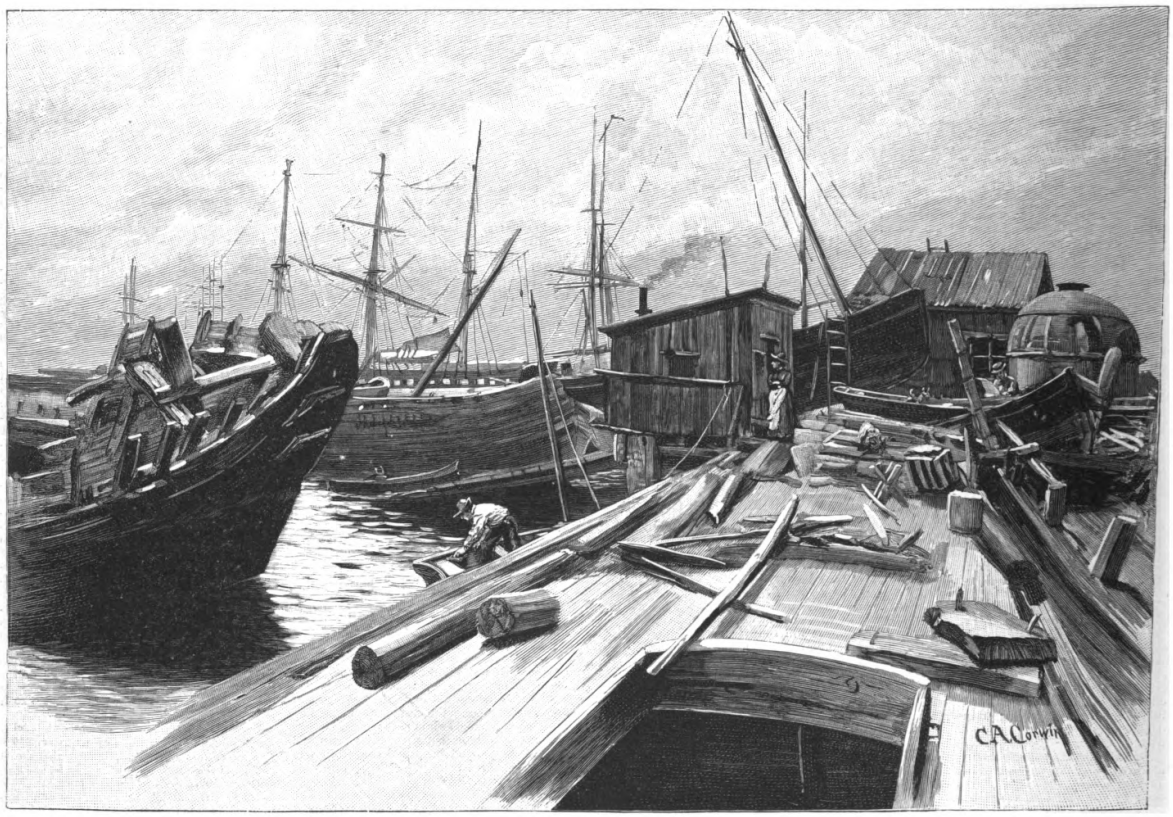
NOT ALTOGETHER OUT OF REPAIR.

SMALL BOY. "Pap say he wan' yo' ter put 'm new sole on dis yer shoe er mine, 'n' a new upper leather, 'n'—"

REPAIRER OF SHOES. "Tink dat 'll be 'bout de same's makin' a new shoe."

SMALL BOY. "No, sah; pap say de shoestrings on dis yer one am all right."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A QUEER MARINE RESIDENCE.—Drawn by C. A. Corwin.

THE CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

Splendid yachting weather has been the rule during the middle of August. Nearly every day a good wind wafted the pleasure craft of Atlantic waters here and there, at the will of the owners, and under clear skies too. After the downpour of rain which was prevalent so long, the amateur sailors hoped for a change for the better at this time, and were not disappointed. A number of yacht clubs held their annual cruises, and in most cases were largely successful, so far as wind and weather were concerned. Day in and day out the delicious breezes held, the water was smooth, and yachtsmen and yachtswomen were delighted.

Probably there is no yachting event of the year that is of more importance to New York yachtsmen than the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club. For a month or more in advance of the day set for the start the yacht owners make preparations for their cruise. The many fast vessels belonging to New York, and, in fact, a number of Boston boats, were all ready a week before the 7th of August, and one by one they dropped anchor in New London Harbor, where the rendezvous was to take place. With each day the pretty harbor took on a more and more gala appearance, and the number of yachts increased daily until August 7th came and the fleet was complete.

The *Electra*, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry's beautiful and commodious steam-yacht, left New York on the morning of August 7th, and steamed rapidly up through Long Island Sound, arriving in New London the same evening early. She was the flag-ship of the fleet, and carried the Regatta Committee, Commodore Gerry's staff, and a few other guests, including George L. Schuyler, the only surviving one of the original owners of the world-famed *America*. It was early in a beautiful summer evening when the *Electra* announced her arrival by the boom of her cannon. An instant later there was a perfect fusillade of cannon as yachts answered the salute of the commodore.

Over a hundred boats were in the fleet, from the stately *Alva*, which looked for all the world like an ocean steam-ship, to the smallest of the forty-foot class, and everybody in the fleet was looking forward to the morrow, when the first day's run to Newport was to be made. Night came on apace, and then the lights on the yachts began to twinkle, and the display was added to by the hotel on shore, which was covered with Chinese lanterns. Balloons were sent up from the shore, and Greek-fire and Roman candles lit up the scene until at times it was as bright as day. Boats of all kinds and shapes were riding at their anchors, and their masts looked as if a forest was standing in the water, with the trees stripped and polished.

Early in the morning of Thursday the yachts went down to the Sound, and started on the race to Newport. The wind was light at first, and then there was a good breeze, which drove the shapely craft along toward port. Every stitch of canvas was set to catch the summer breezes, and long before dark they came to anchor in the harbor of Newport. The schooners *Sea Fox* and *Grayling* had many an old score to settle, and both were sailed as their skippers best knew how. The *Grayling* was successful, however, and there was great jollification on board of her. The *Katrina* had been changed very materially as to rig since her races with the *Titania* early in the season, and was prepared to do battle royal. A host of friends wished her godspeed, and when the race was over she was credited with a victory over the *Titania*. Other classes were well represented, and a fine race was well ended.

In Newport Harbor that night there were more yachts than at New London, but the revelry of the night before was gone. Business of a serious nature was on hand. On the morrow the race for the Goelet cups was to be sailed, and all those who intended competing were getting ready. Through the night the wind freshened, and by morning there was half a gale. The sea came rolling into the harbor, and a light mist made everything damp and disagreeable. It was the gala-day of the cruise, and the *Electra* was in shape for her place. Commodore Gerry and his staff flew around from early morning, getting the craft in condition to receive the guests who had been invited to watch the races from her decks. Camp-chairs were brought up from the hold, the deck had been holy-stoned until it was as white as snow, and every bit of brass on the flag-ship shone brightly.

It was not long before the guests began to arrive, and one of the *Electra's* reception days was begun. All who received invitations were ready on time, and steam-launches darted about the harbor from yachts and from shore, carrying the ladies and gentlemen. Commodore Gerry stood at the starboard gangway and received the people as they stepped upon the deck. At least a hundred people were aboard the *Electra* when the starting time came, and as they appreciated the advantage of seeing the race as guests of the Commodore, few were late, and none was absent when the *Electra* sailed down past Fort Adams.

Outside, the sea was heavy and the wind blew hard. The boats were in many instances reefed down, and under the glorious breeze sailed as they had never sailed before in a Goelet Cup race. The *Sea Fox* turned the tables on the *Grayling* in this race, and took the cup for schooners, after a splendid race through nasty seas. The *Titania* did the same thing by the *Katrina*, and won handily over her fleet antagonist. The race over, the *Electra* steamed back to Newport in a driving rain, which ceased as soon as the yacht came to anchor. All went ashore thoroughly charmed with their day's outing. The next morning came the second day's run, which was to bring the yachts into Vineyard Haven. The wind was stronger than on the day before, and the *Constellation*, the new Burgess schooner, won first place in the run, having sailed the distance in a shorter time than it has ever been sailed before. The *Sea Fox* beat the *Grayling* into port by considerable, and at the same time beat the best previous record for the run over that distance. The *Titania* continued her victorious career, and the *Katrina* had to be content with second place in her class.

From Saturday night until Tuesday morning the fleet staid in Vineyard Haven. Racing for a series of cups was indulged in, under blue skies and with a strong breeze, on Monday, and the *Grayling* won from the *Sea Fox* by a very small margin. The *Titania* again beat the *Katrina*, and the other winners were the *Liris* and the *Quickstep*. During the interval between Saturday night and Tuesday morning there were receptions in Cottage City, strolls on the sand by moonlight, and driving about the beautiful Martha's Vineyard. Tuesday morning the fleet started for New Bedford in half a gale, and again the *Titania* beat the *Katrina*, this time very badly, and it was plainly shown that she was the fastest boat of her inches afloat. The *Grayling* again beat the *Sea Fox*, and again by a few seconds. There was considerable interest in the run, as the old *America* joined the fleet, and finished away up among the leaders.

New Bedford was left behind on Thursday morning, a heavy rain-storm delaying the fleet for a day, and that night the yachts were in Newport again. More races were sailed, and then the squadron disbanded, after the most successful cruise ever held by the New York Yacht Club, or in fact any other club in the world.

J. P. Sawyer.

A QUEER HOME.

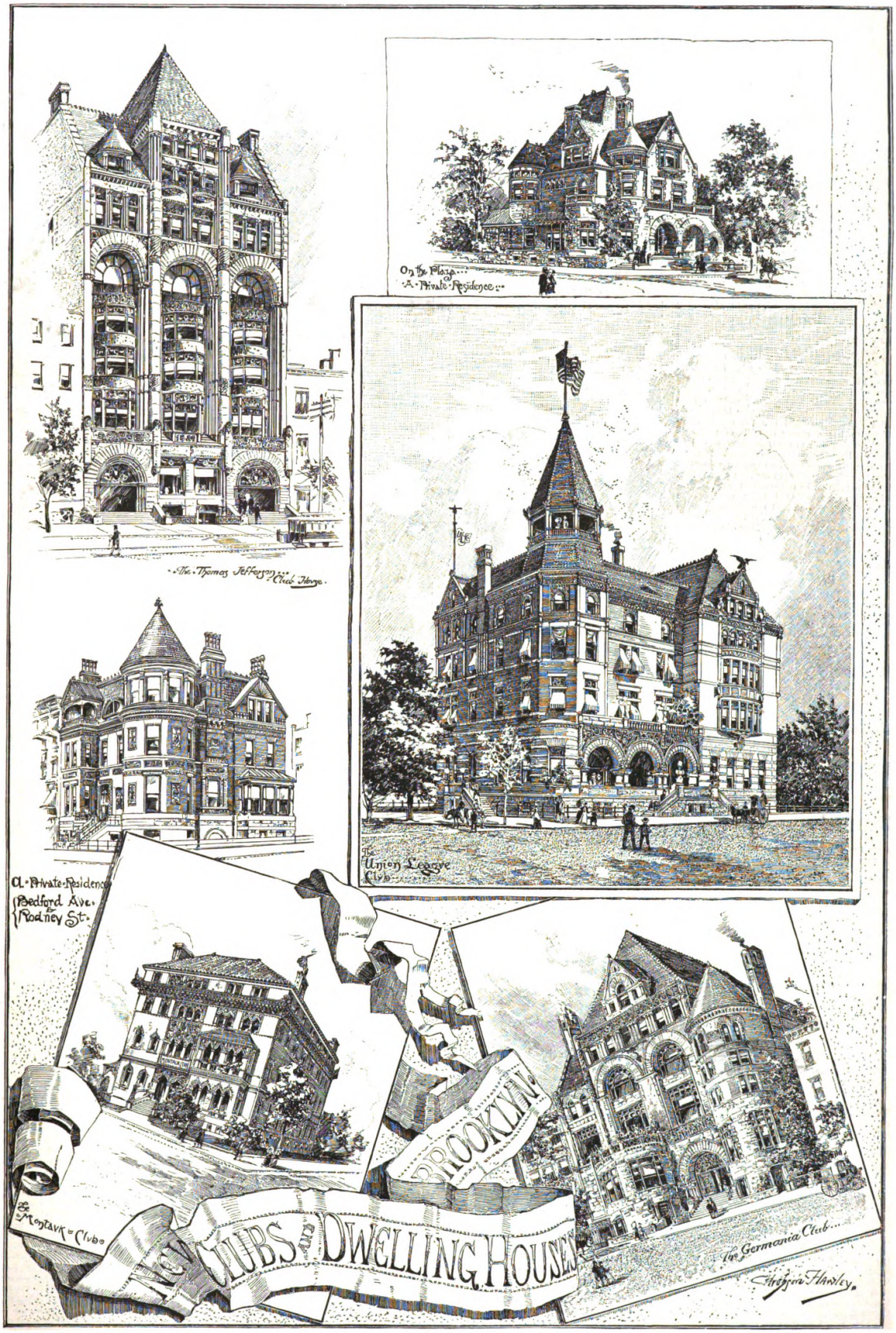
The dwelling here illustrated is the home which a son of Neptune, known as "Cap" York, has built for himself on the edge of the great Erie Basin, at Red Hook Point, in South Brooklyn. Not many years ago this part of the City of Churches was a huge salt quagmire, which at high tide seemed a meadow of meadow-grass, sea-weed, and the débris of a great harbor, and at low tide resolved itself into quaking mounds of black mud separated by long serpentine channels of salt-water. So dangerous was its treacherous ooze that no one ever ventured into its borders, save an occasional sportsman, a "dock rat," or a river thief. The last-named type was its lord paramount and only tenant. Here he could bid defiance to the police, and here find refuge and mysterious avenues of escape when too hotly pursued by the authorities of the law. The growth of the metropolis and its commerce at last sealed the doom of the Red Hook marshes. An army of working-men filled in great portions of the swamp, made streets, and raised great buildings in every direction; pile-drivers enclosed an immense area of land and water far out into the bay, and dredgers and other steam machinery dug out the ooze, until the heaviest-laden ship could float at any point within the enclosing breakwaters. The marsh is now a thing of the past, and the place where it once was is now known as the Erie Basin.

It is not a pretty place from any stand-point. Rows of ugly buildings, piles of cargo, and the flotsam and jetsam of the sea, vessels of all sorts, but each and all battered and worn, noisy steam-tugs and noisier laborers, are the chief features of the neighborhood. And the place is haunted by the ghost of the marsh. Gas bubbles from decaying organic matter beneath the basin keep its waters in a constant state of seeming ebullition; a vile odor of decomposition and death is everywhere, and on the surface of the water and the sides of every spile, wall, and vessel is the oily slime which appears to be secreted by ship basins the world over. The people who work there and those who live in the vicinity declare it, nevertheless, to be healthful to the highest degree, and their startling statement is apparently confirmed by amphibious swarms of vigorous children, to whom the streets and wharves, the slips and docks, are equally popular play-grounds.

Here "Cap" York has made his home. On a rickety frame-work, which is half pier and half bulkhead, he has built a shanty, in which he passes life very comfortably. He is a "boat cobbler" and a "marine painter" by profession, which high-sounding phrases mean that he substitutes good for rotten timber in damaged vessels, and then covers up his work with the coarse and ugly paints which characterize the civilized architecture of the sea. The "Cap's" home is not very palatial. It would be a shanty were the timbers of which it is made not so heavy and massive. It contains but one room, the basin itself being the bath-room and back yard of the establishment. A lean and ugly mongrel dog acts as house-keeper and watchman in the owner's absence, and does it so thoroughly as to make a visit very memorable to a stranger. Once past the dog, the caller easily gets a good view of the interior, which is a quaint compound of kitchen, bedroom, workshop, and cabinet of curios. Here and there is the fungoid discoloration which arises from the old marsh beneath the water and the artificial land of the basin and its environs, and both inside and outside the house is the noisome vapor which envelops Red Hook Point. "Cap" seems to thrive nevertheless, and is as rugged and healthy as he was long ago when he followed the sea for his livelihood.

William E. S. Fales.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



See Article on "Recent Brooklyn Architecture," Page 686.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE.

(*Continued from page 676, Supplement.*)

fusal. Not long after this, Mr. David Bonner brought Mr. Backman into contact with Mr. Rysdyk, introducing him as a particular friend of his; from that time a strong friendship grew up between the two men, and Mr. Backman, instead of being debarred from the privilege of breeding stock from Hambletonian, had always the first choice of the services of the stallion. When Dexter became king of the turf in 1867, and the service fee of Hambletonian was raised to $500, Mr. Backman sent no fewer than thirty-two mares to the horse during one season.

From the time that he went actively into breeding stock, Mr. Backman had but one ambition, and that was to produce at his farm a colt which should become the fastest trotter in the world; and the consideration of financial benefit was but secondary to this strong desire. Knowing that the fastest of Hambletonian's get were out of mares sired by a horse called Seely's American Star, who had been in Orange County until his death in 1863, Mr. Backman was continually on the lookout for a dam of that strain of blood. He had no difficulty in procuring many mares certified by their owners to have been got by Seely's stallion, but in many cases it was found that the pedigree was entirely false. This was a serious drawback to scientific breeding, but Mr. Backman went bravely on, weeding out stock of doubtful pedigree, selling them for whatever they would bring in the market, and carefully husbanding whatever he knew to be *bona fide*. He also invested in some stallions, choosing in each case a son of Hambletonian himself. One of these, named Messenger Duroc, was purchased from David R. Feagles, of Chester, who bred him in 1865. In the maternal line this son of Hambletonian has a strong infusion of thoroughbred, running back in the third generation to the Berthoff Horse by imported Messenger. As a colt, Messenger Duroc showed an unusual amount of vitality, and, after being in the stud a few years, it was found that he transmitted the trotting instinct with remarkable uniformity, while his colts were of such a mild and tractable disposition that they were easily trained, and developed to a high rate of speed. The statistics of public performances show that fifteen of Messenger Duroc's get have records of 2.30 or better, and he has also got a pacing mare—Lady Hill—who appeared on the turf last year and got a record of 2.22.

During the twenty-five years of its existence, Stony Ford Farm has been a bulwark of the breeding interest in the North, and its influence has extended to all parts of the land. Perhaps the most important thing it has accomplished has been the increased attention it has attracted in the matter of the selection of broodmares. There was a time, even in the days of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, when little or no stress was laid on the breeding of a dam, providing the colt had been got by a sire that had proved his ability to beget speed. Mr. Backman, while he was keenly alive to the value of Hambletonian, was equally anxious that the mares mated to him or his own stallions should be good individually, and descended from the best stock. As before stated, he met many reverses in his early experience, chiefly through the dishonesty of those who foisted false pedigrees upon him; but he has persevered until he has lived to see the tide turn—until there is, if anything, too much attention given to quality and breeding of dams. Of the many mares owned or bred at Stony Ford, one deserves special mention. This is Green Mountain Maid (Fig. 4), who has earned the distinction of having produced more trotters with records of 2.30 or faster than any mare living or dead. Green Mountain Maid was bred at Middletown, Orange County, New York, a few miles from Stony Ford, in 1862. Her sire, Harry Clay, was descended from Andrew Jackson, and was a famous trotter and sire of trotters more than fifty years ago. The dam of Green Mountain Maid was a mare called Shanghai Mary, whose breeding could not be traced, though it was at one time supposed she was of nearly thorough-bred origin. When a filly, running by the side of her dam, Green Mountain Maid showed an unusual amount of trotting speed, and grew to be a shapely, beautiful mare. An accident befell her while being broken to harness, which prevented her from being trained, and Mr. Backman purchased her when she was quite young. The history of this mare shows her to have been the dam of no less than seventeen foals, every one of which possessed the ability to trot fast, and nearly all of them became famous on the turf or stock farm. She was first bred to Middletown, a son of Hambletonian, and the produce, a mare called Storm, was herself used as a broodmare, and at the age of seventeen years was taken up, trained, and driven to a record of 2.26¾. After that Green Mountain Maid was bred to Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and the produce was a bay colt, foaled in 1868, called Electioneer (Fig. 6). When this stallion had been kept at Stony Ford for some years, he was sold to Leland Stanford, the present United States Senator from California, and taken to his stock farm at Menlo Park. Since that time Electioneer has become one of the most famous and successful of trotting sires, having got thirty-seven foals that have trotted miles ranging in time from 2.30 to 2.16, with one pacer that has a record of 2.23¼. Aided by the splendid climate of the Pacific slope, the get of Electioneer have developed speed at a very early age, and they now hold the champion records of one, two, and four years, while a three-year-old filly, Sunol, that electrified the breeding world by trotting in 2.18 last year, is expected to lower the three-year-old record before the close of 1889, in spite of the recent performance of her contemporary rival, Axtell, who has already lowered the record at three years by ¾ seconds. The other foals of Green Mountain Maid were all sired by Messenger Duroc, and six of these have made records faster than 2.30, and one more at least is expected to earn similar honors. Green Mountain Maid died in 1888, having produced seven foals that sold for a total of $68,830, while five still remain at Stony Ford. As a tribute to her memory and worth, Mr. Backman has erected a marble shaft costing some $1500 over the grave of this greatest mother of trotters.

But there still remain many good broodmares at this farm. Hattie Hogan (Fig. 5), by the same Harry Clay that got Green Mountain Maid, is out of a mare by Seely's American Star, and though now twenty-two years old, is still shapely and vigorous, and this spring produced a filly foal by Kentucky Prince. She has now had seventeen foals, thirteen of which are still living. Her oldest colt, Hogarth, by Messenger Duroc, made the best record for four-year-old stallions by trotting in 2.26 at that age, and Mr. Backman believes that his dam will prove as great a broodmare as Green Mountain Maid herself. Two sisters of Dexter, Lady Dexter, now twenty-eight years old, and Alma, eleven years younger, are still living, the latter being used for breeding. Lady Dexter is too old to produce any more stock, her last colt, foaled in 1886, being by Kentucky Prince (Fig. 7).

About eleven years ago Mr. Backman purchased and brought to Stony Ford a stallion bred in Kentucky called Kentucky Prince. This horse was foaled in 1870, and was got by Clark Chief, a son of Mambrino Chief. Clark Chief was a horse of unusual excellence, and during his short life of ten years left a strain of trotters greatly valued in Kentucky. Through his dam, Kentucky Queen, Kentucky Prince has a strong infusion of thorough-bred, as she was by Morgan Eagle, with other strains of fast-running blood from his maternal ancestors. Kentucky Prince was brought to the North by Mr. A. B. Darling, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and after making several seasons at Mr. Darling's farm in New Jersey, where he was not advertised or made public as a sire, he was sold at public auction in the metropolis. It was during the commercial crisis, when horses had gone down very much in value, and when Mr. Backman gave upwards of $10,000 for the stallion, he was thought to have made a bad bargain. But he had faith in the breeding and appearance of Kentucky Prince, and in the eleven years he has been at Stony Ford he has become one of the most famous of living sires. His chief reputation has come through the performances of the black gelding Guy (Fig. 9), foaled at Stony Ford in 1880. Guy's dam was Flora Gardener, one of the daughters of Seely's American Star that Mr. Backman had secured. Flora Gardener had produced a filly by Kentucky Prince in 1879, and Mr. Backman reserved her as a broodmare. The colt of 1880 was so small that he was sent to a public sale in New York, where he was purchased by a horseman from Cleveland for a small amount and taken to that city. On being broken he showed great natural speed, and soon after was sold to W. J. Gordon, a wealthy patron of the trotting turf with a fine estate just outside of Cleveland. Mr. Gordon was over-anxious to see his colt go fast, and, as a result, his disposition was nearly ruined. Guy's hot blood would not brook being handled as his driver saw fit, and his first appearance on the turf in single harness was a failure. Though he showed his own gait equal to a mile in 2.00, he would not trot in company with other horses. He was more tractable when hitched double, and along with Mr. Gordon's speedy gelding Clingstone appeared in 1885, and the pair trotted several times faster than 2.20. Then Guy was little heard of until 1888, when he had been coaxed into better behavior by a young man who was in Mr. Gordon's employ. In his first race at Detroit, in July, he distanced all of his opponents in the first heat, trotting in 2.16¼. The next week, at Cleveland, he started in the series of meetings known as the Grand Trotting Circuit, and continued to be a sensation, sometimes winning easily, and at others failing entirely, until he reached New York, where he was on his best behavior, and besides winning a valuable stake race, trotted an exhibition mile in 2.12½, the fastest record ever made on the Fleetwood track. Late in the season, after he had returned to Cleveland, Guy trotted on two occasions in 2.12. That he possesses sufficient ability to enable him to trot a faster mile than any horse has yet done is generally admitted, and the large amount of thorough-bred in his breeding should enable him to sustain the effort for the required distance. During the month of July, this year, Guy trotted a trial in 2.11¼, and during the recent race meeting at Cleveland, August 1st, he reduced his record to 2.10¾, and he will doubtless make further attempts against time during the present season. It will not be surprising if he eclipses all previous performances, for many expert horsemen think he is equal to a mile in 2.07 or faster. Up to the present time there are but two horses with faster trotting records than his, namely, Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See. Jay-Eye-See was the trotting wonder a few years ago, when he made a record at five years of 2.10, and wore the crown for a brief twenty-four hours, till Maud S. won it back; and it is said that the fleet little gelding, who combines the blood of Hambletonian and Pilot, Jr., will be on the turf again this season, after having been absent for some time through lameness.

Even if Guy should not beat the present record, Kentucky Prince will continue to be a wonderful sire of speed. His colts are uniformly fast, and already his sons and daughters are producing speed in the second generation. Up to the close of 1888 Kentucky Prince had eleven of his get with records better than 2.30, their average rate being 2.22 and a small fraction, a faster average than that of any trotting sire.

In appearance he is a massive horse, standing 15.3 hands, with an unusually heavy body set on short legs. He weighs nearly 1300 pounds, though no one would think so at a casual glance. His stout limbs are of a splendid shape and quality, and his whole conformation betokens speed and great power. He was never regularly trained, but when five years old trotted a mile on a half-mile track at Waverly, N. J., in 2.28. He is exercised every day on the mile track at Stony Ford Farm, and can at any time set off at a gait considerably faster than 2.30. Guy's action is remarkable in that he goes at a low gait close to the ground, but so rapidly do his legs move that they can hardly be discerned; and his sire has precisely the same way of trotting. This is in marked contrast to the big sweeping stride of the Hambletonian trotters; but were all horses gaited like Guy, they would last much longer, while he certainly has a greater flight of speed than any trotter yet seen.

Stony Ford Farm has a host of well-bred horses, and one other of them deserves mention; this is the stallion Leland, foaled in 1875, who is not only one of the last of the get of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, but represents the American Star cross, so much valued, through his dam Imogene. Those who have seen Hambletonian say that Leland bears a greater resemblance to him than any of his numerous colts, and this scion of the champion trotting sire has already got three foals that have made fast records. While he is overshadowed by the greatness of Kentucky Prince, there is every reason why he should himself found a family of fast horses; and Mr. Backman cherishes him as one of the last representatives of his wonderful sire.

A review of the breeding interest as it concerns the trotting horse shows that the former desultory producing of an occasional trotter has grown to be a vast business interest, to be found in every State of the Union, and in which many millions of dollars are invested. An ordinary stock farm is worth about $20,000, while there are many valued in the hundreds of thousands. Besides the model establishment at Stony Ford (Fig. 12), the Empire State has many others that are being conducted with profit to the owners and benefit to the breed of trotters. The present Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy, has been for many years a practical breeder, and had collected a fine stud at his farm at Apalachin, Tioga County, which he disposed of when called to enter public life as a member of the President's Cabinet. Mr. Tracy is a firm believer in the value of the blood of Mambrino Chief, especially through his son Woodford Mambrino, who got trotters with great uniformity, and after being cast aside from breeding on account of disease, was trained and obtained a record of 2.21¼. Men in every department of life are to be found giving attention to this problem of breeding. Kentucky abounds in men of military and civil fame who have taken up the breeding of trotters as a pastime or a business. Leland Stanford, of California, has expended an immense sum in stocking and equipping his ranch known as Palo Alto, an account of which would itself furnish material for an extended article. Within a few years a similar establishment has been founded near the metropolis, at Parkville, Long Island, on the fine driveway known as the Coney Island Boulevard. Parkville Farm is owned by John H. Shults, a wealthy merchant of Brooklyn, and he has already spent several hundreds of thousands of dollars on the place. His chief stallion is the Kentucky-bred Pancoast, for whom he paid $28,000 at public auction. Pancoast is the sire of the phenomenal trotter Patron, who made a record of 2.14¼ in a race at the age of five years, and was at one time expected to lower the champion record among stallions. Mr. Shults lays great value on the quality and breeding of his broodmares, and has secured some of the best dams to be found anywhere. Among them is Beatrice (Fig. 8), the dam of Patron, and this mare has the blood of Hambletonian through her sire Cuyler, the latter being out of a mare by Harris's Hambletonian, previously mentioned as a predecessor of the Rysdyk horse, and related to him in the maternal line. Mayenne (Fig. 10) is perhaps the most richly bred mare at the farm, she being by Wedgewood, one of the best trotting stallions ever seen on the turf, a great-grandson of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, with a lot of thorough-bred blood from his dam Woodbine. Mayenne's dam, Bicara, was also the dam of Pancoast, and she was got by Harold, the sire of Maud S., her pedigree being therefore replete with ancestors that have achieved great things on the turf and at the stock farm. Mayenne was formerly owned by Secretary Tracy, who sold her and her colt Crescendo, by Mambrino Dudley, to Mr. Shults. Of well-bred young trotters there is also an abundance at Parkville Farm. The brown colt, Pandect (Fig. 11), foaled in 1887, by Pancoast, out of the famous broodmare Reina Victoria, by Hambletonian, is a fine specimen of what may be done by careful selection in breeding.

In every city in the United States numbers of these well-bred modern trotters are owned by wealthy men who are fond of a fast roadster. Robert Bonner set an example more than thirty years ago which has been followed, and found to be one of the most healthy recreations for those whose physical and mental powers are heavily taxed by extensive business or professional cares. Elegant and costly stables have been built for these choice animals, and New York city has a half-dozen or more of veritable horse palaces. William Rockefeller (Figs. 13, 14), of Standard Oil fame, has a large and splendidly arranged stable on West Fifty-fifth Street, where he keeps four or five trotters that have either fast records or have shown their ability to acquire them. This stable is a model of neatness, and though not the most expensive, would be accorded the palm by a horseman. John D. Rockefeller has a smaller stable just opposite, where he too has some very fast roadsters. Very near is Robert Bonner's stable, where he has kept his famous trotters for many years. Here Dexter passed the last days in comfort, and the champion Rarus is now resting from his many hard-fought battles on the turf. Maud S. has a capacious stall, where she remains till early summer, when she is taken to Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown on the Hudson. At Syracuse, N. Y., there is probably the most costly stable in the world, built by Mr. D. Edgar Crouse, at an expense of about half a million of dollars. Mr. Frank Work, one of the money kings of Wall Street, has a very elaborate stable in the metropolis, situated, like those already mentioned, in the vicinity of the southern entrance to Central Park.

If great advances have been made in the generation of the trotting horse, there has been no less progress in the artificial aids for improving his gait and developing his powers for racing purposes. The crude two-wheeled vehicle in which the trotters of seventy-five years ago performed has given way to a sulky of the lightest possible weight, but still substantial, and running-gear has been invented to reduce friction to a minimum. The old-fashioned straight axle has outlived its usefulness, and the modern sulky has that part so curved and raised that the horse can be hitched close to it and still have free scope for the tremendous strides of his hind parts that enable him to attain his greatest speed. These sulkies are made by several firms in different parts of the country, and as there is a constant demand for them, and a spirited rivalry between the makers, no effort is spared to produce a first-class article.

In the matter of harness and other trappings there has also been a marked improvement. Trotting being a gait requiring much education, few horses can be trained unless their mouths are under control and their heads kept steady. What with bitting appliances and check-reins that give the driver complete mastery over the trotter, the latter has been made amenable to teaching that otherwise would be almost impossible. Another important advance is in what is called "booting" a trotter. It is a rare thing, even with all the care in breeding, to find a horse that can quicken his stride at the trot without his feet or legs hitting some other part of these members. Some, for instance, with that open gait that carries the hind legs past the front legs, rub or strike in passing; while others, with a closer gait, sometimes place one of the hind legs between the fore ones, causing a similar contact. This not only causes the horse pain, but the violence of the blow will throw him off his stride, and he changes to a run, or "makes a break," as it is called. Again, some horses fold the knee so much that the shoe strikes the elbow, and others step on their feet, or grab the hoof with the shoe. To obviate all these hinderances to the trotter's comfort, and help him to keep steady on his legs, leather boots are made to fit the part that might be so injured. In breaking colts it is now customary to boot them everywhere, so that if the youngster happens to hit anywhere in learning to use his limbs, he is not hurt, and gains confidence in himself. Sometimes a defective or awkward gait can be corrected by shoeing the feet so that the horse is able to keep his balance in going fast. A great deal of attention has been given to the subject of shoeing trotters, and their feet have received more care than those of their fellow-racers, the thorough-bred runners. The most important invention designed to aid the trotter in handling his feet is the toe-weight. Before its introduction, when a horse was defective in his gait forward, when he stepped so high with his front feet that a lot of force was wasted, or when his stride was too short in proportion to that of his hind parts, the only remedy lay in putting additional weight in the shoe, causing the leg to shoot out straighter, and thus lengthen the stride. This heavy leverage on the foot caused many a horse to break down early, the leg not being strong enough to carry the additional weight required to balance. It is said that the first use of toe-weights known in the United States was by a Canadian driver who brought a horse to Buffalo and trotted him with pieces of wood tied to the toes of the forefeet. Some quick-witted American drivers saw the value of the crude appliance, and it was soon improved on; and to the late Dan Mace is due the credit of giving the toe-weights their first general recognition. A piece of brass or copper is frequently used, and this is fastened at the point of the shoe, sometimes by a spur attached to the shoe itself, or again by drilling a hole in the wall of the foot at the toe and attaching the weight to the shoe by a screw-thread projecting through the hole. This latter method, though often used, is risky, as the sensitive inner foot may be injured thereby. So useful has the toe-weight become that it is the exception to find a trotter on whom it has not been used at some time. It is found that an ounce of weight at the toe is equal to about three ounces distributed over the foot by the shoe, and hundreds of horses have been improved in gait by its use. Maud S. herself was driven with them, and made her record with the pieces of metal fastened on her toes. Sometimes after the gait is corrected they can be discarded, or the weight lessened. John Murphy, the famous New York driver, recently deceased, stated to the writer, in 1887, that in handling Maud S. for Mr. Bonner he found she could use her feet as well without the toe-weight as with them, showing that her gait had become fixed by their steady use. The trotter that requires toe-weights is not the ideal animal, and unless he can learn to go fast without them, has little value as a roadster. There are other horses, such as the gray gelding Jack, the greatest winner last season, that are so pure-gaited that they can go without weights or boots; indeed, Jack was shod only in "tips," or thin plates covering about half the foot, and he could trot as fast barefooted but for the danger of injuring the wall of the foot at the toe, where it is thinnest. There are some horsemen who advocate the use of these tips as a substitute for the regulation shoe, but they are not apt to come into too common use, as it is a rare

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

thing to find a horse whose feet are so high at the heel that he can wear tips without injury to the foot and leg.

Added to these many appliances, the course or track on which the trotter is driven has been greatly improved. It has been found that the best shape is that of the lengthened ellipse, which gives the most straightway surface possible in making the mile in a circuit. The turns or curves are graded sidewise so that the sulky keeps its centre of gravity more easily than on a flat track, and there is the least possible interference with the natural poise of the horse. There are scores of these mile tracks now in the country, whereas they were very few in number thirty years ago. By actual tests it has been found that such tracks as those at Cleveland, Ohio, Hartford, Connecticut, Providence, Rhode Island, Poughkeepsie, New York, Lexington, Kentucky, and other important trotting centres enable a horse to trot several seconds faster than the old-fashioned flat tracks. The surface of these race-courses is carefully attended to, and by rolling, scraping, watering, and other means the footing is rendered of the best advantage to the horse. Wet weather is the *bête noire* of the trotting turfite, for it is apt to render the track unfit and unsafe for the harness racer, while the runners go on in spite of these elements.

CAMP SHERIDAN, MOUNT GRETNA, PENNSYLVANIA.

It is now the recognized policy of the regular army to encourage the closest possible relations between it and the National Guard of the several States. To this end, regular army officers are sent on application of the Governors of the several States to visit the summer camps of the National Guard, and where possible, troops are sent to go into camp with the troops of the Guard. The State of Pennsylvania is one of the few large States in which there is no regular army post, and for this reason troops must be sent from a distance. In recent years General Sheridan showed the greatest interest in Pennsylvania soldiery, visiting the division encampments at Gettysburg in 1884, and again at Mount Gretna in 1887. It was therefore natural to honor the most distinguished American cavalry leader by naming the first joint camp of the National Guard mounted troops of Pennsylvania and of the regular service Camp Sheridan.

After the riots of 1877 the old militia system of Pennsylvania was abandoned, and the present organization, originated by General John F. Hartranft, then Governor of the State, was made. On leaving the Gubernatorial office he became the natural selection for Major-General, and under his soldierly and skilful management the division now stands as a working model for the National Guard of all other States, and for the younger officers of the regular army to visit for observation and instruction. The National Guard of Pennsylvania consists of a division of infantry, comprising fifteen regiments, and a battalion divided into three brigades, to each of which are attached a troop of cavalry and a battery of artillery. The Guard goes successively into division, brigade, and regimental camps. This is the year for regimental camps, and consequently the three troops of cavalry and three batteries of artillery were consolidated into two battalions, and ordered to camp at Mount Gretna, under the command of Colonel T. J. Hudson, Chief of Artillery on the Governor's staff. It was a happy thought of Governor Beaver to suggest the presence in Pennsylvania of the available mounted troops of the regular army, and equally fortunate that the foresight of Adjutant-General Hastings secured the use of Mount Gretna for the summer instruction of regular troops as well as the National Guard.

Mount Gretna is the name given by Mr. Robert A. Coleman, the liberal and wealthy iron king of Lebanon Valley, to a tract of land covering over five thousand acres. It is located about thirty miles southeast of Harrisburg, surrounded by spurs of the Blue Ridge, and is well adapted and equipped for such a camp. There is an excellent State target range about a mile from the main camp, and water is piped to each company street for the use of men and horses. The two troops of cavalry at Fort Myer, Virginia; Light Battery C, Third Artillery, Washington Barracks; Light Battery B, Fourth Artillery, Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island; and Light Battery F, Fifth Artillery, Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, marched to Mount Gretna, arriving there about August 5th. The Fort Adams battery came to New York by water, and marched the remainder of the distance. The exercises of the regular troops during the joint encampment were ordered to be such as should be of the greatest instruction to the State troops as well as to the regular troops. Immediately after the arrival of the State troops, schools of instruction were instituted in tactics, and the week's hard work began in dead earnest. The camps were adjoining, and the daily intercourse between officers and enlisted men of the different organizations was an evidence of the good-will existing between the regulars and National Guardsmen. Daily drills were held by the regulars in company and battalion drill. They also brought with them the skirmish target and a full riding-school outfit of head and ring posts, and during the week illustrated the use of them. One evening a party of non-commissioned officers of a regular battery showed the National Guardsmen how to throw a horse; in another street a sergeant of Captain Lawton's troop was entertaining a group with recitals of Indian service in Arizona; while along Officers' Row a lieutenant who had "to-pogged" the line of march was showing his map and notes to a number of visitors.

On Wednesday of last week the five troops of cavalry were consolidated under Colonel Carpenter, and the first of a series of most excellent battalion drills was held. Two of the regular battalions are armed with the new 3.2-inch breech-loading guns, and two of the National Guard battalions had each a Gatling section. The use of these guns was shown to each other, and in the latter part of the week the first practice by the regular artillery with the breech-loaders was held. The results of the camp fully confirm the judgment of its originators, and the lessons learned cannot but be of lasting benefit to the mounted troops of Pennsylvania. After the termination of the joint encampment the regular troops will remain at Mount Gretna for further instruction, a most important part of which will be the firing practice of the three field batteries under charge of Major Wallace F. Randolph, Third Artillery, division inspector of artillery target practice.

MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.

II.—A GROUP OF LIFE-ASSURANCE PRESIDENTS.

HENRY B. HYDE.

Henry B. Hyde was born in Catskill, New York, on the 15th of February, 1834, and is therefore now fifty-five years old. His father, Henry H. Hyde, was the general manager in New England of the Mutual Life-insurance Company of New York. He was a man of great influence, and did more, perhaps, than any other man of his day to bring the people to appreciate the true dignity and wide beneficence of genuine life-assurance. The son, Henry B. Hyde, came to New York when he was twenty years old to make his own way in life. He was at first for a while in the dry-goods business, but afterward took a position in the Mutual Life office, subsequently rising to the position of cashier of that company. In this position he studied the business of life-assurance as it was then practised, and becoming convinced that its usefulness could be greatly increased by certain reforms, he conceived the idea of founding a new company by means of which these reforms could be carried out. In these plans he was warmly supported by his father; and having gained the active co-operation of some influential citizens, in 1859 he resigned his position in the Mutual, and organized the Equitable Life-assurance Society of the United States, of which he became the vice-president and general manager, and of which he is now the president.

Mr. Hyde's personal appearance is very striking. He is a man of fine physique, over six feet high, with a large, strongly knit frame, but with no superfluous flesh. He is a man of great physical strength and nervous vigor, and would in a crowd attract the attention of casual observers, even if they did not come within the influence of his personal magnetism and the glance of his searching eye. He has a clear complexion and a healthy color. In his younger days the play of expression in his face was enhanced by the movements of a well-formed and sensitive mouth, which is now concealed by a dark mustache touched with gray. His hair, which was until recently nearly black, is now dark gray. His appearance indicates at once the iron constitution with which he is endowed. He has shown wonderful endurance, and has from boyhood exhibited untiring energy in his business. One of his prominent characteristics is his immense capacity for work, and he never spares himself. His active mind dwells almost constantly on his cherished work; and the memoranda which he makes after business hours, and often far into the night, serve, when dictated to his stenographer the next day at his office, to spur to the highest point of activity every part of the vast organization of which he is the head. He is characterized also by the most indomitable perseverance, courage, and intrepidity. Nothing daunts him, and no difficulty seems too great for his fertility of resource.

His power of grasping the details of his work is very remarkable, and it is noted that he seldom forgets any object which he wishes to accomplish; but if he meets with difficulty, returns again and again to it, until obstacles are overcome and his plans accomplished. Like other leaders of men, he shows great knowledge of human nature, and manifests it in selecting men for the work which he allots to them. He has, moreover, in a remarkable degree the power of impressing his own characteristics upon his assistants, and of arousing them to the full exertion of all their capacities. The impress of his own strong will pervades all the work of the society, and has earned for him an influence which is felt throughout the entire world of life-assurance business. His manner is direct and decisive, and he expresses himself very forcibly and to the point. His judgment is quick, and seems to be almost intuitive. He is decided both in his likes and dislikes; but while he is faithful and firm as a friend, he is also magnanimous and perfectly capable of forgiveness and kindness to an enemy.

The cherished work of Mr. Hyde's life has been the building up of the Equitable Life-assurance Society from its modest beginnings in 1859 to the imposing position which now, in its thirtieth year, it occupies as a leading company. It is only necessary to read its annual statements of work accomplished to see what a monument it is to Mr. Hyde's energy and genius.

On December 31, 1859, the assurance in force on the books of the society amounted to a little over *one million dollars*. To-day it amounts to over six hundred millions. On December 31, 1859, its assets were a little over $100,000. To-day they are, in round numbers, *one hundred millions*. It wrote during the year 1888 nearly *one hundred and fifty-four millions* of new assurance. Its surplus over and above all liabilities, including the four per cent. reserve, was on December 31, 1888, nearly *twenty-one millions of dollars*. It has paid to its policy-holders within twenty-nine and a half years $118,494,750.

Mr. Hyde thus enjoys the good fortune, granted to few men who have accomplished so much, of seeing with his own eyes the triumph of the principles which he has advocated, and the vast beneficence which has thus far resulted from them. But every year adds to the magnitude of these results, and no man can predict how much greater fruits of his labors he may yet witness. Outside of his business office Mr. Hyde is a genial, pleasant companion, and a man of domestic tastes. His family consists of his wife, one son, and a married daughter.

RICHARD A. McCURDY.

A man who can in a single year, by personal application and individual fitness for his work, increase the business of his company by over forty millions of dollars, is not likely to remain unknown to the general public. This Mr. Richard A. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life-insurance Company, has done, and has fairly earned the distinction which such an achievement carries with it. Mr. McCurdy has been a diligent man all his life, sparing no effort or labor where the accomplishment of a purpose was concerned. Yet, like most successful workers, he enjoys, and enjoys elegantly, considerable leisure. He was born in this city fifty-four years ago, and was admitted to the bar in 1856. He cut short his collegiate course at Harvard because of his impatience to be married, but took a course in the Law School of that university, studying at the same time in Governor Andrew's office in Boston, and deferred the wedding until he was a full-fledged lawyer. His wife is a daughter of the late Mr. Charles C. Little, of Boston. His admission to the bar was from the office of David Dudley Field, and shortly after it he formed a partnership with Mr. William Betts, Jun. Afterward, this partnership having been dissolved, he joined his business with that of the Hon. Lucius Robinson.

As a part of the general practice which Mr. McCurdy easily acquired, he devoted much time and attention to the rapidly growing business of the company he now controls. Within four years of his admission he was unanimously elected as its attorney, and his connection with it has never been interrupted. In 1865 he became its vice-president, and twenty years later, on the death of the venerable Mr. Winston, he was chosen president. Aside, however, from the arduous duties he assumed in the service of the company, Mr. McCurdy has accomplished many important works. He collaborated with Mr. W. H. Forman in editing Kent's Commentaries before he was thirty years of age, and in the work he then did gave ample evidence of his ripe judgment, sound knowledge, and literary ability. This last qualification has been demonstrated by numerous productions entirely outside the dry field of legal authorship. Sentimental poems, cynical yet pleasant sketches, and clever bits of fiction in the difficult short-story form, which have appeared from time to time over his signature, attest his versatility, and have led to the remark that the great gain to the business world accruing from his choice of a pursuit was a real loss to literature. Not only has he done clever work in light literature, however, he has also published a number of essays on business matters in the *Independent* of a character that indicates clearly the strength and perspicacity of the successful business man, with the finish of the scholar.

Among the more practical affairs which have engaged him was the business of transfer agent for the issue and counter-signature of the stocks of New York State. He was appointed to this place by his partner, Lucius Robinson, when the latter was elected State Comptroller in 1861. At about the same time he, having descended from a Connecticut family, was chosen as one of the secretaries of the Sons of Connecticut, which association was formed for patriotic purposes at the outbreak of the war of the rebellion. He was also one of the United States commissioners of the draft in this city. Later he became a director in very many important corporations, and is still connected in that capacity with the Continental Fire-insurance Company, the International Bell Telephone Company, and the New York Bank-note Company.

Other connections that seem onerous for a man who is domestic by instinct and habit, and who spends many hours in his library, are those with numerous charitable organizations and his membership in three clubs—the Union League, the Morristown Club, in the New Jersey city where he lives, and the St. Stephen's, in London. He is an Episcopalian, and when he lived in New York was a vestryman. Now that he lives in Morris Plains, he occupies the same position there in St. Peter's Church.

While all these things have been almost forced upon him, he has carefully avoided any active participation in politics, disliking public life so heartily as to make it almost a matter of principle to keep out of it.

Personally Mr. McCurdy is of a most genial, affable disposition, fond of the rational pleasures of life, and of a character which commands not only the respect but the warm esteem of his associates. He has travelled somewhat abroad, and is rather partial to foreign living, even going so far as to make a somewhat invidious comparison between American and French cookery, in an interview published some time ago. His disposition is equable, and more sunny than is indicated by the rather stern expression of his features. As a matter of course, his success in business comes from his talent in choosing and directing his subordinates, and this he does with rare skill. Not a single person in the employ of his company down to the humblest errand-boy fails to realize that Mr. McCurdy is his friend, and the natural consequence is that he secures the most zealous service. Manifestly he could not possibly have built up the monumental business of the Mutual Life without this faculty and without this service, for in a volume of transactions in which millions are reckoned by the hundred, the most perfect organization and the most exact discipline are absolutely requisite to success. It occurs inevitably in the conduct of such a business, also, that emergencies arise which call for fertility of resource, absolute correctness of judgment, and cool courage. In none of these particulars has Richard A. McCurdy ever been found wanting.

JACOB LYMAN GREENE.

Of the small group of men who command attention by reason of their control of the many millions of dollars that have been accumulated by life-insurance companies, none is a more striking figure than Colonel Jacob L. Greene, the president of the Connecticut Mutual. He is in the prime of life, not having yet completed his fifty-second year, and is as vigorous and vigilant in the performance of the daily duties that devolve upon him by reason of his position as he was when he won his commission in the army by gallantry and faithful service from the beginning of the war of the rebellion until a year after its close. It is said of him that the military habit will never leave him, and that in his business he is as precise and as thorough as he learned to be in the discharge of his duties as a soldier.

Colonel Greene is one of those Americans who may boast of their ancestry. His great-grandfather was a pioneer settler in Waterford, Maine, where Colonel Greene was born, and was an officer in the American army of the Revolution, having before that fought in the French and Ind-



CITY BOARDER. "Bridget, is this last night's milk?"
BIDDY O'GALWAY. "It's the cow's, sir."
CITY BOARDER. "Ah, indeed. Well, it is sour. How did that happen?"
BIDDY O'GALWAY. "An' what like would yer be expectin', sir? There's the poor bastes standin' in the bilen sun the whole live-long day, an' aten sorrel an' green apples. Sure, I'm wonderin' they don't give bonny-clabber or buttermilk."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ian war of 1755. He was distinguished for bravery and a seeming love of fighting. The line of descent was through two other sturdy Puritans of soldierly character. Another great-grandfather on the maternal side was General Joseph Frye, the founder of Fryeburg, Maine.

Forty years ago opportunities for education were not as easily available as now, and the Greene homestead was not near any institution of learning more ambitious than a district school. Jacob L. Greene, however, resolved to have an education, and having fitted himself for college, was directed in his choice of an *alma mater* by the narrowness of his means. The Michigan University was a free college, and thither he went. After graduating he studied law, and commenced practice in Lapeer, Michigan. The outbreak of the war, however, called him away from his law office, and he enlisted as a private in the Seventh Michigan Cavalry. He was not long in rising from the ranks, and his career was a brilliant one in the army. He served with Custer, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Trevellyan Station in 1864. During his captivity he was in the Libby, Macon, and Charleston prisons, and in the last was, by order of the rebel officers, placed under the Union fire, together with other prisoners. He was afterward paroled, and securing an exchange,



HENRY B. HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE-ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.



RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.



JACOB LYMAN GREENE, PRESIDENT OF THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

immediately rejoined General Custer, with whom he served till peace was declared.

Instead of taking up the law again, Colonel Greene became an agent for the Berkshire Life-insurance Company, settling in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where his brother lived. Within four years he was assistant secretary of the company he is now with, and in 1878 he became its president.

As to his attitude in business matters, Colonel Greene is perhaps best described by calling him a radical conservative. A clear, bold thinker, extremely studious, and with the full courage of his convictions, he is regarded as one of the leaders in the business of life-insurance, and his qualifications for his position are amply demonstrated by the remarkable progress of his company under his control. Imperious by nature and habit, he brooks no opposition to his plans from his subordinates, but, on the other hand, he wins their esteem and confidence by the soundness of his measures and his extreme judiciousness, as well as by the sterling worth of his personal character. His own declaration of the policy by which he guides his company is that he strives to eliminate all speculation from the business, and secure, not the largest volume of business, but the soundest and best results.

It was because of his judgment of tontine insurance that he made a tremendous fight against it a few years ago, when nearly all the other companies were incorporating it in their business. He denounced the tontine system as absolute, unqualified gambling, and would have none of it, declaring that it failed to afford that best protection to families which is the true aim of life-insurance. In other details of the business, also, he has been extreme in his conservatism, provoking criticism at times by his course, but always justifying his actions by their results.

Not only in his business, however, has Colonel Greene established his fame as an eminent man. In a city of solid citizens, and of liberal ideas joined with Puritan standards of morality, he has become a leader by reason of inherent forcefulness. He is a devout Christian and a vestryman in the famous Trinity Church, and is active in Church matters beyond the custom among men of large worldly affairs. In the Church Temperance Society he is known as a leader, and he is also a trustee of the Bishop's Fund. Moreover, he is active in various organizations, all of which have for their purposes the improvement of the condition of people. Among these is the Society for Savings, designed for the benefit of the very poorest. Among other institutions in which he is prominent are a trust company and various educational societies. He is a popular and eloquent speaker, and a polished, forcible writer. So highly esteemed is he by his fellow-townsmen for his eloquence that he has been unanimously chosen the orator of the day on more than one occasion of special commemoration, notably the memorial services which were held after the death of General Grant. At the dedication of the noble Memorial Arch erected in the Hartford Capitol Park to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Union, he was chosen chief marshal of the procession. In short, he is always called upon, on any occasion of public importance, to play a leading part, and is never delinquent.

A PROBLEM OF OVER-TAXATION.

THE past week has not been marked by any important developments or unusual activity in the business world. The volume of railroad traffic is increasing satisfactorily, as is shown both by the statistics of gross earnings and of grain receipts at the principal centres, and by the more harmonious relations that are gradually being established between the Western and Southwestern trunk lines. The apprehensions aroused by the few heavy mercantile failures that occurred last month have pretty much died out, and as the affairs of the suspended concerns are sifted, it becomes clear that their misfortunes resulted from specific causes, such as bad management or extravagance, rather than from a general condition of trade. The crop reports are bearing out the promises they contained earlier in the season. Still, the weather has not been entirely favorable to harvesting in the Northwest, and continued damp and cool weather in a large area of the corn belt at a time when high temperature is desirable has resulted in a more critical survey of the agricultural situation. To-day's advices, however, are more encouraging, telling of hot, growing weather. The money markets, both domestic and foreign, continue upon about the same basis as last week. In London the price of money is sustained by the demands of improving trade, while at this centre fears of a stringent market a little later, rather than the needs of borrowers, enable lenders to exact better rates than they have obtained for a long time past. The fact that there is a plenty of money in sight for the purposes of to-day does not blind the business community to the unfortunate condition of our finances. The enormous accumulations of the Treasury Department have been a menace to the commercial welfare of the country every fall for a number of years past. There is a suggestion of perverseness in the way that the Treasury holds on to its hoard just when the distribution of a part of it is most needed.

It seems almost useless for representatives of the financial and commercial communities to urge upon the Treasury Department the adoption of some effective policy. Such efforts invariably provoke from demagogues the cry that any relief asked for by the banking interest is for the benefit of Wall Street, meaning, of course, the speculative element. Besides, politics enter into the consideration of the question in a way that it is impossible for a plain business man to understand. During Mr. Cleveland's administration it was asserted that the government surplus was nursed to large proportions for effect upon the discussion relative to the tariff. Now the theory is advanced in defence of the apparent indisposition of the Secretary of the Treasury to buy bonds to meet the requirements of the sinking fund that a syndicate of bond dealers have secured all of the bonds available for that purpose, and are holding them for a handsome profit. If such an operation has been undertaken, and influences the action of the Secretary, as claimed by his supporters, he has no excuse for standing at bay. He is the largest lender of money on pledge of United States bonds, for the deposits of public moneys in national banks are simply a loan secured by the very obligation that Mr. Windom wants to redeem. The money that should be disbursed in redeeming bonds is given to the speculators for nothing, so that, taking the friends of the administration on their own ground, they must admit that the Treasury, which is the only market for any amount of bonds, and it is the only one that the speculators are playing against, is furnishing, absolutely without cost, means that are being used effectively against it. This situation might be dealt with by paying the price that will secure the bonds, or, as has been suggested by some bankers, the speculative bonds might be crowded upon the market should the government charge interest, say at the rate of two per cent., upon its deposits with the banks.

This last advice seems to be of doubtful expediency, since in the present sensitive condition of the money market, and with lenders eager to utilize any pretext for advancing rates, a sharp advance in rates might follow, and the evil it is desirable to avert be precipitated. Moreover, some extremely careful observers of Wall Street affairs are very sceptical of current reports that a large amount of bonds has been accumulated in anticipation of the needs of the government and the probable necessities of the people. They argue with a good deal of plausibility that the real reason that bonds are not forth-coming for Treasury purposes is that the holders of United States bonds have been narrowed down to those who are compelled to hold them because of the legal restrictions upon the money invested in them, or who prefer to keep trust and similar funds in them rather than run the risk of changing into less impregnable investments. They claim that price is no object to such holders, hence no overture of the Treasury Department will bring them to market. In the opinion of the financiers referred to, the only way to supply the country with the money that belongs to it, and which it is pretty certain to need before the crop movement is over, is to increase the deposits of public moneys in the banks.

Beyond question the business of the country is restricted by uncertainty as to the course of the money market during the next sixty or ninety days. Wall Street reflects the hesitation, and is almost stagnant. The fact that the immediate supply of funds seems ample is no guarantee that later demands can be readily met. The people are entitled to all the relief the Treasury can afford, not after their business has been impaired by a stringent money market, but while a bountiful harvest stimulates activity in every branch of trade and in every industry, and invites the enterprising to expand their business and secure the larger profits that are rightfully theirs.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Friday, August* 16, 1889.

SELF-DEFENCE AGAINST A DANGEROUS FOE.

FOREWARNED is not forearmed in the case of those who incur the risk of an attack from that dangerous foe, malaria, unprovided with a means of defence. But if those in peril are aided, sustained, and reinforced with the great fortifying safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, miasma, prolific breeder of evils manifested in the shape of billous remittent and chills and fever, ague cake, dumb ague, and the *calentura* of the Isthmus and Central American coast, is nullified and rendered harmless. Our Western pioneer settlers and miners, dwellers in tropic lowlands, and visitants of and dwellers in malarious localities in this country and many quarters of the globe, have for years been acquainted with the fact and are constantly provided with this unparalleled defensive medicine and remedy. All disorder of the stomach, liver, and bowels, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and rheumatism are conquered by it.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

A PHYSICIAN who has used Nicholson's Liquid Bread says: "I have seen a patient suffering from a chronic wasting disease gain as much as 20 pounds under its use in four months. It is an excellent appetizer and aid to digestion."—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES who have tried CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP will use no other.—[*Adv.*]

THE fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world renowned tonic.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

No medicine in the world is in better repute or more widely known than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. As a safe and certain remedy for all manner of blood disorders, leading physicians and druggists everywhere recommend it in preference to any other.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00
Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.
Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

TERMINAL FACILITIES OF NEW YORK.

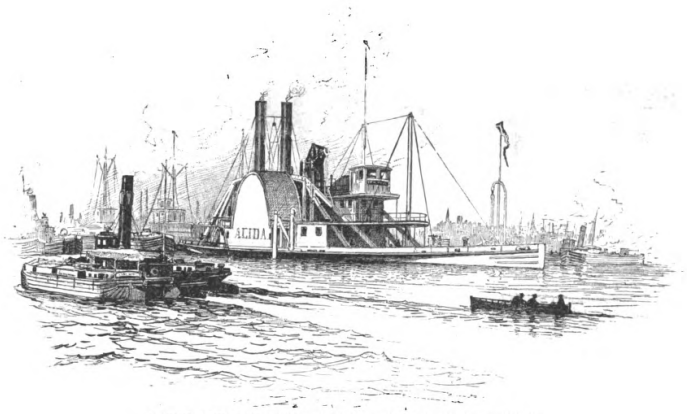
BY G. T. FERRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.

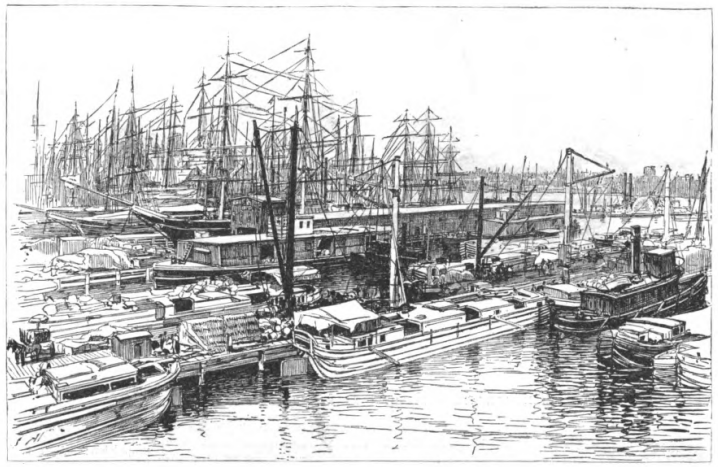
AMERICANS are sometimes chaffed by foreigners with their national predilection to "tall talk." There is a certain kind of truth in the sarcasm, for the habit of exaggerated expression is inherent in that sort of enthusiasm which takes fire from the possibilities of the future no less than from the achievements of the past. In fact, it is because the future promises such bigness of result, dwarfing even that of the past, that our self-estimate seems so inflated to the man of the Old World. Nearly every other nation of importance, except Russia, has already reached, if not passed, the zenith of its greatness, and can do but little more except to hold its own. On the other hand, great as the United States now is, its evolution, measuring by any well-defined historic standard, points to results so much grander that one is bewildered by the survey of probabilities. This is the key-note of Mr. Bryce's great book on *The American Commonwealth*, as it must be of every study which grasps intelligently the problems of our national existence.

What is true of the country is largely true of its most important centre, the city of New York. Its growth, perhaps, has not in the past been relatively greater—it may be, numerically speaking, less so—than that of such beehives as Chicago and San Francisco. But of this city, connected as it is so closely with North, South, East, and West by chains of land and water travel, bonds continually growing more close and varied, can it be said, as of no other American community, that each and every bit of growth in any part of the United States directly stimulates the bigness and importance of New York. The figures of business done at the port of New York will show at a glance the great relative importance of this city in the commercial system of the country:

Years.	Imports.	Percentage of total for the country.	Exports.	Percentage of total.
1885	$380,077,748	65.81	$344,514,761	46.42
1886	419,338,932	65.44	314,329,411	46.26
1887	456,698,631	65.92	316,347,219	44.17
1888	460,426,774	64.98	310,627,496	44.66



NORTH RIVER TOW-BOAT MAKING UP TOW IN EAST RIVER.



CANAL-BOAT DOCKS, EAST RIVER.

The forces of Nature which scooped out the hollow of the Hudson, and poured a magnificent arm of the ocean through the marshes of the tertiary period, sealed the destiny of the island lying at the junction of these two waterways. Freely as we talk of the noble site of the metropolis, which sits enthroned on Manhattan Island, and the adjacent communities which she has made parts of her own greatness, but few clearly grasp the unique features of topography marking the city and harbor of New York. A brief survey of these will be of interest, and perhaps clear the way for a more intelligent study of that most important problem, the terminal facilities of the port, where the products of the continent meet the tonnage of the world. We shall see that great as was the largesse of Nature, man has not yet fully done his part in utilizing her gifts for the fulness of commercial need.

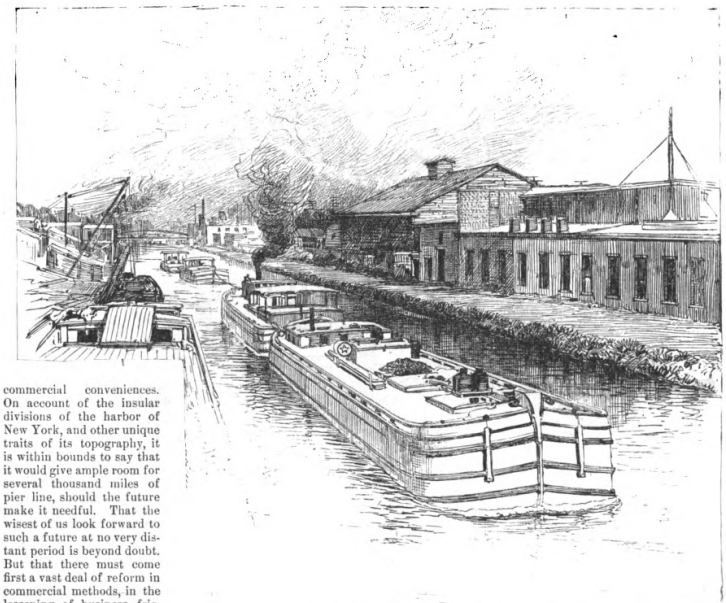
The harbor of New York is determined by three islands, Manhattan, Long, and Staten, and a small part of New Jersey. The upper bay, about seven miles long and about three miles in its greatest width, is a landlocked haven absolutely secure. At the Narrows it is about half a mile in width, and thence it broadens into the noble expanse of the lower bay. With Long Island on the east, separated from Manhattan by the East River, the throat of Long Island Sound, and New Jersey on the west across the Hudson River, and thence continuing to form one of the boundaries of the harbor, we have Staten Island on the south divided on the one side from Long Island by the Narrows, and on the other from New Jersey by the Kill van Kull and Arthur Kills. Both the kills connect directly with Newark Bay, constituting it a shallow estuary of the sea, capable of being made a roomy and important subharbor. The entire water front of Staten Island, and the shores of Newark Bay and of the kills, belong essentially to the harbor, and can be easily utilized for its needs, as indeed they are at the present moment to some extent. Improving these lesser waterways to floating even the heaviest tonnage is a simple engineering problem. The system of rivers, bays, and channels extending from the Raritan River in New Jersey to Yonkers on the Hudson, and from the Narrows to Fort Schuyler, where the East River enters the Sound about eight miles from New York, constitutes this great port, and the New York of the future will ultimately use this great expanse with its contiguous shores. No port in the world has such a magnificent and varied congeries of outlets and inlets, such extended possibilities of wharfage and dockage if intelligently treated. It is scarcely spread-eagleism to say that it could be made to give room to half the commerce of the world. Within a radius of eighteen miles from the Statue of Liberty on Bedlow's Island there are more than one hundred and fifty miles of water front so compactly and economically directed by its shore lines, so convenient for the most advantageous terminal facilities, that the equal of such opportunities is nowhere else to be found, not even in the great harbor of Sydney, New South Wales, which alone approaches the chief American sea-port in its commercial conveniences. On account of the insular divisions of the harbor of New York, and other unique traits of its topography, it is within bounds to say that it would give ample room for several thousand miles of pier line, should the future make it needful. That the wisest of us look forward to such a future at no very distant period is beyond doubt. But that there must come first a vast deal of reform in commercial methods, in the lessening of business friction, and in a more intelligent adaptation of the boundless gifts bestowed by Nature, is equally beyond doubt.

If the original boon granted in the topographical conditions of such a harbor was so great, we have found by some practical experience that the gift has the defect of its quality. The prosperity of New York is essentially in its foreign commerce as an importing and exporting centre, not in its manufactures, though she ranks first in the country in the latter respect. The most favorable adaptation of port facilities for foreign commerce is that which brings ship, car, and warehouse close together, and thus does away with friction and waste of energy at the joints, to wit, waste of time and money, which of course must be charged as an additional tax on the selling value of products. The island and river divisions which give us such an unequalled extent of wharfage line break up the integrity and continuity of business machinery. Most of the great trunk railroads terminate on the Jersey front. Thence their freight, for the most part, must be lightered for storage in Brooklyn, or for transfer to steam-ships, or to New York for immediate consumption. The increased tax which this imposes on grain, for example, becomes a serious drawback, though it has been so far a necessary evil, to our control of the export grain trade.

The commercial methods of New York have grown up higgledy-piggledy, without order or precision, except as the immediate need forces change to suit some imperative convenience. The *laissez-faire* principle, "let well enough alone," is good enough for the average man. The trading spirit, however essential to civilization, has its root in the deepest selfishness. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is the form which commercial energy generally runs to whether in the individual or in its corporate capacity as a company or a trust. Spencer's doctrine of egoism as the true basis of ethics finds here its best illustration, for it certainly has worked well in the long-run; and so we find men singing to themselves the soothing lullaby of Tennyson,

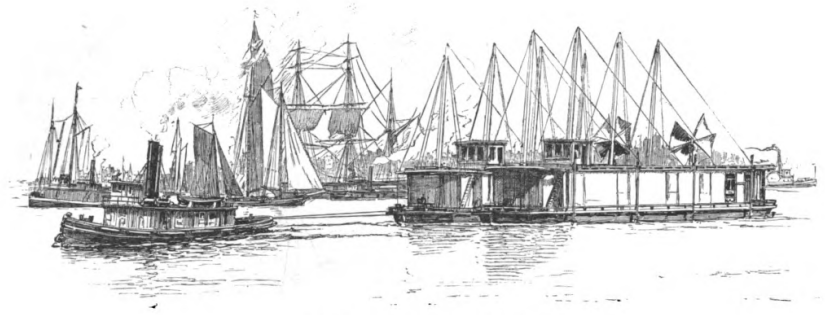
> "O! yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill."

The good will come, no doubt, for that curious alchemist, Time, has the power of transmuting gold out of base metals. But the process will be a costly one. To descend from metaphor to hard fact, many things



STEAM-TOWING CANAL-BOAT, ERIE CANAL.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

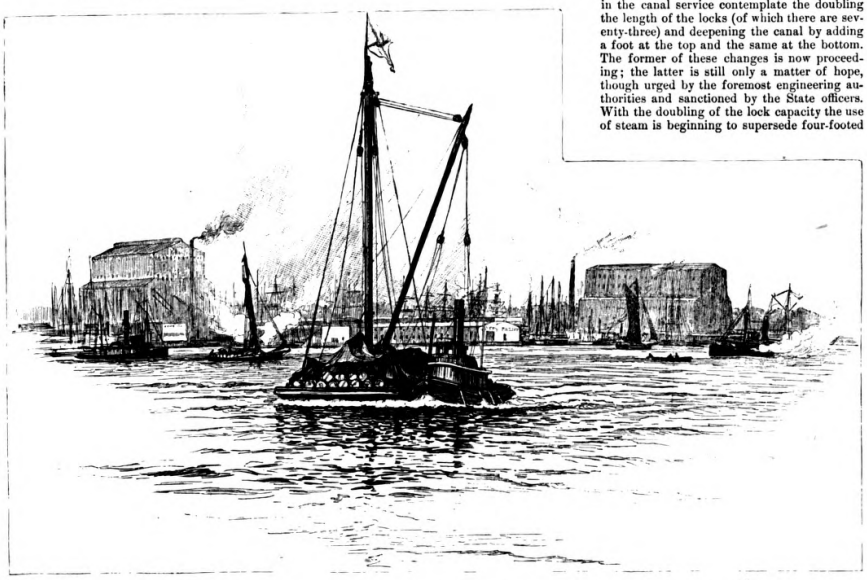


TOW OF ICE-BARGES, NORTH RIVER.

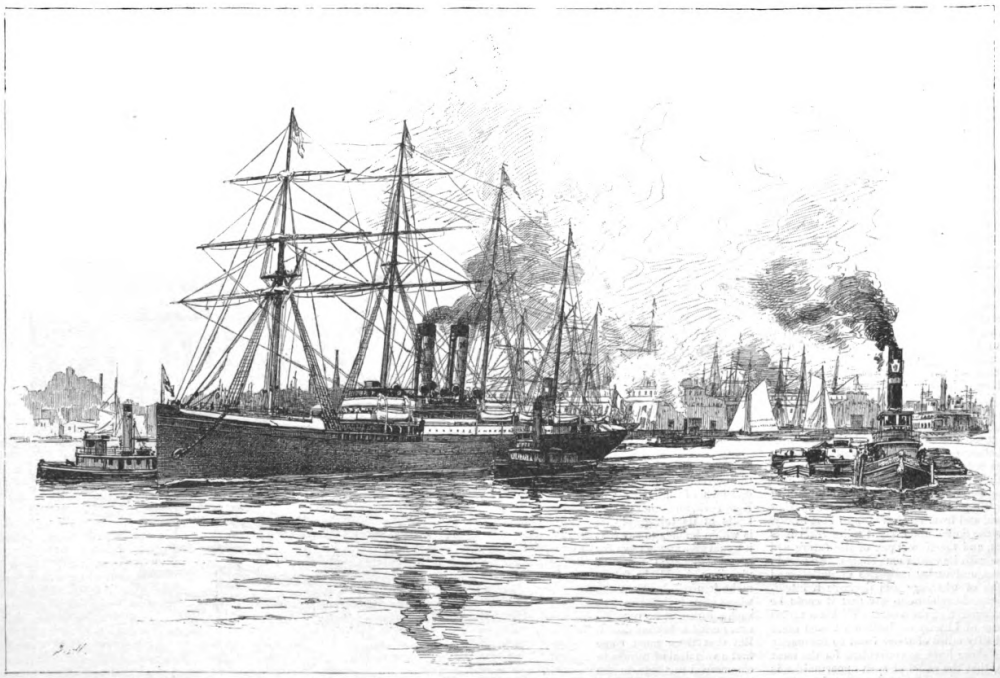
which New York will be forced to do to maintain and still further increase her imperial supremacy, though once to be had for a bagatelle, will hereafter take heart's blood. We hope to make this clearer further on.

To formulate more simply some of the difficulties presented by the problem of terminal facilities as they are now organized in New York, let us take the journey of a car-load of grain from Chicago to Liverpool. The wheat is spouted from the elevator into the car, and makes its thousand-mile trip to New York. Here it either is run into a lighter to be transferred to a Brooklyn elevator for storage, or goes into the railroad elevator at or near the point of arrival. When the time comes for shipment the grain is again spouted from the stationary elevator into a lighter, and with the assistance of a floating elevator placed in the hold of a European steamer. Here we have two or three items of elevator handling, two of lighterage, and one of storage between receipt and final shipment. Each of these steps adds materially to the cost of the wheat, and by so much acts against the advantage of New York as a place of commercial receipt or delivery. What is true of grain (the factor of the elevator being omitted) is largely true of all products, except the costly ones in small bulk either exported or imported at this point. This is owing to the divorce of the triple partners, receipt, storage, and shipment, *a vinculo matrimonii*. The key-note, then, of all permanent plans of improvement in our terminal facilities must be struck in the ideal of bringing together the car or canal-boat, the warehouse and the ship; or, if this be impossible, of shortening the distance both in point of time and expense which separates them as parts of a commercial transaction.

Intelligent analysis begins with the domestic avenues of receipt, our public carriers, and, first of all, with the canal system. Whatever may be thought by some critics of the value of the Erie Canal to-day (and there are those paradoxical enough to scoff at it), no one will question the statement that the city of New York owes its greatness to it more than to any other one fact. The Erie Canal practically extends the system of lake navigation down to salt-water. Its construction was chiefly owing to the genius and energy of Governor De Witt Clinton; and the same may be said of the Champlain Canal. But the former of these internal waterways of course surpasses all other works of the kind in length and importance. In fact, the Erie Canal may be said to have accomplished greater results than all others in the country combined. Constructed as a State work, it was a few years ago made free. During the time it exacted tolls it not only paid back to the State its cost of construction and all the expenses of its maintenance and various improvements, but a handsome interest on the investment besides. It has as feeders (several have been abandoned, perhaps prematurely) the Oswego, the Black River, and the Cayuga and Seneca canals. The canal floats about 2000 boats, each with a capacity of 8000 bushels of grain or a corresponding bulk of other products, and the round trip between Buffalo and New York consumes about a month. The improvements being made or to be made in the canal service contemplate the doubling the length of the locks (of which there are seventy-three) and deepening the canal by adding a foot at the top and the same at the bottom. The former of these changes is now proceeding; the latter is still only a matter of hope, though urged by the foremost engineering authorities and sanctioned by the State officers. With the doubling of the lock capacity the use of steam is beginning to supersede four-footed propulsion; and it is believed that a steamer will push one barge and drag two, carrying through about 25,000 bushels of grain, or proportionate equivalents. By this system it is asserted that there will be a gain over the old methods of twenty-five per cent. increase in speed, the same percentage in decrease of expense, besides a greatly increased capacity of load. This larger profit to the canal boatman promises to restore some measure of the old prosperity to the canal interests. Yet the pessimists insist that the only way to save the canal ultimately is to take the bull by the horns boldly, and assume the expense of deepening and widening to the capacity for ship navigation, as Canada has done with the Welland and St. Lawrence canals. The immense railway interest which finds its eastern outlet in New York is naturally inimical to the Erie Canal, and works as far as possible against it. Allied with this enormous power—a power which is to-day the ruling element in the country in spite of the recent legislation which puts a curb on its full license of action—are the local storage and transportation interests, the warehouse,



PENNSYLVANIA AND ERIE GRAIN ELEVATORS, JERSEY CITY—BARGE LIGHTER IN TOW.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STEAM-SHIP DOCKS, JERSEY CITY.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lighterage, and elevator concerns, in which an amount of capital is invested little, if any, less than that sunk in the combined terminal plants of the great trunk lines.

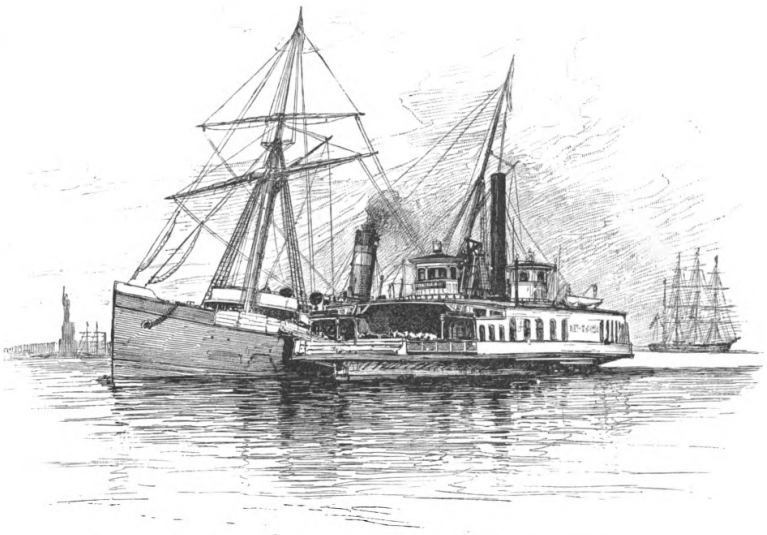
That this passive hostility, sometimes taking the form of fierce aggression, should exist is in no wise strange when we come to study the general conditions of the problem. It is logical that each interest should, without looking to the advantage of the whole, push its own way relentlessly; or, to put the case more accurately, should easily persuade itself that its advantage benefits the whole, rising to the height of that magnificent arrogance which spoke through the mouth of Louis XIV. —"*L'état, c'est moi.*" Human selfishness never scrutinizes very critically the insufficiency of facts which seem to bear in its own favor. But while the inimical attitude of railways is inevitable, it is not quite so clear at first glance why the business machinery of the port, which takes care of storage, distribution, and the loading and unloading of ships, should be hostile. A very little study will enlighten us.

In the first place, the canal-boat in great measure does its own lighterage and storing. Again, the inducements which stimulate the enterprise of the boatman are deadened by heavy tolls at the elevator, which stands, in his estimation, at the very gateway of commerce, like the castles of the robber-barons of the Middle Ages, to which the fat and peaceful burghers had to pay tribute. The canal-boat must lie idle for five months, and to earn the interest on its capital must be subjected to the minimum of charges. The boating interest has made a stubborn fight against the elevators; and a bill passed the Legislature about a year ago reducing the tax nearly fifty per cent. at Buffalo, Brooklyn, and New York. It is urged by the opposing party that this bill is unconstitutional, though this view is contrary to a decision of the United States Supreme Court, which declares that the elevator business is an essential part of the "common carrier" system, and therefore within the jurisdiction of State legislation. The contest between the canal men and the elevator trust rests on these conflicting claims: The former assert that a bushel of grain can be handled at the elevator for from one-eighth to a quarter of a cent per bushel, while the actual charge prior to the passage of the McEvoy bill, which reduced it to five-eighths, was one and an eighth of a cent per bushel. The charges at Buffalo and New York by the elevator interest would thus impose a tax on the grain commerce of $22.50 per thousand bushels, or $180 on a single boat cargo. The contention was made that this was a rapacious and murderous tribute, destructive of the commerce of the port; and the evidence of the most prominent representative of the elevator interest before the Legislature in 1881 was adduced that an overcharge of one-eighth of a cent would turn away business from the Erie Canal. Even the present local rate of five-eighths is stigmatized as overcharge.

Per contra, the Brooklyn Elevator Trust, if it is proper to use this much-abused title, which controls all the grain transfer business of the port, aside from the railroad elevators, urge a fallacy in the foregoing argument. The enormously expensive elevator plant at this port is built on sites much more expensive than in most other cities. The grain trade is so full of fluctuations and surprises, that extreme pressure of business comes without warning, and the absolute lull as suddenly. These tides are lawless. Yet the elevator must keep its forces fully equipped, business or no business, to meet any emergency which may come. Therefore, it is asserted, the nominal unit of cost represents but a very small fraction of the expenses of the elevator business. It is but just to say that both the Produce Exchange and the Chamber of Commerce have, by the reports of their committees, indorsed the claims of the elevator interest. While the contention of the canal men appears to be in large measure well grounded, it would be presumption in the writer to express any *ex cathedra* judgment. It is germane, however, to note that elevator charges are materially less at other competing points; and the fact gravely stares us in the face that more than its rightful moiety of the golden harvests of the Northwest has been lately diverted to New Orleans, to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, to Boston, or to Quebec as the place of exit for foreign conveyance. It is authoritatively stated that much of the grain involved in the option dealings on the New York Produce Exchange never sees this port.

In spite of the tremendous competition of railroads, and the fact that these corporations save a heavy terminal tax by running their own elevators and doing a large measure of their own lighterage, canal transportation holds its own gallantly. The receipts of grain during the seven months of open navigation for 1888 are given on our next page.

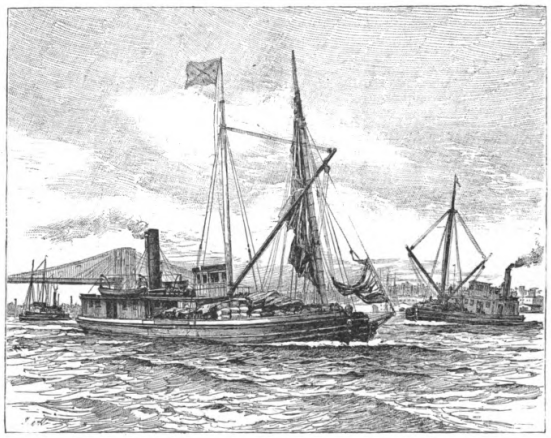
It will be seen from these statistics that the canal in seven months conveyed only a little less than one-half of the aggregate receipts of grain at New York. The fact that during this period the relative receipts at competing ports were very much less, as compared with the ice-bound



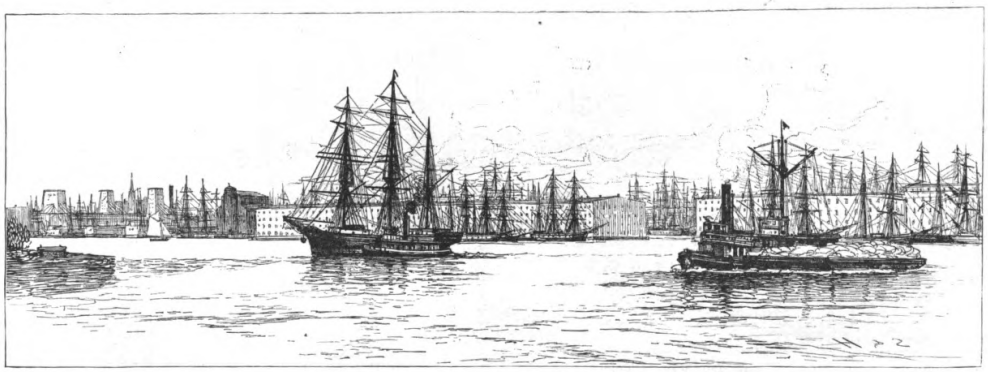
LOADING CATTLE FROM OLD FERRY-BOAT TO "TRAMP" STEAM-SHIP.



LOADING STEAMER BY FLOATING ELEVATOR.



STEAM LIGHTER TOWING SAILING LIGHTER.



ATLANTIC DOCKS, BROOKLYN.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SAILING LIGHTERS—WINTER.

months, shows how surely and steadily the Erie Canal tends to bring business to this port. The figures are as follows:

Canal	34,026,600	bushels (57.65 per cent.).
Rail	23,752,583	"
River and coastwise	1,236,245	"
Total	59,015,428	"

We also give receipts for the last five years on the same basis:

Canal	190,580,258	bushels (56 per cent.).
Rail	144,396,899	"
River and coastwise	5,142,013	"
Total	340,119,170	"

The total receipts of grain in four cities for 1888 are now appended:

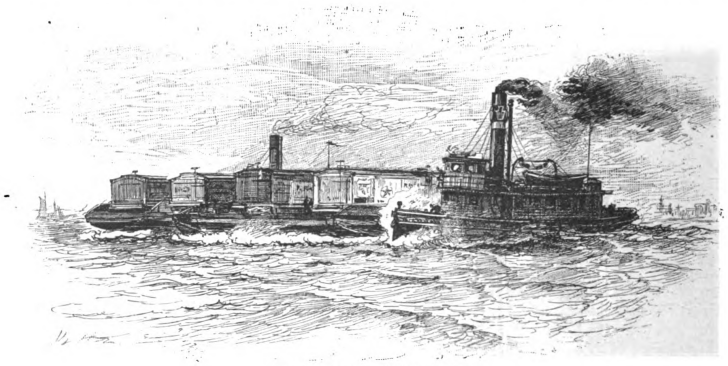
Philadelphia	11,164,245	bushels.
Baltimore	15,761,977	"
Boston	17,546,016	"
Total	44,472,238	"
New York	77,141,012	"

The important trunk lines which radiate from New York are the New York Central and Hudson River, the West Shore, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, the Lehigh Valley, the Philadelphia and Reading, and the Baltimore and Ohio. The other railroads terminating here represent but a small fraction of our receiving interests. The first is the only one which has its terminal grounds and appliances on Manhattan Island. The last-named, which has only recently found a New York outlet, has its present terminus on the Jersey shore; but it is understood that within a very brief period it will cross the new Arthur Kill Bridge and establish its permanent facilities on the Staten Island front. The establishment of the Belt Railroad on this beautiful island, which was formerly only thought of as an American Isle of Wight, and the building of the Arthur Kill Bridge—both chiefly due to the energy and large views of Mr. Erastus Wiman—promise to solve one of the most important difficulties of the harbor problem. The terminal plant of railways in New York and Jersey City is computed by competent authority at from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 in value. This estimate excludes ferry-boats, train floats, and steam lighters, which may be safely put at $10,000,000 more. The only direct profits to the railroads are in the long-distance lighterage and elevator charges in handling grain in the case of such of the roads as have their own elevator plant. The New York Central saves a considerable portion of this relative output by having its terminus on Manhattan Island. In the case of the other trunk lines it is an understatement to say that the cost of their terminal accommodations on the Jersey City front is a tax on their earnings of from $1,250,000 to $1,500,000 a year, which, of course, is at once transferred to that meek beast of burden, the public. This tax is in great measure due to the expense of the last brief stage of transportation. In many cases it costs as much to transfer freight from the cars in Jersey City to the foreign-bound steam-ship as to roll it on the irons from Chicago or St. Louis. It is claimed that lighterage alone adds one per cent. to the cost of products at this port. As the railroads bring nine-tenths of the products seeking an outlet here, the cheapening in cost of handling at the final stage becomes a factor of overwhelming importance. At present the whole Jersey water front, from Weehawken to Communipaw, is so congested that business is much impeded. All the riparian rights belong to the State, and yield income to the school fund. At best, the wharfage and depth of water have been treated in niggardly fashion by the State Commission, and the tax of maintenance and improvement has fallen on the lessees. The possibilities of this portion of the harbor present such a spectacle of shameful neglect and short-sightedness as to be not easily matched. The wretched and limited wharf accommodation and lack of dredging repairs have driven the principal steam-ship lines from Jersey City, where they properly belong, under our unfortunate system, to the New York side. The railroads, which have long suffered the cramps of congestion, have begun to seek measures of relief. The proposed movement of the Baltimore and Ohio road has already been mentioned. At the time of this writing it is announced that the Pennsylvania Railway has made an extensive purchase along the shore front of Greenville on New York Bay. The front is 3660 feet long, and its outer boundary is about a mile from Bedlow's Island directly west, and a little more than two miles from the Battery. It is also said that a large amount of contiguous property has been purchased. The portion of the bay facing this front is exceedingly shallow, and it is understood that it is the purpose of the railroad to dredge this out in such places as to cut deep channels for the passage of the largest shipping. As the purchase would give the right to acquire from the State the lands under water, only State legislation is needed.

The terminal facilities of the Pennsylvania road at present include track and car yards and shops at the Jersey Meadows, the grain elevators, stock-yards, and abattoir at Harsimus Cove, the main freight station and transfer with the steam-ship docks (Red Star and Netherlands line) at Jersey City, six freight wharves on the Hudson River docks in New York, and one freight dock in Brooklyn. Extensive as these accommodations are, the railroad has long outgrown their capacity.

A glance at the terminal works and business of the Erie road shows us a large distributing yard just west of the Bergen Hill tunnel in Jersey City; principal yard and freight and passenger stations and docks about opposite Canal Street, one and a half miles from the Battery; coal, oil, live-stock, and export provision depots and docks at Weehawken, opposite Thirtieth Street, New York, three and a half miles from the Battery; and the freight and passenger stations at the foot of Chambers and West Twenty-third streets on the New York side. Of course here, as in the case of the other railways, an extensive fleet of floats, ferry-boats, and lighters is needed to connect the branches of terminal work. The two elevators of the Erie road are at the Weehawken terminus, which has a frontage of 2400 feet on the river.

The principal business of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western road has been in the past the transportation of anthracite coal. With the more recent construction of an extensive double-track system to Buffalo with through connections, however, the scope of its operations has been very much enlarged. Like the Pennsylvania and Erie roads, this railroad has a yard on the Hackensack Meadows, and also extensive yards at Hoboken about opposite Christopher Street, two and a quarter miles from the Battery. The New Jersey Central has its principal termini at this port at Communipaw, about opposite the Battery (freight and passenger yards), at Bergen Point, or Port Johnson, and at Elizabethport (coal-yards and piers). The Lehigh Valley Railroad has vast storage facilities in the way of coal-yards, docks, and piers at Perth Amboy, which is the main terminus, and a general freight station at Pier No. 2, New York.

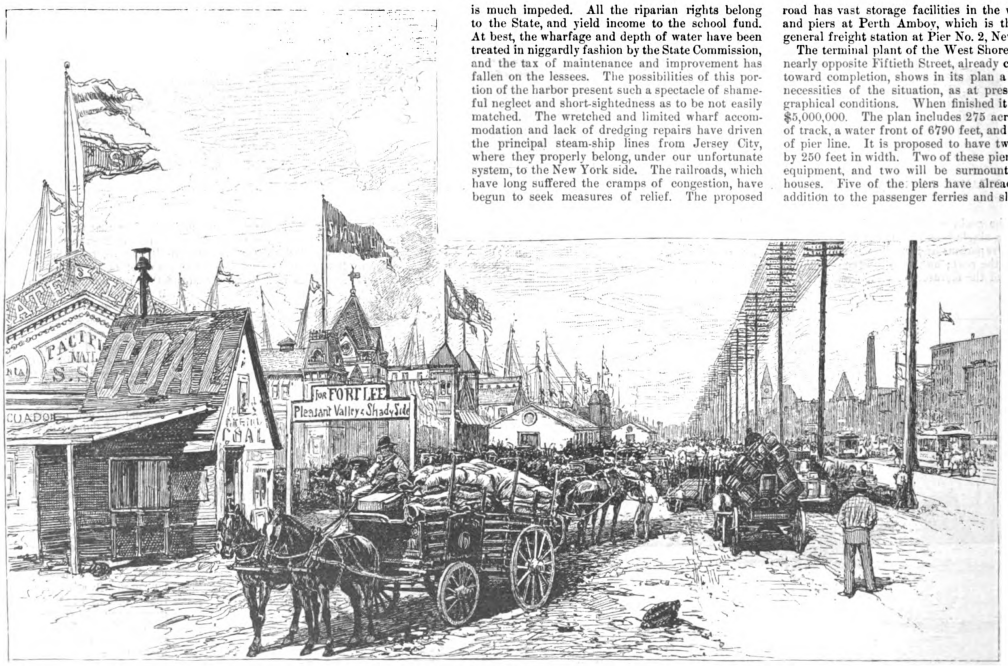


TRANSFERRING FREIGHT CARS.

The terminal plant of the West Shore Railroad at Weehawken, nearly opposite Fiftieth Street, already carried a considerable way toward completion, shows in its plan a magnificent grasp of the necessities of the situation, as at present limited by our topographical conditions. When finished it will have cost more than $5,000,000. The plan includes 275 acres of yards with 15 miles of track, a water front of 6790 feet, and 30,297 feet, or 5.74 miles of pier line. It is proposed to have twelve piers 1000 feet long by 250 feet in width. Two of these piers will contain an elevator equipment, and two will be surmounted with extensive warehouses. Five of the piers have already been constructed. In addition to the passenger ferries and slips, special docks will be devoted to the ocean steam-ship traffic, to the river and coastwise trade, to general warehousing, and to handling such bulky specialties as coal and lumber. Extensive stock-yards and an abattoir will complete this comprehensive scheme. The road has also freight terminals at Piers 1 and 5 in New York, and at the foot of West Thirty-fifth and West Thirty-sixth streets. Five ferry-boats, twelve floats for freight service, and numerous tugs are already needed to complete the final transaction of delivery, that most difficult and perplexing problem of our port.

A tabular statement of the railway facilities for handling the freight of five principal roads, as made by an eminent engineer, Mr. Gratz Mordecai,

(*Continued on page 710.*)



THE NEW WEST STREET.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

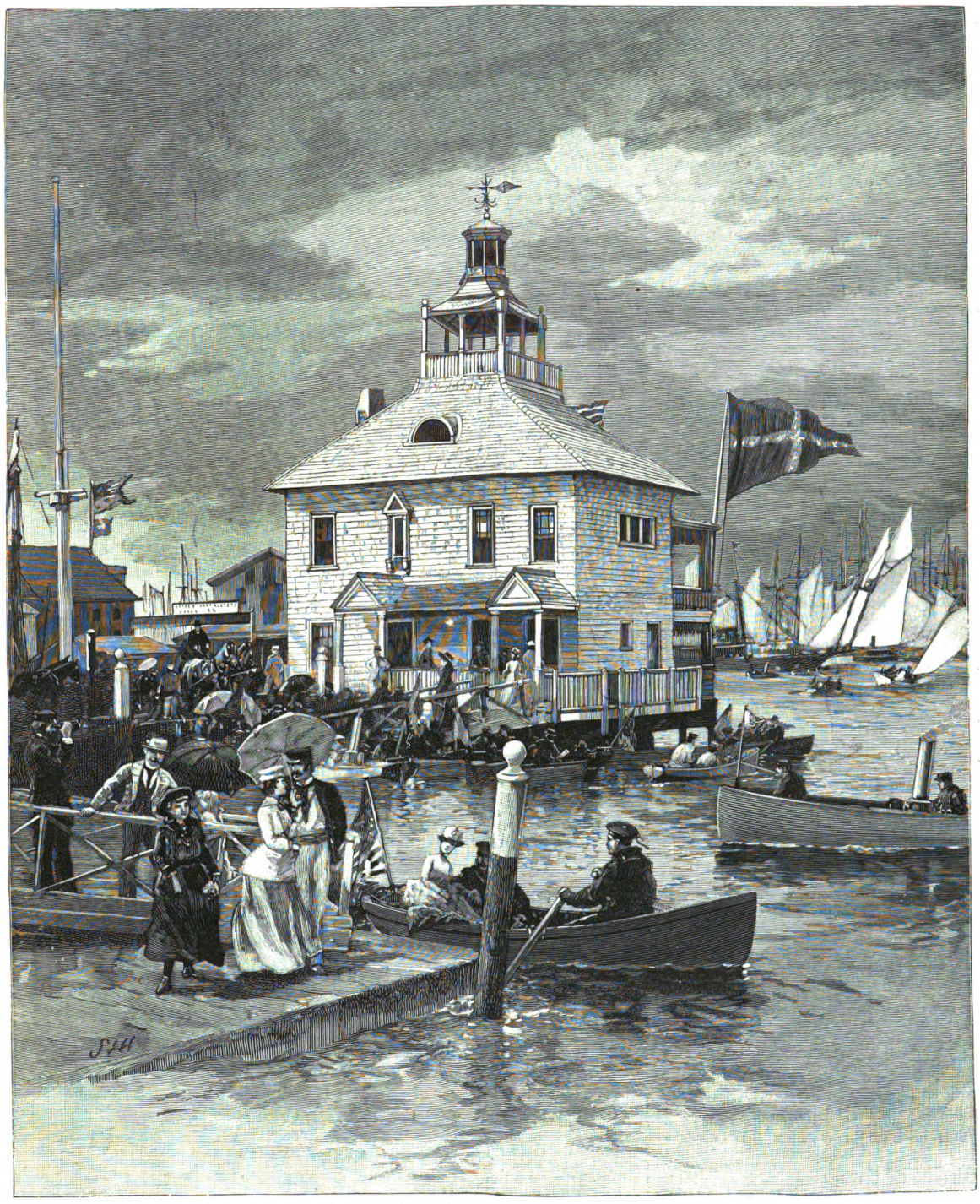
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1706.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



THE NEWPORT CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 707.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE contains such a quantity of good things that the price seems ridiculous."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the number for August 27th MR. HOWARD PYLE, *author of "The Wonder Clock," etc., reappears as a teller of fairy tales. In this character* MR. PYLE *has no superior, and the quality of the illustrations with which he embellishes his stories has never been equalled in work of a similar character.* MR. PYLE *will contribute a story every few weeks.*

In the next number will be begun a short serial story, entitled

A DAY IN WAXLAND.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK,

AUTHOR OF "THE HURRISHOFFER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY O. HERFORD.

This is a story in a vein somewhat similar to that whimsical extravaganza "The Harrishoffer." It will be found good for many a hearty laugh.

No. 1706.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A GREAT QUESTION.

RECENT incidents in Southern States, the lynching of the negro assailant of a white girl in Georgia, the riot and murder at Richmond in Texas, the lynching of a negro prisoner by Louisiana "regulators," the burning in effigy of the postmaster at Atlanta for appointing a colored clerk, the circumstances of the trial of the colored preacher YELDELL in South Carolina, the shooting of a chief of police in Tennessee by colored men, and other constant disturbances and troubles, are all signs of a situation which will soon challenge the utmost sagacity of American statesmanship. The problem presented in the Southern States is wholly unprecedented, and ought to be fully comprehended and considered. It will not be settled by the remark that it is a local question which concerns only the States in which it exists, that the Supreme Court has decided that the United States have no authority to intervene, and that every State, under the same circumstances, would do what South Carolina and Louisiana and Mississippi do. Nothing was literally truer than that slavery was sectional, and existed only by State law. The antislavery movement was denounced as culpable meddling with the rights of States. But however all that might have been, the event proved, as had been foreseen by the most thoughtful and intelligent Americans, that the national interest in the question of slavery was vital. It is equally true that the question of the relation of the white and colored races as equal citizens in States of a population equally divided between the two, and where the colored race is much more rapidly increasing, involves the interests of the whole Union, and tests the principles and institutions of the American government more severely than they have yet been tested.

It is a fact of the highest significance that the great multitude of the most intelligent and substantial citizens of the Southern States, the leaders of their education, industry, and prosperity, who are neither Jacobites nor Bourbons, who rejoice that slavery is at an end, and who cherish no aims or desires apart from the Union and the national welfare, are firmly persuaded that the political equality of the races, the unrestricted exercise of the rights of equal citizenship, is impossible in those States. Look, for instance, at the feeling and situation in a county of North Carolina, one of the quietest of the Southern States, where the colored population is about one-third of the whole. Just after the war, during the negro dominance, the County Commission was composed of a negro chairman and three negro members who could not write their names, and one white man. They levied high taxes, and the financial situation was such that when they were driven from power the county paper was hardly worth ten cents on the dollar, and the colored sheriff, one of "the ring," absconded with nearly thirty thousand dollars. There was universal and complete misgovernment. But under "white rule" the county has paid the debt, the taxes are low, and school-houses are open everywhere for black and white. There is general content and prosperity, except that the negroes are represented as even more ignorant and superstitious than when emancipated. There is, however, no ill feeling toward them upon the part of the whites, and no disposition whatever to re-enslave them. But the new generation, which never held slaves, and is perfectly loyal to the Union, is determined to prevent what it considers the lapse of their community into barbarism under negro ascendency. Yet this determination contemplates, if necessary, the destruction of the right of the majority, the overthrow by the whites of the law of suffrage, from which alone they derive their own right to vote. It contemplates a State living in constant violation of its own fundamental law, and securing by that violation political advantages over those citizens in other States who obey it. That is to say, it contemplates an intolerable and impossible condition. It is in the highest sense an overthrow of the most sacred right of every State in the Union, which is to enjoy constitutional equality. It contemplates a result by individual action in a State which is constitutionally forbidden to the State itself, namely, the suppression of a vote—in many districts a majority vote—on account of race and color.

It is, however, undeniable that the reasons for this course are of the most powerful kind. It has been demonstrated that any other course in many districts abandons them practically to the control of those who are absolutely unfitted for civilized government. Apparently it must lead to their abandonment by the whites, and to their total occupation by semicivilized negroes. Yet, again, the negroes are acquiring a certain degree of instruction, which will reveal to them their rights and their superior force, while the habit of servility sprung from slavery is rapidly disappearing. And all the while the negroes are increasing in numbers more rapidly than the whites, while the instinct of social self-preservation naturally welds the whites together, and what they hold to be the safety of society itself is with them necessarily the paramount public issue. This compels the intelligence of the Southern communities to oppose any party which by favoring negro ascendency seems to them to threaten civilization among them. In this grave situation something more is necessary than to say that a free vote and a fair count will settle the question. Nobody has yet proposed to show either how, under the circumstances, a free vote and a fair count can be secured, or how they would settle the question. A free vote and a fair count might restore the North Carolina county of which we have spoken to the condition from which it has escaped. Is that a result which the country desires, or which it would wish to employ the army to maintain? The truth is that the question, which we have merely stated, is one of the most serious, and certainly the most difficult, which confronts the American people. We are very far from saying or thinking that they are unequal to its wise settlement. But nothing will be gained by denying the existence of the question, or by belittling it, or by ostrich statesmanship which shuts its eyes. Its treatment must be approached in a larger spirit than that of a desire to secure a party advantage. It appeals to patriotism, not to party, like the question of slavery and the war.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

THE advantage of publicity in all transactions of the government, except those which for the public interest plainly require secrecy, is well illustrated in the correspondence of the Interior Department and the late Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. OBERLY. A copy was furnished by Mr. OBERLY to Mr. HERBERT WELSH, of the Indian Rights Association, and upon consultation with intelligent friends it has been published. It gives an instructive glimpse of certain transactions in the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department. The conduct of the bureau under Mr. OBERLY'S predecessor, Commissioner ATKINS, during the CLEVELAND administration, was undoubtedly partisan and discreditable. But no charge, to our knowledge, was ever sustained, if made, against the freedom from partisanship, the honesty, and the efficiency of Mr. OBERLY'S administration of Indian affairs. The published correspondence treats of contracts at the end of his term for Indian supplies, and more specifically for blankets, soap, and dried apples. In regard to the apples the letter of one firm, Messrs. ALLEN & CO., states that they put in a sample of dried apples as good as could be furnished in a lot of 30,000 pounds, but as the contract was awarded to a higher bid they infer that a better sample was submitted. They then remark that they succeeded in cancelling a rival contract under the late Secretary of the Interior, and add that "there are six strong Republicans in our family," and that "of course we expect as much consideration from the present administration as from the last."

To this letter the inspector whose opinion decided the award replied that excellence in the sample was the only test; that the contract was awarded to the offerers of the best sample, although they were entirely unknown to him; and Commissioner OBERLY, alluding to the transaction cited by Messrs. ALLEN, said that he did not wish to repeat the error of selecting a cheap article at a low price, and made the award for a good apple, assuming that the contract would be honestly fulfilled. Assistant Secretary BUSSEY, of the Interior, agreed, according to Mr. OBERLY, that the apple was better and worth the difference in price. But he subsequently said that he was not aware of the difference in price, although it is not easy to see why he supposed that the question of quality was referred to him if that of price was not involved. The result was that the contract was awarded to the firm which submitted the poorer article, but which had six Republicans in the family, and had been favored by a Democratic administration. The correspondence reveals similar circumstances in the blanket contract. There are few bidders to furnish blankets, and one contractor, Mr. DOBSON, had often obtained contracts by submitting a good sample and furnishing poor blankets. This was known to Mr. OBERLY, and he met Mr. DOBSON'S offer of the best sample at the lowest price by recommending the rejection of all bids, and inviting new ones upon terms which would insure good blankets, and debar from competition Mr. DOBSON, who had defaulted upon a previous contract. The recommendation was approved, and the new bids invited. But upon a protest from Mr. DOBSON the decision was reversed, and the contract was awarded to him in direct contravention of the statute which forbids the consideration by the department of proposals from corporations or persons who have failed to perform former contracts to the satisfaction of the government. The real reasons for the change of decision in this matter do not appear. But what does appear is that the effort to secure honest dealing for the government and the Indian service was baffled, and the contract awarded, against the law, to a person who had previously defaulted in the performance of a similar contract.

Mr. OBERLY is a Democrat, and his retention as Commissioner was opposed by the allegation that he was a strong partisan. But to our knowledge no evidence that he was swayed in the slightest degree by partisan considerations in the discharge of his official duties has ever been made public. He was superseded, and this correspondence shows that his last act in the Indian administration was a manly attempt to obtain justice for the Indian and to prevent swindling of the people. Transactions done in the dark have long justified Indian mistrust of the government, and have deeply disgraced the American name. Those transactions are of the kind which this correspondence reveals, and the publication is a public benefit, because the Interior Department, by a satisfactory explanation of the facts stated in the correspondence, will be able to awaken confidence in its Indian administration, or by its silence or ineffective reply will prove, what it is very desirable should be publicly known, that the old abuses of that administration remain.

THE CONVENTION OF THE GRAND ARMY.

THE meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic at Milwaukee, which begins on the 27th of August, will be unusually significant and interesting. It is understood that MR. TANNER was made Commissioner of Pensions in deference to the supposed wishes of the Grand Army, and it is not unfair to say that he has always traded politically upon his connection with it. The proceedings of the Convention will be scanned attentively to see whether the views of the Commissioner are adopted by the Grand Army as its policy, and whether the efforts of those who would practically transform into a political engine an organization designed for purely patriotic and humane purposes shall actually prevail—a result which from many indications has seemed to be not improbable. Various posts have warmly commended the Commissioner's course, and we have seen no objection offered to it by authority of the army. Criticism of MR. TANNER is denounced by self-constituted advocates as evincing hostility to the Grand Army, as if acceptance of Mr. TANNER as its worthy representative would be a compliment to the Army. The members of the Army who identify its character and interests with the views and course of the Commissioner seem to us unjust both to themselves and to the Grand Army. The ample recognition by a grateful country of the heroic services of its soldiers and sailors is very different from the eagerness of politicians who, to promote their personal political interests, outstrip each other in favoring any pension appropriation. The latter is not gratitude, or respect, or consideration for veterans. It is a degradation of the Grand Army, and an impeachment of the gratitude of the country.

It would be indeed a monstrous proof of national indifference to the services and sufferings of American citizens in defence of their government and country if they were left to languish in neglect and in suffering arising from their service. But no such charge can be made against the United States. In munificent consideration for soldiers and their families they have surpassed all other countries. Since 1860 more than a billion of dollars has been expended in pensions. Liberality and regard for the private soldier have been the characteristics of our later pension legislation. Formerly pensions were graded by rank, but this practice has been changed, and the laws tend to place officers and men upon an equality, and although the pension laws are inconsistent in many details, their generous and just spirit is incontestable. The pension disbursements for this year, according to recent statements, will be about eighty millions and a half of dollars, and the statistics show an annual increase for twenty-six years of more than

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

three millions. This is a great sum, but it is not grudgingly given. It is the debt of a grateful people, which willingly taxes itself to provide for those who offered their lives for its salvation. But it was a wholly voluntary provision. It was not necessary that the veterans should extort it by organizing to secure it. It was the natural instinct of the old Continental Congress, which, just after the Declaration of Independence, established our pension system by declaring that the disabled survivors of the Revolutionary war would be duly cared for.

Our later pension laws, with their greater equality, sprang from the same instinct. There has been no negligence, no remissness, above all no stinginess or meanness, on the part of the country, in providing pensions. Consequently there is no excuse for combinations to compel such provisions; least of all, for transforming a noble and natural company of comrades, united by the recollection of heroic patriotic services, into a political body to demand such provisions as the price of votes. No honorable American citizen who adds to that distinction the further one of patriotic military service will assert that there must be no limit to the pension appropriation; that every claim made by a soldier or by an association of soldiers ought for that reason to be allowed; and that scrutiny and candid consideration of them should be treated as want of sympathy with veterans, and forgetfulness of the great cause which they served. Liberal interpretation of the pension laws means interpretation by rules of equity, but it does not necessarily mean indefinite increase of pension rates. Pensions for the late war are invalid pensions founded upon disabilities resulting from service in the line of duty. A liberal interpretation of such laws would require a liberal view of the origin of such disabilities, but obviously it would not require support of a service pension. That would be not an interpretation of existing laws, but a proposition for new laws, the arguments for which should be carefully considered, but opposition to which would not necessarily imply ingratitude, meanness, nor unreason. The pension laws so directly affect taxation and the national finances that a movement to amend them by changing the basis of the pension, and largely increasing the pension list, must be supported by other arguments than the allegation that national gratitude and a just estimate of the claims of veterans require the change. Those who are most grateful and most generous in their judgment of such claims may not think such a change desirable either for veterans or for the public welfare.

THE ASSAULT UPON MR. JUSTICE FIELD.

THE case of the shooting of Judge TERRY in the act of assaulting a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was so simple and clear that public opinion throughout the country was at once decided and unanimous. One of the most notorious men in the country, who, although the embodiment of lawless violence, by some ironical freak of fortune had been Chief Justice of California, physically a powerful man, who with his wife was known to be seeking the Justice with the purpose of murder, attacks him in a public eating-room, and in the act of following up his attack is shot dead while his wife is hurrying to his aid with a hand-bag containing a revolver. So far as the dead man is concerned, there is not an intelligent American who does not feel that his death is a public benefit, and the shooting a public service. Mr. Justice FIELD, indeed, did not himself shoot TERRY in self-defence. The shot was fired by a United States marshal, who had been detailed to accompany the Justice and defend him from personal assault. For the very event which occurred was anticipated. TERRY had threatened vengeance against the Justice, who had committed him to jail for drawing a knife upon an officer in court, and his purpose was constantly stimulated by his wife, who had been baffled by the Justice in a desperate attempt, by forgery of a marriage certificate, to obtain a large sum of money.

That, under the conceded circumstances, Justice FIELD was discharging his duty in constant imminent peril of his life, is undeniable, and it is equally clear that it was the duty of the United States through its proper agents to protect him. To do this effectively it was necessary that he should be attended by a guard at every moment. The Justice was more exposed when off the bench than when he was holding court. The anticipated assault would be undoubtedly made upon his journey from town to town, and there must be no moment of carelessness upon the part of his guard. As the event proved, if the marshal had not been perfectly vigilant, prompt, and cool, we should have seen a Justice of the United States assassinated in the discharge of his duty. But if no precautions had been taken, if the Justice had been left exposed alone and undefended to the mercies of a miscreant who had announced his intention, and whose purpose was known, the condemnation of an administration which had permitted a Justice, under the circumstances of this case, to proceed unattended upon his circuit, would have been instant and overwhelming. Thus charged with the duty of defence, the marshal performed it according to his best judgment, which was undoubtedly the judgment of every sensible man.

He will be tried, of course, and his plea will be doubtless found adequate and complete. TERRY was a kind of man which the barbarism of slavery bred, and of which California has naturally had a large share. His official prominence is a curious illustration of the condition of the community in which he lived, and as late as 1880, when his character and career were fully known, he was made a candidate for Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket. He leaves a wife who seems to have been a fit partner for him. She has apparently the same fierce and ungoverned passions, and was an accessory to the assault upon Justice FIELD. Indeed, she is so much like her husband that neither Judge FIELD nor any reasonable man can suppose that she would hesitate, under favoring circumstances, to attempt the completion of her husband's crime. As society protects itself against the insane and vagrant, it should be able to defend itself against such proved criminal viciousness as that of TERRY and his wife.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

AT the late annual meeting of the Saratoga Monument Association a resolution was adopted requesting Congress to transfer to its custody "the four twelve-pounder bronze pieces captured from BURGOYNE," which are now at the Watervliet Arsenal, to be planted at the four corners of the monument. The advantage of placing such memorable relics in the hands of those who have an especial interest in their preservation is illustrated by the fact that two or three years ago these cannon were about to be sold for old metal, and were saved only by the earnest protest of some gentlemen in West Troy who knew their historic value.

The happy completion of the monument which commemorates the greatest Revolutionary event in the State of New York, which marked the culmination of the contest, and was largely decisive of the final triumph, will be due, more than to any other individual, to the Hon. JOHN H. STARIN, the President of the Association. Mr. STARIN'S indefatigable attention to the work, his intelligent care, and his constant liberality deserve public acknowledgment. He has been faithfully seconded by the Secretary, Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE; with both it has been a labor of love and patriotism.

PROMPT JUSTICE.

THE prompt sentence of EBEN S. ALLEN, the forging president of a street railway company in New York, to fourteen years' imprisonment at hard labor, the equally prompt sentence of WILLIAM TRAINOR, who shot at a broker in Broadway, to fifteen years and six months' imprisonment, and the no less prompt conviction and sentence of SULLIVAN the prize-fighter, at Purvis, Mississippi, all announced upon the same day, are pleasant illustrations of that swiftness of justice which is one of the surest guarantees against crime. There was no doubt in any of the cases. ALLEN confessed, TRAINOR was taken in the act, and SULLIVAN'S violation of law was notorious and undenied.

The last case is significant. If "sporting circles" come to understand that the laws against brutality are to be enforced, and heroes of the prize-ring comprehend that their "heroism" is a public offence, there will be fewer humiliating spectacles like the late fight. It is worthy of note also that SULLIVAN was convicted in Mississippi, a State in which perhaps that particular kind of justice was less expected than in some others. It was a Mississippi Governor who insisted that the offender should be tried, and who persistently demanded his delivery from other States for that purpose. It was a Mississippi judge whose vigorous and effective charge to the grand jury to do their duty secured the indictment, and a Mississippi rural jury which found the verdict, which the same judge followed with a sentence to pay the highest penalty allowed by law.

Massachusetts could not have done better, and no more creditable incident has recently occurred in Mississippi. Prize-fighting is a brutal, inhuman, and disgusting performance. Its demoralizing and degrading tendency is recognized by the law which aims to protect society from its influences. It has acquired a factitious importance from the attention paid to it by a certain part of the press, and the vindication of the law by the punishment of the offenders in Mississippi and elsewhere would be agreeable to the most manly and intelligent sentiment of the country. While the Governor of Mississippi has thus vigorously and successfully preserved the order and good name of his State, the Governor of Louisiana has seized the white lynchers of negroes, and they are lying in jail to be tried for murder, and the Governor of Texas marches troops to deal with the white rioters and murderers at Richmond, in that State. These are all good signs of a sound public sentiment in quarters where its force will be most serviceable.

GENERAL BOUM.

THE condemnation of BOULANGER and Count DILLON and HENRI ROCHEFORT by the French Senate is not merely a political movement. BOULANGER is found guilty of embezzling public money, and that the opéra bouffe character of his career may be maintained he declares that the money which he is accused of taking he devoted to the relief of the families of poor soldiers. Undoubtedly the suffering should be relieved, but only a general of the Boum school would hold that money might be stolen for the purpose. The sentence was deportation to a fortified place. But it is not likely to be enforced, because BOULANGER will not return to France, and France will not demand him of England.

The real trouble for him is that the case has been so managed that he is not made a martyr, while circumstances make him a little ridiculous, and the embezzlement is likely to be believed. With his comrades DILLON and ROCHEFORT, who do not lend dignity to him or his position, BOULANGER has issued a manifesto which is without force and full of invective. His personality is not attractive, and arouses no enthusiasm, while he has no real representative character, and stands for no cause. He has been used as a tool and "dummy" by those who have other views than his, and there is apparently no strong feeling in regard to the judgment of the Senate.

It is perhaps a good augury for France that at a time when there is no eminent leadership among her public men an incident like that of BOULANGER'S manifesto and attempted disturbance should make little impression, and ludicrously fail of its purpose. The situation indicates a steadiness of the public mind which signifies greater political maturity, and it is probably true that because of that steadiness the political situation in France is more hopeful than at any time in the century since the Revolution.

TIRED OF BEING A STATE.

IT is remarkable that while four of the Territories are eagerly hastening to complete their admission into the Union as States, one of the States would be glad to escape its expenses and obligations as such. Nevada was part of the California territory ceded by Mexico to the United States in 1848. Then it was attached to Utah. It was constituted a Territory in 1861, and admitted into the Union in 1864. In 1880 its population was about 62,000, but it is now fallen to about 40,000. The State has never prospered, and the people are seriously discussing schemes of annexation and junction with some other State or Territory.

The 40,000 people of the State are represented in the Senate by an equal vote with the 5,000,000 of New York. California would hardly wish to add Nevada to itself at the cost of two Senatorial votes to the Pacific slope, and the solution of the difficulty is not clear. The moral of the unprecedented situation is that there should be no haste in admitting Territories as States. There are other things to be considered in such a transaction than adding votes to a party in the Senate or a star to the flag.

THE PLEDGE AND THE PERFORMANCE.

THE Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says:

"There is a vast amount of talk concerning the spirit of civil service reform, but there is a great deal that is nebulous and intangible about that spirit, as there is about spirits generally. The administration is not called upon to go beyond the law and to enforce the spirit of reform as it may be defined by mugwump doctrinaires, who are, indeed, discordant among themselves. No executive is bound to place himself beyond the law which he is enjoined to execute, and to resolve the spirit into the letter. The executive who assumes to do this will very speedily find himself involved in 'a sea of troubles.'"

But the Republican platform upon which President HARRISON was elected says distinctly, "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments." If there be any meaning in words or honor in pledges, President HARRISON is bound "to resolve the spirit into the letter." For example, the appointment to an office like the First Assistant Postmaster-Generalship of a frank and active enemy of reform is a direct contravention of the platform and violation of a pledge. It would seem to be tolerably clear that the spirit of temperance reform requires that a man should not get drunk.

PERSONAL.

JUSTICE FIELD, whose name has been brought into unsought prominence by the recent sudden taking off of Judge TERRY in California, belongs to the group of FIELD brothers so well known in this city. DAVID DUDLEY, CYRUS W., STEPHEN J., MATTHEW (deceased), and HENRY M. made a team of boys who in their progressive mischief were the terror and at the same time the admiration of the Berkshire (Massachusetts) town where they were reared. Their boyish pranks often dismayed their father, the village parson, but they all reached eminence in their varied callings. Justice FIELD, although of smaller stature than his brothers, possessed his full share of courage and energy. Early in life he went to California, and on more than one occasion, when a legislator or when practising his profession in the courts, his life was threatened by those to whom the pistol was a more potent force than the law.

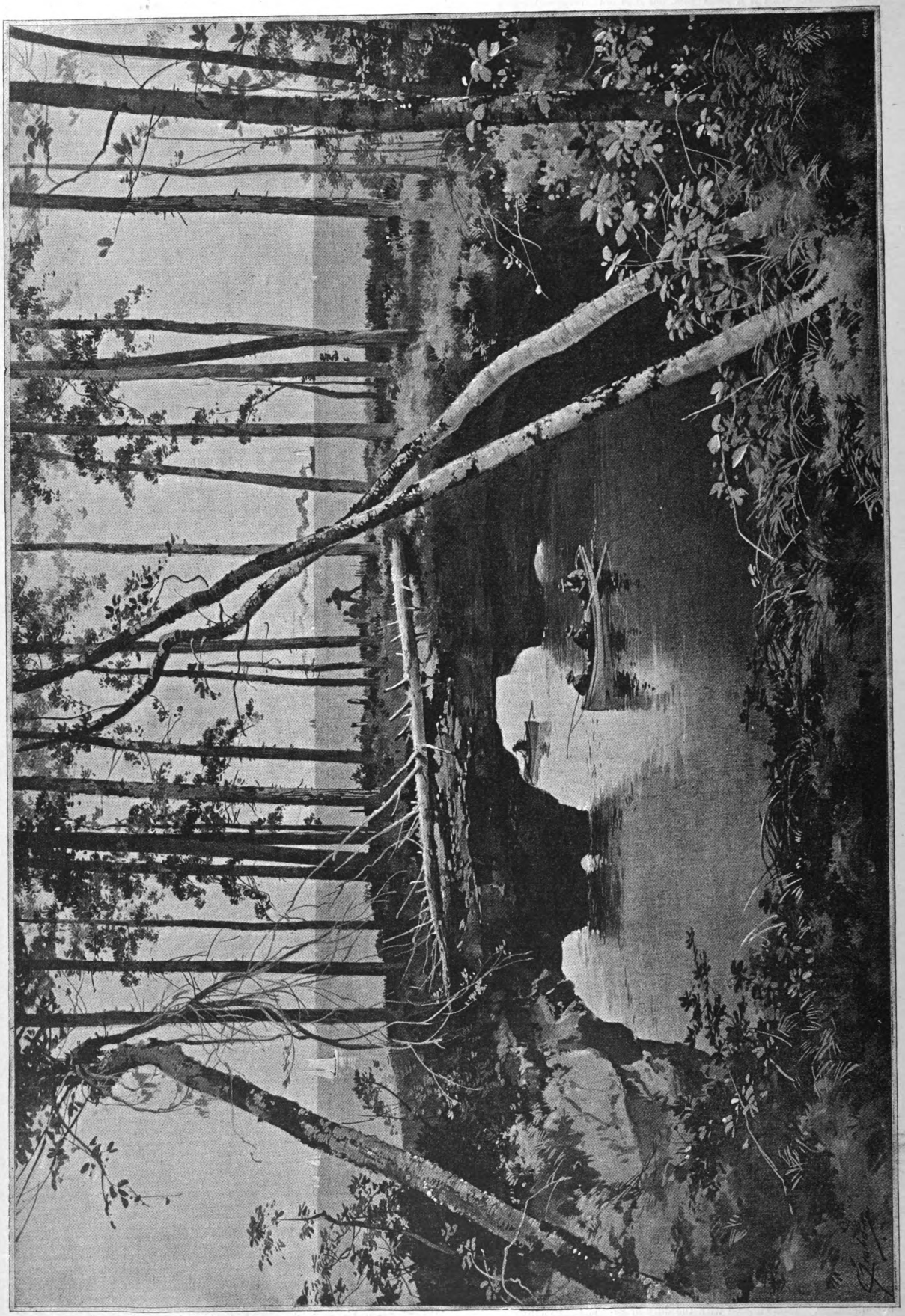
—Readers of HARPER'S periodicals will be pleased to learn that twenty-five artists who frequently contribute to its pages have received awards at the Paris Exhibition, as follows: Edwin A. Abbey, C. S. Reinhart, L. O. Merson, and J. F. Raffaelli, first medals; Frederic Remington and Rosina Emmet Sherwood, second medals; Frank D. Millet, Alfred Parsons, H. F. Farny, Gilbert Gaul, Alfred Brumtot, and G. Rochegrosse, third medals; J. G. Brown, Joseph Pennell, W. H. Drake, and Charles H. Theriat, honorable mention; for engraving, Ch. Baude and A. Leveillé, first medals; William B. Closson, A. Bellenger, and John P. Davis, second medals; William Aikman and S. G. Putman, third medals; and G. Kruell and Henry Wolf, honorable mention.

—The Hartford friends of Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE say that her health is much improved, and that she is more vigorous than she has been for years. Her mind is not always clear, but she is greatly interested in a biography of herself and her husband which her son is preparing.

—The old-time masters of the Boston schools are gradually passing away, and only a few of those who were in their prime thirty or forty years ago now remain in the ranks. One of the last to close a useful career was FRANCIS S. WILLIAMS, long an instructor in the English High-school, and well known among Bostonians and others who were once his pupils. Among the veterans now on the retired list is SAMUEL SWAN, who created a sensation at one time by introducing whistling as a vocal exercise in his school. His experiment was quite successful.

—W. G. GRACE, England's greatest cricket-player, has just completed a quarter of a century of prominence in the game, the occasion being marked by a complimentary dinner at Canterbury. He is forty-two years old, but from infancy has lived in an atmosphere of cricket, and when only seventeen years old sprang into the front rank as a player. He has played in England, America, and Australia, and his score for twenty-five years is thirty-five thousand runs in first-class matches, and over two thousand wickets. Mr. GRACE'S magnificent physique and careful and temperate mode of living have enabled him to stand the wear and tear of the cricket field without injury, and he still holds his own as the best all-round player of the age.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE GROSLAND ARCHES AND SKY-DOME CAVE, APOSTLES ISLANDS, LAKE SUPERIOR.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 703.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"WITH MELA'S HELP SHE WROTE A LETTER, BANTERING BEATON ON HIS STAY IN NEW YORK."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

IV.

THE Dryfoos family staid in town till August. Then the father went West again to look after his interests; and Mrs. Mandel took the two girls to one of the great hotels in Saratoga. Fulkerson said that he had never seen anything like Saratoga for fashion, and Mrs. Mandel remembered that in her own young ladyhood this was so for at least some weeks of the year. She had been too far withdrawn from fashion since her marriage to know whether it was still so or not. In this, as in so many other matters, the Dryfoos family helplessly relied upon Fulkerson, in spite of Dryfoos's angry determination that he should not run the family, and in spite of Christine's doubt of his omniscience; if he did not know everything, she was aware that he knew more than herself. She thought that they had a right to have him go with them to Saratoga, or at least go up and engage their rooms beforehand; but Fulkerson did not offer to do either, and she did not quite see her way to commanding his services. The young ladies took what Mela called splendid dresses with them; they sat in the park of tall, slim trees which the hotel's quadrangle enclosed, and listened to the music in the morning, or on the long piazza in the afternoon and looked at the driving in the street, or in the vast parlors by night, where all the other ladies were, and they felt that they were of the best there. But they knew nobody, and Mrs. Mandel was so particular that Mela was prevented from continuing the acquaintance even of the few young men who danced with her at the Saturday-night hops. They drove about, but they went to places without knowing why, except that the carriage man took them, and they had all the privileges of a proud exclusivism without desiring them. Once a motherly matron seemed to perceive their isolation, and made overtures to them, but then desisted, as if repelled by Christine's suspicion, or by Mela's too instant and hilarious good-fellowship, which expressed itself in hoarse laughter and in a flow of talk full of topical and syntactical freedom. From time to time she offered to bet Christine that if Mr. Fulkerson was only there they would have a good time; she wondered what they were all doing in New York, where she wished herself; she rallied her sister about Beaton, and asked her why she did not write and tell him to come up there.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.



THE LATE PROFESSOR ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D., OF YALE UNIVERSITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 703.]



WILLIAM WARNER, OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, RETIRING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 707.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Mela knew that Christine had expected Beaton to follow them. Some banter had passed between them to this effect; he said he should take them in on his way home to Syracuse. Christine would not have hesitated to write to him and remind him of his promise; but she had learned to distrust her literature with Beaton since he had laughed at the spelling in a scrap of writing which dropped out of her music-book one night. She believed that he would not have laughed if he had known it was hers; but she felt that she could hide better the deficiencies which were not committed to paper; she could manage with him in talking; she was too ignorant of her ignorance to recognize the mistakes she made then. Through her own passion she perceived that she had some kind of fascination for him; she was graceful, and she thought it must be that; she did not understand that there was a kind of beauty in her small, irregular features that piqued and haunted his artistic sense, and a look in her black eyes beyond her intelligence and intention. Once he sketched her as they sat together, and flattered the portrait without getting what he wanted in it; he said he must try her some time in color; and he said things which, when she made Mela repeat them, could only mean that he admired her more than anybody else. He came fitfully, but he came often, and she rested content in a girl's indefiniteness concerning the affair; if her thought went beyond love-making to marriage, she believed that she could have him if she wanted him. Her father's money counted in this; she divined that Beaton was poor; but that made no difference; she would have enough for both; the money would have counted as an irresistible attraction if there had been no other.

The affair had gone on in spite of the sidelong looks of restless dislike with which Dryfoos regarded it; but now when Beaton did not come to Saratoga it necessarily dropped, and Christine's content with it. She bore the trial as long as she could; she used pride and resentment against it; but at last she could not bear it, and with Mela's help she wrote a letter, bantering Beaton on his stay in New York, and playfully boasting of Saratoga. It seemed to them both that it was a very bright letter, and would be sure to bring him; they would have had no scruple about sending it but for the doubt they had whether they had got some of the words right. Mela offered to bet Christine anything she dared that they were right, and she said, Send it anyway; it was no difference if they *were* wrong. But Christine could not endure to think of that laugh of Beaton's, and there remained only Mrs. Mandel as authority on the spelling. Christine dreaded her authority on other points, but Mela said she knew she would not interfere, and she undertook to get round her. Mrs. Mandel pronounced the spelling bad, and the taste worse; she forbade them to send the letter; and Mela failed to get round her, though she threatened, if Mrs. Mandel would not tell her how to spell the wrong words, that she would send the letter as it was; then Mrs. Mandel said that if Mr. Beaton appeared in Saratoga she would instantly take them both home. When Mela reported this result, Christine accused her of having mismanaged the whole business; she quarrelled with her, and they called each other names. Christine declared that she would not stay in Saratoga, and that if Mrs. Mandel did not go back to New York with her she should go alone. They returned the first week in September; but by that time Beaton had gone to see his people in Syracuse.

Conrad Dryfoos remained at home with his mother after his father went West. He had already taken such a vacation as he had been willing to allow himself, and had spent it on a charity farm near the city, where the fathers with whom he worked among the poor on the east side in the winter had sent some of their wards for the summer. It was not possible to keep his recreation a secret at the office, and Fulkerson found a pleasure in figuring the jolly time Brother Conrad must have teaching farm-work among those paupers and potential reprobates. He invented details of his experience among them, and March could not always help joining in the laugh at Conrad's humorless helplessness under Fulkerson's burlesque denunciation of a summer outing spent in such dissipation.

They had time for a great deal of joking at the office during the season of leisure which penetrates in August to the very heart of business, and they all got on terms of greater intimacy if not greater friendliness than before. Fulkerson had not had so long to do with the advertising side of human nature without developing a vein of cynicism, of no great depth, perhaps, but broad, and underlying his whole point of view; he made light of Beaton's solemnity, as he made light of Conrad's humanity. The art editor, with abundant sarcasm, had no more humor than the publisher, and was an easy prey in the manager's hands; but when he had been led on by Fulkerson's flatteries to make some betrayal of egotism, he brooded over it till he had thought how to revenge himself in elaborate insult. For Beaton's talent Fulkerson never lost his admiration; but his joke was to encourage him to give himself airs of being the sole source of the magazine's prosperity. No bait of this sort was too obvious for Beaton to swallow; he could be caught with it as often as Fulkerson chose, though he was ordinarily suspicious as to the motives of people in saying things. With March he got on no better than at first. He seemed to be lying in wait for some encroachment of the literary department on the art department, and he met it now and then with anticipative reprisal. After these rebuffs, the editor delivered him over to the manager, who could turn Beaton's contrary-mindedness to account by asking the reverse of what he really wanted done. This was what Fulkerson said; the fact was that he did get on with Beaton; and March contented himself with musing upon the contradictions of a character at once so vain and so offensive, so fickle and so sullen, so conscious and so simple.

After the first jarring contact with Dryfoos, the editor ceased to feel the disagreeable fact of the old man's mastery of the financial situation. None of the nuances which might have made it painful occurred; the control of the whole affair remained in Fulkerson's hands; before he went West again, Dryfoos had ceased to come about the office, as if, having once worn off the novelty of the sense of owning a literary periodical, he was no longer interested in it.

Yet it was a relief, somehow, when he left town, which he did not do without coming to take a formal leave of the editor at his office. He seemed willing to leave March with a better impression than he had hitherto troubled himself to make; he even said some civil things about the magazine, as if its success pleased him; and he spoke openly to March of his hope that his son would finally become interested in it to the exclusion of the hopes and purposes which divided them. It seemed to March that in the old man's warped and toughened heart he perceived a disappointed love for his son greater than for his other children; but this might have been fancy. Lindau came in with some copy while Dryfoos was there, and March introduced them. When Lindau went out, March explained to Dryfoos that he had lost his hand in the war; and he told him something of Lindau's career as he had known it. Dryfoos appeared greatly pleased that *Every Other Week* was giving Lindau work. He said that he had helped to enlist a good many fellows for the war, and had paid money to fill up the Moffitt County quota under the later calls for troops. He had never been an Abolitionist, but he had joined the Anti-Nebraska party in '55, and he had voted for Fremont and for every Republican President since then.

At his own house March saw more of Lindau than of any other contributor, but the old man seemed to think that he must transact all his business with March at his place of business. The transaction had some peculiarities which perhaps made this necessary. Lindau always expected to receive his money when he brought his copy, as an acknowledgment of the immediate right of the laborer to his hire; and he would not take it in a check because he did not approve of banks, and regarded the whole system of banking as the capitalistic manipulation of the people's money. He would receive his pay only from March's hand, because he wished to be understood as working for him, and honestly earning money honestly earned; and sometimes March inwardly winced a little at letting the old man share the increase of capital won by such speculation as Dryfoos's, but he shook off the feeling. As the summer advanced, and the artists and classes that employed Lindau as a model left town one after another, he gave largely of his increasing leisure to the people in the office of *Every Other Week*. It was pleasant for March to see the respect with which Conrad Dryfoos always used him, for the sake of his wound and his gray beard. There was something delicate and fine in it, and there was nothing unkindly on Fulkerson's part in the hostilities which usually passed between him and Lindau. Fulkerson bore himself reverently at times too, but it was not in him to keep that up, especially when Lindau appeared with more beer aboard than, as Fulkerson said, he could manage ship-shape. On these occasions Fulkerson always tried to start him on the theme of the unduly rich; he made himself the champion of monopolies, and enjoyed the invectives which Lindau heaped upon him as a slave of capital; he said that it did him good.

One day, with the usual show of writhing under Lindau's scorn, he said, "Well, I understand that although you despise me now, Lindau—"

"I ton't desbise you," the old man broke in, his nostrils swelling and his eyes flaming with excitement; "I bity you."

"Well, it seems to come to the same thing in the end," said Fulkerson. "What I understand is that you pity me now as the slave of capital, but you would pity me a great deal more if I was the master of it."

"How you mean?"

"If I was rich."

"That would tebendt," said Lindau, trying to control himself. "If you hat inheritedt your money, you might pe innocent; but if you hat *made* it, efery man that resbectedt himself would haf to ask *how* you mate it, and if you hat mate moch, he would know—"

"Hold on; hold on, now, Lindau! Ain't that rather un-American doctrine? We're all brought up, ain't we, to honor the man that made his money, and look down—or try to look down; sometimes it's difficult—on the fellow that his father left it to?"

The old man rose and struck his breast. "Un-Amerigan!" he roared, and, as he went on, his accent grew more and more uncertain. "What iss Amerigan? Dere *iss* no Amerigа any more! You start here free and brafe, and you glaim for efery man de righdt to life, liperty, and de bursuit of habbiness. And where haf you entedt? No man that vorks vith his handts among you hass the liperty to bursue his habbiness. He iss the slafe of some richer man, some gompany, some gorporation, dat crindts him down to the least he can lif on, and that rops him of the marchin of his earnings that he might pe habby on. Oh, you Amerigans, you haf cot it down goldt, as you say! You ton't puy foters; you puy lechislatures and goncressmen; you puy gourts; you puy gombetitors; you bay infentors not to infent; you *advertise*, and the gounting-room sees dat de ctitorial-room toesn't tink."

"Yes, we've got a little arrangement of that sort with March here," said Fulkerson.

"Oh, I am sawry," said the old man, contritely, "I meant noting bersonal. I ton't tink we are all cuilty or gorrubt, and efen among the rich there are goodt men. But gabidal!"—his passion rose again—"where you find gabidal, millions of money that a man hass cot togeder in life, ten, twenty years, you findt the smell of tears and ploodt! Dat iss what I say. And you cot to bog outt for yourself when you meet a rich man whether you meet an honest man."

"Well," said Fulkerson, "I wish I was a subject of suspicion with you, Lindau. By-the-way," he added, "I understand that you think capital was at the bottom of the veto of that pension of yours."

"What bension? What feto?" The old man flamed up again. "No bension of mine was efer fetoedt. I renounce my bension, begause I would sgorn to dake money from a goferniment that I tou'dt peliefe in any more. Where you hear that story?"

"Well, I don't know," said Fulkerson, rather embarrassed. "It's common talk."

"It's a gommon lie, then! When the time gome dat dis iss a vree gountry again, then I dake a bension again for my woundts; but I would *sdarfe* before I dake a bension now from a rebublic dat is bought oap by monobolies, andt ron by drusts and gompines, and railroadts andt oil gompanies!"

"Look out, Lindau," said Fulkerson. "You bite yourself mit dat dog some day." But when the old man, with a ferocious gesture of renunciation, whirled out of the place, he added: "I guess I went a little too far that time. I touched him on a sore place; I didn't mean to; I heard some talk about his pension being vetoed, from Miss Leighton." He addressed these exculpations to March's grave face, and to the pitying deprecation in the eyes of Conrad Dryfoos, whom Lindau's roaring wrath had summoned to the door. "But I'll make it all right with him the next time he comes. I didn't know he was loaded, or I wouldn't have monkeyed with him."

"Lindau does himself injustice when he gets to talking in that way," said March. "I hate to hear him. He's as good an American as any of us; and it's only because he has too high an ideal of us—"

"Oh, go on! Rub it in—rub it in!" cried Fulkerson, clutching his hair in suffering, which was not altogether burlesque. "How did I know he had renounced his 'bension'? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't know it myself. I only knew that he had none, and I didn't ask, for I had a notion that it might be a painful subject."

Fulkerson tried to turn it off lightly. "Well, he's a noble old fellow; pity he drinks." March would not smile, and Fulkerson broke out: "Dog on it! I'll make it up to the old fool the next time he comes. I don't like that dynamite talk of his; but any man that's given his hand to the country has got mine in his grip for good. Why, March! You don't suppose I wanted to hurt his feelings, do you?"

"Why, of course not, Fulkerson."

But they could not get away from a certain ruefulness for that time, and in the evening Fulkerson came round to March's to say that he had got Lindau's address from Conrad, and had looked him up at his lodgings.

"Well, there isn't so much bricabrac there, quite, as Mrs. Green left you; but I've made it all right with Lindau, as far as I'm concerned. I told him I didn't know when I spoke that way, and I honored him for sticking to his 'brincibles'; *I* don't believe in his brincibles; and we wept on each other's necks—at least, he did. Dogged if he didn't kiss me before I knew what he was up to. He said I was his chenerous yong friendt, and he begged my barton if he had said anything to wound me. I tell you it was an affecting scene, March; and rats enough round in that old barracks where he lives to fit out a first-class case of *delirium tremens*. What does he stay there for? He's not obliged to?"

Lindau's reasons, as March repeated them, affected Fulkerson as deliciously comical; but after that he confined his pleasantries at the office to Beaton and Conrad Dryfoos, or, as he said, he spent the rest of the summer in keeping Lindau smoothed up.

It is doubtful if Lindau altogether liked this as well. Perhaps he missed the occasions Fulkerson used to give him of bursting out against the millionaires; and he could not well go on denouncing as the slafe of gabidal a man who had behaved to him as Fulkerson had done, though Fulkerson's servile relations to capital had been in no wise changed by his nople gonduct.

Their relations continued to wear this irksome character of mutual forbearance; and when Dryfoos returned in October and Fulkerson revived the question of that dinner in celebration of the success of *Every Other Week*, he carried his complaisance to an extreme that alarmed March for the consequences.

V.

"You see," Fulkerson explained, "I find that the old man has got an idea of his own about that banquet, and I guess there's some sense in it. He wants to have a preliminary little dinner, where we can talk the thing up first—half a dozen of us; and he wants to give us the dinner at his house. Well, that's no harm. I don't believe the old man ever gave a dinner, and he'd like to show off a little; there's a good deal of human nature in the old man, after all. He thought of you, of course, and Colonel Woodburn, and Beaton, and me at the foot of the table; and Conrad; and I suggested Kendricks—he's such a nice little chap; and the old man himself brought up the idea of Lindau. He said you told him something about him, and he asked why couldn't we have him, too; and I jumped at it."

"Have Lindau to dinner?" asked March.

"Certainly; why not? Father Dryfoos has a notion of paying the old fellow a compliment for what he done for the country. There won't be any trouble about it. You can sit alongside of him, and cut up his meat for him, and help him to things—"

"Yes, but it won't *do*, Fulkerson! I don't believe Lindau ever had on a dress-coat in his life, and I don't believe his 'brincibles' would let him wear one."

"Well, neither had Dryfoos, for the matter of that. He's as high-principled as old Pan-Electric himself, when it comes to a dress-coat," said Fulkerson. "We're all going to go in business dress; the old man stipulated for that."

"It isn't the dress-coat alone," March resumed. "Lindau and Dryfoos wouldn't get on. You know they're opposite poles in everything. You mustn't do it. Dryfoos will be sure to say something to outrage Lindau's 'brincibles,' and there'll be an explosion. It's all well enough for Dryfoos to feel grateful to Lindau, and his wish to honor him does him credit; but to have Lindau to dinner isn't the way. At the best, the old fellow would be very unhappy in such a house; he would have a bad conscience; and I should be sorry to have him feel that he'd been recreant to his 'brincibles'; they're about all he's got, and whatever we think of them, we're bound to respect his fidelity to them." March warmed toward Lindau in taking this view of him. "I should feel ashamed if I didn't protest against his being put in a false position. After all, he's my old friend, and I shouldn't like to have him do himself injustice if he *is* a crank."

"Of course," said Fulkerson, with some trouble in his face. "I appreciate your feeling. But there ain't any danger," he added, buoyantly. "Anyhow, you spoke too late, as the Irishman said to the chicken when he swallowed him in a fresh egg. I've asked Lindau, and he's accepted with blazvure; that's what he says."

March made no other comment than a shrug.

"You'll see," Fulkerson continued, "it'll go off all right. I'll engage to make it, and I won't hold anybody else responsible."

In the course of his married life March had learned not to censure the irretrievable; but this was just what his wife had not learned; and she poured out so much astonishment at what Fulkerson had done, and so much disapproval, that March began to palliate the situation a little.

"After all, it isn't a question of life and death; and, if it were, I don't see how it's to be helped now."

"Oh, it's not to be helped *now*. But I *am* surprised at Mr. Fulkerson."

"Well, Fulkerson has his moments of being merely human, too."

Mrs. March would not deign a direct defence of her favorite. "Well, I'm glad there are not to be ladies."

"I don't know. Dryfoos thought of having ladies, but it seems your infallible Fulkerson overruled him. Their presence might have kept Lindau and our host in bounds."

It had become part of the Marches' conjugal joke for him to pretend that she could allow nothing wrong in Fulkerson, and he now laughed with a mocking air of having expected it when she said: "Well, then, if Mr. Fulkerson says he will see that it all comes out right, I suppose you must trust his tact. I wouldn't trust yours, Basil. The first wrong step was taken when Mr. Lindau was asked to help on the magazine."

"Well, it was your infallible Fulkerson that took the step, or at least suggested it. I'm happy to say *I* had totally forgotten my early friend."

Mrs. March was daunted and silenced for a moment. Then she said: "Oh, pshaw! You know well enough he did it to please you."

"I'm very glad he didn't do it to please *you*, Isabel," said her husband, with affected seriousness. "Though perhaps he did."

He began to look at the humorous aspect of the affair, which it certainly had, and to comment on the singular incongruities which *Every Other Week* was destined to involve at every moment of its career. "I wonder if I'm mistaken in supposing that no other periodical was ever like it. Perhaps all periodicals are like it. But I don't believe there's another publication in New York that could bring together, in honor of itself, a fraternity and equality crank like poor old Lindau, and a belated sociological crank like Woodburn, and a truculent speculator like old Dryfoos, and a humanitarian dreamer like young Dryfoos, and a sentimentalist like me, and a nondescript like Beaton, and a pure advertising essence like Fulkerson, and a society spirit like Kendricks. If we could only allow one another to talk uninterruptedly all the time, the dinner would be the greatest success in the world, and we should come home full of the highest mutual respect. But I suspect we can't manage that—even your infallible Fulkerson couldn't work it—and I'm afraid that there'll be some listening that 'll spoil the pleasure of the time."

March was so well pleased with this view of the case that he suggested the idea involved to Fulkerson. Fulkerson was too good a fellow not to laugh at another man's joke, but he laughed a little ruefully, and he seemed worn with more than one kind of care in the interval that passed between the present time and the night of the dinner.

Dryfoos necessarily depended upon him for advice concerning the scope and nature of the dinner, but he received the advice suspiciously, and contested points of obvious propriety with pertinacious stupidity. Fulkerson said that when it came to the point he would rather have had the thing, as he called it, at Delmonico's or some other restaurant; but when he found that Dryfoos's pride was bound up in having it at his own house, he gave way to him. Dryfoos also wanted his woman-cook to prepare the dinner, but Fulkerson persuaded him that this would not do; he must have it from a caterer. Then Dryfoos wanted his maids to wait at table, but Fulkerson convinced him that this would be incongruous at a man's dinner. It was decided that the dinner

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

should be sent in from Frescobaldi's, and Dryfoos went with Fulkerson to discuss it with the caterer. He insisted upon having everything explained to him, and the reason for having it, and not something else in its place; and he treated Fulkerson and Frescobaldi as if they were in league to impose upon him. There were moments when Fulkerson saw the varnish of professional politeness cracking on the Neapolitan's volcanic surface, and caught a glimpse of the lava fires of the cook's nature beneath; he trembled for Dryfoos, who was walking roughshod over him in the security of an American who had known how to make his money, and must know how to spend it; but he got him safely away at last, and gave Frescobaldi a wink of sympathy for his shrug of exhaustion as they turned to leave him.

It was at first a relief and then an anxiety with Fulkerson that Lindau did not come about after accepting the invitation to dinner, until he appeared at Dryfoos's house, prompt to the hour. There was, to be sure, nothing to bring him; but Fulkerson was uneasily aware that Dryfoos expected to meet him at the office, and perhaps receive some verbal acknowledgment of the honor done him. Dryfoos, he could see, thought he was doing all his invited guests a favor; and while he stood in a certain awe of them as people of much greater social experience than himself, regarded them with a kind of contempt, as people who were going to have a better dinner at his house than they could ever afford to have at their own. He had finally not spared expense upon it; after pushing Frescobaldi to the point of eruption with his misgivings and suspicions at the first interview, he had gone to him a second time alone, and told him not to let the money stand between him and anything he would like to do. In the absence of Frescobaldi's fellow-conspirator he restored himself in the caterer's esteem by adding whatever he suggested; and Fulkerson, after trembling for the old man's niggardliness, was now afraid of a fantastic profusion in the feast. Dryfoos had reduced the scale of the banquet as regarded the number of guests, but a confusing remembrance of what Fulkerson had wished to do remained with him in part, and up to the day of the dinner he dropped in at Frescobaldi's and ordered more dishes and more of them. He impressed the Italian as an American original of a novel kind; and when he asked Fulkerson how Dryfoos had made his money, and learned that it was mainly in natural gas, he made note of some of his eccentric tastes as peculiarities that were to be caressed in any future natural gas millionaire who might fall into his hands. He did not begrudge the time he had to give in explaining to Dryfoos the relation of the different wines to the different dishes; Dryfoos was apt to substitute a costlier wine where he could for a cheaper one, and he gave Frescobaldi *carte blanche* for the decoration of the table with pieces of artistic confectionery. Among these the caterer designed one for a surprise to his patron and a delicate recognition of the source of his wealth, which he found Dryfoos very willing to talk about, when he intimated that he knew what it was.

Dryfoos left it to Fulkerson to invite the guests, and he found ready acceptance of his politeness from Kendricks, who rightly regarded the dinner as a part of the *Every Other Week* business, and was too sweet and kind-hearted, anyway, not to seem very glad to come. March was a matter of course; but in Colonel Woodburn Fulkerson encountered a reluctance which embarrassed him the more because he was conscious of having, for motives of his own, rather strained a point in suggesting the Colonel to Dryfoos as a fit subject for invitation. There had been only one of the Colonel's articles printed, as yet, and though it had made a sensation in its way, and started the talk about that number, still it did not fairly constitute him a member of the staff, or even entitle him to recognition as a regular contributor. Fulkerson felt so sure of pleasing him with Dryfoos's message that he delivered it in full family council at the widow's. His daughter received it with all the enthusiasm that Fulkerson had hoped for, but the Colonel said, stiffly, "I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Dryfoos." Miss Woodburn appeared ready to fall upon him at this, but controlled herself, as if aware that filial authority had its limits, and pressed her lips together without saying anything.

"Yes, I know," Fulkerson admitted. "But it isn't a usual case. Mr. Dryfoos don't go in much for the conventionalities; I reckon he don't know much about 'em, come to boil it down; and he hoped"—here Fulkerson felt the necessity of inventing a little—"that you would excuse any want of ceremony; it's to be such an informal affair, anyway; we're all going in business dress, and there ain't going to be any ladies. He'd have come himself to ask you, but he's a kind of a bashful old fellow. It's all right, Colonel Woodburn."

"I take it that it is, sir," said the Colonel, courteously, but with unabated state, "coming from you. But in these matters we have no right to burden our friends with our decisions."

"Of course, of course," said Fulkerson, feeling that he had been delicately told to mind his own business.

"I understand," the Colonel went on, "the relation that Mr. Dryfoos bears to the periodical in which you have done me the hono' to print my papah, but this is a question of passing the bounds of a purely business connection, and of eating the salt of a man whom you do not definitely know to be a gentleman."

"Mah goodness!" his daughter broke in. "If you bah your own salt with his money—"

"It is supposed that I earn his money before I buy my salt with it," returned her father, severely. "And in these times, when money is got in heaps, through the natural decay of our nefarious commercialism, it behooves a gentleman to be scrupulous that the hospitality offered him is not the profusion of a thief with his booty. I don't say that Mr. Dryfoos's good-fortune is not honest. I simply say that I know nothing about it, and that I should prefer to know something before I sat down at his board."

"You're all right, Colonel," said Fulkerson, "and so is Mr. Dryfoos. I give you my word that there are no flies on his personal integrity, if that's what you mean. He's hard, and he'd push an advantage, but I don't believe he would take an unfair one. He's speculated and made money every time, but I never heard of his wrecking a railroad, or belonging to any swindling company or any grinding monopoly. He does chance it in stocks, but he's always played on the square, if you call stocks gambling."

"May I think this over till morning?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Fulkerson, eagerly. "I don't know as there's any hurry."

Miss Woodburn found a chance to murmur to him before he went: "He'll come. And Ah'm so much oblahged, Mr. Fulkerson. Ah jost know it's all you' doing, and it will give papa a chance to took to some new people, and get away from us evahlastin' women for once."

"I don't see why any one should want to do that," said Fulkerson, with grateful gallantry. "But I'll be dogged," he said to March when he told him about this odd experience, "if I ever expected to find Colonel Woodburn on old Lindau's ground. He did come round handsomely this morning at breakfast, and apologized for taking time to think the invitation over before he accepted. 'You understand,' he says, 'that if it had been to the table of some friend not so prosperous as Mr. Dryfoos—your friend Mr. March, for instance—it would have been sufficient to know that he was your friend. But in these days it is a duty that a gentleman owes himself to consider whether he wishes to know a rich man or not. The chances of making money disreputably are so great that the chances are against a man who has made money if he's made a great deal of it.'"

March listened with a face of ironical insinuation. "That was very good; and he seems to have had a good deal of confidence in your patience and in your sense of his importance to the occasion—"

"No, no," Fulkerson protested, "there's none of that kind of thing about the Colonel. I *told* him to take time to think it over; he's the simplest-hearted old fellow in the world."

"I should say so. After all, he didn't give any reason he had for accepting. But perhaps the young lady had the reason."

"Pshaw, March!" said Fulkerson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROFESSOR ELIAS LOOMIS.

ELIAS LOOMIS, Munson Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale University, died in the hospital at New Haven on the 15th inst., of Bright's disease. He was born at Willington, Connecticut, August 7, 1811, and received his early education entirely from his father, who prepared him for Yale College. He was graduated in 1830, and from 1833 to 1836 was tutor in science at the same institution. It was during that period that he began his career of original research, mainly in observing the altitude of shooting-stars and the declination of the magnetic needle. He was the first in this country to discover the return of Halley's comet in 1835, and computed its orbit from his own observations. He left Yale in 1836 for a year's study under the great scholars of Paris, including Arago, Biot, Dulong, and others. On his return he became Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Western Reserve College, Ohio, where he remained seven years. During this period he made a vast number of scientific observations in astronomy and meteorology and the dip of the magnetic needle. In 1844 he accepted the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of the City of New York, which he retained for sixteen years. It was during this time that he prepared his well-known series of text-books in mathematics and astronomy, which were published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Several of them were adopted in European institutions and translated into different languages. They include *Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Progress of Astronomy, Analytical Geometry and Calculus, Elements of Algebra, Elements of Geometry and Conic Sections, Tables of Logarithms, Practical Astronomy, Natural Philosophy.* To these were added subsequently, after his transfer to Yale, *Elements of Arithmetic, Treatise on Meteorology, Elements of Astronomy, A Treatise on Arithmetic, A Treatise on Algebra, Algebraic Problems and Examples*, and *A Treatise on Astronomy.* He began his professorship at Yale in 1860, and continued his original researches and his preparation of scientific books and papers. His contributions to various periodicals and his separate papers on topics within his range of study exceed one hundred in number. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of New York, and was a member of numerous scientific societies both at home and abroad. He also found time to prepare a genealogical work on *The Descendants of Joseph Loomis*, published in 1870. For some years Professor Loomis has been able to devote only part of his time to the work of instruction, and Professor Brewer has been associated with him. He has led a rather secluded life since the death of his wife, some years ago, and the departure of his sons from New Haven, occupying rooms at a hotel, and keeping aloof from society. His exclusive devotion to study and science, and his solitary habits, led to some peculiarities of manner, but he always commanded the highest respect for his learning and his ability as an instructor.

HER NAME.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

How shall I tell you? She has so many.
As for her sponsors, how could they know
In naming that baby, their worships maybe,
Entitled of women a score or so?
When I see her where flowers are blooming,
Another blossom so fresh and sweet,
I can compare her to nothing fairer;
I call her my "Daisy," my "Marguerite."

When I see her with hands so busy,
A rustic maiden in homespun dressed,
A household fairy, with step so airy,
Homely "Maggie" describes her best.
When she greets me with mirth and laughter,
"Meg," I think, is the sweetest name.
Of roguish Woffington she reminds me;
Then she is "Peg," my merry dame.

Ah! there are hours of gloom and sadness,
When earth is sown with cold gray rain,
When hearts are weary and life so dreary,
One scarce dare hope for the sun again.
Then she comes with her mien so gentle,
Calm, serene 'mid a mad world's whirl,
Of jewels the rarest, the purest, fairest,
I know why they named her "Margaret," "Pearl."

Changeful lady! what sprite hath lent you
This magic power that we see you wield?
Now tears, now smiling, now fond beguiling,
None can oppose you, for all must yield.
But stop! One name that I mean to give you
Will fetter and bind you all your life.
You need not guess it; I will confess it:
My love, my lady, I'll call you "Wife."

THE BASE-BALL SITUATION.

THE national game, yclept base-ball, has been more popular this year than ever before. In all the associations throughout the country the contest for the leadership in each aggregation of base-ball clubs has been more bitter than in any previous season. Games have been won and lost by narrow margins, and thousands of spectators have watched the playing with unflagging interest until the last man has been put out.

The amateur association is having a great battle for the championship, and the last game of the season will probably be played before a decision is reached. The two Staten Island clubs are having a contest for supremacy which is close and exciting, and as yet the winner is doubtful. That amateurs can play base-ball well was clearly shown when the two clubs met in a well-played game a short time ago. The day was clear and cool, and each man of the opposing nines was fit to do battle for his life. The grand stand was well crowded with people, and the cool bright dresses of the pretty girls, mingled with the light costumes of the cricket and tennis players, who had stopped their own play to watch the game, and here and there a bright blazer, and again dresses of a more sombre hue, all added to the beauty of the scene. Friends greeted friends as rivals on the ball field, and the merits of the players were discussed by both young men and maidens in a knowing way. For three hours the two nines struggled for supremacy, and when dark came neither side had been able to secure a run. The players fought well, and although neither team gained a victory, all had the satisfaction of knowing that they had taken part in one of the best games of base-ball on record, amateur or professional.

In the National League of base-ball players the contesting cities are the same as last year, and the race for the championship pennant is even more exciting than it was then. Boston and New York are trying to stay at the head of the list, but as both cannot, the rivalry is great. The positions of the two clubs change often, now one has the lead, and again the other takes the place of honor. When the two clubs are pitted against each other, either in New York or Boston, the grounds upon which they play are tested to their fullest capacity. The spectators are counted by thousands, and all is excitement until the game is ended. What will be the outcome of the race is an open question, but the partisans of each nine claim a victory for their respective teams.

Cleveland started out early in the season, and won games with surprising regularity for a newcomer in the League. The strongest clubs were forced to succumb to the playing of the "Infants," as they are called. The pace they began with was too hot, and of late they have been losing games almost as regularly as they won them in the spring. Philadelphia worked along slowly and surely, playing a steady game, which gave them more victories than defeats, and with their eyes turned toward the top of the list in an effort to win the race. Chicago has been pursuing a most erratic course. The whilom League champions have been away down in the list of clubs, and until a few weeks ago were unable to play a steady game. Now and again there would be some brilliant work on the part of the club, but it did not last. Of late, however, the nine has taken a new start, and is rapidly overhauling the leaders. The Pittsburgh, Washington, and Indianapolis nines are hopelessly out of the race.

Next in importance to the National League comes the American Association of professionals. Here too is there a bitter contest for first place. The Brooklyn and St. Louis nines are in the lead, and the latter has a little the better of it. In the beginning of the season St. Louis forged ahead rapidly, and still keeps there, but by a very small margin. Brooklyn was away down toward the bottom of the list in the early part of the race, and was playing an erratic game, brilliant at times, but too often careless. Lately, however, the club has been doing good work, and its hopes for winning the championship of the Association are well founded. There is little prospect of a definite result before the season is over.

Some distance behind the two leaders come the three clubs next in rank. They are the Baltimore, Athletic, and Cincinnati nines. For the past two months they have been changing places with each other nearly every day, although lately they seem to have settled down in the order named. They are evenly matched, and games between them are close, sharp, and exciting. There is little prospect of their being able to displace either Brooklyn or St. Louis, as they have not the playing ability. In the next rank are Kansas City and Cincinnati, with small hope for a better position. Louisville is hopelessly last. The last-named club has had a hard time of it, and has many times been near disbandment.

Besides these two leading organizations there are many others, which have been more or less successful. The Atlantic Association is one of these. Eight clubs composed it in the early spring, but by reason of non-support in the cities where some of the clubs were located, the number has been reduced to five. They are playing a good game of base-ball, and have been repaid by fair audiences at their grounds. Newark, Worcester, and Hartford are in the lead, and are struggling hard for the supremacy, and the result is exceedingly doubtful.

The International League contains eight clubs, five from the United States and three from Canada. The American clubs are in the first four places, while the Canadian clubs bring up the rear. Among the leaders, Detroit is in the van, with Syracuse a fair second, and well ahead of the other clubs.

Eight clubs belong to the Western Association, and they too are meeting with good support in the struggle for the local championship. The Omaha and St. Paul clubs are well in advance of the others, and seem likely to stay there. They are close together, and which will lead at the end of the season is a matter for conjecture.

There are also a great many minor organizations throughout the country, and the number of games which are played daily would be hard to estimate—certainly more than a hundred.

When the season is over in the National League and the American Association, then will come the struggle of the giants. The winner in each organization will then play for the championship of the world. It is then that the base-ball enthusiasts will make themselves heard. That the grounds where the playing will take place will be packed to suffocation is undoubted. Each club will play as it best knows how, for each organization claims the supremacy, and will try to make its claim good. In previous years the League has had the better of it, but this season it is a little in doubt. The general feeling is that New York and Brooklyn will win in their respective bodies, and that the contest for the greater honor will be in New York. Umpires will be selected with care, the grounds will be put in the best of condition, and nothing will be left undone to have the base-ball season of 1889 go out in a blaze of glory.

CHARLES P. SAWYER.

SCENERY ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE remarkable formation by nature and accident illustrated on page 700 is situated on the extreme northern portion of Hemlock Island, one of the group of the Apostles Islands, in Lake Superior, or the lake of Gitchie Gummee. The bottom of the cave is covered with broken rock; the water is from ten to twenty feet deep; a monster ledge of unknown depth reaches from two to four feet above the water, and in the entire length of its interior circumference has neither rent nor seam. The jaggedness, the roughnesses, the evidences of nature's wild passion, are all above this principal ledge. It is forty feet from the surface of the water to where the roots of the great trees pierce their mossy bed and penetrate the nooks and interstices in the rocks. The softer parts of the sandstone have been washed away, and a system of tunnelling indulged in by nature's mad freaks that would put to the blush many of the works of man's so-called genius. Burrowings as if made especially for some member of the Bruin family, or a sarcophagus for a friendly seal of prehistoric age, are made as cleverly as by a diamond drill and dynamite; but beyond, the overlying masses have fallen in, and a cave of one hundred and fifty feet in length and sixty feet in width has been hollowed out, leaving the extreme parts of the caverns and tunnelling in view, and reaching still further into the rock.

There are five entrances from the lake. The two larger are twelve and fifteen feet respectively in height above the surface of the water, while the others are too low to afford a passage for even the row-boat, but aid materially in the transmission of the rays of light from the sunrise side. Where the waters have not washed and the elements caused disintegration and consequent breakages, delicate mosses in their many shades of coloring have grown, and given the rugged sides a beauty as rare and grotesque as the crazily mingled colors on the artist's palette. The hole in the roof is oval, and about sixty by eighty feet in its diameters. About one-third the way down on the north side, and on a projecting ledge, a great nest, the size of a half-hogshead, built of sticks and twigs, shows the habitation of one of the long-time fishers of the waters, either an eagle or a fish-hawk.

Across the wild chasm lies the prostrate trunk of a giant pine. A storm sweeping the outer cliff had uprooted it and thrown it down, before the cave-in of the roof, with such violence that every branch on the lower side had been broken off next the trunk as closely as if trimmed with an axe. The action of the frost has spread the seams in the rocks, the grinding of the disintegrating and broken fragments has worn away the masses of fallen strata, and through the action of cold and heat and frost and snow, of dripping waters and growing moss in all their varied hues, the rude chasm is given a singular beauty.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A COLLEGIATE GAME OF BASE

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 703.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

DISCROWNED.

While yet the lagging Summer lifts the glow
Of her glad vintage, pledging all who drink
A reign that's endless, at the beaker's brink
The bugles of the Autumn blow and blow.
So doth the leaguered Summer, startled, turn
To see the traitor maples all aflame,
And, as though hiding a repentant shame,
The cheeks of her disloyal ivies burn.
Then all adown the highways, far and near,
The golden-rod and asters swift unfold
Besieging banners, mingled blue and gold,
Till, straightway smitten with a sudden fear,
E'en as she strives to arm her 'gainst the foe,
Again the windy bugles blow and blow.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

THE UNION PICNIC.

At four o'clock in the morning any but the German-descended settlement below the Pennsylvania city would have been asleep, but when Sam Schraader, his daughter, and Henry Verhawk drove up the road, the business of the day had begun all along. They met two neighbors with their market wagons on their way to the city, and one with a load of bone phosphate already returning from the near factory. Women were opening their front doors or drawing water in quiet commencement of their long day's work.

It was August. A little later and an excessive heat would dawn. Even now, before the sun had risen, it was damp rather than cool along the dew-wet road. Schraader had his hat off, and wiped the perspiration from his broad face. Schraader's was a peddler's wagon, with an umbrella over the seat, which was not meant to accommodate three. Schraader's large bulk was deposited in the laps of his daughter and Henry Verhawk, with discomfort to all. But Henry was one of the family. He had been a neighbor all his life, and he was to marry Mary Schraader whenever their tranquil, unhurrying minds should agree upon it; he was past thirty and she twenty-six; and it had been for several weeks arranged that they should on the day of the Union Sunday-school picnic at Hunt's Grove, twelve miles away, give Henry a lift, for Henry was going.

Schraader had to-day a new stock of the tinware and small merchandise he sold, and he and Mary, who helped her father on his busier trips, had made an early start. But Henry had been ready and waiting. He was as pleased to go to the picnic as he would have been twenty years back. He sat with a primness that characterized him, a slim form in a suit of white linen and a broad-brimmed white hat with a green lining. His face, clean-shaven and guileless, shone with his happiness in his coming treat. He would attain it by walking seven miles, and twelve miles back that night; but in his bright anticipation the cost was small. The simplicity of his soul looked out from his honest blue eyes.

Nobody spoke as they drove on. They had lived their lives together till their information was all but identical, and their ideas. This, added to their rustic slowness of tongue, made it likely that when Henry came to see Mary Sunday evenings they would maintain unbroken silence from beginning to end of the interview, nor feel anything but serene content; and they jogged on now unembarrassed, in the calmness of that thorough mutual knowledge which is the surest promise of married happiness, the tin-ware keeping up a drowsy rattling. When they reached the turn which separated them, Henry got down.

"It's going to be hotter'n 'twas yisterday; you better take it slow," Schraader said; and Mary turned her serious face, broad like her father's, and plain, and looked after him as he tramped on alone.

He took off his hat in the shade of the woods on both sides, thick and dark and vibrant with wild sounds, and walked briskly. He was almost aglow with his boyish eagerness. He had so early a start that he thought he should get there in time to miss none of it.

The rustling grove was thickly bordered with the vehicles which had brought the picnickers hither. Of the latter there were in the neighborhood of a thousand. Nominally it was the yearly union picnic of the Sunday-schools of half a dozen neighboring villages, but the Sunday-schools brought with them the settlements almost entire.

Henry sat on a fallen tree in the thick of the scene. He had been almost the first arrival. Now it was eleven, and the picnic was well under way. Thus far he had enjoyed every moment. He had travelled round the grove watching the constant arrivals; now and then he had unharnessed and hitched the horses of women who had come without men, and had taken one to the watering-trough. He had looked on at the erection of the various venders' stands, and had watched the assembling of the ministers of the several congregations on the platform, before which ran a few square rods of board benches. Now there had been full activity for an hour. A merry-go-round was in operation, the refreshment stands were gaining patronage, and up and down, in and out, round and round, wandered the thousand picnickers. To Henry it was a marvellous scene. He sat with his hands on his knees and his lips apart, unconscious of all but his simple, half-bewildered entertainment.

Two girls had been for some time strolling back and forth before him with arms intertwined. Henry had seen them arrive, with a dozen other girls and youths, in the bottom of an evergreen-trimmed lumber wagon. A couple of the latter ranged after them at a distance, exchanging occasional insinuating sallies, but for the present held at bay with pert, conscious independence, the forerunner of the full and giggling surrender to coming.

They had looked at Henry as they passed and repassed him, breaking, with the titterings which marked their youth, into whispered ridicule.

"What's he gawping at?"

"Goodness knows."

"Looks as though he was stuck there, don't he?"

"I guess he is. *Dave* said he'd been setting there since four o'clock this morning."

They tittered in unison. Dave was one of the pursuing youths.

"I'd like to know if he *can* stir. I guess I'll see," said the other. She nudged her companion, tossed her head daringly, and as they came opposite him dropped her handkerchief.

He looked at her, pleasantly smiling. He had thought they might be speaking of him, and wondered what they were saying. Now they were standing loiteringly, their eyes upon him, and as his own travelled from them to the handkerchief and back again, he got up and picked it up. But neither took it.

"It's Lil's," said its owner.

"You know better; you dropped it yourself," Lil retorted, with a stifled shriek.

"*Did* I?" she demanded. She threw up her chin, with bright eyes upon him.

"I didn't see," he answered, still smiling.

He stood straight, with his feet close together, as was his wont, and looked at her. She was a tall girl of fifteen, red-cheeked and plump. She wore a white dress, with trimmings of embroidery, and a blue sash and hair-ribbon, from which her hair fell in those round curls which tell of rags overnight. A black rubber chain and bracelets did duty for jewelry.

"Oh, well, I'll *take* it," she said, and stood swaying herself and twisting it around her finger. From the two boys passing them came loud coughs and a whistle.

"Well, I should think you better be introduced," said Lil, snickering. "Let me introduce you to Miss Scott."

Miss Scott bobbed her head. "I don't know who *he* is, though," she said. At last she was impressed and sobered by his unsuspicious sincerity, and she took a backward step.

He stepped after her involuntarily. His smile had spread till his artless face was alight with it. He had been there alone so long that now, though he had known no lack before, he was made happy by this acquaintance. The girl's blooming young face, too, stirred and dazzled him. He could not bear that she should go.

"Verhawk," he said; "my name is Verhawk."

He saw that several couples—stiff, awkward, gawky—were walking about arm in arm. The idea that came to him startled him and sent the blood into his face. He took off his hat and put its stiff brim to his lips in a tremor. He did not know what to say, and so he said nothing, but he held out a timid arm to Miss Scott, his heart pounding. She stared at him, stared at her friend, stopped herself in a giggle, and with a darted look which included the two young hobbledehoys looking on, walked away with him. There was nothing but incredulous admiration in the face of her companion, gazing after her. "She'll do just about anything she wants to, Georgie Scott will," she said to their followers, who joined her, evincing their appreciation by uncouth capers and horse-laughs. "I bet she'll have some fun."

Henry's heart, as they stepped away, beat so hard that he could hear it, and could see his coat lapels tremble. He was happy, but he was dazed; so much so that he started off unseemly with irregular steps.

For a space there was silence. "Where are we going to, anyhow? *I* don't know," the girl said, finding relief in a laugh.

They were nearing the seats before the platform, which, the exercises having begun, were filled.

"Do you want to set down here?" said Henry; and they sat down.

The girl looked at him, twisting her rubber chain. At bottom she was as innocent as he, only far bolder; her venture was the result of a hoidenish impulse and a wish to be smart and audacious in the eyes of her companions. She had had small notion of how to proceed; but she saw now, in her rudimental way, which required that effects should be palpable, that she had but one course. His trustful simplicity and his utter modesty abashed her, and she was impelled to behave to him as well as was in her raw powers.

"That's the Disciple minister from Trumbull," she said: one of the row of ministers was speaking at the front of the platform. "I do think he's the funniest-looking thing I ever saw. He ain't married."

A banner or two hung over the platform, which held a melodeon. One after another the ministers—farmer-like looking men, in wrinkled clothes or with chin whiskers—made short addresses, after each of which the superintendent of the corresponding Sunday-school read the year's report, followed in turn by the singing of a selected hymn by the school in question. The audience constantly shifted, coming and going; the talk and laughter of uninterested strollers sounded; and during the performances of the band, which played at intervals to attract patrons to the carrousel, no sound from the platform was audible.

"His Sunday-school ain't very big, neither," the girl went on; "I've been over to it. I live in the next town to Trumbull—Hinckley. The Hinckley Baptist Sunday-school's ours. We're going to sing 'The Morning is Breaking.' If we can't do better'n some of 'em have, I'll be sorry."

She laughed, and Henry laughed too. He was in a state of thrilled pleasure such as he had never known. Miss Scott's white ruffles touched his knee; he could see the somewhat coarse bloom of her face without looking, and smell the perfumery on her handkerchief.

"You hain't said where *you* come from?" she went on, pulling up her black lace mits.

"I live down to Schluzman," Henry answered.

"Down to that Dutch place?"

He nodded.

"Are *you* Dutch?" she queried, and when he nodded again, looked at him curiously. "I don't know as I ever *saw* any Dutch before. Why, ain't that a good ways from here?"

"Twelve miles," he said.

"Mercy! Did you walk all the way?"

"No. I'm going to walk back, though," he added, honestly.

"Goodness! Well, mebbe we'll give you a lift as fur as Hinckley. There goes that Sunday-school. Pshaw! there ain't more'n thirty. We got twice as many."

The Disciple Sunday-school filed on to the platform, waited for the band to stop, and sung around the melodeon.

"Pshaw!" Miss Scott iterated. "I guess we can do better. That tune's old as the hills."

He laughed with her again, this time with fascinated eyes upon her. Never in his narrow experience had he known so glib a talker, or one who laughed so much. He could not keep up with her—she seemed to him far too lively for that—but he could wonder at and be content with her.

"There's Miss Akers," said the girl. "See her, the one with the brown straw hat? She's our next neighbor to home. There's lots of Hinckley folks all around here. There's Mr. Bush."

She looked around with a sheepish defiance. Most of them had seen her, and stared at Henry, in whose possession she felt half pride and half shame.

"Well, let's go," she said, uneasily. "This ain't much fun; you think so? *I'd* just as lief do something else." She looked toward the gayer portion of the grove hankeringly, and they walked away together, again arm in arm, for no other possibility occurred to Henry now; the affirmation of the Disciple school still sounding:

"We'll sing as we walk on the golden strand,
By-and-by, by-and-by."

The great heat of the day struck through the grove's branching roof. Men mopped their heads and took off their coats, and elderly women, flushed or pale of face, sat down everywhere and fanned themselves with their bonnets, only half realizing their suffering, since they were bent on pleasure.

Henry and Miss Scott went toward the region of the refreshment stands.

"Well, I'm hungry a'ready!" she said, eying them. "I'm 'most always hungry; ma says I eat *all* the time. Some o' that ice-cream wouldn't taste bad, would it? I'm 'most roasted; ain't you?"

Henry took out his pocket-book carefully. He had brought a dollar and a half precautiously, but he had not expected to spend anything, unless he bought something to take to Mary. Now he was proudly glad that he brought it.

"There ain't but one kind," said Miss Scott, taking off her mits to eat it—"vanilla. I've et strawberry and chocolate, but vanilla's all they got here. I've been past, and seen 'em dishing it out."

They ate it, standing at the high board shelf on which it was served. It was made of skim-milk and eggs and strong sugar, but they ate all their dishes held.

"My! see them folks drinking lemonade right on top of it," said Miss Scott, wiping her mouth; and Henry, looking at her a minute in slow consideration, bought two glasses of lemonade. She spilled some on her dress, and made much of it, shrieking and laughing and shaking it.

"You joggled my elbow," she declared, with a saucy ease that benumbed and entranced him.

Near at hand there were candy and pea-nuts, oranges, and pop-corn balls in colored papers, and when they turned back they each carried a full paper bag, and Henry had spent eighty cents.

"I don't know how we're going to eat it all up," said the girl, with a satisfied giggle; "I guess we'll have to *give* it away."

They sat down under a tree, aimlessly, holding their bags. "There's Mr. Fuller," she prated on. "He come over all alone in his sulky, and he might just as well brought a load. He's mean anyhow—mean and stingy. Gracious! look a' that!" Two girls precisely alike in every feature of their fat faces and figures, their white dresses and blue-ribbon-trimmed hats, walked solemnly past. "Oh yes, I know who they be. They're the Frink girls from over to Royalton. They're twins. I've heard of 'em. My goodness! you couldn't tell 'em apart to save your neck. Gracious! I'm glad *I* ain't one of 'em. I'd do *something;* I'd cut my hair off, or something, and I'd dress up just as different as I could; wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Henry, his blue mild eyes fastened immovably upon her.

The band stationed at the merry-go-round was playing loudly and clashingly.

"'Marching through Georgia'—pshaw!" said Miss Scott. "They'd better get something we hain't heard. There's lots riding in it, ain't there?"

"Do you want to ride in it?" said Henry; and Miss Scott nodded, with a simple "m-m." Henry himself was barren of entertainment, and her mind roved and craved.

It was a rude affair, its clumsy motive power a horse tramping around in the middle, the seats rough and shaky.

It was ten cents a ride. They climbed, up when it had stopped and refilled, and went swinging round. It had a loud creak, which sounded above the bluster of the band, and their seat jiggled. The grove's thickest population was here. There were many spectators, talking and laughing and eating, and the girl bridled with enjoyment of their regard. She fanned herself with her handkerchief, and then opened her paper bag and ate pop-corn and pea-nuts, and when the machine stopped she did not get up.

"That couple over there's been around two or three times," she said merely, eating contentedly on. They took three turns. Then they lagged back to their tree, arm in arm. Other pairs were under surrounding trees, sitting on shawls or buffalo-robes, or in buggies standing empty-thilled.

"Mercy! I should think 'twas hot enough to set on the ground," said Miss Scott as they sat down.

So far she had talked incessantly and serenely, but she suffered now a lowering of the heedless youthful spirits which had sustained her. She looked at Henry in sudden curiosity; he was sitting quiet, his green-lined hat on his knee, and looking at her. She was flattered by his unremitting admiration, but she was puzzled by its lack of product.

"You ain't much of a talker, be you?" she said. "Well, I guess I gab enough for two. Ain't you going to eat anything? *I* don't want to eat it all."

He opened his bag, and they ate in silence for a time. Here and there people were spreading cloths on the grass, and lugging heavy baskets from wagons.

"I s'pose they'll all be having dinner pretty soon," said the girl, looking around. "Our load's going to eat all together. Well, I've et so much stuff *now* I don't believe I could touch a thing." But she turned her eyes restlessly about, munching. "What *you* going to do for dinner?" she queried.

"I brought a little something," said Henry. He had brought some bread and meat and a boiled egg in his pocket.

Miss Scott searched the bags for the candy without further question. A few moments back, in her airy complacence, she would have asked him to eat dinner with their load, but the inclination that would have prompted it was subdued. She chewed her candy in silent wonder at him, and the displeasure which comes so easily to her age and kind, eying him covertly down his clean white length. Her mind, which had wavered between her first derision and her later respect, settled itself. She reflected that he could not say boo to a goose. Yet she could not account for his backwardness; no experience defended it. There was nobody within immediate sight, and guided by her crude traditions, with the matter-of-fact conceptions of them which robbed them of harm, she had looked for him to offer to hold her hand.

"Well, I believe I'm thirsty again," she said. "'Tain't much wonder, I've et so much."

"Do you want some water?" said Henry. Some idea of her dissatisfaction penetrated to his dizzied mind, and he spoke anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Scott. She got up, shaking the shucks and orange skins from her stained lap. "They've got watermelon up to one of the stands; I saw it."

He had not much money left, but he took it out willingly.

"I might as well go 'long," she said, following, her eyes roaming widely. "There's Miny Cone. Well, there's Dave and Gil. I *thought* 'twas funny where they'd gone to." She lingered, flushing and giggling. "Well, go on," she said, over her shoulder; "I'll wait here."

He hurried back, with two slices of watermelon on a piece of brown paper. But she was gone. He was perspiring with his haste and the extreme heat; the moisture rolled down his face; his collar was wet and wilted, and the melon dripped down his clothes. He stood, his legs close together, and stared at the place where he had left her, and a young fellow who stood watching broke into a guffaw. "Your girl's lit out," he said.

The woman whose horse he had watered came within range, driving a flock of children before her. "You had your dinner?" she called out. "Don't you want to come and set down with us? We got a plenty." And accepting his refusal, she brought back to him a cup of cold coffee, some cold corn, and a piece of cake. He sat down and ate it.

He had but five cents left, and his thoughts went back to Mary. A pop-corn ball was the most he could buy for five cents, and pausing in sobered reflection, he made a careful selection of one, smoothed its red paper around it, and put it safely into his pocket.

He started home late that afternoon, walking at the side of the road, down which the homebound picnickers drove in a long procession and a long, dense cloud of dust, which choked and covered him. One after another offered him a lift, but he tramped on, and, steadily covering the miles, turned through distant cross-roads, and left the last of the picnic behind him.

It was seven o'clock—eight. The heat of the day had gone with the sun, and the evening was coolly cloudy. He went through wild roads, meeting nobody, and across fields and through lanes, to shorten his journey; his feet and clothes were wet with the heavy dew. The chirping of far-off frogs and near crickets was all the sound, and the darkness grew. The stubbled oat fields, a belated hay-stack now and then, and the worn rails of the fences caught the last light, and the daisies and the white heads of wild-carrot came out like stars along the road-side.

Three miles from home he heard the slow tread of a horse's feet and a faint rattle, and Schraader's peddling wagon stopped as he came in sight. Mary was alone on the seat.

"We got home kind o' early, Henry," she said, "and I thought I'd drive along back a little ways and meet you."

He got up beside her, where she sat staidly, and then, looking at her for a moment, for the first time in their lives he put his arm on her shoulders and kissed her; and they drove on silently in the quiet night.

EMMA A. OPPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A NEW YACHT CLUB-HOUSE.

At a meeting of the New York Yacht Club, held last winter, Messrs. Ogden Goelet and Gouverneur Kortright were instructed to prepare for the yachtsmen belonging to this aristocratic organization convenient facilities for making landings from their yachts at Newport, Rhode Island. There had been for several seasons a general complaint among the yachtsmen at the absence of a satisfactory place to land there, and the result of the club's action has been the securing of a lease of a dock adjoining the Commercial Wharf of Newport, on which has been erected a neat two-story club-house, and the construction of two floats, where the yachtsmen leave and meet their small boats, thereby being free from the use of public wharfs and inconvenient landings. The new club-house was completed in the early part of this summer, and recent experience at Newport has shown its great convenience.

Newport has come to be a very popular Eastern yachting rendezvous, especially for the yachts belonging to the New York Yacht Club's fleet. Its harbor, which is one of the best in the East, together with its many pleasures ashore, is attractive to the yachtsmen who cruise eastward, and the days have been few this year when there were not anchored off the city a number of yachts flying the New York Yacht Club's colors.

In the establishment of this annex at Newport the club does not wish it understood that it has built what it considers a summer home, for the present outlay of $3000 has been merely for the convenience of its members and their friends. Its lease of the dock on which stands the club-house was taken for five years, with the option of a purchase at the expiration of that time, and there is little doubt that the property will be bought eventually if the yachtsmen continue to make as much use of the club-house as they have done so far this season. The house is attractive in appearance, is of itself thirty feet square, and is provided with two balconies looking out upon the harbor. Each story is given up to a room, the upper being arranged for the use of ladies, and the lower for ladies and gentlemen. Both rooms are appropriately furnished for waiting-rooms, and during the annual squadron cruise of the club, which ended August 17th, were at times places of great liveliness, when Newport's fashion was displayed in the make-up of yachting parties that gathered there to be taken off to the yachts. The club's flag is displayed from a flag-staff in front, and there is provided a flag-staff for signalling between the club-house and the yachts. All mail matter and communications to the yachtsmen belonging to the club are sent to the club-house, as are small packages. The only line in this direction is drawn on yacht supplies, which are usually carried to a float at the inner end of the dock, and transferred from there to the various craft.

Altogether, the New York Yacht Club is nicely quartered at Newport, and it is planning an unusually interesting series of races to be sailed there next month. The club has extended the use of the club-house to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, the Eastern Yacht Club of Boston, and several other clubs, for this season.

GEORGE CARD PEASE.

GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held at Milwaukee during the last week of August, is the twenty-third annual reunion of this great organization of Union war veterans. Its growth from a single "post," established in Illinois soon after the close of the civil war, to its present membership of hundreds of thousands, has been very remarkable. Its successive yearly gatherings of old comrades have been marked by undiminishing enthusiasm, and yet this year, for the first time in its history, the National Encampment was threatened with comparative failure, owing to the refusal of the railroads to make the desired reduction in fares for Grand Army men visiting it. Several of the Department Commanders, from whose States large delegations were expected at Milwaukee, combined to advise the members of the posts in their respective commands not to attend the Encampment unless the railroads should yield, and to be represented only by their accredited delegates. However, Major Warner, the Commander-in-chief, who was at the time engaged in his duties as a member of the Sioux Commission, which has met with so much success, promptly came to the rescue, and urged all Grand Army men in the country who could do so to gather at the Encampment as usual. This action of Commander-in-chief Warner has doubtless given him an enduring claim on the good-will of Milwaukee. It afterward turned out also that more favorable terms were obtained from some of the railroads.

But that prospect of decreased attendance had meanwhile been far from discouraging the people of the city, who evidently meant that nothing should be lacking on their part to make the Encampment both enjoyable and successful. A Committee on Quarters and Entertainment visited the hotels and boarding-houses, undertook a canvass of private families, to see where guests could be lodged and fed, and also made provision for the erection of tents and barracks. For the grand parade of veterans and sons of veterans, which is always a great popular feature of the National Encampment, an energetic committee was appointed, headed by Captain Charles King, now of the retired list of the regular army, and Inspector-General of Wisconsin. Among celebrities of whose presence the Committee of Arrangements was assured, besides Commander-in-chief Warner, were General W. T. Sherman, always a welcome figure among his old comrades, and General Rusk, the head of the Department of Agriculture. As an extra attraction for visitors, a sham naval battle was arranged to take place in the bay in front of the city. Secretary Tracy directed the *Michigan*, of the navy, to participate in this affair, and the presence of several of the government's revenue-cutters serving on the lakes was also secured.

The Grand Army of the Republic stands practically without a parallel in this country. Of our five military orders, the Order of the Cincinnati, the Aztec Club, and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion were founded by and composed of commissioned officers. The Association of Mexican Veterans resembles the Grand Army in taking in enlisted men, but of course it is wholly eclipsed by the latter in point of numbers. Everywhere the neat little "recognition button" of the Grand Army is seen, and since the great body of the people is still leavened by so large a proportion of veteran volunteers, it is not surprising that it should be an influential organization in public affairs. For that very reason, of course, it needs most careful and intelligent administration, so that it may not be perverted and made the instrument of selfish ambition. Its rules and ritual from the start denoted worthy purposes, so that its roll of membership might be a roll of honor, entitling the organization to the respect and gratitude of the country. And it is only just to say that in multitudes of instances the little G. A. R. button in the coat lapel is a badge of worthy citizenship in the present, as well as a token of patriotic devotion in the past. That the reunions of the Grand Army are watched with wide-spread interest is always evident, and even the eagerness with which, year after year, the choice of site for the next encampment is contested, indicates its strong hold on the people. So no doubt it will be for many annual gatherings yet to come, far along into the twentieth century.

Commander Warner's administration the past year has been very successful, the official report showing an increase of 59,012 members since 1888. The present membership is 413,328. Since the organization of the Grand Army, $1,957,000 have been expended in charity and relief. A portrait of Commander Warner is given in this issue, and one of his successor will follow in the next number.

THE WORLD'S FAIR PROGRESS.

Mayor Grant, on July 17th, issued a call to several hundred prominent citizens, requesting them to confer with him in the City Hall, on the 25th of the same month, on the subject of holding a World's Fair at New York in 1892 as a quadricentennial celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus. Those invited to attend included representatives of all trades, industries, businesses, and nationalities. The call was made in response to a manifest feeling on the part of the community that the time had come when the initiatory step should be taken in the preparation for the occasion which had already been widely discussed. It followed directly upon the presentation of a petition signed by many influential citizens. Simultaneously a special meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce, to be held on the same day as that of the conference with the Mayor, was appointed to consider the matter.

The number and character of the citizens who met at the City Hall on July 25th, and the unmistakable interest they took in the proceedings, showed that the metropolis had taken a firm grasp upon the enterprise at the outset. Men of affairs, of great wealth, and of busy lives, who seldom turn from their important private occupations to take part in public projects, heartily advocated the holding of the fair, and evinced a willingness to accept burdens of responsibility and of work in its behalf. No names could be selected which would better than theirs establish confidence everywhere in the genuine and substantial nature of the undertaking. The Mayor was made chairman of the meeting, and Mr. W. McM. Speer secretary. The formal motion that the World's Fair be held as proposed was enthusiastically and unanimously carried. Appropriate resolutions were adopted. One of these authorized the Mayor to appoint, after due consideration, committees of twenty-five members each respectively on Permanent Organization, Finance, Legislation, and Site and Buildings.

The preliminary action at the City Hall and that at the Chamber of Commerce were in entire harmony with each other, many members of the latter having been active at both meetings. The president of the commercial body selected a committee of sixty to co-operate with other organizations and with the public authorities in furthering the cause of the exposition. In forming the committees, which were announced on August 10th, Mayor Grant requested each and every recognized trade and industrial organization to choose its representative. Fifty-seven names were thus supplied him. He completed the list of a hundred by adding forty-three at large. The civic capacity represented by these committeemen is preeminent, and practically all appointed will serve.

The Finance Committee was the first to meet and organize, which it did on August 20th. In this body are Cornelius Vanderbilt, William Rockefeller, Jay Gould, August Belmont, and others of almost equal prominence in the financial world. It is thus exceptionally fitted to deal with its task. The committee unanimously chose Samuel D. Babcock chairman, and J. Edward Simmons treasurer. An Executive Committee of five was elected, and the choice of a secretary left to it to make. Mr. Jesse Seligman presented a plan for raising funds which met with general approval, though it was referred with numerous others to the Executive Committee, who are to examine all propositions and report. Mr. Seligman proposes that a company shall be organized with authority to issue $15,000,000 in stock, which shall be exempted from taxation, and yield annual dividends of two per cent. under the guarantee of the city. He estimates that $7,500,000 will be received in admission fees, and $1,500,000 from rentals. These sums and the buildings, which would be turned over at the close of the fair to the city, he thinks would fully protect it against all risk of loss. The stock, it is thought, under these circumstances, would be readily taken. Legislation, municipal and State, of course, would be necessary to enable the plan to be carried out. The discussion as to how money should be raised to pay for clerk hire, stationery, and other current expenses was terminated by the production of a check for $10,000 from Charles A. Dana to meet them.

The Site and Building Committee met and organized on August 22d. Mr. Charles A. Dana was elected chairman, and Mr. John Foord temporary secretary. An Executive Committee of seven was appointed to visit all the proposed locations available for a site, and submit the results of their examinations to the main body. A resolution was adopted authorizing the Mayor to invite Mr. D. Willis James, one of the committee-men, now in Europe, and others having facilities for so doing, to visit the Paris Exposition, with a view to securing information that will be of use to the committee. Thus far has the preliminary work relating to the projected fair proceeded. The present committees are not permanent ones. They are breaking the ground for the perfected organization which is to follow, and which will not be so entirely local in its composition.

Amos W. Wright.

A JAPANESE RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK.

The Japanese colony of New York found out last month that nearly every great nationality of the globe had one or more restaurants of its own in the metropolis, and with the patriotic energy which so characterizes their race, forthwith started just such an exquisite and dainty eating house as may be found in Yokohama, Tokio, or Nagasaki.

Unfortunately they could find neither the situation nor the building which they would have chosen at home for a first-class restaurant.

Though they chose as wisely as they knew, the place selected is not of the best. With a sublime disregard for fashionable society, the proprietors, T. Yatsmato & Co., picked out a store at No. 84 James Street, near Water, in the heart of that populous district which for forty years has been known to fame as the "Bloody Fourth Ward." On every side are huge tenements, whose ground-floors are devoted to the cheap retail trades, and whose every other part swarms with a mongrel multitude of Italians, Irish, Bohemians, negroes, Hungarians, and Roumanian Jews. Despite the poverty and squalor of the population, good-nature and order are universal.

Nothing on the outside of the building indicates the restaurant within. No sign-board nor card invites the passer-by in either English, Japanese, or Chinese to enter and satisfy the wants of the inner man. The great plate-glass window is curtained with a bamboo and bead portière which entirely conceals the interior. The plate-glass of the door is similarly covered. All that can be seen from the sidewalk is the faint outline and delicate tinting of a Japanese lantern which hangs from the ceiling just behind the window portière, and occasional glimpses of the bright-eyed and quickly moving attachés of the establishment.

It is a wonderful contrast to him who leaves the crowded street and enters the restaurant. The dining-room is long, narrow, and high-ceiled. A quiet paper covers the walls, which are ornamented here and there with peculiar Chinese banners, Japanese straw hangers, and abominable American chromos. Clumsy chairs and little tables covered with white oil-cloth are arranged on either side of the room. Everything is delightfully cool, clean, and fresh-looking. The floor, walls, and ceiling are innocent of dust or débris.

The proprietor, cook, steward, and waiter are Japanese of the purest type. They dress neatly in American clothes, and wear their hair and sparse beard in regular New York style, but in manners, gait, carriage, and appearance are genuine children of the Orient. They speak English fairly well, using the low tones, the half-intonation, and the musical inflection so common to the languages of the East.

And the dinner? Worthy of any of the great *chefs* of Paris or of New York. The cooking is marked by odd but pleasing ethnic peculiarities. For centuries the food of the Japanese was chiefly cereals, vegetables, and fish, meat being unfashionable, and seldom if ever used.

With the civilizing of the empire of the Mikado, or rather the Americanizing—for, strange to say, that land has adopted the Yankee as the type of all human excellence—there came a change in the national menu, of which the more striking elements were the introduction of bread and pastry, and a vast relative increase in the use of animal food. The Japanese menu of to-day is about half-way between that of the past and that which obtains in the homes of our wealthy people and in the better class of our restaurants. The dinner opens with little slices of dried, smoked, or salted fish, served with bright-colored vegetables. This course is very similar to the one served at the same point on Italian tables. The next dish is a fish soup, which ought to be adopted in our own land for its delicious and wholesome qualities. It is made from a stock like our soups, but with the difference that the Japanese cook makes a stock exclusively from fish, as we do with meat. The cheaper mild-flavored fishes are boiled for days, until all the gelatine and soluble elements are extracted by the hot water, and nothing is left but mere skin and bone. These are strained out, leaving a heavy, transparent, yellowish brown fluid of a very grateful flavor and great nutritive power. When served, it is brought on in a bowl in which have been placed a well-steamed fillet of blue-fish, weak-fish, or salmon, two or three boiled tree-mushrooms, and such spices and other condiments as the *chef* may fancy.

The third course is fish, roasted or broiled. It is served unbroken on a handsome platter, and decorated in a manner altogether Eastern. The favorite style in this respect is to fill one corner of the dish with little blocks of omelet, either plain or highly seasoned; a second corner, with a pile of spinach, with which have been cooked minute pieces of radish skin, carrot, or beet, to give a contrast in color; a third corner, with radishes cut into curious shapes that display the crimson of the exterior as well as the white within; and the fourth, with mushrooms, *ma-taix* (an exquisite Eastern esculent), or truffles. This dish when served is a perfect poem in color. The fourth course is an *entrée*, either of fish cooked something like the *boullibaisse* of Marseilles, or of meat, poultry, or game as with us.

It is followed by diminutive fish or meat dump-



DIDN'T GET THE MONEY'S WORTH.

Minister. "Uncle Peter, you have never paid me the two dollars for marrying you, and it's over a year now."
Uncle Peter. "I knows I hasn't, sah, I knows I hasn't. But I wah gwine ter set yo', Mistah Goodman, if yo' cuddent negotiate fo' er reduction. Yo' see de lady 'tained er divorce las' week, an' it 'pears ter me, sah, dat payin' out two dollars fo' er weddin' ceremony dat only lasted one year, am mo'n it's worth—deed it am!"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A JAPANESE RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 707.]

lings, of which the enclosing dough is hardly as thick as cardboard, and the spiced filling has been chopped into almost a pulp. The roast that succeeds is the ordinary American article, though originally it was a baked stuffed fish. Vegetables accompany the various courses, but in a very empirical way, the waiter forever removing one and bringing on another, without rhyme or reason. Besides those familiar to Western palates, are pickled carrots and soused beets (both of which are charming in appearance, but mawkish if not nauseating in flavor), tree-mushrooms, yams, bamboo tips, Chinese potatoes, and watermelon seeds.

Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese in New York serve no alcoholic beverages with their meals. At home the rule is the opposite, the very poorest using the reeking and powerful liquors known as *saki* and *samshui*. Like the Chinese, they use no water, employing tea in its stead. This, under the present administration, has attained an excellence as high as that of the finest crops of Oolong and Pekoe.

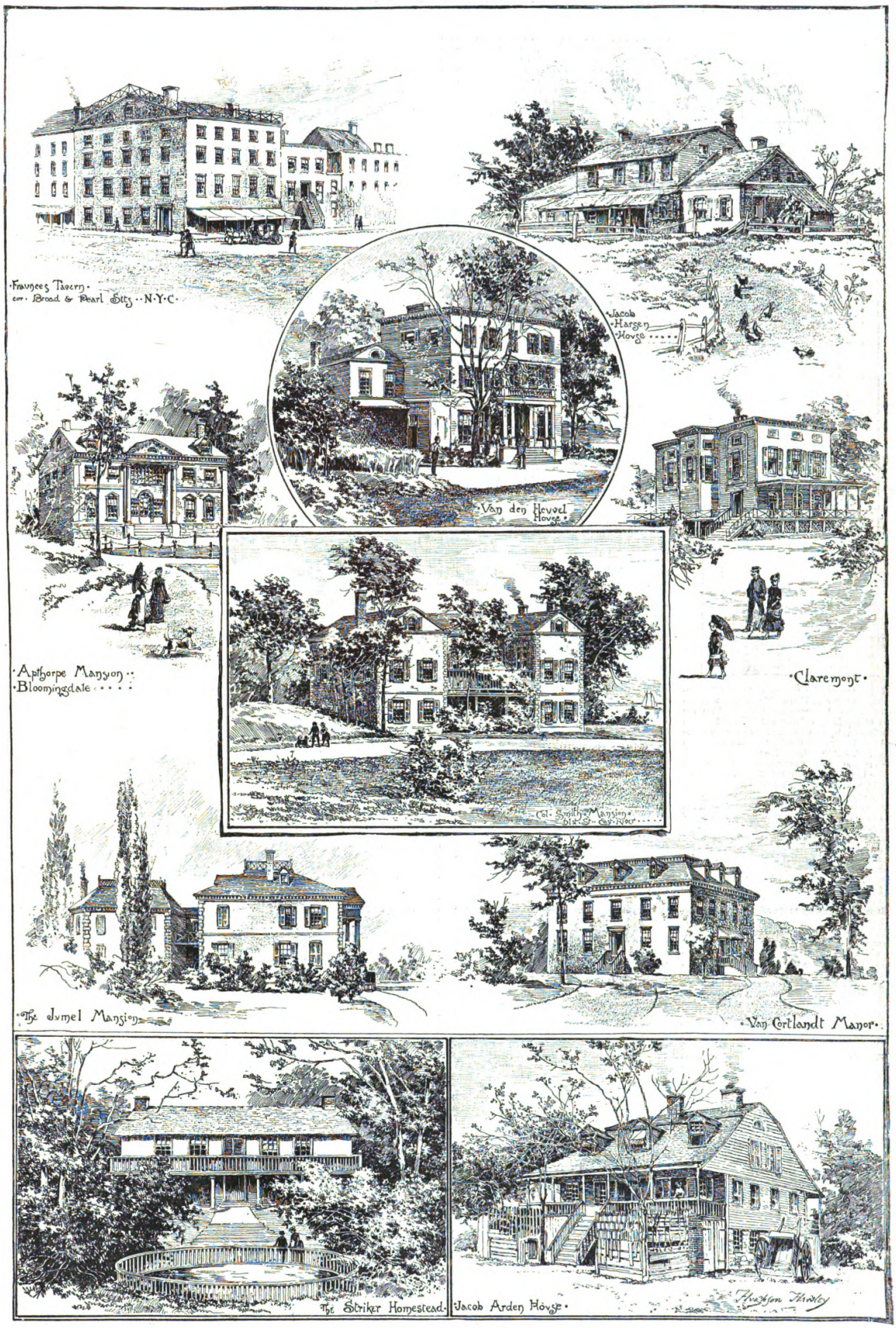
The table-ware deserves especial mention. The knives, forks, and spoons are silver plate and of the best American make. It is only thirty years since these articles were almost unknown in Japan, the chopstick and the china spoon being the only table-ware employed. The china and porcelain are altogether Oriental in appearance and character. The teacups are wide and shallow, with brims that, instead of being flat, curl up at one point into a graceful apex, and on the opposite side sink down into a delicate V-shaped hollow. Both inside and out, beneath the colored glaze, are the whorls made by the potter in "throwing" the cup. The glazes vary in color, not only on the cups, but on all the pottery of the table. The prevailing tints are greenish grays and grayish blues, but every shade of the spectrum is called into use. No matter what the colors employed may be, the general effect is subdued and very beautiful. The relief is still further enhanced by the white oil-cloth or damask table-cloth.

The service of the soup is very curious. The waiter brings a bowl to each guest which is ovoid in shape, about six inches in diameter and five inches in height. The top is channelled, and is covered with a closely fitting lid, almost saucer-like in appearance. The guest removes the cover and lays it alongside the bowl, using it as a receptacle for fish bones, vegetable stems, or animal cartilage. When the course is over, the waiter seizes the cover, and with a swift turn of the wrist replaces it on the bowl, throwing into the latter with the same movement the débris it contains. The soup bowls and covers are ornamented with handsome designs in color and gold, and are often beautiful enough to be included in a collection of bric-à-brac. They are made thicker than most of the ware intended for table use, in order to retain the heat of their contents. The platters are usually parallelograms with the corners cut out into scallops or waved curves. They are similar in general shape to those used on American tables, but more graceful in outline, and far more artistic in color and decoration. The sauce dish is another object in which the Japanese artist is at his best. It is a globular vessel with a short spout, which would pass muster as a doll's teapot. The curve is a three-centred oval, such as was used in the famous Etruscan vases, and the ornamentation of the surface in color and metal is remarkably rich and impressive. It contains a sauce about identical with the Chinese *se-yu*, or the East Indian *soy*.

All of the table china in the Japanese restaurant makes a pleasing contrast to that usually employed by our own race. Its color, shape, and decoration vary infinitely, but are always restful and agreeable to the eye.

Last of all, but of equal interest to the reader, is the fact that the Japanese favor economy and low prices. A superb meal with them costs not more than a quarter of what it would under American or European auspices. From first to last their dinners are good, delightful, and very cheap. William E. S. Fales.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HISTORIC NEW YORK HOUSES.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 711.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

TERMINAL FACILITIES OF NEW YORK.

(*Continued from page 696, Supplement.*)

in 1885, will represent the conditions of to-day with approximate closeness:

Name of Road.	Total Track in and Under	Track Yards.	Area of Yards Extent of Miles.	Area of Piers.	Covered Floor Area.	New York Shipping Covered Floor Area.	Yard Engines.	Locomotive. Pas-sen-gers.	Locomotive. Freight.	Locomotive. Switch-ing.	Power. Average Number employed in Yards, Sta-tions and Lighters.	Power. Average Coal consumed daily.
	Miles.	Miles.	Acres.	Sq. ft.	Sq. ft.	Sq. ft.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	Tons.
New York Central and Hudson River Railroad	98	98	83	450,000	320,000	250,000	14		12	40	1,300	110
Pennsylvania Railroad	200	200	177	2,000,000	800,000	800,000	15	40	15	50	1,600	200
New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad	49	20	70	250,000	300,000	150,000	15	15	15	55	1,000	150
Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad	50	44	74	600,000	540,000	.....	15	.....	.....	.....	300	50
N. Y., W. S. and B. Ry. and N. Y., O. and W. Ry.	34	12	80	600,000	450,000	100,000	9	8	8	55	800	70
Total	430	374	434	2,900,000	2,000,000	880,000	68	63	44	250	4,700	450
Cost per mile, dollars	10,000	....	52,000	6.80	1.00	6.00	5,700	25,000	9,000	2,100	2,000	3,000
Representing millions of dollars capital	2,000	....	20,000	1.600	2.200	5.400	0.600	1.100	0.396	0.105	0.800	0.900

There are various rumors as to proposed operations similar in character to the new enterprise of the Baltimore and Ohio road on the part of the Lehigh Valley and Philadelphia and Reading roads, but these are at present too vague to be seriously considered. Bills are before the New York and New Jersey Legislatures legalizing the erection of giant railway bridges from Constable Hook, the outer point of Bayonne, to New Brighton, and from Perth Amboy to Tottenville, at the other end of Staten Island. The sanction of Congress could, of course, be easily obtained, and in such case there would be direct railway connection with the magnificent Staten Island water front by three routes—more than sufficient to accommodate all railways which might wish to here locate their terminal facilities. It is more probable, however, if late reports can be trusted, that one or both of these railroads will find terminal facilities in connection with the new plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

It is not necessary to describe with fuller detail the present terminal facilities of the roads which find the river and bay a barrier between them and New York city. The floating service by which they obviate this Rubicon is enormously expensive, not only to the railroads themselves, but is a serious tax on the commerce of the port. We have been so long accustomed to it that we rarely stop to think how cruelly it handicaps the transaction of business. Yet we shall see that many keen-sighted and public-spirited men have long been weighing this problem, and devising means to lift the incubus. None of the railroads terminating on the New Jersey shore, except the West Shore, at present has elbow-room for its operations, aside from the inconvenience of such a terminus under the most favorable conditions. The terminal facilities of the New York Central road are fairly adequate; but that great corporation, if rumor can be trusted, foresees the early arrival of the period when its traffic will have outgrown the present business conveniences on the shore of Manhattan Island, which are located on the river front from Fifty-eighth Street to Seventy-second Street. The tremendous aggregation of freight yards, shops, piers fitted with all the appliances of facility in loading and unloading, docks, elevators, etc., would seem to promise capacity up to any limit of expectation. But when we study the future by the past, and measure by the swift growth with which New York has rivalled for the last quarter of a century the pace of the most ambitious Western cities, it will be seen that we must build for the future, not merely provide for the present.

In the strict technical sense, terminal facilities apply only to the receiving and delivering accommodations of our great common carriers. But these are so intertwined with methods of transshipment, of storage, of final delivery, so related to the elevators and warehouses of Brooklyn, and to the dock system of our two great water fronts on Manhattan Island, that the various features in the grand whole cannot be separated.

Excluding the railroad elevators (New York Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania railroads), there are thirteen of these huge appliances of commerce to transact the business of our port located on the Brooklyn water front, and perhaps half a dozen small elevators on the Hudson River front. The celerity and certainty with which the elevator does its work is little less than wonderful. In Liverpool, one of the greatest grain marts of the world, a cargo is literally *handled*; here it is treated entirely by machinery. Grain is made to flow in and out like water through a service main. It is received, weighed, graded, cleaned, and screened, stored in measured bins, and delivered again in fixed quantities and qualities with an exactness which makes no blunders. Certificates are given for the amount and grade, negotiable, like stocks and bonds. It is this that makes institutions like the New York Produce Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade such weighty factors in business—not merely in the legitimate operations in grain on hand, but in that fascinating game called option-dealing, or gambling in "futures." The grain certificate will always command the precise grade and quantity it calls for and at an hour's notice. Indeed, two-thirds of the business done on the Produce Exchange today is of a purely speculative character, this being one of the unavoidable evils of the elevator system. Nearly all the elevator business of our port is controlled by the Brooklyn Grain Warehouse Company, a combination formed about a year ago to prevent the cutting of rates, and to fight the pending battle against the canal interest. Its capacity of storage is 18,000,000 bushels, and its concentration of capital only inferior to such institutions as the Standard Oil Company and the Sugar Trust. In addition to the stationary buildings devoted to this purpose, there are between thirty and forty floating elevators, which may be tugged from point to point in connection with loaded barges. Though nominally not under the same management, many of the same parties are interested in both. In fact, as has been before indicated, the elevator and warehouse systems are practically one in their community of advantages to be gained. The region of the Brooklyn warehousemen, both for grain and miscellaneous storage, extends from Erie Basin to Catherine Ferry. The amount invested in these huge structures and subsidiary wharf accommodations is about $25,000,000; their capacity about 1,100,000 tons; the value of the goods stored in 1888, $200,000,000, representing 68 per cent. of the commercial deliveries of the port. The Atlantic and Erie basins are by far away the most convenient and completely arranged of any location in the port of New York for the entertainment of shipping, for the quick and happy despatch of their business. So crowded and jealous is the occupancy of docks and piers on the Jersey City and New York water fronts—these being mortgaged for exclusive use by different corporations—that the tramp steamer, by no means a trifling fact in our commerce, is inevitably driven to Brooklyn for hospitality. The result of the great warehouse system and the superior dock facilities in the sister city is that the east side of the port has acquired an undue relative importance, which imposes a heavy tax on commerce by the necessities of transshipment, storage, and lighterage. It literally tyrannizes over the commerce of New York. The great railroads (with the exception of the New York Central) are obliged to maintain extensive freight accommodations alike in New York and Brooklyn as well as in Jersey City, and a costly fleet of transports to make the connecting links. It may be said, then, that Brooklyn, in the strictly technical as well as in the larger sense, furnishes an indispensable section of the terminal facilities of the port, under the present ordering of our commercial system.

The importance of Brooklyn storage makes itself evident at a glance. New York city is so wretchedly supplied with warehouses that it cannot accommodate twenty per cent. of its own business. The so-called bonded warehouses on Manhattan Island are a most absurd travesty, a pint cup provided to hold the contents of a cask. It is not only in the case of products designed for transshipment, but in merchandise held for immediate sale, that the Brooklyn warehouse is an imperious necessity. Dry goods from coarse cotton cloth to the most costly silks and velvets, groceries from molasses and sugar to the choicest teas and wines, crockery, glass-ware, hardware—in a word, nearly every article of use or luxury finds storage-room on the other side of the East River. The New York merchant carrying a large stock of goods finds it less expensive to keep his surplus in Brooklyn than in New York. Many of the leading hotels, even, retain their wines in store there till they need them for immediate use. It is only those who have had occasion to look carefully at the facts who appreciate in the least the importance of the Brooklyn warehouse system to New York commerce; and yet how much that system adds to the expenses of doing business! Why this cumbersome and disjointed feature in our business machinery, involving the costly operations of lighterage and trucking to an extent which embarrasses trade, should exist is an interesting problem. A study of the New York water front and its relations to the Dock Department will throw some light on it.

This most important bureau—a part of our municipal administration, however, less known and discussed by the general public than any other branch—was created in 1871. Previous to this time our city Solons had regarded the water front property as being of such trifling importance that anything like a systematic plan of improvement to meet the current and future needs of commerce had never been conceived, or, if so, it had been regarded as the notion of some reformatory crank who forgot that the proper business of the city legislator was to harvest money out of his office. Sales, grants, and leases had been made by the city to private individuals in a most reckless fashion, rights made over with little or no restriction of terms, and giving the purchaser or lessee a license which he could use without regard to public welfare. With the creation of the Department of Docks a new era date had sprung up armed and threatening to confront reform. Instantly that the Department began work, private selfishness showed its teeth, and injunction suits were instituted to prevent the city from curtailing so-called private rights. This has been one of the most serious difficulties which the Department has had to meet in carrying out its ideals. The decisions of the courts, however, based on the fundamental law of "eminent domain," have been in favor of the Department; and it is now believed that they will be so much less trammelled by these vexatious interferences that their work will go on with more rapidity.

The new plan of docks and piers formulated under the supervision of General George B. McClellan, who was the first engineer placed in charge, was of a comprehensive character, most creditable to the skill of its projector. On this scheme the improvements of the New York water front have been made and will be made, subject to some modifications, till it is finished and a continuation of improvement becomes necessary. The plan extends from the Battery to Seventy-second Street on the North River, and from the Battery to Grand Street on the East River. It contemplates a roomy marginal street along the water front; such as may be seen from Canal Street to West Tenth Street, for example, 250 feet wide on the west side of town, and from 200 to 150 feet on the east side. On account of the narrowness of the strait and the swiftness of the current, 500 feet will be the practicable limit for pier length on the East River. This front will probably be confined for many years to come to the commerce of the smaller class of vessels. The principal energy of the Department is being given to the North River front, where is now concentrated the major portion of the commerce of the port, carried on by great ocean steam-ships, the transportation companies, and the larger river, sound, and coastwise vessels. The essentially important part of the plan covers about five miles in length from the Battery to Fifty-eighth Street, and on this the energies of the bureau will be concentrated till it has accomplished its purpose. The pressing necessity of consummating the proposed reforms is shown in the fact that the demand for wharfage room increases in geometrical ratio far beyond ability of supply. This may be said of both river fronts, but the East River will have to wait for the more important stream. When the new plan for the North River, as now formulated, was laid out eighteen years ago, the improvement of property for immediate commercial purposes diverted thought from the claims of the future. By that plan the water-line on the North River between West Eleventh and West Twenty-third streets was made a long bulkhead, or sea-wall, about a mile in length, without piers. The river at this part is so narrow that if the piers are built out into the stream there is danger that the forty-foot channel of the river running closely to the city water front would be deflected to the Jersey shore, and transfer the shallows now on that side to the shore of Manhattan Island. The present engineer-in-chief, Mr. Greene, to obviate this difficulty, has proposed a change in the McClellan specifications. He urges that West Street, 250 feet wide, shall be extended from West Tenth Street to West Twenty-third Street, excepting, of course, the blocks on which the New West Washington Market stands. This plan includes the excavation of the new-made land west of the street, such property to be bought by the city. In other words, instead of piers being extended, docks will be cut into the city front. This will give an addition of nineteen large piers, two large half-piers, and two small piers, increasing our wharfage-room twenty-five per cent. beyond that of the original McClellan scheme, and yielding to the city a revenue of $800,000 per year. A bill to authorize this change in the primary plan is now before the Legislature, and its passage is almost a foregone conclusion.

It will be seen that the intelligent work of improvement on our water front has only been in progress for eighteen years, and that during this time the energies of the bureau in charge of the work have been crippled and partly wasted. Our water front has never been in a condition to warrant the organization and building of a great warehouse system in the city of New York, and will not reach that stage till the plans of the Dock Department are carried out. This first step achieved, the rest is an easy problem, which New York energy and capital will promptly solve. The warehouse cannot exist to advantage except in immediate contiguity with the best wharf facilities. It is easy, then, to see why New York has been forced to go to Brooklyn for storage, in spite of the toll her commerce has to pay for the accommodation.

The fact that a New York warehouse system must needs be built *ab initio*, and will not be a piece of patchwork and compromise, is favorable to the best conditions of success. West Street and the lateral blocks, which now present a curious and disgusting spectacle of groggeries, cheap dives, junk-shops, sailor hotels, Hebrew old clo' shops, etc., will be swept and garnished from the rabble camp-following of Mammon, and dedicated to the nobler temple uses of that much-abused deity. With ample pier and dock room, a congeries of magnificent fire-proof warehouses on West Street, with its great marginal width, would become almost inevitable. These could be multiplied to almost any extent to suit the needs of business. An elevated freight railway on West Street, immediately connecting with the warehouses, and with short lateral branches running down to the end of each pier, would probably be an essential part of the system, and furnish the cheapest and swiftest mode of transfer. In this way the two important factors, storage and shipment, would be joined, and an immense saving to commerce effected, as well as to mere convenience and symmetry of business. Whether the project can be made successful of bringing railway trains into New York by a Hudson River tunnel is still an open question, though with the chances largely in favor of its probable achievement. The enterprise was prosecuted vigorously for several years, and finally halted for lack of funds. It is now officially stated that the bonds have been so freely taken in London as to insure more than all the capital needed. If this is the case, and the engineering difficulties prove no more difficult than is now supposed, it is believed that nothing will intervene to prevent its conclusion before the projected World's Exhibition in 1892. The terminal point then of the great trunk lines using the tunnel would be near Washington Square, and just west of the New York Hotel. The third partner would then be added to Storage and Shipment, and the friction of business reduced to a minimum in the city of New York. The terminal facilities of our port would in such a case get themselves crystallized on a labor-saving and money-saving plan near to ideal perfection. One may venture to add in passing that such a readjustment of the currents and methods of trade would reform more than one minor difficulty. The great stores devoted to heavy business would probably gradually leave Broadway and go to the warehouse region. The tremendous congestion of the heart of the city would be relieved, and the reign of that foul-mouthed potentate of the street, the truckman, would be contracted to humble limits, even if he were not absolutely dethroned. We could very well afford to miss the picturesque tumult and confusion with the frequent street jams and the unique blackguardism which the king of the dray and the truck delights to shower on his brothers and on the innocent pedestrian at his royal will. The cost of the present necessities of trucking on land is not less heavy than that of lighterage on the water. Some philanthropist might raise such an outcry as Apollo evoked from Midas when he gave him a certain famous present, at the thought of taking the bread out of the mouths of a large class of workers. But the gains would more than satisfy the public, and the loss would not make them unhappy. The business of a big city is like the fulness of the ocean: one cannot make a hole in it, as it instantly fills the gap. No class is ever thrown out of work without soon finding a place by readjustment.

To whatever extent reformation in our business system enlarges the facilities and conveniences of Manhattan Island, and perfects the smoother running of all the machinery of work which can be crowded on its water fronts, the inevitable growth of population and business will always make the Brooklyn and Jersey shores of great value to the business of the port, though their relative importance may be lessened. The recent developments on Staten Island, in which Mr. Erastus Wiman has taken the initiative to such good purpose, also promise great things. This island will become the terminal point of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and it is more than likely that other roads will follow the lead. There is a project on foot to bore a railway tunnel underneath the Narrows, and thus open direct rail connection between the West and New York's Brooklyn suburb. This, as an engineering plan, can be accomplished with very little difficulty, and at a cost, it is claimed, of less than $6,000,000. Its importance to Staten Island and Brooklyn, indeed to the whole port of New York, in lightening terminal charges on such products as wheat, would be a very considerable item in the equation of values. Still another project proposes a double suspension-bridge over the East River at Blackwell's Island, adequate for railway trains as well as wagon and passenger traffic. This, however, would play such a subsidiary part in perfecting terminal facilities at this port that it is barely worth mention in the present connection. But as a part of the complex terminal machinery of the harbor of New York, we can no more omit the consideration of the warehouse system, alike present and in its probable evolution, and of the docks and piers of Manhattan Island both now and in the early future, than we can omit canal-boats and grain elevators and freight yards.

The statement of the fundamental principle that the expensive links between receipt of products, their local distribution and storage, and final transshipment or delivery, must be cheapened, and as far as possible removed, is a mere axiom. It needs no proof. Let us, then, condense the main points of this survey.

First, as to facts:

A. The Erie Canal is for seven months of the year the inevitable regulator of the prices of transportation from the West to the Atlantic seaboard. Everything that decreases its burdens and increases its capacity, if accomplished without wounding other important interests in more than equal ratio, is a public benefit.

B. The only great railway possessing terminal facilities in New York is the New York Central. The other trunk lines are cramped within insufficient space on the New Jersey water front, and transact their terminal business only by the *addenda* of ferry-boats, steam-floats, and lighters, an enormously costly plant, the interest on the value of which, plus the current expense account, drains the commerce of the port like a blood-sucker.

C. The railroads are now being driven to seek new terminal outlets in self-protection which will facilitate their business methods, and enable

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

them to cheapen the expense of the last link in the chain of final delivery.

D. The grain elevator and storage system located on the Brooklyn water front, however necessary now to the present conditions of business, can easily be made to divert traffic from this great *entrepôt* by overcharges, temptation to which is enhanced by the peculiar topography of the city and harbor.

E. This class of terminal expenses intervening between first delivery and final distribution or transshipment must be reduced as far as possible, without working injustice to those who have capital invested in warehouses and elevators. In other words, this capital, either by law or by the forces of competition, must be forced to content itself with moderate profits, or it will become a danger to the commercial supremacy of our port, especially as a grain-exporting centre.

F. The New York water front on both rivers, until eighteen years ago, was suffered to remain in a condition most unfortunate for our commerce and disgraceful to the energy and enterprise of the city. The essential need of New York is that the systematic reconstruction of our docks and piers should be driven forward as rapidly as possible, and that the Dock Department should be sturdily sustained in its efforts by our commercial organizations and by public opinion.

G. The connection between the terminal facilities of canal and railroad, lighterage, grain-elevating methods and storage, and the wharfage facilities of the port, where products must finally be delivered for transshipment, is so vital and sensitive that they constitute really one great problem.

Secondly, as to generalizations justified by facts:

A. The subjugation of the Staten Island water front for commercial and terminal purposes now begun is the first of a series of movements which promises to revolutionize the capacity and convenience of the harbor in fulfilling its great destiny. The building of huge warehouses and elevators at the terminal point, or the possible extension of a through railway route to Brooklyn by tunnel, will bring freight-car and storage facilities, and perhaps steam-ships, together, which is at least a partial answer to the business sphinx.

B. The alleged initiative of the Pennsylvania Railroad in laying out a great plan for terminal facilities, warehouses, deep-water basins, and ample wharf accommodations at Bayonne, if it be true, as seems almost certain, is another most important stage of progress in the direction indicated.

C. The consummation of the plans for the improvement of the New York water front will make possible the erection of the finest and most perfectly equipped warehouse system which can be ordered by commercial science. If by the tunnelling of the Hudson River the establishment of ample terminal facilities in the heart of New York is settled, all the conditions will be complete for pursuing the transactions of commerce with such a minimum of friction and expense as to defy competition. Manhattan Island, then, with its adjuncts of Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Jersey City, will have found itself victorious in utilizing the great advantages given by the topography of the harbor and in overcoming its defects, though the latter will cost a great many millions.

The practical, hard-headed thinkers who guide the wheels of trade in New York have been growing more and more alert to great commercial problems. That involved in perfecting terminal and shipping facilities is one of the leading, perhaps the greatest, of these problems. That the full solution is far on its way to meet us seems probable, almost certain. That solution will make New York the greatest commercial city in the world.

HISTORIC NEW YORK HOUSES.

NEW YORK had its "class" distinctions almost from the first settlement, and in the days of the First Presidency the families of the patroons, merchants, and professional men represented an aristocracy as clearly defined as that of Great Britain, and based upon the same foundations—pride of ancestry, service to the country, or education. There was no place for "wealth" in the ranks of New York society of those days unless accompanied with all the refinements that the civilization of the day granted. These people lived well, dressed elegantly, and built themselves city and country homes in accordance with their means and position. The homes erected by wealthy New-Yorkers of the latter part of the eighteenth century were all substantial as well as elegant structures. That they were substantial is shown by the condition of the dozen or so of architectural relics that are still standing in the city. That they were elegant is to be seen in these same old relics, as well as in the many pictures of colonial residences that have long since given way to "business progress," which term is one of the modern definitions of utilitarianism.

The New York business man has been indulging in retrospection of late, his thoughts turned backward by reason of the recent centennial celebration. He has heard much about this house that entertained Washington within its portals; another that sheltered Hamilton, Livingston, and Knox; and that hospitable mansion where Mrs. John Jay was wont to entertain the republican court so often during the first years of Washington's administration. "Where are they?" he asks. Gone, all of them, or almost all.

Of the thousands that daily pass the intersection of Broad and Pearl streets few realize that in the dingy and disfigured building on the northeast corner, occupied now by plumber, barber, and German saloon-keeper, occurred one of the most affecting and impressive scenes that closed the war of the Revolution. It was here that Washington bade a sad farewell to his officers, the trusted men who suffered in privation and misery with him through the long dark struggle that resulted in the establishment of this glorious republic. "They builded better than they knew." Fraunce's Tavern. The name had a resonant sound, and its keeper, Sam Fraunce, a French creole from the island of Martinique, was a character in his way. He waxed fat and prosperous on the custom of the roistering British officers during their occupation of New York; but after the declaration of peace, things did not go so well with Sam. The citizens were forced to the closest economy by reason of the stagnation of business after the long war, and Sam's business dwindled down to very small proportions. General Washington had stopped with him long enough in 1783 to become well acquainted with the possibilities of his skilful manipulation of the basting spoon and larding knife, and when the General returned to New York in 1789 to assume the executive office, Sam was installed as steward to the first President. Washington had a high appreciation of the good things of the table, but was both methodical and economical in his expenditures; and so when, in the spring of 1790, Sam proudly served the "first North River shad of the season" one morning, the General promptly inquired its cost. "Two dollars," blandly replied Sam. The General refused to countenance such extravagance, and ordered the fish from the table. Sam retired to the kitchen with his prize, and there swallowed his chagrin by making a hearty meal off the shad himself. Fraunce disappeared from public view after Washington's removal to Philadelphia, but the old tavern that knew him for twenty-five years remains, a historical memory, and a monument to the honesty of builders and masons in the days before the Revolution.

Passing St. Paul's Church, that old familiar pile, sacred alike to religion and history, the next oldest structure in the city, of authentic date, is the Van Cortland Manor-House, near the extreme northern limits of the city, and now embraced within the territory recently acquired by the Park Commissioners, and to be known as Van Cortland Park when improved. The house was built in 1748 by Frederick van Cortland, who inherited the estate from Jacobus van Cortland, his father, Mayor of New York from 1710 to 1719. Jacobus van Cortland came into possession of the property through his marriage, in 1691, to Eva, daughter of Frederick Phillipse, of the famous Phillipse Manor, and whose domain extended over the larger portion of Westchester County. The house is distinctively colonial in its architecture, and the only one of that order among all the old ones left. Built of red sandstone from the Hudson River quarries, and trimmed with limestone granite from the neighboring quarries of Westchester, its broad front, facing the south, presented a pleasing contrast to the monotony of most houses of that period. The house was right in the heart of that "debatable ground" made memorable by the antics of the "skinners" and "cow-boys," whose guerilla warfare and depredations on friend and foe alike during the Revolution are part of the "history in fiction" so grandly depicted in Fenimore Cooper's work *The Spy*. The property has always remained in the possession of the Van Cortlands up to the time it was taken by the city for park purposes, and to this day some of Frederick van Cortland's direct descendants are residing in the old Manor-House.

Of the old domains that this story treats of, the only one that remains, directly or indirectly, in the possession of the family by whom it was built, is the Striker homestead. It is beautifully situated on the sloping bank of the Hudson about where West Fifty-second Street would run were it cut through to the river. Shut off by a high board fence from the gaze of passers-by, and surrounded on three sides by tall factories and tenements, one would hardly look there for a remembrance that carries the mind back about one hundred and forty years, when all New York above the present City Hall Park was a succession of wooded hills, here and there interspersed with farm-houses and country-seats of wealthy city merchants. The house, just as it stands today, excepting some trifling alterations, was built in 1751 by John Hopper, the great-grandfather of its present owner, James Alexander Striker. The walls are of hewn stone, three feet thick, covered in with clapboards, and are apparently as sound to-day as when built. In its architecture there was not much elaboration, the builder confining himself to the simple but substantial Dutch-English style then prevailing. The parlor and dining-room are spacious, extending the whole depth of the house, and fitted with those low seats in the embrasured windows that made such cozy courting coverts for the old-time lovers. During the lifetime of General Garret H. Striker, who was a veteran of the second war with Great Britain, the home-stead was the scene of many a gathering of brilliant men and minds. General Winfield Scott, Henry Clay, Millard Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and others of that brainy coterie spread their legs many a time under General Striker's hospitable mahogany dining table, which his son, James Alexander Striker, carefully cherishes in his modern home on West Fifty-second Street, near Eighth Avenue.

About the year 1760 a little collection of cottages, one store, and a tavern were grouped together on the Bloomingdale Road (now the Boulevard) about where West Seventieth Street intersects. The embryo village was known as Harsenville, and the name is to be found on some of the ancient maps of the city and its environs. Jacob Harsen, or Haerson, was the lord of the little hamlet, and to him, in his big farm-house on top of a neighboring hill, some distance back from the road, the village paid tribute. Harsen raised *kraut und betel*, which he marketed in the city; though he could not have raised very bountiful crops on his forty acres or so, for if it is to be judged by what is left of the original domain, its rocky and sterile surface would not give sustenance to a dozen of the goats that abounded thereabouts a few years ago. However, Harsen had built him a fine house for that section then, and it is still standing, but in a woful state of dilapidation. The house can be traced back to 1760, and was probably built some time before that. It was substantial, like most houses of the time, and if looked after with ordinary care, would still be in a good state of preservation. It is situated on a slight eminence about one hundred yards back from the Boulevard, between Seventieth and Seventy-first streets. The house has the typical Dutch roof, but part of the portico that reached across the front has fallen away. The walls beneath the boarding are of rough stone, and very thick. In the west wall of the house is a great hole, said to have been made by a round shot from the British frigate Asia, when she sailed up the Hudson at the beginning of the Revolution. That the property had a very substantial money value is evidenced by the tax list of 1790, in which Jacob Harsen is assessed $8000 on "his farm and house in Bloomingdale." This represented a very tidy investment in those days, and it was sufficient to make Harsen's descendants of to-day all wealthy people. What is left of the original property now belongs to the Halstead estate.

On the west of the Boulevard, between Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth streets, stands a big white house with Corinthian pilars extending to the eaves. It was built by the Governor of the Dutch colony of Demerara, Van den Heuvel by name, about the close of the Revolution, but exactly in what year is not certain, although the house was taxed in 1790 for $20,000. The house, inside and out, is substantially the same as when erected, excepting that the attic, with dormer-windows under a Flemish peaked roof, has been changed into an additional story with a flat roof. This change, made about forty years ago, while, of course, making more room in the house, destroyed its architectural beauty, which must have been considerable. The house was intended by the Dutch governor for a summer retreat from the fevers and tropical heat of Demerara; and when he arrived in New York to commence its erection, he brought with him in his own vessel all the material of which it was to be constructed, down to the smallest detail of internal fittings, excepting only the stone for the walls, which was quarried on the west bank of the Hudson. He brought, besides, about fifty of his own slaves, many of them skilled artisans; and these, it is said, performed the entire labor of building and fitting up the great house. Even the elaborate carving on the hard-wood mantels is said to have been done by slave labor. All the doors, window-frames, and joiner-work inside are of Spanish cedar; and so well seasoned was the wood, and so faithful the work, that the doors and windows fit and move as smoothly in their frames as if it was modern work done but a month ago instead of being over one hundred years old. The outer doors, of black oak, are held suspended on hinges two feet long, and almost heavy enough to withstand an ancient battering-ram. Some of the Dutch tiling about the fireplaces would be considered a treasure in many a modern house of wealth. Taken altogether, this old house, in solidity of workmanship and faithfulness of detail, is probably the best specimen of interior finish that exists in America. The cost of such work on an interior to-day would be within reach of only the longest purse, yet it cost this gruff old Dutchman only the sailing of his ship across from the shores of Dutch Guiana and the maintenance of his retinue of slaves. Every year thereafter, until about 1812, he spent his summers in this beautiful house, sailing up the Hudson to a point opposite the residence, and there disembarking his family and slaves. He also brought a shipload of coffee, indigo, spices, and other tropical products, which were readily disposed of to the city merchants. The governor was a surly, unsociable old person, and was left pretty much to himself during his periodical residence here, and this is possibly the reason that his name does not appear in the social annals of his time. One of his daughters married John Hamilton, son of Colonel Alexander Hamilton, while another married a Schermerhorn, and became the mother of the late Mrs. John J. Astor. A constant visitor to the house of the governor was a courtly gentleman, one M. Louis, tutor to the Somerindyke children, in a neighboring mansion. This gentleman, after the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, returned to France, and after the revolution of 1830 ascended the throne, his heritage, as Louis Philippe. After Van den Heuvel's permanent departure from the country the house changed hands a number of times, finally being purchased by John J. Astor, who now owns it. A school was held in the basement of the old house, with James Wilson as master, about 1820 to 1825. Wilson, in poking about the attic, came across an old red uniform coat of some British soldier; this he put to odd usage. When one of his pupils misbehaved, the punishment for the refractory one was an hour's stand in the corner, attired in the red coat. The disgrace of this punishment was more efficacious than the terrors of the birch rod, for in those days a part of the daily lesson of every American child was execration of the red-coated Briton.

Hidden behind a row of flats on Ninth Avenue, between Ninetieth and Ninety-first streets, is the old Apthorpe Mansion. Much has been said of it lately, but little that has been said is true. Many pictures have been printed of it, but very few of them faithful. The house is a most excellent example of an English country residence of the last century. Pleasing to the eye in every way, consistent in its proportions, there is nothing distinctive or remarkable in its architecture. Charles Ward Apthorpe was an English gentleman of refinement and culture who lived for a number of years in America prior to the Revolution. He built the mansion at Bloomingdale in 1767, and there resided until the close of the war. He was a member of Governor Tryon's Colonial Council for more than twenty years, and being an ardent loyalist, after the peace of 1783 all his property, both in New York and Massachusetts, was confiscated by an act of the Provisional Congress; he removed to Nova Scotia, and there died. It has been said that Washington made this house his head-quarters during the time that the British and Continental armies were skirmishing in and about Harlem Plains. This is incorrect. Lord William Howe and his staff occupied the Apthorpe Mansion, while Washington and his officers were quartered at the house of Colonel Roger Morris, some three or four miles above. Washington was not again in that neighborhood until the war closed. Manifestly, the story that Nathan Hale here planned his expedition into the ranks of the enemy is equally incorrect, for had Hale reached this house he was far within the enemy's lines already. The mansion has passed through many vicissitudes since it was abandoned as a private residence. Colonel Jonathan Thorne was the last occupant as well as owner; but for more than twenty years, and almost up to date, the proud old mansion has been an adjunct to a German beer-garden, and relegated to the spirituous and bodily wants of the members of such organizations as the "Original Hound Guards," etc., and to whom it was popularly known as Elm Park.

One hundred years ago Claremont's history commenced in the shadow of a mystery. To-day its history continues in another shadow, the shadow of General Grant's tomb. Shortly after the close of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain, Lord Courteney, who afterward became the Earl of Devon, quietly came to New York and built the house which was then, and ever since has been, called Claremont. There was some deep mystery in Lord Courtney's taking up his residence among the then recent enemies of his country, and this has never been explained. Lord Courteney furnished the house in most elegant style, and filled it with works of art, which he brought from Europe. He was a bachelor, and during his residence here was visited by Mr. and Mrs. St. Claire Pollock and their child. During their stay the child died, and was buried, at Lord Courteney's instance, at the edge of the bluff overlooking the Hudson immediately opposite the house. A tasteful monumental urn marks the spot where the child's remains lie, and shares, after General Grant's mausoleum, the interest of all visitors to that part of the beautiful Riverside Park. Lord Courteney returned to Europe about the close of the last century, and the estate was purchased by Dr. Wright Post, a wealthy and eminently successful surgeon of those days, and one of the first members of the faculty of Columbia College Medical School. Dr. Post occupied Claremont as a country-seat for a few years, and then leased it to "Uncle" Ned Jones, a famous tavern-keeper of his time, who opened a public-house there about the beginning of the present century; and it has been such almost continuously since. The house is practically the same now as then; the only changes made were necessary to adapt it to the purposes of a house of entertainment, though the lively blades of ninety years ago would hardly recognize, in its modern and tasteful appointments, the place where they used to gather and toast their fair friends first and General Washington next. The property remained in the possession of Dr. Post's heirs until it was taken by the city in 1873 to be a part of Riverside Park.

The Jumel House is surrounded with clustering memories of war, love, and litigation. Its commanding situation, on the high hill just below High Bridge, has long made it a landmark in upper New York, and its history was made familiar to the last generation by reason of the twenty years of litigation over the estate to determine the legitimacy of Madame Jumel's only child. The house was built in 1763 by Colonel Roger Morris, who was one of the Morris family of Monmouthshire, from whence came Richard Morris, who established the Manor of Morrisania in 1670. Roger Morris married, in 1758, Mary Phillipse, of Phillipse Manor, on the Hudson, one of the most beautiful women of her day, and to whom, it is said, young Colonel Washington paid most assiduous court before he met the widow Custis. Colonel Morris fought with Washington through the French and Indian war. He was also a member of the Governor's Provincial Council, and after the Declaration of Independence, adhering still to the Crown, he cast his lot with the British army. After the war closed, Congress confiscated his property, and he returned to England with his wife, where he died in 1794. After the disastrous battle of Long Island, when Washington was compelled to abandon the city, he occupied the Roger Morris house as his head-quarters while carrying on his operations in and about Harlem Plains and Washington Heights. The assumption that Washington's choice of this mansion as his head-quarters was dictated by a sentimental wish to be in the home of his early love, Mary Phillipse, is very improbable. The mansion's commanding situation offered an excellent view of the surrounding country, and the enemy's movements for miles around, in any direction, could be seen from the roof. After Washington's retreat across New Jersey, the mansion was occupied for a time by the Hessian General Knyphausen. It then seems to have met the fate of so many others of New York's handsome suburban homes, and became, for a time, a tavern, kept by one Talmage Hall. During its career as a public-house it was visited by Stephen Jumel, a wealthy Frenchman, who afterward bought it, and carried there as his wife the beautiful but frivolous Polly Bowen, of Providence. The life of Jumel thereafter was not passed in a bower of roses. His wife had smiles for all men, and particularly for the charming and brill-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

iant Aaron Burr, who was often a guest at her home. Jumel died, and Burr took up his home with the widow. He did not marry her, as some historians have it; he had promised to do so, but was as false to her as he had been to every man or woman that ever trusted him. Madame Jumel lived on for many years, and her death was the signal for a bitter litigation that occupied the courts for twenty years. The estate, now worth millions of dollars, is all cut up into small parcels, and sold to real-estate speculators and others. The old mansion itself is doomed.

The home of Park Commissioner Stevenson Towle is in the venerable old mansion on East Sixty-first Street, near Avenue A. The foundations of the house were laid in 1779, and it was finished after the close of the Revolution by Colonel William S. Smith, who was secretary to the first American Legation at London, where he married Abigail Adams, the only daughter of John Adams, first Vice-President and second President of the United States. Colonel and Mrs. Smith were prominent figures in New York society during Washington's official life here as President, but Mrs. Smith was a woman of independent thought and character, and chafed under the conventionalities imposed by her station in the ranks of the first society of the republic. When Colonel Smith bought this estate and completed the mansion, he conceived the scheme of dividing the whole property into plots, and making it a suburban village of elegant residences, to be occupied only by the best people of the city. To this end he built his own house, and spent money upon it with lavish hand. His scheme was too far in advance of his time, and failed, almost, if not entirely, bankrupting him, and he retired, much to his wife's pleasure and relief, to the unconventional and prosaic life of a Long Island farmer. The house, after Colonel Smith's retirement, became known as "Smith's Folly," and for many years after the name stuck to it.

There is an old house at the foot of East Fifty-third Street, standing just at the base of the old shot-tower on the river-bank. This house is a perfect and unqualified example of Dutch architecture two hundred years ago. That the house was well known in 1770 is established by the public annals of the city. In that year the property was known as Spring Valley Farm, and extended from the East River to the Boston Road (now Third Avenue), and from Fifty-first to Fifty-fifth streets. The house is one story and attic, but looks now, as viewed from the street, like a two-story and attic house. This is because the grade of the street is about eight feet below the original surface of the land, thus presenting the foundation walls, which abut on the street, as being apparently another story. The walls are of stone, covered in with clapboards, and of tremendous strength. The cross-beams supporting the first story are of hewn oak, and fully one foot through in breadth and depth. The roof starts from the eaves of the porch, on one side sloping gradually upward about ten feet higher, and then rolling gracefully over the peak and down the other side. The old house has passed through the hands of many owners since Dr. Arden's time, including Jacob Odell, John Ewell, James McCullough, Henry Brevoort, Harman Leroy, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Richard S. Clark, to whose estate it now belongs.

AN UNREASONABLE HOSTILITY.

Some very enlightening statistics regarding the railroad system of the country have been published within the last few days, and though synopses of them have been printed in the daily papers, with a great variety of comments, their usefulness has not yet been exhausted. This year the extensive compilation of data relating to railroads by Messrs. Poor, in the twenty-second annual volume of their *Manual of Railroads*, has been supplemented by the first report of Secretary Henry C. Adams, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. One of the strongest impressions made by a careful study of the two compilations is that very little if any real basis exists for the popular hostility to railroads. The figures of the development of the system show that its growth has more than kept pace with that of the nation, and the inference is inevitable that by keeping constantly in advance of the actual demands upon it, our railroad system has been largely responsible for the rapid opening up of the country, and its consequent increase in wealth. At times the eagerness of railroad managers to occupy undeveloped territory has worked severe hardship to those who have backed such enterprises, but in the end the country has, as a rule, been the gainer. To indicate the status and growth of the system a few figures are necessary. Its present mileage, according to Mr. Poor, comprises 156,000 miles of road. That is nearly one-half of the total railroad mileage of the world. Nearly four-fifths of this mileage has been constructed since the close of the war in 1865.

In view of the frequent denunciation of the railroads on the ground that their capitalization consists largely of water, the following figures are of value. No dividends whatever were paid last year upon 61.44 per cent. of the total stock, and no interest upon 21.69 per cent. of the aggregate bonded debt of the railroads. It is useless to deny that the total par value of our railroad securities is largely in excess of the money actually expended in constructing and perfecting the railroads. If the issue of securities upon railroad property had always been gauged by the amount of cash paid in, some of the lines that have proved of great value to the community would have failed to obtain adequate backing when it was essential they should have it. It is generally conceded that the risk incurred in constructing railroads, as well as the energy required, entitles promoters to something more than the usual rate of interest. Moreover, it frequently happens that the men who are principally responsible for the success of such undertakings furnish very little of the money, but all of the other factors that are essential to the creation of wealth, and the only way in which they can obtain the legitimate reward of their labors is by an issue of securities that shall represent what they have contributed toward making the property. Of course this principle has been grossly abused, and that is the reason the term "water," as applied to railroad capitalization, has acquired such great popularity. Nothing is surer in general business than that a fictitious valuation cannot be permanently maintained, and the figures cited above would seem to indicate that the earning power of the railroads had determined the value of whatever of "water" there may be in their capitalization. The fact that the patrons of the railroads contributed nothing last year toward dividends and interest on over 3200 millions of railroad securities, may be regarded as evidence that a good deal of the "water" has naturally found its level.

Two other sets of figures make the point under consideration even clearer. They relate to the prices paid for railroad service and the return that the business makes upon the capital invested in it. With the enormous growth of the system the last quarter of a century, rates, especially for freight service, have constantly declined, so that last year the railroads received on an average only a little over six-tenths of a cent per ton per mile against 2.9 cents in 1865. The reduction is 79 per cent., and means that the railroads now receive only $21 for service similar to that they performed twenty-five years ago for $100. The dividends paid on railroad stocks have also decreased steadily, but most rapidly during the last six or seven years, the average of the payments having been 2.91 per cent. upon the entire capital stock in 1882, whereas last year it was 1.77 per cent. A comparison of groups of railroads, classified according to the territory they traverse, shows that the regions that are most severe in their political treatment of the railroads are better supplied with them in proportion to their population than more liberal communities, pay a less rate for their service, and, as might be expected, the investors in those roads receive a much smaller return than the average.

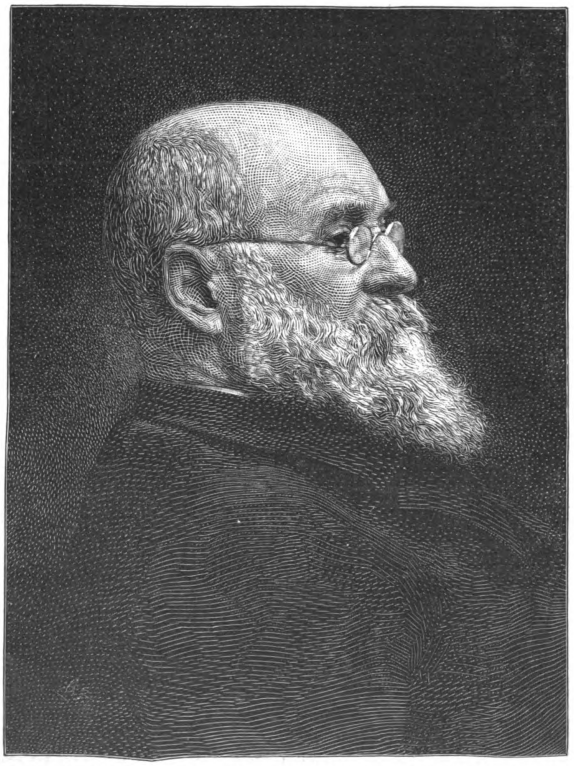
The development that has received the greatest attention in business circles during the week has been the gradual hardening of the money market, until yesterday the legal rate for call loans was reached on the Stock Exchange, and it was maintained to-day. The result has been a little flurry in stocks and, what is much more serious, a practical withdrawal of lenders from the market for commercial paper. The Treasury situation remains as last week. Its apathetic attitude toward the business community is beginning to be felt, and if persisted in may result in serious damage. Every other circumstance affecting commercial activity is all that could be desired. A possible exception may be claimed to cover the newest phase of the railroad situation west of Chicago. Fortunately the chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission is giving his personal attention to the wild and unreasonable efforts some of the companies are making—notably the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern—to compete for through business with the lake routes and the subsidized Canadian roads. The Inter-State Commerce Law is sufficient to prevent a renewal of rate troubles among the Granger trunk lines, if it is enforced.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Friday, August* 23, 1889.



MR. SAMUEL D. BABCOCK, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON FINANCE OF THE EXPOSITION OF 1892.—From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 707.]



MR. CHARLES A. DANA, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON SITE AND BUILDINGS OF THE EXPOSITION OF 1892.—From a Photograph by G. C. Cox.—[See Page 707.]

BE MERCIFUL TO YOURSELF,

And heed the appeals for assistance put forth by your liver, when the organ is out of order. Among these are distress in the right side and through the right shoulder-blade, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, furred tongue, sour breath, sick headache, and, above all, irregularity of the bowels. The mercy you extend to the afflicted organ is wisely shown by a prompt course of medication with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of alteratives, and the hepatic gland early reciprocates the deserved attention by resuming its secretive functions actively and regularly. Among the accompanying good results are renewed digestion, freedom from headaches, and a resumption of activity of the bowels. All bilious symptoms disappear, and appetite and sleep improve. Beneficent are the effects of the Bitters in malarial disease, kidney disorder, rheumatic ailments, and nervousness.—[*Adv.*]

A Brooklyn physician says: "I frequently prescribe Nicholson's Liquid Bread, always with entire satisfaction as to its results."—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever.
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies who have tried Cornell's Benzoin Cosmetic Soap will use no other. All Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilative process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alterative that can be found for old and young.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1707.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



DRIVING ON THE BEACH.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 719.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

NEW BOOKS.

Published September 6, 1889.

A HISTORY OF THE KANSAS CRUSADE: its Friends and its Foes. By ELI THAYER. With an Introduction by the Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

MAN AND HIS MALADIES; OR, THE WAY TO HEALTH. A Popular Hand-book of Physiology and Domestic Medicine in accord with the Advance in Medical Science. By A. E. BRIDGER. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION, No. 6. Two Hundred Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. Selected by J. P. MCCASKEY. Royal 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

CAPTAIN POLLY. By SOPHIE SWETT. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00. (*Harper's Young People Series.*)

THE PRINCESS LILIWINKINS, and other Stories. By HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

CHILDREN OF GIBEON. A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. In Library Edition of BESANT'S Novels.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1707.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND "THE NEW SOUTH."

IT has been supposed that the development of industry and the growth of enterprise in the Southern States would lead to a more friendly disposition toward the Republican party. During the campaign of last year, when it was urged as an argument against the permanence of an extreme protective policy that even HENRY CLAY regarded protection only as a temporary expedient, it was alleged in reply that the industrial interests of the Southern States are now in the very nascent condition for which he demanded protection. Protection, it was urged, is now especially the policy for those States; and in pursuance of this conviction it is announced that a Republican crusade will be undertaken through those States, and a multitude of eminent orators will expound the Republican policy of extreme protection as the true interest of "the new South." There is undoubtedly a more positive protection feeling there than ever before. It has existed for some years. Judge KELLEY, in his Southern journey, saw that it would naturally grow and become stronger. The argument drawn from the situation, therefore, for reviving the Republican party in the Southern States is very plausible, but the party has not seemed to profit by it. It is most desirable that the normal political condition of parties representing national policies should be restored throughout the country, and as the Republican party contains so much of the characteristic intelligence and impulse of this part of it, the prosperous increase of that party in the Southern States would be a welcome sign of a natural and healthy political situation. This is so obvious that a wise use of the opportunity would be a test and proof of Republican statesmanship. If the party which represented the controlling sentiment during the war should appear in the Southern States as the party of what seemed to intelligent Southerners the true interests of those States in peace, it would be, apart from all views as to the economical soundness of the policy, a happy political event.

To secure this result, the party, of course, should appear in the best possible light. Its spirit should be represented, its policy advocated, and the party organization effected in the Southern States by men of unquestionable personal and political character, ability, and fidelity. To a party which has accomplished so much, another great opportunity seems to have been offered. How has it been improved? A party is practically judged, not by its professions, but by its chosen agents and by its conduct. The Republican party first presented itself to its old antagonists in the Southern States by "carpet-baggers." Of that epoch it is unnecessary to speak. Since it ended there has been little life in the Southern Republican party. But a new effort is now to be made, which begins in Virginia. It opened with an appeal of the National Republican Executive Committee urging friends of protection in Virginia to co-operate with General MAHONE; and in order to commend Republicanism, symbolized by General MAHONE, to the sympathy and support of Virginians, the appeal was signed by M. S. QUAY, whom the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune* have arraigned in the party name for misconduct; by J. S. CLARKSON, the headsman of the Post-office Department, and appropriator of the *Voice's* subscription list; and by W. W. DUDLEY, author of "blocks of five." The force of this appeal, supported by the political reputation of these gentlemen, has been deepened by the action of a Convention, assembled under the auspices of General MAHONE, which has nominated him for Governor upon a platform of further readjustment, not payment, of the State debt, and a high tariff. Upon other points the two parties apparently agree. Both declare for the remonetization of silver, repeal of taxes on tobacco and fruit brandies, State pensions for disabled Confederate soldiers, a national education law, native labor rather than foreign, and both have nominated ex-Confederate officers. The Democratic Convention, as we state elsewhere, has also declared that white supremacy is an issue which takes precedence of all others.

Does this course promise well for the prosperity of the Republican party in the Southern States? Were Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, DUDLEY, and MAHONE well-chosen representatives of a party which desired to put its best foot forward? Are they prepossessing forerunners of the orators of the Republican League who, if some gentlemen whose names we have seen mentioned should go into the Southern States, would naturally address themselves to intelligent and thoughtful citizens? General MAHONE'S political career has inspired neither respect nor confidence in this part of the country, and there is no evidence that he has any large following among intelligent citizens in Virginia. The most that can be said for the situation in that State is that the Republican platform upon all the issues really involved in the election is no worse than the Democratic. But both MAHONE and the platform are far below the old Republican standards. He is virtually a repudiator, and his platform includes a policy which the Republican party formerly denounced as bad faith, and which, in the form of a bill, a Republican President vetoed amid general applause. There is obviously no reason why any Virginian protectionist of Democratic sympathies should prefer to vote for repudiation under a Republican rather than a Democratic candidate. Certainly, so far as honest government is concerned, there is no reason to suppose that Republicanism will seem to any honorable Southern citizen more respectable when represented by MAHONE and State repudiation than by the carpet-baggers. The eminent Republican orators who are to advocate Republicanism beyond the Potomac will find themselves compelled to say whether General MAHONE symbolizes Republican character, and State repudiation Republican policy. They must also be able to point out what connection there is between demagogism and dishonesty and the Republicanism of LINCOLN, SUMNER, and ANDREW.

THE STATE CONVENTIONS IN NEW YORK.

THE Republican and Democratic State Conventions in New York have both been called. The former will meet at Saratoga on the 25th of September; the latter at Syracuse on the 1st of October. The Republican call invites all who support the national platform of 1888; the Democratic call invites all who favor tariff revision upon the principles advocated in 1888, and all who are opposed to unequal and oppressive sumptuary laws. This last allusion is the only one especially pertinent to the canvass in New York. The tariff is not a State question, but the license question is. The Democratic call is addressed substantially to the opponents of high license. It was issued under the auspices of Governor HILL, and is designed to placate the liquor interest. But a simpler phrase, such as low license, or no license, or such license as Governor HILL approves, would have been more easily understood by those whose votes are solicited by this declaration. It is an off year, and the circumstances would seem to favor a contest upon the license issue. But that is not the whole situation. Last year the issue was raised, but it was complicated with the greater issue of the tariff, and the result signified little so far as license was concerned.

This year the election is complicated again with the question of the Senatorial succession. Mr. EVARTS'S term expires next year, and the Republican managers are really more interested in that question than any other. They are afraid of the license issue as affecting the German vote, or, under the circumstances, they would have brought it forward prominently as the Democrats have done. The two party chiefs in the State, Governor HILL and Mr. PLATT, both wish to control the Senatorial succession. But Governor HILL feels much surer in bidding for the liquor vote than Mr. PLATT in appealing to the temperance vote. The Governor, therefore, has given a positive hint to the platform makers in his Convention, but Mr. PLATT hints negatively by silence. The Governor is very confident that the Irish vote does not approve sumptuary laws, and Mr. PLATT undoubtedly suspects that the German vote is of the same mind. He evidently thinks it wiser to rely upon Republican principles in the abstract and upon the national platform. Perhaps, also, he chooses to leave something to the Convention.

But the views and action of the Governor and Mr. PLATT do not change the situation upon this subject. The Republican course has not been that of a high license party, but at present it is only from the Republican party that high license measures can be reasonably expected. The Democratic cannot be an effective license party because of the consequent alienation of the liquor interest, which it cannot afford to lose. As Mr. GRIFFIN has constantly shown, the valuable temperance legislation has been generally, although not always, enacted by Republicans. In New York, at least, no man who wishes to see some effective restriction of the sale of liquor will either wait for a prohibition amendment, or expect it from Democratic legislation. If it be said that the Republican Legislature is very lame in this race, the reply is that a horse lame in three legs is better than one with no legs at all. The business of the voter in the New York election is not revision of the tariff, but reform in the license and ballot laws. It is his duty to make the best of the situation, and to get as much as he can for the causes that he has at heart, and which depend upon State action. The success of the Democratic party in a liquor alliance such as this call implies would be a very serious misfortune. Its defeat might not secure such legislation as we ought to have, but the result for the license cause would be very much better than the ratification of such an alliance at the polls.

THE GREAT FAIR OF '92.

THE most comprehensive and valuable suggestion yet offered in regard to the World's Fair of 1892 is that of Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON. He proposes that instead of a mere huge bazar heaped with the miscellaneous contemporary productions of all countries, the Fair shall be a vast illustration of the historic progress of civilization as shown in the application of invention and science to the pursuits of peace. Here is a definite central idea for the organization and adjustment of the exhibition. Modern times may be said in a general way to have begun with the invention of gunpowder and printing, and these great forces were but recently known and as yet were undeveloped when COLUMBUS discovered America. This fact Mr. ATKINSON bears in mind. He conceives of a proper exhibition upon a scale so magnificent as that which is proposed, not as the Greatest Show on Earth, but as a comprehensive and imposing history in visible forms of the spiritual tendency which underlies the material advance of civilization. He would have the Fair illustrate the interdependence of men and nations, and their power to serve each other in all the arts of peace that "make for plenty." In a word, without saying it, Mr. ATKINSON would have the American World's Fair illustrate the thought of the greatest poet of the time in the poem which more than any other is this expression of the dominant faith of this century:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

This seems to be a suggestion as valuable as it is timely. If indeed the enterprise is commercial only, and contemplates merely a greater Fair of Novgorod; if the aim is to have the Paris Exhibition of this year writ larger, a higher tower of Eiffel, more buildings upon more acres, and larger heaps of wares; if mere bigness is to be the purpose—Mr. ATKINSON'S suggestions are superfluous. Bigness is undoubtedly imposing, and those who do not go to Paris this year will be glad to see the Paris Exhibition repeated upon a larger scale in New York in 1892. But a great fair like that in Paris should inspire not only a bigger one, but a better one. Every such occasion is instructive, not only in the actual articles which are exhibited, but in the general conception of the scope and possibilities of such an occasion.

By all means let the American exhibition, merely as an exhibition, surpass that of Paris, or of London, or of Vienna. But also let its motive, to use a word familiar in musical composition, be finer. The Green Vaults in Dresden are piled with extraordinary treasures, but they form a bewildering mass of splendor. Let us have the treasures, but have them well ordered, and serving not only to delight the eye, but to quicken the mind. When we are looking at the triumphs of French and American gold-workers, let us see also how BENVENUTO worked. Let us see how our skill surpasses his, or whether, on the other hand, he had an art which we have lost. "My general idea is," says Mr. ATKINSON, "that either by way of examples, of pictures, of graphic illustrations, and of figures, one and all combined, so far as may be, the exhibition should show the progress of modern art and industry from the prehistoric type, or from the type of 1492, down to the present day." No man in the country is better qualified to advise upon such a point. He was actively connected with the Philadelphia Centennial Fair of 1876, and he largely directed the plan of the great Atlanta Fair, and this experience, with his knowledge of industrial art and its history, makes him a very competent counsellor.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

GAMBLING AT SARATOGA.

THE prosperity of American gaming-houses lies in the silence of the press. The whole business is "shady." It is generally done at night in seclusion, and is in no sense public. But it is in every sense a public concern. All the conditions and circumstances, the silence and secrecy, of gaming-houses imply a consciousness of guilt. They are in a much greater degree the screens of the saloon. All such pursuits which shun publicity are self-convicted. They are, moreover, in the case of the gaming-house, violators of the law. But when they defy publicity, when the usual American rule of seclusion and secrecy is broken, and, as in Baden-Baden and Homburg and Monaco, they invite public attention and custom, they reveal a condition of public acquiescence in their existence and activity which is very significant. This seems to be somewhat the situation at Saratoga, where the *Union* has been waging open war upon the offenders, and its fusillade has produced some remarkable statements from citizens of the village, as well as from the proprietors of the gaming-houses. Such places are described as necessary incidents of a summer resort of the larger kind. People who have plenty of money come, it is said, to amuse themselves, and if they wish to spend their money or to throw it away in gambling, why not, and whose business is it?

The proprietor of the chief gaming-house in Saratoga is reported in the *Union* as saying:

"It is now nineteen years since I first came to Saratoga and purchased an interest in the club-house with the late Mr. MORRISSEY, whom I succeeded here shortly before his death. I am now sole proprietor of this property, and own nine-tenths of the race-track, of which I am manager, an investment representing $400,000 of capital, and one requiring constant care and attention. During all that time I have taken an active part in every public movement for Saratoga's advancement and improvement. Though I do not pose as a philanthropist, I enjoy the respect and esteem of my neighbors, especially of those prominent as property owners and business men. The race-track and the club-house, as you know, have for two generations been identified with Saratoga as leading features of the resort, as attractions to which it certainly owes much of its popularity among wealthy people. I do not say that without the race-track Saratoga would fall into decay, but lots of other people tell me so, and will tell you so. Men who slave in business all the year round come here for a few weeks in the summer to seek relaxation and a change in a frolic. Many of them tell me that they find such wholesome recreation in roulette and the races as no other mode of enjoyment affords them."

This gentleman, who does not assume to pose as a philanthropist, and who enjoys the respect and esteem of his neighbors, adds, "I know I am outside the pale of the law," and he holds that stock gambling is quite as bad as roulette. Betting on the rise and fall of stocks or on a horse-race may be as bad as betting upon the numbers in roulette, but the law makes the last a felony, and such a law springs from a deep public conviction, founded upon experience, that it is an evil which should not be tolerated. It is none the less an evil because other things which may seem as bad to those who are pecuniarily interested in gaming-houses are not branded as illegal. Nor is it less an evil because the law, like the law restricting the sale of liquor, is not always enforced, or because its violation is condoned by the sentiment of a public apparently interested in the violation. In places like the German and Continental spas, where gambling is a recognized pursuit, the prosperity of the shop-keeping population, and consequently of the most active and demonstrative citizens, is felt to be dependent upon it. There is no law against it, and local public opinion approves it.

But such places are sores upon the body politic. The inevitable consequences of the establishment of gambling-houses, as of rum shops, are fatal to decent communities. In Newport "the tiger" has been always confined to the darkest lair. As Saratoga becomes identified, like Wiesbaden, with gambling-houses, its character as an American community must necessarily suffer. More and more it will draw to itself the most disreputable and dangerous classes, and it cannot escape the consequences. This is plainly perceived by the more intelligent and self-respecting citizens of the town, who wish neither to expose their children to the contamination of a gambling resort, nor to see their town decay under such a blight. The evil has now become flagrant, and the situation will test the town. If the protest end in a mere newspaper sensation, it will be for the reason that public disapproval is not positive enough to press the matter to trial, a situation which seems to be indicated by the fact that, despite the law, the gaming-houses openly drive their trade, while apparently no legal complaint is made, nor is the law in any way, by any citizen or association of citizens, invoked against the offenders.

PENSIONS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

AN extraordinary decision has been announced from the Department of the Interior to the effect that a dishonorable discharge shall not be a bar to the receipt of a pension. Why not? Do we pension dishonor? Are we grateful to a swindler as to a brave soldier? It is alleged that such a decision is in accord with the law. That may be true of a possible interpretation of the law, but it cannot be true of its purpose or spirit. Pensions are granted to soldiers disabled in the line of duty, as monuments are erected to brave soldiers upon the field of their bravery. But no American soldier was braver or more effective in any battle of the Revolution than BENEDICT ARNOLD in the final struggle with BURGOYNE. Should we therefore build a monument to ARNOLD at Saratoga? No previous service can condone his crime or commend him to respect. How then can the good service of a Union soldier obliterate dishonorable discharge?

Are the pensioners under dishonorable discharges to be re-rated also, and their claims made special and "expedited"? It is now stated that the re-ratings and other devices will increase the pension payments during the year by some millions of dollars. If service pensions are added as a new policy, and if dishonorable conduct is to be no bar to them, the surplus will be effectually reduced without tariff legislation of any kind.

Meanwhile there is a kind of pension in a private company which is worthy of public note and regard. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has a relief association to provide for the expenses of accident, sickness, and death among its employés. It now proposes, if the employés agree, to pension disabled and incapacitated employés, and to contribute $50,000 to the fund for the purpose. This is liberal and wise. But does anybody think that those who have been dishonorably discharged from the service of the company ought to be pensioned by it?

WHITE SUPREMACY.

THE Virginia Democrats declare in their platform that white supremacy in the State is paramount to the tariff or any other consideration, and certain foolish white people in the Southern States have suggested a boycott of Mr. WANAMAKER the merchant because of the appointment of colored postmasters by Mr. WANAMAKER the Postmaster-General. When a similar boycott was attempted upon a Philadelphia merchant, MORRIS HALLOWELL, in *ante bellum* times, unless he "shut up" his antislavery views, he remarked that his goods, not his principles, were for sale.

This declaration of white supremacy and the resentment at the appointment of colored postmasters is set off by the burning in effigy of a white postmaster and revenue collector by colored voters in North Carolina as a protest against an exclusive white supremacy, and by the words of a journal edited by a colored clergyman at Selma, Alabama:

"You [the whites] have had your revolutionary and civil wars, and we here predict that at no distant day we will have our race war, and we hope, as God intends, that we will be strong enough to wipe you out of existence. It is bound to come, and just such hot-headed cranks as the editors of our Democratic journals are just right set to hasten it."

This is the natural reply to such a manifesto as that of the Virginia Democrats. If the more intelligent citizens of the Southern States insist in the most public and offensive manner upon making the race issue paramount, with the understanding that the conclusion is forecast, they cannot be surprised if the challenge is defiantly accepted. We should say that a strong declaration, sustained by action, that education and respect for law are the American remedies for civic troubles, and that the Democrats would maintain an ample and adequate system of schools for the whole population, would have been much preferable to a proclamation that the whites propose to hold the colored voters in subjection at all costs. The question of color in the Southern States is most serious, but such a declaration as that of the Virginia Democrats does not seem to us to aid its solution.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN JUDGES.

WHATEVER may have been the reason for the modification of the sentence of Mrs. MAYBRICK, the result will be probably the creation of some judicial tribunal of appeal, consisting perhaps of the same law officers whom the Home Secretary calls into consultation, but whose views do not now prevail without his sanction. In commenting upon the charge of Judge STEPHENS in this trial, we assumed the accuracy of the statements of the cable report. But the charge itself, since received, as the *Evening Post* points out, is not open to the strictures which the report invited. Judge STEPHENS, a man of very great ability and of the highest integrity, has not, however, the judicial mind. In this case he sought a probable motive for murder, and seems to have been satisfied that he found it in the confessed adultery.

This would not have been generally received as satisfactory, and the modification of the sentence was therefore wise. English judges are undoubtedly more independent than ours, and for the reason which the *Post* offers to explain the difference in the temptations of our State and national judiciary. Our State judges are often obliged to pay heavily in assessments to politicians in order to secure a nomination. They serve but for a term of years, are seldom re-elected, and are unseated without pensions when they are seventy years old. The upright judge whose tenure is good character, and who is sure of adequate support for life, if more arbitrary, is more courageous and independent—qualities which we might well secure upon the same terms.

FEW OR MANY?

THE Boston *Transcript* holds "that the Boston *Journal* voiced the general sentiment of New England Republicans in its recent articles deprecating the opposition to civil service reform exhibited by a few prominent members of the Republican organization, and emphatically declaring that the reform had come to stay." But is the *Transcript* correct in saying that the hostility to reform is exhibited only by a few prominent Republicans? The Republicans of three great States—Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Iowa—have recently held their Conventions. But although they have hitherto spoken strongly for reform, they are now silent, when their declarations, as those of an administration party, would be peculiarly significant. The suspicious silence is interpreted in Pennsylvania by the eager praise of Mr. QUAY, a representative opponent of reform, and in Iowa by the remarks of Hon. JOHN N. IRWIN, President of the Convention, which were received with "great cheers":

"The bounden duty of BENJAMIN HARRISON, by the grace of the Republican party President of the United States, is to have none but Republicans on guard anywhere, and to leave nowhere in this broad land any Democrat in any official position, high or low."

This is the official representative action and declaration of the party in these three States, not of a few Republicans. The Republican press exchanges of the *Transcript* must also sometimes give it pause. The Albany *Evening Journal*, the chief rural Republican organ in New York, cries aloud to the Assistant Postmaster-General, who boasts that in five months he has removed fifteen thousand fourth-class postmasters: "Go it, CLARKSON! Out with the whole 55,000 by January 1st!" The spoils sweep in JACKSON'S time was less furious than that of CLARKSON. How many of the *Transcript's* Republican exchanges protest against the public wrong of CLARKSON'S conduct and his betrayal of the party pledge? The New York *Sun*, not a Republican paper, but one of the frankest opponents of reform, remarks, as the *Transcript* may have observed:

"There have been few funnier things in politics recently than the joyous kick the Republicans gave civil service reform as soon as they got back to office."

The Boston *Journal* says truly, "The reform has come to stay." But how soon would it come under an administration of which Mr. CLARKSON is the most representative and active member?

A POPULAR SUPPLEMENT.

THE demand for No. 1703 of the *Weekly*, containing Captain FRANCIS V. GREENE'S illustrated article on "Roads and Road-making," has been so great that it has been found necessary to print an extra edition of this number. We have received from road commissioners and constructors throughout the country requests to reissue Captain GREENE'S article in pamphlet form for general distribution in quarters where it is likely to do most good. We fully recognize the educational value of this article, and shall be glad to co-operate with any or all of our correspondents in giving it a still wider circulation than it has yet attained. The best and cheapest way to do this is to send us addresses, to which we may send the number of the *Weekly* containing the article, and to trust to us to make all possible concessions in the matter of price in order to further so good a work.

PERSONAL.

THE mantle of his uncle would seem to have fallen upon Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, if half the reports concerning him be true. According to these, MACAULAY himself was not a more brilliant or steady talker, while the nephew's command of historical and literary knowledge astonishes even those who can recall the flood of information MACAULAY was always ready to pour forth upon the slightest encouragement.

—Distinguished Americans apparently cause as great a furor abroad as noteworthy foreigners do in this country. Dr. DEPEW and Mr. EDISON are being extensively dined and wined in Paris, and take their honors as coolly as could be desired by the most rabid democrat.

—The much-commended example of the Princess of Wales in bringing up her daughters in severe simplicity proved a little too rigid in the case of the present Duchess of Fife. Since her marriage she has surprised those who considered her an ungainly girl by blossoming into a grace and attractiveness that no one suspected she possessed while she was under the stern parental rule.

—The heirs of W. W. CORCORAN have just deeded a valuable lot in Washington to the Baptist Home Society. This same piece of land had been given to the society by Mr. CORCORAN, coupled with the condition that they should build a home upon it. This they are unable to do, and the property would have reverted to Mr. CORCORAN'S heirs but for their generous act.

—The "recall to life" of DICKENS'S character Dr. Manette is almost paralleled by the reappearance on a farm in Iowa of the distinguished specialist on insanity, Dr. DAVID TILTON BROWN, formerly of the Bloomingdale (New York) Asylum. Crazed himself by his close devotion to his profession, he spent some years in a mad-house in Edinburgh, Scotland, was falsely reported dead, and is now living a quiet life among neighbors who know him only as a farmer.

—It is barely possible that M. NOEL-PARFAIT could have been ignorant of the plagiarism he committed in his address at the disinterment at Nice of the remains of General MARCEAU. M. NOEL-PARFAIT concluded his speech with the words, "His ashes are there, but his name is everywhere," an unfortunate parody upon the similar phrase inscribed upon VOLTAIRE'S cenotaph at Ferney.

—Sir PROVO WALLACE is the oldest English admiral living. He is ninety-eight years of age, and was in the fight between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* during the war of 1812.

—Our humorous contemporary *Time* has been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Mr. THOMAS NAST in illustrating its pages. As a cartoonist Mr. NAST'S vigor has not abated, nor the keen edge of his satire grown dull.

—Doubts as to the truthfulness of the incident upon which WHITTIER'S poem of "Barbara Frietchie" was founded are indignantly repudiated by a fellow-townswoman of the heroine. Although a child at the time the Confederate troops entered Frederick, she recollects perfectly the bravery Mrs. FRIETCHIE displayed on that occasion, and asserts that BARBARA'S relatives denied the story for an object of their own.

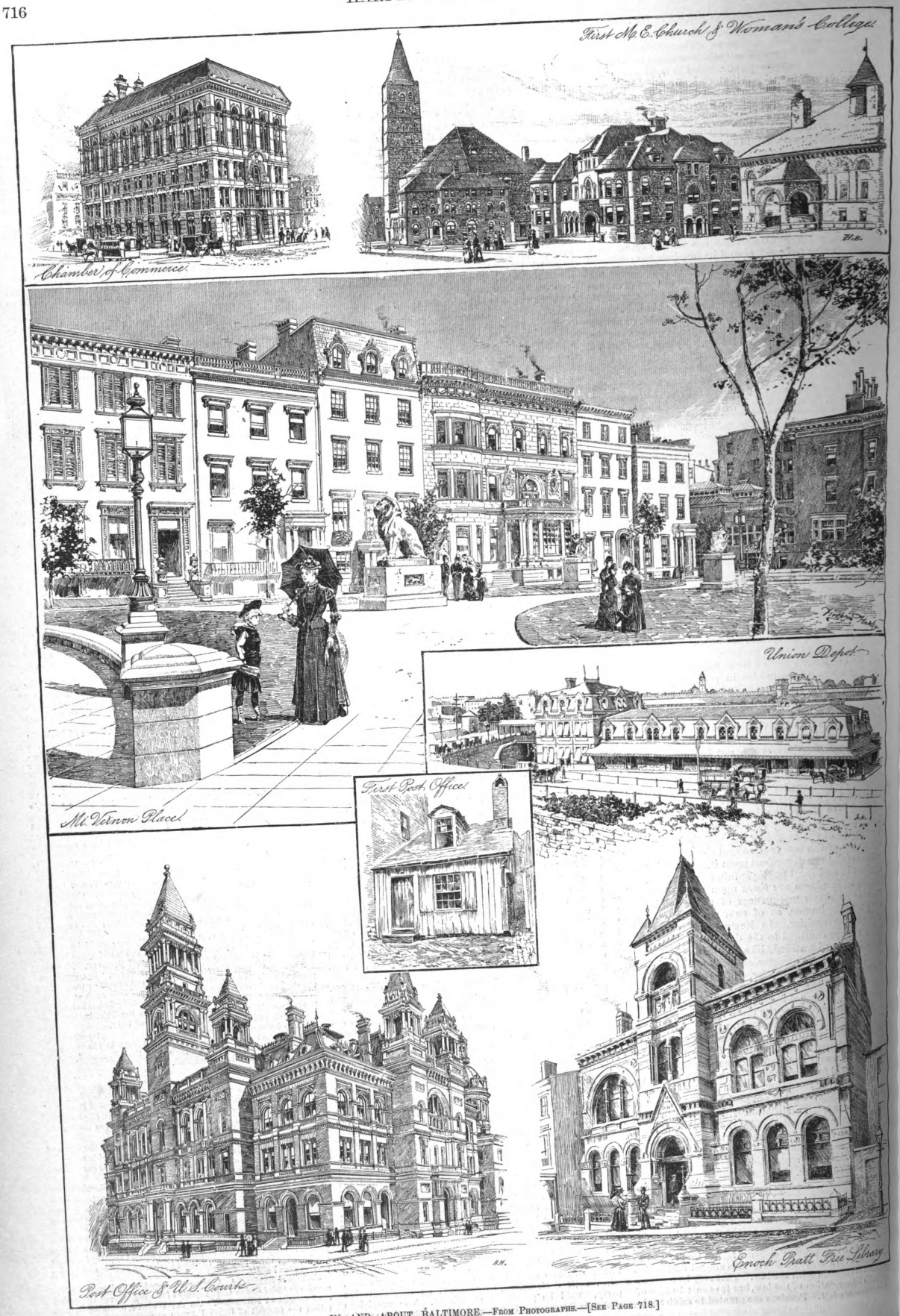
—Notwithstanding the time that has elapsed since the death of FRANZ LISZT, it is only within a few weeks that a marble memorial tablet, bearing his name and the date of his death, has been placed on his house in Bayreuth.

—A curious reminder of the memories of French Revolutionary days may still be seen standing in Guilford, Connecticut. It is an old house painted black, whose sombre hue is said to have been bestowed upon it by a French refugee when he heard the news of the guillotining of LOUIS XVI.

—The Queen's inevitable bridal gift of an India shawl is explained by the statement that one of her tributaries, an Indian prince, is bound by treaty to pay her an annual subsidy in which are included three pairs of the best Cashmere shawls and twelve perfect shawl goats.

—General RUSSELL A. ALGER was elected by acclamation Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the recent encampment at Milwaukee. As the WEEKLY has already contained the portrait of General ALGER at various times—the last so recently as the number of August 17th—it is not deemed necessary to repeat it in this issue.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



IN AND ABOUT BALTIMORE.—From Photographs.—[See Page 718.]

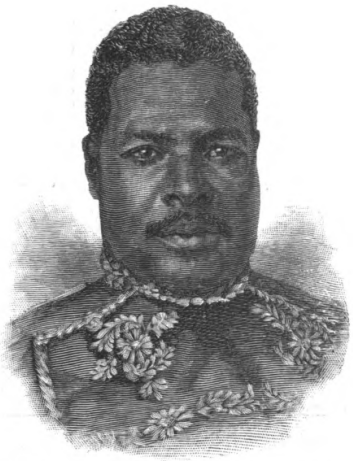
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE WILLIAM THAW, OF PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Photograph by Dabbs.—[See Page 723.]



THE LATE HENRY SHAW, OF ST. LOUIS.—From a Photograph by Scholten.—[See Page 727.]



FLORVIL GÉLAN HIPPOLYTE, PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

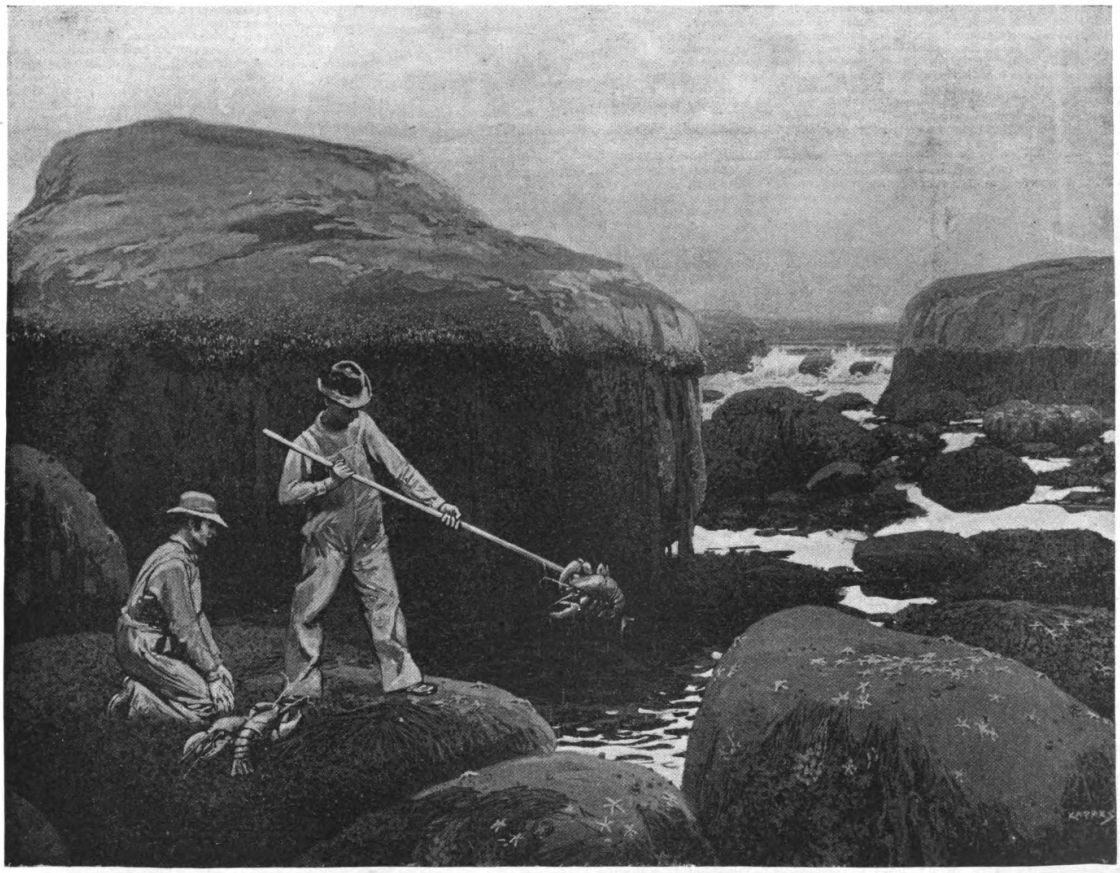
THE DOWNFALL OF LÉGITIME.

The surrender of Port au Prince to General Hippolyte—an event which has been foreseen for some time by those well acquainted with the situation in Hayti—means, of course, the complete overthrow of the Légitime government and the close of the miserable Haytian war, until some new revolt shall take place. The choice of a permanent President may lead to fresh rivalries and disorders. The election to this precarious office is by a House of Deputies, consisting of eighty-four members. An election for these Deputies will probably be ordered at once, if quiet can be meanwhile preserved, and these will meet six weeks after their election to choose a President. Hippolyte's friends have said repeatedly that he would not be a candidate for the Presidency, but Mr. Preston, who has been Minister from Hayti to this country for over twenty years, believes he will be elected.

The exigencies of the precious coffee crop have helped Hippolyte. It has been plain for some time to Légitime's adherents that they would finally have to succumb to Hippolyte and his northern army, or abandon all chance of picking coffee this year. Hippolyte's forces had advanced until the capital was cut off from all communication with the rest of the world except by water, and town after town in the south which had formerly supported Légitime's claim to the Presidency had gone over to the enemy and to coffee culture. In fact, coffee is supreme in Hayti. The interest which the so-called "war" has had for persons in this country was almost entirely confined to the manner in which it affected a small body of shipping merchants, and the first real live interest which we took in it was when the Haytians of the south, under Légitime, began seizing vessels which carried our flag. These vessels were seized because they had violated a paper blockade of the northern ports.

It may be remembered that the war originated in the troubles following the flight of the aged and unpopular President Salomon in August of last year. He left two aspirants for the vacated Presidency—Generals Télémaque and Légitime, the former being the candidate of the northern part of the country, and the latter of the southern. The electioneering canvass was carried on in the true Haytian fashion by rioting and fighting between squads of the supporters of each; and in one of these Télémaque was killed on the night of September 28th. It was claimed that he had been assassinated in the interests of Légitime, and Hippolyte was substituted as candidate for the Presidency on the part of the north. Notwithstanding the withdrawal of the northern Deputies, Légitime got enough together to go through the form of an election, and on December 16th he was inaugurated as President. He had the advantage at first—possessed a revenue, arms, and a tolerable navy for this side of the Atlantic—and he kept the southern cities in line pretty well, though the whole north rose against him under Hippolyte. But from the first, too, he was handicapped by having received a vote of only a minority of the National Assembly for Provisional President, as well as by the belief at the north that he had prepared or countenanced the plot which cost the rival candidate, Télémaque, his life.

Something of Hippolyte's success may doubtless be attributed to the pure negro's well-known dislike of the mulatto. Légitime was not only incapable as a leader, and tricky, unscrupulous, and treacherous as a man, but he was a "colored man"—a mulatto; while Hippolyte is not only a man of considerable ability, energy, and resource, but he is a full-blooded negro, and undoubtedly this fact has enabled him to attract and mass about himself the actual intelligence and effective fighting capacity of the country.

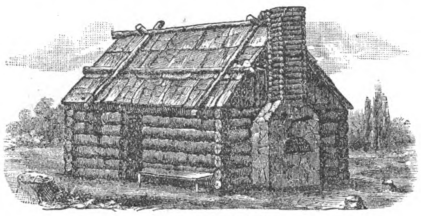


GAFFING LOBSTERS.—Drawn by Alfred Kappes.—[See Page 719.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LOG COLLEGE CELEBRATION.

THE Presbyterians, especially of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, including perhaps Maryland, Virginia, and New York, commemorate on Thursday, September the 5th, the founding of the "Log College," so called, by William Tennent, Sen., in 1735, at Neshaminy, or, as it is now designated, Hartsville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. This will be the rounding up of 163 years since its inception. This time is chosen because of neglect in the past, which it is desired at once to repair, no commemoration having ever been held, and because no other year could have any special significance over this present. Representative clergymen from various quarters; distinguished educators, as ex-President McCosh and President Patton of Princeton; Governors Beaver of Pennsylvania and Green of New Jersey; and the President of the United States, and others, have been invited to be present.



THE LOG COLLEGE.

Hartsville, when the college was founded, was in the wilderness, and still is a somewhat retired place; at least it is not prominent, except for its historical associations, of which it has some of great interest, and for its scenery. It lies on "the old York Road," the highway of travel in an early period between New York city and Philadelphia, and at one of the angles of a triangle formed by it, Philadelphia, and Trenton, about twenty miles from either place, and on the northeast branch of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, operated by the Reading. It has two Presbyterian churches, the first founded in 1710, and the second in 1743. The latter was known as the "New Light," the former taking the designation necessarily of the "Old Side"—divisions and names growing out of the controversy of those times, connected with induction into the ministry, between the Synod of Philadelphia and their northern neighbors, notably the Presbytery of New Brunswick. There is also a flourishing high-school here, established in 1850, making the place still something of an educational centre.

The occasion for this commemoration at all is that the Log College, being the first institution in America under the control of Presbyterians above the grade of common schools, and having had great influence in shaping the early church and educational interests—felt to this day, and doubtless always to be felt—it has been adjudged that it should not be forgotten as a worthy and instructive fact in itself, and as an act of justice to the fathers and posterity. All along, indeed, it has been remembered in some way. In 1805, Elias Boudinot wrote a life of William Tennent, Jun. In 1845, Dr.



REV. WILLIAM TENNENT, SEN.

Archibald Alexander, of Princeton, wrote a history of the Log College, and of its founder, and of some of its graduates. Numerous references to it and them may be found in Sprague's Annals; in Nevins's *Encyclopædia of Presbyterianism;* in the numerous histories of the Presbyterian body in the United States, as Watson's, Hodge's, and Gillett's; Dr. John Maclean's history of the College of New Jersey; and in a late "history of the Neshaminy Presbyterian Church of Hartsville, 1726–1876," prepared by Rev. D. V. Turner. But now it has been thought that a public celebration on the spot, bringing this ancient institution into fresh remembrance and greater prominence than it has received, would be profitable and is required. It shows those of to-day whence they sprang, of which they have no reason to be ashamed, but from which they have much ground to take courage.

The Log College was founded because, prior to its existence and the sending forth of graduates from it, the Presbyterian Church in the United States was dependent for an educated ministry upon the old country, chiefly Scotland and Ireland, and upon New England. Those from New England, being Congregational in education and prejudices, were unsatisfactory, and as the Church then could not send their young men abroad to be educated, and as from among themselves it was deemed desirable and preferable every way that their ministers should be raised, this humble beginning was instituted, made by private enterprise and benevolence. The Church, then and now, contended most earnestly for an educated ministry, seldom allowing any other. This for some time was their first and only available resource among themselves. William Tennent, Sen., the leader and sustainer, was an Irishman educated at Trinity College, Dublin, who came over to this country in 1717. In his own home he had been an Episcopalian; but dissatisfied with the forms of his Church and its deadness at that time, he sighed for greater liberty, and was here seeking it. He at once joined the Presbyterians, being received by them at Philadelphia. After preaching in two or three places he finally settled, in 1726, at Hartsville, as pastor of the church that had been formed there sixteen years previous. Here he remained as pastor till within about three years of his death, which occurred in 1745. He had brought with him to his new home in America four sons, whom he wished to educate for the ministry. He began teaching in his own residence, but in 1735, his house being too strait for his purposes, he, with his own means and by the help of his sons, erected on the opposite side of the street the college building. He also took other young men to educate, being their sole teacher, and boarding them. In the early history of our country a way similar to this was common in raising up for other denominations an educated ministry. Pastors would receive in their own families candidates, whom they instructed in theology, homiletics, and pastoral work. There was a noted one among the Baptists at Philadelphia in the early part of the present century, conducted by Dr. William Staughton, an Englishman who had been educated at Bristol. This became the germ of Columbian College, Washington, D. C. Another was established at Hopewell, New Jersey, in the middle of the last century, which became the germ of Brown University, Rhode Island. In the former of these schools was raised up Dr. Howard Malcom, at one time President of Lewisburg University, Pennsylvania, and in the latter Dr. James Manning, first President of Brown.

The college building, constructed of logs by Mr. Tennent and his sons, was twenty feet long by eighteen wide. Whitefield, after he visited Mr. Tennent in 1739, when he preached in the open air, in the graveyard, to an audience of 3000 people, who had come together from far and near to hear him, described it in his journal, published the same year by Benjamin Franklin, as "the meanest building ever erected for such a purpose," and further said that "it reminded him of what might have been the schools of the prophets hinted at in the Old Testament." This edifice, which might well have been preserved by the Presbyterians as a shrine of pilgrimage to compare with their numerous and stately college buildings of to-day all over the land, has long since been taken down, and its logs have rotted or been otherwise consumed. One small remnant, and only one, is now known to be extant. Rev. Robert B. Bellville, one of the pastors of the Neshaminy Church at Hartsville, before the logs were entirely gone, in the early part of the present century, rescued one, and from it made a cane, which he presented to Rev. Samuel Miller, D.D., LL.D., an early professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, to be preserved, in connection with that institution, as a relic. No cut of the college is extant, or can now be found, though diligent search has been made. Its exact site, however, is known, and on it, or in close proximity, it has been proposed to erect a monument which shall tell to the generations to come what their fathers did.

The college was in active operation about twenty years, or until shortly after the founding of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, when it was allowed to lapse, and its supporters thenceforward gave their influence to this new interest. No record has been transmitted to us of the names or number of its graduates. In 1739, we know, on the testimony of Whitefield, that eight had gone forth. The importance and value of its work is not to be estimated, however, so much by the mere number of men it sent into the ministry as by the character and doings of those who did go forth. These were excellent. Mr. Tennent's four sons left their impress wherever they labored; especially Gilbert and William junior. John and Charles died young, and were less distinguished. Gilbert became pastor of a church in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and of the Second Church, Philadelphia, which had been founded through Whitefield's labors. He was also connected with Princeton College as a trustee. William junior was also connected with the college as President *pro tem.*, and was pastor of a church in Monmouth County, New Jersey, for nearly half a century. It became afterward a part of the site of the battle of Monmouth. "For 150 years it was called the Freehold Church. It stands near the town of that name. Latterly it has been known as the Tennent Church. The present edifice was erected in 1750. Noted in Mr. Tennent's history is his trance and some remarkable dreams. Samuel and John Blair, both graduates, did important service in connection with the Church and the cause of education. Samuel taught a school at Londonderry, or, as it is also called, Fagg's Manor. In this school two presidents of Princeton College received their early education—Samuel Davies and Samuel Finley. Both the Blairs were prominent in connection with Princeton. Another school was established at Nottingham, Maryland, of which Mr. Finley was for some time the teacher. It has often been asserted that the College of New Jersey was the product of the Log College. Dr. John Maclean, in his history of the former institution, denies this. The Log College was not given up until its rival had made considerable progress. The graduates and friends, however, of the earlier institution became chief friends and supporters of Princeton as presidents, professors, and collectors of funds. The Log College had grown largely out of revival and evangelistic feelings. Later a desire sprang up for a more scientific training of ministers than it was capable of imparting. The Philadelphia Synod, which held a place then similar to what the General Assembly now does, favored the schools in their own neighborhood, and proposed to build up and enlarge them. The New York Synod, and especially the Presbytery of New Brunswick, which became prominent in the case, could not



REV. WILLIAM TENNENT, JUN.

or would not join them. These things gave rise to the establishment of the College of New Jersey, first at Elizabeth, then at Newark, and finally at Princeton. Its object still was to educate young men for the ministry, as was done in the Log College, but to give, as was coming to be desired, a wider range of instruction than had been imparted therein. Hebrew and divinity formed for many years a part of its curriculum. One other of the most noted of the graduates of the Log College was John Rodgers, pastor of the First Church, New York, and first Moderator of the General Assembly. Another was John Rowland. He resembled very nearly a notoriously bad character of the times named Bell. So close was the resemblance that Bell personated Rowland and stole a horse, for which Rowland was prosecuted, and narrowly escaped conviction. It was a remarkable case of mistaken identity. William Tennent, Jun., got into considerable trouble in connection with the case, having been indicted and brought to trial for perjury in swearing to an alibi for Rowland. He was only saved through a dream of other and distant parties, who brought him other needed testimony of an alibi.

The universal declaration is that the Log College, through its graduates and the spirit it fostered, was a powerful factor in shaping the polity, devotion to the higher education, and the religious spirit of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Says Richard Webster, one of her historians, "To Tennent, above all others, is owing the prosperity and enlargement of the Presbyterian Church." And Dr. Archibald Alexander says, "The Log College was of remarkable importance to the Presbyterian Church." So great was the prestige and reverence for its site that, when the founding by the General Assembly of a distinctively theological seminary was agitated, Hartsville was one of the three places considered as a location. Its founder and all its graduates had long been dead, but many leaned still toward this spot. Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, a graduate of Princeton, founder (in connection with James Madison, afterward President of the United States) of Whig Hall, one of Princeton's literary societies, left by his will a legacy of $1000 for the seminary, provided it was located at Hartsville.

This place, it may not be out of propriety here to note, is not only the site of the beginnings instituted for the education of the ministry of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, but also of the first inception of the steam-boat. John Fitch, while resident here, walking along the road one Sunday, began to ponder the propulsion of vehicles by other than horse-power, and quicker; occasioned by a party having rapidly passed him. He soon settled upon steam as the motor. In applying it to land carriages he was baffled. So he applied it to boats on the water. He prosecuted his idea with energy. Nathaniel B. Boileau, a Princeton student, helped him to construct a small model, the machinery of which was brass, with wooden paddles, which, being finished, was tested on a small stream in their vicinity, in Bucks County. This was in 1785. Fitch finally succeeded in putting a passenger boat on the Delaware, which ran between Philadelphia and Burlington, making about six miles an hour. Franklin and Washington encouraged him with their sympathies and influence. But Congress, the Spanish government, to which he applied, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, all refused him the material assistance he needed. But Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, of Hartsville, helped him financially, and a company was formed to carry out the invention. In 1788, two States, Delaware and New York, granted exclusive rights for the invention in the waters under their control for fourteen years. But the projector was poor, found few friends to aid him, and was often obliged to turn to other pursuits. He had gone to Kentucky to look after a landed interest. Here his health failed him, and at Bardstown, in that State, he committed suicide. This was in 1798. While he did not realize what the steam-boat has since in other hands become, his is the proud distinction of having been its projector, and of putting it into successful operation. Until lately he has had no monument. Still only a rough bowlder, without an inscription, is his, simply marking the spot where his mortal remains lie. The ocean steamer of to-day has eclipsed the modest craft of the Delaware, as Princeton and other institutions have eclipsed the Log College, but the germs of both were in these early attempts.

THE BALTIMORE OF TO-DAY.

A WESTERN humorist once referred to Baltimore as "that point between New York and Washington where they hitch on the dining car." When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad announced its project of an extension to Philadelphia and New York, a great cry arose that it would make Baltimore a way-station. Not long ago a well-known clergyman prayed that his congregation might have an ambition above being considered the best fish-market in the world; and an "overgrown town" is an epithet which the croakers very often apply to the city.

In answer to all this, it can be stated that Baltimore is holding her own as one of the great American cities. She may be a little slow in some respects, but her development is solid and continuous. The Baltimore of 1880 was a city of 332,313 population, with an area of fourteen and a half square miles; the Baltimore of to-day is a city of fully half a million population, with a territory of thirty-one square miles. This enlargement in area was achieved through the annexation of what a local wit calls the "Superbs." The increase in population was the result of steady accessions and a low mortality.

Baltimore has been trying to celebrate her new self for several years. Her sesquicentennial observance made her a little proud, and she has been anxious to duplicate its success. She caught the exposition fever, and various plans were suggested for a big show of national attractiveness. Out of the different efforts, and chiefly through the personal energy of Postmaster Frank Brown, came the Exposition which will be held during the week beginning September 9th, and which will include a celebration of the battle of North Point, a reproduction of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and the dedication of the new Post-office and United States Court-house Building, that faces the Battle Monument, erected in honor of the heroes who repulsed the British in 1814, and gave Francis Scott Key the inspiration for his famous lyric.

One of the most genial of our philosophers has said that "all generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called 'facts.'" Statistics, however, sometimes have a forcible way of showing the truth. For instance, what better proof of progress could Baltimore want than the fact that she stood at the head of all American cities last year in the proportionate number of new buildings erected, St. Louis being the only city that equalled her? or the fact that there has been an unprecedented increase in her hundred and odd industries, that are producing every imaginable article, from a mustard-seed shot to a steam-engine or a man-of-war? Look at her commerce. She has the finest coasting trade of any city in America. Twenty-six lines, with many of the handsomest and stanchest steamers along the coast, do a trade aggregating millions a year. Twenty steam-ship lines ply between this port and foreign countries, and several regular fleets of fine brigantines carry flour to Brazil and bring back coffee. She is the nearest seaport to the West, and with terminal facilities that are unexcelled, with elevators of five million bushels capacity, and with the honesty of her grain inspections, acknowledged in this country and in Europe, nothing but the evasion by her rivals of her honest differential in freight rates can keep her out of a large bulk of the grain trade. The canning industry in this State is the largest anywhere, and nearly thirty millions of dollars are invested in it. The Baltimore canned oyster is a citizen of the world. The bituminous coal of Maryland and West Virginia mines, which is considered the best fuel for steam-ship use, goes

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

through Baltimore. In 1775 the *Virginia*, the first frigate for the Continental navy, was built on Fell's Point, Baltimore. Just across the river the *Petrel*, the latest addition to our new navy, has just been completed. The ship-building interests along the Patapsco are recovering their old-time prosperity. The same can be said of sugar refining, which was formerly a great industry here, and which is now being revived by the construction of a refinery in which one million dollars are invested. These are a few only of the many industries. In a domestic way Baltimore's business operations ramify all the Southern and most of the Western States, and extend into the Southern half of Pennsylvania. Ten railroads reach the city. The travel of seven Southern States has Baltimore for its first Northern market. Manufacturing plant is exempt from taxation, and a water supply with a capacity of four hundred million gallons, in addition to abundantly providing the people, gives excellent facilities for small industries. The manufacturing growth of the city is really surprising. In the last ten years many enterprises have doubled, and a few have quadrupled.

The city is surface drained, and as its topography is hilly, Jupiter Pluvius is a most efficient agent of cleanliness. Like every other city, Baltimore claims the most beautiful parks in the country, and its claim is substantial, although not beyond dispute. It certainly has some of the finest avenues, and much is being done to improve them. Baltimore vies with London in being the healthiest city in the world. For the quarter of thirteen weeks ending June, 1889 (I quote from the official English compilation, being the latest statistics accessible), London's death rate was 16 per thousand; Baltimore's was 16.3. These cities were the lowest two in the list. Baltimore's would be much less were it not for the population of seventy-seven thousand colored people, among whom the death rate is over fifteen per cent. greater than it is among the whites. There is an interesting fact in the city's health experience. Four years ago a sanitary plumbing law was passed. Previous to that time the average rate of deaths from scarlet-fever annually for fifty-four years had been two hundred and twenty-six; since then it has dropped to fifty-seven. The average rate of death from diphtheria had been seven hundred and twenty; last year it was only one hundred and eighteen.

A decided change is taking place in the city's architecture. The business men are celebrating their success in brick and stone. The buildings given in this issue of the WEEKLY are examples of what has been done and what is being done. Prominent among the new structures are the Johns Hopkins Hospital (which was fully illustrated in this journal on September 8, 1888), the Pennsylvania Railroad's Union Station, the new City Hospital, the Women's College, some twenty churches, the Pratt Free Library, the new buildings of the Johns Hopkins University, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's Central Building, several new hotels, numerous schools, many pretentious and elaborate business houses, and several hundred fine residences. No city has profited more largely from private munificence. The fifty charitable institutions and twenty-three hospitals are all comfortably housed and well supported. In regard to the public buildings, there is a City Hall that has the unique distinction of having been completed within the original appropriation; a part of which was returned to the treasury. The new Post-office and new United States Court building is on Monument Square, facing the Battle Monument—an admirable location. The old structure, which is given in the illustration, is a log-house modernized with weather-boarding. It was a post-house long before the Revolution, and there letters were received and forwarded years before the postal system was invented. Baltimore has numerous clubs, chief among which are the Maryland, the University (a new organization of great strength), the Baltimore, the Athenæum, the Merchants, the Journalists, and a long list of political clubs, which have become elements in State and city affairs. The club is more a factor of social life than it ever was, although not to the extent that it is in some other cities. The daily newspapers have not erected buildings recently, for the reason that they all own fine homes, which indicates their large and deserved prosperity. In addition to the daily journalism, there is a weekly press of decided excellence.

There are three evils that Baltimore is trying slowly and somewhat spasmodically to reform. First, the ground-rent system, which impedes substantial growth and encourages the building of bad houses on speculation. Second, its slow street railways, which, however, are soon to be improved by cable roads. The third and most serious is the curse of saloons. There are three thousand of them in the city, and there are no restrictions on keeping open all night. The license is only fifty dollars, and the consequence is a large number of low groggeries that manufacture crime and breed criminals. A high-license movement, undertaken by the best and soldiest men of the city, is now in active operation; and one of the probabilities of the next Legislature is a measure founded on the Brooks Law of Pennsylvania. A restrictive regulation of the liquor evil will undoubtedly enable Baltimore to improve upon its claim of being the most moral city in the country by attaining a still higher degree of virtue. In politics the city is Democratic, but the majority is diminishing, and the independent vote is gaining. Regarding the municipal administration, it is the same old story of large cities: the people make all sorts of charges against the officers during a campaign, and then congratulate them when they are elected.

A strict regard to accuracy would probably transfer the title of "The Monumental City" to Washington, although Baltimore still boasts that she erected the first and the handsomest monument to Washington; but as a recompense for this loss, "The City of Churches" would undoubtedly leave Brooklyn, and take its place along the Patapsco, where over three hundred sacred edifices bless and beautify the place. It seems to be the rule in Baltimore that when there is a fine site unimproved, the best use of it is to embellish it with a new church. The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized here with a meeting-house over one hundred years ago, and to-day the Church in Baltimore owns millions of dollars worth of property, and shows a very lively progress. The finest Methodist church in America is that which is illustrated on another page to-day. The Catholic Church is a power in the city, which, from the residence of the Cardinal, is looked upon as the American capital of Catholicism. The Presbyterians are numerically strong, and their charities have done much for Baltimore. The Episcopalians wield a large social influence, and own many handsome churches. The Baptists are strong in numbers, and the various other denominations are enjoying substantial growth. The Baltimore pulpit is able and earnest, rather than brilliant. Intellectually, the change in Baltimore during the past ten or twenty years has been great. The admirable equipment of reading facilities has contributed very largely to this end. The Peabody is one of the best libraries for investigation and reference in America. Then there is the Enoch Pratt Free Library, an institution with an income of $50,000 per annum, founded and inaugurated by one of the best-known bankers, who gave to that purpose $1,145,833 33, and who personally conducted the carrying out of his plans. The institution is entirely free. It consists of a handsome and commodious central building, with five branches in different sections of the city, and it distributes nearly 50,000 books per month among all classes of people. It has become a large factor of education, and no one enjoys the good that it is doing more than its founder. There are numerous other libraries, all of which are accessible, and the old-time saying about Southern people not being readers is becoming as obsolete as Sydney Smith's question, "Who reads an American book?" Undoubtedly the greatest intellectual force in the city is the Johns Hopkins University. In the fifteen years of its existence it has done a vast amount of good locally, in addition to achieving the reputation of being in Europe the best-known American institution for original scientific work. Its professors and students participate in the social life, and take an active interest in general public movements. There are many fine schools and colleges of more modest pretensions that attract students from all parts of the country. The public-school system is efficient, and is officered by intelligent, industrious teachers, but their work is hampered by a political school board. A reform in this matter contemplates a reduction in the board from twenty-two to a non-partisan commission of seven or nine, two of whom shall be women. One of the most extraordinary successes of the present system is the Industrial School, and the results of its practical work are an annual surprise to the public. In art the city is well equipped. The celebrated gallery of Mr. William T. Walters contributes largely to general culture. In a practical way the Charcoal Club has done and is doing a valuable work among the young artists. Baltimore is fond of entertainment and recreation. All the out-door sports prosper. The city has furnished more actors and actresses to the stage than any place in America, and it is needless to say that good performances at the theatres are always well patronized. There are many music concerts, which are largely attended. The Baltimore audience is critical until pleased, and then enthusiastic.

If you chance on a Baltimore street-car you will be surprised at the number of salutations that are exchanged among the passengers. If you walk up and down the main thoroughfares you will notice how frequently people bow to one another. Everybody seems to know nearly everybody else. Baltimore is acquainted with itself. It is eminently social. It has had that reputation for a hundred and fifty odd years, and it is as much of a pleasant fact to-day as it ever was. No place is more domestic. It is the pride of the city that its people live cheaper, better, and happier than those of any place in the world. Its markets are limitless in variety and excellence. The city's gastronomic fame is not an exclusive product of the clubs and hotels. It flourishes best in the home. There the colored cooks, whose lives have been spent in the kitchen, and whose skill has been entirely devoted to the culinary traditions of generations of good living, produce dishes that charm and nourish. Good eating must have its influence on the mental and moral condition of the city. Not that Baltimoreans

> "in one great point combine
> The business of their lives, that is—to dine."

Far from it. They are as active and as enterprising in general effort as other people, but the virtue of good cooking they enjoy and profit by. For instance, there are fewer divorces than in any other American city. Is not the fact an undoubted tribute to the home life? And, by-the-way, the home in Baltimore is a house. The flat was introduced here, but it has not multiplied. The average Baltimorean wants a yard in which to plant his own vine and fig-tree, and he is not happy until he gets it.

I do not suppose that any one will try to dispute the beauty of the Baltimore girl. If you ask the gray-haired mesdames if it is as abundant now as in days gone by, they will tell you that there are fewer great beauties, but more pretty girls. If you ask the old beaux, they will reply that Heaven only knows where all the pretty girls come from, and they will add that they seem to be growing lovelier and more numerous every season. It is rather difficult to describe the type. She is neither a decided blonde nor a decided brunette. She combines the charms of both, and defies analysis. She is more intellectual than she used to be, and she takes a more active interest in things practical. She plays tennis well, dances gracefully, walks a great deal, rides occasionally, and drives often. She is a bright talker, and a conscientious church-goer. In works of charity she is a very busy angel, and in the changing phases of social life she is a very charming woman—bright, clever, diplomatic, and successful.

Comfort rather than luxury seems to be the key-note of Baltimore life. The society is sometimes exclusive, but generally hospitable and democratic. It entertains a great deal, but not lavishly. Visitors will not find the rush of New York or Chicago, but they will meet a pleasant people, who do a large business in a conservative way, who play an important part in the affairs of their country, and who live well and happily under the belief that there are some things in life that are larger than even the circumference of the almighty dollar. LYNN R. MEEKINS.

GAFFING LOBSTERS.

THE usual method of taking lobsters is by means of the pot. The pot is a trap baited with fish, and which is sunk to a certain depth. These traps are marked with buoys, left for a tide, and then the lobsterer goes out in his boat, hauls up his trap, and secures his lobsters. At times, however, off the coast of Maine there are estuaries, which are of great length, running between the ledges of rock. Pools are many and of considerable depth. When lobsters are plentiful, at certain seasons, they run in from the sea, and seek these estuaries for food, small fish being abundant. As the tide recedes, the lobsters remain in some of the rocky basins, and can be gaffed. The gaff has a stout hickory stock, and the gaff itself is generally three-pronged, and made out of the best steel. A good gaff is rarely bought ready-made, but is turned out by the village blacksmith. Its temper must be excellent, as it must neither be too soft nor brittle. To use the gaff requires no small amount of skill, for in the water the movements of the lobster are rapid. He can back or turn in the fraction of a second, and then in color he assimilates to the shade of sea-water. Many of the largest lobsters are taken in this way, but are not brought to a market, because gaffing a lobster generally kills it, and a dead lobster is not marketable.

DRIVING ON THE BEACH.

THE world moves; the old order changes. How astonished even our own grandmothers would have been to see two young ladies jauntily perched upon the high seat of a vehicle called a "dog-cart," one of them handling the whip and reins and managing her spirited steeds with all the ease and dexterity of an accomplished charioteer! How shocked they would have been! and how determined that under no possible circumstances should their own well-bred and well-behaved daughters be allowed to associate with persons capable of such a wide departure from all the established proprieties.

But why should they object to seeing one of their own sex handle the reins gracefully and "conducting the horses," as the French put it, along crowded boulevards and amid that fanciful, picturesque crowd of equipages and men and women that gathers along the roadways of our parks and on the esplanades of our popular watering-places?

The world is beginning to learn the very simple secret that it is right and proper for a woman to do that which she can do gracefully and well, provided the thing itself is right and proper. It is all very well for England's poet laureate to tell us that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse." Whatever that diversity may be, she is like Shakespeare's Jew, "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed by the same summer and winter" as her brother man, who finds his greatest pleasure and adds the greatest amount to his well-being by the cultivation of simple out-door pleasures, his companionship and friendship with animals, and his knowledge how to associate with and draw the best out of these faithful comrades and servants. Everything that leads girls and women to find enjoyment and satisfaction in out-door amusements is a step in the right direction. We want healthy and hardy mothers for our coming statesmen and leaders of the race, and the way to procure them is to give our girls and women a taste for out-door pleasures, a knowledge how to control and rule over brute creation, and the firm nerves and power of endurance that is so entirely dependent upon physical health.

There is no reason why driving should not be made one of those feminine accomplishments that parents are proud and glad to see their children possess. What can be more appropriate than that the delicate and sensitive nerves of a horse's mouth, whereby he is controlled, should be acted upon by the gentle and tender hand of a woman? No one ventures to suggest that the tremendous strength and physical energy of a horse is controlled by the slight leathern harness about him; it is all a question of the nervous dread of some superior power, the yielding to a force that he is all too blind and dumb to estimate, but to which he yields obedience as it is intelligently and sympathetically exerted.

We are all familiar with the stories told and the descriptions given of feminine driving by the nobler sex, who are accustomed to explain that nothing would induce them to let a woman draw a rein over a valuable horse. A great deal of it is very true. The constant twitching and shaking of the lines, the urging by voice and whip, the racing up-hill and down, the shrieks of alarm at any slightly unusual movement, all calculated to drive a nervous horse to distraction, and render him forever distrustful of his driver, are certainly characteristic of women drivers. But there is no reason why it should be so. It is an accomplishment that can be learned, and for which women are as well fitted as men. The subtle understanding that should exist between steed and driver, the telegraphy between the delicate nerves of the former's jaw and the latter's wrist, the perfect harmony that should obtain between the wisdom of the one and the strength of the other to obtain their common end, is as possible with a woman in the driver's seat as a man. The exertion of fierce, commanding strength may be occasionally required when some great emergency occurs; but these are not usual, and it is very rare that a well-broken horse ever requires any such exhibition.

There is one point, however, upon which our lady charioteers need to be frequently and earnestly expostulated with; that is, the terrible bearing rein, which adding though it does so much to the elegant and spirited appearance of the horse, is nevertheless an instrument of torture which no feeling woman could impose upon her faithful four-footed servants could she realize its power. Edward Flower, the Englishman whose efforts in behalf of his equine friends won him the title "Missionary to Horses," says: "Ladies are accused of liking to see horses with their heads stuck up in the air and their legs prancing. Do, ladies, look at your horses' mouths. Do not mind what your coachman says about the necessity of the barbarous atrocity of gag bearing reins and sharp bits, and the irritating use of the whip." It is to be feared that our fair driver, whose counterfeit presentment on our front page furnished the subject for this little article, is not quite guiltless in regard to the "barbarous atrocity of the gag bearing reins." At the same time we have too much confidence in our American women not to feel that this or any other custom that entails suffering upon any of God's creatures will not be quickly done away with when once their attention has been fully called to it.

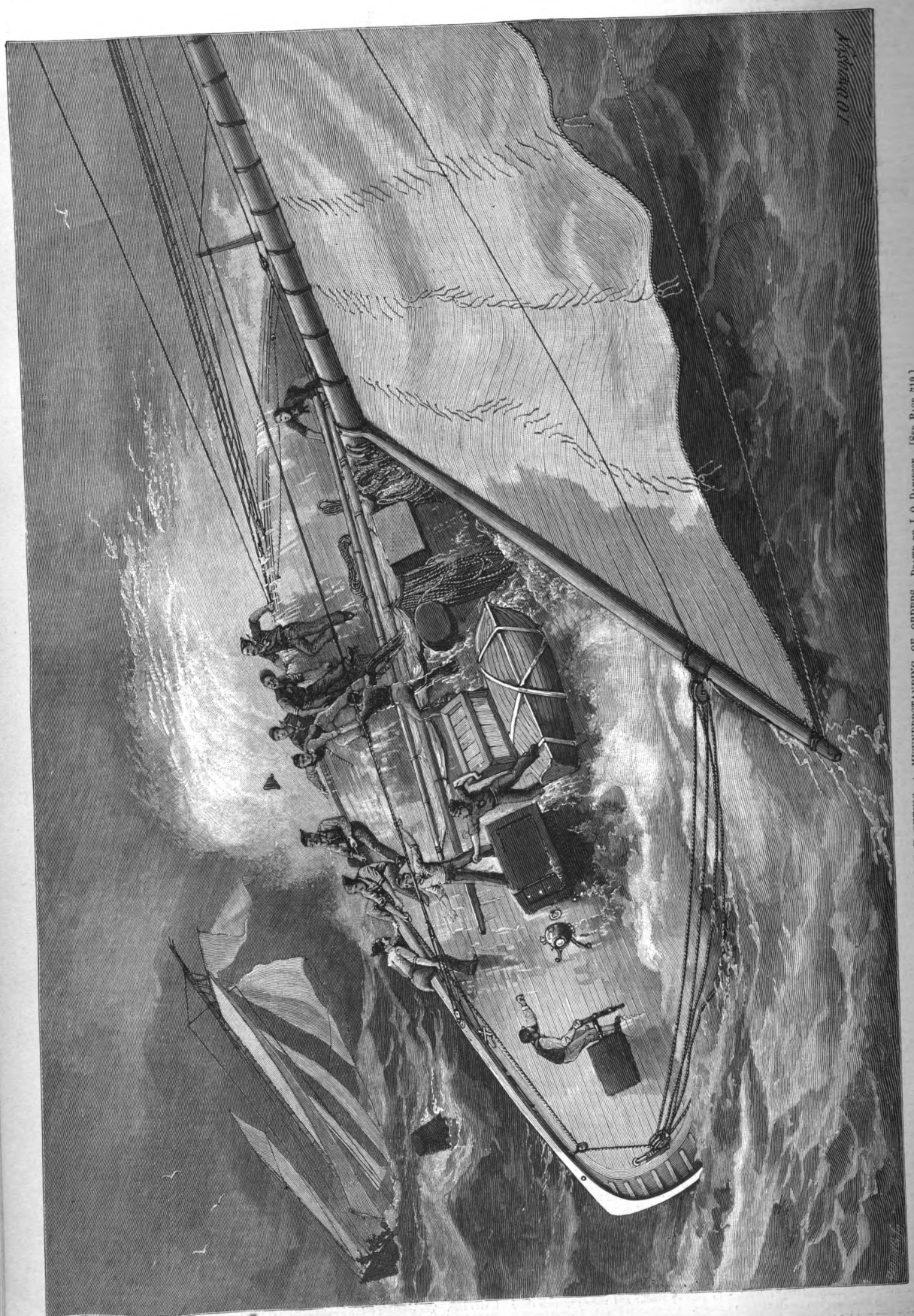
CORINTHIAN YACHTING.

FEW of those who view a yacht race in our Eastern waters from the deck of an easy-going side-wheeler or luxurious steam-yacht, have any idea of the amount of hard work involved in safely and properly sailing a yacht either with a professional crew or Corinthians, as amateur sailors are called afloat. The onlooker hears the gun fire as a signal to start; the clouds of canvas and confusion of spars and hulls above the starting-point disentangles itself, and sweeps over the line in an eager but orderly procession. Club-topsails, spinnakers, balloon-jibs, stay-sails, and baby jib-topsails—in fact, all those queer-shaped wind-grasping pieces of duck mount skyward to their proper places on stay or spar, the masts bend over, the wire rigging hums, and the yachts outpace the accompanying steamers. The spectator remarks the beauty of the changing marine picture, and the ease and smoothness with which it is all done. But set him aboard one of those flyers as she speeds around the first buoy and squares away for the Hook. The decks seem a confusion of spare booms and coils of rope. A dozen of the crew huddle to windward close up to the rail, the helmsman watches the quiver of the sail aloft, and fills it with but the slightest touch of the wheel as the yacht slips along smoothly, and everything goes well.

But mark the steel gray of the sky to windward, and that dark indigo streak on the water under it. It is a wind squall coming swiftly, and preparation must be made to meet it. All the fleet wakes up now, and amid the tramp of feet and shouting of orders those lofty kites come fluttering down, and smaller and stronger storm canvas takes their place. No time now for the nimble crews to snug things up on deck, for the squall is here. Spray flies from the green seas; the mainsail fills; the yacht heels over more; the wind howls through the rigging, in which each individual rope is contributing its own note to the general monotone. The crew cling to the windward rail as the lee rail dips deeper in the wash, and everything is doing well.

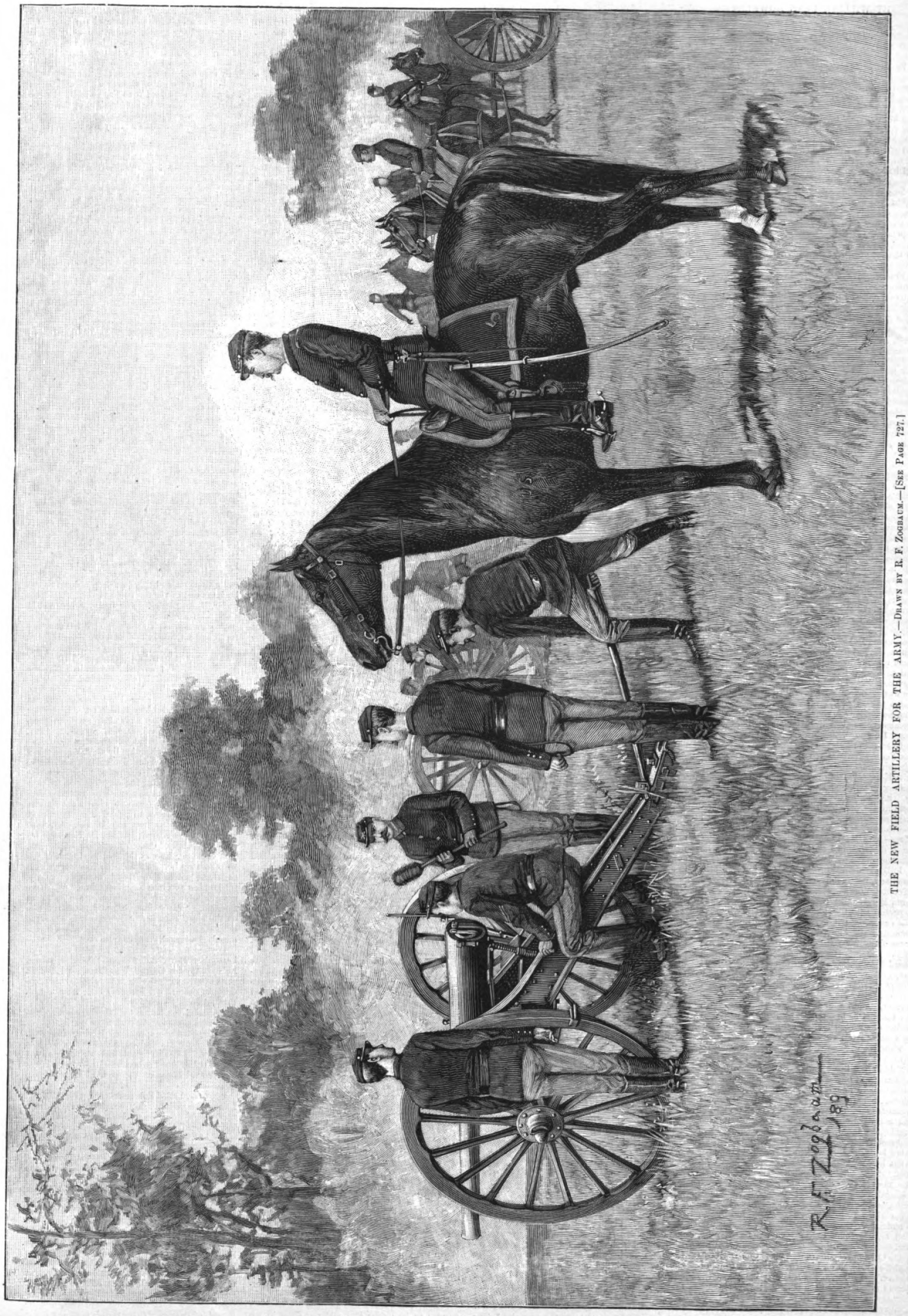
Now the second mark looms up dead ahead, and the straining racers make for it like a flock of frightened birds. They crowd around it together. Some go by safely, others cannot, and are forced into making another tack, while one unfortunate fouls the buoy, and is out of the race altogether. In the midst of the critical manœuvre the squall sweeps down afresh with a howl as of delight. Mainsails are pressed to the waves, topmasts snap off short, bobstays give way, or perchance a mast goes over the side bodily with all its sails and hamper. Sheets of spray dash inboard, blinding the men, who are scrambling about to execute some order, perhaps half heard in the uproar, or entirely misunderstood. Two of them go sliding down the sloping deck grasping at each other, or anything that will prevent their going into the water; another, more unlucky, lands, together with a mess of cordage, between the companion-way and skylight, and is bruised a little. The steersman cannot right his craft quickly in the confusion, and loses his temper somewhat at such "lubberly work." A few sharp expressions of opinion are passed among the hot-headed ones, which the others greet with good-natured laughter. As no bones have been broken, the jib-sheets are soon loosed, the mainboom sheeted in, and the ruffled tempers smoothed out as the sails fill with a steadier gale and the coming out of the sun. The crippled boats have come to anchor, or been taken in tow by tugs; and when the race is finished, the tired but jolly Corinthians gather in the Commodore's cabin to view the trophy cup, and talk over the squall and "knock down."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CORINTHIAN YACHTING—A MISUNDERSTANDING OF ORDERS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 719.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE NEW FIELD ARTILLERY FOR THE ARMY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 727.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

VI.

So far as the Dryfoos family was concerned, the dinner might as well have been given at Frescobaldi's rooms. None of the ladies appeared. Mrs. Dryfoos was glad to escape to her own chamber, where she sat before an autumnal fire, shaking her head and talking to herself at times, with the foreboding of evil which old women like her make part of their religion. The girls stood just out of sight at the head of the stairs, and disputed which guest it was at each arrival; Mrs. Mandel had gone to her room to write letters, after beseeching them not to stand there. When Kendricks came, Christine gave Mela a little pinch, equivalent to a little mocking shriek; for, on the ground of his long talk with Mela at Mrs. Horn's, in the absence of any other admirer, they based a superstition of his interest in her; when Beaton came, Mela returned the pinch, but awkwardly, so that it hurt, and then Christine involuntarily struck her.

Frescobaldi's men were in possession everywhere: they had turned the cook out of her kitchen and the waitress out of her pantry; the reluctant Irishman at the door was supplemented by a vivid Italian, who spoke French with the guests, and said "*Bien, monsieur*," and "*Toute suite*," and "*Merci!*" to all, as he took their hats and coats, and effused a hospitality that needed no language but the gleam of his eyes and teeth and the play of his eloquent hands. From his professional dress-coat, instrous with the grease spotted on it at former dinners and parties, they passed to the frocks of the elder and younger Dryfoos in the drawing-room, which assumed informality for the affair, but did not put their wearers wholly at their ease. The father's coat was of black broadcloth, and he wore it unbuttoned; the skirts were long, and the sleeves came down to his knuckles; he shook hands with his guests, and the same dryness seemed to be in his palm and throat, as he huskily asked each to take a chair. Conrad's coat was of modern texture and cut, and was buttoned about him as if it concealed a bad conscience within its lapels; he met March with his entreating smile, and he seemed no more capable of coping with the situation than his father. They both waited for Fulkerson, who went about and did his best to keep life in the party during the half-hour that passed before they sat down at dinner. Beaton stood gloomily aloof, as if waiting to be approached on the right basis before yielding an inch of his ground; Colonel Woodburn, awaiting the moment when he could sally out on his hobby, kept himself intrenched within the dignity of a gentleman, and examined askance the figure of old Lindau as he stared about the room, with his fine head up, and his empty sleeve dangling over his wrist. March felt obliged to him for wearing a new coat in the midst of that hostile luxury, and he was glad to see Dryfoos make up to him and begin to talk with him, as if he wished to show him particular respect, though it might have been because he was less afraid of him than of the others. He heard Lindau saying, "Boat, the name is Choarman?" and Dryfoos beginning to explain his Pennsylvania Dutch origin, and he suffered himself, with a sigh of relief, to fall into talk with Kendricks, who was always pleasant; he was willing to talk about something besides himself, and had no opinions that he was not ready to hold in abeyance for the time being out of kindness to others. In that group of impassioned individualities, March felt him a refuge and comfort — with his harmless dilettante intention of some day writing a novel, and his belief that he was meantime collecting material for it.

Fulkerson, while breaking the ice for the whole company, was mainly engaged in keeping Colonel Woodburn thawed out. He took Kendricks away from March and presented him to the Colonel as a person who, like himself, was looking into social conditions; he put one hand on Kendricks's shoulder, and one on the Colonel's, and made some flattering joke, apparently at the expense of the young fellow, and then left them. March heard Kendricks protest in vain, and the Colonel say, gravely: "I do not wonder, sir, that these things interest you. They constitute a problem which society must solve or which will dissolve society," and he knew from that formula, which the Colonel had once used with him, that he was laying out a road for the exhibition of the hobby's paces later.

Fulkerson came back to March, who had turned toward Conrad Dryfoos, and said, "If we don't get this thing going pretty soon, it 'll be the death of me," and just then Frescobaldi's butler came in and announced to Dryfoos that dinner was served. The old man looked toward Fulkerson with a troubled glance, as if he did not know what to do; he made a gesture to touch Lindau's elbow. Fulkerson called out, "*Here's* Colonel Woodburn, Mr. Dryfoos," as if Dryfoos were looking for him; and he set the example of what he was to do by taking Lindau's arm himself. "Mr. Lindau is going to sit at my end of the table, alongside of March. Stand not upon the order of your going, gentlemen, but fall in at once." He contrived to get Dryfoos and the Colonel before him, and he let March follow with Kendricks. Conrad came last with Beaton, who had been turning over the music at the piano, and chafing inwardly at the whole affair. At the table Colonel Woodburn was placed on Dryfoos's right, and March on his left. March sat on Fulkerson's right, with Lindau next him; and the young men occupied the other seats.

"Put you next to March, Mr. Lindau," said Fulkerson, "so you can begin to put Apollinaris in his champagne glass at the right moment; you know his little weakness of old; sorry to say it's grown on him."

March laughed with kindly acquiescence in Fulkerson's wish to start the gayety, and Lindau patted him on the shoulder. "I know hiss veakness. If he liges a class of vine, it iss begause his loaf ingludes efen hiss enemy, as Shakespeare galled it."

"Ah, but Shakespeare couldn't have been thinking of champagne," said Kendricks.

"I suppose, sir," Colonel Woodburn interposed, with lofty courtesy, "champagne could hardly have been known in his day."

"I suppose not, Colonel," returned the younger man, deferentially. "He seemed to think that sack and sugar might be a fault; but he didn't mention champagne."

"Perhaps he felt there was no question about that," suggested Beaton, who then felt that he had not done himself justice in the sally.

"I wonder just when champagne did come in," said March.

"I know when it ought to come in," said Fulkerson. "Before the soup!"

They all laughed, and gave themselves the air of drinking champagne out of tumblers every day, as men like to do. Dryfoos listened uneasily; he did not quite understand the allusions, though he knew what Shakespeare was, well enough; Conrad's face expressed a gentle deprecation of joking on such a subject, but he said nothing.

The talk ran on briskly through the dinner. The young men tossed the ball back and forth; they made some wild shots, but they kept it going, and they laughed when they were hit. The wine loosed Colonel Woodburn's tongue; he became very companionable with the young fellows; with the feeling that a literary dinner ought to have a didactic scope, he praised Scott and Addison as the only authors fit to form the minds of gentlemen.

Kendricks agreed with him, but wished to add the name of Flaubert as a master of style. "Style, you know," he added, "is the man."

"Very true, sir; you are quite right, sir," the Colonel assented; he wondered who Flaubert was.

Beaton praised Baudelaire and Maupassant; he said these were the masters. He recited some lurid verses from Baudelaire; Lindau pronounced them a disgrace to human nature, and gave a passage from Victor Hugo on Louis Napoleon, with his heavy German accent, and then he quoted Schiller. "Ach, boat that iss peaudifool! Not zo?" he demanded of March.

"Yes, beautiful; but, of course, you know I think there's nobody like Heine!"

Lindau threw back his great old head and laughed, showing a want of teeth under his mustache. He put his hand on March's back. "This poy—he wass a poy den—wass so gracy to pekin reading Heine that he commence with the dictionary bevore he knows any crammar, and ve bick it out vort by vort togeder."

"He was a pretty cay poy in those days, heigh, Lindau?" asked Fulkerson, burlesquing the old man's accent, with an impudent wink that made Lindau himself laugh. "Back in the dark ages, I mean, there in Indianapolis. Just how long ago did you old codgers meet there, anyway?" Fulkerson saw the restiveness in Dryfoos's eye at the purely literary course the talk had taken; he had intended it to lead up that way to business, to *Every Other Week;* but he saw that it was leaving Dryfoos too far out, and he wished to get it on the personal ground, where everybody is at home.

"Ledt me zee," mused Lindau. "Wass it in fifty-nine or zixty, Passil? Idt wass a year or dwo pefore the war proke oudt, anyway."

"Those were exciting times," said Dryfoos, making his first entry into the general talk. "I went down to Indianapolis with the first company from our place, and I saw the red shirts pouring in everywhere. They had a song—

'Oh, never mind the weather, but git over
double trouble,
For we're bound for the land of Canaan.'

The fellows locked arms and went singin' it up and down four or five abreast in the moonlight; crowded everybody else off the sidewalk."

"I remember, I remember," said Lindau, nodding his head slowly up and down. "A coodt many off them nefer gome pack from that landt of Ganaan, Mr. Dryfoos."

"You're right, Mr. Lindau. But I reckon it was worth it—the country we've got now. Here, young man!" He caught the arm of the waiter who was going round with the champagne bottle. "Fill up Mr. Lindau's glass, there. I want to drink the health of those old times with him. Here's to your empty sleeve, Mr. Lindau. God bless it! No offence to *you*, Colonel Woodburn," said Dryfoos, turning to him before he drank.

"Not at all, sir, not at all," said the Colonel. "I will drink with you, if you will permit me."

"We'll all drink—standing," cried Fulkerson. "Help March to get up, somebody! Fill high the bowl with Samian Apollinaris for Coonrod! Now, then, hurrah for Lindau!"

They cheered, and hammered on the table with the butts of their knife handles. Lindau remained seated. The tears came into his eyes; he said, "I thank you, chendlemen," and hiccoughed.

"I'd 'a' went into the war myself," said Dryfoos, "but I was raisin' a family of young children, and I didn't see how I could leave my farm. But I helped to fill up the quota at every call, and when the volunteering stopped I went round with the subscription paper myself; and we offered as good bounties as any in the State. My substitute was killed in one of the last skirmishes—in fact, after Lee's surrender—and I've took care of his family, more or less, ever since."

"By-the-way, March," said Fulkerson, "what sort of an idea would it be to have a good war story—might be a serial—in the magazine? The war has never fully panned out in fiction yet. It was used a good deal just after it was over, and then it was dropped. I think it's time to take it up again. I believe it would be a card."

It was running in March's mind that Dryfoos had an old rankling shame in his heart for not having gone into the war, and that he had often made that explanation of his course without having ever been satisfied with it. He felt sorry for him; the fact seemed pathetic; it suggested a dormant nobleness in the man.

Beaton was saying to Fulkerson, "You might get a series of sketches by substitutes; the substitutes haven't been much heard from in the war literature. How would 'The Autobiography of a Substitute' do? You might follow him up to the moment he was killed in the other man's place, and inquire whether he had any right to the feelings of a hero when he was only hired in the place of one. Might call it 'The Career of a Deputy Hero.'"

"I fancy," said March, "that there was a great deal of mixed motive in the men who went into the war as well as in those who kept out of it. We canonize all that died or suffered in it, but some of them must have been self-seeking and low-minded, like men in other vocations." He found himself saying this in Dryfoos's behalf. The old man looked at him gratefully at first, he thought, and then suspiciously.

Lindau turned his head toward him and said: "You are righdt, Passil; you are righdt. I haf zeen on the fielit of pattle the voarst egg-zipitions of human paseness—chelousy, fanity, ecodistic bridte. I haf zeen men in the face off death itself gofferned by motifes as low as—as pusiness motifes."

"Well," said Fulkerson, "it would be a grand thing for *Every Other Week* if we could get some of those ideas worked up into a series. It would make a lot of talk."

Colonel Woodburn ignored him in saying, "I think, Major Lindau—"

"High brifate; prefet gorporal," the old man interrupted, in rejection of the title.

Kendricks laughed and said, with a glance of appreciation at Lindau, "Brevet corporal is good."

Colonel Woodburn frowned a little, and passed over the joke. "I think Mr. Lindau is right. Such exhibitions were common to both sides, though if you gentlemen will pardon me for saying so, I think they were less frequent on ours. We were fighting more immediately for existence; we were fewer than you were, and we knew it; we felt more intensely that if each were not for all, then none was for any."

The Colonel's words made their impression. Dryfoos said, with authority, "That is so."

"Colonel Woodburn," Fulkerson called out, "if you'll work up those ideas into a short paper—say three thousand words—I'll engage to make March take it."

The Colonel went on without replying: "But Mr. Lindau is right in characterizing some of the motives that led men to the cannon's mouth as no higher than business motives, and his comparison is the most forcible that he could have used. I was very much struck by it."

The hobby was out, the Colonel was in the saddle with so firm a seat that no effort sufficed to dislodge him. The dinner went on from course to course with barbaric profusion, and from time to time Fulkerson tried to bring the talk back to *Every Other Week*. But perhaps because that was only the ostensible and not the real object of the dinner, which was to bring a number of men together under Dryfoos's roof, and make them the witnesses of his splendor, make them feel the power of his wealth, Fulkerson's attempts failed. The Colonel showed how commercialism was the poison at the heart of our national life; how we began as a simple, agricultural people, who had fled to these shores with the instinct, divinely implanted, of building a state such as the sun never shone upon before; how we had conquered the wilderness and the savage; how we had flung off, in our struggle with the mother country, the trammels of tradition and precedent, and had settled down, a free nation, to the practice of the arts of peace; how the spirit of commercialism had stolen insidiously upon us, and the infernal impulse of competition had embroiled us in a perpetual warfare of interests, developing the worst passions of our nature, and teaching us to trick and betray and destroy one another in the strife for money, till now that impulse had exhausted itself, and we found competition gone and the whole economic problem in the hands of monopolies—the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, the Rubber Trust, and what not. And now what was the next thing? Affairs could not remain as they were; it was impossible; and what was the next thing?

The company listened for the main part silently. Dryfoos tried to grasp the idea of commercialism as the Colonel seemed to hold it; he conceived of it as something like the dry-goods business on a vast scale, and he knew he had never been in that. He did not like to hear competition called infernal; he had always supposed it was something sacred; but he approved of what Colonel Woodburn said of the Standard Oil Company; it was all true; the Standard Oil had squeezed Dryfoos once, and made him sell it a lot of oil wells by putting down the price of oil so low in that region that he lost money on every barrel he pumped.

All the rest listened silently, except Lindau; at every point the Colonel made against the present condition of things he said more and more fiercely, "You are righdt, you are righdt." His eyes glowed, his hand played with his knife hilt. When the Colonel demanded, "And what is the next thing?" he threw himself forward, and repeated: "Yes, sir! What is the next thing?"

"Natural gas, by thunder!" shouted Fulkerson.

One of the waiters had profited by Lindau's posture to lean over him and put down in the middle of the table a structure in white sugar. It expressed Frescobaldi's conception of a derrick, and a touch of nature had been added in the flame of brandy, which burned luridly up from a small pit in the centre of the base, and represented the gas in combustion as it issued from the ground. Fulkerson burst into a roar of laughter with the words that recognized Frescobaldi's personal tribute to Dryfoos. Everybody rose and peered over at the thing, while he explained the work of sinking a gas well, as he had already explained it to Frescobaldi. In the midst of his lecture he caught sight of the caterer himself, where he stood in the pantry doorway, smiling with an artist's anxiety for the effect of his masterpiece.

"Come in, come in, Frescobaldi! We want to congratulate you," Fulkerson called to him. "Here, gentlemen! Here's Frescobaldi's health!"

They all drank; and Frescobaldi, smiling brightly and rubbing his hands as he bowed right and left, permitted himself to say to Dryfoos, "You are please; no? You like?"

"First-rate, first-rate!" said the old man; but when the Italian had bowed himself out and the guests had sunk into their seats again, he said, drily, to Fulkerson, "I reckon they didn't have to torpedo that well, or the derrick wouldn't look quite so nice and clean."

"Yes," Fulkerson answered; "and that is quite the style—that little wiggly-waggly flame—that the gas acts when you touch off a good vein of it. This might do for weak gas," and he went on to explain: "They call it weak gas when they tap it two or three hundred feet down; and anybody can sink a well in his back yard and get enough gas to light and heat his house. I remember one fellow that had it blowing up from a pipe through a flower bed, just like a jet of water from a fountain. My, my, my! You fel—you gentlemen ought to go out and see that country, all of you. Wish we could torpedo this well, Mr. Dryfoos, and let 'em see how it works! Mind that one you torpedoed for me? You know, when they sink a well," he went on to the company, "they can't always tell generally sometimes tell whether they're going to get gas or oil or salt-water. Why, when they first began to bore for salt-water out on the Kanawha, back about the beginning of the century, they used to get gas now and then, and then they considered it a failure; they called a gas well a blower, and give it up in disgust; the time wasn't ripe for gas yet. Now they bore away sometimes till they get half-way to China, and don't seem to strike anything worth speaking of. Then they put a dynamite torpedo down in the well and explode it. They have a little bar of iron that they call a Go-devil, and they just drop it down on the business end of the torpedo, and then stand from under, if *you* please! You hear a noise, and in about half a minute you begin to see one, and it begins to rain oil and mud and salt-water and rocks and pitchforks and adoptive citizens; and when it clears up the derrick's painted—got a coat on that 'll wear in any climate. That's what our honored host meant. Generally get some visiting lady, when there's one round, to drop the Go-devil. But that day we had to put up with Conrad here. They offered to let me drop it, but I declined. I told 'em I hadn't much practice with Go-devils in the newspaper syndicate business, and I wasn't very well myself, anyway. Astonishing," Fulkerson continued, with the air of relieving his explanation by an anecdote, "how reckless they get using dynamite when they're torpedoing wells. We stopped at one place where a fellow was handling the cartridges pretty freely, and Mr. Dryfoos happened to caution him a little, and that ass came up with one of 'em in his hand, and began to pound it on the buzz-wheel to show us how safe it was. I turned green, I was so scared; but Mr. Dryfoos kept his color, and kind of coaxed the fellow till he quit. You could see he was the fool kind, that if you tried to stop him he'd keep on hammering that cartridge, just to show that it wouldn't explode, till he blew you into Kingdom Come. When we got him to go away, Mr. Dryfoos drove up to his foreman. 'Pay Sheney off, and discharge him on the spot,' says he. 'He's too safe a man to have round; he knows too much about dynamite.' I never saw anybody so cool."

Dryfoos modestly dropped his head under Fulkerson's flattery, and without lifting it, turned his eyes toward Colonel Woodburn. "I had all sorts of men to deal with in developing my property out there, but I had very little trouble with them, generally speaking."

"Ah, ah! you foundt the laboring-man reasonable—dractable—tocile?" Lindau put in.

"Yes, generally speaking," Dryfoos answered. "They mostly knew which side of their bread was buttered. I did have one little difficulty at one time. It happened to be when Mr. Fulkerson was out there. Some of the men tried to form a union—"

"No, no?" cried Fulkerson. "Let *me* tell that! I know you wouldn't do yourself justice, Mr. Dryfoos, and I want 'em to know how a strike can be managed, if you take it in time. You see, some of those fellows got a notion that there ought to be a union among the working-men to keep up wages and dictate to the employers, and Mr. Dryfoos's foreman was the ringleader in the business. They understood pretty well that as soon as he found it out that foreman would walk the plank, and so they watched out till they thought they had Mr. Dryfoos just where they wanted him—everything on the keen jump, and every man worth his weight in diamonds—and then they come to him, and told him to sign a promise to keep that foreman to the end of the season, or till he was through with the work on the Dryfoos and Hendry Addition, under penalty of having them all knock off. Mr. Dryfoos smelt a mice, but he couldn't tell where the mice was; he saw that they did have him, and he signed, of course. There wasn't anything really

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

against the fellow, anyway; he was a first-rate man, and he did his duty every time; only he'd got some of those ideas into his head, and they turned it. Mr. Dryfoos signed, and then he laid low."

March saw Lindau listening with a mounting intensity, and heard him murmur in German, "Shameful! shameful!"

Fulkerson went on: "Well, it wasn't long before they began to show their hand, but Mr. Dryfoos kept dark. He agreed to everything; there never was such an obliging capitalist before; there wasn't a thing they asked of him that he didn't do, with the greatest of pleasure, and all went merry as a marriage-bell till one morning a whole gang of fresh men marched into the Dryfoos and Hendry Addition, under the escort of a dozen Pinkertons with repeating rifles at half-cock, and about fifty fellows found themselves out of a job. You never saw such a mad set."

"Pretty neat," said Kendricks, who looked at the affair purely from an æsthetic point of view. "Such a *coup* as that would tell tremendously in a play."

"That was vile treason," said Lindau, in German, to March. "He's an infamous traitor! I cannot stay here. I must go."

He struggled to rise, while March held him by the coat, and implored him under his voice, "For Heaven's sake, don't, Lindau! You owe it to yourself not to make a scene, if you come here." Something in it all affected him comically; he could not help laughing.

The others were discussing the matter, and seemed not to have noticed Lindau, who controlled himself, and sighed: "You are right. I must have patience."

Beaton was saying to Dryfoos, "Pity your Pinkertons couldn't have given them a few shots before they left."

"No, that wasn't necessary," said Dryfoos. "I succeeded in breaking up the union. I entered into an agreement with other parties not to employ any man who would not swear that he was non-union. If they had attempted violence, of course they could have been shot. But there was no fear of that. Those fellows can always be depended upon to cut each other's throats in the long-run."

"But sometimes," said Colonel Woodburn, who had been watching throughout for a chance to mount his hobby again, "they make a good deal of trouble first. How was it in the great railroad strike of '77?"

"Well, I guess there was a little trouble that time, Colonel," said Fulkerson. "But the men that undertake to override the laws and paralyze the industries of a country like this generally get left in the end."

"Yes, sir, generally; and up to a certain point, always. But it's the exceptional that is apt to happen, as well as the unexpected. And a little reflection will convince any gentleman here that there is always a danger of the exceptional in your system. The fact is, those fellows have the game in their own hands already. A strike of the whole body of the Brotherhood of Engineers alone would starve out the entire Atlantic seaboard in a week; labor insurrection could make head at a dozen given points, and your government couldn't move a man over the roads without the help of the engineers."

"That is so," said Kendricks, struck by the dramatic character of the conjecture. He imagined a fiction dealing with the situation as something already accomplished.

"Why don't some fellow do the *Battle of Dorking* act with that thing?" said Fulkerson. "It would be a card."

"Exactly what I was thinking, Mr. Fulkerson," said Kendricks.

Fulkerson laughed. "Telepathy—clear case of mind-transference. Better see March, here, about it. *I'd* like to have it in *Every Other Week*. It would make talk."

"Perhaps it might set your people to thinking as well as talking," said the Colonel.

"Well, sir," said Dryfoos, setting his lips so tightly together that his imperial stuck straight outward, "if I had my way, there wouldn't *be* any Brotherhood of Engineers, nor any other kind of labor union in the whole country."

"What!" shouted Lindau. "You would sobbress the unionss of the voarkingmen?"

"Yes, I would."

"And what would you do with the unionss of the gabidalists — the drosts, and gompines, and boolss? Would you dake the right from one and gife it to the odder?"

"Yes, sir, I would," said Dryfoos, with a wicked look at him.

Lindau was about to roar back at him with some furious protest, but March put his hand on his shoulder imploringly, and Lindau turned to him to say in German, "But it is infamous—infamous! What kind of man is this? Who is he? He has the heart of a tyrant."

Colonel Woodburn cut in. "You couldn't do that, Mr. Dryfoos, under your system. And if you attempted it, with your conspiracy laws, and that kind of thing, it might bring the climax sooner than you expected. Your commercialized society has built its house on the sands. It will have to go. But I should be sorry if it went before its time."

"You are rightt, sir," said Lindau. "It would be a bity. I hobe it will last till it feelss its rottenness, like Herodt. Boat, when its hour comes, when it trops to bieces with the veight of its own gorrubtion—what then?"

"It's not to be supposed that a system of things like this can drop to pieces of its own accord, like the old Republic of Venice," said the Colonel. "But when the last vestige of commercial society is gone, then we can begin to build anew; and we shall build upon the central idea, not of the false liberty you now worship, but of responsibility — responsibility. The enlightened, the moneyed, the cultivated class shall be responsible to the central authority—emperor, duke, president; the name does not matter—for the national expense and the national defence, and it shall be responsible to the working classes of all kinds for homes and lands and implements, and the opportunity to labor at all times. The working classes shall be responsible to the leisure class for the support of its dignity in peace, and shall be subject to its command in war. The rich shall warrant the poor against planless production and the ruin that now follows, against danger from without and famine from within, and the poor—"

"No, no, no!" shouted Lindau. "The *State* shall do that—the whole beople. The men who voark shall have and shall eat; and the men that will not voark, they shall sdarfe. But no man need sdarfe. He will go to the State, and the State will see that he haf voark, and that he haf foodt. All the roadts and mills and mines and landts shall be the beople's and be ron *by* the beople *for* the beople. There shall be no rich and no boor; and there shall not be war any more, for what bower wouldt dare to addack a beople bound togeder in a broderhood like that?"

"Lion and lamb act," said Fulkerson, not well knowing, after so much champagne, what words he was using.

No one noticed him, and Colonel Woodburn said coldly to Lindau, "You are talking paternalism, sir."

"And *you* are dalking *feudalism!*" retorted the old man.

The Colonel did not reply. A silence ensued, which no one broke till Fulkerson said: "Well, now, look here. If either one of these millenniums was brought about, by force of arms, or otherwise, what would become of *Every Other Week?* Who would want March for an editor? How would Beaton sell his pictures? Who would print Mr. Kendricks's little society verses and short stories? What would become of Conrad and his good works?" Those named grinned in support of Fulkerson's diversion, but Lindau and the Colonel did not speak; Dryfoos looked down at his plate, frowning. A waiter came round with cigars, and Fulkerson took one. "Ah," he said, as he bit off the end, and leaned over to the emblematic masterpiece, where the brandy was still feebly flickering, "I wonder if there's enough natural gas left to light my cigar." His effort put the flame out and knocked the derrick over; it broke in fragments on the table. Fulkerson cackled over the ruin: "I wonder if all Moffitt will look that way after labor and capital have fought it out together. I hope this ain't ominous of anything personal, Dryfoos?"

"I'll take the risk of it," said the old man, harshly.

He rose mechanically, and Fulkerson said to Frescobaldi's man, "You can bring us the coffee in the library."

The talk did not recover itself there. Lindau would not sit down; he refused coffee, and dismissed himself with a haughty bow to the company; Colonel Woodburn shook hands elaborately all round, when he had smoked his cigar; the others followed him. It seemed to March that his own good-night from Dryfoos was dry and cold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOWERY RESTAURANT.

On another page Mr. Kemble has drawn a few glimpses of the cheap Bowery restaurants, and the faces of typical habitués of them. Nothing of all that the Bowery offers is more peculiar than these eating-houses of the poor. Their characters are reflected in their very names: "Beefsteak John's," "The Creamerie," "The Elephant," "The Two-Forty-Nine," and farther along in Chatham Street, "The Bill Tweed," "The Jim Fisk," "The Gladstone," and "The Cleveland." In front of one of these the other day we saw an ice cart bearing the painted legend, "Billy's Own Ice"; and near by was the sign, "Founders of the $3 pants." But the motto painted on the window of one of the restaurants, "Moderate Prices and Quick Service," is eloquent of all the merit to which the Bowery lays especial claim.

The Bowery restaurants are nearly all small places, usually occupying the space designed for the purposes of a single store. They are so generally bare of ornament and so rudely furnished as to present, like most of their customers, the air of struggling for a livelihood. This may be misleading. They certainly exist year after year, often two or three in a block, and are usually crowded, so that the probability is that the prevailing human tendency to appoint dining places richly is restrained in the Bowery out of respect to the plain tastes of those who patronize those places. The bills of fare in these restaurants are as remarkable as their other features. One eating-house that should be well patronized has just been founded in order to provide a regular *table d'hôte* dinner of soup, meat, and dessert for thirteen cents. A very old Bowery restaurant thrives by giving a plate of beefsteak, a potato, and a slice or two of bread, with butter, for six cents. The steak may be a little inclined to resist mastication, but eminent physicians have said that such is the more nutritious sort after all. The rest of the restaurants in the Bowery offer all cold, boiled, or roast meats at either five or ten cents a portion, with a potato and bread to boot, and coffee or tea for three or five cents. Pork and beans and hash, at the same price as plain roasts, are two stand-bys at all the Bowery eating-houses.

The proprietors and the waiters are likely to be found in their shirt sleeves. In most of the places the waiters are chosen for their fighting as well as their polite qualities, in order that they may be in continual readiness for quelling disorder and avenging attempts to dine without paying. Every amusement hall in the Bowery has one "bouncer," but these restaurants have many. The artist has shown a seedy and unfortunate old fellow in the relentless grip of a restaurant proprietor, who hopes to frighten some change out of the poor wretch by threatening him with a "cop." The incident illustrated in the sketch recalls Mr. Edward Harrigan's local comedy of *Old Lavender*, in which the hero, when he had no money and was hungry, deliberately prepared his mind for the thrashing he knew his body would get, and then went to an eating-house, ordered a good meal, and took a whipping in lieu of a receipted bill. That character belonged in the Bowery, and was drawn from life.

The other incident Mr. Kemble's pencil has seized is even more characteristic of the usages in these places. In just such a restaurant a customer brought down the wrath of outraged self-respect on his head one day by calling out to one of the waiters, "My friend, this coffee ain't good." The waiter looked him all over with a glance of withering contempt, and then spoke loudly enough for all the others in the place to hear:

"Say, Bill," he addressed another waiter, "here's a high-toned gent that's used to dining at Delmonico's. He says der coffee ain't good. See here, friend, you swally dat coffee; it's der best you'll git."

The waiters all seem more eager to fight than to serve. In one of these eating-houses one day a waiter spilled some soup in the lap of a customer who was rather more fastidious than the average frequenter of the place. He protested against the waiter's carelessness, and the waiter replied: "Well, what's der use of making a fuss? I couldn't help it." The next time the waiter came to that table the customer reverted to the accident and to the state of his clothing. That was more than the waiter could endure. "Now look a-here," said he, thrusting out his chin and his chest, and wagging his head threateningly; "I've 'pologized, and dat don't suit yer. What do yer want next—a licking?"

A very happy bit in the picture is the view of two street boys at a hasty meal—the only kind they ever get. Both are honest toilers, one at blacking boots, and one at selling papers. What Arabs, what little rats, they are! They are as wild and hostile to improvement as young hawks. We have in mind a kindly man who felt sorry to see a number of them out in the cold on one wintry day, and invited them into the warm cellar under his store. There they broke the windows, hacked the wood-work, and even pounded a costly piece of machinery with cobble-stones brought in for the purpose. We recall another gentleman who called one into his business place and gave him a good hat to take the place of the tattered cap on his head. A clerk of an inquiring mind called to the boy, "What are you going to do with that nice hat, Johnny?"

"Take it up to Baxter Street," said the boy, "where I kin sell it fer fifteen cents. Den I kin git a cap fer five cents, and have tenpence left fer der t'eatre."

THE LATE WILLIAM THAW.

A CABLEGRAM from Paris, August 17th, announcing the illness of William Thaw, was followed immediately by a second message telling of his death. William Thaw was born in Pittsburgh, of Scotch-Irish parentage, October 12, 1818. Receiving an education in the common schools and Western University of Pittsburgh, he entered his father's bank in 1834. Eleven years later, while the canals were yet the great channel of communication between the East and the West, he formed a partnership with Thomas S. Clarke, under the name of Clarke & Thaw, as transporters and owners of canal and steam boats. When the completion of the railroads West brought a new order of affairs, Mr. Thaw was nearly forty years old, but at once grasping the changed conditions he entered into the service, and gave his time and encouragement to it, so that he became a leader in matters pertaining to railroads. It is illustrative of the great progress of the age when we consider that Mr. Thaw was born before the first steam railroad was built, and at his death he was one of the largest owners of stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He was also largely interested in the Erie and Western Transportation Company and the Inman International Steam-ship Company.

Mr. Thaw was a man of remarkable gifts, and possessing a wide knowledge of the world and its affairs. His power of discernment and expression fitted him for his position of prominence in his business. The large fortune which he had amassed was used in a public way to promote educational and benevolent enterprises, and his private charities were innumerable. Irrespective of church, it is said that no minister who applied to him for monetary aid ever left him without some degree of success. Before the panic of 1873, he presented $100,000 in Northern Pacific bonds to the Western University, and when Jay Cooke had failed, and the securities depreciated in value, Mr. Thaw quietly gave in their stead $100,000 in cash to the trustees. The Homœopathic Hospital and the Western Theological Seminary received liberal donations, and Hanover, Wooster, and Oberlin universities, and Geneva and Carrol colleges are among the educational institutions that are indebted to his benevolence. Apart from these examples of his kindliness, he was in sympathy with a number of other institutions and charitable societies, and the city and county where he lived were under obligations to him in many ways.

Early in July Mr. Thaw, in company with some friends and relatives, sailed on the *City of Paris*, in order to gain a needed rest. His letters and messages home were most hopeful and satisfactory, and the news of his sudden illness and death was a great shock to his many friends. In his native city he was much loved and admired, and his loss is one which will be widely felt.

THE NEW YORK CATTLE QUARANTINE.

AMONG the various laws made in the United States within recent years for the prevention of pleuro-pneumonia and other forms of disease in cattle, few have had a more important bearing upon the object in view, or have been more thoroughly and intelligently carried out, than the act of Congress providing for the quarantining of cattle arriving here from foreign countries. The law requires that foreign cattle shall be kept in quarantine for ninety days after their arrival. If the cattle are in a perfectly sound and healthy condition at the end of the ninety days they may be removed by their owners. The English quarantine laws are somewhat more strict than this. They require that all cattle brought into Great Britain from America shall be killed within ten days of their arrival. This law prevents the exportation of American cattle to England for breeding purposes. Englishmen explain the law by saying that all cattle diseases originate in America, and that English animals are never afflicted with pleuro-pneumonia or anything else. It is hardly necessary to deny this rather sweeping assertion, nor to apologize to irascible importers of foreign cattle for the existence of the American quarantine; all that need be said is that the quarantine law was found to be urgently needed to protect American cattle.

The quarantine station for the port of New York is located at Garfield, New Jersey, a small village which once bore the name of East Passaic. It has a railway station of its own, on a branch of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad, but the traveller can get a more frequent train service by way of Passaic on the main line. The quarantine station occupies forty acres of rolling grass-land fronting on the dark-hued Passaic River, which here drowses down toward the sea. On this quiet stretch of water one might well fancy himself in some remote rural region, were it not for the tinge of smoke from Passaic's tall chimneys, the chemical discolorations in the river, and the constant rumble of Erie Railway trains.

This combined quality of rural quiet and urban accessibility makes the location at Garfield especially appropriate for the quarantine station, inasmuch as the cattle need country quiet in a place within a reasonable distance of the landing docks.

The peculiar requirements of the quarantine location, and the care with which they were considered when the station was established, are only a small part, however, of the painstaking methods employed by the United States government to prevent the introduction of disease into American cattle. The importer is no doubt often tempted to exclaim with wrath that the red tape involved in the bringing of a few meek and well-disposed cows from Europe to America amounts almost to a prohibition. In the first place, the original owner of the animals must make affidavit that they are free from disease, and that no bovine disorder has existed in his district for six months or a year. The purchasing agent must then make affidavit to the same facts, after which the case goes before the nearest American consul, who considers the matter, and decides whether the cattle shall or shall not go to America. Having obtained the consul's permit to import, the agent puts the animals aboard a steam-ship bound for the United States. The steam-ship people are required to provide stalls which have been thoroughly scalded out and disinfected. On the voyage across the ocean the cattle are carefully taken care of. If any of them fall sick the circumstances are noted for the information of the quarantine officer.

Upon the arrival of the vessel at New York, the Collector of the Port telegraphs the fact to the inspector at quarantine head-quarters at Garfield, who immediately goes aboard, and makes a thorough examination of each animal. The temperature is taken by means of a physician's thermometer, and the lungs are examined by percussion and osculation. If the animals pass muster, the inspector indorses the Custom-house permit providing for their landing. No customs duties are charged on cattle imported for breeding purposes. At the hour set for landing, the Erie Railway Company's live-stock agent sends a thoroughly disinfected and clean barge to receive the cattle from the steamer. This barge puts the animals ashore at what is known as the Erie's long dock in Jersey City, alongside the huge grain elevator that dominates the landscape in the vicinity of the Erie Ferry slips. From the wharf the cattle are driven to certain of the Erie's stock cars set apart for the purpose. No other cattle are allowed to be carried in these cars. It is only just to say here that the railroad company takes special pains to co-operate fully with the government officials in carrying out the provisions of the law to the letter.

A special train carries the cattle to a remote corner of the quarantine grounds at Garfield, where they are unloaded and assigned to certain yards and sheds. The yards are separated from each other by high board fences. The sheds are in the shape of well-built barns, tightly battened and neatly painted. A trough of running water is provided for each yard, and separate bins for feed for each shed. These measures form the basis of the precautions taken for the complete isolation of the different herds one from the other. The rules for the government of the quarantine station are as strict as those directing the conduct of the army. They require, among other things, that the gates of all yards shall be kept locked, except when cattle are entering or leaving quarantine. This prevents the accidental mixing up of different cattle. The attendants on cattle in particular yards are strictly forbidden to enter other yards and buildings, except such as are occupied by stock of the same shipment with those under their specia

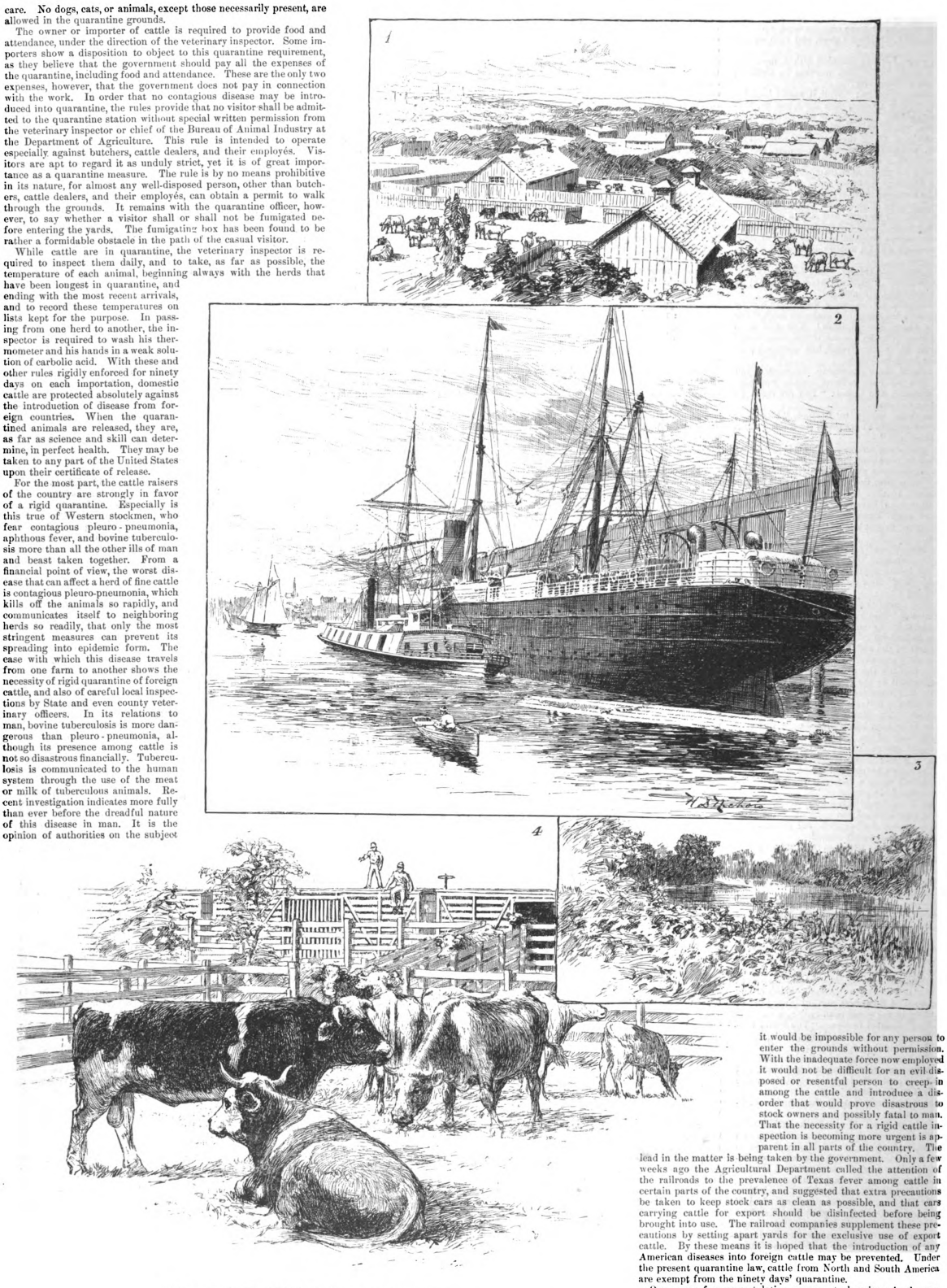
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

care. No dogs, cats, or animals, except those necessarily present, are allowed in the quarantine grounds.

The owner or importer of cattle is required to provide food and attendance, under the direction of the veterinary inspector. Some importers show a disposition to object to this quarantine requirement, as they believe that the government should pay all the expenses of the quarantine, including food and attendance. These are the only two expenses, however, that the government does not pay in connection with the work. In order that no contagious disease may be introduced into quarantine, the rules provide that no visitor shall be admitted to the quarantine station without special written permission from the veterinary inspector or chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry at the Department of Agriculture. This rule is intended to operate especially against butchers, cattle dealers, and their employés. Visitors are apt to regard it as unduly strict, yet it is of great importance as a quarantine measure. The rule is by no means prohibitive in its nature, for almost any well-disposed person, other than butchers, cattle dealers, and their employés, can obtain a permit to walk through the grounds. It remains with the quarantine officer, however, to say whether a visitor shall or shall not be fumigated before entering the yards. The fumigating box has been found to be rather a formidable obstacle in the path of the casual visitor.

While cattle are in quarantine, the veterinary inspector is required to inspect them daily, and to take, as far as possible, the temperature of each animal, beginning always with the herds that have been longest in quarantine, and ending with the most recent arrivals, and to record these temperatures on lists kept for the purpose. In passing from one herd to another, the inspector is required to wash his thermometer and his hands in a weak solution of carbolic acid. With these and other rules rigidly enforced for ninety days on each importation, domestic cattle are protected absolutely against the introduction of disease from foreign countries. When the quarantined animals are released, they are, as far as science and skill can determine, in perfect health. They may be taken to any part of the United States upon their certificate of release.

For the most part, the cattle raisers of the country are strongly in favor of a rigid quarantine. Especially is this true of Western stockmen, who fear contagious pleuro-pneumonia, aphthous fever, and bovine tuberculosis more than all the other ills of man and beast taken together. From a financial point of view, the worst disease that can affect a herd of fine cattle is contagious pleuro-pneumonia, which kills off the animals so rapidly, and communicates itself to neighboring herds so readily, that only the most stringent measures can prevent its spreading into epidemic form. The case with which this disease travels from one farm to another shows the necessity of rigid quarantine of foreign cattle, and also of careful local inspections by State and even county veterinary officers. In its relations to man, bovine tuberculosis is more dangerous than pleuro-pneumonia, although its presence among cattle is not so disastrous financially. Tuberculosis is communicated to the human system through the use of the meat or milk of tuberculous animals. Recent investigation indicates more fully than ever before the dreadful nature of this disease in man. It is the opinion of authorities on the subject that one of the chief ways to lessen the prevalence of consumption in human beings is to take thorough means for the extermination of bovine tuberculosis in domestic cattle. Rigid inspections should be made by government and State veterinarians at frequent intervals to prevent the spread of the disease.



THE CATTLE QUARANTINE.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

1. General View of the Grounds at Garfield, New Jersey. 2. Unloading from an Ocean Steamer. 3. The Quarantine River Front. 4. Receiving Cattle at Quarantine.

In connection with this branch of the subject it may not be inappropriate to suggest that greater facilities be placed at the disposal of the quarantine officer at Garfield for the more complete isolation of the cattle under his charge from deleterious influences. The working force might be increased judiciously, so that it would be impossible for any person to enter the grounds without permission. With the inadequate force now employed it would not be difficult for an evil-disposed or resentful person to creep in among the cattle and introduce a disorder that would prove disastrous to stock owners and possibly fatal to man. That the necessity for a rigid cattle inspection is becoming more urgent is apparent in all parts of the country. The lead in the matter is being taken by the government. Only a few weeks ago the Agricultural Department called the attention of the railroads to the prevalence of Texas fever among cattle in certain parts of the country, and suggested that extra precautions be taken to keep stock cars as clean as possible, and that cars carrying cattle for export should be disinfected before being brought into use. The railroad companies supplement these precautions by setting apart yards for the exclusive use of export cattle. By these means it is hoped that the introduction of any American diseases into foreign cattle may be prevented. Under the present quarantine law, cattle from North and South America are exempt from the ninety days' quarantine.

One cause for congratulation among stock raisers is the systematic co-operation of the New York State and the government veterinary inspectors for the suppression of cattle diseases in this part of the country. If other States took the matter in hand as thoroughly, the chances for the complete eradication of disease would be much improved. The inspector in charge of the government work at Garfield is Dr. William Herbert Lowe, a veterinarian of wide experience and much scientific and practical knowledge of the treatment of animal disorders. His management of quarantine affairs has been uniformly successful in its results, and satisfactory to the Department at Washington.

William Willard Howard.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SKETCHES IN A BOWERY RESTAURANT.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 723.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

UNDER THE LION'S PAW.

I.

It was the last of autumn and first day of winter coming together. All day long the ploughmen on their prairie farms had moved to and fro on their wide level fields through the falling snow, which melted as it fell, wetting them to the skin—all day, notwithstanding the frequent squalls of snow, the dripping, desolate clouds, and the muck of the furrows, black and tenacious as tar.

Under their dripping harnesses the horses swung to and fro silently, with that marvellous uncomplaining patience which marks the horse. All day the wild-geese, honking wildly, as they sprawled sidewise down the wind, seemed to be fleeing from an enemy behind, and with neck out-thrust and wings extended, sailed down the wind, soon lost to sight.

Yet the ploughman behind his plough, though the snow lay on his ragged great-coat, and the cold clinging mud rose on his heavy boots, fettering him like gyves, whistled in the very beard of the gale. As day passed, the snow, ceasing to melt, lay along the ploughed land, and lodged in the depth of the stubble, till on each slow round the last furrow stood out black and shining as jet between the ploughed land and the gray stubble.

When night began to fall, and the geese, flying low, began to alight invisibly in the near corn field, Stephen Council was still at work "finishing a land." He rode on his sulky-plough when going with the wind, but walked when facing it. Sitting bent and cold but cheery under his slouch hat, he talked encouragingly to his weary four-in-hand.

"Come round there, boys!—round agin! We got t' finish this land. Come in there, Dan! *Stiddy*, Kate!—stiddy! None o' y'r tantrums, Kittie. It's purty tuff, but got a be did. *Tchk! tchk!* Step along, Pete! Don't let Kate git y'r single-tree on the wheel. *Once* more!"

They seemed to know what he meant, and that this was the last round, for they worked with greater vigor than before.

"Once more, boys, an' sez I, oats an' a nice warm stall, an' sleep f'r all."

By the time the last furrow was turned on the land it was too dark to see the house, and the snow was changing to rain again. The tired and hungry man could see the light from the kitchen shining through the leafless hedge, and lifting a great shout, he yelled, "Supper f'r a half a dozen!"

It was nearly eight o'clock by the time he had finished his chores and started for supper. He was picking his way carefully through the mud, when the tall form of a man loomed up before him with a premonitory cough.

"Waddy ye want?" was the rather startled question of the farmer.

"Well, ye see," began the stranger, in a deprecating tone, "we'd like t' git in f'r the night. We've tried every house f'r the last two miles, but they hadn't any room f'r us. My wife's jest about sick, 'n' the children are cold and hungry—"

"Oh, y' want a stay all night, eh?"

"Yes, sir; it 'ud be a great accom—"

"Waal, I don't make it a practice t' turn anybuddy away hungry, not on sech nights as this. Drive right in. We 'ain't got much, but sech as it is—"

But the stranger had disappeared. And soon his steaming, weary team, with drooping heads and swinging single-trees, moved past the well on to the block beside the path. Council stood at the side of the "schooner" and helped the children out—two little half-sleeping children—and then a small woman with a babe in her arms.

"There ye go!" he shouted, jovially, to the children. "*Now* we're all right. Run right along to the house there, an' tell Mam' Council you wants umpthin' t' eat. Right this way, Mis'—Keep right off t' the right there. I'll go an' git a lantern. Come," he said to the dazed and silent group at his side.

"Mother," he shouted, as he neared the fragrant and warmly lighted kitchen, "here are some wayfarers an' folks who need sumpthin' t' eat an' a place t' snooze," he ended, pushing them all in.

Mrs. Council, a large, jolly, rather coarse-looking woman, took the children in her arms. "Come right in, you little rabbits. 'Most asleep, hay? Now here's a drink o' milk f'r each o' ye. I'll have s'm' tea in a minute. Take off y'r things and set up t' the fire."

While she set the children to drinking milk, Council got out his lantern and went out to the barn to help the stranger about his team, where his loud, hearty voice could be heard as it came and went between the hay-mow and the stalls.

The woman came to light as a small, timid, and discouraged-looking woman, but still pretty, in a thin and sorrowful way.

"Land sakes! An' you've travelled all the way from Clear Lake t'-day in this mud! Waal! waal! No wunder you're all tired out. Don't wait f'r the men, Mis'—" She hesitated, waiting for the name.

"Haskins."

"Mis' Haskins, set right up to the table an' take a good swig o' that tea, whilst I make y' s'm' toast. It's green tea, an' it's good. I tell Council as I git older I don't seem t' enjoy Young Hyson n'r gunpowder. I want the reel green tea, jest as it comes off'n the vines. Seems t' have more heart in it some way. Don't s'pose it has. Council says it's all in m' eye."

Going on in this easy way, she soon had the children filled with bread and milk and the woman thoroughly at home, eating some toast and sweet melon pickles, and sipping the tea.

"*See* the little rats!" she laughed at the children. "They're full as they can stick now, and they want to go to bed. Now don't git up, Mis' Haskins; set right where you are, an' let me look after 'em. I know all about young ones, though I *am* all alone now. Jane went an' married last fall. But, as I tell Council, it's lucky we keep our health. Set right *there*, Mis' Haskins; I won't have you stir a finger."

It was an unmeasured pleasure to sit there in the warm, homely kitchen, the jovial chatter of the housewife driving out and holding at bay the growl of the impotent, cheated wind.

The little woman's eyes filled with tears, which fell down upon the sleeping baby in her arms. The world was not so desolate and cold and hopeless, after all.

"Now I hope Council won't stop out there and talk politics all night. He's the greatest man to talk politics an' read the *Tribune*. How old is it?"

She broke off and peered down at the face of the babe.

"Two months 'n' five days," said the mother, with a mother's exactness.

"Ye don't say! I want t' know! The dear little pudzy-wudzy," she went on, stirring it up in the neighborhood of the ribs with her fat forefinger.

"Pocty tough on 'oo to go gallavant'n' 'cross lots this way."

"Yes, that's so; a man can't lift a mountain," said Council, entering the door. "Sarah, this is Mr. Haskins, from Kansas. He's been eat up 'n' drove out by grasshoppers."

"Glad t' see yeh! Pa, empty that wash-basin, 'n' give him a chance t' wash."

Haskins was a tall man, with a thin, gloomy face. His hair was a reddish brown, like his coat, and seemed equally faded by the wind and sun. And his sallow face, though hard and set, was pathetic somehow. You would have felt that he had suffered much by the line of his mouth showing under his thin yellow mustache.

"Hain't Ike got home yet, Sairy?"

"Hain't seen 'im."

"W-a-a-l, set right up, Mr. Haskins; wade right into what we've got; 'tain't much, but we manage t' live on it—least I do; *she* gits fat on it," laughed Council, pointing his thumb at his wife.

After supper, while the women put the children to bed, Haskins and Council talked on, seated near the huge cooking stove, the steam rising from their wet clothing. In the Western fashion Council told as much of his own life as he drew from his guest. He asked but few questions; but by-and-by the story of Haskins's struggles and defeat came out. The story was a terrible one, but he told it quietly, seated with his elbows on his knees, gazing most of the time at the hearth.

"I didn't like the looks of the country, anyhow," Haskins said, partly rising and glancing at his wife. "I was ust t' northern Ingyannie, where we hav' lots a timber 'n' lots a rain, 'n' I didn't like the looks o' that dry prairie. What galled me the worst was goin' s' far away across so much fine land layin' all through here vacant."

"And the 'hoppers eat ye four years hand running, did they?"

"Eat! They wiped us out. They chawed everything that was green. They jest set around waitin' f'r us to die t' eat us too. My God! I ust t' dream of 'em sitt'n' 'round on the bedpost, six feet long, workin' their jaws. They eet the fork handles. They got worse 'n' worse, till they jest rolled on one another, piled up like snow in winter. Well, it ain't no use; if I was t' talk all winter I couldn't tell nawthin'. But all the while I couldn't help thinkin' of all that land back here that nobuddy was usin', that I ought a had 'stead o' bein' out there in that cussed country."

"Waal, why didn't ye stop an' settle here?" asked Ike, who had come in and was eating his supper.

"Fer the simple reason that you fellers wantid ten 'r fifteen dollars an acre fer the bare land, and I hadn't no money fer that kind o' thing."

"Yes, I do my own work," Mrs. Council was heard to say in the pause which followed. "I'm a-gettin' purty heavy t' be on m' laigs all day, but we can't afford t' hire, so I keep rackin' around somehow, like a foundered horse. S'lame—I tell Council he can't tell *how* lame I am, f'r I'm jest as lame in one laig as t'other." And the good soul laughed at the joke on herself as she took a handful of flour and dusted the biscuit board to keep the dough from sticking.

"Well, I hain't *never* been very strong," said Mrs. Haskins. "Our folks was Canadians an' small-boned, and then since my last child I hain't got up again fairly. I don't like t' complain—Tim has about all he can bear now—but they was days this week when I jest wanted to lay right down an' die."

"Waal, now, I'll tell ye," said Council, from his side of the stove, silencing everybody with his good-natured roar, "I'd go down and *see* Butler *anyway*, if I was you. I guess he'd let you have his place purty cheap; the farm's all run down. He's ben anxious t' let t' somebuddy next year. It 'ud be a good chance fer you. Anyhow, you go to bed, and sleep like a babe. I've got some ploughin' t' do anyhow, an' we'll see if somethin' can't be done about your case. Ike, you go out an' see if the horses is all right, an' I'll show the folks t' bed."

When the tired husband and wife were lying under the generous quilts of the spare bed, Haskins listened a moment to the wind in the eaves, and then said, with a slow and solemn tone,

"There are people in this world who are good enough t' be angels, an' only haff t' die to *be* angels."

II.

Jim Butler was one of those men called in the West "land poor." Early in the history of Rock River he had come into the town and started in the grocery business in a small way, occupying a small building in a mean part of the town. At this period of his life he earned all he got, and was up early and late, sorting beans, working over butter, and carting his goods to and from the station. But a change came over him at the end of the second year, when he sold a lot of land for four times what he paid for it. From that time forward he believed in land speculation as the surest way of getting rich. Every cent he could save or spare from his trade he put into land at forced sale, or mortgages on land, which were "just as good as the wheat," he was accustomed to say.

Farm after farm fell into his hands, until he was recognized as one of the leading land-owners of the county. His mortgages were scattered all over Cedar County, and as they slowly but surely fell in, he sought usually to retain the former owner as tenant.

He was not ready to foreclose; indeed, he had the name of being one of the "easiest" men in the town. He let the debtor off again and again, extending the time whenever possible.

"I don't want y'r land," he said. "All I'm after is the int'rest on my money—that's all. Now if y' want 'o stay on the farm, why, I'll give y' a good chance. I can't have the land layin' vacant." And in many cases the owner remained as tenant.

In the mean time he had sold his store; he couldn't spend time in it; he was mainly occupied now with sitting around town on rainy days, smoking and "gassin' with the boys," or in riding to and from his farms. In fishing-time he fished a good deal. Doc Grimes, Ben Ashley, and Cal Cheatham were his cronies on these fishing excursions or hunting trips in the time of chickens or partridges. In winter they went to northern Wisconsin to shoot deer.

In spite of all these signs of easy life, Butler persisted in saying he "hadn't money enough to pay taxes on his land," and was careful to convey the impression that he was poor in spite of his twenty farms. At one time he was said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, but land had been a little slow of sale of late, so that he was not worth so much. A fine farm, known as the Higley place, had fallen into his hands in the usual way the previous year, and he had not been able to find a tenant for it. Poor Higley, after working himself nearly to death on it, in the attempt to lift the mortgage, had gone off to Dakota, leaving the farm and his curse to Butler.

This was the farm which Council advised Haskins to apply for, and the next day Council hitched up his team and drove down-town to see Butler.

"You jest lem *me* do the talkin'," he said. "We'll find him wearin' out his pants on some salt barrel somewears; and if he thought you *wanted* a place, he'd sock it to you hot and heavy. You jest keep quiet; I'll fix 'im."

Butler was seated in Ben Ashley's store, telling "fish yarns," when Council sauntered in casually.

"Hello, But! lyin' agin, hay?"

"Hello, Steve! how goes it?"

"Oh, so-so. Too dang much rain these days. I thought it was goin' t' freeze up f'r good last night. Tight squeak if I git m' ploughin' done. How's farmin' with *you* these days?"

"Bad. Ploughin' ain't half done."

"It 'ud be a religious idee f'r you t' go out and take a hand y'rself."

"I don't haff to." said Butler, with a wink.

"Got anybody on the Higley place?"

"No. Know of anybody?"

"Waal, no; not eggsackly. I've got a relation back t' Michigan who's ben hot an' cold on the idee o' comin' West f'r some time. *Might* come if he could git a good lay-out. What do you talk on the farm?"

"Well, I d' know. I'll rent it on shares, or I'll rent it money rent."

"Waal, how much money, say?"

"Well, say ten per cent. on the price—$250."

"Waal, that ain't bad. Wait on 'im till 'e thrashes?"

Haskins listened eagerly to this important question, but Council was coolly eating a dried apple which he had speared out of a barrel with his knife. Butler studied him carefully.

"Well, knocks me out o' twenty-five dollars interest."

"My relation 'll need all he's got t' git his crops in," said Council, in the same indifferent way.

"Well, all right; *say* wait," concluded Butler.

"All right; this is the man. Haskins, this is Mr. Butler—no relation to Ben—the hardest-workin' man in Cedar County."

On the way home, Haskins said: "I ain't much better off. I'd like that farm; it's a good farm, but it's all run down, an' so 'm I. I could make a good farm of it if I had half a show. But I can't stock it n'r seed it."

"Waal, now, don't you worry," roared Council, in his ear. "We'll pull y' through somehow till next harvest. He's agreed t' hire it ploughed, an' you can earn a hundred dollars ploughin', an' y' c'n git the seed o' me, an' pay me back when y' can."

Haskins was silent with emotion, but at last he said, "I 'ain't got nothin' t' live on."

"Now don't you worry 'bout that. You jest make your head-quarters at ol' Steve Council's. Mother 'll take a pile o' comfort in havin' y'r wife an' children 'round. Y' see Jane's married off lately, an' Ike's away a good 'eal, so we'll be darn glad t' have ye stop with us this winter. Nex' spring we'll see if y' can't git a start agin;" and he chirruped to the team, which sprang forward with the rumbling, clattering wagon.

"Say, looky here, Council, you can't do this. I never saw—" shouted Haskins in his neighbor's ear.

Council moved about uneasily in his seat, and stopped his stammering gratitude by saying: "Hold on now; don't make such a fuss over a little thing. When I see a man down, an' things all on top of 'im, I jest like t' kick 'em off an' help 'im up. That's the kind of religion I got, an' it's about the *only* kind."

They rode the rest of the way home in silence. And when the red light of the lamp shone out into the darkness of the cold and windy night, and he thought of this refuge for his children and wife, Haskins could have put his arm around the neck of his burly companion and squeezed him like a lover; but he contented himself with saying, "Steve Council, you'll git y'r pay f'r this some day."

"Don't want any pay. My religion ain't run on such business principles."

The wind was growing colder, and the ground was covered with a white frost, as they turned into the gate of the Council farm, and the children came rushing out, shouting, "Papa's come!" They hardly looked like the same children who had sat at the table the night before. Their torpidity under the influence of sunshine and Mother Council had given way to a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness, as insects in winter revive when laid on the hearth.

III.

Haskins worked like a fiend, and his wife, like the heroic little woman that she was, bore also uncomplainingly the most terrible burdens. They rose early and toiled without intermission till the darkness fell on the plain, then tumbled into bed, every bone and muscle aching with fatigue, to rise with the sun the next morning to the same round of the same ferocity of labor.

The eldest boy, now nine years old, drove a team all through the spring, ploughing and seeding, milked the cows, and did chores innumerable, in most ways taking the place of a man; an infinitely pathetic but common figure—this boy—on the American farm, where there is no law against child labor. To see him in his coarse clothing, his huge boots, and his ragged cap, as he stogged with a pail of water from the well, or trudged in the cold and cheerless dawn out into the frosty field behind his team, gave the city-bred visitor a sharp pang of sympathetic pain. Yet Haskins loved his boy, and would have saved him from this if he could, but he could not.

By June the first year the result of such Herculean toil began to show on the farm. The yard was cleaned up and sown to grass, the garden ploughed and planted, and the house mended. Council had given them four of his cows.

"Take 'em an' run 'em on shares. I don't want a milk s' many. Ike's away s' much now, Sat'd'ys an' Sund'ys, I can't stand the bother anyhow."

Other men, seeing the confidence of Council in the new-comer, had sold him tools on time; and as he was really an able farmer, he soon had round him many evidences of his care and thrift. At the advice of Council he had taken the farm for three years, with the privilege of rerenting or buying at the end of the term.

"It's a good bargain, an' y' want 'o nail it," said Council. "If you have any kind ov a crop, you can pay half y'r debts, an' keep seed an' bread."

The new hope which now sprang up in the heart of Haskins and his wife grew great almost as a pain by the time the wide field of wheat began to wave and rustle and swirl in the winds of July. Day after day he would snatch a few moments after supper to go and look at it.

"Have ye seen the wheat t'-day, Nettie?" he asked one night as he rose from supper.

"No, Tim, I 'ain't had time."

"Well, take time now. Le's go look at it."

She threw an old hat on her head—Tommy's hat—and looking almost pretty in her thin sad way, went out with her husband to the hedge.

"Ain't it grand, Nettie? Just look at it."

It was grand. Level, russet here and there, heavy-headed, wide as a lake, and full of multitudinous whispers and gleams of health, it stretched away before the gazers like the fabled field of the cloth of gold.

"Oh, I think—I *hope* we'll have a good crop, Tim; and oh, how good the people have been to us!"

"Yes; I don't know where we'd be t'-day if it hadn't a ben f'r Council and his wife."

"They're the best people in the world," said the little woman, with a great sob of gratitude.

"We'll be into that field on Monday, sure," said Haskins, griping the rail on the fence as if already at the work of the harvest.

The harvest came bounteous, glorious, but the winds came and blew it into tangles, and the rain matted it here and there close to the ground, increasing the work of gathering it threefold.

Oh, how they toiled in those glorious days! Clothing dripping with sweat, arms aching, filled with briars, fingers raw and bleeding, backs broken with the weight of heavy bundles, Haskins and his man toiled on. Tommy drove the harvester while his father and a hired man bound on the machine. In this way they cut ten acres every day, and almost every night after supper, when the hand went to bed, Haskins returned to the field, shocking the bound grain in the light of the moon. Many a night he worked till he staggered with utter fatigue; worked till his anxious wife came out to call him in to rest and lunch.

At the same time she cooked for the men, took care of the children, washed and ironed, milked the cows at night, made the butter, and sometimes fed the horses and watered them while her husband kept at the shocking. No slave in the Roman galleys could have toiled so frightfully and lived, for this man *thought* himself a freeman, and that he was working for his wife and babes.

When he sank into his bed with a deep groan of relief, too tired to change his grimy, dripping clothing, he felt that he was getting nearer and nearer to a home of his own, and pushing the wolf of want a little further from his door.

There is no despair so deep as the despair of a homeless man or woman. To roam the roads of the country or the streets of the city, to feel

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

there is no rood of ground on which the feet can rest, to halt weary and hungry outside lighted windows and hear laughter and song within—these are the hungers and rebellions that drive men to crime and women to shame.

It was the memory of this homelessness, and the fear of its coming again, that spurred Timothy Haskins and Nettie, his wife, to such ferocious labor during that first year.

IV.

"'M, yes; 'm, yes; first-rate," said Butler, as his eye took in the neat garden, the pigpen, and the well-filled barn-yard. "You're git'n' quite a stock around yer. Done well, eh?"

Haskins was showing Butler around the place. He had not seen it for a year, having spent the year in Washington and Boston with Ashley, his brother-in-law, who had been elected to Congress.

"Yes, I've laid out a good deal of money during the last three years. I've paid out three hundred dollars f'r fencin'."

"Um—h'm! I see, I see," said Butler, while Haskins went on.

"The kitchen there cost two hundred; the barn 'ain't cost much in money, but I've put a lot o' time on it. I've dug a new well, and I—"

"Yes, yes. I see! You've done well. Stalk worth a thousand dollars," said Butler, picking his teeth with a straw.

"About that," said Haskins, modestly. "We begin to feel 's if we wuz git'n' a home f'r ourselves; but we've worked hard. I tell ye we begin to feel it, Mr. Butler, and we're goin' t' begin t' ease up purty soon. We've been kind o' plannin' a trip back t' *her* folks after the fall ploughin's done."

"*Eggs*-actly!" said Butler, who was evidently thinking of something else. "I suppose you've kind o' kalkilated on stayin' here three years more?"

"Well, yes. Fact is, I think I c'n buy the farm this fall, if you'll give me a reasonable show."

"Um—m! What do you call a reasonable show?"

"Waal; say a quarter down and three years' time."

Butler looked at the huge stacks of wheat which filled the yard, over which the chickens were fluttering and crawling, catching grasshoppers, and out of which the crickets were singing innumerably. He smiled in a peculiar way as he said, "Oh, I won't be hard on yeh. But what did you expect to pay f'r the place?"

"Why, about what you offered it for before, twenty-five hundred dollars, or *possibly* three thousand," he added, quickly, as he saw the owner shake his head.

"This farm is worth five thousand and five hundred dollars," said Butler, in a careless but decided voice.

"*What!*" almost shrieked the astounded Haskins. "What's that? Five thousand? Why, that's double what you offered it for three years ago."

"Of course; and it's worth it. It was all run down then; now it's in good shape. You've laid out fifteen hundred dollars in improvements, according to your own story."

"But *you* had nothin' t' do about that. It's my work an' my money."

"You bet it was; but it's my land."

"But what's to pay me for all?"

"'Ain't you had the use of 'em?" replied Butler, smiling calmly into his face.

Haskins was like a man struck on the head with a sand-bag; he couldn't think, he stammered as he tried to say: "But—I never 'd git the use. You'd rob me. More'n that: you agreed—you promised that I could buy or rent at the end of three years at—"

"That's all right. But I didn't say I'd let you carry off the improvements, nor that I'd go on renting the farm at two-fifty. The land is doubled in value, it don't matter how; it don't enter into the question; an' now you can pay me five hundred dollars a year rent, or take it on your own terms at fifty-five hundred, or—git out."

He was turning away, when Haskins, the sweat pouring from his face, fronted him, saying again:

"But *you've* done nothing to make it so. You hain't added a cent. I put it all there myself, expectin' to buy. I worked an' sweat to improve it. I was workin' f'r myself an' babes."

"Well, why didn't you buy when I offered to sell? What y' kickin' about?"

"I'm kickin' about payin' you twice f'r my own things—my own fences, my own kitchen, my own garden."

Butler laughed. "You're too green t' eat, young feller. *Your* improvements! The law will sing another tune."

"But I trusted your word."

"Never trust anybody, my friend. Besides, I didn't promise not to do this thing. Why, man, don't look at me like that. Don't take me for a thief. It's the law. The reg'lar thing. Everybody does it."

"I don't care if they do. It's stealin' jest the same. You take three thousand dollars of my money. The work o' my hands and my wife's." He broke down at this point. He was not a strong man mentally. He could face hardship, ceaseless toil, but he could not face the cold and sneering face of Butler.

"But I don't take it," said Butler, coolly. "All you've got to do is to go on jest as you've been a-doin', or give me a thousand dollars down, and a mortgage at ten per cent. on the rest."

Haskins sat down blindly on a bundle of oats near by, and with staring eyes and drooping head went over the situation. He was under the lion's paw. He felt a horrible numbness in his heart and limbs. He was hid in a mist, and there was no path out.

Butler walked about, looking at the huge stacks of grain, and pulling now and again a few handfuls out, shelling the heads in his hands and blowing the chaff away. He hummed a little tune as he did so. He had an accommodating air of waiting.

Haskins was in the midst of the terrible toil of the last year. He was walking again in the rain and the mud behind his plough, he felt the dust and dirt of the threshing. The ferocious husking-time, with its cutting wind and biting, clinging snows, lay hard upon him. Then he thought of his wife, how she had cheerfully cooked and baked, without holiday and without rest.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired the cool, mocking, insinuating voice of Butler.

"I think you're a thief and a liar," shouted Haskins, leaping up. "A black-hearted houn'!" Butler's smile maddened him; with a sudden leap he caught a fork in his hands, and whirled it in the air. "You'll never rob another man, damn ye!" he grated through his teeth, a look of pitiless ferocity in his accusing eyes.

Butler shrank and quivered, expecting the blow; stood, held hypnotized by the eyes of the man he had a moment before despised—a man transformed into an avenging demon. But in the deadly hush between the lift of the weapon and its fall there came a gush of faint, childish laughter, and then across the range of his vision, far away and dim, he saw the sun-bright head of his baby girl, as, with the pretty tottering run of a two-year-old, she moved across the grass of the door-yard. His hands relaxed; the fork fell to the ground; his head lowered.

"Make out y'r deed an' morgige, an' git off'n my land, an' don't ye never cross my line agin; if y' do, I'll kill ye."

Butler backed away from the man in wild haste, and climbing into his buggy with trembling limbs, drove off down the road, leaving Haskins seated dumbly on the sunny pile of sheaves, his head sunk into his hands.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE LATE HENRY SHAW.

In the death of Henry Shaw, which occurred at his home in St. Louis, on August 25th, the West loses a man whose name will be remembered kindly not only by this generation, but also by persons interested in floriculture and horticulture for many generations to come. "Shaw's Gardens" are known to all persons who have visited St. Louis since 1869, and by name, at least, to the entire civilized world. It was by the cultivation of these gardens, and the gift to the city of St. Louis of Tower Grove Park, that Mr. Shaw acquired fame, and that rarer thing, the gratitude of his neighbors.

Mr. Shaw was not a native American, although he lived here most of his life and had many of those traits which distinguish the American character. He was born in England, in June, 1799. He came to this country in 1819, and looked about for a permanent home. St. Louis, which was then a trading town of two or three thousand population, attracted his attention by its promising location, and he decided to invest his few hundred dollars there in the hardware business. He continued in the hardware trade for about twenty years, when he retired with a fortune. As he was not yet forty years of age, he determined to spend some time in travel, and accordingly he invested his fortune in real estate, and left St. Louis for a ten years' tour of the world.

Upon his return from his travels, Mr. Shaw settled down on the real estate that he had bought, and devoted his time to the cultivation of plants and flowers. At that time the property was farm land, about three miles southwest of the St. Louis Court-house. In the course of time a strip of this land, about three hundred and fifty acres in area, extending from Grand Avenue two miles west to King's Highway, was transformed into Tower Grove Park, which was presented to the city of St. Louis on May 4, 1869. The Park contains about eight miles of roads and paths, and various bridges, rustic bowers, summer-houses, pagodas, and statues of Shakespeare, Humboldt, and Columbus, which Mr. Shaw presented to the city at different times.

Shaw's Botanical Gardens, which adjoin the Park, cover fifty acres of ground. With his death they became the property of the State of Missouri. Since their construction they have been open to the public as much as though they were in reality State or city property. The gardens are said to contain every species of plant and shrub known to botany. They have for years been one of the chief attractions of the Mississippi Valley.

It is believed that the greater part of Mr. Shaw's estate, which is valued at $2,500,000, will be left to the city of St. Louis in various bequests. The charitable institutions of the Episcopalian Church, of which Mr. Shaw was a member, will, it is thought, be particularly favored in his will. Mr. Shaw leaves a sister and a cousin in this country, and a large number of distant relatives in Manchester, England.

OUR NEW FIELD GUNS.

THE defenceless condition of our seaport cities, and the necessity for an increase in our sea-coast artillery, both as regards *personnel* and modern weapons, has been pointed out to our readers in previous articles, and the press generally has discussed the question until it has become one of popular interest. The result has been recent legislation and appropriations, which have infused an unwonted activity among our ordnance officers in designing and manufacturing experimental heavy guns, and preparing the plant for their fabrication in large numbers as they are proved satisfactory.

But while the attention of the public has been occupied with the ponderous weapons required for the defence of our coast, a quiet but decided advance has been made in the lighter guns of the field artillery, *i. e.*, the artillery which moves with troops in the field in contradistinction to that occupying permanent works.

Until recently our light batteries have been armed with muzzle-loading guns which became obsolete shortly after the close of our civil war; but now they are being gradually supplied with a new weapon, and two of the batteries so equipped were present at the Mount Gretna camp. Practice firing with the new pieces at this encampment is the *motif* of Mr. Zogbaum's spirited sketch. Those familiar with the manual of the old muzzle-loaders will notice some novel features in the positions of the cannoneers, and so forth, in the new drill. The piece in the foreground is just being aimed, or, in artillery parlance, *laid*.

The gunner is sighting, preparatory to having the proper direction given to the piece, and at the same time is giving the elevation proper for the range—an operation more expeditious and accurate with the new compound screw-gear, of which the sketch gives a general idea, than with the old-fashioned elevating screw. The sponge, with its short staff, used in cleaning the breech after each discharge, is shown in the hands of the cannoneer to the right of the gunner. Besides this, and not shown in the sketch, is a smaller sponge, with jointed staff long enough to clean the bore when necessary. The piece next on the right is undergoing the operation of loading, and the next of firing, while the officer in charge, from the vantage-ground of his saddle, watches the various operations, gives directions, observes the effect of the projectile, and takes mental notes as to the probable value of the new gun in actual war. Briefly described, the new piece is a built-up, steel, breech-loading rifled gun, with interrupted screw fermeture, using the Freyre gas check.

Its total length is 90.8 inches (or about 7.5 feet); weight, a little over 800 lbs.; calibre, 3.2 inches; weight of projectile (whether shell or shrapnel), 13.5 lbs.; powder charge, 3.75 lbs., giving an initial velocity of 1668 feet. The shrapnel carries 157 bullets, and with the maximum elevation of 20° would give a range of over 6000 yards (about 3.5 miles), at which distance the shrapnel bullets would still be deadly. The effective range claimed, however, is 4500 yards (about 2.5 miles), which is attained with less elevation and a less dangerous shock to the carriage, and without the use of a telescopic sight.

Preliminary trials showed that as regards rapidity of fire, an average rate of 70 rounds per hour could be expected; though 46 rounds were fired at a rate of 120 rounds per hour. Comparative trials made abroad for the Servian government with a Krupp 3.3-inch gun (German) and a De Bange 3.15-inch gun (French) showed that for the former a rate of 53 rounds, and for the latter 82 rounds, per hour could be obtained. It has been the aim of the designers of our gun to surpass any foreign weapon of the same class; and the practice thus far had with the piece goes to show that it at least equals the best foreign makes. The carriage is a novel one, and is the design of Colonel Buffington, of the Ordnance. It is made of plates of mild steel, drop forged by the action of a powerful steam-die, and so united as to give strength and lightness combined with a graceful outline. It has axle-seats for two cannoneers, is fitted with spring brakes, adapted for checking recoil and for retarding the speed on down grades, and is furnished with wheels of the Archibald pattern. Its weight complete is about 1200 lbs. Major Williston, of the Artillery, recently assigned to command the light batteries concentrated at Fort Riley, Kansas, where it is understood that a permanent school for field artillery is to be established, has been associated with Colonel Buffington in designing an improved limber, a new caisson, together with a more satisfactory battery wagon and forge for the new field guns; and the manufacture of these carriages on the new plans has been commenced.

Major Williston has also devoted much attention to devising a new harness for field artillery, but this has not yet been finally adopted.

Some objections have been made to the excessive weight felt in raising or lowering the trail in limbering and unlimbering; also in regard to the way in which the breech block is hung, making it liable to be injured at the hinge from the jar of a quick opening; others complain that the piece and carriage are too heavy for horse artillery (that is, batteries whose cannoneers are all mounted, and which are supposed to act with the cavalry), and not quite heavy enough for field artillery proper (in which the cannoneers are not horsed, and only mount upon the limber chests in case of short rapid movements), whose sphere of action is with the infantry.

But these are all questions which can only be finally decided by the ordeal of service in the field, and the preliminary trials and outward appearance of the piece would lead us to expect a good service record.

Those captains whose batteries are supplied with the new gun speak well of it, and all are looking forward to the time when the obsolete and unserviceable war material may be replaced by the new.

It is impossible to keep the *personnel* of our little artillery force in a proper state of efficiency and drill without modern and improved ordnance to work with; and a good horse artillery soldier or a light field artilleryman requires far more training of a special nature than his infantry brother; and as matters now stand, our field artillery is far behind the cavalry and infantry in point of relative efficiency. As at present armed, the artillery soldier should be a good rider, an expert driver, be trained in the use of sword and pistol, have a thorough knowledge of harness, and of the subject of draught as applied to wheeled vehicles. He must understand horse-shoeing, and have some knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the horse, and must be skilled in the construction of earthworks suited to hasty artillery cover. Artillery officers hope that the new school of field artillery to be started at Fort Riley will go far to bring up the efficiency of this neglected arm, and the concentration there of five light batteries will give opportunities for drills and manœuvres not to be enjoyed by isolated commands.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that the battery at the West Point Military Academy is not only composed of obsolete material, but is in a decidedly dilapidated condition as well. Moreover, the horses used for instruction in riding and in cavalry drill are also used to horse the battery—a condition of affairs which prevents the instructors in either branch from bringing the cadets to as high a state of efficiency as they should be, or as they could be, were the commands entirely independent of each other. This end could be secured by having a modern battery permanently stationed at West Point, and fully horsed, manned, and equipped. The proposed extension of the reservation, if finally decided upon, would give the necessary room for the convenient location for artillery barracks and stables; and the favorable position of West Point, as regards transportation by rail or water, would make it a simple matter to place the battery at any of the State encampments, for the benefit of the militia, when its presence at the military academy could be dispensed with. In short, all that is required to place our present decrepit field artillery upon its legs and to give it new life is popular interest in it, which will finally result in appropriations from Congress—liberal enough to enable the start now made to be carried to a successful conclusion—in giving our service at least ten efficient batteries armed with modern weapons.

THE MONUMENT, INDIANAPOLIS.

A VERY tall square shaft will rise far above the public buildings and fine residences of Indianapolis in 1890. It will have a platform guarded by a parapet, reached by spiral stairs and elevators, from which the whole city and the valley of the White River, with its branches, can be seen mapped out below the observer. Above will rise a small square pedestal, narrowing to a globe, on which will stand, in bronze, a winged Victory lifting one hand on high. This figure will be about half the height above the ground which the Washington shaft by the Potomac attains—namely, 269 feet—close on the height of the steeple of Trinity, New York, and about fifty feet more than the monument at Bunker Hill. The Victory is to be 28 feet high, yet will seem small at such an altitude, though its position is such that it will be quite detached against the sky. Observers will have a magnificent view far out into the surrounding country, while the shaft itself, lit by electricity, will prove by night and day a landmark such as the Liberty Statue now affords to the cities about the harbor of New York.

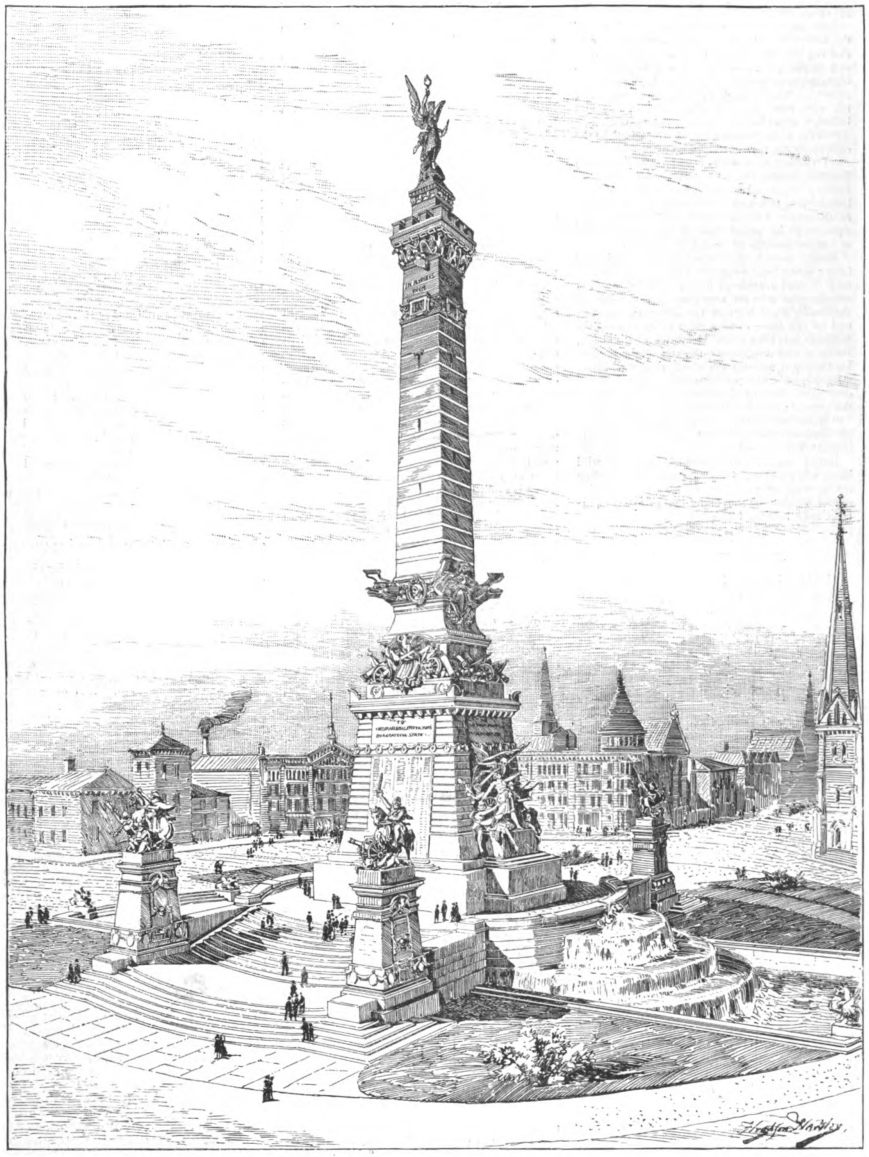
Indianapolis has little to speak of in the monumental line. There is a bronze statue, standing, of Morton, the war Governor, which the new structure will cast into insignificance, and which, therefore, will be removed to some new position. Hitherto this has been the only ornament of "the Circle," the heart and centre of the city, which was set apart on the foundation of the town in 1821. "Monument Circle," on the very spot where the first settlers built a residence for the Governor of the State, is occupied by an immense scaffolding, up through which the shaft will make its way. The design was selected in competition, and is from the German architect Bruno Schmitz, of Berlin. It is elaborated in the taste of the Fatherland, having two fountains east and west, and approaches to a terrace 110 feet in diameter, the first platform being reached by two broad stairways north and south in double flights, flanked by tall pedestals carrying equestrian statues. From this platform rises the square plinth bearing the pedestal of the main shaft or tower with a bold inscription—To INDIANA'S SILENT VICTORS. The pedestal gradually narrows toward the base of the shaft, where trophies and large eagles with wide-spread wings fill the spaces left by the smaller diameters of the shaft. From the ground to the cornice of the pedestal on which these eagles rest is about 70 feet. The shaft is about 140 feet, and the platforms and natural elevation of the mound, lantern, and statue make up the total of 269 feet. Two of the pedestal fronts east and west, above the fountains, are masked by groups of statuary, and two north and south are left for inscriptions to record the names of those Indiana wishes to honor. The lower lines of the shaft are also broken by projections in the nature of bold ornaments, while its surface throughout is crossed by courses at even distances. At certain points bronze shields will be affixed. With its fountains flowing, its equestrian out-flankers in animated movement at the four corners, and its Victory poised on the apex, the monument will be all that the citizens can desire.

Great was the stir in the flourishing city of Indianapolis the other day when the corner-stone was laid in the presence of the President of the United States, who revisited his home for the purpose. The stone is a block of oölitic limestone from Indiana quarries, weighing six tons, and bears the following inscription:

August 22, 1889.
Erected by the
PEOPLE OF INDIANA.
Act of the
GENERAL ASSEMBLY,
March 3, 1887.

The monument was suggested in 1875, as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of Indiana, those who took part in the civil war being understood thereby. As usual in such cases, efforts were made to raise a fund by popular subscription,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT OF THE STATE OF INDIANA, IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT INDIANAPOLIS.
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF W. B. BURFORD.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

but failed to secure any such sum as would procure a suitable monument. Finally a bill appropriating $200,000 passed the Senate unanimously, and the Lower House of the State with sixteen votes against it. The monument is not only placed at the centre of the town, but occupies a spot endeared to the citizens by associations. Here the first Governor's mansion became a building for offices of the State government. Here were the gatherings during the Mexican war, and the impassioned meetings that ushered in and accompanied the civil conflict. Here stood the Morton monument, and here were the first efforts made to provide the city with a public square. What place more fitting than this for a monument to recall the ardor and valor of citizens of Indianapolis during the long struggle for the Union?

THE MONEY MARKET RELIEVED.

THE business outlook has improved decidedly within the last few days. There seems to be in the practical affairs of life a species of contagion of events, a condition that is sententiously described by the adage, "It never rains but it pours." As applied to the matters under discussion, the proverb is more literally true of the past than of the present, for the last two years have been far from satisfactory to a large number of important interests; but as indicating an aggregation of occurrences, it is entirely applicable to the present. The development of influences having a favorable bearing upon the business of the country as a whole has been slow, but nevertheless very sure. A large and excellent yield of every important agricultural product is now practically assured. Certain localities have not fared as well as others, but the aggregate will be such as to increase our prestige as producers of staple product of the soil. The Southern States are about to gather the heaviest cotton crop ever raised by them, the Northeast is fairly irrepressible in reporting the quantity and quality of its wheat, while the last ten days or so has removed all apprehension regarding results from the corn belt, and given plausibility to estimates that the yield of that cereal will fully equal last year's enormous crop. The latest and most reliable estimate of the European wheat crop, that of the Vienna Grain Congress, places the deficiency of that crop at 222 million bushels. The comparison is with the average yield of the last five years. This would seem to insure a market for the surplus of the United States; but in estimating the amount of our exports the fact should not be lost sight of that Chicago grain speculators have, by their operations, frequently driven foreign buyers out of this market, and that they are liable to do so again. The manner in which the price of wheat has been marked up, or the supply of cash wheat cornered by speculative combinations, is chiefly responsible for the diversion of the foreign demand to other markets. An opportunity to recover that trade is now presented, and with it an equally desirable opportunity to supply a deficiency in the South American States, and thereby develop a more extensive trade with countries to which we do not now sustain reciprocal relations. No apprehension need be indulged in regarding the cotton crop, as that will move naturally to the Liverpool market.

The only factor that seemed likely to prevent the country from obtaining the full benefit of its agricultural prosperity was the money market. The conditions surrounding it have been fully described in this column of late, so that the present duty consists solely in noting the important change that has taken place the last few days. Within the week ending to-day the Treasury Department has purchased about $15,000,000 of government bonds for account of the Sinking Fund. As the great majority of the bonds bought were of the four per cent. issue, the amount disbursed for principal and premium is fully twenty per cent. greater than the face of the purchases, or about $19,000,000. This is a great relief to the money market, which had begun to work closely, and to arouse in commercial circles fears of stringency. There has been a marked easing of rates all around, and commercial paper, for which there was practically no market up to the early part of this week, is now negotiable in moderate amounts. These results are simply the outcome of the higher rates for money that have forced the holders of bonds, whether for speculation or investment, to realize upon them, that they might employ their funds more profitably.

Greater activity in general business is pretty sure to follow this change. It is generally conceded that nearly every branch of trade is on a sound basis. In fact, the possibility of tight money this fall has influenced every conservative business man to put his affairs on the safest basis possible. Consequently there is not likely to be any wild expansion resulting from loose or improper credits. The money that the Treasury is paying out will doubtless suffice to keep the market for funds in a healthy condition until exports of cotton and wheat help us to recover some of the gold Europe took from us during the first half of the year. Already the market for sterling exchange has had a premonitory tumble toward the figures at which it is profitable to settle foreign trade balances in specie. Progress in that direction may be delayed by the fairly active demand for money in London—a condition that, with the reluctance of the Bank of England to part with any large amount of its stock of gold, resulted to-day in an advance in the bank's rate of discount from 3 to 4 per cent. In the end, however, Europe is bound to buy largely of us, and if our demands for her wares do not exceed our sales, the settlement will have to be made in coin. At present the moderate growth of our foreign trade is due quite as much to the increase in imports as to larger exports.

The condition of the transportation industry has also been improved of late by the energetic action of Chairman Cooley, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, in giving the disturbing railroads running west from Chicago to understand that the leniency that has heretofore characterized the policy of the Commission will be abandoned in their case, and the law rigidly enforced. Rates have been restored, and a large and profitable business is being done. Incidentally it may be noted that the people who took charge of the affairs of the Atchison company last spring have made their first move, and given the company a new executive.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Thursday Evening, August 29, 1889.*

THE GRAND PREREQUISITE OF VIGOR.

THE dual operation of digestion and assimilation is the grand prerequisite of vigor. To insure the conversion of food into rich, nutritious blood, it is only necessary to use with persistence and systematically Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The fountain-head of supply in the animal economy is the stomach. To regulate, to invigorate that organ, and thus facilitate its digestive and assimilative processes, should be the chief aim of those troubled with a deficit of stamina. Nervousness, insomnia, feeble appetite—these are usually traceable to impaired digestion. Overcome this and you of necessity dismiss its multifarious, perplexing, and harassing symptoms. The emaciated can never hope to gain flesh so long as assimilation is imperfect. The Bitters surmounts the only obstacle to an increase not only of vigor, but of bodily substance. Conquer also with the Bitters malaria, kidney and liver complaint, constipation, and rheumatic trouble. Thoroughness characterizes its effects.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

A ST. LOUIS physician writes: "The agreeable and palatable form of Nicholson's Liquid Bread renders it particularly valuable to infant invalids and nursing women.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

LADIES who have tried CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP will use no other. All Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American tonic.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

A PERFECT complexion, free from pimple or blemish, is very rarely seen, because few people have perfectly pure blood. And yet, all disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Try it, and surprise your friends with the result.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

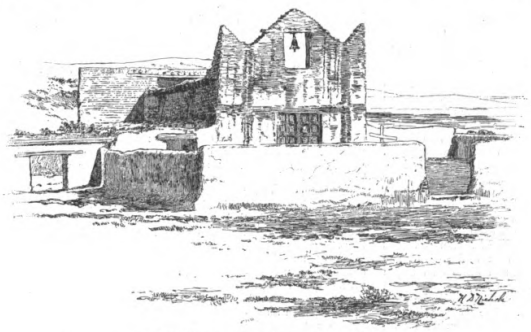
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE HEART OF NEW MEXICO.

BY F. M. ENDLICH.

FOR more than three hundred years the vast expanse comprising New Mexico and Arizona has been struggling toward completed, Caucasian civilization. Brave pioneers, inured to all manner of dangers and hardships, sped forth from the main Spanish camps in the conquered land of the Montezumas, to penetrate the unknown wilderness lying to the northward. Neither the arid waste of desert nor the jungle-like fastnesses of chaparral and cactus, nor yet the weapons and ambushes of hostile natives, could stem the foot of the adventurous Spaniard, who marched under the banner of an iron-hearted leader. Not hunger nor thirst, nor threatened death from exhaustion or at the hands of an enemy, could deter the dauntless spirit that yearned for conquest and booty.

Three and a half centuries ago, Cabeza de Vaca led a number of Spanish explorers into the valley of the Rio Grande. Large settlements were encountered on this march, and the inhabitants were found to live upon the fruits of tillage. They had congregated in villages and towns, and were organized in well-established systems of government. From the Spanish word for "town" they



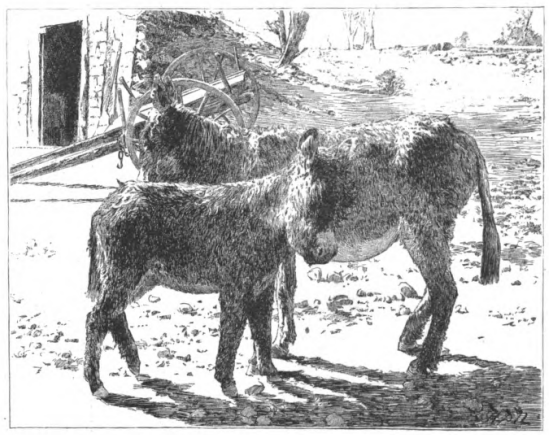
OLD CHURCH AT SANTA CLARA PUEBLO.

received the name of *Pueblos*. The Pueblo kingdom soon became known under the name of *Cibola*, and marvellous tales were told of the wealth and treasure collected in its seven great cities. A few years after De Vaca's return to Mexico, Marco de Niza, and then the venturesome Coronado, were despatched northward, to subjugate the people of the newly found El Dorado. Without great riches, however, they returned to Viceroy Mendoza, after having suffered untold hardships.

About 1542 a band of Spanish soldiery, under Francisco de Bonillo, penetrated to the heart of our present New Mexico. At that time the Spaniards found a large and thriving village in one of the mountain valleys a short distance east of the Rio Grande. Here the conquerors rested for a short time and then returned to Mexico. Nearly forty years later—for civilization marched but slowly in those days — the Franciscan father Augustin Ruiz reached the same vicinity, but was murdered by the Indians. In 1582 Don Antonio de Espejo, accompanied by the Franciscan padre Bernardino Beltram, started on an expedition to learn the fate of Ruiz. They speedily heard of his death, but pushed forward to the mountain town found by Bonillo, and there established a Spanish settlement under the name of *Santa Fé de San Francisco* (Holy Faith of Saint Francis). Not until 1595, however, was formal possession taken of the land, for the Spanish crown, by Juan de Oñate.

While the earliest records of the Spanish occupancy are lost, we know that the influence of the missionaries began to be strongly felt in the conquered territory about fifty years after lodgment at Santa Fé had been effected. By 1635, or thereabouts, the first missions were organized in southern New Mexico, and, the ice once broken, the Christianizing of the natives was proceeded with most summarily. The priests and monks were supported by the military forces in all their undertakings, and the two combined eventually enslaved the Indian. Missions were founded, and churches were built along the valley of the Rio Grande, and on streams tributary to it, wherever the number of inhabitants would warrant it. The sword and the rope marched hand in hand with the cross and the missal. It was not long before the wily heathen discovered upon which side lay earthly salvation, at least, and the number of converts became amazingly large. A pathetic record of the methods employed in Christianizing the people is said to be extant in a rock-carving, which shows the Indian placed between a cross on the one side, a halter on the other. Later on, the priests endeavored to mitigate the sufferings which absolute bondage imposed upon the luckless natives, but their efforts availed but little.

The missionaries and soldiery must have worked with a will, for prior to 1680 a large number of churches had been built. From time to time hostile nomadic Indians would raid the peaceable towns, and, among other acts of violence and desecration, destroy the buildings reared by the cowled padres. In style, the churches all followed the same general rule; they were built of *adobe* (sun-dried brick), with the front wall projecting above the flat roof, and containing a primitive belfry which ended in a feeble attempt at a steeple or cupola. Strong, high walls surrounded the church-yard, serviceable for defence, as well as for protection of the buried dead from the ravages of prowling coyotes.



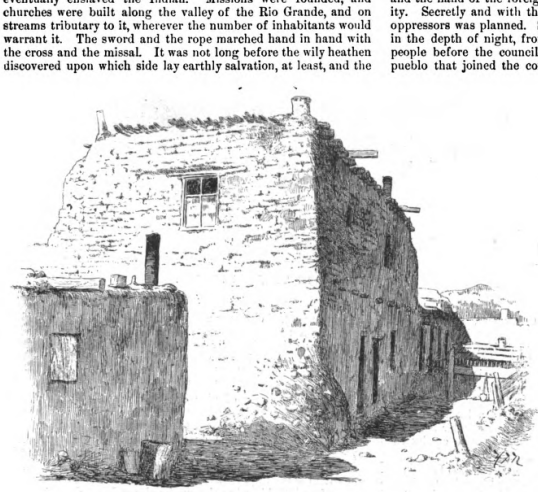
BURROS.

While the clerical branch of the invading force was thus looking after the spiritual welfare of the conquered people, the military commanders busied themselves with exploring the country for treasure. Gold and silver were the magnets that drew the Spaniard into wild, unknown regions with irresistible force. It was the sovereign power of these metallic charms that enabled the greatest of all rulers over Spain to declare that the sun never set in his domains. Near Santa Fé, in the mountains to the east and south, nature has stored goodly quantities of the precious metals and of copper. A mere handful of Spaniards ruled the country, and, of their own strength, they could accomplish nothing in the way of wresting treasure from the earth; so they pressed into their service the unwilling Indians, working them as slaves. Day after day the latter were obliged to dig and mine with the most insufficient tools, and to smelt, with the crudest appliances, the ores which their enforced industry had produced. Expeditions were made into outlying districts and the natives sharply questioned as to the existence of metals. One officer showed an Indian his bright sword-blade, asking whether he knew of any white, shining metal resembling it. The crafty savage, before committing himself, desired to know what it was good for, and the Spaniard replied, with poetical license, "for sore eyes"; the record states, however, that the journey was completed without the discovery of any silver.

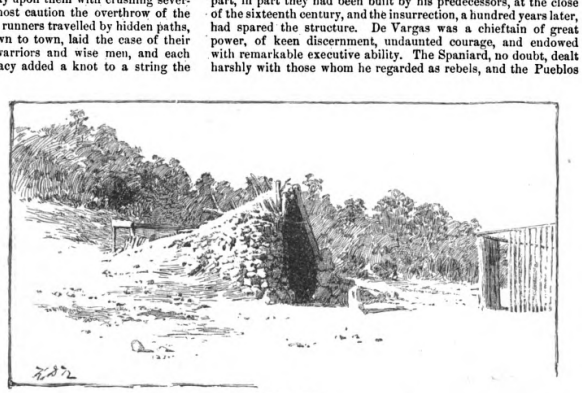
As the months rolled into years, the yoke of the conqueror became more and more unbearable. Indians from the north ravaged the lands of the harmless town-builders, while the remainder of their substance was being drained by the Spaniard. The slightest offences were punished with death; the religion of their forefathers was forbidden the Pueblos under most cruel penalties, and the hand of the foreigner lay upon them with crushing severity. Secretly and with the utmost caution the overthrow of the oppressors was planned. Swift runners travelled by hidden paths, in the depth of night, from town to town, laid the case of their people before the council of warriors and wise men, and each pueblo that joined the conspiracy added a knot to a string the messenger carried. At last all was ready; a great blow was to be struck for liberty—one that would drive the hated Spaniard from the home of the Pueblo. One night during August of 1680 the signal-fires sent their message across the land from lofty mountain-tops, and the hour had struck. A few Navajos joined in the uprising, but none of the other ordinarily hostile tribes. The stranger's rule received its death-blow on that night, and the life-blood of many a valiant Spaniard dripped from dozens of wounds inflicted by his former slaves. The padres, too, became martyrs to their calling, and fell before their altars, to which they fled for safety. Don Antonio de Otermin was Governor and military commander at Santa Fé. With the remnant of his garrison he fled for his life; nor was he permitted to stop until he had reached El Paso. Great suffering, hunger, and sickness overtook his followers, and they seriously thought of abandoning the new province altogether and retiring to Chihuahua. The Governor, however, decided to remain, and the habit of obedience prevailed among his stricken men.

Everything that was Spanish was given up to destruction by the Indians. Intoxicated with success, they closed up the openings to the mines they had worked; they obliterated all traces of shafts and tunnels, and sacredly guarded, for all time to come, the knowledge of valuable ore deposits. Mission churches were torn down or burned; school-houses and barracks were levelled to the ground, or adapted to their own uses; the sacraments of baptism and marriage, administered by the priests, were neutralized by washing the body and by taking unto themselves other wives and other husbands. In short, everything was done to render the brief reign of the foreigner forgotten—a thing of the past. From some records it would appear that the destruction of all missions cannot be laid at the door of the Pueblos. Thus a petition is extant, from the priests to the commanding officer at Santa Fé, complaining that the hostile Apaches had raided a number of Indian villages near Tijeras, and had destroyed several mission stations. The petitioners pray that summary punishment be dealt out to these heathen miscreants. Near Tijeras the ruins of a good-sized church are even now extant, and they may well be the silent token of bloody warfare waged by the Apaches against their inoffensive neighbors more than two hundred years ago. The storms of two centuries have passed over the ruined adobe walls, and their preservation throws a striking light upon the character of the prevailing climatal conditions.

The period of Indian independence was not to be of long duration, however, for a great captain soon appeared before Santa Fé, and once more subjugated the town—Don Diego de Vargas, Sapata Lujan. Ponce de Leon, the new commander, signs his orders, issued from the old gubernatorial palace at Santa Fé. His headquarters had originally been converted from Indian houses in part, in part they had been built by his predecessors, at the close of the sixteenth century, and the insurrection, a hundred years later, had spared the structure. De Vargas was a chieftain of great power, of keen discernment, undaunted courage, and endowed with remarkable executive ability. The Spaniard, no doubt, dealt harshly with those whom he regarded as rebels, and the Pueblos forsook their towns, and sought shelter in the mountains, as well as safety from the keen Spanish blades and spears. For a time they found refuge in the ruins left by the cliff-builders, but De Vargas pursued them with relentless energy. One after another he drove them out of their strongholds and places of concealment, back to their towns, into slavery or to a speedy death. Many a ruined town speaks of the implacable severity with which the com-



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN SANTA FE.



A DUG-OUT

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

mander's orders were enforced. Thousands of the despairing people were slain, and their acres laid waste. Once more the search for mineral treasure began, and the Indians again labored as *peons* (serfs). As an instance of the ingenuity with which the unhappy wretches had succeeded in hiding all traces of their former work, the San Lazaro mine may serve. It is a matter of record that this mine, located not far from the San Lazaro pueblo, had yielded great riches in the form of silver prior to 1680. In 1694, only fourteen years later, De Vargas sent out several expeditions to rediscover it, but each failed. To-day the site of the mine remains unknown, although hundreds of prospectors have searched for it.*

De Vargas soon realized that the best means of maintaining his supremacy lay in colonizing the new province with his own countrymen. Frequently he was called upon to stifle small insurrections or repel invasions of hostile Indians. He was a methodical officer, and kept a minute journal of his daily proceedings. Thus he relates an incident which may go toward depriving our General Sherman of the first authorship of a well-known expression,



PUEBLO INDIAN MAIDEN CARRYING TINAJA.

although it was, of course, original with him also. Sherman has characterized a good Indian as a dead Indian. De Vargas relates how he made an expedition against some unruly natives. He captured one of the leaders, took him to a cross-road, tied each hand and foot to a rope attached to a different horse, and then caused the horses suddenly to start in opposite directions. The Indian could not endure this method of procedure long, but separated into several fragments, and gave up the ghost. "Thus," explains the great Spaniard, "I succeeded in making a good Indian of him."

In 1693, De Vargas settled about 1500 of his countrymen within his domain, which comprised New Mexico, Arizona, and a part of southern Colorado. In 1697 he caused a census to be prepared, showing 313 families. This document gives not only the names of each member of the family, but the amounts of flannel and cloth, and the number of sheep, goats, and oxen which had been issued to each family. This census, the first one, probably, which was taken systematically in America, is extant at Santa Fé, together with many other highly valuable and interesting original papers. Very nearly all records prior to 1680 were destroyed throughout the province by the Indians, and at Santa Fé the first dates are 1681. De Vargas states, in one of his despatches to the home government, that he forward only copies of state papers to the city of Mexico as well as to Madrid, because the risk of sending the originals would be too great. Thanks to the care bestowed upon the latter by Mr. Samuel Elliston, these historical treasures have received intelligent attention at Santa Fé; but they should be translated, and given to the public without further delay. A munificent Congress could well afford to bestow the few thousands of dollars which would be required to make this fund of historical information available, and to guard against the possible loss of important records.*

One of the striking characteristics of Spanish documents lies in the flourish always appended to the name. The technical name for it is *rubrica*. While, legally, the Spanish signature of the name proper, without the rubric, is invalid, the latter, alone, is entirely sufficient to attest any legal instrument.

After the settlers had become firmly fixed in their new homes, they seemed to flourish under the fostering care of governmental patronage. The Pueblo Indians quieted down, and only incursions of nomadic hostiles disturbed the serenity of the population. In 1714 the Navajos became turbulent, and a campaign against them was planned under Governor Don Juan Ignacio Flores Mogollon. To the document representing the minutes of the council of war which discussed the plans of the proposed expedition are appended the names of all the Spanish officers of the district. The handwriting of some shows that they were, no doubt, more accustomed to handle the rapier than the pen. Gradually, but very slowly, the Indian troubles in New Mexico subsided. Santa Fé became the great trading city of the Southwest; and the name of the "old Santa Fé trail" even at this date awakens many recollections. From the busy town, as from a centre, civilization began to spread. Our government established a strong military post there, and the border of Indian hostilities kept moving farther to the west and south. The Pueblos became very friendly, and white men began to mingle with the creole Mexicans.

Santa Fé itself changes but little, save in the erection of some large buildings. The "oldest house" stands on a narrow lane, presumably differing but little now from what it was in De Vargas's days. Streets and ill-kept thoroughfares are enclosed by adobe houses, and peopled with the nightingale of New Mexico, the indispensable *burro*. Everything is as it was years and years ago. It is a delightful place; a place to rest in and grow old without knowing it. "*Sensim sine sensu senescimus*" was written by Cicero, but it applies to Santa Fé. The winters are cold enough to be bracing, the summers warm, with deliciously cool nights. Nobody is in a hurry; there is but a train or two a day; life is made easy and less wearing than elsewhere.

As we leave the capital, we soon find that the silver fever of the old Spaniards has persisted to this day. Holes and shafts and tunnels are dug into the earth or rock; silver and lead have come out of some, gold and copper out of others, disappointment out of the majority. The famous turquoise mines, known to the Spaniards as early as 1536, are but a short distance off, and the Pueblo Indians there burrow for their favorite *chalchahuitl*. We hear tales of wondrous wealth which Mexicans acquired years ago; we listen with credulous mind to the recital of how pounds upon pounds of solid gold were found within a season's work by a single man at some favored spot. Some of these stories are true, some are not. Isolated groups of mountains toward the southeast claim our attention, and we learn that they bear treasure in the form of copper and gold. At San Pedro, the great copper mine of the region gives employment to many men. Far below the reach of sunny rays the ore glistens and glints in the candle-light as though it were pure gold; but it must go through more than one process before it is reduced to even copper. In the valley the ore is smelted in furnaces, and eventually the product is shipped East for refining.

The composition of a mining camp is a curious one. Men from all quarters of the globe congregate there, in search of a livelihood. The roving prospector leaves his mountains and condescends to dwell in settlements for a while—long enough, at least, to earn a sum sufficient to carry him through another tour of exploration. His wants are few: a blanket, some bacon, flour, and tobacco, a pick, a shovel, and possibly a gold-pan. If he is wealthy, he may also indulge the flesh with liquid comforts. Two typical prospectors agreed to become "pardners" on a trip. Between them they mustered eighteen dollars. "Cock-eyed Jim" was to invest this, judiciously, in supplies, while "Sidling Sam" undertook to "rustle" tools. As they were cording their packs, just before starting out, Sam bethought himself to inquire into the nature of the chosen provisions.

"Two dollars' worth of bacon, a dollar's worth of bread, and fifteen dollars' worth of whiskey," reported Jim.

"What on earth do you want so much bread and bacon for?" was Sam's indignant remonstrance.

Three classes of people may be distinguished in this section of New Mexico, exclusive of Indians: white men, Mexicans, and "Texans." The members of the latter are a peculiar set of individuals, not cow-boys, not rustlers, not miners nor working-men. They become day-laborers sometimes, or small teamsters, live upon invisible means of support in many instances, and cheerfully but unostentatiously assist in the abridgment of overgrown stock herds. Fortunately their number is small. In their expressions these people are sometimes original. One day I was surprised by the complaining voice of an elderly dame from "Texastown" who declared that "it was a shame" (qualified with an adjective not generally used in polite society) "how that good-for-nothing feller, hobble-foot Dick, had ben a-behavin'; now here he's ben a-settin' my Liza Jane fur nigh unto three months." While she was pausing to regain her breath, I pondered what peculiar crime that of "settin' Liza Jane" might be, but was speedily enlightened as the irate woman continued, "an' now we ben an' foun' out that he's a wife and five childrin." Subsequent investigation proved that our limping friend had been courting the winsome Eliza Jane most assiduously, without encountering much hostility.



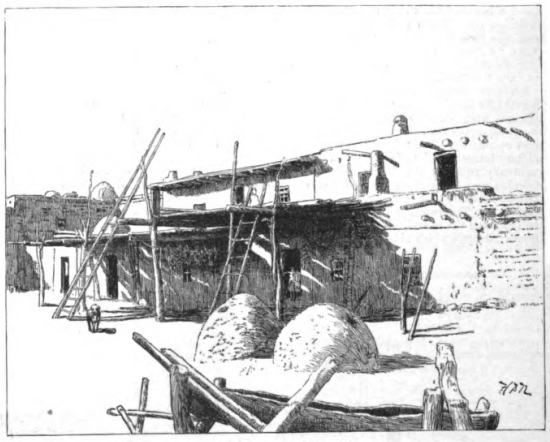
FRONT AND SIDE VIEW OF CLIFF-DWELLER'S SKULL.



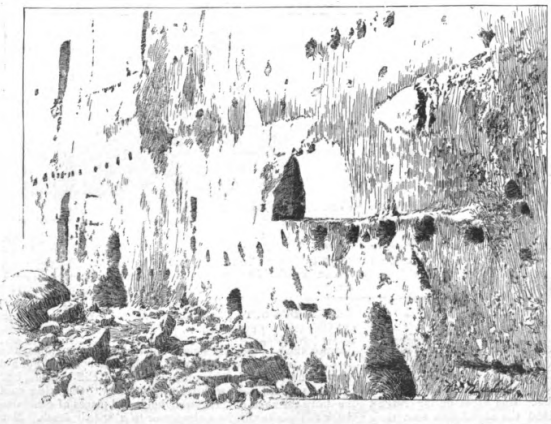
VESSEL OF CORRUGATED WARE, AGE OF CLIFF-DWELLERS.

To the average miner the matter of habitation is one of very slight import. His stay may be but short, his requirements are far from pretentious. A hole dug into a bank or hill-side, a few rocks piled up to make a front wall, a layer of sticks and dirt over the top for a roof, and the classical "dugout," in its primitive form, is ready for occupancy. Mexicans are more fastidious in this respect. Wherever a regular adobe house cannot be built, or where a mere temporary shelter of brush is deemed insufficient, then a *jacal* is easily put up. Poles about nine feet long are solidly rammed into the ground close together, forming a rectangular enclosure. Mud is daubed on both sides of these poles, and all cracks are well chinked. Thinner sticks, with a covering of twigs and boughs of pine or cedar, and, finally, tough mud, serve to form a gently sloping roof. The fireplace is in one corner of the house, so arranged that the logs stand nearly upright within it; the chimney is on the outside. Though uncouth in appearance, these rude structures can be made quite comfortable.

The life of a miner and pioneer is a hard one, and he generally ends it in some forgotten corner, falling a victim to hostile savages, often killed in a brawl, occasionally stricken down by mountain fever, and again "planted" by sympathetic comrades. He rarely gains enough of this world's goods to retire and enjoy an



SKETCH IN TESUQUE PUEBLO.



CAVE-DWELLINGS IN ROCKS NEAR ESPAÑOLA.

* The writer has had occasion to mine an ore deposit within which he unexpectedly struck old Spanish workings underground: selecting, on the surface, a point which commended itself by its "natural" appearance, another shaft was sunk, only to strike workings a second time, after digging a few feet. The skill with which all evidence of former work had been obliterated was truly admirable.

* I desire here to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Elliston, who granted me an inspection of the documents in question, and translated from the quaint, old-style Spanish such portions as I have drawn upon.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PUEBLO INDIAN GIRLS WITH WHITE BOOTS.

old age free from care. Upon their last resting-places these indomitable forerunners of civilization bestow but scant attention. Any conveniently located spot, which does not interfere with the water supply of the camp, will answer for a graveyard, technically known as "bone-orchard." Beyond trying to keep coyotes from resurrecting the dead, no special preparations mark their last resting-places, except in rare instances. Fences, or heavy logs, or a sort of cairn usually suffice to keep the brutes from desecrating the graves. On one occasion I reached a small mining camp which supported two separate "orchards." My first impression was that the place must be very unhealthy, or that the one was probably devoted to the victims of small-pox, that dreaded scourge of the frontier. Questioning, however, elicited the fact that what might be regarded as *social distinction* was marked by the two sites.

"You see, stranger," explained a weather-beaten, grizzly-bearded veteran—"you see, we had to draw the line somewhere; camp was a-gittin' altogether too mixed, so we started the new orchard



PUEBLO SQUAWS AND PAPPOOSES.

fur them as died without their boots on; but the old stand-by, the big one, we kep' for the boys that can't take time to pull 'em off afore turning up their toes."

The answer was all that could be desired, and conveyed a very clear idea of the condition of affairs at this locality.

A class of men often confounded with cow-boys is that of the "rustlers." This word has been adopted as describing a border outlaw. It is derived from "wrestling," and originally meant one who bestirred himself for a living, *i. e.*, who wrestled with what opposed him. Not many years ago it was rather a compliment to call a man a rustler; it was then simply a tribute to his pluck and energy. The rustler of to-day also bestirs himself for the means of livelihood, but he has an unfailing knack of letting his hand fall upon the property of others.

By far the most interesting inhabitants of this section of New Mexico are the Pueblo Indians. As to their origin, much has been, and more may be, *surmised*. According to the traditions of the wise men, their forefathers came from the great mountains and lakes far to the northward ages upon ages ago. Fables and myths are interwoven with what may be legends founded upon fact; but the truth is difficult to separate from fiction. Their myths seem to refer to families rather than to entire tribes, and they are so strongly colored with imagery as to be susceptible of almost any interpretation. At first sight the temptation to connect the Pueblos directly with the ancient cliff-dwellers is very strong. Numerous ruined towns and villages, once belonging to this curious people, occur within the regions now occupied by the Pueblos. Every one has heard of the old stone houses, half hidden in almost inaccessible nooks, on the steep faces of high bluffs, or built against rocky walls, much like the mud nests of swallows. Less well known are the cave-dwellings, which afforded shelter to probably the same people at a later period. In some huge cliff of sandstone they hollowed out communicating caverns of various dimensions. Access from the outside was gained through low, narrow doors. Round or square openings in the rock wall served as windows and supplied light and air. At favorable points several stories of such caves may be found in the same bluff. From these safe but dungeon-like habitations the cliff-dwellers issued forth to attend to their daily avocations. They were not a war-like race, but remained on the defensive. Whence they came is a matter of much obscurity. Recent investigation in Arizona by Cushing seems to make it probable that they were the descendants of that great and prosperous nation which built large towns in the valleys of mighty rivers, which had a most highly developed civilization, and which was eventually scattered and partly destroyed, possibly by the effect of earthquakes, and subsequent ravages of nomadic Indians.*

Seeking shelter from their enemies in the seclusion of rocky cañons, living the life of hunted animals, but withal following agricultural pursuits, these old inhabitants must have passed hundreds of years in their fort-like homes. Later on, they probably moved into the lower country again and sought the vicinity of rivers and open valleys. Three causes may account for such migration: their enemies may have disappeared; they may have increased sufficiently in numbers and warriors to withstand attacks in the open country; or they may have joined kindred settlers in the valleys. The Indians claim for the ruins that "they were always there." No legend seems to go back to a period prior to their existence. If, therefore, the present town-builders are the descendants, though in part only, of the cliff-dwellers, then a very long time must have elapsed between the abandonment of the cliff-houses and the advent of the Spaniards. It may be assumed that some of the old Toltec settlements escaped the general destruction, that the inhabitants were finally driven southward by invading Indians, and that the cliff-dwellers, thus reinforced, may have abandoned their stone houses and caves, returning to a class of habitation which their forefathers at one time occupied. When the Spanish troops reappeared in New Mexico, after the Pueblo insurrection of 1680, the frightened natives fled from their towns, justly dreading the punishment that was in store for them. They entered the cañons and narrow valleys, and occupied the cliff-houses and caves. More than one good battle they gave the Spaniards; but by 1695 De Vargas had driven all who were not slain back to their villages. This fact has given rise to the erroneous supposition that the original cliff-dwellers still in habited their abodes at the time the Spaniards first conquered the country.

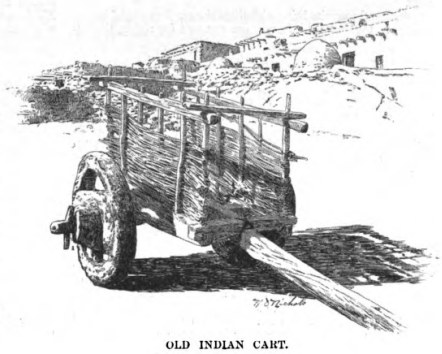
* On the Rio Animas and Rio San Juan, in southern Colorado, there are ample evidences of populous towns, and of extensive agricultural development. Irrigating ditches can be traced even now, and the tilled acreage must have been very considerable. Such settlements may be provisionally ascribed to the Toltec period, for want of a better name and more definite information.



PUEBLO INDIAN—NAVAJO SADDLE AND BRIDLE ON HORSE.

A very decided characteristic of the cliff-dweller seems to lie in the flattening of the rear portion of his skull. Having observed many Indians, I am satisfied that this excessive flattening is due to design, and is not simply the result of carrying the pappoose strapped down upon a board. In their pottery, too, these old aborigines show a radical variation of form and method of manufacture in one quite prevalent variety. Vessels belonging to this class have a curiously corrugated surface, are not ornamented with colors, and were made by winding a thin cylinder of clay over some mould in the form of a spiral. Concerning pottery and stone implements, it must ever be remembered that since the abandonment of the present ruins, Indians as well as Mexicans have lived there from time to time, have mingled new articles of manufacture with the old, and have thus modified the general character of vessels and tools. Judicious excavations only can produce true results in most cases.

Along the Rio Grande and its main tributaries, wherever water for irrigation can be obtained, the Pueblos have built their towns. Most of them bear testimony to the presence of the Spanish rulers, who were piously inclined—San Domingo, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, and many others, are names which have superseded the old Indian appellations. The majority of the towns are laid out on the same general plan. A large *plaza*, or square, is set apart, and the buildings surround this, fronting toward it. As the village grew it usually expanded parallel with the course of the stream near which it was located. For the purpose of economizing space, probably, no less than for resisting attacks, the Indians built their houses several stories high. At Taos Pueblo, three and four tiers of houses are perched one on top of the other, but ordinarily the number of stories does not often exceed two. The upper rooms are reached by means of loose ladders, which can be drawn up, thus destroying, for the time, the means of approach. Tesuque Pueblo, a short distance north of Santa Fé, is one which existed when the Spaniards first reached Santa Fé, but it has retained the original Indian name. It is a very pretty village, well cared for, and thoroughly clean. Like in many other towns, the beehive-shaped bake-ovens occupy prominent places, and here are located not only on the *plaza*, but also on the roofs, to be used in case of necessity.

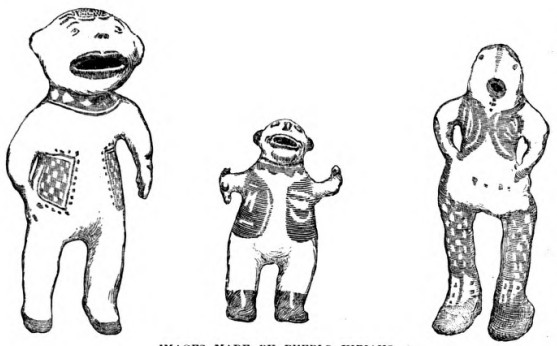


OLD INDIAN CART.



PUEBLO TINAJAS, ORNAMENTED IN RED AND BLACK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



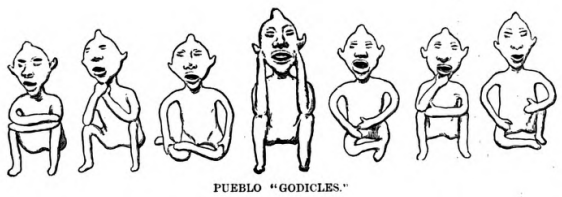
IMAGES MADE BY PUEBLO INDIANS.

Adobe and mud form the bulk of the building materials. Round rafters are let into the wall, and project beyond it on the outside. They are covered by thin poles, and these in turn support a layer of bark or chips. Mud covers all of this, and forms the foundation for the floor of the second story, or the roof. Both inside and out the walls are evenly plastered with mud, and, in some cases, they are whitewashed. The floors are made of a peculiar mud concrete, smooth, hard, and durable. In some villages windows have replaced the old-fashioned small openings similar to those in the cave-dwellings. The influence of civilization is perceptible, but the general character of the habitations differs but little from what it was centuries ago.

At some prominent place the church is built. Sometimes it is but a crude structure, and again a good deal of labor may have been expended upon it. Of course, not every pueblo can sustain a padre, so that services are not held regularly. Upon the occasions of their celebration, however, the Indians form a decidedly solemn and devout congregation. The towns are clean, kept in good order, for the most part, and the natives are personally cleaner than a cursory examination would suggest. The picture of an old Indian affectionately leading his two small boys, each firmly gripped by a flaring ear, down to an ice-cold stream, and throwing them in, to sink or swim, on a raw, frosty morning is one which will never fade from my memory. It gave me a more exalted idea of Indian cleanliness than anything I had seen up to that time. Leather clothing, now gradually going out of fashion, is apt to soil very quickly, and looks well for a very short time only, unless rubbed with some white or colored substance to restore its freshness. This the Pueblos have learned, and they generally whiten their leggings. Their squaws do not wear the customary moccasin; but, instead, a peculiarly shaped boot made of buckskin, which protects them from the innumerable cacti and briers wherewith the country abounds.

Even without the manufacture of much buckskin clothing, the time of the squaws is fully occupied. It is a well-known fact that the male Indian is averse to anything that he regards as labor. To a certain extent the Pueblos make an exception to this rule, as the men assist in tilling the soil and in field-work generally. On the other hand, the women attend to all house-work, make most of the pottery and basket-ware, grind the corn or grain for bread and *tortillas*, and find time, besides, to do such fancy-work as their lords and masters may require for their various trappings. The production of flour is an operation that would strike terror to the heart of an Eastern woman. A large flat stone, hard but porous, is bedded firmly in an inclined position. This is known as the *metate*. The squaw takes another but smaller stone, puts a quantity of grain on the nether one, and then rubs back and forth, until the desired fineness for flour is attained. It is surprising how rapidly a skilful hand can reduce half a bushel of corn to meal; but to the novice the exercise is anything but congenial.

Agricultural pursuits bring with them the employment of horses and oxen. Generally the former are reserved for riding, the latter being utilized for field-work and hauling. Occasionally the Indians still use the old Mexican *carro*, a two-wheeled vehicle of ponderous construction. The wheels are made of solid blocks of wood, often of a single piece, cut across the trunk of some huge tree. This cart, however, is rapidly being replaced by others of more modern pattern. Upon their horses the Pueblos bestow some care, although not nearly so much as their Western neighbors, the Navajos. Navajo horses, saddles, and bridles are highly prized by all Indians, and are paid for in heavy barter. All trimmings of a fine Navajo bridle are of solid silver, skilfully hammered into various patterns. Sound work and really good taste in ornamentation commend their work to numerous customers.

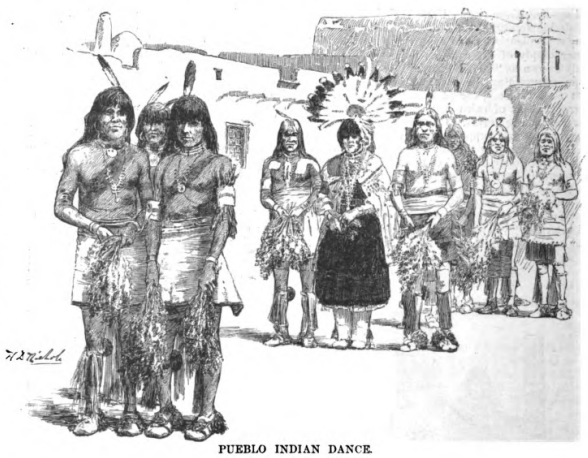


PUEBLO "GODICLES."

One of the most varied and productive industries of the Pueblo Indian is the manufacture of pottery. While they do not reach the excellence of quality which is achieved by some of the Arizona tribes, yet their work is very fair. Useful, and at the same time ornamental, is the Pueblo *tinaja*, or water-pot. This is made to show graceful outlines, and is embellished in various ways. Pictures of animals are drawn upon it in red or black, and scrolls or leaf designs assist in beautifying it. Pitchers, cups of numerous shapes and quaint outlines, images of animals, some of them exhibiting the most astounding anatomical proportions, and an almost endless variety of nondescript articles, are produced for the delectation of innocent travellers and for the commercial transaction known in the Indian lingo as "heap swap." In addition to the above, the human form is copied in all sorts of characters and positions. The more elaborate figures generally show strong affinities to the outward appearance of the white man. Popular superstition will persist in regarding these images as representatives of august Indian deities; but a pair of check pantaloons or lace shoes or a high-cut vest on an Indian god is slightly incongruous. However, the figures serve very well to show an Indian's conception of the "human form divine," as illustrated by the white man in "store clothes." Of more interest are small figures of manikins or godicles made by them, which are most ludicrous caricatures of various expressions. Again, the inventive mind of an archæologist or ethnologist persists in finding matters of vast importance hidden in the conception of these funny-looking little "deities." A reasonably active imagination can readily pick out a "god of joy," or a "god of pain," or one of laughter, or one of almost any emotion that may occur to him, for the intelligent red-skin has discovered that there is a good market for his godicles, and he manufactures them in an endless variety of posture and expression. It is quite possible that such playthings are the last remnants of what once may have constituted a mythological system, but to-day they carry no meaning with them. The Indian is keen-witted, sharp at a trade, and quick to see his advantage. If he finds that an article of a certain description will command a price, that particular article is forthcoming, and if it should have to be hundreds of years old. A widely known gentleman was anxious to possess an ancient *tinaja*, or vessel of some kind, and described to an Indian what he wanted. After careful attention, the red-skin assented with a solemn *yo sabe* (I understand), and hurried off. The article was brought a few days later—a genuine ancient Aztec water-pot, centuries old, and, as the purchaser remarked, "still quite hot from the oven."

At certain seasons the Pueblos have great dances, and then they show themselves in all the glory of paint and feathers. The garments of the bucks are largely discarded during the exercises, but they make up in beads and other ornaments what they lack in buckskin or blankets. Their dances are often descriptive, if the term can be used, and reproduce certain real or fancied occurrences.

The town-builders have had a marked and lasting influence upon the physical appearance as well as upon the character of the peasant population of New Mexico, through their partial amalgamation with the Spanish invaders. In face and habits the lower classes of Mexicans resemble the Indians. Their buildings, ovens, and, in a measure, their dress, are modelled after those of the red-skins. Low, flat-roofed adobe houses, with small windows, are the rule, although the style is changed when the house-owner is wealthy. The individual house is usually built upon the plan of a pueblo—*i. e.*, it is a quadrangular structure surrounding a *plaza*. Within the latter are the well or spring, some trees, the stables, and other property which should be guarded from enemies. All the apartments open on the *plaza*, so that from the outside the whole building sometimes resembles a small fort more than anything else. The character of an isolated ranch, built upon this plan, strongly suggests an origin from people who lived on the defensive. In the towns the houses are smaller and less like fortifications. Instead of having adopted the storied system of the Indians, the Mexican confines himself to the ground floor. One of the oddest features of a village lies in the disposition of the picturesque bake-ovens. They are constructed of mud, mixed, sometimes, with cobble-stones, are built in the form of a low bee-hive, have an arched opening for the introduction of fire, and a vent for the escape of smoke. When required for their legitimate purposes, they are heated slowly, the bread is placed within, and the openings are sealed with hot stones. During my wanderings I discovered another use for them: they answer as dark rooms for photographic work. The quarters are somewhat restricted, and the facilities for getting in and out of them leave much to be desired; but in spite of these drawbacks I can cheerfully recommend them—more cheerfully, perhaps, than utilize them myself.

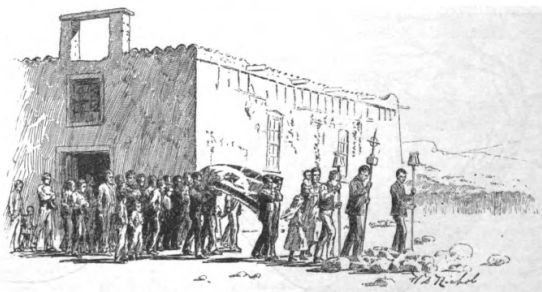


PUEBLO INDIAN DANCE.

Mexicans are devoted to their religion. Many years ago a sect sprang up among them which became known as the *Penitentes*. To this day they survive in large numbers, although their practices have become somewhat modified. During the Lenten season of each year they proceed to mortify the flesh, and their efforts in this direction reach the climax on Good-Friday. With fragments of glass or dull knives they cut long, bloody gashes into each other's backs, and then scourge themselves with cactus branches and other equally delectable means of torture. While this is going on they produce the most doleful sounds in the form of chants. Between the periods of scourging they drag about heavy crosses until they are almost exhausted. In years gone by they generally crucified one or two members of their party by actually nailing them down on crosses; but the Church has frowned upon such barbarism, and this is now omitted. Not all of the Penitentes thus ill-treat themselves, but all are fanatic in their devotions. The crowning glory of Good-Friday lies in the procession. Men and women enter the church and take part in a service; the former then remove the image of Christ, with which every Mexican church is supplied, from the altar, place it on a bier, cover it with a pall, and reverently carry it outside. Men carrying crosses and little girls dressed in white precede the bier. With a low chant they move along for a short distance; then all kneel, and the elder reads selections from the New Testament. Meanwhile the women, mostly clad in mourning, have taken the image of the Virgin, draped it with black garments, and carried it off, with an accompaniment of mournful hymns, in a direction opposite from that taken by the men. The Christ is carried to some open space, seven kneeling stops being made on the way, and is ostensibly buried. He is then resurrected and taken back toward the church, amid sobs and cries of anguish. From the other side the women now advance with the Virgin, to the music of a distressing dirge played on fifes. Every now and then a murmuring chorus of human voices is mingled with the piercing shriek of the agonizing fifes. At last the two branches of the procession approach each other, the leader of each reading the history of the crucifixion and entombment in a sonorous voice. At a signal, all drop upon their knees, and slowly creeping forward in this penitent position, the columns of men and women join. Then comes the meeting of the Virgin with the body of the Christ. As she stoops over him and recognizes his form, an unearthly nerve-rending shriek goes up from the multitude, and the women fall to violent, hysterical weeping. The fifes cry out the most lugubrious notes and tunes; men wail and moan and shake with audible sobs; women cling to each other in an agony of grief; children scream and yell in sheer fright, and the on-looker feels cold chills chasing each other up and down his spine. Suddenly as the storm has risen, all is quieted again; a hymn of more cheerful sound—cheerful perhaps only by contrast—is intoned, and the entire party marches into the church. There the images are replaced, to remain undisturbed until Ascension-day.

Along the road-side numerous small crosses attract attention. They are erected at the places where some Mexican has been killed. Each passer-by is supposed to pick up a stone, toss it against the base of the cross, and utter a prayer for the soul of the victim who was sent from this world without due preparation. Indians have murdered large numbers of the dark-skinned Mexicans, and feuds among themselves have caused the erection of many a cross.

White man, Indian, and Mexican, all combine to make the heart of New Mexico one of the most fascinating spots of our varied territory, but Nature has not omitted to add her share. While the grand peaks of the Rocky Mountains are wanting, and the gorgeous coloring of a Yellowstone or a Colorado is not to be found here, yet the singular character of long-lined bluffs and mesas, broken by bold mountain groups of eruptive material, lends a peculiar charm to the scenery. In the lowlands piñon, juniper, and cedar clothe the hills; higher up, pines take their place. Nowhere, perhaps, can such curious sunset effects be seen as in the mesa country. The slanting rays shoot across miles upon miles of heated air, until they impart enchanting effects to the landscape. A not uncommon sight is that of seeing the setting sun, surrounded by a soft halo, shine through the boughs of a tree. What special conditions of the atmosphere may be required to produce this phenomenon some physicist may explain; suffice to say that in certain lights it is one of the weirdest and yet most attractive sights imaginable.



PROCESSION OF "PENITENTES" AT SAN ANTONITO.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1708. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



BACK FROM PARIS—PASSING THE ORDEAL OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE INSPECTRESS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Published

THE KANSAS CRUSADE. A History of the Kansas Crusade: Its Friends and Its Foes. By ELI THAYER. With an Introduction by the Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. pp. xxii. 286. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Edward Everett Hale writes that, under Thayer's plans, "four or five thousand of the most resolute men and women whom the world ever saw together went into Kansas. Five or ten times that number went also, encouraged by this example, and confident in their success. This emigration at that time would have been impossible but for Eli Thayer. The first result was civil war in Kansas. The second was the success of the Free State settlers. The third was the election of Abraham Lincoln."

MAN AND HIS MALADIES; OR, THE WAY TO HEALTH. A Popular Hand-book of Physiology and Domestic Medicine in Accord with the Advance in Medical Science. By A. E. BRIDGER, B.A., M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.P.E. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

It certainly is a departure from the usual style of books on the domestic treatment of disease, which frequently are lists of various diseases with the names of remedies tacked on, filled in by some good or bad, and mostly stale, advice.... We hope this book will be read by many, who will thereby be taught to take wider and more rational views of "Man and His Maladies."—*Literary World, London.*

OGEECHEE CROSS-FIRINGS. By RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, Author of "Mr. Absalom Billingslea," "Dukesborough Tales," "Old Mark Langston," etc. Illustrated from Nine Drawings by A. B. FROST. 8vo, Paper Covers, 35 cents. No. 656 in *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* A story of tangled courtships in Georgia.

LADY CAR. The Sequel of a Life. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," etc. 8vo, Paper Covers, 30 cents. No. 657 in *Harper's Franklin Square Library.* A Sequel to "The Ladies Lindores."

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

No. 1708.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

PESSIMISM.

THERE is an amusing disposition in some quarters to stigmatize criticism of abuses as pessimism. Reformers who point out defects which experience has revealed in any system or institution, and who propose a remedy, are summarily sentenced to obloquy as pessimists. But this is a droll misapprehension. A pessimist is properly one who takes gloomy and desponding views of men and things. A reformer, on the contrary, takes the highest and most hopeful view. He assumes that society has the desire and the power to correct abuses, and he appeals to that disposition, and points out the opportunity. If, however, he assumed that society is such a sorry multitude that it prefers abuses and delights in evil, and therefore that it is time lost to attempt to arouse it, or interest it in changing a bad practice or abolishing a gross wrong, he might be well accounted a pessimist who holds that mankind is either a fool or a knave, but in either case not worth caring for.

ANDREW JACKSON would not be called a pessimist, probably, but he was engaged for many years in denouncing and trying to overthrow one of the great settled and solid institutions of the country, the United States Bank, which he regarded as a public evil. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was hardly to be described as a pessimist, but he declared, in the very heyday of the ascendency of slavery in the politics, the trade, and the government of the country, that the Union could not endure half slave and half free. Nor could THOMAS ALLEN JENCKES, of Rhode Island, be justly accused of pessimism when he began the appeal to the public mind in favor of reform in the civil service. All these men were optimists rather than pessimists. They all had profound confidence in the intelligence and good sense of the country, and all cherished the most cheerful faith in the disposition of the people to reform all abuses and evils in our political system, that the government might be honest and economical as they desired it to be. The most dangerous pessimist in America is the man who has such contempt for the people that he thinks legislation must be bought and citizens paid for voting. The more dishonest the government, the more unequal the laws, and the more corrupt our public men, the more natural he holds the situation to be. He has so mean an opinion of the people that he believes them to be incapable of patriotism or of honest public conduct. He holds to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE'S remark in its largest construction, "Every man has his price," and thinks that no man is so great a fool as the man who does not think so.

This is not only pessimism, but it is practically treason, because it leads to the subversion of the government by corruption. A man who holds so contemptuous an opinion of others will not try by argument to change their opinions; he will at once bribe them to do what he wishes. He will plead, indeed, that he wishes well for the country, but his action tends to destroy the possibility of honest government. In fact the sluggish good-nature which smiles that nothing is worth while, and that "you had better not try to swim against the current," is the easy-going pessimism which makes the current. When Mr. SEWARD, who was the very optimist of our politics, said simply that between freedom and slavery there was an irrepressible conflict, his remark was denounced as "a brutal and bloody manifesto." It was alleged that we had always had slavery, and it was both mad and criminal to hope to change the situation. But the optimist statesman declined to entertain any such pessimistic view of his country. There was never a more cheery man in American politics, and never a truer American. He would have been "a dreffle poor patriot" if he had yielded to the pessimism that advised him to despair of a free America. Reformers like him are now called pessimists, but reformers are the most cheerful men in our present politics. They do not believe, indeed, that WASHINGTON would have bought the Presidency, nor that patriotism consists in asserting that there is no public abuse which should be remedied. They do believe, on the contrary, that a people who have corrected so many abuses are especially the people who will correct every abuse they see. To call such a view pessimism is a stroke of most excellent humor.

THE DRIFT OF PARTIES.

THE late Democratic nomination in Ohio is a striking illustration of the political situation in the country. Despite the platform, the nomination of a candidate who is not in hearty accord with its chief declaration reveals a division of sentiment upon the question which the party last year announced to be the paramount national issue. This is as significant as if a Republican State Convention of thirty years ago should have nominated a Silver-gray Whig upon a platform of non-extension of slavery. The spirit of the Ohio tariff reformers cheering for CLEVELAND was as hostile to Democratic as to Republican protectionists. The same difference of opinion existed undoubtedly in President CLEVELAND'S cabinet. Mr. DICKINSON, the late Postmaster-General, is reported to have said that Mr. WHITNEY and other party leaders besought Mr. CLEVELAND not to send his revision message to Congress and endanger his re-election, which was then assured. But the President thought that the time had come to state what he held to be the real and important question, and to give his party a wise and patriotic platform. It was the act of a courageous and honorable man. His party generally supported him. But the feeling of the most sagacious leaders was that of Mr. WHITNEY and his friends, that the party was not really ready for the issue, and that its presentation was therefore untimely.

There is a great deal of talk about parties, but there is not a single public question which is felt to be so vital that it has created a party. Both parties are endeavoring to adjust themselves to the tariff issue, which is obviously important, and upon which the Republican party is now generally agreed. There are moderate Republican protectionists, but they do not control nor try to control the party action. The strong Republican drift is toward extreme protection, as it is toward a service pension and the complete spoils system. The despotism of the machine is absolute, and the conspicuous representative Republicans are QUAY, CLARKSON, DUDLEY, MAHONE, TANNER, INGALLS, PLATT, and others of the same kind. There is outward Republican unity, and all is quiet at Warsaw. So the ascendency of Governor HILL in the Democratic party of New York is undeniable. But there is a Democratic protest against him and his ways earnest enough to withhold from him Democratic votes. Nevertheless it is the Governor and not his Democratic opponents who control the party and its policy. Its opposition to effective regulation of the liquor traffic and to ballot reform enables the Republican leaders to play fast and loose with the reform sentiment of the State.

Differences and divisions in parties there will always be. But divisions upon great questions of policy show a party to be doubtful of itself. When it pronounces formally, as the Democratic party did last year, for a national policy at once reasonable and patriotic, its candidate will be supported by many voters who do not accept his party name, and who for State and local offices will support candidates of the other party. This is the explanation of the large body of voters in the country who are included in neither party classification. They are generally friends of high license and of ballot reform, and are therefore not Democrats. They are tariff reformers and honest civil service reformers, and are therefore not Republicans. The more vehement partisans on both sides find great comfort in sneering at them as impracticable. But they are the most practical voters in the country, for they support principles, and not parties as such, naturally measuring the value of parties as public agencies by the character of the agents whom they select. If a man is a protectionist, why should he support, for that reason, a party which honors MAHONE and TANNER, and deliberately violates its own pledges of reform? If he is a tariff reformer, why, for that reason, should he support a party which obstructs license and ballot reform? In such a situation the vote of a sensible man will be determined by something else than a party name.

LATER NEW ENGLAND.

DURING the later part of the century the character of the population of New England has been rapidly changing. Even in the remoter districts of Vermont and in western Massachusetts, where the original and traditional New England still lingers, the change is perceptible. The history of New England and its long primacy in American development, of which Mr. BRECKINRIDGE spoke in his address at Plymouth, is due in chief part to the fact of its English homogeneity. Men of the English race brought its best qualities into a new country where they were obliged to contend only with hard conditions of nature, but not with a government or a powerful political and ecclesiastical opposition, and under the new circumstances those qualities had full play. The movement for national independence was largely inspired and directed in New England, and the soldiers for securing it were largely recruited there. Until 1801, says Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, New England influence controlled the national life. In the later controversy ending in the war, and in the general scheme of reconstruction of the Union, her ascendency is plainly marked. But a change had already begun in the character of the population, and the homogeneity of New England is already disappearing.

Mr. BARRETT, whose name, recalling Concord Bridge and the minute-men, attests his New England origin, in a late number of the *Forum* illustrates the transformation which is proceeding in the cradle of the modern and distinctive America. The region was of one race, one language, one spirit, and one religious faith. But now one-quarter of its population is of other races, of another religious faith, and of other national sympathies. As the old New England has been drained away to enrich and invigorate other parts of the country, it has been succeeded by aliens to its character and traditions. But the most significant aspect of the change is that of its religious faith. The original New England was a Puritan state. It was very much more truly and universally such a state than England during the Commonwealth. Only church members were voters, and they were members of one church. The affinity of Protestantism with Republicanism, the spirit of private judgment in religion extending itself to political government, was never more plainly illustrated than in old New England. The practicability of an American republic had been demonstrated there before the morning gun of the Revolution was heard. The religious and moral forces from which it sprang are familiar.

It is therefore a striking fact that as New England in its settlement and development was the advanced guard of Protestantism in politics, one-quarter of its population is now of the faith against which New England was a protest. This arises largely from the entrance of French Canadians. They have come down the valley of the Connecticut, and by the routes which "the French and Indians" followed in the dark days of colonial warfare. They are a peaceful and industrious but ignorant and stolid people, and are prevented by a difference of language, which they do not readily overcome, from ready assimilation with the native population of Yankee descent. This fact is in itself suggestive. But if the Church to which these people are obediently subject be regarded as a political power, it is obvious that the anarchism and social degradation and gross ignorance of the vast foreign immigration which pours into the United States are not the only characteristics and forecasts which are to be considered. To check or stay immigration is impossible. It must be dealt with by forces of assimilation. It must not be allowed to weaken and sweep away the character and impulse which it finds, but they must subject this alien immigration to American ascendency. This will not be accomplished, however, by regarding immigrants merely as hands to be worked and voters to be bought.

ANNUAL OR BIENNIAL SESSIONS.

MR. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, at the late meeting of the American Bar Association at Chicago, discussed among other topics the tendency to a change from an annual to a biennial session of the State legislatures. He thought it a bad sign for republican government. General disrespect for legislatures, he said, was an evil omen. "Shall it ever be said that the disuse of representative institutions, which neither the craft of princes nor the strength of armies was able to accomplish in the Old World, the abuse of such institutions has accomplished in the New?" The question is one of the utmost gravity.

If the tendency be due to growing distrust of representative legislatures, and not merely to considerations of convenience, it is undoubtedly an evil omen. There is, of course, no charm in the word annual. It may be obviously more convenient that a legislature should meet once in twenty-four months than once in twelve months. But if the question arises from distrust of the legislature itself, then a session once in ten years or never might be prefer-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

able. In fact, however, there is no doubt of a certain degree of distrust when a legislature or even Congress meets. Business circles are often afraid of some Quixotic tampering with the finances. Property owners in great cities apprehend "strikes" at their interests, from which they must buy themselves off. The friends of good laws must be on constant guard against their modification or repeal.

These apprehensions are based upon the belief that a large number of representatives are "on the make," and that legislation, whether enactment or repeal, is likely to be corrupt. In the degree that such a belief extends, the desire of biennial or quadrennial sessions will increase. But apart from this there is a feeling that the eternal vigilance which liberty requires does not also require the amount of legislation which is annually bestowed upon us, and that its intrinsic value would not be lessened by biennial sessions. The main point for consideration, however, should be, not the frequency of the sessions, but the honesty of the representatives. As that increases, the desire for postponing the session or restricting the term will diminish.

THE PURGING OF TAMMANY.

THE Judges of the Court of Common Pleas were not in haste to inquire into the monstrous crime to which one of them was, as he is understood to say, an unconscious party. It is an uncomfortable reflection that a performance involving the security of the marriage relation, and divorcing a woman without her will or knowledge, can be concluded under the eye of an unconscious judge, and that important transactions are going on elsewhere before judges who are not aware of what they are doing.

Meanwhile Tammany Hall is evidently of Sir John's mind, and will purge and leave sack and live cleanly. It is casting off conspicuous sinners caught in the act. Whether its wrath would be as decisive with those who make merchandise of public trusts without private obliquities does not yet appear. It is, however, putting none but Tammany men on guard, and plainly means to resume to the utmost its complete control of the city. The movement of Democratic purification begun by the County Democracy in its secession from Tammany must now be considered to be completed, and the pipe of party peace for all warring tribes will be lighted in the wigwam.

The political reform which will result from a restored Tammany we are yet to see. We do not recall a single progressive movement in politics which it has not strenuously opposed. That the city or the country has ever had any reason to be thankful for the existence of such a huge party machine we are not aware, and it is an eye of singularly clear vision which sees in the request for the resignation of FLACK the prospect of gains for honest government from the complete municipal domination of Tammany Hall.

PUBLICATION OF THE ELIGIBLE LIST.

THE views of Mr. OBERLY, late of the United States Civil Service Commission, upon the practical result of the late order for the publication of the lists of eligible candidates for appointment, deserve attention as those of an expert. His opinion that the publication will in effect annul the law is based upon the consideration that the exact situation will be known, and that the exercise of political pressure will be greatly facilitated.

It is undoubtedly true that pressure can be more effectively applied when the whole situation is known. But pressure cannot place a favorite upon the eligible list, and so far, therefore, it is balked. Moreover, the fact that an applicant's name is upon the list is known to him now, and of course to his backer, and the pressure can be applied accordingly. On the other hand, all avoidable secrecy in such a situation is injurious, because it produces suspicion, and any evil resulting from the publication of the list seems to be fully set off by the conviction of every applicant that everything has been managed fairly.

But if it be true that the publication would practically annul the law, it is because the appointing officer would disregard his oath of office, and yield to political pressure what he is sworn to bestow only in a specified manner. That is to say, the officer would violate the law; and as it is a law which is cordially detested by many of those whose duty it is to administer it, there is undoubtedly always danger of such violation. But this is an abuse which cannot be avoided by the secrecy of the eligible list. There is but one way to avoid it entirely, and it is the one way also in which alone the President can keep his oath to execute the law. That way is to intrust the enforcement of it to its friends, not to its enemies. When men like Mr. PEARSON, Mr. GRAVES, and Mr. BURT are appointed to administer the law, the publication of the eligible list would not facilitate its violation.

THE GRAND ARMY IN POLITICS.

IN his address before the late National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, the retiring Commander, General WARNER, said of the organization:

"Strong as it is, it has never been, and I trust never will be, used for partisan purposes, or to gratify the personal ambitions of any man or set of men."

This disclaimer of all purpose of a political use of the Army was reassuring. But at the end of the address, after warmly approving the proposition of a service pension, the Commander said, "Let the Committee on Pensions take your recommendation to Congress, backed by a united Grand Army of the Republic, and there will be no failure."

And again he said that "we"—the Grand Army—"will present our claims to Congress, and in doing so will not approach those in authority with bated breath and whispering humbleness, but as freemen we will demand, asking only that which is just." But why will there be no failure if the demand be made by the united Grand Army? Not because of the justice of the demand, for its justice does not depend upon the union of the organization in making it. It might be equally just if it were not backed by a united Grand Army. The reason of its success, therefore, would be the united demand, which means simply that no party in Congress would dare to risk the loss of the soldier vote.

But does not this mean that Congress would understand the demand to be virtually a threat that the members who did not support it would be made to suffer? And is not this a plain use of the Grand Army for a partisan or political purpose? Would it not be in effect a bid for the support of the soldier vote? If a combination of manufactures should demand the passage of a certain measure as an act of justice, would not every member of Congress who opposed it understand that he was marked by the combination? No great organized body of voters can demand of Congress the passage of a law which they hold that they have a right to demand, declaring that if they are united the demand will be resistless, without becoming a powerful and important political force. The action which the late Commander recommended, and which the Grand Army adopted, makes it for the purposes declared a political body. The votes of its members for Representatives in Congress would be governed by the position of candidates upon the measures favored by the Grand Army, and that, of course, brings the organization into politics.

THE PEOPLE AND THE SPOILS.

THE Indianapolis *Civil Service Chronicle* says that President HARRISON, upon his late visit to his home, was received respectfully, but in no sense enthusiastically. The reason, it thinks, is simply that he has been engaged in a business which does not arouse the approval of the people.

"He has been President now for about five months, and during that time the whole world knows that he has had the one occupation of making vacancies by turning men and women out of public offices, and putting other persons into their places, and that these other persons have been given the places to reward them for personal or party services. There has been nothing in his career as President to break the monotony of this work, and it is a matter for congratulation that the people are not enthusiastic over it."

This is a plain statement of the truth. The *Chronicle* does not agree with Senator HOAR that the large majority of the American people approve the spoils system, as it does not believe that a large majority of the Russian people approve the crimes committed in Siberia and elsewhere by "the organization which calls itself the Russian government," or that the people of Continental Europe prefer to be burdened by the cost of enormous armies.

"These things continue because the government machinery so skilfully unite and handle the minority that the majority are kept under; and it is often only after years of agitation and protest, and sometimes rebellion, that a small part of the improvements which a people believe in can be obtained."

In the same way the party machines in this country, says the *Chronicle*, subdue the will of the people. The party managers, "the GORMANS, the VESTS, the VOORHEESES, the QUAYS, the MAHONES, the HISCOCKS, the INGALLSES," scare the President from his platform. Then smaller politicians and bosses raise a cry against the Chinese system; and then Senator HOAR and those who like him favor the merit system come forward and say

"that the great majority of the people like these political bosses, and want, for instance, INGALLS to arrange it so that those who ride fifty miles exclusively to help his personal fortunes shall be paid for this service by a salary out of the public treasury."

The people may not think the proposed merit system the best method of escape, but the *Chronicle* holds that they wish to escape. They are conscious of the disgrace and the loss and the demoralization, and they would gladly apply a remedy.

THE TORY BID FOR IRISH FAVOR.

WHEN Mr. GLADSTONE recently advocated the royal marriage grant, and Mr. PARNELL voted with him, it was announced that there would soon be a serious breach in the Liberal ranks. This is supposed to be made more imminent by the proposal of the Tory government to endow a Roman Catholic University in Ireland, which is a stroke of "politics," because the strength of the Liberal party in England lies in the Non-conforming ranks, and to Nonconformists nothing could be more distasteful than such a concession to the Roman power.

The Irish party, which is devoted exclusively to securing all that is possible for Ireland, would naturally favor this proposal of the government, unless it should involve some injury to the Irish cause, which does not yet appear, unless the possible dissolution of the Liberal alliance should be considered to be such an injury. But apart from the alienation of the Non-conformists from the Liberal alliance, the proposal of the government is a two-edged sword. If it tends to relax the bonds that unite the Irish party with the Liberals, it also alarms the Ulster Protestants who are the Irish contingent of the Tory party. Any concession which would increase the influence of the Catholic clergy, the Ulstermen would regard as a surrender to the enemy. But this objection is countered by the Tory claim that the concession would naturally incline the Catholic clergy to a more kindly disposition toward the government.

The situation is obscure and the result uncertain. The Tory Ministry keeps a bold front, and it is certainly fortunate in its Irish Secretary. Mr. BALFOUR combines vigor and energy with the humorous courage and good-nature which are always attractive to Englishmen. He is an able man and a clever speaker, and, above all, he is young. This Parliament has yet some time before its end, and Mr. GLADSTONE is eighty years old.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, who bore his part so well in his rather stormy debate on trusts with Mr. GUNTON at the recent Chautauqua meeting, resembles in appearance a quiet scholar more than a vigorous polemic. Dr. GLADDEN was at one time editor of that pleasant magazine, now discontinued, *Sunday Afternoon*. His first marked literary reputation was won by his papers on "The Christian League of Connecticut," and of late years he has become widely known as a writer on social topics. He is a pronounced mugwump, and is of the broad school in theology as well as in politics. In his former pastoral charge at Springfield, Massachusetts, his liberal views on theological points caused him to be looked upon with disapprobation by some of his clerical brethren, although his own people were deeply attached to him. He now holds a church in Columbus, Ohio. His generous catholic spirit, as well as his genial manners, gain him friends wherever he goes.

—Canon FARRAR'S visit to this country a few years ago apparently impressed him pleasantly, since he has sent his son here to complete his education. The young man, who is said not to resemble the typical Englishman in appearance, will take a scientific course at Lehigh University, and will afterward take his degree of civil engineer at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York.

—The late JOHN W. MCCOY, of Baltimore, who bequeathed his valuable library to Johns Hopkins University, and his fine paintings and statuary to Peabody Institute, left a legacy of $2000 to the novelist RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

—The tennis championship of America has just been won for the second time by a young Brooklyn lawyer, HARRY W. SLOCUM. Mr. SLOCUM is a son of General SLOCUM, and is a Yale graduate.

—The two English engineers, Sir JOHN FOWLER and BENJAMIN BAKER, who recently made a minute examination of the Hudson River Tunnel, are comparatively young men. They were both engaged in the construction of the Forth Bridge, and stand high in their profession. One of them will probably remain here to supervise the work on the tunnel. The funds for this enterprise will be advanced by a syndicate of English capitalists, who were, it is said, induced to take this step by J. H. MANGHAM, who was formerly a Colorado banker, and is now one of the men most energetic in furthering American interests with English capital.

—The new Catholic mission to Nassau will be in charge of Sister MARIE DOLORES, formerly Miss VAN RENSSELAER of New York. Eight or ten of the Sisters of Charity from the Foundling Asylum will accompany her, and their work will be to better the condition of the poor negroes by teaching the young and nursing the sick.

—St. Louis has to thank the late HENRY SHAW for the possession, in the Missouri Botanical Gardens, of the finest collection of plants and flowers in America, and the third finest in the world. Mr. SHAW was in his ninetieth year when he died, had been an enthusiastic botanist and plant collector for over thirty years, and had devoted his taste and wealth to the formation and beautifying of these grounds. They cover nearly fifty-four acres, and within them were the summer residence and tomb of Mr. SHAW. The gardens were enriched by statuary and busts, and were laid out in the formal style that obtains in foreign parks.

—The announcement has been made that a full indemnity will be offered to the two American tourists who were arrested and locked up in Berne on suspicion of being pick-pockets. There was no evidence that warranted their detention, but upon the statement of the German Consul that he had been robbed by American pick-pockets, the two travellers were searched and imprisoned for three days. Their release was effected through the protest of Minister WASHBURNE.

—The new Brooklyn Museum, to be erected upon the east side lands, will be built chiefly by popular subscription, aided by a fund of $200,000 already in hand. All the working scientific societies of the city are affiliated with this enterprise, and an institute is contemplated that will be for instruction as well as sight-seeing.

—Among the distinguished octogenarians who make a practice of early rising may be numbered Cardinal NEWMAN. The great Tractarian is very feeble, but still receives visitors, and bestows especial cordiality upon American guests.

—By the death of her daughter, Mrs. JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN, the widow of Stonewall JACKSON is left childless. Although General JACKSON was twice married—the first time to Miss JUNLINE, a sister of Mrs. MARGARET J. PRESTON, the poetess—he had but this one child, the daughter of his second wife. Mrs. CHRISTIAN was, as a child, a conspicuous figure at the ceremony of unveiling the statue of her father erected in Richmond, Virginia, by his English admirers. She was married in that city only two years ago.

—HERBERT SPENCER has been engaged on an autobiography during his sojourn in Wiltshire. Now that his health is improved, he will return to London and resume work on his synthetic philosophy.

—A London correspondent writes: "I lunched with MARY ANDERSON last week, and never saw her looking better. All this about her mind being affected is the merest rot, and physically she is recovering her strength and health very rapidly. She has just gone on a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM BLACK at Oban."

—Professor EDWARD G. COY, the new principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, is a graduate of Yale College and an instructor of long experience. After leaving college he taught for a time at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Massachusetts, and then went to Phillips Andover Academy, where he has been a member of the faculty for fifteen years. He is over six feet tall, of athletic build, and of fine personal appearance.

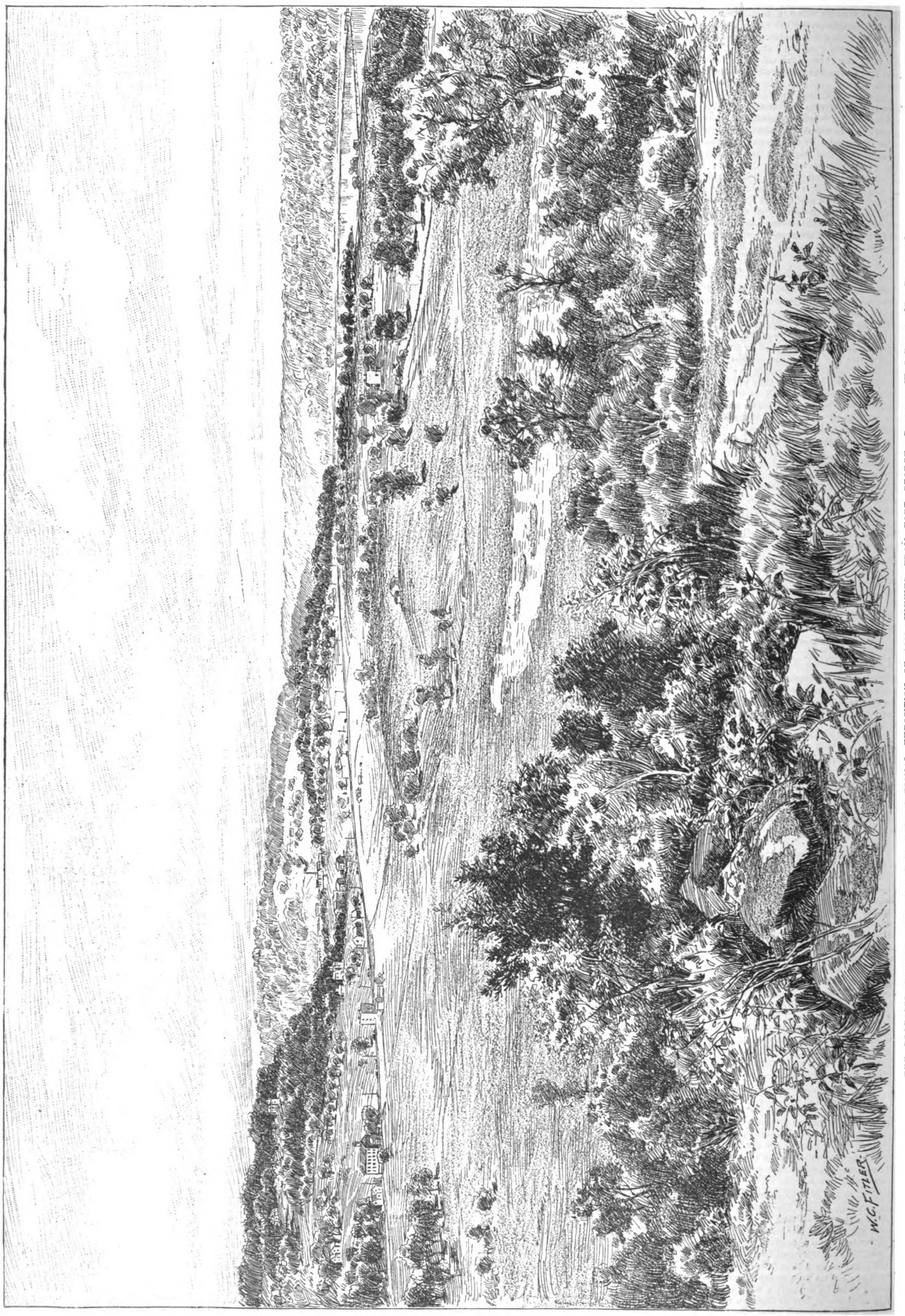
—Miss ANITA MCCORMICK, of Chicago, who is to marry EMMONS BLAINE, is described as pretty, a leader of society, and worth $2,000,000.

—The heir-apparent to the throne of Japan, Prince HAREE, is a lusty and active boy of ten years, who is being brought up in a very sensible way. He has plenty of exercise, and while he attends the nobles' school, is not filled with foolish ideas of his own rank and importance.

—The marriage of Hon. GEORGE E. FOSTER, minister of Dominion finance, to Mrs. ADDIS CHISHOLM, a brilliant Canadian woman, has caused something of a sensation over the border. Mrs. CHISHOLM obtained a divorce not long ago in Chicago on the ground of her husband's desertion, and the validity of such a separation is questioned in the Dominion. Mr. CHISHOLM, a successful lawyer, member of Parliament, and railroad president, absconded nine years ago, and since then his wife has been a prominent worker in the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Mr. FOSTER is a strong advocate of prohibition, and was admitted to the Dominion cabinet as the representative of his party. Some years ago he was a successful temperance lecturer in this country.

—Among the many picturesque and commanding characters at Washington is General ALBERT PIKE, who through long and distinguished services has become the ranking Masonic dignitary of the world. He has been at the head of the Scottish rite for the southern jurisdiction of the United States since 1859, and is the only Masonic potentate in America elected and "crowned" for life. General PIKE was born in Boston, December 29, 1809, and was matriculated at Harvard when sixteen years old, but was forced to leave college for lack of funds. He became a lawyer of distinction in the South, served in the Mexican war, and was a Confederate brigadier during the rebellion. His giant frame, his white hair and beard, and his simple attire attract attention wherever he appears on the street, although he rarely leaves his official residence. The latter, known as "His Holy House," stands at the corner of Third and E streets, and is an elegant building devoted largely to Masonic mysteries. The general is a widower, but his daughter, an accomplished woman, lives with him in his apartments. Surrounded by flowers and birds and many curiosities which an eventful life has brought to him, he spends much time in writing on Masonic subjects, and frequently receives calls from prominent members of the order in this and other countries.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PROPOSED INWOOD SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—VIEWED FROM FORT GEORGE.—DRAWN BY W. C. FITLER.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PROPOSED SITE AT OAK AND BARRETTO POINTS ON THE SOUND FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

PUMPER JIM.

THERE were mobs of angry men in the Tuna Valley. They had collected at various points, with the intention of marching to the head office of the Combined Pipe Lines Company in a body that represented the oil producers of the entire Harford region, and demanding that their oil tanks be relieved. Failing to obtain this concession, the producers meant to take possession of the Lines, and run them for their self-protection or destroy them.

It was a beautiful May day, soft and warm, and Jim Croffut felt indolent, as he sat outside of the pump station listening to the monotonous strokes of the big engine sending the petroleum with a musical clink into the main line. He had smoked his pipe so lazily that it had gone out, but he still held the stem between his teeth.

A cheerful laugh roused him from his reverie, and he swung forward, dropping the chair on its four feet.

"Well, I declare, Jim, you are the sleepiest man on the Tuna. You never can keep your pipe going."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Stearns? Will you sit?"

"No, thank you; I'm on my way to the store."

"Will you 'blige by bringin' me a plug of smokin' tobacey? I'm about out of that consolation."

"Certainly, Jim; but I do think you about the most easily consoled man I ever saw. Good-morning."

"Good-mornin'."

He watched her tripping lightly over the ground for a few moments, and then, resuming his seat, muttered, "Perhaps not so easily consoled as you think, Widow Stearns, when none but you can do it; and yit I can't tell you, for it would seem like fergittin' Bill Stearns, and me and him was pards too long for that."

Knowing that he would soon have a new supply of tobacco, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and filled the bowl, packing it well with the crumbs which he picked from his coat pocket with thumb and forefinger. The coat was still lying over his knees, but he seemingly forgot to fumble in it for a match, while he rested his elbows on it. Again his preoccupation was broken by a voice, likewise familiar to him. This time the shed was between him and the speaker, who exclaimed, "Whoa, boys! don't kick, or we'll all be in kingdom come in two shakes of a cat's tail."

Jim jumped to his feet and ran around the shed. Before him lay a torpedo man, thrown from his box by the breaking of an axle, and holding to the lines that guided his team. The horses instinctively stood still, and Jim hastened to unhitch them lest they should become restless and kick the wagon, which, the torpedo man grimly informed him, was loaded. When the horses were tied to a tree at a short distance from the wreck, Jim went to the torpedo man and helped him to his feet.

"I got a bad twist, Pumper Jim; but I'm thankful that was all."

"Well, you are under obligashuns to be glad, for you come mighty near bein' a passenger on the sky-high route. How did you get tied up that way, anyhow?"

"Makin' a short-cut. I was goin' gentle enough, but the wheel got twisted somehow on the big pipe, and the axle snapped. I dropped on the pipe, and hurt somethin'."

"You torpedo men are all durn fools, anyhow, Jake Burdin, and it's a wonder there ain't more of you knocked into the tree-tops."

By that time Jake was comfortable as he could be made on the rude lounge Jim constructed with a plank and two chairs.

"I'll look for somebody to send Rogers word," said Jim; and he went out to the main road, where he met a detachment of producers on their way to Harford.

"Say," he called, "there's a man hurt down to the pump station—Jake Burdin. Will one of you men be kind enough to tell Rogers?"

Very much like a string of oaths condemning all sorts of monopolies was the sentence hurled back at him by the man nearest him.

"Monopolies 'ain't got nothin' to do with a man bein' human, have they? You tell Rogers to send a doctor out here, and then you can call yourself a man."

Jim guessed the errand of the men, for he had heard the mutterings of the storm that was to break that day, but he made no allusion to the discontent which had at last developed into violence.

"We're comin' back to see you, mebbe, and we'll fetch a doctor with us."

"You will find me at home when you come, but if there's a man in that crowd he'll go straight to Rogers's office when he gets to Harford, and let 'em know there that one of their men's laid up here with a bad hurt."

"That bein' the case, we'll all call on Rogers right off, for we're all men, and demand a man's rights."

"Much obliged," Jim called, and then hastened to Jake.

"Take it easy as you can, Burdin, Rogers will send for you soon."

He was right, for in a short time one of Rogers's teams dashed up to the pump station, and the driver leaped to the ground. Jake was lifted into the buggy, and the driver took up the lines to go, when Jim asked what was going on in Harford.

"Nothin' but the producers; they're goin' on big, and there's likely to be somethin' smashed 'fore night."

"Likely," Jim commented, and then nodded good-by to Jake.

An extra man, who had come with the buggy, mounted one of the horses Jake had driven, and leading the other, was soon out of sight. The broken wagon, with its load of explosive, lay on its side.

Jim contemplated it a few minutes, and then remarked: "If there's to be any smashin' goin' on, that stuff in there might be useful. I'll just confiscate it, as they used to say in the army."

He lifted the lid off the box, and looked at the cans. They were all small, each containing a quart of nitro-glycerine.

"Good!" he muttered. "They'll make good bombs. I could throw one of them about one hundred feet, I reckon, on a pinch."

He took them carefully out of the box, and carried them into the shed, as he called the little house that covered the pumping engines. When done with that, he looked around for his pipe, and finally found it half full of tobacco. Lighting it, he sat down to resume the meditation that had been twice interrupted that day. Finding that his thoughts were inclined to wander, he rose and gave the fires a shaking up. When he threw the poker down, he said to himself, as if to another person,

"If they get to howlin' round here, I guess I'll have to let the fires go out, but there's no use in borrowin' trouble."

The sun was on the slant to the west when he heard again the Widow Stearns's voice, but this time it was full of alarm.

"They're comin', Jim—the producers! They're just at my heels, but they stopped down there in the hollow to smash the pipe. I saw them breaking it with crow-bars."

She was very much excited, and exhausted and breathless from running.

"Sit down, Mrs. Stearns, and rest up a bit while I stop the pump. There ain't no use in squirtin' the grease on to the ground."

He looked at her flushed cheeks, and knew that had it not been for the unusual bodily exertion she had undergone they would have been pale, for he saw her fright in her eyes and felt it in her tone.

"But you must run, Jim. They're comin' to smash the pump, and if they find you here they might hurt you."

"Did you bring the tobacey, Mrs. Stearns?"

"Certainly I did; but you must hurry out of here."

"No; I must stay here; but you must run soon as you give me the tobacey."

"Oh, Jim, run! for they will kill you." She got up, and put her hands on his shoulders pleadingly.

"No, they won't. I'll just keep them away till they cool off, and then I'll come home to supper, for they will go away."

"If you don't go, I won't; for if they see a woman here they won't do any damage for fear of hurtin' her."

"You mustn't stay for that reason. They would say Jim Croffut had got a woman to protect him. You give me the tobacey, and run."

"But, Jim—"

"I'll take care of myself; and you must go now, but don't forget the tobacey."

"Here it is. Good-by, for I'd rather go than have them think you a coward; but it isn't easy, Jim."

He had snatched the tobacco with a quick "Thank you," and was climbing to the roof of the station on a ladder. In one hand he carried a can of glycerine. When he reached the platform that he had built there as a sort of observatory, she was out on the road. He waved his hand to her, and ran down the ladder. In a few minutes he had four cans on the platform, and then sat down to light his pipe.

"My! that woman hangin' on to my arms flustered me 'most. I'd rather face the whole mob of producers than have her so beseechin', for I don't git so shook up."

He had not long to wait until he saw the producers coming. When he saw how many there were of them, he ran down the ladder and locked the doors of the station; then he went back to the platform. At the head of the crowd of angry men he recognized the man whom he had requested to inform Rogers of the torpedo man's accident.

"Hello, Ben Harbaugh, what's up?"

"You, and we want you to come down and open the doors. We want to examine the pump. 'Tisn't workin'."

"Oh, the pump's all right! I got lazy and shut her down. Too hot to-day for even a pump to work."

"Well, you can suit your pleasure about lettin' us in; we'll get in ourselves. Come on, boys."

Harbaugh held up a light crow-bar as a sort of signal to the others to follow him, and turned in from the road.

"Jest wait a second, Harbaugh, and take a look at this." He rose to his feet and held up a can. "That's a bomb. It's glycer'n, and if you fellers git too close to them doors, I'll drop it on your heads."

Harbaugh came to a halt, and the others crowded around him, peering at Jim, whose tall strong figure was in position for immediate action. They were angry and very determined, those men, and would have laughed at a gun levelled at them, but the mention of glycerine made them pause. It has no aim, but scatters death in radii from the point of its explosion.

Harbaugh plucked up courage, and called: "You can't fool us with an empty can, Jim, and we give you just one more chance to git down and out of the way, for we are goin' to smash that pump."

For reply Jim swung the can around his head, and let it go at a tangent. It struck the ground two hundred feet from the men and exploded, hurling stones and dirt in every direction.

The producers fell back, for they had seen the other cans, and knew well the folly of risking their lives in the attempt to dislodge a man who was determined to use such ammunition in defence of the property he was guarding. A consultation was held, and it was decided to parley with the pumper. Harbaugh was selected as spokesman, and he approached with two or three others to within easy talking distance of the station.

"Say, Croffut, we want to talk to you," Harbaugh said.

"Go ahead; I can hear you from there," Jim replied.

"Why don't you get down and out, and give us a chance to get square with the Lines? They've never done anything particular for you, and they have done us a mighty sight of harm."

"How?"

"By letting our tanks overflow, and the oil from our wells run to waste. We can always get our oil run if we will sell it to them at a lower price than the regular market."

"So I've heard," Jim commented; "but how's smashin' the pump goin' to help you?"

"It will bring the Lines to terms, and when they get a new pump up, they will be afraid to let our oil run to waste."

"What 'll become of your oil when the pump's layin' idle?"

"We can afford the loss if we get satisfaction afterward in having our oil taken care of."

"Well, I'ain't got nothin' to do with that; I'm here to pump, and to take care of the Lines' property."

"You're pumpin' water, that's what you're doin'," one of the other producers blurted.

"What come out on the ground when you broke the line down in the holler, grease or water?"

The producers looked at each other in amazement, as if to ask how he knew of the broken line, and then Harbaugh remarked: "It was the Widow Stearns. Come, Jim," he said, in louder voice, "surrender, and we will make it right with you."

"It's right with me now," Jim answered; "I'm here to protect this pump, and I'm goin' to do it."

"Well, you can't say that we haven't given you ample notice, and if you get hurt, it 'll be your own fault."

"Yes, I guess it will," Jim observed, with provoking calmness.

The producers retired to the main body, and another consultation was held. Propositions were made to surround the pump station, and boldly attack it, but the cooler heads promptly decided against such measures.

"I've got an idea," said Harbaugh. "Let us lay quiet until supper-time, and then the Widow Stearns will come with something for Jim to eat. When she goes up to the station, we'll just follow her. Jim won't dare to fire a glycerine can then for fear of killing her."

"Good!" exclaimed a number of the producers, and all gave assent to the plan.

A short time after sunset Mrs. Stearns came up the road, and turned to go to the station. Harbaugh and two others immediately joined her, and behind them followed other producers armed with crow-bars and hammers. Of the presence of the main body of men, who had been concealed in the woods, she was ignorant; and with regard to the others, she took no thought until Jim called to her,

"I don't want any supper to-night, Mrs. Stearns, and you tell the other pumper I'll stay on for the night turn."

"All right, Mr. Croffut; I'll tell him," Mrs. Stearns answered, and turned to go home. Then she discovered the number of men who had been behind her. Her way was blocked, and she had to step back to avoid being trod upon. The men in the rear were advancing and pushing those in front, who forced Mrs. Stearns nearer to the station, she wondering what it meant.

Jim made it plain to her when, in cold, deliberate tones, he said, "Ben Harbaugh and you other men, you needn't think that you can find protection behind a woman, for as sure as I live, if you come ten steps further, I'll throw a can at you."

"Why, Jim, you wouldn't kill a woman!" Harbaugh exclaimed.

"Not intentionally; but I'm here to take care of this pump, as I told you, and don't you men come ten steps closer, that's all."

Mrs. Stearns had faced about, and was looking at Jim. She realized her danger, if he meant what he said, and when her eyes rested on his resolute face her cheeks blanched, and a shiver passed over her. The men behind seemed to disbelieve Jim, for they were steadily advancing, while Jim was counting their steps: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven"—then he stooped and lifted a can—"eight, nine—"

"Stop, or he will kill us!" shrieked the widow, seeing Jim swing the can, and her words called a halt. Jim lowered the can, and awaited the next movement of the producers.

"He's crazy," said Harbaugh, "and he will throw those cans at us, sure. Let us fall back and wait till after dark."

In a minute the widow was left standing alone, her knees shaking, and her breath coming in short, convulsive gasps. Tears filled her eyes, and through the mist before her she gave Jim a reproachful look; then she turned and walked slowly away.

"He would have thrown that bomb whether it had killed me or not," she murmured; "and all for that old pump that could be replaced in three weeks."

She began to sob, not caring that many men were looking at her, desirous only that Jim should not see her. Suddenly the growing darkness against the western hill-side reflected to her eyes a yellowish tint. She looked back. The big gas jet at the station was ablaze. Jim had taken advantage of the momentary discomfiture of the producers to light it, and the wide circle of its light made the ground within one hundred yards of him almost as plain to his vision as it was in the daylight. And in spite of her grief she was glad he had the protection that the gas jet gave him.

As the darkness settled, the silence in the valley was broken only by the crickets, and from toward Harford came the faint sound of the whistle of a locomotive. Jim moved restlessly on the small platform, wishing the officers of the Lines would send a rescuing party. Again the whistle sounded, nearer this time, and Jim hoped that the approaching train bore to him relief from his trying position. While he looked down the valley and listened for the rumble of the cars, a flash illumined the darkness of the woods, and he fell prone upon the platform. He was shot through the side. There was a shout from the mob as they charged on the pump station.

Jim heard the cry of onslaught, and staggered to his feet. By great effort he was able to appear strong in spite of the stream of warm blood on his leg.

"Stop, you devils, or I'll kill every one of you!" and he threw a can of glycerine right in the path of the producers. It burst, and the explosion covered them with dust and pelted them with pebbles. "Stop!" he yelled again, as he swung another can into the air.

The producers huddled together, and then fell back to wait until Jim was exhausted by the flow of blood from his wound. The swoon came sooner than they expected. As he sank on the platform, the short, sharp whistle that to the railroader means "Down brakes!" sounded in his ears. Immediately the producers charged on the station; but Harbaugh called a halt before they reached it, for he saw the sheriff and his armed deputies (many of whom were clerks and employés of the Lines) advancing from the train just come to a stand-still. Seeing the number of the sheriff's posse, the producers fled, and scattered under cover of the woods.

There was a surgeon with the sheriff's force, who dressed Jim's wound, and then, on a stretcher, the pumper was carried to his room at Mrs. Stearns's house. His recovery was slow, and the widow was unfailing in her attention to him. She was kind and gentle, but there was a change in her manner that distressed Jim. He could not account for it, and spent many an hour in silent meditation upon it. One day a light broke in upon him, and he framed a question for the widow.

"Did you think I would 'a throwed that can at you that day when the producers was pushin' yer to'rds the station?"

When he launched the query at her the widow was confused, and answered disconnectedly that she had thought he would have thrown it.

"You was mistaken, for I would have let 'em smash the old pump rather than run the risk of takin' any innercent life, much less yours, or even hurtin' you, for I've had a hankerin' after you this many a day."

The widow's cheeks flushed a deeper red, and her eyes sparkled with the light of joy; but she could not resist the temptation to say, "You looked a good deal more in earnest when you threatened to throw that can at me than you do now, and if I was mistaken then, mebbe I oughtn't to be quick in believing now."

"I had to look mighty much in earnest then, for looks had to do the business, but now I'm trustin' mostly to words."

"Well, if you can trust them, I guess I can too."

After that declaration there was nothing in the widow's manner that distressed Jim.

ALEXANDER L. KINKEAD.

TWO PROPOSED SITES FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE Executive Committee on Site and Buildings for the projected World's Fair, at its meeting on August 31st, adopted a resolution inviting property owners and others interested to send to the committee before September 10th whatever facts and recommendations they had to offer with respect to any of six certain locations within the city limits. Illustrations of two of these specified sites, that at Inwood, and the one at Oak and Barretto's points, are presented in this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Inwood site lies at the northwestern extremity of Manhattan Island. It is roughly triangular in shape, with its apex at the point where the Harlem River and the ship canal, when completed, will meet. Its southern line is One-hundred-and-seventy-eighth Street. Tenth Avenue and the Harlem River bound it on the east, and the Kingsbridge Road, which is a continuation of St. Nicholas Avenue, runs along its entire western side. The surface is diversified, and both upland and lowland. The higher area is rolling, and in some places broken. It extends from the southern limit as far north as Fort George, and contains some 250 acres. From here the lowland runs to Kingsbridge, and is skirted on one side by the river. This section contains about 160 acres, and is known as Dyckman's Flat—so named, apparently, for the same reason that hills in England are sometimes called downs. Only a small part of its surface is level, and it abounds in pleasing knolls and slopes.

The view from the uplands is particularly fine. It commands the valley of the Harlem for miles, and directly opposite are the green lawns and tasteful houses of Fordham and the adjacent suburban region. At one point through a rift in the line of hills can be seen the shining Hudson and the Palisades beyond. The whole presents decidedly the best scene of hill and dale and stream to be found near the metropolis, or, in the minds of some of the locally patriotic residents in the vicinity, anywhere else in the world. This area of 410 acres is partly wooded and partly open ground, with natural advantages for drainage. Aside from two or three buildings, including the architecturally attractive Isabella Home for aged people, which can profitably be permitted to stand, there is, singularly enough in a locality of such an extent on Manhattan Island,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

perhaps not $25,000 worth of houses on the whole tract. It is stated advisedly that the proprietors will give the use of the ground without further price than that it be exempted from taxation for so long as it shall be used for the Exposition. They will take the taxes for their rent.

With respect to accessibility and transportation the Inwood site is favorably placed. It is approached by a number of wide highways and excellent drives. Sedgwick, St. Nicholas, and Tenth avenues, the Boulevard, and the Kingsbridge and Ridge roads are the principal ones. On the east it is reached by the new Washington Bridge close at hand, which is one of the few structures of a public character that New York city can reasonably show with pride to strangers. Near by is High Bridge, whose glory, to a great extent, is eclipsed by the new-comer, but like the "auld brig" at Ayr it is still worth consideration. There is a fair prospect that the elevated railroad company will have a branch on the Boulevard by 1892, the late opposition of property owners having been practically withdrawn, it is said. The Manhattan officials have agreed to complete the proposed extension, and have trains running within twelve months after the right of way shall have been secured to the locality in question. The cable road has been for some time in operation to Fort George. Light-draught steamers can go to the grounds, which have a mile frontage on Harlem River. Just across this stream are the New York Central and the Northern railroads, on the tracks of which the New Haven, Harlem, and the New England can switch their trains. To the west there is communication with Inwood Station on the Hudson River road, and with the river itself, by a level road half a mile long through the gap in the ridge at that point. Railroad facilities can be quickly and inexpensively provided for traffic between the river and the fair. Opposite Inwood on the New Jersey shore is Englewood, where, if desired, the various railroads from the West and South can land their passengers and freight to be ferried over. Here also the water is deep enough to accommodate ocean steamers.

The Oak and Barretto's points site lies near the northeastern extremity of the city limits, on the East River, or Long Island Sound, beginning at what would be One-hundred-and-forty-ninth Street if that thoroughfare existed. It includes Oak Point, Leggett's Point, and Barretto's Point, and all the land between the Harlem branch of the New Haven road and the river. There are here upward of 400 acres, to which more could be added if needed. Riker's Island, containing 100 acres, lies off the shore and is already owned by the city. It is suggested that the island could be advantageously utilized for an Indian encampment, which might be easily reached from the main grounds by a ferry. It is assumed that a World's Fair celebrating the discovery of America would be lacking in an important feature if the aborigines were unrepresented, and it is averred that on some accounts it is desirable that they should be isolated so far as it can be conveniently done. Fidelity to history would be better subserved, it is thought, if they could be presented to visitors as much as possible as they were before they had acquired a fondness for fire-water.

The Oak Point tract is all well adapted to the purposes of the fair, with the exception of some fifty acres of marshy land which would require filling in. It is sufficiently and agreeably wooded, and contains a few fine buildings, which could be used for the wants of the Exposition. Notable among these are the Whitlock château, a really palatial structure, and the large and comely mansion of Mr. R. A. Chesbrough. The Barretto's Point part is a specially desirable piece of land of 127 acres, extending into and sloping gently and symmetrically to the river. The shore of the site with its indentations is one and a half miles in extent, with a sufficient depth of water to float the largest vessels. Much stress is laid by the friends of this site upon the importance of having a World's Fair directly upon an easily traversed inlet of the sea. London and Paris are not situated, it is pointed out, so that they can profit to any great degree in this way, and it is asserted that New York would be foolish, having such advantages as she has, to disregard them and select a site which partook of an inland character.

Oak Point is about seven miles from City Hall, and easily accessible by good drives. Its facilities for water communication are unlimited, and annex boats could be used by the Long Island Railroad and all those terminating at Jersey City. The New York Central, the Harlem, and the Northern roads could connect with the New Haven, so as to run their trains directly to the grounds. The street-car service could be increased indefinitely. If the decision should be in favor of the Oak Point site, it would be necessary to condemn a part at least of the area wanted. The Barretto's Point property has long been in litigation because of questionable title, and could be obtained in no other way. But it is argued that the city must own the land on which the permanent buildings will be erected, and that this is as desirable a location for them as can be found. Its advocates contend that it would be especially suitable for park purposes, and that some of the expenditure of that character which has been authorized by the Legislature could not take a better direction.

It is even suggested that it might be wise for the city to condemn and purchase the whole site, the estimated value of which now is $2,000,000, and which a few years hence would be a number of millions more. Thus something substantial would be provided as the basis for the bonds that are to be issued. In case these fail to be guaranteed by the Legislature, it is declared that they will need a prop of the kind. This proposition is one of the numerous manifestations of the tendency of the finance and site questions to run together.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

HENRY HITCHCOCK.

THE American Bar Association, by electing Henry Hitchcock of St. Louis to be its President, has fitly rewarded one of its founders and most active members. Mr. Hitchcock had previously been President of the Bar Associations of his city and State, and he was the first Dean of the Faculty of the St. Louis Law School, in which leading institution in the instruction of law he is still a professor. In these various capacities he has prepared and delivered various papers on legal topics, whose quality is best inferred from the fact that one, "On the Inviolability of Telegrams," has been cited as authority in appellate courts; another is quoted in Bryce's *American Commonwealth* as decisive upon its subject; and a third secured his election to honorary membership in the New York State Bar Association. The list might be much extended if it were necessary, but among the legal profession it will readily be conceded that Mr. Hitchcock, if less conspicuous than some as a litigating lawyer, is the peer of any in the learning and dignity requisite for his new station. To this professional side of his character it should be added that he has been long and conspicuously on the right side in Missouri politics. Under flattering conditions he was elected upon the Unconditional Union ticket to the State Convention of 1861, which resulted, largely by his efforts, in the defeat of the advocates of secession. In 1864 he was assigned to General Sherman's personal staff, and served as Judge-Advocate during the march to the sea. He retired with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and is now a member of Ransom Post, G. A. R. He organized the Missouri Civil Service Reform Association, and was its president for years.

Mr. Hitchcock comes fairly by his legal and patriotic characteristics. His paternal grandmother was the daughter of Ethan Allen, of Revolutionary fame, and he is descended from a long line of distinguished lawyers. To go no farther back, his father, of the same name, was Chief-Justice of Alabama when the present Henry Hitchcock was born. He was graduated at Yale in 1848, at the age of nineteen, and in 1875 received from that university the degree of LL. D.

CAVALRY IN A SAND-STORM.

"No hot winds *here*, anyhow, to drink up your very life at one gust, and leave you limp as a wet rag," said I, as we sat on deck in the dreamy Mediterranean twilight. "I got caught by them once in Egypt, and a passing Arab howled after me, 'None but a pig and a Christian can face the *khamsin*'" (hot wind). "And I answered, 'So I see, my friend, for *you* and *I* are the only living things abroad!'"

"Well, I'd sooner face that than such a sand-storm as we had once in Arizona," said a gaunt, wiry, keen-eyed man beside me, who looked like an old soldier. "All in one moment the whole sky seemed to rush down upon us as if it were a big pepper-box with the lid off, and instantly all was dark as night, and I felt as if forty thousand ants were eating me up at once. You should have seen how the beasts whisked round to get their backs to it, and ducked their heads down! And how the men shut their eyes, and pulled their hats down over their faces, and covered their mouths with their hands! But it was no use trying to keep the dust out; it seemed to get inside one's very skin. When it cleared off we all looked as if we'd been bathing in brown sugar, and you might have raked a match on any part of my skin, and it would have lit right away."

"You need not go to Arizona for that," cried his English neighbor. "You can see the same thing on the outskirts of Moscow any summer day you like. The moment the wind rises all your surroundings are clean blotted out, and the whole air is a whirl of hot prickly dust, making you smart and tingle from head to foot. Passing wagons loom dimly through the driving storm; ladies hold down their veils with the grasp of desperation; men shut their eyes and plunge blindly on, like mad bulls; and every time you draw breath you feel as if you were taking snuff at the rate of half a bushel a second."

"Most Russian towns are like that," said I; "but the worst sand-storm I ever saw was in the Kara-Koom (Black Sand) Desert, between the Ural Mountains and the Syr-Daria (Jaxartes), when poor McGahan and I were following the Russian army in its march upon Khiva. It was just about sunset on the third day, and I was half across the desert, when a detachment of mounted Cossacks appeared in the distance, coming slowly from the northward. They had got near enough to be plainly seen, when suddenly the biggest of the three camels that drew my Tartar wagon stopped short and began to snuff the air uneasily. Its uneasiness seemed shared by my Kirghiz driver, who, with his lean wolfish face fairly quivering with excitement, goaded the beasts to their full speed with yells and whip cracks up a low ridge in front of us.

"We had hardly reached the top when I saw the advancing Cossacks leap from their horses and fling themselves on the ground, with the grayish-white dust of which their grayish-white dresses mingled so completely that it seemed as if the earth had swallowed them. Just then my camels fell flat on the earth, and the Kirghiz, screaming 'Tebbad!'" (sand-storm) "threw himself beside them. I had just time to notice that the horizon had suddenly grown blurred and dim, as if seen through wet glass, when my Tartar servant dragged me down beside him into the bottom of the wagon, and pulled a heavy shawl tightly over us both. The next moment came a rush and a roar, rocking the huge wagon like a toy, the air grew thick and close, as if we were in an overheated room, and the skirr of the sand against the tilt was like the chirping of a thousand grasshoppers.

"But just as we were almost stifled, the noise began to abate, and we ventured to peep forth. The passing of the storm had left the air bitterly cold, and in the dim moonlight we saw the whole plain lashed into huge ridges, like a stormy sea. My wagon and camels were more than half buried, and the Kirghiz was gone altogether, and when he started up out of the sand, in his long white robe, it was just like a corpse rising from the grave. But for that high ground, which kept the sand from burying us, we should all have been dead men. As for the Cossacks, they got up, shook themselves, and went on as if nothing had happened."

DAVID KER.

THE CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."

THE launch of a large sea-going war vessel guaranteed to make an average of 19 knots per hour during a four hours' trial is an event of unusual importance, and in fact unprecedented in the American navy. It is true that the *Baltimore* was planned to reach 19 knots, but her contract was for horse-power only, not for speed. The *Vesuvius* attained an average of more than 21¼ knots on her official trial; but she is a small special craft of about 800 tons, or less than one-fifth of the displacement of the *Philadelphia*, the latest of the new steel war vessels turned out from the famous ship-building yards of William Cramp & Sons. The success obtained by this firm with the two other vessels just mentioned, and also with the *Yorktown*, which largely exceeded her guaranteed horse-power, gives the amplest assurance that this new product of their skill and experience will be among the finest of its class in the world.

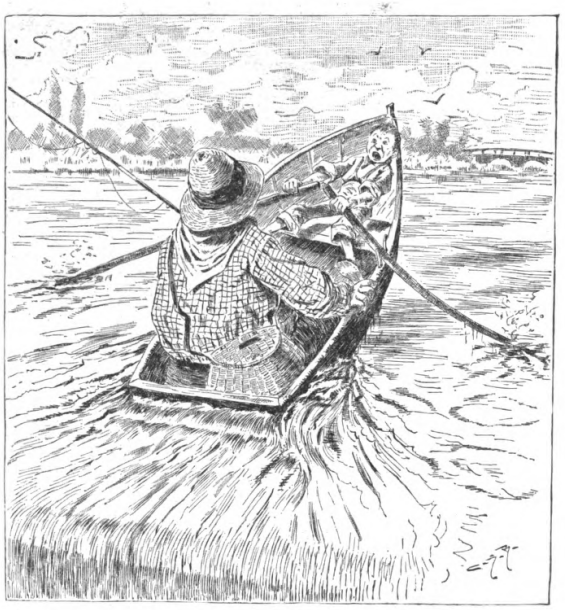
The *Philadelphia* is one of the vessels provided for by an act of Congress approved March 3, 1887. She was then known as Cruiser No. 4, and a maximum appropriation of $1,500,000 was made for her construction, exclusive of her armament. In August of that year the bids were opened, and the award was made to the Messrs. Cramp at $1,350,000. To insure the highest attainable speed, the contract provided a premium of $50,000 for each quarter-knot above the stipulated nineteen, to be kept up in a four hours' trial, while a like sum was to be deducted from the contract price for each quarter of a knot of deficiency. It is confidently expected that the required speed will be reached and a premium earned, although to do this the engines will undoubtedly have to aggregate upward of 10,000 horse-power under forced draught.

The new vessel is 315 feet long by 48½ beam, and has a displacement of 4324 tons. She has a twin screw, triple expansion engines, numerous water-tight compartments, and a protective steel deck covering her machinery and steerage gear, while her coal bunkers also afford protection to the motive power and magazines. The pumping and drainage arrangements are of the best modern sort, and she will have, of course, a full electric-light plant, as also admirable facilities for ventilation. The main battery of the *Philadelphia* will consist of twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifles, and her secondary battery will have many rapid fire and machine guns. The degree of progress effected in American naval construction within a few years is illustrated by the fact that the *Chicago*, which has 4500 tons displacement, or a little more than the *Philadelphia*, makes an average of only 15½ knots. The difference between this and the guaranteed 19 of the *Philadelphia* represents a very great difference in horse-power. Indeed, the number of genuine 19-knot vessels which have been constructed anywhere, exclusive of torpedo craft, is small, and would be still further reduced were that speed required to be maintained, not for a single mile, or a few miles, but in a four hours' run, as it is in our official tests. The *Philadelphia* was to have been fully completed by the end of October, but delays have been caused to all the contractors for the new vessels by the difficulty of procuring an ample supply of steel of the government's high standard. She will, however, come much nearer her contract date of completion than any other of the new vessels thus far, and beyond doubt will be a most valuable addition to the navy, as well as a cruiser in which the city for which she is named can take pride.

EDWARD MITCHELL.

WHEN Edward Mitchell in 1883, and again in 1886, consented to be the Republican candidate for Supreme Court Judge in New York city he and his party knew he headed a forlorn hope. That he was defeated with his party was no discredit, and now that he is rewarded by appointment as United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, all who have observed his career will agree that, in his case at least, the application of the theory "that to the victors belong the spoils" will work no harm to public interests. He was nominated as Judge because his election to the State Assembly in 1879, followed by a singularly successful term of service, gave hope that possibly he might succeed when no other Republican hoped to. These incidents comprise his political career, although he did his party good service in assisting to reorganize it after the Presidential campaign of 1884.

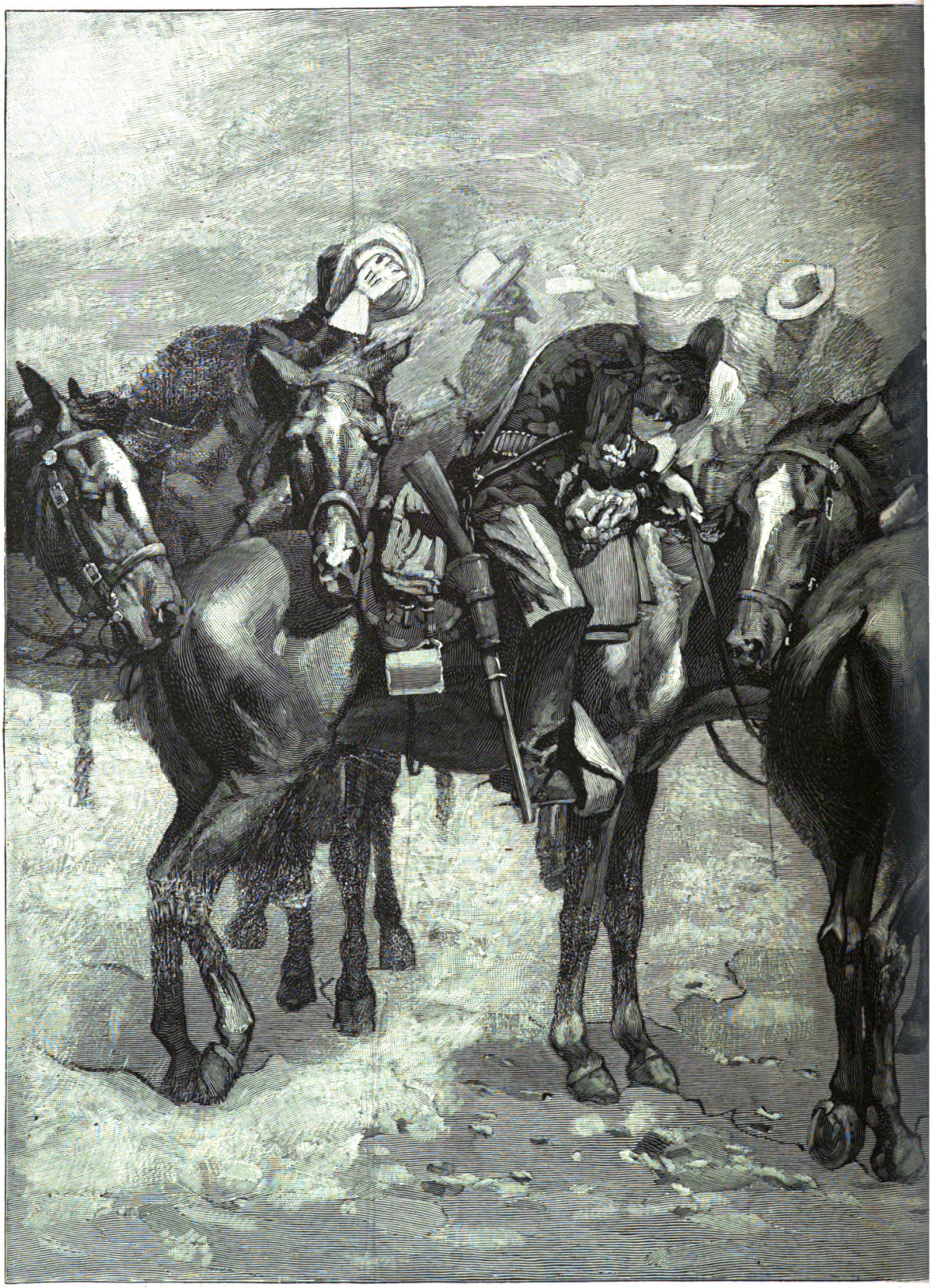
Mr. Mitchell was born in New York city in 1842, and after studying at Columbia College, was a member of its Law School when the war began. Although young enough, if so disposed, to leave fighting to his elders, he forsook his books and served with the Sanitary Commission, not among the home guards, but at the front, at Richmond, Antietam, Port Hudson, and the ill-fated Red River expedition. He was given great trusts, corresponding rather to his acute and sound discretion than to his youth, and was repeatedly commended by name in general orders. With peace he resumed his studies, was admitted to the bar in 1865, and has since been a busy practitioner. In the litigation of wills and of our railways he has been especially successful. His esteem at the bar sufficiently appears from his repeated elections as Treasurer of the Bar Association. Declining a twelfth term, he was unanimously chosen Vice-president. He is also a trustee of Columbia College and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. New-Yorkers best know the capacity and integrity requisite for these positions. In this very creditable career he has merely followed in his father's steps, the late William Mitchell having sat on the Supreme Bench from 1850 to 1858 with conspicuous learning and probity.



SOMETHIN'!

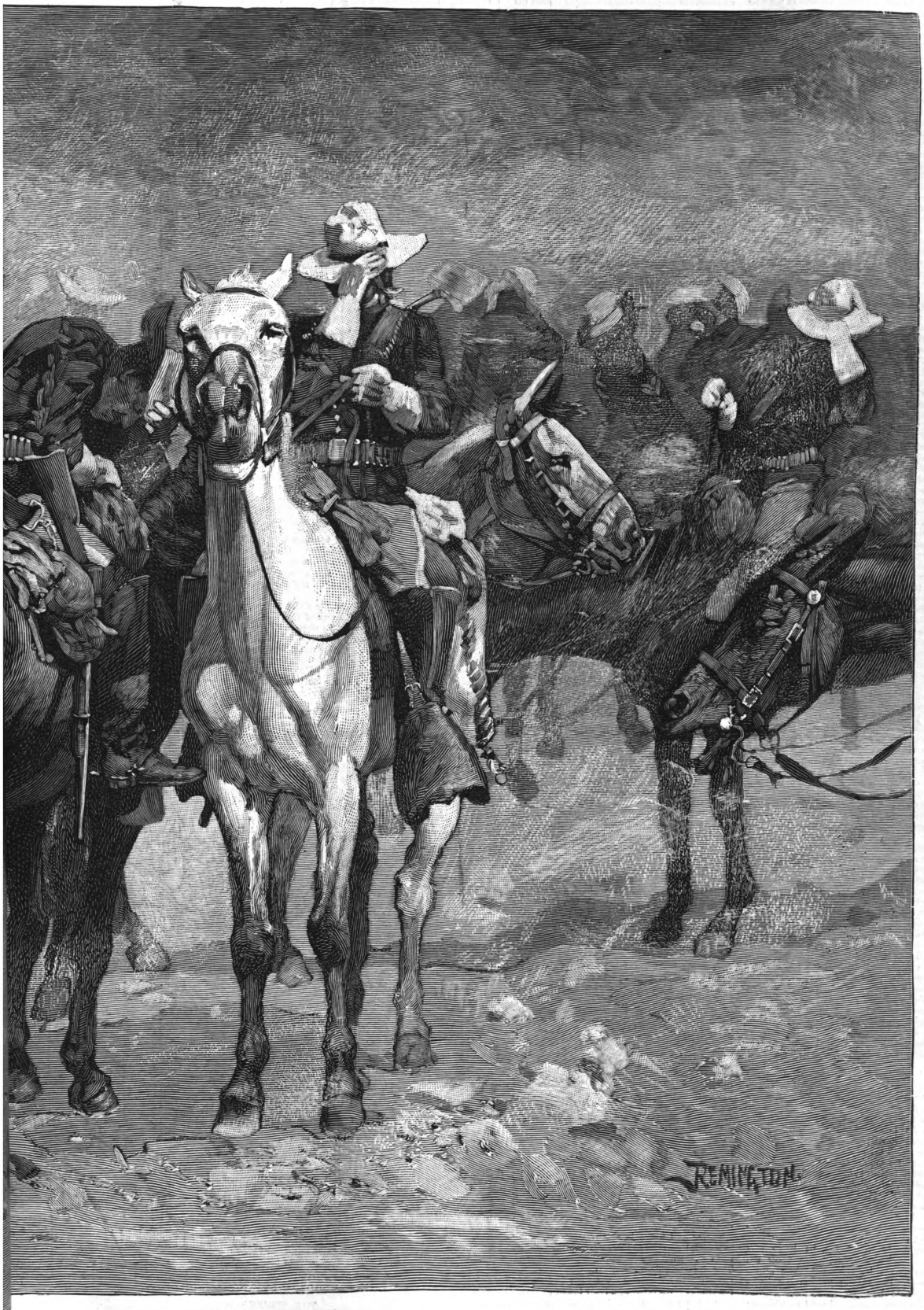
"Swim, mister?"
"No."
"Float?"
"No."
"Waal, we 'ain't been makin' no headway for the last ten minutes, an' it kinder looks as if you'd hev ter do one or t'other—or—somethin'!"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CAVALRY IN AN ARIZONA SAND-STO

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Y FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It is safe to say that seven persons in ten who cross the ocean as cabin passengers add to their apprehensions a new terror of the voyage in the form of the customs officer they are to meet at the end of it. Nine in ten have spent more than they meant to, and have no desire to add to the expenditure by paying duty on their purchases. On the homeward voyage all Americans are practical free-traders. The story of one midsummer voyage is like the story of all. The good ship ——, of the Guion Line, made a recent trip with a typical cabin-load. The women began to glisten with newly purchased diamonds before the journey was half finished, "just to see if they would attract much attention," they explained. The men appeared at odd intervals in stiff new garments, in order to say that they had worn them. Half the talk was about the dreaded customs inspectors. Almost every one who had undergone any experience with these sentries of the coast reported them more than half human, and disinclined to notice ordinary European purchases; but what these veterans said had little weight beside the startling narratives of those who merely repeated anecdotes of what had happened to persons they had heard of. Some of these were tales of hapless passengers who had been obliged to retire and be searched, or to spend days and hundreds of dollars in satisfying the greed of our protective policy. There was one story of great *empressement* about a gentleman who, on being asked to pay duty on two silver candlesticks, threw them into the river rather than do so. After seven days of such recitals a great number of the cabin passengers were rendered nervous to a degree that made life wretched for those who had to listen to the borrowed trouble that weighted all their talk. Shakespeare's reference to that human possession which "makes cowards of us all" was never better understood or justified than in that cabin company.

One black-haired woman, of girlish frame and placid mien, exhibited no interest in the otherwise all-absorbing topic. Those who had gone over on the same ship with her declared that she had appeared equally indifferent to the ceaseless rocking of the vessel as it rode out one gale after another all the way across. It seemed that nothing moved or affected her. Early every morning she came up to her deck chair with an unfinished quilt, and the basket of patches, needles, and silk, with which she was completing the pretty spread. All day long she sewed away, stopping only for her meals or her cup of broth at eleven o'clock each forenoon. Old Judge Dash, of Boston, whose wife had purchased two pairs of lace curtains in Brussels, felt personally outraged by the quilt-maker's placidity. He and his wife thought of nothing except the customs inspector who was to examine their trunks. Every day both resolved upon a new mode of smug—that is to say, of getting the curtains through to Boston without paying duty upon them. It was usually the Judge's wife who hit upon each new plan, and the Judge complained that she always woke him up with these new conceptions at five o'clock in the morning, after having kept him up till one o'clock the previous night with impracticable plans. Between loss of sleep and a troubled conscience the Judge was visibly wasting away, but his wife as plainly improved as each day sped along. In Liverpool she put the curtains under paper in the bottom of the trunk. She took them out aboard ship, and folded each half curtain in with the skirt of one dress after another. Then she decided to rip the lining out of his new English ulster, and sew the curtains between the lining and the cloth. She actually went so far as to rip the lining loose, despite his excited assertion that he was not at all certain of getting the ulster in duty free, since it was midsummer, and there was no meteorological excuse for his having an ulster at all. She was only dissuaded by finding that the curtains were too thick to go in the coat without a new and larger lining, accompanied by a certainty of detection. As she put it, the Judge would have looked like the slice of ham in half of a sandwich if he put the coat on with the curtains sewed into it.

On these accounts the Judge felt provoked at the demure quilt-maker for taking no interest in what to him was as interesting as the sentence at the end of a trial is apt to be to a prisoner.

"You don't seem to be at all concerned about the custom-house, miss," said he.

"Not at all," she replied.

"Well, how is that?" he asked.

"Because I'm bringing nothing dutiable," she replied.

"Well, I am," said he. "I've got two pairs of lace curtains, and my wife is making me so nearly crazy about them that if this voyage lasts three days longer, I'll either throw them overboard, or I'll walk right ashore with them over my arm, and I'll call out, 'Here's what I've been trying to run through; here's what made me feel more like a sneak than I ever felt before; here's what's sapped my manhood for seven long—'"

"It was very foolish to buy lace curtains," said the quilt-maker, softly. "But now that you have got them, the only thing to do is to put them at the bottom of whichever trunk has got all your soiled linen in it, then pile the linen on top. Inspectors aren't apt to go much farther when they come to that point."

"Madame," said the Judge, "I know why you've got nothing dutiable. You know too much. You're too level-headed. The consequence is you're about the only one on board who is really enjoying the trip."

The quilt-maker smiled and went on with her sewing. The others continued their worry. The moving tales of happenings to other persons in the past came to an end at last, and the uneasiness might have been temporarily allayed had not an old traveller, who had held aloof from everybody and everything except the poker players and the smoke-room, been indiscreetly questioned about the course he always pursued toward the custom-house men. It was an extra nervous and loquacious lady who asked him the question. His answer, repeated by her to everybody on the deck, was like a bomb-shell.

"My plan is very simple," said he; "I tell nobody on shipboard what I've got. I deal only with the inspector who examines my luggage. These ships are full of custom-house spies. They report what they have learned from the gossip of their fellow-passengers, and the inspectors have no course left except to do their duty."

The ship full of spies! There was a state of things! It capped the climax. Every man and woman tried to absent himself and herself from all the others, in order to recollect just whom they had conversed with, and what they had told them. The ladies who had brought their knick-knacks of silver and china and gold on deck to show to one another were in a fever of alarm. The Judge and his wife, who had allowed every soul on board to know about the lace curtains, were in an agony of apprehension. In a large measure the passengers now began to suspect one another of being custom-house spies. The tension in the cabin was such that had it been transferred to the boilers it would have been dangerous.

The next incident of the voyage was the arrival of the two officers, who came aboard at Staten Island, to receive the declarations of the passengers. A curious mental process, upon which there is no room here to dwell, had gradually brought about a general stifling of conscience, accompanied by the assumption that, after all, no one had anything that was really dutiable; excepting the Judge's lace curtains, of course, and the jewelry and spoons and penknives and watches that would go in the gentlemen's pockets, and therefore did not count, since it was understood that the searching of pockets was a rare occurrence. Therefore all agreed that they would say they had nothing dutiable, and all asserted that they felt easy of mind and conscience in doing so. This was so largely the general agreement that one pledged the other not to break the compact, but to be firm and say they had nothing, when asked the question. What, then, shall be said of human nature when it is known that (so far as one man was able to judge by what he was told and observed) nearly every passenger, on coming to the crucial point, weakened, and gave the officers a general idea of what he had that might call for an enforcement of the law? Not what he or she had in his or her pockets—"mere trifles, you know," of jewelry and precious stones—but the Delft plates, and the suits for the eldest boy at home, and the cheap etchings, and a hint of all the things that had to be left in the trunks. The only answer to such a queer *dénouement* is that human nature is either better, or at least more cautious, than it sometimes pretends to be. As for the officers who heard all this, they replied that such things frankly acknowledged were not worth the government's while to bother about.

Each passenger came away from these forerunners of the dreaded inspection bearing a card on which was written a number. Meantime the steamer moved up the harbor to her wharf. There the passengers landed, and their hand-baggage was carried after them by the ship's stewards—another name for waiters and servants. Each selected a spot on which to pile these small traps, and then the passengers stood guard over them while waiting for the trunks and portmanteaus to be lifted out of the forward hold, four pieces at a time, by rope and windlass. Each lot thus lifted out was put upon a hand-truck and wheeled up the wharf by a 'longshoreman, past all the passengers, who scanned each truck-load, and claimed their own when they recognized it. As fast as a passenger secured all his belongings, he went to a desk set up on the wharf, and showing his number to the official in charge, had an inspector detailed to follow him back to his little island of baggage, for it to undergo inspection. To each lady unattended by a man a female inspector was detailed; to each man, or man and family, a male inspector was told off. The picture on another page shows the scene on the wharf at this juncture. The trunks and bags and hold-alls, and even the hat-boxes, are all gaping like so many fishes beached in a storm, and the inspectors and inspectresses are delving in the receptacles, mercilessly disarranging the packing that was produced by so much care, and perhaps even by professional packers hired in London or Paris.

The employment of female inspectors in numbers sufficient to meet even the midsummer demand at the one great port of the nation has proved a great convenience to all our lady voyagers, except those "suspects" who have to submit to personal examination. There are twenty-one of these inspectresses, and they are detailed to each incoming ship in the proportion of one to each thirty cabin passengers. It is quite possible for more than half a ship-load of homecoming passengers to land and undergo the customs ordeal without being aware of the presence of these inspectresses, for they are of lady-like appearance and deportment, and the tiny badges they display only when they are actually at work easily escape notice.

So far as I heard, in this case, no passenger was called upon to pay any duty upon anything, and no passenger was taken aside to be searched. This disagreeable necessity occurs very infrequently. It does occur when what is found in the trunks gives proof of a clear intent to smuggle; when jewelry is found sewed into clothing or slipped in with the straw or paper used in packing other things. It occurs still more frequently when guilt and anxiety are written on the face and reflected in the behavior of the person whose baggage is undergoing inspection. In such cases the inspectresses deal with a wife apart from her husband, taking her into the little building or room used for the purpose, and to be found, in some form or other, on every steamship company's wharf. The men are examined by officials of their own sex in the same way.

I repeat, however, that, so far as I heard, no one was found guilty of endeavoring to bring in more than Uncle Sam's good-nature would allow. How it was about the Judge's curtains I did not hear, though he and his wife declared at the last that they would put the unhappy purchase on top of everything, in full view, and would volunteer to pay whatever duty was required. But there did float back upon the wind of rumor, a few days later, an almost incredible tale. It was to the effect that the little lady who sewed so placidly upon her quilt, far beyond the clouds of borrowed trouble on the voyage, was a practised smuggler. It was said that into every patch she laid on she sewed a diamond to be smuggled in for a relative in the jewelry business. I merely repeat the rumor—and with the incredulity I felt when I first heard it.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

VII.

March met Fulkerson on the steps of the office next morning, where he arrived rather later than his wont. Fulkerson did not show any of the signs of suffering from the last night's pleasure which painted themselves in March's face. He flirted his hand gayly in the air, and said, "How's your poor head?" and broke into a knowing laugh. "You don't seem to have got up with the lark this morning. The old gentleman is in there with Conrad, as bright as a biscuit; he's beat you down. Well, we did have a good time, didn't we? And old Lindau and the Colonel, didn't *they* have a good time? I don't suppose they ever had a chance before to give their theories quite so much air. Oh my, how they did ride over us! I'm just going down to see Beaton about the cover of the Christmas number. I think we ought to try it in three or four colors, if we are going to observe the day at all." He was off before March could pull himself together to ask what Dryfoos wanted at the office at that hour of the morning; he always came in the afternoon, on his way uptown.

The fact of his presence renewed the sinister misgivings with which March had parted from him the night before, but Fulkerson's cheerfulness seemed to gainsay them; afterward March did not know whether to attribute this mood to the slipperiness that he was aware of at times in Fulkerson, or to a cynical amusement he might have felt at leaving him alone to the old man, who mounted to his room shortly after March had reached it.

A sort of dumb anger showed itself in his face; his jaw was set so firmly that he did not seem able at once to open it. He asked, without the ceremonies of greeting, "What does that one-armed Dutchman do on this book?"

"What does he do?" March echoed, as people are apt to do with a question that is mandatory and offensive.

"Yes, sir, what does he do? Does he write for it?"

"I suppose you mean Lindau," said March. He saw no reason for refusing to answer Dryfoos's demand, and he decided to ignore its terms. "No, he doesn't write for it in the usual way. He translates for it; he examines the foreign magazines, and draws my attention to anything he thinks of interest. But I told you about this before—"

"I know what you told me, well enough. And I know what he is. He is a red-mouthed laboragitator. He's one of those foreigners that come here from places where they've never had a decent meal's victuals in their lives, and as soon as they get their stomachs full they begin to make trouble between our people and their hands. There's where the strikes come from, and the unions, and the secret societies. They come here and break our Sabbath, and teach their atheism. They ought to be hung! Let 'em go back if they don't like it over here. They want to ruin the country."

March could not help smiling a little at the words, which came fast enough now in the hoarse staccato of Dryfoos's passion. "I don't know whom you mean by *they*, generally speaking; but I had the impression that poor old Lindau had once done his best to save the country. I don't always like his way of talking, but I know that he is one of the truest and kindest souls in the world; and he is no more an atheist than I am. He is my friend, and I can't allow him to be misunderstood."

"I don't care *what* he is," Dryfoos broke out, "I won't have him round. He can't have any more work from this office. I want you to stop it. I want you to turn him off."

March was standing at his desk, as he had risen to receive Dryfoos when he entered. He now sat down, and began to open his letters.

"Do you hear?" the old man roared at him. "I want you to turn him off."

"Excuse me, Mr. Dryfoos," said March, succeeding in an effort to speak calmly, "I don't know you, in such a matter as this. My arrangements as editor of *Every Other Week* were made with Mr. Fulkerson. I have always listened to any suggestion he has had to make."

"I don't care for Mr. Fulkerson! He has nothing to do with it," retorted Dryfoos; but he seemed a little daunted by March's position.

"He has everything to do with it, as far as I am concerned," March answered, with a steadiness that he did not feel. "I know that you are the owner of the periodical, but I can't receive any suggestion from you, for the reason that I have given. Nobody but Mr. Fulkerson has any right to talk with me about its management."

Dryfoos glared at him for a moment, and demanded, threateningly: "Then you say you won't turn that old loafer off? You say that I have got to keep on paying my money out to buy beer for a man that would cut my throat if he got the chance?"

"I say nothing at all, Mr. Dryfoos," March answered. The blood came into his face, and he added: "But I *will* say that if you speak again of Mr. Lindau in those terms, one of us must leave this room. I will not hear you."

Dryfoos looked at him with astonishment; then he struck his hat down on his head, and stamped out of the room and down the stairs; and a vague pity came into March's heart that was not altogether for himself. He might be the greater sufferer in the end, but he was sorry to have got the better of that old man for the moment; and he felt ashamed of the anger into which Dryfoos's anger had surprised him. He knew he could not

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.



THE SPRINKLER.

"Gracious! If this don't beat all! Not a cloud in the sky, and raining hard! Well, well, wonders will never cease."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

say too much in defence of Lindau's generosity and unselfishness, and he had not attempted to defend him as a political economist. He could not have taken any ground in relation to Dryfoos but that which he held, and he felt satisfied that he was right in refusing to receive instructions or commands from him. Yet somehow he was not satisfied with the whole affair, and not merely because his present triumph threatened his final advantage, but because he felt that in his heat he had hardly done justice to Dryfoos's rights in the matter; it did not quite console him to reflect that Dryfoos had himself made it impossible. He was tempted to go home and tell his wife what had happened, and begin his preparations for the future at once. But he resisted this weakness and kept mechanically about his work, opening the letters and the manuscripts before him with that curious double action of the mind common in men of vivid imaginations. It was a relief when Conrad Dryfoos, having apparently waited to make sure that his father would not return, came up from the counting-room and looked in on March with a troubled face.

"Mr. March," he began, "I hope father hasn't been saying anything to you that you can't overlook. I know he was very much excited, and when he is excited he is apt to say things that he is sorry for."

The apologetic attitude taken for Dryfoos, so different from any attitude the peremptory old man would have conceivably taken for himself, made March smile. "Oh no. I fancy the boot is on the other leg. I suspect I've said some things your father can't overlook, Conrad." He called the young man by his Christian name partly to distinguish him from his father, partly from the infection of Fulkerson's habit, and partly from a kindness for him that seemed naturally to express itself in that way.

"I know he didn't sleep last night, after you all went away," Conrad pursued, "and of course that made him more irritable; and he was tried a good deal by some of the things that Mr. Lindau said."

"I was tried a good deal myself," said March. "Lindau ought never to have been there."

"No." Conrad seemed only partially to assent.

"I told Mr. Fulkerson so. I warned him that Lindau would be apt to break out in some way. It wasn't just to him, and it wasn't just to your father, to ask him."

"Mr. Fulkerson had a good motive," Conrad gently urged. "He did it because he hurt his feelings that day about the pension."

"Yes; but it was a mistake. He knew that Lindau was inflexible about his principles, as he calls them, and that one of his first principles is to denounce the rich, in season and out of season. I don't remember just what he said, last night; and I really thought I'd kept him from breaking out in the most offensive way. But your father seems very much incensed."

"Yes, I know," said Conrad.

"Of course I don't agree with Lindau. I think there are as many good, kind, just people among the rich as there are among the poor, and that they are as generous and helpful. But Lindau has got hold of one of those partial truths that hurt worse than the whole truth, and—"

"Partial truth!" the young man interrupted. "Didn't the Saviour himself say, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God'?"

"Why, bless my soul!" cried March. "Do *you* agree with Lindau?"

"I agree with the Lord Jesus Christ," said the young man, solemnly, and a strange light, of exaltation, of fanaticism, came into his wide blue eyes. "And I believe he meant the kingdom of heaven upon this earth, as well as in the skies."

March threw himself back in his chair and looked at him with a kind of stupefaction, in which his eye wandered to the doorway, where he saw Fulkerson standing, it seemed to him a long time, before he heard him saying, "Hello, hello! What's the row? Conrad pitching into you on old Lindau's account, too?"

The young man turned, and after a glance at Fulkerson's light, smiling face, went out, as if in his present mood he could not bear the contact of that persiflant spirit.

March felt himself getting provisionally very angry again. "Excuse me, Fulkerson, but did you know when you went out what Mr. Dryfoos wanted to see me for?"

"Well, no, I didn't, exactly," said Fulkerson, taking his usual seat on a chair, and looking over the back of it at March. "I saw he was on his ear about something, and I thought I'd better not monkey with him much. I supposed he was going to bring you to book about old Lindau, somehow." Fulkerson broke into a laugh.

March remained serious. "Mr. Dryfoos," he said, willing to let the simple statement have its own weight with Fulkerson, and nothing more, "came in here and ordered me to discharge Lindau from his employment on the magazine—to turn him off, as he put it."

"Did he?" asked Fulkerson, with unbroken cheerfulness. "The old man is business, every time. Well, I suppose you can easily get somebody else to do Lindau's work for you. This town is just running over with half-starved linguists. What did you say?"

"What did I say?" March echoed. "Look here, Fulkerson; you may regard this as a joke, but *I* don't. I'm not used to being spoken to as if I were the foreman of a shop, and told to discharge a sensitive and cultivated man like Lindau, as if he were a drunken mechanic; and if that's your idea of me—"

"Oh, hello, now, March! You mustn't mind the old man's way. He don't mean anything by it—he don't *know* any better, if you come to that."

"Then, *I* know better," said March. "I refused to receive any instructions from Mr. Dryfoos, whom I don't know in my relations with *Every Other Week*, and I referred him to you."

"You did?" Fulkerson whistled. "He owns the thing!"

"I don't care who owns the thing," said March. "My negotiations were with you alone from the beginning, and I leave this matter with you. What do you wish done about Lindau?"

"Oh, better let the old fool drop," said Fulkerson. "He'll light on his feet somehow, and it will save a lot of rumpus."

"And if I decline to let him drop?"

"Oh, come, now, March; don't do that," Fulkerson began.

"If I decline to let him drop," March repeated, "what will you do?"

"I'll be dogged if I know *what* I'll do," said Fulkerson. "I hope you won't take that stand. If the old man went so far as to speak to you about it, his mind is made up, and we might as well knock under first as last."

"And do you mean to say that you would not stand by me in what I considered my duty—in a matter of principle?"

"Why, of course, March," said Fulkerson, coaxingly, "I mean to do the right thing. But Dryfoos owns the magazine—"

"He doesn't own *me*," said March, rising. "He has made the little mistake of speaking to me as if he did; and when"—March put on his hat and took his overcoat down from its nail—"when you bring me his apologies, or come to say that, having failed to make him understand they were necessary, you are prepared to stand by me, I will come back to this desk. Otherwise my resignation is at your service."

He started toward the door, and Fulkerson intercepted him. "Ah, now, look here, March! Don't do that! Hang it all, don't you see where it leaves *me?* Now, you just sit down a minute, and talk it over. I can make you see—I can show you— Why, confound the old Dutch beer-buzzer! Twenty of him wouldn't be worth the trouble he's makin'. Let him go, and the old man 'll come round in time."

"I don't think we've understood each other exactly, Mr. Fulkerson," said March, very haughtily. "Perhaps we never can; but I'll leave you to think it out."

He pushed on, and Fulkerson stood aside to let him pass, with a dazed look and a mechanical movement. There was something comic in his rueful bewilderment to March, who was tempted to smile, but he said to himself that he had as much reason to be unhappy as Fulkerson, and he did not smile. His indignation kept him hot in his purpose to suffer any consequence rather than submit to the dictation of a man like Dryfoos; he felt keenly the degradation of his connection with him, and all his resentment of Fulkerson's original uncandor returned; at the same time his heart ached with foreboding. It was not merely the work in which he had constantly grown happier that he saw taken from him; but he felt the misery of the man who stakes the security and plenty and peace of home upon some cast, and knows that losing will sweep from him most that most men find sweet and pleasant in life. He faced the fact, which no good man can front without terror, that he was risking the support of his family, and for a point of pride, of honor, which perhaps he had no right to consider in view of the possible adversity. He realized, as every hireling must, no matter how skilfully or gracefully the tie is contrived for his wearing, that he belongs to another, whose will is his law. His indignation was shot with abject impulses to go back and tell Fulkerson that it was all right, and that he gave up. To end the anguish of his struggle he quickened his steps, so that he found he was reaching home almost at a run.

VIII.

He must have made more clatter than he supposed with his key at the apartment door, for his wife had come to let him in when he flung it open. "Why, Basil," she said, "what's brought you back? Are you sick? You're all pale. Well, no wonder! This is the last of Mr. Fulkerson's dinners you shall go to. You're not strong enough for it, and your stomach will be all out of order for a week. How hot you are! and in a drip of perspiration! Now you'll be sick." She took his hat away, which hung dangling in his hand, and pushed him into a chair with tender impatience. "What *is* the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Everything has happened," he said, getting his voice after one or two husky endeavors for it; and then he poured out a confused and huddled statement of the case, from which she only got at the situation by prolonged cross-questioning.

At the end she said, "I knew Lindau would get you into trouble."

This cut March to the heart. "Isabel!" he cried, reproachfully.

"Oh, I know," she retorted, and the tears began to come. "I don't wonder you didn't want to say much to me about that dinner at breakfast. I noticed it; but I thought you were just dull, and so I didn't insist. I wish I had, now. If you had told me what Lindau had said, I should have known what would have come of it, and I could have advised you—"

"Would you have advised me," March demanded, "to submit to bullying like that, and meekly consent to commit an act of cruelty against a man who had once been so much my friend as Lindau?"

"It was an unlucky day when you met him. I suppose we shall have to go. And just when we had got used to New York, and begun to like it. I don't know where we shall go now; Boston isn't like home any more; and we couldn't live on two thousand there; I should be ashamed to try. I'm sure I don't know where we *can* live on it. I suppose in some country village, where there are no schools, or anything, for the children. I don't know what they'll say when we tell them, poor things."

Every word was a stab in March's heart, so weakly tender to his own; his wife's tears, after so much experience of the comparative lightness of the griefs that weep themselves out in women, always seemed wrung from his own soul; if his children suffered in the least through him, he felt like a murderer. It was far worse than he could have imagined, the way his wife took the affair, though he had imagined certain words, or perhaps only looks, from her that were bad enough. He had allowed for trouble, but trouble on *his* account: a sympathy that might burden and embarrass him; but he had not dreamt of this merely domestic, this petty, this sordid view of their potential calamity, which left him wholly out of the question, and embraced only what was most crushing and desolating in the prospect. He could not bear it. He caught up his hat again, and with some hope that his wife would try to keep him, rushed out of the house. He wandered aimlessly about, thinking the same exhausting thoughts over and over, till he found himself horribly hungry; then he went into a restaurant for his lunch, and when he paid, he tried to imagine how he should feel if that were really his last dollar.

He went home toward the middle of the afternoon, basely hoping that Fulkerson had sent him some conciliatory message, or perhaps was waiting there for him to talk it over; March was quite willing to talk it over now. But it was his wife who again met him at the door, though it seemed another woman than the one he had left weeping in the morning.

"I told the children," she said, in smiling explanation of his absence from lunch, "that perhaps you were detained by business. I didn't know but you had gone back to the office."

"Did you think I would go back there, Isabel?" asked March, with a haggard look. "Well, if you say so, I will go back, and do what Dryfoos ordered me to do. I'm sufficiently cowed between him and you, I can assure you."

"Nonsense," she said. "I approve of everything you did. But sit down, now, and don't keep walking that way, and let me see if I understand it perfectly. Of course I had to have my say out."

She made him go all over his talk with Dryfoos again, and report his own language precisely. From time to time, as she got his points, she said, "That was splendid," "Good enough for him!" and, "Oh, I'm so *glad* you said that to him!" At the end she said, "Well, now, let's look at it from his point of view. Let's be perfectly just to him before we take another step forward."

"Or backward," March suggested, ruefully. "The case is simply this: he owns the magazine."

"Of course."

"And he has a right to expect that I will consider his pecuniary interests—"

"Oh, those detestable pecuniary interests! Don't you wish there wasn't any money in the world?"

"Yes; or else that there was a great deal more of it.—And I was perfectly willing to do that. I have always kept that in mind as one of my duties to him, ever since I understood what his relation to the magazine was."

"Yes, I can bear witness to that in any court of justice. You've done it a great deal more than I could, Basil. And it was just the same way with those horrible insurance people."

"I know," March went on, trying to be proof against her flatteries, or at least to look as if he did not deserve praise—"I know that what Lindau said was offensive to him, and I can understand how he felt that he had a right to punish it. All I say is that he had no right to punish it through me."

"Yes?" said Mrs. March, askingly.

"If it had been a question of making *Every Other Week* the vehicle of Lindau's peculiar opinions—though they're not so very peculiar; he might have got the most of them out of Ruskin—I shouldn't have had any ground to stand on, or at least then I should have had to ask myself whether his opinions would be injurious to the magazine or not."

"I don't see," Mrs. March interpolated, "how they could hurt it much worse than Colonel Woodburn's article crying up slavery."

"Well," said March, impartially, "we could print a dozen articles praising the slavery it's impossible to have back, and it wouldn't hurt us. But if we printed one paper against the slavery which Lindau claims still exists, some people would call us bad names, and the counting-room would begin to feel it. But that isn't the point. Lindau's connection with *Every Other Week* is almost purely mechanical; he's merely a translator of such stories and sketches as he first submits to me, and it isn't at all a question of his opinions hurting us, but of my becoming an agent to punish him for his opinions. That is what I wouldn't do; that's what I never will do."

"If you did," said his wife, "I should perfectly despise you. I didn't understand how it was before. I thought you were just holding out against Dryfoos because he took a dictatorial tone with you, and because you wouldn't recognize his authority. But now I'm with you, Basil, every time, as that horrid little Fulkerson says. But who would have ever supposed he would be so base as to side against you?"

"I don't know," said March, thoughtfully, "that we had a right to expect anything else. Fulkerson's standards are low; they're merely business standards; and the good that's in him is incidental, and something quite apart from his morals and methods. He's naturally a generous and right-minded creature, but life has taught him to truckle and trick, like the rest of us."

"It hasn't taught *you* that, Basil."

"Don't be so sure. Perhaps it's only that I'm a poor scholar. But I don't know, really, that I despise Fulkerson so much for his course this morning as for his gross and fulsome flatteries of Dryfoos last night. I could hardly stomach it."

His wife made him tell her what they were, and then she said, "Yes, that was loathsome; I couldn't have believed it of Mr. Fulkerson."

"Perhaps he only did it to keep the talk going, and to give the old man a chance to say something," March leniently suggested. "It was a worse effect because he didn't or couldn't follow up Fulkerson's lead."

"It was loathsome, all the same," his wife insisted. "It's the end of Mr. Fulkerson, as far as I'm concerned."

"I didn't tell you before," March resumed, after a moment, "of my little interview with Conrad Dryfoos after his father left," and now he went on to repeat what had passed between him and the young man.

"I suspect that he and his father had been having some words before the old man came up to talk with me, and that it was that made him so furious."

"Yes, but what a strange position for the son of such a man to take! Do you suppose he says such things to his father?"

"I don't know; but I suspect that in his meek way Conrad would say what he believed to anybody. I suppose we must regard him as a kind of crank."

"Poor young fellow! He always makes me feel sad somehow. He has such a pathetic face. I don't believe I ever saw him look quite happy, except that night at Mrs. Horn's, when he was talking with Miss Vance; and then he made me feel sadder than ever."

"I don't envy him the life he leads at home, with those convictions of his. I don't see why it wouldn't be as tolerable there for old Lindau himself."

"Well, now," said Mrs. March, "let us put them all out of our minds and see what we are going to do ourselves."

They began to consider their ways and means, and how and where they should live, in view of March's severance of his relations with *Every Other Week*. They had not saved anything from the first year's salary; they had only prepared to save; and they had nothing solid but their two thousand to count upon. But they built a future in which they easily lived on that and on what March earned with his pen. He became a free lance, and fought in whatever cause he thought just; he had no ties, no chains. They went back to Boston with the heroic will to do what was most distasteful; they would have returned to their own house if they had not rented it again; but at any rate Mrs. March helped out by taking boarders, or perhaps only letting rooms to lodgers. They had some hard struggles, but they succeeded.

"The great thing," she said, "is to be right. I'm ten times as happy as if you had come home and told me that you had consented to do what Dryfoos asked, and he had doubled your salary."

"I don't think that would have happened in any event," said March, dryly.

"Well, no matter. I just used it for an example."

They both experienced a buoyant relief, such as seems to come to people who begin life anew on whatever terms. "I hope we are young enough *yet*, Basil," she said, and she would not have it when he said they had once been younger.

They heard the children's knock on the door: they knocked when they came home from school so that their mother might let them in. "Shall we tell them at once?" she asked, and ran to open for them before March could answer.

They were not alone. Fulkerson, smiling from ear to ear, was with them. "Is March in?" he asked.

"Mr. March is at home, yes," she said, very haughtily. "He's in his study," and she led the way there, while the children went to their rooms.

"Well, March," Fulkerson called out at sight of him, "it's all right! The old man has come down."

"I suppose if you gentlemen are going to talk business—" Mrs. March began.

"Oh, we don't want you to go away," said Fulkerson. "I reckon March has told you, anyway."

"Yes, I've told her," said March. "Don't go, Isabel. What do you mean, Fulkerson?"

"He's just gone on up home, and he sent me round with his apologies. He sees now that he had no business to speak to you as he did, and he withdraws everything. He'd 'a' come round himself if I'd said so, but I told him I could make it all right."

Fulkerson looked so happy in having the whole affair put right, and the Marches knew him to be so kindly affected toward them, that they could not refuse for the moment to share his mood. They felt themselves slipping down from the moral height which they had gained, and March made a clutch to stay himself with the question, "And Lindau?"

"Well," said Fulkerson, "he's going to leave Lindau to me. You won't have anything to do with it. I'll let the old fellow down easy."

"Do you mean," asked March, "that Mr. Dryfoos insists on his being dismissed?"

"Why, there isn't any dismissing about it," Fulkerson argued. "If you don't send him any more work, he won't do any more, that's all. Or if he comes round, you can— He's to be referred to me."

March shook his head, and his wife, with a sigh, felt herself plucked up from the soft circumstance of their lives, which she had sunk back into so quickly, and set beside him on that cold peak of principle again. "It won't do, Fulkerson. It's very good of you, and all that; but it comes to the same thing in the end. I could

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HENRY HITCHCOCK, OF ST. LOUIS, THE NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHOLTEN.—[SEE PAGE 739.]



EDWARD MITCHELL, OF NEW YORK, THE NEWLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

have gone on without any apology from Mr. Dryfoos; he transcended his authority; but that's a minor matter. I could have excused it to his ignorance of life among gentlemen; but I can't consent to Lindau's dismissal—it comes to that, whether you do it or I do it, and whether it's a positive or a negative thing—because he holds this opinion or that."

"But don't you see," said Fulkerson, "that it's just Lindau's opinions the old man can't stand? He hasn't got anything against him personally. I don't suppose there's anybody that appreciates Lindau in some ways more than the old man does."

"I understand. He wants to punish him for his opinions. Well, I can't consent to that, directly or indirectly. We don't print his opinions, and he has a perfect right to hold them, whether Mr. Dryfoos agrees with them or not."

Mrs. March had judged it decorous for her to say nothing, but she now went and sat down in the chair next her husband.

"Ah, dog on it!" cried Fulkerson, rumpling his hair with both hands. "What am I to do? The old man says he's got to go."

"And I don't consent to his going," said March.

"And you won't stay if he goes?"

"I won't stay if he goes."

Fulkerson rose. "Well, well! I've got to see about it. I'm afraid the old man won't stand it, March; I am, indeed. I wish you'd reconsider. I—I'd take it as a personal favor if you would. It leaves me in a fix. You see I've got to side with one or the other."

March made no reply to this, except to say, "Yes, you must stand by him, or you must stand by me."

"Well, well! Hold on awhile! I'll see you in the morning. Don't take any steps—"

"Oh, there are no steps to take," said March, with a melancholy smile. "The steps are stopped; that's all." He sank back into his chair when Fulkerson was gone, and drew a long breath. "This is pretty rough. I thought we had got through it."

"No," said his wife. "It seems as if I had to make the fight all over again."

"Well, it's a good thing it's a holy war."

"I can't bear the suspense. Why didn't you tell him outright you wouldn't go back on any terms?"

"I might as well, and got the glory. He'll never move Dryfoos. I suppose we both would like to go back, if we could."

"Oh, I suppose so."

They could not regain their lost exaltation, their lost dignity. At dinner Mrs. March asked the children how they would like to go back to Boston to live?"

"Why, we're not going, are we?" asked Tom, without enthusiasm.

"I was just wondering how you felt about it, now," she said, with an underlook at her husband.

"Well, if we go back," said Bella, "I want to live on the Back Bay. It's awfully Micky at the South End."

"I suppose I should go to Harvard," said Tom, "and I'd room out at Cambridge. It would be easier to get at you on the Back Bay."

The parents smiled ruefully at each other, and in view of these grand expectations of his children, March resolved to go as far as he could in meeting Dryfoos's wishes. He proposed the theatre as a distraction from the anxieties that he knew were pressing equally on his wife. "We might go to the *Old Homestead*," he suggested, with a sad irony, which only his wife felt.

"Oh yes, let's!" cried Bella.

While they were getting ready, some one rang, and Bella went to the door, and then came to tell her father that it was Mr. Lindau. "He says he wants to see you just a moment. He's in the parlor, and he won't sit down, or anything."

"What can he want?" groaned Mrs. March, from their common dismay.

March apprehended a storm in the old man's face. But he only stood in the middle of the room, looking very sad and grave. "You are coing outs," he said. "I won't geep you long. I haf gome to pring pack dose macassines, and dis mawney. I can't do any more voark for you; and I can't geep the mawney you haf baid me a'ready. It is not hawnest mawney—that has been oarned py voark; it is mawney that hass been *mate* by sbeculation, and the obbression off lapor, and the necessity of the boor, by a man—Here it is, efery tollar, efery zent. Dake it; I feel as if dere vas bloodt on it."

"Why, Lindau," March began, but the old man interrupted him. "Ton't dalk to me, Passil! I could not haf believedt it of you. When you know how I feel about dose tings, why tidn't you dell me *whose* mawney you bay outs to me? Ach, I ton't plame you—I ton't rebroach you. You haf nefer thought off it; boat I—*I* have thought, and I should be cuilty, I must share that man's cuilt, if I gept his mawney. If you hat toldt me at the beginning—if you hadt peen frank with me—; boat it iss all righdt; you can go on; you ton't see these things as I see them; and you haf cot a family, and I am a free man. I voark to myself, and when I don't voark, I sdarfe to myself. But I geep my handts glean, voark or sdarfe. Gif him his mawney pack! I am sawry for him; I would not hoart hiss feelings, but I could not pear to douch him, and hiss mawney is like boison!"

March tried to reason with Lindau, to show him the folly, the injustice, the absurdity of his course; it ended in their both getting angry, and in Lindau's going away in a whirl of German that included Basil in the guilt of the man whom Lindau called his master.

"Well," said Mrs. March. "He is a crank, and I think you're well rid of him. Now you have no quarrel with that horrid old Dryfoos, and you can keep right on."

"Yes," said March. "I wish it didn't make me feel so sneaking. What a long day it's been! It seems like a century since I got up."

"Yes, a thousand years. Is there anything else left to happen?"

"I hope not. I'd like to go to bed."

"Why, aren't you going to the theatre?" wailed Bella, coming in upon her father's desperate expression.

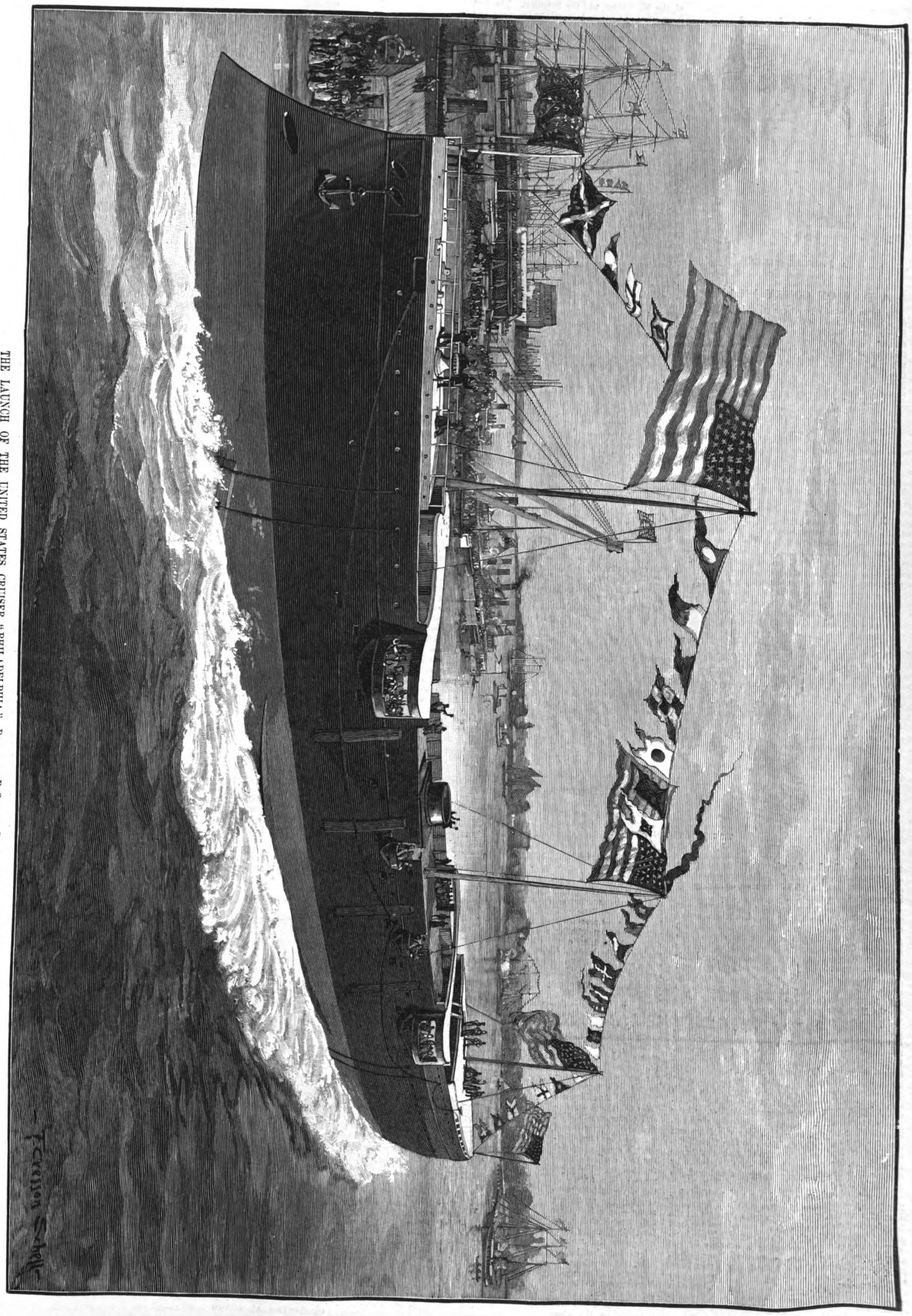
"The theatre? Oh yes, certainly! I meant after we got home," and March amused himself at the puzzled countenance of the child. "Come on! Is Tom ready?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"FULKERSON ROSE. 'WELL, WELL! I'VE GOT TO SEE ABOUT IT. I'M AFRAID THE OLD MAN WON'T STAND IT, MARCH.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A FORTUNE-TELLER.

A DAY ON CONEY ISLAND.

IT is on a Sunday, or some other holiday, that one must go to Coney Island to see what it is. Some other holiday, I said, because to a constantly increasing fraction of the community Sunday is distinctly a holiday, and not in any sense a holy day. Where there was one person twenty-five years ago in "respectable society" in New York who would openly devote his summer Sundays to pleasure excursions there are now a thousand. And although twenty-five years ago our pleasure-seeker would have been considered a heathen, and in some sense an outlaw, to-day he escapes reprobation.

Years ago, before people of the better sort were attracted to Coney Island, it was a resort for a disreputable class. Then a small steam-boat plied from the city to the western end of the great sand-heap, and was crowded on pleasant days with social outlaws of both sexes. Fights were frequent and sometimes serious, and good order and decent behavior were neither enforced nor expected. Now all this is changed. Doubtless the physical effect of pure, cool air has much to do with the good order that is so noticeable. When the average citizen, fleeing from the baked paving-stones and quivering heat of city streets, breathes in the salty, cooling breezes of the lower bay, he is too comfortable to be ill-natured. Being physically refreshed, he is, for the time at least, amiable. Even the unmerciful jostling and squeezing he may get in the crowds that board the boats and trains will move him to mirth rather than to wrath. It is in these crowds, indeed, that the principal attraction lies. Coney Island deserted by the multitude is not a specially alluring place, except to one who loves salt air for salt air's sake. Even to him there is little inducement to go thither when the crowds are not there, for nature has been so crowded by man's handiwork along the beach that her charm has gone.

Coney Island is a sand-bar and nothing else. Shifting in outline with the storms of each winter, it remains, and will remain for ages, as the buffer that nature keeps on the edge of the land to receive the shocks of the ocean. There is no vegetation there excepting a quantity of tall rank grass, more like reeds than like meadow-grass. Around the principal hotels men have, it is true, made artificial beds, in which they plant flowers and grass year by year, but each winter kills the plants, and they have to be replaced each spring. To the eastward, along the sea-shore, are three enormous hotels—the Oriental, the Manhattan, and the Brighton. The first is occupied in the season mostly by boarders, and lies out of the track of the excursionists. The other two do a transient trade mostly, and their verandas are crowded, especially on Sunday afternoons and evenings, with well-dressed and evidently well-to-do people.

One thing is specially noticeable on first arriving. The beach and the water are not what people go to enjoy. For one who strolls along the water's edge, or plunges into the breakers, there are twenty who remain around the hotels or bar-rooms, and find their pleasure in eating, drinking, listening to music, breathing the strong salt air, and mingling with the crowd. This rule holds from one end of the island to the other.

But it is not at the east end that we want to linger if we desire to see the distinctive and picturesque features of the great people's resort. Here are the wealthy and conventional people for whom are provided the costliest city luxuries, the most expensive orchestras and military bands in America, and a scale of prices that pays for all and leaves a profit. It is toward the west that we must seek the multitude. Cheapside is where the crowd must ever seek its fun as well as its provisions, and Manhattan and Brighton are for those who are willing to spend five, ten, or twenty dollars on an afternoon and evening of enjoyment. Take, then, the little railroad—the shortest and most profitable one in existence—which offers for five cents the only means of passing from Manhattan to Brighton. The cars are crowded, but the trip is only half a mile or so. Every year this road has to be rebuilt farther inland, for every winter the storms wash it away, and gouge out more of the sand from the shore, only to carry it westward and add to the territory there. It seems like nature's protest against the place being made a resort for the rich instead of the poor.



THE LIGHTNING ARTIST.

Pass through Brighton Beach, only less elegant than Manhattan, and notice that the buildings here, like the little railroad, have been moved back year by year till they are a quarter of a mile further inland than where they were originally placed; then come, still westward, along the broken Concourse—once a noble road of concrete, now a straggling stretch of fragments—and less than a mile farther along we reach West Brighton, the real Coney Island, the people's play-ground.

Here are the multitude—a motley throng. Here are the catch-penny devices, each curious enough to merit a story by itself. Here are the economical provisions for the feeding and for the amusement of the people who have little to spend. And here are the quaint and strange and picturesque scenes that make Coney Island a ground for the philosopher's speculation and for the student's careful thought. The great mass of the toilers of the city—not the poorest, but the struggling many—here find their only summer outing, and for their pleasure there are queer things done. Vice is here, half hidden only, and sometimes impatient of all restraint. Nevertheless, a close observer will notice that it has little hold and little influence on the great majority of the people. Drunkenness there is, and there is no pretence of enforcing the law that forbids the sale of liquor on Sunday in New York State. Every bar-room on the island is wide open, and all manner of allurements are offered to entice people into the enclosures. Yet the proportion of drunken to sober people is very small, hardly greater than may be noticed on the more crowded streets of the city on a holiday. Almost everybody drinks beer, and Coney Island beer is proverbially frothy enough to mitigate the horror of the most conscientious prohibitionist. Few persons here have patience or money enough to drink a sufficient number of glasses to inebriate, though temptation to indulge is presented on every hand, in the shape of free concerts that last all day without intermission. There isn't even time in the busy season for the musicians to stop playing long enough to eat.

Frothy or not, the price of the beer is, according to the standard, five cents a glass. Five cents, indeed, is the standard price for all sorts of things in this great fair. It seems like a country fair as we stroll from one to another of the sheds and stands that are crowded together at West Brighton. To him who may be studying the investment of a nickel, there is offered a variety of temptations sufficient to bewilder the calmest judgment. From a weird-looking sausage, muffled up in the two halves of a roll and smoking hot from the vender's gridiron, to a ride in a boat that pitches and tosses most alarmingly around on a small circular railway over a tempestuous ocean of painted canvas, the choice of investment is wide. You may mount a veritable griffin, a camel, an ox, a stag, a horse, or a lion, in a merry-go-round, and canter violently around a strident orchestrion that will drown the tones of ordinary conversation while you ride, and it will only cost five cents. Moreover, you will have a chance to win another ride for nothing, for you will be furnished with a blunt rapier with which to jab at an arm which holds out little rings for targets, and if you catch a brass ring instead of an iron one, you may ride free next time. Five cents, too, will pay for a ride on a spurious toboggan slide of mammoth proportions, on which little cars serve for toboggans, and rails for the ice and snow. The same trifling sum is enough for one who is adventurous enough to hang by his hands to a little saddle affixed to a wire, and launching himself into space from a dizzy height, slide down the wire two or three hundred feet. It is enough for a ride of five minutes or so on the back of a Rosinante in the stud of the open-air livery-man on the beach.

It will hire a chair on the shore for the fastidious person who objects to sitting in the sand. It will pay for the exercise of the athlete who wishes to swing a mallet and pound with it on a wooden cushion with a registering apparatus that tells how hard the blow is. It will pay for three shots out of a real air-gun at a target or a glass ball, or for the privilege of throwing three base-balls at a row of dolls, with a prize to the skilful thrower who shall hit a doll. It will buy an electric shock, or a test expansion of the lungs, measured by a presumably incorrect registering apparatus, or it will entitle you to a card on which will be written your "correct weight" as told by a pair of scales with fancy fixings. It is enough to pay a pretty little girl for making a tame paroquet that sits in a row of paroquets pick out an envelope in which is a record of your future destiny. A nickel may be dropped into the slot of a human hand for almost any frivolous and amusing purpose. It may be dropped into a basket held in the mouth of a poodle that watches by the side of an alleged blind man, and the man will give you a lead-pencil that won't go, besides invoking Heaven's blessing on you.



"PLEASE HELP THE BLIND!"

And what manner of people are they who strew their nickels freely for all these things; who eat in the cheap restaurants—some of them fairly good ones, too; who bathe from the small bathing-houses, where a suit may be hired for fifteen or twenty cents, instead of twenty-five, which is charged at the more pretentious places; who sit for hours listening to the free entertainments of minstrel bands (worth less than the price of admission), and drink beer to avoid feeling under obligation to the proprietor of the place; who enter into the spirit of a holiday with childlike zest, and enjoy the same sports the children do?

They are the toilers. There is no aristocracy of dress among them, though seven out of ten manifestly have on their "Sunday clothes." The east-side dude is tricked out with all the gaudy apparel that suits his taste, and vigorously swings the cane he won by tossing a ring over it, at an expense of five cents for five tosses. The shop-girl with him is bedight with the finery in which her soul rejoices, and which she may not wear daily. They are not objects of beauty, save in each other's eyes, but we may see the same romance beginning between them that has made the world beautiful since Adam's rib was taken out. The father and mother of a large German family trudge patiently from one beer-garden to another, and listen delightedly to the cacophonous din of the musicians, while they drink their beer, eat their pretzels, and watch their happy children at play. This worthy couple are bent on enjoying everything they see. They even admire the wonderful art of the "lightning portrait artist."

The children, after all, are they who enjoy Coney Island most, and it is noticeable that they



ORCHESTRA AT LUNCH.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

leave the board walks, the merry-go-rounds, and the bustle of the crowds, and rush with glad excitement to the water's edge. It is a poor child indeed who has not a tiny tin pail and shovel with which to play in the wonderful sand, and it is a timid child indeed who does not throw off shoes and stockings and wade into the ocean far enough to alarm its mother. Between these joys and the excitement of hunting for treasures of shells and pebbles along the beach, there is pleasure enough for the saddest and sickliest child, till the little hands and feet are tired, and the big glad eyes are drooping with fatigue. All of the cheap devices of man are unequal to the few simple attractions of nature to those who care to seek the latter, be they children of a lesser or a larger growth.

It were as easy to describe the various shapes and color combinations of a kaleidoscope as to tell all that may be seen at Coney Island on a pleasant Sunday, yet it may all be told in a few words. It is the great breathing-place for the million of people in the city who get little fresh air at home. It is the play-ground where vicious enjoyment may be found indeed, but where harmless amusement, if childish, is sought by the vast majority of visitors, and where the most of the restraints of conventionality are cast aside with very slight relaxation of morality. It is worth countless millions of dollars to the city summer after summer.

SEPTEMBER'S EVE.

I.

'Tis Nature's temple, and the day
Is full of worship as of light.
A sigh from now and 'twill be night;
The lordly vision will not stay.
With dusky incense throbs the gray
Half dome of sky. A cloistered note
Of lingering bird song sounds remote
As the last echo of a hymn
Sung in recessional, cold and dim.
I worship, but as though the praise
Must pass through Nature's priestly ways,
For God doth seem as lone and far
As yonder uncompanioned star,
September's Eve.

II.

Along the mountain's altar crest
The russet deepens in the west,
As when to richer chords the close
Of noble music softly flows.
Now speed my footsteps through the dark,
I see my leaping hearth, and hark!
Th' expectant children's view halloo
Rings out a melody of cheer.
The rushing feet approach; I hear
The lavish welcome panting through.
How bright the sudden stars appear
In friendly groups! Now God is near,
For Love is in *her* temple, too,
September's Eve.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

OF CLUBS IN GENERAL.

How many women, and for that matter, how many men, have longed to know what goes on behind the broad front doors of clubs? What is the use of clubs? Why do men organize them and go to them? When they get there what do they do? Why do the men in the windows wear their hats? These wonderings are as various and as infinite as the signs of life that the clubs give, and, as a matter of course, the restless minds that are forever searching for what they will never be able to find eventually solve their riddles for themselves. They people the great buildings with their imaginations, and give to their unsubstantial inmates a complete set of habits, as Silas Wegg, sitting behind his screen of ballads and his stock of fruit and gingerbread, evolved from his inner consciousness the daily life and the names of the people of the great house at whose windows he stared, and for whose house-maids he did an occasional errand. Many womanly women and men are convinced that clubs have been the ruin of certain of their acquaintances, and they are no doubt right. There are some people who are born to be ruined, and some to whom nature has denied innocent comradeship.

Clubs have not bred conviviality nor engendered gambling, although these grave charges are laid at their big front doors. The toper and the gamester take advantage of clubs, just as they always have and always will avail themselves of any assemblage of fellow-creatures who may be induced to receive them. Vice of all kinds is quite as opposed to club law and club sentiment as it is to police regulations and to the feeling and opinion of society. He who shuts the door of a club to a young man in order that he may not be beguiled by the glittering sins of intemperance and gambling, is as wise as Richard Feverill's father, who undertook to create a perfectly pure young man by guarding him from all acquaintance with attractive women. If a young club-man goes to the bad, it is not fair to infer that he would have been better but for the club. All that can truthfully be said is that the victim of the wiles of men had not character enough to enable him to walk with safety through a wicked world.

The aphorism that it is not well that man should be alone has a wider application than is given to it, or perhaps dreamed of, by those who quote it most. The human man wants the fellowship of men. The misanthrope is not only a hater of his sex, but of the race, and it was not necessary for the hesitating Hamlet to declare that woman delighted him not, after he had once announced his repugnance to man. Johnson said that Boswell was "clubable." This was true because he was a "man's man"; that is, because he enjoyed the vigorous society of his brother, and in return gave that entertainment for which the thoroughly virile mind longs. Sometimes a poet is deluded into singing of the friendship of men, as if it were higher and nobler, purer and more unselfish, than the love of man and woman; and while he is ungallant, and therefore wrong, he still bears testimony to a truth which is as deep and enduring as man's nature. In his day Sam Johnson formed many clubs, and invariably his purpose was to obtain the society without which his evenings were wretched. In the year before his death he organized his last club that he might be insured agreeable society three evenings a week. The public coffee-house was not to his taste. He wanted companionship, but it must be congenial and of his own selection. And this disposition of men, not only for society, but for the companionship of men of their own kind, their own tastes, proclivities, and station, lies at the bottom of the great swarm of successors to the "Beefsteak," the "Finis," the "Owls," "Crockford's," "Brookes's," "White's," and the innumerable assemblies that owed their beginning to the distaste of those who composed them to share the tap-room with the public.

It was the habit of the men of Johnson's time to discuss politics, literature, fashions, and the pleasures of the town over their punch and tobacco. It was not an elegant time, perhaps; but, as Coleridge tells us, manners may change a good deal while morals may only seem to change. The clubs of our own time do not meet in taverns; the best, and therefore the most obnoxious, of them dwell in palaces of their own. It cannot be denied that, in theory at least, the club was an improvement on the coffee-house of Anne's reign. There was a commendable exhibition of self-respect in withdrawing from the common presence to the privacy of the tavern parlor. The example was contagious, and the precedent established has broadened, until the modern club, with its permanent abode, has taken the place of the stated meeting in the best room of the coffee-house. Johnson's definition of a club, "An assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions," is outgrown. The good fellows may be found in the modern institution, but good-fellowship is not the basis of membership. It would be difficult to define what is the fundamental requirement of the modern club. Any man may be elected to any club who, being otherwise eligible, occupies a respectable position in society, and is not personally offensive to a sufficient number of the electoral body to bring out the few blackballs that are necessary to his rejection. Very disagreeable people succeed in securing election to clubs in these days, and from what we read of Brookes's, White's, Almack's, and others of their time, this was true as soon as clubs ceased to be the small assemblies of friends which Johnson undertook to describe in his definition.

There are prigs, upstarts, vulgar pushers for social notoriety, bores, shady characters of all kinds to be found in nearly every large club. They get in because they appear well on first sight, or because they belong to a family already represented in the list, or because they are diligently pushed by influential friends whose judgment is blinded by affection or interest. It is very seldom that a rich man can secure an election to a club of the first rank on account of his wealth, and a man with a social taint upon him is almost certain to be blackballed. The positively disagreeable persons who find their way into the circle, however, are easily prevented from becoming great nuisances, because it is a simple matter to send one of them to Coventry, to make the reading and the lounging rooms, even when they are filled with talkative life, dreary deserts of cold shoulders; to turn the breakfast and dining rooms into breeders of indigestion by carefully calculated glances and manners that will compel the detested person's heart to sink into his stomach, to the disarrangement of the healthful absorption of the food that sinks with it.

The unsocial person is occasionally harder to deal with. This man gets an election because nothing is known against him. For his part, he joins because it is the thing. He wants the convenience of the restaurant or the privileges of the writing-room. Sometimes his vanity is tickled by writing letters on the club stationery. Generally he goes about the building in gloomy silence, and he becomes a bore only when, under the stimulus of the atmosphere of the place, he captures an isolated victim, and offers to "ring the bell." It must be explained that "ringing the bell" is club vernacular for ordering that refreshment with which the male creature solaces the weary and often empty hours between meals, and which corresponds to the sweets with which the gentle enemies of clubs lighten the labors of shopping. If the isolated victim is weak enough to accept the seductive hospitality, he will suffer such acute and silent misery for a quarter of an hour as he has rarely known. Not only will his host neither talk nor listen, but the beneficiary of the ringing bell, if he is a shrewd observer, will be forced to note the mental processes through which his companion gradually becomes convinced that he has wasted a quarter in the vain effort to be agreeable. And yet the chances are a hundred to one that the poor wretch will repeat again and again, and as long as he lives, his efforts after the unattainable, for sociability is infectious; and even they who have been inoculated at their birth catch it, but, like little Johnny's measles, it "strikes inwards," and does not come out in a healthy blooming eruption.

Although Johnson's definition is now somewhat old-fashioned, and better describes such organizations as some of the dinner and luncheon clubs which flourish in Boston with a perennial vigor that they do not enjoy in any other part of the country, rather than the accepted modern standard, there is a theoretical something in common between the members of any club; it may be social position, community of pursuits or interests, identity of political belief, or any tie that gives to those who are held by it a desire to see much of one another. Clubs have started from beginnings as various and different as the attributes, ambitions, desires, and habits of human nature. There are clubs of society, of sport, of the military service, of the learned professions, of religious creeds, of college-bred men, of politics, of trade. In outward semblance and in inward form they are all very much alike. They have the same kind of apartments; they drink the same kind of wines, or wines that pretend to be the same, their soundness depending wholly upon the astuteness of the respective house committees; they eat dishes that at least bear the same names, although that may be their closest relationship. The same papers, barring special publications, are to be found on the reading-room tables. As to the libraries, the least said about the average club library perhaps the better. With a few notable exceptions the club library is a meagre collection of gift books so incongruous and unlike, that they must be in a constant state of surprise at finding themselves in one another's society. The truth is that the essential difference between clubs lies in their conversation, in the topics that appeal most strongly to their habitués, and in the manner in which the talk is conducted. In some clubs you will hear the street discussed with that buoyant recklessness which indicates that, for the moment, the brisk opinion is not to be backed; in others you will hear of the race-track, or the latest scandal of the town served wearily for the jaded palates of those who consume spice as ordinary humanity eats bread; in others an occasional spark of real interest is added to the atmosphere, and this happens just about as often as in the larger society, of which the club is a small selected part.

Why should more or less be expected of clubs than of their world? Different in form, different in purpose, the modern organization is precisely like the old in one essential particular: it is a reflex of its times. When the Duke of Norfolk, unsatisfied at the Beefsteak, went night after night to satiate his gluttony and his thirst for alcohol at a low tavern in Covent Garden, he was the product of his age, and he was "a vulgar, heavy, dirty mass of matter that could swill wine like a Silenus, and gorge beefsteaks like a trick-horse." Drunkenness and gluttony were common vices of society when the Beefsteak flourished, and wit was one of its virtues. Therefore the club was a place where the good fellows assembled for the purpose of filling themselves with vast quantities of solid food and strong liquor, and to amuse one another with the shoddy badinage in which the wits of the time indulged. Farther back, in the time of Joseph Addison, who, says Thackeray, was "one of the most resolute club-men of his day," there was also bibbing and boozing, but there were less gambling and more talk and gossip, and Addison's resoluteness as a club-man was inspired and stimulated by the fact that he found the material for his literary work in the assemblies of good fellows. He seems, however, to have carefully observed one excellent club rule, and to have reserved his tattling for what he observed when he was a spectator in the clubs which were not his own, for, he confesses, "Whenever I see a cluster of people, I mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club." A club in Addison's day was simply the usual gathering of the customers of a coffee-house, so that any one who paid for his pipe or his glass was able to know all that went on in any circle into which he might see fit to intrude.

After the tavern-meeting clubs came the proprietary clubs—White's and Brookes's. These were formed when men not only drank a good deal, but when gambling was universal, when play ruined men and women, and when betting was the avocation of the high and low alike. In the social reign of the Prince Regent young men would lose £5000, £10,000, and £15,000 of an evening. Brookes's was organized apparently in order that the Liberals and the Prince's friends might have a private place at which they could squander their fortunes in betting and games of chance, while White's furnished similar accommodation for the Tories and the friends of the King. Horace Walpole says: "The young men of quality had a club at Almack's [Almack was the predecessor of Brookes], where they played only for rouleaux of £50 each, and generally there was £10,000 in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above £20,000 for his two sons."

It was at Almack's and Brookes's that Fox gamed his fastest and concocted his ingenious wagers.

"At Almack's of pigeons, I am told, there are flocks,
But It's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox;
If he touches a card, if he rattles the box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox."

It was at Brookes's, according to the betting-book of the establishment, which is still preserved, that Charles Fox laid two hundred guineas that Lord North would be First Lord of the Treasury in March, 1773; and twenty guineas that he would still be First Lord in March, 1776, "bar death"; twenty guineas that Lord Northington did not swim one mile the next time he went into the Thames or any other river. Here are two entries in the book, characteristic of the times and of Charles Fox:

"Lord Bolingbroke gives a guinea to Mr. Charles Fox, and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt of this country amounts to 171 millions. Mr. Fox is not to pay the 1000 till he is a member of his Majesty's cabinet."

"Lord Clement has given Mr. Crawford 10 guineas, upon condition of receiving £500 from him whenever Mr. Charles Fox shall be worth £100,000 clear of debts."

Although betting was the principal occupation of Brookes's and White's, these fashionable resorts were also the exchanges for gossip. Mr. Fox not only betted and gamed away fortunes at Brookes's, but he there promulgated his political principles, and received the homage of his followers. It was from Brookes's that the Prince of Wales and his bad brother, the Duke of York, sallied forth for their midnight orgies in the city. It was there and at its rivals that men about town retailed so much of the gossip of the masculine gender, which, in those loose days, was barred from the drawing-rooms of Holland House, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Carew. That there was really limitations upon the conversation of the salons of London in the time of George IV. is certain from the protest that was made by outraged feminine virtue, because Mr. Orlando Bridgman and Mr. Charles Greville, "a gentleman celebrated for his elegance of manners," going drunk to an assembly, "began at last to talk so plain that Lady Francis and Lady Valentine fled.... And Mrs. Sheridan would have followed them, but did not make her escape till her arms were black and blue, and her apron torn off."

It was at Brookes's that Mr. Fox learned, it is supposed from this same Mr. Orlando Bridgman, on his return from the House of Commons, where he had been asserting on his honor that the Prince of Wales had not married Mrs. Fitzherbert, that he had been grossly deceived, his informant having been present at the wedding. It was at Brookes's that George Selwyn and Sheridan made their coarsest and wittiest jokes. It was there that royalty descended to the common level.

"Sherry," said the Prince of Wales, "my brother and I have been discussing whether you are a rogue or a fool."

"I am between both, your Royal Highness," answered Sheridan, taking an arm of each.

It was there that the drunken Duke of York said the best thing of his life, and the most gracious.

"Here, waiter, remove the marine," shouted the duke, who was dining with a distinguished officer of that branch of the service.

"I am at a loss," responded the officer, "to know why the corps to which I have the honor to belong should be compared to an empty bottle."

"No offence, my dear general; I mean a good fellow who has done his duty already, and is prepared to do it again."

Brookes's and White's have now many fellows and rivals on both sides of the world. Essentially they are improvements on their models. The underlying principle, their *raison d'être*, is the same. The world over, a club is a place where men meet men for pleasure and not for business. In modern times refinements have been introduced that were unknown in the early history of these social institutions—for institutions they are, as firmly fixed in the body-social as are other institutions in the body-politic. A club is now the home of each one of its members, where one may have all the privacy and retirement of his own apartment consistent with the privileges of his fellow-members. There are conditions, of course, and there must be some surrender of individual tastes and desires. The right to invite visitors is restricted, and generally residents of the city in which the club is situated are forbidden admission to the building unless they are guests at a dinner given in a private dining-room. To most resident members a club is a lounging-place; to a non-resident member it is fraught with comforts and convenience. He is sure of congenial company, of a good dinner, of meeting the men of the town whom he knows, and of a place to conduct his correspondence very much superior to that offered by his hotel.

There are evils as well as good in clubs. It is true that sometimes men drink too much in them. The same men often drink too much at home, and if they did not indulge in excesses at the club, have we not the bar-room always with us? It is true that some men gamble too much at their clubs. The same men gamble as much, even more, at their own apartments. It has been admitted that some ruins have been made at clubs. It is denied that there are many, or that they would not have been made if the victims had never seen the inside of a club-house. There are fools and weaklings everywhere, and there is many a man who is easily tempted to excesses when his vanity is aroused by an accidental social misplacement. If a good little Timothy Teetotal, by some strange freak of club government, should find himself in the fellowship of Lord Dipsophile, he would very soon come to consider drunkenness his crowning glory.

All that is vicious in clubs goes on against this public opinion, which favors sobriety, decency, gentlemanhood; and, as a rule, a club parlor, or drawing-room, or lounging-room, or whatever name it may take, is to a man the pleasantest place outside of his own home.

"But why does he not stop in his own home? Why does he desert his wife and his fireside for that wretched club?" This is the outcry which is raised by the fair enemies of the institutions of which we sing. In the first place, my dear mesdames, the wife who is confident of her husband and of her influence over him will not utter this outcry. It is useless to say to you who do, that no man wants to stop at home all the time, and that the woman who loves him sympathizes with his longing for an occasional change. You cannot understand the deep and beautiful philosophy of this feeling, which appeals to every healthful human soul.

When a woman makes this complaint, however, it is generally well to be silent. That is an excellent rule to observe in many relations of life—that of *de gustibus*. When a man makes his club his home, and his house his lodging-place, and rarely sees his family except when he bids them good-by in the morning, occasionally at dinner, and when he yawns in their presence over the Sunday newspapers, there is something wrong in that domestic circle. It may be that the husband is a brute, or that the marriage was one of *convenance*, or that the wife resembles Mrs. R. Wilfer in being a "little wearing." Whatever may be the cause, it is discreditable to some or to all of the family, and a sensible man will refuse to discuss it with the feminine head of the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

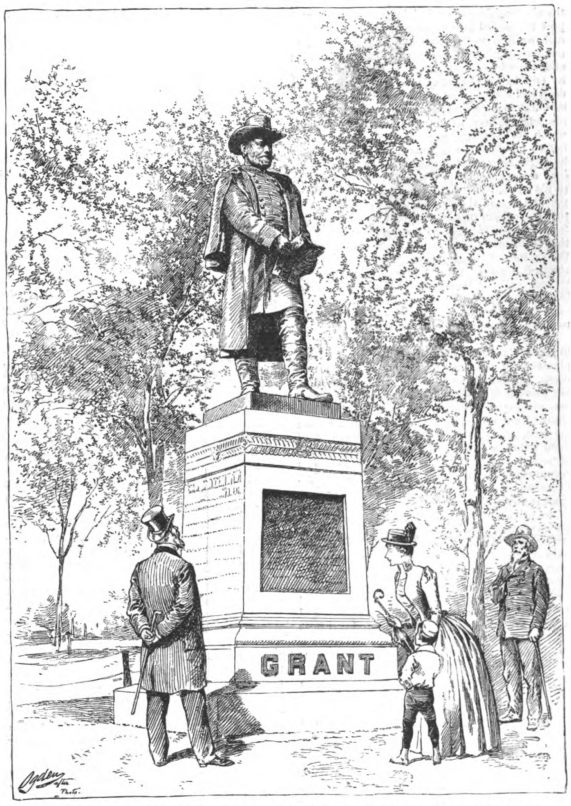
household. Of one thing our cavillers may be sure, there is no considerable body of men at his club urging a husband and a father to abandon his fireside and to devote his time to them. There are so many of them that one good fellow more or less will not be missed. It is either the fault of the good fellow himself, or else it is the misfortune of some one at home who is not a good fellow.

Be sure also of this, that whatever reforms are needed by clubs, they are needed also by the society which makes and maintains them. Reform would doubtless be well for every human institution. Clubs are organized by the same men who advance the commerce of the world, and who build its churches, schools, and hospitals; and clubs are less and not so good as the others only because they do not exist for the satisfaction of the finer and nobler side of men, but for their pleasure. They are not to be counted in the consideration of the world's serious moods and achievements. They are simply places of rest; and, as we are constantly informed by the preachers, wherever men seek rest and recreation, the devil is busiest. Clubs are the expression of a human need. Not only will they exist after our own time shall glide into the crude and obscure past, but they were before modern civilization was thought of. It was a drunken spree at a club that resulted in the accusation of Alcibiades, his loss to Athens in the Syracusan war, and his flight to Sparta. And old as they are, they have never in themselves been worth the powder of the true reformer. The philosopher recognizes their charms and delights, and uses them for his own good, as he uses the gifts of Providence, wisely and temperately. If he is at war with their frailties, he wages it against a bigger, more comprehensive, and vastly more important foe than they. He does not mistake a form of expression, a breath, a laugh, for the mighty and varied life of the great world. To a truly great mind bent upon making the world better, a war upon social vices directed against clubs would seem very much like an undertaking to demolish false doctrine by attacking the rhetoric of its statement.

Clubs are bad enough, and so are men, but both are better than they might be or have been. As men grow in grace and civilization their institutions improve, and the places wherein they take their ease, whether they be inns or clubs, form no exception to the rule.

Meanwhile the club in general remains an exponent of its time, of society in its light and restful moods. It is for men, and will remain for men alone until the unhappy time comes when all the joys of men and women shall be in common.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



THE GRANT MONUMENT AT FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

AMONG the first monuments erected in the United States in honor of General Grant is that which will be unveiled and dedicated at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with civic and military honors, on Saturday, September 14th. This statue was erected by officers and enlisted men and employés of the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army; citizens of the States of Kansas and Missouri—including the Leavenworth Athletic Association; Woman's Relief Corps No. 40, of Wichita, Kansas; Post 132, Grand Army of the Republic, Junction City, Kansas; the Travelling Men's Grant Fund; the subscription list of the *Kansas City Times*—citizens of Pennsylvania; J. A. Garfield Post No. 2, Chamberlain, Dakota; and others.

The figure is of bronze, was designed by Mr. Lorado Taft, artist, of Chicago, Illinois, and stands nine feet high, while the pedestal is of barre granite, eight feet high, and seven feet square at base, resting on a circular mound of earth thirty feet in diameter, and making the total height of the structure nineteen and a half feet. On the front of the pedestal is a large bronze panel, on which is inscribed a list of the most notable battles in which General Grant participated. On the back of the pedestal is another panel of bronze, showing "Grant in the Wilderness," by M. de Thulstrup, as illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY just after the General's death at Mount McGregor.

The statue stands in a park interspersed with beautiful elm-trees at the head of Grant Avenue, which is the main approach to the garrison from the city of Leavenworth. There are to be three granite entrances to the monument, surmounted by pillars of granite, on each of which is to be raised the shield of the United States. The many friends and admirers of General Grant who have seen the statue pronounce the likeness to be a most striking one, and the production in bronze exceptionally well executed. The fund for the erection of this monument was raised by subscription in 1885, but no definite action was taken looking to the selection and purchase of a suitable statue until Brigadier-General Wesley Merritt, United States Army, Commanding General Department of the Missouri, as ex officio president of the Grant Monument Association, took general charge of affairs, and it is largely through his active interest in the matter that the West, and Fort Leavenworth in particular, is enabled to be among the first to claim the honor of paying homage to the dead hero.

THE RAILROAD IN POLITICS.

THE president of one of the largest railroad systems in the Northwest said to the writer recently that if the railroads could be divorced from politics their troubles would be at an end. He did not mean that the railroads should be relieved from the restrictions that have been placed upon them the last few years, or that they should be especially favored in the matter of law-making. What he did mean was that the railroads, both in Congress and in State legislatures, should be treated in the same spirit as any other question. He was decrying the demagogism that is too frequently indulged in when any question affecting the railroads is under consideration. The men who are responsible before the public for the management of the railroads are, from the nature of their positions, more keenly alive than any one else to whatever of unfairness is shown toward those corporations by legislative bodies. It is a part of their business to study and ascertain public sentiment regarding the properties in their charge. Still, every one knows that the fashion of denouncing railroads as monopolies and as soulless corporations has not died out, and that the average politician is fond of declaring himself opposed to them. Perhaps at the East this tendency is not as strong as it once was. Since that section of the country has increased its wealth, and become a lender of money and an investor, it has come to look at all questions affecting the value of railroad property from more than one point of view. But at the West the anti-railroad sentiment appears to have increased with the growth of railroad facilities.

The question of treatment of the railroads by the people, that is, by their representatives, has become a serious question, not only for those who invest in railroad properties, but for those who use them. A tendency to regard railroad stocks, and even bonds, as less desirable for investment than heretofore is discernible in Wall Street, where the greater part of such investments are made. The present improvement in the stock-market may seem to contradict this statement, but it does not. There has been, as is invariably the case during a protracted period of depression, an extensive absorption of stocks by large dealers, and of course there has been some buying for investment. But the great bulk of the stocks that have been taken out of the market the last year or so will be for sale before the causes that have brought about a general improvement in stock values have spent their force. They will be sold, as a rule, because they will show the owners a handsome profit. Those who hold them now may not figure out the difference between the intrinsic and the temporary market value of their shares, but the investor will figure on both very carefully, and in arriving at the first valuation he is sure to take into consideration the probabilities of adverse legislation. If he ignores that factor he neglects his duty to himself. The rabidness of some of the Western legislatures, notably that of Iowa, and the reluctance of Congress to pass any amendments to the inter-State commerce law, or to treat the funding of the Union Pacific Company's indebtedness to the government on a strictly business basis, have compelled us to consider almost daily the part that politics plays in determining the value of railroad securities.

Of course it will be argued that the railroads themselves are responsible for the political antagonism they complain of. It has been urged that they charge exorbitant rates and practise discrimination. But the inter-State commerce law, to say nothing of numerous State railroad commissions, have remedied both of these evils. Statistics also show that the average price for railroad service is very low. No one will claim that the railroads should be punished, even by the development of a sentiment, for sins that they can no longer commit. A favorite cry of would-be reformers, who derive serious enjoyment by yelping at fancied as well as actual social and economic wrongs, incapable of distinguishing one from the other, and utterly unconscious of facts, is that railroad companies are constantly seeking to corrupt our legislatures by buying the laws they want. Without desiring to assert that the railroads are immaculate in the matter of influencing legislation, we must contend that both the Federal and State statute-books give the lie to such sweeping assertions. If it were capable of demonstration, we believe that the railroads are appealed to much more frequently by those who help to make the laws than they approach representatives of the people improperly. We think if President Adams, of the Union Pacific, could be induced to tell exactly why he has been unable to get a funding bill through Congress, his statement would not be complimentary to that body. Some very interesting incidents could be cited upon this point if it seemed proper to relate them. The practice of making a business of politics is responsible for whatever basis there may be for the cry of bribery. It is politics, not the railroads, that need reforming.

A most remarkable phase of this subject is that the railroads have not become a power in politics through the large number of voters that they employ. In the last number of his *Manual of Railroads*, Mr. Poor estimates that fully 936,000 persons are regularly employed in the operation of our railroads, and that at least 780,000 are employed in trades directly affiliated with railroading, such as locomotive and car building, the manufacture of rails, and in similar industries, making a total of over 1,700,000, nearly all of whom are probably voters. Besides, the average number of laborers employed in railroad building is computed at 290,000, bringing the total up to about 2,000,000. These and the number of people dependent upon them would probably figure up about one-seventh of the entire population of the United States. Yet this body of workers, who are entirely dependent upon the railroads, have never been appealed to as a body; in fact, efforts to influence any part of them politically have been exceedingly rare. They should be the firmest friends of the railroads, for though the price of transportation and the return upon capital invested in railroads have declined steadily for the last quarter of a century, there has been no proportionate reduction, nor anything like a proportionate reduction, in the wages of railroad employés.

The market for railroad securities has ruled very strong since we wrote last, and has broadened to fairly large proportions. No new influences affecting values have become operative, but those that have been noted in this column from time to time are constantly becoming more potential. COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Friday, September 6, 1889.*

VERY RISKY INDEED.

To tamper with symptoms indicative of growing kidney disorder; to neglect for a brief time needful stimulation of the renal organs when their inactivity points, as it always and unmistakably does, to their eventual permanent disease, is certainly very risky indeed. This is, however, a risk that many persons perceptibly drifting into Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, etc., constantly incur. So those who read, reflect, and heed the lessons of recorded experience, the advisability of using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a diuretic, need scarcely more than a suggestion. No fact is more generally admitted by the medical profession and the public than its efficacy for the prevention of serious renal disease. The unmedicated excitants of commerce, no matter how pure, bear in mind, react prejudicially upon the kidneys when inactive. The Bitters subdues malaria, constipation, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

No other Life Policies as liberal are as low in price, no others as cheap give as much for the money, as those of The Travelers, of Hartford, Conn. Best either for Family Protection or Investment of Savings. Ask any Agent for a copy of its new Ten-Payment Accident Policies.—Insuring against Accident up to 70 years of age, and, if desired, returning amount of premiums to insured. Annuity Life Policies.—The only form issued which furnishes a regular income, and the lowest in premium rate.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

A NEW YORK physician says: "I find Nicholson's Liquid Bread worthy of high recommendation. Where a nourishing tonic is required, either in debility or in health, I know of nothing better." For a table beverage it is unequalled.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES who have tried CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP will use no other. All Druggists, or Box 2145, New York.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite. Try it.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

WITH a feeble appetite and imperfect digestion, it is impossible for the body to secure the requisite amount of nourishment. Ayer's Sarsaparilla not only stimulates the desire for food, but aids the assimilative organs in the formation of good blood and sound tissue.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR APPLIED TO STREET CARS.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE rapid development of the electric arts is the most interesting and important fact in recent physics. Since the invention of the telephone this advance has been so great that wonder at new applications of this mysterious energy has nearly ceased. Men who, a short while ago, would have counted among the marvels of their times the little motor which sends a roomful of sewing-machines whirring to their toil, and who scouted the idea that the telephone would be successful, now accept, as if they had anticipated it, the electric locomotive drawing its train of cars, and are only half incredulous when they listen to predictions of a coming

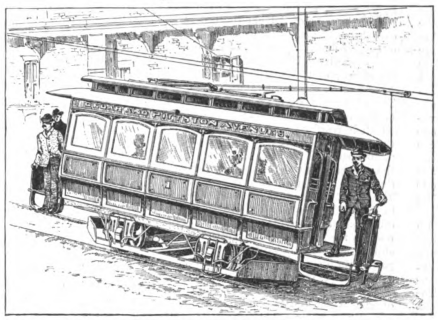


FIG. 1.—THOMSON-HOUSTON CAR ON A 10 PER CENT. GRADE.

time when this universal power shall propel aërial ships. At the same time, the imagination of those who are engaged in the business of making electricity the servant of the useful arts is almost as vivid and as startling as the mysterious fluid with which they experiment. To them the time is near when the world will go still faster in its course; when the slow days of steam will be over; when the lightning will flash over long distances not only speech but heavy burdens; when the ponderous engine will be used chiefly for the generation of the far more subtle power which turns the electric motor; when the noisy, dusty railroad of to-day will be succeeded by the clean and rapid devices which are driving the horse-cars from the streets of our cities. There is apparently no limit to the hopes and expectations of electric artisans. They see a coming time when electricity shall rock the cradle of the baby and desiccate the body of the dead; ring the church bell, illumine the altar, and execute the criminal; transport men and women to their duties, their pleasures, and their graves; be, in short, the natural power which shall be the most intimate and efficient of man's assistants. And all these possibilities of the application of the electric fluid to mechanics was within the contemplation of those who discovered the nature of this wonderful energy. Volta, Galvani, Ohm, Franklin, Ampère, Henry, and Faraday all looked forward to achievements at least equivalent to those that are now about to be realized. The inventors and business men of to-day, whose shops and factories are beginning to rank among the greatest of industrial enterprises, have simply wrought out what the great discoverers of the last century believed to be possible. Nevertheless, what has been done, chiefly by young men, in the application of electricity, marks our own time as one of the most important of eras in the history of physics. The world has taken a great and decisive step forward in the process of that development which is decreasing the importance of the physical powers of men and the other animals, and unchaining and utilizing the stupendous slumbering energy of inanimate nature. There has been no revolution and no great fundamental discovery; there has only been a wonderful and sudden application of the long-accumulating knowledge of electric science.

Of all the development which has been rushing on from one step to another during the last few years, the phase which is of most immediate and present interest is that which relates to the transportation problem of great cities. There is no subject of municipal economy so important, and apparently so difficult, as that of rapid transit. It is essentially a modern problem, for only two generations have been engaged in its solution. It was very early in the century, it is true, when Oliver Evans made his road engine, the *Orkuter*, with which he undertook to traverse the streets of Philadelphia; and it was in 1826 that the first horse railroad of the country was built, at Quincy, Massachusetts. It was used for carrying from the quarry the blocks of granite for the Bunker Hill Monument. It was not, however, until 1831 that the first street railroad was chartered. In that year the New York and Harlem Railroad Company was authorized to operate cars drawn by horses, and the first cars were run in 1832 from Prince Street, by the way of Fourth Avenue, to Harlem Bridge. Horses were employed as the motive power of the road until 1837, when steam was substituted. In 1845, however, horses were restored, and have been used ever since until now, when electricity has been adopted. From the very first, horse railroads were unpopular on account of the interference of the rails with the ordinary wagon and carriage traffic of the streets. Even now, after nearly sixty years of experience, it is doubtful if a rail can be made that will be equally convenient for public and private vehicles, for those that run on tracks, and those that are independent of all guidance but that of their drivers.

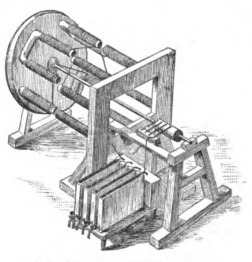


FIG. 2.—THE JACOBI MOTOR.

Obstructions as they are, the street railroads have grown in importance, until now, at least so far as this country is concerned, they are the chief of our transportation agents. It was seven years after the readoption of horses by the Fourth Avenue line, and twenty-one years after it was chartered, that another street railroad received a charter. Then four roads, the Sixth, Second, Third, and Eighth avenues, engaged in the business in New York. In 1853 the Cambridge and Metropolitan companies of Boston were chartered. In the same year Loubât introduced horse railroads in Paris; but it was not until 1860, and by the efforts of George Francis Train, that England possessed its first tramway, at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, while London waited another year before the same enterprising American built its first street railroad, at Bayswater.

The street railroad has prospered wonderfully. In 1850 the national census showed that there was only one street railroad in the country. In 1889 there are 425 companies, operating 3500 miles of track, owning 28,000 cars and 125,000 horses. These roads carry 1,500,000,000 passengers annually. The capital invested in them is variously estimated to be from $175,000,000 to $200,000,000. The figures of this traffic are so large that, standing alone, they do not give an adequate idea of the magnitude of the interests which they represent. How immense those interests are will be better understood when the business transacted by the street cars is compared with the smaller but more generally recognized business of the steam railroads of the country. In 1887, the last year for which accurate statistics are obtainable, the steam railroads carried 428,225,513 passengers. In the same year the horse-cars of New York city alone carried 199,491,735. If to these are added the persons carried on the elevated railroads, who have not been counted among those transported on steam railroads, the street railroads of New York carried in that year 371,021,534 passengers. The horse railroads of Massachusetts carry 44,000,000 more people than travel on the steam roads of the State; and the passenger traffic of the West End Company of Boston, which owns and operates all the street railroads of that city, exceeds that of the steam roads of the State by 10,000,000 passengers; and yet the suburban trains of Boston do an immense business, carrying every day an average of 114,000 persons into and out of the city. For many years the shares of street railroad companies have been sought after by capitalists, for investment in them has been safe and profitable.

It is unnecessary to go at length into the early history of street railroads. An account of the application of electricity to street cars narrates the facts concerning the highest point reached in their development. All residents of cities and large towns are familiar with the evils associated with horse-cars. These comparatively easy-running coaches are a great advance on the heavy,

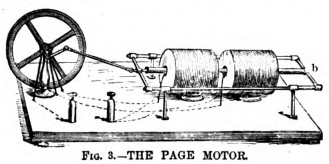


FIG. 3.—THE PAGE MOTOR.

lumbering, jolting omnibus; and in the middle of the century, and during many subsequent years, there was nothing better looked for. As cities grew, however, and rents increased, the people insisted on living at greater distances from their places of work, and thus naturally came a demand for "rapid transit." Two horses drawing a single car occupied too much of the space of the road in proportion to the carrying capacity of the vehicle. The maintenance of the roadway, worn out by the horses' hoofs, cost too much. There were also sentimental considerations, which aroused a good deal of popular opposition to the horse-cars. The companies, as a rule, buy good horses, and take all the care of them that the nature of their task permits. That is simply a matter of business prudence. But with all the care that can be bestowed upon him, a car-horse, doing an average of four hours' work a day, will not last longer than three years; and in the mean time the expense of maintaining this motive power is something enormous. It was the cost of carrying the mails in the stage-coaches that settled the question in England in favor of the steam railroad. When it was discovered that a steam-engine could better do the work that was annually killing 30,000 horses, the "good old days" of the coach disappeared and the steam-car came in. It was a great day for civilization when the energy imprisoned in the coal-mines relieved straining muscles of the burdens that the maintenance of communication had placed upon them. Then occurred the revolution in motive power, in the present triumphs of which electricity is the principal factor. There has not been, with all its advantages, any successful application of steam to the propulsion of surface roads in cities and towns. The demands of traffic have been met in New York by the elevated roads, and in London by the underground system. The objections to both of these methods of transit are familiar. Nearly every large city in the country has, at one time or another, considered the desirability of introducing the elevated or the underground road for the purpose of securing rapid transit from its business centre to its outskirts. The noise and dirt and the obstruction of light by the elevated roads have been compared with the noxious gases found in the tunnels of the underground system. The dummy has been tried and discarded, and within a very few years it has been generally recognized by the managers of surface street railroads that their choice of motive power lies between the cable and electricity. It cannot be said that the relative merits of the two have been determined. Cable roads are not only in operation, but others are projected. At the same time the weight of opinion seems to be in favor of the electric road. The number of companies is growing year by year, and within a few weeks a contract has been made by the West End Company of Boston with the Thomson-Houston Company, under which all the street railroads of the city will be eventually operated by electricity. As soon as electric motors can be furnished, the necessary lines built, and connections made, horses will be supplanted. This is said to be the most important contract ever made in the history of the electric arts. The West End Company owns and operates all the street railroads of Boston. It has 217 miles of track, and 1584 cars. It is anticipated that, under this contract, 75 miles of new track will be constructed, and at least 100 cars equipped during the present season. How wonderful has been the growth of the electric railroad business may be judged from the fact that while in 1880 it did not exist, in 1890 there will probably be at least 30,000 horse-power of electricity employed in the moving of passenger cars. In 1888 there were in the United States 33 electric railroads, having 130.5 miles of road, and employing 205 cars. During the first six months of the present year this has increased to 101 roads, with 575 miles of road, and 936 cars; and this calculation does not include the roads operated by the West End Company. The decisive step taken by this great corporation is due to the influence of Mr. Henry M. Whitney, its president, who examined all railroad motors in the country, and, after experiments of his own, determined so definitively in favor of electricity, and of the particular system selected, that he made the contract and persuaded his stockholders to vote him $4,500,000 additional capital for the purpose of carrying it out.

The substitution of electricity for horse and steam power has met with many curious and interesting objections. The dangers from the overhead wires, from the currents conducted through the rails, from sparking, are still the cause of much trepidation. The overhead system will naturally draw out the opposition which has resulted so disastrously to the poles of New York. There are some persons who insist that they feel the current from the motors under the cars. Some of these people do not object to this, but actually ride in the cars under the mistaken notion that, completely insulated as they are, the electricity will cure their rheumatism or neuralgia. The man whose watch is affected by the electric current is to be found in every town where there is an electric road. These people recall the opposition that was made to the first steam railroads. It was said that the railroads would kill the game, ruin the farmers, produce premature birth pangs; that birds would be killed by the smoke; and that passengers would find it impossible to breathe in trains moving so rapidly. It is the old paradox, always true, that out of advancing civilization always comes a cry against change and innovation. The minority pulls the world forward in spite of the backward-pushing majority.

There was another and a practical argument against the substitution of electricity for horses, which was employed more than a half-century ago against the steam locomotive. It was said in both instances that without horses there would not be sufficient traction to keep the cars on the rails; that the engine, in the one case, and the cars in the other, would not sufficiently grip or bite the track to draw or carry a heavy load. All this has been disproved. The world knows all about the steam locomotive, while those who have studied electric roads, and seen them take curves and switches, and ascend the heaviest grades, know that there is no merit in this argument against electric cars.

There is a street railroad in Richmond, Va., the marvellous success of which has greatly stimulated the adoption of electricity as a motive power in cities. It was opened early in 1888. This road runs up and down hill for twelve and a half miles. It runs on country roads outside the city limits which would be difficult for horses. Some portions of the way are double and the rest single tracked. In a distance of about 1000 feet there are four grades having 27, 30, 40, and 50 feet radius. These curves are on a grade of 7 per cent. On the whole line there are 31 curves requiring bent rails. In one section there is a continuous ascent of 5000 feet, in which the grades vary from 3 to 7 per cent. In another ascent of 1900 feet, a grade of 10 per cent. is encountered. One portion of the route lies across a valley with up and down grades of from 3 to 10 per cent. In Fig. 1 is shown a car on a 10 per cent. grade. It is about as steep a hill as is found either in city streets or country roads. On this road forty cars are operated by the Sprague overhead system. The schedule time which is made by each car is 7½ miles an hour. Each car runs 107 miles in a day of 18 hours. The power is furnished from a central house by three engines of 125 horse-power each, and two Edison dynamos. The normal pressure of the current developed is 500 volts.

There is another electric road which also settles the question of the traction of cars operated without horses or locomotives. It is in Allegheny City, Penn., the "Observatory Hill Passenger Railway Co." It is four miles long. For one mile it is operated by the Bentley-Knight conduit system, the overhead system being used for the other three miles. There are turnouts, switches, and 34 curves on the road. There is a grade of 12½ per cent., and in 4900 feet a rise of 295 feet. Six passenger cars are operated on this line, each seating twenty-two passengers. The weight of the

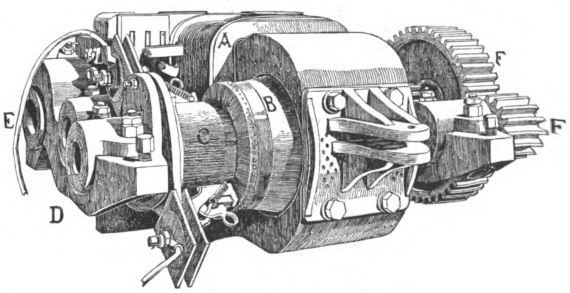


FIG. 4.—THE THOMSON-HOUSTON MOTOR.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

motors and cars is five tons. Each car has two 15 horse-power motors, one attached to each axle. The speed attained is fifteen miles an hour on the levels, and six miles an hour on the 10 per cent. grade. The power is furnished by a 225 horse-power engine, and by three 75 horse-power Thomson-Houston generators. The voltage is 500. A single car has carried 123 passengers at the steepest grade of this road at the rate of between five and six miles an hour.

Another road whose achievements determine this question is at

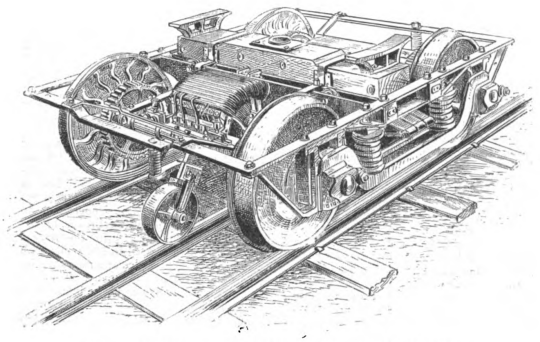


FIG. 5.—METHOD OF ATTACHING MOTOR TO CAR TRUCKS.

Lynn, Mass. It is operated by the Thomson-Houston overhead system. Two-thirds of the road is heavy grade and curve. At one point the grade is nearly 12 per cent. It is stated that on the grade the electric motors carry fully loaded cars easily, whereas four horses used with difficulty to haul cars lightly loaded. These cars have also two 15 horse-power motors each.

It may as well be explained at this point that there is less danger to be apprehended from wires carrying electricity to the motors of street cars than from any of the other conductors that must pass overhead or underground through the streets. The reason is to be found in the light voltage that is required for the task which devolves upon the current. A maximum electro-motive force of 500 volts is the power which has been agreed upon as necessary under the most difficult conditions. Such a current would undoubtedly give an unpleasant shock, but it would not be fatal unless the person receiving it had extraordinarily small resistance power.

The essential distinguishing features of an electric railroad are the machinery or battery for the generation of the electricity, the conductors for the transmission of the power to the cars, the electric motors by means of which the power is made to act directly upon the wheels, and the rheostat, and reversing machine for controlling the speed and for changing the direction of the car.

The generator, or dynamo, is the same machine that is used for the production of electricity for lighting, or for any other purpose for which the energy is required. It consists of a wire-wound armature, regulated in its direction by a commutator, and revolved by a steam-engine between magnets. It is constructed in various forms, but in essential principles it is always the same. The armature, which is generally a cylinder, being revolved within the magnetic field between the poles of the magnets, becomes charged with electricity, which passes to flexible copper brushes in contact with the commutator, and then out through the conductors to do the work demanded of it. The dynamo is the practical application of the law embodied in "Barlow's wheel," and further developed by Faraday. The generation of a current of electricity from the influence of magnets and by the aid of mechanical power is one of the fundamental and best-known facts of modern science.

The other method, that of generating the power by a battery, is even better known, and, ordinarily, electricity is thought of as produced by the chemical action of two plates of dissimilar metals immersed in a bath of acidulated water. The variety of metals and of materials for the bath that may be used is wellnigh infinite. The battery was for a long time the only means used for the production of energy, and it is within recent years that the discovery was made that a dynamo in which electrical energy is produced by mechanical energy could be used as a generator. Both systems are applied to the propulsion of railroad cars. In the one case the batteries, charged so as to become accumulators, are carried in the cars; in the other the power is transmitted from a central power-house, furnished with the necessary steam-engines and dynamos, through conductors to the whole line, each car taking from the conductor sufficient power for its operation. The modern dynamo is self-exciting. For many years after the discovery that electricity might be induced by magnetism, the current generated by the machines was intermittent. The field magnets received their charges from batteries; but in the modern dynamo a portion of the current of electricity produced in the revolving armature is carried back to the magnets, maintaining and increasing their energy. It is therefore not essential that the field should be strongly magnetized at first, so long as there is power enough to produce any electric current whatever in the armature. The more rapidly the armature is revolved, the stronger is the current. The magnetic deficiencies of the field will be supplied from the shunted current.

When the electricity for moving a car is generated in a battery, there is of course no outside line; when it is generated in a power-house, there must be conductors through which the energy is transmitted to the body to be put in motion.

These essential elements of an electric railroad are common to all branches of the electric art. The generation and transmission of the energy must be the same, no matter what may be the nature of the duty which it will be called upon to perform. It is also true that motors have been in use for a long time, but motors capable of running street cars, and also adapted to the rough tasks of the roads, have not long been in existence.

Speaking very generally, a motor is a dynamo reversed. It is composed of the same active elements; but while the dynamo is put in operation by mechanical force, and generates electrical energy, the motor receives electrical force from the dynamo, and transmits mechanical energy. When it was discovered that electricity in a continuous current could be produced by the revolution of a metal disc in a magnetic field, the motor was inevitable. It was only necessary to invent a method for the transmission of the power. It was in the first half of the century that the inventive genius of Europe and America engaged in the task of discovering the best method of applying electricity to mechanical purposes. Attempt after attempt resulting in failure, nevertheless, carried the world nearer to the desired result. In 1834, Jacobi showed at St. Petersburg an electro-magnetic motor that drove a boat carrying twelve passengers. The Jacobi motor is shown in Fig. 2. In 1838, Robert Davidson, a Scotchman, ran a lathe and a locomotive by electricity. In this country, in 1837, Thomas Davenport, a Vermont blacksmith, invented a motor for running machinery by electricity. The most celebrated early motor made in the United States was the invention of Professor C. C. Page, of the Smithsonian Institute. An improvement upon it is shown in Fig. 3. The rods, b., passing through two hollow electro-magnetic coils, are made into one piston, being joined by some non-magnetic substance. The action of this piston, which is attached to a fly-wheel by a crank, is caused by the sucking quality of electricity. Each magnet sucks in its rod, and by an eccentric disc on the wheel the current passes through the two magnets alternately. Professor Page made a locomotive which he operated by a large motor of this kind, and in 1851 he travelled with it from Washington to Baltimore. At one point on the route the locomotive ran for a distance of two miles at the rate of nineteen miles an hour. The electricity was generated for the motor in batteries which were found to be incapable of withstanding the jolting of the cars.

It was very recently that a motor was obtained of sufficient power and endurance to be practicable for the propulsion of street cars. All motors depend for their effectiveness upon the action of the magnetism of the field on their armatures. The accompanying cut (Fig. 4) represents the Thomson-Houston motor, which has been adopted by the West End Company of Boston. The electricity is furnished to the motor from the dynamos of the power-house. The field is formed by the including heavy casting, with its wire-wound magnets, A. B is the armature, which is revolved by electrical force and by reason of the attraction of the heavily charged magnets. The armature is so arranged with reference to the magnetic force that its south pole is within the influence of the north pole of the magnet, or *vice versâ*, and this relative position is always maintained by the action of the commutator, C. The connections of the copper brushes with the commutator are shown just above and below the cylinder. Through the commutator and armature runs a compensating shaft, D, to the end of which are cog-wheels, F F. In front of this shaft is the axle of the car, E, and on the axle is a third cog-wheel, not shown in the cut, which is engaged by the wheels of the compensating shaft. Thus, the revolution of the armature turns the shaft, the wheels of which turn the axle and propel the car.

This direct gearing of the motor to the axle of the car is the final result of a great number of experiments, in which chains,

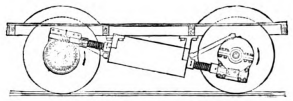


FIG. 6.—THE PENDLETON MOTOR.

belts, ropes, and all manner of intermediate appliances have been tested. The trucks to which these motors are attached must be specially built for the purpose. They are much stronger and heavier than the trucks used on the ordinary horse-car, but in changing a horse road for electricity, the new trucks, with the motors attached, are applied to the old bodies. Sometimes a single motor is used, but as a rule a motor is attached to each axle, as is shown in Fig. 5. The motors vary from 7½ to 15 horse-power each, according to the gradients of the road and the nature of the service. Occasionally a single motor of 20 horse-power is used. They are carefully protected by coverings from the dirt and water of the roadway, which under a street car are generally in a state of agitation that is dangerous to delicate machinery. The current and direction of the car are controlled from the platform by the brakeman. In some systems, with one crank he can operate the rheostat, by which the speed is checked or the car stopped; with another he can change the relations of the commutator and armature in such a way that the current, and consequently the direction of the car, will be reversed. In other systems, the control of the car's motion is exerted directly on the motor. All motors are constructed, as has been said, on practically the same principle.

The Thomson-Houston and Sprague motors differ mechanically and in their methods of controlling the current. The Pendleton motor (Fig. 6) is suspended from the body of the car. The armature is extended in two coiled springs, which are fastened to a screw-pinion wheel. It is unnecessary, for the purposes of a popular article, to enter upon a description of the various forms of motors which have been invented in Europe and America. One of the earliest of motors was the Van Depoele, while Daft and Edison have both carried electric power to their locomotives by their own methods. While many motors have been invented for the application of electricity to industrial purposes, very few of them have been found to possess the qualities which are essential to meet the difficult requirements of street railroad service. It is said by some electricians that the development of this energy for locomotion, rapid as it has been, would have gone on very much faster but for the difficulty of finding a satisfactory motor. At present it seems as if this important and troublesome problem had been solved.

There are three methods of operating electric railroads—the conduit system, the storage system, and the overhead, or trolley, system. The electricity for the conduit and the overhead systems is generated mechanically. In the first, the conduit system, the current is conducted from the power or generating house to the cars through an underground conduit similar in appearance to that employed in the operation of cable roads. In the overhead system, the current is conducted through an overhead wire to a trolley, or pair of trolleys, fastened to a support, either a cable or a flexible arm, working in a spring and fixed to the roof of the car. The wheels of the trolley, or a slide, run over, under, or on the side of the conducting wire, and receive that portion of the current which is required to move the car. The current passes through the conductors on the trolley support, and through the car to the motors attached to the axles. The return current passes back to the generator through a second wire, or the rails, which, when thus used, are connected by copper wires at their points of junction. The circuit and method of operating the overhead system are shown in Fig. 7. The generator is G. From it the current passes in the direction of the arrow to the overhead conductor, C. When it reaches the trolley, T, it divides, part going on to the next trolley, and part passing down to the motors, M M. From the motors it passes through the wheels to the rails, and so back by the rails and the wire, W, to the generator.

The storage system differs from the other two in its method of generating and transmitting the energy to the wheels of the car. In each car are storage batteries, from which the current is carried to the motors under the car. Our illustration (Fig. 8) shows the method of the Julien Company for carrying the storage batteries in the car.

For street railroad purposes, therefore, every system uses motors attached to the axles of the car, either by direct or indirect gearing, and electricity is generated for two of the three systems by dynamos, and for the third is carried in storage batteries in the car. In one system the current passes through a wire embedded in a conduit; in another by an overhead wire and a trolley; and in another directly from the batteries to the motors.

The conduit system is the most expensive of the three, and is not used so much as the overhead system. Its advantages are obvious. It utilizes the current generated mechanically in the least objectionable manner. The fact that it is an underground system recommends it to a great many. The objections to it are economical and practical. The conductor runs on insulators in a conduit, which is generally between the tracks, although it may be outside. Through a slot in the conduit the current is carried to the motors of the car, and in this slot, which is so narrow that wagon wheels and horses' hoofs cannot be caught by it, the dirt and moisture of the street gather, interfere with the wires, and retard the movement of the cars. These are objections which have led the most important electric railroad companies to prefer the overhead system. Moreover, they have been strong enough to prevail against the natural opposition of the authorities of such a city as Boston, who have given their consent to the erection of more poles and the stringing of more wires. Notwithstanding this, however, the underground system continues to be used on some roads. The contact between the conductors and the motors of the car is made in various ways. In the Bentley-Knight system (Figs. 9 and 10) there passes through the slot a "plough," or frame, to which are attached two contact shoes, which slide along the conductor. These shoes in case of necessity may be lifted out of the slot. Another conduit is that of the Short series system, which also employs the overhead device. In a conduit of cement and stone two copper wires are supported on porcelain insulators, on which trolleys run.

The invention of W. H. Smith, of Newark, N. J., is very different from any other conduit. The conductor is carried in a wooden box hermetically sealed. It is covered by non-magnetizable metal plates, from which the car takes the current as it passes along. The bottom of the car is furnished with magnets, which act upon movable pieces, equipped with armatures, which rest upon the conductor. As the car passes, the magnets attract

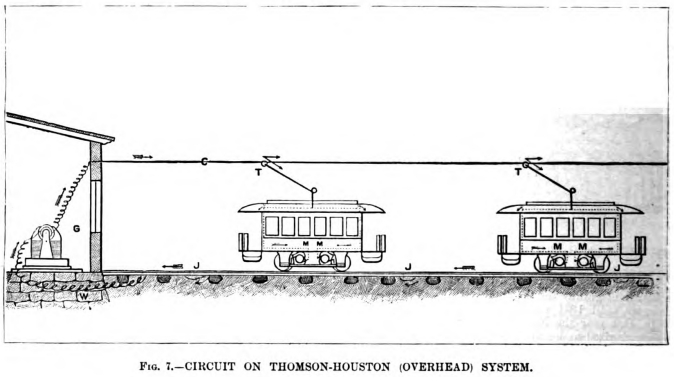


FIG. 7.—CIRCUIT ON THOMSON-HOUSTON (OVERHEAD) SYSTEM.

these pieces, which rise and form a connection with the metal strip. So much of the strip, therefore, as is under the car is charged with the current received from the conductor, which is also carried to the car. The current exists nowhere else on this metal surface than immediately under the car.

The storage, or accumulator system, is one concerning which there is much dispute. It is asserted that there are altogether

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

too many stages of reduction in the process of producing the current; but, on the other hand, it is claimed that there is no doubt that the energy confined in an accumulator is enormous. The principal objection, however, to the battery is based upon the tendency of the plates to bend or "buckle," which may be the result of defective plates or attachments, or of the unequal expansion of the plates. There are several methods of applying the accumulators to the propulsion of street cars. Experiments have been made, and roads established in London and Paris. The system with which we are most familiar in this country is the Julien, which is in operation on the Fourth Avenue Railroad of New York. There are at this writing ten cars in operation, and ten more under contract; and the managers of the road and of the Julien Company are perfectly satisfied that they have discovered the ideal method of operating an electric railroad. The batteries are carried under the seats—a method which is adopted by all storage systems. The batteries are charged from a dynamo in from four to five hours. Each car is furnished with two sets of batteries. This gives each car 35 horse-power hours at the start, and only 12 is consumed during the round trip. The Julien Company advise the changing of the batteries at the end of each round trip. This is effected automatically. The cells are placed in the car and removed from the outside by letting down panels, as is shown in the illustration (Fig. 11). The car is run into a pit in which the batteries are kept on shelves. The lower shelf projects toward the car, and the exhausted batteries are placed upon it. These are then carried to the uppermost shelf by an automatic elevator, and a shelf containing newly charged batteries takes its place. The change can be made in from two to three minutes.

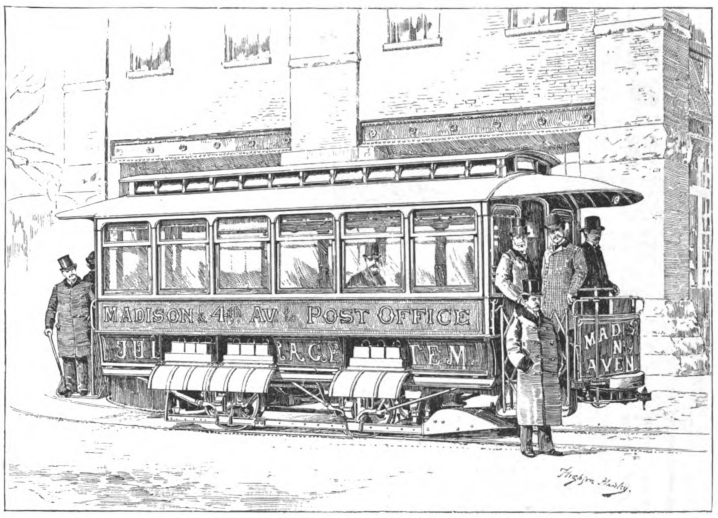


FIG. 8.—METHOD OF CARRYING BATTERIES BY THE JULIEN COMPANY.

The connection between the batteries and the motors under the car is very easily made by flexible connectors. The storage system, the managers of the Julien system assert, has overcome the defects of which railroad men complain, chief among which are its expense, its loss of power, and its short life. If this is so, it will undoubtedly be the most popular method for the application of electricity to street cars. Its advantages are apparent: each car is independent; there is no possible danger to the public from wires. The electrical energy is so confined that it is as safe as utilized electricity can possibly be. There are no poles or wires. The Fourth Avenue road has one grade of 4½ per cent. 600 feet long. The speed maintained by the cars is from nine to ten miles an hour.

At the present time, the most popular and general form of carrying the electric power to the car is by the overhead, or trolley, system. It is nearly as old as the electric road, for it was the device to which Dr. Siemens resorted to overcome the defects attending the use of the rails as his conductors. There are various ways of conducting the current to the cars by overhead wires and trolleys. Sometimes there are two wires—one for the positive, and the other for the negative current. Sometimes there is a single wire, the current returning to the generator through the rails. The method of suspending the wires is often dictated by the characteristics of the road. If the roadway is wide, or if it is run through a city street, the method of suspension is by cross-wires. Poles, generally of small iron piping, are set up on opposite sides of the street. Joining them are cross-wires of galvanized steel. From these hang insulators, to which the conductor is attached. When the tracks are on the sides of the street, the side-suspension method is employed. An arm on the single pole carries the insulated conductor. In some places there is a pole built between the tracks. On this is a double arm, extending on each side, and supporting the two conductors. A very fine example of this construction was illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 10th. On every second pole there is a cluster of incandescent lights, so that the system performs the double task of carrying illuminating and motive power.

When two wires are used, the trolley has four wheels, each pair connected by flexible axles. Two wheels run on the positive, and two on the negative wire—the two sets being insulated from each other. The trolley is connected with the roof of the car by a flexible attachment, usually a cable. This trolley runs on top of the wires.

A trolley running on a single wire may also belong to the over-contact system. It is difficult to support the wires for this over-running trolley, for the wheels must have free play and meet with no obstruction. Sometimes, too, the trolley jumps the track and falls off, breaking the connection between the car and the conductor. In the course of the experiments made to procure a satisfactory contact system, sliding devices have been adopted, and mechanisms by which the conductor was gripped from the sides.

It has been finally decided, however, that the under-running method is the best. A single wire is all that is required, and the trolley, being supported from the car, has a more solid basis than that afforded by the wire and the attractions of the electric current. The method employed by the Thomson-Houston and Sprague companies seems to meet the requirements of the system better than any other device. The wire is hung as has been explained in the description of the cross-suspension system. An ear with a hole bored in it is soldered to the upper side of the conductor. To this the insulator of the cross-wire is hooked. This leaves the under surface of the wire perfectly smooth for the running of the trolley. Another method is to suspend the conductor in a band of copper. The trolley-stand is generally a long arm pivoted on an upright attached to the roof of the car. To this a rope is attached, by which the brakeman of the car can assist the mechanism if that is necessary. The principal interference by the brakeman is at the end of the route, when he swings the trolley around so that it will follow the car on its return trip.

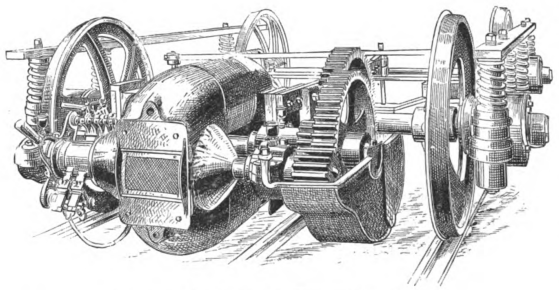


FIG. 9.—THE BENTLEY-KNIGHT TRUCK AND CONDUIT.

There is apparently no difficulty whatever with any of the systems at turnouts or switches. The car is guided, as are horse-cars and steam locomotives, by the rails; and, in the overhead system, there are frogs similar to those used on the tracks. These frogs are turned upside down, of course, and the trolley is guided into them by the direction which is taken by the car. In the single-wire system, as has been already explained, the return current is through the rails. With the low voltage used for the propulsion of street cars, this cannot become dangerous by the breaking down of the wire which carries the positive current, although it may prove very inconvenient and unpleasant.

Not only has the development of the electric railroad been rapid, but its history is of very recent origin. Mention has been already made of Professor Page's experiment on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1851. That experiment simply demonstrated that electricity could be utilized for moving cars, but that the success of the undertaking depended upon the discovery of a much better generating force than the batteries which were used by Professor Page. So nearly successful was his experiment, that ingenious electricians at once turned their attention to the subject, and there has been an interesting contest for the prize awaiting the successful solver of the problem.

In Europe, Dr. Werner Siemens made the first experiments in electric railroads, in 1867; but the first line to be put in operation was built by Siemens and Halske in 1879, at the Berlin Exhibition. The power was generated by a dynamo, and the conductor was a central rail. For exhibition purposes only, similar experiments were made at Brussels, Düsseldorf, and Frankfort. The first permanent electric road in Europe was built in 1881, by Siemens and Halske. It ran between Lichterfelde and the military school at Berlin. The conductors were the two rails—the central rail of the first experiment having been abandoned—one rail for the positive and the other for the negative current.

In the mean time, on this side of the water, Thomas Davenport, the Vermont blacksmith, had exhibited a small model electric engine, which ran on a circular railway. Moses Farmer made an electro-magnetic engine in 1847. These and Page's experiments merely marked the beginnings of the time. The Siemens and Halske road from Lichterfelde to the Cadetten Austalt was the first electric road actually put in operation for the transportation of passengers and merchandise. Immediately afterward the same inventors built a number of other roads, and were the first to employ trolleys and overhead wires to conduct the current to the motors. It was soon discovered that the conduct of the current through the rails was full of danger to persons and animals passing along the street, who were liable to come in contact with the track. In order, however, to prevent any accident, two wires were strung overhead, and on these trolleys travelled. The trolleys were connected to the car by wires. At first these little cars ran on top of the wires; but this arrangement not proving satisfactory, another was designed, by which a wheel pressed against the underside of the conductor, and this, drawn along by the wires attached to the car, acted as the connection between the conductor and the motors.

Although Siemens and Halske operated an electric road in 1881, Edison had a road of his own at Menlo Park, ninety rods in length, in the previous year. The first Edison locomotive is shown in Fig. 12, and its improved successor in Fig. 13. The rails were the conductors, just as they were in the early Siemens and Halske experiments. It ought to be stated that the motor of this German system is not directly geared to the axle. The revolutions of the armature are communicated to the wheel by a belt running on cylinders. The most important of the undertakings that have been made in Europe is in the underground and elevated system of Vienna, which, when completed, will gridiron the city with electric roads. A number of electric roads have been built in England and in Paris, but it is in this country that the greatest movement in this branch of electric arts has taken place.

In 1883, Thomas A. Edison and Stephen D. Field exhibited their electric railroad at the Chicago Railway Exposition. A track 1553 feet long and of three-feet gauge, was built around the gallery of the building. There were three rails, all wired, two with copper and one with iron wire. The armature carried its motion to the bevel-gearing by means of a shaft, and on this gearing were pulleys, from which ran belts to loose pulleys on the axle. This locomotive attained a speed of twelve miles an hour, carrying a passenger car.

In the same year Mr. Leo Daft made a successful exhibition of his electric locomotive on the Saratoga and Mount McGregor Railroad. His preliminary trials at Greenwich, N. J., had been successful. The *Ampère* jumped the track on this trial on turning a sharp curve, but this was due to the weight of the load. On the whole, the experiment was satisfactory. The *Ampère* (Fig. 14) hauled an ordinary railroad passenger coach containing sixty-eight persons. The motor weighed two tons, and carried five persons. The gradient of the road was 93 feet to the mile, and there was a curve of 20 degrees. The motor attained a speed of eight miles an hour. Mr. Daft built some roads for exhibition purposes—one at Coney Island, another at the Mechanics' Institute Fair of Boston, and another at the New Orleans Exposition. On all of these roads passengers were carried.

One of the first street railroads to be operated by electricity in this country was the Hampden branch of the Baltimore Union Passenger Railway Company. The roadway of this branch is about as difficult as is to be found in any city of the country. It runs from Baltimore through several villages of the suburbs, and it is said that there are not 300 feet of level road in its length. There is a grade of 348 feet to the mile on a curve; and while this is the heaviest, it by no means represents all the difficulties of the route. The Daft system was adopted for this branch by the company. It went into operation in 1885. The passenger car is hauled by a locomotive built in the form of a dummy. At first there were two motors. Since then more have been added, and the method of conducting the power to the cars has been changed to an overhead, or trolley, system.

In 1884 the Bentley-Knight conduit system was adopted in East Cleveland.

Both the Daft and the Edison-Field companies have been making experiments on the elevated railroads of New York, which have been satisfactory in so far as they clearly indicate that the time is near when locomotives can be constructed that will satisfactorily do the work demanded by the heavy traffic on these roads. The armature of the Daft locomotive used on the elevated road conveys its power to the wheels of the car without the intervention of pulleys and belts, but by friction. The current is carried to the motor through a central rail. This engine has attained a speed of twenty miles an hour, and its only defect is that it is too light for the task imposed upon it, a defect that is about to be remedied. The motor develops 75 horse-power. The normal speed was designed to be eighteen miles an hour, with a possible speed of forty miles. The locomotive weighs nine tons, and its extreme length is fourteen feet and six inches.

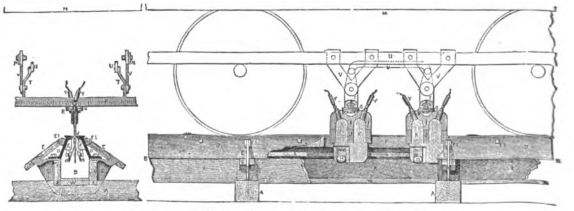


FIG. 10.—PLOUGH, CONTACT SHOES, AND CONDUIT.

The enterprising West took the lead in adopting electricity as

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

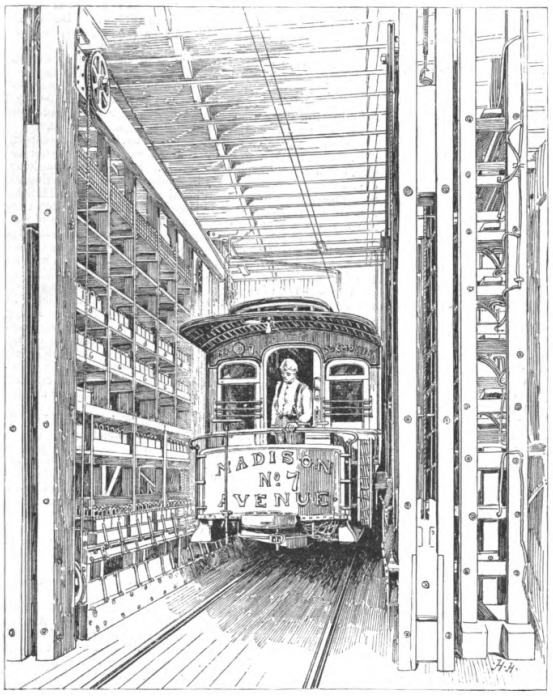


FIG. 11.—CHANGING BATTERIES BY THE JULIEN SYSTEM.

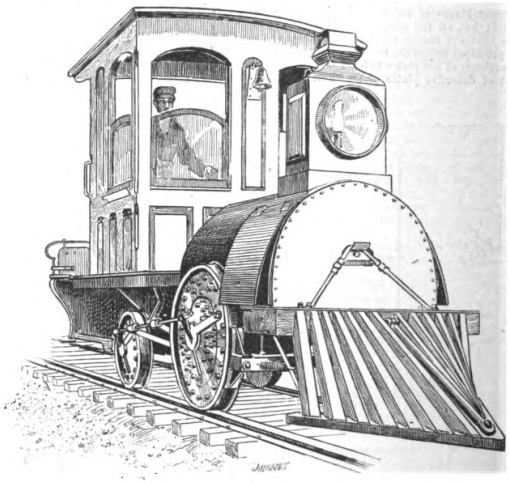


FIG. 13.—THE IMPROVED EDISON LOCOMOTIVE.

a motive power for street cars. The year 1886 may be taken as the time when railroad men ceased to regard the electric motor as an interesting curiosity, and to begin to seriously consider its adoption. It was in that year that the Van Depoele motor was adopted at Windsor, Canada, Appleton, Mo., Port Huron, Mich., and Scranton, Penn. (The character of the service of this road is shown in Fig. 1.) The Van Depoele patents are now the property of the Thomson-Houston Company. In that year, at Detroit, the Highland Park electric road was equipped with the Fisher conduit, or third rail, system. It now employs Detroit batteries and Fisher-Rae motors. In the following year the Daft overhead system was introduced in Los Angeles, Cal., and at Asbury Park, N. J. The Van Depoele system was extended in Ohio, and very late in the year the Sprague overhead system was adopted in Harrisburg, Penn.

At the beginning of 1888 electric railroad building received a great impetus, and the slow and doubting East accepted the new motive power as successful. A Daft road was built at Ithaca, N. Y. The Sprague Richmond road and the Thomson-Houston Allegheny City road were put in operation. The electric cars made their appearance in the streets of Southern and New England cities and villages, and finally the cities of New York and Boston began to experiment. Before that, however, there had been built by the Thomson-Houston Company at Washington what is still one of the model electric roads of the country, and now these cars moved by the mysterious force are to be found in every part of the country. They are not confined to large cities. They are running in small villages, where they have been accepted most readily, perhaps because new and strange inventions, like dramatic productions, are first tried on the fresh imaginations of rural people before the great assault is made upon the pockets of city capitalists. It is difficult to name all the systems and devices in use, but the essential and distinguishing principles of all have been explained. In addition to the railroad systems already mentioned, there is the Henry system, in operation at San Diego, California. An overhead trolley of four grooved wheels connects the car with the conductor, and the motion is transmitted by a single 20 horse-power motor. There are also the Schlesinger, Edgerton, and other motors, which cannot be described in the space to which this article is limited. As the business of running street cars by electricity grows, it may be expected that the devices for increasing the economy of the power will develop quite as rapidly. Already there are experiments making, some of which have been adopted by railroad companies, looking to an increase of the electro-motive force and to the more perfect conservation of power.

The commercial side of the subject is most flattering. Every company that has tried what may be considered a satisfactory system is gratified by the results already attained. In the first place, the rapid transit problem, so far as it can be met by surface roads, is solved by the electric road. In the Cambridge division in Boston the electric cars, in trains of two, are run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. This is better time than is made on the elevated roads of New York. The difficulty in the way of making this speed, however, lies in the fact that, as a rule, city ordinances forbid street cars from travelling at a more rapid rate than eight miles an hour. Much of the way in cities lies outside of narrow and crowded streets, and it is probable that these ordinances will be so modified that citizens who ride in street cars will be given advantage of all the possibilities of the electric motor.

Another point must be borne in mind. It is not necessary to attach motors to every car on a line. In large cities the cars will be run in trains of two and three, one car acting as the locomotive and towing the others. This is the practice in several cities at the present time.

It is asserted for the electric cars that they not only give more rapid transit, and accommodate more passengers in the space occupied, but that they travel through the streets more quietly than cars run by horses, locomotives, or cables. They are brilliantly lighted, some of the cars in Boston carrying lamps aggregating 100 candle-power, the energy coming from the same source that supplies motive power. The taking off of the horses saves the pavement between the tracks, which on some of the earlier roads has become grass-grown.

The saving in expense is something enormous. An electric car requires as many hands as a horse-car; but the stables and the hostlers, and the cost of feeding and renewing the horses, are saved. In the Julien battery rack, with a floor space of 24 x 7, which is shown in Fig. 11, is stored a sufficient number of batteries to run from ten to twenty cars, according to its location. This is said to represent stall-room for 150 horses — about 6000 square feet.

Mr. Van Depoele, in 1885, made an estimate of the comparative cost of running fifty cars by electricity and by horses. The cost of providing and maintaining motive power alone is considered. The 250 horse-power steam-engine and three 100 horse-power boilers are estimated to cost $7200. Other expenses connected with them were placed at $2500. The cost of the dynamos or generators was counted at $14,400; the motors for the cars at $20,000, the station-house at $5000, and the electric conductors at $10,000. The original cost of the motive power for the horse-cars was estimated as follows: 425 horses at $125 each, $53,125; 100 sets of harness, $500; stable for horses, $20,000. The total original cost of the motive power for the electric cars would therefore be $59,100, and that of the horse equipment would be $73,625.

The cost of running per day of sixteen hours, about the average street-car day, was reckoned to be as follows:

Electric Road.		Horse Road.	
Coal	$20.00	Feed for horses	$191.25
Engineer	6.00	25 Stablemen	37.50
Firemen	4.00	12 Other Stable Employés	18.00
Machine Men	4.00	Horseshoeing	21.00
Oil, waste, etc.	2.50	Veterinary Surgeon and Medicine	2.00
Int. 6 per cent., and depreciation 10 per cent.	32.00	Int. 6 per cent., and depreciation 15 per cent.	34.00
Total	$68.50	Total	$303.75

The cost of running each electric car a day would therefore be $1.37, and of each horse-car $6.07. The accuracy of this calculation may be judged from the well-organized fact that one horse-power of electricity per day for 10 horses can be delivered for a year, at a profit, for $75, while the cost of maintaining a horse doing four hours' work a day for a year is about $200. It may be considered as established that a motor car, towing another car, will do every day the work of more than 30 horses. All the roads of a city may be operated from a central power station. In Boston, the West End Company is about to build a power house at which 8000 to 10,000 horse-power of energy will be generated, and this will operate all the cars on the city side of the Charles River. The Cambridge Division in now operated from the Cambridge Lighting Company. All the street surface cars in New York could be operated from a central power house developing about 14,000 horse-power of energy. In a small place it is customary for the car company to procure its power from the local light company. The rates and methods of changes depend entirely upon the service required. On small roads with heavy grades the charge is from $3 to $7 a day for each car. On moderate roads liable to sudden demands at certain hours of the day, the charge is from fifteen to twenty cents an hour. On large systems the charge is from two to six cents a mile. The managers of the Julien system estimate that they can operate a car for $3.40 a day, as against $7.50, the cost of horses.

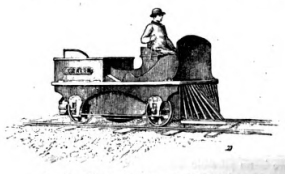


FIG. 14.—THE DAFT LOCOMOTIVE.

The most trustworthy figures on this subject are to be found in a recent address made by President Whitney to his stockholders. Mr. Whitney stated that the cost of horse motive-power to the West End Company, not counting the cost of drivers, starters, conductors, nor even all the insurance on the stables, is 10.16 cents a mile, while the cost of fuel on the electric roads has been 1¼ cents a mile. Counting all the cost of the engines, and the care of the motors, it was estimated that with the electric motors the company saved at least five cents a mile.

It has been the universal experience of railroad companies that have adopted the electric motor that their travel has greatly increased, and that consequently the price of real estate adjoining the lines has advanced. In the six months ending last June the receipts of the Brookline branch of the West End road amounted to $8759.80; in the corresponding six months of the previous year the receipts were $4426.43. On the line to Arlington, the Cambridge Division, the receipts for the six months of this year were $6273.24, as against $2721.08 the previous year.

There is no railroad riding which begins to be so pleasant as that on the electric cars. The service is certain and not dangerous. The advocates of the overhead system have convinced both Houses of Congress, the Legislature of Massachusetts, and the aldermen of Boston of the truth of this last proposition, while electric roads have been operated under difficulties occasioned by winter storms that have prevented the movement of horse-cars. The electric road in Cambridge began to run February 16, 1889. Up to August 1st, its cars have travelled 165,781 miles, making 25,505 round trips, with a loss of 325 miles, or one-ninth of one per cent.

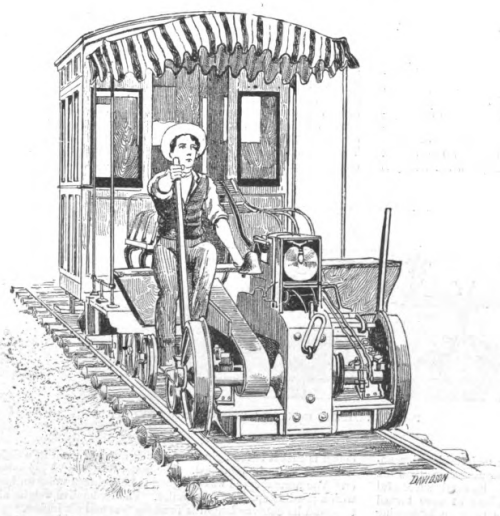


FIG. 12.—THE FIRST EDISON LOCOMOTIVE.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1709.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



ON THE PORCH OF THE HOTEL BRIGHTON DURING THE STORM AT ATLANTIC CITY.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

NEW EDITION OF

MOTLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," etc. Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. With Portrait. 2 vols. (*In a Box.*) Royal 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, Gilt Top, $7 00.

SOME PRESS NOTICES.

An honor to literature, and to American literature especially. They give us the more intimate history of a man of genius, a great writer, and a man of the world.—*New York Tribune.*

Among the great writers of the present century there is no one whose name ought to be dearer to lovers of freedom, on both sides of the Atlantic, than that of John Lothrop Motley. It is impossible to find anywhere an historian inspired with a higher moral purpose, and there are few indeed whose perceptions of right and wrong have been so keen and so uniformly sound.—*Westminster Review, London.*

Full of delightful pen pictures and anecdotes of distinguished people. . . . A worthy memorial of the historian and diplomat, and an honorable addition to our national biographical literature.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Motley's correspondence is a boon to book lovers, and is well worth purchasing, as it is beyond all question well worth reading. In a word, this correspondence may be not untruly said to be a most valuable addition to a most pleasant department of literature, and as such it deserves all the success which we most confidently anticipate for it.—*Spectator, London.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

No. 1709.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS IN NEW YORK.

IN the State elections of this year, for which the Conventions are now preparing, what is the question to be decided? There are of course State officers to be chosen. But what is to determine a man's vote? Is it the comparative personal fitness of the candidates for the offices? Or is it their representative character? Or is it simply the name of the party which nominates them? If the country was at war, and every thought and all the public energy were concentrated upon its vigorous prosecution, every consideration would be subordinated to that, and we should all vote really for or against the war. This was the situation in 1864, and every vote for national or State officers was then thrown solely with regard to that question. All that was asked of a candidate was substantially that he should be at every cost for the war or against it. There is no such absorbing and imminent public question now. There is no such sharp and definite division of parties. Indeed, in every State a man may agree with the general party tendency upon one question, and disagree with it upon another. But the one question will be probably that of national policy, and the others will be those of State measures and regulations.

It is an off year in New York, that is to say, it is not a year in which a Governor and members of Congress are to be elected. The real game of the election therefore is more remote and hidden. It involves a Senatorship of the United States. The divided sentiment in the administration party here is not a secret. When Mr. HARRISON was elected last year and Mr. WARNER MILLER was defeated, the situation was such that he and his friends anticipated the most agreeable "recognition." It was confidently supposed, if not by Mr. MILLER, certainly by his closest friends, that he would be made Secretary of the Treasury. This was the more certainly expected because his only rival in the leadership of the party was Mr. PLATT, and the MILLER men frankly challenged the PLATT men to mention any reason in national distinction, in official service, and in service to the party which should justly cause Mr. PLATT to be preferred to Mr. MILLER. Mr. PLATT, they said—and they must be held responsible for the saying—had been Mr. CONKLING'S political lackey. Mr. CONKLING had put him into the Senate, and had taken him out when he resigned. But finding that the "Stalwart" day had passed, and that Mr. CONKLING would never rise to power again, Mr. PLATT, they said, had "ratted to BLAINE." They insisted that he could be called in no proper sense a man of ability or of high political standing. He took no rank with the party leaders elsewhere who knew Mr. MILLER, and acknowledged him to be one of themselves. It was therefore preposterous, they said, to suppose that the President, who had publicly and significantly recognized the distinguished services of Mr. MILLER, should disappoint him and his great following by openly preferring Mr. PLATT.

But the impossible has happened. Mr. MILLER has been as completely disregarded as if he were unknown. In the game of party politics, as it is usually played, his position has been almost ludicrous; and as Mr. PLATT begins to arrange for the election, the disposition of Mr. MILLER and his friends becomes a question of very great importance. It is announced, however, that heavenly harmony has been secured, and that Mr. PLATT and Mr. MILLER will appear in the touching drama of *Damon and Pythias.* This is the announcement on the bills, and yet human nature insists that behind the scenes harmony is probably not actually aggressive. The interior Republican question of the election in New York will not be the comparative fitness of candidates, nor the tariff, nor even high license, but the United States Senatorship. Republican success engineered by Mr. PLATT will perhaps not end in the advancement of Mr. MILLER. Mr. MILLER is not the man to bolt or to protest against the "regular" party action, and he has great powers of "harmony." But they may not extend to the point of promoting, at his own expense, the political advancement of Mr. PLATT.

DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE AND PENSIONS.

WE recently alluded to the decision of the Assistant Secretary of the Interior that dishonorable discharge from the service did not invalidate the claim to a pension. The Assistant Secretary calls our attention to the reasons for his decision, which, in brief, are as follows:

"1. Invalid pensions are granted for causes of disability due exclusively to line of duty in the service. 2. A discharge from the service is a prerequisite to pension, but the nature or the character of the discharge itself does not impair nor otherwise affect the claim for pension on account of disabilities due to the service. 3. A dishonorable discharge is a penalty imposed by competent authority for an offence against the regulations of the service, but has no relation to the claim or title to pension for alleged disabilities; and when said penalty is inflicted, the power of the government to punish for the alleged offence is exhausted in the instance named. 4. A dishonorable discharge does not involve the forfeiture of a soldier's pensionable rights, there being no law whereby such forfeiture can be enforced, and the Department possesses no power to inflict such a penalty outside the express terms of the statute."

In 1868 Judge-Advocate-General HOLT gave this opinion:

"In the absence of any statutory provision on the subject, it is held not to be essential to entitle a person to a military pension that he should have received an honorable discharge as a soldier. The pension is granted on account of disability incurred by the party in the line of duty while in the military service, wholly irrespective of the circumstances, whether honorable or dishonorable, under which he may subsequently have become separated from the army."

In 1875 the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. DELANO, reversed the decision of the Commissioner of Pensions rejecting a claim upon the ground of dishonorable discharge, stating that no law denied a pension to a disabled soldier because of dishonorable discharge, and that such exemption could not be fairly assumed, since other grounds, as, for instance, desertion, were expressly mentioned in some of the statutes. Pension, he held, is not a reward for good conduct. The Secretary said:

"The character of the discharge, whether honorable or dishonorable, indicating good or bad character, can have no bearing whatever on the nature and extent of disability, which alone decides the right to pension."

The recent action of the Assistant Secretary is apparently in accord with this view of the Secretary of the Interior, with the ruling of the Attorney-General, with the affirmation of that ruling by the Supreme Court of the United States, and with the practice of the Bureau of Pensions from its organization to September 4, 1885, when Commissioner BLACK and Secretary LAMAR changed "the immemorial practice of the Department."

This change, however, was not unreasonable. It was due to the conviction of those officers, in which there will be general agreement, that Congress, which required honorable discharge as a condition of pension for the soldiers of 1812 and of the Mexican war, could not have intended that their equally honorable brethren of the war of 1861 should be degraded by admitting to their pension roll those not honorably discharged from the service. If, as the opinion of the Judge-Advocate-General, of Secretary DELANO, and of the Supreme Court holds, it is not the character of the soldier, or the terms of his discharge, but the disability alone, which is the title to a pension, it is plain that, unless the law expressly forbids—as in the case of a deserter—a thief, or a coward, or even a traitor, may be placed upon the pension rolls. If this be so, we should agree with Commissioner BLACK that an honorable pensioner must feel a little uncomfortable in such company, and the kindly respect which has hitherto attended the "old pensioner" would soon disappear.

OBJECT-LESSONS.

ALLUDING to the recent remark of the WEEKLY that "before we enlarge the functions of government and vastly extend the civil service, let us establish it upon sensible principles, and guard it against the dangerous abuses of which long experience has made us fully aware," a respected correspondent remarks, "Yes; but if we thus extend the functions of government, this of itself, perhaps, will bring reform of the civil service." The suggestion recalls a little the practice of the good doctor who was "death on fits." But our correspondent adds, what history certainly largely confirms, "that parliamentary government does not correct abuses until they become intolerable, until a crisis. Were the spoils system applied to the railroad and the telegraph, chaos would come, and thus bring relief. Perhaps, indeed, the apprehension of this result would appall even the stoutest spoilsman. It was the GARFIELD tragedy that passed the PENDLETON bill." We have no doubt that the projects of a postal telegraph and of similar extensions of the functions of government are seriously and probably insuperably obstacled by the apprehension of an enormous increase of the civil service or of government patronage. And why? What is the reason of the apprehension?

It is that a serious increase of patronage is felt to be an increase of corruption. To double "the army of office-holders" is believed in a high degree to endanger our institutions. And again why? Because of the perception that under the spoils system, while public employés are nominally the servants of the people, they are really the stipendiaries of a party paid out of the public Treasury. If they were selected as the clerks and employés in any business ought to be selected, they could not because of the dependence of their places upon the favor of a politician or a party be used as party or personal agents. The illustrations of this dependence and of the consequent temptation to merge public duty in personal or party service are copious and constant. The recent United States deputy-marshal at Salamanca, in New York, was reappointed to the office by the new marshal under the present administration. But the deputy was a Democrat, and was presently removed by the marshal, who wrote to the deputy that his administration of the office had been so satisfactory that he would certainly have been retained "but for the question of politics." He added:

"Of course the Republican leaders feel, and it is true, that they are entitled to a representative of their own political faith in that position."

So far as the country and its service are concerned, such a remark is simple nonsense, unless the marshal can show that the deputy would be less efficient and honest in the discharge of his duty because Mr. HARRISON is President instead of Mr. CLEVELAND, and that he could not show without repudiating his own testimony to his character and efficiency.

It is because there is no disposition to multiply such instances as this, with all that they imply of servility and corruption, that it is useless to propose to enlarge the army of office-holders until they are organized upon some sensible principle. Moreover, it is because the discussion of the question of reform has led to the publication of such letters as that of this marshal removing honest and admirable officers, while their competency and efficiency are acknowledged in the very order of removal, that the abuse of patronage is now more generally comprehended and its correction constantly more certainly assured. The seven months of this administration, like its predecessors, have furnished the country with an object-lesson, and deepened and strengthened the resolution of reform. The folly and futility of the incessant disturbance of the business organization of the government are demonstrated with every day's causeless changes in the postal service, and they will become intolerable to an intelligent nation without multiplying the offices.

AMERICA AND DELPHI.

AN unprecedented opportunity is offered to American generosity and American scholarship by the proposed excavation of the architectural remains at Delphi, in Greece. Professor NORTON, of Cambridge, the President of the American Archæological Institute, has described the situation and the enterprise in a very interesting letter to the *Nation.* For some time the Greek government has been endeavoring to negotiate a commercial treaty with France, and as an inducement for ratification by the French government, Greece conceded to France the right to investigate the site of Delphi. The treaty, however, has been twice rejected by France. Last year, after the second rejection, our Minister at Athens learned, upon inquiry from the Prime-Minister of Greece, that the concession of the right to excavate was now open to other agreements. But he added that the expense of the expropriation of the village of Kastri, upon the site of Delphi, would be very large, and perhaps prove to be a serious obstacle.

The opportunity, however, of undertaking the most splendid work now feasible for archæological scholarship seemed to American students and friends of classical research to be well worth the cost, and at a meeting called a few months since by Bishop POTTER in New York, a committee from among the foremost citizens was appointed to secure a permanent fund for the prosecution of the work. Their success was obstructed by apparently authorized statements that the claims of France were still morally valid, and that our interference, therefore, was unjustifiable. The Prime-Minister of Greece, however, corrected this misapprehension, saying that the French were entirely out of the account, and would not obtain the con-

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cession, even if we refuse it. The council of the Archæological Institute have consequently renewed the appeal for subscriptions, and engage to conduct the investigation for five years, if a sum of not less than $75,000 be raised for the purchase and expropriation of land at Kastri. The appeal does not exaggerate the historic interest and importance of the work. It says, truly:

"The centre of Greek religion for centuries, the site of its most famous oracle, the meeting-place of its greatest council, the locality adorned by many of the noblest works of the incomparable genius of the Greeks, and crowded with poetic as well as historic associations throughout the whole period of the glory of Greece, Delphi will be forever one of the most sacred seats of the life of the human race."

The debt of modern civilization to the refining and elevating influence of Greece is incalculable. To no other country, except to Syria, does Christendom owe so much. The secret of the permanent power of that little country over the development of every nation is peculiarly interesting to America. The vast empire of material and political prosperity, and of the greatest good of condition for the greatest number, may well study the power of a people whose enduring influence sprang neither from size, nor numbers, nor industry, nor arms, but from the genius of art and literature. Germany and France and England and other great states have conducted explorations and investigations in Greece with the happiest results in the enlargement of knowledge and the cultivation of the higher intellectual and spiritual interests and tastes. It is hard to believe that the unequalled opportunity of similar achievement now offered to America will not be gladly and promptly improved.

PROSPECTS IN OHIO.

JUDGE DICKSON, of Cincinnati, an original Republican who last year voted for MR. CLEVELAND upon the tariff reform issue, has been by no means an undiscriminating admirer of Governor FORAKER. But this year he will vote for him because he holds that the election of Mr. CAMPBELL, the Democratic candidate, will be rightly claimed as a rebuke of Mr. CLEVELAND'S tariff reform policy, and a declaration that Mr. CLEVELAND must be withdrawn from the next Presidential election. "So all men," he says, "who believe that tariff reform is the dominant question of the day must labor for the defeat of CAMPBELL."

The reason he gives is that the Democratic party in the State has shrunk from taking position as the party of freer trade. "It shouts tariff reform, and nominates as its chief standard-bearer one whose distinctive fame is his opposition, being a Democrat, to this reform." On the State issues, Judge DICKSON says that the most popular law in Ohio is that which taxes the saloon. It relieves honest industry from three millions of taxation, limiting the number of saloons, and lessening their evils. The law is the distinctive work of the Republican party, and has encountered the most resolute Democratic opposition. Democratic legislators have opposed it, and Democratic judges have set it aside, and the Democratic candidate for the bench at this election, otherwise a most estimable man, as Judge of the Supreme Court has given his opinion against the law. His election would imperil it.

The Democrats also oppose certain local boards appointed by the Governor which are a great improvement upon previous methods. The Cincinnati Board of Police Commissioners Judge DICKSON especially commends. Governor FORAKER bravely offended the liquor interest in recently withstanding "the saloon anarchists," and for his courageous fidelity in the contest, Judge DICKSON thinks that he may well be supported. The judge's position is a striking illustration of the political intelligence and independence from which infinitely more is to be anticipated for the country than from the "harmony" which the Republican factions have recently arranged in New York.

STATE SOCIALISM.

THERE is undoubtedly a reaction against the extreme doctrine of the "limited function" of government. Socialism, in some form and degree, is a theory much more widely tolerated and entertained than it was half a century ago. The tendency to organization upon a great scale is a sign of the feeling that the value of individual action has been exaggerated. The Nationalist movement, as it is called, is another illustration of the same conviction. The sneers of CARLYLE at the *laissez-faire*, or let alone, doctrine as final, merely anticipated views of society which are now common and familiar. The wisdom of the notion that the best government is that which governs least is not now accepted without serious reservations. It is dismissed with the old *reductio ad absurdum*:

"My pain is great because it is so small;
Then 'twould be greater were it none at all."

But if, as a shrewd political observer remarks, "the theory that government is merely a policeman is no longer maintained," it is not expedient to paralyze the individual. There is a method in what is called State Socialism which is not always recognized, and as the subject is not likely to disappear from the arena of active speculation it is worth while to state its real grounds.

The theory holds that there are certain interests of primary importance in society which are in their nature monopolies. Such are the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, and water and gas supply in cities. These are held to be essentially exclusive. They are of such a nature that either competition cannot exist, or, if it does exist, it is so destructive that it compels consolidation of action, and competing companies are merged into one organization. A dozen companies cannot use the streets for water or gas supply, and, like parallel and rival railroads, they must "join or die." The highways and streets are the property of all or of the whole, and what belongs to the whole should not be given to a part. The money-making uses to which such common or public possessions may be devoted should benefit the whole, or the public, and not a few or a very small part of the whole. Thus the plea for public control of such common interests is not that the service would be better, but that the public would enjoy its own. Public officers might not manage a railroad better than private companies, but its profits would benefit the public, and not enrich a few men. In this view it is argued that in some of the German states there is better and cheaper railway service on government lines, and that the profits enuring to the public lighten taxation.

The modern uses of highways and streets for the greater comfort of living are mines richer than those of El Dorado. They are public property. Why should they be surrendered for private gain? If the community insists for the public convenience that letters and newspapers and parcels shall be carried by public agents, although at a great loss to the public treasury, why should it be unwilling to carry passengers and freight at a great profit to the treasury? Why could it not as well and easily supply the public with gas and water as with letter carriage, especially if the result should be a greatly increased public revenue? This is the question of State Socialism. But its premise covers more than it always admits. It may be sound; but it leads to HENRY GEORGE'S theory of land-ownership. The land is as much the property of the whole as the uses of any part of the land, such as streets, or railroad beds, or necessities drawn from it, such as gas and water. Why should not the community dispose of the land itself in such wise as to promote its own advantage, instead of suffering it to be appropriated for private gain? Practically these are all questions of high expediency rather than of abstract right. The argument for the post-office is not theoretical. It is simply that the community holds it to be for its interest that it should take charge of the whole mail carriage, and prohibit private participation in the business. There are many other applications of the same view of expediency, and State Socialism merely carries them to the extreme.

THE REMOVAL OF THE NAVAL OFFICER.

THE removal of Mr. SILAS W. BURT, the Naval Officer at New York, takes from the public service in the prime of his life, and without any cause whatever, one of the most upright, able, and experienced of public officers. If the President who removes him, and the party which elected the President, had not made a distinct engagement with the country not to make such removals, the dismissal of Mr. BURT might be regarded as due to the customary usage.

The party declared in its platform that "the spirit and purpose of reform should be observed in all executive appointments." And the President, in accepting the nomination, said that if elected it would be his sincere purpose to advance reform; that fitness, not party service, should be the essential test in appointments; that fidelity and efficiency should be the only sure tenure of office, and that only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office. No public man ever made more definite declarations than these, which were in the nature of pledges to obtain votes, and every one of these pledges has been violated in the removal of Mr. BURT.

His peculiar fitness and his tried and acknowledged fidelity and efficiency have never been and cannot be honestly questioned, and the President himself would not allege that the interests of the public service have suggested or could suggest his removal. If Mr. BURT had been in any sense whatever an obnoxious partisan, a good reason might have been alleged for his removal. If his official term had expired, his dismissal to make a place to reward the partisan service of another, although it would have been a distinct violation of a pledge, would have seemed to the public more tolerable. But as it is, no legitimate reason whatever can be urged, except that the President chooses to treat the public service not as a trust, but as spoils.

Three years ago Senator HARRISON said:

"I do lift up a hearty prayer that we may never have a President who will not either pursue, and compel his cabinet to pursue, the civil service policy pure and simple, and upon a just basis, allowing men accused to be heard, and deciding against them only upon competent proof and fairly—either have that kind of a civil service, or, for God's sake, let us have that other, frank and bold, if brutal, method of turning men and women out solely for political opinion. Let us have one or the other."

The Senator has answered his own prayer. He has become President, and he has chosen the bold, if brutal, method.

PUBLISHING THE ELIGIBLE LISTS.

THE opening of the eligible lists of the civil service examinations to the public, which seemed to ex-Commissioner OBERLY to be almost fatal to the law, we are glad to learn from Indianapolis has been of obvious service, and not of harm. This, indeed, as we have already suggested, might fairly have been expected. For if the publication of the lists enables the trading politician to know which of his henchmen may be eligible, the public can also see whether the selections are made in order. If they are not, suspicion will be instantly aroused, and the presumption of illicit motive will be so plain that the appointing officer will be probably invited to explain, or to lie under suspicion.

In Indianapolis Postmaster WALLACE announces to all inquirers that he proposes to select from the head of the list, unless there is a good business reason for doing otherwise. His practice thus far has proceeded upon this sound principle, and naturally the public and the successful competitors watch his course with a keen eye. Could any plan be more sensible and simple than to register the competitors according to the results of the examination, and then to select those who are presumptively best qualified? Appointment, however, it must be remembered, is not determined by the examination, but by the probation. The staple question, "How can you tell by an examination that a man is fitted for a place?" is answered by the other, "How can you tell without it?" The examiners are quite as competent advisers as a committee of "the boys," or as a Representative or Senator bent upon rewarding a follower for getting up at midnight and riding upon his errands, which Senator INGALLS holds to be a good qualification for the public service. But under a common-sense system the final appointment depends upon proof of capacity by actual performance of duty. The more light thrown upon the selection, the better, as the Indianapolis post-office shows.

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

THE late SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX was one of the few noted men in public life whose reputation is below their merit. His effervescent humor and gay *camaraderie* somewhat concealed his real ability and service. Few men in Congress were better equipped for legislative duty. He was thoroughly familiar with many most important public questions, such as the postal service, the life-saving service, the census, and especially the tariff. His parliamentary experience and knowledge were very great, and in all his active political career, extending through more than a generation, his good name was unsullied.

Politically Mr. COX was always a Democrat. But during the civil war the government could count surely upon his support for all essential measures, and Mr. SEWARD was glad to consult with him upon the disposition of his party associates, confident of his entire sincerity. As a debater he held the House, partly, no doubt, in expectation of sallies of humor, but largely by the expectation of instruction, which was not generally disappointed. His gayety was sometimes rollicking, and in all the war in partisan controversies of his time he probably never made an enemy.

Mr. COX wrote many books, and he had literary tastes. But his name will be remembered as a public man—a partisan, but not without independence, and of truly patriotic instincts and purposes. He had a very large circle of acquaintances and friends, and his warm and frank nature attached them to him very closely. Upright, gentle, generous, and true, his death will be sincerely lamented, and his place in his party and in Congress will not be easily supplied.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most remarkable figures in Stratford, Connecticut, history received comparatively little attention at the recent celebration of the 250th anniversary of the Stratford old Presbyterian Church. This was Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, who is probably best known as having been for nine years the president of King's College, now Columbia. He is famous also as having made Stratford the stronghold of Episcopacy in Connecticut. A graduate of Yale College, and a Presbyterian by birth and training, he alienated most of his friends by his secession to the Episcopal faith. He went to England for ordination, and thence was sent to Stratford, to take his place in the fight there waging between the Non-conformists and this colonial branch of the Established Church of England. His grave is in a neglected graveyard, near the site of his former church, and is marked by a nameless head-stone, the lead plate bearing his name and the date of his death having been melted to help make bullets for the British, so says tradition.

—DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD, journalist and playwright, who died the other day at the untimely age of thirty-nine, was a man who combined marked individuality and force of character with great personal gentleness and amiability. No man could have been more beloved by those who knew him best, and to few newspaper workers does it come to attract such uniform respect and confidence from all with whom he came in contact.

—The golden wedding of Professor and MRS. W. S. TYLER was quietly celebrated a few days ago. Professor TYLER holds the chair of Greek at Amherst College, and although in his eightieth year, preserves full vigor of body and mind. This college has just been enriched by another unsolicited gift of $5000 from JOHN H. SOUTHWORTH, of Springfield, Massachusetts. He had only recently presented it with a check for the same amount.

—Lord TENNYSON is credited with bestowing upon needy literary men and women the pension of $1000 a year he receives from the civil list.

—Another actor has just been buried at Kensal Green, London, which is the last resting-place of so many once famous in the literary and dramatic world. JAMES ALBERY was the husband of MARY MOORE, of the London Criterion Theatre, and the author of numerous plays, among them *The Two Roses*, which is chiefly known, perhaps, as being the drama in which HENRY IRVING first scored a brilliant success. ALBERY'S habits had been wretched for years, and he would have died in absolute want had it not been for his friend B. L. FARJEON, the novelist, who paid the expenses incident to ALBERY'S illness and death.

—Connecticut is rich in celebrations just now. Within a month Milford, Madison, Yarmouth, Sandwich, Stratford, and Guilford have all commemorated their 250th anniversaries. One of the most interesting old buildings in the last-named town is the famous stone house once tenanted by a colony of English Non-conformists, headed by the Rev. HENRY WHITFIELD. The house dates back to 1639, and is still in excellent repair. It has been constantly occupied for nearly two hundred and fifty years.

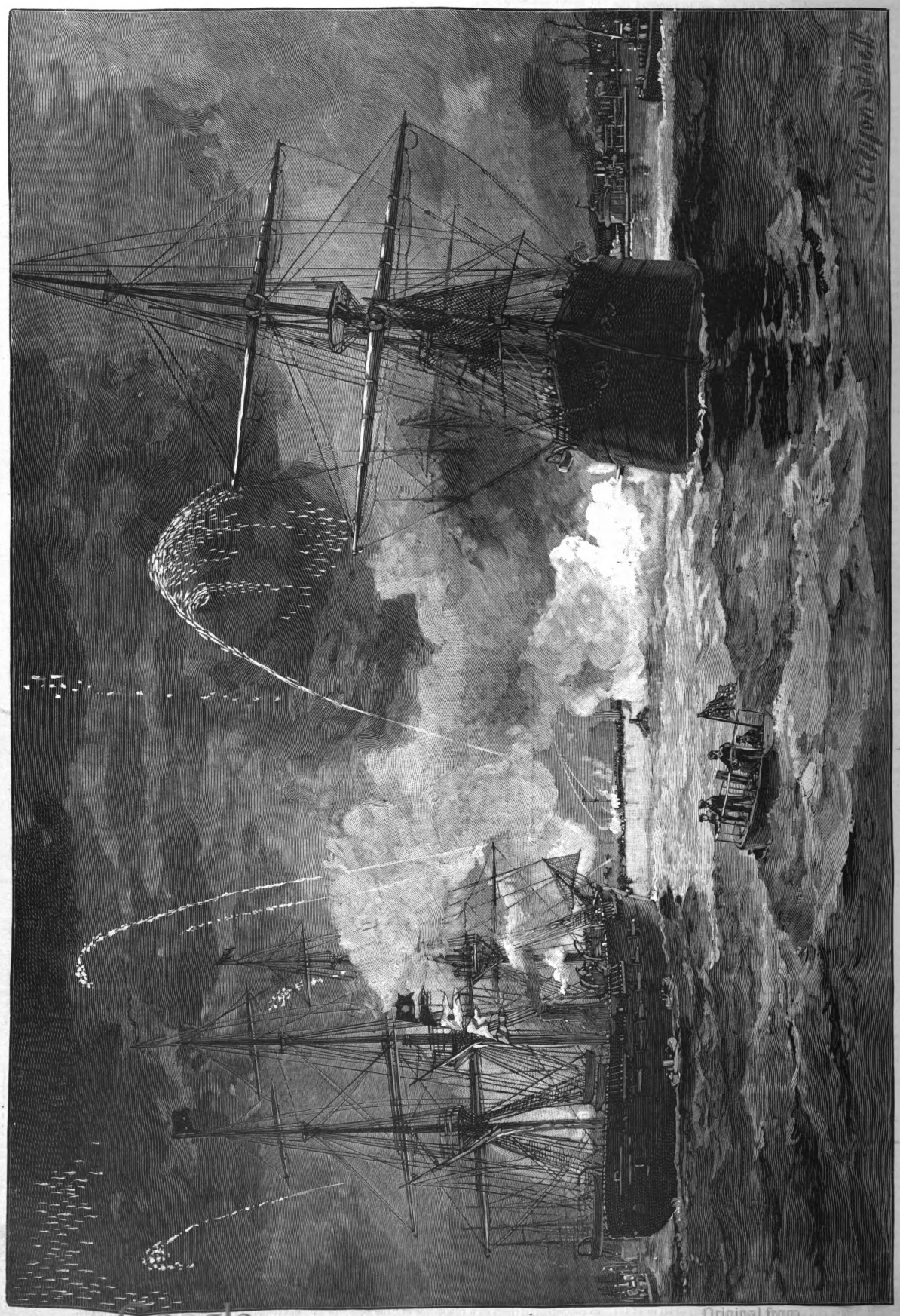
—HENRIK IBSEN, the Norwegian actor and playwright, whose *Doll's House* has caused so much controversy among the London dramatic critics, is described as having the air of an old Norse seaman, with his rugged features, piercing eyes, and masses of white hair and beard. He lived an almost hermit-like life for many years at Rome and Munich, but he has also been the director of a state theatre, and is the centre of a group of enthusiastic admirers at Stockholm and Christiania. IBSEN has received many decorations in other countries as well as his own, and wears them constantly.

—Until recently the French workman has had no Sunday rest, but a movement to make the first day of the week a holiday has been begun on the railroad running between Paris and Lyons, and it is probable that the innovation will extend throughout the entire country.

—One of the best records in continuous horseback riding that have ever been chronicled was made recently by Lieutenant ASSIFF, who rode from Lubry, in southern Russia, to Paris, a distance of 1630 miles, in thirty days. He rode two horses alternately, one English, the other Russian.

—The late librarian of the Lenox Library, Dr. SAMUEL AUSTIN ALLIBONE, probably gained his most enduring fame through his *Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors*. This work, which has taken its place as a standard everywhere, occupied eighteen years of close work in preparation, and contains notices of over forty-six thousand authors. Dr. ALLIBONE also published a number of theological treatises, tracts, hymn-books of literature, and *An Alphabetical Index to the New Testament*. He held his post at the Lenox Library for ten years, but was forced to give it up on account of ill health.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE SHAM NAVAL BATTLE AT BALTIMORE—THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT McHENRY.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 759.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 758.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

VIII.

FULKERSON parted with the Marches in such trouble of mind that he did not feel able to meet that night the people whom he usually kept so gay at Mrs. Leighton's table. He went to Maroni's for his dinner, for this reason and for others more obscure. He could not expect to do anything more with Dryfoos at once; he knew that Dryfoos must feel that he had already made an extreme concession to March, and he believed that if he was to get anything more from him it must be after Dryfoos had dined. But he was not without the hope, vague and indefinite as it might be, that he should find Lindau at Maroni's, and perhaps should get some concession from him, some word of regret or apology which he could report to Dryfoos, and at least make the means of reopening the affair with him; perhaps Lindau, when he knew how matters stood, would back down altogether, and for March's sake would withdraw from all connection with *Every Other Week* himself, and so leave everything serene. Fulkerson felt capable, in his desperation, of delicately suggesting such a course to Lindau, or even of plainly advising it: he did not care for Lindau a great deal, and he did care a great deal for the magazine.

But he did not find Lindau at Maroni's; he only found Beaton. He sat looking at the doorway as Fulkerson entered, and Fulkerson naturally came and took a place at his table. Something in Beaton's large-eyed solemnity of aspect invited Fulkerson to confidence, and he said, as he pulled his napkin open and strung it, still a little damp (as the scanty, often-washed linen at Maroni's was apt to be), across his knees, "I was looking for you this morning, to talk with you about the Christmas number, and I was a good deal worked up because I couldn't find you; but I guess I might as well have spared myself my emotions."

"Why?" asked Beaton, briefly.

"Well, I don't know as there's going to be any Christmas number."

"Why?" Beaton asked again.

"Row between the financial angel and the literary editor about the chief translator and polyglot smeller."

"Lindau?"

"Lindau is his name."

"What does the literary editor expect after Lindau's expression of his views last night?"

"I don't know what he expected, but the ground he took with the old man was that as Lindau's opinions didn't characterize his work on the magazine he would not be made the instrument of punishing him for them: the old man wanted him turned off, as he calls it."

"Seems to be pretty good ground," said Beaton, impartially, while he speculated, with a dull trouble at heart, on the effect the row would have on his own fortunes. His late visit home had made him feel that the claim of his family upon him for some repayment of help given could not be much longer delayed; with his mother sick and his father growing old, he must begin to do something for them, but up to this time he had spent his salary even faster than he had earned it: when Fulkerson came in he was wondering whether he could get him to increase it, if he threatened to give up his work, and he wished that he was enough in love with Margaret Vance, or even Christine Dryfoos, to marry her, only to end in the sorrowful conviction that he was really in love with Alma Leighton, who had no money, and who had apparently no wish to be married for love, even. "And what are you going to do about it?" he asked, listlessly.

"Be dogged if I know *what* I'm going to do about it," said Fulkerson. "I've been round all day, trying to pick up the pieces—row began right after breakfast this morning—and one time I thought I'd got the thing all put together again. I got the old man to say that he had spoken to March a little too authoritatively about Lindau; that in fact he ought to have communicated his wishes through me; and that he was willing to have me get rid of Lindau, and March needn't have anything to do with it. I thought that was pretty white, but March says the apologies and regrets are all well enough in their way, but they leave the main question where they found it."

"What is the main question?" Beaton asked, pouring himself out some Chianti; as he set the flask down he made the reflection that if he would drink water instead of Chianti he could send his father three dollars a week, on his back debts, and he resolved to do it.

"The main question, as March looks at it, is the question of punishing Lindau for his private opinions; he says that if he consents to *my* bouncing the old fellow it's the same as if *he* bounced him."

"It might have that complexion in some lights," said Beaton. He drank off his Chianti, and thought he would have it twice a week, or make Maroni keep the half-bottles over for him, and send his father two dollars. "And what are you going to do now?"

"That's what I don't know," said Fulkerson, ruefully. After a moment he said, desperately, "Beaton, you've got a pretty good head; why don't you suggest something?"

"Why don't you let March go?" Beaton suggested.

"Ah, I couldn't," said Fulkerson. "I got him to break up in Boston and come here; I like him; nobody else could get the hang of the thing like he has; he's—a friend." Fulkerson said this with the nearest approach he could make to seriousness, which was a kind of unhappiness.

Beaton shrugged. "Oh, if you can afford to have ideals, I congratulate you. They're too expensive for *me*. Then, suppose you get rid of Dryfoos?"

Fulkerson laughed forlornly. "Go on, Bildad. Like to sprinkle a few ashes over my boils? Don't mind *me*!"

They both sat silent a little while, and then Beaton said, "I suppose you haven't seen Dryfoos the second time?"

"No. I came in here to gird up my loins with a little dinner before I tackled him. But something seems to be the matter with Maroni's cook. *I* don't want anything to eat."

"The cooking's about as bad as usual," said Beaton. After a moment, he added, ironically, for he found Fulkerson's misery a kind of relief from his own, and was willing to protract it as long as it was amusing: "Why not try an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary?"

"What do you mean?"

"Get that other old fool to go to Dryfoos for you!"

"Which other old fool? The old fools seem to be as thick as flies."

"That Southern one."

"Colonel Woodburn?"

"Mmmmm."

"He *did* seem to rather take to the Colonel!" Fulkerson mused aloud.

"Of course he did. Woodburn, with his idiotic talk about patriarchal slavery, is the man on horseback to Dryfoos's muddy imagination. He'd listen to him abjectly, and he'd do whatever Woodburn told him to do." Beaton smiled cynically.

Fulkerson got up and reached for his coat and hat. "You've struck it, old man." The waiter came up to help him on with his coat; Fulkerson slipped a dollar in his hand. "Never mind the coat; you can give the rest of my dinner to the poor, Paolo. Beaton, shake! You've saved my life, little boy, though I don't think you meant it." He took Beaton's hand and solemnly pressed it, and then almost ran out of the door.

They had just reached coffee at Mrs. Leighton's when he arrived, and sat down with them, and began to put some of the life of his new hope into them. His appetite revived, and after protesting that he would not take anything but coffee, he went back and ate some of the earlier courses. But with the pressure of his purpose driving him forward, he did not conceal from Miss Woodburn, at least, that he was eager to get her apart from the rest for some reason. When he accomplished this, it seemed as if he had contrived it all himself, but perhaps he had not wholly contrived it.

"I'm so glad to get a chance to speak to you alone," he said at once; and while she waited for the next word he made a pause, and then said, desperately, "I want you to help me; and if you can't help me, there's no help for me."

"Mah goodness," she said, "is the case so bad as that? What in the woald is the trouble?"

"Yes, it's a bad case," said Fulkerson. "I want your father to help me."

"Oh, Ah thoat you said *me*!"

"Yes; I want you to help me with your father. I suppose I ought to go to him at once, but I'm a little afraid of him."

"And you awe not afraid of *me*? Ah don't think that's very flattering, Mr. Fulkerson. You ought to think Ah'm twahce as awful as papa."

"Oh, I do! You see, I'm quite paralyzed before you, and so I don't feel anything."

"Well, it's a pretty lahvely kyand of paralysis. But—go on."



"AND FULKERSON HELPED HIM ON WITH HIS OVERCOAT."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I will—I will. If I can only begin."

"Pohaps Ah maght begin fo' you."

"No, you can't. Lord knows, I'd like to let you. Well, it's like this."

Fulkerson made a clutch at his hair, and then, after another hesitation, he abruptly laid the whole affair before her. He did not think it necessary to state the exact nature of the offence Lindau had given Dryfoos, for he doubted if she could grasp it, and he was profuse of his excuses for troubling her with the matter, and of wonder at himself for having done so. In the rapture of his concern at having perhaps made a fool of himself, he forgot why he had told her; but she seemed to like having been confided in, and she said, "Well, Ah don't see what you can do with you' ahdeals of friendship, except stand bah Mr. Mawch."

"My ideals of friendship? What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you suppose we know? Mr. Beaton said you we' a pofect Bahyard in friendship, and you would sacrifice anything to it."

"Is that so?" said Fulkerson, thinking how easily he could sacrifice Lindau in this case. He had never supposed before that he was so chivalrous in such matters, but he now began to see it in that light, and he wondered that he could ever have entertained for a moment the idea of throwing March over.

"But, Ah most *say*," Miss Woodburn went on, "Ah don't envy you you' next interview with Mr. Dryfoos. Ah suppose you'll have to see him at once about it."

The conjecture recalled Fulkerson to the object of his confidences. "Ah, there's where your help comes in. I've exhausted all the influence *I* have with Dryfoos—"

"Good gracious, you don't expect *Ah* could have any!"

They both laughed at the comic dismay with which she conveyed the preposterous notion; and Fulkerson said, "If I judged from myself, I should expect you to bring him round instantly."

"Oh, *thank* you, Mr. Fulkerson," she said, with mock-meekness.

"Not at all. But it isn't Dryfoos I want you to help me with; it's your father. I want your father to interview Dryfoos for me, and I—I'm afraid to ask him."

"Poo' Mr. Fulkerson!" she said, and she insinuated something through her burlesque compassion that lifted him to the skies. He swore in his heart that the woman never lived who was so witty, so wise, so beautiful, and so good. "Come raght with me this minute, if the eyoast's clea'." She went to the door of the dining-room and looked in across its gloom to the little gallery where her father sat beside a lamp reading his evening paper; Mrs. Leighton could be heard in colloquy with the cook below, and Alma had gone to her room. She beckoned Fulkerson with the hand outstretched behind her, and said, "Go and ask him."

"Alone!" he palpitated.

"Oh, what a eyowahd!" she cried, and went with him. "Ah suppose you'll want me to tell him aboat it."

"Well, I wish you'd begin, Miss Woodburn," he said. "The fact is, you know, I've been over it so much I'm kind of sick of the thing."

Miss Woodburn advanced, and put her hand on her father's shoulder. "Look heah, papa! Mr. Fulkerson wants to ask you something, and he wants me to do it fo' him."

The Colonel looked up through his glasses with the sort of ferocity elderly men sometimes have to put on in order to keep their glasses from falling off. His daughter continued:

"He's got into an awful difficulty with his edito' and his proprieto', and he wants you to pacify them."

"I do not know whethah I understand the case exactly," said the Colonel, "but Mr. Fulkerson may command me to the extent of my ability."

"You don't understand it aftah what Ah've said?" cried the girl. "Then Ah don't see but what you'll have to explain it you'self, Mr. Fulkerson."

"Well, Miss Woodburn has been so luminous about it, Colonel," said Fulkerson, glad of the joking shape she had given the affair, "that I can only throw in a little side light here and there."

The Colonel listened, as Fulkerson went on, with a grave, diplomatic satisfaction. He felt gratified, honored, even, he said, by Mr. Fulkerson's appeal to him; and probably it gave him something of the high joy that an affair of honor would have brought him in the days when he had arranged for meetings between gentlemen. Next to bearing a challenge, this work of composing a difficulty must have been grateful. But he gave no outward sign of his satisfaction in making a *résumé* of the case so as to get the points clearly in his mind.

"I was afraid, sir," he said, with the state due to the serious nature of the facts, "that Mr. Lindau had given Mr. Dryfoos offence by some of his questions at the dinner table last night."

"Perfect red rag to a bull," Fulkerson put in; and then he wanted to withdraw his words at the Colonel's look of displeasure.

"I have no reflections to make upon Mr. Lindau," Colonel Woodburn continued, and Fulkerson felt grateful to him for going on; "I do not agree with Mr. Lindau; I totally disagree with him on sociological points; but the course of the conversation had invited him to the expression of his convictions, and he had a right to express them, so far as they had no personal bearing."

"Of course," said Fulkerson, while Miss Woodburn perched on the arm of her father's chair.

"At the same time, sir, I think that if Mr. Dryfoos felt a personal censure in Mr. Lindau's questions concerning his suppression of the strike among his workmen, he had a right to resent it."

"Exactly," Fulkerson assented.

"But it must be evident to you, sir, that a high-spirited gentleman like Mr. March—I confess that my feelings are with him very warmly in the matter—could not submit to dictation of the nature you describe."

"Yes, I see," said Fulkerson; and with that strange duplex action of the human mind, he wished that it was *his* hair, and not her father's, that Miss Woodburn was poking apart with the corner of her fan.

"Mr. Lindau," the Colonel concluded, "was right from his point of view, and Mr. Dryfoos was equally right. The position of Mr. March is perfectly correct—"

His daughter dropped to her feet from his chair arm. "Mah goodness! If nobody's in the wrong, ho' awe you evah going to get the mattah straight?"

"Yes; you see," Fulkerson added, "nobody can give in."

"Pardon me," said the Colonel, "the case is one in which all can give in."

"I don't know which 'll begin," said Fulkerson.

The Colonel rose. "Mr. Lindau must begin, sir. *We* must begin by seeing Mr. Lindau, and securing from him the assurance that in the expression of his peculiar views he had no intention of offering any personal offence to Mr. Dryfoos. If I have formed a correct estimate of Mr. Lindau, this will be perfectly simple."

Fulkerson shook his head. "But it wouldn't help. Dryfoos don't care a rap whether Lindau meant any personal offence or not. As far as that is concerned, he's got a hide like a hippopotamus. But what he hates is Lindau's opinions, and what he says is that no man who holds such opinions shall have any work from him. And what March says is that no man shall be punished through him for his opinions, he don't care what they are."

The Colonel stood a moment in silence. "And what do you expect me to do under the circumstances?"

"I came to you for advice—I thought you might suggest—"

"Do you wish me to see Mr. Dryfoos?"

"Well, that's about the size of it," Fulkerson admitted. "You see, Colonel," he hastened on, "I know that you have a great deal of influence with him; that article of yours is about the only thing he's ever read in *Every Other Week*, and he's proud of your acquaintance. Well, you know," and here Fulkerson brought in the figure that struck him so much in Beaton's phrase, and had been on his tongue ever since, "you're the man on horseback to him; and he'd be more apt to do what you say than if anybody else said it."

"You are very good, sir," said the Colonel, trying to be proof against the flattery, "but I am afraid you overrate my influence." Fulkerson let him ponder the matter silently, and his daughter governed her impatience by holding her fan against her lips. Whatever the process was in the Colonel's mind, he said at last: "I see no good reason for declining to act for you, Mr. Fulkerson, and I shall be very happy if I can be of service to you. But"—he stopped Fulkerson from starting with precipitate thanks—"I think I have a right, sir, to ask what your course will be in the event of failure?"

"Failure?" Fulkerson repeated, in dismay.

"Yes, sir. I will not conceal from you that this mission is one not wholly agreeable to my feelings."

"Oh, I understand that, Colonel, and I assure you that I appreciate, I—"

"There is no use trying to blink the fact, sir, that there are certain aspects of Mr. Dryfoos's character in which he is not a gentleman. We have alluded to this fact before, and I need not dwell upon it now. I may say, however, that my misgivings were not wholly removed last night."

"No," Fulkerson assented; though in his heart he thought the old man had behaved very well.

"What I wish to say now is that I cannot consent to act for you, in this matter, merely as an intermediary whose failure would leave the affair *in statu quo*."

"I see," said Fulkerson.

"And I should like some intimation, some assurance, as to which party your own feelings are with in the difference."

The Colonel bent his eyes sharply on Fulkerson; Miss Woodburn let hers fall; Fulkerson felt that he was being tested, and he said, to gain time, "As between Lindau and Dryfoos?" though he knew this was not the point.

"As between Mr. Dryfoos and Mr. March," said the Colonel.

Fulkerson drew a long breath, and took his courage in both hands. "There can't be any choice for me in such a case. I'm for March, every time."

The Colonel seized his hand, and Miss Woodburn said, "If there had been any choice fo' you in such a case, I should never have let papa sti' a step with you."

"Why, in regard to that," said the Colonel, with a literal application of the idea, "was it your intention that we should both go?"

"Well, I don't know: I suppose it was."

"I think it will be better for me to go alone," said the Colonel; and, with a color from his experience in affairs of honor, he added: "In these matters a principal cannot appear without compromising his dignity. I believe I have all the points clearly in mind, and I think I should act more freely in meeting Mr. Dryfoos alone."

Fulkerson tried to hide the eagerness with which he met these agreeable views. He felt himself exalted in some sort to the level of the Colonel's sentiments, though it would not be easy to say whether this was through the desperation bred of having committed himself to March's side, or through the buoyant hope he had that the Colonel would succeed in his mission. "I'm not afraid to talk with Dryfoos about it," he said.

"There is no question of courage," said the Colonel. "It is a question of dignity—of personal dignity."

"Well, don't let that delay you, papa," said his daughter, following him to the door, where she found him his hat, and Fulkerson helped him on with his overcoat. "Ah shall be jost wald to know ho' it's toned oat."

"Won't you let me go up to the house with you?" Fulkerson began. "I needn't go in—"

"I prefer to go alone," said the Colonel. "I wish to turn the points over in my mind, and I am afraid you would find me rather dull company."

He went out, and Fulkerson returned with Miss Woodburn to the drawing-room, where she said the Leightons were. They were not there, but she did not seem disappointed.

"Well, Mr. Fulkerson," she said, "you *have* got an ahdeal of friendship, su' enough."

"Me?" said Fulkerson. "Oh, my Lord! Don't you see I couldn't do anything else? And I'm scared half to death, anyway. If the Colonel don't bring the old man round, I reckon it's all up with me. But he'll fetch him. And I'm just prostrated with gratitude to you, Miss Woodburn."

She waved his thanks aside with her fan. "What do you mean by its being all up with you?"

"Why, if the old man sticks to his position, and I stick to March, we've both got to go overboard together. Dryfoos owns the magazine; he can stop it, or he can stop us, which amounts to the same thing, as far as we're concerned."

"And then what?" the girl pursued.

"And then, nothing — till we pick ourselves up."

"Do you mean that Mr. Dryfoos will put you both oat of your places?"

"He may."

"And Mr. Mawch takes the risk of that jost fo' a principle?"

"I reckon."

"And you do it jost fo' an ahdeal?"

"It won't do to own it. I must have my little axe to grind, somewhere."

"Well, men *awe* splendid," sighed the girl. "Ah will *say* it."

"Oh, they're not so much better than women," said Fulkerson, with a nervous jocosity. "I guess March would have backed down if it hadn't been for his wife. She was as hot as pepper about it, and you could see that she would have sacrificed all her husband's relations sooner than let him back down an inch from the stand he had taken. It's pretty easy for a man to stick to a principle if he has a woman to stand by him. But when you come to play it alone—"

"Mr. Fulkerson," said the girl, solemnly, "*Ah* will stand bah you in this, if all the woald tones against you." The tears came into her eyes, and she put out her hand to him.

"You *will?*" he shouted, in a rapture. "In every way—and always—as long as you live? Do you mean it?" He had caught her hand to his breast and was grappling it tight there, and drawing her to him.

The changing emotions chased each other through her heart and over her face: dismay, shame, pride, tenderness. "You don't *believe*," she said, hoarsely, "that I meant *that?*"

"No, but I hope you *do* mean it; for if you don't, nothing else means anything."

There was no space, there was only a point, of wavering. "Ah *do* mean it."

When they lifted their eyes from each other again it was half past ten. "No' you most go," she said.

"But the Colonel—our fate?"

"The Co'nel is often out late, and Ah'm not afraid of any fate, no' that we've taken it into ouah own hands." She looked at him with dewy eyes of trust, of inspiration.

"Oh, it's going to come out all right," he said. "It can't come out wrong now, no matter what happens. But who'd have thought it, when I came into this house, in such a state of sin and misery, half an hour ago—"

"Three houahs and a half ago!" she said. "No' you most jost go. Ah'm tahed to death. Good-night. You can come in the mawning to see—papa." She opened the door, and pushed him out with enrapturing violence, and he ran laughing down the steps into her father's arms.

"Why, Colonel! I was just going up to meet you." He really thought he would walk off his exultation in that direction.

"I am very sorry to say, Mr. Fulkerson," the Colonel began, gravely, "that Mr. Dryfoos adheres to his position."

"Oh, all right," said Fulkerson, with unabated joy. "It's what I expected. Well, my course is clear; I shall stand by March, and I guess the world won't come to an end if he bounces us both. But I'm everlastingly obliged to *you*, Colonel Woodburn, and I don't know what to say to you. I—I won't detain you now; it's so late. I'll see you in the morning. Good-ni—"

Fulkerson did not realize that it takes two to part. The Colonel laid hold of his arm and turned away with him. "I will walk toward your place with you. I can understand why you should be anxious to know the particulars of my interview with Mr. Dryfoos;" and in the statement which followed he did not spare him the smallest. It outlasted their walk, and detained them long on the steps of the *Every Other Week* building. But at the end, Fulkerson let himself in with his key as light of heart as if he had been listening to the gayest promises that fortune could make.

By the time he met March at the office next morning, a little, but only a very little, misgiving saddened his golden heaven. He took March's hand with high courage, and said, "Well, the old man sticks to his point, March." He added, with the sense of saying it before Miss Woodburn, "And *I* stick by *you*. I've thought it all over, and I'd rather be right with you than wrong with him."

"Well, I appreciate your motive, Fulkerson," said March. "But perhaps—perhaps we can save over our heroics for another occasion. Lindau seems to have got in with his for the present."

He told him of Lindau's last visit, and they stood a moment looking at each other rather sneakingly. Fulkerson was the first to recover his spirits. "Well," he said, cheerily, "that lets us out."

"Does it? I'm not sure it lets *me* out," said March; but he said this in tribute to his crippled self-respect rather than as a forecast of any action in the matter.

"Why, what are you going to do?" Fulkerson asked. "If Lindau won't work for Dryfoos, you can't make him."

March sighed. "What are you going to do with this money?" He glanced at the heap of bills he had flung on the table between them.

Fulkerson scratched his head. "Ah, dogged if *I* know. Can't we give it to the deserving poor, somehow, if we can find 'em?"

"I suppose we've no right to use it in any way. You must give it to Dryfoos."

"To the deserving rich? Well, you can always find *them*. I reckon you don't want to appear in the transaction; *I* don't, either; but I guess I must." Fulkerson gathered up the money and carried it to Conrad. He directed him to account for it in his books as conscience-money, and he enjoyed the joke more than Conrad seemed to do when he was told where it came from.

Fulkerson was able to wear off the disagreeable impression the affair left during the course of the forenoon, and he met Miss Woodburn with all a lover's buoyancy when he went to lunch. She was as happy as he when he told her how fortunately the whole thing had ended, and he took her view that it was a reward of his courage in having dared the worst. They both felt, as the newly plighted always do, that they were in the best relations with the beneficent powers, and that their felicity had been especially looked to in the disposition of events. They were in a glow of rapturous content with themselves and radiant worship of each other; she was sure that he merited the bright future opening to them both, as much as if he owed it directly to some noble action of his own; he felt that he was indebted for the favor of Heaven entirely to the still incredible accident of her preference of him over other men.

Colonel Woodburn, who was not yet in the secret of their love, perhaps failed for this reason to share their satisfaction with a result so unexpectedly brought about. The blessing on their hopes seemed to his ignorance to involve certain sacrifices of personal feeling at which he hinted in suggesting that Dryfoos should now be asked to make some abstract concessions and acknowledgments; his daughter hastened to deny that these were at all necessary; and Fulkerson eagerly explained why. The thing was over; what was the use of opening it up again?

"Perhaps none," the Colonel admitted. But he added, "I should like the opportunity of taking Mr. Lindau's hand in the presence of Mr. Dryfoos, and assuring him that I considered him a man of principle and a man of honor; a gentleman, sir, whom I was proud and happy to have known."

"Well, Ah've no doabt," said his daughter, demurely, "that you'll have the chance, some day, and we would all lahke to join you. But at the same talume, I think Mr. Fulkerson is well oat of it fo' the present."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

Hon. S. S. Cox died at his home in New York city, Tuesday, September 10th. For several days he had been ill with acute peritonitis, which he is supposed to have contracted in Washington. He went to that city on business for a constituent, and while there slept in an unfinished new house which he was building.

Mr. Cox was very nearly sixty-five years old. He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824. His father was a leading politician and a lawyer. His maternal grandfather, Samuel Sullivan, was one of the best known men of Ohio, and at one time its State Treasurer. Mr. Cox was a graduate of Brown University in the class of 1846, having previously been a student at the Ohio University at Athens. He studied law, and in due course was admitted to the bar. Politics and literature, however, were more interesting to him than litigation or the office work of a practitioner, and after a few years he became the owner and editor of the Columbus *Statesman*. In the mean time he had made his first journey to Europe, and published his first book, *A Buckeye Abroad*. One of Mr. Cox's literary achievements while he was the editor of the *Statesman*, a florid description of a sunset, is said to have procured for him the nickname by which he has been known during his public career, although he used to assert that his initials, S. S., and his birth in the West suggested the name. Mr. Cox's paper was Democratic, and on his election to the Presidency Franklin Pierce offered to appoint him Secretary of Legation at London. Mr. Cox declined, but in 1855 accepted the same office at Peru. Two years afterward, in 1857, he made his first appearance in Congress. He was then thirty-three years old, and with the exception of short intervals, amounting altogether to about five years, he has ever since been a member of the House of Representatives, and one of the most useful legislators of his time.

He represented the Columbus district for eight years—from 1857 until the close of the war—being always a strong friend of the Union, and a supporter of Mr. Lincoln's administration. In 1866 Mr. Cox failed to obtain a re-election from his Ohio district. Returning home, he wrote the book entitled *Eight Years in Congress*.

By his service as a legislator he had obtained

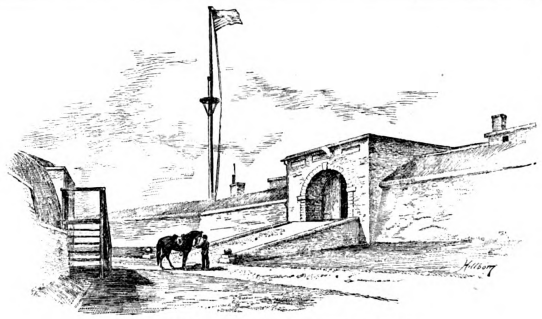
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

a national reputation, and was one of the most popular Democrats in the country. In 1863 he was the candidate of his party for the Speakership, his Republican opponent being Mr. Colfax. He was not only liked for certain genial qualities, but leading Democrats recognized his value, and desired his continued presence in Congress. Their party was so small in numbers in the House of Representatives that it was very important that it should be composed of the most useful material. Mr. Cox was urged to move to New York, and, listening to the urging, he soon acquired a profitable practice, and was elected to Congress in 1868. He was elected in 1870, Horace Greeley being his opponent, as Congressman-at-large. In 1872 he was defeated for the same office by Mr. Lyman Tremain. His popularity was manifested by his running ahead of his ticket by several thousand. He was out of Congress, however, only a few months, and practically he did not lose a session, for, on the death of Mr. James Brooks, in the following spring, he was chosen as his successor. From this time, until Mr. Cleveland appointed him Minister to Turkey, he was constantly re-elected. On one occasion only forty-one votes were cast against him. He was appointed to Turkey in 1885, and returned, and was chosen to fill the seat made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. Twice again he was re-elected, and he was a member of the House of Representatives whose life began on the 4th of last March.

Mr. Cox's mission to Turkey was very creditable to him, and that he thoroughly enjoyed his life in the East is shown by the two books which he wrote during his residence there—*The Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey*, and *The Isles of the Princes; or, the Pleasures of Prinkipo*. He was a favorite of the Sultan, and was of great service to American residents and travellers in Turkey. But the labors of the law-making body were a delight to Mr. Cox, and he was unable to remain long away from the contests of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Cox was one of the best-liked and most misunderstood of our public men. He had a reputation for wit and humor, and as a ready and somewhat tongucy debater, which obscured his sound ability and great industry. It was his ambition to be Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was a candidate after Mr. Kerr's death, but was defeated by Mr. Randall. In 1876 he was chosen Speaker *pro tem.*, but vacated the office after holding it for five days, to attend the St. Louis Democratic Convention. He was also a candidate when Mr. Carlisle was first elected. Mr. Cox always felt that his reputation for fun had stood in the way of his advancement. His services on the floor were of great importance to the commercial interests of the country. He was the author of the acts for the censuses of 1880 and 1890, and to his activity in support of the Superintendent of the Census of ten years ago is largely due the success and completeness of his work. He was the founder of the Life-saving Service. He was a partisan, and his readiness in debate and quickness in retort made him a great aid to his party in a political discussion, but he never permitted partisanship to interfere with whatever legislative business he had in hand. Very few Congressmen have been able to so readily secure the passage of their bills as Mr. Cox. He sometimes planted a sting, but he took good care to draw it out afterward; and he good-naturedly forgave assaults upon himself.

He was always a busy man. When he was not doing the work of politics or law, he was travelling or writing. In addition to the works mentioned, he was the author of *A Search for Winter Sunbeams*, *Why we Laugh*, *Arctic Sunbeams*, *Three Decades of Federal Legislation*, *Orient Sunbeams*, *Free Law and Free Trade*.



THE SALLY-PORT OF FORT McHENRY, BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE'S CELEBRATION.

When a city spends six months in getting up a great celebration, it cannot be expected to welcome a rain-storm as a feature of the display. Baltimore last week saw its hopes clouded in more ways than one. The newspaper wits had created the impression that President Harrison was a bearer of bad weather, and many looked upon his presence at Monday's parade as a prophecy of rain; but when Monday came, and brought with it President Harrison, the day was as perfect as the geniality of early autumn could make it. It was only after the President left that the storm arose and the showers began.

The rainy weather meant a net loss to Baltimore of over a million dollars, and the financial failure of the Exposition. In spite of it, however, the week was crowded with interest, and the Exposition itself, as an exposition, was a great success, and Monday's civic and trades' display was the finest that has ever been seen in the South. The enterprise was started last spring, under the combined auspices of the Maryland State Agricultural and Mechanical Association and the Maryland Exposition Association. The intention was to give an elaborate exhibit of Maryland's natural and industrial resources, to dedicate the new Post-office and United States Court-house building, and to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle of North Point and the bombardment of Fort McHenry. In order to give every day some extra attraction, the street parades, tournaments, and balls were added, and trotting races, with purses aggregating nearly $20,000, were distributed through the week. The Exposition, sham battle, and races were on the old Pimlico grounds, about six miles from Baltimore. The fame of this racing course is well known everywhere, but those who had visited it for years scarcely recognized it last week, because of the large number of handsome new buildings. The great parade took place in Baltimore, and the bombardment was on the Patapsco, so that the city, the river, and a large part of the adjoining country was brought into the scope of the programme. The occasion was well advertised; the transportation companies made a half-rate, and on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th instants, many thousand people from all sections of the country arrived in Baltimore. The household facilities were added to the hotel capacities in the accommodation of the crowds, and there was no trouble about insufficient entertainment.

The first day—Monday—was in every respect a great success. There were in the civic and trades' display nearly 20,000 men, and over 300 floats, symbolical of the historical associations of the week, and illustrative of the trade and industry of the city. The main streets were lavishly decorated. Star-spangled banners, oriole colors—orange and black—State flags, and thousands of yards of bunting were everywhere. Nearly every house had its emblems of patriotism. The route of the procession—from lower Broadway to Baltimore Street, to Eutaw, to Madison Avenue, to North Avenue, altogether about six miles—was through a succession of handsome and elaborate decorations. Baltimore Street, the principal business thoroughfare, looked like a great aisle of some huge fancy bazar. Stands were erected at every possible point, and seats and windows sold at large prices. The crowds were enormous. The presence of President Harrison, Secretary Windom, Secretary Tracy, and Governor Jackson added largely to the occasion, and around the stand which they occupied, the people thronged until every inch of space was utilized. The parade was decidedly the best that has ever been seen in Baltimore; and Baltimore prides itself on parades. It consisted of six divisions: First, was the Grand Army of the Republic, about 1000 men, among whom was Oliver Conklin, ninety-nine years of age, who fought in the defence of Baltimore 75 years ago. Second, was the Volunteer Fire Department, with delegations from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Delaware, Washington, and towns and cities in Pennsylvania and Maryland. It was a remarkably fine turnout. Following it was the City Fire Department, with its modern engines contrasting with the old machines. The Fourth Division consisted of the benevolent societies and the school children, with many fine floats. The Fifth Division, the German societies, was especially rich in representations and excellent horsemanship. The Sixth Division was the trades' display, and it was admirable from every point of view. Four columns of the WEEKLY could be occupied with descriptions of the floats, and then a full idea of the display could not be given.

For instance, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in a series of five floats, illustrated the advancement of modern railroading, from a full-size representation of the first horse-power car that ran in this country, to the vestibule train. The Northern Central Road showed elaborate terminal facilities, with trains running and carrying their cargoes to the elevators, while hundreds of uniformed railroad employés marched with it. The express companies illustrated their growth. The progress of printing and the development of all the industries were splendidly shown. The floats were beautiful tableaus costing thousands of dollars, and enlivened with hundreds of figurantes in all kinds of elaborate costumes. It required four hours for the procession to pass a point. President Harrison got plenty of attention. All the floats seemed to have a present for him, and by the time the parade was over, his table had the appearance of a fancy table at a big church fair. It was piled with gifts, from a huge bouquet to a silver log cabin. The distinguished guests were banqueted after the display, and the President held a reception at the City Hall from 6 to 7.30 P.M. Monday ended in complete success.

But on Tuesday the storm began. It interfered with the events and postponed the tournament. On Wednesday the rain fell all day. On Thursday it continued; but battles are not postponed on account of the weather, and the sham representation of the victory at North Point took place in the mud, and a very exciting contest it was, in spite of the showers. Several thousand troops, consisting of United States forces (cavalry, infantry, and marines), the militia of Maryland and Delaware, and regiments from Pennsylvania and Virginia took part. The regular battle was fought with as much historical accuracy as possible, and of course the Americans won. A chorus of 500 voices celebrated their victory by singing the "Star-spangled Banner," the lyric which was born of the gallant defence of Baltimore. The other events of the week were the labor and military parades, the dedication of the Post-office, and the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in which the *Yantic*, the *Pensacola*, and the *Ossipee* took part, Fort McHenry replying to their fire, and several thousand dynamite rockets, bomb-shells, and floating-batteries adding to the brilliancy of the scene. The trotting races were among the best the State has ever enjoyed, and the large Exposition of all the State's resources was full of instruction and interest. President Harrison remarked that he had no idea that the State's interests were so large and so diversified, and this impression was general among all the visitors. One result of the week's patriotism will probably be an impetus to the movement to erect a monument to Francis Scott Key.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

THE NOBLE GAME OF POLO.

A QUICK eye, a steady hand, pluck, and a well-trained pony are the principal requisites for making a successful polo player. In the mad rush for the ball, the man who fails to take every advantage offered him is likely to be at one end of the field while the ball is at the other, and is of little use to his side. The ponies, too, seem to be as anxious as their riders to keep in the van. The way in which they dart forward when the play begins, and obey the slightest touch on the bridle, seems to show that they are as interested in the game as the players.

The sport is not a hard one to learn, and the points are few. Once these are mastered, then comes the practice. A long time at this is necessary before one can venture in a match. Polo is little more than "shinny" on horseback, and who is there among the men of to-day that does not remember his boyhood days upon the ice in the winter afternoons? Who can forget the long stick with a knob on the end, the sharp-pointed bit of wood, and the "hunk" at each end of a small pond? A crowd of boys are in chase of the aforesaid bit of wood, with their sticks uplifted. They come together in a mass, down come the sticks together, but only one hits the wood; the rest land on the "shins" of the players, and they are not gentle blows either. There is no whimpering over it, and they are away in pursuit of the stick in a very short space of time. Now it is a summer afternoon. The boys are grown up, and polo takes the place of "shinny." Instead of the clear ice sparkling in the sunlight, there is a level stretch of cool, green turf. The glittering steel of the skates is gone, and the players are on the backs of wiry, stocky ponies instead. The sharpened stick is displaced by a wooden ball, and in the hands of the players are long-handled mallets. The ponies get the blows that miss the ball now, and frequent changes are necessary. At each end of the field, which is 750 by 500 feet, two goal posts, with a flag fluttering on each, are placed twenty-five feet apart. The ball is then put in the middle of the field, and the opposing teams take up their positions at opposite ends of the grounds, facing the ball. In the front are the "chargers," one on each side, who alone have the right to put the ball in play; behind them are the "players," two on each team, and the "goal keepers," who stand in front of the goals to stop the ball should it come too near. The signal is given by the umpire, and away the chargers tear, the ball is driven across the grass, and the others then join in. The opposing teams are distinguished by their colors, the blues, the reds, and the yellows being the favorite colors.

The game of polo is of Indian origin, and was carried to England, and then to this country. It was in 1876 when the first games were played by the Westchester Polo Club on their grounds at Westchester in the early summer. From there they went to Newport in August to finish the season. In 1881 on the old Polo Grounds in One-hundred-and-tenth Street. Many a game was played by the club during succeeding Julys, and they were stopped when they were crowded out by the base-ball games. Then they played in Westchester again. The country clubs took up the game at that time, and now, from June until the end of July, there are many matches between the Westchester Club, the Rockaway Club, the Meadow Brook Club, and the Oyster Bay Club. The grounds where these clubs play are well chosen, and there are many enthusiastic spectators watching the matches, which take place at least twice a week during the season. Then the scene is transferred to Newport, and polo is in its glory.

Join the on-lookers for an afternoon, and watch the sport. The sun is getting low in the west, and the heat of the day is about over. The players have come upon the field in the coolest of costumes, and the ponies are apparently as anxious to begin as are the riders. "They're off!" and there is a confused mass of players, ponies, and mallets. Out from the melee the ball at last goes spinning across the field, and in an instant the players are in wild pursuit. One or two, with fleeter steeds than the others, are in the lead, and they may or may not be upon the same side. One gets there first, and away the ball goes toward the goal of his opponent. Another swift run, a sure blow, the ball rolls between the goal posts, and the game is won in a few seconds.

All games are not as quickly played as that. Sometimes no goal is made in twenty minutes' play, and the players take a well-earned rest. The ponies too are tired, and it generally happens that changes of mount are made during a game. From six to a dozen games are usually played in one afternoon, and accidents are rare, in spite of the reckless riding. Once in a while a player is unhorsed, but the pony is small, and the fall is not great. The success of the game in this country is largely due to the Westchester Polo Club and its officers—James Gordon Bennett, President; Colonel John Jay, Vice-President; Herman Oelrichs, Treasurer; and F. Gray Griswold, Secretary. Foxhall Keene, of the Rockaway Club, is considered one of the best players in this country.

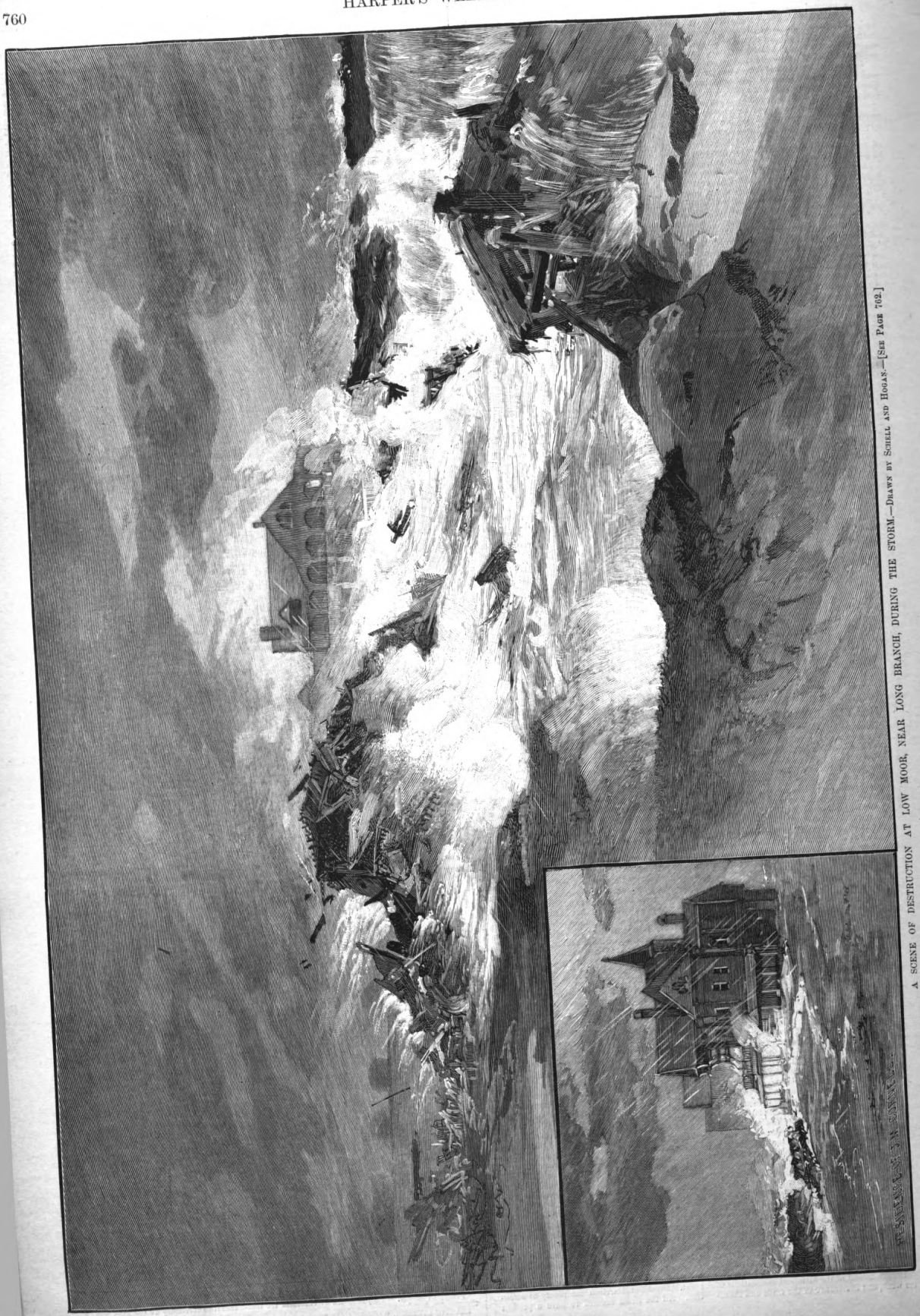
CHARLES P. SAWYER.



THE AGE OF PAT.

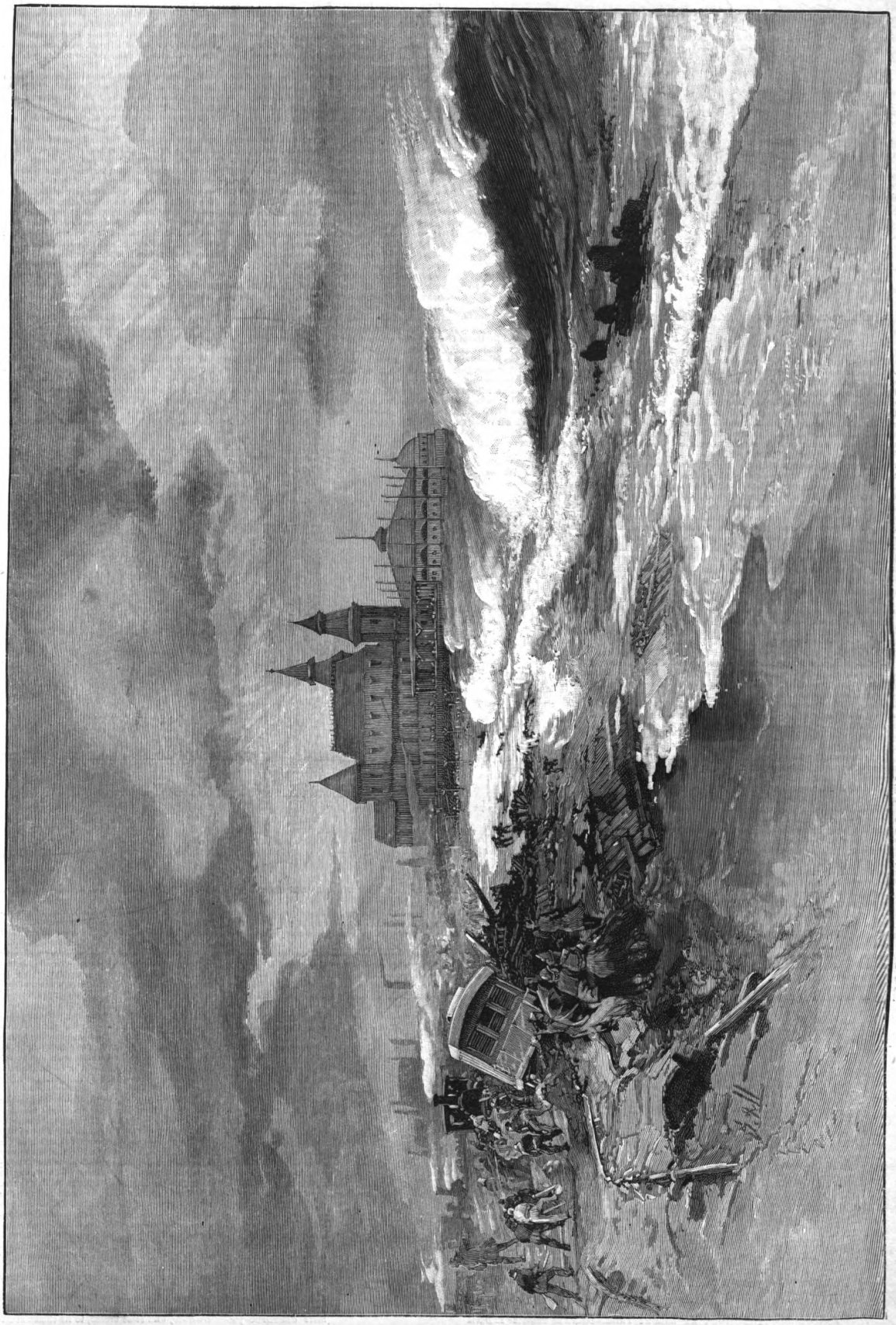
FIRST CITIZEN. "They're talkin' av celibratin' the foor-hundreth anniversary av the discovery av the country, Pat."
SECOND CITIZEN. "Begorra! an' oi didn't think that Castle Gardin was that owld."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



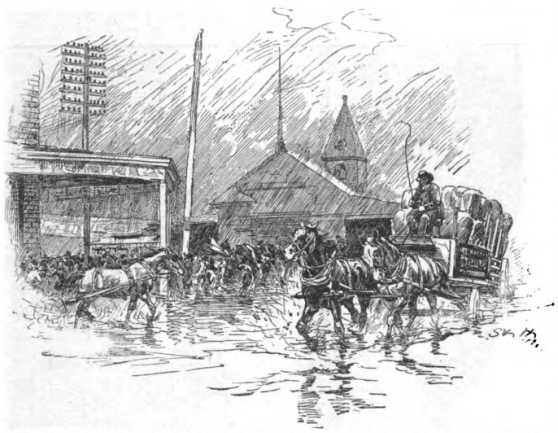
A SCENE OF DESTRUCTION AT LOW MOOR, NEAR LONG BRANCH, DURING THE STORM.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MANHATTAN BEACH DURING THE STORM—DESTRUCTION OF THE MARINE RAILWAY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 762.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SCENE AT THE FOOT OF BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

THE GREAT STORM.

The violent storm which has ravaged the Atlantic sea-coast has not been surpassed, possibly not matched, in the weather records of the last half-century. It has pounded the shore with countless battering-rams from Cape Hatteras to Cape Cod, and strewn the beaches with the wreckage of summer resorts. What losses of shipping at sea, of men's lives and of men's work, which the ocean demands from time to time as rent for human leasehold, have swelled the tale of disaster cannot yet be known. The reports of devastation which have been received at the time of this writing make it sure that the great September storm will be ranked among the giants of its class, long to be remembered, even in a year which has belittled great disasters by such catastrophes as the Conemaugh flood. The terrible winds and tides, whose effects began to be felt on the Atlantic seaboard on Sunday, September 8th, and lasted for nearly a week, appear to have been the outcome of various causes, the conspiracy of which in the same harmony might not occur again for many years.

The sun's fall passage of the line, now close at hand, is always heralded or accompanied by atmospheric disturbance—heavy winds or rains, and often both. To this was added the occurrence of full moon, which in August and September always implies excessive spring tides. Three days of high winds, ranging from northeast to southeast, which had been blowing with little intermission from these stormiest of quarters, swelled the tidal energy much beyond its normal limits. Such elements of disturbance, with no other great factor to heighten the force of their impact, would suffice to account for tempest at sea, with wild work on the coast. Nature, however, dissatisfied with this not unusual exhibition of the forces with which she works up her stormy moods, threw a fourth into the combination. This was a West Indian cyclone, whose mighty whirls joined their outer spirals with the stormy agents already lying in wait.

With the power of the cyclone on land and its method of operation we are quite familiar. Though very similar in its causes and mechanism to the spiral hurricane of the sea, it is limited by its conditions. The latter has a vast field in which to form and work, with no disturbing agencies, and its diameter is frequently a thousand miles. Although the disturbance at the outer rim is the least violent, of course, the vast waves caused by the tremendous suction of water in the centre and by the cross currents of the tempest, which churn the surface into indescribable fury, propagate themselves for hundreds of miles. When such an agent as this joins with other favorable meteorological conditions, the result is a bombardment of the coast by the ocean rarely, if ever, witnessed at other times. The effects of cyclones formed at sea are sometimes so appalling as to transcend all other forms of devastation. That which struck the delta of the Ganges in 1876, accompanied by a mighty tidal wave, extended its ravages a hundred miles inland, and caused 215,000 people to perish. The wave that mainly did the mischief was forty feet in height.

To cause incalculable ruin on the low-lying Atlantic seaboard, a tidal wave of not much more than one-tenth of this height would suffice. The actual increase over average flood tide on our coast, except in special localities favorable to the piling up of the waters, is estimated to have been about three feet. One foot more would have seriously imperilled, if not absolutely destroyed, to give a familiar example, the costly hotel structures on Coney Island. The possibility of great tidal waves on this coast, though less than in other parts of the world, is sufficient to rouse an alarm, in view of the recent exhibition of what the ocean accomplished. According to Professor Maury, the cyclone of 1780 forced the Gulf-Stream back to its source, and piled up the waters of the Gulf of Mexico thirty feet higher than its usual level, submerging even the tree-tops of small islands. Only twelve years ago an inundation of the sea, caused by a cyclone and tidal wave, caused the loss of $5,000,000 on the coast of Texas. The cyclone which has just passed, and contributed, with other causes, to effect such damage — an amount of loss quite impossible to grasp in full at the time of this writing—had its origin in the West Indian seas about a week before its influences were felt in this latitude, according to the view taken by the officials of the Signal Service Office. It moved slowly northward and a little westward to the vicinity of Cape Hatteras. Thence the storm centre was deflected somewhat easterly in its northern course, till its outer effects were felt on the North Atlantic sea-coast as far as Cape Cod. Thence, after disporting itself in mid-ocean at its own wild will, it turned on its course, and wound its way southward, its worst force dissipated. It does not seem, however, to have done any material damage above the parallel of New York, so far as present reports would indicate. An excellent stand-point from which to measure the energy of the storm may be found at Coney Island, which has a national reputation as a popular watering-place.

This island lies fully exposed to the beat of the waves from the east and south, and is a little more than four miles long. The tendency of the ocean here, according to many years' observation, is to eat up the eastern end of the island, and to add to its western portion. Property owners interested in building up the value of the island as a resort have sought, by erecting bulkheads and breakwaters, to check the fierce disintegration, but every method hitherto tried has proved ineffective in face of such a storm as we have undergone. All the improvements in the immediate front of the Brighton Beach, the Manhattan Beach, and the Oriental hotels have been swept away by the merciless rage of the sea. The tides of Sunday and Monday, while sweeping the beach front with wild and beautiful magnificence, excited but little emotion in the spectators, except that of admiration at the grand spectacle. It was not till Tuesday, the 10th inst., that the mighty power of wind and sea reached its climax, and tinged awe with terror. At the morning flood the onset of the ocean took the form of a genuine tidal wave. It swept over all obstacles, and hurled its boiling flood of breakers to the very base of the hotel buildings, completely encircling them with water. The beaches were separated from each other, and buildings seemed to be set down in a wild watery waste. The marine railways were partly destroyed or covered with sand, huge bathing pavilions rooted up like cornstalks, and the long line of the surf was riotous with an indescribable mass of wreckage, which it floated like corks. The tide went out, to return twice with similar grandeur, completing the ruin which it had begun, and only stopping short of dislodging the larger and more firmly constructed buildings.

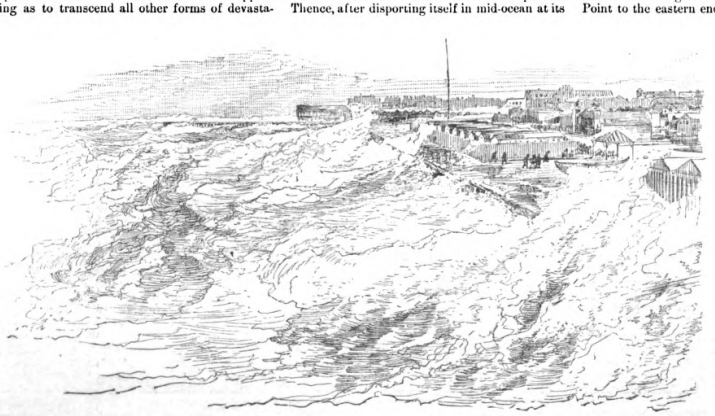
The scene witnessed on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning was such as has rarely been seen on our coast, prolific as this portion of the Atlantic is in great storms. From Norton's Point to the eastern end of the island the great breakers galloped like charging battalions, with a crash and roar that could be heard for miles, sending their spray twenty feet into the air where they broke on the beach. The guests at the hotels, surrounded by water at full flood, were in mortal terror every moment, lest the great buildings should tumble or be lifted from their bases. With the outgoing of each tide, the débris on the sands piled up in ruder masses, and gave fresh proof of the violence of the attack. Even the iron piers, though not seriously damaged, had much of their flooring ripped up like rotten rags, bolts started, and stanchions wrenched. The damage done at West Brighton and the more democratic portion of the island was less, but sufficient to make a picturesque mass of wreckage and ruin on the water line. Had this modern Bartholomew Fair, with its vulgar shows and nameless abominations, been entirely swept clean by the waves, many would find in it some compensation for the injury otherwise effected. Conservative estimate places the damage done to Coney Island at $100,000.

Following the coast eastward the great ocean battery did its work in similar fashion at Rockaway, Arverne-by-the-Sea, Far Rockaway, and Long Beach. It would be repeating an old story to attempt to detail the damage done at these places by the storm. The surf broke inland from one hundred to two hundred yards beyond the flood-tide mark. All minor structures, bathing pavilions, booths, and amusement places were swept away, and only the large hotels or well-built private villas escaped unharmed from the raging wreck of waters. The iron pier at Rockaway, one of the sturdiest structures of its kind on the coast, was badly wrecked, though not utterly destroyed. Two passages at Rockaway Beach were cut through to Jamaica Bay by the tremendous beating of the waves, and it is believed that at least five hundred feet of the beach at this point is permanently washed away. At Long Beach also the ocean cut a channel through the great sand-spit, but no serious damage was wrought to large and important buildings. The shores of New York Bay and Long Island Sound were subject to the effects of the high sea, but these were, for the most part, limited to inconvenience and such temporary injury as can be easily repaired.

The city of New York felt in a small way the effect of the excessive tides on Tuesday and Wednesday. The down-town river streets were flooded, and at the Battery the water at times was dashed far over the bulkheads. Cellars were filled, and tradesmen were much inconvenienced. On West Street, near Barclay, the water standing at high tide several inches deep, put foot-passengers to their trumps to escape wet feet.



THE MUSIC PAVILION AND LAWN AT MANHATTAN BEACH DURING THE STORM.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.



THE STORM AT ASBURY PARK.—Drawn by Theodore R. Davis.

It is when we look at the coast line of New Jersey that the most severe and destructive work of the ocean is exhibited, extending well near without break, though varying somewhat in degree, from Sandy Hook to Cape May. Had the gale blown steadily from the east or southeast for the forty-eight hours preceding the climax of the storm, the tale of devastation would have been an accumulation of disaster without parallel in our history, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives would have been snatched by the ravenous seas. As it is, the ruin wrought on this coast will make a permanent change in the shore line. The effects were not confined to the ocean front, but extended up the Delaware River as high as Trenton.

Beginning at Sandy Hook, the work of ravage wrought on hotels, cottages, piers, and railroads is everywhere evident. The tremendous hammering of the waves opposite the foot of the Navesink Highlands forced a reopening of the ocean through the peninsula into the Shrewsbury River, which had been closed since the Revolution. The giant waves destroyed everything in their path, tearing out bulkheads, ruining lawns, and sweeping away beautiful summer villas. The swollen waters of the Shrewsbury River co-operated with the raging ocean to inundate the peninsula, and stretched inland to a considerable distance. All the pretty villages so popular for seaside summering—Sea Bright, Low Moor, Monmouth Beach, etc.—were wofully devastated by the great waves, which spared little except the large hotels built on the very spine of the sandy peninsula.

The havoc wrought at Long Branch begins a fresh chapter in the ocean's fury, which mounts *crescendo*, with some breaks, to its climax at At-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the coast is battered and shattered in the wildest manner. Great showers of spray were hurled hundreds of feet across Ocean Avenue at Long Branch, the wide street which fronts on the bluff, and dashed against the windows of the hotels and cottages, keeping the inmates prisoners. The thundering billows, rolling in unbroken squadrons, broke with a deafening tumult, and reforming again, hurled themselves over the bluff, as if disdaining all resistance. On their crests were tossed all kinds of wreckage. Massive timbers and stones, wrenched from the bulkheads, piers, and sea-walls, were made the instruments for further attack, and the din of the onset crashed like the continuous roar of a thousand cannons. The recession of the waves tore out great gaps in the bluff and the beach, and left them as ragged and rude in many places as they were before the hand of man ever lent its art to beautify the sea front. For two or three days terror reigned from Sea Bright to Long Branch, and no one felt secure within five hundred feet of the mad rage of the ocean. The ocean drive was knee-deep in mud, and strewn with countless tons of sea-weed and sea wreck. The tracks of the Sandy Hook division of the New Jersey Central Railroad were in large measure destroyed as far as Long Branch, covered in hillocks of sand where they were not torn away. The great ocean pier was badly shaken and damaged, and the waves dashed in mountains to the very top of the frame-work. The roofs of the sheds on the pier were sixty-five feet above low-water mark.

At Asbury Park the havoc was not as great as at Long Branch, though bathing pavilions and houses, sidewalks, etc., were destroyed. At Deal Lake the surf tore its way through the sandy barrier, and filled the lake to the level of the driveway. The roofs of several of the hotels were destroyed by the gale, and no end of minor damage done, though the treatment of the stormy elements was lenient as compared with the ravage at other points. The same may be said of Ocean Grove, Avon-by-the-Sea, Belmar (formerly known as Ocean Beach), Sea Girt, Spring Lake Beach, and Point Pleasant City, which have grown up within a dozen years to be attractive resorts. Bathing houses and pavilions, booths and sidewalks, were generally carried away, but otherwise there seems to have been no serious damage to property. An extensive section of the Long Branch Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad was destroyed in the vicinity of the last-named points.

The long strip of beach which separates Barnegat Bay from the ocean has been developed within a few years into a series of little summer resorts, and beautiful cottages dot the whole length of the sand barrier, stretching about a hundred miles. The beach is connected with the main-land by ferries, and in some places by trestle bridges. The hotels and cottages depend, of course, on these connections for their food supply. Barnegat Bay became a raging sea on Tuesday, the 10th inst., and over an extended length of the beach the sea swept clean from side to side. From Barnegat City to Bay Head the damage done by wind and wave surpassed all precedents. The railway was completely washed away between Sea-side Park and Berkeley. A number of cottages were swept off their foundations at different points, and all but the sturdiest buildings were shaken by the fearful battering of the waves. All the streets were laid under water, and the railway bridge crossing the bay at Barnegat City was submerged. To the terror of the residents, lest the sea should swallow them in its maw, was added the fear of starvation from the interruption of supplies. Below Manahawkin there was no railway service after Tuesday. The terrific fury of the waves had the most favorable opportunity for displaying their malice on Barnegat beach, and the scene is said to have been one of indescribable grandeur.

The culmination of the wrath of the storm, however, was reached at Atlantic City. The place was practically submerged. The meadows in its rear were buried under water on Tuesday. A roaring, turbulent sea, ten feet deep in places, presented as fierce and repellent a sight as that of the raging front. All railway connection was utterly destroyed. The population of 20,000, half of them summer guests, were cut off completely from land by an almost impassable barrier. All the lower portions of the city were under water, and the houses wrecked and destroyed by the savage waves. The magnificent beach, the glory of the city, lay twenty feet under the mountainous seas, that crashed like thunder through the lower levels of the place, leaving acres of debris on their crests. The panic-stricken people were huddled together on the higher portion of the town, and it looked for a time like another Johnstown disaster. There was imminent danger of starvation. Fortunately communication was established at low water. There were many narrow escapes from death, and more than one thrilling story to tell. The extreme rise of tide did not occur again, and the Camden and Atlantic Railway was able to resume its service on Thursday, the 12th. The wreck of a large portion of Atlantic City presents a pitiable sight, and the damage is estimated at not much less than a quarter of a million of dollars, if indeed it does not far surpass this figure.

At Cape May all the outskirts of the city were flooded, and many of the cottagers were obliged to take refuge in the second stories. The meadows east of the city were transformed into a turbulent sea for miles, stretching far back of the beaches. The lawns of several of the hotels were three feet under water, and waves dashed their spray against the verandas. The government life-saving station was destroyed and the railway tracks wrecked, causing a total breakage of communication. Many of the streets became salt-water straits, and boats were used for transit. new source of interest and terror to the grandeur of raging waters. A hundred or more vessels had sought the refuge of the breakwater on the third day of the storm. On Thursday the sea succeeded in beating down the obstruction and rushed shoreward, carrying a large number of vessels on the sands. About forty lives were lost, and had it not been for the heroic service of the men of the life-saving stations many more would have been drowned in the angry waters. Piers and buildings were carried away by the great salt flood, and the town was partly submerged. At Rehoboth Beach the surf broke over the lower levels, and sent their spray into windows of the hotels, several of which were completely surrounded by water at high tide. Everything connected with the hotel properties was carried away except the hotels themselves, and the guests were in a condition of the liveliest terror. With all the disaster to property, which is enormous on the New Jersey seaboard, it is grateful to know that there has been hardly any loss of life from the rage of the sea, except in the case of vessels wrecked and dashed on the shore.

The actual extent of the storm as a force felt on the coast is about a thousand miles, but the New Jersey shore has had the brunt of the attack. There is no doubt that the configuration of this section of the Atlantic seaboard will be greatly changed. Huge breaches have been made, extended sand-dunes built up where there were none before, deep inlets bored through the outer sand barrier that guards the main-land, miles of coast sliced off by the encroaching sea. It is not now possible to tell just what the changes are, but we may rest assured that they are extensive in their transformation of the coast topography. Hereafter the waters will roll and foam over places where but recently one could have said, with Shakespeare,

> "Behold the beach
> Piles in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
> Whose shouts and claps out-voice that deep-mouthed sea."

ASHES.

Written in the Shakespeare Church at Stratford-upon-Avon, August 26, 1889.

MAN longs to view his destiny completed;
He cannot see it—but his Maker can.
As shapes of cloud in mountains are repeated,
So thoughts of God accomplished are in Man.

Here the diviuest of all thoughts descended;
Here the "sweet heavens" their sweetest boon let fall;
Upon this hallowed ground begun and ended
The life that knew and felt and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial
That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,
No glad fulfilment and no sad denial,
Beyond the pictured truth that SHAKESPEARE drew.

All things are said and done, and though forever
The storms dash onward and the great winds blow,
There comes no new thing in the world, and never
A voice, like his, that seems to make it so.

Take then thy fate, or opulent or sordid;
Take it, and bear it, and esteem it blest!
For of all crowns that ever were awarded
The crown of simple patience is the best.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE MACHINERY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

BY HON. J. K. UPTON,

FORMERLY ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE Treasury proper was created expressly and only to collect and disburse the public revenues, and this work has been done by the great human force which personifies the invisible being called the "Treasury of the United States."

Many of those who help to keep this vast and intricate net-work of machinery for receipts and disbursements in motion have grown gray and seedy in the public service, and have worn out successive generations of chair cushions in the conscientious discharge of their official duties. As individuals they are not endowed with those heroic attributes or aggressive qualities which in higher planes bring on political strife and bloody wars, but in the aggregate, for official purposes, they form a mechanical being of gigantic size and strength, with the eyes of an Argus and the tentacles of an octopus.

Anywhere in the world this being can see a dollar if it belongs to the government, can reach for it with celerity, bag it with certainty, and then follow its disbursement with light step to see that no one gets more than is due him, whether black-smith who has shod a horse for a trooper on the plains, or contractor who has built a steel cruiser for the Navy Department. But it acts only as directed by Congress, never by its own volition. Without this authority the being cannot even buy a morning paper, though with such authority it may at the same time be able to purchase a kingdom and pay for it.

To properly execute the great trust imposed upon it requires organization, good sense, red the first requisite Congress has provided an officer to be the responsible head; an accountant to see that proper forms are established and maintained; a counsellor, wise in the law, to check all illegal or improper transactions; a bonded officer to hold and disburse the funds; and a book-keeper to enter upon record all transactions incident to the trust. These officers, denominated respectively Secretary, Auditor, Comptroller, Treasurer, and Register, make up all there is of the Treasury proper, each officer being, of course, provided with the necessary clerical force.

Concerning Revenue.—The revenue of the government is drawn from various sources, but mainly through the imposition of a tariff upon imported goods. The word tariff is said to have been derived from Tariffe, a small seaport on the Mediterranean, inhabited by a piratical tribe of Moors, who exacted a tribute from every vessel coming within its harbor. Congress, in the exercise of its tax-raising powers, made the Treasury a prince of pirates, as it were, directing it to place a Collector at every port of entry, to take for the use of the government not only a tribute from the vessel, but a handsome levy from the cargo; and this duty he zealously performs, and turns his collections into the Treasury. The Collector, however, when the money leaves his hands, must have credit for the amount, the Treasurer must be charged with the same, and the Register must make proper entry of it before the government can put the money to any use. Therefore, to make the same available, and at the same time to insure for it a proper accountability, the Collector is directed, when he places the amount to the credit of the Treasurer in some recognized official place of deposit, to so advise the Secretary. The Treasurer is notified of the transaction by the principal officer at the place of deposit. The Secretary, being thus advised, draws a draft or warrant upon the Collector in favor of the Treasurer for the amount already deposited, and for it the latter officer receipts upon the warrant, as though he had just received the money. This warrant then goes to the Register, who charges the Treasurer with the amount acknowledged by him as received, enters the same in the account of general receipts, under its proper classification, and then sends the warrant to the Auditor, where it becomes a credit voucher in the account of the Collector depositing the amount. By this proceeding all the purposes needed are served, and the several entries being made from the same bit of paper, the chances of clerical error are reduced to their minimum. But the cleverest part of the scheme is that the Collector can get credit for his deposit only upon the warrant, and in consequence he can be trusted to see that the warrant is issued whereby the Treasurer is charged with the amount. All moneys are drawn, or "covered," into the Treasury only by the issue of such a covering warrant, and when one of them bears the receipt of the Treasurer thereon, and the certificate of the Register that the Treasurer has been charged therewith, the money is then, and not till then, in the Treasury, whence it cannot be drawn "except in consequence of an appropriation made by law."

How Money is Disbursed.—When Congress has authorized a payment for any purpose the Secretary promptly advises the Register thereof, and directs him to make an entry of the amount on his books under a proper heading, that it may be drawn against as needed. This done, the Treasury is ready to pay any claimant the sum due him out of this appropriation, and if the Comptroller has received from the Auditor, approved and in proper form, a claim made thereon, he will, if he sees no objection to paying it, ask the Secretary to issue his warrant upon the Treasurer in favor of the claimant for the amount stated. A warrant will consequently issue, but it will first go to the Comptroller, that he may minute it on the account, then to the Register, who will charge the amount to the claimant and to the proper appropriation, enter it in the general account of expenditures under the proper classification, then send it to the Treasurer, who will pay the claimant as directed, obtaining his receipt therefor on the warrant, or on a check issued in his favor, and then send warrant and receipt to the Auditor as a credit voucher for moneys paid out. Thus this pay warrant, like the covering warrant, becomes the authority for the needed entries of the amount, and ends its course, as did the covering warrant, by becoming a credit voucher in an account of moneys paid.

The number of the warrants issued annually is about 45,000, and to prepare, sign, and properly examine and enter them involves no little clerical labor. But to pay every public creditor in this way would require millions of warrants instead of thousands, and to avoid such labor and consequent delay moneys are drawn in bulk upon a warrant in favor of some disbursing officer, and placed in his hands to distribute among the claimants upon their receipt therefor. As a guarantee, however, the disburser is required to give a bond, with sureties, to the Comptroller, for the proper disposition of the money. Although in this way the claimant gets his money without delay, the Treasury relaxes no vigilance in its scrutiny of the payment, and if a voucher rendered is found insufficient in any way, its amount is disallowed, and the officer, or his bondsmen, must make good any loss the government has sustained through the unfortunate transaction.

Of what payments the officer can properly make, the Auditor is advised by law, regulations, or by other sources independent of the disbursing officer, and there is no escape from his vigilance. If payments have been made to the army, the Auditor has been furnished with the muster-rolls; if to pensioners, with a list of pension certificates issued; if to a contractor for constructing a building or a war vessel, with a copy of all contand if the disbursing officer does not keep himself equally as well informed as to the law and regulations governing the disbursement as does the Auditor, he will quite likely some day pay dearly for his ignorance. Every year six millions of these vouchers are received at the Treasury, and in case of pay-rolls, hundreds of names are sometimes upon one voucher. Every item is, however, subjected to a searching inquiry as to its correctness in every respect, and to avoid possible chances of wrong, the Comptroller as well as the Auditor examines the vouchers, thus duplicating the work; yet every item is passed on, the calculations necessary are all verified, and the work completed in due time by a section of the clerks pertaining to the Treasury.

Payment of Interest.—Then four times every year the fifty thousand holders of the public debt want the interest due them. The Register has a record of these bondholders, where they live, and how much each one holds. He therefore, by direction of the Secretary, sends a schedule of them, four the close of each quarter, to the Treasurer, who, by same direction, draws a check in favor of each holder for the amount due, payable at the New York or other Sub-Treasury office, then puts the fifty thousand checks into the same number of envelopes, and sends them by mail to their respective owners. When paid, these checks are returned to the Treasurer, cancelled, and he wants credit for their amount. So he sends them properly listed for that purpose to the Auditor, to whom the Register has already furnished a duplicate schedule of their issue, and with this schedule every check must be verified before the credit asked is given. Many of the checks, perhaps ten thousand, are paid upon powers of attorney to persons not named in the schedule or checks, but the Auditor has every such power on file, and he carefully examines it to see that no amount has been wrongfully paid. One quarter's work is hardly done before another comes, and the ceaseless routine is repeated.

Postal Moneys.—Then there are fifty-five thousand postmasters, each one of whom collects and disburses more or less revenue, and eight thousand of them issue and pay money and postal orders. The Post-office revenues are collected by the sale of stamps. The Post-office Department issues these stamps to the several postmasters, notifying the Auditor of the Treasury of the amount sent to every office, and this office must see that of every stamp sold the government gets the proceeds. The moneys received are not turned into the Treasury like other moneys, but are immediately paid out for the salaries and other expenses of the postal service. Every quarter the postmasters, clerks, route agents, mail carriers, and contractors must be paid whatever is due them, and proper receipts obtained and sent to the Auditor of the Treasury. The Auditor carefully examines every item, and allows only what is due under the law, or by the authority of the Post-office Department, of which he has been duly advised, and if there is not money enough to go round, Congress has provided for the deficiency out of the general revenues.

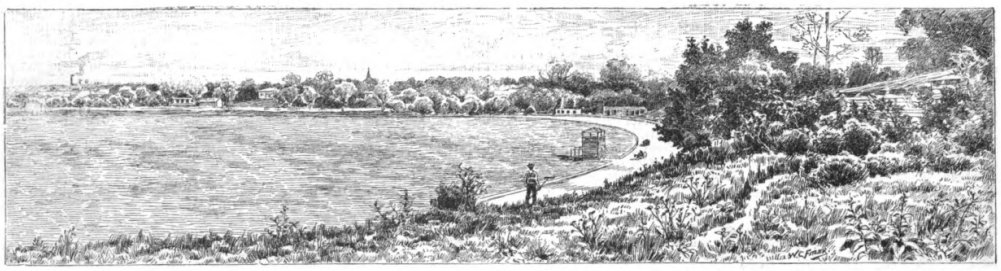
Postmasters must also render an account to the Auditor every week of all moneys received by the issue of money or postal orders, and will at same time forward for credit the orders paid by them. The Auditor must see that all excess of money received at any office is at once shipped to some other office which will need funds to meet payments of this account. He must also compare every paid order received with the account of the issuing office, to see that the amount is properly charged therein. About fifteen millions of these orders, involving $118,000,000, are issued every year, and to ship the excess of moneys received to where it will be needed for payment, and to examine properly the entries of these millions of orders, involves a stupendous amount of labor, which could hardly be accomplished at all without thoroughly systematized methods and incessant industry. But the feat is performed, and by another branch of the clerical force.

In all these labors there is a vast amount of collateral work in each of the offices which cannot be easily explained or readily suggested. The Secretary, with his force, must watch every day the movements of the great machine, and remove any obstacles that may check its operations. The accounting forces must be familiar with all the methods, laws, regulations, and decisions, even the traditions, of the Department, to properly perform their many and varied duties. The Treasurer must maintain an elaborate system of checks upon his operations to prevent loss through mistake or fraud, and the Register must enter the transaction promptly and with absolute accuracy, and must properly care for the almost innumerable papers and accounts of which he is the custodian.

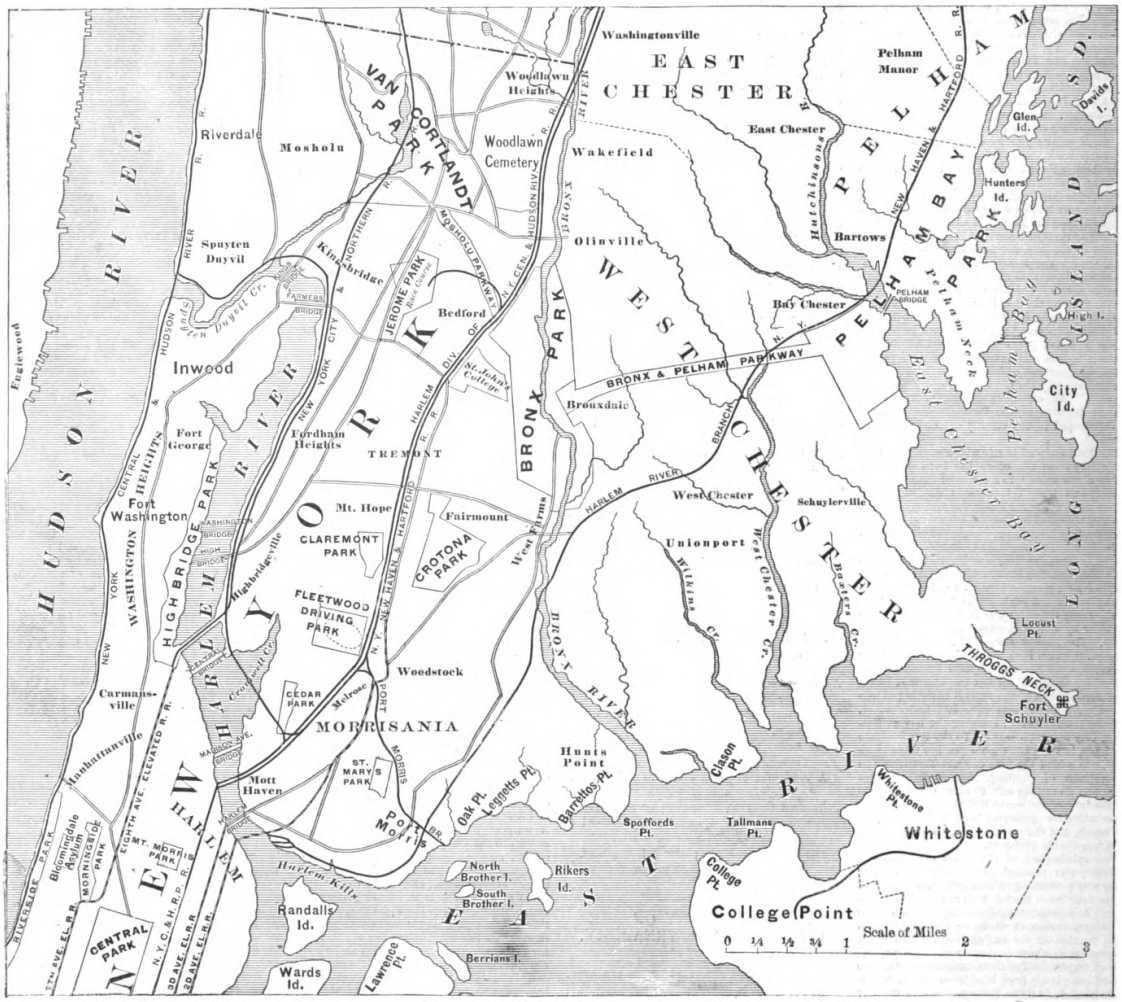
Origin of the System.—The system of receiving and paying moneys now in vogue at the Treasury was instituted by Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary, and for the simplicity of its operations and insured certainty of its accountability stands a monument to the genius of that eminent financier, who, in explaining the scheme to Congress, stated that under its operation the Secretary himself could not take from the Treasury even the monthly salary due him, except in the way provided for all creditors of the government.

Four times every year the accounts are closed, and the balances standing in the several offices compared. Only a clerical error—and that does not often occur—can prevent their agreeing. The difference between the total receipts and total expenditures of the Treasury must be represented by the cash held, and this result has been found true at every settlement since the Treasury was organized, and will continue true whatever party may control the Treasury operations.

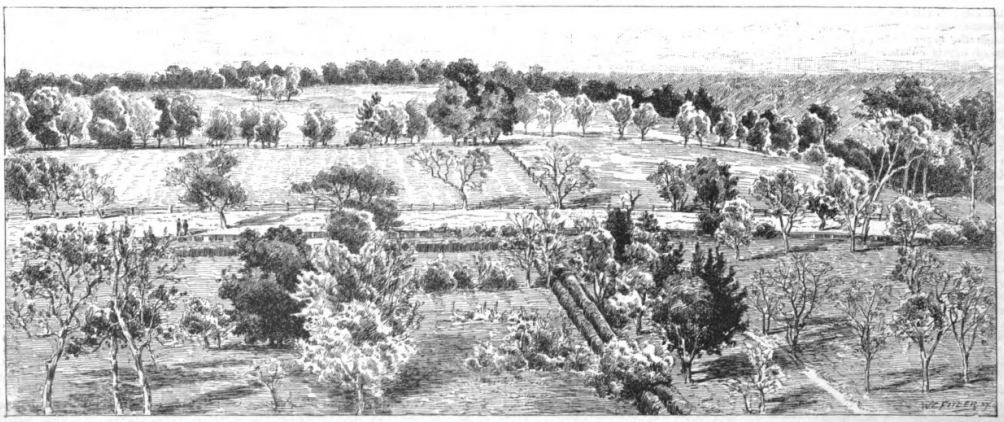
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE FLEETWOOD DRIVING PARK AREA PROPOSED WITH CLAREMONT PARK AND ADJOINING LANDS AS A SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—DRAWN BY W. C. FITLER.—[SEE PAGE 766.]

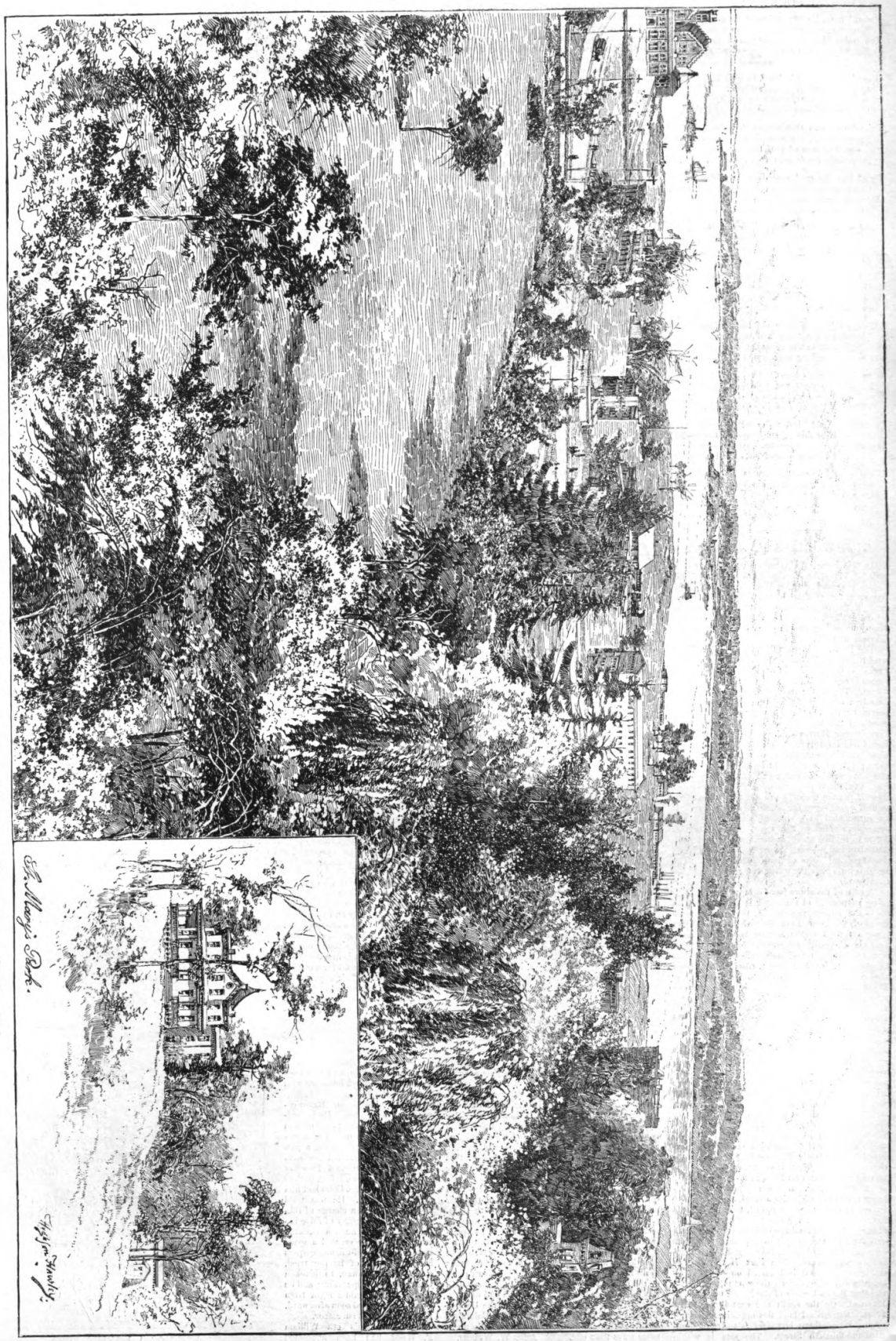


MAP SHOWING THE SITUATION OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL SITES UNDER EXAMINATION FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—[SEE PAGE 766.]



THE CLAREMONT PARK LANDS PROPOSED AS PART OF A SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—[SEE PAGE 766.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FORT MORRIS, PROPOSED AS A SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 766.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A STRIKE IN THE "EMPTY POCKET."

PWIST! here, Rover; we *must* be going.
Sundown, and nothing to eat all day;
Ten miles back to the camp, and blowing.
But what's the odds, when we've "struck the pay?"

Glory! Old boy, it's hard to quit it,
Even to leave it for overnight.
Clinch it, porphyry, where we hit it,
With hard black fingers stingy and tight.

That little seam that means salvation—
Hope for me, and a home for Sue—
Four lonely years of half starvation
Butt their heads into that streak of blue.

Ugh! how the cold snow-flour is sifting!
Curse on the wind, that it comes just now!
Only my tracks for trail, and drifting;
And fourteen inches is tough to plow.

Hard work? That's what it is, old Rover.
That mile was swelled to four times its size.
Trail plum gone, and the daylight over,
And wind that cuts like steel in the eyes.

Whining, Rover? But that won't mend it.
Come, we must take it like men, you know.
One stop here in the cold would end it;
Our only safety is on the go.

Think who's praying in old Pequawket.
To-morrow the wires will tell her, "Come!
Struck it rich in the Empty Pocket!"
See her laughing and crying? Well, *some!*

What? You *won't* move? Then on my shoulder
I'll have to pack you, you rascal, you!
Nn-h! you're a load! I'm getting colder;
There's a ton of lead in either shoe.

Down! O God! But we've *got* to make it!
Ah-h! How this pinion keeps off the storm!
Drowsy—drowsy—I cannot shake it—
And this is so soft and so warm!

What should life and its cares be won for?
Sleep, the Forgetter, is kindliest.
Come, old dog, we are done for!
Here—we—will—rest.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE WORLD'S FAIR SITES.

IN this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY a map is printed including all the sites within the city limits proposed for the World's Fair of 1892. Views of two of these were published last week, and in the current number are representations of two others, namely, the Port Morris site, and that comprising the Fleetwood race-track and Claremont Park.

The Port Morris grounds lie on the East River and the Bronx Kills, a little more than six miles from the City Hall. It includes St. Mary's Park, recently acquired by the city, an area of forty-four acres. The whole tract, comprising some four hundred acres, is divided into two almost equal parts by the Southern Boulevard. The lands south of this highway are owned mainly by the Gouverneur Morris estate and the Port Morris Land and Improvement Company. North of the Boulevard are a number of owners, and if the entire proposed area should be taken a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of ordinary buildings would have to be removed. The Gouverneur Morris portion includes the old family mansion, which would serve for official head-quarters. It is surrounded by a tract of pleasing lawn and meadow, shaded by fine trees. It was built in 1800 to replace an older house, and is not without historical interest, having had as guests many distinguished men of both hemispheres. The land is level near the water, and rises toward the boulevard.

A mile of the shore front is favorable for shipping purposes, and the water is deep enough to float the largest vessels. A very considerable part of the New York Central Railroad Company's freight traffic is now transferred here from boat to rail. The corporation owns sixteen acres at this point, and has excellent terminal and docking facilities. It has a road running from the docks to the tracks of the Harlem road at Melrose Station, which, with additions, could be utilized for Fair traffic. All roads approaching the city from the North and East could here land passengers and freight. Ferriage from Long Island and Jersey City could be supplied to whatever extent wanted. The suburban rapid transit elevated road now nearly reaches the proposed site, and is soon to be extended through the section in question. Whatever advantages there may be in river front here prevails notably. Flushing Bay is opposite, and present a wide water view besides unlimited room for anchorage. It has been suggested, with reference to the Port Morris site, that the portion north of the boulevard be rejected, and additional land be taken along the river front, including the adjoining Oak Point lands hitherto described as an independent site. There is some marsh-land in this territory which can be filled in at comparatively small expense, and if the city wants a water-front park of considerable extent, an opportunity to secure one is here supplied, together with a favorable location for the permanent buildings spoken of. The methods of acquiring this property for Fair uses are yet to be proposed, but the owners, as far as known, are amenable to reasonable arrangements. The Port Morris site as originally proposed is bounded on the west by St. Ann's Avenue, and on the north and east by the Port Morris branch of the New York Central Railroad. On the south and east is the water front. Randall's Island lies opposite a portion of it. Its southern boundary is near One-hundred-and-thirtieth Street. The site is within easy driving distance of the residence part of the city, and its railroad facilities could be made to include all the roads leading out from New York to the North and East.

The Claremont Park and the Fleetwood race-course site begins at One-hundred-and-sixty-fourth Street, runs north on Sheridan Avenue to One-hundred-and-seventy-fourth Street, thence west to Webster Avenue, and south to the lower limit. This location is entirely inland, but is excellently adapted topographically for Fair purposes. The Fleetwood Driving Park itself presents a fine space for buildings, and there are other plateaus equally well suited for the uses of the Exposition. The track is finely wooded in sections, contains practically no bad ground, is easily drained, and a great trunk sewer is now being built through it. There are but two houses of importance on the whole domain. One is the Morris residence, and the other the fine mansion of Mr. Zborrowski. The site contains about 450 acres, 120 of which, Claremont Park, is already owned by the city.

Besides the natural advantages of its surface, the Fleetwood and Claremont Park site is specially well placed with respect to railroad communication. The Harlem road runs along its entire eastern border, and the Port Morris branch of the New York Central supplies direct communication with the East River, three miles distant, at a point where there is sufficient depth of water and docking facilities for large ocean steamers. Immediately south of the grounds, the New York Central owns a large tract of land wherewith it could care for the transportation traffic in a peculiarly advantageous way. Wherever the Fair should be located in the northern part of the city, the railroads, of course, would reach it, but at this spot improvements of a permanent character would be made on their own territory by the New York Central people.

This corporation will probably be called upon to provide for the bulk of the railroad transportation in connection with the Fair. With its present facilities, it can care for a traffic of 50,000 passengers daily. It can convert its car sheds on Madison Avenue north of Forty-fifth Street into additional depot ground, and can make provision for all the demands made upon it. The matter of transportation is an all-important one, and one of the strongest arguments for the Fleetwood site is that it is on railroads already constructed. It is needless to say that it is greatly preferred by the managers of the New York Central, who will, if it be chosen, be better situated to render adequate service than they would be in any other case. The New Haven, the Northern, and New England roads could communicate with the grounds, and nearly all the north and south street-car lines in the city, the elevated roads included, would be extended to the Fair.

All of the proposed sites in the northern part of New York city are more or less advantageously situated with respect to transportation. They can be approached both by land and water. Ocean steamers can discharge their freight comparatively near them all. It matters little whether material transferred from boat to cars is conveyed a hundred feet or several miles. The Hudson, the East, and Harlem rivers are avenues of approach. And in every case are there good drives. The elevated and surface car lines can be extended and utilized in every instance. The companies have not as yet published any estimates of the extent of the traffic they could provide for, but not one has any doubts as to being able to meet the demand upon it.

If 20,000,000 people visit the Fair in a six months' season, the average attendance will be about 100,000 a day. This will not be evenly distributed, of course, but even supposing any one day's attendance to reach 500,000, it will be but equal to the present daily traffic on the elevated roads. It will require good management and large facilities to care properly for this amount of transportation, but it can and doubtless will be satisfactorily done.

Close by the Fleetwood and Claremont Park grounds is another proposed site. It includes Cedar Park, and extends from Mott Avenue to the Harlem River. It is in some parts very broken, and descends from high land at Cedar Park to the river level. Its railway communication is good, and Jerome Avenue lies along its western side. It contains about 250 acres, commands a fine view of the Harlem Valley, and is opposite High Bridge Park. Still another proposed site is that which includes Morningside and Riverside parks, and the Bloomingdale Asylum lands. This is the nearest of any to the centre of the city, and otherwise has claims to consideration.

So far as locations for a World's Fair are concerned, New York city apparently labors under an embarrassment of riches. There is no metropolitan centre of its size in the world that has so much unoccupied land in its immediate vicinity. The Fleetwood and Claremont parks region is almost as little suggestive of the proximity of a great city as a Western prairie, and driving along the Ridge Road, it is difficult to believe that the City Hall is but a few miles away. Neither the Inwood nor the Fleetwood nor the Cedar Park site contains any more good buildings than can be profitably used for the offices of the Fair managers. The roads in many cases in these regions do not rise to the dignity of an average country pike, and one good result of the Exposition will be to improve the situation in this respect materially. The discussion of the site question is also calling attention to the fact that there is much fine scenery in the northern parts of the city. The Rip Van Winkle slumber which has lingered so long over the north end of Manhattan Island and the other side of the Harlem Valley bids fair to be dispelled. The Columbus quadri-centennial promises to stir this city up in more ways than one.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.



PRINTING THE "QUEER"

THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE.

THE wars of the Revolution and of 1812 doubtless brought forth something corresponding in its general features to the Secret Service organized by the United States government during the war of secession, but its records have not been preserved. The Secret Service, as we know it, may be said to have had its origin in June, 1861, when Lafayette C. Baker offered his services to Secretary Seward as a sort of police scout to gather information of the condition of things in the Southern Confederacy. His proposal was accepted, and he was passed through the lines and began his work. He represented himself as a Southern man, with interests which attached him unalterably to the cause of the seceding States. At first he was regarded with suspicion, and was arrested and taken before Jefferson Davis himself for examination. He was imprisoned for some time, and tested by his captors in various ways, even to the point of being threatened with hanging as a spy; but he played his part well, and his ready wit and unfailing nerve not only carried him through this ordeal in safety, but caused him presently to be made a confidential agent of the Confederacy, and sent North in quest of special information for Mr. Davis and his advisers. In his dual capacity he performed some extraordinary feats, and gathered about him a set of men after his own heart. The scope of their joint labors gradually enlarged to such an extent, that it was deemed better for the War Department to direct their operations; so early in 1862 the transfer was made, and the band of spies took their orders thenceforward from Secretary Stanton till after the close of the war and the death of President Lincoln. Baker not only had a wonderfully keen scent for all forms of disloyalty and fraud, but he seemed to have a charmed life, escaping from danger of every sort as if by magic. His positive character naturally made him many enemies, who lay in wait for a chance to injure him. Their opportunity came when, having made himself a terror to counterfeiters, smugglers, and bounty-jumpers, he began to drive the pardon-brokers from under cover. His last act in this line was the arrest of Lucy Cobb, a woman who frequented the White House during the Johnson administration, and was supposed to have much influence with the President in procuring amnesty for ex-Confederates. Baker determined to trap her. He accordingly caused money to be offered her for her aid in behalf of a pretended Southerner seeking a pardon, and then arrested her with several of his marked Treasury notes on her person. But, backed by his enemies, Mrs. Cobb had him arrested in turn. He was tried and acquitted on a charge of robbery, but found guilty of false imprisonment, and fined a nominal sum. The affair created a great uproar, as some of the newspapers accused Baker of having tried, through the woman, to blacken the President's reputation; and he passed out of public sight from that hour, and died soon afterward. He had no direct successor.

During Baker's era William P. Wood had been appointed keeper of the Old Capitol Prison. The crime of counterfeiting was so appallingly on the increase that in 1864 Congress appropriated $300,000 to suppress it. This money was placed in the custody of the Secretary of the Treasury, and Solicitor Jordan was commissioned to oversee its expenditure. Mr. Wood was relieved of his duties as keeper, and set to work hunting down counterfeiters. In July, 1865, Secretary McCulloch created a place for him in the Treasury Department as chief of a Secret Service division. He surrounded himself with a larger body of men than Baker ever had, but their tenure was slight. They were appointed, as a rule, to look after special cases, and dropped from the rolls when this business was ended. Much of the appropriation was paid to outsiders for information; other large sums were expended in the form of rewards; the rest went into the per diem pay and extraordinary expenses of the agents. But Congress did not continue this lavish outlay. For a number of years afterward only about $150,000 was appropriated, though sometimes deficiencies were allowed which carried the totals to considerably higher figures. At that time the work continued, in many respects, on the same lines that Baker had marked out. The service laid its hands on everything of a fraudulent character—bounty, pension, and customs swindles, and the like—but the greater part of the money was used to suppress the counterfeiting of the paper currency.

Chief Wood resigned in May, 1869, and Secretary Boutwell appointed Hiram C. Whitley to succeed him. The Ku-Klux Klan had begun operations in the South, and the news of their outrages was filling the Northern press. In addition, there-



A RELIC OF A KU-KLUX HUNT.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE ELITE OF CRIMINALS.

fore, to the customary $150,000, Congress appropriated $80,000 or $100,000 expressly for the suppression of this class of disorders, placing the money at the disposal of Attorney-General Williams. That officer turned it over to Whitley, who organized a force, and sent it South for the double purpose of bringing counterfeiters and Ku-Klux marauders to justice. These men had adventures excelling in romantic interest anything in the pages of fiction. In order to collect the evidence they wanted they had to join the Klans, and work their way into the confidence of the leaders. Many of them became outlaws among their neighbors, and a few were murdered as the result of furnishing testimony for the prosecutions. Whitley kept at this business till the latter part of 1874, and might have continued his remarkable career if he had not become involved in the factional quarrel between the local politicians of Washington. Worse than that, he permitted the Secret Service as a body to be drawn into the fight. Then came to light the District safe burglary scandal, in which it appeared that certain Secret Service men had carried their partisan zeal to such lengths as to hire professional burglars to break into the place where sundry coveted records were kept, and spirit them away.

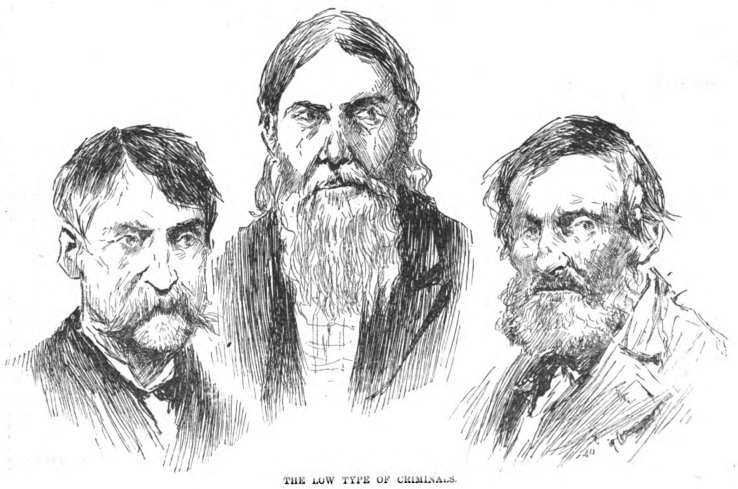
The exposure not only cost Whitley his office, but aroused public sentiment against the Secret Service. Up to that time it had been employed in every branch of detective work, and the members had become skilled in their several specialties. But now the confidence of the people was rudely shaken. In this emergency Elmer Washburn, Chief of Police of Chicago, was appointed chief of the division. His character and record were relied upon to upbuild its good name again. He was clean-handed, energetic, and able, and under his administration no person was allowed to interfere politically with his force, nor was the force allowed to take any part in politics. Still Congress refused to be satisfied that all was right, and adopted a policy of restrictive legislation, both limiting the functions of the service and reducing the appropriation. Not an election occurred in which the defeated party would not charge upon the victor the use of Secret Service money, although the proofs of such misapplication were never forth-coming. This was the era of the great whiskey frauds. Mr. Washburn's men had been engaged almost from the day of his installation till the trials got well under way in unearthing these plots to rob the government. Then the rumor got abroad that Secretary Bristow, who was the foremost figure in the reform, was a candidate for the Presidency, and was using this raid upon the ring as a means of killing off other eminent Republicans and securing the party nomination. President Grant was approached by tale-bearers, who represented to him that Mr. Washburn, as the Secretary's first lieutenant, was engaged in a scheme to break down the reputation of the White House circle, and he believed the story. One man who was in a position to speak with authority, and who did his utmost to prove this scandal false, was Washburn's chief assistant, James J. Brooks; but the President's resolve was fixed, and Washburn was removed in October, 1876, and Brooks promoted to his place. Brooks was a good officer, with nine years' experience in Internal Revenue field work before he came into the Secret Service. He had restored millions of dollars to the Treasury, and had many hair-breadth escapes, including one adventure in which he was shot through the lungs and given up by the surgeons as past help. A sturdy constitution and indomitable grit carried him through. On taking the chief's office he laid hold of the force with a strong hand, organized it from top to bottom on a plan of his own, and enforced a rigid discipline, promptly dismissing any man who would not abstain entirely from meddling with politics. Nevertheless, Congress refused to be wooed back to its old-time friendliness. From an appropriation of $125,000 in 1876, it gradually reduced the annual fund to $60,000, besides limiting the scope of the service strictly to counterfeiting, back pay, and bounty frauds, and requiring that every dollar should be expended on certain definite objects. Last year it voted an additional $4000 for the investigation of claims for expenses incurred in the last illness and burial of pensioners, but this was the first sign manifested in a long while of a disposition to restore the service to its old breadth of usefulness.

Mr. Brooks remained in office from the fall of 1876 till February, 1888, and then gave place to one of his subordinates, John S. Bell, of Newark, New Jersey, the present chief. Mr. Bell is about forty-one years old. He was for sixteen years superintendent of an ice company employing a large number of men, and thus acquired the habits of a disciplinarian. He was made Chief of Police of Newark, and served for two years. In 1885 he accepted a place in the Secret Service, and after some three years' experience, as shown, became its head. Although personally a Democrat, he has retained a good many of his predecessors' best men, whose proved courage and efficiency would make them a credit to the service of any government. Restricted as they are by the form in which the appropriations are made, if they were content to abide merely by the letter of the law they would never be able to bring a criminal to justice. To their honor be it said, however, that they interpret their duty by the spirit and not the letter, and often in the pursuit of frauds spend money from their own slender purses to protect the government from robbery, when they realize that the statute of appropriation cannot be stretched to embrace the outlay, and have no hope of reimbursement.

Before a person can enter the Secret Service, he must answer under oath, and in his own handwriting, a series of questions covering the entire period from his birth to the day of interrogation. This precaution is taken to prevent his jeopardizing a government case by going upon the stand as a witness, and having any of his discreditable antecedents brought out under the fire of a cross-examination. Having once been admitted, he starts with the rank of an assistant operative, at a small per diem compensation. If he proves capable, and gives promise of making a record, he is advanced on the pay-roll till the limit for his rank is reached. He then takes a step upward, and becomes a special operative, his pay being increased perhaps a dollar a day. His next promotion is to the position of operative, and his pay is again increased by a like amount. As may be guessed, an appropriation of $60,000 cannot be made to support a very large force. The entire roster, including clerks at head-quarters, rarely reaches thirty-six men.

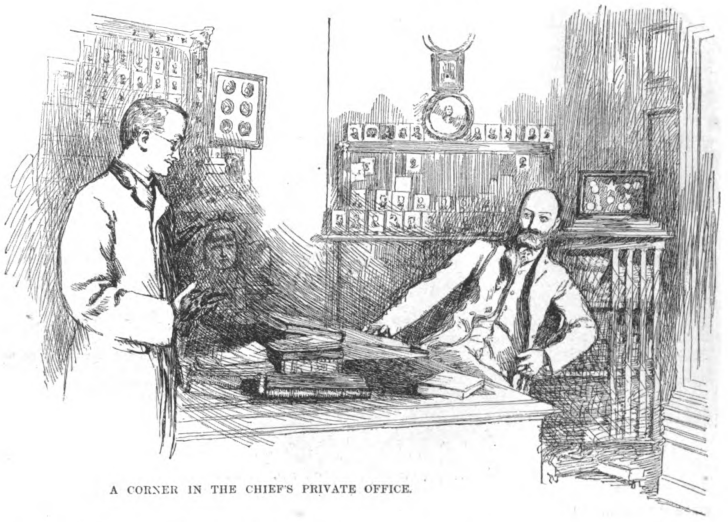
The field agents are allotted to various districts. These have no uniform territorial area; one may comprise several States, as, for example, all New England; or, again, one State may contain several districts. In this matter everything depends on how the criminal class seem to be distributed at any given period. The local head-quarters of each district is usually in one of its populous cities. The effectiveness of its work is not judged by the number of arrests reported from it, but by the success of its men in keeping the district clean of swindlers. The operative in charge of each district is required to make daily reports in writing to the chief in Washington, not only describing in detail his own activities for the preceding twenty-four hours, but noting any important facts bearing on the general interests of the service, such as, what well-known counterfeiters or suspects have been seen in the neighborhood. The daily report must include also the financial transactions of the district force, and wherever practicable be accompanied by vouchers for money spent. When all the reports of a month are in, they are carefully scanned, and any expenditure not plainly authorized by the statute is charged against the account of the man making it. The members of the field force are not allowed to have about their persons when engaged in work requiring special secrecy anything indicative of their official character. On ordinary duty they carry a badge and a commission, which they are required to show when occasion demands. They are not allowed to make arrests except when they have personal knowledge of the commission of a crime, or when they have been specially authorized to do so by the chief. Even in the latter case they are not allowed to make an arrest occurring in any other till the chief thinks such knowledge would be of advantage to him in conducting some official operation. The discretion of even the highest of the field agents is limited. Only when he detects a person in the actual commission of a crime is he authorized to make an arrest without formality. In any other circumstances he must first lay all the facts within his knowledge before the United States attorney for the judicial district where he is operating, and take counsel with that officer whether or not to obtain a warrant. Personal effects, such as money and other valuables, taken from a prisoner on arrest are receipted for at the time, and surrendered to him on his release from custody. All property contraband of law, and to be held in evidence for a prosecution, is placed in the keeping of the United States attorney having charge of the case, and when the trial is over is transmitted to Washington, and stored in the safes of the Secret Service till the Secretary of the Treasury orders its destruction under the supervision of a committee of experts.

Although the Secret Service wages effective warfare upon its peculiar class of "crooks," and often shows great ingenuity in working up a chain of evidence and making a capture, some of its most brilliant successes have been the result of accident. A notable instance occurred in 1880, when, in counting the notes sent in by the New York banks, one of the ladies in the Redemption Bureau of the Treasury was struck by something unfamiliar about a hundred-dollar note of the Pittsfield National Bank of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. It was merely the instinct of an expert which caused her to throw it out; for when one of the same issue which was known to be genuine was compared with the suspected note, the latter was found to be wellnigh perfect. Indeed, the only difference obvious to the naked eye was the very slightest dip in the angle made by a cross-tree on a ship's mast in a picture in the lower left-hand corner of the face of the counterfeit. The fact that the spurious notes, of which there proved to be several in the hands of the counters, had been turned in by New York city banks, pointed to this city as the scene of operations for the people engaged in the fraud. A close watch being set on all the "crooks" of New York who ever dabbled in that kind of business, an old forger named William E. Brockway was presently fixed upon as the head of the gang. It was found that he was very intimate with Charles H. Smith, an engraver in the employ of the American Bank-note Company, and that one James B. Doyle was holding suspicious conferences with both men. One day Doyle bought a ticket for Chicago. Two Secret Service agents followed suit, and obtained seats and berths in the same car, taking turns in watching him. As he stepped off the train in Chicago he was arrested, and his luggage was made to disgorge, not the expected $100 bank-notes, but between two and three hundred $1000 coupon bonds—false, of course—of the existence of which the government officers had not the faintest idea. Brockway and Smith were at once arrested in New York. Both made confessions, which resulted in the checking of a tremendous scheme of fraud, and the recovery of a lot of counterfeit plates and other material. How happy an accident Doyle's arrest was, occurring just at this juncture, may be guessed when it is stated that the gang were prepared to float anywhere from $500,000 to $1,000,000 of their bonds, which were so perfect that, when mixed with genuine securities, the microscope had to be called into play to separate the real from the false. Smith turned out to have been the artisan of some other brilliant counterfeits. The finest piece of work he ever did, except on the bonds, was a $500 Treasury note of the series of 1869. The only points by which it can be distinguished



THE LOW TYPE OF CRIMINALS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A CORNER IN THE CHIEF'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

are a slight irregularity in the outline of a button on the coat in the portrait of John Quincy Adams, and a slip of the graver's tool which makes the Goddess of Liberty seem to have six toes on one foot.

A pair of highly successful counterfeits are silver certificates for one and five dollars respectively, known as the "Italian notes," because handled by Gaetano Russo and his wife Rosa. They were made from wood-cuts, and in a fresh state seem coarse to the eye; but cleverly soiled and put forth in small quantities at a time, they obtained an extensive circulation before justice found them out. Eight persons, mostly "shovers" or passers, were arrested in Russo's gang.

The hardest paper counterfeits to make, and the hardest to trace to their makers, are the work of the pen. In the Secret Service archives are preserved two of these, which are models of free-hand drawing in three colors, and must have cost their authors a great deal more time than the twenty and fifty dollars respectively obtained with them would pay for. Where fine engraving is done on a counterfeit, the detectives can narrow their suspicions down to a comparatively small circle of experts; but fancy penmanship is so wide-spread an accomplishment that they are completely baffled by it, and have to relinquish their search and trust wholly to luck for a clew.

Another shrewd and often successful device consists in raising a bill from a smaller to a larger denomination by pasting over the telltale pictures and figures others cut from the old-fashioned paper fractional currency and from revenue stamps. It was at such a trick that the notorious Peter McCartney was caught when arrested the last time; and the old man, who has passed the best years of his life in prison, and feels some pride in the quality of his earlier exploits, declared that the terrors of a long sentence were as nothing to him compared with the professional disgrace of serving a term for doing so poor a job as this.

In coin counterfeiting there are about as many methods as craftsmen. Some of the best work in this line has been done by William G. Hards, of Chicago. The operative who arrested him was surprised to find in his possession an extensive outfit of tools, but no fraudulent coin. Hards had a pocketful of money, however, mostly silver, with as neat a face and as clear a ring as any that ever came from a mint. Something impelled the officer by-and-by to pierce one of these pieces and apply the acid test, and it proved to be only a base composition, plated heavily with silver obtained by melting down trade dollars, which gave the desired finish and ring, and resisted all tests till cut through. Italians are the people most numerously engaged in coin counterfeiting, probably because so many are trained to the art of plaster-working, and can make excellent moulds. Some token coins, such as the nickel five-cent piece, can be made of the real metal at a handsome profit. This is a disadvantage which the government must always expect to suffer when it issues a coin whose bullion value is only one-quarter its face.

Counterfeiters, unlike most other classes of "crooks," are drawn from all ranks of society. Many persons of worthy antecedents drift into crime almost by accident. A fine engraver, for instance, in a moment of thoughtlessness, tries his hand at an imitation of a government note as a mere test of skill. Success in deceiving his friends, perhaps by way of jest, gives him a dangerous impulse onward, and in an hour of weakness the temptation to use his powers for a bad end finds him a ready victim. The same may be true of a die-cutter or metal-worker who makes a matrix for a coin even for the adornment of a bit of jewelry or as an advertising device. The policy of the Secret Service, therefore, has been uniformly to discourage everything of the sort. The statutes of the United States on the subject are very sweeping, and their interpretation by the courts correspondingly broad. Where there is plainly no fraudulent intent, a person discovered making anything which could possibly be mistaken for a government coin or note or bond or stamp, or, indeed, for any part of one, is quietly warned from head-quarters to cease. If the work is finished it is ordered destroyed, and on non-compliance, declared contraband and confiscated. This often seems like a serious hardship to innocent makers of fancy goods, but the majority of them yield gracefully enough when the principle underlying the rule is explained to them.

The fact that the counterfeiting fraternity is recruited from so many walks in life sufficiently accounts for the absence of any common characteristics in the physiognomy of its members. The detectives have to exert their wit to identify individuals, having no types for a preliminary guide. Every person who falls into the clutches of the Secret Service is photographed. A careful minute is made also of his peculiarities. The size and shape of his nose, the color of his eyes, the lines of his mouth and chin, and the like, are all jotted down. But most attention is paid to scars, tattooed designs, moles, natural deformities of structure, and impediments of gait and speech—those signs which he cannot make away with at will when he wants to disguise himself. Every feature and every mark is indexed in books stored in the safes at head-quarters. When a field agent reports a suspect with brown hair, blue eyes, and a peculiar-shaped ear, for example, it is easy to turn to the record of ears and see if there are any in the index corresponding with the description which would distinguish this man from most other men with brown hair and blue eyes. It seems strange, in view of the well-known vigilance of the operatives, that a man with striking facial eccentricities should continue his career of crime after having once had his portrait placed in the rogues' gallery, but the fascinations of a "crooked" life seem too powerful for many to resist. In fact, it has been found that men of this sort are often quite willing to face the camera, while some who are entirely commonplace in appearance require physical force to keep them quiet long enough to let the lens and dry plate do their work.

The Secret Service division of the Treasury Department has quarters in the third story of the Treasury Building in Washington. The public at large are permitted access to the anteroom, and visitors to the capital city generally take advantage of the privilege to inspect the curious collection of contraband specimens and relics there displayed. The chief's chamber and the clerks' rooms are kept more private, as it is necessary, in an establishment requiring so much work to be done strictly under cover, to remember that even walls have ears, and that prying eyes, like the certain notable character in a familiar proverb, if allowed an inch, will often help themselves to an ell.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

A STRONG MARKET FOR SECURITIES.

THE effect upon securities and upon investors of the anti-railroad sentiment in politics that is especially noticeable in the Western States was discussed in this column last week. It would be unfair to pass from the subject with only a passing reference to the effect of that sentiment upon the development of the country. Reckless as well as judicious building of railroads has contributed to that development, and the only sufferers have been those who have put their money into the less desirable undertakings. The public has to an extent been benefited at their expense. That is an advantage, however, that the pioneer will hereafter enjoy to a less extent than heretofore, since the restrictive legislation that has of late become fashionable in the newer States has determined many a capitalist not to invest any of his money in communities whose politics are tinged with anti-railroad sentiment. The effect of that sentiment in Iowa was very clearly demonstrated last year, for practically no new road was built within its limits, and its train service was reduced about 150,000 miles per month. In one way the owners of railroad stocks will derive a benefit from the more conservative building of railroads in consequence of restriction placed upon that enterprise by those who reap the greatest good from competition and from the opening up of new territory. The roads now in operation will have a better chance to secure all of the traffic along their lines, and also to obtain profitable rates for it. In other words, they are likely to get all the return they are entitled to from the development of the country they have opened up. This should be taken into consideration in determining the value of securities generally. It is worth noting that Iowa has begun to appreciate the disadvantageous position she has placed herself in with relation to the money-lending interest by her positively oppressive policy toward the railroads. The evidence is found in the inability of the present Governor to retain his position, though he has catered in every way to the anti-railroad sentiment in that semi-communistic State. At the last State Convention of the party in power a candidate was nominated who is understood to hold much more liberal views regarding transportation interests than the present incumbent. It is to be hoped that the experience of Iowa in its treatment of the capital that is quite as largely responsible for the growth of that commonwealth as the energy that has employed it may serve to moderate the injudicious zeal of neighboring States.

Something of a change has taken place in Wall Street affairs the last few days. The advance in the price of nearly every security on the list of the Stock Exchange, certainly of all of the active stocks, has been sufficiently great to tempt a good many dealers to convert their profits on paper into cash. That operation has been going on all the week, but as it has been met by a fair demand for stocks, prices have not yielded very much. Other causes than a desire to secure profits have been operative. The Chicago, Burlington, and Northern Railroad is still menacing stable and profitable rates in the Northwest, because the trunk lines running east of Chicago have refused to pro-rate with it and its competitor on through traffic upon the basis of an abnormally low rate between Chicago and St. Paul. It is possible that the death of the president of the C., B., and Northern Road, which occurred this morning, may have some effect upon the policy of that company, and also modify the relations between it and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company, which is responsible for its existence and scandalous career. The railroad side of this case is that the C., B., and Northern road is forced into its present position regarding rates by the unrestricted competition of the Canadian roads through their feeders in the Northwestern territory. Those feeders are the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie and the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic roads. It will be very interesting this winter in Congress to see the party of protection parry with the railroads that will insist that its policy is less than half carried out because it affords no protection to American railroads against unlimited Canadian competition, and with the Western farmers, who will insist upon enjoying the shortest and cheapest route to and from the seaboard.

Another development that has challenged attention is the course of the market for sterling exchange. The improvement in the stock-market, and particularly the advance in the Northern Pacific stocks, incidental to the annual election of that company, have tempted foreign holders to return a good many of our stocks to this centre. Remittances against such sales, added to the demand for exchange by the mercantile community and the repurchase of bills that were sold in connection with the unprofitable speculation in government bonds that some of the foreign banking houses engaged in during the summer, have advanced the rates for sight bills very close to the figures at which gold will have to be used in settling our foreign trade balance. The possibility that money may have to be sent out of the country at this season of the year, when our financial resources are likely to be taxed by a large crop movement, and consequent activity in general business, is not one that can be lightly dismissed. It has already influenced the professional element in the stock-market, though it has hardly been reflected in the money-market. London has been an apparent buyer of stocks the last few days, and if it should prove that the purchases by foreign houses are really for their correspondents abroad, and are not a part of the local manipulation of the market, the advance in the rates for sterling exchange may be checked before our stock of gold is impaired.

No reference to the market for securities would be complete that ignored the influence of the depressing weather of the metropolis all the week. Wall Street sentiment is always susceptible to the weather, and the most surprising phase of the speculation is that it has not yielded more than it has to the gloom that has enveloped the entire Atlantic coast. The stubborn strength of the stock-market in spite of the influences referred to proves that the interest in it is more than local, and that confidence in it has become so strong that it is not easily shaken.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, September* 14, 1889.

THERE ARE NO HAPPY DAYS

For those who continue to rise unrefreshed after nights of unrest. Nervousness, insomnia, indigestion—these constitute a triple alliance that perpetually wars against man's comfort, and robs both brain and body of tranquillity. Combat the trio for a time with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it will give ground and eventually fly the field. The basis of reform is the rectification of digestion, for the brain and nerve trouble is simply a reflex of the disturbance of that all-important function. A wineglassful before each meal of the national stomachic insures facile digestion, and a repetition of the pleasant dose before retiring promotes nerve and muscle invigorating sleep. Associated with indigestion we usually find biliousness and constipation. But together or independent of each other, these maladies are subjugated by the Bitters, which also remedies kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia, and malaria.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

AN Indiana physician writes: "I am more than gratified with the good results obtained from Nicholson's Liquid Bread. It is a pure, palatable, and healthful remedy."—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CHAPPED HANDS AND ROUGH SKIN
Impossible if you use CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP. 25 cts. Druggists, or BOX 2145, New York.—[*Adv.*]

NOTHING contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

IT is astonishing how rapidly the feeble and debilitated gain strength and vigor when taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For what are called "broken-down constitutions," nothing else has proved so effective as this powerful but perfectly safe medicine.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

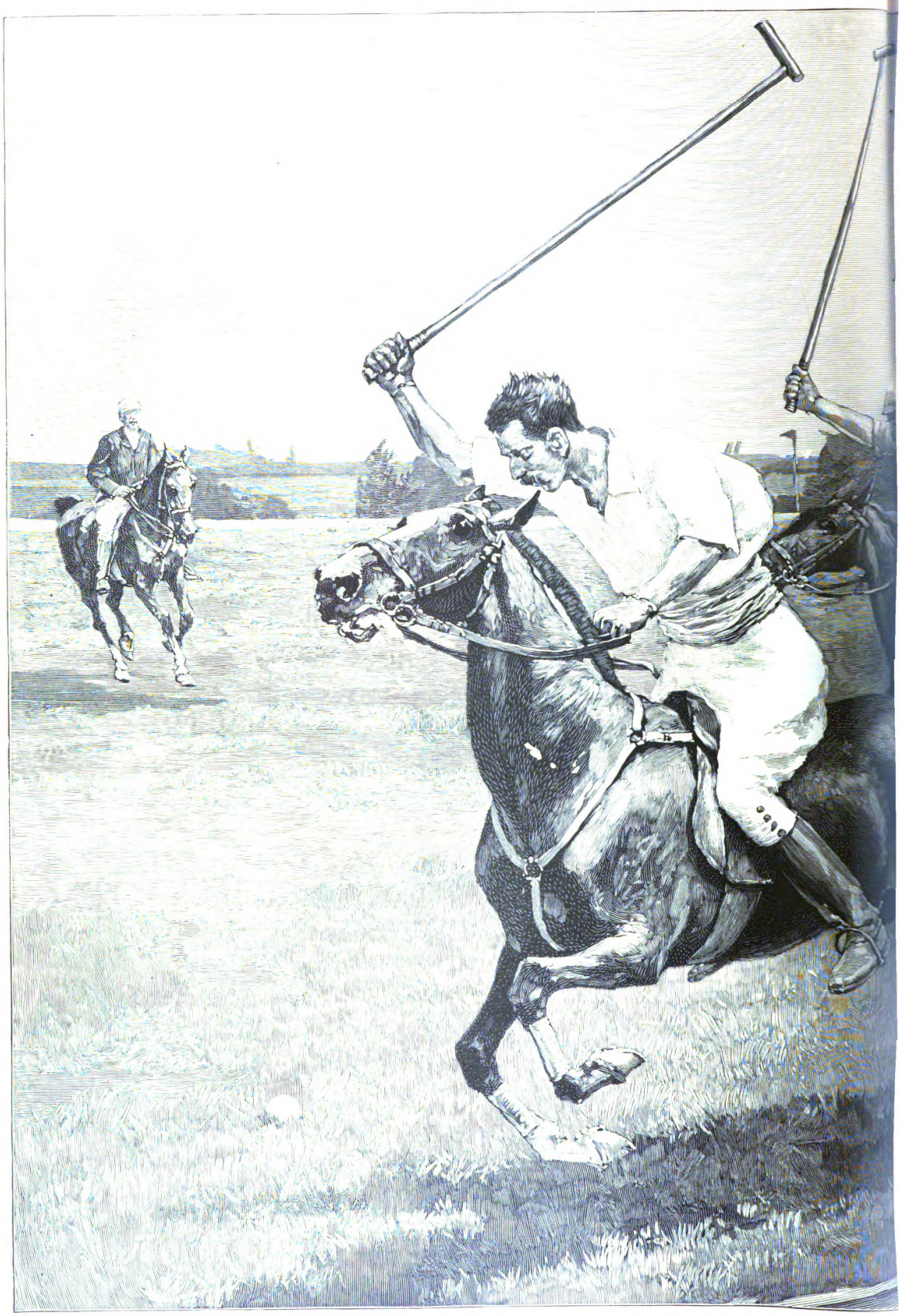
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE



POLO AT CEDARHURST

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

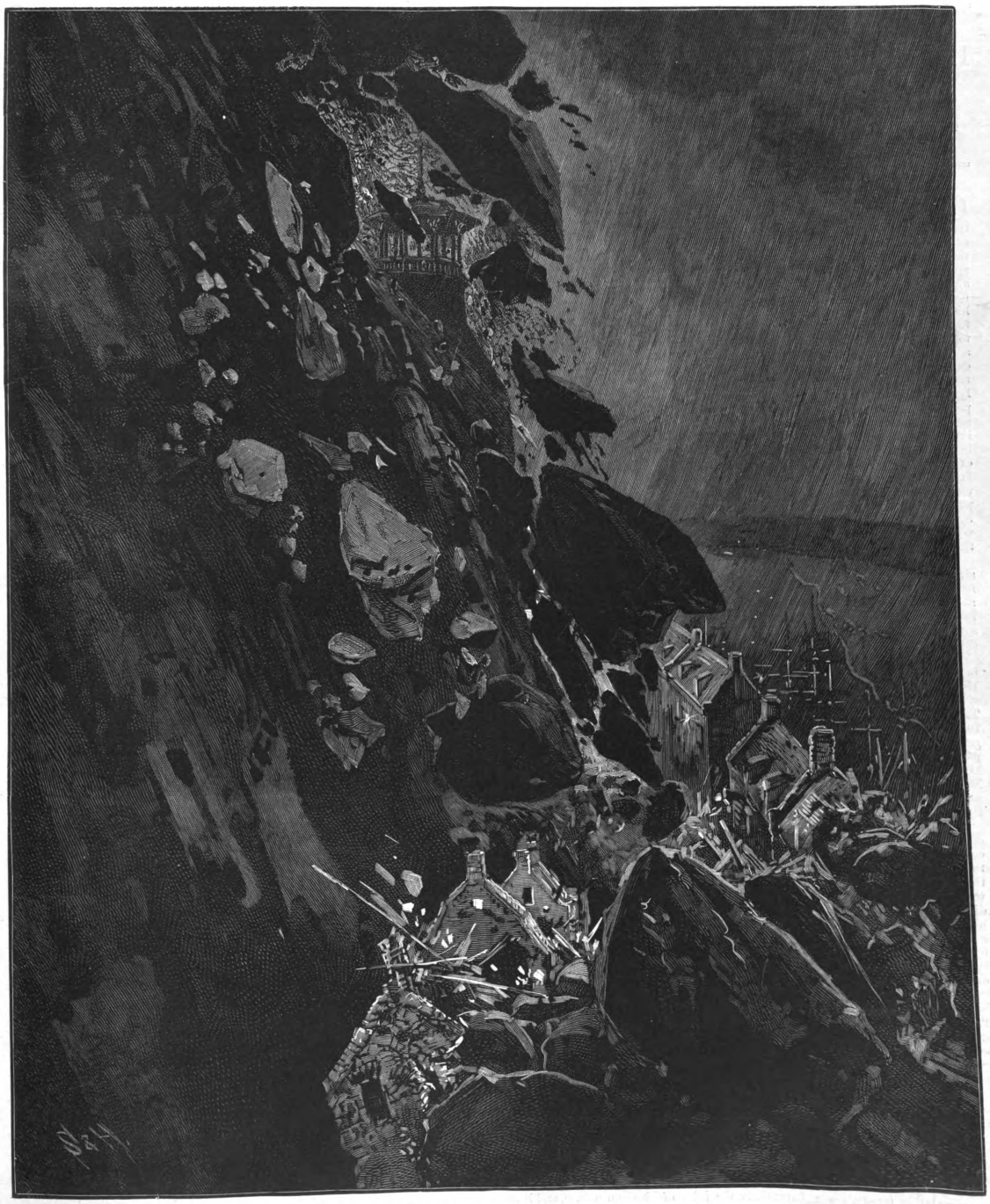
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1710.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



THE LANDSLIDE AT QUEBEC.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 774.]

Digitized by Google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S BAZAR.

The next number of HARPER'S BAZAR *will include some features especially interesting in view of the fact that the bright Autumn weather brings what we may call the Wedding Season in its wake. A beautiful front-page illustration will display the bride and her attendants in appropriate toilettes. The editorial bears the title, "Wedding Bells."* MRS. AMELIA E. BARR *contributes a brilliant short story, "Femmes en Espagne."* CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK *writes of "Pickles, Sour and Sweet," giving timely formulas and directions.* MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD, *in a sprightly paper, describes "Novelties for Christmas Gifts."*

The serials, "Prince Fortunatus," by WILLIAM BLACK, *and "Kit and Kitty," by* R. D. BLACKMORE, *are of intense interest.*

HARPER'S BAZAR PER YEAR, POSTAGE FREE, $4 00.
A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1710.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE "SOLDIER VOTE."

CORPORAL TANNER'S sudden notoriety, if as extensive as he might wish, is hardly of the kind that he would prefer. The episode, however, is one of which the significance does not end with his retirement and the remarks which it has elicited. His appointment, to those who knew both his reputation and the enormous financial responsibility of the office, was astounding. It was the more so because his Democratic predecessor had been such a target for Republican animadversion that it was supposed to be incredible that the Republicans would appoint a successor infinitely more vulnerable. The President was aware that he was placing in a most important and responsible office a man who was universally known in his own neighborhood to have traded politically wholly upon his service as a soldier, and never to have shown any other fitness or ability for important office than an unbridled tongue and unbounded "cheek." There was but one explanation of his appointment ever made in public or in private. It was that he was taken practically at his own valuation, and selected to hold "the soldier vote." His petition for appointment is said to have been signed by weighty names. It would be interesting to see what they are, and to know why they were signed to the paper.

As the appointment was held to be due to the desire of pleasing the soldier vote, the fear of displeasing it is offered as the explanation of the apparent reluctance to dismiss him, and the anxiety to transfer a man who had been found unfit in one office into another of even larger emolument. That "the soldier vote" as a mass, or in large part, could be drawn or repelled by the character of a single appointment is a supposition insulting to that body of voters. But that it was especially favorable to the Commissioner for the reason alleged was still more insulting. The theory was that TANNER was particularly dear to the soldiers because of his intention to secure the largest possible grant of money for them in the form of pensions. That this was his scheme was well known. He had proclaimed it upon all occasions, and in Brooklyn very early in his official career he announced that the President had exhorted him to be liberal with the boys.

The commendation of the Commissioner by State conventions after his performances had startled the country, and compelled the Secretary of the Interior to institute an investigation into his conduct, showed that his scheme was to be adopted as a party cry. It was, in plain English, the policy of buying the soldier vote by general and increased pensions. When his continuance in office became intolerable, this policy was to be maintained, and the soldier vote held by appointing a successor to TANNER who would carry out his schemes, and by placing him in another office of larger emoluments, with a protestation that the change was made not for any personal reason, but solely upon grounds of administrative harmony. This theory that TANNER was acceptable to the veterans for mercenary reasons, and that their vote is to be bought by large pensions, is, as we have said, grossly insulting to every honorable veteran. TANNER'S talk and policy, and the praise given to them by Republican conventions, degrade patriotism into venality, and estimate loyal and honorable service by a money tariff. We do not believe that the soldier vote, as such, is to be swayed by the pension bids of party. We believe that honest soldiers "will vote as they fought," not for money, but for honorable and patriotic reasons. If we are wrong, if the enormous pension payments, as the TANNER doctrine and its commendation imply, are substantially the price of soldier votes, then there is no more dangerous, because venal, vote in the country. The conduct of the administration both in the appointment and the removal of TANNER betrays its apprehension that veterans will vote against the Republican party because they may not get as much money as they hoped for from TANNER. This is a droll way of conciliating honorable American citizens.

GOOD ADVICE.

THE New York *Tribune* said recently:

"The Republicans must drum the office mongers and patronage brokers out of camp, and intrench themselves on the high ground of efficient non-partisan administration. The leaders whom they place in nomination must be men of the highest character and of progressive ideas. With such principles and leaders the Republicans of Brooklyn can win a crowning triumph in November. With low principles and hack politicians as candidates they will be inevitably defeated."

If this be sound doctrine for an election in Brooklyn, it is equally good for every election everywhere. If it be good policy for the Republican party in one place at one election to discard the spoils system and those who deal in it, it is a wisdom not limited to that place and occasion. Honesty is the best policy in politics as in all other branches of activity. A municipal election, indeed, is different from other elections, because it involves no other policy than intelligent and economical government of the city. Water and gas supplies, the opening of streets and care of gutters, an efficient police and proper sanitary care, are not questions upon which there can be any other policy than honesty and good sense. The great point in a city election is to avoid party politics and jobbery.

But in every election, whether it involves legitimate political differences or not, honesty and freedom from jobbery, and securing efficient and economical administration, are as desirable as in the selection of city officers. Too much politics vitiates State and national administration equally with that of the municipality. But that is a truth which parties have not yet perceived. The general disappointment, not to use a stronger word, with the course of the national administration, the humiliating spectacle of Senators of the United States figuring as greedy office mongers and busy patronage brokers, are due to the fact that political jobbery, and not economical and efficient administration, distinguishes official conduct. The whole spirit of the course of things at Washington and in Republican circles is radically different from the spirit inculcated by the *Tribune* as indispensable for success in Brooklyn. If there was ever an administration which did not drum the office mongers and patronage brokers out of camp it is that of President HARRISON. Its annals are those of a prolonged orgy of office seeking and office giving, of violation of reform pledges, and contempt of sound principles of the civil service.

The *Tribune* says of Brooklyn: "There is a knot of meddlesome politicians and partisan zealots whose energies have been devoted since the last general election to intrigues and compacts for obtaining Federal appointments." Has this been limited to Brooklyn? It is universally true. It describes the situation in every State. And this knot of meddlesome politicians, of whom Mr. PLATT is the representative in New York, are permitted by the party in every community to continue their intrigues and compacts, and to represent the party. The *Tribune* says truly that "in a town where there is a normal Democratic majority of 10,000 the Republican party can only hope for success by making the campaign one of high principles, and by choosing candidates who are committed to a larger policy than that of strengthening the party by a judicious distribution of patronage." This remark means that such a policy will hold the party vote and gain votes beyond the party. It is incontestably true. But it is as true of the whole country as of Brooklyn, as true of towns where the Republican majority is assured as of a city where there is a normal Democratic majority of ten thousand.

POLITICS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IN commenting upon the death of a Western ex-member of Congress some time ago, a leading journal said that all his obituaries had omitted the most important fact of his career, which was that he sat in Congress as the legislative agent of a certain great railroad. This remark is recalled by an address recently issued by the Nationalist Club of Boston arraigning the influence of corporations upon legislation. This is a familiar fact, although not a topic of constant newspaper comment. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS'S "Chapter of Erie" is instructive reading still. When a famous lobbyist said long ago at a State capital, "There is a very large sum to be spent upon legislation here this winter, and it might as well get into the right hands," he recognized the established system of legislative bribery, and aimed to turn it to what he believed to be the best account. The existence of the system has never been denied. It has been regarded as a necessary evil, considering human nature, and it was supposed that the most that could be expected was some kind of restraint and regulation. Whether the restraint and regulation have kept pace with the increase of corporate power is hardly a question. There are large corporate interests which believe, at least, that they have legislatures "under pay."

This belief is shared by the Nationalist Club, which appeals to the voters of Massachusetts. It says:

"Men whom the people have elevated to the highest position in its Legislature decline re-election that they may join 'the third house," and sell to great gas, telephone, and railroad corporations the influence they have obtained over members of the Legislature from their official position. The lobby of 1889 had among its members two ex-Presidents of the Senate, ex-Speakers of the House, ex-Governors, and ex-Congressmen. Besides these powerful tools, the corporations had in their employ a large number of recognized professional lobbyists, men who gilded their arguments. So barefaced has this moulding of legislation in the interests of corporations become, that at the close of the last Legislature some score of lobbyists, this recognized third house, chosen by the corporations, dined in great state at a prominent hotel, and drank to this toast: 'To the member who has one hand upon the pulse of labor and the other on the pulse of capital.' When your legislators are mere puppets in the hands of the money kings, what have you left of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people? Do you consent to this? Shall your State become a permanent plutocracy?"

This address indicates growing dissatisfaction in the State and a disposition to bring parties to the test of real issues. The preliminary campaign upon both sides has been suggestive. Upon the Democratic side the nomination for the Governorship is conceded to Mr. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, a young Democrat of the reform and progressive school, ex-Mayor of Cambridge, who was the candidate last year, and whose personal and official character and principles made his campaign enthusiastic and significant, although in a Presidential year he was unable to overcome the Republican vote. The Republican choice is divided between Mr. CRAPO, ex-member of Congress from the New Bedford district, and Mr. BRACKETT, the Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. CRAPO is a man of high character and acknowledged public ability, of the type of former Republican candidates for the Governorship. Mr. BRACKETT is not a representative man except as a favorite of the party machine, which generally favors those who, however personally reputable, are not of the higher political class.

It is conceded that the nomination of Mr. BRACKETT would be the victory of the machine, or of what is called "the State House ring," while that of Mr. CRAPO would indicate a return to the older and better Republican usages. The preliminary campaign has developed a strong desire upon the part of Mr. MYRON P. WALKER, known as "the drummer boy," to secure the nomination as Lieutenant-Governor, depending upon "the soldier vote" and a liberal expenditure of money, more than upon public service or ability. But Mr. HAILE, of Springfield, is also pressed as a fitting companion of Mr. CRAPO upon a Republican ticket. The result will be significant. Should Mr. BRACKETT secure the nomination, and Mr. WALKER be associated with him, it would not be surprising if Republican discontent, when no national issue is pending, and the high official record, ability, and representative character of Mr. RUSSELL should carry the day. The Nationalist appeal is that of a club, not of a party, but it expresses a feeling which has penetrated both parties, and will in some degree influence the election. A great multitude of American citizens will now cast their votes at every election in a way to secure greater honesty in government, and that result is not assured by a party name, but by party or individual action.

THE GREAT LONDON STRIKE.

THE late strike of the dock laborers in London was for many reasons one of the most remarkable in the history of such movements. In the first place it was held by public opinion to be justifiable. It is estimated that the approval was almost universal. Then it was supported by ample subscriptions. The expense was estimated at $10,000 a day, and this sum was not only subscribed, but very much more, and on the last day of the strike $22,000 was received from Australia. Indeed, the active sympathy of Australia was one of the most interesting facts of the strike. Not less remarkable was the entire good order which prevailed throughout the week, and perhaps most notable of all was the reasonableness of the strikers, and their complete organization. There were two prominent individuals in the movement—BURNS, the socialist, who was the acknowledged leader, and Cardinal MANNING, whose intelligence, quiet persistence, and moral authority finally effected the settlement. Great meetings were held during the strike, but without disturbance of any kind. If disagreeable traditions of excited London, such as the "Irish night" or the Lord GEORGE GORDON riots, haunted any mind, they were lost in the actual spectacle.

The strike was substantially successful. It aimed at an increase of wages, and an increase was obtained. But the advantages were much greater than this. A plain statement of the facts revealed to the public a system by which not only the dock laborers were oppressed, but the public was fleeced. The commerce of London discovered that the strikers' cause was its own. The strike began among the lowest class of workmen, but gradually spread through every class.

Digitized by Google
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
PENN STATE

and at last involved every branch of the commercial interest. Thus it showed the intimate relation between all of them, from the importer to the "casual laborer." Besides this, it had the general effect of demonstrating to the public mind in the most impressive manner that a strike may have the best reason. It dissipated the notion that a strike must be necessarily a wanton and foolish outbreak or an attempted unreasonable compulsion. Once more the complete and effective organization of a powerful part of the physical force of the metropolis to secure certain results by protest and a temporary paralysis of labor is a peaceful but impressive revolution which will be remembered with advantage.

Another of the excellent consequences of this strike is the proof which it has afforded to the striking element in society that every movement of the kind is not prejudged as causeless, but is estimated upon its merits. This truth has been demonstrated also in some of the more notable strikes in New York, where public sympathy has not been withheld from the strikers so long as they respected the conditions upon which alone an equitable adjustment can be reached. When public order is disturbed the condition of the advance of every good cause is the restoration of order. If the strike in London had resorted to violence, it would have been impossible to ascertain the facts and the rights of the case, and Cardinal MANNING might have met the fate of the Archbishop of Paris during the days of the Commune. The procession of the dock strikers to the residence of the Lord Mayor on the day after the settlement, to cheer the head of the city government, who had interested himself in the settlement, was also very significant. For all concerned, the great London strike must be regarded as a very significant event.

THE GREAT FAIR AND CENTRAL PARK.

THE audacious proposition to seize a delightful and important part of Central Park for the accommodation of the great Fair has naturally aroused deep and general indignation. Even if there were no other suitable place, and if the alternative were the sacrifice of the Park or the abandonment of the Fair, it might be wise to pause, but as other accommodations for the Fair are perfectly practicable, the scheme of the destruction for many years of a large and beautiful part of the finest pleasure-ground in the world is so preposterous that it is amazing it should be tolerated by a committee of prominent citizens. Central Park is the garden and grove, the only opportunity of recreation among green trees and pleasant fields, freely open to thousands and thousands of the most industrious and worthy citizens of New York. Its seizure in any part for the convenience of a Fair would be the grossest wrong to them, and a seizure for which no good reason can be given. It may be said that only a little of the Park is required, but when once any part of it shall have been surrendered, just as much more as may be alleged to be necessary will be demanded; the way to prevent the spoliation of Central Park is to prevent it from beginning. Fortunately it cannot be seized summarily. Even if the attempt should be seriously made to pervert the Park to a purpose wholly foreign to its intention, it must begin by securing the repeal of a law of the State. Happily precisely such an attempt as that which has been now suggested was foreseen when the law was passed, which declares "It shall not be lawful to grant, use, or occupy for the purpose of a public fair or exhibition any portion of the Central Park in the city of New York." If the scheme of spoliation shall be pushed, and the repeal of the law sought, the question ought to be carried into the election; and no intelligent voter in the city or the State who understands the value of the Park to the city of New York, as in extent and disposition the noblest public work in the city, and designed for the rest and refreshment amid beautiful scenes of the whole population, should vote for any legislative candidate who would authorize the proposed desecration. If the law should be repealed, and a large part of the Park should be seized for this purpose, it would be very doubtful whether that section would ever be recovered for park uses, while a precedent would be created for the constant prostitution of spaces in the Park for similar objects. Should the plan prevail through public silence or torpor, it would be a demonstration that New York is unconscious of the true character of one of its greatest possessions, and is really an unworthy guardian of so admirable a popular pleasure-ground. Nothing could be an unhappier augury for the great Fair than that its site should be condemned for the best reasons by the most intelligent public opinion, as will certainly be the case should the struggle for seizing Central Park succeed.

THE CENTENARY OF COOPER'S BIRTH.

WE have just passed the centenary of the birth of COOPER. He was for a long time the best-known of American authors, the most universally read in Europe. *Planco consule*—that is to say, forty and fifty years ago—his novels were found in translations wherever popular books were sold. THACKERAY, always generous to the other story-tellers, rated Long Tom much more highly than Uncle Tom, and declares him to be one of the "prize men," not of American story only, but of all story. He had taken his degree of immortality with the heroes of SCOTT and DUMAS, if not of FIELDING and SMOLLETT.

But it is somehow true that the personal feeling of affection which is cherished for favorite novelists, for FIELDING and SMOLLETT and GOLDSMITH, for SCOTT and DICKENS and THACKERAY, is not entertained for COOPER. Those who are still living who remember him recall him as a litigious man, and what is known in England as "bumptious." He seemed to be always engaged in a suit for libel, pleading his own case with acrid energy, and "hitting out" at critics and criticism. Perhaps he was conscious of waning popularity, and resented it, or he was naturally vexed that, being so essentially and aggressively American, he should be stigmatized as of English and foreign sympathies. A gnarled knot of oak like COOPER could hardly be called an English dude, but the feeling which now comforts itself by the use of that epithet was very active against him.

His books were of the older school, tales of adventure and of plot—the school to which the heroes of fiction hitherto belong. COOPER'S novels are less read now probably than in his own time, as SCOTT and the earlier novelists are less read. Their school is legitimate, but no more so than that of Miss AUSTEN and the modern story-tellers called realists. Yet they can all be enjoyed. Nobody is great because he is different from another. We need not belittle our own time and men to piece out the fames of another generation. There are greatness and fame enough for all:

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

COOPER and IRVING and BRYANT were the fathers of our literature, and their fame as such will not be obscured by later lustres.

CHINA AND THE UNITED STATES.

HAS it ever occurred to us while we have been prohibiting the entrance of the Chinese into this country, and while the persecution of that race has proceeded upon some parts of the Pacific slope, that the Chinese are a nation of some extent and importance, and that they might some day "hit back"? Bishop FOWLER, of the Methodist Church, has been passing more than a year in China, and upon his return he says:

"They are preparing for war to vindicate the citizenship of their countrymen in all parts of the world, and particularly with the United States, against whom they have a bitter grievance. They will begin by the extirpation of all Americans within the empire, and possibly all English-speaking people. A Chinaman never forgets and he never forgives. It may lead to a slaughter of the English-speaking people and it may not; I am not prepared to say which, but that they propose to vindicate their national honor, as they understand it, I am morally certain. I do not anticipate that it will be soon, but within a few years."

This is not surprising. If we prohibit the coming of Chinese into the United States, China may certainly choose to expel Americans from her territory. She must be the judge of her advantages in intercourse with us, and if she be unwilling to buy those advantages at so tremendous a price as her exclusion from this country, we cannot wonder, much less protest. We do not mean that such reprisals should modify our action. The massing in this country of a population essentially alien in every way to the dominant race and civilization, like every other problem of immigration, is a question of expediency to be very carefully considered and settled. Our power of assimilation is already fully tasked.

But that fact does not affect the situation reported by Bishop FOWLER, and his report, unless dismissed as unworthy of attention, may well suggest precautions upon our part. American population and interests in China are large. If a general scheme of hostility to them is ripening, it would be wise to provide for its outburst. The situation, if justly apprehended, makes necessary the constant presence of an effective naval force in Chinese waters. If the bishop's forecast be accurate, the situation must be equally well known to other Americans long resident in China. Do any of them confirm his statement?

THE FLACK CRIME.

IT will be a public disgrace if the criminal conspiracy which has been exposed in the FLACK case is suffered to go unpunished. A wife is divorced from her husband upon a forged application, and the records are withheld from the public eye. When the newspapers, more faithful than the courts, disclose the facts, the judge who had issued the decree declares that he was deceived, and annuls the divorce. That is his confession of the commission of a crime to which he alleges that he was made unconsciously accessory. Is the matter to rest here? Is nothing more to be done?

The judge must be aware of his own position if the case ends here. He must know that he lies under a black cloud of suspicion, and that his usefulness as a judge is gone. His conduct was not an error merely, a slip, an oversight. However innocent he may be, his action was a blow at orderly society. His decree dissolved a marriage under false pretenses and in the dark. The scope of the transaction, the significance and consequences of such a conspiracy, are as well known to him as they are to all other intelligent men. It is the public welfare, the honesty of the bench, as well as his own character and reputation, which are at stake.

The situation is not improved by the fact that all the persons implicated as chief conspirators in this plot against the public welfare are connected with Tammany Hall. That virtuous political machine, with great ostentation, has dismissed FLACK. And then? After FLACK, what? Have the other chief agents in the affair been disciplined in the same way? Is Tammany pushing the case to trial? Is Tammany anxious that it should appear that the chief agents in a public crime of this character are all attachés or stipendiaries of the Hall? Has the public seen the end of the Flack case?

TO PREVENT BRIBERY.

IN the late trial of bribery cases the failure to convict is not surprising. It would be interesting to know the nature of the evidence which the City Reform Club had procured, but which was not available at the trial. Every case of the kind conducted by the present District Attorney lies, of course, under suspicion of half-hearted prosecution, but in the nature of the case conviction is always difficult, because bribery is a transaction between two persons who, being equally guilty, are not likely to tell.

In the late cases, as in others, the moral certainty may be absolute, while the legal evidence is wanting. The result of the trial in such cases is not to reinstate the accused as perfectly innocent. The unconvicted "boodlers" are not restored to public confidence as honest men. The offence is believed, but it is "not proven." The trial by newspaper in the boodle cases has been as conclusive as the journey to Canada, although an honest juryman might hold that no evidence given at the trial showed the indisputable guilt of the accused.

The failures of all these cases are powerful arguments for ballot reform. Since bribery at the polls, although one of the deadliest perils of popular government, is intrinsically difficult of proof, the diminution of the possibility of bribery is one of the most reasonable objects of legislation. The law lately passed in Massachusetts, which will be tested at the State election of this autumn, destroys one of the chief conditions of effective bribery by securing the secrecy of the ballot. It prevents the briber from knowing that the vote which he has bought is actually deposited. Bribery can be largely prevented, if it cannot be punished.

PERSONAL.

THE recent quarrel between the two collaborators ERCKMANN and CHATRIAN was the first intimation to many people that the compound name did not belong to a single personality. This literary partnership has existed for nearly fifty years, and the two men have been not only co-workers, but devoted friends. For almost thirteen years their joint labors were unsuccessful, and they were reduced almost to penury, when matters took a sudden turn, and they became popular in a day. Since then they have so closely supplemented one another's labors that there has been hardly a single chapter in any one of their many published volumes in which both men have not had a share. The breach which failure and success were powerless to compass has been brought about by a question of money. M. CHATRIAN and his friends accuse M. ERCKMANN of overreaching and avarice, because of the latter's objection to granting any of the profits from the dramatizations of the joint productions to the playwrights who assisted M. CHATRIAN in preparing these works for the stage. M. GEORGEL, the champion of M. CHATRIAN, goes so far as to accuse M. ERCKMANN of having shown cowardice and lack of patriotism during the Franco-Prussian war, and there is a probability that more disagreeable personalities will be indulged in before the affair is concluded.

—The Empress FREDERICK is said to have resigned all the papers and diaries of the late Emperor in return for the revocation by her son of the statute obliging her to live in Germany.

—The "good gray poet" received a visit a few days ago from Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, who made a stop at Camden solely for the purpose of paying his respects to WHITMAN. The author of "The Light of Asia," who advances the claim to being half an American in virtue of his marriage with a niece of Dr. CHANNING, is described as a man of good height and fine bearing, with a strong but pleasant face. He has been decorated with orders by the Sultan of Turkey and the King of Siam, besides receiving the Order of the Star of India from Queen VICTORIA. Sir EDWIN'S stay in America will be short, as he and Miss ARNOLD are *en route* for Japan. Both father and daughter are in mourning for Lady ARNOLD, who died quite recently.

—M. ADOLPE FAGUES, the barber who has had the honor of serving LAMARTINE, VICTOR HUGO, CHATEAUBRIAND, THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, MALIBRAN, and Mademoiselle MARS, is still living in Paris, and has just celebrated his silver wedding.

—The attempt at training swallows to carry messages, instead of using carrier-pigeons, promises to meet with success. A swallow recently made the record of 155 miles in an hour and thirty minutes. Should such a messenger service prove feasible it will probably be adopted in the French army.

—The owner of the finest collection of watches in the world is Sir JULIAN GOLDSCHMID, a wealthy Englishman, whose riches are said to nearly equal those of the ROTHSCHILDS. Sir JULIAN and his wife and daughters have spent part of the summer at Newport.

—The Rev. WILLIAM H. MILBURN, who assisted at the funeral of S. S. COX, and the personalities in whose prayers created such a sensation when he was Chaplain of the HOUSE in 1887, began life under widely different conditions from those which now surround him. A Methodist circuit rider at twenty, he was a tireless worker among the mountains of Ohio, Indiana, and Virginia, and it is claimed he has ridden 200,000 miles on horseback in the course of his ministrations. He held the chaplaincy of the House of Representatives under BUCHANAN, and is said to have created as great a sensation by his plainness of speech and candor in prayer then as he did in the same circumstances a generation later. In spite of his blindness he has travelled widely, both in this country and Europe; has lectured in England, and written two books descriptive of missionary labors in pioneer days. Mr. MILBURN is sixty-six years old, but is still in vigorous mental and bodily health.

—The people of Paris, who have been impressed with the conviction that EDISON was the inventor of the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and the phonograph, and possibly even of electricity itself, will probably think him more nearly a demi-god than ever since his gift of $2000 for the benefit of the poor of Paris. Mr. EDISON is claimed to have received the greatest ovation in Paris ever accorded to a foreigner. M. JULES CLARETE even declares that it may be said of EDISON, as it was of HUMBOLDT, that no nation can claim him as exclusively its own; his country is the world.

—The lectureship on poetry at the Johns Hopkins University will probably be offered to JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL for the coming year.

—The younger brother of General VON MOLTKE, who died recently in Schleswig, was at one time a famous officer in the Danish service, but after the Schleswig-Holstein war resigned his commission. He was a devoted lover of music. Although extremely kind-hearted, he was excessively irritated at any attention paid him because of his relationship to the "distinguished VON MOLTKE."

—A portrait statue of General MCCLELLAN is to be erected on the south front of the Philadelphia City Hall. The figure will be of bronze, and with the pedestal will stand thirty feet high. The designs are furnished by PAUL J. PELZ and HENRY J. ELLICOTT, and the cost of execution will be about $30,000. The anniversary of the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1890, is the date fixed for the unveiling of the statue.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

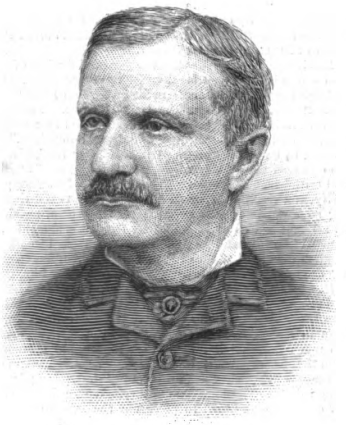
MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.

III.—THE STANDARD OIL MAGNATES.

THE likeness which we give below represents the face of one whose name has been of late years on many tongues. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, in connection with his associates, has achieved such a marked success in commercial affairs as to make him the subject of many strange and absurd stories. The facts, nevertheless, in regard to the organization and development of the petroleum industry are of so wonderful a character as to make the story of very general interest. Mr. Rockefeller has stood at the head of this unique movement, has acquired a large fortune, and, surrounded by a circle of enterprising associates, remains to give inspirations and directions to the affairs of the vast enterprise. Many will like to know something of the man who has so greatly assisted in developing an industry now capitalized at ninety millions (90,000,000) of dollars, and whose shares are quoted at one hundred and seventy (170).



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.



WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER.



CHARLES PRATT.

There was nothing peculiar in his early life. It was of the typical American character. His ancestors for many generations have lived in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, and without being specially prominent, have produced a family history altogether creditable. The family removed to Cleveland when Mr. Rockefeller was a lad, and he there received his education in the public schools, and began his business career. Coming to Mr. Rockefeller's relation to the oil business, we find him thirty years ago with a small capital running a little refinery at Cleveland. There were represented, however, in this small beginning the elements which have since crystallized into the compact organization known as the Standard Oil Trust. These elements were push, far-sightedness, comprehensive views of the necessities and possibilities of the trade, with an ambition to combine and develop all the resources at command to give the world a cheap and good illuminator. These ideas were never lost sight of, and the objective point was finally reached. One after another of those who were competing for the trade became convinced of the importance of a strong association, and either accepted satisfactory considerations for retiring from the business or joined their forces with the Standard Oil Company.

In manners Mr. Rockefeller is suave and rather reticent. He is domestic in his habits, a kind but conscientious father, bringing his children up in a plain and simple way. So far as the world can see, his interests in life are confined to his business, his family, and his Church. He is unostentatious, claiming no eminence because of his great wealth, though he is a munificent giver. Mr. Rockefeller is a stanch adherent of the Baptist Church, and a faithful attendant on its services. Though necessarily much absent from Cleveland, he retains the superintendency of the Sunday-school of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, and when at home personally conducts its services. In connection with other distinguished members of the denomination, he is planning for a Baptist University in Chicago, toward which he has promised liberal aid, though the amount has been largely overstated.

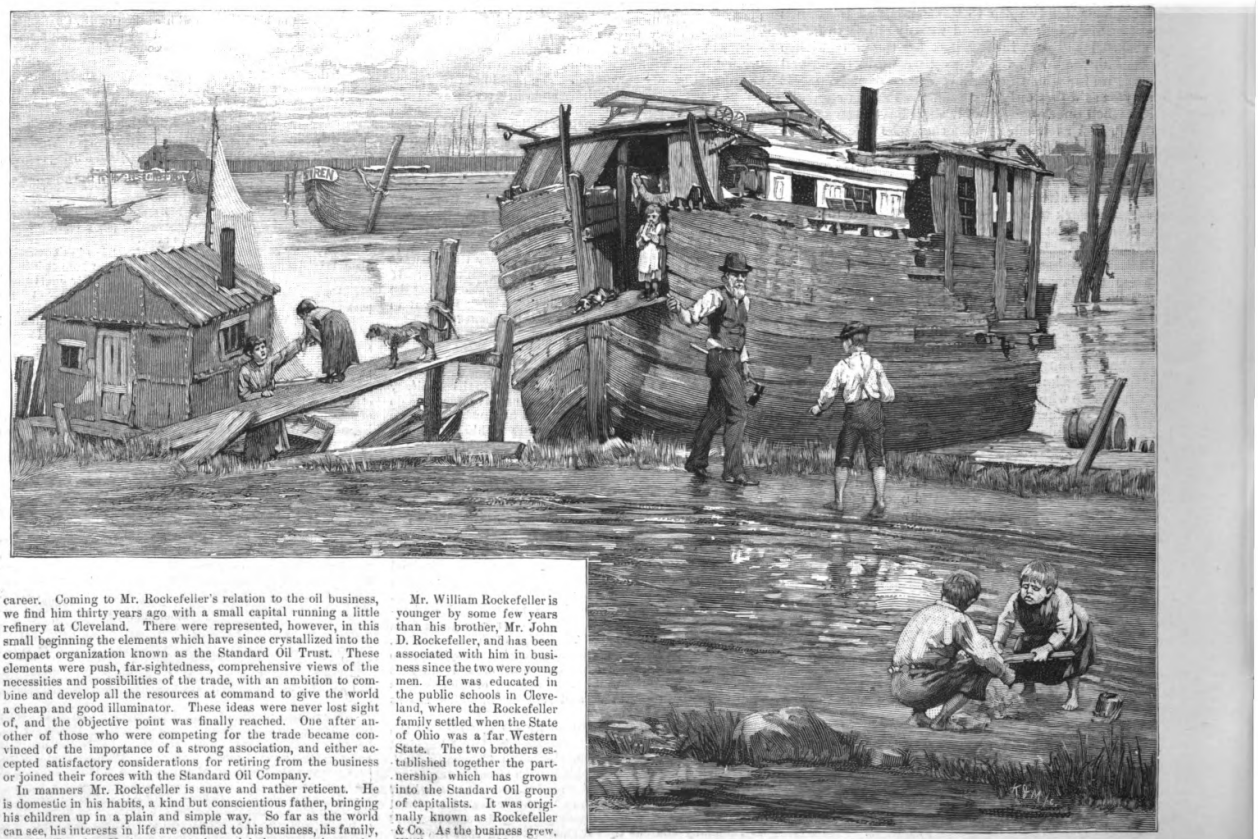
Mr. Rockefeller's reputation is so largely associated with the trust of which he is the president and acknowledged leader that his views of this organization are of interest. In his testimony given before the Senate Committee of this State charged with investigating "Trusts," he testified that the "Standard Oil Trust" had never in any way sought to restrict the production of refined oil in order to command higher prices, but by the use of improved methods and machinery had reduced the cost, stimulated the consumption, and made possible a larger production. There had been no attempt to repress competition, though some badly constructed and poorly managed refineries had ceased work. As to competitors, of whom there were many, the trust had always been on friendly terms with them.

Mr. Rockefeller is yet a comparatively young man, and it may be inferred from his careful and prudent habits, as well as from his generous disposition, that he has before him many years of usefulness in those social and religious interests which are particularly his source of pleasure.

Mr. William Rockefeller is younger by some few years than his brother, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and has been associated with him in business since the two were young men. He was educated in the public schools in Cleveland, where the Rockefeller family settled when the State of Ohio was a far Western State. The two brothers established together the partnership which has grown into the Standard Oil group of capitalists. It was originally known as Rockefeller & Co. As the business grew, William came to New York to look after the Eastern interests, and the New York firm of the same name was established. In Cleveland the firm name was then changed from time to time, and was successively William Rockefeller & Co., Rockefeller & Andrews, and Rockefeller, Andrews, & Flagler, finally being merged into the Standard Oil Company.

From the beginning Mr. William Rockefeller assumed the charge of the merchandising and of the financial department, and the enormous growth of the business and its unfaltering course of prosperity are ample evidence of his ability as a merchant. He was made the president of the company, and later, when the Standard Oil Trust was established, he was elected vice-president of it. As his fortune grew he acquired many other interests, and is now a director in the United States Trust Company, the Hanover Bank, the Leather Manufacturers' Bank, and in the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railroad companies.

Mr. William Rockefeller is generally known as a man more given to the enjoyments that are only within the reach of the very rich than his elder brother; but he is, like his brother, a member of many years' standing in the Baptist Church. He is domestic in his tastes, being devotedly attached to his family, but is also a club-man and an enthusiastic horseman. He belongs to the Union League Club, and to the Riding Club at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, and may be seen almost any fine day



A QUEER RESIDENCE.—DRAWN BY C. A. CORWIN.—[SEE PAGE 774.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PORTRAIT OF CHRISTIAN PAUL VAN BEERESTEYN, BURGOMASTER OF DELFT, PAINTED BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

ENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINAL, NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BY PERMISSION OF ITS OWNER, MR. HENRY O. HAVEMEYER.

driving some of the finest horses on the uptown roads. His fondness for horses is not a sporting taste, for he is not a familiar figure at the race-tracks, but is rather an outgrowth of his passion for developing blooded stock. His summer place in Connecticut is stocked with the finest horses and cattle that money can buy, and it is more than probable that he will establish a magnificent stud at his new place at Tarrytown, where, having bought the famous Aspinwall estate, he is now erecting a fine mansion. In this house, which by all reports is to be a marvel of beauty, elegance, and convenience, he proposes to establish his home.

Mr. Rockefeller is, like nearly all the other members of the group to which he belongs, of a retiring disposition, and shuns rather than courts publicity of any kind. He is quicker and more nervous in his manner than his brother, but is valuable in the great combination by reason of his discrimination and clear, correct judgment. These traits make him an important member of the council in all of the corporations with which he is connected. He is also famous for the careful attention to detail, and the exact knowledge of it, which is of the utmost importance in so vast an institution as that with which he is identified.

Mr. Henry M. Flagler, the third member of the small group of men who control between two hundred and three hundred millions of dollars, has been the subject of a vast amount of misinformation that has been published from time to time in the press of the country, but, with the peculiar reticence which characterizes the entire group, has always hitherto refrained from offering or authorizing any correction or denial. Until the present occasion, no correct or authorized sketch of his life has ever been given to the public.

He is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was born in Canandaigua something more than half a century ago. At the age of fourteen years he anticipated Horace Greeley's advice, and went to what was then the West. To a remarkable degree he succeeded in "growing up with the country," for he settled in the northern part of Ohio at a time when there was less than a hundred miles of railroad in that State. After a somewhat prolonged struggle to establish himself, he succeeded when a young man in getting into business in a small way as a grain and provision commission merchant in Cleveland. All the stories, which have been frequently told, about his early ambition to become a tavern-keeper, and about his first start in business being made through the liberal kindness of a well-to-do father-in-law, Mr. Flagler declares to be without any foundation excepting in the imagination of the writer.

He says of himself that he made his start by the exercise of the most rigid self-denial, and that he was distinctly a mean man until he had made his first million. A man, he says, ought to be stingy until he has accumulated money, in order to be able afterward to be as generous as he likes. The way in which he has carried out his theory may be understood from a recent incident. He was devotedly attached to his daughter, a young married lady, who died lately, after a long and painful illness, during which she had been attended by Dr. George Shelton, of Madison Avenue, New York. After her death Mr. Flagler sent to Dr. Shelton certain securities of the face value of $50,000, which were worth in the market $87,000. In the letter which accompanied the securities he thanked Dr. Shelton for his kindness and care, and asked him to accept the stock as his fee. The physician had sent no bill, and had not asked for his pay.

Such an act of munificence, fitly to be called royal if it had been

Digitized by Google Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

performed by a monarch, was easily within the means of one of the eight men who control the Standard Oil properties, and thereby the petroleum trade of the United States, if not the world. Great as his individual fortune is — and it has been estimated by those who claim to know much about the facts at forty or fifty millions—it is small compared with the amount he assists in controlling.

In the exercise of his power he is fond of remaining in the background, and making his influence felt rather than seen. Personally he is a handsome, genial man, with fascinating manners, and an air of cordiality which makes him exceedingly popular and agreeable among his personal acquaintances. Another characteristic incident or two will indicate how, aside from his lavish use of money, his traits of character are likely to attract friendship.

The investments of the Standard Oil group, outside of their original business, are many and vast. The accumulated surplus of the trust alone has been said to be in the neighborhood of one hundred millions. Among these investments have been the purchase of enormous properties in the State of Florida, and the improvement of certain portions of that State, particularly the city of St. Augustine. Mr. Flagler's hotels there are called the finest in the world. These hotels are run with an apparent disregard of any relation to be established between expense and income. The resident manager of one of them wrote not long ago to Mr. Flagler that, in view of the fact that there were very few guests in the house, he thought it might be advisable to dispense with the services of one of the two bands that were employed in the hotel to give daily concerts. Mr. Flagler replied that he was not anxious to hear any suggestions whatever in regard to possible retrenchments in the expense of conducting his hotels, but that if the manager had any new ideas in regard to how life might be made pleasanter for the guests who were staying there, he might write about that.

In purchasing the site for one of these hotels it became desirable to buy a certain corner lot that was occupied by a small church building. This property was worth perhaps five or six thousand dollars, but the trustees, scenting the opportunities of a good bargain, demanded ten thousand when overtures were made for the purchase. This sum Mr. Flagler flatly refused to pay. He says he never pays a dollar for anything that is worth no more than ninety-nine cents. After some negotiation, however, he agreed to exchange a plot of ground, equally desirable for church use, for the one he wanted, and to erect a new edifice on the new ground, equal in all respects to the old church building. This offer was accepted, and he was as good as his word. He put up a handsome church and a parsonage, and furnished them both throughout. The total expense to him was over eighty thousand dollars.

Mr. Charles Pratt, who is, perhaps, next to the two Rockefellers and Mr. Flagler, the most influential of the group who control the fortunes of the Standard Oil Company and the Standard Oil Trust, is a New-Englander by extraction, but has been a New-Yorker since his early life, or rather a Greenpoint oil refiner for a long time. He was one of the first, about a quarter of a century ago, to appreciate the extent of the petroleum trade that began when the great oil fields of Pennsylvania were first developed, and devoting himself to the perfect refining of this product, he succeeded in linking his name with the best form in which it was put upon the market.

When, later than that, the Standard Oil group from Cleveland was rapidly absorbing all the considerable petroleum establishments in the country, and was laying the foundation for the gigantic Standard Oil Trust, Mr. Pratt was wise in his generation, and being stronger than most of the other refiners, he was able to make most excellent terms for himself when he joined the combination instead of selling out his interests.

From that day on his fortune, already a large one, has grown rapidly and steadily, until Mr. Pratt is probably unable to say exactly how much he is worth. It is many millions—estimated at from ten to thirty—but great as it is, it bears no comparison to the enormous sums which he, as one of the members of the great trust, assists in controlling.

Mr. Pratt is about sixty years old, but is vigorous and active, appearing fully ten years younger. He is not above medium height, but is inclined to stoutness. His complexion is light rather than dark, and his sparse brown beard and hair are well tinged with gray. He is reserved in manner, and gives the impression to the casual observer that he is distrustful of mankind in general.

For the past fifteen years he has been prominently identified with the cause of education in the city of Brooklyn. During nearly all of that period he has been the executive head of the Adelphi Academy of that city—an institution which now enjoys a national reputation as a centre of learning, but which when he took charge of it was hardly equal to any one of the leading public schools of Kings County.

While his work and benefactions to the Adelphi made him locally famous, yet most of his reputation as a philanthropist rests upon his Industrial Institute. This noble charity is intended to supply the wants of men and women who have some mechanical aptitude, but whose education has been neglected. It gives not only a good training in the rudimentary branches, but also a thorough knowledge of the skilled industries. The Institute is a handsome brick building, with accommodations for three hundred students. It has a notably good library and a very able corps of professors and instructors. It is liberally endowed, the capital being invested in a series of seven six-storied apartment-houses, known as the Astral Flats, the name being taken from the trade-mark of Pratt's astral oil.

BRAVO, PARIS EXPOSITION!

ADD to your show, before you close it, France,
With all the rest, visible, concrete, temples, towers, goods, machines, and ores,
Our sentiment wafted from many million heart-throbs, ethereal, but solid,
(We grandsons and great-grandsons do not forget your grandsires),
From fifty Nations and nebulous Nations compacted, sent over sea to-day,
America's applause, love, memories, and good-will.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE RECENT DISASTER AT QUEBEC.

SHORTLY after seven o'clock on Thursday evening last, while the laboring people dwelling in Champlain Street, at the foot of Cape Diamond, Quebec, were in their homes after their day's work, a mass of rock thousands of tons in weight fell from near the top of the cliff, crushing in some thirty houses, and killing and injuring nearly one hundred persons. The mass of rock is estimated to have been nearly 500 feet in length, 200 feet in width, and 100 feet in depth, and its course of nearly 200 feet down the precipitous side of Cape Diamond made it utterly irresistible by any buildings in its way.

Little Champlain Street, with its high buildings and its famous flight of steps in its steepest part, is easily recalled by all visitors to Quebec. Champlain Street is less known, though it is through Champlain Street that tourists go to see the place where General Montgomery fell. The street lies immediately at the foot of Cape Diamond, and is inhabited chiefly by the wharf laborers, whose places of work are directly back of the houses in which they and their families live. In 1841 a landslide occurred, less fatal than that of Thursday last, and to prevent the recurrence of such a disaster a heavy retaining wall was built, so that the houses occupy but one side of the street.

"The Mountain" at Quebec, crowned by the Citadel, whose walls are apparently continued far beyond their real limits by the Dufferin and the Durham terraces, gives to Quebec the name "Gibraltar of America." Three hundred feet above Champlain Street tower the rocks, whose sides are so precipitous that only traditions remain of their having been scaled. A month of dry, hot weather from August 16th to September 16th had caused crevices to appear along the crest of the Cape. On Tuesday and Wednesday rain fell heavily, and the crevices were filled with water. Pieces of rock fell at intervals during Thursday, but, with the usual comfortable belief that what has not happened will not happen, none of the dwellers in Champlain Street paid any attention to the unspoken warnings until just before the landslide occurred. Then a few persons appreciated their danger, and a still smaller number betook themselves to safer places; but it was too late, and the rock fell.

Thousands of persons gathered about the place at once, so that the work of rescue was almost impossible. The battery of Royal Canadian Artillery was called from the Citadel, and the Cavalry School Corps from Levis, across the river, and the two commands, which have lost more men in dangerous work at fires and in half-ruined houses than in war, turned to, and during the dark rainy night, with lesser landslips occurring continually, by the light of lanterns and flickering torches, extricated from the compact mass of rock, wood, and brick thirteen bodies of the dead and twoscore of the living.

The morning of Friday showed the extent of the disaster; and there were found unsuspected crevices back of the two terraces, and under the famous King's Bastion in the Citadel. The crowds of spectators were driven back from their vantage-ground along the front of the terraces, and access to those terraces was forbidden; the King's Bastion was closed, and the great gun which morning, noon, and night gave time to Quebec was silenced.

Friday's work brought to light nearly a score more bodies, while many persons, some injured, some miraculously preserved unharmed, were rescued and removed to places of safety. How many bodies yet remain in the débris can only be told when the thousands of tons of rock are removed. To remove them will take, the engineers estimate, at least two months.

The landslide has entirely cut off the western part of the lower town, as Champlain Street was the only thoroughfare by which communication could be maintained with the lumber coves and houses along the river front to the west of the city.

AN AMERICAN VEGETABLE INDIGNATION MEETING.

BY AMOS W. WRIGHT.

A NOTABLE Convention,
Which calls for prompt attention,
  At sunrise congregated in the fields the other morn.
There were present the Potato,
The esculent Tomato,
  The dark green-leaved Tobacco, and the paler Indian Corn.

The pending agitation
Of Columbus' Celebration
  Was the burning theme that wakened in these plants the power of speech.
Though of natures calm, benignant,
Yet a resolute, indignant
  Protesting was apparent in the attitude of each.

"My ears have been alert,"
The Maize rose to assert,
  "To hear myself acknowledged as a boon the New World brought,
Worth special recognition
At the coming Exhibition,
  And deserving of a temple, or of something of the sort.

"A bar against starvation
I am in every nation
  As yellow bread, and further in the form of pork and beef;
And yet no! e'en my juices
Have opened any sluices
  Of eloquence in my behalf in speeches long or brief."

The Potato then recited
That *its* eyes had not alighted
  As yet upon the words or resolutions to it due
As a vegetable blessing,
Of a value past expressing,
Conferred upon the Old World's hungry millions by the New.

And with a tone of ire,
Betraying latent fire,
  The Tobacco Plant cried loudly out: "And am *I* to be spurned?
Is the whole world to use me?
Then by neglect abuse me?
  'Twere better that I never soothed, nor fragrance gave, nor burned."

The Tomato, very red,
Raised too its voice and said
  That though later came the services it rendered unto men,
It gave sauce to the rations
Of the people of all nations;
  And, native born, upheld its claim to notice there and then.

Whereon the roused Potato,
The deeply flushed Tomato,
  The serious Tobacco, and the rustling Indian Corn
Resolved, unless fit mention
And adequate attention
  Were quickly given to them, there should soon be cause to mourn.

Their ultimate decision
Was a vigorous provision
  To stop, all four, if need be, the production of their crops,
That people then could measure
The value of the treasure
  Forgotten now by men absorbed in books, machines, and shops.

A world without Potatoes,
Tobacco, Maize, Tomatoes!
  The fancy is almost beyond the scope of human thought.
Let the warning be not lost,
And, whatever be the cost,
  Let the Fair bear worthy tribute to these gifts Columbus brought.

A QUEER HOME.

No reader of Dickens can ever forget the "black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, and smoking very cozily. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was that it was a real boat, which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in on dry land." The fascination which Mr. Peggotty's house had for the child David Copperfield, it has still, at least for every youthful reader.

Like some clear description of a giant's castle in a fairy tale, the vivid picture in the novel seems a daring stroke of imagination, and one fancies there is no use looking for such a habitation for human beings in this work-a-day world as that in which Little Em'ly, and 'Am, and Mr. Peggotty, and Mrs. Gummidge lived. Yet the artist has found, close by, an example of just such a dwelling, one, indeed, which might have been the original in Dickens's eye, save that it is not on dry land at all, but is planted — it almost seems rooted — in the mud by the shore, and a rickety plank-walk serves as an avenue of approach from the mainland.

It is the home of a former canal-boat captain, who now has gone up higher, commercially, and is a contracter in canal transportation. Disgusted ten years ago with the houses ashore that were within his means, he and his wife settled in one of the dilapidated hulks of worn-out barges that are cast away in the Elysian Fields Basin, in Hoboken, and enthroning their household gods cozily, set vigorously about raising a family. There are now nine in the household, and though the first old hulk is now replaced by another, or rather the half of another, they have remained contented and prosperous in their quaint home.

On a summer day it seems a delightful one. The old beauty of the Elysian Fields clings like a memory around the little space not yet encroached upon by streets and railroads, and the basin is picturesque with the ruins of old boats, the breaking up of which is the main industry of the neighborhood. "It is healthy," says the mother of seven, with a happy smile," and it is much pleasanter than the crowded tenement-houses. We are out of the way of disturbances and tax collectors, and directory canvassers let us alone, though the census-takers did hunt us up. We have rooms enough in the boat to live comfortably, and the children go to school, all but the youngest."

It almost seems a grievance against the worthy family that live in what might be considered a perennial picnic to find that they are of the same kind as people ashore, and that they have the same interests and aims in life. Even the little ones, tumbling around without a front or back yard, and occasionally dropping into the water instead of sprawling in the grass, are exactly like other children, and are utterly unappreciative of their high prerogative in the romance of childhood. They are even prosaic enough—this matter-of-fact family—to reckon as one of the principal advantages of their idyllic mode of life that they are exempt from the monthly annoyance of paying rent.



IT DIDN'T DRAW WELL.

"Wot's de mattah, Mistah Abrams—don't she draw good?"
"Uh! —no (*puff*). Would yo' min' settin' down yo' back it (*puf*) an' fannin' de em' wid yo' hat till I gits it started?"

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

I.

SUPERFICIALLY, the affairs of *Every Other Week* settled into their wonted form again, and for Fulkerson they seemed thoroughly reinstated. But March had a feeling of impermanency from what had happened, mixed with a fantastic sense of shame toward Lindau. He did not sympathize with Lindau's opinions; he thought his remedy for existing evils as wildly impracticable as Colonel Woolburn's. But while he thought this, and while he could justly blame Fulkerson for Lindau's presence at Dryfoos's dinner, which his zeal had brought about in spite of March's protests, still he could not rid himself of the reproach of uncandor with Lindau. He ought to have told him frankly about the ownership of the magazine, and what manner of man the man was whose money he was taking. But he said that he never could have imagined that he was serious in his preposterous attitude in regard to a class of men who embody half the prosperity of the country; and he had moments of revolt against his own humiliation before Lindau, in which he found it monstrous that he should return Dryfoos's money as if it had been the spoil of a robber. His wife agreed with him in these moments, and said it was a great relief not to have that tiresome old German coming about. They had to account for his absence evasively to the children, whom they could not very well tell that their father was living on money that Lindau disdained to take, even though Lindau was wrong and their father was right. This heightened Mrs. March's resentment toward both Lindau and Dryfoos, who between them had placed her husband in a false position. If anything, she resented Dryfoos's conduct more than Lindau's. He had never spoken to March about the affair since Lindau had renounced his work, or added to the apologetic messages he had sent by Fulkerson. So far as March knew, Dryfoos had been left to suppose that Lindau had simply stopped for some reason that did not personally affect him. They never spoke of him, and March was too proud to ask either Fulkerson or Conrad whether the old man knew that Lindau had returned his money. He avoided talking to Conrad, from a feeling that if he did, he should involuntarily lead him on to speak of his differences with his father. Between himself and Fulkerson, even, he was uneasily aware of a want of their old perfect friendliness. Fulkerson had finally behaved with honor and courage; but his

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

provisional reluctance had given March the measure of Fulkerson's character in one direction, and he could not ignore the fact that it was smaller than he could have wished.

He could not make out whether Fulkerson shared his discomfort or not. It certainly wore away, even with March, as time passed, and with Fulkerson, in the bliss of his fortunate love, it was probably far more transient, if it existed at all. He advanced into the winter as radiantly as if to meet the spring, and he said that if there were any pleasanter month of the year than November, it was December, especially when the weather was good and wet and muddy most of the time, so that you had to keep in-doors a long while after you called anywhere.

Colonel Woodburn had the anxiety, in view of his daughter's engagement, when she asked his consent to it, that such a dreamer must have in regard to any reality that threatens to affect the course of his reveries. He had not perhaps taken her marriage into account, except as a remote contingency; and certainly Fulkerson was not the kind of son-in-law that he had imagined in dealing with that abstraction. But because he had nothing of the sort definitely in mind, he could not oppose the selection of Fulkerson with success; he really knew nothing against him, and he knew many things in his favor; Fulkerson inspired him with the liking that every one felt for him in a measure; he amused him, he cheered him; and the Colonel had been so much used to leaving action of all kinds to his daughter that when he came to close quarters with the question of a son-in-law, he felt helpless to decide it, and he let her decide it, as if it were still to be decided when it was submitted to him. She was competent to treat it in all its phases: not merely those of personal interest, but those of duty to the broken Southern past, sentimentally dear to him, and practically absurd to her. No such South as he remembered had ever existed to her knowledge, and no such civilization as he imagined would ever exist, to her belief, anywhere. She took the world as she found it, and made the best of it. She trusted in Fulkerson; she had proved his magnanimity in a serious emergency; and in small things she was willing fearlessly to chance it with him. She was not a sentimentalist, and there was nothing fantastic in her expectations; she was a girl of good sense and right mind, and she liked the immediate practicality as well as the final honor of Fulkerson. She did not idealize him, but in the highest effect she realized him; she did him justice, and she would not have believed that she did him more than justice if she had sometimes known him to do himself less.

Their engagement was a fact to which the Leighton household adjusted itself almost as simply as the lovers themselves; Miss Woodburn told the ladies at once, and it was not a thing that Fulkerson could keep from March very long. He sent word of it to Mrs. March by her husband; and his engagement perhaps did more than anything else to confirm the confidence in him which had been shaken by his early behavior in the Lindau episode, and not wholly restored by his tardy fidelity to March. But now she felt that a man who wished to get married so obviously and entirely for love was full of all kinds of the best instincts, and only needed the guidance of a wife to become very noble. She interested herself intensely in balancing the respective merits of the engaged couple, and after her call upon Miss Woodburn in her new character she prided herself upon recognizing the worth of some strictly Southern qualities in her, while maintaining the general average of New England superiority. She could not reconcile herself to the Virginian custom illustrated in her having been christened with the surname of Madison; and she said that its pet form of Mad, which Fulkerson promptly invented, only made it more ridiculous.

Fulkerson was slower in telling Beaton. He was afraid, somehow, of Beaton's taking the matter in the cynical way; Miss Woodburn said she would break off the engagement if Beaton was left to guess it or find it out by accident, and then Fulkerson plucked up his courage. Beaton received the news with gravity, and with a sort of melancholy meekness that strongly moved Fulkerson's sympathy, and made him wish that Beaton was engaged too.

It made Beaton feel very old; it somehow left him behind and forgotten; in a manner, it made him feel trifled with. Something of the unfriendliness of fate seemed to overcast his resentment, and he allowed the sadness of his conviction that he had not the means to marry on to tinge his recognition of the fact that Alma Leighton would not have wanted him to marry her, if he had. He was now often in that martyr mood in which he wished to help his father; not only to deny himself Chianti, but to forego a fur-lined overcoat which he intended to get for the winter. He postponed the moment of actual sacrifice as regarded the Chianti, and he bought the overcoat in an anguish of self-reproach. He wore it the first evening after he got it in going to call upon the Leightons, and it seemed to him a piece of ghastly irony when Alma complimented his picturesqueness in it, and asked him to let her sketch him.

"Oh, you can *sketch* me," he said, with so much gloom that it made her laugh.

"If you think it's so serious, I'd rather not."

"No, no! Go ahead! How do you want me?"

"Oh, fling yourself down on a chair in one of your attitudes of studied negligence; and twist one corner of your mustache with affected absence of mind."

"And you think I'm always studied, always affected?"

"I didn't *say* so."

"I didn't ask you what you *said*."

"And I won't tell you what I think."

"Ah, I know what you think."

"What made you ask, then?" The girl laughed again with the satisfaction of her sex in cornering a man.

Beaton made a show of not deigning to reply, and put himself in the pose she suggested, frowning.

"Ah, that's it. But a little more animation.

"'As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.'"

She put her forehead down on the back of her hand and laughed again. "You ought to be photographed. You look as if you were sitting for it."

Beaton said: "That's because I know I am being photographed, in one way. I don't think you ought to call me affected. I never am so with you; I know it wouldn't be of any use."

"Oh, Mr. Beaton, you flatter."

"No, I never flatter you."

"I meant you flattered yourself."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. Imagine."

"I know what you mean. You think I can't be sincere with anybody."

"Oh, no I don't."

"What do you think?"

"That you can't—try." Alma gave another victorious laugh.

Miss Woodburn and Fulkerson would once have both feigned a great interest in Alma's sketching Beaton, and made it the subject of talk, in which they approached as nearly as possible the real interest of their lives. Now they frankly remained away, in the dining-room, which was very cozy after the dinner had disappeared; the Colonel sat with his lamp and paper in the gallery beyond; Mrs. Leighton was about her house-keeping affairs, in the content she always felt when Alma was with Beaton.

"They seem to be having a pretty good time in there," said Fulkerson, detaching himself from his own absolute good time as well as he could.

"At least Alma does," said Miss Woodburn.

"Do you think she cares for him?"

"Qualite as much as he desoves."

"What makes you all down on Beaton around here? He's not such a bad fellow."

"We awe not all doan ou him. Mrs. Leighton isn't doan on him."

"Oh, I guess if it was the old lady, there wouldn't be much question about it."

They both laughed, and Alma said, "They seem to be greatly amused with something in there."

"Me, probably," said Beaton. "I seem to amuse everybody to-night."

"Don't you always?"

"I always amuse you, I'm afraid, Alma."

She looked at him as if she were going to snub him openly for using her name; but apparently she decided to do it covertly. "You didn't at first. I really used to believe you could be serious once."

"Couldn't you believe it again? Now?"

"Not when you put on that wind-harp stop."

"Wetmore has been talking to you about me. He would sacrifice his best friend to a phrase. He spends his time making them."

"He's made some very pretty ones about you."

"Like the one you just quoted?"

"No, not exactly. He admires you ever so much. He says—" She stopped, teasingly.

"What?"

"He says you could be almost anything you wished, if you didn't wish to be everything."

"That sounds more like the *school* of Wetmore. That's what *you* say, Alma. Well, if there were something you wished me to be, I could be it."

"We might adapt Kingsley: 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.'" He could not help laughing. She went on: "I always thought that was the most patronizing and exasperating thing ever addressed to a human girl; and we've had to stand a good deal in our time. I should like to have it applied to the other 'sect' awhile. As if any girl that *was* a girl would be goo if she had the remotest chance of being clever!"

"Then you wouldn't wish me to be good?" Beaton asked.

"Not if you were a girl."

"You want to shock me. Well, I suppose I deserve it. But if I were one-tenth part as good as you are, Alma, I should have a lighter heart than I have now. I know that I'm fickle, but I'm not false, as you think I am."

"Who said I thought you were false?"

"No one," said Beaton. "It isn't necessary, when you look it—live it."

"Oh, dear! I didn't know I devoted my whole time to the subject."

"I know I'm despicable. I could tell you something—the history of this day, even—that would make you despise me." Beaton had in mind his purchase of the overcoat, which Alma was getting in so effectively, with the money he ought to have sent his father. "But," he went on, darkly, with a sense that what he was that moment suffering for his selfishness must somehow be a kind of atonement, which would finally leave him to the guiltless enjoyment of the overcoat, "you wouldn't believe the depths of baseness I could descend to."

"I would try," said Alma, rapidly shading the collar, "if you'd give me some hint."

Beaton had a sudden wish to pour out his remorse to her, but he was afraid of her laughing at him. He said to himself that this was a very wholesome fear, and that if he could always have her at hand he should not make a fool of himself so often. A man conceives of such an office as the very noblest for a woman; he worships her for it if he is magnanimous. But Beaton was silent, and Alma put back her head for the right distance on her sketch. "Mr. Fulkerson thinks you are the sublimest of human beings for advising him to get Colonel Woodburn to interview Mr. Dryfoos about Lindau. What have you ever done with your Judas?"

"I haven't done anything with it. Nadel thought he would take hold of it at one time, but he dropped it again. After all, I don't suppose it could be popularized. Fulkerson wanted to offer it as a premium to subscribers for *Every Other Week*, but I sat down on that."

Alma could not feel the absurdity of this, and she merely said, "*Every Other Week* seems to be going on just the same as ever."

"Yes, the trouble has all blown over, I believe. Fulkerson," said Beaton, with a return to what they were saying, "has managed the whole business very well. But he exaggerates the value of my advice."

"Very likely," Alma suggested, vaguely. "Or no! Excuse me! He couldn't, he couldn't!" She laughed delightedly at Beaton's foolish look of embarrassment.

He tried to recover his dignity in saying, "He's a very good fellow, and he deserves his happiness."

"Oh, indeed!" said Alma, perversely. "Does any one deserve happiness?"

"I know I don't," sighed Beaton.

"You mean you don't get it."

"I certainly don't get it."

"Ah, but that isn't the reason."

"What is?"

"That's the secret of the universe." She bit in her lower lip, and looked at him with eyes of gleaming fun.

"Are you *never* serious?" he asked.

"With serious people—always."

"*I* am serious; and you have the secret of my happiness—" He threw himself impulsively forward in his chair.

"Oh, pose, pose!" she cried.

"I *won't* pose," he answered, "and you have got to listen to me. You know I'm in love with you; and I know that once you cared for me. Can't that time—won't it—come back again? Try to think so, Alma!"

"No," she said, briefly and seriously enough.

"But that seems impossible. What is it I've done—what have you against me?"

"Nothing. But that time is *past*. I couldn't recall it if I wished. Why did you bring it up? You've broken your word. You know I wouldn't have let you keep coming here if you hadn't promised never to refer to it."

"How could I help it? With that happiness near us—Fulkerson—"

"Oh, it's *that!* I might have known it!"

"No, it isn't that—it's something far deeper. But if it's nothing you have against me, what is it, Alma, that keeps you from caring for me now as you did then? I haven't changed."

"But *I* have. I shall never care for you again, Mr. Beaton; you might as well understand it once for all. Don't think it's anything in yourself, or that I think you unworthy of me. I'm not so self-satisfied as that; I know very well that I'm not a perfect character, and that I've no claim on perfection in anybody else. I think women who want that are fools; they won't get it, and they don't deserve it. But I've learned a good deal more about myself than I knew in St. Barnaby, and a life of work, of art, and of art alone—that's what I've made up my mind to."

"A woman that's made up her mind to that has no heart to hinder her!"

"Would a man have that had done so?"

"But I don't believe you, Alma. You're merely laughing at me. And besides, with me you needn't give up art. We could work together. You know how much I admire your talent. I believe I could help it—serve it; I would be its willing slave, and yours, Heaven knows!"

"I don't want any slave—nor any slavery. I want to be free—always. Now do you see? I *don't* care for you, and I never could, in the old way; but I should have to care for some one more than I believe I ever shall, to give up my work. Shall we go on?" She looked at her sketch.

"No, we shall not go on," he said, gloomily, as he rose.

"I suppose you blame me," she said, rising too.

"Oh no! I blame no one—or only myself. I threw my chance away."

"I'm glad you see that; and I'm glad you did it. You don't believe me, of course. Why do men think life can be only the one thing to women? And if you come to the selfish view, who are the happy women? I'm sure that if work doesn't fail me, health won't, and happiness won't."

"But you could work on with me—"

"Second fiddle. Do you suppose I shouldn't be woman enough to wish my work always less and lower than yours? At least I've heart enough for that!"

"You've heart enough for anything, Alma. I was a fool to say you hadn't."

"I think the women who keep their hearts have an even chance, at least, of having heart—"

"Ah, there's where you're wrong!"

"But mine isn't mine to give *you*, anyhow. And now I don't want you ever to speak to me about this again."

"Oh, there's no danger!" he cried, bitterly. "I shall never willingly see you again."

"That's as you like, Mr. Beaton. We've had to be very frank, but I don't see why we shouldn't be friends. Still, we needn't, if you don't like."

"And I may come—I may come here—as—as usual?"

"Why, if you can consistently," she said, with a smile, and she held out her hand to him.

He went home dazed, and feeling as if it were a bad joke that had been put upon him. At least the affair went so deep that it estranged the aspect of his familiar studio. Some of the things in it were not very familiar; he had spent lately a great deal on rugs, on stuffs, on Japanese bricàbrac. When he saw these things in the shops he had felt that he must have them; that they were necessary to him; and he was partly in debt for them, still without having sent any of his earnings to pay his father. As he looked at them now he liked to fancy something weird and conscious in them as the silent witnesses of a broken life. He felt about among some of the smaller objects on the mantle for his pipe. Before he slept he was aware, in the luxury of his despair, of a remote relief, an escape; and, after all, the understanding he had come to with Alma was only the explicit formulation of terms long tacit between them. Beaton would have been puzzled more than he knew if she had taken him seriously. It was inevitable that he should declare himself in love with her; but he was not disappointed at her rejection of his love; perhaps not so much as he would have been at its acceptance, though he tried to think otherwise, and to give himself airs of tragedy. He did not really feel that the result was worse than what had gone before, and it left him free.

But he did not go to the Leightons' again for so long a time that Mrs. Leighton asked Alma what had happened. Alma told her.

"And he won't come any more?" her mother sighed, with reserved censure.

"Oh, I think he will. He couldn't very well come the next night. But he has the habit of coming, and with Mr. Beaton habit is everything—even the habit of thinking he's in love with some one."

"Alma," said her mother, "I don't think it's very nice for a girl to let a young man keep coming to see her after she's refused him."

"Why not, if it amuses him and doesn't hurt the girl?"

"But it does hurt her, Alma. It—it's indelicate. It isn't fair to him; it gives him hopes."

"Well, mamma, it hasn't happened in the given case yet. If Mr. Beaton comes again I won't see him, and you can forbid him the house."

"If I could only feel sure, Alma," said her mother, taking up another branch of the inquiry, "that you really knew your own mind, I should be easier about it."

"Then you can rest perfectly quiet, mamma. I do know my own mind; and what's worse, I know Mr. Beaton's mind."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he spoke to me the other night, simply because Mr. Fulkerson's engagement had broken him all up."

"What expressions!" Mrs. Leighton lamented.

"He let it out himself," Alma went on. "And you wouldn't have thought it was very flattering yourself. When I'm made love to, after this, I prefer to be made love to in an off year, when there isn't another engaged couple anywhere about."

"Did you tell him that, Alma?"

"Tell him that! What do you mean, mamma? I may be indelicate, but I'm not quite so indelicate as that."

"I didn't mean you were indelicate, really, Alma, but I wanted to warn you. I think Mr. Beaton was very much in earnest."

"Oh, so did he!"

"And you didn't?"

"Oh yes, for the time being. I suppose he's very much in earnest with Miss Vance at times, and with Miss Dryfoos at others. Sometimes he's a painter, and sometimes he's an architect, and sometimes he's a sculptor. He has too many gifts—too many tastes."

"And if Miss Vance, and Miss Dryfoos—"

"Oh, do say Sculpture and Architecture, mamma! It's getting so dreadfully personal!"

"Alma, you know that I only wish to get at your real feeling in the matter."

"And you know that I don't want to let you"—especially when I haven't got any real feeling in the matter. But I should think—speaking in the abstract entirely—that if either of those arts was ever going to be in earnest about him, it would want his exclusive devotion for a week at least."

"I didn't know," said Mrs. Leighton, "that he was doing anything now at the others. I thought he was entirely taken up with his work on *Every Other Week*."

"Oh, he is! He is!"

"And you certainly can't say, my dear, that he hasn't been very kind—very useful to you, in that matter."

"And so I ought to have said yes out of gratitude? Thank you, mamma! I didn't know you held me so cheap."

"You know whether I hold you cheap or not, Alma. I don't want you to cheapen yourself. I don't want you to trifle with any one. I want you to be honest with yourself."

"Well, come now, mamma! Suppose you begin. I've been perfectly honest with myself, and I've been honest with Mr. Beaton. I don't care for him, and I've told him I didn't; so he may be supposed to know it. If he comes here after this, he'll come as a plain, unostentatious friend of the family, and it's for you to say whether he shall come in that capacity or not. I hope you won't trifle with him, and let him get the notion that he's coming on any other basis."

Mrs. Leighton felt the comfort of the critical attitude far too keenly to abandon it for anything constructive. She only said, "You know very well, Alma, that's a matter I can have nothing to do with."

"Then you leave him entirely to me?"

"I hope you will regard his right to candid and open treatment."

"He's had nothing but the most open and candid treatment from me, mamma. It's you that want to play fast and loose with him. And to tell you the truth, I believe he would like that a good deal better; I believe that if there's anything he hates, it's openness and candor."

Alma laughed, and put her arms round her mother, who could not help laughing a little too.

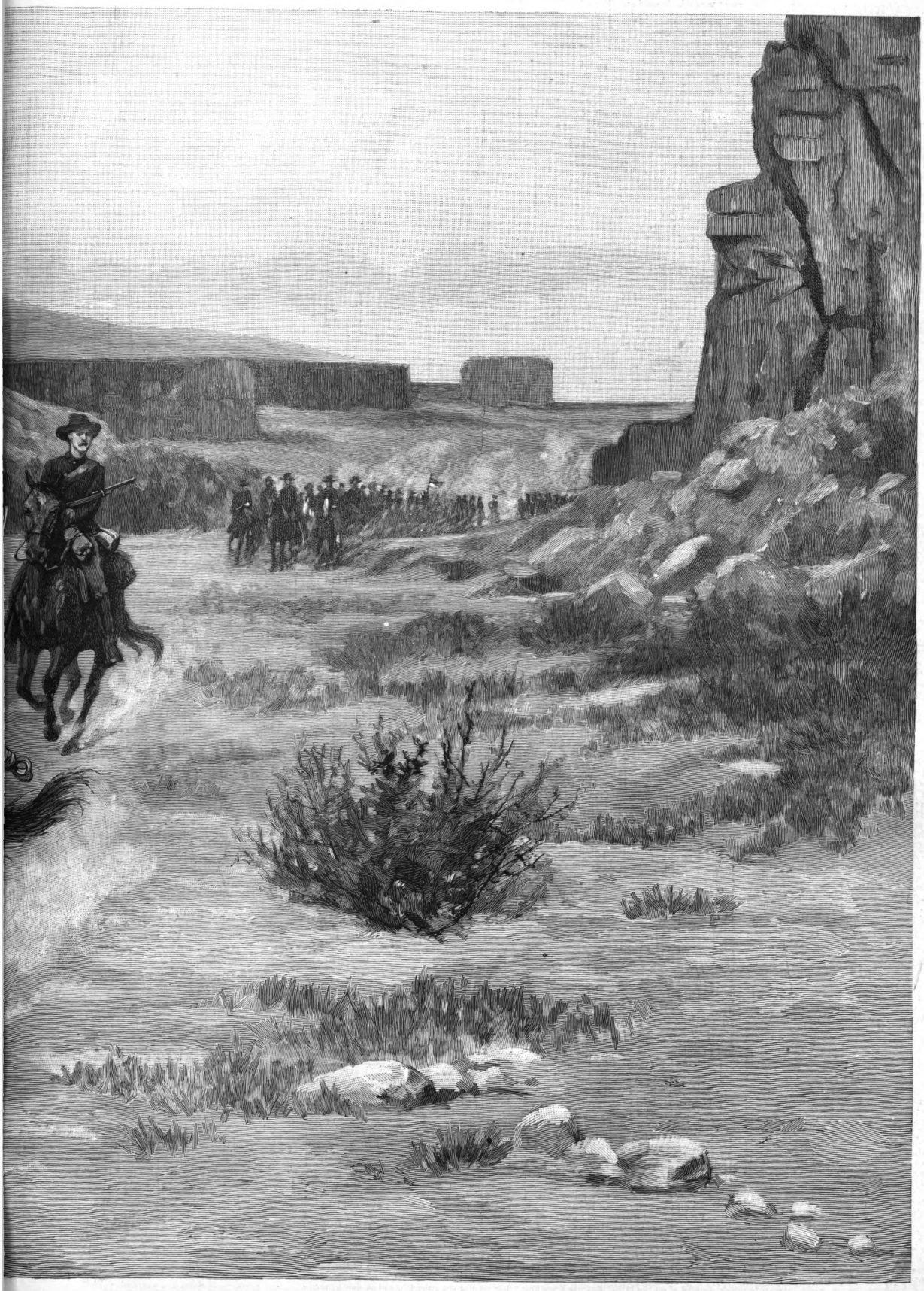
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



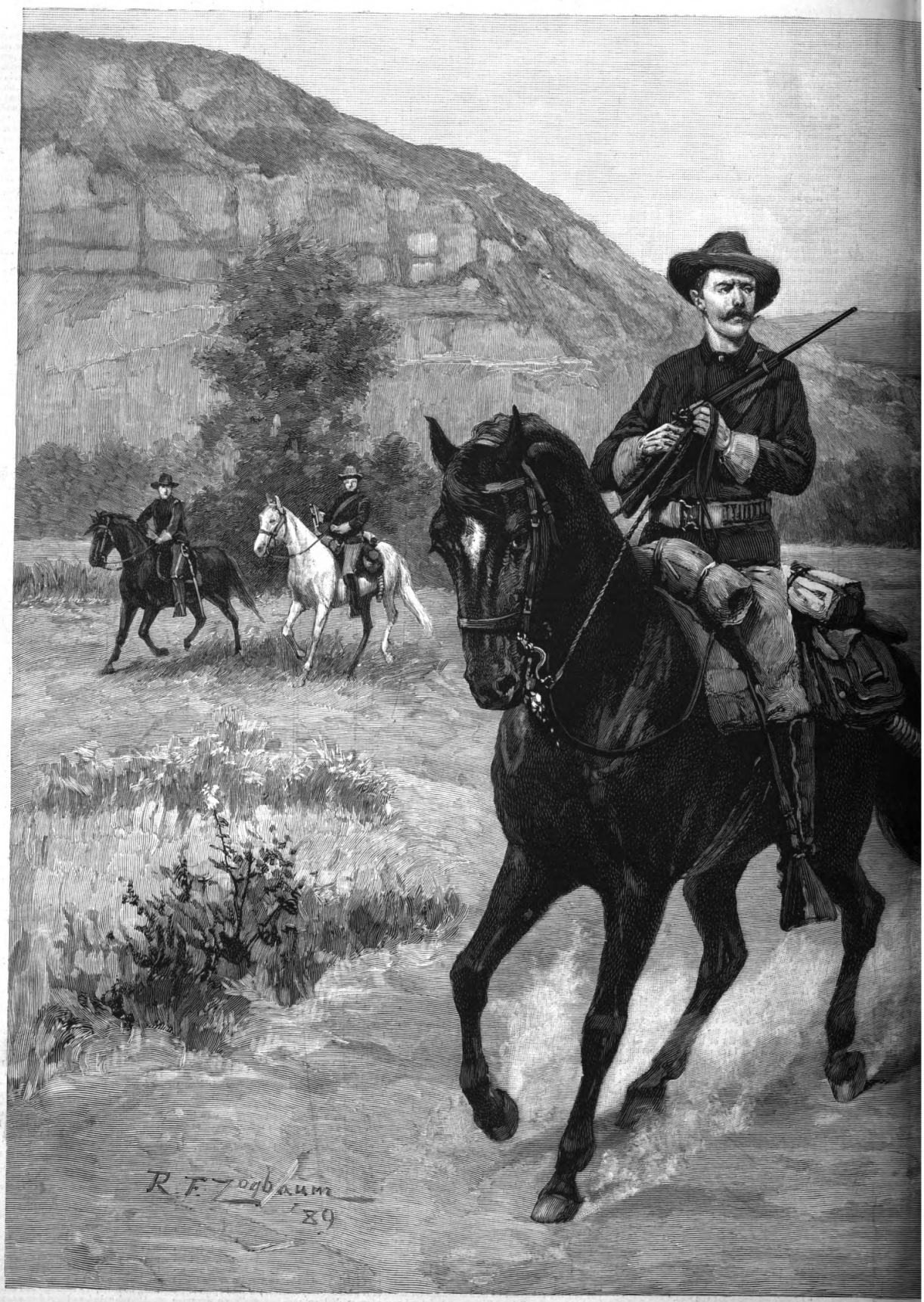
CAVALRY ON THE MARCH.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



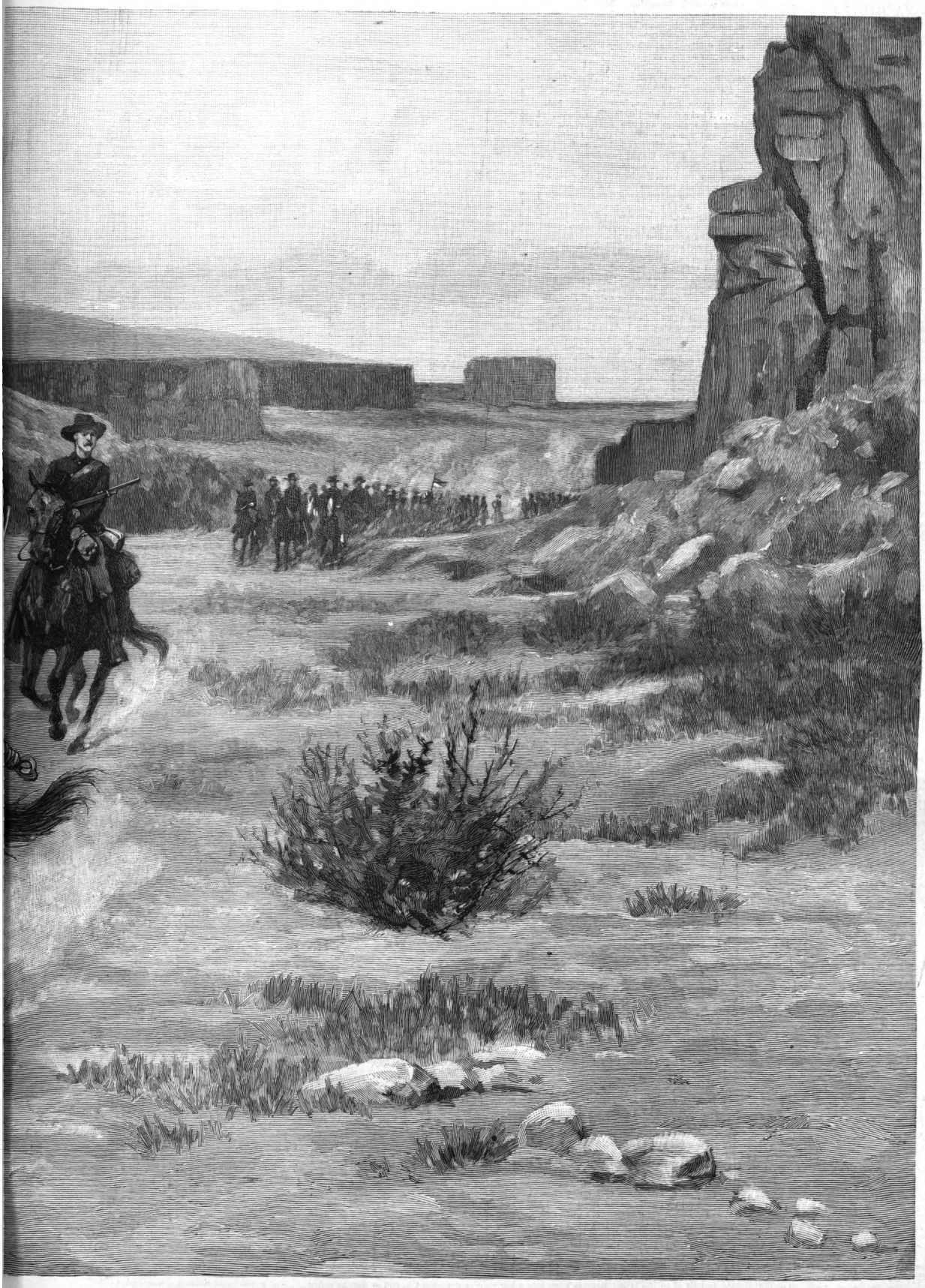
AD.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 779.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CAVALRY ON THE MARCH—DANGER A

Digitized by Google
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
PENN STATE



EAD.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 779.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A YACHTING DREAM.

A DAY for dreams! A waving plain
Of soft blue lake caresses;
White sails that droop, then swell amain,
As though the breeze wooed once again
The lovely nereid's tresses.

A day for dreams! O'er purpling deeps
The sky meets purple vastness,
And golden white rise sandy steeps
Where pines grow from a cloud that keeps
A wonder in its brightness.

A day for dreams! The silvery sands
O'er purpling waves show clearer;
And broad-based, bright, one fair hill stands
Across the deep, where pine-clad lands
Show fairer still, the nearer.

Nestled within those hills of sand,
At noon we found a city;
At eve we left, and on the strand
A sweet girl stood, smiled, waved her hand.
Sweet day! sweet dream! the pity!

H. T. S.

A TEMPORARY DEAD-LOCK.

I.

MR. JOHN AMESBURY, Senior Warden of St. Jude's Church, Minneapolis, to the Rev. Clement Markham:

VESTRY OF ST. JUDE'S, *April 4th.*

DEAR MR. MARKHAM,—At a special meeting of the wardens and vestry of St. Jude's Church held this day, it was unanimously decided to grant your request for leave of absence from your duties as rector of this parish from June 1st till September 13th, inclusive, proximo, with permission to go abroad. I am instructed further to state that the wardens and vestry of St. Jude's have much pleasure in granting your request, as they feel that your zealous and very successful administration of the affairs of the parish has abundantly entitled you to a period of relaxation and rest. Your salary for the term of your absence will be paid to you in advance.

In my personal capacity, my dear Markham, permit me to add that I am delighted that you are to have this holiday. You richly deserve it. By-the-way, a good deal of amusement was caused by the rather characteristic error in the date of your formal application for leave. Were you to receive precisely the holiday that you asked for, you would have to turn back the wheels of time, for your letter was dated *last year!*

II.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

ST. JUDE'S RECTORY, MINNEAPOLIS, *May 15th.*

DEAR AUNT LUCY,—We are getting on famously with our preparations for the summer. Dear Clement is full of his visit to England, and I am sure that he will have a delightful time. The bishop has given him a letter of introduction to the Bishop of London, and another to Dean Rumford, of Canterbury, so a very desirable introduction to the best clerical society is assured to him. He expects to sail from New York on the *City of Paris* June 5th, and to sail from London on the same vessel on September 4th. This will bring him back to New York in plenty of time to get home to preach on the next Sunday, the 14th. He expects to write his sermon on the voyage. It would be delightful to go with him, but this is impossible on account of the children. I have engaged board for the summer at a small but very good hotel in the White Mountains—the Outlook House, Littleton, New Hampshire—and I expect to be very comfortable there. I made a funny mistake in writing for my rooms. I directed my first letter to Littleton, *New York.* Wasn't it absurd?

Dear Clement expects to get some vestments in London, where they make them so well, you know, and he has promised to bring me from Paris—where he will spend a fortnight—two dozen pairs of gloves and six pairs of black silk stockings. Fancy my having six pairs of black silk stockings at once! I shall feel like a queen. The children are very well.

III.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

ON BOARD "CITY OF PARIS," *June 5th*—3.30 P.M.

. . . I staid with my brother Ronald last night, and he and Van Cortlandt came down to see me off. I barely caught the steamer, for I forgot my watch—left it on the mantel-piece in Ronald's chambers—and did not remember it until we were half-way down town. Ronald said, in his chaffing way, that I left my head somewhere when I was a boy, and that I have been going around without it ever since. I wish that he and Van Cortlandt hadn't such silly notions about my incapacity in the ordinary affairs of life—not that I really mind their nonsense, for you know how well I love them both. I am very glad that you consented to go directly to the mountains instead of coming to New York to see me off. There was a great crowd on the dock, and I much prefer to think of our tender parting. . . . Be sure to cable me on the 15th—the day that I get to London. The address, you know, is simply, "Clement, London," and I am to arrange with my bankers to have the despatch sent to me. Good-by, my—Here is the pilot.

IV.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

[*Cable Despatch.*]

LONDON, *June 16th.*

Why have you not cabled?

V.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON, *June 16th.*

. . . . After I cabled you this morning I remembered that I hadn't arranged with the bankers about my cable despatches. When I had rectified this error of omission I received your despatch of yesterday. It was a very great relief to my mind to have direct news from you, and to know of the safety and health of my loved ones, who are dearer to me. . . .

VI.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON, *August 20th.*

. . . . I had a delightful fortnight in Paris. . . . I bought the gloves and the stockings—it was droll, and not quite proper, about buying the stockings. I will tell you all about it when I get home. And I also bought you Something Else that I am sure will be a pleasant surprise to you when you see it. . . . His lordship, Dr. ——, has been kindness itself to me. I dined again at Lambeth Palace yesterday—a farewell dinner. I was a little late, I am sorry to say, for I got into the wrong boat at Westminster Bridge, but his lordship very cordially accepted my excuses. At dinner I was seated next to a very interesting man who has charge of a large parish in the east end of London. Such poverty as there is in that wretched region, and such moral depravity, are sickening to contemplate. Thank Heaven, there is nothing like it in Minneapolis. . . .

I shall sail (D. V.) on the *City of Paris* two weeks from to-morrow. I think that the best arrangement will be for you to come down to your aunt Lucy's on the 11th, and on the 12th (D. V.) I will join you at her house in Boston, whence we will start for home that evening *via* the Boston and Albany. I must be in New York for a few hours to see Ronald and to make the final arrangements about the new stained-glass windows. If you prefer to meet me in New York, arrange matters with Ronald, who will meet you at the station and take you to a hotel. As I shall go directly to his office on landing, I will find out at once what you have decided to do. . . . On referring to your letter of the 10th I perceive that you are afraid that I may have made some mistake about the sizes of the stockings and gloves. Of course I got the right sizes; I had it written down: "No. 6½, long fingers," and "No. 8½, narrow ankles." Don't fall into Ronald's way of fancying that I always get things wrong. It was about the narrow ankles that— But I had better wait and tell it to you when I get home. It certainly was very droll. I have bought a most satisfactory chasuble, very elegant in material and beautifully made. I should have hesitated to buy so costly a garment for myself; but this is for the Service of the Sanctuary. It will make something of a stir among the congregation, I think, the first time that I wear it in dear St. Jude's. . . . If, as is probable, I go down into Wales next week, this will be my last letter. My heart is full of joyful thankfulness to think that so very soon I shall see again (D. V.) my own dear Margaret, who. . . .

VII.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

LITTLETON, *August 29th.*

DEAR AUNT LUCY,—I have just received a long and delightful letter from dear Clement. He had a lovely time in Paris, and he has bought me the gloves and the silk stockings, and also something else; but he won't tell me what this other thing is, for he means it to be a surprise. Do you think it could *possibly* be the silk for a dress? He knows how much I want a new black silk. But I shall not think about it, for I don't want to be disappointed. He has had such delightful dinners with his lordship the Bishop of London at Lambeth Palace. His lordship was "kindness itself," Clement writes. Clement must have made a very favorable impression, of course. And Clement writes that he has bought such a love of a chasuble. It will stir up the whole congregation the first time that he wears it, I am sure.

If it is *quite* convenient to you, dear Aunt Lucy, I shall come down to you, with the nurse and the children, on the 11th. That is the day that Clement will arrive in New York, and he writes that he will come to Boston the next day—after seeing Ronald, and attending to the final arrangements about our beautiful new chancel windows—and join me at your house. But if this arrangement is the *least bit inconvenient* to you, please tell me so frankly, for I can perfectly well meet him in New York, where Ronald will take care of me till he comes—a plan that he also has arranged in case I do not go to you. Dear Clement always is so thoughtful and careful, you know. Please answer soon, so that I may know what to do. The weather is quite chilly here now. The children are brown as little berries and very well. Baby has cut another tooth.

VIII.

Mrs. Winthrop Tremont to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

No. 19 MOUNT VERNON PLACE, *August 30th.*

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I write at once because, I am very sorry to say, it will be impossible for me to have you here on the date that you name. I have just completed my arrangements for having the entire house papered and painted. All the furniture is locked up in the dining-room (that was done up, you remember, last summer), and I set out this afternoon on a round of visits that will fill up the time until September 12th, when I am promised that the work will be done. The servants are to have holidays, and the painters and paper-hangers are to be in complete possession of the premises. Could I be sure that they would keep their promises and get through by the 12th, I should urge your coming on that day, which still would be in time to meet Clement, instead of on the 11th. But you know how uncertain people of this sort are. Much as I would love to have you and Clement with me, I think that you had better follow out your second plan, and go to Ronald's care in New York.

IX.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Ronald Markham, New York:

LITTLETON, *August 31st.*

DEAR RONALD,—Clement had arranged, in case we could stay at Aunt Lucy's, to meet me in Boston on his return. But I have just received a letter from Aunt Lucy in which she says that her house is torn up, and that we cannot possibly come to her before the 12th. Therefore I must adopt the other plan that dear Clement, with his usual thoughtfulness, has suggested, which is to meet him in New York. He tells me to ask you to engage rooms for me in some quiet hotel, and also to ask you to meet me on my arrival with the children and nurse. I shall leave here on the morning of the 10th by the White Mountain Express (that gets in at Jersey City, I think); and if you will care for me in the way that Clement suggests, I shall be very grateful.

Clement has had a lovely time during his holiday. He has been especially favored by seeing a great deal of the higher clergy. He has dined repeatedly with the Lord Archbishop of London at Lambeth Palace, and I am sure that he must have created a very favorable impression among them, and given them a highly satisfactory idea of the clergymen of the American branch of the Anglican Church. Please answer soon, so that I may know what to do. I forgot to say that Clement expects to arrive on the 11th. He is to sail on the 4th.

X.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

[*Cable Despatch.*]

LIVERPOOL, *September* 3d.

Sail to-day.

XI.

Mr. Roland Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

[*Telegram.*]

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *September 5th.*

Here for a week on railroad business. Van Cortlandt will secure you rooms and meet you. Write him at No. — Broadway.

XII.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, New York:

LITTLETON, *September 5th.*

DEAR MR. VAN CORTLANDT,—By a telegram that I have just received from Ronald, I find that he is in Texas. I had written to him to ask him to secure rooms for me at some quiet hotel, and to meet me at Jersey City on the evening of the 10th, on the arrival of the White Mountain Express. Of course he cannot do this now, and he telegraphs me to ask you to do it all in his place. I feel that I am taking a great liberty in asking so much of you, but I really cannot help myself. I had expected to meet Clement in Boston at my aunt's, but my aunt is out of town; and now Ronald is away from New York. It is very provoking. So, you see, I can only throw myself on your mercy. But I do this with the less hesitation because I know how strong your friendship is for my dear Clement, who will be, as I will be also, very grateful to you.

I am very much puzzled by a cable despatch from Clement that came two days ago. It reads, "Sail to-day," and is dated September *third.* Clement's passage was engaged on the *City of Paris,* which I know was advertised to sail on September *fourth,* and that is the date that he all along has named for his return. Can the date of sailing have been changed? Ought I to come to New York one day earlier? Everything seems to be going wrong of late, and I am both worried and perplexed. If you can think of any comforting explanation that will account for this change, I shall be very much obliged to you. Please give my kindest regards to MRS. Van Cortlandt.

XIII.

Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

LAW OFFICES OF
VAN CORTLANDT, HOWARD, WARRINGTON, & EDGECOMBE, EQUITABLE BUILDING, — BROADWAY.

[*Dictated.*] NEW YORK, *September 7th.*

MY DEAR MRS. MARKHAM,—Your favor of the 5th is received. I am very glad indeed that I shall have this opportunity to serve you. You must not consider yourself under any obligation at all. Remember how close Clement is to me, though our ways in life have separated widely, and how true his friendship has been to me through all these years. I am delighted that Ronald is out of town, and that I am to be permitted to serve you in his place.

I regret exceedingly that Mrs. Van Cortlandt is still in the Catskills, and that our house still remains in its condition of summer dismantlement. Were she at home, and the house in order, you would come directly to us, of course. As this cannot be, I have engaged an apartment for you with my old landlady, Mrs. Warden, No. 68 Clinton Place. For a number of years before I was married I occupied rooms in this house, and I am confident that you will be far more comfortable here than you possibly could be at any hotel. Mrs. Warden, who is a most motherly old body, and who remembers Clement well, will take the best of care of you, and I have arranged that your meals shall be sent across to you from the Brevoort.

In regard to Clement's cable despatch, I am as much puzzled as you are. One of my young men has just returned from the office of the Inman Line, and reports that the *City of Paris* sailed on her regular date, the 4th, and is due to arrive here on Wednesday next, the 11th. My young man was assured that no steamer belonging to any of the regular lines left Liverpool for this port on the 3d. The Cunard steamer *Samaria* did leave Liverpool on the 3d, however, for Boston. It is possible, of course—since your original plan seems to have been that you and Clement should meet in Boston—that he has sailed in the *Samaria.* But I do not think that this is probable. The *Samaria* is a much slower boat than the *City of Paris,* and I think that even Clement would perceive that by sailing in her he would lose time instead of gaining it. Frankly, my dear MRS. Markham, I think that Clement simply has mixed things up in his despatch by writing "to-day" when he meant "to-morrow." Bless his dear old heart! he always did have a faculty for getting things wrong, you know. I decidedly advise you, therefore, to come down to New York on the 10th, as you have already arranged.

I observe that you speak of the White Mountain Express as coming in at Jersey City. This is a mistake. It arrives at the Forty-second Street Station. Bear this fact in mind, please; and I advise you to write on a card—which you had better have easily accessible in your pocket-book—MRS. Warden's address, No. 68 Clinton Place. Then, should I miss you in the crowd at the station, or should any other mischance occur in regard to our meeting, you will know where to tell your driver to take you, and where to send your trunks. Do not fear that any such untoward accident will occur. It is only professional prudence that leads me to provide for every contingency that may arise. As a further precautionary measure (we lawyers are full of precautionary measures, you know), please telegraph me from Littleton on the morning that you leave.

XIV.

MRS. Clement Markham to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, New York:

LITTLETON, *September 9th.*

DEAR MR. VAN CORTLANDT,—Your very kind letter came last evening. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for all your goodness and thoughtfulness. With such explicit directions I cannot possibly go wrong. You must be right, I think, in regard to the cable despatch. Such a mistake would be just what dear Clement would be almost certain to make when in one of his absent-minded moods. I will do all the prudent things which you so thoughtfully advise, and I shall keep your letter to show to dear Clement, so that he may know how much trouble you have taken to make everything about my arrival secure. Of course the train does not come in at Jersey City. I remember about it now perfectly. I am in the thick of packing to-day, and expect to get off in the morning. But I will telegraph you before I start. I don't want to bother you with this letter at your office, so I send it to your house. I find the address in Clement's address book. Am I not considerate?

XV.

Dr. Atwood Vance to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

TANNERSVILLE, NEW YORK, *September 10th.*

MRS. Van Cortlandt taken dangerously ill in night, and continues in critical condition. Come at once.

XVI.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, New York:

[*Telegram. Endorsed:* "*Not delivered. Party out of town.*"]

LITTLETON, NEW HAMPSHIRE, *September 10th.*

Will arrive on White Mountain Express this evening.

XVII.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, No. 19 Mount Vernon Place, Boston:

[*Telegram. Endorsed:* "*Returned to sender. Unknown at this address.*"]

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK, *September 11th.*

Arrived this morning. Will be with you, D. V., to-morrow.

XVIII.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, No. 19 Mount Vernon Place, Boston:

[*Telegram. Endorsed:* "*Returned to sender. Addressee absent from Boston.*"]

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK, *September 11th.*

Is Margaret with you? Please answer at once.

XIX.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Clerk, Outlook House, Littleton, New Hampshire:

[*Telegram.*]

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK, *September 11th.*

Is MRS. Markham still at Outlook House? Answer prepaid.

XX.

Clerk, Outlook House, to the Rev. Clement Markham, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

LITTLETON, NEW HAMPSHIRE, *September 11th.*

MRS. Markham left on morning train yesterday for New York.

XXI.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mr. John Amesbury, Minneapolis:

[*Telegram.*]

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK, *September 11th.*

Has MRS. Markham returned to Minneapolis? Please answer immediately.

XXII.

Mr. John Amesbury to the Rev. Clement Markham, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

MINNEAPOLIS, *September 11th.*

MRS. Markham has not returned. Glad you are back safe.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

XXIII.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mr. Ronald Markham, Menger House, San Antonio, Texas:

[*Telegram.*]

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK. *September 11th.*
(Delivered September 12th.)

Did Margaret communicate with you in regard to her intended movements? I cannot find her and am much perturbed. Answer at once.

XXIV.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Herbert Van Cortlandt, No. — Broadway, New York:

NO. 68 CLINTON PLACE, *September 11th.*

DEAR MR. VAN CORTLANDT,—I was so sorry that, after all, we did miss each other in the crowd last night. But I got along very well, thanks to your forethought in telling me just what to do, though I must confess that I had five very dreadful minutes while I was looking for the card on which I had written Mrs. Warden's address. And where do you suppose I found it at last? It was in my pocket-book, just where you told me to put it. Wasn't it absurd? So then we came down here very comfortably, and found the delightful apartment that you had secured for me. As for Mrs. Warden, she is as good as gold. She even had warm milk ready for Teddy, and a delicious cup of tea for me. I never shall be able to thank you enough for all that you have done.

What arrangements have you made about bringing Clement to me? If the dear boy hasn't gone on that slow ship to Boston, and has come, as you think he has, on the *City of Paris*, he ought to arrive to-day. I should love to go down to the dock and be the very first to welcome him. But in such a crowd as there will be I ought not to venture, ought I? Please let me know by bearer just what you have done about our meeting, and when I am to expect my dear boy.

XXV.

Mr. Robert Warrington to Mrs. Clement Markham, No. 68 Clinton Place, New York:

LAW OFFICES OF
VAN CORTLANDT, HOWARD, WARRINGTON, & EDGECOMBE,
EQUITABLE BUILDING, — BROADWAY.
NEW YORK, *September 11th.*

Miss (or Mrs.) Margaret Markham:

DEAR MADAM,—Replying, in the absence of Mr. Van Cortlandt, to yours of even date, I would say that Mr. Van Cortlandt was called out of town suddenly yesterday by the dangerous illness of his wife. I have no knowledge of the matter concerning which you inquire, and regret, therefore, my inability to supply the information which you ask. I may say, however, that the *City of Paris*, as I have ascertained by telephone, arrived at her dock about half an hour ago. Should you desire to telegraph Mr. Van Cortlandt, his address is the Bear and Fox Inn, Tannersville, Greene County, New York.

XXVI.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, Bear and Fox Inn, Tannersville, Greene County, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

68 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK. *September 11th.*
(Delivered September 12th.)

What arrangements did you make for letting Clement know where to find me? If he came on the *City of Paris* he is here in New York now. I am anxious. So sorry about Mrs. Van Cortlandt.

XXVII.

Mr. Ronald Markham to the Rev. Clement Markham, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *September 12th.*

Do not know Margaret's plans. Think she arranged matters with Van Cortlandt. See him.

XXVIII.

Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt to Mrs. Clement Markham, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

TANNERSVILLE. *September 12th.*

Made no arrangements. Expected to meet Clement at dock. Sorry if I have occasioned you annoyance. You know cause of neglect. Mrs. Van Cortlandt now out of danger.

XXIX.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mr. Ronald Markham, San Antonio, Texas:

[*Telegram.*]

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK, *September 12th.*

Van Cortlandt in Catskills with sick wife. Saw his partner Edgecombe, who can tell me nothing. I have ascertained that Margaret left Littleton day before yesterday for this city. With her departure from Littleton all trace of her is lost. She has not returned to Minneapolis. I am wellnigh crazed with grief and anxiety. Advise me at once what is best to be done. Shall I advertise? Will it be well to employ the police? For Heaven's sake, answer promptly and fully!

XXX.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

[*Telegram.*]

68 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK. *September 12th.*

City of Paris arrived. Mrs. Warden been to dock and got passenger list. Clement's name in it, so he certainly made mistake in his cable despatch. I state facts fully and clearly, so that you may understand why Mr. Van Cortlandt was called suddenly to see sick wife in Catskills, and so, while Clement must be here in New York, perhaps close by me, am unable to find him, and he, of course, does not in least know where to find me. There are hundreds of hotels here in New York, and he may be at all of them. I don't know what to do, and am almost frantic with anxiety. Telegraph me at once, dear Aunt Lucy, and make telegram perfectly clear, like mine, and long and full and explicit. This is no time to think about what telegraphing costs. Perhaps Clement has gone on to you, or the other ship may have got in sooner. If he is with you, implore him to return to me at once. Would it be well for me to employ the police? That was my first thought, but I was afraid that I might make his disappearance get into the newspapers and be a scandal, and that would not do for a clergyman. And he has not really disappeared; it is only that we neither of us know where we each are. My head is one horrible buzz. Shall I advertise? Had I better offer a reward? Give me your best advice, dear Aunt Lucy, and please answer immediately.

XXXI.

Mr. Ronald Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

[*Telegram.*]

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *September 12th.*
(Delivered 13th.)

Clement is at Brevoort House, New York. By characteristic blunder has missed Margaret. If you know her address, please telegraph him.

XXXII.

Mrs. Winthrop Tremont to Mr. Roland Markham, New York (forwarded to San Antonio, Texas):

[*Telegram.*]

BOSTON, *September 12th.*
(Delivered 13th.)

Margaret is at No. 68 Clinton Place, in great distress because Clement does not come to her. What foolishness has overtaken these innocents now? Please set them right.

XXXIII.

Mrs. Winthrop Tremont to Mrs. Clement Markham, No. 68 Clinton Place, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

BOSTON, *September 13th.*

Clement is at the Brevoort House, quite close by you.

XXXIV.

Mr. Ronald Markham to the Rev. Clement Markham, Brevoort House, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *September 13th.*

You will find Margaret at No. 68 Clinton Place, directly across the street from your hotel.

XXXV.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

ST. JUDE'S RECTORY, MINNEAPOLIS, *September 23d.*

DEAR AUNT LUCY,—We left New York early last Monday, and by Tuesday night we were once more safe and together here in our own dear home. We had no misadventures on our journey, except that we nearly missed our connection at Syracuse (where we left the parlor car for the sleeper) by getting on the wrong train. Fortunately dear Clement found out his mistake just in time.

I had not the energy to do more than telegraph you from New York that all our troubles were ended. I was too much upset by the agony that I had been through to write. It was a very dreadful two days, dear Aunt Lucy; the most dreadful —especially that second day and the last night—that I have ever known. And dear Clement suffered even more than I did, for I knew at least that he was alive, and he knew absolutely nothing about me at all. It all seems now like a horrible dream, and when I shut my eyes and think about it, I turn giddy and feel sick and faint. You cannot possibly imagine, dear Aunt Lucy, how utterly, utterly dreadful it all was!

If it had not been so very dreadful, it would have been a little absurd, I think; for, you know, all the while that we were in such terrible distress about being unable to find each other, we actually could have opened our windows and talked to each other just across the street! As I found out, when at last dear Clement came to me, his room in the Brevoort House was directly opposite my apartment at No. 68 Clinton Place. Was it not strange? And what was still stranger, dear Aunt Lucy, was that the very morning that our agony ended I happened to look across the street, and there, hanging beside an open window of the hotel, I saw a lovely chasuble that I knew must belong to some clergyman, and it made me think of the chasuble that Clement had written he had bought in London—and it really was that very chasuble, you know, for Clement had hung it there to get the creases out of it—and seeing it set me into a perfect agony of grief, for I thought that I never was to see my dear husband again, and that my children were fatherless, and that I was a widow, and that there was nothing left for me in the world but the blackest despair. And it was while I was crying my very heart out that there was a knock at the door, and then, in a single instant, all my sorrow was ended as I found myself once more in dear Clement's arms.

Yesterday dear Clement preached a beautiful sermon about man's liability to error, and the mysterious ways through which human error providentially is set right. It was a very impressive sermon. In the service he wore his new chasuble. It is exceedingly becoming. Everybody was very much moved by the sermon; and I was moved, of course, most of all. I could not help crying. Dear Clement's voice trembled once or twice, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes. The gloves are perfect, and the stockings really are too good to be true. They are open-work over the ankles, and three of the six pairs are ribbed. I wish that I could tell you what a queer time dear Clement had when he was buying them. He bought them in a French shop in Paris, you know; and when he asked for stockings with narrow ankles, the young woman who was waiting on him— But it will be better to wait until I can tell it to you. It was very funny. And the very best of all, dear Aunt Lucy, is that the surprise that Clement would not write to me about *it* the silk for a new black silk dress! It is a lovely quality. I do wish that you could have heard Clement's beautiful sermon yesterday, and that you could have seen how handsome he looked in his new chasuble. The weather today is very warm. The children are wonderfully well.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

SOME WESTERN SUMMER RESORTS.

FOX LAKE, Illinois, is one of those rarely beautiful bodies of water in which the West abounds. It is about three miles in length, and has an irregularity of form that gives it an average width of about a mile and a half. It lies fifty miles north of Chicago, on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railway. On the opposite side of the lake from the spot selected for the artist's standpoint are the beds of the wonderful aquatic plant the lotus, or water-chinquapin—*Nelumbeum luteum*—that so closely resembles the lotus of Egypt as to be mistaken by some for the veritable flower. There are few places in the world where the soil permits the rooting of the flower that loaded the air of the ancient world with such fragrance that the people called it the breathing of a divinity, and bowed the knee in worship.

The various groupings marking favorite localities in that famous resort of tourists, and very properly called the "Saratoga of the West," will be recognized by many. The city of Waukesha is most charmingly located in a region of hills and lakes, ninety miles from Chicago, on the line of the Wisconsin Central, and eighteen miles west from the Cream City of the West—Milwaukee. Its sumptuous hotels, numerous churches, and other accommodations for the convenience of the thousands who flock to it annually, attest the advantages of its location. Such is the superiority of its position that were the beauties of nature its only attractions, it would command the admiration of every visitor, and occupy a high place among the summer resorts of the Northwest. The charms of a richly diversified landscape are among the least of its numerous claims on popular regard. The wonderfully salubrious climate and the invaluable medicinal properties of the waters of its various mineral springs constitute a still higher claim upon public favor. The fame of the virtues of the healing waters is world-wide. Shipments are constantly made, not only to every part of the United States, but to every part of the rest of America, both North and South, and to nearly every country in Europe, and to India, Australia, and China. The efficacy of the waters in the relief of many physical ailments is attested not only by thousands who have been benefited by them, but acknowledged by the medical faculty wherever the waters have been used. As a result the Waukesha waters are placed on a level with the most famous mineral waters in the world.

Subjected to chemical analysis, the waters from the various springs are found to be largely impregnated with the bicarbonates of magnesia and lime. No two, however, of the whole fifteen or twenty springs are identical in their chemical composition, and their curative properties vary accordingly.

Lake Winnebago, or, as the Algonquins called the tribes living on its shores, the Wennibegouk, is a beautiful sheet of water thirty miles in length by ten in width, giving an area of nearly three hundred square miles. This beautiful body of water, the largest lying within the borders of the State of Wisconsin, is bounded on the north by the cities of Neenah and Menasha, on the west by the city of Oshkosh, on the south by the city of Fond du Lac, and on the east by the remnants of Indian tribes and farmers. Boating, sailing, fishing, rambling in the wooded aisles of nature's magnificent growth, steaming up the turbid Wolf or historic Fox, or trouting in the lesser streams, bring life and health and happiness to the seeker.

CHARLES ROLLIN BRAINARD.

CAVALRY MARCHES.

OWING to the peculiar nature of the service demanded of the cavalry force of our army—service for the greater part in a new and unsettled country, and against the most wily and expert of savage enemies—the experience gained in the moving of mounted troops has been of such a varied nature that probably no other army can boast of superiority over our troopers in this respect, and the proper conduct of the marches of cavalry commands requires experience and judgment, intelligence, activity, and endurance of a peculiar nature on the part of both officers and men. Ordinary marches are generally made at the rate of about twenty to twenty-five miles a day, this being accomplished in from five to six hours, although there are times when the day's journey may be shorter or longer, owing to the distance from one another of desirable camping-places, the importance of good grazing and sweet water for the horses being evident. The start from the previous night's camp is usually made between six and seven o'clock, although in some of the hotter parts of the country an earlier time of day is considered advisable by many cavalrymen, and the first halt is made after the column has been an hour or so on the road. This is generally the longest halt of the day, when saddles are adjusted, and the horses allowed to rest and graze for a few moments. Once every hour after that a short pause of about five minutes, the men invariably dismounting, is made. The gait is, as far as the writer's experience goes, habitually a rapid walk, although General Merritt recommends a trot for ten or fifteen minutes after each halt, when practicable, which appears to be the custom in most of the European services. In a country where the near presence of an enemy is known or suspected marches are conducted with great caution, and every precaution taken by careful soldiers to guard against surprise. Advance guards and flankers are thrown out in the front and on the sides of the column, and every ravine, coulée, or cañon, every rock and bush, or group of trees large enough to conceal a lurking foe, is carefully examined. It is while making a forced march, when perhaps the safety of some little community of settlers or detachment of comrades, cut off and surrounded by savage foes, depends upon the speedy arrival of the relieving column, that the training, the pluck, the perseverance, and endurance of the American cavalry are shown to the greatest advantage.

In the rapidity with which such marches have been made, the distances that have been traversed, the rough and inhospitable country—often swarming with savage foes—over which the journeys have been accomplished, it has proved itself the equal, if not the superior, to any troops of the kind in the civilized world. A column of the Fifth Cavalry, under the command of General Wesley Merritt, marching to the relief of Thornburgh's brave fellows in the Ute campaign of 1879, made one hundred and seventy miles from 11 A.M. October 2d to 5.30 A.M. on October 5th, without losing or disabling a horse, and was in good fighting trim on its arrival at its objective point. Among many instances of the kind that have come under the knowledge of the writer, the following cases of hard and long marches by individuals may be quoted to show the sterling qualities often exhibited by our troopers.

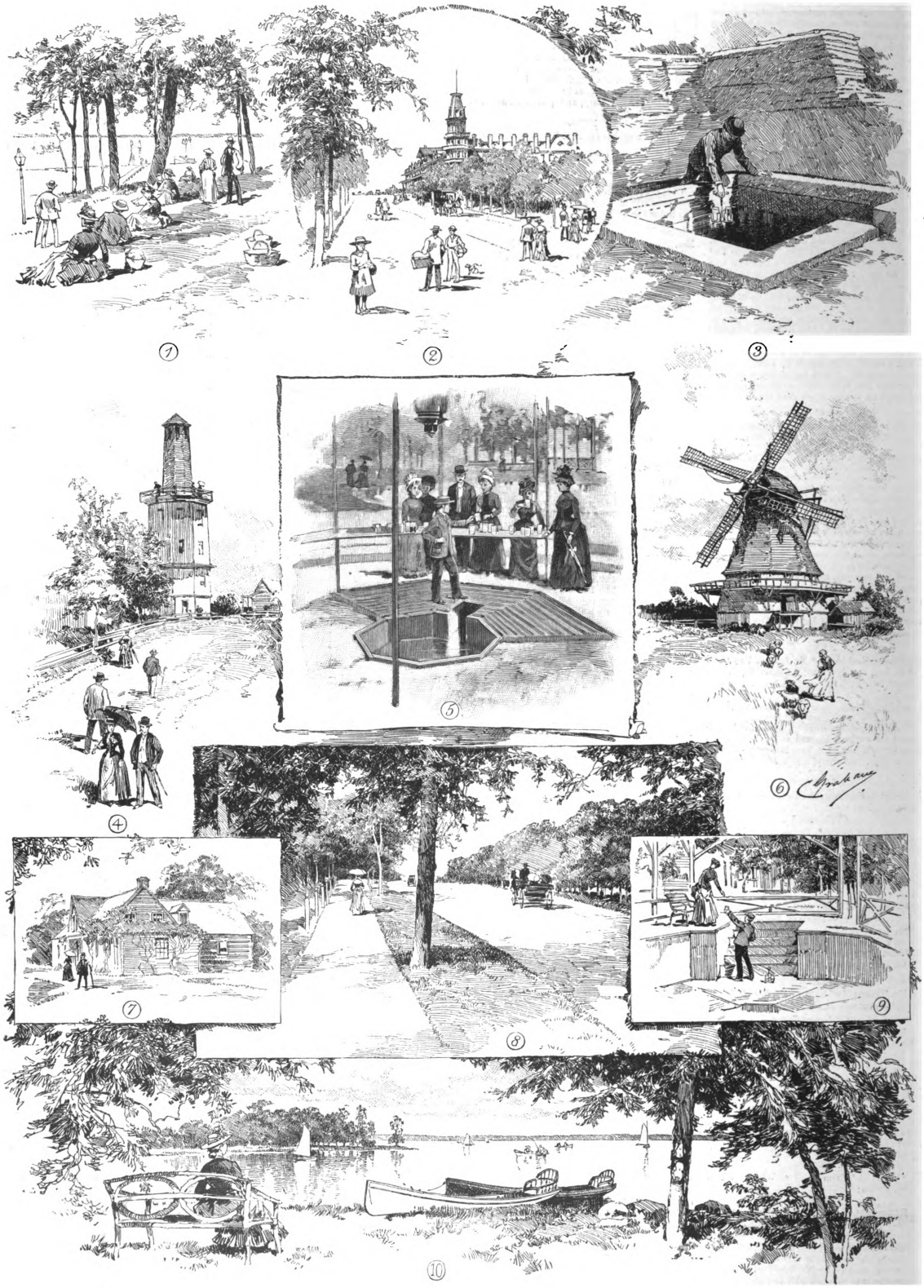
In 1870 the present commander of the troop of cavalry attached to the brigade of the National Guard in New York city—at that time a lieutenant in the First United States Cavalry—rode with despatches over a rough broken country one hundred and forty miles in twenty-two hours, including halts for rest and refreshment. He was accompanied by a sergeant and one man of his own troop. After resting one day, the journey back to his post was made in a little over two days, the marches being from fifty-five to sixty miles a day. This feat was accomplished without any preparation whatever, the officer and his men being ordered out without any warning. Ten years afterward Lieutenant Robertson, of the same regiment, with Sergeants Lynch and Price, rode one hundred and two miles in pursuit of a deserter, through snow and ice, between 10 o'clock one night and 9.30 the next. On the next day they started on their return journey from Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, to Fort Lapway, Idaho, which was reached in two days.

ATLANTIC CITY AFTER THE STORM.

NOWHERE was the force of the late unprecedented storm felt with such violence as at Atlantic City, which promised at one time, with its summer population of 20,000, to be a repetition, on a larger scale, of the Johnstown disaster; and nowhere are the effects of this violence more visible, now that the storm has departed, and life there has returned into its every-day channels. It will be remembered that Atlantic City was for a time cut off from the main-land by the flooding of the six miles of meadows which stretch far back behind it, and even so late as last Sunday only one line of railway of the three usually running was in operation across this space. At low tide now—the time represented in our illustrations—the ocean front presents the look of a seaport pounded by the fire of artillery. The iron pier, with the wooden theatre erected at its extremity, the familiar board walk and toboggan slide, or "ocean switchback," which were thronged but a few weeks ago by thousands of pleasure-seekers, as well as the popular "Gem" bath-houses, with their verandas and balconies, stand, barely recognizable ruins, as a reminder of the tremendous force of the tide which rushed over them during that memorable storm. The pleasant quarter known under the name of Humberstone, with its many picturesque if frail structures, stands out in dreary desolation against a background of demolished trees and shattered abatis. At another part of the beach the ruins of wrecked bathing-houses, pavilions, and restaurants lie heaped upon each other in hideous confusion; and everywhere along the shore massive timbers, shattered sheds and piers, and ragged piles and fences testify to the dreadful force of the ocean's onset.

But perhaps the greatest attraction at present for the hundreds of visitors from Philadelphia and elsewhere is that part of the beach where the wreck of the large German ship, the *Geesteminde*, stands in striking relief against the dead level of devastated strand around it. This vessel, fortunately for its crew, went ashore most conveniently near the life-saving station, and the crew were all rescued by the prompt and skilful efforts of the men on guard. The wreck lies nearly opposite the new Excursion House hotel, which is at present driving a splendid business with its throngs of visitors, and which, owing to its high position on the beach, and the thorough overhauling it received last year, enjoyed an enviable immunity from injury during the storm. Huge breaches have been made along the coast near Atlantic City, and it is probable that the configuration of this part of the seaboard will, in the near future, be materially changed. But with all the disaster to property, estimated at not less than a quarter of a million, which has fallen upon the people of Atlantic City, they are again filled with hope and energy, and are looking forward to more secure structures, erected along a more scientific ocean frontier, to greatly increase their business during the next season.

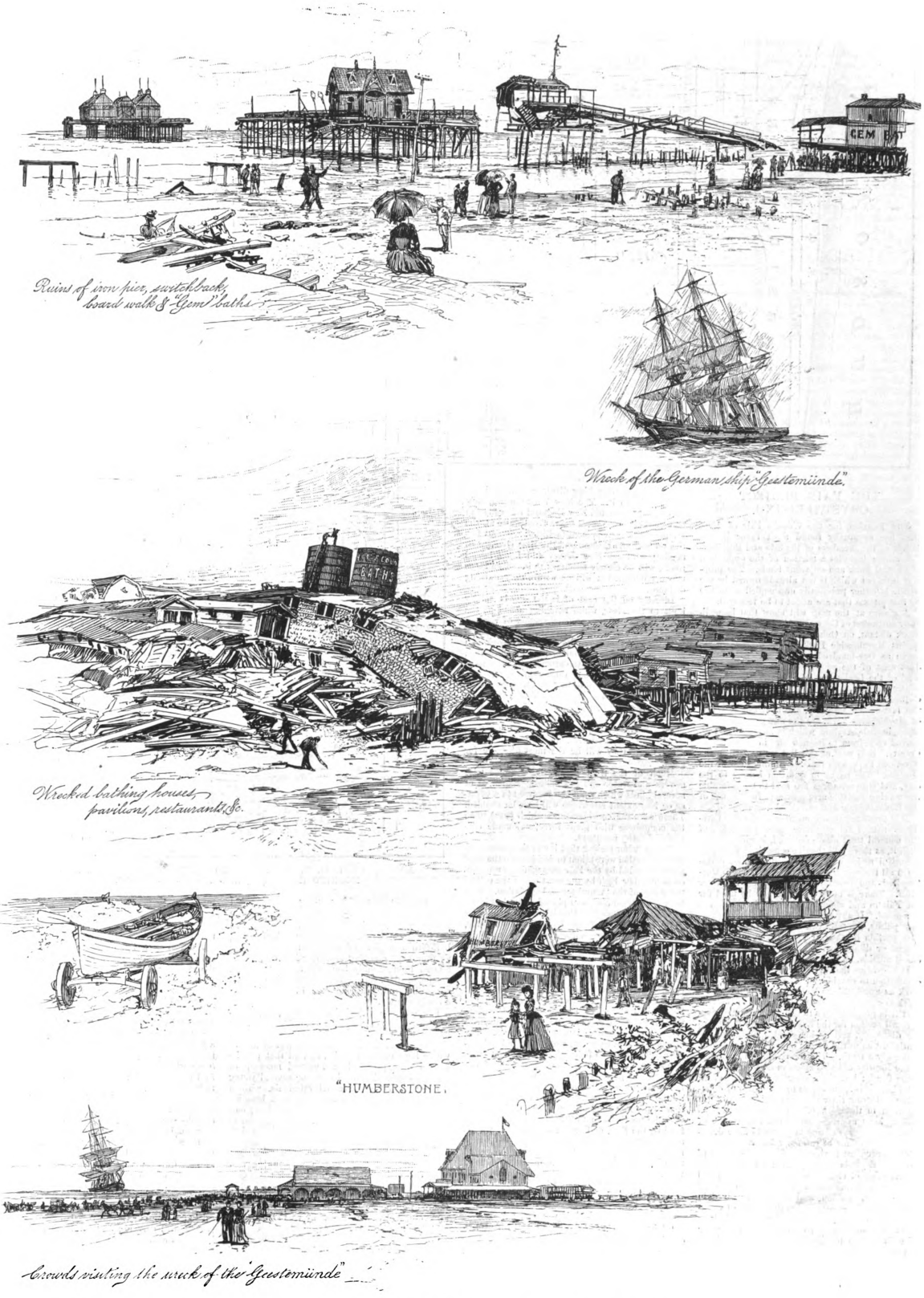
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SKETCHES FROM WESTERN SUMMER RESORTS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 779.]

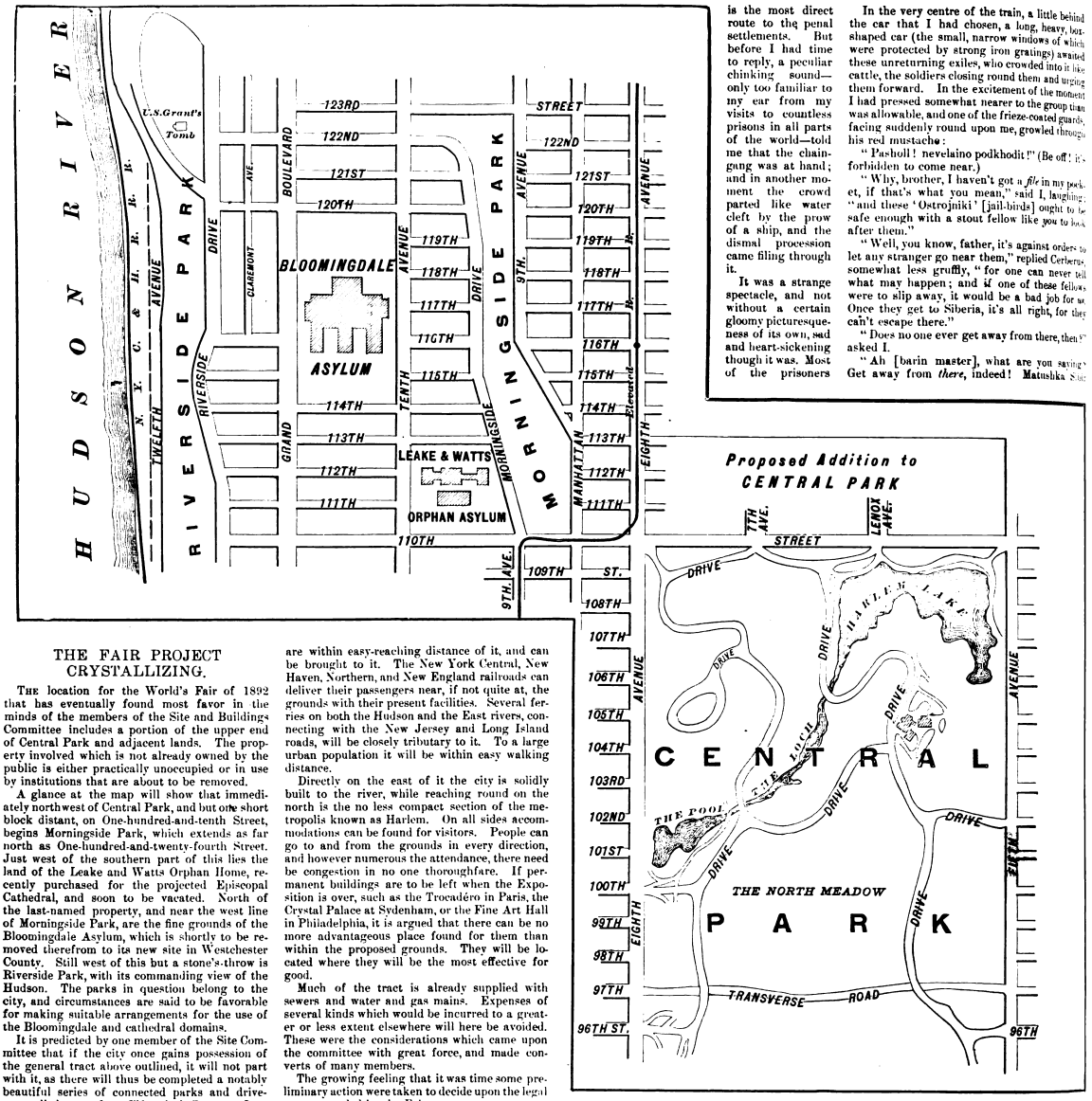
1. At Fox Lake, Illinois. 2. Fountain Spring House, Waukesha. 3. White Rock Spring, Waukesha. 4. The Observatory at Waukesha. 5. Bethesda Spring, Waukesha. 6. Dutch Windmill at Orchard Place. 7. Governor Doty's Log Cabin (First Territorial Governor of Wisconsin). 8. An Avenue in Waukesha. 9. Clysmic Spring, Waukesha. 10. Lake Winnebago.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



AFTER THE STORM AT ATLANTIC CITY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 779.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MAP OF CENTRAL PARK ABOVE THE RESERVOIR, RIVERSIDE, AND MORNINGSIDE PARKS, AND ADJOINING LANDS.

THE FAIR PROJECT CRYSTALLIZING.

THE location for the World's Fair of 1892 that has eventually found most favor in the minds of the members of the Site and Buildings Committee includes a portion of the upper end of Central Park and adjacent lands. The property involved which is not already owned by the public is either practically unoccupied or in use by institutions that are about to be removed.

A glance at the map will show that immediately northwest of Central Park, and but one short block distant, on One-hundred-and-tenth Street, begins Morningside Park, which extends as far north as One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth Street. Just west of the southern part of this lies the land of the Leake and Watts Orphan Home, recently purchased for the projected Episcopal Cathedral, and soon to be vacated. North of the last-named property, and near the west line of Morningside Park, are the fine grounds of the Bloomingdale Asylum, which is shortly to be removed therefrom to its new site in Westchester County. Still west of this but a stone's-throw is Riverside Park, with its commanding view of the Hudson. The parks in question belong to the city, and circumstances are said to be favorable for making suitable arrangements for the use of the Bloomingdale and cathedral domains.

It is predicted by one member of the Site Committee that if the city once gains possession of the general tract above outlined, it will not part with it, as there will thus be completed a notably beautiful series of connected parks and driveways all the way from Fifty-ninth Street to One-hundred-and-twenty-ninth Street on the river bluff. There is more land that can be used for the Fair in and about the described region than is needed. If any special difficulty arises at certain points, the tract can be shaped accordingly. The portion of Central Park taken may be enlarged or diminished with reference to that secured outside, and *vice versa*.

It is evident that the early indisposition of the committee to consider at all any part of Central Park as applicable to Fair uses has undergone a marked change. This is due in part to the fact that it is proposed now to use but a comparatively small section for the Exposition, and in part to the discovery, real or imagined, that the public sentiment as to the sacred character of the Park is largely a myth. The topographical character of the locality has also much to do with securing favor for it; but the strongest argument of all in its behalf is its nearness to the centre of population. During their two days' peregrinations in the rain in the work of examining the various sites, a keen appreciation of the importance of selecting one easy of access seems to have developed in the minds of the committee.

The argument is that the financial success of the Fair depends directly upon its attendance. The number of visits the average individual will make to the Exposition will be gauged inversely by the time, exertion, and expense involved in reaching it. Thousands upon thousands of working-people and others who will go to it if they can do so comfortably by an ordinary street car line, will not go if something more is involved. But a small unfavorable difference in distance or degree of accessibility will lead many persons to make one visit do the work of two or more. In a metropolitan centre of 3,000,000 people these facts are held to be of special significance.

In this respect the site in question possesses advantages, it appears to the committee, far greater than any other available spot. Most of the north and south street railroad lines of the city, the elevated roads included, lead to it, or are within easy-reaching distance of it, and can be brought to it. The New York Central, New Haven, Northern, and New England railroads can deliver their passengers near, if not quite at, the grounds with their present facilities. Several ferries on both the Hudson and the East rivers, connecting with the New Jersey and Long Island roads, will be closely tributary to it. To a large urban population it will be within easy walking distance.

Directly on the east of it the city is solidly built to the river, while reaching round on the north is the no less compact section of the metropolis known as Harlem. On all sides accommodations can be found for visitors. People can go to and from the grounds in every direction, and however numerous the attendance, there need be congestion in no one thoroughfare. If permanent buildings are to be left when the Exposition is over, such as the Trocadéro in Paris, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, or the Fine Art Hall in Philadelphia, it is argued that there can be no more advantageous place found for them than within the proposed grounds. They will be located where they will be the most effective for good.

Much of the tract is already supplied with sewers and water and gas mains. Expenses of several kinds which would be incurred to a greater or less extent elsewhere will here be avoided. These were the considerations which came upon the committee with great force, and made converts of many members.

The growing feeling that it was time some preliminary action were taken to decide upon the legal powers needed by the Fair management was met on September 19th by the meeting at the call of the Mayor of the Committee on Legislation. This body then organized, and placed at its head Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. Provision was made for the appointment of an Executive Committee, who will soon have a form of an act of incorporation to offer, and outlines of what shall be asked from the State, national, and municipal governments. With respect to the condemnation of property and several other things, the present Park law opens the way. The Committee on Permanent Organization has been called to meet on October 8th, and matters will be generally in shape, no doubt, for legislative action as soon as it can be procured. The permanent management, clothed with legal authority, can then go forward with sure and effective steps. A powerful ray of light was thrown upon the financial problem last week by the letter of Mr. John H. Starin guaranteeing, on behalf of the domestic steam-boat interest, a subscription to the Fair fund of $500,000. It is coupled with the provision that other interests to be benefited by the Fair, and represented on the General Committee, shall act in a similar spirit, and is made as an expression of confidence in the soundness of the enterprise from a business point of view.

TWO RUSSIAN CHAIN-GANGS.

BY DAVID KER.

"WHAT'S the matter here?" asked I, finding a considerable crowd assembled around the long low front of the great eastern depot at Moscow, the starting-point of the railway that connects Russia's old capital with the famous commercial centre of Nijnii-Novgorod, on the upper Volga.

"Some fellows going along the Vladimir road," said a passer-by, carelessly.

I shivered involuntarily at the words, which are a proverbial phrase in Russia for transportation to Siberia, the manufacturing town of Vladimir standing on the great eastern highway, which is the most direct route to the penal settlements. But before I had time to reply, a peculiar chinking sound—only too familiar to my ear from my visits to countless prisons in all parts of the world—told me that the chain-gang was at hand; and in another moment the crowd parted like water cleft by the prow of a ship, and the dismal procession came filing through it.

It was a strange spectacle, and not without a certain gloomy picturesqueness of its own, sad and heart-sickening though it was. Most of the prisoners had the sullen, dogged look of the hardened social outlaw, who wages a lifelong war against society, neither giving nor expecting mercy. In the sunken eyes of others lurked the half-cowed, half-ferocious glare of a trapped beast of prey, as they kept glancing stealthily but ceaselessly around them, plainly bent upon attempting an escape, or upon some other venture more desperate still, if they could but find a fit moment and a ready weapon.

I noticed one white-haired old man, very poorly dressed, whose haggard face, hollow eyes, and bowed attitude of utter despondency, showed that he had reached that lowest depth of misery where hope ceases to exist, and all that can be wished or expected is a lessened measure of wretchedness. Behind him came several young lads—evidently professional criminals, with a whole lifetime of viciousness and guilt branded on their beardless faces, which had barely outgrown the years of boyhood. These strove to assume an air of swaggering and reckless defiance; but the poor pretence imposed upon no one, and least of all upon the stalwart soldiers that marched beside them, who, knowing well what real courage is, looked down with just contempt on this miserable affectation of it.

Almost at the end of the gloomy file came the figure of a woman, still young, whose face, wasted and deformed though it was by vice and misery, still bore manifest traces of former beauty. The hardness and heaviness of the lower features—a characteristic defect with nearly all women of Slavonian race—contrasted startlingly with the unnatural brilliancy of her wonderful eyes, which kept glancing around with a fierce restlessness that reminded me of the look which I had once seen in the eyes of a snared wolf.

"What has she done?" inquired I, of one of the guards.

"Murdered her child," said the man, quite coolly; and I asked him no more.

In the very centre of the train, a little behind the car that I had chosen, a long, heavy, box-shaped car (the small, narrow windows of which were protected by strong iron gratings) awaited these unreturning exiles, who crowded into it like cattle, the soldiers closing round them and urging them forward. In the excitement of the moment I had pressed somewhat nearer to the group than was allowable, and one of the frieze-coated guards, facing suddenly round upon me, growled through his red mustache:

"Pashol! nevelaino podkhodit!" (Be off! it's forbidden to come near.)

"Why, brother, I haven't got a *file* in my pocket, if that's what you mean," said I, laughing; "and these 'Ostrojniki' [jail-birds] ought to be safe enough with a stout fellow like you to look after them."

"Well, you know, father, it's against orders to let any stranger go near them," replied Cerberus, somewhat less gruffly, "for one can never tell what may happen; and if one of these fellows were to slip away, it would be a bad job for us. Once they get to Siberia, it's all right, for they can't escape there."

"Does no one ever get away from there, then?" asked I.

"Ah [barin master], what are you saying? Get away from *there*, indeed! Matushka [Mother Siberia] is a regular step-mother to all who try to run away from *her*, I can tell you."

And in after-days I had good reason to know that he was right.

But just at that moment there broke from the crowd a voice as sharp and full of agony as the cry of a sleep-walker suddenly awakened. "Ach, Meesha; moi Meesha!" (Oh, Michael! my Michael!)

Framed in the darkness of the prison-car doorway stood a solitary form, the last of that doomed band, taking his farewell look of the world that he was leaving. The face was that of a young man, and though white and shrunken as the face of a corpse, it had in it a nameless something which showed him to be far above the foul creatures with whom it was now his doom to herd forever.

At the cry he turned his head, and I had just caught a passing glimpse of a young girl in the crowd—she, perhaps, for whose sake he had plunged into crime—stretching out her arms to him despairingly, when the whistle sounded its warning scream. I had barely time to spring into my own car when the fatal door shut upon its prisoner with a dull thud, like the falling of a coffin lid. There came a long grinding creak, and off went the train and its dismal freight. I looked out; the girl was gone, but I could see far in the distance two gray-coated "gorodovitse" (constables) carrying away a motionless figure between them.

At the moment I felt as if that morning's work could never pass from my memory; but it had wellnigh faded only a few months later, when I found myself carrying my life in my hand over the wild Tartar steppes, beyond the bounds of civilization, where one remembers only as a dim, far-off dream the safe, humdrum world of hotels, railways, and policemen, in which a man may live for a whole week without seeing a single village

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

burned or a single family murdered, and may actually go to bed without any fear of being awakened by a spear through his heart. But it was fated that the ghastly scene should be suddenly recalled to my mind in a very startling fashion.

I had worked my way slowly and wearily along the winding course of the Syr-Daria (Jaxartes), and was struggling across the dreary skeleton-strewn waste that lies between the head waters of the famous river and the southern border line of Siberia, when, one breezeless, stifling day of true Central Asian quality, as my Tartar guide and I were crouching under our little Turkoman wagon for shelter from the merciless sun (for not a tree nor even a bush was to be found on that bare, burning soil), I suddenly espied, far to the south, a group of shadowy figures—whether men or beasts I could not yet tell—moving slowly toward us.

Were they the phantoms of a mirage, such as I had often seen already? No; they were too real for that; and besides, instead of melting and vanishing as they neared us, they kept growing larger and more distinct. I unstrapped my revolver, and my Tartar felt the edge of his *khanjar* (dagger) with a business-like air, for in this wild region every stranger is a foe, and I could now make out through my spy-glass the glitter of spear heads and the figures of horsemen in high black sheepskin caps, which at once suggested a raiding party of the "Black Uzbegs," the fiercest marauders in all Central Asia. True, we were rather far north for *them*, but, as their own proverb says, "the vulture will fly far when he scents prey."

Slowly the clump of dark forms moved on over the hot brassy yellow of the eternal desert, nearer and nearer still, till I could see that, of the ten men, six were on foot, and moving with a shuffling, clumsy gait, which told me the truth at once—a truth sadly confirmed by the faint clanking that came to our ears just then through the dead silence.

"Another chain-gang," thought I. "A pretty place for men to cross on foot, and fettered into the bargain!"

As they approached, the leader of the four horsemen (whom we now saw to be in the uniform of the Russian irregular cavalry) rode forward with the usual challenge, "Is it peace?" and lowered his lance point as I replied, "It *is* peace," and replaced my revolver.

To any one as familiar as myself with the famous "Don Cossacks," this man's gaunt, sinewy frame, prominent features, coarse dark hair, and small, keen, restless eyes were signs not to be mistaken, and I at once saluted him in his native dialect with the ancient Cossack greeting that I had learned at their camp fires long before.

It was the key to Ostap Kostenko's heart. His stolid face brightened into a jovial grin, and his strong brown hand grasped mine with a force that made every joint crackle.

"Welcome, batko" (the Cossack word for "father")! "Well met! I see you have lived among *us* in your time."

"You are right, my lad; I ought to know by this time what a Cossack *khootor* [farm-house] looks like, and how *teorojka* [curd-cake] tastes. But what have these prisoners of yours been doing?"

"*Kto znait?*" (who knows?) said the Cossack, carelessly. "We've got orders to take them to Semipolatinsk" (a large town in southern Siberia), "and that's all I know about it."

I looked at the prisoners. All six had an air of hopeless, spiritless apathy that might well make any man's heart ache; and their worn, hollow faces, grimed with dust, black with flies, and haggard from thirst and exhaustion, looked hardly human. In truth they might well be worn out, for although the chains that linked their ankles together were not very heavy, yet the labor of dragging them through that hot, prickly, ankle-deep sand (which rose up in stifling clouds at every step) must have been frightful.

"Hark ye, brother," said I, "your own proverb says that 'God will show mercy to the merciful,' and if these fellows *are* prisoners, that's no reason why they should die of thirst. It won't hurt you to halt for a minute or two while I give them a few slices of watermelon to refresh them; and you and your comrades can have some too."

The Cossack readily assented; for though he would have died rather than own such a weakness, the heat and dust of this terrific march were beginning to tell even upon *him*. In a few moments more he and his men were snugly seated in the shade of the wagon, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of the cool, fresh pulp with hoarse grunts of pleasure.

But *their* enjoyment fell far short of that of the prisoners, who sucked in the life-giving refreshment (which was both food and drink to them) with a frightful eagerness that showed how long and how cruelly they must have suffered. They gave me no thanks in words, nor indeed did I desire any, for any good wish would have sounded like a hideous mockery from the lips of men over whose whole future life brooded "the blackness of darkness forever"; but the look of relief in their sunken eyes as they turned away to resume their weary journey was of itself an ample reward.

THE DRAMATIZATION OF NOVELS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Few literary tasks seem easier of accomplishment than the making of a good play out of a good novel. The playwright has ready to his hand a story, a sequence of situations, a group of characters artfully contrasted, the suggestion of the requisite scenery, and occasional passages of appropriate conversation. What more is needed than a few sheets of paper and a pair of scissors, a pen and a little plodding patience? The pecuniary reward is abundant; apparently the feat is temptingly facile; and every year we see many writers succumb to the temptation. But if we were to make out a list of novels which have been adapted to the stage in the past thirty years or so, we should discover a rarely broken record of overwhelming disaster.

The reason of this is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fundamental difference between the art of the drama and the art of prose fiction—a difference which the adapter has generally ignored or been ignorant of. Perhaps it is not unfair to suggest that the methods of the novelist and of the dramatist are as unlike as the methods of the painter and of the sculptor. The difference between the play and the novel is at bottom the difference between a precise and rigid form and a form of almost unlimited range and flexibility. The drama has laws as unbending as those of the sonnet, while the novel may extend itself to the full license of an epic. It is hardly too much to say that nowadays the novelist has complete freedom in choice of subject and in method of treatment. He may be concise or he may be prolix. He may lay the scene of his story in a desert, and find his effect in the slow analysis of a single human soul in awful solitude, or he may create a regiment of characters which shall perform intricate evolutions and move in serried ranks through the crowded streets of a busy city. He may riot in the great phenomena of nature, forcing the tornado, the gale at sea, the plunge of a cataract, the purple sunset after a mid-summer storm, to create his catastrophe or to typify some mood of his hero. He may be a persistent pessimist, believing that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds, and painting his fellow-man in harsh black and white, with a most moderate use of the white. He may be a philosopher, using a thin veil of fiction as a transparent mask for the exposition of his system of life. He may adopt the novel as a platform or as a pulpit; he may use it as a means, or he may accept it as an end; he may do with it what he will; and if he be a man to whom the world wishes to listen, or a man who has really something to say, he gains a hearing.

In contrast with the license of the novelist the limitations of the dramatist were never more distinct than they are to-day. As the playwright appeals to the play-goer, he is confined to those subjects in which the broad public can be interested and to the treatment which the broad public will accept. While the writer of romance may condense his work into a short story of a column or two or expand it to a stout tome of a thousand pages, the writer for the stage has no such choice; his work must be bulky enough to last from half past eight to half past ten at the shortest, or at the longest from eight to eleven. In the present condition of the theatre in Great Britain and the United States there is little or no demand for the comedietta or for the two-act comedy; a play must be long enough and strong enough to furnish forth the whole evening's entertainment. The dramatist may divide his piece into three or four or five acts, as he may prefer, but except for some good and sufficient reason there must be but a single scene to each act. The characters must be so many in number that no one shall seem unduly obtrusive; they must be sharply contrasted; most of them must be sympathetic to the spectators, for the audience in a theatre, however pessimistic it may be individually, is always optimistic as a whole. There must be an infusion of humor at recurrent intervals, and a slowly increasing intensity of emotional stress. In short, the fetters of the dramatist are as obvious as the freedom of the novelist.

Perhaps the chief disadvantage under which the dramatist labors is that it is almost impossible for him to show adequately the contrasting and wellnigh imperceptible disintegration of character under the attrition of recurring circumstance. Time and space are both beyond the control of the maker of plays, while the story-teller may take his hero by slow stages to the world's end. The drama has but five acts at most, and the theatre is but a few yards wide. Description is scarcely permissible in a play, and it may be the most beautiful and valuable part of a novel. Comment by the author is absolutely impossible on the stage, and there are many who love certain novels—Thackeray's, for example—chiefly because they feel therein the personal presence of the author. It is at once the merit and the difficulty of dramatic art that the characters must reveal themselves; they must be illuminated from within, not from without; they must speak for themselves in unmistakable terms, and the author cannot dissect them for us, or lay bare their innermost thoughts with his pen as with a scalpel. The drama must needs be synthetic, while now the novel, more often than not, is analytic. The vocabulary of the playwright must be clear, succinct, precise, and picturesque, while that of the novelist may be archaic, fantastic, subtle, or allusive. Simplicity and directness are the ear-marks of a good play; but we all know good novels which are complex, involute, tortuous. A French critic has declared that the laws of the drama are Logic and Movement, by which he means that in a good play the subject, clearly exposed at first, moves forward by regular steps, artfully prepared, straight to its inevitable end.

A mere sequence of *tableaux vivants*, even if it include the characters and present the situations of a successful tale, is not necessarily a successful play, and certainly it is not a good play. It is easy enough to scissor a panorama of scenes from a story, but to make over the story itself into a play is not so easy. To get a true play out of a novel, the dramatist must translate the essential idea from the terms of narrative into the terms of the drama. He must disengage the fundamental subject from the accidental incidents with which the novelist has presented it. He must strip it to the skeleton, and then he must clothe these bare bones with new flesh and fresh muscle, in accordance with the needs of the life-atre. He must disentangle the primary action, and set this on the stage clearly and simply. To do this it may be necessary to modify characters, to alter the sequence of scenes, to simplify motives, to condense, to clarify, to heighten. The more famous the novel—one might almost say the better the novel—the less likely is it to make a good play, because there is then a greater difficulty in disengaging the main theme from its subsidiary developments; and even when the playwright understands his trade, and realizes the gulf which yawns between the novel and the drama, the temptation to retain this fine scene of the story, or that delicately drawn character, or the other striking episode, is often too strong to be overcome, though he knows full well that these things are alien to the real play, as it ought to be. The playwright is conscious that the play-goers may look for these unessential scenes and characters and episodes, and he yields despite his judgment. Then in the end the play becomes a mere series of magic-lantern slides to illustrate the book; the real and the essential disappear behind the accidental and incidental, and the spectator cannot see the forest for the trees.

The finer the novel, the more delicate and delightful its workmanship, the more subtle its psychology, the greater is the difficulty in dramatizing it, and the greater the ensuing disappointment. The frequent attempts to turn into a play *Vanity Fair* and the *Scarlet Letter* were all doomed to the certainty of failure, because the development of the central character and the leading motives, as we see them in the pages of the novelist, are not those by which they would best be revealed before the foot-lights. A true dramatist might treat dramatically the chief figures of Thackeray's novel or of Hawthorne's romance. I can conceive a Becky Sharp play and an Arthur Dimmesdale drama—the first a comedy, with underlying emotion, and the second a tragedy, noble in its simple dignity—but neither of these possible plays would be in any strict sense of the word dramatized from the novel, although the germinant suggestion was derived from Thackeray and from Hawthorne. They would be original plays, independent in form, in treatment, and in movement, much as *All for Her* is an original play by Messrs. Simpson and Merivale, though it was obviously suggested by the essential ideas of *Henry Esmond* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, which were adroitly combined by two accomplished playwrights feeling themselves at liberty to develop their theme without any sense of responsibility to the novelists. In like manner Mr. Boucicault's admirably effective dramas, the *Colleen Bawn* and the *Long Strike*, are founded, one on the *Collegians* of Gerald Griffin, and the other on Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*; but the dramatist, while availing himself freely of the novelist's labors, held himself equally free to borrow from them no more than he saw fit, and felt in no wise bound to preserve in the play what did not suit him in the story. I am told that the foundation of Lord Lytton's *Richelieu* can be discovered in a romance by G. P. R. James; and I have heard that a little story by Jules Sandeau was the exciting cause of MM. Sandeau and Augier's *Gendre de M. Poirier*, the finest comedy of our century. At all times have playwrights been prone to take a ready-made myth. The great Greeks did it, using Homer as a quarry from which to get the rough blocks of marble needed for their heroic statues; while Shakespeare and Molière found material for more than one piece in contemporary prose fiction. But it would be absurd to consider any of these plays as a mere dramatization of a novel.

The difficulties and disadvantages of trying to make a play out of a popular tale, when the sequence and development of the story must be retained in the drama, are so distinctly recognized by novelists who happen also to be dramatists, that they are prone to stand aside and to leave the doubtful task to others. Dumas did not himself make a play out of his romantic tale, the *Corsican Brothers*. And in the fall of 1887 there were produced in Paris two adaptations of successful novels which had been written by accomplished dramatists, *L'Abbé Constantin*, by M. Ludovic Halévy, and *L'Affaire Clémenceau*, by M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*; and in neither case did the dramatist adapt his own story. He knew better; he knew that the good novel would not make a good play; and while the novice rushed in where the expert feared to tread, the original author stood aside, ready to take the profit but not to run the risk.

I trust that I have not suggested that there are no novels which it is profitable or advisable to adapt to the stage. Such was not my intent, at least. What I wished to point out was that a panorama was not a play; that to make a play out of a novel properly was a most difficult task; and that the more widely popular the story, the less likely was the resultant piece to be valuable, because of the greater pressure to retain scenes foreign to the main theme as necessarily simplified and strengthened for the theatre.

Sometimes a story is readily set on the stage, because it was planned for the theatre before it appeared as a book. M. Georges Ohnet's *Serge Panine*, for example, was first written as a play and afterward as a novel, although the piece was not performed until after the story had achieved success. Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington* is avowedly founded on the comedy of *Masks and Faces*, which Reade had written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, and of which it may seem to be a dramatization. Reade also found it easy to make an effective play out of his *Never too Late to Mend*, because this novel was itself based on *Gold*, an earlier piece of his.

Nor is this *ex post facto* dramatization the only possible or proper adaptation of a novel. A story of straightforward emotion may often be set on the stage to advantage, and with less alteration than is demanded by the more complex novel of character. Mr. R. L. Stevenson declares that "a good serious play must be founded on one of the passionate *crises* of life, where duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple; and the same is true of what I call, for that reason, the dramatic novel." Now it is this dramatic novel, handling broadly a pregnant emotion, which can most often be dramatized successfully and satisfactorily. And yet, even then, the story is perhaps best set on the stage by a playwright who has never read it. This may sound like a paradox, but I can readily explain what I mean. A well-known French piece, *Miss Moulton*, is obviously founded on the English novel, *East Lynne*. I once asked M. Eugène Nus, one of the authors of *Miss Moulton*, how he came to adapt an English book; and he laughed, and answered that neither he nor his collaborator, M. Adolphe Bélot, had ever read *East Lynne*. At a pause during a rehearsal of another play of theirs, an actress had told M. Bélot that she had just finished a story which would make an excellent play, and thereupon she gave him the plot of Mrs. Wood's novel. And the plot, the primary suggestion, the first nucleus of situation and character, this is all these dramatists needed; and in most cases it is all that the dramatist ought to borrow from the novelist. It is thus that we may account in part for the merit of Mr. Pinero's play, *The Squire*, which is perhaps more or less remotely derived from Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Not to have read the story he is to dramatize is, however, a privilege possible to but few playwrights.

The next best thing is to have the needful power to disengage the main theme of the story, and to be able to reincarnate this in a dramatic body. A good example may be seen in *Esmeralda*, the comedy which Mr. William Gillette helped Mrs. Burnett to make out of a tale of hers. But this has been done so rarely on the English-speaking stage that I must perforce seek other examples in France. As it happens I can name three plays, all founded on novels, all adapted to the stage by the novelist himself, and all really superior to the novels from which they were taken. M. Jules Sandeau's *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière* is a pretty tale, but the comedy which the late eminent comedian, M. Regnier, of the Comédie Française, aided M. Sandeau to found upon it, is far finer as a work of literature. *Le Marquis de Villemer* of George Sand is a lovely novel, but it lacks the firmness, the force, and the symmetry to be found in the play which M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* helped her to construct from it, and which, therefore, won the popular favor denied to most of her other dramatic attempts. And in like manner M. Dumas himself recomposed his *Dame aux Camélias*, and made a moving novel into one of the most moving plays of our time. In all three cases the drama is widely different from the story, and the many needful modifications have been made with marvellous technical skill. Hardly any more profitable investigation could be suggested to the 'prentice playwright than first to read one of these novels, and then to compare it faithfully with the play which its author evolved from it; and the student of the physics of play-making could have no better laboratory work than to think out the reasons for every change.

Such a student will discover, for instance, that the dramatist may not avail himself of one of the most effective devices of the novelist, who can keep a secret from his readers, which is either revealed to them unexpectedly and all at once, or which they are allowed to solve for themselves from chance hints skilfully let fall in the course of the narrative. But the dramatist knows that to keep a secret from the spectator for the sake of a single, sudden surprise, is to sacrifice to one little and temporary shock of discovery the cumulative force of a heroic struggle against a foreseen catastrophe. To take an example from one of the most accomplished of Greek playwrights, the strife against awakening doubt, the wrestling with a growing conviction, the agony of final knowledge which we see in *Œdipus*, and the indisputable effect these have on us, are the result of not keeping a secret. The great play of Sophocles has the interest of expectation, though every spectator might foresee and foretell the outcome of the opening situations. True dramatic interest is aroused not by deceiving or disappointing the audience as to the end to be reached, or even by keeping it unduly in doubt as to this, but by choosing the least commonplace and most effective means of reaching that end. And true dramatic interest is sustained not by a vulgar surprise, but by exciting the sympathy of the spectator for the character immeshed in dangers which the audience comprehend clearly—by exciting the sympathy of the spectator so that he becomes the accomplice of the playwright, putting himself in the place of the persons of the play, and feeling with them as the dread catastrophe draws nigh.

The novelist may play tricks with his readers, because he knows that they can take time to think if they are in doubt, and can even turn back a chapter or two to straighten out the sequence of events. But the dramatist knows that the spectators have no time for retrospection and for piecing together, and therefore he is not warranted in leaving them in the dark for a minute. And it is this total divergence of principle that so many novelists, and so many of those who attempt to dramatize novels, absolutely fail to apprehend. In her slovenly biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Mrs. Oliphant found fault with the screen scene of the *School for Scandal* because we see Lady Teazle conceal herself. "It would, no doubt," she wrote, "have been higher art could the dramatist have deceived his audience as well as the personages of the play, and made us also parties in the surprise of the discovery." This criticism is simply a master-stroke of dramatic incompetence, and it is astounding that any one able to read and write could consider that

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER (*to the invaders of Central Park*). "You cannot break ground here, gentlemen, without breaking the law, and the law will not be changed with my consent."

most marvellous specimen of dramatic construction, the screen scene of the *School for Scandal*, without seeing that the whole effect of the situation, and half the force of the things said and done by the characters on the stage, would be lost if we did not know that Lady Teazle was in hiding within hearing of Joseph's impotent explanations, Charles's careless gayety, and Sir Peter's kindly thoughtfulness.

Time was when the drama was first, and prose fiction limped a long way after; time was when the novelists, even the greatest of them, began as playwrights. Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding, all studied the art of character drawing on the boards of a theatre, although no one of their plays keeps the stage to-day, while we still read with undiminished zest the humorous record of the adventures and misadventures of *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Tom Jones*. Scott was, perhaps, the first great novelist who did not learn his trade behind the scenes. It seemed to Mr. Lowell that before Fielding "real life formed rather the scenic background than the substance, and that the characters are, after all, merely players who represent certain types rather than the living types themselves." It may be suggested that the earlier novels reflected the easy expedients and artificial manners of the theatre, much as the writers may have employed the processes of the stage. Since Fielding and Scott the novel has been expanding, until it seeks to overshadow its elder brother. The old interdependence of the drama and prose fiction has ceased; nowadays the novel and the play are independent, each with its own aims and with its own methods. The advocates of the one are as boastful as the partisans of the other are intolerant, and each is as self-assertive as the young actress who, so her enterprising advance agent in his advertisement declared, "has appeared in all the countries of the world, and has been pronounced the greatest of them all!"

The drama is really the noblest form of literature, because it is the most direct. It calls forth the highest of literary faculties in the highest degree—the creation of character, standing firm on its own feet and speaking for itself. The person in a play must *be* and *do*, and the spectator must see what he is, and what he does, and why. There is no narrator standing by to act as chorus, and there needs none. If the dramatist knows his trade, if he have the gift of the born playwright, if his play is well made, then there is no call for explanation or analysis, no necessity of dissecting or refining, no demand for comment or sermon, no desire that any one palliate or denounce what all have seen. Actions speak louder than words. That this direct dramatic method is fine enough for the most abstruse intellectual self-questioning when the subject calls for this, and that in the mighty hand of genius it is capable of throwing light in the darkest corners and crannies of the tortured and tortuous human soul, ought not to be denied by any one who may have seen on the stage the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare, the *Misanthrope* of Molière, or the *Faust* of Goethe.

A DISGRACEFUL ENTERPRISE.

A SINGLE event this week has served to check reviving confidence in railroad securities, and brought the stock-market to a full stop. It was the reappearance of the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern Railroad Company as an aggressive disturber of rates in the northwestern territory. A premonition that it would again become a troublesome factor in the railroad situation was noted a few weeks ago. It is certain to menace profitable railroading in three or four States north and west of Chicago as long as it maintains, or is permitted to maintain, an independent existence. I speak of its being permitted to maintain an independent existence, because all the evidence obtainable indicates that the road is nothing more nor less than a dependency or an auxiliary line of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company.

At the risk of repeating well-known facts to some of the readers of the WEEKLY, it seems necessary to state the relations between the two companies, for no opportunity should be unimproved to impress upon investors that the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company is in every respect responsible for whatever damage may result from the policy of its *quasi* branch line. The road was built by persons connected with the management of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and a part of the securities were offered *pro rata* to the stockholders of that company, and subscribed for by them. In that way the stockholders were induced to furnish money that has been used against their best interests ever since it was invested. One-third of the capital stock was taken by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Company, and is still owned by it, and it is quite possible that the amount has been added to. What may be termed the parent company has entered into a close traffic contract with it, running twenty years from 1886, and under it the larger company agrees to purchase and retire each year $100,000 of the first mortgage bonds of the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern Company. The money to do this with is supposed to be derived from earnings from joint traffic. Members of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy directory are directors of the Northern road, and the family relations between members of the two managements are close. Rarely is one corporation so closely allied to another without actual consolidation or absolute ownership. The physical portion of the concern consists of about 350 miles of railroad, extending from a point a little south of St. Paul to Oregon, Illinois, where it connects with the road of the parent company. It owns no terminal facilities at St. Paul, but uses those of the Manitoba company, over whose tracks it obtains an entrance into that city and also into Minneapolis. Its traffic to and from Chicago is carried over the C., B., and Quincy road, which furnishes it terminal facilities at that centre. The greater part of its line is located at the foot of the bluff that forms the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, and is so situated that very little local traffic can reach it. This road, which has no terminals, and which falls short by about ninety miles of being a line between Chicago and the twin cities of Minnesota, is capitalized at about $60,000 per mile, or twice the average capitalization per mile of the roads it aspires to compete with. As a channel for traffic, it may be regarded as nothing more than an attempt to duplicate the facilities afforded by the Mississippi River.

Of the status of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad it is hardly necessary to speak. Every one knows that its mileage is extensive and excellently located, while its management has long been the pride of New England financiers. For the last two or three years it has, so far as the public is advised, made no effort to restrain its offspring from virtually running amuck among the great railroad properties of the Northwest. It has essayed an impossibility, namely, to compete with the rail and water routes that, running directly east from St. Paul, form the shortest and also the cheapest avenues between that point and the Atlantic seaboard. As the roads running eastward from Chicago will not prorate with it on the basis of lake, or of lake and rail tariffs combined, the C., B., and Northern road has had to foot all the bills for its experiment itself. Consequently, since the parent company, the C., B., and Quincy, gave it license to see what it could do for itself, it has steadily run in arrears of its fixed charges. As the concern maintains an appearance of solvency, it would be interesting to know who makes good its large deficit.

The important matter, however, is the effect of its indefensible policy upon the rates of at least 30,000 miles of railroad in the northwestern territory, and upon the immense amount of capital invested in those roads. The effect was very clearly demonstrated in 1887 and '88 by frightful losses in handling the traffic of the region referred to. The abnormal low rates superinduced by the C., B., and Quincy's protégé have been taken by State Railroad Commissioners as a basis for determining what rates shall be. For a few months this disturbing factor has been comparatively dormant, but now it has broken loose again with unrestrained force, and threatens the welfare of every investor in the securities of the so-called Granger roads. As the relationship between it and its parent company is well defined, and the power to control it is apparent to every one possessing knowledge of these matters, there seems ample reason for the continuous and severe denunciation that the management of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company is receiving from every quarter. COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, September 21, 1889.*

LEAVENING POWER

OF THE VARIOUS BAKING POWDERS, AS SHOWN FROM ACTUAL TESTS BY LATE U. S. GOVERNMENT CHEMIST, PROF. E. G. LOVE.

NAME.	Cubic Inches Leavening Gas per Oz.
ROYAL (Absolutely Pure)	127.4
Rumford's (Phosphate), when fresh	122.5*
Rumford's (Phosphate), old	32.7*
Hanford's None Such (when fresh)	121.6
Hanford's None Such (not fresh)	84.35
Charm (Alum Powder)	116.9*
Cleveland's	110.8
Sea Foam	107.9
Czar	106.8
Dr. Price's	102.6*
Snow Flake (Groff's St. Paul)	101.88
Lewis's (Condensed)	98.2
Congress (Yeast)	97.5
Pearl	93.2
C. E. Andrews & Co.'s (contains alum)	78.17*
Hecker's	92.5
Gillet's	84.2

GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS' REPORTS:

"The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances.

"EDWARD G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

"HENRY A. MOTT, M.D., Ph.D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge.

"WM. MCMURTRIE, Ph.D."

* All Alum Baking Powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous. Phosphate and tartaric acid powders liberate their gas too freely, or under climatic changes suffer deterioration.—[*Adv.*]

THE SPARTAN VIRTUE OF FORTITUDE

Must be possessed in no ordinary degree by those who bear the pangs of rheumatism without complaint. We have never heard of such an individual. But why not, ere the life-long martyrdom begins, extinguish the germ of this atrocious malady with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the efficacy of which as a preventive of the disease, as well as a means of relieving it, is well established and amply attested, during the last thirty-five years, over professional signatures? It expurgates from the blood those acrid principles which beget the pain and inflammation characteristic of this complaint, which, it should be recollected, is always liable to terminate life suddenly when it attacks a vital part. The Bitters also expels the virus of malaria from the system, remedies dyspepsia, kidney complaint, constipation, and biliousness, quiets the nerves, and invigorates the whole physical organism.—[*Adv.*]

A NEW YORK physician writes: "My wife prizes Nicholson's Liquid Bread very highly, and I hear good accounts of it from my patients." Liquid Bread is not only a tonic, but a delightful and healthful beverage.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE continuous use of CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful, 25 cts. Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia, etc.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BOILS, pimples, and skin diseases of all kinds speedily disappear when the blood is purified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has no equal as a tonic alterative, the results being immediate and satisfactory. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00
Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.
Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE MILITARY BANDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY LEON MEAD.

THE evolution of the present military or brass bands in the United States from the crude organizations of a quarter of a century ago has been rapid and marked. Many of them were called into existence to serve military purposes; others were scarcely more than street bands, whose *répertoires* were almost exclusively confined to marches.

The primitive band-masters of those days were not very ambitious, and whatever reputation for excellence they acquired was usually local. Then, as now, brass bands were conspicuous features in public parades and processional events. The majority of those who belonged to the brass bands of that period were self-taught, and the prevailing idea among people was that the superiority of a band largely depended upon the amount of noise it could make. Among these old-time bandsmen artistic individuality was rare, and when detected was not allowed due recognition. Seldom was a piece played in which "cracking notes" from one or two of the poor brass instruments then in use were not unpleasantly audible. *Ensemble*, pitch, perfection of tone, etc., were terms that few provincial leaders pretended to understand.

At present there are over ten thousand military bands in the United States. In the smaller cities they average twenty-five men each. In small country towns they number from twelve to eighteen members.

The average band, composed of twenty-five men, is usually made up in this wise: one piccolo, one E flat clarinet, four B flat clarinets, two E flat cornets, four B flat cornets, two alto horns, three trombones or tenor horns, two barytones, two tubas, one small drum, a bass drum, and cymbals. As the scores are written for military bands, the clarinets take the parts usually assigned to the first violins in the orchestra, and are supported by the cornets. The barytones assume the 'cello parts; while the bass tubas are a substitute for the double basses. Musical instruments, it may be observed, are designed to represent the different parts, chiefly, of the human voice, viz.: soprano, alto, tenor, bass, barytone, and contralto. Any composition may be adapted for a military band for which even the most difficult piano-forte solos are now transcribed and arranged.

Despite the humorous and sarcastic depreciation they have received from the press, the military bands of this country are doing a great educational work among the people. They dispense both the popular and higher class music of the day in remote sections where the inhabitants are unable to hear them at first hand, and without their local band they would perhaps never hear them at all.

The native American musician now labors under great disadvantages, so far as the facilities for thorough musical training at home are concerned. To become a master of his art he must seek abroad that technical discipline which is indispensable to professional success. Were it not for the "foreign element," so largely represented in American bands, the latter would be far less numerous, prosperous, and creditable. The lack of proper schools and conservatories in the United States explains this fact. Music is an exacting mistress, and her superficial votaries can hope but vainly for public recognition in these days.

Among the various nationalities represented in our military bands, the Germans, reliable as performers and steady-going in temperament, predominate ten to one. In the larger cities the Italians come next in numbers. There are comparatively few French musicians in this country, the number of native Americans being the smallest in the list—though they are increasing year by year. As musicians the English, Irish, and Scotch belong to about the same artistic grade, no appreciable superiority of skill or accomplishment being possessed by one over the other.

To become a first-class instrumentalist requires at least seven years' hard study and practice before a performer can take his place in a great military band, and even then he can learn something new every day about his art.

Curiously enough, the best musicians are usually very nervous men. Their sensibilities seem to attain an almost abnormal development. They are easily excited or irritated, often by trifling causes, which always keeps them on the edge of a row with one or more of their associates. It scarcely seems credible that divine melody could be such a strain on the nervous system. Yet the fine musician usually possesses a delicate, uneven temper, and though playing like an angel before the public, he may act like a demon behind the scenes. The band-master is constantly obliged to employ tact, and to exercise his powers of diplomacy, in order to insure at least the semblance of good feeling among the members of his organization. He often overlooks insolence, even gross insults, because the offender is a superb performer whom he could not replace. But the band-master has other trials and anxieties which render his life a sort of martyrdom. If he be conscientious and enterprising he must studiously keep up with the musical times; nor should he neglect his opportunities to popularize the best selections from the constantly increasing output of the composers. Not the least delicate and difficult of his duties is the preparation of his concert programmes. A nice sense of proportion and good taste are required to properly balance the programme, and to secure a smooth adjustment of light and shade, of gay and sombre effect.

To several influences is attributed the vast improvement in military bands in this country within the past twenty-five years. Notable among them may be mentioned the larger musical field which military bands have entered, and which was formerly monopolized by the stringed orchestra. Band-masters have learned that marches are not the only type of music which a band can render effectively. The gavot, the waltz, the polka, and compositions reaching into the classics are now the common property of military bands. Within the limits allowed for this article it would not be possible to name the many bands from Maine to California which are more or less celebrated.

The Marine Band of Washington, under the direction of Sousa, which is supported by the government, deserves mention as a



HELICON TUBA.

well-drilled and well-worked company of skilful performers. It has more frequently charmed the listening ears of Presidents, members of cabinets, Senators, and, in short, the whole official retinue of Uncle Sam at the capital than any band in the country. This indeed is no meagre testimonial for the Marine Band.

Among the many excellent bands, none has more celebrity, especially as a marching band, than that of the renowned American band of Providence, under the leadership of Mr. D. W. Reeves. Marching over rough cobble-stones and executing in an artistic manner complicated airs on instruments which in themselves are awkward enough to carry—to say nothing of playing upon them—is by no means an easy feat; but Reeves's band accomplishes it with grace and spirit. In addition to his merits as a band-master, Mr. Reeves has the honor of being one of the most popular composers of brisk and brilliant marches now living. Not only are his spirited pieces played by military bands throughout this continent, but among English, German, and French bands they have found a musician's welcome.

The musicians of New York, or those who have made New York their home, have largely contributed to the growth of and improvement in military bands. Long ago New York would have been overcrowded with foreign musicians had they not been induced to recruit the provincial bands. For the last forty years there has never been any dearth of musicians in New York, and to-day there are scores of excellent performers here who are without regular employment. The wiser class of foreign musicians who come to these shores, after enduring ill-fortune for a few months in a metropolis fairly teeming with clever competitors, go into the less crowded cities, and thus more than double their chances of earning a livelihood in their own chosen fashion. The fame of Dodworth's, Shelton's, Ned Kendall's, and other old bands—justly renowned in their day—has been fairly overshadowed by the more modern organizations, which enjoy such advantages as improved instruments, a greater variety of music, and better trained men.

With the crack Seventh Regiment of New York good bands have always been identified. Previous to Cappa's succession to the baton in 1881, the Seventh Regiment band had been under ten different leaders. When first established, its ten pieces were composed of drums, key-bugles, and slide trombones. In its second stage it consisted of fifteen pieces of brass, and was under the direction of Lothian. From 1856 to 1860 it was made a reed band (the first one in America), under Knoll, with thirty-five pieces. Under Grafulla the Seventh Regiment band was increased to forty members, among whom was the present leader—Cappa. From 1880 to 1881 C. Werning conducted the band, then numbering—as it does now—fifty-five men. In 1881 Cappa became the leader, and to his unremitting energy is due the high degrees of excellence that distinguishes the Seventh Regiment band, whose only great rival in the whole country is Gilmore's.

Signor Carlo Alberto Cappa is singularly well fitted for the responsible position of band-master of the leading regiment of the National Guard. He is fifty-five years of age, having been born at Alessandria, in Piedmont, in 1834. His father was a major in Napoleon's army, and died from a wound received during the retreat from Moscow. Carlo began his musical studies at the age of ten. After a five years' course in the Royal Academy at Asti—devoted exclusively to the instruction of sons of soldiers—he joined the band of the Sixth Lancers, in which he played the first trombone. Remaining in the army for four years, he then enlisted in the United States navy, and in the frigate *Congress* made a two years' cruise. On his arrival in New York, in 1858, Cappa, then a stalwart young man of twenty-four, joined Kendall's band, and, later on, the Seventh Regiment Band when Grafulla became its leader, in 1860. Though Cappa has served in the Seventh Regiment for twenty-nine years—for the last eight years as its leader—his service has not been continuous. From 1869 to 1876 he played first trombone in the Theodore Thomas orchestra. He also played the euphonium in the orchestra of the Mapleson Opera Company for three years.

Cappa's instrumentation for his marching band, which always appears at its best on the street, is as follows: one piccolo, one flute, three E flat clarinets, eight first B flat, four second B flat, and four third B flat clarinets, four French horns, two altos, two E flat cornets, six first B flat, two second B flat, two third B flat, and two fourth B flat cornets, six trombones, four barytones, one euphonium, six basses, two small drums, one bass drum, and cymbals.

The following is Cappa's concert instrumentation, which, it will be seen, differs considerably from the other: one flute, one piccolo, two oboes, two bassoons, two E flat clarinets, one alto E flat clarinet, eight first B flat, four second B flat, and four third B flat clarinets, four French horns, three B flat cornets, three trumpets, three trombones, one solo barytone, first and second euphonium, two first, two second, and two third basses, one tympany, one small drum, one bass drum, and cymbals. This concert instrumentation is generally used in Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, Russia, and England. In France, they use in addition the saxophone and a few other instruments which will be mentioned in connection with Gilmore's celebrated band. Signor Cappa does not believe in the employment of the saxophone in a military band, and his prejudice against it and other comparatively new instruments, such as the autoniophone, for instance, is very ponounced.

On Saturday and Sunday afternoons from May to October, thousands of people gather on the Mall in Central Park, when the weather is bright, to enjoy the music dispensed there by the Seventh Regiment band. Under Cappa's direction the grand choruses of Handel, Bach's preludes and fugues, the symphonies of Beethoven, Gluck, Cherubini, and other classicists, and ballet music by Saint-Saëns, Goldmark, Massenet, and others—all these, as well as the popular music of the day, are splendidly interpreted to delighted masses which throng the Mall. Selecting at random a programme, we find that the one rendered on June 1st of the present year included the "Star-spangled Banner," the "Royal Maccabees March," by General Kantrowitz; Verdi's overture, "Sicilian Vespers"; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie (Number 2); a cornet solo, "Annie Laurie," with variations, by the well-known virtuoso, Walter Rogers; a selection from the "Flying Dutchman," by Wagner; "Fusionen," a Strauss waltz; the aria finale from "Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti; "Lucille," a gavot by St. George, and "Hail Columbia." On the following day, Sunday, the programme included the "Star-spangled Banner," Salvatore's grand march "Roma"; Auber's overture "Crown Diamond"; a grand march from "Lucia," introducing all the popular melodies of Donizetti, and concluding with the famous sextet, Cappa's "Reminiscences of Veteran Firemen," introducing conversation in engine-house, the fire alarm, the start, the run, and falling of the wall, and grand finale; melodies from England, Ireland, and



QUINTETTE OF SAXOPHONES.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BASS CLARINET.

Scotland, arranged by Baetaus; selection from the oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, by Handel; and the Doxology.

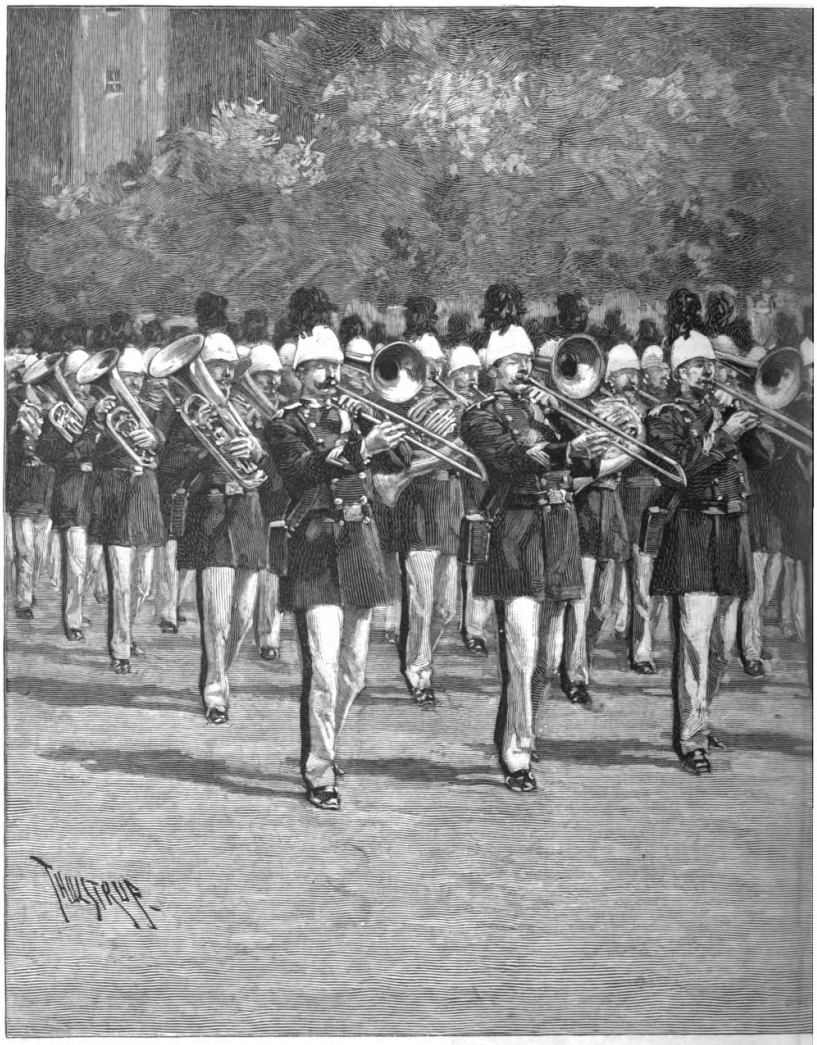
The two foregoing are fair specimens of the concert music selected by Cappa, in whose band are eleven reliable soloists.

No article on military bands would be at all comprehensive without reference to the accomplished band-master P. S. Gilmore. Something more than casual allusion must be made to this remarkable man and musician, though words can but impotently describe his triumphs, heartaches, and eventfully checkered career. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore to-day stands without a peer in his line in this country, if not abroad. But he did not attain to his present eminence by a single leap. The path climbed by him has been a rough and thorny one, and the wonder is that, though he has reached the summit of fame and success, he is not aweary of the world, as was Hamlet of the sun. Gilmore is a man who quickly recovers from mental fatigue, and his enthusiasm over music is still as keen and contagious as it was in his earlier life. In childhood music became the dream and passion of his existence, and the town band of Athlone, in the County Galway, Ireland, where he was born, he joined when but a mere lad. Though deprived of the advantages of a thorough musical training at that time, he received special instruction in instrumentation and harmony from Mr. Keating, the band-master, who took a fancy to him. Soon becoming an accomplished E flat cornet player, young Gilmore resolved to seek a more promising field than the dull little town of Athlone. Poor and unknown, he landed in Boston in 1848. He was only nineteen, but his rare abilities were promptly recognized. Ten years later, in 1858, he organized his own band, having meanwhile been the leader successively of the Suffolk Band, of Boston, the Boston Brigade band, and the Salem band. His promenade concerts in the Boston Music Hall for several seasons, the first on his long list of musical enterprises, met with success.

Gilmore's entire band joined the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers at the outbreak of the war, and subsequently accompanied the Burnside expedition to the Carolinas. While the "late unpleasantness" was in progress Gilmore was gaining a reputation in both armies, for he did not scruple to play "Dixie's Land" now and then, which thrilled many a Southern heart in a neighboring camp. The grand national concert given under Gilmore's direction on Lafayette Square, New Orleans, March 4, 1864, on the occasion of Michael Hahn's inauguration as Governor of "freed and restored Louisiana," was memorable for the participation in the programme of ten thousand children from the public schools. The singing of the "Star-spangled Banner" by a chorus ten thousand strong, each boy and girl waving a tiny American flag, while the refrain reverberated through the vast amphitheatre, accompanied by five hundred musical instruments, and the boom of thirty-six pieces of artillery fired in exact time by electricity, produced a most impressive effect upon the large and enthusiastic concourse. It had been simply a Herculean task for Gilmore to induce the parents of these children to allow them to take part, and when he had obtained their consent it had been another task to coach this large juvenile company and teach them to sing the national airs in unison. His indefatigable labors were rewarded by a banquet tendered him through a committee of one hundred citizens of New Orleans, at which he was presented with a beautiful goblet filled with gold, and through General Banks, who previously had placed him in charge of all bands and music in the Department of the Gulf, received the thanks of the government.

Two years after the close of the war, Gilmore conceived one of those gigantic projects the very mention of which among most of his intimate New York and Boston friends called forth expressions of doubt as to his sanity. But he was not to be balked by discouragement nor disheartened by ridicule. He persisted in his idea, with which he accosted prominent men right and left. For a long time they laughed at what they considered his grandiloquent entreaties for assistance. Nothing, however, could daunt the soul that had been fired with an ambition whose realization people thought would be nothing less than a miracle. In the following year Gilmore publicly proclaimed that he was about to totally eclipse all previous undertakings of the kind by giving a gigantic musical festival that would astonish creation; that he proposed to erect a colosseum capable of s fifty thousand people; that he would organize a chorus of ten tho voices, and an orchestra of one thousand musicians, with artillery, bells, and other accompaniments in the national airs; that he would present the President and his cabinet, the members of Congress an diplomatic corps, the governors of States, the mayors and editors principal cities, and thousands of the great American people from the West, North, and South—all in one grand harmonious festival, to com orate the restoration of peace and union throughout the land.

In New York, where Gilmore desired to hold the jubilee, he fail secure adequate financial support, and Mr. Thomas Boese, then Pres of the Board of Education, refused to allow the twenty thousand chi asked for from the public schools to take part in the proposed progra Thus handicapped in the metropolis, Gilmore went back to Boston, w he had been popularly known for twenty years, and where he resolve great peace jubilee *should* take place. In the Hub his efforts soon b to tell; the press, almost without exception, actively espoused his c which was also earnestly supported by all the best and most influential musicians in the city. Subscriptions from the principal business houses began to pour in, and the announcement was definitely made that the festival to open on June 15th would continue for three days. The attempt to build the immense colosseum on Boston Common was abandoned on account of the indignant protests that came from the blue blood con tingent, and from aristocratic old croakers, and it was erected on St. James Park, at an expense of $132,000. A large guarantee fund helped to forward the enterprise, and Gilmore's grand peace jubilee became an assured fact, after multitudinous trials and disappointments which nearly crazed its projector. Lasting for five days, and attracting thousands of people from all over the United States, including, as had been announced, the President, General Grant, with members of his cabinet, many states men, government officials, and distinguished men in every walk of life, the festival was a triumph for Gilmore, and proved of great financial benefit to the merchants, hotel-keepers, and tradesmen of Boston, who had liberally backed the undertaking. Over and above the total expenditures incurred



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT BAND O



ALTO CLARINET.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

re was a clear balance of nearly seven thousand dollars, which, together th the proceeds from a testimonial benefit, amounting to nearly forty usand dollars, was presented to Gilmore in recognition of his invaluable rvices.

Not content with the laurels he had won, Gilmore, in 1872, sounded an nest call for a world's musical festival—an international jubilee—a thering of the hosts of harmony from the nations of the earth. That, , came to pass, but only after a most exhausting campaign against stacles. Gilmore pursued his labors systematically, and by virtue of his at natural ability as an organizer, accomplished his object. While a iseum capable of holding one hundred thousand people was in the course erection in Boston, he directed the organization of three hundred choral ieties, representing a great chorus of twenty thousand voices, which soon erward were heard in the second jubilee. The instrumental forces, mbering nearly two thousand musicians, were augmented by several of best bands from Europe, which Gilmore personally went abroad to ure. The band of the Grenadier Guards of London, which he greatly and majesty the sublime strains of Handel's Hymn to the Victor, "See! the conquering hero comes!"

This great jubilee, held for eighteen days, evoked from the newspapers the most lavish commendation, and Boston town, with her tremendous inflow of visitors, was for the time being the most musical city in the world.

Since 1873, when Gilmore became band-master of the Twenty-second Regiment, to which corps his band is still attached, he has made New York his head-quarters. With one hundred performers he gave during his first four years in New York over six hundred concerts in the Madison Square Garden. The musical exercises in connection with the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence, celebrated in Independence Square, Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1876, were under Gilmore's direction, and during that season his band gave sixty concerts in the main exhibition building. During the following year the band made a number of concert tours, and in 1878 Gilmore, with sixty-five men—the same number he now has—went to Europe. In the principal English cities, in Dub-



E MARCH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.



SURASOPHONE.

cal stand-point, to occupy the concert-room with his more sensitive sister. This is what I have tried to make of my band. Somebody may bring the stringed orchestra to such a degree of perfection as to make it a very queen among its kind, but my military band shall be king."

The size of his band enables Gilmore to bring out the full effect of the most intricate musical compositions. He has always been an experimentalist, and is progressive in his theories concerning instrumentation. Unlike Signor Cappa and other great band-masters, he believes in the employment, where permissible, of saxophones. Other peculiar instruments used in this country only by Gilmore's band (with possibly one or two exceptions) are the antoniophone, surasophone, the helicon tuba, and the orpheon. By the introduction of these instruments he produces a quality of tone almost as delicate as a stringed orchestra, and of startling power, as well as weird cadences, salient shadings in the bass and clearness in the minor runs—in consonance with the essential character of the music. Let us briefly consider the use, relations, and character of these instruments.

The saxophone, invented by A. Sax, of Paris, has a great many keys, similar to the Boehm flute. In Gilmore's band there is a sextet of these instruments, pitched as follows: one soprano, one alto, two tenors, one barytone, and one contra-bass B flat. In connection with the bassoons particularly they seem to bind in a string-like manner the reeds with the brass. The alto is considered the solo instrument of the sextet, and in the hands of M. Lefebre it is a wonderful adjunct to the band.

The orpheon is a reconstructed euphonium, with about the same compass, though different in tone, on account of the difference in shape and build. It is supposed to be an improvement on the antoniophone, and is manufactured by Boosey, of London. This instrument is played by a dashing young English Fifth Lancer with brilliancy, his manipulation of the pedal notes being remarkable. His great forte is in the rendition of pathetic passages in the old songs.

The euphonium trombone, an addition to the euphonium, is the creation of Signor Raffayalo. It is virtually a euphonium, but by a trombone bell attachment the performer is enabled to use it as either instrument. By pressing down a piston the air passage can be changed from one bell to the other while performing. It is a noble and important instrument, and Signor Raffayalo is acknowledged to be its greatest player.

The first musician who introduced the bass clarinet in B flat to the profession was named Stritwolf, in the year 1828. Its mission was to improve the lower notes of the clarinet, and the first composer who made use of it as a solo instrument was Meyerbeer, in his favorite opera *The Huguenots*, in the fifth act. Afterward Liszt, Wagner, and other composers made frequent use of it. In



EUPHONIUM TROMBONE.

ired to participate, was at first positively refused him; but he had come London well armed with the highest credentials attainable from the erican government, and he finally succeeded in gaining an audience with veral influential English statesmen, who assisted him in securing the band the Grenadier Guards. He encountered the same difficulties in other ropean capitals; but by sagacious manœuvring he also secured the band the Garde Républicaine of Paris, the band of the Kaiser Franz giment of Berlin, and a fine Dublin band. Many eminent vocal and strumental artists from Europe, including Johann Strauss, the famous mposer and conductor, of Vienna, and Franz Abt, the great German ng-writer, attended the festival. Again, as during the jubilee of 1869, eneral Grant visited the International Musical Congress. "As he entered e Temple of Music," says one account, "followed by ministers, repretatives, governors, mayors, and the leading men of the land, the mighty ultitude arose, breaking out into one tremendous cheer, while the harmony twenty thousand voices and two thousand instruments, joined by the st bands of the foremost nations of Europe, sent forth in all their power lin, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen; at the Trocadéro in Paris during the World's Exposition, in Havre, Rouen, Lille, and other French cities; in the Brussels Opera-house, in Rotterdam, the Hague, Antwerp, Amsterdam; in Cologne, Hamburg, Bremen, Berlin, Leipsic, and other German centres—they were cordially and enthusiastically received; but their tour abroad was more of an artistic than a financial success. They did not hesitate to play the Tannhäuser overture in the most Wagnerian parts of the father-land, and everywhere they were a revelation and a surprise to the Europeans, who up to that time had supposed a fife and drum, and those played by ear, alone constituted a Yankee band.

The relations between the stringed orchestra and the military band Mr. Gilmore recently defined to the writer in the following pleasant vein: "Figuratively speaking, the stringed orchestra is feminine, the military band masculine. The stringed orchestra may be as coarse as a very coarse woman, or made as refined as the most accomplished lady. So, too, the military band may remain like a rough street tramp, or he may undergo a polishing that will make him a perfect gentleman, equally fit, from a criti-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



QUARTETTE OF FRENCH HORNS

military bands it is an effective instrument, particularly when played by so excellent a performer as Herr Ernst Weber.

The alto clarinet stands in E flat, and has about the same compass as the bass clarinet. It produces a sweet and pleasing tone, and the parts allotted to it are very effective—notably in classical music. Great composers have frequently expressed surprise at the scarcity of this instrument, whose capabilities may be so beautifully represented by an artist like Herr Brüggman.

The bassoon belongs to the oboe family, and in olden times was used as the bass oboe. It was invented in the year 1539 by Kamomkus Afriano, and was improved by the bassoon artist Almenräder. It has been found to be so valuable that no orchestra or military band is now considered complete without at least two of these voice-like instruments.

The surasophone is an English instrument, copied from the ophicleide. It is pitched in E flat, and is employed as a contra-bassoon both in stringed and military bands. It has a rich, organ-like tone peculiar to itself.

The invention of the trombone has been attributed to Tyrtans, who made it from the bark of a tree, in 685 B.C. Moses, the law-giver of the Scriptures, was the first man to bring into prominence trombones, which were used at palm festivals and also at coronations. Among the ruins of Pompeii was found a trombone with a gold mouth-piece, which was afterward presented by the King of Naples to King George III. of England. In the year 1520 an instrument-maker, Herr Hans Menschel, in Nuremberg, made and perfected the slide trombone, which is considered the most perfect of the brass instruments. Pope Leo X. was so fond of the trombone that his Holiness ordered two to be made of pure silver. Mozart was the first composer to use it in the orchestra. Since his time it has taken its place among the indispensable instruments. In Gilmore's band there are three solo trombones and one bass.

The antoniophone was introduced in this country by Alfred Phasey, of Gilmore's band. This instrument partakes of the qualities of the cornet, alto, barytone, and bass, though differently shaped, as will be seen in the illustration. Mr. Phasey's excellent performance on the barytone antoniophone has prompted one critic to designate it "vox humana." It has frequently been heard with appreciation in unaccompanied quartet. At present Mr. Phasey is filling his father's position as solo euphoniumist at the Crystal Palace, London.

The bass helicon tuba formerly had keys, and was first used in the bands of the German army. It was called the bombardon. Now, after many improvements, it is called the helicon or circular tuba. This immense instrument (here illustrated), which is really the largest in existence, was manufactured by Henry Gimckel, of Paris, expressly for Gilmore's band, and the gentleman who plays this ponderous bass, Herman Conrad, seems well fitted for the task, being a splendid type of the German soldier and musician. His height is six feet four and a half inches.

The French horn is one of the oldest brass instruments. It was once the *cor de chasse*—a long horn in two circles, with a small mouth-piece and a very large bell or paxilion. The huntsmen used to place it over their shoulders, the bell pointing to the rear, and thus call together a pack of hounds, however much scattered. On account of the great length of the tubing and largeness of bell, the searching, winding tone carries much farther than a trumpet blast. Its sometimes uncanny echoes caused the Parisians to pass a law that any one indulging in practice on this instrument within the city limits should be punished. The open notes or tones that may be produced without the aid of pistons are as follows:





QUARTETTE OF TROMBONES.

The French horn owes its introduction into orchestra to a very ingenious Frenchman, who one day, while experimenting with his horn, discovered that by placing his hand in the bell he could lower the pitch of a note at his pleasure. He was thus enabled to perform not only a chord but also a scale. The French horn has become indispensable in stringed and military bands. Richard Wagner has used the French horn with greater and more marvellous effect than any other composer. Years ago this instrument had but one piston, then another was added, and now, with three, a chromatic scale can be performed upon it just as well as on any other instrument. Gilmore is greatly attached to this instrument, and employs it extensively. At the church service held every Sunday morning in the amphitheatre at Manhattan Beach the French horns take the place of an organ. The rendition of four-part songs has been for years quite a feature in Gilmore's programmes. A charming effect is produced by a solo instrument accompanied by the quartet of horns, among which Harry Weston is an incomparable performer.

One secret of the excellence of Gilmore's band lies in the fact that every member of it is an artist who understands exactly what is expected of him by his leader in every point of phrasing and tone. In the organization there are twenty-one soloists capable of executing an intricate solo. With a musical library aggregating ten thousand pieces, two or three experts constantly employed in arranging new selections, and with a band that can play at sight without rehearsal difficult compositions, Gilmore is never at a loss to provide on short notice a unique and yet an appropriate programme. His season at Manhattan Beach having finished, he has resumed his grand tour, celebrating in the principal cities the twentieth anniversary of the first Boston Jubilee.

In provincial towns, one of the most important and generally indispensable functionaries of a brass band is the doughty drum-major. On parade it not infrequently happens that much depends upon the drum-major's gyrations and manual manipulation of his staff to impress the crowd with the musical superiority of the band itself. The real duty of a drum-major is not to perform gymnastics along the line of march, but to hold his head and body erect, and to advance with an air of self-respect and martial dignity. A drum-major should be tall, muscular, and active. He should thoroughly understand military tactics, be a good disciplinarian, and a sufficient master of the drum to be able to teach a new drummer. The leader of the band, by a given sign, usually directs the drum-major to give the signal for the drums to stop, and the band to commence playing. In Europe, for over thirty years, the fancy swinging of and juggling with the staff has been abolished, having been condemned as charlatanism; and in the best military bands in this country it is not allowed.



QUINTETTE OF ANTONIOPHONES.

In parts of the South good military bands are unknown, owing, for one thing, to the dearth of acceptable reed and brass performers. Throughout the Eastern and Middle States hundreds of excellent brass bands exist, and then there are others which, to put it mildly, should not be taken seriously. In New England the Fitchburg, Mass., band, the Salem Cadet band, under Eugene Missul, and Baldwin's Boston Cadet band are among the best. In the West many of the older bands have rosters of matchless musicians, and some of the more recently organized bands are forging ahead perfectionward with the usual Western vim. The First Brigade band of Greeley, Colorado, with twenty-six men, the Elgin Watch Factory band, with an *ensemble* of seventy-six musicians, under the leadership of Professor J. Hecker, the Cleveland Gray's band, the Toledo City Band, the Metropolitan Band of Dayton, the Kansas City Band, and other organizations in the West, including several along or near the Pacific seaboard, may be mentioned as among the foremost in the country. Among other excellent bands supported by the United States government are the West Point band and the Second Cavalry band, with twenty-five men, under the direction of M. C. Meyrelles, stationed at Walla Walla, Wash. In the larger cities, such as Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Buffalo, etc., the military bands, without pausing to name them, are vital factors in their civilization and growth.

In the village of Whitehall, New York, nearly two years ago, the so-called Juvenile Cornet Band was organized. Its sixty members, ranging in age from twelve to twenty years, are said to be already clever performers, with a surprising *répertoire*, and that as a musical organization it is highly promising. Many of the places in military bands to be vacated in the future will be filled by young men who have scarcely arrived at the adolescent period of life. By my patron, Orpheus, may these lads who are to be our great military band-masters in years to come have less hardships to endure, more facilities for musical advancement, and a quicker response of sympathy and appreciation from the great public than was the lot of most of their struggling, misunderstood predecessors!

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1711.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., LL.D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION

OF

WILKIE COLLINS'S NOVELS.

After Dark, and Other Stories.	The Dead Secret.
Antonina.	The Law and the Lady.
Armadale.	The Moonstone.
Basil.	The New Magdalen.
Hide and Seek.	The Queen of Hearts.
Man and Wife.	The Two Destinies.
My Miscellanies.	The Woman in White.
No Name.	"I Say No," and Other Stories.
Poor Miss Finch.	

12mo, Cloth, $1 25 per Vol.; Set (17 Vols.), Cloth, $19 00; Half Calf, $42 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the Publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price.*

No. 1711.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

IMPORTANT REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.

IF Republican leadership in New York inspired confidence, the declarations of the Convention would command the warm support of all citizens who desire honest ballot and civil service reform. If the fact that the record of the party in the past is more illustrious than that of any party in our history were an earnest of its fidelity to sound principles and of its devotion to honest government, its ascendency would be as unquestioned as in its great days. But this record, upon which Mr. DEPEW, in the New York, and ex-Governor ROBINSON, in the Massachusetts Convention, proudly enlarged, did not prevent the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, the corruption of the last election, and the contemptuous abandonment by the party administration, by a powerful part of the party press, and by the dominant party leaders, of the most solemn and explicit engagements with the country. It is not by its conduct in the slavery controversy and in the war, in reconstruction and resumption, that the party must be judged to-day, but by its general action and its leadership in regard to the questions of to-day.

The New York Convention of this year was by common consent Mr. PLATT'S Convention. Mr. WARNER MILLER attended at his chariot wheels, with the fair party purpose of exhibiting "harmony." Of course, however, such harmony is transparent, and Mr. MILLER'S appearance in the Convention will not secure an enthusiastic or general support of Mr. PLATT'S ambition by Mr. MILLER'S friends. But apart from these purely partisan aspects of the Convention, its nominations were excellent. The Springfield *Republican*, a close observer, says that they are the best on an off year for five years. Mr. GILBERT, at the head of the ticket, is an honest man in politics, and naturally in sympathy with the best traditions and progressive spirit of his party. His associates upon the ticket are, we believe, equally worthy of commendation. The platform declarations in regard to liquor license and ballot reform are in accord with the best public sentiment upon those subjects. Whatever may be thought of the probability of their practical embodiment in law by a Republican Legislature, there is certainly no probability of any serious efforts for such reform from the party in the State controlled by Governor HILL. The declaration upon reform in the civil service is amusing. When a PLATT Convention approves "the purification and elevation of the civil service," it is of the same consequence as the similar approval of Mr. Toots. Four years ago, in the first year of the Democratic administration, this was the New York Republican affirmation:

> "We denounce the hypocritical pretences under which faithful Republican officers are removed on the plea of offensive partisanship, while such men as HIGGINS, THOMAS, TROUP, CHASE, PELLSBURY, AQUILA JONES, and others, some of whose names appear upon the prison records of the country, and whose recommendation is political partisanship, are appointed in their places. . . . We believe it the duty of the Republican majority of the Senate to oppose the confirmation of any person appointed in violation of the letter or spirit of the Civil Service Act."

The Massachusetts Republican Convention nominated Mr. BRACKETT for the Governorship, and with him Mr. HAILE, who is by no means a representative of the same kind of politics. Mr. BRACKETT was the candidate of "the machine," Mr. CRAPO of the progressive and traditional Republicans. He is the kind of man that Republican Massachusetts used to prefer. The nominations are respectable, and will command the party support. The platform was drawn by Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE, and congratulates the President "upon the practical wisdom and honest purpose with which he has dealt with the complicated and difficult matter of appointments." Having said this it wisely forbears any statement of the principles of reform or any reference to the President's pledges. The result of the Convention which is most to be regretted is the apparent withdrawal of Mr. CRAPO from public life.

THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTIONS.

THERE was general expectation that the constitutions of the new States would not merely repeat the general administrative scheme of the older States, but illustrate the movement of political thought in the country, and the results of experience in administration. This anticipation has been fulfilled in the proposed constitution of Wyoming more than in any of the others, so far as their cardinal clauses have been made known. Wyoming, for instance, is the only considerable community in which the experiment of the equal suffrage of men and women has been fairly tried, and for a long time. The testimony to its entire practicability and excellent results in the Territory has been uniform and positive. The anticipated troubles have not occurred, because it was the extension of an intelligent suffrage. Possible evils may easily be magnified before the event. But in the governments of English-speaking communities an intelligent increase of the suffrage has never been a misfortune. It has not been supposed by the wise friends of popular government that it was practicable in Dahomey or Ashantee. But that fact was never accepted by the American population of the Territory of Wyoming as a conclusive argument against the voting of intelligent women in America.

It was, however, easy to imagine that there might be a decided division of opinion as to the wisdom of recognizing this equality in the constitution of Wyoming as a State. But it has been recognized, and in some important respects it would appear that the Wyoming constitution is more judicious than any of the new instruments. While it enfranchises women, it carefully guards the intelligence and honesty of the suffrage. It provides against the ignorance which foreign immigration carries to the far West by requiring that the electors must be full citizens, with a specified term of residence in Wyoming, and that they must be able to read English. Ballot reform seems also to have been secured by requiring that ballots shall be issued by the State. These three provisions alone speak well for Wyoming. They indicate an intelligent and thoughtful community, and not a mere multitude of ranchmen and "frontiersmen" which the population of a Western Territory is often supposed to be. The question of the acceptance of such a constitution by Congress is interesting, because it cannot fail to produce a discussion, in which the national legislature would express its views in earnest upon a question which is generally treated only with pleasant badinage.

The tendency toward the political enfranchisement of women in all the Territories is revealed by the fact that in the four States already admitted, the Conventions, while declining to place the equality of suffrage in the fundamental law, have authorized its reference to the popular vote. In Washington Territory the hopes of the friends of equal suffrage between the sexes were strongest. The Convention, however, required the word "male" before that of "citizen," but submits woman suffrage as a separate article to the voters. As the voters who are to pass upon the constitution now include women, it is a curious question whether they will support, for other reasons, a constitution which refuses them the fundamental right of citizenship which they have enjoyed. In Montana the Convention was closely divided upon the question, and the constitution permits tax-paying women who have the other qualifications of voters to vote upon all questions submitted to the tax-payers. In South Dakota the first State Legislature must submit the question to the people. All the proposed constitutions admit women to the school suffrage. Upon the whole, therefore, it must be agreed that the facts show a strong drift in the Territories toward equality of suffrage between the sexes. And this is significant, because nowhere else has the actual experiment of such suffrage been so fully tried.

THE FAIR SITE.

OPPOSITION to the proposed site of the great Fair may be deprecated, but it was inevitable, and should have been avoided by those whose deprecatory and apologetic tone shows that they were aware of its existence, its extent, and its good reason. The protest against perverting the upper part of Central Park to a purpose expressly and wisely forbidden by law will not be silenced by the amusing vociferation that there is universal approval of the scheme, and that all question and criticism are evidence of sinister hostility to the Fair itself. The immediate and vigorous expressions of disapproval from eminent and representative citizens, the warm protest of a large part of the city press, the reluctant and hesitating acquiescence of another part, and the unqualified support of a very small part, all show the real state of the public mind, which is that of strong disapproval. To this must be added the emphatic and practically unanimous opinions of park superintendents, engineers, and experts in other great cities, that the proposed seizure would be a great calamity for the Park. The precedent of the Centennial Exhibition in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia has been cited. But the chief engineer and superintendent of the Park at that time says that the damage would be "almost incalculable." The chairman of the Park Commission in Worcester, Massachusetts, concisely summarizes the mischief: "It implies waste of past development, interference with present enjoyment, and discouragement of future improvement."

The site selected by the committee, exclusive of the Park, if practicable, is well chosen. It has the cardinal advantage of convenient access. Its neighborhood to Central Park, which is the chief attraction of the city, is in itself a great advantage. But the obvious condition of this advantage is that the famous pleasure-ground, which every visitor will wish to see, shall be seen not despoiled, but in its complete beauty. The argument for taking the Park, "if necessary," is not that there is not ground enough beyond the Park, but that it may be held at too high a price. This, however, is equally true of all other sites, unless it be some of the city land in Westchester. The demand of private land anywhere for such a purpose must necessarily greatly enhance its price and increase the total cost of the Exhibition. But this is not an argument for seizing Central Park for the purposes of the Fair. Nine years ago, when it was proposed to take it for a similar purpose, and Mr. HENRY S. STEBBINS insisted that the success of the Fair depended upon it, the ready reply of some of the papers which now insist upon the seizure was that if Mr. STEBBINS was right, the sooner the project of a Fair was abandoned the better, for the game was not worth the candle. That was the general feeling, and the Park was saved. It was acknowledged that it was a great deal easier to damage such a pleasure resort as the Park than to repair damages afterward. The wisdom of the law which expressed the general feeling of that time in protecting the Park from innovation and occupation for other purposes is illustrated not only in the present proposition, but by all preceding schemes of the same kind.

It is a very important question, and it is most desirable that at this time and in this instance the precedent should be established of reserving the Park for its legitimate object. The disposition to encroach is constant, and it must be firmly withstood, or the consequences will be most unfortunate. It is doubtful even now whether the City Hall Park can be saved from destruction by the proposed municipal buildings, and if such encroachment, perversion, and occupation are permitted, the parks will disappear. The repeal of the law prohibiting the use of any portion of Central Park for this Fair, or for any other, would be a very grave misfortune for the city of New York. It is already a misfortune that a public sentiment, which was known to be as deep and general as it is reasonable, should have been disregarded. When the suggestion was first made, some months ago, the manner in which it was received should have apprised the members of the Committee of the character and extent of the opposition. Those who most enjoy and need the Park will undoubtedly enjoy the Fair. But it is not with their consent that the Park will be devastated.

SOME TARIFF ABSURDITIES.

THE droll notion that high duties upon imports must of themselves necessarily protect American labor is strikingly illustrated in the case of stained glass. This decorative art has grown up in this country, and is struggling with the most absurd "protection." The raw material pays about 45 per cent. duty, and the lead about 60 per cent., and all other details in proportion, without regard to the difference of the price of labor. The work is completed by American manufacturers under these heavy burdens of duty on raw material, and then—the completed foreign work comes in free if for a religious use. At least three-quarters of the orders for stained glass are for churches and other religious buildings, and it follows that the American manufacturer is "protected" by crushing burdens upon his enterprise and industry. He fights not only against the enormous tax upon his raw material, but against the direct competition of the foreign article. When bids for good work in stained glass are asked for churches, the American artificer is overweighted with the absurd duty on raw material and the free entry of the foreign product. In vain the stained-glass interest has besought Congress either to free the raw material or to tax the foreign church windows. That interest employs the best designers and workers, but "protection" is constantly disabling their industry. We ask any Doctor of Protection explain why, if the manufactured article is to enter free, the duty should not be taken from the raw material?

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The interesting wool question also appeals once more to public judgment. The growth of carpet wools in this country is very inconsiderable, and for that reason Mr. ARTHUR T. LYMAN, the Treasurer of the Lowell Carpet Company, and the noted wool house of G. W. BOND & Co., in Boston, and even so resolute a Republican party organ as the Buffalo *Commercial*, favor a removal of duty on carpet wools. The large wool house of MARGER & AVERY admit the justice of the demand for repeal, but are conscious of the chance of possible reprisals from other branches of the wool interest if the entry of such wool should be made free. This apprehension is justified by the notice served by the severe protectionists that protection being for the good of the whole, individual interests must accept suffering joyfully in view of the general benefit. The stained-glass manufacturers must bear with exultation the grinding torment of a heavy tax upon raw material, combined with the free entry of the foreign product, because churches ought to have stained windows free. The New England iron men must gladly acquiesce in duties which close their mills because Pennsylvania iron-works prosper, and carpet-makers must constantly smile with satisfaction upon the tax of their raw material, which is not produced here, because perhaps it may be produced hereafter, and because if they succeed in lightening it other wool interests will combine to lay other equal burdens upon them.

The competition of protection is like that of pensions. Every politician who aims at the soldier vote tries to outstrip his rival in promising to support a more extravagant pension system. Every protectionist shudders at the blasphemous idea of touching the sacred tariff with a view of revision, except to "tighten it up." The central doctrine of protection, as popularly expounded, being that a high tariff is indispensable to high wages, it is assumed that the higher the tariff, the higher will wages be. But before the first year of the administration has passed it is plain that the frenzy of the campaign and of the platform declarations is declining. The wide demand for the free entry of carpet wools, the protest of the iron interest in New England against the tariff, the palpable folly of the tariff treatment of the stained-glass manufacture, the expostulations of some leading party journals, like the *Pioneer-Press* of St. Paul, and the Buffalo *Commercial*, all show that the tariff settlement offered by the Senate last year will not now be acceptable.

THE PEOPLE AND PENSIONS.

IT is stated on behalf of Senator MANDERSON that he has not yet signed the voucher for his pension and arrears, and awaits an official medical examination before doing so. If this story be true, the Senator entirely misunderstands the situation. An army pension is a grant to soldiers who, by wounds and by sickness arising from service, have been disabled from earning their living, or it is relief to their needy widows. It is not yet a gratuity to every man who enlisted or who was drafted. Was Senator MANDERSON disabled in such ways from earning his living? On the contrary, he is reported to be in very comfortable circumstances, and the action of TANNER in his case offered him an admirable opportunity for stating strongly the reasonable and patriotic view of pensions, and for rebuking the conduct of TANNER in assuming that military service during the civil war was a wholly mercenary transaction. The true view has been well expressed by a veteran whose right to speak for brave and patriotic soldiers will not be questioned. General MCMAHON says:

"In my opinion, the prevailing sentiment of the Grand Army, if it could be properly ascertained, would be found to be simply this: that the government should comply with the implied contract made with the men who entered the service in the war of '61 by giving liberal pensions to those who were actually disabled, and to the widows of the dead soldiers who are in need. Neither the government nor the people ever undertook to do more than this, and the talk about pensioning every man, without reference to his physical disability or his condition in life, is carried to an absurd excess by many people who claim to represent the Grand Army."

General MCMAHON thinks also that the payment of pensions should be suspended in the case of those whose income enables them to live comfortably, the suspension to continue as long as the circumstances were unchanged. The general is one of the governors of the National Soldiers' Homes, in which every needy veteran, by whatever reason disabled from earning his livelihood, may be supported. But when the arrears of pension act was passed the effect was most unhappy. The general says:

"By far the greater number of these men, coming suddenly into the possession of large sums, amounting in some instances to thousands of dollars, immediately took their departure from the homes, only to return after a few weeks or months utterly broken down, ragged, robbed, and destitute. When the arrears of pension bill was passed, it was claimed that $40,000,000 would cover all expenditure under the law. It has already exceeded more than five times that amount, and there are claims still pending for over $200,000,000 more. The pension legislation asked for now, if enacted, will very greatly exceed any estimate thus far made, and I have no hesitation in saying that it will greatly exceed the entire cost of the war."

General MCMAHON, at the late National Encampment of the Grand Army, offered a resolution condemning the ruling of Assistant Secretary of the Interior BUSSEY, that a dishonorable discharge is not a disqualification for receiving a pension. Mr. BUSSEY'S ruling, as we have shown, however startling, was in accordance with the accepted interpretation of the law. But the outburst of surprise and indignation with which it has been greeted shows that General MCMAHON'S resolution expresses the general public feeling upon the subject. It is a monstrous proposition that a soldier who has disgraced the service should be pensioned because he had been wounded in the service. General MCMAHON intimates that a law will be introduced in Congress prohibiting the pensioning of dishonorable and unfaithful service. Such a law would be gladly welcomed by every honorable veteran and citizen.

The public men and the newspapers that insist upon a clear understanding of this subject, and do not agree that Tannerism and patriotism are synonymous, are denounced by some administration organs as "soldier haters," who "have entered upon a general crusade against the Union pensioners of the country." Such a foolish assertion is a necessary part of a bid for the soldier vote. But soldier-hating could not be shown more decisively than by the plain declaration that the soldier vote is a mercenary vote, which can be bought by the party that gives the most money. This is the attitude in which the administration organs insist upon placing the Republican party, as if the odor of corruption was not already strong enough. But with a payment for pensions now equal to that for the support of an immense standing army, with a rapid increase of the payment, and the disposition to lay still heavier burdens upon the people, the most abusive organ may be perfectly sure that while it vituperates, the pension question will be thoroughly sifted and set before the country in its true light, and that it will be settled by patriotic good sense, and not by TANNER gabble and bravado.

A NOBLE BEQUEST.

THE late President BARNARD, of Columbia College, was childless, and his will bequeaths his whole property to the college, with a life estate to his wife. This is the crowning act of a scholar's devotion to the institution with which his name will be identified. The event proves his selection as President to have been a fortunate event for Columbia. There was, of course, some discussion and some warm debate. But when the choice was made, it was soon evident that the new President was not a mere beneficiary of the favor of the trustees, nor respectable figure-head, nor a worthy gentleman placed to his own advantage in "a soft place," but a man of scholarly perception and force, who comprehended the condition and the needs of college education in America.

It is undeniable that Columbia College never held a higher position in the country than it holds now, nor is it less certain that it owes that position largely to its late President. During his term of service there was a general and striking revival of college interests in the country, and President BARNARD, seconded by the board of trustees, did not suffer Columbia to falter, but kept her advancing in the front rank with others. His views doubtless sometimes outran those of other friends of the college. But Columbia never had a more energetic President, nor one in fuller sympathy with the best university sentiment and the leading masters of education.

It is a touching proof of his deep interest and honest pride in the college that the late President has left to it his not inconsiderable property by a will which is satisfactory to his relatives. He long favored opening the opportunities of the college to women as to men, and happily the new annex will bear his name, and doubtless share his bounty. There are no sounder pleas for the higher education of women than those made by President BARNARD, whose memory will be always warmly cherished by the college which his will makes his child.

A QUESTION OF CLOTHES.

THE question of State socialism presents itself in unexpected forms, which show how unconsciously its principle is accepted even by those who would reject the abstract theory. The phrase body-politic assumes the State to be a unit, an organized community, which may provide at its pleasure for its own advantage. This is the ground upon which it establishes a system of public schools, not for the benefit of the individual scholars, but of the State. The post-office is maintained with the same view, and the question whether the State should not carry passengers as well as parcels is obviously one of expediency only. It would not imply the introduction of a new principle into the action of the government.

A late instance of the progress of the general principle of State aid is found in Chicago. The law requires children to attend school. But they cannot be compelled to attend without proper clothes, and a large number of the children are too poor to be decently clad. The Board of Education, therefore, in order to secure compliance with the law, has applied to the County Board for a supply of clothing, which the County Board refuses. The courts may justify the demand of the Board of Education, or the Legislature may be asked to decide the question. It would hardly repeal the law because of the extreme poverty of the beneficiaries. Yet if it requires children to go to school whose parents cannot properly clothe them, the State must clothe them.

The question of State aid is always one of expediency, not of theory. The English-speaking race is illogical and inconsistent in government, but it secures the greatest good of the greatest number. Undoubtedly its experience shows that certain courses are, upon the whole, better than others for the common welfare. But to deduce a law from such experience is very hazardous. Experience, for instance, has proved pretty plainly that the best government is not always that which governs least, and any proposition of action should not be met by that theory, but by a careful consideration of the circumstances.

THE OCTOBER "HARPER."

THE October number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is an admirable illustration of what a monthly magazine should be. The quality and variety of the papers are remarkable, and the illustrations are of the excellence which is long familiar to the readers of HARPER. The names of the authors in the table of contents and the character of the topics show what a microcosm of contemporary interest a popular monthly magazine now is, and, compared with similar publications a century and less than a century ago, what a monthly feast of valuable literature it serves for the reader.

From Professor NORTON'S delightful, scholarly, and instructive story of the building of the Church of St. Denis to AUSTIN DOBSON'S poem of the "Noble Patron," illustrated by ABBEY; from THEODORE CHILD'S "Fair of Nijnii-Novgorod" to EDWARD BELLAMY'S characteristic sketch, "With the Eyes Shut"; from Miss ANNIE SLOSSON'S amusing "Butterneggs" to Dr. KEEN'S "Recent Progress in Surgery"—and so through the whole number, both of text and illustration, the range is most extensive and the actual value undeniable. Mr. WARNER'S novel, "A Little Journey in the World," naturally deepens in interest as the characters come into fuller play and the motive of the story is more clearly disclosed. It is a picture of contemporary American life, at once vivid, forcible, and delicate, with the elements of tragedy in its brilliant and familiar portraiture. It is very interesting in this story, and in Mr. HOWELLS'S "Hazard of New Fortunes" in the WEEKLY, to observe the differing but sympathetic treatment of the same general theme.

We cannot mention in detail every toothsome dish at this bountiful table. LINTOT or TONSON, whom AUSTIN DOBSON mentions with so much relish, the old publisher, whom ABBEY happily depicts, would not have looked upon such a magazine as doubtfully as he turns over the manuscript in the picture, nor have suggested that a lord's favor was indispensable to its success. He would have owned that good wine needs no bush; that the October HARPER asks no smile of prince or patron to commend it, but is heartily welcome in its own fair right.

PERSONAL.

CARDINAL MANNING'S habits of life are said to be conducted with a regularity that rivals the exactness of a railway time-table. His chief meal is in the middle of the day, when he takes one chop, but the principal articles in his dietary come from a little farm he has in the country, whence he receives milk, cream, butter, and most of his fruit and vegetables. The Cardinal's faculties and sympathies are not in the least dulled by age, and his memory is remarkable. His library is crowded with books, not only the walls being concealed by laden shelves, but even the middle of the room is so taken up with bookcases that there is barely space to pass between them. The Cardinal knows the whereabouts of every volume, and can lay his hand on any book he wants at a moment's notice. The apartment is his workshop and living-room, and owing to his decreased vitality, he usually has a blazing fire here, no matter what the season. His labors among the dockers during the strike were a great strain upon his strength, and he could hardly have borne the burden of mediator much longer.

—The late Dr. WEIL, the distinguished Orientalist and German historian, had the honor of being the first Israelite who was ever admitted to a professorship in the University of Heidelberg. Dr. WEIL held the chair of Oriental Languages there from 1861 until his death. He had travelled extensively, and studied Persian, Turkish, and Arabic in Cairo, Egypt, and was at the same time engaged in the public schools there as French professor and interpreter.

—Lieutenant JOHN P. FINLEY, Signal Corps, United States Army, has been detached from Washington to the Signal Office at Boston, Massachusetts. He takes with him important data concerning the laws of tornado formation, collected under his direct supervision since 1877. The average frequency of these destructive visitations will become better known with his improved tabulations of later facts.

—The resident director of the Cambria Iron-Works, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Mr. JAMES MCMILLAN, began life as a mule-driver on a towpath, later became captain of a canal-boat, and finally, by a lucky speculation in wheat, laid the foundations of his present fortune. Although a very wealthy man, he still leads an active business life.

—One of the most interesting localities to visit in London during the recent dock strike was the "Booth Arms," a hostelry conducted by members of the Salvation Army. The food was plain, but plentiful and good, and sold at an almost nominal rate. One hundred thousand dockers were estimated to have been fed there during the strike. Soup, bread, sandwiches, coffee, tea, and cocoa were the principal items on the *menu*.

—The Wild West shows is to be perpetuated on canvas by ROSA BONHEUR, who, though over seventy years of age, is devoting herself to making studies of Buffalo Bill's ponies and Indians, with the intention of reproducing them in a large painting.

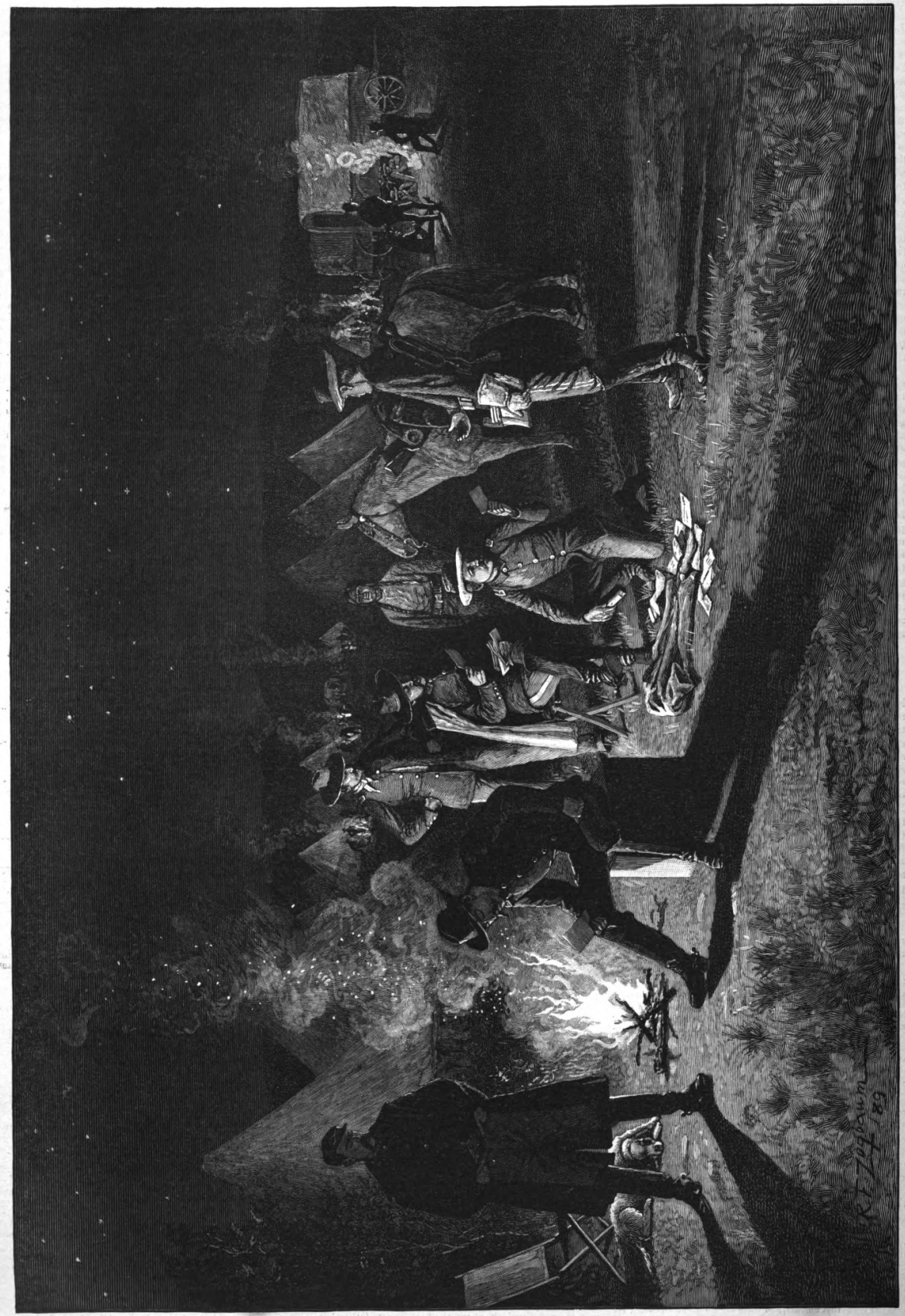
—Queen LOUISE of Denmark recently celebrated her seventy-second birthday at Fredensborg, surrounded by her six children and most of her numerous grandchildren. She is the mother of the Crown Prince of Denmark, the present Czarina of Russia, the reigning King of Greece, and the future Queen of England.

—The relatives of the late Dr. BARNARD are said to approve of the will by which he left to Columbia College all his property and effects. The new Barnard College will probably be especially benefited by this bequest. His estate, independent of his library, etc., is estimated at $80,000, but, as his widow holds a life-interest in this, the college will derive no pecuniary advantage from the property until after her death.

—Rumors are afloat that the Shah of Persia talks of visiting the United States *incognito* some time during the ensuing year. He is undecided whether to come then, or to postpone his coming until the Exposition of 1892.

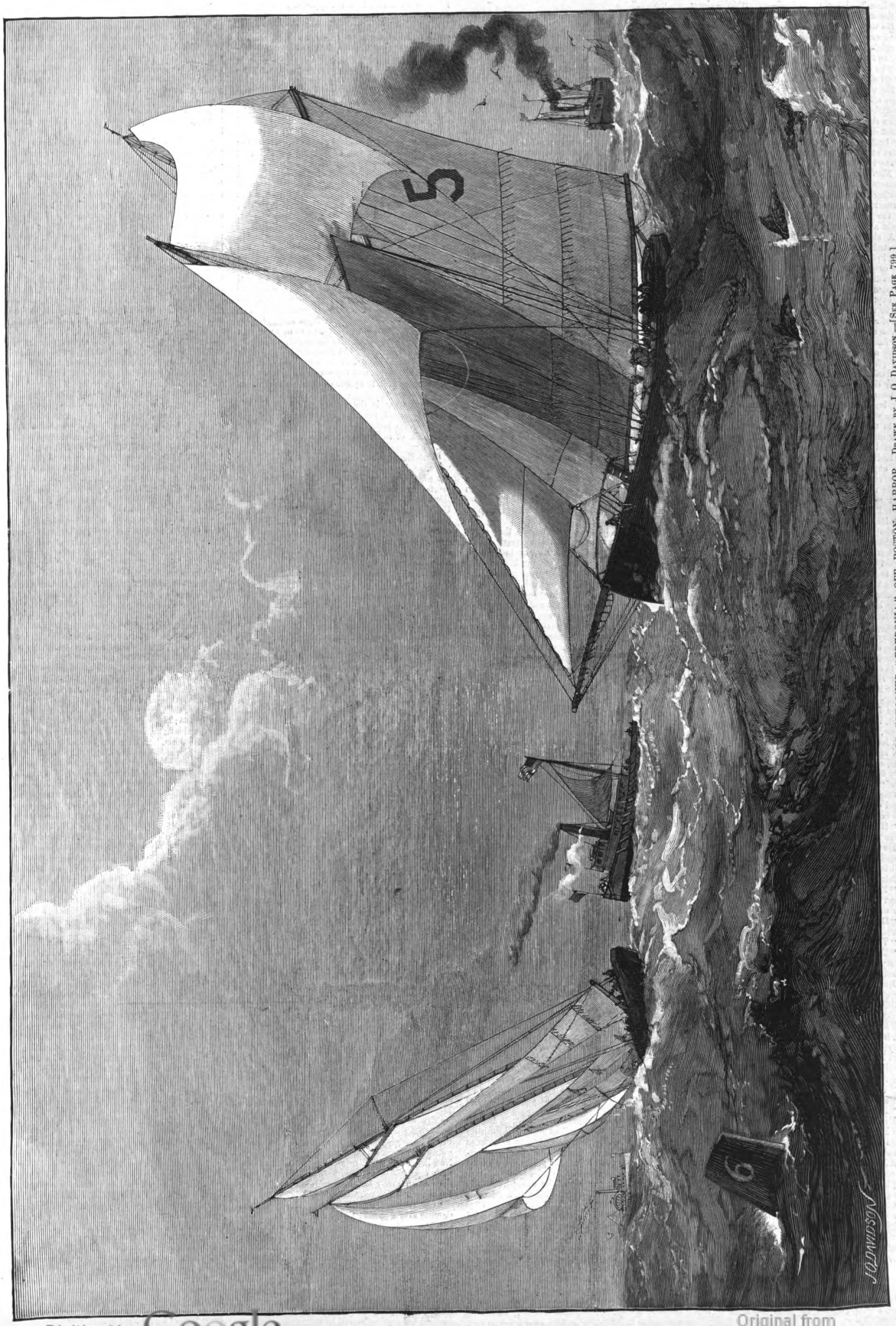
—Ex-President FERRY'S unpopularity was demonstrated to JOHN SHERMAN last summer in a rather unpleasant fashion. The Parisian crowd mistook the Senator for the whilom head of the French Republic, and jeered him so unmercifully that the victim to the resemblance had to return hastily to his hotel to escape the unpleasant remarks with which he was pelted.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL IN CAMP.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 795.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE RACE BETWEEN PILOT-BOAT "HESPER" AND FISHING SCHOONER "FREDONIA," OFF BOSTON HARBOR.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

JOB HENKINS'S CLAIM.

"Lost? I lost everythin'—everythin'—along o' the wah."

He was our driver. He drove us in an old tattered carry-all about the sandy roads of Norfolk, Virginia. He was quite as tattered as the carry-all, and quite as forlorn; so forlorn that the old nag he drove and the carry-all and he seemed to be all of one piece.

He was a taciturn man, with a sandy beard. They told us he was a specimen of genuine "white trash." He never knew where any one lived, or when the trains went. He never knew anything about distances. He never knew where any public building was to be found, or, being found, what any large public building *was*. He was in dense ignorance about anything and everything *in* Norfolk, and his mind was a blank about all matters outside. He was always at the station waiting. Sometimes he made his way about with a trunk or a visitor, and seemed to lose himself in the few rambling streets, and find himself again at the station with mortified surprise.

A slouchy, poverty-worn, thin-faced, hollow-chested specimen of white trash! Yet from the first I pitied and employed him. He rarely opened his cavernous mouth. He never looked at you when he spoke. But occasionally, as if his misfortunes had welled up in his bosom and demanded expression in spite of himself, he would look off in the distance dreamily, pull hard on the reins, and exclaim, loud enough for the rear seat in the old carry-all to hear:

"Lost? I lost everythin'—everythin' I had—along o' the wah."

I pitied him and sympathized with him, and gradually, as he repeated this singular expression from time to time, I became exceedingly curious to learn what and how much he had lost; for I, too, had lost a great deal on account of the war. Here was a poor sufferer, I thought, who had lost *all* in that war which had deprived me of a brother and a part of my fortune. By every device I could think of I tried to discover what and how he had lost his all, but upon this sad topic, beyond the expression already quoted, he was mute. I only recall one other instance of his speaking while my children and I drove about with him that summer. One of the children cried, "Oh dear, I've forgotten to bring my handkerchief!"

"Hain't ye got sle-e-eves?" he asked, as if of the old horse in front of him. Imagine our laughter!

Beyond this he never spoke while driving, nor would he tell me about his losses. He was dumb. He had lost everything. What I had suffered was a bagatelle. Houses, lands, children, parents, relations, money—*everything!* I glanced at his long hatchet-face from my back seat with the children. He was still a rather young man, I thought, to have *had* much to lose in war times, twenty-five years ago. Really he did not appear to be over forty on close examination. Dirt had grimed into the wrinkles of his face and added to his age. Perhaps he alluded to his parents and *their* losses; perhaps he had reference to the "lost cause" in general, or to some one else's losses—a friend near and dear to him. At the time I was never enlightened. His doleful aspect, his silence, his poverty; the fact, which I knew, that even the old horse and carry-all were not his; that nothing seemed to be his; that he *did* seem very forlorn and friendless—I pitied him, and, as I say, I was full of curiosity to learn how he had come to meet with such dire misfortune "along o' the wah."

One day I happened to see him going by our hotel on foot. I hurried out into the street, without bonnet or shawl.

"Henkins," I gasped, "tell me how did you come to lose everything?"

He leaned for a moment against the fence and closed his eyes. I saw his Adam's-apple rise and fall in marked embarrassment. Proud, modest, diffident Henkins!

"Perhaps it was rude, my asking," I said; "but I am so anxious to know! I too lost by the war. Perhaps, too, I can aid you."

"Did you-un lose along o' the wah?" he asked, dazedly, as if dreaming.

"Yes."

"Ye didn't go an' lose everythin', did ye, marm? Every blessed thing y' had on earth to once? Come, now; I reck'n y' had sumpen left?"

His glance was so appealing that I felt that somehow here was one of those wrecks of humanity cast up by no common and ordinary wave of fate. I conjured up in my mind the nature of the awful calamity which had destroyed his family, his home, his all, at one fell blow. I could only think of one victim in the world's history who had met with a similar catastrophe. It occurred to me to ask him, "Can your name be Job?"

"Yes, 'm."

"But your real name?"

"Lost—lost along o' the wah."

Henkins turned and winked in the direction of the hotel. I saw him, and I said to myself, "Perhaps his wits too are lost on account of and 'along of the wah.'"

After a few more questions I saw that it was of no use to interrogate him further. Concerning his great calamity, Job Henkins was silent as the grave, and silenter, for a grave will have its head-stone, and will give us curious survivors a few dates. Those I asked seemed to know nothing of Job Henkins and his sad misfortunes. Few had ever heard his name. One old darky whom I met—a runner in a drug store—said, after scratching his head vainly, "I reckon dere was a Job Henkins who died afo' de wah fro' takin' too much arsenic instid o' sody, by mistakes; dar ain't no odder Job in town, marm."

Going to the post-office, I inquired of a pert gum-chewing young miss, "Do *you* know of any Job Henkins?"

"No'p," she answered, chewing.

"Did you ever hear of him and his dreadful calamity?"

"No'p."

"Who would know—do you know?"

"No'p."

I besought my husband to find out, and he reported afterward that he had made numerous inquiries. "'There ain't no sich a person,'" he said, quoting; "and I am quite sure your 'Job Henkins' is as mythical a personage as 'Mrs. Harris.'"

"And you claim to be a lawyer, and to know everything!" I exclaimed, vexedly.

He only laughed.

We were in Norfolk partly for pleasure, but chiefly on business. My husband's connection with the Attorney-General's office at Washington led him to be sent to look into several matters of government business at the old Virginia seaport. The night we were about to take our departure a seedy gentleman of large portly habit, dressed in an ill-fitting, old-fashioned "swallow-tail" coat and white choker, and carrying in his hand a shiny, well-worn beaver hat, came up upon the piazza of our hotel, bowing profoundly, and from his expression of importance, evidently upon a mission of great purport.

Colonel Bloodgood not only retained the old-fashioned swallow-tail and the white choker and black stock of other days, but his manners also savored of ante-bellum times. He was exceedingly polite to me, bowing, first on one foot and then on the other, at least four times, hoping that madam was well, hoping that madam would pardon his little intrusion, hoping that madam did not mind a "cigyar" out-of-doors, hoping that madam would not disturb herself while he and her husband discussed a matter of business?

We had heard of the doughty colonel as a recent addition to the Norfolk bar. He had come down from a small interior Virginia village, where pettifogging had ceased to be profitable, to the seaport, where his burning eloquence, his flights of oratory, his impudence, his *ore rotundo* manner, had made him the delight and the butt of the town. We had been told of several practical jokes perpetrated upon him by his briefless associates—of a mock trial, in which he was gravely tried and found guilty of breach of promise; of a candidacy for justice of the peace—over which the town had hardly yet ceased laughing, and we were prepared to receive the colonel in a spirit of friendly interest.

My husband has come to expect that every Southern gentleman whom he meets will have some sort of a claim, good, bad, or indifferent, against the government, and arising in some way out of the late war. He betrayed no surprise, therefore, when Colonel Bloodgood, after a number of preliminary excursions concerning the weather, politics, and the attractive features of Norfolk, plunged *in medias res*, and stated that he wished to have a few plain words concerning certain important matters of public notoriety with the representative of "that government which is founded on justice, on right, and, as the Northern Seward had remarked, upon the 'higher law.'"

Colonel Bloodgood had set his broad-brimmed, well-worn beaver hat upon the floor beside his chair, and in it he placed his red bandanna. As he grew heated in conversation he reached down and groped for his handkerchief, and when he had found it, swashed it over his mighty forehead in a frenzy of oratory. His face was flabby, and as he talked his cheeks shook like jelly with the feeling and fervor he threw into his words. He wore a thin mustache and imperial; his hair was long, and he carried it with a great mountainous wave up over his high, dome-like forehead, and down behind his ears, until it almost reached his shoulders. At his waistcoat there hung a huge chain and seals, which occasionally he jangled between thumb and finger as he talked.

"I wish to express, sah, to you, representing the guv'ment as you do—"

Here my husband nervously denied all authority to speak for the government save in a very vague and general way.

"I want to say, sah, that coming as you do, sah, from that great centre of law and ordah, the seat of the guv'ment of the U-nited States, sah, and bein' connected with the equitable and legal powers of that guv'ment, sah, that your statement, sah, will have weight concerning matters and things. Yes, sah, weight!"

Again my husband uttered a feeble disclaimer.

A vast wave of Colonel Bloodgood's vast right arm. "Don't deny it, sah. And modesty is a virtue the which nightily becomes a maid, but rarely adds a flattering touch, sah, to man. As I was sayin', sah, of the claims which have been placed in my hands against the U-nited States, I will, with your permission, sah, and provided madam will not regyard my intrusion upon you at this time as entirely unwarranted—I will, sah, first speak of those claims arisin' out of an' by an' on account of the Federal throops, sah, at Nuff'lk, sah—"

My husband interrupted nervously. "I don't want to hear about them," he said. "I am sure I can't be of any service. Congress attends to them. Are there no claims of a different character requiring some judicial preliminary examination?"

A polite stare on part of the colonel. "It is your wish, then, yo' honah, to take up a different class of cases?"

My husband smiled at the slip which applied to him the judicial ermine and character, and nodded.

"Then, yo' honah, I will put one side the claims of several distinguished citizens who have empowered me to act for them in regyard to the occupation of Nuff'lk by the Federal throops, an' I will come at once to the case of the claim of Mr. Job Henkins, an eminent citizen, who lost, it may be said, his all, by, through, and on account of the neglect, carelessness, and harmful intention of the U-nited States guv'ment. Yes, sah!"

I pricked up my ears and leaned forward as I heard the name of Job Henkins mentioned. Was I not to learn now how it happened that the loss occurred?

Seeing me becoming interested, as well as several people at the hotel who drew near, Colonel Bloodgood sat back in his chair and squared himself, as it were, for a great effort. The Southern pettifogger is always ready prepared for a stump-speech. Wake him up at any time of the night, and he will open his mouth and address his "feller-citizens" upon almost any known topic. Colonel Bloodgood was no exception to the rule. Seeing several interested listeners gathered, he opened his mouth very wide, talked very loud, and looked fiercely at my husband and me, as if we were the government, and it was we who were interfering in the course of justice and truth and what not. Arranging his bandanna over his knee, he began:

"Yo' honah, Job Henkins, a worthy citizen of Nuff'lk, has come to me after every resource has failed—he has come to me, also a humble citizen, and indeed in this connection I may say that, however gratifying to myself may be my standing at the bah of this city, I ask for no higher honah and no greater reward than to be called in life and after the willow shall weep o'er my grave a humble citizen! [A pause for effect.] I say, yo' honah [my husband had now become a judge and the rest of us a jury to Colonel Bloodgood], he has come to me, has asked me to intercede for him with that guv'ment which pretends to echo the cry of justice and right from the tall sycamores of Virginia to the forest vales of the Sierra Nevadas! An' by all that is sacred, yo' honah, by the sacred fires of old Virginia, by the ashes of her dead sons, which lie scattered over her plains and valleys, and cry with continual outcry, 'Give us Jus-tice!' by the altar fires of our forefathers—"

"Well, what is the nature of Job Henkins's claim?" asked my husband, interrupting, and gazing at his watch.

A look of mute expostulation from the colonel.

"Job Henkins's claim, sah," he said, in a lower voice, as if coming to himself, and awakening out of some gorgeous day-dream of altar fires, forefathers, and ashes of Virginia's sons—"Job Henkins's claim against the guv'ment of the U-nited States, which has been placed in my hands for attention, rests upon all the principles of our glorious Con-stitution, an' upon all the fundamental statoots of our written law, an' upon all the principuls of that higher *un*written law which your Northern Seward—"

My husband gave a nervous gesture of impatience. "Have a cigar, colonel?" he said, handing him an open case, which the latter abstractedly closed and, to my husband's evident consternation and chagrin, placed in an inner pocket of his swallow-tail, and continued:

"—that higher law, higher than the Con-stitution, higher than the body of law in the books, yo' honah—upon the principles written *there*, an' *not* in the books, nor client-secks for redress an' palliation. But let me state the fax." The colonel waved his bandanna and blew his nose.

"Shortly after the wah—it may have been a period of two years—Job Henkins, with his father an' mother, who supported him, moved into the grand old patriarchal State of Virginia from the State of North Carolina. They moved with one mule valued at seventy-five dollars, one set o' harness valued at ten dollars, one cook-stove valued at fifteen dollars, one bed-stead with four dollars, an' a waggin with fifty dollars. They moved, we will say for the lot, two hundred dollars' with from the State of North Carolina into the grand old patriarchal State of Virginia, not to mention their selves, the most valuable part of their load." A pause. "They was of good old North Carolina stock, an' it was a proud day, I reckon, for Virginia, an' a proud day for Nuff'lk, when, drawd along, yo' honah, by that mule with seventy-five dollars, they came over the hills an' down on these 'ere sands. I think I hear some one say they was po'! [No one *had* opened his head, but the colonel was an adept in oratorical effects.] Po'? Yes, they *was* po'! Po' in this world's goods, may fren, po' in all 'cept character, an' honesty, an' per-severance, an' hope, an' in all that which makes the citizen of old Virginia known an' respected the world over. Po'! Yes; —that mule didn't fetch over the mountain diamonds, bracelets, gold coin, silver, jewels. No; he fetched three splend' specimens of old North Carolina stock, in a waggin wuth, I say, about fifty dollars. That's what he fetched."

My husband arose and paced the piazza nervously.

"An' the sad feature of this case was it was all they had in the great, vast, awful world. For they had been sold out, yo' honah, by the sheriff. Think of it. Sold out of their old North Carolina home—a home where Job, supported by his parents, had lived as a boo-oy!" (Handkerchief. The colonel actually sobbed.) "So they came to Nuff'lk as a refuge—the old man, his wife—an estimable chawming lady—a lady, by Jove, who would have graced any s'iety—a father, sah, who would ha' been a noted purveyor of propjee in Nuff'lk had he lived, bein' as he was acquainted with agriculture in all its forms. I put their lives down j'intly an' separately as wuth to Job ten thousand dollars, yo' honah."

"One moment, Colonel Bloodgood. Were the parents also a part of the loss?".

"The main part, yo' honah, as you will see, being valued at over a hundred times the loss on the other articles. When Nehemiah Henkins, valued at $8000, an' Philippina, valued at $4000, separately an' jintly at $10,000, as aforesaid—mind you they *supported* Job—when they arrove in Nuff'lk they found it quite impossible to obtain a house, sah, so they were forced against their will to camp out, as it were, upon the old battle-ground over the hill by the forts—the spot, I reckon you will know, where the earthwuks were raised by the Confederate throops in '62, sah, about a mile from the pust-offis, sah.

"I wish to p'int out in my argyment they was on the spot, sah, by no intention of their own, but by accident alone, without their fault.

"While waitin' there—camping out, as one may reckon, an' hopin' for sumpen to turn up an' bring back the lost family honors and fortin—they made, sah, an bones' livin' by showin' the ole battle-groun' to visitors, an' p'intin' out the chief p'ints o' notoriety about the forts; an' Mrs. Henkins—a lady, by Jove, of most chawming manners, as I am informed, sah—Mrs. Henkins added to the family stipend by taking in a light washing.

"One day—let me hasten to the dire catastrophe—about ten o'clock in the morning; it may have been a Tuesday; no, it was a Friday—"

"Oh, no matter!" I exclaimed, impatiently, feeling that the colonel was at last about to reveal all that I so longed to hear.

With a graceful wave of his hand to me, the colonel resumed: "One day they discovered in the fields what may be termed an object of interest—an old bum-shell, sah; which, sah, we can prove, yo' honah, we air certain sure, sah, was fired by an' *out of a U-nited States gun-boat* with malice prepense, sah—yes, sah. An old, rusty, busted bum-shell, which had been 'riginally fired by the U-nited States guv'ment *at* the Confederate throops, sah, behind their earthwuks, an' we *air prepared with our proofs*. They diskivered this 'ere bum-shell at about 10 o'clock in the morning, sah. Mr. Hezikiah Henkins dug it out the groun', an' placed it inter his waggin at 10:30. At 12 M. they, the mule, the cook-stove, the tent—everythin' was in heaven! Everythin' but Job, who was off to a parade in Nuff'lk. An' this is how it happened:

"Hezikiah, proud as he was o' Job, longed to a father will, to give his son more opportunities. He longed to give the lad money, but, alas! he had none to give. 'I can't give ye dollars,' said Hezikiah, 'but I ken give ye advice, paternal affection, an' a comf't'ble home. I ken give ye 'nuff t' eat, an' ye ken live like a gentleman. I reckon, my son, as it 'll be a proud day fer yo' father when I see you-un a sittin' in the best room o' the Nuff'lk hotel, yer feet up, an' you a-smokin' a cigyar like a gentleman. Yes, I kin do this for ye; no more!'

"But to return. Mr. Henkins seein' an opportunity for to sell the bum-shell, an' afford his son more pocket-money, he took the relic out to the waggin, an' set it in the oven o' the cook-stove to dry.

"'Twas on a Monday. Mrs. Henkins's washing was a-bilin' hard in the b'iler, an' the fire in the cook stove was a surgin' an' a roarin', sah. The fiery element was shootin' up the stove-pipe, sah, an' comin' out at the top, sah. An' when Mr. Henkins he sot the bum-shell in the oven, he closed the door, he turned to his wife—an elegant lady, by Jove, as chawming as any lady in the land—he turned to her with a smile. Said he, 'Gittin' the bum-shell cleaned up an' polished an'—we reckon—dried off, an' we kin sell it, an' Job kin have a leetle more money fer to make him more like a real gentleman, I reckon.'

"Now, then, here stood the mule an' waggin wuth $125; here was the cook-stove, say $12; here was Hezikiah; an' here, a-washin' at her tub, stood Mrs. Henkins." The colonel drew on the floor before him an imaginary diagram. "Like lightnin' from a clare sky, like a tidal wave, like the fall o' the temple at Jerusalem when Samson laid hold o' the pillars, like a sudden earthquake, the durned bum-shell fired by the U-nited States guvment bust! Yes, sah, the durned thing bust, sah. An' when the smoke clared away, where was the mule, an' the waggin, an' Hezikiah; and where was that amiable mother, a-washin' an' a-bendin' to her wash? By Jove, sah, they were all in heaven! Not an atom, an iota, a dot left! All gone, all perished—cook-stove an' all—all cleaned right off the face o' the earth, leavin' a bare spot behind. That's all." A solemn pause, and the colonel began, in a lower voice: "An' we ken prove that that bum-shell was thrown into that spot by the U-nited States with the intent to kill.

"When Job came home from the parade that day, what a sight met his gaze! There was nothin' left; father, mother, mule, waggin, cook-stove, tent, fixin's—all gone to glory. An' by all the law an' the Con-stitution, to destroy a family in time of peace, without negligence on their part, is agin all rules of international law, sah. Imagine my client's feelin's to find his sole support taken out from under him in such a dastardly mean way by the guv'ment; to come home an' find he had lost everythin' dear to him on earth by a bum-shell! Not a bit o' property left. All destroyed by the wicked, cruel, uncalled-for act of the guv'ment in time of peace.

"The mule—his carcass was throw'd forty rods on to a neighborin' hill. Hezikiah—his hat was found down on the shore. Mis' Henkins—we couldn't find 'nuff o' her to make a decent funeral."

The colonel paused, wiped his forehead with his bandanna, drew his chair near to that of my husband, and whispered: "An' now we want you to give us damages"—(in a loud shout) "DAMAGES. Who can be found as has suffered more on account of the wah than po' Job Henkins? Ye can't restore that mule; ye can't give him his parints, I reckon; but ye *can* give him dollars. Ten thousand five hunderd dollars! That's our claim, an' we wait for our money."

It was a relief to have that great voice cease, and those great arms stop their gesticulations. So this was Job Henkins's claim.

Amid the ill-concealed laughter of the spectators the colonel bade us good-night and took his departure, satisfied entirely with my husband's promise to see that the "government at Washington would look into it."

A moment later a legal friend of my husband

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

came up to us, and said, with a laugh: "So Colonel Bloodgood's been played another trick on, I reckon. The boys put up another job on the old man. There ain't no real fact about that there Job Henkins's claim. Why, the fellow's clean daft, an' he goes about whis-perin'—you-uns must ha' heard him oft?—'I lost everythin'—everythin'—along o' the wah!' Why, the hull story is a lie fro' beginnin' to end. An' the boys they just fooled Colonel Bloodgood to his bent."

My husband turned to me and smiled.

J. S. W.

THE NORTH MEADOWS.

THE Supplement of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY presents a large picture of that attractive portion of Central Park known as the North Meadows. It lies just above the sunken transverse road at Ninety-seventh Street. Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead says that its outline "may be likened to that of two irregular lobes connected by a crooked stem, the whole bordered by rocky ridges and plantations of from thirty to fifty years' growth." It comprises about nineteen acres of level and gently undulating land. Attention is especially attracted to it at present because the Site and Buildings Committee of the World's Fair of 1892 have included it in the section recommended by them for the location of the great Exposition. Its greensward and irregular boundaries of thrifty trees recall certain choice spots of English landscape, and it is agreeably free from the suggestion of the city, especially where its pastoral appearance is heightened by flocks of grazing sheep.

But, as is shown by the picture, the sheep come far from having the exclusive use of it. During the season just closing the Park managers have granted 1624 permits to lawn-tennis applicants, which have been taken advantage of by 12,992 individuals. No less than 3200 school picnics have been held on the grounds this year, participated in by 112,000 children. Some 1500 permits have been granted during the season to croquet players, and occasionally there are games of base-ball, lacrosse, and cricket on the Meadows. In winter permission is given for snow-shoe practice. Quoit throwers are also given access on request, and the users of bicycles and tricycles profit by the privilege of traversing the walks and paths of the locality. Requests, which are granted, come from students of botany desiring to pick up leaves, and add to their herbaria in whatever way. Photographers, amateur and otherwise, ask and receive leave to take views therein. Other parts of the Park are similarly used, but the above data refer to the North Meadows alone.

The permits are freely given to any apparently respectable parties on application, on the principle of first come, first served; but so far the demand for them has not been so great as to appreciably shut out those seeking them. The main visitation of the Park does not reach thus far north. Not far from the Meadows is the Casino, or café, on Mount St. Vincent, and beyond a short tract of rugged country lies the Harlem Meer, covering twelve and a half acres, which some members of the Site Committee have suggested might be drained to afford ground for Fair buildings. To the north and west of the Meadows are the smaller bodies of water known as the Loch and the Pool, and beyond these a region of comparative wilderness. There seems to be some doubt as to whether the latter is thus preserved for the sake of handing down to posterity a specimen of primitive country, or whether it remains unimproved simply because the Park managers have not had time yet to tame it. Uncertainty on this point clouds to some extent the sentimental part of the discussion that is going on with reference to the use of the locality for the Fair. Be that as it may, there is no question about the quiet and retired beauty of the North Meadows, or their value as a play and picnic ground to those who make use of them.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL IN CAMP.

THE arrival of the mail in camp! Do you know what it is, dear sir—you who growl if your mail is an hour late, if your letters are not lying ready for your perusal along-side of your plate at your breakfast table, or on your desk at your comfortable office; or you, dear madame or mademoiselle, as the case may be, who, if the busy postman's shrill whistle is not heard at the usual hour, wonder why "they" don't stir somebody or something up so that your *billets-doux* may not be delayed—do you know what it is to be for weeks, sometimes months at a time, without news from your dear ones, cut off from all the comforts of home, leading a hard and dangerous life in the wilderness, as many a man bred among all the refinements and luxuries of a high civilization is obliged to do? The arrival of the mail! Do you realize what a world of meaning there is in that to those whose duties have taken them far away out into the mountains, or over the wide and desolate prairies, in the saddle all day, sleeping on the ground night after night, exposed to all kinds of weather, and to the ferocity of savage enemies, fording rivers, pushing through almost impenetrable jungles, or scrambling over almost impassable mountain ranges? How the heart of many a gallant fellow has leaped at the welcome announcement of the arrival in camp of the couriers with a mail, and with what eager yearning he has hurried over to the big fire by the commanding officer's tent, full of hope and fear, to receive his letters with their longed-for tidings from the far-away home!

Let us hope his news is good news. Perhaps his letter is from her for the sound of whose sweet voice he longs out there in the wilds, whose every hope and thought is bound up in him; perhaps from fond wife with words of love and endearment, and stories of innocent children's prattle about papa; perhaps from dear good old mother writing cheery gossip to her darling, so proud of her soldier boy, yearning so fondly for him. God pity him if the news be bad! That black-bordered letter, with the address on the envelope traced with trembling hand, warning of the sad lines within, may tell him of the loss forever of one dearly loved—a friend, a sister, perhaps (Heaven help him!) a wife. The blood surges to his heart with one strong rush as he reads the fatal words tenderly, lovingly conveying to him the dreadful story. The ground seems to rise about him, his head whirls, a dizziness nearly overcomes him. With white, hard-shut lips slowly he turns away from his comrades and the bright light of the fire, slowly he walks back to the solitude of his tent. He must be alone with his sorrow. Then the hot scalding tears rush to his eyes, blinding him, and throwing himself down on his hard bed on the ground, the strong man sobs out aloud in his agony.

UNWRITTEN POEMS.

FAIRY spirits of the breeze—
Frailer nothing is than these.
Fancies, born we know not where—
In the heart or in the air:
Wandering echoes blown unsought
From far crystal peaks of thought:
Shadows, fading at the dawn,
Ghosts of feeling dead and gone:
Alas! Are all fair things that live
Still lovely and still fugitive?

WILLIAM WINTER.

A CHURCH'S HUNDRED YEARS.

AN interesting religious centennial observance has occurred in the present week. On October 2d, the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States assembled in St. George's Church, this city. The date marks the completion of the first hundred years of the Ecclesiastical Constitution of this religious body. On October 2, 1789, the final acts were done which completed the corporate union of all the Episcopal churches of all the States. The last signatures were affixed on that day in Philadelphia, the scene also of some other memorable signatures. The General Convention instituted by this instrument was modelled in large measure upon the Congress of the United States. The coincidence was not unnatural, seeing that many of the men who framed the instrument had been leaders in the national struggle for independence and union. More than half the signers of the Declaration were churchmen by associations or in practice. It therefore was not strange that in framing a constitution for a church they should have been as wise as they had been in framing one for a nation. Time in the one case no less than in the other has proved their wisdom.

The road to a permanent union of the Episcopal churches which existed in the various States at the close of the war was not an easy one. The independence of the various bodies, so far as England was concerned, had ensued on the success of the war. Religious independence was contemporary with political, and came in by its favor. No longer was the Archbishop of Canterbury the Primate for Americans; no longer did the Bishop of London include in his diocese the parishes contained in New England, New York, the Carolinas, and Virginia. The time had indeed arrived for a new and separate organization. There did not even exist a bishop in the New World.

It would be a complicated and extended story that should give a full account of the labors and expedients by which the many difficulties were at last surmounted. The facts in regard to the consecration of Bishop Seabury as the first American bishop is one phase of it; the consecration of Bishops White and Provoost, and the relations of these three consecrations to each other and to the American Church, constitute another. Moreover, the making of the constitution itself was not the work of a few weeks or a few months. An extensive correspondence at first was necessary before so much as a meeting for consultation could be brought about. When a meeting was at last held, it was only an informal one. Out of it, however, grew a formal convention, in which eight of the States were represented.

This meeting was held in New York in October, 1784, five years before the Ecclesiastical Constitution finally came into existence. It is customary to date the General Conventions from that meeting. But the meeting did not represent the entire country, and its acts, of course, were not done under an accepted general constitution. It was simply a preliminary body, called expressly to arrange preliminary things. Certain principles of church government, however, were adopted in this convention which have remained to this day as foundation-stones of the Episcopal Church organization in America.

For five years matters then drifted and waited. But in this time a constitution had been framed, and by most of the bishops and deputies it had been accepted. But in some of the States this was not the case. When, in 1789, a convention assembled in Philadelphia, it represented the Middle and Southern States only; but before it had adjourned, representatives of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire placed their names to the constitution, and thus was effected a final union of the churches of all the States. This act took place on October 2, 1789, and it is the centenary of that date which was observed in St. George's Church on Wednesday of this week.

General Conventions are held by the Episcopal Church once in three years. New York or Philadelphia has usually been the place of meeting, although Baltimore, Richmond, and New Haven have each been visited. In New York a General Convention now meets for the eleventh time. Trinity, St. John's, St. Paul's, and St. George's have been the churches used for the purpose. The General Convention, like Congress, consists of two houses, an upper and a lower, or the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. Sixty-five bishops now compose the House of Bishops, while the House of Deputies, composed, as it is, of four clerical and four lay delegates from each diocese, comprises a much larger body in this convention—more than four hundred members. Over the House of Bishops presides the bishop who has been longest in the episcopate; over the House of Deputies, whomever the house may itself elect. The powers of such a body, as may be inferred from its composition, are varied and supreme. It initiates changes in the Prayer-book and constitution, and can subsequently ratify them after they have been made known to each diocese. And so also of changes in the articles of the Episcopal faith. Enactments of the General Conventions become laws to which all the churches are subject. Among other matters with which the General Convention deals are the formation of new dioceses and the regulations that govern the organized charitable and other bodies of the Church.

With the growth of the Episcopal Church, the responsibilities of the General Convention in late years have very much increased. When it last met in this city its sittings extended from October 6th to October 27th. It is probable that this year at least a full month will be required to dispose of the work that will be laid before it. Obviously there is need for relief. Among those who have strongly advocated a practical method for securing it is Bishop Henry C. Potter, of the New York Diocese, whose portrait is given elsewhere. Bishop Potter understands better than most men the pressing need that exists. Until chosen Assistant Bishop of New York, in 1883, he had been for seventeen years the secretary of the House of Bishops. In that office he saw each year what the growth of responsibilities really must lead to. Bishop Potter is an advocate of what is known as a Federate Council.

In his annual address before the New York Diocesan Convention last week Bishop Potter discussed at length the necessity for a Federate Council. The plan is that the council shall be composed of the several dioceses of this and neighboring States. The results to be gained through such a body are stated as of two kinds: first, a relief from the present unwieldy nature of the General Convention, in consequence of which legislation is not so efficient as it should be; and second, a lessening of the powers now exercised by bishops to the grave disregard of the rights of the clergy and the people. Another point raised in regard to the General Convention was that it was clothed with no power to administer the laws which it makes. The idea of a Federate Council is not a new one, however. Steps for the formation of such a body for the dioceses of New York were taken as long ago as 1867; from time to time delegates have been elected, and in February of this year and last meetings were held. As to the wisdom of making this body permanent, diverse views were shown at these meetings, and Bishop Potter in his address last week gave an outline of them in rather pointed manner. It had been intimated, he said, that the Federate Council was "a species of Trojan horse, which, once admitted as a part of the organic life of individual dioceses, threatened to overrun them with foreign ideas and usurpations." He added that "a very general impression was created that its machinery was likely to be used to exalt a diocese already sufficiently sensible of its consequence to undue prominence and primacy."

Bishop Potter, so far as work goes, has virtually been the Bishop of New York since 1883, but he was not made the bishop in fact until the death of Bishop Horatio Potter, his uncle, in 1887. How great have become the labors of the office, may be seen from the statistics of a single year's work. Last year Bishop Potter delivered 263 sermons and addresses; he confirmed nearly 4500 persons, ordained 19 deacons and 14 priests, consecrated and dedicated 10 churches and parish houses, and laid one corner-stone.

FROM OWEN SOUND TO MACKINAC.

THE great Northern waterway from Owen Sound to Mackinac Island, although much used by the Canadians, is comparatively unknown in the United States; but since the increased facilities offered by the Canadian Pacific Railroad in its larger and swifter boats, it deserves to be looked upon as a desirable outing. The point of departure, Owen Sound, is not, as most people imagine from their map knowledge, a bay on Lake Huron, but a large and flourishing town on the extreme southern portion of Georgian Bay, where the great iron ships of the Canadian Pacific Railroad are constructed, looking in every respect like large Clyde-built ocean steamers; indeed the owners are looking for a not far distant day when they can carry their cargoes unbroken from Superior to Liverpool.

On the arrival of the Toronto express, about 10 P.M., the good ship *Cambria* steams north, up Georgian Bay, and after a run of one hundred and thirty miles (by-the-way, very suggestive of going to sea, with its long green rollers and flocks of sea-gulls in the wake), she makes her first landing at Killarney—a village largely made up of fishing Chippewa and Huron Indians, with a strong dilution of poor white element. The scenery is supposed to resemble the lakes of that name, but it needs a very strong imagination to see any likeness. From this point on, all is smooth water. We sail west through the great north channel, passing on the way many of the computed thirty thousand islands that are scattered over the northern part of this vast lake—islands of all sorts and sizes, from the great Manitoulin, whose coast line is in view for over twenty-four hours, down to the size of a modest dining table—all more or less clothed alike with the everlasting spruce. Manitowaning is the next stopping-place, a noted trout-fishing point, and interesting from its close proximity to the Indian Reservation, with its Catholic village of Wikwemikong, where some curious old customs may be observed. Soon the great lumber point Little Current comes in view, followed by Kagawong and Gore Bay, the judicial seat of the island of Manitoulin, then north to the main-land, touching at Spanish and Serpent rivers. Here the beautiful islands come thick and close, with many a ticklish channel; charmingly suggestive places for camping occur, but all seems silent and deserted. Following along the north shore, we touch at Blind River, Thessalon, and the old Bruce mines, one of the earliest workings of the north country, but now, alas! spread out in dismal ruin, not from any lack of metal, but from the impossibility of competing with the great mines of Superior.

One of the most amusing features of the trip is furnished by the variety of freight and live-stock. Here is a frightened steer who needs a score of hands pulling on a line from his horns, and a fence rail thrust against his quarters, with as many pushing behind as the space will admit. This unwilling passenger is followed by a wild bleating of sheep, and on the bank above, silhouetted against the evening sky, are seen a negro and a black wether, frantically pulling in opposite directions; a moment more, and they come floundering down the steep bank; then a row of timorous sheep's heads appear, and slowly follow the fighting pair down to the dock. The freight is composed *mainly* of fish and small lumber.

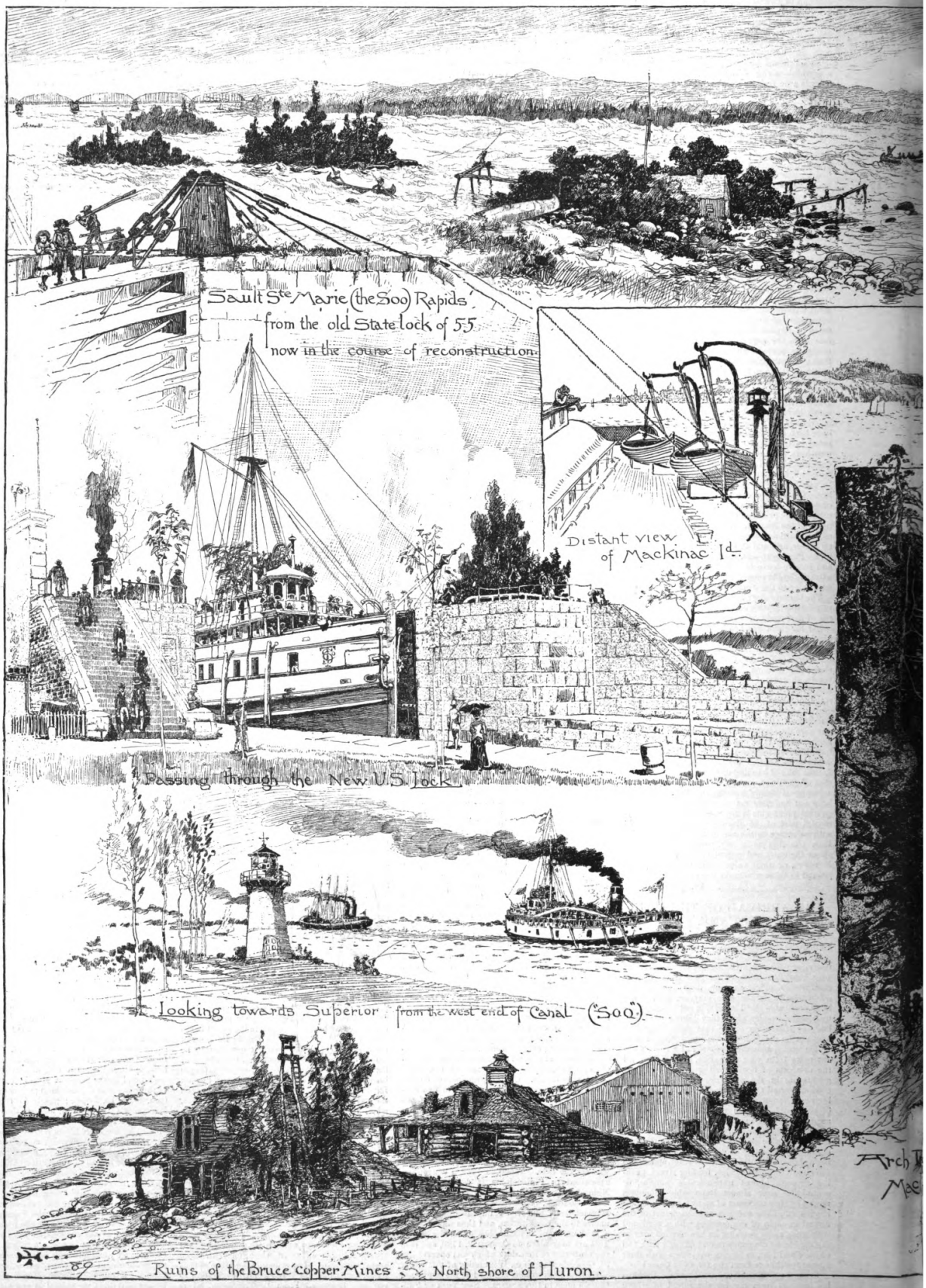
Passing Hilson and Richard's Landing, we approach the pictured rocks, Camp Modena, Neebish Rapids, across Lake George to Garden River, perhaps the most beautiful stretch of water of the voyage, and now we are in St. Mary's River, on water fresh from Lake Superior. Vessels thicken, a sprinkling of pleasure yachts appear, and toward evening the spires of Sault Ste. Marie give notice that we are coming into the active world again, and the boom of the sundown gun from Fort Brady, with a glimpse of the down-flutter of the Stars and Stripes, announces the approach to the domain of Uncle Sam. Both the Canadian and American Soo seem to be enjoying a legitimate revival. The estimated improvements for this point from the United States and Canadian governments will amount to upward of eleven millions of dollars, to be expended on the United States ship-canal, the United States Hay Lake Channel, the Canadian ship-canal, water-power canal, and government docks; which, together with the new railway continuations east and west, look as though they were destined to become one of the principal railway and shipping centres of America, when an unbroken cargo can sail from Port Arthur or Duluth to Liverpool. Even now the boats in their short season carry a commerce greater than the Suez Canal for the year. And this, the largest lock in the world, is to be augmented by a far larger one now in course of construction. Certainly it is a striking contrast to the old portage road of '55, when everything had to be unloaded and dragged around the rapids.

An intensely interesting point of observation is afforded by one of the great locks. The ever-moving crowd of shipping; in the foreground, the rushing, tumbling rapids, the Canadian islands, the Hudson Bay Company's trading post, the city of Soo, Ontario, and the distant mountains in the district of Algoma. A thing not to be missed is the shooting of the rapids.

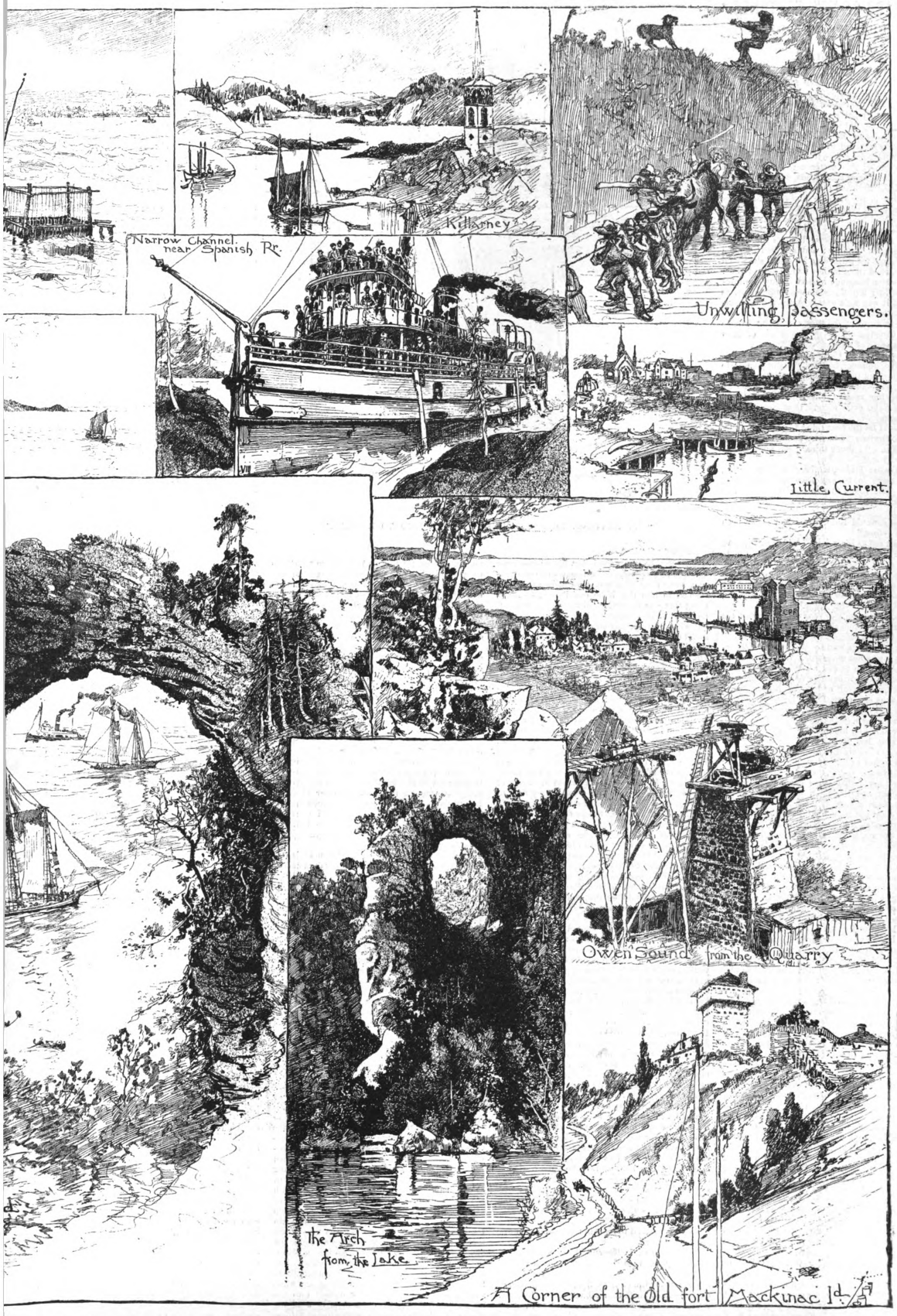
After a glimpse of Lake Superior, we turn our head southward by Delow Passage, and skirt the northwestern end of Lake Huron, and after some fifteen hours' sail we sight the charming island of Mackinac, situated in the strait of that name. It is nine miles in circumference, containing 2221 acres, the larger part of which is devoted to a national park military reserve. Soon the old fort with its historical block-houses comes in view, and at its feet the numerous evidences of a fashionable watering-place. After stemming the tide of half a hundred vociferous hackmen—a deafening contrast to the miles of silent waterway we have so lately passed—turning a few yards to the right of the dock we find the steep ascent to old Fort George, built by the British in 1812. The block-house seen at the corner is earlier, having been built in 1780, also by the British; later it was called by the Americans Fort Holmes, in honor of Major Holmes, who was killed in an engagement on the island in 1814. The platform of the fort stands some 336 feet above the lake, and commands a magnificent view. We see around us the Strait of Mackinac; four miles to the southwest the northern peninsula of Michigan, Point St. Ignace; nearly in front of us, Mackinaw City; beyond, and to the right, the site of old Fort Michilimackinac (the early title applied by the French to a larger part of the upper peninsula of Michigan); and away along to the north, where the shore dips down to the horizon, the mouth of the Sault Ste. Marie River (called here the St. Mary's River), down which we came from the Soo. Any of the roads through the national park will bring us, after a variety of circuitous rambles, to the far-famed sights of the island—the Arch Rock, the Pyramid, Indian graves, and so forth; but here the warning whistle of our steamer compels us to turn our face dockward, and soon we are heading for Owen Sound again; and although we retrace our course, the remainder of the trip is apparently a new one, from the advantage afforded of seeing the points by daylight that we passed in the night on the westward trip. We have time to enjoy the glorious balsamic air and the clear depths of the mighty lake.

HARRY FENN.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BY HARRY FENN.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

II.

THE winter did not renew for Christine and Mela the social opportunity which the spring had offered. After the *musicale* at Mrs. Horn's, they both made their party call, as Mela said, in due season; but they did not find Mrs. Horn at home, and neither she nor Miss Vance came to see them after people returned to town in the fall. They tried to believe for a time that Mrs. Horn had not got their cards; this pretence failed them, and they fell back upon their pride, or rather Christine's pride. Mela had little but her good-nature to avail her in any exigency, and if Mrs. Horn or Miss Vance had come to call after a year of neglect, she would have received them as amiably as if they had not lost a day in coming. But Christine had drawn a line, beyond which they would not have been forgiven; and she had planned the words and the behavior with which she would have punished them if they had appeared then. Neither sister imagined herself in anywise inferior to them; but Christine was suspicious, at least, and it was Mela who invented the hypothesis of the lost cards. As nothing happened to prove or to disprove the fact, she said, "I move we put Coonrod up to gittun' it out of Miss Vance, at some of their meetings."

"If you do," said Christine, "I'll kill you."

Christine, however, had the visits of Beaton to console her, and if these seemed to have no definite aim, she was willing to rest in the pleasure they gave her vanity; but Mela had nothing. Sometimes she even wished they were all back on the farm.

"It would be the best thing for both of you," said Mrs. Dryfoos, in answer to such a burst of desperation. "I don't think New York is any place for girls."

"Well, what I hate, mother," said Mela, "is, it don't seem to be any place for young men, either." She found this so good when she had said it that she laughed over it till Christine was angry.

"A body would think there had never been any joke before."

"I don't see as it's a joke," said Mrs. Dryfoos. "It's the plain truth."

"Oh, don't mind her, mother," said Mela. "She's put out because her old Mr. Beaton ha'n't been round for a couple o' weeks. If you don't watch out, that fellow 'll give you the slip, yit, Christine, after all your pains."

"Well, there ain't anybody to give *you* the slip, Mela," Christine clawed back.

"No; I ha'n't ever set my traps for anybody." This was what Mela said for want of a better retort; but it was not quite true. When Kendricks came with Beaton to call after her father's dinner, she used all her cunning to insnare him, and she had him to herself as long as Beaton staid; Dryfoos sent down word that he was not very well, and had gone to bed. The novelty of Mela had worn off for Kendricks, and she found him, as she frankly told him, not half as entertaining as he was at Mrs. Horn's; but she did her best with him as the only flirtable material which had yet come to her hand. It would have been her ideal to have the young men stay till past midnight, and her father come down-stairs in his stocking-feet, and tell them it was time to go. But they made a visit of decorous brevity, and Kendricks did not come again. She met him afterward, once, as she was crossing the pavement in Union Square, to get into her coupé, and made the most of him; but it was necessarily very little, and so he passed out of her life without having left any trace in her heart, though Mela had a heart that she would have put at the disposition of almost any young man that wanted it. Kendricks himself, Manhattan cockney as he was, with scarcely more outlook into the average American nature than if he had been kept a prisoner in New York society all his days, perceived a property in her which forbade him as a man of conscience to trifle with her; something earthly good and kind, if it was simple and vulgar. In revising his impressions of her, it seemed to him that she would come even to better literary effect if this were recognized in her; and it made her sacred, in spite of her willingness to fool and to be fooled, in her merely human quality. After all, he saw that she wished honestly to love and to be loved, and the lures she threw out to that end seemed to him pathetic rather than ridiculous; he could not join Beaton in laughing at her; and he did not like Beaton's laughing at the other girl, either. It seemed to Kendricks, with the code of honor which he mostly kept to himself because he was a little ashamed to find there were so few others like it, that if Beaton cared nothing for the other girl — and Christine appeared simply detestable to Kendricks — he had better keep away from her, and not give her the impression he was in love with her. He rather fancied that this was the part of a gentleman, and he could not have penetrated to that æsthetic and moral complexity which formed the consciousness of a nature like Beaton, and was chiefly a torment to itself; he could not have conceived of the wayward impulses indulged at every moment in little things, till the straight highway was traversed and wellnigh lost under their tangle. To do whatever one likes is finally to do nothing that one likes, even though one continues to do what one will; but Kendricks, though a sage of twenty-seven, was still too young to understand this.

Beaton scarcely understood it himself, perhaps because he was not yet twenty-seven. He only knew that his will was somehow sick; that it spent itself in caprices, and brought him no happiness from the fulfilment of the most vehement



"'BY HEAVENS! THIS IS PILING IT UP,' HE SAID TO HIMSELF."

wish. But he was aware that his wishes grew less and less vehement; he began to have a fear that some time he might have none at all. It seemed to him that if he could once do something that was thoroughly distasteful to himself, he might make a beginning in the right direction; but when he tried this on a small scale it failed, and it seemed stupid. Some sort of expiation was the thing he needed, he was sure; but he could not think of anything in particular to expiate; a man could not expiate his temperament, and his temperament was what Beaton decided to be at fault. He perceived that it went deeper than even fate would have gone; he could have fulfilled an evil destiny and had done with it, however terrible. His trouble was that he could not escape from himself; and for the most part, he justified himself in refusing to try. After he had come to that distinct understanding with Alma Leighton, and experienced the relief it really gave him, he thought for a while that if it had fallen out otherwise, and she had put him in charge of her destiny, he might have been better able to manage his own. But as it was, he could only drift, and let all other things take their course. It was necessary that he should go to see her afterward, to show her that he was equal to the event; but he did not go so often, and he went rather oftener to the Dryfooses; it was not easy to see Margaret Vance, except on the society terms. With much sneering and scorning, he fulfilled the duties to Mrs. Horn without which he knew he should be dropped from her list; but one might go to many of her Thursdays without getting many words with her niece. Beaton hardly knew whether he wanted many; the girl kept the charm of her innocent stylishness; but latterly she wanted to talk more about social questions than about the psychical problems that young people usually debate so personally. Son of the working-people as he was, Beaton had never cared anything about such matters; he did not know about them or wish to know; he was perhaps too near them. Besides, there was an embarrassment, at least on her part, concerning the Dryfooses. She was too high-minded to blame him for having tempted her to her failure with them by his talk about them; but she was conscious of avoiding them in her talk. She had decided not to renew the effort she had made in the spring, because she could not do them good as fellow-creatures needing food and warmth and work, and she would not try to befriend them socially; she had a horror of any such futile sentimentality. She would have liked to account to Beaton in this way for a course which she suspected he must have heard their comments upon, but she did not quite know how to do it; she could not be sure how much or how little he cared for them. Some tentative approaches which she made toward explanation were met with such eager disclaim of personal interest that she knew less than before what to think; and she turned the talk from the sisters to the brother, whom it seemed she still continued to meet in their common work among the poor.

"He seems very different," she ventured.

"Oh, quite," said Beaton. "He's the kind of person that you might suppose gave the Catholics a hint for the cloistral life; he's a cloistered nature—the nature that atones and suffers for. But he's awfully dull company, don't you think? I never can get anything out of him."

"He's very much in earnest."

"Remorselessly. We've got a profane and mundane creature there at the office who runs us all, and it's shocking merely to see the contact of the two natures. When Fulkerson gets to joking Dryfoos—he likes to put his joke in the form of a pretence that Dryfoos is actuated by a selfish motive, that he has an eye to office, and is working up a political interest for himself on the East side—it's something inexpressible."

"I should think so," said Miss Vance, with such lofty disapproval that Beaton felt himself included in it for having merely told what caused it.

He could not help saying, in natural rebellion, "Well, the man of one idea is always a little ridiculous."

"When his idea is right?" she demanded. "A right idea can't be ridiculous."

"Oh, I only said, the man that held it alone. He's flat; he has no relief, no projection."

She seemed unable to answer, and he perceived that he had silenced her to his own disadvantage. It appeared to Beaton that she was becoming a little too exacting for comfort in her idealism. He put down the cup of tea he had been tasting, and said, in his solemn staccato, "I must go. Good-by!" and got instantly away from her, with an effect he had of having suddenly thought of something imperative.

He went up to Mrs. Horn for a moment's hail and farewell, and felt himself subtly detained by her through fugitive passages of conversation with half a dozen other people. He fancied that at crises of this strange interview Mrs. Horn was about to become confidential with him, and confidential, of all things, about her niece. She ended by not having palpably been so. In fact, the concern in her mind would have been difficult to impart to a young man, and after several experiments Mrs. Horn found it impossible to say that she wished Margaret could somehow be interested in lower things than those which occupied her. She had watched with growing anxiety the girl's tendency to various kinds of self-devotion. She had dark hours in which she even feared her entire withdrawal from the world in a life of good works. Before now, girls had entered the Protestant sisterhoods, which appeal so potently to the young and generous imagination, and Margaret was of just the temperament to be influenced by them. During the past summer she had been unhappy at her separation from the cares that had engrossed her more and more as their stay in the city drew to an end in the spring, and she had hurried her aunt back to town earlier in the fall than she would have chosen to come. Margaret had her correspondents among the working-women whom she befriended. Mrs. Horn was at one time alarmed to find that Margaret was actually promoting a strike of the button-hole workers. This, of course, had its ludicrous side, in connection with a young lady in good society, and a person of even so little humor as Mrs. Horn could not help seeing it. At the same time she could not help foreboding the worst from it; she was afraid that Margaret's health would give way under the strain, and that if she did not go into a sisterhood she would at least go into a decline. She began the winter with all such counteractive measures as she could employ. At an age when such things weary, she threw herself into the pleasures of society with the hope of dragging Margaret after her; and a sympathetic witness must have followed with compassion her course from ball to ball, from reception to reception, from parlor reading to parlor reading, from *musicale* to *musicale*, from play to play, from opera to opera. She tasted, after she had practically renounced them, the bitter and the insipid flavors of fashionable amusement, in the hope that Margaret might find them sweet, and now at the end she had to own to herself that she had failed. It was coming Lent again, and the girl had only grown thinner and more serious with the diversions that did not divert her from the baleful works of beneficence on which Mrs. Horn felt that she was throwing her youth away. Margaret could have borne either alone, but together they were wearing her out. She felt it a duty to undergo the pleasures her aunt appointed for her, but she could not forego the other duties in which she found her only pleasure.

She kept up her music still because she could employ it at the meetings for the entertainment, and, as she hoped, the elevation of her working-women; but she neglected the other æsthetic interests which once occupied her; and at sight of Beaton talking with her, Mrs. Horn caught at the hope that he might somehow be turned to account in reviving Margaret's former interest in art. She asked him if Mr. Wetmore had his classes that winter as usual; and she said she wished Margaret could be induced to go again: Mr. Wetmore always said that she did not draw very well, but that she had a great deal of feeling for it, and her work was interesting. She asked, were the Leightons in town again; and she murmured a regret that she had not been able to see anything of them, without explaining why; she said she had a fancy that if Margaret knew Miss Leighton, and what she was doing, it might stimulate her, perhaps. She supposed Miss Leighton was still going on with her art?

Beaton said Oh yes, he believed so.

But his manner did not encourage Mrs. Horn to pursue her aims in that direction, and she said, with a sigh, she wished *he* still had a class; she always fancied that Margaret got more good from his instruction than from any one else's.

He said that she was very good; but there was really nobody who knew half as much as Wetmore, or could make any one understand half as much.

Mrs. Horn was afraid, she said, that Mr. Wetmore's terrible sincerity discouraged Margaret; he would not let her have any illusions about the outcome of what she was doing; and did not Mr. Beaton think that some illusion was necessary with young people? Of course it was very nice of Mr. Wetmore to be so honest, but it did not always seem to be the wisest thing. She begged Mr. Beaton to try to think of some one who would be a little less severe. Her tone assumed a deeper interest in the people who were coming up and going away, and Beaton perceived that he was dismissed.

He went away with vanity flattered by the sense of having been appealed to concerning Margaret, and then he began to chafe at what she had said of Wetmore's honesty, apropos of her wish that he still had a class himself. Did she mean, confound her! that *he* was insincere, and would let Miss Vance suppose she had more talent than she really had? The more Beaton thought of this, the more furious he became, and the more he was convinced that something like it had been unconsciously if not consciously in her mind. He framed some keen retorts, to the general effect that with the atmosphere of illusion preserved so completely at home, Miss Vance hardly needed it in her art studies. Having just determined never to go near Mrs. Horn's Thursdays again, he decided to go once more, in order to plant this sting in her capacious but somewhat callous bosom; and he planned how he would lead the talk up to the point from which he should launch it.

In the mean time he felt the need of some present solace, such as only unqualified worship could give him; a cruel wish to feel his power in some direction where, even if it were resisted, it could not be overcome, drove him on. That a woman who was to Beaton the embodiment of artificiality should intimate, however innocently—the innocence made it all the worse—that he was less honest than Wetmore, whom he knew to be so much more honest, was something that must be retaliated somewhere before his self-respect could be restored. It was only five o'clock, and he went on uptown to the Dryfooses', though he had been there only the night before last. He asked for the ladies, and Mrs. Mandel received him.

"The young ladies are down-town shopping," she said, "but I am very glad of the opportunity of seeing you alone, Mr. Beaton. You know I lived several years in Europe."

"Yes," said Beaton, wondering what that could have to do with her pleasure in seeing him alone. "I believe so?" He involuntarily gave his words the questioning inflection.

"You have lived abroad, too, and so you won't find what I am going to ask so strange. Mr. Beaton, why do you come so much to this house?" Mrs. Mandel bent forward with an aspect of ladylike interest, and smiled.

Beaton frowned. "Why do I come so much?"

"Yes."

"Why do I— Excuse me, Mrs. Mandel, but will you allow me to ask why you ask?"

"Oh, certainly. There's no reason why I shouldn't say, for I wish you to be very frank with me. I ask because there are two young ladies in this house; and, in a certain way, I have to take the place of a mother to them. I needn't explain why; you know all the people here, and you understand. I have nothing to say about them, but I should not be speaking to you now if they were not all rather helpless people. They do not know the world they have come to live in here, and they cannot help themselves nor one another. But you do know it, Mr. Beaton, and I am sure you know just how much or how little you mean by coming here. You are either in-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1663.

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

terested in one of these young girls or you are not. If you are, I have nothing more to say. If you are not—" Mrs. Mandel continued to smile, but the smile had grown more perfunctory, and it had an icy gleam.

Beaton looked at her with surprise that he gravely kept to himself. He had always regarded her as a social nullity, with a kind of pity, to be sure, as a civilized person living among such people as the Dryfooses, but not without a humorous contempt; he had thought of her as Mandel, and sometimes as old Mandel, though she was not half a score of years his senior, and was still well on the sunny side of forty. He reddened, and then turned an angry pallor. "Excuse me again, Mrs. Mandel. Do you ask this from the young ladies?"

"Certainly not," she said, with the best temper, and with something in her tone that convicted Beaton of vulgarity in putting his question of her authority in the form of a sneer. "As I have suggested, they would hardly know how to help themselves at all in such a matter. I have no objection to saying that I ask it from the father of the young ladies. Of course, in and for myself I should have no right to know anything about your affairs. I assure you the duty of knowing isn't very pleasant." The little tremor in her clear voice struck Beaton as something rather nice.

"I can very well believe that, Mrs. Mandel," he said, with a dreamy sadness in his own. He lifted his eyes, and looked into hers. "If I told you that I cared nothing about them in the way you intimate?"

"Then I should prefer to let you characterize your own conduct in continuing to come here for the year past, as you have done, and tacitly leading them on to infer differently." They both mechanically kept up the fiction of plurality in speaking of Christine, but there was no doubt in the mind of either which of the young ladies the other meant.

A good many thoughts went through Beaton's mind, and none of them were flattering. He had not been unconscious that the part he had played toward this girl was ignoble, and that it had grown meaner as the fancy which her beauty had at first kindled in him had grown cooler. He was aware that of late he had been amusing himself with her passion in a way that was not less than cruel, not because he wished to do so, but because he was listless and wished nothing. He rose in saying, "I might be a little more lenient than you think, Mrs. Mandel; but I won't trouble you with any palliating theory. I will not come any more."

He bowed, and Mrs. Mandel said, "Of course, it's only your action that I am concerned with."

She seemed to him merely triumphant, and he could not conceive what it had cost her to nerve herself up to her too easy victory. He left Mrs. Mandel to a far harder lot than had fallen to him, and he went away hating her as an enemy who had humiliated him at a moment when he particularly needed exalting. It was really very simple for him to stop going to see Christine Dryfoos, but it was not at all simple for Mrs. Mandel to deal with the consequences of his not coming. He only thought how lightly she had stopped him, and the poor woman whom he had left trembling for what she had been obliged to do embodied for him the conscience that accused him of unpleasant things.

"By heavens! this is piling it up," he said to himself through his set teeth, realizing how it had happened right on top of that stupid insult from Mrs. Horn. Now he should have to give up his place on *Every Other Week;* he could not keep that, under the circumstances, even if some pretence were not made to get rid of him; he must hurry and anticipate any such pretence; he must see Fulkerson at once; he wondered where he should find him at that hour. He thought, with bitterness so real that it gave him a kind of tragical satisfaction, how certainly he could find him a little later at Mrs. Leighton's; and Fulkerson's happiness became an added injury.

The thing had of course come about just at the wrong time. There never had been a time when Beaton needed money more; when he had spent what he had and what he expected to have so recklessly. He was in debt to Fulkerson personally and officially for advance payments of salary. The thought of sending money home made him break into a scoffing laugh, which he turned into a cough in order to deceive the passers. What sort of face should he go to Fulkerson with and tell him that he renounced his employment on *Every Other Week;* and what should he do when he had renounced it? Take pupils, perhaps; open a class? A lurid conception of a class conducted on those principles of shameless flattery at which Mrs. Horn had hinted—he believed now she had meant to insult him—presented itself. Why should not he act upon the suggestion? He thought—with loathing for the whole race of women-dabblers in art—how easy the thing would be: as easy as to turn back now and tell that old fool's girl that he loved her, and rake in half his millions. Why should not he do that? No one else cared for him; and at a year's end, probably, one woman would be like another as far as the love was concerned, and probably he should not be more tired if the woman were Christine Dryfoos than if she were Margaret Vance. He kept Alma Leighton out of the question, because at the bottom of his heart he believed that she must be forever unlike every other woman to him.

The tide of his confused and aimless reverie had carried him far down-town, he thought; but when he looked up from it to see where he was, he found himself on Sixth Avenue, only a little below Thirty-ninth Street, very hot and blown; that idiotic fur overcoat was stifling. He could not possibly walk down to Eleventh; he did not want to walk even to the Elevated station at Thirty-fourth; he stopped at the corner to wait for a surface-car, and fell again into his bitter fancies. After a while he roused himself and looked up the track, but there was no car coming. He found himself beside a policeman, who was lazily swinging his club by its thong from his wrist.

"When do you suppose a car will be along?" he asked, rather in a general sarcasm of the absence of the cars than in any special belief that the policeman could tell him.

The policeman waited to discharge his tobacco juice into the gutter. "In about a week," he said, nonchalantly.

"What's the matter?" asked Beaton, wondering what the joke could be.

"Strike," said the policeman. His interest in Beaton's ignorance seemed to overcome his contempt of it. "Knocked off everywhere this morning except Third Avenue and one or two cross-town lines." He spat again and kept his bulk at its incline over the gutter to glance at a group of men on the corner below. They were neatly dressed, and looked like something better than workingmen, and they had a holiday air of being in their best clothes.

"Some of the strikers?" asked Beaton.

The policeman nodded.

"Any trouble yet?"

"There won't be any trouble till we begin to move the cars," said the policeman.

Beaton felt a sudden turn of his rage toward the men whose action would now force him to walk five blocks and mount the stairs of the Elevated station. "If you'd take out eight or ten of those fellows," he said, ferociously, "and set them up against a wall and shoot them, you'd save a great deal of bother."

"I guess we sha'n't have to shoot much," said the policeman, still swinging his locust. "Anyway, we sha'n't begin it. If it comes to a fight, though," he said, with a look at the men under the scooping rim of his helmet, "we can drive the whole six thousand of 'em into the East River without pullin' a trigger."

"Are there six thousand in it?"

"About."

"What do the infernal fools expect to live on?"

"The interest of their money, I suppose," said the officer, with a grin of satisfaction in his irony. "It's got to run its course. Then they'll come back with their heads tied up and their tails between their legs, and plead to be taken on again."

"If I was a manager of the roads," said Beaton, thinking of how much he was already inconvenienced by the strike, and obscurely connecting it as one of the series with the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of Mrs. Horn and Mrs. Mandel, "I would see them starve before I'd take them back—every one of them."

"Well," said the policeman, impartially, as a man might whom the companies allowed to ride free, but who had made friends with a good many drivers and conductors in the course of his free riding, "I guess that's what the roads would like to do if they could; but the men are too many for them, and there ain't enough other men to take their places."

"No matter," said Beaton, severely. "They can bring in men from other places."

"Oh, they'll do that fast enough," said the policeman.

A man came out of the saloon on the corner where the strikers were standing, noisy drunk, and they began, as they would have said, to have some fun with him. The policeman left Beaton, and sauntered slowly down toward the group as if in the natural course of an afternoon ramble. On the other side of the street Beaton could see another officer sauntering up from the block below. Looking up and down the avenue, so silent of its horse-car bells, he saw a policeman at every corner. It was rather impressive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILKIE COLLINS.

THE death of Wilkie Collins in London on September 23d removes from the company of active novelists one of the oldest and most widely read. His career to a large extent was contemporary with the careers of Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, and George Eliot. Born, as he was, in 1824, when Thackeray was only thirteen years old, Dickens only twelve, and Charles Reade only ten, he has survived Dickens by nineteen years, and Thackeray by twenty-five. Mr. Collins's literary activity extended over a period of forty-one years, or from 1848, when he published a life of his father, William Collins, the artist, down almost to the month of his death, when he was seeing through the pages of the *Illustrated London News* his story of "Blind Love." Wilkie Collins was one of the most industrious of modern novelists. The regrets awakened by his death must extend throughout many lands and peoples. He was not only read widely in England, America, and Australia, but he was well known in France, Italy, Russia, and Germany. So long ago as the date of his *No Name* (1862), his stories had been translated, read, and admired in the languages of those countries.

Mr. Collins was reared in the midst of artistic associations. Besides having an artist for his father, he was indebted to another for his Christian name, while a sister of his mother was Mrs. Carpenter, the painter of portraits. And yet it does not appear that the boy's relatives ever had a purpose to devote him to one of the Muses, artistic or literary. They sent him for a time to a school at Highbury, and again to a school on the Continent. French and Italian he acquired in his youth, and was able to speak as well as write them. Among his school-mates in England he was a source of jealousy on this account, and they persecuted him as a foreigner. His only means of relief from this treatment is said to have been an alliance with the strongest boy in the school, who engaged to punish those who assailed him on condition Collins should tell him entertaining stories. Thus, in the school of early adversity, were first stimulated the talents of the future novelist.

Possibly it was a conviction on his parents' part that neither art nor literature could afford their son a road to affluence that led them to select for him a commercial life. They articled him for four years, as soon as he had left school, to a London house engaged in the tea trade, and doubtless pictured to themselves the time when he should become a prosperous merchant. But in commercial life the boy gave no promises of success; it was distinctly seen to be not his *forte*. He was then placed in a lawyer's office, where he remained until his father's death in 1847. Wilkie Collins was then twenty-three years old. A year later he produced his first work in literature—the biography of his father. This publication comprised two volumes, and contained selections from his father's correspondence.

Whatever were the merits of the performance, Mr. Collins, after that first taste of the charm of literary labors, speedily fixed upon something for his vocation more congenial to his taste and talents than the drudgery of a clerk's life in a London law office. Two years later he appeared before the public as a novelist with his *Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome*. That success should have attended him at a time when Dickens was in the flood-tide of his fame, and when Thackeray had just published his *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, speaks more than anything else can for the powers that lay in him. Surely it was a fair inference that this man would be heard from again.

It was singular that the year in which *Antonina* appeared should be the year in which Dickens started his *Household Words*, for with *Household Words* and its successor, *All the Year Round*, the fame of Collins, like the fame of Dickens, will long be associated. It must always stand for a mark of Dickens's judgment, no less than of his professional generosity, that he early saw and employed the talents of the younger writer. *Basil* and *Hide and Seek* followed *Antonina*. The latter of these two books was found for the author a new admirer in Macaulay. Dickens was more than ever impressed, and he asked Mr. Collins to become his contributor. Accordingly *The Dead Secret* made its appearance in Dickens's periodical, as did other stories of his back in the fifties, the most memorable of them all being *The Woman in White*, in 1859. *After Dark* and *The Queen of Hearts* belong also to this period.

The reputation they made for him in England spread rapidly to America and the Continent, until his readers could be found in almost every civilized country. Following his *No Name*, of 1862, came, in 1866, his *Armadale;* in 1868, *The Moonstone;* in 1870, *Man and Wife;* in 1872, *Poor Miss Finch;* in 1873, *The New Magdalen;* in 1875, *The Law and the Lady* and *Alice Warlock;* and in 1886, *The Evil Genius* and *The Guilty River*. These comprise the better known of Mr. Collins's works. Most of them, along with a few shorter works, compose the Harper Illustrated Library edition in seventeen volumes, other works of his being issued in other form.

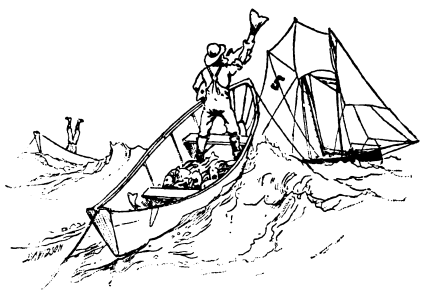
None of these novels is better known than *The Woman in White*, none made a more profound impression at the time, none is still so vividly remembered by all who read it. In the character of Count Fosco Mr. Collins made a distinct addition to the world's stock of famous creations in fiction. Already it has lived for thirty years, and another generation of fame at least seems to be assured for it. Mr. Collins has said that he chose a foreigner for this character because the crime was "too ingenious for an English villain." Mr. Collins's villains were not of the coarse and stalwart type. He knew how to draw a villain who could seem a gentleman and often pass for one, who could appear well in a drawing-room, and seem at home astride a horse in Rotten Row. For readers who liked him best, he painted the life of a world which they had seen, which they understood and were parts of. But it was in his plots that he most excelled. For this part of the novelist's endowments he had an astonishing faculty. The powerful interest of his novels always lay in the mystery that was continued to the end of them, and in the art by which the reader's attention was held fixed and curious through the succeeding chapters. Some of the qualities in which the greatest novelists have excelled, and which Wilkie Collins distinctly lacked, need not be enumerated here; it is enough that he possessed a genius for plots and ingenious mysteries in which few writers of any age have surpassed, if, indeed, they have equalled him.

Mr. Collins's visit to this country in the winter of 1873–74 will be remembered by thousands who heard him read two of his shorter stories, *The Frozen Deep* and *The Dream Woman*. It was a visit that gratified him greatly. Personal letters to his publishers, which are still preserved by them, bear excellent and unmistakable witness to this. One dated from Buffalo, to which city he had proceeded from New England by way of Montreal and Toronto, contains the following: "Wherever I go I meet with the same kindness and the same enthusiasm. I really want words to express my grateful sense of my reception in America. It is not only more than I have deserved, it is more than any man could have deserved. I have never met with such a cordial and such a generous people as the people of the United States. Let me add that I thrive on this kindness. I keep wonderfully well."

Mr. Collins was a man of small stature, stooping somewhat in the shoulders, but with large eyes and a round, genial face, framed in by heavy hair and beard, that in late years were almost white. He leaves few relatives; neither wife nor child is among them. He died in the presence only of his physician and a house-keeper, who had been in his service for thirty years. His physician was Dr. Carr Beard, now an old man, and in his time an intimate friend of Dickens. He is one of Mr. Collins's executors.

Mr. Collins's career illustrates once more the truth that genius, once a man actually has it, will find its way. If genius for any one thing is in him, it must come out of him. Born to be a novelist, he cannot be made a merchant, and there is in him no future lawyer. A novelist he will be. The singleness of purpose with which Wilkie Collins's whole life was consecrated to novel-writing re-enforces the truth of this statement. No other objects claimed his devotions. He took to himself the warning of Lord Bacon: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." He accepted as his supreme obligation duty to his art.

FRANCIS W. HALSEY.



THE "HESPER"-"FREDONIA" RACE.

THE pilot-boat *Hesper*, No. 5, of Boston, is a beautiful craft, fleet, staunch, undoubtedly the speediest of her class. Built by Lawlor of Boston, she has been the winner of so many brushes with fishing schooners and yachts as to warrant her friends naming her the "Queen of the Coast." So many successes, however, emboldened her gallant crew to fly at game beyond her class, and a match was arranged with the owner of the *Fredonia*, a fishing schooner yacht, one of those strange creations of Mr. Edward Burgess, of *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, *Volunteer* fame, who delighted the hearts of the fishermen by promising a boat that could not only catch fish, hold a big cargo of them, get them into port betimes, but be a good boat to live in also.

A match was speedily arranged for $3000 a side, the essentials to be a triangular forty-five mile course and an eight-knot breeze, balloon-sails barred. The race came off on September 26th, amid enough wind, rain, mist, and sea to please the most critical sea-dog, and a most surprising one it was. Surprising for the throng of assembled pilots and fishermen, who viewed it with such intense interest; surprising also for the very decisive marine Waterloo which the pilots received at the hands of the "fish-yankers," as their opponents were called in polite "off-shore" dialect.

The start was characteristic of the entire race. The pilot-boat hav close to the line in fine form, but was slow and lifeless in getting over, while the fisherman, who had been dodging about restlessly to windward, came down with a rush, and sped over the line under full headway just before the last whistle blew; and so it was throughout the day. Whenever anything decisive was to be done, whether a change of sail or course, handling of rope or tiller, the pilots were slow and deliberate, losing a valuable quarter-minute on this tack, or over the bunching of that sail, while the fishing yacht's crew jumped about like monkeys, all claws and feet for a moment, then down on deck and out of sight. The boats also partook of the character of their crews—the pilot-boat mounting the ocean swells cleanly, beautifully, but with little life; the other all motion and quickness, with much dashing of spray.

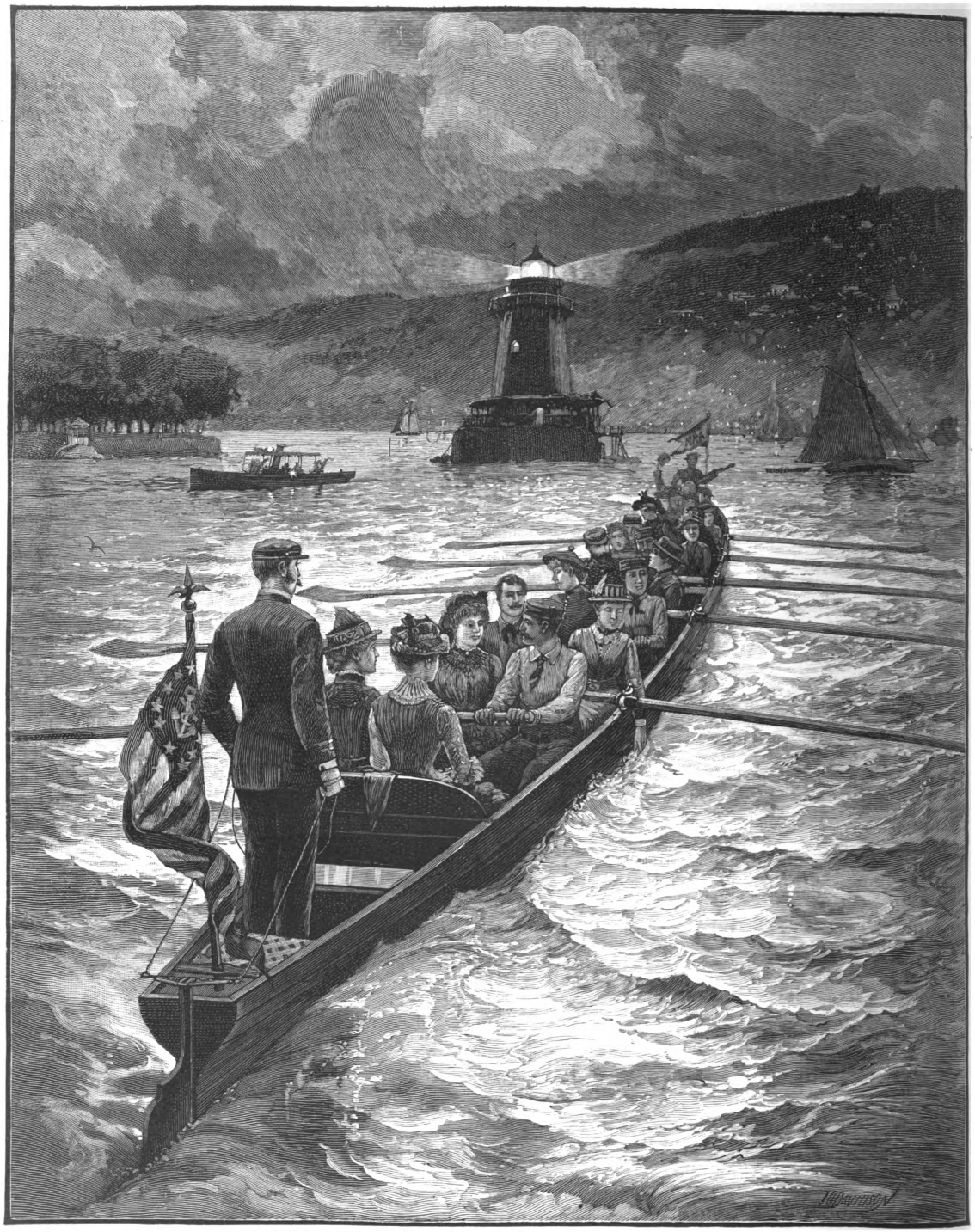
In the run from Minot's Ledge to Eastern Point the *Hesper* held her own, due, as a discouraged pilot on the excursion boat remarked, "to the boat's sailing herself."

It was a beautiful marine picture on the run home when the fishing schooners and their small boats congregated along the course and cheered the *Fredonia* with lively bursts of applause, waving of brooms, and other marine demonstrations. Some heavy-booted trawlers in bobbing dories essayed, with indifferent success, to stand on their heads, in emulation of Mr. Burgess's usual signal of victory; and one solemn old man, less nimble than his fellows, waved the tail of a huge fish, derisively at the unlucky *Hesper* as she swept by forty minutes in the rear in a three hour ten minutes race, and loser of the largest amount of money wagered on any yacht race in this country.

A BARGE PARTY.

ON our next page we have a view of a merry party enjoying a moonlight row on the Hudson River. The barge belongs to the Nyack Rowing Association. The scene is that wide and beautiful

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A BARGE PARTY ON THE HUDSON BY MOONLIGHT.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 799.]

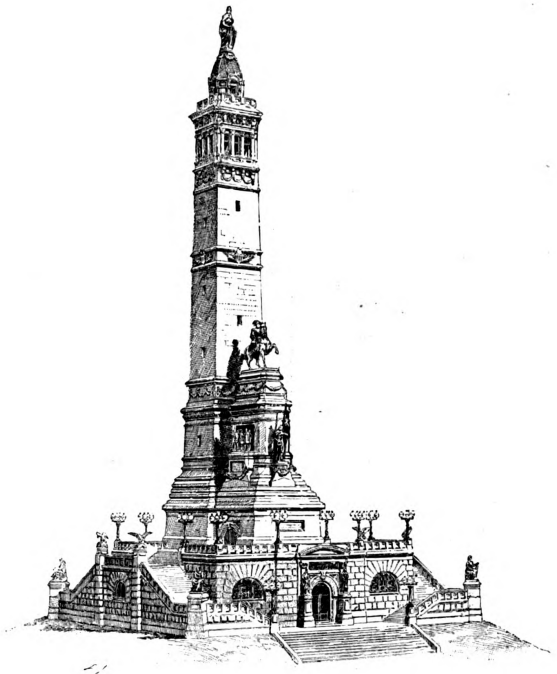
expanse of the Hudson which our Dutch ancestors named the Tappan Zee. It lies between Tarrytown and Nyack, and although not beyond the reach of tide-water and subject to the current, it still possesses the attraction of a calm and beautiful lake. Viewed from certain points it loses the impression of a river altogether, and seems a fair and beautiful sheet of water locked in by towering hills. The light-house in the centre of the picture is known as the Tarrytown Bay Light. On the left lies Kingsland Island, and in the background we have the village of Tarrytown, adorned with its gleaming electric lights.

These rowing parties are a source of keen delight to the lady friends of the members of each association. So far the clubs have not yielded sufficiently to the spirit of the age to admit lady members, and if any one connected with the association desires to give his fair friends an outing, he must engage the barge beforehand and make it a special event. As a general thing it is required that some member of the club shall act as coxswain; this to assure safety to the precious craft. The party may then be made up in accordance with the fancy of the gentleman who acts as host. Most of the associations have very attractive club-houses, where, after the pleasure of rowing has begun to pall, parties can assemble, have supper, and if there are lady guests sufficient, enjoy a dance. The club-house of the Nyack Association is a very attractive structure, built over the water, and forms a pleasant feature in the landscape. The members of these clubs are not heavily taxed, their dues scarcely amounting to more than $25 or $50 per year, yet their club-houses are daintily furnished, their boats of the best and finest build, and all their appurtenances of a superior order. So much can be done by combination.

In our glorious Hudson River we have a stream that the world cannot rival, so wonderful is its picturesque loveliness. High upon the walls of the Governor's Room in the New York City Hall is a dingy painting of a broad-headed, short-haired, sparsely bearded man, with an enormous ruff about his neck, and wearing otherwise the costume of the days of King James the First of England. Who painted it nobody knows, but all are well aware that it is the portrait of one Hendrik Hudson, who "on a May-day morning knelt in the church of St. Ethelburga, Amsterdam, and partook of the sacrament, and soon after left the Thames for circumpolar waters." It was on the 11th of September, 1609, that this same mariner passed through a narrow strait on an almost unknown continent, and entered upon a broad stream where "the indescribable beauty of the virgin land through which he was passing filled his heart and mind with exquisite pleasure."

The annually increasing army of tourists and pleasure seekers, which begin their campaign every spring and continue their march until late in the autumn, sending every year a stronger corps of observation into these enchanted lands, all agree with Hendrik Hudson. Certainly it only remains for tradition to weave its romances, and for a few of our more gifted poets and story-tellers to gild with their imagination these wonderful hills and valleys, these sunny slopes and fairy coves and inlets, to make for us an enchanted land that shall rival the heights where the spectre of the Brocken dwells, or any other elf-inhabited spot in Europe.

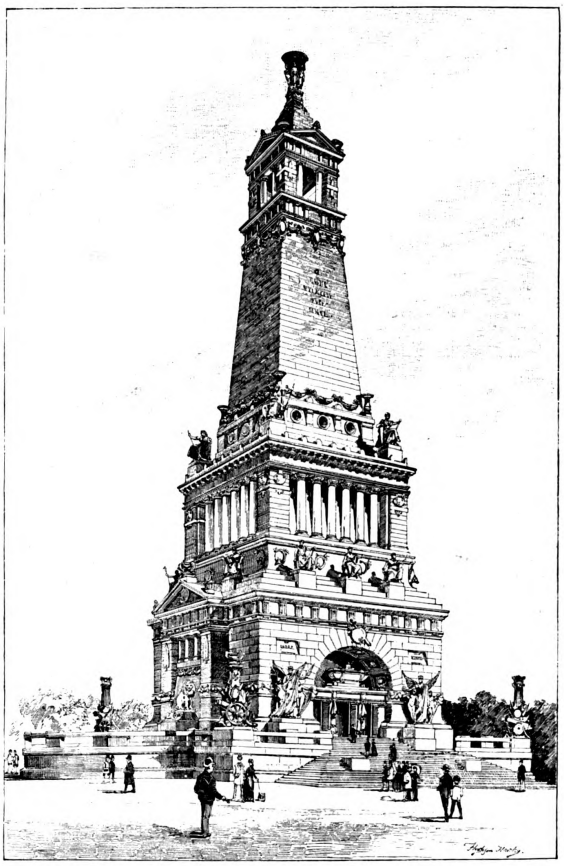
Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"SWORD AND LAUREL."
SUGGESTED THIRD PRIZE, $500.



"LET US HAVE PEACE."
SUGGESTED SECOND PRIZE, $1000.



"1822."
SUGGESTED FIRST PRIZE, $1500.



"ONE COUNTRY."
SUGGESTED FOURTH PRIZE.

SELECTED COMPETITIVE DESIGNS WITH ACCOMPANYING MOTTOES FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 803.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

UNCLE SAM'S INJURED CREDITORS.

THE government of the United States is responsible for a good many wrongs and tragedies. The great machine which responds to the will of a majority of the voters is sometimes lavishly and foolishly generous, and at other times sordid and cruel. It is a human machine, composed of men who individually are as kindly disposed as the average of their good-natured fellow-countrymen. Any one of them will listen patiently and pitifully to a story of distress, and will do his utmost for the relief of the victim, and the whole, the apparently insensate aggregate, will trample on the petitioner and his supporters with the gleeful feeling of a supposed duty performed. Fraudulent tears shed in public places, the sobs of mendacity sounding in the newspapers, the lying stories of woe whispered industriously in many Congressional ears, accomplish ends that mere justice cannot attain. All these send Congressmen tumbling over one another in mad efforts on what they suppose to be errands of mercy. Millions of money are thrown away, and thousands are denied to the just creditors of the government. Love it as we may, our government is a dishonest debtor, and more than once in its history some of its best citizens have refused to trust it. It is only within a comparatively few years that it has permitted itself to be sued, and then only on a contract, or on claims arising out of a statute. A recent law gives to the Court of Claims equity jurisdiction, but the extent and efficiency of the statute have not yet been determined. To this time the wrongful acts of United States officials go unpunished unless Congress interferes in some particular case; but the legislative branch of the government is so fickle, so untrustworthy, so ready this minute to pour millions into the coffers of a cozener, so likely the next to deny an honest claim for damages, that it does not satisfy in any respect the idea of a tribunal of justice.

The wrongs that have been done by the government to those who have sought to be righted are so many that their history can be read in the published reports of the federal courts; while nearly every Washington lawyer's pigeon-holes contain papers in cases that have excited the pity of judges accustomed to hearing of hardships. It is not uncommon to hear from the bench expressions of regret that the law does not permit the courts to do what is equitable between the government and the individual. The government's dishonesty is an evil which is generally felt, and but little understood. Occasionally the public hears of a case of hardship which awakens its compassion and excites its wrath, but the knowledge of the extent and character of the wrongs that are constantly done is very limited. It is not commonly known that if a collision occurs between a ship of war and the vessel of a private citizen, damages for the wrong of the government's officer are not granted as matter of right; that rent for ground forcibly occupied by troops is not readily paid; that the slightest deviation from a statute in making a contract will deprive a private citizen of his right to recover; that in many cases people who have been injured by public servants have not the right to demand recompense, but are humble suitors for charity; while as for a contract, he who makes one with the United States should have at his elbow a shrewd lawyer who is familiar with the statues of the federal Government, and with the tricks of those who administer them.

The treatment of the French spoliation claimants is not singular. There is hardly a debt before Congress that does not meet with opposition. Here is an instance of shameful treatment of a family that deserved well of its country, but that has been condemned to suffer from that peculiar species of insolent and brutal dishonesty which, among individuals, is the sign and mark of the most depraved of men. The conduct of the government toward the Meades is distressingly like that of the footpads of justice from whose high and mighty thieving Gil Blas was a sufferer.

Richard W. Meade was a rich contractor. Before the government of the United States made the treaty by which Florida was added to the possessions of the country, Meade had furnished supplies to the Spanish government, and was its creditor to the amount of $400,000. While the negotiations for the treaty were in progress, Meade objected strenuously to the proposition that the United States should be substituted as his debtor. He preferred to hold a claim against the foreign government, for he had very little faith in the honesty of his own. At that time the French spoliation claims were nearly twenty years old, and Meade did not want to undergo any such experience as had fallen to the lot of his neighbors and fellow-citizens who dwelt along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Georgia. His protestation, however, could not change the course of nations. The treaty was made. Spain was released from the claims of citizens of the United States, just as France had been nineteen years before. His own government became the debtor, and has since vindicated the soundness of his objection to accepting it as a debtor in the place of Spain.

Seventy years ago the United States assumed the debt which Spain owed to Meade, and it is still unpaid. The claimant spent his life in endeavoring to prevail upon the government to pay him, but without success. He died in 1828, nine years after the treaty was made, and had not received one cent of the amount. His widow took up the struggle where Meade dropped it with his life. For twenty-four years she stood at the doors of Congress and asked for justice. She could not get it. Several times bills providing for the payment of the debt were passed by one House of Congress, but failed in the other either for lack of time or votes. She died in 1852, not having received any part of the debt. Then the son took up the case, and tried to get the money that was due his father. He also failed. When the Court of Claims was established in 1854, he went before it with his petition, but in 1866 the court held that the case did not come within its jurisdiction. In the opinion which accompanied the judgment, however, the court employed this strong language:

"We feel most keenly the hardships that have attended and surrounded the case. The fruits of a laborious and successful life of a meritorious citizen, who honored the name of American merchant abroad, have been appropriated by the United States nearly fifty years ago. To this hour not a farthing's compensation has been made. He long since died, struggling to obtain from his country some recognition of his claim. His faithful wife pursued the same object for a quarter of a century longer, with that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, until the grave closed over her labors and disappointments. It has descended to their family, now rendered illustrious by the great and patriotic services of one of their sons, rendered to the country in the hour of her peril. That we cannot now award them what their father was entitled to forty-five years ago, is to us a matter of sincere regret."

This shameful case was taken up to the Supreme Court, and the decision of the court below was sustained. In a later case the Meade claim was again referred to: "The records of this court," said the opinion, "also show that within the present century an American citizen recovered a judgment against Spain in a Spanish tribunal to the very large amount of $373,879 88, and that he elected to retain Spain as his debtor when the decree was about to be transferred to and assumed by the United States, and that his choice was judicious, for, though thus transferred and assumed, the debt has never been paid." The debt is not only still due to the Meade family, but, apparently, there is not a person interested in its collection who believes that the United States will ever be honest enough to pay it.

The establishment of a Court of Claims was a recognition by Congress that the legislative branch of the government was not competent to perform judicial functions. It had proved itself incapable of determining the mutual relations of the parties to a contract, and therefore a new court was set up, and its jurisdiction extended over cases arising out of contracts, express or implied, or out of statutes which are in the nature of contracts whenever a private citizen becomes a creditor of the government under their provisions. Other cases are referred to the court, both by Congress and the heads of departments, in pursuance of general and special acts. In these cases the decision of the court governs the Executive, but it does not govern Congress. Its function, so far as the legislative branch of the government is concerned, is generally to find and report the facts. Congress pays the claims or not as it sees fit. The claims in the French spoliation cases were not paid, and that may be said of all the cases that have been referred to the court for findings of facts. Congress pays nothing, as a matter of course, except the judgments which the court is authorized to find on contracts or statutory claims. Even when judgments are rendered, the creditor is obliged to wait until Congress appropriates the money for their payment. There was for a time a general annual appropriation for the payment of judgments rendered by this court, but for several years the policy has been different, and specific appropriations are made for the judgments. This often adds a year to the time during which the government's creditor must wait for his money.

There is one class of cases that for many years have gone to the Court of Claims under a general law, no one of which has been paid, although thousands of dollars have been found due. They are the claims of loyal persons in the South for supplies furnished for the troops. Many of these people are farmers, or their widows and orphans, of West Virginia and East Tennessee. There is no doubt about their loyalty. Even if there was, the necessity of removing it has been put an end to by a Supreme Court decision, which declares that the General Amnesty Proclamation of 1868 took the place of all evidence. For nearly twenty-five years these poor people have been asking Congress to pay them for the property which was taken during the war for the sustenance of the Union troops. The court has reported the amounts that are due, but Congress after Congress, Republican as well as Democratic, has refused the compensation which all who are familiar with the claims know to be just. There is a case of record known as Mrs. Saffried's. This woman, a widow, loyal and enthusiastic, was rich, as wealth was counted in the agricultural regions of the border States. She was possessed of a farm large enough to sustain the troops that were camped near her for two years. She gave to the army everything that she owned. Not a thing remained to her. She was impoverished, and the government has never paid to her a dollar for what she gave its troops.

There is in the Treasury to-day more than $10,000,000, the proceeds of the sale of captured and abandoned property. The fund is held by the Supreme Court to be a trust fund for the owners of the property, and yet the Secretary of the Treasury will not pay it to any one without an act of Congress making the appropriation. The Court of Claims has found, time after time, that certain claimants are entitled to portions of it, but Congress will not pass a law authorizing the payment by the Secretary of the Treasury; nor will it enact a general law authorizing the payment pro rata from the fund of all judgments of this character which are rendered by the Court of Claims.

While we are upon the subject of the indebtedness of the government to Southern sufferers from the war, the recital of the case of the heirs of Dr. Nathan Fletcher will be interesting. Dr. Fletcher died in 1857, long before the breaking out of the war. He left a widow and five children. The widow and her children, who were all minors, lived through the war on the plantation which they had inherited. It was in Alabama, and on the banks of a river. There was an attempt made to impeach the loyalty of the lonely woman and her infants, but the effort failed. The nearest approach to proof that they were guilty of treason was some evidence showing that Union and Confederate wayfarers shared her hospitality. Occasionally relations of her dead husband, some of whom were in the Confederate service, visited Mrs. Fletcher to see how she was getting along in her struggle with the world. In October, 1864, the United States transport *Stone River* visited the plantation, and captured from this woman and her children thirty-two bales of cotton. The cotton was sold, and the amount found to be due to the claimants is $23,656 25. The proceeds of this property are in the Treasury. The widow is dead, and so are her eldest daughter and her husband, who left five dependent children. Congress refuses or neglects to pay this claim. Favorable reports do no good. The findings of the court accomplish nothing. The money is in the possession of the government, and the heirs of Dr. Fletcher are living on the charity of their relatives. The government holds on to the treasure just as insolently and dishonestly as the alguazils of Astorga and Valladolid held on to the property of Gil Blas in the outraged name of justice.

Among the victims of the government's injustice are very often the Indians, the so-called "wards of the nation." The Indians have been making contracts with the United States for nearly a century, and they have long realized what it is to be in the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous debtor. The contracts have usually related to changes of reservation. The tribes whose lands have been wanted by white settlers have been removed under promises of compensation, which have very frequently been broken. I am not now discussing the rascality of Indian agents, the imposition of bad food, insufficient supplies, and other outrages of which the parental government has been guilty. All that deserves a chapter to itself. This article is confined to the relation of illustrative and characteristic cases in which the government has refused to pay money actually due, and notwithstanding its boastful theory that it does no wrong, and will not pay interest because it is always ready to pay just demands upon it.

Very early in the century the Choctaws and the Chickasaws lived on rich lands in the South, east of the Mississippi River. The white men desired the lands, and the government undertook to secure the removal of the Indians. Negotiations were begun about 1830, and treaties were subsequently made in pursuance of which the tribes are now living peaceable and useful lives in the Indian Territory.

Treaties were made with the Chickasaws in 1832 and 1834, and the tribe was removed in 1837. Under the treaties the Indians were to receive the moneys derived from the sale of their lands in the South, a fund being established, with the government as trustee, for orphan and incompetent Chickasaws. All the details of the removal were carefully arranged by the Indians and their agents. They were to be conducted by persons selected by the "Great Father." In brief, in order to procure the land for those who had votes, the government was apparently willing to accede to any proposition that the Indians made. But no sooner was the removal completed than difficulties arose. On the settlement of accounts the Indians protested against items that amounted to more than $600,000. The Indians were to have gone by water, but some went by land. Simon Buckner, who provided the agreed-upon means of transportation, charged as if the whole tribe had gone to their new homes in his boats, and the Treasury officials paid him. The tribe had been obliged to pay the conductors of the emigration. There were other items of dispute, and among them, one of $56,000 which had been paid to one Gwin for services rendered as an attorney. Among other obligations assumed by the United States, it was agreed that the President should invest the proceeds of the sale of the Southern lands of the tribe in interest-bearing stocks or bonds. Some of the securities, however, defaulted, and Gwin was employed to collect the unpaid interest. His compensation was fixed at a large percentage of whatever amount he recovered. He was very successful in his efforts, and his fee, under his power of attorney, would have been so large that its payment by the agent of the Indians would have led to serious trouble with the tribe. In the course of his work he had discovered a claim against the government which had passed out of the recollection of the tribe. The "Great Father," in his paternal care for the welfare of the Indians, had sent them a lot of damaged provisions, and had appropriated for the purchase of this refuse a large sum of their money. In view of this, and to save himself and the agent the trouble of a contest with the chiefs, Gwin assented to surrender his claim for a fee under the first power of attorney, and accepted a new power to collect from the government the sum charged for the damaged provisions, with the agreement that he should receive for his compensation fifty per cent. of the sum obtained. After a sufficient and long struggle, Gwin recovered judgment, and his fee was paid by the government. When the tribe discovered this, it objected to its trustee's paying counsel for recovering from that trustee a sum of money which had been improperly collected for the spoiled provisions, and the Court of Claims sustained the Indians on this and other points, rendering judgment in 1887 for $240,165.

For fifty years after the removal of the Chickasaws the government refused to pay the claims which its own court finally decided to be just. In 1852, fifteen years after the debt occurred, the Secretary of the Interior was authorized to adjust the claims arising under the treaties of 1832 and 1834. The Secretary took his time, and leisurely submitted his report in 1883. Thirty-one years is a very long period to devote to the adjustment of claims, and it was not until four years after that that the court gave its decision, and intimated that Congress might very well depart from its usual custom of refusing to pay interest, in view of the stupendous folly, under all the circumstances, of insisting that the government can do no wrong, and is always ready to pay just debts.

The Choctaw case involved a larger sum of money than that of the Chickasaws. The treaty with them was entered into in 1830. It required a good deal of negotiation to induce the Choctaws to agree to move away from their old homes, and some intimidation. Even after the larger part of the tribe consented to go, the government was obliged to promise to give farms to those Indians who preferred to remain east of the Mississippi. When the arrangements had been completed, the government's agents began to cozen the nation's wards. The law prescribing the manner and time for selecting lands was disregarded, and so short a time was allowed that many of the Indians were unable to comply with the treaty. Worthless scrip was forced upon some of them under an act of Congress that was alleged to be for their relief. After the removal of the first Indians the government refused to pay the expenses of emigration of those who did not go with the main body, and declined to furnish them guns and ammunition, although under the agreement it had promised to bear these expenses. After the tribe had settled in its new home the United States straightened the boundary of Arkansas, and for that purpose calmly took some of the land that had been assigned to the Choctaws. Nothing could have been more disregardful of the common laws of honesty that govern the transactions of individuals than the conduct of the government toward both the Choctaws and the Chickasaws.

The amount of the claim of the former was $3,775,553. The issue had been referred to the Senate, again to the Executive Department, and finally, after it had been hanging along for nearly sixty years, to the Court of Claims. Some of the demands of the Indians were declared untenable, and in this and in the Chickasaw case the government undoubtedly profited by its own delay. It had refused for so many years to deal honestly and justly with the Indians that it was impossible for the petitioners to secure the evidence necessary to rebut the presumption that official acts are done honestly and in good faith. There were, of course, demands made in behalf of the tribe which were properly overruled, but enough sound causes of complaint remained to warrant the court in finding a substantial sum for the tribe. The court held that the Indians had been the victims of frauds practised by the agents of the United States; that they had received worthless scrip; that annuities were in arrears; that their land had been appropriated in the settlement of the boundaries of Arkansas; that interest had been withheld from them; and that the government had unjustly refused supplies and arms to some of the emigrants.

There could never have been any doubt in the mind of an honest officer of the government of the justice of these Choctaw and Chickasaw claims. The debts were as plainly due as the honest grocer's bill that was ever presented. The Indians were simply the victims of the indifference of the government to national honesty. It required in one case fifty, and in the other sixty years to secure an official recognition of what was well-informed persons, official and unofficial, knew to be the truth. These are not singular examples. Other facts that have been stated in the course of this article show that the Indians, on the whole, fared better than many of the white creditors of the United States. What adds to the contemptible character of these two cases is that a great and powerful country betrayed the trust which it had practically compelled the weaker people to accept. Whatever debts the United States had assumed were for a valuable consideration. We cannot help feeling a certain accession of shame in considering this miserable history, on account of the condition of the two parties to the contract. The debtor was so rich, the creditor so little, and the claims so entirely and unquestionably just, that it is impossible to escape the conclusion that, if the parties had been reversed, if the Indians had been the debtors, they would have been bullied into payment without any delay whatever.

In 1814 the brig *General Armstrong* was a privateer in the service of the United States. On the 26th of September of that year the brig was pursued into the neutral harbor of Fayal by three British men-of-war. She was manned by one hundred men, and was armed with seven guns. Her pursuers consisted of a seventy-four-gun ship, a frigate of forty-four guns, and a brig of eighteen guns. Against this small American vessel there was a fighting force of 156 guns and more than two thousand men.

During the night that followed the entrance of the vessels into the harbor the British commander undertook to capture the American. Two attacks with boats were made upon her, and each time the brig drove off her assailants with considerable loss. In the morning the attack was renewed by the British brig, which carried more than twice as many guns as the American, but the defence of the latter was so gallant and effective that the enemy's vessel was driven off disabled. The loss of the *Armstrong* was two killed and seven wounded; of the British 12 killed and ninety wounded. After the encounter with the brig, the commander of the *Armstrong*, seeing that further defence was impossible, scuttled and abandoned his vessel.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The fight made by the *Armstrong* was not only a brilliant episode, and one that added to the glory of the American navy, but its effect was of the utmost importance to the country. The British men-of-war that pursued the *Armstrong* and outraged the neutrality of Portugal by making the attack in the harbor of Fayal, were on their way to join Admiral Cochrane's squadron and the troops of Pakenham at Jamaica, for the purpose of making a secret attack upon New Orleans. The result of the week's delay for the repair of damages caused by the shot of the *Armstrong* defeated the design of the expedition.

The brig was lost in the harbor of a friendly power, and under the walls of its fort. Under all rules of international law, Portugal owed the owners of the vessel indemnity. For forty years the United States insisted that this indemnity should be paid. The Secretaries of State who recognized the validity of the claim were Monroe, Adams, Forsyth, Webster, Upshur, and Clayton. The Senate and House committees of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fifth Congresses made favorable reports upon it. In 1850 President Taylor made a peremptory demand for the settlement by Portugal of American claims, among them the claim of the owners and crew of the *General Armstrong*. The case was referred to Louis Napoleon, but the claim was practically surrendered by the government, the State Department refusing to submit the necessary evidence in its behalf. The French emperor decided against it, on the ground that he was in doubt as to whether the brig did not begin the attack.

After this decision the Foreign Committees of Congress reported in favor of the claim. The Court of Claims, which had once decided in its favor, now reversed its judgment on a technical ground, but a large majority of each House voted for a bill for the relief of the claimants, which failed on account of the lack of a quorum in the House of Representatives.

Some years afterward those who were much about the Capitol became familiar with Sam. C. Reid. He was the representative of the owners and crew of the *Armstrong*, most if not all of whom were dead. This persistent demander of the rights which had descended to him was apparently a man of moderate means. It was evident that the $70,000 which he sought was of great importance to him and the living whom he represented. Congress after Congress saw his petition go into the box, but it did not come back with a favorable report until Senator Pendleton became its advocate, and insisted that the government should pay this claim, whose validity it had recognized, but which it had abandoned for the purpose of securing other objects. It was nearly sixty-seven years after the *Armstrong* was destroyed before the Senate passed the bill which was finally to do justice to the descendants of the men who had lost their property in maintaining the honor of their country's flag. Even then one Senator objected to the claim because it was old —objected to the government's justice after so many years of its denial. And even then there was no thought of paying interest for that delay. The amount received for the *Armstrong* was precisely what should have been paid by Portugal more than sixty years before. Paying out the money at all was an admission that the debt was due from the United States at least twenty-five years before, but still the government insisted that as it was always ready to pay just debts, it would not pay interest.

From 1796 until the present time the government, in statutes and treaties, has guaranteed to Indians and settlers indemnity for mutual depredations. The consideration of the guarantee was the preservation of the peace on the border. In consequence of the promise of the government, the settlers have filed claims for millions of dollars, and not a cent has been paid. In 1888, ninety-two years after the passage of the first act guaranteeing payment for Indian depredations, the matter was referred to the Secretary of the Interior for a report. In a comparatively recent statute, it was provided that the sum paid for an indemnity by Indians should be deducted from the annuity of the tribe that was responsible. The Secretary found that if these debts had been paid by the tribes as they accrued, they would not have caused distress, but as the government had permitted them to accumulate until they amounted to millions, they would now swallow up all that was due or to be due for some time to come. In the mean time, the settlers whose property has been destroyed by the Indians have been waiting for the government to fulfil this promise, "The United States guarantee to the party injured an eventual indemnification." It must be apparent to the waiting creditor of the United States that the essential word in this sentence is "eventual."

In speaking of the attitude of the government toward general classes of its creditors, it will be well to state briefly some of the cases that have gone to the Treasury Department for settlement. Very often the Auditors and the Court of Claims have concurrent jurisdiction, and sometimes they have not. How the public creditors are at the mercy of the politics of small politicians can be shown by the recent experience of a class of creditors who have generally sought their remedy for the non-payment of their bills from the Auditors of the Treasury.

These people are vessel owners, who charter their boats to the government. The charter-parties contain the usual stipulation that the owner shall make all necessary repairs. Repairs are sometimes of such a character that the boat must lie up while they are being made, but as the hiring is for a certain fixed time, the rent runs notwithstanding the detention of the vessel. In almost every instance of this kind the owner has been obliged to go to the Auditor for the recovery of a disallowance in his bill for the time during which the boat has been laid up, and the disallowance has been set aside. Congress has never failed to appropriate the amounts found due, until the cases whose history I am now about to relate, the Secretary of the Treasury sending in a list with his annual estimates.

On the occasion to which I refer a political campaign was approaching, and the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was especially desirous of keeping down the aggregate of expenditures. Therefore, without reason and against precedent, he threw out the whole list of claims of this character which the Treasury Department had decided to be due. The election being over, the same chairman at the following session of Congress innocently inquired of the Treasury Department for a list of the claims for which appropriations had not been made at the preceding session. He ought to have known without inquiry, and he doubtless did know. The Secretary of the Treasury, of whom the request was made, referred it to the Comptroller, and here enters one of the most mighty of self-made potentates who has anything whatever to do with our simple republic. In his time he has refused to obey the orders of the President or any of his Cabinet, and has intimated that while he bows to a decision of the Supreme Court, he does so simply because of his lawyer's reverence for that tribunal, and not because he must. In this instance the Comptroller was asked for a list of these claims, which went unpaid because a political party desired to make a false record for economy. He was simply called upon to give a list, but the great new man who occupied the office also desired a reputation for economy, consequently he reviewed the decisions of his predecessors, and, overturning precedent and all the rules of maritime law by which courts of justice are governed, decided that these claims were not due. In his opinion he made the statement that new evidence had been discovered. He mentioned no new evidence, and in the papers, as they went to the Secretary, the reversal was determined upon the same evidence that governed the Auditors in reaching an opposite conclusion. The attorney for the claimants, thinking to catch the Comptroller in his own trap, wrote a letter asking for this new evidence, but the Comptroller paid no attention to the request beyond filing the letter containing it. He had simply deliberately cheated the claimants, and had told a falsehood as an excuse for his dishonesty.

A railroad company had for years been defrauding the government. A man having knowledge of the fact wrote to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in 1871, asking as to the reward that would be paid for his information. In answer he received a circular, issued under authority of law, offering fifty per cent. on the first $500 of any penalty recovered through the aid of his testimony, forty per cent. on the next $1500, etc. Acting on this, he furnished the information, and became a witness for the government. Forty-six suits were begun against the railroad, and all were finally compromised by the payment of more than $15,000. When the informer applied for his percentage, he was coolly informed that, pending the controversy, the moiety law had been repealed. He had expended his own money while he was attending the courts as a witness for the government, and was very poor. He sued in the Court of Claims, but that court decided that it had no jurisdiction. He applied to Congress, but relief was denied him. Finally he died in great want and poverty, having waited twelve years in vain for the government to pay him in accordance with its agreement. His widow and heirs renewed his application to the Treasury, and obtained for the first time a certificate that the man was really the informer in the case. Another suit was brought in the Court of Claims, and judgment was recovered. The government, however, did not cease to fight the claim. It appealed to the Supreme Court, and there the judgment was affirmed. The amount due was finally paid, but of course without interest.

An Indian trader in Dakota was requested by the Indian agent to furnish the Indians on the Reservation with some supplies to save them from impending starvation. The corn planted by them in the season of 1866 had been a failure, in consequence of its destruction by grasshoppers; the distribution made in the summer of 1866 by the government had been exhausted, and there were about 2500 Indians dependent upon the few hundred dollars in the hands of the agent. The Indian agent assured the trader that if he would advance the supplies he would see that the government paid him. The trader advanced the supplies, without which the Indians would have died of starvation. He put in a bill for some ten thousand dollars for what he had furnished, consisting of flour, coffee, sugar, and bacon. The Indian Office raised technical objections. A bill for the trader's relief passed one House or another of Congress, but failed to get through both Houses at the same session of any one Congress. Finally the case was referred to the Court of Claims, which sustained the claim. But somehow or other this claim still hangs fire in Congress, although favorably reported.

In 1877 Congress passed an act appropriating $375,000 to pay the arrears due mail contractors for services rendered in the Southern and border States just previous to the outbreak of the late rebellion. The money was thus appropriated by Congress, the proofs were furnished, and these contractors, many of them impoverished by the war, and needing the long deferred payments, confidently expected that their debts would soon be settled; but just as the money seemed to be forth-coming, a circular was issued which stated that no claims would be paid until all of them were filed, and as the law placed no limitation on the date of filing claims, the circular was an indefinite postponement of the settlement of the claims. Up to this date, twelve years afterward, not one of the claims has ever been paid by the Treasury Department, notwithstanding the positive mandate of Congress to that effect. A few, indeed, have recovered through judgments of the Court of Claims; but these have been mainly large railroad corporations, which kept books enabling them to meet the strict requirements of proof in a court of law, while nearly all the small contractors on the stage and horseback routes have failed to recover a single cent.

These are but a few of the tales that might be told of the government's unjust and dishonest treatment of its creditors, but they are sufficient to suggest to any one of ordinary powers of imagination the countless hardships and tragedies of which the nation must have been guilty. The story is not a pleasant one, but it is necessary, if there is to be any improvement of our morals, that we ought to learn that a government, like its citizens, should be subject to the courts of law, and that mean and blind dishonesty is the result of the false boast that the government can do no wrong, and is always ready to pay its just debts.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

GOLDEN-ROD.

Is the still field its glory we behold—
Stretching away it seems a sun-kissed sea,
Laving with glamoured beauty hill and lea,
When calm September's smiling zephyr stoled.
By the wood edge, with light waves o'er it rolled,
It idly flames in undulations free,
In lovely miniature an autumn tree,
When the wind rustles in its flakes of gold.
When the leaf's curled and colored by the cold,
When the frost sparkles on the ripened quince,
And from the stubble pipes the merry quail—
Then in September's beauty we behold
In all his graceful majesty the prince
Turned to a flower in a fairy tale.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE GRANT MONUMENT DESIGNS.

THE sub-committee in whose charge was left the discovery of a design proper for a monument to General Grant at Riverside Park, New York city, has not been at all hasty in its action, and has taken commendable care to protect itself from disaster. Five of the designs, from about sixty-five submitted to experts, are figured here, not as certainly those to which prizes were assigned, but as examples of the better class of designs submitted. Time for submission of designs was extended from November 1, 1888, to January 2, 1889, and the experts appointed were Professors Ware, of Columbia, and Wolf, of the College of New York, together with the architects Renwick, George B. Post, Le Brun, and Ware. Owing to clause fifteen in the printed circular to artists, architects, and sculptors, the names of the prize men are withheld by the Grant Monument Association, and these designs are published merely in the interests of public demand for some knowledge of what is being done to furnish for the remains of General Grant a monument befitting his fame and the city where he chose to have his final resting-place.

The fifteenth clause reads: "In the event of inviting a new competition, none of the designs submitted, awarded prizes or otherwise, will be shown to any other competitor or to the public." Two points will be noted in this regard: one, that the clause expressly intimates that the selection by experts of any one design as the best does not bind the association to accept that as the plan for the monument; the other, that these designs now published do not emanate from any member of the association, or from the experts, but are furnished from another source over which these gentlemen have no control. These designs are published on the responsibility of HARPER'S WEEKLY, no names being mentioned, and no artist or committeeman being responsible therefor. The publication of a wild design that emanates from an amateur, and may possibly influence a number of people who think nothing has been done to approach a conclusion in this matter, is the reason for this premature appearance. It is fair to argue that no harm can come thereby to the authors of these plans, and that their appearance will prove that we already have a handful of designs which, however imperfect and inadequate they are, present some features which raise each and all above the level of the scheme outlined by General Vielé in the daily papers.

Designs were solicited for a structure to cost $300,000, to be of architecture and sculpture combined, and in material granite, with a latitude as regards the sculpture, permitting the latter to be made of bronze. Five were to be selected by experts, and the following prizes were to be awarded their authors, whereupon the designs were to become the absolute property of the association: First, $1500; second, $1000; third, $500; fourth, $300; and fifth, $200. The experts considered the ground-plans and elevations, plaster models, and estimates of cost during the months of March, April, May, and June. The five considered the best were then submitted to the sub-committee, which consisted of Messrs. S. L. M. Barlow, A. B. Cornell, Charles N. Taintor, and Charles H. Woodman. The sub-committee, which has lost since then one of its most capable members, has not as yet taken action in the matter.

Inaction at this juncture is, perhaps, hardly to be deplored, for even supposing that the five here given are only representative of the better sort of submitted designs and not absolutely those chosen, it is apparent that the Grant Monument Association is laboring under the same difficulties that attend other organizations of the kind so far as eliciting designs from architects of high attainments. But there is good reason to believe that these are the prize winners. There is not a single one here for which something might not be said in praise. D. O. M., an architect emulous of the Washington shaft at the national capital, who places angels with trumpets 500 feet aloft at the four corners of the shaft, has given a certain grace to his towering pile. The details of approaches are poverty-stricken and mean, however, and there is this criticism to make on its adornments generally: whereas the absolute sobriety of the Washington shaft makes up for its lack of beauty of line, and in the long-run impresses the beholder with a sense of steadfastness and immensity, this design loses those advantages by its half-hearted ornamentation. But there is an objection to it implied in the very comparison. Washington having its shaft and Boston its Bunker Hill Monument, New York should not indulge in commonplace and seek to get a little higher obelisk, even if it were designed by a master.

This criticism is unfortunately fatal also to "Let us have peace," a mausoleum which may be said to be an improvement on the Garfield Monument in Ohio. It is a sturdy design of a Roman type, which has the restful quality that inheres in many broad spaces of masonry untormented by windows or ornaments. The broad cove of the roof and simple hexastyle porch, the severe lower building enriched with a broad frieze below the cornice, are in excellent taste; while the four groups of statuary display themselves well at the four angles of the roof against the plain round of the upper structure. The latter is broken in a dignified way by the colonnade of the belvedere, loggia, or upper porch running round the circular building below the eaves, where presumably the designer intends that the number of the columns shall coincide with the number of States in the Union. If one of the five must be accepted, this meets best the need for solidity and sobriety in a mausoleum.

Far more elaborate is "1822," a monument which displays a sarcophagus below the arch and upon the broad lintel of the entrance. Much knowledge has gone to the making of this design, but its fronts are too much broken, and its shape as a whole is unsatisfactory. A constant change of decorative design frets one, and the feeling cannot be repressed that what is yet more wanting to the monument is a strong central idea in the artist's own mind. Even if such trivial things as the sword and buckler be removed from the key-stone of the entrance arch, if we suppress some of the bronze seated figures, and in other ways simplify the externals, there remains a cove which is not well balanced in its several parts. What the difficulty is cannot be said off-hand, but perhaps it lies in the relative slenderness of the cupola or belvedere, and the triviality of its superincumbent urn, which throws the upper structure out of proportion with the lower.

Concerning the fourth monument, "Sword and Laurel," a square tower with an equestrian Grant on a pedestal buttress that looks like a truncated companion tower, there is little to say. All the pleasing effect of a simple tower's unbroken shaft is wrecked by bands and shields, in the ordinary fashion of obelisks that are dear to the heart of the sexton. The tower is a light-house decorated in the worst of taste, and crowned by a statue. The pedestal for the statue is raised out of all



INFORMED.

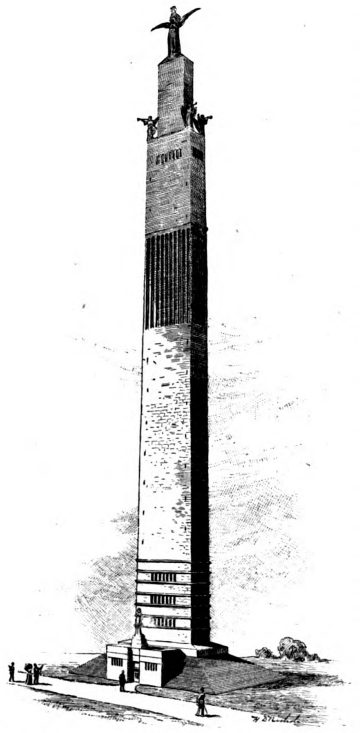
"You need not move, mum, we'll have to stand on this tack some time—dead beat to windward."

"Which is windward, Captain?"

"Up here on our weather side."

"Oh! well, I never knew what a dead beat was before. I see now; it's the fellow that's beating us."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"D. O. M."
SUGGESTED FIFTH PRIZE DESIGN FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT.

proportion, in order to bring the horse and rider against a comparatively unfretted part of the tower. It is only necessary to say, however, that the statue, which seems to be the key of the design, could not be seen properly from most points of the compass.

Finally, "One Country" has also Roman antecedents, but not Roman of the classical period. The barrel vault, with circular apse behind, and low square tower superimposed; the pediment chopped out to hold the plinth of a statue of Victory; the colonnades right and left, ending in small open wings crowned by urns (not shown in the illustration); the shields before animated groups of statuary right and left of the arch, belong to the second phase of the Renaissance in Italy, and should be crowned by figures in the style of Bernini. The equestrian Grant, detached and standing on its own tall pedestal before the arch, is by another artist, not the architect of the building. There is much cleverness in both parts; architect and sculptor know their craft, and within the limits hinted they show uncommon skill and taste. One might ask that profound alterations should be made in the square tower bearing the urn; it is too squat. But the colonnaded wings have a sumptuous, expansive air, and the idea of placing the statue before the dark shade under the arch is a good one, without following too closely any one precedent. It may be urged, on the other hand, however, that the whole spirit of this able design is foreign to our country, and especially to the character of General Grant.

The order in which these five designs are said on good authority, to have received prizes are as follows: "1822" takes the first prize, $1500; "Let us have Peace" takes the second, $1000; "Sword and Laurel" has the third, $500; "One Country" is probably the fourth, $300; while the fifth prize, $200, goes to "D. O. M." As we have seen, it is the second prize winner, not the first, who shows most understanding of what is needed for a monument to a rough and taciturn soldier.

In considering the proper monument, if one were only to think of the character of the man commemorated, the best thing possible would be a perfectly plain, an even ugly, castle, such as still exists in Scotland, where the name of Grant abounds. But such fanciful things are of course beside the question. What would have suited General Grant's plain and practical temperament better than anything else, would be a grand building for use, not a mausoleum—a museum rather than a tomb. This should be the objective of the Grant Monument Association, while the tomb proper might be put in a subordinate position, like that of Napoleon at the Invalides, which is in a crypt dimly lit, like that of a saint, but not exposed to the glare of day or gas. If this building were a museum and in charge of military, if it were the head-quarters of the army, without being either arsenal or fort, there would then be a concentration of fit ideas, men, and objects on that one spot, which would prove valuable in many ways, uniting beauty and use in a perfectly dignified manner. Indeed, the usefulness of such a monument would lend it a further dignity which a merely decorated tomb could not attain. It is fair to assume that no one of these plans will be accepted.

Would it not be well for the association to come to a conclusion that the best monument to Grant is a beautiful Museum of Military Relics, to which the tomb would form, as it were, the heart, but not the predominant or externally visible feature?



THE LATE WILKIE COLLINS.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

RAILROAD RATES.

IF there is any stock jobbery in the manipulation of Western railroad rates, those who are engaged in it are failing of their purpose. The license that the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company has given to its branch line to St. Paul has not yet been revoked, and in consequence the abnormally low rates that it has established between that centre and Chicago are slowly affecting the price of transportation in other and important directions where the principle involved in the C., B., and Northern case should not be applied. Still it is just about as rational for interior local rates to be affected by lake and rail competition as it is for the C., B., and Northern Company to try to meet that competition. Fortunately the influence of the rates referred to has been thus far pretty successfully limited. None of the Eastern trunk-line systems have paid any attention to the efforts of the C., B., and Quincy management to demoralize the railroad business of the country. The Lehigh Valley Company, which has no direct connection with Chicago, has quoted a through rate from the seaboard to St. Paul *via* Chicago, based on the C., B., and Northern's schedule, but it is for a combination of lake and rail service. Besides there is now a probability that it will be withdrawn. Nor have the competitors of the C., B., and Northern adopted its rate on through business, though they have met its figures on local traffic. As indicating the unprofitable character of the through rate, it may be noted that it is hardly seven mills per ton per mile, whereas the average rate of the entire railroad system of the country last year was about 9⅞ mills per ton per mile, and the statistician of the Inter-State Commerce Commission estimates the average cost of carrying freight at about 6½ mills per ton per mile. But the particular rate we are discussing is on the highest class of freight, which is not only expensive to handle, but the damages that are incidental to the handling of it are much larger than on any other class of traffic. On local traffic the C., B., and Northern's rate on first-class freight is equal to 1.856 cents per ton per mile, which is somewhere near a fair charge. This rate the other roads running between Chicago and St. Paul have adopted. A few comparatively unimportant roads to the southeast of Chicago have posted the C., B., and Northern rates in connection with their own—a piece of foolishness they are likely to regret. The menace in this condition of affairs consists of the advantage that shippers and State Railroad Commissions are liable to try to reap by insisting upon the general adoption throughout the West of C., B., and Northern rates.

Not only has the stock-market ignored that menace, but it has done what very few of those interested in it seem to have done, namely, accepted the more active demand for money as evidence of a larger employment of capital—that is, of increasing activity in general business. The rates for call loans on the Stock Exchange have for some days past ruled at about the legal rate, with exceptional transactions above that figure. Yet there has been no lack of funds, nor have the market values of securities suffered. The mercantile community seems to be well supplied with funds, having availed itself of the recent relaxation in the money market, caused by larger bond purchases, to secure needed accommodations, so that little apprehension of stringency is felt in that quarter. Wall Street betrays little anxiety regarding money, because the offerings of United States bonds to the Secretary of the Treasury have, since money became active, been sufficient to prevent any serious accumulation in the Treasury. Altogether the money market is working as satisfactorily as could be expected. An equally good demand for money in London has kept the rates for sterling exchange from shading in our favor, though the volume of our exports is now steadily increasing.

The two influences that have been noted have resulted in a certain amount of discrimination in the market for securities, that resulted yesterday in a sharp break in the price of the certificates of the Sugar Trust and in the stock of the bankrupt Atchison Railroad Company. It is becoming clearer every day that the overbuilt Atchison system will have to be reorganized financially as well as physically. The argument against the Sugar Trust is that it is likely to receive the first shock of what seems to be an impending attack in Congress on organizations of its class. The manner of dealing with it by a revision of the tariff is plain. As a whole, the Stock Exchange markets have stood up against a number of adverse developments remarkably well. The large holders of securities are manifestly unwilling to sell them at current quotations. They see, both in bank exchanges and in railroad traffic returns, evidence that large crops and a suspension of railroad building are likely to increase the value of their holdings. They also have cumulative evidence of the progress that is constantly being made in the management of corporate property. Among the recent developments in that direction are the driving out of an incompetent board of officials from the control of the Columbus, Hocking Valley, and Toledo Railroad, and the success of the Northern Pacific directors in modifying Mr. Henry Villard's somewhat enthusiastic but seemingly unsafe views relative to the financiering of that company. Altogether the confidence that is being reflected in Wall Street seems to be warranted, but it must expect some hard knocks before the conditions that hopeful people expect are realized.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, September* 28, 1889.

BREATHING THE GERMS OF DISEASE.

To inhale the germs of disease with their daily breath is the fate of denizens of malaria-scourged localities everywhere. The endemic atmospheric poison may, however, be reft of its venom and rendered innoxious by a defensive use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This pre-eminently safe and effective remedy and safeguard not only eradicates the disease when developed, but enables the system to safely brave its assaults. Every physical function is confirmed in or restored to regularity, the circulation quickened if sluggish, and a bilious habit, which of itself begets a proneness to both intermittent and remittent types of malarial disease, where extrinsic atmospheric causes exist, powerfully counteracted by this inimitable fortifying and defensive agent, which has, moreover, none of the disagreeable characteristics of a drastic cathartic or an alkaloid. Fever and ague, dumb ague and ague cake, and the *calentura* of the Isthmus, are conquered by it surely, pleasantly. Rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, kidney and bladder troubles, constipation, and indigestion yield to it.—[*Adv.*]

HALF-RATES TO THE NATIONAL CAPITAL VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

APART from a Presidential inauguration, no more brilliant event has ever occurred in Washington than the triennial conclave of Knights Templar from October 8th to 11th, 1889. Every three years this event attracts the attention of the country to some city, but for many years past Western cities have enjoyed the honor. Washington is now the favored point, and it may well be said that no city in the world is better adapted to such a purpose. Wide avenues, hedged by handsome buildings, form a background for a grand spectacular display that cannot be surpassed in America. It will be a gala week in the Capital, and thousands of people will go to witness it.

In order that every inducement may be offered, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will reduce its rates to Washington on this occasion by one half. This company will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all ticket stations on its lines, October 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, valid for return until October 31st, 1889, at *one fare for the round trip.*

On the return trip a stop-off, within the limit, will be allowed at Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Elmira, Emporium, and Corry, according to the route of the traveller.

Agents will furnish specific rates on application.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S LIQUID BREAD is a pure malt extract of delightful taste and flavor. Sold by all grocers and druggists. Should be in every family.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP is recommended by physicians as being the best skin Soap made. 25 cents. Druggists, or Box 2148, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

THE best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

A DOCTOR'S bill is seldom less than five dollars, and this doesn't include the cost of filling prescriptions. One dollar purchases a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, in nine cases out of ten, is all the medical treatment needed. Try it, and save your money for a rainy day.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines, 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

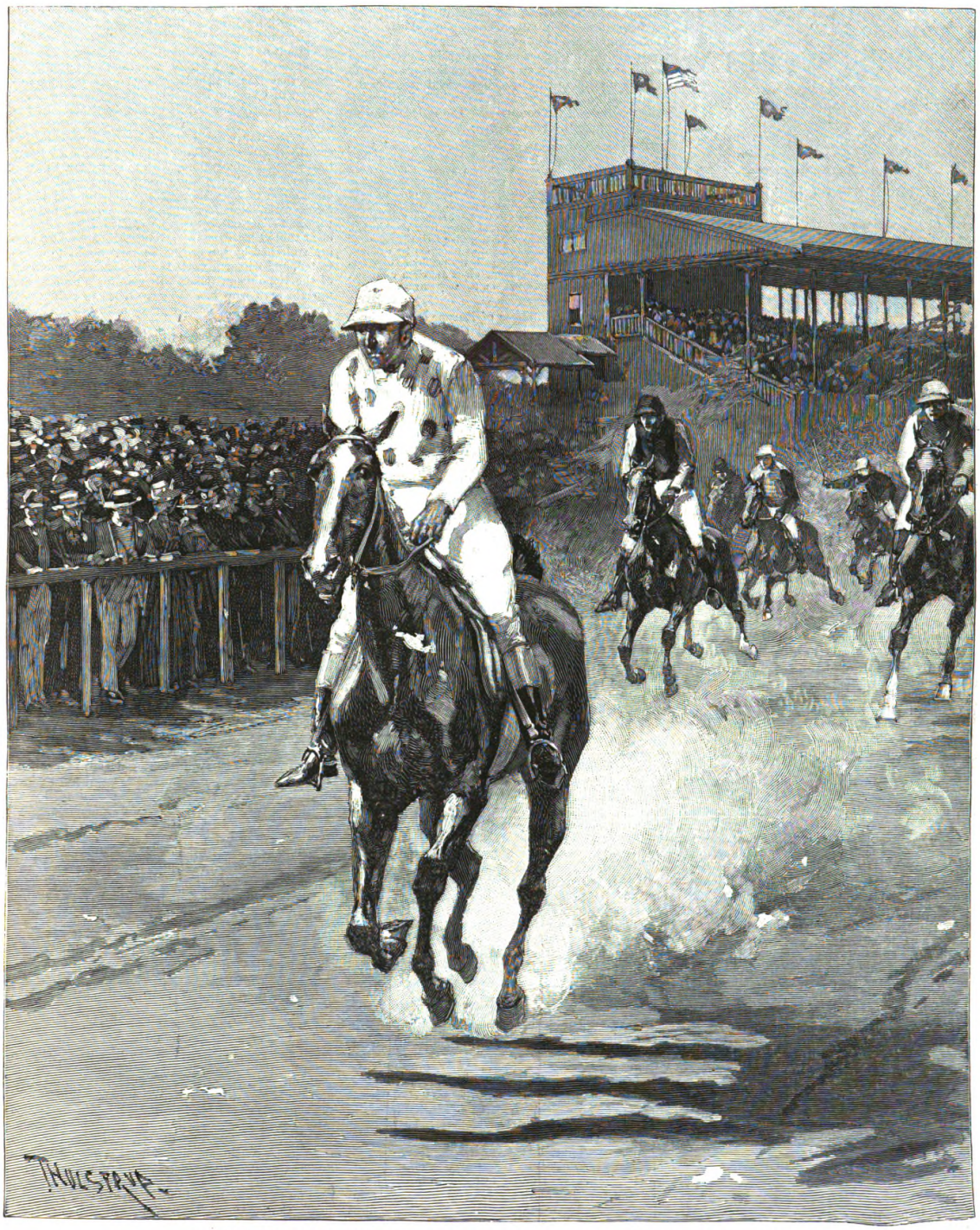
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1712.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



ON THE RACE-TRACK—A HANDICAP FOR ALL AGES.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 815.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is 'a joy forever' to the young."—*N. Y. Sun.*
"We cannot commend it too highly."—*The Christian Union.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for October 8th contains the fourth instalment of "The Red Mustang," by WILLIAM O. STODDARD, *with an illustration by* H. F. FARNY; *the sixth part of "A Day in Wayland," by* R. K. MUNKITTRICK, *in which this amusing and wonderful tale is brought to a close; and short stories by* MARY E. WILKINS *and* DAVID KER.

The principal illustration is one of J. G. BROWN'S *genre pictures, entitled "Chums."*

"An Owl Romance" is a song, with music by J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB, *and words by* MARION FAIRLAMB. *"The Last Look" is a poem by* MARGARET VANDEGRIFT, *accompanying a picture by* JESSIE SHEPHERD.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE PER YEAR, POSTAGE FREE, $2 00.
A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1712.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

THE National Civil Service Reform League is composed of the various reform associations in the country, and at its annual meeting, besides considering various branches of the general question, it surveys the condition and prospects of the reform movement. The membership of the League is drawn from all parties, and it is an absolutely non-partisan body. At the last national election both the Republican and Democratic candidates were supported by members of its General and Executive committees. Some who had voted for Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, unwilling to condone what they held to be his betrayal of reform, voted for Mr. HARRISON in 1888. Others, notwithstanding his failures, holding that under all the circumstances nothing was likely to be gained for reform by Mr. CLEVELAND'S defeat, voted for him. But this difference of view as to the better alternative for reform at the election produced no kind of break in the co-operation of sincere friends of reform after the election. Nor has the fact of supporting Mr. HARRISON at the polls confused the judgment of honest reformers upon the course of the administration in fulfilling the promises of the platform and the pledges of the successful candidate. At the annual meeting last week in Philadelphia there was a perfectly free and frank expression of views, and the declaration of the League is undoubtedly an expression of the views generally held by the great body of citizens who are honestly and earnestly interested in reform in itself, and not as a cry to secure a partisan advantage. The declaration is moderate in tone, understating rather than overstating the truth, making no assertion which is not susceptible of proof, and expressing no opinion which the facts do not justify.

The League holds that political corruption is the immediate peril of the government, and that it is greatly fostered by the prostitution of the power of appointment and removal to mere partisan ends. This practice offers the vast emoluments of the civil service as a bribery fund to the successful party at every national election. This is a fund, at a low estimate, of more than fifty millions of dollars, and to abolish such a system of bribery would be to take the first step toward the arrest of the flood of corruption. The spoils system is a form of public approval of bribery, and while that continues with general consent, when one of the chief offices in administration is given, not as a recognition of public eminence or of public service, but as a reward for raising money to be used corruptly in the election, it is not to be supposed that honesty will be regarded as the first condition of political advancement. The paper read at the annual meeting by Mr. BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, upon the moral aspect of the reform movement was one of the ablest, most lucid, and conclusive expositions ever made of the fundamental principle of civil service reform. It was very brief, but it was so striking and unanswerable, resistlessly lifting the question to its true elevation, that it was received with enthusiasm, and will be issued immediately as a document for general circulation.

Consideration of Mr. BONAPARTE'S paper will show the most sceptical observer the explanation of the fact that despite the hostility of party machines and trading politicians, despite broken pledges and promises, official failures and surrenders, the reform sentiment advances steadily. The explanation is the moral basis of the movement. Its principle is that to use a public trust or office as a bribe or a reward is essentially immoral. It is not a question upon which among honorable men there can be a difference of opinion. There cannot be two opinions as to the right or wrong of cheating at elections, and the spoils system is merely a means of electoral corruption. Upon this point honest men can no more differ than upon the evils of intemperance. They may not agree that competitive examinations or a fixed tenure of office are the best means of correcting corruption. That is a question of method, and therefore of expediency. But that corruption should be corrected is not debatable. The principle of the reform is thus essentially moral. But its methods are questions not of principle, but of expediency. The most intelligent and patriotic sentiment of the country is constantly more widely and deeply persuaded of the evils which the reform movement would correct, and therefore its prosperous progress is assured.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THE conference of American nations has begun. But no event involving the possibilities of large results ever aroused in advance less general attention. The assembly has been regarded with much more interest and even curious anticipation in Europe than in this country. It seems to be the European apprehension that there will be a commercial union of the North and South American states which will practically exclude other countries. The chief organ of the government in Austria says:

"Europe ships a large part of its manufactures to South America, and our own Austrian producers well know the value of their Brazilian and Argentine customers, who purchase their china, glass, paper, fancy goods, shoes, and other articles exported to those countries. If those ports should be closed to us by tariff rates as high as those of the United States, a large part of our workmen, and a still larger part of German, French, and English laboring-men, would be in danger of losing their employment. There is, therefore, every reason for reflecting seriously regarding this matter, and for not dismissing it as being too far removed. It would be a serious loss to Europe if the politicians of Washington should succeed in uniting the whole American continent, not in a single free territory, but in a territory surrounded by insurmountable customs barriers."

The commercial interests of Europe are said by a prominent American diplomat to be hostile to the Congress, and to be endeavoring to prejudice it in the public opinion of Europe. That this is not an improbable statement is shown by a remark of Dr. VELARDE, one of the delegates from Bolivia, who, in an interview upon his arrival, said:

"What Bolivia desires is the early development of her mines and agricultural resources. Our gold, silver, tin, and copper deposits are equal to any in the world. Our trade is monopolized by the British, and everything they do not want to see developed is dwarfed. They particularly oppose the working of our tin mines, because England has one of the principal deposits from which the world for centuries has been supplied. Our commerce is capable of far greater development than it has ever had. The United States enjoys but little of it. You might have nearly the whole of it if your merchants could obtain from your government the proper conditions in reciprocity with ours. We pray for the introduction into our country of North American energy and business methods."

South American energy and industry, two things which have been hitherto supposed not to exist, have made a very great impression at the Paris Exposition. The advantages of a commercial connection with the country have been made more evident than ever to the European mind, and the vision of a great American protective federation is naturally disturbing to it. We have hitherto mentioned the subjects proposed for consideration at the Congress. A system of uniform weights, measures, and coinage, an inter-state court of arbitration for disputes among American powers, a uniform tariff of customs duties, are the elements of an international alliance which would be an extraordinary power. But sentiment will play a very minor part in the conclusions of the conference, and there has been so little apparent interest in the Congress here, and so little important expression of public opinion, that our delegates may feel that they hardly comprehend just what the country desires or expects. But one fact must be borne constantly in mind: to be mutually advantageous, trade between countries must be reciprocal. Products pay for products. If we exclude the products of other countries, we prevent trade. It is certainly true that we must extend our markets. We cannot consume our own supplies, and the way to open markets is to promote trade. But to promote trade, we must facilitate it. These are familiar truisms. But they are necessary to remember as the Congress assembles.

The significant proposition for the Congress is that of a uniform American tariff. This would establish an American commercial alliance, and the intention is undoubtedly—if the subject has been much considered—to extend over the South American states the benign influence of our protective system, and to make the whole American continent one commercial country. The discussion of such a scheme would be interesting in the highest degree. There is, of course, no sentimental relation whatever between the North American republic and the South American states growing out of the fact that they are all American. The Brazilian and the Chilian and the Peruvian and the citizens of the Central American communities are much more strange to us than most Europeans. But the remark of Dr. VELARDE throws a great deal of light upon the situation. The commercial relations of South America with Europe are not satisfactory. The circumstances open to us an opportunity of reciprocity which may be mutually beneficial. Now that the South American delegates are actually here, and are now travelling on a tour of observation through this country, we may hope when the Congress reassembles for better knowledge of the condition and disposition of our southern neighbors than we have ever possessed.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

THE New York Democratic Convention was so largely a body assembled only to register the edicts of Governor HILL, and its action was so plainly forecast, that its proceedings have no other significance than as an illustration of the ascendency of the Governor over his party in the State. That may be to many Democrats a most disagreeable, but it is certainly an undeniable fact. It is one of great significance also, for it leaves little prospect of Democratic action in the State which will strengthen the party in the minds of sober and intelligent citizens. The importance of New York in a national election is so great that Democratic leaders who are looking forward will be apt to base calculations upon the probability of Governor HILL'S continued control in the State.

The popular vote in November will probably be small. Many Republicans will not vote for the party ticket because they do not wish to ratify Mr. PLATT'S "primacy," and the same feeling in regard to the dominance of Governor HILL will withhold many Democratic voters from the polls. But as a Legislature and State officers will be elected, it seems to be clear that at least the two Democratic candidates who are smirched by the ceiling scandal ought to be defeated, and whoever votes for Mr. GILBERT, the head of the Republican ticket, will vote for a thoroughly upright man who has had experience in public life. There will be undoubtedly great independence at the polls.

The Democratic Convention in Massachusetts was notable for the late eminent Republicans who took part in it. President ELIOT, of Harvard, Colonel HIGGINSON, and RICHARD H. DANA were among the Vice-Presidents, and SHERMAN HOAR among the active delegates. The spirit of the Convention seems to have been that of the Republicans thirty years ago—a spirit of honest conviction and progress. The face of the Convention, to use a phrase of Senator HOAR, was turned toward the morning. Its candidate for the Governorship is Mr. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, who was the candidate of last year, renominated by acclamation. The platform declares strongly and at length for tariff revision. The Republicans are condemned for their broken pledges of reform, but the platform contains no declaration of its own upon the subject. The Massachusetts branch of the Democratic party is obviously very different from the New York branch.

THE COMEDY OF HARMONY.

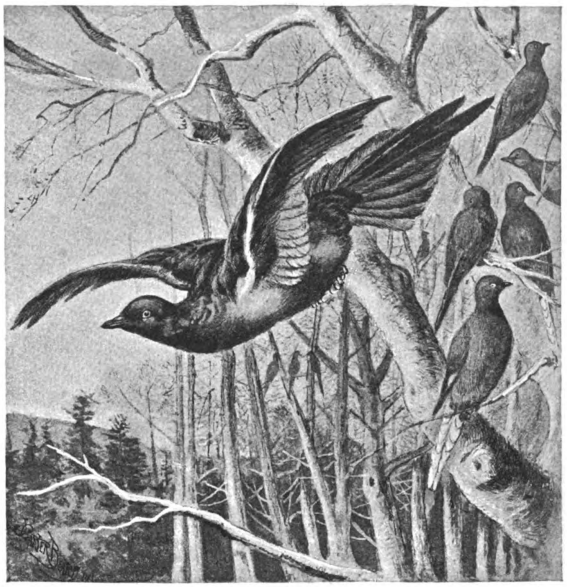
THERE was an irresistible air of comic opera politics about the late Republican Convention in New York, and a certain artless innocence which, in "practical politicians," was very engaging. The great disappointment of Mr. WARNER MILLER and his friends under the HARRISON administration is well known, and the President's picturesque description of Mr. MILLER after his defeat last year, as lying where he fell outside the breastworks, is a current jest. Mr. WANAMAKER'S gushing declaration of love for Mr. MILLER'S prostrate and exposed form added to the public stock of harmless pleasure. But it could hardly have atoned to Mr. MILLER and his friends for the towering triumph of Mr. PLATT, who was not visible near the breastworks during the tremendous assault which occasioned Mr. MILLER'S recumbent position. Although an older ex-Senator than Mr. MILLER, and, so far as we know, without a single public service to point to, Mr. PLATT has been made the agent of the Presidential power, while the President has contented himself with a picturesque expression of sympathy for Mr. MILLER in his disabled condition. That the wrath of Mr. MILLER'S friends has been great, and that the desire to "get even with TOM PLATT" has been even a more active emotion with them than the desire to promote the success of the great party of liberty and humanity, is matter of common knowledge.

The Convention was at hand, and again Mr. PLATT swept the board and carried the delegates. Then a cloud of the size of a man's hand appeared on the party horizon. Mr. MILLER was very much engaged and could not attend the Convention. Mr. DEPEW had just returned from Europe, forbade free passes to "the boys," and would not attend the Convention. The ingenious and ingenuous Mr. PLATT was not dismayed. Upon an intimation that Mr. DEPEW'S absence meant discontent with the administration, and a rumored request from Mr. PLATT'S President that he would sacrifice himself, Mr. DEPEW appeared in the Convention. Then, upon a significant representation that the party could have no further use for a defeated and disappointed candidate who sulked, Mr. MILLER appeared in the Convention. Then the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WOOD-DUCKS—MALE, FEMALE, AND YOUNG.



THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

FOUR AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.

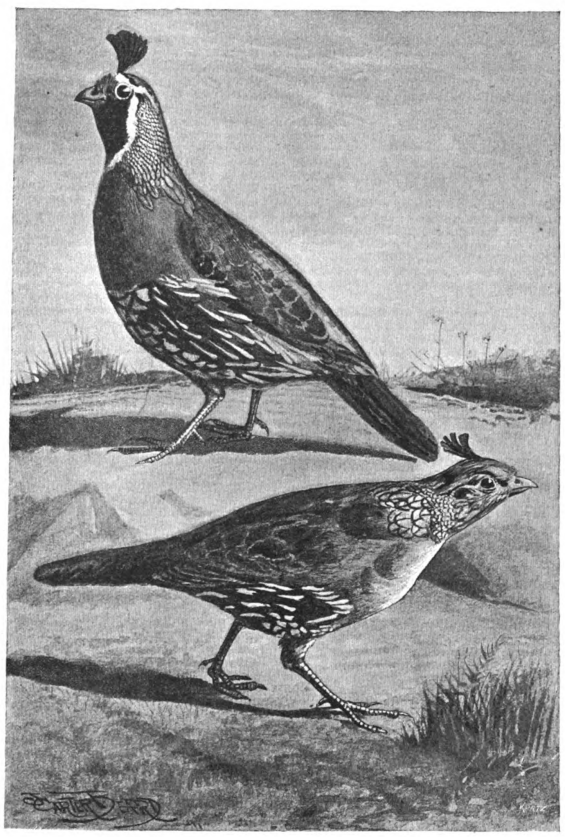
It is difficult for one who has not lived west of the Alleghanies, and whose memory does not go back a quarter of a century or more, to understand and believe the tales of early settlers in regard to the former plenitude of game birds in this country. None of these stories are more astonishing than those which relate how enormous was the multitude of wild pigeons that once overspread the whole eastern half of the United States. Their vast migrations —whence the old name-word *passenger* pigeon—seem to have been only partly connected with the changing of the seasons, for great bodies of them remained to breed in the far South, while others winged their way to the edge of the arctic tundras, and having reared their young on the shores of Hudson's Bay and in the valley of the Mackenzie, sometimes remained there to feed on juniper berries until midwinter.

The movements of these birds seem to have been determined, therefore, by the necessity of finding subsistence, and, like tramp harvesters, they wandered about from one part of the country to the other, seeking those districts where the supply was largest. Their food consists of all kinds of grain, berries, and such small "nuts" as they can crack and swallow—the fruit of the beech and the acorns of the live and other oaks being special favorites. Of rice they were fond; and if it now costs the rice-growing industry of the Southern States $2,000,000 a year to scare away the bobolinks from the growing fields during a week in April (as is stated by an inquirer for the government), what would have been the expense of cultivating rice under the clouds of pigeons which a century ago were wont to blacken the wild marshes of zizania, and never leave while a grain of the succulent harvest remained!

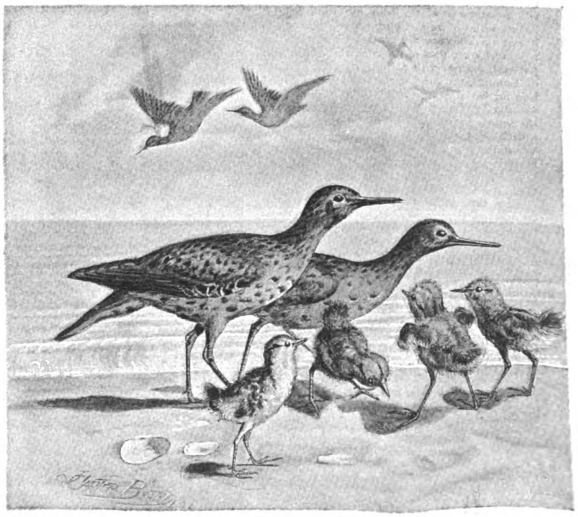
How enormous at times were the hosts of wild pigeons in the Ohio Valley, where mast trees were plentiful, has been graphically recorded in the writings of Audubon, Wilson, and the local historians. Audubon says that in the autumn of 1813 the air in the neighborhood of Louisville was literally filled with pigeons. "The light of the noonday was obscured as by an eclipse. The dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose." He travelled on horseback all day without getting out from under them, and it was after midnight before the rear-guard had passed. Computing their speed at a mile a minute, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, he supposes that each column contained nearly 1200 million birds, a sum which had to be multiplied many times to get near the total. These masses, though so prodigious, seem to have been moved by a common purpose and united into a single army, divided somewhat into corps and brigades. They would roost and breed in one compact company, dispersing each morning in foraging squads of a million or so each, and often going sixty or eighty miles, but always returning at night.

The scene at the roost and the meeting-place was, in its way, unparalleled by anything else in the world. "When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their dung; all the tender grass and underwood destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; and the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe." The desolation thus produced, aided by the havoc made by the attacks of all the surrounding population, the birds of prey, wolves, weasels, hogs, and other enemies which gathered, and the eating up of all the food within a circle of a hundred miles or more, would by-and-by cause a sudden desertion of the place by the pigeons, which would troop off with their young to settle in some other tract of forest, no one knew where.

Though unmeasured hosts of this kind were never seen at the East, flocks of vast extent came to New York and New England and visited the forests of Lower Canada; but these were mere stragglers compared with the Western hordes. Now the clearing away of forests, especially of mast-bearing trees, and the incessant destruction of old and young which falls upon every accessible roost as soon as it is reported, steadily outreaches the increase, so that in actual numbers, no doubt, the wild pigeons have greatly diminished, while the remnant have been driven to the remote Northern forests in order to rear their young. Their splendid



CALIFORNIA QUAIL—MALE AND FEMALE.



SPOTTED SANDPIPER—MALE, FEMALE, AND YOUNG.

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.—Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

flight still cheers us now and then in autumn and spring, as in long bending lines these noble birds rush across the sky; and the sportsman and naturalist know where a few are always to be found in each of the forested States; but the glory of the tribe has departed with the disappearance of savagery in the land, and the passenger pigeon—the very image and spirit of exultant wildness—will soon be a rarity. Pigeon-shooting, nevertheless, can still be enjoyed in the Alleghanies and some other comparatively uncultivated districts, where they come in the fall to feed in the mountain glades. The weapon should be a rifle, though the strong flight of the bird taxes marksmanship, even when a shot-gun is used, if the gunner is willing to try to hit him as he spins away through the tree-tops.

Even less of a "game bird" than the wild pigeon is the spotted sand-piper (*Tringoides maculārius*), *alias* teeter-tail, *alias* a great many other pseudonyms. He, too, is a bird of the woods, as well as of the sea-shore, and every river-side, all the mountain brooks, listen to his sharp rain-promising cry. Yet he is by no means shy of notice, and follows the creek confidingly into the farm-yard, or even the village, so long as he can find in it the rocky shallows that afford him good hunting-ground for aquatic insects and mollusks. They are not often shot, for the flesh has a fishy taste, except by boys who wish to practise upon their erratic flight, and so these little birds grow more numerous rather than less so as the country settles up.

Scuttling along with steady diligence, many of them go clear to the arctic zone and back every summer; but those that make this pilgrimage spend the winter in the Northern and Middle States, replacing the summer quota of those localities, which has gone to winter resorts in the far South. The nest is a mere hollow scratched in the sandy border of a salt-marsh, or of a fresh-water lake, or perhaps quite away in a corn field or old pasture; and it contains four top-shaped eggs, clay-colored, and blotched with sienna brown.

To protect these eggs, or the ridiculous little puffs of gray down mounted on stilts, which she proudly calls her babies, the solicitous mother, screaming *peet-weet! peet-weet!* in agonized tones, will throw herself before the enemy, one wing apparently broken and useless and a leg disabled, and will roll and flutter in a way to deceive the elect. You think she is wounded, and give chase; but she is able to just elude your grasp, and thus leads you to a safe distance from her treasures, when suddenly she gets well, and goes away like a shot.

In color this pretty little sand-piper is bronzed or brownish green, the wings crossed by a narrow bar of white, which also tips the outer feathers of the tail; the underparts are white, with many circular and oval spots of brown.

The whole set of local names, like "wag-tail" and "tip-up," refer to an action amusingly characteristic of this bird, which, when it alights, or pauses in its running along the beach or creek-side, begins at once to mince and teeter upon its legs, lifting and dropping its tail, and rising and sinking on elastic toes, as though perpetually courtesying a welcome to you.

While you are standing upon the bank of some forest pond or tree-bordered inlet of the sea, smiling at the good manners of the sand-piper, admiring the arrowy stroke of the blue king-fisher, or the graceful sweep of the bank-swallow as he turns to just ripple the water with his wing tip, the calm surface may suddenly reflect the brilliant image of a wood-duck, winging his way toward a hollow tree, on whose topmost stump perhaps a heron stands in statuesque pose.

Here is the most beautiful of our water-fowl, rivalling the birds of the tropics in the splendor of his attire. This is his description: The head is crested, and is iridescent green and purple, with parallel curved lines of white at the side of the head, and a broad forked white throat patch; the upper parts of the body are dark reddish brown, with bronze and purplish reflections; the breast and abdomen are grayish white, while the sides and lower part of the neck are reddish purple, each feather with a white tip; the feet are dull orange, and the bill red and black. To put into the list of game a bird "so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay," sailing through the verdant foliage of the summer woods, or over the glassy surface of a dark lily pond like a winged bundle of gems, and to say that it is easily shot and good for the table, is a sacrilege upon both nature and art.

The most interesting thing about the wood-duck, apart from its dress, is its domestic life.

As a rule, ducks nestle among the rushes or on rocky cliffs, and are very chary about attempting to alight upon trees, as might be inferred from an examination of their feet, which are ill adapted to perching. But a few in various parts of the world are exceptions, and among them our subject is conspicuous. The pair seek out early in the spring a blasted tree as near to the water as possible, and if they can find in it a place where a limb has been torn out, or a hole has rotted, or some excavation has been made by a woodpecker or squirrel, into which they can manage to squeeze their bodies, there they set up their home. The furnishing consists of a bed of sticks, dried weeds, and straw, covered with a thick layer of downy feathers, a large part of which is plucked from the mother bird's breast. The twelve eggs are buff-green and polished; and while the duck lays and broods upon them, the drake joins a band of other careless Benedicts, and takes a gay vacation until the young are able to fly, when he rejoins his family. This looks like a very unuxorious proceeding on his part; but a moment's thought will relieve him of the charge, since it is plain that so brilliant a chap hovering about his doorway would but serve as a sign to all marauders that there was plunder in toothsome eggs and ducklings to be had for the trouble of getting them, since the duck has small fighting ability. The best interests of his defenceless wife and family, therefore, are served by his keeping far away from the maternal hiding-place.

How the young are got down to the water from their lofty tenement was for a long time a puzzle, but at last Dr. C. C. Abbott supplied the information. The nest in the instance he observed was fully fifty feet above the water of a creek near Trenton, New Jersey. By climbing another tree Dr. Abbott could get a good view of the spot and see the young in the nest. Two whole days he watched without much result, but on the third his persistence was rewarded, for on taking his position he saw that some of the young had disappeared, and felt sure the others would soon follow. In the course of half an hour the old duck appeared, and after a few moments' rest squatted closely down upon the nest, whereupon a duckling quietly climbed upon her back and nestled closely between her shoulders. The old bird then walked slowly to the edge of an over-hanging limb, and with a slow flapping motion of the outspread wings let herself down, rather than flew, to the water. The moment she touched the surface of the stream she dove, and left the duckling swimming on the water, quite at home. This has since been confirmed by other observers, and is paralleled by some of the arctic cliff-nesting sea-fowl.

The wood-duck is common, and breeds from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. Over much of this space it is the only member of its family seen in the summer, and hence is known as the "summer-duck." It can be domesticated, and makes a charming ornament to the fancier's yard.

Bob White extends his Western wanderings no farther than the dry plains. If he crossed the Rockies to the Pacific coast he might visit cousins, who, perhaps, would act coolly toward him, remarking, as Californians sometimes do in regard to the rest of the world, that "he had no style about him"; for, though their dress is after the same pattern as that of Bob White, the sober brown hues and respectable white neckerchief which characterize him, are replaced in their case by far gayer colors if not of richer material.

There are two species of quail in California, one belonging to the mountain heights, and the other confined to the valley lands of the coast region. The latter (*Lophortyx californicus*) is by far the more common, and is the one usually alluded to as the California quail, though its home name is *valley* quail. This beautiful bird is about the size of the Eastern Bob White. Its general color is lead gray, the wings and back glossed with olive brown, and streaked with black and white in a very pretty way. The belly is orange, fading into buff and finally into white on the sides, each feather edged with black. These are only broad designations of color, which are varied and interblended in such a way as to make the bird one of the most striking and beautiful in our whole fauna. It is the head, however, that is his chief glory. The forehead is brownish yellow, with the shafts of the feathers black; across the top of the head, with its ends floating backward along the sides of the neck and edged with black, is a narrow filet of white, enclosing the light brown back of the head and nape; and from the crown of the head, within this brown patch, rises a bunch of tall plumes—sometimes two, sometimes five or six—which curve forward and nod with a proud and graceful motion of which the bird seems distinctly conscious. His chin and throat are black, margined with a white band, which starts at the eye and passes around the throat to the other eye.

The valley quail congregate in the grain fields and along the roads of the cultivated districts from the Columbia to Cape St. Lucas, sometimes in such numbers as to be a nuisance, but generally in small coveys, which remain together except during the breeding season, when the pairs separate to find secluded homes in the thickets. Their nests amount to nothing, and the eggs are not chalk white like those of the Atlantic coast species, but more creamy in color, and marked with drab and brown in a great variety of spots and streaks. The "song" of this quail, heard in spring and early summer, is a hardly musical *kuck-kuck-kuck-ka*, the first three notes rapidly repeated, and the last prolonged with a falling inflection. *Cut-cut-cut-me-too*, one writer represents it.

The rules of Eastern quail shooting do not apply well to this bird, which has a very different behavior when hunted. It does not lie well to the dog, but runs through the tall grass, and if wounded will use its last bit of strength in crawling into some gopher's hole or other hiding-place to die; hence dogs are trained to rush forward and retrieve the game as soon as it falls. When flushed, they are likely to take to the branches of the nearest trees and skulk among the foliage. This is more characteristic of young birds, however, than of older ones, which trust more to their swift flight. They are quite as difficult to hit on the wing as Bob White, and their flesh is equally good. ERNEST INGERSOLL.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

III.

THE strike made a good deal of talk in the office of *Every Other Week*—that is, it made Fulkerson talk a good deal. He congratulated himself that he was not personally incommoded by it, like some of the fellows who lived uptown, and had not everything under one roof, as it were. He enjoyed the excitement of it, and he kept the office-boy running out to buy the extras which the newsmen came crying through the street almost every hour with a lamentable, unintelligible noise. He read not only the latest intelligence of the strike, but the editorial comments on it, which praised the firm attitude of both parties, and the admirable measures taken by the police to preserve order. Fulkerson enjoyed the interviews with the police captains and the leaders of the strike; he equally enjoyed the attempts of the reporters to interview the road managers, which were so graphically detailed, and with such a fine feeling for the right use of scare-heads as to have almost the value of direct expressions from them, though it seemed that they had resolutely refused to speak. He said, at second-hand from the papers, that if the men behaved themselves and respected the rights of property, they would have public sympathy with them every time; but just as soon as they began to interfere with the roads' right to manage their own affairs in their own way, they must be put down with an iron hand; the phrase "iron hand" did Fulkerson almost as much good as if it had never been used before. News began to come of fighting between the police and the strikers when the roads tried to move their cars with men imported from Philadelphia, and then Fulkerson rejoiced at the splendid courage of the police. At the same time he believed what the strikers said, and that the trouble was not made by them, but by gangs of roughs acting without their approval. In this juncture he was relieved by the arrival of the State Board of Arbitration, which took up its quarters, with a great many scare-heads, at one of the principal hotels, and invited the roads and the strikers to lay the matter in dispute before them; he said that now we should see the working of the greatest piece of social machinery in modern times. But it appeared to work only in the alacrity of the strikers to submit their grievance. The roads were as one road in declaring that there was nothing to arbitrate, and that they were merely asserting their right to manage their own affairs in their own way. One of the presidents was reported to have told a member of the Board, who personally summoned him, to get out and to go about his business. Then, to Fulkerson's extreme disappointment, the august tribunal, acting on behalf of the sovereign people in the interest of peace, declared itself powerless and got out, and would, no doubt, have gone about its business if it had had any. Fulkerson did not know what to say, perhaps because the extras did not; but March laughed at this result.

"It's a good deal like the military manœuvre of the King of France and his forty thousand men. I suppose somebody told him at the top of the hill that there was nothing to arbitrate, and to get out and go about his business, and that was the reason he marched down after he had marched up with all that ceremony. What amuses me is to find that in an affair of this kind the roads have rights and the strikers have rights, but the public has no rights at all. The roads and the strikers are allowed to fight out a private war in our mid-st—as thoroughly and precisely a private war as any we despise the Middle Ages for having tolerated—as any street war in Florence or Verona—and to fight it out at our pains and expense, and we stand by like sheep, and wait till they get tired. It's a funny attitude for a city of fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants."

"What would you do?" asked Fulkerson, a good deal daunted by this view of the case.

"Do? Nothing. Hasn't the State Board of Arbitration declared itself powerless? We have no hold upon the strikers; and we're so used to being snubbed and disobliged by common carriers that we have forgotten our hold on the roads, and always allow them to manage their own affairs in their own way, quite as if we had nothing to do with them, and they owed us no services in return for their privileges."

"That's a good deal so," said Fulkerson, disordering his hair. "Well, it's nuts for the Colonel, nowadays. He says if he was boss of this town he would seize the roads on behalf of the people, and man 'em with policemen, and run 'em till the managers had come to terms with the strikers; and he'd do that every time there was a strike."

"Doesn't that rather savor of the paternalism he condemned in Lindau?" asked March.

"I don't know. It savors of horse-sense."

"You are pretty far gone, Fulkerson. I thought you were the most engaged man I ever saw; but I guess you're more father-in-lawed. And before you're married too."

"Well, the Colonel's a glorious old fellow, March. I wish he had the power to do that thing, just for the fun of looking on while he waltzed in. He's on the keen jump from morning till night, and he's up late and early, to see the row. I'm afraid he'll get shot at some of the fights; he sees them all; *I* can't get any show at them: haven't seen a brick-bat shied or a club swung yet. Have you?"

"No; I find I can philosophize the situation about as well from the papers, and that's what I really want to do, I suppose. Besides, I'm solemnly pledged by Mrs. March not to go near any sort of crowd, under penalty of having her bring the children and go with me. Her theory is that we must all die together; the children haven't been at school since the strike began. There's no precaution that Mrs. March hasn't used. She watches me whenever I go out, and sees that I start straight for this office."

Fulkerson laughed and said: "Well, it's probably the only thing that's saved your life. Have you seen anything of Beaton lately?"

"No. You don't mean to say *he's* killed!"

"Not if he knows it. But I don't know— What do you say, March? What's the reason you couldn't get us up a paper on the strike?"

"I knew it would fetch round to *Every Other Week*, somehow."

"No, but seriously. There'll be plenty of newspaper accounts. But you could treat it in the historical spirit—like something that happened several centuries ago; De Foe's Plague of London style. Heigh? What made me think of it was Beaton. If I could get hold of him, you two could go round together and take down its aesthetic aspects. It's a big thing, March, this strike is. I tell you it's imposing to have a private war, as you say, fought out this way, in the heart of New York, and New York not minding it a bit. See? Might take that view of it. With your descriptions and Beaton's sketches—well, it would just be the greatest card! Come! What do you say?"

"Will you undertake to make it right with Mrs. March, if I'm killed and she and the children are not killed with me?"

"Well, it would be difficult. I wonder how it would do to get Kendricks to do the literary part?"

"I've no doubt he'd jump at the chance. I've yet to see the form of literature that Kendricks wouldn't lay down his life for."

"Say!" March perceived that Fulkerson was about to vent another inspiration, and smiled patiently. "Look here!. What's the reason we couldn't get one of the strikers to write it up for us?"

"Might have a symposium of strikers and presidents," March suggested.

"No; I'm in earnest. They say some of those fellows—especially the foreigners—are educated men. I know one fellow—a Bohemian—that used to edit a Bohemian newspaper here. He could write it out in his kind of Dutch, and we could get Lindau to translate it."

"I guess not," said March, dryly.

"Why not? He'd do it for the cause, wouldn't he? Suppose you put it up on him, the next time you see him."

"I don't see Lindau any more," said March. He added, "I guess he's renounced me along with Mr. Dryfoos's money."

"Pshaw! You don't mean he hasn't been round since?"

"He came for a while, but he's left off coming now. I don't feel particularly gay about it." March said, with some resentment of Fulkerson's grin. "He's left me in debt to him for lessons to the children."

Fulkerson laughed out. "Well, he *is* the greatest old fool! Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' been in earnest with those 'principles' of his? But I suppose there have to be just such cranks; it takes all kinds to make a world."

"There has to be *one* such crank, it seems," March partially assented. "One's enough for me."

"I reckon this thing is nuts for Lindau, too," said Fulkerson. "Why, it must act like a schooner of beer on him all the while, to see 'gabida!' embarrassed like it is by this strike. It must make old Lindau feel like he was back behind those barricades at Berlin. Well, he's a splendid old fellow; pity he drinks, as I remarked once before."

When March left the office he did not go home so directly as he came, perhaps because Mrs. March's eye was not on him. He was very curious about some aspects of the strike, whose importance, as a great social convulsion, he felt people did not recognize; and with his temperance in everything, he found its negative expressions as significant as its more violent phases. He had promised his wife solemnly that he would keep away from these, and he had a natural inclination to keep his promise; he had no wish to be that peaceful spectator who always gets shot when there is any firing on a mob. He interested himself in the apparent indifference of the mighty city, which kept on about its business as tranquilly as if the private war being fought out in its midst were a vague rumor of Indian troubles on the frontier; and he realized how there might once have been a street feud of forty years in Florence without interfering materially with the industry and prosperity of the city. On Broadway there was a silence where a jangle and clatter of horse-car bells and hoofs had been, but it was not very noticeable; and on the avenues, roofed by the elevated roads, this silence of the surface tracks was not noticeable at all in the roar of the trains overhead. Some of the cross-town cars were beginning to run again, with a policeman on the rear of each; on the Third Avenue line, operated by non-union men, who had not struck, there were two policemen beside the driver of every car, and two beside the conductor, to protect them from the strikers. But there were no strikers in sight, and on Second Avenue they stood quietly about in groups on the corners. While March watched them at a safe distance, a car laden with policemen came down the track, but none of the strikers offered to molest it. In their simple Sunday best, March thought them very quiet, decent-looking people, and he could well believe that they had nothing to do with the riotous outbreaks in other parts of the city. He could hardly believe that there were any such outbreaks; he began more and more to think them mere newspaper exaggerations in the absence of any disturbance, or the disposition to it, that he could see. He walked on to the East River: Avenues A, B, and C presented the same quiet aspect as Second Avenue; groups of men stood on the corners, and now and then a police-laden car was brought unmolested down the tracks before them; they looked at it and talked together, and some laughed, but there was no trouble.

March got a cross-town car, and came back to the west side. A policeman, looking very sleepy and tired, lounged on the platform.

"I suppose you'll be glad when this cruel war is over," March suggested as he got in.

The officer gave him a surly glance and made him no answer.

His behavior, from a man born to the joking give and take of our life, impressed March. It

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

gave him a fine sense of the ferocity which he had read of the French troops putting on toward the populace just before the *coup d'état*; he began to feel like populace; but he struggled with himself and regained his character of philosophical observer. In this character he remained in the car and let it carry him by the corner where he ought to have got out and gone home, and let it keep on with him to one of the furthermost tracks westward, where so much of the fighting was reported to have taken place. But everything on the way was as quiet as on the east side.

Suddenly the car stopped with so quick a turn of the brake that he was half thrown from his seat, and the policeman jumped down from the platform and ran forward.

IV.

Dryfoos sat at breakfast that morning with Mrs. Mandel as usual to pour out his coffee. Conrad had already gone down-town; the two girls lay abed much later than their father breakfasted, and their mother had gradually grown too feeble to come down till lunch. Suddenly Christine appeared at the door. Her face was white to the edges of her lips, and her eyes were blazing.

"Look here, father! Have you been saying anything to Mr. Beaton?"

The old man looked up at her across his coffee-cup through his frowning brows. "No."

Mrs. Mandel dropped her eyes, and the spoon shook in her hand.

"Then what's the reason he don't come here any more?" demanded the girl; and her glance darted from her father to Mrs. Mandel. "Oh, it's *you*, is it? I'd like to know who told *you* to meddle in other people's business?"

"*I* did," said Dryfoos, savagely. "*I* told her to ask him what he wanted here, and he said he didn't want anything, and he's stopped coming. That's all. I did it myself."

"Oh, you *did*, did you?" said the girl, scarcely less insolently than she had spoken to Mrs. Mandel. "I should like to know what you did it for? I'd like to know what made you think I wasn't able to take care of myself. I just knew somebody had been meddling, but I didn't suppose it was *you*. I can manage my own affairs in my own way, if you please, and I'll thank you after this to leave me to myself in what don't concern you."

"Don't concern me? You impudent jade!" her father began.

Christine advanced from the doorway toward the table; she had her hands closed upon what seemed trinkets, some of which glittered and dangled from them. She said, "Will you go to him and tell him that this meddlesome minx here had no business to say anything about me to him, and you take it all back?"

"No!" shouted the old man. "And if—"

"That's all I want of *you*!" the girl shouted in her turn. "Here are your presents." With both hands she flung the jewels—pins and rings and ear-rings and bracelets—among the breakfast dishes, from which some of them sprang to the floor. She stood a moment to pull the intaglio ring from the finger where Beaton put it a year ago, and dashed that at her father's plate. Then she whirled out of the room, and they heard her running upstairs.

The old man made a start toward her, but he fell back in his chair before she was gone, and with a fierce, grinding movement of his jaws, controlled himself. "Take—take those things up," he gasped to Mrs. Mandel. He seemed unable to rise again from his chair, but when she asked him if he were unwell, he said no, with an air of offence, and got quickly to his feet. He mechanically picked up the intaglio ring from the table while he stood there, and put it on his little finger; his hand was not much bigger than Christine's. "How do you suppose she found it out?" he asked, after a moment.

"She seems to have merely suspected it," said Mrs. Mandel, in a tremor, and with the fright in her eyes which Christine's violence had brought there.

"Well, it don't make any difference. She had to know, somehow, and now she knows." He started toward the door of the library, as if to go into the hall, where his hat and coat always hung.

"Mr. Dryfoos," palpitated Mrs. Mandel, "I can't remain here, after the language your daughter has used to me—I can't let you leave me—I—I'm afraid of her—"

"Lock yourself up, then," said the old man, rudely. He added, from the hall before he went out, "I reckon she'll quiet down now."

He took the elevated road. The strike seemed a very far-off thing, though the paper he bought to look up the stock market was full of noisy typography about yesterday's troubles on the surface lines. Among the millionaires in Wall Street there was some joking and some swearing, but not much thinking about the six thousand men who had taken such chances in their attempt to better their condition. Dryfoos heard nothing of the strike in the lobby of the Stock Exchange, where he spent two or three hours watching a favorite stock at his go up and go down under the betting. By the time the Exchange closed it had risen eight points, and on this and some other investments he was five thousand dollars richer than he had been in the morning. But he had expected to be richer still, and he was by no means satisfied with his luck. All through the excitement of his winning and losing had played the dull, murderous rage he felt toward the child who had defied him, and when the game was over and he started home, his rage mounted into a sort of frenzy; he would teach her, he would break her. He walked a long way without thinking, and then waited for a car. None came, and he hailed a passing coupé.

"What has got all the cars?" he demanded of the driver, who jumped down from his box to open the door for him and get his direction.

"Been away?" asked the driver. "Hasn't been any car along for a week. Strike."

"Oh yes," said Dryfoos. He felt suddenly giddy, and he remained staring at the driver after he had taken his seat.

The man asked, "Where to?"

Dryfoos could not think of his street or number, and he said, with uncontrollable fury: "I told you once! Go up to West Eleventh, and drive along slow on the south side; I'll show you the place."

He could not remember the number of *Every Other Week* office, where he suddenly decided to stop before he went home. He wished to see Fulkerson, and ask him something about Beaton: whether he had been about lately, and whether he had dropped any hint of what had happened concerning Christine; Dryfoos believed that Fulkerson was in the fellow's confidence.

There was nobody but Conrad in the counting-room, whither Dryfoos returned after glancing into Fulkerson's empty office. "Where's Fulkerson?" he asked, sitting down with his hat on.

"He went out a few moments ago," said Conrad, glancing at the clock. "I'm afraid he isn't coming back again to-day, if you wanted to see him."

Dryfoos twisted his head sidewise and upward to indicate March's room. "That other fellow out, too?"

"He went, just before Mr. Fulkerson," answered Conrad.

"Do you generally knock off here in the middle of the afternoon?" asked the old man.

"No," said Conrad, as patiently as if his father had not been there a score of times, and found the whole staff of *Every Other Week* at work between four and five. "Mr. March, you know, always takes a good deal of his work home with him, and I suppose Mr. Fulkerson went out so early because there isn't much doing to-day. Perhaps it's the strike that makes it dull."

"The strike—yes! It's a pretty piece of business to have everything thrown out because a parcel of lazy hounds want a chance to lay off and get drunk." Dryfoos seemed to think Conrad would make some answer to this, but the young man's mild face merely saddened, and he said nothing. "I've got a coupé out there now that I had to take because I couldn't get a car. If I had my way I'd have a lot of those vagabonds hung. They're waiting to get the city into a snarl, and then rob the houses—pack of dirty, worthless whelps. They ought to call out the militia, and fire into 'em. Clubbing is too good for them." Conrad was still silent, and his father sneered, "But I reckon *you* don't think so."

"I think the strike is useless," said Conrad.

"Oh, you *do*, do you? Comin' to your senses a little. Gettin' tired walkin' so much. I should like to know what your gentlemen over there on the east side think about the strike, anyway."

The young fellow dropped his eyes. "I am not authorized to speak for them."

"Oh, indeed! And perhaps you're not authorized to speak for yourself?"

"Father, you know we don't agree about these things. I'd rather not talk—"

"But I'm goin' to *make* you talk this time!" cried Dryfoos, striking the arm of the chair he sat in with the side of his fist. A maddening thought of Christine came over him. "As long as you eat my bread, you have got to do as I say. I won't have my children telling me what I shall do and sha'n't do, or take on airs of being holier than me. Now, you just speak up! Do you think those loafers are right, or don't you? Come!"

Conrad apparently judged it best to speak. "I think they were very foolish to strike—at this time, when the elevated roads can do the work."

"Oh, at this time, heigh! And I suppose they think over there on the east side that it'd been wise to strike before we got the elevated?" Conrad again refused to answer, and his father roared, "What do you think?"

"I think a strike is always bad business. It's war; but sometimes there don't seem any other way for the working-men to get justice. They say that sometimes strikes do raise the wages, after a while."

"Those lazy devils were paid enough already," shrieked the old man. "They got two dollars a day. How much do you think they ought to 'a' got? Twenty?"

Conrad hesitated, with a beseeching look at his father. But he decided to answer. "The men say that with partial work, and fines, and other things, they get sometimes a dollar, and sometimes ninety cents a day."

"They lie, and you *know* they lie," said his father, rising and coming toward him. "And what do you think the upshot of it all will be, after they've ruined business for another week, and made people hire hacks, and stolen the money of honest men? How is it going to end?"

"They will have to give in."

"Oh, give in, heigh! And what will you say *then*, I should like to know? How will you feel about it then? Speak!"

"I shall feel as I do now. I know you don't think that way, and I don't blame you—or anybody. But if I have got to say how I shall feel, why, I shall feel sorry they didn't succeed, for I believe they have a righteous cause, though they go the wrong way to help themselves."

His father came close to him, his eyes blazing, his teeth set. "Do you *dare* to say that to me?"

"Yes. I can't help it. I pity them; my whole heart is with those poor men."

"You impudent puppy!" shouted the old man. He lifted his hand and struck his son in the face. Conrad caught his hand with his own left, and while the blood began to trickle from a wound that Christine's intaglio ring had made in his temple, he looked at him with a kind of grieving wonder, and said, "Father!"

The old man wrenched his fist away, and ran out of the house. He remembered his address now, and he gave it as he plunged into the coupé. He trembled with his evil passion, and glared out of the windows at the passers as he drove home; he only saw Conrad's mild, grieving, wondering eyes, and the blood slowly trickling from the wound in his temple.

Conrad went to the neat set-bowl in Fulkerson's comfortable room, and washed the blood away, and kept bathing the wound with the cold water till it stopped bleeding. The cut was not deep, and he thought he would not put anything on it. After a while he locked up the office, and started out, he hardly knew where. But he walked on, in the direction he had taken, till he found himself in Union Square, on the pavement in front of Brentano's. It seemed to him that he heard some one calling gently to him, "Mr. Dryfoos!"

V.

Conrad looked confusedly around, and the same voice said again, "Mr. Dryfoos!" and he saw that it was a lady speaking to him from a coupé beside the curbing, and then he saw that it was Miss Vance.

She smiled when he gave signs of having discovered her, and came up to the door of her carriage. "I am so glad to meet you. I have been longing to talk to somebody; nobody seems to feel about it as I do. Oh, isn't it horrible? *Must* they fail? I saw cars running on all the lines as I came across; it made me sick at heart. *Must* those brave fellows give in? And everybody seems to hate them so—I can't bear it." Her face was estranged with excitement, and there were traces of tears on it. "You must think me almost crazy to stop you in the street this way; but when I caught sight of you I had to speak. I knew you would sympathize—I knew you would feel as I do. Oh, how can anybody help honoring those poor men for standing by one another as they do? They are risking all they have in the world for the sake of justice! Oh, they are true heroes! They are staking the bread of their wives and children on the dreadful chance they've taken! But no one seems to understand it. No one seems to see that they are willing to suffer more now that other poor men may suffer less hereafter. And those wretched creatures that are coming in to take their places—those traitors."

"We can't blame them for wanting to earn a living, Miss Vance," said Conrad.

"No, no! I don't blame them. Who am I, to do such a thing? It's *we*—people like me, of my class—who make the poor betray one another. But this dreadful fighting—this hideous paper is full of it!" She held up an extra, crumpled with her nervous reading. "Can't something be done to stop it? Don't you think that if some one went among them, and tried to make them see how perfectly hopeless it was to resist the companies, and drive off the new men, he might do some good? I have wanted to go and try it; but I am a woman, and I mustn't! I shouldn't be afraid of the strikers, but I'm afraid of what people would say!" Conrad kept pressing his handkerchief to the cut in his temple, which he thought might be bleeding, and now she noticed this. "Are you hurt, Mr. Dryfoos? You look so pale."

"No, it's nothing—a little scratch I've got."

"Indeed you look pale. Have you a carriage? How will you get home? Will you get in here with me, and let me drive you?"

"No, no," said Conrad, smiling at her excitement. "I'm perfectly well—"

"And you don't think I'm foolish and wicked for stopping you here, and talking in this way? But I know you feel as I do."

"Yes, I feel as you do. You are right—right in every way. I mustn't keep you. Good-by." He stepped back to bow, but she put her beautiful hand out of the window, and when he took it she wrung his hand hard.

"Thank you, thank you! You are good, and you are just! But no one can do anything. It's useless!"

The type of irreproachable coachman on the box, whose respectability had suffered through the strange behavior of his mistress in this interview, drove quickly off at her signal, and Conrad stood a moment looking after the carriage. His heart was full of joy; it leaped; he thought it would burst. As he turned to walk away it seemed to him as if he mounted upon the air. The trust she had shown him, the praise she had given him; that crush of the hand: he hoped nothing, he formed no idea from it, but it all filled him with love that cast out the pain and shame he had been suffering. He believed that he could never be unhappy any more; the hardness that was in his mind toward his father went out of it; he saw how sorely he had tried him; he grieved that he had done it; but the means, the difference of his feeling about the cause of their quarrel, he was solemnly glad of that since she shared it. He was only sorry for his father. "Poor father!" he said under his breath as he went along. He explained to her about his father in his reverie, and she pitied his father too.

He was walking over toward the west side, aimlessly at first, and then at times with the longing to do something to save those mistaken men from themselves, forming itself into a purpose. Was not that what she meant, when she bewailed her woman's helplessness? She must have wished him to try if he, being a man, could not do something; or if she did not, still he would try; and if she heard of it, she would recall what she had said, and would be glad he had understood her so. Thinking of her pleasure in what he was going to do, he forgot almost what it was; but when he came to a street-car track he remembered it, and looked up and down to see if there were any turbulent gathering of men, whom he might mingle with and help to keep from violence. He saw none anywhere; and then suddenly, as if at the same moment, for in his exalted mood all events had a dream-like simultaneity, he stood at the corner of an avenue, and in the middle of it, a little way off, was a street car, and around the car a tumult of shouting, cursing, struggling men. The driver was lashing his horses forward, and a policeman was at their heads, with the conductor, pulling them; stones, clubs, brick-bats hailed upon the car, the horses, the men trying to move them. The mob closed upon them in a body, and then a patrol-wagon whirled up from the other side, and a squad of policemen leaped out, and began to club the rioters. Conrad could see how they struck them under the rims of their hats; the blows on their skulls sounded as if they had fallen on stone; the rioters ran in all directions.

One of the officers rushed up toward the corner where Conrad stood, and then he saw at his side a tall old man with a long white beard. He was calling out at the policeman: "Ah yes! Glup the strikerss—gif it to them! Why don't you co and glup the presidents that insoalt your laws, and gick your Boart of Arpidration out-of-toors? Glup the strikerss—they cot no friendts! They cot no money to prine you, to dreat you!"

The officer whirled his club, and the old man threw his left arm up to shield his head. Conrad recognized Lindau, and now he saw the empty sleeve dangle in the air, over the stump of his wrist. He heard a shot in that turmoil beside the car, and something seemed to strike him in the breast. He was going to say to the policeman, "Don't strike him! He's an old soldier! You see he has no hand!" but he could not speak, he could not move his tongue. The policeman stood there; he saw his face: it was not bad, not cruel; it was like the face of a statue, fixed, perdurable; a mere image of irresponsible and involuntary authority. Then Conrad fell forward, pierced through the heart by that shot fired from the car.

March heard the shot as he scrambled out of his car, and at the same moment he saw Lindau drop under the club of the policeman, who left him where he fell, and joined the rest of the squad in pursuing the rioters. The fighting round the car in the avenue ceased; the driver whipped his horses into a gallop, and the place was left empty.

March would have liked to run; he thought how his wife had implored him to keep away from the rioting; but he could not have left Lindau lying there if he would. Something stronger than his will drew him to the spot, and there he saw Conrad dead beside the old man.

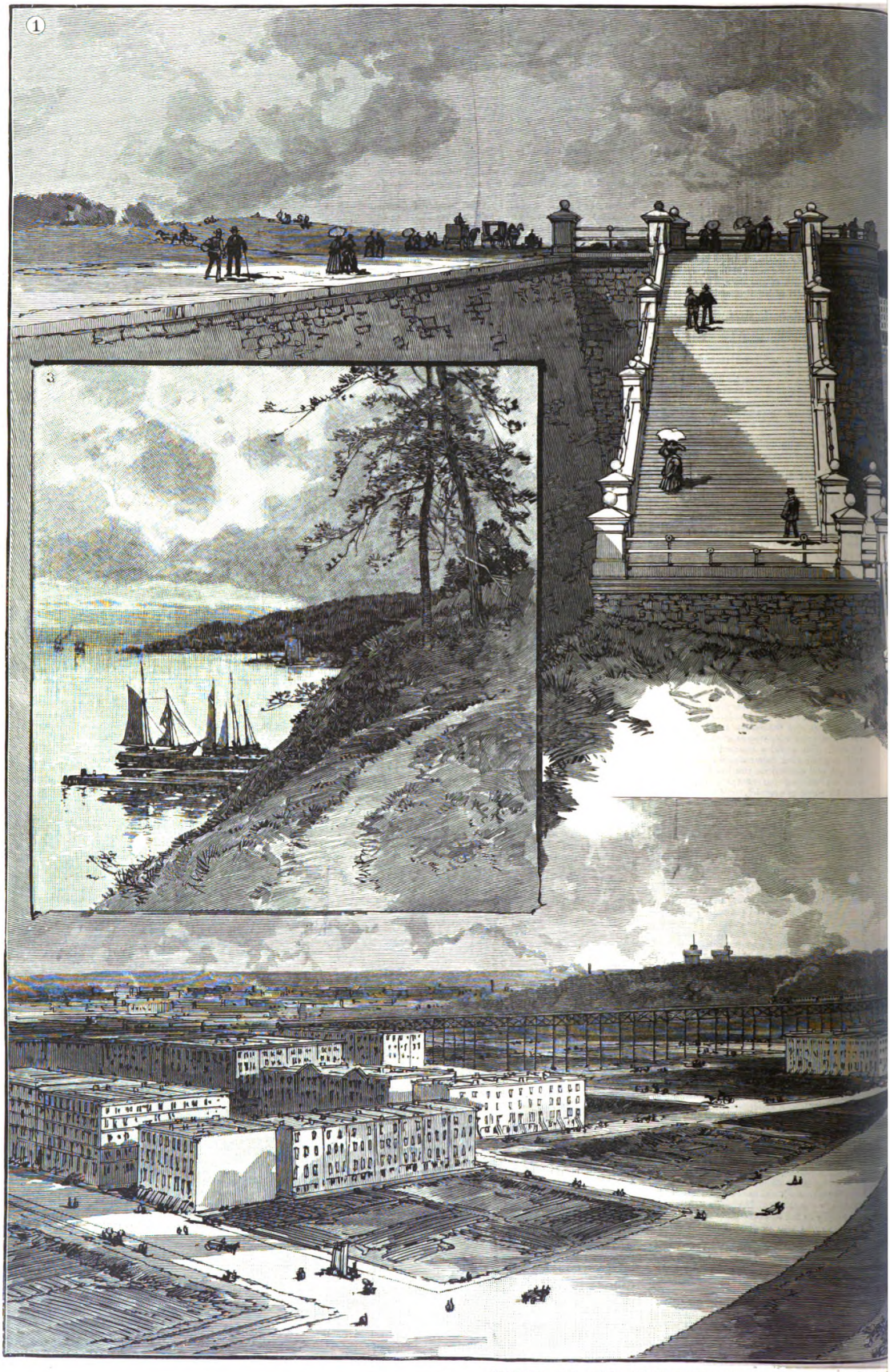
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHILADELPHIA CITY TROOP.

THE annual outing and races of the First City Troop, of Philadelphia, on Thursday, October 3d, were interesting, not only as showing the care with which this old organization maintains the cavalry practice begun by it in Washington's time, but also as giving some indication of the horsemanship of various cavalry and sporting organizations of Philadelphia and New York. To the New-Yorkers present the chief interest lay in the performance of the members of the Essex County Country Club, of Orange, New Jersey, which is composed almost entirely of New York city people who have country places near Orange. The results of the contests in which the Essex men were engaged added greatly, it may be assumed, to the pleasure of the visitors. The first and chief event on the programme was a match game of polo between teams of the City Troop and the Essex County Country Club. Only two games were necessary to decide this contest, the Essex team winning by a score of 12 to 1. The members of the City Troop might, if they chose, take some consolation from this defeat by claiming that polo is not strictly a cavalry evolution. The head-cutting contest was more in their line, however, and they had it all to themselves. In this they showed commendable proficiency, although the heads attacked were inanimate blocks, and not the actual heads of a contending enemy. Persons who know the troopers well have no doubt of their genuine fighting qualities should occasion demand active operations in the field. It is only just that this necessarily dormant characteristic of the troop should have proper consideration, as the general public is too ready to give it credit for social attainments only. In the war of the Revolution the troop was publicly commended by Washington for its fighting ability, as demonstrated in several battles. As in many cases membership in the troop has been handed down from father to son, it is quite natural that the present troopers should have a good stock of fighting ability. That they are genuine soldiers in discipline, at least, was fully shown by them in the camps of the Pennsylvania State Militia both this year and last year, when the troop, which is a regular part of the National Guard, was subject to the same orders as the rugged regiments from the mining regions were called upon to obey. The troop's discipline, it may be said, extends even to the taking of tips by orderlies or privates. It often happens when the troop is on duty that some wealthy and socially distinguished Philadelphian will be called upon to hold an officer's horse, in return for which he will receive a tip of a dime with all due thanks and outward humility.

In addition to the two events already named, the programme for the day was made up of various races between horses from the City Troop, the Essex County Country Club, the Philadelphia Polo Club, and the Hunt clubs of Philadelphia. About three thousand spectators were present.

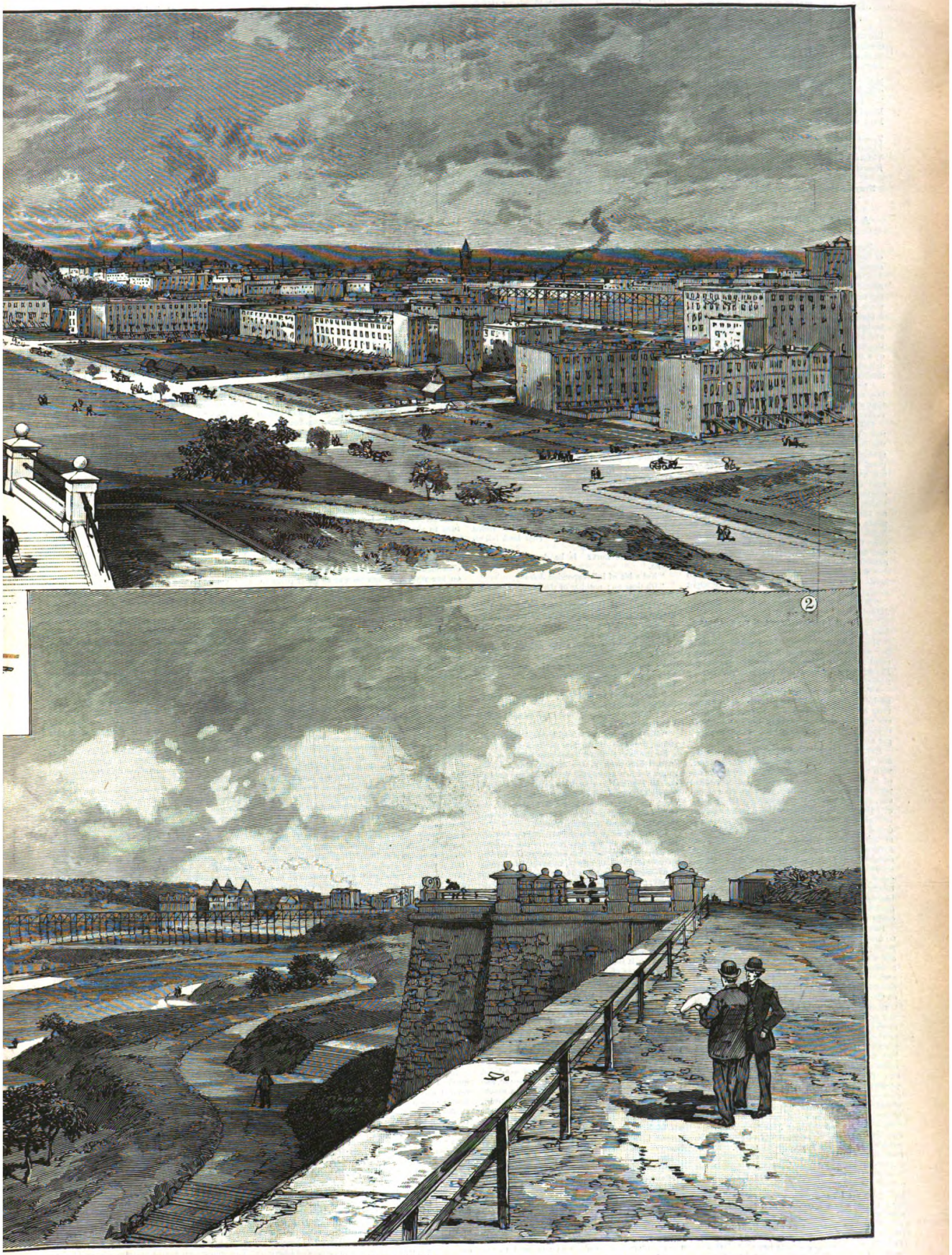
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



VIEWS OF THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE INTER

1. From Morningside Terrace, looking Northeast.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BITION OF 1892.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 819.]

o Central Park. 3. Up the Hudson from Riverside Park.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ROUND THE RED CLOVER.

DEDICATED TO A FERTILE BEE.

Hover, bee-rover, over the clover
(Sweet clinging feet are like lips of a lover)—
Over and under, under and over,
Round the red clover, dallying, hover.

Balmy her breath, brave sweet-scented clover.
"Seek me," she saith, "come seek me, bold lover!"
Blindly he beats. "Ah! under or over,
Fain would I follow," he murmurs above her.

Secret and true is the heart of the clover;
Lightly a maiden laughs out at a lover.
Vainly to move her he strives. O bee-rover,
Round the red clover hover forever!

D. H. R. Goodale.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

Susanna came down the path whistling. This, of course, was not at all as it should be, for Susanna understood herself to be a young lady, and was, moreover, a school-mistress, and therefore bound at all times to conduct herself as a shining example. In extenuation it may be said that there was no one within sight, and that she had a high opinion of her own whistling, and liked to hear it, as well she might, for though clear and high, it was also sweet and true. But where the brook crossed the way, right in the shadow of a tall rock, stood a young lawyer from Philadelphia, who appreciated but one quality of this musical performance, and that was its volume.

"Good heavens!" he cried, impatiently, to the boy who lounged on the grass beside him, "is that a woman making all that noise? She raises racket enough to scare a whale, let alone a trout."

Then Susanna drew nearer, and paused a moment on the other side of the rock, and as she watched the rapids and eddies in the chattering stream she whistled higher and higher, with a great deal of vigor and spirit and many charming and unexpected variations. But the fisherman admired the variations no more than the original melody, and looked ruefully at his hook, which had come back to him empty. For half an hour after the unconscious disturber of his peace had gone on her way rejoicing in the delights of harmony he continued to cast his line over the rippling waters; but the trout, which had been snapping eagerly all the morning, had deserted in a body.

"Well, Johnny," he said at last, "let us go home. The fish have all run away, and we might as well follow their example."

"Music isn't good for fish, is it?" inquired Johnny.

"Seems to be particularly bad for 'em," grumbled his companion.

Miss Susanna's always been pretty proud of her whistlin'," remarked Johnny. "You didn't seem to think much of it, though. Maybe the Philadelphia ladies aren't much in the way of whistlin'."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Johnny, the Philadelphia ladies *aren't* much in the way of whistling on the thoroughfares. Ladies have different ways in different parts of the world. This, it appears, is a Cateraugus way. Come on; let's get home."

But Susanna boarded with Johnny's parents, and that night the treacherous boy rehearsed, with much dramatic expression, all the comments of the fisherman on the young lady's musical performance. The school-mistress grew crimson, for she was shy of exhibiting her talents, and the remarks of her unknown auditor struck her as eminently unsympathetic. She experienced for him on the spot a violent dislike, and as an expert in zoology can build up from one little bone the complete skeleton of some extinct animal, so did she, from these few observations, speedily construct for their author a whole character, and that of a truly unattractive kind. She briefly congratulated Johnny that, as the visitor had only come into the country for a few weeks' hunting and fishing, his own services as guide could not be long required.

But it was not more than a week after she had so disturbed the fish that Susanna again interfered with the stranger's pursuit of happiness. She was proceeding at a good brisk pace through a lane which, besides being unfrequented, was also stony, and as she tripped along, her boot hit one of the pebbles and sent it spinning forward on the grassy track. She, being still young, dealt it another smart little blow with her foot when she caught up with it, and even gave a gay laugh as she captured it after it had rolled to one side, and again sent it whirling before her. This would have been a small matter, had she not just then raised her eyes and seen in the field in front of her the critic of her musical performance just lifting his gun to his shoulder, and apparently staring straight at her. Susanna reddened, for she remembered perfectly his remarks about Cateraugus ladies, but she scorned any attempt to escape the consequences of her own rash act. He had seen her kick the pebble once, and never should he suspect her of altering her conduct to suit his supercilious tastes. Therefore, with a little extra dash, she once more gave it a sharp hit, and this time it landed right at the crooked toes of a quail, which flew up and away out of sight, followed by all the bevy. Then, at last, Susanna let the stone alone, and, with head high in air and a composed and haughty mien, marched past the discomfited sportsman.

"Well," he muttered to himself, "this is too much. Here, Johnny, you can come on now. Your favorite Cateraugus lady has driven off the birds. Do all the ladies in Cateraugus kick stones before them along the highway, Johnny? Or is it a peculiar accomplishment of this one special lady, who seems, indeed, to be highly gifted?"

These observations also did Johnny retail that very night, and Susanna, whose conscience had pricked her about the birds, and whose vanity had pricked her about the pebble, was properly displeased at finding that any one else agreed with her own view of her conduct.

"He should not speak so of any lady," she rejoined, severely. "I don't like you to associate with him, Johnny. I fear he will spoil your manners. I presume him not to be a gentleman; or perhaps he is only a Philadelphia gentleman."

To be entirely fair to both sides, Johnny, the next morning, repeated these observations to the young lawyer, who had taken a fancy to the boy's society. But he only laughed. Being perfectly conscious of his own unequalled advantages in being a Philadelphia gentleman, he was naturally not stung by the criticism.

Now Susanna's school began, and she sat all day in the little school-house at the edge of the woods and taught. And she taught well, for though she could not bring all her pupils to regard the paths of wisdom as paths of pleasantness, yet she guided them therein with kindness and unflagging perseverance. This year, however, the monotony of school life was destined to be unpleasantly interrupted before a week had passed over. The school-mistress, on one sunny noon, was sitting in the doorway, watching the romping children outside, when she heard an ominous roar, which caused her to drop her frugal lunch and run quickly across the field. Her pupils had been forbidden to go in that direction, but she had not that absolute confidence in their discretion which might have enabled her to listen with indifference to the bellowing of Farmer Bates's bull. And as she ran she saw, making across the meadows toward the same point, the young man whose derogatory remarks had caused her such annoyance, while advancing toward them from behind a high wire fence they both beheld the fleeing figure of Johnny, evidently doing his very best in respect of speed, and closely pursued by the angry bull with lowered horns. But just as they both, breathless, approached the barrier, they were brought to a sudden halt by the apparition of the boy flying through the air, and presenting as he did so a grotesque resemblance to a windmill suddenly broken loose from earthly restraint. The bull had tossed him over the fence, and he landed right at the young girl's feet. They both fell on their knees beside him.

"Oh, is he hurt? Is he dead?" cried Susanna.

"Not a bit of it," responded Johnny.

"Oh dear no; nothing of the kind," answered the young lawyer.

"Then he is abominably naughty," cried the school-mistress, sharply. "I've told them all a hundred times, if I've told them once, they were never to go in that field."

"Yes, but Johnny has the spirit of an explorer, and that you can't expect to curb," said the young man as he turned the boy over, and then he gave an abrupt exclamation. "I'm afraid he's hurt after all!"

"Yes," piped up Johnny; "my arm's awful! Say, you leave it alone, will you?"

"I think it's broken," said the other. "Now what are we to do?"

"Carry him to the school-house," replied Susanna, promptly, "and then go for a doctor."

So the lawyer lifted Johnny in his arms and carried him back to the school-house, and Susanna neither attempted to disturb the pebbles on the highway nor to indulge in any musical vagaries, but walked demurely beside them. Indeed, her voice, when she spoke to Johnny, was very sweet and low, and her manner to that wounded toreador singularly gentle.

The doctor came immediately, and the boy was soon installed in the best room in the house of his parents, being quite too infirm, both in his own opinion and that of others, to mount the ladder to his customary attic retreat. In this abode of luxury, pitied by all and indulged to the extreme of his bent, did he pass the next month, and here it was that young Fotheringay first began to suspect the real excellence and beauty of Susanna's nature.

"Johnny," he would say, when he came on one of his frequent visits to the sufferer, "it is time for me to be going."

"Oh no, it isn't," Johnny would reply, with all the frankness of youth; "just wait till Miss Susanna gets home, and then I sha'n't care whether you go or stay."

So the lawyer, who found the boy's whimsical conversation a perennial source of mild entertainment, and who was besides of an amiable disposition, would sit on until the school-mistress returned, and it was really quite surprising to see how many devices that young lady, who was nothing if not energetic, concocted for the invalid's delight. She brought him all kinds of woodland curiosities, gathered on her way from school, she borrowed for him such books of the most bloodthirsty and bewildering kind as his soul loved, she invented occupations which could be carried on with one hand while he lay stretched flat on his back, and she altogether and in every way proved herself a young person of the kindest heart as well as the most varied resources.

But her kindness of heart did not extend to Fotheringay. She stood in the doorway when first she encountered him in the boy's apartment, and said,

"If you will let me know when you go, Mr. Fotheringay, I will come and amuse Johnny."

"I am going now," he responded, with docility; but when the same formula had been several times repeated, he rebelled a little in spirit at such a peremptory dismissal, and made bold to inquire, "And may I not stay a little while also, if Johnny will have me?"

A frown gathered on Susanna's brow. "Two people at once is quite too much for an invalid," she replied, decidedly, as she left the room.

"Pshaw!" said Johnny to his somewhat crestfallen guest. "You needn't think she'll come while you're round. You made her too mad about the birds an' the fishes."

"The fishes and the birds!" repeated the other. "How on earth should she know what I said about the fishes and the birds?"

"I told her, of course," responded Johnny, complacently. "I thought it 'd make her more careful another time."

"Very prudent indeed," answered the visitor, who experienced a pang at the thought that he had mortified and wounded so sweet and cheery a soul as Susanna's plainly was. He made no further attempt to detain her when she paused by the door, but rose and bowed, and departed without loss of time, and such considerate demeanor at last gained him a tolerably polite greeting from this forgiving young person.

Presently Johnny was up and about again, with his arm in a sling, and Fotheringay gave over his visits, receiving and entertaining the boy, who seemed loath to relinquish all the attention he had lately received, at his own abode, which was a bare little cottage on the road to the schoolhouse. In front was a tiny porch, where the stranger sat and smoked, and from which he often watched Susanna go back and forth to school. It was a pleasure to observe the cheerful face and the even and elastic tread with which she passed his door, and the children who often clustered round her were controlled with a mixture of gayety and good sense which had its attractions. He always rose and bowed when she went by, and as Susanna was not one who could cherish resentment forever, she fell into the way of responding with a kindly nod, or even stopping a second to answer his polite remarks, if he happened, as he sometimes did, to be leaning on the gate. He became fonder and fonder of leaning on this gate, for, to tell the truth, there was something very charming both to old and young, and most of all to a manly and honest young fellow such as Fotheringay was, in the clear brisk tones of Susanna's voice, and the frank and friendly glance with which she looked out on the world. Therefore it was that the lawyer lingered on the porch in the morning till she had passed, and was frequently driven, for the most self-evident and unavoidable reasons, to return to the shelter of Widow Barnes's cottage about the time that the school-children were coming home from their daily tasks. Indeed, he even took to strolling a little way down the path occasionally, and thus meeting the young teacher on her return, though he was at great pains to conceal from himself as well as from her that there was the least cause for such encounters beyond the purest accident.

There finally occurred one meeting, however, the accidental nature of which was beyond question. One cloudy and threatening afternoon, as Susanna was coming homeward through the woods, she heard a loud "Hello!" resound from the leafy depths. To this, like any other well-conducted person, she paid no attention; but in a second it was repeated: "Hello! hello there!" This time she stopped and looked around her, but there was nobody to be seen, and she was about to proceed once more on her way when a third call made her turn into the underbrush. There, some thirty paces off, beside a rock, and half covered in bracken, reclined Johnny's friend, leaning awkwardly on one elbow.

"Ah, is that you, Miss Susanna?" he cried. "I'm most particularly glad to see you. When no one answered, I was afraid it was only the wind I heard rustling in the bushes. I've slipped off this confounded rock and hurt my knee, and I began to be afraid I should have to stay here until some faithful shepherd dog found my bones next spring. No, thank you; I haven't the least desire to try to walk, even with your kind assistance. I've tried it alone, and that is quite enough. But if you'd be good enough to tell some one in the village to come over with a couple of men, and whichever of their luxurious conveyances jolts the least, I should be forever obliged to you. No, thank you; I don't mind being left alone at all, as long as I have the consoling prospect of passing the night under a roof. I have spent the last hour or two watching the clouds, and wondering if it was going to rain. There is something you can do for me before you go, certainly. If you wouldn't mind taking my hand and helping me to move a little, it would be an immense satisfaction. I've been lying in this same position for hours, until I think any kind of a change would be an improvement—even a change for the worse. I'm ever so much obliged to you. That's perfect paradise compared to the old way. Are you going now? There is no such tremendous need for haste. I've been here so long that a few moments more or less can't make any difference."

But Susanna was already off, hurrying with quick feet along the shady way to send the needed succor, and it was ten days or more before she again saw the unlucky sportsman. Then, as she was passing the tiny cottage, she heard a voice call her name, and when she turned, there sat Fotheringay on the porch, with one knee carefully propped up on chairs in front of him.

"Miss Susanna," he repeated, "aren't you coming in to say good-afternoon? You are my gallant rescuer, you know, and you ought to inquire how I am getting on, and whether there isn't anything you can do to alleviate my distress. The best thing will be to stop and talk to me for a few moments," he proceeded, rapidly, as she seemed to hesitate. "I am dreadfully lonely, and I expect all the passers-by to take pity on me. The tender-hearted ones all do. The butcher came and sat on the step this morning, and I have had a very interesting interview with a tin-ware man. The butcher is a practical person. He gave me a great deal of information; but the peddler was a man of theories. I suppose he has plenty of time to think them up while he's wandering round the world. You would be quite surprised at the immensity and grandeur of his ideas, but you needn't be afraid that I shall try to reveal them to you; I feel I shouldn't do them justice. Aren't you going to sit down? I can't get up to give you a chair, but I know there is a very comfortable one round the corner, if you don't mind looking it up. Thank you," as she seated herself on the porch step. "It's very good of you to give a few moments to a suffering fellow-being. Now what are you going to tell me? I'm ready and waiting for all the new information and theories you can give."

"Ah, but I haven't any, Mr. Fotheringay," replied Susanna, simply. "My information is all old. It has been in the school text-books for years and years, and I get so tired of hearing it that sometimes I am glad when the children make mistakes. As for theories, I never have any."

"Neither facts nor theories! Dear me! that's a very sad state of affairs. Well, at any rate, we can converse about the weather. You must have noticed what a lovely day it is."

"Yes," laughed Susanna, "I know as much as that; and I should be glad to know also whether you are better, and if the doctor says you will soon be well again."

The young man made a wry face. "Your doctor seems to be a very conservative old gentleman. He says I must keep my leg quiet, and not stand on it for three or four weeks, or he won't answer for the consequences."

"Oh, what a pity!" cried Susanna, heartily. "How very tiresome! What will you do?"

"Do? Oh, grin and bear it, I suppose. I shall cultivate the acquaintance of the butcher, and make myself as agreeable as possible to all the tin-ware men. Perhaps you'll take pity on me, Miss Susanna, and stop and speak to me once in a while. If you'll bring me a few of the wild flowers you used to lavish on Johnny, I'll promise to appreciate them a great deal more than he did. It would be a fine time to study botany; that's a good occupation for the lame. If everything else fails, I'll bribe Johnny to play truant, and talk to me; his conversation is always original."

Before he had finished the sentence, each became painfully aware that the other was thinking of Fotheringay's supercilious criticisms on Susanna, made so carelessly at the time, and so often and so deeply repented of since. But before he could speak, she, with a quick movement of her hand, as if dismissing a disagreeable subject, plunged again into conversation:

"That does not sound like a very entertaining prospect. Won't any of your friends come and stay with you? You oughtn't to be left alone here."

"Oh no, indeed," cried Fotheringay, who was watching with a curious interest the red fade from the girl's smooth cheek, and her eyes, which for a moment had fallen, raise themselves again to his with the sweet frankness which had for him such an incomprehensible attraction—"no, indeed. My mother and sisters are off in Europe; they won't be home for ever so long. I wouldn't hurry them on any account. There isn't any one else I *could* want down here. Oh no; you underrate the resources of the place. I shall do very well—very well indeed; that is, if you won't forget the flowers."

The next day Susanna glanced at the cottage as she went by, and there sat Fotheringay, so evidently expecting a greeting that she could not but pause.

"Where are my flowers, Miss Susanna?" he inquired immediately. "And where is the book? Don't you remember you were to bring me your botany, and then every day you were to supply me with fresh specimens?"

"Indeed, Mr. Fotheringay, I didn't understand anything of the kind," said Susanna.

"Oh, but there was a distinct understanding. I hope you won't be so forgetful another day. You were not only to gather the flowers as you came from school, but you were going to help me when I got to the hard places, and explain away all the difficulties. It is a little dull here, truly, and if you took the responsibility of bringing me out of the woods, you ought to have some consideration for my subsequent sufferings. Nobody can expect to preserve a fellow-being's life and escape all the consequences. What are you laughing for? You preserved my life; of course you did. If you hadn't come by just then, I should have been out in the woods all night, and it rained, after all. I dare say you didn't notice it, but I did. It poured, and it was enough to make the bravest shiver to think how cold it must have been in the woods. I should have died of exposure, of course, if you hadn't come, and yet now you are trying to make me believe I have no valid claim on you. It is your plain duty to feel a little responsibility in the matter. Why don't you speak?"

"It hardly seems necessary," responded Susanna, demurely.

Fotheringay burst into a laugh. "You mean I am quite equal to keeping up the conversation alone? But if you won't speak, Miss Susanna, what am I to do? It is absolutely necessary that some one should talk, or you may go away, and I assure you that, barring my landlady, you are the first living soul I have spoken to to-day. I tried to carry out my scheme of bribing Johnny to play truant yesterday, but I couldn't. He said he was too much afraid of you."

"That's true," said Widow Barnes, who just now appeared in the doorway. "The poor soul hasn't had even a dog to throw a word at all day. It's a Christian kindness for you to come in and hearten him up a bit, Miss Susanna."

The young man cast a grateful glance at the stout old woman. "There!" he said, triumphantly; "you hear what public opinion says."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But Susanna only smiled, and bade them both good-by.

The next day, however, she appeared with a bunch of blossoms, and a volume under her arm. "Now," she said, "you mustn't tell me again that I neglect my responsibilities. I haven't time to stop every day, Mr. Fotheringay, but if you really want to amuse yourself with looking over this book, here it is, and I will promise to bring you fresh flowers quite often enough to keep you occupied. When I haven't time to come myself, I can send them by Johnny."

But the services of Johnny were not often called into requisition. The inhabitants of the village, who were all admirers of Susanna, thought it eminently suitable that their teacher should be initiating the stranger into the arts and sciences during his enforced idleness, and his demands on her sympathy were made with such quiet and confiding perseverance that it would have taken a harder heart than hers to refuse him the consolations of instruction. Besides, she, who was tired of forcing knowledge into the unwilling brains of her scholars, soon found it a great pleasure to work with such an active and well-trained mind as her new pupil's, while to Fotheringay each day admiration grew in watching her clear intelligence and simple goodness. Soon the day seemed lost in which Susanna did not appear, raising to his those honest and trustful glances, and speaking in those fresh and inspiriting tones which made the whole world seem to her companion a more pleasant and desirable abiding-place.

But presently Susanna began to question herself as to when these lessons, begun for the distraction of an invalid, were to draw to a close. Fotheringay was much better; he was already able to limp about the porch to bring her a chair, and hobble down to open the gate for her, and yet he gave no sign of contemplating a return to those duties which must be awaiting him in his native city, nor did he manifest the least intention of relinquishing the claims which he had established upon her time and care. Though always most easy and unconscious in his manner and matter-of-fact in his remarks, he yet evinced a daily interest in her coming and going which rather grew than decreased; and in spite of the efforts which Susanna occasionally made to keep the conversation strictly upon the business in hand, he invariably established their intercourse upon a footing of friendly intimacy, which for some occult reason disturbed that calm and equable mental balance which she was accustomed to preserve toward her neighbors. And just as she was hesitating as to how to resume her old indifferent attitude, and perhaps withdraw gently from an undertaking which was incomprehensibly different from what she had supposed it to be when she first entered upon it, Fotheringay suddenly brought matters to a crisis.

"Put away your book, Miss Susanna," he said one day when she had taken her accustomed seat. "We aren't going to have any lesson this afternoon. My landlady has very obligingly gone to spend the day with her married daughter, and I have something to say to you."

"To me?" inquired Susanna, opening wide her eyes.

"Yes," he answered, with a queer little smile; "but you needn't look so much interested. I'm afraid you won't think it of much importance when it is said." He hesitated, as if to collect his thoughts, and a feeling of anxiety stole over Susanna, for, in spite of his affectation of unconcern, it was evidently a matter of some moment which he was about to discuss. When he looked at her again his gaze lingered doubtfully on her upturned face.

"Miss Susanna," he began, with the same odd mixture of raillery and earnestness, "I have been quite concerned as to how I should best present what I have to say, for naturally I am anxious to make a favorable impression. Perhaps the best way will be to begin with compliments. Whatever you may think of me after I get through, I would like, at least, to tell you what I think about you." He paused for a moment; then: "I believe," he cried, abruptly, "that you are the truest and the loveliest human soul that has ever blessed the earth by living on it. I might take the day long, and yet at the end I should not have told you the half of what I think every moment of the day of your loveliness and goodness."

The girl had averted her face without speaking, and as he watched her a smile came back and trembled round his lips.

"You will think," he said, "that I am presumptuous to say that, and then say I want the best for my own. But that is the end of it all, Susanna. You are the loveliest thing I have ever met, and whether I deserve you or not, I want you. If you will be my wife, I shall have won what I have no right to ask for; but I will promise you I will try to deserve it all the rest of my life."

He spoke clearly and strongly; she could not mistake his meaning, and yet she kept her face turned from him. Fotheringay had time to think to himself that Susanna's shyness was even sweeter than Susanna's guileless candor, when her voice, a little wavering and uncertain, fell upon his ear.

"I am sure you are very kind, Mr. Fotheringay," it said. "I ought to thank you a great deal for saying such pleasant things of me. It is a great deal more than I could ever deserve, and still—I am glad to have you think so. As for the rest of what you said—I don't want to answer it. It is all a mistake. I would rather believe you never said it, and forget it all. Let us forget it," she repeated, with an appealing glance so different from her habitual expression that Fotheringay moved restlessly backward to escape a sudden temptation to gather the supplicant to his arms.

"Forget it!" he exclaimed. "How can we forget it? It is the point of the whole thing. I want you for my wife, Susanna. How do you expect me to forget that?"

"Oh no," she said, impetuously; "you don't understand. It would never do at all, Mr. Fotheringay. I shouldn't think of it for a moment."

"But you must think of it," he cried, and caught her hand in his. "I don't know what you mean, Susanna. I have told you that I love—*love* you. Do you understand? I have asked you to be my wife. Surely that is worth a serious answer."

But the girl frowned and drew her hand away. "A serious answer is not the best kind of an answer," she returned, sharply. Little as her auditor suspected it, she was on the brink of bursting into a tempest of tears, and was scarcely more frightened and confused at the startling nature of Fotheringay's remarks than at the inexplicable tumult in her own breast. From such a chaos she took refuge in the first tangible idea that presented itself. "You do not know yourself what you are asking," she cried. "I am a school-teacher in a little country village, and you—you are altogether a different kind of person. Do you remember what you said the first time you saw me? If you ever thought of being married before, was it of a village school-teacher that you thought?"

"I never dreamed of any one half so lovely," ejaculated Fotheringay; "and what is the use of going back to what I said the first time I saw you? I was a fool."

"But what would all your friends say?" retorted Susanna.

"Who cares?" he answered.

"I do," she cried; "and when your mother and sisters came home, would they be satisfied with what you have done?"

For the first time a shadow passed over Fotheringay's face. "Since you ask me," he said, "I don't honestly think they would—at first—entirely. But they surely would when they knew you, Susanna; and besides, what has that to do with it? You wouldn't marry them. Why are we talking of what this and that and the other one will say? Do you suppose I am such a fool that I don't know what I want myself? I assure you that's a mistake; I know quite well what I want—I want you for my wife. Don't talk to me about my sisters and my friends, talk to me about yourself. I want you to tell me, Susanna," —his voice dropped and quivered—"whether there is any earthly chance that you could ever love me?"

But Susanna had already sprung to her feet, her eyes suffused and her face crimson. As she heard her suitor acknowledge the actual existence of the barriers between them which she herself had just raised, an uncontrollable gust of anger swept over her.

"How could you even think of such a thing?" she cried. "You have no right to ask me such a question. How could you suppose for a moment that I would ever love you? You may be sure that I do not, and that I will never be your wife, Mr. Fotheringay—never! never!" And she turned and fled down the path and out on to the road.

Fotheringay was as much stunned by the sudden outbreak as if the young girl had dealt him an actual blow. He threw himself back into his chair, but it was no longer an easy resting-place, and he rose and paced the porch, walking with a slight limp. He had fallen from the clouds to the earth, and the descent was a hard one. Susanna had refused him, finally, peremptorily; there could be no hope for a lover whose appeal only roused his lady's anger. He accepted her verdict with a humility which was touching in one so little prone to self-distrust. Susanna, to his mind, could do no wrong, and since she had rejected him, nothing remained for him but to take himself away, and fret her no longer by his presence. He must go immediately; the sooner the better; and he began to hurry the preparations for his departure, finding this easier than to sit still and contemplate at his leisure the loss of all his hopes.

The next morning, therefore, found him seated beside Johnny in the primitive conveyance which throughout the village was dignified by the name of the buggy. He had been detained till after the hour for the early train, and now he knew that the school-house, which stood close beside the road, would be echoing with the hum of children's voices, and that the fair face of the young school-mistress, as she raised it to glance through the open door, would be turned full upon him as he passed. He had a great longing to look on it once more before he went, but being a person of kind and generous impulses, his greatest care at this moment was to spare Susanna the pain of seeing her rejected suitor fleeing, so to speak, before her wrath; wherefore he chose, in spite of the secret promptings of his own heart and Johnny's open disapprobation, to abandon the direct route, and go by a rough and roundabout road which wound through the mountains, by steep declivities and gloomy gorges, to the point which he wished to reach. But before they had traversed half the way, and whilst they were still in the wildest part of the road, the lawyer pulled up his horse, and cried, quickly,

"Johnny, what's that?"

For a moment they sat still and listened, and then there could be no doubt that from the direction in which they had just come a woman's voice was calling for help.

Fotheringay jumped out of the buggy. "You wait a moment, Johnny," he said, "and I'll see what's the matter."

He ran back a little way, and then shouted. At first it was impossible to locate the response, but presently he became aware that it proceeded from some point below the level of the road, and, strangest of all, that it bore a singular resemblance to the voice of the damsel who only the day before had dismissed him with so little ceremony. He hurried on, and in another moment bent over the rocky edge, to see Susanna clinging to the face of the cliff below by the few inequalities on its rough surface. He threw himself half over, and stretched down his arms.

"Susanna, give me your hands," he cried, imperiously.

But Susanna, who was not able to look up, only trembled when she heard his voice, blushed furiously, and clung more closely than ever to the rock.

"Give me your hands," he repeated.

But she answered: "No, no; I will not. I should only pull you down. You may go and get a rope."

"Get a rope!" he reiterated. "You would be dead before I could get back. Give me your hands *instantly*."

And Susanna, unwillingly, but as if she had no further strength with which to disobey, loosened first one hand, and then the other, and laid them in Fotheringay's impatient palms. His fingers closed round them like iron locks, and in another moment she was resting her whole weight on his outstretched arms, and treading cautiously from one crevice to another, as he drew her slowly and steadily upward. Soon she was standing, sobbing, on the solid earth, and Fotheringay had his arm around her.

"There, there!" he said, soothingly, and stroked her hair—"there! don't cry so, my child. It is all right now."

But she only cried the harder, and all his efforts to quiet her seemed vain.

"How did you fall?" he asked at last.

And then, indeed, she drew hastily away, wiped her wet eyes, and answered, tremulously: "I was standing on the edge, and when I bent over it broke. I had been holding by a tree that grew out of the rock, but when the ground gave way that went too. I thought I was going to be killed —for a moment. But I caught with one hand in a cleft, and then I was able to get my footing a little, and find a place to hold by with the other hand; and then I heard some one drive by on the road above, and I called for help." Again she began to sob.

"Be quiet, my dear," said Fotheringay; "there's no harm done. Sit here and rest a moment."

So Susanna sat by the road-side, and wiped her eyes once more, and in a few moments, looking timidly up at her preserver, she thanked him very sweetly for coming to her rescue.

"That's all right," he said, gloomily. "I'm glad to have the chance to say good-by to you, after all. I am going away, Susanna, and I suppose I shall never trouble you again after this. But one thing I must say before I go—this is no place for you to be wandering about alone in. You must promise me not to do such a thing again. What brought you over here?"

Then, to his surprise, the young girl colored, and moved hastily so as to conceal her countenance from the questioner. Her manner irritated him unreasonably.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "Why do you turn away so? Susanna, there can be no reason that you should mind telling me why you came here. What took you to the edge of the cliff? It is a dangerous place. You should have had more sense than to stand there. In another moment, if I had not come by, you would have fallen down the precipice. Tell me why you went there."

Susanna did not raise her eyes, and yet she seemed unable to refuse a response to the curt demand. Her voice trembled as she replied:

"I wanted to look down the valley. Let me go, Mr. Fotheringay; I don't want to talk about it any more. Let me go."

"No," said he, decidedly. "I cannot till I understand," and he stepped to the crumbling edge and gazed across the wide valley beneath. There was nothing to be seen but the forest at his feet, and beyond it the distant farms, with the smoke from a departing train trailing above them. He looked back at his companion with a curious, questioning glance. "Susanna, was it the cars you wanted to see?" he cried; and she nodded gently, but did not speak. "Has that brought you all this way?" he asked. "It is only the morning train going out. Why should you care so much for that?" He came close to the girl, and looked down at her, and then he saw that she was crying softly. In a moment he was kneeling beside her, and his arm was round her again. "Tell me quickly," he whispered. "No, you shall not hide your face. Answer me first. I *must* know, Susanna."

And she said: "Ah, you should have let me go when I asked you to. I—I thought you had left me, and I wanted to watch you till the end."

"Ah, Susanna," cried Fotheringay, "why have you made me suffer so? Look at me for one moment, sweetheart, and let me see which you mean—what you said yesterday, or what you say to-day?" Then, as she raised her eyes to his, "Bless you, my dearest," he cried, and bent and kissed her.

A few moments after, Johnny was much surprised to see Miss Susanna and his friend come round the bend in the road side by side, and to be informed that they were about to drive home together, and that he himself was at liberty to walk. In that case, how was Mr. Fotheringay to meet the train which he had been so intent on reaching? And how was Miss Susanna, if at fifty-five minutes past twelve she was three miles away from the school-house, to ring the bell for her scholars to assemble promptly at one? There was a want of method about the whole proceeding, and Johnny had a discontented air as he dismounted from his seat in the buggy. But, fortunately, neither of the two who took his place noticed his depression of spirits. Instead, they were thinking, as they drove off down the shady road, that never before had they seen such crystalline skies and such brilliant sunshine, or felt so fine and exhilarating an air.

Fotheringay turned with a happy laugh to the girl at his side. "Ah, Susanna," he cried, with a tender jest in his voice, "this is a very different drive from the one I took half an hour ago. You are a very different girl, too, from the one that left me yesterday. There is one thing more I want to know now, sweetheart. Nothing else has changed that I can perceive; tell me how you came to change your mind."

And Susanna, all whose doubts had dissolved in a rosy mist of happiness and courage, looked up at him with shy, confiding eyes. "I do not know," she said.

OFF SANDY HOOK.

SUNSET; and though the heavens are all aglow
With richest gold and crimson, and the sea
Is molten opal where our course should be—
Color and light above, around, below—
Suddenly gleam two fainter lights I know:
The Highland Lights; pale, yet more dear to me
Than all the gold and crimson; for the key
To coming darkness they hold gently so.
Light-houses for the darkness; ay, and yet
Remember well their waiting lamps to trim
Long before, richly bright, the sun has set;
Remember well that shadows growing dim
May spread for thee a far less dangerous net
Than when the sky is rose-colored to its brim.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

To the patrons and followers of the turf who belong or congregate in and about New York, Mr. de Thulstrup's picture is the artistic realization of an almost every-day scene on some one of the tracks during the long racing season. The season comes to a close next week, under the State law forbidding the betting men from pursuing their calling after the 15th of October. This is a race at "top weights" evidently, and no horse short of a "three-year-old," and that a good one, has any business in this mad rush of man and beast for honor and profit. The big, strong-limbed leader has come well to the front, and the veteran jockey, holding his mount hard in hand, expresses in his face the confidence of an assured winner, whilst one of the rear-guard heroically plies whip and spur in a frantic endeavor to come up out of the ruck, and make a "place" for his horse in the judges' decision.

Since the opening of the spring meeting at Jerome Park in May last, horse-racing has been practically continuous on one or the other of the five tracks in the vicinity of the city, each association in turn opening its meeting within a day or two of another's closing. Up to the time the New York Jockey Club appeared in the field, each association had heretofore respected the rights of the others in claiming certain dates for their several meetings, and when any clashing of interests has been imminent, the question in dispute invariably adjusted itself in an amicable way, and, to all appearances, to the satisfaction of each party concerned. The Monmouth Park Association surrendered several of the latter days of its summer meeting so that the new club could hold its inaugural meeting without competition.

But here, at the end of the most successful season in the history of the American turf, comes a clash. The season that will pass into turf history as the "record breaker's year" winds up in a row between the parent racing association of the East, the American Jockey Club, and the baby of them all, the New York Jockey Club. The New York Club declared that, after having made all sorts of peaceful overtures to the American Club, and which were not even treated with courtesy, it was only left for it to retire the latter club into desuetude. The officials of the American Club said nothing, but smiled pleasantly, whenever the projected rivalry was introduced as a subject of inquiry or conversation.

Early in September the New York Club announced its fall meeting to begin on Wednesday, October 2d, and continuing until the 15th, giving a programme of eight days' sport. Two days after, the American Club announced its programme, beginning and ending on the same dates, and outlining twelve days of racing. The battle commenced October 2d as promised, on a glorious but somewhat chilly autumn day. The attendance at both tracks was fairly good, but it is practically impossible to draw a comparison in this direction, for what would make a big crowd at Jerome Park would be lost in the broad expanse of the Westchester track's vast accommodations. Again, it takes a much larger percentage of paid admissions at the new track to make a solid contribution to its enormous expenses. Jerome Park can run a successful meeting and make money on an attendance that would leave a large deficit in the exchequer at Westchester.

The success of a race-track to-day apparently rests upon the facilities that are offered to the "betting contingent"—that is, its pecuniary success. Forty years ago the same conditions began to shape, and in a few years a connection with "the turf" became a signal for reproach and dishonor. When Jerome Park was opened in 1866, its sponsors were gentlemen whose names were synonymous with rectitude and fair dealing in both business and sporting pursuits. The management has been such ever since. Of the different tracks since established, how many of them can point to such an executive record?

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MRS. KENDAL.—Drawn from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

Mrs. Kendal can distinctly remember making her début, on the boards of her father's theatre, at the age of four, in that antiquated work, *The Stranger*. And need I, apropos, remind my readers that her father, Tom Robertson, was the author of those charming plays *Ours*, *Caste*, *Society*, and many others? The child, dressed in her Sunday best for the great occasion, like the little daughter of Eve she was, thought nothing of her part, and everything of her new frock and shoes. Great was the effect, at once so artless and impromptu, when the small heroine, during the progress of the piece, espying her nurse in the pit, exclaimed, "Oh, nursey, only look at my red shoes!" Two years later the juvenile actress was engaged to appear as Eva, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, this being a singing part, for it was discovered that the child had the sweetest little voice in the world. But, alas! she sang not wisely but too well, and with the hope of becoming a second Jenny Lind, by continual practising and overstrain quite ruined her delicate organ. Forced to relinquish the idea of aspiring to prima-donnaship, Madge was only too glad to accept an engagement offered at the Bath and Bristol theatres, where she went through a varied experience, which must have contributed very largely to the laying of a foundation to the structure of her artistic career. Very often she would dance in the ballet and appear on the same night in the burletta or burlesque, and not infrequently did she perform in the same cast with Ellen Terry (who does not, by-the-way, seem to have been in any way a "wonder-child"), and with her gifted sister Kate, the eldest member of a rarely talented family. When barely in her teens, Madge was engaged to play Virginia to the Virginius of Mr. James Bennett, a tragedian of such small dimensions that no full-grown actress was ever afforded a chance of overtopping him. At the beginning of the fourth act, where Virginia had to scream and fly, agonized, into her father's arms, Madge was incited to throw her whole soul as well as her person into the filial embrace. Carrying out these instructions to the letter, she managed to give a jerk to Mr. Bennett's wig—fixed in the old-fashioned way on a wire—causing it to spring up straight from his head with an enraged-porcupine-like effect, which not unnaturally was the signal for a roar of merriment from the audience.

Mrs. Kendal is also not unwont to recall an anecdote of her father's, anent the appearance of Macready at the South Theatre, Lincoln, under his management. When the famous actor had made ready to go on the stage, Robertson approached him and, with much anxiety, commenced a humble apology.

"Ah, I see!" divined Macready. "It's a bad house."

"Well, there's nobody in it."

"What! *nobody?*"

"Not a soul, excepting the warden's party in a stage-box, and a soul or two in the pit."

"Then let us go on," said Macready. "We've no right to give ourselves airs if the people do not choose to come and see us. Let us begin."

Robertson was much astonished, relates his fair daughter, at Macready's philosophical behavior, "as famous stars usually had such a way of blowing him up."

To return, however, to the fair actress herself, whose most remarkable early success was certainly made in *Pygmalion and Galatea*. Graceful and girlish as may be Mary Anderson's rendering of the heroine in Mr. Gilbert's pretty play, those who have



JOSEPH K. TOOLE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MONTANA.
From a Photograph by Lowry, Helena.



JOHN MILLER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NORTH DAKOTA.
From a Photograph by Judkins, Bismarck.



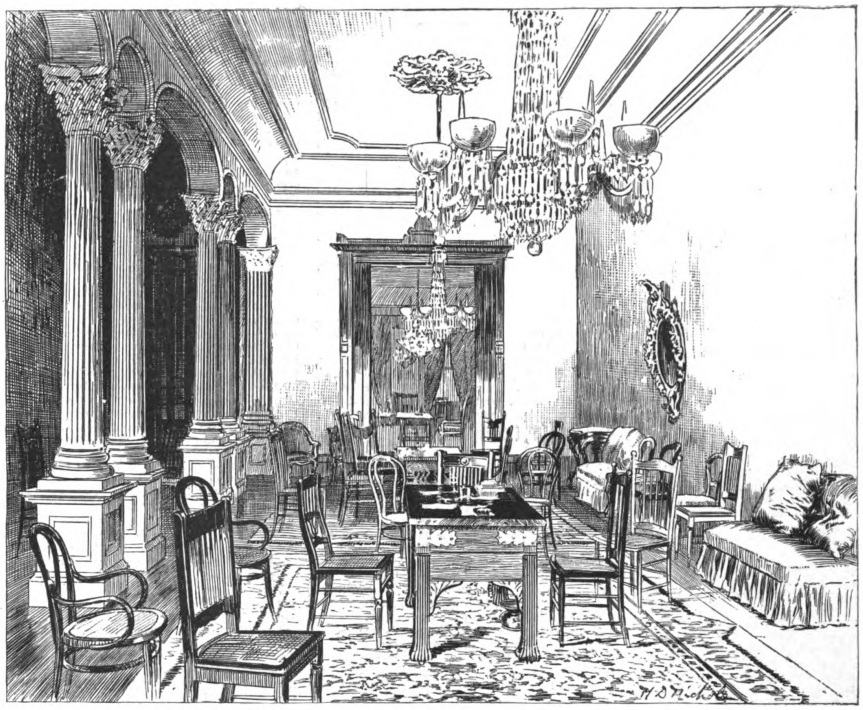
ARTHUR C. MELLETTE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

GOVERNORS OF THE NEW STATES.—[See Page 819.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE WALLACH MANSION, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE CONGRESS.



THE MEETING-ROOM OF THE CONGRESS IN THE WALLACH MANSION.

not had the fortune of seeing Madge Robertson in the first flush of youth, with all her innocent charm and coquetry, as Galatea, cannot imagine the possibilities of this, one of the most difficult rôles in modern repertoire. In *Broken Hearts*, *The Nine Days' Wonder*, and more particularly in *Impulse*, Mrs. Kendal has gathered her best deserved laurels; whilst as Susan Hartley, in *The Scrap of Paper*, so recently revived with brilliant éclat at the St. James, no actress could hope to come within a hundred miles of her. In *William and Susan*, again, her acting was at once a miracle of art and nature. No one having once heard could forget the simple pathos of her accents when wounded to the quick to hear that her sailor husband, whom she supposed inconsolable at parting with her when bound for his voyage, was found uncommonly merry at the first port. "Oh, sir!" she exclaims to the apparently fair-speaking captain who imparts the information. "Well, I'm right glad to know he could be so hearty."

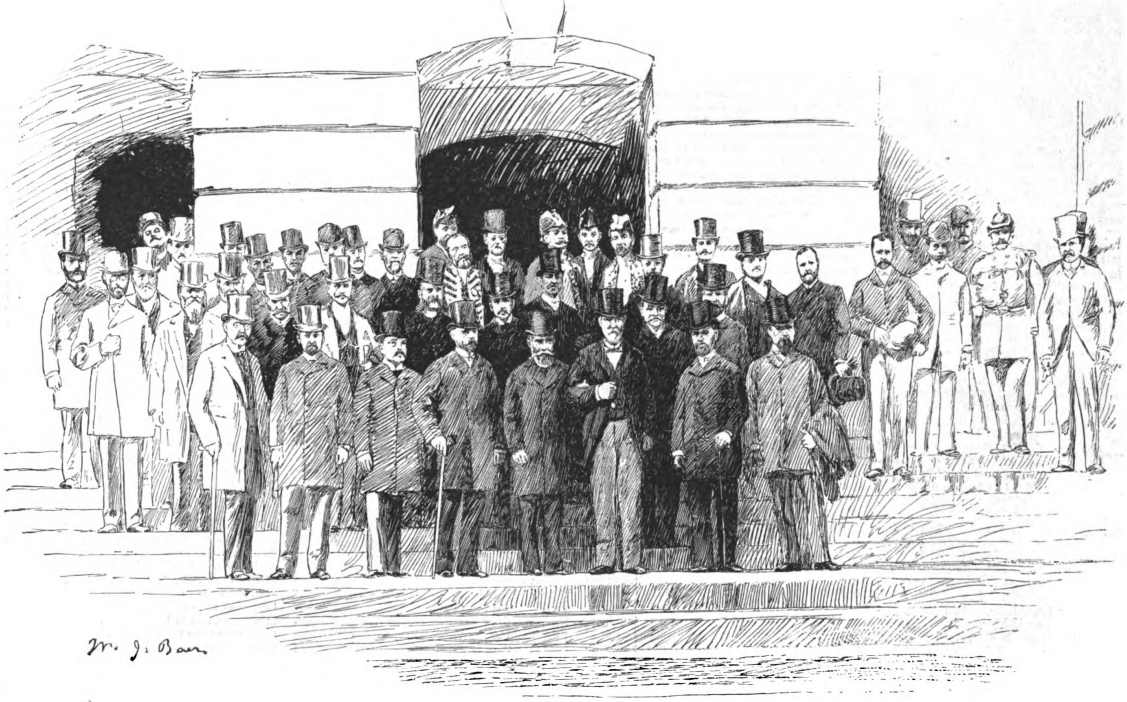
Without regular beauty, Madge Kendal has one of the most attractive faces and most infectious smiles imaginable. An excellent woman and charming companion, she is also an actress without rival in her own particular line on the English stage of to-day.

Mr. Kendal, the beau ideal of a *jeune premier*, is not infrequently described by the male members of his audience as "the husband of Mrs. Kendal," whereas his lady admirers are prone to consider "the wife of Mr. Kendal" a remarkably lucky woman. The popular actor, who showed no signs of early promise as a boy, desired, above all things, to become a painter, and when he attended theatrical performances little heeded the dramatic action, being intent on making caricatures of the leading actors on his thumb nail. His friends persuaded him with all their might and main to adopt the profession of a doctor, but, as fate willed it, he happened one fair morning to be introduced to a Mr. Mowbray, the author of the burlesque *A Gay Young Fellow, or Billy Taylor*, and this same Mowbray, struck with his pleasant appearance and ready manner, offered him an engagement in *The Weak Woman*, which, without thinking much over the matter, he accepted in a happy-go-lucky way. For nearly a year Kendal remained at the Soho Theatre, where Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham, and David James were also performing, without making any special mark. His first decided success was won at Glasgow in Dr. Westland Marston's *Favorite of Fortune*. Subsequently Charles Matthews interested himself in his behalf, and helped him to procure an engagement in London. It was on the production of *Pygmalion and Galatea* that Kendal had the infinite good fortune of being assigned the part of Madge Robertson's lover, and during the run of the play of being accepted as her lord and master behind the scenes for life. Since that time Pygmalion has appeared as Galatea's husband, lover, and brother a hundred times over, and crowds upon crowds have assembled to applaud the performances of this excellently matched couple.

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

THE INTERNATIONAL AMERICAN CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON.

WHETHER or not the deliberations of the International American Conference, the delegates to which are now travelling about the country inspecting factories, workshops, and schools, will produce results satisfactory to the promoters and managers of the conference cannot be predicted with any certainty. The interests of the United States, as administered by those whom politics has made responsible for the Conference, are diametrically opposed to the interests of those nations with whose delegates the conference is to be; for it was a Democratic Congress that authorized, and it is a Republican administration that manages the Conference—the



GROUP OF DELEGATES TO THE CONGRESS ON THE STEPS OF THE WALLACH MANSION.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICAN STATES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

plan conceived by those pledged to freer trade is to be tested by those bound to protection. What can be predicted of the results of the Conference, however, is that our knowledge of the characters and dispositions of the Latin nations of this hemisphere will be broadened, and it may be that our respect for those nations will be increased while our liking diminishes. The United States has but a single vote, and a combination among the representatives of the southern American nations against us might easily preclude us from the results hoped for from the Conference.

An act of Congress, approved by President Cleveland May 28, 1888, is the authority for the invitations which Secretary Bayard sent to Mexico and the seventeen countries of Central and South America to join the United States in a commercial conference. The object of the conference, as set forth in the law, is the discussion and recommendation for adoption of arbitration as a settlement of differences, of questions relating to the improvement of business intercourse and means of direct communication between the various countries, of a customs union, of regulations governing imports and exports, of a silver coin to be a universal legal tender, and of any other subjects that "may be presented by any of the said states."

Fifteen governments have sent delegates in answer to these invitations. Paraguay and Hayti promised to take part in the Conference; but the Paraguayian delegates are not yet arrived, and in view of the disturbed condition of Hayti, it is considered doubtful whether any delegate comes from that country.

San Domingo alone has declined to take any part in the Conference. The government of that country is disturbed because a proposed treaty of trade was never completed on the part of the United States, and professes to believe that we are not in earnest in our desire for closer business relations with our southern neighbors.

The Conference met for the first time on October 2d, in Washington, where a large house had been prepared for its meetings. It consists of the following members, not all of whom, however, were present: From the United States, John B. Henderson, of Missouri (who was chosen temporary chairman); Cornelius N. Bliss and Charles R. Flint, of New York; Clement Studebaker, of Indiana; T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Massachusetts; William Henry Trescot, of South Carolina; Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania; Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia; Morris M. Estee, of California; and John F. Hanson, of Georgia; from Mexico, Matías Romero and Angel Ortiz y Monasterio; from Guatemala, Fernando Cruz; from Honduras, Jeronimo Zelaya; from Nicaragua, Horacio Guzman; from Costa Rica, Pedro Zeledon and Manuel Aragon; from San Salvador, Jacinto Castellanos and Manuel Valdivieso; from Colombia, J. M. Hurtado, Carlos Martinez de Silva, and C. Calderon; from Ecuador, José M. P. Caamaño; from Bolivia, Juan F. Velarde; from Peru, F. C. Zegarra; from Chili, José Alfonso and Emilio Varas; from the Argentine Republic, Vincente Quesada, Roque Saenz Peña, and Manuel Quintana; from Uruguay, Alberto Nin; from Brazil, J. G. de Amaral Valente, Lafayette Rodriguez Pereira, and Salvador de Mendonça; from Venezuela, Nicanor Peraza.

Mr. Blaine welcomed the delegates in a short speech, wherein he briefly and without detail outlined the purposes of the Conference, and ended by inviting them to visit, as guests of the United States, the various sections of the country. President Harrison then received the delegates, who later in the day elected Secretary Blaine chairman of the Conference, and adjourned their deliberations until November 18th.

On October 3d such of the delegates as chose to do so started on the proposed trip through the country. On that day the party went to West Point, where portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, presented to the Military Academy by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, were unveiled in their presence. They next proceeded, by way of New York, to Boston. They will inspect many factories and mills in New England, will visit Niagara Falls and the Mammoth Cave, and will travel altogether rather more than 5000 miles, reaching Minneapolis and St. Paul in the Northwest, and Louisville in the South, and visiting the principal cities of the Northeastern quarter of the country. The actual work of the Conference will begin on the return of the delegates to Washington.

Among students of the subjects which the Conference was called to discuss, many of the delegates from Mexico, Central and South America are known as well as, if not better than, the delegates selected to represent this country.

John B. Henderson is a lawyer familiar with the commercial interests of the Mississippi Valley, and a close personal friend of Secretary Blaine. Cornelius N. Bliss, although the head of a large dry-goods firm in New York city, is better known as a prominent local Republican politician. Charles R. Flint is a leather dealer who does a large business with South American countries. He is a Democrat.

Clement Studebaker is one of the firm of Studebaker Brothers, who make an enormous number of wagons at their factory in South Bend, Indiana, and ship them to all parts of the earth. He has intimate business dealings with all the South American countries. Mr. Studebaker is a self-made man, a Republican, and an ardent protectionist. He is very wealthy.

T. Jefferson Coolidge is a Harvard graduate, and is a wealthy Republican manufacturer. William Henry Trescot is the author of a book on American diplomacy, has been Secretary of State, Legation in London, Assistant Secretary of State, Commissioner to negotiate treaties with China; and with Mexico, has filled many delicate foreign missions, and is acknowledged to be the best diplomat in this country. He is a Democrat.

Andrew Carnegie is the well-known Pittsburgh millionaire, a Scotchman, and an intimate personal friend of Mr. Blaine. He is a radical protectionist. Henry G. Davis is a former Senator from West Virginia, and is a railroad president. He is a protection Democrat, and the father-in-law of Stephen B. Elkins.

Morris M. Estee is a lawyer, and at the same time the second largest fruit grower in California; he is a personal friend of Mr. Blaine. John F. Hanson has paid much attention to the study of the subjects which will come before the Conference, and has written somewhat on them. He is a protection Democrat.

From Mexico comes Matías Romero, a lawyer; from 1859 to 1868 he was Secretary of Legation, Chargé d'Affaires, and Minister at Washington; he has been Finance Minister and Postmaster-General of Mexico, and since 1881 has been Minister at Washington. He has written on historical matters, and is a master of English.

Fernando Cruz is a publicist of high rank, has been Minister for Foreign Affairs of Guatemala, and is now Minister at Washington. Manuel Aragon, of Costa Rica, is a merchant, a Deputy to the Congress of his country, and Vice-President of that body; he has also been Minister of Finance of Costa Rica.

Señor Caamaño was once President of Ecuador, and is now Governor of one of the Ecuadorian states. Señor Zelaya has been Minister for Foreign Affairs of Honduras, and has represented his country twice in international conferences similar to the present Conference.

Vincente Quesada is Argentine Minister at Washington; his colleague, Señor Quintana, is a leader of the Buenos Ayres bar, and has had experience in diplomacy. José Alfonso is the leading authority in Chili on international law; while his colleague, Señor Varas, is the Chilian Minister at Washington.

Bolivia is represented by its Minister at Washington, who has had a long diplomatic experience in the service of his country. Nicanor Peraza is a journalist, editing one of the Spanish newspapers of this city; he represents Venezuela. Señor Valente has just been appointed, for the second time, Brazilian Minister to this country. Lafayette Pereira has been Minister of Justice of Brazil, and is the leading lawyer of that empire. The third delegate from Brazil is Salvador de Mendonça, who has been Consul-General in New York for the last fourteen years. Nicaragua, Colombia, and Peru are represented by their respective Ministers at Washington.

THE SPECULATIVE BUILDER AND HIS METHODS.

It is said upon authority that there are over five thousand buildings in course of erection in the city of New York at the present time. These, of course, are of every class, from the twelve-story business palace of Charles Broadway Rouss to the home-maker's modest little two-story frame cottage in the district north of the Harlem River. It is in such times of activity as these that the "speculative builder" expands himself, and just at this period he is spreading his personality and methods all over the city, from the Battery to Riverdale; though chiefly in the upper west side and the Harlem district.

There are two distinct classes of this ubiquitous individual as known at the Department of Buildings—one is called the "speculative builder," the other the "jerry builder." The first-named, as understood at the Department, is the builder whose capital is either none at all or very small, whose intentions are good and building methods honest, but who is always taking big chances in borrowing money for his operations at exorbitant rates, thus keeping himself in the power of the money-lender. In prosperous times like the present, when fairly built dwelling-houses are bought up almost as soon as completed, the officials do not look very sharply after this class of builder, as their time is pretty well occupied in watching the "jerrys," but when times get troublous with him, and houses don't sell, and the "banker" wants his money, it is then, if he happens to be carrying on other operations, that the building inspectors look well about them.

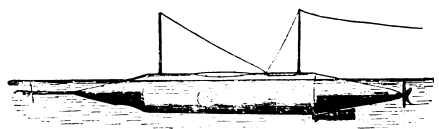
But it is the "jerry builders" that keep the inspectors busy. Of that class was Charles A. Buddensick, who is now serving out a sentence of ten years in Sing Sing for crushing the life out of a poor workman in the ruins of the "mud mortar" structures that collapsed in West Sixty-second Street about four years ago. Here was a man who for twelve years had been erecting tenements and other dwellings, and in deliberation coolly ordering his workmen to violate all the laws of both the Building and Health Departments, with which he was continually at loggerheads. In fact, throughout his twelve years of dishonest building, during which he is said to have accumulated a fortune of over five hundred thousand dollars, no less than three hundred complaints were lodged against him in the Building Department for violations of the rules. He, unfortunately for himself, became a notorious example, and had to suffer, though there were others just as guilty as he. There are still plenty of them; their buildings do not fall down and rudely crush the victims to death, but stand erect, with their violations of all sanitary laws in the ventilating arrangements and in the plumbing, poisoning the inmates year after year with vitiated air and foul sewer gases, bringing a typhoid death to many, and a living death in lingering illness to others. This "jerry builder" may put cement and good sand in his mortar, may come up to the requirements of the law with his proportions of lime and plastering hair, buy well-baked brick for his side walls and front; but he leaves out the traps in his sewer pipes; he makes sewer connections that are so small and inadequate that the sewage stays fast in the pipes, festering there, and sending up its deadly germs to kill the infant and poison the adult. This is how the jerry builder commits murder by another method—a slower one than Buddensick took, but as sure a one as was the brutal crushing out of the life of that scoundrel's victim.

How did this class of man arise in the midst of an enlightened community? Forty years ago, when the city first began to take upon itself the distinctive features of a metropolis, the "jerry builder" made his appearance on the current of business activity. In dwellings the high-stooped, square-front brick or brown-stone house was the prime favorite among all classes, and became accepted all over the country as the "New York vernacular" in architecture. It was through the opportunities offered for flimsy substitution in this class of building that the "jerry builder" became a factor in the community, and encumbered Manhattan Island with his fragile structures. He is peculiarly a product of the New York speculative mania. He is, if it may so be called, a necessary evil that is always sure to be coincident with the rapid development of a city's population and material resources. He is a factor that may be largely productive of good or evil, the tendency depending greatly upon the moral integrity, as well as the business necessities, of the person or persons who may be in direction of the operations. The conditions that permit him to exist in New York, and just now to flourish generally, can have no place in the municipal economy of any other cities of the United States, with the possible exception of Philadelphia and Chicago; and even in these two cities they can only exist to a limited extent, and but temporarily at that, for though the jerry builder may develop in a crude sort of way during periods of unwonted activity in building enterprise, he does not have a fair chance to arrive at that perfection of his art that his New York compeer often attains. Brooklyn is not mentioned in this connection, for the reason that the conditions which exist in New York are the same there, as for all practical purposes the two cities are about as one.

The causes that permit him to pursue his way and prosper in New York may be summed up in a general way under four headings: First, the unsatisfied demands of an enormous, restless, and ever-increasing population for homes of all classes suited to their individual needs and wants. Second, the greed of capital that is seeking a channel for remunerative investment; the competition that this greed enforces places the necessary means within reach of the unscrupulous and irresponsible builder for carrying to the end his nefarious enterprises. Third, the political and private corruption that exists in the various departments of the city government with which this class of law-breaker is likely to come into conflict, and if he has a political "pull," enabling him to violate the laws with impunity, or, if not in this way, by smoothing his way with bribery, which guarantees him equal immunity from possible consequences. Fourth, the red tape of the law which, when honest enforcement of regulations is attempted by the officials of the department involved, practically forbids prompt and decisive action on the part of the authorities when flagrant violations of the building or sanitary laws are discovered, and the offender brought to answer.

An interesting case of evasion of the sanitary regulations was brought to light but a short time since in connection with a row of so-called first-class dwelling-houses on a street uptown, west of Central Park. The cellars for these houses had been blasted out of solid rock, involving an enormous expense to the builder. To make the connections for the street sewer called for a further expenditure of $300 for each house. This also involved blasting in each case; but instead of so doing, the contractor ran the waste-pipe from each house down under the cellar floor, and thence back under the yard to a point beyond the fence line, where the mouth of the "private sewer" was hidden under a pile of broken rock that ostensibly was there to make a foundation for the rear fences. This one item saved the builder over $2000, and when the roguery was discovered, some six months after, and then only after an investigation by the Board of Health into the cause of so much sickness in the row, it was found that the houses had been built by a well-known "jerry builder," but in the name of a "dummy," who was legally the responsible party, and who could not be found when searched for. This could not possibly have been done without the connivance of the sanitary inspector, but there is no record of any one ever having been brought to account for it. It was just such an arrangement as this, the employment of a "dummy" by Buddensick in all his operations that enabled him for so long to evade the legal consequences of his violations of the law.

SCOTT THOMPSON



THE HALPINE TORPEDO-BOAT.

The first public trial of the Halpine torpedo-boat was made a few days ago in the waters of New York Bay, in the vicinity of Bay Ridge, Long Island. The torpedo-boat is of copper, cigar-like in shape, having a total length of twenty-three feet, with a diameter of twenty-four inches, and carries a shell four feet long, of ten inches diameter, capable of holding one hundred pounds of explosive materials.

The torpedo-boat having been launched in comparatively shallow water, the copper cylinder started out in a straight line from the shore, then took a curve to the left, steering itself to a net stretched on a boom. Having discharged its shell, it then backed water, and turning completely round within a small circle, returned to the place of departure. As far as controlling the movements of the torpedo-boat from the shore, the experimental trip was perfectly successful. The course travelled over was made in quick time, the torpedo-boat responding to all changes of direction, and the shell being fired from the boat at exactly the proper moment.

Having thus briefly described the character of the trial, the peculiarities of this novel torpedo-boat are now to be considered. The Halpine torpedo-boat is the first one of the kind which carries within itself its own power, the electric force being derived from a storage battery contained within the boat. This force is sufficient to cause the propeller to revolve at a good speed, so that the boat will move at from twelve to fourteen knots per hour. With increase of power, derived from storage batteries of greater capacity, a higher rate of speed is of course possible.

The peculiarity of the Halpine torpedo-boat is that it carries its own shell, which can be made to leave the apparatus at the will of the operator on the shore, or it is discharged from the boat automatically when an impediment is met with, such as the netting now used by men-of-war as preventives against the approach of torpedoes.

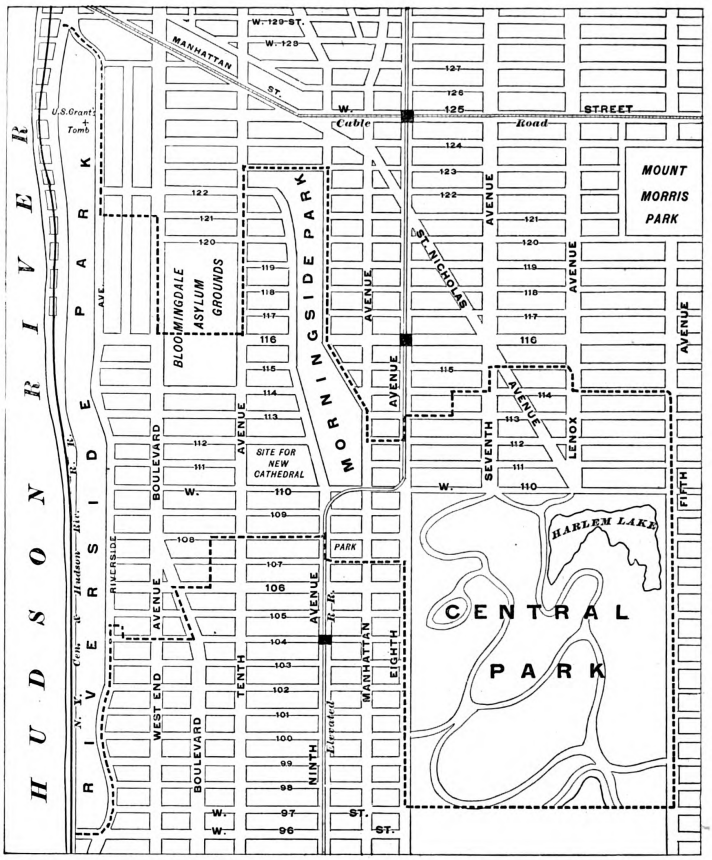
At the bow of the torpedo-boat protrudes a short spar, which has a javelin head. When the torpedo-boat is directed toward a man-of-war having netting, this javelin head is entangled, and at once two pieces of steel, precisely like those of a lilly iron on a harpoon, open, and help further to hold the spar entangled. This is sufficient to draw out the wooden spar, which imparts a dip to the torpedo-boat, and at the same time fires the charge which drives out the loaded shell, which shell, taking a downward direction, explodes either by contact, or by means of an electric battery within the shell, as used by Captain Zalinski. It will now be understood how this torpedo-boat differs from all other similar inventions. The boat itself is independent, in a measure, of its projectile. It carries its own shell, discharges it at the proper time, and is always under control by means of a shore wire. After having sent off its shell, the boat returns to its point of departure, and, a new shell being put in the boat, the attack can be renewed. In other apparatus the torpedo shell, having its own motion, is a unit, and it is destroyed when exploded; or, in other words, is "hoist with its own petard."

A very novel method of directing the movement of the Halpine torpedo-boat is in the use of a single wire. In the trial made the wire was that known as No. 20, and this is so light that forty-five pounds of it can be extended to the length of a mile. The torpedo-boat, carrying its own reel, unwinds its wire as it goes on its course; and the end of the wire being in the hands of the person on shore, he can by this single strand steer her as he pleases or fire the shell, the shell being, when necessary, made independent of the cutting or entangling boom. By means of the controlling wire, if there be a netting around the ship to be attacked, as soon as the shell is discharged, the boat is made to turn and returns. This torpedo-boat can be employed to drop shells in a channel in a fairly accurate manner, which shells can remain intact, to be exploded later, when connection is made between them and the shore. One essential point which renders the Halpine torpedo-boat worthy of study by our military and naval authorities is this, that by its use a very full series of experiments can be made, and at a limited cost. The expense of the shell being small, and the boat itself not being demolished, the boat can be sent out as often as is wished, and reliable data will be obtainable of the effectiveness of all classes of torpedoes.

The problem of constructing an independent boat, "having its own motor power, and carrying a shell to be fired from it, which can be backed automatically to a position of safety prior to the discharge of the explosive, whereby the boat proper remains uninjured, the boat being capable of constant usage," has been seemingly solved by Lieutenant Nicholas J. Halpine, of the United States navy, this officer now being on board of the *Tallapoosa*, following out his line of duty in South American waters. The many nice details of the electrical work and construction have been carried out by Mr. Arthur W. Savage.

In more than one respect the Halpine torpedo-boat shows the rapid advance made in electricity in warfare, and is indicative of the constant attempts made by the offence to beat down the defence. If rope or wire netting before this were supposed to give a man-of-war security against torpedo attacks, the probability is that ships with such defences will no longer be considered safe. If the Halpine torpedo-boat can take advantage of exactly such obstacles as are now in use, and fire her shell so as to strike the keel of the vessel, or somewhere near the ship's bottom, the uselessness of netting would be at once demonstrable.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MAP OF SUGGESTED SITE FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1892—BOUNDARIES INDICATED BY THE DOTTED LINE AS DEFINED BY THE SUBCOMMITTEE ON BUILDINGS.

THE EXPOSITION SITE.

To those persons who have taken the trouble to make a personal examination of the ground and its surroundings, the Exposition site recently selected by the Committee on Site and Buildings has advantages which even the partisans of other localities cannot overlook or deny. Putting out of the question entirely its topographical features, which have to be more or less studied to be fully appreciated, the advantages of location are seen to be so great as to preclude the necessity of explaining why this particular locality was chosen in preference to any of the other really excellent sites that were considered by the committee. It has been said publicly and otherwise that at the beginning of its work the Committee on Site and Buildings had as many good sites in mind as it had members. Assuming the correctness of this, the almost perfect unanimity with which the committee decided upon Riverside and Morningside parks and adjoining lands as the site for the Exposition buildings, with incidental use of the upper part of Central Park, shows incontestably the claims of this locality for the purposes intended. Members who are said to have hesitated at first, when the possibly large cost of the land was considered, withdrew all objection upon taking into account the vastly increased receipts that the location would bring to the Exposition. Presumably they acted upon the business principle of the Broadway merchants, who declare that it is easy enough to pay large rents if they have plenty of business to do it with. In their case the location brings the business, and so, it is argued, the case will be with the Exposition.

Circumstances attending the work of the subcommittee on buildings, to which was referred the task of ascertaining upon what terms the private property within the proposed area of the site could be obtained, have modified to some extent the boundaries as originally published. At a recent meeting the subcommittee adopted resolutions recommending that the site should consist of Riverside and Morningside parks; the private property north of Central Park, between 110th and 113th streets and Fifth and Eighth avenues; the private property on each side of the Bloomingdale Asylum from 116th Street to 122d Street; the private property bounded on the north by 116th Street west of Morningside Park, and 113th Street east of Morningside Park, on the east by Eighth Avenue, on the west by Riverside Park, and on the south by an irregular line running from 108th Street at Eighth Avenue to some point yet to be defined on the eastern edge of Riverside Park. In addition, Central Park above Ninety-sixth Street is to be used as an annex for refreshment and recreative purposes. It is expected that these boundaries will have to be modified to meet the demands of contingencies likely to arise in the final negotiations for the private property.

It is entirely too early as yet to do more than indicate indefinitely where the various buildings will be placed. One of the large buildings will doubtless be erected on the plot of ground immediately north of Central Park. Machinery Hall would naturally go there, by reason of the comparative ease with which heavy machinery could be carried to it from any of the available steamboat wharves on the North and East rivers. In that case the Main Building would necessarily be placed on the higher ground between Morningside and Riverside parks, somewhere south of 116th Street. There is room on the east and west sides of the Bloomingdale Asylum for large buildings. Morningside Park itself, while not available for large buildings, may be found useful for some of the smaller structures necessary to such an Exposition. South of the indicated location of the Main Building there will be plenty of space for large or small buildings, and in the neighborhood of 110th Street and Manhattan Avenue other structures may be built to advantage.

Riverside Park has an area of 59 acres, excluding the roadway of 18 acres. The area of Morningside Park is 30 acres. The acreage of the site as outlined has not been definitely computed, and perhaps will not be until the boundaries are accurately determined; but it seems probable that enough land will be secured to give an aggregate of 250 acres outside of Central Park. This will be amply sufficient for all the purposes of the Exposition, leaving the upper part of Central Park as a resting-place for weary sightseers.

In itself the site is varied enough to be an interesting location for the Exposition. On a summer afternoon the views from Riverside Drive in the neighborhood of the tomb of General Grant are alone worth the journey to that part of Manhattan Island. The broad expanse of the Hudson River stretches north and south until the high banks on either side are lost in haze. On the opposite shore are the Palisades, which extend northward until their precipitous fronts merge themselves into the purple bulk of the distant hills. The river is at all times busy with passing craft of various kinds, from the Albany steam-boat to the meeker but no less useful brick sloop from Haverstraw. During the Exposition the river here will be a marine study of more than casual interest.

The Riverside bluff is about 150 feet high. At its foot are the tracks of the Hudson River Railroad, which is doubtless prepared to build stations at various points along the Exposition water-front. The water is deep enough to accommodate any size of vessel that may wish to land, including ocean steam-ships loaded with foreign exhibits, and huge excursion steamers and ferry-boats, which may be expected to touch here in large numbers. For marine displays the location could not well be improved upon, unless the committee had adopted the proposed plan of placing the Exposition buildings on piles in the shallow water of New York Bay southwest of the statue of Liberty.

The western and eastern parts of the site are comparatively level, with the sharp ascent of Morningside Park between them to break the monotony of an absolutely level location. From the highest point of Morningside Park the visitor may see a wide stretch of land below him, most of it built up thickly with attractive new houses, but all of it interesting to the eye. The vacant plot between 113th Street and the north end of Central Park is the only extensive area not yet occupied by buildings. From the Morningside Park point of view the nearness of the site to the centre of population is clearly apparent. North and east of the site, within easy walking distance, are the homes of tens of thousands of prosperous people, who will do their share toward making the Exposition a success, while south and east the great city extends to the Battery. The site is so convenient that hundreds of thousands of people will be able to walk to the Exposition, thus placing themselves beyond the temporary inconveniences of crowded cars.

The transportation facilities will be so complete, however, that there will not be much danger of unnecessary crowding either in going to or in leaving the Exposition grounds. In addition to the steam-boat and railroad transportation available at the foot of the bluff at Riverside Park, all the elevated railroads can have stations adjoining the grounds, while the Central-Hudson Railroad can transport tens of thousands of passengers daily by means of its Park Avenue viaduct. Thus it will be seen at a glance that there can be no lack of adequate transportation facilities. The people are so well satisfied with the committee's selection, apparently, that they have ceased to offer suggestions in opposition to it, and have begun to send in their ideas concerning buildings and the laying out of the grounds.

It is difficult to say at present upon what terms the property comprising the site will be secured. An encouraging feature of the work of the subcommittee to which was intrusted the task of conferring with property owners is the fact that many of the lot-holders interested have so far expressed their good-will toward the Exposition enterprise as to offer the use of their property, free of all charge, for as long a time as it should be needed. Many others have assured the committee that their lots are at the disposal of the Exposition upon any terms that the committee may see fit to make. Still others, who have mortgages to carry, feel that they should have about five per cent. of a reasonable valuation as a rental. A few persons are disposed to sell at current market prices.

GOVERNORS OF THE NEW STATES.

On the 1st of October elections were held in South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territories for the ratification of their new constitutions, preliminary to admission into the Union as States, and for the choice of State officers, Representatives in Congress, and members of the Legislatures.

Arthur C. Mellette, who was appointed Territorial Governor of Dakota last spring, was elected Governor of South Dakota. He is a lawyer by profession, forty-seven years of age, and a native of Henry County, Indiana. He is a graduate of the State University at Bloomington, Indiana, and served in the war in the Ninth Indiana Infantry, taking part in the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland. He returned to Henry County after his discharge, and entered upon the practice of his profession. He took part in local politics, and removing to Dakota in 1879, he was appointed Register of the Land Office at Springfield. He was a member of the Sioux Falls Constitutional Convention in 1883, and in 1885 was elected to the office of Governor under the Constitution then framed, though it never went into effect. He resides at Watertown, and has taken a prominent part in South Dakota in the movement for statehood.

John Miller, familiarly known as "Farmer" Miller, was elected Governor of North Dakota. He was born at Dryden, New York, about forty years ago, was brought up on a farm, and educated in the common schools of his native town. He engaged in mercantile business at Dryden, beginning as a clerk in a country store, and in 1880 went to Dakota in the employment of the Dwight Farm and Land Company, with headquarters at Dwight, Richland County. He had nothing to do with politics until 1888, when he was elected to the Territorial Council, where he developed a popularity that led to his being nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor much against his inclination.

Joseph K. Toole, who appears to have been elected Governor of Montana, was the Democratic candidate. He is a native of Savannah, Missouri, where he was born in May, 1851. He obtained his early education at St. Joseph, whither his family had moved, and in 1867 entered the Western Military Academy at New Castle, Kentucky, which was presided over by General E. Kirby Smith. Two years later he removed to Montana, and established himself at Helena, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was elected District Attorney at the age of twenty-one, and held the office for years. He was chosen to the Legislative Assembly of the Territory in 1880, and became President of the Council. In 1885 he was elected Delegate to Congress, and has served in that capacity for two terms.

The Governor-elect of Washington is Elisha P. Ferry, of Seattle. He is a native of Illinois, and practised law at Waukegan, in that State, from 1846 to 1859, and was at one time Mayor of that city. During a part of the civil war he served on the staff of Governor Yates, and aided in organizing volunteer regiments for the service. He went to Washington Territory about twenty years ago, and from 1870 to 1873 held the office of Surveyor-General. He was appointed Governor of the Territory by President Grant, and held the office eight years. He then removed from Olympia to Seattle, and resumed the practice of the law as a member of the firm of McKnaught, Ferry, & Mitchell, and became Vice-President of the Puget Sound National Bank.



ENCOURAGEMENT TO CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

UNCLE BILLY MAGAFFIN (*who has been having his portrait painted to present to the Squeezaway Turtle Club*). "I wouldn't '*a minded payin'* you three hundred dollars fer the pictur if you'd '*a worked fer the money*;' but I was a-watchin' you them times when you thought I was *asleep, and you jist sat an' looked* at me nine-tenths of the time."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" FUTURITY CUP, TROTTED FOR AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, ON OCTOBER 8, 1889.—Designed and Manufactured by Tiffany & Co., New York.

"SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" FUTURITY STAKES CUP.

AMONG the points of interest in connection with the breeding of the trotting horse there is probably none more attractive to the general public than the trials of speed between the young stock as their training and development go on from year to year. At the present time California holds the majority of the champion trotting records at the various ages, with Norlaine's performance, as a yearling, of a mile in 2.31¼, Sunol's 2.18 at two years, and Manzanita's 2.16 at four years. The same State has also produced such fleet young pacers as Yolo Maid, with a record of 2.14 at three years, and Arrow, who earned a mark of 2.14 at four years. This season the Kentucky-bred colt Axtell has continuously lowered the three-year-old record of 2.18, held by Sallie Wilkes, another Californian, till he has accomplished the marvellous feat of a mile in 2.14. Besides these trials against a given time, contests between the youngsters themselves form an important part of the performance during the racing season. The early part of this is given over to the older horses, while from September till winter comes the juveniles meet, principally in contests for stakes, arranged something after the manner of the important fixtures for runners. There is a national association of trotting-horse breeders that holds a regular meeting once a year, where a number of these stakes are decided, and most of the States have their own organizations for a similar purpose. Besides these the leading turf journals are accustomed to offer inducements for breeders to bring out the best produce of their farms. The most important event of this kind that has taken place this fall is the *Spirit's* Futurity Stakes, which was trotted for at Cleveland, Ohio, October 8th, under the auspices of the *Spirit of the Times*, the oldest publication of its kind in this country. This stake was opened in 1886, and the subscribers were to name mares that had been bred in 1885, the produce to be eligible for a contest to take place between August 1 and October 15, 1889, or, in other words, the stake was made for three-year-olds. For this 296 mares were named on or before February 20, 1886. The second subscription was due January 8, 1887, when the produce of each mare had to be named and described. Of the original number, 139 remained and fulfilled the conditions of the second subscription. As a third condition, those foals previously named that wished to start in the race were to be nominated by July 1, 1889. When the time came for this final subscription, ten young trotters were named for the event. The total money value of the stake is $5340, of which 70 per cent. goes to the winner, 20 per cent. to the second, and 10 per cent. to the third of the competitors. To this the *Spirit of the Times* adds a cup valued at $1000, which will be given to the winner. This cup has been manufactured by Tiffany & Co., and is in itself a most desirable prize. It is of solid silver, twenty-seven inches in height, appropriately designed to express the object of its donation, the figures of a mare and foal being the most prominent feature of the engraving.

TRUSTS IN WALL STREET.

A VERY serious depreciation in the market value of two of the principal Trust securities dealt in on the Stock Exchange has aroused new interest in that class of industrial undertakings. In spite of the extra-hazardous character of operations in Trust certificates, both because of their newness and the professed necessity for concealing many of the facts regarding the operations of the Trusts, they have become favorites with the speculative community. With the average investor they have not found much favor for the reasons just given. Still a large number of rich men have bought them upon the advice or suggestions of those familiar with their organization and management. The decline in the market for them has also brought to the surface evidence that there has been some buying of them, with a view to income, by people of moderate means.

If the Trust idea survives, holdings of Trust certificates by a large number of people will, of course, help to protect the execution of the idea from attacks. As the process of distribution must in the main take place in Wall Street, it is the duty of those engaged in business there to obtain for their clients the fullest information possible relative to Trusts; in other words, aid in the formation of an intelligent opinion regarding each of them. This is not an easy matter. Those who are most largely interested in the four or five immense industrial copartnerships that are kept constantly before the public by daily dealings in their certificates on the Stock Exchange are very chary of information about their business. They evidently feel that they occupy delicate positions, presumably because they are conscious of a certain hostility on the part of the public to the power they have collected. They are unquestionably afraid that official statements that might be made public with entire propriety will be used to the disadvantage of the interests they wish to conserve. It may be that possibility is taken advantage of in some cases to withhold information for the profit that frequently occurs to insiders by doing so.

The professed inability of Trusts to furnish the public with exact and complete statements of their affairs has kept their certificates from being placed upon the regular lists of the Stock Exchange. Another barrier is their practically unlimited capitalization, for the Stock Exchange lists definite amounts of securities, and must be informed of any contemplated increase in them, and before listing any additional issue it must be furnished with satisfactory reasons for it. This would not suit the Trusts, at least while they are engaged in absorbing properties, for they want to issue certificates for that purpose without restriction and upon terms they may not care to divulge. This feature manifestly militates against the market for the certificates, since the street never knows what it is buying. This has been partially remedied, as the Sugar Refineries Company has announced a limit to its capitalization, and the American Cotton Oil Trust announces that at the approaching annual meeting of its certificate-holders they will be apt to modify the deed of trust, so that increases in the capitalization can be made only in accordance with the regulations of the Stock Exchange.

In spite of the considerations mentioned, a good deal of information has been obtained regarding these organizations. Their officers have directly and indirectly supplied much of it. Some idea of their magnitude and scope may be obtained from the following summaries, in which it is impracticable, owing to the meagre data at hand, to more than approximate or estimate the value of the various plants and accompanying good-will. A reference to the Standard Oil Company is not inappropriate, although its certificates are very rarely dealt in. The people who own its $90,000,000 of certificates seem very tenacious of them, so that from a market point of view the concern is really a "private affair." It deserves mention in this connection because it is the original enterprise of its kind, and has not only served as a pattern for all the others, but the men who have made their fortunes in it are largely interested in at least two of the other Trusts.

The first concern to attain prominence in Wall Street was the American Cotton Oil Trust, which now has $42,000,000 of certificates outstanding. Last year it crushed five hundred thousand tons of cotton seed, or about 70 per cent. of the total. It is not only a producer of cotton oil, but controls numerous refineries and manufacturing establishments. The value of the crude products turned out by it last year averaged at least $25 a ton, indicating a business of $12,500,000, to say nothing of its development of those products into articles of consumption. The certificates of the Sugar Refineries Company and of the National Lead Trust made their appearance on the Stock Exchange at about the same time. The capitalization of the Sugar Trust is $50,000,000. Last year it refined about 73½ per cent. of the sugar used in this country, and the non-Trust refineries 26½ per cent. Trustworthy estimates are that during the first half of this year it refined 62½ per cent., while the non-Trust refiners turned out 34½ per cent. The profits of the Trust have been enormous, and have, as might be expected, created competition. Mr. Claus Spreckles, who has heretofore confined himself to refining sugar on the Pacific coast, has nearly completed one-half of a large refinery in Philadelphia, which will probably be in operation by January 1st next, and turning out about 3000 barrels of sugar per day. It is suspected that recent heavy sales of sugar stock have been based upon the certainty that this competition will have to be met and possibly absorbed. The property of the Trust is estimated at fifteen to twenty million dollars, and it is believed to have accumulated a surplus often of fifteen millions, besides paying 10 per cent. upon its capitalization, since its organization. The present capitalization of the Lead Trust is, in round numbers, $86,000,000, which represents the absorption of about 92 per cent. of the white-lead corroders in this country. The industry was in a bad way when the Trust took hold of it, but it is now claimed that between three and four per cent. per annum is being earned upon its capitalization. The last to make its appearance is the Distillers' and Cattle-feeders' Trust, with a capital of nearly $31,000,000. It owns or controls distilleries that manufacture about 83 per cent. of the whiskey and spirits produced in the United States. It pays dividends of one-eighth of one per cent. per month, but until recently it distributed a larger amount.

It is not surprising that Wall Street has been somewhat disturbed by the capitalization and the redistribution of the immense capital invested in these industries. The unanimous comment is that it is doing its work admirably.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, October 5, 1889.*



IN TIME TO COME.
Time, A.D. 2500; Scene, Metropolitan Museum, Chicago.

SHE. "The catalogue says 'Ancient Ball-Player'; but how could he play ball? he has no arms."
HE. "Well, you see, my dear, those were in the days before they pitched by electricity. They played so hard then that they were probably pitched off."

UNJUST TAXATION.

IT is unjust to tax the stomach with burdens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize that faithful servitor until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent feebleness from childhood, it is surely and pleasantly remediable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric tonic in existence. As a result of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistent use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquillized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypochondriasis defeated. Biliousness, chills and fever, rheumatism, and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.—[*Adv.*]

No other Life Policies as liberal cost as little money, no others as cheap give as much for the money, as those of THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn. Best either for Family Protection or Investment of Savings. Non-forfeitable, world-wide, lowest cash rate.—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a pure extract of malt without an equal. It is a delightful and refreshing drink, and should be used by every family.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Fine Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WASH THE BABY with CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP, and he will be clean, healthy, and happy, 25 cents. Druggists, or BOX 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

MANY young children become positively repulsive with sore eyes, sore ears, and scald head. Such afflictions may be speedily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young and old alike experience the wonderful benefits of this medicine.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

WITH THE TROOPS AT A GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRE.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

GERMANY supports in time of peace nearly half a million soldiers, not because she looks upon war as a possible contingency, as we do, but from the conviction that such a calamity is to be momentarily expected. So thoroughly is this conviction spread amongst the people, that they bear the burden of universal military service with extraordinary meekness, not to say cheerfulness, and wonder how Englishmen and Americans fail to see its advantage. This great popular sentiment in favor of the army is maintained to a large extent by a general recognition that what the army does is done in the best possible manner, and that in its present condition war means to Germany but temporary mischief to be followed by still further increase of its material wealth and prestige.

The great military machine of the Father-land must, however, from time to time be set in motion by the chief engineer, to see that the parts revolve smoothly and the machinists understand their business; and when actual war is not present to give the soldiers the highest training, the government institutes field operations on a large scale, called grand manœuvres.

Last year two army corps, each numbering about twenty-five thousand men, were for a week pitted against one another in the country eastward of Berlin, covering an area of about thirty miles by twenty, a territory so large as to enable the contending forces to practise the precautions necessary in actual war and sufficiently diversified by timber, water, and slight elevations as to form a moderate test for engineers, artillery, infantry, and cavalry —principally the last, for the sandy plains of north Germany are as well adapted to cavalry operations as our Western prairies, with the advantage on the side of Germany, for their troopers do not have to watch for prairie-dog holes.

The first grand manœuvres of Kaiser William II. excited unusual interest, and as affording him the first opportunity to show his manner of handling large bodies of troops, they had a political significance that was not lost upon those whose business it is to judge of what is to come by the accidents of to-day. The thirty-year-old Emperor was suspected of being ambitious, he was known to be an enthusiastic cavalry officer, but no one save such as had known him intimately appreciated in him the qualities of patience, self-denial, and perseverance which, linked with a dash of genius, make the ideal soldier.

It would be too much to detail the whole week's work of the manœuvres, a theme that could interest but the soldier by profession. Perhaps, then, my own experience as a plain Yankee will best reflect to those who were not there the character of this great military display.

At four o'clock of a chilly morning in the middle of September, 1888, the rap, rap on my door tells me that I must get up by the light of the candle, shiver into my cold bath, get into my hunting rig, hurry down to a cup of coffee, a roll, and boiled egg, and then rattle off to the Friedrichstrasse Station, whence the special train for the manœuvre field starts at 5.45. This train is only for the special guests of the Emperor, including a variety of kings and princes; officers of high rank, who are to act as umpires, and the military attachés accredited to Berlin. As I am the only guest not in military dress, my presence cannot fail to excite the suspicion of every official about the station, not to mention those that later on see me in the field, and it is only after exchanging greetings with some of my fellow-travellers, whom I had already met, that the railway authorities concluded that I would not probably do much harm.

With Prussian punctuality the train rolls out of the station in the gray of the morning, and in the hour that we have before reaching the end of the railway journey we are all busy studying the official maps and the dispositions for the day as issued from head-quarters on the morning of operations. Our railway carriage looks like an international school-room, where all nations are united in the study of a German battle-field, for on our train are the military representatives of France, England, Austria, Spain, Italy, Russia, Greece, Sweden—even Japan has her envoy, a gallant young major, for whom I feel peculiar tenderness from the fact that I had in Japan known intimately a good friend of his, and now he has promised to write to this friend in Nagasaki how he met, on a Prussian field-day, the American who once walked with him about Tokio in rice-straw slippers. Our flag was conspicuous by its absence at a time when it would have been most natural to have expected our government to have sent some officer who had served in the Shenandoah with Sheridan, and who would therefore have known how to estimate the value of German cavalry when massed as it was under the orders of the German Kaiser.

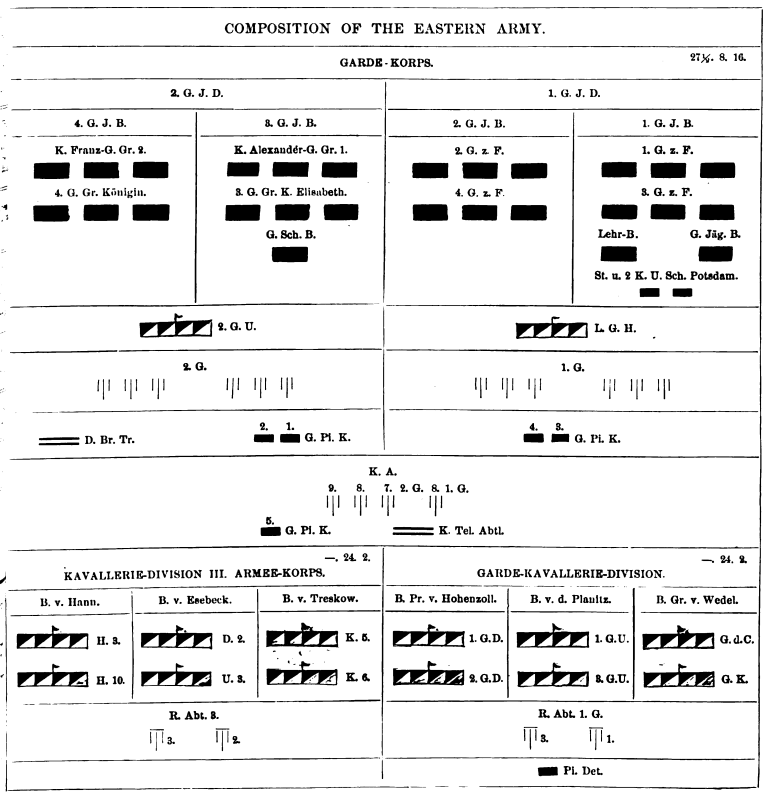
Our maps were of the very best—about twenty-eight by twenty-four inches; water, wood, and roads distinctly colored; all elevations well marked; printed on the best paper, mounted on linen, and folded into handsome little portfolios stamped with the arms of Prussia. With them we could follow the movements of the day before, and the disposition of the day to come, as though we saw each house and hillock of the neighborhood; and it is an open secret that this charming little map is the type of equally charming little maps covering not only all Germany, but Russia, France, and many other countries about which the Father-land cherishes an unquenchable curiosity.

On this particular day the general idea to be worked out was the best means of meeting an army approaching Berlin by way of Russia—which we shall call the eastern army, in contradistinction from the west army marching from Berlin to defend the capital.

As we step into our railway carriages, the officers detailed to look after us hand us, with the maps, the orders for the day as issued by the leaders of the two armies, and the synopsis of the troops in each army. Each day these documents form the absorbing theme of our journey to the battle-field. As a sample, here is the synopsis for the troops of the eastern army in the operations of September 14th, which will be readily legible with a word of explanation:

The Garde Corps includes twenty-seven and one-half infantry battalions, eight squadrons of cavalry, and sixteen batteries. This much is indicated by the first line.

The line down the centre divides the Garde Corps into the Second Garde Infantry Division and First Garde Infantry Division. These divisions, in turn, are divided into Fourth Garde Infantry Brigade, Third, Second, and First brigades.



These brigades, counting from the left, represent the two regiments, each regiment having its three battalions marked by the black square. In Germany twelve companies make the regiment, four companies the battalion, which is the infantry unit, and in war time equal to one thousand men; three thousand, therefore, to the regiment. This gives for the infantry of the Garde Corps alone more men than the whole of our standing army.

Below the infantry battalion squares come the cavalry belonging to each division, the Second Garde Uhlan Regiment on the left, represented by the four black and white squares, each square representing a squadron. On the right are the four squadrons of the Leib Garde Husaren, the Emperor's own.

Beneath the cavalry are the Second Garde Regiment of Artillery, composed of six batteries, belonging to the second division, and the First Garde Artillery Regiment, equally strong, belonging to the other division.

Beneath the artillery are a pontoon-train and two companies of Garde Pioneers for the second division, and two pioneer companies for the other division.

Below this, and belonging to the whole corps, K. A., are the Corps Artillery of four batteries, the Fifth Garde Pioneer Company, and the Telegraphic Detachment of the "Korps."

At a glance we see here the character of the German battle formation in company, battalion, squadron, battery, regiment, division, and army corps; and one can scarcely look over this diagram without being reminded of Prussia's great military reformer, Scharnhorst, who paved the way for the downfall of the great Napoleon by introducing the modern method and spirit into the armies of this Emperor's great-grandfather, and whose happiness was bound up with the tactical formation now before us.

The lower section of the diagram represents the two divisions of cavalry, each having twenty-four squadrons and two batteries of horse artillery. The three brigades of the Third Army Corps are those of Von Hann, Von Esebeck, and Von Treskow; those of the Garde Cavalry Division are led by the Prince of Hohenzollern, Von der Planitz, and Count von Wedel. The cavalry brigades, in turn, consist of two regiments of four squadrons each; commencing from the left (Von Hann's), they are: the Third Hussars, Tenth Hussars, Second Dragoons, Third Uhlans, Fifth Kürassier, Sixth Kürassier; and for the Garde Cavalleric Division, First Garde Dragoner, Second Garde Dragoner, First Garde Uhlan, Third Garde Uhlan, Garde du Corps (a crack cuirassier regiment), and Garde Kürassier Regiment.

Under each of these follow the indicated batteries of mounted artillery, with the detachment of pioneers.

The Garde troops of Germany differ from the others, principally by superior physique and intelligence. They are mostly stationed about the capital, have exceptionally good instruction and care, and are recruited from all sections of the empire, the other regiments having a local complexion.

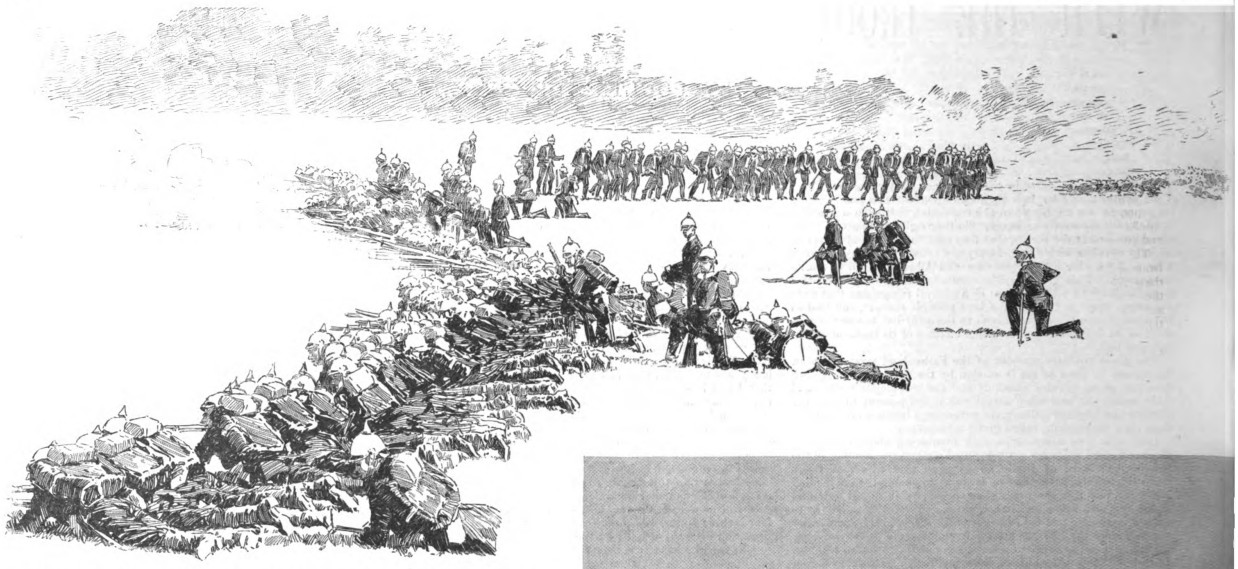
On this paper are, therefore, fifty-six squadrons, or fourteen regiments, of cavalry, at least ten thousand men, that are to be manœuvred in a solid body, a feat which the German papers brag about as undreamed of since the days of the great Frederick; but German editors know as little about Sheridan and Stuart as about Samoa, and therefore we must not take their brag amiss.

On this particular morning our train stops at a little station convenient to the field of war, and we are invited to step out and find our mounts. This operation is something like finding one's seat at a large dinner, for in a semicircle about the little station are about one hundred horses, accompanying which stand as many troopers, each horse having hung about its neck an enormous pasteboard with the name of an individual guest inscribed thereon. All that is necessary, therefore, is to scan the pasteboards until your name appears, go straight for it, hand your overcoat to the attending trooper, leap into the saddle, and stay there until the events of the day bring you back once more to the convention of pasteboard troopers, whose business it is to take care of the particular horse connected with the particular pasteboard.

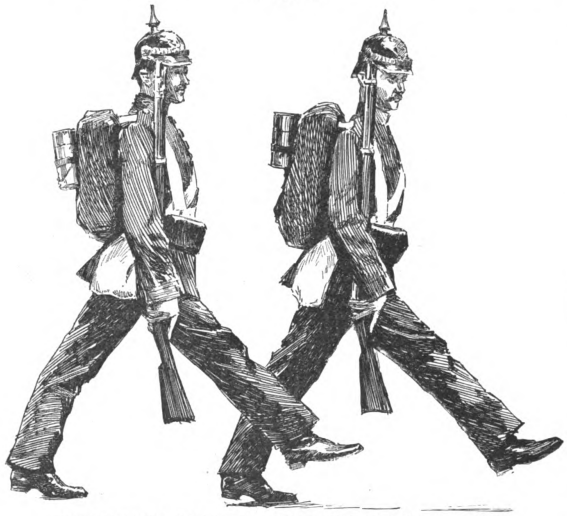
Off we scamper now over field and pasture, each military guest confident that he will learn something of great value to his government, but each in turn doomed to disappointment, for the officers detailed to show us about have apparently strict orders not to show too much. One of the French attachés thought he would test this rule by galloping away from the others and making a little reconnaissance on his own account; but one of the Hussar chaperons was soon at his side with a stiff military salute, and the request to stick close to the party of military guests. This rule did not apply to me, as I was not a professional warrior, and represented no other sovereign than myself; consequently, when I chose I could make little excursions from the main body, being careful, of course, not to separate myself hopelessly.

On these little trips my cause for fear lay not in the sudden irruption of cavalry scouts or mounted artillery, but in the constant exposure to peremptory requests on the part of the mounted police to know what business I had there, or to get out of the way. These requests were never made as though the policeman could possibly be in error, for in Germany the man in citizen's dress is not an officer of the government, and any one not an officer of the government is not one likely to excite respect in the breast of a gendarme. Consequently, when a mounted policeman caught me straying from the knot of foreign attachés, it was to gruffly order me away, with the gratuitously rude postscript that I had no business about there. As the time it would take to pull out my permits and have them examined would be more than I could conveniently spare, I generally managed to sheer off without having occasion to discuss the point with him, and take my own course again as soon as I was out of range. On one occasion I had a particularly favorable position, however, and when a gendarme rushed up at me with a brutally formulated order to leave the field immediately, I answered as quietly as such conditions permitted that I was in no one's way, and preferred staying where I was; hereupon the policeman rode closer, as though intending to force his horse against mine, and again ordered me away, with the statement that I had no business there. As I saw he was in earnest, I told him that I belonged to the body of foreign military guests in charge of the two officers whose names I gave him, and would rejoin them in a short time. At this he was more positive still that I was a rogue, and told me to show my papers. I answered that I had the fullest possible permits from the Secretary of War, but he would not believe me, so I commenced to unstrap my holster to find them. At this juncture, however, the Emperor, riding by with his staff, called out to me by name, and said a word or two of welcome before disappearing in a cloud of dust. That was enough for the policeman. He turned tail at once, forgot all about my papers, and has probably been since

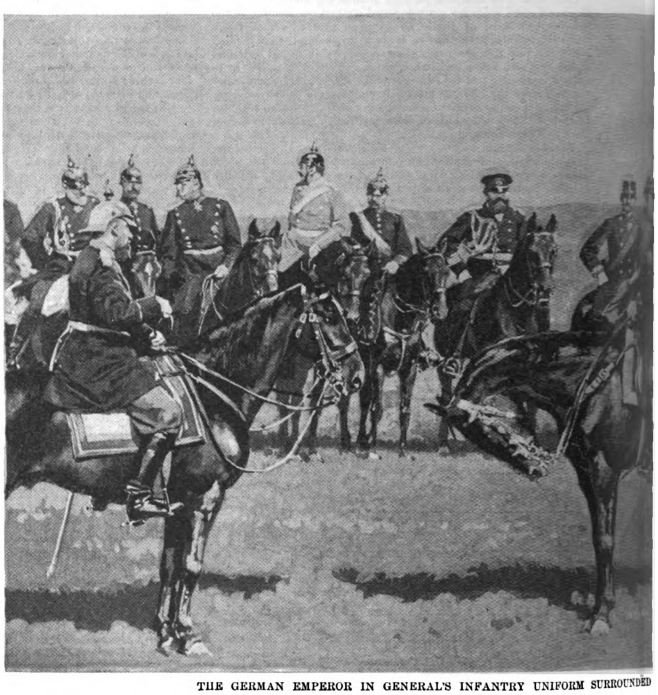
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



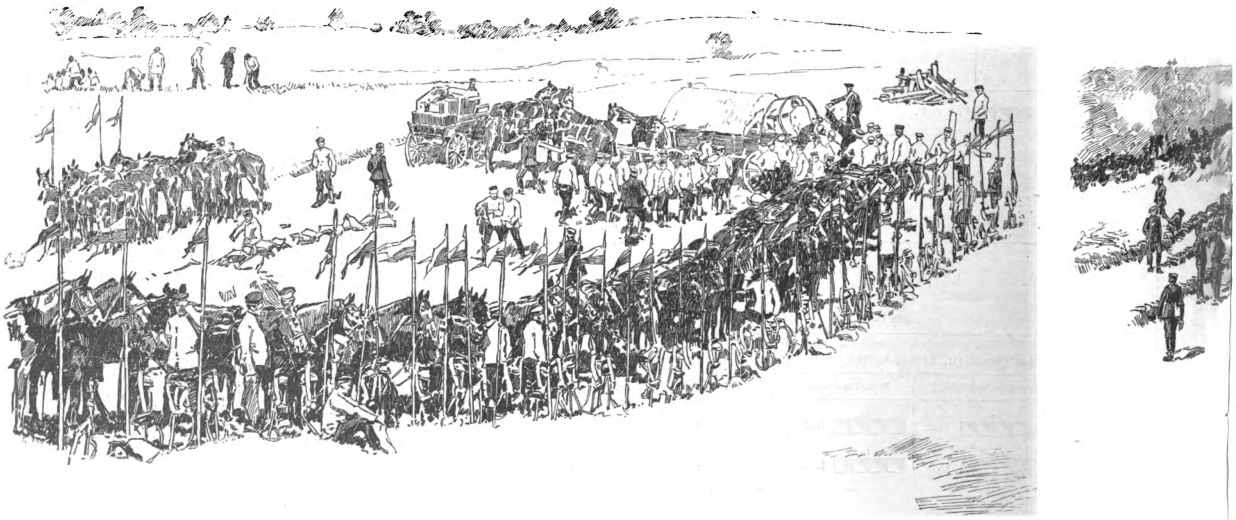
THE ENEMY (WITH WHITE COVERS TO THEIR HELMETS) FIRING AND RETIRING IN SQUADS.



INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF MARCHING SOLDIERS ON PARADE.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN GENERAL'S INFANTRY UNIFORM SURROUNDED



ENCAMPMENT OF UHLANS.

A DAY AT THE GERMAN MILITARY MANŒ

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



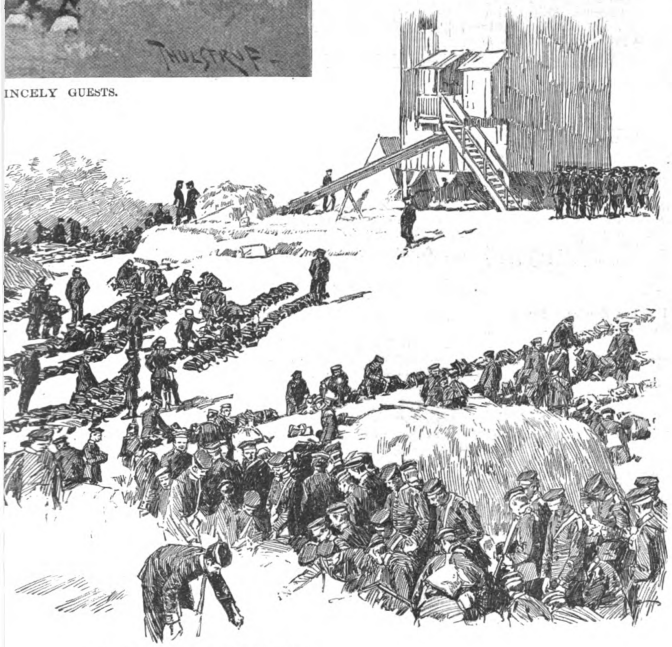
UNLOADING WOOD AND FORAGE FOR A CUIRASSIER REGIMENT.



INCELY GUESTS.



ARTILLERY OPENING FIRE.



BATTALION GOING INTO CAMP.



. CAVALRY OFFICERS COMPARING NOTES DURING A PAUSE IN THE CONFLICT.

—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wondering how long it would be before he would be put in arrest for insolence.

His case would not be worth mentioning if it were not typical, for every police force can furnish occasional examples of rudeness. Not only at these manœuvres, but at others in Germany, visitors are constantly shocked by the brutal way in which the mounted police treat the people, whose main sin is that they long to see their sovereign, and who in so doing interfere very little with the military success of the day. However, this is by-the-way, and a warning to such as may attempt as plain citizens to witness the manœuvres on the continent of Europe.

As to the fighting, it reads beautifully on paper when all is over, but while it is going on it is dust, bayonets, bugles, and big guns, followed by a rush, a hurrah; and that is about as much as we know at the time. We are hurried to one hill in time to see a battery planted, beneath the fire of which long lines of skirmishers are making their way in short dashes toward a slope, beyond which come puffs of white smoke. Before we have quite made up our minds where we are, we are hurried away somewhere else, where some infantry have thrown up, with their little spades, breastworks, behind which they are contesting their ground against great odds. The officers give their orders, not by the voice, but by means of shrill whistles that can be distinctly heard through the rattle of the rifles. The troops work with a precision and steadiness that excite the admiration of every critic. They do not seem to know what fatigue is; and even when the day's fighting is over, and they have to march by the Emperor in review, before going into bivouac, they do so in a manner that would reflect credit upon any parade-ground. The French troops have some virtues peculiar to themselves, and so have the English and Austrians. Each national army develops qualities under arms that correspond more or less with their typical character. The French are like tigers when they feel themselves in a successful charge; but I have seen them like snarling coyotes when under defeat. English troops never know when they are beaten; while Austrians are easily discouraged. On the other hand I have rarely seen better cavalry than in Austria, nor worse infantry accoutrements than in England. The German, however, is, all around, a highly developed soldier; his education is most complete, and he is given the very best instruments with which to succeed in his trade. Individually he may be anything you please; but once in the army he is put under a pressure so well adjusted that he becomes a military creature, breathing but the atmosphere of the highest military spirit of the age. He drills from morning until night, buoyed up by the honest feeling that next year must bring war, and then he must be ready.

At last came the cavalry attack—the ten thousand of Lancers, Dragoons, Hussars, and Cuirassiers had started early from their different quarters, all under orders to march by different ways and to unite only in time for the grand attack. Since the great Civil War such a sight has never been, for the orders were carried out, and from a commanding eminence I watched the great body gradually consolidating, and at last at a sharp trot heading for the body of infantry which it was to annihilate. On moved the great mass through the sandy fields, the white silvered helmets of the Cuirassiers and the lances of the Uhlans most conspicuous. So thick was the dust that a full view of the whole was impossible; but if anything, this had the effect of magnifying the proportions rather than otherwise. At last the hoarse cheers told us that the infantry had retreated, and then followed a masterly piece of cavalry work. Not a squadron lost its head, but, obeying orders, the whole wheeled as on a pivot, and made chase after the flying foe. This great charge covered at least two miles of heavy ground—an English colonel of cavalry who had served in the Soudan thought three; at any rate, it was a test of horseflesh and drill which no body of horse in the world could have done as well, and which in the past could only have been matched by our own troops under Sheridan.

The disputes that arise at every skirmish are decided by a large force of umpires, who cover the ground well, whose orders are obeyed implicitly, while of course their decisions are subject to reconsideration in case of appeal. These decisions are of the greatest possible importance, for reputations may be made upon the manœuvre field, and many officers have to be placed under arrest for mistakes committed here. The great naval manœuvres which England held in the same year proved of comparatively little value because the four umpires detailed, one with each squadron, were not only totally incapable of seeing what was going on, but equally incapable of enforcing their decisions when they did happen to have a case brought to their attention.

When the day's fighting was done, which was usually about noon, the troops that had been on their mettle since daybreak were marched away to their encampments; while we of the spectator squad had a cross-country steeple-chase for lunch at the Kaiser's expense—an imperial lunch in every way—for had we not too been hard at work since four or five in the morning, and at least five hours in the saddle over rough country, in thick dust and under a hot sun.

The lunch is spread on anything that is convenient—boards when no table is at hand. The only hot thing is bouillon, on top of which the hungry guests lay very many strata of caviare sandwiches. Most noble Madeira is the popular wine, and we drink each other's health until the train is ordered away on the return journey, and we jump into our seats to spend the next hour in smoking and chatting over the many adventures of the day. When finally at home, I have strength left to undress, throw my clothes outside my door, take a bath, and get into bed, where I sleep most soundly until the afternoon is all gone and the dinner is announced as imminent. For that—and only that—I have the courage to leave my bed until the next morning comes around, with the rap, rap at four in the morning and the promise of another day's sport in the saddle.

HARPER & BROTHERS' NEW BOOKS.

THE KANSAS CRUSADE.

A History of the Kansas Crusade: Its Friends and Its Foes. By ELI THAYER. With an Introduction by the Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Tells the Truth.—Mr. Thayer has given us a great book—one which, though it will change many impressions, tells only the truth.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Like News.—It is an interesting story, and to many it will come as something like news.—*N. Y Times.*

The Author.—We are glad that the story of "The Kansas Crusade" has at last been told by Mr. Eli Thayer, who, more than any other man, should be credited with the organization of the movement which made a free State of a Territory supposed to be irrevocably condemned to slavery.—*N. Y. Sun.*

KNOX'S BOY TRAVELLERS IN MEXICO.

The Boy Travellers in Mexico. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Northern and Central Mexico, Campeachy, and Yucatan. With a Description of the Republics of Central America and of the Nicaragua Canal. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated, $3 00.

Thomas W. Knox's list of books, all profusely illustrated, now comprises:

The Boy Travellers in Australasia, $3 00.—The Boy Travellers on the Congo, $3 00.—The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire, $3 00.—The Boy Travellers in South America, $3 00.—The Voyage of the *Vivian*, $2 50.—The Boy Travellers in the Far East. In Five Volumes, $3 00 a volume.—The Boy Travellers in Mexico, $3 00.—Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea. In Two Volumes, $2 50 a volume.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Summer Holidays. Travelling Notes in Europe. By THEODORE CHILD. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 25.

Outline of the Book.—The First "Holiday" is taken up with a trip down the Danube to Constantinople. Then follow impressions of Holland, and notes on art and much else in seven Italian cities. "Holidays" in four German capitals, and in three peculiarly interesting places in France, lead up to the description of a visit to the Grande-Chartreuse, and pleasant days on some French rivers.

CARLETON'S NEW POEMS.

City Legends. By WILL CARLETON. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50; Full Seal, $4 00. Uniform in style and price with Will Carleton's other works: "City Ballads," "Farm Festivals," "Farm Legends," and "Farm Ballads."

Sympathetic.—Pathos and humor are alike subject to his bidding, and whatever of either there is in the reader is pretty sure to be brought to the surface by these poems.—*Episcopal Recorder*, Philadelphia.

CAPTAIN POLLY.

Captain Polly. By SOPHIE SWETT. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (*Harper's Young People Series.*)

Charming Captain Polly.—Miss Swett is one of the best loved of our writers for children, and this little volume of hers will be welcomed by them with great delight, we are sure.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A STANDARD NOVEL.

Children of Gibeon. By WALTER BESANT. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Walter Besant's Novels, now issued in uniform Library form, comprise:

For Faith and Freedom. Illustrated.—All Sorts and Conditions of Men. Illustrated.—The World Went Very Well Then. Illustrated.—The Children of Gibeon. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25 per vol.

MAN AND HIS MALADIES.

Man and his Maladies; or, The Way to Health. A Popular Hand-book of Physiology and Domestic Medicine in Accord with the Advance in Medical Science. By A. E. BRIDGER, B.A., M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.P.E. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

A Hand-book Worth Owning.—The objections to most of the popular treatises on medicine are not applicable to the book lately published under the title of "Man and his Maladies," by A. E. Bridger, a well-known London physician and writer upon medical subjects.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Corrects Follies.—We have no hesitancy in calling attention to the marked excellence of the work, and how by the reading of it many of us (stupid people who are past the meridian of life) may be corrected of our every-day follies by following certain easy directions which the author lays down.—*N. Y. Times.*

ROLFE'S WORDSWORTH.

Select Poems of William Wordsworth. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, Litt.D. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Paper, 40 cents; Flexible Cloth, 56 cents. Uniform with *Rolfe's English Classics.*

Good in all Points.—The editor has done his work with characteristic thoroughness. The notes, introduction and other elucidatory matter leave nothing to be desired, and the volume is well illustrated by engravings of scenes in the Lake Country. The selections are made with unfailing taste and judgment.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Rolfe's English Classics: Shakespeare's Complete Works. 40 Vols.—Milton's Minor Poems.—Browning's A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, &c.—Browning's Select Poems.—Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems.—Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.—Wordsworth's Select Poems. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., Litt.D. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Flexible Cloth, 56 cts. per vol.; Paper, 40 cts. per vol.

LAFCADIO HEARN'S CHITA.

Chita: A Memory of Last Island. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00.

The American Victor Hugo.—The events of the story arise out of the terrible catastrophe by which L'Isle Dernière—Last Island—was, on the night of the 10th of August, 1856, torn from its very foundations by a long-continued and frightful storm, which swept away, among hundreds of other victims, a ball-room full of youthful and happy dancers. The description of this storm—the mutterings of its approach, the swelling roar of its increasing fury, the final orgies of its victorious rage—are painted with a sustained power that one will not see equalled outside of the pages of Victor Hugo, and, if surpassed, surpassed by Victor Hugo alone.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

FAIRY TALES.

Princess Liliwinkins, and Other Stories. By HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 25.

The Success of Modern Fairy Tales.—Another book to delight their dear young hearts is "Princess Liliwinkins," who lived among the strangest kings and courtiers, and who had made marvellous adventures of her own that generally befall the lot of any but a fairy maiden.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

SONG COLLECTION.

The Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 6. Two Hundred Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery, and Fireside. Selected by J. P. MCCASKEY. Royal 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Boards, 60 cents; Cloth, $1 00. Uniform in size and price with the *Franklin Square Song Collection*, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

The Best.—The compiler and editor shows unwearied industry and unerring judgment in choosing from the enormous mass of songs and hymns now before the world those that are really the best in words and melody.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

New Issues. 8vo, Paper Covers.

THE LATEST NOVELS.

DIANA WENTWORTH. A Novel. By CAROLINE FOTHERGILL. 45 cents. No. 658.

The merits of the book are that it is well and intelligently written, that it is easily read, that the heroine is attractive, and that it ends pleasantly.—*Athenæum*, London.

LADY CAR. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 30 cents. No. 657.

"Lady Car" exhibits Mrs. Oliphant in one of the best phases of what may be called her later manner.—*Saturday Review*, London.

OGEECHEE CROSS-FIRINGS. A Novelette. By RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON. Illustrated by A. B. FROST. 35 cents. No. 656.

Georgia should be grateful enough to erect a monument of heroic size and finest workmanship in honor of the author of this book.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MARGARET MALIPHANT. A Novel. By Mrs. COMYNS CARR. 45 cents. No. 655.

Gives us the same *kind* of pleasure that we have in reading the purely pastoral portions of such books as "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner."—*Spectator*, London.

THE COUNTY. A Story of Social Life. 45 cents. No. 654.

An anonymous novel by a decidedly clever hand. . . . It is very well written, even brilliantly.—*New York Tribune.*

THROUGH LOVE TO LIFE. A Novel. By GILLAN VASE. 40 cents. No. 653.

Distinctly clever, bright, unconventional, and one of the books to be read.—*Court Journal*, London.

UNCLE PIPER OF PIPER'S HILL. A Novel. By TASMA. 40 cents. No. 652.

The tone throughout is pure and healthy, the narrative brisk and cheerful.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, London.

BIRCH DENE. A Novel. By WILLIAM WESTALL. 45 cents. No. 651.

A vivacious story, founded on an ingeniously unravelled personal experience of wrong.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

THE DAY WILL COME. A Novel. By Miss BRADDON. 45 cents. No. 650.

None who begin the tale can fail to read it to the close.—*Y. N. Journal of Commerce.*

CLEOPATRA. A Romance. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated. 25 cents. No. 649.

A great acquisition to the lovers of romance.—*Saturday Review*, London.

MICAH CLARKE His Statement. By A. CONAN DOYLE. 45 cents. No. 648.

The novel with which "Micah Clarke" challenges comparison is "Lorna Doone"; and as a work of art we may well consider it to be superior.—R. E. PROTHERO, in *The Nineteenth Century.*

ZIT AND XOE. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Bluebeard." 25 cents. No. 647.

The story of that early courtship in the morning of the world would not be easy to match for brightness and color.—*St. James's Gazette.*

THE NETHER WORLD. A Novel. By GEORGE GISSING. 45 cents. No. 646.

So sombre and earnest in its terrible realism that it will not easily be forgotten by any serious thinker.—Archdeacon FARRAR, D.D., in *The Contemporary Review.*

FRATERNITY. A Romance. 35 cents. No. 645.

The author treats a great social question of to-day, the doctrine of brotherhood, in a very clever manner.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *New York, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Mexico, or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1713. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



THE REV. RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.—[SEE PAGE 831.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

JUST PUBLISHED.

A SUPERB NEW ART WORK. "THE QUIET LIFE." Certain Verses by Various Hands: the Motive set forth in a Prologue and Epilogue by AUSTIN DOBSON; the whole Adorned with Numerous Drawings by EDWIN A. ABBEY and ALFRED PARSONS. pp. 106. 4to, Leather, Ornamental, Gilt Edges, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

AN IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHY. "MARTIN VAN BUREN TO THE END OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER." By GEORGE BANCROFT. pp. viii, 239. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges, $1 50.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION. "History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, with Notices of its Principal Framers." By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Being a volume on "Constitutional History of the United States." pp. xiv, 774. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges, $3 00.

A NEW HISTORICAL BOOK FOR BOYS. "REDEEMING THE REPUBLIC." The Third Period of the War of the Rebellion, in the Year 1864. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Copiously Illustrated. pp. xvi, 478. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.

A CAPITAL NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE. "CITY BOYS IN THE WOODS; or, A Trapping Venture in Maine." By HENRY P. WELLS. Profusely Illustrated. pp. x, 277. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

No. 1713.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE NEW STATES.

WHEN the newly elected Governors of the two Dakotas, Montana, and Washington shall have notified the President of the result of the late elections, he will issue a proclamation announcing their admission to the Union. The event will be unprecedented. Since the adoption of the Constitution four States have never entered the Union together. It is not a proud recollection for a free republic that during the first half of the century the cardinal consideration in the admission of new States was the preservation of an equal balance between slave States and free States. In 1850 the admission of California gave the preponderance to freedom, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise which followed marked the opening of the final struggle between the two fundamental forces of our earlier politics. The admission of new States now involves no such vital consideration, and the event of this year has excited little other emotion than proud satisfaction in the vast and extending empire of freedom. It affects, without changing, the relative present situation of parties in Congress, and it increases the electoral vote in a way to diminish the importance of the "doubtful States."

The immediate consequences of the admission of the new States will be the increase of the Union to forty-two States, while men are not old who remember when it was composed of twenty-four. It will advance the number of Senators from seventy-six to eighty-four, and of Representatives from three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and thirty, and the number of electoral votes from four hundred and one to four hundred and fourteen. Party divisions will be emphasized in Congress, the Republicans securing forty-five of the eighty-four Senators, and one hundred and sixty-eight of the three hundred and thirty Representatives. The presumption is that the Republicans also will gain electoral votes. The general result, therefore, is favorable to continued Republican ascendency. Every branch of the government is in Republican hands, and having complete power, they have also exclusive responsibility. The distinctive tenet of the party is high protection. Reform in the civil service, which was the vehement protestation of the platform and the promise of the Presidential candidate, no honest Republican will seriously allege to be the actual policy of the administration or the active purpose of the party. The Southern question is one upon which there is no party agreement or policy. The platforms and orators demand a free vote and fair count, which every honest American citizen desires. But neither orators nor platforms show how either is to be secured by national legislation. It must be assumed, however, that some proposition upon the subject will be made by the dominant party.

The indications of dissent within the party from the extreme tariff demands of the platform of last year, and the wish for free raw materials openly expressed by important interests in the party, suggest the possibility of serious modifications in the Senate tariff scheme of last year. The fact, also, that in great manufacturing centres the tariff revision, or anti-protection, vote was stronger last year than ever cannot have escaped the attention of intelligent protectionists. Moreover, that the provision of a home market is not a conclusive argument for a high tariff with the agricultural interest is constantly more evident, while the fact that a high tariff is not necessarily accompanied with abundant and highly paid employment is emphasized by daily experience. These are all warnings which sagacious leaders in the party of administration cannot safely disregard. But another copious source of party weakness is the party leadership. At no period in its history were the familiar and active leaders of the Republican party men of so little moral conscience as now. The secession of intelligence and patriotism, of youthful sincerity and ardor, from the Republican ranks is not made up by accessions from the other side. The Republican chiefs of a former day who still remain and cherish the great party traditions are not the "bosses" to whom the President practically surrenders, and who rule the party councils in their States. These older chiefs live in the story of the past. But they cannot persuade themselves that the present of QUAY and MAHONE and CLARKSON and PLATT and DUDLEY is glorious; nor can they deny that these and such as these are the effective party leaders of to-day. It is under such circumstances that the admission of the new States strengthens the Republican party. We shall see whether greater wisdom comes with greater power.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLEDGES.

IN commenting upon the opening address at the late annual meeting of the Civil Service Reform League in Philadelphia, the *Press* and the *Ledger*, with a personal kindness of tone which is heartily reciprocated, point to the fact that the chief national officers in that city have not been removed, to show the untruthfulness of the assertion that the knowledge of every citizen in his own community attests the recreancy of the President to his pledges. These journals, however, would hardly deny that the President has practically surrendered "the patronage" in Pennsylvania to Mr. QUAY, and that appointments have been made in the State which are not only violations of the express pledges of the President and the party, but some of which, as in the case of TANNER, were made in deference to Mr. QUAY, and in disregard of statements that should have been heeded. If this be so, the fact that the Postmaster or other officers in Philadelphia have not yet been removed does not invalidate the statement of the address. These friendly journals, we think, would hardly cite the fact that certain officers have not been removed in Philadelphia as evidence that the removal of officers elsewhere does not show the President's infidelity to his pledges. Admitting that officers are still unremoved in Philadelphia, is it necessary that every officer in the service must be displaced before it can be truly said that the President has broken his pledge? Do these papers seriously allege that the retention for seven months of the officers to whom they allude shows either that they will be permanently retained upon their merits, or that their retention is an illustration of the general course of the President, or that in any degree it allays the apprehension of honest and capable Democrats in the service?

In view of the unquestionable facts, and admitting, as the address did, that every executive act was not censurable, it seems to us that such statements as those of the *Press* and *Ledger* are not arguments but quibbles. The charge against the President is that he has violated his pledges, not everywhere and in every case, but in general; and that in consequence of that violation there is alarm throughout the service in Philadelphia, where officers are thus far retained, as in New York, where they have been wantonly and arbitrarily dismissed. The alarm is due to the fact of wholesale and incessant partisan removals; to the fact that in appointments to every grade and department fitness and not party service is *not* the essential and discriminating test, as the President said it should be; that fidelity and efficiency are *not* the only sure tenure of office, as the President said they should be; and that the interest of the public service alone does *not* suggest removals from office, as the President said it should. The knowledge of every citizen in his own community assures him of these facts, and if his postmaster is not yet removed, it is not because of the general fidelity of the President to his pledges, but usually, as in the case of the New York appointments, because of quarrels among those who wish to divide the spoils. Unless the *Press* and the *Ledger* mean that the retention of Philadelphia officers for seven months proves the fidelity of the President to the principles to which he pledged his administration, then reference to the retention is useless. Would they allege that the officers are retained because of the President's regard for the principles of reform? If they do not, then reference again is pointless. If they do, how do they explain upon those principles the appointment of Mr. VAN COTT as Postmaster and Mr. WILLIS as Naval Officer in New York? Do they think that the one sets off the other; that fidelity here condones infidelity there? But did they think and say four years ago, as we did not, that the appointment of Mr. PEARSON in New York condoned that of HIGGINS in Baltimore? Or are they willing to assert, despite the profuse reform promises and pledges of the Republican platform and candidate, that there is one single act of President HARRISON so significant of reform as President CLEVELAND'S reappointment of Mr. PEARSON?

The *Press* and the *Ledger* accuse the address of a lack of candor and truthfulness, and they endeavor to establish the charge, not by showing that the President has generally observed his pledges to respect the principles of reform, which, in our judgment, cannot be done, but by pointing to certain offices where he has not yet violated them. Is this an illustration of candor? Does this prove the accusation of general abandonment of pledges to be unfounded? Does this retention thus far of the Postmaster in Philadelphia condone the ruthless and cruel proscription in the fourth-class post-offices? To our friends of the *Press* and *Ledger* we commend the unanswerable words of Mr. BONAPARTE in his remarkable paper read after the opening address:

> "We can make no bargain with iniquity [that is, the violation of solemn personal pledges, and the disregard of universally acknowledged principles of official duty]. We ask, and ask only, that the public trustees shall do their duty; not the half, or any other fraction, but the whole of their duty; not that they do it here and there, or now and then, but that they do it everywhere and always; and we can and will be satisfied with no less. To tell us, in extenuation of this unfit appointment or that unjust removal, that elsewhere the guilty officer has done what he ought to have done here, is no more to the point than obedience to the eighth commandment would justify a breach of the seventh. And in dealing with such an officer we must see to it that he knows what we think of him. Believe me, such as he are not to be gained over to righteousness by soft words, or tender silence, or diplomacy in any form. They will never love us, do what we may; but they will and do shrink from hearing us tell them what in truth they are. No spoilsman, however hardened, is really indifferent when he hears: 'You are faithless to your trust, and false to your oath of office; your motives are unworthy, your excuses mere sophistry; and however much you may stultify your conscience or deceive your neighbors, you know in your heart that you are not an honest man.'"

ECONOMY AS A STATE ISSUE.

GOVERNOR HILL, in a recent speech at Delhi, dilated upon the extravagance of the legislative appropriations of last year, for which he could find no excuse. It seemed to him a wild and wanton waste of what is called upon the stump "the people's money." And the obvious way of restraining such extravagance, according to the Governor, is to support the party of the Governor, who vetoed the reckless bills, and who has selected proper candidates to enforce economy in State expenditures. Let us look at these candidates of economy whom the Governor has selected for us. One of them is Mr. WEMPLE, the present Comptroller. What is his record as a vigilant and economical officer? Last year the ceiling scandals at Albany, involving a swindling waste of the public money, were investigated by a special committee. Four Democratic members united with the Republican in a report which stated that

> "We are of the opinion that the Comptroller of the State is guilty of negligence in paying to the contractor amounts largely in excess of that to which he was entitled by the terms of his contract until the work should be finally accepted on the part of the State. And while, under the method under which his work was done, he was not required accurately to determine the value of the work performed or materials furnished, he was clearly under obligations, as disbursing officer of the State, to know the amount of money paid under the contract, and is clearly charged with the duty of retaining in his hands, until its final accounting, two per cent. of the contract price. This he failed to do, as there remains in his hands but $40,428, instead of $54,030, as required by the contract."

This is the officer whom Governor HILL exhorts us to re-elect, in order to rebuke extravagant waste of the public money.

The duty of the Attorney-General of the State under this report was clear. A committee of the Legislature reported that the public Treasury had been plundered, and pointed out the offenders and the methods. "The facts thus far reported," said another committee, "are by no means the only ones justifying the finding that ANDREWS, SULLIVAN, and SNAITH combined to defraud the people of the State," and the committee urged that the Attorney-General should prosecute the offenders, "to recover the moneys of which they have despoiled the State." But the Attorney-General was deaf to the summons, and he continued to be deaf until it was time to consider a renomination. Then he brought suit against the contractor. Now, whatever his official course showed, it did not show remarkable interest in bringing to justice culprits who had stolen the public money. It showed profound indifference, not only to the extravagance which the Governor vehemently denounced at Delhi, but to the swindling of the public Treasury which the legislative committees reported. Nevertheless, this is the Attorney-General whom the Governor, hotly bent upon correcting the "unprecedented situation" of increased taxes, arising from recklessness and extravagance in regard to the pub-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lic money, urges us to support as a step toward greater economy and more vigilant care of the Treasury. The Governor is a practical wag. His politics have advanced from the pea-nut to the *bouffe* stage. It is Sancho Panza statesmanship—economy "over the left."

The Governor's party has renominated as special watch-dogs of the Treasury the officers whose negligence of the public money is demonstrated. The opposing party has refused to renominate its members who were implicated in the ceiling robberies. The situation is simple, and the Governor's fervent denunciations of extravagant disregard of "the people's money" by his wicked opponents, as an argument in favor of his own candidates, is in the best vein of modern political comedy. The *Staats-Zeitung*, a powerful and progressive Democratic journal, thinks, however, that the possible national results of the defeat of the Governor's candidates will have greater weight with Democrats than disgust with the Governor's control. This seems to mean that for some ulterior reason, such as revision of the tariff, they may prefer to strengthen a control of their party which they think most harmful to it. The better rule of action, it seems to us, is to vote always, first, to secure honest government, and second, to promote a particular policy. A sensible party leadership would of course unite the two objects in making nominations. But when they are not united, the duty of the good citizen is to rebuke the leadership, and to vote for honest government, whether his vote will aid a particular national policy or not. Support of the party is always urged as a reason for voting for unworthy candidates. Governor HILL relies, not upon a record of official devotion to honest government, but upon the assertion, "I am a Democrat." But if the Governor be distinctively a Democrat, who can be anxious to bear the name?

MR. BLAINE AND THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THE election of Mr. BLAINE as President of the Pan-American Congress was a very natural event, and his speech of welcome was felicitous and suitable. It was wisely confined to pleasant and picturesque generalities. It assumed nothing but good feeling, and suggested nothing but harmony. Like other diplomatic utterances, it was intended to say nothing of importance, and it said nothing with grace and skill. The Secretary's election as President, if permissible for one who is not a member of the Congress, was a natural compliment to the foreign Minister of the greatest of the American states, and the one by whose invitation the Congress is assembled. Moreover, Mr. BLAINE has chosen the more intimate relation of all the American states as his peculiar field. His activity during his brief tenure of the Secretaryship of State under President GARFIELD was mainly in this direction. His official correspondence upon the MONROE doctrine, and his official action in the contest between Chili and Peru, with his apparent interest in certain South American commercial enterprises, all indicated the strong bent of his mind, and it was to him that the original project of such a general Congress of American States as is now assembled was due.

It is therefore only proper that he should have the personal prominence in the Congress which is allotted to him. He is in every way more interested in its results than any other person. Since the inauguration of the President, Mr. BLAINE has been singularly passive. Those who supposed that he would practically direct the administration were mistaken. Whether his course has been his own choice, or the President was jealous of the assumed ascendency of the Secretary, is not known. However that may be, it is very evident that Mr. TANNER has been a much more conspicuous figure in the administration than Mr. BLAINE. But with the assembly of the Congress, and as its President, Mr. BLAINE becomes the most prominent public figure. If its results should be unimportant, it would be a very serious blow to his prestige. If it should effect important and beneficial changes in the relations of the American states, the Congress would be the memorable political event of his career. The London *Times* is of opinion that "if the delegates go home pleased with their hosts, impressed by the magnitude of the country, and anxious to revisit it in 1892 when the World's Fair will be held in New York, the Pan-American Congress will have done as much as can be reasonably expected." That, however, would be hardly enough for the author of the Congress. The purpose was not merely to cultivate an abstract sentiment of continental sympathy, and to fall upon South American shoulders with fervent protestations of fraternity. It was not a sentimental, nor a political, but a commercial interest which has assembled the Congress.

Some form of commercial reciprocity is the object, and, as we have heretofore indicated, this must inevitably open the whole question of protection. Some of the South American delegates have come undoubtedly with "their eyes open." Those from Chili cannot forget the attitude of the United States as expressed by Secretary BLAINE in his action during the Peruvian war. Those from the Argentine Republic perfectly understand the wool question, and will gladly enter into arrangements by which their enormous production of raw material can be turned to their greater advantage. But just how such arrangements can be effected with a country which excludes wool by high duties, they may not be able to perceive. There has been practically very little community of interests between North and South America. There is almost no social intercourse. There is very little knowledge in this country even of the degree of civilization in the other half of the continent. It sends us no books, and we have no current knowledge of its politics or conditions. But, nevertheless, it produces accomplished men, close students of affairs, and its industries are of very great importance. Its interests will be represented in the Congress by delegates who are peers of our own, and it seems highly improbable that serious results can be achieved by the Congress without concessions upon our part which can be hardly expected.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE appointment of SETH LOW as the President of Columbia College is an event of the highest importance for the institution and of the best augury for this community. The college was never in a more promising or prosperous condition, and never a more positive force. The progressive and liberalizing influence of the late President is unquestionable, and the chief need of the college in its present happy condition is an executive guidance in perfect sympathy with the best modern spirit, but a guidance wise, prudent, considerate, directed by sound judgment and enforced with firmness and vigor.

This has been secured by this fortunate appointment. Mr. LOW combines in an unusual degree scholarly tastes and sympathies and admirable cultivation with remarkable judgment, wide practical knowledge, and great and valuable experience in public affairs and administration. The head of an American university, to the intellectual requirements and proper attainments for the office, must now add the personal qualities and accomplishments which befit the official representative of higher education in a community especially devoted to material interests, and the administrative skill which cannot be assumed in the mere scholar or pedagogue.

This is the distinction of the more eminent among our later college presidents, and the marked and obvious advance of the college in public estimation and influence is contemporaneous with its appearance. They are generally men in the prime of life and of mental and moral power, and they direct the various great interests of a university with an ability like that of the great captains of trade. It is a career worthy of the best equipped American citizen, and Mr. LOW's appointment is an event upon which New York may be truly congratulated, because it will tend to assert still more forcibly the dignity and the value of intellectual training with large and liberal aims.

MR. CHILDS AT WEST POINT.

THE late gift of the portraits of GRANT, SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN are not the only benefactions of Mr. CHILDS to the West Point Academy, as the following letter shows:

"The visitor to the beautiful cemetery of the Military Academy, on the hill-side overlooking the Hudson, at West Point, will see there, above the graves of officers and cadets, a number of monuments which are all of the same original and striking design. The massive base of each is of gray unpolished granite; on that rests a block of red granite, polished, and on that a bronze cannon-ball of about fifteen inches diameter; on that, again, is placed a large bronze shield, at the top of which is the insignia of the rank of him to whose memory it is erected; below that are the name, dates of birth and of death, and an appropriate epitaph. These monuments are all the gift of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, and how they came there is told by Colonel WILSON, the present Superintendent of the Military Academy.

"In 1887 Mr. CHILDS was appointed by President CLEVELAND president of the Board of Visitors to West Point, and during his extended visit there, in the discharge of his duties, he saw in the cemetery of the academy several graves above which no memorials were erected. Mr. CHILDS suggested to General MERRITT, the then Superintendent, who entirely sympathized with his generous design, that efforts should be made to ascertain from the friends of those whose graves were marked by no stone if it was their purpose to erect monuments above them, and if not, to obtain their consent to Mr. CHILDS doing so. The result was that the above-described monuments were placed in the cemetery, Mr. CHILDS having had the design of them especially made, and paying the entire cost of their construction and erection. Mr. CHILDS is the author of many good gifts, but we know of no other which so much as this denotes the gentle, kindly nature of the man.

"It may not be generally known that SUSAN WARNER, the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, is buried in the cemetery of the Military Academy. The memorial erected to her memory is a simple marble shaft, on one side of which is the following dedication: 'In trust, for a few of the friends that loved her, her sister has placed this stone. *Auf Wiedersehen*.'"

MISCONCEPTIONS.

THE Washington *Star* says that to state that neither party, as such, is a reform party, is to take sides with the spoilsmen and to promote the repeal of the reform law. But when in 1883 the reform law was passed by a great majority of the votes of both parties, does the *Star* think that either party was a reform party? Why, then, did the bill pass? Because of the consciousness both of Republican and Democratic members of Congress that there was a public opinion favorable to reform not confined to either party, and not controlling either, but of a quality and force not safely to be disregarded.

Does the *Star* think that that opinion is weaker now than it was then? On the contrary, does it not agree with us that it is very much more powerful? That is the reason that the law will not be repealed; not that party leaders on either side like it, not that it is in any proper sense a party policy, but because in both parties, although not in their leadership, there is a strong and constantly increasing reform sentiment. No observant and well-informed man will deny it.

When the *Star* says

"the public does not believe that the Republican press, Republican clubs, Republican President, and the whole Republican party are violators of pledges, spoilsmen, and corruptionists,"

it implies an allegation which has not been made. Nobody has denied that there are able and important Republican journals and leaders that deplore the abandonment of the platform. They are the signs of the sentiment in the party of which we speak. But if the *Star* intends by its generalization to assert that the declaration of the platform that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all appointments," or that of the President that "in appointments to every grade and department fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office," and that "only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office," has in general governed the course of the administration, the *Star* must be aware that its assertion is contrary to notorious facts. If, for instance, the *Star* thinks that the action of the Post-office Department, which is the great patronage branch of the government, is conformed to the platform and the President's pledges, it would be interesting to know what it would consider to be making spoil of the public service.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL ALDACE F. WALKER, chairman of the Inter-State Railway Association, is a strapping six-foot Vermonter, of unusual executive ability. He was a leading New England railroad lawyer when President CLEVELAND made him a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and left that tribunal for his present position, one of the best paid railroad places in the country. Colonel WALKER was graduated from Middlebury (Vermont) College in 1861, and was made the hero of his Commencement by an incident that illustrates his character. The war fever was running high, and young WALKER, then only twenty years old, had organized a company of soldiers in Bridport, a town twelve miles from the college. On Commencement morning he rode out to drill his command, and in returning he reached the old Middlebury church just in time to throw his bridle over a post and walk up the broad aisle in his uniform as his oration was announced. The sight of the uniform and the shoulder-straps adorning it set the patriotism of the audience boiling, and the young soldier was accorded a greater ovation than any other speaker received that day.

—The successful career of FREDERIC C. PENFIELD, managing director of the Gatling-gun Company (Limited) in London, is a good illustration of what American push and "nerve," accompanied by a quick comprehension of opportunity, may accomplish. About four years ago Mr. PENFIELD was city editor of the Hartford (Connecticut) *Courant* on a salary of $25 a week, and left his desk to become Vice-Consul-General at London under ex-Governor WALLER. He resigned this office to assume the financial management of the so-called American Exposition in the British metropolis, and under his guidance the enterprise made money. After a year or two he returned to Hartford, engineered the sale of all European rights in the Gatling-gun to London capitalists, formed a company in England with $5,000,000 capital, and at the close of the transaction was owner of one-seventh of the company's stock. Although a young man, Mr. PENFIELD is now rich. He belongs to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, owns a steam-yacht, and cherishes plans for a forty-ton boat, which, combining the best principles of American and British yacht science, may outsail all the craft on the other side next season, and possibly cross the Atlantic for a brush with our crack sailors. With all his success, Mr. PENFIELD remains a thorough American, and has lost none of the geniality which characterized him as a Hartford newspaper man.

—Queen VICTORIA is said to have real estate investments in New York which pay her a handsome income.

—Our postal system is undergoing examination by WILLIAM BELL, an official of the British Post-office. Mr. BELL compliments the United States mail inspectors by saying that they are able here to complete in a week or two an examination which requires a month in England. He also expresses surprise that inspectors and mail clerks are carried free of charge by the railway companies. English postal employés pay full travelling rates, and charge their expenses to the government, which reimburses all such outlay.

—The efforts that are being made to induce OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES to write his autobiography do not seem likely to be crowned with success. Since his wife's death he is disinclined to sustained work, and pleads that his books tell as much of himself as he wishes the public to know. He desires to do no more work except that which he has already promised, or, as he recently said to a friend, "I have sold all my unmown grass."

—The statement that the music and words of the German national hymn are of French origin has created a stir among patriotic Germans. SCULY, the composer of the first French operas, wrote the music, and the text was the work of Madame DE BRINON. At the accession to the throne of GEORGE I. of England, HANDEL arranged SCULY's music to a translation of the French words, and thus gave the English their present national hymn, "God save the Queen."

—The widow of the Crown-Prince RUDOLPH of Austria, the Archduchess STEPHANIE, is now at Ischl, where she lives in close retirement, accompanied by a very small suite. The young widow's only ornament in the way of jewelry is a locket containing a miniature of her little daughter. To this child, who is said to bear a strong resemblance to her unhappy father, the archduchess writes daily.

—The laying of the second line of rails to the western frontier of Russia greatly increases the capacity of that country for massing troops on the German borders. This step has been taken at the instance of General OBRUTCHEFF, the Chief of the General Staff of the Russian army, and in direct opposition to the views of the Minister of Finance. It is said that one hundred and forty-four thousand tons of rails and three hundred locomotives have been ordered to be delivered next spring.

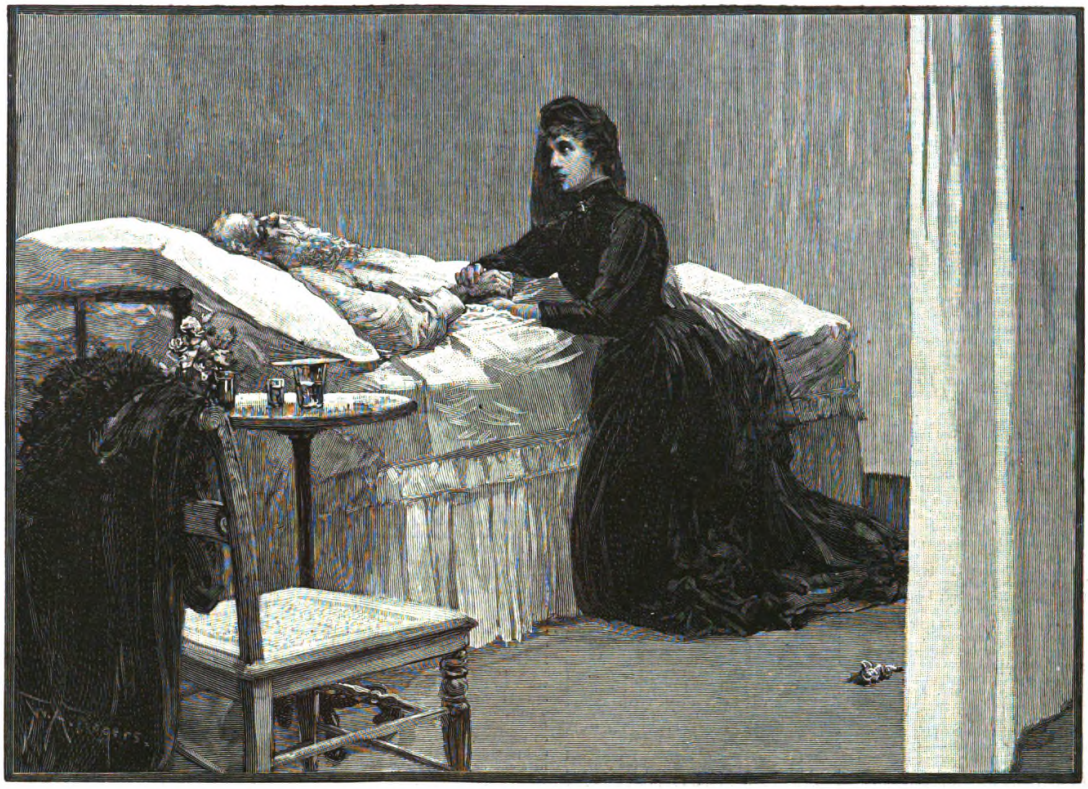
—An apparent refutation of the generally accepted theory that cigarette smoking is injurious is furnished by Dr. J. D. MOSCURE, a well-known citizen of Richmond, Virginia. He is about fifty years old, six feet tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and vigorous. Yet he has smoked cigarettes ever since he was fourteen, inhaling the smoke of each one, and sometimes consuming over one hundred in a day. Now he uses about twenty daily. He learned to smoke at the early age of four and a half years, when his father gave him a strong cigar, hoping that the child's experience with it would cure him of all future desire to form the habit.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ADMIRAL PORTER IN 1865.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 831.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"SHE HELD CLASPED BETWEEN HER HANDS THE HAND OF THE DYING MAN."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

VI.

In the cares which Mrs. March shared with her husband that night she was supported partly by principle, but mainly by the potent excitement which bewildered Conrad's family and took all reality from what had happened. It was nearly midnight when the Marches left them and walked away toward the elevated station with Fulkerson. Everything had been done, by that time, that could be done; and Fulkerson was not without that satisfaction in the business-like despatch of all the details, which attends each step in such an affair, and helps to make death tolerable even to the most sorely stricken. We are creatures of the moment; we live from one little space to another; and only one interest at a time fills these. Fulkerson was cheerful when they got into the street, almost gay; and Mrs. March experienced a rebound from her depression which she felt that she ought not to have experienced. But she condoned the offence a little in herself, because her husband remained so constant in his gravity; and pending the final accounting he must make her for having been where he could be of so much use from the first instant of the calamity, she was tenderly, gratefully proud of all the use he had been to Conrad's family, and especially his miserable old father. To her mind March was the principal actor in the whole affair, and much more important in having seen it than those who had suffered in it. In fact, he had suffered incomparably.

"Well, well," said Fulkerson. "They'll get along now. We've done all *we* could, and there's nothing left but for them to bear it. Of course it's awful, but I guess it 'll come out all right. I mean," he added, "they'll pull through now."

"I suppose," said March, "that nothing is put on us that we can't bear. But I should think," he went on, musingly, "that when God sees what we poor finite creatures *can* bear, hemmed round with this eternal darkness of death, He must respect us."

"Basil!" said his wife. But in her heart she drew nearer to him for the words she thought she ought to rebuke him for.

"Oh, I know," he said, "we school ourselves to despise human nature. But God did not make us despicable, and I say whatever end He meant us for, He must have some such thrill of joy in our adequacy to fate as a father feels when his son shows himself a man. When I think what we can be if we must, I can't believe the least of us shall finally perish."

"Oh, I reckon the Almighty won't scoop any of us," said Fulkerson, with a piety of his own.

"That poor boy's father!" sighed Mrs. March. "I can't get his face out of my sight. He looked so much worse than death."

"Oh, death doesn't look bad," said March. "It's life that looks so in its presence. Death is peace and pardon. I only wish poor old Lindau was as well out of it as Conrad, there."

"Ah, Lindau! He has done harm enough," said Mrs. March. "I hope he will be careful after this."

March did not try to defend Lindau against her theory of the case, which inexorably held him responsible for Conrad's death.

"Lindau's going to come out all right, I guess," said Fulkerson. "He was first-rate when I saw him at the hospital to-night." He whispered in March's ear, at a chance he got in mounting the station stairs: "I didn't like to tell you there at the house, but I guess you'd better know. They had to take Lindau's arm off near the shoulder. Smashed all to pieces by the clubbing."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1682.

In the house, vainly rich and foolishly unfit for them, the bereaved family whom the Marches had just left lingered together, and tried to get strength to part for the night. They were all spent with the fatigue that comes from heaven to such misery as theirs, and they sat in a torpor in which each waited for the other to move, to speak.

Christine moved, and Mela spoke. Christine rose and went out of the room without saying a word, and they heard her going upstairs. Then Mela said, "I reckon the rest of us better be goun' too, father. Here, let's git mother started."

She put her arm round her mother, to lift her from her chair, but the old man did not stir, and Mela called Mrs. Mandel from the next room. Between them they raised her to her feet.

"Ain't there anybody a-goin' to set up with it?" she asked, in her hoarse pipe. "It appears like folks hain't got any feelin's in New York. Woon't some o' the neighbors come and offer to set up, without waitin' to be asked?"

"Oh, that's all right, mother. The men 'll attend to that. Don't you bother any," Mela coaxed, and she kept her arm round her mother, with tender patience.

"Why, Mely, child! I can't feel right to have it left to hirelin's, so. But there ain't anybody any more to see things done as they ought. If Coonrod was on'y here—"

"Well, mother, you *are* pretty mixed!" said Mela, with a strong tendency to break into her large guffaw. But she checked herself and said, "I know just how you feel, though. It keeps a-comun' and a-goun'; and it's so and it ain't so, all at once; that's the plague of it. Well, father! Ain't you goun' to come?"

"I'm goin' to stay, Mela," said the old man, gently, without moving. "Get your mother to bed, that's a good girl."

"You goin' to set up with him, Jacob?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, 'Liz'beth, I'll set up. You go to bed."

"Well, I will, Jacob. And I believe it 'll do you good to set up. I wished I could set up with you; but I don't seem to have the stren'th I did when the twins died. I must git my sleep, so's to— I don't like very well to have you broke of your rest, Jacob, but there don't appear to be anybody else. You wouldn't have to do it if Coonrod was here. There I go ag'in! Mercy! mercy!"

"Well, do come along, then, mother," said Mela; and she got her out of the room, with Mrs. Mandel's help, and up the stairs.

From the top the old woman called down: "You tell Coonrod—" She stopped, and he heard her groan out, "My Lord! my Lord!"

He sat, one silence in the dining-room, where they had all lingered together, and in the library beyond the hireling watcher sat, another silence. The time passed, but neither moved, and the last noise in the house ceased, so that they heard each other breathe, and the vague, remote rumor of the city invaded the inner stillness. It grew louder toward morning, and then Dryfoos knew from the watcher's deeper breathing that he had fallen into a doze.

He crept by him to the drawing-room, where his son was; the place was full of the awful sweetness of the flowers that Fulkerson had brought, and that lay above the pulseless breast. The old man turned up a burner in the chandelier, and stood looking on the majestic serenity of the dead face.

He could not move when he saw his wife coming down the stairway in the hall. She was in her long white flannel bed-gown, and the candle she carried shook with her nervous tremor. He thought she might be walking in her sleep, but she said, quite simply, "I woke up, and I couldn't git to sleep ag'in without comin' to have a look." She stood beside their dead son with him. "Well, he's beautiful, Jacob. He was the prettiest baby! And he was always good, Coonrod was; I'll say that for him. I don't believe he ever give me a minute's care in his whole life. I reckon I liked him about the best of all the children; but I don't know as I ever done much to show it. But you was always good to him, Jacob; you always done the best for him, ever since he was a little feller. I used to be afraid you'd spoil him sometimes in them days; but I guess you're glad now for every time you didn't cross him. I don't suppose since the twins died you ever hit him a lick." She stooped and peered closer at the face. "Why, Jacob, what's that there by his pore eye?"

Dryfoos saw it too, the wound that he had feared to look for, and that now seemed to redden on his sight. He broke into a low, wavering cry, like a child's in despair, like an animal's in terror, like a soul's in the anguish of remorse.

VII.

The evening after the funeral, while the Marches sat together talking it over, and making approaches, through its shadow, to the question of their own future, which it involved, they were startled by the twitter of the electric bell at their apartment door. It was really not so late as the children's having gone to bed made it seem; but at nine o'clock it was too late for any probable visitor except Fulkerson. It might be he, and March was glad to postpone the impending question to his curiosity concerning the immediate business Fulkerson might have with him. He went himself to the door, and confronted there a lady deeply veiled in black, and attended by a very decorous serving-woman.

"Are you alone, Mr. March—you and Mrs. March?" asked the lady, behind her veil; and as he hesitated, she said, "You don't know me! Miss Vance"; and she threw back her veil, showing her face wan and agitated in the dark folds. "I am very anxious to see you—to speak with you both. May I come in?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Vance," he answered, still too much stupefied by her presence to realize it.

She promptly entered, and saying, with a glance at the hall chair by the door, "My maid can sit here?" followed him to the room where he had left his wife.

Mrs. March showed herself more capable of coping with the fact. She welcomed Miss Vance with the liking they both felt for the girl, and with the sympathy which her troubled face inspired.

"I won't tire you with excuses for coming, Mrs. March," she said, "for it was the only thing left for me to do; and I come at my aunt's suggestion." She added this as if it would help to account for her more on the conventional plane, and she had the instinctive good taste to address herself throughout to Mrs. March as much as possible, though what she had to say was mainly for March. "I don't know how to begin—I don't know how to speak of this terrible affair. But you know what I mean. I feel as if I had lived a whole lifetime since it—happened. I don't want you to pity me for it," she said, forestalling a politeness from Mrs. March. "I'm the last one to be thought of, and you mustn't mind me if I try to make you. I came to find out all of the truth that I can, and when I know just what that is I shall know what to do. I have read the inquest; it's all burnt into my brain. But I don't care for that—for myself: you must let me say such things without minding me. I know that your husband—that Mr. March was there; I read his testimony; and I wished to ask him—to ask him—" She stopped and looked distractedly about. "But what folly! He must have said everything he knew—he had to." Her eyes wandered to him from his wife, on whom she had kept them with instinctive tact.

"I said everything—yes," he replied. "But if you would like to know—"

"Perhaps I had better tell you something first. I had just parted with him—it couldn't have been more than half an hour—in front of Brentano's; he must have gone straight to his death. We were talking, and I—I said, Why didn't some one go among

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the strikers and plead with them to be peaceable, and keep them from attacking the new men? I knew that he felt as I did about the strikers; that he was their friend. Did you see—do you know anything that makes you think he had been trying to do that?"

"I am sorry," March began, "I didn't see him at all till—till I saw him lying dead."

"My husband was there purely by accident," Mrs. March put in. "I had begged and entreated him not to go near the striking, anywhere. And he had just got out of the car, and saw the policeman strike that wretched Lindau—he's been such an anxiety to me ever since we have had anything to do with him here; my husband knew him when he was a boy in the West. Mr. March came home from it all perfectly prostrated; it made us all sick! Nothing so horrible ever came into our lives before. I assure you it was the most shocking experience."

Miss Vance listened to her with that look of patience which those who have seen much of the real suffering of the world—the daily portion of the poor—have for the nervous woes of comfortable people. March hung his head; he knew it would be useless to protest that his share of the calamity was, by comparison, infinitesimally small.

After she had heard Mrs. March to the end even of her repetitions, Miss Vance said, as if it were a mere matter of course that she should have looked the affair up, "Yes, I have seen Mr. Lindau at the hospital—"

"My husband goes every day to see him," Mrs. March interrupted, to give a final touch to the conception of March's magnanimity throughout.

"The poor man seems to have been in the wrong at the time," said Miss Vance.

"I could almost say he had earned the right to be wrong. He's a man of the most generous instincts, and a high ideal of justice, of equity—too high to be considered by a policeman with a club in his hand," said March, with a bold defiance of his wife's different opinion of Lindau. "It's the policeman's business, I suppose, to club the ideal when he finds it inciting a riot."

"Oh, I don't blame Mr. Lindau; I don't blame the policeman; he was as much a mere instrument as his club was. I am only trying to find out how much I am to blame myself. I had no thought of Mr. Dryfoos's going there—of his attempting to talk with the strikers and keep them quiet; I was only thinking, as women do, of what I should try to do if I were a man. But perhaps he understood me to ask him to go—perhaps my words sent him to his death."

She had a sort of calm in her courage to know the worst truth as to her responsibility that forbade any wish to flatter her out of it. "I'm afraid," said March, "that is what can never be known now." After a moment he added, "But why should you wish to know? If he went there as a peace-maker, he died in a good cause, in such a way as he would wish to die, I believe."

"Yes," said the girl; "I have thought of that. But death is awful; we must not think patiently, forgivingly, of sending any one to their death in the best cause."

"I fancy life was an awful thing to Conrad Dryfoos," March replied. "He was thwarted and disappointed, without even pleasing the ambition that thwarted and disappointed him. That poor old man, his father, warped him from his simple, life-long wish to be a minister, and was trying to make a business man of him. If it will be any consolation to you to know it, Miss Vance, I can assure you that he was very unhappy, and I don't see how he could ever have been happy here."

"It won't," said the girl, steadily. "If people are born into this world, it's because they were meant to live in it. It isn't a question of being happy here; no one is happy, in that old selfish way, or can be; but he could have been of great use."

"Perhaps he was of use in dying. Who knows? He may have been trying to silence Lindau."

"Oh, Lindau wasn't worth it!" cried Mrs. March.

Miss Vance looked at her as if she did not quite understand. Then she turned to March. "He might have been unhappy, as we all are; but I know that his life here would have had a higher happiness than we wish for or aim for." The tears began to run silently down her cheeks. "He looked strangely happy that day when he left me. He had hurt himself somehow, and his face was bleeding from a scratch; he kept his handkerchief up; he was pale, but such a *light* came into his face when we shook hands—ah, I know he went to try and do what I said!" They were all silent, while she dried her eyes and then put her handkerchief back into the pocket from which she had suddenly pulled it, with a series of vivid, young-ladyish gestures, which struck March by their incongruity with the occasion of their talk, and yet by their harmony with the rest of her elegance. "I am sorry, Miss Vance," he began, "that I can't really tell you anything more—"

"You are very kind," she said, controlling herself and rising quickly. "I thank you—thank you both very much." She turned to Mrs. March and shook hands with her and then with him. "I might have known—I did know that there wasn't anything more for you to tell. But at least I've found out from you that there *was* nothing, and now I can begin to bear what I must. How are those poor creatures—his mother and father, his sisters? Some day, I hope, I shall be ashamed to have postponed them to the thought of myself; but I can't pretend to be yet. I could not come to the funeral; I wanted to."

She addressed her question to Mrs. March, who answered: "I can understand. But they were pleased with the flowers you sent; people are, at such times, and they haven't many friends."

"Would you go to see them?" asked the girl. "Would you tell them what I've told you?"

Mrs. March looked at her husband.

"I don't see what good it would do. They wouldn't understand. But if it would relieve you—"

"I'll wait till it isn't a question of self-relief," said the girl. "Good-by!"

She left them to long debate of the event. At the end Mrs. March said, "She is a strange being; such a mixture of the society girl and the saint."

Her husband answered: "She's the potentiality of several kinds of fanatic. She's very unhappy, and I don't see how she's to be happier about that poor fellow. I shouldn't be surprised if she *did* inspire him to attempt something of that kind."

"Well, you got out of it very well, Basil. I admired the way you managed. I was afraid you'd say something awkward."

"Oh, with a plain line of truth before me, as the only possible thing, I can get on pretty well. When it comes to anything decorative, I'd rather leave it to you, Isabel."

She seemed insensible of his jest. "Of course he was in love with her. *That* was the light that came into his face when he was going to do what he thought she wanted him to do."

"And she—do you think that she was—"

"What an idea! It would have been perfectly grotesque!"

VIII.

Their affliction brought the Dryfooses into humaner relations with the Marches, who had hitherto regarded them as a necessary evil, as the odious means of their own prosperity. Mrs. March found that the women of the family seemed glad of her coming, and in the sense of her usefulness to them all, she began to feel a kindness even for Christine. But she could not help seeing that between the girl and her father there was an unsettled account, somehow, and that it was Christine and not the old man who was holding out. She thought that their sorrow had tended to refine the others. Mela was much more subdued, and except when she abandoned herself to a childish interest in her mourning, she did nothing to shock Mrs. March's taste, or to seem unworthy of her grief. She was very good to her mother, whom the blow had left unchanged, and to her father, whom it had apparently fallen upon with crushing weight. Once, after visiting their house, she described to her husband a little scene between Dryfoos and Mela, when he came home from Wall Street, and the girl meet him at the door with a kind of country simpleness, and took his hat and stick, and brought him into the room where Mrs. March sat, looking tired and broken.

She found this look of Dryfoos's pathetic, and dwelt on the sort of stupefaction there was in it; he must have loved his son more than they ever realized. "Yes," said March, "I suspect he did. He's never been about the place since that day; he was always dropping in, before, on his way uptown. He seems to go down to Wall Street every day, just as before, but I suppose that's mechanical; he wouldn't know what else to do; I dare say it's best for him. The sanguine Fulkerson is getting a little anxious about the future of *Every Other Week*. Now Conrad's gone, he isn't sure the old man will want to keep on with it, or whether he'll have to look up another Angel. He wants to get married, I imagine, and he can't venture till this point is settled."

"It's a very material point to *us*, too, Basil," said Mrs. March.

"Well, of course. I hadn't overlooked that, you may be sure. One of the things that Fulkerson and I have discussed is a scheme for buying the magazine. Its success is pretty well assured now, and I shouldn't be afraid to put money into it—if I had the money."

"I couldn't let you sell the house in Boston, Basil!"

"And I don't want to. I wish we could go back and live in it, and get the rent too! It would be quite a support. But I suppose if Dryfoos won't keep on, it must come to another Angel. I hope it won't be a literary one, with a fancy for running my department."

"Oh, I guess whoever takes the magazine will be glad enough to keep you!"

"Do you think so? Well, perhaps. But I don't believe Fulkerson would let me stand long between him and an Angel of the right description."

"Well, then, I believe he *would*. And you've never seen anything, Basil, to make you really think that Mr. Fulkerson didn't appreciate you to the utmost."

"I think I came pretty near an undervaluation in that Lindau trouble. I shall always wonder what put a backbone into Fulkerson, just at that crisis. Fulkerson doesn't strike me as the stuff of a moral hero."

"At any rate, he *was* one," said Mrs. March, "and that's quite enough for me."

March did not answer. "What a noble thing life is, anyway! Here I am, well on the way to fifty, after twenty-five years of hard work, looking forward to the potential poorhouse as confidently as I did in youth. We might have saved a little more than we have saved; but the little more wouldn't avail if I were turned out of my place now; and we should have lived sordidly to no purpose. Some one always has you by the throat, unless you have some one else in *your* grip. I wonder if that's the attitude the Almighty intended his respectable creatures to take toward one another! I wonder if He meant our civilization, the battle we fight in, the game we trick in! I wonder if He considers it final, and if the kingdom of heaven on earth, which we pray for—"

"Have you seen Lindau to-day?" Mrs. March asked.

"You inferred it from the quality of my piety?" March laughed, and then suddenly sobered. "Yes, I saw him. It's going rather hard with him, I'm afraid. The amputation doesn't heal very well; the shock was very great, and he's old. It'll take time. There's so much pain that they have to keep him under opiates, and I don't think he fully knew me. At any rate, I didn't get my piety from him to-day."

"It's horrible! Horrible!" said Mrs. March. "I can't get over it! After losing his hand in the war, to lose his whole arm now, in *this* way! It does seem too cruel! Of course he oughtn't to have been there; we can say that. But *you* oughtn't to have been there either, Basil."

"Well, I wasn't exactly advising the police to go and club the railroad presidents."

"Neither was poor Conrad Dryfoos."

"I don't deny it. All that was distinctly the chance of life and death. That belonged to God; and no doubt it was law, though it seems chance. But what I object to is this economic chance-world in which we live, and which we men seem to have created. It ought to be law as inflexible in human affairs as the order of day and night in the physical world, that if a man will work he shall both rest and eat, and shall not be harassed with any question as to how his repose and his provision shall come. Nothing less ideal than this satisfies the reason. But in our state of things no one is secure of this. No one is sure of finding work; no one is sure of not losing it. I may have my work taken away from me at any moment by the caprice, the mood, the indigestion of a man who has not the qualification for knowing whether I do it well or ill. At my time of life—at every time of life—a man ought to feel that if he will keep on doing his duty he shall not suffer in himself or in those who are dear to him, except through natural causes. But no man can feel this as things are now; and so we go on, pushing and pulling, climbing and crawling, thrusting aside and trampling underfoot; lying, cheating, stealing; and when we get to the end, covered with blood and dirt and sin and shame, and look back over the way we've come to a palace of our own, or the poorhouse, which is about the only possession we can claim in common with our brother-men, I don't think the retrospect can be pleasing."

"I know, I know!" said his wife. "I think of those things too, Basil. Life isn't what it seems when you look forward to it. But I think people would suffer less, and wouldn't have to work so hard, and could make all reasonable provision for the future, if they were not so greedy and so foolish."

"Oh, without doubt! We can't put it all on the conditions; we must put some of the blame on character. But conditions *make* character; and people are greedy and foolish, and wish to have and to shine, because having and shining are held up to them by civilization as the chief good of life. We all know they are not the chief good, perhaps not good at all; but if some one ventures to say so, all the rest of us call him a fraud and a crank, and go moiling and toiling on to the palace or the poorhouse. We can't help it. If one were less greedy, or less foolish, some one else would have, and would shine at his expense. We don't moil and toil to ourselves alone; the palace or the poorhouse is not merely for ourselves, but for our children, whom we've brought up in the superstition that having and shining is the chief good. We dare not teach them otherwise, for fear they may falter in the fight, when it comes their turn; and the children of others will crowd them out of the palace into the poorhouse. If we felt sure that honest work shared by all would bring them honest food shared by all, some heroic few of us, who did not wish our children to rise above their fellows—though we could not bear to have them fall below—might trust them with the truth. But we have no such assurance; and so we go on trembling before Dryfooses, and living in gin-crackeries."

"Basil, Basil! I was always willing to live more simply than you. You know I was!"

"I know you always said so, my dear. But how many bell-ratchets and speaking-tubes would you be willing to have at the street door below? I remember that when we were looking for a flat you rejected every building that had a bell-ratchet or a speaking-tube, and would have nothing to do with any that had more than an electric button; you wanted a hall-boy, with electric buttons all over him. I don't blame you. I find such things quite as necessary as you do."

"And do you mean to say, Basil," she asked, abandoning this unprofitable branch of the inquiry, "that you are really uneasy about your place? that you are afraid Mr. Dryfoos may give up being an Angel, and Mr. Fulkerson may play you false?"

"Play me false? Oh, it wouldn't be playing me false. It would be merely looking out for himself, if the new Angel had editorial tastes, and wanted my place. It's what any one would do."

"*You* wouldn't do it, Basil!"

"Wouldn't I? Well, if any one offered me more salary than *Every Other Week* pays—say twice as much—what do you think my duty to my suffering family would be? It's give and take in the business world, Isabel; especially take. But as to being uneasy, I'm not, in the least. I've the spirit of a lion, when it comes to such a chance as that. When I see how readily the sensibilities of the passing stranger can be worked in New York, I think of taking up the role of that desperate man on Third Avenue, who went along looking for garbage in the gutter to eat. I think I could pick up at least twenty or thirty cents a day by that little game, and maintain my family in the affluence it's been accustomed to."

"*Basil!*" cried his wife. "You don't mean to say that man was an impostor! And I've gone about, ever since, feeling that one such case in a million, the bare possibility of it, was enough to justify all that Lindau said about the rich and the poor!"

March laughed teasingly. "Oh, I don't say he was an impostor. Perhaps he really was hungry; but if he wasn't, what do you think of a civilization that makes the opportunity of such a fraud? that gives us all such a bad conscience for the need which is, that we weaken to the need that isn't? Suppose that poor fellow wasn't personally founded on fact; nevertheless, he represented the truth; he was the ideal of the suffering which would be less effective if realistically treated. That man is a great comfort to me. He probably rioted for days on that quarter I gave him; made a dinner, very likely, or a champagne supper; and if *Every Other Week* wants to get rid of me, I intend to work that racket. You can hang round the corner with Bella, and Tom can come up to me in tears, at stated intervals, and ask me if I've found anything yet. To be sure, we might be arrested and sent up somewhere. But even in that extreme case we should be provided for. Oh no, I'm not afraid of losing my place! I've merely a sort of psychological curiosity to know how men like Dryfoos and Fulkerson will work out the problem before them."

IX.

It was a curiosity which Fulkerson himself shared, at least concerning Dryfoos. "I don't know what the old man's going to do," he said to March, the day after the Marches had talked their future over. "Said anything to you yet?"

"No, not a word."

"You're anxious, I suppose, same as I am. Fact is," said Fulkerson, blushing a little, "I can't ask to have a day named till I know where I am, in connection with the old man. I can't tell whether I've got to look out for something else, or somebody else. Of course, it's full soon yet."

"Yes," March said, "much sooner than it seems to us. We're so anxious about the future that we don't remember how very recent the past is."

"That's something so. The old man's hardly had time yet to pull himself together. Well, I'm glad you feel that way about it, March. I guess it's more of a blow to him than we realize. He was a good deal bound up in Coonrod, though he didn't always use him very well. Well, I reckon it's apt to happen so, oftentimes; curious how cruel love can be. Heigh? We're an awful mixture, March!"

"Yes, that's the marvel and the curse, as Browning says."

"Why, that poor boy himself," pursued Fulkerson, "had streaks of the mule in him that could give odds to Beaton, and he must have tried the old man by the way he would give in to his will, and hold out against his judgment. I don't believe he ever budged a hair's-breadth from his original position about wanting to be a preacher and not wanting to be a business man. Well, of course! *I* don't think business is all in all; but it must have made the old man mad to find that without saying anything, or doing anything to show it, and after seeming to come over to his ground, and really coming, practically, Coonrod was just exactly where he first planted himself, every time."

"Yes, people that have convictions are difficult. Fortunately, they're rare."

"Do you think so? It seems to me that everybody's got convictions. Beaton himself, who hasn't a principle to throw at a dog, has got convictions the size of a barn. They ain't always the same ones, I know, but they're always to the same effect, as far as Beaton's being Number One is concerned. The old man's got convictions—or did have, unless this thing lately has shaken him all up—and he believes that money will do everything. Colonel Woodburn's got convictions that he wouldn't part with for untold millions. Why, March, you got convictions yourself!"

"Have I?" said March. "I don't know what they are."

"Well, neither do I; but I know you were ready to kick the trough over for them when the old man wanted us to bounce Lindau that time."

"Oh yes," said March; he remembered the fact; but he was still uncertain just what the convictions were that he had been so stanch for.

"I suppose we could have got along without you," Fulkerson mused aloud. "It's astonishing how you always *can* get along in this world without the man that is simply indispensable. Makes a fellow realize that he could take a day off now and then without deranging the solar system a great deal. Now here's Coonrod—or rather, he isn't. But that boy managed his part of the schooner so well that I used to tremble when I thought of his getting the better of the old man, and going into a convent or something of that kind; and now here he is, snuffed out in half a second, and I don't believe but what we shall be sailing along just as chipper as usual inside of thirty days. I reckon it will bring the old man to the point when I come to talk with him about who's to be put in Coonrod's place. I don't like very well to start the subject with him; but it's got to be done some time."

"Yes," March admitted. "It's terrible to think how unnecessary even the best and wisest of us is to the purposes of Providence. When I looked at that poor young fellow's face sometimes—so gentle and true and pure—I used to think the world was appreciably richer for his being in it. But are we appreciably poorer for his being out of it now?"

"No, I don't reckon we are," said Fulkerson. "And what a lot of the raw material of all kinds the Almighty must have, to *waste* us the way he seems to do. Think of throwing away a precious creature like Coonrod Dryfoos on one chance in a thousand of getting that old fool of a Lindau out of the way of being clubbed! For I suppose that was what Coonrod was up to. Say! Have you been round to see Lindau to-day?"

Something in the tone or the manner of Ful-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

kerson startled March. "No! I haven't seen him since yesterday."

"Well, I don't know," said Fulkerson. "I guess I saw him a little while after you did, and that young doctor there seemed to feel kind of worried about him. Or not worried, exactly; they can't afford to let such things worry them, I suppose; but—"

"He's worse?" asked March.

"Oh, he didn't say so. But I just wondered if you'd seen him to-day."

"I think I'll go now," said March, with a pang at heart. He had gone every day to see Lindau, but this day he had thought he would not go, and that was why his heart smote him. He knew that if he were in Lindau's place Lindau would never have left his side if he could have helped it. March tried to believe that the case was the same, as it stood now; it seemed to him that he was always going to or from the hospital; he said to himself that it must do Lindau harm to be visited so much. But he knew that this was not true when he was met at the door of the ward where Lindau lay by the young doctor, who had come to feel a personal interest in March's interest in Lindau.

He smiled, without gayety, and said, "He's just going."

"What! Discharged?"

"Oh no. He has been failing very fast since you saw him yesterday, and now—" They had been walking softly and talking softly down the aisle between the long rows of beds. "Would you care to see him?"

The doctor made a slight gesture toward the white canvas screen which in such places forms the death-chamber of the poor and friendless. "Come round this way—he won't know you! I've got rather fond of the poor old fellow. He wouldn't have a clergyman—sort of agnostic, isn't he? A good many of these Germans are; but the young lady who's been coming to see him—"

They both stopped. Lindau's grand, patriarchal head, foreshortened to their view, lay white upon the pillow, and his broad white beard flowed out over the sheet, which heaved with those long last breaths. Beside his bed Margaret Vance was kneeling; her veil was thrown back, and her face was lifted; she held clasped between her hands the hand of the dying man; she moved her lips inaudibly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will hold its annual meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle of this city on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, October 15–18. It has not met in this city since 1832, at which time there was no Broadway Tabernacle, and, we believe, no Congregational church either in New York or Brooklyn, and the extreme boundary northward of the city was considerably below Canal Street. We may almost take it for granted, too, that there is no one now living who was present and took part fifty-seven years ago in the services of that occasion. It may be well, therefore, to give a brief statement of the constitution and work of the Board.

It was founded in 1810, and obtained a charter from the Legislature of Massachusetts for the purpose of "devising ways and means and adopting and prosecuting measures for the spread of the gospel in heathen lands." It is said that in the debate on the charter in the Senate of Massachusetts, when an objection was raised by one of the members on the ground that it was designed to afford the means of exporting religion, whereas there was none to spare from among themselves, it was pleasantly and truly replied that religion was a commodity of which the more we exported the more we had remaining. Its constitution was framed after the manner of a Congregational association. The original members of the Board chose their associates and successors, and the charter providing that members, the number of whom is not to exceed 250 at any one time, must be elected by ballot at an annual meeting, and that not less than one-third of the body must be composed of laymen, one-third of ministers, and the other third from either of these classes. This seems to be a rather antiquated constitution, and a committee of fifteen members was appointed at the Cleveland meeting in 1888 to examine and report on the question whether any means could be adopted to give direct representation to the churches, and bring them into closer relationship to the Board. This system gives to the Board the appearance of a close corporation; but whatever objection it may be open to in theory, it must be said by candid men that the corporate members could be regarded as having been, and as being now, a fair representation of the best members of the churches of the land.

At the beginning, and for a considerable time, the Board was used by the Presbyterian Church and the Dutch Reformed Church as well as by the Congregational churches as the agency through which they sought to carry on their foreign mission work. It stood at first and still stands on a thoroughly undenominational platform; but as time went on, the Presbyterians and the Dutch Reformed Church withdrew to form mission boards within their own lines, so that now it is virtually a Congregational society, its history in this respect resembling that of the London Missionary Society in the old country.

The business of the Board is carried on by a Prudential Committee, which meets weekly in Boston, and by three secretaries and a treasurer, all of whom are elected annually at the meeting of the Board. The presentation of the report of this committee is usually the first item of business then presented, and sometimes considerable discussion arises concerning it. Indeed it is possible that the action of the committee in a well-known case during last year may occasion some debate at the present meeting; but even if that should be the case, such a discussion will not be allowed to divert attention from the reports to be presented from Africa, India, China, Japan, Turkey, the islands of the southern Pacific, and other places where the missionaries of the Board have been working with patient self-denial and considerable success.

One interesting feature of the business—always looked forward to with great expectation—is the address of the President, for which Thursday evening is usually reserved. The custom of delivering such an address was, if not introduced, at least steadily followed by Dr. Mark Hopkins, the late President of the Board, whose broad views, philosophic insight, and clear-cut, cimeter-like sentences always made a deep and permanent impression.

On the present occasion this address will be given by the new President, Dr. R. S. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, who by the unanimous choice of the Board was elected two years ago to succeed the venerable and beloved man to whom we have just referred, and we may be sure that it will be worthy not only of himself, but of the occasion. Dr. Storrs stands in the front rank of the preachers of the day. His historical lore, extensive and accurate scholarship, glowing imagination, fervid eloquence, and commanding appearance give to his utterances a combination of qualities rarely to be met with, and make him one of the first of American orators. Moreover his devotion to evangelical truth, or rather, let us say, to Him who is Himself the truth, kindles the whole man into the white heat of an incandescent earnestness, which glows with an intensity that no hearer can withstand. But Dr. Storrs's eloquence is equalled by his commonsense. He makes an admirable presiding officer, so that with him as President we may expect that this annual meeting of the Board will be characterized, as so many that have gone before have been, by courage tempered with wisdom, and inspired by the spiritual uplift of devotion to the best of causes.

ADMIRAL PORTER.

FIVE successive generations of the Porter family have served in the American marine. Alexander Porter was captain of a Boston merchantship. His son David commanded the *Delight* and the *Aurora* in the Revolutionary war, was at one time imprisoned on the *Jersey*, and was made a sailing-master in the navy after the war. David's sons John and David were both in the navy, the former reaching the grade of commander, while the latter was the renowned commodore whose services in the naval wars with France, Tripoli, and Great Britain, during which last he commanded the *Essex*, are lustrous in our annals. Of Commodore Porter's sons, one, Henry Ogden, was executive officer of the *Hatteras*, sunk by the *Alabama*; another, Theodoric, was a lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, killed in the Mexican war; a third, William D., commanded the *Essex* at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and served on the Mississippi as commodore, at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. A fourth, and the most famous of the name, is the subject of the present sketch. Of Admiral D. D. Porter's cousins, one, Captain David H., was an officer of the navy, and another, Fitz-John, an army officer, now on the retired list. The fifth generation is also now represented in the navy.

With such sailor blood in his veins, David Dixon Porter, born in the midst of war, June 8, 1813, at Chester, Pennsylvania, naturally began his career betimes. As a boy of eleven he accompanied his father, Commodore Porter, on the cruise against pirates in the West Indies, which resulted in the commodore's suspension for six months on the ground of exceeding his authority. When, accordingly, soon after, he resigned his commission, and was appointed chief officer of the navy of Mexico, at that time struggling against Spain for independence, the lad was made a midshipman in the Mexican service. Under his cousin, Captain David H. Porter, who had also gone from our navy to the Mexican, he had an adventurous cruise against Spanish commerce, varied by a mutiny, in the discovery and suppression of which the youngster had a prominent part. Shortly after, Captain Porter, in command of the armed brig *Guerrero*, off Cuba, attacked two Spanish war vessels, convoying a fleet of merchantmen, and the firing brought out the sixty-four-gun frigate *Leallad*, which captured the *Guerrero* after a desperate fight. That sanguinary battle, sustained against great odds, in which Captain Porter was killed, and about eighty of his crew either killed or wounded, was the initiation of Midshipman Porter into naval combat. He was then fourteen years old, and had not lacked an adventurous opening for the career in which he was to become so famous.

The survivors of the combat were imprisoned in the guard-ship at Havana, but Midshipman Porter was soon released, and, making his way to the United States by way of Vera Cruz, lost no time in exchanging the Mexican for the American service, becoming a midshipman in our navy on the 2d of February, 1829. That same year his father also left the Mexican service, feeling aggrieved at the treatment he had received.

The sixty years of active service now before the future admiral began rather tamely. Twelve of them were passed in the Mediterranean and on the Coast Survey. He got his lieutenancy February 27, 1841, after having been made passed midshipman some years earlier, on July 3, 1835. More sea service followed in Mediterranean and Brazilian waters, and then duty at the Naval Observatory, and a confidential errand to Hayti. In the Mexican war he had charge of the naval rendezvous in New Orleans, took part in the actions at Vera Cruz, Tuspan, and elsewhere on the Mexican coast, and received command of the *Spitfire*. Then, when the California gold fever followed the war, securing a furlough from the Navy Department, he commanded the mail-steamers *Panama* and *Georgia*, running between New York and Panama. He also brought to this country, in the United States ship *Supply*, eighty-four camels, intended for army use in the Southwest.

With the outbreak of the civil war, Lieutenant Porter was put in command of the *Powhatan*, and joined the Gulf squadron, where his vessel blockaded the Southwest Pass. Meanwhile he was promoted to the rank of commander, to date from April 22, 1861. When it was resolved to attack New Orleans, Commander Porter was consulted by Secretary Welles as to whether Captain D. G. Farragut, a Southern-born man, would like to take the command of the naval part of the expedition. It is not necessary to say that the offer was welcome. Commander Porter was ordered to report to Farragut with a fleet of twenty-one mortar schooners, each carrying a thirteen-inch mortar, besides five war steamers as convoys, while the land forces co-operating were under charge of General Butler. Here it may be noted that Porter's father had adopted Farragut at the age of nine, and had given him his start in the navy.

In the spring of 1862 Farragut made his memorable attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the river defences of New Orleans. The part assigned to Commander Porter, that of bombarding the forts, was carried on for six days and nights—from April 18th to the 24th—and about 16,800 shells were fired. The mortar-boats lay at a distance from the forts, with woods intervening, and their masts were trimmed with bushes to prevent them from being distinguished. Then occurred the famous river fight and running of the forts by Farragut's fleet; and after the latter went up to New Orleans, the forts surrendered on the 28th of April to Commander Porter, whose flotilla had been left below.

The next conspicuous service of Commander Porter was performed soon after in the operations on the Mississippi between New Orleans and Vicksburg. "The mortar flotilla," wrote Farragut, in his official report, June 30, 1862, "have never done better service than at Vicksburg." In fact, its bombardment of the forts enabled Farragut's fleet to run by them. In July of that year Commander Porter was ordered to take his mortar fleet to Fort Monroe, and he then received instead the command of the Mississippi squadron as Acting Rear-Admiral, in September, 1862. This force was increased from a dozen vessels to many times that number by putting guns and protective armor on the ordinary river boats. Taking eight of these vessels, early in 1863, he co-operated with General Sherman in the reduction of Arkansas Post, on the Arkansas River, silencing the fort by the heavy fire of his sixty-six guns, and knocking the bomb-proofs to pieces. Returning to Vicksburg, where Grant was operating, on the night of the 16th of April he ran the batteries with his fleet, leading off in his flagship, the *Benton*, and though every vessel was struck by the fire from the forts, little damage was done. Being now south of Vicksburg, Porter attacked Grand Gulf, in connection with Grant's army, bringing to bear eighty-one pieces of artillery, and silencing the batteries. His fleet, however, suffered not a little in this affair; the *Benton*, for example, was struck forty-seven times, and lost twenty-six men in killed and wounded. When, after a series of subsequent operations by General Grant, Vicksburg surrendered, Commander Porter received the thanks of Congress for his services, and also a commission of Rear-Admiral, to date from July 4, 1863. He had well merited these honors. "The gunboats," says his official report, "have been constantly below Vicksburg shelling the works. The mortar-boats have been at work forty-two days without intermission." In one engagement, that of May 27th, the *Cincinnati* was sunk by the plunging fire from Fort Hill, with a loss of many men. Besides the almost incessant firing of the navy, several large guns were landed and put in the siege lines, where they were worked by naval crews. Porter had also been of great service in destroying batteries erected by the Confederates to cut off transports and to block river communication. The latter part of the year 1863 was employed by Admiral Porter in keeping open the Mississippi, which at last, with the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, "ran unvexed to the sea." In the spring of 1864 he co-operated with General Banks in the Red River expedition, when the withdrawal of the army left the fleet in a perilous condition, from which it was rescued by the famous dam built by Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey.

One more great exploit was to crown the Admiral's career. Toward the close of the year 1864, having been put in command of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, he was ordered to co-operate with a land force commanded by General Butler, to reduce Fort Fisher and the other works on Cape Fear River, preparatory to capturing Wilmington. The troops were sent on transports, and on Christmas Eve Admiral Porter began a tremendous bombardment from thirty-five vessels, five of which were iron-clads, holding nineteen others in reserve. In a little over an hour the forts were silenced; still General Butler did not consider the works substantially injured, and concluded, from a reconnaissance, that they could not be carried by assault. He therefore returned with his command to Hampton Roads. Admiral Porter asked for a renewal of the attempt, and this was granted, with General Terry in command of the troops. On January 13th and 14th Porter resumed his attack, and very early in the morning of the 15th, with forty-four vessels in a curved line, besides fourteen held in reserve, he opened a tremendous fire, yet with careful aiming, taking the traverses in order, and trying to dismount the guns between them. The result was that the infantry were driven to their bomb-proofs, gun after gun was silenced, and so many of them were dismounted, that at the time fixed for the assault in the afternoon there were few to be feared. Then a land attack was made, and after several hours of hard fighting Fort Fisher was captured by General Terry. For this brilliant assault 1400 sailors and 500 marines had been landed, and they took part in the action. Once more Congress gave Porter a vote of thanks, and again it was fully deserved.

After the war, when the grades of General and Lieutenant-General were awarded to Grant and Sherman, those of Admiral and Vice-Admiral were given to Farragut and Porter, dating from July, 1866. On Farragut's death, Porter was made Admiral of the Navy, August 15, 1870, and it was provided that the grade should lapse when he should cease to hold it. Meanwhile, as Vice-Admiral, he had been made Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where his energy was of great service to the institution.

The nineteen years during which Admiral Porter has held his present high grade have been years of peace. A part of his leisure he has devoted to literature, being the author of a life of Commodore David Porter, a novel called *Allan Dare and Robert le Diable*, *Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War*, *Harry Marline*, and a *History of the Navy in the War of the Rebellion*. These last four works were published from 1885 to 1887 inclusive, or between his seventy-second and seventy-fourth year. Admiral Porter has also kept fully abreast with the progress of his profession, as has been shown by his annual reports, and his essays, articles, testimony before committees of Congress, and conversations made public. His interest in the problem of national defence and in naval construction has been especially conspicuous.

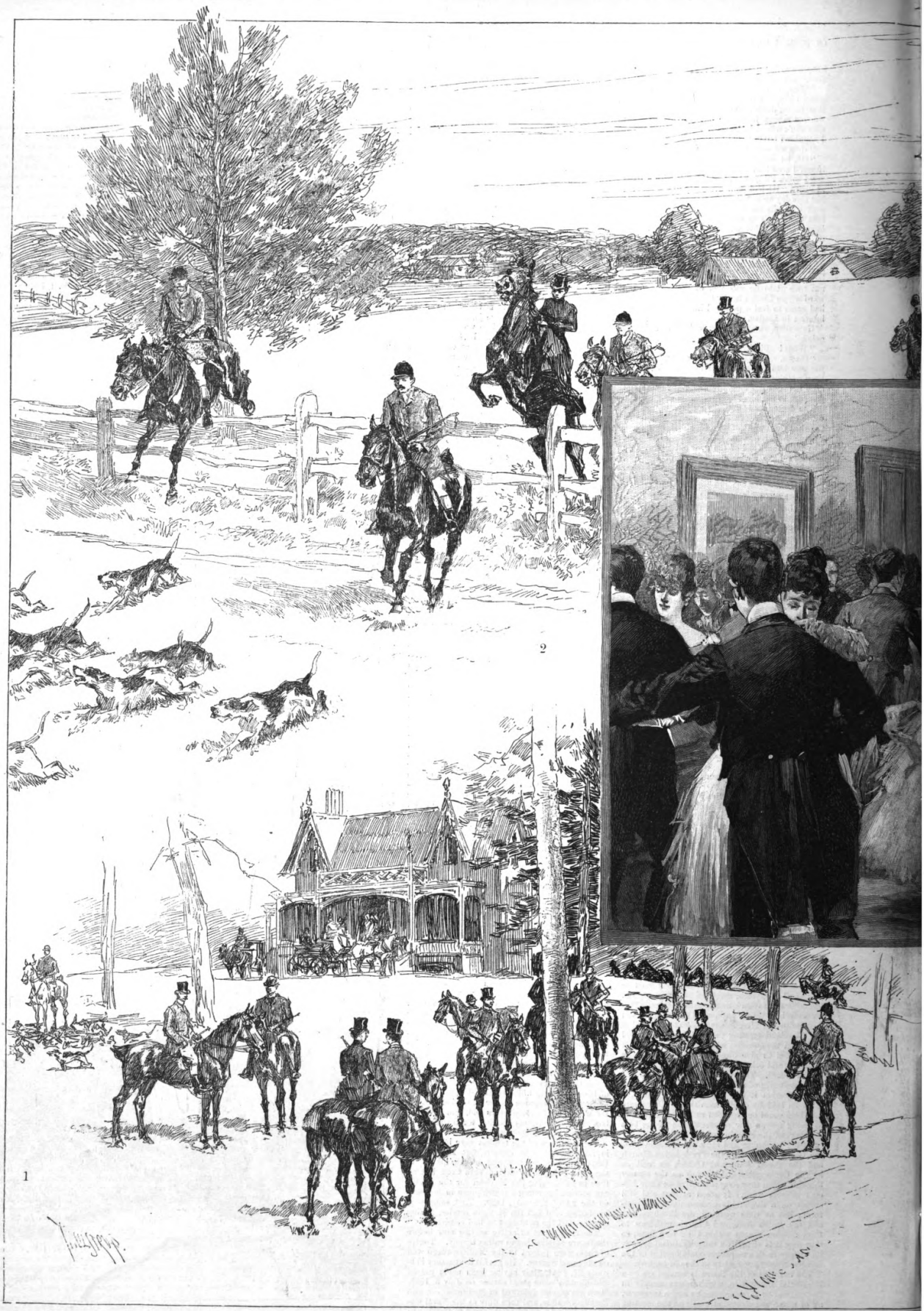


WATERING.

"Hi, there, Dennis, what are you doing to my horse?"

"An' didn't ye tell me afther watherin' the gardin to moind an' take the hoss out an' wather him too? The hoss don't take it wid the same alse an' comfort as the gardin did."

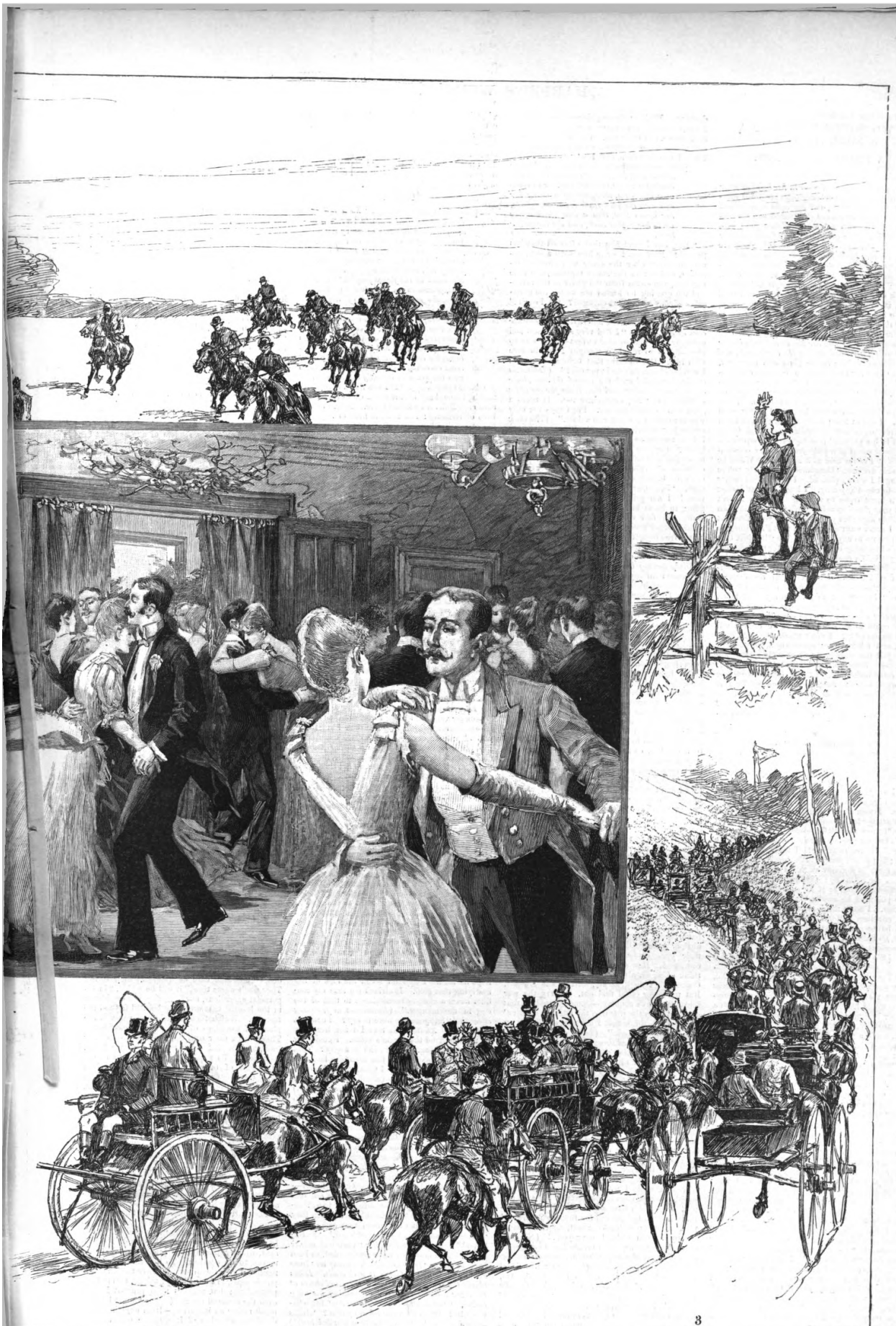
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE RICHMOND COUNTY HUNT AND BA

1. The Meet at the Club-House. 2.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



3

–Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 838.]

Hunt. 3. Returning Home.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

CONSTANCE *is discovered alone in her boudoir after the dance. On the dressing-table her jewels glimmer here and there, and the light is splintered on the facets of the cut-glass bottles and the pendulating crystals of the candelabra filled with lit tapers. Her dress—a mist of white fading into the shadows—lies over a chair. Those are her slippers in the corner, reflected in the shining parquet, one on its side, one upright—little, pointed slippers with high, slim heels. Her cloak, with its long-haired fur border, is half on the sofa and half on the floor, where she sat curled up in it when she first came in.* Constance, *in a loose white negligee, pulls her chair up to the dressing-table, and studying her reflection in the oval mirror, draws out her hair-pins.*

Constance (dropping her hands suddenly in her lap, leaning her head against the chair back, and scrutinizing her face in the glass with narrowed, musing eyes). "The situation is simply detestable! What am I to do? There are his flowers" (*casting a languid look at a huge bouquet on the centre table*). "I don't want them. There are his letters—a whole boxful—I never read them. I did at first; every evening I read them all over until the collection grew too large. There is his picture" (*looking with an expression of refined ennui at a photograph on an adjacent stand*). "I never look at it any more. When he said this evening, 'Constance, how lovely you're looking!' I wasn't pleased. I had almost rather he hadn't said anything. I know by that feeling that it must come to an end. When you don't want your *fiancé* to think you're pretty, that's an infallible sign that you don't want your *fiancé* at all. I don't want mine. Not that I'm willing to give him up to anybody else. No; it's just that I don't like being engaged. I prefer my freedom. And yet he's a charming fellow." (*Clasping her hands behind her head and looking up, her eyes suffused with dreamful memories, at the Dresden china garlands and Cupids which wreathe the mirror.*) "I can still take pride in my good taste, as men take pride in pointing out to their friends the pretty woman they have once loved. But it must come to an end; it must be broken off. Will he die of it? I don't think so. Men have died, and worms have eaten them, etc. They were just the same in Rosalind's day as they are in mine. Does he adore me? Oh, of course; how could he help it?" (*Laughs, yawns, stretching her arms over her head, catches sight of her face in the glass, and looks gravely at it, then laughs again under her breath.*) "How could he help it? Poor Clem! I must write the fatal letter tonight."

[*She gets up to cross to her desk, trailing between the chairs in her limp white draperies weighted with edgings of lace. She lights the candles, and stares at the flickering flames with a pensive expression, her finger on her lip.*

"I wonder how he'll feel? Suppose he should come here and want to see me? I have a headache. I won't go to the dance to-morrow, for he'll get my letter some time during the day; but he will meet me at the german on Tuesday. He can't make a scene; there'll be too many people there. He *may* cut me! I think I can stand that; but it will seem a little queer to have Clem pass me with a glassy stare. I don't think he'll poison me. Oh no! Clement belongs to the nineteenth century; if he was the sort of man who poisoned, he wouldn't wear such well-made clothes. I don't think my dear Clement is what the novelists call 'a dramatic figure.' There will be no green and yellow melancholy in his case, no Patience, and no monument—I feel quite sure about the Patience. Let me see."

[*She seats herself at the desk, draws out her blotting-book, and dips her pen in the ink.*

"Yes; let me see! 'Dear Clement—' No, that won't do; it's too friendly. He isn't dear Clement any more. The succeeding announcement would be too much of a shock after such a tender beginning. The way I address him should prepare him. I will say, 'Dear Mr. Randolph.' Yes, that's a great deal better. 'Dear Mr. Randolph,—This letter will bear you sad news—' No; how can I say that? He might get furious, and write back, 'Dear Constance,—Don't worry yourself about its being sad news; quite the contrary.' Of course he's a gentleman; but gentlemen when they're jilted, like gentlemen when they've had too much wine, may be permitted to forget themselves. Besides, that looks too much like an announcement of a death in the family. It ought to be kind, yet dignified. I oughtn't to deplore what I'm doing, because if I didn't want to I wouldn't be doing it. It's rather difficult to find the right words." (*Bites the end of the quill, and ruminates with large, sleepy eyes fixed on the candle flame.*) "Now I think this is better: 'Dear Mr. Randolph,—This letter will tell you that I have decided we must break our engagement. It is better for both of us. For though you have always been kind and generous to me, and I have nothing to complain of—' Um!" (*Pausing with arrested pen and looking it over dubiously.*) "'I have nothing to complain of—' 'This letter will tell you.' I don't like 'this letter.' No, I don't like that. It won't do. It reads like a recommendation for a servant: 'This letter is to certify that R. Clement Randolph is a good washer and ironer, and understands the fluting irons.' Horrible! Let me try again; an entirely new form—dignified, cold, resigned—beginning in the frozen manner: 'Mr. Clement Randolph. Dear Sir,—yes, that's very good; 'Dear Sir' will explain everything—' I find, on studying my feelings, that in the matter of our engagement I have come to too rash and hasty a decision. Without thoroughly reading my heart, I have consented to become your wife, and to love, honor, and obey you. Can you bring yourself to tolerate or forgive me when I confess that I find I was mistaken, that I—' "

[*Her pen gradually moves more and more slowly, and finally trails across the paper, leaving a wavering black line. She reads over the letter, thoughtfully stroking her lips with the quill feather, pauses, reflects, her brows knit, then a slow blush creeps up to her ruffled curls, and she hangs her head.*

"How can I send him that after all that has passed? How can I write him such a stiff, unnatural letter, after the times we've waltzed together, and sat on the stairs together, and rode together, and swam from the wharf to the raft—and the evening he kissed me under the grape arbor when we were first engaged? Oh, I can't!" (*Crumples up the letter, and throws it angrily into the scrap basket, then sits mournfully musing, her chin in her hand.*) "I feel very sentimental and unhappy. It was so nice at first—Clem was so nice—I was so nice! I thought I was in love with him. I've thought that before—but still! I wonder if that's a tear in my eye?" (*Delicately touches her eyelid with the end of the long, loose sleeve of her negligee, and then looks for the trace of the tear.*) "No, apparently not. It takes a good deal to make me cry. Papa says the only way is to pinch my finger in a door." (*The clock strikes.*) "Heavens! Four! What a spectre I'll be to-morrow! Suppose I try a humorous letter? Suppose I treat it lightly, as if I thought he couldn't possibly be angry, this way: 'Dear Clement—' This must be dear Clement; you can't be humorous and dignified at the same time. 'Dear Clement,—Here is a piece of good news! I am going to set you free. You are going to be at large once more. Doesn't that make you feel very gay, and give you a high opinion of my generosity? *Entre nous*, I want to be set free myself'—this, at least, has the merit of being more truthful than any of the others, but— There is a 'but'!" (*Reads it frowning, suddenly tearing it up in angry despair*). "Oh, its worse than any of the others. It's frivolous, hard-hearted, hateful! It makes me appear as though I was made of cast-iron. It's not only injuring him, but insulting him. Yet it sounds very like me. Well" (*with resignation*), "I suppose I must be made of cast-iron, then. Oh, how sleepy I am! How I wish it was finished, and I could go to bed!" (*Yawns wearidly, rubs her eyes, then suddenly starts up and seizes the pen.*) "An inspiration! Quick, while I remember—'Miss Leigh presents her compliments to Mr. Randolph, and regrets exceedingly that upon reflection she thinks it advisable to consider their engagement annulled from this time forth.' That's concise as Charles Reade—concise and to the point. Very dignified too; in fact, a captious critic might find it too dignified. But a letter like that needs to be explained. There ought to be a key to go with it. He will want to know why Miss Leigh thinks it advisable to consider the engagement annulled. He will insist on explanations. I will have to see him and tell him that I don't care for him as much as I thought I did, and he will stare at me all the time I'm saying it, then cry, 'Heartless coquette, do you know that you have ruined the life of an honest man?' or something like that. Of course I couldn't stand such a scene. I'd die, or renew the engagement; and I don't know which would be the worst. No; the whole thing must be done in one letter. There must be no need for subsequent recriminations."

[*She gets up, and slowly paces back and forth with soft, regular foot-fall, and folds of lace-edged material clinging about her graceful figure as she passes.*

"How do other girls do it? Engagements have been broken before this, and no one has died, or gone mad, or sat up all night ruining their eyes composing letters that won't be composed. How did Claire do it? Now that I think of it, we always had our suspicions that Claire didn't do it at all; that it was Everett. But we never could find out. 'Carry the war into the enemy's country'—some one told me that once. 'Carry the war into the enemy's country'—make him think that I am angry. That's an idea! Let me think." (*Leans against the back of the sofa, her head drooped, the long coiled rope of her hair swinging down nearly to her knees.*) "'Carry the war into the enemy's country'? I don't know much about the enemy's country." (*Goes back to the desk and begins writing on sheets of paper, and then tearing them up.*) "The enemy's country is a barren wilderness as far as I know. Dear Clem! I don't believe he ever did anything wrong in his life. Oh, I am so tired! I'm sure there are tears in my eyes now." (*Yawns once more, and runs her fingers through the roots of her hair, then leans back and stares up at the ceiling with winnowing eyes.*) "Now if one was only an English girl, one's mother would arrange this. She would see poor Clem and settle the affair with him, while I would be upstairs discreetly weeping behind the window-curtain. Or a French girl. They don't have any trouble at all. Everything is fixed beforehand for them as neatly and pleasantly as possible—convent, *fiancé*, husband. Happy French girls, I envy you!" (*Smiles a sweet, dreamy smile, which breaks into a lazy laugh, suddenly stops, starts up, seizes the pen, and scratches down a few words on a sheet of paper.*) "Excelsior! I have it! The French girls inspired it. Oh, it's charming!" (*Holds off the letter, gazing fondly at it.*) "Just this, nothing more: '*Je suis tout! Adieu!*' It is certainly conclusive, and there can be no uncomfortable questionings. Poor Clem! I hope he won't feel very much cut up. Just enough to preserve my vanity without injuring his appetite. How magnanimous I am, and how sleepy!" (*Rises, and drifts toward the inner room, slowly shaking out her heavy hair.*) "Perhaps when he gets it he'll come and insist on an explanation." (*Enters the room, and turns up the gas; then, her voice sounding softly from the interior of the hushed and scented shrine into which she has withdrawn.*) "He can't come before the day after to-morrow—where did Marie leave my brush?—and I suppose if he should come that I ought to see him."

ACT II.

[Clement's *sitting-room, lit by a tall brass lamp, whose light vaguely reveals a dim, sumptuous prospective of heavy hangings, faint twilight tapestries and lengths of gleaming mirrors fading away into the shadows of a darker sleeping-room. A fire of soft coal sends a fitful red light up the walls as the flame palpitates over the coal, glimmers on the glasses of the pictures, the smooth surface of the photographs in folding leather cases, and strikes along the polished floor in warm, wavering reflections.* Clement, *in evening dress, is discovered in a deep arm-chair, his heels on the fender, his hat on the back of his head, his cane between his knees, his right hand caressing his mustache, while he looks into the fire with absently staring eyes.*

Clement (dreamily). "If I was like a hero of romance, I would say that it was a dull evening because my Dulcinea was not there. But I'm not a hero of romance; I'm not the hero of anything but one rather limp love affair, which hasn't got enough romance about it to put on the point of a pin. Constance wasn't there, yet I had a good time as such things go. Looking into the situation with a cold, critical eye, I think I had a better time than if she'd been there. Under those circumstances I would have had to sit and talk to her half the evening, and when I wasn't talking to her, stand and look at her talking to some one else. That's what's expected of a lover in these golden days. It's an exacting rôle." (*Pulls at his fair mustache, and then glances fondly down at it.*) "Constance is delightfully pretty; she has the loveliest little head in all the world, and yet—and yet—" (*Pushes his hat suddenly down on the bridge of his nose, and for a space sits motionless, his chin sunk on his chest, his hands clasped over the head of his cane, occasional disjointed sentences issuing from the shadow of the hat.*) "I loved her distractedly that summer. Was she more lovable then, or is it my fault now? I wouldn't go back to that place next summer for anything—not to bury a dog. She wouldn't let me kiss her hand last night; I don't think I cared much. Last summer, when Everett's engagement was broken, he exchanged the ring for a watch, a match-box, and a pair of sleeve-links. I've got three watches already. Never knew exactly who broke that engagement. Might go round and see Everett to-morrow, and try what a little judicious pumping will bring forth. Rather bright fellow, Everett; much brighter than I am, it appears."

[*Here he rouses himself to a sitting posture, and, the cane between his knees, his chin resting on its silver top, his hat still on his nose, he stares musingly into the fire.*

"Constance is rather high-tempered. She knows Claire quite well, and probably knows how it was done. That makes it an impossibility for me to try Everett's racket, even if I knew what it was. Dear Connie, she looks very pretty when she's angry. I made her furious that day on the yacht-race, when Beltran lost his hat, and I said it was a pity he committed the mistake of keeping his brains in it. She was angry, and then we made up, leaning against the rail. She had a deer-stalker on, and her hair curled up in the fog, and the cheek with the dimple was on my side—since then I've grown accustomed to the dimple. We leant against the rail and talked in low tones—how that I think of it, I believe we whispered. I don't know what we did that for. We might have screamed and no one would have heard us, for they were all below. Still" (*heaving a lingering sigh*) "it was nice! Beltran was in love with her then. I wonder if he is yet? I hope he isn't. I couldn't stand the idea of her marrying that clod. It strikes me that my conduct bears a curious resemblance to that of the dog in the manger." (*Ruminates in frowning silence.*) "Suppose she were to cry? I couldn't stand that. At the first tear I'd ask her to fly with me and be the pirate's bride. I could say I was only joking. Would she be angry? That wouldn't be so dreadful, but then she looks so pretty when she's angry. I wonder, now" (*drooping his head to one side and staring at the rug*) "if she really cares for me?" (*Smiles sardonically.*) "As much as is consistent with good style, we'll say. A heart, poetically not anatomically speaking, is one of the attributes of the parvenu in his aboriginal state."

[*He falls into another reverie, draws himself to the edge of his chair, and, with his chin on the top of his cane, sweeps the room with a long, absent stare. His eyes finally rest on the table.*

"Aha, letters! Let me see. One from her—an unusual attention." (*Takes off his hat and puts it on the table.*) "I wonder how it will begin? They used to be 'Dear Clement,' then they got to be 'Dearest Clem,' then they came to be 'Dearest,' and finally 'Sweetheart.' 'Sweetheart'" (*gently repeating it*); "that was rather pretty. And now they have retrograded, and got back as far as 'Dear Clem.' This may be 'Dear Mr. Randolph.'" (*Opens it and reads. Looks blank, then puzzled. Turns it over, and stares at the other side. Reads it again, pulling his mustache.*) "'*Je—suis—tout! Adieu!*' '*Adieu*'—Good-by! What does she mean by that? '*Adieu—Je suis tout.*' Well!" (*with a startled laugh*) "this looks—'*Adieu, adieu. Je suis tout.*' That isn't true. What can she know? How did she find it out? '*Je suis tout.*' I'd give something to know what that '*tout*' stands for. What the deuce can she have heard?" (*Studies the letter, then suddenly says, with suppressed vindictiveness:*) "I'd like to find the fool that told her! It's odd she doesn't give some hint as to what she refers, so that a fellow could have a chance to vindicate himself. I can't deny it when I don't know what it is." (*Throws the letter on the table, and looks gloomily at the fire.*) "I won't need to go and see Everett to-morrow. No; I'm free. I don't feel madly exhilarated. I feel sleepy. Perhaps I'm too sleepy to realize that thrills of joy are coursing through my veins." (*Gets up, and leans against the mantel-piece.*) "'I know all! Good-by.' Poor Connie! I wonder whether she was angry or sorry when she wrote that?" (*Looks sentimentally at her picture.*) "She has the loveliest little head in all the world." (*Sighs and turns away, crosses the room, stops, and comes back to the table.*) "Where's that letter? Here it is. I don't want that idiot James reading it." (*Goes toward the inner apartment, the letter in his hand, again stops, meditates, then says, slowly, as if he had been arguing with a persuasive adversary.*) "I think I'll have to see her about that. I must have '*tout*' explained. It may be a groundless calumny. When a man's jilted, he likes to know the reason why."

GERALDINE BONNER.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

BY HENRY JAMES.

It is so embarrassing to speak of the writers of one country to the readers of another that I sometimes wonder at the complacency with which the delicate task is entered upon. There are cases in which the difficult art of criticism becomes doubly difficult, inasmuch as they compel the critic to forfeit what I may call his natural advantages. The first of these natural advantages is that those who read him shall help him by taking a great many things for granted; shall allow him his general point of view and his terms—terms which he is not obliged to define. The relation of the American reader to the French writer, for instance, is, on the contrary, so indirect that it gives him who proposes to mediate between them a great deal more to do. Here he has in a manner to define his terms and establish his point of view.

The first simplification he is prompted to effect is therefore to ask the reader to make the effort to approach the author as nearly as possible in the supposed spirit of one of his own (one of the author's) fellow-countrymen. If the author be French, remember that as it is to Frenchmen he addresses himself, it is profitless to read him without a certain displacement of tradition. If he be German, reflect in the same way that it was far from his business to write in such a manner as would conciliate most the habits and prejudices of the English-speaking mind. There are doubtless many people all ready to regard themselves as injured by a suggestion that they should for the hour, and even in the decent privacy of the imagination, comport themselves as creatures of alien (by which we usually understand inferior) race. To them it is only to be answered that they had better never touch a foreign book on any terms, but lead a contented life in the homogeneous medium of the dear old mother-speech. That life, by compensation, they will of course endeavor to make as rich as possible; and there is one question they will always be able to ask without getting an immediate answer, so that the little inquiry will retain more or less its triumphant air, "Why should we concern ourselves so much about French literature, when those who produce it concern themselves so little about ours?"

That strong argument will always be in order, especially among those who do not really know how little the French are, as they say, preoccupied with English and American work; and on some occasions it will be supported by the further inquiry: "Is not the very perfection of French literature to-day an exemplary consequence of the fact that its principal exponents stay at home and mind their business—shut their doors and 'take care of' (*soigner*) their form? They don't waste time," it will be added, "in superficial excursions, nor have they any confidence in the lessons that are to be learned beyond the frontier. Watch them a little and you will see plenty of examples of that want of confidence. They accept their own order of things as their limit, and in that order they dig, as we know, very deep. To speak only of fiction, there are multitudes of tales by English and American writers which profess to deal with French and with Italian life, yet probably not one of which, unless it be George Eliot's *Romola*, has any verisimilitude or any value for Frenchmen or for Italians. Few indeed are the works of fiction which they on their side have dedicated to the portraiture of the Anglo-Saxon world; and great, doubtless, do they deem the artistic *nuireté* of a race which can content itself with that sort of stuff as a substitute for thoroughness." Thus, it will be seen, the very "perfection" of French literature (which a hundred observers will also of course contest) may, oddly enough, be offered as a reason for having nothing to do with it.

These are the embroilments of a flirtation—an expression which is really the only proper one to apply to our interest in the "sort of stuff" which has enabled such a writer as M. Guy de Maupassant, whose name I have prefixed to these remarks, to be possible. To a serious and well-regulated union with such a writer the American public must, in the nature of things, shrink from pretending; but nothing need prevent it—not even the sense of danger (often, it must be said, much rather an incentive)—from enjoying those desultory snatches of intercourse which represent in the world of books the broken opportunities of Rosina or Juliet. These young ladies, it is true, eventually went much further, and the situation of the Anglo-Saxon reader, when craning

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

over the creaking fourth or fifth floor balcony of a translation, must be understood as that to which the romance of curiosity would have been restricted if the Guardian and the Nurse—in other words, public opinion—had succeeded in keeping the affair within limits. M. de Maupassant is an Almaviva who strums his guitar with the expectation of raising the street, and he performs most skilfully under those windows from which the flower of attention at any price is flung down to him. If he is a capital specimen of the foreign writer with whom the critic has most trouble, there could at the same time be no better exhibition of the force which sets this inquiring, admiring spirit in motion.

The only excuse the critic has for braving the embarrassments I have mentioned is that he wishes to perform a work of recommendation, and indeed there is no profit in talking in English of M. de Maupassant unless it be in the sense of recommending him. One should never go out of one's way to differ; and translation, interpretation, the business of adjusting to another medium, are a going out of one's way. Silence is the best disapproval; and to take people up with an earnest grip, only to put them down, is to add to the vain gesticulation of the human scene. That reader will therefore be most intelligent who, if he does not leave M. de Maupassant quite alone, makes him a present, as it were, of the conditions. My purpose was to enumerate these, but I shall not accomplish it properly if I fail to recognize that they are manifold.

The first of them to be mentioned is, doubtless, that he came into the literary world, as he himself has related, under the protection of the great Flaubert. This was but a dozen years ago, for Guy de Maupassant belongs, among the distinguished Frenchmen of his period, to the new generation. His celebrity has been gathered in a short career, and his experience, which in certain ways suggests the helping hand of time, in a rapid life, inasmuch as he was born in 1850. These things go fast in France, and there is already a newer generation still, with its dates and its notabilities; but we need scarcely yet open a parenthesis for the so-called *décadents:* they have produced no talent that seems particularly alive; to do so would, indeed, be a disloyalty to their name. Besides the link of the same literary ideal, Gustave Flaubert had with his young pupil a strong community of local sense—the sap of the rich old Norman country was in the veins of both. It is not too much to say that there is a large element in Maupassant that the reader will care for in proportion as he has a kindly impression of the large, bountiful Norman land, with its abbeys and its nestling farms, its scented hedges and hard white roads, where the Sunday blouse of the rustic is picked out in color, its succulent domestic life, and its canny and humorous peasantry. There is something in the accumulated heritage of such a province which may well have fed the imagination of an artist whose vision was to be altogether of this life.

That is another of M. de Maupassant's conditions: what is clearest to him is the immitigability of our mortal predicament, with its occasional beguilements and its innumerable woes. Flaubert would have been sorry to blur this sharpness, and indeed he ministered to it in helping to place his young friend in possession of a style which completely reflects it. Guy de Maupassant, from his own account (in the preface to *Pierre et Jean*), devoted much time to the moral that to prove that you have a first-rate talent you must have a first-rate style. He therefore learned to write, and acquired an instrument which emits no uncertain sound. He is wonderfully concise and direct, yet at the same time it would be difficult to characterize more vividly. To have color and be sober with it is an ideal, and this ideal M. de Maupassant constantly touches. The complete possession of his instrument has enabled him to attack a great variety of subjects—usually within rigid limits of space. He has accepted the necessity of being brief, and has made brevity very full, through making it an energetic selection. He has published less than half a dozen novels and more than a hundred tales;* and it is upon his tales that his reputation will mainly rest. The short tale is infinitely relished in France, which can show in this form an array of masterpieces; and no small part of Maupassant's success, I think, comes from his countrymen's pride in seeing him add to a collection which is already a national glory. He has done so, as I say, by putting selection really upon its mettle—by going in every picture straight to the strongest ingredients, and to them alone.

The turn of his mind has helped him to do this, an extraordinary perceptive apparatus of the personal, material, immediate sort. M. de Maupassant takes his stand on everything that solicits the sentient creature who lives in his senses; gives the impression of the active, independent observer who is ashamed of none of his faculties, describes what he sees, renders, with a rare reproduction of tone, what he hears, and is more anxious to see and to hear than to make sure, in advance, of propping up some particular theory of things. He has indeed a theory to the effect that they are pretty bad, but practically the air of truth in the given case is almost never sacrificed to it. His strong, hard, cynical, slightly cruel humor can scarcely be called a theory; what one may say of this rather is that his drollery is a direct emanation from the facts, and especially from the rural facts, which he knows with extraordinary knowledge. His most brilliantly clever tales deal with the life, pervaded, for the most part, by a strong smell of the barn-yard and the wine-shop, of the Norman cottage and market-place. Such a little picture as "La Ficelle" ("The Piece of String") is a pure gem, so caught in the fact are the whimsicalities of the thick-witted rustic world.

For the last ten years M. de Maupassant has contributed an almost weekly *nouvelle* to some Parisian sheet which has allowed him a luxurious liberty. They have been very unequal, too numerous, and occasionally bad enough to be by an inferior hand (an inevitable accident in copious production), but they have contained an immense element of delightful work. Taken all together, they are full of life (of life as the author conceives it, of course—he is far from having taken its measure in all directions), and between the lines of them we seem to read of that partly pleasant and wholly modern invention, a roving existence in which for art no impression is wasted. M. de Maupassant travels, explores, navigates, shoots, goes up in balloons, and writes. He treats of the North and of the South, evidently makes "copy" of everything that happens to him, and in the interest of such copy and such happenings, ranges from Etretat to the depths of Algeria. Lately he has given signs of adding a new cord to his bow—a silver cord of intenser vibration. His last two novels, *Pierre et Jean* and *Fort comme la Mort*, deal with shades of feeling and delicacies of experience to which he had shown himself rather a stranger. They are the work of an older man, and of a man who has achieved the feat of keeping his talent fresh when other elements have turned stale. In default of other convictions it may still for the artist be an adequate working faith to turn out something fine. Guy de Maupassant is a striking illustration of this curious truth and of the practical advantage of having a first-rate ability. Such a gift may produce surprises in the mere exercise of its natural health. The dogmatist is never safe with it.

* Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press for early publication *The Odd Number*, which will contain thirteen of Guy de Maupassant's tales, translated by Jonathan Sturges, and accompanied with an Introduction by Henry James.

HON. SETH LOW.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE is much to be congratulated upon its election of Hon. Seth Low as its new President. Many who have been more or less familiar with the facts of his career, with his high character, his rare abilities and attainments, his broad and enlightened views of political questions, and his exceptional aptitudes for public service, have earnestly hoped that he might be called to some yet more exalted civil station than he has hitherto occupied, where his acknowledged talent and worth might find a larger sphere of usefulness. Unfortunately, the time is not yet when men of his stamp are in urgent demand with the parties that still rule the country and divide its honors and preferments, however true it may be that in certain quarters there are promises of a better day. An unpartisan and independent spirit, a just and wise policy of action, liberal ideas and lofty ideals, sound statesmanship and stern purity and fidelity of official conduct, are not in favor with the politicians, nor even with the people. Perhaps there is a prior work to be done, as a necessary condition of the existence of so desirable a state of public sentiment and virtue. It is one of the bright omens of the hour that so many of our principal schools and universities are already in touch with this higher life, and are conspicuously leading on, as at no previous period, a progressive education of the American mind, that augurs well for the happiest results. The larger and still advancing spirit of our chief seats of learning is fatally inimical to the principles and methods which have so long controlled and disgraced our national politics. It has nothing in common with them, and they are surely destined to fall before its silent but steady and irresistible march, as the thousands of young men, with their fresher inspirations, and with their wider and more thorough training, shall continue to go forth annually from our colleges into all the land to mould the coming civilization. There is no more momentous work than this, as considered in all its varied intellectual and moral aspects and bearings, and in all its extensive and permanent effects and influences. The call for leaders is not so much a call for specialists as it is a call for men of exalted character and generous culture, possessed of commanding executive ability, filled with the spirit of wisdom and with the best thought and purpose of the hour, enriched already with valuable experience, and strong in Christian faith and love. Mr. Low seems to us to meet such requirements as these as few could do.

The secret of his remarkable success in life, while still he has not reached his forties, is a good study for young men. Fortunate in his parentage and ancestry, and blessed with abundant means for education and travel, he placed his reliance, not so much on these favoring circumstances, as on his own fixed and earnest purpose and determination to excel in whatever work or pursuit properly claimed his attention and care. Born in Brooklyn, January 18, 1850, he passed through his earlier studies at the Juvenile High-School and the Polytechnic Institute in that city, and then entered Columbia College, where he was graduated in 1870 as the first of his class, though he was but twenty years of age. Then followed a short trip abroad, after which he became a clerk in the well-known mercantile house of his father and uncles, A. A. Low & Brothers, himself being made a partner as early as 1875. Subsequently, on the retirement of the older members of the firm, he was placed at its head; was also elected a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and was appointed to serve on several of its important committees; was made the first president of the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, and was officially or otherwise associated with other philanthropic institutions or reform movements in his own city; at the same time he was active and influential in church and Sunday-school work. His habits of systematic study, and his love of books and learning, ended not with his collegiate course. He was a hard student still, and during those business years the youthful clerk or merchant, while manifesting a reasonable regard for the claims of society, in which he was ever a genial and coveted presence, chose rather to spend his evenings in reviewing his favorite classics, in reading the standard authors and the fresher literature, and in mastering many a great practical problem relating to commerce, finance, civil government and service, municipal elections, and particularly the political, educational, and charitable organizations and affairs of Brooklyn. Here, too, he was laying, deep and strong, the foundations of his future usefulness. When, therefore, he began to come more prominently before the public as a speaker at meetings called in the interest of such things as have just been referred to, all were astonished at the extent of his knowledge in regard to every subject he treated, the singular ease and familiarity with which he handled it, and, not the less, at his mature and lucid thought, and his calm, wise, convincing, and very winning way of carrying his point. His style of oratory is simple, natural, and manly, and of a very rare and effective kind. He at once establishes pleasant relations between himself and his auditors, and before he gets through is sure to make friends, and quite as sure to make no enemies.

One of his earlier and more brilliant triumphs was won at the well-remembered National Export Trade Convention, held in Washington, February 20, 1878. It was a remarkable assemblage of prominent merchants and officials from all parts of the country. Mr. Low was a representative from New York, and was only twenty-eight years old. A mere stripling amidst such an array of older and far more distinguished men, he took part in the proceedings and made an address on the carrying trade of the United States, which was so instructive and altogether admirable in matter and delivery that it chained the attention of all present, and was rewarded with the long and loud applause of the members, and the numerous Congressmen and statesmen besides, who had come in to listen to the debates. The leading papers of the country very generally made enthusiastic mention of the speech and its reception through their Washington correspondents; and the writer of this article recalls how, immediately afterward, he called upon the young orator's father at his residence on Brooklyn Heights, and found the honored and venerable man alone in his library, looking over some letters he had just received from eminent persons of different sections of the Union, very warmly eulogizing the address, and congratulating him upon having such a son. Proud as the father must have been and was, he was modest and cautious in expression, as is ever his wont. The morning after Seth's election as Mayor large numbers thronged to his father's house to testify to their joy at his son's triumph. The rain poured, and the pleased yet not elated merchant prince concluded to wait until his boy got through the term of his official service before he extended to him his felicitations.

Brooklyn has never known another municipal campaign so interesting as that. There were wards of the city where none but Democratic speakers ever found it quite safe to hold forth in public political meetings at such times. Mr. Low made the venture, accompanied by his gallant friend and supporter General Woodward, who had been known as an old-line Democrat, and was therefore selected as a companion who might possibly be helpful in more ways than one. Yet there was little need so far as personal safety was concerned. Mr. Low passed through the roughest crowds in the most forbidding places all unharmed, soon riveted and held the attention of those who may have come for mischief, and everywhere gained for himself respect and admiration. There was about him a certain frankness, good-will, and "sweet reasonableness" that at once disarmed and shamed any such thing as the spirit of violent opposition, and cleared the way for the ministry of truth.

Of those four memorable years of service as Mayor which followed his election in 1881 it is unnecessary to write. It is a fair and beautiful chapter in Brooklyn's history. It is well known and will not be forgotten in our own land, nor was it completed before it had received wide and emphatic praise in transatlantic countries. Mr. Low, after laying aside his official cares, again went abroad, and everywhere was honored with marked civilities for his great personal merits and accomplishments, but especially for his signal service in the cause of home-rule and sound government.

Mr. Low's more important speeches and addresses, such as that which he delivered in the Convention at Washington, his "Problem of Municipal Government in the United States," his treatises on tariff reform and civil service, and numerous others given before clubs, colleges, associations, and political and religious bodies, ought to be published anew in a collected form. They are now scattered in pamphlets, tracts, magazines, and files of newspapers. Brought together, they would make a noble volume. They all touch upon living questions of the day, and are full of vital matter. They are all in the direction of the better tendencies of the time, and they are not less packed with thought and truth, and keen and cogent in argument, than they are remarkable for their simplicity, purity, and beauty of style. And yet they point, we are sure, to still grander things to come as their author steps into his new position, and proceeds with his work of educating, let us hope for many long years, successive classes of American youth.

Mr. Low was named for his greatly esteemed and beloved grandfather, Mr. Seth Low, formerly of Salem, Massachusetts, and afterward of Brooklyn. The grandmother, meet consort of her husband, and long his survivor, was Mary Porter, born in Topsfield, Massachusetts. In honor of the birthplace of his mother, Mr. A. A. Low, son of Seth the elder, and father of Seth the younger, a few years since bought the valuable library of the late Rev. Mr. McLeod, of that town, and presented it as an addition to the village library. Not far from where this gift is deposited, as the "Low Department," is the well-preserved and pleasantly situated house in which the venerated lady first saw the light, but latterly it has been given to Episcopalians as a home for orphan children, and now fulfils a ministry than which none could have been more consonant with her own spirit and sympathies.

THISTLE-DOWN.

From the cool mead in shifting shadow thrown
Its winsome pinions drift adown the dale,
Over the stream and through its pearly veil,
Under the sombre hemlock, ivy-grown.
By crannied nooks where happy insects drone,
Light as a moonbeam on the dreamy gale,
It eddies onward like the faintest trail
Of a thin cloudlet through dim distance blown.
Fine as the finest floss of Samarcand,
Soft as the kiss of twilight on the wold,
While it is twisting through the pensive gloom,
It seems some viewless sprite with nimble hand
Spins it with lightest airiest sun-gold
To a bright fabric on the west wind's loom.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



BITS OF CONVERSATION—EXTREME PIETY.

WHITE GENTLEMAN. "Uncle Joe, you never work on Sunday, do you?"

UNCLE JOE. "No, sah. You doan ketch sich a 'ligious nigger as me wukkin' on Sunday. I so keerful 'bout dat I doan wuk on no day dat tech Sunday. I doan wuk on Sat'day nor Monday, nuther; an' sometimes I keep Sunday de whole week. You got to rustle roun' ef you want ter find a nigger wid mo' 'ligion den I's got."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HON. SETH LOW, THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—From a Photograph by Kurtz.—[See Page 835.]



GEORGE W. LYON, SURVEYOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Sarony. [See Page 838.]



THEODORE B. WILLIS, NAVAL OFFICER OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Gardner & Company, Brooklyn.—[See Page 838.]



HON. ELISHA P. FERRY, THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF THE NEW STATE OF WASHINGTON.—From a Photograph by La Roche & Company, Seattle.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE COMMERCIAL ARCHITECTURE OF PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 838.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THEODORE B. WILLIS.

THE new Naval Officer of the Port of New York, Mr. Theodore B. Willis, was appointed by President Harrison September 10th, the same day Mr. Lyon was appointed Surveyor. It is understood that his sponsors were Mr. Franklin Woodruff, of Brooklyn, and Senator Hiscock. Mr. Thomas C. Platt is said to have favored General John M. Knapp, of Auburn. It was rumored at one time that Mr. Willis was to have the Surveyorship.

Mr. Willis's claims for the position are his active political work for the Republican ticket in Kings County during the last two campaigns. He was chairman of the Republican County Committee in 1887 and 1888. In the former year Mayor Chapin's majority was cut down to 800, and Sheriff Rhinehart was elected. Last fall Kings County gave a smaller Democratic majority by several thousand than in 1884, and to Mr. Willis in large measure the credit of this was ascribed.

The new Naval Officer is a young man, having been born in Brooklyn in 1856. He attended the public schools of the city and the Polytechnic School, and then went into the hardware business with his father. He is now at the head of the firm of T. B. Willis & Brother, who are among the largest local dealers in hardware and building materials.

Mr. Willis lives in the old First Ward in Brooklyn. He began to be active in politics soon after attaining his majority, and in 1881, when only twenty-five years of age, he was chosen one of the Board of Supervisors—the youngest member of that body ever elected. For eight years he has continued a Supervisor, and for one year he was President of the Board.

The position of Naval Officer is considered by politicians a very snug berth. The salary is $8000 a year, and the duties are such as can be performed by subordinates. It was established as a sort of check on the Collector. The Naval Officer keeps the same accounts as the Collector, but by a different system of book-keeping. The double system was intended to serve, and does serve to some extent, as a check on fraudulent importations.

This nomination finishes the list of important changes in the Custom-house. Republicans only are now "on guard" in its most important offices, and its administration is in sympathy with that at Washington.

GEORGE W. LYON.

GEORGE W. LYON was born in this city in April, 1842, and is therefore in his forty-eighth year. As a boy he went to the public school and to the Free Academy, which has now developed into the College of the City of New York. In his seventeenth year he entered the law office of ex-Judge John W. Edmonds, where he remained until April, 1862. Then the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to the field. Soon after he reached the front he received the commission of First Lieutenant in the 121st New York Volunteers. From that time until Lee's surrender he never lost one day of active service. His post was in the Southwest, in the Department of the Gulf. While there he built the Port Hudson military road, three miles long, under fire. He was Judge-Advocate of eleven courts-martial, and tried more commissioned officers than any other officer in the army. For a time he served as Aide and Judge-Advocate on General Birge's staff, and when the war closed he was Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General Canby.

At the close of the war Mr. Lyon resumed his law studies in the office of ex-Judge Charles A. Peabody. He was admitted to the bar in May, 1866, and has continued the active practice of the law ever since. In 1871 he acted, with Mr. John I. Davenport, as counsel for the Committee of Seventy, and helped to frame the new registry and election law and other reform measures, having previously assisted in directing the campaign that resulted in the election of Mayor Havemeyer, and the complete overthrow of the Tweed Ring.

In 1873, on the election of Mr. Benjamin K. Phelps as District Attorney, Mr. Lyon was appointed one of his assistants, together with Messrs. Daniel G. Rollins and Horace Russell. In this office he remained, during the terms of Mr. Phelps and Mr. Rollins, for nine years. During that time occurred the famous transformation of the Eighth District, under the leadership of John J. O'Brien, and it is supposed that Mr. Lyon gave his advice and assistance in aid of the reconstruction.

In 1886 Mr. Lyon was elected to the Assembly from the Twenty-first District, and was re-elected the following year. In that body he introduced a series of reform bills, one of which provided for spring elections in this city. His most important service, however, was his defeat of the "Bruns bill," which was a measure designed to make Rollin M. Squire a sort of city dictator. In the fall of 1887 he received the caucus nomination of his party for Judge of Sessions, but withdrew in favor of De Lancey Nicoll. Subsequently he was nominated for the State Senate, but was defeated, the district being hopelessly Democratic.

When Mr. Joel B. Erhardt was nominated for Mayor last fall he chose Mr. Lyon to conduct his canvass. The campaign was an energetic one, and Mr. Lyon believes that it contributed largely to Harrison's election by frightening Tammany Hall, and compelling that organization to bend all its energies to the election of Mayor Grant at the expense of President Cleveland.

After President Harrison was elected, it was generally expected that Mr. Lyon should "have something." His preference was rather for the United States District Attorney's office, but he accepted the Surveyorship with a good grace. As has been intimated above, he is a warm personal friend of Collector Erhardt; and it is a fact worthy of notice that both of them, together with the present Appraiser, Mr. Marvelle W. Cooper, were intimate personal friends of the late President Arthur.

The Surveyor is the Collector's executive officer. It is his men who board incoming steamers and examine their cargoes, and he comes more directly into contact with the importers than the Collector. It is an important post, and demands large executive ability. Such ability, at least in one direction, Mr. Lyon's political management proves him to possess.

His social relations need not be mentioned here further than to say that he is a member of the Bar Association and of the Republican and Union League clubs.

NEW BUILDINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

NATURALLY the influence of the elevator on the commercial architecture of Philadelphia has been less and later than its influence upon the commercial architecture of New York. In the one case the elevator was a commercial necessity; in the other, at most a commercial convenience. An amount of business second to that of very few capitals is by the conformation of Manhattan Island crowded into the narrowing peninsula below the City Hall Park and between the two rivers, and in this confined space it is necessary for a great many people to earn their living. Before the area was practically doubled by the invention of elevators, and while the height of buildings was restricted to five stories by the limit of endurance of the human leg, the inconvenience was extreme. Men engaged in extensive affairs were forced to content themselves with "desk room" in the offices of others, simply because there was no more room in the quarter they were compelled to inhabit during business hours. The telephone might have relieved this compulsion in some degree, but the telephone is an invention of considerably more recent birth than the elevator, and not so evidently the child of necessity. When the elevator was born, its adaptability to the architectural needs of New York was manifest at once, and the owners of real estate and the architects at once set to work to avail themselves of it, with the result of working a transformation in the aspect of "down-town" more complete in ten years than had been wrought in any period of fifty years before.

With Philadelphia the case was entirely different. Philadelphia has never suffered from lack of room, and most New-Yorkers have had the advantages accruing from this spaciousness brought to their attention by their Philadelphian acquaintances. There was not the same pressure as in New York for the enlargement of the business quarter in the only available dimension. Moreover, the New-Yorker asserts that the Philadelphian is as unrestricted in time as in space, and points to his preference for the chronic pastime of cricket over the acute spasms of base-ball to prove that as he is never in a hurry, the difference of a mile or so in his relation to the centre of traffic can be no real difference to him. Nevertheless, every commercial city must have a commercial centre, and nearness to this must be an advantage for which its men of business are willing to pay. In every city the elevator must influence commercial architecture.

It is perhaps fortunate for Philadelphia, considered architecturally, that the demand for more room, which the elevator supplies, is not so urgent as in New York. The difficulty of attaining unity in variety, of avoiding monotony on the one hand, and miscellany on the other, in the design of a building, manifestly increases with every increase in the number of the component parts. As every work of art, according to the Aristotelian precept, must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, the normal composition of a building is threefold, and consists, in its simplest expression, of a base, a superstructure, and a roof. Each of these parts may be subdivided, of course, but the greater the number of subdivisions, the more difficult it is to prevent confusion, and to preserve and emphasize the leading motive of the composition. Even if the New York reader finds this explanation a trifle pedantic, he cannot have failed to recognize and to sympathize with the struggles of the architects of his own city with elevator buildings, nor to note that the painfulness of these struggles increases with the number of the stories. So long as each principal division is confined to two or three stories, the problem seems comparatively simple, but when the question is of handling twelve or thirteen in all, the architect commonly finds it impossible to subjugate them to his scheme, and they escape and become unmanageable. The Philadelphian architect is fortunate in being subjected to a less severe strife, since eight stories appear to be about the maximum that is required of him. Perhaps that is the reason why the buildings chosen by our artist to exhibit the new commercial architecture of Philadelphia seem more coherent and purposeful in their general composition, and betray more evidences of design, in at least the sense of Paley, than most of the elevator buildings in New York. That they do so is, at any rate, undeniable. Very few of our towering commercial buildings go together so well as the Girard Trust Building, or the American Fire-insurance Building, or the Penn Mutual Building, in Mr. Lummis's representation of them. Each of these has its main divisions strongly marked, and there is in none of them the apparent indecision to which of these divisions each story should be assigned that is so often noticeable in the elevator architecture of New York.

So far this is a distinct gain, and possibly it is fortunate that the scale of the drawings does not admit of more than a rendering of the impression given by the main lines of the building. Such detail as is shown upon a larger scale scarcely fulfils the promise made by the more general views. A clever woman once defined the society of Philadelphia as a body of which a third of the members devoted themselves to shocking the two other thirds. However this may be, it is certain that the revolt against the red brick and white marble of the old Philadelphia has carried the architects of the newer Philadelphia to great lengths. If the conventional building of the city be somewhat tamer than that of other American cities, it must be owned that the emancipated architecture is apt to be wilder than that of other cities, at least in the Eastern States. Happily Philadelphia is not without many admirable examples to show that freedom and picturesqueness in design are not incompatible with dignity, and that ornament may be used profusely and yet with discretion.

GENUINE CAFÉS IN NEW YORK.

THERE are many small districts colonized by aliens in New York in which an American may experience the sensations of a person in a foreign land, but not any are so peculiar or so un-American throughout as the three or four so-called cafés on the east side, between Houston Street and the Central Park. In them one must furbish up what little he has ever known of German or of French in order to obtain the privileges prized by the habitués. Any of the Slav dialects would answer as well, perhaps, as French or German, but to go into one of these great club-like resorts with nothing better than English is to be certain of creating at least a mild sensation. The writer and a friend, when they went to one of these cafés, were no better equipped than was Harry the Fifth when he told his lady he could sooner conquer the French kingdom than speak its language. The consequence was that the waiters, and even some of the guests, eyed them askance from the doorways, as one might fancy a stranger would be looked at who happened in at a Nihilist resort in Russia, where every one who is not known is feared.

The café visited was the larger of the two on Second Avenue. It is lodged generously in what was once a great old-fashioned mansion, built in the days when four sets of the lancers could be accommodated in my lady's chamber, where now, alas! one cannot swing a cat. The smell of coffee—genuine coffee, by-the-way—salutes the visitor at the doorway, and quite as promptly he sees in the spacious hallway a number of little tables, at which men are drinking the aromatic infusion. In what was the parlor the walls are lined with narrow slanting shelves, on which are arranged copies of the principal newspapers and periodicals of all the nations of Europe, two hundred being subscribed for by the proprietor. There are billiard-rooms and men at play in them; chess sets are in use here and there; and what was once the enclosed porch has become a restaurant, where the principal meal served is a *table d'hôte* dinner at thirty cents. But the two hundred foreign newspapers betray the secret of the place. It is, if one might coin the expression, a news library for men of the nationalities that the periodicals represent. These men live in America, but are not weaned from a keener interest in the lands they have left than in the one they have adopted. Even those who speak a little painful English still think in their native tongues. A common impulse, created by the journals from their native lands, brings the exiles together. They greet each other as almost relatives, and the same tender sentiment renders the café like home to each little band.

It is an orderly and an intelligent assembly that these printed messengers attract, and as one looks from one interesting face to another, the conviction forces itself on the mind that could the histories of these studious men be gathered nearly all would be worth retelling. Here are Austrians, Germans, Prussians, Poles, Swiss, Swedes, Danes, Russians, and Bohemians, nearly all at or beyond the middle-age, nearly all bearded and mainly distinguished by some peculiarity in their dress which seems odd to an American—here a velvet vest, there a pair of earrings in masculine ears, now a fob, and next a hand with its fingers all but covered with rings. With very little rein to one's fancy, we may pick out of the assembly a scion of some titled family sent to Coventry in America; beyond in the next room an exile of '48, white-haired and none too prosperous, but eagle-eyed and carrying his head high, as befits a man who has dared and suffered bravely.

We ask the proprietor to give us his opinion upon the question why such places might not be established for Americans, and with some hope of success. He replies that he makes no doubt that the more intelligent among those of our countrymen who cannot afford to belong to clubs, could in time be educated to support similar resorts, but that all his customers have been used to just such places from their childhood, no matter from what country they hail. As he finishes speaking, a youth steps up and says something in which *geld*, the German word for money, is the only one that the visitors recognize. "Has he no money, poor fellow?" "Oh yes, indeed," the proprietor replies; "just look at his face once. See how happy he is! He tells me that in the Leipsic papers just received, he reads that his number in the government lottery has won a high prize."



NOTA BENE, BOSTON!

WITH THE HOUNDS ON STATEN ISLAND.

LAST week the Richmond Country Club entertained the Rockaway Hunt Club, and held two meets with the hounds. The one of Wednesday was followed by a hunt ball, and that of Saturday by a huntsmen's dinner at the club-house.

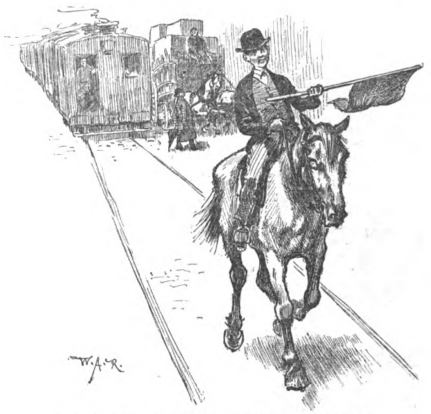
The run of Wednesday began at four o'clock. The draw was made in a field near the junction of the Clove and Richmond roads. When the hounds started, followed by fifty mounts, the sight was enough to stir the American sporting blood, and make all long to be hunters. The day was cool and clear—an ideal autumn day. The horses were dashing about as though they were old hunters, while the "old hunters" were quietly standing aside, awaiting the arrival of the huntsman. At the first fence many hesitated; many needed to. They who "got away" on good terms found the leaps higher and broader as they proceeded. The ground was soft after two days' rain, so that the take-off was often bad and the landing uncertain. The pack kept well to the scent without a check for fifteen minutes, and the line lay through ploughed fields, barn-yards, and apple orchards. It was some time before the hounds recovered their lost line, which led them back upon the Richmond road, among the vehicles and traps that were trying to keep up with the field. A dash was soon made in the direction of New Dorp, where the fences were found to be by many "unnegotiable." From this point the field grew smaller, as the involuntary dismounts increased, or discretion dominated the valor of the inexperienced. After a slight check at Garrison, there was steady riding for twenty-five minutes with fourteen jumps. The members of the Staten Island club do not as yet make any pretence to being good huntsmen. Following the hounds is a novel experience for them; but several were on hand to witness and imitate the clever jumping of the visitors, who rode with skill and valor. Some of their leaps were magnificent. The first whip jumped a lane, taking a four-rail fence on each side, three hunters took a gate four feet high, and the lady who received the brush was the constant companion of the master of the hounds.

The ride across the Vanderbilt farm was over a stretch of grass, and the hottest race during the run, though the timber jumps out were stiff, and several came to grief. Had it not been for a check, few would have been in at the death, which occurred two miles beyond. The fox took to covert in the Grasmere woods, and it was some time before the chase was renewed, this time along the railroad track for nearly a mile, where Reynard was overtaken in a field not far from the station, after a chase of fifty-five minutes.

The ball at the club-house in the evening furnished a very graceful and enjoyable supplement to the day's sport. The house was decorated with maple leaves, orchids, and palms. While there was some dancing, the guests preferred to ride their day over again, and after supper to rest from it.

The hunt of Saturday was over what is known as the Northfield Course, and was an exceedingly hard one. The field at the start numbered nearly one hundred, but there were but six at the finish. Death there was none, for the fox took to a barn-yard and escaped. He has since been seen at various parts of the island, apparently inviting another chase.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SIGNALLING A FREIGHT TRAIN IN THE STREET.

ODD CALLINGS IN NEW YORK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE proverbial expression "man wants but little here below" must be considered as treating of man in the singular number. One man may want but little. Out on the Canadian prairie I asked the tenant of a sod house, five miles from his neighbors, what he wanted to make him perfectly happy, and after a moment's reflection, he said he did not know; he "guessed a kitten would do." He said he needed something to lessen his loneliness, and if he could not get a kitten, he would like a dog; or if not that, he would like the company of a man or boy. If none of these could be had, he said he would have to take to himself a wife. But the difference between a man and nearly three millions of men at a large port of entry like New York and its suburbs is tremendous. The necessities, whims, and tastes of so many souls create demands and offer opportunities of extraordinary variety. The suggestions they bring to ingenious minds and to idle hands would so amaze the man on the prairie, could he hear of them, that he would fancy us New-Yorkers to be of a different race from him. It would seem to him as the doings of the people of Saturn might appear to us.

Chance threw a German into the rocky region at the extreme upper end of Manhattan Island some years ago. He had no neighbors, no soil to improve, no trade to work at, nothing serviceable but a house and brain and pair of hands and the river and the rocks. That was a few years ago. To-day he catches fish and drift-wood from the river that flows past his door; he keeps ever so many dogs, by means of which he supplies certain leather-dressers with the means to cure their leather; he has fifty song birds, each in a separate trap, to call their comrades from the sky; and with a handcart he goes down-town once a week to buy old corsets of the ragmen. He buys them at a cent a pound, and bringing them home, picks them all to pieces, in order to sell the different assorted parts again for six cents a pound. This manipulation of worn-out corsets is his main business. Standing thus at the very portal of the big town, this queer genius points the way and prepares the mind for the strange exigencies of life and trade in the maze of streets beyond.

It seems to one who looks into the subject as though literally nothing is thrown away in New York except the garbage, and the very act of throwing that away is the means of maintenance to hundreds of laborers and to scores of boatmen, engineers, clerks, and others in the pay of the Department of Street Cleaning. The street sweepings are a commercial staple, and corporations thrive by dealing in that débris which the city will not remove—the refuse of carpenters and masons who build or alter houses. It would puzzle the average citizen what to do with the refuse plaster, the stone, the broken brick, and the odds and ends of lumber that he finds himself possessed of after the mechanics have done a piece of building work. But while he wonders, there steps up to him a man who says he is the agent of a company owning wagons, scows, and tug-boats, that will take away the refuse for a price. At the same time other agents of the company are seeking men who wish to have filled and redeemed the sunken or low lands that they own along the shores of our harbor or the East or North River. From such men these companies get pay over again for the refuse they have already been paid to take away. Sometimes there is a higher grade of builders' refuse to be disposed of. This interests those New-Yorkers who deal in second-hand buildings. It seems strange, but there are such. They contract to take a church, or a dwelling, or whatever sort of building it may be that is fated to make way for one of the towering structures of to-day. Taking the old building apart very carefully, they save the lintels, mantels, doors, window-frames, stairs, and the rest, clean the old bricks carefully, and put all the parts on exhibition in their yards uptown, precisely as other merchants display new wares in store windows.

In addition to all this business supplied in the streets by the natural operations of life and trade, there is still room for at least one man to earn a living by picking up what the others have not shovelled or swept away This man, or rather these men—for I hear of another in Brooklyn—search the busiest streets at night by lantern-light. The car tracks, cross-walks, and gutters monopolize their interest. To see the man who searches Broadway at two or three o'clock in the morning narrowly scanning the stones recalls the stories once told in the cabins of Ireland about picking up gold in the streets of New York. This man believes those yarns, and his faith prospers him. He picks up the nickels, dimes, and dollars that the rest of us have dropped from horse-cars or shaken out of purses, and the bills we whip out of our pockets now and then by accident, in taking out other things to which they cling. He picks up brooches, rings, and all the things that dart from us, like liberated birds, when once a few stitches give way in our pockets. What is not found by such jack-o'-lanterns is searched for by the Italians on the street-cleaning dumps. What they miss, we give to Neptune. We do not give to the water-god as ostentatiously as the doges of Venice tossed him the periodic wedding-ring, but we give more generously—sufficient to make a mortal creature very rich.

The Italian contractors who furnish laborers to the Street-Cleaning Department are very thrifty persons. If the reader ever chances to be near one of the wharves from which the dump carts of the city empty their loads of garbage and ashes, let him observe how those piers are built. They have two decks, or floors. The dump carts are dragged upon the upper floors, and thence empty their loads into the scows that are, in turn, to sink the refuse in the sea. These scows float so that their gunwales are even with the lower floors of the wharves. These lower floors are the homes and work-places of motley, picturesque clusters of Italian men, women, and children. The babies play in the little kitchens that are built there, or upon the narrow string-pieces of the wharves, in imminent, nerve-disturbing peril of their lives. One in ten of the mothers cooks and sews; the other nine and all the men ransack the garbage as each wagon dumps its load. If they find money or jewelry, they are not apt to say that they have done so, even to their comrades; they pocket it. What else they find—rags, paper, glass, wire, iron, steel, rubber, bones—all goes in the proper heaps upon the wharves, for their employers to sell to those who will convert the substances into new material again.

Poor ashes! How many overhaulings they get! Each barrel they are thrown into on the curb-stones has as many visitors as a village pump. The man who looks for old silk hats, to be made wearable again very readily, does not despise old shoes. The man who searches for old shoes, to be fixed up very showily and sold again for fifty cents or a dollar a pair, is not above taking an old tile if he finds one. The bone collector, whose findings are made into buttons, takes nothing else. The ragman, with his insinuating poker, is after paper as well as rags. The junk-man casts a tender eye at the barrel as he passes, hoping that a chance bottle or bit of metal may meet his glance and return it, as it were. Easily a dozen sorts of men live by means of the ash barrels. The men who fix up for sale again the hats and shoes that have been rescued from the streets and the barrels display their vamped-up wares in cellars near the Five Points. They often sell them as stolen goods. They think that gives the articles an added value. "Yes, they are second-hand," they will say. "Dem vos stolen from hat racks in der halls of svell people uptown; der shoes are daken from der hall-vays of der Fifth Avenue Hotel, vhere der biggest men in der coundry haf set dem owd to be shined." Even the ends of cigars are gathered from the streets; some to be ground and made up into smoking tobacco by petty dealers, and some, I have heard—though I cannot vouch for this—to be boiled for the production of a tobacco essence, with which paper is saturated and made to serve as leaf tobacco in the very lowest grade of cigars.

Everybody in the country knows of the humane and ingenious New-Yorkers who paint over the bruises of those who have had the misfortune to get blackened eyes, and who feel the moral humiliation or the inferential reflection upon their prowess that such bruises carry with them. In the language of commerce these eye restorers fill a long-felt want. So do the strong-lunged colored women who sell hot corn from kettles of boiling water on the uptown corners on autumn nights, and the men who patrol the city through the wee small hours after midnight peddling cold fried soft-shell crabs in the places of resort. So, also, do the half-dozen druggists who never close their doors from year's end to year's end, and the very many restaurateurs in the city whose tables prove that there are thousands of New-Yorkers who partake of an unclassified meal between midnight and breakfast. Allied with the human owls of the city in some vague way is the enterprising lawyer whose sign, adorning upper Broadway, proclaims "this office open all night."

There are other odd irregularities that have grown up on the borders of the practice of the law. In one of the down-town streets in a poor quarter of the town is the office of a lawyer connected with a charitable movement whose sign offers "legal advice free." Then there are the lawyers who keep runners at the city prisons to obtain clients among the hapless folks who find themselves in jail. And there are, also, the lawyers who carefully read the papers in order to be able to notify the citizens of unthought-of chances to bring suits for damages against their neighbors, or employers, or rich corporations, who have done them injuries, as it seems to these harpies who so wisely turn the news of each day to their own accounts. There has recently been established on the east side a sort of court of arbitration, managed by a woman, for the settlement out of the regular channels of the bar of disputes between citizens. The orthodox Hebrews of the city would not think that a novelty, however, for their rabbis perform that service for them habitually.

There are "free-lunch factories" in the town. In the establishments known by that name food is prepared for the many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of liquor stores whose owners set out, on tables or counters opposite their bars, more or less tempting arrays of edibles. The professional temperance orators, who miss no weak spot in the armor of those whom they consider the arch foes of society, have always asserted that nothing is offered at these free refreshment counters except such food as is so salt or so dry as to send the victimized participant in the feast back to the bar for more drink. Some basis for the assertion is seen in the omnipresent smoked mackerel, smoked herring, cheese, crackers, and smoked beef that the publicans offer, yet it may be that drinking begets a taste for such peculiar provender. Time was when the saloon keepers bought and prepared all the material for their lunch counters, but to-day a regular business is done by many large dealers in these supplies. They chop the herrings by machinery, cut up the cheese and the bread upon delivery, vary the assortment of viands they bring according as the contract with each saloon keeper warrants, and have entire and absolute charge of that branch of the business of a great majority of the public-houses, of which, by-the-way, New York city boasts about ten thousand. At least one dealer in table fare in the city has developed a very queer business. He buys whatever food is left over from the principal hotels. It is not fare which any one could object to his selling, or which those who patronize him need to be ashamed of purchasing. It is what is left of the joints of meat after the best cuts have all been taken, what is left of the pastry of the day at the close thereof, the cooked vegetables which will not keep another day, and so on. When this man's wagons roll up to his basement door, in the heart of a thickly settled neighborhood, his house is besieged by women and children carrying baskets. His tables and counters are quickly burdened with dishes and plates and boards, upon which this cooked food is heaped, and he and his assistants apportion the commodities according as they are paid. Fifty cents buys a large basketful with something from each dish in the portion. For a quarter of a dollar there is less in quantity and variety to be had. Those who only offer ten cents get only meat and bread. Alas! he says that though for fifty cents whole families get a plentiful supply, there are also households that are obliged to subsist upon what half that sum entitles them to.

I met a bent and decrepit old German on the edge of the Hackensack meadows one day, and he told me that he was gathering water-cress. He said that he eked out a living by searching for water-cress, dandelion leaves, and mushrooms in the summer, and for corks along the water-front in the winter. He said he was by no means the only man who lived by the same industries. Second-hand corks, originally of high quality, and that have not been too long exposed to sun and water, bring in a pretty penny, he said. But at the mention of the word "second-hand" what a vista of irregular pursuits is opened to the mind's eye of the well-posted New-Yorker! We have stores for the sale of second-hand building materials, as I have said, of second-hand clothing of all suits, of second-hand jewelry, furniture, machinery, tools, ship fittings, books; we have (and very close to Fifth Avenue) a dealer in those elegant and costly gowns which very wealthy and fashionable ladies have not dared to appear too often in, and which they are too thrifty to give away to their maids and poor relations. We have stores for the sale of all the unredeemed goods pledged at the pawn-shops, and these include all things that are portable. We also have a number of pawn-shops in disguise, masquerading as jewelry and curio shops, to soften the discomfort of those who are too proud or nice to seek accommodation under the odious signs that consist merely of three gilt balls, and yet speak volumes to the beholder's eye. We have places where men too poor to buy dress suits, and yet needing them for special occasions, may hire them for a night. We have tailors who sell clothing on instalments, and within a month a comparatively large bazar, or ladies' shopping store, has been distinguished by advertisements that proclaim an instalment business in ladies' dresses and underwear and men's and children's clothing. One large outfitter for men in Brooklyn buys back in two or three months each suit of clothing he has sold, and scours and presses it to sell it over again to poorer customers.

There is an enterprising man in town who makes a Punch and Judy show return him a living and lead him an active life. He rents it and himself out to children's parties in private houses, and to exhibitions and entertainments in schools, Sunday-schools, on excursion boats, in picnic-grounds, and wherever else the ever-fresh appetite for amusement is to be served in that way. Among those "professional humorists," against whom



DEALER IN SECOND-HAND BUILDING MATERIALS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MAKING A LIVING OUT OF THE ASH BARRELS.

Mr. Gilbert warns the world in his opera of *The Mikado* are several who live by engaging themselves to perform in private dwellings, usually as guests and presumptive friends of the host. On their rounds they frequently meet skilful practisers of legerdemain and soloists, story-tellers and pianists. They know better than any one else how many — often worthy persons — gain livelihoods in these ways, and how many of these performers have made our parlors their stepping-stones to the stage.

The "puller-in" is one of the species of New-Yorker whom age does not wither nor custom stale. Just as ore or coal is found to exist in beds that often follow narrow and well-defined lines, so the New York puller-in is observed to exist in a reasonably straight, very narrow, and not over-lengthy seam or streak beginning at the Five Points, following along Baxter Street, turning at Park Row, and losing itself or terminating at the end of the first block in Division Street. The superficial signs that denote the existence of this peculiar product are second-hand clothing and brand-new millinery at popular prices. The pullers-in of Baxter Street and Park Row are the male proprietors and clerks of the second-hand clothing stores, and their neighbors, the dealers in the very cheapest first-hand clothing. The pullers-in of the millinery stores are all women or girls. A puller-in is, of course, a person who brings customers to a store by strength of arms, a commercial wrestler, a physical spellbinder. There are those who assert that although the pullers-in are never missing from the sidewalks of the sickle-shaped route along Division, old Chatham, and Baxter streets, it is none the less true that they now use no other force than that of seductive tone and argument to engender trade. Others assert that pulling-in is only more circumspectly carried on than in those days of yore when it was all a poor man's clothes were worth to attempt to free himself from these octopus-like salesmen. There is good reason for all fair efforts to lull the public back to a feeling of security in this respect, for not long ago the popular complaints were so loud, and the fights between dealers for the capture of citizens were so energetic, that the lively calling fell into disrepute in its own seat and stronghold. Whatever the state of the profession may be to-day, the athletic clerks still stand or walk before their stores, and the people still call them pullers-in.

Quite as peculiar, in a totally different way, are the clever men and women who are known as "pricers," and who are employed by the proprietors of the great shopping stores to learn the prices at which their competitors are offering goods. These "pricers" must be very talented, experienced, and judicious specialists. They must be able to judge of the quality and brand of an article, as well as to discover its selling price. They must hide their business from those they spy upon as carefully and ingeniously as a detective works among criminals. They must pretend to be shoppers, messengers from invalids wanting samples, eccentric ladies who scarcely know what they want, and so ask about many things. They must in some cases work in one great store and draw salaries from two, the second salary being their pay for acquainting a rival with their employer's business.

A store for the sale of photographs of celebrities does not at first seem an extraordinary establishment, yet the great city is only able to support that one. Many attempts to divide the business have failed. One matrimonial bureau, also, seems to suffice in its peculiar line; and although there are citizens who think there are too many hand-organs in New York, it remains none the less a fact that the city supports only one hand-organ maker and repairer.

But rich as the subject is the reader's interest would flag were the list of "odd callings in New York" exhausted. The end is not yet in sight, so I will make an arbitrary close to the study. One speculator who should not be slighted is the young Chinaman in Brooklyn who has married a Christian girl and speaks English like any of us. His calling is that of an agent for the Chinese colony. He rents laundries for his countrymen, and drives bargains of every sort between them and the Caucasians around them. His capital lies in the fact that they cannot speak English and he can. Among the Chinese there is also one who reports the news of the colony for the New York newspapers. Of the men and women who live by writing letters for the ignorant there is no need to say much. Such is the case concerning those who advertise to teach illiterate folks suddenly grown rich the usages of polite life, the rudiments of a superficial education. Of the private post-offices all over town it is enough to say that they are not all within the realm of honorable enterprise, to which this article is mainly confined. The existence and business of the various sorts of "spotters," who test and spy upon the honesty of cashiers, conductors, ticket sellers, and others, need not have more than mere mention here. The sign-board with the legend "Destroyer of Moths," so conspicuous on Twenty-third Street, explains itself. The queer day nurseries, where poor mothers who go out to work leave their babies from morning until night, will be described in another chapter, and so will the calling of those men, in the employ of the wholesale store-keepers, whose duty it is to escort about the metropolis lady customers from other cities. The two "clippings" firms that make it their business to send to public men all newspaper articles in which those men's names appear are believed to be peculiar to New York, among the cities of this country, at all events. And last of all there is that Bowery establishment whence circulars are sent to every address mentioned in the death notices in each day's papers, calling attention to a novel plan for turning affliction into a source of revenue. The circulars inform the bereaved that not every one can afford a monument or even a gravestone for their dead, but that all can have a better means of perpetuating the memory of the beloved, in the shape of a framed lithograph of a gravestone, in which a portrait of the departed and an appropriately doleful rhyme will be inserted "at low rates for cash."

WALL STREET VERSUS THE COUNTRY.

THE sentiment that has radiated from Wall Street the last few weeks has not been cheerful. Fortunately it has not influenced the current of affairs beyond the limits of the street; nor should it do so, since the events that have made the Stock Exchange and its environs "the only blue spot in the country," as Mr. Jay Gould is fond of describing it upon his return home from occasional trips through the Southwest, have been peculiar to it, and with one exception their effect has been local. The exception is the decline in the price of Atchison railroad stock. The recent steady decline has carried the price from about $45 to less than $27 per share. It marks a fresh spasm of liquidation, of which there have been several since the stock sold at $118 a share in June, 1887. It may be remembered that the high prices for it that were recorded in the summer of 1887 were the result of an increase in the dividend rate from 6 to 7 per cent. per annum. The purpose of that increase was well known at the time it was made, namely, to aid the company in raising money, partly through sales of stock, to complete extensions of its system which had already begun to drag it down. It is well to recall such incidents when their full and inevitable effect is being felt, for the lesson of false financing that they teach cannot be too thoroughly learned. The distress that has been entailed in this case is perhaps more widely felt and more serious than in many others of its kind, because the new securities of the Atchison company were floated in Boston, where they were largely disposed of to New England investors of moderate means. The expectation is general that in a day or two the management of the company will submit a plan of reorganization to the security holders. That plan, if properly drawn, should indicate very clearly what chance of recuperation remains to the stockholders. Already the gross receipts of the system for September have suggested hope to the security holders.

The liquidation in the industrial Trust stocks has been sharper than that in Atchison, but, as noted in this column last week, the damage has been comparatively limited; that is, the rich men who count upon making a profit upon the distribution of Trust certificates have been the principal sufferers. The money that has been lost in those certificates would, in the main, have been risked in Wall or in State Street anyway. Hence the gloomy feeling that finds expression in both financial centres. The speculation in securities has for a long time been so narrow that the dropping out of a fairly large operator, or the crippling of several heavy traders, is regarded with genuine regret. The two events mentioned have, in connection with other and more general conditions that now seem to be changing for the better, given a decidedly bearish tendency to the stock-market. For at least three weeks the only aggressive force in the market has worked for lower prices. The holders of stocks on margins have been hampered sentimentally, if not actually, by the condition of the market for call loans. Money was very active for a week before and another week subsequent to the first of the month; but it was not stringent, nor fortunately did the commercial community suffer any special inconvenience. Yesterday the stock-market began to act as if the selling movement had struck a level from which prices were likely to rebound. Such movements always do reach a point beyond which it is impossible to crowd them. The condition is the reverse of that which may be noted when prices have become inflated and the buying power virtually exhausted.

It would be expecting something at variance with natural laws to hope that the Stock Exchange market will recover immediately from the shocks it has received. A sudden decline of $15 a share in an active stock like Atchison, of $20 a share in a speculative favorite like Sugar Refineries stock, and of $13 a share in certificates that have become as widely distributed as those of the American Cotton Oil Trust, weakens a large number of people. Besides, confidence is impaired, and would-be buyers are repelled by anything approaching demoralization in Wall Street. Time is required for the development of new speculative conditions and the growth of a different sentiment. Prices may cease going down, but the momentum of a selling movement is not expended at once. Once it becomes fashionable to buy or to sell stocks, there are some dealers who always stick to the fashion, just as certain people wear their clothes from one season into another.

It seems worth while just now to question if a turning-point is not at hand. Money, one of the most important factors in all business operations, is becoming easier. The Treasury's purchases of bonds are all that could be desired, and the demands upon this centre from the interior are slackening and being offset by receipts of cotton bills from the South. Chicago and the important territory tributary to it are helping themselves admirably this year, doing more business with less assistance than ever before. London bankers are pretty certain to take more gold from us for their special engagements in South America, but probably not a very large amount. General business is good, and that is one reason the country is leaving Wall Street alone. Its merchants and manufacturers have too much to do to engage in ventures outside of their own lines. The railroads, despite complaints of low rates, are constantly reporting larger receipts than last year. The C., B., and Northern's unprofitable rates have been localized more successfully than any one supposed they could be, and all irregularities in handling traffic are being promptly exposed. If swift punishment would follow, the railroad situation would be highly satisfactory. The closing of inland navigation, and a probable change in the status of the C., B., and Northern road, should influence stock values in the near future. The latest advices from the West are of a possible scarcity of freight equipment. Finally, the volume of our export trade is increasing without any corresponding expansion of imports. London has stopped selling American securities and buys moderately, and the course of sterling exchange is downward, as it should be at this season.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, October* 12, 1889.

VERY UNBECOMING.

LOVELY tints in the wrong place are reft of their charm. A lemon-colored countenance—the peculiar endowment of our pig-tailed brethren who "hit the pipe"—is unbecoming. It suggests bile going astray, and the inference is correct. Pain beneath the ribs and shoulder-blades, constipation, dyspepsia, furred tongue, and sick headaches supplement this indication of the billous. For liver complaint and its multifarious symptoms, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an infallible specific. It relaxes the bowels sufficiently, but without griping or violence. To the secretion of bile it gives a due impulse, but banishes an excess of that saffron-colored principle from the blood. Sick headaches, sourness of the breath, and fur upon the tongue disappear when it is used. It renews digestion, fortifies the system against malaria, counteracts a rheumatic tendency, and remedies inaction of the kidneys.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

AT this season of the year the system needs a mildly stimulating tonic. Nicholson's Liquid Bread is recommended by all leading physicians.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,

For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

CHAPPED HANDS AND ROUGH SKIN

Impossible if you use CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP, 25 cts. Druggists, or BOX 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known all over the world as the great regulator of the digestive organs.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

PROFESSOR GAUTHIER, of Paris, states that certain vital processes of the body develop putrefying substances in the tissues, which, if not speedily eliminated, produce disease. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects the removal of these substances, and thereby preserves health.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HOMES OF THE GERMAN POETS.

BY PROFESSOR W. T. HEWETT, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

I.—WEIMAR.

THURINGIA is one of those German lands which are invested with a peculiar charm. It was the country of stout knights and stout reformers, of minnesingers, of St. Elizabeth, and of Tannhäuser—a land of dark wooded mountain ranges, of narrow valleys, and irregular hills, now rising in isolated peaks and now in great swelling ridges. It is the Swabia of the North, and its people are gay and poetic. It is a country apart, and "gates" at the east and west admit to its proud domains. Its chroniclers tell us that one of its nobles, a Count of Mansfeld, once made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and as he journeyed through the Holy Land he was asked how the Promised Land pleased him. He answered: "Alack for your Promised Land! I prefer my own Thuringia." When Henry the Illustrious, with his fair bride, Sophie of Brabant, fought to obtain possession of this little country, he at last despaired of conquering it, and cried to his councillors, "Is this land worth such a struggle?" He was answered proudly, "Thuringia is noble and wealthy; it is so desirable that if your Grace had one foot in heaven and the other in Thuringia, you would withdraw the former in order to retain Thuringia." Its inhabitants believe fondly that whole realms cannot compare in worth and beauty with its mountains crowned with castles, its golden ridges, and its vineyards.

Just beyond the northern slope of its mountains is a line of cities, each of which has played a prominent part in the political and religious struggles of Germany. Eisenach lies to the west, with the Wartburg rising above it, with its legends of chivalry and saintly piety; Gotha follows with its lofty castle and vast libraries; then Erfurt, once illustrious for its university and memories of Luther and that archmagician Dr. Faust. Weimar closes the list to the east, though smaller towns bear names around which many brilliant deeds cluster.

A century ago the intellectual centre of Germany did not, as now, coincide with the political; but Weimar, a little city on the Thuringian Ilm, attracted the gaze of the civilized world. It held royal sway over the minds of men, and for more than fifty years retained its pre-eminence. There is scarcely a scholar of this period, save perhaps Lessing, who did not come into direct contact with the Weimar circle. Goethe and Schiller, Wieland and Herder, were the magnates, but many others found a home there who have exercised an influence upon German literature and science—Kotzebue, diplomat and playwright; Musæus, gleaning his folk-lore from the garrulous inmates of the hospital; and Bode and Bertuch and Böttiger. The Humboldts often visited in Weimar, and the philosophers from the University of Jena — Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling—formed a part of the life of the capital. A century ago the city presented an embattled mediæval aspect; portions of the walls remained, the round towers of which even to-day suggest the time when every town was a circular fortress with gates and moats and bridges. Weimar lies in the valley of the Ilm, which comes down clear and cold from its home in the Thuringian mountains; low lines of hills rise in slow ascent from the river, and shady avenues, bordered with pleasant villas, stretch away to the castles on the surrounding hills.

The ever-present charm of Weimar is the park lying upon both sides of the river, and extending almost to the heart of the city. It may be regarded as the creation of Goethe, and an expression of his deep and passionate love of nature; for when he arrived in Weimar it did not exist, but smooth green meadows occupied the present site. Under his superintendence it arose, and rare trees were brought from England to adorn it. At the entrance stands the palace, separated from the park by the river, across which is a bridge leading to the "Star," the centre of the park, from which noble avenues and walks radiate, leading into secluded depths, or opening upon warm sunny meadows. The Ilm winds in solitude and darkness under the overhanging trees, and then suddenly appears so that the light shines upon the waters which have "borne along many an immortal song." Upon the level plateau which forms a part of the park was once the famous Italian garden, where court balls were held, and fine ladies danced among the flowers in the moonlight. The park does not lack some of the artificial features which characterized the taste of the last century. Several buildings represent its different directions. The "Roman house" marks the classical tendency; it is a temple-like structure, whose west front looks out upon a lovely lawn, while its east front touches the forest. The interior is simple, adorned with classical frescos and statues. Here the rulers of this country have often found a quiet retreat in summer; official business has been transacted, and court festivities held. Chivalry is represented by the house of the Knights Templars, which is embowered in ivy and woodbine, and presents the appearance of a Gothic abbey hidden in the trees. Paganism has its altar surrounded by a serpent consuming a votive offering, and dedicated to the genius of the place. There are grottos and piles of mossy ruins scattered in the depths of the wood. Rustic seats at favorite points give charming views of the river, a sunlit glade, or the encircling hills.

Upon the border of the park stands Goethe's "Garden-house," the poet's home for the first six years after his arrival in Weimar, and his favorite resort in summer, where for more than fifty years he retired to enjoy the restfulness and charm of nature. It is a small two-story building enclosed by a high hedge, with a line of hills rising abruptly in the rear. The house belonged previously to Bertuch, the famous Spanish scholar. Goethe was restless for a time after his arrival in Weimar, even with his rank and the friendship of the Duke. He had no home of his own, and once expressed to Carl August his wish for a house like that of Bertuch. "That is easily enough arranged," said the absolute young ruler, and went to the owner, saying, "I must have your house for Goethe, otherwise we cannot keep him among us." The obedient courtier and scholar complied, receiving his reward elsewhere. The house stood for many years unoccupied and unchanged, the property of the poet's grandsons. The roses which the poet brought from Italy still climb and bloom on the trellises along the front. Many of the trees were set out by Goethe himself, for he loved to work, with nature to respond to his efforts. The mosaic floor of stones behind the house is a reminiscence of Italy. He here spent days and weeks in silence, free from interruption, and removed from the cares of official station and the petty etiquette and social duties of the court. He loved to work in solitude, and these were his most productive moments. Even the little bridge across the Ilm was barred to prevent access to him, and Wieland complained that no one could reach Goethe without using a pick and bar. In the wild days of his early residence in Weimar, Goethe bathed at midnight in the Ilm, and slept on the terrace before his house, under the open sky, often in storms, and awoke with the morning sun. Shaded and gravelled walks lead along the hill-side to seats under great branching trees. Above is the spot which he consecrated to his love for the Frau Von Stein. In a soft tufa cliff a tablet is placed, with the lines beginning, "Here in silence a lover mused of the one he loved," and which has remained long after the friendship which it commemorated was at an end.

In the small chamber facing the north, Goethe wrote and studied. It looks out over sunny spaces in the park, the winding Ilm, and up to the height crowned with the forest and castle of Belvedere. In this room many of his most delightful lyrics were written, and parts of *Iphigenie* and many lesser plays.



GOETHE, AGED SEVENTY-THREE.—From an Oil-Painting by Kolbe, in the Goethe National Museum, 1822.

Across the park on the opposite hill-side, now hidden among the trees, is the bark cottage or "cloister," which was occupied often for weeks at a time by the Duke Carl August. Here he lived, within sight of his palace, but separated from courtiers, that free, defiant life of which men were so proud in those days of newly discovered and exultant liberty. Here, in the wild exercise of freedom, the independent but wise young ruler received his ministers and favored friends, discussed questions of state often when the political relations of his land were most complicated, or talked of literature and art with Goethe, to whom he could signal across the park. The Duchess Louise, in whose honor this little cottage was built, was here welcomed by Goethe at the head of a procession of Carmelite monks, all clad in white robes, to the cloister of their order.

Goethe's city house, which he received as a present from his prince, and occupied for more than fifty years, is still standing on the square which bears his name. It is a large structure with a plain exterior, but which may have once seemed stately and magnificent. The doorsteps are rounded by the steps of many feet. Kings, poets, artists, and scholars have entered here to pay homage to genius to which all must bow. Walther von Goethe, the last surviving grandson of the poet, bequeathed the house and the scientific and art collections to the government of the Grand Duchy, but the manuscripts and diaries of his grandfather he gave to the Grand Duchess Sophie. Her Royal Highness received the rich legacy of the records of the poet's life as the highest trust, and as one in which the whole world had an interest. She summoned at once the foremost Goethe scholars of Germany to her aid, and assumed the preparation and publication of a standard edition of Goethe's works based on the original manuscripts, which were found of surprising fulness and value; also of a complete edition of his diary and letters, and a life of the poet derived from materials which were now first accessible. Through the munificence of this princess the Goethe house was restored, and the systematic and scientific arrangement of all its treasures was undertaken. She has added rare editions, manuscripts, and letters to this collection, so that it might become, not only the centre of study of the literature of the Weimar circle, but of the literature of the time. The house was occupied until recently by the two grandsons of the poet, Walther and Wolfgang von Goethe. The elder, Walther, early exhibited a fine musical taste; he was the playfellow of the young Mendelssohn, and later, his pupil in Leipzig. Several of his compositions have been published. He was a slight, delicately formed man, with a courteous but timid manner, and with a face which suggested in many particulars that of his grandfather; his forehead was high, and he had the same dark skin and full brown eyes. There was a peculiar gentleness in his manner, and occasionally something so concise and pithy in his speech that it recalled the apothegms in which the poet loved to indulge; his conversation was pensive and in a minor key, as though he had lived too long and too constantly among the memories of the past. He retained a warm interest in the increasing study of the writings of his grandfather. He remembered well the visit of Mr. Charles T. Brooks to Weimar, but was not acquainted with his admirable translation of "Faust." He spoke also with interest of Mr. Bayard Taylor's enthusiasm for Goethe. His favorite pictures of his grandfather were the engraving by Oeser of the young Goethe, the Trippel bust, and the painting by Stieler.

Wolfgang von Goethe was long in the Prussian diplomatic service, and was at one time stationed in Rome, where his father died. He published stories and poems and a very creditable study of the life of the learned Cardinal Bessarion. The brothers possessed the rank of Chamberlain at the Grand Ducal court. They retained all the possessions of the poet in Weimar, which they guarded with a beautiful reverence. During the life of Goethe's secretary, Schuchardt, visitors were admitted to that part of the house which contains the collections, but for many years it was closed to the public, or opened only on some anniversary occasion. Those who feel that no spot on earth should be sacred from curiosity and intrusion have often complained because they were excluded from a private residence. Walther von Goethe explained to me the reason of this action by saying, "The public forget that he was our grandfather as well as a poet." As he conducted us about the apartments, and recalled scenes in his grandfather's life, he was deeply moved; every spot seemed associated with memories that were sacred to him, and when we went into the study and the room in which the poet died, he was unable to accompany us. The Goethe house has now become the Goethe National Museum. It has now been restored to the condition in which it was during the poet's life. As you enter the main hall a broad low staircase, a reminiscence of Italy, leads with its convenient landings to the second story, to the rooms which Goethe once occupied. A bronze greyhound, from an antique original, stands in a niche upon the first landing.

The large suite of rooms on the second floor facing the street were the former reception-rooms; they are now filled with casts and engravings which Goethe collected in the course of his long life. Many of these casts are familiar enough now, but at that time they were obtained in Rome with difficulty and at considerable expense, and their appearance in Germany was to many a new revelation of the wonders of ancient art. Every line was to Goethe a suggestion of hitherto unknown beauty, and incited him to a profound study of the principles of art. His letters contain constant reference to these works. He delighted to gather his friends around a portfolio of engravings from the paintings of the masters, and discourse upon the special merit and charm of each—the drawing, the light and shade, and the subtle underlying truth of each representation. These engravings are very numerous and valuable, and are contained in large portfolios in cases. Around the principal rooms are Meyer's frescos of classical scenes, and numerous portraits of members of Goethe's family and friends. There are also numerous ancient statuettes, lamps, and marbles. The collection of faience includes a number of pieces, many of which are not surpassed in any museum of Europe. Goethe's fresh interest in everything connected with the history of art is illustrated by his enthusiasm for this branch of art. It is no small testimony to his keenness of insight, that when the worth of these treasures was not appreciated, he recognized their importance and value. Walther von Goethe described his childish wonder and delight when these beautiful objects were first received. There are 1600 medals arranged in cases to illustrate the history of the different countries of Europe. Some of these medals are almost unique. Such as that cast to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, on which the French King is represented standing on the skulls of the murdered Huguenots. There is also the medal to faith and religion, struck by order of the pope to commemorate the same event. The antique bronzes present many choice specimens. In addition to about nine hundred drawings and paintings by Goethe himself, there are many original drawings by artists of the Dutch, Flemish, and Italian schools, by Rembrandt, Rubens, and Guercino, and by the German artists with whom Goethe was associated in Rome. Goethe had a passion for accumulating pictures of his friends. These were the memorials which he valued most. Crabb Robinson states that a single Wei-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GOETHE AS A STUDENT, AGED NINETEEN.—From an Engraving by Oeser, 1768.—By Permission of the Publisher of Goethe in Strasburg.

mar artist, Schmeller, had painted more than three hundred portraits of Goethe's friends. Of these about one hundred and forty-six in water-colors still remain, among them portraits of many members of the English colony of Weimar in those days. Goethe's wide interest in art is shown by the recent discovery of several very interesting stained-glass windows, which date from the earliest period of the art, and came from early Romanesque churches in Thuringia, some of which were founded on sites where Boniface preached.

There are memories everywhere of those years in Italy which so quickened his intellectual life, when Italian art inspired and charmed him, but could not make him lose his self-direction and abandon the purpose of his life, which was constantly growing clearer to himself. His art studies gave him hopes of accomplishment in this field, but he soon saw, what so many fail to see, that an enthusiasm for art does not always imply artistic ability; that the facility in drawing which he had attained led to nothing, save as there was something within him which could obtain expression only through art; that if he sought subjects laboriously without an impulse from within demanding embodiment, painting was a useless pastime. Art, when not pursued as an ultimate object, had something to him instructive, positive, communicative; art helped his poetry, he said. "Now," he wrote from Italy, "I see how one can study a whole lifetime, and at its end exclaim, 'I have never truly seen or enjoyed until now.'"

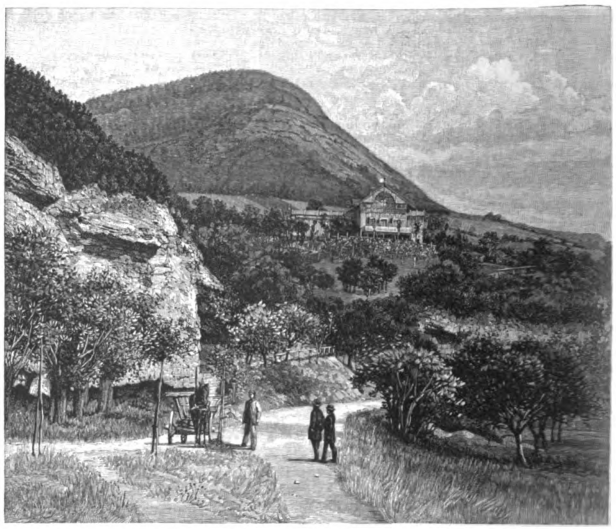
If the art studies of the poet are illustrated in these rooms, the scientific direction of his mind was shown by the approach to his study. Large cases of minerals stand in the vestibule, most of which bear labels in Goethe's writing. The value of all these collections is very great. There are possibly ten thousand geological and mineralogical specimens. The specimens from Italy and Sicily are very numerous, including a great variety of volcanic products. There are many ores and deposits from the bathing-places which Goethe visited, especially from Bohemia, which show that when seeking strength his restless mind was constantly busied with new observations and fresh acquisitions. The collection of Italian marbles is very extensive and beautiful. The collection of skulls and bones for his studies in comparative anatomy is large. Whatever discoveries the poet made in these branches of science were not the result of accident, but of careful study and comparison of forms. Two pavilions in the garden contain the collections in geology where Goethe was accustomed to work. They recall the busy years which he spent in seeking to develop the mines of the duchy and in studying its geological formation. Great albums of sketches and portfolios of flowers remain to show how extensive were his studies and investigations in physical science.

Goethe's study has been preserved in its original condition just as when the poet was borne away from it. It is a spacious room with an uncarpeted floor and a plain low ceiling showing the dark rough beams. Two windows look out upon the large garden with its bright flowers, its walks, and shaded seats beneath fine old trees. Before the erection of the high enclosing wall, the lovely park and the Ilm were visible from it. In this secluded spot Goethe loved to walk, and here he was found after Schiller's death, with tears in his eyes, saying, "Fate is implacable, man is little, Schiller is dead." In the sunlight the study is cheerful in spite of its low walls and plain desks and tables; although in the second story, it is raised but a few feet above the ground.

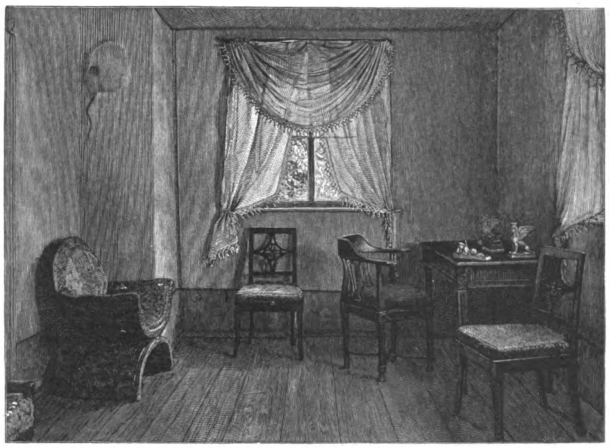
The room recalls most vividly and impressively the personality of the poet; in the centre is an oaken desk with his chair before it, where he sat when weary of dictating to his secretary as he walked the floor. The cushion upon which he rested his arms is still upon it. No less than eight desks of various sizes stand along the walls; over one hangs the calendar for the year of his death, 1832, and strung upon a thread are the cards of his last visitors, an English lady of rank and her daughters; upon another are the disks used in making his investigations in the theory of colors; on another, a plate of earth and vials with chemicals which he employed in making his last experiments. A little open box contains bones which he used in making the celebrated discovery of the existence of an intermaxillary bone in man. His books stood in a long line upon the top of one desk; among them were the last edition of his works, left incomplete at the fortieth volume; his correspondence with Schiller; books of travel; and works of Cuvier, Buckland, and others upon natural history, the study of which rose with him from a recreation to become an absorbing passion. There are several medallions, prints, and statuettes of Napoleon in the room, Goethe's admiration for whom has been a subject of such bitter discussion; one medallion has become historic by falling from the wall without any apparent cause during the fatal battle of Leipzig. Only Goethe's most trusted friends were admitted to this room—Schiller, the Grand Duke Carl August, and a few others. Opening from the study is a small cabinet, extremely simple, containing a bedstead of plain wood; a strip of coarse carpeting forms a rough wainscoting around two sides of the room; upon the wall are charts of geological formations and of Latin literature; a large arm-chair, in which the poet died after talking brightly of the approaching spring-time, stands beside the bed. How vividly the activities of his life were shown in his unconscious dying acts—drawing with his finger at first high in the air and then lower as his strength failed, asking for portfolios of engravings, seeing beautiful forms, repeatedly signing his name, and then with the gathering darkness uttering his last request for "more light!" He had often asked what day it was. It was a day which he remembered with pain—the anniversary of the death of his friend the Minister Voigt, and of the burning of the Weimar theatre. There is a pathos in the remembrance of Goethe's last days; the friends of his youth were nearly all gone, and yet in silence and alone he toiled on, carrying to completion his "Faust," the great work which had occupied so much of his life, still studying, still investigating; the early wave of foreign enthusiasm for his genius had reached him, and his greatness among his countrymen was fully established. Men came to Weimar and walked before his house to catch a glimpse of his face at the window. He was secure at last in his fame, and raised beyond envy and rivalry.

In addition to the art treasures in the house, there was found a store, whose wealth is even yet but partially known, of diaries, original manuscripts, and letters, the value of which to the literary history of Germany cannot be overestimated. Much has been published since Goethe's death; much still remains that is necessary to us in forming a complete estimate of the poet. He was accustomed to preserve not only all his occasional letters, but notes, invitations, and even his hotel accounts. In the collection of casts there are numerous busts of his friends, of Herder, Schiller, Jacobi, Voss, Wolf, Letter, Sterne, and Byron.

We have incomplete records of the charming and varied intercourse that has taken place within this house in the letters of the



GOETHE'S WALK IN JENA, WITH KERNBERG IN THE DISTANCE.

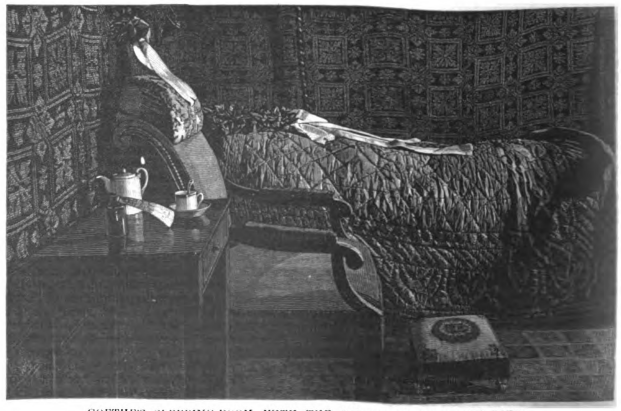


GOETHE'S STUDY IN THE GARDEN-HOUSE IN THE PARK, WEIMAR—HERE HE WROTE A PART OF "IPHIGENIE."

time: to how many evenings of brilliant conversation and of lofty discourse could its walls bear witness! Those were rare occasions when a few friends assembled here or in the Schiller house to listen to a new play or poem fresh from the author's soul—to the reading of "William Tell," of "Wallenstein," of "Mahomet," or the "Bride of Messina," when several Saxon princes were present, who were so proud of their great poet. Here the players from the Grand Ducal theatre often gathered to hear the author read his play, and to have the parts of each assigned, explained, and emphasized. Everything that Goethe did was characteristic; his knowledge of the details of dramatic representation may at times have been imperfect, but even then the suggestiveness of his criticisms always led to a clearer comprehension of the requirements of art. All men found him instructive; the painters and sculptors who gathered about him in Rome found his views broadening and quickening; scientific men welcomed his companionship, and attained a deeper insight into nature from his words. His study of natural phenomena was patient and continuous, even if incomplete when judged by modern means and methods.

The Duchess Amalia was the centre of the intellectual life in Weimar at this time. It was she who gathered the ablest men about her, called Wieland and Knebel to be the tutors of her sons, and gave the first glory to the little duchy. Goethe came at the personal request of Carl August soon after he assumed the government. Herder was called at Goethe's suggestion, and Schiller received his appointment in the University of Jena, as did many of the ablest professors, through Goethe's watchful oversight. It is not easy to form an opinion of this wise, pleasure-loving duchess. She was intellectual, charming in her friendships, strong of will, and her land never had a ruler who watched more closely over every detail of official business. Her face was striking, especially in later life, when some eyes grow so brilliant that the rest of the face is lost in them. Her eyes were like those of her uncle, Frederick the Great, which flashed so terribly on the field of battle.

In the merry days at Weimar, when balls, masquerades, plays, concerts, skating parties, and evening literary clubs followed each other in rapid succession, the three castles in the vicinity played a prominent part. Gay excursion parties rode away over the hills to spend a night in the performance of a new drama by Goethe or Schiller, or some other of the coterie of court favorites



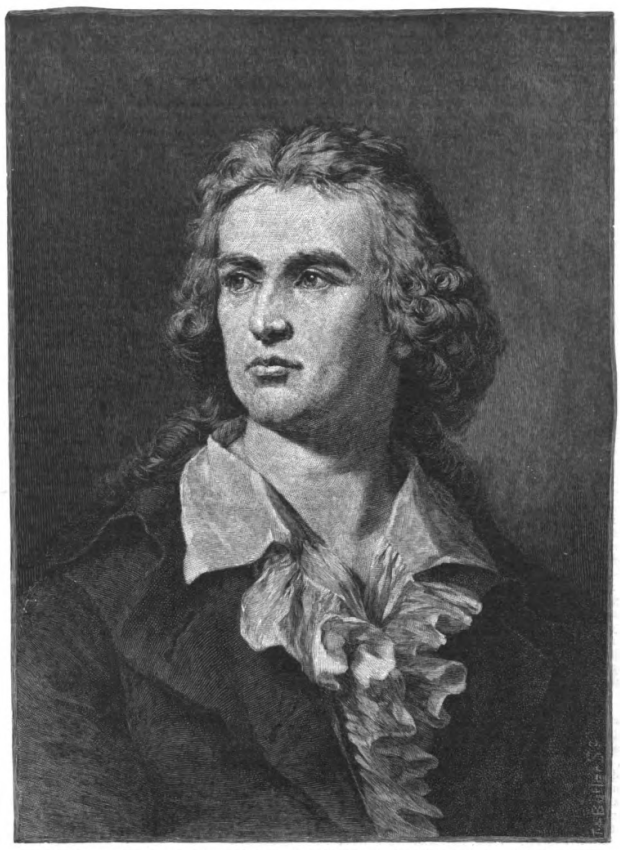
GOETHE'S SLEEPING-ROOM, WITH THE CHAIR IN WHICH HE DIED.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and authors. It may have been an extemporized farce or a poetic drama, like the *Fischerin*, which was performed in the castle park at Tiefurt, where the wood and the river formed natural scenes, and fishermen rocked in their boats by the light of the torches and a blazing fire on the shore, which lit up the gloom, while lanterns suspended in the trees gave a bright glow to the dark stream.

Here in the autumn a harvest festival of happy reapers was held, when the park was illuminated, the villagers gathered upon the lawn with dance and feasting. A moss cottage once stood near the banks of the river, in which plays were performed. The little castle, which was a favorite residence of the Duchess Amalia, is full of reminiscences of those days. Its small low rooms are like cells; the walls are covered with pictures of the various members of that circle who participated in what is called the "merry time in Weimar." Drawings and engravings recall the old frolics, the curious costumes, the caricatures and jests of those days. The park is charming, with its dark trees scattered over the greensward, while the Ilm steals around it beneath the shadow of the forest-covered hills. It owes its beauty to that famous maker of parks, the Prince Pückler-Muskau, who introduced the simple, natural features of the English parks into Germany, uniting nature with art, and displacing the stiff, artificial French type of the previous century.

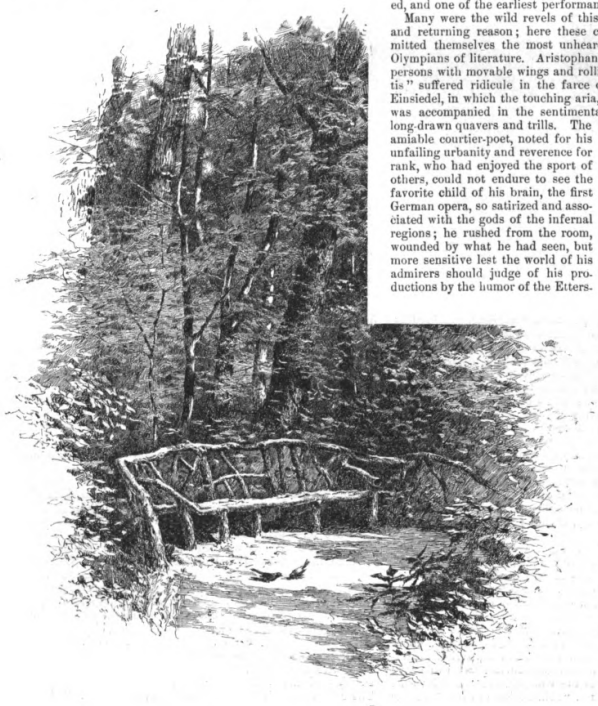
A noble avenue of horse-chestnuts and lindens leads from the city along the park and ascends to the conspicuous Belvedere Castle, which looks down over the villages in the valley of the Ilm and Weimar, and the broad Ettersburg range beyond. It is the summer residence of the Grand Duke when he does not prefer the historic Wartburg or his charming château in the Wilhelmsthal near Eisenach. It is pre-eminently a summer castle, and in style suggests a light Italian villa with fountains and gardens. The park contains an open-air theatre, preserved as it was originally employed in the days of amateur theatricals. It is but a short distance from the castle, and the approach to it is between trellises of roses. Its enclosed sides and slender *coulisses* are of trimmed beech. The stage is lifted above the orchestra, which is separated from the parquet by a leafy hedge. A grove of dark pine-trees forms the background; the entrances and exits and all the appointments were sufficient for an elaborate representation. In this theatre the Grand Duke Carl August, the Dowager Duchess, Goethe, Knebel, Musæus, Einsiedel, Seckendorf, the lovely Corona Schröter, and Fräulein Jagemann have performed. Statues of some of the actors of former times stand upon the stage. Ettersburg, however, the most remote of the three castles, was the true German Parnassus. The road thither climbs the long slope to the summit of the ridge which shuts in the valley of the Ilm to the north, then traverses low pine woods, and finally enters the splendid forest of beech which covers the opposite slope, descends and rises again to the castle. Only the towers are visible in the distance above the trees. This was a favorite hunting-seat of Carl August, and formerly a cloister. Beautiful grounds lie around the



SCHILLER.—From Photograph by F. Bruckmann, Munich and Berlin, of Painting by C. Jäger.

castle, and its cheerful rooms, rich in antique Flemish furniture, brought by the present Grand Duchess from her home in the Netherlands, give a sense of comfort which the homes of the great often lack. It is the summer residence of the present hereditary Grand Duke Carl August. The cozy room in the corner of the castle was once occupied by Schiller, and here he wrote the concluding act of *Mary Stuart*, while the earlier acts were already under rehearsal in Weimar. The theatre was in the present hall of armor, in one of the wings of the castle. Here Goethe often acted, and one of the earliest performances of *Iphigenie* took place.

Many were the wild revels of this time of foam and sentiment and returning reason; here these careless pleasure-seekers permitted themselves the most unheard-of liberties with the great Olympians of literature. Aristophanes's *Birds* was represented by persons with movable wings and rolling eyes. Wieland's "Alcestis" suffered ridicule in the farce of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, by Einsiedel, in which the touching aria, "Weep not, my soul's idol," was accompanied in the sentimental parts by a post-horn with long-drawn quavers and trills. The amiable courtier-poet, noted for his unfailing urbanity and reverence for rank, who had enjoyed the sport of others, could not endure to see the favorite child of his brain, the first German opera, so satirized and associated with the gods of the infernal regions; he rushed from the room, wounded by what he had seen, but more sensitive lest the world of his admirers should judge of his productions by the humor of the Ettersburg jesters. Goethe ridiculed similarly his own works. Jacobi's novel *Waldemar* suffered a unique penalty. Goethe and his friends disliked the flippant egotism of Jacobi and the sensationalism of his novel. His book, after being duly read and condemned, was nailed by the cover to a tree, so that its leaves fluttered in the wind, while Goethe, hidden in the leafy summit, delivered a sonorous address upon the work, and pronounced the sentence of an extemporized court-martial, in accordance with which it was burned upon a funeral pile. The spot is marked by a beech-tree, in the bark of which are traces of the names of those who participated in this condemnation.



THE SCHILLER SEAT IN THE PARK.

The plays which were performed by this enthusiastic amateur troupe were not always light in character. Dramas which have now become classical were rendered after many weeks of preparation; this scenic interest contributed greatly to the growth of the dramatic art in Weimar. A degree of excellence in acting was attained, the principles upon which all theatrical representation is based were investigated, and the great poets in friendly rivalry were stimulated to their highest productiveness. The golden days of amateur theatricals followed the destruction by fire of the castle in Weimar, and the theatre which it contained. Later, permanent companies were engaged, the leading artists of which participated in the plays, shadow spectacles, and tableaux of the court. The early development of Weimar in music, the drama, and painting placed the city, in spite of its smallness and isolated character, upon an elevation which it has retained until the present time. The theatre, though small and plain externally, is admirable in its arrangement. The great depth of the stage, the numerous entrances, and the large collection of properties make it one of the most complete in its capacity of representation of any in Germany.

The present theatre is not that which existed during the most brilliant period of Weimar history, of which Goethe was the Intendant, and the oversight of which he laid down when his prince, influenced by a court cabal, insisted that a trained dog should perform on the stage dedicated to the classic drama. That building was destroyed in 1824. The seat which Goethe occupied in the present theatre is still pointed out. The great event of the year here in theatrical circles is the representation of both parts of "Faust," which occurs in the spring of every year, and which until recently had not been attempted successfully elsewhere in Germany. Otto Devrient, the former manager of the theatre, and a member of that noted family which has produced so many writers upon dramatic art and literature, as well as eminent actors, has made an admirable adaptation of "Faust" to the stage. The representation lasts nearly five hours each upon two successive evenings, and attracts visitors from all parts of Germany. The admirable capacity of the theatre is illustrated by the manner in which the play is put upon the boards. Three terraces are arranged upon the stage, upon which different parts of the play are performed; three different scenes may thus be before the eye at one time. This simple adaptation makes possible a variety of scenery and situation, facilitating the representation of the most diverse parts of the play.

Schlegel, when writing of the dramatic art, said, "Germany has two centres—Vienna, with an audience of fifty thousand, and Weimar, with an audience of fifty persons." The history of the artistic judgments which have been passed here shows how the recognition of merit by a few cultivated minds prepares the way for the more tardy recognition of the grand multitude. As we survey this period we are astonished to find that amid all the dissipation and pleasure-seeking there were so many germs of healthful criticism and sound thought. Herder was writing his glowing and hopeful views of education, and the history and future of humanity; Schiller, whose intimate connection with Weimar was somewhat later, was laboring arduously upon his historical works and the dramas which sprang from them; Wieland was occupied with criticism and poetry. Goethe's life at this time is too often judged by that of the circle in which he moved, and his literary activity forgotten. Viewed independently, apart from the labors of strenuous investigation and tireless observation, few lives can compare with his in sustained productiveness; but, in addition to this, he occupied the position of a minister, intrusted with the care of the most important interest of the duchy, the charge of the mines, of forests and highways, of the scientific institutions, the presidency of the Exchequer—a range of duties which he performed with the greatest assiduity. For many years the direction of the theatre, the selection and engagement of actors, and even personal attention to rehearsals, devolved upon him. His faithfulness in performing the duties of his position proves that his words in a letter to Kuchel were but a reflection of his own life: "It is one article of my faith that only by firmness and fidelity in our present situation do we become worthy and capable of the higher step of a subsequent position, whether it be here in time or there in eternity." And again he makes more stern his self-discipline with the words, "I have left defenceless the citadel of my soul too



BELVEDERE CASTLE, WEIMAR.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

long." A life like this could not have been spent in dallying or in idleness. Sixty volumes bear witness to sixty years of interrupted literary activity; nine thousand letters, discussing questions of art, literature, and criticism testify to the varied character of his relations; whether among the mines of Ilmenau, or "trudging through the snow" in the early morning in Jena to Loder's lectures on anatomy, or studying a random bone in a cemetery at Venice, or among the volcanic mountains of Sicily, there is the same enthusiasm in studying the unity of natural law. Certain germ thoughts or theories lay in his mind from youth, and he spent his life in searching for the truth concerning them.



THE ROMAN HOUSE, WEIMAR.

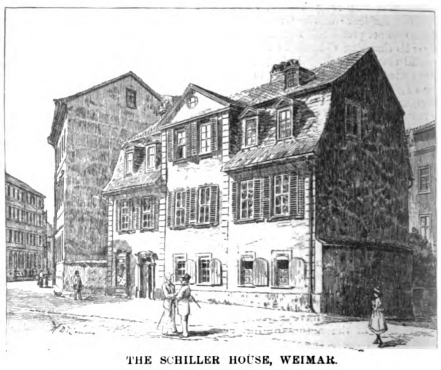
The stimulus of great minds, their power in quickening others, is fully shown by the history of this Weimar period. Herder's eloquence had been confined to the little capital of Bückeburg, but his writings had claimed the attention of the most thoughtful intellects of Germany. Schiller's wild, unbridled nature was attaining strength by patient study and unremitting and poorly paid labor for annuals, translations, and reviews. Both these great men were brought to Weimar. Goethe's old friendship for Herder grew warm again; he admired his noble eloquence and the wide reach of his philosophic thought. He found a second home in his house, and to his gifted but ambitious wife many of his earliest poems were read. Herder was general superintendent with the oversight of the ecclesiastical affairs of the duchy. His eloquence rose to inspiration on great occasions, and his dignified presence gave weight to every assembly in which he was present. His clear, wise views of the scope of education found an ample field for their application in the schools of the country. His intercourse with Goethe, at first cordial, lessened with the growth of that envy and bitterness which affect even worthy minds; with a lofty ambition, splendid powers, his hopes of recognition and achievement were not satisfied, and he called his life a failure. The duties of his office and his convictions did not harmonize, and he was at variance with himself. With all his envy for the fame of Goethe and the injustice which poisoned his heart, qualities generous and pure shine out in the story of his life. His plain official residence stands beside the Stadtkirche, where he preached and within which he is buried. A simple slab, placed by order of the Duke over his remains, bears this motto, "Light, Love, Life." His statue stands without the church, but so directly against the wall that the effect is greatly impaired. Within there is much to appeal to the historic imagination. Here Luther preached, and in the sacristy hang three portraits, representing him as a monk, as Knight George in armor, and as the great Reformer. We see again the world's tendency to hero-worship, for this great man has become the Protestant saint of Germany, and his sturdy face looks down upon us from the walls of many of the churches of his country. Bernhard of Weimar, the friend of Gustavus Adolphus and the brilliant leader in the Thirty Years' War, is buried here, and a long line of illustrious princes. Ancient heroes in armor with swords by their sides keep grim guard over their resting-places, and gloomy hatchments testify to transient earthly glory. An altar-piece by that worthy old painter and burgomaster Lucas Cranach shows his faithfulness, reverence, and lack of imagination.

In the ancient Jacobskirche, which stands in the oldest part of the city, Goethe was married to Christiane Valpius, on the first Sunday after the battle of Jena. The event took place in the sacristy, the only witnesses being his secretary, Riemer, and his son August.

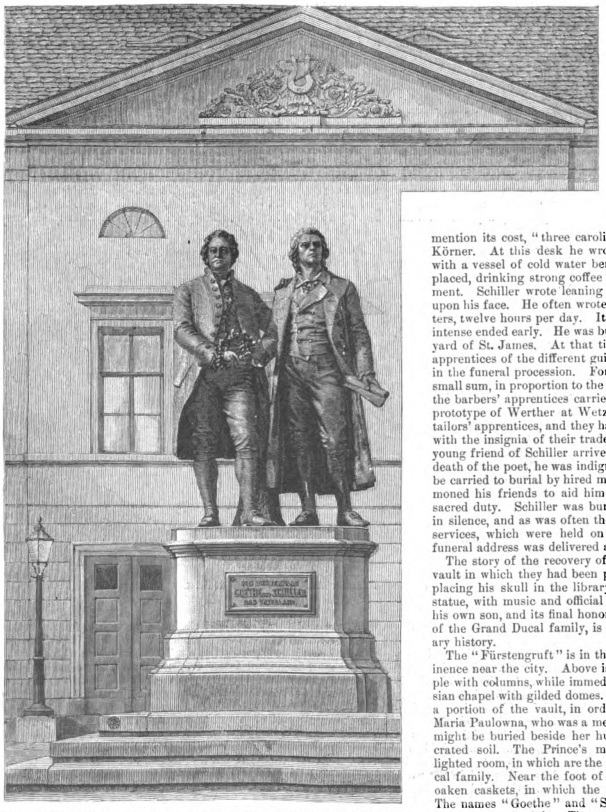
Schiller found a temporary home in Weimar even before he received the appointment of professor of history in Jena. The recognition which he found in the court, and among the leading spirits of the Weimar circle, was grateful to him. He was busy in his historical studies, and in writing for the *Thalia* and the *Merkur*. He rejoiced in Wieland's friendship, but Goethe was absent in Italy, and the two poets had never met. After his residence in Jena, where his health suffered from the climate and from his irregular work, Schiller came to Weimar, where he found a permanent home. His friendship for Goethe had now been formed and made perfect. For the old exchange of letters which the famous Botenfrau had carried from Weimar to Jena, more intimate intercourse and daily communion were required; henceforth their literary work went hand in hand. Fresh subjects were discussed, generous rivalry in production began, and the work of each advanced under the constant criticism and suggestions of the other. Schiller, recognizing that his highest power was that of a poet, and that his permanent reputation must be found therein, abandoned his historical studies, save as furnishing the material for his poetry, and entered upon the last crowning period of his life in Weimar.

The Schiller house stands on the Esplanade. Like most of the German houses of the time, it is plain, but ample in its accommodations. A little tablet over the door bears the inscription, "Here lived Schiller." The poet's rooms were in the upper story, under the roof, and here the last intense years of his life were spent. Here "William Tell" and the "Bride of Messina" and the unfinished "Demetrius" were written.

The rooms are full of memorials of the poet—the table at which he wrote, his chair, and the bed upon which he died, valuable original portraits, engravings, and numerous personal articles. In a small adjoining room beneath the eaves he slept, on a pallet upon the floor, with a candle beside him. If a strange or brilliant thought occurred to him in the night, he rose at once and recorded it. To this practice we may trace some of the startling, weird thoughts and metaphysical problems of his writings. There is a plain pine writing-desk in this room, whose acquisition in the days of his limited means was of sufficient importance in his mind to cause him to mention its cost, "three carolins," in a letter to his friend Körner. At this desk he wrote until late at night, often with a vessel of cold water beneath, in which his feet were placed, drinking strong coffee at the same time for excitement. Schiller wrote leaning forward, and almost resting upon his face. He often wrote, as he says in one of his letters, twelve hours per day. It is not strange that a life so intense ended early. He was buried in a vault in the churchyard of St. James. At that time it was customary for the apprentices of the different guilds of trade to carry the bier in the funeral procession. For this service they received a small sum, in proportion to the rank of the deceased. Thus the barbers' apprentices carried the bier of Jerusalem, the prototype of Werther at Wetzler. It was the turn of the tailors' apprentices, and they had already decorated the bier with the insignia of their trade, when late in the evening a young friend of Schiller arrived in town. Learning of the death of the poet, he was indignant that his remains should be carried to burial by hired mourners. He therefore summoned his friends to aid him in the performance of this sacred duty. Schiller was buried on a dark stormy night, in silence, and as was often the case, without any religious services, which were held on the following day, when a funeral address was delivered and a requiem sung.



THE SCHILLER HOUSE, WEIMAR.



THE THEATRE IN WEIMAR, WITH THE STATUES OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER BEFORE IT.

The story of the recovery of Schiller's remains from the vault in which they had been placed, twenty years later, of placing his skull in the library in the pedestal of his own statue, with music and official ceremonies and a speech by his own son, and its final honorable deposition in the vaults of the Grand Ducal family, is one of the strangest in literary history.

The "Fürstengruft" is in the new cemetery upon an eminence near the city. Above is a chapel resembling a temple with columns, while immediately in the rear is the Russian chapel with gilded domes. The latter was erected over a portion of the vault, in order that the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna, who was a member of the Russian Church, might be buried beside her husband and yet lie in consecrated soil. The Prince's mausoleum is a large, dimly lighted room, in which are the gloomy sarcophagi of the ducal family. Near the foot of the staircase are two heavy oaken caskets, in which the two poets rest side by side. The names "Goethe" and "Schiller" are in heavy bronze letters upon the lids. The grave of Eckermann is not far from that of the princes whom he taught and served so long. The cemetery has shaded walks, and many flowers bloom among the crosses and wreaths of immortelles which characterize every German cemetery. A carriage road has been carried over the spot where the Frau von Stein rests. No inquiries which I made in several visits to Weimar, even of the family, were successful in obtaining any information regarding the burial-place of Goethe's wife, but recently, after a silence of a half-century, her grave has been identified in the church-yard of St. James.

But the country around is too fresh and green, too full of brightness and hope for us to linger in this place. As we wander back to the city we pass many houses whose history becomes clear and distinct as we seek to live again in the stirring times of the past. Here lived the gifted Johanna Schopenhauer, the mother of the philosopher, where for more than twenty years she gathered a brilliant circle about her. In this plain, unoccupied palace the "evening circle" of the Duchess Amalia assembled on the first Friday of each month. What fields of knowledge did not its members essay to enter! Goethe read before it papers on the prism, the Geheimerath Voigt on Friedrich Barbarossa, Bertuch upon landscape gardening and upon Chinese colors; papers on natural history, medicine, and recent works in French and German literature were read as well as the Greek philosophers and poets. Nothing was so lofty or technical or abstract but that its consideration was undertaken. The almanacs and annuals were anticipated with the greatest eagerness. Many works now immortal first appeared in this modest form. The greatest living writers were enlisted to support one or the other of these publications. Wieland's "Merkur," the "Ladies' Calendar," the "Almanac of the Muses," and historical calendars and anthologies were found in every literary circle. Works there appeared which had been read in these evening gatherings, or which had, perhaps, been written in silence in their midst, and were now first published. The personal character and relations of every literary celebrity were then the subject of conversation as much as his writings. In these annuals there were poems addressed to various persons, hidden allusions, and subtle sarcasm, and the ingenuity of every one was employed in tracing and discovering what was concealed, which gave a peculiar piquancy to the reading of these productions.

One circle which met at Goethe's house published a weekly paper called the *Chaos*, which appeared every Sunday morning. The articles were contributed anonymously, and Goethe's daughter-in-law Ottilie was the responsible editor.

When the circle was tired of philosophy, it organized for sports and excursions, and drove away over the hills for a picnic in the woods, or it formed a theatrical troupe, and with properties and provisions loaded in wagons, rode away to one of the castles in the vicinity, to Dornburg, Tiefurt, or even to Jena. In those days of the revival of a taste for genuine German literature a passion for literary improvement became the fashion. Goethe held an "Evening Union," where Voss's translation of Homer was read, and where in unconstrained intercourse art was discussed, and his favorite engravings produced, admired, and studied. Again and again do we find the company returning to the study of an Italian landscape, a bust, a coin, or vase. Herder gathered his friends about him for Sunday tea-drinking, and that witty and famous little court lady Fräulein von Göchhausen had a "Day of Friendship," upon which many of the Weimar circle were present. Goethe composed at her house "Paläophron and Neoterpe," while walking up and down and sipping a glass of punch. There were also dinners and teas innumerable, and Goethe often went the rounds of the different houses on the same day.

The house of the Oberstallmeister von Stein still stands facing the park, with orange-trees before it. The Frau von Stein exercised during the first years of Goethe's residence in Weimar the most powerful influence upon his thoughts and literary activity. She inspired many of his finest works; her appreciation became the incentive to embody his thoughts and feelings in a concrete form. For her he wrote *Iphigenie* and poems full of the most passionate feeling. Nearly every day some note of inquiry or remembrance passed between them. This continued until Goethe's return from Italy, when a sundering of the relation occurred, and it is said that he passed her house daily without a look or sign of recognition. Later, a cold and respectful friendship intervened.

The "Green Castle," now the library, stands on the border of the park; its heavy tower, mantled with ivy, was once a part of the city wall. The building contains in its rich and interesting collections a priceless memorial of the most famous days in Weimar history. Many of its manuscripts and statues have a unique value. Even the Royal Library in Berlin, which is acquiring by purchase or legacy so many of the rarest books and literary records of Germany, cannot match some of the possessions of the Weimar library. It contains the wonderful Trippel bust of Goethe, of which Bayard Taylor loved to say that many of its lines are finer than those of the Apollo Belvedere. The Dannecker bust of Schiller was begun by the famous sculptor of the Ariadne, the personal friend of Schiller, before the poet's death, and finished later with "infinite love." Of the delicacy and beauty of this work there can be no question, as I think there can be none that it has been idealized and the proportions greatly changed. David's terrific conception of Goethe as an Olympian, or in a grand frenzy, as when he wrote "Faust," stands colossal and repelling in one corner, and we cannot wonder that Goethe, when he saw it first, expressed his impression of the Frenchman's work with the words, "Curios, curios." Many of the art possessions of the Grand Duke have been added to the library. There is a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, claiming a doubtful authenticity with a romantic story associated with it. It is said to

(*Continued on page* 862.)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIII.—No. 1714.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS *BOB ACRES* IN "THE RIVALS."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 855.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"THE QUIET LIFE."

Certain Verses by Various Hands; the Motive set forth in a Prologue and Epilogue by AUSTIN DOBSON; the whole Adorned with Numerous Drawings by EDWIN A. ABBEY and ALFRED PARSONS. 4to, Leather, Ornamental, Gilt Edges, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

This superb art work contains eighty-three illustrations, interpreting fragments of old British song, together with a contemporary Prologue and Epilogue:

PROLOGUE ..... AUSTIN DOBSON
THE GARDEN ..... ANDREW MARVELL
THE WISH ..... ABRAHAM COWLEY
QUINCE ..... } WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED
THE VICAR ..... }
ODE TO SOLITUDE ..... ALEXANDER POPE
THE MARRIED MAN ..... AUTHOR UNKNOWN
TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD ..... THOMAS RANDOLPH
EPILOGUE ..... AUSTIN DOBSON

Other Works Illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey, alone or in Co-operation with Alfred Parsons or G. H. Boughton, comprise:

OLD SONGS. Illustrated by ABBEY and PARSONS. 4to, Leather, Ornamental, Gilt Edges, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Illustrated by ABBEY and PARSONS. Folio, Leather, Illuminated, Gilt Edges, $20 00. (*In a Box.*)

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK. Illustrated by ABBEY. 4to, Cloth, Illuminated, Gilt Edges, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

SKETCHING RAMBLES IN HOLLAND. By G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. Illustrated by the Author and ABBEY. Square 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $5 00; Gilt Edges, $5 25.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

No. 1714.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE political campaign of the autumn in Massachusetts opened by a speech from President ELIOT, of Harvard, in which he said that although formerly a Republican, he had joined the Democratic party, because he was not a protectionist, because he thought its late administration more favorable to civil service reform than the present Republican administration, and because the Republican party had degraded the pension system, while a Democratic President had tried to restore it to an honorable standing. It was a vigorous, direct, and courageous speech, and produced a great impression. Mr. AUGUSTUS RUSS, a lawyer of eminence in Boston, and a Republican, has written a letter in which he says that he shall vote with neither party this year, and thinks that ten or twenty thousand Republicans ought to join him in administering a rebuke to the party with which he and they have been so long affiliated. It will be said, of course, by the party organs that Mr. RUSS's vote counts exactly one and no more. But that gibe cannot satisfy intelligent Republicans. When old and faithful Republicans who are not office-seekers or politicians, men who give character and weight to the party, are steadily withdrawing from it, like President ELIOT, or refusing to support it, like Mr. RUSS, and when not only is there no corresponding accession to it of men of similar character and intelligence from the Democratic side, but when, on the contrary, young men of strong convictions, of earnest character, and of generous enthusiasm tend to the Democratic rather than to the Republican party, it is not enough merely to say with Senator SHERMAN that "the Republican party is and always has been the party of progress." The simple answer to the Senator is that the attitude of men like President ELIOT, Mr. RUSS, and hundreds of others in Massachusetts alone shows that while Mr. SHERMAN says so, they do not think so.

It is undoubtedly true that the Republican party was "the party of great moral ideas," and that the weight of character and patriotism twenty-five years ago was with it. But it is equally unquestionable that a notable change has occurred, and that the party leadership is not that of LINCOLN, SUMNER, SEWARD, CHASE, and ANDREW, but of very different men, and that the party objects and tone are as signally changed as its leadership. Senators EDMUNDS and HOAR, indeed, are still Republican Senators of the old party character and ability. But when practical leadership —the actual management and direction of the party —is in question, it is not they, but QUAY, CLARKSON, CHANDLER, DUDLEY, INGALLS, PLATT, and MAHONE who appear. Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a conspicuous Republican in New York; Mr. SHERMAN ROGERS is one of the ablest and truest of old-fashioned Republicans. But could it be said that they are truer representatives of the party feeling and tendency and course in that State than Messrs. PLATT and HISCOCK, or that there is a common ground of political principle and practical methods for Messrs. ROGERS and ROOSEVELT and Messrs. PLATT and HISCOCK? The facts which answer such questions are not disposed of by a sweeping generalization that the Republican party is the party of progress. Are President ELIOT, Mr. RUSS, and those who with them have renounced or are renouncing the party name less friendly to progress, to reform, to honest government, than when they were proud of the name?

It is no reply to say that at least Republicans are as good as Democrats, because, generally, like Mr. RUSS, the men of whom we speak, at least out of Massachusetts, are not Democrats, and act and vote independently of party mandates. Mr. EVARTS once compared a choice between parties to a choice between a horse lame in two legs and a horse lame in three. Mr. RUSS says if that is the alternative I will go afoot, and there is a goodly number of pedestrians with him. He says, in a very crisp and conclusive way, that the Republican party and its candidate last year made distinct and definite pledges in regard to the civil service which have been notoriously broken, and he asks in Boston, as Mr. BONAPARTE, another Republican, asks in Baltimore, "Is there any reason why the pledge of a party and the promise of the head of that party should be less sacred than the obligations of men to each other in the ordinary affairs of life?" Is that question answered by saying that the Republican is the party of progress? What are we, the Republican voters, to vote for? asks Mr. RUSS. "Is it solely to perpetuate a dynasty of Republican office-holders?" When he is told that he is not to expect perfection in parties and politicians, Mr. RUSS remarks that when President CLEVELAND yielded as President HARRISON yields to his party spoilsmen, Senator HOAR did not say that perfection was not to be expected, but rebuked him with scathing condemnation. But no Republican Senator scathes President HARRISON. And Mr. RUSS adds, "Let the leaders who dare not rebuke a President who thus violates his obligations feel the disappointment of defeat." He holds that the cause to which the party vowed allegiance "has been betrayed by its leaders." But he thinks that the party is still true, and should chastise its leaders by defeat. If, however, instead of chastising, it commends and supports them, the prospects of "reform within the party" will certainly be dim.

THE PARK AND THE FAIR.

THE General Committee of the great Fair have adopted the report of the Committee on Site and Buildings, and have decided to use Central Park if they wish, and can procure the repeal of the law prohibiting such use. Meanwhile they will use their decision as a menace to neighboring property holders who may demand a high price for their land, and "in a remote contingency the use of the North Meadow might also be deemed necessary for such purposes as would not interfere with its landscape features." It is greatly to be regretted that a proposition which is in itself contrary to a law enacted for the express purpose of preventing such propositions, and which in its very terms shows that the committee is conscious of its essential impropriety, should have been adopted. Its first announcement a month ago produced so strong an expression of disapproval from a very large and intelligent body of citizens and from the press, especially that which is distinctively devoted to the consideration of landscape art and the character and value of public grounds, that it was hoped the project would be so far modified as to place the seizure of any part of the Park beyond question. It was the more to be wished because the precedent of such uses of great public gardens and parks is now to be determined. If after the present general discussion and intelligent protest Central Park is to be perverted to the uses of a great Fair, it can be done only by the repeal of the law, and the repeal will be justly accepted as the final abandonment of all similar public grounds to such purposes.

This is a very serious public question. The treatment of the Battery and of the City Hall Park shows how little clear conception there is of the true value of such reservations, and it is all the more incumbent, therefore, upon those who respect the purpose and influence of a noble public work like the Central Park to withstand in every honorable and reasonable way any attempt to despoil it under any plea of temporary convenience. The prestige and the advantages of a great Fair of the kind proposed are undeniable. But they should not induce intelligent citizens to acquiesce in the prostitution of the Park to purposes wholly foreign to its nature and character. As it stands it is the growth of thirty years of devoted, intelligent, and munificent care directed to the production of a magnificent public pleasure-ground. Nobody questions the inevitable results of now opening it for the uses of a Fair. The cautious, deprecating, hesitating, apologetic tone of the committee; the constant suggestion that perhaps it may not be necessary, that only a little will be probably required, that even if used it will not be seriously or permanently injured—all show that the committee know as well as the opponents of the scheme that it involves results which must be injurious, and which may be fatal. As *Garden and Forest* points out, if there is not public spirit enough to save the Park from partial spoliation, it could not be expected to insist upon its restoration after the precedent of its misuse had been once established.

In its complete and untouched beauty the Park would be an attraction to the multitude of strangers only second to the great Fair itself. But the very part which it is proposed to use is of unequalled charm as an exquisite rural retreat in the centre of a great city. To say that the only alternative is this site including the Park or no Fair is to urge the kind of final alternative with which long experience has made us familiar. "This way or not at all" is the usual reply to arguments which are not answerable. That the area of the Park is not essential for the accommodation of the Fair appears from the report. It says that while the committee wishes to avoid encroaching upon the Park, the cost of land outside, not the necessity of space, may make it necessary. But if it is a question of expense merely, the committee will perceive that to place the whole Fair in the Park would save all cost of land whatever. The committee cannot fairly expect that those who understand the value of a great park in a great city, who appreciate the power of a fatal precedent, and who know that to seize any part of the Park is to imperil the whole, will favor the repeal of the law which now protects the Park from spoliation. Nothing can be done until the repeal, and pending that action the unanimity of local sentiment, which was the first result to secure in order to influence the favor of Congress, is impracticable. So long as the Park is threatened, New York cannot and will not make a united appeal to Congress. It is not a question of indifference to the Fair, but of the final settlement of the principle which is now embodied in the law that Central Park shall not be invaded for purposes wholly foreign to those for which it has been created at enormous cost and unremitting care.

PROGRESS AND THE POST.

UNDER this title the late Postmaster-General DICKINSON contributes an interesting and valuable paper to the *North American Review*. It asserts what his predecessor Mr. JAMES and the late Postmaster PEARSON of New York had felt to be the necessity—and, we believe, had considered a method—of a thorough reorganization of the whole national postal system, in order, as Mr. DICKINSON says, "to suit the entire change in conditions since its organization." When the department was organized the total expenditure was less than ninety thousand dollars a year. For the year ending with the next month of June the gross expenditure is estimated at nearly sixty-seven millions. There will then be about sixty thousand post-offices. The cost of our service is about double that of Great Britain and France combined, exclusive of the cost of their telegraph service. It is twelve to fifteen millions more than that of the German service, including the telegraph. We handle more than double the pieces of mail matter of Germany and France combined, and over a million and a quarter of pieces more than Great Britain. For the year ending last June, not including carrier routes in cities, the length of our mail routes was four hundred and three thousand nine hundred and seventy-six miles, while those of Germany were eighty-six thousand, of Great Britain forty-five thousand, and of France sixty-six thousand miles. For the same period our mail transportation service covered more than two hundred and eighty-seven millions of miles.

These are truly American figures, and so are the eight millions appropriated by Congress for the free delivery service. The post-office is, above all, the people's department, and the record of its annual transactions in the most concise form requires an octavo volume of one thousand pages. It is the department of the greatest possible diffusion and detail of service, yet its supervision is concentrated in the Postmaster-General at Washington. It is a charge so overwhelming that its proper fulfilment deprives that officer of all opportunity for attendance to the higher duties of his office in devising policies and systems of administration, negotiating foreign conventions, aiding Congress in postal legislation, the general supervision of division chiefs, providing for the transportation of great through mails, etc., etc. The necessity of the situation, therefore, is a well-considered distribution of the powers and responsibilities of the post office establishment. This might be arranged upon the basis of territorial divisions, to be adjusted perhaps by the annual money value of postal transactions. The heads of such divisions should reside in their respective districts, and they should have the powers and responsibilities in such districts which are now devolved upon the Postmaster-General, or

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cept such as relate to the more universal interests of the country, which should be reserved expressly for that officer.

Together with this must be considered reformed legislation for carrying the mails, and for the proper exercise of the Congressional authority to establish and control post-roads. The power to prevent competition in carrying the mails would be of little avail without the authority to fix the rates of compensation for carriage, and to require and compel the service of such common carriers as are within the range of the sovereign power of control and regulation. Of the constitutionality of such power there is no question, and of the necessity of its efficient exercise there is no doubt. The proposition of the late Postmaster-General is of the highest importance. It is a subject which in its various aspects has received a great deal of thoughtful attention, of which the paper of Mr. R. H. DANA read at the late meeting of the Reform League is an illustration. When Congress shall address itself to action, which cannot be long deferred, one of the most vital considerations in a system of reorganization will be the method of appointment of the host of postmasters. Public opinion will probably demand in the public interest that such appointments shall be determined by other than partisan considerations and personal favor, and when the post-office ceases to be a huge and omnipresent party machine, the system of appointment which now degrades the service and disgraces the American name will have met its Waterloo.

PROSPECTS OF BALLOT REFORM.

THE nomination of Mr. SAXTON for State Senator in New York secures in the Legislature the presence of the champion of ballot reform, and promises the introduction of a reform bill just as the value of the reformed system has been demonstrated. In Connecticut it is universally agreed that even the modified law of that State was of the greatest service at the late election in securing an honest result. In Iowa both parties have declared for the reform, and in New York the labor unions are beginning to favor it, and it has had no more constant or cogent advocate than HENRY GEORGE. As Senator ALLISON said, in a recent speech in Iowa, ballot reform means "restraints upon fraudulent or compulsory voting." That is a crisp and admirable description of its purpose and scope, and who can be more interested in it than wage-earners of all kinds, whose vote is thus protected from supervision? The Senator asked, "Who is against any and every available method of purifying the ballot?" He did not answer his own question. But the answer is obvious. The great body of trading politicians, and of public and private employers who wish for their own interest to maintain certain policies and secure the election of certain candidates, are resolutely against every available method of purifying the ballot.

The sudden and general extension of the demand for a ballot law to secure the liberty of the voter is one of the most striking signs of the healthy condition of the public mind. The law in various forms has been already passed in many States, and there has been a very general expression of favorable opinion in the party platforms. The chief points of the scheme, as will be remembered, are the public printing and supply of ballots, the secret selection by the voter of the candidates whom he will support, and the inability of "bosses" and "heelers" to know for whom the voter votes. These results are all secured by very simple means, which have been found entirely practicable, and the law thus strikes a deadly blow at the commonest and cheapest form of bribery, that of buying votes at the polls. When the buyer must trust the word of the bought, and has no means of verifying it, he will abandon that form of the trade. He is very simply but completely "dished." An essential condition of the efficiency of the reformed method, of course, is the exclusive use of ballots printed by public authority, and it was at this point that Governor HILL'S veto of the New York bill was naturally directed. Politicians of the Governor's kind are less interested in honest voting than in electing certain men or carrying certain measures, although the honesty of the vote is always the vital consideration in an election.

Even Governor HILL'S Convention, however, in New York, declared for such changes in the election laws "as will more effectually promote the secrecy of the ballot, stop corruption at the polls, and prevent the intimidation of electors." But as such a bill was passed last winter, and vetoed by the Governor, the platform further says that the law must be a "reasonable and practical measure which is free from constitutional and radical defects." Of this freedom the Governor will be the judge. Whatever, therefore, may be the Democratic attitude upon the question elsewhere, he would be a very sanguine citizen in New York who should expect Governor HILL to approve a bill which would rigorously secure honest voting. But should the Republicans carry the Legislature, we trust that Mr. SAXTON will put the Governor to the test.

OHIO POLITICS.

THE political campaign in Ohio this year is an extraordinary exchange of personal charges of dishonesty and other disreputable conduct. This is so fierce that it seems already, and before the election of a Legislature, to have consumed Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD'S chances of an election to the Senate. He has been completely outwitted by superior cunning in his own game of defamation, and after publishing fac-similes of the signature of the Democratic candidate, to prove him worthy of public contempt, and drive him from the canvass, Mr. HALSTEAD has been obliged to confess, which he does in the fullest and manliest way, that the signature is a forgery, and that he has been deceived.

This is the kind of politics which is to be expected in a State where Governor FORAKER sets the political fashions. But it is in vain, except in Senator SHERMAN'S assertion that the Republican is the party of progress, and in Mr. MCKINLEY'S high-tariff arguments, that any proper political allegation or discussion is to be sought in the Ohio campaign, and the Republican Philadelphia *Ledger* says that even Senator SHERMAN raises dead issues. In such a promiscuous tumult the crowning joke is the solemn assertion that every patriotic and sensible man will select his party and stand by it. We think, rather, that he will select honest candidates and stand by them.

AN ELECTION JOKE.

ONE of the amusing episodes of the present political campaign is the resolution of the Harlem Democratic Club, which admirably denounces the abuse of assessing candidates, and in the same admirable strain proceeds:

"This club defrays the election expenses of its candidate for Assembly as a protest against the evil here set forth, and calls upon a self-governing people to sustain a policy so manifestly in their own interest. An accurate account of the expenditure of the sum subscribed by the members of this club for this purpose will be rendered immediately after election day, verified as to every detail, in the hope that the example thus set will hereafter compel similar action from all political organizations. Ballot reform is a recognized necessity. Freedom of elections depends upon the secrecy of the ballot. A law should be passed which will enable the voter to prepare and cast his ballot unwatched and unawed by the 'boss,' the 'heeler,' or the employer. Our candidate, if elected, will insist upon a measure adopted by this club involving this reform."

This is amusing, because the club approves Governor HILL and his State ticket, although it is a very general conviction that Governor HILL is himself the difficulty which is to be reformed. The aims and the methods of the Harlem Democratic Club do not "consist."

A CONSTANT DANGER.

THE late horrible death of the line-man who fell among the electric wires in Chambers Street was a deep disgrace to the city, of which the Mayor showed a just consciousness by his peremptory order to remove the wires which were not properly insulated. This prompt and proper action was met by the companies, which procured an injunction to prevent the removal, and to keep open the chances of sudden and fearful death for the men employed upon the wires as well as of passers in the street. If the laws afford these men and the community no relief from this palpable danger, it is high time that effective legislation upon the subject should be obtained.

But there is another view. An electric light company is not an abstraction. It is an association of citizens, each one of whom knows what a peril to human life these wires in this city have proved to be. Whether such citizens are ignorant of the force with which they undertake to deal, or are incapable of managing it with proper security to the lives of workmen and other citizens, they cannot be blind to the fact that immense and needless suffering has been caused by it within the year. Had proper precautions been taken, the latest tragedy and all the other similar catastrophes would not have occurred. Somebody is responsible for the cruel death of FEEKS. Does not the responsibility lie, not with an abstraction, but with the individuals who resist proper safeguards for the deadly wires?

There was a just public feeling of indignation with the action of the officers of the companies who resisted by an injunction the wholesome order of the Mayor. They urged that it endangered their property. But their property endangers the lives of the people. Men cannot conceal their personal responsibility by hiding it in the name of a company or of a board of officers. The public common-sense, familiar with the facts, justly holds those who resist the proper protection of human life from electric wires morally responsible for such fearful tragedies as the death of FEEKS.

MR. BANCROFT'S "VAN BUREN."

THE financial troubles arising from General JACKSON'S war upon the Bank of the United States and the crash of 1837 produced a peculiar bitterness in the Whig estimate of MARTIN VAN BUREN. In the Whig tradition he was a political fox, a wily intriguer, a plausible and unscrupulous politician without principle, and with no real claim to statesmanship. This view largely prevailed until the publication, about a quarter of a century ago, of VAN BUREN'S *History of the Origin of Parties in the United States*, which showed other qualities than those usually attributed to him. The publication last year of Mr. EDWARD M. SHEPARD'S memoir in the "American Statesmen Series" tended to confirm this impression, which, so far as public ability is concerned, is enhanced by Mr. BANCROFT'S new work upon VAN BUREN'S public career.

Mr. BANCROFT'S work, however, is new only to the public. It was written many years ago, at the request of SILAS WRIGHT, and was seen and approved as to the statement of facts by VAN BUREN himself. It is very brief, but it is the work of an eminent public man, a profound student of history and public affairs, who holds strong and confirmed political principles of the same general character as those of VAN BUREN. The memoir is a lucid sketch of VAN BUREN'S public life, from its beginning in 1809 until the end of his official career in 1841. It represents him as a singularly able, discreet, and unwavering representative and advocate of what are called Jeffersonian principles. He was a leader in defence and support of the war of 1812; he opposed the political power of banks and money; he saved from delay if not defeat the project of the Erie Canal; he led the State Constitutional Convention of 1821 in the extension of the suffrage; in Congress he resisted the tendency to engage in internal improvements by national authority as dangerous and unconstitutional centralization; he was jealous of the extension of judicial authority; and finally, as President, amid unprecedented excitement and general commercial disaster, he found a solution of difficulties in the creation of the Sub-Treasury.

It is the portrait of a very able statesman, of strong convictions, of great information and experience, and of complete self-possession that Mr. BANCROFT draws. He touches very lightly, however, upon VAN BUREN'S relation to the great controversy of slavery, which was not fully developed in his official time, and was superseded by the financial crisis. Had he brought the memoir to the end of VAN BUREN'S life, his biographer would have found it necessary to explain how a statesman who was in full accord with the sentiment of his party upon the subject of slavery until 1848, but then found its position so repugnant to him that he sought its defeat as an antislavery candidate for the Presidency, returned in 1852, '56, and '60 to its support. The book is exceedingly interesting. It is a luminous narrative of a public career perfectly consistent within the limits of official activity, which is the biographer's purpose, and it rescues a President's memory from a belittling tradition.

PERSONAL.

THE right side of the face of Governor GORDON, of Georgia, is badly disfigured by a sabre cut which he received at the battle of Spottsylvania Court-House, where he commanded a brigade under General LEE. The enemy held an important position, and General GORDON was ordered to take it. He led a successful assault, but came out of it with a bad wound.

—The late DAVID CLARK, of Hartford, Connecticut, was well known for his philanthropy. At the time of his death thirteen college students were receiving aid from him, and many religious and charitable institutions were the objects of his generosity. During the war many soldiers and their families were helped by him, and he gave thirty officers the swords they carried.

—A necklace composed of tigers' claws mounted in diamonds is the favorite ornament of Lady MARIE EDE VON AMELINE, the famous tiger huntress. She killed with her own hand the four beasts from whose claws her unique piece of jewelry is made, and preserves their skins as rugs. She is now travelling in America, as is another huntress, Lady EVA WYNDHAM LINN, who claims to have slain six man-eaters during a visit to her uncle, the Governor of Nepaul.

—Wisconsin boasts a whole family of lawyers. The father, mother, and eldest daughter are established practitioners, while the two younger daughters are preparing themselves to be admitted to the bar by taking the law course at the State University. The three girls are all under twenty-one, and are said to be possessed of more than an ordinary share of good looks.

—A Pennsylvanian, JOHN HINTON, who forty years ago was a friendless orphan boy in Westmoreland County, is now one of the most trusted officers in the army of the Ameer of Afghanistan. Having learned the arts of war as a soldier and Indian fighter in this country, and then under the British flag in India, he finally drifted to Afghanistan and became a successful merchant. Then he helped suppress a local rebellion which the Ameer had found dangerous, and that gave him his present prestige.

—Among New York's car-drivers is WILLIAM M. BAIRD, an ex-Speaker of the New Jersey Legislature.

—Fortune-seekers will be interested to learn that Señorita YSABEL EXCHIQUERRN, of Mazatlan, Mexico, daughter of a wealthy Castilian who has made millions in mining, will one of these days inherit at least $25,000,000 from her father's great property. She is seventeen years old and a demi-blonde, while her dresses and diamonds are the envy of her associates.

—Miss KATE FIELD thinks of starting a newspaper in Washington early next year, if her friends are willing to put money into the rather hazardous venture. Her plan is to have a weekly that deals with politics, literature, art, society, business, amusements, etc., in a purely original way, without simply mirroring public opinion.

—A second CHRISTINE NILSSON has appeared, who is also a Norwegian and a singer. While not comparable as yet to her famous namesake, she is said to possess a remarkable voice, which in many respects resembles that of LUCCA.

—Among the valuable jewels of which Madame WYSE BONAPARTE DE RUTE was recently robbed was a pearl valued at $12,500, which had been presented to Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE by the Queen of Spain, at whose court he was ambassador.

—The last of the old stage-drivers who took their stages over the famous old route between Lancaster, New Hampshire, and Portland, Maine, is STEPHEN J. SEAVEY, who is a hale, hearty man yet. He was an excellent type of his class, equally admirable at handling whip and reins and in spinning a yarn. He still delights to give amateurs points in the management of four-in-hands, and boasts of having driven Artemus Ward when he was starting out in the world to seek his fortune as a printer's devil in the office of the Lancaster *Democrat*.

—Mr. GLADSTONE'S large private library, said to be one of the finest in England, serves as a lending library to any one in the neighborhood of Hawarden who chooses to apply for a book. The only rule Mr. GLADSTONE makes is that no borrower shall retain a volume more than a month—a regulation made necessary by a practice some persons observed of keeping books an indefinite length of time.

—At the Exposition Universelle of 1889, held at Paris, the highest award to any author of juvenile books was given to THOMAS W. KNOX, author of the "Boy Traveller Series" and other works for young people.

—Rowing men and canoeists the world over will be sorry to learn that the chief of modern 'Varsity strokes and the father of the cruising canoe are in a critical condition of health. Mr. J. MACGREGOR, captain of the Royal Canoe Club of London, the original Rob Roy of Holy Land and Baltic fame, has not attended a club meeting in twelve months. A private letter from one of his friends informs us that he is suffering from decay of the brain. Dr. S. D. D. DARBISHIRE, the "Bob" Cook of old England, the stroke of the Oxford crew that beat Harvard in 1869, is suffering from a break-down of his nervous system, and his doctor says that nothing can be done for him except to make him take a prolonged rest. Each of these sufferers is in England an accepted exponent and authority in the sport with which their names are identified.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

REAL ESTATE IN NEW YORK.

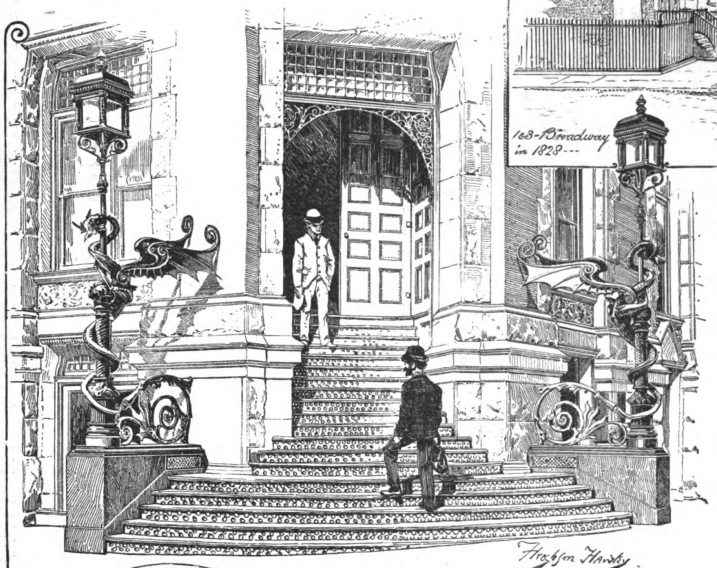
A HISTORY OF VALUES SINCE THE TIMES OF THE DUTCH.

THE increase of real estate values on Manhattan Island since the purchase and settlement by the Dutch is a theme to which the average New-Yorker gives very little thought. Yet its history records such marvellous changes that the transformations effected by Aladdin's lamp are commonplace beside them. The wonder lies not alone in the twelve-story monuments to business necessity that have arisen from the midst of unsightly swamps, nor is it in the stately palaces that rear their heads where barren and rocky hills once kept vigil undisturbed and shunned. A latter-day miracle has been wrought on the land that Peter Minuit bought from the Indians two hundred and sixty years ago for twenty-four dollars. This land, with the improvements upon it, represents to-day a valuation of *fifteen hundred millions of dollars.*

It was in 1626 that Minuit, the first Director-General of the Dutch West India Company, made this thrifty purchase from the Manhattese Indians. The price paid was about two and a half mills an acre, and some of it has recently sold for more than one hundred dollars a square foot. The area of the island at that time was something over ten thousand acres, and this was the extent of the purchase, though the popular belief is that Minuit bought twenty-two thousand acres, and this belief has been fostered by the errors of historians and others who have had occasion to write or speak of the matter. Manhattan Island to-day contains twelve thousand four hundred and thirty-two acres, and of this area over two thousand acres are "filled in" or "made land" along the water-fronts, and reclaimed during the past one hundred years.



168 Broadway in 1829.

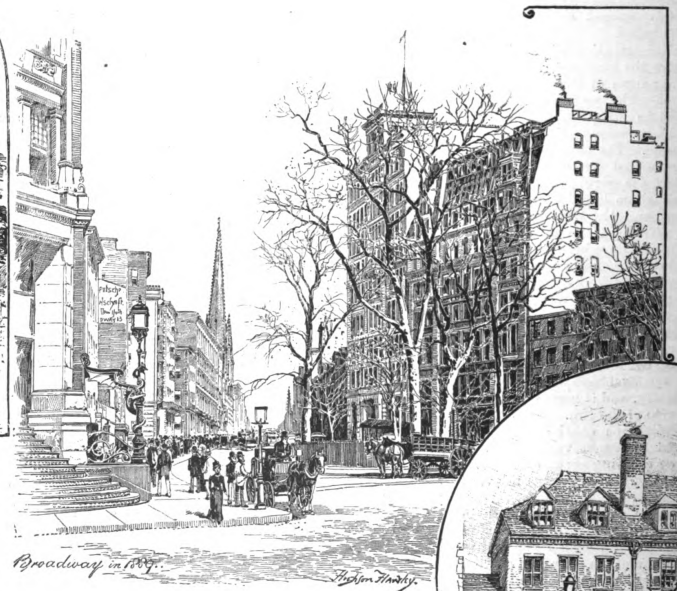


Hopkins Hawley.

The Washington Bldg. main Entrance. N.



View from the Bay.



Broadway in 1857.

Hopkins Hawley.



Atlantic Garden House, 9 Broadway in 1795.

Operations in real estate have been an interesting feature of New York's history for more than two hundred years, and upon going back into the early annals there is much found that is curious as well. Previous to the cession of the New Netherlands to the English there was a peculiar obliviousness of the city's future. Lands that the man of ordinary foresight knew to be prospectively valuable were passed by, and others seized upon that promised nothing but good crops of cabbage. There were some exceptions to this almost universal line of action, but they were all included within a little "ring" that existed in the government of the Dutch West India Company. As early as 1643 lots on the lower part of Broadway between Bowling Green and Wall Street were laid out and granted to officers of the company. These grants were the first on Broadway, and some years elapsed before they were generally built upon. It is very evident that even at this early period the speculative value of property on that street was fully appreciated by this little coterie of Dutchmen, as not more than one or two of the original grantees ever occupied or improved their property, but in after-years sold their holdings, mostly to the English settlers who came in large numbers later in the century, and who, with an eye for beauty as well as comfort, were willing to pay good prices for a desirable dwelling-house site on lower Broadway.

The monopolists of the present day are probably not seeking to excuse their methods upon any plea, but if they wished to quote "custom," they have the facts of history to show that the first material advancement of the city's prosperity was based upon a monopoly. The English Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, caused the enactment of a law which gave to the inhabitants of Manhattan Island the sole right for the "bolting of flour and the making and exportation of sea-biscuit and flour." All other citizens of the Province of New York were prohibited from pursuing these branches of trade under penalty of forfeiture of the contraband articles. The bolting act was passed in the year 1678, and existed until 1694, when it was repealed through the efforts of the provincial anti-monopolists. At the time of the passage of this act the city contained 343 buildings of all kinds, and between the time of its enactment and the repeal 600 houses and other buildings were erected on the island. The revenue from exports and imports increased from £2000 to £6000 per annum. The shipping interest increased more than tenfold. Lands which had heretofore been of little value advanced during this period to ten times their former value. Of the 983 buildings in the city in 1694, the occupants or owners of some 600 of them were directly or indirectly interested in the flour monopoly.

After the English became thoroughly dominant in New York, land for residence purposes begun to assume pronounced valuations, and lots near Bowling Green, along Broadway, Wall, and Pearl streets, were eagerly sought. The Hollander generally kept his store somewhere along the East River water-front, and almost invariably lived in the same building. The Englishman, if he was a merchant, drew a sharp dividing line between shop and house, and maintained it; to him is due the development of the social features of the times. Country-seats within a distance of one to three miles of Bowling Green were just about the proper thing in the early part of last century, and the family cows were pastured on the "commons" below the present City Hall. Farms lay within a stone's-throw of many of the city residences, and the era of speculation in lots had not yet set in, for the industrious farmer could gain greater profit by cultivating his lands, even when within half a mile of the city, than he could gain by selling for building lots.

After the conclusion of the French war and about the year 1765, New York real estate begun to appreciate in value, in many instances advancing one hundred per cent. in five years. Those who had invested in this kind of property earlier accumulated fortunes very rapidly, and were universally regarded as far-sighted characters. Speculation set in, often of the wildest kind, and farming lands all around the suburbs were bought up and laid out into building lots, which sold for perhaps $20 to $50 each. Many suffered in these wild ventures, as others have often since in similar ones, and those who were unable to dispose of their dearly bought lots before the outbreak of the Revolution were mostly but too glad to lose sight of their holdings in the confusion and depression of war-times.

The records of real estate operations in New York are strangely incomplete and unsatisfactory to the searcher for facts in relation thereto. Considering the importance and value of some of the titles of the present day that are curiously defective, it would seem to suggest itself that these titles be perfected by research into the historical archives of the city in private possession, so many of the public records having been lost, destroyed, or mutilated during the mutations that have followed the several changes of government anterior to the evacuation in 1783. In presenting for a comparison of values the properties here mentioned, a careful selection has been made of only such points and locations as are familiar to every New York citizen, and also to the observant stranger who visits the city from time to time. The values attached in the olden time are gathered from public and private records and histories as well; they are in every case authentic and reliable, as the utmost care has been exercised in selecting only such properties as could be definitely located at the periods mentioned. There are many interesting as well as amusing incidents in connection with the various transfers, and a careful study of the examples presented for illustration, which are typical of the real estate history of the whole island, will go far toward convincing the analytical mind that our Knickerbocker forefathers were not the shrewd and far-sighted old fellows they are reputed by tradition to have been; in reality they seem to have been greatly at disadvantage in keenness when the later-coming Englishman and French Huguenot entered into competition with them as real estate operators and owners. Among the large estates of real property that are held intact

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



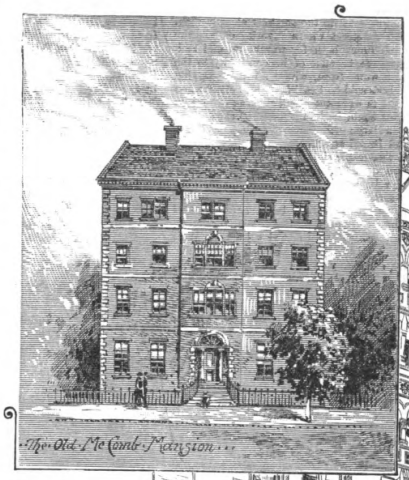
Old Broad Street.

to-day in New York, but very few are owned by lineal descendants of the Dutch emigrants of the seventeenth century. The first transfer of real estate on Manhattan Island in which the consideration is expressed, is on the records of 1643, when a lot on the north side of Bridge Street, between Whitehall and Broad streets, was sold for nine dollars and a half. The size of the lot was 30 by 110 feet, and is worth to-day, unimproved, about $25,000.

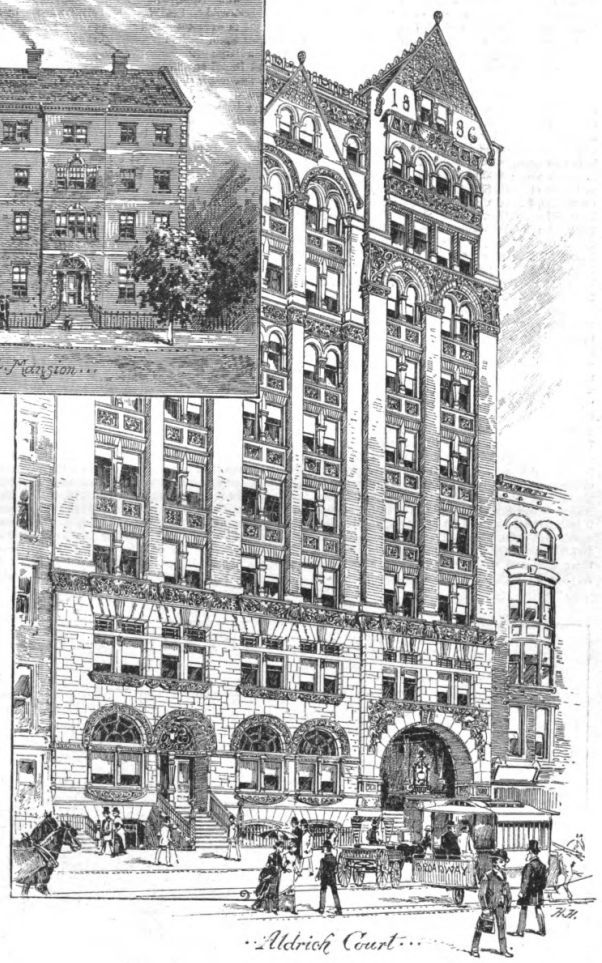
Broadway has, of course, been the most conspicuous street of the city from its earliest history. As stated above, the lands on the lower part of this street were, about 1643, granted to the "insiders" connected with the Dutch West India Company, the first "real estate ring" in the annals of New York. After the middle of last century the principal private residences of the city were along Broadway, and many of them were considered ornaments to the city. In mentioning street numbers, those given are the correct ones of the present. At No. 48, "a fine house with lot," 40 by 120 feet, to Broad Street, was sold in 1699 for $1250—a very extravagant outlay for that period, but the same site is worth to-day $500,000 or more. In 1667 a house and lot, 48 by 85, on the site of the present Borcel Building, was sold for twenty-seven beaver-skins—a recognized currency of the day. These furs were worth about $100; and it is a singular coincidence that beaver-skins were the foundation of the fortune that enabled Mrs. Borcel to erect the million-dollar building on the same site in recent years. She inherited her fortune from John Jacob Astor, her grandfather. In 1700 a house and lot, 100 by 110, sold for $600; now the site of the American Exchange Bank and adjoining buildings, and worth $800,000. In 1703 eleven acres of land north of present Reade Street, running east from Broadway to about Centre Street, sold for $375; present value about $3,000,000. In 1715 a house and lot, northeast corner of Liberty Street, sold for $320; the Williamsburg City Fire-insurance Company now have an investment there of about $400,000. Lot near Liberty Street, 23 by 110, worth $125 in 1716; now worth $125,000. In 1718, between Liberty and Maiden Lane, house and lot, 44 by 115, sold for $187; worth now $400,000. In 1721 a house and lot, 50 by 160, near John Street, $290; worth now $425,000. In 1726 a lot adjoining last property, 24 by 161, sold for $100; it now represents $175,000. In 1732 the northeast corner of Maiden Lane, 25 by 100, brought $300; $200,000 would not purchase it now. In 1737 the southeast corner of Exchange Place, house and lot, 34 by 75, sold for $237; the corner is no doubt worth to its present owner, Mr. Astor, $250,000. In 1745 a lot at southwest corner of Dey Street, 30 by 100, sold for $187; $150,000 would be a fair price for it now. In 1749 a house and lot, 40 by 110, between Liberty and Cortlandt streets brought $875; such a lot is worth $250,000 at present. In 1770 a lot near Dey Street, 25 by 110, brought $950, showing a most decided advance in values; the lot is worth $110,000 now.

At about this period real estate in all parts of the city was on a "boom," and from then on to the Revolutionary era speculation in all classes of property was rampant, and very often wild; fortunes were made in twelve months, and lost as quickly; but many were carefully husbanded by the lucky ones, and have been handed down to the present generation, not only intact, but increased a hundredfold and more. Continuing on Broadway, a record of the sale in 1772 of the northeast corner of Fulton Street, a house and lot, 29 by 70, for $1600; the lot is now covered by the Knox Building, and would readily bring $200,000. In 1773 the southeast corner of Ann Street sold for $595; the lot, 49 by 81, is now covered by the *Herald* building, and is valued as it is at about $600,000. Going back to the Bowling Green, in 1756 we find a sale by Nicholas de Peyster to Archibald Kennedy of a lot 54 feet front on Broadway, and running back to the Hudson River at the present line of Greenwich Street; on this lot was erected the historic mansion later known as No. 1 Broadway. Captain Kennedy paid $1500 for this lot, then undoubtedly the finest residence site in the city. He built his house, and in 1785 it was valued at $10,000; a period of depression had set in subsequent to and in consequence of the Revolutionary war, and values of all kinds were at a low ebb. The site of this house as well as the one adjoining, then the property of John Watts, and also valued at $10,000, are now occupied by the magnificent Washington Building, owned by Cyrus W. Field, and worth about $1,500,000.

In 1790 Chancellor Livingston lived at No. 9 Broadway in a house worth $12,000; the lot is now covered by another building, but which is in itself somewhat ancient, though valued at $150,000. John Stevens's residence was at No. 21, and this house, together with one adjoining, covered the ground now occupied by the Stevens House; the two properties were worth about $15,000; the hotel site is worth $250,000. At 16 lived George Scriba, merchant, in a house worth $6000; now the Wells Building, worth $900,000. At No. 26 was Alexander Hamilton's house, value $10,000; now the Standard Oil Company's building, worth $1,250,000. No. 35 was the elegant house of Dominick Lynch, a merchant and most liberal art patron, value $17,000; now worth $200,000. No. 37, John Lawrence, value in 1790 $12,000; in 1667 lot sold for $160; now worth $200,000. No. 36, Peter Jay Munro, value $8000; now $160,000. At No. 47 was the house of Alexander McComb, the largest and finest in New York; it was occupied in 1790 by President George Washington, who lived there until the seat of government was transferred to Philadelphia; the house was then valued at $25,000. and the site at present is worth about $300,000. No. 59 was the home of General Jacob Morton, worth $12,000; now the Adams Express Building, worth $275,000. No. 67 was Colonel Harry Livingston's house, also valued at $12,000; now a part of the site extending to corner of Rector Street, and worth $800,000; this lot, 55 by 180, sold for $225 in 1685. At No. 34 lived Dr. John



The Old McComb Mansion.



Aldrich Court.



City Hotel. Broadway...1812...

Charlton, in a $10,000 house on a site now worth $150,000. No. 40 was the city home of Philip Livingston of the Manor, and worth then $10,000; now $200,000. John Jay's home was a fine stone mansion at No. 44, worth $17,000; present valuation, $250,000; a house and lot on this site sold for $175 in 1680. No. 54, Thomas Ludlow's house, worth $13,000; now valued at $240,000; a house and lot here brought $875 in 1682. No. 66 was Herman Le Roy's house, $12,000; now worth $275,000. No. 68, J. Ogden Hoffman, value $9000; now $150,000. At the northeast corner of Pine Street lived Mayor Richard Varick, on a property worth $15,000 in 1790; a house and lot, 100 by 110, at this corner brought $875 in 1682; it is now part of the site of the splendid Equitable Building, and worth more than $1,000,000. Coming down to more recent date is found the investment of A. T. Stewart at the corner of Chambers Street in 1848; it represented then a value of about $300,000, and the building now remodelled and somewhat extended is worth over $2,000,000.

Wall Street, between Broadway and Pearl, was second only to Broadway as a desirable place of residence, and by many considered fully equal to that wide thoroughfare. The southeast corner

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Broad Street & Exchange Place about 1800.

of Broad Street was sold in 1700 for $400; in 1789, when the City Hall was remodelled for the accommodation of Congress, and became Federal Hall, this corner was purchased by the city authorities for $1850, and the "watch-house," or police head-quarters, there established. It was so used until the present City Hall was completed in 1809, and in 1816 was sold to Peter Bortsell for $11,300. The property, now occupied by Drexel, Morgan, & Co., is worth fully $1,500,000. In 1718 a lot, 88 by 124, on north side of Wall Street above Nassau was purchased by the First Presbyterian Church Society, and they there erected their house of worship; the price paid was $875, and the site is now occupied by the Stevens Building, worth $1,000,000. In 1721 Samuel Bayard sold to Gabriel Thompson the lot at 46 Wall Street for $300; in 1790 Thomas Buchanan lived there, and it was valued at $12,000; it is now occupied by the Bank of America, and is worth about $600,000. The following were residents of Wall Street in 1790: No. 6, James Constable, $15,000, now $400,000; No. 7, William Edgar, $12,000, now St. Nicholas Bank, $250,000; No. 10, William Denning, $8000, now the Astor Building, $500,000; No. 40, Abraham Duryee, $8000, now $550,000; No. 41, William Jauncey, $8000, now $450,000; No. 42, Unknown, $8000, now $550,000; No. 45, Edward Livingston, $9000, now $600,000.

Broad Street, from Wall to Beaver, was lined with houses on both sides in the early days of the republic, but many of them were relics of the Dutch-English era when the middle of the street was a big open ditch or watercourse running up to the corner of Exchange Place. In 1672 the southeast corner of Exchange Place, including "house, lot, and orchard," was sold for $400; the corner lot alone is now worth $150,000. In 1699 a house and lot near Beaver Street, 24 by 175, brought $500, and in 1733 the same property sold for $1025; it is now worth $75,000. In 1706 the house and lot on the northeast corner of Exchange Place brought $325; it is now occupied by the Mills Building, valued at $2,000,000. No. 24 Broad Street was sold in 1743 for $500; it included a house and lot 26 by 96, and is now worth $150,000. Nos. 32 and 34 were worth $17,000 in 1790; the Johnston Building is there now, and would readily bring $600,000. At Nos. 50 and 52 the fine establishment of Nicholas Cruger stood in 1790, and valued at $14,000; the present worth is about $150,000.

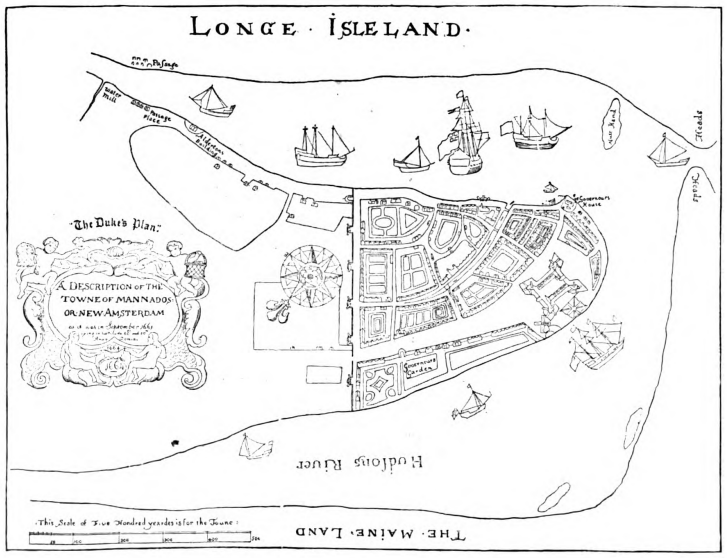
Values on Pearl Street show no such proportion of increase as do the sections already mentioned. This street was a favorite one in the early Dutch times both for warehouse and residence purposes, because of its contiguity to the East River water-front, where all the shipping tied up. Lots sold on Pearl Street for $200 when Broadway lots were not worth $50, and those on Wall Street could be had almost for the asking. In 1699 a large warehouse fronting on Pearl, Stone, and Broad streets was sold for $1300; it was a very desirable site, right on the water-front, which was then at Pearl Street; this property would now be worth about $80,000. In 1688 a house and lot near Whitehall Street brought $200; now worth $35,000. In 1657 two hundred feet at the corner of Wall Street sold for $100; now worth $250,000. In 1681 a lot near Wall Street, 48 by 148, $100; now worth $40,000. In 1717 a lot near Beekman Street, 25 by 200, brought $100; in 1738 same lot sold for $200; in 1745 sold again for $375; now worth $30,000. In 1720 a house and lot on Franklin Square, 30 by 223, sold for $250; now worth $45,000. In 1790 Robert Watts lived on Pearl, near Whitehall, in a house worth $7,000; $35,000 would be the value to-day. William Walton lived in an elegant mansion on Franklin Square in 1790. It was worth then $15,000, and the location to-day is valued at $75,000. The Osgood House was at Franklin Square and Cherry Street in 1790. It was a fine house, and the first Executive Mansion of the United States. The value then was about $12,000, and the site is now occupied by the Brooklyn Bridge. In 1672 seven acres, extending from corner of Franklin Square and Cherry Street north and east to the river, sold for $64. In 1713 about one-half of this property, embracing the high ground at the junction of the two streets mentioned, sold for $125, and in 1717 again for $400. It was then cut up into lots and sold: in 1719 on Cherry Street, 50 by 130, $150; in 1720 on Pearl Street, 50 by 202, $750; in 1764 four lots on river-front, 100 by 100, for $1250. In 1734 Jacobus Roosevelt purchased from the corporation the tract of land then and now known as "the Swamp." He paid for it $500, or an average of about $10 per lot of 25 by 100. The lots were divided up, and sold to a number of tanners, and the section is still the head-quarters of the leather trade of New York. The lots that Roosevelt bought for $10 are now worth from $5000 to $15,000 each. In 1736 eighteen lots fronting on Pearl, Hague, and Jacob streets sold for $575, or about $32 per lot. In 1743 the corner of Ferry and Jacob streets, 25 by 120, sold for $50. In 1746 a lot on Ferry, near Gold, 25 by 68, brought $80.

At the corner of Whitehall and Stone streets,



No. 2 Broadway 1798. cor. Manefield Street

in 1790, Brockholst Livingston lived in a large stone house worth $14,000; the property now, covered by a big office building, would bring over $300,000. The northwest corner of Beaver and New streets was sold in 1683 for $75; it is now worth $160,000. No. 13 William Street in 1790 was the residence of John Oothout, and worth $8000; it is now valued at $175,000. Southeast corner of Exchange Place and William Street sold for $625 in 1685, 37 by 145; now worth about $200,000. In 1714 a lot on William Street near Fulton, 25 by 100, sold for $63; in 1767 it brought $825, and is now worth about $30,000. In 1746 the southwest corner of William and Spruce streets, 42 by 102, sold for $184; it is worth $60,000 now. A lot on Gold Street, near Maiden Lane, 26 by 104, sold in 1759 for $250; now worth $25,000. In 1700 the house and lot No. 11 Nassau Street sold for $190, and now worth $150,000. The former site of the Middle Dutch Church, on Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty streets, 200 by 200, was bought in 1702 for $750; the palatial building of the Mutual Life-insurance Company is now located on the site, and worth $2,000,000. A lot, 25 by 80, on Nassau Street near Maiden Lane was worth $60 in 1718; now valued at $30,000. The southwest corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, 115 by 128, sold for $1250 in 1748; this corner to-day is worth $275,000. No. 3 Park Row was thought worth $2000 in 1796; it is now thought well



of at $80,000. In the same year Nos. 11, 13, 15, 17 Park Row were valued at $1500; $400,000 would not buy them now. Nos. 29 to 37 Park Row were collectively appraised at $3200 in 1796; they would be cheap at half a million dollars in 1889. In 1749 the house and lot, 50 by 110, at corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street sold for $750; this same corner, on which the new *World* building is to be erected, is said to have cost Mr. Pulitzer over $500,000 recently. A lot on Park Row (late Chatham Street), 59 by 180, through to William Street, was worth $1000 in 1762; it is worth $90,000 now. In 1706 Captain William Kidd, of piratical fame, bought a lot, 75 by 80, on Pine Street below Nassau, and built him a house; he paid $180 for the lot, and if he could have sold it then for what it is worth now, $200,000, he would probably have remained a respectable and law-abiding citizen.

In 1761 a lot on Pine, near Broadway, 20 by 66, sold for $500; it would bring $60,000 to-day for building purposes. On Cedar, near Broadway, a lot, 25 by 69, sold for $140 in 1743; it is well worth $50,000 now. In 1732 the triangular piece of land at Maiden Lane, William, and Liberty streets was deeded to Alderman Rip Van Dam by the city for the nominal sum of ten shillings, on the ground that the land "was of little or no use to anybody"; Mr. Van Dam's little purchase is worth to-day about $175,000. Where the Real Estate Exchange now stands on Liberty Street is a lot, 75 by 88, that sold in 1699 for $225; it is worth now more than $500,000. In 1743 a lot, 40 by 80, on Liberty, between Broadway and Nassau, was worth $175; value now about $90,000. On Maiden Lane, near Broadway, a lot, 82 by 110, brought $120 in 1700, and is now worth $30,000. Another lot on the same street, near to Pearl, 25 by 132, sold for $250 in 1717, and again for $700 in 1729; it would sell readily for $40,000 at present. In 1740 the northwest corner of Maiden Lane and Nassau, 60 by 179, sold for $475; it is easily worth $250,000 now. On Fulton Street, between Broadway and Nassau, a lot, 23 by 117, brought $285 in 1758; it would be a good purchase at $60,000 now. The lot at northwest corner of Beekman and Cliff streets, 125 by 110, was purchased as a site for St. George's Church in 1748 for $1650; that corner and the improvements are now worth over $300,000. In 1737 a lot on Cortlandt Street, near Broadway, 25 by 126, sold for $85; $60,000 might now buy it. A lot on Dey Street, near Broadway, 37 by 85, was worth $187 in 1747, it is at this time worth $50,000. At the corner of Barclay and Greenwich streets, in 1750, were the house and grounds of Philip Rhinelander, worth $10,000; the one corner lot of this property is worth to-day about $40,000.

About the year 1682 the Rutgers family began to accumulate real estate by the purchase of twenty-eight acres of land near the present Chatham Square for $300; in 1790 this property was valued at $20,000, including the family mansion on the river shore; its boundary lines on the city map of to-day are Catharine, Division, and Montgomery streets and the East River. The estate is maintained intact by the present heirs, although nearly all held on leaseholds by the many house owners, and is to-day worth millions of dollars. Dominie de Riemers, of the Dutch Church, died about 1725, leaving an estate of seventy acres of land adjoining the Rutgers farm on the north. His executor sold this property to young Anthony Rutgers for $2750. Anthony's father remonstrated against the completion of the sale, insisting that his young son had been duped, and the executor was prevailed upon to take back the seventy acres, which he shortly after sold to James de Lancey for $3500.

These acres that De Lancey bought comprised the whole of that part of the city bounded by Division and Stanton streets, Bowery, and the East River. The name of Division Street was derived from the circumstance that it was the dividing line between the Rutgers and De Lancey farms. After the Revolution the De Lancey property was confiscated under an attainder pronounced by Congress against Chief-Justice De Lancey, who had espoused the Royalist cause during the struggle.

"Syndicates" for trading purposes are supposed to be a recent innovation in business methods, yet here is one organized in 1771 for the purchase of real estate, and probably the first in the business history of the country. The syndicate consisted of seven men—Theodorus Bache, Philip Livingston, Isaac Roosevelt, Richard Sharp, Thomas Marston, Gabriel Ludlow and

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Levinus Clarkson. They bought four hundred lots from the Bayard estate at an average price of $61 per lot, which was a very high figure for the times. The city was excited over the real estate "boom" that had maintained itself for nearly five years previous to this date—1771—and, as far as comported with the dignity of the times, there was something very like a modern "town lot craze." Though this excitement continued up to the commencement of the Revolution, it is said the syndicate held their lots at too high a figure, and found themselves "stuck" when the war broke out.

The Stuyvesant farms extended from a point at Fifth Street and the Bowery, north to Twenty-first Street and Third Avenue, and all the land east of this line to the East River; it comprised about ninety city blocks, and was worth about $60,000 in 1790, this figure including the two residences of Nicholas William and Peter Gerard Stuyvesant. The property was originally granted by Governor Peter Stuyvesant to himself as citizen Peter Stuyvesant, of New Amsterdam. Most of it has been sold from time to time, and what is left of the original estate is in the possession of the Fish, Winthrop, and Rutherford families. The "Kip's Bay Farm" extended from Twenty-fifth to Thirty-seventh streets, and from Third Avenue to the East River; it was worth in 1790, including the residence of Samuel Kip, $12,000, and comprised about twenty-six blocks. In 1811 the corporation purchased six acres of this property at $3500 an acre, on which the almshouse was afterward erected. The "Turtle Bay Farm" was located, in 1790, between Thirty-eighth and Forty-eight streets, Third Avenue and East River; it contained about eighteen city blocks, and was worth, with residence of Francis B. Winthrop, $8000. On the west side of Third Avenue, opposite the Winthrop farm and extending over nearly to Fifth Avenue, was the farm of Thomas Buchanan, a family connection of the Winthrops; it consisted of about twenty-four blocks, and was worth, in 1790, with house, $10,000. The "Spring Valley Farm," belonging to Jacob Arden, ran from Fifty-third to Fifty-seventh streets, and from Third Avenue to the East River; it contained about twelve acres, and was valued, with farm-house, at $5000; the old house is still standing at the foot of East Fifty-second Street, on the river-bank, and is still in good condition. The "Beekman Hill" property lay between the Winthrop and Arden farms, and comprised about fifteen acres, with the historic Beekman mansion that stood on the high bluff at the foot of East Fifty-first Street; the estate was valued at $15,000, including the mansion, which was one of the finest of the suburban residences, and only demolished about twenty years ago. The old stone mansion situated high above the street grade on East Sixty-first, near First Avenue, was formerly the centre of an estate of thirty acres belonging to Colonel William S. Smith, the son-in-law of President John Adams; the property was valued in 1800 at $20,000, and was purchased in 1823 by Alderman Jeremiah Towle, whose family still reside there, including Park Commissioner Stevenson Towle.

The records of old-time values of suburban property on the west side of the city commence with the purchase, in 1726, by Anthony Rutgers of twenty-five acres lying between Broadway and West Broadway, Reade and Canal streets. In the records of 1773 there is found a sale of a lot 90 by 105, fronting on Broadway, for $575 to the New York Hospital Society, giving them a Broadway entrance to their grounds already purchased from the heirs of Anthony Rutgers. The home of Aaron Burr, known as Richmond Hill, in 1795 was worth $9000; it was located near the present corner of Varick and Charlton streets, and surrounded by about fifteen acres of land extending to the Hudson River shore. The old estate of Sir Peter Warren originally comprised nearly the whole of the present Ninth Ward and a part of the Sixteenth Ward. Governor George Clinton had his country-seat on a part of this estate in 1790; it was located at about the present corner of Ninth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, comprising some fifteen acres to the river shore, and worth at that date $10,000. This establishment in later years was the home of the unfortunate brother of the late William B. Astor. John Ireland also had his country home on part of the Warren estate; he owned about twelve acres running west from the present Abingdon Square to the Hudson; this parcel, including the residence, was valued at $5000 in 1790. That part of the old estate that was in late years known as the Van Nest property, and located at Bleecker, Charles, and Fourth streets, was estimated to be worth $30,000 in 1790; its exact area cannot be definitely learned at this day, but it included the old mansion and many blocks around the present Van Nest Place, where the house stood. The Henry Spingler farm in 1790 contained about twenty-two acres, and was worth $10,000; it extended from about the line of Fourth Avenue west nearly to Sixth Avenue, and from Thirteenth to Seventeenth streets, including a part of the present Union Square. Its present value can be approximately estimated from the basis of an average price for each of the lots, 25 by 100, of about $45,000. Of all the suburban estates here mentioned, that of John Horn represents the greatest increase of value during the past one hundred years. This property in 1790 bordered along the present Madison Square on the west from Twenty-second to Twenty-sixth streets, and comprised about twenty acres, valued then at $8000. The ground is covered in part now by such structures as the Fifth Avenue, Albemarle, Hoffman, St. James, and Victoria hotels, Delmonico's, the Masonic Temple, and the many business palaces on Twenty-third Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues; it represents a value far beyond definite computation, but amounts to many millions of dollars. "Rose Hill Farm," part of the Watts estate, in 1790 was valued at $5000, and extended from about Twenty-second to Twenty-eighth streets and from Third Avenue to Madison, taking in part of Madison Square; it represents a very large total on the tax lists of to-day, but nothing like the enormous appraisement the Horn property would make.

The Clarke estate comprised that portion of the city once familiarly known as Chelsea, a large part of which is now known as the Bishop Moore estate. It extended from Twentieth to Twenty-eighth streets, and from Eighth to Tenth avenues, the latter then being on the river-front. The Clarke estate as a whole was valued at $20,000 in 1790, and included a very fine old mansion that stood on a high hill on Twenty-third Street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues. This mansion, together with the lower and most valuable portion of the estate, came into the possession of Bishop Samuel Moore, of the Episcopal Church, through his marriage into the Clarke family, and descended to his son, Dr. Clement C. Moore, one time President of Columbia College. On one part of the estate stand the extensive buildings of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, established by the munificence of the Moores, father and son. The balance of the Moore portion is largely held on leasehold by the house owners on the line of the different streets embraced in the property.

About where the homes of the Astors and that of the late Alexander T. Stewart now present their majestic proportions, there stood, in 1790, the suburban retreat of John Thompson, an eminent city merchant of his day. This estate embodied some twenty acres on either side of the present Fifth Avenue, between Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh streets, and was assessed at $8500. The lots are worth to-day on an average about $60,000 each, size 25 by 100. Samuel L. Norton in 1790 maintained a summer establishment on the Bloomingdale Road, now Broadway, between Thirty-sixth and Forty-first streets. He had about eighteen acres of land, which, with the house, were reckoned to be worth about $10,000. The $2,000,000 Metropolitan Opera-house is now located on the edge of Norton's farm.

The most active increase of values in recent years for strictly residence sites has been in that section north of Fifty-ninth Street and west of Central Park. One hundred years ago this land was occupied by farms and country-seats, and $50 an acre was a fair average price for any portion of it; in fact, the assessments for taxation were about on that basis, as the records show that pertain to the Harsen, Vandenheuvel, Somerindyke, and Apthorpe properties, all of which were contemporary with that period. In 1810 these lands were worth $200 an acre, and in 1825, $400. At this day the lots are worth from $15,000 each on the cross-streets to $50,000 for twenty-five-foot corner lots on Seventy-second Street and the Riverside Drive.

The history of real estate operations in Harlem is but a repetition of that here told; the increase of values has been in like proportion, though of course in smaller aggregate. It may interest the Harlemite to know that the first recorded sale of real estate in that village took place in 1647, when two hundred acres of land north and east of "Snake Hill," now Mount Morris Park, sold for two hundred dollars.

SCOTT THOMPSON.

JEFFERSON.

FIFTY years from now the historian of the American stage, if he should be asked to name the actor of this period who was most beloved by the people of this generation, will answer that it was Joseph Jefferson. Other actors of our time are famous, and they possess in various degrees the affection of the public. Mr. Jefferson is not only renowned, but universally beloved. To state the cause of this effect is at once to explain his acting and to do it the honor to which it is entitled. That cause can be stated in a single sentence. Mr. Jefferson is at once a poetic and a human actor, and he is thus able to charm all minds and to win all hearts. His success, therefore, is especially important not to himself alone, but to the people.

Public taste is twofold. It has a surface liking, and it has a deep, instinctive, natural preference. The former is alert, capricious, incessant, and continually passes from fancy to fancy. It scarcely knows what it wants, except that it wants excitement and change. Those persons in the dramatic world who make a point to address it are experimental speculators, whose one and only object is personal gain, and who are willing and ready to furnish any sort of entertainment that they think will please a passing caprice, and thereby turn a penny for themselves. To judge the public entirely by this surface liking is to find the public what Tennyson once called it—a many-headed beast. With that animal every paltry and noxious thing can be made for a time to flourish; and this fact leads observers who do not carefully look beneath the surface to conclude that the public is always wrong. But the deep preference of the public comes into the question, and observers who are able to see and to consider that factor presently perceive that the artist, whether actor or otherwise, who gives to the public, not what it says it wants, but what it ought to have, is in the long-run the victor. The deep preference is for the good thing, the real thing, the right. It is not intelligent. It does not go with thinking and reasoning. It does not pretend to have grounds of belief. It simply responds. But upon the stage the actor who is able to reach it is omnipotent. Mr. Jefferson conspicuously is the actor who appeals to the deep, instinctive, natural preference of humanity, and who reaches it, arouses it, and satisfies it. Throughout the whole of his career, which has been a large one—(he was born in 1829, February 20th; he went on the stage when he was four years old; he has been in continual practice of his art ever since; and he has played more than one hundred parts)—he has addressed the nobler soul of humanity, and given to the people what they ought to have; and the actor who is really able to do this naturally conquers everything. It is not a matter of artifice and simulation; it is a matter of being genuine, of being the real article, and not a sham.

Still further, Mr. Jefferson has aroused and touched and satisfied the feelings of the people, not by attempting to interpret literature, but by being an actor. An actor is a man who acts. He may be an uneducated man, deficient in learning and in mental discipline, and yet a fine actor. The people care not at all for literature. They do not read it, and they know nothing about it, until it is brought home to their hearts by some great interpreter of it. What they do know is action. They can see and they can feel, and the actor who makes them see and feel can do anything with them that he pleases. It is his great privilege and his great responsibility. Mr. Jefferson is one of those artists (and they are few) who depend for their effects not upon what authors have written, but upon impersonation. He takes great liberties with the text. It would not perhaps be saying too much to say that he does not primarily heed the text at all. He is an actor; and speaking with reference to him and to others like him, it would perhaps be well if those persons who write criticisms upon the stage would come to a definite conclusion upon this point, and finally understand that an actor must produce his effects on the instant by something that he does and is, and not by rhetoric and elocution, and therefore that he should not be expected to repeat every word of every part, or to be a translator of somebody else, but that he must be himself. If we want the text of Shakespeare or Sheridan, for example, we can stop at home and read it. What we want of the actor is that he should give himself, and the true actor does give himself. The play is the medium. A man who plays Romeo must embody, impersonate, express, convey, and make evident what he knows and feels about love. He need not trouble himself about Shakespeare. That great poet will continue to survive; while if Romeo, being ever so correct, bores the house, Romeo will be damned. Mr. Jefferson is the actor who invariably produces effect, and he produces it by impersonation, and by impersonation that is poetic and human.

At the moment of this writing Mr. Jefferson is acting at the Star Theatre, New York, in the part of Acres, in Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*, and a portrait of him in this character appears elsewhere in this journal. His performance of Acres conspicuously exemplifies the principles that have been stated here. He has not hesitated to alter the comedy of *The Rivals*, and in his alteration of it he has improved it. Acres has been made a better part for an actor, and a more significant and sympathetic part for an audience. You could not care for Acres if he were played exactly as he is written. You might laugh at him, and probably would, but he would never touch your feelings. Mr. Jefferson embodies him in such a way that he often makes you feel like laughing and crying at the same moment, and that you end with loving the character, and storing it in your memory with such cherished comrades of the fancy as Mark Tapley and Uncle Toby. There is but little human nature in Acres as Sheridan has drawn him, and what there is of human nature is coarse; but as embodied by Mr. Jefferson, while he never ceases to be comically absurd, he becomes fine and sweet, and wins sympathy and inspires affection, and every spectator is glad to have seen him and to remember him. It is not possible to take this sort of liberty with every author. You can do it but very seldom with Shakespeare; never in any but his juvenile plays. But there are authors who can be much improved by this process, and Sheridan in *The Rivals* (not in *The School for Scandal*) is one of them. And anyway, since it ought to be felt, known, understood, and practically admitted that an actor is something more than a telegraph wire, that his personal faculty and testimony enter into the matter of embodiment and expression, Mr. Jefferson's rare excellence and great success as Acres should teach a valuable lesson, correcting that pernicious habit of the critical mind which measures an actor by the printed text of a play-book and by the hide-bound traditions of custom on the stage. Mr. Jefferson knew much hardship in his youth, but he has had a royal plenitude of success, ranging over a period of twenty-five years, chiefly with the part of Rip Van Winkle (though he has also often within that time acted Caleb Plummer, Bob Brierly, Dr. Pangloss, Dr. Ollapod, Mr. Golightly, and Hugh de Bras); but the reason of this success cannot be found in conventional adherence to stage customs and critical standards.

Mr. Jefferson has gained his great power over the people—of which his great fame is the shadow—simply by giving himself in his art—his own rich and splendid nature and the crystalled conclusions of his own experience. As an artist, when it comes to execution, he leaves nothing to chance. The most seemingly artless of his proceedings is absolutely defined in advance, and never is what ignorant people call impulsive and spontaneous. But his temperament is free, fluent, opulent, and infinitely tender; and when the whole man is aroused, this flows into the moulds of literary and dramatic art, and glorifies them. When you are looking at Mr. Jefferson as Acres in the duel scene in *The Rivals*, you laugh at him, but almost you laugh through your tears. When you see Mr. Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle confronting the ghosts on the lonely mountain-top at midnight, you see a display of imaginative personality quite as high as that of Hamlet in tremulous sensibility to supernatural influence, although, of course, wholly apart from Hamlet in altitude of intellect and in anguish of experience. The poetry of the impersonation, though, is entirely consonant with Hamlet, and this is the secret of Mr. Jefferson's exceptional hold upon the heart and the imagination of his time. The public taste does not ask Mr. Jefferson to trifle with his art. Its deep, spontaneous, natural preference feels that he is a great actor, and so yields to his power, and enjoys his charm, and is all the time improved and made fitter to enjoy it. This season Mr. Jefferson's alliance with William J. Florence, who plays Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and who is one of the few entirely accomplished and versatile actors upon the stage (with a range of parts reaching from Fra Diavolo to Obenreizer, and from the Irish Emigrant to Captain Cuttle and Bardwell Slote), augments the public interest in his enterprise. Mrs. John Drew is also with him—the most superbly truthful Mrs. Malaprop of the present theatrical age. The dear and venerable name of John Gilbert was also to have been written beside those of Jefferson and his distinguished allies, but death has quenched that serene and lovely light. In Jefferson by himself, however, the public sees the true and sufficient representative type of the actor. He has reached as great a height as it is possible to reach in that profession. He could if he chose play greater parts than he has ever attempted; he could not give a better exemplification than he gives in his chosen and customary achievement of all that is distinctive, beautiful, and beneficent in the art of the actor.

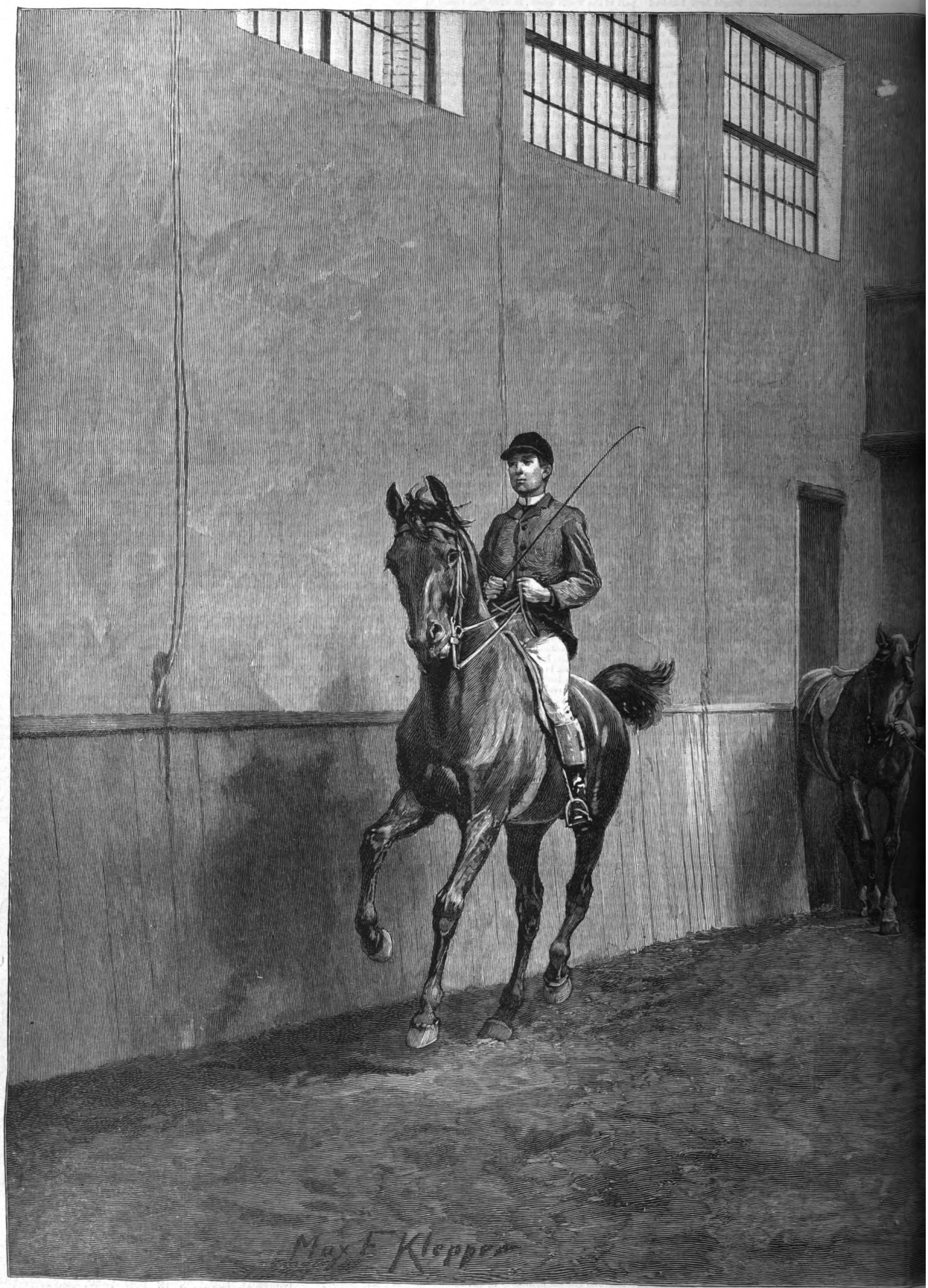
WILLIAM WINTER.



POLITICAL EQUATION IN NEW YORK.

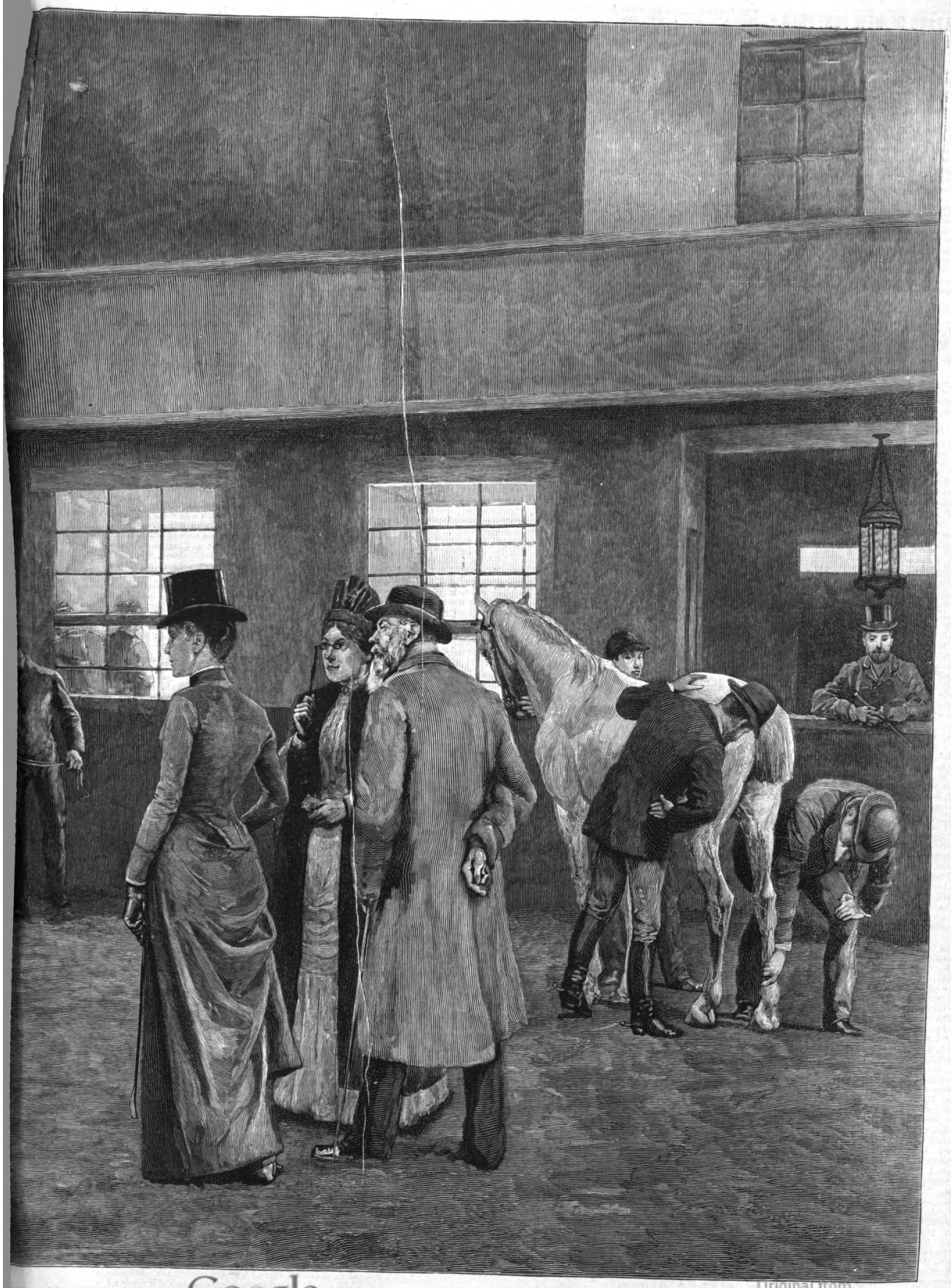
"Dave" = Democracy, and "Tom" = Republicanism, and why should not "Dave" and "Tom" fight it out between themselves?

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SELECTING A SADDLE-HORSE.—D

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



N BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 850.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

X.

In spite of the experience of the whole race from time immemorial, when death comes to any one we know we helplessly regard it as an incident of life, which will presently go on as before. Perhaps this is an instinctive perception of the truth that it does go on somewhere; but we have a sense of death as absolutely the end even for earth, only if it relates to some one remote or indifferent to us. March tried to project Lindau to the necessary distance from himself in order to realize the fact in his case, but he could not, though the man with whom his youth had been associated in a poetic friendship had not actually re-entered the region of his affection to the same degree, or in any like degree. The changed conditions forbade that. He had a soreness of heart concerning him; but he could not make sure whether this soreness was grief for his death, or remorse for his own uncandor with him about Dryfoos, or a foreboding of that accounting with his conscience which he knew his wife would now exact of him down to the last minutest particular of their joint and several behavior toward Lindau ever since they had met him in New York.

He felt something knock against his shoulder, and he looked up to have his hat struck from his head by a horse's nose. He saw the horse put his foot on the hat, and he reflected, "Now it will always look like an accordion," and he heard the horse's driver address him some sarcasms before he could fully awaken to the situation. He was standing bareheaded in the middle of Fifth Avenue, and blocking the tide of carriages flowing in either direction. Among the faces put out of the carriage windows he saw that of Dryfoos looking from a coupé. The old man knew him, and said, "Jump in here, Mr. March;" and March, who had mechanically picked up his hat, and was thinking, "Now I shall have to tell Isabel about this at once, and she will never trust me on the street again without her," mechanically obeyed. Her confidence in him had been undermined by his being so near Conrad when he was shot; and it went through his mind that he would get Dryfoos to drive him to a hatter's, where he could buy a new hat, and not be obliged to confess his narrow escape to his wife till the incident was some days old and she could bear it better. It quite drove Lindau's death out of his mind for the moment; and when Dryfoos said if he was going home he would drive up to the first cross-street and turn back with him, March said he would be glad if he would take him to a hat-store. The old man put his head out again and told the driver to take them to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "There's a hat-store around there somewhere, seems to me," he said; and they talked of March's accident as well as they could in the rattle and clatter of the street till they reached the place. March got his hat, passing a joke with the hatter about the impossibility of pressing his old hat over again, and came out to thank Dryfoos and take leave of him.

"If you ain't in any great hurry," the old man said, "I wish you'd get in here a minute. I'd like to have a little talk with you."

"Oh, certainly," said March, and he thought: "It's coming now about what he intends to do with *Every Other Week*. Well, I might as well have all the misery at once and have it over."

Dryfoos called up to his driver, who bent his head down sidewise to listen: "Go over there on Madison Avenue, onto that asphalt, and keep drivin' up and down till I stop you. I can't hear myself think on these pavements," he said to March. But after they got upon the asphalt, and began smoothly rolling over it, he seemed in no haste to begin. At last he said, "I wanted to talk with you about that—that Dutchman that was at my dinner—Lindau," and March's heart gave a jump with wonder whether he could have already heard of Lindau's death; but in an instant he perceived that this was impossible. "I been talkin' with Fulkerson about him, and he says they had to take the balance of his arm off."

March nodded; it seemed to him he could not speak. He could not make out from the close face of the old man anything of his motive. It was set, but set as a piece of broken mechanism is when it has lost the power to relax itself. There was no other history in it of what the man had passed through in his son's death.

"I don't know," Dryfoos resumed, looking aside at the cloth window-strap, which he kept fingering, "as you quite understood what made me the maddest. I didn't tell him I could talk Dutch, because I can't keep it up with a regular German; but my father was Pennsylvany Dutch, and I could understand what he was saying to you about me. I know I had no business to understood it, after I let him think I couldn't; but I did, and I didn't like very well to have a man callin' me a traitor and a tyrant at my own table. Well, I look at it differently now, and I reckon I had better have tried to put up with it; and I would, if I could have known—" He stopped, with a quivering lip, and then went on: "Then, again, I didn't like his talkin' that paternalism of his. I always heard it was the worst kind of thing for the country; I was brought up to think the best government was the one that governs the least; and I didn't want to hear that kind of talk from a man that was livin' on my money. I couldn't bear it from him. Or I thought I couldn't before—before—" He stopped again, and gulped. "I reckon now there ain't anything I couldn't bear."

March was moved by the blent words and the mute state forward with which they ended.

"Mr. Dryfoos, I didn't know that you understood Lindau's German, or I shouldn't have allowed him—he wouldn't have allowed himself—to go on. He wouldn't have knowingly abused his position of guest to censure you, no matter how much he condemned you."

"I don't care for it now," said Dryfoos. "It's all past and gone, as far as I'm concerned; but I wanted you to see that I wasn't tryin' to punish him for his opinions, as you said."

"No; I see now," March assented, though he thought his position still justified. "I wish—"

"I don't know as I understand much about his opinions, anyway; but I ain't ready to say I want the men dependent on me to manage my business for me. I always tried to do the square thing by my hands; and in that particular case out there, I took on all the old hands just as fast as they left their Union. As for the game I came on them, it was dog eat dog, anyway."

March could have laughed to think how far this old man was from even conceiving of Lindau's point of view, and how he was saying the worst of himself that Lindau could have said of him. No one could have characterized the kind of thing he had done more severely than he when he called it dog eat dog.

"There's a great deal to be said on both sides," March began, hoping to lead up through this generality to the fact of Lindau's death; but the old man went on:

"Well, all I wanted him to know is that I wasn't trying to punish him for what he said about things in general. You naturally got that idea, I reckon; but I always went in for lettin' people say what they please and think what they please; it's the only way in a free country."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Dryfoos, that it would make little difference to Lindau now—"

"I don't suppose he bears malice for it," said Dryfoos, "but what I want to do is to have him told so. He could understand just why I didn't want to be called hard names, and yet I didn't object to his thinkin' whatever he pleased. I'd like him to know—"

"No one can speak to him, no one can tell him," March began again, but again Dryfoos prevented him from going on.

"I understand it's a delicate thing; and I'm not askin' you to do it. What I would really like to do—if you think he could be prepared for it, some way, and could stand it—would be to go to him myself, and tell him just what the trouble was. I'm in hopes, if I done that, he could see how I felt about it."

A picture of Dryfoos going to the dead Lindau with his vain regrets presented itself to March, and he tried once more to make the old man understand. "Mr. Dryfoos," he said, "Lindau is past all that forever," and he felt the ghastly comedy of it when Dryfoos continued, without heeding him:

"I got a particular reason why I want him to believe it wasn't his ideas I objected to—them ideas of his about the government carryin' everything on and givin' work. I don't understand 'em exactly, but I found a writin'—among—my son's—things" (he seemed to force the words through his teeth), "and I reckon he—thought—that way. Kind of a diary—where he—put down—his thoughts. My son and me—we differed about a good—many things." His chin shook, and from time to time he stopped. "I wasn't very good to him, I reckon; I crossed him where I guess I got no business to crossed him; but I thought everything of—Coonrod. He was the best boy, from a baby, that ever was; just so patient and mild, and done whatever he was told. I ought to 'a' let him been a preacher! O my son, my son!" The sobs could not be kept back any longer; they shook the old man with a violence that made March afraid for him; but he controlled himself at last with a series of hoarse sounds like barks. "Well, it's all past and gone! But as I understand you from what you saw, when—Coonrod—was—killed, he was tryin' to save that old man from trouble?"

"Yes, yes! It seemed so to me."

"That 'll do, then! I want you to have him come back and write for the book when he gets well. I want you to find out and let me know if there's anything I can do for him. I'll feel as if I done it—for my—son. I'll take him into my own house, and do for him there, if you say so, when he gets so he can be moved. I'll wait on him myself. It's what Coonrod 'd do, if he was here. I don't feel any hardness to him because it was him that got Coonrod killed, as you might say, in one sense of the term; but I've tried to think it out, and I feel like I was all the more beholden to him because my son died tryin' to save him. Whatever I do, I'll be doin' it for Coonrod, and that's enough for me." He seemed to have finished, and he turned to March as if to hear what he had to say.

March hesitated. "I'm afraid, Mr. Dryfoos—Didn't Fulkerson tell you that Lindau was very sick?"

"Yes, of course. But he's all right, he said."

Now it had to come, though the fact had been latterly playing fast and loose with March's consciousness. Something almost made him smile; the willingness he had once felt to give this old man pain; then he consoled himself by thinking that at least he was not obliged to meet Dryfoos's wish to make atonement with the fact that Lindau had renounced him, and would on no terms work for such a man as he, or suffer any kindness from him. In this light Lindau seemed the harder of the two, and March had the momentary force to say: "Mr. Dryfoos—it can't be. Lindau—I have just come from him—is dead."

XI.

"How did he take it? How could he bear it? Oh, Basil, I wonder you could have the heart to say it to him. It was cruel!"

"Yes, cruel enough, my dear," March owned to his wife, when they talked the matter over on his return home. He could not wait till the children were out of the way, and afterward neither he nor his wife was sorry that he had spoken of it before them. The girl cried plentifully for her old friend who was dead, and said she hated Mr. Dryfoos, and then was sorry for him, too; and the boy listened to all, and spoke with a serious sense that pleased his father. "But as to how he took it," March went on to answer his wife's question about Dryfoos, "how do any of us take a thing that hurts? Some of us cry out, and some of us—don't. Dryfoos drew a kind of long, quivering breath, as a child does when it grieves—there's something curiously simple and primitive about him—and didn't say anything. After a while he asked me how he could see the people at the hospital about the remains; I gave him my card to the young doctor there that had charge of Lindau. I suppose he was still carrying forward his plan of reparation in his mind—to the dead for the dead. But how useless! If he could have taken the living Lindau home with him, and cared for him all his days, what would it have profited the gentle creature whose life his worldly ambition vexed and thwarted here? He might as well offer a sacrifice at Conrad's grave. Children," said March, turning to them, "death is an exile that no remorse and no love can reach. Remember that, and be good to every one here on earth, for your longing to retrieve any harshness or unkindness to the dead will be the very ecstasy of anguish to you. I wonder," he mused, "if one of the reasons why we're shut up to our ignorance of what is to be hereafter isn't that we should be still more brutal to one another here, in the hope of making reparation somewhere else. Perhaps, if we ever come to obey the law of love on earth, the mystery of death will be taken away."

"Well"—the ancestral Puritanism spoke in Mrs. March—"these two old men have been terribly punished. They have both been violent and wilful, and they have both been punished. No one need ever tell *me* there is not a moral government of the universe!"

March always disliked to hear her talk in this way, which did both her head and heart injustice. "And Conrad," he said, "what was *he* punished for?"

"He?" she answered, in an exaltation; "he suffered for the sins of others."

"Ah, well, if you put it in that way, yes. That goes on continually. That's another mystery."

He fell to brooding on it, and presently he heard his son saying, "I suppose, papa, that Mr. Lindau died in a bad cause?"

March was startled. He had always been so sorry for Lindau, and admired his courage and generosity so much, that he had never fairly considered this question. "Why, yes," he answered; "he died in the cause of disorder; he was trying to obstruct the law. No doubt there was a wrong there, an inconsistency and an injustice that he felt keenly; but it could not be reached in his way without greater wrong."

"Yes; that's what I thought," said the boy. "And what's the use of our ever fighting about anything in America? I always thought we could vote anything we wanted."

"We can, if we're honest, and don't buy and sell one another's votes," said his father. "And men like Lindau, who renounce the American means as hopeless, and let their love of justice hurry them into sympathy with violence, yes, they are wrong; and poor Lindau did die in a bad cause, as you say, Tom."

"I think Conrad had no business there, or you either, Basil," said his wife.

"Oh, I don't defend myself," said March. "I was there in the cause of literary curiosity and of conjugal disobedience. But Conrad—yes, he had some business there: it was his business to suffer there for the sins of others. Isabel, we can't throw aside that old doctrine of the Atonement yet. The life of Christ, it wasn't only in healing the sick and going about to do good; it was suffering for the sins of others! That's as great a mystery as the mystery of death. Why should there be such a principle in the world? But it's been felt, and more or less dumbly, blindly recognized ever since Calvary. If we love mankind, pity them, we even *wish* to suffer for them. That's what has created the religious orders in all times—the brotherhoods and sisterhoods that belong to our day—as much as to the mediæval past. That's what is driving a girl like Margaret Vance, who has everything that the world can offer her young beauty, on to the work of a Sister of Charity among the poor and the dying."

"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. March. "How—how did she look there, Basil?" She had her feminine misgivings; she was not sure but the girl was something of a *poseuse*, and enjoyed the picturesqueness, as well as the pain; and she wished to be convinced that it was not so.

"Well," she said, when March had told again the little there was to tell, "I suppose it must be a great trial to a woman like Mrs. Horn to have her niece going that way."

"The way of Christ?" asked March, with a smile.

"Oh, Christ came into the world to teach us how to live rightly in it, too. If we were all to spend our time in hospitals, it would be rather dismal for the homes. But perhaps you don't think the homes are worth minding?" she suggested, with a certain note in her voice that he knew.

He got up and kissed her. "I think the gimcrackeries are." He took the hat he had set down on the parlor table on coming in, and started to put it in the hall, and that made her notice it.

"You've been getting a new hat!"

"Yes," he hesitated; "the old one had got—was decidedly shabby."

"Well, that's right. I don't like you to wear them too long. Did you leave the old one to be pressed?"

"Well, the hatter seemed to think it was hardly worth pressing," said March. He decided that for the present his wife's nerves had quite all they could bear.

XII.

It was in a manner grotesque, but to March it was all the more natural for that reason, that Dryfoos should have Lindau's funeral from his house. He knew the old man to be darkly grouping, through the payment of these vain honors to the dead, for some atonement to his son, and he imagined him finding in them such comfort as comes from doing all one can, even when all is useless.

No one knew what Lindau's religion was, and in default they had had the Anglican burial service read over him; it seems the refuge of all the homeless dead. Mrs. Dryfoos came down for the ceremony. She understood that it was for Coonrod's sake that his father wished the funeral to be there; and she confided to Mrs. March that she believed Coonrod would have been pleased. "Coonrod was a member of the 'Piscopal Church; and fawther's doin' the whole thing for Coonrod as much as for anybody. He thought the world of Coonrod, fawther did. Mela, she kind of thought it would look queer to have two funerals from the same house, hand-runnin', as you might call it, and one of 'em no relation, either; but when she saw how fawther was bent on it, she give in. Seems as if she was tryin' to make up to fawther for Coonrod as much as she could. Mela always was a good child, but nobody can ever come up to Coonrod."

March felt all the grotesqueness, the hopeless absurdity of Dryfoos's endeavor at atonement in these vain obsequies to the man for whom he believed his son to have died; but the effort had its magnanimity, its pathos, and there was a poetry that appealed to him in this reconciliation through death of men, of ideas, of conditions, that could only have gone warring on in life. He thought, as the priest went on with the solemn liturgy, how all the world must come together in that peace which, struggle and strive as we may, shall claim us at last. He looked at Dryfoos, and wondered whether he would consider these rites a sufficient tribute, or whether there was enough in him to make him realize their futility, except as a mere sign of his wish to retrieve the past. He thought how we never can atone for the wrong we do; the heart we have grieved and wounded cannot kindle with pity for us when once it is stilled; and yet we can put our evil from us with penitence; and somehow, somewhere the order of loving-kindness, which our passion or our wilfulness has disturbed, will be restored.

Dryfoos, through Fulkerson, had asked all the more intimate contributors of *Every Other Week* to come. Beaton was absent, but Fulkerson had brought Miss Woodburn, with her father, and Mrs. Leighton and Alma, to fill up, as he said. Mela was much present, and was official with the arrangement of the flowers and the welcome of the guests. She imparted this impersonality to her reception of Kendricks, whom Fulkerson met in the outer hall with his party, and whom he presented in whisper to them all. Kendricks smiled under his breath, as it were, and was then mutely and seriously polite to the Leightons. Alma brought a little bunch of flowers, which were lost in the presence of those which Dryfoos had ordered to be unsparingly provided.

It was a kind of satisfaction to Mela to have Miss Vance come, and reassuring as to how it would look to have the funeral there; Miss Vance would certainly not have come unless it had been all right; she had come, and had sent some Easter lilies.

"Ain't Christine coming down?" Fulkerson asked Mela.

"No; she ain't a bit well, and she 'ain't been, ever since Coonrod died. I don't know what's got over her," said Mela. She added, "Well, I should 'a' thought Mr. Beaton would 'a' made out to 'a' come!"

"Beaton's peculiar," said Fulkerson. "If he thinks you want him he takes a pleasure in not letting you have him."

"Well, goodness knows, *I* don't want him," said the girl.

Christine kept her room, and for the most part kept her bed; but there seemed nothing definitely the matter with her, and she would not let them call a doctor. Her mother said she reckoned she was beginning to feel the spring weather, that always perfectly pulled a body down in New York; and Mela said if being as cross as two sticks was any sign of spring fever, Christine had it bad. She was faithfully kind to her, and submitted to all her humors, but she recompensed herself by the freest criticism of Christine when not in actual attendance on her. Christine would not suffer Mrs. Mandel to approach her, and she had with her father a sullen submission which was not resignation. For her, apparently, Conrad had not died, or had died in vain.

"Pshaw!" said Mela, one morning when she came to breakfast, "I reckon if we was to send up an old card of Mr. Beaton's she'd rattle downstairs fast enough. If she's sick, she's love-sick. It makes *me* sick to *see* her."

Mela was talking to Mrs. Mandel, but her father looked up from his plate, and listened. Mela went on: "*I* don't know what's made the fellow quit comin'. But he *was* an aggravatin' thing, and no more dependable than water. It's just like Mr. Fulkerson said, if he thinks you want him he'll take a pleasure in not lettun' you have him. I reckon that's what's the matter with Christine. I believe in my heart the girl 'll die if she don't git him."

Mela went on to eat her breakfast with her own good appetite. She now always came down to keep her father company, as she said, and she did her best to cheer and comfort him. At least she kept the talk going, and she had it nearly all to herself, for Mrs. Mandel was now merely staying

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

on provisionally, and in the absence of any regrets or excuses from Christine, was looking ruefully forward to the moment when she must leave even this ungentle home for the chances of the ruder world outside.

The old man said nothing at table, but when Mela went up to see if she could do anything for Christine, he asked Mrs. Mandel again about all the facts of her last interview with Beaton.

She gave them as fully as she could remember them, and the old man made no comment on them. But he went out directly after, and at *Every Other Week* office he climbed the stairs to Fulkerson's room, and asked for Beaton's address. No one yet had taken charge of Conrad's work, and Fulkerson was running the thing himself, as he said, till he could talk with Dryfoos about it. The old man would not look into the empty room where he had last seen his son alive; he turned his face away, and hurried by the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOW.

WHEN you shall walk in pensive mood
The happy paths we used to know,
And sweet and gentle thoughts intrude,
And tender dreams of Long Ago,
How will your wakened spirit bear
Its bitter pang, its bleak despair?

When in your heart as now in mine,
Shall throb the pulse of sleepless grief—
Since nothing earthly or divine
In that dark hour can bring relief—
How will you mourn o'er wasted bliss
And that wild moment long for this!

The echo of a silent word,
An exhalation of the dew,
A lonely sigh at midnight heard
In depth of some funereal yew—
These shall be more, in that black day,
Than your true lover past away.

Then scorn no more the present hour,
Nor crush the roses while they bloom!
The best of time has only power
To hang a garland on a tomb;
And all that lasts when years are sped
Is hopeless memory of the dead.

WILLIAM WINTER.

BUYING A SADDLE-HORSE.

THE large picture printed in the present issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY represents a number of transactions that are daily taking place at this time of year. A young lady is inspecting a saddle-horse with a view to purchase, in which she is being assisted by a helpful father and mother. And unless she is already particularly inclined in favor of a special animal, she is not engaged in an easy task.

Good and desirable riding horses are not plenty in the markets. It is asserted by a proprietor of a riding academy that not more than one out of three green animals that he purchases at a venture proves satisfactory after training. Once in a while a good horse can be secured at auction. This is a case, however, where a seller has cause to leave the city, or is compelled to retrench his expenses. As a rule, the purchaser or his representative must know the animal he buys, and secure it by private contract. The prices range from $200 upward. A good horse for the saddle cannot often be bought in the city stables for less than $300. There are questions of gait, disposition, size, age, color, all to be passed on. Reputable sellers will guarantee a horse to be as represented. They prefer to have him examined by a veterinary surgeon before delivery, and resent the idea that their business is a tricky and dishonorable one.

Perhaps New York is supplied with riding horses better from Canada than from any other source, though they come from all directions. Kentucky sends many horses, finely bred and well-gaited, but they are less prepared to stand the rigors of our climate than the Canadians are. Then, again, the easy pace and the rack of the Kentucky and other Western horses are, for some inscrutable reason, not in favor here. There are exceptions, but, as a rule, the trotting cob is the favorite. It is growing possible for him to carry a full or reasonably bobbed tail without loss of caste; but the senseless practice is to have a surgical operation, including bone-sawing, performed. Most horse dealers and trainers decry this folly, but say that they must follow the demands of fashion. It may be said to the credit of all true horsemen that none of them defend the deforming process, and wherever a horse is hopelessly spoiled in appearance in consequence of the fad, the fact is reflected directly back upon the responsible party. "Buffalo Bill" is to be credited with striking a fairly successful blow at false horsemanship in England, and in securing the better and natural adaptation of rider to animal.

The easy canter is perceptibly growing in favor, though the trot holds the first place still, and much is to be said in its favor. It is a vigorous, exhilarating gait, and supplies the exercise sought in short rides, albeit that it has much of a dress-parade character. Long-distance riders have no use for it.

The interest taken in riding in New York is evidently increasing. The six miles of bridle paths in Central Park are a valuable boon to the users thereof, and it is perhaps only because of their better distribution that we cannot match Rotten Row in its crowds of mounted equestrians. Clergymen and other professional men, through the recommendations of physicians and for pleasure, swell the volume of riders. It is also increased by children. The riding academies have become an established feature of city life. Their patronage is such as to insure good service, a supply of good animals, and whatever attendance is required for outside riding. Ladies are the chief customers of the academies, though men make more or less use of them. The customers of the riding academies are almost as numerous as those who own their own horses. Of the healthfulness of horseback riding it is scarcely necessary to speak. It is a recreation in the city that is necessarily confined to those in comfortable circumstances; but it is a permanent feature of metropolitan life, and the fact is testified to by the arrangements of Park management. With respect to the dangers of horseback riding, the records of Central Park show that there is a most remarkable paucity of them. Some accidents have occurred, but they have been very rare, and in all cases it has been a careless man and not a woman who has caused the trouble. A lady too, as a rule, can judge a horse well. She does not often make a mistake. And it must be said in favor of the horse that he is chivalrous. He is less likely to mistreat a woman than a man.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.*

IV.—A GROUP OF DRY-GOODS MAGNATES.

JOHN CLAFLIN.

IN 1832 Horace B. Claflin started in business in Worcester, Massachusetts, having a total cash capital of $1000, which had been given to him by his father. In 1885 he died, leaving his son, the subject of this sketch, the head of the largest mercantile house in the world. In twenty-five years the firm of H. B. Claflin & Co., now a New York house, has sold more than $1,000,000,000 worth of goods. In a single year it has sold $72,000,000 worth, and in a single day over a million and a half. No such growth was ever seen in the mercantile world, and there were not wanting many prophets who declared, when the remarkable man died who had built up the business, that the glory of the firm had departed, and that it would no longer hold its proud position in the van. Yet to-day, with sales amounting to between forty and fifty millions of dollars a year, it is handling four times as many goods as in the single year of the war when the figures were $72,000,000. The reason of this apparent contradiction is found in the fact that prices of staple goods, in which the firm principally deals, were seven or eight times as high at the time of the war as now.

A recital of some of the methods by which this colossal house was built up will indicate something of the education and character of the man who worthily succeeds the greatest merchant in history. Horace B. Claflin's first act when he got control of a small store in Milford, Massachusetts, a year before he started in Worcester, was to pour out on the ground all the spirituous liquor in the stock he had bought. At that time liquor for family use was invariably a part of the stock in every country store; but the twenty-year-old boy was strong enough to follow his convictions of right as implicitly as he always did afterward. Two notable examples of this may be mentioned.

In 1861, because more than one-half its assets were locked up in the rebellious States, the firm asked for a compromise with its creditors on the basis of seventy cents on the dollar. This was granted, and the notes given in pursuance of the arrangement were promptly met. Moreover, in less time than seemed possible, the remaining thirty cents were paid, although no obligation had been given or legally implied that they should be paid. Mr. Claflin then sought out a number of creditors who had refused the compromise notes, and had sold their claims for cash, and paid them up in full. In addition, he paid full interest on every dollar of deferred payment.

In 1873, with outstanding claims against him (for he was practically the firm, though his partners were men of character and ability) of $25,000,000, he was unable to obtain the discounts that would have been a matter of course but for the panic, and he then extricated his firm from the dangers which surrounded it by the bold expedient of selling enormous amounts of his stock of merchandise for cash at a sweeping reduction of prices.

The present head of the house, John Claflin, was born in Brooklyn on July 24, 1830, but looks younger than he is. He was liberally educated in the schools of New York and Brooklyn, and in the College of the City of New York, graduating with honors in 1869. He inherited his father's aptitude and liking for trade, and entered a mercantile career in 1870, becoming a junior partner of his father's three years later. It was the year of the last of the great panics, and he had an opportunity early in life for the exercise of qualities that proved his fitness to become the famous merchant's successor. The experience was valuable to him, and by the assistance he rendered his father at the time, he established his reputation firmly. In the father's later years much of the care of the business devolved upon the son, and the uninterrupted prosperity of the concern has continued since the father's death and the son's succession.

John Claflin is a hard worker for ten months of each year, but is equally devoted to amusement during the two months' vacation which he takes regularly every summer. His amusement, however, takes a direction that is not common among men of his wealth and occupation. He is an enthusiastic traveller and explorer, and of late years has gone each summer to the Rocky Mountains, usually quite alone, and amused himself by hunting bears. It is said that he is prouder of the fact that he has not failed to kill a grizzly every summer for many years past than he is of his position in the mercantile world.

The least frequented regions of the Rocky Mountains are not, however, the only portions of the world rarely visited by white men which he has explored. He has visited every portion of the United States, and has travelled very extensively in Mexico, South America, Europe, and the East. Few books of travel record a more notable journey than one which he accomplished in 1877. Accompanied then by a single white companion, he entered the South American continent at Peru, and made his way across to the mouth of the Amazon, travelling the most of the way by mule or canoe. The route he followed has seldom been traversed in its entirety by a white man, and many efforts were made to dissuade him from tempting its perils, but though his only object was pleasure, he was not to be stopped, and accomplished the journey safely in about six months. One month of this time was spent on the banks of the Madeira River, endeavoring to recruit a band of friendly Indians, his first escort, with the exception of one man, having deserted him because of their fear of the savage tribes in the neighboring country.

Mr. Claflin, like his father, is a trustee but not a member of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. He is also actively interested in and is a trustee of many of the charitable institutions in Brooklyn, in which city he spends about half of each year, occupying the splendid mansion in Pierrepont Street which his father built. The other half he spends in the family residence in Fordham, in the upper part of New York city. While at home in either place his favorite amusement is, as his father's was, driving good horses. Every day, rain or shine, the old gentleman drove ten or twenty miles, and the son follows his example.

He is a director in the New York Life-insurance and the Home Life-insurance companies, and in the Continental, the Liberty, the Commonwealth, and several other fire-insurance companies. He has, however, never accepted the position of bank director, though he has been invited to do so by several of the principal banks in the city. His important and cordial relations with many banks make it undesirable for him to be identified with any one.

Mr. Claflin is probably the most easily accessible of any man who occupies a position of even approximate importance in the business world, discarding entirely those barriers of doors, ushers, and intermediary clerks with which most men of large affairs surround themselves. A man who has business with him has only to walk into his open office and announce himself. He is easy, affable, and sociable in manner, and an exceedingly interesting conversationalist. He is unmarried.

CORNELIUS N. BLISS.

Cornelius N. Bliss, a well-known merchant and citizen of New York, is a native of Fall River, Massachusetts. His ancestry were originally English, who came to New England about 1640 A.D. Up to the age of fourteen he lived in his birthplace, where he received a public-school education. He then went to New Orleans, which was the home of his mother and his step-father, Mr. Edward S. Keep, and completed his studies in the high-school of that city. On graduating he entered commercial life, and passed a year in his step-father's counting-room. In 1848, seeing the business supremacy of the North, he went to Boston and obtained employment with James M. Beebe & Co., at that time the largest dry-goods house in the United States. He made rapid progress, and displayed so much ability in managing affairs that in a few years he was made a member of the firm. He remained until the house dissolved, 1866, when most of the members retired with hand-some competencies. He next associated himself as a partner with John S. & Eben Wright & Co., another prominent Boston dry-goods house. On account of the changes in business method-, whereby New York has become the metropolis of the continent, he came to this city and started a branch house here. In a few years the branch had become the main office, and the firm name had changed to Wright, Bliss, & Fabyan, and thereafter to its present form of Bliss, Fabyan, & Co.

It is one of the most extensive houses in its own field of industry in the United States, and outside of its own business it represents a large number of the great weaving and printing establishments of the land. Aside from his regular business, Mr. Bliss is interested in several monied and other institutions, being a vice-president of the Fourth National Bank, a vice-president of the Union League Club, a governor of the New York Hospital, and an officer in various other corporations. From the time of his arrival in New York he has taken an active interest in politics and all other public affairs. He is an ardent Republican wherever party issues govern the question in hand, and while he seems to possess no ambition for office, and does not resort to the methods employed by party workers to obtain popularity or secure leadership, he has long been recognized as one of the practical leaders of the State, if not of the national party organization. Despite his refusal to accept the nomination under any circumstances, his name has been mentioned in no less than five campaigns as the Republican candidate for the position of Mayor of New York. Still more striking is the fact that at the Republican State Convention of 1885 his name was presented for the Gubernatorial nomination as a personal compliment, and there was immediately trouble in the Convention, for, when ess the nomination was only intended as a compliment, the great body of delegates was with difficulty restrained from giving him the position of candidate at once.

Mr. Bliss is a man of family, and lives in a most enjoyable home in Madison Avenue in this city. His tastes are domestic, yet he finds time to be an attendant at many public events. He belongs to the Union League Club, and is a director there, while his name is enrolled in several other social organizations. He is a man of generous instincts, and is a giver rather than a hoarder, though he has accumulated a large fortune by his successful handling of large enterprises. He is of middle height, strongly and well built. His clear ruddy complexion is rather English than American in character. Closely trimmed gray hair and side whiskers add attractiveness to the genial expression which the accompanying portrait shows.

W. L. STRONG.

Mr. W. L. Strong is considered the leading man in the commission trade in textile fabrics in New York—no inconsiderable distinction when the character and extent of the competition in that business are understood. He was born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1827, and was educated in the common schools there. Reversing the rule among ambitious young men, he came East in 1853, and sought employment in New York city. Obtaining this with the firm of L. O. Wilson & Co., he remained with them until 1858, and then took a position as clerk with Farnham, Dale, & Co. This was a commission house in the same business in which Mr. Strong has continued ever since, and remaining, as he did, with the one firm and its successors until he became himself the head of the firm that succeeded in turn, he has retained a considerable number of the same accounts that were on the books when he entered the establishment.

Some notion of the changes that have occurred in the years that have elapsed since then may be formed from the fact that in April, 1860, when Farnham, Dale, & Co. moved into what is now the centre of the dry-goods district, they hung out what was then the only dry-goods sign in Anthony Street. The street is now called Worth, and the business there is mainly dry-goods.

When Mr. Strong came to New York he had less than a hundred dollars in money, and his position and ample fortune of to-day are the results of his own pluck and hard work. His character and ability came to be so well known that in time he commanded the agency of mill after mill, and as his trade enlarged he was able to take from each one of these all the goods they produced. His firm is now the exclusive agent for seventeen of the leading mills in the country, mostly engaged in the manufacture of flannels, and it ranks among the largest concerns in the business.

The same characteristics which cause him to be regarded as a leader in his branch of trade have made him a conspicuous figure in many public matters. He is an ardent Republican, and a prominent member of the Union League Club. Avoiding the smaller contests in politics, he is active in every Presidential election, and has been for over twenty years. His work lies chiefly in the council, though he has never allowed his name to be put on the roll of the National nor State Committee, and has never accepted a nomination to any public office. His energies and his purse, however, are reckoned among the important resources of his party. In 1882, when the project of a World's Fair was pushed for a while in New York, Mr. Strong was made chairman of the Executive Committee of the Commission appointed by the general government—a position for which he had demonstrated his fitness by his services as chairman of the Finance Committee in the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876. He is one of the warmest and most enthusiastic advocates of the claims of New York as the site for the Quadricentennial Fair of 1892, and does not admit the possibility of its being held elsewhere. He has, however, avoided taking active part in the preparations hitherto.

Besides his membership in the Union League Club, Mr. Strong belongs to the Merchants' Club and to the Ohio Society. He is, however, less of a club-man than he would be if his tastes were less domestic. He is married and has two children, and his home claims the most of his time outside of business hours. He is a vestry-man of the Church of the Incarnation, where he has been an attendant for twenty-five years.

His influence has led to his being chosen to fill numerous other places of importance. He is a director of the Erie Railway, and of the New York Life-insurance Company, being one of the Finance Committee in the latter corporation. He is also a director in the Hanover Fire-insurance Company, one of the vice-presidents of the New York Security and Trust Company, president of the Central National Bank, and president of the Griswold Worsted and Silk Company.

In his manner, Mr. Strong is earnest, direct, and positive, though his affability prevents him from seeming aggressive. He is easy and social in his intercourse with men, and is readily approachable on any subject, though impatient and intolerant of the slightest shadow of humbug or sham.

EDWARD H. AMMIDOWN.

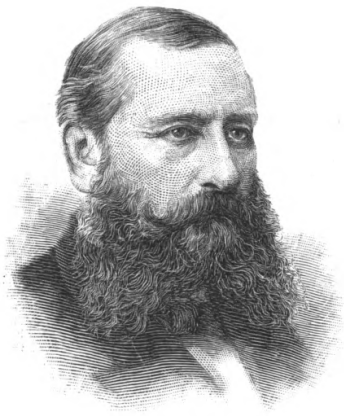
A face and figure familiar to all who take an active part in the public life of New York is that of a short, slender, and finely featured man of about sixty years of age, whose closely trimmed gray hair and beard, bright gray eyes, nervous expression, and quick, restless movements proclaim their owner to be a typical American. Edward Holmes Ammidown, for such is the name of the man described, is, indeed, a representative Yankee. He was born in Southbridge, Worcester County, Massachusetts, October 28, 1830. His family is one of the oldest in New England. It started in this country with Roger Ammidown, a Huguenot refugee, who first came to Salem about

* The preceding numbers of this series were published in the WEEKLY of August 3d, August 24th, and September 28th.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



JOHN CLAFLIN.—From a Photograph by Fredericks. [See Page 859.]



W. L. STRONG.—[See Page 859.]



CORNELIUS N. BLISS.—From a Photograph by Bogardus. [See Page 859.]

1640, and afterward became one of the earliest settlers of Boston. The succeeding generations displayed both commercial and literary aptitude, which, though not of the highest order, was sufficient to give them a prominent standing in the metropolis of the Bay State. One of them, Holmes Ammidown, the father of the subject of this sketch, was a historiographer of no mean ability, and left in his *Historical Collections* a work that is invaluable to all collectors of Americana.

Mr. Ammidown passed his boyhood and youth in Boston, where he received his education, graduating successively from the public school, the English High-school of that city, and Harvard College. Of the last-mentioned institution he belonged to the class of 1853—a class which has since achieved fame for the number of the alumni who became distinguished in their various walks of life. After graduating he travelled widely both in this country and in Europe. During his trip he gained a good acquaintance with the languages and literature of both France and Germany. Upon his return from abroad he came to New York in pursuit of a mercantile career, and in 1860 entered the dry-goods commission business, whose head-quarters had moved to this city from Boston during the preceding decade. In this he was very successful, and in a short time became one of the leading men in that line of trade, a position which he has ever since retained. In addition to this he has taken an active interest in corporate and other institutions, and since 1864 has been an officer or director in many banks, insurance companies, and manufacturing enterprises. Of these the more important are the Importers and Traders Bank, the United States Life-insurance Company, and the Dundee Water-power and Land Company, a powerful corporation controlling and utilizing the waters of the Passaic River in New Jersey.

Unlike the majority of her great merchants, he has always been prominently identified with politics and State affairs. Before the war he was a liberal Democrat, but upon its breaking out became an intensely active Republican. During the rebellion he was an ardent supporter of the Union, and contributed largely in every way to its cause. Ever since that time he has been one of the leaders of the Republican organization. In connection with his political relations he has contributed extensively to the press, both newspaper and general. An article which appeared in July, 1882, upon "National Illiteracy," brought him prominently before the reading public, and started a discussion which has continued off and on in the weekly and monthly periodicals to the present day. An equally valuable literary production was his address on "Capital and Labor," which was delivered by him in 1883 before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, and which was afterward translated into French and German, and published in those countries.



EDWARD H. AMMIDOWN.—[See Page 859.]

At the beginning of the tariff discussion in 1881 he came out as an earnest supporter of the protection theory, and from that time on has been indefatigable in advocating his opinions on the subject. In 1882 he was elected chairman of the Metropolitan Industrial League, and did most of the work in preparing the voluminous report which that body submitted to the national government. It was first published in pamphlet form, but as the original edition was soon exhausted, through the general interest it aroused, the government reissued it in official form. It is still used as a reference book in Congressional debates, and employed as a storehouse of material by "spellbinders" and other hired stump-speakers. In 1883 he was among the chief organizers of the Cooper Institute meeting, when it was feared by the leaders that the Republican party would change its policy upon the tariff question. During the campaign of 1884 he was a busy worker for Mr. Blaine, devoting his time, however, to the dissemination of Republican literature rather than to routine political work. The following year he became the president of the American Protection Tariff League, in which position he displayed a remarkable amount of executive ability, and of which he still remains the practical head.

Largely through his instrumentality this association was made national in character, and to a certain extent separated from party lines. It has branches in every part of the country, even including the South, and was so strengthened and developed in the three years 1886, '87, '88, under Mr. Ammidown's administration during that period, that it became a potent factor in the defeat of Mr. Cleveland in 1888.

Another work of his worthy of mention was his minority report delivered in 1884 before the Chamber of Commerce, of which he is a member, upon the Spanish Treaty. This in the main was adopted by that body, and made so deep an impression upon the country and upon Congress as to prevent the confirmation of the treaty, although before that time it had seemed certain of being passed.

He has never held public office, the only political honor he having accepted was that of Presidential elector upon the Republican ticket of 1884. Among other organizations, he is a member of the Century and the Union League clubs.



THE PROPOSED NEW REPUBLICAN CLUB-HOUSE.—From the Architect's Plan.—[See Page 862.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Justus Jonas; here Bernhard the Great; Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, and Schopenhauer among philosophers; De Wette, Eichhorn, Griesbach, and Paulus among theologians; Hufeland, Loder, Oken, Droysen, and Seebeck, down to Haeckel, Bohtlingk, and Sievers, and the many eminent scholars of to-day. The university of Jena was founded to be the support of Protestantism when Wittenberg seemed lost to the cause through the defection of Maurice of Saxony.

History tells us that when the Elector John Frederick was conducted a prisoner through Jena, his lands, title, and dignity lost, he rested for a few hours in the present Burgkeller on the market-place.

Though a captive to the mightiest emperor of history, and in the midst of an army of nineteen thousand Spanish soldiers, he did not lose courage, but planned the founding of a university in the very place which witnessed his misfortune. Upon his return to the city after five years of imprisonment, his joy knew no bounds when he caught sight of the first students who came to welcome his return, and he cried out, "Ho, brother Studium!" a term which became the common name for a student in this university. Thus, in the smoke of conflict, this school of learning arose. It serves admirably to illustrate the influence which a single university may exert in contributing to a nation's culture. In the eighteenth century alone fifty thousand students enjoyed its instruction.

Life in Jena has always had an especial attraction for students; there is a peculiar *Gemüthlichkeit* in the place and in its surroundings which lingers long in the memory of those who have studied there. Goethe called it "a charming nest of folly." There is a free open-air existence, and a peculiar independence has always characterized the university life. A love of liberty bore the students into the conflict for the freedom of Germany, and here the *Burschenschaft* arose, with its motto of "Honor, Freedom, and Father-land." Beneath it was a pure and ardent purpose which contained the promise of the future; and we may trace in this patriotic impulse the beginning of those conflicts which moved public opinion, and shook the thrones of Germany until a form of constitutional government was obtained.

Every literary or religious or political movement that has affected the nation has been first felt in the universities, which have been the centres of a free intellectual life.

That significant direction which bears the name of Romanticism manifested itself in its most marked development in Jena. There at the close of the last century were gathered Tieck, the Schlegels, Brentano, and Novalis, its leading representatives. This impulse turned the tide of thought to the German past, to a venerable historic Church, and to the songs and legends of chivalry. The aim to unite poetry and practical life, art and science, in spite of its mysticism and vague aspirations, undefined to itself, led the way to the study of the laws, mythology, and languages of the Germanic people; it called attention to Gothic architecture, and introduced the study of Cervantes, Dante, and Shakespeare, and enriched the language with a multitude of poetic forms. It guided as well as was led by the philosophic thought of Fichte and Schelling and Schleiermacher, and attracted the Grimms and the Humboldts by the charm of its influence. The presence of Goethe and Schiller and the Jena philosophers and scientists attracted the youth from all parts of Germany. The quiet university town, now enlivened by students in their gay caps and ribbons and festal processions, bears few traces of the controversies of those past days, when some issue of the Jena press or of the *Literatur-Zeitung* went like an electric flash throughout the land, rousing alike patriotic impulses and theological and philosophical enmity. The influential position which this university occupied at this time shows how any American university which gathered about it the ablest scholars might not merely add to learning, but produce impulses which should affect national thought on all questions, whether literary or political.

Many interests bound Weimar and Jena together. Goethe exercised a general supervision over the scientific collections and museums, and scholars and authors resided there in whose intercourse he took the deepest pleasure, when weary of the cares of office he came here for rest and for the unconstrained enjoyment of friendship. Schiller wrote: "Whatever Goethe has accomplished in the last four or five years has had its origin in Jena. It is his misfortune that he cannot work in Weimar." In the little inn of the "Fir Free," at the end of the long bridge which crosses the Saale, connecting Jena and Kamsdorf, he resided for many months at a time. A few years ago the walls of his room were still covered with columns of meteorological observations, which he had a passion for recording in the most convenient place.

Here he wrote the *Fischer* and the *Erlking*, and here, following the War of Liberation, the *Burschenschaft* was founded. As I returned one evening after watching the sunset through the hollow windows of Kunitzburg, my way led along the river. In the gathering gloom the mists gave a ghostly aspect to the great alders on the banks. It was the atmosphere of that weird poem the *Erlking*, and I found later that the poem was written by Goethe after just such a walk, returning late to his inn over the same route.

In the castle, which now contains the scientific collections, he wrote *Hermann and Dorothea*, "shaking the bough lightly, while the ripe fruit dropped at once, far surpassing all our art," as Schiller wrote. The friend whose acquaintance extended over the greater portion of his life, who resided here, was that brusque, honest republican, the Major Von Knebel, the Nestor of the Weimar circle, who had laid down the sword to devote himself to his favorite classics. He translated with great fidelity and grace Propertius, and a part of Lucretius. He had a pleasant home in Jena, with a garden extending to the banks of the Saale. Goethe summoned his old friend to their daily walk by clapping his hands under his window. The family of Von Knebel still resided here, and their house has many interesting relics of the time in letters, portraits, and original drawings by Goethe and the young princesses of the Weimar court.

Goethe's personal beauty, which was such that when a student at Strasburg people "laid down their knives at table to look at him," was matched in his later life by a most majestic bearing. It was inherited in part from his father, and was his only protection from the universal demands which were made upon him. To his friends he was the personification of gentleness, to curious strangers, reserved and distant. Crabb Robinson describes him as he saw him first. In Goethe he "beheld a man of terrific dignity, a penetrating and insupportable eye, a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips." Though not above the middle height, those who knew him well have described him to me as very tall.

In Jena he was at ease among his friends. In no family was he more intimate than in that of Frommann the bookseller, whose son, the aged Dr. Frommann, has but recently passed away. I often found him among his books, and he was never weary of conversing upon a past full of experiences and delightful memories. As a student he participated in that famous patriotic gathering upon the Wartburg in 1817, upon the three-hundredth jubilee of the Reformation, whose object was to form a general student league throughout Germany. It ended, as is known, in the sternest measures of repression on the part of the German government. The murder of Kotzebue at Mannheim by the student Sand followed the Wartburg festival. Dr. Frommann has written a defense of the purposes of the *Burschenschaft*, and of the meeting at Eisenach.

Minna Herzlieb was his foster-sister. She has been considered as the beloved of Goethe, the inspirer of the *Elective Affinities*, and of numerous sonnets. Many remember her still, for her life extended into that of the present generation. She was an ardent, sensitive girl, who even while young possessed many morbid characteristics, joined, however, to a winning kindliness and readiness to sacrifice herself for others. Goethe was the esteemed friend of the family, and had watched her growth from childhood; he could not fail to be interested in her character. She looked upon him with unbounded reverence. The relation of a patron, of a friend, may have hinted in the young girl's heart of other things, but of this we may not be certain. Goethe sent to her trifling presents and copies of his works; he wrote poems for her, some ingenious and some that touched many of the cords of human passion. She may have suggested some of the deep thoughts of his novel. Whether her early experience made happiness in later days impossible, we cannot say; we only know that there are natures too sensitive, too ideal, to find in common things a satisfying joy.

The friendship of the two families always continued, and at the poet's death Dr. Frommann stood beside his body as a guard when his countrymen came to look upon him for the last time.

Schiller's permanent residence in Jena began with his appointment as Professor Extraordinarius of history in the university. His studies had already been directed to the field of history, and his *History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands*, and his brilliant sketch of the *Life of Egmont* had been published. He had shown his power in graphic description, and in glowing historical portraiture, mingled with philosophical generalizations. If there was occasionally a touch too artistic, too rhetorical, it was forgotten in his fervid narration. His early fame had rested upon dramas, which were in revolt against established opinions. His later studies broadened his views, and caused him to seek the principles which underlie historical events. His life as a professor is often forgotten in that of the poet. He had led a wandering life, now fleeing from an odious military service, and now from the censure evoked by his writings. His support would have been doubtful had it not been for the generous refuge extended to him in the families of friends. He was burdened with a title whose dignity aided and embarrassed him, for it demanded expenses beyond his means. He found the support which literature alone yielded as doubtful as many have found it since. The offer of a professorship promised relief and opportunity for study in his chosen field. Without the special training of a scholar of those days, he was to lecture in competition with the ablest professors. His reliance upon his brilliant gifts to win for him the glamour of success, as well as his shy and awkward pride, are admirably shown in a letter describing his first lecture. At that time the custom for professors to lecture in their own houses or in hired auditoriums still prevailed, public lecture-rooms being only in a few cases provided. He says: "Day before yesterday I encountered the peril of the rostrum gloriously and bravely, and repeated it yesterday. I lecture only twice a week, and upon two days in succession, so that I have five days entirely free. I appointed Reinhold's lecture-room for my *début*. It is of moderate size, and has seats for about eighty persons, but will contain more than a hundred in all. I lecture in the evening from six to seven. At half past five the room was full. From Reinhold's window I saw troop after troop in endless succession ascending the street. Although I was not entirely free from fear, yet I found satisfaction in the increasing multitude, and my courage grew apace. I had steeled myself to a certain fortitude, which was strengthened by the thought that my lecture need not shun comparison with any other delivered from any desk in Jena, and that I should be recognized as superior by all who heard me. But the throng increased gradually, so that vestibule, hall, and staircase were crowded, and large numbers went away. It was suggested that I should choose another auditorium. I caused the proposal to be made that I should lecture in Griesbach's house. It was accepted, and all rushed out and in a gay throng down the Johannes Strasse; this is one of the longest streets in Jena, and was entirely filled with students. As all ran in order to obtain a good seat in Griesbach's lecture-room, a tumult arose. Some thought it was an alarm of fire, and the guard at the castle was drawn up. 'What is it?' 'What is the matter?' every one cried. It was answered, 'The new professor is going to lecture.' Chance contributed to make my opening very brilliant. I followed slowly, and felt as though I had to run a gauntlet of lances, as I walked almost the entire length of the city. Griesbach's auditorium is the largest, and when it is crowded will contain between three and four hundred persons. It was full this time, so that a vestibule and hall were occupied as far as the street door, and many stood on the lower seats in the lecture-room. I passed through an avenue of spectators and students, and could scarcely find the desk. I ascended it amid rapping, which is here considered applause. With the first ten words, which I uttered firmly, I was completely master of my countenance, and read with a strength and assurance of tone which surprised myself. My lecture made an impression, and was talked about throughout the evening. I received a serenade from the students, which is not common."

With his first lecture the popular author had won the student world. Soon after he was married in the little church of Weingen-jena, a little hamlet across the river from the city. It is a plain, almost minute building with a lofty gable, dating back more than four hundred years, to Catholic times. Then it was the Church of Our Lady, and the little bell which rang the Gloria during the mass still hangs at the right of the altar. The portal of the church, once of pure Gothic, and a fine stained-glass window bear witness to former splendor. In this little church, with closed doors, Schiller was married, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, "simply," as he says, "on account of the expense." An additional reason for not having the ceremony performed in one of the city churches was perhaps to avoid the general stir among the professors and students. While we were examining the church the pastor himself crossed the way and joined us. He brought the "Church book," in order that we might see the record of the marriage of Friedrich Schiller, Hofrath of Saxe-Meiningen, with Charlotte von Lengefeld. He told us that marriages with closed doors were still a common occurrence in that vicinity.

Schiller's life as a professor, which lasted formally ten years, was continually interrupted by illness, which arose from his delicate constitution and the irregularity with which he worked. The personal influence over students anticipated in his appointment was fully realized. His powers were more brilliantly displayed in engaging philosophical conversation than in a chair of formal instruction, and he gathered about him a group of enthusiastic young men, many of whom dined at his table. He sought to diversify his life, relieving the intensity of study by fresh contact with others. From this originated the well-known statement that Lottie took boarders. He purchased a quiet residence removed from the centre of the city, with a garden extending back to the Leutra brook, a little stream that comes down from the hills which open toward Weimar. The house is now the property of the university, and is occupied by the Director of the Astronomical Observatory, that stands upon the grounds. Scherr finds a curious coincidence in the fact that on the spot where Schiller studied black-letter books in order to describe the character of Reni the astrologer, and his baleful influence over Wallenstein, the regular movements of the planets are now watched to determine their everlasting laws in the light of modern science. Some of the most fruitful years of Schiller's life were passed here. He built a garden-house on the banks of the stream, for he loved to work undisturbed and where he could not hear the "noise of the wheels of domestic affairs." Opposite lay the Hausberg, whose gray sides grew warm and rosy in the morning light. This is the mountain whose shining summit Schiller greets in his poem of the "Spaziergang," which is a picture of the scenery about Jena. Apart from its philosophical contents the poem possesses a perpetual charm in the freshness of its description and the love of nature which it reveals. The lordly rows of poplars, the banded fields, once peculiar to Frankish agriculture, the hills, the vineyards, the river with its rafts, the city with its towers and picturesque gateways, are all here. Upon the crest of the mountain are the ruins of three famous robber castles. From the central one rises the lofty Fox Tower, from which, in the old days of cruel warfare, was hung an iron cage, in which the Margrave Henry of Meissen confined his cousin for a year long, "that the flies and wasps might the better torment him." Napoleon ascended this tower in order to survey the Prussian position before the battle of Jena, and the mountain long bore his name.

A round stone table stands under the trees in the garden, at which Schiller and Goethe sat when they planned the *Xenien*, those "foxes that, with firebrands fastened to their tails, ran through the harvest-fields of the Philistines." "By this old stone table," says Goethe, "we have sat and talked many an hour, and uttered many a good and great thought." An immense bowlder marks the spot where Schiller wrote "Wallenstein." The Kirchenrath Hase, the biographer of Caroline von Wolzogen, participated in placing this memorial here. In describing his share in it he said to me: "I think a cheaper monument does not exist. We were an enthusiastic company, and knowing of this giant stone, we had it removed to this spot, and the words cut in it, 'Here Schiller wrote Wallenstein.' The whole cost did not exceed twenty-four dollars."

Here that wonderful quickening intercourse took place which bound the two poets heart to heart. "Goethe is in Jena," wrote Schiller, "and we sit from five o'clock in the evening till twelve or one o'clock at night and chat;" and the conversation was strenuous, directed to an end, and not as light as the words imply. It was of such days as these that Goethe said of Schiller: "There was something terrific in his progress; if you had not met him for a week, you found him quite changed, and did not know what to make of him for astonishment. He went forward unceasingly until his forty-sixth year, and then came the end. He forced himself to work for days and weeks when he was not well, with the view of making his powers obey him, and be at all times at his command." Schiller said of Goethe—if it were necessary to accumulate evidence of his unremitting industry—that every moment which he called spent in leisure was filled with an activity which others would regard as severe labor. On journeys upon official business he carried his manuscripts; and at Ilmenau we find days of active exertion followed by nights of labor. Work late at night, while common with Schiller, was not usual with Goethe, who retired early and rose early through the greater part of his life. His activity was calm, sustained, like one having an infinite lease of time; while Schiller worked with restless energy, as though he knew that his years were limited.

When the two friends were separated even by the short distance of Weimar from Jena, the same continuous intercourse was maintained by letters; and it was fortunate for us that they were separated, otherwise we should not have had that correspondence, so rich in friendship and so valuable and inspiring in criticism. The *Botenfrau* was, and is now, in some parts of Germany a necessity in communication; mails and telegraphs have not abolished her. She made regular trips, which are curiously announced in the calendars of the time; the date of her departure and return are exactly specified. She travelled with a basket strapped to her shoulders, and a pouch at her waist for valuables, bearing letters, packages, and provisions. Through storm and sunshine she went her way, a familiar sight, and everywhere a welcome arrival. Her picture, which is worthy to be perpetuated, may be found in some of the Weimar publications of that day. She bore learned manuscripts from the professors, and wicked Xenien, with impartial indifference to friend and foe.

The relation which existed between Goethe and Schiller has never been surpassed in freedom from envy and cordial helpfulness. The thoughts of one were always at the disposal of the other, and even the material which had, in some cases, been collected. Goethe freely transferred to Schiller his plan for a drama of *William Tell*, though he had carried it long in his mind, and "had begun to hum some of the hexameters."

In friendly rivalry the ballad contest was entered which gave a name to one year of Schiller's literary activity in Jena, the "ballad year." Whether greatness be always conscious of itself may be questioned, but some of the greatest productions of the human intellect have been found great to the surprise of their authors. Goethe was conscious of his greatness; this consciousness and his very nature lifted him above envy. He would say:

"Many paths my feet have wandered,
That of envy left untrod."

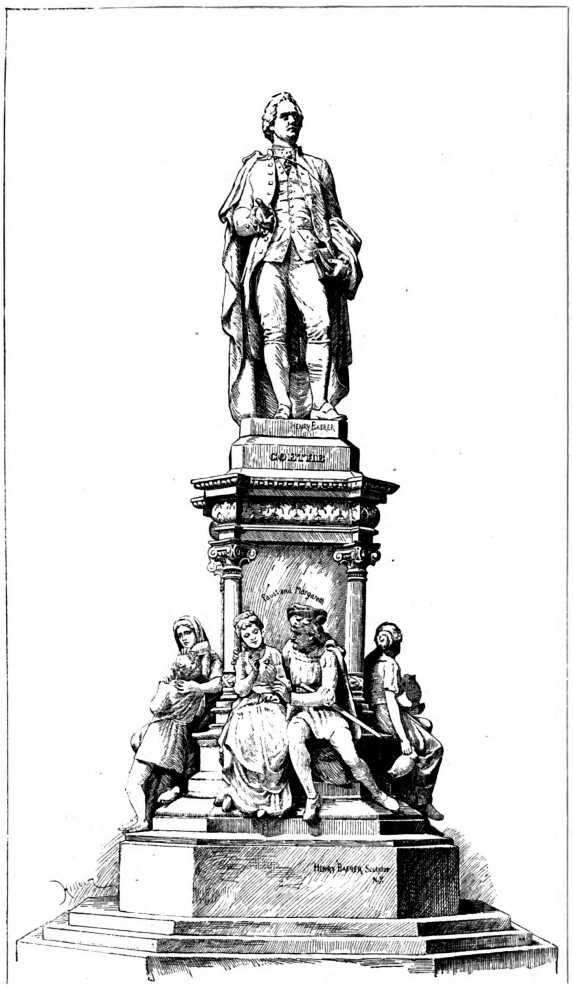
His conversations, of which so many have been reported, his letters and criticisms, are altogether free from this poison. In youth he warred against the aristocratic delicacy of the Berlin school, but it was the healthy, vigorous contest of a young intellect against what was false and unnatural in literature. There were cabals and plots innumerable to destroy his reputation and to bring his works into discredit. He outgrew the morbid sensationalism of *Werther*, which was hailed so rapturously by a diseased time. There came a clearing-up time in his soul, when his strong and healthy nature asserted itself.

No life has mirrored its constant changes and growth more frankly than Goethe has done in his autobiography and correspondence. All lives become helpful in proportion as they are self-revealing. There is the unconscious depiction of imperfect views which were corrected by later experience, the gradual advance into clearer knowledge.

Charming points lie all around Jena, involving a mountain climb, and affording at the end views over endless spaces of blue mountains. Back of the city rises the Landgrafenberg "Battle Mountain." The ascent is by a narrow stony path between vineyards. A single glance from the summit shows the supreme folly of the Prussian general, and the necessity of the defeat which followed. He chose an apparently commanding position overlooking two valleys, both of which might be lines of approach of the enemy. But the plateau upon which his army was drawn up was pierced for miles with numerous lateral valleys, affording the most perfect facility for the approach of an army upon either flank. Napoleon ascended the steep brow of the mountain to a little eminence from which he could survey the field of battle. Two divisions of his army marched steadily around to the rear of the Prussian position, and the absolute destruction of the German army, in spite of its desperate hopeless bravery, could not be averted.

But from this point we can look away to other fields where deathless glory has been won: to Weissenfels; to Lützen, where Gustavus Adolphus fell; to Rossbach, where Frederick the Great conquered the French and the Austrians; to Gross-Görschen, where Scharnhorst fell. To the west, apparently at the end of the valley, rises the im-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PROPOSED STATUE OF GOETHE TO BE ERECTED IN CENTRAL PARK.

posing castle of Leuchtenburg, with its towers almost touching the sky.

Upon the crest of this line of hills lies Dornburg, with its three castles and gardens of roses, of which Heine sang. The northern castle is built upon massive walls, and looks defiantly over the valley, though puny modern additions impair the impression of its former strength. Here mighty emperors have held brilliant diets—the Othos and the Henrys—whose names wake many echoes in the German past.

In the second castle, which is more a villa than a castle, the delegates assembled to the first constitutional convention of the land, for Carl August gave a liberal constitution to his people in advance of all the other princes. The third castle stands on the very edge of the perpendicular mountain-side. This was a favorite home of Goethe, and hither he came at intervals for fifty years, never wearying of the view from its windows. He described the place enthusiastically in a letter to Zelter, praising the meadows, the river with its falls and bridges, and the orchards, fields, and vineyards. Here he came after the death of the prince with whom the greater part of his life had been associated. In no place could the memory of his friend be so filled with grace as in this beautiful spot, where they had lived so often together. Here he prosecuted his botanical studies, and in the corner room of the castle he finished the second part of *Faust*.

Over the arms upon the door of the castle were two Latin hexameters, which Goethe translated into German:

"Joyfully enter herein, and merrily again go forth,
If as a traveller thou passest, God bless thy footsteps."

If we turn westward, following the Saale to its source, we come to Rudolstadt, a little city lying amid broad meadows, with the vast castle of the princes of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt on the mountain above. This was the home of the Lengefeld sisters, the younger of whom became Schiller's wife, the elder his devoted friend and biographer. All the surrounding region is associated with the bright days which the poet spent here. In the summer he resided at Volkstedt, a suburb of the city, where his room is still exhibited with reverence. The little stone bridge is still standing where the sisters went at evening to meet and accompany him to their home. The foundery stands by the way, where he watched the casting of bells, and where he received his first suggestion for the *Song of the Bell*. In dark and wild nights he loved to climb among the mountains and watch the storm from their summits, or wander with a fierce joy over the meadows. It recalls the time when he lived at Loschwitz with his friend Körner, and launched his boat and sailed down the Elbe in a furious storm. Every place which the poet haunted has been sought out and marked; and here, far up the hill-side, in a spot affording a view over the whole valley, is a colossal bronze bust of Schiller, indicating his favorite retreat, where he wrote his *Hymn to Nature*. The nearness of the most charming points in the Thuringian forest has caused many places to be associated with the Weimar circle. Every summer, excursions, partly official and partly for pleasure, were made to the wildest parts. Ilmenau, at the foot of the Kickelhahn, was a favorite resort. Its beautiful meadows and dark forest retreats were a constant source of delight. Tradition recalls the merry revels of the early days, the popular festivities when the young duke and Goethe danced with the peasant maidens until dawn. Later, the place was the scene of Goethe's scientific studies. Upon the mountain he often spent many weeks. From its summit the Brocken may be seen, a blue point in the distance, and the mountains of Bavaria; while below and around are the picturesque ranges and valleys of Thuringia. In the darkness of the forest is the little hunter's camp which Goethe often occupied, and upon the window-frame of which he wrote that exquisite little picture in a poem, the *Traveller's Evening Song:*

"Calm rests upon the mountains,
No breeze moves among the trees,
The birds in the woods are silent,
Wait, only wait, soon thou too shalt rest."

In the last year of Goethe's life he took one more excursion to the places which he loved, and which had been associated with the friends of his youth. A few days before, he had finished *Faust*, and with an infinite relief sealed the manuscript, that he might never be tempted to return to his task. When this was done he considered the great work of his life as complete. "My further life," he wrote, "I can now regard as a rich gift, and what I may undertake or leave undone is in reality a matter of indifference to me." He wished also to escape the festivities of his birthday, which no longer seemed to him a matter of unmixed joy and congratulation. "The older I grow, the more fragmentary my life seems to me, while others regard it as a complete whole and find satisfaction in it." Upon the evening before his birthday, as he ascended the mountain and rejoiced again in the glorious prospect, he entered the little house, and read with tremulous voice the lines which he had written nearly fifty years before, and repeated with emphasis the last line:

"Wait, only wait, soon thou too shalt rest."

He uttered the name of his early friend, Carl August, then turned quickly and descended the mountain.

A MONUMENT TO GOETHE.

Mr. Henry Baerer, the author of the Beethoven Monument in Central Park, and also that of John Howard Payne in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, has executed a model five feet high of a memorial to Goethe to be erected in Central Park by a body of the students and admirers of the illustrious poet, with the friendly co-operation of the Goethe Society, of which Mr. Parke Godwin is president and Mr. A. M. Palmer, secretary. The monument will be twenty-four feet high, with a colossal figure of the sage at the summit. Four life-size sitting groups in bronze will embellish the pedestal, as follows: Faust and Margareth; Iphigenia and Orestes; Hermann and Dorothea at the Well; The Harpist and Mignon. The sculptor has spent many years in conscientious study of Goethe's works, and as a result has produced this rich composition in bronze and granite, which will be erected at an expense of $50,000.

THE ATCHISON REORGANIZATION.

At last the managers of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company have ceased drifting, and have begun the work of reorganization. The plan that the security holders have been anxiously waiting for, and which was referred to in this column last week as virtually completed, was given to the public last Tuesday. Its publication was preceded by a favorable report of the gross earnings for September; it was accompanied by a most gratifying exhibit for August, in that it showed a heavy reduction in operating expenses and a large increase in net earnings over last year, and followed by most encouraging gross returns for the first week in the current month. Perhaps a better idea of the magnitude of the Atchison system may be obtained from the figures of its receipts for that week than in any other way. They were $652,000, and were larger than for the corresponding week of last year by about $69,000. This is at the rate of thirty-four million dollars a year, whereas the gross receipts from the operations of the system last year were only a little over fifteen millions. It may be asked if the week referred to was not an exceptionally good one. Its returns were certainly larger than those of any of its immediate predecessors; still the gross traffic receipts for the month of September were at the rate of fully $600,000 a week, which again is at the rate of thirty-one million dollars per annum. These returns will be studied very closely from this on by every intelligent holder of Atchison securities, as they will be potential in determining the success of the plan that has been proposed for the financial rehabilitation of the concern. The appearance of an array of encouraging figures, the first that have come to hand in many months, simultaneously with the plan of reorganization, has naturally aroused suspicions that the publication of the plan has been delayed until the earnings should begin to improve. Pending the working out of the reorganization, the earnings, especially the net earnings, will be good if human ingenuity can make them so. If the company can make a good showing, especially since changing its chief executive, all classes of securities will be the more ready to co-operate in the manner indicated by the management. In the case of the Philadelphia and Reading companies every nerve was strained to make handsome traffic returns while the reorganization was in progress. The system appears to have suffered from that strain ever since.

The feature of the Atchison plan that strikes one first is its conservatism, while a more careful study of it reveals an effort to treat every interest equitably. The problem presented to the management was, in a word, to distribute net earnings, which for the current year are estimated at about seven and a half million of dollars, among forty-five different securities in such a way that each would get its proper share. In other words, to get fixed charges down from about eleven million dollars to the amount that it is hoped will be earned this year. The next step was to arrange for the proper distribution of earnings that may accrue in this or in succeeding years in excess of the amount that must be paid to preserve the solvency of the company. This has been accomplished through an issue of income bonds that it is proposed to distribute in various proportions among the present bondholders. The most lenient treatment has been accorded the stock, which escapes the customary assessment, but the holders of it are requested to buy enough of the new general mortgage bonds to meet the present requirements of the system. The prices that are being paid for this privilege indicate that the securities offered to the stockholders are likely to be worth more than the subscription price. This part of the scheme is undoubtedly underwritten by the fiscal agents of the company, which means that the money necessary to put the property in first-class shape and clear up its floating indebtedness will be forthcoming if the bondholders will make the sacrifices asked of them.

The plan has been in the main most favorably received. Of course it has provoked criticism. What work of man would not? But it seems as if the opposition in sight, and all of it is informal, was surprisingly small, considering the tremendous capitalization of the system and the diverse interests of its security holders. There are several points in its favor that appeal very strongly to disinterested yet competent judges of such matters. One is the simple, seemingly unbiassed, and lucid presentation of the entire subject, and another is the impetus that has been given to its suggestions by the friends of the company. There will come a time, though, when opposition of some sort will be encountered, but it seems hardly possible that with the history of the Wabash reorganization fresh before them, with its five years of litigation, resulting in the dismemberment of the system, any of the Atchison security holders will want to take the responsibility of repeating that painful and expensive history. In the market the effect of the company's announcement has been to check the decline in all classes of the company's securities, most noticeably that in the stock. Generally a feeling of relief has been engendered, partly because the work of reorganization has begun, and also because of the ability that has been displayed in mapping out that work.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *October* 19, 1889.

HERCULEAN STRENGTH

Continually on the strain, or overtaxed at intervals, is far less desirable than ordinary vigor perpetuated by rational diet and exercise, and abstention from excess. Professional pugilists and athletes rarely attain extreme old age. As ordinary vigor may be retained by a wise regard for sanitary living, and for the protection against disease which timely and judicious medication affords, so also it may be lost through prolonged sedentary labor, uninterrupted mental strain, and foolish eating and drinking, the chief and most immediate sequence of all four being dyspepsia. For this condition thus, or in any way induced, and for its offspring, a failure of muscular and nerve power, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the primest and most genial of remedies. Not only indigestion, but loss of flesh, appetite, and sleep are remedied by it. Incipient malaria and rheumatism are banished, and kidney, bowel, and liver complaint removed by it.—[*Adv.*]

HOME GAMES ARE MAGNETS FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., says of "Halma":
"'Halma' has afforded to my wife, children, and guests a great deal of quiet enjoyment." Send for circulars. "Halma" will be sent free to any address upon receipt of one dollar.
E. I. HORSMAN, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

DYSPEPTICS will find comfort and relief by the use of Nicholson's Liquid Bread. It assimilates easily with the food, and gives strength to the digestive organs.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE continuous use of CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cts. Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

No well-regulated household should be without ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

CATARRH is in the blood. No cure for this loathsome and dangerous disease is possible until the poison is thoroughly eradicated from the system. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical medicine. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

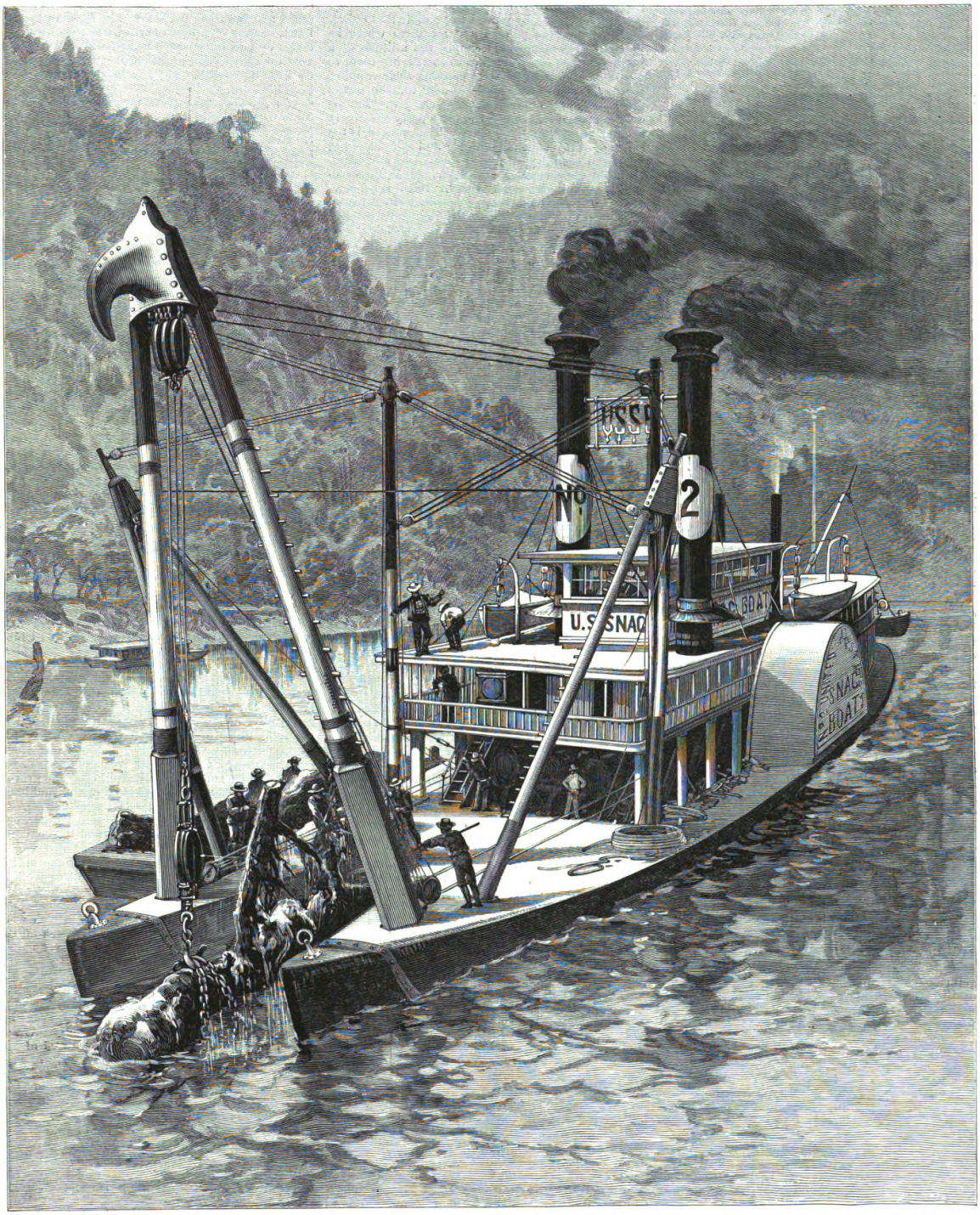
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1715.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



GOVERNMENT SNAG-BOAT REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS FROM THE CHANNEL OF A WESTERN RIVER.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 870.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

RECENT BOOKS.

MISS WOOLSON'S NEW NOVEL.

"JUPITER LIGHTS." By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Cloth, EXTRA, $1 25.

Certainly "a substantial addition to our new literature of fiction."

DE MAUPASSANT'S TALES.

"THE ODD NUMBER." Thirteen Tales by GUY DE MAUPASSANT. The Translation by JONATHAN STURGES. An Introduction by HENRY JAMES. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

Guy de Maupassant's reputation, Henry James says, will mainly rest upon his short tales.

CATHEDRALS AND ABBEYS.

"CATHEDRALS AND ABBEYS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND." With Descriptive Text by the Rev. RICHARD WHEATLEY, D.D. Profusely Illustrated. Folio, Cloth, Ornamental, Gilt Edges, $10 00. (*In a Box.*)

Contains illustrations of all the cathedrals in England, the leading ones in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and some of the more celebrated abbeys.

NAST'S CHRISTMAS DRAWINGS.

"THOMAS NAST'S CHRISTMAS DRAWINGS FOR THE HUMAN RACE." 4to, Cloth, Illuminated, $2 00.

"There is no child who cannot understand them, no parent who cannot enjoy them. Mr. Nast is fairly without a rival in this kind."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

No. 1715.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR; IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

THE late speech of President ELIOT, of Harvard, in which he declared himself a Democrat, has naturally attracted a great deal of attention. It was so crisp and strong a statement that discussion could not be avoided. His words upon independent action, as reported in the Boston *Post*, were these:

"I think that a conscientious citizen should choose between the two great parties of the country, and should habitually act with that one which best promotes the principles which he holds. The position of a man who hangs between the two, and votes now with one party and now with the other, seems to me very unsatisfactory, unless it is avowedly temporary and provisional."

This is a fair general statement. But unqualified choice between parties is by no means always feasible for a man of strong convictions. Such a choice, indeed, is easy when there is one question which overbears all others. But this is the exceptional situation, and at other times such a positive choice is not practicable. National politics and State politics often deal with questions which are wholly unconnected, and upon the relative importance of which opinions widely differ. For example, in New York the voter may think a revision of the tariff in the interest of free raw materials to be very desirable, and he may also strongly favor civil service reform, high license, and ballot reform. All these questions seem to him immediately pressing, either in the State or in the nation. Which party shall he join? If he votes for the Republican member of Congress, he votes against tariff revision. If he votes for the Democratic member of the Legislature, he votes against high license. If he divides his vote between the opposing party candidates, he is rejected by both parties.

He begins, then, to understand why Mr. GREELEY said that parties ought to be dissolved every few years and reorganized, so that those who think together can act together. But this is, of course, impossible. He is then told that he cannot have everything just as he would prefer, that he must concede and compromise and choose the party with which, upon the whole, he can most agree. This seems plausible enough. But he has not yet been shown the proof of the alleged necessity of belonging to either party, nor has it been demonstrated that unless he chooses between them it is because he has no convictions. On the contrary, he does all that he possibly can to prove the sincerity of his convictions, and practically to enforce them, by voting for candidates who represent them in whatever party he finds them. If such a voter as we have supposed should support a Democratic tariff reformer for Congress and a high license Republican for the Legislature, he would demonstrate both that he has strong convictions and the good sense to enforce them much more conclusively than if because of his desire of tariff reform he should call himself a Democrat and vote against high license. He could not plead that he was forced to choose between the parties, because there would be no such alternative. Nothing would prevent him from giving the whole weight of his vote for both objects that he desires by voting both for the tariff reformer and for the friend of high license.

Such a course would attest sincerity of conviction much more forcibly than the totally needless sacrifice of one view to the other. The only plea left for such a sacrifice would be that the success of high license would enhance the prestige of the party opposed to tariff revision, and in so far harm that cause. But that would be to demand the sacrifice of every other public measure to revision of the tariff, a dire necessity which happily does not now exist. Indeed, beneath and behind every specific policy and measure upon which parties organize lies the primary necessity of honest government. This should be the first object of every voter, and then he should use the opportunities offered by parties to promote that object, together with the policies and measures which he prefers. Independence is simply the attitude of a voter who uses parties instead of suffering them to use him. He is so far from denying their value or their necessity in a free government that he makes the utmost use of them at every election. But he does not admit that in order to use a party effectively a voter must become its slave. That, indeed, is the spirit of party which honorable and self-respecting men who use all parties will constantly withstand. Undoubtedly surrender of independence is the condition of official honors from party. But it is conceivable that from temperament or some other reason some men may prefer not to pay that price. Party requires unwavering obedience to all its behests. Its candidates must be always supported. Its measures must be always advocated. The misconduct of its chosen representatives must be extenuated upon the ground that every man is fallible and no party is perfect, but that, upon the whole, the party of the partisan who pleads is very much better than the other. It is political independence, the action of voters who have no other object than honest and able government and the enforcement of certain policies, which restrains parties from dangerous excess. Mr. CONKLING used to say that he despised those who belonged to a party a little. But it is such independent Americans who make parties useful public agencies.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COUNTRY.

WHEN Mr. CLEVELAND was elected President, Mr. HISCOCK, of Syracuse, then a Republican Representative in Congress, asked that the Republican postmaster at that place might be allowed to serve out his term. The request was granted, and it was not until more than three years after Mr. CLEVELAND'S inauguration that the Republican postmaster, at the end of his term, was replaced by a Democratic successor—Mr. NORTHRUP. When Mr. HARRISON was inaugurated, Mr. HISCOCK had become a Senator, and, unmindful of the favor shown him by a Democratic President in the matter of the Syracuse postoffice, he began to press the President to remove Mr. NORTHRUP and appoint Mr. CARROLL E. SMITH, a friend of the Senator's. Mr. BELDEN, also of Syracuse, now Republican Representative in Congress, with other citizens, insisted that Mr. NORTHRUP should be retained, as his predecessor had been, until the expiration of his term, unless some reason for removal could be shown, or unless the President would state frankly that he removed him because he was a Democrat. There were no known grounds for removal, but inspectors were sent to discover some. Mr. NORTHRUP went to Washington to ask to know the charges against him. But the President said that every Democratic postmaster who had been appointed by Mr. CLEVELAND ought to take himself out of the way; and without any charges known to him, Mr. NORTHRUP was removed a few days since, and Mr. HISCOCK'S friend, Mr. SMITH, was appointed in his place.

This is only another illustration of the President's violation of his own pledges, and of Senator HISCOCK'S contempt for the solemn engagement of his party with the country. President HARRISON said that it would be his sincere purpose, if elected, to advance reform; that fitness, and not party service, should be the essential test in appointment; that fidelity and efficiency should be the only sure tenure of office; and that only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office. The platform declared that "the spirit and purpose of reform should be observed in all executive appointments." These declarations were as distinct and definite as the President's oath of office. But the transaction at Syracuse had no regard whatever to the fidelity and efficiency of the late postmaster. His removal was not suggested by the interests of the public service, but by the wishes of Senator HISCOCK. It was not the fitness, but the party service of Mr. SMITH, which was the consideration. The fidelity and efficiency of Mr. NORTHRUP were not the only sure tenure of his office, and instead of advancing reform, the President trampled it deliberately under foot. That Mr. CLEVELAND made a political change in the office when the term of the previous postmaster had expired is true. Does that excuse President HARRISON for an arbitrary political removal of a kind which he had solemnly promised not to make? That Mr. SMITH is an honest and capable man we should be the last to doubt. There are thousands of other equally honest and capable men in Syracuse who might be good postmasters. Is that an excuse for the President's flagrant violation of his pledge? Postmaster HARRITY, in Philadelphia, is, as we write, still serving out his term; and Postmaster CORSE, we believe, and Collector SALTONSTALL, in Boston. Are these facts reasons why President HARRISON should do in Syracuse what he had declared should not be done?

Is the solemn pledge of the President of the United States to be accepted of course as meaningless? Is pointing out his violation of his pledges really a malignant and treacherous assault upon him? Must he be supposed to have used plain words in some other than their obvious sense, and if so, in what sense, and for what purpose? Mr. RUSS, in his late letter, supposes the case of railway shareholders who desire certain improvements, and who are asked to vote for the election of a president who promises to do what they wish. He is elected, and refuses to keep his word,

"and I and my neighbors, who have made investments, are left to regret our credulous confidence in the promises of a railway president. With what feeling should we regard the man who had thus deceived us? And is there to be less confidence in the pledge of a man at the head of the nation, or is the breach of such a pledge more excusable?"

Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE thinks that such questions of a Republican President should be asked in a Democratic Convention, where they belong. But why? The pledges were the promises of a President of the United States. They were not made to Democrats; they were made to the country. If Mr. LODGE denies that the pledges have been broken, let him show in a Republican Convention, or in Congress, or wherever he may prefer, that they have been fulfilled, and thus put to shame those who deny it. But he must not hope, and he ought not to try, to silence the exposure of such shameful disregard of pledges as is shown by a transaction like that at Syracuse by the mere allegation that it is a futile effort of partisan malignity. The continued and prolonged violation of pledges by the President of the United States does not concern a party only; it affects the national honor.

THE CITY IN THE LEGISLATURE.

THERE are twenty-four Assemblymen from the city of New York in the State Legislature. The city contains fully a fifth of the whole population of the State. It is the chief city of the Western continent, and one of the four or five largest cities in the world. Its character, ability, enterprise, and wealth are renowned. Considering all these facts, and such as these, and the further fact that our State government is government by representatives of the people, what can be more extraordinary than the list of the twenty-four representatives of the city in the last Legislature, constituting about a fifth of the Assembly, which is published by the City Reform Club? The only names upon the list which are known at all are those of Mr. ROBERT RAY HAMILTON and Mr. ERNEST CROSBY. The rest are totally unknown, or known discreditably. It may be truly said in general that the character, intelligence, ability, and respectability of the city are wholly unrepresented in the delegation from the city to the Legislature. Of the entire number five only were children of American parents. By occupation five were liquor or ex-liquor dealers, and one a malt and hop dealer; seven were so-called lawyers; there was one second-hand furniture dealer, one shoe dealer, one machinist, one manufacturer of mineral water, one carpenter, one retired merchant, one "politician," and four of occupations "not known." The best record of service is "fair," which is marked against four names; the record for all the others ranges from "useless" to "bad" and "disgraceful."

This summary is accompanied by a detailed statement and exposure of the "deal bills" which were the disgrace of the last Legislature, in which all the American members were implicated. Party names have nothing to do with the record. Democrats and Republicans were equally concerned in the most disgraceful transactions. The members of the City Reform Club, who have diligently prepared the summary, have performed a great public service, for which they are entitled to public gratitude. Armed with their manual, which may be procured of Mr. WELLING, at 2 Wall Street, the voter may at least know for whom not to vote. It is curious to compare the list with that of the Assemblymen from New York a hundred years ago. If, as Senator HISCOCK informs us, WASHINGTON, were he now a candidate for the Presidency, would do just what all candidates now do, yet the contemporaries of WASHINGTON in New York did not send to the Legislature representatives who corresponded to those of the present day. If this be pessimism, it is none the less the truth.

The remedy for the situation is obvious, but its application is not easy. It consists, of course, in the union of all good citizens who wish to change the character of the city representation. This implies organization and labor and expense which are very

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

considerable. It implies, also, upon the part of the great body of such citizens as we describe confidence in the leaders of any such union. The utmost service can be rendered by the City Reform Club itself in the publication before election of all accessible information about the candidates for the Assembly. The time is always very short for such work, but the intelligent voters of the city could be enabled to act with knowledge so far as they are really disposed to send respectable representatives. Party politics have nothing to do with the selection. The Assemblymen whose record was "fair" last year were one Republican and three Democrats. The first point is to secure honest men, and men who will support certain measures, such as a ballot law, high license, and the protection of public grounds. It is a good fortune, which, however, seldom occurs, when men of high character and courage and ability like THEODORE ROOSEVELT and WALTER HOWE are willing to go to the Legislature from the city. But it is possible, with care and persistence, to secure some honest men, and it is a happy result worth trying for.

THE PEOPLE AND TAMMANY HALL.

THE question of the city election is very simple. Shall the control of municipal affairs pass completely into the power of Tammany Hall? Does experience show that body of politicians to be so public-spirited, so upright and single-minded, that it is desirable to give it the supreme command of the city pay-roll, and thus enable it to secure an indefinite municipal ascendency? Does anybody suppose that Tammany is seeking such power for the general benefit of the community and not for itself; and is it wise to permit such a vast force devoted to selfish and personal ends to establish itself firmly and immutably in the community?

This is the question which the election next week will answer. That Tammany Hall is conscious of its great importance is shown by the fact that it abandoned "the slate" which it had originally prepared upon the distinct intimation of public opposition to it, and that it substituted at the last moment names supposed to be more generally acceptable, in order that it might "pander to the better sentiment" of the community. It hopes by presenting candidates of character, but wholly devoted to its interests, to placate opposition and to improve its chances of success. But whatever the good character of its candidates may be, it does not change the nature of the contest. The candidates nominated at a meeting of citizens of the highest standing belong to all political parties, like the citizens who have nominated them. In character, ability, and fitness they are in every way equal to their opponents.

Their success would at once secure the most excellent officers for the city, and frustrate the schemes of Tammany Hall. They would have no common party or associated ends to serve, no followers to reward, and no promises to fulfil. Their election would be the triumph of public spirit over the interested and selfish purposes of a political clique, and prevent the fastening of a mastery upon the city which would not be easily shaken off, and of which the city has had bitter experience. Such power as that which is sought by Tammany Hall constantly becomes more despotic and corrupt, and its overthrow is in itself a high and praiseworthy object of the combined action of good citizens. The opportunity now offered for its overthrow, by the election of candidates who are in every way worthy of the warmest support, is one which such citizens will feel it to be the highest duty to improve.

WILLIAM M. DICKSON.

AMONG the victims of the late tragical catastrophe upon the inclined plane railway in Cincinnati was Judge WILLIAM M. DICKSON. He was a lawyer of distinction, but long withdrawn by ill health from the active practice of his profession. Judge DICKSON was one of that most valuable class of citizens who take the most active and intelligent interest in the observation of public affairs, which they seek to influence by the pen. He was an original anti-slavery Republican, and the personal friend of many of the Republican fathers. He served as Judge-Advocate, we believe, during some part of the war, and his occasional contributions to its secret history are very valuable and significant.

Judge DICKSON'S temperament was conservative, and he criticised with severity the earlier signs of difference of feeling among Republicans after the war. In this State he was disposed to chide those who did not yield patiently to the ascendency of Mr. CONKLING, and he doubted whether reform of the civil service was not chimerical, because it was questionable whether there must not be always a paid body of practical political managers. The Republican tradition was very strong in his affections, but his natural rectitude of mind and his clear intelligence came often in conflict with party ways and party chiefs. A student of society, with a deep instinct of justice and broad and sensitive human sympathies, he felt that there were questions of the utmost importance underlying ordinary party differences which could not be always postponed, and which were more wisely encountered frankly and carefully considered, while a native independence as it strengthened his convictions gradually released him from the mere bondage of party.

In 1884 Judge DICKSON was grievously disappointed by the Presidential nomination of his party, which seemed to him to indicate a serious change in its character and animating spirit. But the alternative of Democratic dominance was utterly distasteful to him. A subsequent visit to the Southern States enlightened him upon some preconceived points, and the CLEVELAND administration by no means justified the traditional view of the identity of Democratic domination and national decay. The President's message of 1887 announced in general a revenue policy which he approved, and during the campaign of 1888 he announced in a letter to the Lincoln Club his intention to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND. This year, believing that the Democratic party in Ohio had lost a great opportunity by not taking strong ground for tariff reform, and anticipating more effective temperance action from the Republicans, he had decided to support the re-election of Governor FORAKER, although the campaign, he said, had degenerated into mere personal defamation. Judge DICKSON was a man of that union of deep convictions, cultivated intelligence, and intellectual ability, upright character, political courage, and independence, which is peculiarly American. His sudden and lamentable death is a distinct loss to the forces of the best American citizenship. His name will not pass into our history, but it is such qualities as his that make it.

NOT TOO PERFECT.

SECRETARY NOBLE and Assistant Secretary BUSSEY have been trying to undo as much as possible of the mischief wrought by Commissioner TANNER. The Secretary's decision that the rerating of Senator MANDERSON was illegal, reversed action which Mr. TANNER intended should be general, and the Assistant Secretary has come to the rescue of the Treasury by rescinding the TANNER order that $4 per month should be the minimum pension rate. It was a favorite Republican criticism of the late administration that the Democratic party had lost the faculty of practical government. But whatever evidence of this fact that administration may have furnished, it gave no proof of incapacity so flagrant and outrageous as the appointment of Mr. TANNER to the control of the Pension Bureau.

The President was fully informed of the standing of Mr. TANNER in his own community, and of his fitness for an office of the importance and character of the Pension Commissionership. In no important office are sound discretion, thorough business habits, and a strong sense of responsibility more indispensable, and no man could have been readily found more destitute of them all than the one whom the President selected. It is impossible to suppose that he was intent upon finding the most suitable person for the place. All the facts show that the appointment was made not for the purpose of discharging the duties of the office most efficiently for the country, but to please the Grand Army and to carry out the policy of largess, which the President himself had declared ought not to be squeamish.

If there was a more wanton and unpardonable executive act of the highest public concern under the late administration, it has not yet been mentioned. Such an appointment to such an office is a striking illustration of the remark of the merry Mr. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH of Ohio, that this administration "is not spoiled by striving in this practical world for a mere ideal good and a perfection that pertaineth not to the earth."

The TANNER episode certainly justifies Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S observation.

IN VIRGINIA.

GENERAL MAHONE is what the Republican press calls a rebel brigadier. He is also a repudiator, and he has never been called, so far as we know, an upright politician. He is the Republican candidate for the Governorship of Virginia, and Mr. JOHN M. LANGSTON, a colored Virginian and a Republican, offered to stump the State for MAHONE "if he would agree not to use against colored citizens the power he got from them." He asked no personal favors, but only that the Republican State administration would deal honestly with his race.

General MAHONE would not give the pledge, and Mr. LANGSTON has gone to Ohio to stump for Governor FORAKER. It is understood that the Republican managers in Virginia insisted that he should speak to colored audiences only. In a word, the reports show that MAHONE and his managers share the general local feeling of the white citizens, and do not wish to favor what is called negro rule. Mr. FORTUNE, a colored writer, points out that this apprehension is unfounded, for the simple reason that the colored voters are not a majority, except in three States, and there is no reason to suppose that either in those States or elsewhere they will always vote as a race. Were they practically recognized as equal citizens, like naturalized foreigners elsewhere, Mr. FORTUNE evidently thinks that they would divide in political action like other citizens.

But it is significant that the first act of the movement to re-establish Republican dominance in a Southern State should be the practical repulsion of the colored vote by the refusal to accede to Mr. LANGSTON'S very reasonable request. If the projected crusade of a Republican League into those States should be carried out, how will this conduct of the Virginia campaign be explained? Republican leaders from the President down insist that no public question is more serious and pressing than the treatment of the colored citizens by Southern Democrats. But the Republican leader in Virginia, in order to gain white votes, declines even to promise justice to the colored citizens. Is that one of the signs that Virginia is turning her face to the morning?

THE THOMAS CONCERTS.

IT is pleasant to see that the arrival and domestication among us of eminent musical leaders, such as Mr. SEIDL and Mr. NIKISCH, do not disturb the loyalty of public feeling to their predecessor, the pioneer of the new music in this country, the NAPOLEON of conductors, THEODORE THOMAS. The series of concerts undertaken by him for the autumn, and greeted by an array of names which is a personal tribute to Mr. THOMAS of the most agreeable character, opened at Brooklyn with the utmost enthusiasm and success, which have continued in other cities. The New York concert will take place on the 6th of November, and we understand that its success is even now assured.

The letter addressed to Mr. THOMAS says, what is indisputable, "that no individual influence is more universally acknowledged, and none is more distinctive, constant, intelligent, and effective than yours." It adds that in the development of musical taste in the country his service has been signal. It is many years ago that in his summer nights' concerts, which recalled those of the elder STRAUSS in the Thiergarten at Berlin, Mr. THOMAS first introduced the music of WAGNER to Americans. It was then indeed the music of the future, but how near the future was could not be foreseen. The catholicity of Mr. THOMAS'S taste, shown at that time, is always remarkable, and he has always had the quality which is now remarked in Mr. NIKISCH—the power of imposing his own interpretation upon the music which he conducts.

The masterful gradation of time and shading of tone to develop the perfect expression imply something more than the careful and accurate student and devoted disciple of tradition. The great actor infuses into his part the character which his genius apprehends in it, whether the traditions of the theatre justify it or not. THOMAS in conducting re-creates, as it were, the composer composing. It is BEETHOVEN or MOZART, SCHUBERT or WAGNER that we hear. If we admit that music is one of the most powerful and refining of the higher forms of art, we shall gladly concede that the man who has fostered it so widely and effectively is in the true sense a public benefactor.

PERSONAL.

ALTHOUGH MRS. ALLEN G. THURMAN is older than her husband, she is said to possess fewer of the infirmities of advancing years. One of her chief cares consists in supervising Judge THURMAN'S toilet, as he is notoriously careless as to his personal appearance. MRS. THURMAN, on the contrary, dresses well, and is still an elegant-looking woman.

—Two hundred and thirty trains daily pass the little house at Médan where EMILE ZOLA pursues his literary labors. To this rural retreat ZOLA fled in 1878 to escape the annoyance of the host of tourists who filled Paris at the time of the Exposition. The house he occupies was originally a peasant's cabin, and contained but one room besides the kitchen. The latter M. ZOLA has converted into a reception-room, and has added to the cabin a circular hall and a large study.

—Steps are being taken to establish the Lucy Webb Hayes Seminary at Fremont, Ohio, as a memorial to the late Mrs. HAYES.

—RUBINSTEIN is not so old a man as one might suppose from the fact that he has completed fifty years of professional life. He began as an "infant prodigy" when nine years old, and carries his sixty years lightly. His figure is stalwart and athletic, his masses of black hair are hardly tinged with gray, his small black eyes are piercing, and his swarthy face is beardless. The great musician lives at St. Petersburg, where he holds a life pension as imperial concert director, and has been knighted in nearly every country of Europe. He is inclined to regard the future of music with apprehension, and fails to see where the next crop of composers and performers is to come from.

—Young MORGAN, the colored Harvard student whose choice as class orator has caused something of a sensation, was born at Petersburg, Virginia, and is twenty-eight years old. When his father was freed by the war he moved to Washington, where the son began his education. Young MORGAN has supported himself in college by following his trade as a barber, by serving as a hall-boy in a Saratoga hotel during the summer, and by other devices. He has already accumulated quite a library, and hopes to study law as soon as his college course is finished. MORGAN has negro features, but bright eyes and an intelligent forehead.

—A toyshop-keeper named JOHNSON, living at Bury St. Edmunds, a town in Suffolk County, England, was the original of Smike, one of DICKENS'S characters in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Not till long after the book was written did JOHNSON know how he had been honored, the facts in his life at Dotheboys' Hall being gleaned by Mr. DICKENS from others. JOHNSON says there was no exaggeration of the condition of affairs at the Hall, and corroborates everything, even to the administration by Mrs. Squeers of her favorite remedy of "flour of brimstone and molasses." He ran away from the school when he was fifteen years old.

—The slender form, blue eyes, fresh complexion, and winning manners of Miss MARY LOUISE WORLEY, of London, England, are not the characteristics usually associated with one who has distinguished herself so greatly in the higher branches of learning. She has won honors at London University, Girton College, and Cambridge, and has now passed the Master of Arts examination at the London University with first honors. Miss WORLEY'S taste has been principally for languages, and as a Sanscrit scholar she is said to have few rivals. Her father is a successful London physician.

—The heart of Queen MARIE of Bavaria was removed from her body soon after her death at Munich several months ago, and embalmed, according to a custom which has prevailed in the royal house since the Middle Ages. Recently it was placed in a silver urn, and taken with much pomp and ceremony to the ancient chapel of our Lady of Mercies, where it now rests in a niche of the chancel wall near the hearts of kings and queens who died centuries ago.

—Senator EVARTS is an omnivorous reader, and is said to be especially fond of books on metaphysics, or those devoted to the discussion of economic or sociological problems.

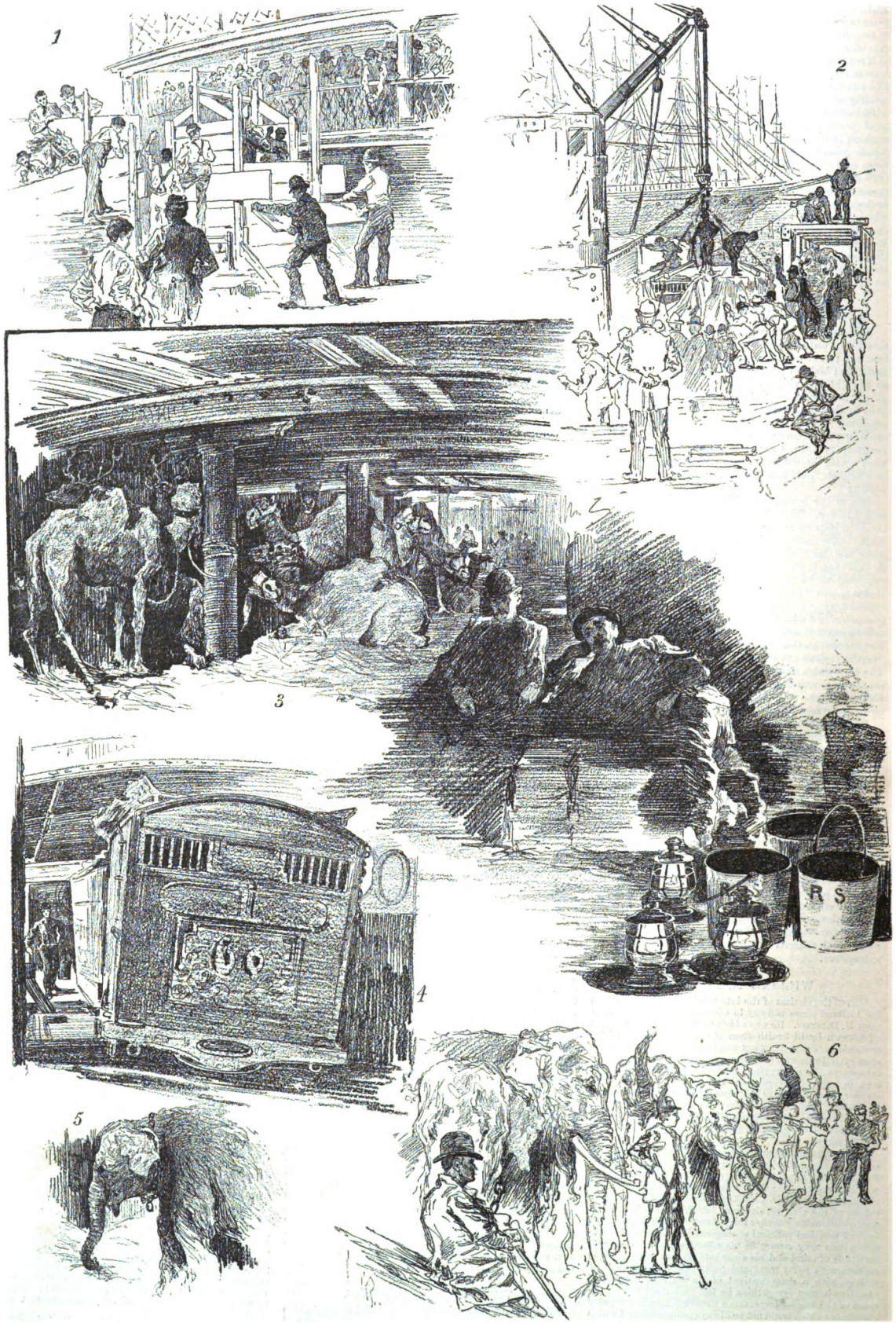
—Professor DAVID P. TODD, of Amherst College, who is in charge of the party of scientists now on their way to the west coast of Africa to observe the eclipse of the sun, is a comparatively young man. He was born at Lake Ridge, New York, in 1855, and twenty years later was graduated at Amherst. When only twenty-three years old he directed a government expedition that was sent to Texas to observe an eclipse.

—Lord TENNYSON enjoys better health at present than he has known before for some time. He may be seen almost daily in some of the beautiful walks or drives in the vicinity of Haslemere.

—Hon. FRANCIS W. BIRD, known as "the Sage of Walpole," and honored for his honesty and strict devotion to Democratic principles, has just observed his eightieth birthday at his home in East Walpole, Massachusetts. Mr. BIRD was graduated at Brown University in 1831, and has attended every Commencement but three since he left his *alma mater*.

—Rev. JOSEPH COOK has bought the summit of Mount Defiance in his native town of Ticonderoga, New York, and will put up a monument, it is said, commemorating both the deeds of ETHAN ALLEN and his heroes, and those of the soldiers from Ticonderoga who fell in the late war.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



EMBARKATION OF BARNUM'S CIRCUS ON THE STEAM-SHIP "FURNESSIA."—Sketches from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.—[See Page 879.]

1. Bringing on the Horses. 2. Hoisting Cages. 3. In the Hold. 4. Cages between Decks. 5. Jumbo's Baby. 6. Elephants waiting to "go on."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GENERAL GREEN B. RAUM, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.

GREEN B. RAUM was born in Golconda, Pope County, Illinois, December 3, 1829. He attended the public schools, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. Three years later he took his family to Kansas. It was in the midst of the great struggle for freedom, and his influence was at once thrown on the side of the Free State party. Such action was dangerous, and for his family's sake he moved back to Illinois in 1857, settling at Harrisburg. At this time, and until 1861, Mr. Raum professed himself a Democrat. But he was heartily for the Union, and when the war broke out he enlisted, and was appointed Major in the Fifty-sixth Illinois Regiment. In the campaign of 1862 he served under General Rosecrans in Mississippi, and at the battle of Corinth he distinguished himself by leading an effective charge. He was with General Grant during the siege of Vicksburg, and after the fall of that city went with him to Chattanooga. He was wounded at Mission Ridge, but soon recovered sufficiently to resume his duties, and was intrusted with important commands during the Atlanta campaign, holding the lines of communication between Dalton and Rome, and defending Resaca against Hood's assault. When he finally resigned his commission he had risen from Major to Brigadier-General.

In 1866 General Raum was elected to Congress, and served one term. His next prominent action in politics was in 1876, when he was president of the State Republican Convention, and a delegate to the National Convention that nominated Mr. Hayes. He was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue August 2, 1876, and served nearly seven years. He was an efficient officer, and did a great deal to break up the "moonshiners" in the South, and to simplify and systematize the work of his bureau. During his term of office he collected $850,000,000 for the government, and disbursed $30,000,000. His official reports are models of their kind.

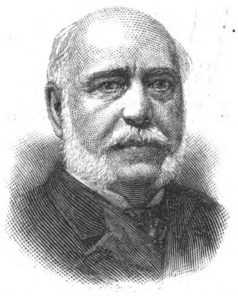
Since 1883 General Raum has practised law, principally in revenue cases, in Washington. He is an uncompromising Republican, and is the author of *The Existing Conflict between Republican Government and Southern Oligarchy*, a book whose title sufficiently indicates his opinion on the Southern question. He is of course a member of the G. A. R., and has long been prominent in that organization.

THE WORK OF THE MARITIME CONFERENCE.

AN international conference is being held at Washington, having for its object the securing of greater safety to life and property on the high seas and coast waters than is at present obtainable with the dissimilar and frequently conflicting signalling systems in vogue on ships of different nationalities. Among the measures which Congressman Perry Belmont pushed through Congress before he went to Madrid was one appropriating $20,000 for the expenses of such a conference. The bill authorized the President to invite the governments of all maritime countries to send delegates to Washington, and provided for the appointment of seven American delegates—two of whom shall be officers of the United States navy, and one an official of the life-saving service, two masters from the merchant marine (one from a sailing vessel, the other from a steamer), and two citizens familiar with shipping and admiralty practice—to represent the United States. The delegates appointed were Rear-Admiral S. R. Franklin and Commander W. P. Sampson, U.S.N.; S. J. Kimball, General Superintendent Life-saving Service; James W. Norcross, master mariner; John W. Shackford, master, merchant marine; W. W. Goodrich, counsellor at law; and C. A. Griscom, President International Navigation Company.

As an indication of the importance of the task committed to the conference, take what is known as the "rule of the road." Just as in the crowded streets of New York there are certain regulations observed by the drivers of vehicles in passing and crossing each other, so, to provide as far as possible against collisions, certain rules have been invented which all vessels are bound to respect in a crowded seaway, where ships of all kinds are sailing in all directions, some crossing each other, some overtaking and passing others, some meeting, and some lying at anchor. For instance, (1) when two sailing ships are approaching one another so as to involve risk of collision, the ship that is running free must keep out of the way of the ship that is close-hauled, while if both ships are close-hauled, the one on the port tack must keep out of the way of the one on the starboard tack; (2) if two ships under steam are meeting each other end on, each is bound to alter her course to starboard, so that each may pass on the port side of the other; (3) when two steam-vessels are crossing each other so as to involve risk of collision, the steamer that has the other steamer on her own starboard hand shall give way. And, once more, there is another very sensible rule, that when one ship—whether a steamer or a sailing vessel—is overtaking another, she must keep away from the ship that she is overtaking. So there is no absolute necessity to keep a lookout astern; the ship that is astern must keep clear of the vessel ahead. These are only instances from the code known to sailors as the "rule of the road," but they will suffice to show the nature of the whole.

One would think that with so many rules collisions ought to be less frequent than they are; but some navigators are wonderfully careless. It is by no means an uncommon thing on a dark night to find large vessels under full canvas with no lights



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE (BRITISH MINISTER).



LIEUTENANT V. L. COTTMAN (SECRETARY UNITED STATES DELEGATION).



FREDERICK W. VERNEY (SIAM).



BARON DE SPAUN (AUSTRIA-HUNGARY).



CAPTAIN P. T. SALVESEN (NORWAY).



F. S. MALMBERG (SWEDEN).



CAPTAIN A. M. BISBEE (CHINA).



DR. F. SIEVEKING (GERMANY).



THEODORE VERBRUGGHE (BELGIUM).



COMMANDER CHEN NGEN TAO (CHINA).

A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL MARITIME CONGRESS IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MAINLY BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

at all. Often their lights have been mounted, but from want of attention have gone out. Frequently there is no proper lookout kept, and many other things are done which place in jeopardy not only their own lives, but the lives of other people. It is the commonest thing in the world for fishing-boats to be lying right in the track of steamers, with no light up, and the only wonder is that they are not run down and sunk oftener than they are. Again, it is not always because the two vessels come suddenly upon each other that a collision occurs. Occasionally it has happened that the officers in charge have been looking at each other's ships for ten minutes or more, and neither has altered his course, because each has thought that the other would do so. At the last moment it has been too late for either to do it, and a collision has been the result. Collisions at sea do sometimes occur through a sort of spirit of obstinacy: neither ship will give way to the other. Or, more frequently, men keep on hesitating as to what to do, and then ten to one the result is a smash. The necessity of revising the present rules of the road has therefore been strongly insisted on by experienced seafaring men for a long time, and it will doubtless be recognized by the conference. One of these rules in particular is a very obnoxious one to masters of steamers, and will certainly be amended; it is that one which gives the right of way to all sailing vessels over all steamers, regardless of the size or position of the latter. In case of collision, the fact that damages must always be paid by the steamer places a premium upon accidents in favor of the captain of the sailing vessel. The quarrel between the steam-ship and the sailing vessel will also involve the proposal of a law requiring that sailing vessels in the vicinity of steamers shall display some signal before tacking or wearing. On the other hand, the steam-ship people will be asked to provide some noiseless method of blowing off steam, because when a steamer carrying the high pressures now required stops for any purpose, the noise of the escaping steam deadens all other sound, rendering it impossible to distinguish sound signals of any kind. It has also been proposed that the speed of steam vessels while running in a fog should be limited to six knots, and that the sail carried by sailing vessels shall be regulated. By slowing down the fast steamers to the low speed suggested, it is hoped to make them seek a course further south, clear of fogs, and in the interest of the establishment of "ocean lanes."

Another very important subject considered is the best manner of arranging the lights at night on vessels at sea or in the harbors, and a new system of "range lights" will be proposed which will make it essential that these lights should be carried as high up as possible on the mainmast, while the present mast-head steaming light should be on the outermost of the head stays, and the red and green lights, if they are retained, should be in the same vertical panel with this mast-head light. In order to avoid confusion, the lights in use at present are to be continued without change, and all innovations are in the introduction of additional lights. The change must be more or less gradual, as the sailor is very conservative, and will not accept a radical change. But the change would doubtless be an admirable one, for experience has again and again demonstrated that colored lights cannot be seen as far as white lights, and it would seem to be advisable to substitute for the two side colored lights one bright white light, carried at the end of the head booms on sailing vessels and on a staff in the bows of steamers. The chief and very apparent advantages of this single front range light would be that it could not be obscured by sails or rigging; that being further forward, it would afford a better range; that being higher above the sea-level, it would be less likely to be washed away in bad weather; that one light is less expensive than two, particularly when the two are colored lights; and, finally, that a white light can be seen twice as far off as a red, and three times as a green light is visible. Experience has shown that pilots who were color blind have been able to successfully avoid vessels carrying range lights, which they were able to distinguish at a greater distance than those who were not color blind could see the colored lights. The intensity of the electric lights carried in the saloons and cabins of passenger steamers has resulted in an almost total eclipse of the green side light, which in such vessels can now hardly be distinguished until almost too close to serve as a guide for the avoidance of collision. On this account, as well as because it is thought that a different arrangement of lights will result in a quicker perception of the fact that an approaching vessel has altered her course, it is proposed eventually to do away with the colored side lights, and substitute in their stead one bright white light, to be carried on the booms or forward stay. Another advantage to be gained by the proposed range lights would be that by them the international and the local American laws are harmonized. The system is so arranged that vessels one is apt to meet least frequently carry one range light, fast steamers two, while steamers towing or disabled carry three lights, and so on; and thus the very earliest information regarding the character of the approaching vessel is given, while the speed of a steamer can be determined approximately, and the course a vessel is steering can be determined within a point. The more the system is studied, the more admirable does it appear.

Take the case of the transatlantic steamers again, with their innumerable electric lights. These very rows of lights would, under the proposed system, act as range lights, and render the side lights almost useless, except when end on. The use of the two white range lights, denoting over fifteen knots speed, would prove a sufficient warning to tramps not to cross the bows of such vessels. The subject is not nearly exhausted, for the question of complete safety in perfect ease and freedom of motion at sea is an extremely complicated one, but enough has been said to show the advantages of the proposed system of range lights over the present imperfect and primitive one, in which a couple of colored mediæval hobgoblins are the only resources to meet the thousand and one exigencies of modern marine engineering.

The next interesting question is that of signalling. It has long been found necessary to have some method of signalling between vessels in order to indicate what their intentions are regarding a change of course; and the great point is to make instruments used for this purpose as simple and inexpensive as they can be made consistent with efficiency. Consequently all automatic appliances, with more or less complicated attachments liable to get out of order when most needed, should be carefully avoided. Sound instruments should be of uniform size, pattern, and power, and should be required to pass a rigid government inspection before they can be sold or used. Other suggestions are as follows: all steamers shall carry steam-whistles as now required by law. Large sailing vessels shall carry fog-horns connected directly with compressed air-receivers, which, together with the necessary air-pump, shall be securely fastened to the deck below. The horns shall be fitted to a pipe passing through the deck, and shall be arranged so that they can be readily unshipped. Small sailing craft shall carry gongs instead of the mouth horns now required by law. The fog-horns now used on sailing vessels, even if new and in good condition, cannot be heard over half a mile; while on board steamers, owing to the rush of the water, the throbbing of the engines, and so forth, they cannot often be heard at all. The gong is proposed as being simple, cheap, and not liable to be injured by sea-water. It has three times the range of the fish-horn and ten times its life. The Chinese have used it for years with great success, and make with it long or short sounds at will.

Lieutenant Blow, the officer in charge of the Branch Hydrographic Office in New York, has drawn up three codes of compass signals—to be used in a fog only, and in connection with manœuvring signals—which are now submitted for criticism and suggestion to experts. The first code is made to depend on the number of sounds, the second on the length of the sound, while the third depends upon the different tones of two instruments. In this code each vessel will be required to have two instruments of different tones, and pitched about one octave apart. Thus:

N.—High.	N.E.—High, high, low.
S.—Low.	S.E.—Low, high, low.
E.—High, low.	N.W.—High, low, high.
W.—Low, high.	S.W.—Low, low, high.

This scale will give the reader an idea of the principle of the other codes as well. It will be observed that no signal contains more than three sounds, and opposite points have opposite sounds, making the combinations easier to memorize.

Manœuvring signals shall be used under all circumstances when two vessels are approaching each other so as to involve danger of collision, whether the compass signals are to be used or not. The present code used by sailing vessels—one blast of horn: "I am on starboard tack;" two blasts: "I am on port tack"—is not absolutely useless, but is quite apt to be an additional cause of disaster. For instance, steamers moving at the rate of ten knots per hour will, as a general rule, draw the wind ahead, and make it a matter of guesswork to determine the true direction of the wind and the course the sailing vessel is heading. The following manœuvring signals are therefore made obligatory, and shall be used in addition to any code of compass signals which may hereafter be adopted. These signals shall apply to sailing vessels as well as to steamers, and shall take the place of the "optional helm signals":

One long sound: "I am directing my course to starboard."

Two long sounds: "I am directing my course to port."

Three long sounds: "I am being towed by the vessel ahead." (This signal will be used only in thick and foggy weather.) The vessel towing will make the regular "manœuvring" and "compass" signals.

Any number of short rapid sounds is to mean: "I am backing full speed," for a steamer; or, "I am manœuvring to avoid collision," for sailing vessel. This signal, the present "danger signal," will also be used as a call for assistance.

Rapid ringing of ship's bell: "I have anchored, or have stopped my ship, and am lying 'dead' in the water."

Compass signals shall be used in a fog only, and in connection with manœuvring signals. There shall not be more than eight signals, denoting every four points of the compass steered by a vessel, and no signal shall consist of more than four distinct sounds. The compass code shall be plainly marked on the compass card, so as to be always visible to the officer in charge of the bridge. A vessel towing another in a fog shall give the compass signal, while the vessel being towed shall sound three long blasts of the whistle or horn, or make three long sounds on the gong.

The conference met on October 20th, and after two days' discussion of the proposed changes in the rule of the road, adjourned till the 28th, to consider the changes and amendments so far proposed. The only striking incident of the meeting in its early stage was the blunt proposal of one of the German delegates to increase the speed of steam-ships when sailing through fog. The proposal was strongly supported, but it is unlikely that it will be seriously considered.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE CONFERENCE.

The International Maritime Conference is remarkable not only for the importance of the subjects under discussion, but for the high reputation of the delegates from the different maritime countries of the world. Skilful diplomatists, illustrious naval officers, and experienced master mariners of the mercantile marine, astute admiralty lawyers, and experts in the intricacies of international law, make up a galaxy of all the talents such as any country might feel proud to welcome to its shores.

So far as the proceedings have gone during the first week of the meeting, two of the cleverest men of the conference have already stepped prominently to the front as spokesmen for their respective delegations, viz., Mr. Hall of England, and Mr. W. W. Goodrich of New York. Both of these men—and they admire each other with a warmth that their occasional tilts in opposition only serve to intensify—are recognized authorities in their respective countries on all questions relating to shipping interests and maritime law. Mr. Hall, member of Parliament, is a legal adviser of the Prince of Wales, as well as his intimate personal friend, and he enjoys a European reputation as an admiralty lawyer. Mr. Goodrich has so distinguished himself since the opening of the present conference that on the 22d inst. he was appointed chairman of the American delegation as a fitting recognition of his prominence in the discussions of the conference. Admiral Franklin, whom he succeeds, was compelled to resign the position, as the duties of president of the conference left him no time to act as the leader of the American delegates. Mr. Goodrich is now in a better position to cope with Mr. Hall, the English chairman, and with Dr. Sievcking of Germany, another able and active delegate.

Lieutenant V. L. Cottman, secretary of the American delegation, is a bright and experienced officer, with a tremendous capacity for work, who was for many years head of the Hydrographic Bureau of New York. Multitudinous as the details of his duties as secretary were on the opening of the conference, he had everything in ship-shape order within two days of his taking charge, so that his fellow delegates are indebted to his organizing power and unwearied industry for the advantage of a clear horizon at the very start.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the recently appointed British Minister to Washington, who is also to take a part in the business of the conference, is too well known to require description. His large eyes, strongly English features and expression, and courtly bearing make him a familiar figure in Washington. He is a studious, observant man, who has steadily worked his way up through the lower departments of the state service to his present position; but what will perhaps be of more value to him in the conference is that he is an experienced traveller, having, among many other excursions to foreign countries, made three voyages to China from England, during which he was led to observe the working of the present incongruous marine code in Eastern waters. Before the opening of the conference Sir Julian, on his return from England, expressed doubts as to the possible usefulness of the conference.

The name of Captain Bisbee among the Chinese delegates is one which hardly smacks of the terminology of the Flowery Kingdom, and yet he is one of the most trusted and valued servants of the remote and semi-sacred court of Pekin. Captain Bisbee is an American who has served the Chinese government uninterruptedly for twenty years. He has four Chinamen as associate delegates, the chief of whom is Commander Chen Ngen Tao, of the Imperial Chinese Navy, a young man of thirty-five, with a competent knowledge of English.

Captain F. S. Malmberg, of the Swedish delegation, is chief of the Nautical Meteorological Bureau of Norway. He is one of the members of the conference who strenuously advocate (with Mr. Goodrich) the adoption of the same system of lights for vessels traversing inland and coast waters as for sea-going vessels.

The flag of Austria is not often seen in American waters, but to voyagers down the Mediterranean and Levant it is familiar enough. Baron de Spaun, of the Austrian delegation, is a man experienced in maritime affairs and in international law, and his shrewd but conciliatory disposition, joined to undoubted ability and readiness of resource, will enable him to take a leading part in the discussions of this distinguished body of men from all parts of the habitable globe.

Captain P. T. Salvesen, a Norway delegate and one of the ablest officers of the Swedish navy, is another of the most active and suggestive intellects of the conference. He made an impression at the start by calling attention to the difficulty of finding a word that would in all languages convey the idea of "carry," and the interpreters were at once directed by the conference to find and agree upon a word that would be more flexible.

Little populous Belgium is ably represented by Mr. Theo Verbrugghe, who, in a vigorous composite speech of English and French, called attention to the difficulty that would arise in the event of a change in the present code, because of the difference between the standards of measurement.

Mr. Frederick W. Verney, who represents Siam, is an attaché of the Siamese Legation in London.

SNAG-BOAT WORK ON WESTERN RIVERS.

Since the advent of the steam horse, those of Uncle Sam's good subjects who have known the delightful experiences of travel in the "stern-wheelers" on Western rivers may have taken the idea into their heads that the rivers and boats had nothing to do but "dry up" and decay.

Those of the aforesaid subjects who take a slip down river now and again know that they have not done anything of the sort; in fact, the rivers are just a little too active for Uncle Sam, for while they refuse to dry up, they keep him hard at work with his snag-boats to prevent their choking up.

These boats are built entirely of steel, in the strongest manner possible, have powerful engines, and a hull in two sections (an enlarged model boot-jack); fitted with powerful steel derricks, chains, and metal tackle, they are forced up to the heaviest obstructions, and lift them easily from the narrow channels of the rivers. During low water all the channels used by passenger and freight steamers are patrolled by these boats, and dangerous snags are pulled out as fast as they are uncovered by the falling water. During high water, and after each of the sudden rises for which these rivers are notable, it is the duty of these boats to watch for the "floaters"—a term applied to heavy débris and boats adrift; in event of fire, to assist in silencing the conflagration with her big pumps; and in breaking up and clearing away fallen bridges or wreckage in the channel or at landings by aid of a peculiar and powerful steel hook attached to her fore-derrick, called, in river-men's parlance, a "parrot nose."

There are a number of these boats, and each carries the usual list of officers, engineers, and crew. Without their aid the Western rivers in many places would be rendered entirely unnavigable on account of "snags" and "floaters."



FAMILIAR.

INSPECTOR. "Are you familiar with the requirements of an elector, sir?"
DENNIS. "Phwhat's that?"
INSPECTOR. "Are you entitled to vote, sir?"
DENNIS. "Faith, an' oi am that; it's tin days ol've been in the counthry, and it's foor toimes ol've registered to-day, already."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUI INDIANS.

BY WILLIAM M. EDWARDY.

THE reservation of the Moqui Indians is situated in northern Arizona, about ninety miles from the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. It is a wild, desolate country, with innumerable buttes rising abruptly out of barren sandy plains, and deep cañons which extend for hundreds of miles. There are a few stunted trees upon the mesas, an occasional spring, and now and then a valley fertile enough to yield a scanty crop of grain; yet uninviting as the country is, the Moqui Indians have for centuries made it their home. Here they have lived almost unknown to the outside world, mingling little with the neighboring tribes, and preserving their own strange traditions, and practising their mystic religious rites. The agency is located at Keam's Cañon — a picturesque gorge in the heart of the reservation—and here the government has erected suitable buildings and established a school. Competent teachers have been employed, and every effort has been made to educate and enlighten the tribe; but the superstitions of centuries cannot be readily broken down, and the masses of the Moquis still cling to their traditions, and remain as densely ignorant as they were hundreds of years ago. The three principal villages are twelve miles from Keam's Cañon, and are built on a mesa, or table-land, which rises six hundred feet above the level of the surrounding plain. The sides of the mesa are almost perpendicular, and there is but one means of approach, which is by way of a narrow, rugged roadway winding upward along the sides of the cliffs. The mesa is not more than three hundred feet in width at the broadest point, and in some places narrows down to ten feet. The Moqui villages are built very much after the same style as those of the Pueblo Indians, and the houses rise one above the other on successive terraces of solid stone. About four hundred Moquis live upon the mesa, and although a different language is spoken in each of the three villages, all of the people belong to the same tribe. They originally inhabited the plains to the north and east, but were driven out by other tribes, and settling upon the mesa, made common cause against their enemies. There is no water or vegetation upon the mesa, and the Indians have their fields and cattle in the valleys below.

The traditions of the Moquis extend far back into the past, and their religion and customs antedate the earliest history of the aboriginal tribes. They have many feasts and ceremonies, and a host of gods; but as all of their religious doctrines are clothed in mystery, it is difficult to ascertain what tenets they really entertain.

In this article I have accepted the traditions of the Moquis as interpreted to me by people who have lived among the tribe and used every effort to secure a correct version.

Of all the religious festivals of the Moquis the "snake dance" is the most sacred, and to any one unacquainted with their mysteries it is certainly the most wonderful. It occurs only once every two years, and is celebrated with a fervor and solemnity which show how deeply rooted in the minds of the Indians are the superstitions which have come down to them through ages of the past.

According to their traditions, the tribe once inhabited a fertile plain far to the north, upon the banks of a great stream. Among their people was a youth named *Tijo*, who sought to discover the basin into which the great river flowed. He left his people, and following the course of the stream, pushed on toward its mouth. He was gone for many years, and finally came upon the great water-house into which the river flowed. Here he found the "snake people," a supernatural race, who inhabited a beautiful land. He lived among them, and after many ages had passed returned to his tribe, bringing with him the mysteries which cannot be told. He also brought with him two wives, who were called *chua mana*, or snake virgins, and by them he had many children, all of whom were snakes. These snakes were very wicked, and attacked the people of the tribe. Many were bitten and died, and the remainder were forced to fly for safety to the mesa where they now dwell. After a while the snakes ceased their warfare, and as it was discovered that they were in constant communication with the "snake people," they became the messengers between the Moquis and the gods of the underworld.

With the Moquis the underworld corresponds in some measure with our idea of heaven, and it is composed of three successive chambers or degrees. In the first or lowest chamber there is little or no vegetation or light; in the second, more light and vegetation; and in the third the conditions are about the same as upon the earth. Death is not feared, and the grave is regarded as the gateway to the underground world. Great care is taken in providing tombs for the dead, and in former times the last resting-place of a Moqui Indian was even more spacious and artistic in design than the house in which he had passed his life.

It is confidently believed that man sprang from the underworld, and at death returns to it; and while the Moquis have no idea of a devil or such a place as hell, they believe in demoniac influences, which can only be removed by the interposition of the gods of the underworld.

In most of the Moqui religious festivals there are masked dancers, who personate *katcinas*, or messengers to the gods, and the festival which precedes the "snake dance" is called the feast of the returning *katcinas*. At this time the messengers are all supposed to go home to the underworld, leaving only the snake messengers behind. After a certain number of days has elapsed the "snake dance" is held, which really signifies nothing more nor less than the starting of the snake *katcinas* on their journey to the underworld.

Preparations for the "snake dance" begin four days before the dance, the first work being the capture of a large number of reptiles. Until the time of the last dance, which took place on August 17th, no one knew how the living snakes were caught and handled. Various theories were advanced, some people saying that they were drugged, and others contending that they were caught with forked sticks, and their fangs afterward drawn. Both theories have been proven incorrect by the experience of three intelligent gentlemen, attaches of the agency, who were permitted to accompany the Indians on their last hunt. It was then clearly demonstrated that the Moquis control the most venomous serpents by some unknown influence, and capture and handle them with seeming ease.

On the first morning of the hunt the "Snake men," some forty in number, assembled at the "*chua kiva*," or temple of the Snake chief, and prepared for their work. Divesting themselves of all clothing but the breech-clout, they painted their bodies a dark brown color, and unloosing their long black hair, allowed it to flow in tangled masses over the shoulders. Each man was then given a drink of holy water, which had been blessed and prayed over by the Snake chief, and small bags of sacred meal were distributed among them. This sacred meal is held in the greatest reverence by the Moquis. It is made from the corn which is the principal article of food upon which they subsist, and is therefore emblematic of the power which imparts life. The meal is ground and prepared by a virgin of the tribe, under the sacred influences invoked by the incantations of the Snake chief.

The ceremonies being at an end, some of the men were given large eagle feathers, which they carried in their hands, and others were provided with buckskin bags and common garden hoes. Thus equipped, they were ready for the hunt, and the entire party, with solemn faces and without speaking a word, filed out of the *kiva*, and made their way down into the valley below. The three white men already mentioned followed at a short distance behind, but close enough to see all that was done. In the valley the Indians halted at a spring, where each man drank of the water, and then standing up, facing the east, cast some of the sacred meal into the air, muttering as he did so a low melodious chant. They next spread out, like soldiers in skirmish line, some twenty feet apart, and moved across the plain in gloomy silence, carefully scrutinizing each clump of sage-brush as they passed.

It was not long before a motion from one of the Indians drew all of the others toward him, and with tread so soft and stealthy that not a leaf or rock was disturbed, they closed in around a bush under which a huge rattler was coiled. So softly did they approach that the snake did not seem alarmed, and, contrary to the usual custom of his species, failed to sound his warning note. He eyed the circle of dusky forms around him, and gracefully arched his glossy neck, but made no move to strike. The Snake chief now advanced to within a few feet of the snake, and sprinkled upon him some of the sacred meal, which action was followed by each of the other men in turn. Next, one of the Indians left the circle, and going up close to the snake, began to stroke him with the eagle feather which he carried in his hand. The tickling of the feather seemed to soothe or charm the snake in some way, for he ceased to wave his head, and gradually relaxed his coil. While this was going on, one of the Indians who carried a hoe came up, and cut away the brush under which the snake had been found. The Indian continued to stroke the snake with his feather until he had entirely uncoiled, and straightening out to his full length, started to glide sluggishly away. As he did so, the snake charmer, with a quick movement of his right hand, grasped him by the body about four inches from the head, and boldly lifted him from the ground. The rattler squirmed for a moment, but as his captor gently stroked him by drawing his left hand downward over his body, he quieted down, and finally allowed himself to be thrust head-first into one of the buckskin bags.

The snake was captured so easily and in such a short space of time that the Indians only halted a few minutes, and then resumed their hunt. The search for snakes was kept up until night came on, and this was repeated each day of the hunt, until in four days nearly two hundred snakes of all sizes and varieties had been caught. There were yellow and brown rattlesnakes, small black rattlers, bull-snakes, garter-snakes, whip-snakes, and common house-snakes—all of which were taken to the snake *kiva*, where they were kept until the time of the dance.

In the *kiva* no effort was made to keep the snakes confined; they were simply thrown in a heap in one corner of the large square underground room, and here they coiled and twisted themselves in a tangled mass, without fighting among themselves or attempting to harm their keepers. Some of the Snake men were constantly on watch in the *kiva*, where they preserved the same solemn silence which had characterized them during the hunt. Occasionally some snake would loose himself from the writhing mass and crawl across the smooth stone floor, but some one of the keepers would quickly pick him up and place him back in the corner where he belonged.

On the morning of the dance a huge *olla* or earthen jar of water was carried into the *kiva*, and one after another the snakes were carefully washed, after which they were placed on a heap of clean white sand to dry. During this washing process the snakes were completely under the control of the Snake men, who handled them without any evidences of fear. The whole operation was performed with such apparent ease that the deadliest of American serpents really seemed to be as harmless as doves.

The next ceremony in preparation for the dance was the assembling of nearly the whole tribe in and around the *moung kiva*, or chief *kiva*, where Wiki, the withered and wrinkled old Snake chief, offered up prayer in front of an altar, and blessed the people, particularly the children, of the tribe. Both the *chua kiva* and *moung kiva* are nothing more than large underground chambers hewn out of the rock, and have only one means of entrance or exit, which is through a narrow square opening like a hatchway, a heavy oaken ladder taking the place of stairs. In the *moung kiva* the altar consists of a square piece of coarsely woven woollen cloth, upon which are four bands representing the seasons, and zigzag stripes representing the lightning. This *kiva* is presided over by the "Antelopes"—an order of the snake dancers which is supposed to represent the spiritual element. The snake *kiva* is in charge of the Snake men, who represent the warlike element. The altar in this *kiva* has upon it the representation of a mountain-lion, instead of the symbols used in the *moung kiva*. Over the entrance to each of the *kivas* were suspended a bow and arrows, together with long shreds of wool, eagle feathers, fox and weasel skins. These symbols were intended to represent the power of the order to bring rain to the high rocks of the eagle's home and the prairie holes of the weasel and fox. The bow represented power; the arrows, lightning; the shreds of wool, falling rain; the feathers and skins, the homes of the eagle, weasel, and fox.

As the time for the dance drew near, the Snakes and Antelopes all repaired to the *chua kiva*, where they decorated themselves in a gorgeous and hideous manner. The Antelopes painted the upper part of their faces white and the chin black, while the Snakes did just the reverse. All donned head-dresses of eagles' feathers, except the Antelope chief, who wore a crown of green cotton-wood leaves. Short skirts of buckskin and white woollen cloth, buckskin moccasins, and girdles completed the costume. Each man wore armlets and leg bands of metal, necklaces of beads, bears' claws, and mountain-lions' teeth; while all of the Antelopes had garlands of cotton-wood leaves. The costumes of the Snakes and Antelopes were made of newly tanned buckskin and newly made woollen cloth. None of them had ever been worn before, but they were made in the same style after which the snake dancers' garments have been made through all ages of the past. There has never been any change or innovation in this dress, and the Moquis will tell you that it is fashioned after the garb of the "snake people" whom *Tijo*, the snake hero, found on the banks of the great water-house into which the river flowed.

The "snake dance" takes place on a narrow ledge which lies between the terraced dwellings of the Moquis and the great precipice which rises perpendicularly from the plains. It does not begin until a late hour in the afternoon, and is so arranged that it will end in time for the snakes to be turned loose just as the sun is going down. The dance is opened by a grim-visaged old sub-chief, who emerges from the *chua kiva*, bearing upon his back a great buckskin bag, into which all of the snakes have been put. This bag he deposits in the *kiva*, or shade-house, a tent-shaped structure made of green cotton-wood boughs. The *kiva* has only a small entrance, over which is loosely hung a tanned deer-hide, and to enter this it is necessary to go upon hands and knees. In front of the entrance is a long narrow opening hewn in the rocks, which is closed by a heavy oaken trap-door, and is supposed to represent a gateway to the underworld.

After the snakes had been deposited in the *kiva*, the Antelopes came out of the *chua kiva*, and in single file marched past the *kiva*. There were twelve Antelopes in this first procession, ranging in size and age from old men to little tots not more than three or four years of age. Each one carried in his right hand a peculiar-looking rattle made of tortoise-shell, and in his left a *chan wuapi*, or snake-whip, made of two eagle feathers fastened to the end of a stick some eight or ten inches in length. The rattles used are of unknown antiquity, and are supposed to have been brought from the sea-shore in some remote age.

As the Antelopes passed in front of the *kiva* they began to shake their rattles vigorously, and each one stamped with his right foot upon the wooden trap-door. This was done in order to notify the gods of the underworld that the dance was about to begin. After passing the *kiva* twice, the Antelopes arranged themselves in a line to the right of and facing the open space where the dance was to take place. As their march ended the Snakes appeared and went through the same performance. At the end of the second round in front of the *kiva* they drew up in single file facing the Antelopes. The Snakes were thirty-nine in number, and carried only eagle feathers in their hands. Like the Antelopes, they were of all sizes and ages, and the little boys were constantly watched over and prompted by the men. Just as the Snakes halted, ten or twelve women appeared upon the scene, bearing small cocoanin vessels filled with sacred meal. They grouped themselves irregularly to the right of the Antelopes, and took no part in the dance, except to scatter meal upon the dancers as they passed. The dress of the women did not differ materially from the ordinary gaudy attire worn by the squaws of other tribes. The only noticeable feature was the *mana dish*, or virgin coil, which distinguished the marriageable girls. Their hair was done up in two coils resembling in shape the squash blossom, which among the Moquis is an emblem of fertility and productiveness.

Standing facing each other, the Snakes and Antelopes began to sway their bodies from right to left, and with a slow motion to wave their eagle feathers from side to side. This movement was accompanied by the shaking of rattles and a low measured chant, which sounded like the dull humming of an enormous bumblebee. At intervals a sort of refrain was given in a louder tone, and at its conclusion each dancer would stamp his right foot upon the ground. As the chanting ceased, the Snake chief stepped to the front of the *kiva*, and sprinkling sacred water upon the doorway, murmured a prayer, and resumed his position in the line. This was the signal for the thrilling feature of the dance. The Snake men locked arms two and two, and bending their bodies nearly double, danced in couples toward the place where the snakes were kept. When the first pair of dancers reached the opening of the *kiva*, one of them dropped upon his hands and knees, and lifting the deer-skin, crawled inside. In a moment he reappeared, holding a huge rattlesnake between his teeth. The snake was tightly grasped by the body about six inches from the head, which was left entirely free. The dancer who held the snake in his mouth kept his eyes tightly closed, and his companion guided him around the circle, and at the same time stroked the head of the snake with his eagle feather and chanted in a low tone. Each succeeding couple acted as the first had done, until every man had passed. When one complete circle had been made, the dancers carrying the snakes in their mouths relased their holds, and let them drop to the ground.

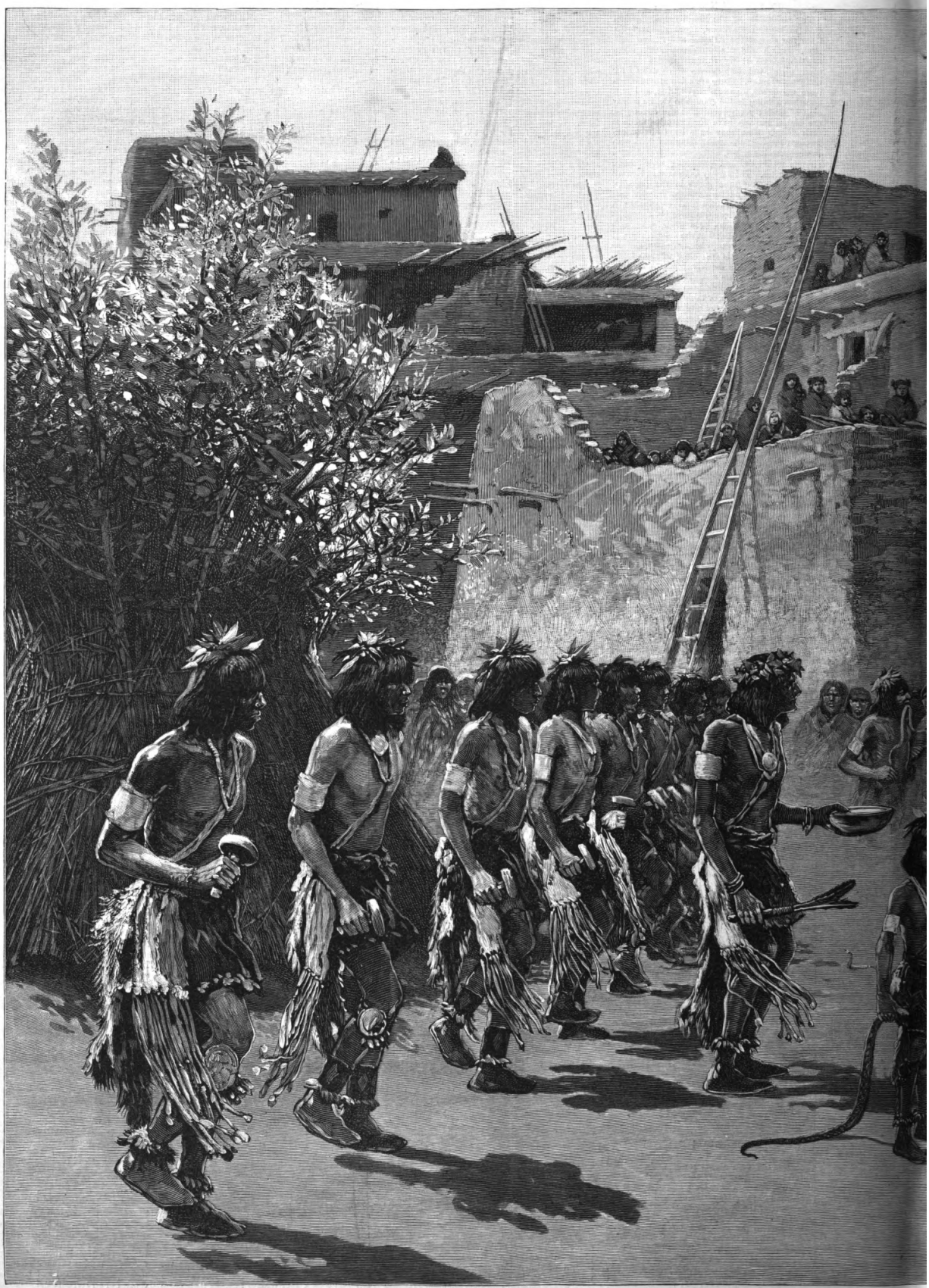
They were then quickly picked up and carried to the Antelopes, who held them in their hands. The dancers continued to dive into the *kiva* until the last snake had been taken out, and every man among them was handling from one to a dozen snakes. When the snakes were small, a dancer would take three or four in his mouth, and as many more in each hand. One little fellow danced around with an enormous bull-snake, which was fully three times as long as himself. It was a wonderfully fascinating and appalling sight to watch these hideous savages dancing around with deadly serpents twined around their arms and necks, or writhing between their teeth. Frequently a snake in moving its head around became entangled in the dancer's hair, and would be gently loosened by a stroke of the feather in an attendant's hand. The dance lasted about half an hour, and a noticeable feature throughout was the solemn countenances of the dancers and the air of devotion with which they seemed inspired. At times, when the chanting would cease for a moment, an awful chorus of rattles could be heard, as if the snakes themselves were bent on lending horrors to the dance. The grand climax of the dance was a thrilling scene, which sent a cold shudder through every one who witnessed it. The Snake chief took a quantity of the sacred meal and sprinkled it on the ground in the form of a circle. Around this the Snakes and Antelopes gathered, each holding one or more reptiles in his hands. At a given signal every man threw the snakes which he held into the centre of the circle, where they formed a writhing tangled mass almost a foot in height. A moment afterward each dancer thrust both hands into the pile of snakes, and grasping as many as he could hold, dashed off at a breakneck speed toward the trails leading down into the valley. Some of the men ran north, and others south, east, and west, all hurrying away with their burdens of snakes.

The valley was reached in an incredibly short space of time, and here the snakes were set free. This done, the dancers retraced their steps toward the *kiva* without slackening their speed, and reached it drenched with perspiration and almost out of breath. Here the Snake chief received them, and administered to each one a powerful emetic, which required only a few seconds to take effect. When this revolting part of the ceremony was finished, the dance was at an end, and women came from all quarters of the mesa, bringing with them great baskets of meats, vegetables, and fruits, which were spread upon the ground, and a regular banquet served. The late dancers seemed none the worse for having been dosed with so potent an emetic, and joined heartily in the feast. The Moquis explain the "snake dance" by saying that they handle the snakes to show them that they will not be harmed, and while this is being done they sing to them, begging them to carry their messages to the gods of the underworld.

Are the Indians ever bitten in these dances? This question is often asked, but it cannot be intelligently answered. Some persons contend that they are frequently bitten, but are saved from injury by the use of a wonderful antidote which is known to no one but the Snake chief. If there is any such antidote it has never been discovered by any one who has sought to find it out. Dr. H. C. Yarrow, of the Smithsonian Institute, spent some time among the Moquis, and made every effort to find out what the antidote was, but he failed in the attempt, as the fear of some horrible death deterred members of the tribe from giving him any information. It is also asserted by people who have had opportunities for making observations that the Snakes and Antelopes undergo a process of preparation for the dance, and take medicines for days beforehand which render them proof against the rattlesnake's bite.

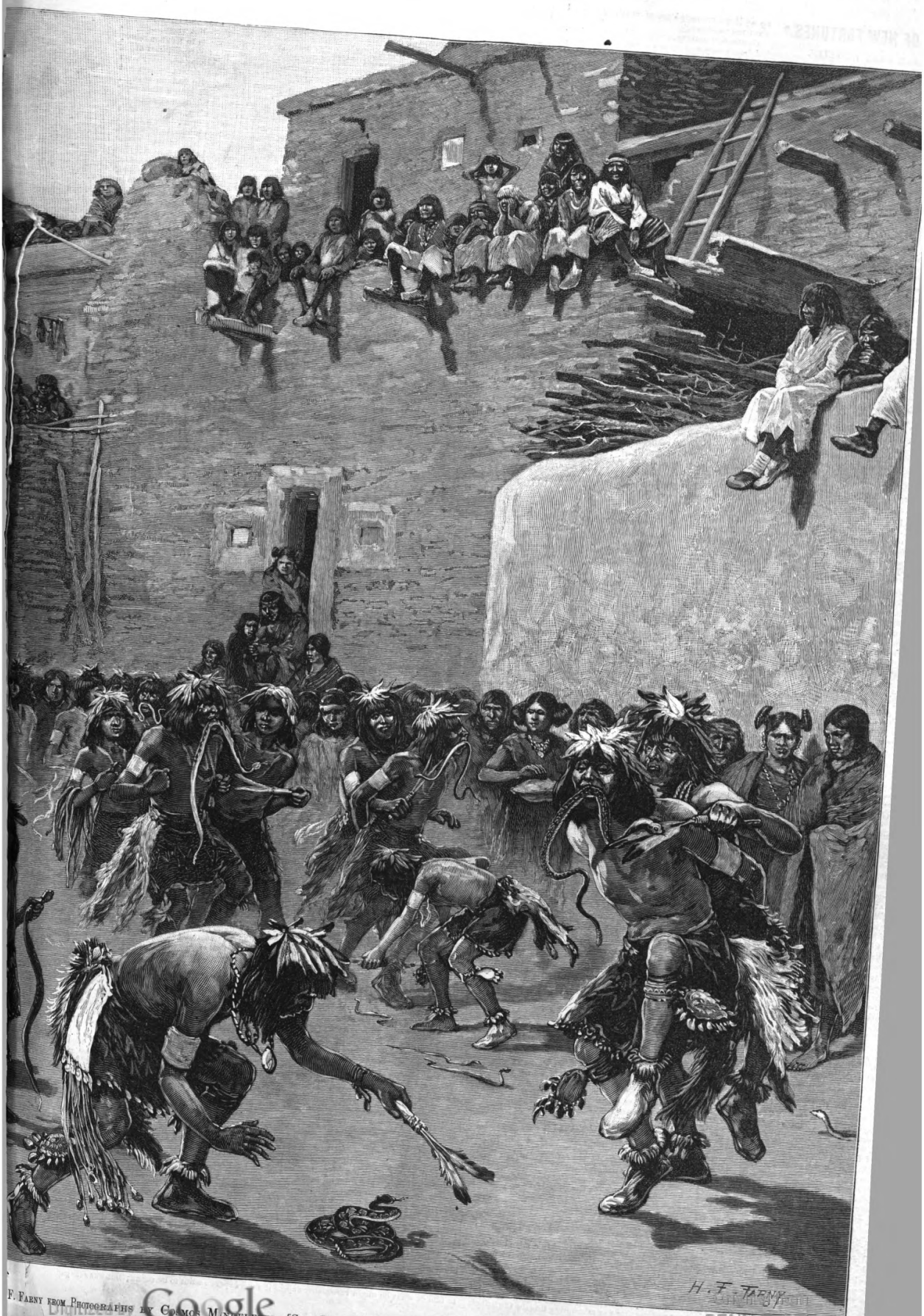
Whatever may be the antidote taken in the precautions used beforehand, it is certain that the snakes are neither drugged nor have their fangs drawn, and that no Moqui has ever been known to die of their bite. The manner in which the snakes are taken, as witnessed by the three gentlemen already mentioned, proves that no artificial means are used, and a careful examination of several snakes which had been handled in the dance showed that they had not been tampered with. The Moquis themselves give no explanation of their power to handle living snakes, except that the sacred meal and holy water give them control of all serpents and save them from harm.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUI INDIANS.—Drawn by

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



F. Farny from Photographs by Cosmos Mindeleff.—[See Page 871.]

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

XIII.

THE course of public events carried Beaton's private affairs beyond the reach of his simple first intention to renounce his connection with *Every Other Week*. In fact this was not perhaps so simple as it seemed, and long before it could be put in effect it appeared still simpler to do nothing about the matter: to remain passive and leave the initiative to Dryfoos, to maintain the dignity of unconsciousness, and let recognition of any change in the situation come from those who had caused the change. After all, it was rather absurd to propose making a purely personal question the pivot on which his relations with *Every Other Week* turned. He took a hint from March's position and decided that he did not know Dryfoos in these relations; he only knew Fulkerson, who had certainly had nothing to do with Mrs. Mandel's asking his intentions. As he reflected upon this he became less eager to look Fulkerson up and make the magazine a partner of his own sufferings. This was the soberer mood to which Beaton trusted that night even before he slept, and he awoke fully confirmed in it. As he examined the offence done him in the cold light of day, he perceived that it had not come either from Mrs. Mandel, who was visibly the faltering and unwilling instrument of it, or from Christine, who was altogether ignorant of it, but from Dryfoos, whom he could not hurt by giving up his place. He could only punish Fulkerson by that, and Fulkerson was innocent. Justice and interest alike dictated the passive course to which Beaton inclined; and he reflected that he might safely leave the punishment of Dryfoos to Christine, who would find out what had happened, and would be able to take care of herself in any encounter of tempers with her father.

Beaton did not go to the office during the week that followed upon this conclusion; but they were used, there, to these sudden absences of his, and as his work for the time was in train, nothing was made of his staying away, except the sarcastic comment which the thought of him was apt to excite in the literary department. He no longer came so much to the Leightons, and Fulkerson was in no state of mind to miss any one there except Miss Woodburn, whom he never missed. Beaton was left, then, unmolestedly awaiting the turn of destiny, when he read in the morning paper, over his coffee at Maroni's, the deeply scare-headed story of Conrad's death and the clubbing of Lindau. He probably cared as little for either of them as any man that ever saw them; but he felt a shock if not a pang at Conrad's fate, so out of keeping with his life and character. He did not know what to do; and he did nothing. He was not asked to the funeral, but he had not expected that, and when Fulkerson brought him notice that Lindau was also to be buried from Dryfoos's house, it was without his usual sullen vindictiveness that he kept away. In his sort, and as much as a man could who was necessarily so much taken up with himself, he was sorry for Conrad's father; Beaton had a peculiar tenderness for his own father, and he imagined how his father would feel if it were he who had been killed in Conrad's place, as it might very well have been; he sympathized with himself in view of the possibility; and for once they were mistaken who thought him indifferent and merely brutal in his failure to appear at Lindau's obsequies.

He would really have gone if he had known how to reconcile his presence in that house with the terms of his effective banishment from it; and he was rather forgivingly finding himself wronged in the situation, when Dryfoos knocked at the studio door the morning after Lindau's funeral. Beaton roared out "Come in!" as he always did to a knock if he had not a model: if he had a model he set the door slightly ajar, and with his palette on his thumb frowned at his visitor, and told him he could not come in. Dryfoos fumbled about for the knob in the dim passageway outside, and Beaton, who had experience of people's difficulties with it, suddenly jerked the door open. The two men stood confronted, and at first sight of each other their quiescent dislike revived. Each would have been willing to turn away from the other, but that was not possible. Beaton snorted some sort of inarticulate salutation, which Dryfoos did not try to return; he asked if he could see him alone for a minute or two, and Beaton bade him come in, and swept some paint-blotched rags from the chair which he told him to take. He noticed, as the old man sank tremulously into it, that his movement was like that of his own father, and also that he looked very much like Christine. Dryfoos folded his hands tremulously on the top of his horn-handled stick, and he was rather finely haggard, with the dark hollows round his black eyes, and the fall of the muscles on either side of his chin. He had forgotten to take his soft, wide-brimmed hat off; and Beaton felt a desire to sketch him just as he sat.

Dryfoos suddenly pulled himself together from the dreary absence into which he fell at first. "Young man," he began, "maybe I've come here on a fool's errand," and Beaton rather fancied that beginning.

But it embarrassed him a little, and he said, with a shy glance aside, "I don't know what you mean."

"I reckon," Dryfoos answered quietly, "you got your notion, though. I set that woman on to speak to you the way she done. But if there was anything wrong in the way she spoke, or if you didn't feel like she had any right to question you up as if we suspected you of anything mean. I want you to say so."

Beaton said nothing, and the old man went on. "I ain't very well up in the ways of the world, and I don't pretend to be. All I want is to be fair and square with everybody. I've made mistakes, though, in my time—" He stopped, and Beaton was not proof against the misery of his face, which was twisted as with some strong physical ache. "I don't know as I want to make any more, if I can help it. I don't know but what you had a right to keep on comin', and if you had, I want you to say so. Don't you be afraid but what I'll take it in the right way. I don't want to take advantage of anybody; and I don't ask you to say any more than that."

Beaton did not find the humiliation of the man who had humiliated him so sweet as he could have fancied it might be. He knew how it had come about, and that it was an effect of love for his child; it did not matter by what ungracious means she had brought him to know that he loved her better than his own will, that his wish for her happiness was stronger than his pride; it was enough that he was now somehow brought to give proof of it. Beaton could not be aware of all that dark coil of circumstance through which Dryfoos's present action evolved itself; the worst of this was buried in the secret of the old man's heart, a worm of perpetual torment. What was apparent to another was that he was broken by the sorrow that had fallen upon him, and it was this that Beaton respected and pitied in his impulse to be frank and kind in his answer.

"No, I had no right to keep coming to your house in the way I did, unless—unless I meant more than I ever said." Beaton added, "I don't say that what you did was usual—in this country, at any rate; but I can't say you were wrong. Since you speak to me about the matter, it's only fair to myself to say that a good deal goes on in life without much thinking of consequences. That's the way I excuse myself."

"And you say Mrs. Mandel done right?" asked Dryfoos, as if he wished simply to be assured of a point of etiquette.

"Yes, she did right. I've nothing to complain of."

"That's all I wanted to know," said Dryfoos; but apparently he had not finished, and he did not go, though the silence that Beaton now kept gave him a chance to do so. He began a series of questions which had no relation to the matter in hand, though they were strictly personal to Beaton. "What countryman are you?" he asked, after a moment.

"What countryman?" Beaton frowned back at him.

"Yes; are you an American by birth?"

"Yes; I was born in Syracuse."

"Protestant?"

"My father is a Scotch Seceder."

"What business is your father in?"

Beaton faltered and blushed; then he answered, "He's in the monument business, as he calls it. He's a tombstone cutter." Now that he was launched, Beaton saw no reason for not declaring, "My father's always been a poor man, and worked with his own hands for his living." He had too slight esteem socially for Dryfoos to conceal a fact from him that he might have wished to blink with others.

"Well, that's right," said Dryfoos. "I used to farm it myself. I've got a good pile of money together now. At first it didn't come easy; but now it's got started it pours in and *pours* in; it seems like there was no end to it. I've got well on to three million; but it couldn't keep me from losin' my son. It can't buy me back a minute of his life; not all the money in the world can do it!"

He grieved this out as if to himself rather than to Beaton, who scarcely ventured to say, "I know—I am very sorry—"

"How did you come," Dryfoos interrupted, "to take up paintin'?"

"Well, I don't know," said Beaton, a little scornfully. "You don't take a thing of that kind up, I fancy. I always wanted to paint."

"Father try to stop you?"

"No. It wouldn't have been of any use. Why—"

"My son, he wanted to be a preacher, and I did stop *him*—or I thought I did. But I reckon he was a preacher, all the same, every minute of his life. As you say, it ain't any use to try to stop a thing like that. I reckon if a child has got any particular bent, it was given to it; and it's goin' against the grain, it's goin' against the law, to try to bend it some other way. There's lots of good business men, Mr. Beaton, twenty of 'em to every good preacher?"

"I imagine more than twenty," said Beaton, amused and touched through his curiosity as to what the old man was driving at, by the quaint simplicity of his speculations.

"Father ever come to the city?"

"No; he never has the time; and my mother's an invalid."

"Oh! Brothers and sisters?"

"Yes; we're a large family."

"I lost two little fellers—twins," said Dryfoos, sadly. "But we hain't ever had but just the five. Ever take portraits?"

"Yes," said Beaton, meeting this zigzag in the queries as seriously as the rest. "I don't think I am good at it."

Dryfoos got to his feet. "I wished you'd paint a likeness of my son. You've seen him plenty of times. We won't fight about the price; don't you be afraid of that."

Beaton was astonished, and in a mistaken way he was disgusted. He saw that Dryfoos was trying to undo Mrs. Mandel's work practically, and get him to come again to his house; that he now conceived of the offense given him as condoned, and wished to restore the former situation. He knew that he was attempting this for Christine's sake, but he was not the man to imagine that Dryfoos was trying not only to tolerate him but to like him; and in fact Dryfoos was not wholly conscious himself of this end. What they both understood was that Dryfoos was endeavoring to get at Beaton through Conrad's memory; but with one this was its dedication to a purpose of self-sacrifice, and with the other a vulgar and shameless use of it.

"I couldn't do it," said Beaton. "I couldn't think of attempting it."

"Why not?" Dryfoos persisted. "We got some photographs of him; he didn't like to sit very well; but his mother got him to; and you know how he looked."

"I couldn't do it—I couldn't. I can't even consider it. I'm very sorry. I would, if it were possible. But it isn't possible."

"I reckon, if you see the photographs once—"

"It isn't that, Mr. Dryfoos. But I'm not in the way of that kind of thing any more."

"I'd give any price you've a mind to name—"

"Oh, it isn't the money!" cried Beaton, beginning to lose control of himself.

The old man did not notice him. He sat with his head fallen forward, and his chin resting on his folded hands. Thinking of the portrait, he saw Conrad's face before him, reproachful, astonished, but all gentle, as it looked when Conrad caught his hand that day after he struck him; he heard him say, "Father!" and the sweat gathered on his forehead. "Oh, my God!" he groaned. "No; there ain't anything I can do, now."

Beaton did not know whether Dryfoos was speaking to him or not. He started toward him: "Are you ill?"

"No, there ain't anything the matter," said the old man. "But I guess I'll lay down on your settee a minute." He tottered with Beaton's help to the æsthetic couch covered with a tiger-skin, on which Beaton had once thought of painting a Cleopatra; but he could never get the right model. As the old man stretched himself out on it, pale and suffering, he did not look much like a Cleopatra, but Beaton was struck with his effectiveness, and the likeness between him and his daughter; she would make a very good Cleopatra in some ways. All the time, while these thoughts passed through his mind, he was afraid Dryfoos would die. The old man fetched his breath in gasps, which presently smoothed and lengthened into his normal breathing. Beaton got him a glass of wine, and after tasting it he sat up.

"You've got to excuse me," he said, getting back to his characteristic grimness with surprising suddenness, when once he began to recover himself. "I've been through a good deal, lately; and sometimes it ketches me round the heart like a pain."

In his life of selfish immunity from grief Beaton could not understand this experience that poignant sorrow brings; he said to himself that Dryfoos was going the way of *angina pectoris*; as he began shuffling off the tiger-skin he said, "Had you better get up? Wouldn't you like me to call a doctor?"

"I'm all right, young man." Dryfoos took his hat and stick from him, but he made for the door so uncertainly that Beaton put his hand under his elbow and helped him out, and down the stairs, to his coupe.

"Hadn't you better let me drive home with you?" he asked.

"What?" said Dryfoos, suspiciously.

Beaton repeated his question.

"I guess I'm able to go home alone," said Dryfoos in a surly tone, and he put his head out of the window and called up, "Home!" to the driver, who immediately started off, and left Beaton standing beside the curb-stone.

XIV.

Beaton wasted the rest of the day in the emotions and speculations which Dryfoos's call inspired. It was not that they continuously occupied him, but they broke up the train of other thoughts, and spoiled him for work; a very little spoiled Beaton for work; he required just the right mood for work. He comprehended perfectly well that Dryfoos had made him that extraordinary embassy because he wished him to renew his visits, and he easily imagined the means that had brought him to this pass. From what he knew of that girl he did not envy her father his meeting with her when he must tell her his mission had failed. But had it failed? When Beaton came to ask himself this question, he could only perceive that he and Dryfoos had failed to find any ground of sympathy, and had parted in the same dislike with which they had met. But as to any other failure, it was certainly tacit, and it still rested with him to give it effect. He could go back to Dryfoos's house as freely as before, and it was clear that he was very much desired to come back. But if he went back, it was also clear that he must go back with intentions more explicit than before, and now he had to ask himself just how much or how little he had meant by going there. His liking for Christine had certainly not increased, but the charm, on the other hand, of holding a leopardess in leash had not yet palled upon him. In his life of inconstancies it was a pleasure to rest upon something fixed, and the man who had no control over himself liked logically enough to feel his control of some one else. The fact cannot otherwise be put in terms, and the attraction which Christine Dryfoos had for him, apart from this, escapes from all terms, as anything purely and merely passional must. He had seen from the first that she was a cat, and so far as youth forecasts such things, he felt that she would be a shrew. But he had a perverse sense of her beauty, and he knew a sort of life in which her power to molest him with her temper could be reduced to the smallest proportions, and even broken to pieces. Then the consciousness of her money entered. It was evident that the old man had mentioned his millions in the way of a hint to him of what he might reasonably expect if he would turn and be his son-in-law. Beaton did not put it to himself in those words; and in fact his cogitations were not in words at all. It was the play of cognitions, of sensations, formlessly tending to the effect which can only be very clumsily interpreted in language. But when he got to this point in them Beaton rose to magnanimity, and in a flash of dramatic revery disposed of a part of Dryfoos's riches in placing his father and mother, and his brothers and sisters, beyond all pecuniary anxiety forever. He had no shame, no scruple in this, for he had been a pensioner upon others ever since a Syracusan amateur of the arts had detected his talent, and given him the money to go and study abroad. Beaton had always considered the money a loan, to be repaid out of his future success; but he now never dreamt of repaying it; as the man was rich, he had even a contempt for the notion of repaying him; but this did not prevent him from feeling very keenly the hardships he put his father to in borrowing money from him, though he never repaid his father, either. In this revery he saw himself sacrificed in marriage with Christine Dryfoos in a kind of admiring self-pity, and he was melted by the spectacle of the dignity with which he suffered all the life-long trials ensuing from his unselfishness. The fancy that Alma Leighton came bitterly to regret him, contributed to soothe and flatter him, and he was not sure that Margaret Vance did not suffer a like loss in him.

There had been times when, as he believed, that beautiful girl's high thoughts had tended toward him, there had been looks, gestures, even words, that had this effect to him, or now seemed to have had it; and Beaton saw that he might easily construe Mrs. Horn's confidential appeal to him to get Margaret interested in art again, as something by no means necessarily offensive, even though it had been made to him as to a master of illusion. If Mrs. Horn had to choose between him and the life of good works to which her niece was visibly abandoning herself, Beaton could not doubt which she would choose; the only question was how real the danger of a life of good works was.

As he thought of these two girls, one so charming and the other so divine, it became indefinitely difficult to renounce them for Christine Dryfoos, with her sultry temper, and her earth-bound ideals. Life had been so flattering to Beaton hitherto that he could not believe them both finally indifferent; and if they were not indifferent, perhaps he did not wish either of them to be very definite. What he really longed for was their sympathy; for a man who is able to walk round quite ruthlessly on the feelings of others often has very tender feelings of his own, easily lacerated, and eagerly responsive to the caresses of compassion. In this frame Beaton determined to go that afternoon, though it was not Mrs. Horn's day, and call upon her in the hope of possibly seeing Miss Vance alone. As he continued in it, he took this for a sign, and actually went. It did not fall out at once as he wished, but he got Mrs. Horn to talking again about her niece, and Mrs. Horn again regretted that nothing could be done by the fine arts to reclaim Margaret from good works.

"Is she at home? Will you let me see her?" asked Beaton, with something of the scientific interest of a physician inquiring for a patient whose symptoms have been rehearsed to him. He had not asked for her before.

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Horn, and she went herself to call Margaret, and she did not return with her. The girl entered with the gentle grace peculiar to her; and Beaton, bent as he was on his own consolation, could not help being struck with the spiritual exaltation of her look. At sight of her, the vague hope he had never quite relinquished, that they might be something more than æsthetic friends, died in his heart. She wore black, as she often did; but in spite of its fashion her dress received a nun-like effect from the pensive absence of her face. "Decidedly," thought Beaton, "she is far gone in good works."

But he rose, all the same, to meet her on the old level, and he began at once to talk to her of the subject he had been discussing with her aunt. He said frankly that they both felt she had unjustifiably turned her back upon possibilities which she ought not to neglect.

"You know very well," she answered, "that I couldn't do anything in that way worth the time I should waste on it. Don't talk of it, please. I suppose my aunt has been asking you to say this, but it's no use. I'm sorry it's no use, she wishes it so much; but I'm not sorry otherwise. You can find the pleasure at least of doing good work in it; but I couldn't find anything in it but a barren amusement. Mr. Wetmore is right; for me, it's like enjoying an opera, or a ball."

"That's one of Wetmore's phrases. He'd sacrifice anything to them."

She put aside the whole subject with a look. "You were not at Mr. Dryfoos's the other day. Have you seen them, any of them, lately?"

"I haven't been there for some time, no," said Beaton, evasively. But he thought if he was to get on to anything, he had better be candid. "Mr. Dryfoos was at my studio this morning. He's got a queer notion. He wants me to paint his son's portrait."

She started. "And will you—"

"No, I couldn't do such a thing. It isn't in my way. I told him so. His son had a beautiful face—an antique profile; a sort of early Christian type; but I'm too much of a pagan for that sort of thing."

"Yes."

"Yes," Beaton continued, not quite liking her assent, after he had invited it. He had his pride in being a pagan, a Greek, but it failed him in her presence, now; and he wished that she had protested he was none. "He was a singular creature; a kind of survival; an exile in our time and place. I don't know: we don't quite expect a saint to be rustic; but with all his good-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ness Conrad Dryfoos was a country person. If he were not dying for a cause, you could imagine him milking." Beaton intended a contempt that came from the bitterness of having himself once milked the family cow.

His contempt did not reach Miss Vance. "He died for a cause," she said. "The holiest."

"Of labor?"

"Of peace. He was there to persuade the strikers to be quiet and go home."

"I haven't been quite sure," said Beaton. "But in any case he had no business there. The police were on hand to do the persuading."

"I can't let you talk so!" cried the girl. "It's shocking! Oh, I know it's the way people talk, and the worst is that in the sight of the world it's the right way. But the blessing on the peace-makers is not for the policemen with their clubs."

Beaton saw that she was nervous; he made his reflection that she was altogether too far gone in good works for the fine arts to reach her; he began to think how he could turn her primitive Christianity to the account of his modern heathenism. He had no deeper design than to get flattered back into his own favor far enough to find courage for some sort of decisive step. In his heart he was trying to will whether he should or should not go back to Dryfoos's house. It could not be from the caprice that had formerly taken him; it must be from a definite purpose; again he realized this. "Of course; you are right," he said. "I wish I could have answered that old man differently. I fancy he was bound up in his son, though he quarrelled with him, and crossed him. But I couldn't do it; it wasn't possible." He said to himself that if she said, "No," now, he would be ruled by her agreement with him; and if she disagreed with him, he would be ruled still by the chance, and would go no more to the Dryfoses'. He found himself embarrassed to the point of blushing, when she said nothing; and left him as it were on his own hands. "I should like to have given him that comfort; I fancy he hasn't much comfort in life; but there seems no comfort in me." He dropped his head in a fit attitude for compassion; but she poured no pity upon it.

"There is no comfort for us in ourselves," she said. "It's hard to get outside; but there's only despair within. When we think we have done something for others, by some great effort, we find it's all for our own vanity."

"Yes," said Beaton. "If I could paint pictures for righteousness' sake, I should have been glad to do Conrad Dryfoos for his father. I felt sorry for him. Did the rest seem very much broken up? You saw them all?"

"Not all. Miss Dryfoos was ill, her sister said. It's hard to tell how much people suffer. His mother seemed bewildered. The younger sister is a simple creature; she looks like him; I think she must have something of his spirit."

"Not much spirit of any kind, I imagine," said Beaton. "But she's amiably material. Did they say Miss Dryfoos was seriously ill?"

"No. I supposed she might be prostrated by her brother's death."

"Does she seem that kind of person to you, Miss Vance?" asked Beaton.

"I don't know. I haven't tried to see so much of them as I might, the past winter. I was not sure about her when I met her; I've never seen much of people, except in my own set, and the —very poor. I have been afraid I didn't understand her. She may have a kind of pride that would not let her do herself justice."

Beaton felt the unconscious dislike in the endeavor of praise. "Then she seems to you like a person whose life—its trials, its chances—would make more of than she is now?"

"I didn't say that. I can't judge of her at all; but where we don't know, don't you think we ought to imagine the best?"

"Oh, yes," said Beaton. "I didn't know but what I once said of them might have prejudiced you against them. I have accused myself of it." He always took a tone of conscientiousness, of self-censure, in talking with Miss Vance; he could not help it.

"Oh, no. And I never allowed myself to form any judgment of her. She is very pretty, don't you think, in a kind of way?"

"Very."

"She has a beautiful brunette coloring: that flowry white and the delicate pink in it. Her eyes are beautiful."

"She's graceful, too," said Beaton. "I've tried her in color; but I didn't make it out."

"I've wondered sometimes," said Miss Vance, "whether that elusive quality you find in some people you try to paint, doesn't characterize them all through. Miss Dryfoos might be ever so much finer and better than we would find out in the society way that seems the only way."

"Perhaps," said Beaton, gloomily; and he went away profoundly discouraged by this last analysis of Christine's character. The angelic imperviousness of Miss Vance to properties of which his own wickedness was so keenly aware in Christine, might have made him laugh, if it had not been such a serious affair with him. As it was, he smiled to think how very differently Alma Leighton would have judged her from Miss Vance's premises. He liked that clear vision of Alma's even when it pierced his own disguises. Yes, that was the light he had let die out, and it might have shone upon his path through life. Beaton never felt so poignantly the disadvantage of having on any given occasion been wanting to his own interests through his self-love as in this. He had no one to blame but himself for what had happened, but he blamed Alma for what might happen in the future because she shut out the way of retrieval and return. When he thought of the attitude she had taken toward him, it seemed incredible, and he was always longing to give her a final chance to reverse her final judgment. It appeared to him that the time had come for this now, if ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SICILIAN CAFÉ IN NEW YORK.

Of the immense Italian immigration to the United States in the past ten years a very large proportion has settled in New York city. In the Sixth Ward alone over 1600 have become voters, and on Manhattan Island the number of naturalized Italians is now estimated at 7000 and upward. Inspector Byrnes, than whom there is no better authority, says that there are nearly 100,000 Italians in the metropolis. They have settled in certain districts, and formed little colonies by themselves. They mingle with other races very slowly, and display little or no preference for any other particular nationality. Their largest colonies are down-town, in the most densely populated tenement-house districts. The central colony is in Mulberry Bend, from which they have overflowed northward into Crosby Street, and eastward into the Fourth Ward.

A feature of their social development is that wherever they settle, they immediately start what they call a café—an institution which combines the characteristics of the coffee-house, the restaurant, and the delicatessen store. Where the Irishman patronizes the saloon, or the German a beer garden, the Italian regards the café as the best place in which to spend an idle hour.

There are over one hundred of these cafés now in New York. They vary according to the locality in Italy from which the proprietor and the customers come. The Florentine and Genoan cafés are the handsomest and the most expensive where the Neapolitan and Sicilian ones are marked by great poverty and a sublime disregard for the amenities of life. The picture on another page gives a clear idea of one of the latter class. This one is situated on a dark and dirty street, crowded by day with women and children of the most poverty-stricken appearance, and by night with the multitudes of men who have returned from a hard day of manual toil to homes of the most cheerless description.

It occupies one-half of the ground-floor of a huge "dumb-bell tenement," so common in the metropolis, and measures about twelve feet in width by forty in depth. Behind it the remainder of the apartment is broken up into small rooms, where live the proprietor, his family, and half a dozen boys. A small sign in Italian gives a better idea of the business than can any words. Translated into English it reads:

Coffee, per cup	2 cents.
" " with milk	3 "
Macaroni	5 "
Beef stew	5 "
Bread	1 "
Omelet	10 "

The dining-room is far from clean or orderly. The windows are unwashed, and are dark with the dust of the streets. Dead flies and dirt almost incrust the corners and the floor of the bay-window. Boxes of spaghetti and chop *pasta* disclose their curious yellow contents to the passer-by. Strings of onions, garlic, and Spanish peppers hang from wires stretched across the room, and here and there are lines of bologna and the other high-flavored sausages for which Italy is famous. Here and there empty bottles, fly-specked and dust-covered, lie on shelves. They once contained Chianti, Barolo, Capri Bianchi, and the other vintages of Italy.

On one side of the room is a long narrow table, covered with a worn-out oil-cloth, and surrounded with the cheapest and ugliest chairs which American machinery can produce. The other side of the room is lined with dilapidated tables, broken chairs, barrels, and boxes. One little touch of nature breaks the hideous array. On the floor, so situated as to catch what little air blows through the narrow apartment, is a soap box, in which reposes a splendid, healthy specimen of the Italian baby. Some loving hand has lined the box with shavings and sawdust, and converted the fragments of a dilapidated potato bag into a rude pillow, on which the baby sprawls in glee. A little four-year-old in rags stands beside the box, who, whenever his charge becomes restive or unruly, restores it to good-nature by pulling and pushing the box around the room.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the place, it is as busy as a beehive. At the long table a number of men, who probably work at night on the scows of the Street-cleaning Department, are drinking the black coffee which, despite its cheapness, is palatable enough to the drinkers. A handful of Italian women, whose dresses and shawls are bright with the gaudy colors so dear to them, are chaffering with the proprietor's wife over the price of a string of garlic or a pound of sausage. The chairs about the room are occupied by friends and customers of the house, who are smoking villainous short pipes and talking so loudly that one ignorant of the language would suspect them to be on the point of a riot.

The air is blue with tobacco smoke, and the place reeks with the conglomeration of stenches that no language can describe, yet all the people appear to enjoy the best of health, and even the children display a robustness and physical vigor that would do credit to those born with silver spoons. The food served in this, as in all the other places of a similar sort, does not lack nutrition, though the materials gathered would not recommend themselves to the fastidious. The stew, made up of scraps gathered here and there, is spiced until savory to a hungry man, and the macaroni, though manufactured from the cheapest and coarsest flour in some little east-side shop, is usually wholesome.

A curious feature is the mixing of coffee with aniseed or caraway seed. This produces a beverage which tastes very much like paregoric, but which seems to possess considerable therapeutic value for the milder disorders of the digestive system.

The majority of the guests are extremely temperate in the use of intoxicants. A few use the light wines of their native land, and a still smaller number employ the corrosive stuff which New York rectifiers dignify by the name of brandy. The trade in alcoholic drinks is not sufficient to defray the expense of an excise license. Despite the noisy talk and alarming gesticulation of those present, good order and kindliness prevail. Now and then the favorite vice of the Italian neighborhood shows itself in a small group who have settled down to a game of chance, there to remain till most of the party have lost all their money. At times a coat will fly back and disclose the stiletto or dirk which is so universal a companion of the Italian working-man. Yet affrays are rare, considering the reputation the Italians bear, and, as the Irish woman said when boasting of the domestic peace of her household, the police are seldom called in.

THE STORY OF A SUBWAY.

Few, even in New York city, remember that the effort to bring about the removal of the telegraph and other poles and wires from the streets was first made as long ago as 1884. The history of the contest that has been waged for a longer period than the greatest actual war this country has ever known, is interesting as being thoroughly illustrative of the peculiar administration of the laws in New York. It is a happy-go-lucky and nerveless method, frequently interrupted by public excitement and clamor, and often characterized by subserviency to semi-private interests. Moreover, these characteristics appear to distinguish it under each era of government, no matter how the controlling power shifts from faction to faction or party to party.

A legislative enactment in 1884 required all operators of electrical conductors to remove them from the surface of the streets before November, 1885. This legislation proceeded from a popular outcry based upon æsthetic grounds, the offence of the electrical companies being their disfigurement of the streets. The law was a simple order to remove the poles and wires, and did not prescribe any method to be substituted for the offending system, or how the work ordered should be performed. The companies professed to regard it as a command to commit commercial suicide, as their main assets were in their poles and wires, and these must not only be thrown away, but an additional expenditure needed to be made for subway cables and conduits. They paid no heed to the law, and another was passed in 1885, creating a Commission of Electrical Subways, upon which Governor Hill appointed Mr. Charles E. Loew, Mr. Joseph Hess, and Mr. Theodore Moss. This commission was to allow the electrical companies sixty days in which to submit plans for a uniform system of conduits. Not a plan was submitted—"because the companies did not think the commission meant business," is the reason they now give for that omission; "and because they did not propose to assist in putting themselves to the expense of burying their wires."

Failing the receipt of these plans, the commission was to formulate one of its own. They held sessions for a year, and received very many offers of plans and patents, but not one from any patentee or corporation which showed how the work could be performed and paid for. The commission had no money to work with, and it applied to the Attorney-General for advice as to whether it possessed the right to employ a company to build a subway. This official's advice was in the affirmative, and the commission made a contract with the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway Company for the performance of the task; selecting that corporation, they said, because it offered to construct any form of conduit preferred by the commission, and because it was willing to give a bond in the sum of half a million of dollars for the performance of such work as might be ordered. The contract was approved by the Attorney-General in July, 1886.

The electrical companies awoke in alarm. They ended their inactivity by wholesale litigation. At first they questioned the constitutionality of the act of 1885. This was upheld in every court, from that of the Common Pleas to the Court of Appeals, and so was the contract with the subway company, though the latter decision was not reached until 1888. These dates are not difficult to keep in mind. The original act was in 1884, the new act and formation of the commission was in 1885, and the contract with the construction company was in 1886. In the latter year work on the subways was begun. The work was at first confined to low-tension subways for telegraph and telephone wires, and the conduits were iron pipes laid in concrete, adopted after wide experimenting.

Work on the subways was continued to the present time, and there have been built more than 500 miles of piping in fifty-six and a quarter miles of trenches. There have been buried 9394 miles of telegraph, telephone, and Fire Department wires. There was no interruption by litigation, for this proceeded entirely from the high-tension (or electric-lighting) companies. Though the fact is not apparent to the eye, there is not a low-tension wire in the streets where the conduits are laid.

The next stage in the struggle between the law and the companies was marked by a lawsuit brought by the New York Underground Telegraph Company, which wanted to lay subways for operating power lines. It applied for an injunction to restrain the Commissioner of Public Works from interfering with the tearing up of the streets. The court construed the law to be with the Public Works Department, but went out of its way to declare the contract of 1886 as *ultra vires*, beyond the power of the Subway Commission to make. At about this time—November, 1887—the life of the Subway Commission expired, it having been appointed for only two years.

Then came the act of 1887 embodying a reference to an entirely new contract drawn under the supervision of Mayor Abram S. Hewitt and Corporation Counsel Beekman. It was distinguished by the protection and benefits it gained for the city. Under its provisions all the municipal telegraph service was to be supplied with subways free of cost; the city had the right to purchase all the subways at actual cost price, plus ten per cent., in 1897, and all the profits of the subway company beyond ten per cent. were to be paid to the city. The new act of 1887 established the Board of Electrical Control as the successor to the Subway Commission, and made the Mayor a member *ex-officio*. The board now consisted of Messrs. Hewitt, Hess, Moss, and D. L. Gibbens. Mr. Loew had died, and been succeeded by Mr. Roswell P. Flower, who was, in turn, succeeded by Mr. Gibbens.

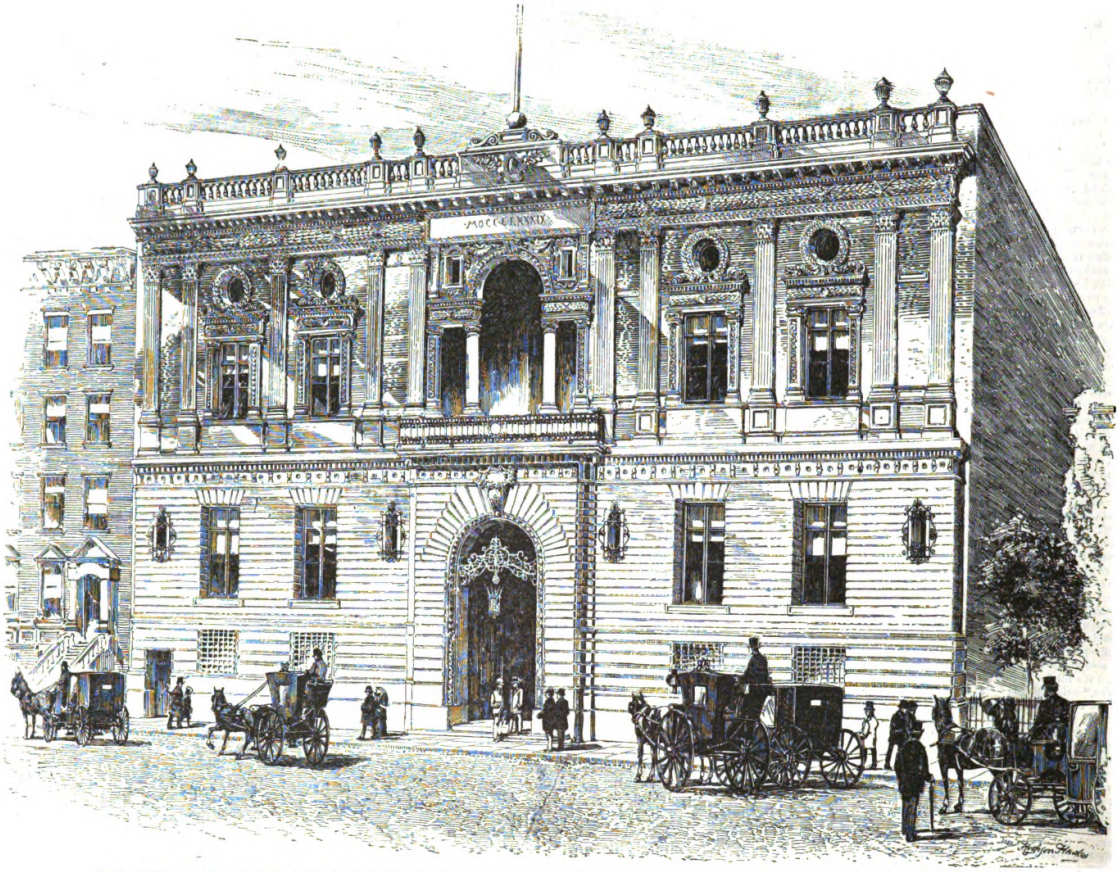
The popular memory quickens, now that we have reached the period of Mr. Hewitt's administration as Mayor. He contended during all his term that subways for high-tension currents were impracticable. Mr. Gibbens desired the matter to be tested by ordering the burial of lighting wires in Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, where high-tension conduits had been constructed. Notice to that effect was given, but the company owning wires in those streets refused to obey the order, and the board lacked the power to enforce it. The board has not the power to this day; but the Mayor has the authority, as Mayor, to remove incumbrances and nuisances through the Commissioner of Public Works. Mayor Hewitt did not believe in the practicability of burying high-tension wires, and argued that even if it could be done, there was no way of getting the wires out of the conduits and connecting them with the houses.

There is no need to dwell upon the discord in the Board of Electrical Control. Suffice it that the Mayor was conscientious throughout, and that his position was supported by many experts. There was a great deal of doubt about the practicability of operating high-tension wires underground, and despite what followed, this doubt is still expressed by some unconverted persons even as this is being written. On the other hand, the board had provided conduits for high-tension wires in the streets above named and in Broadway, but no company laid its lines in them, or could be forced to do so, because of the Mayor's attitude.

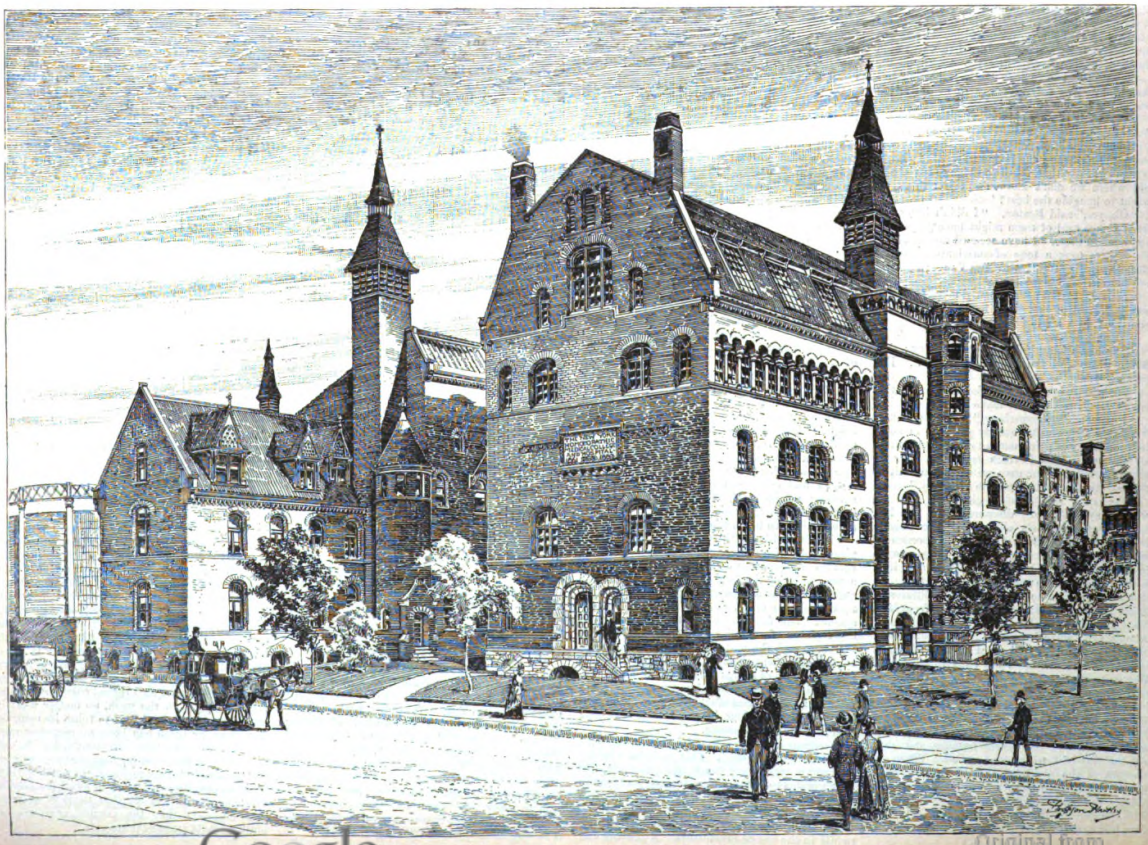
The United States Illuminating Company had wires in the cross-streets where the conduits were, and the board refused to grant permits to that company for the hanging of new wires. That company, therefore, went to law to restrain the board and Mayor and Commissioner of Public Works from removing its poles and wires, and for a construction of the rights of the board, and for a decision authorizing the plaintiffs to maintain, repair, and renew its property when necessary. The preliminary motion in the suit was not decided until January, 1889. The decision confirmed the power of removal vested in the Mayor, and declared that when in the opinion of the Board of Electrical Control a subway was sufficient, that opinion was final, except in the case of fraud. Between the time of the argument and the trial the subway company, at its own expense, made an experiment in One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street, between Third and Fourth avenues, by burying lines of the Harlem Company charged with the highest number of volts (2400) in use in the city. The test was made in February, 1889, without accident or interruption, and the trial in March was decided favorably to the board. The United States Company thought the test not conclusive, as the line was very short, and asked for a farther test on Broadway. This was had, and was successful; the time of the experiment being about March of this year. The date is memorable as being that on which the electrical lighting companies ceased their opposition to the subway company, and all obstruction in the way of enforcing the will of the people was finally removed. For the first time capital could be confidently invested in the work, and its consummation was assured. This was only eight months ago.

The next stage in the long contest is that which we are now experiencing. The streets are still webbed with wires and fretted with poles, and there have been several public executions of linemen upon the great masts, in view of the populace. The incensed people have naturally demanded more expeditious work in the burying of the nuisances. The new Mayor, Mr. Grant, has ordered the poles down; the companies have enjoined the city officials from carrying out his orders, and we have reached another interval of stagnation, hesitation, and confusion. In the midst of the controversy there are heard propositions by the various electrical companies to build subways of their own, and whispers of a project more powerfully backed for building a second public or general system of subways. Thus far this last proposition has been seriously discussed, as such matters are always apt to be in the heat of public outcry, without clearing the air for the mental vision to take note of the power already possessed by the people to meet the emergency with means already at their command. The mire of local politics, out of which the present Board of Electrical Control and subway company was developed, is threatened with new agitation for the production of another company, without its being called to mind that the original company is under bonds to perform the work, no matter what its quantity, and can be forced to fulfill its contract. And thus far there has been no comment upon the significant fact that fully one-third of the subways already provided for high-tension wires are still unoccupied at the very moment which the electrical companies seize upon to swell the popular excitement with the cry that there is need for more subways than the existing company can build with its present means.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

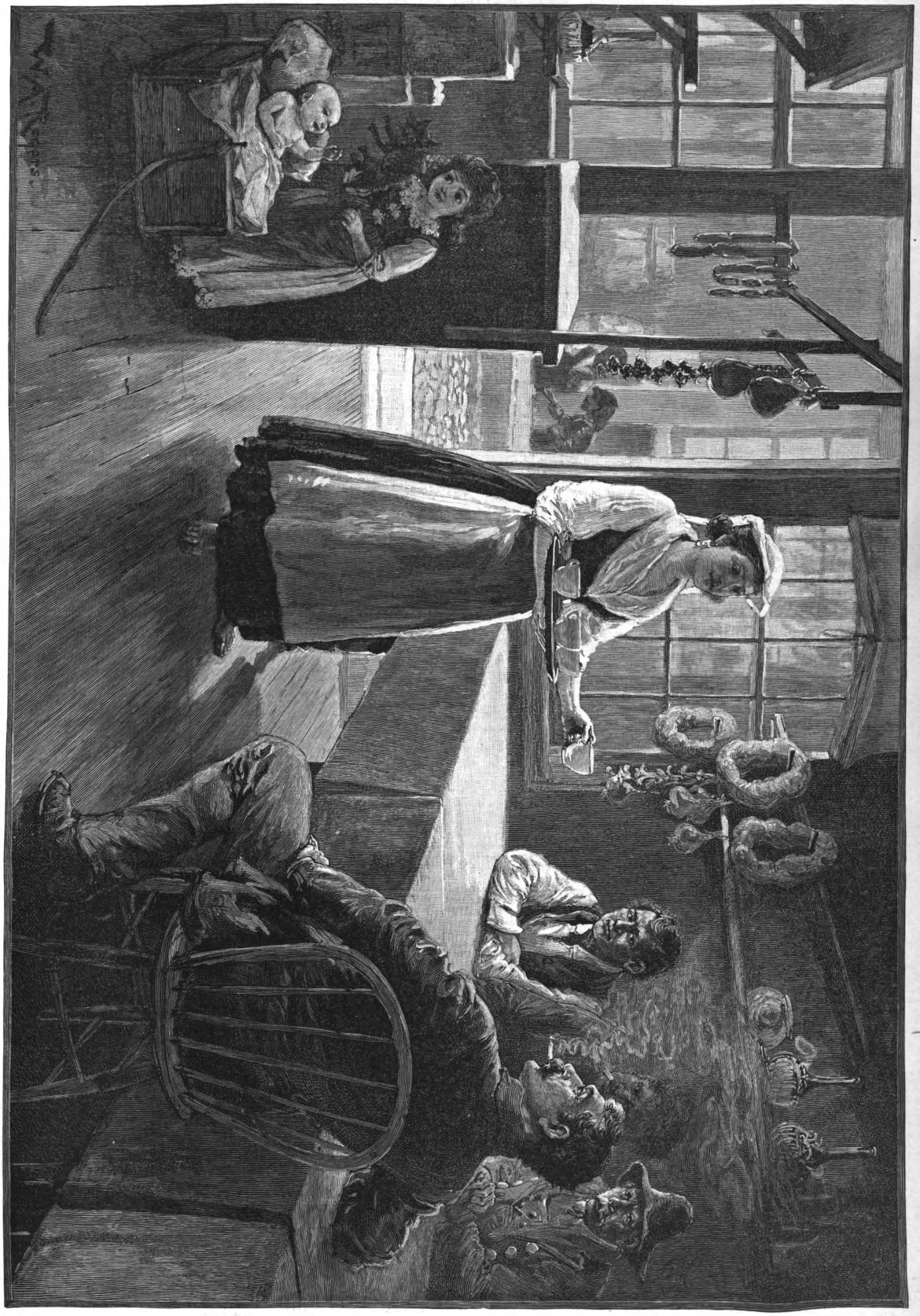


THE NEW HOME OF THE CENTURY CLUB, NEW YORK.—From the Drawing of the Architects, McKim, Mead, and White.—[See Page 879.]



THE NEW HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.—[See Page 878.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A SICILIAN CAFÉ IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 875.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A MEETING OF THE S. F. H.

"The society will come to order," said the President, with dignity.

"The first business is the roll-call for confessions and testimonies. Mr. Secretary, call the roll."

"I will first ask for confessions," said the Secretary, and went swimmingly on with the names until he reached Alspreck, when a tall man with red hair and a burning bush of a beard arose and stood hesitantly in his place.

"Professor Alspreck has a confession; let the society listen to it," said the President. "You have the floor, Professor."

"It is but a slight fault I have to confess, if indeed it be a fault at all," said Professor Alspreck; "but our oath binds us to be very particular about reporting doubtful actions to the society, and so I bring this one for your judgment. I—I gave to a man—a stranger—a half-dollar last Friday. It was in the street."

A groan went round the circle of chairs, and the President's face took on a look of surprise and pain.

"It was not an ordinary case," continued the Professor; "there were extenuating circumstances."

"I never heard of an ordinary case," said the President, with severity; "and circumstances are always extenuating."

"But really this was an unusual case. The fact is, the man approached me on my weak side; he was a good deal of a linguist; he addressed me in a foreign tongue."

"What tongue?" asked the President.

"In German at first."

"What did he say to you in German?"

"'*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*'"

"And what did you reply?"

"'*Wenig.*' Of course," said the Professor, looking around deprecatingly to his associates, "I read German with ease, but I do not pretend to speak it."

"Did the conversation in German come to an end with these interesting remarks?"

"Yes—that is, he branched off to Spanish."

"What did he say to you in Spanish?"

"'*Habla Usted español?*'"

"I thought so. And you replied—"

"Really, Mr. President, I fear that this will be lost upon many of the members."

"Never fear; we have the *Beggar's Guide to Conversation in Foreign Languages* in our library, and we all are equal to the exercises contained in that. How did you meet the advances of your Castilian friend?"

"I said, '*Un poquito, no mas.*'"

"Precisely. And then what did he say?"

"Then he began in French. There, as you know, I am at home. He was delighted to find that I knew his native tongue. '*Ayez pitié de moi, monsieur*,' said he, with a delicious accent. I told him, in French, that it was against my principles to give to any one on the street; but he kept repeating his plea, and really his accent was so fine, his palatal *r* so perfect, his manner so deferential and well-bred, that he quite broke through my guard, and finally, as I have said, I gave him a trifle. It was not strictly right, I admit; and yet you will all concede that the temptation was strong. I do not defend my action; I only wish you to see that my fault was unpremeditated, and not without some excuse."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked the President.

"That is all."

The President rose and deliberately buttoned his coat. "Under our constitution," he began, solemnly, "and in accordance with my oath of office, it is my duty, Professor Alspreck, to rebuke you in the name of the society. You have proved false to our principles, and brought our good name into peril. You have exhibited a dangerous good-nature, and have shown a disposition to encourage impostors, which deeply grieves your fellow-members. You have not profited by our repeated teachings, have defied the lessons of experience, and have allowed yourself to be taken in as easily as one who never heard of our society and its noble mission. I can only express to you the society's pain at such unlooked-for conduct, thus publicly reprobate and disown your conduct, and refer your case to the Committee on Misdemeanors and Penalties. Mr. Secretary, proceed with the roll-call."

That official resumed his glib reading, and found clear sailing till he came to the name Mimmer. This was borne by a young man who was evidently no hardened criminal, to judge by the deep blushes with which he stood up to confess his guilt.

"Brother Mimmer has a confession; let attention be paid him," said the President.

"I am sorry to say," spoke up Mr. Mimmer, hurriedly, anxious to get through with the thing as quickly as possible, "that I have violated one of the regulations of the society. I gave a tip to a waiter in Monodelli's last week."

Pity struggled with contempt on the faces of the members. This was flagrant.

"I might offer excuses," said Mr. Mimmer; "but I prefer simply to make a clean breast of it, and throw myself on the society's mercy."

"You do not plead forgetfulness of the rule?" asked the President.

"No; I always carry our 'Ready Remembrancer' in my pocket, and read it over every day."

"To what, then, do you attribute your surprising action—to a temptation of the devil?" The President had often been told that his forte lay in sarcasm.

"No," replied the guilty man; "it was a temptation of an angel."

"Well, explain your paradox," said the President, impatiently.

"I was not dining alone, you must understand," said Mr. Mimmer. "A young lady was with me—a sort of a cousin of mine. I was in Vienna with her last winter, and we often dined together at the Riedhof. There, you know, one has to give tips, and besides, that was before I joined the society. I suppose it was partly the recollection of those times, partly, perhaps, the influence of some remarks made by the angel, my cousin, in defence of foreign institutions—tipping among them—anyhow, in a weak moment I tipped the waiter. As I said in the first place, I have no excuse to make."

"This," said the President, "is an offence which I had fondly trusted no one of our band would ever have committed. The fault, or crime, as I prefer to call it, is, at any rate, fully acknowledged, and the offender does not need to be instructed in correct principles. You were fully aware, Brother Mimmer, of the unanswerable force of the arguments which this society directs against tipping. You admit that the institution is essentially un-American, a degrading practice borrowed from monarchies, a thing right in the teeth of the equality of classes for which our republic stands. You see fully also the immediate evils involved; the waiter is paid twice for the same service, and an assault is made upon his manhood thereby; the non-tippers are wronged, as they will not get the same attention as bribers, unless, indeed, they are members of this society, when they always, I trust, will insist upon getting for a single payment all that is tacitly pledged them by landlords and restaurateurs; your accounts will be fictitious, twenty-five cents being put down to the account of meals which ought really to stand under the separate head of 'Infidelity to Principle and Weak Ambition to appear Generous in the Eyes of a Girl.' That fair creature herself, if she has been correctly trained, and is worthy to become the wife of a member of this society, will look upon such dissolute habits with alarm, so that instead of advancing, you have probably distinctly retarded your prospects. You have a sensitive and open mind, I believe, and it will perhaps be punishment enough for you to reflect upon these truths, as I am sure you will, and let remorse do its work. Still, it is not within my power to dispose of your case, and it will have to take the regular course, and go to the Committee on the Tempted and Fallen."

The President resumed his chair, sad but stern, and the Secretary returned to the calling of the roll. A woman was the next one to give him pause—a slender little body, with a thin but intelligent and resolute face.

"I have to acknowledge," said she, "what would come, I suppose, under the head of a sin of omission."

"Sister Veery wishes to confess that she has left undone a thing which she ought to have done," said the President; "the society will hear her."

"My cook asked to be away a week ago Sunday, and I gave her permission on condition that she came back early Monday morning. She did not come till late Tuesday night, and I did not discharge her."

"You found that she had a good reason for not coming when she promised?" asked the President.

"She gave a reason; she said that she had been sick."

"And it was evident that she had been under a doctor's care?"

"I do not know what you mean."

"Why, there was an odor of drugs about her—alcohol, for example?"

"I believe there was." This was said rather faintly.

"She is a good cook, I presume?"

"Most excellent."

"Yet if she were to leave you, you would hardly feel like recommending her to any of your friends as sober and truthful?"

"I do not think I would."

"Then you are more considerate of your friends and their families than you are of your own. Perhaps you do not object for yourself and your children to associate with a dishonest and drunken person?"

"Of course I do, Mr. President. But there were reasons. She was the fifth cook I had tried in a single month, my baby was sick, and besides, what is one to do, I should like to know, when—"

"Allow me, Sister Veery. You will remember that that is one of the questions which it is not permitted a member of this society to ask. Indeed, now that I think of it, it was from your pen that we had that fine essay on "Principles, not Consequences." Besides, if it is a question of consequences, reflect on the disastrous results which are sure to flow from your action. Your cook will feel at liberty to deceive and disappoint you even more grossly on the next occasion, and will think herself wronged if you object—indeed, why should she not? You have given her to understand that a day or two of sprecing is a trifle in your eyes. Even if you discharge her the next time, she will go to some other house to repeat her performances, trusting that she will find another mistress as weak as you were. But I need not pursue the subject, Sister Veery, as I am sure it is not necessary. I do not know exactly to what standing committee to refer your case. On the whole, I think it would be better to appoint a special committee to consider it. That committee I will announce later. To insure perfectly fair judgment of your fault, I will appoint no men on the committee, and of the ladies, all shall be house-keepers."

The Secretary finished the roll without evoking any other confessions, and then the President called informally for testimonies.

"Have not some of you had experiences since our last meeting," he said, "which can be reported to us here for our encouragement in the great work to which we are devoted? Without a formal roll-call, let us hear what any one has to say for our cheer."

A bright-faced young lady rose and said, speaking in eager, thin tones: "It is but a slight thing I am going to mention, and still it may be of some help. I was walking down Twenty-second Avenue last Thursday, when I saw a gentleman putting something in a blind beggar's hat. He was a very benevolent-looking man—I don't mean the beggar—and I made bold to speak to him. 'Sir,' said I, 'do you desire to become an accomplice in crime?' He looked very much surprised, and I really thought for a moment that he imagined I was going to propose to him to help me rob a bank, or something of that sort, he started so at my words. But I soon put him straight. I asked him to pardon me for my boldness, but told him that I belonged to a society a part of whose mission it was to convert people from such vicious practices as giving to street beggars. Then I whipped out a little card on the subject, the one we call 'Light on the Blind Beggar,' you know—and asked him to read and meditate. He took it politely enough, glanced over it, seemed somewhat impressed, and then thanked me for my interest, promised to think of the matter more than he had, and went on. This is but a little thing, as I said, and I mention it only to show that even a humble member of the society can do something, and also to show that people may not be so averse to receiving correct instruction as we may have supposed."

"A very valuable and encouraging testimony," observed the President, as the girl sat down with flushed cheeks. "I notice that we have some guests present to-day who may never have seen the useful little card to which the sister referred, and for their sakes I will ask the Secretary to read it."

Here is a copy of it:

LIGHT ON THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Below is a tabulated statement of the results of the investigation of the cases of 21 blind beggars made by the S. F. H.:

Blind beggars who could see	7
Blind beggars with savings-bank credits of $1000 and upward	8
Blind beggars supporting sturdy and idle and dissolute sons	5
Blind beggars worthy of assistance	1
Total	21

NOTE.—The last-mentioned case was a Russian, could speak no English, had never heard of municipal provisions for the relief of such as he, and was glad to promise never to beg in the streets again.

"Now, can we not have another?" said the President. "There is still a little time belonging to this order of business."

A slight, mild-mannered man arose and said, with considerable diffidence: "I might perhaps relate an experience of mine, which, if nothing remarkable came of it, yet illustrates the kind of work our society stimulates us to do. As most of you know, I live in the suburbs. My wife's health being rather delicate, it has been a part of my duty to her to engage servants in the city intelligence offices. I could unfold to you many sad tales about those schools of vice if I had the time, but I must confine myself to one adventure, if I may so call it. We were in want of a nurse, and on the train coming down I saw an advertisement in the paper that read something like this: 'A well-trained English nurse-girl; two years' reference from her last place; clean, capable, and conscientious; no objection to going into the country. Call at 437 Nineteenth Avenue.' This sounded well, and I called at the number indicated on my way down to my office. I found the place to be an intelligence office. It is one of their tricks to advertise in that way, knowing that in no other way can they entice some sorts of people into their lairs. I should have turned away at once when I found the state of the case, but the idea of a well-trained English servant was before my mind, and I went in. The ogress in charge greeted me with the usual affability of her kind, and in response to my inquiry brought out the English girl. I was much surprised to find her apparently all that the advertisement called for. She was intelligent in manner, appeared good-natured and strong, and had excellent credentials. We had no difficulty in agreeing on wages and privileges, and she promised to meet me at the 4.59 train. But she did not do it. I waited till the 5.27 train, and still she did not come. I drew a sigh over another shattered illusion, and went home empty-handed. The next morning saw me back at the office again. The ogress was immensely surprised and grieved at my disappointment of the night before. She didn't suppose that Katy was capable of doing such a thing. Well, that would be the end of *her*; no place would she ever try to get for a servant that broke her word. She had some other very nice girls in the office, however; would I like to talk with any of them? I said I thought I would take my fee back. This pained her greatly, and she said that she never returned fees, of course; but she stood ready, according to agreement, to supply me with a nurse. I said I wanted my well-trained English girl—clean, capable, and conscientious. That was what I had bargained for and hadn't got, and didn't see how I was going to get now, for if the girl should turn up again, I didn't feel that I could consider her conscientious any longer. The ogress grew quite snappy at this. She couldn't be held responsible for the failures of others, and she had never had the slightest difficulty in getting along with real gentlemen. All she had promised to do was to get me a girl, and there was sitting as good a girl as ever left her office—Annie Riley, by name. 'Is she English?' said I. 'Is she clean, capable, and conscientious? I will have no other.' She rather fell back at this. Then I made a formal demand for my money again. She flatly refused it. I bade her good-day, and went directly to my lawyer's. At three o'clock in the afternoon I was again in the presence of the ogress. 'Madam,' said I, 'in ten minutes an officer will be here with a summons for you on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. I thought I would come to see what you propose to do about it. The officer will go away without serving the paper if I tell him to.' She turned pale, and led me hurriedly into her private den. 'Here is your money,' said she, handing me three dollars. 'Now send the cop away.' 'That sum is far from covering the case,' said I. 'I shall have to pay my lawyer twenty-five dollars at least, and the court expenses will be considerable. I can't let you off for that trifle.' 'This is black-mail,' she burst out. I saw that she was frightened, and I pressed my advantage. I told her that she must do exactly what I said, or the officer would go ahead. I told her she must confess, in the first place, that she herself had sent my English girl off with another employer. She confessed it. I told her she must promise me to write to that employer and confess her duplicity. She promised it. I told her she must solemnly swear never to be guilty of such conduct again. She swore. I thought of pleading with her to give up her nefarious business altogether, but reflected that this would be almost too much to ask in the present state of enlightenment. Then I took my three dollars and went away. I do not suppose that she will do what she promised; but I had at least brought home her iniquity to her. I had prevented myself from being swindled, and I had the proud consciousness of not having proved false to the glorious principles of our society."

The President was obliged to check the applause that followed.

"The next order," said he, "is reports of committees. The Secretary will run over the list."

"Committee on Corrupting Charities," read out that official.

No report.

"Committee on Demoralizing Donations."

No report.

"Committee on Printing."

The chairman of this committee rose and said: "I am requested by one of the members of the committee to report a project to print a card devised by him on the subject of postage-stamp benevolence. You have all heard of this scheme of raising funds for this and the other charity, and know something of its absurdities and wastefulness. The design of the card is to furnish to those who are in receipt of invitations to join a "chain" or "circle" of these contributors of postage-stamps a convenient and convincing little statement to return to the sender, showing him—"

"One moment," interrupted the President, "the intention is no doubt excellent, but seems to me to be taking a form of execution directly opposed to our constitution. I will ask the Secretary to read section 4 of our 'Principles and Purposes,' last clause."

The Secretary read, "Nor is it the aim of the society to supply consciences to the wicked or brains to the foolish."

"That settles it," said the President. "Any one who would fall into this postage-stamp silliness would never be rescued from it by a mere mathematical demonstration; it would be a sheer waste of our funds. That I shall have to rule out."

The committees on Reformed Landlords, on Subscribers to Free Soup-houses, and on Unwise Undertakings, each had a report to make detailing progress in their plans, and then the society adjourned.

As the members were filing out, one of the visitors went up to the President and said, "I have been much interested in your meeting, but I have been wondering all the while what is the real name of your society—what the initials stand for."

"Why, hadn't you heard?" said the President. "The Society of Friends of Humanity."

THE NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL.

THIS institution has signalized the thirtieth year of its existence by the erection of a large and admirably arranged college building for the use of its students, and a fire-proof free hospital for practital instruction in surgery. The college building forms the centre of a proposed group of buildings, which are intended to occupy the whole plot of ground on the Eastern Boulevard for two hundred feet, and having a depth on Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets nearly equal to this. The Flower Hospital, standing on the southeast corner of this plot of ground, is to be enlarged by the erection of a wing on Sixty-third Street; this hospital building will be balanced by another on the corner of Sixty-fourth Street. Besides these, other minor buildings will be erected as funds can be procured.

The college building has a width of forty-eight feet and a length of one hundred and ten. The part of the building devoted to the out-patient department is forty-four feet square within the walls, and consists of one large and five smaller examination-rooms, with a separate waiting-room for women, and a hall large enough to serve as a waiting-room for men; in addition to these, there is a pharmacy, which is of sufficient size to answer all the purposes of that department of the administration. Back of this there are two main entrances to the building, one to the north, intended for the students, and leading directly into the spacious hall, from which a broad staircase mounts to the top of the building. From the hall leads out an assembly-room for students.

On the first floor the end of the building toward the boulevard contains the laboratory, twenty-four feet by forty-four, the space for the furnaces being screened off at one end to protect the students engaged in delicate experiments at the tables from the heat and from interruption. Beside this, and partly communicating with it, is the Junior lecture-room, twenty by thirty feet, and communicating with the chemist's room, or a private room for the chemical lectures beyond.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

On the second floor the whole space to the east of the staircase and doctors' rooms is devoted to the great lecture-room, forty-four feet square, and with a steep incline to the auditorium. The space below this rapidly sloping floor is utilized for the Histology Department, with large windows fronting north, and with room for a series of alcoves for separate microscopical research, together with cases sufficient for apparatus and specimens.

From the third-story hall the dissecting-room is entered on the east. It is forty-four feet square, occupying the whole space above the great lecture-room, and lighted by windows high in the gable wall, fronting toward the boulevard, and by dormer-windows in the roof. On the third floor, to the west, is, in the first place, the entrance to the uppermost seats of the anatomical theatre, and also a separate entrance to a series of special observation-rooms, which are hung in the air, as it were, above the demonstrator's table, the great height of the theatre having made it unnecessary to leave all the space free above the heads of the lecturer and his class. These rooms, fronting the south, will be used by the Department of Experimental Pharmacology.

The building is fire-proof, as by law it has to be, and as assuredly it ought to be. In the halls and staircases and in the basement there is absolutely nothing that could take fire, no combustible material of any sort, and the roof is entirely fire-proof. Whatever wood is used in the fittings of the rooms is so isolated and so incrusted in solid masonry that it is, in the first place, as nearly removed from the danger of catching fire as may be, and secondly, is absolutely prevented from communicating fire from one part to another.

The Flower Hospital, which is an entirely separate building, communicates with the college by an underground tunnel, which has for its chief purpose the communication between the elevator in the hospital and the pump, etc., in the basement of the college. Otherwise there is no communication between them, the hospital having its own entrance.

The history of this institution deserves more than a passing notice. It was chartered as a regular school of medicine, and its students receive the regular degree of doctor of medicine. It was the first, and for many years the only, medical college in New York to require of its students a three-years' graded course of lectures, as well as a preliminary examination to test the fitness of those desiring to study medicine, and reject the illiterate. The course of instruction is complete and thorough in every department of medicine and surgery. Great efforts are made during the first years of the students' work to provide ample facility for laboratory work in medical chemistry and sanitary science. During the succeeding years the advanced students have abundant opportunities for studying diseases in the out-patient department connected with the institution, at the bedsides of patients in tenement-houses, and in the surgical hospital.

This institution expects to establish an ambulance service in connection with its free hospital. It hopes also to have maternity and medical hospitals equipped and endowed, to render the education of its students still more thorough and complete. The wealthy friends of the school so far have contributed generously for the purchase of property and the erection of the present buildings. The ladies also have worked zealously in its behalf, and the trustees have large hopes for the future. Laboratories for sanitary science, bacteriology, and especially for pharmacology (the knowledge of drugs), are needed. For the last-mentioned study a great future is opening. The discovery of new remedies for disease will occupy the time and talents of our best minds, and were the equipment and support of such a laboratory assured, a few years would witness brilliant results.

THE NEW CENTURY CLUB-HOUSE.

The Century Club rather prides itself on its conservatism, and it is perhaps by reason of that quality that it has been found so congenial by foreign visitors of a literary or artistic turn of mind, who, from Thackeray down to Max O'Rell, have borne testimony to its attractiveness. Nevertheless the Century has found itself forced to move with the times, though slowly and reluctantly, and it has resolved to remove from the quarters it has occupied for thirty-two years in East Fifteenth Street, just behind Steinway Hall, to the new building preparing for it in Forty-third Street, west of Fifth Avenue. The removal was determined not solely by the upward movement of its members, but by the impossibility of extending its present building so as to meet the demands of its increasing membership. The name of the club long ago became a misnomer, and the present constitutional limit is seven hundred. It is very nearly filled, and it is expected that it will be extended when the larger accommodations of the new house become available.

As almost every eminent architect in the city is a member of the Century, the task of selecting the designer for the new club-house seemed formidable, but the choice of the club, or its committee, fell upon Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, whose fulfilment of it may in part be judged from the illustration on page 876. It will be seen that they have reverted to the forms of the Italian Renaissance, and the general disposition of the front recalls rather the club-houses of Pall-Mall, which in turn are reminiscences of the Palladian palaces, than any American examples. In fact, with the wide range of style, extending from the Union League to the new Progress Club, and including the converted private mansions in which several New York clubs still abide, it would be hard to say that there is with us any accepted type of club architecture.

The emphasis given to the horizontal lines of the façade shows that the designers of the new club-house are aware of the advantage of a frontage of a hundred feet in New York, and are determined to make the most of it, at the expense of the altitude, which in so much recent building is the greater dimension. The new Century will be something over sixty feet high, but it certainly will not make the impression of such a height. Architecturally it really consists of but two stories, or rather of two strata, though each of these is subdivided, and they are distinguished from each other not only in treatment, but in material, the basement being of a light stone, and the superstructure of cream-colored brick. The severity of the basement, with its simple openings, is strongly contrasted with the ornateness of the superstructure, an ornateness suggested by the plasticity of the terra-cotta of which its wrought-work is composed. In each story the central feature is the striking point, the tall and massive archway of the main entrance below, and the rich and graceful loggia above.

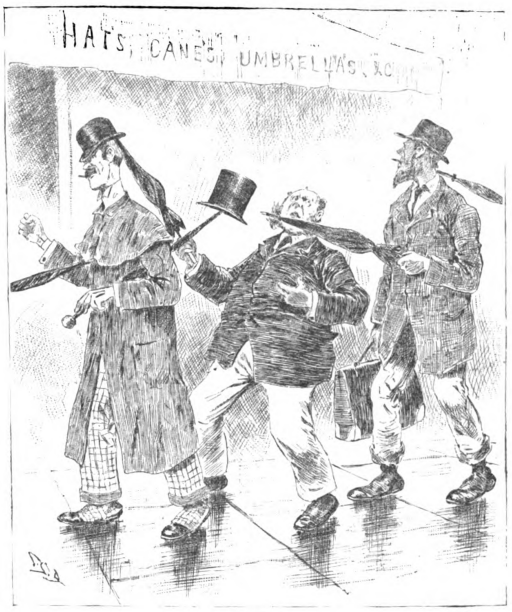
The Century has not heretofore had a regular restaurant, though of late years it has acceded to the demands of its members by the establishment of what is modestly known as a grill, though it would be more accurately described, perhaps, as a *table d'hôte*. The restrictions of the old club-house in kitchen and service have prevented it from doing more. In the new house the enlarged facilities will make possible the maintenance of a dining-room in addition to a grill-room. The billiard-room in the basement, with smoking and reading rooms, will take up the rest of the available space, while the principal apartment, as the character of the club requires, will be the library, a very spacious room occupying half of the upper part of the building, and running through both the principal story and the mezzanine indicated on the outside by the "bull's-eye" openings.

The new club-house will be the seventh abode of the Century, though five of its migrations were accomplished within the first ten years of its existence, and the house from which it will shortly remove is the only one that has been built for it. Of the men who founded it in 1847 but three now survive—Daniel Huntington, the present president, John H. Gourlie, and William J. Hoppin. Its vice-presidents are Henry C. Potter and John Bigelow. The constitution sets forth that "the association shall be composed of authors, artists, and amateurs of letters and the fine arts." A liberal construction is given to this requirement in practice, but it is nevertheless sufficiently adhered to to retain for the club its distinctive character, and its membership represents very much of what is most distinguished and honorable in the intellectual life of New York.

BARNUM'S EMBARKATION.

All the heavy material to be taken to London by Barnum & Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth" was put on board the Anchor Line steam-ship *Furnessia* at the Prentice Stores, in Brooklyn, on Saturday, October 19th, and on Sunday the vessel sailed away with as strange a cargo, probably, as ever was loaded on a ship. The pier was cumbered all day with elephants, camels, zebras, horses, band wagons, Roman chariots, trunks, chests, and the numberless articles, large and small, that are of more or less importance in the composition of the great American circus. No great circus company had ever before made the voyage to Europe, so there was no precedent for the method of handling any of the properties; but measurements had been so carefully made that a place was assigned for everything, and every cage, wagon, and elephant fitted into its place as snugly as if the show spent most of its time on the water. Although the steam-ship lay by the side of the pier, the large animals and the heavier articles were not taken on board from the wharf, but were put on large flat lighters, and from them hoisted to the deck with slings. Thus the elephants and camels and horses went on board without difficulty, none of them offering any serious objections. The smaller animals were in boxes made especially for the purpose, none of them being confined in the cages in which they are exhibited. Mr. Barnum did not take along his entire menagerie, because the Englishmen are so used to seeing lions and tigers and other natives of hot countries that those animals would have been no novelty in London; he confined himself to the distinctively American animals, such as white and black fallow-deer, buffalo, prairie-dogs, panthers, and water-buffalo, the only "foreigners" taken along, such as the elephants and camels, being trained performing animals.

The question of providing so many flesh-eating animals with food during the voyage was solved by freezing the fresh meat in cubical cakes, and then packing it in refrigerators between layers of ice. Besides the properties, the *Furnessia* carried 209 employés of the show in her first and second cabins, everything being under the charge of Treasurer M. F. Young. Among the first-cabin passengers were Mr. H. L. Watkins, Mr. Bailey's private secretary; Henry Barnum, the show manager, who, notwithstanding his name, is not related to the great American showman; General Superintendent Frank Hyatt; Master of Transportation Byron V. Rose; and William Newman, "Elephant Bill," who has charge of the elephants. In the second cabin were a large number of Zulus, cow-boys, freaks, hostlers, grooms, and animal men, and the twenty-one colored people of both sexes who compose the Jubilee singers. The *Furnessia* carried no passengers but members of the company, but it was necessary to take in some other cargo, because the weight of the animals was not sufficient to load her properly. Instead of going to Glasgow, her usual port, she sailed for London direct.



FIENDS.

Genus—Carriers of Umbrellas.

This was only a part of the great show. The *City of Rome*, which sailed October 16th, carried over 160 of the principal performers in her first cabin, and a great number of animals. Mr. Barnum himself sailed in the *Etruria* on October 12th, with Mrs. Barnum and Mr. Barnum Seeley, his grandson and probable successor. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey sailed in the *Victoria Augusta*, October 17th. The *City of Rome* carried all the advertising material, which is expected to make the Englishmen open their eyes. It weighs more than eighty tons, and will be pasted all over Great Britain. Fifty thousand sheets will be posted in London alone, and that there is ample room there for them is shown by a letter received from Mr. W. H. Gardner, the general agent, just before the *Furnessia* sailed, in which he said of the bill-posting: "It will be nearly all ladder work, some of the bill-boards being fifty feet high. No one puts anything in the windows here, but we will show them how." Thirty-eight bill-posters, all in uniform, went over in the *City of Rome*, and the advertising paper they will handle cost $166,000.

This trip to Europe has been under consideration for some time, but it is not expected that it can possibly do much more than pay the enormous expenses, which will be more than $350,000 for travelling, besides $12,000 a day for the 100 days the show will remain in London. Mr. Barnum says he is willing to spend $100,000 to show the English what an American circus is. The show will be given in London only, in the Olympia, in Kensington, a building considerably larger than the old Madison Square Garden, and to which additions have been built for this occasion at a cost of $10,000. Kiralfy's *Nero, or the Fall of Rome*, has been annexed to the show, and will occupy part of the main building. This alone brings 800 performers into view at one time, and the entire number who will appear in public is 1240. Excursion trains will be run from all parts of the United Kingdom, and the business will open with a parade, in connection with the Lord Mayor's procession, on November 9th. Barnum and Bailey are large stockholders in the new Madison Square Garden, and they will have the show back in New York by the middle of March, in time to give the first performances in the new building. All the animals and other properties taken across the ocean were fully insured against loss or damage by fire or water, and of the whole vast company, the only representative now left in America is Mr. R. F. Hamilton, the press agent.



A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

COASTING CAPTAIN (*desirous of getting his vessel piloted down the river, to a friend that Sam Tufts wants to pilot me down. Hez he had much 'xperience? S'pose he knows rocks be?*"

FRIEND (*gruffly*). "Hump'! Waal, he'd orter. He's been on 'em all times enough!

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CONSTANTINE, DUKE OF SPARTA, THE HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF GREECE.



SOPHIA DOROTHEA OF GERMANY, CROWN-PRINCESS OF GREECE.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ATHENS.

CONSTANTINE, Duke of Sparta, married at Athens October 27th, is the eldest son of the King of Greece, and heir-apparent to the crown. He was born at Athens in 1868, and is therefore in the very heyday of life—at the happy time that destiny loves to illumine, for princes as for others, with "the bloom of young desire and purple light of love." His father is King of one country; his grandfather of another; one of his aunts is Empress of Russia, and another will be Queen of England unless "the blind Fury with the abhorred shears" outdoes in England, as it is thought she may, the game that was played with the lives of sovereigns in Germany, when the aged ruler held on, till the life of his son withered away with disease. If the Prince of Wales is, as is believed now, stricken with a fatal malady, not the least of the disappointments involved in the calamity of his early death will be that the beautiful Alexandria can never be crowned Queen. Crowns are therefore abundant in the Glucksburg family, and the Duke himself "shall be king hereafter," provided he outlives his father. His father, however, is only forty-four, and is a lucky man, for he was King of Greece about four months before his own father was made King of the Danes. These people, by-the-way, are related to that terrible Schleswig-Holstein complication, and it is therefore dangerous to touch the ultimate threads of their genealogies; for Lord Palmerston's statement of the difficulties of that case is as true now as it was in Palmerston's time. Constantine's mother is Queen Olga, of the Russian imperial family, and he is named after her father, one of the sons of Emperor Nicholas.

Princess Sophia Dorothea, his bride, was born in 1870, and is the third daughter of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany and the Empress Victoria, and is consequently sister to the German Emperor, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and a niece or a cousin to nearly everybody in Europe who is within three or four lives of a crown. She is happier in her destiny than her sister Victoria, who was so maladroit as to fall in love with a Battenberg.

Over the wedding of this princely pair Athens had a festival such as no city of Europe has seen in modern times, and for even a partial parallel to which one must rummage in the record of the gorgeous fables of prehistoric times. But even in the days when all the cities sent gifts, and all the princes came themselves to honor the marriage of the most beautiful of known women, the company, measured by what it represented, was insignificant by comparison with that which assisted at the nuptials in Athens. There were a full hundred of royal and princely persons, as in the old days; but almost any one of them might count for fifty of Homer's princes. It was a handsome tribute to the glory that was Greece's to play the Persæ of Æschylus, and a pretty piece of emblematic fancy to have the grand flights of Grecian thought wedded to the tender harmonies of German music.

Three great powers of Europe have made an especial point of doing honor to this festival. Germany is represented by her Emperor, and Russia and England each by the heir-apparent to the throne. This fact can hardly be lost upon the advisers of the Sultan; and if the marriage itself is a love-match, this famous celebration of it is perhaps in some degree a political demonstration. It costs little for Prince Bismarck to show in this way that Germany and Russia are in hearty sympathy as to some things. King George's accession to the throne of Greece initiated a period of Grecian expansion; and the movement that began when the Ionian Islands were added to the kingdom may be taken up again in the time of George's son and successor.

CENTRALIZATION IN THE RAILROAD WORLD.

THE successful conclusion early in the week of negotiations that have been pending for some time between the Chicago and Northwestern and the Union Pacific railroad companies compels fresh reference to a development that was discussed at length in this column six months or so ago, namely, the tendency toward centralization among the railroads of the country. A good deal of progress has been made in that direction since the status of the movement was last noted in the WEEKLY, which it seems timely to recount now that an extraordinarily long stride has been taken. Last spring the railroad company popularly known as the "Big Four," and legally as the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Company, began its systematic absorption of the smaller roads in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois that were geographically tributary to its main lines. It is still at it, and in a few weeks will, it is understood, formally consolidate with its allied company, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. It will also take on a number of smaller roads, notably the Ohio, Indiana, and Western and the Vincennes and Chicago. The system when completed will consist of main lines from Chicago and St. Louis to Newport News that will sustain close reciprocal relations with many hundred miles of branches penetrating the rapidly developing manufacturing regions of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The possibilities of combinations between the railroads in those States—that is, the smaller and unaffiliated lines—seem to be innumerable. It is safe to predict that the majority of them will in one way or another eventually form parts of complete and comprehensive systems. The existing conditions of railroad traffic, which include the effects of the enforcement of the Inter-State Commerce Law, force the railroads together whether they will or not. Besides, there is a growing disposition all around to yield to what is termed the tendency of the times—a feeling that helps to give force and expression to that tendency.

The Richmond and West Point Terminal Company has made noteworthy progress during the summer in the line indicated. It has not acquired any new mileage to speak of, but it has strengthened its grip upon two of the most important roads in its system—the Richmond and Danville and the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia—by completing its proprietary interest in them. The Union Pacific has welded all of its branch lines into a system by themselves, and at the same time has brought them into closer relations with the parent company. It has also begun the purchase of its most important leased line. Steps have been taken for merging the control of the several railroads forming what is known as the Hill or Manitoba system of roads into a single corporation, and after that is done, an alliance probably with the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy over its C., B., and Northern road will be made. The object will be to secure an entrance into Chicago, and at that point an outlet to the East that will be available all the year around. On the other hand, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road will obtain a line to the Pacific Coast. That company has a line as far west as Denver, but that is a long way from the coast. Moreover, the Northern line has many advantages, as the Manitoba road will soon be working its way through to Puget Sound, traversing a country that bids fair to witness extraordinary development during the next few years.

Very few people, either in Wall Street or elsewhere, were prepared for the news of the close traffic compact between the Northwestern and the Union Pacific companies. It is safe to say that the operation of the two roads under the contract will have to be well under way before a clear idea of its purpose will be obtained. The benefits that the patrons of the two roads will receive are manifest, and, what is of equal importance, the effect upon competing roads will soon be understood. Already the other Granger roads are beginning to express their disapproval of it. Their officers talk of making connections that will enable them to do as well by their patrons as the Northwestern is about to do by its. They will have to do so or go out of the business. It is suggested that the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Company will find its way west from Denver, over the Denver and Rio Grande and connecting lines, to San Francisco. The C., B., and Quincy's alliance has already been indicated, while in well-informed quarters it is believed that the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul road will coalesce with the Northwest and Union Pacific alliance. These results will not be attained without some friction, for a certain amount of threatening and bluffing seems as necessary to a railroad deal as to a horse trade.

The first important result of these coalitions between transcontinental and Granger trunk lines will be the wiping out of territorial traffic boundaries, and with their disappearance the points where the two connect will cease to be terminal points, and the traffic associations that have labored with only indifferent success to harmonize the differences that are constantly arising between competing lines will fall to pieces. There can be no railroad Trust in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but there can be a unity of purpose on the part of those who manage the great systems that are gradually coming together, in order to improve their service, reduce their expenses, and at the same time lessen competition. Where these changes will end, no one can predict; even those who are parties to them may not be able to foresee the end, for they are moving under the pressure of circumstances rather than shaping their own destinies. But that the period is one of transition no one can deny.

The relations of the trunk lines east of Chicago and St. Louis to those that have been mentioned have also come up for consideration. The theory, indeed a fundamental principle, of the Eastern lines, especially of the Pennsylvania and of the Vanderbilt systems, has been that they would have no tangible alliances beyond their Western termini. Again, circumstances may wipe out established rules, and compel them to turn their roads into transcontinental lines. As long as the Inter-State Law operates to fix through rates on the basis of local rates, or *vice versa*, the cost of through business must be brought down by the abolition of every possible terminal charge. Moreover, the public, both as shipper and passenger, is demanding economy in time and the minimum of cost and inconvenience. As Trusts and consolidations of large systems are out of the question, the best expedient is adopted, and at the moment it seems to be traffic contracts of the intimate character entered into for ten years from November 1st by the Union Pacific and the Northwestern companies. If, as has been suggested, the Northern Pacific-Wisconsin Central system makes the Baltimore and Ohio road its Eastern outlet, as it is suspected, the Union Pacific-Northwestern combination will eventually use the Vanderbilt roads east of Chicago; the Pennsylvania, despite its protestations, may have to fulfil current predictions of an alliance with the C., B., and Quincy system, or cease to compete for through traffic.

The conditions that have been dwelt upon explain to an extent the waiting character of the stock-market. At the moment the incubus of an active money market has been lifted, but there are no signs of an immediate large movement of prices in either direction.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, October 26, 1889.*

TAKEN UNAWARES.

UNSUSPECTED causes for malaria exist everywhere. A sunken lot partly filled with water in the vicinity of your abode, a new location upon land filled in, but formerly overflowed or marshy, and causes far more occult than these produce the atmospheric *miasmata* which constitute the germs that, if inhaled, ripen into fever and ague and congenital maladies. A person taken unawares with a malarial complaint should, as soon as it declares itself, seek aid from the safe, non-disappointing, cordial medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has for over a third of a century, and in every quarter of the globe, relieved the malaria-stricken, and neutralized miasma in air and water. The Bitters imparts activity to the stomach, bowels, and liver, repels incipient rheumatism, and remedies inaction of the kidneys and bladder. Appetite and sleep are improved, and the infirmities of age mitigated by its use.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

HAPPY HOMES MAKE HAPPY HEARTS.

Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY says of "Halma":

"'Halma' is a very favorite game in my family. It creates an enthusiasm beyond any other game. It has enough skill in it to make amusement healthy and improving."

Send for circular. "Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar. E. I. HORSMAN, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a pleasant drink and health-giving tonic. To persons of sedentary habits it is invaluable. It should be regularly used on every table. All grocers and druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,

For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP is recommended by physicians as being the best skin soap made. 25 cents, druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Fine Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

IF you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

SUCCESS in life is the result of push and energy. If the blood is impure and sluggish both body and mind lack vigor. To cleanse and vitalize the blood and impart new life to the system, nothing else has such a marvellous effect as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space	15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space	20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space	25%
" " *260 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*	

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE HIDDEN RIVER.*

BY GEORGE W. HOSMER, M.D.

SEVEN youths and seven maidens were the tribute that Athens paid to the monster in the labyrinth. Since nearly all the mythology has been interpreted into one or another form of sun myth, perhaps it will do no violence to interpretation to regard this scrap as a myth of the sewers; for what are the sewers but labyrinthine mazes beneath the city, the dwellings and strongholds of deadly forces exacting daily tribute in the lives of the fair and beautiful sons and daughters of the people. But in the way of the full acceptance of the story of the Minotaur as a fair myth of the sewers stands the fact that the monster's appetite was perhaps too moderate if we take the figures literally. Seven youths and seven maidens a year would be too small a tribute for the monsters that live in our sewers, certainly, who count their annual victims rather by many thousands.

Myths are certainly not strong on the mathematical side—and the myth-makers gave 7 or 9 as the statement of a large indefinite quantity; somewhat as the intelligent contraband in the war, when asked how many soldiers were in the other army, always said "thousands and thousands." No statistician can tell us how many are the annual victims of our sewers, and no doctor knows; but the opinion is general that many of the common and familiar maladies are caused by emanations from the sewers, and that the same emanations aggravate to the point of fatal severity diseases that they do not cause; and it is possible that half the annual death list in any city has a direct relation to the sewer evil either as this evil is the source of zymotic diseases or as it embroiders a zymotic disease upon an inflammatory malady.

For a great while the evil of the sewers was contemplated somewhat vaguely. People talked a great deal about sewer gas as if it was a very dreadful reality, but acted as if they did not believe in its existence, nor in the existence of any equivalent to it. They acted as if this gas was a sort of abstract evil known to the chemical fellows, but which did not concern ordinary people in their daily lives, because people do not fully realize the presence or operation of things that they cannot see or feel. They accepted the report of the experts about sewer gases, but did not know how these did harm. The theory of microbes has done a great deal to clear this up. People comprehend now that the sewer gas is loaded; that it is not merely an abstract nonentity which may be the figment of some cranky imagination, but is a vapor loaded with virulent or living poisons that can be and are taken into the system with the air we breathe. Diphtheria, typhus-fever, yellow-fever, scarlet-fever, measles, cholera are so many diseases the germs of which may come upon any puff of foul air from a sewer; because, though the germs of the eruptive fevers do not originate in the sewers, they get there from houses where infected persons are, and thus are conveyed to other houses. Indeed, it may be the same with all the zymotic diseases as to this point. We are moving toward a modification of medical ideas as to the origin of some familiar diseases. For centuries it has been held, and evidently correctly held, that if any person got smallpox, he got it by contact more or less immediate with some other person having the disease. But it was believed that typhus or typhoid fever could always be developed *de novo* by persons living in conditions of filth that filled the air with the poisonous, but not specific, emanations from the human body. So it was believed that the germ of diphtheria was always in the drains. It is now held by many that typhus or typhoid fever poisons or microbes come only from those having these maladies; and that if they come out of the drains, it is only as the drains themselves have become the temporary lodging-places of the evil. As to diphtheria, ideas are not yet so definite; but it is clear that the tendency of opinion must be in the same direction in proportion as specific germs for such disease come to be identified.

In this later theory there is a certain comfort, as it indicates that in fighting certain formidable diseases in their sources, mankind is not compelled to fight the whole universe of filthy and putrefying things, and the general indifference of the people to cleanliness, but may attend strictly to that more limited area, the bodies of those who have diseases. If typhoid-fever must be put into the drains before it can come out of them, then some day we may hope to see it stamped out, since a vigilant sanitary surveillance of all but the very largest cities can keep the drains free from it, and thus cut off the commonest channel of communication.

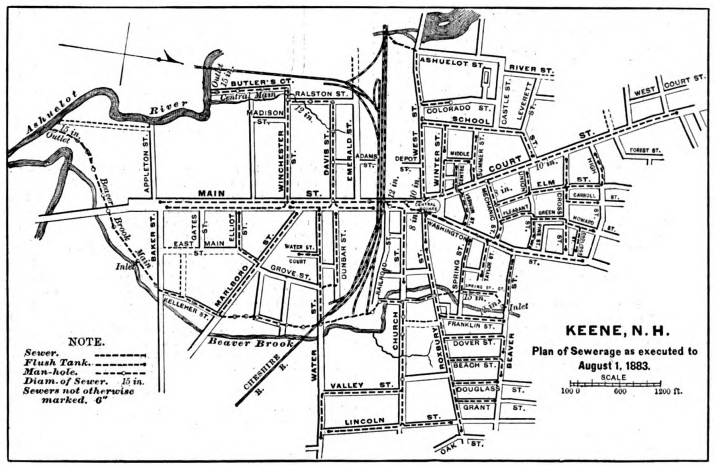
In view of all this, the sewer acquires, in the scheme of modern life, an importance that could scarcely have been imagined in the good old times for an underground conduit of refuse substances; and if Lycurgus, Solon, and the other ancients were revered as the wise organizers of the popular welfare, as reformers of codes, and so on, the maker of a good sewer, and, above all, the contriver of a good system of sewerage, is worthy especial honor as the man who helps to make the homes of the people safe against deadly evils in their most insidious form. Colonel Waring deserves well of humanity for his labors in this field. He has imagined, and it may be said he has perfected in its application to many small cities, an extremely effective system of sewerage, and introduced into the art of drainage new ideas of extensive scope. He has sewered, we believe, a round dozen of cities, and one of these he has thereby redeemed from the devastation of a terrible epidemic disease. History has preserved the names of men who built great cities, but has commonly neglected the names of the makers of sewers. History will be more just in the future, and will recognize that the underground part of a city is of more importance as to the city's welfare than what is above-ground; and in that kind of history the name of Colonel Waring will have a good place.

Sewerage in its simplest sense is the removal of part of the refuse of houses in underground conduits; the grade of the conduits being so disposed that the water discharged with the refuse shall form a current by gravitation, and thus carry all away. Naturally the current thus formed is seldom rapid, as the grade can never be steep, and the sluggish stream deposits as sediment part of what it is supposed to carry away, and a small deposit becomes a nucleus for a greater one. Sewers are thus always more or less obstructed, and material so retained putrefies and becomes the source of those foul and dangerous gases that rise into the houses from the drains, and are supposed to be very important factors in the propagation of zymotic diseases. In cities, storm water is apt to be almost as much of an evil as the house refuse; and the engineers thought they would overcome two evils at one stroke by running this also into the sewers; for they would thus escape the occasional deluging of streets and cellars by this water, and they would put into the sewers a force that would scour them out at every hard rain. But for the sewers to carry away effectively the products of a heavy rain-storm they must be very much larger than it is necessary to make them for their more essential service. It is not an advantage to have them over-large for the disposition of house refuse. On the contrary, it is an evil, for this only affords more room for the retention of putrefying substances, and a large sewer only becomes a vaster collection of substances that form a seed-bed of diseases. We necessarily produce this evil when we make the sewers large enough for the occasional service of removing storm water.

The Waring system of sewerage is a modification of the general system which limits the contents of the sewers, and involves a particular method of construction. Colonel Waring excludes the storm water from sewers, restricting them to their logical purpose as conduits for the removal of waste; and he provides a means for accomplishing in the cleansing of the sewers all the good that storm water can ever do. His especial construction and his flushing apparatus strike at sewer gas in its birthplace, as their object is to keep the sewers clean. Out of a clean sewer there can come no disease.

The essential features of the Waring system are: "separation," that is to say, the exclusion from the sewers of everything but sewage proper, and the water necessary for the periodical flushing; the reduction of the size of conduits in all the minor parts of the system or laterals, and the securing of a smooth interior surface by the use of pipes for all but the main lines, and in some cases for these also; and the application of automatic flushing machinery. By making separate provision for the rain-water the need for large pipes throughout the system is obviated, and the pipes in the various parts of the system can be made with some relation to their proper contents. For the main line of a sewer into which a hundred smaller lines discharge, an ample conduit is an obvious requirement; but to make each one of the hundred as large or nearly as large is not only ridiculous, it is mischievous, because it makes possible those accumulations which being some day dislodged from the minor lines stop the main one and suddenly convert a local into a general evil. The small pipes of the Waring system, equal to the reception and carriage of all the refuse from the small number of houses on any one side street, and of such a diameter and grade that the volume of water from the flushing tank completely fills them and moves down them with such force as to certainly carry away things that tend to form a lodgement, are as correct in theory as they have been found to be effective in practice. One main line of sewer, with its series of smaller inlets, on this system is a true scientific unit of sewerage; and if whole cities could be sewered by a harmonious and effective combination of such units, we should be near to the attainment of the great desideratum for making a healthy city—sewers that would automatically cleanse themselves, and therefore be always clean and proximately safe.

In view of ordinary conceptions of sewers as great subterranean channels for rivers of filth, to be visited occasionally by the men who clean them out, the substitution of a pipe so small as to make that sort of inspection impossible is a very great departure; and this intricate pipe system has seemed, for this reason, an impractical proposition. But a glimpse at the scheme of the sewerage of Keene, N. H., as planned by Colonel Waring,



will show that the pipe system involves also a necessary simplicity in plan which is an almost essential part of its excellence. In this system it will be seen there are four groups of pipes, each of which is practically independent. In any city sewerage may be simplified on the same principle.

Colonel Waring has formulated, as below, the requirements of a good sewer.

1. It must be perfectly tight from one end to the other, so that all matters entering it shall be securely carried to its outlet; not a particle of impurity leaks through into the soil.

2. It must have a continuous fall from the head to the outlet, in order that its contents may keep moving, so that there shall be no halting to putrefy by the way, and no depositing of silt that would endanger the channel.

3. It must be perfectly ventilated, so that the poisonous gases that necessarily arise, even when decomposing matters are being carried along in the water, shall be diluted with fresh air, and shall have such means of escape as will prevent them from forcing their way into houses through the traps in the house drains.

4. It must be provided with means for inspection and for flushing.

5. The branches by which it receives its supply should be so regulated as to admit nothing that will be liable to choke the channel.

6. There must be some device to prevent the gases of the sewer from rising through the house drains, or through the street basins.

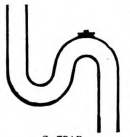
7. Its size must be so adjusted to its work that it will remove all water that ordinary rains bring to it, and so that the usual dry weather flow shall keep it free from silt and organic deposits.

This is a good summary of the qualities of a perfect sewer; and of the seven problems presented it may fairly be said that Colonel Waring's own sewers solve five in such a way as to be substantially satisfactory. Ordinary sewers are never perfectly tight from one end to the other. They could be made so; but to do this would cost more money than cities will spend for the purpose. By the pipe system, there is required, to make the sewers perfectly tight, only an intelligent supervision of the workmen; and intelligence is the least paid of all the commodities that cities buy. With the sewerage all constructed at once, the proper grade is a matter of course; and the cleansing current results from the grade. Colonel Waring's system only does not solve the problem of ventilation, nor that of the protection of houses from deleterious gases. Save as it indirectly contributes to this solution by making the sewers cleaner, and therefore making these things less imperatively necessary, it leaves them where they were. And the protection of the houses is ultimately the main point. Latham is well within the limit when he says: "The work of house drainage is the crowning-point of a system of sewers. Upon the care and skill bestowed in carrying out this portion of the sanitary requirements of a district in a great measure will depend the ultimate success of the work in a sanitary point of view. It cannot be overlooked that imperfect sanitary work in connection with the houses in which we reside will result in the malarious influence of the sewers and drains being brought to bear upon the occupants. As a rule, the works of house drainage are carelessly carried out, and often inflict untold injury upon the luckless inhabitants of the house in which they are executed."

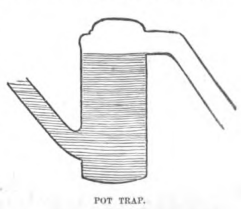
For the protection of our houses from sewer gases we are yet mainly dependent upon those things that the plumbers have comically called traps; and this is a poor protection.

In the world of modern contrivances few are so much talked about and so little understood as the trap set by the plumber. This in its simplest form is a loop in a waste-pipe, intended to catch and retain a portion of the outgoing water in order that this water may close the pipe and prevent the upward movement of offensive gases from the sewer. As the simple original trap is not to be relied upon, invention has busied itself with the trap problem, and patent traps abound. Every well-made house is supposed to have a trap on the house drain at its lowest point before the connection with the sewer; but this is not universal. Every water-closet has a trap, and many of them a water-seal above the trap equivalent to a second trap. And all waste-pipes under basins or sinks have other traps, and the very multiplication of these defences is a record of our experience as to their inefficiency.

There are two traps in tolerably common use—the ordinary S trap and the Bower trap. Others are less frequently seen. The S trap was probably the first, as it perhaps did not need to be invented, but was likely a mere development of the trap made by accident when the plumber gives an ordinary lead pipe a downward bend. The pot trap was the first of those made in the endeavor to improve upon this with a trap that would not be emptied by siphonage. This trap has been described as a small cesspool, because it becomes a place of deposit for filth. It is now little used. The same may be said of the bottle trap. This stands full of water to the edge of the outlet pipe, and is also a little cesspool. It can be siphoned. Another trap in more common use is the Bower trap.

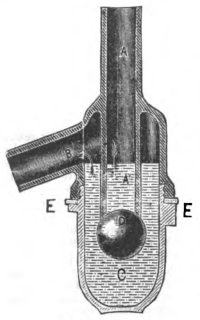

S TRAP.

The Bower trap is mechanically the same as the bottle trap, with the addition of a ball valve. The inlet pipe, instead of coming in at the side, comes in at the top, and is perpendicular, and the lower end of this inlet is closed by a buoyant rubber ball. The flow of water into the trap displaces the ball, and its buoyancy restores it again to its position against the opening of the pipe. The safety of this trap is in the septum of lead that constitutes the side of the inlet pipe above the level of the retained water. Corrosion and the ac-


POT TRAP.

* *Sewerage and Land Drainage.* By George Waring, Jun. New York: D. Van Nostrand & Co. 1889.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

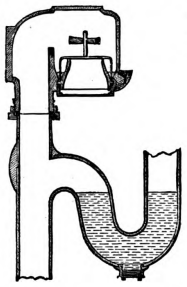


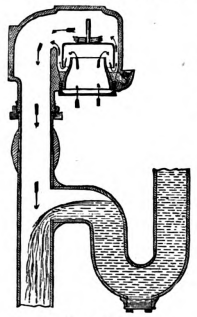
BOWER TRAP.

tion of various salts weaken this defence; the septum becomes defective, and the security is gone. The water-seal has been greatly reduced in it by siphonage.

In addition to these there is the recently introduced McClellan trap. The McClellan trap produces an automatic ventilation. Each trap is provided with a ventilating pipe the opening of which is near to the trap, and which is closed by a cap, the edges of which are set in mercury. In the equilibrium of atmospheric pressure the cap remains in place; but if a vacuum is produced in the pipe then the pressure of the atmosphere outside the pipe lifts the cap, the air rushes in and prevents siphonage; and the equilibrium being thus restored, the cap drops into place again. If this trap shall prove to be as good in practice as it appears to be in theory it will revolutionize the ventilation of traps, and solve some other problems.

We shall see the great importance of traps if we consider the condition things would be in without them. If the waste-pipe from the basin in your room ran straight down to the house drain, which is merely a branch of the sewer, then this basin and pipe, while nominally only intended to get rid of the foul water, would, in fact, serve also to ventilate the sewer, for the movement of gases would be out of the sewer into your warm room. You would breathe all night air charged with bacteria produced in the sewer; and floating in this air might be the germs of various fevers, the specific poison of typhus or of diphtheria. Communicable diseases would thus be passed from house to house, and would become "epidemic" in any neighborhood in which they appeared. This is what would always happen if there were no traps; this is what does happen where traps are wanting, or where they are ineffective.





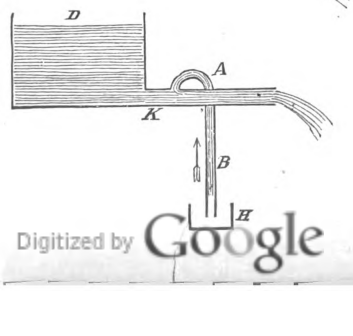
THE McCLELLAN TRAP.

Traps fail in their function in consequence of defects in their construction, or through evaporation of their contents, or "siphonage," which empties them, or through a heedless inattention on the part of house-keepers. "Siphonage" is the more common evil. By "siphonage" the water is "sucked" out. There is an accidental occurrence of a partial vacuum in the pipe below the trap; the atmospheric pressure is always on the upper surface of the water in the trap, and with pressure above and no pressure below out goes the water. The common cause of this is that a column of water rushing downward through the main waste or soil pipes acts like the piston of a pump, makes a vacuum immediately behind it, and thus pumps out the contents of the trap, just as the wine-handler's siphon empties his barrel against gravity. This action is shown clearly in the illustration.



The cut represents a main waste or soil pipe, with a fixture on each one of three floors. The dark space in the pipe represents the falling mass of water discharged from the highest fixture. It has drawn the water out of the middle trap, and by the compression of air below it, it is driving air through the trap in front of it.

Latham records that this action of water was first observed in 1797 by Venturi, and gives the diagram from Ewbanks in illustration of it. The water moving from D by the tube K draws a colored fluid by the pipe B out of the small reservoir H.

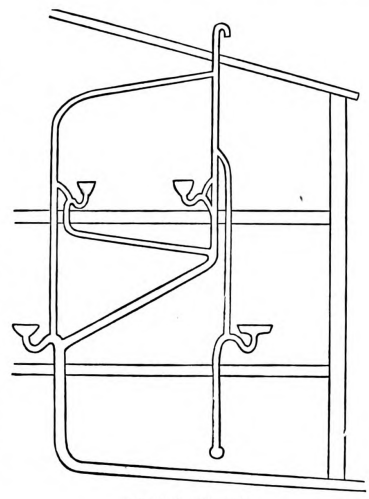


In cases where the siphon action is effective, the trap is completely emptied, and the water goes out with a plump that may be heard all over a room. But in most instances the trap is not emptied, and the noise heard is only a bubbling commotion in the water. It is very rare, however, that siphonage, where it occurs at all, is harmless, for it generally takes out enough water to break the seal. The water in a trap is said to seal the trap when it effectively closes the whole calibre of the pipe at the bend.

With the water thus drawn out of the traps by siphonage, a house becomes as much open to the access of gases from the sewer as if there were no traps; and invention was stimulated to protect the traps from this evil. This led to the simple ventilation of the waste and soil pipes—that is, the carrying them through the roof and leaving the upper ends open. But it was found that this did not always prevent the evil, and a more effective device followed—that, namely, of ventilating each trap separately, thus preventing the formation of a vacuum by supplying air at the menaced point.

These devices were first introduced apparently about 1870. In 1879, James McCloskey claimed to be the inventor of the device of separately ventilating, or back-airing, every trap; and it was proved in court that plumbing according to the annexed scheme had been put into a house in 1876.

In the primary system of ventilation of pipes the theory of the pipes is that the main waste-pipe is a straight tube extending from the house drain in the cellar to the open air above the roof of the house, and all basins or sinks discharge by branch pipes into this main pipe. Theoretically this appears to overcome all the evils; for, as there is an open vent from drain to sky, it may be thought that the air coming down the main pipe would at the end of the branch pipe always balance the pressure that is on the surface of the water in the trap at the other end of the same branch; while, as there is a free escape for noxious gases up the straight pipe, there would never be any pressure of these against the water in the traps. Thus neither would the traps be forced by sewer gas, nor would they be siphoned. Perhaps if the main waste-pipe were always straight, its inside surface always clean, its calibre ample, and the branch pipes always short and of an even calibre, this combination would realize in practice all that is thus theoretically expected of it.

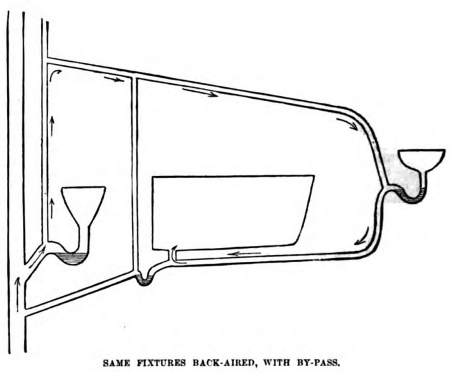


BACK-AIRED PIPES, 1876.

But the combination rarely meets all these conditions. Instead of being as ample even as the law requires, the calibre of the main waste-pipe is often only an inch; branch waste-pipes 15 or 20 feet long lead into it, it is perhaps made of lead, is foul and incrusted on the inside, is often tortuous and indirect, and frequently there is much variation in calibre between branches, traps, and the main pipe. All these things co-operate in making regular and constant siphonage inevitable. Moreover, the ventilation of such a pipe is often only a theory; for the small boy who disports himself on the roof seems to fancy that to batter down the end of a lead pipe is one of the functions to which destiny has called him.

By the scheme of back-airing the pipes the main pipe goes to the open air; and beside it goes another, separately connected with the crown of every trap. The air in this second set of pipes is supposed to guard the traps equally against siphonage and sewer pressure. If a discharge of water from an upper trap plunging down the main pipe with the force of a piston tends to make a vacuum in a branch pipe, this other opening at the inner end of the branch is planned to prevent it. Yet it does not always do this; but, in fact, it does in the vast majority of cases.

One of the evils of this double ventilation is that it sometimes leads to so much complication in pipes that the plumber gets lost; and in the excessive precaution of his elaborate ventilation, sometimes makes a by-pass, which is a free opening by way of the pipes from the sewer to the rooms—an opening as free as any that exists where there are no traps at all.



SAME FIXTURES BACK-AIRED, WITH BY-PASS.

This result of an oversight in the disposition of the ventilating pipes is not uncommon. An illustration will show it best. Here is a common relation of fixtures of some one room in many houses. There is a water-closet in one corner, a basin in another, and a bath-tub between; each fixture has a separate trap as the law requires, and the only bad point is that the basin has two traps, as it is on the same waste-pipe that discharges the bath-tub. But this is a minor evil.

But the plumber's contract probably calls for the separate back-airing of every trap, and when the back-air pipes are put on we have this condition.

Here the gas from the sewer passes up the soil-pipe and becomes engaged in the water-closet branch pipe. It passes up that to the point where the back-air pipe connects with the water-closet trap; passes along the back-air pipe to the connection with the back-air pipe from the basin; passes down that, along the basin waste-pipe to the bath-tub opening, and so into the room.



But the water-seal in traps is destroyed otherwise than by siphonage. In order that the seal may be perfect, the water must stand at the inlet and outlet sides above the line of depression of the upper side of the trap. But if siphonage takes out one-half the water it will stand below this, thus. In such a case there is a space between the inner band of the trap and the surface of the water, and gas from the sewer passes through this space. In warm rooms, and in fixtures used infrequently, evaporation will break the seal in the same way. Sometimes traps are set in such a way as to be useless from the first, because the water they hold does not close the opening. This is because the outlet is lower than the upper side of the dip. Such a trap is ineffective from the first. It is only a consequence of bad workmanship; but as bad workmanship in not uncommon in any trade, so this badly set trap is not an infrequent evil. Evaporation is a cause that is in operation all the time; and the rapidity with which it takes the water out of a trap to such a point as to open the seal is in proportion to the warmth of the room in which the fixture is. An ordinary trap holds rather less than a teacupful of water. Now if you put a teacupful of water in a room or in the closet where the trap is, you may see how rapidly half of it will evaporate. In just that time evaporation will open the seal of a trap. This fact is important only in the case of basins not in constant use. If one is out of town for two or three days, returns, and sleeps in his room without flushing the trap of the basin, he sleeps with an open communication from the sewer near him.

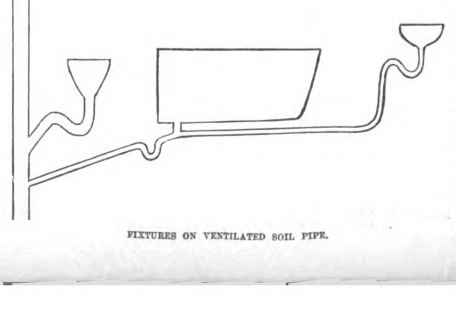




Another cause of the failure of the trap has been spoken of as heedless inattention on the part of the house-keeper. People rent an apartment in which there are more basins than they want. Perhaps there is one cozy room that they propose to give up altogether to the little girl. She does not want the basin; she will use the basin in mamma's room, which is next to her. But the corner occupied by the superfluous and unsightly basin is just the place where they want to put a little dressing-table. They have a happy thought—the carpenter is called in and fits a smooth piece of board over the marble top of the basin, and fastens it there; and then upon this they adjust a dimity cover and decorative upholstery, all fastened with pretty pink bows; and when the mirror is hung and all is ready, the basin is entirely out of sight, and nobody could ever imagine there was such a thing there. Such a structure is like a bouquet of roses with the head of a serpent under every rose; for the trap under the basin is dry in a day or two, and if the people have not sensitive noses the place soon becomes an evaporating area for fever microbes and diphtheria spores; and the petted little girl is perhaps the first victim.

If this were only an imagination it would be wanton cruelty to imagine it. But it is a statement of facts. The writer has seen this thing in the city a score of times, and there are, no doubt, hundreds of houses in which something like this exists.

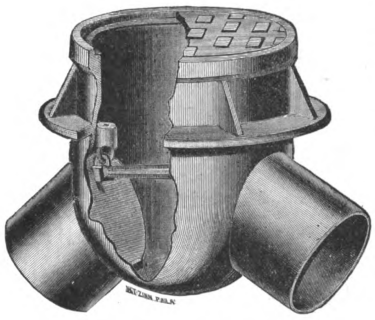
There is another evil of traps, as to which some scientific investigators come with the comfortable assurance that it is imaginary only. This is the giving off of noxious gases from the surface of water in the trap when the water has become saturated with the gas as it rises from the sewer. It is certain that water will absorb gases and hold them in solution, and hold only a defined quantity. It follows, therefore, that the gases from the sewer are taken up by the water in traps to the point of saturation. But what happens then? The gas continues to rise and the pressure is the same. It seems inevitable, therefore, that the gas will be given off from the surface of the water by evaporation, and its place in the water be supplied by the gas from the sewer, and that thus a current from the sewer into the room will be established through the water in the trap. Dr. Carmichael, of Glasgow, made some interesting experiments to determine this point, and alleges that things do not happen as the theory of pneumatics would lead us to believe. He holds that only an infinitely small portion of gas passes in this way, and that this gas does not bear with it any bacteria. Without pretending to say definitely that there was some fallacy involved in his apparatus, we are inclined to believe that



FIXTURES ON VENTILATED SOIL PIPE.

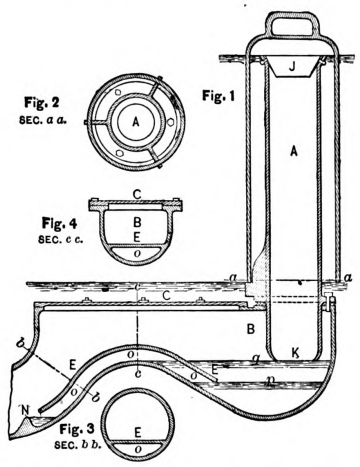
Digitized by Google
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
PENN STATE

he proves too much, and that if we are to accept his conclusions we must set aside many others that appear to be well proved. If there are bacteria in the sewers, they must rise on the current of the gases out of the sewer; otherwise the sewers are not deadly, but harmless conduits. If the bacteria rise with the gases, they must come in contact with the water in the trap



INSPECTION CHAMBER—WARING SYSTEM.

and find there a place suited to their prolific increase, or all that we suppose we know of these organisms is wrong. If the water in the trap having become filled with bacteria does not give them off from the surface, or if they are not given off from the edges, where they adhere, as evaporation lowers the surface of the water, then any collection of bacteria must be harmless, and all our precautions against the propagation of disease in this way are useless, not to say nonsensical. In view of the importance of this point, it is worth particular attention. It is held that the contents of an ordinary trap in a room will be saturated with gas in from two to four hours, and that thereafter gas is given off from the surface during all the time that the same charge of water remains in it. Let us suppose that a man uses the basin in his sleeping-room just before he goes to bed—at, say, 10 P.M. The trap contains then a charge of fresh water. At 2 A.M. this charge is saturated with gas, and from two till six or seven, when the trap is emptied again, gas from the surface of the water in the trap is given off into the room, and contaminates the air. Whether such contaminated air causes illness depends, of course, upon the susceptibility of the sleeper. The evidence that contamination comes in this way is found in the fact that the air of closets or closed rooms containing basins is found to be offensive in the morning when it was pure at night, and when it is proved that the pipes are in good order. The evidence of the senses has a certain value, and if noted all the time is worth more than the evidence of any one series of experiments.



AUTOMATIC TANK FOR FLUSHING SEWERS—WARING SYSTEM.

Water-closet traps are like all other traps in respect to their becoming occasionally parts of an open conduit from the sewer into a room. Sometimes a superfluous water-closet in the house is locked up, and stands unused for months, the trap becoming dry by evaporation in a week, probably. These traps are also siphoned almost as freely as others. In many houses the soil-pipe is used as a rain-leader from the roof. This is contrary to law in New York city; but in many old houses the pipes are still in that way. The column of rain-water plunging down the pipe for hours at a time inevitably pumps the water out of all traps not protected by separate ventilation. It is a common thing to hear people in old houses mention how much worse the smells are on rainy days than on other days. This may be due to the ordinary impediment to evaporation; but it probably often has relation to siphoned traps.

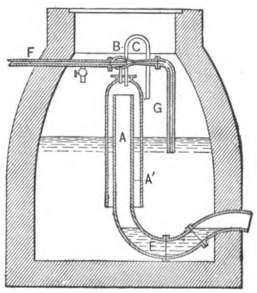
Colonel Waring has invented a water-closet—and, indeed, there is no end to improved forms of water-closets. The general objection to improved water-closets is that they complicate a simple fact. They all have above the trap a chamber in which a plug, or a basin, works; and this chamber tends to become very foul and a source of evil. An ample and deep trap is the main security; and this, combined with a bowl that stands two-thirds full of water, is the best that invention can do for us in this line. With the trap properly protected by separate ventilation, such a closet cannot become offensive.

In one of his requirements for a good sewer, Colonel Waring says "it must be perfectly ventilated"; in another, he says "there must be some device to prevent the gases of the sewer from rising through the house drains." In another place he appears to get over one of these difficulties, by totally abandoning his position on the other. As to the ventilation of sewers, he says (page 67):

"The plan recommended by many engineers of prohibiting traps on house-drains, and making the soil-pipe itself a ventilator reaching above the roof, seems to me to leave nothing to be desired. Under such conditions of ventilation as this will secure, the house trap is entirely unnecessary in connection with such sewers as should be tolerated for a moment by any community. If the fixtures are trapped from the soil-pipe the very dilute atmosphere of the sewer may be passed through this pipe without objection."

If ventilation by the soil-pipes "leaves nothing to be desired," it must be that our author regards this method as a perfect one; yet it is certain that the conditions he requires for it are ideal, and are not likely to be realized at any time in large cities, nor permanently in small ones. Sewers that can be kept always so clean that ventilation will make the gases in them harmless have not yet been made, are theoretical; yet if upon such a theory we establish a system of ventilation of the sewers through our houses, we face a very real and practical danger with only a theory for our protection.

In New York city, for instance, there is a very large number of houses having no traps on the drains. Perhaps more than half the house drains are made in that way. If, therefore, this ventilation would effectively free the sewers of deadly gases, some effect should at least be perceptible where it is actually in operation on so large a scale. These soil-pipes certainly do ventilate the sewers in large degree, as any one may discover on the house-top;

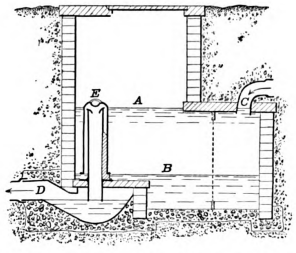


AUTOMATIC FLUSH TANK—WARING SYSTEM.

but it is equally certain that the gases remaining are not in any perceptible degree the less virulent for it.

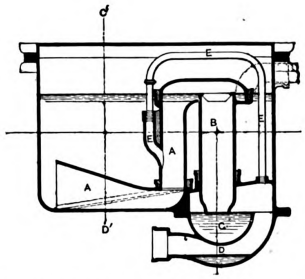
The danger of this ventilation is that in proportion as it is effective, the sewer gases are passed upward from the sewer to the air through the houses by a pipe that is not always tight. If you are to keep tigers or venomous serpents in your house, you will want the cages to be safe beyond all shadow of doubt. So if you are to have flowing at all times through your house a vapor carrying perhaps the germs of typhus-fever or diphtheria, you will want the pipe in which it flows to be always ideally perfect; and this you never can have in any ordinary house. Soil-pipes are made of iron, and the maker does what he can to improve his profit by sharp practices in the fabrication. They are put together by plumbers, many of whom are skilful, good workmen, and many are of another sort—incapable, reckless, and heedless. Houses are built to sell, and the plumbing, cheaply, and therefore badly done at first, has outlived its short time, and has not been overhauled in twenty years. And perhaps the first you know of the unsafe condition of this conduit of deadly vapors is due to the occurrence of a mortal malady in your family. All this is bad as it is. It would be worse if the trap on the drain were systematically omitted to ventilate the sewer; save only in the very remote contingency that this increased ventilation might make the sewer vapors harmless.

Another evil pretty bad now in our own city, for instance, would be worse if this system of sewer ventilation should ever become universal. As houses are made, the ventilating end of the soil-pipe opens on the roof near to the upper end of shafts made for lighting or ventilating rooms on several floors. An immense quantity of foul gas issues from these soil-pipes even in houses where there are running traps on the drains. Pressure in the sewers drives the offensive gas upward at all hours, day and night, but when this gas issues from the pipes the conditions are suddenly changed. It is commonly heavier than the atmosphere; and as it comes from the pipes at night, say, and is immediately chilled to the temperature of the atmosphere, and not under the



WARING SYSTEM—AUTOMATIC FLUSHING TANK.

influence of pressure, it falls; and one place into which it is very apt to fall is the ventilating shaft. This shaft is sometimes called a well—it soon becomes a well in fact, a well filled with foul gas. As the windows of many sleeping-rooms likely open on this shaft, and are opened at night in all moderate weather, the offensive gas flows into these, and the sleepers breathe it, and awake in the morning with that familiar headache and nausea so commonly experienced by the occupants of many city houses. In cases where there is no ventilating shaft for this gas to fall into, it will drop down a chimney-flue in all cases where the soil-pipe ventilator ends within a few feet of a chimney. By the chimney-flues it makes its way into different rooms. Commonly when people find foul odors in their houses they associate them with defective fix-



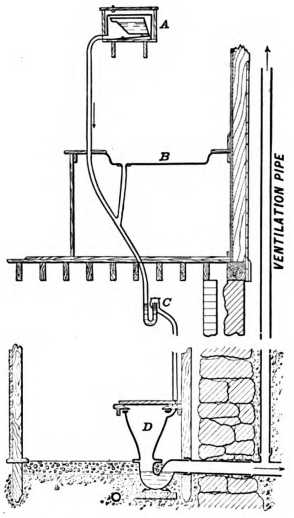
AUTOMATIC TANK FOR FLUSHING SEWERS—WARING SYSTEM.

tures in the rooms—basins, sinks, or water-closets. Often, however, these odors are found in parlors or other rooms where there are no fixtures. In these cases it will generally be found that the explanation is in the state of facts given above—the contamination of the air comes from the sewer by way of the chimney-flue.

This condition of things is bad now with traps on half the drains. With no traps on the drains it would certainly be worse. The problem of sewer ventilation is certainly not yet solved, and it will be many a year yet, perhaps, before we shall overcome all the evils incidental to this system for the disposition of waste; but we have reason to look forward with hope if we compare the condition of our houses now with what nearly all houses were fifty years ago.

One of the notable features in the Waring system of sewage is the automatic machinery for flushing the sewers at regular intervals. Automatic machinery of this sort is an important recent application of inventive genius. We give cuts of the different patterns of these tanks as they appear in Colonel Waring's book. In all these the water itself is the force that moves the machinery. The inflow is graduated so that it shall fill a given interval; at the end of that period it has reached a height at which it lifts a plug or other apparatus, and thus discharges the whole body of water with a rush that scours the pipe. These are admirable and most effective contrivances.

Here is a description of an old London drain, quoted by Waring, from an article in *Good Words:* "A good drain was thought to be one in which a perfect stone drain, some 15 inches wide, and from 16 to 18 inches deep, was laid under the floors of the basement. I changed the drainage of a large house that came into my possession four years ago, and when the workmen took up the basement floor they discovered beneath the flags the main drain, well built as far as building and material were concerned, but of



HOUSE-DRAINING ON THE WARING SYSTEM—AUTOMATIC FLUSHING.

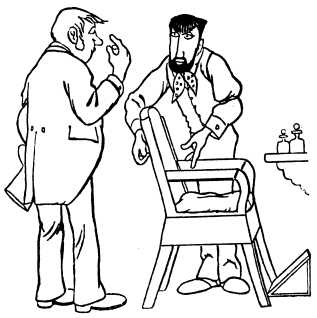
the character described above. The drain ran under the house for its whole length to the sewer in the street; and was filled from one end to the other with sewage, which had to be dug out and carted away. It had not been opened for more than thirty years, and how there had been escape for sewage it baffles one to explain."

It was certainly only natural in this case that the whole house should be filled with a vile sewer odor, and that there should be the usual history of "the beautiful boy" who died with diphtheria before the drain was opened and cleaned.

Between the condition of such a house and the actual condition of any good house in this city there is a greater difference than there is between the condition of our good house and ideal perfection; and as we have made half that journey we may reasonably hope to make the remainder, and for all our progress in this direction we are indebted to thinkers and workers, of whom Colonel Waring is a good type.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HORRIBLE TALE.—Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Caran d'Ache.



Monsieur X. enters the tonsorial parlor and asks to have his hair curled.



He takes a seat and is enswathed in cloths.



"A paper, Monsieur?"



A pause while the artist prepares his tools.



The artist begins,



With brilliant success.



And retires to acquire new vigor, while Monsieur X. begins to read the horrible tale that makes his hair stand on end,



To the astonishment of the tonsorial artist,



Who tries again,



And again,



And yet again,



But in vain.



And in despair he confesses himself defeated.



But collects his bill all the same: "Une frisure pour Monsieur, une!" wondering what is the secret of his failure.



He discovers the horrible tale, and feels its effects; so does Madame, and the dog, and the wig on the dummy head.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

IN THE WAKE OF A CIRCUS.

BY MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.



THE "MAKE-UP" STAND—"THE FAMILY DRESSING BUREAU."

TWO small circles of gas jets flared occasionally, sinking a little lower after every flare, for the naphtha in the tanks was almost exhausted; little stealthy rills of water ran down the centre pole, and helped to turn the sawdust into slush. The circus proper was over, and the handful of people who made a scattering black blot on the reserved-seat side were those who had remained for the catchpenny afterpiece known as "the grand concert." It was a rainy midsummer night in Franklin, Massachusetts, the last night of Bing & Bang's big tent show. Embedded in the mud of the ring on the side next the concert audience were two barn doors. On one, six musicians on six wooden chairs were hoarsely tooting six waterlogged brass instruments of various sizes; on the other stood a pretty woman in a once elegant evening dress of pale green. The little light there was seemed to concentrate itself on the dull yellow of her blond hair, the peachy pink of her neck, and to accent the silver and gold of the trombone she was playing and the glitter of her diamond ear-rings. We stood on a heavy beam that "Old Hayseed" had kindly placed for us near the entrance to the dressing-room tent. Around us were rippling puddles, with here and there little islands of grass. Our companion —called Old Hayseed because he made a specialty of Yankee-farmer character impersonations—stood there wigged and whiskered, ready to succeed the lady trombone-player. He wore a dingy army overcoat, and swung in his hand a preposterous carpet-sack, with umbrella to match.

"These things grow, they can't be made," said he. "Why, I hunted five years for this umbrella and carpet-sack, an' where do you think I found 'em? In a junk-shop in New Orleans."

It grew darker and darker; the waterlogged canvas having suffered a sea change, from white to leaden, absorbed the little light there was instead of reflecting it. The permanent, pervading odor of wet stable-yard was punctuated now and then by a dash of naphtha or of peppermint drops.

"Do not forget me," moaned the silver trombone; "um-pah-pah, um-pah-pah," assented the brass band. "Clatter, bang, crash, slam—you, Piney—you over there—let go that scantlin', will ye!" They had begun to take apart all the blue-painted benches not in actual use, slamming the sections into convenient armfuls, and loading them into the wagons that waited alongside in the wet. There ensued a lively race between the concert and the canvas men. Sometimes one noise dominated, sometimes the other.

"Why don't they go to bed, and wait until to-morrow before they do all this?" asked the Artist, with his fingers in his ears.

"Because," replied Old Hayseed, with some philosophy, "them that wait till to-morrow never git there! To-morrow," he continued, "this tent must rise with the sun in North Attleboro."

"But when and where do canvas men sleep?"

"Waal, I guess they do most of their sleepin' in winter, when th' ain't no shows on the road. In summer they sleep whenever their work's done; day 'n' night's all the same to them. They jis lie down on straw 'r a bench 'r wherever they git a chance."

At that moment, to facilitate access to the wagons, the canvas men suddenly propped up one side of the tent, admitting gusts of rainy wind, and disclosing four or five little boys lying on their stomachs in the mud.

"See here, little boys," said Old Hayseed, waving his umbrella with a gesture that looked more like a caress than a menace—"see here, sonnies, don't do that; you'll take cold, mebbe, an' die, an' mebbe break your daddies' hearts. Now run home to your mammies."

The boys, undaunted, looked at Old Hayseed with wonder and delight.

"Say, fellers!" said a boy, "he's got his face all paint; he's one o' de actor-men."

Old Hayseed blew his nose. While his face was buried in his red bandanna, the Artist, with an utter disregard of right and wrong, winked at the boys, who flew like wet rats and took their places in the concert seats.

"They are æsthetic," said I. "They are worshipping the beautiful in the form of a blonde in a pale green dress."

"They should be encouraged," the Artist replied. "Some day they may be mill-owners and buy pictures."

"If they live, pore little fellers!" mused Old Hayseed.

Perhaps it was the twilight of the dressing-room entrance; perhaps it was the confidential proximity of three on a beam, albeit a long beam; but suddenly Old Hayseed began to speak, nervously opening and shutting his carpet-sack the while.

"It's peculiar, when ye think what life's made up of. My wife's bedridden, an' I'm here workin', an' it keeps me from thinkin'. You had ought to seed my little Terry, ma'am—the 'cutest little feller, the size o' them little toads that crep' under the canvas jis now.

"I'm an Irishman, ma'am. My brother's a priest; but I've played Yankee parts so long I can't talk no other way. Well, as I was tellin' ye, I went home as usual two weeks ago last Sunday. When I got to Boston I broke into a candy-shop on my way to the house, an' made 'em sell me some of the kind Terry likes. I kim runnin' into the house. 'Where's Terry?' ses I, when I seed his grandma in the hall.

"'He took sick yesterday: he's in the parlor,' ses she; an' she went on upstairs.

"'This 'll cure him,' ses I, holdin' up the candy.

"Well, ma'am, I broke into that parlor, hollerin', 'Where's dad's boy?'

"Well, ma'am, well, ma'am, it was—it was hard fer me to say my prayers that night.

"I never mistrusted, ma'am—I never mistrusted. An' there, ma'am, in his little white suit, all alone, with the white flowers all around him, an' the candles a-burnin', lay my little—little—Terry—dead!"

We could not speak. The lights burned lower; everything in the tent looked very hazy to us.

Plish, plash came the feet of the Trombone-player. We caught a whiff of white rose as she walked through the water to the dressing-room tent.

"Hayseed!" called a voice.

And a moment later we could see the shine of tears on his face, as he danced an uncouth jig, and the people shouted with laughter at the queer, husky voice with which he sang

"Just kim down from 'Way Back,
With hayseed in my hair."

It was too much for us. We turned away from the scene, in spite of its picturesque chiaro-oscuro, leaving behind us the flaring naphtha, the noisy canvas men, the courageous singer, and the audience, oblivious of impending rheumatism.

We found the cow-path across lots by wading in the footsteps of the Wonder Leaper, a boyish young fellow, who was holding the umbrella over Miss Flying Rings with a deference that looked like true love, even when seen semi-occasionally by the weakly glimmer of a passing lantern. When it was too dark to see, the Wonder Leaper's friendly shouts served as guide, though the way might equally have been traced by Miss Flying Rings' bouquet of pond lilies, that trailed a line of faint fragrance through the wet air.

With what little effort the improbable comes to pass! How naturally it happened that we who a week before had never heard of Old Hayseed should now be moved to more than an hour's sadness because little Terry was gone. We had been seized, as who has not, with the desire for something new and strange. Is not the pioneer spirit latent in all Americans? Or perhaps it was his drop of Indian blood that stirred in the Artist, and made him turn nomad one summer day. Instead of the tramp of the stealthy moccasin in leafy forest we had to put up with a rattling one-horse chaise that made indifferent rapid progress along the New England highways and byways.

"If it were only Siberia, India, or Japan!" sighed the Artist.

"I am tired of barefoot boys and girls in pink calico," said I. "It would be nice to meet a kind of people we never saw before."

Just then a fairy godmother must have waved her wand, for there appeared on the brow of the hill a chariot of scarlet and gold. In advance of it four brilliant plumes marked the progress of four horses smothered in crimson plush, almost staggering under their load of gold fringe and spangles. Nearer and nearer they came, halting to rest by our side. Small boys, impelled by some magnetic instinct, came flying across the fields and trooping across the road from the little town we had just left. Some staid by the band-wagon, but most of them followed a clown who, squatting in a little cart, drove his tandem of donkeys briskly into the village. A long carry-all filled with performers passed us, and some one called the Artist's name. The red chariot fell in line; the band on top struck up a brazen libel on *Ermine*.

The Artist broke out: "I feel just as I did when a boy. I'd like to follow that circus."

"I should certainly do so if I were a boy," chimed in the writer.

And somehow or other that one-horse chaise retraced its dull and decorous wheel marks, and followed "in the wake of the circus." The landlord of the inn we had just left welcomed us as warmly as if we had been gone a year. The Artist's acquaintance in the carry-all turned out to be the star of the troupe, the World's Champion Bareback Rider.

"Why, that's the solemn little man you once introduced to me in Paris," said I.

"The very same," explained the Artist. "He is taking this trip for the sketching. All the boys knew him in Paris. He haunted the studios, art schools, and the galleries. They used to say he never slept, but gave to the study of art every moment he was not riding his horse in the Cirque Fernando."

No artist could have resisted the picturesque opportunities suggested by the circus that afternoon. The snowy tent overhung by elms brooded on the hill-side like a big white hen, while little boys crept in and out like chickens. Great waves of memory flood the heart of one who smells the piny fragrance of the sawdust for the first time since childhood, and sees once more an auditorium carpeted with grass and flowers. Again you sit on the hard, hard boards, upholstered with imaginary down, your feet in the clover, your head in the clouds. With great shrieks of delight the little ones greet the clown, and by comparison it suddenly occurs to you that the tiniest city child cultivates something of repression.

Memory's spell is soon broken. A naïve preposterous sunlight —a country sunlight that knows no repression—comes leaking in: it illuminates the solemn head of a desiccated farmer in the audience, it touches on falling spangles and reveals where tights have been mended. There is no glamour now save that in the hearts of inexperience; the Clown, classic ghost that he is by gaslight, looks a man like any other, save that he is most unpleasantly painted. Yet when you have stopped trying to look at these things with the eyes of childhood, you find that they gradually assume a new interest from an artistic stand-point. Some leapers and tumblers in their tights of clean white wool are outlined against the blue-green grass of the entrance. They are straight, sinewy young fellows, with white teeth and sunburned faces, guiltless, happily, of the paint, wigs, and padding that sometimes make the classic drama ridiculous.

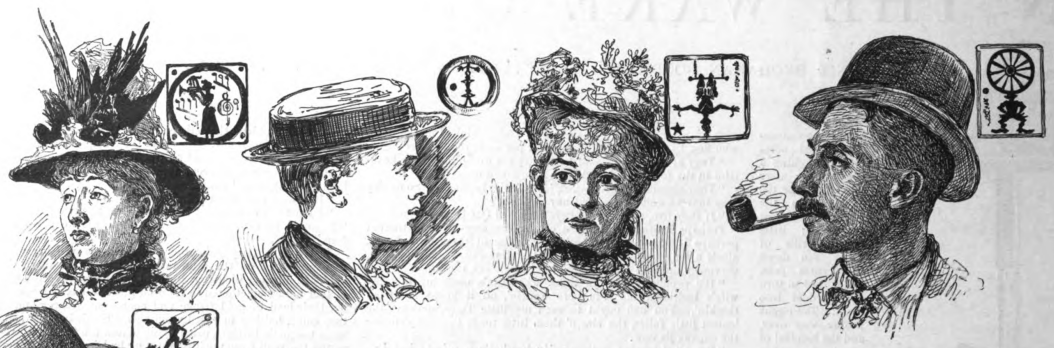


THE RIDE BY NIGHT.

Under the fluctuating tent, that lifts now and then to show the blue sky, leaning sometimes against a tree bough that has found its way through the lapping canvas, they bend and group in the merry rivalry of their efforts like Greek statues.

"There is nothing like an object-lesson," says the Artist. "I have just begun to realize why there sprang a nation of sculptors from those who habitually witnessed the Olympic games. A rider all in white, upon a snow-white horse, holding his whip as the caduceus, takes a pose of a living Mercury. There is about it all the classic charm that comes from neighborhood to nature. The declining sun silhouettes the trees against the canvas, cloud shadows chase each other across the tent. Two white butterflies are playing in the ring, and late yellow buttercups are nodding by the benches. Even the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, with its splendid frescos and gorgeous appointments, cannot show anything so pure, so simple, so classic as this. The sum total of our civilization, it seems, is to let upholstery carry us as far as possible away from nature. More sincere are the intentions of

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google





the Japanese, who build their houses quite without decoration, but with sliding sides that open on the landscape.

"There are so many subjects, I cannot give up my sketching yet awhile," declared the Artist.

"I would like to study the home life of these people, who have no homes," said I.

So the one-horse chaise continued in the wake of the circus, and followed the scarlet band-wagon through a fortnight of summer days.

Creatures of environment, the members of this fast-disappearing institution known as "the road show" have certain characteristics of nomadic tribes. Like the Arabs, they are accomplished fatalists, tranquilly accepting all that happens, neither evading nor fearing. The Queen of the Air, for instance, complained of a dizzy headache. "Then, is it not unwise to do your exercises on the trapeze?" I questioned.

"Nonsense," she answered, roundly. "When your time comes, you get a bad fall and you go; but until it comes, nothing can harm you."

Like the Mexican vaqueros, they have reduced to a science the art of dispensing with superfluous luxuries. The dressing-room tent has a canvas partition. On one side the men dress, on the other the women. In each the wash-stand is a bucket of water. The women arrange their hair before a little piece of looking-glass propped against the lid of an open trunk. The men are more luxurious, and have a family dressing-bureau, which consists of a small wooden tray nailed to the top of a stake. Like the Indians, their fortitude in bearing pain is remarkable. They endure all manner of ills and accidents without medicine and without complaint, and, like the Indians, recover very rapidly. With all their simplicity they are not without certain advanced ideas of good taste. The Clown and Old Hayseed were the only ones in the company who used paint and powder. A rider had been persuaded to dye her hair red, but said, frankly, "I'm sorry I was such a fool." Something in the fresh pure air of the early morning drives, the dewy sweetness of the wild-roses they stop to gather — the something good that Nature gives to those in daily contact with her—makes these people direct and straightforward, eliminates the morbid appetites and sensational affectations that would come inevitably if they worked in ill-ventilated gas-lit rooms, and lived with no horizon beyond the curb-stone. Yet, with all their common-sense they could not belong to the race of wanderers if they were not as superstitious as savages.

"Say, don't whistle in the dressing-room tent," said the Triple Horizontal Bar to the Artist; "if you do you'll surely whistle some one out of the company."

These children of Nature are people of action; they never take the longest way of doing a thing.

The Equilibrist, a sentimental, tender-hearted man, with a dark, melancholy eye, found one of the canvas-men washing his hands in a bucket of water intended for drinking purposes. Was the delinquent soundly lectured, or reported to the management and dismissed? Neither. Words were unnecessary. The Equilibrist's left hand closed and shot out suddenly; a canvas-man described a parabolic curve, and was seen running across lots like a deer. After that all hands were particular about the drinking water; the canvas-man acquired a great respect for the Equilibrist, and became an excellent person as canvas-men go. In the road show, right is right, and wrong is wrong; the people never take the edge off their morals by discussion or analysis. One day a man with a performing goat was engaged. On the second day he lost his temper, kicking and cuffing the poor little brute most viciously. The Triple Horizontal Bar happened to see him, and spoke at once:

"Say, we don't allow any animals abused around here! We don't think it's right. See?"

The offence was repeated next day, and the men took up the subject as follows: Spokesman—"Boys, does he go?" *Omnes*—"He goes." The spokesman looked up the offender, and addressed him as follows:

"My friend, you were warned, and you repeated the offence. Git!"

The man and the goat handed in their resignations that evening: the manager knew too much to attempt to interfere with the decrees of Providence.

Like all athletes, the majority of circus performers are as abstemious as true Mussulmans. The two performances a day require all possible steadiness of nerve, especially with the road show, where poles and guy-ropes are shaky, and where mattresses and safety nets are unknown. A gypsy-like feature of the road show is its general resemblance to one big family—the patriarchal form of government, in short. The proprietor of the show is the father-provider; the members of his family are governed at his discretion. As unquestioning as children, they sleep in the rooms assigned them, eat the food set before them, take their given place on the programme, and pack up and move on when told. Their expenses are trifling; a little tobacco for the men, some sewing materials for the women. The salaries each week are tucked away, and saved or sent home to expectant families.



"You marry early in your profession," I said to the Queen of the Air.

"We not only marry early, but we marry for keeps, which is more than some can say that pretend to more than we do."

"That's so," said the Equilibrist; "my wife and I have been married nine years, and I'd give a week's salary to see her this minute."

"I'm more fortunate," said the World's Champion. "I married eighteen years ago, and my wife is mighty handsome yet, though I say it, who shouldn't. In her letter this morning she says she has put up all the preserves, and will join me as soon as she has finished house-cleaning."

"That's nothing," said the Song Artist, with his arm around the blushing Lady Trombone-player; "my wife's right here, and she won't let me tell how long we've been married, for fear I'll give her age away."

"Well, just let me speak," chuckled the Clown, producing a letter from his pocket. "My wife writes that our boy, turning nineteen, has run away and married a little gal we've been teaching to do tricks on the slack-wire. Now my wife's nearly wild; and what do you think I answered? I just told her a story about a little boy of seventeen learning to tumble, and a little gal of sixteen doing the tight-rope, that ran away and got married up in York State just twenty-five years ago; and I told her I thought our youngster came honestly by this marryin' streak; and if the match turned out as happy as the one we made up in York State, we shouldn't have a word to say."

"I believe in early marriages," said the Flying Leaper, caressing a downy mustache.

And then Miss Flying Rings blushed a nice pink, and with feminine tact turned the subject. It was in the carry-all we talked about marriage, and odd it was to be there. Our old nag had fallen ill. We packed our sketching traps and prepared to follow by rail. This new departure worried the Artist, who complained: "It's awfully out of key. I had hoped not to look upon a railway until the trip was over."

"You have caught the spirit of it," said the World's Champion. "In a genuine road show you are not supposed to know that railroads exist. Now, apropos, I am commissioned to offer you two seats in the carry-all. If you accept you will probably get a better idea of the road show and its people than you have had yet." There was no time to hesitate; so it happened that instead of continuing to sail in the wake of our subject, an unexpected breeze blew us into contact with it.

Next morning we had a taste of that characteristic feature of the road show known as "an early start." Just after retiring, or so it seemed, there came a thumping on the door. In his nasal tenor the night clerk sang out, "Fi-i-i-ive o'clock; breakfast at five thirty." At five thirty there were some soapy, sleepy, good-natured stragglers in the dining-room, and a frosty servant with magenta hair said, "Beefsteak, egg omelette, boiled corn, and blueberry pie."



Circus people get rates; *i. e.*, where so many travel together, the landlords make a reduction in the price. This gives the cue to the servant-maid, as self-centred as incompetent, and she too "gives rates"; *i. e.*, an eliminated bill of fare and scant courtesy. Yet, even with the alleged delicacies omitted, there is little in the food to complain of save the bread, universally underdone. Is it not, on the contrary, a redundant generosity that offers boiled corn and blueberry pie at 5.30 A.M.? At six o'clock Pop drives the Ark, with its four horses, up to the door. Pop is an important person, and while the stragglers are gathering it may be as well to glance at him. He is a symphony in gray. His fuzzy gray head, eclipsed in a hat like a candle-extinguisher, is set very close to his long, irregular legs. In the lengthy monotony of his exterior the only vivid spot is his shiny black pipe.

Pop is an autocrat. Once on the box-seat, his will is law, though his eyesight is poor. He is as deaf to advice as he is to the ordinary sounds of nature, which is saying a great deal. Rather than accept a suggestion, he has been known to drive eighteen miles to reach a town nine miles away, those within the Ark enduring the delay which condemned them to a cold dinner with the cheerfulness of expert fatalists. In his off hours Pop shambles from place to place; in his hands, Ophelia-like,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

some wisps of straw. The performance, he has an idea, cannot go on without him. When it is time to begin he puts his chair close to the bass-drum with cymbals, and sleeps contentedly there until the show is over.

The late ones have finished breakfast, the impatient band-wagon has gone on in a blaze of glory; ragged boys and stray passers-by accumulate to see the last of the circus folks come out. The Song Artist emerges. His dark striped flannel shirt throws into relief a diamond stud so large and so brilliant it creates a panic among the boys, who jostle each other over the curb in the effort to follow the rays into the carry-all. Crack! goes Pop's whip. The Ark is off. The Song Artist wears a tranquil smile that shows he is not insensible to social triumphs. The Ark is a good roomy vehicle. It looks like the one that carried you in your school-days from the railway station to the college. Built with a very evident regard for expense, it has open spaces instead of windows. When the black oil-cloth flaps are buttoned down to keep the rain out, it suggests a dark, gigantic coffin. As we rolled along that summer morning, rousing the farm-houses to gaping curiosity and powdering with dust the blackberry hedges, the carry-all was a little world in itself, lively with worldly-wise conversation.

"I like Cuba," said the World's Champion, "and I want to see the Cuban star on the American flag."

His voice was drowned by Miss Flying Rings, who was in lively discussion with two of the Three Brothers: "I think I can prove you both wrong on this tariff question."

"Your authority."

"I'll give you a speech to read that was written by my uncle, Senator ——."

She named a name that took us out of our seats. And it was true. There was the family nose, the shape of the head, the same look in the deep-set eyes. The grip that has kept Senator —— before the public for over a quarter of a century is the same grip that enables this sinewy young woman to hold on with her teeth while the ring-master swings her until she touches the canvas roof. People are sometimes made alike,

'But being made, 'tis circumstance that finishes us all."

Just then the Flying Leaper shot out at the side and stole a green apple, upon which Miss Flying Rings' pug puppy Danger fed with unprincipled relish.

The conversation went on.

"The study of Shakespeare," said the Clown, "is of no pecuniary benefit to one in my position, as I know by sad experience. I studied many years to make myself a genuine Shakespearian clown, but there was no money in it. In fact, I am studying still—not with any hope, but simply for the pleasure it affords."

And still the ball rolled.

"Looks like Texas."

"That awful flood in China."

"Reminds me of Buenos Ayres."

"Did you hear what they charged the amateurs for tights?"

"There are more circuses than opera-houses in Paris, but they are more enthusiastic in Madrid."

"Well, in my estimation, a show with three rings is no place for an artist. How would Booth, Barrett, and Irving like it if the management partitioned the stage into three parts, and made them all play Hamlet at once?"

On rolled the carry-all. The Kid, the top of the Three Brothers' pyramid, slept in the corner, and the others moved down to make room for him. Before ten o'clock we had left our valises in the next hotel, and were asking a small boy to show us the way to the circus tent, which he did with grinning promptness. We knew we would find the proprietor there before us. The father-provider of Bing and Bang's Big Show was a spare, silent man, with a hesitating walk and a white necktie. A partner boss appeared from time to time, a man with a warm-hearted laugh and plenty of jewelry. But it was understood that he of the lawn tie had accumulated wealth in the sash and blind business, and represented the solid financial responsibility not only of Bing, but of Bang and the whole band-wagon.

The boss travelled in his own trap, his wife being his sole companion, a nice little woman, with a talent for smiling silence. The trap was a shiny black one of the dry-goods delivery pattern, embellished on either side with the golden legend, "Bing and Bang's Big Show." Like the carriage used by Napoleon the Great, which you may see at Madame Tussaud's, in London, it answered a variety of purposes. The recess under the cushioned seat was a clothes-press; the heavy gilded grating behind the seat protected the bank from sneak-thieves; the rear compartment was labelled across the stout back doors, "Ticket Office"; and there, afternoon and evening, sat the boss himself, selling tickets through a gilded pigeon-hole. When all hands set sail, a pair of lively chargers would whistle this rakish craft down the wind, and she would have cast anchor in the next port before the Ark was fairly under way.

The boss was *sui generis*. "That looks dangerous," said I to him one day, as we were watching a man sitting on a chair; which would have been simple enough if the chair had not been poised on one leg, and that leg on a trapeze in mid-air.

"I can't see why people want to do such things," he responded. "Why, as far as I'm concerned, I believe if I tried to climb a rail-fence I'd fall off and break my neck." And he looked thoroughly disgusted that there should be people who would risk their lives for a salary, and others foolish enough to pay to see them do it.

As we arrive at the tent this summer morning the scene is a rush of gay excitement as effervescent as a Paris suburb on a fête-day. For blocks around the ground is spotted with groups of children, all moving with more or less assurance toward the centre of interest. The Artist declares it rains little boys in New England, we see such a number of small fellows between the ages of seven and ten. Whang-bang! "Look out for the meat-wagon!" A blue-painted something on the dead gallop scatters the crowd. It is the candy-butcher—the sanguinary title given to the rattling person who has the license for red lemonade, pea-nuts, candy, and pop-corn. He always waits until the last moment, and then "Lochinvars" from town to town: in the winter he puts away his gaudy raiment, and hibernates in the form of a village photographer.

"Bing, tootle, umpah, bang!" The band is tuned up, the horses are rubbed down, they give the gilding and spangles a last polish, before making a morning tour of the village.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" from shrill little throats; and the sun shines on the vermilion and white paint of "His Donkeys," the secondary or "Knock-about Clown," who, in his gown of American flags, drives out in his tandem, to the absolute bliss of the tiny ones.

"Look at the dyeing-boy!" says the Artist, in a solemn tone; but before I have time to be frightened I see the candy-butcher's boy with crimson hands throwing lumps of red paint into a barrel of watery lemonade. He puts his head on one side, squints his eyes wisely, and stirs with hands and arms until the lemonade becomes a perfect crimson lake. The blue candy-booth, with its white awning and counters of white oil-cloth, is already agoing; little boys are exchanging pennies for striped candy and squa of pink and white pop-corn.

In the ticket-wagon the low-browed boss in the white neck is counting out his money. Little circus handbills of vivid yell are whirling through the air like autumn leaves. Around t tent the canvas-men are shouting themselves into frenzy, trying keep the boys from crawling under. Within the tent the ro of army-blue benches stand soldier-like in the bright, diffus light. On the reserved-seat side canvas-men are laying strips carpet; away up on a trapeze a man in black tights is trying stand on his head; in the centre of the new-ploughed ring the K in a white suit with blue ribbons, is practising posing and leapi

Little boys of eight or nine, who have leaked in, get as close the Kid as they possibly can, and revel in the proximity.

"How old are you?" we asked the Kid.

"I'm fourteen in the country and sixteen in New York."

"Your work must be hard; you're small for either age."

"Well, you see, what kep' me small was workin' in de fact when I was a little feller. I worked nine years, from four t'irteen."

"Do you like the circus?"

"Well, lady, you jess bet dere ain't no New York sasiety go



ROMEO AND JULIET.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A SUMMER SHOWER.

to git me an' put me back in de fact'ry. Why, alongside o' de fact'ry, de 'Brother act' is pie. A feller's got to do somethin', an' this bisnis is good enough fer me." He folds his arms proudly, and the smaller boys go on admiring him, oblivious of the naphtha odor from the tanks the gas-men are filling, one whiff of which drives us from the tent.

By the dressing-room tent we find the World's Champion, dapper and sedate, making a sketch of his white horse, Jim; while John, the faithful groom, continues as ever to incessantly rub and polish his beloved charge. Jim, who is regaled with sugar from morning until night, has the placid beauty of a young but overfed prima donna.

"D'ye mind," says John, who keeps on rubbing, while he sputters with rage and smokes a pipe, "d'ye mind I'm tellin' ye the chake of His Donkeys! Sure if I'd not bin the determined bye that I am, an' mindful o' me dignity as well, sure His Donkeys 'd 'a' had thim two little wurrthless bastes o' his *on the same side the harrse tint as Jim!*"

On the other side of the dressing-room tent the Youngest Dog Trainer is busy with his charges, all sitting in a row on their blue travelling boxes.

"Sit there, Dude. Wait your turn, Chip. Be quiet, all of you. Your turn next, Major.

"I get no dinner this noon," he continues, turning to us. "By the time I get the boxes scrubbed and all these dogs washed and combed, it 'll be the hour for the afternoon performance."

"But the boxes and dogs are as clean as possible. Why not wait?"

"Well, they expect it, an' I can't explain to 'em. See? They're used to it, ye know, an' it refreshes 'em just the same as a person."

And the unselfish little fellow goes on working.

Within the dressing-room tent the partition is not yet in place. Trunks of all kinds have been thrown in pell-mell, and there is some confusion. The Horizontal Bar is smoking a corn-cob pipe as he bends over a bucket between his feet and washes out a pair of pink silk tights. The Senator's niece, Miss Flying Rings, sits tailor-wise on her trunk, and exchanges cooking recipes with the Queen of the Air, knitting the while on a pair of blue silk tights. The trunk belonging to the World's Champion has stood too long in a puddle, as a dripping dress suit hung on an improvised clothes-line bears witness. Two of the Three Brothers are deep in a moist copy of a magazine, borrowed from the clothes-line, and almost come to blows in an argument over the horse pictures. Duty calls the Clown, and stuffing a new novel in his pocket, he makes up for his interrupted reading by spouting Shakespeare while he washes out a skull-cap.

"In the road show all the sunny mornings are wash-days," says the Lady Trombone-player, pointing to some garments bleaching on the grass.

"Except those that are mending-days," says the Equilibrist, anxiously trying to darn a hole in a silk shirt.

"My satchel—who's seen my satchel?" cries the Queen of the Air.

All join the search save the Lady Trombone-player, who, curled up in the tray of her trunk, her head against the lid, is in the midst of "How Can I Leave Thee," on her second-best trombone. The satchel is found. It appears to be an immutable law that no actress, songstress, dancer, or female circus performer can be seen off duty without a satchel in hand. The Queen of the Air revealed the contents of hers; no bigger than her two robust fists, it contained a mirror, a brush and comb, her letters and contracts, some hair-pins and pins, a pencil and some blank paper, a small curling-iron, some handkerchiefs, her knitting, some clipped newspaper notices, a pair of gloves, and what remained of her salary. The Lady Rider had just finished smoothing her tarletan skirts with a baby iron heated on a spirit-lamp when the noon dinner hour was announced, and in two minutes the tent was empty.

At night the boss told us with pride he had been so successful that he had sold his wagons, and would henceforth travel by rail and take in the larger towns. The World's Champion, when he heard the news, dropped his sketch-book, and looked utterly discouraged.

"How can we give up those early morning drives? They were so good for the complexion," said Miss Flying Rings.

"Rain or shine, it was one long picnic," said the Queen of the Air; "and now no more gypsy life."

"You are in luck," said the Clown to us. "You have seen an institution which is, like the last of the buffalo, rapidly disappearing before too much civilization and too many railways."

That evening a shower sent its moisture through the dressing-room tent. The Artist described the men's dressing-room—every man dressing under his own umbrella, as many styles of umbrellas as of individuals; pre-eminent among them a silk one, with a silver handle, that covered the World's Champion in his special corner. We rode with them to the next town that night—a farewell ride in the carry-all, that belonged to the boss no longer.

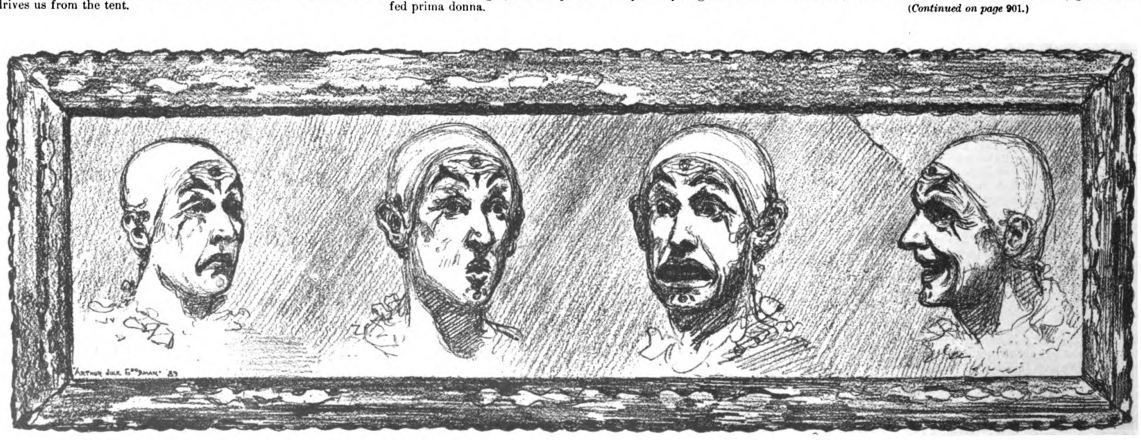
The village clock struck midnight when we set off under the wide-awake stars. It was a fragrant drive. We passed a garden that exhaled the delicious odor of damp mignonette, and after that the way lay through miles of new-mown hay. Standing on the back step, his body through the upper half of the doorway, the Equilibrist, in a resonant barytone, led the singing, that ran from negro melodies to a song of his own composition, with a refrain something like this:

"Be very kind to mother, boy,
You may not have her long."

We liked the merry tunes best; but the circus people, strange to say, preferred the songs of home and sentiment. Indeed, we never realized the swing and volume of their voices until some one struck up the grand old anthem, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." In the hush that followed, the Clown spoke up: "We all have religion in us, and that song brings it out."

Presently the Artist, unaccustomed to idleness, grew restless.

(*Continued on page* 901.)



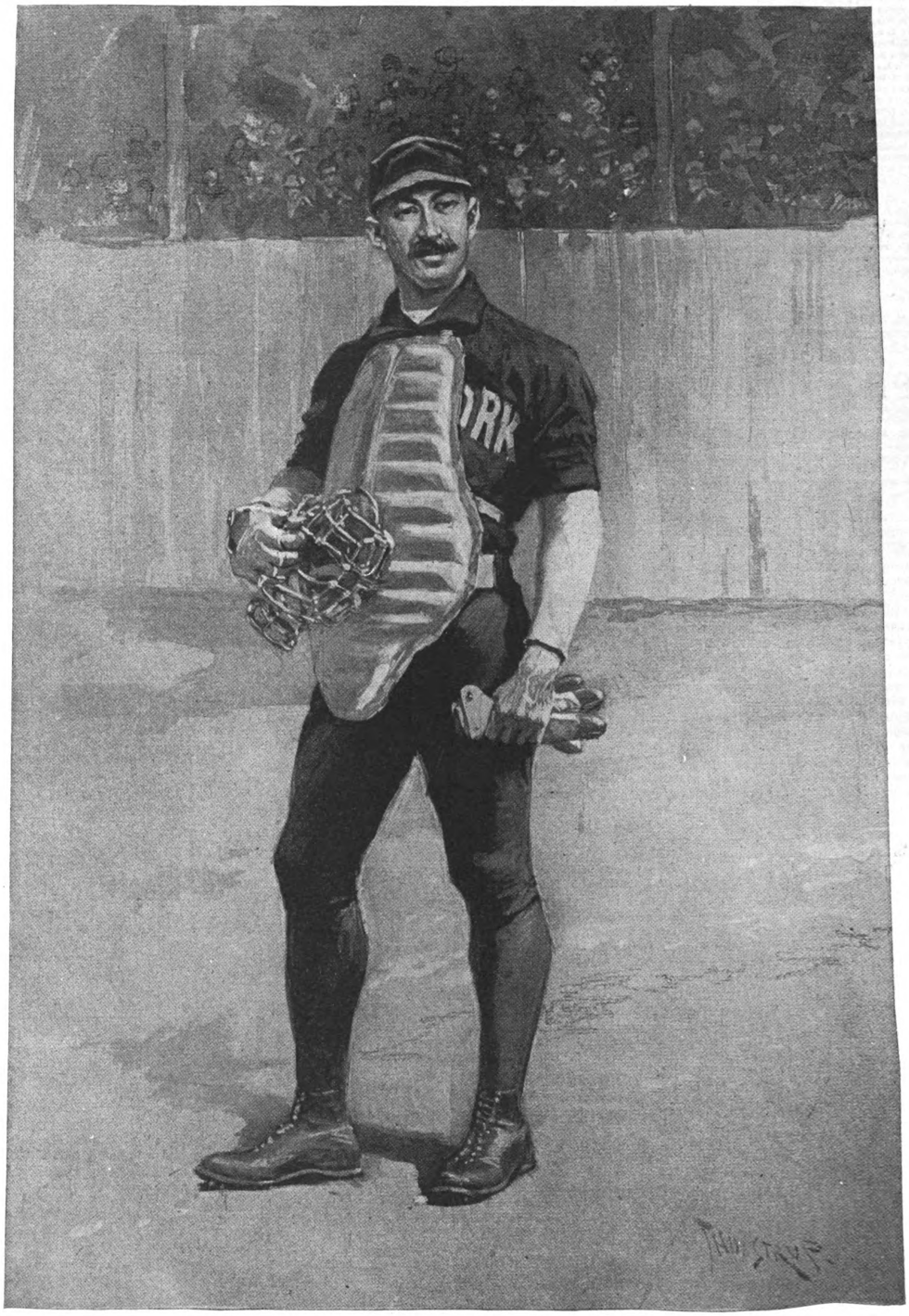
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1716. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



WILLIAM EWING, CAPTAIN OF THE NEW YORK BASE-BALL CLUB.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 899.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"By far the choicest juvenile weekly."—*Philadelphia Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

With the Number for November 5th HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *enters upon its Eleventh Year. For ten years it has labored steadfastly to provide for young readers not only what they would like to read, but also what their parents would wish them to read. To make a magazine that shall be good from every point of view; that shall attract and hold young readers, and not repel them; that shall be natural, its three good influences of child life—the home, the school, and the church—this is a very difficult undertaking. That* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *has succeeded in accomplishing this object is evident from the many expressions of approval it has received from the parents, the clergy, the press, and from the children themselves, as seen by their letters contributed week after week to the "Post-office Box."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *has a moral influence of the most effective sort, for it touches the hearts of its readers, and appeals always to their better instincts. It has also a powerful educational influence, for it sets before its readers nothing but good literature and good art.*

Among the notable features of the new volume will be serial stories by W. D. HOWELLS, WILLIAM O. STODDARD, LUCY C. LILLIE, J. R. CORYELL, *and* MARGARET E. SANGSTER; *series of Fairy Tales by* HOWARD PYLE *and* FRANK M. BICKNELL; *short stories by* THOMAS NELSON PAGE, HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, NORA PERRY, SOPHIE SWETT, KIRK MUNROE, DAVID KER, MARY E. WILKINS, BARNET PHILLIPS, RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, MARGARET EMMA DITTO, MARY S. MCCOBB, MARGARET VANDEGRIFT, *and others; Twelve Papers on Biblical Stories, by representative clergymen of different denominations, with illustrations by well-known French artists; Studies of Child Character drawn especially for* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *by J. GEOFFREY, of Paris; "How English Literature was made," a series of short papers by* CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK; *"The Naval Academy at Annapolis," by* Capt. W. T. SAMPSON, U.S.N., Superintendent of the Academy; *"Talkeana for Representations," designed and described by* LYDIA F. EMMET, *etc.*

The standard of illustrations in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *is high. They are intrusted to the best American and foreign illustrators, and selections are made from the works of the foremost pictures exhibited in the Salon in Paris, the Royal Academy in London, and the National Academy in New York, as well as other exhibitions.*

The "Post-office Box" continues to be exceedingly popular with the children who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *while it constantly receives the approving testimony of parents and teachers, who prize it as an educational help in the training of the young.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE PER YEAR, POSTAGE FREE, $2 00.

A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1716.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

NATIONAL REGULATION OF CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

AMONG the possibilities of the approaching session of Congress is the proposal of a law to regulate Congressional elections. It is evident both that many members think that there ought to be such a law, and that they do not see what it should be. They are conscious of a wrong which should be righted, and the only way of righting which occurs to them is the passage of a law. But there are some other considerations worthy of attention. In the wise conduct of government, custom is a most important element. The English-speaking race has shown the greatest administrative faculty, and in communities of that race alone has popular or parliamentary government been successful, and no other is now conceivable among its various branches. But nothing is more characteristic than the deference of English statesmanship to custom. The habits, traditions, and even prejudices of the people are always carefully considered. In his capital paper in the *Independent* some time ago, Dr. WAYLAND, of Philadelphia, recalls the story of CHARLES FOX, who always asked, when any new public proposition was made to him, "What does Mr. JENKINS think?" and explained that Mr. JENKINS was a neighbor of his who represented the average Englishman, whose approval was essential for the success of the government. Now the American custom from colonial times has been local regulation of elections. This practice has been found to be best for the common welfare of the States, and has acquired the sanctity of uniform usage. A sudden and general reversal of this custom can be justified only by such certain and obvious benefits as will readily win general acquiescence.

Any law which is opposed to the general feeling and sentiment of a community will not be enforced, because the officers of the law will be conscious that they have not moral support behind them. General GRANT said that the best way to treat a bad law was to enforce it, because it would arouse the public to secure its repeal. But the remark does not apply to a law like the proposed national election law, because that could not be repealed by those who would oppose it most warmly. That it ought not to be opposed is a proposition which may be abstractly maintained. But it is not a practical argument. There is no question that the Constitution gives to Congress, and intended to give, discretionary power of making regulations in the States for Congressional elections. The question, therefore, is wholly one of expediency. Would it be well for the general welfare that Congress should regulate such elections? Undoubtedly in some Congressional districts wrongs are committed—voters are practically prevented from voting; votes are not counted. But is the best way of dealing with this situation to reverse the established traditions in every State, and to awaken the bitterest feeling toward the national government? And even if this should be done with the purpose of protecting honest voters, would they, after all, be protected?

The professed object of the law would be to enable every voter to vote freely and without fear. But could any law, however cunningly devised, have that effect? The theory is—for the law is intended to apply especially to the Southern States—that colored voters are now intimidated in some way. But would any law prevent intimidation? If every colored voter were escorted to the polls by a company of United States infantry with loaded muskets, would the intimidation be avoided? On the contrary, would not every colored voter who should avail himself of such protection be made much more uncomfortable than ever before, and would not the consciousness of that fact deter him from voting, so that the only practical result of the law would be violent local exasperation with national authority, enormous expense, increased local hostility to the colored voters as the cause of the law, without any compensating advantage whatever? If it should be asked whether the country ought to acquiesce in the suppression of a part of the vote in certain Congressional districts, the reply is that it ought not to acquiesce in any public wrong—which such suppression undoubtedly is—if it can devise a method which will probably correct it. But it ought also to understand that remedies must be adapted to actual situations, and that there are wrongs which no law can correct. The real objection to the proposed law for the national regulation of Congressional elections is that under the circumstances it would make the situation which it proposes to remedy worse, instead of improving it.

"SICK" OF HOME RULE

"A MEMBER of Parliament" who writes to the New York *Herald* says that the most sanguine Gladstonian must begin to see that there is no vitality in his cause. The correspondent says that the great body of Englishmen do not believe in home-rule, and distrust a party which stakes all its future upon it. There is no desire, he thinks, to break up the ancient Parliament into half a dozen fragments, and, the correspondent adds, "they are sick to death of the whole Irish controversy, and of all who take part in it." The member of Parliament, we believe, is an independent Tory. He has an unusually hearty word for Mr. BRADLAUGH, the Radical, as perfectly honest and direct—a man who cannot be cajoled or bullied into any discreditable transaction, and who has lived down the enormous prejudice which greeted his entry into the House. The point of the member's comment on the political situation in England is the remark we have quoted, that the English are tired of the home-rule agitation. Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech at Southport, he says, fell perfectly flat. But apparently it fell flat not because he talked of the Irish question, but because he did not disclose his policy. Besides, the member must be aware that every agitation is sometimes wearisome, even to its friends. The case must be incessantly stated; the arguments iterated and reiterated; the facts constantly repeated. Public discussion is steady hammering until the spike is driven home and holds fast.

Public men and parties with distinct objects in view do not state their views and then stop. COBDEN and BRIGHT and the Corn Law League kept up a constant cannonade. If, after a little while, they had said that probably the country now understood their purposes, and had read and heard their arguments sufficiently, and they would now talk about something else, they would have thrown away their own victory amid universal derision, and the corn laws would have remained. Probably Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends do not agree with the member that the country is tired of the Irish debate. The member admits that the home-rulers may "snatch a seat here and there," but they make no permanent progress, he insists, and will not shake the Conservative position. But snatching a seat here and there shakes it, and if enough seats can be snatched, the Conservative position will be carried. There is certainly no evidence that the Tory strength is increasing; but, on the contrary, a snatched seat here and there, and the reduction of majorities when the Tories succeed, are not proofs of popular fatigue with the home-rule agitation. The clubs, it is said, and society, and all noted people, and "everybody you know," are opposed to Mr. GLADSTONE. But that is not news. They have been warmly opposed to him from the beginning. Yet they do not carry the by-elections.

Moreover, the Irish question remains to be answered, whatever may become of Mr. GLADSTONE. If it should be agreed that the English people are sick to death of the whole Irish controversy, it would, nevertheless, continue. There were times when there was dreadful sickness with the slavery controversy in this country. Mr. SEWARD was denounced for a speech which was called "a brutal and bloody manifesto," although it was a very calm and moderate statement of the facts. Mr. DOUGLAS was thought to sum up the matter very sensibly when he said that he was for the white man against the negro, and for the negro against the alligator. Lyceum lecturers were besought to omit all allusion to a subject of which everybody was tired and sick. But the lecturers who shunned the subject were shunned by the public. In England it would be found that the death of Mr. GLADSTONE is not the death of the debate. When this Parliament ends, the election for its successor will turn largely upon the Irish question. If the English are sick of it, and increase the Tory majority, the debate will be prolonged, but it will not end with the election. That is not the English way. It is not the American way. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, and FRANKLIN PIERCE was overwhelmingly elected, and the "slavery question was settled," it proved to be livelier than ever, and at the next election the Whig party had disappeared, and the antislavery sentiment had a party of its own. The Irish question is now fairly lodged in English politics, and it will be settled only when it is settled upon fundamental English principles of fair-play.

THE LATE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE late Episcopal Convention in New York attracted a great deal of interest and attention, and its proceedings showed plainly the difference of feeling and view which divides every large body of intelligent persons. In every such assembly there is the conservative and radical tendency, which inevitably finds occasion for expression. No large practical work, religious or social or political, can be proposed but there will be a differing view based upon these tendencies. The Episcopal Church is, as a whole, especially conservative. The charge of the English bishop of the last century to a young and ardent minister, "Above all things, no enthusiasm," is characteristic of the communion. In his last unfinished novel of *Edwin Drood*, DICKENS, in one of his finest passages, dramatically depicts this characteristic in describing the interview between Mr. Crisparkle, one of the clergy, and the Dean of Cloisterham Cathedral. It is a touch of the keenest and most chastened satirical humor. But it did not wound, for it was the Dean of Westminster who stood by the novelist's grave and praised his life and work and sufficient faith.

The extreme disposition on either side was moderated, as usual, in the final action of the late Convention. The proposal of the change of the title of the Church was not pressed this year, although three years ago there were some who believed it would be carried at this Convention. The opposition to this action is so able and commanding, and the change would be such a departure from the discretion which marks the general conduct of the Church, that the result is not surprising. In a community of many Protestant churches, differing less upon the essentials of faith than upon views of ecclesiastical organization, the sudden assumption of one to be the Church to the exclusion of the others would inevitably produce a discord for which there could be no adequate compensation. This is the view held by a great body of the most judicious divines of the Episcopal Church, and by its greatest preacher, PHILLIPS BROOKS, who states in a review of the late proceedings that his own denomination is surrounded by others of substantially the same faith, with which it should be content to labor for the advancement of the common purpose. On the other hand, the radical demand in the Convention for the spontaneous expression of religious emotion in forms for which the Prayer-book cannot provide was not sustained, but changes looking to a wider adaptation of the Prayer-book to special occasions were authorized. Here, again, Mr. BROOKS, the eloquent advocate of liberty in the Church, holds that "nothing would be more edifying than a prayer-meeting in which those present should pour out their religious thoughts and emotions in extemporaneous and unstudied utterances."

The old spectre of the Convention, the race question, reappeared this year. Formerly Mr. JAY was accustomed persistently and bravely to demand that differences of race should not prejudice the entire equality of every member of the Convention and the Church. This year colored clergymen and delegates asked to know definitely whether they would be recognized in every respect as in full fellowship in the worship, councils, and direction of the denomination. This request was referred to a committee, which made a majority and a minority report. This was unfortunate, because so simple and intelligible a question might certainly have had as simple an answer. The fact of two reports indicates that for some reason the statement of the majority was not wholly satisfactory to the minority. It was, as they said, insufficient and unsatisfactory. Indeed, Mr. BROOKS has expressed the hope that the spirit of the Church membership may be in advance of the official utterance of the Church. The desire for union of Christian work was warmly expressed in the Convention, and the tendency toward Christian union is disclosed in unexpected quarters. In a remote country village

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

at an agricultural meeting of a thousand persons this summer, the declaration of one of the speakers that in such a village neighborhood there should be but one Church was more immediately and warmly applauded than any other remark of the day. It was certainly a declaration in harmony with the spirit and practice of the early Christians.

A SIGNIFICANT JUDICIAL DECISION.

THE decision of the Court of Appeals in New York approving the constitutionality of the grain-elevating law seems to be in accord with a system of judicial encroachment upon the rights of property which is the subject of a pamphlet by Judge HOADLY recently published. It is a paper which was read last summer at the annual meeting of the Social Science Association, citing the various decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and of various State courts, which seemed to show a tendency of the courts to sustain legislation that, under the plea of the police power, interferes with the rights of private property, thus contravening the constitutional guarantee that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due course of law. This guarantee is of course subject to the supreme power of the community to defend the public safety, morality, and health, and under certain specific conditions to take private property for public uses by the right of eminent domain. These acts are in accordance with what the Court of Appeals describes as "principles which by the common law and practice of free governments justify legislative control and regulation." Does the regulation of charges for the use of private grain elevators fall fairly within these principles? This is the question which the Court of Appeals answers in the affirmative.

It bases the right of legislative interference in this case upon the general ground taken by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Chicago warehouse cases, that any property devoted "to a use in which the public has an interest" is subject to State control. Judge HOADLY in his pamphlet points out the necessary vagueness of such a description. The baker's business, indeed all business, may be included within it. The wise advice, "don't give a reason," was never more apt. To overcome an absolute, irremediable, and injurious monopoly, legislative interference may be necessary, but the necessity must be always conclusively established in every case. A general legislative authority to regulate every business "affected with a public interest" is State socialism of the most unquestionable kind. Judge HOADLY takes much of the oleomargarine legislation as an illustration of palpably unjustifiable interference with private property, and he commends the decision of the New York Court of Appeals that prohibition of the manufacture and sale of a harmless article like oleomargarine is an unwarranted interference with private business. The law which the same court has now affirmed provides generally that the charge for transferring grain from one place to another either by a stationary or floating machine shall be fixed at a specified rate.

This is probably the farthest stride yet made toward legislative control of private business. It is a very significant sign of the nationalistic tendency of the public mind. The law directs private owners who hold no special privilege from the public, and who have devoted their property to no public use to which all business is not devoted, to charge only a certain rate for its use. Judge PECKHAM, dissenting from the opinion of the court, says:

"The legislation under consideration is not only vicious in its nature, communistic in its tendency, and, in my belief, wholly inefficient to permanently obtain the result aimed at, but it is an illegal effort to interfere with the lawful privilege of the individual to seek and obtain such compensation as he can for the use of his own property, where he neither asks nor receives from the sovereign power any special right or immunity not given to and possessed by every other citizen, and where he has not devoted his property to any public use within the meaning of the law."

The remedy for unjust laws is their repeal, so that if public opinion disapproves the judgment of the court, it will demand a repeal of the law. But if, upon a full knowledge of the facts, that opinion should not protest, but acquiesce in the judgment as satisfactory, the acquiescence may be accepted as a decided renunciation of the doctrine that the best government is that which governs least.

AN IMPORTANT VOTE.

AT the last meeting of the Committee on Site and Buildings for the World's Fair it was announced that a vote would be taken at the next meeting upon the exact boundaries of the site. This is understood to mean that a vote will be taken to decide whether any part of Central Park shall be included within the area for the Exhibition. It is undoubtedly wise to bring this question to a definite decision, because the contemplated possible use of the Park has proved to be a serious obstruction to the whole project.

It is therefore most desirable to put an end to the doubt, and to decide at once whether the contemplated contingent use of the Park shall be abandoned or not. It would be a great misfortune if the committee should persist in the original scheme. The opposition, which is as resolute as it is reasonable, would not and should not content itself with a protest. The Park can be taken only by a repeal of the law, and the repeal would be contested at every step. Meanwhile public sentiment in the city would be divided at the very moment when cordial unity is most desirable, time, when it is most precious, would be wasted, and the favor of Congress would be imperilled by the determined contest.

We trust, therefore, that the Committee on Site and Buildings will yield to so positive an expression of public opinion as has been made upon this subject. Its abandonment of the possible use of the Park contemplated would be a signal public service, because it would determine conclusively that Central Park is to be devoted exclusively to the purposes for which it was designed, and for which the people have paid so largely. The vote of the committee will either settle this point finally, or it will open the Park to the demand of every fair and show.

MR. BLAINE'S LETTER OF 1888.

THE *World* has published a letter from its correspondent in Italy detailing conversations with physicians in Milan and Florence who attended Mr. BLAINE in the winter of 1887–8. From this letter it appears that Mr. BLAINE came to Italy at that time through the St. Gothard tunnel, and upon his arrival at Milan was seized with an attack of paresis, or modified paralysis, of which the doctor in Milan took a cheerful view as a temporary illness, but which was regarded by the doctor in Florence as so serious that he advised Mr. BLAINE to decline any participation in the canvass for the Presidency, the excitement of which might be perilous. The correspondent states, however, that Dr. BALDWIN, the doctor in Florence, added that if the story were printed he should deny it.

He added, further, that, in his judgment, Mr. BLAINE had now recovered entirely, that the trouble was merely functional, and there was nothing whatever to prevent his leading a campaign if he were so disposed, which the doctor trusts will be the case. The account is published as an explanation of the Florence letter of January 25, 1888. But it does not accord with the statements of that letter. According to the letter in the *World*, Mr. BLAINE was taken ill at Milan on the 19th of December, 1887. He left for Florence on January 12, 1888, and he wrote the letter thirteen days afterward. But in the letter to Mr. JONES, chairman of the National Committee, Mr. BLAINE says, "I am constrained to this decision by considerations entirely personal to myself, of which you were advised more than a year ago"—that is to say, a year before the attack of illness.

If the account of an illness and the nature of it in the winter of 1887–8 be correct, it explains the prolonged mystery in regard to Mr. BLAINE'S action at that time and the conflicting rumors of his health. There is nothing essentially improbable in the story, and after the fact of the illness, the important point is that the physician who advised him to withdraw from the canvass of 1888 now hopes that he will enter that of 1892.

A NEFARIOUS BUSINESS.

THE efforts in advance of the election to evade the law prohibiting political assessments upon public employés by extorting money from clerks in the departments at Washington have probably brought some agents at least within the grasp of the law. If this should prove to be the fact, the Civil Service Commission may be trusted to take vigorous measures to enforce the penalty. The law forbids every Senator, Representative, and all employés of the government to be concerned in any way in the nefarious business, and forbids everybody to undertake it in any public office or territory of the government.

The intent of the law is perfectly plain and perfectly fair. It is to protect every employé from solicitation which, under the circumstances, is equivalent to a command, under penalty of dismissal. Those who insist that all employments should be the spoils of victory, and that all persons who are appointed to place as partisans ought to be willing to pay for their good-luck in the form of assessments, should be willing to make the payment legally compulsory. Let the members of Congress, like Senators MANDERSON, INGALLS, and FARWELL, who hold the reform in profound contempt, agree upon a law requiring all employés appointed for political reasons to pay such percentages upon their salaries as may be assessed by local political committees. The opponents of reform ought to have the courage of their opinions.

One signal result of the agitation for reform is the general discredit legally cast upon this infamous system of extortion. The amount of money obtained by it has been seriously diminished, and the ingenuity of the law-breakers has been severely tried. Money is undoubtedly necessary for campaign expenses, but the amount honestly required is not large, and no man should be subjected to any kind of duress to contribute. Every man in the public service knows that money is needed for an election, and if he wishes to give money he will do so without an intimation which is virtually a threat. If he should be as free as others, under the assessment or "voluntary contribution" system he is practically coerced.

THE NOVEMBER "HARPER."

MR. WARNER'S novel "A Little Journey in the World" is concluded in the November HARPER, and in a natural and striking manner. The vigor and vividness of the tale and its sustained interest are not its only or its chief merits. It is a study of American life of to-day pursued with shrewd insight and fidelity. The plot, or more truly the motive, is the influence and effect of the spirit and methods of characteristic American prosperity upon naturally pure and fine character, and the skill of the delineation and the justification of the effects delineated equally delight the reader. It is a story which will be an unconscious influence, and we commend it cordially to the reader.

The November number of the Magazine is full of interesting variety. Mr. WARNER'S novel is well accompanied by Professor NORTON'S illustrated paper on the building of the Cathedral of Chartres—one of those delightful scholarly essays which carry their own assurance of entire accuracy and completeness. Mr. LAURENCE HUTTON'S "A Century of Hamlet," also charmingly illustrated, describes the most noted Hamlets who have been seen in New York, and is a paper of a kind which is always interesting. The "Mexican Army," by Mr. JANVIER, treats a neighboring but unfamiliar topic with ample knowledge and interest; and Mr. HAMILTON GIBSON'S "Bird Notes," with its exquisite drawings, recalls the leafy choirs which are silent now, but which seem almost to sing again in Mr. GIBSON'S pen and pencil.

To say that it is, in fact, the usual monthly feast which the untiring HARPER spreads for all comers is to speak its true praise. The coming Christmas number is announced, in which ABBEY begins his illustrations of SHAKESPEARE'S comedies, with comments by ANDREW LANG; and some of the attractions of the next year's Magazines are told, among them a humorous serial story by ALPHONSE DAUDET, translated by HENRY JAMES—"a combination and a form indeed"—and a novelette by Mr. HOWELLS, with a thick-coming multitude of other "good things." Well may the publishers say, "Now is the time to subscribe."

PERSONAL.

A LONGFELLOW Memorial Park with terraces is nearly completed along Brattle Street, Cambridge, on the opposite side from the familiar yellow house which was the poet's home. This work is provided for by the Longfellow Memorial Association, and is under the direction of Messrs. WALKER & BEST, architects, and of Mr. CHARLES ELIOT, a son of President ELIOT, who makes the plan of the landscape. The little park is surrounded with a rock-faced wall, with cut granite caps, and to which the iron-work will soon be added. The terrace steps are constructed to lead from one level of the garden to another, the whole being of simple arrangement, but with further beautifying of the place in contemplation. A lovely view up the river is seen from these grounds, and probably an open loggia will at some time be erected here with ornaments in bass-relief. This construction will be somewhat of Florentine character, with a back wall receiving suitable statuary as ornament.

—Captain A. M. BISBEE, the senior delegate from China to the International Maritime Conference, was born in Plymouth County, Massachusetts. He chose the sea for a profession, and in the spring of 1868, when in command of a steam-ship on the coast of China, was offered by Sir ROBERT HART, the Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs of China, the post of Divisional Inspector of the southern section of the Chinese seaboard, which he accepted. In 1881 he was promoted to his present position of Coast Inspector of the entire seaboard of the empire, in which capacity his duties are both executive and advisory, as regards the establishment and maintenance of light-houses and other aids to navigation, and the conservancy of the harbors and approaches of the ports which are open to foreign trade.

—Mr. SWINBURNE, the poet, lives quietly at his modest home, "The Pines," on Putney Hill, between Wimbledon and Putney. He has auburn hair and blue eyes, and is of about middle height. His deafness, combined with a naturally retiring disposition, has made him much of a recluse, but he receives visitors pleasantly, and when warmed up in conversation, talks enthusiastically of his favorite authors.

—General THOMAS B. VAN BUREN, who died recently in San Francisco and was brought East for burial, was a nephew of President VAN BUREN, but had other claims for distinction than those of ancestry. He served with honor during the war, and President LINCOLN made him a Brigadier-General by brevet. General GRANT sent him to the Vienna Exposition as Commissioner-General, and finally appointed him Consul to Japan. His wife was Miss HARRIET SHEFFIELD, a daughter of the founder of the Scientific School at Yale.

—One of the spared monuments of changing administrations at Washington is Mr. LAWRENSEN, of the Post-office Department. He has sworn into office all the Postmaster-Generals and their subordinates since JACKSON'S administration, superintends the annual publication of bids tendered the department for postal services and supplies, and, although eighty years old, rides back and forth daily from his home in Baltimore.

—A well-known Wall Street character, "the Razor-strop Man," has passed away. Not many years ago he had a big bank account, and was one of the boldest speculators of the street, but his property was swept away, and then he started a little street stand for the sale of razors, knives, scissors, and other cutlery, with a razor-strop of his own invention.

—SAMUEL WILKESON, once a well-known newspaper writer, and for many years Secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, has recently been retired with a liberal pension by the company. He has written a great deal about the possibilities of the great Northwest, and has probably done as much as any other man to introduce this once unknown region to civilization.

—Ex-President CLEVELAND will not be able to vote at the coming election, a change of residence in moving from the Victoria Hotel to his new home on Madison Avenue having lost him the right.

—The late Mrs. CHARLES CROCKER, of San Francisco, left a fortune of about $10,000,000.

—Professor MATHER, one of the best-known members of the Amherst College faculty, has been forced to undergo a serious surgical operation which will incapacitate him for future active work. His retirement will be a serious loss to the college.

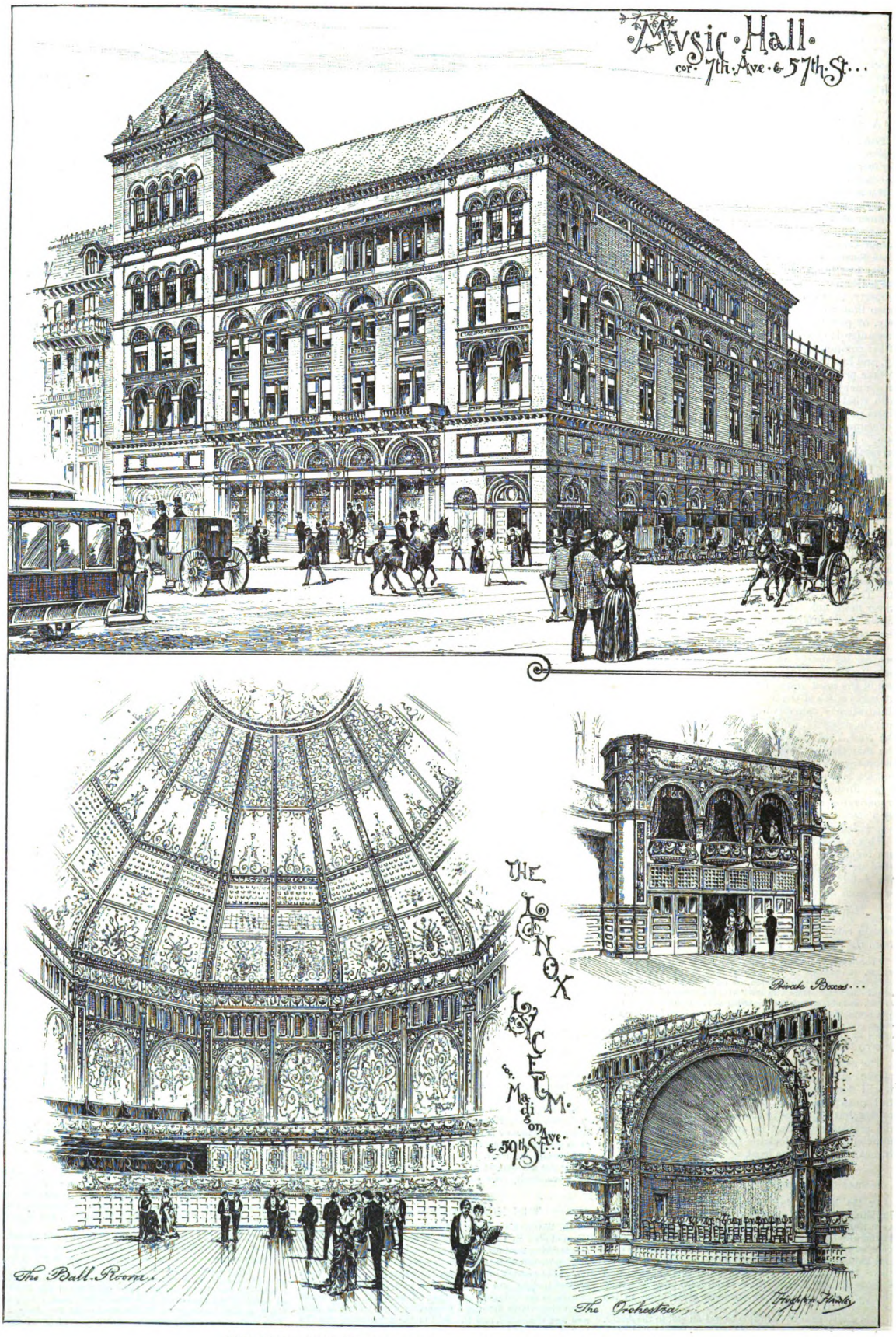
—GEORGE GOULD is an enthusiastic philatelist, and has one of the finest collections of postage-stamps in the world.

—The double salary which Senator INGALLS has drawn for several years as member and president *pro tempore* of the Senate at Washington will not be his any longer, as there is now a Vice-President of the United States to preside over the Senate.

—A full-length oil portrait of WASHINGTON was fished out of the garret of a Baltimore hotel the other day, and sold at auction for $10. It had several holes punched in it, and the purchaser was the object of much good-natured derision. The picture proves to be an original by GILBERT C. STUART, however, and is worth about $1000.

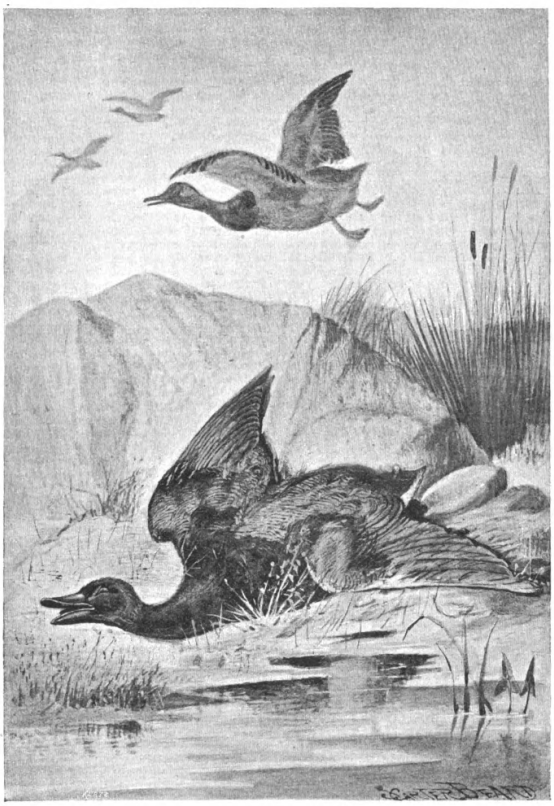
—Rear-Admiral JOHN G. WALKER, U.S.N., who will command the Squadron of Evolution soon to depart for Europe, has ordered that each of the new cruisers be supplied with a library of from one to two thousand volumes. Travels, biography, novels, and miscellaneous books of reference will replace the defective publications in use eight years ago, when the Admiral was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. Mr. THOMAS GIBBONS, U.S.N., a contributor to the *United Service* and the *Army and Navy Journal*, a trained journalist and the author of several works of travel, has in charge the accumulation of an elaborate library for the *Chicago*, which is the flag-ship of the squadron. Officers and enlisted men of the navy are looking forward with pleasure to the enjoyment of these literary facilities.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



NEW YORK'S NEW MUSIC HALLS.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 895.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



RED-HEAD DUCK.



MALLARD DUCKS ON THE WING.

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.

RED-HEAD, MALLARD, SNIPE, AND PLOVER.

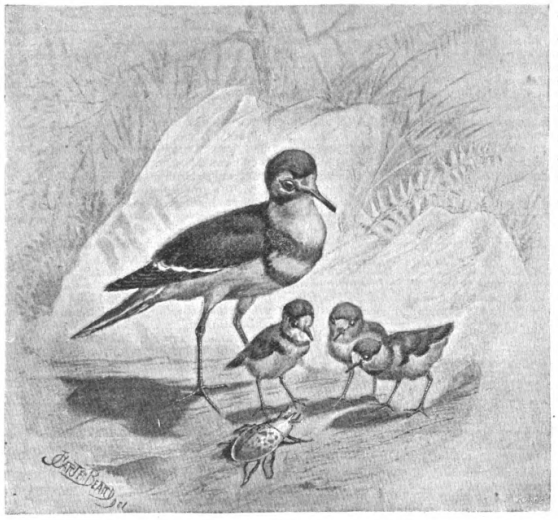
THE red-head is the common name in North America for a duck hardly distinguishable from the European pochard, of which, indeed, it is only a variety, ornithologically speaking. Unfortunately, too, it is not sufficiently distinct in appearance from the royal canvas-back to prevent a great many passing through the markets to the tables of *bons-vivants*, who erroneously congratulate themselves that they are eating the rarer bird. Certainly no great harm is done by this deception, since the red-head frequents the same rice meadows, often in company with the canvas-back, and shares its well-selected food. There seems no reason, then, why the flesh of the one should be more toothsome than that of the other, and those who can get red-heads and cannot get canvas-backs are positive there is none. Gunners aver, however, that the red-head eats nothing but the stems of the wild celery and other water-weeds, while the more aristocratic species adds the juicy roots to its bill of fare. Moreover, they assert that the former gets these stems only by lying in wait at the surface, and snatching them away from the industrious canvas-backs, who dive and pull them out of the ooze.

The head and neck of this species are brownish red with purplish reflections; the collar, shoulders, and back are black; the underpart of the body is white, sprinkled with gray and black; while the sides and the scapular feathers falling over the insertion of the wings are finely lined with undulating black and white, imparting a general gray tint. This pattern and the blue-gray markings on the wings are closely similar to those of the canvas-back, but the red-head is readily distinguished by its shorter, broader bill and yellowish eyes.

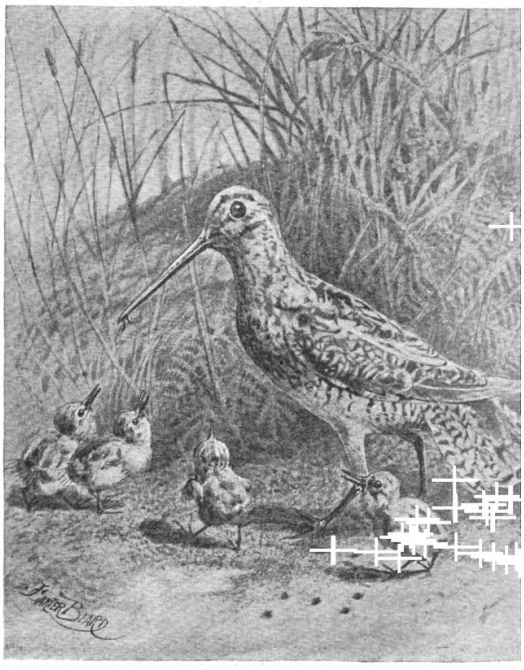
The mallard, on the contrary, is very different from the red-head in appearance, while closely associated in manner of life. This splendid duck—from which undoubtedly our tame stock is mainly descended—bears proudly a head and neck clothed in feathers of a bright grass-green color, that throw violet gleams whenever the sun strikes them at the right angle. There is a white collar ring, below which, and on the forepart of the breast and sides, the color is dark chestnut. The lower parts, underneath, the sides, and the scapulars are gray, with fine wavy lines crossing each feather. The tips of the wings and the rim of the tail are w and some white touches, together with a purplish violet "mir further set off the gaudy pinions.

Mallards and red-heads alike come back from their Nort breeding-grounds in the late autumn, and gradually spread the whole eastern half of the Union, though the former are occasionally seen in New England, where the latter are comm spring and fall. The lakes that dot the map of Wisconsin Minnesota, the vast marshes that border in places the shor Lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie, and the valley of the upper souri, are their favorite haunts in autumn; and a little later appear on the inland waters of the Southern States, and along Atlantic coast, where they resort to the tidal estuaries, and s times associate with the sea-ducks. In winter the red-hea especially abundant on the Chesapeake, mingling with the ca backs, and feeding upon the same delicate grasses and s scented aquatic herbs. The mallards are then thronging bayous that set back from the Mississippi and the flooded fields of the coast, and fattening upon the abundance of rice other rich food floating in the water. This is the time when shooting in the South is at its best, and there seems no re why then the mallard should not be the equal of any other on the table.

Every one who cares anything about this sport knows how



KILL-DEER PLOVER, FEMALE AND YOUNG.



AMERICAN SNIPE.

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

conducted, can recount with enthusiasm for the twenty-ninth time the wiles and stratagems he has employed, how his hiding-place was cleverly concealed, the way he placed his wooden or anchored his live decoys, and the enjoyment of his success in outwitting these wary, vigilant, and strong-winged fowl. Such stories can be told and such sport may be enjoyed nearly all over Christendom, for the red-head is circumpolar in his distribution, while mallards radiate in winter from their arctic nurseries all over Europe and Asia, as well as throughout North America. This both are able to do because almost any kind of food seems to be acceptable. In the West, for example, the red-head is accustomed to alight in the wheat and corn stubble, and search for the scattered grains left there; and both species will now and then regale themselves, like sea-fowl, upon insects, small shell-fish, frogs, tadpoles, etc. In Europe great quantities of pochards, or dunbirds, as the English often call them, are captured by various devices with netting, and by luring or gently driving them into narrow canals that lead to traps. In the far East and in Japan some of these contrivances are exceedingly ingenious.

Duck shooting may be followed pretty much all winter in the United States, but he who wants sport with the snipe (*Gallinago wilsoni*) must take it either in fall or spring, the probability being that he will try to do so at both seasons. With the earliest frosts these birds leave the Canadian lakes, where they have been lingering, and come pouring into our meadows. The sportsman hastens to meet them, choosing those warm still mornings when the rising sun quickly melts the hoar-frost, and clothes in a silvery haze the landscape of brown rushes and stagnant water. The birds are fat, juicy, and unhurried, feeling none of the anxiety which in spring urges them to hasten on their long journey to Hudson Bay or Athabasca Lake, in order to finish their nesting before the brief summer is over.

Successful shooting of the American snipe (which, by-the-way, is often called the "English" snipe, from its resemblance to a European cousin) is something to be proud of. This is especially true in the spring, when these birds appear on the sea-shore meadows in little wisps at the same time that the shad is mounting the rivers, for then they are exceedingly restless and capricious, frequently abandoning the open meadows for small inland bogs or the springy ground along the outskirts of woodlands, and dropping down, a few at a time, in all sorts of unexpected places. At such a time snipe shooting is snap shooting truly, and taxes the beginner's patience and endurance alike.

Some gunners prefer to go alone and afoot, but this calls for long walking; others take dogs, since this snipe lies well under a "point"; while a third class only want dogs for retrieving duty. The approach should always be down the wind, since it is the habit of the bird when flushed to spring away *up*, or at any rate *across*, the wind, tacking back and forth with extreme rapidity, and an uncertainty of flight which makes them very puzzling targets. They do not fly far, but it is difficult to tell just where they have alighted.

They seek mates during this spring migration, and one of the pleasantest of Frank Forester's descriptions is of their behavior under the influence of the tender passion. "Rising in the air to a great height, they dart and twist about with wonderful agility, dropping plumb down from time to time in the midst of these eccentric gyrations, and producing as they descend a thrumming noise, possibly caused by forming the wings into a sort of Æolian harp." It is at this moment of descent that one hears the curious bleating utterance which answers their attempt to sing, and is quite different from the loud *scaifs* with which they scream their disapproval of disturbance, or greet each other in autumn. Tennyson's line,

"The swamp where hums the dropping snipe,"

contains a whole picture to any one who has tramped the sloppy meadows of the Eastern States in the closing days of March.

Any one may recognize a plover among the "shore birds" by the rather short bill, which is cylindrical, and carries upon the top of its tip a vaulted apex, quite distinct from the membranous portion, and reminding one of the beak of a pigeon. Indeed "prairie pigeon" is one of the local names of a Western variety. Several species are known to gunners, and one, the upland plover, is widely distributed inland; but the most generally familiar member of the tribe is the kill-deer, which is classified under the suitable specific name *vociferus*. These scatter over the whole country, wandering in summer to the remote arctic coasts, and at the opposite season visiting Mexico and Central America. In winter they flock along the sea-shore, wherever the tide keeps the mud in the marshes exposed, or go just far enough south to avoid the frost which seals up their food farther north. "No sooner have the rivers opened than the kill-deer's shrill note is again heard, either roaming about high in air, tracing the shore of the river, or running amidst the watery flats and meadows. As spring advances it resorts to the newly ploughed fields or level plains bare of grass, interspersed with shallow pools, or, in the vicinity of the sea, dry, bare, sandy fields."

Like several others of the plover and snipe families, this restless and vigilant bird constitutes himself watchman of the whole neighborhood, and his warning shout, *kill-dee! kill-dee!* has robbed many a gunner of his sport. He is often shot for his pains, but his flesh is not worth much as a delicacy. It is in the breeding season, however, that the kill-deer is most noisy and agitated. From far away he catches sight of an intruder, and calls heaven and earth to witness the outrage of your presence in the same field where his nest reposes under the shadow of some tussock. Descending swiftly from the heights where he has been dodging about in vigorous flight, he will dive at your face and cut the air with sabre strokes of his sharp wings, screaming the while, until by his incessant vituperations and dashing attacks he has compelled your attention and diverted your mind from his home. In midsummer and autumn he stays nearer the water, wading and bathing a good deal, and making less clamor.

"Of all I saw," writes Dr. C. C. Abbott, in that charming book, *Upland and Meadow* (this was on July 20th), "nothing proved more attractive than a half-dozen beautiful kill-deer plovers that tripped over the sandy shores of the creek just ahead of the boat; tame enough to let us see them very plainly, and sufficiently confident to pursue their food while they kept an eye on us. When a bird is so wild that it will only watch us as we stare at it, then it is as uninteresting as a stuffed specimen.... Just what the little kill-deers were feeding upon I can't say, but I found that, like woodcocks, they buried their bills deeply in the sand, and left rows of holes over its surface, often as regular in appearance as those encircling an apple-tree, and made by the little woodpecker.... A mass of the wet sand was allowed to trickle through my fingers, and I found mollusks, crustaceans, and undetermined small fry in it, all of which would be acceptable to the plover's palate."

The same food and manner of getting it belong to the snipe, and country people will tell you that the bird is "sucking mud."

A READJUSTED LOVE AFFAIR.

BY ALICE L. CLARK.

"MRS. MINOT S. GLITTERING'S compliments to Mr. Blackstone Bender, and she hopes that he and his friend will join her at dessert."

"Mr. Bender accepts Mrs. Glittering's kind invitation, and will take pleasure in presenting Mr. Ferdinand Cleverly."

Thus the head waiter of Hotel Royal, Delphi Junction, and I addressed each other, and thus was Ferdinand moved to give over his speculations as to what might be the most innocuous dishes on the *menu* to glance inquiringly at the village druggist, the station agent, three retired sea-captains, the photographer, two or three factory foremen, numerous workmen, the wives of several of these citizens, and the hotel housekeeper, who were devoting their attention to corned beef and pie here and there in the dining-room, and to ask, "Is Mrs. Glittering visible to the naked eye? I do not place her."

"You do not see her," said I. "She does not look with kindness on the table manners of the Hotel Royalists, nor upon the hotel custom of dining, as she says, *en masse;* so she has introduced a reform for the benefit of the 'quality,' and the bill of fare of this hotel now includes '*Japanese screens* served to order.'"

Ferdinand stared in amazement at a screen whereon, against a background of sky-blue sea and tan-colored clouds, a golden crescent, a gondola, wild roses, fleurs-de-lis, cherry blossoms, swallows, cranes, and Japanese women shone in happy international amity, and realized the Delphi Junction ideal of Japanese art.

"Why, good heavens, Zach"—my name is Zacheray Blackstone Bender, but Ferdinand and I were classmates in college, and I can never hope to attain to the dignity of Blackstone Bender with him—"do you mean to say that this Mrs. Glittering actually has that screen around her dinner-table?" and as I nodded assent: "Why does she do it? I never heard of such cheek! Awfully glad to meet your friends; but really, Zacheray, how did you happen—that is, how can one—such bad form—don't wish to be discourteous—but I never heard—" I was about to defend my friend to Ferdinand, who seemed to be a prey to conflicting emotions, when he went on: "Wait! It must be the same! Our Lady of the Tooth-brush!"

"Who? What? Oh, you mean—what do you mean?" I asked, and my heart sank as I guessed at what was coming, and that it boded ill for a deep-laid scheme of mine, which shall develop presently.

"My cousin Sadie," said Ferdinand, "tells a story of a lady who lives near her on Arlington Avenue in the winter, and gives afternoon teas and *musicales;* and I remember that Sadie once said that she owned a fish-canning factory at Delphi Junction. She has a penchant for reform, and having decided that the children of Delphi Junction should be taught to clean their dear little teeth, she bought half a gross of small-sized tooth-brushes to distribute among them, and began the good work by assembling a class in the laundry of her country house. The little natives stood in a circle about her, and she brushed the teeth of each in the most approved and scientific manner, as her own dentist had instructed her, not across, but up and down. Each unhappy innocent held his brush in his hand, and while giving the lesson she made one brush go round! It must be the same. Was it not Mrs. Glittering?"

Now I had a particular reason for wishing Ferdinand to admire Mrs. Glittering; so, to counteract this unfortunate beginning, I replied, with enthusiasm: "Yes, but when you know her you will not mind little eccentricities like tooth-brushes and screens. I want you to fall in love with her. You will not think of her occasional *nouveau riche* mistakes. She makes up for them by being so large-souled, and warm-hearted, and generous, and witty, and—and sweet, and unaffected—everything that goes to make a charming woman. She was married at sixteen, is only thirty-six now, very handsome. She has given this town a library, and endowed a course of lectures, and some concerts. She uses her money more nobly than most people who derive theirs from a more aristocratic source than the fish-canning factory of the late Mr. Minot S. Glittering."

"Oh, he's dead, is he?" asked Ferdinand.

"Yes. You will find her a true friend and a most entertaining hostess. I—I—" Something in Ferdinand's expression made me grow a little confused. I found myself actually blushing, and ended hastily:

"I admire her immensely."

"I see," said Ferdinand. Then he added a remark which struck me as being rather wide of the point:

"My dear fellow, I promise to admire and appreciate the future Mrs. Blackstone Bender. Er—um, speaking of Mrs. Glittering, does she succeed in reforming the morals of the Delphi Junction towns-people?"

"Oh," I replied, absently, "their morals are not sufficiently bad to support even one lawyer." (Be it remarked, *en passant*, that I belong to the legal fraternity.) "I have helped to carry out a number of her schemes for improving their manners and their musical taste." I did not add that, to win her favor, I had also contemplated affecting a taste for music, and coaching up on the subject out of the *Compendium of Great Composers*, which I had once bought of a book-agent, and up to date had only used to keep my office door from slamming against the wall; the reason being—Miranda.

Of her I only said: "Mrs. Glittering has a pretty daughter; but," dubiously, "she is rather old. Very likely she will not think it worth while to talk with you unless you can discuss philosophy and the advancement of science with her, in French. She talks English, of course, but she is a little vain of her French, and you had better—"

"Excuse me," interposed Ferdinand; "I shall not try to talk with her—not unless it is a case of love at first sight. No; I shall discuss reform with the lovely Mrs. Glittering in plain Anglo-Saxon. French! Why, I do not remember a bit of French, except *Au revoir* and *Ici garçon*, and *Pâté de foie gras*. I do not think that I could sustain a philosophical conversation."

I looked at my watch to conceal my satisfaction, and then proposed that we penetrate beyond the aristocratic folds of that Japanese screen. I was in love with Miranda Glittering, in love with her mischievous smile, her earnest brown eyes, her waving blond hair, her demure seventeen-year-old wisdom, the brightness and sweetness of disposition, which she had evidently inherited from her mother. Of late I had observed in myself a disposition to pass much of my abundant leisure at the Glittering mansion, at dinner (the Glitterings always dined at the hotel) to imperil my digestion by eating in haste, or to interest the druggist by ordering everything on the bill of fare, that I might time my exit from the dining-room opportunely to accompany Mrs. Glittering and her daughter home, to order unnecessary suits of summer clothes, and that I had developed a taste for drinking tea and eating cakes at unseasonable hours—when offered by the Glitterings. *Ergo*, I was in love, and with Miranda. To this conclusion I had come when Ferdinand Cleverly wrote me that he intended to run down from New York to visit me for a few days.

He was my most valued friend. I admired him so much myself that it at once occurred to me that he must be a dangerous rival. He might fall in love with Miranda himself, and prevent my gaining her affections. If my conviction that I really wanted to gain those affections had not been quite firm before, this idea settled the matter. But I did not allow my old friend to think himself unwelcome. Though it must be confessed that my conception of the duties of hospitality did not prevent my telling him that ingenious fib about Miranda's French. Having thrown this stumbling-block in the way of Ferdinand and my adored Miranda becoming acquainted, I proceeded to the inevitable, and introduced Ferdinand to her and to her mother. In the hope that Ferdinand would devote his attention to Mrs. Glittering, and to inspire that charming woman to be especially gracious, I said something effusive about Mr. Cleverly's being one of the best fellows in the world, my valued friend, and that I was particularly happy to introduce him to Mrs. Glittering; and as Miranda fixed her brown eyes on me a little quizzically, I fancied, I had to add, *and* to Mrs. Glittering's daughter. How many lies I had been led into telling since the moment when I shook hands with Ferdinand and told him that "nothing could have been more delightful and opportune than his visit, by Jove"!

I devoted myself to Miranda, and Cleverly entered into a conversation with Mrs. Glittering. I saw him look at her critically and then glance at me. His expression was significant, but it was too knowing, too amused, too sympathetic, to signify simply the admiration which I wished him to feel. Was it, could it be, that Ferdinand fancied that I—oh, impossible!—that I was in love with Mrs. Glittering? Evidently he understood me less than when we were in college together, and since then had come to fancy himself deeply sophisticated and penetrating in affairs of the heart.

I murmured to Miranda: "I hope, Miss Glittering, that you will like my friend. He has lived abroad a great deal, and I suppose that is the reason he prefers French to English. He is really a sensible fellow, and his friends, as a usual thing, do not mind humoring his little preference for French."

"But," exclaimed Miranda, "that is absurd—very! and I cannot speak French; I expect people who are introduced to me to talk English, and I cannot be bothered—still," as she caught Ferdinand's smile across the table—a smile expressive of enthusiastic admiration—"of course he came here at mamma's invitation, and I will try to entertain him."

I pretended to receive this concession gratefully, but I saw in it a bad omen, and said, sadly, to myself: "'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?' Score one for Ferdinand."

Presently Mrs. Glittering addressed a remark to me about American opera, or the musical copyright, and we began one of our usual discussions upon those noble conversational stand-byes. Ferdinand seized the opportunity to make the following interesting speech to Miranda:

"Miss Glittering, *n'est pas*, ahem, *ne fait il pas froid*—er—that is, *chaud?*"

"Ha," thought I, "it works," and still I felt somewhat worried. If my little deception was not discovered, it would prevent Ferdinand's establishing a friendship with the Glitterings, and all would be well. But if even with imperfect facility for conversation he yet found Miranda's society sufficiently attractive to tempt him to stay—he never had visited me for more than three days at a time—my unjustifiable fib would be discovered. What would the frank and generous Mrs. Glittering think of it? I should be in disgrace; and Ferdinand—ah, what was he saying? Alas, though he and Miranda were struggling through an intermittent conversation that suggested the exercises of the French grammar, they made up for lack of phrase by smiling eloquently at each other.

In watching a charming little pantomime between them, I became quite incapable of taking part in a conversation with Mrs. Glittering. Miranda had taken a daisy from the cluster at her breast, and, as Ferdinand had evidently insisted, had given it his name. Then I could hear her sweet voice, "*Il m'aime, un peu, beaucoup, passionnément, pas du tout. Il m'aime, un peu, beaucoup, passionnément*"—he made her stop there, possessed himself of the daisy, and with that petal pulled off all the rest! "Oh, my unlucky stars!" I groaned inwardly, "he has told her, without even the aid of English, something which all my untiring and pointed demonstration has failed to make her comprehend." Did she understand him? She blushed beautifully, and said:

"Mamma, I have been thinking that Mr. Bender's friend" (my friend, indeed! I had mentally already cast him off) "might like to hear you sing this evening. He says he is fond of music. Perhaps they will come home with us *after* dinner."

The invitation was given and accepted. I played Mrs. Glittering's accompaniment that evening as usual. Our first song was applauded, our second was "Exquisite!" "Charmingly rendered!" the third was received with enthusiasm apparently too great for words, the fourth was likewise received in silence. We looked around. The parlor was empty, and the flash of a white gown attended by a dark shadow down the garden walk indicated the delinquent audience.

Mrs. Glittering selected another song and I played the accompaniment, feeling rather dramatic. I pictured to myself my rival making himself odiously agreeable, both he and Miranda forgetting me—me, the unsuspecting friend who had ruined his own happiness by introducing his false friend. I saw myself devoting a lonely and melancholy life to my profession, and gradually becoming cold-blooded and scheming, after the manner of villains disappointed in love in the second chapter of popular novels. Suddenly Mrs. Glittering ceased to sing. I looked up. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "Yes, it is very touching, very, indeed! Er—both the air and the words are—are so exquisitely adapted to the sentiment!"

"No," said Mrs. Glittering, "it is not a specially affecting song. My audience is inclined to wander this evening. No matter; I was thinking of something else. I am troubled"—the tears began to fall.

"Mrs. Glittering," I exclaimed, much affected by her grief, and forgetting my own gloomy reflections, "what is it? My dear! It breaks my heart to see—" and obeying a sudden impulse, I put my arm around her waist, lifted the quivering chin, and tried to kiss away the tears. She showed no indignation, but she said, "I am troubled about—Miranda."

My hands dropped. I had forgotten Miranda. She went on, rapidly, "Mr. Bender, you are in love with her!"

"I—yes—oh yes—certainly—er—devotedly."

"You wish to marry her?"

"Yes. But, my dear Mrs. Glittering, perhaps she does not care for me. I never asked her."

"Of course she does," rejoined Mrs. Glittering. "I am sure she must, when she quite understands your deep affection for her."

"Er—I—I hope so," I replied.

"Yes, oh yes; that is settled. I want her to marry you. I promise you that she shall. There is only one difficulty. That is, that I have promised that she shall marry some one else!

"It is a strange story. Mr. Glittering was indebted to his foreman for a discovery in the fish-canning process, and there were other business obligations. He promised the man that Miranda should marry his son. When he was dying he told me of it, and asked me to repeat the promise. I refused. He was very angry, and said that he should leave his entire fortune to an institution, and that he should die without blessing his wife or his little daughter. He was a very peculiar man, very.

"The doctor said that if his mind were set at rest his life might be saved. It seemed like murder not to promise, so I promised, and it has worried me ever since. And now I do want her to marry you. I want you to gain her consent, and then when this other claimant appears she will refuse him. It is not keeping my word, but I cannot see your heart broken. This foreman's son, Albert Victor Carp—I have no doubt he is a vulgar, presuming young man—was to present his claim—ugh! claim!—on Miranda's eighteenth birthday. That is next month. Miranda does not know of this, and I have told you that you may act accordingly. As far as my consent and influence can avail, you are Miranda's affianced husband."

I stood gazing at a portrait of Mr. Glittering,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and thinking what an adorable wife that fortunate man had had. I found myself wondering if Miranda would ever grow into half as charming a woman, when I suddenly realized that Mrs. Glittering was looking at me in puzzled silence, and that it was the proper thing for me to express some enthusiasm. How kind she was! how thoughtful for the happiness of others! I did not deserve such a—mother-in-law.

"Mrs. Glittering," I exclaimed, "you have made me very happy! Your confidence in me, your preference for me as—as your daughter's husband renders me—renders me—" I had taken her hand; she looked so distractingly lovely and so sad that I could think of nothing else. I tried in vain to remember what I had begun to say. Her little hand which I held was trembling. There was an ostentatious cough at the door. Ferdinand and Miranda had returned.

He and I took our leave soon after. My brain was in a whirl. I was Miranda's accepted lover—accepted by her mother—Ferdinand evidently her favored suitor—an unknown Albert Victor Carp liable to appear at any moment to claim her hand in fulfilment of a sacred promise; and if, after all, I married her, Mrs. Glittering would be—would be my mother-in-law! Strange that that last thought gave me such a feeling of disappointment and depression. I had no reason to suppose that she would not fill that rôle as she did everything—gracefully and generously. But perhaps Ferdinand had already made discouraging progress in his suit. I took it for granted that he was in love with her.

"Ferdinand," said I, "how did you get on with Miss Glittering?"

"Oh, not so bad!" replied that complacent young man. "I said everything I could recall from my French exercises, and I just saved myself once or twice from lapsing into, 'How many children has the good baker who sells bread, cheese, and cake?' and, 'When you go to market will you buy me an envelope, a pound of beef, and a yard of silk velvet?' and some of the other inanities which I learned in some confounded conversational method or other." He laughed excitedly, and went on, "But I say, Zach—"

Ferdinand's remarks and many other things were just then forever cut short by the arrival of a telegraph messenger. I read the telegram, paid the boy, packed my valise, went to Ohio, and passed five weeks at the bedside of the only uncle I have in the world. He did not die, as had been anticipated, but recovered, and took a deep interest in the complicated love affair which I described to him. Mrs. Glittering and I wrote every day. Ferdinand passed a good deal of time with the Glitterings while awaiting my return, so he wrote me.

At the end of three weeks my uncle said to me: "Zacheray, you had better take the night train for Delphi Junction, and get there before Albert Victor Carp marries one of those Gilding—Glittering women, and your friend Cleverness—what's his name?—Cleverly—the other. You can visit me again later. Now, I do not want those fellows putting on any airs from a financial stand-point, so I have placed a sum to your credit at Goldpen's, my banker's. It will place things on a more satisfactory basis until your law practice is established. Goldpen will write you. Do not say anything; I shall have a relapse if you do. Just go home and precipitate matters, and if you need any advice telegraph me."

As I was opening my office at Delphi Junction the next day, Tim, the bell boy from Hotel Royal, sad lenly appeared and said:

"Mr. Bender, you are wanted at the hotel. A man in the parlor rang for me, and says, 'Go and get a justice of the peace'; and the lady with him says, 'Immediately. We want some important papers made out'; and I says, 'Yes, sir, I will, lady'; and the clerk sent me after you. There's another man in the parlor, who came in in a tearing hurry, and swore about an accident detaining his train all day, and he ordered the best rig that this antediluvian tavern—I think that was what he called Hotel Royal—afforded; and when I told him that he would have to wait half an hour, he swore some more and gave me fifty cents. It's the other man that wants you—the one that ain't a blonde—it ain't him."

Guided by the bell-boy's lucid instructions, I passed by a calm, correct-looking blonde who stood in the middle of the room, gazing at the black silk hat which he held, and who, as I entered, turned a pair of angry blue eyes upon me. Evidently it wasn't him.

I advanced to the bay-window, where stood a lady and a gentleman looking out.

"I am a justice of the peace. Why, Ferdinand! Miss Glittering!"

Some idea of the situation began to dawn upon me from their expression, and from the general aspect of the affair.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, helplessly.

Miranda offered me her vinaigrette, and Ferdinand grasped my hand and said: "Why, Zach, my dear fellow, I am glad to see you. I forgot that you are a justice of the peace. I thought you were in Ohio. We want to be married."

"But," I replied, "isn't this a little sudden? Where is Mrs. Glittering?"

"Sudden? Not at all," said Miranda. "We have been engaged a week, and this morning when I told mamma that we wished to be married, she snubbed me and forbade me to mention the subject until you came home. As if that made any difference. She was very cruel and unreasonable. She has been very queer and absent-minded ever since you left, and I am glad you have come back." And Miranda evinced her joy at my return by bursting into tears, and using the vinaigrette which I hastily returned to her. I tried to argue with Ferdinand, but he seemed only to be interested in wiping away Miranda's tears. He noticed me just enough to say, stiffly, "I have a license, and if you decline to perform the ceremony, I can find a minister."

"Miss Glittering is very young. I dislike to perform this ceremony without her mother's consent."

"I was eighteen yesterday," said Miranda, corking up her vinaigrette, and suddenly touching the electric bell. It was a critical moment. I came perilously near running into the irate blonde as I hastened to the bell.

"Allow me to send for some ink and paper," I exclaimed; "I will marry you. Pray return to your seat. I will speak to the bell boy."

She stood suspiciously by while I gave the order, but was constrained to retreat to the bay-window and her lover, when the blonde, whether by accident or moved by a friendly impulse, sauntered up and said, "Here! what about that confounded carriage?"

I seized the opportunity to give my card to the boy and tell him to take it to Mrs. Glittering, and ask her to meet me in the hotel parlor immediately on urgent business. Then I waited at the door and reflected. The etiquette of this love affair demanded that I should now find myself a blighted being. But far from anathematizing the friend who had usurped me in Miranda's affections, I found myself complacently thinking that he was a splendid fellow, and would make the dear girl a capital husband. What could it mean? Five weeks ago I had seen every reason to believe that I was in love. I had reasoned the matter out carefully. Since then I had made no new friends. No one had appeared to fill her place in my heart, and yet—and yet—Mrs. Glittering would certainly be with us in a moment. I hastily concluded my reverie as Ferdinand said, suspiciously:

"See here, it takes your bell boy a long while to get those writing materials. You had better ring again or begin without them," and he walked toward the bell.

"Come back here," I said, desperately. "I can go on without them, if you insist upon it. Stand up—er—wait a moment while I think of the form." I walked meditatively to the window. No Mrs. Glittering in sight. Miranda and Ferdinand alert and suspicious; no more time to be gained in that way, evidently. I returned to them. "Now let us have this done right. Ferdinand, that is the wrong side."

"Now, Mr. Justice, is this right?" said Miranda, gayly.

I reflected again as long as I dared.

"Yes, that will do. Take her hand, Ferdinand" (anything to interest them until Mrs. Glittering should arrive). "Wait! I must read the license."

"No! That's all right; go ahead," said Ferdinand.

"Give me the document. The ceremony will not be legal unless I read it. You need not hold her hand while I examine this paper, Ferdinand."

I read it carefully enough to know it by heart, and listened for a step on the stairs. Silence, except for the tread of the blond young man, who seemed to be amusing himself by walking from one window to another.

"Now we are all ready. Bow to partners!—I mean, take Miss Glittering's hand, Ferdinand. Now, then, Ferdinand Cleverly, Miranda Glittering," and I was about to add, "I would not on any account marry you without Mrs. Glittering's knowledge and consent," when the blonde overturned a chair behind me, a quick step was heard in the hall, and a musical voice exclaimed, "Lord! Miranda! Mr. Cleverly! *and* Mr. Bender! how do you do? *What* does this mean?"

"Oh! mamma dear, Mr. Bender was just going to marry us. He—he quite approves of it, mamma darling."

Mrs. Glittering turned to me incredulously.

"Do you, Mr. Bender?"

And then I flatter myself that in the matter of eloquence I did myself proud; as to generosity, in the light of subsequent events, I make no special claim.

"Yes, my dear friend, I do," and I took Mrs. Glittering's hand, and actually patted her shoulder in my enthusiasm. "I can recommend Ferdinand with all my heart. I shall be happy to continue the ceremony."

She looked at me in silence, evidently struggling with some strong emotion.

"Ah!" I thought, "a mother's heart!" and said: "She must be married some time, you know. It *is* hard to part from her—"

She disdained my comfort, and, turning to her daughter, said, solemnly, "But, Miranda, you have no trousseau."

"I have thought of that, mamma dear. I have all my summer gowns."

"And I should wish to make some property arrangements. There is the corner lot opposite the Methodist church, on Jamaica Street, New York, and some shares in the fish-canning factory which I intended for you, Miranda. And," in a whisper, turning to me, "there is Mr. Carp!"

"Where?" And I started violently as the blonde tipped over another chair.

"His claim, you know. He ought to have been here yesterday; so, no matter. You really want her to marry Mr. Cleverly?"

"Why, yes," I replied. "I thought I was a little in love with her some weeks ago, but now I am prepared to give her my blessing, and regard her as a sort of a daughter."

Mrs. Glittering blushed, strange to say, and prevented my continuing by saying to Miranda: "My dear, I shall not—that is, I would not, be married in a hotel parlor, but you have a right to your own choice. And if you wish to be married in a French sateen trimmed with imitation lace, you may do so. Here is my hand, Ferdinand. Take good care of my little girl. Mr. Bender, will you send for Mr. Portly, the proprietor, and ask him to witness the marriage ceremony, and also to order the preparation of the wedding breakfast?"

Word was returned from the office that Mr. Portly was out of town, and the head waiter pledged himself to have in readiness, within twenty-five minutes, a breakfast quite *comme il faut*, short of engraved invitations.

"But," persisted Mrs. Glittering, "we must have another witness; we cannot ask the head waiter. Shall I send for the clerk, or for some one from the village?"

Just then the blond young man touched me on the arm. "Glad to be of any service," he murmured.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "Mrs. Glittering, Miss Glittering, Mr. Cleverly, allow me to present, er—um—ahem—" and my voice died away in that inarticulate gurgle which we all affect when we do not know, have not the courage to ask, nor the effrontery to guess at a name.

Then I pronounced the words which made Ferdinand and Miranda man and wife. A little confusion followed. Miranda shed a few tears. Mrs. Glittering kissed her, and turning to me, said, "Your friend"—meaning the witness—"must breakfast with us," and she handed him the pen to witness the certificate with a trembling hand and a smile from eyes which were bright with tears. He took the pen in his left hand, offered his right to Ferdinand, and said:

"Mr. Cleverly, accept my congratulations and best wishes." He bowed to Miranda, and turning to Mrs. Glittering, said: "Mrs. Glittering, I cannot accept your kind invitation to-day; but when you have a wedding breakfast of your own, count me in. Mr. Bender, I hope that I may have the opportunity to congratulate you on a similar occasion—soon." He dipped the pen in the ink, and added, sententiously, "A miss is as good as a mile," signed his name, and bowed himself out. With our witness, faultlessly attired and elegant of manner, the party lost the only member whose appearance was at all in keeping with the occasion. Which looked the character more, the bridegroom who was clad in a blue and white tennis suit, or Mr. ——? I looked for his signature. It was Albert Victor Carp.

And so I married Ferdinand and Miranda. They are absent on their bridal tour; and I am wedded—to the legal profession (whether temporarily or permanently, Mrs. Glittering shall decide when she returns from California, whither she has gone on business). I am just now looking into the law as to fish canning. Mrs. Glittering is my first client, and, as keen observers like Miranda, Ferdinand, my uncle, Mr. Albert Victor Carp, and the reader long ago perceived—as I myself discovered lately in an inspired moment wherein many things were explained—she is my first love.

NEW YORK'S NEW MUSIC HALL.

THE need of a music hall such as is now in course of erection on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, in this city, has long been realized by the higher musical fraternities of New York. This, instead of being a mushroom enterprise, has been under consideration for several years among a few exponents and patrons of music, notably the late Dr. L. Damrosch and Mr. Morris Reno. Seventeen years ago, through the active co-operation of these two gentlemen, the Oratorio Society was founded, and five years later the Symphony Society of New York. Dr. Damrosch and Mr. Reno frequently discussed the desirability of a proper hall for the two societies. After the death of Dr. Damrosch, Mr. Reno continued to nourish this idea, which, however, without the munificent financial assistance of Mr. Andrew Carnegie probably would not have been carried out in years to come. The lack of proper music halls in the metropolis is obvious to every one who is aware that the only hall at present acoustically fitted for concerts is Steinway, and even that has neither sufficient accommodations nor is it well situated. Chickering Hall is far too small, and the Metropolitan Opera-house, though excellently adapted for operatic performances, is by no means a good concert hall.

The so-called Music Hall Company was organized and incorporated in March, 1889, by the following members of the Symphony and Oratorio societies of New York: Messrs. Andrew Carnegie, Walter J. Damrosch, Morris Reno, Stephen M. Knevals, and William B. Tuthill. A board of directors was chosen, comprising the following named gentlemen: Morris Reno, President; Stephen M. Knevals, Treasurer; Frederick William Holls, Secretary; John W. Aitken, Andrew Carnegie, Walter J. Damrosch, Sherman W. Knevals, William B. Tuthill, and John J. Wilson.

At the time the company was organized the capital stock was to have been $300,000, but this sum was recently augmented to $600,000. Of this stock Mr. Andrew Carnegie owns $500,000. The cost of the building, including the land, will be $1,100,000. The cost to maintain it, including the interest on the mortgage, is calculated at $50,000 annually.

The original purpose of the organization was to provide a suitable hall, meeting all acoustic requirements, for the production of concert music, and in addition a number of small halls for chamber music, lectures, and other minor entertainments.

The main hall or auditorium is to be leased for concerts, and there will be a variety of rooms suitable for lodges, artists' studios, rehearsals, fairs, private theatricals, etc. When necessary or desired the main hall can be converted into a magnificent ball-room, connecting with a spacious banquet chamber.

The site was selected not only on account of its being in one of the finest parts of the city, with its western side on an avenue and its façade on Fifty-seventh Street (one of the wide uptown thoroughfares), but also because the social, not to say commercial, movement in New York is and has been for some time uptown, and doubtless within a few years it will be said of the new music hall that it occupies a central location.

The architectural style of the building will be that of the Venetian Renaissance, with whose rich development the names of Sansovino, Sanmichele, Palladio, and Scamozzi are associated. It will not resemble nor will it be identical in purpose with any other hall now in course of construction. As has been intimated, it will be devoted to the higher class of entertainments.

As for the admirable and ingenious interior arrangement, the auditorium is to include two tiers of boxed out boxes, two balconies, and a parquet—the latter capable of seating over one thousand persons. The boxes on the first and the end boxes on the second tier will be open, with communicating anterooms. A corridor, with eleven exits, five of them leading to Seventh Avenue, is to environ the parquet. The grand vestibule, with seven entrances, is to be on Fifty-seventh Street. Under the auditorium will be the banquet hall, which will accommodate over one thousand people, and may serve as well the purposes of a rehearsal hall. On occasions when the banquet hall is occupied, the adjoining rooms in the lateral portion of the building may be converted into meeting, committee rooms, etc.

In addition to the chamber music hall there will be in the lateral building a smaller dining-room, *petits salons*, cloak, and toilet rooms. In the basement will be located the kitchens. The roof story will be devoted to studios for artists. In the upper part of the building, facing on Fifty-seventh Street, there will be rooms adapted for choruses and quarters for soloists and conductors. A commodious chapter-room will be situated over the chamber music hall, while just above the stage area of the auditorium will be a gymnasium.

Three elevators ought to insure adequate service and render accessible every part of the building, in which efficient provisions will be made to have thorough ventilation. The walls of the auditorium particularly are to receive brilliant modern decorations, and nothing in respect to the comfort of future visitors to this building it seems has been overlooked. It is expected that the music hall will be finished on the 1st of October, 1890.

LEON MEAD.

THE LENOX LYCEUM BUILDING.

AMONG the new buildings erected for amusement purposes in New York city the Lenox Lyceum Building, situated near the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, commands attention as one of the most complete institutions of its kind. The interior dimensions of the building are 135 feet in diameter, 74 feet in height, and each of the two entrances on Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street is 25 feet in width. The stage, built under a shell-shaped ceiling, can be seen from every part of the auditorium, and, when used for an orchestra, will seat comfortably sixty-four musicians, with ample room for conductor and soloists. The floor space of 7535 feet affords a superb area for dancing, with stairways on either side of the hall, leading to coat-rooms, etc. The entire area of the hall, including the sixty-two boxes, each holding six seats, but exclusive of the two entrances, is 12,750 feet. The dining-room will comfortably seat 700 people. The kitchens and café are immediately under the dancing-room, or hall proper, and are admirably appointed.

The stage is in the centre of the building, facing Madison Avenue, 50 feet by 25; opposite is a balcony capable of seating thirty musicians, for promenade music, and immediately underneath this a private box, to be used by committees, etc.

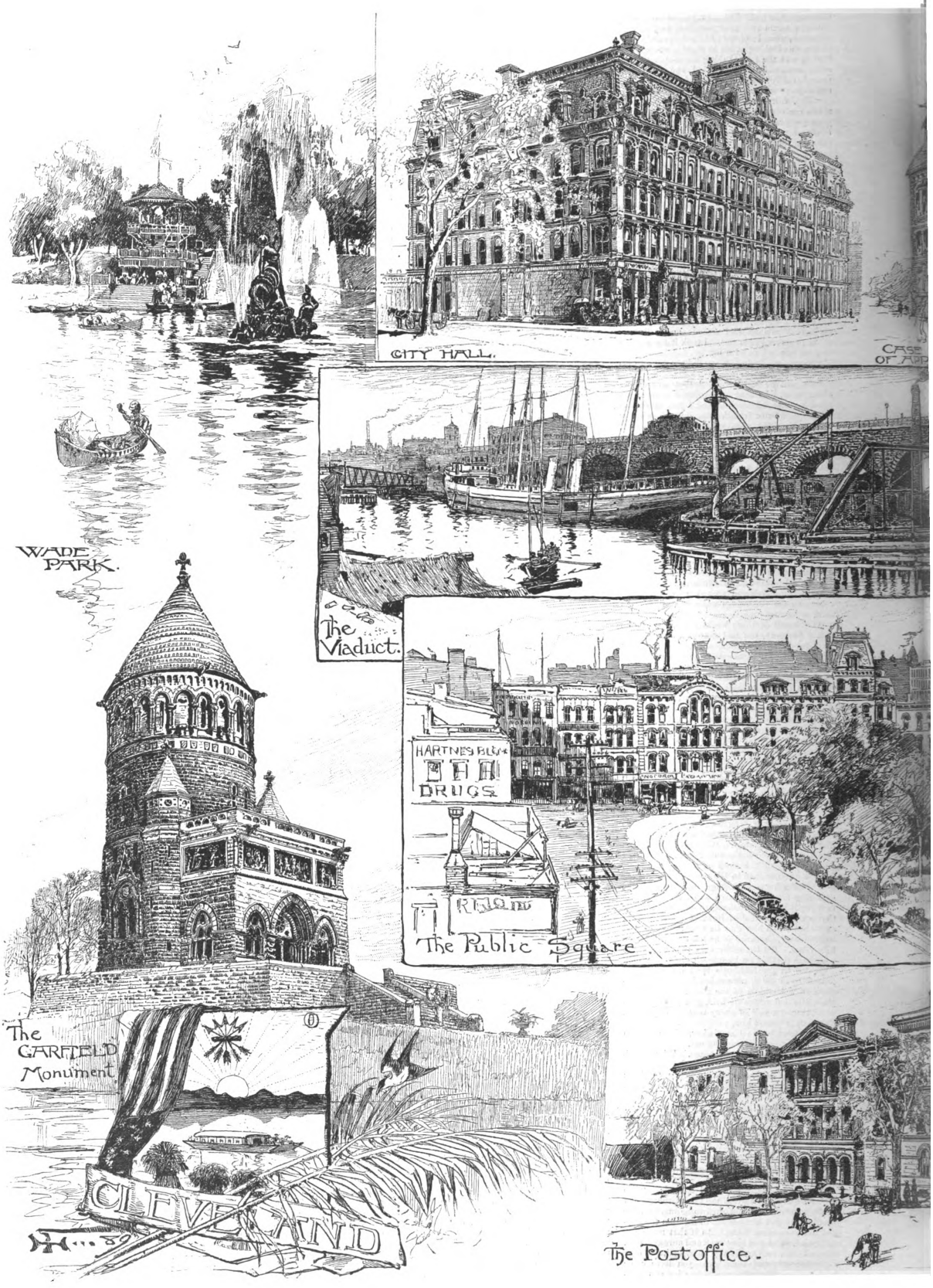
The seating capacity of the hall will be for about 1500 people; this includes the boxes, which start from either side of the stage, and encircle the entire auditorium in two tiers, one above the other. The ceiling frame is entirely of iron, covered with papier-maché, and most beautifully and artistically decorated throughout; the crown of the dome in particular, with its delicately traced figures in relief and ivory-tinted—being specially noteworthy for their strength of detail and finish—forming one of the most perfect pieces of plaster-work ever applied to a building of this class. The decorations of the interior of the hall are in the early Italian Renaissance style. The prevailing colors are Venetian red, a delicate shade of blue, and others to harmonize therewith, tastefully ornamented with gold-leaf.

The special feature in the construction of the building is the pains taken to provide for a perfect system of ventilation. This is, or should be, the salient point in every amusement building, but is rarely met in such perfection as in the Lenox Lyceum. In the basement there has been provided a huge cylinder, attached to an eight-foot Sturtevant fan, which furnishes to the storage register pure air in equal proportions of hot and cold. The storage reservoir of hot air consists of a huge tin box placed in a wide closet below the lower tier of boxes, from which the heat is expelled through registers level with the floor and others high up on the walls of the building. On the other side of the basement is another large cylinder with a five-foot Sturtevant fan, and used to expel the foul or impure air; this is first driven into a huge tin box placed under the stage, and from there expelled through a shaft above the level of the roof, on the opposite side from the chimney which receives the pure air. As both these fans are simultaneously at work, the atmosphere is being constantly changed; the result being an even and agreeable temperature. The building will be lighted throughout by gas and electric lamps.

The building is intended to be used for concerts, balls, dinners, and various other public and private assemblages. Mr. John D. Crimmins, the well-known contractor, is the owner and builder of the Lenox Lyceum, which will be ready for use about the 1st of December.

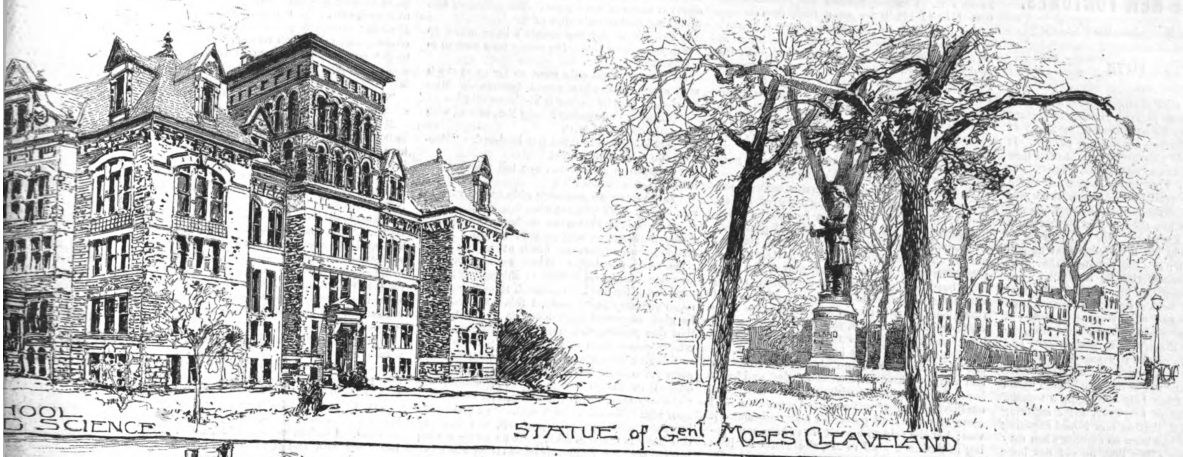
HARRY P. MAWSON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



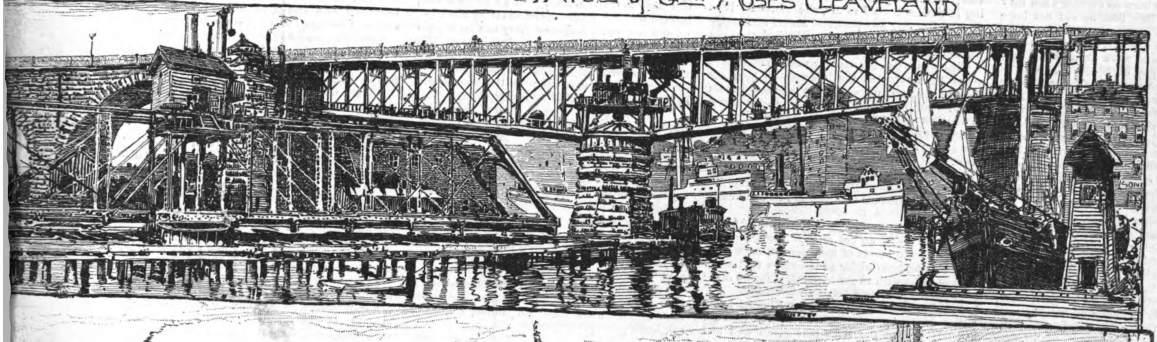
THE CITY OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Drawn by Hare

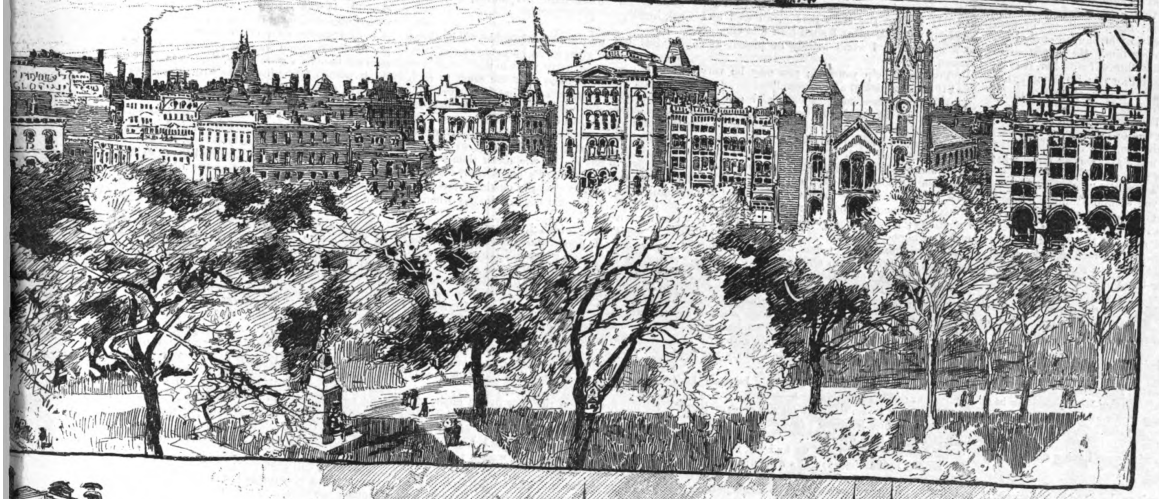
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

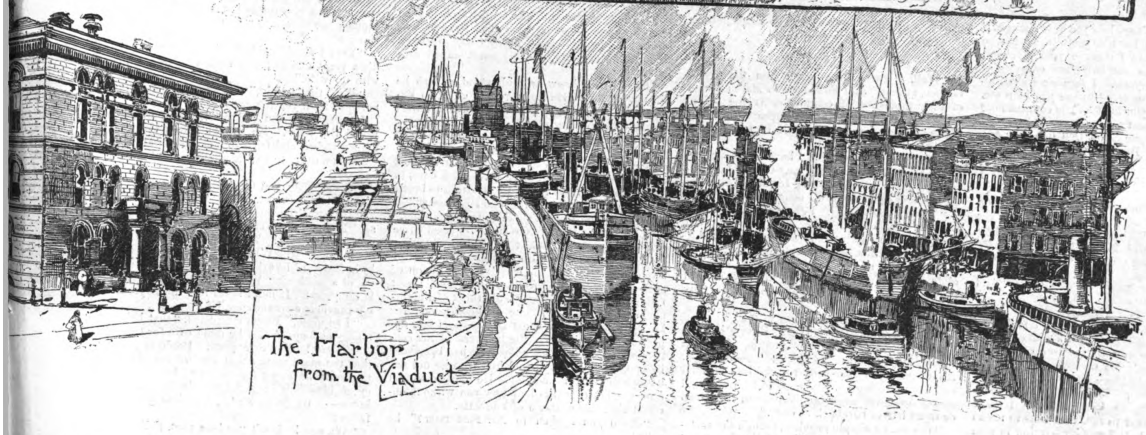


HOOL
D SCIENCE.

STATUE of Genl MOSES CLEAVELAND







The Harbor from the Viaduct

ON, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. RYDER.—[SEE PAGE 902.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

XV.

WHILE we are still young we feel a kind of pride, a sort of fierce plea-ure, in any important experience, such as we have read of or heard of in the lives of others, no matter how painful. It was this pride, this pleasure, which Beaton now felt in realizing that the toils of fate were about him, that between him and a future of which Christine Dryfoos must be the genius, there was nothing but the will, the mood, the fancy of a girl who had not given him the hope that either could ever again be in his favor. He had nothing to trust to, in fact, but his knowledge that he had once had them all; she did not deny that; but neither did she conceal that he had flung away his power over them, and she had told him that they never could be his again. A man knows that he can love and wholly cease to love, not once merely, but several times; he recognizes the fact in regard to himself, both theoretically and practically; but in regard to women he cherishes the superstition of the romances that love is once for all, and forever.' It was because Beaton would not believe that Alma Leighton, being a woman, could put him out of her heart after suffering him to steal into it, that he now hoped anything from her, and she had been so explicit when they last spoke of that affair that he did not hope much. He said to himself that he was going to cast himself on her mercy, to take whatever chance of life, love, and work there was in her having the smallest pity on him. If she would have none, then there was but one thing he could do: marry Christine and go abroad. He did not see how he could bring this alternative to bear upon Alma; even if she knew what he would do in case of a final rejection, he had grounds for fearing she would not care; but he brought it to bear upon himself, and it nerved him to a desperate courage. He could hardly wait for evening to come, before he went to see her; when it came, it seemed to have come too soon. He had wrought himself thoroughly into the conviction that he was in earnest, and that everything depended upon her answer to him, but it was not till he found himself in her presence, and alone with her, that he realized the truth of his conviction. Then the influences of her grace, her gayety, her arch beauty, above all her good sense, penetrated his soul like a subtle intoxication, and he said to himself that he was right; he could not live without her; these attributes of hers were what he needed to win him, to cheer him, to charm him, to guide him. He longed so to please her, to ingratiate himself with her, that he attempted to be light like her, in his talk, but lapsed into abysmal absences, and gloomy recesses of introspection.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, suddenly starting from one of these.

"What you are thinking of."

"It's nothing to laugh at. Do you know what it is I'm thinking of?"

"Don't tell, if it's dreadful."

"Oh, I dare say you wouldn't think it's dreadful," he said, with bitterness. "It's simply the case of a man who has made a fool of himself, and sees no help of retrieval in himself."

"Can any one else help a man unmake a fool of himself?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes. In a case like this."

"Dear me! This is very interesting."

She did not ask him what the case was, but he was launched now, and he pressed on. "I am the man who has made a fool of himself—"

"Oh!"

"And you can help me out if you will. Alma, I wish you could see me as I really am."

"Do you, Mr. Beaton? Perhaps I do."

"No; you don't. You've formulated me in a certain way, and you won't allow for the change that takes place in every one. *You* have changed; why shouldn't I?"

"Has this to do with your having made a fool of yourself?"

"Yes."

"Oh! Then I don't see how you have changed."

She laughed, and he too, ruefully. "You're cruel. Not but what I deserve your mockery. But the change was not from the capacity of making a fool of myself. I suppose I shall always do that more or less—unless you help me. Alma! Why can't you have a little compassion? You know that I must always love you."

"Nothing makes me doubt that like your saying it, Mr. Beaton. But now you've broken your word—"

"You are to blame for that. You knew I couldn't keep it!"

"Yes, I'm to blame. I was wrong to let you come—after that. And so I forgive you for speaking to me in that way again. But it's perfectly impossible and perfectly useless for *me* to hear you any more on that subject; and so—good-by!"

She rose, and he perforce with her. "And do you mean it?" he asked. "Forever?"

"Forever. This is truly the last time I will ever see you if I can help it. Oh, I feel sorry enough for you!" she said with a glance at his face. "I do believe you are in earnest. But it's too late now. Don't let us talk about it any more! But we shall, if we meet, and so—"

"And so, good-by! Well, I've nothing more to say, and I might as well say that. I think you've been very good to me. It seems to me as if you had been—shall I say it?—trying to give me a chance. Is that so?"

She dropped her eyes, and did not answer.

"You found it was no use! Well, I thank you for trying. It's curious to think that I once had your trust, your regard, and now I haven't it. You don't mind my remembering that I had? It 'll be some little consolation, and I believe it will be some help. I know I can't retrieve the past, now. It *is* too late. It seems too preposterous—perfectly lurid—that I could have been going to tell you what a tangle I'd got myself in, and to ask you to help untangle me. I must choke in the infernal coil, but I'd like to have the sweetness of your pity in it—whatever it is."

She put out her hand. "Whatever it is, I do pity you; I said that."

"Thank you." He kissed the hand she gave him and went.

He had gone on some such terms before; was it now for the last time? She believed it was. She felt in herself a satiety, a fatigue, in which his good looks, his invented airs and poses, his real trouble, were all alike repulsive. She did not acquit herself of the wrong of having let him think she might yet have liked him as she once did; but she had been honestly willing to see whether she could. It had mystified her to find that when they first met in New York, after their summer in St. Barnaby, she cared nothing for him; she had expected to punish him for his neglect, and then fancy him as before, but she did not. More and more she saw him selfish and mean, weak-willed, narrow-minded, and hard-hearted; and aimless, with all his talent. She admired his talent in proportion as she learned more of artists, and perceived how uncommon it was; but she said to herself that if she were going to devote herself to art, she would do it at first hand. She was perfectly serene and happy in her final rejection of Beaton; he had worn out not only her fancy, but her sympathy too.

This was what her mother would not believe when Alma reported the interview to her; she would not believe it was the last time they should meet; death itself can hardly convince us that it is the last time of anything, of everything, between ourselves and the dead. "Well, Alma," she said, "I hope you'll never regret what you've done."

"You may be sure I shall not regret it. If ever I'm low-spirited about anything, I'll think of giving Mr. Beaton his freedom, and that will cheer me up."

"And don't you expect to get married? Do you intend to be an old maid?" demanded her mother, in the bonds of the superstition women have so long been under to the effect that every woman must wish to get married, if for no other purpose than to avoid being an old maid.

"Well, mamma," said Alma, "I intend being a young one for a few years yet; and then I'll see. If I meet the right person, all well and good; if not, not. But I shall pick and choose, as a man does; I won't merely be picked and chosen."

"You can't help yourself; you may be very glad if you *are* picked and chosen."

"What nonsense, mamma! A girl can get any man she wants, if she goes about it the right way. And when *my* 'fated fairy prince' comes along, I shall just simply make furious love to him, and grab him. Of course, I shall make a decent pretence of talking in my sleep. I believe it's done that way, more than half the time. The fated fairy prince wouldn't *see* the princess in nine cases out of ten if she didn't say something; he would go mooning along after the maids of honor."

Mrs. Leighton tried to look unspeakable horror; but she broke down and laughed. "Well, you are a strange girl, Alma."

"I don't know about that. But one thing I *do* know, mamma, and that is that Prince Beaton isn't the F. F. P. for *me*. How strange *you* are, mamma! Don't you think it would be perfectly *disgusting* to accept a person you didn't care for, and let him go on and love you and marry you? It's sickening."

"Why certainly, Alma. It's only because I know you *did* care for him once—"

"And now I don't. And he *didn't* care for me once, and now he does. And so we're quits."

"If I could believe—"

"You had better brace up and try, mamma; for, as Mr. Fulkerson says, it's as sure as guns. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he's loathsome to me; and he keeps getting loathsomer. Ugh! Good-night!"

XVI.

"Well, I guess she's given him the grand bounce, at last," said Fulkerson to March in one of their moments of confidence at the office. "That's Mad's inference from appearances—and disappearances; and some little hints from Ma Leighton."

"Well, I don't know that I have any criticisms to offer," said March. "It may be bad for Beaton, but it's a very good thing for Miss Leighton. Upon the whole I believe I congratulate her."

"Well, I don't know. I always kind of hoped it would turn out the other way. You know I always had a sneaking fondness for the fellow."

"Miss Leighton seems not to have had."

"It's a pity she hadn't. I tell you, March, it ain't so easy for a girl to get married, here in the East, that she can afford to despise any chance."

"Isn't that rather a low view of it?"

"It's a common-sense view. Beaton has the making of a first-rate fellow in him. He's the raw material of a great artist and a good citizen. All he wants is somebody to take him in hand and keep him from makin' an ass of himself and kickin' over the traces generally, and ridin' two or three horses bareback at once."

"It seems a simple problem, though the metaphor is rather complicated," said March. "But talk to Miss Leighton about it. *I* haven't given Beaton the grand bounce."

He began to turn over the manuscripts on his table, and Fulkerson went away. But March found himself thinking of the matter from time to time during the day, and he spoke to his wife about it when he went home. She surprised him by taking Fulkerson's view of it.

"Yes, it's a pity she couldn't have made up her mind to have him. It's better for a woman to be married."

"I thought Paul only went so far as to say it was well. But what would become of Miss Leighton's artistic career if she married?"

"Oh, her artistic career!" said Mrs. March, with matronly contempt of it.

"But look here!" cried her husband. "Suppose she doesn't like him?"

"How can a girl of that age tell whether she likes any one or not?"

"It seems to me *you* were able to tell at that age, Isabel. But let's examine this thing. (This thing! I believe Fulkerson is characterizing my whole parlance, as well as your morals.) Why shouldn't we rejoice as much at a non-marriage as a marriage? When we consider the enormous risks people take in linking their lives together, after not half so much thought as goes to an ordinary horse trade, I think we ought to be glad whenever they don't do it. I believe that this popular demand for the matrimony of others comes from our novel-reading. We get to thinking that there is no other happiness or good fortune in life except marriage; and it's offered in fiction as the highest premium for virtue, courage, beauty, learning, and saving human life. We all know it isn't. We know that in reality marriage is dog-cheap, and anybody can have it for the asking—if he keeps asking enough people. By-and-by some fellow will wake up and see that a first-class story can be written from the anti-marriage point of view; and he'll begin with an engaged couple, and devote his novel to *dis*engaging them, and rendering them separately happy ever after in the dénoûment. It will make his everlasting fortune."

"Why don't *you* write it, Basil?" she asked. "It's a delightful idea. You could do it splendidly."

He became fascinated with the notion. He developed it in detail; but at the end he sighed and said, "With this *Every Other Week* work on my hands, of course I can't attempt a novel. But perhaps I sha'n't have it long."

She was instantly anxious to know what he meant, and the novel and Miss Leighton's affair were both dropped out of their thoughts. "What do you mean? Has Mr. Fulkerson said anything yet?"

"Not a word. He knows no more about it than I do. Dryfoos hasn't spoken, and we're both afraid to ask him. Of course, I *couldn't* ask him."

"No."

"But it's pretty uncomfortable, to be kept hanging by the gills, so, as Fulkerson says."

"Yes; we don't know what to do."

March and Fulkerson said the same to each other; and Fulkerson said that if the old man pulled out, he did not know what would happen. He had no capital to carry the thing on, and the very fact that the old man had pulled out would damage it so that it would be hard to get anybody else to put it. In the mean time Fulkerson was running Conrad's office-work, when he ought to be looking after the outside interests of the thing; and he could not see the day when he could get married.

"I don't know which it's worse for, March; you or me. I don't know, under the circumstances, whether it's worse to have a family or to want to have one. Of course—of course! We can't hurry the old man up. It wouldn't be decent, and it would be dangerous. We got to wait."

He almost decided to draw upon Dryfoos for some money; he did not need any, but he said maybe the demand would act as a hint upon him. One day, about a week after Alma's final rejection of Beaton, Dryfoos came into March's office. Fulkerson was out, but the old man seemed not to have tried to see him.

He put his hat on the floor by his chair, after he sat down, and looked at March awhile with his old eyes, which had the vitreous glitter of old eyes stimulated to sleeplessness. Then he said abruptly, "Mr. March, how would you like to take this thing off my hands?"

"I don't understand, exactly," March began; but of course he understood that Dryfoos was offering to let him have *Every Other Week*, on some terms or other, and his heart leaped with hope.

The old man knew he understood, and so he did not explain. He said: "I am going to Europe, to take my family there. The doctor thinks it might do my wife some good; and I ain't very well myself, and my girls both want to go; and so we're goin'. If you want to take this thing off my hands, I reckon I can let you have it in 'most any shape you say. You're all settled here, in New York, and I don't suppose you want to break up, much, at your time of life, and I've been thinkin' whether you wouldn't like to take the thing."

The word, which Dryfoos had now used three times, made March at last think of Fulkerson; he had been filled too full of himself to think of any one else till he had mastered the notion of such wonderful good fortune as seemed about falling to him. But now, he did think of Fulkerson, and with some shame and confusion; for he remembered how when Dryfoos had last approached him there on the business of his connection with *Every Other Week*, he had been very haughty with him, and told him that he did not know him in this connection. He blushed to find how far his thoughts had now run without encountering this obstacle of etiquette.

"Have you spoken to Mr. Fulkerson?" he asked.

"No, I hain't. It ain't a question of management. It's a question of buying and selling. I offer the thing to you, first. I reckon Fulkerson couldn't get on very well without you."

March saw the real difference in the two cases, and he was glad to see it, because he could act more decisively if not hampered by an obligation to consistency. "I am gratified, of course, Mr. Dryfoos; extremely gratified; and it's no use pretending that I shouldn't be happy beyond bounds to get possession of *Every Other Week*. But I don't feel quite free to talk about it, apart from Mr. Fulkerson."

"Oh, all right!" said the old man, with quick offence.

March hastened to say, "I feel bound to Mr. Fulkerson in every way. He got me to come here, and I couldn't even *seem* to act without him."

He put it questioningly, and the old man answered, "Yes, I can see that. When 'll he be in? I can wait." But he looked impatient.

"Very soon, now," said March, looking at his watch. "He was only to be gone a moment," and while he went on to talk with Dryfoos, he wondered why the old man should have come first to speak with him, and whether it was from some obscure wish to make him reparation for displeasures in the past, or from a distrust or dislike of Fulkerson. Whichever light he looked at it in, it was flattering.

"Do you think of going abroad soon?" he asked.

"What? Yes—I don't know—I reckon. We got our passage engaged. It's on one of them French boats. We're goin' to Paris."

"Oh! That will be interesting to the young ladies."

"Yes. I reckon we're goin' for them. 'Tain't likely my wife and me would want to pull up stakes at our age," said the old man, sorrowfully.

"But you may find it do you good, Mr. Dryfoos," said March, with a kindness that was real, mixed as it was with the selfish interest he now had in the intended voyage.

"Well, maybe, maybe," sighed the old man; and he dropped his head forward. "It don't make a great deal of difference what we do or we don't do, for the few years left."

"I hope Mrs. Dryfoos is as well as usual?" said March, finding the ground delicate and difficult.

"Middlin', middlin'," said the old man. "My daughter Christine, she ain't very well."

"Oh," said March. It was quite impossible for him to affect a more explicit interest in the fact. He and Dryfoos sat silent for a few moments, and he was vainly casting about in his thought for something else which would tide them over the interval till Fulkerson came, when he heard his step on the stairs.

"Hello, hello!" he said. "Meeting of the clans!" It was always a meeting of the clans, with Fulkerson, or a field day, or an extra session, or a regular conclave, whenever he saw people of any common interest together. "Hain't seen you here for a good while, Mr. Dryfoos. *Did* think some of running away with *Every Other Week*, one while, but couldn't seem to work March up to the point."

He gave Dryfoos his hand, and pushed aside the papers on the corner of March's desk, and sat down there, and went on briskly with the nonsense he could always talk, while he was waiting for another to develop any matter of business; he told March afterward that he scented business in the air as soon as he came into the room where he and Dryfoos were sitting.

Dryfoos seemed determined to leave the word to March, who said, after an inquiring look at him, "Mr. Dryfoos has been proposing to let us have *Every Other Week*, Fulkerson."

"Well, that's good; that suits yours truly; March & Fulkerson, publishers and proprietors, won't pretend it don't, *if* the terms are all right."

"The terms," said the old man, "are whatever you want 'em. I haven't got any more use for the concern—" He gulped, and stopped; they knew what he was thinking of, and they looked down, in pity. He went on. "I won't put any more money in it; but what I've put in a'ready, can stay; and you can pay me four per cent."

He got upon his feet; and March and Fulkerson stood, too.

"Well, I call that pretty white," said Fulkerson. "It's a bargain, as far as I'm concerned. I suppose you'll want to talk it over with your wife, March?"

"Yes; I shall," said March. "I can see that it's a great chance; but I want to talk it over with my wife."

"Well, that's right," said the old man. "Let me hear from you to-morrow."

He went out, and Fulkerson began to dance round the room. He caught March about his stalwart girth and tried to make him waltz; the office boy came to the door, and looked on with approval.

"Come, come, you idiot!" said March, rooting himself to the carpet.

"It's just throwing the thing into our mouths," said Fulkerson. "The wedding will be this day week. No cards! Teedle-lumpty-diddle! Teedle-lumpty-dee! What do you suppose he *means* by it, March?" he asked, bringing himself soberly up, of a sudden. "What is his little game? Or is he crazy? It don't seem like the Dryfoos of *my* previous acquaintance."

"I suppose," March suggested, "that he's got money enough, so that he don't care for this—"

"Pshaw! You're a poet! Don't you know that the more money that kind of man has got, the more he cares for money? It's some fancy of his—like having Lindau's funeral at his house— By jings, March, I believe *you're* his fancy!"

"Oh, now! Don't *you* be a poet, Fulkerson!"

"I do! He seemed to take a kind of shine to you from the day you wouldn't turn off old Lindau; he did indeed. It kind of shook him up. It made him think you had something *in*

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

you. He was deceived by appearances. Look here! I'm going round to see Mrs. March with you, and explain the thing to her. I *know* Mrs. March! She wouldn't believe you knew what you were going in for. She has a great respect for your mind, but she don't think you've got any sense. Heigh?"

"All right," said March, glad of the notion; and it was really a comfort to have Fulkerson with him to develop all the points; and it was delightful to see how clearly and quickly she seized them; it made March proud of her. She was only angry that they had lost any time in coming to submit so plain a case to her. Mr. Dryfoos might change his mind in the night, and then everything would be lost. They must go to him instantly, and tell him that they accepted; they must telegraph him.

"Might as well send a district messenger; he'd get there next week," said Fulkerson. "No, no! It'll all keep till to-morrow, and be the better for it. If he's got this fancy for March, as I say, he ain't agoing to change it in a single night. People don't change their fancies for March in a lifetime. Heigh?"

When Fulkerson turned up very early at the office, next morning, as March did, he was less strenuous about Dryfoos's fancy for March. It was as if Miss Woodburn might have blown cold upon that theory, as something unjust to his own merit, for which she would naturally be more jealous than he.

March told him, what he had forgotten to tell him the day before, though he had been trying, all through their excited talk, to get it in; that the Dryfooses were going abroad.

"Oh, ho!" cried Fulkerson. "*That's* the milk in the cocoanut, is it? Well, I *thought* there must be something."

But this fact had not changed Mrs. March at all in her conviction that it was Mr. Dryfoos's fancy for her husband which had moved him to make him this extraordinary offer, and she reminded him that it had first been made to him, without regard to Fulkerson. "And perhaps," she went on, "Mr. Dryfoos has been changed—softened; and doesn't find money all in all, any more. He's had enough to change him, poor old man!"

"Does anything from without change us?" her husband mused aloud. "We're brought up to think so by the novelists, who really have the charge of people's thinking, nowadays. But I doubt it, especially if the thing outside is some great event, something cataclysmal, like this tremendous sorrow of Dryfoos's."

"Then what *is* it that changes us?" demanded his wife, almost angry with him for his heresy.

"Well, it won't do to say, the Holy Spirit indwelling. That would sound like cant at this day. But the old fellows that used to say that had some glimpses of the truth. They knew that it is the still, small voice that the soul heeds; not the deafening blasts of doom. I suppose I should have to say that we didn't change at all. We develop. There's the making of several characters in each of us; we *are* each several characters, and sometimes this character has the lead in us, and sometimes that. From what Fulkerson has told me of Dryfoos I should say he had always had the potentiality of better things in him than he has ever been yet; and perhaps the time has come for the good to have its chance. The growth in one direction has stopped; it's begun in another; that's all. The man hasn't been changed by his son's death; it stunned, it benumbed him; but it couldn't change him. It was an event, like any other, and it had to happen as much as his being born. It was forecast from the beginning of time, and was as entirely an effect of his coming into the world—"

"Basil! Basil!" cried his wife. "This is fatalism!"

"Then you think," he said, "that a sparrow falls to the ground *without* the will of God?" and he laughed provokingly. But he went on more soberly. "*I* don't know what it all means, Isabel, though I believe it means good. What did Christ himself say? That if one rose from the dead it would not avail. And yet we are always looking for the miraculous! I believe that unhappy old man truly grieves for his son, whom he treated cruelly without the final intention of cruelty, for he loved him and wished to be proud of him; but I don't think his death has changed him, any more than the smallest event in the chain of events remotely working through his nature from the beginning. But why do you think he's changed at all? Because he offers to sell me *Every Other Week* on easy terms? He says himself that he has no further use for the thing; and he knows perfectly well that he couldn't get his money out of it now, without an enormous shrinkage. He couldn't appear at this late day as the owner, and sell it to anybody but Fulkerson and me for a fifth of what it's cost him. He *can* sell it to us for *all* it's cost him; and four per cent. is no bad interest on his money till we can pay it back. It's a good thing for us; but we have to ask whether Dryfoos has done us the good; or whether it's the blessing of heaven. If it's merely the blessing of heaven, I don't propose being grateful for it."

March laughed again, and his wife said, "It's disgusting."

"It's business," he assented. "Business is business; but I don't say it isn't disgusting. Lindau had a low opinion of it."

"I think that with all his faults, Mr. Dryfoos is a better man than Lindau," she proclaimed.

"Well, he's certainly able to offer us a better thing in *Every Other Week*," said March.

She knew he was enamored of the literary finish of his cynicism, and that at heart he was as humbly and truly grateful as she was for the good fortune opening to them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW EXHIBITS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

NEW YORK has reason to be proud of the growing value of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Each reopening has provided the public with new collections of interest, and this autumn there is an unusual amount added—the architectural exhibit, a fresh collection of musical instruments, and a fine group of mediæval iron-work. The $75,000 bequeathed by Levy Willard has been used very judiciously by the committee, and the result gives the public about one thousand specimens in cast and sculpture.

Immediately to the right of the main entrance-door may be found types of Egyptian architecture; the next alcove takes one north to Syria, and from thence we may travel up to Phœnicia. The most important collection is Greek. We can follow the growth of the world around the hall, and find in succession architectural history displayed in Roman, Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance specimens. A few casts only could be given in the accompanying illustrations—the noble Greek pandrosion portico of the Erechtheum, a portion of the cloister of St. John Lateran, and a fine Roman altar found at Ostia.

The museum was already quite rich in its fine collection of musical instruments, but the additions are of great value. The Drexel exhibit is largely made up of European instruments, whereas the new Brown collection is mainly Oriental and aboriginal. The charm-workers of the American Indian Orpheus should be of especial interest.

The iron-work shows mainly German specimens, with some French, and is confined to locks, bolts, hinges, and key-plates. They are the work of artists rather than artisans. In the old days, before Chubbs and combinations baffled the insidious burglar, he had to be impressed by the massive solidity of the barrier between himself and his heart's desire, and he certainly should have been awed by the bulkiness of some of the superb specimens of hammer-work that have been handed down for the delectation of a more advanced age, where the artist and the artisan have changed places. There are gorgeous gold keys that might unlock fairy-land, and elegant hammered tracery applied by rivets to key plates in the days when a man's house was his castle. HARRY FENN.

CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD.

FOR the second consecutive season the players of the New York Base-ball Club have won the proud title of champions of the world, and it is acknowledged on all hands that they have won it fairly by hard work and consummate skill.

In the series of World's Championship games just ended, the Brooklyn club did better than many New-Yorkers expected, and made a hard struggle. An analysis of the games, however, shows that they were outplayed at all points. The general fielding record shows an average of 91.4 per cent. for New York, and 90.5 per cent. for Brooklyn; while the batting record reveals a still greater discrepancy, the percentages being respectively 30.1 and 21.6. The New York club really had harder work to win the League pennant this year than the World's pennant afterward. The Boston team staid with them neck and neck until the finish, and the loss of two more games would have put New York in second place. It was the closest race ever known in the history of the League. There is no doubt that Boston has the second best club in the country.

It was in 1883 that the New York club entered the League. That year it finished sixth. In 1884 it was fifth; in 1885, second; in 1886, third; and in 1887, fourth. Last year it occupied a low position until about the middle of the season, and then took a spurt that landed it in first place in less than two months. This year it has been first or second throughout the most of the season. The credit for the remarkable record of the club during the past two years must be ascribed in large measure to Captain William Ewing, more familiarly known to base-ball lovers as "Buck." The spurt of last year began from the time that he went behind the bat and staid there. He has caught in more games during the past two years than any other man in the country. He has made more base hits and more runs and stolen more bases than any other catcher. His career as captain only began about two years ago. The club had had good captains before, notably John Ward; but somehow the members of the team did not work together as they should, and while they were excellent individual players, they lost games through a lack of *esprit de corps*. At the present time there is not a team in the country whose members work together better, and play less for individual brilliancy or more for the good of the whole, than the New York.

In his capacity as captain, Ewing aims always to put into the field the best team he can for that particular occasion. He shows admirable judgment in selecting his men, and especially in assigning his pitchers against other clubs. Every club has its "terror" in the pitcher's box. One may be able to hit Keefe, but not to gauge Crane successfully; while against a third O'Day or Welch may prove most effective. Ewing is a good coach too. He kicks against any sharp practice by the other side promptly and effectively, and against the umpire's decision, if there is any good excuse for such a course. He watches chances carefully, encourages base runners judiciously, and employs signs that are not known to the opponents, and that are often directly at variance with his spoken words.

The position of catcher used to be considered years ago the most important on the team, and the catcher was almost always the captain. More recently the place has lost some of its prestige. Notwithstanding its apparent difficulty, there are more good catchers than good third-base-men, second-base-men, or short-stops, and the law of demand and supply has raised the price of good infielders as compared with catchers. In Ewing's hands, however, the place regains all its pristine importance. Every player feels that the man behind the bat is in command of the field. Every fielder can see him and watch his signs, and every one feels an absolute confidence that no balls will go by him, and that if he throws the ball it will go straight to its intended destination. Ewing throws very hard, but second-base-men say that his balls are easier to hold than other catchers'. No doubt this is partly because they are thrown so accurately. It was a fitting end to the World's Championship series that the last put out should be made by a throw of Ewing's to second base.

There is one catcher who has a smaller percentage of errors than Ewing for the season's work; but Ewing has more than twice as many "assists" as the other, and has stopped probably twice as many wild pitches. It is one thing to get a good percentage by avoiding errors, and quite another to attain one and still try for every possible chance. Ewing does not play for his record, but to win games. He is the "King of Catchers," and ranks among captains along with Harry Wright and Adrian C. Anson.



"Wot yer doin', chile? Tryin' to rense out dat bar'l wid common water? Waal I spec's yer ain't t' blame fer wot yer dunno."



"Jes yo' run roun' to de shed an' git two or free hunks er lime outer my whitewash pail, an' yo' uncle Rastus 'l show yo' *how* to rense a bar'l."



"Now lime am de gretest thing fer cleanin' yo' eber seed. So first put in de lime."



"*Den* put in yo' water."

A LESSON IN CHEMISTRY.



"An' poun' de bung in to keep it off frum yo' clo'e."



"Den jes wrassle it roun' as if de—"

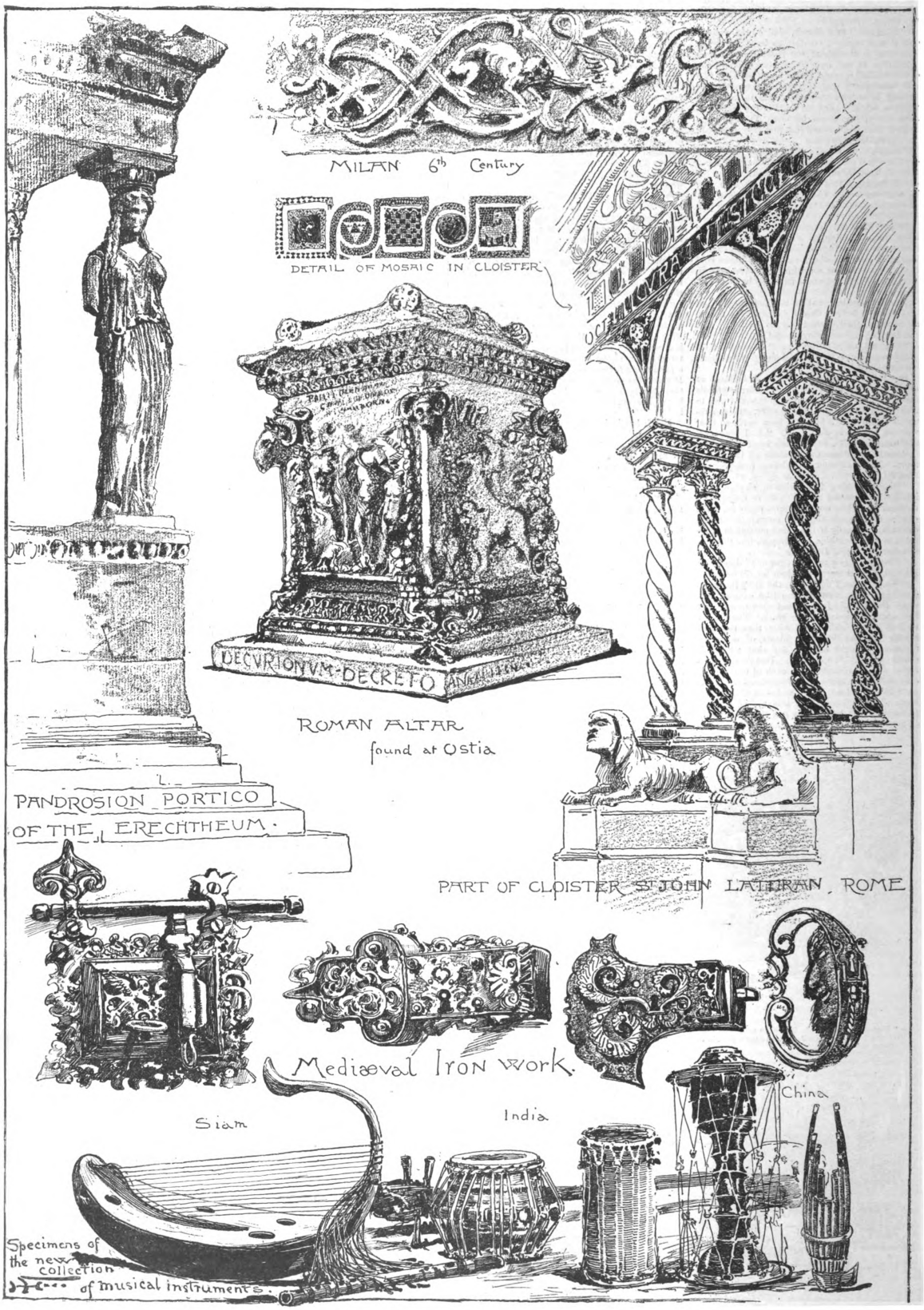


Fizz-z-z—Boom—!!**!!—!



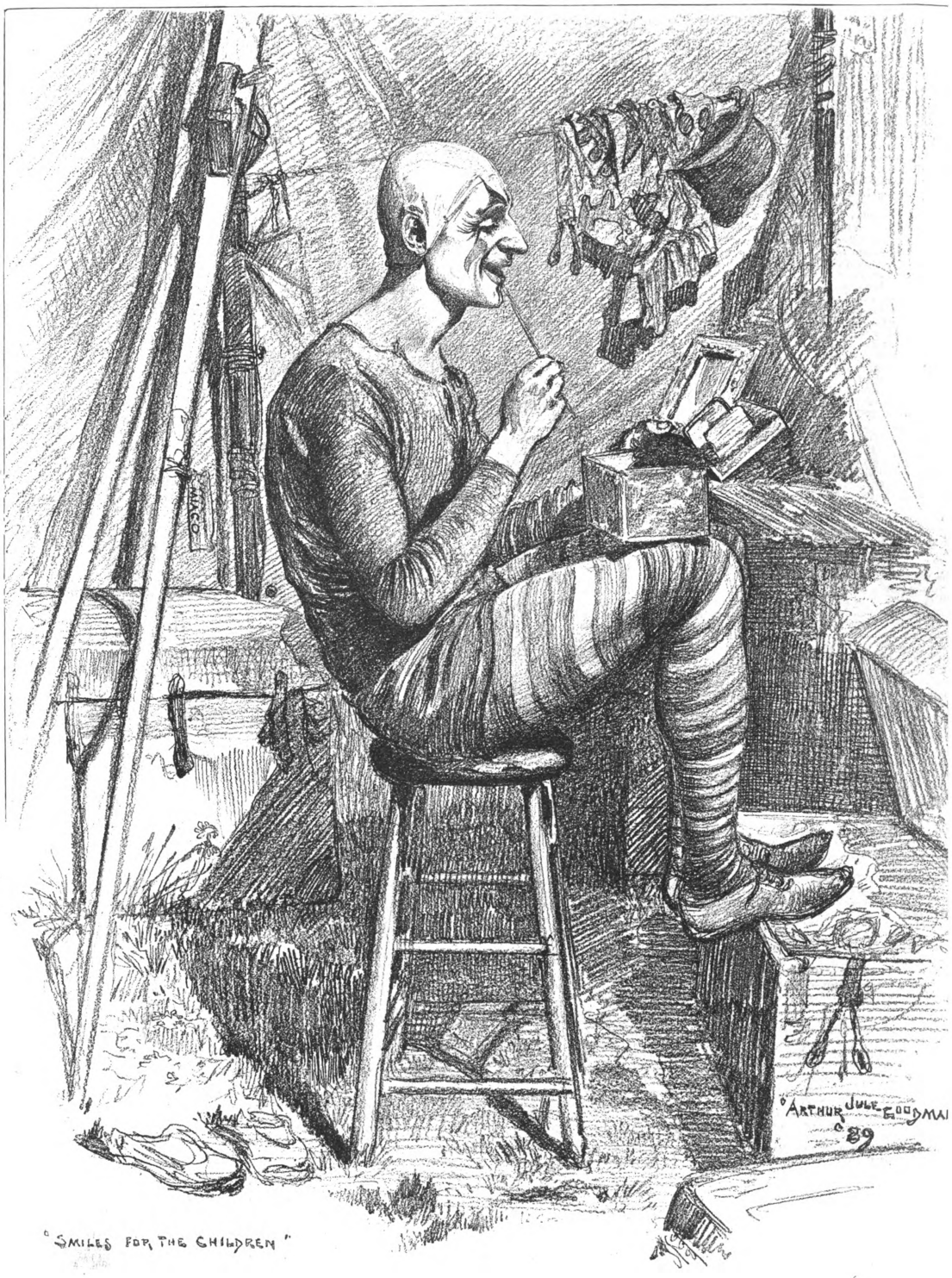
"Gret King! Dar must 'a' ben dimemite in dat ar' bar'l."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SOME NEW EXHIBITS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 899.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"SMILES FOR THE CHILDREN"

IN THE WAKE OF A CIRCUS.

(*Continued from page* 888, *Supplement.*)

"If I only had a little more light," said he, "I think I could manage a farewell sketch." No sooner said than done. The Triple Horizontal Bar went out the side of the carry-all, returning at once with a lantern.

"I swiped one of Pop's lights," said he; "Pop's asleep."

"To think," whispered the Artist, "that 'the swiper' is he I saw one evening reading, with tears in his eyes, a letter from home!"

The lantern, held by Old Hayseed, lit up the drums, stored in the carry-all for the night. It was two o'clock by the chimes when we brushed under the dripping elms of the next town. The stars were bright as ever, the garden posies as fragrant; the lantern burned still, the Artist sketched on. Surrounded by so much good-will, he declared he could have sketched in the dark. Piano, pianissimo, died away the final, inappropriate song, "Home, Sweet Home," as we tiptoed into the parlor of the inn, and gave a ghostly art exhibition of all the sketches by the light of a single kerosene lamp—a reception held in whispers save for the prohibition popping of sarsaparilla and ginger-beer.

It was with friendly feeling, and not without respect, that we said good-night and good-by to these people, so brave in their own sufferings, so easily moved by the troubles of others; so harmless in their innocent jealousies, so sincere in generous impuls

Clown made a pretty speech at parting, closing with the

"Like unto two bits of drift-wood tossed on life's raging n
We meet and greet and sever, perhaps never to meet ags

Next morning, on the railroad train, we rubbed our e
looked at the sketches to make sure we had not been dr
Even then it all seemed like something we had read a lo
ago; only, when I pass a nice level lot on upper Fifth A
find myself saying, "That would be a capital site for th
tent." And nowadays, when it rains hard, the Artist b
worry, and exclaims, "Dear me! I am afraid that will go
the canvas."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE CITY OF CLEVELAND.

As far back in American history as the troubled time immediately preceding the French and Indian war, while yet the stubborn red men were contesting the pioneer settlement of western New York and Pennsylvania, the site of the city of Cleveland, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, was picked out by far-sighted men as an excellent one upon which to build a town to handle the trade of the Great Lakes. The first man of note to suggest the building of Cleveland was Benjamin Franklin, who, in offering in his Philadelphia newspaper a plan for the defence of the English frontiers, proposed, among other things, that at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River "a post should be formed and a town erected for the trade of the lakes." As the English colonists at that particular time were in no condition to plant military posts and build towns in so remote and barbaric a region as the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, the suggestion was not acted upon, nor was anything done toward utilizing so good a town site until long after the Revolutionary war.

The Indians and Indian traders of the Lake Erie region had made use of the Cuyahoga River for the purpose of trading with Pittsburgh for many years, but the first attempt at a systematic form of land and water traffic was made in 1786, when a Pittsburgh firm sent ninety pack-horses and thirty men to the mouth of the Cuyahoga with a consignment of flour to be shipped to Detroit. The flour was forwarded to Detroit in a sail-boat. The men engaged in the work built a small cabin on the river-bank near what is now the foot of Superior Street, Cleveland.

Although this may be claimed as the beginning of the business career of Cleveland, yet the actual work was not taken in hand until July, 1796. In 1795 the Legislature of Connecticut sold three million acres of the Western Reserve, adjoining the western border of Pennsylvania, to a number of men who subsequently formed the Connecticut Land Company, of which General Moses Cleaveland, of Canterbury, Connecticut, was one of the leading directors. General Cleaveland was placed at the head of a surveying party in the spring of 1796, and sent to survey the lands east of the Cuyahoga River, and to lay out a town on the best available spot. Upon reaching the eastern edge of the Reserve the surveyors set to work, while General Cleaveland and a few others continued on to the mouth of the Cuyahoga, where they established the party's head-quarters. A cabin was built on the bank of the river, where, ten years prior, the Pittsburgh traders had pitched their summer camp. The traders' cabin had disappeared, but a dilapidated log-house, presumably the property originally of the Northwestern Fur Company, was found standing on the opposite side of the river. Another cabin stood on the lake shore, near the foot of what is now Willson Avenue, where a party of shipwrecked fur traders had passed the winter of 1786-7. With General Cleaveland were Mr. and Mrs. Job P. Stiles, who thus became the first family to settle in Cuyahoga County. Mr. Stiles had charge of the company's stores, and, it may be inferred, his wife did the cooking for the party.

The work of choosing a town site was not difficult. General Cleaveland selected a tract of land at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, and without delay set surveyors to work at laying out the new town. The principal streets of the present city of Cleveland were thus brought into existence. General Cleaveland gave the new place his name; but its inhabitants of a later generation, for reasons not clearly known, omitted the "a" from the first syllable of the word. Having named the town and finished his surveys, General Cleaveland left for home, with his party, before the close of October. The only persons who remained behind as settlers of the town were Mr. and Mrs. Stiles and an Indian trader, whose place was subsequently taken by Edward Paine, afterward known as General Paine, founder of Painesville, Ohio. General Cleaveland never afterward saw the town that bore his name, but up to the time of his death, in 1806, he always had a keen regard for its welfare.

These interesting details of the early life of Cleveland might be continued almost indefinitely, and good stories might be told of local rivalries and other incidents of frontier growth to serve as a background to the present; but those things are long since past, and the Cleveland of to-day is not the kind of city that looks back to regret what is often spoken of as the good old days. Cleveland is living very much in the present, and incidentally looking forward to a still more brilliant future. Possibly the future is open to conjecture, yet the justification for a complacent view of the present is reasonably well founded. There can be no doubt that Cleveland is rich and prosperous, and that in the manufacture of some things she is the equal of any city in America; yet, in estimating the progressive value of such a state of affairs, the fact should not be overlooked that the underlying principle of this material affluence is conservatism. Cleveland people say of themselves that they "think two or three times" before making up their minds to do a thing, yet whatever of loss this may imply in the prosecution of private business, or in the conduct of public affairs, it brings some compensation in the way of financial safety and mercantile credit, each of which is of value to any community, and especially to a manufacturing city like Cleveland. Possibly the city's conservatism may have had some effect in attracting manufacturing concerns, and so building up a strong industrial community; yet I am inclined to think that the location of the place, and its nearness to coal lands, mineral deposits, and lumber forests had more to do with it. Herein exists a peculiar condition of urban growth. From its geographical situation, Cleveland was originally considered to be a prominent commercial and shipping point, yet so little was ever done, apparently, to encourage this branch of general business that the manufacturing industry arose and overshadowed it so completely that to-day the wholesale mercantile trade is comparatively of small account. With Detroit, Cleveland's rival on the other side of Lake Erie, the same state of things exists in a similar degree. The manufacturing industry practically grew of its own accord, while the mercantile business, having been in no way assisted by concerted public movement, merely kept pace with the local demand, and as a result the city of Cleveland, although possessing a population of close upon a quarter of a million, is not as large as her opportunities seemed to justify. This, however, is Cleveland's own affair. If her people are so well satisfied with her present size that they do not see any necessity for trying to increase it, the rest of the country has no just cause for criticism, and especially as Cleveland's inhabitants have reason for being satisfied, to some extent at least, with the character and standing of their city.

In most respects, Cleveland is a city that any State, or, for that matter, any country, might feel proud of. To say nothing of the extent and national importance of her manufactures, which include ocean steam-ship machinery, and nearly all the heavier products of iron, Cleveland has for years taken a place in the affairs of the nation inferior to that of no other city of her size in the United States. This fact alone indicates, more than statistics are capable of, the temper and intellectual quality of Cleveland's representative men. It is entirely natural that this should be so, for Cleveland is the centre of that intelligence and culture for which the people of Northern and Eastern Ohio have long been noted. One need not search legislative records or public libraries for evidences of these characteristics, for even a superficial examination of Cleveland's architectural and topographical features will make their existence apparent. Whether driving down Euclid Avenue—one of the handsomest residence thoroughfares in the United States—whether walking through Wade Park, or whether watching the movement of the city's commercial life from the height of the great Superior Street Viaduct, which spans the Cuyahoga River with lofty masses of stone and iron, the visitor will be impressed with the good taste, good sense, and mental breadth of Cleveland's people. In its material attributes, as well as in the social attainments and culture of its residents, Euclid Avenue represents the most advanced type of Western civilization. The quiet tones of its architecture, the tasteful arrangement of its lawns and private walks, and the care with which the street itself is maintained, have become matters of more than local repute. The owners of its houses are, for the most part, men who have made their fortunes in iron, oil, coal, and other branches of business that centre in Cleveland. The proportion of these men who have retired from the daily routine of affairs is as large as in any other city in the country, I think, with the possible exception of Boston and Philadelphia. Not all of them, I am told, have their legal homes in Cleveland, although they live there constantly. The tax laws of Ohio are peculiar, at least in so far as they compel the holders of bonds and stocks to pay taxes, like owners of real estate. To evade this law, some of the wealthy holders of bonds and stocks have ostensible homes in New York city, where the bondholder is unvexed by the wicked tax-gatherer. It may be remembered that twenty-seven citizens of Cincinnati were found doing the same thing. A committee of tax-payers make a practice of looking into the financial circumstances of wealthy men. One disgusted resident of Ohio has been made to pay $190,000 for back taxes. As one of my informants on these matters rather sadly observed, it is, indeed, "unpleasant to be a rich man in Ohio."

There is one wealthy resident of Cleveland, however, whose feelings are not harrowed by such cruel laws as this, and yet who just as successfully ignores public sentiment. This is a wealthy landowner who maintains about one hundred acres of cow pasture in almost the heart of the city—within a mile, in fact, of the public square in Superior Street. He will neither sell nor lease, and what is more galling to adjoining property owners, he pays taxes at farm rates. It has been suggested that the land be condemned, and taken for park purposes; but this action, it is argued, is hardly necessary at present, in view of the extent and attractiveness of Wade Park, which comprises 63½ acres of lake and shaded upland. The park was presented to the city by Mr. J. H. Wade, who thus created for himself a monument that will far outlast his generation. Not far away is another and more noted monument, which, in massive bulk and sculptured stone, tells the immortal story of the martyred Garfield. It is a story that Cleveland knows better than any other city; for here, as well as the little town of Mentor, where his widow now lives, was his home. It was fitting, therefore, that Cleveland should share with Ohio and the nation the honor of erecting this graceful memorial. The funds were raised by popular subscription, the result of which showed, in a practical way, the earnest desire of the people to do honor to their dead friend. The monument stands in Lakeview Cemetery, on the summit of a gentle hill, where its massive base and its rounded bulk dominate the peaceful landscape for miles around. The heavy stone of the structure is appropriately from the quarries of Ohio, while the sculptured marbles of the interior are from the best quarries of Italy. Aside from the receptacle for the casket, the chief interest of the interior of the monument lies in the tablets in *bas-relief*, which picture various scenes and incidents in Garfield's life. Pleasing contrast to this is provided by a judicious and artistic distribution of color in the decorations of the walls and windows. The monument is at the suburban end of Euclid Avenue, which has its beginning five miles away, at Monumental Square, in the centre of the city. Around the square are grouped most of the public buildings, and in it are other works of art in honor of men who have had to do with Cleveland. The marble statue of Commodore Perry, on the highest level of the square, has for years been one of the landmarks of the city, while a few rods farther down the gentle slope the new bronze figure of Moses Cleaveland gazes out with unseeing eyes upon the rustic bridge, the bubbling fountains, and the hastening throngs of people passing to and fro among the trees. Nearer the centre of the square one of Perry's historic cannons frowns upon the rumbling traffic of the streets, as though set there in grim protection of the flag floating from the peak of the monster liberty pole close at hand.

It is a pleasant spot, but to the student of affairs there are other attractions elsewhere, one of the most important of which is the great Superior Street Viaduct, whose lofty roadway spans the little Cuyahoga Valley for a distance of 3211 feet, very nearly at the spot where the first cabin was built on the Cleveland town site. Upon the dedication of the structure, in December, 1878, the total cost was given as $2,500,000. From the roadway of the viaduct the visitor gets an excellent view of the busy part of the city. Southward, in a haze of drifting smoke, is a vista of high bridges perched on slender iron posts, dominated by the mighty length of the Central Viaduct, which connects the east and south sides of the city, with a towering thoroughfare of iron. The distant sky is obscured by smoke from huge oil refineries and iron-works, while closer at hand are net-works of railway tracks, great piles of lumber, and the masts and funnels of vessels in the serpentine course of the Cuyahoga. In the foreground are draw-bridges, warehouses, and railway tracks. One may toss the traditional pebble from his point of view down upon the roof of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway Station, which here marks the ending of one of the Erie's oldest and most prosperous branch lines. The Erie is one of the historic institutions of Cleveland and the surrounding country, and naturally is a favorite route between Cleveland and New York. The station of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, which is operated practically as the western end of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, is appropriately located on the shore of Lake Erie, near the Lakeside Park, a few blocks north of the Superior Street Viaduct. Within sight of the viaduct, on the north, are more warehouses and an increasing number of masts and funnels, but the air is free of smoke here, and the eye sees everything distinctly, even to the cold blue expanse of Lake Erie stretching out to the Canadian shore, with here and there a dim pyramid of swelling canvas or a trail of faint smoke against the sky.

After viewing this part of the city from the stone viaduct, the observer can have little doubt of the wealth and solidity of Cleveland. If he has doubts, the newspapers will always be found ready to set him right. Like most of the publications of Ohio, the newspapers of Cleveland are creditable alike to themselves and to the people who read them. The *Leader*, of which Mr. Edwin Cowles is editor, is the oldest morning daily in the city. Its evening edition is called the *News and Herald*. It is worthy of mention that the *News* was the first eight-page afternoon paper in America. A feature of the *Leader* that might be imitated to advantage elsewhere is the plan by which the best men in the various departments of the paper are permitted to buy shares in the capital stock. The *Plain-dealer*, of which Mr. L. E. Holden is the chief stockholder, prints both a morning and an evening edition. It was on this paper that the immortal Artemus Ward began his humorous career. In addition to the *Press*, which is a penny afternoon paper, there are the German dailies, and various weekly and monthly publications. The success of Cleveland newspapers denotes in Cleveland people the reading habit, which has clearly been fostered by the public-school system of the city. Persons directly interested in the work of the schools take some pride in the fact that certain educational publications of Boston acknowledge that Cleveland schools rank next to Boston schools in point of merit. When it is considered that the honest Cleveland citizen has neglected no opportunity within recent years to denounce the administrative rascality and corruption of the School Board, which has been charged with school-furniture irregularities, and other things not easy of enumeration here, the excellence of the Cleveland schools is at first glance a matter of some surprise; but when the fact is taken into account that many of the inhabitants are of New England and New York derivation, the anomaly is fully explained. Another evidence of the educational tendencies of Cleveland people is the Western Reserve University, which ranks high among Western institutions of learning for the breadth and thoroughness of its scope of instruction. Adelbert College, which is a part of the University organization, was endowed by Amasa Stone for his son, who was drowned some years ago.

Another New England characteristic is shown in the church element, the material manifestations of which are unusually impressive and attractive. In one of the churches, a man who has made a large fortune in oil-refining bears half of the yearly expenses. There are many other indications in and about the city of the refinement and culture of the Cleveland people, but to the visitor these things speak for themselves. In connection with the features that I have touched upon, they tell the story of a rich and cultured city, and a surrounding country great in natural resources and enterprising inhabitants. The city has been rather slow in building, but that, doubtless, will be remedied in time.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

SUNRISE ON EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND.

PARK-LIKE green lawns, close-clipped, and fresh as June,
On which, through oak and elm and maple boughs,
The dewy morning looks, but cannot rouse
The antlered deer from his green couch. Though soon
His foe would seem to come, yet steadfast noon
Finds both the same. Here beauty manifold
Is found—the canna with its red and gold
Starring the shade, the fountain's changing rune.

Written in diamond spray and rainbow arcs,
Rare vases with their pendent green and bloom,
And vistas that the sun's first rays illume
Down which fair Floras strew their marble flowers.
Here Art with Nature dwells, and beauty marks
With ever-varying change the passing hours.

H. T. SUPPIGTH.

THE FITTING-OUT OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

IN ships the great captains of old commanded, sailors had to be bred to the business. Early in life Jack had to take into his nostrils whiff of tar and reek of bilge-water. We have very much modified these conditions, and how far these modifications are to go, no one can say. If philosophical reasons were presented explanatory of these changes in the manning of the English and American or other navies, the same arguments would be advanced as suggest themselves when any manufacturing enterprise is studied. As a mobile floating fortress, an iron-clad contains the whole sum of man's ingenuity. Within her 10,000 tons or more there must be solved problems of speed, of resistance, of offence, and when you approach these three subjects, as far apart as the poles from the equator, you necessarily include within them, saving the fine arts, the mastery of every other science man has grappled with ever since he fashioned a flint tool.

The efficiency of the ship of war is by no means belittled when looked at as a factory. The man bred in the service hardly sees it in this way, but the civilian does. In the factory mechanical appliances supplant human power; so in our war ships mechanical devices do away with what were once men's arms and legs.

"How do you man a ship of war?" is a question the civilian asks the naval officer.

The answer is sharp, clear, and somewhat unexpected: "Size of vessel must be borne in mind, but it really means number of guns and grate area; you might say grate area first, guns afterward."

"Grate area!" How much is expressed in these two words! From the proper combustion of the lump of coal the whole terrific mechanism of destruction begins.

We are bound to respect Salamis, to rejoice with Themistocles for his naval victory over Xerxes, and feel proud because the Greeks lost only twenty ships and the Persians forty. It was a hard-fought engagement, where the Greeks behaved in the most gallant manner. Now look at the methods to be employed by the officer in command of a ship to-day when engaging with an enemy of about the same size. Cooped up in his conning tower, peering through the slits of it, without even a side arm, that commander is a chess-player rather than a fighter of ships, but the game he engages in is one full of tragic possibilities. Close to his hands are various knobs, united by means of electrical wires with the many parts of the ship. At his will he may drive his vessel into his enemy. He might fire his guns, selecting any particular one. He has the whole ship under his own individual charge. He wields it as if it were a single weapon. Fancy the *Chicago* in such a sea-fight as that when the Romans and Carthaginians met! There would really be no necessity to waste an ounce of the *Chicago's* powder. With her crew under cover, she could steam straight in through the middle of such a Roman fleet, and crush triremes and quinqueremes as if they were egg-shells.

The complexities found within the fighting ship of 1889 seem to seek for their best control a single hand. If it were possible to carry into one small box a foot square, as a terminal station, all the lines, wires, which stream over the ship, and so govern every machine in it, that would be perfection. It stands to reason that throughout the whole of the mechanical processes the end of this evolution is to get entirely rid of that uncertain factor which is the man. For the many hundreds of ordinary personal equations which are untrained, are to be substituted the highest intelligences of one, or two, or three men.

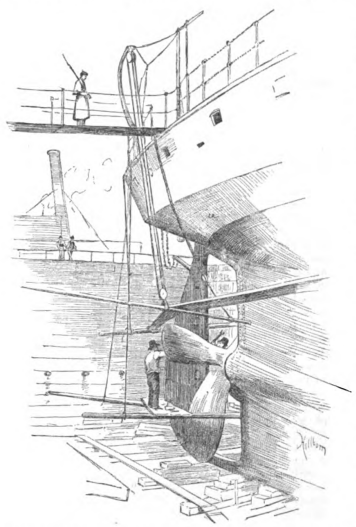
Intense rapidity in the work is an element sought after in warfare, and the performance of anything in the briefest period is all-important. The time elapsing when the archer loosed his bowstring was a long one when compared with the fall of the hammer on the nipple of the gun, and that was too slow, for it had to give way to the electrical firing of the gun. Mechanical, electrical devices on shipboard are always increasing, and now we can understand more clearly what is meant by "grate area."

The time must come when, unless for display, the number of men known as seamen employed on board of a man-of-war must diminish—that is to say, in proportion to the increasing effectiveness of the ship. It is the logical conclusion of mechanical development. It looks, then, as if the engineering force, men skilled in the handling of tools, willing, too, to be killed, will alone be in greater demand.

Here is a monitor, belted cruiser, battle ship, corvette, ram, or gun-boat, tied up along a navy-yard dock. Her hull is all right, her engine completed; she may want a spar or two, and she is to be made ready for a cruise. What is the preparation of a man-of-war for actual service? It having been decided by the Secretary of the Navy

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

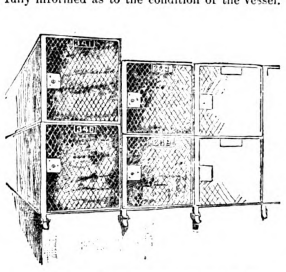
that the vessel shall go into service, the various bureaus of the department are notified. First comes the Bureau of Construction and Repair. This bureau knows all about the condition of the hull, its soundness or unsoundness, the spars the vessel carries, and whether her boats are seaworthy or not. It has an eye on the furniture of the ship, her tanks, her plumbing. Next the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting is informed of the purpose of the Secretary of the Navy. This bureau has a double functioning power. It takes under its care the sails, the rigging, the awnings, the galley, the anchors, the chains, the mess furniture, the *personnel* of the crew, including the care of the apprentices. The Bureau of Engineering now receives its instructions, and attends to the engines, boilers, dependencies, distilling apparatus, the heating and ventilation of the ship. The Bureau of Ordnance has charge of the guns, ammunition, small-arms, torpedoes, search lights, and many other things.



TIGHTENING THE WHEEL OF THE "ATLANTA" ON THE DRY-DOCK.

We have now a ship with the men allotted, the machinery, the guns, the powder and shells; but the hands must be fed and clothed. The Bureau of Provision and Clothing at once looks out for the bread, beef, pickles, the dietary of the crew, and busies itself as to the rig the sailor wears. We could not sail our ship without knowing what was north or south, and here comes in the services of the Bureau of Navigation, which has under its keeping the nautical instruments. It gives the flags, books, charts, the surveying, the electric and other lighting apparatus, as the search lights, the sounding machine, the musical instruments for the band, and the electrical bells. It is the commandant of the marines whose duty it is to detail the guard of sea soldiers.

The vessel herself is at a navy-yard, and the commandant of that particular yard is instructed to prepare her for sea. At once he issues his orders to the representatives of the different bureaus at the yard under his control. For each class of vessel there has been made in these bureaus what is known as "an allowance," and then the officer in charge of the particular department within the navy-yard sends at once to the general shop-keeper at the yard a schedule of such articles as the vessel needs, to be taken from his stores. These articles, if in stock, are at once selected by the store-keeper, and laid aside as appropriated to the vessel designated. If they are not in store, they are at once called for by the general store-keeper, to be furnished by the proper bureau. Another yard may have the wanting articles. If not forth-coming, they are at once purchased, or if the yard manufactures the articles, they are at once made. Each department in a navy-yard attends strictly to its own special work. A date having been fixed when the vessel is to be ready, the departments govern themselves as to the time required. It is expected that everything shall be ready at the exact time designated. The commandant of the yard is kept fully informed as to the condition of the vessel.



LOCKER OF THE MAN-OF-WAR "CHICAGO."

He notes each day the progress made in repairing, if repairs are in order, and in due time informs the department at Washington when she is ready for her officers.

The Office of Detail, attached to the Bureau of Navigation at the Navy Department, knows beforehand that officers are wanted at a certain date. These officers, having been selected, are ordered to report at a given day to the commander of the navy-yard for duty on the vessel. If these officers report that the vessel is far enough advanced to receive her crew, she is put "in commission"; that is to say, she is handed over to her commanding officer. Then at once that officer becomes responsible for the ship. Her flag and pennant are hoisted when she is turned over to the commander. He reads his orders in presence of such of the officers and crew as are assembled. The log-book of the ship is now commenced, to be continued while he is in command. At once the ship's officers report to the commander, and enter on their respective duties. On the executive officer, who is second in command, devolves the duty of organizing the crew. He selects the petty officers, and assigns to each man his station for all evolutions. The executive officer divides as equally as possible the crew into the two watches—starboard and port—and puts them into messes of from sixteen to twenty, assigning them to the various parts of the ship, usually the forecastle, foretop, maintop, mizzen-top, and after-guard. Each part is under the charge of a petty officer known as captain of the forecastle, or of the maintop, etc. These messes have the right to select their own cook, and he draws provisions from the paymaster, and prepares the food for the ship's cook, who cooks it.

The executive officer selects the boats' crews, and the men are put in charge of the coxswains. The captains of the various parts of the ship select men for sweepers, hammock storers, side cleaners, top keepers, etc. It is the master at arms who is the chief petty officer of the ship, and is virtually its head of police. The captain of the hold has in charge that important part of the ship, and it is his duty to see that it is kept clean, and that all in it is properly secured. Officers and men, having had their duties regulated, now get their stores and outfits on board. The vessel is coaled, provisioned, and soon settles down into a condition of order and cleanliness.

Before the ship sails she is inspected by a board of officers to ascertain if she is properly fitted out in all respects, and if the regulations have been carried out. Say she is away for a number of years. Upon her return from a cruise she is again inspected, to see if her crew has been properly drilled, to find out her efficiency, and whether the vessel has been well cared for. This inspection is carried out once in every six months when a vessel is on a station, the admiral or senior officer in command performing this duty. Before going to sea, a report called the Descriptive Muster-roll, containing a list of every one on board, is sent to the department. Should any changes take place, or there be deaths or desertions, the name, number, and identity of each individual can be had. This Descriptive Muster-roll is taken each time a vessel leaves port.

This is succinct and plain enough as a general statement, but when the details of it all are comprehended, the minutiæ of it are endless. From a needle to an anchor is supposed to give some idea of completeness in a general hardware business, but a ship of war at sea carries with her almost everything from an anemometer to a thumb-tack. Let us take, to begin with, such objects as a Bureau of Navigation is ready to furnish, on proper requisitions, for a ship on her first cruise. The skipper of the ordinary sailing vessel, when he has a sextant, a spy-glass, a compass or two, a chronometer, a fair watch, a log, some charts, or, if he is very scientific, a thermometer, thinks he has all the requisites. At the Brooklyn Navy-yard the officer who has in charge the Bureau of Navigation stands ready to fill up deficits which may amount to 1500 various articles. Forty-seven pages of fool's-cap, printed all down one side, give the names of the many items. Beginning with a box chronometer on page 1, the list ends with a tuba, E flat, on page 47. In nautical instruments alone there are thirty odd varieties. Here are six kinds of chronometers, five varieties of compasses, and of sextants seven sorts. There are standard alidades and ektropometers. Meteorological instruments are eleven. A ship often makes surveys, and for this purpose a perfect list of instruments and implements, including the photographic apparatus, is included. As to charts, what could a ship do without them? There is no chart published of which the Navy Department must not have copies ready for distribution. It is not for the amusement of the officers on board of ship, but for their instruction, that books are provided. Added to the Bible and Prayer-book is to be found a collection of volumes of the most general character. Perhaps in that discussion which raged so persistently a twelvemonth ago as to what were "the best 100 books," what the navy gives out might have been considered as solving the question, only it leaves out fiction. Here is an entire library covering all the fields of research. If an officer be desirous of acquiring any foreign language while at sea, in the library his country gives him all the opportunities are permitted him. As to works on travel, the collection is very complete.

Electrical equipments, from a dynamo to a lamp, with all the tools necessary, are to be had. The rapid development electricity has made on shipboard is shown by the variety of requisitions. That portion entitled "Signal-books and Apparatus" covers three pages. Here are all the code books—the tactical, international, and the particular one which serves the United States navy. As to the signals themselves, represented by blue-lights, rockets, they are many; and of lanterns and lamps, they are endless. For sounding, you can begin with the old ten-pound lead with its lump of tallow at the bottom, until you get to the most perfect of all machines, the Thomson sounding machine, with its miles of piano wire.

At the late centennial our ships made a fair display of bunting. The department having flags in its charge supplies vessels with the banners of the world. There are eight different sizes of ensigns, six of pennants, with four union-jacks, with flags of the Secretary of the Navy, the admirals, vice and rear, with commodores' pennants. Then there are signal flags and signal numbers. A ship must be courteous, and flings to the breeze the particular flag of the country she visits. In process of manufacture at the Brooklyn Navy-yard may be seen the Chinese flag, in the act of having a last stitch put to the tail of the imperial dragon. As to writing material, blank forms, pens, inks, and colors, the stock in trade of a stationer is to be had. This list of articles a ship wants concludes, as far as the Bureau of Navigation goes, with all the instruments necessary for the equipment of a first-class brass band, trombone, piccolo, and cymbals included.

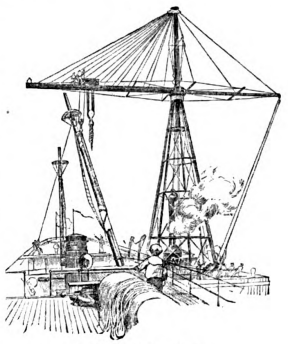
The ship, it is now to be presumed, can find her way anywhere over the seas; but where are her teeth? The bureau having in charge the ordnance equipments and stores of the United States now sets in the fangs. When that department has done with her she will have all the possibilities for rending and tearing. What this bureau can furnish is divided into the categories of "Main Battery and equipments," "Secondary Battery and equipments," "small-arms and equipments," "ammunition," "permanent fittings," "magazine and shell-room equipments," "stores and miscellaneous articles," and lastly, "torpedo outfit and explosives." Take the first subject, "Main Battery and equipments." Here are some 279 different things, beginning with aprons and concluding with yokes. You may have breechings, carriages, cradles, cranks, extractors, grio-lets, gripes, handspikes, mushrooms, plugs, rattles, shields, sponges (seventeen varieties), tompions, tongs, trays, tubs, and every possible kind of wrench. Here are four different kinds of guns, "from ten-inch to five-inch"; that is to say, they are so catalogued, though it is doubtful if they could be supplied at once, for big guns are not manufactured like sewing-machines. In the "Secondary Battery" are to be found the Hotchkiss guns and cannons, with all their equipments, together with the Gatlings; what are known as "fixings" run over columns. "Small-arms and equipments" presents a category of destructive implements better understood. You begin with a bag, next a bayonet, and you run along to belts, boxes for cartridges, and get on to canteens, and come to cutlasses. You are quite at home with cutlasses; and you recall your sea-fights in the story-books, and boarders, and all that kind of thing; but really if you inquire into the use of the cutlass on board of a ship of to-day, its efficiency would be about the same as would be a cross-bow. It is a relic of the past—that is to say, as far as modern fighting goes. Its usefulness lies as an implement which takes really the place of dumb-bells for the ship's crew; and it is



SOME OLD RELICS.

convenient on this account, as are single-sticks, a quota of which are always furnished a man-of-war. Probably in the last forty years, even including the civil war, there has not been given more than a dozen cuts with a cutlass. Masks for cutlass drill are to be had. Here are Colt's pistols, and pikes. "Pikes!" That is again a return to the times of old, and as respectable and venerable as would be halberds. A crew might, however, have to take to the land, burrow in the ground, and fight behind intrenchments, and so Jack has his special tools for that purpose. Ammunition is something else, and that varies with the character of every arm, from a ten-inch gun to a Colt's pistol. You want shot, shell, shrapnel, with fuses, which will burn at various short intervals of time. Take powder—there is the extra brown prismatic and the sphero-hexagonal to select from. Probably in the time, not far distant, when smokeless powders are to be used, there will be additions to the list. The torpedo outfit, with the explosives, presents a catalogue of over 115 objects. You can have your gun-cotton wet or dry, at your orders, and "a lathe dog," if you want one, and a choice of dynamo-electric machines. Of course explosives are not kept on hand at a navy-yard, but are stored somewhere else, and are obtainable at short notice.

Enormous as seems the variety of these objects, there is not a single class of them which may not be vastly increased to-morrow. The conditions of the armament of a vessel are always toward improving their offensive qualities. Take, for instance, torpedoes. The whole direction of these is one of evolution. If to-morrow it were decided that explosive gelatine presented advantages over gun-cotton, necessitating a change in the application of it in a certain time, the United States navy would be forced to adopt the machinery of it with the explosive. Conservatism as to the material of war is impossible. In a quarter of a century many of the articles to be had on requisition in 1889 will have become obsolete. To-day there is hanging from the rafters in one of the many great store-rooms in navy-yards hundreds of the old-fashioned leather powder-buckets, in which ammunition once was carried. These are queer mementos of the past, and tell of the time when stuff cartridges were used to load carronades or Long Toms. When fixed ammunition was employed, the use of these things



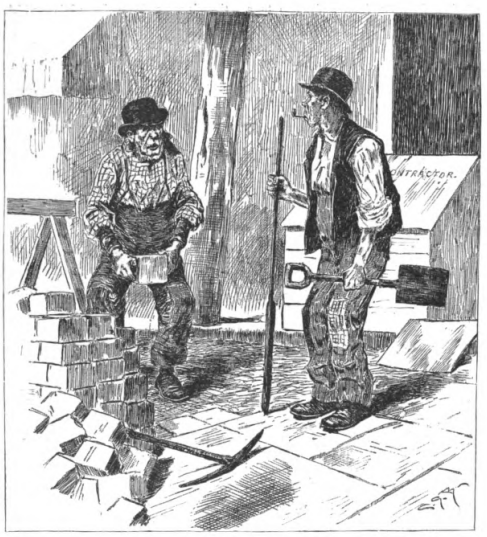
RAISING AN OLD MAST.

was gone, as were the services of the powder-monkeys.

Some of the relics of the past form one of the subjects illustrated. When all projectiles were of globular form, to keep the ball from rolling, a grummet was used. The match stock must have come down direct from remote quantity. It was a bit of old rope stuck in a bit of wood, which wooden staff had a spike at the bottom. The rope would burn slowly, and so means for procuring fire for the cook, or for Jack's pipe, or for the guns, were ready. The rattle is a queer thing. It was used as a signal to call boarders. Sometimes the rattle was a fixed one. The pike is a direct descendant of the spear of the past. You can see them still in position around the masts of some of the old men-of-war. The pricker was a long kind of gimlet made to pierce the powder bags, so as to get at the explosive material in the gun when a fuse was used. Commander Charles O'Neil thus clearly explains what are the changes in the Department of Ordnance, of which he is chief of the bureau at the Brooklyn Navy-yard: "There has been an entire change in the ordnance of the modern men-of-war, from that in vogue a few years ago. The adoption of the high-power steel breech-loading cannon in place of the old cast-iron smooth-bore carries with it new gun-carriages of great strength, with simple yet effective means of accurate and ready train, with cylinders for controlling the recoil, where the resistance to the flow of glycerine from the pressure to the reverse side of the piston checks the gun. New powders of large grain, slow burning and of low pressure, are used, and heavy steel tracks are securely fastened to the decks to hold the carriages in place. Numerous machine and rapid-fire guns are mounted in commanding localities, and are called the Secondary Battery, to distinguish it from the larger guns or Main Battery. All the guns are protected from the fire of small-arms and rapid-firing guns by steel shields. Powerful electric search lights are supplied, to light up adjacent waters and to discover the approach of torpedo-boats. Gun-cotton torpedoes are furnished to all vessels, and the new ones have tubes for launching automobile torpedoes." Here are to be found some of the newer requirements of the ship of war. There are even novel improvements in the way of mechanically bringing the ammunition to the guns by means of electrical lifts, just found to work admirably in one of our recently built ships.

Now functions the last and not the least of the bureaus, that of "Provision and Clothing." What that bureau dispenses includes the general run of articles kept on hand by the grocer, tailor, and the seller of notions, in addition, of course, to the stationer's stock. Before the canning of food became a commercial usage, the sailor had only his salted pork and mess beef. He may still masticate his junk, or "old horse," but canned mutton, canned corned-beef, canned roasted meat, appear on his dietary list. There is a *menu* of thirty-eight different kinds of food he can partake of. How can there be any chances of scurvy? Here we see on the list dried apples, peaches, raisins, figs, currants, and dates, with tomatoes. He has his coffee and tea, his cocoa. There is no such thing as stint. It is economy to give Jack all he can stow away. He cannot eat all the food supplied him. What he does not consume is put to his credit in money, so that when he wishes to, he can buy any other toothsome thing he wants. The Bureau of Provision puts not its trust in the manufacturer of coffee. It may be prejudice born from suspicion, but the bureau holds it as an ax-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



LAY AND RELAY.

"How is it, Dinnis, we're afther raylayin' de pavemint, whin we ownly laid it a shorrut toime since?" "Hivins! man; an' how long have yez lived in New Yorruk. Don't yez moind we ownly lays de paveminte wid an oie to relayin' 'em as soon as convayniant?"

tablished fact that unless it buys its coffee in the bean, and roasts it, and sees to the grinding of it, and has it put ground into tin canisters which are properly closed and sealed, then only can men in the navy have their coffee pure and unadulterated. It will run no risks with coffee. Its bread it does not make itself, though there are many intelligent officers in service who believe it would be of advantage to the men who eat it if their biscuit were home-made.

Inspections are carried on by competent officers, who are always on the watch for fraud on the part of contractors, for "caveat emptor" is the rule. In the multitudinous purchases made by the navy there may be rascality, but no one dare impeach the high character of those whose duty it is in the higher positions to care for the health and life of the sailor. As to food, it is not alone its present condition, but its power of keeping sweet, good, and wholesome, which it is the duty of this board to look after. The precautions it uses are endless. Every box, barrel, receptacle containing food has on it its date of issue. If a barrel of beef were taken from the Norfolk Navy-yard to China and back, who made it, when it was put on board, the date of its issue, must be at once ascertainable. The inspection of everything is carried on in the most thorough manner. If anybody on shipboard complains of the pepper, who bought it, whose fault it is, is at once ascertainable. As to pepper, there is something queer about that condiment, and a return to those old ideas when pepper, as a precious spice, came to Europe via Venice with the Crusaders. Pepper is something the United States sailor has to pay for. It may cost him maybe five cents a year, but, with the common and more liberal sense of to-day, Jack's pepper and mustard ought to be given him by a grateful country. As to his clothing, the sailor has the best of rigs. The sewing is done outside, but the Navy Department buys the material and attends to the cutting out. A ship going to sea carries with her, according to the probable duration of her cruise, a whole slop-shop. Great care is taken in the packing of this extra clothing. Besides an envelope of enamel cloth, it has an additional cover of canvas. Every package has its date of issue branded on it. In the selection of the material, the same trouble is taken as in the the choice of food. Stuff must stand a certain strain, and the colors be retained under exposure. There seems to be certain old-fashioned ideas as to the dyes to be used, and the United States navy still holds to the belief that indigo is the only possible coloring for blue, while all the rest of the world sporting blue cloth is satisfied with the aniline colors. As to cut of clothes, a good deal might be said irreverential, nay deprecatory, of sailors' trousers. The tightness around the waist may be comfortable for the striplings, but as the 'prentice grows and takes in bulk that narrow girth of a waistband is inclined to weaken natural muscular anatomical development. In wet weather what comfort can there be in a sailor dragging around his feet a lot of wet cloth? Leggings are noticeable in his list of clothing. When the sailors took part in the Centennial parade they wore leggings. It may be seen from this that the impediments of a sailor's rig might be done away with. The cut of the sailors' trousers recalls, then, the time of Admiral Benbow, when pumps, copper buckles, and a pigtail made Bobby Shaftoe beauteous. Jack has a large wardrobe, for he may visit all known quarters of the globe from the Kamtchatkan shores to the Red Sea, and must be prepared for 60° below zero to 120° in the shade. Of small stores we have all those little things that a sailor might want, from a thimble to a ditty box. And what is a ditty box? It is that receptacle in which the sailor puts all his knick-knacks, and a good deal of ingenuity has been exercised in order to make him the best ditty box which shall cost him the least money. Visit a ship, and you will see what comfort a seaman takes out of that ditty box, and how letters from home are treasured in it.

The ship is now partly ready for sea—that is, when her contingent of marines is put on board of her. She wants yet surgeon and assistants. Her stock of medicines and instruments are supplied her by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, and full and excellent are these stores in every way. As there is no possible accident or malady that might not occur on board of ship, ample preparation is made to meet all emergencies.

The government of the United States will spend this year something like $27,000,000 for the navy. For officers and sailors the pay-roll will amount to $7,773,799. To feed and clothe the men will cost $1,366,160. To increase the navy in ships and armament, we are to expend $9,717,000.

How long would it take to fit out a vessel for sea? The most practical of heads of bureaus might tell you what his own department could accomplish, though owning his ignorance as to the work to be carried out by the other departments. It is doubtful whether the Secretary of the Navy could give any positive data. It is, after all, a question of grate bars, and from grate bars you get to the coal supplies, and from that to everything; for unless the ship be complete in all ways, the necessary perfection is not arrived at. Beef and bread, the victualling of the ship, the clothing the men, present no difficulties, but when you come to guns, and have to build them up inch by inch, that takes a long time.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

NOTE.—Some few changes of no great importance are now being proposed as to electric supplies, and it is likely that a special bureau will be made for them. For valuable information and assistance the writer has to thank Commander Charles O'Neil, Commander Francis M. Green, and Paymaster George H. Read, all of the United States Navy.

THE HISTORY OF A WRECKED RAILROAD.

IN the later sixties, when the building of the first transcontinental lines of railroad was exerting a powerful influence upon the enterprise and capital of the country, Levi Parsons, a California gold miner, who had profited handsomely by his industry and good-luck on the Pacific coast, succumbed to that influence. Among the various land grants apportioned by Congress to stimulate the employment of private capital in developing the country west of the Mississippi was one of 1,200,000 acres to the Union Pacific, Southern Branch, which was to be constructed from Junction City, in eastern Kansas, to the southern boundary line of that State. Levi Parsons and his associates started to secure that land grant. They got hold of an old charter granted by the Pennsylvania Legislature to some one who wanted to organize a corporation to develop vineyards. Its provisions were amended so as to cover an almost infinite variety of operations in no way pertaining to vineal pursuits, and its title was changed to the Land Grant Railway and Trust Company. Under that name the first work was done upon what is now one of the most interesting as well as most unfortunate railroad properties in the country. As its affairs and its future are now among the foremost topics discussed by financiers and by certain railroad managers, a succinct review of its picturesque career seems appropriate.

The most important incentive to the building of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway antedated the appearance of Parsons and his contractors in eastern Kansas by at least ten years. In 1856 the government made treaties with various Indian tribes in the Indian Territory, providing for the right of way for a railroad across the eastern end of the Territory. Later, Congress enacted that this right of way should be the property of the first railroad that was completed from the north down the valley of the Neosho River to the border of the Indian Territory. Parsons was disappointed in his Union Pacific, Southern Branch, land grant. He secured only one-half of it, or about 600,000 acres. Then the incentive to build across the Indian Territory to Texas became operative. This was in 1868. While R. S. Stevens, the general manager of the little road Parsons had built, was pushing construction toward the State line down the Neosho Valley, James F. Joy, then one of the most active, as he is now one of the most widely known, railroad men of the country, was crowding his Fort Scott and Gulf road toward practically the same point.

The question as to which road should have the right of way through the Territory was taken to Washington for adjudication. The Parsons party foresaw that the decision would be in favor of the concern that complied first with the Congressional requirement referred to; so one night their manager at Junction City received a despatch from Washington that read, "Build our road to the State line as quickly as the Lord will let you." In the next eleven and a half days Stevens built 26 miles of railroad to the line, and ran an engine and car over it. When he began, some of the iron rails laid in the road were stacked upon the levee at St. Louis. That quick bit of railroad building gave the M., K., and T. Railroad an important part of its main line. The original 182 miles from Junction City to the State line soon became practically useless, and is considered so to-day. It runs to the westward of Kansas City, whereas to be a part of the main line it should run directly north from the Indian Territory line, or to the eastward, in the direction of terminal points like St. Louis. The road across the Indian Territory to Denison, Texas, was built with shovels and shot-guns. It was completed late in 1872. For all purposes of traffic it is a tunnel about 250 miles long, and it will continue so until the Indian titles to the lands are extinguished, and the Territory opened up to settlers. In 1873 the company absorbed smaller roads in Kansas and in Missouri; that gave it a main line of 574 miles from Denison to Hannibal, Missouri. In the following year the company was unable to pay its fixed charges, and its property was placed in the hands of receivers. The times were unpropitious for enterprises of this character, and in 1876 the Union Trust Company succeeded the receivers, and operated the road until 1880.

Long before that year the larger interests in the property perceived that the line across the Indian Territory was not as valuable as they had supposed it would be, for instead of drawing business from Texas, they found that the Houston and Texas Central road was draining the region they had hoped to tap. Consequently individuals connected with the M., K., and T. road began to build feeders for it, radiating from Denison. This work was undertaken by the M., K., and T. Extension Company in Texas—a concern, by-the-way, that at one time tried to sell 102,000 of M., K., and T. railroad stock to Mr. Jay Gould at $2 50 per share. Later, Mr. Gould acquired control of the road by purchase of its stock. It is said that he began buying at $20 per share. In 1880 Mr. Gould and his associates in the management of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company took possession of the M., K., and T. road, and the financiering that finally prostrated it was begun. The operations were conducted through the International Construction Company, which bought up the 94 miles of feeders that had been constructed east and west of Denison, paying $16,000 cash per mile for them, and during the next few years bought and built other branches at a cost of $10,000 to $12,000 per mile, until the system of roads in Texas was increased to 856 miles. Upon all of this road the railroad company issued 6 per cent. general consolidated bonds, at the rate of $20,000 per mile and an equal amount of stock, a total of $40,000 per mile. On about 300 miles of the road thus acquired a commission of several thousand dollars per mile was paid to interested individuals. The general mortgage placed upon this portion of the road also secures $10,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds, nearly all of which have been issued to pay arrears of interest on the first consolidated mortgage on the 785 miles north of Denison. It should be stated that the last-mentioned mortgage secures $1,200,000 of bonds that were irregularly issued on a survey upon which no road was ever constructed.

In 1881 the Texas system of the company was increased by the absorption of the International and Great Northern Railroad. This was effected by an issue of two shares of M., K., and T. stock for each share of the $9,755,000 capital of the Great Northern Company. As soon as Mr. Gould obtained control of the M., K., and T. road, he leased it to the Missouri Pacific Company on terms that no intelligent security holder should acquiesce in, namely, for its net earnings. The result was natural. After seven years the property was thrown upon the hands of those who had bought its securities under the Gould régime, its physical condition deplorable, and its finances confused and exhausted. The work of reorganization has at last taken definite shape under the efforts of those whose faith in the property enabled Mr. Gould and his associates to unload the securities they had manufactured. The Great Northern stock that should be in its treasury is pledged to secure advances made by the former management, and the dismemberment of the system is further threatened by obstacles that are not based on sound business reasons. The work of redeeming the property for its actual owners and creditors is in capable hands, but it is clear that it is not going to be easily accomplished, as the movement of the sinuous and sinister hand that has blighted every railroad it has touched is already discernible in opposition to it. COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, November 2*, 1889.

THE FRUIT OF VIOLENCE.

IN no case is the folly of violence in medication more conspicuously shown by its fruit than in the effect upon the intestines of excessive purgation. The stomach and bowels are first painfully griped, then the latter is copiously, suddenly, and repeatedly evacuated. This is far beyond the necessities of the case, most unnatural, excessively debilitating. The organs are incapacitated from resuming their function with normal moderation. An astringent is resorted to, which reduces them to their former condition of inaction. To this monstrous and harmful absurdity Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the happy alternative. It relaxes gently, naturally, sufficiently; it diverts bile from the blood into its proper channel; it insures healthful digestion and complete assimilation. It is a complete defense against malaria, and conquers rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, kidney and bladder trouble.—[*Adv.*]

No other Life Policies as liberal cost as little money, no others as cheap give as much for the money, as those of THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn. Best either for Family Protection or Investment of Savings. Non-forfeitable, world-wide, lowest cash rate.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

To be happy play "Halma."

Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, says of "Halma": "The game of 'Halma' is an old friend in our family, and is very highly prized. Though I am not expert in it as my children, I know it well enough to like it much. While it is interesting to a beginner, I find it can be played in a very scientific manner. As Chas. Lamb said of roast pig: 'A strong man may fatten on it, and a weakling refuseth not its mild pieces.'" "Halma" sent, prepaid, to any address on receipt of one dollar. E. I. HORSMAN, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is not an experiment, but ever since its first introduction has steadily increased in favor. Ask your druggist or grocer for it.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WASH the Baby with CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP, and he will be clean, healthy, and happy. 25 cents. Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

IT was once supposed that scrofula could not be eradicated from the system; but the marvellous results produced by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla disprove this theory. The reason is, this medicine is the most powerful blood-purifier ever discovered.—[*Adv.*]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FOOT

BY HARRY W. BEECHER. RICHARD M. HODGE, AND H. NOTTINGHAM TOWNSEND.

WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE METHOD OF TRAINING FOLLOWED BY THE YA

TRAINING THE YALE ELEVEN.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

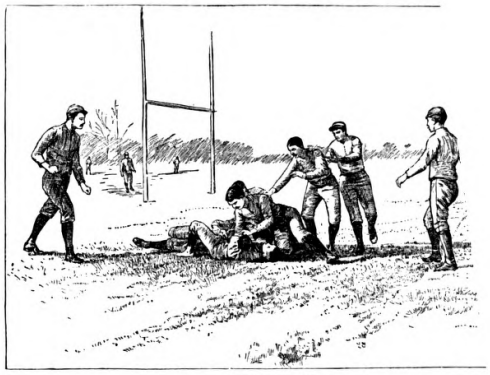
THE training of her elevens has been the strong point in Yale's success; by training is meant not only perfection in physical condition, but also in team play. The accomplishment of the former is attained with little trouble, and it is safe to count upon all three contestants, Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, coming to the "scratch" in November with their teams in good physical condition. The difficulty is in the latter. Months of hard practice and careful teaching are needed to make eleven men work in unison, to move up the field like one man, each helping his neighbor, and by the combined efforts of brain and muscle force the ball to a touchdown. The idea of brilliant individual play must first be eliminated from the players' minds. They must realize that eleven men working together can do more than one, and that only by combined play can victory be secured. When off the field they easily solve this mathematical problem, and agree readily to the strength of its reasoning; but once let them start in the game, and in the excitement of the mêlée and rush the majority of them throw reason to the winds and go it alone. By this lack of control of their reasoning faculties the new men on a team can be easily picked out. They allow their opponents to draw their attention from the game to themselves, and when the crisis comes they are not there. How different an old player, who stands, all attention, his eyes fixed upon the ball, his muscles ready for the spring! No movement of his opponent escapes him, but he disdains to tire himself with useless scrimmages, and keeps his mind intent upon the coming play. Gradually the "green hands," by the careful coaching of the captain, improve. The old men help them by encouraging words, and by Thanksgiving-time they in turn have become veterans. The choosing of the team,



THE PASS FOR A KICK.



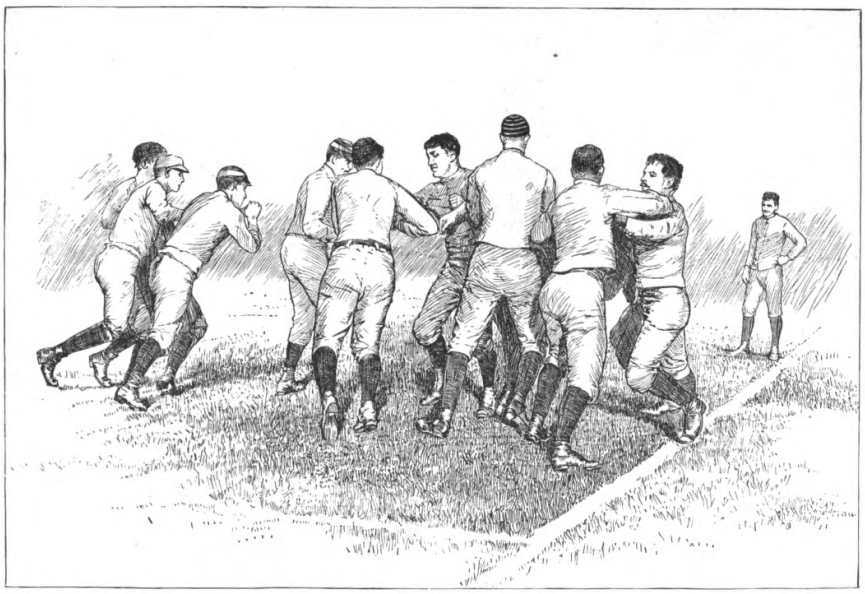
A GOOD TACKLE.



A GOAL SAVED.

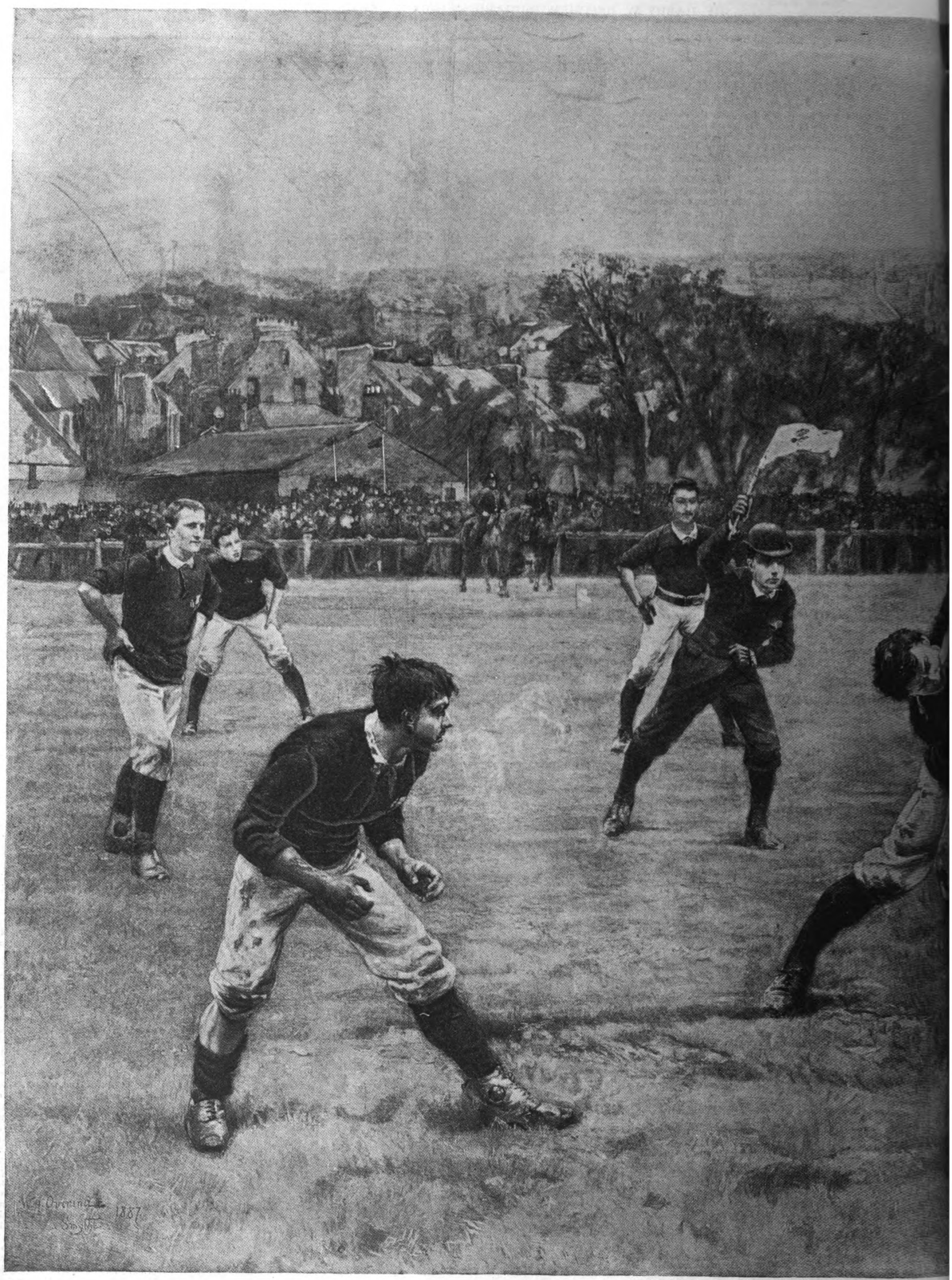
of course, is an important factor in its success. At Yale there is no favoritism. Woe to the captain who lends himself to any such discrimination! The idea of brute strength has been abolished, and men now are chosen for their activity, endurance, and pluck. An inch of activity is worth a foot of muscle. At practice the men are started easy, playing for only a short time, until they become hardened, avoiding by this the many bruises and hurts which usually accompany the first stages of training. It generally takes about a week to attain this; then the real play begins. No lagging or short time then. Every man must do his work well, or perhaps some anxious rival may slip in and take The captain's duties, too, commence in earnest. He mu up the weak points of his team. He watches the peculi each man, that he may judge in what play it is best to He is, in fact, a general of a small army, with all the on ties which attend such a position. must be used too much, lest he bec tired to do his work well. The half-ba quarter-back practise every morning in gymnasium lot, and in a short time bec curate and sure. On the rush line th work is centred. Without a strong ru good half-backs are useless. Yale has this out by sad experience, and bends all l ergies to improve the famous seven. Ev tle play is studied and carefully practise no fumble or slip may spoil its success. man must be idle, even though the coming does not concern him in particular. Let break through, and interfere with the oppo half-backs. They must learn, too, to fool opponents by false movements that the real may be unnoticed. Everything is fair in and the more obscured the play the better are chances of success. The reading of human ture is one of the most important factors in fo ball. Many a kick, run, or even a touch-do has been blocked by the proficiency of Yale this branch of the game. The man who is receive the ball for an important play is almo sure to show it by the expression of his face He will be either very anxious and excited o else altogether too unconscious.

The players at New Haven are practised to de tect these expressions. The first duty of a good rusher is to scan his opponent's face, to see, if possible, where the intended play is to be made. Then he can give his entire attention to breaking through and stopping the well-laid scheme. Time is valuable, and the few seconds that an inexperienced rusher wastes to see where the ball is being passed may spoil his chances of blocking the kick or tackling the runner. No opportunity like this can afford to be lost. That Yale gives her attention to these seemingly small matters is the acme of her success. They make up team play, the most important branch of training. To Yale also should be given the credit of raising the position of quarter-back to its importance of to-day. No other college can compete with her in this regard. She has originated plays which have given her quarter-backs splen-



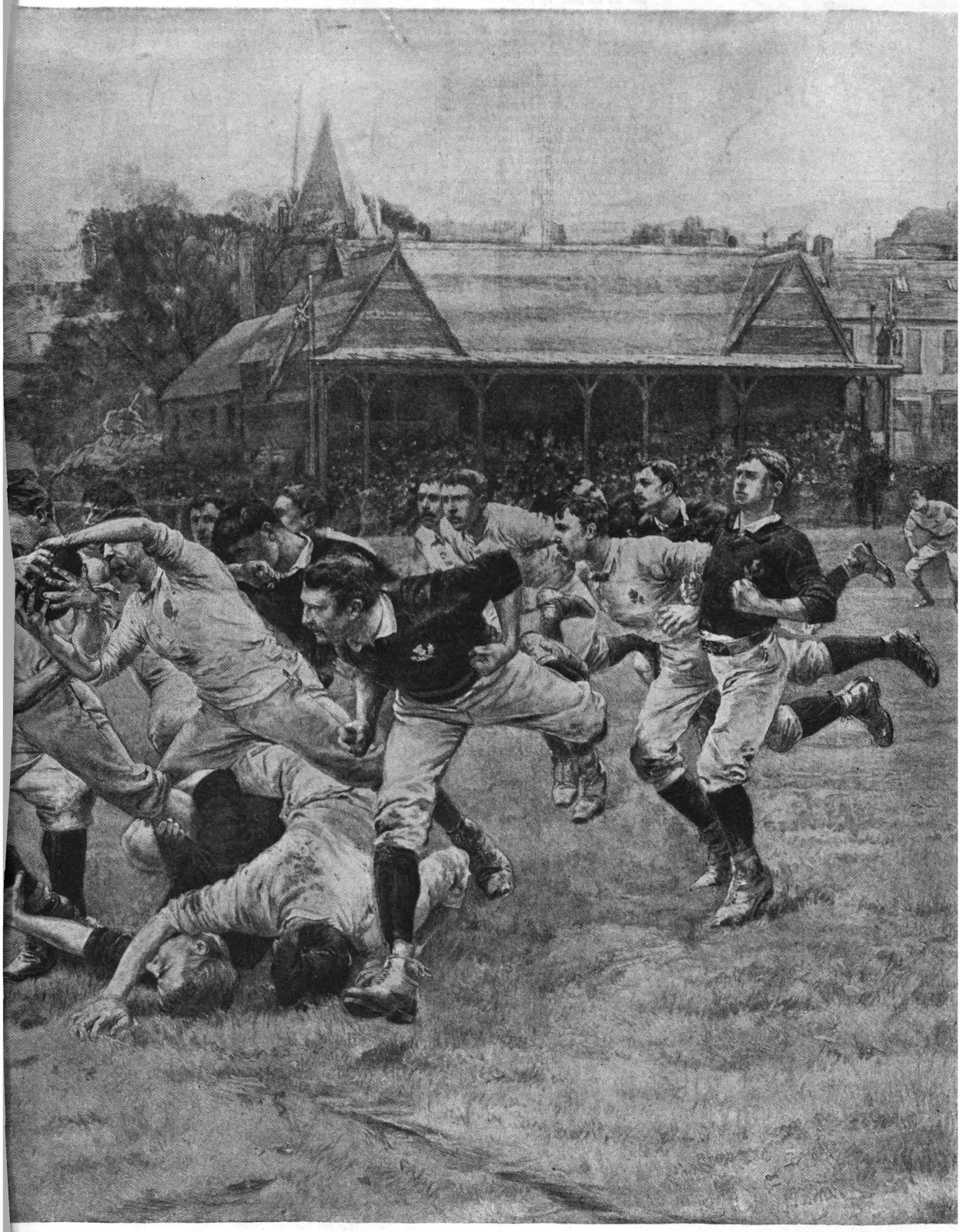
"LINED UP."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



AN ENGLISH FOOT-BALL MATCH—"ENGLAND

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

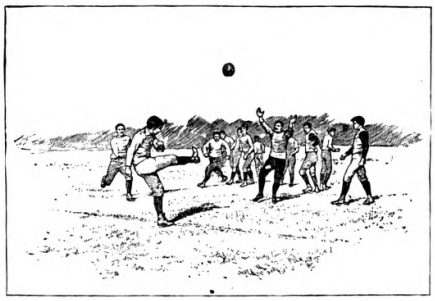


US SCOTLAND."—FROM THE PAINTING BY W. H. OVEREND.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A PUNT.

recognizes this fact. A team which contains a slugger is a team of ten, not eleven, men. A man with this tendency is absolutely of no use, as he cannot keep track of the signals and plays, and at the same time use his fists. By his own actions he renders himself a zero, and when the roll-call comes, his name is not on the list. Yet there is much room for advancement. Let the counsellors and lawyers of the game keep up their good work. With their aid, foot-ball can be placed in the front rank of American sports.

THE AMERICAN FOOT-BALL ELEVEN.

BY RICHARD M. HODGE.

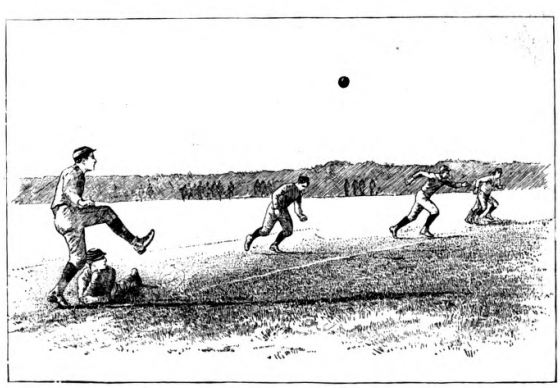
American foot-ball is a game of capturing ground. The ball is the standard that marks the ground taken, and is free to be either kicked or run with in the hands of a player. As in the English Rugby, from which the American game is derived, the field is limited to a well-defined rectangular plot of level ground twice as long as it is wide, of which two teams, of eleven players each, contest the supremacy. A permanent advantage is scored whenever the ball is carried beyond the goal line that bounds the field at either end. It is a goal if the ball is kicked over between the goal posts and above the eighteen-foot crossbar that is ten feet high over the goal line. It is a touch-down if the ball is carried over in the hands of a player, and entitles also a "try" for a goal by a kick from the field of play.

The ball is started at the middle of the field to begin the game and after every goal. The eleven in possession of the ball is alone in a position to assume the offensive. Kicking and rushing, or running with the ball, are the means to carry the ground. The other eleven is drawn up to dispute the ground in a double line across the field, the one of the "forwards," and the other of the "backs." Their flank is to be turned and their front broken. A kick will storm the opposite position, under cover of which there will be a charge of the rush line to regain the ball and take the ground through the combined assault of men and ball upon the backs. The eleven is formed in a line of forwards of seven "rushers"; close behind them are four backs, arranged in the form of a small square, whose angles are pointed to the centre of the rush line, the goal, and the sides of the field. If in the English scrummage two players of the opposite eleven each are placed on even terms in putting the ball in play from between them, with the players of both elevens grouped quite promiscuously about them, the American scrummage, under the name of "scrimmage," gives an exclusive right to put the ball in play to the eleven that was in possession of the ball when the player holding it was tackled.

The player next to the ball rolls it back under his foot to one of his own side behind him, for the purpose of having the ball rushed with or kicked. Only a separation of the elevens, each to its own territory as marked in the field by the ball, could allow the inauguration of these plays with any certainty; and accordingly the players oppose themselves in parallel lines across the field to respectively meet and perform the foot-ball tactics to be attempted.



PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY AT BOUNDS.



KICKING A GOAL.



BULL'S FATAL "DROP."

did opportunities of showing their skill in running and passing. Well has she profited by it. From an almost useless man he has become one of the most important. Coolness is absolutely required in this position. One bad pass, one signal forgotten, and perhaps a touch-down is lost. His tackling must be sure, and his agility and quickness are needed in every play. He should be the first man through in the rush-line, the first man back on a kick; in fact, he is made to be everywhere at the same time.

A point in the game which is generally unobserved by an outsider is the fact that every play has a signal. Every word the captain utters means something to his expectant team. This is one of the many features which makes the game of foot-ball so complicated. Only those who have been through the excitement of a "match" game know how hard and difficult it is to catch these "vital" words and at the same time attend to the duties of their position. Mind and muscles must be trained to perform two separate and distinct undertakings at the same time—the mind to understand the command of the captain and the intended play, while the muscles are busy warding off the anxious opponent. These signals are carefully selected early in the season, and so zealously are they studied by the team that soon they become as natural to them as their A B C's. The selection of these signals is a difficult task. They must be easily understood by your own team, and yet so obscure that the opposing players cannot grasp their meaning. Their success depends largely upon the manner in which they are given. Emphasizing the wrong word in a sentence, or indicating by gesture or look the opposite part of the field from where the play is to be made, will often put the other side on the wrong track. The amount of head-work that can be expended upon this is enormous. Plays of great intricacy, implicating sometimes six or seven players, can be made to move like clock-work. There is no hap-hazard or pulling in different directions in the game of to-day. It has been reduced to such a science that every man knows what play is to be made when he "lines up." Each player has his particular share of this work to do, which constant practice has made him familiar with. The team is as dependent upon the co-operation of its players as a machine is upon the good order of its bolts and nuts; one breakdown, and it is laid up for repairs. The constant changes in a college course are felt with telling effect by the different athletic organizations. In some years the foot-ball team has been robbed by graduation of as many as seven of its members. The championship at such times seems very distant, and indeed almost a forlorn hope. Under a test like this, the organization and methods of Yale's training are shown to their best advantage. She is on her mettle, her reputation is at stake, and every man in college lends a willing hand to help the "cripples." Men who never before have donned the "canvas jacket" appear on the old Yale field to throw their fortunes in with the "tried and true." "Necessity is the mother of invention." From this rabble phenomena are unearthed, swift runners and expert dodgers spring up like weeds, and the full complement of eleven is soon made up. Yale in an emergency is a dangerous opponent.

The generalship of her teams on the field has been a characteristic to admire in her success. Frequently has she faced her rivals with the weaker team, but has won through head-work displayed at critical moments. Seldom is she rattled, but always alert to take advantage of the misplays of her opponents. Her captains quickly perceive the weak points in the opposing team, and with consummate skill cover up their own. He moves his team down the field with clever adroitness, to obtain the best position possible either for the unexpected drop kick or the quick dash of the half-back.

The game has certainly improved. It has emerged from its childhood, and is now surrounded by sound rules and regulations. Slugging is abolished. The days of those degenerate gentlemen have gone by. The temper must be handcuffed. Every team calls for just the play he wants. Every manœuvre is given a name.

If foot-ball is anything, it is a strategic game. The strong positions of the opposing eleven are best circumvented. Kicks tell most that are driven when least expected, and to some unprotected spot. Rushing tactics are directed always to penetrate beyond the confronting lines by the path the least defensible at the moment. It will not do for the particular play to be anticipated by the other eleven. The captain must call for a play by a sign that can be understood only by his own eleven. The commands may be by word or motion. They are principally necessary in offensive play. The captain is bettered for being one of the backs, where he will have all the plays of either eleven before him and be in a more advantageous position to direct the play than if he be himself a rusher.

The office of the quarter back in the scrimmage is to receive the ball from the centre rusher on his putting it in play, and deliver it to the player who is to run with or to kick the ball. The moment the ball starts to the quarter back it is thereby in play, and the opposite rush line will charge forward upon the backs, to either intercept the ball or tackle the runner. The work of the quarter back must be accomplished with the greatest rapidity.

The centre rusher snaps back the ball with his foot, or with his hand as the custom now prevails. The quarter back will have the ball in his hands before it has gone a yard, and catching it upon his wrist, will whirl it on a swift "pass" to the full back for a kick, or to a back for a rush, according to the direction of the captain. As often, however, the ball will be handed to a rusher, who will receive the ball on the run as he passes close behind the quarter back's position.

With his team on the defensive, without the ball, the call on the quarter back is hardly less urgent. His position is close behind his rush line, to re-enforce at the point where a repulse is called for, and promptly tackle any runner who may escape the rush line in a charge with the ball.

The full back does the kicking of the eleven. When the ball is held by the eleven within range of the goal, the full back is ordinarily called upon to make a goal from the field by a drop kick. For this is essential not accuracy alone, but the kicker must be quick enough to get in his kick in the face of the charge of the opponent rushers, who are sure to reach him almost simultaneously with the ball as it is passed from the quarter back.

Except for goal kicking the full back will punt, kick the ball as it falls from his hands before it even touches the ground. Punting depends for its effectiveness upon how it is timed and placed, and least of all upon distance That a punted ball be not first run with before being kicked in return by the back who will secure it, the punt must be placed out of the backs' immediate reach. And most important of all, the rush line must go down the field and tackle the back as soon as he gets the ball. Not improbably a rusher will thus even secure the ball himself, and he may advance it further by a run, perhaps gaining a touchdown. It is harder to block a kicker's punt than his drop kick. In punting, the better kicker the full back is the fewer rushers will he require to block the opposite rush line. The cleverest punter will not have to detain one rusher from charging down the field, but will get along instead by standing a considerable distance from the rush lines. The slow punter, however, will kick with better chances if he stand as close as possible to the rush line, where he can have the same protection of his rushers' shoulders enjoyed by the quarter back. The full back will seldom or never be burdened with rushing.



A "DOWN."

First of all, one of the players is constituted captain of his eleven. The opportunity the game allows for executing always any one of the plays known to the game leaves so little to the discretion of the individual player that the captain is able to control all the plays of his eleven. On every scrimmage he

For defensive work this player must be a sure catch and should be a reliable tackler. Brilliant tackling is by no means essential in a full back, as he has to tackle only runners who shall pass in succession the rush line, the quarter back, and the half backs.

The half-backs' positions are to the right and the left, a little

(*Continued on page* 922.)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1717. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



THE AUTUMN RECEPTION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 914.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

WARNER'S NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD. A Novel. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. pp. iv, 396. Post 8vo, Half Leather, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges, $1 50.

BRIDGMAN'S PICTURES OF ALGERIA.

WINTERS IN ALGERIA. Written and illustrated by FREDERICK ARTHUR BRIDGMAN. pp. viii, 262. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

LATHROP'S NOVEL OF THE PRESENT.

WOULD YOU KILL HIM? A Novel. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. pp. iv, 384. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE POLITICAL PROBLEM.

By ALBERT STICKNEY. pp. vi, 189. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE STORY OF A BOY'S ADVENTURES.

DORYMATES: A TALE OF THE FISHING BANKS. By KIRK MUNROE. Illustrated. pp. 403. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (*Harper's Young People Series.*)

CRADLE AND NURSERY.

By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. pp. viii, 298. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price.* HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE, *a descriptive list of over 2000 volumes, sent post-paid on receipt of Ten Cents.*

No. 1717.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

THE late elections were most interesting and significant from their indirect results. The most generally valuable of such results was the demonstration of the complete success of the reformed or Australian ballot system in Massachusetts. The experience of that State puts beyond question the immense benefit to honest elections, and consequently to the public peace, of the new system. The droll objection that it is a "mongrel foreign idea" is equally applicable to trial by jury, the habeas corpus, and constitutional government. But the assertion that it is complex and impracticable was a more cunning plea. It proves, however, to be utterly false. The system, in practice, was found to be entirely simple and universally satisfactory. This indeed is not surprising, because the American adapts himself readily to any reasonable method for a good purpose, and his conviction that an honest ballot is worth trying for was shown by the sudden and general demand for ballot reform, which was quickened by the monstrous and notorious corruption of the elections of last year. Should the Democratic party in New York oppose the adoption of the reformed system, it will show the persistence of the malign spirit which formerly opposed a registry.

Another indirect interest in the elections was the fate of Governor HILL. His mastery of the Democratic campaign in New York was such that the defeat of his party would have extinguished his political hopes. The same reason gives great significance to his complete success both in the State and city. That success establishes the HILL machine as the dominant Democratic power in New York, and throws a suggestive light upon the future. It is very early to begin a campaign for the Presidential nomination, but circumstances have permitted the Governor no alternative. He must demonstrate his actual leadership at every election, and his success this year makes future success easier. Another interest was that of the endeavor, under the lead of Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, DUDLEY, and the National Committee, with the alleged sympathy of the President, to present MAHONE to the Southern Democratic States as the accepted representative of Republicanism. This effort has failed conspicuously, although the Democratic success upon a platform of practical partial repudiation and white man's government is not a subject of honest congratulation. The defeat in Baltimore of the union of independent Democrats and Republicans against the GORMAN Democracy is profoundly to be regretted. Like General MAHONE, Mr. GORMAN is a representative of the worst practices and tendencies of American politics, and in the interests of honest government his defeat was greatly to be desired.

The narrow Republican escape from defeat in Massachusetts, and the defeat in Iowa, and of Governor FORAKER in Ohio, are signs which cannot be mistaken of a decline of public confidence in the Republican party. Massachusetts was for many years the typical and chief Republican State, and Ohio is a Western Massachusetts, having always preserved the character and impulse of her early New England settlement. The real causes of the change which the elections show are not obscure. They are even more to be found in what may be called the recent character and tone of the party than in the public judgment of the policy which it has adopted. With FORAKER as its representative leader in Ohio, PLATT in New York, QUAY in Pennsylvania, DUDLEY in Indiana, CLARKSON in Iowa, MAHONE in Virginia, it is not surprising that it has lost much of the kind of ascendency which it once enjoyed. The elections of this year show conclusively that in a national contest it would not be easy to forecast the result.

WOMEN AS SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

MAYOR HEWITT appointed two ladies as school commissioners, and their reappointment is under consideration by Mayor GRANT. The only question that seems to be really involved is that of their fitness, for there is no longer any question whatever of the desirability of the presence of women upon school boards. This is obvious not only *a priori*, but from actual experience. Nine-tenths of the public school-teachers, probably, are women, and half of the number of pupils are girls, and they are all entitled to the same intelligent supervision with the men teachers and the boy pupils. But such care is impossible without a due participation of women in the councils and care of the schools. The care of women in public institutions of every kind should no more be committed exclusively to men than the care of men in such institutions to women. This is a principle which is now widely recognized in hospitals, prisons, and even in police stations. It has been long acknowledged in the direction of education, and there are no more valuable members of rural school committees than suitable and intelligent women. In New York Governor TILDEN led the way in introducing women into suitable public responsibilities by appointing a woman upon the State Board of Charities, and it was Governor CORNELL, we believe, who appointed another. The public advantage of those appointments will not be denied, nor the value of the service of the ladies. There are a special knowledge and experience in the board from the presence of those members in regard to a most important branch of its duties which would be otherwise wanting.

This is equally true in the management of the schools. The pupils are still, many of them, tender children, and the maternal instinct and care are supplied by the women upon the committee, who are generally mothers. The propriety of such appointments is not open to discussion, and the impropriety of excluding women from the practical supervision of schools is evident. There was no doubt of the excellence of Mayor HEWITT'S selections, so far as the character and intelligence of the ladies appointed by him were concerned. Experience alone could show their practical suitability for the work. Unfortunately, like most public institutions in New York, the schools are involved in politics, and are not always managed with exclusive regard to the interests of education and the public welfare. The commissioners Mrs. AGNEW and Miss DODGE, according to the general understanding, have discharged their duties with ability and devotion, and to the best results. Doubtless the more resolute and persistent, even in a good course, they may have been, the more decided would be the opposition of other interests. But such opposition would by no means indicate remissness upon the part of the commissioners. A delegation of women teachers have presented to the Mayor a protest against the reappointment of Mrs. AGNEW and Miss DODGE, upon the general ground that they have rendered no important service, and have even been hostile to the interests of teachers and scholars of their own sex. The evidence which the protest submits is that they opposed the granting of degrees at the Normal College, and supported a system of examination against which more than two thousand teachers protested, "with reasons that should have appealed most directly to commissioners of their own sex." Miss DODGE'S course in regard to Miss MASON, one of the teachers, is also condemned, and in general it is alleged that whatever has been well done by the commissioners has been done by the men.

The spokesman of the delegation also informed the Mayor that there is a spirit of gallantry and chivalry among the men which prevents them from criticising the women on the board, and the women do not take rebuffs as they should. But is it not possible, is it not most probable, that the spirit of gallantry and chivalry inclines the men commissioners to unwise leniency toward women teachers when women commissioners are wisely firm? Is it not probably for the reason, to put it gently, that the women commissioners decline to be humbugged by teachers of their own sex that the more chivalric masculine supervisors are preferred? May not the protest really testify to a firmer and more desirable discipline? The commissioners are probably quite able to give adequate reasons for opposing the grant of degrees, and for the examinations which they favor; while the protestants, on their side, doubtless rely upon the "spirit of gallantry and chivalry" in a masculine Mayor, who is also a Benedick. The petition of which we speak has been offset by one largely signed by men and women of the highest intelligence, character, and public spirit, including many teachers and educational leaders. As Mrs. AGNEW and Miss DODGE have been in every way capable, faithful, and efficient, failure to reappoint them would be abandonment of the most desirable policy of women commissioners.

MR. McCULLOCH ON THE TARIFF.

THE recent paper of Mr. HUGH MCCULLOCH in the New York *Times* upon the tariff as the great issue is a model of the public discussion of important public questions. It is very able, candid, calm, and moderate, and it is addressed wholly to the reason, not to passion or prejudice. Mr. MCCULLOCH has filled with great distinction and ability the highest financial office in the country at the most important junctures, and his wisdom and experience as a counsellor are unsurpassed, and wholly unaffected by party predilections. Like every man of strong convictions he has sympathized in general with one of the great parties of his time, but his position has been that of independence rather than of vehement partisanship. As his delightful autobiographical recollections show, his temperament is most fortunate for a political counsellor, for he is singularly just, tolerant, and sympathetic, as well as sagacious and intelligent. He was a HENRY CLAY Whig, and as such he is to-day a tariff reformer. He was a Republican of the early day before Republicanism was identical with extreme protection; and his mastery of finance, with his prolonged practical conduct of financial affairs, in which his life has been passed, and his entire impartiality, give his opinions a weight which those of very few political orators or leaders possess.

Mr. MCCULLOCH considers the tariff to be now the paramount public issue. There is, however, he says, no free-trade party in the United States. Both the great parties hold that the government must be supported mainly by duties upon imports. But the Republican party holds that duties should be levied mainly for protection. The Democratic party holds that they should be levied for revenue, but mainly upon luxuries and upon articles which are made in the United States, which will be thus incidentally protected. This, Mr. MCCULLOCH says, was the position of the Whig party when HENRY CLAY was its leader. The general defence of a protective tariff rests, he says, upon three grounds—that it stimulates production, advances wages, and lowers prices by creating home competition. He admits that protection was once needed to establish manufactures. But its continuance has stimulated them beyond the needs of the country, so that few factories are now worked to their full capacity, and it is estimated that if all should be actively employed for six months they would satisfy the demand. The tariff stimulus thus leads to trusts to regulate and diminish production. Wealth has been largely increased by manufactures, but it is not widely diffused. The nation has been mainly enriched by agriculture, but not at the expense of other interests. Yet agriculture has received no favors from Congress except in wool-growing—a favor which obstructs the woollen manufactures.

As for the second point, wages are higher here than elsewhere, although they are falling, and unless immigration is checked must soon decline to the European standard. Yet protected manufactures promote immigration in order to lower wages. Free-trade in labor, which the protected interests welcome, will produce practical equality in wages between this country and other countries. Thirdly, the cheapening of goods in common use is due mainly, not to protection, but to improvements in machinery. Protection not only prevents free exchange between this country and other countries, but establishes combinations to prevent free-trade at home. The objections to protection are, first, that it is class legislation; second, that it is no longer needed to establish manufactures, nor to protect home interests against foreign importations, because most articles of general use can be made as cheaply here as elsewhere; third, not only is protection class legislation, and no longer needed for legitimate purposes, but it is closing the markets of the world against our agricultural productions; and fourth, if it has not caused the decline of our merchant marine, it obstructs its restoration. Mr. MCCULLOCH'S paper is a very simple and lucid statement of the elements of the tariff question. He believes that the question is more generally understood than ever, and sound views of the subject are prevailing so rapidly that he thinks if the tariff should not be wisely revised by the next Congress, public opinion will acquire such momentum that it will be revised much more radically by the succeeding Congress. The principles of revision should be freedom of raw materials, and concentration of the tariff tax mainly upon luxuries and upon articles which are manufactured here. The capacity of the Republican party to deal in a large way with a great public question will be again tested in the approaching session of Congress.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A FEW FACTS.

In his characteristically courteous and good-natured speech at Cooper Institute on the eve of the late election, Mr. DEPEW said that the charge of infidelity to his reform pledges which is made against the President by those who voted against him "is always accompanied by the assertion that the civil service law in its letter and spirit was wholly lived up to by Mr. CLEVELAND." But is this exactly so? The chief critics of this kind are civil service reformers, who, in the League resolutions of 1887—and the resolutions of the League are the only authoritative expressions of such reformers as an organized body—said:

"The National Civil Service Reform League, while recognizing the good faith with which the President has sought to uphold the civil service examinations, and acknowledging the many excellent appointments made by the present administration, the frequent instances of Executive disregard of merely partisan demands, and conspicuous instances of the retention of satisfactory officers during their terms, has yet learned with profound regret that the change in the unclassified civil service is so great as to forecast its complete partisan reconstruction by the close of the administration. The League does not believe such a change to have been required by the condition of the service, nor justified by intelligent public desire or expectation. Holding that changes of inferior officers should not be made for partisan reasons, or merely for the purpose of making places for others, it regards the action of the administration in this respect as tending to confirm the system of abuses which the League seeks to reform, and as furnishing a mischievous precedent for succeeding administrations."

This is not unqualified praise, nor is it an assertion that the spirit and letter of the reform law were always fully lived up to by President CLEVELAND. Even the President of the League, whose hypocritical and insincere Democratic partisanship and violence Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE fears may have been hopelessly injurious to reform, said at the same time:

"It would be a great wrong to the cause of which the League is the authorized national representative if it did not plainly and emphatically declare that it does not regard the administration, however worthy of respect and confidence for many reasons, as in any strict sense of the words a civil service reform administration."

These statements certainly seem to show that some of those who now criticise President HARRISON'S conduct in this matter were by no means unqualified eulogists of President CLEVELAND as a civil service reformer. But in making comparisons between the course of the two Presidents one decisive fact must be remembered. While President HARRISON'S partisan "sweep" has been more general within the same time than President CLEVELAND'S, his party solemnly and specifically promised to sustain reform, while President CLEVELAND'S did not.

No failure of President CLEVELAND in this respect, however, nor any unconditional assertion that his was a reform administration, in the least degree excuses President HARRISON for the unquestionable violation of his voluntary pledges. Mr. HENRY C. LEA, of Philadelphia, who supported Mr. HARRISON as a candidate who would be truer to reform than Mr. CLEVELAND had been, now writes as a Republican, believing that his party represents "the higher and nobler interests of the community," that the President

"has abused the appointing power to place the party in New York under the domination of Tom Platt ism, in Pennsylvania under Quayism, in Virginia under Mahoneism. He has degraded it and himself in obedience to a short-sighted opportunism which seeks to utilize the baser element of the party at the expense of the principles to which it and he alike are pledged."

President HARRISON'S critics are not only those who voted against him. Indeed the simple truth is the "fatal difficulty," to use Mr. DEPEW'S phrase, which is encountered by every man who attempts to show that the President has fulfilled his pledges.

THE ELECTRIC WIRES.

UNDER the decision enjoining the Mayor from putting an end to the perpetual danger to life from the rusting and falling electric wires, there seems to be no present remedy for an imminent public peril. The law, indeed, forbids further wires in the streets, and orders the removal of those that are already there. But the judicial decision apparently exempts the companies from obedience to the law, and, as the falling of the wire in Fourth Avenue the other evening attests, there may be at any moment a repetition of the sad tragedy of FEEKS'S death.

This is certainly a singular situation for a civilized community. The danger of terrible catastrophes from the unnecessary exposure of the wires has been demonstrated in New York at least, if nowhere else. The exigency is such that the law has interfered. But the bench stays the action of the law, and the peril continues. It is a case in which the public is at the mercy of corporations, whose weapons of offence are such that they can be touched only at extreme hazard to life. This constant public peril undoubtedly enables the corporations to pay larger dividends. But any public reason for permitting the situation to continue has not been offered.

It is such conduct of corporations, such disregard of private right and convenience and safety, which stimulates the hostility to corporate wealth, which rapidly increases. It is the belief that such wealth buys legislatures, and controls judges, and tramples upon individual rights, and establishes in effect and for certain purposes a sordid and remorseless despotism, which fosters the various doctrines and schemes of nationalism and socialism, and tends to a hostility of feeling toward wealth which is in every way to be deprecated. It is a sign of monstrous and criminal carelessness that electric wires should be suffered to rust and rot and drop, and some day, when a life precious to the community is sacrificed to this reckless neglect, there will be a public feeling which will secure a remedy.

A LESSON OF THE DAY.

THE fact that party politics have nothing to do with municipal elections was strikingly illustrated by the late Mayoralty election in Brooklyn. The argument upon both sides was that the candidate would husband the taxes more shrewdly, would secure better accommodation and progress in the schools, lay more pavements, clean more streets, strengthen the police, and increase the water supply. These were all legimate arguments. Such duties are all common interests of the citizens. But they are not questions upon which parties divide, and no man's party opinions furnish any clew to his conduct upon these subjects.

If Mr. CHAPIN has made a good Mayor, it is not because he is a Democrat. He might hold the soundest opinions upon the tariff and yet make a wretched Mayor, and what Democrats and Republicans both desire in a Mayor is not a protectionist or a tariff reformer, but an energetic and able administrator, who, without inordinate increase of taxation, will take care of the common interests in the schools, the police, the water supply, and the streets. There is no political policy to subserve in the government of a city, and its citizens, who are generally members of one of the great national parties, merely make themselves pay heavily and uselessly when they permit party considerations to intrude into city affairs.

The real and legitimate speeches during the brief Brooklyn canvass were that part of Mr. TENNEY'S speech which was designed to show that Mr. CHAPIN was not an efficient and economical spender of taxes and manager of streets and water supply and other strictly municipal interests, and the detailed rejoinder of Mr. CHAPIN in defence of his official conduct. To call Mr. TENNEY a protectionist and a supporter of PLATT would not have answered his arguments, and to denounce Mr. CHAPIN as a free-trader would not have strengthened Mr. TENNEY'S accusations of municipal inefficiency. Such talk would have been merely an appeal to party spirit, which would have produced no other result than to increase party feeling on both sides. It was the effort of both orators not to show, on the one hand, that Mr. CHAPIN was a Democrat, and, on the other, that Mr. BAIRD was a Republican, but that one of them would be a better Mayor than the other. There could be no more signal demonstration of the wisdom of discarding party names and ties in a city election, and American good sense and good-nature, which are sure to correct abuses and to improve methods, will presently perceive this fact, and act accordingly.

AMERICAN LIBERALITY.

THE project of a national monument to the memory of the late German Emperor WILLIAM, under whom the German Empire became a fact, led to a competition of one hundred and fourteen sculptors and architects, which has resulted in the award of the two highest prizes to plans in which architecture predominates. The first prize is given to Messrs. RETTIG & PFANN, who are now building in Berlin the house of the Imperial Parliament. They propose a kind of Pantheon, in which, under a lofty dome, shall stand a statue of the Emperor surrounded by statues of his generals. A hall filled with figures of the German sovereigns would make part of the structure, with bass-reliefs commemorative of the progress of German unity.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says that the decision of the committee surprised the critical public, but, upon the whole, it is generally approved. The project will not wait upon a popular subscription, like our GRANT monument and Memorial Arch, but the imperial treasury will furnish the funds, which, however, will be taken from the German people. MARIA THERESA, as a late writer shows, was very munificent, but he adds that the Austrian people had to pay for her imperial generosity.

The apparent difficulty of raising popular subscriptions for memorial objects in this country is due largely to the incessant appeal, and to the factitious interest arising from the exaggeration of newspaper representations. It is easily within the power of the press to overstate the popular feeling upon any subject. Superlatives in ink cost little, but to most men, even in America, a thousand dollars is a large sum to give for any purpose, especially for one which is purely sentimental. There is, however, no lack of generosity in this country. No country ever rivalled it. But it tends toward the foundation and endowment of useful public institutions—colleges, libraries, museums—rather than to merely commemorative monuments. Genuine American liberality is seen in the multitude of such institutions founded by private citizens, and in the unstinted contributions for the victims of yellow-fever and of Johnstown disasters.

SOME ADVANTAGES.

NO city in the world probably presents simultaneously a greater variety of attractive dramatic performances than New York offered at the opening of the season. Signor SALVINI, Mr. BOOTH and Madame MODJESKA, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, Mr. JEFFERSON and Mr. FLORENCE, followed immediately by Mr. WILSON BARRETT and Mr. WYNDHAM, with the constant standard local players, compose, as the bills say, an unequalled combination of talent and a public entertainment of the most intellectual and delightful character. Mr. BOOTH and Mr. JEFFERSON, in the ripeness of their powers, command universal admiration and approval, and Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL have been received with an appreciation which assures them of a most cordial welcome upon their return.

It is the more pleasant to record the attractions of the theatrical season because of the stronger hold of the theatre upon respectable public opinion. The charm of the stage is old enough, but the reputation of the theatre, even within the memory of men living, was not agreeable. But it has greatly changed, even since the days which Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE describes in her diary, when she and her father, CHARLES KEMBLE, amid the imperfect and inadequate resources of the old Park Theatre, held spellbound the grandparents of the audiences of to-day.

In the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE Mr. LAURENCE HUTTON recalls vividly and with sympathetic discrimination the long list of Hamlets who have appeared in New York. The latest of them is EDWIN BOOTH, who some years since achieved the unparalleled feat of a continuous hundred nights' performance of the play. At this moment, also, Mr. BOOTH is occasionally playing the character with as fine insight as ever. In many ways he is undoubtedly the most poetic Hamlet—the Hamlet of the imagination—that our theatre has seen. Indeed, as the New-Yorker contemplates the different opportunities of his city, he agrees heartily with the remark of his fellow-New-Yorker recently returned from Paris, who paused in his description of the great Fair and the view from the Eiffel Tower to observe, "But New York has some advantages."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE fashion of the holiday book has happily changed, and the old annual and keepsake is like a pre-Adamite relic. It is pathetic to look at one of them, and reflect that our intelligent forefathers and mothers were entertained by them. Yet it is not so surprising if those ancestors were like the figures of the *Quiet Life*, which Mr. ABBEY presents to us in one of the most attractive and beautiful books which this Christmas season will produce—a monument of the genius and skill of the editor, Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON, the artist, Mr. ABBEY, and the publishers, the HARPERS, who have co-operated to give this enduring form to certain charming and famous, if not familiar, verses. Mr. DOBSON, in taste and sympathy, is what CARLYLE would have called "the heaven-born editor" for such a work, his own verses having the fresh and simple melody of an earlier day.

Another beautiful holiday book, also published by the HARPERS, is in a wholly different vein of interest, but is also a work of permanent value. It is *Cathedrals and Abbeys in Great Britain and Ireland*, with descriptive text by the Rev. RICHARD WHEATLEY, D.D. The illustrations are most satisfactory. They are quite large enough to convey the imposing impression of these great historic monuments, and to enable the student to study their details. Nothing can give such a just conception of the ecclesiastical architectural riches of England as this volume, which suggests a journey of unsurpassed interest and pleasure to the cathedral towns of England.

A third book, issued by the same purveyors of seasonable public pleasure, is *Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings for the Human Race*. The title is wisely comprehensive, for the sentiment which they embody is universal. It is the love of children and delight in their enjoyment. The hero of the book is good old Santa Claus, with his pack and his sleigh and reindeer, who this year will bring no more welcome offering to boy or girl than this pictorial memoir of his own good deeds. There are other timely and beautiful books published by the HARPERS with special regard, in their character and appearance, for this season of the open heart and pocket. One of them is *The Odd Number*, a little book of delightful tales by GUY DE MAUPASSANT, translated by JONATHAN STURGES, with a capital and delicately discriminating introduction by HENRY JAMES.

PERSONAL.

A MARY WASHINGTON Monument Association has been formed by the women of Fredericksburg, Virginia, where the burial-place of WASHINGTON'S mother has long been in a disgraceful state of neglect. In 1833 SILAS BURROWS, a wealthy New-Yorker, started to build an imposing monument over her grave, President JACKSON and other dignitaries being present at the laying of the corner-stone. Before the monument was completed, however, Mr. BURROWS lost his money and died, and since then time, war, and relic hunters have sadly defaced the half-finished structure. The present activity of the Fredericksburg women was stimulated by a movement of the Old South Church in Boston for the completion of the monument, and it is believed that the long-suspended work will now be carried to completion.

—Delamere Place, ex-Secretary BAYARD'S beautiful home in Wilmington, Delaware, is full of curious associations. It occupies a commanding site, and was built in 1820 by Colonel SAMUEL B. DAVIS, a retired officer of the United States army. Colonel DAVIS became a well-known Delaware politician, and accumulated much wealth by his business association with DANIEL CLARK, of New Orleans, the father of MYRA CLARK GAINES, whose stubborn and prolonged legal fight against DAVIS, her guardian, to recover millions of dollars' worth of property, gave her a national reputation. In her girlhood Miss CLARK lived at Delamere Place, and believed herself to be Colonel DAVIS'S daughter, although she was only his ward. Mr. BAYARD bought the homestead in 1870, and since then has found there such rest and comfort as his political life would permit him to enjoy.

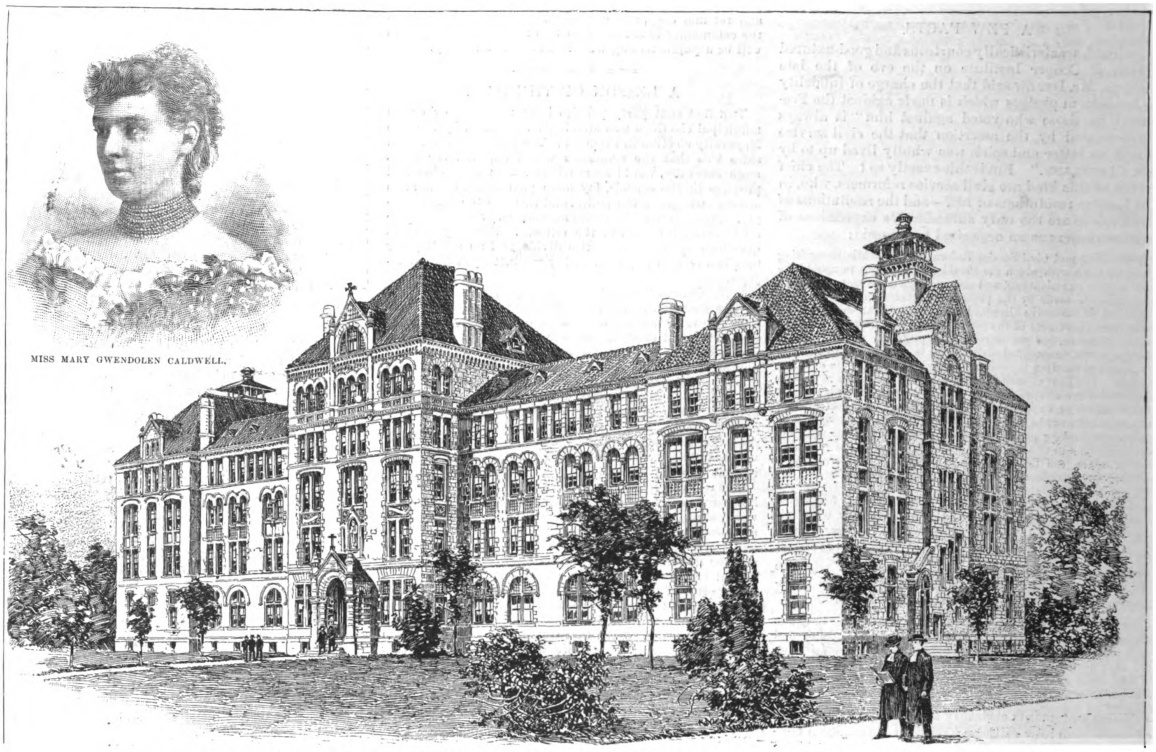
—Queen VICTORIA wisely provided that her children should be educated in the practical as well as the ornamental branches. They were given the best of teachers in languages and music, and then the princesses were taught how to sew, cook, and make butter and cheese, while the tool shops at Osborne gave the princes a fair knowledge of carpentering. Consequently the Prince of Wales is not only a good classical scholar and an accomplished performer on the piano and banjo, but he is quite handy in the use of carpenter's tools.

—Although ninety-four years old, Hon. BONUM NYE, of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, still performs his duties as president of the North Brookfield Railroad, and secretary and treasurer of the local savings-bank. He has been a Freemason since 1816, and remembers the time when for twelve years the town refused to put him on the jury list because he belonged to the order.

—The little Northamptonshire (England) village of Sulgrave, the home of GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ancestors, has been aroused by the theft from the WASHINGTON slab in the nave of the parish church of two brass plates. There were six of these plates, and they formed interesting memorials of the lives and deaths of LAWRENCE and AMY WASHINGTON, who died respectively in 1583 and 1564. The stolen brasses are believed to have been taken by two Americans, who, like many others of their countrymen, were supposed to be making a devotional pilgrimage to the place.

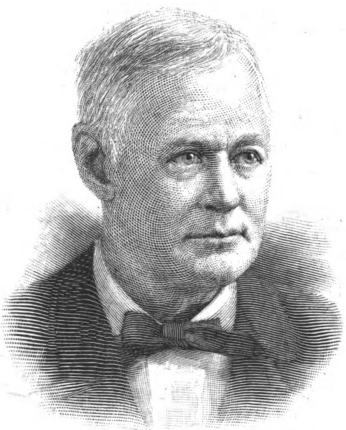
—After the capture of JEFFERSON DAVIS there were numerous applicants for the reward offered by President LINCOLN, and it has been a long task to sift out the deserving claimants. HONORE LEVERNIER, a private, has just received his share of $293, and four others are yet to be paid.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MISS MARY GWENDOLEN CALDWELL.

THE DIVINITY BUILDING OF THE NEW CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—From a Photograph by Bell.—[See Page 914.]



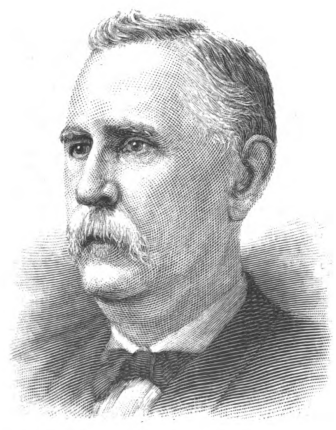
HORACE BOIES, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF IOWA.



JAMES E. CAMPBELL, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO.
From a Photograph by Overpeck, Hamilton.



LEON ABBETT, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.
From a Photograph by Gubelman, Jersey City.



PHILIP W. McKINNEY, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF VIRGINIA.
From a Photograph by Cook, Richmond.



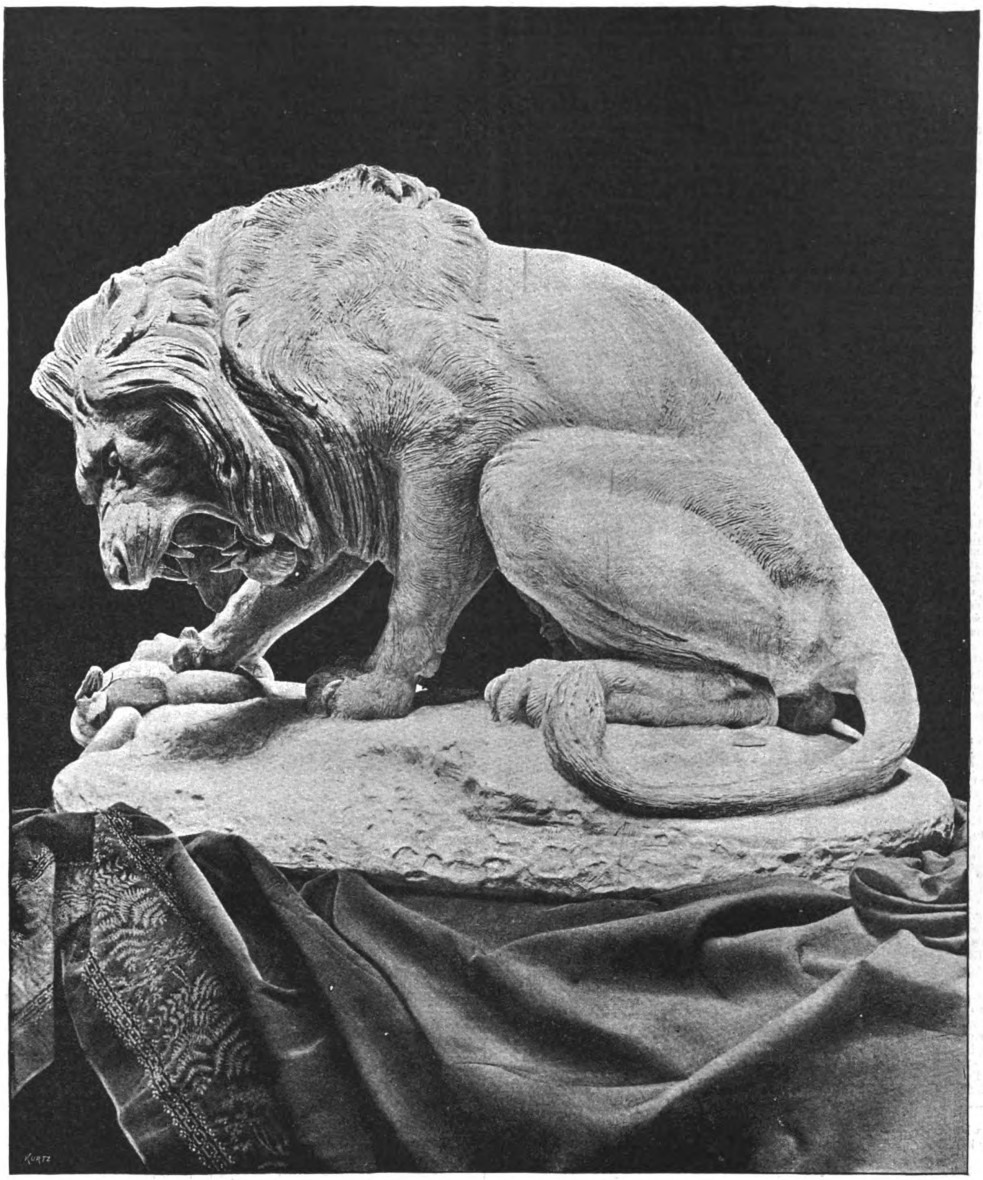
JOHN Q. A. BRACKETT, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—From a Photograph by Black & Co., Boston.



FRANK RICE, SECRETARY OF STATE ELECT OF NEW YORK.
From a Photograph by Notman, Albany.

STATE OFFICERS ELECTED ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1889.—[See Page 915.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE CAST OF BARYE'S GREAT WORK "THE LION AND THE SERPENT," PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE LION AND SERPENT CAST.

On the Avenue des Feuillants, in the Tuileries gardens, near the Seine, stands a group of animals in bronze which caused much perturbation to artists and amateurs of Paris more than fifty years ago. It was modelled by a sculptor who at that period was either unknown or little esteemed by most of those who professed the arts or took some interest in them—one Antoine Louis Barye, a quiet fellow of thirty-seven, who had taken but a single prize for sculpture, and that a second-class, and was thought of as an artisan rather than an artist. But even then the naturalness of the lion that has met a serpent in his path, and, half in wrath, half in cat-like cruelty, has struck his paw upon it, impressed all whose education in art had not limited their ideas to certain formulas. The sculptor had chosen a quiet moment, a middle point between the assertion of his kingship on the part of the monarch among beasts and the imminent destruction of the snake. The gesture of the latter was no less natural, for it showed the worm (by which our Saxon ancestors almost always meant a snake) about to turn and attack its tormentor. One of the tragedies of beast life was caught in enduring bronze when the sculptor gave that snarling look to the upper lip of the lion which comes from the exposure of his enormous canine teeth, and that fateful grip of his paw, with its five great claws protruding from their several sheaths. That part of the serpent free from the paw writhes back to strike, as all serpents will, whether their bite is deadly or not. Artists who had studied wild animals must have marvelled at the masterly way the lion's mane and hide were treated. The naturalist, accustomed to describe animals and dissect them, must have been surprised to see such truth to nature, not only in the positions of lion and serpent, but in the gradation in prominence of the claws on the two front feet of the lion compared with the retracted claws on the hind feet, and also in the nervous, living look of the great cat's tail. Perhaps he noted also how the manner in which the snake opened its mouth explained that it was not of the deadly kind, but of the constrictor class, because the poisonous snake opens its gape very wide, in order to bring into position the lancet teeth in the back of the mouth, which secrete and carry the poison.

The colossal lion and serpent of the Tuileries was cast from a wax model, by an expensive but perfect process, under the superintendence of Gonou, a famous man in his day; it remains one of the finest pieces of foundry-work which Paris can boast. It earned for the sculptor a great deal of attention and some abuse, the latter from artists who considered animals unworthy of the fine arts except in the most subordinate positions, from critics who reflected the Classical ideas against which Romanticists in literature and the arts were rebelling, and from the light-hearted makers of jokes, who saw a chance for a witticism that would be appreciated by those as unobservant and ignorant as themselves. It was a triumph for Barye, yet gained him enemies among men who were eager and able to make that triumph the last one for many years to come. "Are the Tuileries to be turned into a menagerie?" exclaimed an artist. And with that cry ready to hand, with the sneer of "animalist," and the more practical argument that enough honor had been done Barye by giving him a place near the palace and the Louvre, the men of jealousies and intrigues were only too successful in keeping commissions from a workman who is now considered the most original genius in sculpture which the century has produced. "Had he been born in Great Britain," said an English artist, "we would have had a group by Barye in every square of London."

The United States, however, appreciated this sculptor better than Britain did, for it is here that the largest collections of Barye's bronzes exist. In Baltimore a bronze replica of the seated lion of the Louvre guards the Washington Column on Mount Vernon Square, and there one also sees bronze reductions of two of the four groups carved by Barye in stone for decorations to one of the inner fronts of the Louvre. They were given to Baltimore by Mr. William T. Walters, who owns one of the finest galleries of smaller bronzes and wax models in private hands. In a certain sense the United States have a proprietary interest in Barye, owing to the fact that many Americans bought his pieces when it required some independence of judgment to overcome the indifference and neglect of the great body of French amateurs. As with Millet, as with Bastien Lepage, there are reasons for asking us to help to honor an artist whom we recognized so early. And so it comes about that a group of gentlemen have determined to supplement the exhibition held last spring at the École des Beaux-Arts in aid of the fund for a monument to Barye, by opening this week an exhibition of his work owned by Americans. It will be a large and interesting exhibit, including groups in bronze, silver, and stone, water-colors, oil-paintings, etchings, and wax models, and remarkably rich in bronze models and first proofs. From it one may learn the difference between the pieces cast by his own hands and those made by others after his death, the variations in color produced by experiments while searching for patina of different tints, and the astonishing discrepancy between two pieces exactly the same in design and modelling. This exhibition will include the Lion and Serpent of the Tuileries gardens shown in the illustration.

Not indeed in bronze, but in the cast. Two casts were taken from this group by the authorities, and one is now at the Universal Exposition on the Champs de Mars, it being well understood that comparatively few people ever stroll down the Avenue des Feuillants and see the original. The other cast was of no particular use, and a demand was made on the Ministry of Fine Arts by several Americans that it might be sold to one of them. The demand was refused, but the authorities intimated that if the Metropolitan Museum of Art would accept the cast as a gift, it should be forth-coming, the only proviso being that it should be exhibited beforehand at the New York exhibition in aid of the Barye monument.

This cast is now in New York, and when the exhibition closes it will become a choice piece in the great collection of casts now being formed in our museum. There it will serve as a standard of excellence to our sculptors of wild beasts, not only for its truth to nature, but for its masterly modelling. The

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lion, as Baryе made him, is not heroic; he is not performing one of those acts of disinterested benevolence or of superiority to the ordinary instincts of beast nature which were commonly attributed to him in the Middle Ages. The group is not an allegory, so far as anybody knows; not even the lion of genius scotching the snake of calumny. It is simply a little chapter from animal life, in the telling of which Baryе has exercised his power of magnificent as well as learned modelling, and shown the ceaseless struggle for existence which saddens nature.

CHARLES DE KAY.

RECEPTION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE reception at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York opens the winter exhibition, and such additions as had been made during the spring and summer are placed on view for the first time. In the spacious central hall have been arranged an extensive collection of casts provided for by the Willard bequest. As the area allotted to these casts is of considerable size, the display is fairly effective. In the time to come, when other buildings are added, classifications as to periods will undoubtedly take place. Excellent opportunity for study is provided by means of these casts, which give ideas of form and decoration not derivable from engravings. In fact, no school of art can fulfil its proper functions without having a complete collection of casts.

The two long galleries, their cases filled with fine specimens of Chinese and Japanese ware, were thronged on the occasion of the reception. Admirably lighted, details of color or decoration were at once visible. The main picture-gallery, with the Rosa Bonheur, the Meissonier, and other masters of the French school, was as much visited as when it was first opened to the public. Some years ago a question arose, advanced by the custodians of foreign galleries, as to whether our particular American sun in summer, with the methods of artificial heating in winter, would not produce unfortunate effects on paintings. No changes are, however, discernible, and the fine effects of the pictures are just the same as when they were first put on view. Mr. Smedley's sketch shows what was particularly the centre of attraction at the reception—the collection of old masters and pictures in the new eastern gallery. With the exception of the two Rembrandts—the portraits of the Burgomaster van Beersteyn and his wife—all these paintings have been presented to the museum by Mr. Henry G. Marquand.

The large central picture in Mr. Smedley's sketch is the portrait of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, by Vandyck, and this picture was purchased from Lord Methuen in 1886. The figure is the size of life, and has all that naturalness with distinction which is typical of a Vandyck. To the right and left of the Vandyck are two famous Constables—"A Lock on the Stour" and "The Valley Farm." To the extreme right there is a Velasquez, rather curious than striking, which gives the portrait with the eccentric head-dress of Queen Mariana of Austria, the second wife of Philip IV. On the left is a grand Rubens, and no better example of this great master can be found. In this same gallery is a Gainsborough, a Turner, a Reynolds, a delightful Crome, two Hals, a beautiful Van der Meer, the two great Rembrandts, a famous Ruysdael, a Teniers, a Terburg, and a Zurbaran.

The Turner, which is of about 1814, shows a dock on an English river-side, and through an open gateway a street is seen beyond. This is the picture Mr. Ruskin wanted to buy in 1852, but the price it fetched prevented its purchase by him. This picture is in Turner's more moderate manner.

It is not alone with the acquisition of paintings priceless of their kind that the Metropolitan Museum of Art opens its winter exhibition, but in Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek, and Roman antiquities many important additions have been made.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

XVII.

BEATON was at his best when he parted for the last time with Alma Leighton, for he saw then that what had happened to him was the necessary consequence of what he had been, if not what he had done. Afterward he lost this clear vision; he began to deny the fact; he drew upon his knowledge of life, and in arguing himself into a different frame of mind he alleged the case of different people who had done and been much worse things than he, and yet no such disagreeable consequence had befallen them. Then he saw that it was all the work of blind chance, and he said to himself that it was this that made him desperate, and willing to call evil his good, and to take his own wherever he could find it. There was a great deal that was literary and factitious and tawdry in the mood in which he went to see Christine Dryfoos, the night when the Marches sat talking their prospects over; and nothing that was decided in his purpose. He knew what the drift of his mind was, but he had always preferred to let chance determine his events, and now since chance had played him such an ill turn with Alma, he left it the whole responsibility. Not in terms, but in effect, this was his thought as he walked on uptown to pay the first of the visits which Dryfoos had practically invited him to resume. He had an insolent satisfaction in having delayed it so long; if he was going back he was going back on his own conditions, and these were to be as hard and humiliating as he could make them. But this intention again was inchoate, floating, the stuff of an intention, rather than intention; an expression of temperament chiefly.

He had been expected before that. Christine had got out of Mela that her father had been at Beaton's studio, and then she had gone at the old man and got from him every smallest fact of the interview there. She had flung back in his teeth the good-will toward herself with which he had gone to Beaton. She was furious with shame and resentment; she told him he had made bad worse, that he had made a fool of himself to no end; she spared neither his age, nor his grief-broken spirit, in which his will could not rise against hers. She filled the house with her rage, screaming it out upon him; but when her fury was once spent, she began to have some hopes from what her father had done. She no longer kept her bed; every evening she dressed herself in the dress Beaton admired the most, and sat up till a certain hour to receive him. She had fixed a day in her own mind before which, if he came, she would forgive him all he had made her suffer: the mortification, the suspense, the despair. Beyond this, she had the purpose of making her father go to Europe; she felt that she could no longer live in America, with the double disgrace that had been put upon her.

Beaton rang, and while the servant was coming the insolent caprice seized him to ask for the young ladies, instead of the old man, as he had supposed of course he should do. The maid who answered the bell, in the place of the reluctant Irishman of other days, had all his hesitation in admitting that the young ladies were at home.

He found Mela in the drawing-room. At sight of him she looked scared; but she seemed to be reassured by his calm. He asked if he was not to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Dryfoos too; and Mela said she reckoned the girl had gone upstairs to tell her. Mela was in black, and Beaton noted how well the solid sable became her rich, red blond beauty; he wondered what the effect would be with Christine.

But she, when she appeared, was not in mourning. He fancied that she wore the lustrous black silk, with the breadths of white Venetian lace about the neck, which he had praised, because he praised it. Her cheeks burned with a Jacqueminot crimson; what should be white in her face was chalky white. She carried a plumed ostrich fan, black and soft, and after giving him her hand, sat down and waved it to and fro slowly, as he remembered her doing the night they first met. She had no ideas, except such as related intimately to herself, and she had no gabble, like Mela; and she let him talk. It was past the day when she had promised herself she would forgive him; but as he talked on she felt all her passion for him revive, and the conflict of desires, the desire to hate, the desire to love, made a dizzying whirl in her brain. She looked at him, half doubting whether he was really there or not. He had never looked so handsome, with his dreamy eyes floating under his heavy overhanging hair, and his pointed brown beard defined against his lustrous shirt front. His mellowly modulated, mysterious voice lulled her; when Mela made an errand out of the room, and Beaton crossed to her and sat down by her, she shivered.

"Are you cold?" he asked, and she felt the cruel mockery and exultant consciousness of power in his tone, as perhaps a wild thing feels captivity in the voice of its keeper. But now, she said she would still forgive him if he asked her.

Mela came back, and the talk fell again to the former level; but Beaton had not said anything that really meant what she wished, and she saw that he intended to say nothing. Her heart began to burn like a fire in her breast.

"You been tellin' him about our goin' to Europe?" Mela asked.

"No," said Christine, briefly, and looking at the fan spread out on her lap.

Beaton asked when; and then he rose, and said if it was so soon, he supposed he should not see them again, unless he saw them in Paris; he might very likely run over, during the summer. He said to himself that he had given it a fair trial with Christine, and he could not make it go.

Christine rose, with a kind of gasp, and mechanically followed him to the door of the drawing-room; Mela came too; and while he was putting on his overcoat, she gurgled and bubbled in good-humor with all the world. Christine stood looking at him, and thinking how handsomer still he was in his overcoat; and that fire burned fiercer in her. She felt him more than life to her and knew him lost, and the frenzy that makes a woman kill the man she loves, or fling vitriol to destroy the beauty she cannot have for all hers, possessed her lawless soul. He gave his hand to Mela, and said, in his windharp stop, "Good-by."

As he put out his hand to Christine, she pushed it aside with a scream of rage; she flashed at him, and with both hands made a feline pass at the face he bent toward her. He sprang back, and after an instant of stupefaction he pulled open the door behind him, and ran out into the street.

"Well, Christine Dryfoos!" said Mela. "Sprang at him like a wild-cat!"

"I don't care," Christine shrieked. "I'll tear his eyes out!" She flew upstairs to her own room, and left the burden of the explanation to Mela, who did it justice.

Beaton found himself, he did not know how, in his studio, reeking with perspiration and breathless. He must almost have run. He struck a match with a shaking hand, and looked at his face in the glass. He expected to see the bleeding marks of her nails on his cheeks; but he could see nothing. He grovelled inwardly; it was all so low and coarse and vulgar; it was all so just and apt to his deserts.

There was a pistol among the dusty bric-à-brac on the mantel, which he had kept loaded to fire at a cat in the area. He took it and sat looking into the muzzle, wishing it might go off by accident and kill him. It slipped through his hand, and struck the floor, and there was a report; he sprang into the air, feeling that he had been shot. But he found himself still alive, with only a burning line along his cheek, such as one of Christine's finger-nails might have left.

He laughed with cynical recognition of the fact that he had got his punishment in the right way, and that his case was not to be dignified into tragedy.

XVIII.

The Marches, with Fulkerson, went to see the Dryfooses off on the French steamer. There was no longer any business obligation on them to be civil, and there was greater kindness for that reason in the attention they offered. *Every Other Week* had been made over to the joint ownership of March and Fulkerson, and the details arranged with a hardness on Dryfoos's side which certainly left Mrs. March with a sense of his incomplete regeneration. Yet when she saw him there on the steamer, she pitied him; he looked wearied and bewildered; even his wife, with her twitching head, and her prophecies of evil, croaked hoarsely out, while she clung to Mrs. March's hand where they sat together till the leave-takers were ordered ashore, was less pathetic. Mela was looking after both of them, and trying to cheer them, in a joyful excitement. "I tell 'em it's goun' to add ten years to both their lives," she said. "The voyage 'll do their healths good; and then, we're gittun' away from that miser'ble pack o' servants that was eatun' us up, there in New York. I *hate* the place!" she said, as if they had already left it. "Yes, Mrs. Mandel's goun' too," she added, following the direction of Mrs. March's eyes, where they noted Mrs. Mandel speaking to Christine on the other side of the cabin. "Her and Christine had a kind of a spat, and she was goun' to leave, but here only the other day, Christine offered to make it up with her, and now they're as thick as thieves. Well, I reckon we couldn't very well 'a' got along without her. She's about the only one that speaks French in *this* family."

Mrs. March's eyes still dwelt upon Christine's face: it was full of a furtive wildness. She seemed to be keeping a watch to prevent herself from looking as if she were looking for some one.

"Do you know," Mrs. March said to her husband, as they jingled along homeward in the Christopher Street bobtail car, "I thought she was in love with that detestable Mr. Beaton of yours, at one time; and that he was amusing himself with her."

"I can bear a good deal, Isabel," said March, "but I *wish* you wouldn't attribute Beaton to me. He's the invention of that Mr. Fulkerson of yours."

"Well, at any rate I hope, now, you'll both get rid of him, in the reforms you're going to carry out."

These reforms were for a greater economy in the management of *Every Other Week;* but in their very nature they could not include the suppression of Beaton. He had always shown himself capable and loyal to the interests of the magazine, and both the new owners were glad to keep him. He was glad to stay, though he made a gruff pretence of indifference, when they came to talk over the new arrangement with him. In his heart he knew that he was a fraud; but at least he could say to himself with truth that he had not now the shame of taking Dryfoos's money.

March and Fulkerson retrenched at several points where it had seemed indispensable to spend, as long as they were not spending their own: that was only human. Fulkerson absorbed Conrad's department into his, and March found that he could dispense with Kendricks in the place of assistant which he had lately filled, since Fulkerson had decided that March was overworked. They reduced the number of illustrated articles, and they systematized the payment of contributors strictly according to the sales of each number, on their original plan of co-operation: they had got to paying rather lavishly for material without reference to the sales.

Fulkerson took a little time to get married, and went on his wedding journey out to Niagara, and down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, over the line of travel that the Marches had taken in their wedding journey. He had the pleasure of going from Montreal to Quebec on the same boat on which he first met March.

They have continued very good friends, and their wives are almost without the rivalry that usually embitters the wives of partners. At first Mrs. March did not like Mrs. Fulkerson's speaking of her husband as the Ownah, and March as the Edito'; but it appeared that this was only a convenient method of recognizing the predominant quality in each, and was meant neither to affirm nor to deny anything. Colonel Woodburn offered as his contribution to the celebration of the copartnership, which Fulkerson could not be prevented from dedicating with a little dinner, the story of Fulkerson's magnanimous behavior in regard to Dryfoos at that crucial moment when it was a question whether he should give up Dryfoos or give up March. Fulkerson winced at it; but Mrs. March told her husband that now, whatever happened, she should never have any misgivings of Fulkerson again; and she asked him if he did not think he ought to apologize to him for the doubts with which he had once inspired her. March said that he did not think so.

The Fulkersons spent the summer at a sea-side hotel in easy reach of the city; but they returned early to Mrs. Leighton's, with whom they are to board till spring, when they are going to fit up Fulkerson's bachelor apartment for house-keeping. Mrs. March, with her Boston scruple, thinks it will be odd, living over the *Every Other Week* offices; but there will be a separate street entrance to the apartment; and besides, in New York you may do anything.

The future of the Leightons promises no immediate change. Kendricks goes there a good deal to see the Fulkersons, and Mrs. Fulkerson says he comes to see Alma. He has seemed taken with her ever since he first met her at Dryfoos's, the day of Lindau's funeral, and though Fulkerson objects to dating a fancy of that kind from an occasion of that kind, he justly argues with March that there can be no harm in it, and that we are liable to be struck by lightning any time. In the mean while there is no proof that Alma returns Kendricks's interest, if he feels any. She has got a little bit of color into the fall exhibition; but the fall exhibition is never as good as the spring exhibition. Wetmore is rather sorry she has succeeded in this, though he promoted her success. He says her real hope is in black and white, and it is a pity for her to lose sight of her original aim of drawing for illustration.

News has come from Paris of the engagement of Christine Dryfoos. There the Dryfooses met with the success denied them in New York; many American plutocrats must await their apotheosis in Europe, where society has them, as it were, in a translation. Shortly after their arrival they were celebrated in the newspapers as the first millionaire American family of natural gas extraction who had arrived in the capital of civilization; and at a French watering-place Christine encountered her fate: a nobleman full of present debts and of duels in the past. Fulkerson says the old man can manage the debtor and Christine can look out for the duellist. "They say those fellows generally whip their wives. He'd better not try it with Christine, I reckon, unless he's practised with a panther."

One day, shortly after their return to town in the autumn from the brief summer outing they permitted themselves, the Marches met Margaret Vance. At first they did not know her in the dress of the sisterhood which she wore; but she smiled joyfully, almost gayly, on seeing them, and though she hurried by with the sister who accompanied her, and did not stay to speak, they felt that the peace that passeth understanding had looked at them from her eyes.

"Well, she is at rest, there can't be any doubt of that," he said, as he glanced round at the drifting black robe, which followed her free, nunlike walk.

"Yes, now she can do all the good she likes," sighed his wife. "I wonder—I wonder if she ever told his father about her talk with poor Conrad that day he was shot?"

"I don't know. I don't care. In any event it would be right. She did nothing wrong. If she unwittingly sent him to his death, she sent him to die for God's sake, for man's sake."

"Yes—yes. But still—"

"Well, we must trust that look of hers."

THE END.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

ON the 24th of May, 1888, the foundation-stone of the Catholic University was laid in Washington, in the presence of the President of the United States and a large assemblage. That this university was opened on Wednesday, November 13th, is due mainly to the exertion of one of the broadest-minded, most American in the best sense, and most energetic of the Catholic prelates—the Right Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond. The classes of the Divinity School will begin on Monday, November 18th. The classes of psychological, ethical, social, historical, philological, and biological studies will be added if possible during the present year. A course of free lectures will begin at once in a hall in Washington secured for the purpose, and every effort will be made to have the influence of the new institution felt from the start.

The announcement that a Catholic university would be founded at Washington excited much interest and some misunderstanding. Such a foundation had for a long time been the hope of the most progressive of the bishops of the Catholic Church. With Bishop Spalding, they had looked forward to the establishment of a great college which would give "the best cultivation of mind, issuing in comprehensiveness of view, in exactness of perception, in the clear discernment of the relations of truths and of the limitations of scientific knowledge, in fairness and flexibility of thought, in ease and grace of expression, in candor, in reasonableness; the intellectual culture which brings the mind into form, gives it the control of its faculties, creates the habit of attention, and develops firmness of grasp." Most of us have observed that the theological seminary often fails to give the education of which Bishop Spalding spoke. The absence of it, indeed, has placed the advocates of Protestant Christianity more than once in a humiliating position before the trained intellects of more liberally educated men of non-Christian opinions.

In the Catholic Church the education, or rather the training and instruction, received by priests in American seminaries has not been sufficiently liberal, in the intellectual sense. No ministers of religion could be better fitted to defend the Christian belief from the scholastic point of view, or for the careful performance of their daily duties. Their training and knowledge have been—when they came entirely from the eccle-iastical seminary—professional rather than liberal. Firmness of Christian faith and deep reading in the Greek and Latin fathers, profundity in the rubrics and canon law, skill in the use of time-honored polemical weapons, do not prevent a man from

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

being one-sided and narrow-minded, or give that flexibility, grace, breadth, and culture which the modern defender of Christianity needs. Cardinal Newman is revered in the world because he has these qualities. Were St. Thomas Aquinas on earth without them, he would have as little chance of getting a hearing from the modern doubter as a remote Western Methodist minister would have of distracting the world from the polished phrases of Matthew Arnold.

The Catholic Church has always held fast to the synthesis between religion and education, and insisted that the cultivation of the intellect and of the heart should proceed under the influence of Christian belief. Where the senses fail, belief steps in; where human reason pauses appalled or dazzled by the great problem before it, the Church fills the hiatus with faith. The policy, then, of the Catholic bishops of the United States in founding a university which shall be indigenous to the soil, which shall stimulate and equip devout believers in Christianity for the struggle against unbelief is not new. It is as old as the time of Albertus Magnus, of Abelard, of Oxford, of Pavia. The first principle of the design of the rector of this university and his colleagues is that their establishment shall graduate priests and laymen as American and modern as they are Catholic and conservative. Objection has been made in the press to the employment of foreign professors. Objection might just as well be made to the having of an Oxford man pre-eminent in any way at Princeton, or a Heidelberg man at Johns Hopkins. It would not shock us if Harvard were to import Max Müller, or Yale Professor Dowden. The teachers brought by Bishop Keane to this country are eminent—some of them uniquely eminent—in the various branches of philosophy, theology, and the Bible languages.

The first impetus given to the project of the university is due to Bishop Spalding. In an address at the seminary of St. Francis de Sales, in Milwaukee, he pointed out the inadequacy of seminary training to meet the needs of the time. His address was thought to be somewhat audacious at the time. There were many conservatives who believed that the project was "in the air." The force of circumstances has made the objectors silent since the university—or at least the nucleus of it—has become a fact. Leo XIII., a scholar as well as a statesman, a poet, and almost as fanatical a believer in the saving force of letters as Bishop Spalding himself, gave enthusiastic encouragement to the undertaking. A committee was formed consisting of Messrs. Thomas E. Waggaman, Michael Jenkins, Eugene Kelly, the Revs. P. L. Chapelle, T. S. Lee, J. M. Farley, Bishops Maes, Marty, Keane, Spalding, Archbishops Ireland, Corrigan, Ryan, Williams, and Cardinal Gibbons. The committee concluded to begin with the theological department. The financial question had begun to be settled by Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, who gave Bishop Spalding $300,000 for the founding of the university. Her sister gave $50,000; Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, gave $50,000 and endowed a chair; the Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia; the Misses Andrews, of Baltimore; Colonel Bonaparte, Mr. James Carroll, Dr. Ouchterlony, of Louisville, and many others responded munificently. At present the financial condition of the Divinity College is such as to warrant the Board of Trustees in fixing the fees at a very low rate.

Washington was chosen as the site for obvious reasons—reasons which eminent thinkers and educators consider obvious. The property, near the city, consists of sixty-five acres. The grounds of the university, which will in time hold many colleges, will be formed on the plan of those of the Pincian Hill at Rome. It is intended that they shall be ornamented with the statues of great Americans, regardless of their creed or religious opinions. Signor Gregori, a Florentine artist, has already finished portraits of Washington (after Stuart) and Archbishop Carroll for the university.

The mission of the university is to correct the daily growing disregard for higher learning, to refute the prevalent fallacy that the student is a useless dreamer, to show that it is mind, not matter, which accomplishes all that is worth doing in the world, and to give a higher tone to the thoughts of young men who are on every side tempted by the opportunities of mere material advancement. A great university can do this, and Bishop Keane, with a noble enthusiasm, has surrendered his diocese and made himself a wanderer and a beggar, like St. Antony of Padua, and St. Francis, for the sake of making the university possible.

A BAD CROSSING.

THE transportation of the supplies for a body of troops, particularly if operating in an unsettled country, is, as it will readily be understood, a matter of vital importance, and any expedition not properly provided with the necessary means for the purpose is greatly hampered in the successful carrying out of its object. What these means consist of depends greatly on circumstances. When great rapidity of movement is imperative, or when the character of the country is such that it would be impossible to move with a regular train, pack-mules are used, but in the majority of cases the food, camp equipage, ammunition, etc., of a column of troops are carried in wagons.

A long train of these great lumbering vehicles on the march makes an interesting picture. So experienced and well-instructed are the teamsters—"mule-whackers," the soldiers call them—and so hardy, willing, strong, and patient those most unjustly derided of quadrupeds, the army mules, so well and admirably constructed for the purpose are the wagons, that it must be a rough country indeed that a military supply train cannot pass over. As a rule, the wagons follow in the rear of the marching troops, and in an enemy's country they are strongly guarded—if not immediately with the main command—by such troops as can be spared for the purpose. Over the level prairie the long train moves along without much difficulty, the mules, in their huge leather-covered collars, pulling contentedly at the traces, and trundling the heavily laden wagons easily over the smooth turf, while the teamsters lounge lazily in their saddles, now and then calling or whistling to the leaders, and snapping their long-lashed whips at some tall weed or prickly cactus growing by the trail, or chat with the soldiers of the guard trudging sturdily along on either side. Ahead of them a long irregular line on the otherwise level surface of the plain indicates a cañon there, and as the "grade" falls away now, the teamsters drag on the long leather straps attached to the brakes on the rear wheels of the wagons. Down they go with a rush, one after the other, mules slipping and sliding, pebbles and dust flying, the huge wheels grinding up the soil, and the great white canvas-covered wagon tops swaying from side to side in a most alarming manner. Look out that no pole breaks, or perhaps—which happens only too often—no wagon upsets. Then indeed "there is a circus," and somebody "catches it" from wrathful quartermaster or irascible and invariably profane wagonmaster.

A wide stream runs along the bottom of the great ravine, full to overflowing from the melting snows in the great mountains a hundred miles away, where it has its source; but the scouts have "located the crossing," and—their horses knee-deep and over in the water—a long line of bluecoats stretches from bank to bank marking the ford, and ready to catch any luckless teamster, and possibly team as well, that might be washed off their feet by the rushing waters. All along the opposite bank, which rises precipitately from the very edge of the stream, save at one narrow steep break in its otherwise almost perpendicular sides, and through which the wagons must pass to reach the top, the soldiers of the main column are scattered, and as the wagons cross, and the powerful willing mules vainly strive to drag them up the steep incline, long ropes are attached to the poles, and a score or more of sturdy fellows catch hold, and with a "long pull and a strong pull all together," almost taking the mules off their feet, the big vehicles are dragged in safety to the top of the bluff. Sometimes the crossing may be a veritable slough. Sticky yellow mud clogs the wheels, and as wagon after wagon is pulled through it by the floundering, straining mules, it becomes so churned up that two, and even three, six-mule teams are powerless to move them. There is but one course to pursue then—double trips must be made. The wagons must be partially unloaded, dragged through the mucilaginous compound, unpacked, driven back again, reloaded with the freight left on the other side, hauled through again, pulled up the steep bluff, finally repacked, and moved on to make room for the next. Hours pass in doing this—perhaps it takes a day or two to get the train safely over; and many a soldier will remember ruefully the hard work and discomfort he has had at some "bad crossing."

R. F. ZOGBAUM.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

THRICE happy am I because
I have welcomed a king to-day
Who has kept aloof from my humble roof
In a king's imperious way!
I have seen him oft in dreams,
Yet he never has passed before
With his robe of state through my vine-clad gate,
And entered my open door!

He has taken my life in thrall
For a priceless service meet;
He has come to stay, and I feel his sway
While I sit at his royal feet.
And my heart is brimmed with joy
To know that a king like he,
Who was born above, and whose name is Love,
Should dwell in a hut with me!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THE NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.

IOWA became a State in 1838, and her first Governor was a Democrat. From that date until 1854 all her Governors were Democrats; but from 1854 until the present year Iowa has always chosen Republicans. The man who has now broken in upon this long line of Republicans, extending over a period of thirty-five years, is Horace Boies, a native of New York State, and a man who for many years was himself a Republican.

Mr. Boies is sixty-two years old, and was born in Erie County, this State. His youth was passed upon a farm, and he was educated in an academy. Having read law, he went to Buffalo to practise, and lived there several years. He became a Republican in politics when the party was organized; as such he served in the Legislature before the war, and supported the war measures of Lincoln. Mr. Boies went to Iowa in 1867, making his home in Waterloo. All these years he has practised law in that place. He is well known throughout Iowa, and has acquired large interests in agricultural properties. He is a practical farmer, and the leisure that law has afforded him he has given to the farm. In Grundy County he is said to possess 2640 acres of cultivated land, and in Palo Alto County 1100 acres, on which are kept 500 head of cattle.

Mr. Boies is known throughout Iowa as a speaker and writer on questions concerning transportation and taxation as they interest the agricultural classes. In 1884 Mr. Boies, who had heretofore been a Republican, declined to vote for Mr. Blaine; he supported Mr. Cleveland instead. Four years later he again supported Mr. Cleveland. The special message of President Cleveland to Congress in December, 1887, met with his approval. He said of it: "If the same message had been sent to Congress by a Republican President, there are not, as I believe, a hundred Republicans in Iowa who would have complained because it went too far in recommending reductions of tariff." These facts in the life of Mr. Boies give to his election peculiar political significance at this time.

The new Governor of Virginia, the hero of the successful conflict with William Mahone, is Philip Watkins McKinney, who was born in Buckingham County on May 1, 1832. Charles McKinney, his father, was an influential and respected merchant, who placed him under careful instructors, who fitted him for Hampton Sidney College, which he entered at the age of seventeen, and from which he was graduated in 1851. He made a mark in college as a speaker, and received a gold medal from the Philanthropic Society in recognition of his abilities.

Mr. McKinney went to Lexington to read law, and in 1853 was admitted to practice. On his return home to begin practice, he was offered the Whig nomination for member of the Virginia Legislature, and elected by a good majority over the opposing candidate, who in previous elections had overcome all opposition to his candidacy. Mr. McKinney served in this office for four consecutive terms, the last of which brought him to the outbreak of the war. A company of cavalry was then formed from the youth of Buckingham and adjoining counties, and Mr. McKinney was elected captain. The company was assigned to the Fourth Regiment, and he continued at the head of his company until severely wounded at Brandy Station; this accident made it impossible to do further service in the field, but he did conscript duty at Danville, and at the time of Lee's surrender was in command at that place.

An ample fortune had been left him by his father and had been acquired by marriage, but the close of the war found it all swept away, and in 1865 he went to the town of Farmville to resume his law practice. He soon acquired a large practice from men who sought to repair or escape the financial ruin due to the war. He has been active in State politics for many years. He has held the office of Commonwealth's Attorney several times, once by election, at other times by appointment. He once ran for Congress against a candidate known as a carpet-bagger, has been a Presidential elector, a candidate for Attorney-General, and in every State and national contest has taken some active share. He was a delegate to the National Convention of 1884 which nominated Mr. Cleveland, and again a delegate to the Convention of 1888.

The new Governor of Massachusetts, John Quincy Adams Brackett, is a typical "young Republican" of the old commonwealth. He is enthusiastic; he is energetic; he is loyal to the party. He was born in New Hampshire, at Bradford, in 1842, and was graduated at Harvard University in the class of 1865. Afterward he went through the Law School at Cambridge, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He practised law in Boston, and was a smart, quick, active man of business, taking part in politics, keeping up with the brisk movement whose rising tide has landed men like Oliver Ames, Elijah Morse, and the new Governor at the head of public affairs in the place of Mr. Crapo, Mr. John D. Long, and the other old leaders of the Republican party. Governor Brackett now becomes interesting to the country at large because he will be a contestant for the United States Senatorship when the next term expires. He belongs to the generation of leaders who must furnish the successors of Mr. Hoar and Mr. Dawes. These are ex-Governor Robinson, ex-Governor Long, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Brackett, and Mr. Crapo. There is hardly another name to be mentioned, for these, first and last, have mounted upon the shoulders of ex-Governors Claflin and Rice, ex-Congressman W. W. Rice, and all prominent men of the party, with the exception, perhaps, of ex-Governor Ames. Mr. Ames, however, is probably out of the political race of the future on account of his ill health, while Mr. Crapo's defeat for the Gubernatorial nomination of this year puts him at a decided disadvantage in a contest with the others. Mr. Brackett belongs decidedly to the smart politicians of Massachusetts who have won their way to the front by persevering industry in behalf of their party. It is a different class from that which is to be found in New York. Governor Brackett is a man who lives a quiet, orderly, decent life, after the pattern which is approved in the small towns of the outskirts of Boston. He has a handsome house of his own, something which is required of prosperous citizens of Massachusetts by a healthy public sentiment. Mr. Brackett made his first incursion into politics in 1873. This was after an experience of five years at the bar. He was then elected a member of the Boston Common Council, and served there for three years. From 1876 to 1881 he served as a member of the State House of Representatives. He was out of politics for three years, when he returned to the Lower House of the Legislature in 1884. At this time he began to take a prominent part in the politics of the State. He was first chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and in 1885 and 1886 he was Speaker. In the last year he was elected Lieutenant-Governor with Governor Ames, and has served in that office through the latter's three terms. His nomination was largely due to his personal acquaintance with the Republican politicians of the State, and to the practice of promoting the Lieutenant-Governor to the first office of the Commonwealth. Governor Brackett is a strong man among the rising generation of Massachusetts Republicans.

Governor Leon Abbett, of New Jersey, is now pretty generally known to the country as a leading Democrat of the strict party type. He belongs rather to the Randall wing of the party, being a protectionist after the fashion which prevails in his native State. He was not born in the State of which he is now for the second time the Governor. He was born in Philadelphia in 1836, October 3d, but very early in life he removed to New Jersey, and has passed a long and industrious life at the bar of New York city. During recent years he served as Corporation Counsel of Jersey City, but his private law office has been for a long time on Broadway in New York. He was from the first in politics, and on the Democratic side. He was a Member of Assembly three times, afterward a State Senator, and for three years was President of the Senate. In 1883 he was first elected Governor of New Jersey, after a bitter contest. When his term was about to expire the present Governor Green was nominated and elected his successor. There were two factions of Democrats in the State, and during Governor Abbett's first term the feeling between them was very intense. It grew into portentous proportions in the Presidential election of 1884, and at one time it seemed as though the differences in the party were serious enough to render Mr. Cleveland's triumph in the State impossible.

Governor Abbett, however, was a candidate for election to the United States Senate in the winter following the expiration of his term as Governor. The Democrats had a majority of the Legislature on joint ballot, but there was a number of the members of the party so angry with the ex-Governor that they refused to obey the decision of the caucus, and declined to vote for him. His Republican opponent was Mr. Phelps, and for many weeks there was no choice. Finally by a coalition between the disaffected Democrats and the Republicans, Mr. Blodgett, the present Senator, was chosen. This year Mr. Abbett had no difficulty in obtaining the nomination, and very little difficulty in carrying the election. His opponent was General E. Burd Grubb.

The new Democratic Governor of Ohio, Mr. James E. Campbell, is distinctly a representative of the Democracy who are led by ex-Speaker Carlisle, Mr. Mills, and Mr. Morrison. He has for several years been known as an active worker for the reforms of the tariff which have been advocated by the revenue reform wing of the party. During the last Congress he was an advocate of the Mills bill, and was opposed to a large body of his party in Ohio, who were inclined to follow the lead of the Democrats of Pennsylvania. He accepted the political principles of Judge Thurman rather than those of Senator Payne.

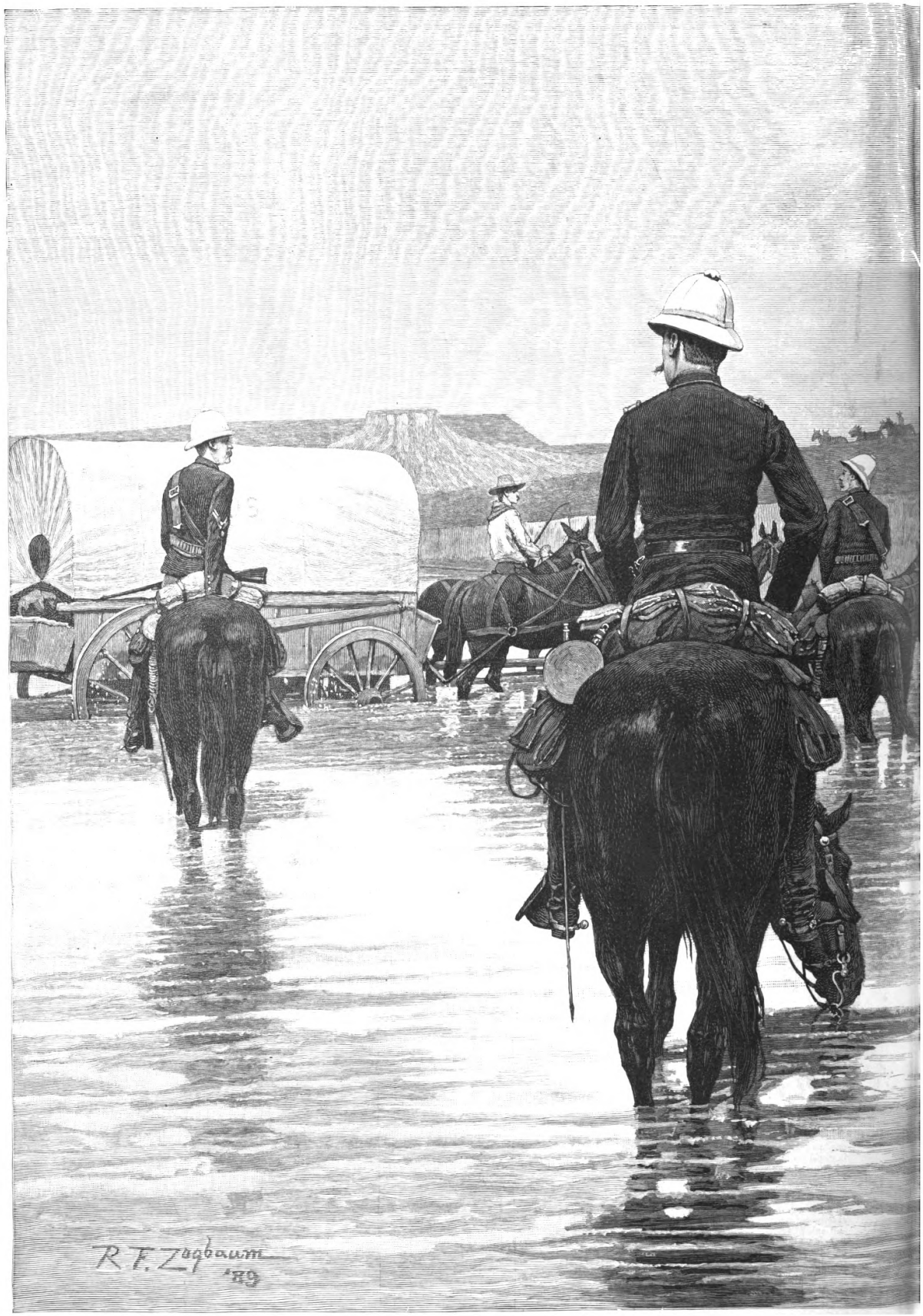
He was born in Ohio, in Butler County, July 7, 1843. After he had obtained what education he could in the common schools of his neighborhood, he began teaching, and the war found him engaged in this occupation. In 1862 he entered the navy as a volunteer, and he served on the gunboats of Admiral Porter's fleet, and during the Red River campaign of 1863–4. After the war was over, he resumed the study of the law, which he had begun while he was a teacher in a common school, and was admitted to practice in 1865. During most of his naval service he was a minor. He opened his office in the place where he still resides at Hamilton. His first office was that of Prosecuting Attorney. He was elected to that in 1873, and again in 1875. In 1882 he was elected to Congress. He was re-elected in 1884 and 1886. He has a wonderful personal popularity. He has been called the most popular man in Ohio, and he is especially strong with the war veterans of the State, who are proud of his record and devoted to him. He can doubtless poll more Republican votes than any member of his party in Ohio. He is a remarkably handsome and active man, and his campaigns have always been marked by the infusion into them of his intense vitality. He travels from one end of the State or district to the other, constantly speaking and invariably winning support. The campaign against him this year was one of exceeding bitterness. He was charged with corruption, but waiting patiently and silently until he had obtained convincing evidence, he finally proved that his opponents had been duped by a forgery. So conclusive was the evidence that both Mr. Halstead and Governor Foraker confessed that they had done Mr. Campbell an injustice.

FRANK RICE.

NEW YORK'S newly elected Secretary of State was born in the town of Seneca, in this State, January 15, 1845. He went to the public school, and prepared for college at the Canandaigua Academy. He was graduated from Hamilton College with high honors in 1868. In the spring of 1869 he entered the law office of Comstock & Bennett in Canandaigua. In June, 1870, he was admitted to the bar. He rapidly rose to prominence, and in 1875 was nominated for District Attorney on the Democratic ticket. Ontario County is usually good for at least 1000 Republican majority, but Rice was elected, receiving 636 more votes than his competitor. He was re-elected in 1878 by an increased majority. In 1882, the "tidal wave" year, he ran for the Assembly, and was elected by a majority of 1256, running over 650 votes ahead of his ticket. Again, in 1883, he was re-elected, his opponent being John Raines, since Congressman from the Rochester district. In 1884 he was chosen County Judge, and has retained the position ever since.

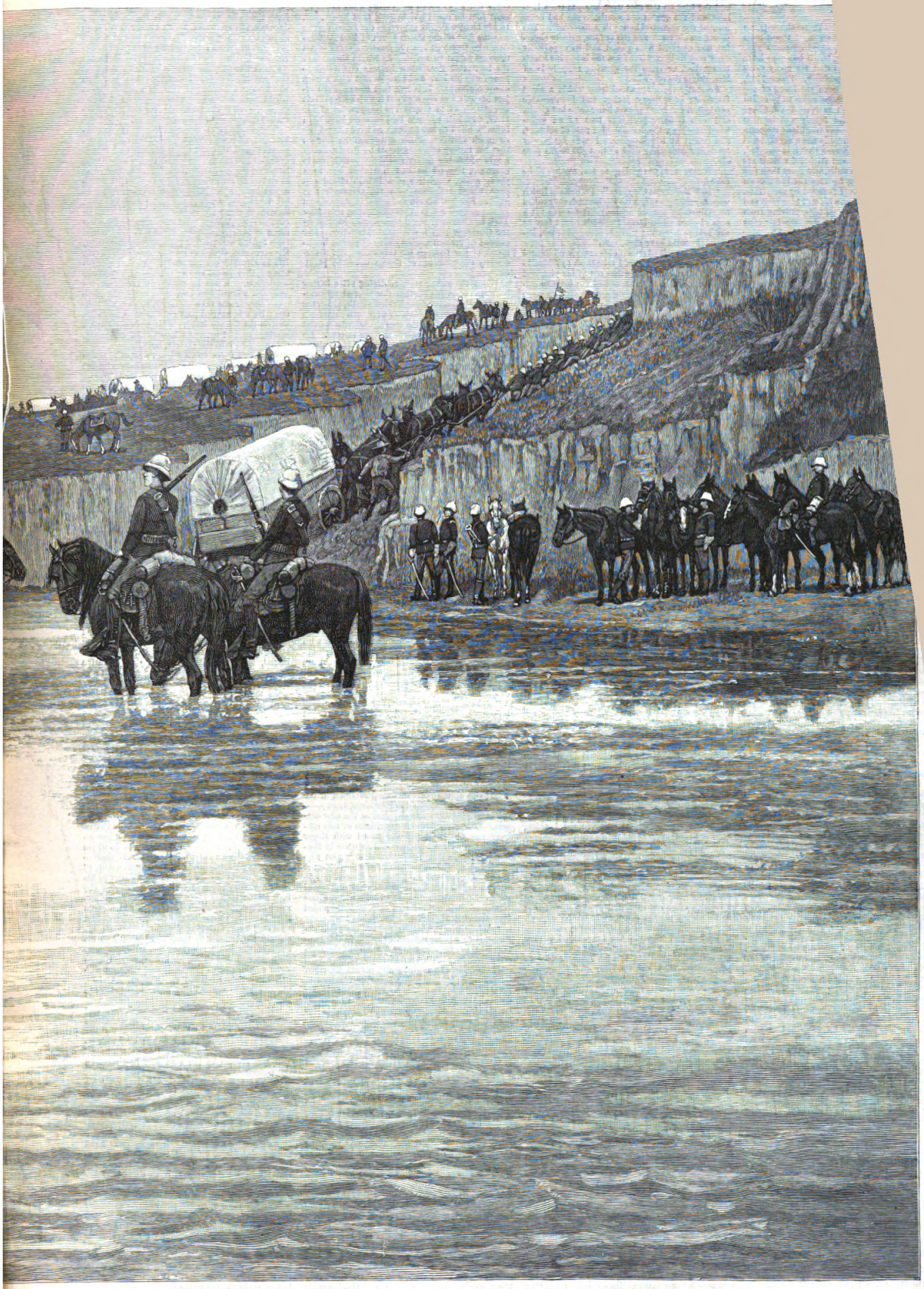
Mr. Rice was known in the Assembly as a straightforward and honorable member. He belongs in State politics to what is known as the Cleveland faction, and was put on the ticket to conciliate the possible opposition of that body to the rest of the nominees.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"A BAD CROSSING."—DRA

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 915.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LEGEND OF THE GRAY LADY.

THERE stands in Salem, in Massachusetts, an ancient brick dwelling like most of those built by the city merchants of a hundred years ago. It is quaint and interesting, but it has very little to do with our story, except that for many years it was its unsuspected repository. Since 1798, when it was built, it has been the home of the Corliss family, for so the name came to be called in New England, although in New York, where the Dutch founder of the family was born, it was Corlaer. There are many traditions concerning the old house, and there is not a servant-girl in the whole region but knows that it is haunted. The most extraordinary and frightful sounds are nightly heard within its walls, and more than one maid has given warning because she has met on the stairway the gray lady pursued by the pirate. It is a beautiful gray lady, with soft blue eyes and fine blond hair—the very pattern, judging from the description of her, of the delicate fair girls who were ruthlessly brought from comfortable English homes to New England forests two hundred and fifty years ago; and the pirate is said to be a handsome, dashing-looking fellow, clad in sailor costume, with petticoat breeches, and with a red handkerchief bound about his head, which appears to be cracked, as from the blow of a club or other blunt weapon.

There has long been a hazy tradition in the family of dealings between one of its early daughters and the pirates who once infested the waters of New York Harbor and Long Island Sound, and the present occupant of the house and head of the family (for five generations the eldest child has been a boy) was for many years accustomed to relate a story which his grandfather heard from his father, the builder of the old house. The impression made on the boy's mind had weakened, and the flow of intervening years had washed out much of the color of the tale. It was believed, however, that the family's ancestress, whether she was the gray lady or not, had carefully written out her romance, and that the manuscript was lost while the carpenters were finishing the Salem house. All hope of finding the treasure had departed before the present generation saw the light of day. A few years ago, some changes being made in the house, it was decided to tear out and make over an interesting closet, the like of which is probably not to be found in any house in the country. It opened out of a little room on the second floor, the apartment being at the end of the house next the straggling sheds. What was odd about the closet was a winding flight of five steps for which there was no discernible reason. The steps simply led to the wall of the closet at about the point where a row of hooks would naturally be. There being no apparent reason for these steps, the carpenter was directed to destroy them, when, to the surprise of all, they turned out to be sealed boxes. Nothing was in them except a great pile of yellow manuscript, among which was that containing the story which follows. No one has been able to surmise why these boxes were made, or why they were closely sealed up. The builder of the house, an odd character, wholly devoted to business, was known to have had such a strong antipathy to his Dutch ancestry that he quitted New York, and was gratified by the gradual evolution of his name from Corlaer to Corliss. It may well have been, therefore, that he had thrown the manuscript into the box, thinking to preserve it where the sight of it would not offend him, and, in the course of time, he had concluded that, as a family romance does not help one to get on in the world, it had best rest undisturbed in its strange abiding-place. Whatever the motives or the purpose of its concealer, however, there was the manuscript, which was not, as tradition had it, written by the gray lady, or by any woman, but by the bold, sturdy, adventurous Petrus Corlaer himself, one of the founders of the leather trade in Beekman's Swamp, in the city of New York, and the Dutch ancestor of the dwellers in the Salem house. Some of the pages were so ragged as to be undecipherable, but from the somewhat bald statement of facts the story was gathered.

In the year 1693 Benjamin Fletcher was Governor of New York, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, and he was also commissioned commander of the militia of New Jersey and Connecticut. In that year the jealousy of the Dutch for the English was greatly increased by the efforts of the Governor to make the Established Church of England the state church of the province. In that year, too, the waters of New York Bay and Long Island Sound were infested by pirates, who, with the smugglers, wellnigh ruined the honest mariners and the law-obeying shopkeepers. Incoming ships were attacked almost within sight of the Government House at Whitehall, and the pious Huguenots, who had settled on the Sound a few years before, told strange stories of buccaneers who often visited their shores in the dead of night. In that year it began to be whispered about at the Dutch taverns and afternoon tea-drinkings that Governor Fletcher himself, brave soldier and stout churchman as he was, and many of the foremost men of his administration, were in league with the pirates, with whom they divided their booty. But the English said that these were idle tales of the Dutch, who hated their conquerors, and who were especially stirred up against the Governor because he insisted upon making the Church of England the religious establishment of the province.

On a pleasant afternoon in the late summer, Petrus Corlaer was leaning over the lower half of the front door of his mother's house. He was counted the handsomest Dutchman in the city, as he was one of the most promising. His father, dead these five years, built the house in which Petrus and his mother dwelt; and the date of its birth, 1681, was in big sprawling iron figures on its front. The black and yellow bricks and the tiles on the roof were brought from Holland, and the quaint old weather-vane had ornamented the ancestral house in Amsterdam. The young man's fresh and ruddy face, usually cheerful, was overcast with gloom, and he apparently drew very little comfort from the long pipe which he smoked, or from the glowing tulip beds of Mrs. Bogardus opposite.

Presently there appeared from within a short fat figure in a linsey jacket and innumerable petticoats. A huge pocket hung from her girdle, and from it there projected part of an unfinished stocking, the handle of a pair of scissors, and bright knitting-needles. Petrus made way for her, opening the door so that she might pass out.

"Where are you going to tea, mother?" he asked.

"To T'Marckvelt Cloppers." (When the Dutch were especially angry with the English they called the streets by the old names.) There was not a sign of emotion on Dame Corlaer's round face as she said to her son: "Walk along with me, Petrus. I would have some talk."

So Petrus walked on with his mother up toward Heere Straat, which would take them to T'Marckvelt, first knocking the ashes out of his pipe and putting it away. If Petrus had not been so evidently troubled there would not have been a more comfortable Dutch couple in New York than mother and son. But a Dutch exterior is not always an indication of what is going on within.

"Petrus, I am wroth with you."

Petrus said nothing. He walked on, with his hands in the pockets of his bulging breeches.

"Why were you not at the Stuyvesant apple bee yesterday evening?"

Still Petrus made no answer.

"Are not the maidens of your own people good enough for you, but you must go seeking a bride among these English?"

"Mother, let us speak of the new tan pit in Beekman's Swamp. I want your consent to the sale of some of our land."

"We will speak of that some other time. You have angered your mother by courting the young girl who has come from Boston with the Governor's new English dominie. Do you not know that she has no linen-chest such as you would have with Minnie Clopper or Jacoba Smeeder, who would give their eyes for you?"

The efforts of Petrus to divert his mother from the subject were unavailing. Doing full justice to her thrifty race ordinarily, she would not now listen to her son's projects of moving the tanning business from the Beaver Path to the Swamp, and she reached her destination still denouncing the English and Yankees, who had brought strange customs into the good Dutch town.

"What will follow your desertion of our people, and taking up with this white-faced Yankee maiden? She will bear you no such stalwart sons as you are." And with this parting shot, the honest woman, her face wreathed with the smiles of prosperous maternity, joined the other gossips at the Clopper tea-table.

Petrus Corlaer's love had led him a most unhappy dance during the summer, but in that part of the faded manuscript in which the tottering hand described the Boston maiden there is a warmth and tenderness which show that the young man's heart was stirred to its depths. The old man paints a picture of the love of his youth, and she must have been fair indeed; fairer, doubtless, to Dutch Petrus for the contrast of her lithe figure, clad in modest colors, to the rounded forms of the apple-faced daughters of his own people, whose natural size was increased by voluminous quilted petticoats. It is evident from his narrative, too, that he was surprised and then attracted by the strangely alert feminine mind which, for the first time, he now encountered.

When he came to write of her, he lingered on his first impressions. "Rose Gardner was this maiden's name," he writes, "and English rose she was in all her nature. Truly it was a rose without a thorn that the Governor's new rector planted among our Dutch tulips. I can see her now with these old eyes that are much troubled to follow my pen, as she walked among us, with her blue eyes quick with intelligence, and sometimes rich and deep like the heavens when they bend nearest. The Dutch maidens with whom my mother wished me to wed looked coldly on her, and she could not win their affection by her modest graciousness."

As Petrus wrote further on, he had a "deal of do" to make the acquaintance of the daughter of Mr. Gardner, the new Episcopal rector whom the Governor had induced to come from Boston, where he and his kind were as unwelcome and not so well treated as they were in New York. There was strong feeling between the Dutch and the English, among whom were included the hated Yankees, who had taken away the Dutch trade on the Connecticut, and the descendants of the settlers of New Amsterdam still maintained a vigorous exclusiveness toward their conquerors and rivals. But Petrus was a most liberal-minded Dutchman, and knew and liked the English and Yankees to a degree that made his mother and his uncles, aunts, and cousins utter many a wrathful grunt at tea-drinkings, and send forth angry puffs of smoke at the tavern. As to words on this subject, his mother had spoken more on their short walk to the Cloppers' than he had ever heard before.

For many months Petrus had been blind to the blooming maidens of his race, and had eyes only for his English Rose. The way to her heart seemed hard. He did not mind that he could not win her in the comfortable, silent, Dutch fashion. He gloried in the slowly unfolding love that aroused the best there was in him, and, in the very effort of winning her, widely expanded his vision of human nature. He sometimes felt that a touch of her hand, a glance of her eye, would be a Moses' rod to his imprisoned passion, but never was there the touch or the glance; and at other times the dread of hearing what in his inmost soul he could not believe kept him silent. In his history Petrus expresses the belief that he was the first of the Dutch youth of New Amsterdam who trembled lest the spoken answer of his mistress might be amiss. At length there came the inevitable time when he was compelled to pour forth his love, and then he met with a keen disappointment. It is true that Rose did not reject his suit, but she received it with such evident trepidation as to arouse the compassion of her lover, who half believed that he must have been brutally blind to her feelings to have caused her so much distress. Soon afterward he learned that her misery was occasioned by the avowal of a love which her father would not permit her to entertain, because he had betrothed her to a young sailor, a relative of a British officer and peer, whose influence with the Governor was great. She had known the sailor in Boston, and he was to have a ship of his own sailing from New York as soon as it could be procured for him by the Governor and his influential relative. Her notions of maiden modesty did not permit her to speak of her feelings for this sailor, and consequently the torments of Petrus were the greater.

When the young man, returning after having bestowed upon his mother the blessed opportunity to scold, reached the Maiden's Path, which the English called Maiden's Valley and Maiden's Lane, he turned into the cool shades, and walked gloomily enough along its slender stream. He stood leaning against a beech-tree that filled the pathway, kicking twigs and pebbles into the water, spreading wrinkles over its face so that it seemed a reflection of his own. Presently he realized that some one was on the other side of the tree, and, looking around, he saw Rose Gardner. She was seated on the grass, as if she were simply enjoying the silence and beauty of the place; but when she saw Petrus she started up and grasped his hand. Then, looking, not downward, but straight into his honest eyes, with a glowing lovelight that sent a thrilling wave of happiness through his heart, she said:

"Oh, Petrus! I have come to tell you what you should have known these many days. All night I have prayed for wisdom, and that I might be let from doing anything unmaidenly; and now I am content, and know that I but do my duty. I saw you pass by with your mother, and felt that you would surely return this way, so I came to meet you, Petrus"—and now her eyes fell and she was blushing, but she went on bravely—"and to say yes to your wooing."

Then Petrus took her in his strong arms, and kissed her lips; but before he could say a word she released herself, and her lover saw that her face was troubled.

"But we must not tarry here," she said, "for we may be watched. Come into the thicket that I may tell you the sad news I have brought with my love. Oh, my beloved! I fear that our happiness begins and ends at once, but I could not depart with my secret unspoken."

"Depart?" said Petrus, feeling a great sinking of the heart.

"Yes; but come quickly, for I fear we may be watched," and she dragged the dumfounded man into the thicket, where they would be safe from the prying eyes of passers. And then Petrus learned that the Boston sailor was the Roger Jackson who had recently come to New York, following quickly a dreadful piracy that had been committed in what is now known as the lower harbor. The plundered ship was the *Duke of York*, one of the stanchest merchantmen of the city, and as her master was murdered, Lord —— obtained Jackson's appointment as the new captain. One of the strangest incidents of this robbery was the escape of the vessel with Roger Jackson, who had been engaged as mate in Boston, where the ship touched, and four men who had shipped with him. Jackson was promoted for his courage and skill, but the Boston people who knew him shook their heads when they heard the tale. However that may be, he had reached New York, was master of a ship, and demanded the hand of Rose Gardner. There had been many a distracting scene in the rectory over this demand, Rose having refused to listen to the commands of her father and the counsels of the Governor, who was called in to aid Jackson's suit, and whose word was naturally potent with Mr. Gardner. At last, suspecting another attachment, her father was persuaded to consent that if she did not yield she would be sent to Lord ——'s country house, on the shores of the Long Island Sound, "an excellent place to cool young heads and to teach young hearts obedience to their appointed authorities." Fearful lest the threat should be carried out at once, she had hastened to tell Petrus of her love, and to bid him farewell forever.

But Petrus swore by St. Nicholas that the farewell should not be forever. His heart was strengthened by Rose's confession of love, and he resolved to keep her now that he had won her; but he could not persuade her to marry him, notwithstanding the opposition of her father. Her sense of filial duty was too strong, and no other way than direct rebellion occurring to him, he was obliged to bid her a sad farewell, first arranging for means of communication.

Petrus knew from Rose that she feared Jackson. She was convinced that her visit to his lordship's country house would be simply the first step in a plot for her abduction, and it was such a catastrophe that he determined to prevent. It was comparatively an easy matter to find the country house, and he was kept informed of Rose's presence at the rectory by an open window all day, and a candle at night. Petrus slept very little during this anxious time, and spent many weary hours hovering around the rectory. He also made several trips into the country. His eyes were on the signal window at early morning and late at night, and it is more than likely that Rose's departure was hastened by his constant vigilance. More than once he came face to face with Roger Jackson, and was greeted with a black scowl from as handsome and wicked eyes as those of the pirate who had been recently hanged in front of the Bridewell. Once the Governor met him, and said: "Friend Petrus, your trade is tanning; see to it that you do not change places with the hides. You will escape a tanning if you are wise." Petrus would have interpreted this warning accurately enough, even if the Governor had not jerked his thumb knowingly toward the rectory.

It was getting on toward the end of September, and the open window during the day and the bright candle through the night had told Petrus that Rose was safe. One dark and windy night, however, the candle went out while he looked at it, and as he continued to gaze at the spot where it had been, a carriage, which he recognized as his lordship's, drove up to the rectory door. Strange figures were on the driver's box. As he studied the equipage, quickly making up his mind for a sudden rush and a rescue, he was seized from behind and pushed headlong up the street. His struggles, strong as he was, were of no avail. His assailants were too many. As they pushed him on, they jested among themselves in strange sea-jargon. When he cried out, they buffeted him, and warned him that if he made any more noise they would take measures to stop his clatter. He was hurried past the Common, and soon was on the Boston Road. Just by the pillory a carriage dashed by, and a harsh voice called out, "Throw him into the Collect, boys."

Upon this there was a woman's scream, which was quickly suppressed, and the ruffians who had him in charge pushed him with even greater rapidity toward the fresh-water pond, which, as tradition said, was bottomless, and on whose black waters Indian ghosts nightly paddled their canoes. The pond was not far away, and Petrus made up his mind to a speedy ducking, for which he would not care if they left him free to swim. Murder, however, was in the minds of these sea-dogs. They had orders to rid the town of the "Dutch hog," as they called him, using the speech common to many of the English, honest and otherwise. When they reached the water they fell into a dispute among themselves as to whether they should bind him and blindfold him, as they did their victims whom they compelled to walk the plank, for they were pirates as well as mariners. There was a general consent among the wretches that there was little hope for Petrus, bound or unbound. When he was once in the Collect, the Indian ghosts and the other evil spirits that were known to inhabit the dreaded pond would see to that. It was the superstition of many persons that no white man ever escaped drowning if he fell into this water after nightfall. Petrus, however, was neither ignorant nor a coward. He was not afraid of the Collect, in which he had often swam, and where he had caught many a goodly string of perch; but he did not want his hands bound, and he realized that the conservative member of the quartet, who urged abundant precaution, would doubtless prevail.

As the debate grew earnest—his captors had kept him in front of them, and as yet he had not seen them—only one man held him, and his grasp had relaxed. He was very much interested in his argument, which was to the effect that the devil did not need the assistance of bonds, and that if he refused, as he confessedly might, to accept a victim from their hands, they would be the safer if Petrus's body were not found with the marks of violence upon it.

He had just concluded his exhortation with the remark, "Oi tell ye, mates, oi don't loike this 'ere business ashore. When oi'm ashore oi loikes to be a honest seaman," when Petrus kicked him violently in the shins with a powerful back stroke of his heel. The man to whom land murder was distasteful had hardly time to cry out in pain, "Be this 'ere Dutchman a mule?" when he found that he had an empty coat in his hand. Petrus plunged into the pond, and the four pirates looked after him with blank amazement at the intrepidity or ignorance which could thus face the spirits of the Collect. The night was very dark, and Petrus could neither see his captors nor be seen by them as he floated on his back in the familiar waters, but he could hear them talk in tones that became more and more awed as the silence deepened and the man who had escaped them failed to reappear. At last, the one who seemed to be the boldest, and the leader, said:

"Well, the devil's got the Dutchman sure, and much joy may he have with his pork-and-cabbage carcass."

"Then we'd better be off, Luke; we hain't no occasion to be stan'in' round this devil's hole." This was spoken by the man who had received the vigorous attention of Petrus's heel.

"Ye be afeared, Bill," said the leader. "Ye shouldn't fear the master ye've served so many years."

"Oi beant afeared o' anythin' on foot or hoof," blustered Bill; and then, gathering confidence from the sympathetic approval of his other two mates, who were anxious to be away from the hateful place, he went on: "That is, oi've no fear, roightly, of anythin' oi've acquaintance with; but oi know naught o' these fresh-water devils, an' honest seafaring folk had best be away from them and theirs, says oi."

The other two agreeing, the leader was forced to end the watch for Petrus, and the four went off, first leaving the coat at the side of the pond as evidence, so far as it would go, that Petrus had voluntarily jumped into the Collect.

Before they had quitted the place, however, Petrus swam quietly to a point of land that jutted out into the pond, and waited, shivering. At last he made his way to the Boston road, and sped along the highway toward New Harlem, past the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

orchards and country places of the old settlers, until he came to the Stuyvesant bouwerie.

Petrus had no definite plan; he was simply determined to do all in his power to save his mistress from Roger Jackson's clutches. He was resolved to use violence if it were necessary; and so, after getting admission to the farm-house—a matter of no small difficulty in the middle of the night—he asked the aid of the friends whom he found there. All the next day he lay hidden in the Stuyvesant bouwerie. As may be easily imagined, he was the victim of the most torturing doubt and uncertainty. Rose was imprisoned by the villains, and he dared not move to her rescue until night came, for it was essential that his enemies should suppose him dead. Meantime Tjerck Huyck, a young farmer, notified Dame Corlaer of her son's seizure and escape, and enlisted a dozen stout young Dutchmen, who were greatly pleased by the chance to help their old comrade in his trouble. There was naturally a great hubbub in New York over the disappearance of Petrus, who was popular with both the Dutch and English, notwithstanding his preference for the delicate new-comer to the substantial maidens of his people. When his coat was found on the Collect's bank, it was universally believed that he was drowned, and the wailing was prodigious. Dame Corlaer's tears and outcries did full credit to her maternal heart, and, indeed, she was sorely stricken, notwithstanding Tjerck's assurances that Petrus was safe. She was partly a sympathetic sharer in the sorrows of those about her—partly overwhelmed with the sense of mystery that surrounded her son; partly indignant that Tjerck would not tell her more, and partly oppressed with the weight of the secret that she dare not reveal, for fear that she might expose Petrus to his enemies.

During the day, the young men whom Tjerck enlisted in the enterprise made their way over the Harlem River into the country. There they rendezvoused at a quiet place on the borders of the Sound, not many miles from Lord ——'s house, where Petrus and his friends used to fish for the turtles from which their mothers made the rich and satisfying soup that graced their tables on occasions of festive hospitality. There they waited all day, and far into the night, for Petrus, who had thought best to come by water, in order to avoid meeting the people who were constantly passing to and fro between New York and Harlem. At about seven o'clock in the evening he started to row his wherry up the East River, expecting to join his party at about ten o'clock, for he had a good two hours' task against an adverse tide. He was well on the right side of Hell Gate when he was aware of the approach of a sailing vessel, presumably a pinnace. Judging from the sound she made, Petrus concluded that she was on the starboard tack, and that if he stopped rowing she would pass well forward of him after she came about. But the people on the sailing craft had also heard the noise of Petrus's oars, and were apparently determined to have the water to themselves, for they shortened the leg, went quickly about, and bore directly down on the wherry. Petrus bent his energies to backing water, the tide being with him in that direction; but the distance between the two boats was so inconsiderable that the wash of the waters about the pinnace's prow seemed to be coming almost from under his own boat. He saw the gray shade of a sail for a moment in the darkness, then the flash of a lantern; then he heard the report of a pistol, and the pinnace barely grazed the stem of the wherry. When the light of the lantern flashed upon him, he heard a voice shriek out, "It's the Dutch devil; oi told ye he'd ha'nt ye!" and then another voice, harsher and steadier, said, "Knock him down, some one; he's got the horrors!"

Petrus knew the voices. In the manuscript, he wrote that he never could forget them, and that they haunted him even in his old age.

With the last voice came the pistol-shot; but not until Petrus had seen that the pinnace had a broad white stripe on her side. For some reason the pirates made no further search for him. Perhaps they thought that it would be useless; perhaps they had no time to lose. At all events they went on their way, and gave Petrus an opportunity to discover that the pistol bullet had carried away one of his thole-pins, so that he was forced to scull ashore and cut a new one from the twig of a tree. He was so much delayed by this extraordinary adventure that it was nearly midnight when he joined his companions at the meeting-place on Frog's Neck.

It was evident to Petrus that there was no time for sleep, and that any delay might be fatal. The errand of the pirates and the pinnace up the Sound on the night following Rose's hasty departure from the city boded no good to her. Late as it was, however, he hoped that he had time to prevent the crime which was evidently contemplated. He had stout hearts and strong arms with him, and faith that if the worst came, he and Tjerck, and their dozen Dutchmen, would prove more than a match for a pinnace crew of pirates. It was somewhat difficult to prevail on his comrades to forego their sleep for a midnight walk; but when they were at last convinced of the necessities of the occasion, they yielded with the proverbial good-nature and loyalty of their race. They had a hard journey over the rocks and through the woods. Even to this day the byways of the region are full of difficulties, and what must they have been when the great bowlders blocked every pathway? But when the Dutchmen finally saw the black pile of roof looming up against the sky, each one of them, long and arduous as the tramp had been, felt that the cracking of a few piratical or English skulls would be a very agreeable occupation.

During the day the weather was cloudy, and now for an hour or so the rain had poured steadily down with an unwavering persistency that indicated the beginning of a long and hard autumn storm. The wind was shifting out of the north into the east. In a few hours the Sound would be in a fury, and while a well manned and handled pinnace would be safe enough, her crew and passengers would get a thorough drenching. Therefore the pirates must be in a hurry to be off with their prey, who was doubtless to be carried to the *Duke of York*, which had hauled out into the stream that afternoon, ready to begin her first voyage under the command of her new captain.

How black it was! And not a light shone from the windows of the house. The silence was unbroken, except for the creaking of a few late lingering katydids and the hooting of a screech-owl that flew about the house, and whose wailing sounded like a despairful cry for help. Was the crime already accomplished? Was the delay on the river fatal to the enterprise? Was Rose already in the possession of the villains, and far beyond the reach of aid? For if she were once taken on board the *Duke of York*, she was forever lost to Petrus. These were the thoughts that racked Petrus's brain; but while the old man narrated the incidents of his watch so that an imaginative reader can feel the terrible anxiety and the sinking dread that must have oppressed him, something seems to have assuaged the horror in his own mind.

Petrus knew the house well, for he made several visits to the vicinity just before Rose was carried away. He even gained admission by disguising himself as a peddler, and pleasing the tastes of the black woman who was its care-taker. Thus he knew that the big window over the front door lighted an upper hall, and that the chamber on the left of it was designed for Rose, for the care-taker had shown him over the mansion, her heart having warmed to the stupid trader, whose goods were brilliant, and whose prices might be reduced by the gratification of his natural curiosity. She had never met so stupid and so cheap a peddler. There was one door in this room that was locked. When Petrus tried to open it, the woman told him sharply that he must not pry behind closed doors. At that end of the house the slanting roof sloped down over a projection, the building beyond the room, which shall be called Rose's, being one story high. In the rear, where there were two roofs, this looked like an L, a kitchen, or an office. The entrance to this one-story part was in front. Petrus remarked, on the occasion of this visit, that all the rooms in the rear of the house, which overlooked the Sound, were locked, and the heavy wooden shutter of the window in that end of the hall was bolted. There was neither door nor window on the Sound side of the low part of the house. Petrus said nothing concerning this, although he very nearly asked an unwise question. It is sometimes difficult for clever people to be as stupid as they wish to seem. The barred and bolted L, apparently containing one room, was a puzzle. The house stood on the rocks, and a deep fissure ran up to the foundation of this room; but Petrus never got so near this as to discover that the cleft was wide enough to afford a passage from the water's edge to a narrow door which led into the cellar. He came to the conclusion that there was no doorway to the house except in front, and therein he was grievously mistaken. The cellar of that little barred room furnished the means of communication between the proprietor and the pirates, who thus brought to their official protector the price of his corruption, and drove the bargains which were said by both sides to be very hard. It was entered from the room above by a trap-door, and the locked door in Rose's apartment opened on a stairway leading into that room.

Believing as he did concerning the house and its entrances, Petrus's plans were simple. He and Rose agreed that abduction should be resisted with all the might of her lover and his friends. He was to keep a watch on the place, and to take such steps as circumstances seemed to demand. If she had opportunity and time, she was to give an alarm from the big window over the front door by passing a light three times before it at night, waving a white object three times out of it by day, or by calling his name. If there was no time for this, she was to make a show of resistance to her captors as soon as she was brought out of the door, and, above all, to scream vigorously. Upon which her lover and his friends were to rush to her rescue.

In pursuance of this arrangement, Petrus and his little band were now in the woods in front of the house. But were they too late? There was no light in the window, no light anywhere. The house seemed to be deserted. Petrus listened so intensely that his ear imagined sounds. Once he was sure that he heard footsteps on the rocks at the water's edge, and he crept around to the rear of the building. Everything was silent, and he was convinced that he was mistaken. He peered out over the water for some sign of the pinnace, and, though he did not know it, he nearly stumbled over a man lying asleep in a ship's gig that was made fast to the shore within ten feet of where he lay. He went back to the wood, but no light had been seen and no sound had been heard by the watchers. He returned to the shore, and lay there looking out, hoping that his eyes would get accustomed to the darkness. He was beginning to fear that there was nothing for him to see, that the pirates had accomplished their purpose and departed, when he heard a splash, a trampling of feet, and a voice which he could not distinguish. He saw the gleam of a lantern on the white stripe of a pinnace lying within a hundred feet of the shore, and a stout figure pulling a man aboard with a boat-hook. The noise awoke the sleeping man in the gig, and Petrus was surprised and alarmed by a stir and a growled-out oath, which came to him from directly beneath the jutting rock on which he lay.

So he was still in time to save Rose, and, notwithstanding his perilous and disagreeable position, that comforting peace was his which comes to a man with the end of doubt, when he is sure that whatever is to come will be shaped in some measure by his own powers. The patient watchers, when they knew that their errand was not to be fruitless, were contented, and hoped for a speedy ending. The delay was strange. They could not understand the absolute darkness and silence of the house. It was evident that everything was in readiness, and that time and the weather demanded haste. They did not know that his lordship was doing his utmost inside the house to save Rose from Roger Jackson.

The pinnace had brought to him his share of the plunder of the *Duke of York*. It was in gold coin and jewels, for he would have nothing to do with goods. It was a goodly sum that Luke, the mate, placed in Captain Jackson's hands through the half-opened door in the rock crevice, for it was one of his lordship's business principles that two only are the necessary parties to a trade, and that more simply make a transaction promiscuous. And after the business was over, the great man's conscience smote him. His lovely prisoner strongly appealed to the black woman who had charge of her, a woman knowing much of piracy and caring little for it and its kindred vices, but who had no reason to love Roger Jackson, for he had stolen her from the West Indies and brought her to this woody solitude to serve his patron. Jackson had been cruel to her on the voyage, and she bore the marks of his ill-usage. She learned enough from overhearing conversations between her master and Jackson to know that harm to Rose was intended, and, criminal though she was, she became eager to save the young girl from cruel Roger Jackson. Moreover, Rose's beauty, heightened by her distraction and wild grief, stirred to life her long-slumbering womanly sympathies.

Rose was lifted out of the carriage late at night, and Jackson carried her to her room. She had fainted, and when she revived she broke out into wild cries for Petrus. All night and all the next day she moaned and wept and begged for news of her lover. Had the wretches drowned him in the dreadful Collect? Was he dead? They had murdered him, and they were about to murder her. Where was she? Who was the black woman who guarded her? She would escape. She tried one door after another. They were locked. The black woman was first annoyed by her charge, then pitied her, and then attempted to reconcile her to her situation; but she could not; and at last her feelings were so wrought upon that she determined to urge her master to prevent Roger Jackson from carrying Rose away. She begged, she argued, and she even threatened; but, slave that she was, she speedily recognized the futility of this course, and then she broke out into wild, savage cries over the hapless child, cries that astonished and finally distressed her master, who, to calm her, promised to do what he could to save her charge.

When the woman had gone his lordship looked at his watch. Then, taking a candle, he opened the trap and went into the cellar. The woman knew Jackson so well that she felt no confidence in her master's powers of persuasion. If that hard-hearted wretch had determined to marry Rose, he would have his bargain at all hazards. Her heart was heavier than it had been for many a long year—since the days of her innocence.

That there was something going on in the cellar was certain. She was too well accustomed to the ways of the place not to be able to realize that plotting was in progress. How to save the girl she knew not. Rose had become quiet from sheer exhaustion, and lay moaning on the bed. Suddenly she started up, and asked the hour.

"It's got to be after midnight by this time, honey."

The black woman heard sounds in the room below, and once there was a footstep on the stairs. She listened at the door. Her master and Jackson were there, and were about to descend once more into the cellar. She thought of opening the front door that Rose might escape into the night. The girl might be caught, it is true; she probably would be; but the case was desperate. As for herself, she would probably be killed; but she was reckless.

"Honey," she whispered, "does ye want to run away?"

"Will you—will you—" Rose could not believe the woman.

"You'll be caught, honey; dey's got men on de outside."

"Oh, let me try! Oh, let me try!" Rose was ready to take any chance. Petrus might be dead, but she would willingly take this opportunity to escape from Jackson. Then she thought that after all her lover might have escaped. She was calm and brave, and the black woman, looking at her and admiring her now as she had pitied her before, said:

"I will give ye a chance, honey."

Then Rose kissed the woman, and asked for the candle. The door was unlocked, and she went out into the hall and opened the blinds of the great window. Then taking the candle and holding it high above her head, she walked across the hall, then back, and then across once more. Three times the light crossed the window and threw its rays into the eyes of Petrus and his companions.

Then Rose, shading the light with her hands that it should shine out no more, and preceded by the black woman, descended the stairs. The bolts were drawn, she felt the rain upon her face, she stepped out into the night, a strong hand seized her by the throat and she was thrust back into the house. The tramp of feet, the sound of blows, the curses and cries of men were around her. In a second she was in Petrus's arms; in another second she was in a strange room where she had never been before. Lord —— was standing at a table which was heaped with gold and jewels. A man, the one who thrust her b bound on the floor. She was by t black woman, and near her stoo alert, handsome, his eyes flashing, in one hand and a stout cudgel Behind him was his band of Dutch ing at the edge of an opening in Roger Jackson. He wore a sail and his head was bound by a red He appeared to have turned at ba sword was in his hand. All this glance. Then she saw Petrus start son, and the latter turned to fly, b Petrus had struck him a blow on t the wound of which blood flowed. caped through the door in the cella

When the pirate had gone, Petrus of his lordship, a handsome man d exquisite fashion of the times; but t Nature had made him the meaner ed to be, as he stood with bowed for Petrus to speak.

"I fancy, my lord, there is no mi ing as to the crime that was to be p

His lordship made no reply.

"Nor is the source of your wealt a secret."

Still his lordship was silent.

"Does not your lordship think it l to England?"

My lord looked at Petrus appeali young Dutchman was inexorable. Rose, but she was busy admiring he

"Yes," he said at length, with lordship was deeply in debt at home

"Your intention is to return month?"

"If it is thought best."

"It is. You have no longer an opposing my marriage with Rose Ga

"None whatever."

Then his lordship, at the dictatio wrote to Mr. Gardiner this letter:

"EDGETIDE, S

"REVEREND AND DEAR FRIEND,—great deception hath been practise with reference to the character of son, who turns out, fortunately in be a man of mean parts and of great You owe to Providence the deepe for Rose's escape from the clutche She returns to you under guard of Pe I am very soon to depart from the may not see you again. Farewell, m believe me, as ever, etc., etc., etc."

It was not long after this that Petr were married according to the rites o Church, the gentle bride having more than the Governor was able t his power and influence.

At the end of the manuscript are woman's hand these words:

"And not a cloud of unhappiness the sunshine of the fifty years dur have been the blessed wife of Pet Our children and our grandchildren Our son is like his father, but fashi more after the English pattern, and take his place among the fathers All our trials were crowded into a our strong youth, when we were best them."

HENRY LOOMI

RONDEAU.

Written in Captain Charles King's *Lines.*

"BETWEEN the lines" the bugles The guidons fly, the squadrons The watch fires glow; at dead Swift hoofs are heard; and da With flash of gun and glint of

But heart doth still to heart rev While sabres clash and troopers The love that burns with radi "Between the line

So in life's conflict, grim and re 'Mid blare and pomp and strife, That heart may still with heav And teach thee, love, to read The thought I hint, yet half con "Between the line

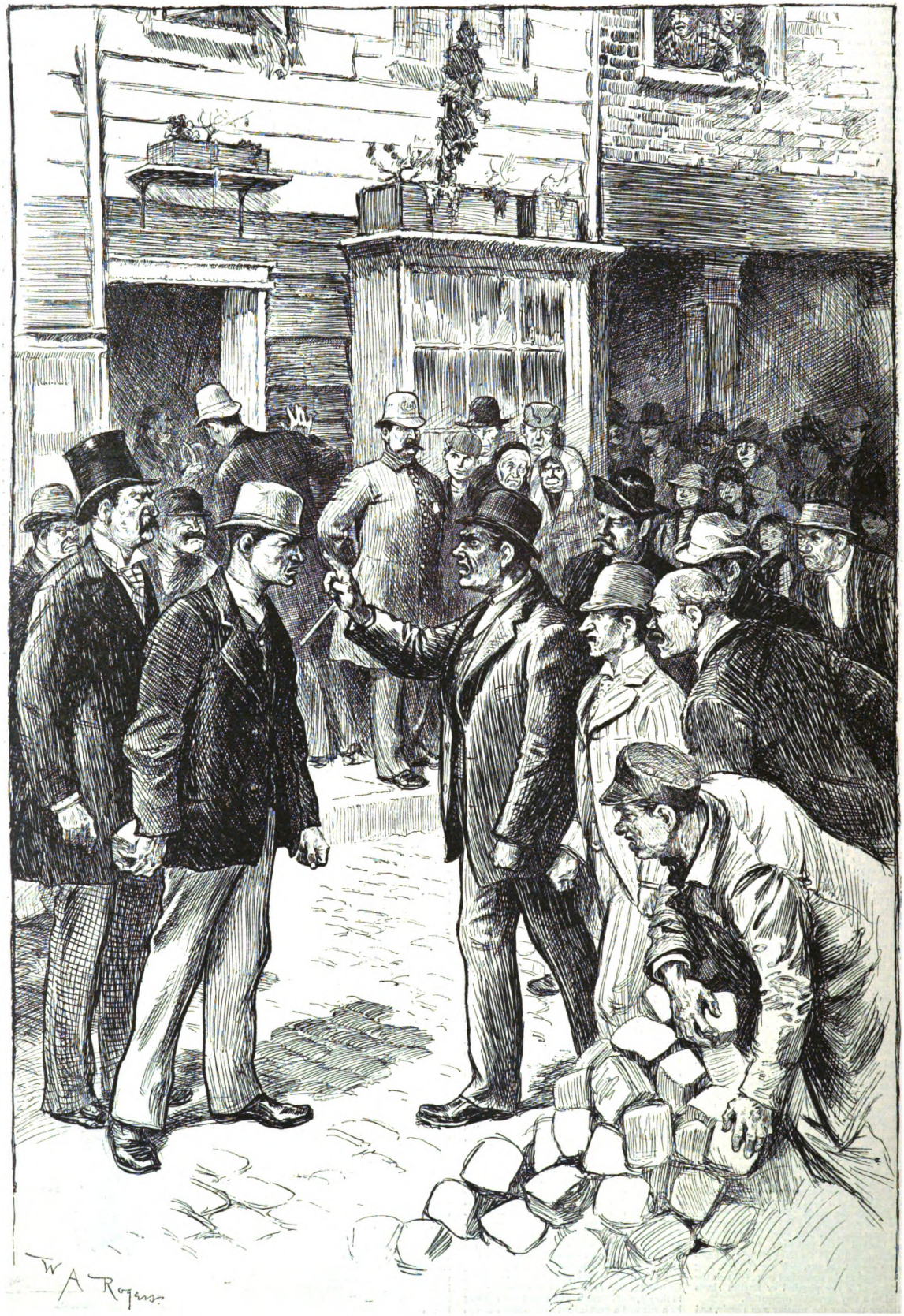
F.



A SINGULAR MISTAKE

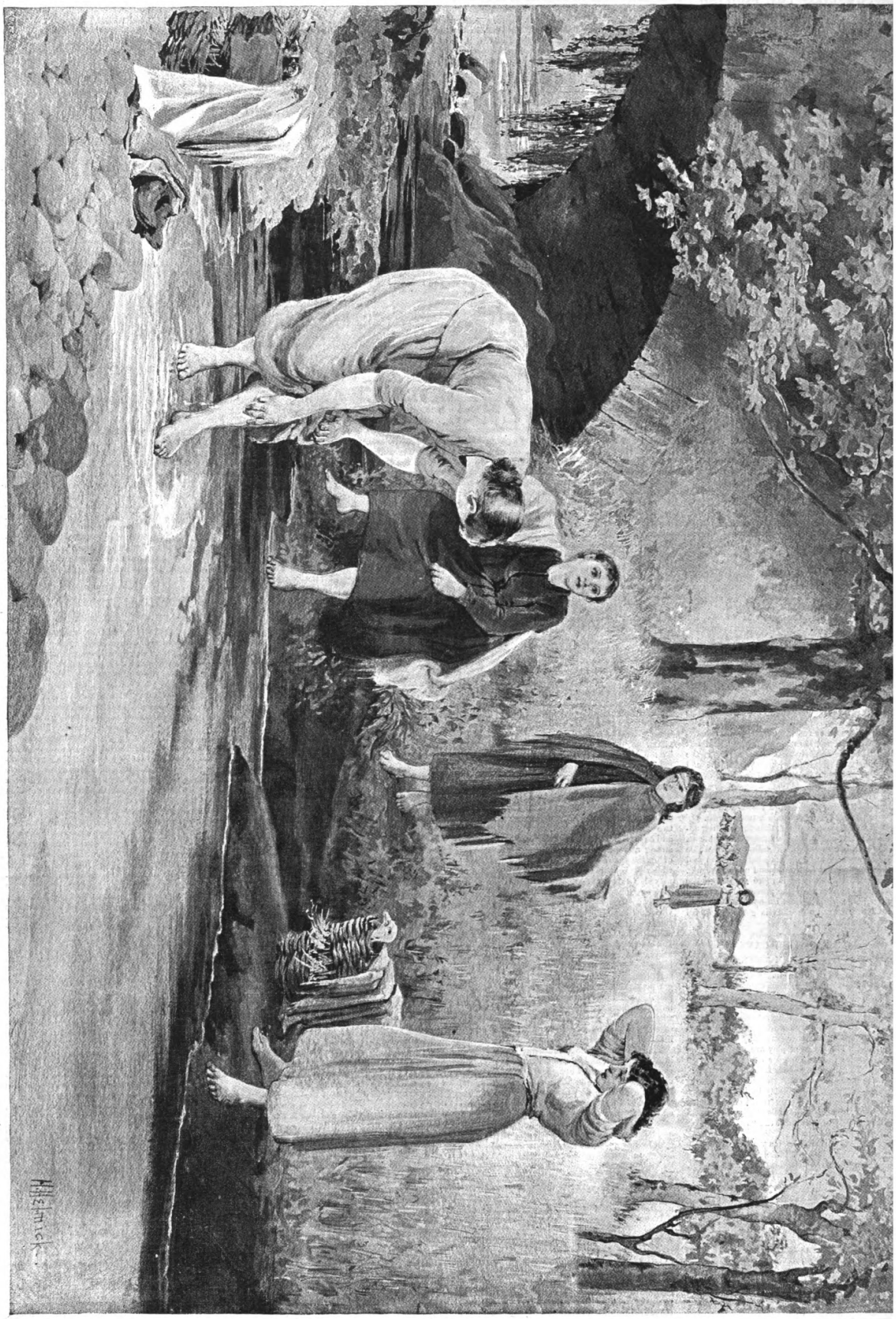
"I golly what's the mattah wi cahn't see through my glasses half "Must be—ah, sgwage, I've mad and put my watch in m'eye instead o

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



TAMMANY "WORKERS" AT THE POLLS IN PELL STREET, NEW YORK—THE BEGINNING OF A FREE FIGHT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 923.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A WAY-SIDE TOILET.—Drawn by Howard Helmick.—[See Page 923.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FOOT-BALL.

(*Continued from page 908, Supplement.*)

forward of the full back. The office of these backs is the same. They may very well differ as much as possible in physique and their peculiar gifts.

The half back is for charging the opposing line at the centre and upon the wings, and to even flank the line itself. These are separate plays. In charging, the half back has sometimes the ball himself, sometimes another player has it running with him.

Defensively, the right and the left half backs cover each his own side of the field to tackle where the forwards have failed, and to catch balls that fall short of the full back. Half backs should kick well enough to return punts when a scrimmage is not waited for.

The centre rusher, or centre, is the key-stone of the rush line. He must be, comparatively, a most powerful rusher. The centre's first duty is to snap the ball back to the quarter in the scrimmage. His second is, with the right and left guard on either side of him, to maintain the centre of the line unbroken while the quarter back is handling the ball.

So much is essential in a centre. More positively, however, the work of the centre is to combine with his guards to force back and break the rush line that presses upon them at its centre whenever the ball is charged at that point of the line.

Defensively there is no more important work on the eleven than that the centre rusher and guards should hold their ground against the charges of opponents at the centre of the line, for nothing can decide a match so easily as the continued successful charging through the centre of an eleven's line. The habit is to put the three most powerful rushers centre and guards, so that it generally happens that neither centre can quite force the other, and the issue of the game turns on the rushing on the wings of the line and on kicking.

The guards, besides the play in connection with the centre mentioned above, have the office of rushing with the ball.

The tacklers, who are stationed to the right and the left between the guards and the end rushers, also share in the rushing with the ball. Whether a guard or tackler so rush he starts from his position in the scrimmage, and crosses over to an opening that is meanwhile prepared for him in the other wing of the line, taking the ball from the quarter back on his way.

Although the name of the latter rusher refers to his defensive play, the tackler has no more important work than making breaches in his wing of the opponents' rush line. This work extends to every charge of half backs and rushers against the wings. As the rushing of the game will more probably turn on the attempt to break a wing than the centre of the line, the best rushers find their places in the tackler positions.

The end rushers are most conspicuously concerned when the eleven is on the defensive. The first rushers spared, they follow a punt in common with the other rushers of the line. In common with other rushers also, the right and left end rushers have each to block a rusher in the scrimmage. The tackling, however, of the end rushers has special importance from their covering the extreme right and left wings of the eleven. If the end rusher ever miss his tackle the runner is already beyond the forwards, and has only to pass the backs to gain a touch-down.

It is a mistake to suppose that the tackling apportioned the end rusher is particularly difficult. His is simply a matter of extending the rush line till he leaves only the distance between him and the touch line that he can depend upon covering. It happens that no play is more vain than the attempt to flank a rush line possessed of trained end rushers; while against unsophisticated rushers to run around the ends is generally of all plays the most effective.

THE ENGLISH GAME.

BY H. NOTTINGHAM TOWNSEND.

AFTER an Englishman has witnessed one of the American college championship games for the first time, he is usually asked, "How does an American college foot-ball team compare with the teams which the English universities put in the field?" That is a very natural question; but it is very difficult to answer truthfully and without prejudice. The styles of play are not the same, and the rules differ in one or two important respects. The English game is freer and more open than the game played in this country, and delays are less frequent. The delay in the American game is, I take it, mainly the result of the "rush line" play, as a captain will not give the signal to put the ball in play until the "rushers" have "blocked" their men.

Foot-ball has always been a very popular game in England, and in the Middle Ages the country people seem to have played it quite considerably. The village green appears to have been the recognized battle-field, and Shrove-Tuesday was a sort of foot-ball festival, at which the enthusiastic player sought for glory and got scars—scars of which no doubt he was as proud as if he had received them fighting on "Crispin's Day." We have no records to show under what rules, if any, those early foot-ball matches were played; but it is probable that the affairs were more or less "go as you please," and he who survived those terrible conflicts was, and deserved to be, the pride of the village.

The game advanced more or less rapidly through many stages; such interferences as the wars of the roses and the civil war naturally checked it to some extent, and somewhat reduced the number of foot-ball enthusiasts. As civilization advanced there was no doubt more regard for scientific play and less brutality in the games. Many of the worst features of the game, however, remained with it until within the last twenty-five years, when some sensible men saw that it would never become generally popular until its brutality was eradicated, and they joined together to amend the rules. "Hacking" and "tripping" were allowed under the old Rugby rules, and many a good man has been lamed for life and many have been killed by savage opponents. The writer had an interesting conversation the other day with an old Rugby boy, who was at the school in the "fifties." Talking of the game as played when he was there, he said he well remembers the terrific struggles which used to take place on their foot-ball field. In some of these games as many as fifty a side would play; and on one memorable occasion, when two certain "houses" played the rest of the school, there were 120 on each side. "Hacking" was allowed, and, in fact, had to be done to enable a player to get through such a rabble. These matches gave school-boys splendid opportunities to get even with any of their fellows against whom they might have a grudge. But school-boys are usually tough, and do not mind an occasional "hack." The present Rugby Union rules are only about twenty-three years old, and were adopted with the idea of ridding the game of many of its objectionable features, such as "hacking" and "tripping."

About 1866 or 1867 a certain military academy had a very noted foot-ball team—famed for its "hacking" proclivities—and the cadets became so notorious that teams were really afraid to play against them. The military boys were naturally hardened by the regular training they had to undergo, and they could stand any amount of "hacking" and general rough play. The Richmond Foot-ball Club's team of that year was made up of old college boys, who continued the game for the love of it, and a fine-looking lot of young fellows they were. Out of nine "forwards," or "rushers," as they are called in America, there was not a man under six feet, and they were all in fairly good training. This team had a "date" with the cadets, and the match brought together a great number of spectators. During the first part of the game the cadets resorted to their usual methods, and many were the sore shins of the Richmond team. After half time the Richmond captain called his men together, and it was decided to play the same kind of game as their opponents. Upon restarting the game the necessary orders were given, and the team started in earnest to win or kill. A change came over the scene; but the cadets hardly fancied the new move. Richmond, however, "meant business," and she was simply giving the military "a Roland for an Oliver." Appreciating the folly and great danger of such play, these two clubs shortly afterward met, and it was decided to rule out "hacking" and "tripping" from all foot-ball matches. A committee was selected to invite the other clubs around London to form a union, and to agree upon a regular code of rules. A union was formed which was called the Rugby Union, and it is chiefly owing to its efforts that so many changes and improvements have been made in the game. The development of the game has been closely watched by the Union, and everything has been done to get rid of its brutal features. As a result, the game played to-day is a scientific and interesting one.

A team playing under the Rugby Union rules is composed of fifteen players, nine of whom are called "forwards," and play in the scrimmage, two "half backs," three "three-quarter backs," and one "full back." The "forwards" should be strong and fairly heavy men, with a good turn of speed and some knowledge of "dribbling," which is very necessary in the game as now played. "Dribbling" is taking the ball along in front of you while you are running, by short kicks from foot to foot. Some players become very expert at it, and can run at top speed with the ball at their toes, and keep control over it, so as to dodge an opponent or pass to a friend. It would appear strange to an American college player to see an English team of forwards "dribbling" the ball, after the coaching they themselves have had to always fall on the ball, and get possession of it somehow as soon as it is in play. In the English game it matters little or nothing who gets the ball in the field of play, whereas in the American game the possession of the ball means so much, with a good "rush line" and reliable backs.

The "forwards" must understand how to pack in a scrimmage, and to use their strength to advantage. They must not play round about the scrimmage, or on the wing, as it is termed, as they will interfere very much with the play of the "backs." They must watch the ball, follow up and tackle low, and must always be ready to receive the ball when passed to them. "Forwards" and "backs" should know each other's play, and should have perfect confidence in each other. The "half backs" play outside the scrimmage, one on each side of it, and it is their part of the work to watch the ball, and when they have a fair chance pass it to one of the "three-quarter backs." To make a success as a "half back" a player must be very quick and an accurate "passer," as a false pass may give his opponents a chance to score. The "half backs" must be able to tackle and run well, as their position becomes a very important one, particularly when near their opponents' goal line or on their own. A "three-quarter back" must have speed and tackling qualities, and should be a good kicker, both of a "punt" and a "drop kick." He has probably the hardest work of the game. He must also play an unselfish game, and if he finds he cannot get through his opponents, he must not hesitate to pass to one of his companions if there is a fair opportunity. The position of "full back" is a very responsible one, and it requires a good man to fill it. He must be an absolutely sure tackler and a good kicker. He must be cool, and must know just what to do at every point, as he seldom has time to think before acting.

The Rugby Union rules require two umpires, one of each side of the scrimmage, and a referee, to whom disputed points are submitted for final decision.

The game is generally started by a place kick from the centre of the field, and it is best to kick as high as possible, in order to give your "forwards" an opportunity to be on the opposing "back" as soon as he gets the ball, and to tackle him if he decides to run, or spoil his kick if he tries to return the ball. As a general thing one of the "backs" will have to receive the opening kick, and if he be a good man he usually can make a return by a good punt into "touch." He may decide to run, and soon he is coursing down the field. None of his own team is allowed to run in front of him, or to interfere in any way with the opposing "tacklers," and a free kick to their opponents is the penalty if they do so. As soon as the man is tackled and he is "down," a scrimmage is formed, and the ball is put into the centre of it by an umpire, and it is in play as soon as it touches the ground. No kicking is allowed in the scrimmage, nor can a player handle the ball until the scrimmage is broken up. In these days, when "loose" play is encouraged, the scrimmages are very sharp, and the ball is soon forced through. Sometimes you will see a scrimmage suddenly break, and one or two men will shoot out with the ball at their toes, and "dribble" the ball down the field, until they have a fair chance to pick it up without "muffing" it. When a try (equivalent to an American touch-down) has been obtained, the same routine is followed as in the American game, except that when a try is obtained directly behind the goal, the ball has to be brought out straight from one of the goal posts, which makes the place kick a little more difficult than if it were from the centre of the goal. When a ball is kicked into touch by a player of one side, it belongs to the other side, which prevents many rough and tumbles in touch for the possession of the oval.

The passing of the ball from the "half backs" to the "three-quarters" is probably the prettiest play of the game; but the passes must be accurate to be success-ful. The "backs" should follow each other up, and if the one with the ball thinks he cannot get by his opponents, he should pass the ball to some one of his own team behind him, who, in turn, may find it prudent to repass it to another of his side. We have seen the ball passed to and from half a dozen men of one team, and finally planted behind the goal. "Passing" in the English game is probably the most useful and effective play, and any man who plays a selfish game, *i. e.*, plays his own game without consideration for the other players, should be deprived of his place on the team. It is combined team play which wins games, and every team to make a success must practice playing together, and each member should work heart and soul to perfect their team play. Any one who has seen a foot-ball match played between first-class English teams will admit that the game is a very interesting one to watch, and from a player's point of view it is exceedingly interesting to play. There are no long waits while the ball is being put into play, as one has to complain of very often in the American game.

There is one feature in the English game which should be amended, and that is tackling. Under the present rules a player can tackle an opponent anywhere, there being no rule against tackling below the knee as there is in the American game, and many accidents result therefrom. If a tall man or any man is tackled below the knee he is sure to have a bad fall, and very often will be injured. The rules of the American and English games are very similar, the principal difference being in the "rush line" play of the American game and the American rules with reference to "downs."

It is very remarkable how many men play foot-ball in England after they have left college. In fact, some of the best teams in the country are made up of business men, whose only time for practice is when they play their weekly game, with probably one or two nights' work in a gymnasium. An English team is not trained to anything like the extent that an American college team is. A 'Varsity "fifteen" are kept in training by constant playing, but the members of the team are not prohibited from the use of tobacco and stimulants. There is an absence of tricks and prearranged plays in the English game, so that the team is not loaded up with signals of the most complicated nature, a mistake in one of which is liable to be fatal.

English teams play about the same game all over the country, no one style of play being peculiar to any one team, such as a Princeton V or a Yale "rush." There is more or less of a social element in English foot-ball, and in many parts of the country a big dinner generally follows a game. A visiting team is always entertained by the home team, and a musical evening is the regular entertainment afterward. There are many laurels to be won in English foot-ball. Every county has a team, which is made up from the best players in the local clubs; the selection being left to a regular committee appointed for that purpose. There is an annual match between teams from the North and South of England, for which the best men in the county teams are usually chosen. But the honor for which every foot-ball man strives is the "International Jersey." England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales play annual matches against each other, and the different teams are selected with great care from the best players in each country. Great interest is centred in these international contests, and any one of these matches will draw a very large crowd. England and Scotland are the greatest rivals, and generally have by far the best teams. A game between these two countries will bring together 25,000 easily. Ireland has at times put a very strong team in the field, but of late years there has been a great falling off.

Foot-ball is the most popular winter sport in the British Isles, and Americans would be astonished at the interest which is taken in the manly game everywhere. The larger cities in England and Scotland support as many as fifteen or twenty clubs, half a dozen of which can be called first-class. The parks and desirable fields are given up to the game, and a good match will always draw a large crowd. The Association rules (a kicking game) are principally played in Scotland, but there are very many teams who play under those rules in England, and the number is increasing yearly.

A game played under the Association rules by two good teams is very interesting, the science of "dribbling" and head-work being really wonderful. It is a pity that the rules of the game of foot-ball as played in America and in England could not be brought closer together, so that to the many international contests might be added this popular sport. To the enjoyment of the game must be added the great benefits physically which players derive from it. Granted some few are disabled now and then, but the percentage is small, and the benefit to the many more than counterbalances the bad results to the few.

The double-page picture in the Supplement represents an international foot-ball match between England and Scotland. The English team are in white jerseys with a rose on their breast; the Scotch team have dark jerseys with the thistle prominent. In the struggle depicted, the big English "forward," who has just been "tackled" by the Scotch "half back," is endeavoring to pass the ball to the "forward" on his left, who has followed him up for that purpose. The man to whom the ball is being passed will have to be a wonder to get clear of his opponents, and it seems probable, from the determined look on the face of the little Scotch "three-quarter back," who is waiting ready to spring upon him, that the Englishman will soon measure his length upon Mother Earth.

There is a great deal of life in the picture, the positions of the players being strictly accurate, and the expressions on their faces indicate very clearly the intense excitement they are undergoing. American foot-ball players will notice that, under the intercollegiate rules, the Scotchman lying on the ground has "foully tackled" his opponent.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

THE control of the athletic sports of college students has received considerable attention from the faculties of the large colleges in this country. Decided action has been taken during the past three or four years to keep within reasonable bounds the time and attention which students were giving to athletics. It is a well-known fact that all the large colleges do more or less encourage athletic sports among their students, and nearly all these institutions have gymnasiums within close proximity to the recitation rooms, and an athletic field within easy access. There was a time when students had to be encouraged to enjoy the privileges of the athletic paraphernalia, but within the last dozen years times have changed, and the important question with the colleges now is, what regulations to pass to check the tendency of athletic sports to receive too much attention from the students.

As a sample of opposite views on the subject, those taken by the two largest universities in this country might be mentioned. The course of Harvard College for the past three or four years is considered to have been quite against the further encouragement of athletics, although its President personally believes that they have been beneficial to the college. Harvard has the finest college gymnasium in this country, and also employs the most complete methods for tracing good or bad results derived from athletics, yet some very stringent laws have been passed, which, had they not been modified, would undoubtedly have dampened the athletic feeling to a great extent. Yale College, on the other hand, has never made any special movement for encouraging athletics, unless we consider that the fact of her making no laws retarding them acts as an encouragement. Yale's prowess in athletics is too well known to need mention, and there seems to be no likelihood of any rules being made for some time to come restricting the indulgence in athletics by her students. It must not be inferred from this that Harvard is actually crushing athletics, or that Yale is paying no attention to them, but the impression seems to be that if extremes were mentioned those two would about meet the case.

The question will very naturally be asked, why should there be any difference in the way these colleges treat this subject? The answer to it probably would be that on account of unsatisfactory results being obtained from the athletic members in their studies, in one case, the authorities probably thought that athletics were the cause. Many of the college athletic competitions take place about the time of examinations, and only quite an unusual student, if he happens to be interested in athletics, can do as well in his examinations as though the athletic competitions were not there. The examinations of Yale speak most encouragingly for the students who are celebrated in athletics. In fact it is safe to go further than this, and say that the athletic members of that college are, as a rule, among the foremost on graduation day. With Harvard such has not been the case, although there have been many good athletes there who graduated with honors. Perhaps it might be interesting to quote a few opinions from many stu-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dents of both institutions whom I have met, and although a liberal allowance for partisanship must be made when reading them, still there may be considerable truth in them. For instance, Yale men say that the reason their athletes stand so high in their studies is because there is a great feeling of personal pride among the students, and that as they are thrown more together when out of recitation than in other colleges, only one with very blunt sensibilities would neglect any opportunity for placing himself in good standing in his studies, especially if he were a good athlete, and was thereby brought into prominent notice. One can easily see that this might be the case, and as it would be pretty hard to disprove the theory it gains ground, and there is no doubt about its working to the benefit of both the college and the students.

Harvard men do not like to entertain any idea that their athletes do not make just as good students as athletes of other colleges, and they believe they have had many cases of athletic students who could not be thrown in the shade by any from other colleges. They claim that on account of so much diversity in study and pastime at Cambridge a good athletic student would not be apt to be noticed quite so much as he would anywhere else. Many Harvard men admit that there may not be quite the same democratic feeling or general congeniality at their college as is supposed to exist at Yale and several others; but they say that if that is the case, an athlete who is also prominent in his studies deserves all the more credit for having no other incentive than self-interest. President Eliot of Harvard has often said that his statistics proved that although students at Cambridge who were greatly interested in athletics would very often not make as good a showing as others would in their studies, still he had noticed that the same determination and perseverance which all good athletes have had proved most useful attributes in their after-business life.

Other colleges take a negative stand in regard to the subject, and any one case of restriction has been too trivial to attract notice. It is well known that with the growing interest in athletics the tendency for marauding and carrying on after dark by the students has been on the decline. Such is the story as told by representatives of Columbia, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Amherst, Williams, Lehigh, and Swarthmore, and it shows that so far athletics in these institutions are considered beneficial. Youth likes sport. All healthy young creatures enjoy frisking and gambolling, and college boys have animal spirits to use up as well as mental activity to employ. The question is how to keep the balance between them equal, and to make the healthy body minister to the healthy brain. It is certainly wiser for the faculty of a college to turn these natural animal spirits into forces which build up health and strength than to let them be expended in hazing Freshmen or putting cows into recitation rooms. If athletics ever monopolize the attention of students in all the colleges so much that the rulers should think it best to unite in a general law governing athletic competition, such considered action might correct the evil; but as it is, with only a very small part endeavoring to change customs, nothing practical has as yet been found.

An impression has gained considerable ground that some of the American colleges favor plenty of athletic sport for the students, because the successful athletes advertise the college which they represent. Whether or not there is any foundation for the claim, the simple fact remains that a college which has successful representatives in athletic sports manages throughout the course of the year to get pretty well advertised. It is for the directors of such institutions to say if the kind of advertising which athletic sport brings is conducive to the best interests of the colleges. Very few college presidents feel alike upon this subject, and even if one of them did think that such advertising worked to advantage for his college, he probably would be slow in admitting it. Therefore nothing definite will probably ever be made public so far as college athletic competitions being allowed to run their way on account of bringing college names prominently to notice, and any college which is thought to give extra encouragement to athletics for advertising purposes must expect such things to be said about it whether it is actually so or not.

Any one who is familiar with the large institutions of learning in this country can readily see that most of them do not have to bring themselves before public notice by the athletic prowess of their students, and although probably many a young man has been turned toward a certain college on account of its athletic reputation, still the number of them is without doubt so small, when compared with the number not influenced in that way, that it is not necessary to mention further details about the matter. So far the different colleges have shown a disposition to act independently; and really, when facts and results are looked into, no real harm has been found to have arisen from too much athletics in any one college; but the subject of the control of athletic competition should not be neglected until forcible measures have to be resorted to, for a strict eye on them can do no harm, and may bring about a great deal of good for all. In athletics, as in all other matters of life, there is always the steady conflict between the too much or the too little, and until young men acquire the wisdom which surely does not belong to youth, let alone aged mortals, there will be cases of both benefit and injury from athletics. The fact remains, however, that a healthy body and a healthy mind assist each other, as has been demonstrated in the great English universities, where the habits of the undergraduates are more robust than in this country. The statistics of the rowing crews of Oxford and Cambridge prove that a larger percentage of them are among the honor men of their classes than can be found among the non-athletic ones. It will take a generation of graduates from our universities before the matter can be tested and a careful reply made.

A LIVELY SPOT ON ELECTION DAY.

ELECTION day in New York transforms the great city. The occasion is a holiday, and the business districts take on a neglected, dreary look, while uptown the streets are filled with people in holiday dress and leisurely temper. Overnight there has come a sudden epidemic of rude pine boxes decked with posters on the street corners, and around them are always crowds of political workers. These are the ticket booths, and each party or faction has men to watch the boxes of their opponents, because what trickery there is in a New York city election is nearly all in the handling of the tickets. The results of "deals" and bargains are that the tickets are wrongly bunched, or those of one candidate are given out from another one's boxes. As far as the voting is concerned, no elections in this country are more honestly conducted than those in New York. This is admitted by all who have studied the subject. The laws governing elections were framed by the Republicans to protect themselves in this Democratic stronghold, and they are as thorough as can be. Moreover, they are enforced by Republicans.

In the main the city is orderly on election day, though men of middle age can remember when mobs all but ruled the town while the voting went on. Yet there are districts wherein even this year there were echoes of the old turbulence. The artist whose sketch is on another page gives a hint of such scenes in a picture of what he saw at Pell Street and the Bowery, in an unregenerate region, where once the "Bowery Boys" and the "Dead Rabbits" fought out their quarrels, and where now the district leaders and candidates are apt to be liquor dealers. The reader may guess what a queer part of town it is when he hears that Pell Street lies between Baxter Street and Chinatown.

Here a local leader known as "Dry Dollar Sullivan" ran for the Assembly this year, and as it was an exciting race the temper of his vassals was not over-sweet, so that there were many "ructions," in which fists and paving-stones were used. The police in such cases are too apt to be neutral, even as between the law itself and its defiers, and so the roughs settle their quarrels, and quiet folk give them a wide berth.

CLOUD FANCIES.

THE tall pines on the mountain-top
Through the feathery mist are blue and faint,
And the clouds in graceful outlines drop,
As the incense curls before a saint.

The peaks are lost now; but below
The forest of pine-trees towers high,
Shred-like clouds from the branches blow
As pennons from upheld lances fly.

A patch of light where sunbeams fall,
Then is it wrapped in a misty shroud,
There are no mountains after all—
Only a mass of billowy cloud.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A WAY-SIDE TOILET.

MR. HELMICK has truly caught the spirit of the scene in his picture of "A Way-side Toilet." The subject is one which is "familiar as household words" to all dwellers or sojourners on Irish soil. A group of "country girls" are on their way to market to dispose of their various wares, and as they draw near to the town take the favorable opportunity presented by the running stream to wash the dust of the highway from face, hands, and feet. The peasant girls rarely wear shoes except on such occasions as the present or when going to mass, and are only too glad to doff them again as quickly as possible. Two of the group are bringing in poultry in the large baskets we see set down beside them, with their shawls thrown carelessly on top, while another has a smaller basket carried on the arm beneath her shawl, in which one who has been among them for any length of time can see (with the mind's eye at least) delicious freshly churned butter and new-laid eggs. The girl in the background has still got the basket on her back in the manner in which it is borne. These baskets are great unwieldy things, called "clieves" by the natives, and are composed of stout osiers; they are square in shape, and have a rope or "*suggawn*" of twisted straw attached to one of the four sides, which is slung loosely across the breast, so as to support it evenly on the shoulders.

The artist must have come on this group unawares, as the abandon of their different positions proves conclusively how all unconscious they are of "havin' their pitchers tuk." Besides their native modesty would take alarm at once did they dream they were observed by a male eye in a state of "deshabille," for in a short time after their ablutions are performed they will walk t
went "i
Some
sitting t
the unco
they are
relief to
empty ba
than thei
along the
as their u
the stockii
laces are
arm or sho
along chat
good-humo
ness so pec
lucky" Irisl

IN CL

THERE are
And blo
But none
To welc

Warm-hear
Twin-siste
They whisp
Love-ladei

In purple ti
The Hudso
Commingling
The clover

A token of f
With Wash
Scott's ivy en
By the blue

Their names b
With fondne
In freedom's fo
The Lay of t

Ay, this their c
In the heart
Love, liberty, leg
That blossom

So here's to the
Of river-side, n
As I stand wi' d
At the yetts of

EDINBURGH, *October*

THE PA

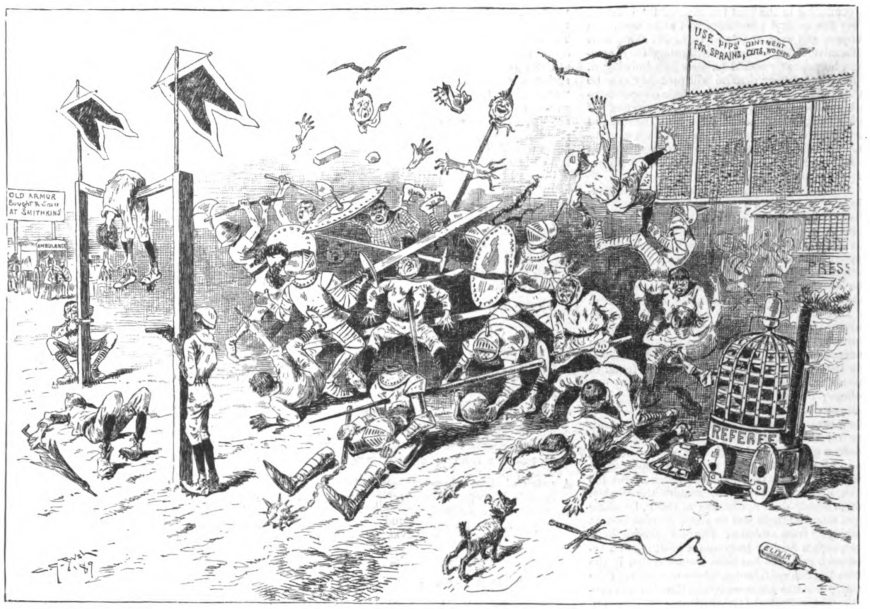
EVER since 1870, w
session of the Eternal
again and again that t
pose to leave Rome, a
amid more friendly su
however, have these rep
persistence as is the ca
no time since the exis
Catholic world has beer
demanding the restorati
for their spiritual head.
been held in Germany,
Belgium, in Spain, in the
where, in the last two o
given emphatic expressio
this regard.

The removal of the pa
undertaking of no mean
the historic significance of
dor and extent, it compar
of the leading nations of



A BAD BOLT.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE FOOT-BALL OF THE FUTURE.

itself has no less than eleven thousand and five hundred rooms. The personal attendants constituting the court consist of 1160 persons. This number includes only a few of the immense body of ecclesiastics which keep the machine of the great hierarchy in motion over the whole globe, and of which full statistical accounts are officially published in the papal year-book called the *Gerarchia Cattolica*. These 1160 men include only the immediate surroundings of the Holy Father, or his court, in the proper and narrow sense of the word, and not the ecclesiastics of the Vatican. Of these the central sun around which all revolve is the pope himself (*sommo pontefice*). The highest among the ecclesiastics are the cardinals and the prelates of the palace (*cardinali palatini, prelati palatini*). These are followed by the privy chamberlains and the privy chaplains (*camerieri segreti, capellan isegreti*). These, together with the sacristan and the president of the papal chancelry, who is a monsignore, constitute the so-called "Holy College." According to the last *Annaire du Vatican*, the 1160 men in the court proper of Leo XIII. consist of 20 chamberlains (*major domus*), 120 house prelates, 170 secret chamberlains, 6 chamberlains *de cape et d'epée*, 30 officers of the noble guard—constituting the general staff—60 members of the guard, 130 additional chamberlains *de cape et d'epée*, 200 honorary chamberlains, 14 officers of the Swiss or palace guard, 7 honorary chaplains, 7 honorary chaplains *extra urbanis*, 20 secret scribes, 10 masters of the stables, 50 door attendants, and the rest in other subordinate positions.

The expenses for maintaining this court are more than seven million lire annually, nearly all of which is secured through the Peter's Pence contributions of the faithful. Only recently has the official financial statement of the court been issued for the year 1888. This was in many respects an extraordinary year, for in it occurred the great jubilee of Leo XIII., during which the special gifts of Catholics from all over the world greatly swelled the papal treasury. The Peter's Pence for 1888 were 7,500,000 lire. The income in interest from funds deposited, chiefly in England, by the late pope, Pio Nono, for the needs of a rainy day amounts annually to 2,500,000 lire. It is a significant sign that the head of the Catholic Church has not deposited his reserve funds in any of the Catholic countries, but considers them safer in a country which, as much as Germany, is most pronounced in its Protestant character and in the maintenance of Protestant principles. In addition to these ten million lire, the papal treasury received in 1888 500,000 lire in special gifts, and two million lire as jubilee gifts, making a total of 12,500,000 lire.

This sum was expended in the following manner: alms for the poor of Italy, particularly of Rome, 100,000 lire; special charity in Rome, 50,000 lire; special charity in Italy, 80,000 lire; general expenses of the Church, 150,000 lire; poor priests, 150,000 lire; the propaganda work, 500,000 lire; missions, 1,000,000 lire; apostolic palaces, 500,000 lire; public buildings and monasteries, 200,000 lire; salaries of cardinals, 2,000,000 lire; theological seminaries, 2,250,000 lire; various other expenses, 2,500,000 lire. The total expense was then 11,230,000 lire, leaving a surplus of nearly one and a quarter million. This undoubtedly makes a better showing financially than any national treasury in Europe.

Concerning the Peter's Pence, the main source of income, the Paris *Figaro* recently published some interesting data. Originally, at least in England, Norway, and Sweden, it was a compulsory tribute paid to the pope. The French were the first to make it a voluntary tribute, under the name of *Denier de St. Piérre*, and to the present day they stand head and shoulders above all other Catholics in the amount of their contributions. Since 1822, when the work was first organized systematically in France, that people have contributed two hundred and twenty million francs to this treasury. France annually gives two-thirds of the whole sum, having contributed 4,355,000 francs of the 6,648,000 francs Peter's Pence in 1887. Germany gives about 400,000; Italy, 382,000; Austria, 88,000 francs annually. The yearly total average from 1860 to 1870 was 7,117,000 francs. With the exception of the jubilee year, the annual Pence has rather decreased than increased in the last decade. The special jubilee gifts, not in the shape of money and not included in the above, were estimated at one hundred million francs. These will all be deposited in a special memorial museum.

A DISCONTENTED COMMUNITY.

Except in the prices of a comparatively small number of stocks, there have been no important changes in Wall Street since the situation there was reviewed in this column nearly a month ago. The country continues upon the up grade, but its financial centre is still depressed. The gloom that hangs over the Stock Exchange is not, however, impenetrable. At times it looks as if the clouds would be rifted away, and hardly a day passes that a ray of light does not touch here and there a spot on the stock list. For many months a species of fatality seems to have attended the market for railway securities. Every once in a while the surface of the market has presented the appearance of a rising tide, but invariably the semblance has proved deceptive, and the current of returning confidence has ceased to flow or has receded. During those months—and they have been very weary ones for Wall Street—the country has grown steadily in business activity and in wealth. Few large enterprises have appealed to capital for its co-operation—a fact that should be reflected in a better demand for existing securities. Besides, several channels that have heretofore absorbed large amounts of investment money have been to an extent discredited. This is especially true of the Western farm mortgage companies. The discussion as to why Wall Street is neglected, and the efforts to probe the fatality referred to, are resumed diurnally in the purlieus of the Stock Exchange; in fact, the street makes a business of seeking for the causes of its bad luck. The condition is an interesting one, and may as well be recorded here, together with the views of the patient as to the nature of his malady, and the character of the remedies that should be applied.

It is very fashionable in certain quarters to rant about Wall Street, as if it were a place to be shunned by all self-respecting people. The kindest comment that can be passed upon these indiscriminate denunciations is that they betray dense if not wilful ignorance. The nerves of the nation centre there. It responds whenever they are touched; it re-enforces them whether the hurt be slight or serious. It is the clearing-house of the country, and represents the country in the clearing-house of the world—that is, London. It is the market to which every large enterprise has to come for funds; it is the only adequate medium for gathering up the unemployed capital of the country, and redistributing it in undertakings that are of the first importance to the whole people—like the construction of our railway systems. Finally, it stands in the same relation to the Treasury Department that the Rothschilds do to many of the governments of Europe. The national loans were made and funded through its instrumentality. The condemnation of Wall Street that seems so natural to the preacher and to the politician, and so infectious with their respective following, should rather be of that trait in human nature which finds expression in eagerness for riches. Speculation is an incident, not the business of Wall Street, and its volume is large or small in proportion to the legitimate activity.

These many months both have been moderate. It is clear that the extensive railway building of 1887 should be followed by a period of reaction. It has occurred. The railways themselves have begun to recover from the exhaustion incidental to undue extension of their systems, but Wall Street still waits. It cannot be that the misfortunes of the one railway—the Atchison—that extended itself fatally, are holding the stock-market in check, since the work of rehabilitation has progressed to a point that seems to insure success. The affairs of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway, the only other large corporation that is insolvent, are also being straightened out. Comparatively little new money will be required by them, nor very much by the financial operations of the Northern Pacific Railway.

An occurrence that has possibly protracted the public's indifference to Wall Street may be the unfortunate experience of the street in the trust or industrial stocks. A number of causes, now all pretty well understood, have conspired to damage the trust idea, and have certainly damaged many who have backed their faith in it. Wall Street has paid a good round sum for its experience with something new, and to an extent the Stock Exchange is responsible that the tuition fee was so large. In consequence there has been a revival of the demand that the Exchange compel the publication of more complete information relative to all the securities dealt in on its floor. It is a demand that can and should be complied with. The Stock Exchange cannot simulate activity within its walls, for the speculative temper of the country is not aroused at will, nor can it be directed. It rises and falls like the tides, influenced by causes that oftentimes cannot be clearly defined. But the Exchange can arouse fresh interest in itself and favorably impress a clientèle that now seems dormant by evidencing a keener appreciation of its duty to its patrons. In England the corporations whose securities are listed on the Stock Exchange are compelled to report their operations to that body. There is reason in the requirement.

With railway earnings large, the money market back to normal rates, the condition of foreign trade shaping in our favor, and the tendency of the transportation interests toward greater harmony and more profitable rates, there would seem to be no reason for distrust of the market for securities. Yet that feeling exists, and a very formidable enumeration of circumstances and possibilities that contribute to it could be made. Perhaps the most important of these is the fact that all of the aggressive leadership in the stock-market just now is engaged in depressing prices. The large holders of stock are passive. They are alive perhaps to the seeming fatality of the market, and content to wait until it has passed away.

In the mean time all the capital possible is being made of a comparatively light year and low prices in the anthracite coal trade, and of the break-down in the industrial shares. As a rule, prices do not yield readily. One reason is that a certain absorption of the better class of stocks is going on all the time, another is that the market is so narrow that the attacking party does not dare to leave large lines long uncovered. In conclusion it may be said that Wall Street is not so bad a place as it seems to complaining brokers. One of their troubles is that they are constantly comparing to-day's moderate business with the phenomenal activity that followed the resumption of specie payments. And as to the public, it has always found it a useful place for business, or to express its own prosperity and its belief in the future of the country.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, November 9, 1889.*

ILL WINDS

That blow "naebody any good" are plenty on the storm-vexed Atlantic, to say nothing of the occasionally typhoon-swept Pacific. The hapless voyager, when shaken up by the heavings of the "briny," should take that pleasantest and most salutary of doses, a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest stomachic and tonic that ever warmed, regulated, and quieted the human interior. Railroad, jolted and steamship-shaken travellers will exercise a wise prevision by supplying themselves with a sufficiency of this incomparable medicine for the journey. So will mariners, emigrants to the West, and others about to "seek fresh fields and pastures new." Malaria, the scourge of newly cleared and mining districts, is completely conquered and surely averted by the Bitters. Liver, bowel, and kidney complaint and incipient rheumatism it annihilates.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

WHAT IS "HALMA"?

Rev. Dr. Thos. Hill, formerly Pres't of Harvard, says: "The peculiar fascination of the game lies in the combination of simplicity and complexity which it presents. As there are only two kind of moves permitted, the mode of playing can be learned in a few minutes; but the variety of combination of positions is so great that it is practically inexhaustible. Children of eight or ten years like it, and the most intellectual people of my acquaintance are delighted with it!"

"Halma" will be sent to any address free on receipt of one dollar. Send for "Halma" circulars. E. I. Horsman, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

Every family should keep on hand a supply of the justly celebrated, health-giving, non-intoxicating beverage known as Nicholson's Liquid Bread.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CHAPPED HANDS AND ROUGH SKIN
Impossible if you use Cornell's Benzoin Soap. 25 cts. Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists. —[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

There is no more fruitful source of disease than vitiated blood. It involves every organ and function of the body, and if not immediately corrected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sooner or later leads to fatal results. Be warned in time.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

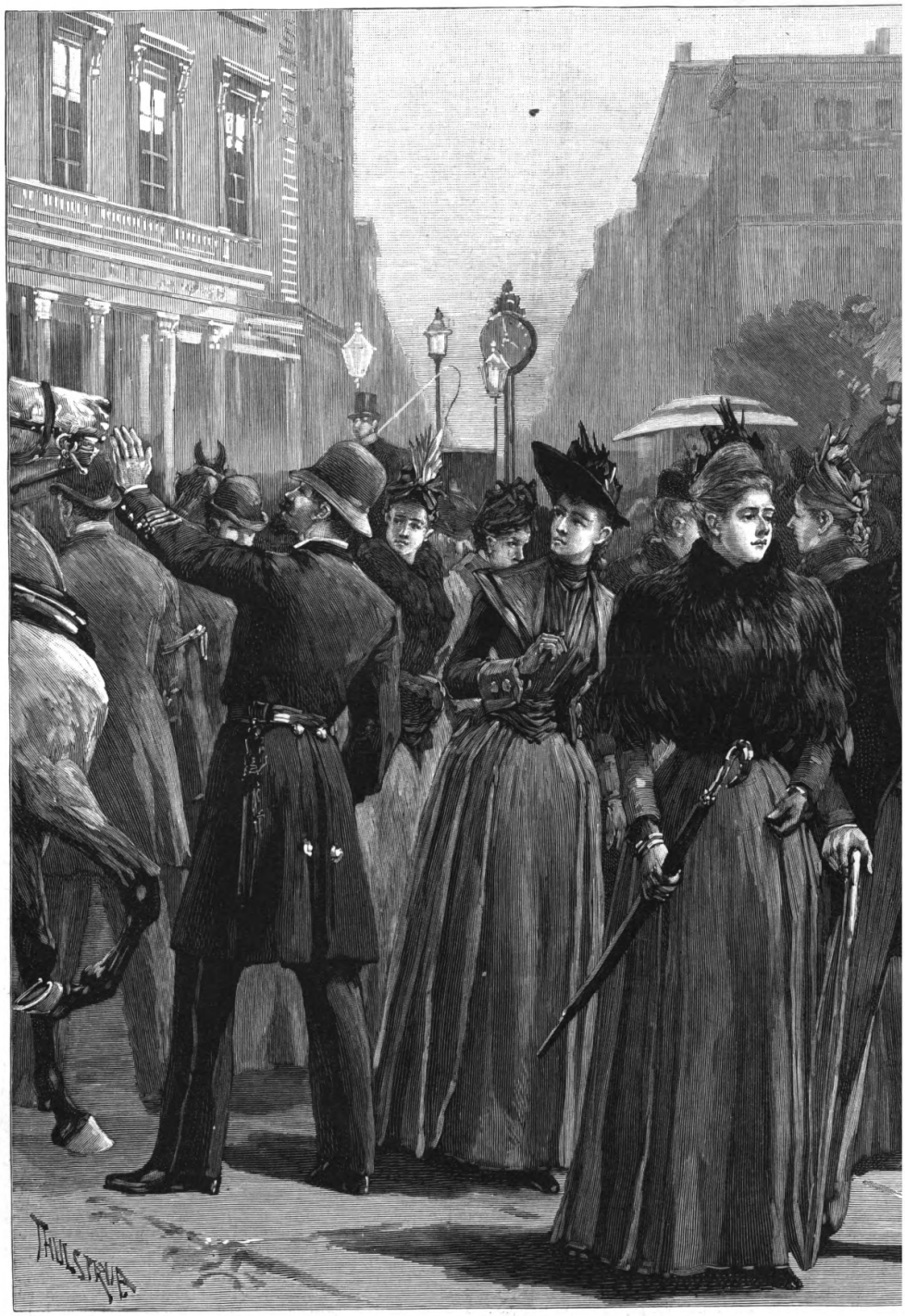
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1718. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



A SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON BROADWAY AT MADISON SQUARE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 935.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE unquestionably ranks as the foremost juvenile publication in the country."—*Albany Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for November 19th contains the second part of a story entitled "Boscobel," by* HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, *with a full-page illustration by* H. F. FARNY; *the tenth instalment of "The Red Mustang," by* WILLIAM O. STODDARD; *and a short story by* DAVID KER.

HARRY W. BEECHER, *the famous "quarter back" of the Yale football eleven, writes entertainingly of how the game is played at New Haven, and shows how a "'Varsity" player is trained.*

"A Soap Bubble" is the subject of the latest of MRS. HERRICK'S *"Little Experiments" for young people.*

The Christmas Carol published in this number, which is by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *with music by* VICTOR BAIER, *is something that tens of thousands of children have come to look forward to as regularly as the Christmas season approaches.*

The next number will be the Thanksgiving Number, and the next after that (published December 3d) the Christmas Number.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.
A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1718.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING, like Christmas, comes but once a year. But the remark is equally true of the Fourth of July and Decoration Day, and New-Year's Day itself, and as each is a happy and welcome holiday, the year is not quite so forlorn as the weeping boy in Mr. NAST'S Christmas Drawings would imply. Thanksgiving Day, however, has the advantage of coming first in the long interval after Independence Day, and serves as the immediate herald of Christmas and New-Year's. These great holidays are all intimately associated with good cheer. Their names are suggestive of turkey and pumpkin pie, of roast beef and plum-pudding. They are devoted in imagination to good eating and drinking, to hearty social welcome and profuse hospitality. They have a religious character also. But church-going is by no means universal, nor is it felt to be especially obligatory on Thanksgiving or Christmas. The first, indeed, is held to be a kind of secular Sunday, a day when the minister may come very near talking politics in the pulpit, or when, at least, he may discourse of political morality, and insist that all is not fair at the polls and in the custom-house any more than in the office and in church.

Indeed there was one minister who held stoutly to the belief that the Golden Rule was intended to apply to every human relation and transaction, and to every week-day as well as Sunday. He was a well-meaning man, and his parish was very patient with all his vagaries, although even the deacons admitted that he was queer, and they sometimes smiled pleasantly as they asked how the good man would work his Golden Rule at the primaries, and how it would look, neatly lettered in becoming gold, over the platform of Tammany Hall. But the deacons have been known to be puzzled when the pastor, after laughing at their banter, insisted upon knowing what the rule applied to if not to business and politics. "If Christianity lays down this rule of conduct it must apply to the ordinary affairs of life, must it not, Deacon Jones?" And Deacon Jones could not deny it. "Very well. In this country business and politics are our common pursuits, are they not, Deacon Smith?" And Deacon Smith was forced to assent. "Very well. Now, gentlemen, if the Golden Rule does not apply to business and politics every day in the week, what does it apply to, and when?" asked their pastor, with a shrewd twinkle of the eyes; and the deacons could only raise their eyebrows and shrug their shoulders.

But their minister would not let them off with a shrug, and required an answer. "If a man," he said, "cheats at the custom-house and lies in trade, as horse-jockeys have been known to do—if he flours the sugar and scants the yardstick or the quart pot, or buys or bullies a vote, he is an unchristian man, isn't he?" The deacons assented. "Well, then, what proportion of people in Christendom are Christians? And when it is said that the precepts of Christianity are intended as incentives and not as actual practical rules of daily conduct in our daily business, why is not such a declaration a denial of the Master?" "A man, my good friends," said the pastor to his deacons, "doesn't prove his religious faith merely by going to church, nor by subscribing to foreign missions, but in his daily business. And if you concede that, you will also agree that the question of domestic Christian missions is quite as urgent as that of foreign missions." The deacons, on the occasions of such outbreaks from the minister, good-humoredly agreed, but reminded him pleasantly that it is always wise for a minister to avoid preaching politics, to make allowance for human nature, and to confine the discussion of secular subjects like the Golden Rule to Thanksgiving Day.

ONE LESSON OF THE AUTUMN ELECTION.

THERE have been all kinds of local explanations of the significance of the late election. But there is a general significance which is not susceptible of local explanation. The administration party was practically defeated in its three strongholds. In Massachusetts the head of the ticket was elected, not by a majority, but by a small plurality, and in Ohio and Iowa he was beaten. Doubtless, many reasons may be offered, but the chief reason is apparent. The Republican party is following the usual course of a party. It is organized by men of strong convictions to carry out certain policies. It gains power and secures its objects. As the dominant party, it attracts the crowd of political adventurers, traders, and bummers, and it is gradually transformed into a highly organized and disciplined body, intent upon ascendency and power. Its standards are steadily lowered. Its leadership passes from statesmen and enthusiasts to trimmers and schemers for place and pelf. Its adherents are detached for many reasons, and the party crumbles away. The Federal party, after organizing the government of the Union, divided under JEFFERSON and disappeared under MONROE. The Whig party, unable to cope with the question of slavery, vanished, and the Democratic party, becoming virtually the party of slavery, was driven from power for a quarter of a century, and in a new generation, when slavery has disappeared, is still half paralyzed by the obnoxious traditions of its name.

The Republican party has survived the national situation and the great issue from which it sprang, and now presents itself as the party of high protection. This is a question wholly different from that of its origin, and involves a change, which is apparent in its new leadership and methods, and which deprives it of the moral enthusiasm which was the great characteristic of its prime. Its real strength now lies in its tradition, and the conflict within the party itself is between those who would renew that tradition, in the relation of the party to actual issues, and those who care only for power and patronage. The election of the autumn shows an indifference which is a dangerous augury. The spell of the great name and the glorious tradition is broken. There were pledges and promises in the national platform of last year which served to rekindle hope in many older Republicans, and to forecast what they desired. The result of the election indicates, in part at least, their profound disappointment.

One of the most practical lessons is plain enough. The possession and distribution of the spoils of place do not strengthen a party. It is an old saying of a shrewd politician that a political appointment generally makes a dozen enemies and one ingrate. The warmest supporter of the administration might be challenged to show how Mr. WANAMAKER'S sweep of the post-offices has benefited his party. Even Mr. PLATT in New York, the acknowledged Republican leader, says that "dissatisfaction and disappointment over the distribution of the favors of the administration may have contributed somewhat to the apathetic feeling and lack of interest." Certainly there is no sign of pride, confidence, or hope in the administration party discernible in the general result. The only enthusiasm in the campaign was in the Democratic party in Massachusetts, where the candidate was a young man of high character and great ability, who represented, not the tradition of his party, but honest government and a wise national policy, and who was supported by a great body of young men who were recently Republicans, and others who would have been Republicans twenty years ago. The general independence in voting which we anticipated before the election was signally evident this year, and it is one of the most infallible signs of the political health of the country.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

THE republic of the United States is the lineal offspring of the Reformation. Religious liberty, or the right of private judgment, is the twin of political and civil liberty. It is a curious coincidence, therefore, that the centenary of the American Union is also that of the Roman Catholic Church in America, an anniversary which has been celebrated with due ecclesiastical pomp in Baltimore, the seat of the first Catholic bishop, who was of the old CARROLL family in Maryland. Bishop RYAN, who delivered the sermon at the opening of the Congress, stated that the first synod of the Church after Bishop CARROLL'S consecration assembled only twenty-one priests, of seven different nationalities. There is now in the country a Catholic population of 9,000,000. There are 8000 priests, 10,500 churches and chapels, 27 seminaries, 650 colleges and academies, and more than 3000 parish schools. In New England, which was settled by Puritans of the Puritans, and where sixty years ago there were but one bishop, two priests, and two public places of worship, there are now one archbishop, six bishops, 942 priests, 619 churches, with private chapels, colleges, schools, and benevolent institutions.

Bishop RYAN insisted strongly upon the patriotism of his Church, but he admitted that in the last century it could have done more for the colored race and the Indians, saying that slavery and the injustice toward Indians were the two great blots upon our civilization, and he trusted that the Church would hereafter make reparation for her remissness. He declared that the Roman Church in America had demonstrated that it could live and advance without state influence, and that the atmosphere of liberty is most congenial to her constitution and most conducive to her progress. He urged upon his brethren a cordial American feeling, and with fidelity to the Church, to the country, and to themselves, he anticipated a magnificent future for the Church in America. The very facts which Bishop RYAN triumphantly cited, however, seem to many Americans of evil augury. The bishop did not mention that the increase of the numbers of his Church measures largely the increase of a population foreign to American traditions of every kind, nor did he consider the reason of what he called "the antagonism of the great majority of the people to the Catholic Church." There is no such antagonism to the Methodist or Baptist or Presbyterian or Episcopalian communions. Why does it exist toward the Roman? Because its own aggrandizement and power as an institution are the visible aims of that Church. Neither in its spirit nor in its traditions nor in its methods or sympathies is it American. Indeed, one of its chief policies and aims is the overthrow of the corner-stone of the American system—the non-sectarian public school. Its object in that crusade seems to American intelligence not to be the welfare of the American republic so much as the ascendency of the Roman Catholic Church.

The new Catholic University at Washington was dedicated with imposing ceremonies during the session of the Congress at Baltimore. But it is impossible to feel that the primary object of that institution is the absolute freedom of study and research, the perfect intellectual and moral liberty, which should be the atmosphere of every great university. Its primary purpose undoubtedly is the extension and confirmation of Roman Catholicism in America, and its very character, therefore, makes it necessarily the foe of spiritual liberty. As Mr. JOHN JAY truly says in his paper upon "Public and Parochial Schools," read before the National Educational Association at Nashville last summer, the parochial school aims to make a papal subject, the public school an American citizen. Nevertheless the tone of Bishop RYAN'S sermon shows the influence of the power which should reassure those who look with apprehension upon the statistics which the bishop recounts with natural exultation. History reveals a power more subtle, penetrating, and efficient than that of the Vatican—the spirit of the age and of organized liberty. These are the solvent and corrective of Rome in America. With the cessation of her crusade against the public schools and a completer identification with the American spirit, the suspicion and antagonism toward his Church of which Bishop RYAN speaks would disappear, and in a sense which would be universally understood, his Church, like other American churches, would be felt, in his own words, to "be true to the country."

A PRESSING DUTY.

THE President has been warmly and justly commended for his appointments to the Civil Service Commission. Upon the whole, it could not be better composed that it is at present. The reform law was passed by a Republican Congress, and approved by a Republican President. The reform was declared emphatically by the Convention of the party that nominated President HARRISON to be a Republican policy. The candidate accepted it as such, and the government in all its branches is now Republican. There are Republicans who honestly and earnestly desire that the reform shall be advanced. There are others, and among them members of Congress in both branches, who would gladly see the law repealed. The frank and manly way of the opponents of the law would be to propose the repeal, and to urge it upon grounds which they believe the country would approve. But the equally frank and manly course of the friends of reform in Congress will be to urge its progress, and to provide the means for it. This can be done very simply and readily. The classified service, by which is meant that part of the service which is included in the rules, now covers about 25,000 places. This is an increase of about 10,000 from the original number of such places, which are classified at the pleasure of the President.

No adequate provision has been made for the much more onerous duties of the Commission arising from this increase. Neither the clerical force nor the appropriation has been enlarged. But both must be increased if the Commission is to perform its duties properly. The present appropriation is $35,000, but

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

it should be increased materially if the reform law is to be executed in its spirit and intent, and no money for the results achieved could be more wisely expended. The testimony of the officers at the head of the classified service since the law went into operation is virtually unanimous as to its practicability and public advantage. The usual stock objections to the reformed system are almost wholly fabrications. The foolish questions which are cited derisively are not asked. The successful applicants are not generally college bred. They are young, active, intelligent, self-respecting graduates of the public schools, and the examinations are strictly related to the duties which are to be discharged. The time of the appointing officers is secured for the public service, and the pressure upon members of Congress and influential public men is reduced, just in the degree of the extent of the classified service.

There is an admirable law incalculably improving the methods of administration, relieving public men in and out of the service of an incessant and oppressive annoyance, elevating the self-respect of the government employés, and most effectively promoting honest politics, which is undeniably approved by the intelligent judgment of the country. Could the administration majority in Congress possibly gain any advantage for its party by obstructing and baffling the operation of the law? Could it do anything which would more warmly commend it to that intelligent judgment than vigorously to support its execution? Those who have censured the course of the Executive in the absence of Congress have been met by the allegation that the Republican party is the sole hope of reform. The accuracy of this assertion will be tested by the action of Congress. The Commission is amply capable of stating its own case, and of showing the necessity of an increased appropriation for its enlarged work. Whatever may be said of the spirit of reform in the treatment of the unclassified service, here at least is a reform law of specific details to be enforced. No better public service could be performed than increasing the resources of the Civil Service Commission to enable it to discharge its duties properly.

A WISE DECISION.

THE Committee on Sites for the World's Fair has wisely decided to abandon altogether the purpose of taking any part of Central Park. This unfortunate obstruction to the preliminary movement has thus been disposed of, but its consequences are not readily removable. There is undoubtedly general surprise that the guarantee fund was not more quickly subscribed, but the disposition in some quarters to bulldoze companies and citizens into subscribing is by no means a wise policy. This is still a free country, and in a matter of voluntary aid to a purely business enterprise, any attempt at hectoring and coercion is not only ludicrous in itself, but will be very effectively resented, and will baffle its own object.

That there should be a great commemoration of the anniversary of the discovery of America is most becoming, and that it should be international is most proper. That the chief port and city of the continent should be selected as its site is the most natural and convenient arrangement. But New York has no special or local association with the event itself, like that of Philadelphia with the Declaration of Independence and the formation of the Constitution. It is, however, the chief city in the country, and a more convenient site for an international exhibition than any other; it has ample resources of accommodation, and it is in itself an exceedingly interesting city for all native and foreign visitors.

But the selection of New York as the seat of the Exhibition by any but perfectly fair methods deprives the whole movement of its significance. If it is not spontaneous, it is worthless. If those who desire it proceed to try to whip in those who do not, or who are indifferent, or who prefer to use their money otherwise, the significant thing in the whole enterprise would be, not that New York wanted the Fair, but that those New-Yorkers who thought it would be for their advantage were able to compel others to subscribe. It seems now as if the press had somewhat exaggerated the enthusiasm of the city upon the subject. But the guarantee fund is daily increased, and there is no reason to suppose that it will not be completed. A World's Exhibition and sums of millions of dollars are large affairs to manage, and good-nature, deliberation, and care are essential to their effective management.

JOHN BULL AND MR. BARNUM.

JOHN BULL has sometimes smiled and even shrugged his shoulders at our zeal in entertaining and honoring certain English pilgrims to our shores. But recently he has been a little too much engaged in breakfasting Buffalo Bill and dining Mr. BARNUM to attend to what he regards as our rather extraordinary social diversions of this kind. Various distinguished Americans have been in England during the last few years, but none except our ministers have been received with more honors than the two gentlemen mentioned. To the recent banquet in honor of Mr. BARNUM, at which an earl presided, and various clever and titled guests made speeches, Mr. GLADSTONE sent his compliments and congratulations to the guest of honor.

What special or general distinction it is which is thus complimented and congratulated is not stated. Mr. BARNUM is the inventor of JOYCE HETH and the What-is-it and the horse-with-his-head-where-his-tail-ought-to-be, and he is the proprietor of a great show of many living curiosities, from the double-headed calf to the stuffed skin of the late lamented Jumbo. His genius in advertising is so unique that it has been alleged that he is capable, under the happy device of a dinner, of securing gratis the assistance of one of the greatest of English statesmen and of both nobility and gentry in advertising his show.

If this be really so, it is a feat unprecedented in the history of England and of the circus, and goes far to explain the unusual honors which have been showered upon the veteran manager. There is perhaps also a touch of magnanimity in them as a tribute to the daring which penetrated to the Zoo, and captured and carried off triumphantly its favorite giant. Possibly the late banquet itself might be regarded as an equal if not superior illustration of the consummate powers of Mr. BARNUM. However this may be, the comments of Brother Bull upon the next American reception of an eminent Englishman will be awaited with profound interest.

THE TILDEN FREE LIBRARY.

IT would be a great misfortune for the city of New York if the decision of the Supreme Court upon Mr. TILDEN'S will should be sustained by the Court of Appeals. For the general public, which is most deeply interested, the case is very simple. Mr. TILDEN left some five millions of dollars to trustees, with a certain discretion to provide a free library. Some of his relatives, under the complicated law of trusts, have contested this disposition of the money, and four judges of the Supreme bench are divided in their interpretation of the law, two holding that the will is valid and two dissenting.

In such a case it is unfortunate that there is not an equity jurisdiction which could determine the doubt. Of Mr. TILDEN'S intention there is, of course, no doubt whatever. He was a public-spirited citizen and unmarried, and he desired to leave his large fortune in a form which would be at once a great and permanent benefit to the city and his own monument. He was also a shrewd lawyer and wary man. Yet in drawing his will he seems to have verified the proverb of the man who is his own lawyer. Nevertheless, it would be very hard if so beneficent a public intention, working no injury to any man, should be frustrated upon points of technical illegality.

There is one moral from the incident which ought not to escape rich men who design similar benefactions. It is to do as PETER COOPER and EZRA CORNELL did. They made themselves the executors of their own bountiful purpose, and themselves interpreted their own wills. Mr. TILDEN'S later years of retirement, it is easy to believe, might have been happily occupied in the actual fulfilment of his own generous intention. If such an intention should be baffled by such an obstruction, the result would be one of the greatest losses that the city has ever sustained.

AT SYRACUSE.

THE Syracuse *Journal*, the editor of which paper has been appointed postmaster at Syracuse, says that our recent statement in regard to that matter is wholly untrue, and that upon a correct knowledge of the facts we should approve the President's course. To this we answer that an incorrect knowledge of the facts ought to be made impossible by a publication of the truth. The public has a right to know the reasons why changes are made in its service. Secrecy in such cases is naturally suspicious. If, as the *Journal* asserts, the Syracuse *Courier* has been filled with false statements in regard to the removal of the late postmaster, the simple publication of the true reasons would have made such false statements useless.

The *Journal* remarks that the change was made for "good and sufficient reasons." But when reasons are withheld, the general course of the administration in making removals does not justify the presumption that they are good reasons. The postmaster at Philadelphia and the Naval Officer at New York were both recently removed. But nobody supposes that there were good and sufficient reasons for their removal. They were both political removals, and, however excellent the new appointment, such the removal at Syracuse will be universally considered to be until the good and sufficient reasons are made known.

THE NEW BALLOT SYSTEM.

A VOTER in a country district in Massachusetts sends us the following description of the procedure under the new ballot law in that State. It will be read with interest, because undoubtedly the law will now be generally adopted. Premising that it took him about a minute to prepare his ballot, he says:

"There were two extra poll-clerks, and the voting places looked rather strangely. There was an entire absence of heelers and ballot distributors. When you enter the room you find a space railed off at one end. At one side (the left at our poll) there was a gate; behind the gate were two poll-clerks—one with a registry list and one with ballots. You enter and give your name, which is called and checked; you then receive a ballot, and go to the back of the enclosure, where there are several alcoves, each with a convenient shelf and a couple of pencils. Opening your ballot you find the names of all the candidates on it. These are grouped under headings of the offices for which they are nominated—as, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, etc.; also the direction—vote for one, or two, or three, as the case may be.

"Under each heading the names are arranged alphabetically, followed by the name of the party to which they belong. There are also blank spaces corresponding to the number of names to be voted for, *i. e.*, *one*, where you vote for one; *two*, where you vote for two, etc. These are in case you are not satisfied with the names presented, and want to exercise individual choice.

"You vote by marking **X** against the names of your choice. Having marked all you wish, you fold your ballot, names in, and go to the ballot-box. Here is another man with another check list, who checks you off as you hold your ballot at the mouth of the box. When you are checked, the man at the box turns the crank; your ballot is drawn, and marked on one side by two red lines; a bell rings, and the number is registered on the front of the box. Then you go out.

"This latter arrangement about the ballot-box is not peculiar to this law, but is the usual form used here in Massachusetts, where we are accustomed to voting with broadsides. It is a good idea, because if any one tries to vote two ballots, the second one isn't marked with the two red lines."

So great and useful a reform was never accomplished by means more simple and effective.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the three American sculptors who received honorable mention at the Paris Exhibition this year was Miss THKO ALICE RUGGLES, of Brookline, Massachusetts, a girl of eighteen years. She developed a taste for painting when eleven years old, and at the age of fourteen began to display a wonderful skill in modelling, a clay bank near her home and snow-drifts in the winter furnishing the material from which she created figures that attracted more than local attention. Then she began studying with H. H. KITSON, the Boston sculptor, and in the summer of 1887 went to Paris with her mother to continue her studies. The following spring specimens of her work were accepted and placed in the Paris Salon, she being the youngest sculptor who had ever exhibited there. Her contributions to the Paris Exposition attracted much attention. The other two Americans who received honorable mention were OLIVE WARNER and HERBERT ADAMS, old and experienced sculptors.

—WILLIAM HENRY CILLEY, who recently died at Lima, Peru, was one of the best-known railroad projectors and constructors in South America. He was born in New Hampshire, and when seventeen years old was a locomotive engineer on the Concord Railroad. Before he was twenty-five years old he had tried mining in California and machinery building in Chili, both experiments proving financially disastrous. Then he fell in with HENRY MEIGGS, and although he began work as a railroad section hand, his advance was rapid, and within a year he was a railroad contractor in his own name. During the war between Chili and Spain he made himself especially useful to the former country, and was substantially rewarded. Then he went to Peru with HENRY MEIGGS, and took charge of the famous Oroya Railroad. His interests became intimately associated with those of Peru, and to this country he remained loyal through all its vicissitudes, suffering serious impairment of fortune in consequence.

—Rev. PERCY GEORGE BENSON, Vicar of Hoo, has just been tried in England under the Church Discipline Act, and suspended from office for a year, because he had refused to administer the sacrament to one of his parishioners who had attended a Wesleyan place of worship, and then refused to acknowledge her error in doing so.

—A funny story is told of how ROBERT BROWNING, while strolling through Hyde Park last summer, was surrounded by a group of thirty-nine American girls, the members of an excursion party who had accidentally spied and recognized him, and gently coerced into writing his name in each one's autograph album.

—JOHN J. ZUILLE, who has a humble home in New York city, was once a prominent member of the underground railroad company, and aided in the release of one hundred and nineteen men, women, and children from Southern slavery. He is a colored man, but was born in Bermuda, and has never been a slave. PHILLIPS, GARRISON, GREELEY, and others in the antislavery movement were his associates, and he has numbered among his friends such men as SUMNER, LONGFELLOW, and DICKENS. Mr. ZUILLE is seventy-two years old, and has spent nearly all his life in this city.

—Mrs. SCHENLEY, the English woman who has recently given Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, three hundred acres for a park, and two hundred acres more on which to erect a school for the blind, eloped from a Philadelphia boarding-school about fifty years ago with Captain SCHENLEY, an English officer. Her parents, wealthy Pittsburgh people, became reconciled to her marriage, which proved happy, and when her father died she inherited large property in Pittsburgh and elsewhere.

—The White House has a new steward in PHILIP MCKIM, a Scotch-Irishman. He was formerly attached to the household of Hon. JOHN JAY, Minister to Austria while General GRANT was President. McKIM'S salary is $1800, and he has to give a bond of $10,000 for the faithful performance of his duties.

—Naturally Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL did not care to ask a clergyman to perform the ceremony that wedded his daughter Miss EVA to WALSTON HILL BROWN, the senior member of a banking firm in this city. Judge GEORGE C. BARRETT, of the State Supreme Court, an old friend of the family, filled the place satisfactorily, however, making a graceful little address before pronouncing the couple man and wife.

—CHARLES DEAN, the author and historian, who has just passed away at Cambridge, Massachusetts, had perhaps the most valuable collection of books pertaining to the early history of New England in existence. Harvard and Bowdoin colleges had both given him the degree of LL.D.

—Rev. Dr. EDWARD BEECHER, who lost his leg by a railroad accident last summer, has resigned his pastorate at Parkville, Long Island, and will retire to a farm in New Jersey. He is eighty-six years old, but in good health, and has preached repeatedly since having his leg taken off.

—ANDREW J. CHAMBERS, of Durham, North Carolina, a credulous colored man, has written to a Boston paper urging that the old Bay State invite JEFFERSON DAVIS to visit the commonwealth as its guest.

—ANDREW JACKSON PINE, chief page of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives for twenty-eight years, has just died at Harrisburg.

—In buying Sunol, the famous California three-year old, with a record of 2.10½, ROBERT BONNER is said to have paid the highest price ever given for a horse in this country—or over $105,000, the sum paid for Axtell last summer. As the owner of Maud S, Rarus, and other fliers, Mr. BONNER has a very neat fortune locked up in horseflesh.

—The difficult task of climbing the extinct volcano of Iztaccihuatl, 18,600 feet high, has just been accomplished by H. REMSEN WHITEHOUSE, United States charge d'affaires at the city of Mexico. He had to cut two thousand steps in solid ice in making the ascent, and camped one night in a cave at a height of 14,000 feet.

—C. D. DELAUNAY, a member of the well-known firm of English dyers, who died recently, was a grandson of Marquis de Launay, governor of the Bastile, who was murdered by the infuriated mob on July 14, 1789, after he had given up the keys of the fortress. M. DE LAUNAY'S head was cut off, stuck on a pike, and carried about the streets of Paris in triumph. His son fled to England, and introduced the Turkey red dye, from which the family made a large fortune.

—Miss ELLA S. LEONARD and Miss CAROLINE L. LINGLE, the Vassar girls who bought the Atlantic Highlands (New Jersey) *Independent*, and began running it before they were fairly graduated from college, have sold the paper at a good profit, after making it a paying property. They wrote their own copy, "set it up" themselves, and ran their own engine and presses. In a few months they had erected a substantial brick building, made the paper profitable, and established a good job-office patronage. They leave their venture now because Miss LINGLE'S health has given out.

—Ex-Mayor HEWITT and several of his friends have for some years been the owners of Plum Island, an island of about nine hundred acres in the town of Freehold, just at the head of Long Island Sound. On the island is a picturesque light-house, presided over by Captain W. W. WETMORE, who is eighty-three years old, and probably the oldest light-house keeper in the country. The island is the rendezvous of many yachtsmen and other summer excursionists, and at night many lights are visible from its own beacon tower.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



REAR-ADMIRAL J. G. WALKER.—Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 931.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CAPT. JAMES O'KANE, OF THE "BOSTON."



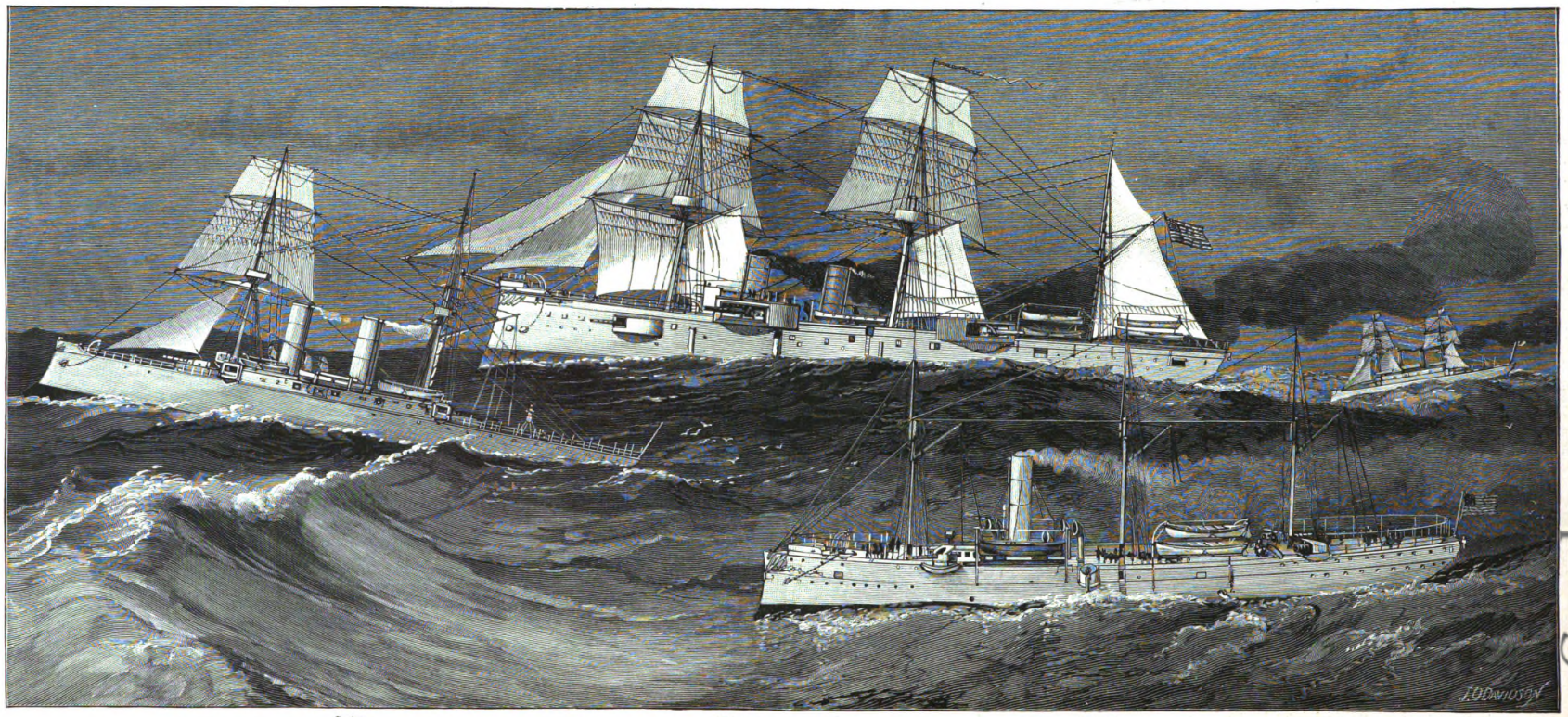
CAPT. H. B. ROBESON, OF THE "CHICAGO."
FROM A PHOTO. BY FRANK PEARSALL, BROOKLYN.



COMMANDER F. E. CHADWICK, OF THE "YORKTOWN."



CAPT. J. A. HOWELL, OF THE "ATLANTA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KNOWLTON.



Boston. *Chicago.* *Yorktown.* *Atlanta.*

THE SAILING OF THE AMERICAN SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 931.]

Original from PENN STATE
Digitized by Google
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A DIVORCE CASE.

EDWARD WALSTON sauntered into the office to see if there was any extra assignment for the evening. He had been directed to report the meeting of the Society for Supplying Overcoats to the Hottentots, but as that would doubtless be brief, he could easily attend to something else. Quite unaccountably a vague idea had entered his mind that his services would be needed.

In this he was not disappointed. On his desk lay a note from the city editor. He opened it, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. WALSTON,—There are rumors that Mrs. Henry Doncaster, of 146 Blank Avenue, will bring suit against her husband for divorce. I got the hint from Smootes, the lawyer. Both parties, you know, stand high in society, and we can use all you can get of the case. C. B. W.

"N.B.—Never mind the Hottentot charity business."

Walston softly whistled a note of astonishment as he read the words. He re-read it, and whistled again. Then he sat down, knitted his brow, and gazed quite steadily at the ink bottle in front of him. "Shall I go or shall I not?" he asked, but the ink bottle did not answer. He repeated the question; but the ink bottle was as dumb as ever. Suddenly he grabbed a pen, and the ink bottle grew more communicative. This is what it began to say:

"DEAR MR. W.,—I'm very sorry, but certain social connections make it impossible for me to attend to that case—"

Here the ink ceased to flow. Walston stopped writing, grabbed the sheet of paper and tore it up.

"No," he said, "I'll go. Better I than a stranger."

He put on his hat and left the room. A tall, well-formed, solid-looking, self-reliant fellow he was, and he made a striking figure as he passed down the street. Several acquaintances bowed, but he returned their greetings formally and somewhat coldly, and walked along as if his mind was not with the crowd. It wasn't. It was occupied with the case that had been so suddenly thrust upon his attention.

It was a strange situation for any man, but it was only one of the many curious experiences that make a newspaper career so full of interest and so barren of monotony. There is no vocation that has in it as many contrasts. All kinds of people are met; all shades of crime and virtue, all phases of human nature and human character, come within the range of a reporter's observation. He sees the smallness and the bigness of life, the sunlight and the shadow, the humility and the vanity. To-day in politics, to-morrow at church; in the morning at a funeral, in the afternoon at a wedding, in the evening at the theatre, with its light and mimicry. And so the round goes, from life and laughter to sorrow and the grave, from death or divorce to the music of gay throngs and the joy of happy anniversaries. At first his sympathies respond to the circumstances, but as the days and weeks and months and years bring their succession of events, there comes a hardening of the susceptibilities, and the reporter begins to look upon his work as the surgeon does upon his profession—he has no right to feel, only to see and do. He must dissect and describe, but not sympathize. Coolness is what he needs, not emotion. And yet all the stolidity in the world does not avail when scandal touches those who are near to him. He is one of the most sensitive persons in the world, with a wholesome horror of the newspaper notoriety that he helps to manufacture, and a keen contempt for those who like it. Walston was such a man. If he had been sent to report a case in which he had no personal acquaintance, he would have done his work with his usual unconcern; he would have gotten the facts, and written them up for all they were worth.

But this affair was different. He knew Henry Doncaster and Margaret Doncaster. Mrs. Doncaster was his cousin. Mr. Doncaster had been his room-mate at college for four years. The Walston home was then one of the pleasantest places in the State. It had a famed hospitality. Here he and Henry spent a large part of their vacations. Here Margaret visited the Walston family. Here the courtship began. Edward saw and aided its progress, and enjoyed its consummation by acting as best man and practically superintending the whole wedding; "for," they said to him, "unless you are in it, we shall not feel that we are quite married." In a month their path and his path had diverged, and all the old days were but a memory that glowed brightly in the evenings of bachelor meditation, but vanished when the day came on with the care and competition of business. And now that memory was to be blurred by a divorce. It was really too bad, and something must be done to head it off, or at least to soften the notoriety that a sensational publication would cause.

Within a half-hour after he left the office he was on the door-step of a big brown-stone house. He rang the bell. The man who opened it was evidently an old family servant, for a look of real pleasure beamed in his face when he saw who the visitor was.

"James, how are you?"

"Why, Master Edward, when did you get back to the city?"

"Oh, a week or so ago. Are the folks home?"

"Y-e-s, s-i-r," said James, slowly, as his face lengthened into an expression of decided uneasiness.

"Well, I want to see them."

"I'll tell them, sir; but I'm afraid—"

"Never mind that. I know. But I must see them both. Here are two cards. Take one to each without letting the other know of it. Tell Mr. Doncaster first, and then Mrs. Doncaster. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then be sure you do it correctly."

Walston sank into a chair and gazed quietly upon the elegant surroundings. He did not notice much, however, for he was thinking out something to say. It was a delicate position, very delicate, and all his trained diplomacy was necessary for the work before him.

Steps were heard, and a second afterward a tall, handsomely dressed man entered the room. They clasped hands, and fired questions at each other in rapid succession. Walston could see that beneath Doncaster's cordiality was a deep sorrow, and he observed in his face undoubted traces of dissipation.

"You've been back a month, you say. Queer I haven't seen you."

"Are you sure you haven't?" asked Walston.

"Perfectly. But why do you ask the question?"

"Because I have seen you."

"Where?"

"At— Why, Margaret, how do you do?"

The woman who entered the room was fitted to attract attention. She was beautiful; no doubt of that. She carried herself perfectly. She was dressed in faultless taste. Her face had magnetism and loveliness. She was older, more stylish, more womanly, and more self-possessed than when Edward had last seen her. He arose to greet her with his old-time cordiality. She gave him a charming smile of welcome, but suddenly she saw her husband. The smile partly faded away; she trembled a little, but in an instant her social training had asserted its power, and she was herself again. Mr. Doncaster had arisen with the unmistakable purpose of finding an excuse which would get him out of the room. Walston saw it, and arose fully to the situation. He quietly but deliberately closed the door.

"Now, sit right down, both of you," he said, as if he were the host and they the visitors, "and let us have a good old-time chat."

He looked at each, saw Margaret gazing sideways at the window, saw Henry studying the carpet. He took a chair near the door and between the husband and wife, but far enough back to get a view of them.

"It's a positive pleasure to see you again," he said, with cordiality. "Ever since I was best man at the wedding I have felt as if I were a member of this family, and when I look around your beautiful home and think of my hotel life, I feel like putting my household gods in a push-cart and moving in."

"I thought you were out West," said Mrs. Doncaster.

"So I was. You remember that after I left college, and a few months after your marriage, father died. My share of the property was some twenty-five thousand dollars. I took it, and went to a Western city to fill a long-felt want. I flatter myself that I filled it. I poured all the twenty-five thousand into it, and then used the rest of the space as a grave for the newspaper. The sheriff officiated, and various creditors acted as mourners."

"When did you come East?"

"About a month ago. I fully intended to call, but you know I had been away five years, and had outgrown my society habits. Then it was necessary that I should bend all my energies to work, for while some of those creditors cheated me most abominably, I can't rest contented until all I owe is paid."

"What are you doing?" asked Doncaster.

"I am a reporter on the *Comet*. And that is why I called this evening."

This aroused Doncaster, who until now had been politely indifferent. He quit studying the carpet, glanced rapidly at Walston, and seemed to suspect the cause of the visit. Margaret took a quick view at her cousin, but he was as matter-of-fact-looking as if he had merely made a remark on the state of the weather.

"Explain yourself," said Doncaster, not without a little uneasiness.

"Certainly. A report reached our office to-night that you two were going to figure in a divorce sensation. The idea was preposterous, but to save you from being bothered by a stranger, I came myself to get your denials. The rumor is false, of course?"

"I have nothing to say," said Doncaster, after a pause.

Walston turned to the wife.

"Margaret, tell me, is this true?"

"I prefer to say nothing."

"Then it is true."

A pause and a sigh.

"Who would have thought it? What a world this is, and what changeful creatures we are! To think that you two—the best and most devoted lovers in the world—should take such a step. The horror of it reconciles me to my bachelorhood, but it makes me shudder in spite of myself."

"I think," said Doncaster, with dignity, "that it would be in better taste not to discuss the matter here."

"Henry, I don't agree with you. We grew up together. I've known you both, and been a friend to each of you since childhood. I expect to be the same now. Much—I may say almost everything—depends upon how this case is presented to the public. In journalism a first impression is worth a dozen supplementary reports. I want you both to talk this matter over with me. Margaret, you have retained Smootes, haven't you?"

She had been gazing with unbroken steadiness at the window, but this sudden question was a little too much for her composure. She turned to Walston, began to speak, closed her lips again, blushed unmistakably, and finally stammered, "Not yet, but I may."

"A capital selection. He is so unscrupulous, so ingenious. In one sentence he will prove you a paragon of sweetness and light; in the next he will picture you as an abused, degraded wife."

She moved again, but the blushes did not increase. A firmness of the lips showed that she was conquering her feelings. The color left her cheeks, and she looked at Walston full face, and raised her eyebrows as if in doubtful surprise. Henry resumed his study in carpets.

"It will be a very cheerful scene," pursued Walston. "You will be the heroine. It is always so in a divorce case. Sympathy goes with the wife. She can sit dumbly, and the spectators will swear that she is an angel. The jurymen feed on her smiles and her sighs, softening with pity and glowing with admiration. Yes, Margaret, the city will talk about you; your portrait will adorn sensational papers, and you will be able to join in the great work of elevating the stage. But Henry! Ah! Henry, old fellow, you are in for it sure enough! In a divorce case a husband is always guilty until proven innocent. The guilt clings no matter how you act. If you smile, the people will call you a hardened villain. If you frown, they will pronounce you a dangerous brute. If you preserve an air of gentlemanly indifference, they will consider you a cold-souled scoundrel. Every change of countenance will be a witness against you. Every shift of attitude will be an added damnation to your cause. The husband in a divorce suit is the same old story of the Western horse-thief—he acts guilty, even if he is innocent, and he ought to be hung anyhow. Old fellow, I pity you; I do, indeed!"

"Thank you," said Doncaster, coolly. "But I must protest against discussing this affair here."

"And I must insist."

If it was Walston's intention to make his friends miserable, he could not have better succeeded. Henry seemed to stand it stolidly enough, but Margaret was evidently uneasy. Both devoutly wished that Walston had remained out West. But he was obdurate.

"Please remember," he went on, "that more interests than yours are at stake. You both come of good families—families that have lived honorably and proudly for years without the taint of scandal. This thing to them will be a blow of unspeakable anguish, and it is our duty to make that blow as soft as we can. Much will depend, as I said, upon the first statement of the case, and upon the scope of the evidence. Don't go too deep in the mud. It is not necessary under our accommodating divorce laws. This thing is bad enough. Don't make it any worse, for at its best it will put a shadow on both your lives. Margaret, you will be a heroine for a few days, but it will not last. To a woman's character too much publicity is like too much sun-shine on a photographer's negative—it blurs and ruins it. And as for you, Henry, I know the experience will have a dangerous effect. I feel that it will make you both a great deal more miserable than you are, after all the romance and beauty of your love. But I beg pardon for talking so much. I'm taking up time. Let's get to business. I want you both to explain yourselves, and then I will suggest how it shall be published; and in this way we shall make the least scandalous showing to the public. It will protect you both. Now, Henry."

"Look here, Edward; I object to this thing."

"The objection is overruled. Tell me, frankly, what is the cause."

"I prefer not."

"So would I; but it is for your own and your family's protection."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Henry arose, walked up the room, and then back again. Presently he found his speech, and it came out by starts and quits, as if he wanted to say something, and yet to say as little as possible.

"My statement," he began, "shall be brief. A happy couple come into possession of money and go into fashionable society. The wife receives a great deal of attention from men the husband does not like. The husband objects in vain, and then begins to drown his objections in alcohol. He drifts into a rapid set, and he and his wife drift apart. Each is proud, and each maintains a stand. The gulf widens, the husband's dissipation increases. He finally gets drunk, gets into a fight, gets arrested, and disgraces himself and his family, but fortunately escapes newspaper notoriety because his name isn't recognized in the police court."

"Well, that's pretty bad. Now, Margaret, what have you to say?"

Now it was Margaret's time to arise. She went to the window and looked at vacancy through the lace curtain. When she answered, she was calmer than her husband had been.

"I have little to add to what you have heard. We have been drifting apart until separation will be the best for both. I am tired of insane jealousy, tired of being accused of things of which I was never guilty. I have stood the nightly desertion as heroically as I could, but when there comes the disgrace of a street fight in the company of notorious men, and with the night spent in jail, I most emphatically object."

Walston sighed. The clock on the mantel ticked industriously; otherwise the room was depressingly quiet.

"Of course, all your old love for each other is dead?" was his next question.

It came suddenly. Neither was prepared for it. Henry flushed with anger. Margaret grew whiter and more nervous. They now almost wished he was buried in that Western grave with his newspaper.

"I beg pardon for asking such a question. Each of you is too polite to answer it. Well, I'll answer it for you. Of course it is dead; buried deep in that gulf which now separates you."

Doncaster arose. He looked at Edward with no disguised wrath, and spoke with undoubted sarcasm. "If your cross-examination is over," he said, "you will please excuse me until the trial is regularly called."

"Certainly not," replied Walston. "Why, great Jupiter, man, we haven't begun yet! You haven't given me any facts at all. Your general statements—both of them—are not worth the breath that it took to say them. I must have instances, dates, charges, and all the other details. Who are the corespondents?"

"The corespondents?" exclaimed Henry, flushing still more, and looking at Edward as if he could kill him in cold blood.

"The corespondents?" repeated Margaret, aghast and ghastly.

"Yes, the corespondents? That is only one of the details. You must give them all to me We want two columns about the case for to-morrow's paper."

"Two columns?" said Margaret, with a gasp, as she grabbed the arm of the chair for support.

"Yes, two columns, and more if we can get it—all on the first page, in large type and with a display head."

The thought was too much for Margaret. She lost her speech in the horror of the thought. Henry took a rapid excursion up the room.

"Edward," he demanded, as he came back, "can't this thing be kept out? I'll pay you—the newspaper—anybody for it."

"Yes, can't it be kept out?" added Margaret, with a plaintiveness that would have touched any heart but Walston's.

"Of course it can't. And what if it could? It would be ten times worse when the papers were filed in court, for it would set a man from every office searching for scandals about you both." He was piling it on at the sacrifice of some truth. "Now look here," he continued, "why don't you act sensibly? If you are going into this notoriety, you'd just as well prepare to face the music. You must begin by getting rid of your emotional ideas. You must chloroform your nerves, put ice-water in your veins, and dismiss all your preconceived notions of delicacy. I advise you to begin now. Compose yourselves and collect your facts while I go to my overcoat for my note-book."

Henry and Margaret were entirely too confounded to reply at once. He was angry beyond measure. She was as pale as the lace curtain to which she was clinging. Both devoutly wished that Walston was in that grave. He, however, while calm as a corpse, was otherwise quite alive, and was walking toward the door

"Two columns — corespondents —" Margaret began to mutter.

Henry found his speech in some soul-felt words that referred to newspapers, and hoped for their extermination.

Walston partly opened the door. Then he paused, and finally closed it again.

"This thing is sad for us all," he said, returning to his chair. "I feel it as keenly as you do. Let us rest a minute or two. We can talk better afterward, and I know an experience of life that may help us along a little. Sit down, Margaret, and I will tell it to you. I won't keep you long."

She obediently took the chair near the window.

"It's a true story of two young lives somewhat like yours. It was an ideal love-match, an ideal wedding, an ideal first chapter of matrimony The two were of excellent families. Money came to them by inheritance. They plunged into fashionable society in the city and at the resorts. She was a woman of beauty, fond of admiration, and burdened with a large supply of innocent intentions. He was a hand-some fellow, with too much jealousy and pride, and too little tolerance and judgment. He objected to the crowd of admirers that surrounded his wife, and objected to her coquetry. She tried to laugh away the objections. She did not succeed. He began to like champagne too well, and to drink it too freely. Alcohol developed his suspicious nature and enlarged his obstinacy. From champagne was but a step to brandy and whiskey. From bright fellows was but a degree to fellows not so bright but more capacious in the matter of drink. The wife considered this a loss of interest in her, a cooling and a departure of love, and a steady degradation of the home. She increased her fashionable frolics, made herself more attractive to the popinjays of society. The quarrels began and increased. The one dissipated in the matter of admiration and attention; the other in the direction of intemperance and rapid companions. Finally, one night this fool of a husband got on a drunk of unusual proportions. When he reached a certain restaurant he was decidedly unsteady. I was sitting at a table with a friend. He was standing near, leaning on the end of the bar, but his back was turned my way, and I did not recognize him, although I knew him well. Presently a crowd of swells in full dress came in and took a position not far from him, but their backs were also turned to his. They were exchanging new and alleged experiences with the usual reckless mendacity of their set. To them a woman's honor is nothing; they would blackguard an angel in order to boast of an adventure. They talked of various ladies. Presently one of them mentioned the name of the wife in an insinuating ambiguous way that showed what a contemptible cur he was. I arose to resent it, but before I could get fully up, I saw that drunkard arouse himself. 'You are a cowardly liar,' I heard him say, and he had not more than said it, when he jumped forward, and with a swinging blow laid that scoundrel on the marble floor. It was beautifully done, and, what was better, he followed it up with more of the same kind, and for about two minutes there was as pretty a scrimmage as ever took place. A policeman came in and arrested the man. I hurried to the station, and did what I could to keep the affair quiet. I thought he saw and recognized me, but I found out to-night that he did not."

Walston paused. Henry's uneasiness had

Digitized by Google
PENN STATE

been steadiiy on the increase. Margaret seemed in a condition of collapsed uncertainty, but when no one spoke, she quietly asked,

"Well, what does your story mean?"

"Nothing; absolutely nothing." He looked toward Henry, and saw that he was very much worked up. Now was the time, he thought, for his climax, and so he went on with his answer. "That fool of a husband," he said, "never explained the true circumstances to his wife, and she, suffering from the neglect, largely his fault and partly caused by her own folly, and growing desperate at what she thought was a mere drunken row, decided to apply for a divorce." At this point Henry arose and advanced toward the door. Walston was ready for him. "Now, Henry, you needn't try to creep out of here in that way. You know you were a fool."

Margaret relaxed her hold on the lace curtain, and her face became one anxious interrogation.

"Was it—"

"Yes," said Walston, taking the words from her, "the brute of a husband was Henry."

Henry tried to continue his progress toward the door, but Walston placed his hand on his shoulder and detained him.

"Now you two remain here a moment while I go to my overcoat and get my note-book."

Then he whirled himself out of the room, and brought the door to with an unmistakable slam.

It took him some time to get what he wanted, and when he returned he found a reconciliation progressing under a flag of truce.

"Now you are sensible," was his cheery comment. "You needed a little earthquake to close up that gulf, and I'm glad the shock has come." Then he suddenly changed. "But, by Jove, it isn't right. The *Comet* is holding two columns for this—two columns at eight dollars a column—a dead loss of sixteen dollars."

Evidently they did not care for the loss, for they seemed to be trying to frame something to say to their friend.

"We want—" began Henry.

"Me to come up for Sunday dinner," put in Walston. "You dine at six? All right. I accept, and I warn you now that I shall take my revenge by eating the whole sixteen dollars' worth."

"Oh, we won't complain," said Henry. "Sunday, you know, happens to be the sixth anniversary of our marriage. I was thinking of it when you called."

"And so was I," said Margaret.

Walston stopped on his way down-town to look in upon the religious meeting. He got what he wanted of the proceedings, and sauntered on to the office.

"I'm very sorry," he said to the city editor, "but that rumor about the Doncasters is a mistake. There will be no divorce. I saw both parties. The Hottentot Society isn't doing much now, because it is autumn and the overcoats are in use, but they hope to get along better in the spring. How much do you wish of it?"

"Oh, burn the Hottentots! What I wanted was that divorce case. It is very disappointing."

"Very," echoed Walston.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.

For the first time an American squadron of modern ships of war is to sail in European waters. The ships that left the Brooklyn Navy-yard on November 18th, under command of Admiral Walker, are not the best of their respective classes, either at home or abroad. The art of naval construction has advanced since the *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Chicago* were launched. Our own navy has better vessels, which, however, are not yet in condition to be sent to sea. The *Charleston*, *Baltimore*, and *Newark* are very much superior to the *Chicago*, for instance, developing greater horse-power and making better speed. Still, the four ships of Admiral Walker's fleet, in their construction, efficiency, sailing, and sea qualities, will do the country and its navy credit. They will compare excellently well with the foreign ships that they are likely to meet, and will be rated everywhere as worthy achievements in the art of naval construction. Every navy has, among its good and serviceable ships, vessels that are inferior to the four that constitute this squadron; while, so far as the comfort of those aboard her is concerned, the *Chicago* is one of best ships in the world.

It is a fleet of evolution. The ships composing it have been named. It was expected that the *Dolphin* would make a fifth, but she will remain at home. The *Chicago* is the largest, and is the flagship. Her displacement is 4500 tons, while that of the *Atlanta* and *Boston*, which are twin ships, is 3000 tons. The contract horse-power of the *Chicago* was 5000, which was exceeded on her trial. She has developed a maximum speed of more than 16 knots, and an average speed of more than 15 knots. The contract horse-power of the *Boston* and *Atlanta* was 3500. On the trials the *Atlanta* fell short, developing only 3200, while the *Boston* developed 4200. The speed attained at last summer's tests at Newport was as follows: *Chicago*, 16.25; *Yorktown*, 17.20.

The armament of these three ships is very heavy. The *Chicago* has a main battery of four 8-inch guns, eight 6-inch, and two 5-inch guns; and the *Boston* and *Atlanta* each two 8-inch and six 6-inch guns. The *Yorktown* has six 6-inch guns. The *Chicago* carries 400 officers and men, the *Boston* and *Atlanta* each 250 officers and men.

The fourth ship, the *Yorktown*, is smaller than the others. She is a gun-boat of 1700 tons displacement. She has a horse-power of 2200, and has developed a speed of 16½ knots.

In addition to the regular officers of the *Chicago* are the members of the commanding officer's staff, Admiral Walker, who for the purpose of this cruise has a temporary commission as Rear-Admiral. His staff consists of Captain H. B. Robeson; Lieutenant S. A. Staunton, flag lieutenant; and a lieutenant as secretary, who has not been selected.

The following are the commanding officers of the different vessels of the fleet: *Chicago*, Captain H. B. Robeson; *Atlanta*, Captain J. A. Howell; *Boston*, Captain James O'Kane; *Yorktown*, Commander F. E. Chadwick.

These four ships that have started on their way to Europe will keep well together on their journey across the ocean. They will make first for Lisbon, and will then go into the Mediterranean, where they will cruise during the winter, visiting Gibraltar, Toulon, Nice, Malta, and possibly going as far as Alexandria.

There is an idea abroad that the squadron is sent over as a social or political pageant. It is not so. Other American fleets and single ships have made visits of ceremony, and it is doubtless due to these incidents in our naval history that Admiral Walker's command is supposed to be an exhibition of our new ships. The character of the ships themselves, compared with others that are in process of construction and almost ready to go to sea fully armed and equipped, affords a sufficient contradiction to this notion. If the government were seeking to make a show, it would wait a year or two, or at least until the *Baltimore*, and possibly the *Charleston*, could be added to the fleet. It is not like the visit of Farragut, which was a splendid ovation from one end of Europe to the other, at a time, too, when the United States stood at the front of naval powers. When Admiral Alden went to Europe with his large fleet, the *Wabash* being the flag-ship, there were no better wooden war vessels in the world than those which sailed under his command. And it was not only in the wooden ships that this country excelled. In the war of the rebellion the Monitors gave an impulse to the building of armored vessels. Armored vessels had been constructed before, but in the Monitors were combined the greatest power in offensive fighting with the least and strongest exposed surface. When the *Miantonomoh* visited Europe, about 1868, she was a wonder in naval architecture.

The social functions of the present fleet will be limited. There will be official visits, dinners, and receptions, but, unless the weather of the winter is very bad, stays in port will be short, and the pageantry of the cruise will be comparatively unimportant. The squadron has not gone abroad to compete with Mr. Barnum. Still there will be social functions, and those which are official will be on patterns that have been followed almost from time immemorial.

Our consular officers have rank equivalent to that of the navy. A consul-general, for example, ranks with a commodore, and a consul with a captain. When the fleet reaches a port where there is a consular officer, Admiral Walker will send an officer of suitable rank to him with the information that he is in port, and that a boat will be in readiness at any time he may find it convenient to make his visit to the flag-ship. The visit is duly made, and is returned. It is very likely that the admiral will give the consul a dinner, and he will be asked to the balls or other entertainments which are given by the officers of the wardroom. The average consul will go; if he is above the average, he will reciprocate the admiral's invitation to dinner. It is not often, however, that an officer of the American navy has the opportunity to put his legs under the mahogany of an American consul. With ministers the case is different. The first visit is made by the commanding officer of the fleet or ship, and the first dinner is given by the minister.

If a foreign fleet is in port when our own enters, the question of the first visit is wholly dependent upon the respective rank of the commanding officers. The junior officer makes the first call, no matter who may be the later arrival. Then there follows mutual dinner giving, and this is not confined to the admirals, commodores, and captains. The officers of the wardrooms of the fleets entertain one another, and there are rounds of festivities participated in by the society of the port. And some day the commanding officer, if the fleet happens to be at the capital of a kingdom or empire, receives a notification from the Lord Chamberlain that his Majesty will be pleased to receive Admiral John Paul Jones and his officers on such a day, at such an hour, and that carriages will be in waiting at a stated time. If the fleet is large, or if the proposed entertainment is a dinner, the number of officers is limited, and the invitation is to the admiral and so many officers. When the grand occasion arrives, the two parties to the function, royalty and the American navy, stand in each other's presence arrayed in gala robes, and pay each other and each other's country high-sounding compliments. The navy is very strong on its social side, and for social occasions there has been invented a special dress suit which is as much like a uniform as it is like citizens' evening dress, and *vice versa*. It is probable that no more awkward way of adding to an officer's wardrobe and expenses was ever devised. Still, the very fact of its existence indicates the social demand upon the navy—a kind of demand that the Indians and cattle lords of the plains never think of making on the army.

These social functions are expensive, and it is well for the officers of this squadron of evolution that the ships will not be in port long at a time. A winter at Nice, or at any of the many resorts of the Mediterranean, would probably find the officers with their future pay heavily mortgaged. The government of the United States does not give to its diplomatic or naval officers a fund for entertainment, after the fashion of Great Britain and other European powers, and the consequence is that the commanding officer of the American fleet in Europe is usually poorer when he comes home than when he sails. The pay and extras of a British rear-admiral are £1642—a little more than the pay of the same grade in our own service; but the British officer is not obliged to pay for his official entertainments, having a fund for that purpose about equal to his pay. The result is that while the entertainments of American fleet commanders are necessarily much simpler than those of foreign services, they are altogether too burdensome. The wardroom balls and entertainments are paid for by contributions, and as our lieutenants receive nearly, if not quite, twice as much pay as British officers of similar rank, the American ships show up very well in contrast with the others.

The ships that go upon this cruise, with the exception of the *Yorktown*, have been completed for a long time; but they are the first ships, and spent their first commissions at the dock undergoing changes and improvements. Now that they are ready for sea, and there are enough of them to constitute a small fleet, the work of instructing officers and men in their management begins. The ships being built, the navy is not thereby reconstructed. The ships are modern; they are as different as can be from the old war ships in which our officers have been unwillingly cruising for twenty years or more, feeling more at home among the canoes of the Gold Coast of Africa than in the society of the iron-clads of England, France, and Italy. The modern ship and its modern armament require that officers and men should go to school again for the purpose of acquiring an easy familiarity with their new material. Properly enough the command of the fleet of evolution, which is to serve as a school of instruction for officers and men, is given to the officer who, of all others of appropriate rank, has had the most to do with the work of reconstruction.

The difference between the art of seamanship of to-day and that when the war of 1812 was fought is so great that the kind of men who fought the wooden ships of the earlier day would not make good officers in modern vessels. Instead of the "hearts of oak," who used to furl sails, take in reefs, and spend their hours of repentance aloft, firing their little carronades at the enemy, and receiving his fire in return with a right good-will, the modern navy demands accomplished students of science to run the engines and manage its vessels. Mathematicians and electricians must fire its guns and direct its torpedoes. The modern ship of war is a big machine shop, made of iron, lighted by electricity, moved by steam produced by force-draft boilers. Its armament is strange to every man in the navy. For the first time we have breech-loaders that carry 250-pound shells between seven and eight miles; we have Hotchkiss guns that fire with wonderful rapidity. We have spars for torpedoes, search lights to find the enemy, and a great variety of nets and other devices for the protection of the man-of-war against the insidious attacks of torpedo-boats. The internal construction of the ship is new, and though it corresponds somewhat in general features with the old line-of-battle ship, there is sufficient difference to make constant drills essential.

It follows from this that as the new cruisers and armored vessels are finished, they must be kept at sea a good deal, and will probably be sailed in small fleets as much as possible. In order that the navy may be really reconstructed and modernized in all respects, it is essential that the officers should be taught the most perfect familiarity with their new instruments. They must sail upon and handle the new ships, new guns, new engines and boilers, new torpedoes and electrical machines, so much as to acquire that familiarity with them that Jacky had with his sheets and halyards and powder buckets.

Every one who has to do with the propulsion and fighting of his ship must learn his business. There are a great many officers in the navy of the United States who have followed the development of modern navies very closely, but they have not had the opportunity to become practically expert in the manipulation of the modern machine. The twin screws and the force-draft boiler demand the careful study of the engineer, while modern artillery and torpedo practice require not only special technical instruction, involving a very thorough training in mathematics and electric arts, but actual work with the guns and projectiles. The evolutions of the modern fleet have been greatly modified by the introduction of the torpedo, the defences against it, the electric light, the long-range and quick-firing guns, with their heavy shells of great explosive energy. The annual manœuvres of the foreign fleets are, and for several years have been, of the most technical kind, and have served for schools for officers and men in modern gunnery and torpedo practice, in the art of seamanship as applied to new ships, in the tactics and strategy required to meet the demands of the most improved forms of torpedoes and ordnance. Tactics on the high seas and in the harbors of the enemy are studied at these manœuvres. I cannot do better, for the purpose of indicating the absolute necessity of such cruises as this fleet has begun, than to quote from an interesting essay on naval training by Lieutenant Staunton, Admiral Walker's flag lieutenant, published by the "Office of Naval Intelligence" in 1888. In the course of that article Lieutenant Staunton said:

"The introduction of the ram and torpedo as offensive naval weapons makes the thorough and exhaustive study of manœuvring and the results of position—the faculty of giving and avoiding blows—perhaps the most valuable training to a naval officer who will one day command. It is something like the thrust and parry of the swordsman, but with this additional feature, that each move has a necessary and inevitable relation to that which follows, and that the cumulative advantage or disadvantage of a number of successive moves means victory or disaster. In a single ship these qualities will be taxed to the utmost. In a general action, where the manœuvring of a single ship must be subordinated to that of the fleet of which it forms a part, there may not be the same scope for captains; but a combat between two equally matched ships will be a combat between gladiators, each with his spear and shield, in which nerve, audacity, and skill will win."

It is easily understood that the officer who wins in a fight of this character, other things being equal, will be the man who is most familiar with his implements of war, who knows precisely what the ship will accomplish, whose gun crews handle their pieces most rapidly and effectively, whose engineers can get the utmost out of their machinery, who best conforms his own operations to those of the rest of the fleet, and who manipulates shells and torpedoes to the utmost advantage, whose electric search lights are always doing their work.

The sea-fight of the wars to come will be terribly destructive. In the struggle between ordnance and the target the gun has won, and the heavy armament of a modern ship, throwing shells that will break up the stoutest and thickest armor that has yet been invented, must send to the bottom any opposing vessel which comes within its range. The fact that guns carry heavy projectiles for miles does not put an end to "close quarters." The captain of a ship who is worth his salt will not take advantage of the long range of modern artillery. If an officer should undertake to fight a marine duel at a distance, he would very speedily find himself pursued by his more enterprising enemy. But a good officer will seek his enemy, just as good men have always done, and will not throw his shot away into the sea. What he will try to do will be to get close enough to fire with a flat trajectory straight into the enemy's ship, relying on pouring in his shell with great rapidity, in order that he may have filled his enemy's hull full of explosives before the latter has had a chance to fatally injure his own ship. And this kind of a fight will be won by the best trained men handling skilfully very fast and obedient ships. Officers and men must work with the utmost coolness and nerve, and all this cannot be acquired except by constant drill with ships and guns that are now almost absolutely new to the navy of the United States.

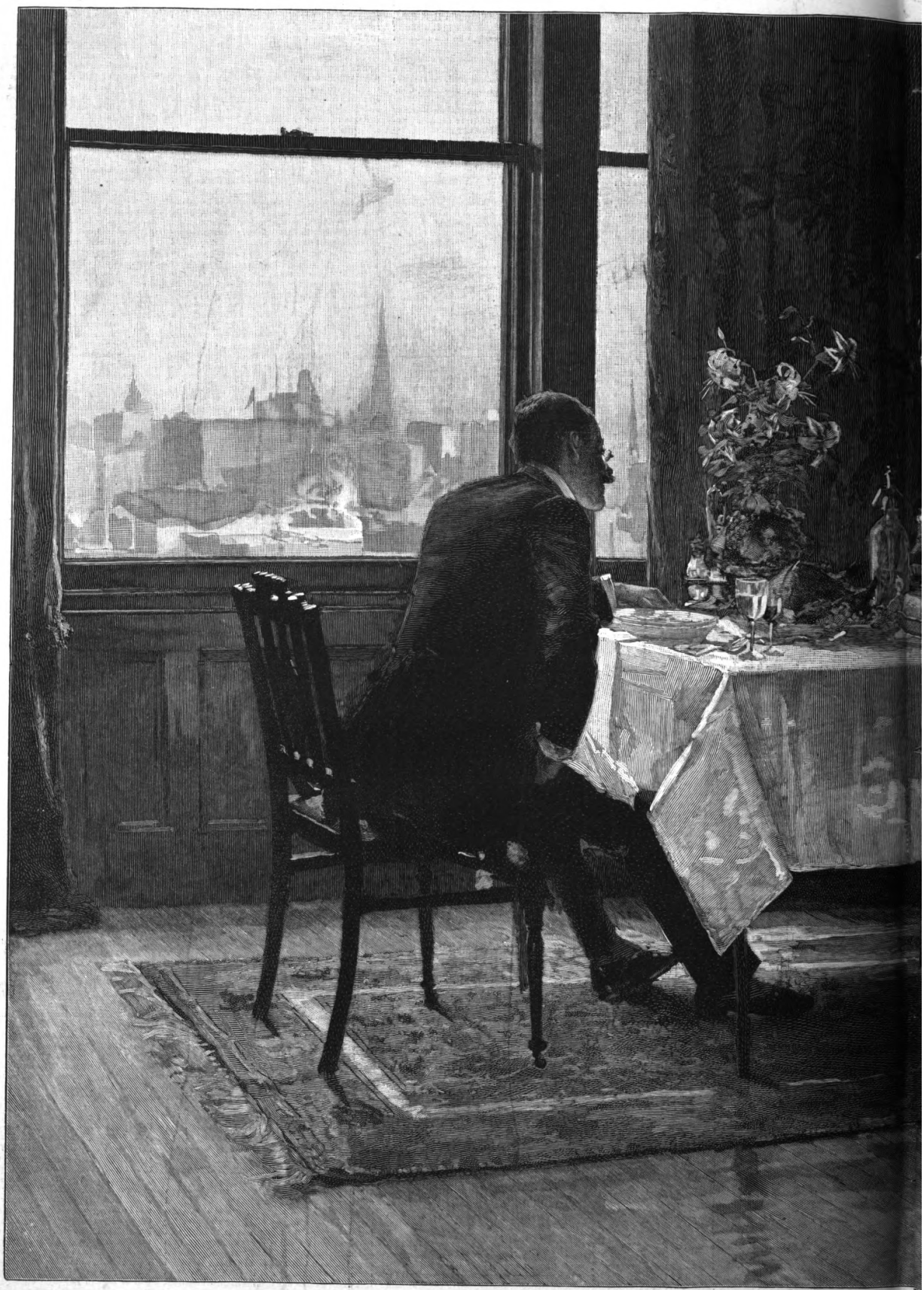
As to the training required by the firemen of the navy in the modern vessels, this is what Engineer-in-chief Melville had to say in one of his annual reports: "Now that the time is rapidly approaching when the boilers of all vessels in the navy will be worked under forced draft, steps should be taken to educate the men of the fire-room force up to their new duties. A fireman accustomed only to natural draft becomes demoralized when set to work in a fire-room where the fires are urged to their utmost by powerful blowers, and when the evaporation is so rapid that but a momentary stoppage or derangement of the feed apparatus might lead to disastrous results. The education needed to enable the men to face this state of affairs is nothing more nor less than experience with it."

This brief and incomplete statement of the demands of the new ships and the new armaments upon the officers and men of the navy will be sufficient, perhaps, to indicate the character of the cruise on which the squadron of evolution has departed. Admiral Walker has not taken the ships abroad to show them to the naval authorities of Europe, for Europe has better ships. Incidentally, of course, it will be seen that the United States has taken the first step to regain her old place among first-rate naval powers. Neither is the fleet going abroad to give those who are favored by being ordered to it a sailor's holiday. Doubtless, as has already been said, there will be the pageantry of social functions, and Admiral Walker and some of his officers may receive the hospitality of a king or two—mayhap of an emperor, of the imperial lot there being one who has recently expressed much interest in ships and sailor men. There will be dinners and balls and other gayeties, which no generous soul will begrudge those who enjoy them and pay for them. But there will be very much less of this than usually falls to the lot of the men who spend their winters cruising in the Mediterranean. The squadron is chiefly organized for work and instruction, and not many days will be passed in idling in port. It is many a year since any other than the most formal and routine work, aside from that devoted to sailing, was required in the American navy. The ships were so old that the longer they were tied up to a dock the better was it for all aboard. The guns were so archaic that firing at a target with the fat old muzzle-loaders was a sad waste of ammunition. The officers who sailed in them were ashamed of their old crafts, and only went to sea in them when they were still more ashamed to remain longer on shore. They went about the world shamefaced because their service was represented by the old *Lancaster* and *Enterprise*, or by the *Kearsarge* of glorious memory, propelled by a couple of tug-boat boilers, made necessary by a strict compliance with that strange hallucination known as Congressional economy. Now everything is suddenly changed. New ships have been built, and the second step in the revival of the navy is about to be taken—the officers and men are to be taught how to manage the new ships.

The cruise will be full of work, and, let us hope, of improvement. Admiral Walker has with him as good a set of officers as the navy contains, and this is saying a great deal, for the *personnel* of the American navy is as fine as that of any similar service in the world. When the winter is over, the fleet may spend the summer in Northern waters, but that has not yet been determined upon. Indeed the length of the cruise has not yet been fixed. It is not to be the ordinary three years' tour of duty in European waters, and it may be that the early summer will see the ships back at their berths in the navy-yard from which they have so recently departed. At all events it is not expected that they will be away a year.

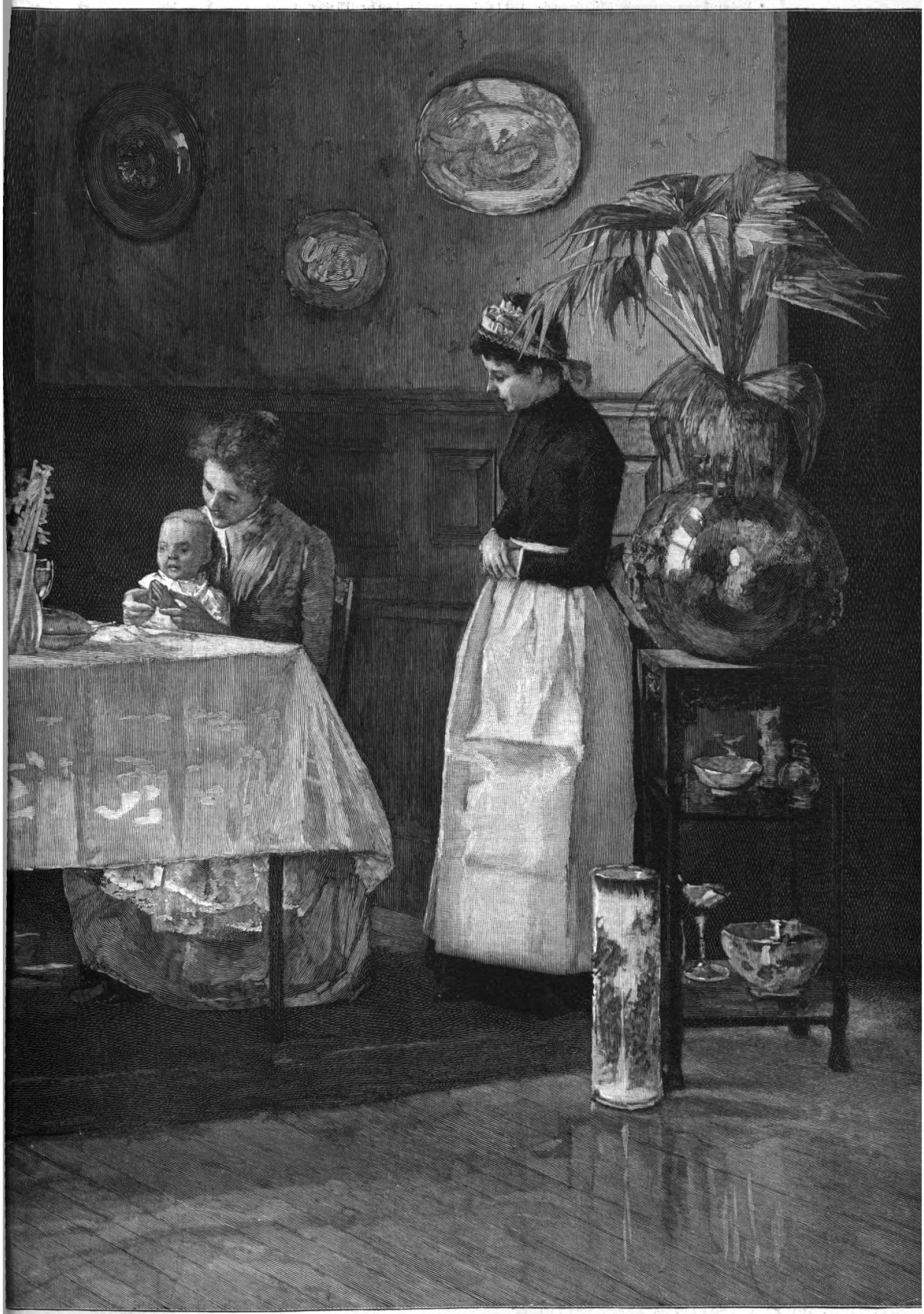
HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.—From the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PAINTING BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 935.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

LOUIS NAPOLEON *ALIAS* JOSHUA POTTS.

I.

WHEN I first knew Potts he was travelling throughout the West as a drummer for the well-known dry-goods house of W. Gee & Co. I had passed a cold snowy February afternoon kicking my heels against the door-posts of a dingy little station in Utah, and when the train at last whistled into the yard, I was in no very sociable frame of mind. There was but one sleeper, and as all the berths were engaged, I was obliged to go forward into the smoking car, hoping vaguely to find some solace if not sleep in the smoke of sundry cigars. Just as I had lapsed into the state which is politely referred to as "nodding," a man leaned over the back of my seat and said, in what was meant to be a very suave and bland manner:

"May I trouble you for a light, boss?"

"The trouble is all made, stranger," I answered, sitting up. "Here, take my stump, and be ——' to you."

"Well, that's one way of doing it; but thanks for the light, anyway," he answered, quite unruffled. "As for the blessing you chucked in free gratis and for nothing, guess you must have come on the Eastern train; had to wait six hours at Ocho, eh? Well, waiting *do* disagree with a man, that's a fact, sir; a solemn, bare, uncompromising fact—one of them kind as fetches a man every time. Never knew it to fail. Now I've been up this blank road a dozen times, I guess, and I've never missed being blanked by somebody for any civility I ever asked or offered. Part of my travelling expenses, you see. What line are you in?"

"Railroading, I guess," I answered, shortly.

"Oh, I see," was the rejoinder. "Sociable as a grizzly, eh? And I don't blame you for it. Going to Grove City, are you? Well, put up at Parks's. You can't miss it; only house in the place, and decent at that. Well, you want to snooze, I suppose, and I don't—see? You belong in the sleeper, and I in the smoker—different lines, eh? I don't like your samples, and you don't seem to be mashed on mine. Well, so long! See you to-morrow." And with a nod he passed on, while I dropped into a fitful sleep.

Half an hour later, as I turned over in my seat, I heard my friend singing a solo in the baggage compartment, and to the third or fourth line of the song the train men yelled a chorus consisting solely of some energetic interjection. For some time I listened dreamily to the monotone of the wheels—chuggety-chug, chunkety-kunkety-nuk, unkety-chunkety unkety-unk—and in the domain of inarticulate sound these nonsense rhymes suggested a dead and dreary landscape overhung by a leaden sky. Now and then, as for a brief moment I started into a somnolent semi-consciousness, the refrain of the song flashed over my imaginary landscape like a streak of lightning, and in such silly words as these: "Mackintosh, by Gosh!"—chuggety-ug, chunkety-unk, uggety-wuggety, uggety-unk—went the next verse, and I anticipated the chorus: "Then said Josh: by Gosh! Suckotash—by dash! Twiddle-de-um—by Gum! Senator Dodd—by G—"—unkety-wunkety, unkety-unk—unkety—wunkety—wunke—and I was asleep again.

Several hours later I awoke, sat up, and looked around. The lamps had burned low; some had gone out, others still smoked on, and in my drowsy frame of mind this seemed a natural result of their location in the smoker. Here and there in the semi-darkness a loud snoring revealed the prostrate presence of a fellow-traveller, and to the song he sang through his nose I responded, mechanically: "Mackintosh, by Gosh! Hog-wash, by Gosh!" I have no doubt that I honestly believed I was making some very creditable verses, whereas my brain was really like a clock-case without a dial, and the pendulum swinging noisily and aimlessly to and fro. Then we stopped suddenly, with a vicious jerk that knocked all the poetry and a good deal of the sleep out of us, and stumbled out into the snow. Some kind of a conveyance offered a welcome shelter, and a moment later we seemed to be standing before a desk, where a clerk in his shirt sleeves pointed out the line in the vicinity of which we were to write our name and residence. Somebody called out, most impertinently I thought, "Number seven this way, up one flight, second door to your left!" And, unable to find any matches, too sleepy to call for a boy, who probably did not exist, and too lazy to undress, I groped my way to a sitting posture on the bed, kicked off my boots, and was soon far away—somewhere in "desolate wind-swept space."

I had hardly taken my seat on the following morning before the table covered with erst-white oil-cloth, and dotted with samples of the unwritten *menu*, when my drummer acquaintance of the night before strode into the room and took the opposite chair.

"Feel hunky this glorious Sabbath morn?" he began. "So do I. Hunky's the word; hungry's the feeling, *that's* a fact. But 'knock, and it shall be—' Look at that steak!" and he raised the meat on the end of his fork, humming, as he held it near his nose, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" "This belongs to you, sir, I suppose," he went on, putting the meat down again. "John! *John!* Jonas! That waiter isn't coming, sir," he continued, in a confidential tone of voice, "until the spirit moves him, as the parsons say. Well, I like that spirit, sir; free country, sir, and all that kind of thing; effete civilization of the East, manly independence of the West; great American buzzard, wings out, and screaming with an indigestion of liberty. That's the Grove City *News*' style. Romantic school—Victor Hugo, Ouida, and—that French nigger—what's his name?—oh, Dumas, all in one. Editor runs the hotel; poet (that's his wife) runs the kitchen; foreign correspondent (that's the daughter) runs the chamber-work. Well, how're you making out?"

"I thought you told me this was a very decent house," I answered.

"Well, now, ain't it? What's the matter with it, anyway? You pays your money—two dollars a day for you, fifty and five off for me—and you takes your choice. Hullo, John, here you are at last. Glad to see you, old man. Mary's well, is she? That's good. And the baby, John; *how's* the baby? Fine? That's first-rate. And how am I? Well, John, I'm hungry. Let's have some breakfast; what do *you* say, eh? Dry toast and muffins; tea this morning. Did you know, John, I can't drink coffee nowadays? It's a fact. Can't do it, sir. I'd tell you all about it, but perhaps you wouldn't want to hear now. Tea it is, then, plain Oolong, with a dash of green in it; steak, medium; lyon-aze potatoes; sliced tomatoes, canned; I prefer 'em canned, John—that's a peculiar but solemn fact; oatmeal and cream, of course; scalloped oysters; pickled asparagus; two mutton-chops well done, brown on the outside, you know; and eggs—well, eggs fried this morning, John; and don't forget the milk—straight, without chalk or water; you know I'm a *connyssoor* on milk. Anything else? Well, I guess not; that'll do for a single meal. I'm not hungry this morning, that's a fact. I don't suppose you've any fried chicken, have you? No; well, never mind, then."

"You don't happen to want any collar buttons, cuff links, or anything in that line, do you, sir?" he went on, addressing me. "No, I didn't somehow think you did; but business is business, sir, that's a fact. Now, just to show you. This morning, when I went down to the pump—I always wash at the pump when I can, you know—I met the foreign correspondent, daughter of the house, you know. Twenty and some odd summers, champagne (Pacific coast) hair, Beverly eyes, New York mouth, Boston department, New Orleans hands, Chicago feet—real pan-American girl, and you bet she's a daisy. 'Well,' I says, with a view to business, 'Priscilla, you're a—well, you're a thoroughbred. Now I tell you what I'll do, Priscilla, I'll give you twenty-five cents for a kiss; no one looking; you'll make it cheap; now don't go for to say no?' 'Nap,' says she, 'you go to—Jericho.' She's foreign correspondent for the *News*, you know, and sort of lavish with them foreign places. Well, just then I spied old Parks, and business kind of roused in my breast. 'Tell you what it is, Priscilla,' says I, 'if you'll earn that quarter and spend it on my goods, I'll give you one gross corrugated hair-pins—Watkins's make, best in the market—and two solid gold-metal studs, patented, and, by gosh, durn *me* if I don't throw in a pair of celluloid cuff trimmings.' 'Nap,' says she, 'do you mean it?' 'Priscilla,' says I, 'did I ever lie? Them articles is worth four dollars and eighty-four cents, and you know I can't lie; couldn't do it for no price; family peculiarity inherited from George Washington, my—ahem—my ancestor; and I give 'em to you for twenty-five cents—one quarter. Think of it, Priscilla!' Well, sir, she tumbled. Cost me eighteen cents; profit seven—over thirty per cent. Memorandum: Sundries, spent twenty-five cents. Received (private account) seven cents and one kiss, credited to Priscilla Parks, of Grove City. That's business, sir, dry-goods and notions business. Here's my card. And may I ask what your line is?"

"Mining," I answered.

"Oh! a mining sharp, eh? I beg your pardon, sir; mere form of speech, I assure you. And haven't I met you before? Let's see. Isn't your name Goss—William B. No, that ain't it, quite. William *G.* Goss? I thought so."

"Well, and what is your name?" I interrupted, determined to meet him on his own ground.

"Louis Napoleon Potts, sir," he answered, in a manner that was meant to be impressive. "To be sure," he went on, a moment later, "that's not the name I was christened by. Josh Potts is what they call me at home; but then I look so much like him—I mean I've been told it so often—I thought I'd change. It sounds well too—Louis Napoleon Potts; don't you think it does? And I *do* look like him; there's no mistake about that. You've seen him, I suppose? Well, that's what I'm called. Nap, for short; but in Salt Lake, or Cheyenne, or Omaha, I'm Louis Napoleon Potts. I thought it was a shame to let such an opportunity go by. Helps me immensely, especially in prints. Gutenberg invented printing, you know, and I tell 'em Potts is the English for it—lineal descendant, through the women, you know—the *Louis* proves that. Well, joking aside now, don't you think I do look like him?" And he complacently stroked his mustachios and pulled his long imperial.

II.

Several years later, at a crowded crossing, I ran into an overdressed man, whom I at once recognized as my friend Potts. His mustachios were carefully waxed and drawn out, and his make-up was excellent. Even the baggy, unhealthy look under the eyes was accurately copied from some recent photograph. He was a perfect caricature of his idol. To my surprise, he recognized me at once.

"You don't say! you don't say!" he kept repeating as we stood on the curb-stone shaking hands. "Well, who'd 'a thought it? How are the mines? Poor business that, eh? Well, I tell you, *I've* struck it. Got a hotel down Grass Market Square. I tell *you*, sir, a bang-up little place it is, too. Come round. Glad to see you any time. Come round *now*. John L. drops in now and then, and fellows like him. Now you come and see my bar. It's worth seeing, I tell *you*. You know I always liked you, professor. There's nothing mean about you. I always said there wasn't. Well, how's the mines? Now look a here, what are you doing just now? Oh, hang your train! come round and see *me*. I'll show you a nice quiet little corner.' Got Stearns & Co. to do it for me. All mahogany and fancy glass. I tell *you* it's worth seeing." And before I could find an excuse, he had passed his arm through mine and was dragging me toward his place.

On the way there we met P——, the writer, who looked at me twice before acknowledging my salutation; for the shiny silk hat of my companion, cockily tilted on one side, and the large, loud, and uncompromising check suit beneath it that forced itself upon the notice of every passer-by, intimidated and shocked him. But if I had hesitated before, P——'s evident astonishment dispelled my doubts. In quest of information, I had followed my subjects into worse places than that whither I was bound, and the feeling that my friend might object to my liberty of life but made me more determined to be independent. So I followed Louis Napoleon—or Joshua—to his gilded cavern.

"What do you think of that?" he said, pausing before the usual nightmare of shining brass, polished mahogany, and colored glass, and putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat. "Neat, eh? None of your Pullman palace car nonsense for me. No, sir; not in my place. This, now, is chaste and artistic and—well—refined. Don't you think so? Now you come into my den; I call it my study. Takes brains to run a place like this, and so I think over things in here over a glass of gin and water—same as Byron used to. Set down. Now what 'll you have? Them cigars I pride myself on. Go ahead, man; take a handful and put 'em in your pocket. There! Well, now tell me about yourself. What are *you* doing? How are you getting on? Take your coat off if you feel like it; this is liberty hall, sir—hospitality on tap at all hours, and the best brands. Solid—that's anything you've a mind to order; liquid—well, I guess you know all about that; gaseous—that's what I call tobacco smoke. There's only one thing I 'ain't quite finished in here, and perhaps you might give me a hint or two. Them shelves there, that's to be my library, and somehow I've never got on to making the list. Ought to be brown and gold, I think, with every sixth or seventh book red. Don't you think so? Ain't that a brilliant and chaste idea? I thought you'd like that. It's quiet, that's a fact. Oh, you're looking at my picture. That one there on the right, that's the real Louis Napoleon—that was. This one's myself. Sort of owed it to his memory to put him next to me, you know, just to show how near I come to be like him. I want to go abroad and see the place he lived in—Twileries, I guess they called it—and I don't want to finish this place until I see what his peculiar style was. I want to improve on it, and I can do it, too, but then somehow the idea has taken hold of me that I ought to live up to this likeness. That's at the bottom of it all. *You* don't believe we was made like as twins without a purpose, do you? There's a moral in it, sir. Yes, sir, that's a fact, and I've caught on. And I'll tell you what that moral is. It's just this: Josh Potts in America is just as big a man as Louis Napoleon ever was in France. And why? Simply because an American citizen in his own country is equal to any kind of emperor, or czar, or king, or I don't care what you call him, in God's world. That's the meaning of my parable. Well, now I've told it you, it don't somehow seem quite as clear to me as before," he added, reflectively; "but you understand what I mean: Louis Napoleon over there is simply Joshua Potts when he's in America."

"Yes," I answered. "I see what you are after; but it's a poor rule that does not work both ways. Josh Potts wouldn't amount to much in France, likeness and all."

"And that is quite right," he interrupted, shrewdly. "Josh Potts 'ain't got no business in France—no American has. That's my idea. Fishes belong in the water and birds in the air, just as sure as angels belong in heaven. Yes, sir; to my mind, an American as lives in France is the same thing as a lion in a menagerie cage. He ain't nothing but a part of the side show. Nobody's afraid of him; he's lost the only thing makes life worth living, and that's his liberty. And what's he got for it? People come and look at him behind his gilt-edge bars, and says, if it's in Paris, 'That's an American'; and if it's at Barnum's, 'That's a lion, or a tiger, or an eagle,' labelled, of course; and in both places, sir—you mark what I say—they pities him, or it—a poor thing without a country and without any freedom. Well— Have another glass, won't you? Do."

III.

During the next year or two I kept meeting my friend Potts in the most crowded thoroughfares, and his attire vouched for his prosperity. On such occasions he would come up to me with an unctuous smile, lay his left hand on my coat collar, and while he shook my right, he would affectionately test the muscles of my arm downward from shoulder to elbow. In spite of his atrocious vulgarity, I liked the man, perhaps because of his worship for all things American, a capability I often envied him. In his own narrow-minded way he was a patriot; not a man to arouse the country in time of peril, but a man to respond to a call for help, and to bring others with him. Why he liked me I never knew, and, indeed, never really believed that he did until one day I received a letter from Potts, asking me to call at his hotel on private and important business.

He was evidently very glad to see me, for he came forward with both hands outstretched, and caught me by the elbows.

"I say, old fellow—I beg your pardon—Mr. Goss; I'm —— glad to see you. Walk in. I'm awful glad you've come. Now what 'll you have? Gin and soda, as usual? That's so. Well, here's my regards."

While he was sipping his glass I noticed with some astonishment that Potts's style of dress had undergone a great change. His clothes were dark and simple, and the conspicuous jewelry he usually wore was gone. Moreover, he seemed to be troubled about something.

"Well, Josh," I said, after a long pause, during which he gazed absently into his glass, "what's the matter? What can I do for you?"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Goss," he began, in a manner entirely devoid of his usual buoyant familiarity—"I'm afraid I've been taking considerable of a liberty with you. But then I looked around among my pals, and I took 'em up one by one, and I just had to put 'em all down again. Weighed in the balance, you know, and all come out light. Then somehow I thought of you. 'By gosh!' says I, '*that's* my man.' So I wrote you, you know."

"Why, are you in trouble, Josh?" I asked.

He hesitated before answering; then cocking his head on one side in rather a ludicrous way, he asked, "Did you ever know I had a mother, Mr. Goss?"

"Well, Josh," I said, lightly, not quite understanding what he was driving at, "I never *knew* you had a mother, but it wasn't unnatural to suppose you had one, was it?"

"That's so," he answered—"that's so. Well, sir, when I begun to make money I got the old woman to come down from the farm in Vermont, and we kind of settled down together out at Maidwell. Little house, you know; small and all that kind of thing, but comfortable, and we've been a-living there three years come next March, nicely—yes, sir, nicely indeed. Well, sir, about a month ago she was took sick—my mother, I mean. I done all I could; fixed up the windows with weather-strips, put in a new patent furnace, and them kind of things generally. Then I got the doctor about twice a week. And it didn't do a bit of good, sir. She took it into her head she was a-going to die, and Dr. Trott he said he couldn't do nothing. Then she's got kind of queer. Don't like me to be in the liquor business, and all that sort of thing. Well, I do believe she's ailing, and I'm kind of scairt. Then it don't seem quite right to go on a-making money this way, when it goes against her. Does it, now? It's a pity to give all this up," he added, wistfully gazing at his beloved gorgeousness; "but then it's my mother, professor. That's why I asked you to come. 'He'll tell me,' says I, 'what's right; so I'll just drop him a line to come round and lend me a hand.' Now, professor, what shall I do?" And as I hesitated, he said, "Well, now, suppose *you* was in my fix, what would you do?"

"I'd give the whole thing up, Josh," I answered, "and see the best doctor in town."

He got up from his chair, and walked nervously around the room. Then he came up to me, and held out his hand. "Thanks, Mr. Goss," he said. "I guess that would be the square thing to do. It comes mighty hard, I tell you, but I'll do it—I'll do it right off. And—and there's one thing more, professor: just sit down and drop me a line to the best doctor you know, just to tell him I'm all right as far as cash goes. It's for the old woman, you know, and it wouldn't be right to mind the expense."

IV.

During the year that followed his mother's death I did not see very much of Potts. He wandered about town in an aimless, disconsolate sort of away, and, to tell the honest truth, I found him somewhat a bore. His former vivacity was all gone, and he kept asking such perplexing questions about right and wrong as a boy of twelve might have invented; so that—I acknowledge it to my shame—I often endeavored to avoid this man whose blunt honesty and integrity of feeling I could not but admire.

One day—I had just returned to town from an absence of several months—I met Josh on the Common. He was, as usual, delighted to see me, and seemed in the best of health and spirits.

"Well, Josh," I said, after a while, "the world is all right again, is it? Tell me what you are about. I see by your manner that you've found something to do."

"I have, Mr. Goss. You see, that kind of loafing around, with nothing to do after breakfast but wait for dinner, and nothing after dinner but to wait for supper—I tell you that kind of thing is bad for a man; so I quit. I belong to the fire-brigade now, sir."

"Why, how did you happen to choose that, Josh?" I asked. "There's no money in it, and you were always pretty keen on the dollar."

"That's so; that's a fact," he answered. "But it come to me one day that I had all the money I wanted—enough to live on, you know; no family, no anybody but myself; and so I says to myself: 'Josh, what are you here for, anyway? You wasn't made to loaf around doing nothing—no good to nobody. What are you going to do?' Well, sir, for nigh upon six weeks, I guess it was, I traipsed round the streets and didn't see nothing. Then one day, while I was watching a fire, I see a fellow come out; kind of used up he was, and weak on his legs. So I went up to him, and kind of talked to him for a while. He was a married man, with three kids, I found out, and that set me a-thinking. If that man, as is married, got a wife and three young uns to look after, can go a-risking his life to pull people out of a fire, why shouldn't Louis Napoleon Potts, who hasn't a soul in the world to care whether he kicks the bucket or fills it at the well? That's why I'm a fireman, Mr. Goss. Come down and look at the engine, won't you?"

V.

So I got into the habit of dropping in at the engine-house to talk with Potts and see the men, and one evening while I was there the alarm rang. Josh told me where it was, and I hurried off to see him at work. When I arrived upon the scene the fire had made great head-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

way, and the engines seemed as useless as toys. The walls of the house threatened to cave in, and as the inmates had all been saved, the men were holding back. Suddenly a woman, frantic with grief and despair, rushed up to the group of which Potts was one, and in heart-rending tones she besought some one of them to go after her child, who had been left behind in the fiery furnace. But the men shook their heads, and answered, as she turned to one after another: "It's no good, madam. No man could live there more than half a minute, and the walls will be down before any of us could reach the place."

Then I saw Josh come forward. He said something to the woman, who clasped her hands and fell forward on her knees. His comrades endeavored to argue with him, to prove the impossibility of the attempt, but Josh merely answered, in his quiet drawling way, "Nothing is impossible, boys, till you've tried, and I've sort of made up my mind to try."

"You won't come back, Nap," some one called out.

"Well, perhaps not; that's a fact. We'll see about that later, though," he answered, phlegmatically, as he coiled a rope about him. And the next minute he had disappeared in the smoke.

With that extraordinary intuition that makes a crowd the mouth-piece either of God or of the devil, the men in the street had understood both the heroism and the peril of the attempted rescue. Breathless, they watched the sullen, threatening pile of bricks, through every opening of which long tongues of flame shot out, to be quenched in the whirl of smoke and steam, and the seconds passed slowly as their hearts beat fast.

Suddenly, in the silence of voices, the half-crazed woman rose to her feet and cried out: "There he is! there he is! My boy! oh, my boy!" and burst into a paroxysm of tears. And straddling the sill of a window on the second floor, the black silhouette of Josh appeared against the lurid red background. We could not hear his cries, but he certainly must have heard the cheer that broke from us in the darkness below—a cheer that burst from our breasts like a cry of intense pain followed by intense relief. For the tears in my eyes I could not see what he was doing; but a moment later some of his comrades rushed forward, and returned out of the smothering smoke, bearing the rescued child in their arms.

"Make the rope fast, Nap, and come down quick, for God's sake—quick!" some one called out.

But ere the words were fairly spoken, the walls bulged out, and the figure of a man loomed up through the flames, riding the falling masonry like some legendary helmsman on the poop of a sinking ship; and with a crash the great building collapsed.

A few hours later, in the hospital, the doctor bent forward and said to me, "I suppose you know his name?"

Before I could answer, the wounded man opened his eyes, and with a faint, pathetic semblance of his old bright manner, he said, in a low voice: "Professor, tell him it's only Joshua Potts, that's all. I guess that Louis Napoleon racket is played out now. Did the kid come out all right? Don't put on any gloves with me, doctor; I know what's the matter. Just give me something to brace up on; I've a thing or two I want to talk over with this gentleman."

VI.

Three days later we buried him; and as I walked back from the little country graveyard where we had laid him to rest forever, I felt a strange admiration for this much-maligned human family that knows its heroes only after death. For this man, whom the world knew merely as a vulgar, swaggering, uneducated bar-tender, possessed that spark of divine fire which no education, no refinement, no teaching can kindle where God has not put it.

JOHN HEARD, JUN.

THE MARITIME EXHIBITION.

EVER since her famous Tea Party in 1773—nay, perhaps ever since the Reverend, though somewhat mythical, William Blackstone settled there in 1623—Boston has been a pioneer. Did she not inaugurate the extermination of witches in the neighboring bailiwick of Salem; has she not always been a leader in religious and educational matters; did she not practically originate the antislavery movement; was not the first "mugwump" born in what is now the City Club; and was she not the first of the older States to adopt the improved ballot system? She certainly has strong claims to priority in regard to these and many other equally important movements, and having borne a gallant part in developing the American merchant marine till it once upon a time rivalled that of Great Britain, she now invites the public to see for itself what American seafaring folk are doing for the revival of American commerce.

The great hall in the Mechanics' Building has taken on a certain nautical air, there is a rumble of heavy sea boots along the corridors, and one may recognize three or four bronzed down-east skippers in almost every group of spectators. Crusty old fellows they are, but genial withal, if a landsman approaches them in the right spirit, and primed full of nautical talk and reminiscence that might make the fortune of any one who could compass the art of putting it into readable shape.

On entering the main exhibition-room one passes under the spinnaker-boom of a jaunty little sloop, whose beautifully fitting sails rise well up toward the roof as she rides at her moorings in a tank of water, and responds readily to the practical tests that every inquisitive soul applies to see whether or not she is really afloat. She is here called a sloop instead of a cutter, because her mast is stepped well forward, and she has a perpendicular stern-post, and a generous breadth of beam despite her great depth of keel and her outside ballast. She is built of mahogany, fastened with wooden treenails. The sides are polished and varnished till they shine like a piece of cabinet-work, and excite the ire of Gloucester skippers, who eye askance her vast spread of canvas, and pass by on the other side to gaze appreciatively at the model of a United States frigate done in tobacco.

Next to this last-named work of art is a space, in the midst of which rises the graceful bow of a surf-boat mounted on her beach-wagon all ready to launch. Around her is a cordon of gleaming brass howitzers, and an old bronze mortar that is said to have thrown a life-line to a wrecked vessel near the beginning of the present century.

It is with a pardonable touch of patriotic pride that one reads on the card, "Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Instituted 1785. Incorporated 1791." In 1792 six houses of refuge were erected by this society for shipwrecked seamen, and in 1807 the first life-saving station with adequate equipment was established. This service antedated by thirty-seven years the present English system, and may fairly be regarded as the parent of the admirable United States Life-saving Service as it now exists, and with which it cordially and harmoniously co-operates, interchanging crews, boats, and supplies as occasion demands. It is to be noted that the Humane Society has justified its name by detailing a well-informed and thus far good-natured young man to do the honors and explain the working of the apparatus.

Farther on are small boats and canoes, gleaming with nickel plate and varnish, and some of them fitted with devices for hoisting and reefing sails that will rejoice the heart of the cruising canoeist. Some of these boats are built of Oregon cedar, which has not yet come into general use among Eastern builders, but for which certain superior qualities are claimed.

Among the minor inventions is one that will appeal to the heart of every traveller who has tried to prop his coffee-cup securely against the lee "fiddle rail" of an Atlantic liner. It is simply a set of portable "gimbals," that can be set on the table. The central ring is shaped to receive the bottom of the coffee-cup, which will then ride as securely as does the compass in the ship's binnacle. It is said that the inventor was stimulated to perfect this device by the not uncommon experience of receiving a cup of hot coffee in his lap.

In the same direction, on a larger scale, are the very complete and ingenious oscillating berths, already introduced to a limited extent on some of the transatlantic steamers, and no doubt destined in one form or another to become almost universal on lines that bid for popular favor. These berths have now been brought to a state of perfection that would seem to make it possible for the poorest of sailors at least to enjoy undisturbed rest so long as he or she can keep his or her eyes shut. The oscillating arrangement is adapted to respond either to pitching or rolling, and it will certainly greatly mitigate if it does not altogether do away with the horrors of the North Atlantic passage.

Walking from the main exhibition-room into the great concert-hall, the visitor is aware of the lofty spars, the clipper bow, the long overhanging stern, and snowy swan-like sides of a Burgess schooner yacht. She sits on her raised dais apparently perfect in every detail from water-line to dog-vane. The first question that one involuntarily asks is, "How did they get her in here?" Her topmasts reach well up within the ventilator in the peak of the roof, her big galvanized anchor seeks vainly to find holding-ground in the unsympathetic yellow pine floor, and one feels that if she should drop astern ever so little, her main-boom would play the mischief with the organ-pipes. Rope-makers and riggers in all departments have contributed their most artistic work to the equipment of the model, which is throughout, so far as outside appearances go, a complete reproduction of the *Quickstep*, one of Mr. Burgess's latest designs.

Just abaft her port quarter is a very handsome and stanch-looking yawl-rigged boat, well worth the inspection of "Corinthian" cruisers. On the same floor with the *Quickstep* are numerous models and specimens of equipment from the various navy-yards and government departments.

Ascending to the second floor of the main room, we find a considerable space occupied by the ship-building industries of Bath, Maine, from 1781, when the first vessel was launched, to the present time. During this century and a little more she has sent from her ship-yards 88 steamers, 890 ships, 253 barks, 1262 schooners, 155 sloops, and 7 barges—a total of 1,261,436 tons. In 1823 she built her first steamer—a little craft of 86 tons—and in 1854 she turned out 59 full-rigged ships, aggregating 55,612 tons. Now she is devoting her attention mainly to schooners of large tonnage, and having three, four, and even five masts. The largest of these will carry nearly 3000 gross tons, and can be managed by a crew of six men before the mast. When it is remembered that a square-rigged vessel of equal size requires a crew of thirty men, the scientific perfection of the schooner rig may be appreciated.

Bath, though she commands a foremost place, is not alone in her glory. Other builders and other ship-yards are represented: the famous yards of the Delaware, with models of their most successful steamers and yachts; the South Boston builders, and others everywhere along the busy New England coast. Here, too, is the Boston Marine Society, instituted in 1742, and incorporated under colonial laws in 1754. Here is the original model of a vessel built at one of the Merrimac yards in 1690, and a tiny carving in ivory of a full-rigged ship, made by the first Chinaman that ever entered Harvard University—alas, that he should have adorned her with a British ensign!

Of the really fine show of marine pictures there is no room to speak. They embrace oil-paintings, technical drawings, and water-colors, many of them of great interest.

In the basement of the building are the heavy windlasses and other machinery, with the buoys of the United States Light-house Board, and a canal twelve feet wide, wherein canoe-men may paddle and steam and naphtha-launches disport themselves at will.

Near by is that wonderful little craft that Captain Joshua Slocum and his son built with their own hands, away down on the southeast coast of Brazil, where they were cast away in the ship *Aquidneck* last year.

"My wife made the sails," said Captain Slocum, as he stood in the well of his stanch craft, "and they were done just about the time the ship was launched. We was about three months building of her—me and my son." Seven thousand miles over the open sea the little Yankee family of castaways sailed in this rude yet scientifically constructed vessel, "and she never took a bucketful of water inside the coamings from first to last," said the captain, proudly; "except rain," he added, conscientiously, seeing a gleam of incredulity in his interviewer's eye.

This most interesting and useful exhibition will remain open until January 4, 1890, and it can hardly fail to stimulate an industry in which Americans have always excelled, but which, owing mainly to stupid legislation, has lost its prominence during these later years.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

"THE FIRST THANKSGIVING."

Two small dimpled hands tenderly held in place, the child following word by word a mother's prayer, Mr. Smedley has made typical of "The First Thanksgiving."

The syllables that little mouth utters may be barely understandable, but are sacred, for they are sanctified by purity and innocence. That mother's sense of present gratitude, her appeal for future grace, are intensified through the lips of her child. The father listens to the artless prayer, and rightly feels that never were words spoken before more worthy of divine recognition.

It would savor of archæological pedantry to trace the history of grace said before meat. Only this may be advanced, that when man invoked a blessing, whether the prayer he offered was or was not to a heathen god, then first was born the germ of religious belief, and the recognition of something higher and better from whom all things come. The Breton peasant, who will eat no bread save when he has made the sign of the cross on it, knows nothing of an inherited Celtic custom. It is more than a pretty act. What was a black and coarse loaf, earned by severest toil, becomes then, by act of grace, the whitest and sweetest bread.

On this coming Thanksgiving Day over the broad expanse of this great land, even abroad where our people sojourn, for the recognition of this festival the methods will vary with the accidents of the surroundings. Somehow it is a day when a mother's heart opens wide, and she feels poignantly the absence of her children. How fares it with her youngest born, there being the whole width of a continent between her New England home and the son who seeks his fortune on the Pacific slope? The daughter who has followed a husband to another State seems further away from a mother of a Thanksgiving night. Perhaps to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion the mother who presides must have a strong infusion of New England blood in her veins, and so believes in the ways of the past when the children never wandered far away from their homes, or if they did, deemed a Thanksgiving dinner no dinner unless on that occasion their father or mother presided at the table. Mr. Smedley's sketch shows a city interior, and a comfortable one. The table is laid for just the three—the father, the mother, and the child. That is the family. There can be no Thanksgiving without its turkey. If there were no such bird, the Jesuit fathers would have been forced to wander forth and discover the turkey. The turkey may not be a twenty-pound one, but there is sufficient for the party. The table is an elegant one, decked with flowers. The people are well-bred, and know what are the exigencies of a quiet dinner served without ostentation. The people who are to dine are city people. From the window the inmates may see that interminable line of buildings, with here and there an open space or an edifice of lofty proportions. Far beyond may stretch just faintly the outlines of the hills—the true country. That little child's grace, following the mother's inspiration, goes far beyond that happy home. It is a prayer that those who suffer may find surcease of pain and trouble, and that to one and all this Thanksgiving may be a happy one.

A MADISON SQUARE CROSSING.

MR. DE THULSTRUP has chosen as the subject of his spirited picture on the front page of this number a scene of daily and hourly occurrence at all seasons of the year, and one familiar to all who know New York's great central thoroughfare, Broadway. New York differs from most large cities in that it is so peculiarly located on its long narrow island, and its one main artery seems to be this noble street, through which nearly everything on wheels—trucks, carriages, cars, stages—and nearly everything that goes on feet, from the millionaire to the vagrant cur, either must go or insists upon going, there being none other on either side with anything like equal advantages or attractions to relieve it. In fact, relieving Broadway has been a problem under consideration by the rulers and inhabitants of the great metropolis for certainly the past fifty years, and when the Bowery was extended to its present southern terminus the solution was supposed to have been found. But the Bowery was not and never could be Broadway, with its palatial stores, splendid hotels, and brilliant theatres. All the important and commanding interests of the city were located along this magnificent street; business and pleasure equally drew people toward it, and so it remains that Broadway was not and has not been "relieved."

At the point shown in our picture, just opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the street is wider, and there is more opportunity for a timid pedestrian to make his way safely across than there is elsewhere. Here Broadway joins with Fifth Avenue, the result being a sort of open plaza, which extends for a short distance before the two streets again separate, the one having crossed the other, and each, assuming its own dimensions, leads on uptown. Here too congregate the beauty and the fashion of the city. It is a kind of central point where every promenader passes, the most aristocratic portion of the city lying roundabout. Opposite the hotel is Madison Square, a pleasant breathing spot, on every side of which are stately residences owned by merchant princes and other leading and important personages.

One feature of "crossing Broadway" is the stately and courteous policeman, with his magnificent inches, his imposing girth, his glittering buttons, and his polite and condescendingly protecting expression and manner. If you are an old gentleman, any way infirm, a woman, or a child, his arm is always ready to assist and guide, while woe be to the unhappy Jehu who does not pull his horses instantly upon their very haunches the moment his unoccupied hand is lifted as a warning to make way for blue-coated authority and the being under his charge. There is a delicious story of an old lady from the country who was visiting the city with her niece. The calm and dignified guardian of the peace took the young lady by the arm to conduct her safely across the crowded street. This was too much for her elderly and spirited relative. With a shriek she tore the couple apart, informing the amazed owner of shield and buttons in most vociferous tones that her niece had done nothing, and she would not have her arrested. Bluecoat retired as fast as his dignity would permit, but not before the old lady had had time to emphasize her remarks upon his person by a vigorous use of her umbrella.

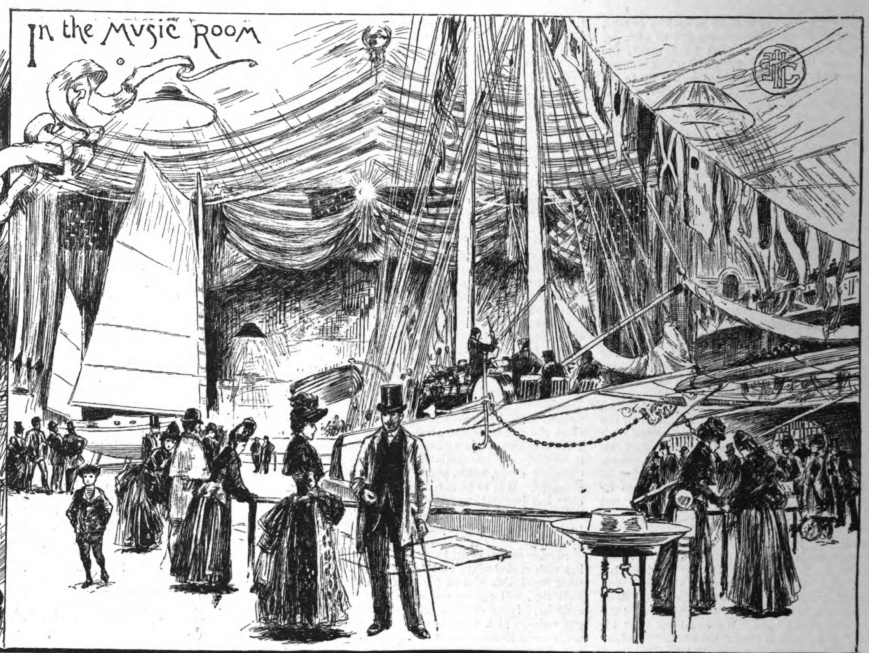


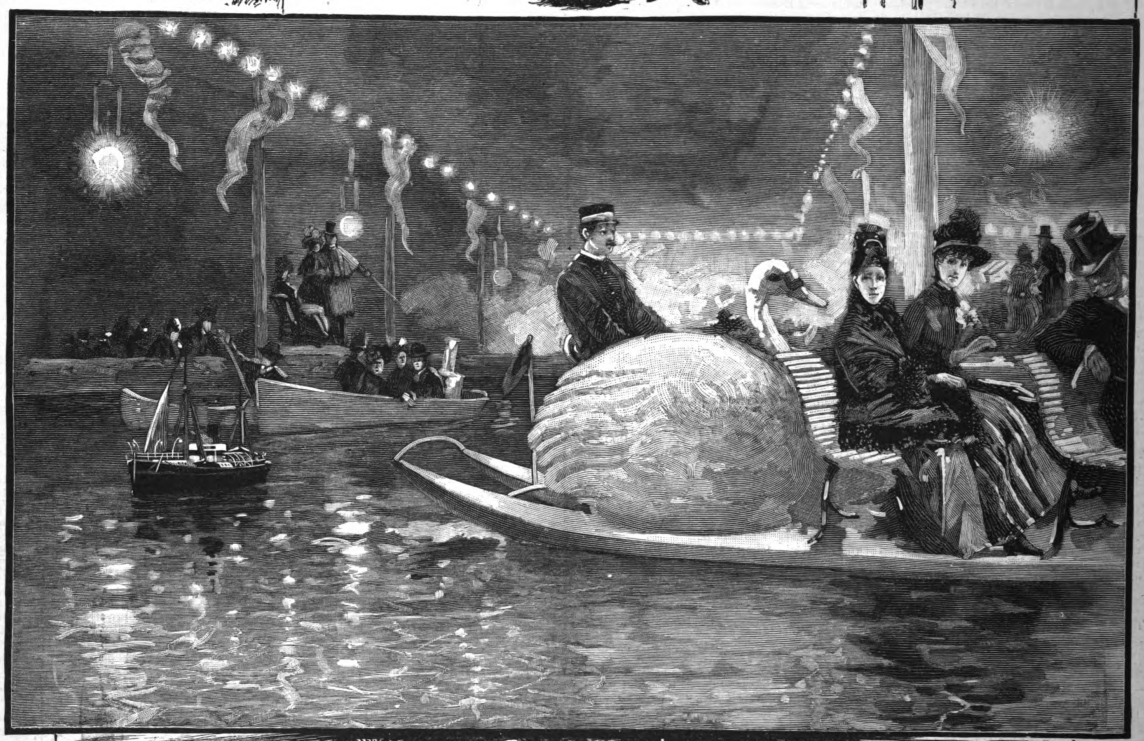
A THANKSGIVING CHORUS.

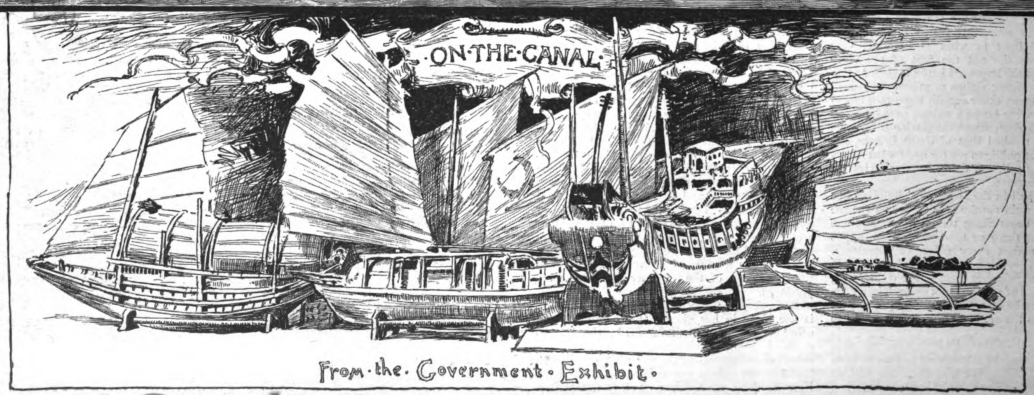
"We've all been there before, many a time."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE MARITIME EXHIBITION AT BOSTON

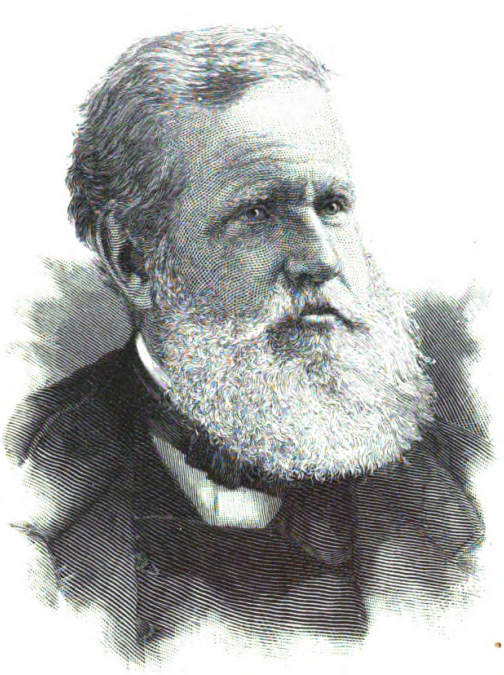






From the Government Exhibit.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



DOM PEDRO II. OF BRAZIL.



THE PRINCESS ISABELLA OF BRAZIL.

THE IMPERIAL REPUBLIC.

"Of course I am a good republican, because I live in a republic; but if I lived where there were duchesses, I should wish to be a duchess."

I speak with fervor, for every red drop of my republican blood is throbbing royally to purple as the Brazilian trumpets sound, the guards salute, and the imperial outriders dash up royally to the door of the Houses of Parliament on the 3d of May. It is the first really imperial pageant that we have seen in Rio. For many weeks in March and April the heat was too intense and the epidemic of yellow-fever too severe for society—still less, then, of course, for government—to care what was said or done about anything. Since the weather had become tolerable, and the fever had yielded a little in its awful clutch upon the city, we had tried to struggle with the political situation, and had investigated the haunts and habits of imperialism with a mild astonishment th in a less enervating climate would have developed into ringi scorn. Anything more tawdry than shabby monarchy is hardly be imagined. Shoddy *nouveau riche* upstartism, struggling to aristocratic by making itself splendid, is hardly a more pitiful sight than genuine aristocracy half willing to drop down and be democrat. In this country of Brazil, where the Emperor is st a very excellent man that he doesn't really care much about bei



CHASING A CRIPPLE.—Drawn by W. L. Wells.—[See Page 939.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

an emperor; where the imperial coaches are covered all over with gilt, but with gut that is permitted to tarnish as fast as it pleases; with coachmen in the dustiest of green and gold livery, who will be found later lounging on the curb-stones with their coats off, while their imperial masters are laying a corner-stone or listening to a Te Deum; where the Empress has been wittily described as wearing "a black silk dress with an alpaca expression"; where the sentries at the door of the palace lean on one foot, with their bayonets at any angle they please, and with not infrequently a cigarette in their mouths—my whole soul revolts, or would revolt if the Brazilian thermometer permitted one to feel strongly about anything. If you are going to have an empire, for Heaven's sake, have one that is imperial! Brazil needs not a Washington, whose dignity and wisdom presuppose a wise and dignified people to rule over, but a Napoleon, to grasp the wildly conflicting interests—not one of which is fully understood or loyally adhered to by its own partisans—and to rule despotically a people whose greatest need seems at present, even to the fiercest outside republican, a necessity for being ruled. What D—— calls persistently my "neat little republican soul" longs to sweep this heedless, tumbling, slouching, undignified dynasty, good-hearted, but, like many good-hearted individuals, spiritless and unhelpful, from the throne, take the reins of government fiercely into my own hands, and show these turbulent Brazilians—what a good republic should be? No, indeed; but what a good, strong, defiant, self-respecting empire should be. For, after all, what is our boasted republicanism? A belief that all men are equal? Certainly not; on the contrary, a belief in men being so terribly unequal that even a king's son cannot be trusted always to be kingly, so that we prefer the right to chose our rulers when we please, in order that each time we may secure as leader the man whom practically we believe has *not* his peer among us.

However, the exactions of both my political and my æsthetic conscience are satisfied to-day. The pageant really is imperial. From my lofty window I see only the gilt on the coaches, and not the tarnish; the music is spirited; the six royal steeds tear through the street as imperial steeds should tear; the Princess, yonder in the third or fourth carriage of state, looks very fair and regal in a white gown singularly free from the "alpaca expression" of her imperial mother's garments, with her beautiful neck and arms bare; and descending already from the first carriage are the royal robes we have come to see. For it is the Emperor's dress, rather than his address, that has lured us to witness the scene at the Camara. The magnificent apparel he wears to-day is kept exclusively for the opening and closing of Parliament, and it is well worth coming to see. We leave the window and go back to our seats, as the Emperor enters the great doors below, that we may witness his entrance into the Camara. The simplest republican conscience has an instinctive belief that an imperial entrance into anything ought to be impressively magnificent; and we reflect ruefully that the room we are in scarcely seems worthy of the splendid robes coming up the staircase. Such robes ought only to sweep into a Notre Dame or a Westminster Abbey, and the room we are in seems scarcely larger than a drawing-room. It is very gorgeous with brilliant uniforms and unlimited gold-lace, and there is a throne at one end of it; but the space from the door to the throne is so short that impressiveness will naturally be at a discount. Good Dom Pedro, however, is very much like the famous little hero of the *William Henry Letters*, who, when his mother proposed sending him to dancing-school that he might learn how to enter a room, announced, scornfully, "Hoh! I know how to enter a room now: go right in!" The Emperor "comes right in," and in less than a minute and a half he is on his throne. Truly he is magnificent! He is all in white and gold. White silk tights are finished at the toes with white satin shoes richly embroidered in gold; a short white satin tunic has also a gold-embroidered border; from his collar trails behind for several yards on the floor a magnificent train of dark green velvet; around his neck, hanging low over his breast, is a deep collar made of the golden feathers from the breasts of the toucan; above this, a fall of rich lace held down by a splendid chain of jewels; in his right hand a solid golden staff towering above his imperial head; and on the head itself a small tight-fitting cap of dark green velvet, over which is clasped the imperial crown, brilliant with the court diamonds and rubies. And the face? But what does the face matter? At the best, or rather at the worst, it would be, like the poor effeminate face George Eliot described of the weak French king entering Florence, "only an interruption of a few square inches in the midst of much purple and gold." However, fortunately the face here does not disappoint you; it is a good, strong, benevolent, almost imperial face, and the white hair and flowing long white beard are in harmony with the white and gold of the rest of the picture. Still the impression is not wholly impressive; the royal victim totters a little on his spindling white silk legs in spite of the golden staff.

"What is it," I whisper, "that makes it, with all the magnificence, seem very nearly ridiculous?"

"I think," murmurs D——, mildly, "it is because he looks so much like Santa Claus."

The description is perfect. It is Santa Claus himself who now rises from his throne, manuscript in hand, to open Parliament with a general allusion to the condition and needs of the country, quite as prosaic in tone and unhelpful as to any real suggestiveness as are our Presidents' messages and inaugurals. "Something must be done." It is always the clear and simple duty of the executive, whether Emperor or President, to make this wise and timely suggestion, with manly courage and clear-headed foresight, it being the privilege of attaining to executive honors that one may comfortably leave the decision as to what shall be done to the responsible consciences of the incorruptible statesmen supposed to compose one's Parliament or Congress. The situation of the country is critical. It always is; but it adds to the zest of the present foreshadowed crisis that our good old Santa Claus, masquerading as an Emperor, must have an uncomfortable consciousness that the utmost deference of the majority of his people just at present consists in waiting politely for him to die, proposing then to annul the imperial right to the succession and establish a republic, which it is thought the good and democratic Emperor would himself have a friendly hankering for, if he and his children were not unfortunately the ones who would have to forego the crown. There has been the most frightful epidemic of yellow-fever ever known in the country, and the Emperor recommends to mercy—the mercy of his incorruptible statesmen—the inhabitants of Rio, before another season of epidemic sets in. What should be done? "Oh, something—something, you know. I leave it to your judgment." But the Emperor's own judgment seems to be, so far as he expresses it at all, as the caricatures in the comic papers of that week took pains to illustrate, a general belief that the remedy for all evil—political, moral, or sanitary—is in religion; more churches, more priests, more rosaries, more confessions. That there should be less to confess does not seem to suggest itself; and one is uncomfortably sure that, now the weather is cooler, the fever subsiding, and the city reservoirs refilling with the long-needed rains, sanitary precautions will no longer seem necessary to the incorruptible statesmen. In a healthy season the sanitary condition of Rio appeals to them about as little as did his leaky roof to the proverbial Patrick: when it was raining he couldn't mend it, and when it stopped raining he didn't mind the leak.

But the farce is over, with its glittering covering of white and gold. Parliament is opened; and such a Parliament! Looking before and after, the conclusions that force themselves upon the New England mind not yet completely the slave of Brazilian climate are curious and interesting. Two weeks before, we had stood in the great cathedral while a splendid Te Deum was being celebrated to commemorate the gratitude of his people for the recovery from long illness of this same Santa Claus—I beg his pardon—of this same Emperor. It was impressive, it was respectful, it was fitting, it was beautiful. I myself was glad the good old man had got well. But I could not help thinking of the six thousand souls that within the last three months had *not* recovered from the frightful pestilence, which ought in some way to be made less frightful in a country to which it is not native, but into which it has been introduced with such terrible results. And looking forward to the events—nay, they deserve not such a dignified title as events—let us rather say, to the political antics that followed the opening of that Parliament, what a travesty in the white and gold of purity and splendor that marked the opening! In what arena of politics have we ever before seen a political squabble of such utter frivolity, in which the leaders had not even the courage of their faults? Of no man in any party could it be said in these days that you could safely predicate to-day what he would do or advocate to-morrow. That cry of "My party! my party! anything for my party!" which we have come to consider as so undignified in our own country, actually seems for the moment to be honor and conscience personified in comparison with Brazilian recklessness of standard and fickleness of judgment. Everybody seemed in the mental condition of the Columbia student during our own latest Presidential election, who, when it was delicately called to his attention that he had shouted approvingly for both Republican and Democratic returns, declared, frankly, "Well, I don't care what I shout for, if I can only shout."

Our first rather scornful amusement began when we read in the evening paper a description of the scene in the Camara dos Deputados. One of the Deputies, it seemed, had refused to take the oath to the Emperor, on the ground that his political principles were opposed to an empire. The only comment in the paper was to the effect that the President of the Camara therefore dispensed with the oath, and the new member took his seat amid a round of applause. After this we might reasonably expect the deluge, and, in truth, we get it. The Prime Minister, Sr. Joao Alfredo, is bitterly hated for his distribution of crosses of decorative honor and lucrative offices among his personal friends, and for the scandalous contracts to which he is a party. Of the decorations, a morning paper announces, with epigrammatic brilliancy, that "in olden times it was customary for tyrants to hang thieves upon crosses, but that nowadays it was considered the appropriate thing for tyrants to hang the crosses upon thieves." As to the contracts, we have the remarkable spectacle of a speech seriously made in the Camara dos Deputados in defence of the Ministry, not on the ground that the contracts had not been scandalous, but on the ground that every Ministry made scandalous contracts; that these were no worse than others which had preceded them; that it was natural for every official to give the good things of his office to his friends rather than his enemies; and that the present outcry was to be regretted, because it could not put a stop to the practice, and only injured the reputation of the nation abroad. However, Sr. Joao Alfredo's day is almost over. He has succeeded in having a street named after him; not a new street, but a very old one, long known and endeared to the public by another name; the effect being much as if our famous Broadway were suddenly rechristened by act of Parliament as the "Street of John Smith." But his day is almost over. "What do you think of him?" asked one Deputy of another as they left the Camara together. "Think? I think of him what was said of Boulanger the other day: that he is a man with a very brilliant future behind him." The prediction proves true. Meeting with fierce opposition from his own (Conservative) party, as well as from the Liberals and the press, Sr. Alfredo requests the Emperor to dissolve the Camaras. It is generally understood that, in a friendly way, the Emperor has promised his Prime Minister to do so; but on calling together his Council of State, its fifteen members are almost unanimous in advising against it, whereupon his Majesty informs the Ministry that it is they who must consent to resign. About this time a somewhat remarkable speech is made in the Senate by a Senator, who begs that a change of rules may be made before an election to fill a Senatorial vacancy in his province shows the inevitable result of three names presented to the Emperor, all republican, from which he would have to select one. The Senator pleads for a change in rules because, "if a republican has the lawful right to be a candidate for election to the Senate, the Senate cannot close its doors to him when elected; nor has it the right to exact from a Republican thus elected and chosen the oath to be faithful to a ruling power to which he is opposed, to sustain a political constitution which he does not accept, and a dynasty which he does not acknowledge." The President of the Senate promises to give the matter due consideration.

In the mean time the effort to form a new Ministry is a spectacle for gods and men. The Emperor calls in turn upon three Conservatives, though it is noted that he does not call upon the President of the Senate, who is generally considered as the most capable Conservative statesman, but all three find it impossible to arrange matters, the parties to whom they appeal invariably declining the invitation. Sr. Saraira, a Liberal, is then requested to see what he can do. He declines, on the plea of ill health, but has an interview with the Emperor, in which he speaks his mind very freely. He informs his Imperial Majesty that the provinces ought to elect their Presidents and Senators without any intervention from the central government. To which Imperial Majesty replies, "No one knows better than Sr. Saraira that I never opposed the will of the nation, clearly manifested." The eminent but incompetent Liberal responds, "I know that the patriotism of your Majesty is such that you regard the interest of the nation alone, without other consideration." And Imperial Majesty, "moved by these words," closes the interview with the courteous expression, "I thank all who think thus, for they do me justice."

All this is eminently polite and civilized; so much better than settling a dispute with cannon. Why is it, then, that we resent the politeness, and long for a little Napoleonic grip somewhere on the rudder of state? I am not particular whether a usurper steps in to take the reins of a republican government, or whether the Emperor manifests a sudden imperial unwillingness to be simply tolerated on the throne while he lives; but I wish somebody would do something—something either gloriously rebellious or magnificently tyrannical; it does not matter much which; though I fear I am secretly hoping for the magnificent tyrant. Sr. Saraira, having given his advice, bows and retires, recommending that the responsibility be made to devolve on the Visconde de Ouro Preto, another Liberal. The Visconde is telegraphed for, and succeeds ultimately in forming the present Ministry, which went into power on June 8th. But how does he succeed? By sacrificing some of the dearest principles of his own (Liberal) party (it being always remembered that "Liberals" are not republicans, but merely one wing of the imperial party), and by acceding to the appointment of two imperial palace favorites—a naval officer to be Minister of Marine, and an army officer to be Minister of War, both offices filled ordinarily by members of Parliament. Sr. Ouro Preto represents his party so far as to inform the Emperor that there is great dissatisfaction in the provinces, and that some concessions should be made; but instead of stating, as Sr. Saraira had done, that a Liberal Ministry would advocate local government for the provinces in the election of their own Presidents and Senators—the Senators also for only a term of years and not for life, as at present—on the same principle as our own State government in the United States, the Visconde Preto merely suggests that a list be voted for, from which the Emperor should make a final selection. The Visconde's party are naturally bitterly indignant, and the more justly because the Emperor had tacitly signified to Sr. Saraira his willingness to make the entire concession. The question of civil marriage, also a demand of the Liberals, was completely ignored by their nominal representative. Still, the Ministry was formed, such as it is, the appointment of the Emperor's favorites to places usually filled by members of Parliament being looked upon as a measure of safety for the government, and a threat to the republicans. The last Ministry, it was said, was formed to prevent emancipation, the unexpected result being, after all, to hasten it, when it was finally carried through by the Conservatives themselves. One wonders whether the effect of a Ministry intended to frighten the republicans will result in hastening the republic.

On June 10th the new Ministry were to appear for the first time in public; but there is an unexpected delay. In the Senate the President finds himself called upon to deliver a eulogy on a Senator who had died that morning, after which, out of respect, business is suspended for the rest of the day. From the Senate we went to the Chamber of Deputies, which was packed in every part. But announcement was suddenly made of the deaths of two Senators and two Presidents of provinces. There had been no quorum and no session for fifteen days during the ministerial crisis, and the announcement of the four deaths came therefore all at once. But the crowd was an impatient one. Respect for the dead gave way to their curiosity about the newly born Ministry. The delegates were in the same humor, and thought that public business just now was too important to admit of adjournment as a mark of respect, and that an expression of sorrow on the records ought to be sufficient mourning for all four bereavements. Nevertheless, the motion to adjourn is carried by a close vote of fifty-three to fifty-one.

On the following day, June 11th, however, the Camara dos Deputados is the scene of more political excitement than the good old Emperor has seen since the eager days of his youth in 1840. The crush around the building is terrible; but D—— has a permanent pass to "Tribuna No. 1"—a small private box with three chairs in front—and pushes on. The soldiers on guard announce that umbrellas cannot be admitted; the dangerous weapon is left in a neighboring shop. The Camara is crowded to its utmost. The large circular space in front of the Speaker's table is packed with Barons, Senators, and politicians of high and low degree, all standing, and extending in close-packed lines to the seven chairs for the use of the new Ministry. Even on the platform of the presiding officers the crowd is solid to the wall, the space being sufficient for perhaps one hundred people. The Deputies' seats are in three rows around the central space, and outside of railings enclosing these are large corridors, which are also crammed. The galleries on all sides are full, two boxes being given up to ladies. It is estimated that two thousand people were present. Tedious formalities of balloting for new President, Vice-President, and Secretaries, made necessary by the change in the Ministry, occupy the time until two o'clock, when the new Ministry arrive from the Senate, and take their seats. The Chef and one other wear the regulation ministerial coat with gold collar, the officers of the army and navy wear the uniforms belonging to each service, the other three are in plain black dress suits. One of the old Ministry opens the ball by telling how they went out, then the Chef of the new Ministry tells how they came in, and then the fun begins.

A Conservative Deputado, Goures de Castro, springs to his feet and makes a slashing speech, defining the unfitness of the cabinet officers for their positions, especially the heads of the War and Navy departments. The Emperor, during his conference with the respective Senators who had struggled in vain with the cabinet appointments, had been at Petropolis, whither the gentlemen supposed to "suggest" to him the fitting appointments had been obliged to betake themselves; but the Deputado on the floor makes the withering remark that the present appointments "had not been taken to Petropolis, but were brought back from there." He closes with offering a resolution that the Camara refuses to place confidence in any such Ministry.

The Liberals now take the floor. A tall, thin, nervous Deputy, Cesario Alvin, rises deliberately, and at the close of a long and careful speech defining his political course ends with a sudden scathing declaration that as he places no confidence in the present Ministry, though headed by a member of his own party, he now considers it his duty to announce himself a republican. The excitement that follows can be imagined. In the midst of it Deputy Joao Manuel rises. He is a priest, over fifty years of age, with white hair, and of medium height, with a voice ringingly clear. He is evidently more of a politician than a priest, and might have been seen before the session opened moving about with a cigar in his mouth, and laughing and joking with other members. Now, however, he is in earnest, and his words are cutting. He pronounces the new Ministry a "monstrosity," and declares that "where monarchy falls in agony, liberty springs up from the seeds scattered in the fruitful soil." He closes with the ringing words: "I repeat that Sr. Visconde de Ouro Preto will find himself mistaken in his pretensions to strangle a republic. Let his Excellency not deceive himself. All this vast expanse of country is being convulsed and aroused; the vibration of the new idea is felt in all bodies; in men and in things—ay, even in the density of our forests will be echoed the cry, 'Abaixo a monarchia! Viva a republica!'"

The storm of sound that follows is almost appalling. In the confusion one cannot tell how much of it is applause, how much condemnation. Dull indeed must be the spirit that does not respond in some way to the thrilling experience of hearing such dazzling sentiments so daringly uttered at such a time and in such a place and by such a man. People turned pale, and edged their way through the crowd to the doors. The crowd outside in the street take up the cry and swell the volume of sound, not knowing what they are shouting for, but thrilling with the vibration of sympathy. It is long before the tumult subsides within-doors. The priest has broken his oath by shouting for liberty and the republic, and will have to be either absolved or excommunicated. It will not surprise me, in this land of extremely mixed sentiments, to find both church and state sorely embarrassed to decide whether it shall be excommunication or absolution. The Chef of the new Ministry finally rises. He is a large, erect, pompous man, accustomed to dictate, but he has a slightly crushed air at the moment. Still he makes a struggle for a brave showing, and cries, "Down with the monarchy and long live the republic? No, Mr. President!" Here the tumult breaks forth, of course, once more, and Ouro Preto, as he speaks again, looks still more crestfallen. He declares that his seat is a chair of thorns, and that if the nation, through the proper channels, manifests a desire to change its institutions, he will submit to the national vote and make no opposition. One other Deputy speaks; then, at 5.30 P.M., a vote is

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

taken, and the resolution of want of confidence adopted by seventy-nine in favor to twenty against, one of the twenty being Ouro Preto's own son.

But how does it all end? In a republic? Not by any means. All is as quiet to-day on the river of January as it used to be during war-times on the Potomac. On the 12th the Conde d'Eu, the Emperor's son-in-law, leaves for the northern provinces to revive an interest in monarchy if possible; and a prominent republican, with a valise full of tracts, is discovered at the last moment to be on board the same steamer. At Bahia, the first port, disturbance is of course on the *qui vive*. The medical students, who form the fiercest rank of the republicans—for what occult reason I know not—give the man with the valise a rousing reception, break all the windows of their own university, and cable to the Emperor that, in order to avoid further disturbance, it will be well for him to recall the Conde d'Eu. It would not have surprised me much if the Emperor had taken their advice; but I am glad to chronicle that he did not, and that it was a discomfited republican who returned to Rio. On the 17th a brief order of dissolution of the Houses of Parliament is read, and the unhappy members, who had hoped to prolong their profitable squabbling till into September, at fifty milreis ($25) per day, pack their trunks to return home and await the decisions of the new elections, and very possibly in their calmer moments wish that they either had not or had.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

DOM PEDRO.

DOM PEDRO II. of Brazil, whose personality recent events have again made interesting, was born December 2, 1825, and was crowned "Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil," April 7, 1831. His father, the head of the royal house of Braganza, had achieved the independence of Brazil from Portugal, but his leaning toward absolutism brought about a crisis which compelled his abdication, and establishing his son on the throne under a regency, he retired to Europe to spend the remainder of his days in quiet. It was a peaceable revolution, and until 1841 the infant head of the ancient house of Braganza was the subject of his tutor and the Regent Minister. On July 18, 1841, Dom Pedro II. was crowned with due solemnities in Rio Janeiro, being then only sixteen years old. The full name of the Emperor is Pedro John Charles Leopold Salvador Vivien Francis Xavier Francis de Paul Leocardio Michael Gabriel Raphael Gonzague d'Alcantara. All of these names have some historical significance, and are derived either from family patron saints or from a long line of ancestry that extends back to "the twilight of fable." Pedro Segundo was the son of Pedro Primero, Emperor of Brazil, and of Leopoldina, Archduchess of Austria. The coronation of the young Emperor was answered by the republicans of Brazil with a rebellion, which, however, was put down after eighteen months of turmoil. From the beginning of his reign Dom Pedro has been the friend of liberty, and through the efforts of the young Emperor a Brazilian contingent fought with the Argentines for the independence of that country from Spain in 1851 and 1852.

In 1843 Dom Pedro married Theresa, daughter of Francis I., titular King of Naples and the two Sicilies. By her he had two daughters, Leopoldina and Isabella. The principal events of his reign have been the troubles with England in 1862, which were arbitrated by the King of the Belgians; the war with Paraguay, beginning in 1866, and ending in 1870; and the decree providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Brazil, promulgated in 1871. The war with Paraguay was long and bloody, and it was in this war that the imperial navy, under the great Admiral Barrosso, won its first laurels. Since that time the Emperor has, until the outbreak of last week's "revolution," reigned in peace, disturbed only by the intrigues of politicians and the natural cares that encompass a throne. A more astute politician never wielded a sceptre. Never did a monarch see such changes in the country and the people he governed. When, in the throne-room of the old palace in Rio, the fair-haired boy of sixteen first felt the pressure of a crown, his vast empire was an unexplored wilderness, with squalid cities strung along its coast. The capital itself reeked with fever, and was a tangle of narrow, ill-paved, undrained streets. Now the smoke of sugar refineries hangs over the Bay of Rio, and the noise of the cotton-mill is heard by the walls of Maranham. Throughout the entire length of the Amazon the busy steamboats ply, and every harbor is crowded with commerce. A navy has been created which ranks only after the navies of the great European powers. Every art and every science has a home in Brazil, and the capital is one of the finest cities in the world.

PRINCESS ISABELLA OF BRAZIL.

THE Princess Isabella, the daughter of Dom Pedro Segundo, is a woman of strong and peculiar characteristics. The Princess was born in 1846, and is now, consequently, forty-three years old. She was married in 1864 to the Conde d'Eu, son of Louis Philippe. This marriage was a complete extinguisher for the Count. He was given a few empty titles by the Emperor, and then sank gracefully and quietly into innocuous desuetude as the husband of his wife. That role he has played with monotonous success ever since.

The Princess Isabella has had occasion to try her hand at government. When, in 1876, Dom Pedro left his country for a trip to the United States and Europe, Isabella was made Regent of the Empire. Some discontented spirits, taking advantage of the Emperor's absence, began to foment discord. But they soon found that the thousands of miles of sea which separated the old Emperor from his dominion were an illusory advantage, for the Princess Regent nipped that rebellion in the bud in a manner which will long be remembered by Brazilians of revolutionary tendencies.

The Princess combines the religious fervor of her great namesake of Castile with the strength and energy of her ancestress Maria Theresa. In her the Bourbon and Hapsburg blood is more strongly marked than that of the house of Braganza. As the Princess Imperial, she has held her state in two palaces—one in Botofogo, that unrivalled section of palaces in Rio de Janeiro, and one for the hot season at Petropolis, the beautiful Brazilian summer city among the mountains. At the palace in Botofogo it has been her custom to give throughout the season a series of magnificent entertainments, and never men strove for fame or fortune more eagerly than did the young nobility of Brazil for the honor of leading the german at the Princess's. A devout and rigid Catholic, the Princess has oscillated between the state and festivities of a court and the ascetic life of a penitent. One night a stranger in Brazil, who had the entry of the court circle, might have seen the heiress of an empire surrounded by the music and the lights, the state and splendor, of the Botofogo palace. The next day, visiting some dim-lit church, he would see a plain-faced woman in a coarse gown sweeping the flags of the paved floor, and people would whisper to each other and say, "There is the Princess."

The full name of the Princess is Isabella Christina Leopoldina Augustina Miguel Gabriella Raphaella Gonzague. She has three sons—Pedro d'Alcantara Louis Philippi, Prince Imperial, born October 15, 1864; Louis Maria Philippi, born 1878; and Antonio, born 1881. The Empress has no brothers, and her only sister, the Princess Leopoldina, wife of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, died in 1871.

In July, 1887, the Emperor, feeling the weight of years and the cares of state heavy upon him, went with his aged wife to Europe, leaving the Princess Imperial as Princess Regent. While he wandered from court to court and from watering-place to watering-place, getting what enjoyment he could from the twilight of his life, the Princess managed the affairs of the empire. She has always been an ardent advocate of the abolition of slavery, and not content with the slow processes of emancipation which her father had established. In April, 1888, she dismissed the cabinet which her father had left her, and appointed one pledged to immediate action. The Brazilian cabinet is modelled after that of England, and like that holds office until a vote of censure is passed by the legislative body. Therefore the bold and almost unprecedented action of the Princess Regent in summarily dismissing her ministers occasioned considerable excitement in political circles in Brazil. The sentiment of the people, however, was with the Princess. The politicians saw in it another evidence that Isabella was determined to both reign and rule.

CHASING A CRIPPLE.

"LEARN to shoot clean," is something the older sportsman tells the younger one. It is good advice, having humanity in it. It means that the man who holds a gun must know how to use it, not bungle as to his aim, but should have knowledge of distance. If it is unsportsmanlike to blaze at a bird at such close quarters as to make what Englishmen call "a plaster" of it, it is in equally bad form to fire at birds at such long distances as only to wound them. The chances with the best shots, under certain conditions, are that a number of birds, wing-clipped or leg-crippled, will escape. In wild-fowl shooting, even with the best approved arms and skill on the part of the shooter, too many ducks, though badly hurt, escape the bag. It is wonderful at times what a load of shot a duck will take and get clear. As to bigger wild-fowl, they fly off without a stagger when the sportsman can absolutely hear the sound of the shot striking them. There are the feathers, yet before the place can be reached the bird is a hundred yards off and past capture.

It is a kindly act on the part of the sportsman to secure his bird and save it from a lingering death, for the chance that the bird will eventually recover even from a slight hurt is not one in the ten thousand. Nature has but little pity for its wounded birds.

The glory of the Chesapeake having declined, the Elysium of duck-shooting, the happy hunting-ground, is now in the lake regions. If there is any epicureanism about the shooter of wild-fowl, we should say that the ducks of the Northern lakes—canvas-backs not excepted—are finer North than South. The water-fowl finds pretty much the same food as on the Chesapeake, but in addition the native wild-rice.

In the illustration the gunner has availed himself of a blind. He has carefully set out his lures—those sham ducks. It has been a lowering morning, and the birds have flown low. There can be nothing so exhilarating as watching a flock of ducks swooping down, carried by the wind beyond the decoys, and then rapidly turning back and dropping down near the lures. Then there is a quick discharge from the double-barrels. Some half-dozen birds fall, and there is a wounded one. The punt is ready in a moment, and paddle in hand—for the water is not deep enough to row—out starts the shooter in pursuit of the cripple. If he can manage it, having a gun in the boat, he does his best to kill the bird, but that is not always possible. The race is as often as not a frantic chase, with its comic element. Dropping his gun, the man works his paddle, and now he thinks he has the fast-swimming cripple almost within his reach, when lo! from not being able to see two ways at once, he lands his boat on a clump of matted grass, and there he sticks. Sometimes the concussion, being unexpected, pitches the gunner out of his boat into the water. That is the bird's chance, and the sportsman sees the much-coveted blue-bill or red-head scuttle out of sight. Very often, as with fishermen and the fish they have lost, the bird which escapes was the finest, plumpest, and handsomest in the flock.

DISCONTENT.

You are a rosy blessing—
A blessing in disguise—
That spurs us to endeavor
To win some fancied prize.

Before our eyes the bauble
Of fame you tempting hold;
You paint us El Dorado
Brighter than burnished gold.

Not even wealth and power
Can soothe you into rest;
Of every human bosom
The constant, active guest.

You are no sullen harpy
Befeatured in despair;
You are a smiling angel,
Serene and debonair.

And through you, kindly spirit
From Heaven's sunshine sent,
We're happy as the Arab
At twilight in his tent.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE COUNTRY PEDDLER.

WHAT country girl or housewife can resist the blandishments of the peddler? Did one of them ever escape without buying something who dared to listen for a moment to his entreaties? The advent of the peddler's wagon is a sensation on a country road, where the houses are perhaps miles apart—as much of a sensation as a circus procession in the city. And the peddler must be an artful fellow too. The chances are ten to one that the farmer's wife does not want to buy anything when she comes out to the wagon, and the peddler's business is to sell her something in spite of herself. If he can induce her to purchase the article of all his stock that she needs the least, his triumph is so much the greater than if he had only sold her something that she was awaiting his arrival to purchase.

What patience and cunning the peddler often requires, and how resourceful and quick-witted he must be! Indeed we may imagine the ideal peddler to possess the qualifications that Gilbert satirically attributes to the heavy dragoon:

"The pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the *Victory*;
Genius of Bismarck devising a plan;
The humor of Fielding (which sounds contradictory);
Coolness of Paget about to trepan—
The science of Jullien, the eminent musico;
Wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne;
The pathos of Paddy, as rendered by Boucicault;
Style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man."

The life of the peddler is not an unpleasant one either, if he be philosopher enough to appreciate the blessings he enjoys that less fortunate mortals are deprived of. To the simple country folk he goes among he is a traveller and a man of the world, whose opinion as to social ethics, the fashions, and the manners of polite society may not be disputed. He carries the news from the city, and may exaggerate all the horrors of the latest tragedies without fear of detection; and his business has something of that errant vagabondism about it that every well-regulated human being enjoys.

It is a very safe wager that the peddler in our sketch will sell that piece of goods he is offering for inspection. The daughter is set upon it; so is the peddler; and the old lady is undecided, with a distinct leaning in the same direction.

THE SENATORS FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

GIDEON C. MOODY was born in Cortland, New York, in 1832. He attended the public schools and studied law in Syracuse. He removed to Indiana early in the fifties, and assisted in organizing the Republican party in that State. In 1860 he was elected to the Legislature. His career there was cut short by the war. He served in the army until 1865, attaining by his faithfulness and gallantry the rank of Colonel. After the war he went to Dakota, and began farming. He soon resumed the practice of the law, first at Yankton, then the Territorial capital, and later at Deadwood, where he has lived since 1877. He was several times a member of the Territorial Legislature, and in 1877 was appointed Judge of the First (Deadwood) Judicial District by President Hayes. He was a member of the Chicago Convention last year, and is reputed to be the author of its "plank" on the Territories. Senator Moody is attorney for the Homestake Mining Company, the largest gold quartz mining company in the world. He has always advocated the division of Dakota. In person he is rather stout. He is considered a sound lawyer and politician.

Richard Franklin Pettigrew, the other new Senator from South Dakota, is a Vermonter by birth. His father was a merchant at Ludlow in that State, where he was born July 26, 1848. In 1854 the family moved to Wisconsin. Young Richard entered Beloit College, intending to work his way through, but his father died, and he had to leave college and help support the family. He studied hard, however, and in 1869 he entered the law college, and in 1870 was admitted to the bar in Janesville. The same year he moved to Sioux Falls, to which he had been attracted as a good place for a rising young man during a trip through Dakota as surveyor's assistant. He reached the town with only twenty-five cents in his pocket, it is said; but he soon made his way. He has served three terms as Dakota's Delegate in Congress. In person he is more slender than his colleague. He is a friend of Prohibition, though of course not a third-party man.

ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS.

THERE are in and around New York about 85,000 Italian laborers of the lower peasant class. Less than one-fourth of the adults are women. They come almost always with the intention of returning to Italy as soon as they shall have gathered enough together out of the plenty of this country to suffice for their simple wants at home, and to accomplish this they live in almost inconceivable squalor while toiling most arduously for the accumulation of money.

Principally on account of this squalor they are shunned socially as few other foreign races are in our cosmopolitan community. Wherever considerable numbers of them settle they drive out other people, and soon have the neighborhood to themselves. Crosby Street, Mulberry Street, and certain quarters uptown on both the east and west sides of the city are entirely given up to them, and nothing short of fire will ever purify these places sufficiently to make them habitable by other people. They are, however, not confined to these localities. Wherever the cost of living can be reduced to nothing or near it, there the Italian lives. They even sleep under the stands on which by day they sell fruit. Thousands of them in this and in other cities sell fruit for a living, and whenever they find it possible they secure stands on the street corners. On an uptown corner of Second Avenue not long ago the proprietor, his wife, his sister, and two assistants, whom he hired for less than a dollar a day, used to sleep every night under one of these fruit stands, in a space about twelve feet long by five feet wide, and only about three feet high. They slept on a board floor, softened for a bed with a litter of wrapping-paper used for the fruit, bagging, and sacking, straw, and one or two filthy and ragged quilts. The only ventilation they had was through the cracks in the wood-work of the stand, and to keep out the rain and snow they used the same water-proof covering that on rainy days protected their merchandise. In another stand about the same size, on Sixth Avenue, the Board of Health recently discovered eight men living.

As a matter of course all cannot sleep in this fashion, even if the police would allow it, in a climate like ours; so although they herd together in huts in the neighborhood of great public works, like the new aqueduct, the most of them inhabit the oldest and the cheapest tenement-houses in the city. Here they swarm like bees, and it is no uncommon thing for twelve or fifteen men, women, and children to occupy one room. As in the same houses or in their yards they sort and dry the rags and refuse which they gather for a living, the condition of filth in which they live may perhaps be imagined.

The same squalid penury characterizes the eating of the poorest and most frugal among them. The regularly employed laborer earns, if he be employed in contract work, about a dollar and a quarter a day on the average. Of this he uses perhaps fifty cents a day for his living expenses, taking his meals in the restaurants kept for his accommodation. His standard food is stew, macaroni, bread, and coffee, and for luxuries he indulges in stale beer and so-called Chianti wine. Others live on less, and since good food cannot be procured for the money they spend, they live on refuse. The traffic in decayed meats, fish, vegetables, and fruits is broken up as far as possible by the Board of Health, but it flourishes nevertheless. A few years ago the health officers after confiscating the stuff used to content themselves with throwing it into the city dumps, but they soon found that as soon as their backs were turned the Italians would gather it up again and resume business. Now, therefore, when a wagon-load of such material is captured, it is deluged with chemicals, such as sludge acid, or dead acid, a residual coal-tar product too powerful and nauseous to allow of any attempt to farther evade justice.

Less dangerous but no more pleasing is the established industry of collecting the refuse and scrap food from hotels, restaurants, and especially catering establishments. A dealer with a horse and wagon and one assistant will collect these broken victuals, and after sorting them at home, by throwing meat into one pail or box, fish into another, vegetables, bread and cake, and scraps into others, will peddle them to families, or to the lowest grade of restaurants. Even worse stories of the eating of dogs, cats, and rats in the poorest quarters of Crosby and Mulberry streets, are told and believed by those who have studied the people there.

Difficult as it is to believe such things, there is no doubt that they are true. Yet the people who live like this are by no means destitute of virtues. The women are chaste, and the men, as a rule, are faithful though somewhat brutal husbands and fathers. They are industrious, and generally sober and trustworthy. The women are very religious, but the men are inclined to indifferentism.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

There are criminals among them, and begging and crime are taken as matters of course, but the average peasant is guilty of neither. A separate chapter would be necessary to describe the Mafia, which is the Italian secret society of criminals.

They are generally peaceable, but, perhaps because of the lawlessness that has prevailed in Italy until recently, nearly all of them carry arms habitually. When they first come they carry knives, but after being here for a time they are apt to adopt the razor of the negro or the bull-dog revolver of the American and English tough. None of them use the club, and they will all run from one, though they are brave enough in front of a knife. In fighting, they know little of the use of the fist or the foot, but will bite, gouge, scratch, or throw an antagonist, and will bruise him frightfully with the knee. They are light-hearted, and fond, exceedingly, of music and dancing. In their court-yards, night after night, they will dance and sing till midnight; and their music is of excellent quality, for there are many very fine vocalists and instrumentalists among them.

They do not Americanize easily or quickly, and the immigrant himself is sure to die an Italian whether he returns home or not. His children, however, make bright scholars in the public schools and denominational institutions where they are educated, and grow up with American habits. The practice of enslaving children, which raised such a thrill of horror in the community when it was exposed a dozen years ago, is entirely destroyed, and the contract or coolie system of importing laborers as virtual slaves seems likely to be as effectually broken up.



REAR-ADMIRAL DANIEL L. BRAINE, COMMANDANT OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.



HON. GIDEON C. MOODY, SENATOR-ELECT FROM SOUTH DAKOTA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 939]



HON. RICHARD F. PETTIGREW, SENATOR-ELECT FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JUDKINS, BISMARCK.—[SEE PAGE 939.]

THE NEW COMMANDANT OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

REAR-ADMIRAL DANIEL L. BRAINE, who succeeds Commodore Ramsay as Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, was installed into office on the morning of the 14th instant, with all the pomp and ceremony that the regulations allow. The order for his appointment has been expected ever since Secretary Tracy took charge of the Navy Department, and he makes the fourth commandant that the Brooklyn Navy-yard has had within a period of two years. There has been much talk in naval circles over the fact that the date of his commission was postponed for one week after the formal order for his appointment was issued, and his relations to his predecessor and successor in the same office have been discussed by the press and the naval public with unusual freedom.

Although appointed to the navy from Texas over forty years ago, Rear-Admiral Braine hails from Brooklyn, for he has lived in that city with his family whenever his duties would admit of it. His services cover a period of thirty-six years, twenty-one of which have been passed at sea. He was born in New York, and was appointed Midshipman on May 30, 1846. During the Mexican war he was attached to the home squadron, and was promoted to the rank of Passed Midshipman June 8, 1852. From 1853 to 1855 he served on the sloop *St. Louis*, of the Mediterranean squadron, and in the latter year was promoted to Master. He received his Lieutenant's commission on September 15, 1858, and afterward fought with distinction during the civil war. On May 19, 1861, he took part in the first naval engagement of the war—the fight with the rebel battery of five guns at Sewall's Point, Virginia, which lasted for one hour and a quarter. He was present at the attacks on Forts Hatteras and Clarke, October 5, 1861, and engaged the enemy at Kimmerkerk Woods, above Cape Hatteras, exchanging shots with gun-boats, and dispersing with loss two regiments of infantry, sinking two barges, and rescuing the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, which was completely surrounded by rebels. In November, 1861, he engaged and silenced two batteries at Federal Point, North Carolina, and dismounted one of the guns.

Braine was commissioned as Lieutenant-Commander July 16, 1862; Commander, July 25, 1867; Captain, December 11, 1874; Commodore, March 2, 1885; and Rear-Admiral, September 4, 1887. His last cruise, which was made in command of the South Atlantic Squadron, ended in October, 1888, when he was placed in waiting orders, until Secretary Tracy a few months ago made him president of the Board of Permanent Improvement at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. His appointment as Commandant of course compels him to resign this position. The new Commandant, though over sixty years of age, is hale and vigorous, and of a pleasing and dignified presence. He has before now served in various capacities at the Brooklyn yard, where he is well known and very popular.

UNNATURAL FINANCIAL RELATIONS.

IN the calm that has followed, we can discuss the recent storm. The New York money market has had a full experience of the stringency which clearly awaited it this autumn—awaited it, that is, unless the Treasury rendered substantial aid before the end of September. The Treasury could have relieved matters by paying two quarters' interest instead of one on the 4 per cent. bonds on the 1st of October; it has the authority to prepay interest for any period not exceeding one year, and it might well have doubled its October payment, since the additional seven millions would have been much more serviceable then than they will be in January. Had this course been adopted, the necessary announcement in the middle of September would have had a reassuring effect, and the actual disbursement would have been very timely. But this course was not adopted, nor were the purchases of bonds large enough to give substantial relief. The consequence was that demand loans on the best securities averaged 8 per cent. in New York through the month of October, and perhaps higher, as a considerable business was done from time to time at 15 and 20 per cent. The market, however, derived more benefit than ever before from the freedom of contract which our law accords in the matter of loans on demand, and there has probably never been a period of equal stringency in New York attended with less nervousness or excitement. Before the enactment of the Kiernan law, which takes demand loans of $5000 and upward out of the operation of our usury law, money was vastly more expensive to borrow when the legal rate of 6 per cent. was not enough to bring it. A commission was at once added, a sixteenth of 1 per cent., or eighth, or quarter, or even more; the money was procured at some rate or other, and it was not unusual to pay an eighth per cent. daily for many days in succession. These exorbitant rates are obsolete now, and a few years of freedom in this respect have made the movement of money in New York almost normal. None the less, things are out of gear when money rules for a month at 8 per cent. in the financial centre of the United States at the present time.

The story is not a new one, but it will have to be told again before there is much improvement. The main trouble flows from the relations between the money market and the Treasury. Their positions are the opposite of what they should be, and hence we have an unstable equilibrium. The money market is dependent upon the Treasury, whereas it is the Treasury that ought to be dependent upon the money market. Law and administration—stating them in the order of their importance—are to blame for this. It is law that builds up the excessive Federal income, and law that prescribes the burdensome method of retiring national bank-notes. One body of law creates a dangerous surplus in the Treasury, and a single statute on the retirement of bank-notes has resulted in a lock-up in the Treasury of $71,500,000 of money of full legal tender. Skilful administration can greatly mitigate these evils, but the task is so serious that the Treasury seems to recoil from almost all expedients.

And yet something must be done by the Treasury as well as by Congress if we are not to be punished with unusual rates for money next spring, and again next autumn. The Treasury must in some way increase its purchases of bonds; deposits in national banks on pledge of bonds are not a satisfactory substitute, and as long as the Treasury gets no interest on its deposits, they actually work against purchases. The Treasury is authorized to name the terms on which it will make deposits, provided it takes security in United States bonds, and it ought to consider seriously whether it should not give notice that after a certain date it will require interest on its money—say, for example, 2 per cent. Something ought also to be done to hasten the return to the money market of the $71,500,000 of lawful money now locked up to await the presentation of surrendered bank-notes. The Treasurer has recently said that he hopes to see this large sum reduced gradually to very moderate figures; but bank-notes are still being surrendered, and lawful money turned in against them. Surely the distribution of that fund could be hastened by co-operation with banks in the reserve cities, and the experiment ought to be faithfully tried. The Secretary and the Treasurer, each in his own sphere, can do much to relieve the congestion of the Treasury, even if no change is made in the laws, which now create most of their difficulties, and aggravate the periodical and natural activity of the money market.

The laws need changing, but the officials of the Treasury must not wait for that to do the best they can in the existing situation, and with the powers they now possess. The Secretary must find means to invest his surplus instead of depositing it, to buy bonds instead of lending money on them. He must make up his mind before the spring arrives whether he ought to pay a half-year's interest on the bonded debt at that time, leaving the July market to shift for itself. The Treasurer must see if he cannot reduce his vast and grotesque redemption fund with more serviceable promptness. All this can go on without waiting for Congress, and the powers conferred by Congress on the Treasury were conferred in order that they should be used without reference to further Congressional action. When it comes to Congress, which will so soon meet, the President and the Secretary of the Treasury have the first word, and it is to be hoped they will offer definite recommendations to prevent an excess of income; and it would not be too much to hope from MR. WINDOM a better plan for retiring bank-notes than the present method of locking up lawful money first, and keeping it locked up until the surrendered bank-notes make their appearance for redemption. HENRY J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Thursday Evening, November* 14, 1889.

ANGUISH UNSPEAKABLE.

Is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any form of the disease may reach that agonizing phase or attack the heart and cause death. Unhappily they who feel its preliminary twinges seldom realize this. Like other possibly dangerous maladies, rheumatism is often disregarded at the outset. Well will it be for him if this brief notice shall serve as a warning of future peril or pain to a reader troubled with incipient rheumatism. The proper sequel will be an instantaneous resort to the great preventive depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose brevet of professional commendation popular experience has confirmed. There is no finer or more genial antidote to the virus of rheumatism in the system. Botanic in its origin, it is free from the objections attaching to depurent poisons liable to be taken in more than the infinitesimal dose. The Bitters conquers malaria, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

DO YOU PLAY "HALMA"?

Rev. CHAS. CUTHBERT HALL, of Brooklyn, says of "Halma":

"You have conferred a favor upon many thousands of happy homes by introducing a game which is most amusing to young persons and most absorbing to older ones. You have provided rational and restful entertainment for vast numbers of cosy winter evenings in town or country."

"Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar. Send for "Halma" circulars. E. I. HORSMAN, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a household necessity. The demand for it has steadily increased since its first introduction. Everybody needs it, and everybody should keep it constantly on hand.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

THE continuous use of CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents, Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists. —[*Adv.*]

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try half wineglass Angostura Bitters before meals.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Monuments at cost. N.Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BOILS, carbuncles, and other skin eruptions indicate that the system is endeavoring to reject poisonous acids, and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is imperatively needed. It is the most reliable of all blood medicines. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THE TWO FIGURES WERE WELL WRAPPED UP, FOR THE NIGHT WAS COLD."

NANCIEBEL:

A TALE OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "YOLANDE," "PRINCE FORTUNATUS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"GO FETCH YOUR ALICE HERE."

THERE was a slight sprinkling of snow on this walled and tiled back garden—or back yard, rather—in the High Street of Stratford-on-Avon; and the two figures who, arm in arm, were slowly pacing up and down, were well wrapped up, for the night was cold. The one was a tall young fellow of three or four and twenty, of slim build and fair complexion; the other was a young lady of lesser height, who wore a tall hat with tragic sable plumes, and had also a black fur boa wound round her neck. Not much could be seen of her face, indeed, except that she had a pert and pretty nose, and soft, eloquent, pleading dark eyes.

The young man was in an oracular mood. He was delivering a discourse, and it was a discourse on the letter *h*. He was proving to his companion that all the learned and polished nations of ancient and modern times had contemned and despised the letter *h*, even when they did not resolutely ignore it; and he was insisting that the importance conferred on that letter by the English-speaking communities, and the social use it had been put to, as a sort of shibboleth and test of one's upbringing, were the result of nothing but crass and vulgar ignorance.

"Ah! I know what you mean, Richard," the young lady said, plaintively. "It is all to give me courage—if ever I should meet your mother some day. For you know, dear, I never do make a mistake except when I am frightened or anxious. Indeed," she added, shyly, "I think you are rather sorry, Richard, that you can't oftener catch me tripping—because of the penalty. You haven't caught me once lately, in spite of all your difficult sentences. Is that why you instituted prizes instead of penalties? And tell me this, Richard—how can the same thing be both a prize and a penalty?"

"Nanciebel," said he, in answer to these mysterious references, "this is not a time for asking conundrums. I tell you, to-night I am going to speak to my mother—to tell her the whole story—"

"Oh no, Richard," she exclaimed, imploringly, "don't do that! That will only be the end, and we shall never see each other again. And our acquaintanceship has been so pleasant—"

"Acquaintanceship, Nancy!"

"Whatever you like to call it—it has been so pleasant. It will be a thing to look back on in after-years. But it will never be more than that."

"Oh, stuff!" he said, angrily. "I really wonder at you, Nancy! I never get the least help or encouragement from you. Don't I know that the circumstances are difficult enough? But you—you exaggerate them. You haven't the courage of a mouse. You talk as if I were a prince in disguise, and as if you expected my mother to throw you into the Tower as soon as she got to know.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

I wish you would have a little common-sense. The widow and son of a captain in the navy are not such exalted personages—"

At this moment an open door at the foot of the yard was still farther opened, and there stood revealed, shining in ruddy light, the stationer's shop and "fancy goods emporium" which was owned by Miss Nancy's elder brother, and over which that young lady herself presided.

"Nancy!" called a small boy—a younger brother.

"All right, Jim! One moment, Richard!"—and she had gone to attend to that infrequent visitor, a customer.

When she had returned, and had taken his arm again, and nestled up to him (for the night was exceedingly cold, and she was an affectionate kind of a creature), she said,

"Richard, what would your mother think if she saw me behind that counter?"

"She would think you were extremely pretty," said he, with promptitude; "and what is more, when she gets to know you, she will say you are as good and true and kind and warm-hearted as you are nice to look at. And what more could you want?"

"Ah," said Nanciebel, sadly, "you fancy she will see me with your eyes; but that is not the way of the world."

"What do you know of the way of the world?" he made answer. "Look here, Nancy: haven't I told you that my mother's two books are the Bible and Tennyson, and that she believes equally in both? Very well: now let her put her faith into practice. 'Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.'"

"Ah, yes; it is so pretty to read about in a book," said Nanciebel, in her plaintive way, "but it is so different in actual life—"

He threw away her hand from his arm.

"I have no patience with you!" he said, with an angry frown.

And she on her side was just as quick. She drew herself up, and said, with proud lips:

"And I, Mr. Kingston, have no wish to remain here to be insulted. Good-night."

She was moving haughtily away; and he, in his temper, was like to let her go; but he thought better of it; he put his hand on her shoulder, and somewhat sulkily said, when he laid hold of her,

"Nancy!"

"Oh, I suppose you do not understand," she said, indignantly, "that I have a little self-respect—that I wish to be treated with a little common civility and courtesy? But I would have you know that I am just as proud as you are—prouder, although our stations in life may be different."

"Nancy!" he said, in a more appealing way.

"But I am content," she continued, in the same proud and indignant tones. "I have asked nothing from you. This relationship between you and me was not of my seeking; and now that it must end—now that it has ended—good and well: I have nothing to regret. Good-night, Mr. Kingston!"

And again she was going away, but he caught her by both shoulders.

"Nancy!—Nancy!—listen to me! How can you be so unreasonable—"

She tore herself from him; but it was only to burst into a passionate fit of crying and sobbing, her hands over her face, her head averted. Of course he was beside her in a moment, drawing her toward him, and petting her.

"I didn't mean it, Nancy!—I meant nothing at all!" he pleaded. "Don't make me miserable! I can't bear to see you crying—"

"It is of no consequence," she sobbed. "It has all come to an end now. I knew it from the beginning. And—and there has been enough of misery—and enough of misunderstanding—and quarrelling—we were never suited for each other—it has been a mistake throughout—and—and now there is an end—and—and I am glad—I am very glad," she said, with another burst of tears.

"Come, come, Nanciebel," said he, soothingly and coaxingly, "don't say everything is at an end on the very night that I am going to appeal to my mother, and when I want all the self-confidence and courage I can muster. Why don't you look on the brighter side of things? Think how fond she is of me; she would do anything for me. And then, if it comes to that, I have some claim to be considered. It wasn't nice for me to be called away from Oxford when my father died, at the end of my very first term. One single term! But did I grudge it? No; not when the Mater put it before me, and said how lonely she would be in the world, and asked me to be her companion. And here have I been living in that old-fashioned place, hardly seeing anybody, with next to nothing to do; and when I show my mother how a little family of three would be ever so much more snug and comfortable than our two solitary selves living there, don't you think she will agree?"

"You are so unkind to me, Richard!" murmured Nanciebel, with hidden face; but she did not attempt to get away from him now.

"No, I am not. It is you who are so unreasonable," he protested.

"Then say you will not do it again," the half-sobbing voice murmured.

"I promise you that, or anything else you like, Nancy," he said, "if you'll only look up and let me see your face, and be good and kind again, as you can be when you choose."

She did as she was bidden; and as she dried her eyes she said:

"I call it downright wicked of you, Richard, when you are about to take such a serious step, to waste the time in quarrelling and trying to vex and hurt me. How do we know how many hours we may ever have together? Perhaps this is the very last, and yet you quarrel—"

"I am sure I did not; it was you!"

"Now, don't begin again, Richard!" she said. "How can you be so unjust and inconsiderate and unkind when you know what I have to suffer for your sake? And are you really going to speak to your mother to-night? When shall I know what she says? Oh, I am so frightened when I think of it! I lie awake at night wondering how you will begin; wondering what her answer will be. And I know, dear," continued Nanciebel, with a bit of a sigh, "that if she is angry with anybody, it will be with me. She will blame it all on me; she will never think it was you who—who—began to—began to—"

"When once she sees your pretty eyes, Nancy, she will understand the whole affair," said he; "and that is what I am most anxious for. If I can only get her to know you—to know you as you are—I have no fear. It would be all plain sailing then."

"Mothers and sons have different ways of looking at things," said Nancy, who had her little traits of shrewdness, "especially when it is some one the son is fond of. Oh, just to think of going to see her—it frightens me to death! I know what she will be saying to herself: 'You, you impertinent wretch of a girl, how dare you try to entrap my son! How dare you imagine you will enter our family!' And I don't, Richard dear! I don't indeed! I do not dare to imagine anything of the kind. I am too terrified. It would be far better to let everything remain as it is. You will go and get married to some one whom your mother will approve of; and many a year hence you will be saying to your wife: 'I once knew a girl called Nancy; she lived at Stratford. I think she was a little bit fond of me. Poor Nancy!' And I suppose I may get married too; but I wouldn't utter a word to anybody about what is over and gone; I would only think and think of the dear, dear winter nights when you used to walk with me arm in arm, and both of us dreaming of all kinds of impossibilities, and my heart just beating and throbbing for happiness. And I will never, never part with the locket—I don't care who may object. If ever I marry, I will say this: 'Well, you must take me as I am; and I can't help remembering things.' And I know this, that whatever happens to me, and whether I marry or don't marry, the dearest name in all the world will always be to me—Richard!"

"You speak very freely of the chance of your marrying some one else," said he (though, surely, her artless confession might have been sufficient for the most exacting of lovers), "but I am going to make sure you shall do nothing of the kind, unless you mean to commit bigamy. Is that your little project, Nanciebel?"

"Ah, it's all very well for you to talk with such a light heart, Richard dear," she answered; "but I don't know what is going to happen to-night, nor what you may have to tell me to-morrow."

"Why, what can happen?" he remonstrated. "You don't understand at all, Nancy. You seem to imagine I am going to face a stern parent, who will storm and rave and cut me off with fourpence-halfpenny, and who will get hold of you and lock you up in a cell on bread and water. My goodness! The Mater is just about the gentlest little woman in the world, and you will find that out for yourself some day. And why should you dread what is going to happen to-night? Do you think I am going to ask her permission to marry? Not likely! I hope I am old enough to judge and decide and act for myself. But of course when I tell her that I have judged and decided, and that I mean to act on my own account, I hope she will take it all right. It will be so much more pleasant. Of course I don't wish to annoy her; I wouldn't vex her for the world, and I know I have done nothing to vex her, if she will only listen to reason, and if she will consent to make your acquaintance, for that's where it all lies, Nancy, as I have told you again and again. When she knows you, she will just take you to her heart. And that is what I am going to ask of her to-night, that I may bring you out to Woodend, so that you two may become friends. She must know well enough that it is better for me to marry a good, true-hearted girl than to run the racket that most young fellows do; and where could she find anybody that would make a more affectionate daughter than yourself, Nancy?—for there is that about you, you know—you have a fine capacity for loving—"

"You needn't bring that as a charge against me, Richard!" she interposed, with a pout.

"A charge against you! It is your most adorable quality, Nancy," he said, "so long as you reserve all your loving for me. But I sha'n't quarrel with you if you transfer a little of it to the Mater, who can be very affectionate too, when she likes. Now I must be off, dear, or I shall be late for dinner. To-night I am going to see what can be done. I think everything will go smoothly. And to-morrow, how shall I be able to tell you what has happened? You know I don't like coming here much in the daytime, Nancy, lest people should talk."

"Kate will be back from Evesham to-morrow morning," Nanciebel made answer. "I can get out at any time. Suppose you meet me at the end of the church—by the river; that will be out of the way."

"And at what time, Nancy?"

"Any time you like. Well, say a little after five o'clock in the afternoon; will that suit you, Richard?"

Their long and tender adieux over, he passed through the front premises, and soon he had quitted the gas-lit streets of Stratford town, and was out in the white and silent country. As he strode along the highway he looked up to the palely irradiated heavens, and he repeated aloud (for he was about as deeply steeped in Tennyson as his mother was):

"As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'"

And of course he was the King Cophetua of these modern times, or at least Nancy appeared to think so, though she would hardly have appreciated the allusion to her poor attire, for Nanciebel was one of the most smartly dressed girls in Stratford-on-Avon.

And Tennyson was again and cunningly called into requisition that evening by this young man. When he got home he had just time to dress for dinner—a mark of respect he never failed to pay to his mother; then he gave her his arm and led her into the dining-room, as his father had been wont to do before him. It was a quaint old-fashioned-looking apartment; for Woodend had been originally a farm-house, and when it was changed into an independent residence, they had transformed the big kitchen into a dining-room; so that here were stone floors, partially covered with rugs, and a vast hearth, with brass fire-dogs for the logs of wood, and shelves over the sideboard for a brave display of shining pewter platters. Mr. Richard was somewhat silent during this meal. His mother asked him how he had spent the day; but he could give no clear account of himself. The fact is, this young man was accustomed to haunt the town of Stratford and its neighborhood, on the chance of his getting a glimpse of a certain gray and purple dress—a costume which he could now recognize at a great distance, and which told him that Nanciebel had come forth for a little stroll, perhaps across the fields to Shottery, or over the bridge and along to the Weir Brake. It was wonderful what an amount of conversation these two had to get through, and how all important it was that certain things should be repeated on every occasion on which they met. Or if they did not speak at all, they were still happy enough, for their imaginations were busy with the long lifetime stretching out before them. Then, before entering the town again on their return, they parted (for Stratford, like most other small places, is inclined to gossip); and this separation lasted until the dusk of the winter afternoon came down, and until the lamps were lit, when he could approach the little stationer's shop unobserved. At this time of the year there was not much doing in any of these establishments. In summer, Miss Nancy was kept busy enough with visitors, mostly Americans, who bought photographs of the parish church, of Shakespeare's birthplace, and of the beautiful river view that has been spoiled by the hideous theatre, and who were proud to take away with them as memorials of their visit all sorts of pen-holders, albums, needle-cases, blotting-pads, match-boxes, paper-knives, birthday books, and similar things, each with a little glazed picture of some bit of Stratford or of Warwickshire to tell where it had come from. But in winter Miss Nancy's situation was a sinecure; at any moment she could leave her sister Kate in charge; nay, if Mr. Richard chanced to come in of an evening, and if she was minded to put on her furry jacket and her tall hat, and go for a little stroll with him up and down the walled-in enclosure at the back, even her small brother Jim could take her place, ready to call out "Nancy" if any one happened to come in. Jim played gooseberry to perfection; for he was a studious boy, with a dark love of pirates and cut-throats and equatorial savages; and when he was revelling in bucketfuls of blood he little cared how long his sister Nancy might keep pacing up and down in the crisp snow out there. Mr. Richard supplied him bountifully with his favorite literature, and Jim had eyes and ears for nothing else.

When dinner was over at Woodend, Richard Kingston went to the door and opened it for his mother; but ere she passed out on her way to the drawing-room, he said to her, with his eyes cast down, and with a most unusual hesitation and abashment:

"Mother, I want you to do me a favor—I want you to—to read a page of this book—and—and—to think about it. I have marked it—will you take it now—and read it?"

"Oh yes, Richard, of course, if you wish it," the gentle-faced little woman said, wondering at her son's confusion. Had this been a manuscript poem of his own composition, she could have understood his embarrassment; but the familiar green volume—her beloved Tennyson—why should that cause the boy any perturbation? However, she took away the book with her, and he shut the door after her and returned to the fireplace, to stand there and ponder over what he had done and its possible consequences.

For the page which Mrs. Kingston had been besought to read and consider in this especial manner contained three verses, and the verses were these:

"And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire:
She wished me happy, but she thought
I might have look'd a little higher;
And I was young—too young to wed:
'Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here,' she said:
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

"And down I went to fetch my bride:
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well;
And dews that would have fall'n in tears
I kiss'd away before they fell.

"I watched the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me;
And turning looked upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart."

Would the gentle-eyed and gentle-voiced little widow in the next room understand? Surely the message—the entreaty—was clear enough. Yet he was afraid of his own temerity; and likewise he was afraid that when the time came for explanation he could not tell her all that Nanciebel was to him. When ought he to go and see what impression had been made? Perhaps it would be more prudent to wait until the first surprise was over—until she had had time to see that it was but natural her son should choose for himself a mate.

As he stood considering, the door was opened and his mother appeared. With a sudden sinking of the heart he noticed that her lips were pale and her eyes anxious and concerned. She shut the door behind her and came quickly forward, her gaze fixed intently on his face.

"Richard," she said, in an undertone, "who is she?"

He was startled and frightened.

"At all events," he said, hastily, "you may be sure of this, that she is worthy to be brought into this house and to be received by you as your daughter."

It was a little speech he had prepared beforehand, but now it did not seem to have any effect.

"Who is she, Richard?" the widow again demanded.

He told her.

"A shop-girl!" she said, faintly.

"No, mother, not at all!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "The place belongs to her brother, and she merely looks after it for him. He is very well off—you know Emmet & Marlow—he is a watchmaker himself, and I suppose started this other business for the benefit of his two sisters. But what has that got to do with it, mother? She will cease to have any connection with the shop the moment you say the word. And as for herself, there is not a dearer or better girl in the whole country. I am certain you will be the first to say as much when you get to know her."

"Surely, Richard," the little woman said, in a kind of wistful way, "you might have chosen some one whose family was known to us—who was known to your own friends and relatives. I do not say anything against the girl; it would not be just; but she must herself be aware how strange, how unusual the whole situation is. A clandestine engagement—how came she to consent to that?"

"Mother," said he, taking both her hands in his, "that was all my fault! I ought to have told you long ago; but Nancy was afraid. Can not you understand? Isn't it clear in the poem I asked you to read? Indeed, she was quite in despair; she does not know how gentle and kind and considerate you are; she is terrified at the thought of meeting you; indeed, again and again she has told me that what I wished was an impossibility, and that she would never be the means of bringing about any dissension between you and me. Well, I hope that will never arise—she couldn't bear it; she says she would rather give me up a hundred times over."

The mother looked at her handsome boy.

"Richard," she said, "you know I wish for nothing but your happiness. There is no sacrifice of my own feelings or my own prejudices I wouldn't make if I was sure it would make you happy. But consider. Young men of your age are apt to form such fancies. The girl may be everything you say, and yet—and yet it might prove to be only misery for both her and you in the long-run."

"Mother, I want you to see her," he cried, confident that Nanciebel's soft dark eyes would be sufficient to resolve away all these doubts and fears.

The widow was silent for a moment or two.

"May I bring her to see you, mother?" he entreated.

"Would it be wise, Richard?" she said, in reply. "Would not that be making a family compact—would it not be recognizing as a serious engagement what may after all be a mere passing infatuation? Have patience, my dear child; take time; think what a terrible thing it might be to pledge your whole future, and to find out that you had cause to repent. Your uncle Alexander has often asked you to go out to Shanghai. Well you know how I should grieve to lose you, even for a week or a day; but wouldn't it be wise if you were to go away from Warwickshire for three months or six months, and see whether your mind might not change in the interval? I know what these sudden fancies are worth. They are common to both young men and young women—illusions of the brain—the most uncertain guides. It is for your own sake I speak, dear. You see how I am willing to put aside my own prejudices; it is not because of her station in life that I object; after all, that is not of the first importance. But what surely is of the first importance is that you should know your own minds, that your affection for each other should be tried and found capable of standing the strain of absence. Richard, to please me, will you go out for a few months to Shanghai?"

"Yes, I will, mother," he answered, cheerfully and confidently, "if you ask me after you have come to know Nancy a little. Let that be the first thing; then you will be able to judge and decide. Let me bring her to see you."

The widow hesitated, reluctant; but this handsome lad held her hands in his, and what would she not do for his sake?

"Very well," said she.

He kissed her.

"There is the dearest mother in all the world. Ah, when you and Nancy are friends you won't talk about Shanghai; you'll be as anxious as I am that she should come and live with you at Woodend. What a pleasant companion for you, mother—so kind and light-hearted and loving. I'll tell her, mother. You shall see her to-morrow. And you won't scrutinize her too severely? No, you won't be able when you look at Nanciebel's eyes."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHAPTER II.

A PRESENTATION.

RADIANT, triumphant, with all the light-hearted hope and courage of youth, Richard Kingston went to keep his assignation with Nanciebel. It had snowed heavily all the preceding night and all the morning; but the afternoon had brightened somewhat, and in the western skies there was now a pale glow of saffron, though that was hardly strong enough to tinge the cold white landscape.

When he reached the church even-song was going forward; through the windows he could see the gas-jets all lit up, points of lemon-yellow fire in the dusk; and ever and anon came the soft thunder-roll of the organ and the clear singing of the choir. He walked along to the river-side. The elms overhead were heavily draped with snow, for not a breath of wind was stirring. The dull green surface of the Avon was broken here and there by gray patches of ice floating down with the slow current. On the other side were the flat white meadows, and beyond these again white slopes and heights, with black hedges and trees protruding. The world was quite silent, save for the hushed and slumberous music in the church.

Now, some one had considerately cleared a path from the porch to the side of the stream, so that when Nanciebel came along the deep snow caused no inconvenience either to her skirts or to her neat small ankles. It was a cold and cheerless trysting-place, to be sure; but love's fires burn independently of the weather, and it was not the wintry landscape that was in Miss Nancy's mind.

Nor was it in Mr. Richard's mind, either; for now, and quite suddenly and unexpectedly, he experienced a new emotion—an emotion that caused him no little disquiet. Hitherto, whenever he had caught sight of Nancy his heart had filled with joy; the most distant glimpse of the gray and purple dress and the sable-plumed hat had been like a kiss for sweetness; his eyes lighted up to welcome her. But now, to his amazement and dismay, he found as Nanciebel approached that he was grown anxiously critical. He scrutinized her—her appearance, her expression, her dress, her manner of walking—as if he feared that some objection might be taken. And perhaps she noticed his unusual look, as she timidly gave him her hand. She flushed a little, and when she spoke it was with averted eyes.

"You asked me to meet you, Richard," said she, "and I have come, but not with any kind of expectation. You were too confident. But don't think I shall be annoyed or disappointed; I knew what your mother would say."

Ah, well, the sound of her voice, with its mysterious charm, which could thrill his heart with the simplest phrase—that delightful sound gave him courage again. How could his mother withstand those soft, low, penetrating tones? What mattered it what kind of gloves she wore, what kind of brooch was at her neck, when that tender voice could win its way to the heart, when those soft dark eyes could plead for kindness?

"But you're all wrong, Nancy," said he, with a kind of forced cheerfulness (for it had alarmed him to find that he could scan the appearance of his sweetheart in this critical way). "The Mater wants you to come and see her. It will be all right, as I told you it would. Of course—"

"Of course what, Richard?" she said, seeing he hesitated.

"Well, you can't expect impossibilities, Nancy," said he, vaguely.

"Richard," she said, "why don't you confess the truth? Your mother is surprised and grieved by what you have told her; and although she may have said that you might take me to see her, it was against her will, and only to please you. And you know she will never really consent, though she may formally do so out of her fondness for you. Very well; why should you vex and trouble her any more? I say now what I said yesterday. Let this stop where it is. Let us be friends—true friends—always and always—but nothing more than that. Then we can grieve no one."

"And this is what your affection comes to?" said he, reproachfully. "I thought you loved me, Nancy."

Tears could rise quickly to those dark lashes.

"It is not my fault, Richard," said she. "But everything is against us. I knew your mother would say no."

"But she does not say no!" he exclaimed. "Nothing of the kind. Of course, as I say, you can't expect impossibilities. You can't expect her to be enthusiastic. What woman would be about a proposed daughter-in-law she has never seen? It is but natural for her to have doubts. How can she know how thoroughly you and I understand each other? And it is for your happiness as well as mine that she talks about separation—about the necessity for some considerable time of separation—to see whether we know our own minds. Six months at Shanghai—that's what she proposes for me, Nancy."

"Shanghai!" repeated Nancy, and she looked up with a frightened stare.

"Yes, indeed. And it's you who have to save me from that banishment. It all rests on your shoulders," he continued, more cheerfully. "But I know you will come through the ordeal in triumph. Who could withstand your eyes, Nanciebel? You don't yourself know what a winning fascination they have. And you won't be nervous after the first second; you will see my mother wants to be kind. You remember how the Miller's Daughter was anxious about what dress would please; but you have nothing to fear on that score; you are always as neat and pretty and in good taste as it is possible to be. I wish I could help you, Nanciebel, but I can't; you've got to do it all."

"Richard," said she, a little proudly, "don't you think it is rather—rather unfair—that I should be taken out to Woodend on approval?"

"Well, so it would," he answered her, "if anything of the kind were in contemplation. But it isn't so. You are going out to make the acquaintance of my mother, and you will find her ready to welcome you, be sure of that. Of course," he added, in rather a stammering fashion, "I—I hope you on your side will be—well, conciliatory and nice. You need not take it as if it were a hostile challenge between two women, each anxious to criticise the other. If you go out there determined to make friends, Nancy, it will be all right."

She looked rather blank for a second or two.

"If I go it will be for your sake, Richard," she said; "but what I am most afraid of is that I shall be so terrified as to be able to do nothing. Your mother will think me stiff or ill-mannered or stupid, when I am simply frightened. You see, you are all impetuosity and eagerness; you don't care; you don't consider what an awkward position I shall be in. It is not as if I were being taken out to visit your mother by some acquaintance knowing us both. I am presented to her all of a sudden as some one who proposes to become her daughter-in-law. It's nothing to you; you think it is all right and natural; but it is dreadful for me. I know what she will be thinking—that I am a forward, impertinent minx, without any delicacy of feeling or propriety of conduct."

"Oh yes," he broke in, scornfully, "she is likely to think that of you after she has spoken to you for three minutes! That is precisely your character, Nanciebel; you are so brazen in audacity."

"And when is this fearful thing to be got through, Richard, dear?" asked Nancy, looking down.

"To-morrow afternoon," he said, with ineffable impudence (just as if his mother had made the appointment). "I will bring in the pony-chaise for you, and drive you out."

"But—but where shall I meet you?" she asked again.

"I will come for you," he answered.

"Not into the High Street?" she hinted, timidly.

"Why not?"

"The people would talk," she said, with lowered eyes.

"Let them talk," he answered, boldly. "It is time this hole-and-corner arrangement was done with. I want the whole thing to be recognized now. When they see Miss Nancy Marlow driving out to Woodend I dare say they will talk. So much the better! I am not for half measures."

"No, you never are, Richard," Nancy said, with a bit of a sigh. "And I wonder what will come of it all!"

Nor did she cease to be timorous and apprehensive. It was bad enough that she was going out to Woodend "on approval"; but it was ever so much worse that the neighbors should know it—or guess at it—from the fact of his driving in to the High Street to call for her.

"Don't you think, Richard, dear," said she at last, "it would be better if I met you somewhere a little way out of the town—say, at the railway bridge."

"Then you would have to walk all that way through the snow, Nancy," he pointed out, "and your boots would get wet, or even muddied, if there was a thaw. You see, I want you to be as neat as a new pin, as you always are. Not that I care about such things myself; as long as your heart is warm and loving, what do I mind what dress you wear?"

"I understand," Nancy said at once, with quick perception. "You are quite right, Richard. What would your mother say if I went with bedraggled skirts and soiled boots? Of course, of course, you are quite right; you must come for me; and Jim will see that the pavement is dry."

"Have you any white-rose scent for your handkerchief, Nancy?" he asked. "That is the only scent the Mater seems fond of. No?—then I'll try and get some and send it in to you this evening. Oh, you will make a conquest, be sure!"

"What time to-morrow afternoon, Richard, must I be ready?"

"Four; will that do?"

"Very well; now I must be going back into the town. Four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Oh, dear, I wish it was all over!" said Nanciebel, plaintively.

And perhaps the gentle little widow out there at Woodend had some such thought in her mind when her son told her of this proposed visit on the following day. It is true, she knew what was expected of her. Her rôle had been pointed out to her that evening on which Richard had slipped the green volume into her hand. And indeed she had made up her mind that if the girl on whom he had set his affections seemed to have an amiable disposition and good manners, she would not allow the fact of her having stood behind a counter to influence her mind. So many young men had done worse! And even if there were some little defect here or there, some lack of sensitiveness or refinement, might not that give way to womanly sympathy and guidance? This little woman was prepared to do a good deal for her beloved son. Whom else had she to care for in the world?

And yet, notwithstanding all these kindly and considerate resolves, and notwithstanding the diligent coaching that Nanciebel had received from her sweetheart, it must be confessed that the meeting between the two women on the following afternoon was, especially at first, of the most constrained and ominous kind. Mr. Richard was so proud of the opportunity of showing off the beautiful and precious prize he had won for himself that he hardly heeded; he was eager and talkative, and his volubility seemed in a measure to fill the void of silence that otherwise might have been marked. It is true, he had been disappointed that his mother and his chosen bride did not fall upon each other's neck and weep gentle and sympathetic tears; and he had been surprised to hear the little widow address Nancy as "Miss Marlow;" but he would not admit to himself that there was any coldness on either side. Not at all; he was descanting to his mother on Nancy's general characteristics; indulging in a little sarcasm, even, to give the whole interview a sort of playful and friendly cast; but conclusively proving that Nancy and his mother held precisely the same opinions, and were bound to agree upon every possible subject. Nancy, for example, was a devoted admirer of the late Lord Beaconsfield, and did not fail to wear a primrose on Primrose Day. Nancy believed that the honor of the country was safe in the hands of the Conservative party; and that Radicals, and Socialists, and atheists, and people of that sort, had nothing in view but the destruction of property and the total abolition of law. Nancy was a devout adherent of the Church of England, and considered it unbecoming, if not positively dangerous, for bishops to have any dealings with the Dissenters. Nancy strongly disapproved of women's-right women. Nor was Nancy quite sure about the influence of the School Boards, which she considered apt to draw away the children from their proper and natural guardians and friends, who had always been good to them in times past. Nancy detested the use of cosmetics, and wondered that respectable girls in London could condescend to such practices. As to tight-lacing, Nancy was also sound; who but a fool would want to sing "I'd be a butterfly?" In short, it was Nancy and Nancy and Nancy all the time; why should any one speak of Miss Marlow?

But here a significant little incident occurred, which showed how very differently mother and son viewed this position of affairs. When Nanciebel was ushered into the drawing-room, Mr. Richard insisted on her laying aside her hat and jacket and gloves, so that she should have the appearance of being quite at home; and then he conducted her to a little windowed recess at the top of the room, which his mother used as a boudoir. It was a remarkably snug and cosy apartment; a couch running round three sides of it; shelves of books covering two of the walls; the windows commanding a view of the garden, where thrushes and blackbirds and starlings were hunting about among the snow for the food which the widow was wont to fling abroad with a generous hand. It would have pleased Mr. Richard if his mother and his sweetheart, on entering this secluded little place, had sat down together, perhaps arm-in-arm; but somehow Miss Marlow took her seat on one side, where she remained, looking amiable and attentive if somewhat silent, while Mrs. Kingston, on the couch opposite her, listened to her son's dithyrambics or glanced out upon the wintry garden as she spoke. And what now happened was this: Mr. Richard, having conclusively shown that Miss Marlow's mental and moral qualities, and her opinions on political, religious and social subjects generally, were such as to commend her to any intelligent and reasonable human being, proceeded, in a sort of half-playful and kindly way, to say something of the young lady's appearance. You see, she appeared to be already one of the family. Here she was, in the snug little corner, not with hat and gloves on, as though she were paying a formal call, but as if she had just come down from her own room, to have a little chat before tea was brought in. And thus it was that when Mr. Richard, chancing to talk of the fashion in which his beloved wore her hair, went on to suggest that perhaps it might suit her better to wear it a little higher on her forehead, he quite naturally and unthinkingly crossed over to her and with a light touch or two of his fingers pushed back her hair, so as to invite his mother's opinion. But the reply he received startled him.

"Richard!" the widow exclaimed, in amazed protest: and then all at once he knew how differently his mother and he were regarding this young lady. Not yet was she the daughter of the house, to be treated with familiar little caressings and pettings, she was only a visitor, she was only Miss Marlow, to be treated with decorum and respect. As for poor little Nancy, she was terribly embarrassed. Richard, she knew, should not have taken this liberty, but he had done it almost before she was aware; and indeed it was not until afterwards she bethought her of what Mrs. Kingston might guess from this little incident. Mr. Richard did not try any more experiments with Miss Marlow's hair, or seek to alter the way in which it lay on her forehead. He returned to his seat with an uneasy consciousness that he had made a mistake, and perhaps even compromised Nancy a little; but fortunately at this moment tea was brought in, and that proved to be a welcome distraction.

For, in truth, the widow, critical as she might be of her son's choice, could hardly help sympathizing with the girl in the lonely and embarrassing position in which she was placed; and then again Nancy, though shy and silent, was obviously most anxious to please. Once, indeed, in answer to a question, she said, "Yes, ma'am;" and although Mr. Richard inwardly winced—for the phrase recalled the shop and the counter—his mother did not appear to look on it in that light. Perhaps it was a kind of pathetic confession of humility; perhaps it was a kind of tribute to the widow's dignity; and every one knows how people who are not gifted with any great magnificence of manner are pleased when they think they impress.

Moreover, when, in the general talk that now ensued round the tiny tea-table, there was any possibility of a difference of opinion, Mr. Richard adroitly managed that his mother and Nancy should be on the same side, while he challenged their combined forces from the other. Take the question of Mops, for example. The Mop in Stratford-on-Avon, as in some other old English towns, is a hiring fair at which farm-servants, men and women, come in from the surrounding country to offer their services to master or mistress and for the refreshment of these stout-stomached folks, or any other who may be of a like mind, oxen and pigs are roasted whole in the principal thoroughfares—the hungry yokel paying for a slice off whatever portion of the slow-revolving animal may take his fancy, and carrying the smoking plate into the adjacent public-house, where he can wash down the beef or pork with copious draughts of ale. Now there are those who hold that this roasting of a huge carcass, and the public ladling of gravy, is a brutalizing spectacle; and they would have that feature of the Mop suppressed, even if the other concomitants—the merry-go-rounds, the boxing-booths, the rifle-galleries, and what not—were allowed to remain. This was Mrs. Kingston's opinion, and Mr. Richard cunningly contrived that it should be Nanciebel's also.

"Oh, I think the Old World customs should be preserved," said he, boldly, "so long as they don't involve cruelty to animals, and you don't put an ox to shame by roasting it in public. They talk of asking the magistrates to suppress the Mop altogether; so that I suppose they wouldn't even allow the men and women to come into the town with a bit of straw stuck in their cap, or whatever other symbol it is that tells the farmer what kind of work the applicant wants. Well, I think it is a pity; I think the old ceremonies and customs should be preserved."

"The roasting of these animals in the streets seems to me simply horrid," his mother said.

"Well, I know that is Nancy's opinion, too," he said (Nancy never having uttered a single word to him at any time on the subject), "and I don't wonder she should refuse to go through the streets on the day of the Mop. The smell of the cooking is rather too pronounced. Still, there is no reason why fastidious people like you and Nancy should go near at all. You may keep away. Give the bucolics their holiday in the manner they can enjoy it; roasting animals has always been a sign of rejoicing; it is a testimony—in fact, you can see it only too plainly if you are walking along Chapel Street—that there is fat in the land."

"Don't, Richard!" his mother said, with a piteous expression; and he was quite willing to abandon the controversy, leaving his mother and Nanciebel on the winning side together.

Well, the visit came to an end at last, and Mrs. Kingston bade good-by to Nancy without a word having been said on the subject which was, no doubt, uppermost in both their minds. Nor was there any parting embrace, nor the slightest recognition of the peculiar circumstances that had brought about this interview. None the less was Mr. Richard triumphant as he drove away his chosen bride through the melting snow.

"What do you say now, Nanciebel?" he demanded; "didn't everything go off first-rate?"

"Oh, Richard, I am just dying of shame," she murmured; and she wouldn't look at him.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, in astonishment. "I thought everything went off most satisfactorily; there wasn't a slip or mistake anywhere, unless it was my own, when I took to rearranging your hair. That did stagger the Mater, I admit."

"Richard," said she, "didn't you notice? When you asked me in the hall if I had got my gloves, I said, 'yes, dear.' The next moment I thought I should have sank through the floor with shame and mortification."

"I'm sure I did not notice it," he said.

"But your mother did—I saw her look."

"Very well, then—a good thing, too! Why should she not know the actual relations that exist between us? Now that I think of it, I am not sorry that I raised your hair a little bit on your forehead, and tried the effect of it, as if you already belonged to me. No, I am not sorry. It is better she should know, then she will understand the intimacy of our relationship, and the length of time it has lasted. I have no doubt she thought it was only a passing fancy. That was why she talked of Shanghai. There was no mention of Shanghai this afternoon."

"No, Richard, for she seemed careful not to admit that she understood there was anything between you and me," said Nanciebel, who was a good deal less confident than her lover. "She treated me just like a stranger—but very kindly, I must say that. And—and I am not nearly so afraid of her as I was," Nanciebel added.

"Afraid of her!" he repeated, with a laugh, "why, you two will be the fastest friends in the world within a couple of months from now. I told you she would never be able to resist you. She seemed pleased with you throughout; and you never in your life looked prettier or more winning—that I know."

Nanciebel shook her head.

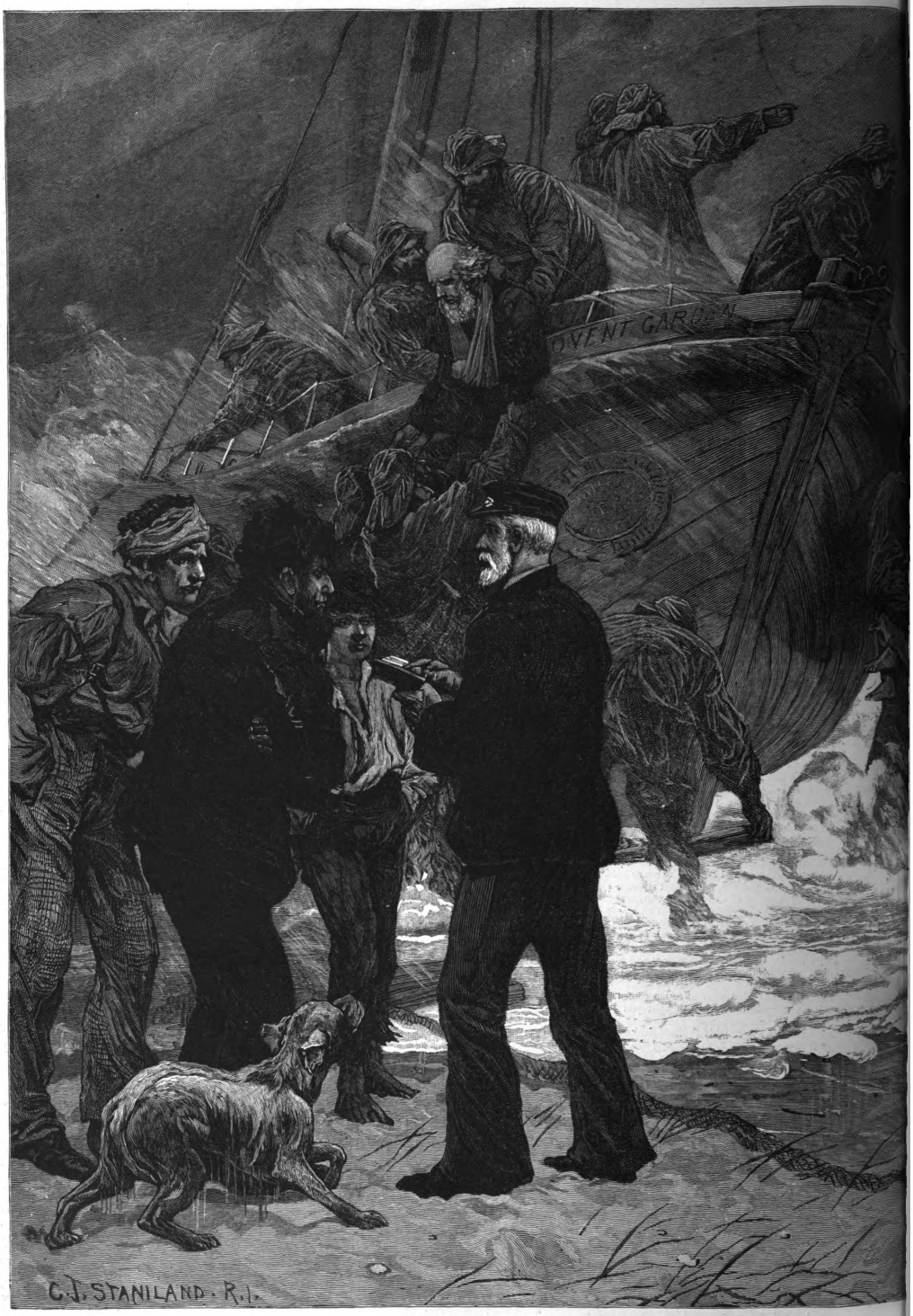
"A woman understands a woman's ways of looking and talking," she said. "If ever she does give her consent, it will be simply and solely for your sake, Richard. She does not like me."

"Nancy!"

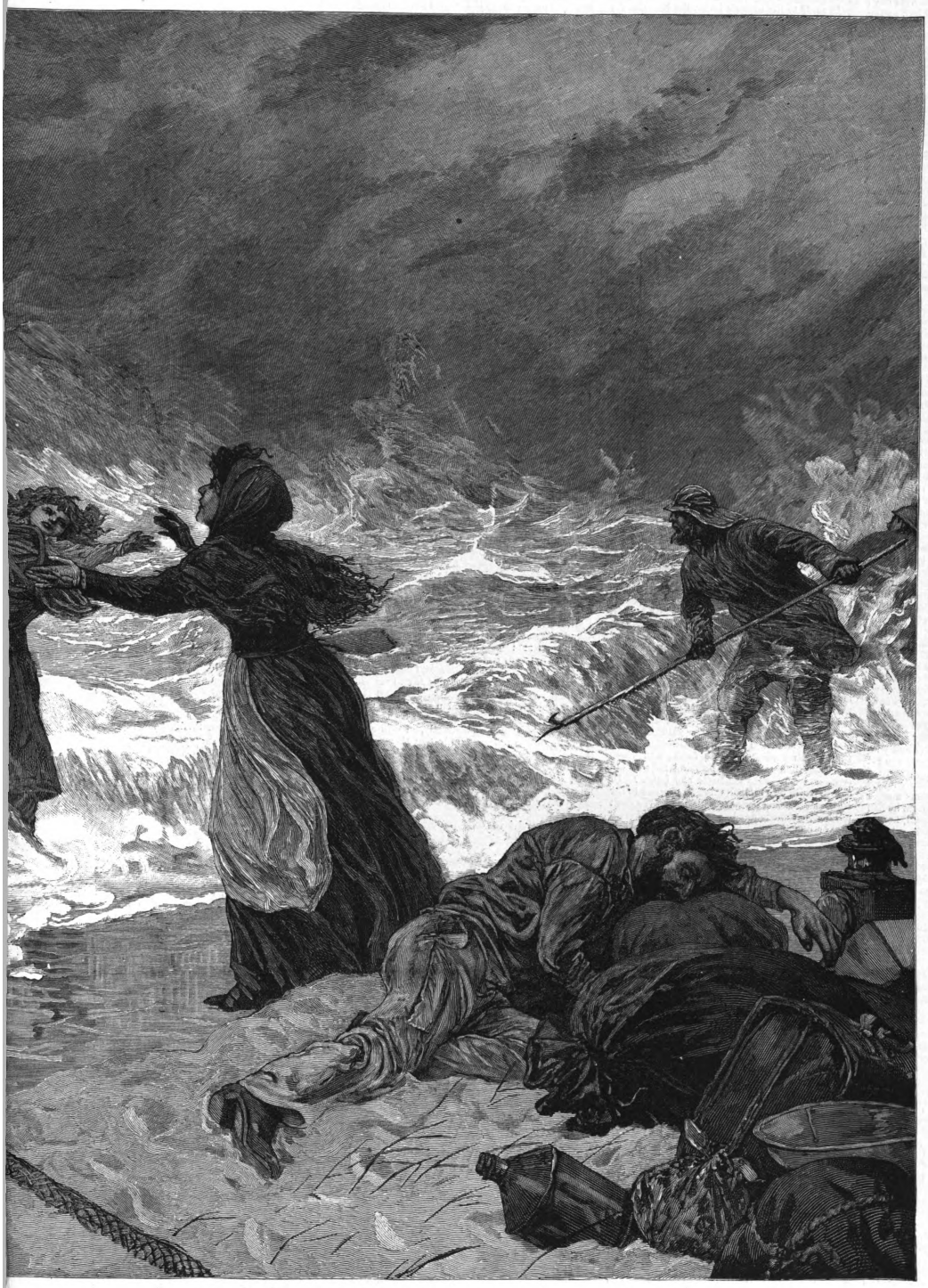
"Ah, but I know," said Nanciebel, doggedly. "I don't suppose she positively hates me, for I gave her no occasion by provoking a quarrel or anything of that kind, but I dare say she is crying at this moment, and wishing, in a sort of way, that I had never been born."

"And you think that is the impression she formed of you, Nancy?" he asked. "I tell you you are too diffident. You don't know your own value. Of course she couldn't say anything—to your face; but wait till I get home this evening, then she will speak; and be sure, when I next see you, I shall be able to tell you something that will banish all those idle fears and surmises. You think you could judge by her expression?

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



M THE WRECK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Well, then, you have made a bad guess, my dear Nancy, as I will prove to you to-morrow."

She was for getting out of the pony-chaise at some point on the Alcester road, so that she might walk into the town on foot; but he would not hear of any such thing; he cared not who might know he had won his bride; he drove through Stratford and along the High Street, and up to her own door. As he bade her good-bye, he said he would call and see her the next day; he expected to have some news to tell her, as the result of this memorable interview.

But as he drove leisurely home through the gathering dusk, he was not quite so confident as he had professed to be while talking to Nanciebel. It was strange that his mother had not kissed the girl in taking leave of her. That would have been sufficient recognition. Her parting little speech to the effect that she hoped Miss Marlow would come and see her again might have been addressed to the merest stranger. As for Nancy's contention, on the other hand, that she could tell that Mrs. Kingston disliked her, and had even the monstrous inhumanity to wish that she were dead—he knew that was all nonsense. However, there would soon be an opportunity for him to learn what had been his mother's thoughts.

During dinner nothing of importance was said with regard to Nanciebel, for old Thomas, who looked after the pony, and kept the garden, and also waited at table, was continually coming and going. But after dinner Mr. Richard went direct with his mother into the drawing-room, and sat down beside her, and took her hand, and smoothed it between his own.

"Now, Mater, what are you going to say to me?"

The little woman hesitated; it was a momentous crisis in her simple and uneventful life.

"What can I say to you, Richard?" she said, rather sadly. "I do not wish to appear unkind or inconsiderate. But you must surely understand how it must be a shock to me to know that I am expected to receive a stranger into our home—"

"A stranger, mother!" he exclaimed. "How long would she be a stranger?"

"And then, my dear boy," continued the mother, in the same absent way, "I have been building up so many forecasts of your future, and this is so entirely different. However, we must do what is right—we must do what is right, whatever it may cost. Much as I should like to see you free from this—this entanglement—I would not have you win your freedom through any dishonorable action. If you have raised hopes in this young woman's heart—if you have pledged your word to her, you must stand by that. I would not have your conscience burdened by the knowledge that you had trifled with her, and cruelly forsaken her, no, not if I was thrice as anxious you should look elsewhere for a wife—"

"Why, I knew you would say that, mother!" he cried, joyfully, though his exultation was in curious contrast with the widow's half-concealed regret. "And then, consider this—if you found her passably agreeable, and pleasant-mannered, and amiable, on a first and formal interview like that, just consider how she will improve, how she will win your regard, on more intimate knowledge. What did you think of her, mother? Weren't you favorably impressed? I'm sure you must have thought she looked so pretty and neat and modest. Did you notice how soft and winning her eyes were? Couldn't you guess what her disposition was like? At all events, she tried hard to please you. I could see it in every look."

"I have no fault to find, Richard," his mother said, but without much of the enthusiasm he had hoped for. "I dare say she is a good, honest girl, and may make you a good wife—if only—if only she had some little instruction—and preparation—"

"Mother, Nancy is the quickest girl in apprehension you ever saw!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I don't know in what you consider her deficient, but I know she would be delighted to learn—and especially from you. Didn't you see how respectful she was to you?" he continued, with insidious flattery. "She would be a most willing pupil. Of course you saw she was shy—that was but natural in a girl of her rage, and in the peculiar circumstances. You could not expect her to have your self-possession and grace of manner; that is something that can only be acquired by long training—but how willingly Nancy would try to learn!"

"It is all so strange to me as yet, Richard," Mrs. Kingston said, at length, "that I hardly know what to do; but in such an important matter I cannot act entirely on my own responsibility. I will write to your uncle Charles. Perhaps he will run up from Bristol."

"Mother!" Mr. Richard protested, with some indignation, "do you want to frighten poor Nancy out of her senses? A family conclave—a jury of strangers to summon the poor girl before them—"

"You cannot call your uncle Charles a stranger," his mother retorted, but without asperity; this alarming thing that had happened had stunned and frightened her rather than made her angry. "Who, after myself, could have your interests more at heart? And I have been thinking, Richard, that if you still persist in this project, or if you are bound in honor to Miss Marlow, then perhaps your uncle Charles would receive her into the vicarage for a while, and let her associate with your girl cousins. A clergyman's house is the best school in the world for any one who wishes to pick up the ways and manners, the little courtesies and politenesses of refined society. And I am sure the separation would be wholesome for both you and her; it would give you time to reflect; it would enable you to test the strength of your regard for each other. Now, Richard, dear, don't ask me to say anything more until I have consulted with your uncle. I am sure that our chief and only consideration will be your happiness."

That silenced him, of course; he could plead and urge no further. But when he thought of his having to communicate this new scheme to Nancy on the next day his heart sunk within him. Poor Nanciebel!

CHAPTER III.

"ADIEU, MY DEAR!"

In reply to the widow's letter, the Rev. Charles Henningham came up from Bristol forthwith; he was not one to underestimate the gravity of such a crisis in the family affairs. He was a small, thin, nervous, pale-faced man, with large, almost feminine eyes, and with a manner as gentle and delicate as that of his sister. Like her, too, in this particular instance, he never for a moment thought of repudiating the obligations under which his nephew Richard had placed himself—not at all; if the young man had pledged his word to an honest and honorable girl, he must stand by it, and his family must simply try to do the best in the circumstances.

Mr. Richard was not at home when his uncle arrived, so that there was a little preliminary conversation between brother and sister—of course, about Nanciebel.

"I presume, Cecilia," said the nervous little clergyman, in his softly modulated tones, "that she has none of the accomplishments one would naturally wish Richard's wife to have?"

"Indeed, I never thought of questioning Richard on that point," Mrs. Kingston said. "For I supposed she would merely have the ordinary education of one in her sphere of life. Of course she can read and write and figure up accounts; but beyond that, what? Not that I put much value myself on young-lady accomplishments. A girl can get on very well without Italian and French and German and music, if she has a good manner, and can write a clever letter, and play lawn-tennis. But really this girl on whom Richard has set his heart has no manner at all; that afternoon she was here, she had absolutely nothing to say for herself. And you know how popular Richard is, Charles; his good looks and high spirits stand him in good stead everywhere; and to think of his being joined for life to this—this—well, I will say nothing against her—but I cannot help regarding it as a cruel misfortune."

"We must make the best of it, Cecilia," said the clergyman, with chastened resignation; "and you may count on me to do what I can. If you think she would gain any improvement by coming to the vicarage for a few months—or even for a year, if you consider a lengthened period of separation advisable—I shall be glad to take her, and she might join Gertrude and Laura in their studies, as far as that is practicable. You say she appears amiable and sincere, and I am sure if there was any objectionable feature in her character she would not have been Richard's choice."

"It would be the greatest kindness, Charles," the widow said, with obvious gratitude. "It might not be practicable for her to join your girls in their studies—they are too far advanced—and it would be too late in the day for her to begin music now; but she might practise her handwriting until she acquired a good style, and they might teach her lawn-tennis. But, above all, what I should hope for is her gaining a little more self-confidence and frankness—familiarity with good manners—and so forth; and where could she find two more charming girls to observe and copy than Gertrude and Laura? Of course it will be a difficult thing to propose to her without wounding her susceptibilities. We can't tell her that she is ill-educated, or gawky in manner, or unacquainted with the ways and politenesses of a well-bred family; it will be easier to point out the necessity for some period of separation, as a test of their regard for each other. And I hope she will understand that it is done in kindness; for, after all, if she is to be Richard's wife, I trust she will bear no grudge against any one of us."

"She would be a very ungrateful young woman if she did," said the clergyman, with unusual severity, "considering the very great sacrifices we are all of us prepared to make for her."

And what did Nanciebel say to this scheme when it was laid before her? It was Mr. Richard who communicated it to her. On the day following his uncle's arrival, he called in at the shop in the High Street, and asked Nancy to come for a stroll with him; and, as her sister Kate was there, she consented; and the two of them walked along Chapel Street and Church Street without the slightest pretence of concealment. The temporary thaw had been succeeded by hard frost; the snow again lay crisp and clear; while the roads glittered with broken ice in the cart-ruts. There was a blue sky overhead; it was a bright, inspiriting morning; these young folks had no thought of the cold. They passed the church; they went down by the mill; they ascended the slippery steps of the footbridge, and there, leaning on the rail, they paused to look at the sluggish green river, or at the wide white snow landscape all shining in the sun. And here it was that he told her what his mother and uncle proposed should be done.

"Oh, Richard," she said, when his tale was finished, "that is as bad as your going to Shanghai!"

"Well, it is not, Nanciebel!" he made answer. "For I should be allowed to go down and see you from time to time; and it is easier sending messages, or birthday presents, or things of that kind, between Stratford and Bristol than between Stratford and Shanghai. But the great difference is this: my uncle Charles, with whom you would be staying, is one of the gentlest and kindest of men, whereas my uncle in China, from what I can remember of him, is one of the most fiery and ill-tempered—a regular pepper-caster. You see, both the Mater and I have grievously offended him. He has been talking for ever so long back of retiring—he has made a large fortune; and he has always been anxious that I should go out and become a junior member of the firm; I suppose he could make that one of his conditions. Well, you know, the Mater wanted me at home; and besides I have no turn for business; and at home I have stayed. I dare say he considers us a couple of fools. But if I were to go out to Shanghai, and if he were to discover that I hadn't come with any intention of studying Pekoe and Souchong, but only to be kept away for a while from a too fascinating young lady in Warwickshire, then there would be an explosion! I should have a remarkably lively time of it during that six months! Whereas you, Nanciebel, you will be with the very nicest people you could wish for; and they will be very kind to you, for my mother's sake; and I will write to you every day—that is to say, if I am only allowed to send you one letter a week, that can't prevent my writing every day, and sending you the whole budget on Saturday. Do you see, Nanciebel?"

"Well, I don't understand yet, Richard," said Nanciebel, gazing mournfully at the green river, with its slow-moving patches of ice, "I don't understand why they should want us to be separated, unless it is in the hope of the separation being forever."

"How can you say that, Nancy?" he protested. "Why, isn't it on the distinct understanding that you are to be my wife that the Mater has made this proposal, and that my uncle asks you to make his house your home? Would they take all this trouble for nothing? Then there's another thing, Nanciebel. If I were dealing with a stern and truculent parent, threatening and bullying, I might be tempted to show fight; I should probably say, 'I have chosen my wife, and stamping and roaring won't alter the fact. You say you will cut me off with a shilling? well, go and do it, and be hanged to you!' But you know, Nancy, you couldn't use language like that to such a gentle creature as the Mater; and as for cutting me off with a shilling, no one threatens to do that, for the simple reason that no one has the power; when I am twenty-five, some eighteen months hence, I come into my little money, and am my own master. So that in the mean time, Nanciebel, why should you grumble over our being separated for a while?"

"It seems to me, Richard," said Nanciebel, with a pout, "that you take this separation very easily. I believe you are glad to get rid of me."

"Oh yes, certainly," said he, sidling closer to her as they leaned over the rail of the bridge. "That is extremely probable. Have you made any other discovery, Nancy?"

"Well, how would you like it yourself?" she asked, abruptly. "How would you like to be taken away from your own family—as if they weren't good enough for you to associate with—and sent to live among strangers?"

"If you mean being sent to live at Holiwell Vicarage, I should like it amazingly," said he, with a jovial air. "My cousins are awfully nice girls—and extremely pretty, too. I shouldn't object, not in the least!"

She moved away from him, and remained silent.

"Come now, Nanciebel," he said, following her, "don't be sulky. Tell me I may say to my mother that you will consider this scheme, and that if your brother has no objection you will do what she wants."

"No," said Nanciebel, distinctly, "I refuse. I am not going to tell my family that they are no longer good enough for me. I refuse! that is my answer. You can go down to Bristol, if you like; if you prefer your cousins to me you are welcome!"

"I never said anything of the kind," he exclaimed.

"You did, and you said you would be glad to be rid of me—"

"Nancy!"

"It is mean of you—downright mean of you," she said, in indignant tones, "to deny having said certain things simply because you did not use such and such words. What you intended to say is quite enough for me—thank you! And I have had enough—all the way round. I wish to have done with such treatment, once for all. I am going home."

She moved proudly away; but he accompanied her. Then she stood stock-still.

"I wish to go alone," she said, with firm lips.

"I sha'n't allow you," he said (not dreaming there was anything serious in the wind). "I know better than you what is good for you, Nancy; I am going back with you."

She remained undecided for a moment—vexed, and mortified, and helpless. Then she said, slowly and bitterly,

"I have often heard that one may be born in the position of a gentleman without having the manners or feelings of a gentleman, but I had never seen it before. I should have thought that a gentleman would respect my wish."

"No, no, Nanciebel," said he, shaking his head, "the tragedy-queen does not become you. You're not tall enough, not fierce enough. Are you going to give me your hand?"

An implacable determination was on her mouth.

"I wish to pass," said she, stiffly (though he was not barring the way at all). "And I wish to go back home alone."

Then quick as flame his mood changed.

"Oh, go home alone, then!" he said, with frowning brows; and the next moment he had turned from her and was striding eastward along the bridge, leaving Nanciebel to get down the slippery steps and make her way home as she pleased.

As for him, he struck off through the snow-covered meadows, caring little whither he went, but vowing vengeance all the time. She was too unreasonable! He would suffer this kind of thing no longer. Here were both his mother and his uncle doing everything they could think of for her—not spurning her and refusing to receive her into the family, as many would have done, but laying thoughtful and kindly plans and schemes to assure her a happy future; and she must needs break out into a fit of temper, and flatly decline to accept their good offices. It was too outrageously unreasonable! He would teach her a lesson this time. She would have to come humbly to him, and promise amendment, before he would permit of any reconciliation. Nanciebel would find out that he was not to be trifled with.

Alas! for those brave resolutions: the first thing he saw on returning to Woodend was a small packet, addressed to himself, lying on the hall table. He opened it, hurriedly and anxiously, for he had recognized the handwriting. Here were a bundle of letters, and one or two tiny packages carefully wrapped up; likewise the following note:

"RICHARD,—*I return you your letters, and also the presents you have given me. Good-by.*

"NANCY."

He stared, in alarm and bewilderment. Did she mean it? Had she taken mortal offence because of the imagined slight to her family—a slight that he ought to have explained away? Perhaps she had consulted her elder brother before taking this serious step! And then (with a jump of the heart) he observed that before the word "*letters*" in the above note she had originally written "*dear*," but had scored that out. The obliteration had been done but lightly; perhaps she had meant him to see the little adjective, after all? He was not so angry with Nanciebel now. It was her love that had dictated that little word of four letters, if it was her pride that had compelled her to score it out again.

Toward dusk, on the same afternoon, Mr. Richard again made his appearance in the High Street. Nanciebel blushed furiously when he entered the shop; there was a curious look in her eyes, moreover; his heart smote him—he guessed she had been crying.

"I want to speak to you, Nancy," he said, in a grave voice.

Her sister Kate was behind the counter, busy with her needle; so, without more ado, Nancy drew a shawl round her shoulders, and passed into the back garden, leaving the door open. He was at her side in a second.

"Will you take back the letters, Nancy?" said he, rather hesitatingly, for he knew not in what mood she might be. "You cannot mean what you say. It isn't all over between us because—because of a quarrel. And I'm sure I had no intention of saying or hinting that your family were not good enough for you to associate with—no such intention in the world."

"Oh, Richard," she suddenly said, in a voice full of pathetic appeal, "do be good to me! It quite breaks my heart when there is anything wrong between you and me! I will do what you want. I will do everything your mother wishes, only—only—be kind to me, Richard!"

The next instant his hands were clasped round her soft dark hair; her eyes were upturned to his.

"Why aren't you always like this, Nancy?" he said.

"Because you won't let me," she said, plaintively. "But don't begin again, Richard! Have you—have you brought the letters—and the locket, and the other things?"

He took the little package from his pocket and handed it to her; she furtively kissed it ere transferring it to her own.

"So you will go to Bristol, Nanciebel?"

"Yes, dear," she said, looking down again.

"And do you imagine I don't understand what you are thinking—or dreading? And, of course, I sympathize with you all the same, even if I know your fears are groundless. Why, they will be as kind to you as it is possible for you to wish! It isn't as if you were going as a governess into a strange house, where the daughters might bully you, and the servants try to snub you; you are going to a home—to be received as my future wife; and the chief points of education that the Mater seems to have in view are lawn-tennis and the way of dressing your hair—though I fancy you could give Gerty and Laura a lesson in that, rather than they you. It seems to me that it will be simply a holiday for you—a long holiday—"

"Yes, Richard, long—how long?" she interposed.

"They are talking about a year," he answered, evasively.

"Ah, well," she responded, with a submissive sigh, "I suppose, if I have promised to do everything your mother wishes, there is no more to be said. But it will be dreadful, Richard—never seeing you. I shall lose heart, I know. I have heard of people pining and moping until they fell into an illness; well, if that should happen to me, perhaps I shall not be sorry. I have only been in the way—and a cause of trouble. But if anything were to happen to me—when I was far from my friends, and from you, and from any one I cared for—I should have the consolation of knowing that I had done everything that had been asked of me; and I suppose your mother and your uncle would have no ill-feeling toward me then; and you—you wouldn't quite forget Nanciebel—sometimes you would remember—"

There was a sob in the dark.

"Come, come, Nancy," said he, soothingly, "you needn't have any such apprehensions. And you are not going to be left all alone like that. I shall stipulate for being allowed to go down and see you once at least in every two months—they talked of three months—"

"Couldn't it be every month, Richard?" she pleaded.

"Nanciebel," said he, "you'd begin to think me a nuisance. Why, you'll be so busy with your amusements and excursions, and all the charitable work connected with the vicarage, that you'd resent my coming bothering you so often. However, that can all be arranged afterward. You will find the Mater most considerate; she will agree to anything you ask; and don't imagine you are going to banishment or imprisonment—

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

but to have a long and pleasant holiday, in a nice house, among the most friendly people in the world."

That night at dinner Mr. Richard informed his mother and his uncle that Miss Marlow had given her consent to the scheme which had been placed before her, and pathetically tried to draw from them some expression of sympathy or approval. But the widow received the news with a grave reserve; perhaps in her secret heart she had been wondering whether Nanciebel might not definitely refuse, and so prepare the way for a rupture of the engagement.

"I hope it will turn out well, Richard," the mild-voiced clergyman said, "and I am sure myself and the girls will do what we can to make the young lady feel at home. We must simply agree to regard her as already one of the family. But sometimes I wonder what your uncle Alexander will say when he comes to hear of it."

"My uncle Alexander," said Mr. Richard, with some independence, "seems to think he owns me, simply because he happens to have been my father's brother. But I do not see that I am so much beholden to him. I hardly know him, to begin with; and he has done nothing for me—except to make offers he must have known I could not accept."

"He might do a great deal for you," the widow said. "He has made a large fortune—"

"Yes, but of course he'll leave it all to that girl, his step-daughter. She is the only one who has any claim on him. I don't consider I should look to him for anything."

"Well, you needn't," his mother said, sadly, "after he hears of what has now taken place."

"What I look to him for," said Mr. Richard, with some firmness (for well he knew what view the irascible old gentleman out in Shanghai would take of this matter), "is to mind his own affairs, and not to interfere where he is not wanted. He writes about me," he continued, addressing his uncle, "as if I were a little child, and as if the Mater were a nursery governess neglecting her duty. Well, I won't have it. He hasn't acquired the right to intermeddle."

"He has been most kind and thoughtful," Mrs. Kingston pleaded. "If his remonstrances were sometimes couched in plain language, surely, my dear boy, you must have known what his intentions were. Again and again he has offered to give you a place in the firm; and if I have been selfish enough to ask you to relinquish these chances, and to stay at home with me, it hasn't been always with a good conscience."

"Well, well, mother," her son replied, "it is no use talking about that now. I am not going out to Shanghai. And I don't want any of Uncle Alexander's money; let it go to my cousin, who is not my cousin—Florence her name is, isn't it?"

Now the Rev. Mr. Henningham had to return to Bristol the next day; but it was hardly to be expected that Nanciebel could accompany him on such short notice. She would wish to say good-by to her friends and relatives; moreover, her wardrobe might require looking after, seeing that she was to be away for so long; and Mrs. Kingston undertook that the young lady should arrive at Holiwell Vicarage fully equipped. Nanciebel had again been persuaded to pay an afternoon visit to Woodend; and although she was quite as shy, and nearly as silent, as on the previous occasion, nevertheless her neat appearance and becoming modesty made a favorable impression on the clergyman, while Mrs. Kingston, now fully recognizing the course of events as inevitable, made less constrained advances toward friendliness and intimacy. Mr. Richard seemed highly pleased with the result of this interview. It all seemed settled now. And Nancy no longer appeared to be afraid. That period of banishment was not to be so dreadful, after all.

In the mean time Uncle Charles had nobly undertaken the duty of calling upon Nanciebel's elder brother, in order to explain to him the position of affairs, and what were their plans for the future. It was a most delicate and invidious task. For when two young people become engaged, their friends and acquaintances—and even the world at large—charitably and amiably assume that the young lady has had nothing whatever to do with bringing about this result; it is the young man who is solely and wholly responsible. Accordingly the question remained as to how Nanciebel's brother would regard this spiriting away of his sister. Doubtless he would assume that *she* was innocent of any preliminary flirtation; she had not replied to stolen glances, or let her hand part reluctantly from his, or indulged in any sort of sly and innocent coquetry. No, no. She had been pursued with attentions; flattered, coaxed; finally, out of her generous good-nature, she had given consent—to the young man who was answerable for the whole affair. As the good clergyman made his way to the shop of Emmett & Marlow, watchmakers and silversmiths, he became a little anxious. If young Marlow had taken that stationer's business chiefly as a means of providing employment for his sisters, he might be willing enough to have the maintenance of one of the girls taken off his hands. If, on the contrary, he had embarked in the enterprise as a speculation on his own account, he might object to have his manageress carried off in this peremptory fashion. Much would depend on his personal disposition; and Mr. Henningham, who was a peaceable and timid little man, hoped at least that young Marlow would not turn out to be a fierce and angry Radical, indignant at the thought of his sister being borne away in captivity in order to become the bride of a scion of the so-called upper classes.

Mr. Henningham was speedily reassured. Nanciebel's brother he found to be a respectable, quiet-mannered, sensible young man, who spoke with equal intelligence and frankness.

"No, sir," he said, respectfully, to the clergyman; "I did not like your nephew coming about the place at all. I would have stopped it if I had known in time. I think Nancy ought to marry in her own circle. However, I suppose it is no use talking about that now. Well, I think your proposal is very generous, and I see good reasons for it; the only thing is, that you must allow me to pay for my sister's board."

"My dear sir," said the clergyman, blandly, "I hope you will not raise the question. I think both Mrs. Kingston and myself would prefer to regard your sister as already one of the family."

The young man flushed.

"Oh, I can't have Nancy go anywhere as a beggar," said he, but without rudeness. "Once she is married, it will be different."

"We will waive the point at present, then," said Mr. Henningham, who was extremely pleased to have got over this awkward interview so easily; and, as he was going away, he was good enough to say: "And, of course, you understand that while we consider this period of separation a wholesome thing as between those young people, we have no wish to restrict Miss Marlow's full and free intercourse with her own relatives; and if her sister or yourself were at any time anywhere near Bristol, I should be only too pleased to see you at Holiwell Vicarage."

Uncle Charles went away down again into Somersetshire, to tell his daughters whom they were to expect. Then a week or two went by, during which Nanciebel was preparing for her departure. Then came the night of farewell (for she was going off by train next morning), and Nancy and her lover were, as on many a previous occasion, strolling arm in arm up and down the little tiled court-yard.

"Life is so much harder in reality," Nanciebel was saying, in rather a sad way, "than it is in things you read of in books. I thought it was kind of your mother to give me *Tennyson's Poems* yesterday, Richard. She told me how it was you asked for her consent, and how she couldn't refuse; and when I came home I read the poem all over again. But everything went so easily for the Miller's daughter. A single interview with the young man's mother—that was all. There was no talk of sending her away from her friends—to live with strangers—perhaps for a whole year. You say they are not strangers, Richard dear; and, of course, they are not to you; but they are to me. And the life will be strange. I know I shall feel dreadfully lonely. I shall spend half the night crying."

"No, no, no, Nanciebel!" he said. "You don't know what you are talking about. It will be a far pleasanter life for you than your present one."

"Without you, Richard?" she said, reproachfully.

"I am talking of the average circumstances," said he—perhaps conscious that he was an exceptional one. "You will have the fun that my cousins have, with nothing of their hard drill. While they are grinding away at Latin and French and German, you will have nothing but English literature to get up; and while they are hammering at fugues and sonatas, you will only have to practise your handwriting—and you can do that by writing to me. There will be no lawn-tennis as yet, of course; but you can play battledoor and shuttlecock in the hall; and you will be expected to take part in entertainments for the instruction and amusement of the villagers; and won't that develop your self-confidence, Nanciebel?"

"I am sure Bristol must be a dreadful place to live in," said Nancy, with a sigh.

"Why, it is one of the most beautiful towns in England!" he protested. "Of course you will be living a little way out in the country. But wait till I come to see you; I will take you into the town, and show you the College Green, and the Whiteladies' Road, and Durdham Down, and Clifton Down, and the Suspension-Bridge, and the steep banks of the Avon all hanging in foliage. Why, it is a beautiful neighborhood—not flat and tame like this, but with plenty of heights and cliffs, and open spaces covered with hawthorn in the spring. Oh, I can tell you Bristol is a most picturesque place!"

"What do I care about that?" said Nanciebel, as if in echo of "What's this dull town to me?" And then she continued, "Richard, I have got a little pocket almanac, and I am going to mark with red ink all the dates fixed for your coming to Bristol; and every night, before going to bed, I will score out the day that has passed and say, 'There's another day of misery got over!'"

"And mind this, Nancy," he said; "though we have promised to send each other a letter only once a fortnight, that does not prevent you writing every day in the week, and keeping the sheets until the proper time has come. I am sure I mean to do that; as I told you before, it will be a kind of diary: and you must tell me everything you are thinking, so that I may be certain I know exactly the truth. Oh, I don't say you may not find it a little lonely at first. You will be thinking of the pleasant evenings we have spent here, or the morning strolls out to the Weir Brake; but then, dearest, think of the necessity for the absence, and of all the greater happiness in store for us. There are very few engaged young people who have everything planned out so satisfactorily for them—friends approving, all the circumstances propitious—and what is a little waiting?"

"Ah, it is all very well for you, Richard!" she said; "you are a man, and you are high-spirited and careless. But I shall feel so lonely, and—and there will be nobody to be good to me," confessed Nanciebel, artlessly.

"You wait till I come down," said he, "and see if I don't make up for lost time."

And still more sad of heart was poor Nancy at the station on the following morning. She hardly spoke. Mr. Richard got her a *coupé*, and bribed the guard to keep it for her; she did not seem to care. Her elder brother was here to see her away, but he did not pay much attention to his sister; there were one or two acquaintances of his on the platform, and there was a Parliamentary election somewhere in the neighborhood that seemed to interest them. As the time drew near, Nanciebel grew more and more dejected. She answered her lover's remarks in monosyllables chiefly, for her lips were tremulous, and she dared not trust herself. At last she had to get into the carriage. He kissed her; she took leave of him without a word, only pressing his hand; and the last he saw of her were her tear-filled eyes piteously and longingly regarding him. Then long after the train had left the station there was a flutter of a small white handkerchief from a carriage window, and that again disappeared at a curve in the line. Nanciebel was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PABLO SARASATE AND THE FIDDLE FAMILY.

THE oldest instrument used with a bow in Europe of which there is anything positive is the rebec; this is identical with the German "geige," and English fiddle, and thus the direct progenitor of the viol and violin. The outline of the rebec is something like the mandolin; the player either rested it between the chin and collar-bone, or against the breast, and bowed it like the violin. The bow used with the rebec had the form of the weapon after which it is named, with a cord or string tied from one end to the other. The rebec having a powerful tone made it useful in the mediæval orchestra, Henry the Eighth employing it in his state band. Shakespeare's musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* were no doubt rebec players. About the thirteenth century an improved instrument appeared in the south of Europe, concurrently with that remarkable musical and literary movement which is associated with the troubadours. This instrument was called "viole" or vielle; a better name is that of guitar-fiddle. The guitar-fiddle, intended to accompany the voice, was larger than its predecessors, increased size being made possible by giving it a waist, so that the bow could reach the strings; their use prepared a great advance in the art of fiddle making. The violin model differs from the viol in having shallower sides, an arched instead of flat back, and square shoulders. The honor of the invention of this model belongs to Italy, where it made its appearance about the middle of the sixteenth century. One of the earliest makers was Gaspar di Salo, probably born at Salo, a small town on the lake of Garda, the exact date not being known. He is supposed to have worked in Brescia in the latter years of the sixteenth and earlier ones of the seventeenth centuries. He was one of the earliest makers of stringed instruments who employed the model of the violin as distinguished from the pattern of the viol. His violins, however, are mostly of a small size, and therefore not in request for modern practical use; but as a maker of tenors (viola) and double basses Di Salo has never had an equal, and his instruments of these classes are eagerly sought after and highly prized.

The town of Cremona, in Lombardy, on the river Po, was for the space of two centuries, from about 1550 to 1750, the seat of the famous Cremona school of violin makers. There it was that the last step in the art of violin making was made which led to that point of perfection from which no further progress has been found possible. The family of Amati, who lived and worked in Cremona, are generally held to be the founders of the Cremona school. Andrea, the eldest of the family, was born somewhere between 1520–25, and although his instruments differ in shape from the earlier Brescian masters, he is probably a direct pupil of Di Salo and Maggini. Nicolo Amati, grandson of Andrea, born September 3, 1596, and died August 12, 1684, was the last and also the most eminent of the Amati family. As a rule, he too worked after a small model, but he also made some larger violins—the so-called "Grand Amatis"—which are particularly highly prized, and a great number of beautiful tenors and violoncellos. It was left, however, to another generation of makers—his great pupils Andreas Guarneri and the still greater Antonio Stradivari—to combine all the qualities and fix upon a model which, after a century and a half of existence, has proved itself incapable of even the most trifling improvement. Antonio Stradivari, or Antonius Stradivarius, was born in 1649 or 1650. The name takes us back to the Middle Ages, being the plural of *stradivare*, a tollman, or *donanier*, a feudal official who was posted on the *strada*, or high-road, to exact dues of travellers. Whether Antonio was a native of Cremona is doubtful, as the registers of the thirty-seven parishes of Cremona have been searched in vain for evidence of his birth or baptism there. From 1667–79 he worked in the workshop of the veteran Nicolo Amati, when, the latter retiring from business, Antonio set up for himself. He carried on his trade for over fifty years in the house he purchased at No. 1 Piazza Roma, where he died in 1737, leaving after him an imperishable name as the greatest of musical artisans who have ever lived. A genuine "Strad" is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." They command enormous prices, and lately one is said to have sold for ten thousand dollars.

Andreas Guarneri, the first of the other family, stood side by side with Stradivari in the workshop of Nicolo Amati, and, like Stradivari, developed out of his master's model an entirely original style. The greatest of the Guarneri was Joseph del Gésu, so called from the I. H. S. which he added to his name on his tickets, born 1683, and died 1745. He revived the bold and rugged outline and the masterly carelessness, and with it the massive build and powerful tone, of the earlier Brescian masters. The great tone-producing powers of the "Joseph" were very early known, but most players preferred the softer quality of the Amati and the Stradivarius violin, until the present century, when Paganini's marvellous performances on an unusually fine "Joseph" sent up their value threefold in the market. Preceding Antonio Stradivari and Joseph del Gésu, lived and worked Jacob Stainer, born July 14, 1621, at Absam, a village near Hall, about a mile from Innsbrück Tyrol, and died insane, chained to his bench, in 1683, just the year Joseph del Gésu first saw the light of day. Originally an organ-builder, he found this too laborious, and was finally apprenticed to a lute maker in Innsbrück. It is said that in the course of his travels he drifted into Italy, and worked under Nicolo or Antonio Amati. This is likely, as he was the first to introduce into Germany those Italian principles of construction which are the secret of sonority. Tradition says that Stainer would walk through the forests with a sledge-hammer, with which he struck the stems of the trees to test their resonance; and at the falling of timber on the mountain slopes Stainer would station himself at some spot where he could hear the note yielded by the tree as it rebounded from the mountain-side. The secret of Stainer's success is easily understood on opening one of his make. Then it will be found that all the component parts of the instrument were copied *in toto* from the Cremona school, and although his place in the history of German fiddle making is strongly marked and well deserved, he in no sense of the word originated a model or style, but was rather a highly skilful and artistic workman. It belongs to Italy not only to have perfected the ancient stringed instruments into the violin, but through her artists to have originated the great art of violin playing.

Arcangelo Corelli, the first among Italy's sons to win renown as violinist and composer for instruments of the viol class, was born at Fusignano, Imola, in 1653. He appears to have travelled throughout Europe, staying for some time at Munich, attached to the court of the Elector of Bavaria. In 1681 he returned to Italy, and settled at Rome, where he published his first work, a set of twelve sonatas. He soon made a great reputation, and won the favor of Cardinal Pietro Ottoboni, living in his palace up to the day of his death (January 18, 1713), conducting there the concerts which took place every Monday, then considered the most interesting events in Roman musical life. Corelli has a double claim to a prominent place in the history of music—as a great violinist he laid a firm foundation for all future development of technique and of a pure style of playing, and as a composer he materially advanced the progress of composition. Indeed, Corelli and Luigi Boccherini, born at Lucca, June 14, 1740, and who afterward moved to Spain, dying at Madrid, May 28, 1805, may rightly be considered the fathers of the chamber music of the present day. Guiseppe Tartini, born at Pirano, a town in Istria, April 12, 1692, was legitimately the successor of Corelli, both as player and composer, representing in both respects the next step in the development of the art. The one, to which Corelli belongs, gifted with an unerring sense of artistic purity, the strongest feeling for simplicity, beauty of form and sound—with pathos, dignity, and gracefulness their chief means of expression; the other, represented in Tartini, while sharing all the great qualities of the former, added to them that Southern fire of passion and emotion which carries everything before it.

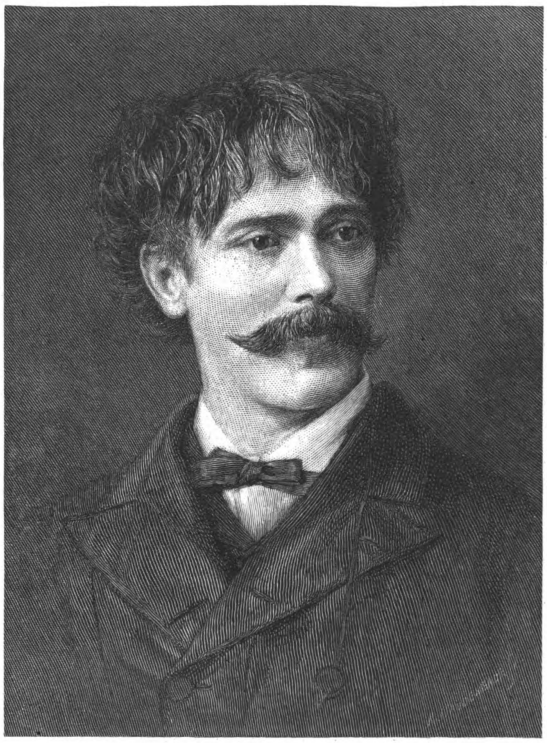
One of the greatest of violinists of all ages, and the last great representative of the classical Italian school, was Giovanni Battista Viotti, born March 23, 1753, at Fontanetto, a village in Piedmont. He learned music first with his father, a blacksmith, and from an itinerant musician named Giovannini. In 1766 a bishop, struck by the boy's cleverness, sent him to Turin, where Prince Pozzo de la Cisterna placed him under Pugnani, a pupil of Tartini's. In 1780 he travelled with his master throughout Germany, Poland, Russia, and England, meeting with enormous success everywhere. From London he went to Paris, making his first appearance there, at the Concert Spirituel, in 1782. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Viotti was the manager of the Italian opera, but the political convulsion of those momentous days brought ruin to Viotti, and he left Paris for London, where he for some time set up as a wine merchant. He renewed, too, his former successes as violinist, but owing probably to the circumstance that he had some personal dealings with the Duc d'Orleans (Philippe Égalité), Viotti fell under suspicion, and was advised to leave England. He returned there, however, and died in London, March 10, 1824. His style of playing kept in mind the noble pathos of his great school, treating his instrument, above all, as a singing voice, and keeping strictly within its natural resources. As a composer, he was among the first to apply the extended modern sonata form to the violin concerto, and to avail himself of the resources of the modern orchestra in his orchestral accompaniments. We owe partly to Viotti the perfected Tourté bow, without which the great technique attained upon the violin would be impossible. François Tourté, the most famous of violin bow makers, was born in Paris in 1747, and died there in 1835. He came of a family of bow makers, but originally became a watchmaker. The great dexterity and lightness of hand which he acquired making watches stood him in good stead when he finally became a bow maker. Under his bow the violin became a different instrument, and all bow makers have since copied the Tourté pattern, the value of their productions being measured by the success with which they have applied his principles. From Viotti we again see in his pupil, Pierre Rode, born at Bordeaux, February 26, 1774, another great violinist. Rode was a great wanderer, and thus had but few pupils; but one of these, Joseph Böehm, born at Pesth, 1798, and died in Vienna, March 23, 1876, afterward became the master of Ernst L. Straus, and that greatest of all living violinists,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Herr Joachim. Viotti left still another pupil, who takes his place among the great violin virtuosi, and this was Pierre Marie François de Sales Baillot, born at Passy, near Paris, October 1, 1771, where his father kept a school. He was the last of the great French classical school, and died September 15, 1842. Nicolo Paganini, born at Genoa on the night of February 18, 1784, in reality created a school of his own. No one has ever been able to seize his demoniacal skill on the instrument, and for over a century he has stood alone as the master of all violinists. It is not within the space of this article to do justice to this extraordinary man, or, as he was supposed by many, so unearthly his appearance and fiendish was his playing, to be the unholy spirit himself. Indeed, it was confidently asserted by many intelligent people in those days that the devil always sat at his elbow, and this was further heightened by his habit of talking aloud to himself. Paganini died at Nice, May 27, 1840, and has never had a successor.

Germany is represented by the great Mannheim school of violinists, of whom Ludwig Spohr, born at Brunswick, April 5, 1784, was the first great exponent. As an executant Spohr counts amongst the greatest of all times, and as a composer for the violin he ranks with the greatest who have unerring ear, imperturbable rhythmical feeling, ever lived. Spohr was also a great conductor; an energy, and fire, were combined with an imposing personal appearance and great dignity of bearing. He died at Cassell, October 22, 1859. To this school also belonged Ferdinand David, a pupil of Spohr's; Wilhemj, a pupil of David's; and Wienanski, a pupil of Massart's, in turn a pupil of Kreutzer's, who was one of the early great masters of Germany, who with Baillot drew up the famous *Methode de Violon*.

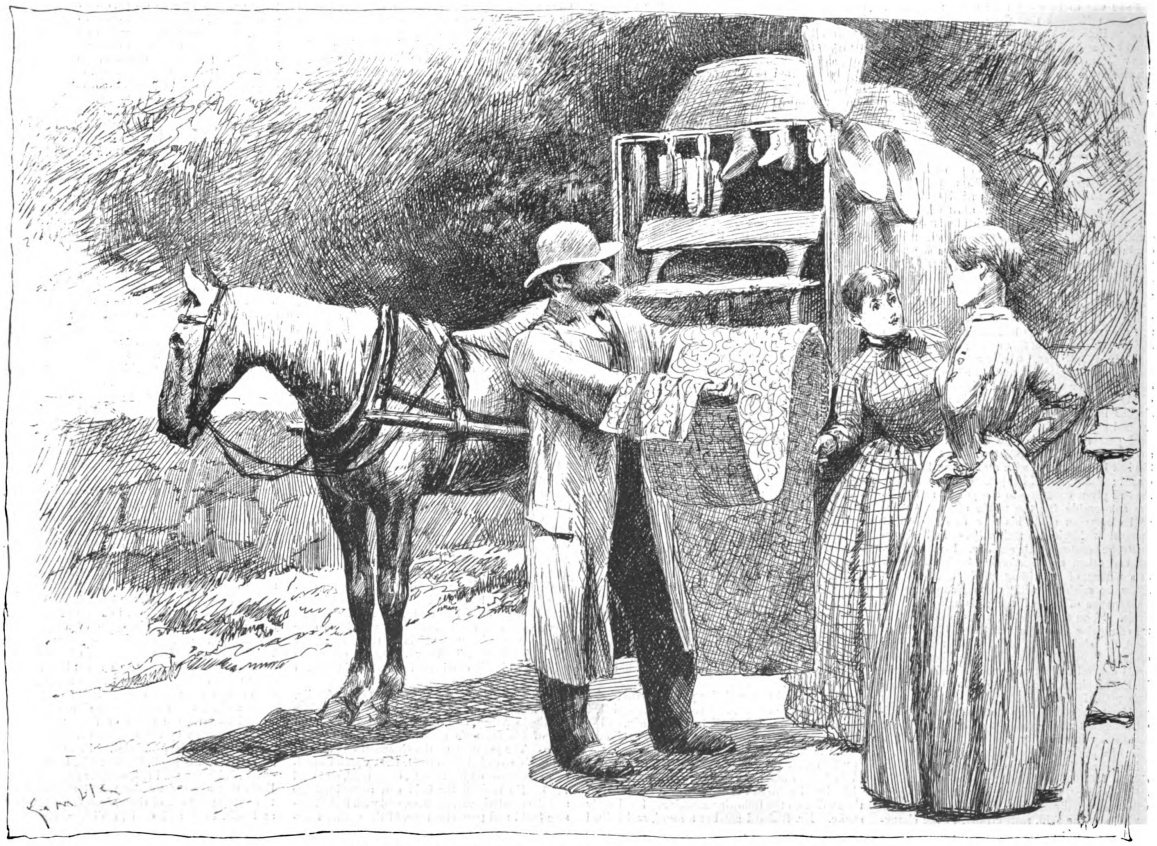
The French school is naturally closely allied to the Italian, and after Viotti, Paganini made an impression that has never been effaced from violin art in France. The first great player on the genuine violin known in France was Baltazarini, who was imported from Piedmont, Italy, by the Maréchal de Brissac, in 1577, for Catherine de Medicis, who named him "Intendant de la Musique and Premier Valet de Chambre." He changed his name to M. de Beaujoyeulx, and is generally looked upon as the founder of the ballet, and thus of the modern opera. Charles Auguste de Bériot may be justly considered the founder of the Franco-Belgian school of violin playing, in contradistinction to the classical Paris school represented by Viotti, Kreutzer, Rode, and Baillot. De Bériot came of a noble Belgian family, and was born at Louvain, February 20, 1802, where he died, April 20, 1870. At nine years of age he successfully performed in public a concerto of Viotti's. To this Franco-Belgian school also belonged Henry Vieuxtemps, the most distinguished of De Bériot's pupils, born at Verviers, Belgium, February 17, 1820, dying in Algiers, June 6, 1881. Vieuxtemps enjoys the distinction of being one of the greatest violinists, and with De Bériot heads the French school. As a composer for the violin he has had a wider success than almost any one since Spohr. Though many of his works were written forty years ago, they are still stock pieces in the répertoires of all French violinists, and many German players as well, such is their vitality. The greatest of all *living* exponents of the Franco-Belgian school is Señor Pablo Martin Meliton Sarasate y Navascues, who revisits the United States, under the management of Mr. Abbey, his first tour in this country having been made some twenty years ago.



PABLO SARASATE, THE VIOLINIST.—From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Pablo Sarasate, as he is known to the public, was born at Pampeluna, Province of Navarre, Spain, March 10, 1844, and is thus in the prime of his manhood and the plenitude of his artistic power. At a very early age he went to France, and entered the Paris Conservatoire, January 1, 1856; in the following year he became the favorite pupil of Delphin Alard, the foremost of French players, and under him gained the first prizes for solfeggio and violin. He then entered Reber's harmony class, and secured a *premier accessit* in 1859; but shortly after relinquished the study of composition for the more tempting career of concert player. His beautiful tone, named "pure gold," because of its unequalled quality, retentive memory, immense execution, and certainty of finger, added to the singularity of his manners and appearance, insured his success in Paris, the French provinces, and the Peninsula. The Spaniards naturally honored an artist whom they looked upon as their own countryman, but Sarasate aspired to make his name known wherever music was appreciated, as well as in the two countries especially his own by birth and adoption. No violinist has travelled more than he; besides making his way through Europe, from the remotest corner of Portugal to Norway, and from London to Moscow, he has visited America, North and South. In all his wanderings he has contrived to carry on his cultivation and develop his great natural gifts. London he visited in 1874, '77, '85, and '86. At the Birmingham festival of 1885 he played a concerto for violin written for him by Mackenzie. Sarasate's distinguishing characteristics are not so much fire, force, and passion, though of these he has an ample store, as purity of style, charm, flexibility, and extraordinary facility, thus resembling the school founded by Corelli. He *sings* on his instrument with taste and expression, and without that exaggeration or affectation of sentiment which disfigures the playing of many violinists. His répertoire is varied, comprising the concertos of the classical masters—Viotti, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—and the works of the modern French and Belgian schools. Among the latter his favorites are Max Bruch's concertos, those of Saint-Säens and Lalo, and the Symphonie Espagnole of the last-named composer. Sarasate has composed for his instrument romances, fantaisies, and especially transcriptions of Spanish airs and dances, all well calculated to display his skill as a virtuoso.

Harry P. Mawson.



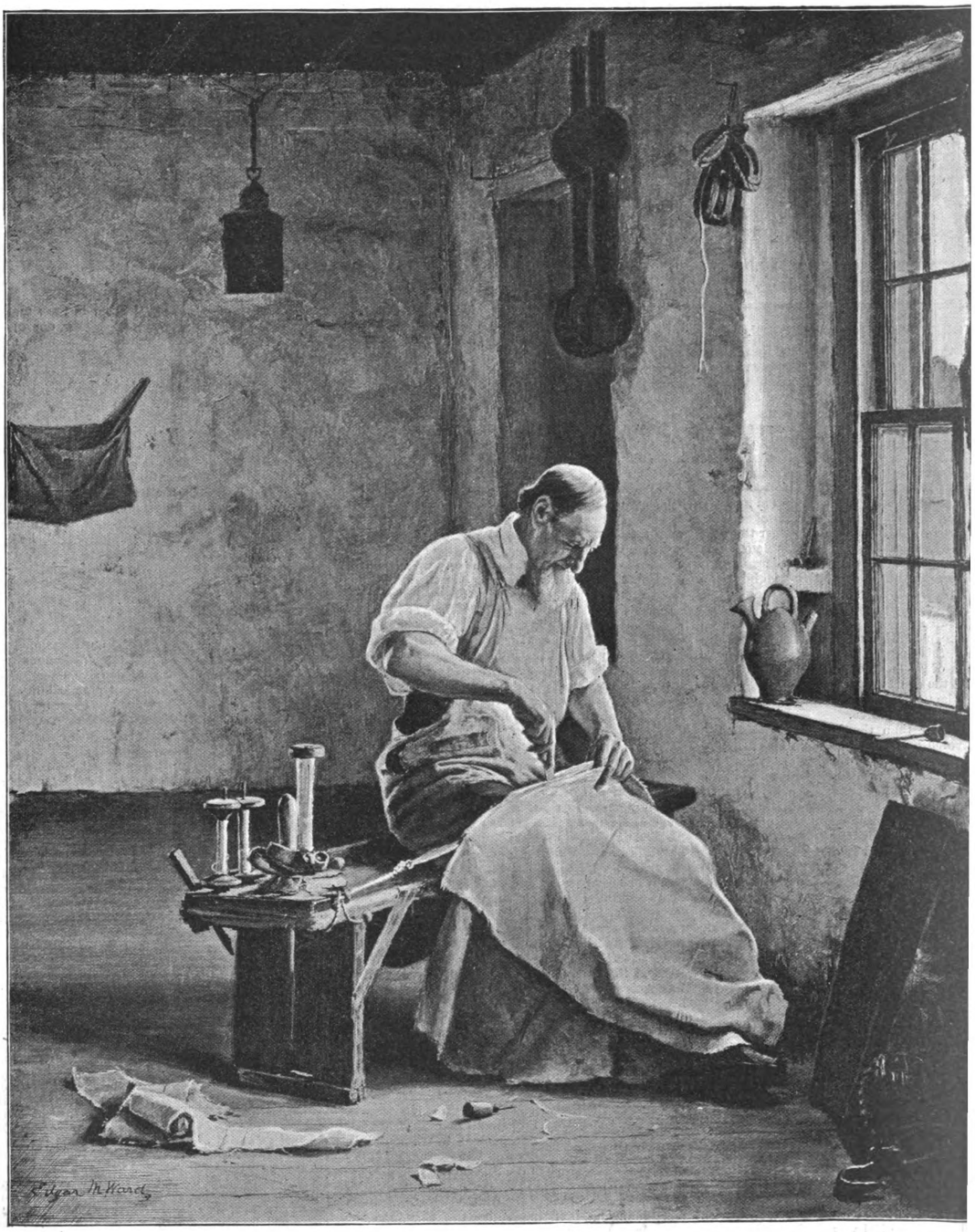
THE COUNTRY PEDDLER.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 939.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1719.
Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

TEN CENTS A C
INCLUDING SUPPLI



"THE SAIL-MAKER."—FROM THE PICTURE BY EDGAR M. WARD, N. A., IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[SEE PAGE 955.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"The cleverest authors contribute of their best to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and the most famous artists lend their pencils to its embellishment."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

"The most attractive and elevating literary periodical in the world for boys and girls."—*Rev. James A. Worden, D.D.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Christmas Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be published on December 3d.*

It will consist of twenty-four pages, enclosed in a cover designed by ALICE BARBER.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS *will tell the amusing story of "The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express."*

THOMAS NELSON PAGE *will contribute the first part of a story (to be concluded in the following number) entitled "Nancy Pansy."*

NORA PERRY *will have a captivating story called "Ju-Ju's Christmas Party."*

PAUL SEBILLOT, *the French author and student of folk-lore, will be represented by a translation of a tale called "The Enchanted Stockings."*

"King Persifer's Crown" is the title of a comedietta for young actors by MARY R. WILLARD, *with music by* RICHARD HENRY WARREN.

The Number will be richly illustrated with original drawings by L. O. MERSON, J. GEOFFROY, ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD, ALICE BARBER, W. L. SHEPPARD, *and* A. BRENON.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1719.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A FORECAST OF THE SESSION.

IT is stated that inquiry among the 166 Republican members of the new House of Representatives shows that 101 favor tariff revision according to the Senate tariff bill of last session, 98 favor subsidies, and 88 favor national control of elections. If this statement be accurate, these three measures could be made the party policy by a caucus, and it is quite certain that the Senate would acquiesce. The Senate tariff bill, however, was framed in accordance with the platform of 1888, which proposed to reduce the surplus by repealing the tax upon spirits and tobacco; and in the event that such reduction was not enough, by the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of the protective system. The platform also opposed free wool in any form. But this was before the protest of New England Republicans in regard to iron, and before the protests of the wool interest, and before Senator FRYE'S reported assent to the free admission of "a coarse kind of wool grown in South America that is not profitably grown in this country." It was also before the plain evidence of the last year, including the autumn elections, that the demand, not for free-trade, but for a revision of the tariff in the direction of raw materials, has gained, not lost, force.

Subsidies rather than the free purchase of ships would be favored by high protectionists as a means of reducing the surplus, and the same reason would persuade the same members to support a service pension. The increase of the pension grants, however, seems to be a scheme of doubtful popularity. There is no popular belief that the country is ungrateful, or that it is stingy toward the soldiers; while the TANNER episode, which was merely a demonstration toward service pensions, and government by pensioners and pension agents, has awakened a very intelligent and positive public sentiment which cannot be wisely defied. Subsidies and bounties, as a policy, and without very conclusive reasons in particular cases, are not, and will not be, permanently popular. The educational campaign proceeds all the time, and all such questions are much more intelligently apprehended, and opinions are much more enlightened, with every month that passes. To tax enormously beyond the public needs, and to collect an immense surplus merely to be spent in such ways as ingenuity can devise, is not a policy which will commend itself to American common-sense.

The third measure, the national control of elections, is one for which the ostensible plea is the suppression of the colored vote in certain Southern districts. Such suppression is not denied. On the contrary, the declaration is frankly made that negro control will not be permitted. But while the wrong is not denied by Southern Democrats, it has not been shown by Northern Republicans, nor is it possible to show, that any law would remedy the difficulty. Eighteen years ago, while the passions of the war were still hot, the force bill was condemned by public sentiment, a Republican as well as Democratic, in this part of the country. That bill provided that combinations to deprive negroes of the right of voting should be evidence of a denial "by the State" of the equal protection of the laws, and the President might use the army and navy to suppress them. If public opinion in both parties would not sustain such a measure at that time, is it likely now to support similar legislation to compass the same result? Can it, indeed, under the American system, be accomplished by any law whatever? This is the question which must be answered by the advocates of the bill. The wrong is evident and undeniable. But are there no wrongs which even an act of Congress cannot remedy, which can be remedied only by time, by argument, by a change in public sentiment, and by the logic of facts?

THE STORY OF THE TREATY FOR ST. THOMAS.

THE intimation that the administration is contemplating the annexation of islands, perhaps Cuba, perhaps the Sandwich Islands, will not arouse enthusiasm. Such an enterprise might serve as a diversion of public attention from the situation which has led to the result of the autumn elections; but there is no sign of any general desire of a further and sudden increase of alien interests, traditions, and sympathies in the population, or of any sense of need of territorial extension. The suggestion, however, gives peculiar interest to the story of the last effort at annexation, which was Mr. SEWARD'S negotiation for the island of St. Thomas in 1866–69. This is told with fulness, interest, and complete knowledge by Mr. EDWARD L. PIERCE, of Boston, the biographer of Mr. SUMNER, in a pamphlet just issued, under the title of *A Diplomatic Fiasco*, in reply to a paper by Miss OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD. It is difficult to understand what advantage for the United States Mr. SEWARD supposed could be derived from the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, which he wished to buy. The last was practically an abandoned island; the other was practically worthless—"its population one-tenth white, two-thirds black, and the remainder mixed." Alaska contained half a million square miles, and the price was $7,200,000. The St. Thomas purchase contained an area of seventy-five square miles, and the price proposed was $7,500,000.

It has been suggested that we were committed to the bargain, and that the rejection of the treaty was a breach of faith. But no proof of such an assertion has been offered or could be produced. General RAASLOFF, the very able and accomplished Danish Minister, to whom, on the 1st of January, 1865, Secretary SEWARD proposed the treaty, had lived in this country for many years, and was perfectly aware that the executive department might propose but could not complete a treaty. It was nearly three years before the papers were ready for the consideration of the Senate. There was great apparent indifference upon the part of Denmark, and there was evidently no desire upon our part for such an acquisition. General RAASLOFF, perhaps the ablest of Danish statesmen of his time, had returned to his country, and had become Minister of War. But he was the sponsor for the treaty to his countrymen, and he urged the completion of the bargain. The consent of the islanders was obtained, and Denmark, thus fully committed to the separation, awaited only the ratification of the treaty by the Senate. But nobody here seemed to wish the islands. The Foreign Committee of the Senate, of which Mr. SUMNER was chairman, and Messrs. FESSENDEN, CAMERON, HARLAN, MORTON, PATTERSON, and CASSERLY were members, although averse to the treaty, suspended action in order to allow Mr. SEWARD and General RAASLOFF to show reason for the ratification. General RAASLOFF left his post at home, and hastened to Washington to urge favorable action. Mr. SUMNER told him frankly that there was no hope.

In March, 1869, General RAASLOFF left Washington. The treaty was laid upon the table by the committee, and a year later it was reported to the Senate for rejection. The only disastrous consequence was the sudden end of General RAASLOFF'S career. He resigned the Ministry of War, withdrew from public life, and left his country. For the rest of his life he lived at the various capitals of Europe, and died at Passy, near Paris, in 1883. He knew our government well. But he could not understand that the assurance of a Secretary of State and a great party chief, whose party completely controlled the government, that the Senate would certainly confirm the treaty, was the self-deception of an optimistic temperament. In a letter to Mr. SUMNER, with whom his relations were always most cordial, General RAASLOFF, when the fate of the treaty was evident, spoke of himself as "having been, more than anybody else (Mr. SEWARD, of course, excepted), instrumental in bringing such a calamity and humiliation upon my country." The story of the St. Thomas treaty is significant. No good reason has yet been advanced for the insular expansion of the United States. A much more immediate and imperative necessity than the great increase of the foreign element of the population is the hastening of the assimilation and homogeneity of that which already exists.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

THE country in which a political revolution seemed least to be expected was Brazil. Dom PEDRO was the connecting link between monarchy and a republic. Apparently he was the most intelligent, progressive, and able public man in his country, who foresaw the probability of a change from the monarchical to the republican form in its government, and frankly announced his readiness to retire from what the Emperor JOSEPH of Austria called his "business" whenever the country should signify its desire. Dom PEDRO, indeed, is a singularly modern man. He is highly versed in contemporary science, literature, and art. He is a careful student, a wide traveller and observer, and he promoted all mechanical and industrial improvements in his empire, and practically encouraged political liberalism. If Brazil were to become a republic, he seemed the very man to be made President. So far as is known, there was no oppression for which revolution was the only remedy. On the contrary, it was the greatest act of Dom PEDRO'S reign—relief from the oppression of slavery—which is alleged as the spring of the revolution. It is said to be an act of vengeance upon the part of the planting plutocracy, which resented emancipation.

But nobody had a theory adequate for the facts when they were announced. The most unexpected of revolutions had occurred, and nobody could explain it. There is, as yet, no other evidence that it is a popular revolution than that it was peacefully accomplished. That, however, may mean only that a few leaders were able to control the army, which an unarmed and ignorant and scattered population could not resist. Whether Rio de Janeiro can really accomplish a change of government for the whole country, like Paris for France, remains to be seen. The first movements were, it seems, unresisted. The change was effected, and the provisional government installed, without a blow. On Saturday the revolution was announced: on Monday Dom PEDRO had left the country. Nothing is more striking in the situation than the fact that the deposed Emperor, one of the most enlightened and public-spirited of men, thoroughly abreast of his time, was a BRAGANZA, the royal house of which some of the scions have been among the least enlightened among modern Europeans. His expulsion from the country and the overthrow of his government are less the test of the real ability of the revolutionary leaders and the condition of public sentiment than the character and course of the administration which has been improvised will be. If they can use successfully the existing machinery of government, it will be the best possible proof of the general acceptance of the revolution.

With the fall of Dom PEDRO the last American monarch vanishes, and, as we have said, he was most effectively Americanized. It is perhaps not without significance that he disappears as the Congress of all the American states is sitting in Washington. There has never been much sympathy of any kind between North and South America, and even our knowledge of our neighbors is small. But the influence of our example and our occasional political remarks, like those in MONROE'S famous message of 1823, have had a very decisive effect. The demonstration of the triumphant practicability and immense power of popular government is sure, in an age of a free press and general education, to mould all governments anew. It was said suggestively, in the very week of the Brazil revolution, but before it was known, that the personal character of the son of the Prince of Wales would probably prevent his ascending the English throne, and also that the penal laws of Russia might be modified because of American revelations of their iniquity. Our latest historian, a close student of ourselves and political observer, says, "It has come to be recognized as a decided disadvantage for a public man to be known as shrewd rather than honest." These are not disheartening signs. They are, indeed, incentives to the good citizenship which insists that popular government shall be proved to be in every sense the best government.

A VETERAN ABOLITIONIST.

AS we write, OLIVER JOHNSON is reported to be very ill. His name is not generally familiar, but he is the last survivor of a historic body of twelve men who organized the abolition movement which ended in the constitutional prohibition of slavery. The only one of the twelve names which is really known beyond a very small circle is that of GARRISON, who is among the most famous of Americans. The almost universal and indignant hatred of the abolitionists, the mob fury to which they were subject, and the execrations with which they were pursued, make one of the extraordinary chapters in the history of the century. Yet they are as worthy of honor as the earlier revolutionary Sons of Liberty.

They demanded immediate and unrecompensed emancipation, but relied wholly upon peaceful means, and gave no countenance to violence or insurrection. Their movement was a moral appeal to the American conscience. GARRISON and his adherents refused even to vote, for they would not acknowledge a Constitution which recognized slavery. This position led to a break in the original body, resulting in the Liberty party, and then, by a union of anti-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

slavery Whigs and Democrats, the Free-soil party, and finally the Republican party. These were all conscience parties, and they all sprang from the steady and uncompromising abolition denunciation of the crime of slavery, and of what they held to be the criminal participation in it of the free States under the Constitution.

Like the Puritans, who were the progenitors of colonial America and the republic, the abolitionists were the fathers of the modern American Union of freedom. Both of them were representatives of a resistless movement. The late Professor ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, in his admirable summary of our history and constitutional development, says truly:

"The abolitionists had never ceased to din the iniquity of slavery into the ears of the American people. CALHOUN, WEBSTER, and CLAY, with all the other political leaders of 1850, had united in deploring the wickedness of these fanatics, who were persistently stirring up a question which was steadily widening the distance between the sections. They mistook the symptom for the disease. Slavery itself had put the South out of harmony with its surroundings, and still more out of harmony with the inevitable lines of the country's development. Even in 1850, though they hardly yet knew it, the two sections had drifted so far apart that they were practically two different countries."

As the civil war approached, it was often said that if GARRISON, the abolitionist, and YANCEY, the fire-eater, could be hung, all would be well. Just as well as it would have been in 1775 to hang SAM ADAMS and THOMAS JONES, or any other Tory. GARRISON and SAM ADAMS were not the current, but they showed its force and direction. OLIVER JOHNSON was one of a group which America, that stoned them, will gratefully remember. His position in this generation is that of Major MELVILLE in the last—MELVILLE, whom WEBSTER celebrated, and whom HOLMES commemorates in his "Last Leaf," the latest survivor of SAM ADAMS'S tea party.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

NEW YORK, for reasons which are familiar and conclusive, is the best place for an international exposition. But any other American city has an equal right to desire it; and for that reason, and because the decision rests with Congress, and for the further reason that sugar catches flies more surely than vinegar, a more friendly tone in the competition with Chicago would have been wiser. Ridicule and contempt and exasperating depreciation may exercise the cleverness of newspaper contestants. But an acrimony has crept into the controversy which is of evil augury for the prosperity of the Fair.

The old painter who used to reiterate to his pupils the truth that big pictures are not great art was a shrewd teacher. It is equally true in debate that fury is not force, and the sarcasm which stings does not persuade. It produces the state of mind which is incompatible with conviction, and discussion pursued in that key soon degenerates into mere blackguardism. The gibes and sneers which have been interchanged between the two great cities in regard to the site of the Fair have plainly not promoted its interests.

There is a great deal of human nature in Congress, and the undoubted primacy of New York among American cities will not of itself avail to incline Congressional favor toward New York as the seat of the Exposition. It is very much easier to excite a feeling of prejudice and hostility toward it than toward any other city. In a rivalry of the kind involved in this contention all the other cities are in a sense the under dogs in the fight, and carry sympathy and feeling accordingly. Members of Congress are undoubtedly selected statesmen, but among some of them there may be a lingering willingness to "take New York down a peg or two," and it might have been well to bear this possibility in mind. Probably when the whole case is submitted, the reasons for preferring New York will be irresistible. But they would have been equally strong if the champions of New York had rested their case upon its obvious merits, instead of commenting briskly upon the opposing counsel.

A MILLIONAIRE SENATE.

THE entreaty which a Democratic politician in Ohio addresses to his party not to elect a mere millionaire to the Senate expresses a feeling which is very general that such elections are too common. It will not be alleged, however, that as men distinguished chiefly for the possession of great wealth are elected to the Senate the ability and character of the Senate increase. The reason is that the qualities which enable men to accumulate great wealth are not such as fit them to be wise legislators, great orators, and leaders of men. Illustrations of this truth will readily occur to every New-Yorker and to all intelligent Americans.

The real objection to a millionaire Senate is that wealth is no indication of Senatorial fitness. A legislative assembly of rich men does not because of its riches command general respect and confidence, any more than a bench of millionaire bishops would be regarded for that reason as especially qualified for the episcopate. In the case of the Senate, moreover, there is a feeling of disqualification arising from the suspicion that it is really money, and not public capacity and intelligence and experience, which has determined the choice. To this is added the further feeling that a millionaire Senate is a signal illustration of the increasing ascendency of mere money in politics.

It is understood that the nomination to a high office in New York at the late election was offered to a gentleman for twenty thousand dollars. It will not surprise anybody, nor is it by any means a novel offer. The system of assessing candidates is a mere system of sale of offices. But it is quite as great a crime, and demands summary correction quite as peremptorily, as the suppression of the colored vote in some of the Southern States. The newspapers which denounce one as treachery and rebellion, and complacently connive at the other by supporting the offenders, invite the contempt of honest men. Both are offences against popular government of the gravest kind. But neither party is in a position to accuse the other.

GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER'S PROTEST.

IT is but natural that General FITZ JOHN PORTER should decline to remain silent under the severe strictures upon his course contained in the NICOLAY and HAY *Life of Lincoln*, and he has published a warm protest. He justly says that, as the confidential secretaries of Mr. LINCOLN and in possession of his papers, their work will be regarded as an authoritative history of the administration and its times, and that he cannot acquiesce in what he believes to be the sore injustice done to him by what seems to him the prejudiced minds of the biographers. "You have charged me," he says, "with that which to a loyal soldier is worse than death."

General PORTER patiently persisted, against what seemed a hopeless condemnation, in asking for a reconsideration of the judgment of the first military court, and it is only the truth to say that the adverse judgment was reversed, not only by the later court, but in public opinion. The verdict of Generals SCHOFIELD, TERRY, and GETTY, in the thorough re-examination of the case ordered by President HAYES, which completely acquitted General PORTER; the similar acquittal by Congress after a prolonged debate, in which party passion was sedulously inflamed against him; and above all, General GRANT'S frank, manly, and unconditional confession, after the firm conviction of many years, that he had been entirely mistaken, and by persistent disbelief of his innocence had done General PORTER an immense wrong—all these judgments are forcibly recalled by General PORTER, and will be conclusive with the great multitude of his countrymen who cannot investigate the charges for themselves.

It is hard for an old soldier to see in a book which he knows will be accepted as history that he was a traitor to his country in her darkest hour. But it is very fortunate that against that judgment he can interpose such unquestionable and decisive rejoinders as General PORTER presents. We cannot doubt that his appeal will lead the biographers of Mr. LINCOLN to reconsider their statements most carefully in the final form of their work, mainly intent, as they should be and are, that in estimates of conduct in circumstances so passionate and angry, when facts are so readily obscured, no injustice shall be done.

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE IN DANGER.

IT would be unfortunate if the Postmaster-General should urge the President to make spoils of the railway mail service, which was included in the reformed service only a short time ago. The system under which this service acquired its greatest efficiency was one of examination, and it would have been practically the reformed system if the selection of candidates by politicians had been abolished. This was the change effected by including the service within the rules, and this political selection is what is sought to be re-established by withdrawing the railway mail service from the reformed system.

Its condition at the beginning of the CLEVELAND administration is cited as admirable. Certainly it was, and its deterioration under Mr. VILAS was due to political interference. But its previous excellence was not due to political nomination, but to the examination. And its condition under the rules is not such as to demand a return to the old political favoritism in nomination in order to improve it. The Postmaster-General's gibes at examinations in the "cube root" and "the climate of Africa" must have been incorrectly reported, as Mr. ROOSEVELT thinks, because, as Mr. ROOSEVELT says, he could not have shown himself so ill-informed upon an important branch of his own service.

The railway mail service is one of the most onerous of all public employments. It requires a special knowledge and aptitude which can be properly ascertained only by the general system of inquiry and test which is applied by the rules. Experience and practice in detail are indispensable to the efficiency of the service, and no stupidity could be greater than to subject the employés to the whims and convenience and bargains and intrigues of local politicians. The effort of such gentlemen to make party patronage of this service should be firmly resisted, and it is very reassuring to observe the resolute and definite remarks of Commissioner ROOSEVELT upon the subject.

THE NEW NAVY.

THE recent sailing of the squadron composed of the cruisers *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Yorktown*, modern ships under the command of modern officers, is an event of great significance, because it introduces to the world the new American navy. The fluctuations of the history of that navy are remarkable. At the close of the last century, in the early days of the Union, foreign contempt for the United States was fostered by the absence of national ships to assert and maintain our rights. Under JEFFERSON we were the apostles of the rights of neutrals, but he and his party were unwilling to supply a navy to enforce them, and American pride was sorely galled by the treatment of other nations.

The insolence of foreign impressment of seamen upon our merchant-ships was the popular cause of the war of 1812. But the war languished until a navy was improvised, and that was done with extreme difficulty. To build the war ships upon the lakes all the material of equipment was brought overland for an immense distance, and the vessels were built of green timber, one of them being launched nine weeks after the wood was felled. But the small navy, which comprised only a dozen vessels, large and small, when the war began, had permitted a perfection of training, while the colonial fisheries, which the splendor of BURKE'S eloquence has immortalized, was an admirable school of courageous seamanship.

The Treaty of Ghent said nothing of impressment. But it was not necessary, for the navy had settled the question, and determined our national position. Yet, nearly fifty years later, when the civil war began, a committee of Congress reported that only two vessels, one of twenty and another of two guns, were available for the defence of the Atlantic coast. FARRAGUT, PORTER, and their comrades, however, restored the old glory of the American naval name, and by 1864 there were twenty-five iron-clads, and the whole naval force was 588 vessels, with 4443 guns and 35,000 men. A few years later we were third or fourth upon the list of great powers in the amount of expenditures for a navy, but with no corresponding results. At last, however, the squadron which Rear-Admiral WALKER has just taken to sea announces the return of our naval renown, and it is a matter of congratulation that the credit is to be awarded to both of the great political parties. The Republican Secretary TRACY has already acknowledged the service of his Democratic predecessor, WHITNEY, and both Secretaries witnessed with a common pride and pleasure the departure of the squadron.

PERSONAL.

MRS. MILNER-FOTHERGILL, the widow of the eminent London physician, is now in this country making arrangements for the publication of the writings left by her husband. Dr. MILNER-FOTHERGILL, who was probably more widely known on this side of the water than any other English physician, used to make it his boast that he had the handsomest house and the handsomest wife of any doctor in London. His widow does not look more than thirty-five, and is a beautiful woman, with a very graceful figure, dark hair, and a pair of singularly fine eyes. She has divided her time in the United States between Chicago and the East, and is now visiting friends in Connecticut.

—ANNIE PUSHKIN, the granddaughter of Russia's greatest poet, is confined in the dreaded prison of St. Peter and St. Paul at St. Petersburg on a charge of complicity in a Nihilist conspiracy. She is eighteen years old, beautiful and talented, and her arrest, effected during the recent absence of the Czar, is said to have been caused by the Grand Duke ALEXIS. The Czar, since learning of the details of the affair, is furious against all concerned in it, for the name of PUSHKIN is exceedingly popular throughout Russia. Every anniversary of the death of the poet, who fell in an unfair duel fifty years ago, is religiously observed, while the name of his murderer is abhorred.

—Among the first-class clerks in the Pension Office at Washington is the widow of the late Confederate General GEORGE PICKETT. She was married during the war, when the varying fortunes of the conflict had placed her and her lover on opposite sides of the lines, and the meeting for the ceremony was attended with danger and adventure. MRS. PICKETT was fifteen years old then, and now, in her forties, retains much of the beauty which made her a charming bride.

—The mansion which was General JACKSON'S head-quarters during the battle of New Orleans is now owned and occupied by Dr. MAXIMILIAN FERDINAND BOZANO, a scholarly bachelor, hermit, and philosopher, whose life has been intimately associated with that of the city for the past fifty years. At the breaking out of the war he declared his allegiance to the Union and came North, where he remained until the capture of New Orleans in 1862. Then he returned to the city of his adoption, and took charge of the mint, with which he had formerly been associated. He has held various Federal offices under Republican Presidents since the war, and has been a leader of the more respectable wing of his party in the State. Among his intimate friends were LINCOLN, GRANT, JOHNSON, and FARRAGUT, and important documents in their handwriting are now in his possession.

—Among the baby monarchs who in recent years have been prematurely thrust upon their thrones is King THANTAI, of Anam, a quaint youngster of nine years. He seems to realize the responsibility of his position, and disdaining childish amusements, applies himself to study. Having mastered the intricacies of the Chinese alphabet, he is now studying French, and is not averse to occasional excursions into the realms of philosophy. His favorite toys are a miniature railway train of fine mechanism—the engine of which steams and puffs, and draws the cars over real rails—and a little steamboat of similar perfection.

—Chicago received a noble gift by the will of the late JOHN CREVAR, who left $2,500,000 to found a public library. He stipulated that French novels and works of an immoral character should be excluded.

—In celebrating his seventy-sixth birthday recently ex-Senator ALLEN G. THURMAN recalled the fact that it is over sixty years since he made his first Democratic speech.

—The fact that Miss KATE DREXEL, of Pittsburgh, has a fortune of about $6,000,000 gave especial prominence to her renunciation of the world the other day. She will not remain in the Order of Mercy, in which she took her novitiate, but will establish a distinctly American sisterhood, which will do missionary and charitable work among the Indians. She will probably build and endow a house for the order somewhere in the See of Omaha.

—MOSES BOYD, of Dedham, Massachusetts, has been a Boston and Providence railroad conductor for forty-six years, and is the oldest conductor in active service on any road running out of Boston. He is seventy-four years old.

—The sensation of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco is LING CHUCK, who is known all over the Celestial world as the most celebrated actor of the age. He came to this country under a ten months' engagement, for $5000, and among his accomplishments is that of being able to leap over chairs and tables with the agility of an insect, the appellation of "the human fly" being not inaptly applied to him.

—General MAHONE owns a handsome residence and estate in Petersburg, Virginia, and has the reputation of entertaining his friends most hospitably. His mint-juleps are pronounced superior to any other concoctions of a similar character.

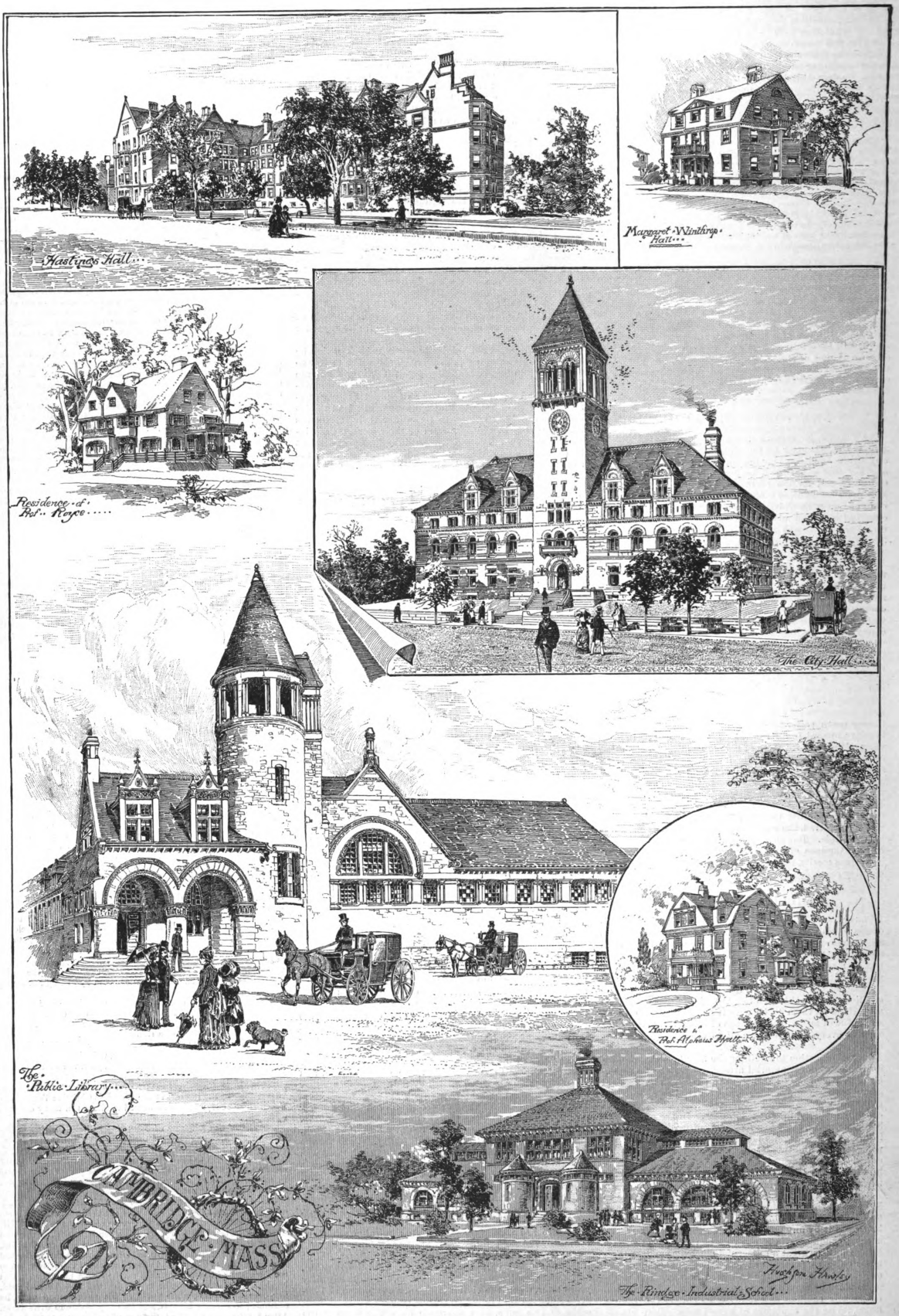
—General FRANCIS E. SPINNER, ex-Treasurer of the United States, and universally known by his signature, visited Washington a few days ago while on his way to Florida to spend the winter. He is eighty-seven years old, and quite feeble.

—MRS. MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT, of Boston, has travelled about 70,000 miles in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union since 1884, and has addressed audiences in many different countries.

—Some of the admirers of JOHN BROWN have reclaimed from its service as building material the lumber of which the great abolitionist's scaffold was framed. It is proposed to restore it as nearly as possible to its original shape. The leg irons that the old man wore during his imprisonment at Harper's Ferry are also in the possession of a disciple of JOHN BROWN, a resident of a small town in the interior of New York.

—The new custodian of SHAKESPEARE'S birthplace in Stratford-on-Avon is JOSEPH SKIDSEY, known as the Collier or Pitman Poet. He is a Northumbrian and a distinctively self-made man. His father died when he was a baby, and when he was seven years old he was sent into the coal-pits at Percy Main, near North Shields, England, to work from twelve to sixteen hours a day. He had then learned his alphabet and to spell words of two letters, but in the darkness of the mine, with a candle end, a bit of chalk, and hand-bills for copy-books, he taught himself to write and read. For over forty years, while pursuing his underground work, he continued to educate himself, and he early began to write verse. After leaving the mines, at the age of nearly fifty years, he became a store-keeper, and then an assistant in a public library. Some of his literary work has attracted wide attention.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



RECENT ARCHITECTURAL ADDITIONS TO CAMBRIDGE.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 954.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A NEW MASTER OF THE PIANO.

THE piano-forte, like the violin, is a direct descendant of the monochord. But, unlike that other offspring of the single-stringed lyre—the violin having preserved its present form for over a century and a half—the piano has successively developed from its first construction to its present one by various periods of inventive genius. More than any other musical instrument it is part of our home life. The vast majority of the people, who look upon music merely as an amusement and not as a profession, receive whatever musical taste they possess from the piano. The popular airs of the day, of the nursery, of college, find their elaboration upon this evolution of the monochord. The piano, like the violin, is of Italian origin; but it is a remarkable fact that the most important of the various mechanical additions to the first "piano et forte" have been largely the result of the fertile genius of the inventive Anglo-Saxon race. The earliest public notice of a piano-forte in England is May 16, 1767, when a Covent Garden play-bill chronicles its first appearance in an orchestra as an accompanying instrument. After Act I. of the *Beggar's Opera*, the bill announces that "Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from *Judith*, accompanied by Mr. Dibden on a new instrument called Piano Forte." As a solo instrument it appears to have been used for the first time in London June 2, 1768, at the Thatched House, by John Christian Bach. The *invention* of the *grand piano* is generally attributed to a Dutchman, Americus Baccers, or Backers, in 1772, and his invention was ultimately known as the "English action"—as it was always called abroad, for the reason that John Broadwood, of the great firm of London piano-makers of that name, with his apprentice, Robert Stodart, assisted Backers to bring this action to perfection—a word which may be used unreservedly, as more than a hundred years have passed by and the direct "English action" has not yet been superseded. It has met all the demands of the far advanced technique of the present day. Chopin preferred it to any other, whether made by Pleyel in Paris or Broadwood in London. Stodart took out the patent in 1777 for a combined harpsichord and piano-forte, in which the word "grand" is first encountered as applied to a piano-forte. The square piano was made by Johannes Zumpe, a German, the first probably about 1766; whereas the upright piano is again the invention of an Englishman, one Isaac Hawkins, who took out his patent in 1800. The shape was perpendicular, from three to four feet in height, descending to within a few inches of the floor. Prior to this there had been upright grands patented by John Landreth in 1787, but they were merely horizontal instruments turned up on end. Hawkins's patent included two important ideas, the use of coiled strings for the bass, and a *sostinente*, obtained by reiteration of hammers set in motion by a roller. Then followed Robert Wornum "the younger," who patented one diagonally strung in 1811, and in 1813 made a vertical one, which he called "harmonie," although he did not finally perfect his invention until 1828, his so-called "crank action" being used in France and Germany to this day.



EUGENE FRANCIS CHARLES D'ALBERT, PIANIST.

The perfection of the grand piano, as far as its construction in wood permitted, brought forth a constellation of remarkable players, which included Clementi and Dussek, Cramer and Field, Hummel and Ries. Gradation of power was the great desideratum of the player, and the possibilities of this were intimately connected with the freedom of the wrist, which had previously been disallowed; also that, to give elasticity to the fingers, they should be raised in order t and not be drawn inward, as was the cas old Bach touch. This change of practic a blow by the hammer, which the indiff lin wire of that time could not stand. wire produced greater strain on the which the wooden cases were not stron to resist. The use also of two meta stringing, brass and iron, led to unequa in the tuning. To solve this, a youn tuner named William Allen, employed art's, set himself. He soon succeede ducing a complete and satisfactory uppe of hollow tubes in combination with plat and brass, bound together by stout wood bars, the whole intended to bear the pi strings, and to meet, by give and take, ations in the length of the wires due t tion of temperature. This patent was t January 15, 1820, the Stodarts acquirin clusive rights to its use. Not satisfied, William Allen patented in 1831 a frame to combine string plate, tension wrest plank in one casting. This impo vention, however, did not find the ac which it deserved. But Allen's propos casting had been anticipated in the Unit where Alpheus Babcock, of Boston, pat 1825, a cast-iron frame for a square pia sides this, Conrad Meyer, of Philadelphia merit of making an excellent square pian cast-iron frame formed of one piece One of his original instruments was exh the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and Paris in 1878. In 1837 Jonas Chick Boston, improved the single casting, a that time the various American manu have progressed, until now they lead t as piano-makers. The improved pedals vented by a M. Montal, a blind Parisian pi maker, who in 1862 exhibited in London a d'expression," diminishing the range of mers instead of shifting them, and a "p prolongement," a third pedal, which is universal use. The repetition action i vention of the French maker Sebastie although the patent was taken out in L 1821, by his nephew Pierre Erard. Th of the piano-forte and its improvements from 1598 to the present day, nearly th turies.

The piano possesses, too, the immens tage of having of all musical instrum largest library. Almost every compo written for it more or less, and its lite therefore unrivalled in richness and vari this reason the development of piano-fo ing has always exercised a strong hold musical affections of the public. An first great exponents of the piano to United States was Sigismond Thalbe came to us first in 1853, and again in 1857. Musical at that time was in its infancy, but Thalberg's wonder ing, though it lacked fire, glow, and impetuosity, whic naturally arouse the less cultivated sense, created which has never been matched since. Thalberg had fully formed fingers, the forepart of which were real lit ions. This formation and very persevering study enable



THEODORE REICHMANN, OF THE GERMAN OPERA COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 954.]



HEINRICH VOGL, OF THE GERMAN OPERA COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 954.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

produce such wonderful *legatos* that Liszt said of him, "Thalberg is the only artist who can play the violin on the piano." Among all great piano players, it should be said of him, as Catalani said of Sontag, "His *genre* is not great, but he is great in his *genre*." It is but fair to say, however, that his compositions for the piano not only combined novel effects both in form and arrangement, but real invention, because he had the talent, through adroit use of the pedal and new combinations, to make you believe that you heard two performers at the same time, for no player ever better understood the possibilities of the piano-forte than Sigismond Thalberg. No one forgets the advent in this country of Anton Rubinstein, whose marvellous playing carried everything before it, as did Thalberg's nearly twenty years before.

By a general verdict, Rubinstein's prospective successor is Eugene Francis Charles D'Albert, born at Glasgow, Scotland, April 10, 1864. Eugene's father, Charles Louis Napoleon D'Albert, was born at Manstetten, near Altona, Hamburg, February 25, 1809. His father, an officer in the French army, died in 1816, whereon the widow and her young son, Charles Louis, emigrated to England. Madame D'Albert was an excellent musician, and her son's first musical education—in Mozart and Beethoven—was due to her. He then had lessons on the piano from Kalkbrenner, and in composition from Dr. Wesley, and afterward learnt dancing at the King's Theatre, London, and the Conservatoire, Paris. On his return to England he became ballet-master at the King's Theatre and at Covent Garden. He soon relinquished these posts, and devoted himself to teaching dancing and composing dance music, in which he was very successful. He ultimately settled at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and married there in 1863, but removed to London, and died there May 26, 1886.

His son Eugene early evinced a genius for music, and was carefully trained by his father. In 1876 he was elected Newcastle Scholar in the National Training School, London, where he learnt the piano from Mr. Pauer, and harmony and composition from Dr. Stainer, Mr. Prout, and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Here his progress in piano playing, counterpoint, and composition was rapid and brilliant, and he also occupied himself much in the study of languages. In 1881 he was elected Mendelssohn Scholar, which gave him a year abroad. An overture of his was performed at a students' concert at St. James's Hall on June 23, 1870. He played a piano-forte concerto of his own in A at the Richter concert, October 21, 1881; also Rubinstein's Concerto in D Minor, May 3, 1882. In November, 1881, at the instance of Richter, he went to Vienna, and very shortly afterward played the first movement of his own concerto at the Philharmonic concert there. He then became a pupil of Liszt's, who called him the "young Tausig," in allusion to his extraordinary technique. An overture of his styled "Hyperion" was played at a Richter concert June 8, 1885; and a Symphony in F (Op. 4) at the same, May 4, 1886. Both these compositions are full of nobility and beauty, and a great career is no doubt opening up before this young genius. D'Albert is that rare thing in a pianist, the combination of great technical development and a profound musical nature; thus all the possibilities of instrument and composition are brought out in his performance.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

THAT the season of opera in German which is to begin at the Metropolitan Opera-house on the evening of November 27th will be one of uncommon interest is placed beyond a doubt by the announcements of the capable director Edmund C. Stanton. That it will be well supported by the music-loving public is rendered unquestionable by the fact that the subscriptions amount to nearly $7000 more than those of last year. This attests the increasing popular affection for an institution which has consistently regarded the lyric drama not as a graceful pastime, but as a dignified and permanent art; and it is a proof that the metropolitan public is reaping the benefits of a temple wherein is found a wholesome, emotional, and intellectual discipline, whose influence in refining and purifying the atmosphere of our everyday culture is inestimably valuable.

The liberality of the director and stockholders of the house has caused a programme of wide scope and varied range to be prepared for the coming season. Wagner will be predominant, but not prevalent. Other excellent composers will be heard. The season is to begin with Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, which has not yet been performed at this house, and which has been unsung long enough to give it a fresh interest. On November 29th Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba* will be brought forward once more, and will doubtless again delight the public with its sensuous melodies and brilliant scenic attire. On the evening of December 4th Mozart's immortal master-work, *Don Giovanni*, which has not been heard here since Henry E. Abbey's company gave it in Italian in the first season of the opera-house, will be produced. On December 6th that ever-popular lyric display piece *Il Trovatore* will be sung, and on the following Monday evening Rossini's masterpiece, *William Tell*, will be presented.

Three new operas are announced, and it is not improbable that a fourth may be brought forward. The three named are Peter Cornelius's *Barber of Bagdad*—an opera of which the late Abbé Liszt was an ardent advocate—Heinrich Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin*, and Edward Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys*. Cornelius in 1852 joined at Weimar the circle of artists who were striving, under Liszt's leadership, to impress upon the German public the truth of Wagner's theories. The young man wielded an eloquent pen in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and wrote his opera as a practical exposition of his ideas. The work was performed only once, but its strong hold on the esteem of thoughtful musicians is assurance that it is worthy of a hearing in New York. It is a comic opera, and being brief, will be followed on the same evening by the new Viennese ballet *Die Puppenfee*. The *Doll's Fairy* endows the puppets of a toy store with life, and there is developed a fine field for delicate comedy.

The book of Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin* was constructed by himself and Herr Wohlbrück on *Ivanhoe*. Its success is attributed to the buoyancy and melody of the music, to which this public will look forward with pleasant expectation. Though little known here, Marschner has been ranked next to Weber and Spohr as a dramatic composer of the romantic school. His orchestration is brilliant and elaborate. Edward Lalo is one of the contemporaneous French writers whose works have been received with delight by his countrymen. His opera *Le Roi d'Ys* has been uncommonly successful in Paris. Mr. Thomas has performed the overture in this city, and it proved to be a highly colored piece of composition.

In addition to these works several others are announced which are new to the Metropolitan Opera-house. These are Verdi's *Otello* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Bellini's *Norma*, in which Lilli Lehmann is said to shine in the title rôle. The production of Verdi's *Otello* will place in the repertory of the house one of the most admirable of recent works, in which a lofty attempt is made to superimpose the Italian perfection of vocal melody on the German basis of dramatic verity. The entire list of Wagner's creations, except *Parsifal*, is announced, and it is the intention of the director to perform them at the latter part of the season, as nearly as possible in their chronological order.

The singers engaged for the winter are the following: Sopranos—Lilli Lehmann; Betty Frank, a lyric soprano from Prague; Sophie Weisner, a dramatic singer from Cologne; Sophie Traubmann, and Felicia Koschoska. Contraltos—Emmy Sontag-Uhl, from Breslau; Louise Meis-slinger; Charlotte Huhn, a young singer who has been successful in Gluck's *Orpheus*; and Emily Miron. Tenors—Heinrich Vogl, the original Loge, the finest Tristan, and one of the shining lights of Bayreuth; Julius Perotti; Paul Kalisch; Albert Mittelhauser; and Wilhelm Sedlmayer. Barytones—Theodore Reichmann, one of the greatest of German singers; Joseph Beck; and Jean Doré. Bassos—Emil Fischer; Conrad Behrens, of Rotterdam; and Edward Schlömann, a promising young man. Anton Seidl will continue to be the conductor, and Walter Damrosch the assistant. There is also to be a new dancer, Margaretha Urbanska, of the Berlin Imperial Opera.

The interest of the public will undoubtedly be aroused by the advent of the two celebrated artists Heinrich Vogl and Theodore Reichmann. Herr Vogl was born January 15, 1845, at Au, near Munich, and was taught singing by Franz Lachner. He made his début on November 5, 1865, at the Royal Theatre, Munich, as Max in *Der Freischütz*. His success was so great that he was immediately engaged permanently. He first appeared as Loge, in the production of *Rheingold*, in Munich in 1869, and as Siegmund, in *Die Walküre*, in 1870. In 1876 he was the Loge in the production of the trilogy at Bayreuth. In 1882 he achieved great success in England as Loge and Siegfried. At the Bayreuth festival last summer he sang Tristan nobly.

Theodore Reichmann was born in 1850 at Rostock, and made his début at the Berlin Residenz Theatre in 1868, as the Prince Regent in the *Nachtlager von Granada*. After a successful season he sang in Cologne, Rotterdam, and Hamburg. After that he was engaged for the Royal Theatre, Munich, where he sang successfully for ten years. There Wagner discovered him, and under the master's guidance he studied the hero of the *Flying Dutchman*, Telramund, and Hans Sachs. Wagner afterward called him to Bayreuth to create the rôle of Amfortas in *Parsifal*, in which he achieved great success. He was engaged for ten years at the Imperial Opera at Vienna, where honors were heaped upon him by the public and by the Emperor. Herr Reichmann has sung at all the leading theatres of Germany, and also in St. Petersburg and London. He is regarded as the first of living German barytones. It is probable that *Hamlet* will be produced during the season, to give him an opportunity to appear in one of his greatest parts. He will also be heard as Hans Sachs, a rôle in which he was eminently successful at Bayreuth last summer.

W. J. HENDERSON.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE material extent which Harvard University may attain is somewhat bewilderingly foreshadowed by sundry recent additions. This remarkable later growth has been greatly accelerated since the college yard became completely grown over with architectural forms, so that the corporation saw the necessity of beginning operations on outer soil. Subsequent to the completion of Memorial Hall on its exclusive triangle in 1876, at a cost of $500,000, and of the Hemenway Gymnasium in 1878, the new edifices began springing up by twos and by threes, Austin Hall, the fine law school building, widening the group, with the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, both erected in 1883, leading this more swiftly developing recent series. At present this system, omitting minor features, is expanding on greatly enlarged lines.

An important approach is made toward fulfilling the original plan of the University Museum by the erection of an extensive and two-fold series of additions. The Agassiz Museum of Comparative Zoology and the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, now forming detached wings, but both "creeping on from point to point," are lessening the distance between them, until the ultimate form in which the whole will be united is easily conceivable. A large recent addition to the Peabody Museum is completed and in use, and of two new sections extending hence the larger wing, one shows a finished exterior, and the other will be under a roof before the midwinter. This is planned to contain the departments of geography and petrography, and in part that of geology. To its accommodation will be transferred from Boylston Hall one of the largest and finest collections of meteorites in the world. The more advanced division, which finally will form the centre of the Oxford Street front, is arranged with a large lecture-room, as well as with laboratories and a museum for the botanical department. One of the rooms will contain a synoptic exhibition of analytical models of the genera of American plants.

With pressing urgency for completion, the great new dormitory building, known as the Walter Hastings Hall, will soon be enlivened by the presence of the fortunate Juniors, to whose use it has been largely assigned. This is the most complete structure of its class belonging to the University, being erected at a cost of $250,000, on a plan arranged with extraordinary care. It is named in honor of the donor, as well as of three of his paternal line in succession, the name of Walter Hastings, printed in the Quinquennial Catalogue in 1799, 1771, and 1730, having designated in turn his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. The building is somewhat of the English university type, thus presenting a marked dissimilarity to other Harvard structures. Its front of two hundred feet is on North Avenue, with Holmes Field in view from the opposite side. With the projection of a wing on the front, at the west end, the building forms two sides of a wide quadrangle, which will be laid out with a graded lawn, enclosed by a wrought iron fence with corner gateways. On this side the lines of the building are broken by a succession of gables and of shallow bays, determining a pleasing interior. The construction is in Perth Amboy bricks, with terra-cotta of the same color. The inner arrangement is in the form of five complete houses, with separate stairways. This dormitory provides altogether sixty suites of rooms, the studies in all cases facing toward the south or west. These rooms, containing large bay-windows and fireplaces with the best forms of ventilating grates, are finished in oak, with the bedrooms in ash. The building is fire-proof, with stairways throughout in iron, and the hallways being finished in faced brick with floors in Italian mosaic. All the arrangements, for service and otherwise, are as perfect as possible.

A new building planned for athletic uses, of which the foundations are begun in the Holmes Field section, is expected to provide richly for university sports and games. This issues with a gift from Mr. Henry Reginald Astor Carey of $25,000, the old Hasty Pudding Club house having been moved back to give the desired site. The new structure will be 108 feet long, with wings extending back 82 feet. It will be in brick, with brown-stone trimmings and slate roof. One wing will contain a base-ball room, and in the opposite wing will be a rowing tank for the crew. The two fives courts will be in the middle section, with bath and dressing rooms. A large club-room on the second floor will open out through three clustered dormer-windows upon a great balcony, overlooking the whole field.

A beginning is made on a new boat-house, presented to the University by Mr. A. W. Weld, the site being selected at the head of the Boylston Street bridge. To keep the river-front clear, a considerable strip of land has been purchased by the college. The first story of the building will be for storing boats, the second floor being planned to contain a large hall, with connecting balcony overlooking the water.

No less activity than in other building movements in Cambridge has been directed to the erection and improvement of churches. The new St. James's Episcopal Church, on North Avenue, built in Brighton stone, from plans by a New York architect, is just opened. The Charles River Baptist Church, in Roman character, is another new edifice in good form. The First Universalist Church, moved and largely reconstructed, is planned to contain exclusively memorial windows, which will be added at intervals. With the rebuilding of the old Cambridge Baptist Church, partially destroyed by fire, the interior arrangement, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Blackall, president of the Boston Architectural Club, has been entirely and in a successful manner transformed.

The architectural character of the old town, where nothing is lost of former suburban charm, is distinctly improved by the erection of many fine private residences. A fire-proof house which is being built, at a cost of $125,000, at Arsenal Square, and others along Brattle Street and in proximity to that historic highway, including the newly improved Hubbard Park section, notably represent this advance. A residence for girls attending the Cambridge School, built by Mr. Arthur Gilman, and receiving the name of "Margaret Winthrop Hall," is completed in fine simple order. On the recently opened Norton estate, retaining almost intact its beautiful growth of forest trees, are the new houses built for several college professors, of which the owners are about taking possession. One of the additional residences erected here is for a Boston lawyer, and another is built for a clergyman. These houses form a pleasing Old Colonial series, with distinctive individual variations. One planned for Professor James, with certain dominating ideas of his own, is shingled, and left unpainted. This is a four-story house with wide gambrel-roof, containing abundant room, its owner being provided with a large study suite on the first floor. The newly arisen group among the pines and other native trees includes a gabled house, painted red, with wide piazza and second story balcony, which Professor Royce already occupies. The arrangement of his library, finished in cypress, has been his special care. The residence of Professor F. W. Taussig on this estate, with hip-roof and balustraded summit, the whole being in yellow with white trimmings, is finished throughout the interior in white. A house for Professor Alpheus Hyatt is nearly completed in the same neighborhood, near which is the Divinity Library, of recent erection. The homes of Professor Charles Eliot Norton and of Miss Grace Norton on this Shady Hill estate bear the contrasting sober impression of years.

Of edifices belonging to the city the new Public Library is in greatest esteem as a building as well as in its function. This recently opened institution, situated in spacious grounds, forms a fine landmark on Broadway at Irving Street. It is in Dedham stone, with brown-stone trimmings, the construction being wholly fire-proof. The entrance is by a broad, rounded flight of low stone steps at the corner, through a massively pillared porch. A memorial room, which, as well as the main library, is reached directly from the entrance hall, contains war relics and other historical treasures. A rear wing is arranged as a book-room, and another wing provides a reading-room. The connection of the principal wings is marked in the exterior by a tower. This beautiful library is a gift to the city from Mr. Frederick H. Rindge, now a resident of Los Angeles, California, and whose liberality is again witnessed a few yards away across the cultivated lawn, where the new Rindge Manual-training School is in successful operation. The building, which the artist has shown in the accompanying picture in a fine atmosphere of sunlight and poetry, is well arranged and perfectly equipped with machinery. A new class beginning its courses the present season consists of ten Harvard students. About equally distant from the library on the opposite side the foundations have been made for the new English High-school, for which Mr. Rindge has donated the site, the building, costing $200,000, being erected by the city. The magnificent series of gifts coming from the same benefactor includes the new City Hall, of which the exterior is nearly completed. This conspicuous structure, with a great square tower, is built on a terrace fronting Main Street. The estimated cost is $200,000, the construction being in Milford granite, with trimmings of Long Meadow brown-stone.

DEPARTURE OF THE FLEET.

THE departure of the Squadron of Evolution for Europe on the 18th instant, under the command of Commodore and Acting Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, ranks as one of the most important events in the history of our navy. Realizing the importance of the occasion, Secretary of the Navy Tracy desired the departure to be something of a celebration, and accordingly he issued invitations to the two ex-Secretaries of the Navy and to various officials to accompany him down the bay on the *Dolphin*, which has taken the place of the *Despatch* as the special yacht of the President and the Secretary of the Navy. Soon after eleven o'clock the fleet started up-stream from their anchorage, the *Chicago* leading, followed by the *Atlanta*, the *Boston*, and the *Yorktown*, in the order named. Off the Weehawken Ferry they were reviewed in line of squadron by the party on board the *Dolphin*, and as soon as the *Chicago* came up to the reviewing line, the guns of the receiving-ship *Minnesota*, at the foot of Twenty-third Street, belched out a salute, and her young tars lined her rigging as the squadron passed. As the *Chicago* passed Governor's Island the guns of Castle William thundered a salute of thirteen guns for the Secretary of the Navy, and the roar of the heavy cannon had hardly died away before the sharp, crashing intonation of the *Dolphin's* guns answered the salute. Similar salutes were fired from Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton, the *Dolphin* again responding. Past Swinburne Island the fleet fell out of their regular line, the *Dolphin* stopped, and there was another salute from all the ships, which Secretary Tracy acknowledged by repeatedly lifting his cap as he stood on the after-bridge of the *Dolphin*. All the way down the river and bay ferry-boats, tugs, and steamers paid homage to the departing cruisers. The view from the bridge of the *Dolphin* was an impressive one. The scene itself was beautiful, but the majority of the hundred spectators on the *Dolphin*, at least, were most stirred by the business-like character of the display—the evidences of discipline on board the ships, even in this hasty view, the orderliness, trimness, and thoroughly man-of-warsman-like style of ships and crew. Free of all unnecessary ornamentation, the ships were painted entirely white, except the yellow funnels and masts. A small gilded flourish on their sharp prows was almost the only relief to the broad clear surface of white rounded decks, roofs, and turrets, from which the long muzzles of sharp-shooting guns projected. From this clear spread of white the marines, drawn up on the forward and after decks of each ship, with their muskets at present arms, stood out in vivid relief.

During the review Secretary Tracy and ex-Secretary Whitney walked the deck of the *Dolphin* together in close conversation, and as the beautiful firstlings of the reconstructed navy went by, they both waved their hats to the departing officers in a very fervid way. After the last ship, the *Yorktown*, was well past, the *Dolphin* fired a gun, and raised the signal "Good-by; a pleasant voyage," and the *Chicago* responded "Good-by; thank you." The fleet then spread out and faced toward the ocean to begin its long cruise; but, owing to the heavy weather outside, the four ships dropped anchor just inside of Sandy Hook about 3 P.M. Here they were compelled to stay, somewhat ingloriously, until the following day,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

when they sailed for Boston, which they have since reached. After staying at Boston for a week, the squadron goes first to Lisbon, and thence to the leading Mediterranean ports. In the spring it will probably sail for Brest, and, after touching at the chief French, German, and British ports, return home, it is expected within a year.

GATHERING GREENERY.

Contributions for decorations to be used for Christmas come to our large cities from all parts of the United States. There is the mistletoe, that parasitic plant whose range extends from New Jersey due west to Illinois, and, abounding in the Southern States, reaches its geographical limit in Texas. We are not, then, beholden to England for her *Viscum album*, for our own *phoradendron* takes its place. The utmost scope is then possible for all those time-honored customs which take place beneath "the mistletoe bough." Think how much of a bough there is about mistletoe! Surely this poetic license is difficult to appreciate, unless the branch of the tree on which the parasite lives is carried away with the greenery. Then we have our own holly. *Ilex opaca*, with its green leaves with the prickles, its pretty berries, has a great range. You can find holly on the Canada border, all through New England, and pluck your holly branches even farther south than Virginia. About the holly there is a tenacity of life which the mistletoe does not possess. Cut the parasite from its source of growth, and it soon wilts.

Innumerable are the sources from whence our decorative greenery is derived. Many grasses which retain their natural colors are used, and to tress and weave these into garlands is a large industry, which, beginning about the middle of October in some parts of the United States, continues up to the middle of December. The shipping of this material to New York is sometimes, however, a precarious business. There have been seasons when for the more delicate kinds of leaves the warm weather instead of cold has acted as a destructive power, and the losses to shippers have been heavy. The use, however, of cooling warehouses for the storage of such delicate merchandise has removed some of the risks.

That peculiar moss which grows on the trees in the South furnishes a certain proportion of the decorations for Christmas. It has great durability; indeed, is almost imperishable. Used with discretion, this moss produces excellent effects, but its appearance is not exactly prepossessing. Gray is hardly an appropriate color for an expression of festivity.

Miss Barber's sketch shows a group of colored people making their Christmas harvesting, and the locality is northern Virginia, where, as appropriate to the Christmas season, there has come a good snowfall. The party is at work ostensibly for business only, but that does not prevent a good deal of fun. There is about the girl's face the happiest of expressions. Her burden is light. The heavier loads have been placed on the sledge that follows. The wind may be whistling through the woods, and her ears tingle, but she does not mind that. Alongside of her comes the man with the mistletoe; and to collect that is a man's work, because mistletoe is something not obtainable without considerable climbing. In the background are the old people, with their baskets full of the arboreal ornamentations. Some of the greenery the party will keep for themselves, and they will decorate first their own church, and then their own humble homes.

It is one of the happy characteristics of the colored race that they carry into their work an endless amount of good-humor. Such Christmas greenery parties are looked forward to with pleasure, and as the materials abound, the labor of collecting is not great.

THE SAIL-MAKER.

Mr. Edgar M. Ward's picture now on exhibition at the Academy in New York represents a sail-maker at his work. There are many mysteries of sail-making, such as seaming, goring, tabling, roping, marling. To cut and handle a material which will weigh over a pound to the yard requires no small amount of address. For nicety of adjustment, the best skill of the sail-maker may be called forth in fitting the canvas for a yacht. It is true that steam has taken the place of wind, and so pictures of frigates under full sail, with their great spread of canvas, may be things of the past, but for many a long day to come we shall want great main-sails for our schooners. The sail-loft, with its extended area, where the wings of the merchant-ship were once folded, may belong to by-gone times, but there is no small seaport in the country without its little sail-loft. Generally one will find a half-dozen men at work in some spacious room of a building overlooking the water. If there are not new suits of sails to be made, there are always repairs in order. Smart masters of fishing smacks are ever nice about repairs, and though they may do a little patching themselves, when new breadths of canvas have to be introduced they generally confide the work to the professional sail-maker.

Mr. Ward's sail-maker is ripping up an old seam. On his bench are bobbins, with the peculiar strong thread used, and near by that hand thimble where the head of the needle receives its purchase from the palm of the sewer's hand. On the floor are the bits of old cloth that have been cut out. The water bottle, a waif from some foreign clime, hangs near the worker. He is a smoker, and an orderly one, for his pipes are stowed away in a corner. He bears a typical New England head, and there are elements in the construction of that brain which would fit it for other employments than the sewing of jibs or studding-sails for vessels. The sail-maker's craft, though a sedentary one in part, does not cramp the intellect, for there is much heavy work to do, and into the making of a well-fitting sail there enters much close and accurate calculation.

Mr. Ward is conservative as a colorist, and in this work of his the effects are happily blended. The drawing is careful to a degree, and the hands especially well modelled; for, after the head, it is the man's fingers as he holds the canvas which must have directed toward them the attention of the observer.

A study of this kind must be realistic. Nothing in it can be taken from the imagination. It is true art which, seizing on the appropriateness of a subject, and filling in its surroundings, know show to idealize them; and in this, the poetizing of an object, the artist himself shows his individuality. Mr. Ward's picture is a capital one, because though quiet in tone and composition, it is nevertheless impressive. It is a New England sail-maker and nothing else; and if the captain of a smack now in Fulton Market dock were to look at Mr. Ward's picture, he would say: "Know him? In course I do. He fitted us out with a new suit of sails this very spring; and a good job it was; and when the time comes round that we'll be fittin' up again, I'm goin' back to him"; and that is the best encomium any one can pass on a picture.

THE HEBREW THEATRE.

It will probably surprise most readers to know that New York city is the Jewish metropolis of the globe. Inspector Williams, who probably knows the municipality better than any other man, estimates the Hebraic population to-day at 200,000 souls. The vast majority of these reside on the east side, between the Bowery and the East River. So intensely Israelitic has that district become that it is variously known by the gamins as the "New Jerusalem," "Goose Town," and "Little Jewry." No better place for studying these new-comers can be found than in their theatre on the Bowery. The building is like its neighbors on that famous thoroughfare, being cheap, unpretentious, and rather gloomy in appearance. A small but clean lobby opens into the auditorium, which is about seventy feet wide by nearly two hundred in depth. The furnishing is inexpensive and moderately uncomfortable, consisting of common chairs in the parquette, and of pine benches in the orchestra circle. On either side of the stage is a large box, homely and plain to a fault, and decorated in the simplest style. The stage is small, but exceedingly well equipped. During the day it is the head-quarters of Hebrew actors, journalists, and men about town. Nearly all come from southeastern Europe, and speak a mongrel tongue, known in Europe as jargon, which appears to be a chaotic mixture of Teutonic, Sclavonic, and Hebraic elements, and which is but partly intelligible to the average German. At nightfall the usual gallery crowd accumulates at the doorway, waiting for the gates to be opened. Some amuse themselves reading the Hebrew daily paper, others with a curious literature, which is broken English printed in Hebrew text, while still others pass the time in noisy discussions upon business or religious topics. The moment the doors are open the crowd surges in, and long before the curtain goes up the house is packed to suffocation. It is a very orderly and good-natured crowd, but one that is remarkably strange in appearance to an Anglo-Saxon. Black-bearded men from the Crimea, swarthy individuals from Roumania, who are darker than any mulatto, yellow-haired Belts from the Baltic provinces, and red-haired Polaks from Silesia, are the more prominent types of the audience. The German Jew, with whose face we are all familiar, is hardly ever seen in this house of amusement. In fact, there seems to be an antagonism between the German and Russian Hebrew, just as between the north and south of Ireland. Nearly all present are well dressed, the audience contrasting favorably in this regard with those of the fashionable uptown theatres. A noticeable trait is the profusion of jewelry; almost every man and woman is bedecked with gold and gems, often to a grotesque degree. The habit is a consequence of the injustice and cruelty practised for generations by the authorities of southeastern Europe toward their unfortunate Jewish citizens. The possession of wealth in those countries has always been a signal for oppression and extortion. Unable to safely invest his wealth in land, personal property, or even securities, the thrifty Jew in that part of the world has converted it into jewels, and has become the greatest expert known in treasures of that class. When they come to this country the habit follows them, and not until ten or fifteen years have elapsed do they feel a sense of security in American laws and institutions, and invest their wealth in the same manner as other successful business men. On nights when some favorite drama is rendered the display of jewelry is simply appalling. Women who by day dress in calico now appear covered with rings, bangles, bracelets, necklaces, and watch chains. Fifty women can be picked out who wear not less than $5000 worth apiece of these costly wares. The jewelry is marked by value rather than by beauty. Watch chains that weigh a pound, clumsy solitaires of ten carats and upward, a dozen finger-rings whose smallest stone is a huge emerald or sapphire, and which cover the hand almost as thoroughly as a glove of mail, bracelets studded with gems an inch to two inches in width, are a few of the more striking objects of ornamentation.

The curtain rises, and discloses some popular piece. At the very start the theatre-goer ignorant of the language sees a profound difference between the Hebrew drama and that of our own race. In its conventionalisms, constant use of the chorus, and the incessant interjection of music, it discloses at times a startling similarity to the ancient Greek tragedies. The similarity is further borne out by the subjects employed, nearly every one of the successful dramas produced at the Oriental Theatre being based upon some chapter in the early history of the chosen people. *Judas Maccabeus, Joseph and his Brethren, King Solomon*, are three excellent illustrations. Outside of the conventionalism, the acting is forceful and good. With the Russian Jew the dramatic profession is practically a matter of heredity, as it is with the Chinese. Most of the professionals go upon the stage in their infancy, under the tuition of their parents or relatives, and when mere children are as thoroughly trained in the business of the boards as our best actors of mature age. The dressing and scenery are always artistic, and usually very accurate to historic truth. The arms, armor, and ornaments used in their historical dramas are more faithful copies than any used in American theatres, excepting by Irving, Palmer, and Daly. The singing and instrumental music are remarkably good. The Hebrews have been a musical race from time immemorial, and it would seem that in those lands where they have been subjected to harsh injustice and gross outrage the musical instinct or genius has found its highest development. In character their music would please Wagner, sacrificing the soloist to the chorus. The chorus is brought in at almost every point where there is a crisis, a display of intense emotion, or a dramatic situation. In one play, where a ghost appears first upon one side of the stage and then upon the other, very much as in *Macbeth*, the consternation of the populace is expressed or illustrated by the weirdest songs that can be conceived.

Personally the artists take great pride in their profession; to them it is a guild, in whose support they are as zealous as the most active member of any New York trades-union. They are nearly all well educated and well bred. Few of them speak less than four languages, and all receive salaries large enough to enable them to live in good style, and to travel from place to place, wherever there are large Hebrew communities.

FALSTAFF.

On another page of this paper will be found an animated representation—from the ingenious and felicitous pencil of Mr. Abbey—of Falstaff's escape in a buck-basket from the house and the clutches of the jealous and furious Ford, as set forth by Shakespeare in his frolicsome comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Each of the figures is characteristic, and the action of the suspicious and angry husband, restrained by his mischievous wife, is exceedingly spirited; while the sagging of the great clothes-basket which contains the fat knight, covered and almost smothered by soiled raiment, still further enlivens the picture with its deft touch of suggested humor. Well might Fal-staff exclaim, when looking back upon this and other humiliating experiences of his baffled amatory enterprise, "See now, how wit may be made a Jackalent when 'tis upon ill employment!"

The friends of Falstaff do not like to think of him in this deplorable predicament. The Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* is a man to laugh at; but he is not a man to inspire the comrade feeling, and still less is he a man to impress the intellect with the sense of a stalwart character, and of prodigious, and indeed illimitable, jocund humor. Falstaff's friends—whose hearts are full of kindness for the old reprobate—have sat with him "in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire," and "have heard the chimes at midnight" in his society, and they know what a jovial companion he is—how abundant in knowledge of the world; how radiant with animal spirits; how completely inexhaustible in cheerfulness; how copious in comic invective; how incessantly nimble and ludicrous in wit and in waggery; how strange a compound of mind and soul, gravity, shrewdness and folly, fidelity and roguery, brazen mendacity and comic selfishness! They do not like to think of him as merely a fat old fool, bamboozled by a gypsy, and [illegible] not over-delicate women of mental calibre, and mere Fenton and sweet Anne Page, and the lassies of Windsor, and the parson. "Have I lived to be the moment of his discomfiture, the taunts of one that makes He is a hard case, and a sad case, as any man well can be; coram and respectable men, who have him well grow to be a byword, they feel that they owe him a debt, they do not quite forget that they owe him contemptible.

There was no need to be true that Queen Elizabeth Speare to show "Falstaff the best reason for accordingly dubious the word of John Falstaff fact that in part *Wives* Shakespeare great creation —the greatest You can find in you laugh, and makes you incredibly cing mirth liberated piece of Falstaff the impudence They have [illegible] on

and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; you may see him all along the current of his mature years; his highway robberies on Gadshill; his bragging narrative to Prince Henry; his frolicsome, paternal, self-defensive lecture to the Prince; his serio-comic association with the ragamuffin recruits at Coventry; his adroit escape from the sword of Hotspur; his mendacious self-glorification over the body of Harry Percy; his mishaps as a suitor to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page; his wonderfully humorous interviews with the Chief-Justice and with Prince John of Lancaster; his junketings with Justice Shallow in Gloucestershire, and his rebuff and consternation at his first and last meeting with King Henry V.; and, finally, you may see him, as Mrs. Quickly saw him, on his death-bed, when "'a cried out God! God! God! three or four times," and when "his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled o' green fields."

A good and faithful study of *King Henry IV.*, and especially of the second part of that play, is essential for a right appreciation of Falstaff. Those scenes with the Chief-Justice are unmatched in literature. The knight stands royally forth in them, clothed with his entire panoply of agile intellect, robust humor, and boundless comic effrontery. But the arrogant and expeditious Falstaff of *The Merry Wives*—so richly freighted with rubicund sensuality, so abundant in comic loquacity, and so ludicrous in his sorry plights—is a much less complex person, and therefore he stands more level than the real Falstaff does with the average comprehension of mankind. The American stage, accordingly, by which more than by the printed book he has become known to the people, has usually given its preference to the Falstaff of the comedy. *The Merry Wives* was first acted in New York on October 5, 1788, at the John Street Theatre, with Harper as Falstaff. On April 1, 1807, it was produced at the famous old Park, and the Falstaff then was John E. Harwood. The same stage offered it again on January 15, 1829, with Hilson as Falstaff. A little later, about 1832, James H. Hackett took up the character of Fal-staff, and from that time onward performances of *The Merry Wives* occurred more frequently in different cities of America. Nor was the historical play neglected. On August 7, 1848, a remarkably fine production of the comedy was accomplished at the Astor Place Opera-house, New York, with Hackett as Falstaff, who never in his time was equalled in this character, and has not been equalled since. Another Falstaff, however, and a remarkably good one, appeared at Burton's Theatre on August 24, 1850, in the person of Charles Barr. On March 14, 1853, the *Merry Wives* was again given at Burton's Theatre, and Burton himself played Falstaff, with overwhelming humor; but Burton never acted the part as it exists in *Henry IV.* Hackett, who used both the history (Part I.) and the comedy, continued to act Falstaff almost till the end of his days, and Hackett did not die till 1871. A distinguished representative of Falstaff in the early days of the American theatre—the days of the renowned Chestnut in Philadelphia—was William Warren (1767–1832), who came over from England in 1796. In recent years the part has been acted by Benedict De Bar and by John Jack. The latest Falstaff in this country is that embodied by Charles Fisher, who first assumed the character on November 19, 1872, at Daly's Theatre, and whose performance was picturesque, humorous, and delightful.

On the English stage the historical play of *Henry IV.* was exceedingly popular in Shakespeare's time. The first Falstaff, according to Malone, whom everybody has followed as to this point, was John Heminge (1555–[illegible]). After him came John Lowin [illegible] thought to have [illegible] of Charles [illegible] been Lowin [illegible] wrig[illegible] to [illegible] l

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GATHERING CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.—Drawn by Alice Barber.—[See Page 955.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE SALDAGNIA GHOSTS.

BY GEORGE W. HOSMER.

I.

On the top of South Mountain, as we drove the gray fellows from pillar to post, the stone walls there making exceedingly tough defences, we came to one very bad place in the line. There was a little old stone farm-house inside the angle formed by two stone walls, the house being on our side of the fence. Gray infantry fired at us over both lines of wall; but our fellows to the right and left soon got an enfilading fire along the other side of both walls, and the infantry there skipped, but the fellows in the house held on. We could see that they would be supported in order to stop our headway, for we were close upon the heels of a retreating division. There were evidently as many fellows in the house as it was convenient to have there; and our artillery was not handy. Some of our fellows got axes and battered the door down, but fell in front of it. And then there was a critical moment. Inside was a cool and resolute crowd of tough old rebs, every man with his gun pointed at the doorway and his finger on the trigger, all resolved that the first-comers should pay for the house.

"Who'll draw that fire?" said the captain.

"I will," said Talbot, of our right company—a bright stripling of a fellow, slight, handsome, and very daring.

"Bayonets, boys!" said the captain; and the fellows inside the house could hear the jingle of the steel as we fixed bayonets as plainly as we could ourselves, and understood what was up, and made ready for it. "Now, then, Talbot," said the captain; and Talbot dashed forward at a run, and up the two little steps into the doorway. But on the second step he put his foot into a pool of blood that had come from one of the men killed there, and slipped, so that his figure was for one brief instant upright in the doorway, and he fell with his face to the floor. But every trigger inside was pulled at the instant he was seen in the aperture, and because he fell they all fired over him. As the sound of the volley ceased, the captain shouted "Forward!" and our boys went in with a rush, and we had the house. Talbot had not a scratch, but this fact did not detract from his glory, for he had gone as if to certain death. From this incident, and others not unlike it that occurred from time to time, we came to know what sort of a fellow little Talbot was; and when there was any tough job in hand, we were very apt to imagine Talbot as one especially fitted to do it. There grew around him an atmosphere of this sort of opinion, and this atmosphere went with him in his promotion all the way up to the division staff. It seemed, therefore, a very natural thing when the general said one night, "Send Talbot to find those fellows."

This was in May, 1863. We had retreated from the south side of the Rappahannock River. Just why we had retreated, nobody knew then, and probably nobody knows now. We had the First, Second, Third, Sixth, and Twelfth corps all in good fighting trim. Stonewall Jackson's corps had collided with our Eleventh Corps, and hurt it; but even if the Eleventh Corps had been annihilated we had a magnificent army without it. Yet the army had retreated, and our division, which had had no fighting, had lost a brigade somehow. Either in the haste of the movement orders were not sent to that brigade, or the man bearing the order had been killed on the way by a chance shot. We only knew when our division went into camp on the north side of the river that the Third Brigade was not with us. Brigades were not very large then, but they were good. Hard fighting and hard marching all the year before had worked us down to a fine point; so that what was left of the old force was of the best quality, and the recruits sent to us had been judiciously spread through veteran regiments, and the force was pretty even. There were at least 1500 good fellows in the lost brigade, and an effort to communicate with them before the enemy learned of our retreat had to be made. This was the service upon which Talbot was sent that night. As he rode away over the pontoon-bridge on his hardy bay, the officer at the bridge asked him to try and pick up a couple of his fellows who were astray somewhere—Major Ingersoll and Lieutenant Crane; but we all feared that the picking up would be done by the enemy, and that Talbot was only one more good man to be added to those lost by this mischance. From the bridge to Catherine Furnace, near where the regiment had been left, was a good seven miles; part of the way by fair roads. That part was easy enough. From any hole by the road-side a hidden rebel might have taken a chance shot at the single officer without fear of discovery or punishment, but there was seldom any danger of that sort in Virginia. Talbot went safely and easily enough until he could not keep in the road, and then his trouble began. Occasionally he came bolt up against an abandoned wagon, crippled by having been driven into a mud-hole; two or three times he was nearly plunged over his horse's head by the animal's sudden descent into the road-side ditch to avoid some obstacle in the road unseen by his rider. It seemed the darkest night the world had ever known. There was a dense opacity in the air that was not diminished by the littlest ray of light from any source whatever, and that human vision could no more penetrate than it could a black marble wall. Not a glimmer of a road-side fire showed anywhere. Not a dim candle from a negro hut was visible. There was neither moon nor stars, and that general reflection from the whole heavens which sometimes lessens the total gloom of bad nights was not on duty. Talbot, having the ordinary proportion of human nature in him, did not neglect the opportunity afforded by the occasion for a dress parade of maledictions, involving in them his own ill-luck, the military system of marching up hill only to march down again, the Southern Confederacy, and the nights of "the sunny South." He did, however, get on for perhaps three miles, and then he discovered that he was off the road. Ordinarily a horse may be relied upon to keep in the road, but even this trait of equine sagacity has no value in war. Man depends upon the horse in this particular because the horse's instinct teaches him the way to his home. In war he has no home. If even his instinct as to the road is of any value aside from the relation of the road to his home, war, in our country at least, so nearly obliterates roads that even the keenest instincts might be at fault. In that country there were always roads enough, and they all ran crosswise—through fields, over rough hills and broken bits of woodland, and through the rivers; and the fences that are sometimes a guide had long since fed the bivouac fires. Apparently the captain had reached some point where the road turned off at a right angle, and he had kept straight on, not perceiving the turn. He found that he was in the fields, and in pretty wet ground, for his horse went to the fetlocks at every step. If he could have guessed whether the road out of which he had turned had twisted to the right or the left, he would have had some vague basis for the effort to find it again, but as he could not guess out this problem his uncertainty gave him a choice of directions as far as the poles apart. He might be presently laboring up the front of the fortified hills, or he might before he knew it be tumbling over twenty feet of bluff into the river. Finding his horse distressed a bit by the bad ground, he halted to breathe that excellent animal and bait his own imagination.

In this moment he formulated a few silent objections to the glory of the man who invented the compass. "For," he said, "the dogs, the wolves, the panthers, and other night prowlers do not get lost across the country. Why? Because they have in their brains some instinct of direction that is a living equivalent of the compass. Man must have had that once in his brain also. He could hardly be inferior to all the beasts. But some fellow without confidence in himself made a machine to have things easy, and all the rest of us have acquired so much the habit of depending upon the machine that we have lost that secret of nature. But come, old Cinnamon, we must get on."

He gave a light touch to his horse, and thus called upon, the honest animal responded by turning abruptly to the left, and making a rush up an almost perpendicular bank, eight or ten feet high, and forward from the brow, apparently through a strip of woods, for Talbot received many a stroke from the low-hanging branches. Half blown, the horse stayed his short course in what was evidently open ground again, which the captain naturally thought might be the road, because he imagined the horse would not have taken this independent initiative without some reason.

"Well done, old Cinnamon," he said, as he patted the horse's neck; "that was a good move."

But here again all was gloom, silence, and desolation. Yet as he sat and listened he could imagine that he actually did hear some faint sounds. Was it imagination only, or were there voices? Imagination has a ready way of working often without facts, and he could not determine whether the voices he seemed to hear were in the air or altogether in his brain, but he pushed cautiously forward, giving the horse the rein. Presently he was reasonably sure that he heard men talking, and a few seconds later he caught a glimmer of light.

Here was perhaps a camp fire, and some of our stragglers around it; yet it might be an advanced post of the enemy. He went forward, therefore, with the precaution that the case called for. Because to stumble upon the enemy's outpost in these circumstances would necessarily involve very ugly incidents. Guided by the difference in the air that even a remote and perhaps very little fire made, he heard the talking distinctly, and recognized that it was the conversation of Northern men; for, as between our men and the Confederates, accent, dialect, and intonation made distinction as easy as would the apparently broader differences of another language. He got so near without attracting attention as to see the men and hear what they said.

They were three stragglers of our army, rather more than half tipsy, and in the pleasant indifference to time and chance which it is the virtue of commissary whiskey to produce, they had made themselves a little camp fire, and were holding a prolonged consultation over the case of a horse that one of them had in his charge, and which had gone down in a hole where they were, having broken or otherwise crippled one of his legs in the fall. It was a battery horse, and two of the men were artillerymen, the other an infantryman; apparently the chance comrades of this gloomy way.

"Boys, I don't like to leave that horse," said one artilleryman.

"Well, we got to leave him or ourselves," said the other.

"Why 's only one more old hoss," said the infantryman. "Haven't we left 'em everywhere, all over? Haven't we filled Virginia with 'em?"

"No," said the first batteryman; "you're wrong—you're wrong, pardner. That ain't only one more old hoss; that wasn't no common horse. He's a good soldier of the Union, that horse. Him and me's been in many battles together."

"Well," said the other artilleryman, "I wish it was his mate, the black one. That black horse didn't care a cuss for the Union. But this was a good one. He'd pull like a soldier when the gun was in a hole; and how he would swing things when his gun was wheeled to unlimber! He was a hero."

"Yes, he was a good one," said the other. "It's a great wrong to call him only one more old hoss. There wasn't any nonsense about him. He was a veteran. He was just like an old soldier. An old soldier don't get up and yell for enthusiasm, like a youngster, but when the tough times come, he's there; and it was so with that horse. He faced the music at Fair Oaks, at Gaines Mill, at Malvern Hill, and Antietam. There's many a man would expect to be Governor of his State if he had done half as much for the Union as that 'ere horse has done."

Talbot now went ahead, and as he came close to the fire, the boys started to their feet, and the infantryman put up his piece and cried: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Attention, company!" said the captain; and the soldier, with the promptitude of a piece of machinery in which you have touched the spring, brought the butt of his piece to the ground, and put himself in the attitude of attention.

"You are staying out late, boys," said the captain. "Our army is all over the river, and the enemy may be here at any moment."

"That's what I been tellin' 'em for an hour," said one of the battery fellows; "but they say they can't find the way."

"Captain," said the infantryman, "lemme tell you how it is. You see, I belong to Twenty-second Indiana Regiment."

"Where is your regiment?"

"That's jis what I want to find out. I was out in this woods 's afternoon and had a good sleep, when I waked up, went into camp; but there wasn't any camp. The camp was there, but the army was gone. Then I started down this way, and overhauled some fellows on the road that I knew. They was next to us out in front. They told me all the army was moved 'cept our brigade. Said they saw my regiment out there. So I turned around and went that way. It was awful rough, and dark as pitch; but I got there, and the regiment wasn't there neither."

"Sure you were in the camp?"

"Sure as shootin', captain."

As this soldier's regiment was in the lost brigade, this information was important.

"And the regiment was not in its camp?"

"Regiment was gone. My colonel ain't the kind of a man to get left. I know that if there's any marchin', or any fightin', or anything else, he's a fellow to be up and hustlin'. He's a good man—as good as they make 'em. Now, captain, I'll do jist what you say. If you tell me I ought to go out to the lines again, I'll go."

"Why, the enemy's there now," said one of the battery fellows.

"Shoot the enemy! I want to get to my regiment."

"Well," said Talbot, "you'd better rush for the river, all of you."

"That's jis what Major Ingersoll told me."

"Where did you see Major Ingersoll?"

"Just along the road here a little ways. The major and Lieutenant Crane are on the piazza of a little house, waiting for the moonrise to find their way."

"And it's my opinion," said the artilleryman who had grieved over his horse—"it's my opinion that a Confederate moon ain't to be depended upon."

Ingersoll and Crane were the fellows Talbot had been asked to look out for. They, it appears, had been outside the lines when the troops moved, making a call upon some ladies. Talbot was very glad to get this news of them, and felt sure they could give him a straight account of the brigade, as they were last from the front, for he did not know just how much he could believe of the stragglers' story. But before going forward he insisted that the three soldiers should get in motion, for he understood that half tipsy fellows once started are as persistent in going as road as they are in staying when once at rest. He was very much surprised to see them take the road in what seemed to him a wrong direction, but found upon touching this point that they knew just where they were, and that he, when he found them, had been actually going toward the river.

As he had in the directions of the soldiers a reasonably sure guide to the place where the other officers were, he jogged along confidently and with a light heart, for the accidental encounter with these tipsy comrades had lightened his labor.

II.

Half a mile from the point where he left the soldiers, Talbot came upon Ingersoll and Crane in the road. An unknown horseman, approaching at night on doubtful ground, is watched, upon the theory that as he may be an enemy, it is safe to assume that he is one until the contrary is shown; and thus the others prepared for defence, but hearing them near, Talbot hailed them by their names, and was recognized at once. They could give him good news on the subject of his errand. They knew exactly the position of the brigade. They had gone through its lines in the afternoon. They had returned at the same point only an hour ago, and the brigade was not there. They did not know what road it had taken, but nothing could be more certain than that it had followed the army.

But now how were they all to get to the river the easiest way?

"Well," said Ingersoll, "that is what has troubled us ever since it became so very dark. We have in the road here an ancient person of African origin who proposes to help us out of our scrape, and his plan seems to us a good one. We are, it appears, near to the Saldagnia ruin, and an easy road goes the whole distance, while from the ruin to the river there is also an easy way. We propose to wait at the ruin until moonrise, which is only about an hour, and then, if we cannot reach the bridge along the shore, we can swim our horses over. The rebs won't push in here until daylight."

Talbot agreed to act with them on this plan, and they went on together, talking over the experiences of the night, the colored man keeping exactly in front of the nose of Ingersoll's horse, and showing the road. They rode for some time in that way, and then Talbot made a singular discovery. He perceived that a fourth horseman was riding with them. The guide was on foot, but another horseman was in the company. It was a bewildering fact that made a strange, unpleasant impression on the mind. The captain made this discovery by observing that at the very moment when the voices of Ingersoll and Crane showed that one was in front of him and the other behind him, there was yet one more rider, almost keeping step with him, close at his side.

Talbot could not make up his mind what to do about this. Perhaps this other horseman was not the only other one there. There might be a party; they might have some evil intention, and it might be dangerous to give an alarm that would certainly precipitate whatever was impending. How could he give notice to the others without informing this fourth rider that his presence was observed? Before he had determined this point a solution came.

"Gentlemen," said a loud, clear voice, "I would like to say a word, if you please."

There was a sudden halt of every one. "Who said that?" said Ingersoll.

"Stranger has the floor," said Talbot.

"But who the deuce is he, and where does he come from?" said Crane.

"Gentlemen, I will answer your questions. My name is Wraxburn. I am a civilian, and a peaceful citizen of Virginia. I have been at the house of a relative on the north side of the river, and the armies were between that place and my own house. Taking advantage of the military movements the other day, I started to go to my home; for I thought your army would be by this time far south of this, and that this region would be clear. As it has not turned out that way, my ride home is not so easy. I am an old man, and have a pass from the commander of your army. Just now, on the road here, I found myself suddenly in your company. You did not perceive me; and as I heard that you were going by the way of the Saldagnia ruin I was glad, for I am going the same way. But I discovered that I was hearing conversation not intended for my ears, and I determined to declare myself; first that I might not unintentionally play the spy upon you, and next that I might not put myself in a false position."

"Why, that's all right," said Ingersoll. "Does any one object?"

"I do not," said Talbot.

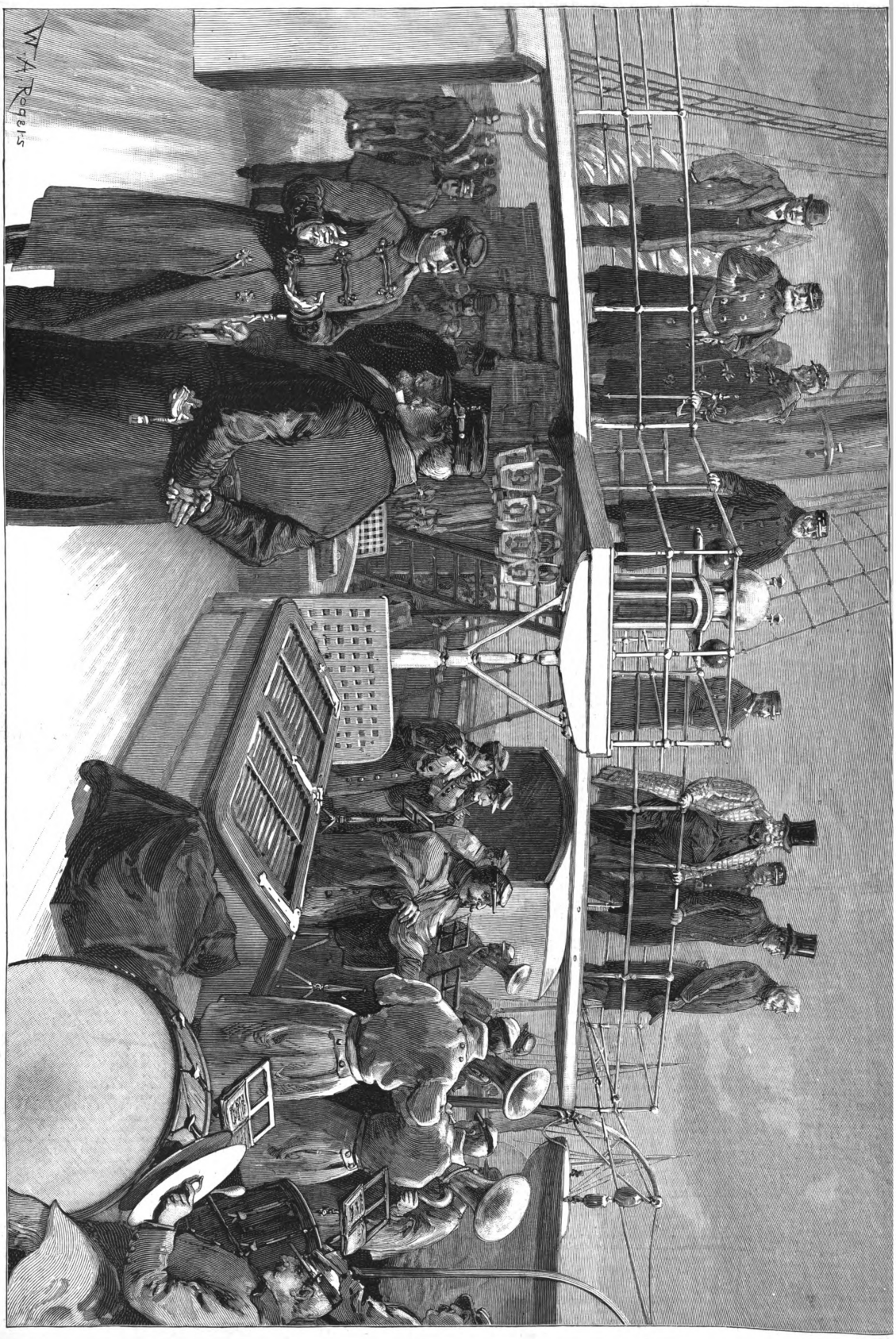
"Nor I," said Crane.

"Gentlemen, you are very courteous and kind," said the old gentleman; and they rode on. In a very short time they reached the ruin, as the colored man had promised Ingersoll; and the arrival anywhere without an accident on such a night was good reason for a feeling of satisfaction. The ruin was a sort of landmark in that region. It was all that was left of a house that had apparently been as large as an ancient abbey, and built in that style. There were ranges of ruin that indicated the general plan of the outer wall, and across, in one direction or another, traces of wall which divided the ground covered into the semblance of great halls or cozy chambers or secret towers. Here and there was enough left of the main walls to show the full sweep of Gothic windows. The edifice had been of hewn stone, and its remains covered the ground in such a way that an effort to ride in or around it without a guide would have been dangerous to the horses' legs. They had all seen the ruin often enough and visited it, but only the colored man knew all the paths, and they followed him into a part of it pretty well surrounded with high walls. He had chosen this place apparently in the unconscious exercise of a secretive instinct, for they had all reached the agreement that there was no reason to apprehend the appearance of the enemy before daylight. Here they dismounted and hitched their horses, while the colored man kindled a little fire, for in this May night a little fire was a comfortable thing to be near. As they gathered around the little flame and got sight of one another, the Virginian drew forth a very reassuring-looking flask, with a metal cup fitted on the outside at the bottom. He poured a small portion of the contents of the flask into the metal cup and drank, by way of showing it was not poison, and then passed flask and cup to the major, and so it went around, and they became acquainted. As soon as the colored man had done what he could in these various ways to make the officers comfortable, he asked civilly if they needed him any more. As they did not expect to move until there would be light enough for them to find their way out, they let him go, the richer for some loose change.

Major Ingersoll, as seen by the light of this little fire, or by any other light, was a fellow of reassuring and pleasant aspect. He was a man of forty, with gray hair and beard, all cut very close, the gray making a happy harmony with his blue eyes, and not less happy contrast with the smooth brown of his skin. He was a man of sturdy rather than of graceful person, with that repose in act and speech—that total want of the element of irritability—which is a guarantee of sound nerve and brain; a fellow used to looking death in the face, and not to be much moved by lighter reasons; yet amiable at that, and ready for any fun that was on foot.

Crane was a queer fellow. His name was not Crane, and all those who daily called him by this name were well aware that it was not his; yet this was a camp compromise. He was a Russian or a Pole, and was possessed of a name pronounceable only in his own country, and being a very practical fellow, had adopted a name that should be easy to the ears and tongues of our people, and while he was at it, chose the easiest

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SECRETARY TRACY'S GOOD-BY TO THE FLEET.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 954.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MEXICAN BURROS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

OF all God's creatures none is so lovable as the ass; yet because the qualities which render him lovable are fine and subtle in their blendings, it is not given to the coarser portion of humanity to apprehend the sweet perfection compounded of his many excellencies. And especially is this true in Mexico, where those whom he serves with the gentle resignation that is his most amiable characteristic usually are wanting in the very qualities of sympathy and refinement which make his own life beautiful.

In Mexico the ass—the *burro*, as they call him, with a fine trilling of the *r's*, in the mellow Spanish tongue—is the veritable centre around which revolves a considerable portion of the social system. Without him, notwithstanding the new railroads of which the Mexicans are so vastly proud, domestic affairs would come at once to a stand-still for lack of household necessaries, and a whole class of work-people would be thrown out of employment. His place in the social economy is that of a Gibeonite—a faithful servitor engaged in supplying the small but imperative needs of every-day life.

In the city of Mexico the arrival at manifold doorways of burros laden with charcoal is a distinctive and most pleasing feature of the early day. The charcoal comes from the pine belt near the crest of Ajusco, the beautiful mountain that overtops the range on the southern side of the Valley of Mexico, and in still larger quantities from the pine forests on the western and south-western slopes of Popocatepetl. In this latter region the charcoal-burning is carried on not far from where the road leading to Cuautla, and thence to Oaxaca and the towns of the south, tips over the edge of the plateau, and winds downward into the Hot Lands, dropping four thousand feet in not much more than twenty miles. At night, looking eastward from the balconies of the little Hotel Ferro Carril at Amecameca, points of fire are seen scattered over the flanks of the great volcano, where the charcoal-makers are at work; and through Amecameca, where their drivers, if piously disposed, stop to say a prayer at the very holy shrine of Nuestro Señor del Sacro Monte, the charcoal-laden burros are driven on their way to the city of Mexico. There they arrive in the very early morning, ready to enter by the Garita de San Lázaro, where the municipal tax levied upon their lading is collected so soon as the custom-house officers shall wake up and open the city gates.

Capitalists in the charcoal business own two, three, sometimes even four burros. These, of course, do business in a grand way—selling whole loads at a stroke to the *mayordomos* of great houses, or to the managers of hotels, or closing out their entire cargo *en bloc* at one or another of the charcoal shops (*carboneras*) which are found in all parts of the city, and the proprietors of which (popularly believed to wash themselves only once a year—on Holy Saturday, by way of preparation for Easter) are veritable wonders of griminess. As a matter of course, griminess is a very striking characteristic of all who are engaged in the charcoal trade. Every *carbonero* looks like a badly made-up negro minstrel, and the very burros, whose Quaker coloring of mouse gray or delicate brown is toned down toward brown-blackness by the black dust in which at all times they are more or less enveloped, seem to lose in their dingy calling a very large portion of their self-respect. Even more melancholy than the mass of their brethren—and because of their gentle natures and introspective cast of mind, all asses are of a melancholy habit—are these charcoal-carrying asses, whose only chance of a clean coat comes in the time of the rains. When halted in the streets before a doorway their heads hang downward dismally, and they rarely have at such times the energy, born of an intelligent interest in some object that arouses their curiosity, to raise their ears. And when in motion their pace is slow, and their sombre exterior seems to betoken a not less sombre tone of mind.

The smaller dealers, not yet capitalists, own but a single burro; and him they drive from house to house, usually through the poorer portion of the city, until the load of charcoal is sold. The process of sale is most animated. Each purchaser is resolutely determined to buy her charcoal at a bargain, and the seller ever is upheld by a virtuous resolution to get as much as possible above the market price. The sale, therefore, becomes a curb-stone comedy—the woman declaiming vehemently against the iniquity of *carboneros* in general, and against the especial sinfulness of the one with whom she is dealing in particular, while the *carbonero* rapidly perjures his way through the calendar by swearing by saint after saint that his price is an honest one. Half a dozen times the woman turns to go, and then is called back, or comes back of her own accord, to renew the war. Once or twice the man makes a demonstration of leaving, and when this act is performed with a certain air of resolute finality, it is a sign that his lowest price really has been named. Then the woman, grown keen by practice in dealings of this nature, shifts her ground. She accepts his terms, and devotes her energies to securing in the portion of charcoal that she has purchased only the large pieces, which will burn long and well; while the man, mindful of the low rate at which the scraps left in the bottom of the panniers must be sold, makes a prodigious show of one fine large piece as he artfully slips into the portion many little pieces, of use only, as the woman tells him with a liberal employment of sarcastic diminutives, to make a little fire for the little birds. The actual amount of money involved in this transaction (as represented in our coin) usually is four and a half or nine cents. Under favorable conditions the deal may be concluded in half an hour.

And all the while that the bargaining is going on the burro stands melancholy by. His head droops downward toward the curb-stone, sometimes so low that his long ears change their centres of gravity, and take a forward cant that to the careless observer gives him an expression of animation that is sadly unreal. At times the assaults upon his rearward parts of some especially vicious fly will cause a spasmodic twitching of his inadequate scrag of a tail; now and then for muscular rest he will raise and set down again languidly one or another of his slim, delicately made legs; and from time to time the whole of his meagre person will be expanded by a deep-drawn sigh. When the bargaining at last is ended he resumes once more, at his master's bidding, the commercial peregrinations which they share together, of which his share is burden-bearing only, while to his master falls the pleasurable part of excited bargaining and profitable sales. Working or waiting, the burro does it all so well and so patiently, and is so resigned to his blackening of charcoal dust, that the blessed San Benito himself—that excellent negro saint—very well might be assigned to him as patron.

In the northern and western cities of Mexico the household fuel is wood, and every day the *leñadores* come down from the mountains astern of their burros, on whose small backs firewood is high heaped up. The cords which fasten on this load are drawn so tightly—to provide against jarrings by the way, as well as to guard against deliberate attempts to shake off the load—that the burro acquires a wasp-like waist painful to contemplate. As a rule, the whole load of wood is sold at once, and it is pathetic to observe the series of deep breaths which the burro takes when the cords are loosened, and his poor little ribs once more expand naturally and give free play to his lungs; and when his breathing apparatus is in good working order again, he usually manifests his delight over his deliverance by braying a mighty bray. To ears unaccustomed to it, there is a terror-begetting quality in the near-by braying of an ass. The sound is a mighty and a thrilling one, much more suitable, it would seem, to a ravening wild beast than to the most gentle and most sweet-natured animal devoted to the service of man. But no singing-bird enjoys his own notes more thoroughly than an ass enjoys his brayings—uttered with outstretched head, eyes widely opened, nostrils distended, tail elevated, and ears a little raised. His whole heart seems to go into the powerful sound, and when the long note is ended there is a look of self-satisfaction upon his expressive face that invites (from those who love him as I do) such commendation as may be conveyed by means of gentle strokings of his long fuzzy ears.

In many Mexican cities where the drinking water is unwholesome, the burro performs the strictly Gibeonite duty of water-carrying. In Morelia, for instance, water is brought from an especially sweet spring three or four leagues away, a load consisting of four long earthen jars rigged to a pack-saddle with nettings of rawhide. I think that I paid a real a jar to the *aguador* who filled the tank for drinking water in my car; on which basis his two journeys a day to and from the springs brought him in an income daily of about seventy cents in our money. This man exhibited an arrogant disposition that was in marked contrast with the servility which usually obtains among Mexicans of the lower class; and considering the way in which he was piling up a fortune, his arrogance was not surprising. The earthen jars, being porous, keep the water fresh and cool even during a long trip in the sun; for which reason, and also because of their comparatively small cost, they are preferred to barrels. These latter, however, occasionally are used by *aguadores* who have come into an inheritance, or have drawn a prize in the lottery, or have had a lucky sitting at cards; for a pair of barrels never can break, as the earthen pots do now and then, and will last a lifetime. The sentimental traveller resents this innovation. A burro bearing earthen water jars in rawhide nettings almost may be considered bric-à-brac; but a burro bearing barrels is a mere prosaic monotony.

Milk also is carried on donkey-back: in the city of Mexico, in tin cans about half the size of those to be seen in New York milk wagons, slung one on each side of the burro; in the provincial cities and towns, in earthen jars (glazed inside), slung, like the water jars, in nettings of rawhide. The milk-boy usually sits abaft the cans or pots, on what may be termed the burro's quarter-deck, and if he be a lazy boy, as is not unusual, he serves his customers without alighting. But for the burro milk carriers most of the Mexican cities would go milkless, for transportation by wagon from country to town would be almost impossible, by reason of the shocking condition of the roads. One of the sights of the city of Mexico is a line of milk wagons that is run between the city and a dairy farm ten miles out, at Tlalpam. These structures consist of great bodies slung with heavy leather straps on massive sets of wheels, and each is drawn over the execrable road by a team of ten mules. They bound over big stones, and lunge through the deep ruts, and rattle along at a lively trot over the comparatively good stretch of road near Churubusco (just where the advance-guard of General Twiggs's division had some especially sharp fighting), and are so very lively in their motions throughout the ten-mile drive that only Mexican milk could pass through so shocking a journey without becoming butter.

Owing to the wretched roads, vegetables and fruit, when not carried on the backs of men and women, also are brought to market on burro-back. The city of Mexico is so fortunate as to receive its supply mainly by water, from the market-garden region bordering the lakes Chalco and Xochimilco and along the Viga Canal. Through this canal the boats come well into the city, close to the market of the Merced, and quite near to the market of the Volador; and it is a very pretty sight of a morning to see the hundreds of canoes, with their ladings of vegetables overtopped with flowers (the latter to be sold in the flower market beside the cathedral), sliding rapidly cityward along this charming waterway, with its bordering of gardens—the *chinampas* that float so picturesquely in the pages of Mr. Prescott's *Conquest*, but do not float at all in sober fact—and its long lines of overhanging trees. But of all the cities on the plateau, only the capital is thus favored. Elsewhere burros bring in the greater part of the vegetable food supply, toiling beneath great paniers full of melons and other succulent delights that they would give their long ears to be allowed to eat, and actually subsisting for the most part on curses and dry blows; for the burro is not well treated by his Mexican master, who regards him in the light of a machine, out of which the greatest amount of work is to be extracted with the least expense of food and care. The burro unfortunately encourages this mode of treatment by his persistent patience under affliction, and by his willingness to live on into extreme old age under conditions that a horse would protest against by dying promptly, and that in a comparatively short time would sap the vital forces of even a mule.

Quite the most severe strain put upon the burro's long suffering nature is when he brings into the city a load of the rich alfalfa for happier and more favored four-footed creatures to eat. When loaded with this grass, all that is visible of him is his muzzled nose, a bit of his shabby tail, and a very little of his dainty legs, so that he gives to the observer the impression of a small hill of grass endowed with peculiar powers of locomotion. The load upon his back is a heavy one, but it is nothing in comparison with the weight of infliction involved in bearing such a load and yet not being permitted to nibble so much as a single blade of it. His expression is dismally pathetic as he tries to twist his nose out of the muzzle that he may get at the delicious food in which literally he is enveloped, but that is so hopelessly beyond his reach. From under the green mass that shades them, his eyes peer out wistfully, and the sorrow that oppresses his heart is shown also in the petulant twitchings of his tail. Tantalus himself knew no more bitter pangs.

Another lading of a somewhat similar sort, though much less harrowing to its bearer, is the short straw from the threshing-floors. On the smaller farms, where American agricultural machinery is all unknown, the process of threshing is carried on in a very Biblical fashion. The bunches of straw, with the grain still in the ear, are spread out upon a level place of hardened clay, and over this are driven horses, oxen, or goats until the grain and the ear are separated. The process also bruises and breaks into short lengths the straw, producing a fodder for which the Mexican horses and cattle have so great a liking that a practical objection to American threshing machines is found in the harsher straw that results from this theoretically better treatment. For transportation the broken straw is packed in nets, in spherical bundles flattened on each side, and two of these constitute a burro load. Under this lading the muzzled burro walks in sedate misery, yet somewhat comforted by the reflection that his master—not from affection, but from motives of economy, joined to a natural propensity to thieving—will contrive to retain in the net some small portion of its contents for his four-footed servant's benefit.

From the stand-point of the colorist, one of the most agreeable loads that a burro with a coat of dark brown can carry is made up of red earthenware pots. Atzcapotzalco, a little town half a dozen miles northwest of the city of Mexico, is a town of potters; and along the shaded road leading thence to the city pot-laden burros at all times are to be encountered. The last mile or two of this road traverses the line of the causeway over which the Spaniards retreated on the Dismal Night; and at Popotla is passed the great tree beneath which Cortés sat him down and wept because of the disaster that had overtaken him. There is a very mediæval flavor about this highway, notwithstanding the abrupt interpolation of the nineteenth century at regular intervals of forty-five minutes, in the shape of Philadelphia-made tram cars.

Wayfaring folk of a loose and irresponsible sort drift along it, and as there seems to be no very good reason why they should be in one place more than in another, they seem enveloped in a mild air of mystery as they wander by. Manufacturers of chairs (wrought coarsely of unpainted wood, with rush bottoms), of straw mats, of baskets, and such like simple wares, with their handiwork of a week piled upon their backs, pass onward toward the city in search of a market, or return thence laden with the city commodities which they have bought; agricultural laborers come and go, their wide trousers of cotton cloth rolled high up upon their thighs, with a consequent revelation of a great amount of thin, muscular brown legs; well-to-do families of the middle class, out for an airing, stroll along in amicable groups; horsemen, mounted on sturdy and very bony little horses, canter past lightly, and leave behind them a wake of dust that seems in the bright sunlight a low-lying golden cloud. Nobody seems to mind dust in Mexico; it is accepted placidly as one of the accidents of nature.

Along this ancient highway that was old when the Spaniards came into the land, and that retains so well the flavor of its antiquity, the pot-laden burros from Atzcapotzalco sedately pass, taking their way by preference along the smooth foot-path, and looking with reproachful eyes at whoever, refusing to turn out for them, compels them to step aside into the dusty road. Sometimes their load consists of two great earthen pots, of a size fit for Morgiana's oleaginous experiment with the Forty Thieves, slung in balance, port and starboard, against their sides; sometimes the load is made up of many small pots, piled all over the burro, so that he seems to be most strangely barnacled with earthen-ware, and wonder fills the mind as to how they all are made fast there. In any case the load is a heavy one, but the burro accepts it philosophically, and makes the best of his bad fortune by seizing upon such of the pleasures of life as his good fortune places in his way—a bite of the juicy grass that grows in thick tufts here and there along the edges of the ditches beside the road, or a sly nibble at some other burro's lading of vegetables, or a hastily caught mouthful of green leaves from a bough low-hanging across a garden wall. Some of these pleasures, as he well knows, will entail upon him a thwacking, but the sensitiveness of his hide has been dulled by many thwackings, while his insufficiently fostered love for green food fresh and juicy ever is most keen. A resentful twitching of his tail will follow his beating, but this seems to be mainly for the sake of keeping up appearances, for an expression of pleased contentment lights up his face as he walks on, happily munching at his stolen sweets.

It is on the homeward journey, when his load, whatever it may have been, is left behind, that the burro really enjoys himself. Even on the return trip he is not permitted to cruise light, for no one would dream of being so wasteful—to say nothing of flying in the face of the providence that has created burros for the express purpose of bearing burdens perpetually—as to drive a burro anywhere without a load. But the cargo carried out of the city always is much lighter than the cargo that is carried into it, consisting only of such household luxuries or necessaries as have been bought with the money gained by the sale of the inward load. By way of ballasting his craft, the burro driver usually rides on the return trip, and such of his family as have come along for the sake of seeing the city sights and enjoying a whiff of the city smells—his wife or one of his numerous children—ride with him. In thus ballasting a burro it seems to be desirable, as in the case of cutters, to bring him well down by the stern, for which reason his rider sits very far aft, and if the load consists of two grown people, there seems to be imminent danger that the one farthest astern will go overboard. When the second rider is only a child, this cautious method of stowing the load is not adhered to; the child is just tumbled aboard anywhere forward among the empty water jars or empty panniers, and is taught to train his legs out over the burro's bows. The child takes the matter very seriously, holding tightly to the pack-saddle, and keeping a sharp lookout ahead, between the burro's ears, for rough places in the road.

The driver usually is in an amiable frame of mind upon the return trip, for if good fortune has attended him he has sold his wares satisfactorily, and with a part of the proceeds of his sale he has lined his hide with enough *pulque* to induce in him a very genial mood. He drums his heels cheerily against the burro's flanks; he cries "B-u-r-r-r-o!" in encouraging tone and with quite unnecessary frequency, this being the cry by which, differently inflected, the ass's movements are directed; he even may give vent to his light-heartedness by shouting aloud. Partly in sympathy, as we reasonably may believe, the burro responds to his driver's cheery demonstrations in kind. His little legs move briskly; he answers the friendly calls by twitchings of his tail and by waggings of his ears, and he occasionally lets loose the gladness of his heart in a far-reaching bray. But over and above this rejoicing for sympathy's sake, the burro has excellent reasons for being glad upon his own account. He knows that he is going home, which tender word means for him certainly a whole night of rest, and possibly—for a burro always is contemplating this pleasing possibility that so rarely is realized—a really sufficient supper. And even by the way he has much to be thankful for. Being in so happy a mood, his master will suffer him to stray unrebuked from the path of burro rectitude; his bite at a branch over a garden wall is a good joke on the gardener; his sly nibbles from another burro's load a clever piece of stealing to be laughed at; and where a tuft of fresh grass tempts him from the highway, his master is less likely to cudgel him than to bid him, in God's name, to eat in peace—so soft and friendly are the feelings which *pulque* engenders in the human heart. Therefore it is not surprising that the burro considers the best in all the twenty-four the hour in which, the cool evening winds playing upon him pleasantly, he and his master come out blithely from the city gates, and his little white nose is pointed rather uncertainly for home.

That such small liberty of action and such scant friendliness on his master's part suffice to bring gladness into a burro's life affords pathetic evidence of how dreary his life must be. Labor is not with him as it is with his master, the mere fulcrum on which to rest the lever of pleasure, but is the very essence of his existence. He is at work all the time. Of all the burros whom it has been my good fortune to meet, I recall only one—save the extra beasts in pack-trains, which take their loads in regular order—who was without saddle or panniers, and really was taking his ease. This fortunate exception to the rules of burro life was a gray ass whom I met in the town of Cuautla, a beast of fine and delicate finish, who was standing in a little corral, shaded by a great hedge of bananas and short, thick-set palms. A wattled fence enclosed the corral, cutting off any chance of nibbling at the banana leaves, and in the midst of his small kingdom my friend rested in absolute idleness. He seemed to be dazed by it. He did not stir a muscle—not even when I photographed him; and my experience with all live animals which I have tried to photograph, and notably Mexican washer-women, is that at the critical moment when the cap is taken off the camera they get up and turn around. Sometimes it has occurred to me—his face was turned away from me and I could not see his eyes—that this

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

remarkable ass was asleep. Assuredly he was not at work.

Because of his smallness, and the handiness with which he can be loaded and unloaded, and his patient gentleness, the burro is used mainly for purposes of the domestic sort which I have named. Sometimes he carries bales of merchandise, and so is a part of the grand affairs of life; but labor of this heavier and more important sort is usually performed by mules. The burro preeminently is an appendage to the household, and without him, it is not too much to say, the Mexican household would be lost.

For the work in which he is employed his trappings are of the simplest. Of a bridle he knows nothing. Sometimes a halter may be tied about his head, but even this is rare. He is steered and his pace is accelerated by much shouting, in varying tones, of "B-u-r-r-r-o!" and by blows upon the head which indicate to him, when he manifests a disposition to have a will of his own in regard to some particular turn in the road, the direction in which it will be well for him to go. The pack-saddle that he wears is a simple structure, in shape very like a wood-horse, made fast by a girth drawn so tightly that only a burro's ribs could stand the pressure without cracking, and further steadied by a crupper to hold the load in place during a scramble down-hill. From the saddle leather aprons hang down on each side—partly for the sake of preventing the load from chafing him, and partly that the load may be kept more steadily in place. The panniers sometimes are of basket-work, but usually are made of hide that is stretched while green over a wooden frame and so dried. As for the amount that can be packed upon a burro there is no end to it. Things which would get up of their own accord and tumble out of a wheelbarrow are forced in some mysterious way to remain steadily in position upon the sharp peak of a burro's back, and this notwithstanding the fact that at times, being temporarily possessed by the devil, as his master believes, he makes very lively efforts to shake them or rub them off. But packing is an art that is well understood in Mexico, as it necessarily must be in a country where are found wide, rich regions totally inaccessible to wheels.

In the matter of food, the burro eats what it pleases the saints to send him; and to the discredit of the saints the fact must be stated that this is very little indeed. Grain he probably never tastes at all, unless some lucky chance gives him the opportunity to steal a stray mouthful from a broken sack. Grass he gets during the dry season only by bites here and there along the road-side, and his nearest normal approach to it is his cropping at the aquatic weeds which grow in the *acequias* that in the valley of Mexico run parallel to many of the country roads. In the rainy season he fares better, for then the grass sprouts freely, and he is at liberty to eat his fill of it. It is for only three months in the year, however, that this good-luck attends him; during the nine long months of sunshine he for the most part lines his unfortunate inside with nothing more palatable than the fleshy leaves of the nopal cactus, and doubtless, such is the sweetness of his spirit, thanks Heaven that his master has the grace, when giving him such sorry fare, to shear the leaves of their thorns.

Indeed, it is this unfailing patient sweetness of disposition under constant trials of mind and body that makes the burro an exemplar of what we arrogantly style the higher virtues of humanity. In his gentle soul malice has no abiding-place; anger, save momentarily, under sore pressure, when he may give vent to his feelings by a casual kick, is not a part of his nature, and he possesses an infinite capacity for forgiving wrong. In his dealings with his kind, moreover, he displays the same genial qualities which are so creditably displayed by him in his intercourse with man. There is indeed no sight in all nature that stirs the heart more sensibly with affectionate emotion than that of two burros, whether they be old friends or only chance acquaintances of the road, gently rubbing noses together in simple but sincere expression of a well-grounded mutual esteem.

Truly it is a reasonable and commendable tendency on the part of those who would keep sweet the milk of human kindness that is within them, to draw near in a spirit of warm friendliness to this gentle-natured creature, who uniformly returns good service for ill use, who accepts misfortune with the calm indifference of a Stoic philosopher, and who so readily, for even trifling favors, exhibits that affectionate gratitude which is begotten only of a warm and honest heart.

WHEN DOES AN ATHLETE GROW OLD?

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

THE length of time that athletes retain their physical vigor is much disputed. Whenever there is a case of an athlete breaking down, it is generally made public in rather a prominent way. It is quite natural that those who do not break down should not attract so much attention as those who do. It is an easy matter, going by simple statistics, to tell how long So-and-so has competed successfully in athletic contests; but it is not easy to determine, if one is found to have been remarkably short or remarkably long lived, whether it was the past competitions which used him up, or his regular habits which enabled him to attain a more than ordinary age.

If amateur athletes were taken as subjects, it would be almost impossible to arrive at any stated figure to represent how many years or months they remain in what might be called "vigorous bodily training"; for, as a rule, this class does not remain in continuous training long enough to be valuable as a basis for compilation. Amateurs generally begin athletic sports when at school or college, and the prominent ones continue them until their business responsibilities become so great that continued athletic practice becomes inconvenient or irksome. Their best efforts being spent in their daily vocation, they do not feel like devoting any portion of their time of recreation to any kind of physical work. No matter how great an athlete one is, it will take but a few months of living under such circumstances to destroy nearly all desire or ambition to keep up his high athletic standard. One can easily see how, with the majority of amateurs, this would be the case, and the reason why this class does not remain longer in competition than it does is not because their vigor has been impaired, but simply on account of their energy being used in ways other than for athletics.

With the professional athlete it is quite the reverse. Fine physical condition with him is an object to attain, to which he generally gives preference over everything else. My attention was drawn to this subject about six years ago by meeting a professional athlete named Donald Dinnie. Dinnie told me he was then fifty-two years of age, but he was still going around this country competing in whatever games he thought worth his while, and in the heavy-weight competitions he was still quite successful. Being surprised at his age, he told me that he had competed in all the big games in Scotland, where he was born, since he was seventeen or eighteen years of age, and that until he was thirty-five or thirty-six he was just as good at running and jumping as he ever was, and until he was forty-five he considered himself fully as good at throwing weights as ever. He also said that if it had not been for an injury to his ankle he thought he could have continued his running and jumping for some years after the time he stopped that branch of competition.

Nearly all can understand that the first part in athletics in which a man fails would be games that require unusual activity, and that those requiring simply a slow, muscular effort could be indulged in for a comparatively much longer time than those requiring activity. Dinnie, it seems, considered that at forty years of age he would have been as good at games requiring much activity as when he was ten or fifteen years younger, and also said that in the slower games, such as throwing weights, he remained as good as ever; only about half a dozen years longer than he considered he should have for running and jumping. Some may think that Dinnie is a rare exception, and that, as a rule, athletes who have competed in hard contests for a few years, whether they are amateurs or professionals, will not make such a showing as Dinnie did at middle life. To give the reader a little idea of what Dinnie was when at the age of fifty-two, I will mention a few performances which I saw him do. His weight was then 210 pounds in athletic costume, and he was six feet and half an inch tall. He threw a 16-pound hammer, with a 4-foot handle, from a stand over 100 feet, and it is doubtful if W. L. Coudon, C. A. J. Queckberner, or F. L. Lambrecht, who are the three finest amateur hammer throwers from a stand in this country, could beat him. Dinnie also put the 16-pound shot over 42 feet, and threw the 56-pound weight over 26 feet. He could clear close to 10 feet for a standing broad jump without dumb-bells, and could easily do 5 feet at the running high jump. At tossing the caber, which is essentially a very heavy game, he was about as good as ever. On account of the great difference in length and weight of cabers used, figures concerning distances reached at the game are useless. Dinnie could easily clear 9 feet at the pole vault. No better way of describing his unusual athletic ability at that age can be found than by mentioning that he could have easily qualified in the programme which is used for the decision of the amateur general athletic championship of this country.

No amateur athlete yet known could be used as such a forcible example as Donald Dinnie in proving that if athletes take care of themselves they can be physically as vigorous at forty years of age as at thirty. But it is not the fact of their previous competitions which makes them such poor criterions. There are, however, some men in this class whose records of to-day are fully as good, if not a little better, than when they might have been thought to be in their prime. Mr. Queckberner is now thirty-two years of age, and is better than ever. He has been competing for over thirteen years. L. E. Myers, the celebrated middle-distance runner, was as good in 1888 as he was in any one of the previous ten years of his competitions. Myers has without doubt run more races, and harder races, than any man on record, and he has not competed for a year simply because he is too busy with other matters. Nearly all amateur athletes draw out of competition before their records, in proportion to the number of years they have competed, can be used satisfactorily in determining whether or not they are failing or gaining in bodily vigor. Very few athletes retire from competition if they can still win; but the fact of one not being able to come up to ability which he had shown several years previously should not be taken as a conclusive sign that his former exertions were too much for his present and future ones. In such cases the truth is that they have not the same physical vigor that they once had; but it is generally because their increasing daily duties leave no energy to be used in physical recreation. Their muscular system then begins to fail, and although they are in first-rate health, still they are not so strong and active as they once were.

If these same men were suddenly relieved of their daily responsibilities, and began again to lead a thoroughly healthful, active, out-door life, they probably would accumulate enough physical energy which would make them just as good and perhaps better athletes than they might have been five, ten, or fifteen years before, provided that they had not passed the age when one is supposed to begin to stand still. At many gymnasiums both here and in Europe the instructors are generally men in middle life, and a short conversation with them as to how their present physical ability compares with what it was when much younger is convincing that they consider themselves fully as good as at an age when most people would consider them to be at their very best.

WASHINGTON SENATORS.

WATSON C. SQUIRE, ex-Governor of Washington Territory, and Senator-elect of the new State of Washington, is a man of broad experience. He served in the war, first in the Nineteenth New York Infantry, in which he rose from private to First Lieutenant of Company F. He was mustered out honorably after serving on the Upper Potomac till the fall of 1861. For a year he studied law in the office of Judge Rufus P. Ranney at Cleveland, Ohio, and was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Ohio. In the fall of 1862, in response to President Lincoln's call for more troops, he raised a company of sharp-shooters, and afterward was placed in command of the First Battalion of Ohio Sharp-shooters. He served in all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland, including the battles of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, and Nashville. In the latter part of his service he was Judge-Advocate on the staff of Major-General Rousseau, and also on the staff of Major-General George H. Thomas.

At the close of the war he was employed by the Remington fire-arm establishment, and visited the capitals of Russia, Spain, Turkey, Mexico, and other countries. One contract made was with France for $15,000,000 worth of fire-arms. Mr. Squire was born at Cape Vincent, New York, on May 18, 1838. He attended school at Falley Institute, and later graduated from the Wesleyan University at Middleton, Connecticut, in the class of 1859. He first studied law in the office of Judge Ezra Graves at Herkimer, New York, but afterward taught school till going to war. In 1879 he went to Washington Territory, was appointed Governor by President Arthur in 1884, and in other ways has been identified with the progress of that commonwealth. His first report to the Secretary of the Interior was pronounced by Secretary Teller as the best report ever given by any Governor of any Territory. He has done as much as any one for the development and creation of the new State that has now honored him with its first Senatorship.

John Board Allen, who on the 20th inst. was chosen to represent the new and vigorous State of Washington in the United States Senate, was born at Crawfordsville, Montgomery County, Indiana, May 18, 1845, and is therefore nearly forty-five years of age. He lived at or near his native town, educating himself as best he could for the future that for him has been full of well-earned honors, until the spring of 1864, when, at the call of Abraham Lincoln for 75,000 more men to assist in crushing the great rebellion, he, although not yet nineteen years of age, enlisted in the 138th Indiana Infantry, and served in Tennessee and Alabama until mustered out in 1865. With his parents he then became a resident of Rochester, Minnesota, where for a year he served as agent for a firm of grain men. Next he read law in the office of Judge Wilson, of Rochester, and soon entered the law school at Ann Arbor, Michigan. In 1869 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1870 became a resident of Olympia, the present capital of the new State, where he opened an office in the public reading-room, of which he became the custodian, at a salary of $15 a month. At this time there was in all that broad territory no familiar face, no one with whom he could claim acquaintance. And yet, with no helping hand or friendly influence to assist, within a twelvemonth his practice had grown to unprecedented dimensions for one so young, and he then came to be regarded as a lawyer of great promise and an orator of unusual force and ability, and although but twenty-five years of age, took rank as the peer of such legal lights as ex-Chief-Justice B. F. Dennison, ex-Justices O. B. McFadden, J. E. Wyche, Hon. Elwood Evans, Governor Elisha P. Ferry, and others of more than local reputation. In 1875 he was appointed United States Attorney for Washington Territory, and in this position for over ten years, through the administrations of Grant, Hayes, and Arthur he served with distinction. In 1881 he made the city of Walla-Walla his abiding-place, where he has built up what is probably the most lucrative as well as most successful practice of any attorney in eastern Washington. He is a man most affable, courteous, easy of approach, careful in



ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

"Schieeves too short? Mein grazious, mishter, look at dot! You vwant um to drag on de floor?"



DECOYS.

OLD SPORT. "You don't want ter shoot at them ducks, young feller; them's decoys."
YOUNG SPORT. "Well, if they're as hard eating as they are shooting, Decoys can keep his ducks, and welcome to 'em."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HON. JOHN B. ALLEN, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRODEKE & CO., WALLA-WALLA.—[SEE PAGE 963.]



HON. WATSON C. SQUIRE, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LA ROCHE & CO., SEATTLE.—[SEE PAGE 963.]

what he promises or does, faithful to his friends, and of the most unswerving integrity, as well as a patriot and most excellent citizen and neighbor. In 1887 he was chosen to represent Washington in Congress by a majority of 7371 over his Democratic opponent, Charles S. Voorhees, who for two terms had been the Territorial Delegate, and his defeat of Mr. Voorhees, himself one of the most popular and able men of Washington, is one of the most emphatic evidences of Mr. Allen's popularity and force of character, and although he was not permitted to take his seat in Congress, yet by his industry and energy he obtained from the government much that was of great benefit to the Territory, and proved in many ways that he was not only faithful to his friends, but a zealous servant of the whole people, who have recognized his faithfulness and abilities by choosing him for the most honorable place they could bestow.

THE TRIALS OF INVESTORS.

TRADITION has popularized and fixed in the public mind the idea that the early winter months are a special season for making investments. It is easy to see how this has come about. The tradition is based upon a practice that in the early days of the business history of the country must have been wellnigh universal. To an extent the practice is still in vogue, since there is a large number of people whose business or income from other sources is such that they are able to add to their investments every year, but who cannot determine the amount available for that purpose until their accounts for the year are virtually closed, or at least made up. The disbursements that are made on account of interest at the end of the year are much larger than on any other day for making such payments, a fact that has also contributed to unusual activity in the investment market just before and after January 1st. It is true that owing to the constantly increasing volume of capital seeking investment, and the distribution of interest days, especially by corporations, throughout the year, the importance of the two or three weeks immediately preceding and following New-Year's DAY has been to an extent diminished. Still, as before noted, there is a large number to whom the period is most interesting, yet full of perplexity, because it brings up for their decision many questions of paramount importance to them and those whom they care for.

Not a day passes without bringing home to those whose business it is to assist the investor in placing his money cumulative evidence of the difficulties that attend their joint labors. And the worst of it is that the difficulties seem to be on the increase rather than diminishing. They do not consist entirely in trying to avoid unsafe or injudicious investments, but, indeed, include the work of finding anything that is at all satisfactory. The enormous sums of money ready to absorb all offerings of first-class securities makes the competition for them much sharper than one would infer from the present condition of business on the Stock Exchange. As a matter of fact, large investments are no longer made in the Stock Exchange, but over the counters of large jobbers in bonds and other investment securities, or through syndicates. But these, according to all accounts, have very light lines of securities on hand, and the busy season is already upon them. Some idea may be formed of the demands that are likely to be made upon them by reflecting upon the millions of dollars that the great insurance companies must invest safely yet profitably every year, to say nothing of the trust requirements that must be filled. The barren condition of the market may be comprehended by noting that there are practically no new railway bonds coming out, and the development of our transportation system has always been looked upon as a prolific source of supply. The only large amounts of railway bonds likely to be offered will not begin to supply the demand. It may be noted that the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company recently offered to its stockholders twelve and a half million of its new consolidated mortgage four per cent. bonds, and in spite of an active six per cent. money market, the subscriptions to the issue were fifty per cent. in excess of the amount offered. A similar amount of bonds will soon be offered to the stockholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and will doubtless be at once absorbed in the same way. If it should become necessary to sell a new security of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway in connection with the reorganization, it is safe to assume that the greater part of the issue will be spoken for the moment a decision regarding the matter is arrived at. There are no other large issues in sight.

Two securities that have absorbed large quantities of investment money are for different reasons falling into disfavor. One is the Western farm mortgage; the other, government bonds. Recent developments are having a salutary effect in checking the passion for the large rates of interest paid upon farm mortgage loans. Probably the great majority of those obligations will turn out all right, but the temptation to do business in them, to force them on the public on account of the high commissions paid all around, has unquestionably impaired the value of the total. The high price of the four per cent. bonds of the United States, and the nearness of the four and a half per cents. to maturity, together with action of the Treasury Department in constantly lowering the price it pays for them, are circumstances that seem calculated to drive holders out of those bonds rather than to invite investments in them. Foreign investors have developed in their own way a comparatively new source of investment in this country, namely, in the aggregation and capitalization of large industrial concerns. Within the last twelve months millions of foreign capital have been transferred to this country to pay for the control of breweries, flour-mills, iron-works, and other manufacturing establishments. It may be suggested that we too have experimented with industrial enterprises, as, for instance, the Cotton Oil Trust, the Sugar Refineries Company, and the National Lead Trust, and have found them anything but satisfactory, even on a speculative basis. But there is a wide difference between the American and the British methods of dealing with industrial enterprises. The former consists in issuing anywhere from three to five dollars in securities against every dollar of appraised value, and in making haste to offer the securities, but no confidences, to the public. The scheme, in a word, is a blind pool with plenty of water in it. On the contrary, the English investor does not go into an industrial enterprise until the property has been thoroughly examined by competent experts, and its books overhauled by professional accountants from London, where the reputations of public auditors amount to something. Then the concern, if accepted, is capitalized on the basis of its value and its earnings, and its securities have a standing that is not approached by any of the trust stocks that are actively dealt in on the Stock Exchange. The business of investing foreign capital in this way has become so extensive and is so profitable that two companies have recently been organized and successfully floated the scope of which is to facilitate the making of these international investments.

In the present condition of the investment market it would seem that the example of English investors were well worth considering, and certainly their methods are deserving of imitation. It is useless to disguise the fact that in spite of the decided improvement in the railway situation in every important respect, there is still a lack of confidence in railway management and securities. How quickly it would be revived—indeed how difficult it would have been to dissipate it—if the accounts of every railway corporation were subjected, as they are in England, to the scrutiny of first-class public accountants. The public has been fooled too often, and Wall Street, because the scene of its despoliation, is suffering in consequence. Wall Street can improve its condition, and at the same time win back and serve its now enlightened but apathetic *clientèle*, by insisting upon prompt, lucid, and detailed statements of all the facts relative to every corporation the securities of which are dealt in upon the floor of the Stock Exchange. COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Friday, November* 22, 1889.



UNCLE SAM. "The turkey's all right, Columbia, but the fixin's are pesky poor."

THE SEAT OF PAIN AND PLEASURE.

The nervous system, often suffers a diminution of vigor, and causes mental annoyance, and even positive disturbance, without disease in the sensorium itself. It acts as a mere reflector, in many cases, of inaction in the stomach, and consequently of incomplete assimilation of the food by the blood. This of course weakens it, in common with the rest of the tissues, and renders it less able to bear without suffering an ordinary strain that would make no impression upon strong nerves. To supply a deficit of strength, and remedy a supersensitiveness in the nerves incident to a lack of vigor, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is far better adapted than any mere nervine or simple tonic, since the offspring of its use, complete digestion, is the vigorous and early parent of nerve force and quietude. Malarial attacks, rheumatism, bowel, liver, and kidney complaints succumb to the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

Happy homes make happy hearts. Home games are magnets for the family circle. To be happy play "Halma." It possesses remarkable fascination for children as well as adults.

"Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. HORSMAN, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome FOOD for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious FOOD for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread contains no adulteration. It is the beverage to build up the constitution and supply new strength.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP is recommended by Physicians as being the best skin Soap made. 25 cents Druggists, or BOX 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, stimulates the secretions, and imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. For nearly half a century it has remained unrivalled as the best blood medicine ever discovered. Be convinced by a trial.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

NANCIEBEL:

A TALE OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "YOLANDE," "PRINCE FORTUNATUS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW FRIENDS.

FOR Mr. Richard, Stratford-on-Avon was an empty town after the departure of Nanciebel. He used to wander all round the neighborhood—through the meadows, down by the river, or along the Weir Brake; or again he would go away up to the top of Bardon Hill, and survey the wide landscape, identifying almost every feature of it with some recollection of his lost Nancy. Here was a lane in which she had made shy confession of her love, and sworn sweet vows of constancy until death; yonder was the highway in which, not a fortnight thereafter, they had had a furious quarrel; and still further along, the point at which she had become suddenly penitent, and had wept mild tears of contrition. He even went into the little shop in the High Street and begged Miss Kate Marlow to allow him to visit, in solitude and silence, the vacant little court-yard in which Nanciebel and he had conjured up so many fair dreams and visions of the future. Sister Kate was sympathetic, and understood; she left him to himself, and gave him ample opportunity to become as miserable as he wished. But one afternoon Miss Kate had a more definite favor to bestow on him.

"I had a letter from Nancy this morning," she said, at the door of the shop. "I was wondering she did not write; but she said she waited until she got settled. Would you like to see it?"

"Oh yes," said he, eagerly, "for she won't write to me until the end of next week. Of course I am anxious to know how she takes to the place."

Therewith he followed Nanciebel's sister inside, and she went and got the letter. It was a long and elaborate composition, showing care as regards the handwriting; no doubt Nancy was already practising. But it was the contents that interested Mr. Richard—and surprised him. He expected that Nanciebel would be complaining of her sad fortune; pining for absent friends; recalling the pleasant hours she had passed with those she loved most; and wondering when her period of lone banishment was to be over. Nothing of the kind. In this letter Nancy seemed rather to be giving herself airs. Her sister was told of all the elegancies of life at the vicarage, even to the ringing of a dressing-bell before dinner, and was given to understand that Nancy was put in a position of perfect equality with the vicar's daughters, and even treated with consideration and respect by the lady house-keeper—somewhat awful person, as it appeared—who presided over the establishment. Mention was made of the Stanhope phaeton which had awaited her at the station. The garden of the vicarage communicated with that of Holiwell Court (Hon. G. Stapleton, brother of Lord de Vaux and Esk); and as the vicar's family had the free run of the place, Nancy, when the two young ladies were at their morning's tasks, would sometimes wander into the hot-houses, where the Scotch head gardener told her the Latin names of the plants, and otherwise introduced her to the science of botany. And so Mr. Richard read on, momentarily expecting some reference to himself, but finding no such thing. He handed back those closely scribbled sheets, and thanked Miss Kate. Then he walked away home, rather dispirited.

But a very different letter arrived at Woodend toward the close of the following week. There was no showing off or pride of place, but the outpourings and tender confidences of an innocent young soul, that might have melted a heart of stone. Oh, for the happy days, never to be recalled, which she had passed with her dear Richard in that beloved Stratford town! Here she was all alone, far, far from friends, with no one to cheer her or comfort her, with the future all grown dark and hopeless. The night brought wakeful hours of memory, and weeping over bygone happiness; the morning brought with it a renewed sense of isolation. A moan as of a dove deprived of its mate went all through this letter; and even while the young man prized and welcomed eagerly these artless confessions, his heart was stricken with sympathy and pity. Poor Nancy! Even the Stanhope phaeton, and the dressing-bell before dinner, and the Hon. Mr. Stapleton's greenhouses, and the Scoto-Latin names of flowers, seemed not altogether to compensate. She still thought of her dear Richard, and of drowsy Stratford town, and the silent-winding Avon.

But the drowsiness of Warwickshire, so far as Mrs. Kingston and her son were concerned, was about to be broken in upon in a sudden and startling manner. Quite unexpectedly, without any warning, the news arrived that Richard's uncle out in China had at last accomplished the end he had long had in view—his retirement from the immediate direction of the firm of Kingston, Campbell, & Co., of Shanghai, and that he and his step-daughter would almost immediately start for Europe. There were some further details in the letter. Uncle Alexander meant to set up house in London after he had had time to look about; but in the mean while on his arrival there would be a good deal of legal business to attend to, and he would take it as a kindness if his sister-in-law for that brief period would receive into her house his step-daughter Florence. Now Mrs. Kingston had never even seen this young lady, who was a daughter by a former husband of Uncle Alexander's second, and recently deceased, wife. But the little widow never thought of evading this demand made upon her by her imperious and hot-tempered brother-in-law. It was not the aspect of this surprising intelligence which filled Mrs. Kingston's breast with concern.

"Richard," she said, going to her son with the letter in her hand, "your uncle Alexander and his daughter are coming to England; and he is going to bring her down here to stay with us a little while until he gets some business over in London. And—and I suppose there will be a general talk over family affairs," continued the anxious mother, "and—and I suppose I shall have to tell him about Miss—about Nancy—"

Mr. Richard's face flushed quickly. "I've said before, mother, that I expect Uncle Alexander to mind his own affairs," he remarked, in ominous tones. "I am indebted to him in no way, and I don't mean to be. Did I ever ask him for any of his money? Who constituted him my guardian?"

"I am sure that your uncle Charles and I did what was right about—about Nancy," said the widow (who seemed always to have a little struggle in calling Miss Marlow by her Christian name); "but I know all the same that your uncle Alexander will be very angry—and you know how stormy and passionate he is."

"Look here, mother," Mr. Richard said, definitely; "I want you to understand this: I am not going to allow Uncle Alexander to worry you about Nancy, or upon any other subject. If he has anything to say, let him say it to me, and he shall have his answer; but if I find him beginning to bully you, I shall show him the way to the door. I suppose you may live all your life in China and yet not have forgotten how to take a hint."

Alas! when Uncle Alexander arrived at Woodend—accompanied by a tall and handsome and bright-looking young lady, who appeared to take possession of the whole house in a bewildering sort of way—he was in no truculent mood. He was a complete wreck, he declared. The long voyage had shattered him; the rattling across France had still further destroyed his nerves; his consolation now was that he could lay his bones to rest in his native land. It is true that as Mr. Richard watched the performance of this big, heavy, bilious-complexioned man at luncheon, he was of opinion that, for a moribund person, he possessed a remarkably brave appetite. His harrowing description of the sensations he suffered during the wakeful hours of night did not interfere with his large consumption of steak and kidney pie; and by the time that cheese and celery were produced he had got through the best part of a decanter of old Madeira. He had been growing more and more silent, however, as the repast proceeded; and when all rose from table, he said he would retire to his own room and lie down for a while, as he found that a nap after lunch had a soothing effect on his nervous system.

And here were mother and son with this strange young lady left on their hands. But the strange young lady was in no wise disconcerted.

"Well, cousin," she said, gayly, as she turned to Mr. Richard, "are you coming to show me over the curiosities of Stratford? I suppose I may call myself an English woman; and an English woman ought to know something of Stratford-on-Avon. How far is it into the town?"

"A little over a couple of miles," said he; "but I will drive you in, if you like?"

"Oh, thanks; that will be capital," said she. "You can tell me when the carriage is ready; I shall be in the drawing-room with Aunt Cecilia." And therewith she quite naturally and affectionately put her hand within the widow's arm and led her away with her.

In less than half an hour thereafter Mr. Richard found himself seated next this light-hearted cousin of his, who had begged him to give her the reins. It was a pleasant afternoon; the snow had altogether disappeared from the country-side now; there were mild airs blowing, and a touch of sunlight here and there; a feeling of spring was abroad.

"I'm awfully fond of driving," said she; "and driving through an English landscape in the spring-time—what can be better than that?"

"I'll have the pony-chaise brought round for you every morning, if you like, Miss Kingston," he remarked.

"Miss Kingston!" she exclaimed, with an audacious smile. "Well, well! Why, my name is Floss; and I am your cousin; can't you put these two together, and give me a nicer name than Miss Kingston? I am going to call you Cousin Dick. You see," she continued, giving the reins a shake to wake up the old pony, "girls are subjected to such formalities and conventionalisms in ordinarily talking to gentlemen that, where there is a chance of a little familiarity, it is quite delightful. Cousin Dick sounds all right, doesn't it?"

"Y—yes," said he: he was thinking of poor little Nanciebel, and her shy ways; and he was hoping that Kate Marlow might not see him and this dashing cousin of his, if they had occasion to drive along the High Street.

When they got into Stratford, however, he put up the horse and trap at the stables belonging to a hotel where he was known; and thereafter they continued their peregrinations on foot. But first of all Cousin Floss paused at a milliner's window, and looked in.

"Will you wait for me," said she, "or come in and sit down? I'm going to buy some little things for your mother, to break up the unrelieved black of her mourning. Why, it isn't at all called for; and it is the greater pity in her case, for she is comparatively a young woman, and very nice-looking, and why should she wear nothing but black? Of course a widow will protest, and may even think you cruel; but you have only to talk a little common-sense, and be firm, and you'll see if I don't get something that will improve Aunt Cecilia's appearance."

She made her purchases, and sent them to the hotel; then he took her along to New Place and showed her the site of Shakespeare's house: and again he conducted her to the church, to the shrine which so many pilgrims from all parts of the world have visited. She betrayed the most lively interest in everything he showed her, and talked with an unfailing cheerfulness and frankness. At first, in fact, on setting out with this newly found cousin, he had been rather taken aback; her matter-of-fact audacity had somewhat disconcerted him; but now he had grown familiar with her fashion of addressing him just as if he were her elder brother.

As they were driving home, she said in her airy fashion, "How do you spend the evenings, Cousin Dick?"

"After dinner, you mean?" he said. "Oh, well, the Mater is always happy enough if she has a volume of Tennyson, and I wander about outside with a cigarette."

"You haven't a billiard-room?"

"No."

"Papa must see that there is a billiard-room in the house he takes in London," continued Miss Florence, with decision. "Gentlemen are too valuable creatures of an evening to be allowed to go away by themselves to smoke. And I'm very fond of smoke."

"Perhaps you have tried a cigarette yourself?" he asked, with a dash of impertinence.

"I?" she answered, carelessly. "Oh no. But I can play billiards a little; and I don't care how smoky the atmosphere is. By-the-way, Cousin Dick, are you a good waltzer?"

"I don't know—middling, I suppose," was his reply.

"That means you are a capital waltzer," she said, with much satisfaction, "and I'm delighted to hear it. A cousin who is a good waltzer must be simply invaluable; and when we get our London house I shall rely on you to save me from bad partners—an awful lot can be done by skilful connivance. One of these evenings at Woodend we'll clear the drawing-room and have a turn, to see if our steps correspond; and, being my cousin, you know, you won't be afraid to catch hold of me—that is the worst of a bad partner—a stranger—who seems to think you're made of glass, and will break if he touches you. I like to feel that my partner has a good grip, and knows where he is going."

When they reached home they found that tea had just been brought in to the widow's little boudoir; and through the window they could see that Uncle Alexander was pacing up and down the longest path in the garden outside—walking with a quick little shuffling step, his head bent forward, his arms swinging at his side.

"Shall I go and call your papa, Cousin Floss?" said Mr. Richard, bravely tackling her newly assumed style and title.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "He'll come in when he has done the regulation quantity. I have no doubt he has carefully measured out the forty-four yards; and forty times makes a mile, you know; but if you interrupt him he loses count, and has to begin the mile all over again—and that makes him cross, naturally. Poor papa!—he used to be so put out on board ship—he never could get a stretch of the upper deck left undisturbed for him; as soon as he began, one of the officers would be sure to order up the Lascars to do something or other, or else some of the passengers would come and take possession with rope-quoits or shovel-board. I hope our London house will be in a square, where papa will be able to get a measured space without being overlooked."

But when Uncle Alexander came in it was not to tea. He was groaning and complaining; he hardly knew which of his ailments demanded most immediate attention, whether it was the headache that lay across his brow like an iron clamp, or the heart-burn that gnawed in his bosom like some internal rat, or the sickness and lassitude that seemed pulling him generally to the ground. Well, he attacked the heart-burn first—with bicarbonate of soda. That proving of no avail, he had a thin slice of bread and butter thickly spread with cayenne-pepper; and having bolted that bolus, he washed it down with a good stiff glass of brown brandy and water. Whether the heart-burn disappeared or not, he seemed at least to recover a little from the hopeless depression that had been hanging over him; and he could now talk without a succession of melancholy sighs.

He was going up to town next morning, he said. Would it be convenient for Aunt Cecilia to have Florence remain with her for a week or ten days, until he had seen to his business affairs in London? The widow replied that she would be most delighted—she had already cast favoring eyes on this frank-spirited girl. Thereafter, again asked Uncle Alexander, would Aunt Cecilia and Richard come up to town and be his guests for a week or two at the private hotel he was staying at in Arlington Street? Florence wanted some one to show her about London; he would be glad to have Aunt Cecilia's advice about the choice of a house. The little widow hesitated. The whirl of town life was not much to her liking; she had grown accustomed to this peaceful, secluded existence. But here Miss Florence struck in, and declared that she would only remain at Woodend on the understanding that Aunt Cecilia and Cousin Dick should go to London with her at the end of her stay; and that settled the matter. The arrangement was finally made, and Uncle Alexander returned to the garden, to the measured forty-four yards that was to assist the action of the cayenne-pepper and brandy.

So it came about that Florence Kingston was established at Woodend, where she speedily made herself felt as anything but a dull and depressing influence. The irresistible cheerfulness, the kindliness, the good-humor of the girl acted as a kind of charm upon the solitary little widow, who thawed and warmed into smiles in the sunshine of this constant companionship. For it was not at all upon Mr. Richard that Cousin Floss bestowed her attentions. Indeed, she treated that young man in somewhat of a cavalier spirit; it was the gentle mother whom she petted, and teased, and spoiled, and laughed at, all at once.

"I declare, Richard," said the widow, on one occasion when Cousin Floss had just left the room, "when that girl goes out it is just as if a hurricane had passed by, leaving a sudden calm behind it."

"And yet you don't seem to dislike her, Mater," he observed.

"Dislike her? No. Sometimes I think I am getting too fond of her," the widow said, with a sigh; perhaps she was thinking of what might have been.

Then came the evening on which the great waltzing experiment was to be tried. As well as they could they cleared the tables and chairs from the larger drawing-room; and Mrs. Kingston was asked to officiate at the piano. How long was it since the widow had played a waltz, or any other species of musical composition, for the matter of that? Nevertheless, she could refuse this headstrong girl nothing; so presently she was strumming away at some fine old-fashioned tune, while the young people were gliding round the cleared space to the tinkle-tankle of the venerable instrument.

When they stopped, Miss Florence was good enough to say: "You do very well, Cousin Dick. Oh yes; you and I will have a little practice every evening, and we'll get into each other's ways perfectly. I like you're reversing; you're not afraid to catch hold. And then I shall rely on you in London, mind. Whenever I want to get rid of a bore or a bad dancer, I shall claim you. You must be at my beck and call. It's wonderful what tricks you can play with a programme when you have an accomplice; and when the accomplice is your cousin, it's all right, don't you see?"

But the opportunities for bringing this dark conspiracy into operation were as yet afar off, for when Mrs. Kingston and Mr. Richard eventually went up to London with Cousin Floss, the whole party found themselves in a private hotel, Uncle Alexander not yet having provided himself with a house. And meanwhile, as the retired China merchant was still being called upon to go into the city on businesss matters, the introducing of Miss Florence to the ways and customs of the town, and to its outward features as well, fell upon these two Warwickshire folk, who were almost as much strangers as herself. That, however, did not matter much to Mr. Richard, who had the arrangement of their little excursions, and rather liked going about with this pretty and vivacious cousin. Then there were concerts and theatres for an occasional afternoon or evening. Hardly a day seemed long enough. The widow grew quite cheerful through her constant association with this bright and bold young life that was showing all its pleasant characteristics in these varied scenes; Mr. Richard had never seen her look so well or so happy; and she was content (if with a smile of doleful resignation) to wear whatever Miss Florence imperiously insisted on her wearing.

Amid all this whirl of amusement and enjoyment Mr. Richard suddenly remembered that the day appointed for his first visit to Bristol was drawing near; and perhaps he had an uneasy consciousness that he had been somewhat neglectful of poor little Nanciebel. He had not written to her literally every morning, for life in London was a desperately busy thing, and sometimes his budget of news for the week was a somewhat perfunctory affair. However, that would all be put right now. Letter-writing was an ineffective thing at the best. When he was once more face to face with his sweetheart—her tender eyes looking into his—she would know that he had been true to her in absence. And would they not both congratulate each other that the first two months of that cruel separation were now over?

When Cousin Floss heard that he was going down to Bristol on the following Monday she was indignant.

"What for?" she demanded, in her straightforward way.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I have an appointment that I must keep," said he.

"Why, it is Monday night we were going to see *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum; papa got the box a fortnight ago. And you know your mother and I just hate going anywhere by ourselves. How far away is Bristol? Can't you come back in time to take us to the theatre?"

Well, the truth is he had intended staying the night at Holiwell Vicarage, in order to have a long evening with Nanciebel; but then, on the other hand, both his mother and cousin looked so naturally to him for escort and guidance that he was almost bound to return and take them to the Lyceum as they wished. There was an afternoon train leaving Bristol which would bring him to Paddington at 6.30; that would just give him time to get to the hotel, snatch a bit of dinner, and dress. So he told Cousin Floss that she should not be balked of *The Winter's Tale* on his account.

He left London on the Monday morning by the 9 o'clock express, and reached Bristol at 12. During the journey down he had been possessed not so much with joy at the prospect of meeting Nanciebel as with a half-confessed fear that she might begin to cross-examine him, and be petulant, and cause trouble. He was conscious that the sorrow of separation had not fallen equally on him and her; he had had distractions, about which the less said the better. And when, on arriving at Holiwell Vicarage, and being ushered into the drawing-room, he found that along with Nanciebel there were his two cousins and also the governess, perhaps he was somewhat relieved. Yet Nanciebel looked so gentle, and so pleased at his coming too. She regarded him covertly with her dark soft eyes, and a mantling blush suffused her cheek when he made bold to address a word or two to her direct. "Mr. Kingston," she called him before the vicar's daughters and the governess. There was something odd and unexpected about the way she wore her hair now—and about her dress too—that did not escape his notice. She seemed to have undergone some kind of transformation, though he could not define it exactly; she was hardly the same Nanciebel who used to walk up and down the little court-yard with him, crisp snow underfoot, and shining and throbbing stars overhead.

Luncheon-bell rang, and the vicar appeared at the same time; in a minute or two they were all assembled at table in the dining-room. And Uncle Charles was full of questions about his brother-in-law Alexander and his plans, and also about his niece, or quasi-niece, Florence, whom he had never seen. On this latter point Mr. Richard was frankly talkative, not to say effusive, and Nanciebel, on the other side of the table, listened in silence. A stranger might have fancied that she and this handsome young man had now met for the first time, and that the quiet little country girl was rather impressed by his stories of the fine doings in London town.

After luncheon the various members of the small household discreetly went their several ways, leaving Mr. Richard and his sweetheart by themselves. But still there were servants about, so Nanciebel said, shyly, "Will you come into the garden, Richard?"

"Anywhere you like, Nancy," he answered, and he followed her through the open French window and down the wide stone steps. It was a large, old-fashioned garden, and there were walls of yew intersecting it.

"I am so glad to see you again, Richard," she said, with downcast eyes (she did not dare to take his arm, for there might be a spectator at one or other of the windows).

"And I am glad to find you looking so well," said he. "I was sure you would find my uncle and my cousins as kind as you could wish. I saw that from the first in your letters, though you weren't quite—quite as—as outspoken as you might have been."

"Were you disappointed, Richard?" she said, humbly. "But you don't know, dear, how lonely I have been since I came here. Yes, they are very kind; but kindness isn't everything," she continued, with a bit of a sigh. "When I think of those days at Stratford—ah, that was different!"

"Yes, I know, Nanciebel," he said. "But you can't expect everything. I know you are very warm-hearted, and you like to have people say nice things to you, and be good to you, and pet you. But that can't be always and everywhere, and I don't think you are so badly off."

"It's all very well for you to say so," said Nanciebel, with some rebellious spirit, "when you are having every possible enjoyment and amusement along with that cousin of yours. Of course *you* don't feel dull. Of course *you* don't feel lonely."

"Well," said he, sharply, "I don't pine and fret if there is no one by to say pretty things and give me caresses."

"I dare say she would if you asked her," said Nanciebel, with a toss of her head.

He drew in his breath, but stopped ere any word of anger could escape. No; he had not come down here to quarrel with Nancy. And, after all, might there not be some little justification? Had he quite realized her loneliness? Had he honestly contrasted it with the gay time he had been spending in London?

"We needn't fall out, Nanciebel," said he, slowly. "I have only a short time to stay."

"A short time to stay?" she repeated. "Why, when are you going back?"

"By the 3.42," he made answer.

There was a momentary silence.

"Richard," said she, "here is the time come we have been looking forward to so long—at least, that I have been looking forward to—and you take advantage of it to the extent of a couple of hours. Are you sure it wasn't a mere sense of duty that brought you here at all? Perhaps you didn't want to come?"

"Perhaps I didn't want to come!" he said, impatiently. And then he controlled himself, and said, in quite an altered tone: "Oh, stuff and nonsense, Nanciebel! Why will you insist on quarrelling, you little quick-tempered, warm-hearted stupid? Come, kiss and be friends."

They were at the moment passing through an arched opening cut in the thick wall of yew, and she obediently paused, and did as she was bid. The reconciliation was complete. She took him to see Mr. Stapleton's greenhouses, and introduced him to the head gardener—a young Scotchman of eight-and-twenty or so, who, as she afterward informed him, was prodigiously clever, had attended classes at Glasgow University, though he was then quite poor, and was now so recognized a master of his art that he had been offered the equivalent of his present situation at Beever Towers, the seat of the Duke of Grandon. She led him round to show him the caged eagles and the white peacocks and what not; indeed, she seemed just as much at home here at Holiwell Court as at the adjoining vicarage. Then she pointed out that if he must really go by the 3.42 train, it was about time for him to return indoors.

Both his cousins and Nanciebel drove with him into the town to see him off. The parting between him and Nancy was necessarily not effusive, for Gertrude and Laura were looking on, and they were merry and talkative girls, who would hardly leave him alone for a second. Nor were there tears in Nanciebel's eyes as the train moved away from the station, and as she waved her handkerchief to him in final adieu. In fact, this leave-taking was far different from that which had occurred when Nanciebel bade good-by to Stratford. But was it not better that it should be so, he asked himself, as he sat alone in the carriage and was being rapidly whirled away toward London. Nancy seemed more satisfied with this separation now—if at times she complained that there was no one to be good to her. And meanwhile—meanwhile he would get to Arlington Street in time to slip into evening dress and take his mother and Cousin Floss to the Lyceum.

CHAPTER V.

FLIGHT.

On that same afternoon Uncle Alexander came home from the city, and finding his step-daughter and Mrs. Kingston together, he, without any apology—for rudeness is a prerogative of dyspepsia—ordered Miss Florence to go to her own room; he had something particular to say to Aunt Cecilia. He sat down by the fire and stared into the coals. He seemed more sallow and sluggish than ever, and when he spoke, it was in slow and mournful tones.

"I do not know how long I am for this world, Cecilia," he observed. "Every day I become more depressed. I cannot shake it off. I have lost hope. I hardly care how soon the end may be."

"Perhaps London does not agree with you," the widow said, with gentle sympathy. "Why should you not try travelling, Uncle Alexander—on the Continent?"

"Try travelling!" he exclaimed, in sudden and angry impatience. "God bless my soul, haven't I tried travelling sufficiently? Haven't I just come home from China? Would you like me to go back to Shanghai for a change? I wish you would listen, and not interrupt with fatuities; how long do I know I may be able to make my wishes known?" And then he continued in more business-like tones: "Now this is what I want to say—that in view of what may happen to me at any time I wish to make the best provision I can for those I leave behind—those I am most interested in. Florence has the first claim, of course, though she is not of my blood. Richard, on the other hand, is of my own kith and kin. Very well; when I have made certain smaller bequests, the bulk of my property will remain to be divided as between these two."

"It is so generous of you, Uncle Alexander!" the widow broke in. "But surely there is no occasion for you to talk like that! Surely not! Why, I should call you an exceptionally strong man."

"I wish you to listen, if you please, Cecilia," observed the dyspeptic, with a dignity natural to one who was speaking of his own nearly approaching end. "I was going to say that there might be some difficulty in deciding what relative portion should be assigned to either of these two, but that what has been happening of late seems to point to an easy way out of the difficulty. You must have noticed how capitally these two get on together—how fond they seem of each other's society. Ah, well," he continued, with a heavy sigh, "youth is a fine thing, and health, and absence from care—let them enjoy them while they can."

But sudden consternation had filled the heart of the little widow; she knew what he meant; and she found herself on the brink of a confession which she had put off from day to day, vainly hoping that the need of it would not arise.

"Oh yes, Uncle Alexander," she observed, rather breathlessly. "I am glad to see them such good friends. It is but right they should be so—almost of an age—and cousins—it is only to be expected—"

"I should like to see them married before I go," continued the invalid, absently. "Or, if that is denied me, I should like to know that that settlement of their lives was to take place, and I could make provision for them in proper form."

"Uncle Alexander," said the widow, with her trembling fingers nervously clasped together, "it is most kind and generous of you to have such intentions in view. But—but I think—I must explain—as regards Richard, what you propose is impossible. I have said that I am delighted to see him and his cousin on such friendly terms, but—but that is all there is between them."

"Oh yes; I understand," Uncle Alexander said, impatiently. "I understand. Of course nothing has been declared between them. That is quite right. There has not been a sufficient length of time. But we who are outsiders and spectators can see clearly enough what will happen."

"Oh, Uncle Alexander," she exclaimed, in her distress, "it never can happen!"

He stared at her.

"What do you mean, Cecilia?" he demanded.

"Richard is—is already engaged to be married," she blurted out.

There was no explosion of wrath; he only continued to stare at her, as if she were an imbecile, whose utterances were wholly unintelligible.

"But—but—what was that?—impossible?—what did you say? Richard engaged to be married?" he repeated, with non-understanding eyes.

The ordeal had to be faced. She began, and with piteous excuses for not having made the revelation before, she told him the whole story. Uncle Alexander sat and listened—dumfounded beyond the power of speech. A sort of despair and resignation overwhelmed him. And when she had finished he could only ejaculate:

"Well, well, if any human being ever heard of such a gigantic piece of tomfoolery!"

But presently he said, with a blaze of anger: "Why, don't you know that every young idiot gets into a scrape like that, and that it is the business of his relatives—unless they're fools—unless they're fools!—to get him out of it? Don't you know it's as common as shelling peas? You talk to me as if it was a piece of romantic sentiment—Miller's Daughter be hanged!—and that the young idiot should rather be praised for holding to the girl! I tell you it happens every day, and will happen every day as long as idle lads are allowed to dawdle about, and there are shop-girls and milliner girls and bar-maids to make eyes at them. And instead of getting him out of the scrape, you treat the whole thing as serious! Gracious heavens! But I must put this matter right. What's the girl's name? How much does she want? What size of a check has she got in her eye?"

Mrs. Kingston flushed a little. "I wish you to understand, Uncle Alexander," said she, with unusual firmness, "that the girl is a good and honest girl, and not a designing adventuress at all—that I am convinced of; and I do not see why she should be insulted simply because of her station in life, which is perfectly respectable and honorable, if it comes to that."

"Stuff and fiddle-sticks!" cried Uncle Alexander. Indeed this sharp crisis in the family affairs seemed to have suddenly banished all that languor and depression which, according to his own account, were dragging him down to the tomb. "You're too fond of romance and poetry, Cecilia; and that's the fact. You want a little common-sense to come in to put matters straight. Where is the girl?"

"At Holiwell Vicarage," Mrs. Kingston answered. "Uncle Charles is taking charge of her for the present."

The China merchant stared at her again. "No," said he, solemnly—"no, Cecilia, you cannot mean that there are three such fools in the family! Two I could have borne with—but three! Uncle Charles as well! Upon my soul, it's beyond belief!"

But the meanest worm will turn.

"I wish to say this once for all, Uncle Alexander," observed the little widow, with very considerable dignity, "that I hope you will not speak to Richard as you have done to me this afternoon. His temper is not so much under control as mine; he would probably answer you in your own language. Propose to him that the girl he is engaged to should be offered a sum of money, and I know one certain consequence—he would never darken your door again, nor would you or yours ever enter our house. As for my share in this matter, I am not ashamed of it. I have done what I thought was right. Richard's word is pledged to a good and honorable girl; and if he is my son, he will not disgrace himself—I say, disgrace himself—by seeking to break that bond, whatever pecuniary and mercenary inducements may be placed before him."

She rose as if to leave the room.

"Come!" he said, to stay her.

"No," she made answer; "let that be the last word. I wish for peace betweeen the two families. There will be no peace—there will be a lasting rupture and estrangement—if you propose that Richard should do anything dishonorable, merely because you have had certain plans in view. I do not say that in other circumstances I might not have wished as you wish; but as matters stand I hope my son will act as becomes the name he bears. And another thing, Uncle Alexander, neither he nor Florence need know that a word has passed between us on the subject. They are very good friends, and nothing more; let them remain such—if you choose it to be so. If not, then my boy and I can return to Woodend at once, and we shall not trouble you again."

She did not wait for an answer. She forthwith quitted the room, leaving Uncle Alexander entirely out-talked and astonished. He had not anticipated this display of firmness—this bold upstanding of what he considered idiotic sentiment against the rude and doughty onslaughts of common-sense. And when he began to consider matters, he had to confess that perhaps he had been a little premature. That this shop-girl could be bought off he was convinced; but he had erred in making the proposition too suddenly to the widow. Then, again, he would have a better right to interfere when the relationship between Richard and Florence had become developed—in the obvious and proper direction, of course. What! Richard marry a penniless little sempstress in Stratford-on-Avon—a shy, speechless nonentity, as the widow had half admitted—when here was his bright and fascinating cousin, an heiress gifted with every qualification, a fit helpmeet—one who would do him honor in society? Uncle Alexander, seated by the slumbering fire, was so intent upon these various schemes and considerations that he forgot he had allowed a whole hour to elapse since he had examined his tongue in the mirror, and during that hour he had kept his daughter Florence a prisoner upstairs; and when eventually he went away to his own room to seek safety and consolation in his medicine chest, he was still of opinion that the widow's Quixotic ideas of duty, and her son's chivalrous resolves with regard to that wretched little milliner girl—was she a milliner girl? he had forgotten—would in time be overcome. For great is the power of common-sense.

Accordingly, Uncle Alexander did not return to this project; and as the widow heard no more of it, she, in her turn, was silent, so that the two cousins were thrown into association just as heretofore, ignorant of the dark schemes and designs which had been foreshadowed with regard to their future. And the better to secure his sinister end, Uncle Alexander declared that for the present he was going to abandon his intention of taking and fitting out a London house: it was too much trouble. He did not know but that, if his health continued to grow worse, he and Florence might not go away to one of the German baths, so that he might try a course of the waters. In the mean time he discovered a furnished residence in Melbury Road which would serve their needs. And could not the widow postpone her return to Woodend for a while, so as to initiate Florence into her duties as house-mistress? When Florence preferred the same request—or rather imperiously insisted, with all kinds of direful threats and cunning coaxings—Mrs. Kingston yielded; she could refuse nothing to this wild-spirited Cousin Floss.

It was hardly fair to put any young man's constancy to such a perilous test; but Mr. Richard, even while giving himself up to the full enjoyment of the society of this charming cousin, could always still his conscience and reassure himself by writing a more than usually affectionate letter to Nanciebel. And why should he send a too minute account of their gay doings when he knew that that would only wound the poor faithful heart? Nancy had already betrayed a suspicious curiosity about the Florence whom he briefly mentioned from time to time, and had even begun to demand explanations.

"Why, you see, Nanciebel," he wrote in reply, "my uncle and his step-daughter know very few people in London as yet; and as he is a good deal in the City, the time would hang very heavily on her hands if the Mater did not take her about a little. Then, of course, I have to accompany these two. I could not let them wander about London all by themselves; but do you think it is any pleasure to *me* to go to the Tower or to the South Kensington Museum? And then, again, when any people send them an invitation, the Mater and I are sure to be included, as it is known we are staying with them; and it is but natural that in a strange house, if there is any dancing or anything going on, Florence should count upon me, as her cousin. I don't see how you can object; but you have such a tendency to magnify trifles! When I express regret over our engagement, or ask you to release me, then you will have a right to complain; but in the mean time you needn't grumble about nothing."

"Nanciebel's answer to this was written in a dozen different moods; by turns she was indignant, rebellious, petulant, and piteously imploring.

"What is the use of keeping me here?" she asked—"what is the use of it? Did you see any difference in me when you came down that day—except in the dressing of my hair? And did you think it an improvement—an improvement worth all this loneliness and misery? *Once* you would have said that my hair could not be improved; *once* you would have declared it was the prettiest in the world; but that was long ago—that was before your cousin Florence came to England. I know you will be in a rage because I talk of misery; and you will accuse me of ingratitude, and ask what more I want. Well, I needn't attempt to tell you, for you wouldn't understand; but I can remember the time when you were more in sympathy with my feelings, and when there was no fear of my being misunderstood. *Once* you would not have left me to pine like this; you would not have yielded to relatives; you were ready to do *anything* for my sake. But I suppose it's the way of the world; and *you*, of course, can't regret an absence that brings you so much—and such charming—consolation.

"Now, Richard dear, don't—*don't* be angry with me. I hardly know what I have written; I only know that I just hate being alone. Oh, for the happy mornings and afternoons when I could sit and listen at every footstep on the pavement outside, and think that any moment my Richard might come in! You did not want me improved *then*. I suppose you never think now of the Bideford Road, and the lane leading down to Shottery, and the meadows. It seems a long time ago now to poor me. I sit and think that never, never again there will be the long still beautiful evenings, and us two on the banks of the Avon, seated beneath the bushes, and watching the boys fishing on the other side, under the Weir Brake. Those were happy, happy days! Will they ever come again, Richard dear? Do say something kind to me when you write. I don't mean the kindness I get from the vicar and his daughters, but *real* kindness, for I am so lonely and miserable!"

Now this appeal, couched in its artless language, made Mr. Richard not a little remorseful; and his contrition suddenly assumed the shape of a resolve to go to Cousin Floss and tell her all about his engagement to Nanciebel. He did not stay to ask why that should be considered as making amends to Nancy; he only felt that he was somehow called upon to tell the whole

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

truth; then Florence could think of him as she pleased. Was it not due to poor Nanciebel? Why should she be ignored amid all these gayeties and distractions? She had her rights. And she had not been too exacting; her last letter had been piteous rather than petulant and quarrelsome.

But this proved to be a terrible business. He chose an opportunity when Cousin Floss had gone out into the garden to have a look at the spring blossoms, or perchance to survey with feminine curiosity the backs of the artists' houses across the low brick walls. When he overtook her, she was apparently busy with snow-drops and primroses and daffodils, and she was so good-natured as to pick for him a purple crocus, and even to fix it into the lapel of his coat. How could he refuse this simple kindness? He was not a boor. Nevertheless, in about twenty minutes or so, he and she and the little widow were to set out for the private view of a certain picture-gallery, where they would most likely meet such people as they knew, and he would be wearing Cousin Floss's flower in his button-hole. Was he going about with her, then, under false pretences? The confession had become all the more imperative.

But how was he to begin?

"Cousin," said he, with a most unusual hesitation—for, under her skilful tuition, he had come to address her in the most frank and open and unconventional manner—"did my mother ever speak to you—about—about—a Miss Marlow?"

She noticed his embarrassment instantly.

"Why, no," she said, in some surprise. "Miss Marlow? No; I don't think I ever heard the name. Who is she?"

How could he explain? He wished that Cousin Floss had not such clear eyes, and a mouth so ready to smile.

"At present," he went on, in rather a stammering fashion, "she—she is living with my uncle Charles at Bristol—at the vicarage, near Bristol."

Cousin Floss laughed.

"The governess?" she said.

"No, no; but I have something to tell you about her. I think I ought to tell you—for sooner or later you will hear of it," he continued; and he was blushing like a school-girl, because Cousin Floss was evidently amused by his timidity. "I thought the Mater would have told you—"

All of a sudden Miss Florence put her hand within his arm in the most friendly way, and thereby intimated that she wished him to pace up and down the garden path with her.

"Cousin Dick!" she protested, "I won't hear a word! I know what you've got to tell me, and I can see how it vexes you—but I will spare you the confession. Oh, don't I know what dreadful flirts young men are—don't I know!—but they can't help it, the poor dears, and I am always ready to forgive them—because—because—well, because there are sometimes girls wicked enough to lead them on, and pretend they enjoy it, too! Cousin Dick, why should you tell me?—do you think it would be news?"

"Oh, but you're quite mistaken, Florence!" he exclaimed. "Quite mistaken! I assure you she is not the kind of girl to amuse herself in that way at all."

"Oh, a simple innocent, is she?" said Cousin Floss, with another little bit of a laugh. "Yes, they sometimes look like that—sometimes it is part of the game—with the clever ones."

"Oh, but really—"

"Oh, but really," she repeated, with the most obvious good-nature, "I won't hear another word! I won't, indeed, Cousin Dick! Do you think I don't understand? You see, my dear cousin, a girl who has lived a good part of her life in India, and a still longer time in China, and knows what a voyage in a P. and O. ship is like—well, she isn't quite a baby, you know—not *quite* a baby—and if you were to begin with your confessions I might have to begin with mine, and wouldn't that be mutually awkward? I wish you had seen a young aide-de-camp, a Captain Webster, who came on board, this last trip, at Aden, and remained with us as far as Suez. He was a *dear*—and that's a fact; but papa didn't seem to see much in him—papas never do see anything in young men who have a pretty mustache but no income to speak of. So, you understand, cousin, I might have a story or two to tell as well as you, and I shouldn't like it, for blushing doesn't become me; besides, it is far safer and nicer for every one to let by-gones be by-gones. No, you needn't interrupt, Cousin Dick; I won't hear another word from you—not a word; we will both let by-gones be by-gones. I tell you it's safer."

And as Mrs. Kingston appeared at this moment at the French window, and called to them, what could he do? He gave up the hope of explaining to his cousin. He went to the Private View, wearing the flower she had given him. And if any one drew inferences from his being constantly seen with her—well, how could he help that?

In due course of time the visit of Mrs. Kingston and her son to their London relatives came to an end, and they returned to their Warwickshire home. But they very soon discovered that a singular change had come over the house. Woodend was solitary as they had never known it to be in former days. There was something wanting in these silent rooms: a voice, with clear laughter ringing in its tones, and joy, and audacity, was now heard no more in the hall; the garden, though all the splendors of the spring were beginning to declare themselves in plot and bed and border, seemed empty now.

"I could not have believed I should have missed her so much," the widow said, sadly.

And as for Mr. Richard, he was ill at ease. His thoughts, which he knew should have been turned toward Bristol, went in quite another direction, and would hover, in spite of himself, about Kensington and the neighborhood of Holland Park. Poor Nanciebel's fortnightly letters to himself were not looked for half so eagerly as Cousin Floss's hasty scrawls sent down to her dear aunt Cecilia; and Mr. Richard would lie in wait for these, and whenever he found one on the hall table, he would at once carry it to his mother with the seemingly careless question, "What has Florence to say now, Mater?" For, indeed, Cousin Floss seemed to find a great many things to say to the widow. She was continually writing on some kind of excuse, and she invariably wound up with pretty and affectionate speeches and hopes of a speedy reunion. Cousin Floss did not write to Mr. Richard, of course—that was too much to expect—but in one way or another his name generally came to be mentioned, and sometimes there were tantalizing and even impertinent messages for him.

"Who is this Captain Webster, Richard dear?" the widow asked on one occasion.

Mr. Richard blushed angrily. "Oh, he's some young idiot—aide-de-camp to a Colonial governor or something of that kind!"

"But why should Florence send you this message about him?" Mrs. Kingston asked again.

"Oh, well," said he, with a fine air of assumed indifference, "Florence told me something about him before. He was on board the steamer they came home in, and as he left the ship at Gibraltar, I suppose she was surprised when she found him turn up in London."

Meanwhile the continual unrest and downheartedness that had characterized his manner ever since their return to Woodend had not escaped the anxious mother's eyes, and one evening she made bold to speak of it.

"Well, Mater," said he, "I don't know what it is, except that I feel I am in a wrong position altogether. I am tired of doing nothing. I want to go away. Look at Nancy; the separation that was agreed upon tells more hardly on her than on me, for she is kept apart from her friends and relatives, while I live on just as before. It's hardly fair. I think I should go away from England for a time—for a considerable time, until indeed this period of separation ends—and then I could come back and marry Nancy, and everything would be settled and right. I am sure, if once the wedding took place, all would be well."

"I suppose," said the widow, absently, "that my selfishness must be punished in the end. It was I who have kept you in idleness, Richard, and now you fret, and want to go. I should have thought you could have found some way of passing the few months that must elapse now before the settlement you speak of. And if you find the house so dull—well, I had not intended to tell you; it was a little surprise we had arranged—but Florence is coming down to stay with us for a while."

"Is Florence coming down here?" he asked, slowly, and with a strange expression of face.

Something peculiar in his tone struck her. She looked up as she said, "Yes. It was to be a little surprise for you."

"Mother," he said, hastily, "I will not be in this house when Florence comes. You must make some excuse for me. I will go abroad; or I will go down to Bristol—and live in the town—and only see Nancy from time to time. But I—I don't want to be here when Florence comes."

The truth flashed upon her in an instant; but, amidst all her alarm and bewilderment, she had the courage to say, in a low voice:

"You are right, Richard. If it is as I suspect—ah, well, there is no use thinking now of what might have been—you must none the less do what is right. It was thoughtless of me to ask Florence to come down again—but how could any one help loving her?—she is such a dear girl, so bright and clever and good-tempered—but you, Richard, your honor is at stake. Of course you have said nothing to her?"

"To Florence?—certainly not, mother. How could I? But there is not another word to be said. You must make some excuse for me to Florence; and I must go."

No, there was no use saying anything further; but the widow could not help adding, almost in an undertone, and wistfully:

"If things could only have been different, Richard! I cannot help thinking that Florence—well, she has always seemed so much interested in you—and she would always talk so much about you, when she and I were alone together—and you yourself see how you are never out of her letters—ah, well, it is no use thinking of what is impossible—but if you had been free, and if you had gone to your cousin, I don't think you need have feared her answer."

He turned very pale.

"Don't say that; you have no right to say that, mother!"

"It is but a guess on my part," she said, sadly. "But I can imagine what her answer would have been. And then to think of her in this house—as my daughter and companion—so cheerful and self-reliant—so merry and good-humored—"

"Mother," said he, almost reproachfully, "you seem to forget!"

"No, I don't forget," she answered, with resignation, "I was thinking of what might have been; but I don't forget. And you are doing right, Richard. I will make excuses to Florence for you, whether you go abroad or down to Bristol. I suppose she will not suspect—no, she cannot suspect, if you have said nothing to her."

Nor was this the only act of renunciation on Mr. Richard's part. Just at this time he had to go up to London for a few days to transact some business with his mother's lawyers; but he did not apprise his uncle and cousin of his coming to town, nor did he once call at the house in Melbury Road. It is true that, during these few days, he found his way a number of times to that neighborhood, and on more than one occasion he caught a glimpse of Cousin Floss, as she drove up in the barouche, or came out walking with her maid. He knew he had no right to do this thing, but he regarded it as a sort of bidding good-by to a broken fancy—an impossible dream. To whom could it do any harm?

By the time Cousin Floss's visit drew near, Mr. Richard had made all his preparations. He was going down to Bristol. He argued with himself that being constantly in the same neighborhood with Nanciebel would keep alive in his recollection what was due to her, and moreover he considered that in the circumstances he might fairly ask for some modification of the arrangements that had been arrived at in family conclave with regard to his visits. Might he not see Nanciebel once a week, or perhaps even twice a week, for a single hour? Both he and she had hitherto loyally obeyed the conditions that had been imposed; might not these be relaxed a little now? It was not as a punishment, but as a test, that this separation had been agreed upon; and here were the two of them, after the lapse of considerable time, of the same mind. Mr. Richard endeavored to extract courage and hope for the future from these wise and virtuous reflections; but it was with rather a heavy heart that he drove away to the station on the day previous to Cousin Floss's arrival.

Cousin Floss, when she stepped out of the pony chaise on the following afternoon, and found the widow awaiting her in the porch, was in the highest spirits, and her always bright enough eyes fairly shone with gladness.

"Do you know, Aunt Cecilia," said she, as she hugged and kissed the little woman, "it is just like getting home again to see your dear face once more? When I saw Thomas and the pony and the carriage at the station, I said to myself, 'Ah, now you will soon be among old friends!'"

"Come away in, dear," said the widow, quite as affectionately, and she took the girl by the arm and led her into the house. "I declare it does my heart good to hear your voice again."

"And papa is so sorry he couldn't come with me this time," continued this blithe young damsel, who looked all round the drawing-room as if expecting to see some one; "but the fact is he has found himself a good deal better of late, and he thinks it is because the Kensington neighborhood suits him, and he likes the house. The garden is just about forty yards long, so twenty-two times up and down makes an easily measured half-mile, and he can get his regulation quantity done every day without being overlooked by anybody. I think he will keep on that house. He hasn't been looking about for any other. But—but, Aunt Cecilia," continued Miss Florence, again glancing back into the hall, "where is Cousin Dick?"

Only for the moment did the widow seem a little embarrassed.

"He has had to go away, dear," she said, striving to appear quite placid and unconcerned. "He was so very sorry. I was to tell you how sorry he was. Nothing but the most absolute necessity compelled him, you may be sure of that."

"He has gone away?" said Cousin Floss, in return, with a kind of puzzled, uncertain look. "Where has he gone, Aunt Cecilia?"

"To Bristol, dear," answered the widow.

"Oh, to Bristol," repeated the young lady, slowly. "That is where his uncle lives; his uncle Charles, isn't it?"

And when Mr. Richard's mother signified assent, the young lady said no more. She seemed a trifle thoughtful as she went away to her own room to look to her things; but when she appeared at dinner she was as cheerful as ever, and the widow, with affectionate eyes and many a kindly speech, showed how she rejoiced to have this pleasant companion once more with her.

CHAPTER VI.

CHECKMATE.

When Mr. Richard arrived in Bristol he put up at a hotel overlooking College Green; but he had no intention of going at once to Holiwell Vicarage; he wanted time to think. For indeed he was as one distracted; wild projects flashed through his brain, in a sort of restless and reckless despair; one moment he would be for confessing the whole truth to Nanciebel, and throwing himself on her mercy; the next he would be for an immediate marriage as the one definite settlement of all these perplexities. He went out and wandered through the streets of the town, seeing hardly anything. He followed the Whiteladies' Road until he emerged on Durdham Down; but the fair English landscape, all shining in the white light of the spring, brought no joy to his heart. When he ought to have been thinking of Nanciebel and of his visit of the morrow, he was in reality wondering what his cousin Florence had said when she discovered he was gone; he was picturing her walking in the garden with the little widow; he could see her driving in to Stratford to make her afternoon purchases there. And what was that his mother had hinted—that if in other circumstances he had made bold to speak to Florence Kingston, he need not have feared her answer? That was not even to be thought of! How could the widow know, in any case? It was but the fond partiality of a mother. He had to turn from these fruitless and agonizing speculations over what might have been to the obvious duty that lay before him, and again and again he strove to convince himself that if he and Nanciebel were once married there would be an end to all these hopeless and futile regrets. He had been bewildered by a brilliant and fascinating apparition. Nancy and her quiet ways would win in the end. The commonplace security of ordinary life was sufficient for most folk. Vain dreams, farewell! here were peace and content, and the even tenor of one's way.

Next morning he had summoned up courage, and even formed some inchoate plans; about eleven he started off, and drove out to Holiwell Vicarage. Arrived there, the house-keeper informed him that his uncle had just gone off to see some old woman in the neighborhood, that the young ladies were at their drawing lessons, and that Miss Marlow was in the garden. Accordingly, Mr. Richard replied that he would himself go and seek Miss Marlow, and presently he had stepped forth into the outer air.

He encountered Nanciebel rather suddenly; she was coming through the archway in the walk of yew, and the instant she caught sight of him she stopped, looking startled and frightened.

"What is it, Richard?" she said, when he went up to her.

And he was amazed also. She seemed to shrink back from him, as if dreading what he had to say. Yet was not this in some measure a relief? If she had flown to him with love and joy in her eyes, how could he have played the hypocrite?

"Well, I have come to see you," he said.

"Yes," she made answer, rather breathlessly, and she kept staring at him with anxious scrutiny—"yes; but—but is that all?"

"I don't understand you," he made answer, still wondering. "I—I have no bad news, if that is what you fear; nor any news, indeed."

"Oh," she said, with her face lightening considerably, "it is merely a visit? There is nothing—nothing of importance? You see," she continued, as if eager to explain, "I did not expect you, Richard; you sent no letter, and you have come long before the usual time. I was almost afraid you might have heard—I mean that there might be some bad news, or some occasion for your coming so unexpectedly. And how is your mother? It was so kind of her to send me Tennyson's last volume—to keep my set complete. Aren't the flowers here pretty? The spring-time is always so delicious. And when are you going back to Stratford, Richard?"

He could not make Nanciebel out at all. Apparently she was most desirous to be friendly and complaisant; yet his presence seemed to embarrass her. She was nervous—constrained—her eyes watchful and furtive; this was not the Nanciebel who had clung closely to him as they walked up and down the little court-yard under the stars. Nevertheless, he was here to perform a duty.

"Yes, I have come before the proper time, Nancy," said he, ignoring her last question; "and it is to put a proposal before you and before my uncle. This separation that was agreed upon—well, you have complained of it before, and of your loneliness here, and I don't wonder at it—this separation has lasted long enough, it seems to me. I think if we could get everybody to agree, we might as well be married at once."

And again she regarded him with a sort of apprehensive look, which she instantly concealed.

"Oh, do you think so, Richard?" she said, in an off-hand way. "For I am hardly of your opinion. I think that an arrangement that was agreed to by everybody should be carried out, and then, you see, no one will be able to complain. It was to be a trial; and who could tell what was to happen when it began; and who can tell what may happen before it ends? For, you see, people are so different, Richard," continued this profound philosopher; and she seemed anxious to talk away this project into nothingness. "There are some who don't care about being petted, who are independent and self-sufficing, and they are mostly men; and there are others who like to be petted and made much of, and they are mostly women. Very well, when there is such a difference between dispositions, isn't it wise that they should be tested by time?"

"You didn't talk that way once," said he, with a touch rather of surprise than of actual disappointment or chagrin.

"Oh, well, perhaps not; for I was younger then," remarked this sage person; "and then being sent away from all one's friends and acquaintances was pretty trying at first. However, I don't complain now. No; I think it was wise on the part of your mother, and I am sure I thank her. And when do you go back to Stratford, Richard?"

He was completely nonplussed. Here was the sacrifice he had nobly determined to make put aside as a thing of naught; while he was practically invited to return home forthwith; and that he could not do. Florence Kingston was there—whom he dared not meet. Besides, how could he go away leaving the whole matter as it stood before, surrounded by all kinds of distracting uncertainties? It was for Nanciebel's own sake that he must persevere.

"To Stratford?" he repeated. "Well, you understand, Nancy, I did not think you would agree to this without some coaxing and persuasion; and I shall have my uncle to talk over as well; so I have come down to Bristol for a little while, and I am staying at a hotel there."

"Oh; for some time?" she said. "You are going to remain here, Richard?" She was silent for a second or two. "Well, it is so sudden, so bewildering. You cannot expect me to say yes just at once, even if I knew that your uncle and your mother would consent. It is so grave a step. But—but to-day is Saturday: you will give me till to-morrow? Will you come out to-morrow afternoon, Richard, and then I may be able to say something more definite? Yes, I will, I promise; to-morrow afternoon you shall have my answer."

"But I don't want to press you, Nanciebel," he urged again; for he could not in the least understand what all this meant. "I came down to Bristol for the very purpose of talking the whole thing over, and showing how it would be better and safer and more satisfactory for every one if we could arrange for this time of probation to cease. Who knows what may happen? And you may be doubtful and reluctant, of course, for it is a grave step, as you say; but I am sure it is the best thing to do; and then there will be no further misgivings or trusting to chance."

It was hardly the impassioned pleading of a

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lover, but Nanciebel did not seem to look for that. She merely begged him again to give her till the following afternoon, and she appeared to be immensely relieved—and grateful—when he assented. Nor did she beg him to stay until his uncle should return and his cousins be free. She even hinted that it might be more prudent for her to say nothing of this proposal until he himself should bring it forward on the next day. In the mean time she bade him good-by with a very pleasant and affectionate look, and he returned to his hotel in Bristol, and to aimless cogitations which led to confusion rather than to any enlightenment.

But what happened next day drove away those puzzled surmises, and substituted for them amazement and alarm. About half past one o'clock his uncle drove up to the hotel, and came into the coffee-room where Mr. Richard happened to be standing at the window. The nervous little clergyman was very much excited, but he had to speak in a low voice, for there were some people seated at the table at lunch.

"Richard," said he, in a hurried undertone, "do you know what the meaning of this is? Miss Marlow has gone."

"Gone?" his nephew repeated, with staring eyes. "Gone where?"

"I do not know; she has left the house. This morning she complained of a headache, and decided to remain in her own room; then, when we returned from morning service, we discovered that a cab had been brought out between eleven and twelve, and that she had left, taking all her things with her. And here is a letter we found lying for you."

"Yes; but what did she say when she went?" his nephew demanded, in blank amazement. "There must have been somebody in the house. What explanation did she give? Where did she say she was going?"

"Not a word to anybody! Perhaps you will understand from that letter," said the clergyman, looking at the enigmatic envelope.

Mechanically Mr. Richard broke the seal; he was thinking of her strange behavior on the previous day. Nor did this carefully written epistle afford him any satisfactory elucidation.

"Saturday night.

"DEAR RICHARD,—By the time you get this note I shall have escaped from a position which was only embarrassing to you and to me and to others. I shall always appreciate your kindness—and *never, never* forget it; but what you wished was *not to be*. I had intended telling you by degrees how I had come to this resolution; but your sudden appearance here to-day has precipitated matters; and to-morrow I shall take the step I have long meditated—and I am sure it will be better for us all. And I am sure your mother will be glad. I shall always remember with gratitude the sacrifice she was ready to make; and when I read 'The Miller's Daughter' I shall always think of her with respect and affection; but she did not consider, when she gave me Tennyson's Poems, and hoped they would be my constant teachers, that there was another one far more applicable to my station. I refer to 'The Lord of Burleigh.' Do you remember those *significant* lines—

'But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born.'

Ah, if that poor lady had only known in time! then she might have avoided all her misery, as I hope to do. For why should I aspire to a dignity for which I am unfitted? Your cousins here have been very kind; but all the same it has been impressed on me every day that I was not *born in the purple*. I am not ashamed of my humble origin, for

'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood,'

but it is better for all that I should abandon a fond dream, and accept life as it is. Dear Richard, you have given me several little presents from time to time, and these I wish to return, and I will send them to you by a safe hand. If you will allow me, I will keep your photograph; for one need not forget an old *friend*, whatever trials and hardships the world may have for us. Farewell forever, dear Richard, from your still affectionate and grateful NANCY.

"P.S.—I will send you the things in a day or two."

Mr. Richard handed the letter to the clergyman, but not in silence. "Why," he exclaimed, angrily, as his uncle glanced over the pages, "if that is not a piece of studied hypocrisy, it is the writing of an absolute fool! 'Born in the purple!' Where did she pick up a phrase like that? Does she consider that *I* have been born in the purple? Does she suppose that *I* was going to bestow a coronet on her?"

"Richard," said the clergyman, gently, "you must remember that girls in her position like to write like that; they have learned it out of penny romances; they think it fine. I should say the letter was sincere enough, even if the terms of it strike you as being artificial. And the fact remains that she has left the vicarage."

"Precisely," said the young man, who did not at all rejoice in the freedom that had been thus suddenly thrust upon him; for he considered that this was only some kind of incomprehensible freak on the part of Nancy, and that, after an immensity of trouble and annoyance, they would all of them find themselves in precisely the same straits as before. "And now we shall have to hunt her out, and convince her that her heroic renunciation is out of place. I suppose we shall have to advertise—come back to your sorrowing friends! Upon my word, it's too bad! We shall have all this trouble for nothing. I suppose she wouldn't go to Stratford, and confess to her relatives that she could not bear the burden of the honor that was destined for her. That would not be romantic enough. She will wait until the whole of our family go to her as a deputation, and beg her on their knees to accept the coronet."

"You are angry and impatient, Richard," the clergyman said, quietly. "But there is more in that letter than you seem to see. It has been written with deliberation; it has been thought over for some time back. It is no sudden freak. Now come away out with me to Holiwell, and we will see if we cannot find out something about this very odd affair. Gertrude and Laura may help us. And we are bound to make inquiries, until we know that the girl is in safety. She cannot be allowed to vanish into space in this fashion."

As they drove away out to the vicarage, Mr. Richard did not speak a word. His brain was busy with all manner of conjectures and wild speculations. Supposing, now, that he were to take Nancy at her word? Of her own free-will she had withdrawn from the engagement, which of late he had felt as a very millstone around his neck. No doubt his word was given to her; but here she had in set terms renounced her claims; and why should he not accept her renunciation? But, even as he argued with himself in this way, he felt it was all impossible. He could not be so mean as to take advantage of a fit of temper or some perverse and inexplicable whim. He knew Nanciebel; knew her contradictory moods; knew how affectionate she could be at one moment, and how petulant and wayward the next; and he could not make this fantastic letter an excuse for backing out of an engagement to which his honor was pledged. How could she mean what she said in this ridiculous message of farewell? When a girl took one of the most serious steps possible in her life, she was not likely to be quoting poetry and using sham literary phrases. Perhaps (this was his final conclusion) Nancy had been finding her life at the vicarage too dull and forlorn, and had suddenly resolved to break the monotony of it with a romantic episode.

Now no sooner had the good vicar begun to question his daughters about this mysterious thing that had just happened than it became abundantly evident that they knew a good deal more than they were willing to admit. Gertrude looked at Laura, and Laura looked at Gertrude; and both were mute. Clearly they did not like to "tell." Nancy had been their comrade in a measure; perhaps she had even asked them to keep her secret; and here was their cousin Richard—how could they say anything that would lead him to doubt the constancy of his betrothed? And yet when the vicar, getting a bit of a clew, began to press home his questions, it seemed as if there was nothing for it but a frank avowal. Gertrude, as the elder, came in for most of the cross-examination; and at length, with many hesitations, and sly glances at Mr. Richard, and appealing looks to her father, she allowed them to construct what story they might out of the following fragments and hints.

Nancy had always been fond of wandering about in the garden, particularly when Gertrude and Laura were at their morning exercises, and she was left alone. She had made the acquaintance of Mr. Stapleton's head gardener; as Richard knew, a most respectable and well-educated and well-mannered young man. "Mr." Bruce, as Nancy always called him, was very kind to her, instructing her in botany and lending her books. Other books beside botanical ones, too; for Mr. Bruce was a well-read young man, and had quite a library. Nancy seemed to have a great admiration for the young Scotchman. She was always talking about him, and contrasting him with others. She had cut his portrait out of a horticultural journal in which it had appeared, along with a biographical sketch, and a list of all the prizes he had won. Gertrude had even ventured to remonstrate with Nancy about her partiality for this young man, seeing that she was engaged to be married to Cousin Richard; whereupon Nancy had laughingly replied that she liked to be appreciated by some one. Nancy had shown her a photograph of the gardens at Beever Towers, and pointed out the charmingly surrounded cottage which Mr. Bruce was to occupy when he left Somersetshire for Yorkshire. That the young Scotchman and Nancy were in constant correspondence, Gertrude had to admit that she knew; but she did not consider it her duty to say anything; she thought it would be treacherous, she said.

"But Bruce left Holiwell a fortnight ago," exclaimed the vicar, breaking in upon the shy confessions.

"Yes, papa," said Miss Gertrude; "but he has not gone to Yorkshire, for I have seen him twice during last week."

"And I saw him yesterday," observed Miss Laura, with downcast eyes.

"Yesterday? Where?" demanded her cousin Richard, who had sat silent and bewildered all this time.

"At the foot of Crossways Lane, by the pond," said the younger daughter; and then she added, with some hesitation, "And—and Nancy was with him."

"Really, I am more than surprised," said the vicar, with unusual emphasis, "at such conduct on the part of that young man. I had always considered him a most respectable, well-bred, honorable young fellow; indeed, I had a very great regard for him, even when he and I differed in our political views; but that he could have stooped to this clandestine correspondence—"

"Papa," said Gertrude (who also seemed to regard the young Scotchman with favor, and was modestly anxious to put in this meek apology for him), "don't you think he may have been waiting for an opportunity of coming to speak to you? Perhaps he may have wished to have all his affairs in Yorkshire settled first."

"Oh, if there has been any hole-and-corner business in the affair, be sure it was Nancy's own doing!" said Mr. Richard, scornfully. (Alas! how inconstant are the hearts of men! Had he no recollection of certain moonlight strolls up and down a hushed little court-yard—a court-yard so hushed that one could almost in the darkness have heard poor Nanciebel's heart throbbing for very joy?) "She was always for romance and mystery and secrecy, and I have no doubt she persuaded this fellow into concealing the whole affair until they could declare themselves married. Or perhaps they are married already. That would be just like Nancy. And now I know why she looked so frightened when I came here yesterday."

"Cousin Richard," said Gertrude, rather piteously, "I hope you will not think I had any part in this. I could not help seeing what was going on, and perhaps I ought to have told papa or written to you; but then I thought it would be dishonorable. Many a time I have been sorry for you, and thought you ought to know."

"Oh, but look here, Gertrude!" he exclaimed; "you mustn't blame yourself at all; you mustn't imagine any harm has been done to me. Why, if what you suggest has all come true—if Nancy has gone and got married, or is about to get married—that would be for me—"

But he paused and was silent. The future was too vague and uncertain; these wild and dazzling hopes were not to be spoken of as yet. Nevertheless, the two girls could gather from his face that he was in nowise disappointed or depressed by this sudden news. He only insisted, in a matter-of-fact kind of way, on the necessity of getting to know of Nancy's whereabouts and immediate prospects.

He remained to mid-day dinner at the vicarage; he went with his cousins to evening service; he had some bit of supper with them later on, ere he set out to walk in to Bristol. And now that he had almost convinced himself that his relationship with Nancy was really, finally, and irretrievably broken, he began to think of her with gentleness, not with any anger or desire for revenge. She had been a most affectionate and loving kind of creature—too loving and affectionate, perhaps—she could not suffer being alone; she must have some one to cling to, some one to pet her and "be good to her." Well, well, he had nothing to reproach her with, he said to himself, as he walked along the solitary highway. When Nanciebel's soft dark eyes had looked into his, they had been honest enough at the time; it was her too tender heart that had played her false. She was hardly to blame, for how can one alter one's temperament? And he understood that letter now. It was not altogether artificial. Perhaps there was a little sentimental regret in her bidding him good-by, and perhaps she thought she could best express that in the language of books. And if Nancy wished to betray a sweet humility, or even to convey a subtle little dose of flattery, in talking of the honor of the position that had been designed for her, why should he be scornful of these innocent girlish wiles? Poor Nanciebel! She had been kind in those by-gone days. He hoped she would be happy, and run no more risks of separation.

But he was hardly prepared for his next meeting with Nancy. He had spent all the Monday morning in aimlessly wandering about, discussing with himself the various possible ways and means of getting into communication with that wayward and errant damsel; and at last he was returning to his hotel, about lunch-time, when behold! here was Nanciebel herself, her hand on the arm of a tall and rather good-looking young fellow of grave aspect and quiet demeanor.

"Oh, Mr. Richard," said Nanciebel, with her face flushing rosily and her eyes shining gladly, "this is just what I have been hoping for! I knew we should meet you somewhere! Will you let me introduce my husband? You've met before."

The two men bowed, and regarded each other with a somewhat cold and repellant scrutiny; which could tell how the other was going to take this odd situation of affairs? But it was Nancy, with her eager volubility, who got over the awkwardness of the meeting.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Richard; for I made sure you would be glad when you heard the news. I have seen for many a day that you wished our engagement broken off; I could read it in every line of your letters; but I wanted you to speak first. Then you frightened me on Saturday—did you really mean what you said? or what was your intention?—anyway, it's all right now, and you are free; and now James and I can make any apologies that are necessary for the concealment that has been going on. Oh, but that was all my doing, Mr. Richard!—indeed it was!—I declare it was! James was for going direct to your uncle and explaining everything; and I said that would only provoke a tremendous family disturbance; that it would be far better for us to get married, and then no objection could be taken. Yes, we were married this morning," continued Nanciebel, with a becoming modesty; "and Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, with whom I am staying, have gone away home, and so James and I thought we might come for a little walk. I am so glad to have met you, Mr. Richard."

But here Mr. Richard, who had been considerably flurried by this unexpected encounter, and by Nancy's rapid confessions, pulled himself together.

"But look here," said he, boldly, "where's the wedding breakfast?"

"Oh," said Nancy, with another blush, "the Stephenses are to have a few friends in the evening; but I think we shall leave by the afternoon train for London."

"Very well," said Mr. Richard, "but in the mean time? See, there is my hotel. Suppose you and your husband come in and have lunch with me; let it be wedding breakfast, if you like. What do you say, Mr. Bruce?"

An odd kind of half-embarrassed smile came into the young Scotchman's grave and handsome face.

"I have not much experience in such matters," he answered, in his slow, incisive way, as he looked at his bride with affectionate eyes; "but I should think in such a case it would be for the young lady to say what should be done."

"Oh, then I say yes," cried Nanciebel, in an instant. "Oh, it is so kind of you, Mr. Richard; for you know I wouldn't for the world have any disagreement or ill feeling remain behind, and now I can write down to Stratford that you are quite good friends with us, and I hope you'll tell your mother so, and your uncle, and Gertrude and Laura. It is so very, very kind of you, Mr. Richard," again said Nanciebel, almost with tears of gratitude in her soft dark eyes.

The improvised wedding breakfast was a great success, and Mr. Richard played the part of host with a quite royal magnificence. The young Scotchman was throughout grave and self-possessed, but not taciturn; when he did speak there was generally something in what he said. But indeed it was Nancy who did all the talking, chattering about everything and nothing, and always turning for confirmation (but not waiting for it) to James. And then again, when it was time for them to go, Mr. Richard accompanied them into the hall, and had a cab called for them, and as he bade them good-by on the wide stone steps outside, Nancy took his hand and pressed it warmly, and looked into his eyes almost as once she had looked, and murmured, in a soft undertone, "You *have* been kind."

Such was the fashion of their parting, but Nancy's eyes were still once more turned back to him, and she waved her hand to him as she and her husband drove away.

Now it was about a fortnight afterward—perhaps a day or two less—that Mrs. Kingston and her niece Florence were in the little boudoir at Woodend, and, strange to say, the latter was down on her knees, with her head buried in the widow's lap, as if she had been making confession.

"And may I call you mother?" was the conclusion of her tale, uttered in only a half-heard voice.

"Indeed you will be the dearest daughter I could have wished for," said the widow, most fervently, as she stroked the pretty hair with both her hands. "I never thought to see this day; it is everything I could have wished for, dear Florence."

"You are not angry then?" said the fair penitent, without looking up. "But I shall never believe you care anything about me until you call me Floss."

"I will call you anything you like, my dearest," said the widow, again clasping and petting the pretty head that lay bent and humbled before her.

Then Cousin Floss arose. Humility with her could only be a passing mood. She seated herself next the little widow, and put her arm within hers.

"What do you think papa will say?" she asked.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Kingston, "I think I know what he will say; but if you are at all afraid, I'll go into the garden and ask him myself this very moment."

"Will you?" said Cousin Floss, with shining eyes. "And mind you let him know that Richard has told me everything—everything. Papa knew about—about Miss Nancy, didn't he?"

In a second or two the widow was in the garden, where Uncle Alexander, with his quick shuffling little step, was pacing up and down the measured path. She told him her story. Uncle Alexander's instant question was, "Well, how much had you to pay?"

"I don't understand you," the widow said, truly enough.

"How much had you to pay?" the hypochondriac repeated, testily, for he had been interrupted, and had forgotten where he was in his prescribed laps. "What money did you give the girl? It was my proposal originally; I must reimburse you. I dare say you gave her far too much. But never mind; I'm glad Floss is going to be taken off my hands; she worries me. What money had you to pay?"

"Why, we never offered Nancy a half-penny!" Mrs. Kingston exclaimed, but she was far too happy to take offence. "We could not. She has married a young man in a very good position, of excellent character, and with the most favorable prospects. But I will say this, Uncle Alexander," continued the widow, grown bold, "if you are generously minded about her, give me a certain sum, and I will add a similar amount; and when Richard and dear Florence go up to town with us next week, they can look about and buy something to send to—to Nancy."

"Very well—very well," said Uncle Alexander; and away he went on his shuffling pedestrianism again.

About half an hour thereafter, Mr. Richard returned to Woodend; he had been into Stratford about some small matters. Cousin Floss tripped off to meet him in the hall.

"Oh, Cousin Dick," said she, "do you know what has happened now?"

"Has the sky fallen?" said he. "And have you caught any larks?"

"Oh, you will be quite sufficiently surprised," she said, confidently. "For papa has been told everything, and he has not cut off my head; no, his plans are quite different. Do you know the very first thing you and I have to do when we go up to town next week? We have to look about—in Bond Street, I suppose—for something very nice, and very handsome, and very useful; and papa and your mother are going to pay for it between them. But you couldn't guess what this wonderful thing is wanted for—no, you couldn't."

"What, then?" he demanded.

"Why, a wedding present for Nanciebel!"

THE END.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1720.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT



"HE TOO CARRIED BUNDLES, AS SO MANY DID."

PAPOOSE: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

by George A. Hibbard

AT four o'clock the scant, winter sunlight filtered but dimly through the heavy, low-lying clouds, the smoke-thickened air, and the quick-whirling snow-flakes. Down in the narrow city street, where the vans and carts and cabs seemed almost to flow with and be borne along by a stream of liquid mud that hid the pavement—a noisy debacle tearing down this ragged, urban gully, like a raft with loosened withes rushing and tumbling through a flume—the light was gray and grisly. Above and through the grimy, cobwebbed windows of a large room, just beneath the eaves of one of the large buildings lining the cramped thoroughfare, it seemed to lose its character as light, and to be sifted and to fall heavy, as might dull sodden sand through a sieve. It was a very poor place. There were no curtains on the windows; the floor was bare. In one corner stood a small square stove; no comforting fire in its barren grate; no welcoming light between its gray bars; its name, "The Fireside," appearing in raised, rusty letters across its front, a grim sarcasm, a sort of iron irony. The rust-scaled pipe ran low at first along the wall, then rose to and through a tin-filled square of a window-sash, as if it were the writhing, sharp-jointed, evil genius of the forbidding place. In another corner was a long, low, ragged divan, and near it doddered a decrepit chair, with one arm uplifted, threatening away all approach. But the room was not without things not wholly accordant. Upon the walls, in plain, pale hard-wood frames, hung crookedly an autotype of the angel's head in Botticelli's "Spring," and a reproduction of Dürer's "Melancholia." A large chair, covered with rich but well-worn stuff, stood in front of the grim stove, and in a doorway leading to an adjoining room hung from a broken rod a heavy *portière* of embroidered silk. A bookcase of elaborately carved oak rose above the lead-colored wainscot, its two upper shelves empty; its three lower, only partially filled. There was something about the aspect of the case that made it plain to the minds even of those who least understand the untold, that not very long before, the empty shelves had been filled; that the volumes now left were not then deserted by those most saleable of them all. On its top, at one end, rose a small bronze—Martha and Mephisto—evidently at loss for object of the sneer and jeer of the one and the sympathy of the other, for none could be so without the eyes that see the unseen, as not to see that a Faust and Marguerite, creatures of the same metal, were but lately gone from the opposite side. Between the divan and the stove lay a fine Persian rug with a stain in one corner and a hole in the other; and on a stand in the angle nearest the door was quite an array of cups and plates and jars, some of them beautiful and costly, no two of them, however, of the same kind and pattern, and all looking like fine folk out of place and out of luck; these and other things evidently appertaining to a better life than was possible in such quarters. There was scarce an air of squalor about the room, but it was gray in its dusty ceiling, worn as to its broken paper-hanging, neglected, and in its aspect and influence very melancholy.

On one of the rickety chairs, and at an unpainted table, its broad top spotted with ink stains, sat a man, his elbows resting on its edge, and his face covered by his hands. He had held this attitude for some time. The small cheap clock on the bookcase—Mephisto used to grimace over it at Faust—its clear ticking unnaturally strong for a thing so small, as unnaturally loud as is the harsh, stridulous piping of some persistent little demagogue in the commonwealth of some tree upon a hot summer's night—the busy little clock had tallied off the minutes of half an hour since he had stirred. Now, as he raised his head, he saw through the window before him how dull and metallic, how like worn and blackened tin, the light, if light it might be called, of the closing day had become. Rising, he stood for a moment, with one hand upon the table, evidently irresolute; then he walked backward and forward half a dozen times, the length of the room. His step was sometimes firm, but now and then he seemed to falter in his walk; as if something of the power of volition were lost, he would almost stop for a second with slight, spasmodic, purposeless gestures. It was patent in his most expressive face, even in that light, that he was with quick change tossed to and fro, from resolution to weakness, from weakness to resolution, ungoverned really by self-controlling power. One might almost fancy that the now strained and now relaxed lines in his face were as the sinews of the thoughts that struggled, staggered, went down, arose, and went on in the contest then at its height in his mind.

As abruptly as he had risen, and as if at last in absolute determination, he sat down, and drawing a few sheets of paper scattered on the table toward him, he took up a pen and wrote, hastily:

"As you are the only one who has any right to expect an explanation, or to whom I have the slightest desire to attempt justification of what I am about to do, I write to you."

He paused, and again glanced up at the window; the light—for the clouds now in places seemed worn and frayed—was a little stronger, but still it was more like some sickly phosphorescence than the deadened but healthy glow of the ruddy sun. Then he wrote hurriedly on:

"I do not know that I can justify either myself or my act. The taking of a criminal's forfeited life is defensible; the taking of the life of him who attacks your own may be vindicated. If m has wronged me, deceived me, threatened me, may I not ta when it is mine?

"The instinct of most men, finding themselves where I fin self, is mere cowardliness, and through such instinct they de duties and responsibilities into safeguards, and lurk behind in excuse for their weakness. Men fear pain as do children with their outcry; fear death as children shudder at the th of a darkened room. They affect endurance in mock heroism sneer at suicide because they are afraid. I do not shrink pain—the crash of the marring bullet through the flesh and will be but for a moment; I do not fear the darkness—gen the habitation of peace; I rather seek it—seek the conte oblivion. I believe in the subtle delight of eternal uncons ness, in the still blissfulness of restful absorption into the in sity of that nature that no man has dared as yet to blaspl There is much to truthfully express which requires paradox these are of them. It is a confused world, and in such conf there must be affirmative opposites; to declare these may re conflicting words, but from such discordant clash often come most important truth.

"I might dilate upon the disasters of my life. You know — my failures, my follies, my fancies, my frenzies — you k them almost in detail. But I am not petulant, querulous, or a and I do not do it. I possessed imagination that builded house of life, with lofty columns and wide architrave. I ha means to people my house with imagined actualities; but no frieze lies along the foundation, and my realities have not the stance of dreams. My fortune is gone, and here in this mise chamber I scrawl words I scarce heed and never shall read; in poverty, almost in darkness, for the horizon is lost in mis west is hung with wolf pelts, and the night—the Night—is at h

"The world will dismiss me from thought with flippant con nation, saying that my ruin is of my own making. It may be I am therefore the more worthy of attention. If the world w really know anything of human existence, it must study the not of him who has succeeded, but of him who has failed. cess may be an accident, or the point where linked and con concatenation is chain-bolted to a necessary result. But a always ruins himself characteristically, and his failure exhibit real nature. He is the natural man, and—seeming paradox a —he is often the happiest man. His nature has had its exer he has striven along the line of its tendencies. He has lived. times in ten he who has succeeded has only lifted and planted in marked places. Good sense has been a soul-stifling bane; maxims benumbing restraints. I am a failure. I have lived my own fashion, and if I have not achieved happiness, who r I have ruined myself in my own way. I have missed no ch

(*Continued on next page.*)

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER OF
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

ABBEY'S SHAKESPEARE. "Merry Wives of Windsor." Eleven Illustrations by E. A. Abbey, with Comments on the Play by Andrew Lang.

SIX SHORT STORIES.

THE FIRST COUNTESS OF WESSEX. By Thomas Hardy. Eight Illustrations by C. S. Reinhart and Alfred Parsons.
A GOLDEN WEDDING. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Six Illustrations by A. B. Frost.
THE TWELFTH GUEST. By Mary E. Wilkins. Three Illustrations by C. D. Weldon.
THE SONG OF THE OPAL. By M. E. M. Davis.
MEDUSA'S HEAD. By F. D. Millet. Two Illustrations by H. W. McVickar.
THE TAKING OF CAPTAIN BALL. By Sarah Orne Jewett. One Illustration by C. S. Reinhart.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. By Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D. Nine Illustrations from Modern and Mediæval Pictures.
A POEM BY BLACKMORE. Buscombe; or, A Michaelmas Goose. By R. D. Blackmore. Three Illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.
MODERN RUSSIAN ART. By Theodore Child. Twelve Illustrations from Important Paintings and Sculpture.
A GHOST. By Lafcadio Hearn.
ORATORIO AND DRAMA. A New Departure. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.
ODE FOR A MARINER ASHORE. By Louise Imogen Guiney.

IN HOLIDAY ARRAY.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.....By George William Curtis.
EDITOR'S STUDY.....By William Dean Howells.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.....Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.

LITERARY NOTES. By Laurence Hutton.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1720.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,
AND COLORED SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

STANLEY'S STORY.

THE recent letters from HENRY M. STANLEY, which announce his success in rescuing EMIN Pasha and his speedy arrival upon the coast in Zanzibar, tell a tale of adventure which no Christmas story will surpass in romantic and heroic interest. The safe escape of the two men and of their large company, after desperate contests with savage man and nature, and every form of extreme peril, is news which makes even the holidays happier. For the attention of the civilized world was concentrated upon the issue of this daring expedition, and its fortunate conclusion, with his previous great services and successes, places STANLEY among the very foremost in the illustrious band of African explorers. Yet, as he emerges triumphant in the special object of his expedition, the Dark Continent closes almost hopelessly behind him, and his chief service is the demonstration of the only way in which Africa can be civilized.

The interior of Africa and the sources of the Nile have baffled until now research and knowledge. But the last generation has disclosed the secret and the general character of the vast continent. Its people are now revealed, and the sources of the Nile are known. The revelations, however, confirm the general belief as to country and people. LIVINGSTONE and STANLEY continue the tale which MUNGO PARK began. Here is one of the great continents which, except at one point upon its northern shore, is absolutely barbarous. There are no roads, no bridges; none of the elements of civilization; no art nor science nor literature; and only the rudest forms of government. From the beginning the country has been in contact with civilization, which has touched its edges here and there, and in Egypt with a certain feeling of art and organized society. But these mere fringes of higher life have had no influence upon the vast mass of the continent. Alexandria had libraries and schools, but they were the monuments of a foreign force. No spirit of enterprise has equipped African fleets for voyages of discovery. No knowledge nor desire of knowledge is known among African races. The people have long enslaved each other, and have furnished wretched victims to the greed of more civilized nations.

It would be hard to mention any contribution made by the Dark Continent to the higher and progressive life of man. It has resisted by the mere density and mass of barbarism all approaches of civilization, all ameliorating influence; and although now it has been widely penetrated and explored, it remains as dark a problem as ever. Its descendants in other lands, enlightened by civilization, have no desire for the country of their origin, and by the long oppression of slavery, whether in the West Indies or in the United States, it is a race without initiative, and as yet without achievement. It will be very remarkable if STANLEY'S later tale differs from that of all previous African exploration, so far as concerns the mental condition of the people. Africa can be subdued to "civility" only by gradual advances from the coast, not by solitary camps planted in the wild and inaccessible interior.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

THE announcement that all the Brazilian provinces have accepted the republic, and that the Roman Catholic archbishop, the head of the state Church, has blessed the new government, implies the completion of one of the most extraordinary revolutions in history. That a country of such vast extent should suddenly and radically change its form of government without the least resistance from the existing authority, and without bloodshed or disturbances, is an event without precedent. It is due in large part, of course, to the character and intelligence of the deposed Emperor. If he had not acquiesced in the new order at once and without protest, and quietly left the country with a liberal provision for his maintenance, the situation would have been very different. Nothing shows the essential good sense and intellectual comprehension of Dom PEDRO more clearly than his conduct in the sudden emergency. It was said of another monarch that nothing in his life became him so much as his death, and it is certainly true of the ex-Emperor that none of his services to Brazil was greater than the manner of his resignation of the imperial authority.

The condition of the country as reported makes recognition of the new government by other states much easier. This is always a delicate question, because although it is conceded that every country may rightfully establish such government as it prefers, it is necessarily a question whether a change accomplished by revolution represents the real will of the country, or merely a temporarily successful conspiracy. In 1818, when the South American provinces of Spain were fighting for their independence, Mr. CLAY proposed a commission to express sympathy with them, with a view to subsequent friendly relations. But the proposition was rejected by a vote of 115 to 45, on the ground of the still unsettled state of the provinces and the continuance of actual war, and it was not until four years afterward, in 1822, that Congress almost unanimously recognized their independence. The Mexican province of Texas declared its independence in December, 1835, after a year of war. In the summer of 1836 Congress resolved that Texan independence ought to be recognized whenever it was evident that there was a civil government in successful operation, performing the duties and discharging the obligations of an independent power. In both these cases there was an armed revolutionary contest with states in friendly relations with our government, and after the Congressional resolution of 1836 was passed, President JACKSON, in view of the continued vigorous effort of Mexico to retain Texas, advised that we hold aloof until the Texan power to maintain a separate government should be demonstrated beyond cavil.

In the case of Brazil there will be apparently no difficulty. If the reports of the peaceful acquiescence of the whole country in the new government should be confirmed, no other government could hesitate to recognize it. There would be no other government nor any conflicting authority. Mr. VAN BUREN'S remark, when Secretary of State, that for us "the government *de facto* is equally so *de jure*," is based upon the view that in any country the existing government is presumably approved by the people, because otherwise it would be overthrown. But even the government *de facto* is not always easy to determine. There seems to be no reason to doubt that our government will find no occasion for long delay in recognizing the new order in Brazil. The course of the United States in such cases, as JACKSON said, has been one of caution. "Our predecessors have cautiously abstained from deciding upon them until the clearest evidence was in their possession to enable them not only to decide correctly, but to shield their decisions from every unworthy imputation."

THE PARCELS POST.

CHRISTMAS overloads the Parcels Post, and the proposition to reduce the rate of postage on fourth-class matter is one of universal interest, more especially to households in the remoter and less settled parts of the country. Fourth-class matter is what may be called express matter. It comprises seeds, bulbs, cuttings, envelopes, cards—in a word, merchandise. The present rate of postage is one cent per ounce, which it is proposed to reduce to one cent for two ounces. There is no doubt that the reduction would be a welcome Christmas gift to great multitudes of families, for which the Post-office is the only practicable express.

Express companies extend their business wherever it promises to pay. The Post-office extends its operations wherever there are settlers, and the annual deficit in the department is contemplated and paid cheerfully, because of the general belief that the money is well spent. The Post-office has been regarded always as a civilized, a public convenience of such immense benefit, like the common school, that the community willingly supports it. Of course good reasons must be shown for the reduction proposed. It must be demonstrated either that the reduction will increase the traffic to a point which will cover the deficit, or that the present rate seriously restricts the facilities which the Parcels Post is intended to furnish.

As the scope of the postal service increases—and it is now numerically the most important branch of the government service—it is plain that its efficiency might be increased by reorganization adapted to the changed conditions of the country. A commission of experts—and there are distinguished and able experts—would undoubtedly prepare a simple and practicable scheme. It will be a long session, and perhaps Congess will think of it.

PAPOOSE: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from front page.)

neglected no opportunity. Myself and I rejoiced in our youth and my fortune. All is gone. Myself—my last coin—I drop to-day into that slot—the grave.

"I have a few things left whereupon I might realize enough to pay life's wages for some days longer. I have lived for a fortnight on the works of Herr Schopenhauer—something I flatter myself extraordinary, if not unique. The complacent omniscience in prose and the lightness and sweetness in verse, in certain volumes of Matthew Arnold, might sustain me possibly for a week; but perhaps I overestimate my strength. I negotiated a Barbadienne Faust to a gentleman of the Order of the Golden Three Balls ten days ago. Happy Faust, who lived in a time when men could sell their souls! Now there is no longer a devil, and if I attempted to raise the wind on such security in any other market, I would be regarded as a common swindler attempting to obtain goods under false pretences. I have limbs, senses, health. You once did me the honor to say that I had faculties that would not be inapt at turning pennies or earning plaudits. But why make use of any of these? Why should I take pains to support this clumsy body that gave me so little satisfaction, even when I was not put to such trouble for its keep? A bullet shall close the disjointed phrase of my life; a bullet shall be the period that ends this jargon, unintelligible to myself and to all.

"Do not think that I am careless or flippant. All solemnities of the moment stand around me. What is gone I know; what is to come, who can tell? Myriads have believed in futurity; in such comparison how poor, how paltry is individual doubt! Think of the massed suffering of ages borne in sustaining credence, and one man's trouble seems but peevishness. I think of one man's complaint in the sweep of the world's lamentation, and it seems but as the creak of a loosened shutter in the roar of the north wind. Others live, they say, because life is a duty; because I have had some small argumentative business with myself, and rays of perhaps better light have at times shot through mere logic, and I may have seemed to have freed myself from obligation, shall I desert? But—but much thought has made me weary, too weak for effective review. I have said my life shall have its period; an interrogation point were better punctuation; with weak iteration I echo Rabelais's 'Perhaps.' The pellet of the pistol ball shall physic my present pain—characteristic cure—life true to itself to the last. Is there no button-hole in a shroud? I cannot seize Death by a lapel and ply him with questions.

"I go to forget; I expect to be forgotten. Pity me, despise me; they bury suicides now at such cross-roads.

"I doubt if I have really said anything, when I wanted to say so much, and that so clearly. I do not even know what I have said, for I am not calm, unimpatient; I seem goaded as with some strange haste. But, fast friend, tried comrade, I bid you a good lifetime; wish me a good eternity. MORRIS."

The young man paused, and looked up with half-bewildered stare. Wholly sane, perhaps, when he began to write, the weight and multiplicity of his thoughts, the stress of the time, as perhaps some might infer from what he had written, had wrought in him at last something like madness. Intelligence now, for a moment at least, seemed to struggle back to the world of sense and comprehensibility. He placed together the loose sheets on which he had written, even numbered the leaves; then, folding them carefully, he placed them in an envelope, sealed it, and wrote a name upon it—"Philip Vassel, Esq."—and then an address.

It had grown so dark that the figures on the dial of the little clock could not be seen from where he sat. He rose, and stepped quickly across the floor. "Ten minutes of five," he said. For a moment he stood in apathetic self-absorption, then he hastily drew open a drawer in the lower part of the bookcase. The object that he drew from it shone even in that dim light in his hand. It was a small thing. It might at first have seemed some costly, useless *bibelot*, so rich was it with ivory and silver; some pretty plaything, were it not for a spiteful look, like the look of a pampered toy terrier. It was a highly ornamented revolver, but so small was it that it lay wholly within his palm—small, but at a man's temple capable of deadly bark and bite. "It might as well be at five as any other time," he said, clearly, and unconscious that he spoke. "Seven minutes to eternity." He carried the clock to the table, and sat down. He did not bow his head this time. He sat erect, staring at the dial before him. It seemed to him that he was lost in a confused, luminous haze, a sort of half consciousness of some things and quick comprehension of others, mingled with confused memories of many things, as swarmed flies mingle, eddying about a spire, or around the spray ending a branch just stirred by the breeze, a puff of waving, shining mist in a summer sunset, lost in a cloud that it seemed must instantly shift into a flash lighting up with complete revealment—a moment crowded with recollections of a whole life—such a moment as he had read comes to dying men. But no such moment came. "Perhaps it is not near enough," he said, again aloud.

It was as if faculty of thought, use of mental processes, were gone. There was nothing left save indifferent recognition of the plain, clear, seemingly quite unimportant fact of life. "I might as well sit here waiting to take some narcotic," he said.

But now came hurrying things—things unconnected, dissimilar, erratic. They came as eager bidders might hasten to the auction of a dead man's chattels—hasten and jostle on the threshold. He remembered that a Frenchman—that was the first thought that shouldered in—had once said that suicide was ill-mannered, that it was the height of impoliteness to go where you were not invited, and for a moment the grim, facile epigram almost amused him, and he slightly smiled. But quickly hurrying, so closely crowding that they overlapped and partly obscured each other, came other thoughts, memories, disconnected, inappropriate—inopportune he would have considered them had he had power of criticism left. He thought of an apple-tree as he had, when a child, once seen it in full blossom, when the pied flowers were as swarms of butterflies alighted all over on its stiff little twigs; now the river before his uncle's country place was as clear as in that summer afternoon when, a boy, he swam the sparkling stream, than which the upper sky could not have been so blue, "so cool, so calm, so bright"; now

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

shot into vision the face, seen once and once only, of a young girl who waited at a gate for some one—perhaps her lover—in a shaded and leafy lane through which he had hastily ridden, when a young man, one autumn evening—a face that struck him like the clash of cymbals. And then suddenly, as if beneath some occult spell, in almost visible form and tangible substance, his situation seemed to stand before him, and he became a horror-paralyzed spectator of himself. There were prefigured to him the terrible aspects of the tragedy about to be enacted, and of what would follow when the curtain had gone down. The sound of the pistol; the crash of the ball; the blood slow pulsing in its outflow; the oozing brain; the rattle of the fallen weapon; his own duller, heavier fall. Perhaps some one would hear the report of that discharge, and force the locked door—would find what he had hardly ceased to be, quivering, shuddering, as it would be, as if still trembling at encounter with sudden death; perhaps none would hear—in the big deserted building that was more probable—and limbs and features would harden into rigidity, and darkness would gather in the place as flocking ravens gather to the slain, and all its space would become vacant of light as his own eyes, unwarmed as his heart, and all night that which he had become would be left alone in the horrible darkness and terrible silence—a silence only broken by the ticking of the clock, that would be like the clicking of the chisel of some busy stone-cutter at work upon black marble. And then would come a brazen to-morrow that would in some way crowd people into the room, and, as if it were a merit in itself, would play exhibitor of the dread thing he was. There would be ghastly faces and horrified exclamations, and— What noise was that in the street? But was it of any consequence to him what noise it might be?

He glanced at that diligent laborer, the little clock. With steady, sturdy beat it ticked away almost blithely at its work. There, in that place, it seemed indeed alive, and to torment a man with its activity.

The last minute before five.

His hand tightened upon the revolver's small stock. The muzzle touched his temple. Scarce a thread of white still lay between the hour point and the imperceptibly advancing minute-hand. Now the finger of the minute-hand touches the top of the X in XII. Now—

Rap, rap, came a faint, fumbling knock at the door.

Morris instinctively turned his head. The revolver already bore upon space.

Rap, rap, once more.

The revolver was slightly lowered.

Rap, and then the knock suddenly ceased, and there was a sort of rustling, brushing noise as if something fell with slow descent, partly sustained by the door.

Certainly this was annoying—and perplexing. There are times when a man has the right to expect to be alone, when any disturbance is intrusion. Can't a gentleman take his own life in peace? he thought, with whimsical exasperation. But then a knock at the door. Darwin, as we all know, had an idea that perhaps the vertebrata are descended from an animal allied to existing tidal ascidians; and that this might possibly account for the mysterious fact that many normal and abnormal vital processes of the human vertebrate seem under the influence of the moon. Possibly the impulse to answer a knock at our door has its origin in some almost as remotely transmitted instinct, derived from aboriginal time, when a man had

"no enemy,
But winter and rough weather,"

and such a summons was an appeal for aid and shelter. Whatever may be the reason—perhaps because the world is so full of possibilities, and imagination is so rich and vivid—it becomes an irresistible demand, strong in the very weakness of its petition, and even at such a time Morris was not able to free himself from the unavoidable inclination to answer the call. He placed the pistol on the table, and stepping quickly to the door, unlocked it. It was much darker in the hall than in the room. Glancing down, he saw what seemed a large bundle, so shapeless and still was it. He looked at it for a moment—in the moment recalling staggering, straggling faculties to power to comprehend actual things—and then stooping down, sought by sense of touch to discover what it really was. At first he felt merely a fold of woollen cloth; then what he knew to be an arm; and then soft hair, and a cold, small human face.

"It's a child," he said, "and half frozen."

He gathered the limp body in his arms, and carried it to the big arm-chair in front of the fireless stove. Without hesitation he seized the rickety chair, and raising it above his head he brought it down with such violence on the floor that it flew into many fragments. These, with an old newspaper caught from the table, he stuffed into the grate. A match picked from a scattered dozen upon a shelf beneath the stove-pipe in an instant ignited the paper, and certain grotesque shadows that had hung like so many vampire-bat skins in a wizard's cell about the room began a *danse macabre* on the wall, tiptoeing and bowing to an elfin tribe of their kindred who ran toward them from out hiding-places behind chairs and tables. There was a little coal in a small box; he rattled some of it down upon the flames, and many of the shadows, frightened at the noise, fled out of sight. Then he drew up the chair nearer the blaze. Taking off the child's heavy shoes—one heel showed pinkly through a hole in the stocking—he placed a large book upon the hearth and the small feet upon it; then he chafed the little hands, blue with cold, between his own. How strange—and it came in fleeting, transitory thought—that what five minutes before had seemed worse than useless to himself seemed suddenly so inexpressibly precious in this scantily clad child—something to be preserved if human exertion could do it! But the sense of this incongruity was but for a moment; the ragged waif occupied his active attention. A bright something ran over the small face, and the large eyes slowly opened in amazement.

"Will I die?" she asked, faintly, as she gazed up at the man bending over her. "I don't want to die."

"No," he answered, as heartily and assuringly as he could; "not a bit of it."

"I am glad," she said, as her head sank again with a little sigh.

He had not heard his own voice for hours, and now it seemed strained, stiffened, and formal.

"You'll be all right soon," he went on, speaking rapidly, and provoked that he could not command an easier and more natural tone. "You are only a little cold," and he grew absolutely angry that, out of practice as he had been, he could not do more in softening his words. "You will be warm in three minutes," he added, a little more satisfactorily—"a minute" would have sounded harsh—"and then you will feel better."

"I feel better now," said the child, quite comfortably. "But don't watch me so. I've a-ma-zing dislike to being watched so."

"You've what?" he asked, astonished at the long words, and looking at her even more earnestly.

"A-ma-zing dislike," she repeated, turning a languid face toward him, almost with fine-ladyish air.

"Oh!" he said, and began looking at the grate.

"That is a very nice fire," she said. "I don't think I was ever near quite so large a fire. I don't pos-i-tive-ly."

And as the word fell very slowly, Morris turned and looked at her again.

"Didn't I tell you, don't?" she said, with a strange little look of command. "But what a soft chair, and what pretty colors?" and with a light forefinger she followed the shape of a spreading leaf woven in the *tapisserie*. "You must be a very rich man."

If some one had ascribed to him omniscience or omnipresence, the powers of an Indian adept, or the ability of a circus contortionist, Morris could not have been more staggered. That she had not a doubt about what she said, was plain in the wondering, almost admiring glance that she turned upon him.

"It's nice to have money," she said, and she held her small hand before her face, almost as if she were careful of her complexion, and afraid that the fire-light would hurt it. If the broken-winged sparrow that he had picked up in the gutter a week ago, had bent its pathetic eye upon him and given utterance to some aphorism, say from the collection of maxims Lord Chesterfield gathered from the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, he could not have been more amazed. He looked at her attentively. Her cheeks were sunken; her lips were pale; her eyes unnaturally bright. Over her features was the worn, weary look—the look that lies upon features shadowed and sharpened by the pinch and privation of poverty. But in her case it did not seem unpleasant; there mingled with it no aspect of unnatural precocity, nothing of the expression of the impish acuteness of too clever children. It seemed only the result of hard-ship, of experiences that should not have come to one so young. But she was a beautiful child even as she was, with that look of race, or breeding, or whatever it is, that quality of all really fine organisms never wholly lost, no matter in what strait the human or brute creature may be; that something that belongs to all thorough-breds—those who win the race by a neck if needs be, but win; those among us of pure lineage, trace of which may have been, perhaps, for a time lost, drawn from remote source, as it may have been, and through and over common clay—to those who dare and do, compelled to do and dare by something in their nature—something giving assurance of endurance and strength in reserve equal to all assail, and even in defeat not wholly overcome.

"Don't you feel much better now?" he asked, as he looked down upon this calm little creature evidently so self-possessed.

"I think," she said, unhesitatingly, "that I am hungry."

Of course she must be hungry. He was a brute not to have thought of that before. But what could he give her? A man on the point of committing suicide, and in such rooms, would hardly be apt to have a well-stocked larder, and to tell the truth, so little had Morris had of coin or of any currency for the last weeks, that command over food or drink had been but slight.

"I'm afraid," he said, blankly, "that I haven't anything."

If half an hour before any sensible man had told him that he, Richard Morris, then only thinking of quitting an existence that he found unbearable, would so soon and so eagerly long for the possession of the simplest sustenance that might maintain life for a hungry child; that he should feel such awkward shamefacedness that he had not anything to give her; he would have turned from him with the scorn that most merely sensible people deserve.

"But I can go out and get something," he added, suddenly remembering the fortune of a few pieces of silver loose in his pocket.

"Please do," she said; "I am very hungry. I haven't eaten anything for a whole, long, awful day. Won't—won't you please hurry?"

A whole day! This child without food for a whole day! The thing was startling; the thought of it one to make a man provoked with himself and his kind. She must have food, and at once. He started toward the door, but he did not like to leave her alone, weak as she was. He hesitated, and then suddenly, with glad relief, he remembered that he had some preserved fruit and some crackers purchased long before, when he had yet hope, and thought of striving to make something of his life. He found them, and gave the already opened bottle and the untied parcel to the child. But, he asked himself, had he done rightly? Were Wiesbaden strawberries and those dry sweet biscuits really the thing to give to a starving little being like this? But already she had the bottle under one arm, and one of the crackers loaded with the luscious berries at her lips.

"Oh!" she said in an instant; and there was ineffable depth of satisfaction, unspeakable ecstasy of gratification, in the half-murmured, half-ejaculated syllable. The countenance of a *gourmet* suffused with delight in a just-tasted and supremely delicate *plat;* of a connoisseur aglow as the bouquet and flavor of some rare, age-thinned ichor of some royal vine melts along two senses for the instant seemingly made exquisitely one—were but blanks compared to the child's face as she finished the quick feat of swallowing her first mouthful. But as the second half-cracker and its load disappeared, Morris wondered if he should not stop her. Famished persons, he had read, should not be allowed to eat so much and so quickly.

"I never, never tasted anything so good," she managed to say. "Do you always eat such good things?"

This last, after a large part of a well-freighted cracker had been swallowed in one mouthful.

He did not answer. He had unexpectedly made a humiliating discovery. He was very hungry himself—fiercely, ravenously hungry. Whether it was the child's eager voracity or only the nearness of this vivid bit of human life that relaxed the tension of the last morbid days and humanized him into something more natural, he did not take time to think. He was hungry; that was the present active fact. He picked up one of the crackers, and almost hesitatingly took a bite of it.

"Put on some of this," she insisted, with a certain richness in her gobbled words, for her mouth was full.

He did as he was bidden, and, sitting on the arm of the chair, he began eating with as much appetite and almost as much sense of gratification as the child herself. It was a close thing between them, first one and then the other at the bottle; and sometimes, when his hand was slightly before hers, she rapped it with a cracker, and insisted that her own should be first.

Soon he laughed.

"Don't," said the child—"don't laugh that way. Aren't you glad?"

He stopped. It was grotesquely ludicrous, enough to divert a very devil with any touch of facetiousness in his diabolism. A handful of minutes or so ago, and actually he was going to shoot himself, and here he was seated on the same chair with a child on whom he had never laid eyes before, silently and diligently eating "bread and honey." It was like smearing the ghastly face of tragedy with jam, like filling the terrible hand of self-slaughter with bonbons. What anticlimax could have been more complete? what bathos more profound?

And still they sat speechless, and, like the sailor's wife,

"monnent, and mounent, and mounent,"

only now and then turning eager, curious, watchful eyes upon each other.

"What is your name?" he asked at length, as he shook the cracker crumbs from his fingers.

"Papoose," she answered, quickly, as she took a bite of the last cracker of them all.

"But that's hardly your real name, you know," he said. "You must have some other."

"Oh yes!" she answered, looking into the bottle, where some inches of its contents still remained, and as if the other name was a wholly unimportant superfluity, "I've another—two—Marjory Penhallow."

"Marjory Penhallow," he repeated.

"Every one calls me Papoose," she said, indifferently. "I think you'd better call me Papoose."

He did not understand exactly how it was brought about, but from that moment he knew he was enlisted in her cause—had taken her small Majesty's shilling, as it were. Not that her supremacy had been declared; quite the contrary; her dependence had been established, that was all—a dependence more masterful than any tyranny.

"How old are you?" he asked, hesitatingly, and almost fearful of appearing rude.

"Twelve and a half," she answered. "Is not that too young?" she added, contemptuously.

"I have known people younger," Morris answered, with grave politeness.

"It seems strange," she said, "but I ought to be older. It seems to me that I have lived years and years."

"And," he asked, taking advantage of the opportunity, for there was a diminutive stateliness, a minimized dignity about this young person that had hitherto led him insensibly to abstain from asking her such questions, although he was desirous of knowing what had brought her to his door in such condition and at such a time, "have you always lived here?"

"In this city, do you mean, or in this house?" she asked, precisely.

"Do you—did you live in this building?" he demanded, in astonishment.

It was a large structure, with many rooms and long narrow halls. Its lower part was used for shops, the second and third stories for small manufacturing work, and the top for cheap lodging rooms. Now, as it happened, Morris was the only occupant of the cold, deserted upper story, where tenants came and went with such significant frequency.

"A long time," she answered. "The Necromancer and Isaac Newton and I."

"Who?"

"The Necromancer and Isaac Newton and I," she repeated. "The Necromancer was my uncle, Isaac Newton was the cat, and I was myself."

"Why the Necromancer?"

"Because he used to do such strange things. He made queer-looking little bits of machines, and had queer mixtures in queer glasses. He had a white beard, just like necromancers' in books. He was a great inventor. I always wanted him to discover the philosopher's stone I'd read about, but he wouldn't."

"No?" said Morris.

"No, he wouldn't"; and she went on slowly, and with a great effort of memory: "he said modern chem-is-try did more than ancient al-che-my ever thought of doing; that no trans-mu-tation was as wonderful as some of the results of-e-lec-tri-cal action; that his philosopher's stone would make us as rich as if he could really make gold. I did not understand him very well. Do you?"

"I think so," said Morris. "And the cat?" he asked.

"The cat was Isaac Newton, because he was the greatest man that ever lived," she said, confidently.

"How long did you live here?" he asked.

"Years; but not in these rooms. They were too grand for us. We lived in small ones on the other side."

"Why did you go away?"

"The Necromancer died," she answered, with something hushed in her tone. "I found him lying beside his work-bench one day, on the floor, and there was a little spot of blood on his white forehead. They say it was falling on the floor did it. Oh, he was so thin and light that I could have lifted him almost."

Neither spoke for a moment.

"I held his head," she went on, "and screamed and screamed. He was so stiff, you know, and hard. Then I kissed him on his forehead where there wasn't any blood, and then I screamed again, and then people came."

She cast one look over her shoulder into a dark part of the room, and then turned quickly toward the protecting light of the coals, now brightly aglow in the stove.

"Then the Schroeders came," she went on.

"Who were the Schroeders?" he asked in a minute.

"They were very nice people," she said, with a quick adaptability; "de-light-ful people. They used to live in these rooms, and that's why I came here to-night. They were just married. They had a rose-bush in the window, and a canary-bird. Isaac Newton used to come here with me, and when he saw the canary-bird he would roll his eyes around, and just open his mouth a little, so that you could see a little white of his teeth, and I'm sure he would have eaten it if he could. Mr. Schroeder—she called him Max, but of course I couldn't do that—was a piano-tuner, and I don't believe piano-tuners are very rich men. But they were much richer than we, and they were so nice to me. They took me to their rooms and kept me weeks."

"And this was a long time ago?" he asked.

"Ever so long ago—in the spring," she continued. "But one day Mrs. Schroeder found a letter in one of my old dresses that said that if anything happened to him I was to be sent to some cousins who lived in the country, and that they were to take care of me. And so one day Mr. Schroeder took me to see them, and oh! they were such strange people! One Christmas the janitor's second youngest baby got an ark in his stocking, and that ark was in-hab-i-ted by Noah and Shem and Ham. Well, they were just like my cousins, only that they were much smaller, of course. I never saw a house like theirs; but then I have not seen the inside of many houses; a great big place, almost as large as this, that was never warm, and where there was no dust. It seemed to me sometimes that if it could be a little dirtier, it would be a little warmer. Oh, it was so clean! it seemed to me that the things were almost—raw. I don't think that they had much money either—how very strange it is that really nobody I know seems to have much money!—but they told me that they would not sell it and move into one of the small warm cottages for anything; that they had in-her-i-ted it, and that it was an-ces-tral. Well, they talked together, and then they finally said that they would keep me. Then Mr. Schroeder went away, and then I cried, and they stood and looked at me so solemnly and so kindly, as if they didn't know what to do with me."

"And did you live there long?" asked Morris, as she paused for a moment.

"Long!" she exclaimed. "Two thousand years by the parlor clock."

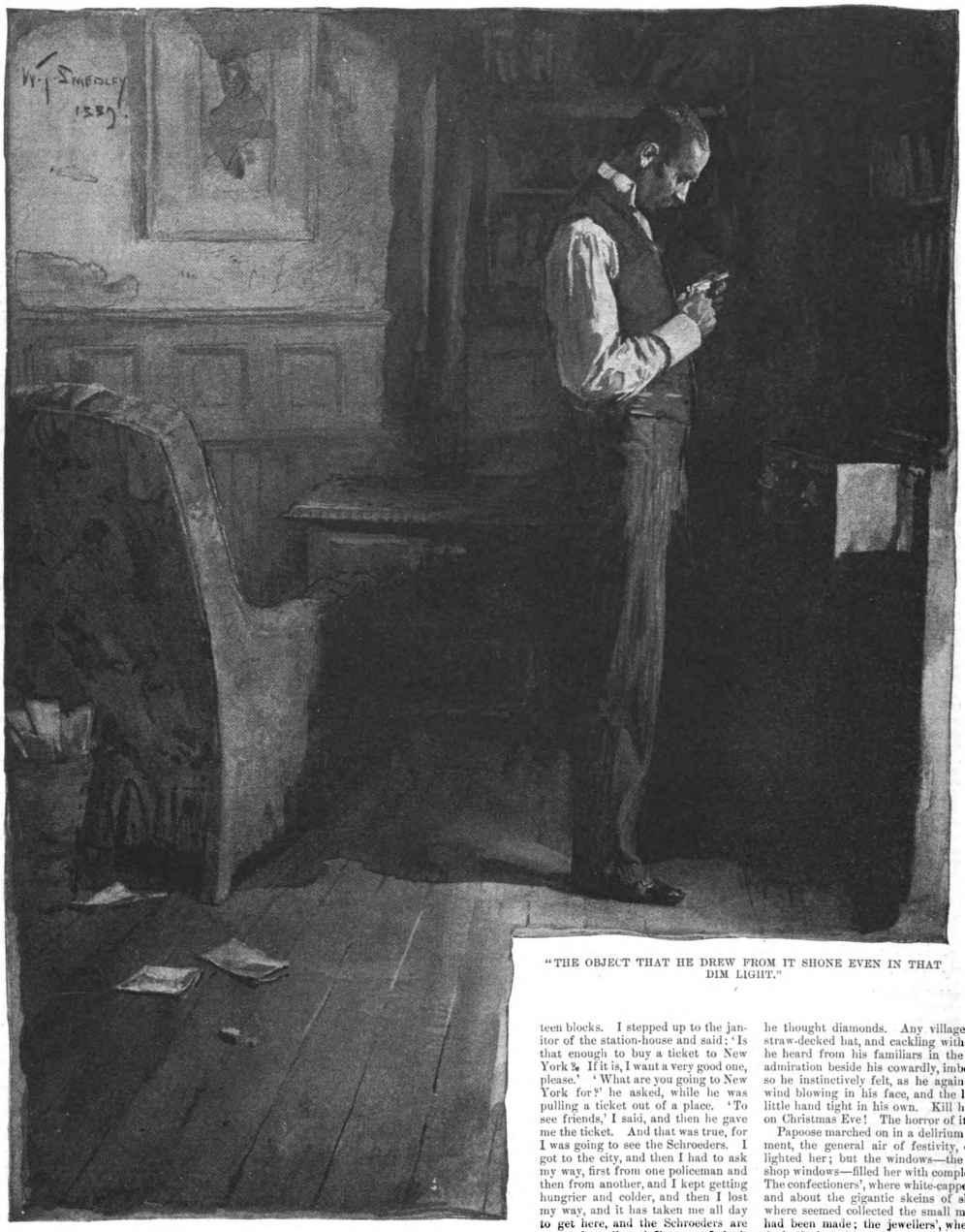
"Well?" he said, laughing at last.

"Oh, you want to hear more? We didn't have much re-cre-a-tion there—some of my words I've only read, and I'm not quite sure of the pro-nun-ci-a-tion—in that house. Sunday there was the most to do, for we used to drive to church with a horse with queer, straight bones like rulers, and sit in straight up and down pews like my cousins' chair backs, and listen to a man who did not seem to me to talk very civilly to the people."

"But they were always kind to you?" said Morris.

"Oh yes; but there is such a difference in 'kind,' you know. There was the Necromancer's 'kind'—the biggest"—and she held out her arms as if she would include miles of space; "and there

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THE OBJECT THAT HE DREW FROM IT SHONE EVEN IN THAT DIM LIGHT."

was the Schroeder's 'kind'; and then there is your 'kind'—all of them different," and she looked up at him. "What is your name?" she asked, suddenly.

"Morris."

"Yes, Morris, they were always one kind of 'kind'; but really they didn't know how, and I cried and cried, and thought I should die."

"What didn't you like?"

"The country, for one thing. It was awful."

"Oh!" exclaimed Morris, softly. He had always had a vague idea that children always liked the country, and the answer surprised him.

"It was frightful. Perhaps I should like it if it was more popu-lated, but there was almost no one to see all day long, and almost nothing to do. No swarms of people, no lovely shop windows, no hand-organs—nothing. In the summer it was bad, very bad, but in the winter—oh! It was like being shut up in a cave in the dark, and I was afraid. At night I could only sit and think how it was at home, where the pretty electric lights were shining, and the people were going to the theatres; and I couldn't stay out there any longer, Morris, and so I ran away."

"What?"

"Ran away," she repeated.

"How did you do that?"

"When Mr. Schroeder went away he gave me—my cousins didn't come clear to the gate—a little money. He said he thought—he was looking back at my woman cousin, who stood on the steps and held out her hand to see if it was raining—that I might some time want to buy something to please myself; for, God bless me! he said, he didn't believe I would have much to please me there. I kept that money for a per-i-od of dis-tress, and when I ran away I walked to the station; it wasn't far, not more than fifteen blocks. I stepped up to the janitor of the station-house and said: 'Is that enough to buy a ticket to New York?' If it is, I want a very good one, please.' 'What are you going to New York for?' he asked, while he was pulling a ticket out of a place. 'To see friends,' I said, and then he gave me the ticket. And that was true, for I was going to see the Schroeders. I got to the city, and then I had to ask my way, first from one policeman and then from another, and I kept getting hungrier and colder, and then I lost my way, and it has taken me all day to get here, and the Schroeders are gone, after all, and I'm sure I don't know what I shall do."

There was little of doubt, less of helplessness, and nothing at all of despair expressed in her last few words. So far was she from doubt or fear that it was evident that her only anxiety was to obtain the rest of the strawberries without cracker as she was. She tipped up the bottle, and tried to cram her hand down the neck.

"I think," said Morris, "that perhaps, you know, you hadn't better eat any more of that now."

"But I am very hungry," she insisted.

"Suppose we go out and get something—well—healthier," he said.

"And bring it back here and eat it?" she exclaimed.

"If you like."

"Shoes," she cried. "Give me my shoes."

Morris handed them to her, and in a moment she had them on, and with a quick stamp or two she settled her feet well into them.

The weather had suddenly changed. As Morris and Papoose stepped out of the building, they found the street and sidewalks white with the new-fallen snow. It had been cold in the afternoon, but it was much colder now, and was freezing rapidly. The city no longer seemed murky, dismal, and forbidding, but bright, clean, and sparkling. The mud had stiffened, and was hid from sight; the snow had filled the dusky corners and crannies in the forlorn buildings, and lay thickly on the dark, sullen roofs. The electric lights were somewhat dimmed by the thick flakes, and each looked like some great globular, semitransparent fruit with gleaming core; but still they managed to light everything very brilliantly, causing the fringing icicles on the window-ledges and eaves to glisten, until it might seem in some places almost as if the houses were illuminated for some festival, with rows of suspended and sparkling lamps. The vehicles in the street were fewer, but the people on the sidewalks were, if anything, more numerous. The dull roar of the wheels was stilled, and the crowds no longer walked as if in tread-mill work, but with brisk step, as if freed, at least for a time, from routine and care. The ceaseless, unwearied murmur of the great city filled the air—that wonderful diapason, present always, but with varying resonance, and at most times with saddening or dismaying undertone; now, however, rising almost with something of gentle assurance, of quieting promise, as might some Brobdingnagian lullaby. And the air—the air gave quick elation. The change was as great and evident as might be noticed if some sad dark water of some iron-impregnated spring were suddenly charged with keen vivacity and glad volatility.

Morris had not been out for two days, nor had he for a longer time given attention to the things of the surrounding world. Now he noticed the stir, the brilliancy, the thronged ways, the illuminated shops, with some surprise. Was the city always like this, and had he never realized it? Was it his mood or the world that was changed, or both?

"Everything seems very gay to-night," he said, as he took the child's hand.

"Why!" Papoose exclaimed, in amazement. "Don't you know?"

"No," he confessed.

"Why, it's Christmas Eve! Didn't you know that? I thought that everybody knew that."

Christmas Eve, and not to know it! He had never felt quite so humiliated in his life. There was not a beggar in the street, not a prisoner in his cell, who did not know it, whose heart was not a little gladder, whose feeling was not a little kindlier, for the knowledge. He was but a drivelling creature, with small faculties in petty derangement; he was a poltroon who would be fugitive from annoyance, would hasten out of life in mere spite. He had gathered up a store of ills, and in his vain desire to put the great scheme of creation in fault, had set value by them as a madman might to the pebbles he thought diamonds. Any village idiot, wandering afield with straw-decked hat, and cackling with laughter at the good things he heard from his familiars in the air, was wise and worthy of admiration beside his cowardly, imbecile self. So he thought, or so he instinctively felt, as he again walked the world, the keen wind blowing in his face, and the lights about him, and a warm little hand tight in his own. Kill himself! Kill himself! And on Christmas Eve! The horror of it!

Papoose marched on in a delirium of vivid delight. The movement, the general air of festivity, charmed her; the noise delighted her; but the windows—the wonderful panorama of the shop windows—filled her with complete and ceaseless satisfaction. The confectioners', where white-capped and aproned men pulled out and about the gigantic skeins of shining candy; the toyshops, where seemed collected the small models from which everything had been made; the jewellers', where the gems glittered on the dark plush cushions only less brilliantly than the now uncloudèd stars in the wind-cleared heavens, in the soft, black velvet sky—all were enchanting. But it was before a great jeweller's shop that she paused the longest and looked the most wistfully.

"Oh!" she said, shaking her head slowly, "if I only had one ring, even like that dear little one with the blue flower, I would be happy—happy—happy!" She turned reluctantly away. "It's nice to look at them, anyway," she sighed.

But her beloved and regained city filled her with too great a joy to be easily subdued, and she quickly brightened up.

"I haven't got much money, you know," said Morris, apologetically, as they went on.

"Oh no!" she answered, quickly and cheerfully, as if that of course was everybody's natural condition, and no more to be deplored than the fact that one has no more than ten toes. "But you've got some, haven't you?"

"That's all," and he drew from his pocket a few half-dollars and quarters.

"All that to spend at once?" she cried. "But won't you need it for rent?"

"I think not."

"Surely?"

"Surely."

"Oh, how much we shall buy! Let me show you."

Papoose knew the streets of that quarter of the town as a nun knows her cloister. She knew exactly where she wished to go. Gradually Morris found his pockets filled with packages, his hands with bundles. Papoose, rich in experience, worked wonders with the small handful of money; never before would he have believed that so little would have bought so much.

"Go to the best, and you'll get the best, and—the most," she said, sagaciously, as they left a huge establishment, where she had judiciously invested twenty-five cents at least.

Every one remembered her; everywhere she was greeted as an

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

old friend. At the baker's she was treated as a distinguished stranger; at the little French shop selling *charcuterie*, she received an ovation; at the great grocer's, a triumph. The hurrying clerks in the largest and most crowded places treated her with particular deference, and received her orders with peculiar attention. All had missed her, and were glad to see her. The greetings she received affably; the questions she answered briefly. She was very busy, and had no time for gossip now. At last she announced that all her purchases had been made.

As they returned to what Papoose already designated as "home," Morris felt himself another man. An hour perhaps before he had been of a different nature, out of kindred with his kind; now he felt as if he had found a new naturalization. He felt like the others; he too carried bundles as so many did, and dropped them and laughed, and was laughed at by a companion. How long a way he had travelled in a short time! He was really almost jolly. Human voices rang, but gently, and yet deeply, and with more cheer than any voices he had ever before heard; the crowd was no obstruction, rather something companionable and pleasant; the jostle of a shoulder an informal salutation; every stare a "Merry Christmas!" Meet the world fairly, and it will strike hands with you in fair bargain; loosen a strap so that its load will sit easier on its shoulder, and it will help you with your own burden; slink away in hypochondriacal mood, and can you expect it with its wholesome healthy strength, with all the careless exuberance of its life, to turn after you, to run down your small blind alley, and nourish your petty vanity with the pap of cajolery? In some such fashion now ran his thoughts.

Suddenly Papoose stopped, and with her finger on her lip—a frequent gesture with her—looked up at the sky.

"How dark it is away—there!" she said, slowly. "I always feel as if it must be all so, all about us, below us too, and that the Necromancer has gone down through a dark door into—that."

How dark it would have been with him! thought Morris, "away—there," had his journey not been stopped upon the threshold by a fainting child's weak hand.

Morris placed the packages on the table. "We should have got something to light up the place," he said, reproachfully.

"Open the long bundle," commanded Papoose, briefly.

Within were two candles.

"Is it your pleasure that the illumination begin?" he asked.

Papoose nodded.

Morris placed one candle in a long Venetian glass—a piece of rich, rare, twisted Murano-work—and the other in the neck of a beer bottle, and put them on a small mantle behind the stove.

"The effect," he said, stepping back, "is even brilliant."

Papoose undid the other bundles, and spread their contents on the table. There was bread; there were several sausages, very fat and brown; there were some white, creamy cheeses; and



"'I FEEL BETTER NOW,' SAID THE CHILD, QUITE COMFORTABLY."



"IT WAS A VERY DIFFERENT PAPOOSE WHO DREW BACK THE PORTIÈRE."

there was a box of sardines; a Yorkshire pie—purchased at the suggestion of Morris; and there was a package of chocolate, already prepared for use; and there was another bottle of the strawberries.

"I can get some water in the hall," she said; and seizing a dish, she ran out of the room.

In a moment she had the chocolate boiling on the fire, in a pot that she recognized as belonging to the Schroeders, and that Morris had acquired with all the other goods of an out-going tenant, which he had purchased without much thought of what he was getting.

"Now we can begin," Papoose said, finally, when she had set the table to her satisfaction, and when the chocolate was quite ready.

Morris had a bottle or two of Apollinaris that he had procured, and opening one, he filled a glass for Papoose. But she did not like it. After a sip she turned away with a disgusted *moue*.

"Oh, the horrid stuff!" she exclaimed. "It spits in my face."

They were very hungry; they were very silent. There are repasts at which conversation is not the most brilliant part of the performance. It was while they were still eating that one of the great events of the evening took place.

"Oh!" cried Papoose, suddenly drawing up her feet. Almost at the same instant a feeble, plaintive "me-ouw" sounded under the table.

"It's Isaac Newton," she exclaimed, looking down, and immediately she was on her knees with the cat in l

how he does look!"

Certainly Isaac Newton did not look flourishir to emaciation, his fur was ruffled and soiled, a torn and scarred. He had evidently encountere and stormy nights, and there was a dispirited, pated, look about him that was very shocking appear in the least aware of his own shortco quite as if nothing had happened, as if he were ing dress. He calmly allowed himself to be st manifestations of undue delight, only purring ve ting his head energetically against the child's a was, on the whole, disappointed with the meetir

"I think you're a good-for-nothing old cat," s not in the least glad to see me; but I'll feed yc

At last, between Morris and herself and Isa everything was eaten, and Papoose settled h chair.

"Wasn't it good?" she said.

"Good?" he answered. "It was ambrosial

"You were hungry too?" she said, in some as were you hungry with so much money?"

"Because—I forgot," he answered, lamely.

"You must have been very happy."

"Or very miserable."

"That is silly. When we are hungry and c miserable. But you were not cold, and you ha and you were in the city. Don't you know a

"A great many."

"Then why were you alone?"

"It is good to be alone sometimes," he sai

"Never," she answered, decidedly. "Do you?"

"Some do."

"Then why don't you see them?"

"Because," answered Morris, slowly, "I and afraid they might think that I want th

"How silly!" said Papoose, contemptuc their help, you want it. Why shouldn't pe You've helped me."

"I thought I had gone down too far to h

"Well, you see," she responded, trium hadn't been for you, what would I have do

"Very, very glad."

"Then why shouldn't they be glad? I You are very silly."

It struck Morris with something of astor the moment, he could not give a direct an his woes that would satisfy this direct and p There was certainly something wrong. Be

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ful little person anything he could have said would have seemed artificial and false.

"I wonder, Morris," she said, "if you are stupid? You haven't said anything in the least amusing since I have been here, and then to be miserable, and on Christmas Eve! I never heard of anything so silly. Why, Christmas is meant to make us happy."

"Yes," said Morris.

"Of course," she went on, "there was a time long, long ago when there was no Christmas. Then the world was not really happy, for then it was only wise; it did not know so well how to love. Then a Child was born, who grew to be a Man, and who taught it new things. People had known a great deal before, but they did not know how to love each other as well as now, for that was what He taught them." And she added, slowly and laboriously, "Peace on earth and good-will toward men."

"Yes," said Morris, in a very low tone.

"I have seen pictures of Him many times. They were not always quite the same, but very much alike. In them He is always sad. I wonder why, since He taught us happiness?" She paused. "And that is what Christmas is—His birthday—the birthday of the Man who showed us how to be happy."

Papoose sat gazing into the fire and stroking Isaac Newton's bobbing head. As she finished speaking she closed her eyes for an instant, and then opened them very quickly. She was evidently becoming sleepy.

Morris had forgotten her. He was thinking of what he was, and what he had intended. Suppose there were no God—so ran his thoughts—yet here, if not the great contrivance, was the great casualty of all things, and man the acme of the accident. How despicable to disgrace his kind by such exhibition—exhibition proving that the height of being is, after all, as weak as the pulp of the protoplasm, as small as an atom of matter! Certainly even formality must have laws, and such act as he had contemplated could not be within the true operation of forces strong enough to make and regulate a world. That a man should be coward enough to hide himself in oblivion, this was craven *lèse-majesté* against creation however created. But if there be a God—and no human being was ever sure that there was not—what then? The self-stultification of setting himself up against the Most High, of nullifying the ordinance of his own life, the insult of throwing back such gift to its Giver, what could such creature hope in eternity? What could such petty larcener, who stole his own existence, hope among those who had suffered and nobly borne? But he could think no more. How unsubstantial it all must really have been! It had needed but the touch of a child's hand, only a few moments' apposition with a clear, pure, human nature, to reteach him what life really is, to make him breathe its breath again with ample lungs. The old law was right, as it was in so many things that are called barbarous. A suicide's burial should be at the cross-roads, where the earth shall be so trampled that through it no ghost even can arise.

Here Papoose stirred, making a brave struggle to keep awake.

"What have you been thinking about?" asked Morris, with a start.

"I was thinking that it was Christmas Eve, and I was wondering if I hung up my stocking—"

Morris glanced quickly at her. It was not a matter likely to occur to him, and he had not thought of this very important part in the observance of *Noël*. But he had no more money wherewith to buy even the humblest gift, and surely on this night any place where money might be procured, as he had procured that which had supported him for the past days, must in very decency have folded its shutters, as bats their wings, and closed its doors for the time. A small fraction of one of the smallest sums that he had squandered without thought would have given her pleasure incalculable, and he regretted that he had no money for her, as he had never regretted the want for himself. A little honest exertion and he would not have been in such a plight. But she should have something; Christmas morning should not bring her the great grief of finding herself giftless.

"You might try," he suggested.

She shook her head wearily, but her stocking was already off, and her hand run into it.

"There's a hole," she said, and with that power of quick transition from sadness to joy that characterized her, she laughed gayly.

"Here," said Morris, picking up a piece of twine with which one of the bundles had been fastened; "we'll mend it." Clumsily he tied it around the torn part of the heel. "There!" as he hung the stocking from the mantel.

"The last time I hung up my stocking," she said, "I got this with the other things," and she pulled from out of her dress a little gold locket hung upon a worn piece of ribbon around her neck. "Isn't she pretty?" she asked, as she opened it and handed it to Morris.

"Very," he answered; "but it is very much like you."

"Yes," she said; "it was my mamma."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. Where had he seen the face before—lovely, petulantly attractive, animatedly charming as the child's own? Had he seen it, or was his recollection the memory of some painter's canvas-caught ideal, or the lingering remembrance of some striking portrait? In Papoose he had once or twice noticed expressions that in the same way seemed to remind him of somebody or something, and the face in the locket, in its more vivid suggestion, only increased his perplexity.

"It was made before she ran away and married papa," went on Papoose.

Might it be possible? The idea was too preposterous even for a moment's harborage, and yet—

"Mamma ran away just as I have, and they wouldn't see her, and she wouldn't see them, and she died."

He turned over the locket. There was the name still clear in the worn gold, and with the date too. And so it was all explained. She was pretty, resolute, runaway Lillian Vassel's daughter.

Papoose, with her head in one corner of the chair, had gone to sleep.

Morris in the unrest of conflicting emotions had not thought what he should do with her for the night; but now the question, if question there had been, seemed settled. He lifted her from the chair, and carrying her into the next room, he placed her on the bed; then covering her carefully with a blanket or two, he went out, drawing the *portière* behind him.

"He must know—and to-night," he said, pausing again before the fire. "I'll go myself. I'll accept his aid if he offers it. As she says, 'Why shouldn't they be glad?'"

Now the crowd had disappeared, and the streets were almost deserted. As Morris walked quickly uptown, he thought again of the change the last few hours had brought. He had given help to a frail existence that might have been lost without his aid, even when he would have taken his own strong life. Which were the nobler thing? He did not make direct answer to this self-question, but he felt that somewhere in that unuttered response lay the final solution of all his doubts and difficulties.

He was passing before a great church, through whose gorgeous windows the light shone in soft, subdued color; from within, the rich, massed music seemed to press even through the white stone walls in a purity and sweetness before unknown to him. The moon swept a cloud away, and shone on cornice and pinnacle, on frieze and spire, on the dainty carving of the marble, on the wreathed snow that in some places covered it, both emulous in unexcelling whiteness. Now the organ's sound seemed to burst the cathedral doors, and in grand volume came a pean, an acclaim, a cry of proud, triumphant joy,

"For unto us a Child is born."

It was a midnight service for Christmas Eve, and as he stood with his bowed head against the iron railing, he thought how truth had come to him that night from the lips of a child, and he realized as never before the significance of that birth more than eighteen hundred years ago—that event that has been of more moment to the world than any other since it emerged from chaos, and perhaps it is of more momentous importance to-day than ever before.

When Morris mounted the steps of the great house away up the avenue its whole front was dark, no light appearing except in the vestibule, where the heavy lamp was still burning. But he knew the habits of the inmates too well not to be certain that some one would be awake and on duty. He rang the bell confidently. Vassel's own man opened the door, the butler doubtless having long gone to such sleep as a butler's conscience permits.

"Mr. Richard!" exclaimed the man, starting back.

"Yes, Jarvis, it is I," said Morris. "I am no Christmas ghost. Is Mr. Vassel still up?"

"He is, Mr. Richard. He's sitting in the library, thinking and thinking, as he's always doing."

"I'll go alone," said Morris, as he walked toward the room he knew so well. The door was partially open, and as he crossed the threshold he glanced around. He had not seen it for a long time—the gallery with the brass railing running around three of its sides; the great mantel above the fireplace at the farther end rising to the ceiling; the volumes in thousands clinging and clustering tier on tier, the rich bindings and the dark shelvings deepening in their soft tones. The big table was littered as always with pamphlets and papers in that peculiar confusion that denotes familiar use. Over all the light seemed massed, condensed into something richer even than light, but everywhere almost the same. Anywhere an Elzivir Terence might easily be read, the most delicate touch of a Clovis Eve tooling clearly seen. No sound arose from the thick carpet as Morris advanced.

Vassel sat before the fire, one elbow upon the arm of his chair, his head on his hand.

"Philip," said Morris.

Vassel looked up without start or manifestation of surprise.

"You can leave us, Jarvis," he said to the man who had followed Morris into the room, and as he came forward Morris saw how much older he appeared, how changed he was from what he had been when he had last seen him.

"I am glad you have come," he said to Morris as he took his hand. "I have hoped for a long time that you would come. Sit here," and he pointed to a chair opposite the one in which he had been seated.

The two men gazed at each other for a moment without a word.

"I have come to ask your help," said Morris.

"I would have given it without the asking had I known where to find you or how to give it."

"I would not have accepted it then," answered Morris. "I would not do so now had I not learned much when I thought I knew the most. I have learned to-night life's greatest lesson; in trying to help another I have helped myself. The touch of a hand weaker than mine has given me strength; the gift of one poorer than myself has given me riches. He is an inexperienced fool, Philip, who says that he can do without the companionship of his kind; an arrogant braggart who thinks that he can dispense with such aid."

"Have I ever felt that I was all-sufficient to myself?"

"Yes."

"Have I ever held my hand when I could give aid to any I thought worthy of it?"

"You have always been just; but we must be more—we must be generous. Omniscience alone has the right to be simply, severely just; humanity must be something more, lest it make mistake; it must be amply generous. The spirit that in your father drove your sister from his house is in you. If he had not died so suddenly can you doubt that he finally would have relented? Do you doubt now what he would have done?"

"Where did you learn what you tell me?"

"From a child."

"From a child?"

"From a child who can teach you as much as she has taught me. You need aid of such kind as much as I did, who would have shot myself if it had not come. I bring you joy and grief. Can you bear either or both?"

"The last, yes; the first, I think so. I have not known it lately."

"Philip," said Morris, "she"—pointing to the mantel, where a large picture framed in the marble was partially covered with a curtain—"is gone, but it was her child who saved my life to-night. I think sense of the inadequacy of a life alone—lived for one's self alone—perhaps has come to you before; be helped, as I have been helped, to further knowledge before it is too late."

The purveyor of light the next morning gave it forth with Christmas prodigality. It was not light left over from yesterday's supply polished up and made ready for to-day's use. It seemed rather of other essentials, of another nature. Its touch gave gladness; wherever it dwelt or lay it seemed a coating for delight. It drew itself, plate upon plate, upon the closed wooden shutters of the room where Papoose slept, and running into and filling their small cracks seemed to drip down like molten solder, part silver and part gold. But it was noiseless, and could not break the sleep of the tired child. It was nearly noon when she awoke. She slowly opened her eyes and gazed about her. That she was puzzled by her surroundings was as evident as that she was wholly undismayed.

A woman of fifty, almost stately in her heavy cloth dress, rose from the chair in which she sat at the head of the bed, and stood before her.

"Where am I?" asked Papoose, amazedly.

"You are in Mr. Morris's rooms," the woman answered. "I am Mrs. Beattie, Mr. Vassel's house-keeper; and here," she said, "is your maid Félicie."

That she must have awoke somebody else was the first thing that Papoose thought as she sat staring before her, and immediately she had decided that she would not let them know who she really was—not at first.

"Where is Morris?" she asked.

"Mr. Morris and Mr. Vassel are in the next room," answered Mrs. Beattie. "Will you get up now?"

It was a very different Papoose who drew back the *portière* a little later. A rich dress hung in heavy folds about her; rich furs were gathered at her throat; upon her head was a small marvel of a hat, and on her hands were long wrinkled gloves.

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

Much was in the room that had not been there before. The divan was covered with packages, the tables with bundles and cases. The long-coated footman, who now stood just outside the door, had borne many armfuls from the heavy carriage that was at the entrance of the building. It had been difficult to gather all the objects Christmas morning, but Vassel, assisted by Jarvis who had accomplished wonders, with relieving lavishness, had managed to have it done.

"Oh!" repeated Papoose.

There were toys, fantastic and intricate; trifles of all kinds, dainty and delightful; there were things wholly unfitted for a child in their rarity and value.

"Oh, Morris," she said, "how could you have done it?"

"I didn't," he said. "You must thank another."

Then for the first time she looked at Vassel, who had stood somewhat apart.

"But," she answered, stoutly, "you were first, and I will thank you first."

Seizing Morris's hand she kissed it. With wild cry and exclamation she pillaged the place. When all lay revealed to her, she turned to the stocking that hung apparently as limp and lank as it had the night before. Away in its toe was the blue ring.

"It is all I could give, Papoose," said Morris. "Will you wear it?"

The price of the weapon that the night before he had held at his temple had bought it.

"Put it on," she commanded. She held out her hand, admiring the effect. "Oh, Morris," she said, "aren't you glad I came?"

"Yes," he answered; and he shuddered as he glanced about the place, and thought how different a sight might have been there had she not come.

THE BURNING OF LYNN.

NEARLY the whole of the business part of the great shoe city of Massachusetts was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, November 26th. The conflagration was not only the greatest in the history of Lynn, which was visited by a similar disaster in 1871, but one of the greatest of our time. In the extent of territory devastated and in the amount of property destroyed it ranks with the great fires of Chicago and Boston. It is estimated that fifty acres were laid bare by the flames. An apparently accurate account gives the following as the number of buildings destroyed: 142 dwellings, 112 wooden stores and factories, and 42 brick structures. About 10,000 operatives have been thrown out of employment, 162 families are homeless, and the money loss is estimated to be in the neighborhood of $5,000,000. Many of the buildings destroyed are large shoe factories, the fire having originated in one of them, which was situated in the very heart of the city, and in the immediate neighborhood of other like establishments. Besides the factories, the fire swept out of existence dwellings, brick and wooden business blocks, the large brick railroad station of the Eastern division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, the Western Union Telegraph office, the local telephone office, the offices of the *Item*, *Bee*, and *Press* newspapers, three national banks, the Lynn Institution for Savings, four express offices, the Lynn Gas and Electric Company's office, a large number of leather and miscellaneous manufacturing establishments, and the Central Congregational Church.

The fire began about noon, and lasted until after nine o'clock in the evening. It originated in the shoe factory of Mower & Brother, which was situated within a short distance of the railroad station. Its progress was hastened by a strong southwest wind, but especially by the character of the material on which it fed. Most of the factories and business buildings were of wood, fire traps of the worst character, and the people of Lynn and the insurance companies have long feared the catastrophe which has overtaken the city.

Lynn is one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts. Its history began about the time of the coming of the Puritans, when a few stray members of the Plymouth colony made their way to the woods and coast that were to be known as Salem, Marblehead, and Beverly, after the landing of Winthrop and his companions. The business of making shoes was begun there long ago. At first it was conducted in small shops, in which three or four shoemakers co-operated. The trade was confined chiefly to the manufacture of women's shoes, but the business grew rapidly, large factories sprang up, the town became the centre of the shoe trade of the country, and was known the world over as the shoe city. Kindred trades followed, and in the list of business houses burned out will be found factories of heels, shoe-strings, counters, leather, tops, patterns, soles, and box toes. As the business grew, so grew the city. If its population has increased during the decade drawing to a close as it did from 1870 to 1880, it must now be in the neighborhood of 50,000.

The approach to the city from Boston is along the shore of Massachusetts Bay, by way of Chelsea and Revere Beach. The first station in the city is West Lynn, and there the sea leaves the road, the land trending southerly to Nahant. Along the road from this point to the main station were large lumber yards, box factories, carpenter shops, and at last the wooden shoe and leather factories. These wooden structures were built when the city was in its youth, and before its prosperous future could have been foreseen. The community grew up about these shoe factories, which thus stood in the middle of the finest business buildings of the city. The station which was destroyed was in the middle of a great square, called Central Square, bounded by four important streets, out of which ran smaller streets. The four streets are Union, Silsbee, Exchange, and Mount Vernon. The factory in which the fire started was on Almont Street, near Union, northeast of the railroad station. The Mower factory was 200 feet long and 100 feet wide. As soon as the fire was discovered a general alarm was sent out, but before the firemen reached the spot the building was doomed. The exertions of the firemen were unavailing, and the flames spread with terrible rapidity. In fifteen minutes the fire was beyond the control of the department. Appeals were sent to Boston, Swampscott, Salem, and other towns, and were immediately responded to. Buildings were blown up with dynamite, but nothing could stay the conflagration. The flames leaped over the empty spaces, and licked up the frail structures in an incredibly short time. The draught of the twenty or thirty steamers that were run on the ground was too great for the water supply, and it was owing to this and to the failure of the firemen to blow up a small wooden factory next to it that the destruction of the Central Congregational Church, a very handsome edifice, was due. The fine stone building of the First National Bank seemed literally to melt away in the awful heat. Very soon the streets were filled with frightened citizens, and the militia were called upon to keep them clear in order that the firemen might have room for the performance of their task. Business men were seeking places of safety for their books and other valuables, and families were flying with their household effects. Eye-witnesses describe a complete panic. Even the people of Swampscott, the adjoining village on the northeast, took precautions against the anticipated spread of the flames to their own homes.

The fire made its way to Union Street and around Central Square in little more than half an hour. Within these few minutes several factories, a newspaper office, and the Western Union office were destroyed. The terrific power of the fire may be judged from the fact that a large five-story building was wiped out in less than half an hour. By three o'clock more than half a mile of buildings had been burned over. Soon after this hour,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Chief Engineer Webber, of Boston, and the Fire Commissioners reached Lynn, and Chief Engineer Moody, of the local department, having been prostrated, the Boston chief took charge. Massing the engines which had now come from every place within transportation distance of Lynn, he directed their energies to stopping the spread of the conflagration westward. But the flames swept on southward on two lines, destroying everything in their path. The railroad station had gone, and through travel was interrupted for six hours. Down along the wharves the lumber yards had disappeared, but the firemen succeeded in saving some of the coal sheds. The fire took the main thoroughfares, and then the cross streets, travelling slowly up the steep grades, which are numerous in the city.

The outline of the burnt district stretches irregularly along six streets north of Central Square, and then the flames, making their way southward along Beach and Silsbee streets to their junction near the harbor, make an irregular triangle. In all twenty-one streets were attacked, thirteen of them lying within the outline which has been described. The fire seems to have been checked in its eastward course by Commissioner Tobin, of Boston, an old fireman, who took command of one of his own engines, and succeeded in thoroughly and effectively wetting some wooden buildings in Broad Street, just beyond Silsbee Street.

The work of the fire was so complete that from the burned railroad station Lynn looks like a city that has been destroyed. Nearly every building within sight from a train approaching from Boston is gone. It will be many months before the principal business of the place can be resumed, and it will be a hard winter for the thousands of operatives who have been thrown out of employment, and for their families. Most of the inhabitants are New-Englanders, and are full of characteristic New England energy. Already plans for rebuilding the factories are under consideration, and there is no doubt Lynn will rise from her ashes as rapidly as new structures can be erected. There is no doubt, either, that the city will be handsomer and very much safer than it was before this disaster came upon it. The newspapers whose offices were destroyed obtained temporary quarters at once, and one of them issued an extra edition while the fire was raging.

Assistance for the people who have been deprived of work and driven out of homes is absolutely necessary. Mayor Newhall, in asking aid, expresses his regret at being obliged to issue his appeal, but there is no help for him, and the most sensitive person need feel no shame in accepting what is bestowed by the generosity of his neighbors in a time of such dire distress. Offers of money and of any other material aid that may be needed were at once telegraphed from a score of cities and towns. Boston was the first to hold a public meeting and to open a subscription for the sufferers, whose loss of employment is not only a great but a disheartening disaster, for the factories were crowded with orders, and constant employment for many hands and for a long period was certain.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

FIRE devastated one of the most substantial business sections of Boston on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, November 28th. Seventeen years ago, almost to the day, the city suffered in the same locality from a great fire. It is an interesting and significant circumstance that the notices of the two fires were sent from the same alarm box, No. 52. It is also interesting that the Boston newspapers proclaimed on the very morning that the fire occurred that such a disaster as had visited Lynn was impossible in Boston; that the city, taught by two successive years of conflagration, 1872 and 1873, had taken such precautions that a great fire was impossible. And yet the great fire came and had its way before the ink on the self-laudatory editorials was dry.

After the great fire of 1872, Boston merchants who had been its victims rebuilt with the utmost care. The section of the city which was burned on Thanksgiving Day was a mass of fire-proof buildings, or of what were called fire-proof buildings. There were no mansard-roofs, no timber adornments. Stone and metal alone composed the surfaces, while partition walls and ceilings were of brick and tile. Extraordinary precautions having been taken, ordinary precautions were slighted, so that only one building attacked by the flames was provided with iron shutters. The narrow streets of old Boston have always been the dread of insurance companies, and some of them were widened after the fire of 1872. Others, however, were not, and all of them remained narrower than was quite compatible with security. What saved Boston from a destruction as extensive as that of seventeen years ago was its magnificent water supply and its efficient fire department. Thrifty Boston has been complaining of late years of the amount of its water tax, but it ought to complain no longer now that the abundant supply has quenched a conflagration over which ordinary streams, aided by a severe rain-storm, had no power.

The fire was first discovered by a letter-carrier who was making his morning round. The flames were leaping out of the upper windows of a building on Bedford Street, occupied by the New England Leather Association, Brown, Durrell, & Co., and other tenants. At this point Bedford Street runs directly west, the offices of the Leather Association being on the corner of Columbia Street, and the store of Brown, Durrell, & Co. being on the corner of Kingston Street to the westward of this great building, extending from one street to the other. The Boston *Herald* said, in an editorial published on the morning after the fire: "The building in which it [the fire] originated was not a safe building from a fire point of view. Some years ago it formed the subject of certain very severe criticisms, made by Mr. Edward Atkinson, and we are informed that the insurance rates upon it were higher than upon any other strictly mercantile risk in that part of the city—higher, indeed, than those placed by the underwriters upon many so-called special hazards. These experts believed that this was a dangerously constructed building, and that a fire, once fairly started in it, would lead to its total destruction." From this it would appear that Boston, in estimating its chances against fire, had not taken into account the danger of having a tinder-box in the midst of stone blocks of buildings.

The fire was discovered at about fifteen minutes after eight, and the firemen were on the ground in a very few minutes. The story of Lynn was repeated, for the flames had got beyond the control of the engines before the hose was laid. A strong east wind was blowing, and it swept the flames up Bedford Street with terrible violence. Kingston Street approaches Bedford from the south at an angle of about ninety degrees westward, and leaves it on the north at an angle of about forty-five degrees eastward. Bedford Street also takes a turn at this corner, and instead of proceeding due west runs northwesterly. The flames had leaped over Columbia Street, burning a fringe along the easterly side opposite the Leather Association's office, and the buildings on the other side of Bedford Street were also destroyed. The great destruction, however, was west of Kingston Street. Opposite the store of Brown, Durrell, & Co. was one of the noblest business structures in the world. It was the one commercial building in the East designed by Henry Hobson Richardson. Its owner was Mr. F. L. Ames. It was built of red sandstone. It went to ruin as if it were tinder. The fire travelled westward up Bedford Street, destroying everything on the square bounded by Kingston, Bedford, and Chauncey streets and Row Place. On the north side of Bedford Street it swept away nearly a whole block of massive structures. It jumped over Chauncey Street, and consumed more than half the block to Harrison Avenue. On this street are the rears of the great dry-goods stores of R. H. White & Co. and Jordan, Marsh, & Co., whose fronts are on Washington Street. These great buildings were so seriously threatened that their whole force of employés, and all their delivery wagons, were in readiness to move the most valuable part of their stocks. At one time, so rapid and hot were the flames, it seemed as though they could only be stopped by the Common, and as if the buildings on Washington Street were doomed.

The fire raged until afternoon. The rain was pouring in torrents, but it seemed to have very little effect on the flames. Chief Webber, whose skill had been successful in staying the Lynn fire, sent out a general alarm within a few minutes after the discovery of the fire. The whole force of the city and all its splendid water power were concentrated on the conflagration. Buildings and merchandise that were not burned were ruined by the deluge of water that was poured upon them. Alarms were sent out to neighboring cities and towns, and the requests for aid were quickly answered. In addition to the Boston force there were engines from Waltham, Newton, Chelsea, Malden, Stoneham, Reading, Winchester, Brockton, Taunton, Salem, Peabody, Lynn, Danvers, Gloucester, Brookline, Quincy, New Bedford, and Marblehead. One engine went from Nashua, New Hampshire, and reached the fire in an hour. Engines started from Springfield, but were stopped by the news that the flames were under control. The Marblehead men had just reached home from their fight with the Lynn fire when they received the despatch announcing that Boston was in danger. They responded at once, were placed in one of the most dangerous positions, and checked the fire on their side. Nearly every contingent force out of town was accompanied by the chief of the department to which it belonged, and never was there a more gallant and effective fight made against a conflagration. The work demanded was of the severest. The flames were so hot that men accustomed to fighting fire shrank from them.

The buildings that were destroyed were among the most substantial in the country. They were products of Boston's former sad experience; but granite, freestone, marble, iron, and brick went down before the terrible element as if they had been wood. The granite bursted and melted. Its particles were thrown with such violence that they wounded the firemen and the spectators. It is said, in one of the Boston newspaper reports, that Chief Webber's face was so disfigured by the hot fragments of granite that it looked as though it were pitted by small-pox. By the falling of one of the buildings some engines and trucks were totally destroyed, and four firemen are missing.

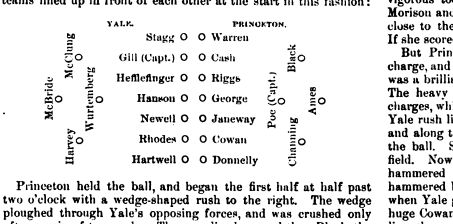
When the fire was finally subdued, an important part of the territory that had been burned over in 1872 was in ruins. By reason of the skill and energy with which it was fought, it lasted a little more than four hours. At half past twelve Chief Webber announced that it was under control. As if a cruel fate were still pursuing them, the boot and shoe dealers were among the heaviest losers. Nearly fifty concerns engaged in this business suffered from the fire. Other victims were dry-goods, hosiery, and knit-goods firms. There are no burned factories or dwelling-houses to spread the suffering among the poor. The total loss will probably be between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, and serious doubt is expressed of the ability of all the insurance companies to meet the losses of this and the Lynn fires.

THE PRINCETON-YALE FOOT-BALL MATCH.

PRINCETON wrested the inter-collegiate foot-ball championship from Yale on Thanksgiving Day, at Berkeley Oval, in a game which marks an epoch in foot-ball in this country, both in point of skill and bitterness of contest. The game was witnessed by the greatest crowd of spectators ever gathered upon a foot-ball field on this side of the Atlantic, and was played to a finish by the two best-trained and most skilful teams that have faced each other in America. There were, at a safe estimate, 25,000 persons present. The crowd filled all the seats prepared by the management, covered the tops of nearly a hundred coaches, banked a dozen deep around the fences, concealed the hill-side to the south and southwest for many yards back, and hung in the branches of trees all around the oval. It was a crowd about evenly divided in its sympathies between the competing colleges, and the enthusiasm took a deafening shape when play began, and was continuous under the alternating advantages of one and the other side until the very end.

Yale had perhaps the stronger team in team play. If there was any choice, Yale did the better mass work. That Princeton won is due to the brilliant playing of individuals upon her team, the tremendous weight of her centre, and her magnificent backs. Princeton also showed better staying powers than Yale, and exhibited fine spirit when she spurted. Yale, on the other hand, did better work on the defensive and in middle ground, and was almost sluggish when she got the ball, as she did repeatedly, close to Princeton's goal line. Both the touch-downs that Princeton scored were won chiefly because Yale was weaker behind the rush line. But it was evident at the close of the game that Princeton's tremendous staying powers would have enabled her to score largely had there been a quarter-hour longer to play. Yale was winded and overpowered in the last ten minutes.

Berkeley Oval runs east and west. Yale won the toss and chose the west goal, with the advantage of a light wind. The teams lined up in front of each other at the start in this fashion:



Princeton held the ball, and began the first half at half past two o'clock with a wedge-shaped rush to the right. The wedge ploughed through Yale's opposing forces, and was crushed only after a gain of ten yards. The men lined up, and then Black, the heavy half back, and Riggs, Princeton's right guard, carried it well into Yale ground, where the play remained for some time. Princeton had made a brave start, and all the orange and black in the huge enclosure was waved to the tune of the "Tiger! s-s-s! Boom! Ah-h!" Ames, Princeton's famous full back, who is called "the Snake," because of his brilliant dodging, tried to drop a goal from the field against the wind at this early stage of the game, but the drop fell short. The play swayed for a few minutes to the other end of the field, and back again. Again Ames tried for goal and failed. The first fifteen minutes of the game was as blue for Yale as her colors.

Then Yale took a turn at invasion, and the multitude became blue with silken flags and streamers, and the air boomed with the "'Rah! 'rah! 'rahs" of the New Haven lads. Princeton's noted centre rush, George, sprained his ankle, and Jones took his place. It was a bad omen for Princeton, as Yale's veteran captain, Gill, aided by McClung and Stagg, vey, carried the leather melon close to the Princeton g looker-on expected that Yale would win the game on the was Ames's long punt, followed up by the lively Prince rushers, Donnelly and Warren, that saved the day.

It was at this point that Princeton's individual playe an exhibition of strength and skill that delighted the ex yond measure, and made the game from now on singu citing even to the neophyte in foot-ball. Cowan, the P "theolog," who has the strength of an ox, started it wit of 20 yards through the middle of the Yale heavy-weigh and soon after, when McBride's long low kick and Han perb tackle of the catcher had brought the ball momentar to the Princeton line, "Snake" Ames darted up the sid field, throwing off all comers with his easy side thrusts a pery dodges, and regained fully 25 yards of good ground. a momentary advantage. Again Yale made a vigorous s Ames punted long, Donnelly got the ball skilfully, and C rushed it hard upon Yale's goal. Little Captain Edgar A stopped Yale's next raid with a catch, and then Princeton to win.

The game had been singularly exciting throughout, be had swayed back and forth so vigorously. So evenly were the sides that it was seen at once that nothing but so iant play would score. But there were brilliant players sides, and not an observer dared to miss a movement. Pri vigorous charge now looked like business, and the spectat their breath. Ames made a grand dash of 30 yards, an ning and Cash advanced the ball still more. Princeton cen weight, and rained charge upon charge against Yale's ru Ames tried a third goal, but for the third time missed, a was called for the conclusion of the first half, with Princet ging into Yale's goal, and not a point scored for either si

If there had been excitement at the start, there was br attention when the teams changed goals and wind, and l for the second forty-five minutes. One side or the other n now, but no one could predict the winner. Princeton w and brilliant; Yale was dogged, persevering, and aggressiv game was to who scored.

Yale started off with a fierce rush, and then followed so punts from McBride to Ames and back again, with swaying by the competing teams from goal to goal, that brought the spectators to their feet, and made the air reverberate w overlapping cheers of the rival collegians. Yale had the tage. Time and again she pushed her opponents ha only to be repulsed. There was a moment when all Yale would score, and when experts said she should have Back and forth swayed the game, and the half was half ov out a point for either side. Then Princeton gathered he gether for another tremendous effort. Like her charge first half it carried the field before it, only this time it le victory. The heavy backs thumped against the Yale fron punted vigorously, and Princeton's heavy centre gathe charge upon charge, with ever-increasing force and no against Yale's doomed rush line. Yale was weakening; l hard. She gathered herself time after time to the charg used Gill's hard rushes with temporary success along th centre. She brought up Hartwell to interfere, and Heff and Stagg and Hanson to block and rush and beat aga human wall of Princeton's front. She used Morison, w taken Harvey's place, and McClung to run the sides, and l to punt long and low and hard. Many times she brok the Princeton forces, and sent the ball spinning into Pr ground. Many times she tackled hard and furiously, and weight in the centre, overpowered her opponents, and see the verge of victory. But Princeton returned after each more powerfully to the front, and slowly but surely pus burden of battle nearer the Yale goal.

Now the ball is in Princeton's hands, and but 20 sho from the coveted goal. Now is the time to score, if ever.

And Princeton did score. The ball was snapped ba passed to Ames, and the famous drop kicker tried his fou kick for Yale's crossbar. He missed the goal, but sent skipping over the Yale line. How the Yale backs and hal scrambled to secure it! And how easily strong Riggs, a Warren flung the Yale blockers off like paper men, and fo The enormous crowds stood up and yelled. McBride grab ball and lost it, and in an instant Riggs and Warren both f it, and Princeton had scored a touch-down.

Then the orange and black was waved frantically, the sl the spectators seemed to break the clouds, and the Princet ers danced and hugged each other on the field of battle.

The ball was placed in the field, and Ames kicked a goa score was 6 to 0 in Princeton's favor.

When Yale began play again it was with a rush like came. It was all or nothing now, and in a trice the ball w 25 yards from Princeton's goal. McClung made a drop k the crossbar. It was a thrilling moment when the ball in the air as though uncertain where to go. Then it drop struck the goal post, and rebounded. Yale groaned; P cheered. There was another Yale shout when Gill touc ball in Princeton's goal, but it was a foul, and not allowed

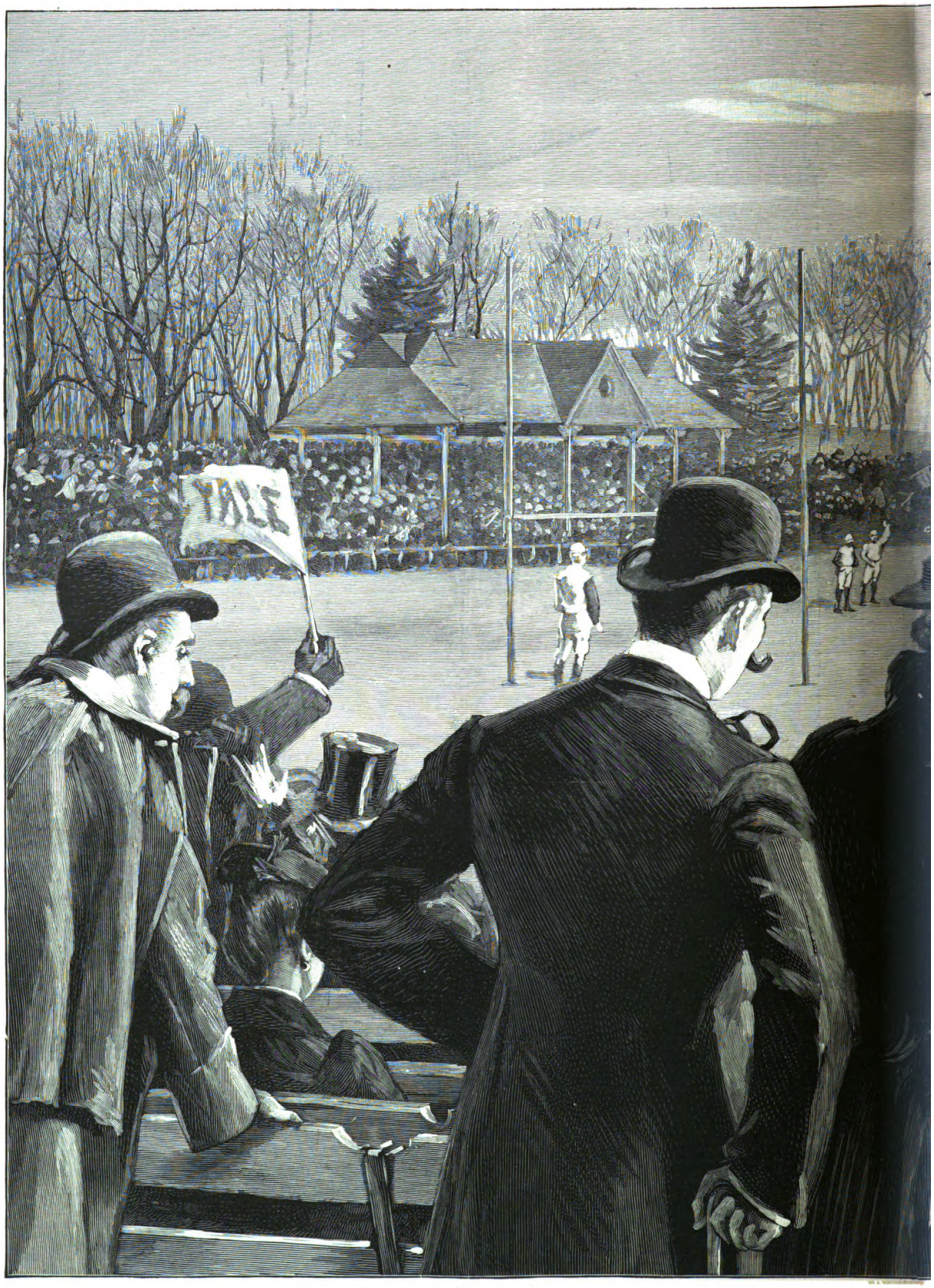
Five minutes of desperate play followed upon the edge of ton's line. But nothing could break that wall of streng skill, and presently the ball sailed out to safe ground from vigorous toe. Again Yale rushed to the charge, with C Morison and Stagg holding the leather. Again the ball wa close to the Princeton goal line. It was Yale's supreme If she scored, she tied the game, and would struggle on eve

But Princeton collected her shattered forces, fought charge, and gathered herself in the middle field for her last was a brilliant one. Down the field went the ball and the The heavy centre massed again and again for sledge-h charges, while Cash, Cowan, and Black forced dashes thro Yale rush line, and Ames and Channing ran brilliantly acr and along the sides. Princeton was playing to win now, a the ball. She gave McBride no chance to punt back to field. Now she stood 10 yards from the goal line. No hammered her back. Now she advanced again. Again hammered back. The great crowd stood up in excitem when Yale got the ball, but lost it through McBride's fum huge Cowan broke the line and fell upon it ten feet from line, the spectators flung the police to one side, and inva foot-ball field.

The Princeton team lined up, and Cowan broke through and Rhodes and Morison and McBride, and made the secon down for Princeton. It counted four points when Ames kick the goal, and the score was 10 to 0 in Princeton's fa

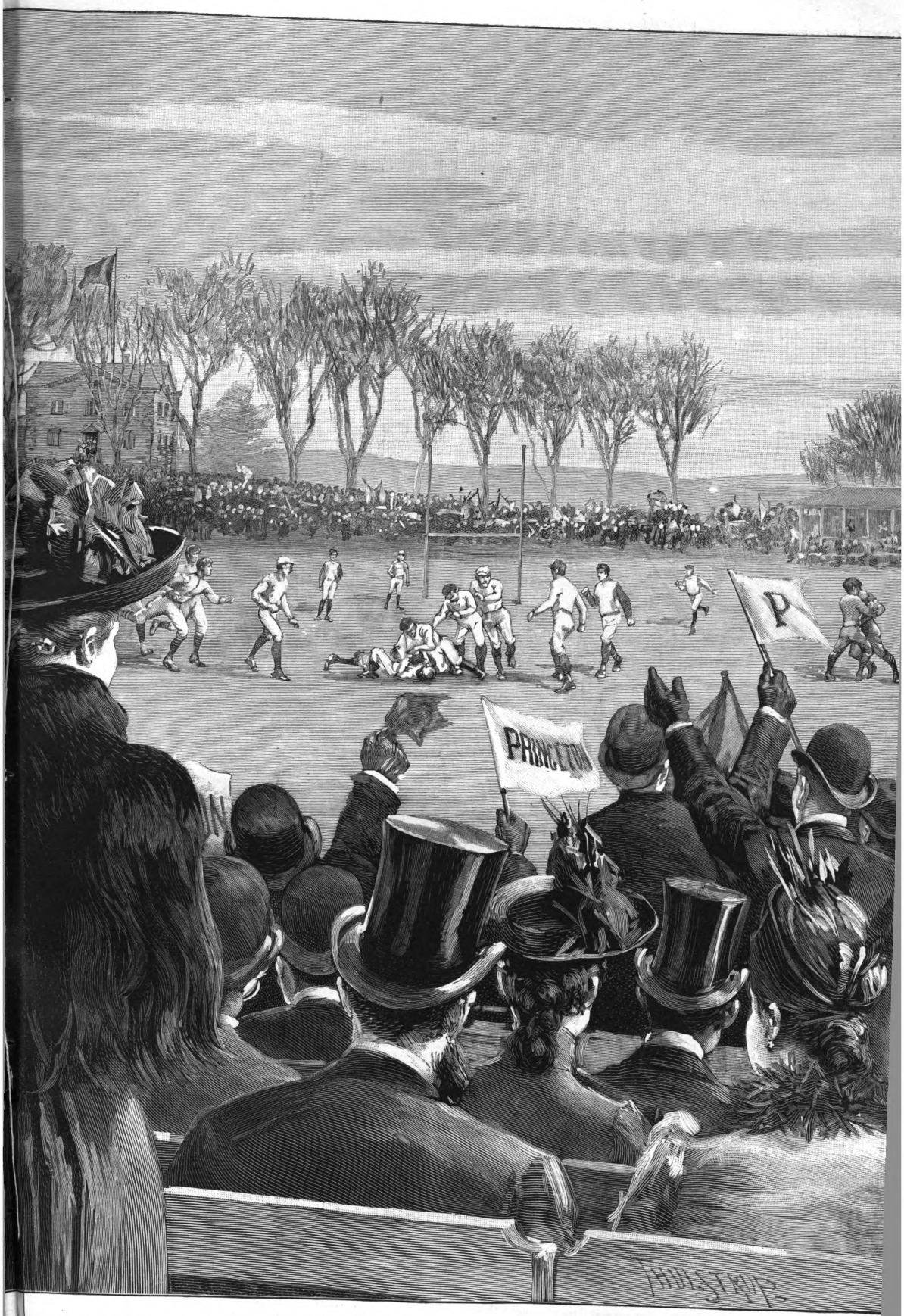
The crowd had to be beaten from the field before play resumed. Yale wedged and rushed for a final but forlo Less than five minutes remained. But Princeton stood f gave Ames the ball near the middle of the field. The gan gloriously for Princeton, for Ames darted to the right. Stagg and Gill and McClung and Wurtenberg, and endi of forty-five yards, the most brilliant seen on a foot-ball several years, in McBride's arms, and only five yards from goal line. Then time was called, with the score still 10 the orange and black.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PRINCETON-YALE FOOT-BALL MATCH AT THE BI

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ERSLEY OVAL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 975.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CAMEL BELLS

TINKLING, tinkling over the sands
Of the desert at night, says the legend old,
Came the kings on the camels, with bells of gold,
From the dusks and spices of odorous lands—
The jewelled king from the Persian sea,
The puissant monarch of Araby,
And Tarshish's prince, still young and fair,
And the Gobien Star, in the gold-dust air,
Swung its censer across the mystic sands.
So first the bells of Epiphany
Were rung in the night by the camels three,
Tinkling, tinkling over the sands.

I hope it be true, but it matters not:
The world rings sweet like the camel bells
That fancy hears by the palm-cooled grot
Outside the inn by the cattle wells.
They were worshipful hearts and generous hands,
Whoever the Magi may be, I know,
And happy the feet that after them go
In search of the truth from Araby,
From the air-hung dome, or the humblest spot,
And follow the path of the camels three,
Or the shadowy kings and the desert sea,
And the night bells tinkling over the sands.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HACIENDA.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

IN the year of which I write, New Mexico was still a state of the Mexican Republic. Along the Rio Grande were strung the tiny cities, ruined missions, and fortified ranches of the few descendants of the Spanish conquerors, who in this upland valley held their own as best they could against the fierce predatory Indian tribes of the desert about them. The Rio Grande was the eastern boundary of the hacienda of the *rico* the Señor Don Francisco Obispado. From the river this great estate stretched westward over leagues of plain and mountain to the summits of the Sierra Madre. With the brief interlude of the Pueblo insurrection of 1680, it had been held by the Obispados from the time the mailed ancestor in the sixteenth century had planted the cross upon it and taken possession under a grant from his most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain and the Indies.

Don Francisco resided at the *estancia*, or home ranch, which was a little town of itself, built wholly of adobe, or sun-dried brick, and lay about a plaza or public square. It was known as the Plaza de Obispado. The massive house of Don Francisco fronted the plaza, of which it formed a side. Its windows, doors, and verandas faced inwardly upon the court-yard. One great entrance and passage large enough to admit a carriage led from the plaza to the court-yard. The church, with square belfry and cross, the *tienda*, or store, and the house of the *mayordomo*, or steward of the estate, made a second side of the square. On the other two sides were the long, low houses in which dwelt Don Francisco's peons and their families. At the corners of the plaza narrow streets led to the outer country.

Here the coming Christmas was to be celebrated with due festivity. Owing to a family bereavement the old-time festivities of the day, for which the house of Obispado once was famous, had not been observed for several seasons. On this year the Señor Don had said to his wife: "Maria, we have mourned too long. We must not let a memory overshadow our lives and the lives of our children. Trinidad is fifteen years old, Eloisa is fourteen, and Guadalupe, Lorenzo, and little Maria are growing out of their childhood without having known the meaning of Christmas. We will have this year a festival worthy of the Obispados." The señora, his wife, had consented, though with a sigh, and prepared to perform her duties becomingly as mistress of the house.

Their kinspeople and other friends among the ricos far and near were invited to the dinner and ball, and all preparations had been made for their entertainment. The household took on a new air. The señor seemed to visibly expand as his hospitable instincts revived, and even the sad mother smiled at her children's happy expectations. Trinidad and Eloisa remembered the Christmases they had enjoyed in childhood, and which now they were to resume. The younger children, to whom the old-time observance of the day came as a tradition, were delighted beyond measure, but showed their pleasure in the grave, quiet way of children of their race. Every resource of the hacienda and the wilderness was drawn on for supplies for the occasion. Cattle and sheep were driven in from the ranches, and hunters had been out for weeks before to secure game, and now were returning with their trophies for Christmas. The *ciboleros* from the plains came in with carts loaded down with buffalo and antelope meat. The hunters from the mountains led into the plaza pack-mules loaded with venison and wild turkeys. On the veranda of the tienda was stretched the body of a grizzly-bear, savage and terrible in death, and beside him two black bears. The peons of the rico were to have their own dance, and the master had taken care that nothing was lacking for their enjoyment.

On Christmas Eve, a little before midnight, people and lights were stirring in the court-yard of the great house. A group of dark figures, large and small, muffled in wraps and blankets, and surmounted by *rebozos* and sombreros, stood on the flat roof, looking off to the westward. The air was clear and frosty, and the stars sparkled above. Presently the church bell rang, and instantly bonfires blazed on the nearest hill-tops. The people on the roof watched them silently a few moments, then descended to the court-yard, and took their way in a procession through the great house entrance to the church. A light streamed through the open church door. To it the people came from every side of the plaza, and entering, knelt on the bare earth floor. Hymns were sung by rude, strong, melodious voices of unseen singers in the choir. The black-robed priest, a silhouette against the altar lights, intoned the mass, and from the people in the darkness behind him came devout responses. The benediction was given, the worshippers departed, and the lights went out about the plaza. The blazing bonfires on the outer hills died down to red heaps, from which flames fitfully rose and fell. The Plaza de Obispado returned to slumber, and beneath the winter sky lay merely a darker spot on a dim landscape.

Before daybreak the bell summoned the people to the morning devotions. When matins were over, the people came out of the church into the sunrise of a cloudless day. The early morning was sharp and freezing, but with an hour or two of sunshine the air had become warm and soft. The Mexican laborers, after their breakfast of tortillas, jerked mutton, and hot Chili pepper-sauce, came out-of-doors, and in wide-brimmed hats, and blankets hanging from their shoulders, leaned lazily against the walls, basking in the sun. The rico's family, as they awaited their guests, were a striking group. First in honor, with snowy hair, and pale cheek marked by age, the great-grandmother sat in her easy-chair; and beside her, still handsome and vigorous, with noble Roman features, and hair hardly touched with gray, her daughter, Don Francisco's mother. The don himself was a man in the prime of life, massive of frame and soldierly of carriage. A bristling mustache and imperial set off the firm lips and heavy jaws. His grave, strong face had both a stern and a kindly expression, and his air was of one born to a station of unquestioned domination. The señora, his wife, was in the full prime of the dark beauty for which she had been famous as the Señorita Mascareno, and which gained rather than lost by a habitual sad look that spoke of sorrow long borne and grief unconsoled. About the parents their five handsome children went and came.

As the morning advanced, the plaza resounded with shouts and the firing of guns. The people were all out at the doors and verandas, watching riders who dashed in and out of the plaza, racing and performing feats of horsemanship. Heavy carriages bearing guests for the dinner and ball began to roll up to the great house. The visitors were met at the entrance, welcomed by host and hostess, and taken into the reception-room, where they sat smoking cigarettes rolled in little squares of corn husk. The men talked of the sheep flock on its way to the city of Mexico, the condition of the pasturage, and the prospects of the Indian troubles the coming season. The ladies gossiped prettily and innocently of their children and of absent friends. The children sat quiet and demure, after the manner of Mexican children. Now and then some señorita strummed a guitar and sang a Spanish song.

Trinidad, wearing spurs and riding breeches, came in and spoke in a low tone to his father, who thereupon turned and invited the guests to the roof to see the *galleros*. On the sandy level below, the people had come out of the plaza, and were watching horsemen who rode, one at a time, past a chicken buried to its neck in the sand. Each stooped from his saddle, without checking speed, and strove to seize the fowl. Presently one succeeded, and dashed away with his prize. The others pursued him, seeking to take it from him. After they had practised this sport awhile, a wild bull from the ranch was turned loose, and feats of lassoing and throwing the animal were performed by the vaqueros. In all these exercises young Trinidad excelled in courage and dexterity.

"You had another son who would have made a brave *caballero*," said Don Albino Baca to Señor Obispado. "Poor Margarito."

"I hope it is well with him wherever he is," sadly returned Obispado. "I know not whether it be kind to wish him alive. The mother will not cease to mourn our children, and life to me is not what it was when they were with us."

The ladies presently descended from the roof and met again in the reception-room. The Señora Obispado performed her duties as hostess with becoming grace and dignity. Her pale cheeks had gained color; her care for her guests and the excitement of the day had animated her, and her old friends whispered, "She is the Señorita Mascareno again."

But as noon approached, her face grew wan, the old sad expression returned, and her manner became grave and abstracted. Soon she arose and silently left the room. The company exchanged compassionate and sympathetic glances. No one spoke save one señora, who said, softly, to another, a new guest in the house: "It is her Christmas custom. She goes to pray for her lost children."

"And was it death?" asked the new guest.

"No, not death," was the answer; "they were carried away by the Navajos."

"Oh!" sighed the hearer, pityingly; "that is worse. Poor lady! My heart goes out for her." There was no Mexican woman of those days, whatever her station, to whom in some way the terrors of Indian captivity had not appealed.

"They were captured five years ago," continued the first speaker, "as they were coming from the sheep ranch to the *estancia*. The nurse and coachman were killed. No pursuit could be made in time. The long war followed, and when the treaty was made they could get no tidings of the children. The girl, the Indians said, was dead. The boy had disappeared somehow—lost in war, or sold, or gambled away to some other tribe. After five years, no one hopes for them now save the mother, and her hope survives only to torture her."

The sports of the horsemen had ceased, and the spectators were turning away, when there arose a cry, "Los Indios!" Every one started and looked. A band of horsemen had paused on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande. All the people who were outside the plaza hastened in or took a safe position near the openings. Don Francisco, from the roof, looked doubtfully at the strangers. One of them was waving a flag on a lance. The don's face cleared. He turned to his *mayordomo* Diego Ramirez: "They are Comanches, Diego. Santanta's band perhaps. See, they are signalling us."

"I think so, señor. Yes, they are giving the sign of peace. They wish to cross."

"I wish it had been some other day," said Don Francisco, "when our young men were not drinking *aguardiente*. But let them come on."

At a well-understood signal from Ramirez, the Indians rode into the water. All were finely mounted, and some of them led pack-horses. They crossed the river in single file, a procession of superb riders, set off with feathers, red blankets, uplifted bows, lances glancing, and water splashing in the sunlight.

The Comanches had been for many years friends of the New-Mexicans, and their visit was an amicable one. They rode into the plaza, where Don Francisco met and welcomed them. The Indians had beautifully dressed buffalo-robes, furs, and ponies to exchange for sugar, calico, and tobacco. Leaving the matter of traffic to the *mayordomo*, Don Francisco entertained the chief and principal warriors at his house. The little Plaza Obispado was gay with the bright hues of the Indian blankets and the Mexicans in holiday dress. The musicians who were to furnish music for the dances in the evening were now playing Spanish tunes in front of the tienda. On a clear part of the platform some of the Mexicans were having an extemporized country dance.

There came a sudden interruption. A man gesticulated wildly at the plaza entrance, and all ran to look. On the slope of the nearest foot-hills swift horsemen were seen. A stream of smoke burst from the roof of a remote cabin. A belated freighter returning late for a Christmas at home was lashing his oxen into a run to gain the gateway. A band of Indians were riding hard out from the hills to cut him off. There arose a cry of alarm: "Los Navajos! Los Navajos!" All was sudden commotion. Men dashed into their houses, and reappeared with guns and lances; there was the buckling on of belts, slinging of bullet pouches and powder-horns, and quick saddling of horses. Women caught up their children shrieking, Don Francisco dropped his cigarette and his usual calm air together. He shouted orders to his men as he buckled about him his belt with sword and pistols. His favorite black horse Hermoso was quickly brought to him, and leaping into the saddle, he rode out of the plaza with half a dozen men by him, and half a score in an irregular line behind him, to save the freighter.

The Navajo attack was more serious than they had thought. Dashing out from the cañons of the foot-hills, several bands bore down at top speed upon the freighter, and did not check their approach at the sight of the Mexicans. Don Francisco reached him first, and quickly ranged his men between the man and the Navajos as they came on. Those watching from the plaza saw the first scattered puffs of smoke as the Mexicans began to fire. Indian ponies stopped short, staggered, and fell; the dismounted riders sprang to the cover of rocks and hillocks, and shot their arrows from the shelter. But the Navajos steadily closed in, and through the dust raised by the flying horses it seemed that they were having the best of the encounter. Would they annihilate the party or follow them in, and the Obispado Plaza, which had withstood them two hundred years, fall at last into their hands? There arose a cry from within the walls as Hermoso dashed riderless out of the tumult and galloped back to the plaza.

In the commotion it had not been noticed that the Comanches were holding an earnest discussion among themselves. It had ended by the chief Santanta springing into his saddle, shaking his lance, and riding through the plaza entrance. At his first motion every warrior sprang upward, and settled as lightly as a bird in his saddle, raised his lance, grasped his bow, and followed his chief. As the watchers from the roof of the great house, with blanched cheeks, noted the fortunes of the fight, they saw the Comanches ride swiftly out of the east entrance of the plaza, and with their war-cry dash upon the flank of the Navajos.

There was present need of their help. Don Francisco lay pressed to the ground beneath the dead body of a pony, and a Navajo warrior was rushing upon him with war club raised. There was no help near. Every one of his men had his hands full elsewhere. His pistols were empty, his sword useless. It seemed that his time had come, and he resigned himself to death. Then, above all other sounds, he heard the warwhoop of the Comanches and the trampling of their horses. A young warrior, brightly painted and leading all the rest, whipped his horse upon the Navajo, thrust his lance through his body, and rode him down. Before the don could realize that he was saved, the wild troop of Comanches had engaged the Navajos, drove them back, and the fight had gone beyond him. The Navajo, a mountain Indian and good fighter on his own domain, is on open land no match for the Comanches, who are the best horsemen among the Indian tribes. They made but a moment's stand, and then scattered to gain the cover of the rocky foot-hills. The Comanches did not care to follow them into these their chosen fighting-grounds, and rode back to despatch the wounded and scalp the dead. With six scalps borne on their lances the Comanches rode with the Mexicans back into the plaza. The young warrior who had saved Don Francisco followed the retreat beyond all his comrades, and now came back with a prisoner, a Navajo squaw. Taking the captive with them, the Comanches withdrew to the river-bank, where they prepared to pass the night.

The people of the Plaza de Obispado, accustomed to Indian alarms all their life, saw in the skirmish—now that it had turned out happily—only a new cause of rejoicing. Some of the Mexicans had arrow and lance wounds, fortunately all slight, which, as a badge of valor, they bore with a pride that reconciled them to the pain. The affright of the women and children had quickly changed to the joy of victory. The wounded were cared for, and within the plaza preparations went on as before for the evening merrymaking. The sun had descended nearly to the white peaks of the Sierra Madre. About the plaza women were cooking, and a cheerful glow came from the great adobe ovens in front of the houses. Every one was at home preparing to eat the grand dinner of the year. In the great house the señoras and señoritas were putting on their flowered silk dresses and jewelled ornaments of massive gold for the dinner and ball. Dinner at the great house was served in the middle of the afternoon. A notable company was gathered about the long tables. Ranch, plain, and mountain had contributed to the repast; even the salt, the coffee, and the red wines of Isleta were products of Mexico. All was cooked and served in the Mexican manner, with fiery sauce and seasoning of red Chili peppers. Pitch-pine sticks cracked in the little adobe fireplace in the corner, and before the end of the repast the tall candles which adorned the table had been lighted, and pine knots blazed from niches in the wall to illumine the room.

After dinner, Eloisa, with several of her young guests, obtained permission to go out under escort of Diego and a maid to the Comanche camp. They found the Indians cooking their suppers about camp fires, and preparing for a scalp dance in honor of the victory they had helped to secure. The children came back excited and in tears, and Eloisa ran crying to her mother:

"Oh, mamá! mamá! the Comanches have a Navajo woman, and are to burn her at the stake to-night. Cannot we save her? Won't papa buy her to help Aniceta, who is getting old?"

The mother shuddered. She caressed her daughter, but she had little to say to comfort her. "My dear," she said, sorrowfully, "your father feels sore and hard toward her tribe, and I fear he will do nothing for her. I would forgive and save her, but he will never show mercy."

"But, oh, think, mamá!"—Eloisa was talking on with unusual vehemence—"while we are dancing she will cry and writhe as they burn her with brands and gash her with knives. I shall not hear the guitars and violins for her shrieks." She put her hands to her ears, shuddering as if she already heard them.

The gentle mother hesitated, as if nerving herself for refusal, and then went to the court-yard, where her husband was standing. His face grew stern and hard as she spoke. He answered her in a short, brusque way unusual to him.

"No! I will not lift my hand to save one of Navajo blood. Have you forgotten our captive children, that you ask it?"

His wife turned sadly away. Her submissive silence touched Don Francisco. He had never spoken harshly to her before. As he went moodily to his apartments he saw Eloisa weeping. He thought of his sad, uncomplaining wife who asked so little, and he had refused her one request. What was the life or death of a Navajo girl, so that he made his wife and Eloisa happy on this Christmas night? He came to a sudden resolution: he would gratify her. Calling Trinidad to him, the two crossed the plaza and the sands to the camp of the Comanches.

The Indians sat about their fires painting their faces. Near by stood an upright pole, from which hung the scalps of the Navajos. A stake was fixed in the ground, and near it was a heap of wood and dry rushes. The captive woman sat cross-legged, her wrists and ankles bound tightly with buckskin thongs. The Indians started up at the approach of the father and son, and the chief advanced to meet them. He shook hands with his visitors, and the three sat down in the midst of the group. Don Francisco rolled a cigarette and passed it to the chief, lighted one himself, and for a while they smoked in silence.

"Why does my brother come to us?" the chief at length asked, in a mixed language of Indian and Spanish.

"My wife needs a servant," Don Francisco replied, in the same dialect. "Will you sell me the Navajo woman?"

The chief shook his head. "I have promised her to my men. We shall torture her at our dance to-night."

"Ask them if I may have her."

The chief addressed his warriors, and they talked together, shaking their heads. Señor Obispado made up his mind that his effort was hopeless. He essayed an offer.

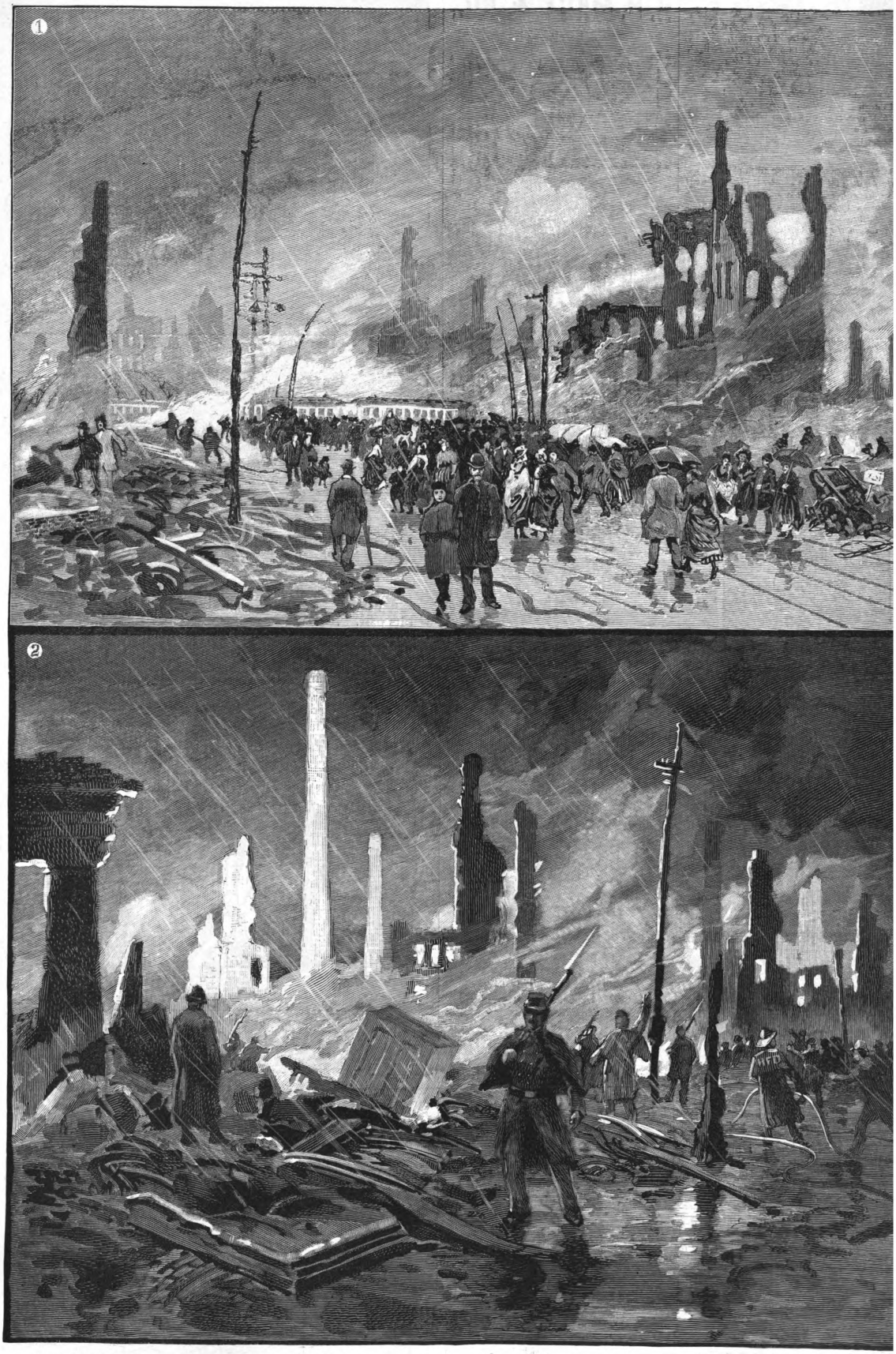
"I will give you a fat ox and a skin of aguardiente for her," said Obispado.

The Indians laughed. "You may have her for nothing after our scalp dance," said one.

The chief, who was attached to Señor Obispado, interceded for him with them. After much talking among themselves, the chief said to Obispado:

"The young warrior Sartorello captured her. She is his to dis-

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



1. From the Corner of Willow Street and Central Avenue, looking into Central Square. 2. The Ruins at Night, looking down Spring Street from Mount Vernon Street.

THE CITY OF LYNN AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER 26.—Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett.—[See Page 974.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE WHISPERING LUTE.

O'er David's couch, as old tradition says,
There hung a lute, tuned ever to God's praise.
And when, upon the passing of the night,
The soft wind whispered toward the gates of light,
The lute filled all the chamber of the king
With its melodious murmuring.

Then woke the royal singer, and with head
Half raised, as if he heard an angel's tread,
Listened, until, his poet soul on fire,
He caught with eager, yearning hands the lyre,
And sang the songs the world's heart sings again—
Inspired outpourings of the souls of men.

So, o'er our heads, new-dawning truth abroad,
The whispering lutes sing sweeter thoughts of God!
O poet, whom the world has waited long,
Come, smite the murmuring harp-strings clear and strong!
Come, thou new seer, who shalt rise, and sing
This day's evangel of thy God and King!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

PERFECTLY FIENDISH.

To be assaulted by the three imps, dyspepsia, constipation, and liver complaint—a trio of satanic birth—is perfectly fiendish. This often happens. The hateful three, however, soon whisk away to the nether inferno when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is employed to evict them. As a stomachic and alterative of disordered conditions of the bowels and liver, it is speaking within bounds to say that there is not in existence a medicine so widely known as this, and few indeed which have received such positive and authoritative sanction from the medical fraternity. The fact that it promptly relieves, then extirpates, the three maladies of most common occurrence, ought and does make it the most popular of family medicines. But, in addition to that, it has achieved the foremost reputation as a preventive of and remedy for chills and fever, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble.—[Adv.]

R. H. MACY & CO.,

6TH AVE., 13TH TO 14TH ST.

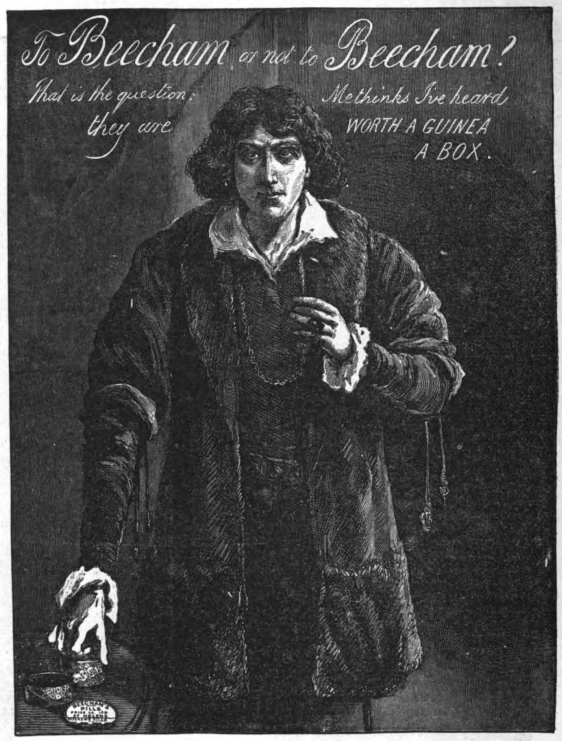


POLLOCK'S GARMENT-FITTING FRAME INSURES AN ABSOLUTELY PERFECT FIT. The beauty is that a lady is fitted over her dress without removing a garment. This dainty process scarcely occupies more than five minutes, and perhaps another five minutes will be consumed in trying on the lining a few days later. The process is tantamount to enveloping the lady in a plaster cast, in which the waist is so distended that there is absolutely no possibility of turning, twisting, or pinching once there is absolute fit in every detail. The dummy is but a perfect model of the form cut anything but

DRESS FITTING TO PERFECTION.

94c. procures a lining with sleeves basted, we furnishing the material, or for $1.85 we will cut a lining and the cloth, and baste cloth on lining, we furnishing the material for lining and you the cloth.

MAGIC LANTERNS, with a Dozen Slides, $5, $12, $25, $50, $100. Plays, Entertainments. List free. WEMYSS & CO., 21 Beekman St., N. Y.



If we are all actors in the great life drama, every part of our physical organism should be at all times in such a condition as to be able to play well its part. If you have Sick-Headache or Indigestion, if the Liver is out of order or the Stomach is unable to perform its function, the services of the prompter must be secured. A prompter is very little seen but very necessary always. So is it with that greatest of all health prompters, Beecham's Pills. When needed they act like magic and soon the play goes smoothly which was all awry. For sale by Druggists generally. Price 25 cents per Box.

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.



THE POPULAR GAME "HALMA"

IT POSSESSES REMARKABLE FASCINATION FOR CHILDREN AS WELL AS ADULTS.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., SAYS OF "HALMA:"
"'Halma' has afforded to my wife, children, and guests a great deal of quiet enjoyment."

THE REV. HOWARD CROSBY, LL.D., SAYS:
"'Halma' is a very favorite game in my family. It creates an enthusiasm beyond any other game. It has enough skill in it to make amusement healthy and improving."

REV. CHAS. CUTHBERT HALL, OF BROOKLYN, WRITES:
"You have conferred a favor upon many thousands of happy homes by introducing a game which is most amusing to young persons and most absorbing to older ones. You have provided rational and restful entertainment for vast numbers of cosy winter evenings in town or country."

"HALMA" will be sent, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of One Dollar.

E. I. HORSMAN, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.

RIDLEY'S
GRAND STREET,
COVERING ENTIRE BLOCK ALLEN TO ORCHARD ST., N. Y.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Stock and Assortment Largest in the City.

Presents for Mothers, Presents for Fathers, Presents for Children.

Our Principal Establishment stored from Sub-Cellar to Tower, and our Warehouses filled with Imported and Domestic Souvenirs and Holiday Goods.

Toys, Dolls, Games,

Books, Stationery, Toilet Articles, Dressing-Cases, Fancy Goods, Artistic Creations in China, Glass, and Silver Ware, Fancy Rockers, Chairs, Stands, Tables, high and low Children's Chairs, Hanging, Standing, and Music Cabinets, Music Portfolios, etc.

Gold and Diamond Jewelry.

Solid Gold Finger Rings, Genuine Diamond Jewelry, Marble and Enamelled and Fancy Bronze Clocks, Bric-a-brac in Bisque, Bronze, and Brass Ware, Gold and Silver Headed Canes and Umbrellas, Smoking-Jackets, Dressing-Gowns, and Fancy Slippers.

Substantial Presents.

Ladies', Misses', and Children's Cloaks, Suits, and Wraps, Boys' and Men's Clothing, Dress Silks, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Men's Furnishing, Handkerchiefs, Kid, Woollen, and Lined Gloves and Mitts.

In Fact, Everything
one may need for wear, amusement, or housefurnishing.

RIDLEY'S MAGAZINE,
which is Illustrated, is a very useful Guide to aid you in selection of Holiday Presents, it being largely devoted to Toys, Dolls, Games, and Fancy Goods.
Sample Copies, 15 cents.

ORDERS BY MAIL
Promptly and Carefully Filled.

EDW'D RIDLEY & SONS,
309, 311, 311 1-2 to 321 Grand St.,
56 to 68 Allen, 59 to 65 Orchard St., New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

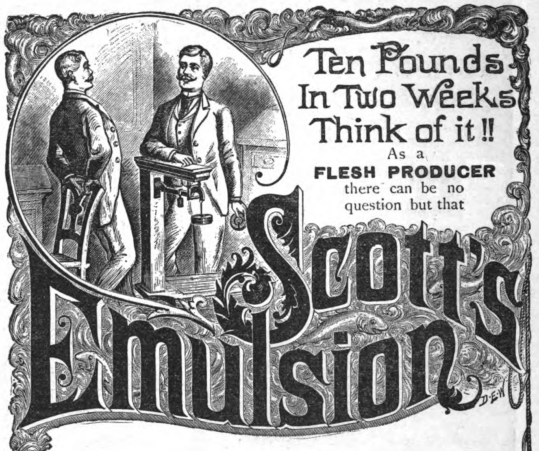
EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.



Ten Pounds In Two Weeks Think of it!!
As a **FLESH PRODUCER** there can be no question but that

Scott's Emulsion

—OF—

Pure Cod Liver Oil

—AND—

Hypophosphites

Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*

Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Read Carefully and do Your Own Thinkin

Compare the Yearly Income with the Yearly Sums Paid for Death Claim

Extracts from the Sworn Reports to the Insurance Department of the State of New York:

The Future Cost of Life Insurance can only be determined by the past record of nearly HALF A CENTU

THE FOLLOWING TABLE SHOWS THE AMOUNT OF INSURANCE IN FORCE, AMOUNT WRITTEN, AMOUNT OF DEATH CLAIMS, AMOUNT OF EXPE AND AMOUNT OF TOTAL INCOME EACH YEAR FROM 1859 TO 1888, INCLUSIVE, AND THE ACTUAL COST, BOTH AS TO DEATH LOSSES AND EXPENSES—THESE COSTS COMPARED WITH THE LEVEL-PREMIUM RECEIPTS FOR EACH $1000 OF INSURANCE IN FORCE AT THE END OF EACH YEAR, OF

All the old system level-premium Life Insurance Companies doing business in the State of New York the past thirty (30) years and reporting to the Insurance Department of that State.

Years.	Total Amount of Insurance in Force at End of Each Year.	Total Amount of New Business Written Each Year.	Total Amount INCOME Each Year.	Total Amount of DEATH CLAIMS Each Year.	Total Amount of EXPENSES Each Year.	NATURAL PREMIUM or Total Death Loss to Each $1000 of Insurance in Force for Each Year. †	Total Expense upon Each $1000 in Force at End of Each Year. ‡	Average Amount of Income for Each $1000 in Force Each Year. ‖
1859....	*$132,740,738	*$132,740,738	*$4,774,587	*$1,197,583	*$491,710	† $9 02	‡ $3 70	‖ $35 97
1860....	163,703,455	30,539,341	5,998,140	1,133,001	817,679	6 37	4 99	36 64
1861....	164,256,053	25,369,519	6,292,417	1,139,889	829,601	6 94	5 57	38 30
1862....	183,962,577	37,348,422	7,440,491	1,271,024	1,012,212	6 91	5 50	40 49
1863....	267,658,678	81,197,675	10,624,986	1,799,886	1,735,843	6 73	6 49	41 24
1864....	395,703,055	155,803,897	16,163,138	3,170,409	2,605,941	8 01	6 59	40 84
1865....	580,882,253	245,427,057	24,897,019	4,233,287	4,343,123	7 29	7 48	42 86
1866....	805,105,878	404,510,474	40,375,666	4,982,290	6,989,454	6 19	8 68	50 15
1867....	1,161,729,776	471,611,744	56,482,004	8,343,322	9,819,012	7 18	8 46	48 62
1868....	1,528,984,685	679,657,371	77,392,158	9,908,357	14,831,104	6 48	9 70	56 62
1869....	1,836,617,820	614,762,420	98,507,319	15,120,191	17,885,501	8 23	9 74	53 63
1870....	2,023,884,955	587,863,236	105,026,149	20,065,099	19,671,870	9 92	9 72	51 89
1871....	2,101,461,884	488,665,022	113,491,562	22,733,536	18,950,847	10 81	9 02	54 06
1872....	2,114,742,591	489,924,857	117,306,029	25,380,601	18,534,869	12 00	8 80	55 42
1873....	2,086,027,178	465,614,001	118,396,502	24,917,196	17,661,182	11 94	8 42	56 79
1874....	1,997,236,230	351,803,670	115,732,714	22,720,378	16,363,500	11 40	8 20	57 94
1875....	1,922,043,146	299,276,337	108,645,084	24,988,434	14,492,657	13 00	7 48	56 53
1876....	1,735,995,190	222,665,485	96,358,584	21,185,429	13,508,829	12 20	7 79	55 50
1877....	1,556,105,323	178,283,617	86,162,144	19,408,315	13,684,350	12 47	8 79	55 37
1878....	1,480,921,223	156,501,129	80,462,990	20,138,126	11,341,392	13 59	7 60	54 33
1879....	1,439,961,165	167,865,390	76,174,954	20,284,347	10,893,197	14 01	7 57	52 83
1880....	1,475,995,172	187,504,256	75,931,100	21,444,339	12,713,468	14 53	8 61	51 45
1881....	1,539,848,581	222,582,483	79,407,847	22,565,252	13,120,857	14 65	8 53	51 59
1882....	1,637,648,872	257,517,216	85,070,134	22,405,101	13,605,289	13 73	8 31	51 95
1883....	1,763,730,115	308,064,893	92,562,764	24,689,107	15,593,961	13 99	8 98	51 81
1884....	1,870,728,059	321,310,170	96,974,376	24,871,875	18,482,526	13 30	9 89	51 84
1885....	2,023,517,488	378,214,523	105,527,865	28,194,990	19,040,797	13 95	9 40	52 15
1886....	2,222,413,050	448,514,242	116,961,315	29,234,271	21,391,042	13 15	9 62	52 63
1887....	2,474,507,120	531,170,783	130,657,526	32,733,282	25,353,732	13 22	10 20	52 80
1888....	2,761,577,128	631,731,701	147,024,431	37,358,100	29,239,785	13 19	10 59	53 24
		$9,574,041,669	$2,292,074,418	$517,802,967	$385,005,330	$10 81	$8 14	$49 98

* Massachusetts Report on Companies doing business in Massachusetts in 1859.

Total Income received since 1858 (30 years)	$2,292,074,418 00
Total Death Claims (paid or unpaid) since 1858	517,802,967 00
Total Expenses since 1858	385,005,330 00
Average amount of Death Claims each year per $1000 of Insurance in force for 30 years	10 81
Average Premium Income per year for $1000 of Insurance in force for 30 years	49 98
Average Excess of Income each year over Death Losses on each $1000 of Insurance in force	39 18

† This column shows the Actual Yearly Cost for each $1000 of Insurance in force or actual premium required to pay all Death Losses, at all ages, for 30 years, and includes the cost in companies which have done business for more than 50 years.

‡ This column shows the Average Yearly Expense incurred by the Level-Premium Companies upon each $1000 of Insurance in force.

‖ The last column shows the Average Amount of Income received on each $1000 of Insurance in force, and is inserted for comparison with the Death Losses and Expenses per $1000.

Attention is called to the fact that the largest sum collected by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association in any single year, which includes the amount required to provide for the death claims, expenses, and the reserve fund, was but $16 01 for each $1000 of insurance exposed or carried, and during that year the association paid its death claims, paid its expenses, and added to its surplus reserve fund more than $500,000 00, while during the same year, 1888, the old system Level-Premium Companies collected $53 24 on each $1000 insurance exposed or carried by them.

The question naturally arising is, that if the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association can add to its surplus account one-half a million dollars in a single year, pay its death claims, provide for its expenses, and only collect from the members, old and young, but $16 01 per thousand, why was it necessary for the old system companies to collect three and one-half times this amount, or $53 24 for each $1000 of insurance exposed, showing a decrease in place of the pretended increase by reason of increase of the age of the companies? The receipts by the old system companies in 1888 from members being four times greater than their death claims, one would imagine that the time had arrived when a change should be demanded by the people by which the income

Total Amount of Insurance written by ALL COMPANIES reporting to New York Department	**$9,574,041,66**
Total Amount of Insurance in Force December 31, 1888	**2,761,577,12**
Total Amount lost by Lapse, Defection, Death, Maturity, and Failure of Companies	**$6,812,464,54**
Percentage of Terminations to Total Amount of Insurance written	**71,**
Total Amount of Death Losses in ALL THE COMPANIES reporting to the New York Insurance Department	**$517,802,96**
Percentage of Death Losses to Total Amount of Insurance written	**5,**

A single payment of $54 per $1000 by each member upon each $1000 written would have paid the en Death Losses of all the Companies from 1859 to 1888, inclusive.

All of the insurance issued by all of the Level-Premium Life Insurance Companies had already terminated at the expiration of thirty years, with the exception of twent per cent., and but five and one-half per cent. had terminated by death.

MORAL—SECURE YOUR LIFE INSURANCE, UPON THE NATURAL-PREMIUM PLAN, IN

THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATIO

which continues to furnish Life Insurance at about one-half (½) the usual rates charged by the old system companies.

It is able to furnish Life Insurance at about ONE-HALF the usual rates because it collects each year in addition to a small emergency fund only the amount required to pay the death claims and legitimate expenses.

It has already paid to the widows and orphans of deceased members more than seven million dollars in cash.

It has already saved to its living members by reducing the rates of Life Insurance; said saving exceeds Twenty Million Dollars in cash.

In addition to reducing the rates to less than one-half the amount charged by the old system companies, its cash surplus accumulations equal a dividend of more than thirty per cent. upon the total mortuary premiums paid by members of five years' standing.

Which thirty per cent. dividend is payable at the expiration of fifteen years from date of membership.

It has a Cash Surplus Reserve Emergency Fund exceeding two million three hundred thousand dollars, with assets exceeding three million dollars.

It has more than fifty-five thousand members; more than fifty-five thousand homes are provided for through its policies of insurance. It has more than one hundred and seventy-five million dollars of insurance in force.

It is transacting business in all of the healthy sections of our country, as w England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, and Sweden.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association advances money to the widow orphans within twenty-four (24) hours after the death of its members.

It is the greatest financial success ever known in the history of Life Insu Write for full particulars.

E. B. HARPER, President.

Home Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.

O. D. Baldwin, Vice-President.
N. W. Bloss, Second Vice-President.
Henry J. Reinmund, Comptroller and Treasurer, late Superintendent of Insu State of Ohio.
Samuel A. Robinson, M.D., Chairman Finance Committee.
Charles R. Bissell, Chairman Directors' Death Claim Committee.
F. T. Braman, Secretary.
Central Trust Company of New York, Trustee Reserve Funds.
The American Loan and Trust Company of New York, Trustee Surplus Emc Fund.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE GEORGE H. PENDLETON.—[See Page 985, Supplement.]

"WHO BUT MUST LAUGH?"

Among people unacquainted with life in Wall Street, as well as among those who know of its operations by hearsay or superficially, the opinion is generally held that it is a place where money is easily made, and occasionally quite as easily lost; where questionable methods of winning fortunes are frequently employed and go unrebuked. Noting this last simply to assert that the standard of business morality is quite as high in Wall Street as elsewhere, we hasten to assure those who fortunately may not have made the experiment that the making of money in Wall Street—that is, by speculation—is very serious business. The longer one tries it, the more serious it becomes. Every dollar that ninety-nine per cent. of the people who speculate in stocks succeed in making, they earn. The earning may not produce time-honored moisture upon the face, but it is nevertheless attended by much labor—labor that knits the brow, puzzles the mind, and very often pulls hard upon the heartstrings.

From the very nature of its work the prevailing tone in Wall Street is serious. The boy who begins his business life there at once accepts grave responsibilities. He is burdened with wealth, the property of others; and, above all, he must be attentive, alert, and accurate in every detail. The cultivation of these traits in the average lad of fourteen is no easy task, especially for the pupil. The serious side of this sort of life widens with years, if the pace and the sordidness of the surroundings do not kill ambition, and precipitate the victim into a state of dejected resignation. Wall Street turns quickly from all these sombre phases of its existence to laugh. Its needs, in fact, craves the reaction. The tension must be relaxed now and then, or there would be little hope for those who are forever spurring themselves. What does Wall Street find to laugh at? Rarely at itself, because it cannot see itself as others do, nor perceive its own ludicrous foibles. Wall Street has always laughed most heartily at its own wits. In the distribution of those comparatively few genial souls whose entire duty to their fellows seems to be discharged by the smiles they provoke, Providence has been liberal to Wall Street. At the moment, however, there is a hiatus in the blessing, for the Stock Exchange community is without a single member worthy to be spoken of in the same breath with the late lamented W. R. Travers or "Larry" Jerome. Lesser lights, too, have been extinguished, either by death or adversity, so that the fun of Wall Street, like its business, has been narrowed down in a most melancholy manner. But human nature is the same in its precincts that it ever has been, and certain of its manifestations are well worth noting.

In the first place, it is to be noted that there is a touch of humor in the very character of the speculation on the Stock Exchange. Imagine for a moment a person buying a horse, a house, or a piano off hand, and for which he has no use, simply because some one whispers to him that the market price of horses, of houses, or of pianos is going to advance forthwith! You will involuntarily exclaim that the friends of such a person should promptly take his body and estate in hand under process of law. Yet hundreds of men are making precisely similar transactions every day on the Stock Exchange. Except in the most general and casual way, they care nothing for the merit or demerit of the securities they buy or sell. The majority of them would feel very much aggrieved if you should venture to tell them this, but their protestations would not alter the fact. That majority buys or sells, as the case may be, because each individual believes or hopes that others will soon be induced to act upon the same considerations that influence him. He risks thousands of dollars upon a sentiment that may vanish in a second, or upon possibilities of the real value of which he is ignorant. Of course there are those who study the general business outlook very carefully, and many who arrive at sound conclusions regarding the future of prices upon the Stock Exchange, but it is rarely that even such a one reaps the reward of his foresight and judgment. Why? Because every one of them is swayed by the sentiment of the hour, by the incidents of to-day that so frequently are at variance with the real tendency of events, and by the thousand and one hints, points, and confidences that almost invariably side-track those who listen to them.

From this reference to the wide divergence between actual business and a large proportion of the ventures made on the Stock Exchange, we come naturally to the susceptibility and credulity of the people who make them. With all respect to the keenness of Wall Street, and with reluctance in attacking a popular tradition in its favor, candor compels the assertion that there is nothing too absurd for Wall Street to believe. It may not incorporate its erroneous beliefs in its creed, but it is safe to say that no report or rumor ever put in circulation in Wall Street was without some effect upon prices. The very sensitiveness of the fortune-hunters renders them an easy prey to the most malicious as well as the most audacious rumor-monger. If the reason for that sensitiveness were looked for, it would doubtless be found in a conviction of which few are conscious, yet which all may discover upon analysis, that their hopes of fortune are not based upon business principles, but upon "points," upon deductions from premises that may be all wrong, and finally upon their own credulity. Probably Mr. Jay Gould has utilized that trait in others more successfully than any one that has had to do with the street in a large way. He has been charged with deception. His skill consists in letting people deceive themselves, and he does it in a way that compels admiration, and would, if his methods were better understood, win him an exalted place among American humorists. It is not what Mr. Gould tells people that causes them to sometimes regret their acquaintance with him, but what they infer from their conversations with him. The best example of his work in this line was in the early part of 1884. He was the object of a good many attacks in the market, the most serious one of which credited him with heavy sales of the securities he was known to be most largely interested in. Forthwith he invited three or four of his most intimate associates to take a look at his securities. They accepted, and for two or three days the newspapers fairly teemed with accounts of the great amounts of securities that his tin boxes contained. Wall Street was apparently convinced that Mr. Gould was a bull on the situation, and that he was not a seller of stocks. The first inference was a fair enough one, since it was based upon his large ownership of securities, but the last was unwarranted. Still only two people of any prominence seemed to grasp the situation rightly. One operator who has outlived many of his generation remarked, laconically, of the exhibit, "So much the more to sell," while another astute member of the Stock Exchange has contended ever since that Mr. Gould can never use his tin boxes as a bull card again until he can show them empty. This view has gradually been making headway in the street.

Perhaps Mr. Gould never appeared at better advantage as a humorist than when he related to a legislative committee how he had built the Union Pacific Company up until it was able to pay dividends, and in consequence the number of stockholders had increased from thirty or forty to 6000 or 7000, many of whom, he added, were widows and orphans. The time those widows and orphans have had since he unloaded upon them and left others to build up the property again is not suggestive of merriment. The transition from Mr. Gould's exploits to the grim humor of his most intimate associate, the Hon. Russell Sage, is natural. Mr. Sage is a philosopher, and he is also an economist in the literal sense of the word. The street has poked fun at him on this last account from time immemorial. He accepts it all in a spirit that proves he is entitled to the distinction we have accorded him first. Mr. Sage's good-nature is sometimes impulsive. He was once relating to a couple of friends the financial misfortunes that had overtaken a corporation in which he was largely interested, and concluded, apologetically, "But poverty is no crime."

A newspaper skit relates that a father informs his wife and daughter that a "pointer" to buy a certain stock was given to a prospective son-in-law by the Hon. Russell Sage, and that the stock has gone down out of sight. "And he is ruined?" gasps the fiancée. "Oh no!" says the father, proudly; "he 'coppered' the old man." It should be noted that none of this irreverence seems to annoy Mr. Sage. He has outlived in years and in pocket several generations—for a generation in Wall Street is not a very long time—of scoffers. They have had their fun at his expense—not in a financial sense—and dropped down out of sight; but he is still there, and the coins they have ceased playing with continue, as of old, to flow clinking into his ample and well-filled coffers.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, Saturday, *November* 30, 1889.

A USEFUL PRESENT.

The Safe-Deposit and Registering Bank. See advertisement on third-cover page.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

To be Happy Play "Halma."

This truly fascinating and charming game well deserves its universal popularity.

"Halma" entertains the young and old alike, and can be learned in five minutes.

The Rev. Howard Crosby, LL.D., says:

"'Halma' is a very favorite game in my family. It creates an enthusiasm beyond any other game. It has enough skill in it to make amusement healthy and improving."

"Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. Horsman, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Cornell's Benzoin Soap.—Best skin and complexion soap in the world. All druggists. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

All lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

SOLID SILVER FORKS AND SPOONS.

In the sale of solid silver forks and spoons this house endeavors to offer advantages which no intending buyer can afford to overlook.

The patterns are such as meet the present advancing taste for purer outlines and more consistent, and less ambitious, decoration. They are artistic without in any degree losing their character of practical fitness for use. Patterns crowded with over-refined, highly elaborated decoration are avoided, in the belief that such decoration, though it may be beautiful in itself, does not find its proper field in objects of this class.

Great regard is paid to the perfect finish of all work. This is a point in which buyers are, as a rule, not sufficiently discriminative. Some dies are much better cut than others, and produce far better, clearer work. In all these matters we pay strict attention to the niceties of detail that are necessary to a perfect result.

Prices are at a fixed rate per ounce for any number of pieces, from one half dozen upward. This, in connection with the further fact that the same patterns may be obtained at any future date, enables buyers to form complete sets gradually, by purchasing in modest quantities from time to time.

A clear statement of weights, by which buyers may know exactly what they are getting for their money. Good weights, that supply metal enough to insure the stiffness and durability of the articles, are recommended in all cases. Cheapness, secured by light weights in the beginning, is dearness in the end.

The engraving of initials is done with special care in the most artistic style. It is without charge when consisting of not more than three letters on each piece.

Full size photographic illustrations of fifteen patterns, with statements of weights and prices, will be sent on application. Orders from a distance for any number of pieces, from a single teaspoon to a full outfit chest, will be attended to with care.—Theodore B. Starr, 206 Fifth Avenue, fronting Madison Square, 1126 Broadway, between 25th and 26th Streets, New York.—[*Adv.*]

THE LIMITED FAST MAIL.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining-Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping-Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train, with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

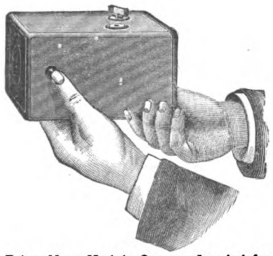
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A leading New York chemist says: "Every nursing woman should use Nicholson's Liquid Bread. It has no equal in the market." It can be obtained of your grocer or druggist.—[*Adv.*]

The fountain of perpetual youth was one of the dreams of antiquity. It has been well-nigh realized in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, gives vitality to all the bodily functions, and thus restores to age much of the vigor and freshness of youth.—[*Adv.*]

THE KODAK CAMERA.



Price. No. 1 Kodak, $25.00—Loaded for 100 Pictures, 2½ in. diam. Reloading with new transparent film, $2.50.

Price, No. 2 Kodak, $32.50—Loaded for 60 Pictures, 3½ in. diam. Reloading, $2.50.

"You press the button, - - - - - - - - - - - - we do the rest."

OR YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF.

The only camera that anybody can use without instructions. As convenient to carry as an ordinary field-glass. World-wide success.

The Kodak is for sale by all Photo stock dealers. Send for the Primer, free.

THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Digitized by Google Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

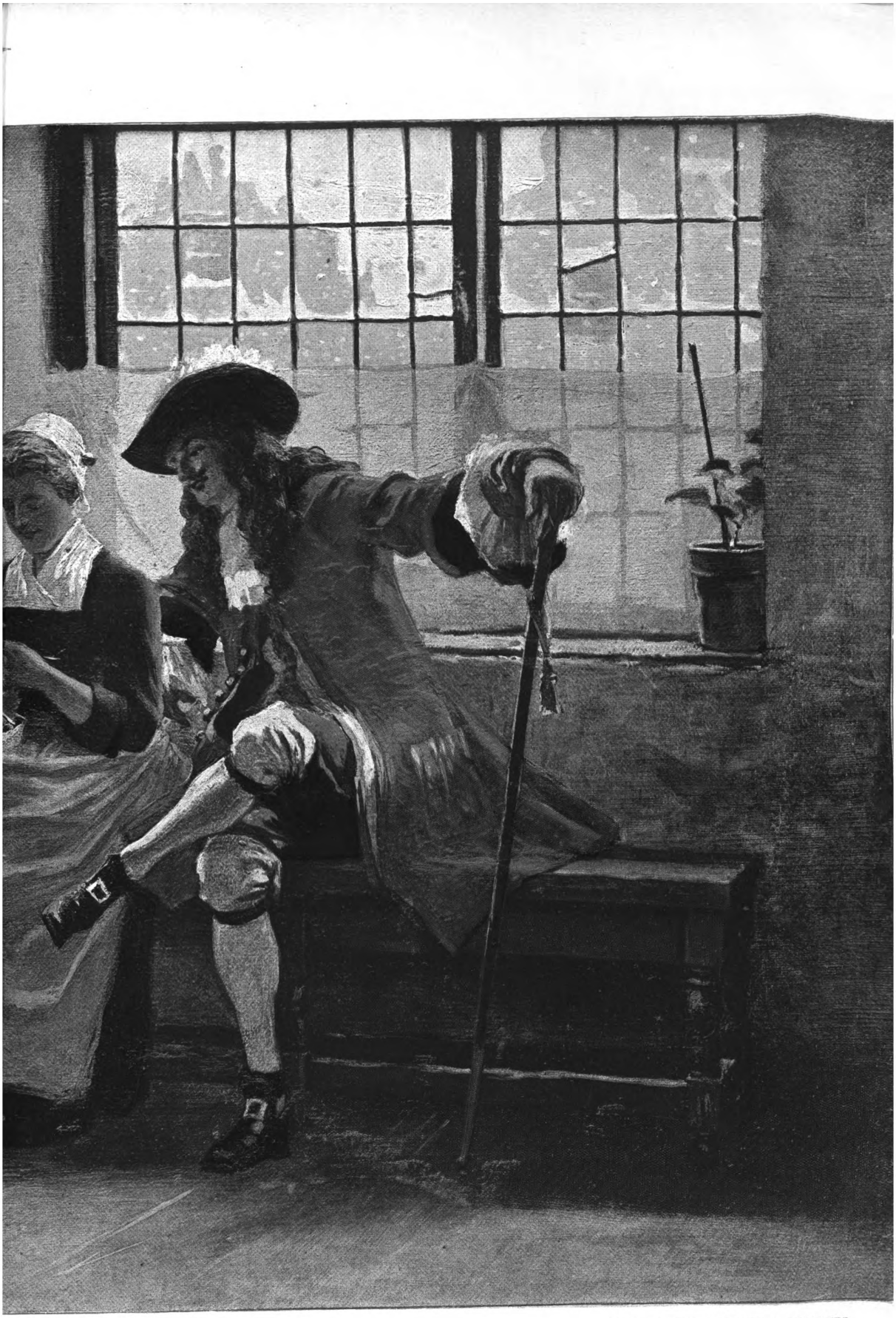
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

W AMSTERDAM.—By T. de Thulstrup.

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1721.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



"THIS IS ONE OF YOUR TRICKS, WILLIS—ONE OF YOUR VILE PRACTICAL JOKES."

THE ALBANY DEPOT.

Farce.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

(THE ACTION PASSES IN BOSTON.)

I.

MR. *and* MRS. EDWARD ROBERTS; *the* CHOREWOMAN.

Mrs. Roberts, with many proofs of an afternoon's shopping in her hands and arms, appears at the door of the ladies' room, opening from the public hall, and studies the interior with a searching gaze, which develops a few suburban shoppers scattered over the settees, with their bags and packages, and two or three old ladies in the rocking-chairs. The chorewoman is going about with a Saturday afternoon pail and mop, and profiting by the disoccupation of the place in the hour between the departures of two great expresses, to wipe up the floor. She passes near the door where Mrs. Roberts is standing, and Mrs. Roberts appeals to her in the anxiety which her failure to detect the object of her search has awakened: "Oh, I was just looking for my husband. He was to meet me here at ten minutes past three; but there don't seem to *be* any gentlemen."

The Chorewoman: "Mem?"

Mrs. Roberts: "I was just looking for my husband. He was to meet me here at ten minutes past three; but there don't seem to be any gentlemen. You haven't happened to notice—"

The Chorewoman: "There's a gentleman over there bevant, readin', that's just come in. He seemed to be lukun' for somebody." She applies the mop to the floor close to Mrs. Roberts's skirts.

Mrs. Roberts, bending to the right and to the left, and then, by standing on tiptoe, catching sight of a hat round a pillar: "Then it's Mr. Roberts, of course. I'll just go right over to him. Thank you ever so much. Don't disturb yourself!" She picks her way round the area of damp left by the mop, and approaches the hat from behind. "It *is* you, Edward! What a horrid idea I had! I was just going to touch your hat from behind, for fun; but I kept myself from it in time."

Roberts, looking up with a dazed air from the magazine in his hand: "Why, what would have happened?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, you know it mightn't have been *you*."

Roberts: "But it *was* I."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, I know; and I was perfectly sure of it;

(*Continued on page* 1005, *Supplement.*)

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HOWELLS'S NEW YORK STORY.

A GREAT NOVEL. *(Just Published.)*
Never, certainly, has Mr. HOWELLS written more brilliantly, more clearly, more firmly, or more attractively than in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, says the *New York Tribune*; and it gives two main reasons for this profound praise as follows:

HEROIC CHARACTERS.
In *A Hazard of New Fortunes* Mr. HOWELLS employs the heroic element as he has never done before.... He deals here with the play of strong emotions and great passions.

A NEW DEPARTURE.
No one can complain that in his last story Mr. HOWELLS has taken his type from the commonplace. He has brought together such a gallery of odd and strongly differentiated characters as could perhaps be found in no other city on the continent.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES. A Novel. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Popular Edition. Illustrated by W. A. ROGERS. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

OTHER WORKS BY W. D. HOWELLS.

ANNIE KILBURN. A Novel.....$1 50
APRIL HOPES. A Novel..... 1 50
THE MOUSE-TRAP, AND OTHER FARCES. Illustrated..... 1 00
MODERN ITALIAN POETS. With Portraits..... 2 00

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1721.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A NEW SERIAL STORY
BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

"THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE,"

a romance of Mexico, will be begun in the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and will be continued from week to week throughout the early part of next year.*

The story is one of remarkable originality and power, and is fitted to take its place in the front rank of the imaginative literature of our time.

It will be appropriately illustrated by FREDERIC REMINGTON.

HARPER'S BAZAR *No. 52 published this week, will be the Christmas Number. A brilliant special cover, a superb colored Supplement by* C. S. REINHART, *entitled*

"GATHERING MISTLETOE,"

and a lovely double-page picture, "Ho, for the Christmas Tree!" by ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD, *are among the charming Christmas features. Other beautiful illustrations are furnished by* W. A. ROGERS *and* ALICE BARBER. *The Christmas stories are by* MARION HARLAND *and* MARY E. WILKINS, *while* HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH *and* HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD *contribute timely poems.*

THE MESSAGE.

IF the nation be happy which has no annals, our happiness may be inferred from the President's message. He describes peace abroad, and an overflowing Treasury and tranquillity at home. The message is as tranquil as its tale, and no uninformed reader would conclude from its placidity that under its quiet allusions lie differences of opinion which will arouse the country into stormy discussion. On the three or four questions which are generally felt to be of paramount importance—the tariff, civil service reform, pensions, and a national election law—the message states moderately the general Republican policy.

The President would revise the tariff in the interest of protection; he would have a service pension; he would institute some kind of national supervision of Congressional elections; and he would limit civil service reform to the enforcement of the present law. Also he would grant aid to education in the Southern States under certain conditions, designed to prevent pauperization of the States in that direction. His mention of these subjects consists mainly of expressions of opinion, and not specific recommendations of methods nor arguments in elucidation of his views. In regard to Congressional elections, he thinks that the end might be secured by an extension of the present laws rather than by new schemes like the CHANDLER or SHERMAN plan. His approval of service pensions extends to those persons who served in the army, and who, being dependent upon their daily labor, are now disabled. Secretary NOBLE takes the same ground, and asks the sum of $97,210,252 for pensions next year, against $88,275,113 28 for last year, which was an increase of $9,499,251 36 upon the preceding year. The next demand will be probably $100,000,000. In this proposition of an enormously increasing pension fund there is the material of resolute differences of opinion, without the least difference of patriotic feeling or of gratitude to the soldiers of the Union.

The message will not awaken party enthusiasm, and it does not indicate leadership. It is a plain and detailed account of the national situation, but it is the story of a faithful clerk rather than of a statesman. But, none the less, its picture of peace and prosperity at the close of the centennial year is very gratifying, and leaves only the wish that the national honesty, intelligence, and courage may be such as to deal wisely with the grave problems which even peace and prosperity present.

A BRISK AND ENTERTAINING REPORT.

THE remark which is made by unfriendly critics with suspicious reiteration that civil service reform is dead, is summarily disposed of by the sixth annual report of the Commission, which was promptly submitted to the President at the opening of Congress. It is not a long document, and it is exceedingly crisp and animated, supplying full information, knocking over the regulation objections, and, above all, showing an aggressive spirit, which is one of the most unmistakable signs of the vigor of the reform. The other day the Boston and Cambridge associations entertained Commissioner ROOSEVELT at dinner. There was capital speaking. The tone of the Commissioner's speech was exceedingly stimulating, and Professor NORTON, president of the Cambridge association, said, very truly, at the end of the feast, "Really, this does not look like the dinner of a declining cause." Neither does the sixth report seem to be the last dying speech and confession of reform, but it merrily exposes the humbug of the common sneers at the reformed system, and makes a conclusive argument for it by telling the simple truth.

It will perhaps amaze the reader who supposes that no progress has been achieved to learn from the opening sentences of the report that the classified service now includes about 28,000 government employés. That is to say, of the employés in the service of the people, nearly a fourth in point of numbers, and about half in point of importance, reckoning by salaries, are now appointed, not as the choice of political leaders and committees, but because they are deemed upon examination to be honest and capable servants of all the people. For a reform which is stone-dead, and already offensive in the nostrils of every machine professional politician in the country, this is a rather lively report. If Mr. JENCKES, the father of the movement, could return to view the situation, he would rejoice for many reasons, but for none more certainly than the aggressive tone of which we have spoken. The Commission, in view of the great increase of the service, and of its consequent labors, asks for an increase of assistance, and consequently of the appropriation, justly remarking that while there may be a difference of opinion in regard to the law, there can be none in regard to the duty of enforcing it properly while it remains a law.

All its requests are most reasonable, and it asks nothing which a majority in Congress friendly to reform would not willingly grant. The report is one of the best and most trenchant reform documents, from its authoritative statements and its sharp retorts. Irrelevant questions at examinations, it says, are most properly condemned. But nobody can condemn them more heartily than the Commission, and no questions can be more irrelevant than such inquiries in examinations for clerks and letter-carriers as how they voted at the last election. If the opponents of the law in Congress will show the same readiness to attack the law and the reform which the Commission displays in defending them, it would be of the greatest service, provided that the spirit, intelligence, good sense, and courage of the Commission should animate the friends of reform upon the floor.

THE PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

IT is the Post-office which brings every community in the country into direct contact with the national government, and in the operations of no other department is everybody so immediately and visibly interested. On the 1st of July there were 58,599 post-offices; the number of employés in them is more than 150,000, and the gross expenditure ending with next June is estimated by the late Postmaster-General DICKINSON at nearly $67,000,000. When the department was organized the total expenditure was about $90,000. The Post-office Department has wholly outgrown its present organization, which confines and incapacitates it as swaddling-clothes embarrass a grown child. At the annual meeting of the Reform League, Mr. R. H. DANA, of Boston, submitted an admirable paper upon the subject, recommending as the basis of reorganization a system of postal districts. Mr. DICKINSON, in a paper published at the same time, made the same recommendation, as the result of his experience at the head of the department, and now Postmaster-General WANAMAKER follows with a strong recommendation of the same plan.

He says, in effect, that the incessant detail of duty for the Postmaster-General is so overwhelming that it is impossible for any man to perform it properly, and that the imperfect performance deprives the Postmaster-General of all opportunity of doing anything but the routine duty, which could be as well discharged otherwise. He suggests, therefore, the appointment of a Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, or General Manager, to be in direct charge of the railway mail, the foreign mail, the money-order, registry, and supply divisions, and the Dead-letter Office, all of which have now only a nominal supervision. This officer should be appointed for ten years, at a salary of ten thousand dollars, and be removable for cause. The country should be divided into twenty-six postal districts, each to be under the charge of a supervisor, who should be thoroughly informed about every office in his district, and should serve as a local intermediary with Washington. These are suggestions which go at once to the point, especially in view of the Postmaster-General's statement that the constant change in the higher posts of the department and the constant education of new men necessarily unsettle the service. The measures that he suggests in connection with a system of removals involving the minimum of official change would tend to reconstruct the postal department, and transform it from a huge political asylum into a great, economical, and well-ordered business.

This is not to deny the general efficiency of the present postal service, of which everybody is aware. But the same or even greater efficiency would be secured by the change, with very much greater thrift and satisfaction. Moreover, the *morale* of the service would be immensely heightened by the consciousness that the tenure of place was good conduct, and not personal favor, while the interference of office-holders in elections, which is peculiarly distasteful to self-respecting Americans, would be abolished. These suggestions of the Postmaster-General are more worthy of attention as the criticism of a practical and successful business man upon the traditional methods of transacting the public business. One of those methods he incidentally mentions in the statement that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, the number of changes of postmasters was 20,030, or more than a third of the whole force. Of these changes 8854 were on resignations and 7853 on removals. Resignations generally may be accounted as removals, so that of the 20,030 changes there are 16,707 removals, while the remaining 3,323 are explained by deaths and new offices. This shows the removal of more than a quarter of the whole number of postmasters in a single year. The Postmaster-General truly says that such unsettlement of the service cannot be beneficial. The new Congress could not do better than to provide for a timely and resonable reorganization of the Post-office.

THE ELECTRIC-WIRE PERIL.

ANOTHER death by the electric wire in New York, and the apparent fact that the Boston fire was produced by it, illustrate once more, and with the usual fatality, the peril to which everybody in a city entangled in the mesh of such wires is exposed. In this situation it is useful to recall the remarks of Mr. ALEXANDER WELSH, an assistant of Mr. EDISON, and an expert, after the shocking death of FEEKS—remarks which, as the *Evening Post* truly says, are not exaggerated, when read after the death of HARRIS, whose friends, it is greatly to be hoped, will bring suit to determine whether the law can afford no protection against this deadly and universal peril:

"Wherever you see the big white electric light, with its carbons burning, you may know that death lurks overhead. Nearly every wire you see in the open air is thick enough and strong enough to carry a death-dealing current. As things are at present, there is no safety, and danger lurks all around us. It may never reach you, or you may go on for years unhurt, but when the moment comes you are killed instantly. You may touch a wire with your finger, and, though you be on the tenth floor of a building, you may be killed instantly, provided that, by moisture or otherwise, the floor becomes a conductor. The wire you touch may be simply holding up a picture, and yet, under these conditions, in connection with an iron rafter or a hook touching some hidden plate, it may convey a fatal current. There is no knowing when you may touch the current. The further maintenance of the overhead wires in their present condition is a menace to the life of everybody in New York. It is dangerous to touch a wire of any kind, or even a metal substance. A man ringing a door-bell or leaning up against a lamp post might be struck dead any instant. It is not alone the electric-light wires that may kill you. Somewhere off in another street, perhaps miles away, the wind has blown an arc-light wire against some conductor, and the danger begins."

In Cleveland, Ohio, the people seem to have reached the conclusion that innocent citizens have some rights which even electric-light companies are bound to respect, and the fire department, assisted by citizens, has been cutting down the poles and severing the wires. The Boston *Herald*, pointing out the envelopment of the city in deadly wires, and the carelessness which suffers the companies to endanger the entire population, says truly, and its remark is as applicable to New York, "our go-as-you-please methods of electric service, interfering with each other in every possible manner, are thoroughly anarchistic." The situation is due to the absorption in business and the good-humored indifference to the management of public affairs which lead the American to acquiesce in the farce which our city governments usually are. Here is New York, the first city of the continent, one of the three or four great cities of the world, full of citizens of the highest character, ability, intelligence, and training, where practically every man can vote,

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and its municipal administration is a parody on good government.

If that be the rule, it is not surprising that communities pay enormous taxes and get nothing for them, and that law and order leagues are organized to take care that the laws are honestly enforced by the officers of the government, and to prosecute them for violation of official duty. Here in New York there is a Board of Control which has supervision of electric wires, and the Grand Jury has formally declared it to be both grossly negligent and incompetent. Now the reason that the lives of citizens are at the mercy of electric-light companies and their wires is that such officers as the Board of Control are selected without the least regard for their fitness. When they are elective, the great mass of citizens vote for them without the least knowledge of them, and simply because they wear the party label. When they are appointive, they are selected because of political influence. It is a tolerably plain proposition that where the people govern, the majority is responsible for the character of the government. It follows that the community has the kind of government that it wishes. If this city is menaced every moment with deadly electric wires, it is because it chooses to be menaced. It is too lazy or too busy to care to protect itself.

THE BEETHOVEN MEMORIAL.

BEETHOVEN was born in Bonn on the 17th of December, 1770, and the citizens of that town have led in the organization of a society in Germany to secure the house in which he was born, and to maintain it perpetually as a memorial of the great composer. The society has enrolled famous European notabilities of all kinds among its honorary members. Among them are JOHANNES BRAHMS, MAX BRUCH, NIELS W. GADE, Sir GEORGE GROVE, Sir CHARLES HALLÉ, Dr. HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ, Count VON HOCHBERG, FRANZ LACHNER, CARL REINECKE, HANS RICHTER, ANTON RUBINSTEIN, CLARA SCHUMANN, C. V. STANFORD, ALEXANDER W. THAYER, GIUSEPPE VERDI, and FRANZ WUELLNER. Mr. THAYER is an American who, after a life of research and study, has written the authoritative Life of BEETHOVEN. An appeal for subscriptions has been issued by a committee of which JOSEPH JOACHIM is chairman, and Messrs. THEODORE THOMAS and STEINWAY are preparing a concert in aid of the Beethoven Home, to be given in New York in December.

The house has been bought, and it will be made a depository of manuscripts, pictures, busts, and relics of every kind. This is a natural and beautiful design. In the world of music BEETHOVEN holds almost the place of SHAKESPEARE in literature, and whatever the delight in the works of other composers, there is a transcendent quality in his which is supreme. The growth of his fame is remarkable. There are those still living and active who recall the time when profession of admiration for BEETHOVEN was regarded as an affectation of superiority and a pretence of seeing beauty in formless obscurity. But the advance of his reputation has been prodigious, until now his greater works seem to be as secure in the permanent admiration of the world as those of all other genius of the first order.

A concert of the kind proposed will have peculiar interest from its appeal to personal feeling. To the imagination the man BEETHOVEN seems to be secluded in gloomy grandeur. The details of his life are by no means generally familiar, and this movement is a pleasant augury of a more intimate friendly acquaintance with his career. In a city which owes so much to the musical cultivation and liberality of his countrymen, and to their interpretation of his music, such a concert should be an occasion of great enthusiasm. For we may be sure that nowhere could it be made more adequate and satisfactory than by the combined leadership in the enterprise of Mr. THOMAS and Mr. STEINWAY.

SPEAKER REED.

THE selection of Mr. REED for the Speakership of the House of Representatives has been received by all parties as admirable. He has been long the Republican leader; he is a man of high character, conceded ability, great parliamentary experience and knowledge, exceedingly ready and courageous, and of strong political convictions. If to these qualities it shall appear that he adds urbanity and an even temper in the chair, the selection will justify the high anticipations with which it is received.

Mr. REED'S views upon protection have been freely stated by him, and are in accord in principle with the Republican platform. Parliamentary courtesy will probably lead him to appoint Mr. MCKINLEY, of Ohio, his chief competitor for the Speakership, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. MCKINLEY was the author of the platform, and he is a protectionist of the highest school, while Mr. REED, as a Maine man, may share the New England Republican desire for a revision of the tariff to obtain certain raw materials at a cost which will not crush manufactures. The protectionist majority in the House, however, is so small that the New England feeling in regard to revision makes very decisive action upon the tariff at this session uncertain, if not improbable.

The Speaker is said to favor a national election law to affect elections in the Southern States, which Mr. LODGE, of Massachusetts, is supposed to be preparing. If the report be true, it is evident that the plan will have the support of the ablest Republicans in Congress. Mr. MCKINLEY and Senators HOAR and EDMUNDS are understood to favor it. This fact will at least secure the ablest presentation of the argument for the law. Mr. REED'S recent paper upon the rules of the House showed his interest in the subject and his mastery of it, and if a storm of debate should arise over the new rules, no man is better fitted to direct it than Mr. Speaker REED. His speech upon taking the chair was very brief and very admirable; in lucid and compact expression it was a model for such speeches.

MR. GLADSTONE AT MANCHESTER.

MR. GLADSTONE, at eighty years of age, has just made a speech at Manchester, in which, as the great leader of a great party, he defines the Liberal policy. In doing this he evidently dealt severely with some of the Unionist leaders, and this fact may serve to show that he assumes their complete separation from the party. The Liberals would have remained united, he thinks, except for the personal ambition of some Tories and their allies, who desired more to form a national party than to do political justice.

That is a novel view, but until the text of the speech is seen it is hard to understand that this theory explains the action of a man like Lord HARTINGTON, who is the real Liberal-Unionist leader. His convictions seem to have been perfectly sincere, due doubtless in part to his aristocratic Whig traditions and to the instincts of the English landlord. But overpowering political ambition does not appear to be one of his characteristics, while the opportunity of its highest gratification is believed to have been open to him.

Nevertheless there seems at this distance to be no doubt, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, that Ireland is the leading question in British politics, and he says further that the recent speeches of Lord SALISBURY and Lord HARTINGTON show that the alliance is making ready for defeat, and, he adds, with the settlement of the Irish question the alliance becomes extinct. In that event he probably sees nothing for Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN but absorption in the Tory party, for until English society is radically changed the Tory party must survive as the conservative force in English politics. Mr. GLADSTONE'S power as a leader is plainly unimpaired, and taken all together it must be an inspiring leadership.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONER.

THE improvement in our Indian policy, which began some years ago, is largely due to the observation of General GRANT when a young officer stationed in the Indian country. He said, in effect, that he saw that our treatment of the Indians was dishonest, while that of the Canadians was honest, consequently they trusted the Canadians and hated us. The subject has now taken strong hold of the public mind, and there is a very decided demand that our Indian policy shall be honest and humane, and shall not reflect the frontier epigram that the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

This is the conviction of the new Indian Commissioner, and it is because of General MORGAN'S peculiar fitness for the Commissionership, as we learn from an admirable letter of Mr. HERBERT WELSH to the New York *Tribune*, that his confirmation will be opposed by certain Senators. The trouble, as usual, is not any want of official qualification, but failure to surrender his own responsibility by using his power of appointment to gratify politicians and their private ambitions and purposes. General MORGAN wisely holds that appointments should be determined by character and fitness, and not by what is called party service, a wholly indeterminate phrase, which generally means personal service to some politician.

Opposition to General MORGAN'S confirmation will not profess its true reason, but will mask itself under a pretence. The most probable allegation, it seems, will be that he has dismissed employés from the service because they were Roman Catholics. Mr. HERBERT WELSH, on behalf of the Indian Rights Association, upon hearing this accusation, wrote to Cardinal GIBBONS that if the report were true the association would oppose the Commissioner's policy. But upon careful investigation Mr. WELSH is completely satisfied of the falsity of the charge, while General MORGAN says not only that every dismissal has been made for cause, but that the cause is to be seen upon the records of the office. Mr. WELSH concludes his letter by a remark of force and value which is well worthy of careful consideration:

"Public sentiment demands the removal of appointees who are inefficient, insubordinate, or in any way unfit for their position, no matter what may be their church connections, and to throw over such persons the protection of their religious faith is to threaten the appointing power with a serious danger which it is the duty of good citizenship firmly to resist."

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SESSION.

THE descriptions of the opening of the session of Congress were very lively. Everything was exceedingly quiet, however, except when the little bolt from the caucus nomination of Chaplain occurred. This was significant, because the majority is so small that departure from the caucus order may be at any time seriously embarrassing. The pleasant reflection in the assembling of Congress is the fact that the country is wholly at peace, both at home and abroad, and that no grave immediate peril is visible. The Democratic caucus adopted a resolution reaffirming the platform of last year as the platform of the party, and pledging the party to continue the contest for revision of the tariff.

The reappearance of Mr. BANKS in the House recalls the early Republican days when he was Speaker, and Governor of Massachusetts, and supposed generally to be "the coming man" of the party. In the FREMONT campaign he made a speech in Wall Street as one of the solid champions who would commend the new party to the confidence of business men. He withdrew from politics, however, to become president of the Illinois Central Railroad, but entered the Union army at the beginning of the war, in which, although a rather conspicuous figure, his general prestige was not enhanced. Mr. BANKS is now seventy-three, and has not been recently politically prominent.

In the Senate, Mr. ALDRICH at once introduced a resolution to appoint, as soon as practicable, a quadro-centennial committee of nine members to take charge of all matters relating to the great Exhibition. The city of New York has completed the subscription of a guarantee fund of $5,000,000, and its claims for the Fair will be doubtless set forth with willing eloquence in the Senate by Mr. EVARTS, and in the House by some of the Representatives from the city. Whether any of them could hopefully engage in an debate that may arise, time will determine. It is to l hoped that the placidity of the opening of the session is a augury of its peaceful progress.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS will remain in our history as the espe cial representative of the great effort to dissolve the Unio by secession. The contest was the natural and inevitabl result of the conception of the government which was ex pressed in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. But th conflict was deprived of dignity and sympathy by the pu pose for which the right of secession was asserted, whil the struggle was maintained with a tenacity and valo which the bravest soldiers of the Union have been alway the first to acknowledge.

Mr. DAVIS as the head of the Confederacy seems neith to have aroused personal enthusiasm nor to have displaye great ability. The high sagacity and the picturesque an romantic qualities of leadership were equally wanting. B the fanaticism of a moderate man makes him often the fi ting representative of a cause, and DAVIS clung to th cause with an unwillingness to confess the catastroph when it arrived which identified him with it absolutel and earned for him a certain Confederate loyalty of feelin which his capacity did not command.

Undoubtedly as time passes, and the passions of the w and of the great agitation which preceded it are assuage the whole controversy will be seen to have been the nece sary result of the compromises which alone made the fo mation of the Constitution practicable, and which led to certain obscurity in the instrument itself. But the gre practical error involved in the movement of secessio sprang from the failure to comprehend that whatev plausible interpretation the Constitution might be made t bear, and whatever the reserved rights of States migl mean, yet in the seventy years since the adoption of t Constitution a nation had arisen which would not consen to its own destruction if it could by any contest maintai its life. That was an actual situation which neither CA HOUN nor DAVIS comprehended, and which was not pe fectly evident even to the defenders of the Union unt the conflict began. Mr. DAVIS had outlived bitterness feeling in this part of the country, and the news of h death was received without emotion.

PERSONAL.

JAMES DOUGLASS REID, intimately associated with the earli struggles of the telegraph in this country, has just retired fro the Western Union service to become Consul at Dunfermline, Sco land, near which place he was born. Mr. REID entered the servi in 1846, and had much to do with extending telegraph lines throu the South and West. While stationed at Pittsburgh in 1848 h assisted in transmitting President POLK'S message over the wire a circuit of Western papers, the task, up to that time unpr cedented, occupying two nights, as the wire had to be used f commercial business during the day. Since then Mr. REID has se the telegraph grow into its present importance, and has writt much that is entertaining about its origin and progress.

—Captain DAVID COMPTON, whose capture with his steamer t *Haytian Republic* during the recent revolution in Hayti brough him into national prominence, wreaked peculiar and effective ve geance on LÉGITIME, after the interference of the United States go ernment had set him free. He joined the cause of the North, u der General HIPPOLYTE, and was given command of the gun-bo *Jacmel*. His Yankee skill and energy enabled him to make it e ceedingly warm for the LÉGITIME fleet at times, and a price $15,000 was offered for his head, with $10,000 for his little ve sel. Since the fall of LÉGITIME, Captain COMPTON has been rewarde in various ways by the present Haytian government, and has bee made Admiral of the fleet of seven gun-boats and two transports.

—The venerable ex-Vice-President HANNIBAL HAMLIN appear in public at Bangor, Maine, the other day, to present a national fl to the high-school, and made a stirring speech to his auditors.

—The fleet of new American war ships has its "Little Buttercup in a Mrs. ROBINSON, the wife of a disabled man-of-warsman. S was the successful bumboat woman while the ships lay in Ne York and Brooklyn, and followed them afterward to Boston.

—Before the recent election in Massachusetts, HENRY A. COOK, Leominster, decided that he wanted to go to the Legislature. S he called a convention of his fellow-citizens, and nominated hi self with so frank a speech that the voters took him up, and elec ed him over the regular Republican nominee in a strong Republ can district.

—Mrs. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, widow of the astronomer, who w carried off by yellow-fever, is gaining a livelihood by deliverin her husband's lectures.

—Professor MCIRHEAD, who held the chair of civil law Edinburgh University for twenty-seven years, is dead.

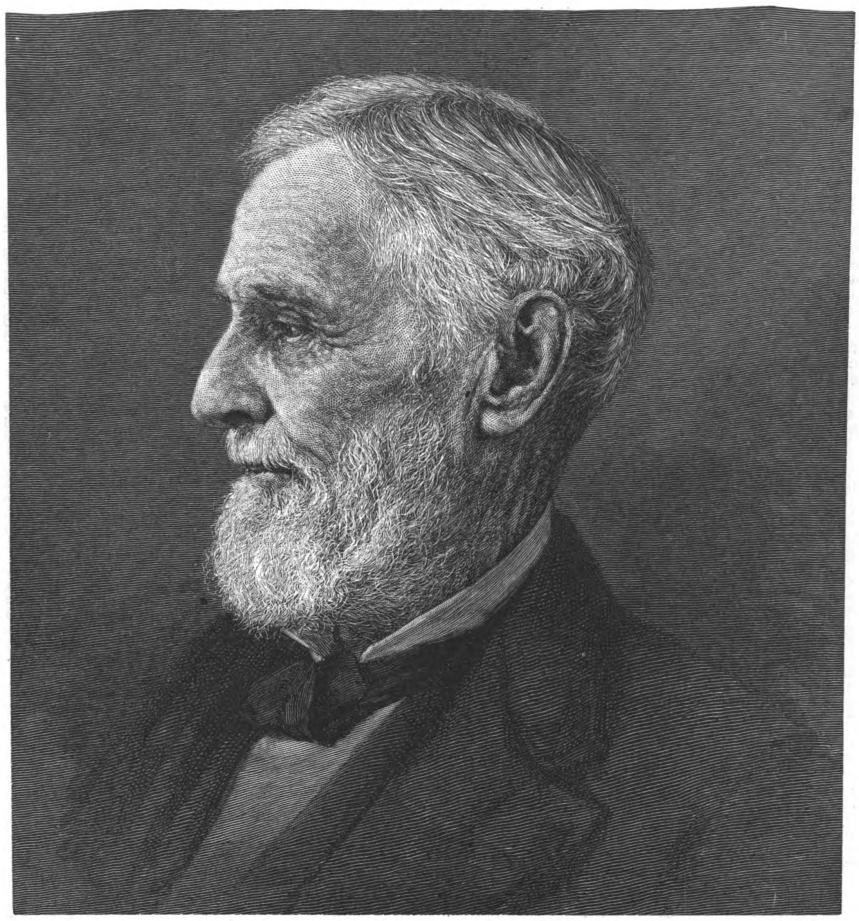
—Captain WILLIAM LEDYARD ELLSWORTH, of Hartford, Co necticut, having made himself rich by the sale of the Europe right to his invention of a noiseless powder, and placed himself the way of reaping a similar pecuniary harvest from this countr is preparing to settle down in a sort of English country-seat no the nutmeg capital.

—The late JAMES ALEXANDER RUTHVEN, of this city, was a we known abolitionist orator in war-times, and also wrote the wor of the popular ballad, "Flag of the Free." Of late years h gained considerable reputation as a chess-player.

—Dr. WILLIAM M. BAIRD, whose independent action as Speak of the New Jersey Legislature in 1887 commended itself to hone men, however much it may have discomfited the wire manipulato of his party, has brushed the mire of politics from his feet, and now successfully practising his profession in the upper part of th city. Dr. BAIRD is a comparatively young man. He comes Revolutionary stock, and Jeffersonian doctrines have been too tho oughly born and bred in him to permit of his being a trucklin politician of the present day.

—JOHN GADSBY CHAPMAN, N.A., who died recently in Brookly at the age of eighty-two years, was elected an honorary member the National Academy of Design in 1832. He was one of th earliest members of the Century Club. His versatility was markable. He etched many of his own pictures, and was one our earliest illustrators of books. He designed the frontispie and initials for HARPER'S Bible, and engraved in mezzotint; h range in art covered a wide field, embracing portraits, landsca and figure subjects; he published a work on drawing that was noted success. After completing his most important work, "T Baptism of Pocahontas," now in the rotunda at Washington, went abroad, residing mostly in Rome. He continued an acti contributor to the National Academy exhibitions down to 18 and occasionally since.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE JEFFERSON DAVIS.—From a Photograph by Wilson.—[See Page 999.]



JEFFERSON DAVIS'S HOUSE AT BEAUVOIR, MISSISSIPPI.—From a Photograph by Wilson.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



REV. SANFORD HUNT, D.D., SENIOR AGENT METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.—From a Photograph by Garber.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

Methodism was born in a university, and has never lost sight of its origin. Students more thoughtful and earnest than John and Charles Wesley, Oxford never had, nor any who profited more by the highest culture of the time and place. Anglican clergymen they were, and Anglican clergymen they remained until the end of their days. The first developed into the expository theologian and statesmanly organizer, the second into the matchless poet of the new religious movement. "Thrust out to raise a holy people," they used the press as well as the voice to accomplish that object. Sermons, tracts, pamphlets, hymnals, books—original, translated, reprinted—"thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa," fell upon the startled public. "A Christian Library," in fifty volumes of choicest practical divinity, philosophical and scientific treatises, school text-books, grammars—English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—histories national and ecclesiastical, and the monthly *Arminian Magazine* (1778), attest John Wesley's wonderful literary activity.

Great Britain and Ireland stood sorely in need of the Tree of Knowledge cast into the bitter waters of society. Irreligion, infidelity, and vice were flagrant and unblushing. Christianity was formal, decadent, and corrupted. Nor were the American colonies in much better condition. Their religious and moral status, subsequently impaired by the spread of French notions and practices, was such after the Revolution as to generate serious fears for the future of the republic. Methodists, beginning with Philip Embury, Captain Thomas Webb, of the British army, and Robert Strawbridge, in 1776 introduced fresh force to the church militant, and thereby marvellously modified the theology and morals of the continent. "The doctrines they preach and the discipline they enforce are, I believe, the purest of any people now in the world," wrote Francis Asbury, afterward second bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in September, 1771. At the historic Christmas Conference, by which the Church was organized at Baltimore in 1784, preliminary provision was made for the publication of books. Previously they had been imported from England. They were indispensable to evangelical success. Bishop Coke, the first General Superintendent, was particularly efficient in devising means of supply. As in Great Britain, so in the United States, the "little Benjamin" among the tribes of God's spiritual Israel was compelled to fight his way to recognition and victory. He was not in the least unwilling. Episcopalians and Congregationalists, Baptists and Presbyterians, were in the field before him. His doctrines, usages, and polity were alike new and distasteful, and provoked the warmest opposition. Money was scarce with Methodist ministers, but John Dickens somehow found and loaned $600 for the establishment of the Methodist Book Concern in Philadelphia. There, in August, 1789, was published the immortal *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis; the *Hymn-Book*, *Methodist Discipline*, *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, *Primitive Physic*, and first volume of the *Arminian Magazine*, followed in 1790 by some portions of Fletcher's *Checks to Antinomianism*. Dr. Bangs states that "the agent did all the work of editing, packing up the books, and keeping the accounts, besides doing the work of a stationed preacher." With so many and diverse duties, it is no marvel that the publishing business in his hands was not a pronounced success.

Transferred to New York in 1804, the Methodist Book Concern, after consecutive migrations to Gold, Pearl, Church, and John streets, Chatham Square, and Fulton Street, found rest in the Wesleyan Seminary, Crosby Street, in 1825. In 1816 it derived material aid from the bequest of $2000 by Bishop Asbury, to whom the money had been left as a legacy. In 1820 Bangs and Soule, the agents, commenced the publication of Benson's *Commentary* and other works, and entered into business relations with sundry publishers. The General Conference also authorized the establishment of a branch of the Book Concern at Cincinnati. Chartered by the Legislature of Ohio in 1839, it acquired coordinate rank, and has now a net capital of $739,161 18. During the quadrennium 1884–8 its sales reached the sum of $2,582,464 91. With depositories at Chicago and St. Louis, it maintains four weekly religious papers, and several others of smaller size in English, German, and other languages.

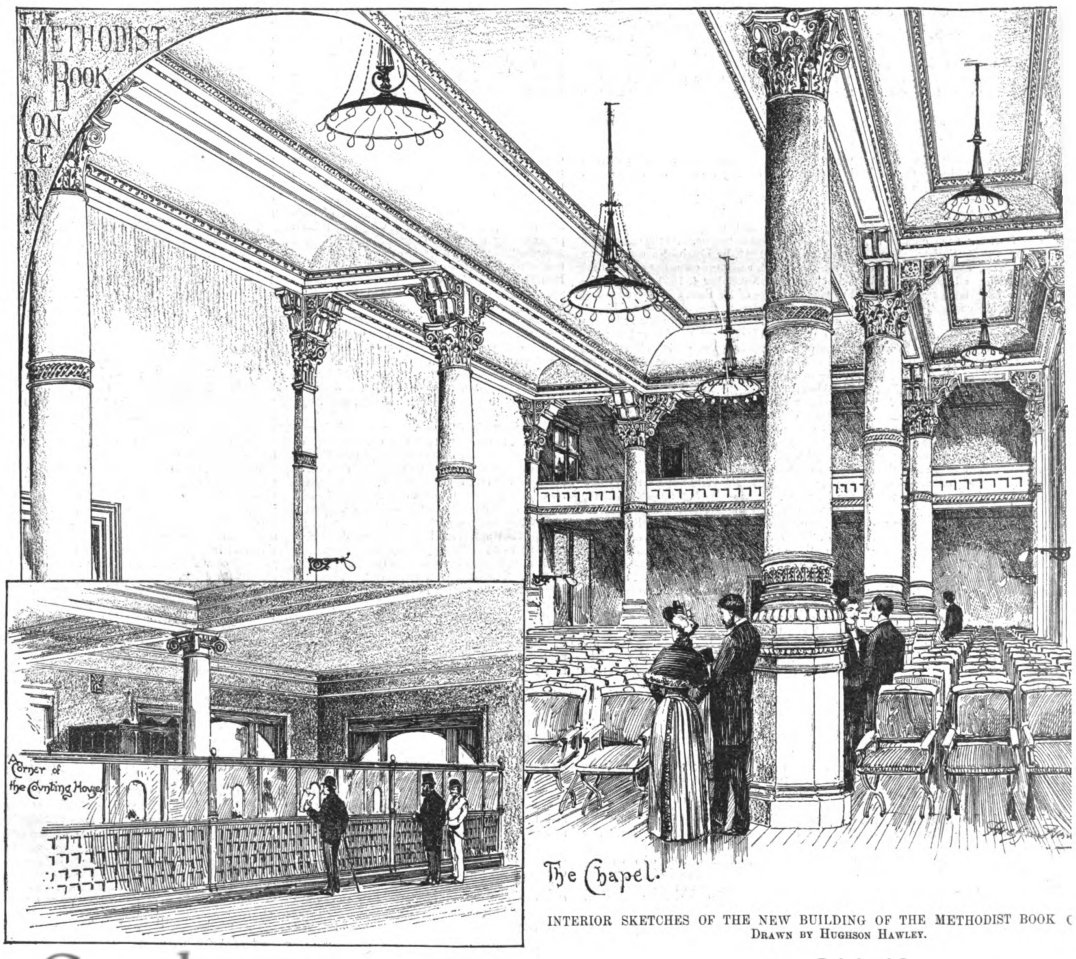
Up to 1822 the printing and binding of the Methodist Book Concern had been done by the job. Economy established a domestic bindery in that year, and a printing-office in 1824. The stereotyped plates of Clarke's *Commentary* were bought of



REV. HOMER EATON, D.D., JUNIOR AGENT M CONCERN.—From a Photograph by Brown, Burl

Abraham Paul, New York, soon afterward. I were sadly defective, and the accounts of minis unfrequently in confusion, but the loyalty of heroic, and executive ability devised plans by were conducted on sounder principles. Dr. Na *tory of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, Vol. IV., he himself "had the entire responsibility of the his shoulders, both of editing and publishing t books, and overseeing its pecuniary and mercant The weight of this burden was none the lighter l eral Conference had neglected to provide or aut pensation to literary contributors.

On September 9, 1826, appeared the *Christia* York, in sequence to *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, a national papers, as the apologete of Methodist d and institutions. Two years later the scope of enlarged by the issue of books from the Methodist Sunday-school, and Tract societies, as auxiliaries Scriptural truth and holiness." Fierce assault writers in 1829 upon the Biblical criticisms of A



INTERIOR SKETCHES OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE METHODIST BOOK C
Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

John Wesley evoked equally hearty and most effective defence, and multiplied the number of Methodist polemics, whose marked trait then and since is profoundest conviction that the doctrines they inculcate are true.

Enlargement of demand and resource dictated the removal of the Book Concern to new buildings at 200 Mulberry Street in September, 1833. There it prospered until February, 1836, when the entire property was consumed by fire. Net loss was not less than $250,000. Fragments of books and papers were picked up in Brooklyn, and among them the leaf of a Bible, on which the following verse was but just legible: "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste." (Isaiah, lxiv., 11.) Account and most of the registry books escaped the conflagration. Energy and hope were left. The institution was not in debt. Rebuilding began before the fire was entirely extinguished. The phœnix sprang in renewed beauty from its ashes. Subscriptions—$1000 being from a Protestant Episcopal gentleman, who testified to the usefulness of Methodist literature in the West—amounting to $89,994 98 poured in from various quarters. Twenty-five thousand dollars were realized from insurance companies, and steady efforts were made to reinvigorate the paralyzed enterprise, whose net capital was now reduced to $281,650 74. Success exceeded sanguine expectation. In connection with the Western house, it has turned out products valued at more than $50,000,000.

The next great blow endured by the Methodist Book Concern was that resulting from the organization of the Southern conferences into the Methodist Episcopal Church South in 1845. The new body sued for an equitable division of the corporate property, and received from New York $190,000 in cash, together with the Richmond, Charleston, and Nashville printing establishments, and all debts due from customers within the geographical limits of the Church South; also $80,000 from the Western Book Concern, and all debts due it from persons living in the Southern States. Besides the loss of these sums, the institution was further mulcted in the taxable costs of both suits.

Recovery from the Southern depletion was so rapid that in 1869 the elegant building known as 805 Broadway was purchased, under authority of the General Conference, for the sum of $900,000.

In 1872, when laymen became partners in management, one of their number—John M. Phillips, of Cincinnati, long and honorably identified with the Western Book Concern—was elected junior agent. Certain alleged irregularities of internal administration doubtless contributed to this innovation, which helped to restore universal confidence and peace.

The Broadway building, erected for a dry-goods mart, and unsuited to publishing requirements, was never wholly occupied. The basement was utilized for the retail trade, and portions of the second and third stories for editorial and connectional offices. The remainder was leased to James McCreery, to whom the whole was sold in the summer of 1889 for the sum of $750,000. The Book Committee not only authorized the sale of this property, but sanctioned the purchase of lots with a frontage of 104 feet 3½ inches on Fifth Avenue, and 170 feet on West Twentieth Street. With the avails of the Broadway and Mulberry Street properties, both free from debt, the present Methodist Book Concern, solidly constructed of granite, brick, and iron, has been erected in connection with the Missionary Society. Total cost, including plot, edifice, and furniture, is about $1,000,000. Thither all the editorial and connectional offices have been transferred, together with the retail business. Thither all the manufacturing facilities are in process of transfer, and with their aid it is expected that the largest demands, both in quantity and quality, will be fully met for long years to come. The edifice itself, of nine floors, including the basement, is typically Methodistic in its simplicity, strength, and statelliness. Neither superfluity of ornament nor waste of space calls for passing comment. It is severely yet joyously practical, as becomes the head-quarters of a Church numbering 2,093,395 communicants, in more or less close affiliation with more than twice that number of Methodists on the American continent. Ceremonial opening will not take place until late in the winter.

The methods of publication are necessarily peculiar to the Church. All issues are confined chiefly to a domestic market. All preachers are authorized agents. Depositories at Boston, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, San Francisco, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, and Detroit—besides those of the Western house—carry a full stock of books from the Methodist Book Concern in New York. Unity of doctrine and practice is one result, and relatively increasing patronage is another. Sales during the quadrennium ending with 1848 were $612,635 69, or less than one dollar for each of the 644,229 members; in the quadrennium closing with 1888 the sales of the Book Concerns, East and West, amounted to $6,920,743 17—over three dollars on the average for each of 2,093,395 members. Subscription to Church papers has nearly doubled in fifty years. To the 2,000,000, in round numbers, of pupils in Methodist Episcopal Sunday-schools, 2,959,950 copies of Sunday-school papers are sold annually.

While the Methodist Book Concern was founded for the dissemination of pure literature and the "spread of Scriptural holiness," it soon became a question as to what should be done with the surplus profits. This was determined by pledging them in the Sixth Restrictive Rule of the Discipline to "the benefit of travelling, supernumerary, superannuated, and worn-out preachers, their wives, widows, and children." From the year 1816, when the General Conference charged the support of the bishops upon the Book Concern, until 1872, when its successor—composed in part, and for the first time, of laymen—relegated their maintenance to the Church at large, all other claimants received but inconsiderable benefit from it. The net assets of the New York establishment, reported to the General Conference of 1888, were $1,653,197 76, showing an increase of assets, or of profits, of $1,371,547 02 since 1836. The records also show that this institution has paid, by order of the General Conference, for objects outside its own business, over $2,000,000 within the same period. This sum includes the award to the Church South, episcopal salaries and travelling expenses, dividends to the annual conferences, deficiencies in collections for expenses of delegates to the General Conference, support of local papers sanctioned by the same body, and other bills ordered to be paid by it. The two sums represent the totality of profits in fifty-two years at $3,371,547 02. Add to this a gain in assets of the Cincinnati Concern, which is nearly equal to its present capital of $739,169 18, and the total represents the profits of the two houses at more than $4,000,000. With pardonable pride, Dr. Sanford Hunt, the senior agent, remarks, "If the world has a parallel in the history of religious or benevolent publishing establishments, we have never seen the record." If unique, as it probably is, it is due to ownership of manufacturing plants, more or less careful supervision by general and local book committees, sale at prices low as those of leading houses, and in many instances lower, intrinsic value of the publications themselves, loving loyalty of the Church, and persistent co-operation of the ministry. The present list of publications includes the titles of 2753 different volumes, principally from the pens of Methodist authors. The thank-offering and dividend of $100,000 to the annual conferences in 1889 for the relief of necessitous claimants, widows, and orphans—in view of the general reluctance to augment capital beyond demonstrated need—is not likely to be less in following years.

RICHARD WHEATLEY.

SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED.

SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED has risen to his high place in public life against great odds. He has secured his leadership contrary to the inclination of the men who are usually counted the makers of political fortunes. His great gift is that of advocacy, and it is by his excellence in this that at the opening of the Fifty-first Congress he was made Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Reed was born October 18, 1839, in Portland, Maine, where he has always resided. He is four years younger than his predecessor, Mr. Carlisle, but two years older than the latter was when he was first chosen Speaker. Since his graduation from Bowdoin College in 1860, his career has not been eventful, but his elevation has been steady. He was a poor boy, who won the respect of his fellow-townsmen by his persistent courage in procuring an education. Fate seemed to be against him, but he was stronger than his fate. Moreover, he was fortunate enough to be born in a community that has the habit of recognizing and rewarding the high spirit which is capable of wresting success from untoward circumstances.

After he quitted college he was compelled to earn his living as best he could, and he was unable to advantageously study the profession which he had determined to pursue. At the end of four years, in April, 1864, he obtained a commission in the navy as an assistant paymaster. He held this office until November 4, 1865. Meanwhile he made good use of his time, and was admitted to the bar in the last year of his service. He began and has continued to practice law in his native city. For three years he devoted himself exclusively to the business of his clients. In 1868 and 1869 he was a member of the State House of Representatives, and in 1870 he was a member of the State Senate. In these five years he became known throughout Maine as an exceedingly clever advocate, and on the conclusion of his term as Senator he was elected Attorney-General. He held this office until 1872, and then returned to his private practice. Two years later he was chosen City Solicitor of Portland, and was the legal adviser and advocate of his native city for five years. At the end of that period, in 1877, he entered Federal politics, having been elected a member of the United States House of Representatives. He is now in his thirteenth year of service in that body, for he has been elected a member of the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses. He has not always had an easy task in securing his seat, for the opposition candidate has once or twice come very near to defeating him. The laboring-men have done their utmost to compass his downfall, and the leaders of his own party have not been enthusiastic in his behalf. He is not a man who wears any one else's collar gracefully. He speaks his mind very freely, and he has occasionally uttered sentiments that some of his party associates have felt themselves called upon to explain away. One of them said, in a not very remote campaign, "We have hard work to pull Reed through." From this it may be judged that the new Speaker is not as loyal to the ruling power in Maine as that power would like the Congressman from the Portland district to be.

As a member of the House of Representatives, Mr. Reed has been a pugnacious partisan. His leadership rests upon his cynical wit and upon a voluble readiness in debate. One of his minor opponents in the late contest said of him, "Reed is a good man to send over to the other side of the House after a scalp." His partisanship is intense, and although he is fond of many a Democrat personally, he can never see any good in Democratic principles or theories. He even suspected that Mr. Carlisle's well-known fairness was a subtle Democratic trick. There was no Congressman whom he liked better than Abram S. Hewitt, and yet no one suffered more from his keen and relentless tongue.

He has infrequently taken part in important discussions. Perhaps his most elaborate speech was delivered against the Mills tariff bill, and it was a serious disappointment to all who heard it, and who had based their judgment of him on his brilliant retorts and short sallies. These were among the wittiest and most convincing that have been heard in Washington, at least during the present generation of public men. He is probably the author of more quotable epigrams than any of his colleagues, not even excepting the late Mr. S. S. Cox, whose wit, however, was usually more genial than that of the man from Maine. His intense Republicanism makes him an extreme protectionist, an ardent defender of the rights and privileges of corporations, while the influence of his birthplace makes him an enemy of the silver dollar and the strong friend of the national bank system. He believes in the policy of subsidizing steam-ship lines. His committees will be made up with a view to the advancement and strengthening of all these ideas. For some time the rules of the House have been the chief object of his attacks, and he has unsparingly ridiculed the theory that they are made for the protection of the minority against the encroachments and oppression of the majority. He is of the opinion that the majority should have its way, no matter what it may desire, and he is bold and self-confident enough to take any responsibility in the way of declaring closure that the House may put upon him. He has had little experience in administering parliamentary law, and in the light of precedent, some of his rulings may be found to be startling.

Aside from politics, Mr. Reed is a genial, scholarly gentleman. He loves a quiet corner in the Congressional Library with a book, or a chat with a companionable man. He is fond of basking in the serene philosophy of Emerson. They who know him best pronounce him a thoroughly good fellow.

Physically he is very big—tall and rotund. His head is large and dome-shaped. Henry Irving said that he looked like the Stratford bust of Shakespeare.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT—THE SODOM DAM.

THE original act under which the new aqueduct for New York is constructed was passed June 1, 1883. It is entitled, "An act to provide new reservoirs, dams, and a new aqueduct, with the appurtenances thereto, for the purpose of supplying the city of New York with an increased supply of pure and wholesome water." This act was the direct outgrowth of a popular demand for more water. Early in 1883 it was declared by the Legislature that "by the insufficiency of the city's water supply the people are deprived of the ordinary conveniences of domestic life, the public health is endangered, the security of property from fire is diminished, and the pursuit of commerce and manufactures is retarded." There is no doubt of the truth of this declaration. Now, nearly seven years after it was made, the tunnel which is to convey the increased supply is nearly completed. In 1882 the Commissioner of Public Works presented a plan which had been prepared by the chief engineer of the Croton Aqueduct. A year later it attracted the attention of the Legislature, and the Mayor of the city, Hon. Franklin Edson, was requested to select and appoint five citizens, "who, in conjunction with himself, should examine and report" to the Legislature, "as to the practicability of the proposed plan, the probable cost, the time required for its execution, and such other views and recommendations as they may deem proper." The members of the committee appointed by the Mayor were, Hon. Orlando B. Potter, John T. Agnew, William Dowd, Amos R. Eno, and Hugh N. Camp.

The report of this committee was made March 7, 1883. It declared that the water supply of the city should continue to come from the Croton water-shed, which would be adequate for all the needs of the city for twenty-five years to come; that from it could be obtained more easily and cheaply than from any other source a daily supply of 250,000,000 gallons in the driest years. The present aqueduct is capable of delivering from 95 to 98 millions per day when pushed to its utmost, though it should not carry nearly that amount. The committee spoke of two plans for impounding the waters of the shed, concerning which they differed in opinion. The flow of the shed is variable, and it is therefore essential that storage reservoirs should be built, in which the floods of spring and high-water periods may be impounded, or stored, in anticipation of the summer and autumn droughts. There are already storage reservoirs at Boyd's Corners, Middle Branch, and Lake Mahopac, and at other small lakes. These, altogether, have a capacity of 8,586,000,000 gallons. It was deemed essential by the committee to increase the number of these storage reservoirs for the then existing demands, by a capacity of at least 4,000,000,000 gallons. It was evident that the needs of the city, as water is used and wasted here, were 100,000,000 gallons a day; that they would soon exceed this, and that in constructing a new aqueduct and new reservoirs provision should be made for the probable future requirements of the city. It was therefore determined that all the water of the Croton water-shed should be made available.

Two plans for storing the water were suggested. One was to build an immense dam at Quaker Bridge, far down the Croton Valley, which would be the largest work of its kind in the world, and which would impound 32,000,000,000 gallons of water. The other was to construct smaller reservoirs in the Croton River at and above the present Croton Dam. One of the smaller reservoirs was to be near Brewster's Station, and the Sodom double reservoir, now nearly completed, is the first effective work for increasing the water supply which has been undertaken and pushed forward by the Aqueduct Commission. It will be finished in a year.

The first public hearing on the proposed aqueduct was held in August, 1883. The plans of the Commissioner of Public Works for the route of the conduit were adopted in February, 1884, and the public hearings concerning the aqueduct and its dimensions were closed in April, 1884. The plans of the route were afterward slightly modified, and the grade line was elevated ten feet. Commissioners of appraisal of property taken for the aqueduct were appointed in September, 1884, and bids for construction were opened and announced in December. During the winter that followed the contractors transported and set up their machinery at the shafts, and from that time the work has gone on almost constantly day and night at the shafts, portals, and open cuts, and the tunnel would have been completed before this if the frauds of some of the contractors had not been discovered. Indeed the tunnel itself is now finished, with the exception of remedying the defects caused by the frauds, the nature of which will be described hereafter. The contractors are now at work doing what they should have done in constructing the tunnel, and for which they have been paid. Enough money has been retained by the commissioners from the amounts due to compel the contractors to make good their agreements.

Under date of January 7, 1887, Hon. James C. Spencer predicted the completion of the work "for the use of the city before the close of the year 1888, including the gate-houses and their connections; and," he continued, "I am in great hopes that we may also construct and complete the dams and reservoirs near Brewster's Station, in Putnam County, named by you [the Aqueduct Commissioners] as the East Branch Reservoir, and also the Muscoot dam and reservoir, in Westchester County, before the close of the year 1888."

This was a very sanguine forecast, however. The tunnel is now, 1889, still incomplete, and though it might have been finished, as I have said, but for the frauds, it was impossible to complete the pipe line from One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street to the Central Park Reservoir, or the dams, within the time limited in Mr. Spencer's report.

Mayor Franklin Edson was, *ex officio*, the first President of the Aqueduct Commission, serving from its organization to January 1, 1885. The "Aqueduct Act" of 1883 named the commissioners. Besides the Mayor, the Comptroller and the Commissioner of Public Works were named as commissioners *ex officio*. Allan Campbell was Comptroller from the organization to August 1, 1883, and S. Hastings Grant from August 4, 1883, to December 10, 1884. Hubert O. Thompson was the first Commissioner of Public Works to serve. His term expired with Mayor Edson's.

With these officers there were named in the act James C. Spencer, George W. Lane, and William Dowd. Mr. Dowd was the first Vice-President of the commission, B. S. Church was the first Chief Engineer, and James W. McCulloch was the first Secretary.

The plans were furnished by the Commissioner of Public Works, the water supply being within the jurisdiction of his office.

Commissioner Lane dying on December 30, 1883, on January 9, 1884, Governor Cleveland appointed Christopher C. Baldwin as his successor.

Soon after this Alphonse Freley was appointed Principal Assistant and Executive Engineer, and Henry S. Craven was appointed Engineer of Construction.

Comptroller Grant's term expiring in December, 1884, he was succeeded by Comptroller Edward V. Loew, and with the beginning of 1885 Mayor Edson was succeeded by Mayor William R. Grace, and Commissioner of Public Works Thompson by Commissioner Rollin M. Squire. Mayor Grace was the second President.

By the act of 1886 the State intervened in the management of the aqueduct, and the Mayor and Comptroller ceased to be *ex officio* members of the commission. In their places the Governor was empowered to appoint three commissioners, and he named Oliver W. Barnes, Edgar L. Ridgway, and Hamilton Fish, Jun. Of the newly organized commission, Mr. James C. Spencer was elected President.

In July, 1886, John C. Sheehan was appointed Secretary of the commission in place of James W. McCulloch, who was made a special assistant to the Chief Engineer. On September 1 General John Newton became Commissioner of Public Works in place of Rollin M. Squire.

These gentlemen constituted the personnel of the commission until its reorganization in 1888. It was the commission thus composed that decided upon the line of the aqueduct and awarded the contracts. The new commission has compelled the contractors to make good the frauds, and has pushed the Sodom Reservoir toward completion, with a view of increasing the city's water supply.

Up to January 1, 1887, the proceeds of the sales of "Additional Water Stock" amounted to $7,717,443, and the expenditures were $7,503,310.

The work has been of the great engineering accomplishments of our day, and its progress has been closely watched by members of the profession everywhere. The aqueduct tunnel, now nearly completed, has been built for almost 30 miles through the valleys of the Pocantico and Saw-Mill rivers, and across the Harlem River. When the old Croton Aqueduct was finished in 1842, it

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

was regarded as one of the most important works of its kind in the world. It is of masonry, 40½ miles long, 7 feet 5 inches in its widest part, and 8 feet 5½ inches high. For many years the High Bridge, on which the water is conducted over the Harlem River, has been one of the sights of the town.

The new aqueduct is a tunnel, partly subterranean and partly in open cuts. It does not pass over the Harlem River on a bridge, but the water is carried under the river by what is called an inverted siphon. It runs to the city in a straighter line than that of the old aqueduct, deviating very slightly from an air line. The total length of the tunnel is 29.63 miles, and of the aqueduct in open trench, 1.12 miles. The masonry tunnel ends at a gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, and from there the water is carried to the distributing reservoirs by a pipe line. The total length of the tunnel from the Croton Dam to the gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street is 30.75 miles, and from the Croton Lake gate-house to the Central Park gate-house the distance is 33.12 miles. The fall of water from the lake to One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street is 25 feet, and to the Central Park Reservoir, 34.39 feet.

How much greater is the work than that which the city celebrated in 1842 is shown by the size and capacity of the tunnel. The height of the old aqueduct is 8 feet 5½ inches. For nearly 23 miles the new tunnel is built in the form of a horseshoe. The top is a half-circle arch supported by curved sides, the floor being a slightly curved invert. The roof, wall, and floor are of brick, and the space between the outside of the brick-work and the line of excavation is filled with solid rubble masonry. It was in this part of the work that the recently discovered frauds were committed. The dishonest contractors left great spaces, sometimes of many hundred



FIG. 1.—FAULTY CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

feet, either entirely empty or else half filled. Fig. 1 shows very clearly the character of the frauds that were perpetrated upon the city. The men are sitting on the roof of the tunnel in the space which should be filled in with substantial stone rubble-work. The value of this packing consists in the protection afforded to the roof of the tunnel from falling rocks. The space about the tunnel is of

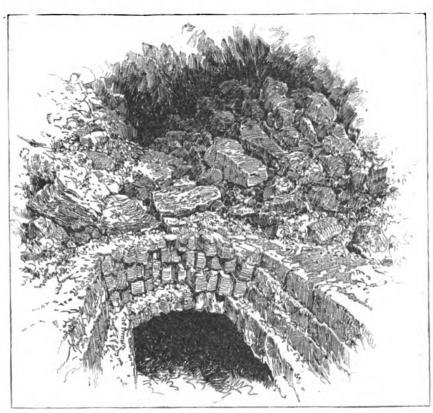


FIG. 2.—FAULTY CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

course irregular—it is the surface left after the blasting—and the space above the tunnel varies in height from a few inches to 7 or 8 feet. The packing is put in as the building of the arch proceeds, and the fraud was generally committed at the key. At this point the mason lies prone and works backward to the opening, filling in the space as he proceeds, so that inspection is very difficult and cheating is easy. Precisely the same kind of frauds was perpetrated in Washington, resulting in the punishment of the engineer officer in charge, who suffered for the offence of some of his subordinates. As has been already said, although the contractors were paid for this fraudulent work as though it were substantial masonry, ten per cent. of their payments was reserved, which is amply sufficient to secure the city and to compel the contractors to fill up the cavities which they have left with good rubble masonry. The loss of the city is to be measured by the delay involved in the construction of the aqueduct, and by the salaries of engineers, clerks, etc., which would have been cut off at the completion of the tunnel.

This horseshoe tunnel is 13 feet 6.36 inches high—more than 5 feet higher than the old aqueduct; it is 13 feet 7.2 inches wide. There are nearly 7 miles of circular tunnel 12 feet 3 inches in diameter. The forced capacity of the present aqueduct is little less than 100,000,000 gallons a day: it probably should not be called upon for more than 75,000,000 gallons. The new aqueduct will be capable of bringing to the city the whole supply of the Croton water-shed—250,000,000 in dry years and more—and with it New York will possess the means of a water supply considerably above 400,000,000 a day—enough for a population nearly three times as great as that of to-day, provided the people of New York could be induced to abstain from wasting the water. The city demands an allowance of 100 gallons a day per capita, and although this is a large amount, it is not so large as the supply of Washington, District of Columbia, which is 175 gallons, and still the people of the capital clamor for more. It seems to be impossible to induce the people of this country to restrict themselves by the use of water meters. If meters should ever be used, it is highly probable that the consumption of water in our great cities would fall to somewhere in the neighborhood of 50 gallons to the individual. Then the new aqueduct and reservoirs would supply a city of 8,000,000 people without calling upon the Bronx River pipe line.

The new aqueduct begins at the present Croton Dam, substantially at the place where the old aqueduct starts. The latter runs with the Croton River in a westerly and southwesterly direction until the head of Croton Bay is reached, and then it runs southerly through the valley of the Hudson to Yonkers. At this point it continues easterly, crossing the Saw-Mill River. The new aqueduct runs directly away from the Croton, and continues in a straight line southerly. East of Yonkers the two approach, and continue side by side until Jerome Park is reached, where it is proposed to build a new reservoir for the distribution of about 70,000,000 gallons daily to the annexed region. There the two aqueducts cross, the new tunnel crossing under the Harlem River at a point north of the High Bridge. A profile of the new tunnel shows the character of the work which has been done by the contractors, and in a measure the achievements of the engineers connected with the commission. Thirty-two principal shafts were sunk, and the headings were made both ways from each shaft. The depth of these shafts varies from 22 feet to 419.7 feet. The latter is Shaft 25 in the Harlem River; the former is 17½, which is not far from the point at which the two aqueducts approach back of Yonkers. Of the 32 principal shafts and the subordinate shafts, 28 will be left open. They will be needed whenever the tunnel is to be cleaned or repaired.

The tunnel proceeds on a grade of 0.7 of a foot to the mile from Croton Lake gate-house to Gould's Swamp, which dips below the grade line and obstructs the direct course of the tunnel. This swamp is southeast of Tarrytown, and near Glenville. In the mean time the tunnel has passed under the range of hills which makes the southerly limit of the Croton water-shed, and which rises abruptly from the lake and then descends gradually to the Pocantico River, where the aqueduct reaches the surface, and where there is an open portal. Then the line proceeds under the hills to Gould's Swamp, which is passed by an inverted siphon, the grade of fall being 15 per cent., the rise to the former grade being perpendicular. The work was carried on in this northern part of the conduit through hard rock, and much difficulty was experienced, a great many timber supports being required.

From Gould's Swamp the tunnel passes through the hills back of Tarrytown and Irvington, under the Saw-Mill River, near Ardsley, until it reaches the surface again at Tibbet's Brook, where there is another open portal. This is near South Yonkers, just north of the point of approach of the old and new conduits. The tunnel under the Saw-Mill River was driven through sandy clay. This was a very difficult piece of work. The ground near and about Ardsley was about the most treacherous that was encountered. South of the Saw-Mill River some weak lime rock was met, and beyond this there were two serious fissures of red clay, water, and sand. These broke in, filling the tunnel, and necessitating a good deal of construction for holding the troublesome mass until the masonry could be built. There was a good deal of micaceous gneiss and mica-schist south of this to the Harlem River, and in one place the disintegrated talcose rock was so heavy as to require a good deal of timbering, and subsequently extra heavy masonry. As the work progressed, additional shafts were sunk to meet the problems that developed and could not have been foreseen. Thus there were 11 B at Gould's Swamp, 12 B at Saw-Mill River crossing, 13½ and 15½ at Ardsley, etc.



TUNNEL CONNECTING UPPER AND LOWER RESERVOIRS.

From the open portal at Tibbet's Brook the tunnel runs almost to Shaft 20, near the point at which the two aqueducts cross. It then dips below the surface, and continues on to the Harlem River. The surface of the earth from Shaft 20 to the Harlem River is very nearly on a level with the grade line of the conduit from the lake to the shaft. The Harlem River siphon falls to a depth of 307 feet below mean high water. It is circular, and is 10 feet 6 inches in diameter. The siphon at Gould's Swamp is 14 feet 3 inches in diameter. The capacity of the aqueduct below Shaft 20 is 68,000,000 gallons per day less than the capacity north of the shaft.

From the Harlem the tunnel runs to the gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, which is on the northerly side of Manhattan Valley. Thence the water is carried by a pipe line (eight pipes, each pipe 48 inches in diameter) into the city, four of the pipes reaching the reservoir in Central Park, the other four branching off. The old aqueduct will also be carried into the One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street gate-house, and from there the water will go to the present pipe line in Tenth Avenue, or into the eight pipes which are more intimately connected with the great vault of the new aqueduct.

North of Shaft 21 the capacity of the new aqueduct is 318,000,000 gallons a day. The 68,000,000 gallons that are not carried into the One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street gate-house are, as has been said, for the consumption of the annexed district, and are to be distributed from the proposed reservoir at Jerome Park. This reservoir, however, is not to be built at once. At present the Bronx River pipe line, which carries water from Kensico Lake to the reservoir back of Williams Bridge, affords a sufficient supply. The capacity of that line is 20,000,000 gallons a day.

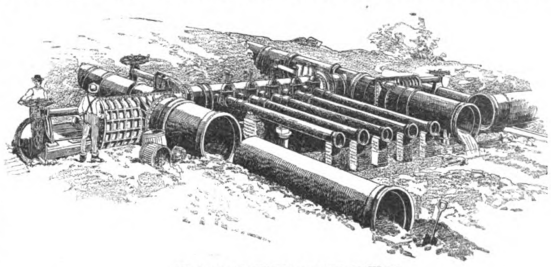
This is the conduit through which the additional supply of water will be brought into the city. Precisely how all the water of the Croton shed is to be made available is still a problem. When the present commissioners entered upon their office very little had been accomplished in this direction. The committee of citizens who reported concerning the Quaker Bridge Dam were not agreed as to the advisability of this enormous structure, but the Department of Public Works favored it, and so did the majority of the old commissioners. So late as 1888, however, there were not enough data for the beginning of the dam, and, moreover, it was deemed essential that further investigations should be made as to the merits of the proposition. In the mean time no provision had been made for the increased supply of water, which the city authorities, the State Legislature, and a select committee of citizens had five years before determined to be necessary. The tunnel and the pipe line were almost ready to transport the water to the distributing res voirs, but the additional water had not been ga ered. There was no knowing how long it wo take to build the Quaker Bridge Dam, nor h much it would cost; nor was it plain that it v best to build the dam at all.

In the mean time the city wanted water, a therefore the commissioners determined t they would build the storage dam at Sodom, n Brewster's Station, and would follow it with t others, one at Titicus River, south of Sodom, a a third on the West Branch of the Croton, n the storage reservoir at Boyd's Corners, to northwest. While the work at Sodom has b going on, the Department of Public Works been building a dam on the Muscoot River—— that, however, which will be referred to as Muscoot Dam. By these dams the city's sup of water will be greatly augmented, and, in mean time, the question of the dam near mouth of the Croton will be determined. Th is no doubt that a new dam will be built bel the present structure, but whether it will be Quaker Bridge or between there and the Cro Dam is a question which has not yet been cided.

The Croton water-shed, all of which is to made available, covers an area of 361.82 squ miles. It is partly in Westchester and partly Putnam County. The course of the river is sou westerly, and a number of streams run into from the east and the west. Among these strea are Beaver Dam Brook, Muscoot River, Titi River, and the East, West, and Middle branc of the Croton. There are several ponds and lal in the region, chief among them is Lake Ma pac, the waters of which are already used by city.

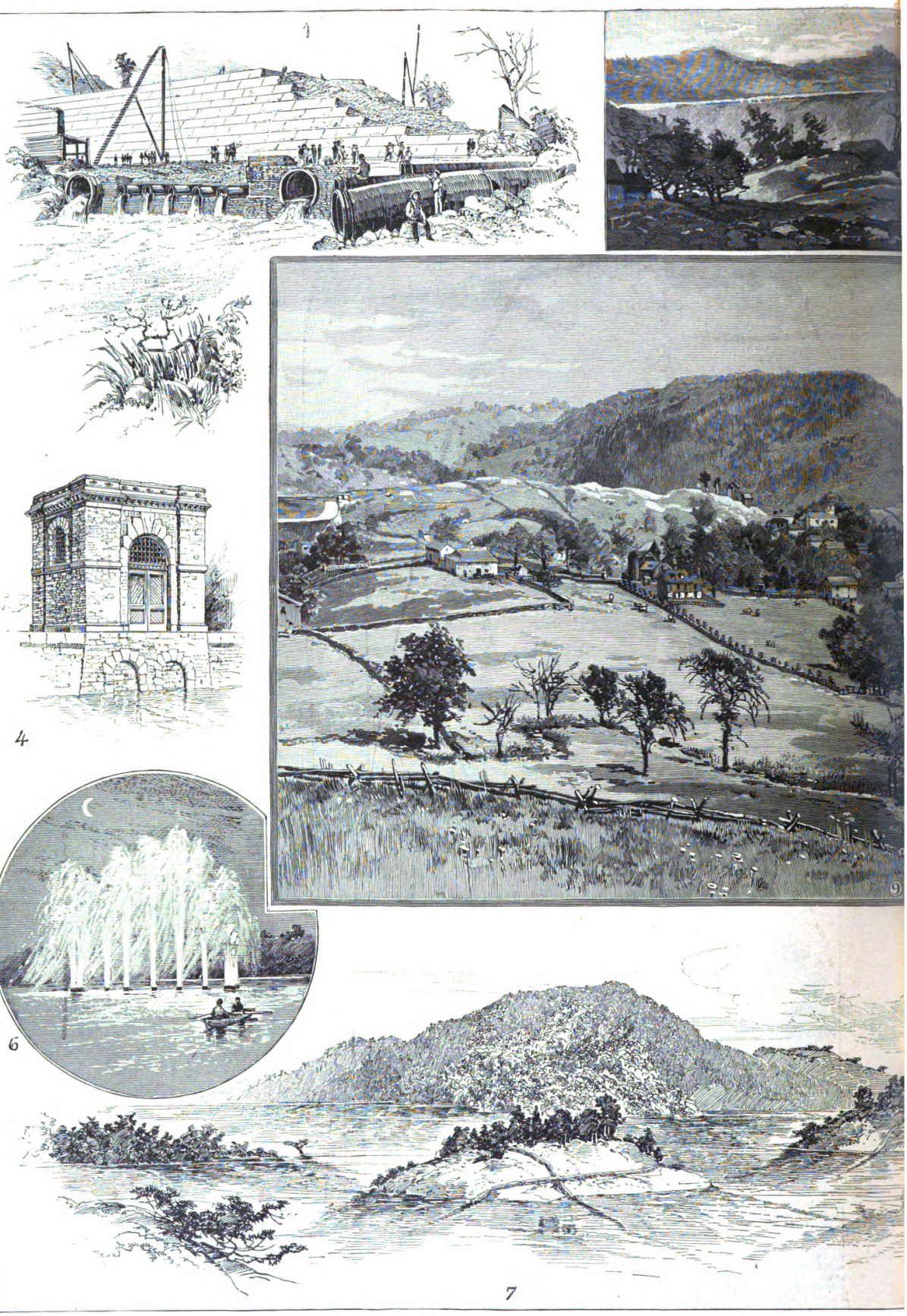
It has been stated that storage reservoirs especially needed in making available this wa supply, on account of the great variation in flow, which fluctuates from 10,000,000 gallon day to more than 7,000,000,000 gallons in a fre et. The projectors of the great Quaker Bri Dam determined that expediency demanded immediate construction of the work, becaus would give to the city a minimum of 250,000,(gallons a day, while, so they contended, the n imum of the storage reservoirs without the la dam would furnish a minimum of 175,000,(gallons. The plan was changed, because it essential, in the opinion of the present comr sioners, that the city's supply of water should increased before the Quaker Bridge Dam, or dam below the present Croton Dam, could be ished. Therefore the commissioners have pus the work on the Sodom Reservoir, which is il trated in the accompanying drawings.

The principal dam of this work is situated n Brewster's Station, Putnam County, on the N York City and Northern and the Harlem railroa It is on the East Branch of the Croton Ri



SYSTEM OF PIPING UNDER VAULTS.

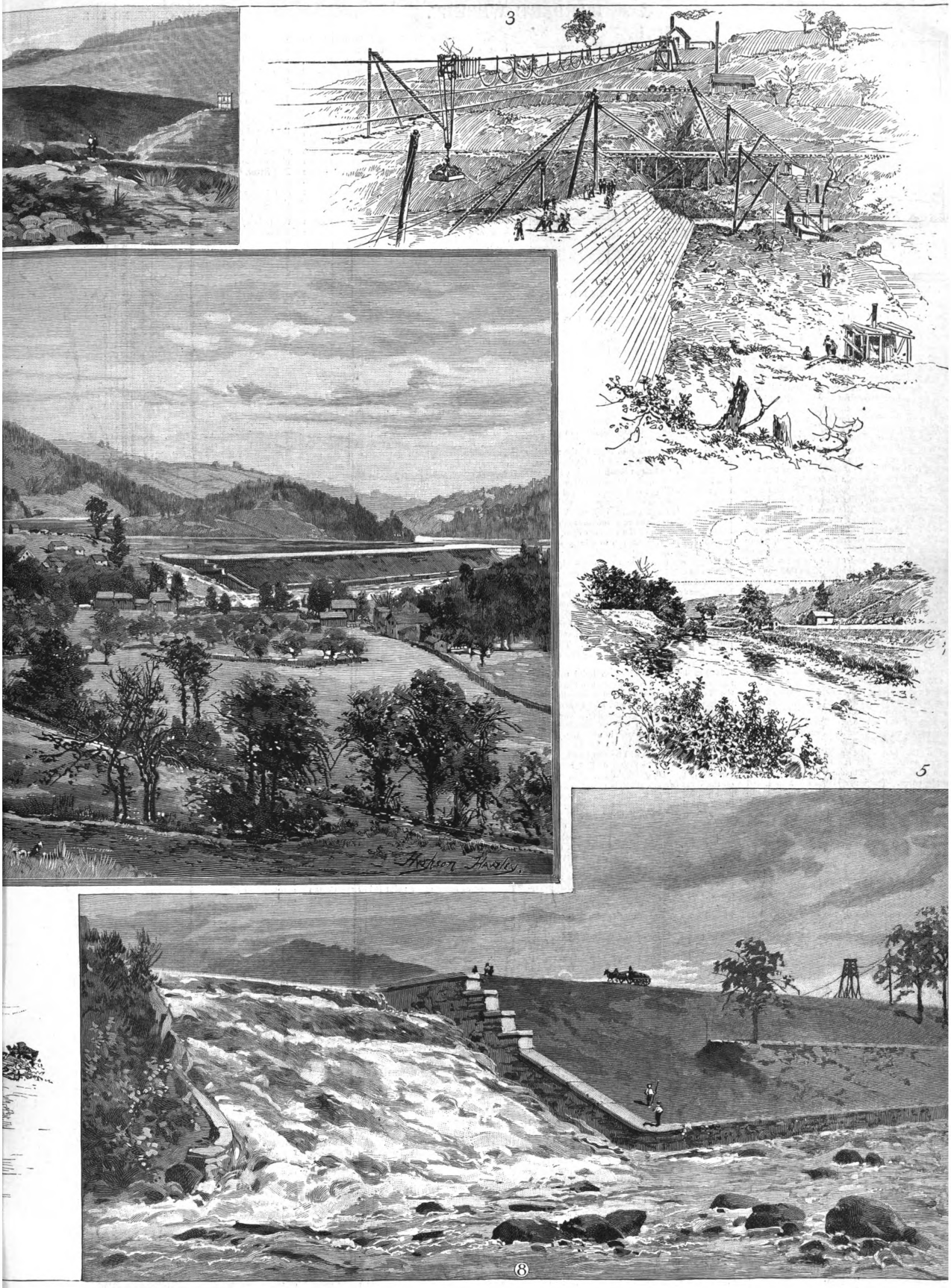
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SKETCHES ALONG THE LINE OF THE NEW

1. Masonry Dam in construction. 2. The Earth Dam, Upper Reservoir. 3. View of the Works, looking toward the New England Railroad. 4. A Gat
Lake when filled. 8. Spillway at the Lower Earth Dam. 9. A General View of th

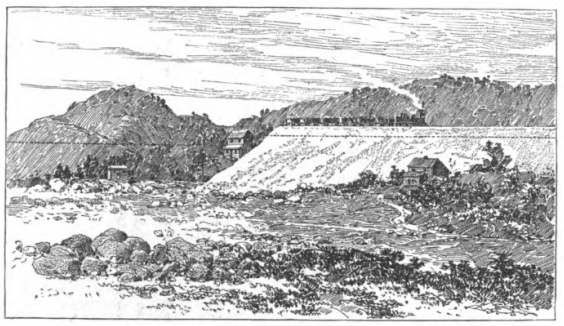
Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



N AQUEDUCT.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 994.]

on the Upper Dam. 5. The Croton River (East Branch), showing Water-Line. 6. Fountains to purify Water. 7. Joe's Mountain and Valley, showing height of showing Upper and Lower Dam, with the connecting Tunnel, now in process of being retunnelled.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE NEW VIADUCT FOR NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD, SHOWING WATER-LINE. ------.

There are two water-sheds. To the east of the water-shed of the Croton branch is the shed of Bug Brook and Everett's Brook. In this shed is Kishowana Lake, or Mud Pond, with an area of about 23½ acres. This lake is about a mile from the masonry dam, which will impound the waters of the East Branch.

The masonry dam is a very substantial structure, and is built across the river at a slight bend, so that its up-stream elevation makes a slight angle with the river. The height of the dam is 78 feet, and its length is 500 feet. The elevation of the crest of the dam is 415 feet above the tide, and of the driveway, 425 feet. This is higher than any other reservoir built or proposed, except that at Boyd's Corners, which is 600 feet high. But the reservoir is double, and its capacity is 9,000,000,000 gallons. The dam is of solid stone masonry, the faces handsomely finished with cut stone. The base is 47 feet thick, and is sunk 10 feet below the bottom of the river. For 40 feet the batter runs back on an even grade until it reaches the elevation of 387 feet, where the dam is 20 feet thick. There the direction of the batter changes, and at the elevation of 407 feet the dam is 13 feet thick. From this point to the top the line is perpendicular. The flood line is 419 feet, the flow line being, as already stated, 415.

Very nearly at right angles with this, and agreeing generally with the contour of the present mill-pond, is an earth dam with a rubble core, which is joined by the overfall at the head of the spillway. The rubble core rests upon hard-pan, and its base is bedded in selected material. The slopes of the overfall are 2 to 1. The earth dam is 425 feet high, and the overfall is 415. The spillway slopes away from this for about 200 feet to an elevation of 405 feet, and is then carried by a series of terraces to an elevation of 350 feet at the side of the river-bed. These terraces rest upon earth, clay, and hard-pan, each bench being supported by dry rubble-work.

The other part of the double reservoir is made by two earth dams, in the basin of which Mud Pond is the centre. The dams are of earth, with rubble cores. The inner slopes are 2 to 1, and the up-stream face is paved to an elevation of 410 feet. The other slopes are 2½ to 1. The rubble core of No. 1 is 10 feet wide at the base and 4 feet at the top. The crest of the dam is 25 feet broad. The core rests on hard-pan and compact ground. Dam No. 2 is smaller, but built in substantially the same manner. The core is from 4 to 2½ feet wide, and rests on clay and hard material.

These two earth dams make a reservoir very much larger than is necessary for the impounding of the waters of the small shed in which they are built, while the waters of the shed of the East Branch of the Croton demand a larger space than that which lies behind the masonry dam. The two reservoirs are therefore united by a connecting tunnel, by means of which the surplus waters impounded by the masonry dam when the reservoir is full are carried back into the reservoir made by the earth dams. Earth Dam No. 1, which faces northerly, bends to meet the tunnel, which runs westerly, and at its end is a gate-house, which admits or excludes the water into or from the reservoir. The tunnel is 10 feet in diameter, and its elevation is 380 feet. The capacity of this double reservoir has been already given. Its area is 449 acres, and it is 20½ miles from the Croton Reservoir.

The water impounded in this double reservoir is to be set free when there is such a drought as to materially reduce the supply at the Croton Dam. The land that will be overflowed by the released waters will very greatly increase the size of Croton Lake, while the reservoir will necessitate a change of location of public highways and part of the railroad track. The flood lines of the reservoir will include at the utmost 1471½ acres.

The water from behind the earth dams passes out when the gates at the centre of Dam No. 1 are opened. Water may be admitted to the gate-house by an inlet in the middle of the dam at an elevation of 389 feet. The toe of the slope is at an elevation of 365 feet. It passes out to the brook and river beds through two 36-inch pipes; but before it is finally sent to join the waters of Croton Lake it is aerated in a fountain. The fountain is a circular paved basin, in which the two pipes terminate after turning upward to permit the egress of the stream. The process of aerating is a sanitary measure, the theory being that the oxidization of the water destroys the noxious properties of dead and dying vegetable matter and whatever disease germs may have developed in the stream before and after its impounding. The water is revivified, as it were, after its long rest in the storage reservoir. After it leaves the fountain it is almost constantly in motion, and deleterious matter cannot so readily be propagated. Before the water reaches the fountain it passes through a stopcock vault, where the flow can be regulated or shut off. The stopcock is manipulated by hand, a wheel very closely resembling a railroad hand-brake being the instrument employed. The valve is in the pipe. The fall of the water admitted to the gate-house by the upper inlet is 24 feet.

The aerating fountain in front of the masonry dam on the East Branch of the Croton is very much larger than that at Earth Dam No. 1. There is a large circular basin, 80 feet in diameter, and this, and an oblong basin beyond, added for purpose of strength, are roughly paved with stone, and surrounded by a granite coping. The water is discharged from the reservoir through a gate-house in the centre of the masonry dam, through two 48-inch pipes, which run to a large stopcock vault. Immediately after entering this vault the two pipes are connected by a cross pipe, from which run five 12-inch pipes. This cross pipe is governed at each end by such a stopcock as has been already described. The stopcocks governing the 48-inch pipe are nearer the other end of the vault. The water is carried from the vault to the fountain by the seven pipes, and from there it passes on to the bed of the river, having been purified in the aerating fountain. The gate-house in the masonry dam is a very fine example of stone-work.

It has been determined to build two other reservoirs—one at Titicus River, and the other on the West Branch of the Croton River—the latter northeast of Lake Mahopac, and adjoining the present reservoir at Lake Glenaida. The Titicus River Reservoir, which will be completed next after the Sodom Reservoir, is near the junction of the stream from which it takes its name and the Croton River. It will be 100 feet high, 1200 feet long, with an elevation of 325 feet, and a capacity of 6,000,000,000 gallons. The reservoir on the West Branch, which is to be the third, will have a capacity of 9,000,000,000 gallons. The three will therefore have storage room for 24,000,000,000 gallons of water.

In addition to these the Department of Public Works is building a reservoir with a capacity of 7,000,000,000 gallons at the junction of the Muscoot and Croton rivers. This and Quaker Bridge Dam would add a capacity of nearly 40,000,000,000 gallons, about ten times as much as the committee of 1883 thought to be immediately required. If all these contemplated dams and reservoirs are established, there will be in the Croton water-shed a storage capacity of 69,700,000,000 gallons.

The proposed site of the Quaker Bridge Dam is near the mouth of the Croton River. The reservoir formed by it would be immense. It would cover an area of 3635 acres. The Croton Lake would then be many times larger than it is now. Indeed, the lake which would be formed in front of the present Croton Dam, and between it and the Quaker Bridge Dam, would contain more than ten times the amount of water now impounded. The building of the dam would make available an area of water-shed beyond what can possibly be at the service of the city with the present means—equal to twenty-three square miles. The lake back of the present Croton Dam would be at least six times larger than it is should the Quaker Bridge Dam be built. This new body of water would flow into the valley at Huntersville; it would widen the lower part of the Muscoot; it would spread down to Cantatoe Corners; and it would extend as far as Croton Falls in a northerly direction. A dam will be built between the Croton Dam and the mouth of the river. Whether at Quaker Bridge or at some other point it will enormously increase the lake from which the two aqueducts will carry water into the city.

The present Croton Dam impounds 2,000,000,000 gallons of water. It is 50 feet high, and at an elevation of 167 feet above the tide. The bed of the river falls away from the toe of this dam, at first gradually, and then abruptly, so that the height of the Quaker Bridge Dam, from the river-bottom to a point which would be intersected by a straight line drawn from the crest of the Croton Dam, would be 131 feet. In other words, the up-stream face of the proposed dam would be eighty feet higher than that of the present dam if its crest were to be of the same elevation above the tide. The distance between the two dams would be greater than the present extent of the Croton Lake, and if the body of water now impounded, 2,000,000,000 gallons, were represented by a parallelogram, and if the lines of the parallelogram should be continued to the proposed Quaker Bridge Dam, that part of them between the two dams would include 6,739,599,800 gallons. Beneath this there would be a body of 6,377,935,000 gallons, while above it would be 20,760,400,200 gallons, all of which would be over the top of Croton Dam, and would back up a long distance behind the proposed Muscoot Dam. This last dam is not to be confounded with the storage reservoir on the Muscoot, which the Department of Public Works is making independently of the Aqueduct Commission. The commission's Muscoot Dam will be very near the junction of the Muscoot and Croton rivers, and will be entirely for sanitary purposes. It will be about five miles from the Croton Dam, and its crest will be on a level with the flood line of the lake which will be made by the new Quaker Bridge Dam. Behind it will be a body of water which will not escape whenever the water is drawn off at the great dam below. It is for the purpose of retaining this water, and preventing the exposure of the flats which will be covered when the lake is full, that the Muscoot Dam will be built. The exposure of the flats, it is thought, would occasion a great deal of malarial disease, and therefore it is proposed that whenever a dam is built that will cover the flats with water, to take precautions against their future exposure.

All these dams at the mouth of the river, which will be built for the purpose of increasing the lake at the inlets of the aqueduct, are projects of the future.

Provision has been made for conducting through the conduit the water from this new lake, which is to be kept full by means of the storage reservoirs, like the reservoir at Sodom, even in dry seasons. The great gate-house of the new aqueduct is at the present Croton Dam. There are two other gate-houses for controlling and regulating the flow of water through the tunnel—one at the head of the pipe line, at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, and the other at the terminus at the Central Park Reservoir.

The water will be admitted to the two aqueducts and its flow regulated by the opening or closing of the gates in the gate-house at Croton Dam. There are four inlets to this house, and by the manipulation of its gates water may be sent through both the aqueducts from either or all these inlets, or it may be entirely shut off. The inlets are the by-pass, which is situated above the Croton Dam, and above the inlet to the present gate-house. The other inlets are below the old dam. The three inlets below the dam are intended to take the water from the surface, the middle, and the bottom of the lake. The by-pass inlet is for the purpose of taking the water from the prism of water lying directly behind the Croton Dam. At present the water is carried to the old aqueduct through a gate-house that is very much smaller than the new one, situated just below the latter, on the bank of the river. With the by-pass inlet the water of the present lake can be sent through both aqueducts. The commissioners have therefore accomplished this: they have pressed forward the work on the storage reservoirs so that there is a near prospect of such a constant quantity of water that the Croton Dam will be always supplied with all the water that it can impound, and they have made provision for the easy transmission of this water to the city through both the aqueducts, thus relieving the old conduit from the too serious task which is now imposed upon it of carrying the whole of the daily water supply of the city, when prudence demands that the limit should be 75,000,000 gallons. The by-pass, therefore, is the one inlet of immediate importance, for the others will not be available until a dam is built either at Quaker Bridge or at some other point below the Croton Dam.

The water of the by-pass and surface inlets will enter the easterly side of the gate-house. Thence it will flow through a series of chambers which have masonry walls, and which communicate with one another by series of gates. These chambers finally open into the two aqueducts: into the new aqueduct on the same side as that on which the by-pass and surface inlets enter. The other is on the northwesterly corner, the old aqueduct, as has been explained, starting off from the lake in a westerly direction. The water from both these passes enters directly into a small chamber, the walls of which are of extra thickness. Out of this it rushes into two larger chambers, the walls of which are slighter. Adjoining these are two other chambers, the same in size and form, and into them, besides the water already in the gate-house from the by-pass or the surface inlet, comes that from the middle and bottom inlets, which are one above the other. This body of water passes out of these two chambers, either through a single chamber into the old aqueduct, or through a number of chambers out into the new aqueduct. The old aqueduct passes in front of the gate-house, from the west side of which a tunnel has been cut. The water, in going from the gate-house into either aqueduct, must pass through two series of gates, the closing of either one of which would cut off the water supply of the city.

The water may be admitted to the gate-house from one or all the inlets. That which has been selected for transmission to the city, having swirled through the gate-house, enters into one or the other of the tunnels, and begins its travels. If it enter the new tunnel, it will proceed in almost a straight line to the reservoir at Central Park. If the line be all right, it will run along under the hills, the swamps, the rivers, down deep under the Harlem, through the great gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, to the reservoir, from which it is to be distributed to the consumers. It is rarely that the course of the water will be interrupted, but there are times when its flow must be stopped. It may be that repairs will be needed at some part of the line, or that the time will come for the cleaning of the aqueduct, or that for some other reason the pipes ought to be emptied between two points. In order to carry off the surplus water and empty the aqueduct, a number of waste weirs and blow-offs have been built at points where the water in the tunnel can be diverted.

The first blow-off is at the Pocantico River, near Tarrytown, 9½ miles south from the beginning of the conduit. The second is at the Saw-Mill River, 6½ miles further south. The third is at Tibbet's Brook, 5½ miles further. The fourth and fifth are at the two shafts at the Harlem River. When the water is turned off at these blow-offs, it will run out of the aqueduct into the beds of streams which empty into the Hudson and Harlem rivers. After the water passes One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, and is in the pipe line, it will encounter a blow-off at One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street, the lowest point in Manhattan Valley, and by that blow-off it will be conveyed into a sewer.

The superstructures of these blow-offs are of good stone masonry. The aqueduct passes through the shaft. At right angles with the conduit is a culvert, or pipe, which leads to the stream's bed. Gates intervene between the aqueduct tunnel and the culvert, which will be opened when it is necessary to send the water through the blow-off. When this is to be done, the gates at the Croton Dam will be closed, and the supply of water to the aqueduct will be cut off. The water that remains in the tunnel will pass out into the bed of the Pocantico or Saw-Mill rivers, and thence into the Hudson at Sing Sing or Yonkers, or by Tibbet's Brook, or the fourth and fifth blow-offs into the Harlem. The whole aqueduct will thus be emptied.

Sometimes it may be desirable to empty only a single section, or that part of the aqueduct which lies between two blow-offs. Suppose, for example, it was desired to empty the tunnel between the Pocantico and the Saw-Mill. In a pier and sides of the blow-off are slots intended for the reception of planks, the pier being in the centre of the tunnel. The planks being dropped into place, a dam is formed across the aqueduct. In the case which has been supposed, the aqueduct at the Pocantico gate-house would be dammed, and the water below it would flow out of the opened gates of the Saw-Mill River blow-off. In this way the section would be emptied. Between the gate-houses will be the manholes and shafts by which the workmen will gain admission to the tunnel.

Soon after passing under the Harlem River the water enters the gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, which is a very handsome and important structure. At the corner of Convent Avenue and One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street is an octagonal tower rising a story higher than the main building. In this is the vault of the new aqueduct, the old and the new crossing once more at this point. The projection of the building toward Tenth Avenue contains the vault of the old aqueduct. This projection, or wing, is separated from the main building by a very heavy wall of masonry, in which, however, there are openings, so that the water from the old aqueduct may leave the gate-house by either of the two outlets which are about to be described. The chamber next to the vaults, and into which the water of the new aqueduct will pass immediately, is very large, and is paved with stone. Out of it runs the proposed new pipe line, which consists at first of eight iron pipes, each pipe being 48 inches in diameter. The pipes are governed by such stopcocks as have already been described. Out of the smaller chamber of the projection, into which the water from the old aqueduct will enter, there passes another line of pipes—four 48-inch—and these connect with the existing line on Tenth Avenue, where the gate-house of the old aqueduct is situated.

The new gate-house is at the north side of Manhattan Valley, the lowest dip of which is at Manhattan Street, between One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth and One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth streets. The pipe line falls in this distance from a line grade of about 87 to a line grade of a little less than 16. From this point onward it rises again to a line grade of 85. Between One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth and Manhattan streets there will be the blow-off and stopcock vaults which have already been spoken of, and here will be the sewer into which the waste water is to be poured whenever the pipes from the One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street gate-house are emptied. At this point two of the eight pipes are dropped, or, rather, carried off to distribute water on lateral lines, and only six pipes compose the line as it proceeds on its further way to the Central Park Reservoir. The line passes along Convent Avenue to One-hundred-and-twenty-seventh Street, along Morningside Avenue to One-hundred-and-sixth Street, along One-hundred-and-sixth Street to Eighth Avenue. A pipe will be diverted at a stopcock vault at One-hundred-and-tenth Street, where future connections will be made, and still another pipe goes off at One-hundred-and-first Street, so that only four pipes enter Central Park at Ninety-seventh Street, through which and Central Park they make their way to the distributing reservoir.

The gate-house at the Central Park Reservoir is a much smaller structure than the building at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street. Its superstructure is another bit of the substantial stone-work which is characteristic of all the buildings of the new water-works. It rests on a ground foundation of rubble, puddle wall, and compact earth, and the flow of water into the distributing reservoir is regulated by a system of gates and stopcocks.

When this reservoir is full the level of the

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

water is nearly 119 feet, there being a fall of more than 10 feet from the gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street to the Central Park Reservoir, and a fall of 49 feet from the maximum level of Croton Lake.

Some interesting figures are given in a pamphlet published by the Engineer's Department of the Aqueduct Commission, which may aid the reader in reaching a conclusion as to the magnitude of the work. The maximum inward pressure on the aqueduct under Harlem River when empty is 128.74 pounds to the square inch. The maximum pressure when the aqueduct is full is 85.29 pounds to the square inch. It is estimated by the engineers that 312,258 cubic yards of brick were laid in the new aqueduct. This is about 163,000,000 of brick, which would build 35 structures like the Tribune building. The area of the inside surface of the aqueduct from the Croton Lake to One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street gate-house is about 163 acres. It is stated that the material excavated with the masonry would be sufficient to build a wall 10 feet thick and 55 feet high around Manhattan Island. This wall would be 30 miles in length on the water-front. The amount of dynamite used in blasting, not counting what was used in sinking the shafts, was more than 5,800,000 pounds. The flowing capacity of the aqueduct, 318,000,000 gallons per 24 hours, is equivalent to a stream 50 feet wide and 10 feet deep flowing 59.1 feet per minute. These are enormous figures; in fact, all the figures connected with this stupendous work are so large that they cannot convey an accurate idea. It is sufficient to know that a great stream of water will flow from the new lake, through the old and the new aqueducts, sufficient for the uses of the city when it is several times larger than it is to-day.

The connection of the Mayor and Comptroller of the city with the commission was restored in 1888, when the commission was entirely reorganized. The power of appointing the commissioners was given to the Mayor at the same time, and the work was pressed with more energy and effectiveness after the control of the State had been taken away. The act of reorganization was passed at a special session of the Legislature, and in pursuance of it the commission was constituted as follows: Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, Commissioner of Public Works John Newton, Comptroller Theodore W. Myers. These three were commissioners *ex officio*. The following were appointed by Mayor Hewitt: General James C. Duane, John J. Tucker, Francis M. Scott, and Walter Howe. Two ex-chiefs of engineers of the United States Army, Generals Newton and Duane, were in the new commission, while Mr. Scott's long service in the office of the Corporation Counsel had made him an authority on the laws governing and affecting the municipality.

In November, 1888, D. Lowber Smith succeeded General John Newton, who then resigned the office of Commissioner of Public Works. On January 1, 1889, Mayor Hewitt was succeeded by Mayor Hugh J. Grant; and on May 1st of the same year Thomas F. Gilroy became Commissioner of Public Works in place of D. Lowber Smith.

On November 2, 1888, B. S. Church, who had been Chief Engineer since the first organization of the committee, resigned. He was succeeded by Alphonse Fteley, who had been Consulting Engineer, and who continues to be Chief Engineer, the Engineer Staff being as follows: Alphonse Fteley, Chief Engineer; George S. Rice, Deputy Chief Engineer; Charles S. Gowen, Alfred Craven, Edward Weyman, Jun., and Charles Burbank, District Engineers. Mr. Church was appointed Consulting Engineer, but the office was abolished last July.

Under the present commissioners the expenses of the work have been as follows:

EXPENDITURES OF THE AQUEDUCT COMMISSION TO THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1889:

Commissioners' Office, salaries, etc....	$255,536 26
Chief Engineer's Office.....	325,503 17
Tarrytown Office.....	122,989 67
Division Engineers.....	941,857 65
Croton Lake Survey	38,098 56
New Reservoir Survey.....	10,118 88
Sodom Dam Survey	7,305 50
Principal Assistant Engineer, New York Office	157 91

Other incidental expenses, including nearly $50,000 for land and land damages, made the total expenditures on behalf of the commissioners and their engineers, $1,884,182 79. The amount paid out on the contracts was $16,929,666 72. In addition, there was paid for work done by agreement, $196,919 45. There was paid for land damages in New York city and in Westchester and Putnam counties $1,054,820 12; the total expenditures up to the beginning of the present year being $20,065,589 87.

To meet this, additional water stock has been sold to the amount of $19,945,000, the premium being $580,488 70. There was also a few thousand dollars credited to "Additional Water Fund 'Miscellaneous,'" leaving a balance of $463,415 83 in the hands of the Comptroller.

How much more this great work is to cost the city is impossible to tell. Commissioner Hubert O. Thompson's estimate in 1883 has been greatly exceeded. The total expenditure on the dam, reservoirs, and aqueduct was to be $14,460,640. Of this, the sum of $4,000,000 was to be for the dam at Quaker Bridge and the storage reservoirs, and $250,000 were for gate-houses at Manhattan Valley and the Central Park Reservoir. This would leave $10,210,640 for the aqueduct. As a matter of fact, very little of the $17,126,587 expended in pursuance of contracts and agreements has been devoted to any purpose except the building of the aqueduct, while the dam and the reservoirs remain to be built. There is another year's work on the Sodom Dam, which is the one nearest completion. There are no data from which to judge the cost of the work yet to be done, because the exact character of that work has yet to be determined upon.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

I

In time of war there is a great gain in popular support if hatred of the enemy can be made general and fanatical. To render this hatred most intense, and so most effective, it should be made personal. Beginning with slight enmity on the part of the North, four years of fierce and exhausting warfare not only increased Northern love of the Union, but so saturated the Northern mind with the intensest hatred of its foes that a quarter of a century of peace has not sufficed to remove it. Jefferson Davis was the centre of attack, the very focus of all the Unionist hate. During the war-time and for years thereafter Northern children associated him in their thoughts with Satan, and entertained similar feelings toward him, with the friendly chances in the favor of Satan. To doubt that he was a monster was worse than heresy—was almost a crime; while at the same time he was the popular idol of the South, the embodiment of their lost cause, and to him was paid the full measure of Southern devotion and affection. How largely prejudices born of the time entered into these extreme estimates, no person who fully shared in the feelings of that period can impartially determine. That generation must mainly continue to believe the lesson so thoroughly learnt long ago; but, now that he is dead, the new generation has the right, the duty, as well as the opportunity, of reviewing Davis's career objectively, and forming an opinion from historical facts, just as if he were a character of Italian civilization of two hundred years ago.

Certainly his life had its share of violent and picturesque contrasts. Born in Kentucky in 1808, reared in Mississippi, he began a classical education at Transylvania University, Kentucky; but he soon abandoned it for the military training of West Point, where he was graduated at the age of twenty. Then for seven years he was a dashing young officer—first of infantry, then of dragoons—roaming the frontier and fighting the Indians. Although the profession of arms was full of promise for him, he suddenly abandoned it, eloped with the daughter of the then Colonel Zachary Taylor, and withdrew to a plantation near Vicksburg, where he spent eight years raising cotton and reading books. In 1843 he began to take an active interest in politics; the next year he was a Presidential elector on the Polk and Dallas ticket, and attracted attention by his eloquent speeches, and soon was sent to the House of Representatives.

He was just rising into prominence in Congress when, in June, 1846, the First Mississippi Volunteer Rifles chose him as their Colonel. He withdrew from the war of words to re-enforce General Taylor on the Rio Grande, and soon was leading his troops in a most daring charge at Monterey. At Buena Vista, too, he displayed great coolness and valor, and, though severely wounded, held his ground against greatly superior numbers. Dame Fortune loves the picturesque, so she had Taylor forgive his son-in-law on the field of Buena Vista. Colonel Davis received great praise for his bravery in the war, was made a Brigadier-General by President Polk, but he declined the commission, on the ground that the right of appointment to a position in the militia constitutionally belonged to the respective States.

II.

Upon his return home he was sent to the United States Senate, where, in the debate on the compromise measures of 1850, he became one of the exponents of the most extreme Southern view of State rights. He maintained that the Constitution protected slave property, except where prohibited by State law, as completely as any other, and therefore that no act of Congress might restrict it in the District of Columbia, or exclude it from the Territories. When in this debate it was hinted that Davis was a secessionist, he sharply denied it, and added, "If I have a superstition, sir, which governs my mind and holds it captive, it is a superstitious reverence for the Union." Davis never deprecated a contest in consequence of his opinions. When his colleague, Henry S. Foote, became the Gubernatorial candidate of the compromise party, he resigned his seat in the Senate, and accepted the nomination of the opposition, the "resistance" party. Defeat by a small majority and two years of retirement were his reward.

But neither he nor Mississippi had forgotten Buena Vista; the recollection of it added to the influence of his eloquent speeches in the campaign of 1852, and when Franklin Pierce became President, he was given the portfolio of War. His mind was receptive, and his energy made him progressive. Many improvements were made in the management of the department, and the efficiency and extent of the military service were greatly enlarged.

In 1857 he was returned to the Senate. Although he took part in the debates on numerous questions, one thought seemed to be constantly in his mind—"How can we check or render harmless the growing hatred of slavery on the part of the North?" What he feared in 1850 had become an established fact in 1858. The compromise theories and expedients of Clay and Douglas had greatly undermined the defences of the South, while they gave time to the North to strengthen her own. Davis correctly regarded Douglas as the greatest political enemy of the South. A debate between them, running through several days, occurred in May, 1860, on the question of State rights and slavery in the Territories. Douglas's popular sovereignty was political legerdemain and essentially absurd. Cass, from whom he got his famous doctrine, held that sovereignty was inherent in the settlers of a Territory, Douglas said that they must first receive the consent of Congress before forming a government. Davis denied sovereignty in both cases, as Congress could give no more than the delegated power which it had received from the States, which alone were sovereign. He was at least logical. But the debate settled nothing; it merely convinced those who took part in it that words were futile, and that a crisis was impending.

Davis's part in this debate was the fruit of many years of painful meditation. It was his greatest effort in Congress, and on it must be based any claim that he was a debater of the first order. He had not the learning or the intellectual power of R. M. T. Hunter; Robert Toombs was vastly superior to him in the force of his declamation; Pierre Soulé was more concise in his reasoning, and more direct in his eloquence; but none of them were equal to Jefferson Davis in typical Senatorial bearing—his voice was clear, his gestures graceful, his rhetoric faultless, and his dignity never forgotten.

In the Charleston Convention of 1860 Davis was one of the prominent candidates for nomination. When Congress met in December, after the election of Lincoln, the leaders of the extreme Southern States had made up their minds that all but the last chance to save slavery had been squandered or compromised away. While Northern Democrats and the members from the Southern "border" States cried, 'Compromise!' 'Peace!" and the Northern and Southern radicals denounced one another, a few of the leaders like Davis planned and organized the Confederacy. Although he and his friends frequently claimed that he was anxious for a fair compromise, yet the logic of the situation forbade it, and it was belied by his action in debate and on the Senate Compromise Committee of thirteen. Strangely enough, the extremes met—Davis and Toombs, Wade and Collamer, voted together. As the crisis approached, Toombs, Clingman, Wigfall, and many others resorted to the most vulgar braggadocio. Whatever the cause may have been, Davis remained Senatorial. His vaunted honor was, however, seriously compromised by his remaining in the United States Senate, to gain a political advantage, for twelve days after Mississippi had seceded. But the speech which he delivered on the occasion of his withdrawal was remarkable in its courteous eloquence and shrewd tact.

III.

To portray accurately and fully, with its merits and defects, the statesmanship of Jefferson Davis, one needs the history of the Confederacy for a background. Our narrow limits permit the mention of only a few salient points.

Davis's ambition, his training, and his personal traits were military rather than political. His aim was generalship, not statesmanship, and he was first appointed Commander-in-chief of the Mississippi forces. But when the Montgomery Convention could unanimously agree on no one else for the Presidency, he accepted the election cheerfully, and the people ratified it enthusiastically. From the beginning of the secession movement he believed that a desperate war could not be averted. Therefore, in his early state papers he aimed to put the cause of the South on the basis of morality and freedom, and then to make clear the necessity of defending the stand taken, without any thought of reconsideration. Considering merely the literary execution of Davis's state papers and speeches, their object and effect on the Southern people, some of them may fairly be claimed to rank with the best of those of Lincoln, excepting always the Gettysburg address. It is worth mentioning in passing that in his first inaugural address occurred the phrase, "All offices are but trusts held for the people."

The Southern politicians had a mania for military positions. In the hope of forcing attendance on legislative duties, Confederate law forbade any person to be both soldier and legislator at the same time. But the best brains of the South chose the field. Davis was, consequently, left with a weak cabinet and an incapable Congress. The South, more than the North, needed vigor and harmony in military, legislative, and executive action. Daniels, in the Richmond *Examiner* of May 8, 1861, exclaimed: "No power in Executive hands can be too great, no discretion too absolute, at such moments as these. We need a dictator. Let lawyers talk when the world has time to hear them." *Ex officio*, Davis answered this demand. As dictator, in fact, he originated many of the bills which Congress perfunctorily passed, and directed the whole executive and administrative machinery of the Confederacy. When besought to make peace, he replied, "We are fighting for slavery; we are fighting for independence, and that or extermination we will have." When Northern courts undertook to treat the sailors of Confederate privateers as pirates, Davis forced the abandonment of the position by declaring his intention of executing a similar number of Federal prisoners to avenge the injustice. He compelled the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents.

But President Davis did not long remain free from the faults and errors to which dictators are so often subject. He had his favorites, putting the unfit in high position; his spites, like Bismarck, placing the most able men in the background; he indulged his vanity, and in certain important instances violated his own favorite theories; he was too often silent and evasive when he ought to have spoken frankly. He was a typical dictator, and, we are bound to believe, a sincere one. We are unable to find evidence showing that either his failings were more than ordinary, or that the best interests of the Confederacy were not his chief aim. His precious theory of State rights and the divine right of property in man was only at last thrown overboard in the hope of keeping the sinking ship a little longer afloat.

As Davis was the head and front of the Confederacy, it was natural that its and his enemies at home should be identical. The opposition to Davis was inconsiderable until the Confederacy was split in two by the Federal victories along the Mississippi. The conscriptions and impressment, which were among the last resources of defence, brought sorrow or suffering to almost every family. When, in addition to this, certain vast territories were left almost entirely without protection—as was the case with a large part of Georgia—it was not strange that men like Governor Brown felt compelled to protest. Then, too, during the third and fourth years of the war, many, like the gentle-souled Stephens, awoke to the horrible results of secession, and opposed Davis as the greatest obstacle to peace. From good and bad motives, many now assailed the President. One of his most able and bitter critics was the editor of the *Examiner*, who had so loudly called for a dictator. To hold Davis responsible for the financial and military disasters of the Confederacy is to say that the blockade, Seward's diplomacy, and Grant's sledge-hammer were of small consequence. Did not Lincoln have formidable opposition? Had he not enemies even among sincere Republicans?

Davis's supposed direct complicity in the starvation of Federal soldiers has been the chief cause of his being so intensely hated personally throughout the North. The facts of the case have never been fairly presented. Until that shall be done, sincere people cannot afford to assume that he was a monster. We may, however, believe with certainty that where there was attended inhumanity, the Commissary-General, Northrop, was the criminal, and that Davis was blameworthy because Northrop was not dismissed. On the other hand, it should be remembered that had there been no evil intent anywhere, there would still have been suffering on the part of the prisoners, for during the last two years of the war Confederate resources were so limited that thousands upon thousands of their soldiers in the ranks went ragged, shoeless, and less than half fed. At all events, the evidence of Davis's guilt was not deemed sufficient to warrant an attempt to punish him on that ground.

Next to the indomitable courage and hopefulness of the hungry and half-naked Confederate soldier, was that of his dictator's—Davis—confidence in the ultimate success of the Confederacy; and his ability to excite a similar feeling in the breasts of those about him only ceased with his capture. He was a most skilful politician; he made every impulse and sentiment of the Southern nature serve the Confederacy; he engendered the most bitter hatred of "Yankees"; appointed days of prayer and fasting to touch the hearts of the pious; he addressed and encouraged female aid societies; men and women of every age and condition were appealed to on some special ground. Speaking of the inspiration received from Davis's appeals, a Frenchman has wittily said, "*On se laissait aller à croire à la résurrection du cadavre.*" But for his dauntless spirit, the more timid and likewise more moral ideas of Stephens would have allowed the Confederacy to prove a failure much earlier. What could exceed the hopefulness of Davis's Danville proclamation, issued after he was driven out of Richmond, and when Lee's army was on the eve of surrender: "Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free!"

In general, Davis seems to us to have been a true impersonation of the people and the cause which he represented—eloquent and superficial; quick in perception, but uncertain in judgment; putting grandeur in trifles, but treating a grand morality with contempt; courageous beyond measure, because unmindful of the danger and unrestrained by prudence.

IV.

The last quarter of a century of Davis's life was quite uneventful. Being left disfranchised, he never received or sought any political influence. He was kept in prison for two years, and then released without trial, because the government was afraid of establishing a bad precedent in case of non-conviction. After his release he visited Europe, was for some time president of a life-insurance company in Memphis, but his last years were spent on an estate in Mississippi, which a rich female admirer bequeathed to him.

In 1881 he published *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, in two large octavo volumes, in which he undertook to establish the constitutional right of secession, and to give the military and political history of the war. The work has some literary merits, as have nearly all of Davis's productions, but it is too superficial to have historical value. Having been the central figure of the Confederacy, and the one who best knew the secret springs, the currents and counter-currents of its politics, the world expected him to furnish new and important material. But the "History" is less a political history of the Confederacy than an exposition of Davis's theories long drawn out. As such, however, it is important to the student of Davis's intellectual traits.

The old South cherished an almost sacred affection for him to the last. When now and then on some festive occasion he emerged from his retirement, they received him with great enthusiasm. Until within the last few years his speeches at such times generally showed that he still held his former views of State rights. A certain class of Northern politicans always made the most of these utterances to fan the dying flame of prejudice. The moral question of rewards and punishments has now been settled. Only his political record remains. May that henceforth be left to the conscientious and impartial historian.

P. S.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



GENERAL DEODORO DA FONSECA, PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL.—[See Page 1004.



HON. GILBERT A. PIERCE, U. S. SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA.—From a Photograph by Barry, Bismarck.



HON. LYMAN R. CASEY, U. S. SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA.—From a Photograph by Barry, Bismarck.

THE NORTH DAKOTA SENATORS.

Of the two Senators just elected to represent the State of North Dakota in the Congress of the United States, Gilbert A. Pierce is by far the best known. Although still a young man, his journalistic work and his position as Governor of the Territory of Dakota have given him a large acquaintance throughout the Union. It was while he was a Chicago newspaper man, in 1883, that he first visited Dakota, as a member of a newspaper excursion to Yellowstone Park. He had long been interested in politics, and worked hard for President Arthur's renomination. Soon after the meeting of the Republican Convention Mr. Pierce was appointed Governor of Dakota, his term beginning July 2, 1884. He served until superseded by Louis K. Church, and was generally popular. Since the expiration of his term as Governor he has lived in Bismarck.

His nomination for Senator was made by acclamation, and the Legislature wished him to have the "long term"; but in the drawing at Washington Senator Pierce drew a two-year, and Senator Casey a four-year term.

Lyman R. Casey, the second Senator elected, was born at York, Livingston County, New York, in 1837. His family removed to Ypsilanti, Michigan, while he was still very young. He prepared for a course of study in the Michigan University, but never entered. While still a young man he went into business in the hardware firm of Tefft, Kellogg, & Casey, in Toledo, Ohio. The firm prospered, and in 1877 Mr. Casey went abroad, and spent five years in European travel and study.

In 1882 he settled in Carrington, Foster County, Dakota, on a farm which now contains 5000 acres. He is Secretary and General Manager of the Casey Carrington Land Company, a concern which owns or controls 100,000 acres of land, and whose capital is put at $500,000.

In person the new Senator is tall and slender, with blue eyes, a pale face, and a black mustache. He is an excellent impromptu speaker, and is generally popular in Dakota. He lives in Jamestown, and has a wife and three children.



THE LATE ELIAS P. NEEDHAM, OF NEW YORK. [See Page 1003.]



THE LATE SAMUEL WILKESON.—From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 1003.]

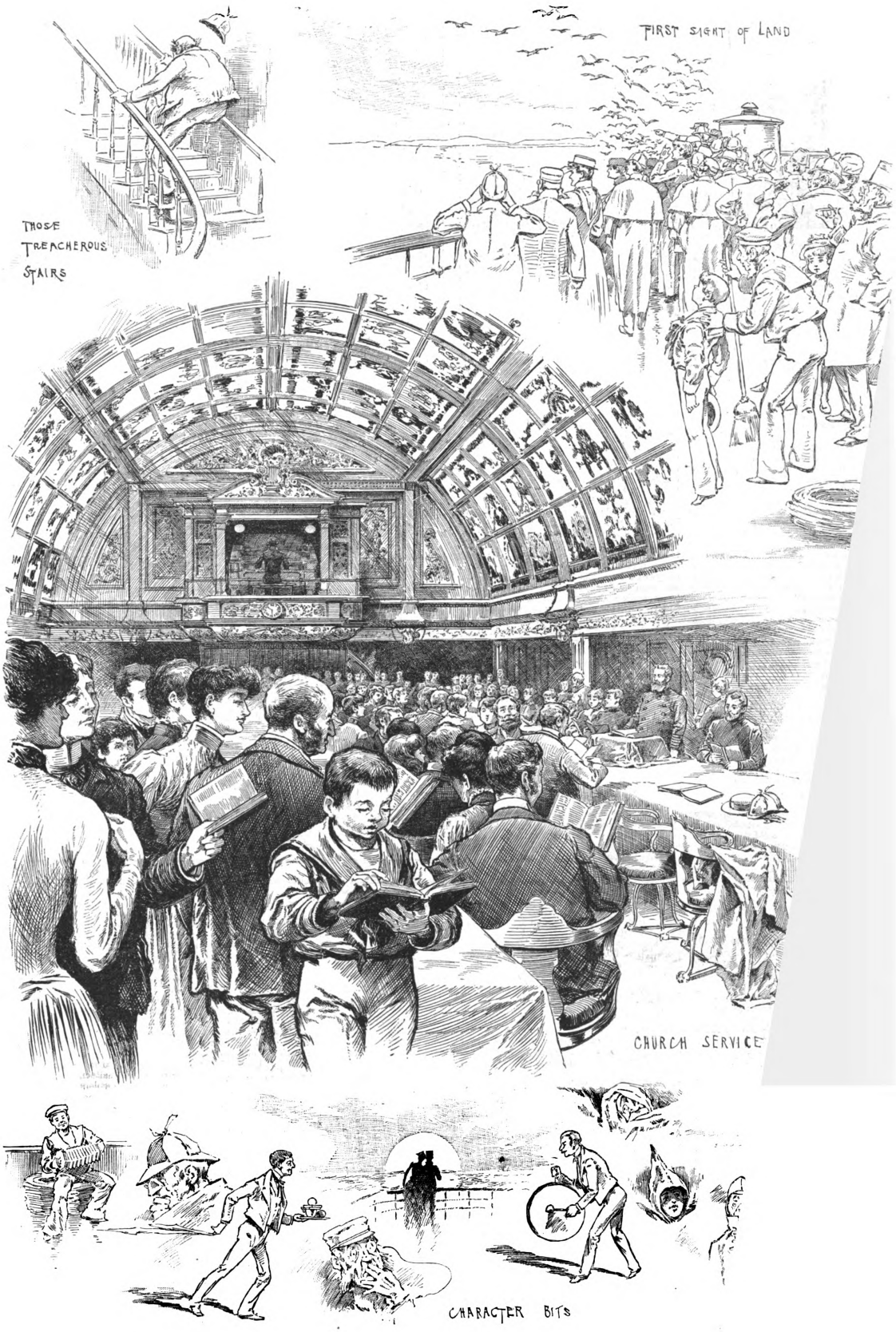


HON. THOMAS B. REED, OF MAINE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE 51ST CONGRESS.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 994.]



HON. DAVID J. BREWER, OF KANSAS, THE NEW ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.—[See Page 1004.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SKETCHES OF A TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.—Drawn by Bert Wilder.—[See Julian Ralph's "Novice at Sea," I

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A NOVICE AT SEA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

I BEGIN to suspect that few persons who have crossed the Atlantic will agree with what I am about to write concerning ocean voyaging. I derive this suspicion from the fact that each friend who has sounded my opinion disagrees with some part of it. The reason appears to be that no two ocean voyages are alike, either in the character of the weather or of the passengers, or in the behavior of the ship, or in its accommodations. This is so strictly the case that I do not myself more than half agree with what follows. I have since made the return voyage, and it was vastly different from this which I am about to describe. Nevertheless, my plain duty to the WEEKLY is to record my experiences from beginning to end, and if the end contradicts any part of the beginning, the fault is with fate and obdurate circumstances, and concerns me not in the least.

To begin with the heartache of the cluster of passengers on the ship as they wave adieus to their friends on the wharf, and then to take up the physical condition of at least six in ten of the same passengers from the moment the ship puts her persistent nose into the rough sea at Sandy Hook until she enters the Mersey on the other shore, if I were to write the most succinct characterization of the voyage as the great majority would bid me, I would sum it all in one word, "bore." It was a bore to the average man of intense life-long activity; a bore to the average woman, who held her physical well-being in most uncertain suspense from shore to shore; it was worse than a bore to all who lost that approach to equilibrium and were sick. Ours was what was called a seven-day ship, but it was for nearly nine days that she turned her unintermittent, quivering screw through the almost unchanging Sahara of water. There is always that elasticity in reckoning modern voyages. A seven-day ship makes a nearly nine-day voyage; a six-day ship, a nearly eight-day voyage; and so on up or down the scale: that is one statement with which no traveller will disagree. We do like to be humbugged, as Barnum says. The voyage to Europe begins when Sandy Hook disappears, hours after leaving New York. It ends when Fastnet is seen, off the Irish coast, nearly a full day before you set foot in England.

Not speaking for myself, but for the majority of semi-comatose, languid passengers, what a bore that screw was! What a bore did the everlasting, wave-ridden, wind-torn ocean soon become! What a bore it was to those who were ill and helpless not to dare to move from their steamer chairs except to go to bed, and to see those who were well and hear them boasting loudly of the pleasures of the voyage! What a dreadful bore it was to those who were hearty and inclined to be happy to discover day after day that almost the sole topic of the majority was sea-sickness and their wretchedness, their lost appetites, their medicines, their precautions, and their forebodings! I remember that one day even I was so tired of this all-absorbing topic that I left the upper deck and strolled down and forward to the second cabin. I heard only a part of a single conversation there, and I returned disconsolate to my companions of the first cabin. This was what I heard, the dialogue being between two women seated beside the engine room skylight or hatch:

"Are you sick at sea, Mrs. Sproat?"

"Awful, mem" (followed by a groan).

"I'm never."

"I always am, ever since I was hit on the head by flying plaster while they were blasting rocks near where I lived the first year of my marriage. At least, that's what my doctor says. He says it all arises from me head."

"How very misfortunate!"

"Ain't it? However, that's what he says. Now I want to ask you what do you think? Do you think the head arises from the stomach, or the stomach arises from the head? Because, though my doctor says that being hit on the head is what makes me so disturbent on the sea, I wouldn't have thought it. I always used to think the head arose from the—"

No wonder I fled. The talk below was the echo of that above. The whole ship-load was of one mind. But I should not have said that I fled, for who but a suicide can flee from a ship, except, as the old patent medicine notice used to say, "before and after taking"?

It is growing to be the custom to speak of the transatlantic flyers as "floating hotels," and on this vessel there was a man who went so far as to count the ten cooks, four bakers, three butchers, four stewardesses, and seventy-seven stewards or waiters, in order to compare the ship's staff with that of some big London hotel. But who would go to even the best hotel if it were the rule that no one could leave the premises for nine days? Who would go to such a hotel if it were founded on a perpetual earthquake, and kept rocking and tossing and plunging and rolling morning, noon, and night for the best part of a fortnight?

It stormed half the voyage, and during the other half we followed in the wake of a storm. Those old travellers who have crossed anywhere from ten to fifty times, and have tried almost every vessel, all declared that they never had been on so steady a ship as ours. Yet the cribs were on the tables all the way over, to keep the plates off the floor, and many a passenger did not once leave his or her state-room until the day we sighted Ireland. The old travellers said we were a stupid lot—we were mainly Western folk, making our first voyage—and that if we were all people of the Atlantic States and frequent travellers, there would have been plenty of fun and play and frolicking on board. But it was a noticeable fact that the old travellers were insufferably conceited and retiring and *blasé*, and the Eastern folk were of the sort that is best suggested by what one of them, a lady, remarked to me. "It is a horrid ship-load," said she. "The acquaintances one makes here we would not speak to on shore. Fortunately, on the other side, they will all go to second-class hotels and ride third-class on the railways, so that we shall never see them again."

All day long of every day the sea splashed its great disordered surface against the rolling ship, and every night it grew black and hissed louder than the whistling wind, so that it required steady nerves and a light heart to keep a passenger out of the cabins after nightfall. Day after day the barber threw himself on the bodies of his customers in order to roll with them, and thus render the performance of his work possible. The stairs became bewitched. Alternately they reared straight in the air like ladders, and then straightened out almost horizontally. The supply of ice ran out on the fourth day, and after that the list of edibles on the ship shrank with alarming and nauseating rapidity. There was a little set in the smoke-room that bore heroically whatever happened, that knew very little of what did happen, and that devoted itself to poker, whiskey, and cigars religiously from continent to continent. These also had a worn and threadbare topic, above or below which they seldom rose or fell. It was the subject of "tips." It was as tiring as the theme of the people on deck. Little did I dream that it was to be the reigning subject everywhere I went in Europe, or how keenly I was soon to be interested in it. It came to be generally understood that no one on board had paid for his passage. The money handed over to the ship-owners' agent in New York was merely for the right to board the ship and remain on her till she reached Europe. For all the minor requisites of the voyage: food, water, towels, bed-making, boot-blacking, care of our chairs—in short, for everything we were to have—we were to pay the ship's servants before leaving the vessel. We were to tip the room steward, the deck steward, the boy in charge of the smoking-room, the "boots," and the table steward. One old traveller was rudely treated by all the others for saying he never gave more than five shillings for a tip. That is a dollar and a quarter. Nearly all the old travellers said the rule was to give ten shillings to every one except the "boots," and to him two shillings. These sums were talked over every day by men of varying minds, until at last it was seen that eleven in each dozen were going to give ten-shilling tips. It turned out, however, that a few gave a pound to each of their servants, and one man gave his table steward five pounds.

I talked to my table steward, and this was one remark he made: "Well, sir, we depend on tips. We only get fifteen dollars a month. We always look over each man we wait on to see how much we think he will give, and we treat him accordingly. Sometimes we are wofully mistaken, and find we have been giving ten-shilling service to a five-shilling gentleman."

But this is all from the stand-point of the other passengers. For myself there was a more pleasant view of the voyage. The sea did not upset me; the long loaf was of the sort that Walt Whitman speaks of "inviting his soul" to participate in. Then, again, it was all so new. Though I had been many thousands of miles on shipboard, up and down the coast and out to the West Indies, it was almost as new to me as if I never had been on the ocean. The transatlantic voyage is like no other. The great numbers of passengers in each vessel, the subordination of every other interest to their comfort, and the ceaseless, uninterrupted progress of the ship, without a sight of land from her decks from beginning to end, make such a journey peculiar. For those who have not yet experienced it, a series as long as any the WEEKLY ever published could be written solely about the voyage. It is for such persons that I am writing, but I am urged on by the farther conviction that those who "know it all" will be quite as eager to read it—some from natural curiosity, and some from an equally natural desire to disagree with the author.

Among all the pretty features of the experience none was so picturesque or unexpected as the scene on the main-deck from early morning until late evening of every day. There the passengers were massed together on an almost compact huddle of sprawling steamer chairs. We carried about 500 first-cabin passengers, and about 400 of them endured the voyage by forming that open air throng. Many did not dare to go in-doors except for sleep at night, and quite as many were afraid to move at all, having found that they could hold their illness in suspense only so long as they kept quiet. But the scene was one never to be forgotten.

What might be called the spine of the great ship was formed by a line of low narrow buildings, and the deck projected beyond this twelve or fifteen feet on either side. Either to get the sun or to escape the wind, the greater number gathered on the right hand or southerly side, the one the sailors called the starboard side, if I am not mistaken. There they were all reclining, hundreds of them, bundled up from feet to chins, turning what they had thought of as a floating hotel into a flying hospital. It looked like a sanitarium for convalescents, and that is nearer to what it really was. There was very little movement among them, very little change in the scene from morning until night. The husbands who were not affected by the ship's motion threaded their ways to the chairs of their wives or daughters, now and then, to see if they could be of service; the young bachelors paid more frequent visits to the young girls, and the deck steward came still more often to serve food, to bring refreshing drinks, to execute commissions of many other sorts, and to tuck the ladies into their chairs whenever one changed her seat, or had summoned the courage to walk a little, or to go below and get another novel. A torpid, lethargic, pulseless congregation it was, without energy, interest, or pleasure. When a lady was asked to look in a certain direction that she might see a man whom she had been curious to have pointed out, she was apt to say: "Please excuse me. I am just feeling comfortable. I would spoil it if I turned my head." One interesting invalid remarked to a gentleman who was courting her: "Please go away. If you talk, my brain will move; and if any part of me moves, I'm lost." These are hints illustrative of the state of being of that company that had started so boastfully from every quarter of our country, attended by the envy and congratulations of their friends and families. One cruel man, who flaunted his health—for whoever is well on a rough voyage is thought to flaunt his health—called this congregation "the unburied dead" and "the overground cemetery." Even when the rain poured upon the deck the great majority kept their seats. On one day tons of water leaped over the deck-houses and fell in heavy spray upon the people without moving them.

But they formed an interesting picture, stretched out on the long, treble-jointed chairs, mummified in various-colored lap-robes, and all in caps, both sexes alike. There were merry-hearted ones among them, whose ebullient spirits Neptune might modify, but nothing could quench, and these sent out rippling laughter and low snatches of song, and sallies of that wit and humor with which our country men and women savor the whole lump of mankind.

Of all the species of man the ocean has developed, none is so unique as the deck steward. Captains differ. Ships' doctors only interest one by their unanimous insignificance. We went out with the captain typified by romance, who growled at the passengers, but was accustomed to stand on the bridge until he had to have his boots cut from his swollen feet. You could not talk to him, but you could turn in o' nights and sleep with the confident assurance of a baby in a cradle. We came back with a captain who played poker in the smoke-room all day, and sang ditties to his mistress's coral lips in the grand saloon at night. He was pleasant, but I got the idea that he was the only able-bodied man aboard who did not feel obliged to "look out" when the weather was foggy or threatening or the nights grew dark.

But the deck steward of a transatlantic "liner," who waits upon hundreds of ladies and gives them all satisfaction, is a creature unlike any one on land. It is a pleasure to see the self-possession and confidence with which he ministers to the fair sex. He arouses the envy of the dandies and the admiration of married men. Having to wrap the ladies in their robes as a regular and constant duty, he does it with a thoroughness and display of experience wonderful to behold. He grasps the fair one's skirts in the region of her ankles, lifts the weight as if it were not the most sacred and gingerly privilege but an ordinary function, and wraps the robe around her limbs as if he were doing up a bundle of clothing. It makes no difference to him whether the lady is a haughty granddame, a buxom matron, or an ethereal belle who holds the rest of mankind in awe and slavery. Each takes her turn, and all are the same to him. It surprises the ladies who are making their first journey, and no number of journeys makes the experience commonplace, yet it occurred to me that the deck steward's freedom only accentuates the artificiality of the relations of the sexes. The deck steward is superior to the general masculine weakness in this respect; but, mind you, he succeeds only because the ladies regard him, not as above it, but beneath it.

We meet other new conditions on shipboard, and one that I did not get used to on that first voyage was the custom of leaving the state-room doors open all day. It had to be, possibly, to provide ventilation, but the result was that as I rolled to and fro along the narrow passages, bumping from wall to wall, like a marble on a bagatelle board, I could not help catching glimpses of dark tresses upon the pillows and pink elbows peeping over the counterpanes in the berths. And when the stewardesses were asking how the fair sufferers felt, I could not help hearing such replies as this: "Oh, stewardess, I'm feeling very badly. I really can't eat any dinner. You need bring me only some cake and preserves, or ice-cream."

On one day the ship's bell swung to and fro with even, stately movement, sounding two strokes and then pausing, two strokes and then pausing, over and over again. It was Sunday, and this was the call to church. At sea the resting of a bird on one of the ship's masts causes a sensation, and the man who merely says that he saw a shark's fin or the spouting of a whale is eyed with interest by all on board. Fancy, then, the effect of the church bell and the prospect of church. The service was held in the grand saloon (which is to say, the dining-room), the captain officiating by reading the Episcopal service, and the purser having charge of the music. The great room was more than half filled, and we noticed that many of the ladies had put on "shore clothes" on purpose for the service. The captain made a fine picture, standing while all the rest were seated, resplendent with gold-lace and manly to a degree. He read the service so clearly and reverentially that many said afterward they were never more impressed by a religious ceremonial. As for the music—led by the organ and swelled by all our voices—it was delicious.

Few persons are able to read aboard ship. The condition of idleness amounts almost to lethargy. It is strongest in the invalids; but even the able-bodied share it. Conversation sometimes proceeds from high altitudes of mental activity, because it is only physical exertion that one objects to. However, a typical first-cabin conversation is apt to be broken, incoherent, and lazy. There were three persons in whom I was especially interested on this trip, and all were seeing everything with new eyes, like myself. The leader of the party I will call Miss Mabel Griffith, a vivacious New York miss of seventeen. The others were her father—a white-haired, erect, soldierly man, retired from commercial life—and a third, to be known as Harold Macy, of Boston, a suitor for Mabel's hand, and a tall, broad-shouldered, black-haired fellow of thirty. Theirs were the conversations that I listened to most of all, and what they said will give a just idea of shipboard talk.

As we all sat in the grateful sunshine that tempered the chilly breeze one day, Mabel asked young Macy if he could say anything new about the ocean.

"Only that it does not grow old gracefully," he replied. "I should think that it would get tired of leaping up and down."

"Or that the wind would tire of the useless work of churning it," said Mr. Griffith. "But its very inconstancy is one of its charms. I do not in the least agree with those who call it monotonous. To me it seems never twice the same. Now it is blue, now purple, now ashen."

"It has mountains and valleys," said Mabel; "but it certainly lacks landscape effects."

"I think, since I've seen the ocean," said Harold, "that I could improve upon the world if I had to make it over again. Of course I know it would not do to abolish the ocean. I understand how necessary all this water is to our existence, but I have been thinking that if there had been railroads in the time of Adam there would have been a narrow roadway of earth or rock left to connect the two continents, just wide enough for a double-tracked railroad, you know."

"With a foot-path at one side for theatrical companies," Mr. Griffith suggested.

"But I suppose travel would still have its dangers and excitements," added Harold. "There would be an annual season of wash-outs and that sort of thing."

"Just one little rock sticking up somewhere about here is all I ask," said Mabel. "What would not hundreds aboard this ship give for five minutes on something solid and steady?"

"There's an idea for an inventor!" Harold exclaimed. "Let some one build on every vessel one room or closet that will not rock, but will hang steady and immovable, regardless of the ship's motion, and give every first-cabin passenger so many seconds or minutes a day in it. There is a fortune in the idea."

"I knew an old lady, once well known in New York, who had a more feasible idea, but could not carry it out," said Mr. Griffith. "She suffered so terribly in crossing to France, and she was so thoroughly frightened, that she vowed she never would take ship again to go home unless some physician would guarantee to numb all her faculties with anæsthetics, or mesmerism, or by any other means, during the whole of the journey. No one would undertake the task, and she remained in Paris twenty years, until she died, too much afraid of the sea to return to her people."

"I saw such a handsome sailor yesterday," said Mabel. "You all saw him—the one who played the concertina on the forward deck—and I could not help speaking to him."

This was a speech which made her lover wince, I noticed.

"I said something about its being very rough," Mabel went on; "and his reply served me right for fancying that his gentle looks and air betokened a similar nature. 'If it wasn't rough at times, mum, the women ud all be sailors,' he said, 'and the men couldn't make their livin's.'"

"The consideration the sailors are trained to show for the passengers amazes me," said Mr. Griffith. "No matter what they have to do, it is done without ever asking a passenger to move, though the decks are crowded with people. I would not believe it if I had not seen it, but they actually took down this enormous awning in half a gale yesterday, and while all these chairs were occupied, without allowing the canvas to touch a person, and without any one's being asked to shift his or her chair."

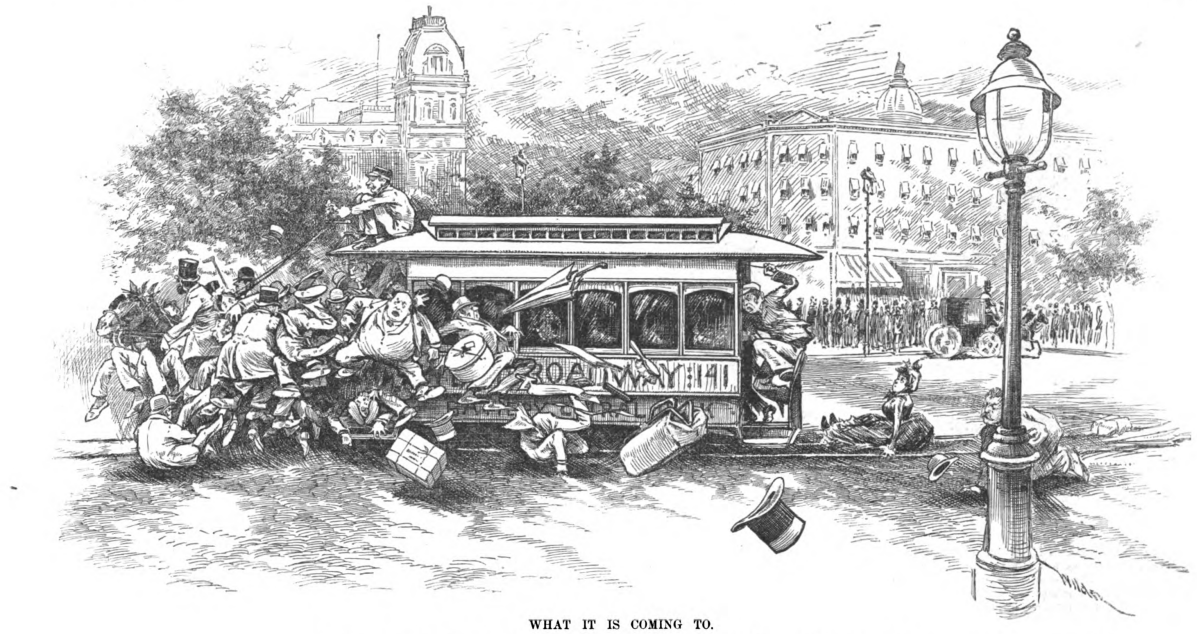
"I thought there was nothing picturesque about them," said Harold; "all the old sailors I ever met at New Bedford or Nantucket speak of steamships as 'kittles,' and say that the men aboard them are 'lubbers'; but I disagree with them. By-the-way, what a pretty song the sailors sang yesterday when they were spreading that sail!"

Then Mabel carolled a verse of the song. Her quick, musical ear had caught it exactly:

"Says I, 'Whar are ye going, my pretty maid?'
Hi! hi! Roll the men down.
'Hi'm goin' a-milkin', sir,' she sayed.
Give us more time to roll the men down."

"I'm learning English," she added, laughingly; "I know what to call those big three-sided soda-biscuit sort of cakes they have on the table. They are scones. Sally-lunns are also biscuits of unnatural size, but they are sweetened. 'Will you

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

CONDUCTOR BROADWAY CAR (*pushing them in*). "Move up there forward! Plenty of room up forward!" *And there appears to be.*

'ave some beet root or some flower?' our steward said to me yesterday, and I found that 'beet root' was what we call beets, and 'flower' was cauliflower."

"We are learning the more important matter of English money," said Mr. Griffith. "We take our lessons in the smoke-room, where we hand over a sovereign for a sixpenny cigar, and then sit down and study out the change. I really begin to have some hope of learning the British money, but on what day I will confidently know a two-shilling piece from a half-crown is more than I will venture to predict."

In this way we chattered by the hour when we were all together, or we discussed the other passengers, or we walked the decks in comparative silence. At last the day came when we were to see land—the Irish shore. It was afternoon before the sharpest eyes discerned in what most of us took for a fog-bank the lineaments of a range of hills. They proved to be islands rising high above the water, and oh! how glad the sight of them was! As we drew nearer we noticed with surprise that Ireland—at least this part of it—instead of being green was as tawny as a lion's hide. All along the base of the land was a line of what looked like snow. It proved to be the surf dashing against the rocks which rose straight up from the water. A cruel coast indeed it seemed, and cruel the sailors knew it to be.

As the main-land rose to the view, and reached away far as the eye could sweep, it was seen to be bold, steep-faced, rocky, and covered with some stunted but thick vegetation, not green, but brown. The coast rose spectacularly, like a painted curtain. As one of the passengers remarked, it was somewhat unnatural, "like something gotten up to look at." The occasional watch-towers, picturesque but petty, and the Persian-looking light-houses, painted white and set within whitewashed walls, helped the theatrical effect. We drew nearer; the sun fell, and the long English twilight we were to learn to love so much had its beginning. The scene no longer suggested a painting; it became a photograph. Little smacks or luggers with red sails loafed along close to the coast, and we passed so near to one that we could see the typical Irish girl, with black eyes and long black tresses, who was the sailor's companion. The red sails interested us the most, for who would have supposed the sails were anything but white? All on board our ship were so interested, almost fascinated, by this first and delightful sight of land that it seemed not too extravagant for the lady who had been one of the worst sufferers to exclaim, as she did, that the sight "was worth all it cost." That was how the question I had been daily putting to myself, "Is the end worth the journey?" was first answered in my hearing. So delighted were we all, that the idle remark of another lady fell with a jar upon our hearing. She had been asked if she were going ashore at Queenstown. "No," she replied, not so unkindly as the words sounded. "The Irish have been coming to me all my life; I do not need to go to them."

It was late in the evening, night-time we would say in New York, but it was still twilight, when we came to our first halt in the voyage. We were off Queenstown. A tender crawled out to meet us—as flat and almost as bare and as broad of beam as if she were modelled after a pie plate. She looked a mere deck, with paddles and two belching smoke-stacks. Our ship sent out a great gang-plank, reaching down upon the tender, like the paw of a cat pinning down a tiny mouse. The forepart of the tender was heaped high with mail-bags, for all the world like sacks of potatoes. The passengers bound for Ireland huddled on the after-deck—steerage and cabin folk all together—making a scene like the pictures we know so well of emigrants leaving their native land.

The twilight lasted until nearly ten o'clock that night, long after we steamed away from Queenstown, which we did not see at all, so far out did we come to an anchor. The temperature remained about as it had been all day, and the waves moderated, so that there was little inclination for bed among the passengers. Though not one in our party had ever seen a foot of Europe before, and we were all more or less excited by the consciousness that we would land on the morrow, we began to talk like experienced voyagers. The young New York girl who sat beside me said that she would never again make a voyage without a "catch-all," with at least six pockets, the same to be hung from little hooks on her state-room door. She said that one mistake she had made was in wearing old clothes on the ship. Nearly all the women had looked like dowdies, she said (and she was very nearly right), because they dressed shabbily, whereas there was nothing about the first-cabin quarters, the deck, or the saloon to injure an ordinary travelling gown.

We all laughed at the picture she drew of the careful women with their faces hid behind heavy blue veils all the way over, and the heedless ones with their faces, especially their noses, peeling like onions from the sun's hot rays. She frankly admitted there was no middle course to pursue. She added that she could not understand how a man could fall in love with a girl aboard ship—a thought that caused her admirer seated close by to turn a reproachful face toward her.

The night ended with a great deal of dancing by the young men and women. They hired two sailors to take turns in the labored production of thin waltz music upon a concertina, and, excepting the church service on Sunday, we saw no prettier sight during the entire voyage than that which the gracefully whirling couples presented, with the white slanting deck beneath their feet, and the glistening stars shining amid the meshes of the rigging above their heads.

There was on board the ship one ultra-fashionable young woman who said of herself that going the rounds of the shops of Paris was the only thing she knew in life that ever caused her pulse to quicken its motion a single beat, and that failed, she said, unless she had plenty of money to spend. All the rest of a European journey was a complete bore, she remarked; the old buildings, the galleries, and the stupid people fatigued her. We all thought of that *blasé* miss next morning as each of us frankly confessed that we had been too overcome by the expectation of the coming day to get even half a night's sleep. How raw and green we were! How fortunate it is for any one to be so! Blessed are they, for theirs are the richest pleasures of life.

E. P. NEEDHAM.

ELIAS PARKMAN NEEDHAM, whose chief claim to remembrance lies in the mechanical improvements by which the reed-organ was brought to its present state of excellence, died at his residence, No. 218 East Nineteenth Street, New York, on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1889, of heart failure. Mr. Needham was born in Delhi, Delaware County, New York, on September 29, 1812, of sturdy agricultural parentage, and spent his earlier years in labor on a newly broken forest farm, and in attendance at the common schools in Erie County. Independent in character, emulous of skill, and ambitious of success, his natural aptitude for mechanics found free scope in the occupation of a joiner and cabinet-maker.

Restless under local restrictions, he watched for opportunity to act in wider sphere. This presented itself through Jeremiah Carhart, a fellow-workman, whose prolific brain gave birth to inventions that he lacked the power to convert into instruments of pecuniary profit. The melodeon had been recently introduced. This, by the genius and joint labors of Carhart and Needham, was developed into the reed-organ. In 1846 they organized the first company for its successful manufacture in the United States. Two years later the rapidly growing business was removed from Buffalo to New York. Carhart combined voiced reeds held in a chambered board and operated by suction bellows. It was this arrangement that made the manufacture of the reed-organ a conspicuous success, and that is to-day indispensable to every instrument of the class fabricated by numerous manufacturers throughout the country. Needham directed the details of construction, and the supply of reeds to makers of similar instruments; while Carhart devoted his energies to improving the tone and action of the organ, and to perfecting the machinery necessary for the rapid production of its several parts.

As foreman and executive manager of the business, Mr. Needham shouldered the heavier responsibility until 1868, when his partner died and devolved the whole upon him. But before that, in 1859, Needham had completed the "upright action" which imparted great superiority to his over the ordinary double-reed instrument. It permitted a combination of twelve or more registers, and had thirty or forty stops. Further improvements culminated in the "Silver Tongue" organ, which long held the reputation of embodying perfect mechanical application of wind to vibrators for the production of exquisitely melodious tones.

Mr. Needham's genius was directed to purely practical as well as æsthetic ends. Stationary engines had already been applied to apparatus for forcing the air to act as a motor in the propulsion of carriages within tubes or tunnels under or above the surface of the earth. He took out patents whose principal feature consisted in the employment of an endless tube admitting a persistent current of air generated by means of an air-pump. This current, by simple devices under the absolute control of the engineers, was switched around isolated sections of the tube. The atmosphere, drawn from the front of the car inside the tube, was compressed by the pump, and became the propelling power behind the vehicle. A double line of tubes, permitting travel in opposite directions without danger of collision, was another feature of his system. When approaching a station on the line an automatic device closed the gate beyond it, and enabled the engineer to stop his train by its impingement on the cushion of air within the tube, which air at the same time opened a lateral door for access to the outside world. This process might be simultaneous in different sections of the tube. This invention was patented in 1864, and a working model demonstrating the feasibility of the plan was exhibited at the fair of the American Institute. Hitherto it has failed of adoption for passenger transmission, but may hereafter achieve the honor of pioneering contrivances as signally successful as those of the reed-organ.

Mr. Needham's latest patented invention was the automatic organ, or orguinette, now manufactured in many differing forms. Its characteristic is the mechanical passage of perforated paper over apertures containing reeds situated above suction bellows. The perforations, corresponding to the notes of tunes, as they cross through the current of air descending into th vacuum created by action of the bellows, voic the tunes in perfectly accurate time, and with th depth and compass demanded by the music.

SAMUEL WILKESON.

"On that panel of the square of granite cover ing the grave of Samuel Wilkeson, which face the harbor of Buffalo, is chiselled the epitapl '*Urbeno Condidit.*' He built the city of Buffal by building its harbor." A few days ago anothe Samuel Wilkeson, the youngest son of the found er of a great city, was laid beside his father. I the memorial sketch of his father quoted above the Samuel Wilkeson who died at his home i this city on December 2d, describes graphicall how the foundation of the city was laid. Her are a few sentences. "The writer of this pape is one of the few men living who looked on th work. . As it were only yesterday he can remem ber being perched on his father's shoulder as h waded across the mouth of Buffalo Creek in su perintendency of the crib laying. It was a for only waist deep to the tall man. Ships holdin a hundred thousand bushels of grain move un der great sail where he carelessly carried a child.' This reference is pertinent, because the numbe of witnesses of the events of an important half century of our national history is rapidly grow ing less, especially of those who can give suc eloquent evidence as Mr. Wilkeson could of th progress of the country during the last fifty years and also because it indicates the source fro which the subject of this notice derived a strong public spirit. Mr. Wilkeson was a patriot i the best sense of the word. He loved to address his fellow-countrymen through the columns o the daily press, and invariably for the purpos of arousing them to the consideration of impor tant public questions.

The best years of his life were spent, as wer those of his father, in advancing a great publi work. When he had reached the age at whic his father secured to the city of Buffalo the wes ern terminus of the Erie Canal, he was pushin out through an almost unknown region, collec ing material that determined the construction c a great transcontinental line—the Northern Pac fic Railroad. He was largely responsible for th development of that enterprise, especially at th start, and he never lost faith in it. For twent one years he held the position of secretary of th Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and thoug the routine work that he performed and supe vised in that capacity was enormous and mo efficiently done, yet it was really subordinate t the service he rendered the enterprise in educa ing the public as to its character and the poli cal necessity for its success.

Mr. Wilkeson was born in Buffalo in 181 graduated from Union College, was educated t the bar under Daniel Cady, the traditional gre lawyer of New York State, and in 1840 admitte to practise a profession from which he was a ways turning aside to write for a newspape He was born a journalist. In 1856 he started daily paper in Buffalo. He gave it the nam *Democracy*, and its tone was characteristicall radical and liberal. At the instance of Governo W. H. Seward and Thurlow Weed he bought controlling interest in the Albany *Evening Jou nal*, but after two years of arduous work as ed tor-in-chief his health gave way. When he ha recovered it, Horace Greeley invited him to a po sition on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*. Soo after the breaking out of the war he took charg of the Washington bureau of that paper, and j

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

that capacity also discharged the duties of war correspondent at many of the engagements in which the Army of the Potomac participated. Two of his sons and six nephews fought in that army. His oldest son, Bayard, was killed in command of a battery of artillery at Gettysburg. Some of Mr. Wilkeson's work on the field has passed into history. An idea of his forcible and vivid style of writing may be obtained from a single sentence from a letter written from the front to combat the "On to Richmond!" cry that was popular in certain quarters early in the war. Keenly alive to the obstacles in the way of such a movement, he wrote of the possibilities of it, "And the looms that weave crape shall rattle in pain for the dead that shall lie before Richmond."

Mr. Wilkeson practically left the *Tribune*, at the request of Jay Cooke, to assist in popularizing the war loans of the government through the newspapers and other channels of publicity. His success in that work induced Mr. Cooke to interest him in the Northern Pacific enterprise at its inception. In company with W. Milnor Roberts, the great engineer of his day, Mr. Wilkeson, then upward of fifty years of age, prospected the entire line of the road, and upon their joint reports the work was undertaken. He survived all the changes in the management of the undertaking, and died, as he had hoped to, virtually in its service, though recently retired from active duty on full pay.

JUSTICE BREWER.

After the new Justice of the Supreme Court shall have qualified and taken his seat, the remarkable spectacle will be presented of two members of the same family upon the bench of our highest judicatory. Justice Brewer is a nephew of Justice Field, his mother having been the second child of the Rev. D. D. Field, of Stockbridge. His father, the Rev. Josiah Brewer, was a missionary, and David Josiah Brewer was born in Smyrna, Asia Minor, June 20, 1837. The following year the whole family returned to this country, and lived successively at Wethersfield, New Haven, and Middletown, Connecticut, during David's youth. In 1851 he entered the Wesleyan University, but the last two years of his college course were spent at Yale, where he was graduated in the class of 1856. Chauncey M. Depew was a member of the same class, and has ever since graduation remained a warm friend of Judge Brewer.

After graduation, the young man entered the law office of his uncle, David Dudley Field, in this city. In 1858 he was graduated from the Albany Law School. The same year he went West, and in 1859 he settled in Leavenworth, Kansas, where he has lived ever since. Since the second year of his residence in Kansas, Judge Brewer has been almost continuously in the service of the public. In 1861 he was appointed a United States Commissioner; in 1862 he was elected Judge of the Probate and Criminal Court of Leavenworth County; and in 1864, Judge of the First Judicial District Court. In 1865 he was President of the Leavenworth City Board of Education, and for three years thereafter was City Superintendent of Schools. In 1870 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Leavenworth County, and in the fall of that year he was elected Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court, and re-elected in 1876 and 1882. In 1884 President Arthur appointed him Judge of the Eighth Judicial District United States Court, and there he has served ever since, acting for a long time as Presiding Judge of the district, which includes the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado. Perhaps his most celebrated decision was that in the case of Seebold against Kansas—a case involving the constitutionality of the prohibitory liquor law of the State. His decision was sustained on appeal by the United States Supreme Court. Justice Miller, of Iowa, over whose circuit Judge Brewer has presided, speaks of him in the highest terms, as do all the lawyers and judges with whom he has come in professional contact.

In person the new Justice is tall, and in his younger days was quite slender. He possesses that indomitable energy for which his mother's family has always been distinguished, and as becomes the son of a missionary, is a prominent member of the Congregational Church. He was married in 1861 to Miss Louise R. Loudon, of Burlington, Vermont, and has several children. It is worthy of note that immediately after receiving the news of his appointment he told a reporter that he had now reached the goal to which he had aspired ever since he began the study of law.



WASHINGTON BOUND.

LADY TO WEST-POINTER. "Are the Indians such terrible fighters?"
LIEUTENANT SHIRKDUTY. "Not the ones I have met."

A WINTER TWILIGHT.

The earth is silent, chill, and white,
No bird upon the rose-tree cheeps;
The sun has softly dropped from sight,
The lazy millwheel soundly sleeps.

No surly winds in anger blow.
A rose strip o'er the west is stretched,
Against whose evanescent glow
The naked boughs are sharply etched.

The light is fading, day has sped,
Weird shadows on the snow-drifts lie,
And the new moon, a silver thread,
Is hanging in the olive sky.

R. K. Munkittrick.

PRESIDENT DA FONSECA.

The new ruler of Brazil, General Deodoro da Fonseca, has had scarcely that repute, even at home, which one looks for in a man suddenly elevated to be the Chief Magistrate of a great state. When the news of the revolution reached this country, the usual sources of biographical information yielded little to the seeker; even men well conversant with Brazilian affairs were unable to supply more than a few facts. A great part of General Fonseca's life appears to have been passed away from Rio, and his career has been almost exclusively a military one. In a land generally so peaceful as Brazil has been in Dom Pedro's days, the military career has not afforded very attractive avenues to distinction.

General Fonseca's age is given as about fifty-five, and, on his father's side at least, he comes of Portuguese stock. The family in Portugal was wealthy, and the father, early in this century, receiving some concessions of land in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, emigrated to Brazil, where he married a Brazilian lady, and became the father of three sons, of whom the future President was the eldest. From their home in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, which lies next to Uruguay, in the extreme southern corner of the vast territory of Brazil, the boys were sent to the capital of the Empire to be educated at the Polytechnic School. On graduation they entered the army, and when the war with Paraguay broke out, they went to the front and rose to be officers; in time all three were Generals. One of the three died only a few months ago, another has been for several years at the head of the army in Bahia, and the third is now President.

In the war with Paraguay, which ended in 1870, Deodoro won distinction in the battle of Mossoro. On the field he was promoted from Lieutenant to Major. Dom Pedro, on his return to Rio, bestowed upon him the Order of the Rose; he then made him Commandant of the army in Matto-Grosso province; then placed him in charge of the cartridge factory and magazine at Rio, and raised him to his rank of General. Down to 1883 there do not appear to have been other facts of note in Fonseca's life; but in that year he was instrumental in organizing a military club at Rio, which influenced in a large degree probably the recent overthrow of the imperial authority.

The membership of this club embraced the larger part of the officers of the Brazilian army. The political tone of it was decidedly republican. Fonseca was its president. On more than one occasion insubordination occurred; and when a few years ago Fonseca was sent to Matto-Grosso to protect Brazilian interests there, and was then made Governor of the province, the act was in some quarters interpreted as an effort to remove him from Rio, where his influence endangered the stability of the government. By the last cabinet but one he was, however, recalled, and it is easy to infer that events have justified the sending of him to Matto-Grosso. His friends in Rio received him with much rejoicing.

It has been stated that the military club of Rio would have been suppressed long ago had the government not been in fear of a revolution as the consequence. Indeed, it was proposed that Fonseca be court-martialled, but the Emperor stopped the proceedings.

TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.

Here, from the busy, crowded thoroughfare,
Amid the din of wheels and hoofs that beat
Incessantly upon the paven street,
I step aside within the church-yard, where
A smell of grass is mingled with the air,
And watch the throng go by on tireless feet,
See friends and strangers in brief silence greet,
And note the faces fraught with joy or care.

How vain it seems, this endless, eager quest
Of gold—the ghost that flees before our sight!
Here is the goal of all—sweet peace and rest;
Here, after all the world's perplexing plight,
Slumber her children calmly on her breast,
Waiting the morning of eternal light.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A PUZZLE.

Why grown men and women with matured reflective powers should neglect their small ailments is really a puzzle. Hosts of otherwise sensible people thus bewilder conjecture. It is one of the things which, as the late lamented Lord Dundreary exclaimed, "no fellah can find out." Diseases grow faster than weeds, and, moreover, beget one another. Incipient indigestion, a touch of biliousness, slight irregularity in the habit of body—what complex and serious bodily disturbance, not local, but general, do these not beget, if disregarded? Baffle and drive off the foe at the first onset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sovereign among preventives. A constitution invigorated, a circulation enriched, a brain and stomach tranquillized by this national medicine, becomes well-nigh invulnerable. The Bitters counteract malaria, rheumatism, and kidney complaint.—[*Adv.*]

THE LIMITED FAST MAIL.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining-Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping-Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train, with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

"Halma." The new and Popular Game.

Rev. Chas. Cuthbert Hall, of Brooklyn, writes:

You have conferred a favor upon many thousands of happy homes by introducing a game which is most amusing to young persons and most absorbing to older ones. You have provided rational and restful entertainment for vast numbers of cosy winter evenings in town or country.

"Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. Horsman, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is an absolutely pure extract of malt containing 90 per cent. of nourishment. It invigorates and builds up the system.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
For the complexion and skin. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

No Christmas and New-Year's Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned Appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Your wasted cheeks may have all the plumpness and bloom of health through your use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This time-honored remedy still leads the van. It improves digestion, purifies the blood, and invigorates the system. Give it a trial.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"MRS. ROBERTS, WITH MANY PROOFS OF AN AFTERNOON'S SHOPPING IN HER HAND."

THE ALBANY DEPOT.

(*Continued from front page.*)

you're always so prompt, and I always wonder at it, such an absent-minded creature as you are. But you came near spoiling everything by getting here behind this pillar, and burying yourself in your book that way. If it hadn't been for my principle of always asking questions, I never should have found you in the world. But just as I was really beginning to despair, the chorewoman came by, and I asked her if she had seen any gentleman here lately; and she said there was one now, over here, and I stretched up and saw you. I had such a fright for a moment, not seeing you; for I left my little plush bag with my purse in it at Stearns's, and I've got to hurry right back; though I'm afraid they'll be shut when I get there, Saturday afternoon, this way; but I'm going to rattle at the front door, and perhaps they'll come—they always stay, some of them, to put the goods away; and I can tell them I don't want to buy anything, but I left my bag with my purse in it, and I guess they'll let me in. I want you to keep these things for me, Edward; and I'll leave my shopping bag; I sha'n't want it any more. Don't lose any of them. Better keep them all in your lap here together, and then nobody will come and sit on them." She disburdens herself of her packages and parcels, and arranges them on her husband's knees, while she goes on talking. "I'm almost ready to drop, I'm so tired, and I do believe I should let you go up to Stearns's for me; but you couldn't describe the bag so they would recognize it, let alone what was in it, and they wouldn't give it to you, even if they would let you in to inquire: they're much more likely to let a lady in than a gentleman. But I shall take a coupé, and tell the driver simply to fly, though there's plenty of time to go to the ends of the earth and back before our train starts. Only I should like to be here to receive the Campbells, and keep Willis from buying tickets for Amy and himself, and us too, for that matter; he has that vulgar passion—I don't know where he's picked it up—for wanting to pay everybody's way; and you'd never think of your Hundred-Trip ticket-book till it was too late. Do take your book out and hold it in your hand, so you'll be sure to remember it, as soon as you see Willis. You had better keep saying over to yourself, 'Willis—Hundred-Trip Tickets—Willis—Hundred Trip Tickets'; that's the way *I* do. Where *is* the book? I have to remember everything! *Do* keep your ticket-book in your hand, Edward, till Willis comes."

Roberts: "But I want to read, Agnes, and I've got to hold my *Pop. Sci.* with one hand and keep your traps in my lap with the other. Did you find a cook?"

Mrs. Roberts, with rapturous admiration of him: "Well, Edward, you *have* got a brain! I declare, the cook had utterly gone out of my mind. Forgetting that plush bag makes me forget everything. I've got a splendid one—a perfect treasure. She won't do any of the wash, and we'll have to put that out; and she's been used to having a kitchen-maid; but she said we were such a small family that she could shell the pease herself. She's the most respectable-looking old thing you ever saw; and she's been having ten dollars a week from the last family she was in; but she'll come the summer with us for six. I was very fortunate to get her; all the good girls are snapped up for the sea-side in May, and they won't go into the country for love or money. It was the greatest chance! She's such a neat, quiet, ladylike person, and all the better for being Irish and a Catholic: Catholics *do* give so much more of a flavor; and I never could associate that Nova Scotia sunken-cheeked leanness of Maria's with a cook. This one's name is—well, I forget what her name is; Bridget, or Norah, or something like that—and she's a perfect little butter-ball. She's coming to go out on the same train with us; and she'll get the dinner to-night; and I sha'n't have the mortification of sitting down to a pick-up meal with Amy Campbell, the first time she has visited us; she's conceited enough about her housekeeping as it is, I'm sure, and I wouldn't have her patronizing and pitying me for worlds. The cook will be here at half past three precisely; I had to pretend the train started a little earlier than it does so as to make her punctual; they *are* such uncertain things! and I don't suppose I shall be back by that time, quite, Edward, and so you must receive her. Let me see!" She glances up at the clock on the wall. "It's just quarter past now, and our train goes at ten minutes to four— My goodness! I'll have to hurry."

The Colored Man who cries the Trains, walking half-way into the room and then out: "Cars ready for Cottage Farms, Longwood, Chestnut Hill, Brookline, Newton Centre, Newton Highlands, Waban, Riverside, and all stations between Riverside and Boston. Circuit Line train now ready on Track No. 3."

Mrs. Roberts, in extreme agitation: "Good gracious, Edward, that's our train!"

Roberts, jumping to his feet and dropping all her packages: "No, no, it isn't, my dear! That's the Circuit Line train; didn't you hear? Ours doesn't go till ten to four, on the Main Line."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh yes, so it does. How ridiculous! But now I *must* run away and leave you, or I never shall get back in time. Be sure to speak to the cook as soon as she comes in, or she'll get discouraged and go away again; you can't depend on them for an instant; I told her *you* would be here to meet her, if I wasn't—I thought I might be late; and you mustn't let her slip. And if the Campbells happen to get here before I'm back, don't you give them the least inkling of our having just engaged a cook. I'm going to smuggle her into the house without Amy's knowing it; I wouldn't have her know it for the world. She prides herself on keeping that impudent spoiled thing of hers, with her two soups; and she would simply never stop crowing if she knew I'd had to change cooks in the middle of the summer."

Roberts, picking up and dropping the multitudinous packages, and finally sitting down with them all in his lap, very red and heated: "I'll be careful, my dear."

Mrs. Roberts: "How flushed you are, bending over! You're so stout now, you ought to bend sidewise; it's perfect folly, your trying to bend *straight* over; you'll get apoplexy. But now I *must* run, or I shall never be back in the world. Don't forget to look out for the cook!"

Roberts, at whom she glances with misgiving as she runs out, holding the parcels on his knees with both elbows and one hand, and contriving with the help of his chin to get his magazine open again: "No, no; I won't, my dear." He loses himself in his reading, while people come and go restlessly. A gentleman finally drops into the seat beside him, and contemplates his absorption with friendly amusement.

II.

ROBERTS *and* WILLIS CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "Don't mind *me*, Roberts."

Roberts, looking up: "Heigh? What! Why, Willis! Glad to see you—"

Campbell: "Now that you *do* see me, yes, I suppose you are. What have you got there that makes you cut all your friends?" He looks at Roberts's open page. "Oh! *Popular Science Monthly.* Isn't Agnes a little afraid of your turning out an agnostic? By-the-way, where *is* Agnes?"

Roberts: "She left her purse at Stearns's, and she's gone back after it. Where's Amy?"

Campbell: "Wherever she said she wouldn't be at the moment. I expected to find her here with you and Agnes. What time did you say your train started?"

Roberts: "At ten minutes to four. And by-the-way—I'd almost forgotten it—I must keep an eye out for the cook Agnes has been engaging. She was to meet us here before half past two, and I shall have to receive her. You mustn't tell Amy; Agnes doesn't want her to know she's been changing cooks; and I've got to be very vigilant not to let her give us the slip, or you won't have any dinner to-night."

Campbell: "Is that so? Well, that interests *me.* Were you expecting to find her in the *Pop. Sci.*?"

Roberts: "Oh, I'd only been reading a minute when you came in."

Campbell: "I don't believe you know how long you'd been reading. Very likely your cook's come and gone."

Roberts, with some alarm: "She couldn't. I'd only just opened the book."

Campbell: "I dare say you *think* so. But you'd better cast your eagle eye over this assemblage now, and see if she isn't here; though probably she's gone. What sort of looking woman is she?"

Roberts, staring at him in consternation: "Bless my soul! I don't know! I never saw her!"

Campbell: "Never saw her?"

Roberts: "No; Agnes engaged her at the intelligence office, and told her we should meet her here; and she had to go back for her purse, and left me to explain."

Campbell: "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! How did she expect you to recognize her?"

Roberts: "I—I don't know, I'm sure. She—she was very anxious I shouldn't let her get away."

Campbell, laughing: "You poor old fellow! What are you going to do?"

Roberts: "I'm sure I've no idea. Agnes—"

Campbell: "Agnes ought to have a keeper. You know what I've always thought of *your* presence of mind, Roberts; but Agnes—I'm really surprised at Agnes. This is too good! I must tell Amy this. She'll never get over this. Ah, ha, ha, ha!"

Roberts: "No, no! You mustn't, Willis. Agnes would be very much provoked with me, if you told Amy she had been engaging a cook. She expects to smuggle her into the house without Amy's knowing."

Campbell: "And she left you to meet her here, and keep her—a cook you'd never set eyes on! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha! What's her name?"

Roberts: "Agnes couldn't remember her last name—one never remembers a c last name. Her first name is Norah or Bridg

Campbell: "Maggie, perhaps; they all so alike. Ah, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! This proves."

Roberts: "Don't, Willis; you'll attract at tion. What—what shall I do? If Agnes co back, and finds I've let the cook get away, sh be terribly put out."

Campbell: "Perfectly furious, you poor fellow!—the rage of a disappointed pigeon! wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. Oh I wish Amy was here. Did—did—Agnes"—struggles with his laughter, and explodes fr time to time between syllables)—"did she you how the woman looked?"

Roberts: "She said she was a very respecta looking old thing—a perfect butter-ball. I s pose she was stout."

Campbell: "That covers the ground of a gr many cooks. They're apt to look respecta when they're off duty and they're not in liq and they're apt to be perfect butter-balls. other distinctive traits?"

Roberts, ruefully: "I don't know. She's Ir and a Catholic."

Campbell: "They're apt to be Irish, and Ca olics too. Well, Roberts, I don't see what can ask better. All you've got to do is to p out a respectable butter-ball of that religion nationality, and tell her you're Mrs. Roberts's h band, and you're to keep her from slipping av till Mrs. Roberts gets here."

Roberts: "Oh, pshaw, now, Willis! W would you do?"

Campbell: "*There's* a respectable butter-b over in the corner by the window there. Yo better go and speak to her. She's got a gi ham bundle, like a cook's, in her lap, and keeps looking about in a fidgety way, as if expected somebody. I guess that's your wom Roberts. Better not let her give you the s You'll never hear the last of it from Agnes if do. And who'll get our dinner to-night?"

Roberts, looking over at the woman in the ner, with growing conviction: "She does ans to the description."

Campbell: "Yes, and she looks tired of w ing. If I know anything of that woman's ch acter, Roberts, she thinks she's been trifled w and she's not going to stay to be made a foo any longer."

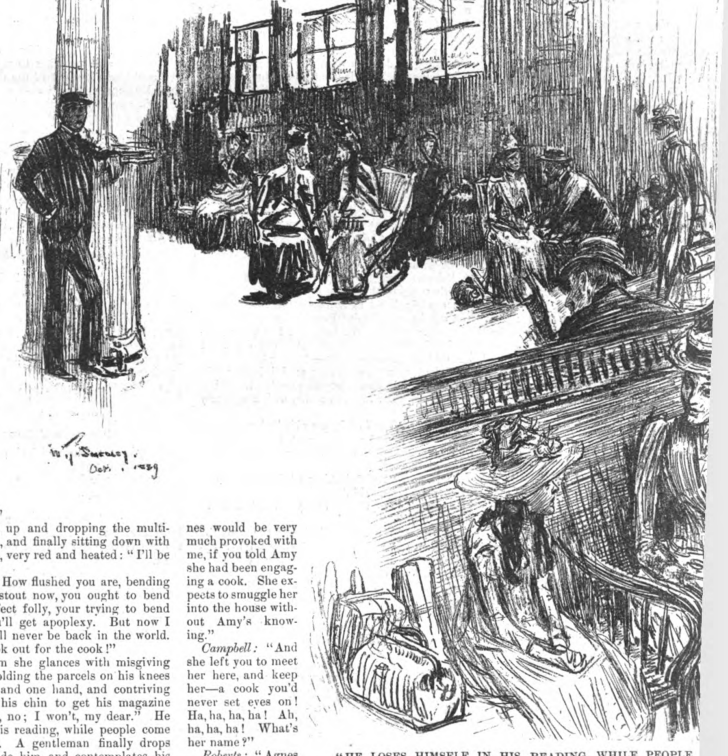
Roberts, getting to his feet: "Do you think What makes you think so? Would you go speak to her?"

Campbell: "I don't know. She seems to looking this way. Perhaps she thinks she ognizes *you,* as she never saw you before."

Roberts: "There can't be any harm in asl her? She does seem to be looking this way

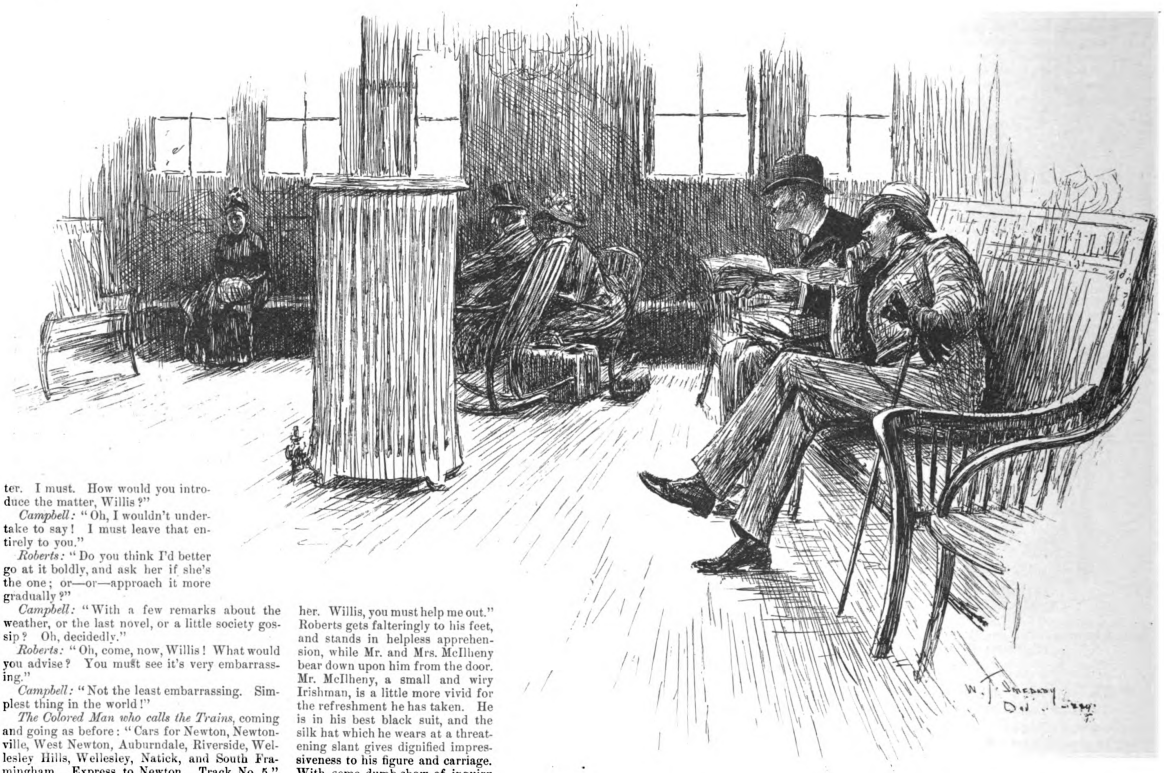
Campbell: "Pretty blackly, too. I guess s lost faith in you. It wouldn't be any us speak to her now, Roberts."

Roberts: "I don't know. I'm afraid I'd



"HE LOSES HIMSELF IN HIS READING, WHILE PEOPLE AND GO RESTLESSLY."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"'THERE'S A RESPECTABLE BUTTER-BALL OVER IN THE CORNER BY THE WINDOW THERE.'"

ter. I must. How would you introduce the matter, Willis?"

Campbell: "Oh, I wouldn't undertake to say! I must leave that entirely to you."

Roberts: "Do you think I'd better go at it boldly, and ask her if she's the one; or—or—approach it more gradually?"

Campbell: "With a few remarks about the weather, or the last novel, or a little society gossip? Oh, decidedly."

Roberts: "Oh, come, now, Willis! What would you advise? You must see it's very embarrassing."

Campbell: "Not the least embarrassing. Simplest thing in the world!"

The Colored Man who calls the Trains, coming and going as before: "Cars for Newton, Newtonville, West Newton, Auburndale, Riverside, Wellesley Hills, Wellesley, Natick, and South Framingham. Express to Newton. Track No. 5."

Campbell: "Ah, she's off! She's going to take the wrong train. She's gathering her traps together, Roberts!"

Roberts: "I'll go and speak to her." He makes a sudden dash for the woman in the corner. Campbell takes up his magazine, and watches him over the top of it, as he stops before the woman, in a confidential attitude. In a moment she rises, and with a dumb-show of offence gathers up her belongings and marches past Roberts to the door, with an angry glance backward at him over her shoulder. He returns crestfallen to Campbell.

Campbell, looking up from his magazine, in affected surprise: "Where's your cook? You don't mean to say she was the wrong woman?"

Roberts, gloomily: "She wasn't the right one."

Campbell: "How do you know? What did you say to her?"

Roberts: "I asked her if she had an appointment to meet a gentleman here."

Campbell: "You *did*? And what did she say?"

Roberts: "She said 'No!' very sharply. She seemed to take it in dudgeon; she fired up."

Campbell: "I should think so. Sounded like an improper advertisement."

Roberts, in great distress: "*Don't*, Willis, for Heaven's sake!"

Campbell: "Why, you must see it had a very clandestine look. How did you get out of it?"

Roberts: "I didn't. I got into it further. I told her my wife had made an appointment for me to meet a cook here that she'd engaged—"

Campbell: "You added insult to injury. Go on!"

Roberts: "And that she corresponded somewhat to the description; and—and—"

Campbell: "Well?"

Roberts: "And she told me she was no more a cook than my wife was; and she said she'd teach me to be playing my jokes on ladies; and she grabbed up her things and flew out of the room."

Campbell: "Waddled, *I* should have said. But this is pretty serious, Roberts. She may be a relation of John L. Sullivan's. I guess we better get out of here; or, no, we can't! We've got to wait for Amy and Agnes."

Roberts: "What—what would you do?"

Campbell: "I don't know. Look here, Roberts: would you mind sitting a little way off, so as to look as if I didn't belong with you? I don't want to be involved in this little row of yours unnecessarily."

Roberts: "Oh, come, now, Willis! You don't think she'll make any trouble? I apologized. I said everything I could think of. She *must* think I was sincere."

Campbell: "In taking her for a cook? I've no doubt she did. But I don't see how that would help matters. I don't suppose she's gone for an officer; but I suspect she's looking up the largest Irishman of her acquaintance, to come back and interview you. I should advise you to go out and get on some train; I'd willingly wait here for Amy and Agnes; but you see the real cook might come here, after you went, and I shouldn't know her from Adam—or Eve. See?"

Roberts, desperately: "I see— Good heavens! Here comes that woman back; and a man with her. Willis, you must help me out." Roberts gets falteringly to his feet, and stands in helpless apprehension, while Mr. and Mrs. McIlheny bear down upon him from the door. Mr. McIlheny, a small and wiry Irishman, is a little more vivid for the refreshment he has taken. He is in his best black suit, and the silk hat which he wears at a threatening slant gives dignified impressiveness to his figure and carriage. With some dumb-show of inquiry and assurance between himself and his wife, he plants himself in front of Roberts, in an attitude equally favorable for offence and defence.

III.

The McIlhenys, Roberts, *and* Campbell.

McIlheny: "And are ye the mahn that's after takun' my wife for yer cuke?"

Mrs. McIlheny, indicating Campbell, absorbed in his magazine: "And there's the other wan I saw jokun' wid um, and puttun' um up to it."

McIlheny, after a swift glance at Campbell's proportions and self-possession: "That's what ye're after thinkun', Mary; but I haven't got annything to do with what ye're after thinkun'. All I wannt to know is what this mahn meant by preshumin' to speak to a lady he didn't know, and takun' her for a cuke." To Roberts: "Will ye tell me that, ye—"

Roberts, in extreme embarrassment: "Yes, yes, certainly; I shall be very glad to explain, if you'll just step here, to the corner. We're attracting attention where we are—"

McIlheny: "Attintion! Do ye suppose I care for attintion, when it's me wife that's been insulted?" He follows Roberts up, with Mrs. McIlheny, as he retires to the corner where she had been sitting, out of the way of the people coming and going. Campbell, after a moment, closes his magazine, and joins them.

Roberts: "Insulted? By no manner of means! Nothing was farther from my thoughts. I—I—can explain it all in a moment, my dear sir, if you will have patience; I can indeed. I have the highest respect for the lady, and I'm quite incapable of offering her an affront. The fact is—I hardly know how to begin—"

McIlheny: "Go ahn, sor; or I'll have to do the beginnun' meself, pretty soon." He shifts himself from one foot to another with a saltatory briskness.

Roberts: "The fact is, my wife had engaged a cook, uptown, and she had sent her down here to meet me, and go out with me to our summer place at Weston."

McIlheny: "An' fwhat has all that rigamarole to do wid your speakin' to a lady ye'd never been inthrojuced to? Fwhat had yer wife's cuke to do wid Mrs. McIlheny?"

Roberts: "Why, I didn't know the cook by sight, you see. My wife had engaged her uptown, and appointed her to meet me here, without reflecting that I had never seen her, and wouldn't know who she was, when I *did* see her; she partly expected to be here herself, and so I didn't reflect, either."

McIlheny, with signs of an amicable interest: "An' she lift ye to mate a lady ye never had seen before, and expicted ye to know her by soight?"

Roberts: "Precisely."

McIlheny, smiling: "Well, that's loike a wooman, Mary; ye can't say it ain't."

Mrs. McIlheny, grinning: "It's loike a mahn, too, Mike, by the same token."

McIlheny: "Sure it's no bad joke on ye, sor."

Campbell, interposing: "I was having my laugh at him when your good lady here noticed us. You see, I know his wife—she's my sister—and I could understand just how she would do such a thing, and—ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! I don't think I shall ever get over it."

McIlheny: "Sure it *is* good! Hu, hu, hu, hu! Mary, it's what ye'd call a bull, if it was Irish, I'm thinkun'; an' it's no bad bull as it is, my dear."

Mrs. McIlheny, laughing: "Ye're right there, Mike. It's as fine a bull as ever there was."

Campbell: "And my friend here insisted on going over and speaking to the lady, in hopes she could help him out of the difficulty. I suppose he bungled it; he only wanted to ask her if she'd seen a cook here, who had an appointment to go out of town with a gentleman. I'd been joking him about it, and he thought he must do something; and I fancy he made a mess of it. He was a good deal worked up. Ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha!" Mr. and Mrs. McIlheny join in his laugh, and finally Roberts himself.

The Colored Man who calls the Trains, coming and going: "Cars for Auburndale, Riverside, Pine Grove, and Newton Lower Falls. Express to Auburndale. Track No. 7.

Mrs. McIlheny: "There's our train, Mike! Come!"

McIlheny: "So 'tis, Mary! Well, I'm hawpy to make yer acquaintance, gentlemen; and if ye're ever in the City Hahl when the Council is sittun', and ye'll send in yer names to Mike McIlheny, I'll be pl'ased to show ye ahl the attintion in me power. Ye must excuse me now; we're jist runnun' out to the Fahls to pass Sunday at a cousin's of Mrs. McIlheny's." He shakes hands with Roberts and Campbell, and runs out, followed by his wife.

IV.

Roberts *and* Campbell.

Campbell: "Distinguished public character. Well, we're out of that, Roberts. I had to crowd the truth a little for you, but I fetched the belligerent McIlheny. What are you going in for next?"

Roberts: "I—upon my word, I haven't the least idea. I think I shall give up trying to identify the cook. Agnes must do it herself when she comes here."

Campbell: "Oh no! *That* won't do, old fellow. The cook may come here and give you the slip before Agnes gets back."

Roberts: "What would you do?"

Campbell: "Well, I don't know; I don't like to advise, exactly; but it seems to me you've got to keep trying. You've got to keep your eye out for respectable butter-balls, and not let them slip through your fingers."

Roberts: "You mean, go up and speak to them? I *couldn't* do that again."

Campbell: "Well, of course you didn't make a howling success with Mrs. McIlheny; but it wasn't a dead-failure either. But you must use a little more diplomacy—lead up to the subject gently. Don't go and ask a woman if she's a cook, or had an appointment to meet a gentleman here. *That* won't do. I'll tell you! You might introduce the business by asking if she had happened to see a lady coming in or going out; and then describe Agnes, and say you had expected to meet her here. And she'll say she hadn't seen her here, but such a lady had just engaged her as a cook. And then you'll say you're the lady's husband, and you're sure she'll be in in a moment. And there you are! That's the way you ought to have worked it with Mrs. McIlheny. Then it would have come out all right."

Roberts, pessimistically: "I don't see how it would have made her the cook."

Campbell: "It couldn't have done that, of course; but it would have done everything short of that. But we're well enough out of it, anyway. It was mighty lucky I came in with my little amendment just when I did. There's all the difference in the world between asking a lady whether she *is* a cook and whether she's *seen* a cook. That difference just saved the self-respect of the McIlhenys, and saved your life. It gave the truth a slight twist in the right direction. You can't be too careful about the truth, Roberts. You can't offer it to people in the crude state; it's got to be prepared. If you'd carried it through the way I wanted you to, the night you and old Bemis garroted each other, you'd have come out perfectly triumphant. What you want is not the *real* truth, but the *ideal* truth; not what you *did*, but what you *ought* to have done. Heigh? Now, you see, those McIlhenys have gone off with their susceptibilities in perfect repair, simply because I substituted a *for* for an *if*, and made you inquire *for* a cook instead of *if* she was a cook. Perhaps you did ask for instead of ask if?"

Roberts: "No, no. I asked her if she *was* a cook."

Campbell: "Well, I'm glad the McIlhenys had too much sense to believe that. They're happy, anyway. They're enjoying the hobble that you and Agnes are in, with lofty compassion. They—Hello! here's that fellow coming back again!"

Roberts: "Who? Which? Where?" He starts nervously about, and confronts Mr. McIlheny bearing down upon him with a countenance of provisional severity.

McIlheny: "Just wan word more wid you, sor. Mrs. McIlheny has been thinkun' it oover, and she says you didn't ask her if she was after *seeun'* a cuke, but whether she was after *beun'* a cuke? Now, sir, which wahs ut? Out wid ut! Don't be thinkun' ye can throw dust in our eyes because we're Irishmen!" A threatening tone prevails in Mr. McIlheny's address at the mounting confusion and hesitation in Roberts. "Come! are ye deef, mahn?"

Roberts, in spite of Campbell's dumb-show inciting him to fiction: "I—I— If you will kindly step apart here, I can explain. I was very confused when I spoke to Mrs. McIlheny."

McIlheny, following him and Willis into the corner: "Fwhat made ye take my wife for a cuke? Did she luke anny more like a cuke than

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

yer own wife? Her family is the best in County Mayo. Her father kept six cows, and she never put her hands in wather. And ye come up to her in a public place like this, where ye're afraid to spake aboove yer own breath, and ask her if she's after beun' the cuke yer wife's engaged. Fwhat do ye mane by ut?"

Roberts: "My dear sir, I know—I can understand how it seems offensive; but I can assure you that I had no intention—no—no—" he falters, with an imploring glance at Campbell, who takes the word.

Campbell: "Look here, Mr. McIlheny, you can appreciate the feelings of a gentleman situated as my friend was here. He had to meet a lady whom he had never seen before, and didn't know by sight; and we decided—Mrs. McIlheny was so pleasant and kindly looking—that he should go and ask her if she had seen a lady of the description he was looking for, and—"

McIlheny: "Yessor! I can appreciate ahl *that*. But fwhy did he ask her if *she* was the lady? Fwhy did he ask her if she was a cuke? That's what I wannt to know?"

Campbell: "Well, now, I'm sure you can understand that. He was naturally a good deal embarrassed at having to address a strange lady; his mind was full of his wife's cook, and instead of asking her if she'd *seen* a cook, he bungled and he blundered, and asked her—I suppose—if she *was* a cook. Can't you see that? how it would happen?"

McIlheny, with conviction: "Yessor. I can. And I'll feel it an hannor if you gentlemen will join me in a glass of wine on the carner, across the way—"

Campbell: "But your train?"

McIlheny: "Oh, domn the thrain! But I'll just stip aboord and tell Mrs. McIlheny I've met a frind, an' I'll be out by the next thrain, an' I'll be back wid you in a jiffy." He runs out, and Campbell turns to Roberts.

Roberts: "Good heavens, Willis! what are we going to do? Surely we can't go out and drink with this man?"

Campbell: "I'm afraid we sha'n't have the pleasure. I'm afraid Mrs. McIlheny is of a suspicious nature; and when Mr. Mac comes back, it 'll be to offer renewed hostility instead of renewed hospitality. I don't see anything for us but flight, bare truth. If it hadn't been for these last admissions of yours, I don't know what I should have done. They were a perfect inspiration. I'll tell you what, Roberts! I believe you can manage this business twice as well without me. But you must keep your eye out for the cook! You mustn't let any respectable butter-ball leave the room without asking her if she's the one. You'll know how to put it more delicately, now. And I won't complicate you with McIlheny any more. I'll just step out here—"

Roberts: "No, no, no! You mustn't go, Willis. You mustn't indeed! I shouldn't know what to do with that tipsy nuisance. Ah, here he comes again!"

Campbell, cheerily, to the approaching McIlheny: "I hope you didn't lose your train, Mr. McIlheny!"

McIlheny, darkly: "Never moind my thrain, sor! My wife says it was a put-up jahb between ye. She says ye were after laughun', and lukun' and winkun' at her before this mahn stipped up to spake to her. Now what do ye make of that?"

Campbell: "We were laughing, of course. I had been laughing at my friend's predicament, in being left to meet a lady he'd never seen before. You laughed at it yourself."

McIlheny: "I did, sor."

Roberts, basely truckling to him: "It was certainly a ludicrous position."

Campbell: "And when we explained it, it amused your good lady too. She laughed as much as yourself—"

McIlheny: "She did, sor. Ye're right. Sure it would make a cow laugh. Well, gentlemen, ye must excuse me. Mrs. McIlheny says I mustn't stop for the next thrain, and I'll have to ask you to join me in that glass of wine some other toime."

Campbell: "Oh, it's all right, Mr. McIlheny. You've only got about half a minute." He glances at the clock, and McIlheny runs out, profusely waving his hand in adieu.

Roberts, taking out his handkerchief and wiping his forehead: "Well, thank Heaven! we're rid of him at last."

Campbell: "I'm not so sure of that. He'll probably miss the train. You may be sure Mrs. McIlheny is waiting for him outside of it, and then we shall have them both on our hands indefinitely. We shall have to explain and explain.

Roberts: "You mustn't, Willis! You know I can't manage without you. And you know I can't take the man out and get him drunk. I couldn't. I shouldn't feel that it was right."

Campbell: "Yes, I know. You'd have to drink with him; and you've got no head at all. You'd probably get drunk first, and I don't know what I should say to Agnes."

Roberts: "That isn't the point, Willis. I couldn't ask the man to drink; I should consider it immoral. Besides, what should you do if the cook came while I was away? You wouldn't know her."

Campbell: "Well, neither would you, if you staid."

Roberts: "That's true. There doesn't seem to be any end of it, or any way out of it. I must just stay and bear it."

Campbell: "Of *course* you must stay. And when McIlheny comes back, you'd better ask him out to look upon the wine when it is red."

Roberts: "No; that's impossible, quite. I shouldn't mind the association—though it isn't very pleasant; but to offer drink to a man already— Do you suppose it would do to ask him out for a glass of soda? Plain soda would be good for him. Or I could order claret in it, if the worst came to the worst."

Campbell: "Claret! What Mr. McIlheny requires is forty-rod whiskey in a solution of sulphuric acid. You must take that, or fourth proof brandy straight, with him."

Roberts, miserably: "I couldn't; you know I couldn't."

Campbell: "What are you going to do, then?"

Roberts: "I don't know; I don't know. I—I'll give him in charge to a policeman."

Campbell: "And make a scandal here?"

Roberts: "Of course it can't be done!"

Campbell: "Of *course* it can't. Give a councilman in charge? The policeman will be Irish too, and then what 'll you do? You're more likely to be carried off yourself, when the facts are explained. They'll have an ugly look in the police report."

Roberts: "Oh, it can't be done! Nothing can be done! I wish Agnes would come!"

The Colored Man who calls the Trains: "Cars ready for South Framingham, Whitneys, East Holliston, Holliston, Metcalf's, Braggville, and Milford. Express to Framingham. Milford Branch. Track No. 3."

ever hear of anything like my meeting Amy the very instant? She was getting out of I coupé just as I was getting out of mine, and saw her the first thing as soon as I looked u It was the most wonderful chance. And the m ment we pushed our way through the door a got inside the outer hall, I heard the man calli the train—he calls so distinctly—and I told h I was sure it was our train; and then we j simply flew, both of us. I had the greatest th getting my plush bag. They were all locked at Stearns's as tight as a drum, but I saw son body inside, moving about, and I rattled the d and made signs till he came; and then I sai had left my plush bag; and he said it was agai the rules, and I'd have to come Monday; an told him I knew it was, and I didn't expect h just stay and bear it."

Campbell: "Of *course* you must stay. And when McIlheny comes back, you'd better ask him out to look upon the wine when it is red."

Roberts: "No; that's impossible, quite. I shouldn't mind the association—though it isn't very pleasant; but to offer drink to a man already— Do you suppose it would do to ask him out for a glass of soda? Plain soda would be good for him. Or I could order claret in it, if the worst came to the worst."

Campbell: "Claret! What Mr. McIlheny requires is forty-rod whiskey in a solution of sulphuric acid. You must take that, or fourth proof brandy straight, with him."

Roberts, miserably: "I couldn't; you know I couldn't."

Campbell: "What are you going to do, then?"

Roberts: "I don't know; I don't know. I—I'll give him in charge to a policeman."

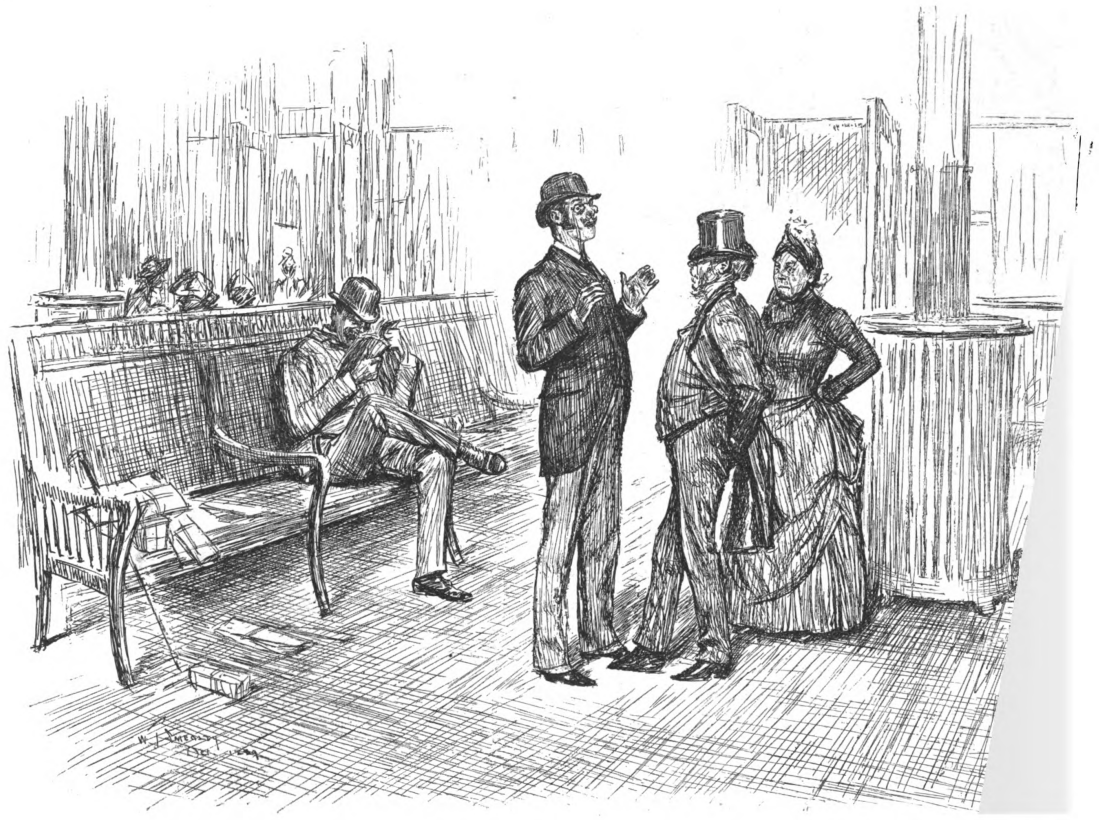
Campbell: "And make a scandal here?"

Roberts: "Of course it can't be done!"

Campbell: "Of *course* it can't. Give a councilman in charge? The policeman will be Irish too, and then what 'll you do? You're more likely to be carried off yourself, when the facts are explained. They'll have an ugly look in the police report."

Roberts: "Oh, it can't be done! Nothing can be done! I wish Agnes would come!"

The Colored Man who calls the Trains: "Cars ready for South Framingham, Whitneys, East Holliston, Holliston, Metcalf's, Braggville, and



"'GO AHN, SOR; OR I'LL HAVE TO DO THE BEGINNUN' MESELF, PRETTY SOON.'"

Roberts. Or, *you* can't fly, you poor old fellow! You've got to stay and look out for that cook. I'd be glad to stay for you, but, you see, I should not know her."

Roberts: "I don't know her either, Willis. I was just thinking whether you couldn't manage this wretched man rather better alone. I—I'm afraid I confuse you; and he gets things out of me—admissions, you know—"

Campbell: "No, no! Your moral support is everything. That lie of mine is getting whittled away to nothing; we shall soon be down to the Fiction has entirely failed us, and I feel that the truth is giving way under our feet. I'll tell you what, Roberts!"

Roberts, in despair: "What?"

Campbell: "Why, if McIlheny should happen to come back alone, we mustn't wait for him to renew his invitation to drink; we must take him out ourselves, and get him drunk; so drunk he can't remember anything; stone drunk; dead drunk. Or, that is, *you* must. I haven't got anything to do with him. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

V.

MRS. ROBERTS, MRS. CAMPBELL, ROBERTS, *and* CAMPBELL; *then* THE COOK *and* MCILHENY.

Mrs. Roberts, rushing in and looking about in a flutter, till she discovers her husband: "Good gracious, Edward! Is that our train? I ran all the way from the station door as fast as I could run, and I'm perfectly out of breath. Did you

Mrs. Roberts, to
mean to say you h
Roberts, despers
I know whether I
in my life."
Mrs. Roberts:
in that way?"
Roberts: "I—
Mrs. Roberts.
Roberts: "
Campbell bur
ter.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"'SURE IT'S NO BAD JOKE ON YE, SOR.'"

Mrs. Roberts, imploringly: "Willis, what *does* it mean?"

Mrs. Campbell, threateningly: "Willis, if you don't behave yourself—"

Mrs. Roberts, with the calm of despair: "Well, then, she isn't coming! She's given us the slip! I might have known it! Well, the cat might as well come out of the bag first as last, Amy, though I was trying to keep it in, to spare your feelings; I knew you'd be so full of sympathy." Suddenly to her husband: "But if you saw her husband—Did he say she sent him? I didn't dream of her being married. How do you know it's her husband?"

Roberts: "Because—because she went out and got him! Don't I tell you?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Went out and got him?"

Roberts: "When I spoke to her."

Mrs. Roberts: "When you spoke to her? But you said you didn't see her!"

Roberts: "Of *course* I didn't see her. How should I see her, when I never saw her before? I went up and spoke to her, and she said she wasn't the one. She was very angry, and she went out and got her husband. He was tipsy, and he's been coming back ever since. I don't know what to do about the wretched creature. He says I've insulted his abominable wife!"

Campbell, laughing: "Oh Lord! Lord! This will be the death of me!"

Mrs. Campbell: "This is one of your tricks, Willis; one of your vile practical jokes."

Campbell: "No, no, my dear! I couldn't invent anything equal to *this*. Oh my! oh my!"

Mrs. Campbell, seizing him by the arm: "Well, if you don't tell, instantly, what it is—"

Campbell: "But I *can't* tell. I promised Roberts I wouldn't."

Roberts, wildly: "Oh, tell, tell!"

Campbell: "About the cook too, Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, yes; everything! Only tell!"

Campbell, struggling to recover himself: "Why, you see, Agnes engaged a cook, uptown—"

Mrs. Roberts: "I didn't want you to know it, Amy. I thought you would be troubled if you knew you were coming to visit me just when I was trying to break in a new cook, and so I told Edward not to let Willis know. Go on, Willis."

Mrs. Campbell: "And I understand just how you felt about it, Agnes; you knew he'd laugh. Go on, Willis."

Campbell: "And she sent her down here, and told Roberts to keep her till she came herself."

Both Ladies: "Well?"

Campbell: "And I found poor old Roberts here, looking out for a cook that he'd never seen before, and expecting to recognize a woman that he'd never met in his life." He explodes in another fit of laughter. The ladies stare at him in mystification.

Mrs. Roberts: "I would have staid myself to meet her, but I'd left my plush bag with my purse in it at Stearns's, and I had to go back after it."

Mrs. Campbell: "She *had* to leave him. What is there to laugh at?"

Mrs. Roberts: "I see nothing to laugh at, Willis."

Campbell, sobered: "You *don't?*"

Both Ladies: "No."

Campbell: "Well, by Jove! Then perhaps you don't see anything to laugh at in Roberts's having to guess who the cook was; and going up to the wrong woman, and her getting mad, and going out and bringing back her little fiery-red tipsy Irishman of a husband, that wanted to fight Roberts; and my having to lie out of it for him; and their going off again, and the husband coming back four or five times between drinks, and having to be smoothed up each time—"

Both Ladies: "No!"

Mrs. Roberts: "It was simply horrid."

Mrs. Campbell: "It wasn't funny at all; it was simply disgusting. Poor Mr. Roberts!"

Campbell: "Well, by the holy poker! This knocks me out! The next time I'll marry a man, and have somebody around that can appreciate a joke. The Irishman said himself it would make a cow laugh."

Mrs. Campbell: "I congratulate you on being of the same taste, Willis. And I dare say you tried to heighten the absurdity, and add to poor Mr. Roberts's perplexity."

Roberts: "No, no! I assure you, Amy, if it hadn't been for Willis, I shouldn't have known how to manage. I was quite at my wits' end."

Mrs. Campbell: "You're very generous, I'm sure, Mr. Roberts; and I suppose I shall have to believe *you*."

Roberts: "But I couldn't act upon the suggestion to take the man out and treat him; Willis was convinced himself, I think, that that wouldn't do. But I confess I was tempted."

Mrs. Roberts: "Treat him?"

Roberts: "Yes. He was rather tipsy already; and Willis thought he would be more peaceable perhaps if we could get him quite drunk; but I really couldn't bring my mind to it, though I was so distracted that I was on the point of yielding."

Both Ladies: "Willis!"

Mrs. Roberts: "You wanted poor Edward to go out and drink with that wretched being, so as to get him into a still worse state?"

Mrs. Campbell: "You suggested that poor Mr. Roberts should do such a thing as that? Well, Willis!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, Willis!" She turns from him more in sorrow than in anger, and confronts a cook-like person of comfortable bulk, with a bundle in her hand, and every mark of hurry and exhaustion in her countenance. "Why, here's Bridget now!"

The Cook: "Maggie, mem! I was afraid I was after missun' you, after all. I couldn't see the gentleman anywhere, and I've been runnun' up and down the depot askun' fur um; and at last, thinks I, I'll try the ladies' room; and sure enough here ye was yourself. It was lucky I thought of it."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh! I forgot to tell you he'd be in the ladies' room. But it's all right now, Maggie; and we've just got time to catch our train."

Campbell, bitterly: "Well, Agnes, for a woman that's set so many people by the ears, you let yourself up pretty easily. By Jove! here comes that fellow back again!" They all mechanically shrink aside, and leave Roberts exposed to the approach of McIlheny.

McIlheny: "Now, sor, me thrain's gahn, and we can talk this little matter oover at our aise. What did ye mane, sor, by comin' up to the Hannorable Mrs. Michael McIlheny and askun' her if she was a cuke? Did she luke like a person that 'd demane herself to a manial position like that? Her that never put her hands in wather, and had hilpers to milk her father's cows? What did ye mane, sor? Did she luke like a lady, or did she luke like a cuke? Tell me that!"

The Cook, bursting upon him from behind Roberts, who eagerly gives place to her: "*I'll* tell ye that meself, ye impidint felly! What's to kape a cuke from lukun' like a lady, or a lady from lukun' like a cuke? Ah, Mike McIlheny, ye drunken blaggurd, is it *me* ye're tellin' that Mary Molloy never put her hands in wather, and kept hilpers to milk her father's cows! Cows indade! It was wan pig under the bed; and more shame to them that's ashamed to call it a pig, if ye *are* my cousin! *I'm* the lady the gentleman was lukin' for, and if ye think I'm not as good as Mary Molloy the best day she ever stipped, I'll thank ye to tell me who is. Be off wid ye, or I'll say something ye'll not like to hear!"

McIlheny: "Sure I was jokin', Maggie! I was goun' to tell the gentleman that if he was lukun' for a cuke, I'd a cousin out of place that was the best professed cuke in Bahston. And I'm glad he's got ye; and he's a gentleman every inch, and so's his lady, I dar' say, though I haven't the pleasure of her acquaintance—"

The Colored Man who calls the Trains: "Cars ready for West Newton, Auburndale, Riverside, Wellesley, Natick, and South Framingham. Train for South Framingham. Express to West Newton. Track No. 5."

Mrs. Roberts: "That's our train, Amy! We get off at Auburndale. Willis, Edward, Maggie—come!" They all rush out, leaving McIlheny alone.

McIlheny, looking thoughtfully after them: "Sure, I wonder what Mary'll be wantun' me to ask um next!"



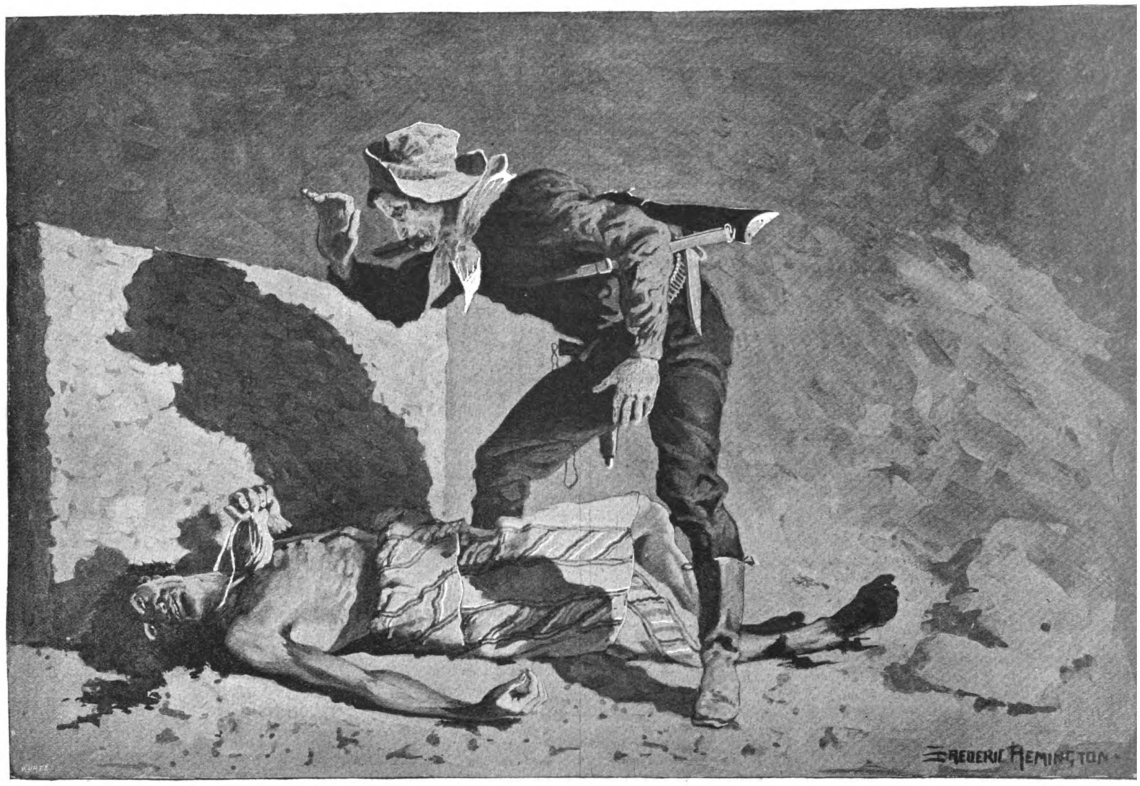
"'SURE I WONDER WHAT MARY'LL BE WANTUN' ME TO ASK UM NEXT?'"

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1722.
Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



THE DYING CACIQUE.

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

Who'd hear great marvels told—
Come listen now!
Who longs for hidden gold—
Come listen now!
Who joys in well-fought fights,
Who yearns for wondrous sights,
Who pants for strange delights—
Come listen now!

For here are marvels told
To listen to!
Here tales of hidden gold
To listen to!
Here gallant men wage fights,
Here pass most wondrous sights,
Here's that which ear delights
To listen to!

PROLOGUE.

"GOD sends nuts to them who have no teeth," which ancient Spanish proverb of contrariety comes strongly to my mind as I set myself to this writing.

By nature am I a studious, book-loving man, having a strong liking for quiet and orderliness. Yet in me also is a strain that urges me, even along ways which are both rough and dangerous, to get beyond book-knowledge, and to examine for myself the abstractions of thought and the concretions of men and things out of the consideration whereof books are made. And I hold that it is because I have thus sought for truth in its original sources, instead of resting content with what passes for truth, being detached fragments of fact which other men have found and have cut and polished to suit themselves, that I have gathered to myself more of it, and in its rude yet perfect native crystals, than has come into the possession of any other modern investigator. In making which strong assertion I am not moved by idle vanity, but by a just and reasonable conception of the intrinsic merit of my own achievement: as will be universally admitted when I publish the great work, now almost ready for the press, upon which, in preparatory study and in convincing discovery, I have been for the past ten years engaged. For I speak well within bounds when I declare that a complete revolution in all existing conceptions of American archæology and ethnology will be wrought when *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America*, by Professor Thomas Palgrave, Ph.D. (Leipsic), is given to the world.

Upon this work I say that I have been engaged for ten years. Rather should I say that I have been engaged upon it for forty years; for its germs were implanted in me when I was a child of but six years old. Before my intelligence at all could grasp the meaning of what I read, my imagination was fired by reading in the pages of Stephens of the wonders which that eminent explorer discovered in Yucatan; and my mind then was made up that I would follow in his footsteps, and in the end go far beyond him, until I should reveal the whole history of the marvellous race whose mighty works he found, but of whose genesis he could only feebly surmise. And this resolve of the child became the dominant purpose of the man. In my college life at Harvard, and in my university life at Leipsic, my studies were directed chiefly to this end. Especially did I devote myself to the acquisition of languages, and to gaining a sound knowledge of the principles of those departments of archæology and ethnology which related to the great work that I had in view. Later, during the ten years that I occupied (as I believe usefully and acceptably) the Chair of Topical Linguistics in the University of Michigan, all the time that I properly could take from my professorial duties was given exclusively to the study of the languages of the indigenous races of Mexico, and to what little was to be found in books concerning their social organization and mode of life, and to the broad subject of Mexican antiquities. By correspondence I became acquainted with the most eminent Mexican archæologists —the lamented Orozco y Berra, Icazbalceta, Chavero—and the philologists Pimentel and Peñafiel; and I had the honor to know personally the American archæologist Bandelier, the surpass scientific value of whose researches among the primitive peo of Mexico places his work above all praise. And by the study the writings of these great scholars, and of all writings the cognate, my own knowledge steadily grew, until at last I felt self strong enough to begin the investigations on my own acco for which I had sought by all these years of patient preparat fittingly to pave the way.

But inasmuch as my life until a short time since has b wholly that of a scholar, and wholly has been passed in q ways, I truly have had no teeth at all for the proper cracking the nuts which have come to me in the course of the surpris adventures that I have now set myself to narrate. For in course of these adventures (necessarily, yet sorely against my w I have been thrust by force of circumstances into many immin and prodigious perils; much time that I gladly would have de ted to peaceful, fruitful study I have been compelled to employ rude and profitless (except that my life was saved by it) battl with savages; and—what most of all has pained me—many c ous and interesting skulls that I gladly would have added ent to my collection of crania, I have been driven in self-defence ruin irreparably with my own hands.

All of which diversities of my likings and my happenings appear in due order, as I tell in the following pages of the stra and wonderful things which befell me—in company with Rayb and Young and Fray Antonio and the boy Pablo—in our sea

(*Continued on page* 1018.)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a wisely selected library in itself, and a gallery of pictures by the best artists."—*Christian Intelligencer, New York.*

"The volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a library in itself, a striking demonstration of the pitch of literary and artistic excellence to which periodicals for the young are now carried."—*Literary World, Boston.*

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is one of the few weeklies which steadily shows signs of improvement, and always gives its readers more than it promises."—*New York Herald.*

"We know no publication that more completely fills the place it assumes."—*Boston Pilot.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *published December 17th is the fourth of a series of holiday issues which began with the Thanksgiving Number, issued November 26th. That was followed by the special Christmas Number, the most brilliant of a long line of such numbers, each one of which surpassed its predecessor.*

The current issue opens with an excellent story, entitled "The Little Sister," by MARGARET VANDEGRIFT, *with two illustrations by* C. DANA GIBSON.

"Bringing in the Yule-Log" is a beautiful Christmas tableau, designed and described by LYDIA F. EMMET.

But the most notable feature of the number is the

COLORED SUPPLEMENT,

A CHRISTMAS CAROL,

AFTER THE PAINTING BY G. KUEHL.

Other illustrations are "Christmas in the South," drawn by CHARLES GRAHAM; *"Arrival of the Vacation Special Train from St. Paul's School, Concord," drawn by* BRET WILDER; *an illustration to the thirteenth instalment of "The Red Mustang," drawn by* H. F. FARNY; *and "Comics" by* P. S. NEWELL *and* CULMER BARNES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1722.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE RULES OF THE HOUSE.

IT is one of the anomalies of our government that the House of Representatives which has just assembled was elected a year ago. Thirteen months elapse between the election and the meeting of Congress. The House cannot be said, therefore, to come fresh from the people. It will not begin real business until the new year. The House works indirectly by committees, and the committees are appointed only after necessary delay and reflection. But the delay in legislation is enormously increased by the elaborate and complicated system of rules and procedure which has grown up in the House, and which can be mastered only by diligent study. Our political methods are illustrated by the remark of an old member of Congress, "Your election costs you about the amount of the salary of your first session, and it takes the first session to give you any insight into the rules."

Rules of procedure in a popular legislative body are undoubtedly adopted, like many of the wisest constitutional devices, to protect the minority. The Constitution itself is a defence of the minority. It is a limitation of the power of the majority. The famous constitutional checks and balances are obstructions to the simple despotism of a majority. Indeed, the most important and fundamental election in our whole system, that of the President, is not determined by a popular majority, but by a representative majority—that is, a majority which represents the will of the State, not of the individual voters. If in the House of Representatives any member at any time could call the previous question, and it should be ordered upon the demand of a few members, and debate should be closed, and the majority called instantly to vote finally, the House would be a despotism of numbers. The rules, therefore, wisely provide temporary relief by giving precedence to certain motions, like that to adjourn. This affords a parliamentary method of baffling immediate and perhaps disastrous and unconstitutional action by securing a respite and time, by which the result may be at last changed. The object of this device is akin to one of the objects in establishing two chambers, which, by creating a different and co-ordinate constituency, increases the chances of greater consideration and maturer action. Obviously, however, it must not be pushed so far as to thwart or gravely embarrass the right of the majority—an embarrassment which, pushed to extremity, would overrule the will of the people.

Prolonged filibustering is essentially revolutionary. If the plea for it be that the proposed action is dangerous to the country, it is a plea which could be always urged, and would prevent the people from legislating by their representatives. If it be alleged that the proposed action is unconstitutional, the reply is that there are courts to decide the question. Because limitations upon the action of the majority are undoubtedly necessary, it does not follow that the vast mesh of procedure which has arisen in the House, and which can be comprehended or unravelled by very few members, is desirable or justifiable. The rules should be simplified to a degree which is intelligible to members generally, and which does not give the control of legislation to a very few men. The assumption that the proposition to clarify and simplify the rules means a scheme of wrong-doing by means of such revision is unwarrantable. The minority ought not to be permitted practically to defeat the will of the country by preventing, after due deliberation, the action of the majority. Those who would resort to prolonged filibustering in order to baffle the majority are neither patriots nor in any true sense democrats.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BILL.

AT the recent breakfast to Count de Keratry, ex-Senator CHACE, of Rhode Island, who introduced in Congress what may be called the first union international copyright bill, echoed the remark of Dr. EDWARD EGGLESTON, that "the train is very nearly in." All the speeches were in the same pleasant tone of confidence, which was not conventional but sincere. Victory was forecast when the great interests involved all united in support of the CHACE bill, although that bill by no means embodies all that the friends of international copyright desire; and the ex-Senator's faith that if the press should generously and warmly support the movement, and the people urge action in Congress, the Fifty-first Congress would pass the law before the end of its term, is undoubtedly well-founded. The general question involved is one of those which appeal very strongly to the American sense of justice; and when that feeling is once fairly aroused, the result is practically determined.

There has been much discussion whether such questions as copyright are not wholly legal and administrative, whether they are not beyond the pale of the diocese of conscience. But the public good sense answers without sophistication that so simple a point as the moral right of an author to his own work is indisputable. The law of ANNE does not overbear the authority of MANSFIELD, and all ingenious provisions and contentions which conflict with common-sense are gently pushed aside by time. Mr. CHACE, holding with Mr. LOWELL that literature is the foundation of civilization, pointed out that this defence of literature has been urged at every stage of our history by eminent Americans. WASHINGTON and MADISON favored international copyright, JEFFERSON supported it, and JAMES BUCHANAN joined HENRY CLAY in his advocacy of it. GARFIELD and ARTHUR, CLEVELAND and HARRISON, all commended it to public attention. Many Secretaries of State have been friendly—CLAY, and EVERETT, and FISH, and EVARTS, and BLAINE. But nothing has been really achieved, because each one of them has seen that until there was harmony among the various interests, the question was not practical.

This view of Mr. CHACE elucidates the situation which is now virtually ended. The cry of "cheap books," meaning books which in the perception of plain people are stolen books, is no more seductive to Americans than the cry of cheap property of any other kind. The generous and graceful acknowledgment by Count de Keratry of the charm of distinguished American authors was very agreeable to their countrymen, and with felicitous indirection he gently prodded us in saying, "the United States are sufficiently rich to pay for the luxury of a broad hospitality, since you admit the possession of greater wealth than you can use." The bill which will be urged upon Congress has the support of authors, publishers, and the various mechanical branches of book manufacture. It is, of course, a compromise. It concedes much in order to accomplish much and to establish a principle. It is not a complete and thorough recognition of the author's right. But it is a beginning. There is the best spirit among its friends. They anticipate an equally favorable disposition in Congress. The time is auspicious. At the opening of the great International Exposition, says the count, shall we not found an International Fraternity of Letters?

STANLEY.

AT the moment the most conspicuous man in the world is HENRY M. STANLEY. Every newspaper in Europe and America simultaneously announced his arrival upon the eastern coast of Africa. Europe spoke by the German Emperor offering him a war ship to carry him from Zanzibar, and welcoming him to the triumph of a hero. He is honored as the chief of travellers, as a hero of romance; and his comrade, Mr. JOSEPH THOMSON, who thought him hopelessly lost, now hastens to celebrate his Homeric exploits and his Napoleonic energy. Germany and England prepare for him an unprecedented reception, in which practically every country and the intelligence of the world will join. The newspaper reporter has scaled the heights of distinction, and written his name by those of the greatest of explorers.

The secret of such renown is not hidden. It is the instinctive delight of men in heroism, in personal courage, in perilous adventure happily surmounted. It is a career which implies an undaunted spirit, immense resource, complete self-possession, and prompt seizure and wise improvement of opportunity. They are the qualities which in other spheres of activity found states, baffle apparently resistless forces, and change the course of history. STANLEY has confronted the almost boundless and unknown forests and jungles, the morasses and waters and mountains, of a continent swarming with savage hostility, with pestilence, and a myriad nameless obstructions, in an impenetrable silence and absolute separation from the rest of the world and from all hope of communication or succor. And upon him alone, upon his health, strength, intelligence, spirit, nerve, and persistence, not only his own life, but the lives of hundreds, the welfare of thousands, increased knowledge, and the progress of civilization depended. He has not failed. He has overcome. It is not surprising that his letter to the *Herald* breathes a deep religious fervor. It is not a picnic from which he emerges, but he comes a conqueror from a tremendous and prolonged conflict with what seemed invincible forces.

When Dr. KANE returned from his great voyage to the north pole—a small, quiet, refined, and modest man—THACKERAY, who was then in this country, met him one day at dinner, and heard his simple and thrilling story. When KANE paused, THACKERAY arose to his full height, and gravely asked to be permitted to kneel and kiss his foot. It was a humorous form of the instinctive homage of the hardy English race to indomitable pluck and persistence. It is the same feeling which will bring Germany and England to receive STANLEY as a conqueror—not from battle-fields or bloody decks, but from the long contest with savage nature, which, whether at the icy north or the burning equator, has always had the profoundest fascination from the night, three centuries ago, when Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT'S light suddenly vanished upon the ocean to the happy morning, just now, when STANLEY was known to have arrived at Zanzibar. "Heaven is as near by sea as by land," said the unconquerable Sir HUMPHREY, and STANLEY'S letter is in the same high strain.

MR. CLEVELAND.

IT cannot be denied that the defeat of last year has not made Mr. CLEVELAND a less interesting and significant public figure. His conduct since he re-entered private life has been dignified, discreet, and becoming. A President who retires in the vigor of his prime, with general respect, and the recognized representative both of certain great principles in politics and of definite policies and measures, cannot disappear from public view except by an inexorable resolution to seclude himself completely in privacy. There is no reason why Mr. CLEVELAND should do so, and it will not be denied that upon every occasion on which he has publicly appeared since he left the White House he has deepened the general confidence and respect with which he is regarded.

The secret of this result is the universal belief that he represents with entire sincerity the higher political feeling and aspiration of the country. This is the more striking, and it makes his position the more remarkable, because it is not the universal belief that this is true of his party, although in every speech he naturally assumes that it is. It will not be denied, however, that if his party should set him aside, and select another candidate in 1892, there is a very large and intelligent vote which the candidate would not receive. That is to say, it is a vote for CLEVELAND, and not for the Democratic party. It is one of the extraordinary incidents of politics that the man who now really stands for political progress in the best sense is one of the leaders of the party which Governor HILL leads in New York.

Mr. CLEVELAND'S recent speech in Boston illustrates the familiar fact that we mention. It was delivered at a dinner from which partisan discussion was excluded. It was devoted to the practical morals of politics, and he spoke simply and strongly for political honesty in the highest sense. The acclamation with which it was received sprang from the feeling that he was the embodiment of the views which he expressed. Governor AMES and Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, both of them his party opponents, paid homage to his sincerity and fidelity, and the whole occasion was typical of Mr. CLEVELAND'S present position. It is certainly a good sign of the political health and vigor of the country that the representative of political honesty and wise progress, although a private citizen, is the most popular American.

PENSIONS AND PAUPERIZATION.

THE people of the United States are neither stingy nor mean. They said during the war to the Union soldiers and sailors that they should be cared for when the war ended, and now, a quarter of a century after Appomattox, a third of the enormous expenses of the country, about a hundred millions of dollars, is paid annually in pensions. What did the promise of the people mean? Did it mean that every man who enlisted, if only for a month, should be maintained, with his family, at the public charge forever after? Did the pension for soldiers' orphans intend that the children of a man who enlisted, did his duty, was paid his

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bounty and wages, and left the army unharmed and well, and a dozen years afterward married, should be supported at the public cost? If so, should not those children and their families also be supported in the same way?

The proposition of the President and the Secretary of the Interior is that such soldiers who are dependent upon their daily labor and are unable to work should be pensioned. Under actual circumstances is this anything but the offer of a large premium upon pauperism? A pensioner of this kind would not owe his inability to labor to the mishaps of military service. It might be due to disease or accident, but not contracted or suffered in the service. It might be due to incapacity or to misfortune having no connection with the service. The pension would be a gratuity for a service which had been already paid for upon terms entirely acceptable, and the person who received such a gratuity would be a pauper.

This is a case entirely different from that of the soldier who in the course of his military service received injuries which disabled him. He is not a pauper in the ordinary sense, but a pensioner in the accepted and universal meaning of the word. The word "pauper" is not necessarily discreditable. It describes a person who lives upon charity, and for such persons every civilized community makes provision. But charity, whether of the individual or of the state, is immensely abused by laziness and false pretence of every kind, so that one of the most necessary movements of modern times is the protection of society against hereditary pauperism or living at the expense of others, whether individuals or the state. The law proposed would dispose thousands of people to endeavor under false pretences to secure public support. The disposition would be fostered by the offers of politicians to favor the law in consideration of the votes of claimants. Patriotism would become a trade. Honest and war-worn veterans would be degraded, and a vast venal vote would be multiplied, and held at the service of the highest bidder. Fortunately this is the view of many strong administration papers, and it is to be hoped that the fear of hurting the party by not supporting this kind of pension will not weaken or silence their protest.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE death of ROBERT BROWNING removes a poet who alone in his generation has contested the palm with TENNYSON. He has lacked the melodious charm which has given TENNYSON a more general popularity, although BROWNING'S line has at times that music which is the quality of great poetry only. The hold which he has taken upon the mind of his time is remarkable, and the more remarkable that it has been taken with superb scorn of all the artifices of popularity. For half a century, with constantly increasing fame, he has maintained an unchanging strain, wholly unaffected by the literary and mental fashions which have arisen and prevailed and passed away. It is true that his poetry itself has been sometimes made a fashion, and has served as a standard of intelligence by which crude and jejune minds have sought to measure themselves in the estimation of others. But that is merely to say that there has been much affectation of fondness for his verse and pretence of comprehension of its obscurity.

The obscurity is undeniable. It is beyond that of any English poet who is confessedly of the first class. But whether or not the poet might have made his line as limpid as TENNYSON'S, the obscurity does not constitute its charm. It arises often from the character of the thought and of the poet's mind. It is well to be wary of sweeping generalizations in judging a great poet. But in dramatic power and depth of passion united, it is long since there has been such an illustration in English poetry as BROWNING. His genius was essentially dramatic, and in all his volumes there is scarcely one poem in which he evidently describes his own emotion, or in which his personality is plain. There is one fine exception to this remark in "One Word More," the exquisite poem addressed to his wife, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, the answering strain to her "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

BROWNING died in Venice, a city of which he was very fond, and in which he had found much inspiration. No other English poet has revealed so intimately the awakening and consecrated devotion of modern patriotism in that country, and his genius was wonderfully perceptive of the dark passions of the Italian nature and history. Yet his common-sense and humor and his hearty intellectual vigor were characteristically English. In his death not only a great genius, but a most brilliant and interesting personality, disappears.

MORLEY ON SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S *Walpole* in the series of twelve English statesmen is one of the most admirable of political biographies. Mr. MORLEY is not only a profound student of history, but he is a writer of singular lucidity, and the literary charm of his works is very great. There is no finer and more sympathetic and probably no juster portraiture of EDMUND BURKE than Mr. MORLEY'S. It is a noble, dignified, and pathetic picture. His *Walpole* is a fitting pendant to it, and although the epoch is familiar, it is nowhere treated in a more fascinating manner.

It is pleasant to see that Mr. MORLEY'S work reproduces the judgment of THACKERAY in his lecture upon GEORGE the Second. THACKERAY was not a student of history or politics in the same way as MORLEY. But it is all the more significant that his exploration of the memoirs and social traditions of the time ends in a similar estimate of WALPOLE'S immense service to England, and through England to Europe. Mr. MORLEY does not rank him as a first-rate statesman in the large sense, for he had not moral elevation of character. But his sagacity, his patriotism, his extraordinary intellectual resource, his clear insight and unbending courage, his common-sense, and his clear perception of the principles and policy by which alone a STUART reaction and restoration could be prevented, place him among the wisest governors that England has known.

His alleged political corruption is carefully examined by Mr. MORLEY, and he finds WALPOLE'S black reputation in that respect to be unfounded. Like every statesman of the time, he bought votes at a pinch, but it was not his system, and he was by no means so great a sinner in this respect as some others. His famous remark that every man has his price was not a general observation, but was of a special and doubtless just application. Indeed, WALPOLE was as much a "heaven-born" minister as WILLIAM PITT. He took England from the hands of BOLINGBROKE, who would have ruined it, and he gave the impulse to the England that we know. Yet he did this largely by withstanding the Whig tradition of war, although he was a Whig, and by adhering to the settlement of the Peace of Utrecht, which was BOLINGBROKE'S Tory masterpiece. The book is a very entertaining, instructive, and suggestive chapter of political biography, and it doubtless contains the truest estimate of WALPOLE.

NEW YORK AND THE FAIR.

IT is an unpleasant fact for New York, but the project of the great Fair plainly languishes. The whole amount of the guarantee fund has been subscribed, and a few thousands of dollars are added every day. But the cheerful enthusiasm of the proposition to double the five million in the week following the completion of the subscription was not electric or contagious. Enthusiasm and resolution and the overpowering sense of fitness may summon other people's dollars like spirits from the deep. But will they come?

There are two reasons offered for the public languor. One is that there is a great political question involved, namely, whether in approaching a Presidential year Tammany Hall shall be allowed to handle the enormous sums of money, and control all the labor necessary in preparation for the great occasion. It may be safely said that if politics get into the enterprise, politics will bedevil it. There are monuments of the malign power of job politics in full view of every citizen of New York, and there is a natural disposition to reflect at some length before assuming that Tammany Hall, returning to its old power in the city, would push the Fair with lofty disregard of political advantages in general and the benefit of Tammany Hall in particular. The other especial reason alleged is that New York has already just as much as it can manage to handle itself effectively, and that a sudden and temporary enormous increase of its traffic of every kind would be wholly unmanageable. It has not the indispensable conveniences, and would not have them when the time arrived. To these reasons must be added another, which is that New York is not in the true sense a public-spirited city. Its population is too heterogeneous to generate public spirit. An appeal to New York for the relief of suffering is always nobly answered. But that is not true of other appeals, as many familiar instances illustrate to every citizen.

Yet there can be no doubt that the Fair would be of immense benefit to the city. The experience of Philadelphia with the Centennial Fair proves it. "The Fair made us," said an eminent Philadelphian. It quickened every branch of industrial activity by awakening emulation and admiration. It showed to artisans of every kind the vast range and the marvellous attainment of their own industries, and so stimulated the desire and the skill to rival and surpass the triumphs of the Exhibition. It enlarged both their vision and its scope. It exerted in the largest way the same kind of influence that a great building like the Albany Capitol exerts upon every mechanic who visits and studies it, the influence of great pictures upon a painter, and of great music upon musicians. The Fair, carried out as is proposed, would quicken the life of the city in every direction; while the effect of failure through indifference to secure it would probably be a kind of moral loss to the city. It is none the less true, however, that such a failure is not impossible.

CARRYING FIRE-ARMS.

THE recent death of Mr. EDWARD CUNNINGHAM at Milton, near Boston, has naturally excited deep feeling in that city and neighborhood. A friendly tribute to his memory in the Boston *Post* begins with a clear statement of the incident and of Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S character:

"EDWARD CUNNINGHAM died in Milton, November 22d, from the effect of a pistol-shot wound received on the previous day, when trying to protect his dog and his land from armed poachers. To those who know him and his history this sudden death may well be called a natural one, for he was one of the few men who always risk life and limb without hesitation, and, knowing not fear in any shape, never consider their own safety for a moment when it stands in the way of the right. Had there been forty instead of three ruffians, he would have met them with the same fearlessness as that with which years ago he faced a furious mob in China, and nearly had his hand cut off by them. His moral independence was as unconditional as his physical courage, notably shown when he came out in California under his own signature in defence of the persecuted Chinamen, when all others, even of his own class, joined in denouncing them."

This is a character most valuable in any community, and Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S death will be widely and deeply lamented. But it ought to quicken the public sensitiveness to the reckless carrying of fire-arms. Mr. CUNNINGHAM with his dog met intruders on his own grounds. There were some words, probably. Then one of the men shot the dog, and then his master. The intruders were Italians, and the murderer has confessed the shooting, but asserts that it was intended to summon his comrades. The law, as the *Post* points out, authorizes placing a person who carries deadly weapons under bonds to keep the peace only when complaint is made by some one who holds his life to be endangered. But it holds that in our communities the carrying of such weapons should be prohibited, and made a misdemeanor punishable without specific complaint.

It is an attractive picture of a singularly good man and citizen which the memorial of Mr. CUNNINGHAM draws. The moral of his death is twofold and of universal application. The "reckless carrying of fire-arms by irresponsible people, whether foreigner or American," should be prohibited by reasonable laws, and the introduction into the country of people who have no knowledge of law and no respect for it, and who are utterly alien to all the traditions and usages of self-government, should be wisely regulated.

THE RAILWAY PRICE OF HUMAN LIFE.

IF some conspicuous citizen of New York should be run over and killed by a railroad train, owing to the gross negligence of the train hands, who had been also guilty of inhuman treatment of their victim, the fact would probably be noticed with some emphasis and amazement. But this is precisely what happened to a young and obscure man the other day on the Harlem road, and the incident was described by the Grand Jury in the words that we have used, and they held the company responsible for the young man's death. But the fact has attracted very little public notice.

What is the amount of the responsibility of the railroad? If a private person by gross negligence had killed another, he might be held, according to the evidence, to pay great and salutary damages, which would be at least in the nature of a penalty for taking human life. A life is lost by the gross negligence of the company. What ought it to pay, since there is no other reparation possible? The law of the State of New York limits the amount to five thousand dollars. However gross the negligence, however wanton the manslaughter, however cruel the consequences to the family of the victim, five thousand dollars is the maximum penalty.

If the secret history of the law could be disclosed, is there much doubt that railroad influence would be found to have been very powerful in securing the limitation? But why should a company into whose keeping human life must be committed be relieved from a responsibility which weighs upon every citizen? This is an illustration of the sources of popular feeling against great corporations. They are known often to control legislation, and to control it in their own interests. They are known to maintain agents both in the lobby and on the floor of Legislatures. It is perfectly fair that corporations should defend themselves against legislative strikers and robbers. If they did this only, there would be no complaint. But why should they be suffered to limit the amount of their responsibility for wantonly and carelessly taking life? Why should a Legislature estimate the value of a life at five thousand dollars and no more, when it is taken by the gross negligence of those for whom the company is responsible?

PERSONAL.

ALTHOUGH Count CAVOUR has been honored by monuments in seven of the principal cities in Italy, including Milan, Florence, and Naples, Rome is as yet without one. Several admirers of the great statesman are agitating a movement to repair this neglect.

—A new submarine craft has just been designed by GOSPATIN APOSTOLOFF, a young Cossack engineer. The vessel is fish-shaped, and resembles the descriptions given of Captain Nemo's craft by JULES VERNE, in *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*. The new vessel is to move with such swiftness that it is claimed it will accomplish the voyage from England to America in a trifle over twenty-four hours.

—The United States is shortly to be visited by the Rev. PAMPHILE DE VEUSTER, the brother of the martyr priest, Father DAMIEN. He is now travelling in England, raising funds for the establishment of an institute to instruct candidates for work among the lepers.

—GEORGE VANDERBILT has bought five thousand acres of land among the mountains of Asheville, North Carolina, and will establish a splendid country place there. He will build a fine mansion for himself, and hopes to gain pleasure and profit from raising large crops and fine cattle.

—Senator ALLISON'S engagement to Miss THERESA STOUGHTON, a niece of Senator HALE, of Maine, is announced, and their marriage is to take place about Christmas.

—TOMASO SALVINI, the great actor, has a luxurious town house in Florence, and a country villa on a high hill a few miles from the city, from which there are glorious views of the valley of the Arno and the Apennines. When in town he is very hospitable, and gives fine dinners to his male friends, and when in the country he leads a patriarchal life among his children and grandchildren. He is passionately fond of music, and is a good singer, while his strength and athletic skill are proverbial.

—JAMES CAMPBELL, of Philadelphia, seventy-six years old, is the last survivor of President FRANKLIN PIERCE'S cabinet. He was Postmaster-General, and among the other members were CALEB CUSHING, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and WILLIAM L. MARCY.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JEFFERSON DAVIS were both in Washington together at different times, notably in 1847–8, when the first was a member of the House, and the second of the Senate, but it is said they never met, or even knew each other's face.

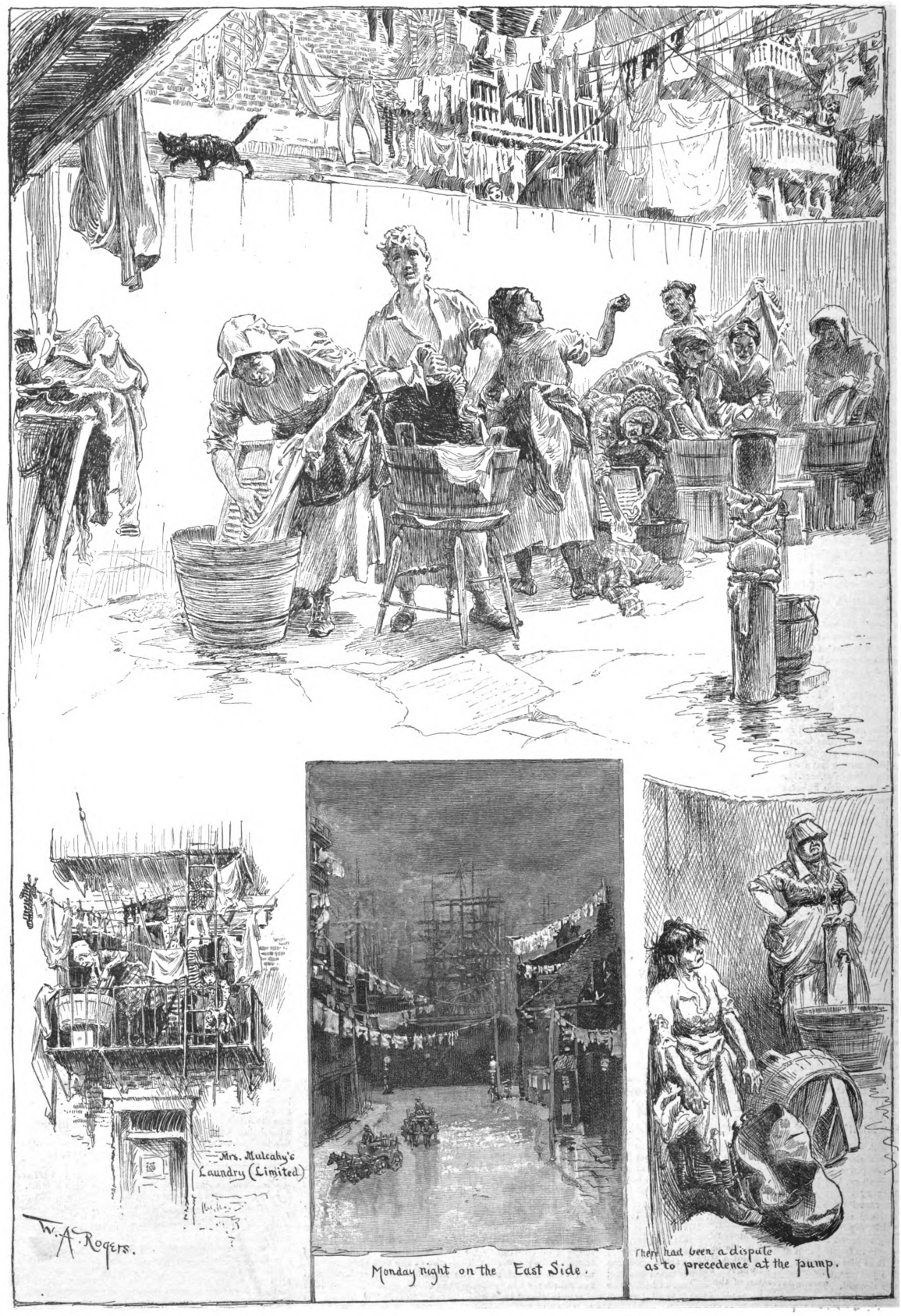
—The Connecticut Historical Society will ask Congress to appropriate money for bringing back the body of JOEL BARLOW, the poet and diplomat, who is buried in Poland. He was on a mission from this government to France during President MADISON'S administration, and died while going to meet NAPOLEON. The petition to Congress is signed by many prominent Connecticut men.

—M. EUGÈNE BERSIER, a famous pulpit orator and the leading pastor of the Reformed Church in France, has just died in Paris. He was made a knight of the Legion of Honor in 1871 for his services in organizing ambulances during the siege of Paris.

—The building which was occupied by JEFFERSON DAVIS after the capital of the Confederate government had been established at Richmond, Virginia, and was known as the "White House of the Confederacy," has since the war been used as a grade school building. Now it is to be replaced by a more commodious structure for public-school purposes.

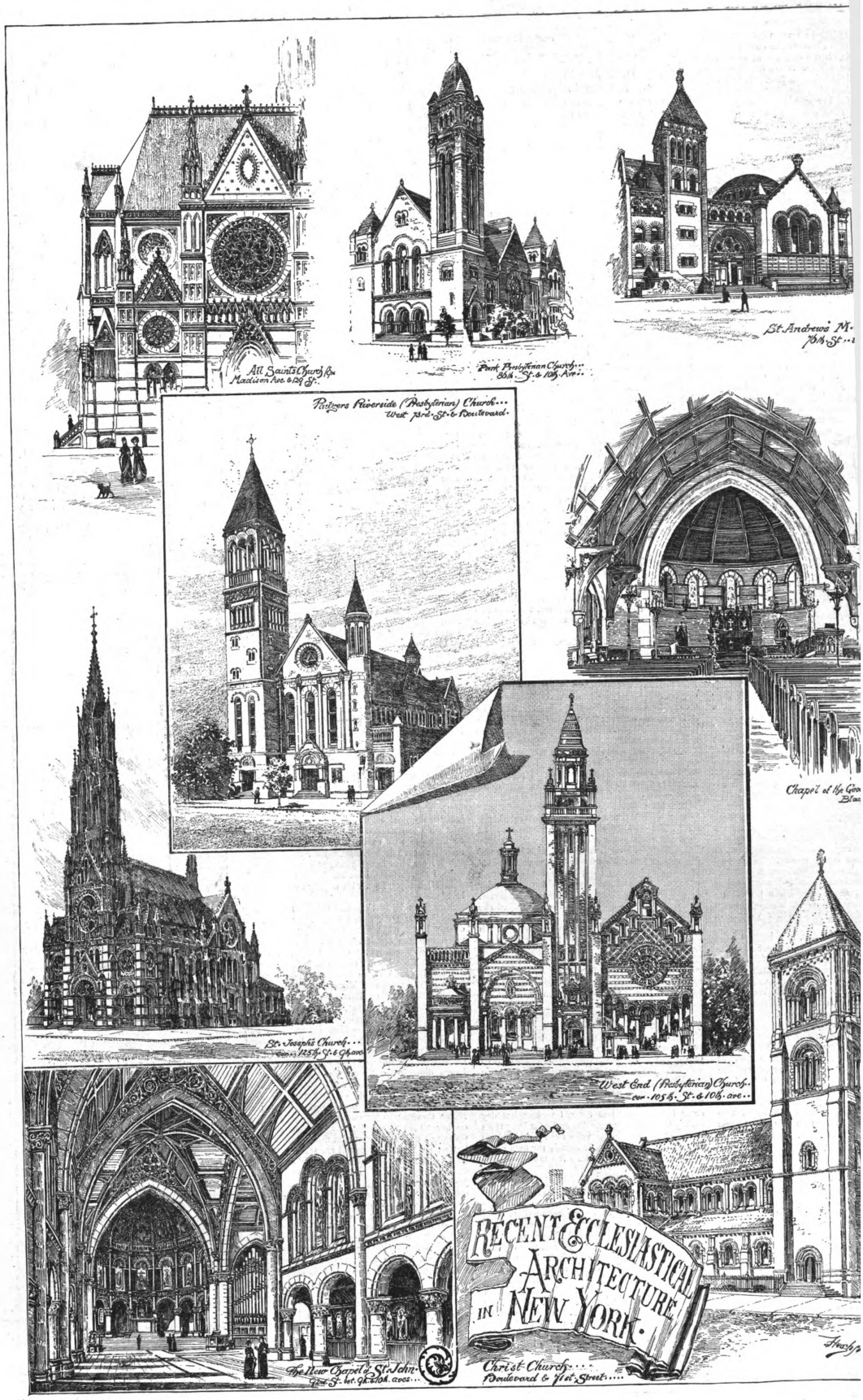
—Emperor WILLIAM spent a good deal of money last year in entertaining the royalties who visited him at Berlin, and distributed gifts with a lavish hand. The bread cast upon the waters that seems to have been returned to him in a very substantial way during his recent trip to Constantinople, however, as he is said to have brought back a ship-load of presents, valued at nearly $500,000 among them $125,000 worth of diamonds for the Empress. Altogether, this pleasure of seeing his German friends in his own dominions cost the somewhat impecunious Sultan about $750,000.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WASH DAY AMONG THE TENEMENTS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1014.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

WASH DAY IN THE TENEMENTS.

EVERY Monday morning, as the sun makes its appearance and strives in most noble effort to lessen the gloom that shadows the courts and alleys of the tenement-house districts of New York city, it looks down upon a scene of temporary water famine and interior warfare. It is a war of the wash-tub Amazons, each and every one of whom wants to fill her tubs at the same time, while only one of them can be accommodated by the feeble stream of water that flows in the average tenement-house above the second floor. Even then it must be drawn before seven o'clock in the morning, at which hour the great manufacturing establishments commence their daily drain upon the inefficient water mains of the city, and as almost all of these factories are well supplied with powerful force-pumps, the tenement, and the first-class dwelling as well in many localities, cannot obtain a supply of water above the second floor after that hour.

The laborer's wife, living perhaps on the fifth story of a "double-decker" which shelters or herds four families on every floor, gets up by early dawn, and makes ready to wash the clothes of her "ould man" and the brood of children. A goodly number of children seems to be one of the inseparable adjuncts of life in a "double-decker." The wife probably has the wash of one or two boarding-house dwellers, the income from which helps greatly in the eking out of an existence that would otherwise be one of semi-starvation, if the husband's small and precarious wage were all they had to rely upon. Out into the hall she gropes her way to the water faucet and sink, which are sure to be in the darkest corner, only to find that some one down-stairs is before her and monopolizing the one meagre pipe that is supposed to supply water to the twenty families dwelling in the house. She may wait awhile, hoping that the woman below will get her supply quickly. On any other than wash day she might not be disappointed, but that woman below has got three big tubs to fill, and it will take a good half-hour to do it. With patience about exhausted, the "fifth floor front" goes down to investigate, and if she be on good terms with the "third floor back," they may, after a little matutinal gossip, come to some mutual arrangement for an immediate supply to both. On the other hand, if there should happen to be a bit of hard feeling between them, there is sure to be a war of words, and if perchance, as is too often the truth, the "growler" has circulated too freely the night before in one or both the apartments, the whole house will be entertained with an early morning "scrapping match," in which several may take a hand before it is quelled by the house-keeper or a policeman.

The "third floor back" resents the request of her neighbor; it may be because the latter has not recognized the social precedence of the third floor tenant as higher than that of the fifth floor tenant; or again, the bitterness may have had a beginning when the scion of the "fifth floor front" collided with and "done up" the pride of the "third floor back" in the alley below. That "social precedence" should be a factor in tenement-house life seems anomalous to the general mind, but that it does exist is a fact beyond dispute; and though its laws have a basis somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of the well-to-do, they are respected and lived up to with the same unctions as, and certainly with more enthusiasm than, are the unwritten laws of a certain undefined "400." To be an aristocrat in a tenement it is but necessary to occupy the second floor front in a decent house, and pay your way. To be lord of the whole neighborhood, just accompany the occupancy with the business of politics, or, better yet, that of an undertaker. It's a proud woman the "missus" will be as she lays down the law, unquestioned by the other women in the house.

Returning to the wash day, in a house of the character here depicted such scenes are of weekly occurrence, and it is generally not before twelve o'clock that all the women in a house of this size are enabled to get water enough to go about their day's task, and many of them have carried the water up one, two, or three flights of stairs by the bucketful. There is another class of woman that may be found in these tenements. There are hundreds of reasons for her being in neighborly association with the drinking, brawling crowd that surrounds her, but, as a rule, she is a victim of circumstances, and the one circumstance that can be mentioned more often than all others combined is a drunken husband. She will fill her tubs on Sunday night, will this provident one, and if she possesses a husband who will be as provident in his own line of domestic duty, the tenement-house does not long remain their abiding-place.

Fortunately for the well-being of laboring humanity in the metropolis, such houses as the one described above are no longer typical of the New York tenement-house. There are many of them, it is true, far too many, but they are mostly situated in the older tenement districts, on the lower east side and extreme western and eastern borders of the city. Such people as dwell in them will always be as they are in a vast cosmopolitan community such as this; but for those who are sober, industrious, and saving, the modern tenement as found uptown above Fiftieth Street, on the east and west sides both, is supplied with all the modern conveniences that could reasonably be expected, while the sanitary laws governing plumbing arrangements are rigidly enforced by the Board of Health with but few exceptions. These houses are nearly all fitted with pumps that enable tenants to obtain water on any floor at any hour of the day. Rentals are remarkably low; the mechanic and laboring-man can get modern accommodations of equal or greater space than the old-fashioned "double-decker" will afford him for the same money, or often less. This does not attract him evidently, for many of the modern tenements are empty, while almost all of the old ones are crowded to repletion.

SCOTT THOMPSON.

DAT MISTLETOE.

BY ELIZABETH H. STEWART.

DAT sut'n'y wuz a green Chris'mas! De grass wuz mighty green en sorf like, en de passion vines on de verandy wuz jes ez fresh ez dey been in de summer, en all 'long de gawden bo'ders hyar en dyar sweet-vi'lets wuz a-peekin' up like dey done mistook de warm sunshiny days foh de spring-time comin'. Of co'se de leaves on de oak-trees en wil' grape-vines wuz brown, en de maple en cotton-wood trees wuz bar'; but hit sut'n'y wuz a green Chris'mas. I reckon we done gathered 'mos' a cawt-load of green trash en chrysanth'ums out de gawden dat mawnin', en dyar wuz lots of stuff lef' growin'. Dyar wuz de grettes' doin's at home dat mawnin'. Dey-all white folks wuz gwine ter hab a pawty. En we-all black folks wuz mighty busy a-workin' en a-cookin' en fixin' things. En dey-all white folks —scusin' Miss Net—wuz mighty busy overseein' en fussin' en tellin' we-all de way how dey want things fixed. Miss Net wuzn't doin' nothin' on'y lookin' solemn en moanful like, en watchin' we-all a-fixin'. I reckon she wuz thinkin' 'bout de ole home whar she been riz an' brung up, en I say ter her, "Scuse me, Miss Net, but 'pears like you's not so ondostrious like you used ter be when you's 'mong you own kinfolks."

Miss sorter smiled, en said: "I b'lieve I is gettin' lazy, Torm. Dar's so many of you ter do things foh me, you nuver give me no chance ter work. But I's gwine now ter cut some more flowers;" en she run down de steps en out inter de gawden, me follerin' after her ter kyar dem flowers whar she gwine ter cut. Wif de holly en de chrysanth'ums she done cut, she hed 'mos' her two arms full. But she 'lowed she gwine kyar dem in herself, an' tole me ter fotch 'long de pine whar us darkies done cut in de mawnin'. She kyar dem flowers inter de parlor, I comin' 'long 'mos' beside her, lugging de big branches of pine. She kyar dem right to whar Marse Gawge an' his cousin Laura wuz fixin' dem high on de wall; en Miss Laura says:

"Oh, what you cut dem chrysanth'ums foh? You's got de stems too short, I's fear'd."

Miss Laura speak out right sharp, like she got more right to dem flowers dan Miss Net have. Miss Net's face got purty red, but I reckon she think 'kase Miss Laura's a visitor she treat her perlite, so she say:

"I's sorry if dey's too short. I thought I cut dem long 'nough."

"I'll make dem do," Marse Gawge said. "Here, Net, hand dem up ter me." En Miss Net reached bofe her two han's full up ter him; but she a mighty little lady, en not tall 'nough, 'kase Marse Gawge done clum up 'mos' ter de ceilin'. En he larfed, en say ter her: "You's too little. Gib dem ter Laura. Hit takes a Kentucky girl ter dec'rate a Kentucky ball."

"Oh!" Dat wuz all Miss Net said, en she gib de flowers right ter Miss Laura. But I see she felt mighty bad 'kase she cayrn help Marse Gawge. En, sorter mad like, she jes walked right outer de room en cl'ar inter de gawden.

Den Miss Laura turn' roun' ter me en say: "Torm, whar you bring all dat pine inter de house foh? We's not ready foh hit yit. Take hit right back ter whyar you got hit."

I diden tole Miss Laura 'bout Miss Net sayin' foh me ter bring hit in. But I see dey-all don' need hit jes now, en I lug hit back agin inter de gawden. En dar I see Miss Net, 'way back under de oak-trees 'longside de back wing of de house. She wuz stan'in' wipin' her eyes, en I knowed she been cryin'.

Now I allus thought a heap of Miss Net, foh she a mighty good little lady; en I's boun' ter take care of her, 'kase I's 'sponsible foh Marse Gawge bringin' her ter Blythewood. She done come from 'way de udder side of de Hier Riber, en diden zactly b'long ter my own white folks, bein' on'y Marse Gawge's wife, en no blood-kin to dey-all.

Hit wuz 'fore de wah, when we-all black folks wuz slabes. En I reckon I's 'shamed ter tell hit, but I suah 'nough *did* run away from Marse Gawge en ole miss, he ma. Hit wuz when he comin' foh get me dat Marse Gawge got 'quainted wif Miss Net. En dat how come I's 'sponsible foh Miss Net comin' ter Blythewood ter lib. Miss Net baden no pa en ma, en de kin-folks she lib wif in de Norf wuz what dey call ab'litions. Dey's some kind mighty bad folks, I reckon, but dey sut'n'y wuz good ter me. When I's far 'way from home, en tired en hongry, dey fed me en kep' me en tuck care of me jes de same's my own white folks twill Marse Gawge kem foh take me home agin.

When Marse Gawge kem dyar, dey-all wuz on-frien'y en onperlite ter him. En at fust Marse Gawge mighty spunky wif dey-all, too. En he tole dem he got a notion ter persecute dem 'long of hobberin' me, 'kase dyar wuz a law den dat dey persecute folks dat hobbered niggers when dey run away from dyar marsters. But when Marse Gawge see Miss Net, he fall right in love wif her. Den he come roun' mighty sorf-like, en he axed dey-all's pardon, en wanted ter make fr'en's. But dey-all wouldn' hab nothin' ter say ter him. En Marse Gawge en me jes kem home. But Marse Gawge diden give up Miss Net, en by-em-by he make a trip up Norf agin, en married Miss Net, en brung her down ter Blythewood. En de onlies' ones dat war glad ter see her wuz me en Marse Gawge, dat done fotcht her down hyar.

Ole miss wuzn't glad, 'kase she allus spected Marse Gawge gwine ter marry he cousin Laura; en dey-all servants think he gwine ter marry Miss Laura. En I reckon Miss Laura think so too. On'y Marse Gawge en me think he gwine ter marry Miss Net. En he done married Miss Net, en I's 'sponsible foh it, en it make me mighty onhappy ter see her so solum en moanful en cryin' out dar under de oak-trees. Her purty blue eyes wuz all pinky lookin', like dey's sewed in wif red worsted; en it made me feel mighty bad ter see her lookin' up inter de branches of dat tree, en sayin' ter herself: "Up dyar is a plant libin' wifout root en groun', en it seem strong en bright. En dat a-way a strong love may live wifout hope. But it ain' a happy love."

Den I know she think Marse Gawge don' love her no more. I reckon she think he love his cousin Laura; en I 'mos' make up my min' ter tell her 'bout de many years Miss Laura done try ter cotch him en cayrn do it. En how Marse Gawge jes see her own purty face a couple of times en fall dead in love wif her. But when she see me dar, 'mos' beside her, she try to peart up, en she say:

"Torm, coulden you get dat mistletoe foh me? It's de purties' thing foh dec'ratin', en dar's not a bit of it been took inter de house ter-day. Hurry, en get it right quick, Torm! Dat bird's eatin' all de berries off it."

I clem up de tree en focht de purty yallerish-green thing down. Mistletoe are brittle stuff, en it broke right off wifout cuttin'. It wuz jes chuck-full of little white berries dat looked zactly like de little pearls ole miss got put away in de pink velvet case, ter wear when she gwine ter weddin's en big pawties. En scusin' whar de birds done et dem off, dey wuz growed in bunches, two en two, all op'site like, jes de same's de leabs en branches, ony stider one at er time on each side de twig, dyar wuz eight on de twig, or double pa'rs en each side. When I done gib dat mistletoe ter Miss Net, she say ter hit:

"Oh, you beauty! Don' you wish you wuz ter your own home in Englan' ter-day? You's an egzile heah." En she kissed de shiny little berries en de leabs. Den she fix hit a little an' look at hit right hard. Den, lookin' back agin ter de tree whyar de mistletoe kem from, she say: "Torm, what's de matter wif dat bird? He look like he got a spasm or crazy spell."

En suah 'nough I reckon Miss Net did think dat little bird gone crazy. 'Kase he wuz hangin' he bill agin de tree like he sut'n'y did hab a spell. But I spect I know whar he doin'. Dis darky's used ter de way of dem Kentucky rice-birds.

En I say ter Miss Net: "He tryin' ter git dat little white speck berry offen he bill. Now he done plant a seed foh a new mistletoe to grow nex' year."

"Plantin' a mistletoe Chris'mas mawnin'?" Miss Net say. "What a purty idee! Torm, you watch en see if dat mistletoe grow. I b'lieve de bird wuz plantin' hit specially foh me."

I tole Miss Net I's gwine ter look ter hit foh her, en she went inter de house, kyarin' in de mistletoe dat I's done focht down foh her.

Well, dat night, when dey-all strangers wuz dar, en de pawty wuz goin' on, en Miss Net lookin' purtier dan all de ladies, scusin' dat Miss Laura wuz lookin' more prouder, like dey-all, en specially Miss Net, wuzn't good 'nough foh her, de pawty wuz comin' 'long jes gran', when, out on de verandy by demselves, Miss Laura say somethin' ter Miss Net dat make her rear back her head, en say dat Miss Laura done make a mistake ter talk ter her dat a-way. En Miss Laura say if she not welcome in her cousin's house, she gwine home in de mawnin'. En, suah 'nough, de nex' mawnin' Miss Laura's trunks wuz all done packed en standin' in de hall, en de kerridge wuz et de door waitin'. Dick, de man dat drove de kerridge, say ter me,

"Whyar Miss Laura gwine?"

En I say, "Home, I reckon."

En Dick say, "Hain't hit mighty suddent start-in'?"

Now I's mighty close-moufed, en I diden say nothin' when Dick asked dat. My white folks en my black folks allus tole me, "Torm, done you nuver say nothin'." En so I larnt ter be mighty close-moufed. On'y I spect hit wuz mighty suddent, 'kase I reckon Miss Laura haden calc'lated ter go home twill spring-time come. Foh why she allus visit Marse Gawge en ole miss 'tween Chris'mas en Easter-Sunday? En she spend all de summer dyar, en sometime she stay twill Chris'mas come agin. I reckon hit wuz a little suddent, en mebbe Miss Laura diden hab her visit jes like she calc'lated ter; but I thought she be back agin by-em-by. Dat time I done mistook de way things gwine ter turn, 'kase Miss Laura diden come back right soon, en I nuver see her foh five long years.

Sho'tly after dat night ob de pawty Miss Net begin ter peart up en seem mighty happy; en Marse Gawge wuz jes ez good ter her, a-waitin' on her all de time. One day she show Marse Gawge de oak whyar dat bird done plant de mistletoe; en Marse Gawge tell me ter get a ladder en climb up en show dem de zactlies' spot whyar de bird done plant hit. En dyar hit wuz a-growing jes like mistletoe allus grow down hyar in Kentucky. De dried slime ob dat berry hed stuck de seed tight ter de bark ob de little twig, en two tointy yallerish leabs wuz peekin' out. I know dyar wuz a little crookt stem borin' hit's way inter de bark ter fin' de sap of de tree, but we-all coulden see dat, on'y de two little yallerish leabs en de slimy spot dat de berry make. But when de spring-time en' de summer come de bush growed out right smart, de leabs comin' two en two, two en two, allus comin' in pa'rs.

By-em-by Miss Net wuz mighty busy. 'Pear'd like she done forgot all 'bout dat mistletoe, she got so much sewin' ter do. Her little white han's flash to en fro, en de shiny p'int of her needle show ebry time. Her work-basket wuz full of sorf white flannens, en hanks of flossy silks, en lace, en linen, dat look like dey made of de cob-webs dat we see on de grass in summer-time.

'Bout de time Chris'mas come ag'in dyar wuz nobody ter watch dat mistletoe 'cept me, 'kase dyar wuz a new baby in de house, en Miss Net en Marse Gawge got no time foh mistletoe. Presen'ly Aunt 'Cindy bring de baby inter de new nurs'ry dat used ter be Marse Gawge's smokin'-room, en she axed we-all black folks ter come en see him, en she tole we-all if he diden look zac'ly like Marse Gawge, he pa. Of co'se we-all say he de mor'al image of Marse Gawge, but he sut'n'y did hab a cur'ous little bald head, en he wuz a good sight pinker dan eber I see Marse Gawge; but I reckon Marse Gawge mebbe look dat a-way when he a baby hisself. Den dey-all name dat baby Gawge, after he pa.

Dat chile sut'n'y did grow, en by-em-by he begin ter kick en crawl roun', en his ma say ter me, "Torm, ain' he jes de smartest en de bes' chile you eber see?"

Co'se I allus say "Yes'm." En he, suah 'nough, wuz right smart, scusin' dat he done make some cur'ous mistakes—a-puttin' needles en pins inter his mouf, en pullen de china off de tea table. Dat chile sut'n'y did grow mischievous. But his pa on'y larf ebry time he done little tricks, en say hit de Northern enterprise a-showin' out him. 'Kase he ma from de Norf part de country, Marse Gawge say he learn smarter, en not so lazy like dey-all. Presen'ly he growed so big dat his ma put away all his fine dresses, en put little pants en jackets on him, en he think he a man 'mos' like his pa.

'Bout dat time Marse Gawge wuz poo'ly, en by-em-by he wuz took wif fever, en lay sick a long time, en 'mos' died. But Miss Net sut'n'y did nuss him faithful. She done work wif him all day, en watch by him all de night. She took sich uncommon good kyar of him dat presen'ly he begin ter peart up. En 'bout de time Miss Net wuz took off her feet wid de same kine of fever, Marse Gawge took de turn foh betterment. She hed jes done fed him some brof dat she been cookin' wif her own han's, when she torictly drapped on de floor, en me en Aunt 'Cindy kyard her ter bed. She nuver got out dat bed. De fever en de nussin' of Marse Gawge done strain her, en de fust time Marse Gawge gone out dat house hit wuz ter Miss Net's fune'al, which wuz de week 'fore de fair. En we-all nuver went near de fair dat year.

Well, little Gawge cried foh his ma all de time, en Marse Gawge seem' 'mos' heart-broke; ole miss 'lowed he nuver would do no more good. A couple of months after Miss Net gone, she coax Marse Gawge ter go 'way foh a change. En 'gin he come home agin, he, suah 'nough, done peart up right smart. En by-em-by little Gawge stop frettin', en seem like he 'mos' done forgot his ma.

Pretty soon hit wuz de week 'fore Chris'mas come, en Marse Gawge look like he thinkin' a good deal, en ole miss say she fear'd he gwine ter fret agin. Presen'ly he say he wuz gwine away Chris'mas, en ole miss diden say no 'jection. I reckon she right glad he gwine ter do somethin' ter take his min' off frettin'; en mebbe she know what he gwine, but she diden tell we-all nothin'. Well, hit diden take long foh de day 'fore Chris'mas come 'long. En Marse Gawge done gone away, en de onlies' white folks in de house wuz ole miss en little Gawge. But ole miss tole we-all ter fix things jes as fine like we gwine ter hab a suah 'nough Chris'mas. En dyar wuz goin's on in de kitchen jes like dyar been when Miss Net been dyar. Hit wuz cold en blowy, en we diden hab lots of flowers like we-all had de fus Chris'mas dat Miss Net wuz dyar. But I s'posed ole miss en little Gawge diden care, 'kase dey's all 'lone by demselfs.

Hit wuz mos' dark time, en ole miss say, "Torm, in de mawnin' you mus' bring in some holly en pine en a branch of mistletoe, ef you can fin' hit; Gawge is comin' home ter-morrer, en he gwine ter fotch comp'ny."

I's mighty s'prised, 'kase Marse Gawge nuver gone inter de parlor ter talk wif no stranger folks sence Miss Net gone. But I jes say "Yes'm," en ole miss en little Gawge en Aunt 'Cindy went upstairs.

Dat night, when de work all done, en dey-all darkies wuz gone ter dyar cabins—scusin' Aunt 'Cindy en me; we allus stays in de house ter take care of things—when dey-all gone ter dyar cabins, en ole miss in her own room, en Aunt 'Cindy done put little Gawge ter sleep in de nurs'ry, me en Aunt 'Cindy wuz settin' in de side hall, nex' de nurs'ry, so's Aunt 'Cindy 'd heah little Gawge ef he gwine wake up. We's settin' dyar, en Aunt 'Cindy 'mos' 'sleep herself, but I's bright awake, en I feel zac'ly like some one's comin' up de nurs'ry-stairs. At fust I diden zac'ly heah dem, nor jes see dem, but I's suah dey's comin'. En by-em-by, reel quick like, I know dey's in dat hall whyar me en Aunt 'Cindy wuz settin'. I heah dem, en I see dem, en I feel dem all through de air. Me en Aunt 'Cindy bofe heah Miss Net's voice singin', jes like she used ter sing ter little Gawge, "Rock-a-by baby 'pon a tree-top." De light in de hall burnt sorter blue, en we see her dyar jes like she standin' in de moonlight, or like hit wuz her 'flection in a cl'ar stream. Still hit wuz mighty plain, en me en Aunt 'Cindy bofe see hit suah 'nough wuz Miss Net, en jes dat minute she dis'peared, en we heah'd her still singin' in de nurs'ry. Den ole miss kem runnin' in from de big hall, en she all white en skeered-lookin'.

She say, all choked, like she coulden open she lips, "Did you see or heah anything in de main hall?"

En Aunt 'Cindy say: "I don' know. Miss Net wuz heah. But I doin' know if I suah 'nough see her or heah her."

Den we-all heah her again singin' in de nurs'ry, en ole miss went straight en light a candle, en we-all went inter de nurs'ry, whar little Gawge wuz sleepin' in de dark. Dyar he wuz, a-settin' up in his bed en broad 'wake.

When we-all went inter de room, he say, "Grand-mammy, is my ma been heah?"

Ole miss not stout 'nough ter say no, so she jes say, "You been sleepin', honey."

En little Gawge say, "Den I wuz dreamin' dat my ma kissed me." En he turn over en went ter

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sleep agin right quick, 'kase he allus slep' mighty good at nights.

Ole miss wuz tremblin' en shakin' like she got de ager. En she say ter Aunt 'Cindy en me: "Torm, you en Aunt 'Cindy's ole servants, en I ken trus' you ter nuver say nothin' 'bout dis 'fore de udder servants. Gawge en his cousin Laura wuz married dis ebenin'. Dey will be heah 'fore dinner ter-morrer. Remember, I wish you ter say nothin' of this."

We bofe say "Yes'm." En ole miss know we mighty close-moufed. We ain' gwine ter say nothin'.

De nex' mawnin' I went out in de gawden ter git de green stuff whar ole miss done tole me ter git, en dyar wuz Miss Net's mistletoe whar de bird done plant five years ago. Dyar hit wuz, layin' on de groun', split inter two halves, like Miss Net's spirit done gone clean through hit. I pick dat mistletoe up, en put hit togedder agin. But I diden take hit inter de house foh dec'rate foh Marse Gawge en Miss Laura. I jes take hit en kayrd hit ter de little grabeyard, en put hit on Miss Net's grabe, 'kase I know nobody else 'd git time ter dec'rate de grabe dat day, when hit wuz Chris'mas, en Marse Gawge jes done got married.

NEW CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.

NEVER in the history of New York has church erection been so active as now, and if we may judge from such a tangible standard as this, Christianity is the opposite of "a creed outworn." Commenting on this growth of churches, one of the most distinguished of the city's clergy said to the writer, "New York is the most religious city in the world." Be that as it may, a study of the recent church extension within its limits will convince all that a wonderful energy is revealed by the facts as they may be found in the list of applications for permits to build on file in the Building Department.

An investigation of this list, supplemented by careful inquiries among architects, clergymen, and other well-informed sources, shows that since the 1st of January, 1888, plans for fifty new church edifices, involving an expense of about four million dollars, were submitted. Only a rough estimate is here attempted, as building expenses are apt to have an elastic quality, and as it is difficult to determine with any precision the cost of land, or the due proportion of cost for a given period of a long-continued work. Estimates on the same item were often found to vary widely when information was sought from those who should be able to speak with authority.

With this preface, we present the following table of the principal churches built or begun in New York since January 1, 1888, thrown into groups by denominations, with location, cost, and architects:

	Cost.
ROMAN CATHOLIC.	
Convent of Sacred Heart and Chapel. Schickel, architect	$200,000
St. Joseph's (additions), W. 125th Street. Herter Bros., architects	30,000
Corpus Christi Monastery and Chapel, Barrelto Street. Schickel, architect	150,000
St. Thomas the Apostle, St. Nicholas Avenue and 118th Street. Poole, architect	32,000
St. Joseph's, Bathgate Avenue and 177th Street. Kerby, architect	100,000
St. Patrick's Cathedral spires, Fifth Avenue and 51st Street. Renwick, Aspinwall, & Russell, architects	200,000
All-Saints', Madison Avenue and 129th Street. Renwick, Aspinwall, & Russell, architects	100,000
Our Lady of Good Counsel, E. 90th Street. Poole, architect	125,000
Our Lady of the Scapula of Mount Carmel, E. 28th Street. Poole, architect	30,000
St. Catharine of Genoa, Tenth Avenue and 153d Street. Poole, architect	25,000
St. Charles Borromeo, Seventh Avenue and 140th Street. Low, architect	32,000
Holy Name of Jesus, Tenth Avenue and 96th Street. Poole, architect	100,000
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.	
Holy Trinity, Lenox Avenue and 122d Street. Potter, architect	$200,000
St. John's Chapel, W. 91st Street. Potter, architect	300,000
All-Angels', West End Avenue and 81st Street. Snook, architect	150,000
St. Andrew's, Fifth Avenue and 127th Street. Congdon, architect	325,000
Christ Church, Boulevard and 71st Street. Haight, architect	150,000
Chapel of Theological Seminary, W. 21st Street Haight, architect	50,000
St. Luke's, Convent Avenue and 141st Street. Robertson, architect	250,000
Church of the Redeemer, Park Avenue and 82d Street. Wood, architect	60,000
PRESBYTERIAN.	
Rutgers Riverside Church, Boulevard and 73d Street. Robertson, architect	$120,000
Park, Tenth Avenue and 86th Street. Kilburn, architect	90,000
West End Chapel, Tenth Avenue and 105th Street. Carrère & Hastings, architects	70,000
Allen Street Church, Forsyth Street. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	40,000
Calvary Chapel, Fifth Avenue and 116th Street. Robertson, architect	30,000
Good-Will Mission Chapel, E. 51st Street. Terhune, architect	35,000
Bethlehem Mission Chapel, Bleecker Street. Warner, architect	35,000
New York Presbyterian Church, Seventh Avenue and 128th Street. Davis, architect	60,000
METHODIST.	
Rivington Street Church, Rivington Street. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	$40,000
Grace, W. 104th Street, near Ninth Avenue. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	60,000
St. Andrew's, W. 76th Street, near Ninth Avenue. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	175,000
BAPTIST.	
Grace, Park Avenue and 92d Street. Stent, architect	$21,000
First German Baptist Church of Harlem, E. 115th Street. Kilburn, architect	14,000
Second German Baptist Church of New York, W. 43d Street. Kilburn, architect	25,000
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Unity, Unitarian, Lenox Avenue and 121st Street. Atwood, architect	$70,000
St. James's, Lutheran, Madison Avenue and 73d Street. Potter, architect	85,000
Congregational Church, 142d Street. Davis, architect	15,000
Gospel Tabernacle, Eighth Avenue, near 44th Street. Edleman and Smith, architects	100,000
Bohemian Church, E. 74th Street. Robertson, architect	45,000
Zichron Ephraim Synagogue, E. 67th Street. Schneider & Herter, architects	120,000
Bikur Cholim Synagogue, E. 72d Street. Schneider & Herter, architects	100,000
Hamilton Grange, Dutch Reformed, W. 145th Street. Wolfe, architect	30,000
Mission of Good Shepherd, Blackwell's Island. Withers, architect	75,000
Memorial Chapel, Cancer Hospital, Eighth Avenue and 105th Street. Haight, architect	50,000
New York City Mission, Front Street. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	35,000

In addition to this catalogue could be named several frame edifices, small and temporary structures, and unimportant additions or alterations. And, as will be seen at once, the list does not include buildings of a religious character not strictly speaking places of worship, as for example, the splendid building of the Methodist Book Concern. Monasteries, orphan asylums, hospitals, and other conventual or charitable institutions are not reckoned, except in special cases where the church feature enters and is predominant. One is troubled, again, to decide with respect to several important churches, as, for instance, the Mount Morris Baptist, the Calvary Methodist, and the St. Lawrence Roman Catholic, which might claim a place in a review of the past two years, and yet of right scarcely belong to the period. And, on the other hand, we are justified in including several structures that are not yet passed the earliest stage, such as the new St. Luke's and the Lenox Avenue Unitarian.

The most rapid survey of the work done during the two years will bring to view many interesting facts. The prominent one is the marked tendency to swing away from the Gothic into the Romanesque and Renaissance schools of architecture. Of the new churches, scarcely one of importance is of the Gothic order. Of the various Roman Catholic churches built by Mr. William Schickel, one of the leading architects in this field, that of St. Lawrence stands almost alone as a representative of the Gothic style. As a rule, Mr. Schickel's plans are in the Renaissance schools, of which he shows a remarkable example in the superb new chapel for the convent of the Sacred Heart, one of the finest specimens of early Italian Renaissance to be seen in this country. Herter Brothers hold fast to tradition in their conventional but effective plans for the church of St. Joseph, and Renwick, Aspinwall, & Russell adhere, of course, to the principles of the pure Gothic in the treatment of St. Patrick's spires. We have another striking example of the early English Gothic in the church of All-Angels'. This is one of the most effective among the group of new churches on the west side, and worthily represents the best architectural traditions of the Anglican Church.

But these examples are, after all, only the exceptions. Even such a loyal churchman as Mr. W. A. Potter confines his designs to the Romanesque. The stately St. John's Chapel, Holy Trinity, and the Lutheran church of St. James are all of this school. And in explanation of this movement Mr. Potter says, in common with his professional brethren, that the change from Gothic to the Romanesque grows out of the circumstances of our climate and age. Messrs. Cady, Haight, Kilburn, Carrère, and others bear testimony to the same effect. They agree in declaring that the Gothic requires too costly decoration if it is to be effective; that it wastes light, space, and heat, involves difficult problems in acoustics, and is not adapted to modern ideas of comfort or safety. Hence the general disposition to turn from the pointed to the rounded arch with all those features of plainer finish, lower ceilings, larger lights, and the like, which go with the change.

Discussing this subject, Mr. Snook, the architect of All-Angels', said to the writer that, while that building was planned in pure early Gothic, he was swinging away from that style, and in the new Tabernacle which his firm are to build for Dr. Talmage's church he should use the Romanesque. Renwick, Aspinwall, & Russell have taken a somewhat similar course in regard to the Roman Catholic church of All-Saints. Mr. Carrère, of the firm of Carrère & Hastings, the architects of the West End Presbyterian Church, is a fervid advocate of the Renaissance. As the architect of the famous Hotel Ponce de Leon in San Augustine, Mr. Carrère speaks with weight. He says that he should as well think of arming a soldier with pike and cross-bow, and sending him forth to battle, as to provide a nineteenth century Christian with a Gothic temple of worship. The Gothic represents mediævalism, and is as obsolete as chain-armor. In talking with the dozen leading architects of the city who are busy with important ecclesiastical work, it was significant to find this agreement among them that the Gothic was out of keeping with current needs and thought.

Another tendency of modern architecture in the way of adapting historic forms to contemporary requirements, to which Mr. Potter called the writer's attention, is the disposition to build a group of edifices in place of a single structure. There is much greater attention paid than formerly to parish work, which is reflected architecturally in a complex pile, comprising in one composition church, chapel, parsonage, and other buildings, calling for new models and original ideas. Instead of a simple square church on a corner, with a steeple at the street angle, the architect has now to treat a cluster of buildings so as to produce a harmonious and pleasing effect. Here is an evolution of the social side of church life which finds embodiment in new architectural expressions. How true this observation is may be seen by any student of the new churches, and nowhere to better advantage, perhaps, than at Mr. Potter's church of Holy Trinity, a group that has occasioned much criticism, and yet one that is based on sound architectural principles. Other examples of this grouping may be seen at Cady's St. Andrew's Methodist Church, Robertson's Rutgers Riverside Presbyterian Church, Snook's All-Angels' Episcopal Church, and Poole's Church of the Holy Name of Jesus.

To speak now of some of the more interesting and salient features of the new churches: All-Saints' is described by the architects to be an example of Venetian Gothic, of colored brick and terra-cotta, the original plans calling for an interior to be finished in the same materials. The chapel for the West End Presbyterian Church is in the Venetian Renaissance style. It has an outside staircase forming a portico with stepping arches of white marble and flanked by two buttressed turrets. The material is white marble, brick, and terra-cotta, and a rich rose-window forms the central motive. The interior is barrel-vaulted, with penetrations and domes, through which the light is admitted. The Park Presbyterian Church has a base of Belleville (New Jersey) brown-stone, the walls are of Long Meadow brown-stone, and the trimmings of Lake Superior red-stone. It is Romanesque in style, and is distinguished by a massive tower. All-Angels' Church, as already mentioned, is one of the most striking in the city. Of the early Gothic type, it suggests in its solid walls and embattled towers the "church militant." The edifice, however, is relieved of too grim an aspect by elaborate stone tracery and other ornamentation. A novel interior feature will be seven lamps in niches in the apse. Carrying out the suggestions in the name of the church, the diaper-work decorations and the window-glass will be instinct with angelic heads. This edifice, the total cost of which will not be less than $150,000, is a gift to the parish by its rector, the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, a man of large fortune, which he dedicates to works of piety. Christ Church is an example of the prevailing Romanesque. It is built of buff brick from Columbus, Ohio, with red terra-cotta. Its form is transeptal, with aisles. The full plans contemplate a chapel at the side of the chancel, opening into both chancel and transept.

Some of the most interesting examples of later Gothic are the Roman Catholic churches constructed by Mr. Thomas H. Poole, the architect of the College of St. Francis Xavier in West Sixteenth Street. Of this group, the strikingly graceful front of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, in East Ninetieth Street, should be specially mentioned. The style is that of the transition period from decorated to early perpendicular, and the material of a delicate gray marble. The Church of St. Thomas the Apostle is another example of the same period, but less original and effective in treatment. Mr. Poole's Church of Our Lady of the Scapula of Mount Carmel introduces a novelty in that it is the first church construction of iron in this city. The structure is so framed that when the permanent edifice shall be built around it, it can be taken apart and set up again elsewhere. This idea is not a novel one, being in use to some extent abroad, but it has not been resorted to before in New York. When the iron skeleton is clothed in its finishings, the spectator would not dream that the main construction was of metal.

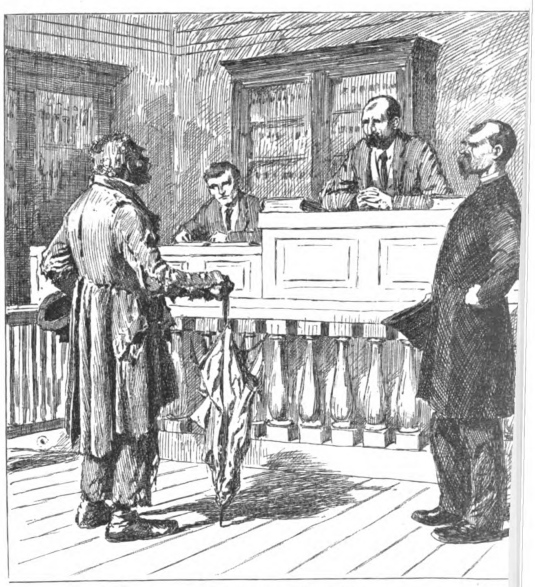
An important movement in church building in the Episcopal Church involves the migration of St. Luke's to a far uptown site, at the corner of Convent Avenue and 141st Street, while Trinity Corporation uses its Hudson Street property for a new group of parish buildings. It is intended to erect at an early day a costly new St. Luke's on the ten lots recently acquired, and meanwhile the parish uses the historic "Hamilton Grange," which it has removed to its land. The most unique place of worship in New York has constructed out of this famous mansion. double parlors compose the audience-roo tiny altar occupying a portion of the space i back parlor. The old dining-room adjacent s as a robing-room. Directly overhead are th historic bedrooms, one used by Hamilton, an other, the guest-chamber, known as the Was ton room, because it was occupied by Was ton whenever he visited the Grange. The b ing is cared for with great pains, and its sa as one of the most interesting of Revolutio relics, is secure.

A number of mission chapels have been e ed since 1888, and a costly enterprise in this was authorized by the recent General Conve of the Episcopal Church, and the preli steps taken toward its realization at an early in the future. Of buildings actually constru the most interesting perhaps is the mission ch of the Good Shepherd, on Blackwell's Isl erected by Mr. F. C. Withers out of funds t amount of $75,000 given by Mr. George I The chapel is for the use of the almshouse. comprises a main audience-room, with a se capacity of 400, a lecture or reading room, a s for the clergy in charge, and a room for the of the ladies interested in the work. The m rial is of granite and brick, trimmed with B vue stone. The roof is open-timbered, and t is a free use of stained glass, producing a pleasing effect. Another interesting mi structure is the Rivington Street Methodist C el, built by Mr. Cady.

Any review of church extension in New Y during the past two years would be incom without a notice of the steps that have taken looking to the building of the cathe church of St. John the Divine. An admir site has been acquired, at an expense of $850, on the elevated plateau between Morningside Riverside parks. Geographically, it is near centre of the city, and it is located in a sec that promises to be one of the most populous at the same time select. The site is included in area desired for the use of the World's Fair; as it is not the intention to build the cathe for several years, this temporary occupation o land presents no difficulties. During the two y a number of architects have submitted plans general competition, and out of those offered, were chosen for elaboration and a second co tition. All of these were Gothic, but it does follow that the choice is now restricted to signs of this school. On principles of mo church architecture already stated, and also cause a second Gothic cathedral in New Y might seem an imitation, or at any rate a r of St. Patrick's, many influential persons f some other school. The trustees as yet have settled definitely upon any fixed plan, the they indicate a preference for the Gothic.

Thus it may be seen that, speaking rou and including the purchase of the cathedral five million dollars has been raised and expe during the past two years for church erectio New York city. This immense sum has secured in a great variety of ways—by pr ly individual gifts, by the effective operatio the financial machinery of the Roman Cat Church, by local enthusiasm, enterprise, and erosity among the Protestant churches, a where necessary, by the Church Extension mittees, by fairs, and all sorts of ingenious de for loosening reluctant purse-strings. Wha the means, the result is impressive. It sh from the pocket-book argument, to which t days much weight is attached, that the reli sentiment has a strong hold on the heart of York.

HENRY R. ELL

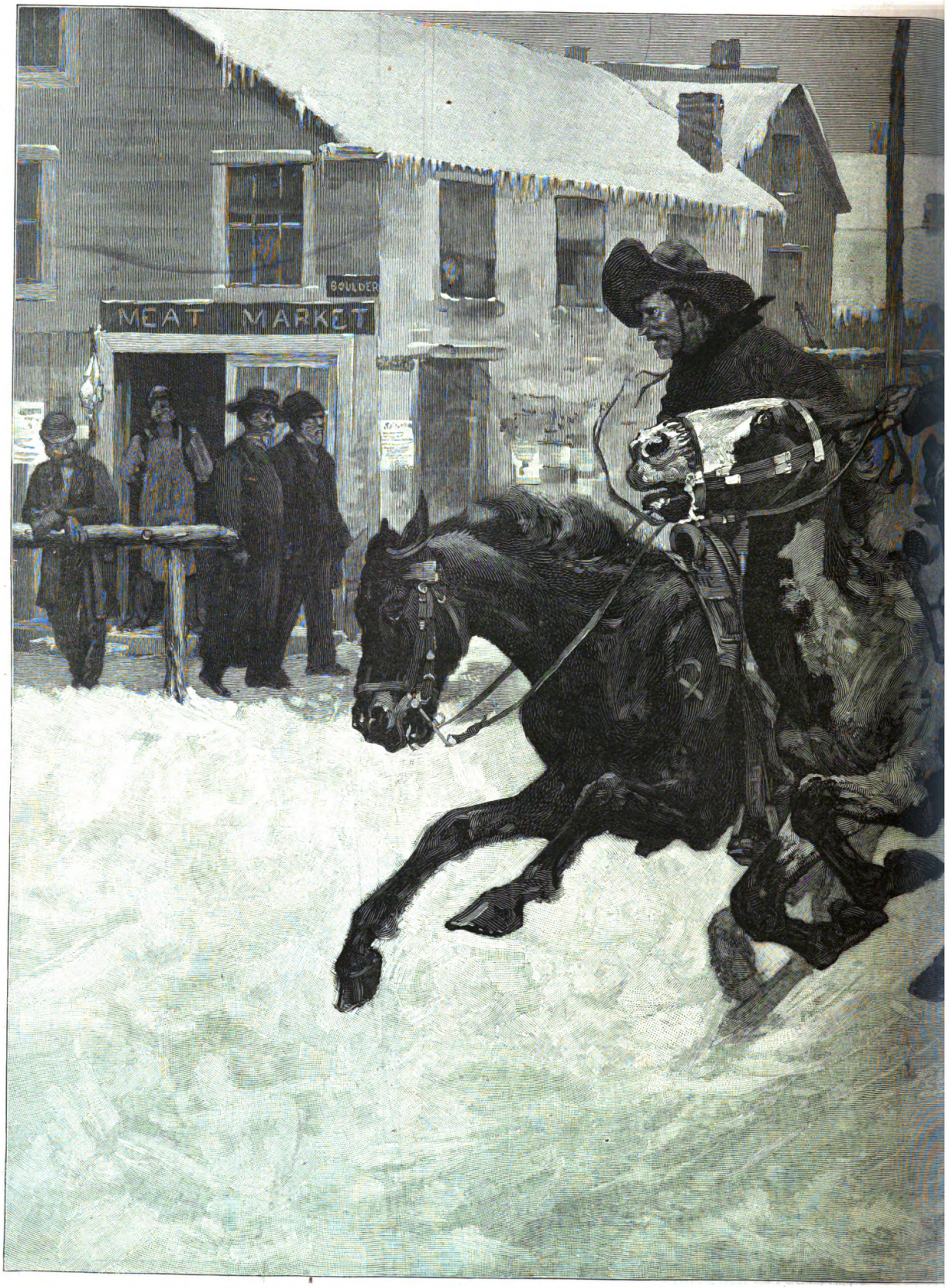


NO PARVENU ABOUT HIM.

POLICE JUDGE. "It seems, Gabe, that you have been here a good many times before—i that you are an old-timer!"

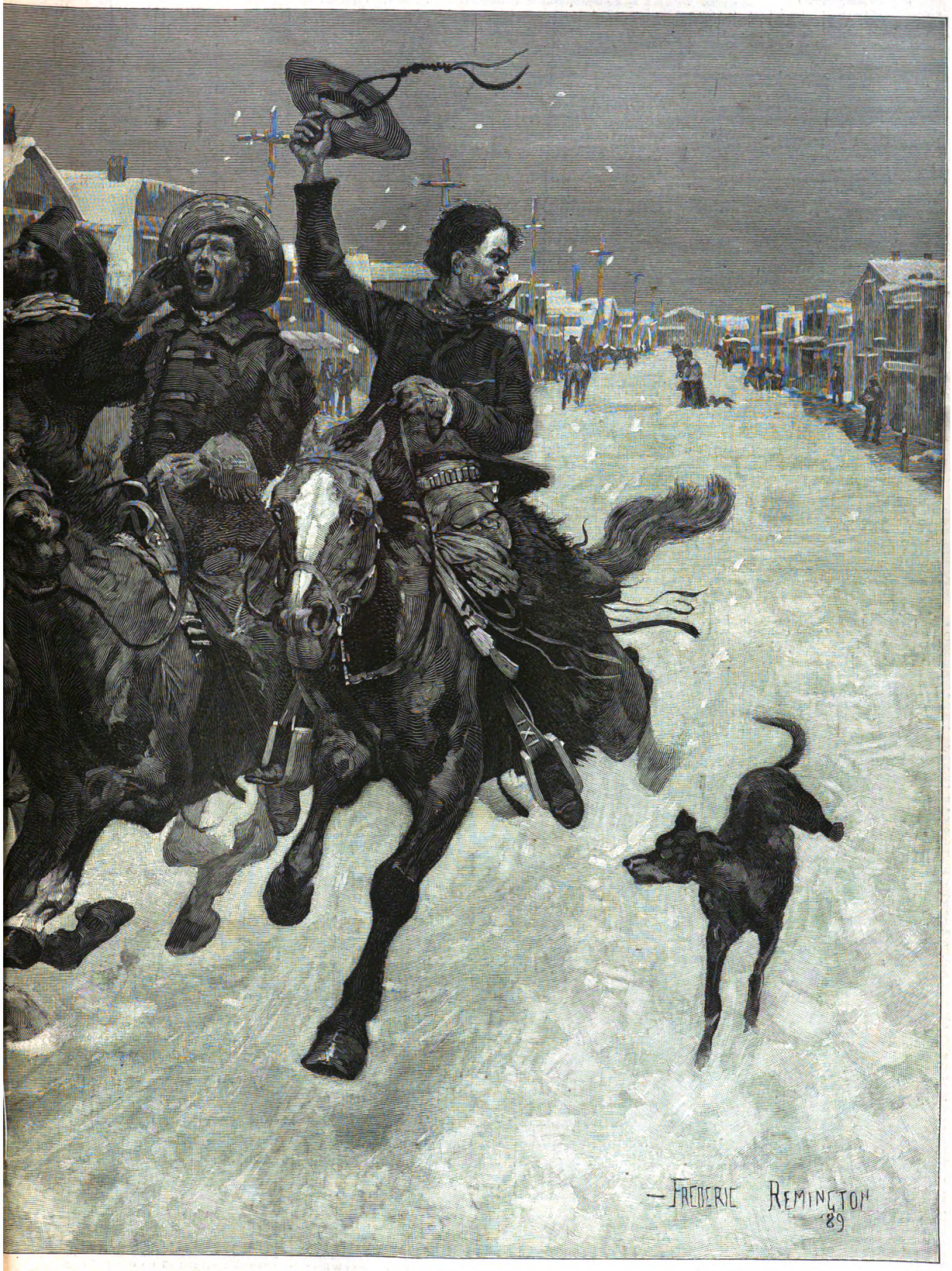
UNCLE GABE. "Yes, Jedge, I is. I been here befo', an' I ain't gwine ter put myself *de lebbul* wid dese mushroom niggers an' loafers dat come here fo' de fust time."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



COW-BOYS COMING TO TOWN FOR CHRI

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 1024.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.

(*Continued from front page.*)

after and finding of the great treasure that was hidden, in a curiously secret place among the Mexican mountains more than a thousand years ago, by Chaltzantzin, the third of the Aztec kings.

I.—FRAY ANTONIO.

My heart was light within me as I stood on the steamer's deck in the cool gray of an October morning, and saw out across the dark green sea and the dusky, brownish stretch of coast country the snow-crowned peak of Orizaba glinting in the first rays of the rising sun. And presently, as the sun rose higher, all the tropic region of the coast and the brown walls of Vera Cruz and of its outpost fort of San Juan de Ulua were flooded with brilliant light—which sudden and glorious outburst of radiant splendor seemed to me to be charged with a bright promise of my own success.

And still lighter was my heart, a week later, when I found myself established in the beautiful city of Morelia, and ready to begin actively the work for which I had been preparing myself—at first unconsciously, but for ten years past consciously and carefully—almost all my life long.

Morelia, I had decided, was the best base for the operations that I was about to undertake. My main purpose was to search for the remnants of primitive civilization among the more isolated of the native Indian tribes; and out of the fragments thus found, pieced together with what more I could glean from the early ecclesiastical and civil records, to recreate so far as this was possible the fabric that was destroyed by the Spanish conquerors. Nowhere could my investigations be conducted to better advantage than in the State of Michoacan (of which state the city of Morelia is the capital) and in the adjacent State of Jalisco. For in this region tribes still exist which never have been reduced to more than nominal subjection, and which maintain to a great extent their primitive customs and their primitive faith, though curiously mingling with this latter many Christian observances. Indeed, the independence of the Indians of these parts is so notable that the proverb "Free as Jalisco" is current throughout Mexico. Moreover, Morelia is a city rich in ancient records. The archives of the Franciscan Province that has its centre here extend back to the year 1531; those of the Bishopric of Michoacan to the year 1538; and those of the Colegio de San Nicolás to the year 1540; while in the recently founded Museo Michoacano already has been collected a rich store of archæological material. In a word, there was no place in all Mexico where my studies and my investigations could be pursued to such advantage as they could be pursued here.

From a fellow-archæologist in the City of Mexico I brought a letter of introduction to the director of the Museo, the learned Dr. Nicolás Leon; and so cordially was this letter worded, and so cordially was it received, that within the day of my coming into that strange city I found myself in the midst of friends. At once their hearts and their houses were opened to me, and they gave me with a warm enthusiasm the benefit of their knowledge and of their active assistance in forwarding the work that I had in hand.

In the quiet retirement of the Museo I opened to that one of its members to whom the director especially had commended me, Don Rafael Moreno, the purposes which I had in view, and the means by which I hoped to accomplish them. "Surely," I said, "among the free Indians in the mountains hereabouts much may be found—in customs, in tone of thought, in religion—that has remained unchanged since the time of the conquest."

Don Rafael nodded. "Fray Antonio has said as much," he observed, thoughtfully.

"And as your own distinguished countryman, Señor Orozco y Berra, has pointed out," I continued, "many dark places in primitive history may be made clear, many illusions may be dispelled, and many deeply interesting truths may be gathered by one who will go among these Indians, lending himself to their mode of life, and will note accurately what he thus learns from sources wholly original."

"Fray Antonio has professed the same belief," Don Rafael answered. "But that his love is greater for the saving of heathen souls than for the advancement of antiquarian knowledge, he long ago would have done what you now propose to do. He has done much toward gathering a portion of the information that you seek, even as it is."

"And who is this Fray Antonio, señor?"

"He is the man who of all men can give you the wisest help at this present time. We see but little of him here at the Museo, though he is one of our most honored members, for his time is devoted so wholly to the godly work to which he has given himself that but little remains to him to use in other ways. He is a monk, vowed to the rule of St. Francis. As you know, since the promulgation of the Laws of the Reform, monks are not permitted in our country to live in communities; but, with only a few exceptions, the conventual churches which have not been secularized still are administered by members of the religious orders to which they formerly belonged. Fray Antonio has the charge of the church of San Francisco—over by the market-place, you know—and virtually is a parish priest. He is a religious enthusiast. In God's service he gives himself no rest. The common people here, since his loving labors among them while the pestilence of small-pox raged, reverently believe him to be a saint; and those of a higher class, who know what heroic work he did in that dreadful time, and who see how perfectly his life conforms to the principles which he professes, and how like is the spirit of holiness that animates him to that of the sainted men who founded the order to which he belongs, are disposed to hold a like opinion. Truly, it is by the especial grace of God that men like Fray Antonio are permitted at times to dwell upon this sinful earth."

Don Rafael spoke with a depth of feeling and a reverence of tone that gave to his strong words still greater strength and deeper meaning. After a moment's pause, he resumed: "But that which is of most interest to you, señor, is the knowledge that Fray Antonio has gained of our native Indians during his ministrations among them. It is the dearest wish of his heart to carry to these heathen souls the saving grace of Christianity, and for the accomplishment of this good purpose he makes many journeys into the mountains, ministering in the chapels which his zeal has founded in the Indian towns, and striving earnestly by his preaching of God's word to bring these far-wandered sheep into the Christian fold. Very often his life has been in most imminent peril, for the idolatrous priests of the mountain tribes hate him with a most bitter hatred because of the inroads which his mild creed is making upon the cruel creed which they uphold. Yet is he careless of the danger to which he exposes himself; and there be those who believe, such is the temerity with which he manifests his zeal, that he rather seeks than shuns a martyr's crown."

Again Don Rafael paused, and again was it evident that deep feelings moved him as he spoke of the holy life of this most holy man. "You will thus understand, señor," he went on, "that Fray Antonio of all men is best fitted by his knowledge of the ways of these mountain Indians to advise you touching your going among them and studying them. You cannot do better than confer with him at once. It is but a step to the church of San Francisco. Let us go."

What Don Rafael had said had opened new horizons to me, and I was stirred by strange feelings as we passed out together from the shady silence of the house into the bright silence of the streets—for Morelia is a quiet city, wherein at all times is gentleness and rest. For priests in general, and for Mexican priests in particular, I had entertained always a profound contempt. But now, from an impartial source, I had heard of a Mexican priest whose life springs seemed to be the soul-stirring impulses of the thirteenth century; who was devoted in soul and in body to the service of God and of his fellow-men; in whom, in a word, the seraphic spirit of St. Francis of Assisi seemed to live again. But by this way coming to such tangible evidence of the survival in the present time of forces which were born into the world six hundred years ago, my thoughts took a natural turn to my own especial interests; and, by perhaps not over-strong analogy, I reasoned that if this monk still lived so closely to the letter and to the spirit of the Rule that St. Francis, six centuries back, gave to his Order, most reasonably might I hope to find still quick something of the life that was in full vigor in Mexico only a little more than half that many centuries ago.

We turned off from the Calle Principal by the little old church of La Cruz, and passed onward across the market-place—where buying and selling went on languidly, and where a drowsy hum of talk made a rhythmic setting to a scene that seemed to my unaccustomed eyes less a bit of real life than a bit lifted bodily from an opera. Facing the market-place was the ancient church; and the change was a pleasant one, from the vivid sunlight and warmth of the streets to its cool, shadowy interior—where the only sign of life was a single old woman, her head muffled in her *rebozo*, praying her way along the Stations of the Cross. For more than two hundred and fifty years had prayer been made and praise been offered here; and as I thought of the many generations who here had ministered and worshipped—though evil hearts in plenty, no doubt, both within and without the chancel there had been—it seemed to me that some portion of the subtle essence of all the soul-longings for heavenly help and guidance that here had been breathed forth, by men and women truly struggling against the sinful forces at work in the world, had entered into the very fabric of that ancient church, and so had sanctified it.

We crossed to the eastern end of the church, where was a low doorway, closed by a heavy wooden door that was studded with rough iron nails and ornamented with rudely finished ironwork; pushing which door open briskly, as one having the assured right of entry there, Don Rafael courteously stood aside and motioned to me to enter the sacristy.

From the shadowy church I passed at a step into a small vaulted room brilliant with the sunlight that poured into it through a broad window that faced the south. Just where this flood of sunshine fell upon the flagged floor, rising from a base of stone steps built up in pyramidal form, was a large cross of some dark wood, on which was the life-size figure of the crucified Christ; and there, on the bare stone pavement before this emblem of his faith, his face, on which the sunlight fell full, turned upward toward the holy image, and his arms raised in supplication, clad in his Franciscan habit of which the hood had fallen back, knelt Fray Antonio; and upon his pale purely holy face that the rich sunlight glorified was an expression so seraphic, so entranced, that it seemed as though to his fervent gaze the very gates of heaven must be open, and all the splendors and glories and majesties of paradise revealed.

It is as I thus first saw Fray Antonio—verily a saint kneeling before the cross—that I strive to think of him always. Yet even when that other and darker, but surely more glorious, picture of him rises before my mind I am not disconsolate; for at such times the thought possesses me—coming to me clearly and vehemently, as though from a strongly impelled force without myself—that what he prayed for at the moment when I beheld him was that which God granted to him in the end.

Some men being thus broken in upon while in the very act of communing with Heaven would have been distressed and ill at ease—as I assuredly was, because I had so interrupted him. But to Fray Antonio, as I truly believe, communion with Heaven was so entirely a part of his daily life that our sudden entry in no wise ruffled him. After a moment, that he might recall his thoughts within himself and so to earth again, he arose from his knees, and with a grave, simple grace came forward to greet us. He was not more than eight-and-twenty years old, and he was slightly built and thin—not emaciated, but lean with the wholesome leanness of one who strove to keep his body in the careful order of a machine of which much work was required. His face still had in it the soft roundness and tenderness of youth, that accorded well with its expression of gracious sweetness; but there was a firmness about the fine, strong chin, and in the set of the delicate lips, that showed a reserve of masterful strength. And most of all did this strength shine forth from his eyes; which truly, though at this first sight of him I did not perceive it fully, were the most wonderful eyes that ever I have seen. As I then beheld them I thought them black; but they really were a dark blue, and so were in keeping with his fair skin and hair. Yet that which gave them so strong an individuality was less their changing color than the marvellous way in which their expression changed with every change of feeling of the soul that animated them. When I first saw them, turned up toward heaven, they seemed to speak a heavenly language full of love; and when I saw them last, stern, but shining with the exultant light of joy triumphant, they fairly hurled the wrath of outraged Heaven against the conquered powers of hell. And I can give no adequate conception of the love that shone forth from them when pitying sympathy for human sorrow, or even for the pain which brute beasts suffered, touched that most tender heart for which they spoke in tones richer and fuller than the tones of words.

Don Rafael, standing without the door that he had opened in order that I might precede him, did not perceive that we had interrupted Fray Antonio in his prayers; and began, therefore, in the lively manner natural to him, when I had been in due form presented as an American archæologist come to Mexico to pursue my studies of its primitive inhabitants, to commend the undertaking that I had in hand, and to ask of Fray Antonio the aid in prosecuting it that he so well could give.

Perhaps it was that Fray Antonio understood how wholly my heart already had gone out to him—assuredly, later, there was such close sympathy between us that our thoughts would go and come to each other without need for words—and so was disposed in some instinctive way to join his purposes with mine; but, be this as it may, before Don Rafael well could finish the explanation of my wishes, Fray Antonio had comprehended what I desired, and had promised to give me his aid.

"The señor already has a book-knowledge of our native tongues. That is well. The speaking knowledge will come easily. He shall have the boy Pablo for his servant. A good boy is Pablo. With him he can talk in the Nahua dialect—which is the most important, for it is sprung most directly from the ancient stock. And I will arrange that the señor shall live for a time in the mountains—it will be a hard life, I fear—at Santa María and at San Andrés, in which villages he can gain a mouth mastery of the Otomí and Tarascan dialects. A little time must be given to all this—some months, no doubt. But the señor, who already has studied through ten years, will understand the needfulness of this short discipline. To a true student, study in itself is a delight—still more that study which makes the realization of a long-cherished purpose possible. The señor, I know, reads Spanish, since so perfectly he speaks it"—this with a gracious movement of the hands and a courteous inclination of the body that enhanced the value of the compliment—"but does the señor read with ease our ancient Spanish script?"

"I have never attempted it," I answered. "But as I can read easily the old printed Spanish, I suppose," I added, a little airily, "that I shall have no great difficulty in reading the old script also."

Fray Antonio smiled a little as he glanced at Don Rafael, who smiled also, and as he turned out his hands, answered: "Perhaps. But it is not quite the same as print, as the señor will know when he tries. But it makes no difference; for what is most interesting in our archives I shall be glad—and so also will be Don Rafael—to aid him in reading.

"You must know, señor," he went on, dropping his formal mode of address as his interest in the subject augmented, and as his feeling toward me grew warmer, "that many precious documents are here preserved. So early as the year 1536 this western region was erected into a Custodia distinct from the Province of the Santo Evangelio of Mexico; and from that time onward letters and reports relating to the work done by the missionaries of our Order among the heathen have been here received. In truth, I doubt not that many historic treasures are hidden here. In modern times, during the last hundred years or more, but little thought has been given to the care of these old papers—which are so precious to such as Don Rafael and yourself because of their antiquarian value, and which are still more precious to me because they tell of the sowing among the heathen of the seed of God's own Word. It is probable that they have not been at all examined into since our learned brothers Pablo de Beaumont and Alonzo de la Rea were busy with the writing of their chronicles of this Province—and the labors of these brothers ended more than two hundred and fifty years ago. In the little time that I myself can give to such matters I already have found many manuscripts which cast new and curious light upon the strange people who dwelt here in Mexico before the Spaniards came. Some of these I will send for your examination, for they will prepare you for the work you have in contemplation by giving you useful knowledge of primitive modes of life and tones of faith and phases of thought. And while you are in the mountains, at Santa María and San Andrés, I will make further searches in our archives; and what I find you shall see upon your return.

"With your permission, señores, I must now go about my work. Don Rafael knows that I am much too ready to forget my work in talk of ancient matters. It is a weakness with me—this love for the study of antiquity—that I struggle against, but that seems rather to increase upon me than to be overcome. This afternoon, señor, I will send a few of the ancient manuscripts to you. And so—until we meet again."

II.—THE CACIQUE'S SECRET.

Fray Antonio punctually fulfilled his promise in regard to the manuscripts, and I had but to glance at them in order to understand the smile that he had interchanged with Don Rafael when I so airily had expressed my confidence in my ability to read them. To say that I more easily could read Hebrew is not to the purpose, for I can read Hebrew very well. But it is precisely to the purpose to say that I could not read them at all! What with the curious, involved formation of the several letters, the extraordinary abbreviations, the antique spelling, the strange forms of expression, and the use of obsolete words, I could not make sense of so much as a single line. Yet when, being forced into inglorious surrender, I carried the manuscripts to the Museo, and appealed to Don Rafael for assistance, he read to me in fluent Spanish all that I had found so utterly incomprehensible. "It is only a knack," he explained. "A little time and patience are required at first, but then all comes easily." But Don Rafael did here injustice to his own scholarship. More than a little time and patience have I since given to the study of ancient Spanish script, and I am even yet very far from being an expert in the reading of it.

In regard to the other promise that Fray Antonio made me—that he would send me a servant who also would serve as a practical instructor in the Nahua, or Aztec, dialect—he was equally punctual. While I was taking, in my bedroom, my first breakfast of bread and coffee the morning following my visit to the church of San Francisco, I heard a faint sound of music; but whether it was loud music at a distance or very soft music near at hand I could not tell. Presently I perceived that the musician was feeling about among the notes for the sabre song from *La Grande Duchesse*—selections from which semi-obsolete opera, as I then remembered, had been played by the military band on the plaza the evening before. Gradually the playing grew more assured; until it ended in an accurate and spirited rendering of the air. With this triumph, the volume of the sound increased greatly; and from its tones I inferred that the instrument was a concertina, and that whoever played it was in the inner court-yard of the hotel. Suddenly, in the midst of the music, there sounded—and this sound unmistakably came from the hotel court-yard—the prodigious braying of an ass; and accompanying this came the soft sound of bare feet hurrying away down the passage from near my door.

I opened the door and looked out, but the passage was empty. The gallery overlooked the court-yard, and stepping to the edge of the low stone railing, I beheld a sight that I never recall without a feeling of warm tenderness. Almost directly beneath me stood a small gray ass, a very delicately shaped and perfect little animal, with a coat of most extraordinary length and fuzziness, and with ears of a truly prodigious size. His head was raised, and his great ears were pricked forward in a fashion which indicated that he was most intently listening; and upon his face was an expression of such benevolent sweetness, joined to such thoughtfulness and meditative wisdom, that in my heart (which is very open to affection for his gentle kind) there sprung up in a moment a real love for him. Suddenly he lowered his head, and turned eagerly his regard toward the corner of the court-yard where descended the stairway from the gallery on which I stood; and from this quarter came toward him a smiling, pleasant-faced Indian lad of eighteen or twenty years old, whose dress was a cotton shirt and cotton trousers, whose feet were bare, and on whose head was a battered hat of straw. And as the ass saw the boy, he strained at the cord that tethered him and gave another mighty bray.

"Dost thou call me, Wise One?" said the boy, speaking in Spanish. "Truly this Señor Americano is a lazy señor, that he rises so late, and keeps us waiting for his coming so long. But patience, Wise One. The Padre says that he is a good gentleman, in whose service we shall be treated as though we were kings. No doubt I now can buy my rain-coat. And as for thou, Wise One—thou shalt have beans!"

And being by this time come to the ass, the boy enfolded in his arms the creature's fuzzy head and gently stroked its preternaturally long ears. And the ass, for its part, responded to the caress by rubbing its head against the boy's breast and by most energetically twitching its scrag of a tail. Thus for a little time these friends manifested for each other their affection; and then the boy seated himself on the pavement beside the ass and drew forth from his pocket a large mouth-organ—on which he went to work with such a will that all the court-yard rang with the strains of Offenbach's music.

It was plain from what he had said that this was the boy whom Fray Antonio had promised to

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

send to me; and notwithstanding his uncomplimentary comments upon my laziness, I had taken already a strong liking to him. I waited until he had played through the sabre song again—to which, as it seemed to me, the ass listened with a slightly critical yet pleased attention—and then I hailed him.

"The lazy Señor Americano is awake at last, Pablo," I called. "Come up hither, and we will talk about the buying of thy rain-coat, and about the buying of the Wise One's beans."

The boy jumped up as though a spring had been let loose beneath him, and his shame and confusion were so great that I was sorry enough that I had made my little joke upon him.

"It is all right, my child," I said, quickly, and with all the kindness that I could put into my tones. "Thou wert talking to the Wise One, not to me—and I have forgotten all that I heard. Thou art come from Fray Antonio?"

"Yes, señor," he answered; and as he saw by my smiling that no harm had been done, he also smiled; and so honest and kindly was the lad's face that I liked him more and more.

"Patience for yet a little longer, Wise One," he said, turning to the ass, who gravely wagged his ears in answer. And then the boy came up the stair to the gallery, and so we went to my room that I might have talk with him.

It was not much that Pablo had to tell about himself. He was a Guadalajara lad, born in the Indian suburb of Mexicalcingo—as his musical taste might have told me had I known more of Mexico—who had drifted out into the world to seek his fortune. His capital was the ass—so wise an ass that he had named him El Sabio. "He knows each word that I speak to him, señor," said Pablo, earnestly. "And when he hears, even a long way off, the music that I make upon the little instrument, he knows that it is from me the music comes, and calls to me. And he loves me, señor, as though he were my brother; and he knows that with the same tenderness I also love him. It was the good Padre who gave him to me. God rest and bless him always!" This pious wish, I inferred, related not to the ass but to Fray Antonio.

"And how dost thou live, Pablo?" I asked.

"By bringing water from the Spring of the Holy Children, señor. It is two leagues away, the Ojo de los Santos Niños, and El Sabio and I make thither two journeys daily. We bring back each time four jars of water, which we sell here in the city—for it is very good, sweet water—at three *tlacos* the jar. You see, I make a great deal of money, señor—three *reales* a day! If it were not for one single thing, I should soon be rich."

That riches could be acquired rapidly on a basis of about twenty-seven cents, in our currency, a day struck me as a novel notion. But I inquired, gravely: "And this one thing that hinders thee from getting rich, Pablo, what is it?"

"It is that I eat so much, señor," Pablo answered, ruefully. "Truly, it seems as though this belly of mine never could be filled. I try valiantly to eat little and so to save my money. But my belly cries out for more and yet more food—and so my money goes. Although I make so much, I can scarcely save a *medio* in a whole week, when what El Sabio must have and what I must have is paid for. And I am trying so hard to save just now, for before the next rainy season comes I want to own a rain-coat. But for a good one I must pay seven *reales*. The price is vast."

"What is a rain-coat, Pablo?"

"The señor does not know? That is strange. It is a coat woven of palm leaves, so that all over one it is as a thatch that the rain cannot come through. What I was saying just now to El Sabio—" Pablo stopped suddenly, and turned aside from me in a shamefaced way, as he remembered what he also had said to El Sabio about my laziness.

"—Was that out of the wages I am to pay thee thou canst save enough money to buy thy coat with," I said, quickly, wishing to rid him of his confusion. And then we fell to talking of what these wages should be, and of how he was to help me to gain a speaking knowledge of his native tongue—for so far we had spoken Spanish together—and of what in general would be his duties as my servant. That El Sabio could be anything but a part of the contract seemed never to cross Pablo's mind; and so presently our terms were concluded, and I found myself occupying the responsible relation of master to a mouth-organ playing boy and an extraordinarily wise ass. It was arranged that both of these dependents of mine should accompany me in my expedition to the Indian villages; and to clinch our bargain I gave Pablo the seven *reales* wherewith to buy his rain-coat on the spot.

I was a little surprised, two days later, when we started from Morelia on our journey into the mountains to the westward, to find that Pablo had not brought his much-desired garment; though, to be sure, as the rainy season still was a long way off, there was no need for it. He hesitated a little when I questioned him about it, and then, in a very apologetic tone, said: "Perhaps the señor will forgive me for doing so ill with his money. But indeed I could not help it. There is an old man, his name is Juan, señor, who has been very good to me many times. He has given me things to put into this wretchedly big belly of mine; and when I broke one of my jars he lent me the money to buy another with, and would take from me again only what the jar cost and no more. Just now this old man is sick—it is rheumatism, señor—and he has no money at all, and he and his wife have not much to eat, and I know what pain that is. And so—and so— Will the señor forgive me? I do not need the rain-coat now, the señor understands. And so I gave Juan the seven *reales*, which he will pay me when he gets well and works again; and should he die and not pay me— Does the señor know what I have been thinking? It is that rain-coats really are not very needful things, after all. Without them one gets wet, it is true; but then one soon gets dry again. But truly"—and there was a sudden catching in Pablo's throat that was very like a sob—"truly I did want one."

When Pablo had told this little story, I did not wonder at the esteem in which Fray Antonio held him; and from that time onward he had a very warm place in my heart. And I may say that but for his too great devotion to his mouth-organ — for that boy never could hear a new tune but that he needs must go at once to practising it upon his beloved "instrumentito" until he had mastered it—he was the best servant that man ever had. And within his gentle nature was a core of very gallant fearlessness. In the times of danger which we shared together later, excepting only Rayburn, not one of us stood face to face and foot to foot with death with a steadier or a calmer bravery; for in all his composition there did not seem to be one single fibre that could be made to thrill in unison with fear. Of his qualities as a servant I had a good trial during the two months that we were together in the mountains—in which time I got enough working knowledge of the Indian dialects to make effective the knowledge that I had gained from books—and I was amazed by the quickness that he manifested in apprehending and in supplying my wants and in understanding my ways.

As to making any serious study of Indian customs—save only those of the most open and well-known sort—in this short time, I soon perceived that the case was quite hopeless. Coming from Fray Antonio, whose benevolent ministrations among them had won their friendship, the Indians treated me with a great respect and showed me every kindness. But I presently began to suspect, and this later grew to be conviction, that because my credentials came from a Christian priest I was thrust away all the more resolutely from knowledge of their inner life. What I then began to learn, and what I learned more fully later, convinced me that these Indians curiously veneered with Christian practices their native heathen faith: manifesting a certain superstitious reverence for the Christian rites and ceremonies, yet giving sincere worship only to their heathen gods. It was something to have arrived at this odd discovery, but it tended only to show me how difficult was the task that I had set myself of prying into the secrets of the Indians' inner life.

Indeed, but for an accident, I should have returned to Morelia no wiser, practically, than when I left it. But by that turn of chance, fortune most wonderfully favored me, and with far-reaching consequences. It was on the last afternoon of my stay in the village of Santa Maria; and the beginning of my good-luck was that I succeeded in walking out upon the mountain-side alone. My walk had a decided purpose in it, for each time that I had tried to go in this direction one or another of the Indians had been quickly upon my heels with some civil excuse, about the danger of falling among the rocks, for leading me another way. How I thus succeeded, at last, in escaping from so many watchful eyes I cannot say; but luck was with me, and I went on undisturbed. The sharply sloping mountain-side, very wild and rugged, was strewn with great fragments of rock, which had fallen from the heights above; and which, lying there for ages beneath the trees, had come to be moss-grown and half hidden by bushes and fallen leaves. In the dim light that filtered through the branches, walking in so uncertain a place was attended with a good deal of danger; for not only was there a likelihood of falls leading to broken legs, but broken necks also were an easy possibility by the chance of a slip upon the mossy edge of one or another of the many ledges, followed by a spin through the air ending suddenly upon the jagged rocks below. Indeed, so ticklish did I find my way that I began to think that the Indians had spoken no more than the simple truth in warning me against such dangers, and that I had better turn again while light remained to bring me back in safety. And just as I had reached this wise conclusion my feet slid suddenly from under me on the very edge of one of the ledges, and over I went into the depth below.

Fortunately I fell not more than a dozen feet or so, and my fall was broken by a friendly bed of leaves and moss. When I got to my feet again, in a moment, I found myself in a narrow cleft in the rocks; and I was surprised to see that through this cleft ran a well-worn path. All thought of the danger that I had just escaped from so narrowly was banished from my mind instantly as I made this discovery; and full of the exciting hope that I was about to find something which the Indians most earnestly desired to conceal, I went rapidly and easily onward in the direction that I had been pressing toward with so much difficulty along the rocky mountain-side. The course of this sunken path, I soon perceived, was partly natural and partly artificial. It went on through clefts such as the one that I had fallen into, and through devious ways where the fragments of fallen rock, some of them great masses weighing many tons, had been piled upon each other in most natural confusion, so as to leave a narrow passage in their depths. And all this had been done in a long past time, for the rocks were thickly coated with moss; and in one place, where a watercourse crossed the path, were smoothed by water in a way that only centuries could have accomplished. So cleverly was the concealment effected, the way so narrow and so irregular, that I verily believe an army might have scoured that mountain-side and never found the path at all, save by such accident as had brought me into it.

For half a mile or more I went on in the waning light, my heart throbbing with the excitement of it all, and so came out at last upon a vast jutting promontory of rock that was thrust forth from the mountain's face eastwardly. Here was an open space of an acre or more, in the centre of which was a low, altar-like structure of stone. At the end of the narrow path, being still within its shelter, I stopped to make a careful survey of the ground before me; for I realized that in what I was doing death stood close at my elbow, and that, unless I acted warily, he surely would have me in his grasp. Coming out of the shadows of the woods and the deeper shadows of the sunken path to this wide open space, where the light of the brilliant sunset was reflected strongly from masses of rosy clouds over all the eastern sky, I could see clearly. In the midst of the opening, not far from the edge of the stupendous precipice, where the bare rock dropped sheer down a thousand feet or more, was a huge bowlder that had been cut and squared with ineffective tools into the rude semblance of a mighty altar. The well-worn path along which I had come told the rest of the story. Here was the temple, having for its roof the great arch of heaven, in which the Indians, whom the gentle Fray Antonio believed to be such good Christians, truly worshipped their true gods; even as here their fathers had worshipped before them in the very dawning of the ancient past.

A tremor of joy went through me as I realized what I had found. Here was positive proof of what I had strongly but not surely hoped for. The Aztec faith truly was still a living faith; and it followed almost certainly that, could I but penetrate the mystery with which it was hedged about so carefully by them still faithful to it, I would find all that I sought, of living customs, of coherent traditions, wherewith to exhibit clearly to the world of the nineteenth century the wonderful social and religious structure that the Spaniards of the sixteenth century had blotted out, but had not destroyed. What my fellow-archæologists had accomplished in Syria, Egypt, and Greece was nothing to what I could thus accomplish in Mexico. At the best, Smith, Rawlinson, Schliemann, had done no more than stir the dust above the surface of dead antiquity; but I was about to bring the past freshly and brightly into the very midst of the present, and to make antiquity once more alive!

As I stood there in the dusk of the narrow pathway, while the joy that was in my heart swelled it almost to bursting, there came to my ears the low moaning of one in pain. The faint, uncertain sound seemed to come from the direction of the great stone altar. To discover myself in that place to any of the Indians, I knew would end my archæological ambition very summarily; yet was I moved by a natural desire to aid whoever thus was hurt and suffering. I stood irresolute a moment, and then, as the moaning came to me again, I went out boldly into the open space, and crossed it to where the altar was. As I rounded the great stone I saw a very grievous sight: an old man lying upon the bare rock, a great gash in his forehead from which the blood had flowed down over his face and breast, making him a most ghastly object to look upon; and there was about him a certain limpness that told of many broken bones. He turned his head at the sound of my footsteps, but it was plain that the blood flowing into his eyes had blinded him, and that he could not see me. He made a feeble motion to clear his eyes, but dropped his powerless raised arm suddenly and with a moan of pain. I recognized him at a glance. He was the Cacique, the chief, and also, as I had shrewdly guessed, the priest of the village—the very last person whom I would have desired to meet in that place.

"Ah, thou art come to me at last, Benito!" he said, speaking in a low and broken voice. "I have been praying to our gods that they would send thee to me—for my death has come, and it is needful that the one secret still hidden from thee, my successor, should be told. I was on the altar's top, and thence I fell."

I perceived in what the Cacique said that there was hope for me. He could not see me, and evidently believed that I was the second chief of the village, Benito—an Indian who had talked much with me, and the tones of whose voice he knew well. Doubtless my clumsy attempt to simulate the Indian's speech would have been detected quickly under other circumstances, but the Cacique believed that no other man could have come to him in that place; and his whole body was wrung with torturing pains, and he was in the very article of death. And so it was, imprudence leading me to speak few and simple words, and my good-luck still standing by me, he never guessed whose hands in his last moments ministered to him.

As I raised his head a little and rested it upon my knee, he spoke again, very feebly and brokenly: "On my breast is the bag of skin. In it is the Priest-Captain's token, and the paper that shows the way to where the stronghold of our race remains. Only with me abides this secret, for I am of the ancient house, as thou art also, which sprung of old our priests and kings. Only when the sign that I have told thee of—but telling that not its meaning—comes from heaven, is the token to be sent, and with it the call for aid. Once, thou knowest, that sign came, and the messenger our own ancestor, departed. But there was anger then against us among the gods, and they suffered not his message to be delivered, and he himself was slain. Yet was the token preserved to us, and yet again the sign from heaven will come. And then—thou knowest—" But here a shiver of pain went through him, and his speech gave place to agonizing moans. When he spoke again, his words were but a whisper. "Leave me—in front of—the altar," he said. "Now at the end."

"But the sign? What is it? And where is the stronghold?" I cried eagerly, forgetting in the intense excitement of this strange disclosure the need for reticence, and forgetting even to disguise my voice. But my imprudence cost me nothing. Even as I spoke, another shiver went through the Cacique's body, and as there came from his lips, thereafter forever to be silent, a sound, half moan, half gasp, his soul went out from him, and he was at rest.

When a little calmness had returned to me, I took from his breast the bag of skin—stained darkly where his blood had flowed upon it—and then tenderly and reverently lifted his poor mangled body and laid it before the altar. And so I came back along the hidden path, safely and unperceived, to the village: leaving the dead Cacique there in the solemn solitude of that great mountain-top, whereon the dusk of night was gathering, alone in death before the altar of his gods.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARPE DIEM!

PEAN now! the year is ended—
The lagging year!
By Fear and Hope attended—
Hope, chained to Fear.
Its balm was joined with smarting,
Its smile, the sign of parting,
Its flagon smacked of brine,
Yet trust another pawn to fate,
And tell me you'll be mine.

What promise can I make you?
What can I say?
New storms will overtake you,
Strive as I may.
The joy is mixed with sighing,
The laughter runs to crying,
And thus the years decline,
Yet kiss the rainbow round the rain
And tell me you'll be mine!

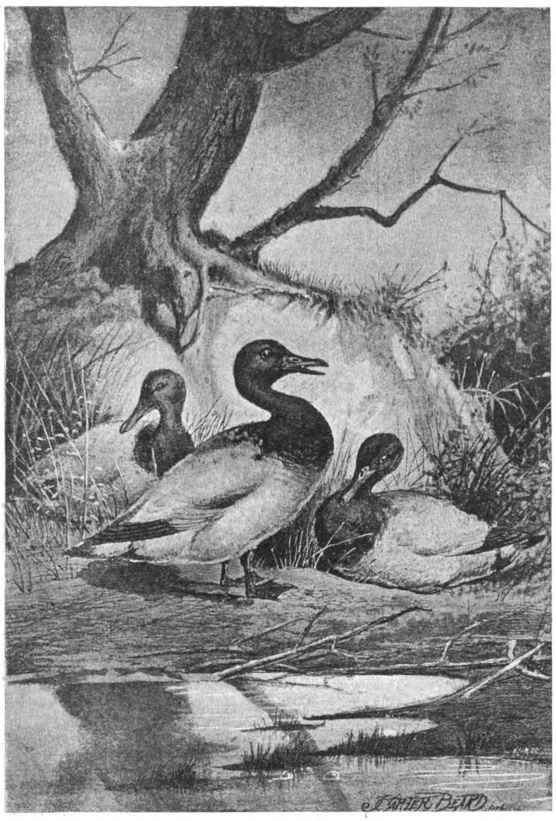
DORA READ GOO



THE ELECTRICAL SITUATION.

Murderers are shielded and Linemen martyred.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CANVAS-BACK DUCKS.



WOODCOCK.



RUFFED GROUSE, MALE AND FEMALE.



PLUMED PARTRIDGE ("MOUNTAIN QUAIL").

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.—Drawn by J. Carter Beard.—[See Page 1022.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



FRANCIS WILSON IN "THE OOLAH."—Drawn from life by Arthur J. Goodman.

FRANCIS WILSON.

AS singing comedian Francis Wilson has long been a New York favorite. He depended chiefly as a younger man upon his agility and his magnetic personality. As Caddy in *Erminie* his work began to show evidences of serious study, and through that impersonation he attained national popularity, and the rank of artist. It is the misfortune of the average American singing comedian that, instead of subordinating his personality, he makes it his all-sufficient attraction. Blind to the requirements of art and the necessity of study, it is impossible for him to advance. In improving upon his type, Mr. Wilson is in some degree a pioneer, and it is not impossible that we may some day have a much-needed school of singing comedians, of which Mr. Wilson will have been the founder—a school analogous to that of France, where there are to-day the most artistic and marvellously accomplished singing comedians in the world.

Although Mr. Wilson has relatively achieved distinction, he may be said now, at the age of thirty-six, to have little more than entered upon his career. Although his achievements are worthy, he is made even more interesting by reason of his promise. We like to look ahead. Young, brainy, and industrious, we see through the artist that is, a very much greater one that may be. At present we enjoy his self-forgetfulness in his work, his close attention to details, the breadth and carrying power of his story-telling pantomime. And the discretion with which he refrains from making a well-taken point odious by over-elaboration is admirable beyond all things. Yet the day is doubtless near at hand when he will not wish to gain applause by falling to the floor with his *fiancée* in his arms, as at the close of the first act of *The Oolah;* or by making his clever by-play so strong as to obliterate the soprano solo, as occurs in the second act; or by such meaningless pushing and pulling as is indulged in with Bampoora throughout the piece. These mistakes are unworthy a man whose gifts so peculiarly fit him for legitimate success. His singing is excellent; his enunciation felicitously distinct; his sonorous speaking voice is grateful to the ear, and leaves a pleasant afterthought when the laughter provoked by his pithy phrasing has died away. Singers of all ranks have a way of becoming more or less embarrassed when it is time to speak; above all other singing comedians does Francis Wilson excel in the scholarly delivery of spoken lines.

What need has such a man to resort to a meaningless gy to point a phrase? Yet, far be it from the writer to say inimitable expressiveness of those legs, "Be still!" Rather it be appropriate to caution, "Move not without a meaning, it is in your power to mean so much." There has, perhaps, been a comedian whose dancing has been so wonderfully gra and yet so full of expression in purest comedy vein. W the delightful burlesque of the English dancers in the secon of *The Oolah*, or the humor of the minuet in *Erminie*.

Although Francis Wilson lacks the rounded artistic com ness of the best French artists of his class, it is greatly t advantage and ours that he also lacks their more than occas suggestiveness. As a manager, he is to be commended fo same disposition. Whatever there may be of graceful or a tive femininity in *The Oolah* is incidental to the requiremer the performance, and held subservient to it. For the first ti comedian rules by pure comedy in a country whose laws hitherto been the opposite of salique. For this relief the pu surfeited with accumulated battalions of shape and sugges ness, returns a mighty vote of thanks.

Minnie Buchanan Goodm.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AN IDLE FANCY.

I SAT with my soul, idly weaving a rhyme
As the fancy came to me;
And I said: Sad soul, there cometh a time
When the stars drop into the sea;
When they lie like gems
From diadems
In the blue of the midnight sea.

The daisy is just as it was of old,
And the sunflower turns to the sun;
And there lies in the west a land of gold
When the summer's day is done;
But the bud that blew
In the morning dew
At night is withered and gone.

And what is life but a leaf that grows
On the tip of an idle spray?
And beauty—what but a red, red rose
That blossoms for only a day?
And the red that tips
The sweetest lips
Soonest turns to leaden gray.

Ah, soul so sad, the riddle canst guess,
Why the rainbow after the rain
Our human eyes doth a moment bless,
Then waneth and fadeth again?
Why life doth seem
But an idle dream
That ends in a cry of pain?

Of the things that are, my soul replied,
God knoweth the how and when;
And the roses of June have only died
That roses may come again;
And the day that dies
Leaves golden skies
As a promise of morrow to men.

BIRDS FOR THE EPICURE.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

As a duck for the table, the canvas-back is *facile princeps*. There have been found persons on the wrong side of the Atlantic, perhaps honest, but surely ill-constructed, who assert that an old English apple is as good as any Albemarle pippin or Rhode Island greening—perhaps better; who exhibit their boldness by alleging a preference for their own bacon over that of Cincinnati; and even have the hardihood to declare that to their taste a Colchester "native" is a better oyster than one that passed the peaceful days of his youth in the quiet waters of Lynnhaven Bay or along the sandy shore of Blue Point. Such persons do exist, along with other unfortunates; but no man even partly in possession of his senses ever denied the superiority of the canvas-backed duck.

A beneficent providence has assigned this bird wholly to America; and perhaps it was because Columbus had read or heard of it from some Icelandic source that he was so indomitably eager to reach the shores of the Western Hemisphere. It is reported that there is a line in an old Saga which seems to indicate that Erik the Red was given honors equivalent to being made a peer of the realm because on his return from Vinland he took home to his king a quantity of these luscious birds preserved in ice. Who knows but the English title *Duke* is a corruption of some such title as "Lord of the Ducks," conferred upon Red Erik? But the passage is obscure, and it will not do for cautious scholars to predicate too much upon it.

This royal bird is a great wanderer. In summer it wends its way on strong pinions to the fens of those great rivers that sweep down to the Arctic Sea and Hudson Bay, or seeks equal coolness and retirement among the high Sierras of Oregon and British Columbia. The early frosts of that wintry region start them southward, and by the 1st of November the vanguard of their flight appears upon the Great Lakes and the heads of our inland rivers, and the ducks rapidly spread over the whole southern half of the country as the advancing winter presses on behind them. They do not like the sea-shore so well as fresher waters, though a few linger about large estuaries, such as the Great South Bay of Long Island. The saline marshes of New Jersey and the flooded flat lands beside the Delaware are more favored resorts; but it is in the waters and submerged meadows along the lower Susquehanna and Potomac rivers and skirting Chesapeake Bay that they most abound, and it is there that canvas-back shooting is the prime sport.

No one knew these birds better, nor has any one more graphically described their ways, than the immortal Wilson; but no longer can they be said, as in his day, to "assemble in such multitudes as to cover several acres of the river." Yet enough remain to furnish excellent sport, and to permit the market gunners to keep well supplied the larders of those who are willing to pay a good price for their delicacies. As was mentioned in an earlier article of this series, the red-head, owing to his resemblance to the canvas-back, is often sold under the former's name, and the deception is never discovered, or, at any rate, lamented, since the red-head feeds upon the same fragrant and fattening weeds, and its flesh is little inferior in tenderness or taste.

The canvas-backs are generally found in winter near the head of the tidal inlets, where the wild-celery (a *Vallisneria*), or fresh-water eel-grass, grows in eight or ten feet of water. The root of this is white, and looks something like celery, and this the canvas-back gets by diving and pulling it up. The stems, which float to the surface, are taken by the red-heads, who indolently wait there to seize them, and who are accused of even robbing the industrious canvas-backs of the roots of the plants, which they are unable or unwilling to dive after themselves. It is only where this plant grows that the canvas-backs are found; and where it is plentiful they assemble in great numbers.

This would seem to make the getting of them a simple task; but, in fact, it is not at all so. The celery meadows are nowhere easily accessible either from dry land or in a boat, which can hardly be pushed through the thick masses of tape-like leaves. The ducks are extremely shy, alert to fly, and excellent swimmers. "When wounded in the wing they dive to such prodigious distances and with such rapidity, continuing it so perseveringly, and with such cunning and active vigor as almost always to render the pursuit hopeless." Hence every wile and stratagem and sportsman-like bit of skill must be used to bring them within range of your gun, and get them after they are fired at.

The canvas-back takes its name from the fact that the white feathers covering the back are crossed with wavy pen lines and dots of black, suggesting the coarse threads in a piece of canvas. The apparent coincidence that a kind of canvas is denominated "duck" is not the reverse of this, for that word comes from a Teutonic root meaning cloth.

Whether the ruffed grouse and the woodcock, both excellent, are *pre-eminent* in competition with foreigners of their class is not so indisputable as is the claim of the canvas-back. The grouse (which is the "partridge" of New England and Canada, and the "pheasant" of the West and South) is not so plentiful as formerly, but still common enough in our woodlands to make it a familiar part of the sportsman's bag in autumn. Those in civilized regions are far more excitable and wary, however, than are the grouse of thinly settled districts. They remain with us all winter, even in the more northerly States, subsisting largely upon buds, but are often driven from the forests by heavy storms to seek food in the stubble fields, or even within the barn-yard and orchard.

The "drumming" of this grouse, heard in April, and an evidence of its love-making, is one of the characteristic sounds of the American woods in spring. You may catch sight of the performer perched upon a resonant log, where he rests upon the back of the tarsi, with tail wide-spread, and ruff expanded in Elizabethan style. "The wings are then raised and stiffened, and drumming commences by a slow hard stroke with both wings downward and forward; but they are stopped before they touch the body. The rapidity of this motion is increased after the first few beats, when the wings move so fast that only a semicircular haze over the bird is visible. This rapid vibration causes the rolling noise with which the sound terminates." I can imagine the curious interest with which the first comers to America must have listened to and tried to interpret this remarkable noise echoing through the woods. It is heard again in the fall, when the males challenge each other to single combat.

Russet-colored, like the dead leaves, in plumage, the grouse trusts mainly to being overlooked, and sits absolutely quiet, until it can no longer endure the strain of nervous apprehension, when it bursts up before your feet like an explosion among the October leaves, and speeds away like a rocket. This is the single instant when the sportsman can take aim, and he brings down the whirring object more by intuitive skill than deliberate gunnery if he hits it at all.

The nest is built usually in the edge of the woods, and is a collection of grasses and leaves holding a dozen or so brown-spotted eggs. The chicks go about with the parents almost as soon as hatched, and are sharp in taking care of themselves from the very first. "The young suddenly disperse on your approach," notes Thoreau, "as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. . . .The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions, given from a distance; nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. The remarkable adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable."

How many who smilingly nibble woodcock on toast, and perhaps take enough notice of the long bill (which is left by the cook to establish the identity of the expensive morsel) to remember that it is like that of that other delicacy on toast, the snipe, would know the bird if they came upon it in the country, or could be persuaded to follow it to the reeking fens and muddy woods in which it delights?

Yet our woodcock (which is quite different, despite its name, from the large European species) is a resident of every State east of the Missouri River, and remains through the winter wherever the frost does not permanently close all the spring holes. So long as these remain open, so that it can probe the mud for the worms, small crustaceans, and other little animals it finds there, and can now and then snatch a wandering bug or snail above-ground, so long it will stay in the neighboring thickets. Sportsmen are therefore glad to learn that woodcocks have been seen in their district during the summer, or that a nest, with half a dozen of their clay-colored eggs has been found at the foot of a tussock in the marsh, or under the shadow of an odorous skunk-cabbage; for they know they can count upon the same birds remaining there until the young have grown, and the old ones have become fat and vigorous. "And then, ye gods of wood-craft! sylvans and fauns!"—of course it is Frank Forester who is speaking—"and thou, friend of the hunter, Pan! what sport shall we have in brown October, when the sere underbrush is bare of leaves to mar the sportsman's aim; when the cool dewy earth sends up the odor of the game in fresh streams to the setter's keen and sagacious nose; when the pure air braces the nerves and fans the brow, delicious; when the full-grown, white-fronted, pink-legged cock springs up—not fluttering feebly now, and staggering stupidly into the muzzle of the gun, to drop again within twenty yards, but on a vigorous and whistling pinion, with sharp-piping alarm-note, swift as a rifle bullet, soaring away through the tree-tops, or darting, devious with abrupt zigzags, among the thick-set saplings!"

The mountain quail is one of the prize birds of the Pacific coast. Its home is in the Sierras of northern California and the Cascades of Oregon, whence it descends to the foot-hill valleys only in the coldest season of midwinter. The limit of coniferous woods may be said to bound its world. It is nowhere common, and chooses rough, chaparral-covered ground, most difficult for the hunter and his dog to work in. Moreover, the bird is plentiful in few districts, if anywhere, is always watchful, and chirping its alarm-note upon the slightest provocation; is a good runner, and skilful in eluding pursuit; and is strong of wing when compelled to resort to that distasteful method of escape. They are therefore difficult to put up, and when a covey is flushed, the birds will rise uncertainly, at intervals, so that only one at a time can ordinarily be seen.

The shooting of this quail is a matter of hard work rather than amusement, therefore, and far more are captured in traps than fall to the gun. Their beautiful plumage and pretty ways made them great favorites with the miners in early days, and few camps in the Sierras were without a good many of these pets, whose gentle *koo-koo-kooé* was the sweetest sound the great wild hills afforded. The trapping was done chiefly by Indians, who have always prized the feathers, particularly the plumes, as ornaments—so much so that they became a sort of circulating medium among the Californian tribes.

Not much is known of the habits of the bird. The nest is placed upon the ground in the neighborhood of timber line, and their eggs are rich cream-color. In the early mornings the coveys come out into the grassy alpine openings to feed, and may be heard calling to one another in clear whistlings, while the mother birds *cluck* to their broods. The seasonal migrations are not north and south, but from the high parts of the range, where the summer is spent, to lower and less snowy levels; while birds on the Nevada and Idaho side cross over to the warmer western slope of the mountains. The flesh is white and good.

The name *Oreortyx pictus* (painted partridge), given to this bird by ornithologists, is more applicable than sometimes happens. The elegance of form and the pattern of dress are seen in the accompanying illustration, which shows the graceful crest plumes, and hints at the sleekness characteristic of this quail. The plumage of the body is rufous brown, but the fore parts are grayish lead-color, with a well-defined throat patch of orange chestnut bordered at the sides with white. On the sides of the head is a conspicuous dark brown stripe. The feathers of the flanks are blackish, each bordered with dingy white, which also margins the shorter wing quills, and on the breast is a patch of chestnut, environed by plumbeous, and leading back to the reddish thighs. The abdomen is white, but the under surface of the short tail is black. Such is the extremely pleasing combination of colors in the silken coats of these demure little highlanders,

"who live on mountain-peak,
Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek."

JOHN JOSEPH TOWNSEND.

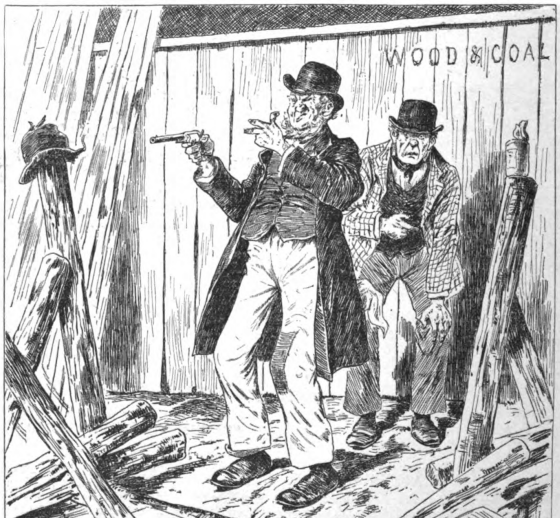
JOHN JOSEPH TOWNSEND, who died at his home on Fifth Avenue December 5th, was one of the best known men in the city. He was a general favorite in society, and at the time of his death was President of the Union Club, of which he had been a member since 1867.

Mr. Townsend was a member of the Townsend family of Oyster Bay, Long Island. He was born in this city in 1825. At the age of sixteen he was graduated from Columbia College with high honors, and was admitted to the bar as soon as he came of age. He was very successful in his profession, but retired some years ago from active practice. In his earlier years Mr. Townsend took an active interest in politics, and was elected as a Whig from the Fifteenth Assembly District in 1850 and 1851. He served in the Assembly as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee—a high honor for a new member.

In 1872 he was appointed by Governor Hoffman as one of the Commission of Thirty-two for revising the Constitution of the State, and took an active part in its deliberations. Since that time he has not engaged actively in politics, but has devoted much time to the question of taxation in this city and Brooklyn. He was a trustee of Columbia College and of the New York Dispensary, and was for thirty-six years a manager of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island—an institution in which he was deeply interested.

The painting of which the portrait given in this number of the WEEKLY is a reproduction is the work of the late Frank Holl, R.A., and was esteemed by him one of his most successful productions. It was first shown in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1888, where it attracted general attention.

Mr. Townsend's health had been poor for a year or more, and it was while returning from Europe on the *Etruria* that he was stricken with the attack of pneumonia that ended his life. In 1854 he was married to Catharine R. Bronson, who, with three sons and a daughter, survives him. His funeral services were held in Trinity Church, December 7th, and were attended by a large number of persons.



GETTING HIS HAND IN.

"Pwhat yez doin', Dennis?"
"Gettin' me hand in fur a place on de perlace. De tin can's a buggler, an' de hat's an inaffensive citizen."
"An' why don't yez foire at de buggler instid av de citizen?"
"Hist, man! I'm doin' what de perlace does."

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE NEW DAY.

Out from the broken calyx of the night
The new day merges with a slow surprise,
And like some new-winged thing with startled eyes,
Rests on the riven sheath ere taking flight.
But as her pulses quicken and grow strong
The purple mists are smitten from her face,
And slowly knowing all its new-born grace
The red pomegranate flushes o'er it throng.
Then up the cloudy way in stately wise,
Thrusting the shadows back with mystic hand,
She rideth slowly through the waiting land,
No thought of yesterday doth dim her eyes,
For lo, the new-born day that rules the earth
Is not a resurrection, but a birth!

LUCY E. TILLEY.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF TORPEDO-BOATS.

It is reported from Washington that the Secretary of the Navy is urging Congress to sanction the building of torpedo-boats, and that he is holding up to them as a stimulus the example of foreign nations—from Great Britain all the way down to the toy kingdom of Greece.

If Mr. Tracy succeeds, he will assist in diminishing the present surplus in our Treasury, but so far as strengthening our naval defences is concerned, will discover that he has achieved an object of very questionable utility. The example of England on this subject, if it is worth anything, tells a story that should discourage us from putting a single torpedo-boat in commission, for no other nation has failed so signally to make good use of this much-dreaded arm of the service. The commander of a torpedo-boat will never denounce the craft that carries him, at least to his superiors, but to his friends he will admit frankly that no mistake is more egregious than to treat such boats as serious vessels of destruction or defence at sea. They may, and do often, prove dangerous to their friends on account of the many accidents to which they are liable, but these accidents rarely happen in such a way as to injure the enemy. If Mr. Tracy means seriously to lead Congress into an expenditure of this nature, he should tell them not merely how many torpedo-boats are owned by the several nations of Europe, but also gather information as to what these unfortunate governments think of their purchases.

Last year the British government, in order to test this question, put a couple of dozen torpedo-boats in commission, and an equal number of sea-going war vessels, half of which were to operate against the other, with a view to learning as nearly as possible what might be expected of them in time of war. Our country had no naval attaché present at these manœuvres, nor was any American paper represented—a statement equally applicable to the German naval manœuvres held in the same year.

The first problem presented to the torpedo-boats of Admiral Tryon's squadron was how to get from Portland, in England, to Bantry Bay, in Ireland—a distance of a couple of hundred odd miles. The sea was smooth—at least I call the sea smooth when I can stand my shaving-brush on the wash-stand without danger of its capsizing—and the flag-ship *Hercules* allowed me to do this during the whole time at sea. In this ordinary water the torpedo-boats made such bad weather that they had to slow down to a third of their nominal speed, and reached their destination in a condition calling for more or less repair all round. In fact, by the end of the manœuvres, which lasted somewhat over a month, it would have been difficult to find a torpedo-boat that had not sustained damages from wear and tear. As sea-going vessels, it may be said that the chances are even as to their making port or not—a risk which sailors should not be called upon to take.

The life on board a torpedo-boat is one beside which that of a stoker on an Atlantic liner is effeminate luxury. The boat is under water or in blinding spray so largely that life on deck can only be endured for short periods of time; while below, the heat is so intense that men cannot sleep, and rapidly lose the strength with which they came aboard. Three days is more than enough to use up men on a torpedo-boat if the service is continual; and the officer's lot is very little better—his cabin but a few degrees cooler.

As to the fighting value of torpedo-boats, Admiral Tryon's experience last year is interesting. He had six, and his antagonist blockading him an equal number. These torpedo-boats were kept busy, at night particularly, and had abundant opportunity of using their tubes, and sinking hostile ships by means of their dummy torpedoes. And yet with one exception, possibly two, no torpedo is known to have done any constructive damage during these operations, but many torpedo-boats are known to have aimed at vessels belonging to their own side.

One night, as I was standing on the poop of the *Hercules*, a torpedo-boat loomed up on our port beam so close that it seemed as though I could have tossed a biscuit on her deck; we immediately started a rapid fire upon her, bluejackets and marines working machine guns and rifles with a vigor that must have sunk her had their cartridges been real. We had no sooner started our fire, however, than I saw a silver streak in the water, accompanied by a swishing sound, as of a rattan whipped in the air. This meant that a torpedo had been launched, and as our big iron-clad hull was broadside to her, our speed six to eight knots, and her distance a scant one hundred yards, no opportunity could have been more favorable for the torpedo, yet it missed us, and passed astern harmless. Nor was I surprised at it, for whenever I was so fortunate as to be present at torpedo practice on any man-of-war, some reason always existed for this deadly weapon rushing at a tangent or plunging headlong into the water, possibly to turn up under the hull of your own boat.

As rough-water boats they are distinctly failures; they would not do in Long Island Sound, nor in the Lower Bay either, if the weather were in any degree such as to kick up a little sea; and to an equal degree would they be unprofitable in Narragansett Bay, Massachusetts Bay, or on the great lakes.

It remains to be asked where are they of service? And torpedo-boat-makers will readily answer that they do well in smooth water. But smooth water means that their operations are to be confined to within gunshot of shore batteries, and that they are to be restricted to a class of work equally well performed by launches. Under these conditions torpedo-boats become stripped of a large part of even their theoretical value, and the next naval war will demonstrate that in this whole matter Cushing, with his spar torpedo, remains still the only real terror to the enemy.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE death of Robert Browning on December 12th deprives English literature of one of its two greatest contemporary poets. Though the devotees of his muse are not as numerous as those who worship at the shrine of Tennyson, their enthusiasm perhaps compensates for lack of numbers. Browning was born in Camberwell, a London suburb, May 7, 1812, and inherited his poetical gift from his father. As the family were Dissenters, Robert did not enter Oxford nor Cambridge, but finished his education at University College, London, where, however, he did not take a degree. Family circumstances permitted the young man a moderate income, and after leaving college he spent a year or two in travel. Browning's poetic bent, manifest at an early age, as has been the experience of most great poets, had produced, even at the age of thirteen, a considerable body of manuscript. Byron was succeeded by Shelley and Keats as models; but fortunately these earlier productions were never published. It was not till the young singer was twenty (1833) that his genius first sought a public in "Pauline: a Fragment of a Confession." A strong individuality was patent even in this youthful attempt, and it was greatly admired in after-years by Dante G. Rossetti. The same year Browning went abroad, and began that acquaintance with and passion for Italy which so powerfully colored the poetry of both himself and his gifted wife. In 1835 we find him busy in literary work in London, and his drama of *Paracelsus* was then published. It was decidedly a success of esteem, and though not otherwise great, it made him discussed among literary circles. Even at this early age the bent of his genius toward the more subtile and philosophical sides of life declared itself.

The dramatic vigor of *Paracelsus* induced Macready, the great actor, to propose a stage production to the young author, and the result was *Strafford*, a five-act tragedy, produced at Covent Garden in 1837, with Macready in the principal character. In later years came *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* (1843), produced by Macready at Drury Lane, and *Colombe's Birthday* (1852), performed at the Haymarket, neither of which was a success. These plays ended the author's aspirations as a writer for the stage. Recent attempts to revive them justify the first judgment of the public. Browning, though essentially dramatic in his modes of seeing and painting character, was either profoundly indifferent or blind to the conditions necessary to representation on the stage. In spite of the fact that he had written lyric poems of great beauty and directness of expression, "Sordello," published in 1840, anticipated all the obscurity of thought and involution of style which have made some of his later productions poetic puzzles. In 1841 appeared a collection of minor poems, under the title of "Bells and Pomegranates," which were afterward redistributed in later editions.

The poet's marriage with Miss Elizabeth Barrett in 1846 was full of romantic interest. Miss Barrett's name was already a shining star in literature, and the two poets were drawn together by an irresistible magnetism once they were made personally acquainted. The lady, a confirmed invalid of thirty-seven years of age, yielded to the instincts of her heart in spite of the bitter opposition of her father, and the pair made as true a mating as ever occurred this side of paradise by a runaway match. Their honey-moon took them by easy stages through Europe to Italy. In this enchanted land of art and song they remained for fifteen years in the closest union, both domestic and intellectual. For husband and wife it was a period of rich poetic fruitage. Mrs. Browning immortalized her name by "Casa Guidi Windows," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and "Aurora Leigh." Robert Browning produced during this felicitous period "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" (1850), and "Men and Women" (1855). The latter collection, with some of the most striking poems of an earlier date, included new pieces, marking the most brilliant work of his life—such as "In a Balcony," "The Statue and the Bust," "Old Pictures in Florence," "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," and "Bishop Blougram's Apology." It is generally conceded that "Men and Women" as a collection indicates the high-water mark of Browning's genius at its best, though special disciples of the Browning cult, carried away by the passion for research, give the preference to his more obscure and mysterious attempts to reconcile poetry with metaphysics. During Mrs. Browning's life husband and wife mutually influenced each other's poetic art. The wife departed somewhat from the clarity of her earlier writing; the man caught the direct and luminous force of the woman.

Mrs. Browning died at Florence in 1861, and her husband almost immediately returned to London, where his name had become one of the great lights in the literary firmament. His gifts as a poet, supplemented by his remarkable acquirements as a scholar, and his wit and *savoir-faire* as a man of the world, made him a most conspicuous figure in society, as well as in the world of letters, during the rest of his life, which was thenceforth mostly spent in London. "Dramatis Personæ," which had been written in Italy five years before, was published in 1864, and indicated the beginning of Browning's final return to the domain of disquisition in poetry. This was succeeded in 1868 by "The Ring and the Book," which is sanctified by the ardent disciples of the poet as his great masterpiece, though, for ordinary lovers of poetry, it is only redeemed from dreariness by outbursts of splendid passion and power. "Balaustion's Adventure" (1871)—a story of classical framework—signalizes a novel departure, and is made notable by a brilliant translation of the Alkestis of Euripides. Browning followed this adventure in 1875 by a poem under the title of Aristophanes's Apology, being the "Last Adventure of Balaustion," which also contains a translation of Euripides's Herakles. A third translation, the Agamemnon of Æschylus, was issued in 1877, and shared the qualities of its predecessors—great vividness and force with ruggedness of form. Other poems of Browning's latter period marked by his dominant characteristics of obscurity of phrase and subtlety of thought are "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Savior of Society," a study of the third Napoleon (1871); "Fifine at the Fair" (1872); "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" (1873); "The Inn Album" (1875); "Pacchiarotto," and other poems (1876); "The Two Poets of Croisic" (1878); "Dramatic Idyls" (1879 and 1880); "Jocoseria" (1883); "Ferishtah's Fancies" (1884), and "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day" (1887). Browning's poems have gone through many editions both in England and America. A new volume of his poems was to have been issued on the very day of his death. The poet's obscurity of style in his later period, and the desire of discovering esoteric meanings in his difficult phrase, have inspired the labors of innumerable Browning societies on both sides of the water. Mr. Browning's health had been good till last spring, when he had a violent attack of bronchitis. It was the recurrence of this complaint which ended his life at Venice, where he had been staying with his son.

G. T. FERRIS.

A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF BROWNING.

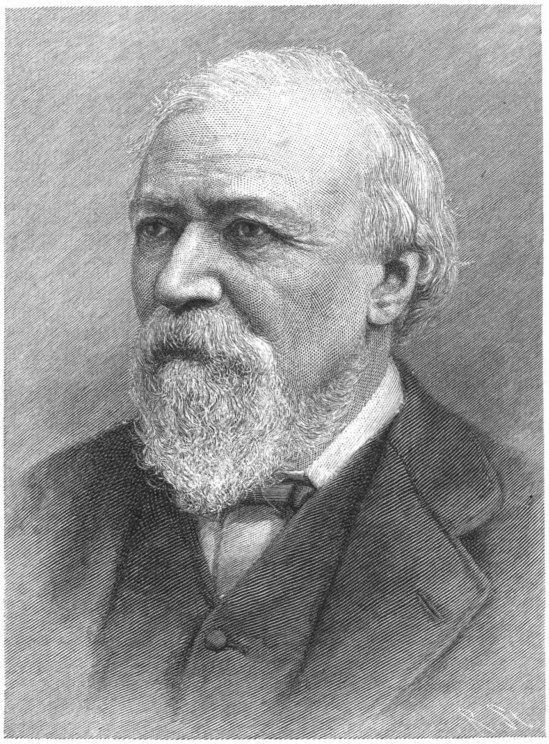
THE poems of Browning are the most debatable of any and all poetic compositions in the whole range of English verse, and to admire them is no more the proof of a superior mind than to detest them is the proof of an inferior mind. They contain more good and bad qualities than are to be found in the metrical work of any poet whose instrument of expression was, or is, the noble language of Shakespeare and Milton. He was a many-sided man, but he was not the myriad-minded man that his bewildered worshippers proclaimed him in the latter years of his long and busy life. There were the possibilities and occasionally the manifestations of diverse personalities in his nature, but under and over and through all, dominating and imprisoning all, was his own hard, wilful, arrogant, and unchangeable selfhood. He was as conscious of himself as Byron was; but, unlike Byron, who saddened his public with the misanthropy of "Childe Harold," and maddened it with the profligate levity of "Don Juan," his wardrobe was confined to one suit of verbal apparel. He was too determined a mannerist to attain style, or, attaining it at rare intervals, to maintain it, except in such brief pieces as "Artemis Soliloquises," in the first series of his "Dramatic Lyrics" (1842), which is in the grand manner of Lander; or in such compact mediæval studies as "The Tomb at St. Praxed's," in the second series of these "Lyrics" (1845), which is the perfection of the kind of writing that Tennyson had attempted a few years before in "St. Simeon Stylites." The saint falls below the bishop in that his meditations on the tower are merely representative; the bishop rises above the saint in that his death-bed recollections and commands are clearly dramatic. The dramatic art of Browning differs so largely from that of all other English poets as to require an amount of serious study that few readers are able to bestow upon it, and a keenness of perception which is not given to many in this age of obvious feeling and superficial expression. The range of subjects upon which it was exercised embraced many periods and peoples, many moods and experiences, and many emotions of love and hatred which are so uncommon as to require explanation. We find in the first of the "Dramatic Lyrics," already referred to, *Cavalier Tunes*, reproductions of earlier days in Italy and France, of Spanish cloister life, of Venetian life in a gondola, of life in madhouse cells, and of Arab life in the desert. All these are, as the young poet instructed the world forty-seven years ago, "so many utterances of so many imaginary persons," and no two are alike, either in conception or execution, though they resemble one another in their general method and manner. Turning to the second series of these "Lyrics," we are struck by the growth of the poet's powers in the three years that elapsed between the publication of the two series; and the wider and bolder flight of his genius, which, never very doubtful, had now become sure of itself. We find here the incomparable lyric, "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"; the exquisite national companion pieces, "Italy in England," and "England in Italy"; "The Lost Leader"—a lament over the political defection of Wordsworth; the later French and Spanish studies, "The Laboratory," "The Confessional," the first part of "Saul"—that noblest of Hebraic revivals—and "The Flight of the Duchess," who was more fortunate in her fate than her lovelier and gentler sister in the first series, "The Lost Duchess." In the poem just named we have a form of dramatic art which Browning was t first to discover and introduce into English ver the art of self-betrayal in soliloquy, the speak conveying to the hearer an altogether differe impression from the one he meant to conv condemning himself when he seeks to justif being at once his advocate, his judge, and h executioner. The element of lyricism, whic was so abundant and so lovely in Shak speare, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletch and which was continued with equal gra by other Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroli poets, lingered after their departure from t choir of England's singers—silent throughou the greater part of the eighteenth century, fin ing its voice only in such tender elegies as C lins's "How Sink the Brave?" and such stirrin lines as Cowper's monody on "The Loss of the *Ro al George*." The inspiration of Burns and th young Campbell, who was the laureate of Eng land's naval battles, and in a lesser degree Moore and Proctor, it never put forth its nativ strength until it was sceptered and crowned i Browning in his dramatic lyrics—not only i those of which we have spoken in the "Bells an Pomegranates," but in those which he wrote a terward, and of which the most remarkable w probably the magnificent ballad of "Hervé Riel. His beginning as a poet, in his twenty-first yea in "Pauline," was not to be compared with the b ginning of Tennyson, in "Poems chiefly Lyrical, nor was it overpromising in "Paracelsus," whic came two years later, or in "Strafford," whic followed after a similar period of time. H work was tentative until he produced, in the hap piest of all poetic seasons, the unique tragi-com edy of "Pippa Passes," the spiritual conceptio of which, in the influence exerted over the fo tunes of its personages by the artless songs o its innocent heroine, Pippa, was worthy of an poet that ever lived. Nowhere, not even i Shakespeare, can we find a scene of such un bridled power as in the interview between Sc bald and Ottima, with which this motley dram of souls begins, nor anything more characteristi than the talk between the mill girls in a late scene. One cannot but feel in reading this rev lation of Italian life and manners and passion that the poetic drama of England, which ha slumbered since the death of the great Eliza bethans, had awakened or was about to awake We have a subtler and in some respects a mor profound analysis of complicated motives and ac tions in Browning's next tragedy, *King Victo and King Charles*, but nothing that touches us o the tender human side until we come to *A Blo on the 'Scutcheon*. Idyllic in feeling and tragic i its consequence, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* is so ex quisite in the ecstasy of love, with which it i steeped, and so pathetic in the sorrow which thi love engenders, that one feels as if it had been written by the great pen that wrote *Romeo an Juliet*, which one is willing to forget while rea ing this sincerer and nobler translation of uncon querable passion and pain. It is as beautiful a youth, as mournful as death. We have said no thing of "Sordello," which was published a yea before "Pippa Passes," and about which there i not much to be said except that it is the mos incomprehensible poem, if it should be called poem, that ever a man of genius, even a youn man of genius, was seduced into composing. I is not merely tantalizing from its obscurity an prolixity, it is exasperating to the last degree If its story were worth telling, for Browning as sured his readers that it had one—

("Who will may hear Sordello's story told")—

it was spoiled by his manner of telling it in th three or four thousand lines through which wanders like a subterranean stream. If it wa the result of his early Italian learning, his learnin had certainly made him mad. "Sordello" marke an epoch in his poetical career, and it was on which was to reappear at a later period, whe the sanity which is so conspicuous in "Bells an Pomegranates," in "Dramatis Personæ," and i "Men and Women" was darkened, it would a most seem wilfully, by his constant refusal t recognize and exercise his great gifts in a intelligible way, and by his determined insist ence upon the supposititious capacity of hi readers. Never, we imagine, an industrious stu dent of language, at any rate not the thorough student that Tennyson was, and never a critic judge of what poetry can and cannot accomplish he wrote with the rapidity and carelessness of By ron, disdainful of art and regardless of finish. Hi mind, which was never a lucid or logical one, ofte lost its hold when he was grappling with difficu subjects, and lost, in consequence, coherency an meaning in the heat of composition. His splen did faculties worked in too many directions a once—a peculiarity which sometimes bewilder us in Shakespeare—and confused his perception The greatest poets give only results, but he gav processes as well as and along with result Hence his overplus of words and suggestions hence the involutions and introversions, the ab ruptness and the irrelevance, of his manner; an hence the difficulty of understanding him in cer tain moods of his—the difficulty which led to th establishment of Browning societies in England and this country. But there is a better and greater Browning than we have forgotten i "Sordello," but are compelled to remember in hi "Inn Album," his "Jocoseria," his "Ferishtah, and his "Parleyings," the Browning who wrot "Pippa Passes," *Colombe's Birthday*, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*; the Browning who wrote "Fra Lippi Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," "Caliban on Set bos"; the Browning of "The Pied Piper," "How they Brought the Good News," of "Evelyn Hope," and other perfect dramatic lyrics. In his best he had no superior among nineteent century English poets, and no master in the d main of high dramatic art except the master di matist of his own land and the master poet of t time.

R. H. STODDARD.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LATE ROBERT BROWNING.—[See Page 1023.]

"TURNING LOOSE" IN THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS.

With the winter comes a time of leisure to the cow-boy on the plains. The routine of summer and autumn work, the arduous labors and exposure of the spring round-up, the range riding, the gathering of the beef cattle and shipping them to the market in the autumn, have ended. Only a few of the men, with the foreman, are retained in employment upon the ranches. The cow-boys who are out of work ride from ranch to ranch, welcome to stay at any place as long as they choose, and sure of the loan of a horse when they see fit to resume their travels.

On the plains east of the Rocky Mountains the period between the middle of December and the middle of January is usually inclement and cold. The genial sunshine that seems a matter of course in these high regions is at this season often obscured by clouds, and the atmosphere is raw and chilly. The mountains have worn their snow-caps since the early November, and among the peaks gather the snow clouds that sweep forth and whiten the plains. Fleeing before the storms, the cattle drift southward. The horses are herded near the ranches. It is at this season that every wild and lawless instinct of the cow-boy seem to have their fullest development, and the spirit of insubordination is imparted to his horse that at the first mounting bucks and rears, and gives his rider a hard struggle for his seat. The air is surcharged with electricity; and during all of the cold season to touch or handle almost any object is to incur the snapping of an electric spark.

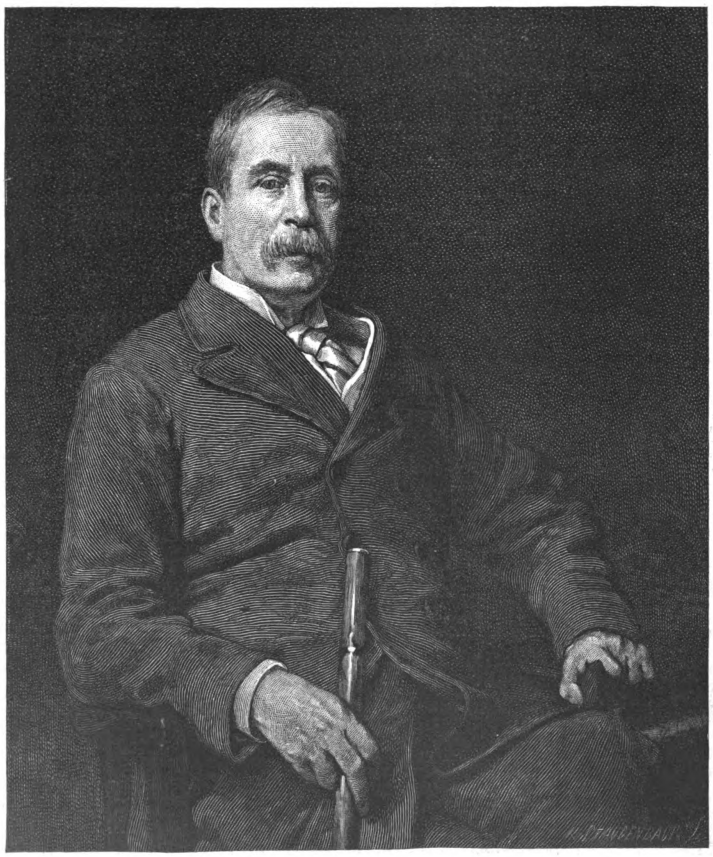
The cow-boy, who often has as a morning diversion the breaking-in of a steed, and who regards falls and tumbles as a part of his daily life, when he "turns loose" in town does it in a thorough way. His animation vents itself in shrieks and yells, the firing of the revolver, and the mad gallop. The cow-boy's exploits in the way of capturing a town have been greatly modified in late years through the general enforcement of the laws against the carrying of pistols. There was a time in the old days of the Texan cattle drives when there was much of homicidal violence associated with the life of the cow-boy. In a hotel bar-room in the little town of Cimarron, in New Mexico, twenty-five men have been killed —seven in a single year. The last lynching that occurred in Las Vegas, a place in the same Territory, was the hanging of a cow-boy, Navajo Frank, who, riding out of town after a day's drinking, amused himself by dropping his lasso over the neck of an inoffensive old man, and dragging him a hundred yards at his horse's heels. Several citizens fired on the cow-boy, who at last cut the rope and dashed away. He was followed, captured, and hanged by the Vigilants to the nearest telegraph pole.

With the advent of Christmas the cow-boys from the surrounding ranches gather in the frontier towns. They come on their most fiery horses, and are dressed in their characteristic picturesque costumes. When they have taken drink enough, to become boisterous, there follows the reckless riding and the shouting. They are ever ready for a race, and in the Indian country they sometimes match the speed of their horses with their red brothers of the plains. Their performances are not ordinarily disapproved of by the citizens, and the stir they cause in the little town is regarded, on the whole, as an agreeable diversion. The cow-boy has great contempt for any occupation which he cannot perform on the back of a horse. He is vain of his thin, high-heeled boots, which he believes to look fine in the stirrups, and which are wholly unsuited to walk in. A Texan cow-boy, who was in the cattle country looking for work, rode up to a ranch, the owner of which offered to employ him in the digging of a well.

"Kin I do it a-hossback?" asked the Texan.

"Why, no," responded the astonished ranchman.

"Then I reckon your job won't do for me;" and he turned and rode away.



THE LATE JOHN J. TOWNSEND, OF NEW YORK.—From the Painting by the late Frank Holl, R. A. [See Page 1022.]

GRAVE CAUSE FOR ANXIETY

Exists when the kidneys lose their activity. Prompt measures should be taken to renew it, otherwise Bright's disease, diabetes, or some other organic trouble, is to be apprehended as a consequence. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a most desirable diuretic, as its stimulative action upon these organs never crosses the border line of safety and merges into irritation, as do many stimulants used for the same purpose by the careless and uninstructed. The stimuli of commerce, fiery and unmedicated, are not suitable corrective agents in a case like this. They excite without producing a permanently desirable result. The "just medium" between them and an ineffectual diuretic is the Bitters, which is also a specific for malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

THE LIMITED FAST MAIL.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining-Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping-Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train, with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.—[*Adv.*]

TO BE HAPPY PLAY "HALMA."

Just the thing for a Holiday Present. The charming and popular game "Halma."

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., says of "Halma":

"'Halma' has afforded to my wife, children, and guests a great deal of quiet enjoyment."

"Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. Horsman, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

All the leading physicians highly recommend Nicholson's Liquid Bread. It is not only a pleasant and palatable drink, but gives new life.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP

Whitens the hands, softens the skin. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

No Christmas Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the renowned Appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

No remedy for blood disorders can equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Though concentrated and powerful, this medicine is perfectly safe, and may be taken by children as well as adults. Physicians recommend it in preference to any other. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on	6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
"	" 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space	15%
"	" 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space	20%
"	" 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space	25%
"	" 250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.	

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE NILE VALLEY

FROM THE DELTA TO THE GREAT LAKES.

BY COLONEL C. CHAILLÉ-LONG,

FORMERLY OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GORDON PASHA,

AUTHOR OF "CENTRAL AFRICA: NAKED TRUTHS OF NAKED PEOPLE," ETC.

AFRICA has ever been and seems by some implacable law destined ever to be the land of fable and fiction. In the time long ago a certain King of Egypt, jealous of name and fame, adopted the method of *counting out* his illustrious predecessors by erasing their names from tablet and monument and substituting his own. It has taken a long time to discover the deception practised by Ramses II.; but the *savant* Maspero has finally exposed him, and his *raptos honores* have been awarded to their rightful owners. The obstacles which have filled the path of geographical research in Africa have been rendered almost insuperable by the African story-teller, who, in emulation of the Egyptian, has endeavored to absorb the deeds of others.

Certain it is that we owe much of the mystery which still envelops Africa to the uncertain and incomplete stories told by writers, too often in the interest of a selfish ambition. A recent contribution to African history in this sense, and important only because of the place assigned it in a popular magazine, is in fact a compilation from the writings of those who have contributed chiefly to our knowledge of the Upper Nile. What with certain disingenuous statements and many lapses, the article is misleading, and is a proof of the need of better information on a subject now engaging general attention. As a contribution in this sense, and in order that the record already sealed with authority may not be impaired, the following notes are presented.

I.—THE DELTA.

In the slow but steady advance of the Nile Valley into the Mediterranean Sea, the Delta—so called because of its resemblance to the letter Δ of the Greek alphabet—which once had its apex near the palace of Choubrah, in the environs of Cairo, now begins at the junction of the Rosetta and Damietta branches, twenty-five kilometres below the capital, called by the Arabs *Batn-el-Bahr*—the belly of the river.

Egypt proper is contained within the limits of the narrow valley beginning at the cataracts of Assouan, in 24° 5′ 23″ north, where it has a width of about five kilometres, spreading, as the Nile descends in its sinuous course, to an average of twenty-five to thirty kilometres; it then widens into the fertile plain, the Delta, in length about 175 kilometres, and from Aboukir to the ancient Pelusiac mouth 250 kilometres.

At Cairo the two chains of mountains, the Arabian and Libyan, which envelop the Nile Valley, abruptly terminate; the Arabian forming just behind the citadel what is known as the *Gebel Mokattam*, and the Libyan making a kind of spur, at the base of which stands the Pyramids, where it breaks away to the northwest, and loses itself in the desert sands.

El-Kahirah—for such is the ancient Arabic name of Cairo—is the pearl of all Oriental cities. Situated on the right bank of the Nile, in the extreme south of the Delta, the city extends from the Mokattam hills on the east to the river Nile on the west; the Pharoanic and Aribic art is beautifully blended in its temples and mosques. In the *Thousand and One Nights* a man of Mozul, in reciting the charms of Bagdad as "the city of peace and the mother of the world," receives the following reply from his elder, "My son, he who has not seen the city of Cairo has not seen the world; her soil is gold, her women enchantment, and the Nile a wonder."

Egypt, in fact, is contained not only in the Nile Valley to Assouan, but along the Nile to the great lakes at the equator. It is a political and physical boundary drawn by the hand of nature and sealed with the seal of conquest and treaty, and is therefore a better boundary than the one drawn at Assouan by Lord Dufferin. Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B., in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, in an article entitled "What Next in Egypt?" pertinently remarks:

"The Soudan and Egypt, for good or bad, are inseparably connected by causes independent of dynasties or governments. The Delta owes its wealth and even its existence to the action of the Nile stream. The power which holds Khartoum commands the Nile, and therefore it is a matter of life and death to Egypt that Khartoum and Cairo should be subject to one common dominion."

The river Nile from its sources at the equator—*El Khat el Istiwa*, a real and not an imaginary line in the Arab mind—runs in its sinuous and eccentric ways a distance of quite four thousand miles to its mouths in the Mediterranean. What more beautiful and perfect picture of the river than that which the Arab conqueror Amrou has submitted to the great caliph Omar? He said:

"O Prince of the Faithful! paint to yourself an arid desert and a magnificent country between two mountains! Such is Egypt. All of its productions, all of its riches, from Assouan to Mencha, flow from a blessed river which runs with majesty through the middle of the country. The moment of the rise and fall of its waters is also governed by the course of the sun and moon. There is a fixed period of the year when all the sources of the country come to pay to this king of rivers the tribute which Providence has ordained. Then the waters increase, quit their bed, and cover the whole surface of the country, in order to deposit there productive soil. There is no longer any communication from one village to another except by means of small boats, as numerous as the leaves of the palm-tree. When the waters cease to be necessary to the fertility of the soil, the docile stream returns to the limits which Destiny has prescribed, in order that the treasure which he has hidden in the bosom of the earth may be gathered.

"A people protected by Heaven, and who, like the bee, seem destined to work for others without profiting itself by the fruit of its labor, opens lightly the bowels of the earth, and drops there the seeds from which he awaits the germation of Him who causes the harvests to grow and ripen. The germ develops, the stalk shoots up, the ear is formed by the succor of a dew which takes the place of rains, and which maintains a fecund moisture with which the soil is penetrated, and then to the recent abundant harvest succeeds in turn sterility.

"It is thus, O Prince of the Faithful! that Egypt offers *tour à tour* the image of a sandy desert, a liquid and silver plain, a black and muddy marsh, a green and waving prairie, a parterre ornamented with flowers, and a field covered with golden harvests.

"Three things, O Prince of the Faithful! contribute essentially to the prosperity of Egypt and the happiness of its inhabitants: the first is not to adopt lightly projects born of avidity and tending to increase the taxes; the second, to employ a third of the revenue to maintain the canals, dikes, and bridges; the third, not to levy a tax except in kind upon the fruits which the earth produces. Salut."

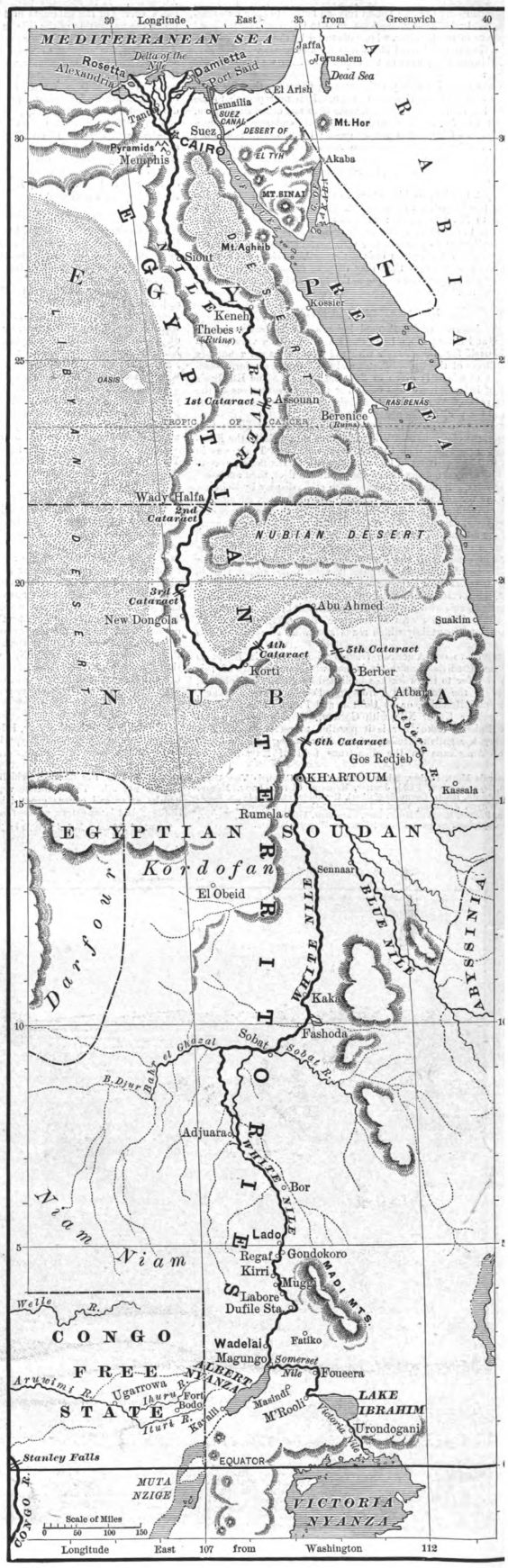
II.—NILE SOURCES DISCOVERERS.

Back to a period prehistoric commenced the movement to discover the Nile sources, and there is reason to believe that they were discovered in a remote age, but have been lost by reason of some such spirit as that to which allusion has been made.

In the great temple of Karnak a large mural inscription recites the expeditions of Theutmosis I., 1667 B.C., in Phœnicia and the Upper Nile countries. Following Theutmosis came Ramses Meiaoum, the great Sesostris, Cambysses, Alexander, and finally the expedition of the Centurion under Nero. An interval of fifteen hundred years separates us from the ancient period, and brings us to the time in 1820 when Mehemet Ali, the first viceroy, undertook the conquest of Nubia and Sennaar, founded the city of Khartoum at the confluence of the White and Blue Niles, and in 1841, having in mind the importance to Egypt of possessing the head waters of a river the which was the soul and body of the country, he organized a Franco-Egyptian expedition, under the engineers St. Arnaud and Sabatier, which succeeded in reaching a point near the mouths of the Bahr-Ghazal and Zaraf. It is not our intention to enter into a complete history of the many travellers who have contributed to build up our knowledge of the Nile River to this time; it is only necessary to add just here that in 1857–61 Captain John Hanning Speke, entering Africa from the east coast, discovered the principal lake, the Victoria, or the Ukerewe; and later, in 1862, Sir Samuel Baker discovered the lake Albert, or the Muta Nzigé.

Ismail Pasha, who had succeeded to the throne of Egypt in 1863, was eager to reap the fruits of these discoveries. He fitted out an expedition in 1869, the command of which was confided to Sir Samuel Baker, with orders to suppress the slave-trade and organize government in what was *per se* Egyptian territory. It is always *le premier pas qui coûte*, and Sir Samuel's experience was no exception thereto. The results obtained did not justify the vast sums expended, but it is only just to Baker to say that he did organize government as far south as Gondokoro, with communicating posts to Foueira, and that he was in both friendly and commercial relations with the natives is proved by the fact that such was the condition of the provinces when his successor assumed charge in 1874. Had Sir Samuel been content to develop at Gondokoro that which he had acquired with great courage and energy, he might have anticipated all that Emin has done, with this in his favor, that no insurrection existed in his rear such as that which has been a constant menace to Emin.

Sir Samuel, however, was possessed with a thirst for the unknown. Without waiting to reap that which he had sown, he set out without any defined purpose, entered a hostile country, and Abou—the wretched Abou—seized the occasion to deal Sir Samuel the death-blow which he gave to his government at Masindi. Within the subjugated provinces peace as perfect as it can



Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

well be among Africans existed during Sir Samuel's administration, which failed only because Ismail refused longer to bear its excessive cost. In 1873 Sir Samuel returned to Cairo and surrendered his powers to the Khedive, who, undaunted by the halt of government at Gondokoro, looked about him for a successor.

Mr. Edward Dicey says in the article to which we have already referred:

"It was when Ismail's prestige was on the wane that Sir Samuel was succeeded by General Gordon. It is no reproach to the hero of Khartoum to say that he, more than any other single man, is responsible for the insurrection which still endangers the safety of Egypt. His creed is not my creed; his theory of life is not mine....Under Gordon's rule the Arab slave-traders were shot down, hanged, bastinadoed, imprisoned, and ruined for carrying on what they regarded as a legal, time-honored, and even a respectable calling."

And yet Gordon, on his return to the Soudan in 1884, in his famous proclamation to the people whom he had scourged, according to Mr. Dicey, said: "I know that the hardship which opposition to the slave traffic had caused you is very great. To-day I desire you to recommence with perfect freedom the traffic of slaves, and I have given orders that public criers shall make this known to all, that they may dispose of their domestics as they may see proper, and no one in the future shall interfere with the commerce."

III.—AMERICANS IN EGYPT.

In the interval of Sir Samuel Baker's administration in the Soudan, and dating from 1870, the Khedive, with a view to prepare himself for the struggle with the Porte, engaged a number of ex-officers of the United States and Confederate armies, a complete list of whom is given in the note below.* The Khedive's dream of independence was brief, for the representatives of the powers refused to give him the slightest encouragement to that end, and the project was abandoned.

Few of our compatriots who served in Egypt are aware that an American officer named William Eaton, a captain in the Revolutionary army, and then United States Consul at Tunis, was in Egypt in 1804, arriving in Cairo on the 8th of December, accompanied by several officers of the United States fleet, then anchored off Damietta. Eaton was received with great display by Mehemet Ali in the very divans of the citadel where, strangely enough, his American countrymen were to be found, nearly three-quarters of a century later, engaged in the hopeless task of organizing an army out of the fellahs. The Arabs, it is said, lined the streets, anxious to catch a glimpse of the man whom they were told by the wise men "had come from the New World to kiss the hand of their great Bashaw." Eaton's purpose, it should be added, was to secure Mehemet Ali's influence to cause the Mamelukes to allow Hamet, the former Bey of Tunis, who had taken refuge with them, to return to Tunis with the United States fleet, it being then the purpose of the United States to reinstate the fugitive Hamet. A page of history certainly which reads somewhat strangely at this day.

To return to our American friends who arrived in Egypt to enter the Khedivial army. It is not within the limits of this sketch to refer to the work accomplished by all of these officers, whether in the desert by Purdy and Fechét between Keneh, Kosseir, and Berenice, or by Colston and Prout in Darfour; or Mason on the Upper Nile with Gordon, where he made a survey of Baker's Lake; nor is it possible to recite in this limited space the gallant deeds performed by Loring and his brave staff of Americans on the disastrous field of Kaya-Khor, in Abyssinia. It is specially pertinent, however, to refer to Kennon's survey of the cataracts in 1871, made with the view to improve the navigation of the Nile at that point; and, later, the construction by that officer of a countersunk counterpoise battery at Alexandria, the success of which has caused it to be adopted as an experiment on the Potomac, an act of the Fiftieth United States Congress having appropriated the sum of $35,000 for that purpose. This fact is mentioned to show that the skill and genius of an American officer should not be despised, even though it be developed whilst serving temporarily in a foreign service.

Many of the gallant men who offered their swords to the Khedive with the idea of striking a blow for the disenthralment and independence of Egypt have sheathed their swords forever. Brave and sympathetic Campbell fell at Khartoum in the first days of Gordon's expedition, and since then have died Loring, Sibley, Stone, Hunt, Jenifer, Losch, Lamson, Purdy, Parys, and Reynolds (father and son).

* Generals Mott, Loring, Sibley, Stone, Tévis; Colonels Van Allen, Colston, Dye, Derrick, Field, Jenifer, Kennon, Chaillé-Long, Mason, McIvor, Purdy, Rhett, Reynolds (father), Reynolds (son), Rodgers, Reed, Prout, Whyte, Johnson, Ward; Lieutenant-Colonel Greaves; Majors Denison, Fechét, Morgan, Hunt, Hall, Campbell, Losch, Lamson, Martin, Parys; Captains Freeman, Porter; Doctors Warren, Wilson.

IV.—GORDON PASHA.

In the commencement of 1874 General Gordon, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Engineers, of her Majesty's service, arrived in Cairo, having been, through Nubar Pasha, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, nominated as Governor-General of the equatorial provinces of Egypt.

An American officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Chaillé-Long, was chosen as his chief of staff and commander of the Soudanieh forces. The American's work in Central Africa consisted in making a treaty with M'Tesa, King of Uganda, an instrument which was subsequently made the basis of a diplomatic note to the powers by the Khedive, announcing the annexation of the entire Nile Basin to Egypt. Long's expedition was one full of peril, an account of which has already been published.* When he returned, Gordon welcomed him in the most affectionate manner, and said: "Long, you have done a great work. You will be a hero now. I must photograph you." And Gordon thereupon proceeded to photograph his ragged and wretched looking chief of staff, producing a picture which proved that Gordon was an adept at the art.

It will be interesting to cite here a letter addressed to the New York *Herald*, and published in that journal. It is dated Massawa, Abyssinia, December 11, 1879.

"*To the Editor:*

"Those who may be interested in geographical discoveries will remember that in 1874 Colonel Long, of the Egyptian staff, passed down the Victoria Nile from Namyongo, where Speke was stopped, to M'Rooli, thus at the risk of his life settling the question before unsolved of the identity of the river above Urondogani with that below M'Rooli. He also discovered a lake midway between these places, which he called Lake Ibrahim. Passing that way afterward, I ascertained that the native name of the lake was Cojé and wrote this name on the map. In writing this I in no way wished to take from Colonel Long the merit due to him for his discovery of this lake or for his perilous journey.

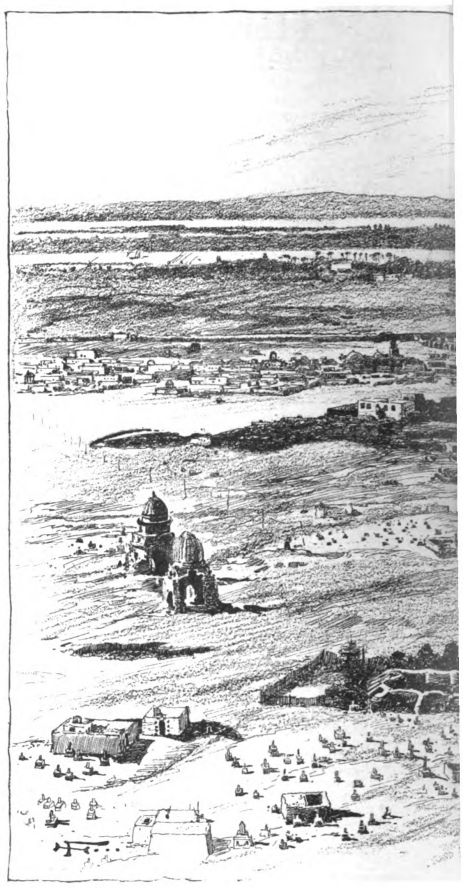
"Those who care to study the successive steps which built up the map of the course of the Nile will know that to Speke is due the discovery of one portion, to Baker that of another, and to Colonel Long that of another and of the lake alluded to.

"Believe me yours very sincerely,

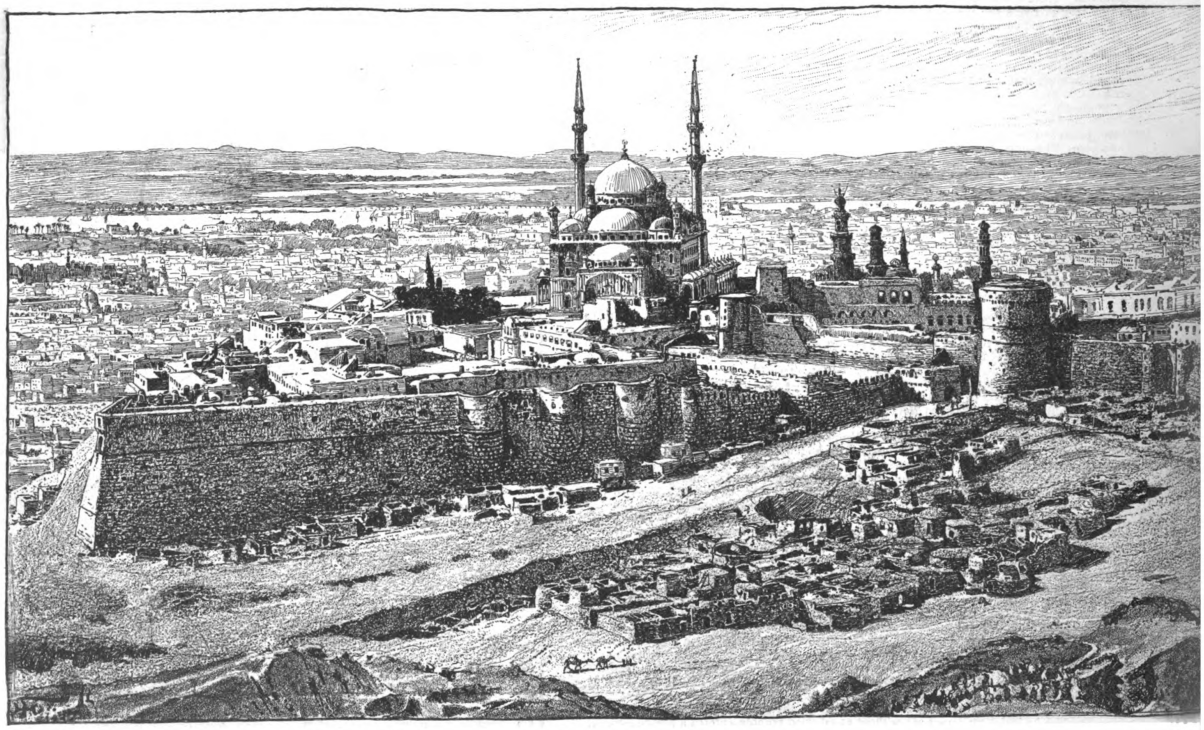
"C. G. GORDON."

In writing of this discovery, I have said: "Lake Ibrahim, so named by the Khedive of Egypt in honor of his father, is the home of the lotus and lotus-eaters. On the treacherous bosom of the lake the broad-leaved plant grows luxuriantly, and incessant storms add to the dangers which beset the unwary traveller. This is not all. The immense vegetable matter, when decayed, breaks away and causes great islands to form. On these live the mythical lotus-eaters, whose food is the lotus flower and dried

* *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People.* Harper & Brothers.

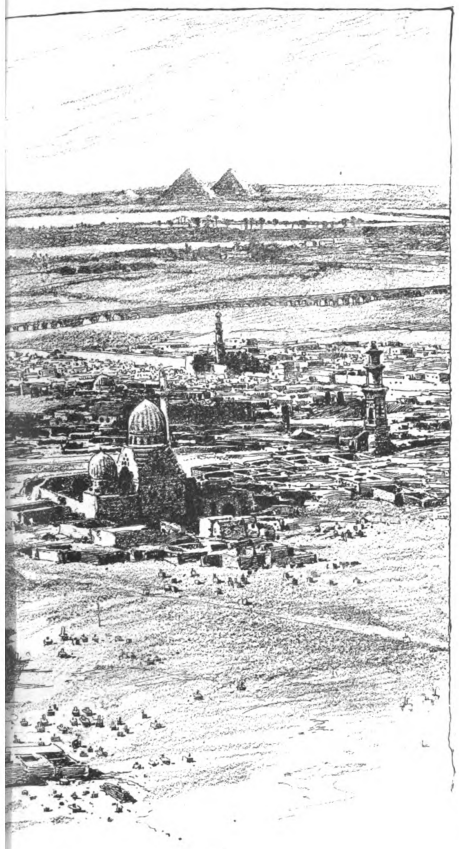


ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CAIRO WITH TH



GENERAL VIEW OF THE C

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



IN THE DISTANCE.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.

fish. The discovery of the lotus and lotus-eaters is another fact snatched from the poetic realm of fiction, for a legend said that the stranger who ate of the lotus forgot his country, and remained forever within its sacred confines a lotophage, and by dire necessity compelled to eat of *ces fleurs en bouton* of the fabled flower."

It has become the habit of the English press to refer to the administration of the Soudan under Gordon as a perfect success. Mr. Dicey, however, as we have seen, thinks differently, and there is but little doubt that he has obtained his information from Sir Evelyn Baring directly. For a fact, so far from paying off any debts, the provinces, which had paid a considerable tribute when Gordon took charge, had become an onerous burden to the government at Cairo in 1879. This fact can be clearly established by reference to Sir Evelyn Baring, the British High Commissioner, who, for this reason, and at the request of the Khedive, insisted upon Gordon's resignation. Sir Evelyn, it is well known, opposed Gordon's return to the Soudan in 1884, and submitted only in face of the popular sentiment, which had been unwisely invoked to that end. Gordon's character, it is needless to say, was above reproach. In his exalted role of an uncrowned king, as in the man himself, there could not exist the vulgar thirst for money. In this Gordon was truly above the common herd, and it is perhaps this quality chiefly which has won for him such great regard. Many of his subordinates were raised from the humblest stations, and oftentimes were quick to perceive Gordon's ill-concealed contempt for money, and speculated thereon. A servant would be given, for instance, the pay of a colonel or pasha, and others told to help themselves. The confusion which resulted, both in discipline as well as in the finances, was incalculable.

To recur to the Abou Saoud incident as an illustration of some of the peculiarities and inconsistencies of Gordon, his chief of staff relates the following, which occurred during the first journey up the Nile: "Gordon frequently talked to a little negro on the steamer, and affected to discuss with him (for Long's benefit) the policy or impolicy of his appointment of Abou to his government; Abou, it being understood, had been imprisoned by Baker, and Gordon had released him and made him his *vekil*. Gordon would say to the boy, '*Abou Saoud tiib? Abou battal?*' (What think you of Abou? Is he good? is he bad?) The little savage, wondering and flattered that the great white man should ask his opinion, replied, '*Tiib*' (Good). 'I told you so, Long. You see, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings has He ordained strength. Are you convinced?' 'Not quite,' I replied; for I believed Abou to be a scoundrel."

The following from his chief of staff may serve to point the moral of much that is looked upon as eccentric in Gordon, but which shows the stamp of a studied and persistent purpose. He says: "Upon my return from the expedition (Niam-Niam, 1875), I found Gordon awaiting me at Regaf. It was there that he proposed that we should divide the provinces between us. 'Take,' said he, 'from Fatiko south; I will take the rest'—meaning from Regaf, near Gondokoro, to Khartoum. 'We will govern here. These people should not belong either to the Arabs or the Turks.' I replied: 'No, colonel, I have no ambition to reign among savages. I've quite enough of savages and savage country.' Whereupon he said: 'Well, you know, you and I can never live together—it won't do. I am not mean, however; here is a letter to the Khedive. Go to Cairo. I have recommended that you command an expedition in order to open an equatorial road from the Indian Ocean to the lakes. The road is much shorter than by the Nile, the difficulties of which you will tell the Khedive.' Adding, '*This expedition you must insist shall be under my government.* I will meet you half-way on the road from M'Tesa.'"

Taken in conjunction with the "Divine Figure from the North," as represented by Forbes, which entered Khartoum on the morning of the 18th of February, 1884, which burned up every vestige of practical government, distributed money, and which proclaimed itself in violation of all orders, whether from British or Egyptian sources, the *Vali* and Sultan of the Soudan, there is l clusion—that Gordon's whole intention in returning dan was government, and *government for his own ac* don made one fatal and vital mistake in this move. Cairo, when *en route*, "I am convinced that it is an en to regard the Mahdi as in any sense a religious lea sonifies popular discontent. All the Soudanese a Mahdis, just as all the Egyptians are potential A movement is not religious, but an outbreak of despair

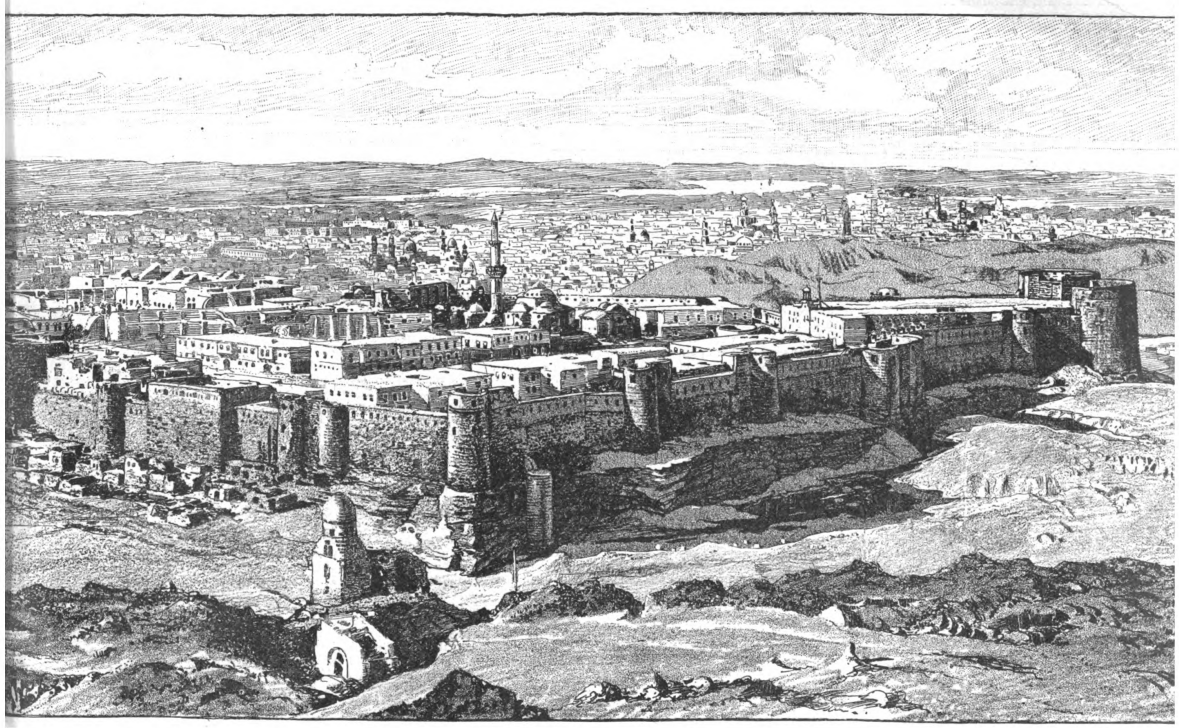
We have learned how utterly causeless was the Arabi, which was merely a military revolt precipitate first, and then by Nubar Pasha and Rivers Wilson, wl to disband the army without pay. The Mahdi's rel ever, was a religious movement, and is still mainta religious society of the Sid-es-Senoussi. It is a par written history of Gordon's return to the Soudan in 1 Khedive Tewfick Pasha, in the presence of Sir Evelyn tested against his return, and urged that he, Gordon, l European, should not go to Khartoum, because of his ity, and because of the general ruin which had resul former administration. Besides, added the Khedive, lion is a religious movement, and there is not mone buy them off. If you still persist in going, I wash r all responsibility, for I warn you that you will never toum alive." Gordon's faith, however, in the power greater than the Khedivial warning. He refused the fused the troops which Mr. Gladstone offered him, anc shutting himself up in the trap which awaited him toyed with him for his own purpose until the curtain scene the exact nature of which is wrapt still in myst

V.—EMIN PASHA AND STANLEY.

Emin Pasha succeeded to the government of th provinces in 1878. In 1875 Hans Schnitzler, a G ject, having studied in the medical institutes of Pa and Berlin, and possessing decided tastes for bota and anthropology, made his way from the Red Se toum. Gordon engaged him for his medical services sent him to Fatiko, as mudir or subgovernor of that was there in 1876 that Dr. Schnitzler formally adopt lem religion, and assumed from that moment the Ar *Emin Effendi Hakim*—the faithful doctor. Emin h great endurance and courage in the difficult rôle whicl to sustain. In his letter dated Wadelai, April 17, 1 cludes: "I have won the trust and confidence of the ing the seeds of a splendid future civilization. It i question to leave." And yet Emin has been induced ley to surrender his government and people, and re coast; but he has done so with manifest reluctanc seems, even from the published correspondence, to some serious misunderstanding between the rescuer cued on this subject. It is certain that no good can surrender. It adds greatly to the strength of the M now hold the river from its sources to Wady Ha shadows of the Mahdi and Osman Digma, which are ing up on the physical boundary of Egypt, threaten permanent plague to the unhappy country whose vic alone, and in his rôle of *Muslimine* (Arabic word mean man), would be master of a situation which is not onl Egypt, but which seems about to dissipate for all tim of that "splendid future civilization" which has beer the devoted and faithful Emin.

In the light of its results, Mr. Stanley's expedition be deemed a labor of love, but a labor which has bee in vain, or for some other purpose than the relief of I

Should Emin recover from the unfortunate accider overtaken him at Bagamoyo, Egypt, sustained by all should send the faithful Pasha back to his post as the pion of future civilization.



CAIRO.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

FAMOUS BOOKS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.*

LORD SALISBURY in his speech at the last Lord Mayor's banquet said that affairs in Africa now attract more attention and are of greater interest than European questions. The eyes of the world are certainly turned upon long-neglected Africa. The scramble of the nations to secure goodly pieces of her territory is still in progress. About one-fourth of all the Associated Press news sent to us by cable from Europe relates to the current of events in Africa. The Dark Continent is filling a greater number of columns daily in our newspapers than any other part of the world except Europe and our own territory.

There were a few, a very few, men years ago who believed the day would some time dawn when Africa would claim her share of the world's interest and attention. They were such men as Livingstone and Schweinfurth, who alone, and almost unknown, were leading the way through the depths of Africa, the grand pioneers in the work of exploration and development that now commands the ample energies of so many nations. When Henry M. Stanley was in New York three years ago, he said: "I thought like most of the world that Livingstone was a poor visionary, a half-cracked enthusiast, until I met him on the shores of Tanganyika. Then, by his solid arguments and wealth of knowledge, he filled me with his own faith in Africa's future. I was amazed when I found that it was nothing but his devotion to and faith in Africa that kept him at his work of exploration."

When Stanley pleaded with him to go home and rest, the grand old man answered: "No; I must finish my task. My children's letters you have brought me affect me deeply, but I cannot bring my heart to abandon my work. I will go on till I finish it."

No recent books of exploration surpass in absorbing interest and value the volumes written by such pioneers as these, whose story of unselfish toil and remarkable adventure thrilled the world, and gave an impetus to exploration that has made the last twelve years the greatest era of geographical discovery since the day of Columbus. It happens that some of these books, though written ten to fifteen years ago, are still the great authorities on those parts of Africa of which they treat; and just now, when all intelligent people are watching the beginnings of progress in a mighty continent, it will be interesting to speak of some of the great books that have done more than anything else to stimulate the world's interest, and that will always be monuments marking the stages of geographical discovery in Africa.

Dr. Schweinfurth's famous volumes, *The Heart of Africa*, may justly be called an epoch-making work. There are a number of reasons why these volumes are particularly conspicuous even in the foremost rank of writings on Africa. In the first place, Schweinfurth, whose energies are still devoted to increasing knowledge of those parts of Africa which he has chosen for his special field of study, stands in the highest rank of explorers. As that gifted writer Winwood Reade said of him, he is to be classed with Mungo Park, Denham, and Clapperton, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Barth, Rohlfs, and Stanley—the splendid galaxy of explorers who have immortalized their names by great achievements in Africa. He also possesses two qualifications which no African traveller before him could claim. He is deeply versed in natural history, and is among the best of scientific writers in his favorite field of botany. He is also an artist of fine attainments. Many a traveller before him had some knowledge of natural history, and was able to make rude sketches which served as hints for professional artists who made his pictures. What Schweinfurth has written of the natural history of Africa is not only scientifically accurate, but his sketches also are finished works of art. He made his drawings on the spot, and the magnificent collections he brought home with him, illustrating native arts in the remarkable region where he had wandered for three years, indicate with what surprising fidelity his pictures depict the scenes and objects he saw.

It was fortunate that a man with such equipment chose for his field one of the most prolific and interesting parts of Africa, for in the region where the Nile and Congo basins join, west and northwest of Albert Nyanza, Schweinfurth made discoveries that astonished the world. He was the first white man to invade this unknown land, and no African explorer ever returned home more richly freighted with additions to knowledge and stories, picturesque and exciting, of travel and adventure. He set at rest the long disputed question of the existence of a dwarf race in central Africa. He proved, once for all, that Herodotus and Aristotle were not dealing with fables when they wrote of the pygmies of central Africa. One day he suddenly found himself surrounded by what he conjectured was a crowd of impudent boys, who pointed their arrows at him, and whose manner betokened intentional disrespect. He soon learned that these hundreds of little fellows were veritable dwarfs, and were a part of the army of Munza, the great Monbuttu king. These are the now famous Akka, who, so far as we know, are the smallest of human beings. It is these same Akka who, wandering in the forest a little south of Schweinfurth's route, picked off many a carrier in Stanley's late expedition, using arrows whose points were covered with a deadly poison, and refusing all overtures of friendship. Stanley does not call them Akka, but uses the Niam-Niam designation for this race of dwarfs. Since Schweinfurth filled many pages with the most graphic and minute details concerning this extraordinary race many other dwarfs have been discovered in the southern part of the Congo Basin, but we have as yet no details concerning them at all comparable with Schweinfurth's brilliant exposition of the Akka.

It was also his fortunate lot to live among the Niam-Niam and Monbuttu tribes, who are in many ways remarkable. Schweinfurth regarded them as among the finest specimens of physical development he ever saw in any land, and in their industrial development he found them, particularly the Monbuttu, the most advanced of any African race he had met. Competent authorities agree with his opinion that the ornamental designs upon their potteries and iron and copper wares, now exhibited in the Berlin Museum of Ethnology, would not discredit a European artist; and among these peoples, so far advanced in some respects, Schweinfurth discovered the first evidences of cannibalism which we now see prevailing to such an appalling extent in a very large part of the Congo Basin. It is a noteworthy fact that in all his travels Livingstone never saw evidences of this revolting practice except on one or two occasions, and in all his voluminous writings he hardly refers to the topic. *The Heart of Africa* was the first book to enlighten the world concerning cannibalism in central Africa. Most recent travellers in the Congo Basin have been far too busy as yet to write detailed reports of their discoveries, and Schweinfurth's book remains the completest and most graphic exposition of the topic. Dr. Junker, however, draws a distinction between the Niam-Niam and Monbuttu cannibals which Schweinfurth in his briefer visit failed to observe. Junker says the Niam-Niam use human flesh as food only because they believe that in this way they acquire the bravery and other virtues with which their victims may have been endowed. The Monbuttu, on the other hand, make war upon their neighbors for no other purpose than to procure human flesh for food, because they delight in it, as a part of their cuisine. With methodical care they dry the flesh they do not immediately use, and add it to their reserve supplies of food.

One of Schweinfurth's discoveries started a geographical controversy which continued for nearly seventeen years. He found the great Wellemakua rising near the Nile and flowing far westward, and geographers talked and wrote and almost quarrelled over the question whether the Wellemakua was the Shari River, and emptied into Lake Tchad, or whether its mysterious outlet was further south. Some writers even advanced the theory that it flowed clear across the continent and emptied into the Atlantic. We did not know with certainty until last year that the Welle-makua is the upper course of the Mobangi tributary of the Congo, and is therefore the largest affluent of the greatest river in Africa. In view of the stimulus it imparted to geographical inquiry, and the absorbing interest and importance of the discoveries it records, *The Heart of Africa* may well be regarded as the faithful and brilliant chronicle of some remarkable phases of African discovery.

Henry M. Stanley could say in all modesty the other day that he believed the mantle of Livingstone had fallen upon his shoulders. These two names will be forever linked in the story of the awakening of Africa from her sleep of ages. It can be said in general of Mr. Stanley's books that though his earliest ventures in the literature of exploration are full of graphic power, his writings have shown steady and rapid advance in felicity of description and in fulness and accuracy of statement. In the intervals between his journeys in Africa, Stanley put forth every effort to acquire the scientific equipment which would impart to his labors in the field an enduring value. The result is that Stanley was long ago one of the most competent geographers as well as the greatest explorer of the age. It was a remarkable feat he achieved when, chased by thousands of enemies down the Congo, he mapped the course of the great river for 1500 miles so accurately that his delineation of its channel in *Through the Dark Continent* is, to all intents and purposes, the map of the Congo today. The longitudes he was able to take were not quite accurate, but his map, considering the circumstances under which it was made, has been more and more the wonder of geographers as our knowledge of the Congo has grown; and what a prince of explorers that famous work shows Stanley to be! *Through the Dark Continent* is the Odyssey of African travel. No intelligent person can afford to say he has not read it, for it is the book that first revealed to the world a vast continent from sea to sea, with the greatest of its lovely lakes; with its myriads of princes, powerful and puny; with its jumble of tongues and races; its vast variety of habitations and modes of living; its greatest river now tumbling to lower levels over cataracts, now crowded with verdant islands, sea-like in breadth, and navigable for over a thousand miles at a stretch. Livingstone prepared the way, but Stanley opened the door through which the world saw millions of people in the Congo Valley of whom it had never heard.

It is safe to say that no other explorer of Africa, America, or any other part of the world, has ever accumulated on a single journey such wealth of materials, enriching at once so many fields of science, and so replete with romantic, picturesque, and thrilling incidents as fell to Stanley's lot on the memorable journey he has described in *Through the Dark Continent*.

It was his good fortune to see at its best the powerful kingdom of Uganda, and few parts of Africa were more interesting or more worthy of Stanley's brilliant pen pictures than M'Tesa's domain on the shores of Lake Victoria before all the miseries of a prolonged civil war had befallen its once happy people. How full of strange and even tragical adventures were the long boat voyages around the wooded shores of lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, and how full of life and variety were the scenes and people the explorer met among the ten tribes who dwell along Tanganyika's nine hundred miles of coast line! It is in this book that Stanley makes us well acquainted with Tippu Tib, whom he regarded as the most remarkable man he had met in Africa, and who has since become so rich and powerful. Tippu Tib and two hundred of his men helped Stanley start down the unknown Congo from Nyangwe, where both Livingstone and Cameron were defeated in their purpose to descend the mysterious river. Twenty of the dusky favorites of the great trader's harem went with him on this journey, his first trip down the river, which he was soon after to bring completely under his control for a distance of 350 miles. The Arabs and half-castes from Zanzibar had been long deterred by stories of terrible cannibals and fierce dwarfs from venturing further down the river, and their descent to Stanley Falls would perhaps have been delayed several years if Stanley had not pioneered the way.

It is extremely interesting after reading some of Stanley's powerful descriptions of fights for life with Congo cannibals to compare with them the native versions of the same occurrences, which they are very glad to give to all who wish to hear them. Take, for instance, Stanley's account of his thirty-first fight on the terrible river, the last but one, and the hardest battle of all, when a fleet of sixty-three great Bangala war canoes came out to exterminate the strangers, who numbered only forty-four guns. It was two hours before the Snider muskets won the victory, and three hearty cheers rang over the flood as the foe retreated to the shore. Here is a part of the description of this battle given by Chief Muele to Captain Coquilhat awhile ago.

"We had not the slightest idea that such beings as white people existed. One day when the sun stood right above our heads we saw a fleet of strangely formed canoes quietly passing in front of our villages. We were astonished to see that the men were covered with white cloths, and it seemed very singular, for the richest men we knew wore only a little rag of banana fibre, and we saw two men as white as our pottery clay who seemed to be chiefs. Our alarm drums sounded, and we crowded the canoes, and started out for a fight. As we approached them, we saw that one man had straight gray hair, and his eyes were the color of the water. He stood up and held toward us a red cloth and some brass wire. The other white man [Frank Pocock, who was drowned a few weeks later] aimed his weapon at us, and the older man talked to him rapidly in a language we did not understand. We thought their actions boded us no good, and so we opened the battle, and it was the most terrible we ever fought.

"Our spears fell fast among them, and we killed some, and their bodies lay half over the sides of their canoes. But, oh, what fetich gave their weapons such wonderful power! Their bullets, made of a gray metal we had never seen before, hit women and old men who were following the combat from the shore. The walls of our huts were pierced, and goats in the fields dropped dead of their wounds. As for us, who were on the water, our shields were pierced as though they had been bananas. Many of us were killed and wounded, and others were drowned, for holes were knocked in some canoes, which filled and sank. Still we fought desperately, and followed the white beings some distance below our villages, but they finally escaped us, and raised loud cries of triumph as we ended the pursuit."

Stanley's latest book, *The Congo and the Founding of its Free State*, is noteworthy both for the absorbing interest of its narrative and for the practical and scientific value of its great mass of information. It is the story of this great man's struggle for five years, while he was planting the seeds of civilization along 1300 miles of the savage river; and while he was making his treaties with hundred of chiefs, getting a foothold somehow, in spite of odds against him, to which a score of strong men would have succumbed, he was filling his note-books with data about soils, plants, minerals, tribes, temperatures, commercial possibilities—everything that could add to our knowledge of the great valley. Our acquaintance with the geography of the Congo Basin has made great progress since he wrote, but his book is to-day by far the most comprehensive and accurate account of the resources and peoples of the Congo Basin that has yet been written; and the thought must be grateful to Stanley, as he now rests after his recent terrible toils, that the work he began and nurtured is expanding and beginning to flourish. He tells us in this book that the work he began ten years ago was delayed for many months by his utter failure to induce the natives to carry loads around the 235 miles of cataracts, where last year 4,000,000 pounds of merchandise and stores were transported in 66,500 loads. He tells of the road to Leopoldville he spent nearly two years in building. It is to be supplanted by a railroad, to build which the first party left Antwerp last month. We know what work it cost to launch his two or three little steamers upon Stanley Pool; but to-day a fleet of twenty steamers is plying upon the upper river, and four commercial companies have established thirteen trading-posts a thousand miles along the Upper Congo. Over five thousand of the cannibals who chased him down the river crying "Meat! meat!" are now enrolled in the state militia. Many chiefs have this year consented to the abolition of the horrible human sacrifices which the explorer described. Stanley had not the power to stay the tide of these terrible crimes, nor can the Congo state yet suppress them in a large part of its domain; but the year of which Stanley prophesied may yet dawn sooner than he expected when he wrote, "The year of grace will no doubt come in its own destined time, but it may not be hurried."

We get many a glimpse in these volumes of the courage, the tact, the fertility of resources, and other qualities of head and heart that have made Stanley the great explorer he is. Stanley has not been very popular with some of the men he introduced on the Congo. With rare exceptions he has not taken them into his confidence or mingled with them on terms of personal intimacy. One of them, who served for three years under him in important positions, wrote that he rarely consulted his subordinates, never confided his plans to them, and that he had lived for years with Stanley, and still felt that he did not know the man. Once, when Stanley was about to start new stations up the river, he told Captain Coquilhat to be ready to take the steamer on the morrow. The captain put his baggage aboard, and off they started, Coquilhat having no idea of his destination save an impression that he would be assigned to build a station either at the equator or at Bangala. It was only after several days' steaming, when they had passed the equator, that he knew he was destined for Bangala. "If Mr. Stanley told me," said Lieutenant Braconnier, "to pack my baggage and be ready to start in an hour, I would not dream of asking him where we were going. He would simply tell me my own duties required all my attention." These very men, who have been disposed sometimes to wish that their superior was less taciturn, have had the most unbounded confidence in his good judgment and ability as a leader.

Long before Stanley was know as an explorer he served in Africa as the *Herald* correspondent in two British campaigns, directed one against the Ashantees, and the other against King Theodore of Abyssinia. He brilliantly improved this opportunity to record two grand successes gained by British soldiers in East and West Africa, and the volume in which he told the story is called *Coomassie and Magdala: the Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa*. With stern eloquence and graphic power he describes that memorable march when the unseasoned British army waded for 140 miles through deadly swamps, or scrambled through the thick jungly forests on their way to attack Coomassie. General Fever and General Forest, the Malagasy say, are the commanders who defend their capital. It was much the same with the chief town of Ashantee, and the strongest fell victims to the malaria that breeded everywhere. At length the fever-stricken column reached Coomassie, and the town was theirs after five days' hard fighting. Stanley describes the alacrity with which the British, their work accomplished and Coomassie in ashes, fled for their lives to the sea.

The scene and conduct of the other campaign afford a striking contrast—a lofty and salubrious region of wonderful wildness and grandeur, a march into the heart of Abyssinia that bristled with interesting incidents, the storming of Magdala, a town planted on a crag 10,000 feet above the sea. The book presents a brilliant picture of these two campaigns, and Stanley's humor breaks forth upon the smallest provocation—a quality he does not display in such abundant measure in his later writings.

No record of pioneering in Africa would be complete that did not include the graphic story which Colonel C. Chaillé-Long tells in his famous book *Central Africa*. While Egypt was endeavoring to extend her influence to the equator, it fell to the lot of Colonel Long, an honored officer in the Khedive's army, to lead large expeditions hundreds of miles up the White Nile to Victoria Nyanza, and also west of the Nile among the Niam-Niam. King M'Tesa, of Uganda, entertained and honored him in a remarkable manner before Stanley had made his appearance at that famous court. The spirited and superior illustrations that are found in *Central Africa* are from Colonel Long's own drawings, and the pages abound with stories of wild life, adventure, and struggles with difficulty that are rarely surpassed in tales of adventure among savage peoples. The recent events in Emin's province give a fresh interest to this narrative, which graphically depicts the scenes amid which Emin lived and ruled so many years.

Colonel Long was one of the forerunners of Emin, and the fact will always be remembered that Egypt could never have won the ascendency she for some years enjoyed in the equatorial regions if it had not been for the self-sacrificing labors and hardships of the few white men who pioneered the way up the White Nile to Victoria Nyanza. Colonel Long was the unwilling recipient of an honor by which King M'Tesa meant to show his supreme gratification at the white man's visit. "The Marsalah," wrote Captain Long, "quick to do their master's will, snatched from their turbans the plaited cord, and seizing their unresisting victims to the number of thirty, amid howls and fearful yells crowned in blood the signal honor of the white man's visit to M'Tesa." Many an explorer like Colonel Long has felt a strong impulse to protest against such fearful crimes. As a rule, however, such a course would be not only useless, but impolitic. Savages cannot be transformed into reasonable, civilized beings by ill-timed opposition to their customs, and unseasonable protests might have the effect of involving the philanthropist himself in the sacrifice.

* *The Heart of Africa.* Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa. From 1868 to 1871. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. With an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. Pp. xxvi., 1062. Illustrated by about 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and with Two Maps. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $8 00. (Harper & Brothers.)

Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. With 149 Illustrations and Colored Maps. By HENRY M. STANLEY. Pp. xxxv., 1088. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00. Half Morocco, $15 00. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Congo and the Founding of its Free State. A Story of Work and Exploration. By HENRY M. STANLEY. Pp. xxxviii., 1012. With over One Hundred Full-page and Smaller Illustrations; Colored Maps and Marginal Notes. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00. Half Morocco, $15 00. (Harper & Brothers.)

Coomassie and Magdala: The Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By HENRY M. STANLEY. Pp. xiv., 506. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50. (Harper & Brothers.)

Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People. An Account of Expeditions to the Lake Victoria Nyanza and the Makraka Niam-Niam, West of the Bahr-El-Ablad (White Nile). By Col. C. CHAILLÉ LONG, of the Egyptian Staff. Pp. xvi., 330. Illustrated from Col. LONG's own Sketches. With a Map. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. (Harper & Brothers.)

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1723. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1889. TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—DRAWN BY JAMES G. TYLER.—[SEE PAGE 1038.]

Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

FIVE NEW AMERICAN NOVELS.

WILLIAN DEAN HOWELLS.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES. A Novel. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Popular Edition. Illustrated by W. A. ROGERS. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents. (*Library Edition*, 2 *Vols*, 12*mo*, *Cloth*, *in Press.*)

"Never, certainly, has Mr. Howells written more brilliantly, more clearly, more firmly, or more attractively than in this instance."—*New York Tribune.*

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

JUPITER LIGHTS. A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.

"A thrilling tale related with a vivid power that keeps one interested in spite of one's self."—*Chicago Tribune.*

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD. A Novel. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Post 8vo, Half Leather, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $1 50.

"It was something of consequence to write the moral history of one human being so that he who reads it is impelled to say, 'Yes, that is life.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

LAFCADIO HEARN.

CHITA. A Memory of Last Island. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Post 8vo, Cloth, Extra, $1 00.

"No living a book has scarcely been given to our generation."—*Boston Transcript.*

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

WOULD YOU KILL HIM? A Novel. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

"A novel of very exceptional breadth of interest."—*Boston Traveller.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HARPER'S BAZAR. VOL. XXIII., NO. 2.
PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.

Among the attractions are "Glimpses of the Lives of Working-Women," the first of two thoughtful papers by GRACE H. DODGE; *a full-page portrait of* MADAME MODJESKA, *taken from life by* ALBERT E. STERNER, *the accompanying article by* EDWARD A. DITHMAR; *a beautiful double-page picture, entitled "The Naiveté," by* ALFRED FREDERICKS; *and the usual agreeable miscellany, stories, poems, etc. Current fashions are lavishly illustrated.*

No. 1723.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE NEW AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE details now received of the revolution in Brazil show that the imperial system had lost its hold upon the country, and that a change before many years was generally anticipated. Whether the decay of loyalty was due to the failure of the Emperor's health, or to distrust of the heiress-apparent, or to the natural growth of republican principles, the situation was such that an occasion only was wanting to assure a radical revolution in the form of government. The occasion was furnished by the mutiny of a battalion of troops in Rio de Janeiro, sustained by the sympathy of the other troops and the police, which compelled the resignation of the ministry. The Emperor was absent, and the officers, who had placed the ministers under duress, immediately proclaimed the republic, and announced a provisional government pending an appeal to the popular vote. This action was approved by the republican sentiment which had been developing rapidly in the country. The Emperor and his family were sent instantly to Europe, and without a battle or bloodshed the revolution was accomplished.

It is a revolution without precedent. No empire was ever before overturned in an hour without actual force of arms, its representatives removed from the possibility of resistance, while the new order was accepted peacefully throughout a vast country like Brazil. A vivid and interesting letter in the New York *Times* from an American resident in Rio gives by far the best account of the event yet received. It explains the peaceful acquiescence in the result by the general conviction that a republic was sure to follow Dom PEDRO'S death, and it also explains that personally excellent, simple, and patriotic as he was, he was surrounded by factions and increasing corruption, while his mental powers were plainly declining. The question of the situation, whether the Brazilians will be found capable of self government, the correspondent of the *Times* answers at least hopefully if not confidently. The members of the provisional government are honest, patriotic, able, self-possessed, and energetic. General FONSECA, its chief, is a soldier simply, not versed in civil affairs, but he is surrounded by men who are undeniably of great ability and unquestioned honesty.

The material opportunities of the country are immense and largely undeveloped, and should the new order continue to be universally accepted in good faith, the future of Brazil is of splendid promise. Its climate is generally delightful. Its soil is singularly fertile. The country abounds in precious stones and metals. Its mineral resources are great. Its two staples—coffee and India-rubber—are of universal demand. Its government has been representative, so that republican forms are familiar. Its finances are sound, its revenues larger than its expenses and interest indebtedness. The republican leaders are students of our system, and propose its fundamental principles—national sovereignty and State autonomy—as the basis of the Brazilian Republic. The prospects of no great republic at its inception were ever brighter, and the effect upon the condition of South America of a vast republican power like our own is quite incalculable. Yet it cannot be denied that thus far it is the English-speaking race only which has shown the capacity for true popular government. None the less the United States will watch with the profoundest interest, sympathy, and hope the development of the Brazilian Republic.

FREE SCHOOLS AND FREE SUFFRAGE.

MR. SMALLEY, in a letter to the *Tribune*, describes the strikes which are proceeding in London and elsewhere in England as "the revolt of the English laborer against the existing relations between society and himself." He alludes also to "the present semi-demoralization of public opinion" upon such questions, and states that "the number of men in this country [England] with backbones has been sadly reduced since the widening of the suffrage." This remark suggests the new force which has appeared in England, and recalls Mr. LOWE'S exhortation when the suffrage bill was passed, "Now let us teach our masters their letters."

Men like Lord SHERBROOKE have always felt that enlarging the suffrage was popularizing or Democratizing the government, and consequently imperiling the existing order. This is, in a sense, although by no means necessarily in a revolutionary sense, true. Every intelligent man instructed by history and by observation perceives that free schools and universal suffrage tend to put an end to the rule of a class, and by placing lawful power with actual force favor recourse to reason as the source of government. It is a hard saying for those bred in the old traditions, but the broader the base of government, the juster, and consequently the firmer, it will be. It is idle to suppose that the mass of people in any country where education is free and constantly stimulated, and where every man votes, will not reconsider many of the fundamental relations of society, the accepted traditions, and the ancient usages, in which they have had no voice or part.

Our own government, which is the chief and freest of all popular systems, invites the most searching discussion of every question; but it does more, for it invites every man to enforce his views with his vote. The scope of this invitation is not limited to tariffs for revenue or protection. It extends beyond principles of taxation to the relations of labor and capital, to a revision of the accepted traditions of political economy, and to the determination of rules of justice in the distribution of the fruits of labor. All this results from free schools and free suffrage. They compel inevitably an inquiry in the mind of every laborer—and the great multitude of the population in every country is composed of laborers—into what Mr. SMALLEY calls "the existing relations between society and himself." The remark about the reduction of the number of men with backbones is very significant. For this really means not only the persistence of men of courage and tenacity in maintaining their own views, which presumably is what Mr. SMALLEY has in mind, but it means also a reconsideration of views as not necessarily sound because old and traditional. It used to be said of the president of a college who tried hard to adjust it to the modern spirit, that he had succeeded in changing everything but himself. The college had ceased to be what he called a primary school, but unluckily he continued to be a primary school master. It sometimes seems as if in insisting upon free schools and free suffrage we had forgotten the kind of crop that necessarily springs from that seed.

THE CRONIN VERDICT.

THE CRONIN trial has ended in the sentence of three of the conspirators to the State-prison for life. This was the verdict of the jury, which, in such cases, the Illinois law authorizes to prescribe the verdict. The reasons alleged for the punishment of life imprisonment instead of death are said to be that the evidence was circumstantial, and that the chief witnesses, as strong partisans, might be held to be influenced by prejudice. But this is an unsatisfactory explanation. If the jury believed upon the testimony, despite the fact that it was circumstantial and that the witnesses were partisan, that the accused were guilty of murder, it is not easy to see why they did not merit the penalty of murder. The testimony, according to the verdict, established conspiracy and murder. The accused were conspirators and murderers. Whether the testimony were circumstantial or not, it proved so much. If it left the matter in doubt, the prisoners should have had the benefit of it. It is only because it was not left in doubt that the verdict can be justified. The result of the trial must therefore be regarded as extraordinary. If, as is now alleged, it was due to the persistence of one man, and that, except for this compromise, agreement would have been impossible, it is a miscarriage of justice through the requirement of unanimity in the jury.

The result of the trial shows a conspiracy in the Clan-na-Gael to murder, which was carried out. Whether this implies a system of secret doom in the association, which members are delegated by lot or otherwise to execute upon the victim, does not appear, and must not be assumed. The trial does show, however, that in a secret organization ostensibly to promote what is called the cause of Ireland, such a conspiracy and such assassins appeared. For such a secret organization there is no excuse in a free country. A movement in this country to aid Ireland which is not entirely open and public should be strongly condemned and shunned by every honest friend of Ireland. Assassination, as D'AZEGLIO said in Italy, where it has been almost a characteristic practice, is the sentence of an irresponsible court, executed by unknown and unauthorized hands. It is repugnant to every instinct of freemen in a free country, and it would be impossible to any body of Americans.

In his last great oration, that at Cambridge on the centenary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, WENDELL PHILLIPS startled his audience by the direct question of the right of assassination. In a despotism, organized and guarded at every point, what hope for relief is there, he asked, but in heroic self-sacrifice like that of CHARLOTTE CORDAY in France? In a country where your daughter or your father is seized secretly, and disappears forever without clew or hope of knowledge; where no questions are permitted; where there is no free speech, or free press, or free escape from the country; where the mere suspicion that you may be troublesome and inquisitive causes your own seizure and disappearance; where the army and the police and every possible agency of redress are in the remorseless hands of the government which commits the crime—what alternative remains but silent acquiescence in unspeakable wrong, or the brave effort at mortal risk, to prove to the chief criminal that his crimes may involve his own destruction? The plea was fervent, and the audience pondered while it shuddered. But in this country such a question cannot be asked; and if the Clan-na-Gael, under any form or name, still survives, no honest man can countenance it after the revelations of the CRONIN trial. No secret society with political aims is tolerable among us. But this one is henceforth discredited.

THE ELECTRIC PERIL.

AFTER a loss of life seemingly so wanton that the whole country looked upon New York with amazement, the order of the Mayor for the summary removal of the murderous electric wires has been sustained by the General Term of the Supreme Court, and the work of removal began promptly. It seems incredible that such an imminent deadly peril should not have been sooner authoritatively declared to be a public nuisance, and as such to be abated even by a private citizen. But the meshes and obscurity of the law are such that the sense of the personal responsibility of the citizen, or of the safety of his personal initiative, in presence of the most flagrant and obvious perils, has been apparently abolished in this city. The feeling of this kind of helplessness is quite universal, and the consequent relief of the order of the full bench was very welcome.

It is a grotesque commentary upon our uneven civilization that in the great city of the continent, and one of the few chief cities of Christendom, every passenger in the street, and every man engaged in the ordinary routine of his business, was liable to touch a wire which would kill him instantly. It is even more marvellous that at the same time the courts should be gravely considering whether the electric force which made the wire deadly would kill. In some fierce burlesque and savage satire of life, like SWIFT'S, such a representation might be expected as a stroke of scornful extravagance, and it is not surprising that the apparent acquiescence of New York in the constant and needless slaughter of innocent persons was beginning to occasion very plain speech. But nothing illustrates more happily the willing dependence of the community upon law than the attitude of the city as death after death by the electric wire, and in the most appalling form, was announced, and when every way of relief seemed to be closed. The apparent lawlessness, like the undeniable carelessness of human life, has been upon the part of the electric companies.

Indeed, in general, New-Yorkers seem to allow the streets to be abused and obstructed and neglected in every way without peremptory protest or a definite consciousness of rights. A shrewd observer and wide

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

traveller says, in a recent letter: "One returns from a long stay in Europe, and is amazed at the wonderful things done in our own country by individuals and corporations—fairly staggered by the greatness of them—and the next moment is filled with utter disgust at the intellectual and moral poverty shown in almost every arrangement made by our municipalities. This impressed me strongly in Philadelphia the other day. The new palaces along Chestnut Street would have aroused wonder in any city of the world; but the pavement and all the arrangements of the street, as made by the municipality, were below contempt." In New York, however, the Mayor should be fairly credited with the effort to abate the electric-wire nuisance, which the courts have now ordered to be abated.

A LITTLE GAME.

THE resignation of Mr. JAMES SHANAHAN, Superintendent of Public Works in New York, enabled Governor HILL to appoint a successor who will hold office unless during the session of the Legislature another superintendent should be appointed and confirmed. The resignation opens to the Governor the patronage of the canal administration if he should choose to misuse it to promote his own chances for the nomination of his party in 1892. It is significant of the estimation in which the Governor is held that he is believed not to be averse to such a misuse of power.

But there is one consideration that must not be overlooked. The Governor retires from office on the 1st of January, 1892, and he will be a private citizen when the delegates are elected to the nominating Convention. In the calculation, however, this is offset by the fact that he will command the situation until that time, and therefore his successor may be assumed to be in sympathy with his views, in which event he would not disturb the Governor's "little game."

The more plainly the game appears, the more evident is a most interesting contest within the Democratic lines—a contest in which Mr. CLEVELAND represents progress, and Governor HILL reaction. The Democratic Congressional caucus has pronounced unanimously for the policy which was proposed in Mr. CLEVELAND'S message two years ago, and the party everywhere seems to regard him as its probable candidate. But if Governor HILL, by means of the absurd and un-American unit rule, should secure the vote of the delegation from Mr. CLEVELAND'S own State, the situation would be interesting. The Republican "better element" has not always prevailed in the party councils, and it is not certain that the same element will be triumphant in the Democratic camp.

THE CASE OF GENERAL MORGAN.

So far as the opposition to the confirmation of General MORGAN as Indian Commissioner is honestly founded upon the belief that he has removed teachers or other employés because they are Roman Catholics, it will disappear upon inquiry into the facts. Not only must the disclaimers and frank statements of General MORGAN and Dr. DORCHESTER, his assistant, be received as true until disproved, but Mr. HERBERT WELSH, who has made more careful and thorough personal inquiry than anybody else is likely to make, states strongly that the Roman Catholic prelates who suppose the stories to be true are entirely mistaken.

General MORGAN has related the reasons for removal in some of the cases which were cited as illustrations of his misconduct, and his explanations have not been questioned, and apparently cannot be denied. Bishop IRELAND has made statements in regard to the opposition of the Indian Rights Association to General MORGAN'S school policy which Mr. WELSH shows to be due to misapprehension. All the circumstances point to the conclusion that opposition to the confirmation is due to other than the alleged reasons, and that the lever intended to move the Senate to reject is the alleged alienation of Roman Catholic political support unless the Commissioner should be rebuked for removing Roman Catholics.

It appears that when the removals of unsatisfactory persons were completed, and complaint was made by Catholics of discrimination against them, it was found that, although Dr. DORCHESTER was a Methodist, more Methodists than Catholics had been removed. Moreover, under the present contract Indian school system, out of a total appropriation to all Churches of $506,994, the Catholic Church has received this year $354,491, the next larger sum being $47,650 to the Presbyterian Church. This certainly does not look like unfair discrimination against Catholics, while to retain teachers because they were Catholics would be strictly sectarian. If Senatorial action should be decided by the facts, the opposition to General MORGAN'S confirmation upon this ground would be futile. The promise of wise and comprehensive Indian administration was never fairer than under his superintendence.

A LESSON FROM OHIO.

THE ballot-box forgeries of the late political campaign in Ohio, which left the *Commercial-Gazette* in an attitude of which the frank confession of its editor was the only relief, and left Governor FORAKER in the position of crediting charges of corruption and fraud against Senator SHERMAN and Mr. BUTTERWORTH and other eminent leaders of his own party as well as of the opposing party, will have one good effect if they lead editors and politicians to be a little more wary of sensational exposures in political campaigns.

It is not necessary to suppose that a man is a forger and a robber because he favors high protection, nor the deadly enemy of working-men because he is a friend of tariff reform. The editor of a great paper ought to know that party spirit needs no spur, and he ought to be ashamed to stimulate it by assertions that he does not know to be true. Every editor knows that stories of the Ohio ballot-box kind, or the Chinese laborer kind, which are brought to him on the eve of an election, are presumptively false, and he merely shows both want of sagacity and a fierce eagerness to blacken an opponent's good name when he swallows such familiar bait.

The case of the Governor is more serious. That his first step should not have been to ask some one of his political friends, who were apparently involved, whether their signatures were authentic is inexplicable. If that is not the course which he would have expected of them if the case had been reversed, he must hold a very queer opinion of them. The Governor of Ohio would seem to be left in political eclipse, if not extinction.

GENERAL SICKLES RESIGNS.

GENERAL SICKLES has resigned his office as Commissioner of the State Civil Service. In retiring, for private and personal reasons, he says that when he took office he doubted the expediency of reform, but his experience has converted him, and he is of opinion that a much better service is secured by the reformed system. This is the general testimony of all officers who are brought actively into connection with it, and the testimony of General SICKLES is the more significant as he does not anticipate continued political activity, and judges the reformed system wholly upon its merits. It will be interesting to observe whether the successor of General SICKLES is selected for his known interest in reform, or whether the State commission is to be reconstructed in any personal or political interest.

ROBERT B. MINTURN.

THE late ROBERT B. MINTURN bore with undiminished honor a name long honorably associated in this city not only with its commercial enterprise and material prosperity, but with all humane and charitable works, and with the highest aims and sympathies of citizenship. He was a man of remarkable and untiring intellectual activity, of a large range of exact information, and of ceaseless interest in the fundamental questions of human society and progress. The alertness of his mind and his acute insight, with his freshness of feeling, the sweetness of his temperament, and his moral courage, made him a delightful and stimulating companion, while his public spirit and sense of civic duty gave to the community a most conscientious citizen. His taste for study and a book of travel published in his early manhood indicated a possible literary career, but he followed the traditions of his name, and until his later years he was constantly engaged in business. His intellectual interests, however, dominated his life, and his convictions upon public questions and policies were but confirmed by his experience and observation. Mr. MINTURN was essentially domestic in disposition, and his great happiness was that of home. In late years he had been much withdrawn from society, and after a serious accident which befell him, his health slowly declined. But declining health only deepened the manly gentleness and charm of his character, without relaxing his interest in the events of the time and the subjects which naturally engaged his mind. Calm and cheerful, with his mental vigor untouched, and with untroubled anticipation, he passed the patient days. Suddenly and painlessly, and in entire possession of himself, his singularly blameless, upright, and devoted life ended in his fifty-fourth year, leaving to his friends a recollection which is a benediction.

A WORD WITH A CONTEMPORARY.

THE St. Louis *Democrat*, speaking of the attention given on Thanksgiving Day by preachers of all denominations in every part of the country to the subject of civil service reform, remarks that the people are practically of one mind upon the question, and wish to see "the business of the government transacted by thoroughly capable and reliable persons." Judging from the expressions of public sentiment on all sides, the *Democrat* would seem to be correct. We do not recall a single public man or editor who demands that the public service should be committed to incapable and unreliable persons. Not a single instance occurs to us in which incapacity and unreliability have been urged as reasons for appointment. Upon that subject there is a delightful unanimity of opinion.

But the *Democrat* remarks, also, that when the average citizen is asked to believe that the civil service is notoriously inefficient and untrustworthy, he is asked to believe what he knows to be false, and our esteemed contemporary adds substantially that this is what reformers allege. The *Democrat* will be glad to hear that the average citizen is not asked to believe anything of the kind. It has been cruelly deceived, and consequently as much misapprehends the grounds upon which reform is sought as if it should allege the force of the current to be the source of the objection to Newtown Creek in the neighborhood of this city. If the *Democrat* would inquire into that matter, it would learn that it is not the current, but the noxious stenches of the creek which make the trouble. Similar inquiry into the other subject would apprise it that some of the objections to the spoils system of the public service are that it is inconsistent with all business rules and methods; that it multiplies places, encourages extravagance, destroys the self-respect of incumbents; monopolizes the time of public officers which should be devoted to other duties; degrades elections into a fight for public money; destroys the real significance of elections as a popular verdict upon public policies; and pulls up by the roots the whole business service of the government at the whim of politicians.

Such tendencies and results, which are undeniable, cannot be held to promote the efficiency of any service, public or private. Nor can it be supposed that the public service would be less efficient if these tendencies were corrected. Governor HILL in New York, of whom we say a word elsewhere, will not intentionally favor the appointment either of dishonest or incapable men in the canal service. But will the public welfare or his own political advantage probably be the main consideration? The *Democrat* may be very sure that the demand for reform would not have acquired its present momentum, if its own gentle position that "there is room for improvement, of course," were the feeling of intelligent and energetic citizens. It is because of the conviction, not that there may be improvement, but that there must be reform, that the question is so prominent and commanding. We are sorry that the *Democrat* thinks that the friends and advocates of reform, among whom we wish to be included, are unwise, uncandid, and even untruthful. But did it ever know the earnest and resolute advocates of any reform not to be scourged with the same epithets? Nobody deplored the sectional madness and extravagance of the Republican movement so deeply as the great slave-holders. Yet victories are won by fighting, not by exhortations not to hit so hard.

PERSONAL.

THE late Colonel ROBERT POMEROY, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was at one time in his life a man of large wealth, and the free use he made of it while touring in Europe soon after the war won him the title of the "American Prince." During his stay in Rome at that time he bought a beautiful marble statue of Rebecca for $7000, outbidding the Emperor of Austria at the sale. Colonel POMEROY was princely in appearance and manner, as well as in the expenditure of money, and his home was oftentimes the scene of elegant and elaborate hospitality, many of the most prominent people in this country being his guests at various times. Among his four surviving daughters is Mrs. General BARTLETT, of Pittsfield.

—The fact that Vice-President MORTON breeds fine cattle, and sometimes condescends to take prizes with them at shows in the vicinity of Rhinecliff, does not seem to have roused granger jealousy to any marked degree. On the other side of the water, however, things are different. Queen VICTORIA, who has a penchant for fat short-horns, has recently been awarded first prizes at Birmingham and Smithfield, besides receiving fancy prices for some of her choice stock; but instead of rejoicing with her over her good luck, Tories and Radicals alike are grumbling at what they are pleased to term her unfair competition. They do not seem to think common farmers and breeders have much of a chance where royal prestige weighs heavily in the opposing scale.

—Professor BISCHOFF, the organist of the Congregational Church in Washington, has been blind from his childhood. All the new music that comes out is read to him by his secretary, one reading being sufficient to fix an ordinary piece of music in his mind, although an intricate composition sometimes requires several readings. He also finds the graphophone useful in committing music to memory or in composing, for he does considerable original work. The professor has been for many years a successful teacher of both vocal and instrumental music.

—A flogging which JOHN JAMES MAYO, the Guatemalan millionaire, received some years ago laid the foundation for his fortune. He was a collector of insects, and also acted as British vice-consul at San Juan, where the local commandant one day gave him one hundred lashes for some fancied slight. The British government took up the matter, and MAYO was paid $50,000 for the indignity. Judicious investments have since swelled this sum to $5,000,000.

—The young Emperor of China, KWANGSU, who is at the head of the oldest government in the world, and perhaps rules over more subjects than any other living potentate, is eighteen years old. He is described as a puny youth, with an exceedingly large head and a melancholy countenance—characteristics which hardly foreshadowed the inclination he has developed for taking the reins of government into his own hands, and running things a little out of the rut worn by thousands of years of Confucian precedent.

—T. J. LANE, a horse-car conductor in Pittsburgh, claims to have been the first man who laid hands on JEFFERSON DAVIS when he was captured. LANE was at the time a sergeant in the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. He says he has never been rewarded in any way for the capture.

—Mr. GLADSTONE speaks frequently in the open air without his hat on, but seldom or never feels any bad effects. He attributes this immunity from colds to the fact that while on his farm at Hawarden he has been accustomed to chop and do other out-door work bareheaded.

—The Lord Mayor of London, Sir HENRY AARON ISAACS, has two daughters who are deaf and dumb. In other respects, however, they are bright and intelligent, and their education in lip-reading has been so thorough that they can attend and enjoy a play at the theatre.

—ARABI Pasha, once the ruler of Egypt, but now an exile on the island of Ceylon, is fretting himself into an early old age. He is only forty-nine years old, but he is gray and thin, and much unlike the jovial and well-conditioned fellow he was before he fell under British displeasure.

—The second daughter of Queen VICTORIA, Princess CHRISTIAN, is losing her sight from the same affection which made her great-grandfather, King GEORGE III. of England, and her cousin, the late King of Hanover, blind during the last forty years of their lives.

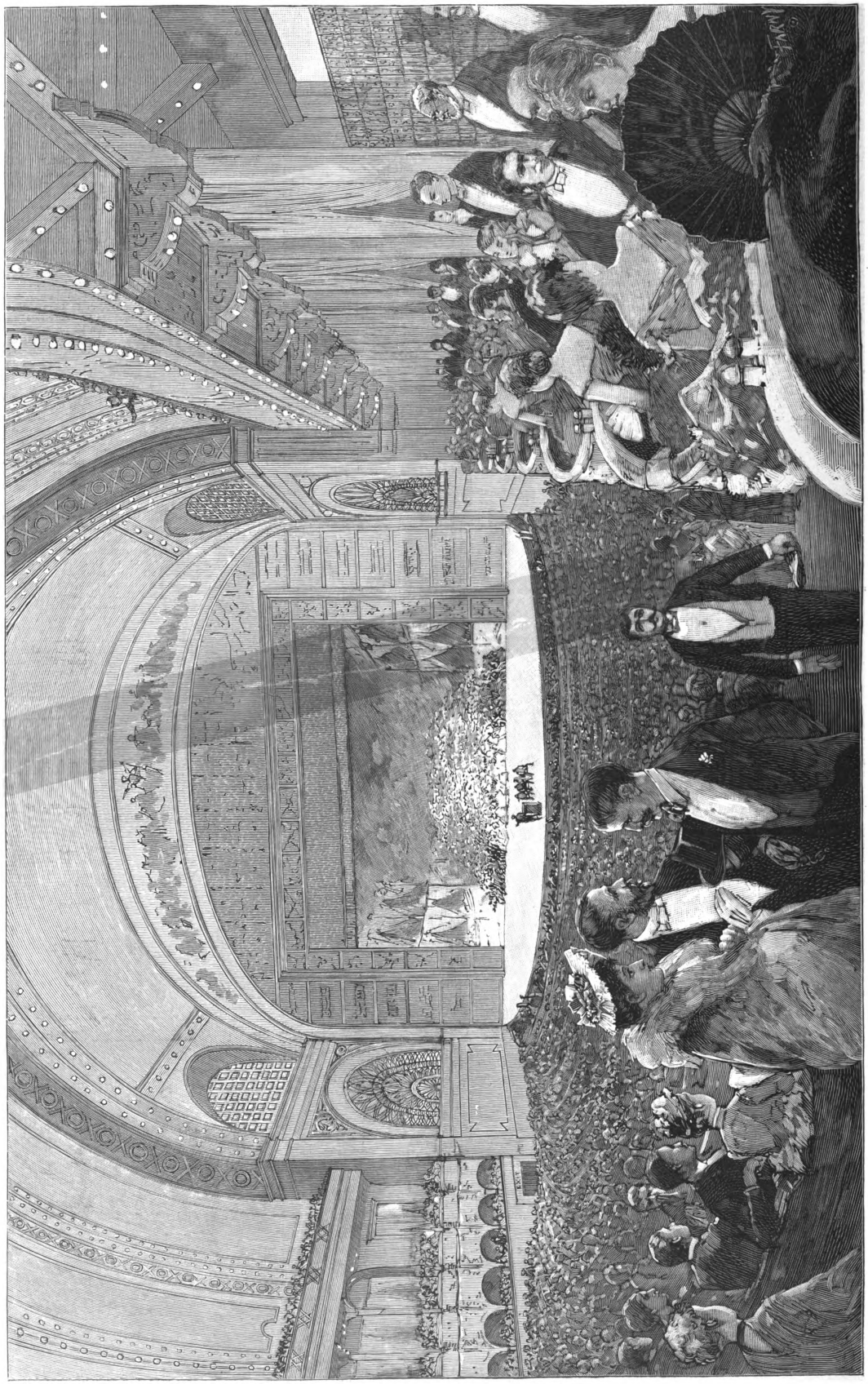
—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S country place, Boscobel, a short distance below the Highlands, on the Hudson, has been sold to THOMAS M. STEWART, of this city, for $75,000. The estate and the improvements placed upon it cost Mr. BEECHER about $200,000. It was the great preacher's pet institution, next to his church, and many friends from all over the world sent him rare trees and shrubs with which to beautify it.

—About eleven of the eighty-eight United States Senators are millionaires, Mr. STANFORD, of California, leading with $50,000,000; Mr. CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, is credited with $15,000,000, and Mr. SAWYER, of Wisconsin, with $10,000,000. The others range between five millions and one million.

—The late Captain R. B. FORBES, of Boston, was a seaman of the olden time, when voyages to China and India were spiced with danger from pirates. Before he himself was a full-fledged sailor he had received his baptism of adventure, the American vessel in which his parents sailed with him from France being twice captured by British war ships—war between the mother country and the United States being then in progress. Captain FORBES commanded a vessel before he was twenty years old, and having amassed a fortune in the trade, began to build ships, over seventy vessels being constructed under his supervision. He did good service for the government in different ways during the war, and has been identified with many business and other enterprises in Boston.

—An unintentional wrong was done the memory of the late Colonel SAMUEL B. DAVIS, of Delaware, when, by a paragraph in this column, he was made the defendant in the suits which Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES brought to recover her father's estate. As the guardian of MYRA CLARK, Colonel DAVIS gave her much of the care and affection of a father, and the kindly regard existing between the two has been continued by their descendants. LAWSON L. DAVIS, of New Orleans, Colonel DAVIS'S grandson, is now the guardian of Mrs. GAINES'S minor grandchildren, Mrs. GAINES having died at his house. Colonel DAVIS was a man of more than usual prominence during his lifetime, and enjoyed the acquaintance of men like HENRY CLAY, General CASS, President POLK, President PIERCE, and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. He fought in the war of 1812, and for his distinguished services the State of Delaware gave him a gold sword.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHICAGO AUDITORIUM.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 1035.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000002043326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"THE LETTER.... FROM A HAND DEAD FOR MORE THAN THREE CENTURIES."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

III.—THE MONK'S MANUSCRIPT.

WHEN Pablo and I started, the day following, upon our return to Morelia, the village of Santa María was overcast with mourning. The Cacique was dead, they told us; had fallen among the rocks on the mountain-side, being an old man and feeble, and so was killed. And I was expressly charged with a message to the good Padre, begging him to hasten to Santa María that the dead man might have Christian burial. I confess that I found this request, though I promised faithfully to comply with it, highly amusing. For I knew beyond the possibility of a doubt that if ever a man died a most earnest and devout heathen it was this same Cacique for whom Christian burial was sought; and I felt an assured conviction that when the services of the Church over him were ended—and whatever good was to be had for him from them secured—he would be buried fittingly with all the fulness of his own heathen rites. But this matter, lying in what I already perceived to be the very wide region between the avowed faith and the hidden faith of the Indians, was no concern of mine; only I longed, as only a thoroughly earnest archæologist could long, to be a witness of the funeral ceremony in which Fray Antonio most conspicuously would not take part. As this was hopelessly impossible—for only by very slow advances, if ever, could I reach again by considerate investigation the point that in a moment I had reached by chance—I came away from Santa María reluctantly, yet greatly elated by the discovery that I had made.

So jealous was I in guarding the strange legacy that the Cacique had bequeathed to me that not until I was safe back in Morelia, in my room at the hotel with the door locked behind me, did I venture to examine it. The bag, about six inches square, tightly sewed on all four of its sides, was made of snake-skin, and was provided with a loop of snake-skin so that it might be hung from the neck upon the breast like a scapulary. My hands trembled as I cut the delicate stitching of maguey fibre, and then drew forth a mass of several thicknesses of coarse gray-brown paper, also made of the maguey, such as the ancient Aztecs used. Being unfolded, I had before me a sheet nearly two feet square, on which was painted in dull colors a curious winding procession of figures and symbols. My knowledge of such matters being then but scant, I could tell only that this was a record, at once historical and geographical, of a tribal migration; and I saw at a glance that it was unlike either of the famous picture-writings which record the migration of the Aztecs from Culiacan to the Valley of Mexico, and then about that valley until their final settlement in Tenochtistlan. I was reasonably confident, indeed, that this record differed from all existing codices; and I was filled with what I hope will be looked upon as a pardonable pride at having discovered, within three months of my coming to Mexico, this unique and inestimable treasure.

My natural desire was to carry my precious codex at once to Don Rafael, that I might have the benefit of his superior knowledge in studying it (for he had continued very intelligently the investigation of Aztec picture-writing that was so well begun by the late Señor Ramirez), and also that I might enjoy his sympathetic enjoyment of my discovery. As I raised the bag, that I might replace in it the refolded paper—which I already saw heralded to the world as the Codex Palgravius, and reproduced in fac-simile in *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America*—some glittering object dropped out of it and fell with a jingling sound upon the stone floor. When I examined eagerly this fresh treasure I found that it was a disc of gold, about the size and thickness of a Mexican silver dollar, on which a curious figure was rudely engraved. The engraving obviously represented an Aztec name-device, the like of which, in the ancient picture-w distinguish one from another the several generations of a kings. This name-device was strange to me; but, as I ha I had not at that time studied carefully the Aztec picture-w and there were many names of kings which I would not th recognized. But that the gold disc was the token concern meaning of which the dying Cacique had given so strange I felt assured.

Being still further gladdened by this fresh discovery, I my treasures at once to the Museo; and Don Rafael's enth over them was as hearty as I could desire. Being so deeply i in such matters, he was able in the course of a single aft to arrive at much of the meaning of my codex; and his ren of it showed that it possessed a very extraordinary historical In the Codex Boturini, as is well known, are several imp lapses that neither that eminent scholar, nor any other arc gist whose conclusions can be considered trustworthy, ha able to supply. All that reasonably can be imagined cone these breaks is that the historian of the Aztec migration erately omitted certain facts from his pictured history. The ishing discovery that Don Rafael made in regard to my cod that it unquestionably supplied the facts concealed in one longest of these unaccountable blanks. This was not a guess on his part, but a demonstrable certainty. On a fac of the Codex Boturini he bade me observe attentively the p which preceded and which followed the break in question then he showed me that these same pictures were the beg and the ending of my own codex—obviously put there so th secret record might be inserted accurately into the public of the wanderings of the Aztec tribe.

Further, the geographical facts set forth in the Codex B

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

having been very solidly established, it was easy to determine approximately the part of Mexico to which the beginning and the end of my codex referred. But the migration here recorded was a very long one, and all that Don Rafael could say with certainty concerning it was that it told of far journeyings into the west and north. He was much puzzled, moreover, by a picture that occurred about the middle of the codex, and that seemed to be intended to represent a walled city among mountains. To my mind, this picture tallied well with what the dying Cacique had told me touching the hidden stronghold of his race. But Don Rafael attached very little importance to the Cacique's words; and on archæological grounds maintained that a walled city was an impossibility in primitive Mexico —for while walls had been built in plenty by the primitive Mexicans, and still were to be found in many places, no mention of a walled city was made by the early chroniclers, and of such a city there never had been found the slightest trace.

In regard to the engraved disc of gold, Don Rafael said at once and positively that it represented a name-device which never had been figured in any known Aztec writing; and he was of the opinion—being led thereto by consideration of certain delicate peculiarities of the figure which were too subtle for my uninstructed apprehension to grasp—that the name here symbolized was that of a ruler who was both priest and king. That the piece of gold was found associated with picture-writing unquestionably belonging to the theocratic period lent additional color to this assumption. The sum of our conclusions, therefore, was that we had here the name-device of a priest-king who had ruled the Aztec tribe during some portion of the first migration. And, assuming that he had lived during the period to which my codex referred, and accepting the system of dates tentatively adopted by Señor Ramirez, we even fixed the ninth century of our era as the period in which he had lived and ruled.

During two whole days Don Rafael and I worked together over these matters in the Museo; and it was not until our investigations were ended —so far, at least, as investigations could be said to be ended while yet no definite conclusions were reached—that my thoughts reverted to Fray Antonio, and to the requirement of courtesy that I should report to him the result of my course of study in the Indian tongues. It is but justice to myself to add that, knowing him to be gone to Santa María to attend to the Cacique's burial, I had temporarily dismissed this matter from my mind.

But when I was come to the Church of San Francisco—carrying with me the Codex Palgravius and the engraved disc of gold, in both of which I knew that he would take a keen interest —I had no immediate opportunity of exhibiting to him my treasures.

As I pushed open the sacristy door, when I had knocked upon it and he had called to me to enter, he came toward me at once in excitement so eager that his face was all lit up by it; and almost before I could greet him he exclaimed: "You are most happily come, my friend. At this very moment I was about to send for you. For I have found that which will stir your heart even as it has stirred mine. Yet perhaps," and he spoke more gravely, "it will not stir your heart in the same way that mine is stirred by it—for if I can but find the key that will unlock the whole of the mystery that here partly is revealed, I see before me such opportunity to garner the Lord's vintage as comes but seldom to His servants in these later ages of the world."

So strange was Fray Antonio's manner and so wayward seemed his speech that I was half inclined to think his religious enthusiasm fairly had landed him in religious madness; which thought must have found utterance in my look of doubtfulness, for he smiled kindly at me and in a quieter tone went on:

"My wits still are with me, Don Tomas; though I do not wonder at your thinking that I have lost them. Sit down here, and listen to the story of my discovery; and when it is ended you will perceive that I very well may be excited by it and still be sane."

Being assured by this calmer speech that Fray Antonio had not taken leave of his senses, I made a weak disclaimer that he smilingly accepted of my too clearly expressed doubts in that direction; and so seated myself to listen.

"You know, señor," he began, "that common report has declared that beneath this Church of San Francisco is a secret passage that extends under the city and has its exit in the outlying meadow-lands. I may confide in you frankly that this passage does exist, and that I, in common with all members of my Order who have dwelt here, know precisely where its entrance is and where its outlet. These matters need not be exposed, for they are not essential to my purpose. But you must know that in the midst of this passage I found on the day preceding your return from the mountains a little room of which the door was so well concealed that my finding it was the merest accident. And in the room, with other things which need not here be named, I found a chest in which are certain ancient papers of which I have been long in search. In the archives are frequent reference to these papers—they are of much importance to our Order —but as with all my search I never could discover them I had decided in my mind that in one or another of the troublous periods that our Church has passed through they had been destroyed. It is plain to me now that in one of these periods of danger they were hidden in this safe place.

"Some of these papers, dealing with mere matters of history, you will have pleasure in examining in due time. But that which I shall show you now, and which has so excited me that you not unnaturally thought that I had gone mad over it, has got among the rest, as I verily believe, by simple accident. Among the books and papers in the chest was a parchment case on which was written 'Mission of Santa Marta,' and the date '1531.' Within it were some loose sheets of paper on which were records of Indian baptisms, as is evident by the strange mixing of Christian and of heathen names. Plainly, this was the register of some mission station of our Order in that far-back time. But as I pried into the case more closely, I found, within a double fold of the parchment—yet not as though intentionally hidden, but rather as though there placed for temporary safety—a sealed letter directed to the blessed Fray Juan de Zumárraga, who was of our Order, and who, as you know, was the first bishop of our holy Church in this New Spain. As I drew forth the letter, the seal fell away from the ancient parchment and left it open in my hand. That this letter never until now has been read I am altogether confident, for the prodigy of which it tells would have made so great a stir that ample record of it would have been preserved. Nor is it difficult to account for the way in which it missed coming to the eye for which it was intended. In that early time many and many of our Order, going out to preach God's Word among the barbarians, came happily to that end which is the happiest end attainable in God's service: a blessed martyrdom." Fray Antonio's voice trembled with deep feeling as he spoke, and I remembered that Don Rafael had told me that this good brother, it was believed, himself longed for a death so glorious. "And being thus slain," Fray Antonio in a moment continued, "the mission stations which they had established were left desolate, with what they held—save such few things as might be cared for by the savage murderers—remaining there within them. In later times, as the conquering Spaniards overspread the land, many of these stations were found, with nothing to tell save nameless bones of those who had died there that God's will might be done.

"It is my conjecture, therefore, that this parchment case was found—how many years after the death of him who owned it, who can tell?—in one of the many stations that the savages thus ravaged; that the soldiers, or whoever may have found it, brought it hither, the nearest important abiding-place of our Order; and that, being carelessly examined, it was carelessly thrown aside when found to contain, apparently, only the little record of the work which our dead brother accomplished before God granted him his crown of earthly martyrdom and so made quick his way to heaven. Had the letter ever reached that 'first hand' for which the writer says he waits to send it by, it assuredly would have come to the knowledge of the gold-loving Spanish conquerors, and armies would have gone forth to answer it. But our dead brother, having written it and placed it in this fold of the parchment for safety until the chance to send it southward should come, was cut off from life suddenly; and so, of the prodigious marvel of which knowledge had so strangely come to him, only this mute and hidden record remained."

"But the letter itself?" I asked, with more energy than politeness. "What is the story that it contains? What is this mystery? Tell me of it first, and then explain as much as you please afterward."

Fray Antonio smiled at me kindly. "Ah, you too are becoming excited," he said. "But, truly, it is not fair that I should thus have kept you waiting. Indeed, I am so full of it all that I forget that as yet you know nothing. Come out with me into the court-yard where the light is stronger—for the writing is very faint and pale —and I will read you this letter in which so wonderful a story is set forth."

Together we passed out through a little door in the rear of the sacristy into what had been the inner and smaller cloistered court-yard of the old convent—a lovely place in which a fountain set in a quaint stone basin sparkled, and where warm sunshine fell upon the rippling water and upon beds of sweet-smelling flowers. And here it was, standing among the flowers in the sunshine, beside the quaint fountain, that Fray Antonio read to me the letter—that in this strange fashion had come to us from a hand dead for much more than three centuries, and that yet brought to us two a vital message that wholly was to shape our destinies.

IV.—MONTEZUMA'S MESSENGER.

The letter was without date, but, being addressed to the Bishop Zumárraga, the phrase that occurred in it—"this New Spain, wherein, Very Reverend Father, you have labored in God's service this year and more past"—showed that 1530 was the year in which it was written. As to place, there practically was no clew at all. The writer referred repeatedly to "this mission of Santa Marta, in the Chichimeca country"—but the mission had perished utterly but a little while after it was founded; and at that period the term Chichimeca country was used by the Spaniards in speaking of any part of Mexico where wild Indians were.

Being shorn of a portion of its pious verbiage, and somewhat modernized in style, the ancient Spanish of this letter contained in effect these English words:

"VERY REVEREND FATHER,—This present letter will be sent forward to you by the first hand by which it may be hence transmitted; and in your wisdom, with God's grace also guiding you, I doubt not that you will take measures for sending missionaries of our Order to the great company of the heathen whose whereabouts I am to disclose to you. And also, no doubt—keeping the matter secret from the pestilent Oidores of the Audencia—you will communicate this strange matter through safe channels to our lord the King: that with our missionaries an army may go forth, and that so the great treasure of which I give tidings may be wrested from the heathen to be used for God's glory and the enriching of our lord the King.

"Know, Very Reverend Father, that a month since, I being then abroad from this mission of Santa Marta, preaching God's word in a certain village of the Chichimecas that is five leagues to the northward, was so strengthened by God's grace that many of the heathen professed our holy faith and were baptized. And of these was one who among that tribe was held a captive. Which captive, as I found, was of the nation that dwelt in Tenochtistlan before our great captain, Don Fernando Cortés, reduced that city to submission. But little of earthly life remained to this poor captive when I, unworthily but happily, opened to him the way to life glorious and eternal. For in the fight that happened when he was captured—of which fight he alone of all his companions had survived—he was sorely wounded; and though in time his wounds had healed, he remained but a weakly man, and the service to which his captors forced him was hard. So it was that I had but little more than time to put him in the way leading to heaven before his spirit gladly forsook its weary body and went thence from earth.

"That he truly was a convert to our holy faith I am well assured: by the signs of a spirit meet for repentance which he showed in his own person; and still more by his strong longing, most earnestly expressed, that this same glorious faith of freedom should be preached to a certain great company of his people, whereof he most secretly told me, who still remain bound in the bondage of idolatry. And it is what he told me of these, Very Reverend Father, and of the marvellous hidden city wherein they dwell, and of the mighty treasure which there they guard, that I desire now to bring to your private knowledge, before it shall be known of by the Oidores, and through you to our lord the King. Here now is the whole of the mystery that he recited:

"In very ancient times, he said, his people came forth from seven caves which are in the western region of this continent, and wandered long in search of an abiding-place. And in the course of ages it came to pass that a certain wise King ruled over them to whom was given the gift of prophecy. Which King, by name Chaltzantzin, foretold that in the later ages there should come an army of fair and bearded men from the eastward, who would prevail over the people of his race: slaying many, and making of the remainder slaves. Being sorely troubled by thought of what he thus foresaw, he set himself to provide a source of strength whereon his descendants in that later time might draw in the hour of their peril—and so save themselves from cruel death and from yet crueler slavery. To which end, in a certain great valley that lies securely hidden among the mountains of this continent, he caused to be built a walled city; and this city he then peopled with the very bravest and strongest of his race. And he made for those dwelling there a perpetual law that commanded that all such as showed themselves when come to maturity to be weak or malformed in body, or coward of heart, then should be put to death; to the end that their natural increase ever should be of the same stout stuff as themselves, and also that there might be no lack of victims for the sacrifices which are acceptable to their barbarous gods. And thus he provided that in the time of need there should be here a strong army of valiant warriors, ready to come forth to fight against the fair-faced bearded men, and by conquering them to save safe the land.

"And yet more provision did King Chaltzantzin make for the strengthening and the saving of his race in the later ages. Within this walled city of Culhuacan he caused to be builded a great treasure-house, wherein he garnered such store of riches as never was gathered together in one place since the beginning of the world. And his order was that if even the power of the army which should go forth from that city sufficed not to conquer the foreign foemen, then should this vast treasure be used to buy his people's ransom, that they might not perish nor be enslaved.

"Having set all which great matters in order, King Chaltzantzin came forth from the Valley of Culhuacan, leaving behind him the noble colony that he had there founded; and so with his people wandered vagrant—even as their gods had commanded that they should go until by a sign from heaven they should be shown where was to be their lasting home. And that the fulfilling of his purpose might be made the more sure, he brought his people forth from that valley by most perilous passes and through strait ways so that they might not return thither; and that they who remained might not follow, he closed the way behind him with mighty bars.

"In the fulness of time this wise King died, and others reigned in his stead; and at last the ages of wandering of the Aztec tribe were ended by the sign coming from heaven whereby they knew that the Valley of Anahuac was to be their abiding home. There built they the city of Tenochtistlan: which city the valiant captain, Don Fernando Cortés, conquered this short time since—and by conquest of it verified precisely the prophecy that King Chaltzantzin uttered in very ancient times.

"But the captive Indian told me, further, that before the coming of the Spaniards there was seen the sign of warning that King Chaltzantzin had promised should tell when the danger that he had so well prepared for should be near; which sign was the going out of the sacred fire that the priests guarded on the Hill of the Star. Meantime, all knowledge of their brethren hidden in the Valley of Culhuacan for their help in time of peril was lost to the Aztec tribe in dim tradition; for the King had commanded, in order that his people might not fall into weakness through trusting in the strength of others for protection, that no open record of the colony that he had founded should be preserved. Therefore was this matter a secret known only to a few priests whose blood was of the royal line; in whose keeping, also, was the token that King Chaltzantzin had commanded should be sent to the walled city of Culhuacan when its warriors were to be called forth, and a map whereby the way thither was made plain. And so it was that, when the sacred fire ceased burning, the priests were alert for the threatened danger; and when the landing of the Spaniards—"fair-faced and bearded men, coming from the eastward"—was known to them, they warned their King, Montezuma, that the prophecy was fulfilled, and that the time for sending for the army and the treasure had come.

"For the bearer of this message was chosen a priest of the blood royal; with whom went also a younger priest, his son. And with these went a guard, whereof the captive Indian was one, that they might be carried in safety through the region where the wild Indians were. But the valor of the guard was useless, for the wild Indians set upon them in such prodigious numbers—in a place not far from where is this present mission of Santa Marta—that all of that company, save only this single Indian who was wounded and made captive, was overpowered and slain. Yet among the slain, the Indian said, was not found the body of the priest's son; nor was there found on the priest's body the token that he had been the bearer of, nor the map that showed the way. For a time the Indian had hoped that the younger priest had escaped out of the fight alive, and had carried to them who dwelt in the walled city of Culhuacan the message of summons; but as the years went onward and nothing came of it, this hope had died within his heart.

"This, Very Reverend Father, is the strange story told me by this Indian; who spoke with the urgent sincerity of one devout in the Christian faith who knew by sensible perception that his death was near at hand. Eagerly he begged that to these Gentiles, his brethren by blood, might be sent in their secret fastnesses the blessed Word whereby they would be delivered from the chains of their idolatry into the freedom of Christian grace. And, surely, the treasure that they ward very well may be wrested from these heathen that it may be used in part in this land in God's service, and that in part it may go to the just enriching of our lord the King.

"Nor is the matter one that is difficult of accomplishment. For a token which shall give us the right of entry into this walled city of Culhuacan we need only the Word of God and a sufficient force of men well armed with swords and matchlocks. Nor is it any bar to our quest that the map showing the way thither has been lost. The Indian told me that this way is so plainly marked that one who had found it could not lose it again. For at spaces of not more than a league or two apart, upon flat places of the rock convenient for such purpose, was cut the same figure that the token of summons had engraved upon it; and, with this, an arrow pointing toward where the next carving would be found: and so these signs went onward, the heathen priest had told him, even to the very entrance of the Valley of Culhuacan. And that this matter might be made sure to me, he led me to a spot but a league to the westward of this mission of Santa Marta and there showed me one of these signs, with the pointing arrow carved also on the rock beside it —of all of which the drawing here made is an indifferent good copy. And by that guiding arrow we went onward to another like carving at a little less than two leagues away to the northward. Therefore, Very Reverend Father, I, of my own knowledge, am a witness to a part, at least, of the truth of what that Indian told. And with all my heart do I add mine own entreaty to his simple pleadings for the salvation of the souls of his brethren; and also do I venture to entreat that among those who go to carry the Word of God to this hidden heathen host I may be one; so that I, though all unworthy of such honor, shall have a part in rendering to God so glorious a service.

"The more urgently do I ask this favor because here, in this mission of Santa Marta, it is but too clear to me that I am laboring in a barren field. Some hundreds of the heathen I have indeed baptized; but among all these who have professed our Christian faith scarce a score show outward and visible signs of a true regeneration. Many, I am sadly sure, still practise in secret their old idolatry—and find little more than mere amusement in the rites of our most holy Church. When they tire of this novelty, which, in the case of folks of such light natures no doubt will be in a little while, they will return openly to their idolatry; and it probably may happen that they then will sacrifice me to their heathen gods. That, in one way or another, they do intend to kill me, and that soon, I feel quite sure. I am but twenty-three years old, Very Reverend Father; and that is an early time in life to end it. No doubt, also, in killing me they will use torture. And I long fervently to live, not only for the pleasure of it, but also that I may do good service to God, and to our Father Saint Francis, by saving many heathen souls. Therefore I beg that when the army marches to the reduction of this hidden city that I may be one of our brethren who will go with it, to hold by tender preaching of God's goodness and mercy such heathen as may remain alive after our soldiers shall have conquered that city with the sword.

"I commend you, Very Reverend Father, to the care of Our Lord in all things, and pray that He may guard your most illustrious and very reverend person, and protect you in all matters of your temporal and spiritual estate. And I am the least worthy of your servants,

"FRANCISCO DE LOS ANGELES."

"Of a truth," said Fray Antonio, as he ceased reading, "this brother of mine adhered closely to the truth when he subscribed himself the least worthy of the Bishop's servants. Were it not here in his own hand, I should refuse to believe

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that one of our Order at that time in New Spain had any thought of saving his own life when God's work was to be done."

For myself, I must own that my heart was deeply touched by the very humanity of this poor Brother Francisco's cry for help that came up out of the dead depths of the past, and that was the more keen and pitiful because the cruel death at the hands of the barbarous Indians that he so dreaded assuredly had overtaken him. His could not have been a strong nature, and it was the weaker because of his youth; but, after all, it was the nature that God had given him—and there must have been a strain of strength in it, else he never would have braved the dangers which overcame him in the end. And he was "only twenty-three years old"!

But when I sought to lead Fray Antonio's mind to such consideration of the matter he replied sternly: "This weak brother failed in his duty. To him God gave an opportunity to die gloriously for the Faith; but, instead of accepting that noble reward joyfully, his strongest wish was that he might find a way by which he might escape alive. Had all professors of the Christian creed so conducted themselves, that creed long since would have perished from off the earth. *Semen est sanguis Christianorum* is well said of Tertullian the Carthaginian, and, later, of the blessed Saint Jerome."

As Fray Antonio thus spoke, he so drew up his slight figure, and in his sweet voice was a ring of such commanding sternness, that he was for the moment transformed. Here was a man wholly different from the gentle scholar whom I had already learned to love. In the glimpse that I thus had of his underlying character I saw vivified again the spirit of the early Christian Church; and I understood, as I never had understood before, of what stuff they were made who heard pronounced upon them the sentence: "To the lions!"—and joyfully accepted their cruel fate, defiant of what man might do to them because of the perfection of their faith in the merciful forgiveness and upholding steadfastness of their Christian God.

But in a moment a look of sadness and regret came into Fray Antonio's face, and he added, sorrowfully: "God forgive me for thus judging my brother who long since was judged! Who can say that when the hour of trial came he did not meet his death as bravely as any martyr of them all? And who can say," he went on, but speaking softly, as one communing with his own soul, "how I, myself— But God gives strength." And then he ceased to speak aloud, but his lips moved silently as though in prayer. As I close my eyes I see him again as clearly as I saw him then: standing beside the old stone fountain, amidst the flowers, in the gladness of the bright sunshine; in his eyes a strange, far-away look, as though the future for a moment had been opened to him; and on his strong, fine face a sternly resolute expression—which yet was softened by the traits which were so strong within him of holiness and gentleness and love. I cannot know what Fray Antonio prayed for, there in the old convent garden; but I can guess: and I am well persuaded that his prayer was heard. Truly, I think that it was something more than chance that led us thus at first to talk not of the wonder that was in Brother Francisco's letter, but of Brother Francisco himself and of his end.

And then the subject-matter in chief of the letter claimed our attention. In itself, this was sufficiently marvellous; but what increased the marvel of it was the conviction, strong within us both, that if the hidden city of Culhuacan ever had existed at all, it existed still. Our belief was so entirely logical that—assuming the truth of the story told by the Indian captive—it admitted nowhere of a doubt. That the city had been hidden for a long period, through at least several hundreds of years, from the Aztecs themselves—and that no knowledge of it had been conveyed to them by wild Indians who had come by chance upon the valley wherein it was—was evidence enough of the security of its concealment. There was nothing surprising, consequently, in the fact that the Spaniards had not discovered it when they first overran Mexico; nor that it had remained unknown to the Mexicans of modern times. As is well known, there are to this day prodigious areas in Mexico which remain utterly unexplored. In the region west of Tampico; in the northwestern states of Sinaloa, Durango, and Sonora; or in the far southern states of Oaxaca and Chiapas, a valley as great as that in which the city of Mexico now stands might lie utterly hidden and unknown. And if, as the Indian's narrative implied, the Valley of Culhuacan had been selected deliberately because it was so hidden and so inaccessible, and if the described precautions had been taken to isolate its inhabitants, it very well might have continued to be lost in its deep concealment through an almost infinite range of years. That it never had been found since the Spaniards came into Mexico we were absolutely certain—for the outcry over so great a wonder would have echoed throughout the whole of the civilized world. Finally, in the name of the city, Culhuacan, we had a substantial fact which connected the extraordinary story that had come to us so strangely with matters within our own knowledge. For this name not only is given in the Aztec traditions as that of the sacred spot in which their god Huitzilopochtli spoke to them, but survives until this present day in the name of the village that lies at the foot of the sacred mountain in the Valley of Mexico—called by the Aztecs the Hill of Huitzachtla, and by the Spaniards the Hill of the Star—on which at the end of each cycle of fifty-two years the sacred fire was renewed. Surely it was no accident that had caused the name Culhuacan to be given to this village on this sacred spot; rather must it have been so named by the elect few to whom the secret was known as a perpetual reminder to them of the reserve of men and treasure upon which they could draw should danger threaten their country and their gods.

"No doubt," said Fray Antonio, "what is here told of a secret record, known only to the priests, supplies one of the lapses in the pictured history of the Aztec migration. But, as we know not which break in the history is thus filled in, we have no clew whatever as to the whereabouts of this hidden place. Nor have we any clew as to the whereabouts of the mission of Santa Marta—whence we might go onward, guided by the carvings upon the rocks, until we found at last the place we sought. The mission of Santa Marta where my brother Francisco long ago ministered might have been anywhere in all Mexico; and being so small a mission, and enduring for so short a period, it is not likely that any record of it anywhere has been preserved. Had we but the map and the token of which my brother writes, our way would be clear; without these guides it well may be a toilsome way and long. Yet do I know," Fray Antonio continued earnestly, "that I shall find this hidden city. In my soul is a strong and glad conviction that God has called me to the most glorious work of carrying to the heathen dwelling there the message of His saving love. He has worked one miracle already to call me to this duty; in his own good time and way I doubt not that He will work another miracle by which I may be set in the way of its accomplishment."

As Fray Antonio spoke of the map of the Aztec migration a hope came into my heart that, as I considered it, seemed surely to be a certainty. In the excitement of listening to this strange letter—concerning which not the least strange matter was that between the writing and the reading of it had passed three hundred and fifty years—I had forgotten my own discoveries, and that my purpose was to show him the pictured paper and the curious piece of gold. But as he spoke of the migration this matter was called to my mind suddenly; and then in an instant the conviction thrilled through me that the clew which would lead us to the hidden city was in my possession."

"God already has worked that other miracle," I cried, joyfully. "Here is the token, and here is the map that shows the way!" And, so speaking, I opened the snake-skin bag that I had taken from the breast of the dead Cacique and drew forth its precious contents.

For myself, I needed no additional proof that here was all that was needful to guide us to the hidden city. Yet was I glad that in so grave a matter we should have added to absolute conviction the weight of absolute proof. And this we had most clearly: for Fray Antonio, cooler than I, compared the drawing in the letter with the engraving upon the piece of gold—and found the two to be essentially identical, save that the engraving lacked the sign of the arrow pointing the way.

"And now," I cried, enthusiastically, "for such discoveries in archæology as the world has never known!"

"And now," said Fray Antonio, speaking slowly and reverently, "for such glorious work in God's service as has been granted but rarely to man to do!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FATE'S ANSWER

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS REVELS.

THE dance is done; it is nearly dawn;
Alone I stand in the darkened hall.
The snow has covered the rolling lawn,
And over it rosy shadows fall.

A golden streak lights the eastern sky,
While the distant hill-tops faintly show;
And the world seems cold; but, ah! not I;
My heart is warmed with a loving glow.

The hoar-frost has tipped the window-pane
With a tracing delicate and fine.
I turn away; then I look again,
For here are letters in faint outline.

Ay, letters. Written by fate or chance?
I love two maidens, and sweet are they.
Can I read my choice? A second glance.
Jack Frost has written both—Nan and May.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING AT CHICAGO.

THE Auditorium, which was formally opened at Chicago on Monday, December 9th, is probably the most complete and perfect building of its kind on the Western Continent. In 1885, inspired by the success of a mammoth musical festival, the erection of an opera-house and theatre worthy of its name was suggested, and the scheme, conceived and fathered by Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck and several other public-spirited citizens, was carried forward at once with characteristic Western enterprise, and the Auditorium as it now stands is the result. The building covers an area of 62,000 square feet, fronting upon Wabash Avenue 162 feet, upon Congress Street 362 feet, and upon Michigan Avenue 187½ feet. A hotel of 400 rooms and 126 business offices, together with the immense theatre and a smaller recital hall, are included in the massive structure, which cost $2,900,000 to complete and furnish. The exterior is of Maine granite and buff Bedford stone. On the Wabash Avenue side are located the offices, which are finished in antique oak. The Auditorium recital hall, which is on the seventh floor, is a charming little theatre capable of seating 500 persons. In the seventeenth story, at the top of the tower, 270 feet from the ground, is situated the observatory of the United States Signal Service. The hotel comprises the ten stories fronting on Michigan Avenue and Congress Street. A ten-foot dado of Mexican onyx extends about the walls of the offices. The dining-room, which is 180 feet long, is one of the most imposing in the world, and the decorations and furnishings are of the richest. The lobby of the Auditorium, as the theatre proper is called, is dazzling in the grandeur of its appointments. The floors are of mosaic, the tall pillars are of porphyry, and the arched ceiling is thickly set with electric lights. Tinted marbles, polished mahogany wood-work, and bronze fittings combine with fine artistic effect. The interior of the theatre is resplendent with decorations of the most substantial order, and every convenience which is known to modern comfort is provided for. The forty boxes have a seating capacity of 200 people, and the parquet will contain about 1500, and chairs for nearly 2500 more are provided in the balcony, family circle, and gallery. As emphasized by President Peck, the builders have pursued "the broad democratic policy of providing for all." A feature of the Auditorium—one original with the architect—is the hinged ceilings, which, turning on a half-circle, shut out the gallery and family circle from below without destroying the symmetry of the great dome.

The most wonderful mechanical feature of the Auditorium is the stage, designed by Mr. Adler, one of the architects of the building. It is 70 feet deep and 98 feet wide, after the pattern of the famous theatre at Buda-Pesth, but even more complete as regards properties and resources. The proscenium opening is 75 feet, and the curtain is 47 feet wide. Every imaginable device for securing the illusions of the theatre of to-day are to be found. The great organ, built expressly for the Auditorium, is another of the many marvels of the place. The highest praise that can be given to the building is that it is what it appears to be in every way. No shams are tolerated, and built with care and rare judgment, it is a fitting monument to the genius of the nineteenth century, and one that will stand for ages. To the management and to the architects, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan, much credit is due for the judicious expenditure of the funds placed at their disposal. Some idea of the size of the building may be gained from the fact that the building proper weighs 86,000 tons, and the tower 15,000 tons more. The amount of material consume is enormous, as may be learned from a few sta tistics which are interesting: One million feet o pine flooring was laid, and over 17,000,000 brick used in the construction. In the tower are near ly four miles of steel rails; and 6000 tons of iro and steel, costing more than $500,000, wer needed in the building. There are 1500 window in the entire place, and 2000 doors. The electri lights number 10,000, nearly half of them bein in the Auditorium, which are connected with 25 miles of electric wire and cables. It is said tha only one other building in the world contains a much mosaic floor, which is reckoned at 50,00 square feet of Italian marble, made up of ove 5,000,000 separate pieces. Mosaic-work, mar bles, onyx, bronze-work, plaster casts, and ceilin and mural decorations, as enumerated in the re port to the stockholders, form a part of the art represented.

The opening night was one of great splendo The President and Vice-President, together wit the Governor of Illinois and other State and ci officials, were present at the dedicatory exercise M. Theodore Dubois, of the Paris Conservato and organist at the Madeleine, composed for t occasion a triumphal fantasie for organ and chestra, which was rendered with great succe Other notable composers lent their aid, an cantata, the words of which were written b Chicago lady, Miss Harriet Monroe, proved t a work of much merit. Madame Patti-Nic graced the exercises, and the ceremonies brilliant and worthy of the occasion. The season opened on the next night with Pa Gounod's late triumph of *Romeo and Juliet* manager of the opera is Mr. Milward Adar



EASY TO SETTLE

POLITICAL BOSS. "But, my dear man, I can't get you that office; you can't meet with the requirements; you can neither read nor write."
POLITICAL FOLLOWER. "If that's all, oi kin settle it aisily. It's me boy Tim, here, what's been three wakes in the public schkool—he kin do de radin' an' writin'; an' it's meself kin attind to de requirements."

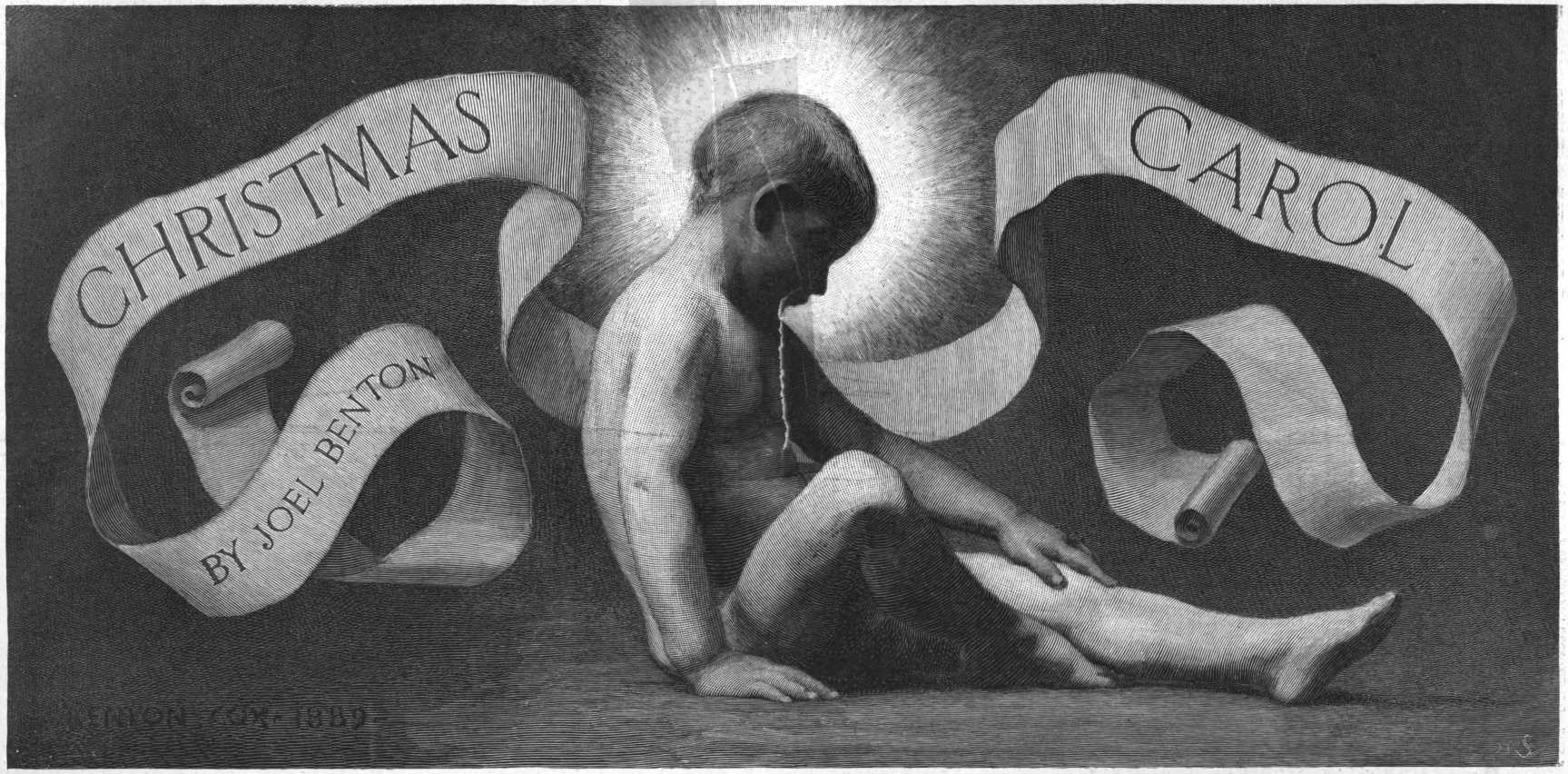


THE PEACEMAKER.

MAGISTRATE (*to prisoner—a tough*). "And where were you, sir, during the you were mixed up in it."
PRISONER. "I was de peacemaker, yer honor. I slammed de two men agin got enuff fight; an' when de perlice came up I was sittin' on de bodies waitin' fo

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

Hail, Christmas!

Jubilant bells are ringing;
Long since the swallows southward fled.
'Tis Christmas. Voices sweet are singing,
Though summer-scented flowers are dead.

Light up the Yule-log's ancient splendor,
And pass the wassail-bowl around,
The roasted boar's head's timely flavor,
And game of daintiest fin or wing,
Now serve us with their tempting savor,
And goodliest cheer and comfort bring.

Hark how the waits' sweet flute-like voices
Break on the keen encrystalled air!
This day the humblest soul rejoices,
And makes the toiling centuries fair.

Now pales and fades the were-wolf's passion,
Which once on Odin's kingdom fell;
Now Pantaloon comes to amuse us,
With Harlequin and Columbine:
Who shall complain, or aught refuse us,
While joy invites in Momus' line?

The youth forgets, as high he prances,
The tide of toilsome days and slow,
And whilst with some sweet maid he dances,
Will kiss her 'neath the mistletoe.

She blushes not, and, blind to danger,
Drifts to the fatal vine-marked floor,

No more do Isis and Osiris
Lift up dark altars on the Nile;
On heathen shrines weak every fire is;
On Memnon's shaft no sun-gods smile.

Even Buddha pales; and fast and faster
Mohammed's millions close are bound;
Doomed is the cult of Zoroaster,
Nor stands a god on Odin's ground.

Up from one lone Judean manger

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Enjoy each Christmas sight and sound!

Bright day which every heart upraises,
Hope's dawn for each succeeding year,
Here where the crackling hickory blazes
Its hallowed influence lingers near.

Bring green wreaths—ivy, laurel, holly—
And deck the table, porch, and hall!
This is no time for melancholy—
The world's one holiday for all.

And breathes his sweet undying spell.

His reindeer sleigh jostles each rafter
Bedecked with thick-bushed hemlock boughs;
With toys and comfits, joy and laughter,
He floods the hearth-place of each house.

In palace, or in cottage simple,
How brightly shines the Christmas tree!
And sunny smiles on cheeks adimple
Glow with high-lived contagious glee.

* * * * *

Hail, Christmas! Jubilant bells are ringing;
The stars their solemn vigil keep;
Sweet voices hour by hour are singing
Long after midnight beckons sleep.

They tell us Pan is dead and banished;
Mute is the old Assyrian shrine;
The Delphian oracle has vanished,
Slain by Judea's son divine.

Crushing all schemes of human thought!

'Tis not where Grecian sages wrestled,
'Tis not where wit and science shine,
The world's best truth has grown and nestled—
Not these the soul holds most divine.

Before the world one simple story
Means more than sage or hero tells.
Christmas repeats its centuried glory;
You hear it in these Christmas bells!



Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

THE two light-ships at the entrance to New York Harbor are as familiar to ocean travellers as the brilliant Highland Lights themselves, and their appearance is always a cause for joy among homeward-bound passengers who have crossed the sea. They are known in the light-house service and among mariners as the Scotland and the Sandy Hook light-ships—the former marking the spot where some years ago the steam-ship *Scotland* was wrecked. The remains of the wrecked ship disappeared long ago, but the light-ship anchored over the spot had proved so serviceable that it was allowed to remain, and it has recently been thoroughly overhauled and repaired. The Scotland Light-ship is three miles from the New Jersey shore, and is the point by which coasters and small steamers steer on entering the Lower Bay. The Sandy Hook Light-ship is six miles out, and marks the approach to the main ship channel for large steamers. This vessel, which was built only five years ago, is not considered adequate for such an important station, and in a few months she will be replaced by a larger one, to cost $60,000, which will be provided with a steam siren for fog signalling.

A lonely life the officers and crews of these light-ships lead, cut off sometimes for weeks from all communication with their friends and the great world on shore. So burdensome is the solitude that the men are enlisted for only six months at a time, for experience has taught that if they are separated from their fellows for a longer period they seize upon the first opportunity to desert. Advantage is taken of every possible chance to relieve the monotony of the changeless life. On the occasion of a yacht race in the Lower Bay the light-ships are gayly bedecked with flags, and as the vessels pass they are saluted with the ringing of the great bell. A visit from a light-house tender demands as much ceremony as a member of the royal family boarding a British war ship. Christmas is a great day on the light-ships, and the men who are debarred from being with their families make it as different from other days as possible—all the ship's signals are flying, and the cook would find little favor if he neglected to prepare a proper feast. It is a custom among all vessels in the harbor to salute one another in passing on Christmas Day, and this custom is nowhere so rigorously observed as in passing the light-ships. From the great transatlantic steam-ships to the smallest coasters, everything that goes by has a word of good cheer, whether spoken by the powerful steam-whistle or the humble horn of the oyster boat; and in acknowledgment of the salute the light-ship's bell is always rung. The artist has admirably depicted a powerful ocean tug saluting the light-ship on her way seaward on Christmas morning. These great tugs, in their search for incoming vessels needing their assistance, pass the light-ships so frequently that their crews are more or less familiar with the light-ship men; and on Christmas morning, when they too have all their colors flying and their spars decorated with evergreens, the compliments of the season are exchanged through speaking-trumpets, and more substantial reminders of the day are often exchanged also when the sea is smooth enough to permit it.

It is not surprising that so little is known of the life on these light-ships, even by those who pass them frequently, and who are familiar with the red hulls and the white-lettered sides. The men on board them are almost as completely sundered from the near by shore as if they were anchored in the middle of the ocean. Eight men are required to man the Sandy Hook Light-ship—the captain, mate, cook, and five seamen; and the seamen who spend a Christmas on board are seldom there in midsummer, for their terms have expired, and others have taken their places. For this monotonous service the captain receives $800 a year; the mate, $480; the cook, $35 a month; and each of the seamen, $25; but as their food is provided by the department, and as they go seldom ashore, they have little necessity or opportunity to spend their money. With so many men on board the little ship, everything is kept as clean and bright as a New England kitchen. The principal work, of course, is keeping the lights in order, but there is always scrubbing, scouring, polishing, and painting to be done. Like a well-kept passenger ship at sea, a light-ship is never white and bright enough to satisfy the captain. The day's work begins at five o'clock in the summer and six in the winter, when coffee is served, and the decks are washed down, and the crew muster at the lamps, which are lowered to the deck, cleaned, polished, and filled. The cleaning of the ship continues through the day, with an hour for dinner at noon, and at sunset the lamps are lighted and raised to the mast-head. Supper is not eaten till this important duty is performed, and after the last meal of the day, the men not on watch smoke their pipes and read and tell stories till bedtime. At least one man is always on watch day and night.

Notwithstanding the great care taken, light-ships sometimes break from their moorings, and in foggy weather they are always in some danger of being run down. The Sandy Hook Light-ship is held in position by two "mushroom" anchors, weighing about 3000 pounds each. They are soaped like mushrooms, and constantly sinking in the mud or sand of the bottom, take a stronger hold every day, till in a short time their removal is almost impossible. About 450 feet of two-inch chain is let out to each anchor, but this is increased or diminished according to the weather. The tugging of the chains on the windlass is relieved by a series of rubber "surge relievers." A light-ship has four masts, so arranged that they seem to be only the two masts of a schooner. Two of these are the lantern masts, and behind them are two smaller masts, fitted with sails that are always kept closely furled, to be used only in case the ship should break away, but ever ready for an emergency.

The Staten Island depot is the general supply station for all the light-houses of the United States. The light-house tender *Fern* carries supplies to every light-house in the department except those on the Pacific coast, and the round trip occupies one year. Despite all efforts to make the officers and crews of light-ships comfortable, their life is hard and monotonous, and landsmen who know of their hard-ships only by hearsay may well join in wishing them all a Merry Christmas.

POOR COUSIN PARKER!

IT had long been the custom of the Tasker family to hold an annual meeting in August at East Village. Such Taskers as were present asked about the Taskers absent. The Taskers absent wrote letters to Abram Tasker at East Village, who read them aloud at the family gathering. They related to each other the stirring family events which had happened during the year since the previous family meeting. Sometimes the Taskers present were called upon to commiserate a death, or to discuss an engagement, or to congratulate a young bride. Sometimes they read of new Taskers who had come into the world. Sometimes the squalling new-coming Tasker presented himself *in propria persona*. *Always* they met to pity and to blame poor Cousin Parker!

There were Boston Taskers, and Chicago Taskers, and New York Taskers. Then there were Taskers from every State in New England. Universally, however, the Taskers present felt called upon every year to contribute for the benefit of poor Cousin Parker. He lived away off up in New Hampshire somewhere—it was quite indefinite where he lived, and hitherto he seemed to live *on* his relatives.

He had had, it was said by kind-hearted old Abram Tasker, at a family gathering, the "hardest kind of hard luck." (It made the Chicago Tasker very angry to hear about his "hard luck.") "In the first place," said Abram, "he never had ought to hev married Mis' Frink, the schoolma'am. Mis' Frink was a widder lady with nine children; an' those children! they ate Cousin Parker outen house an' home; yes, they did. Then he wa'n't fitted for business, an' he oughtn't t' have started to manufacture oleomargarine in a butter community. Cousin Parker nigh lost his life—he was shot at because of that there oleomargarine in a butter community. Then he hedn't ought t' hev tried borin' for ile up in that granite region where he lived; there wa'n't no ile there, an' Parker he ought t' hev known better. Then he tried farmin' an' failed, because he tried it accordin' to a city farmers' journal. He planted at the wrong season. He done everything wrong. He seemed to hev mighty hard luck."

Every year there would come to the meeting either Cousin Parker himself, or a long wail of a letter from Cousin Parker describing his afflictions and asking for help. Every year a purse was raised, and the relatives were taxed for "Mis'" Frink-Parker's benefit and her nine children. Every year the assembled Taskers grumbled, and the Chicago Tasker stopped coming East because of it. "It do seem," said Abram, "as if the hull family was merely livin' from year to year to kinder support Cousin Parker."

Miss Perkins, whose mother was a Tasker, of Newburyport (with an accent, please, on the "port"), was used to speaking out in meeting, and she usually freed her mind every year—she was a regular attendant at these family meetings. She freed her mind, but at the same time she gave liberally. And it was noticed that the louder were her protests, and the more severe her condemnation of Cousin Parker's unfortunate business habits, the larger sum she gave toward his support.

"Cousin Parker," she snapped out at the meeting last August, "don't deserve any luck. Turned inventor *now*, has he? Well, land! what can he invent?"

"Hush, Miss Perkins!" said Abram; "Cousin Parker is present with us."

Miss Perkins put on her eye-glasses and looked around the circle of Taskers, who had assembled in the great barren parlor of Abram Tasker's large farm-house. There were several Boston Taskers (N.B., the *rich* Taskers); there were the New York Taskers (very well off); there were all the Vermont Taskers (hard, earnest folk); and there, last of all, in a corner, holding his hat between his knees, almost out of sight, looking so forlorn and sheepish that Miss Perkins could only pity him, sat *Cousin Parker himself!*

He was a small, thin man, with a most distrustful, beseeching expression. His head was bent forward, his coat was buttonless and shabby. His eyes were modestly bent on the floor. When all the combined eyes of all the rich and great Taskers were turned toward him, he fairly shrivelled up within himself, and looked furtively toward the door, as if with a view to a speedy and ignominious retreat.

"So that is Cousin Parker," exclaimed Miss Perkins, involuntarily. "Land!"

"We would all like to hear from Cousin Parker himself," said Hon. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston (the rich and great Tasker), in a pompous voice. "We would like to hear from him as to his family and his affairs. Cousin Parker—er—won't you tell us how you are doing this year?"

It appeared that Cousin Parker swallowed a great swallow, and his Adam's apple rose and fell without an audible response.

"Come forward!" beamed Abram Tasker, kindly; and, as if to suit action to his words, Abram, who was a huge, kindly old soul, with an enormous strength of arm, advanced, and, without intending it, lifted Cousin Parker bodily out into the centre of the Tasker semicircle, and set him down. There was a subdued murmur among all the Taskers, as to the probability, from his shabby and generally unkempt appearance, that the fund to be raised this year would have to be unusually large.

"I—I feel very thankful—for the past," was what Cousin Parker whispered feebly, so that Abram, who stood by him protectingly, leaned his great ear down, and alone heard him.

"He feels thankful for the past!" roared Abram, with a kindly, encouraging smile for poor Cousin Parker.

"Oh, he feels thankful for the past, does he?" exclaimed Miss Perkins. "Well, land! I should think he ought. Why, he's had money every year—altogether, two or three thousand dollars at least."

"He's expectin' a change for the futur'!" called out Abram. "A big change. He's awful hopeful."

A smile of pity went around among all the Taskers present. Mrs. New York Tasker, as it was a warm day, held her vinaigrette to her nose, and complained a little of feeling faint. The dismal photographs hung about the wall in black frames, she said, gave her quite a turn. They were photographs of deceased Taskers, standing up, man and wife together, very stiff and straight, holding on to chairs for dear life, or leaning an elbow upon romantic Italian scenery, or a Venetian balustrade. The hair-cloth sofas and chairs, too, were rather awe-inspiring. Much as Mrs. New York Tasker admired the family into which she had married, she admitted that they were, some of them, very old country-people. And this poor Cousin Parker! What an oddity *he* was, to be sure!

"He has tried next to everything to get on," went on Abram, the mouth-piece, after a prolonged listening to Cousin Parker's whisper. "He went West an' tried to grow up with the country. But he didn't stay long enough to grow. He started a newspaper, but he took the wrong side in politics, an' got fired. Then he j'ined a circus and figgered as the hind legs of an ellerphunt; but the folks got on to his disguise, he says, an' they kinder fired rocks at him, an' so he cum back home to Mis' Parker an' the nine children kinder hopeless. But his hope picked up when we as a fam'ly cum forward an' let him hev two hunderd dollars last year. Thet started him up agin inventin', an' he useter sit up nights, he says, hopin' an' inventin'."

Miss Perkins gave a sniff. Other Taskers present probably *would* have sniffed had not the prim New England spinster kindly done it for them.

Then, again, there was a whisper.

"He says he has at larst finally turned inventor, an' is goin' to make it his business," roared Abram, still leaning down to Cousin Parker. Immediately there was a buzz of loud protestation from every right-minded Tasker present.

"He says he again wishes to say that in the past he has had very hard luck," roared Abram again.

"Ask him if he thinks if he should turn to and do a little work now and then by accident his luck wouldn't change," said Miss Perkins, sharply.

Cousin Parker gave her such a sad, beseeching look that she wished she had kept quiet. Miss Perkins did not wish it to be understood that she was heartless; but it made her very impatient to take hold of Cousin Parker and shake him. Oh that she could have him under her charge for a time at Newbury*port!* She would get this inventor nonsense out of him! Yes, indeed!

Abram's ear was so long near Cousin Parker's mouth that the Taskers knew something interesting was coming. At last he roared: "He says he's got a smart partner. The smart partner has sold one of his inventions for him. His name is Ephraim Shouter. He comes from a family of lawyers—"

"Depend upon it, then, the smart partner has got all the money, and Cousin Parker has got the experience," said the New York Tasker, with a wise shake of the head.

"He says the invention was sold to the Stannard Ile Company, fer—*fer what*, Cousin Parker?"

A further inaudible whisper, after which Cousin Parker looked more sheepish and more crestfallen than ever. Every Tasker in the room leaned forward with interest.

"Fer—I can't believe it—fer two hunderd thousand dollars!" roared Abram.

A great sensation.

"Two hunderd thousand dollars; and the smart partner took a hunderd an'—an'—an' seventy-five thousand for his fee, an'—gave him twenty-five. He says he wants to pay up his debts to the Tasker family."

For the space of two minutes there was perfect silence. Not a Tasker spoke or moved. Finally Miss Perkins said:

"*I* always believed that there was a great deal *to* Cousin Parker!"

Cousin Parker slunk back to his seat, very much overcome with self-consciousness, while the ladies fell to discussing him before his face as if he were absent.

"He has been greatly abused," said Mrs. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston; "and you, Miss Perkins, have abused dear Cousin Parker more than any one."

"I *have* spoken unwisely about Cousin Parker, I admit," said Miss Perkins, "but I meant it for his good, and if he has made money as he says, I am as glad as any one. I want to shake him by the hand, and tell him how glad I am he *has* done something for himself, even if the smart partner got almost all of the money."

Mrs. New York Tasker was ahead of all the Taskers in taking Cousin Parker by the hand, and in asking him about his good fortune. All they could get out of him, however, was that it was a new process of purifying kerosene, which had proved very valuable. Cousin Parker's luck had turned; and that very day, before he had left Abram Tasker's Vermont farm at East Village, he had returned all the money he had had from his relatives, with interest at six per cent.

Several years later, when the Ohio, Bungtown, and Chesapike Railway Company defaulted in the payment of interest on its stock and bonds, Miss Perkins, whose small income was entirely dependent upon the dividends of that important trunk line, was reduced to the necessity of applying, through the kind-hearted Abram, for some assistance at the annual family gathering. She did not attend in person at East Village, but she wrote a pathetic letter of appeal. Cousin Parker was present (whose opinion in business matters was now much valued by the Hon. Enos K. Tasker, of Boston). He said nothing, and although now worth "considerable money," appeared unwilling to subscribe. A week later, however, he turned up in Newbury*port*. He went to see Miss Perkins at her little boarding-house. It was up a back street, and in a dingy neighborhood, for Miss Perkins, owing to the manipulations of a very powerful railway magnate, was now exceedingly poor in this world's goods. There was still enough left to support her and her cat and canary in a little room back in the boarding-house. When Cousin Parker called, he looked vacantly about the close little parlor into which he was ushered.

"She's used to better'n this," he whispered to himself. "*Poor* Miss Perkins!"

Then he blushed very red, for, lo and behold! she had entered noiselessly, and was standing opposite him.

"I *am* poor, Cousin Parker, it is true; and I want to say it right here—it's taught me a lesson. I guess I can pity those in misfortune a little now—I guess I can feel how hard it is not to have money and not to be able to earn it."

Cousin Parker moved uneasily in his seat. He felt embarrassed. "I—I want you to come home with me," he said, looking down. "I want you to come. Mis' Parker wants you to come. The nine children want you, Miss Perkins. They feel grateful."

The tears came into Miss Perkins's eyes, but she hurriedly brushed them away.

"They know how you did when I was in hard luck. You stepped forward an' loaned, Miss Perkins! Oh, I guess we Taskers can stand by one another in hard luck! Now come, Miss Perkins, get ready!"

Miss Perkins was quite overcome. She fairly sobbed. An hour before, she felt so friendless, so forlorn, so hopeless! She wished she was dead!

"They are a-expecting you, Miss Perkins; an' I know you won't hate my three boys. No," added Cousin Parker, proudly. "Five, rosy-cheeked boys, Miss Perkins. As for my girls—there are only four now, Miss Perkins, for two died—but they are a-lookin' forward to givin' you a reg'lar welcome up there in N' Hampshire, an' they don't mean to ever let you go away again—no! Come, get ready, Miss Perkins—we Taskers don't fergit kind deeds."

"Cousin Parker," said the prim maiden lady, standing up, "I believe you have the heart of an angel."

But he only looked down, coughed, and fumbled with his hat. SEYMOUR WOOD.

OLD SID'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE store was nearly empty when he lifted the latch, and as he looked cautiously in through the door and peered about, it seemed mighty cheerful and home-like. It was so different from anything in the West. The wooden pillars standing about, supporting the low ceiling, which sloped off like a low garret at the back; the barrels piled up here and there; the row of foxes' skins—ha! the same row of foxes' skins; and the cellarway, and the fly-specked ceiling, and the molasses barrels at the back—all looked so natural and so good that he could hardly believe his eyes.

As he stood in the door, the deep thunder of the river running over the dam struck through the bleak winter air with a desolate roar. The wind blew from the northwest in gusts that jarred the building, and made the huge elm at the door writhe and roar with rage, while each pedestrian bent his head and turned up his coat collar as he paced along the walk.

The new-comer limped in very slowly, his eyes devouring everything with a slow, hungry stare. Sandy, the clerk, was down-stairs getting some butter for an Irish woman who stood at the counter. No one else seemed to be around. Finally he looked at the stove. Glory! the same old stove and bench. Yes, there was the same curiously carved ancient bench that had been there ever since 1812, worn smooth by the lounging forms of three generations. A man was seated upon it, dozing in a rapid succession of cat-naps, his head falling softly forward occasionally on his breast.

Hearing the new-comer's cane on the floor, he looked up with a long dull stare, which suddenly fixed, brightened; his jaw dropped; his hand slowly, hesitatingly raised, then extended at last in a strangely suspicious, tentative manner, or so it seemed to the timid stranger. "Gosh all Friday! Sid Foster, this ain't you?"

"You bet it is, Sile!"

"Well, I'll be hanged! Darn glad to see yeh. Set down—set down. Gosh darn me! set down and warm."

Then they stared at each other as if to read each other's intervening history. Both were visibly affected. Sid was tall, full-bearded, wore a Derby hat, and had a curiously childlike expression of eye. Silas was grayer, short, his face covered with a month's growth of bluish gray beard. He tottered a little on his short thick

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

legs, while Sid dragged one foot after him painfully.

"Well! by gosh!" said Silas, with such a grave and hearty inflection that it did not shock the ear. "I wan' to know if it's you!"

They looked at each other again long and tenderly, and Sidney said, slowly: "It's me, Sile; but I didn't know as I'd ever set eyes on you fellers again. Jehosephat!" he ended, looking around. "Things look jest as they always did—same old kerosene barrel, codfish, bench."

"When 'd ye git in, Sid?"

"Jest now. Come up on the express from Boston. I was so gosh-darned anxious to get back, I didn't stop ten minutes in the city. Jest boarded the train."

"Darn glad to see yeh," repeated Silas, looking with dim eyes at his old friend fixedly, a little quiver on his sturdy upper lip. "Hain't seen Ed, 'r Sam, 'r any the rest o' the boys?"

"Nope; jest come right up here the fust blame thing. Says I, 'Now it's jest about lamp-lightin' in the store, an' some of the boys is settin' right there on that old settee, an' a good fire goin',' so I jest nacherly humped right along up here straight. 'Ain't had no supper n'r nawthin'."

Sid's face had a curiously timid expression, and he was in a very tender mood, which added to the hesitation, not to say the feebleness of his manner. He seemed to be expecting something disagreeable. He wasn't sure of his ground, someway.

"When d'y' git aout, Sid?" asked Sile, with a hesitating, curiously complex tone, after they had sat a long time in silence.

Sid started a little, and looked as if he had been waiting for this question. He looked at his old friend almost pleadingly. "Last Monday," he replied at last.

"I wan' to know! 'N' y' jest nacherly made tracks f'r here, did ye, Sid?"

"You bet. I wanted t' get jest as far from them blame stone walls as I could," said Sid, in a low voice, considerably firmer.

"Well, ye're lookin' well, Sid."

"I'm *feelin'* purty well jest now. God f'r Liger! Sile, it does my old bones a pile o' good t' get back here into the old grocery, and set eyes on you fellers once more. One while, after a stone fell on m' leg, I jest give up, nigh about."

Then they both fell into a reverie of a few moments, which was broken by the squeal of boots on the walk, and the entrance, a little later, of two or three customers. While being waited on by the tow-headed clerk, one of them sauntered around toward the stove.

"Hello, Sile!"

"Hello, John!"

Here John stared at Sid in much the same way that Sile had—a kind of fixed blank stare, which changed slowly to recognition and to a kind of embarrassed smile, the hand being slowly and tentatively raised.

"Sid—this ain't you? Well, I'll be discumbobalated! When 'd ye git back?"

"Jest now."

"Waal, waal, waal! Say, old man, we'd jest about gin you up. Fact! We heard you'd got into a scrape. Lookin' well, Sid. Must 'a' fed ye well?"

"Not any *too* well."

"Did they give y' anything t' wash it down with?" inquired the new-comer, with a wink.

"Not a darn thing, Jack."

"Phew! Too bad! Had any supper 'r anything?"

"Nope."

"Hain't, eh?" Tipping the old fellow an almost imperceptible wink, they moved slowly off toward the cellarway, down which they disappeared.

"What ol' chump is that?" queried the clerk of Silas and one or two who remained. "Looks as if he'd been drawed through a knot hole; kind o' pick-ed."

"I guess you'd look pick-ed if you'd spent four years in State's-prison. No beer, no brandy, no nothin'."

"What'd he go in for?"

"Had to."

"I mean, what'd they send him up for?"

"I f'rget. Ask him. Sile, what was Sid sent up for?"

"Stealin' s'm' wheat—they *laid* to 'im. But that old man never stole a pea-nut in his life. He's honest as the day is long."

"That's good, Sile. By gosh, that warms my old bones!" cried the poor old fellow, coming up the cellarway, and wiping his lips and eyes alternately. He was trembling with joy.

"Boys, I didn't steal one grain of that wheat. It was jest circumstantial evidence. Y' see, I was out the night afore, an' my buggy bein' covered with dirt and mud, an' I bein' a stranger, they jest hatched the whole thing up agin me. Boys, it was tough, I tell yeh! There was many a night they said: 'Sid, you'll never see the boys an' the old grocery agin.' But I did. Yesser. I did." Here he broke down.

At this point another man entered. A thin man with a black mustache. As he passed through the group Sid looked at him with something of the old apprehensive look. The new-comer nodded to two or three, and was passing, when Sile said:

"Tobey, this is ol' Sid. Don't you know him?"

"Yes, I know him. Not much good of him," was the crushing reply, accompanied with a look that withered the tender flower of Sid's self-respect, which had begun to spring up in the genial air of cordial greeting. His head dropped. The light went out of his face, leaving it pitiful as that of a grieved child. Doubly touching, indeed, because contrasted with his broad frame. He trembled with weakness, and a moment later sank into a chair, the tears running down his cheeks, his lips quivering.

"There, Sid! Brace up; brace up. We ain't s' darn s'picious as some folks. Gol darn it, Sid, I wish I could do something. Won't you take a little something more? It 'll kind o' warm ye up."

"No; 'tain't no use, Sile. Liquor don't seem to take no holt o' me as it use' to. I tell y', boys, it's purty tough on a feller t' come back this way, an' get slapped in the face that way. It makes a feller feel jest as if the whole world was agin him."

"Waal, they'll git over it by-'n'-by," said Silas, consolingly. "Don't mind 'em. Their say so don't 'mount to much."

"Everybuddy ain't so darn mean as that ol' whelp," put in another. Then the conversation drifted off to the discussion of false witnessing and convictions of the innocent, which was very pleasing to poor old Sid as he sat in the midst of them. And yet there was a sort of half-heartedness, a cold blast of air that prevented a complete warming up of his heart. They plainly pitied him, but could not forget the prison smell on his clothing. It was not pity he wanted, but sympathy.

Old Silas was branching off into an extended recital of a case which came under his notice, when a young man came in with a fox-skin dangling in his hand. The smell of it roused a couple of hounds sleeping by the fire, and they made the room ring with their clamors as the hunter walked rapidly through the crowd and hung the pelt on a beam at the end of a row of seven already hanging there. Kicking the dogs into silence, the crowd, with the greatest unanimity, joked in chorus,

"Who'd y' *buy that* one of?"

The hunter turned with withering scorn. "Buy 'im of?"

"Oh, I see!" pursued the clerk, who had joined the crowd. "You *found* him—froze t' death somewheres."

Here the hunter's patience gave way, and with a whoop of rage he leaped on the ready clerk, and essayed to fling him to the floor.

The dogs bayed again. The crowd stamped and roared and clapped hands, and yelled with that complete zest which seizes a crowd of loafers when some one kindly creates diversion. The clerk was downed. The crowd cried, with singular quickness, as with one voice:

"It's on *you*, Sandy. Set 'em up, you red-headed son of a gun."

While the hot and dusty Sandy led the noisy crowd down below, the two old men sat still, staring fixedly at the stove and trotting their toes in the way common to old men.

"Who is that young feller?" asked Sid, with great eagerness. "Looks like some one I've seen."

"I guess you have seen him. His name's Sam Harris. His mother was a Cranby—Sairy Cranby. You remember her? We all went t' school t'gether, you remember." (He was not looking at his companion, or he would have wondered at the expression on his face.) "Yes; she married Gale Harris. I guess they lived over in Leominster when you was runnin' your carpenter shop. Say, ain't married, are ye?"

"Nope. 'Ain't got nary chick n'r child. Teetotally alone, Sile."

Here the crowd came back from below, and there ensued a medley of fox-hunting yarns, during which Sid sat as if in a dream, unnoticed by the crowd, his face in shadow, his eyes on young Harris, his hands resting on the top of his stick.

"How's yer mother—she that was Sairy Cranby?" he asked, finally, of the young man.

Sam's face sobered, and the old wanderer put one finger up against the young man's shoulder in startled silence.

"I—didn't think— I've been away," he said, apologetically. No man could have shown more delicacy in apology than he, in his tone and in the pleading touch of his finger.

The young man said, finally, "Yes; she died in October."

"You don't say!" said Sile, as much surprised as Sid. "Why, I didn't know that. In October. Tchic! tchic!" and he clicked with his tongue to express his surprise. Sid looked pained, and sat plunged in deep reverie. Sile began speaking after a little silence:

"Gosh! I can remember goin' to spellin' schools an' quarterly meetin's with yer ma jest as plain as if it was yisterday. Sid here use' t' be rather sweet on her." All this was spoken with great gravity and tenderness in his voice. "How old was she, Sam?"

"A little past sixty."

"You don't say! W-a-a-l-a, waal-a, waal! We're gettin' old, Sid, sure's y'r born. By gosh! I'm sixty-two in March. Yes, sir. I don't look it, but I am. Sid, you're fully as old as I am. F'r all that black wig o' yours kinder makes y' look younger."

Here the old man rose, shrugged his shoulders, and sighed, and tottered around the room in a reverie. They were all much moved, but, man-like, neither would let the other know how much. They sat apart from the crowd, and went on with reminiscences, their heads in a circle.

"T'-morrow bein' Chrissmuss—"

"By gosh! so 'tis. I'd forgot about that," interrupted Silas. "We don't make much of a time of Chrissmuss. M'rye don't believe in it."

"—I said to m'self, 'I jest get back in time f'r Chrissmuss,'" Sid went on, "'an' have a crackin' good time once more in my life.' Y' see, it never seemed like Chrissmuss out there on the prairie. They ain't no Chrissmuss without an ol' fireplace an' punkin pie. An' say, boys, I hain't had a bite o' real punkin pie sence— Well, not sence I—I went West. They don't know how t' make punkin pie out there, 'r else it's in the punkins."

"Couldn't Sairy Cranby make punkin pies! They wa'n't no one could beat her, 'less it was my fust wife. M'rye"—here Silas let his voice fall cautiously—"M'rye won't put spice in 'em, an' it don't taste jest right. She says it ain't healthy."

"What 're y' goin' to turn hand to, Sid?" queried Harris, kindly.

Sid's face darkened. "I don't know, Sam. I hain't got s' far as that. I jest figgered on gettin' back here. They ain't much I *can* do now. I'm purty well used up. Leg splintered an' sixty years of age an' a jailbird makes a hard look."

Finally Harris arose and said: "Well, I've got to be going. I'll be over again next week, Sid, and take y' home with me to spend New-Year's. The boys 'll look out for you to-night. Don't worry; somethin' 'll turn up. Good-night. Good-night, Silas."

After he had gone, the two old fellows went on talking a little, slowly and tenderly, with many interruptions. Most of those who came in knew nothing about Foster, so that he managed to keep in the shadow. Once Silas said,

"Whar' y' goin' t' hang out, Sid?"

"Damfino, Sile."

"I guess some o' the boys 'll look out f'r yeh. If they don't, my 'commodations ain't much, but y'r welcome to what they be."

It grew late, and one by one the boys dropped away without inviting the wanderer to their homes, and it was pathetic beyond measure to see the wistful look in Sid's eyes as some familiar face came over to say good-night, and to see the pitiful droop in his head and shoulders as, one after the other, they hurried out without the word which would have rejoiced his poor heavy heart. The bitter truth was being forced upon him that he was an outcast even among the companions who once called him the best man for a fox-hunt in Lexington. His head drooped lower and lower, and when Ed Loomis went out with a great show of joking with Sandy, and did not even say good-night, Sid dropped his face in his hands and gave up the struggle.

"They've all gone back on me—all of 'em."

Finally, when it became evident that Sid was being deserted by the rest of his old cronies, Silas rose up in his might.

"Waal, Sid, it ain't my style t' go back on m' frien's, so you jest come along home with me. I don't live in no Parker House, but it 'll keep a man from freezin' to death on a pinch."

Sandy was putting things to rights, and did not see the old fellows as they hobbled out of the door. Heavens, what a wind it was! It seemed to strike frost to the very hearts of these thin-blooded and poorly clothed old vagabonds. The walk was icy, and the snow outside the path deep, and they were forced to walk in single file. The thunder of the dam died away, and was lost in the angry roar of the trees overhead as they struggled along toward the north. All along their painful and slow walk Silas labored to prepare his companion for a dubious reception.

"Course M'rye not expectin' yeh will make a difference about the room an' so on; but it 'll be all right, I guess. Course she'll be abed, an' we'll jest haff t' kinda slip in without much noise."

And so he went on, until Sid stopped and said, "Now, Sile, if it's goin' t' make any trouble—"

"No trouble 'tall," lied Silas, with the customary glibness of the host. "Gosh all Friday! can't I take home an old friend if I want to? I guess they ain't no law agin it. Darn funny if they is, and I 'ain't found it out. You jest let up on *that*, Sid."

"But y' see it's s' late."

"Don't make a mite o' difference. I'm alwiz late. She's use' to it," he continued, as they started on again against the bitter wind. It was nearly a mile out there, and the night was frightful, and their progress was very slow. Finally, when it seemed to poor old Sid that he could go no farther, the host turned in at the gate before a little old house, dark and silent. He tried the door; it was locked. He shivered a little with something besides cold, and then knocked on the door.

As they waited, it seemed the coldest place in the whole world, that door-step did. They turned their backs to the wind, and waited silently. Silas knocked again, and then a window opened in the usual manner, and a female voice, like the rasping intolerable squeak of a saw, was thrust forth, keener than the wind.

"Is that you, Sile Blood?"

"Yes, it's me, M'rye."

"Waal, whaddy you mean by comin' home this time o' night? Hain't you got no sense? Hain't I told you time an' time an' agin I wouldn't stand it?"

"Waal, I've ben a-visitin' with an old friend t'-night, M'rye, and I didn't notice."

"No, you *never* notice. I'll *make* y' notice. Who's this 'old friend'? Some whiskey-drinkin' ol' fool like y'rself, I'll bet. Come, who was it? I ain't a-goin' t' stay here much longer freezin'."

"It was Sid," said the frightened old man, meekly.

"Sid *who*, y' fool?"

"Si—Sid Fos—ter. He's here now," he added, desperately, with the heroic attempt to shield his chum.

"Sid Foster!" screamed the frightful voice. "You don't mean t' tell *me*, Silas Blood, that you've had the face t' bring that old jailbird home with y'?"

The thin form of the silent Foster shrank and shivered as if a keener blast than ever blew from the north had struck him. Silas tried to plead.

"It was a dum put up job; he didn't do it."

"I won't hear another word!" rang out the implacable voice. "I ain't goin' into the business o' harb'rin' thieves an' cutthroats. When you come back here *alone*, an' beg *my* pardon f'r bein' out s' late nights, I'll let you in, an' not *till*." And she slammed the window with great force, leaving the two freezing men houseless and speechless with dismay.

"She don't—mean it, Sid; she wouldn't shut a feller out such a night as this. It's jest her *way*. She'll come around purty soon an' open the door. M'rye's got an awful temper, but she ain't s' bad as that."

Sid was too cold and too hurt to speak. Si summoned up a sort of desperate courage, a beat on the door with his fist till the windo went up again.

"Sile Blood, I give you fair warnin' the l time you roused me up in the middle of the nig that the next time you come home drunk a howlin' around I'd never let you in, an' I won't

"But we're freezin'."

"I don't care if y' are. Serve y' right, t' c'rousin' around with a lot of old sots a thieves. You c'n scoot right back t' the *cell* where y' spend s' much o' y'r time. Y' won hear from me agin;" and she slammed the wi dow down, but raised it a moment later to sa "If you hammer on that door any more to-nigh I'll throw a pitcher o' water on your head. N you listen t' me—d'ye hear?" There was frightful menace in the tone, a grim relentle anger.

The wanderers turned, and went feebly do the walk till they reached a building which sh tered them a little from the wind.

"Look's if they was a *pair* of us," said Sile, a feeble attempt to joke. Sid said nothing; was out to the heart. After a little Silas bro down. "Sid, I 'ain't got a cent, 'r I'd take ye t' the hotel. Y' gosh! I don't know what t' thi o' M'rye."

"Waal, now, Si, you jest go back home an' ge bed. Don't mind me; I ain't worth mindin'. I go back t' the hotel alone. If I freeze on t way, it don't matter. I ain't no good anyho I can't never git up agin with this lame leg a this cough on me. You jest go right back; she let *you* in alone."

"I won't do it, Sid," replied Silas, stubborn all the man rising at arms in him. "'Y gos if you freeze, I'm goin' t' freeze with y'. Da Sanders lives here; I'm goin' t' see if he won't—

"You ain't goin' t' do no such thing."

"Why not?"

"B'cause they'd kick you out jest as soon they found out who was with you. You've g t' git red o' me, 'r you never 'll get back hor again."

In the situation, it seemed to the poor outc as if he were bringing blight on everything touched. But Silas was roused, and felt li standing or falling with his friend.

"I'm goin' t' stand right by you now, S Le's go up t' the Mansion House. I guess they take us into the bar-room."

"I've got a little—a couple o' dollars—left.

"Oh, that 'll fix us all right for t' night, t'-morrow somethin' 'll turn up," said Silas, che ing up amazingly.

So they made their weariful way back up t hill toward the electric lights which marked t principal street. It was nearly twelve o'clo and no one was stirring; every house was da The wind was at their backs, but the feeble c men scrambled, slipped, and fell as they crawl slowly up the hill. Sid had had no supper, a he was weak from hunger, which, added to l lameness, made his condition really pitiabl while Silas was old, and uncertain on his l even at his best. Many times one or the otl would go down with a gasp or groan, almost t exhausted to rise. They had but one thoug now, and that was to reach the hotel; so as l as they got on their feet again they kept on the icy walk, clinging to the fence or the row trees beside the walk.

The street was lined with large, old-fashio houses, which stood far back in ample yards, a being unlighted at this hour, looked dark and hospitable as prisons. The yellow flame of t street lamps flickered in the terrific blast, a gave out a feeble light. Not a soul was stirrin not a sound to be heard save the horrifying ho of the ferocious wind and creaking of the wil tossing trees.

Just before they crossed the railroad track t New York express thundered by, brilliantly lig ed, and passed away with receding roar into t south.

"How warm it looks in there!" muttered S to himself. "Are you cold, Sile?"

Silas did not answer. He had slipped, and half stunned with his fall. Sid dragged him "Don't lay there, Sile. We must hurry."

They clung to each other and started Neither made sound now save labored breathi or a groan from Sid as he wrenched his lame l

"Oh, my hands! They're freezing!" cried S at last.

"Here, take my mittins awhile," said Silas, a pushed them into his hands. "Take 'em. Ta one on 'em, anyway," he urged. And at last s yielded and put on the right mitten, while companion retained the left. "'Tain't fur now and they said no more, but struggled desperat forward.

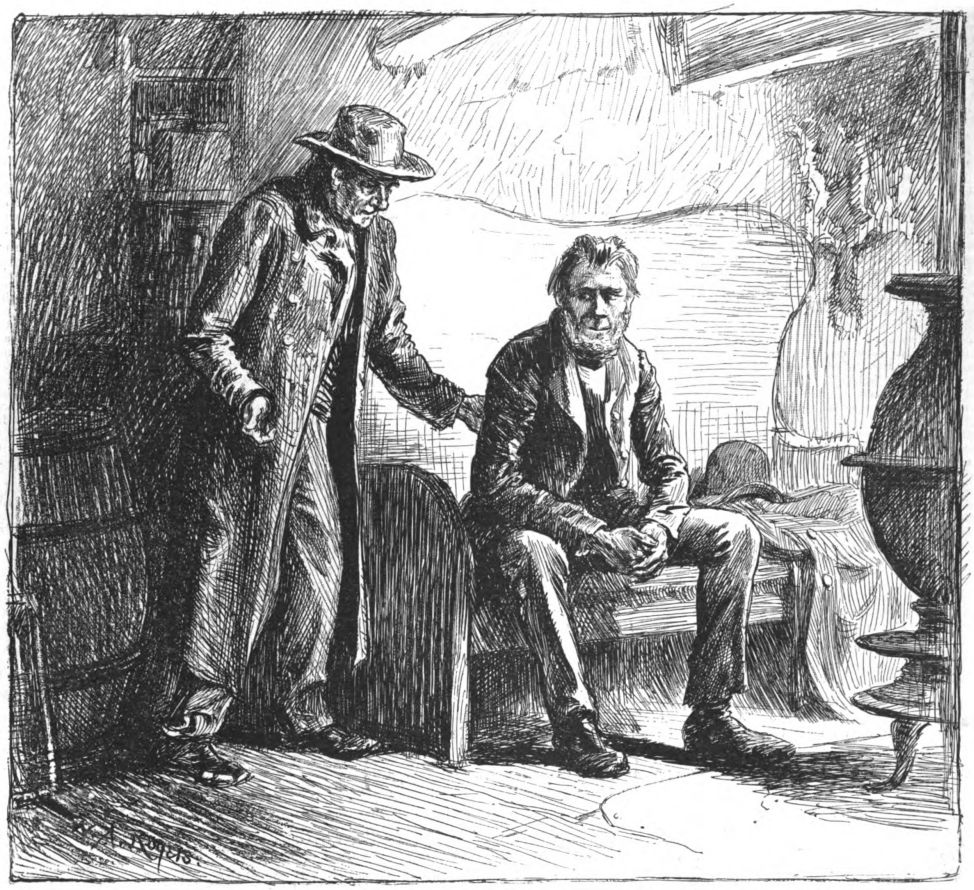
At last they reached the level street again, a in the lee of the buildings made better progre and soon reached the door of the hotel. Si tried it, as if expecting to find it locked, but was not, and, half dead, they entered the wa bar-room like two wave-tossed mariners reachi haven at last when hope was wellnigh gone. T clerk was sleeping in his chair, his head b forward on his breast. He wakened as they tered and took seats before the fire.

"Hello, Si!" he said, with a stare and yaw "What the devul you doin' here this time night? Ben out robbin' a hen-roost?"

Before Silas could reply, poor old Sid gav curious gasping sound, and rolled out of his ch on the floor, his face as white as the rime on great black beard. Over-strained nature had gi way at last. Then came a time of excitem hurrying for the doctor, questions and answ The sick man was put to bed, warmed, fed, rubb till finally he slept.

Down in the bar-room old Silas stood up lil hero, and told the whole thing as it was. Endi "Ef Sid Foster dies now, it 'll lay t' the d them sneaks that went back on him an' slu

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"WAAL, SID, IT AIN'T MY STYLE T' GO BACK ON M' FRIEN'S, SO YOU JEST COME ALONG HOME WITH ME!"

home, leavin' me and M'rye the only chance. It was too fur out there, anyway, an' I hope M'rye 'll see herself jest as she looks to this hull town now." And they put him to bed also, for his coughing had increased to the extent that the task of speaking was a most painful one for the listener as well as himself.

"They'll both pay for this," said the doctor.

"Shall we send for your wife?" he asked Silas, as he lay on his bed, muffled to the nose and shivering with a chill that reached his heart.

"No," he said, with a spirit that made the doctor smile. "She turned us out o' doors. I don't wan' to see her. She's worse 'n—"

A fit of coughing cut his sentence off, and he did not say how much worse Maria was than anything he could think of. He soon forgot where he was, and becoming delirious, tried to throw the covers off, muttering the while unintelligible sentences.

"How near they came to dying in the street!" mused the doctor, in the presence of the clerk. "It would have read well in the *Herald* in the morning, wouldn't it? Who is the other old fellow?"

The clerk didn't know him.

Maria Blood did not sleep well that night; she was conscious that she had done a monstrous thing. There was not very much of juice in her nature, but she had a sort of a heart somewhere in her flabby anatomy. She was a second wife, and this her second husband, and the word love had no meaning for her; but, after all, the enormity of turning two feeble old men into the street on a bitter night got through her thick flesh somehow and made her uncomfortable. All the next morning she raged in the ears of her mother, who was as little, meek, and faded as she was big and fat and keen-tongued.

"I don't know what that fool of a man meant by bringing that old skeezucks round here at that time o' night. He might 'a' known I'd lock him out. Where do you s'pose he spent the night?"

"I shouldn't be s'prised if he spent it on the snow, M'rye Blood. I shouldn't be a mite s'prised at any minnit t' have 'em come bringing 'im in stiff."

"There, you hush up! You needn't think you c'n scare me," snapped the disturbed woman.

Her mother went on: "The Lord's jedgment 'll come on you, M'rye. He'll never f'rgit this. They can't no woman turn her husband out t' freeze, an' not feel the hand of the Lord in chas*tise*munt upon her."

The meek little mother was growing strong with the strength of a righteous indignation, and the shrew had not a word to say in reply, but went nervously to and from the window. She was a hard-working woman and a good house-keeper, and there was truth in her next speech, which she broke out with while frying her morning cakes.

"I've supported Silas Blood for ten years. He 'ain't done nothin' but potter around an' saw a little wood. I've had to take in washin' an' go scrubbin' to keep him alive."

"But the house was his'n."

"The house is his'n, yes; but it 'ud been eat up with taxes long ago ef I hadn't a-took hold an' worked sixteen hours a day."

There was another silence. Then the old woman said, mildly, "To-day's Christmas, M'rye."

"What if it is?"

"Waal, seems's 'f we ought 'o be a little pleasanter spoken, hadn't we?"

"Yes; there it is again. I'd like t' know who c'n be pleasant-spoken in this house? I *was* goin' t' give Sile a new pipe this mornin', an' you a new cap, but now I'll jest throw 'em in the stove, an' I'll never do another thing for either of you. You do nothin' but nag an' nag an' find fault."

There was sign of the angry woman's break-down, but her mother was whimpering, and wiping her eyes, and did not see it or hear it, and Maria plunged about the room, getting breakfast with more than her usual noise and clatter.

As Silas did not come, they sat down to their breakfast, and in silence the wife attempted to eat. Once she saw a boy running down the hill, his face almost hidden in a scarf, as if it were very cold. Nobody else seemed stirring. Maria was ever an early riser, but this morning she had risen earlier than usual. Suddenly some one knocked on the door, and the women looked at each other a moment, then said together, "Come in." It was the boy with the scarf.

"Dr. Evans he told me t' tell you that your husban' was up t' the Mansion House sick abed, and that he don't think he can be moved, an' you'd better come right up an' see 'im."

The mother rose in her new-found strength. "There, M'rye Blood! Now I hope you're satisfied with las' night's work! If he sh'd *die*, it 'ud be no wonder—no wonder 'tall. The hand o' the Lord is in it. It 'll be a mercy if the man lives; his cough has been bad all winter. You've brought this on y'rself, M'rye Blood."

She was talking to herself, for the boy, having delivered his message, had leaped out of the door, and conscience-stricken Maria had begun to put on her wraps with nervous haste. All the fearful self-questionings of a murderer began to rise in her mind. The nagging of her roused mother was nothing to the tumult within. And yet it was not love; it was a simple selfish desire to be spared the unrest, the penalties, and future punishments of a murderer. "Why didn' they tell me b'fore?" she groaned.

"You'd better hurry," gloated the mother. "If he sh'd die before y' got there, you'd have a sweet time. It 'ud serve y' right if he never set foot—"

Silas did not know her, and though he lived two days he never spoke an intelligible word, but lay there with breath roaring and face livid with hot blood, eaten up with fever, struggling at times in the most agonizing paroxysms of coughing.

"Oh, Silas, I didn't mean it! Won't you forgive me?" pleaded the woman, who hovered over him like a mother, haggard, unkempt, restlessly trying to do something more. "Oh, can't you hear me? *Can't* you understand? I thought you'd— Oh, I didn't mean it! I didn't know w'at I was doin'. *Please* look at me, an' say you f'rgive—please do! I can't sleep nights if you don't."

"It's no use talking to him now. He would not hear a cannon," said the cool stern voice of the doctor. "He may be able to speak just before death."

The wretched woman gave way to the wildest shrieks and moans, as barbaric in her grief and fear as in her anger. The doctor turned from her in disgust, doubting her sincerity.

The lucid moment never came, for when the fever left the old man, death came swiftly. He was a pitiful object, with his ashy face thickly covered with a bluish gray growth of beard, which the shrinking of the flesh made strangely to lengthen. He was more emaciated than one would have thought possible in so short a time, and repulsive to a degree. There is something beautiful in the flesh of a dead child or girl, but not in an old man like this.

"To this complexion must we come," said the doctor, who was something of a cynic.

"How is old Sid?" asked the undertaker, fat, jolly, and red-haired.

"Oho! an eye to business, I see."

"Say, let up on that; it's an old joke."

"Is, eh? Well, I think I'll cheat you out of a job on old Sid for a week or two. He is weak, but easy."

He was weak, but quiet. That was apparent to Sam Harris as he entered the room. Sam had come over as soon as he heard how things stood with the friend of his mother. Maria Blood was there. Since the death of her husband she had devoted herself with the most fear-stricken devotion to the care of Foster. She was fearful he too might die, and all that she as an excellent house-keeper could do, she brought to the bedside of the man she had called thief and cutthroat. She grew strangely silent and self-contained, her only thought now to save Sid.

Sid knew Sam, and whispered a greeting to him slowly, extending his thin hand: "I'm glad t' see y', Sam. I knew the son o' Sairy Cranby wouldn't go back on me."

"I don't know what t' say t' excuse myself, Sid, for leaving you that night; but I thought the boys would look after yeh, and so I drove off, thinking I'd take y' out when it wasn't s' consarned cold."

"It's all right, Sam. How much y' look like y'r mother, Sam! If she'd a-liked me as well as I liked her, I wouldn't be a-layin' here, an' old tramp 'thout chick n'r child. But I don't blame her. I don't blame nobody. It's jest the way things go in this world, anyway. D'ye s'pose I'll see her *there*, Sam?" inquired the sick man, eagerly.

"Certainly, Sid. That's what the Bible says."

"I know; but I ain't so sure about that as I use' t' be. I ain't sure at all." He added, with a patient sigh, "They tell me Sile is put away underground."

"Yes, Sid; he was buried two days ago."

"Waal, I ain't goin' t' last long. I'll soon be where he is, an' if they *is* a throne, and God sittin' on it, I wan' to be round t' stand up an' witness f'r him. He stood up f'r me like a man, an' I wan' to do as much f'r him when I git a chance."

He followed Silas about three weeks later, and was buried beside his champion, according to the earnest wish of Maria.

"I called him a thief and a cutthroat, an' now I'm goin' t' put him b'side my own father on one side an' Silas on the other, in our own *fam'ly* lot. He shan't be a stranger if I c'n help it."

"Rather singular thing that those old fellows should fall in together at last, ain't it, doc?"

"Wel-l, yes-s. Still, they went off in about the usual way of old men. Exposure a little unusual. Neither of them could have lived a year, though. Tide of life had run pretty low anyway."

"But I wonder if old Sid *did* steal that wheat?" pursued the clerk. "That's what I want to know."

"Don't know, and don't care," smiled the doctor, as he buttoned his huge fur coat round his throat and leaped into his sleigh.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

FIRST IMPRESSIONS ABROAD.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



WHEN the passengers on one of the "Atlantic liners" last summer went on deck on the morning after the mails had been dropped upon a tender outside Queenstown Harbor, they saw one shore of the Mersey, white and green, within gunshot. Presently there popped into view a dainty little watering-place, with its long low summer hotels in the background, and a line of bathing machines close down by the water on the broad white sand beach. Close by, ahead of them, rose Liverpool, looking like a great hill of granite, toothed and fretted with steeples, towers, and chimneys, and shadowed by a little sky of its own, a pall of smoke. We had packed up, and all our traps were piled on deck, ready to accompany us upon the tender that was to take us to the landing wharf, for, as we learned afterward, there are few harbors like our own at New York, in which voyagers begin and end their journeys at the city's wharves.

Presently a little black squat tender rubbed against our ship, and we descended upon her as the few who stopped at Ireland had done at Queenstown. She was so small and we were so numerous that there was scarcely room to stand up, and stand we were obliged to for more than an hour. During most of that time we feasted our eyes on the queer river craft of the Mersey. All the boats were black, and nearly all were low in the water. Their hulls were all of iron, their smoke-stacks were short, and they seemed to us to move faster than our far prettier river boats at home. One of them, the biggest of all, darted by us like a train of cars. It was an Isle of Man steamer flying the Manx flag, with its three human legs joined at the thighs and forming a rimless wheel. There were no awnings on any of the steamers, and we wondered at it, for we were broiling in the sun. Some one suggested that it looked as though sunshine were a rarity in Liverpool, but one might argue as much about rain, for there were no shelters of any sort on the broad clear decks of the boats. They were without deck-houses, and as flat and bare as the deck of a monitor, except for the paddle-boxes and the bridge connecting them.

"Well," remarked a fair but learned American miss, "I don't care. Whatever the weather is, they get it from us. If it wasn't for our Gulf Stream, which we lend them one end of, they could not live on these islands."

We saw a bumboat woman putting out with her boat and baskets, and presently, as our tender touched the wall of a massive dock of masonry whose top was crowded with idlers, we saw our first policeman and our first British soldier. Both were as natural and familiar as if we had suddenly found ourselves in a theatre looking simultaneously at the two of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas in which the military and the police are cast. How very awkward and funny the policeman looked! And no matter where we saw policemen afterward, or how many of them we saw, they always stirred the same sense of the ridiculous within us. This one's coat was so short — they are precisely alike all over the kingdom — and his coat-tails were so stiff and stood out at such an improper angle; his white-gloved, empty hands were so evidently a burden on his mind; his waist was so pinched; and his black helmet (with its suggestion of sausage-cloth on top) was so very odd — that, altogether, we felt sorry for him. He certainly looked as if his lot were no happy one. With the soldier it was different. His uniform may have been quite as queer and graceful, but, as we came to find out later, an English soldier may wear anything without more than a partial diminution of the superabundant swagger and coolness with which he is possessed. It is little matter what he wears; it is the manner that clothes him. No matter what his state or shape, his evident pride and confidence will render him an object to admire. The one who introduced the British Army to us in his own person wore a little cap the shape of the cover of a pill box, and had poised with mysterious skill at an angle of ninety degrees above one ear. He had a short, tight red coat, with little tails that rose in rebellion at the belt that drew them out of their proper and graceful relation to the rest of the garment. Finally, he carried a tiny little cane, too big for a lead pencil, and too small for a ruler. One end of this he inserted under his arm in the most captivating and jaunty manner, while he appeared to look at our boat-load and not to see the trio of pretty domestics who were gazing at him with rapt admiration.



PICTURESQUE BIT IN WEST DERBY.



A STREET SCENE IN LIVERPOOL.

A few minutes later all the passengers were climbing upon the great landing-stage, and making their way to an enormous room, as bare as an unused barn, to watch the examination of their baggage. On the walls were the letters of the alphabet, and it was every one's business to find the initial letter of his name, and to see that the porters brought his baggage there. Whenever any one thus secured all his traps, he moved them, or had them moved, across the floor to a long narrow platform, behind which the inspectors stood. The epidemic of gold-lace which is one of the maladies of monarchies was first noticed in this customs shed. The inspectors wore gold braid, the railroad runners wore still more, and the agents of the great tourist companies blazed with it. Gold-lace is misleading in Europe, but we did not know it then. It excited awe and respect, but in time it was to pass by our bumps of reverence and attack our purses, suggesting tips — usually for imaginary services.

The customs examination proceeded slowly for all except one passenger. He was a Connecticut youth, who said that he had been told that the only way to get along comfortably in Europe was to ask for what one wanted, go where one wished, and do as one pleased, pursuing that course up to the point of



THE BOWLING GREEN.



AN ENGLISH POLICEMAN, LIVERPOOL.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SALT CART, LIVERPOOL.

success or evident failure. He had heard that such truly American behavior offered so strong a contrast to the respectful, humble, hesitating manners of native Europeans in the presence of red tape and authority that it was certain to succeed. So he slapped his big valise down opposite the letter A near the door, and called for an inspector. The inspector asked him if his name began with A, and he replied, "No; that it was Williams; but he had only that bag, and there was nothing dutiable in it; furthermore, that he was willing to 'make it right' if he was spared any great degree of trouble." This American method worked to a charm. The inspector looked the bag through, accepted a shilling, and pasted on the piece of baggage a little square of gummed paper like a big postage-stamp. This was to be removed at the street door before any one could take the bag away. The possessor of the American talisman, not being selfish or a boor at heart, then spent an hour in the shed assisting the other passengers, and boasting of his triumph over circumlocution.

While those with whom I had exchanged companionship on the voyage were in the toils of the customs men, an English gentleman ventured the suggestion that if we wished to experience hotel life of the sort Dickens and Thackeray loved to describe, we should avoid the railway hotels in Liverpool, and go to Laurence's Temperance Hotel in Clayton Square. We had previously decided to stop a day in Liverpool, not only to rest, but because we had never heard of any tourists including that city in their lists. New sights, not overdone by tourists, were what we pledged ourselves to find. So we set out for Laurence's. As our trunks and bags were being lifted to the tops of two four-wheelers, I asked a policeman what I ought to pay for my four-wheeler and valise.

"Oh, one and six," said the policeman; "that's enough."

I gave the policeman sixpence and thanked him. At the door of the hotel I stepped from the cab, and gave the driver a shilling and sixpence. The fellow looked at the money as if it were a bug that might bite him. Then he advanced toward me, holding the money in his outstretched hand.

"One and six," he said, mournfully—"one and six. Always one and six. Why, I thought if I got an American fare I would be treated 'andsome; but no, it's one and six; always the same."

This soliloquy touched my better nature, ignorant as I then was of the fact that life from the stand-point of a British cabman is little else than a continual earning of one and sixpence; but before my heart had time to dominate my brain, and that, in turn, to direct my hands, a youth, who introduced himself as "Boots," rushed out of the hotel, saying, "Please, sir, 'ave no words with 'im. 'E's got his fare; let 'im go." Inside the hotel door this young man added, "Never 'ave nothink to say to a cabby, sir, if you can properly 'elp it."

Laurence's is a modest brick house tucked away in a corner of a modest brick square in the heart of Liverpool. No one would ever go to it unless directed there, or see it except by accident. Physically, it looks like an overgrown private house; morally, it is an island of temperance in a sea of gin, for there are gin-shops and what might be called *in*-temperance hotels all around it.

A smiling little matron advanced to meet our party, and led us to the office past a door labelled "Commercial Room," facing a door labelled "Billiards," and beneath a most extraordinary series of dust-covered bells, each at the end of a spring made of an iron band. The office was the least like an office of any room you could imagine. It was fitted like a family parlor or a ladies' sewing-room. To each of us the matron handed a little disk of card-board, saying, "Put it in your hat, sir." It bore in plain print the name of the hotel, and in ink the number of the visitor's room. They always say "visitor" at hotels in England, by-the-way, as we say "guest." The little circle of card-board amused us very much, but afterward we grew accustomed to receiving something of the sort at each hotel we stopped at. I heard a rather dissipated American bestowing hearty praise upon the system in London weeks afterward. He carried in the inner band of his hat a card of the hotel he was stopping at.

"It's a big thing," he said. "Here's my name and the name of my hotel and the number of my room—three important facts which a gentleman needs to know, but is not always certain to remember. I never felt so perfectly safe and at ease anywhere in my travels as I do in London, because, after a night at the club, if I am asked any questions by a policeman, or wish to tell my cabby all that is necessary for him to know, I simply take out my card under a lamp-post, and read to him, 'My name is Struthers, my hotel is Morley's, and my room is 48.' The system shows a consideration and a degree of forethought which is truly remarkable."

On my way upstairs in Laurence's, my eye caught the view from a window on an upper landing. It was so distinctly foreign and so peculiar that I stood and looked at it for full two minutes. It was a view of a myriad of chimney-pots. The roofs of a dozen houses were beneath me, and of the many chimneys that rose above them not one had less than two chimney-pots; many had four. Truly the three thousand miles of water between the Old World and the New was not without its significance. We were in the mother country, but a foreign one withal, where even the trifles wore a strange appearance.

I was interrupted by a rustle of skirts on the stairs, attended by the exclamation: "Oh, do come up and see our rooms! They are too quaint for anything." "And see mine," said another voice; "this is an unexpected treat." I ascended another flight, and found my fellow-passengers, male and female, fluttering from one room to another, while a chamber-maid or two, in starched mob-caps and aprons, looked on with surprise. The rooms were ordinary bedrooms, but their appointments were indeed peculiar. The beds were heavy wooden affairs with canopy tops, from which curtains of figured cotton hung to the floor. Curtains hung from the bed-frames to the floor, and high posts rose at the foot of each bedstead. The toilet stands were unlike any we had ever seen, cumbrous things of hard-wood varnished, and of most peculiar shapes, curving in and out quite fancifully. In each room was a sort of long flat stool or four-legged rack, and on these the trunks had been placed. The only mirror in each room was in the back of the toilet stands. The general effect was very quaint and old-fashioned and pleasing.

When I was shown to my room, I was disappointed at seeing an iron bedstead there instead of an old-time "contraption" like the others. But I came to know that mine was the more natural experience, for the iron bedstead is the standard one of England. I slept in a dozen beds in England, and nine or ten were iron.

But every turn we made in this old hotel was productive of pleasure. When I took a bath, it was in a room wherein was stored a dozen of those singular low-bowled, high-backed metal tubs that Englishmen used to carry all over the world with them. They are as difficult for an American to manage as a pair of Chinese chop-sticks. I afterward met an American living in London who confided to me the proud fact that he was learning to use one. He said that at first he saw no hope of ever being able to wet more than his ankles in it, but that, after a month's practice, he was immersing himself up to his waist. However, there was a modern bath in this room at Laurence's, put in for barbarians like myself; and in the same room I saw a heavy cord and tassel, evidently connected with one of the bells down-stairs, and reminding me of the things stage-managers used to nail to a side scene twenty years ago, for actors to pull when they pretended to call a servant.

But our chief joy came when we went down to luncheon in the great second-story front room, which bore the words "Coffee Room" painted on its door, and which was garnished with two bell-handles in the door-frame, one marked "Waitress" and the other "Boots." In this room was a great central table, flanked on either side by mahogany chairs, and set with numerous plates and knives and forks and casters. There were other chairs in the windows, and there was a sofa against one wall. At one end of the room was a fireplace surmounted by a mirror, and at the other end stood a great mahogany sideboard, bearing three huge dishes, one of cold beef, one of cold mutton, and one of cold ham. The waitress, a chillingly dignified young woman in a most becoming mob-cap and tiny white apron, came in and said, "Tea? tea? tea?" inquiringly to each of us. "You will help yourselves to the joints," she remarked, casually, as she passed out of the room. Then it dawned upon each of us that we had often read of restaurants and dining-rooms in inns where it was the custom for visitors to carve their own portions of meat. We thought it great fun to do this, carrying our plates to the sideboard and loading them and taking them back to the table. We had been warned that the roast beef of old England has become a tradition, and that it is now a refrigerated importation, largely from America and Australia, so we did not taste it. We found the mutton better than any we had any of us ever eaten, and the ham was a revelation. It never ceased to be a revelation afterward whenever we tasted English ham. It was never salt nor bitter; it was always sweet and toothsome, and of that quality best described as "melting in the mouth." By each of our places at table was a dish of lettuce, merely washed, and to be eaten with salt, as one eats radishes. We noticed that the red pepper cruets were fitted with little metal spoons, the handles of which ran up into the stoppers of the bottles. The drinking water was of the average temperature of hotel soup, and there was no ice at hand. The tea was strong enough to eat its way through anything less resisting than crockery.

I went about Liverpool a great deal in twenty-four hours. It is the fashion to slander this greatest of all English seaports as a dirty, ill-favored place; but such can only be the view of those who have not seen it, but have merely visited or heard of its slums and sailor quarters. I shall not describe the city, because it will be better, in another article, to dwell on the peculiarities of English city life in London, where they are more pronounced. Yet let me say that by stopping in Liverpool I was plunged at once into the absolutely foreign atmosphere of a city upon whose habits tourists have made very slight impress. It is like our Brooklyn in that respect. That in itself is something worth seeing, and it carries distinct advantages with it; among others, the advantages of more economical shopping, so certain wide-awake ladies tell me, than are offered in London. And while I was there accident gave me a glimpse of life so quaint and picturesque and so marked by Old-World savor and placidity that nothing I saw in all my journeying was more distinctively foreign. I could scarcely have hoped for so great a treat after much searching, yet it lies within a horse-car journey of the landing-stage. Counting the voyage as a mere means to an end, it seemed like being able to leap from the fever of New York to the drowsy calm of English home life in half an hour.

This good fortune befell me in this way: The double horse-cars, and particularly the rows of ruddy-faced folks on top of them, were so attractive, as offering open air and chances for sight-seeing, that our little party stopped one of the cars, and clambered to the top of it—"the knife-board," as they say over there—by means of the narrow and ingeniously unhandy little stairway that rose from the back platform. Once up there and in the high-backed seats, we felt that on no royal entry into any city did monarch ever have a better opportunity to see the scenes he rode through. At first our route lay between rows of characteristic little shops, with their goods displayed in an equally characteristic litter in the windows and on the walks. We noted the displays of meat in the butchers' shops, looking like painted theatrical "property" instead of real meat; the cricket goods, where the appurtenances of base-ball would be seen at home; the extra tall lamp-posts, each with a long yard-arm on one side instead of a pair of short handles, as in America; the royal red iron cylinders, like crowned hydrants, that are their letter-boxes (or "pillar posts," as they call them). We were astonished at the bigness of the horses and the heaviness and queer shapes of the wagons. The fashion seemed to be to build the bodies or platforms of the wagons as low down beneath the axles and near the ground as possible, and to make every wheeled vehicle as strong as an army gun-carriage. It was fortunate for the horses that they were built in like proportions. And seven times in ten the traces were of rope, though now and then we saw them made of chains. Almost as frequently the drivers walked beside their horses in the roadways instead of riding as our drivers do. These things we still recall as peculiarities of Liverpool's street scenes, as features we did not notice so frequently anywhere else.

The first objects that seemed precisely like their counterparts at home were the cigar stores. They proved to be nearly all like our own. The placards, pictures, and packages of tobacco and cigarettes were identical, for they were mainly American or in imitation of American goods.

We had already been impressed by the peculiarity of the speech of the people. It was so different from our own as to be next door to a foreign tongue. It differed in the common choice of words, the pronunciation, the tone of the voice, and in the change or chanting of that tone. There is need for dwelling on the differences between English and American speech, but not at this time. Suffice it that we quickly discovered that those Anglomaniacs who think themselves linguistic apes because they broaden their a's and substitute the word "fancy" for our word "guess" can never hope to deceive an English person or the trained ear of those who know the English.

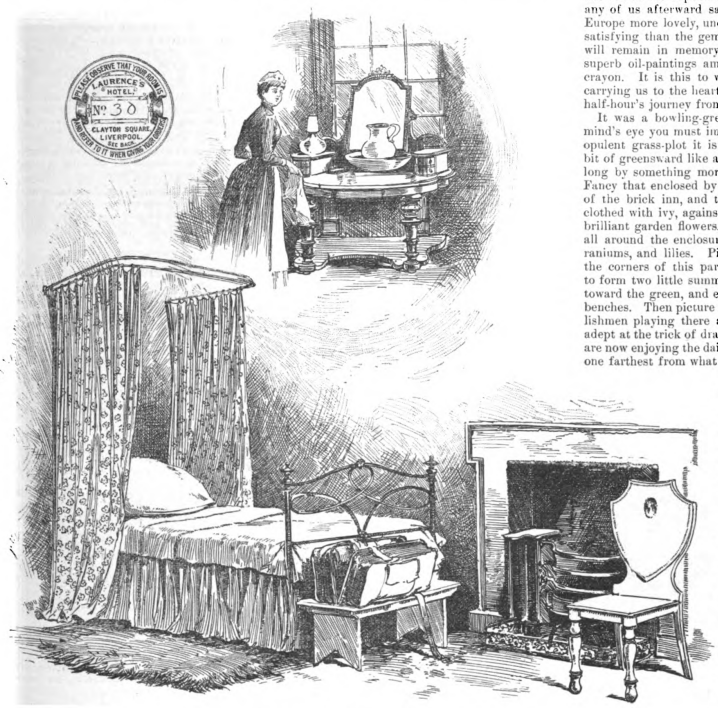
Alas! we noticed something quite as marked and general that would be better worth imitating, but that we never can aspire to—the English complexions. Naturally, we saw tens of thousands of them in the first twenty-four hours, and they were all alike, whether they were carried by our chamber-maids, the shop-girls, the general pub-



TYPES IN LIVERPOOL.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lic, or the beggar folk. Even when the cuticle was coarse (which was not the rarest condition), it was clear as refined wax, and tinged with the bloom of health. Gossip has accused many English beauties who have appeared on the stage in New York of the folly of enamelling their faces, but twenty-four hours in England taught us that nearly all the women wear this enamel over there; but it is enamel that money will not purchase. The gentle, soft, moist climate is to be praised for it. Always damp, and never either very hot or very cold, all vegetable and animal growth thrives there. "You keep your homes and shops and hotels too hot over in America," the travelled English are fond of saying; "you dry your skins into leather." That is very true also. But our climate is most at fault.



A TYPICAL ENGLISH BEDROOM, LIVERPOOL.

As the car rolled on and left the business quarter, we noticed how level and smooth and clean the streets were, and that the names of all of them were placarded as plainly on all the corners—and sometimes even in the middle of the blocks—as a business man would advertise his goods. The street names were made of great plates of iron painted so as to make them bold and distinct. We noticed very cabalistic marks here and there on the house and garden walls; letters and figures, such as "Θ 15 feet" and "H. 5 feet." These were for the convenience of firemen, and to notify them where to find the fire-plugs and hydrants, for they appear not to district the city for their firemen as we do ours.

As the car passed through the residence portion of the city the absence of trees in the streets became painfully noticeable. As a rule, the houses were built flush with the sidewalks, and those avenues wherein there were narrow strips of greenery before the houses were distinguished as "Such-and-such Terrace," or "So-and-so Terrace." The scarcity of even such poor ornament as this, and the parading of it under high-sounding names, augmented one's sorrow for the people. But in a few minutes we were in the outskirts of the city, and found a fresh surprise awaiting us. Here were the houses of the commercial aristocracy, each in ample grounds, with trees and grass and flowers in abundance—but all were walled around! We did not know then that all English homes outside the cities (and rich men's places in the cities), are thus sequestered and enclosed.

As we looked down into the gardens from the top of the car, and realized that the people in the streets and on the roads could see nothing of all this comfort, elbow-room, and luxuriance—nothing on either side except high walls—only the selfishness that appeared to lie at the bottom of such a custom occurred to our minds. We saw, with righteous pleasure, that wherever small gardens had been subjected to the walling process, the sun itself was thrust out, and the grounds were dark and uninviting; ay, were often damp and green with fungi.

We could not then know, as we were to learn by travel, experience, and inquiry, that the English walls are among the visible bulwarks of that principle which gives every individual a high degree of liberty and independence, and which makes every Englishman's home his castle. They pursue that principle so far that even in the little space and chance we had for studying it, we saw that in many important respects our land of the free does not offer its citizens anything like the degree of individual liberty which these subjects of "an effete monarchy" all enjoy, and which the humblest and least-deserving among them will not submit to departure from, even to the distance of a hair's-breadth. This is another subject for illustrations and examples too numerous and too slowly obtained for proper insertion here.

But the garden walls were in themselves hateful to American eyes and ideas—each wall with its gate or doorway, and each entrance labelled with a fancy name, such as "Woodslope Villa," "The Retreat," or "Fitzpennyworth House."

At last we came to farm land, with the meadows set apart by hedges, with here and there a tavern or a smithy, and suddenly the car stopped in the heart of a tiny little English village, every item in whose make-up was a materialization of dream-land—a realization of some dismembered bit of English fiction. The car stopped in a little square. On one side was the great park of an English nobleman—Lord Sefton—with its grand gate and carved lions on the posts, and its main avenue leading beneath trees and between meadows farther than the eye could see, precisely like Mrs. Burnett's description of the park of little Lord Fauntleroy's grandfather. Close by stood a beautiful stone church with a great square tower of the Norman type, and on the same side as the park was an ancient brick house, at least as old as the memory of Queen Bess, with tiny slit-like windows and queer chimneys, and a roof of ancient tiles or slabs of stone, no two pieces of which were of a size. In front of this house was a monument to some departed Sefton, purposely shaped like one of the old crosses that were set up in olden cities, a picturesque, ornate pile of carved stone on a massive platform raised above the road-level. Opposite the nobleman's park were two typical inns, which, with the Elizabethan cottage opposite, began the two sides of the curving village street of West Derby.

We almost pinched ourselves to be assured we were not in dream-land. How fortunate the fate that made us choose a West Derby car from among the many that traverse the ways of Liverpool!

One of our party, a masculine member, went into one of the inns, saying that he wanted a cigar. In another instant he shot out again, with his face alight with excitement, and bade us all follow him back again. "Come in," he said; "the ladies may come. It is finer than Delmonico's." He was always an enthusiast; a born optimist, that man.

We found ourselves in a large room without a sign of a bar, but with all the other concomitants of what the English would call a genteel drinking place. It was very peculiarly appointed. Around the walls, in ample curves, were several crescent-like upholstered seats, the backs of which were so tall that each seat formed a sort of compartment, with its opening toward the centre of the room, and with a small table within the jaw of each crescent. The framing of each of these little drinking booths was of polished hard-wood, massively constructed. The seats and backs were of padded leather. The combination produced a rich and cozy effect. The front windows were half ground glass and half clear glass, and through the latter one saw the tops of trees, the stained roof of the Elizabethan cottage, and the beautiful tower of the village church. The only other window was filled with stained glass, whose colors gladdened and warmed the room.

Having settled us on the leather cushions, the discoverer of the place rushed out to order liquid refreshment for us, and then darted back again, his face all aglow once more. "Oh, come out here," he exclaimed, like a child in a toyshop dropping one gimcrack to seize another. "Here's the most beautiful place I ever saw," and off he went, with us in his wake.

He was not too enthusiastic. I doubt to-day, now that the beauties of that summer abroad are shelved in the cupboard of recollection, whether any of us afterward saw a bit or ornament of Europe more lovely, unexpected, interesting, and satisfying than the gem to which he led us. It will remain in memory's gallery one of a few superb oil-paintings amid a myriad sketches in crayon. It is this to which I have referred as carrying us to the heart of English life within a half-hour's journey from the wharf.

It was a bowling-green. To see it with the mind's eye you must imagine the greenest, most opulent grass-plot it is possible to conceive—a bit of greensward like a carpet one hundred feet long by something more than eighty feet wide. Fancy that enclosed by three walls and the end of the brick inn, and then imagine those walls clothed with ivy, against whose dark mass shine brilliant garden flowers, growing in narrow beds all around the enclosure—hollyhocks, roses, geraniums, and lilies. Picture to yourself two of the corners of this parallelogram cut off so as to form two little summer-houses or nooks open toward the green, and each set with a table and benches. Then picture five or six portly old Englishmen playing there at bowls. If you are an adept at the trick of drawing mental pictures you are now enjoying the daintiest of rural scenes, the one farthest from what we are accustomed to in America of any that I saw yet that it is possible to reproduce here exactly—all but the habits of life and the tastes that have kept the simple pleasures of bowling fresh through England's centuries.

The grass in that bowling-green was plucked in little handfuls at a time in the crevices of distant mountains. It is as fine as a lady's hair, and as soft as worsted. It was planted in a plot that seems level, but, in fact, is skilfully raised in the centre, and made to slope very, very gently toward all the sides. Cut, watered, and rolled constantly, it has demanded the care needed to rear a baby; but it has repaid the owner with the beauties of a Turkey carpet.

One of the stalwart, bearded old English gentlemen advances upon the edge of it with a lignumvitæ ball in one hand—a sphere the size of a base-ball. The ball was turned by its maker with what is called "a bias"—that is, unevenly—so that it will curve slightly when it rolls. With apparent ease, cleverly masking the force he uses, the player tosses the ball before him, and it rolls to within fifteen feet of the opposite edge of the little green. Then he stoops, and picking up a ball half as large again, rolls that after the little one. The game is to come as near the little ball as possible, the winner being he whose ball goes the nearest. Each player takes a turn, one ball at a time. They utilize the bias of the balls so as to roll theirs around those that may stop in the way. It is a gentle, pretty game, exactly fitting the needs of an elderly Englishman, since it requires skill, it excites ambition, it is played in the open air, and it is not too violent for a body that has been well dined and wined for half a century or so.

Seated in that lovely tavern garden watching the men at play from one of the corner nooks, with a drapery of vine leaves falling over the edge of the little cabin and the perfume of the flowers breathing upon us, we sipped our drinks, and answered for ourselves the question whether the end of a European trip was worth the tedious voyage. Yes, it was well worth it. We were glad we came.

There was too much else than this visit to West Derby that was delightful and novel for it to be possible to mention half the attractions this foothold on Europe held for us. There were the great solid public buildings, looking all aged alike with the grime of smoke, no matter how new some of them were. That soft-coal smoke cost us many changes of collars and cuffs a day, and a very troublesome frequency of visits to the washbowl, but it gives a tone of softness and of ancient origin to whatever inanimate thing it begrimes, which is one of the charms of European sight-seeing, strange as that may seem. There were the five miles of wonderful docks, with iron steam-ships destined for almost every port on earth, and with great sheds, heaped with freight, that recalled the water-sides in our Southern cities. There was the night side of the city too, with its faint yellow gas-lights and its swarms of wretched creatures, in whose publicity the English sense of individual liberty reacts against the pride and comfort of the whole people. There were the tedious slums, with such displays of bare brick walls and bare stone streets that it is a mercy the poor people are not insane instead of merely wretched and weak. It was not pleasant, by-the-way, to know that within a very few miles of all these crowded quarters there were two noblemen with parks that joined and extended twenty miles from end to end, and which the noblemen no more deserve by any logic known to man than the poor deserve their misery—except that both probably got their portions at birth.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS UP TO DATE.

New York has had a better opportunity properly to estimate the character and capacity of the foreign delegates to the Pan-American Congress than any of the cities visited by them. Their stay here was more protracted than elsewhere. Instead of the half-dozen South American representatives to be found at any point of their journey through the West, almost the entire delegation enjoyed the hospitality of the metropolis. In addition to these considerations, the Congress came to New York after having been in session for a month, and so after public interest had been more intelligently directed to the scope of the work before it, and to the ability and standing of the gentlemen sent here by the republics to the south of us.

The common estimate of the South American delegates has undoubtedly been considerably revised during the past month, and is destined to be changed still more in the direction of a fuller recognition of their special fitness for the work intrusted to them. It would be a mistake to suppose that they were chosen with the slight care that seems to have been shown in the selection of the American delegation. The South American countries attended to the choice of their representatives with great pains. They have sent an able and brilliant body of men. Some of them are profound scholars and skilled linguists; others are trained and experienced diplomats, learned jurists, experts in finance, masters of commercial law, practised administrators, specialists in questions of international trade, or parliamentarians of reputation and skill. All of these special advantages for the work of the Congress have been already displayed more than once by the foreign delegates in the preliminary debates of the Conference, and are destined to be brought into greater prominence in future sessions.

There has been a general impression that the work of the Congress up to date has been very unimportant, and that, in fact, the time has been pretty much wasted in aimless and wordy debates. Some justification certainly exists for such an idea; yet the difficulties in the way of prompt and decisive action have been great from the nature of the case. The lack of a common language has been awkward and time-consuming, every speech and motion having to be translated back and forth from English to Spanish. Then there are some sharp differences between American and Spanish parliamentary practice, which inevitably occasioned some misunderstandings and delays at first. Nor is it so slight a matter to fix upon the best rules of procedure for a body of such unusual composition and gathered for such unprecedented purposes. So that it is really quite an achievement for the Congress to have cleared away all its preliminary work in a month, and now to be ready for serious consideration of the main questions to be presented.

It has been wisely decided to have most of the work done in committee. The different subjects have been assigned to men specially qualified to handle them. Careful study of the various projects proposed is already under way, and when the reports of committees come to be presented, and such measures as can be agreed upon submitted to debate, the public may look for able and illuminating discussions. The secrecy in which the proceedings of the Congress are shrouded is intended to guard details more than results, and there will be ample opportunity for the countries interested to know exactly what propositions are being debated, and what reasons are offered in their favor or against them.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The year now ending has been liberal in its benefactions to Wesleyan. A new President, who is at once a scholar and a leader of men, a strengthened faculty, the addition of nearly $400,000 to the endowment—these are the facts of record. The new year will see the inauguration of plans for further increase in the means of the institution, and for the enlargement of its scope to the proportions of actual university work. The next academic year closes the sixth decade since the founding of the college.

At the last Commencement the Rev. Bradford Paul Raymond, Ph.D., D.D., was formally installed in the Presidency. Dr. Raymond is now forty-three years of age. Although a native of Connecticut, he has passed a large part of his life in the West. He was graduated from Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wisconsin, and after completing his theological studies at the School of Theology of Boston University, and serving a pastoral term in Providence, Rhode Island, he went abroad to spend the years 1880–81 in the study of philosophy under Lotze and other teachers at Göttingen and Leipsic. On his return to America he again entered the active work of the Methodist ministry; this time at Nashua, New Hampshire, where he remained until elected President of Lawrence University, in 1882. His work there closed last June, and left the institution greatly advanced in scholarship and resources. In addition to the indispensable faculty of administration, which Dr. Raymond has shown he possesses in an eminent degree, there were other qualities which commended him for the Presidency of Wesleyan. His attainments, especially in his chosen department of philosophy, are most scholarly, while those who know him best deem him a preacher of great power. His hopeful personality and generous sympathies

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



REV. BRADFORD PAUL RAYMOND, PH.D., D.D., THE NEWLY APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEMSON.—(SEE PAGE 1043.)

have given him ready access to men; and these characteristics, with energy and quick appreciation of the needs of the college, have already, in the few months of his work at Middletown, won him the support of students and faculty.

The beginning of President Raymond's administration has been distinguished by one of the most admirable of recent educational gifts. At the semiannual meeting of the trustees of Wesleyan University, held in New York city, December 13th, Dr. Daniel Ayres, of Brooklyn, presented to the board cash and approved securities to the amount of a quarter of a million of dollars, accompanying the gift with no restrictions, save that the money be devoted to the promotion of scientific study in the university. Dr. Ayres, who for more than twenty-five years has maintained the "Ayres Prize" at Wesleyan for the best preparation for the college course, is not a graduate of this institution nor a Methodist. In 1838 he entered Wesleyan, remained there for three years of study, and then went to Princeton to spend a year in scientific work under the already eminent Professor Joseph Henry. He received the bachelor's degree from the latter college in 1842. Three years later he began the practice of medicine, and quickly became successful. Worthy professional services brought him membership in several foreign medical societies, and won the first mark of public recognition at home—the degree of Doctor of Laws bestowed by Wesleyan University in 1856. Dr. Ayres the next year became Professor of Surgery in the Long Island Medical College, filling this chair till 1875, when he was made Professor Emeritus. He is a man of great intellectual force. His interest in scientific study led him even while a student into thorough and original investigations, especially in the branches of physics and physiology; and he early determined that if able to contribute to the advancement of science by the establishment of foundations for research or instruction, he would endow for such ends the college which had set him in the way of learning and first approved his professional labors. During the last summer he gave $25,000 in money and land of at least equal value for the endowment of the chair of biology at Wesleyan. His recent unsolicited donation of $250,000 is the largest gift to education of the present college year in this country. It will promote in every line the scientific work of a college which was among the first American institutions to recognize the importance of natural science in the scheme of liberal education. This gift comes to Wesleyan not to build a monument to its donor, nor hampered with unscholarly restrictions, such as givers to colleges have sometimes imposed, but for the broadest scientific uses, under the supervision of the university authorities. Such unselfishness and educational foresight are noteworthy.

With the enlargement of scientific work which this increase of means makes possible, the humanities are not hereafter to be slighted at Wesleyan, as they have not been neglected in the past. Dr. Ayres chose for his gift the timely moment when the university's friends were preparing to meet its urgent needs by a general effort to add a half-million of dollars to its endowment. The announcement of his generosity was followed on the same day by a subscription of $60,000, leaving $190,000 of the amount named still unpledged. This balance will probably be in hand by the Commencement in June. Uses for such increased funds have long been foreseen. Among the needs which Dr. Ayres's gifts will meet are additional professorships in natural history and physics, the enlargement of the courses in biology and physiology, with the purpose of affording advanced preparation for the study of medicine, and probably the erection of a separate laboratory for the departments of physics and chemistry. So broadly does Dr. Ayres define the objects of his benefaction that he hopes in time to see a chair of philology endowed therefrom. The addition of another quarter of a million of dollars to the endowment will provide means for the remodelling and enlargement of the now inadequate dormitories, the erection of a building for recitation halls and college offices, and the establishment of new professorships in departments now much overcrowded. The present chair of history and political science will doubtless soon be divided, the new professorship to be known perhaps as that of the history of institutions. In English and the modern European languages, additional instruction must soon be provided, and it is probable that within a few years four endowed professorships will carry the work in these lines, which is now done by two professors, with the aid of an instructor. Such enlargement of the teaching force will permit many additions to the already large number of elective studies offered to undergraduates in the last three years of their course. At the next Commencement the faculty will present to the trustees a carefully considered plan of resident post-graduate study, leading to the degree of Ph.D. Graduate work for the master's degree is now required, and seven resident graduates are now studying in the historical and scientific departments at Middletown. The extension of this work requires, first of all, a large increase in the present well-chosen library of 38,000 volumes, and this will be one of the first and chief objects of expenditure.



DANIEL AYRES, M.D., LL.D., THE BENEFACTOR OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—(SEE PAGE 1043.)

The property of Wesleyan University includes buildings and lands valued at $400,000; and library and apparatus, $110,000. The invested endowment, as shown by the treasurer's report, June 20, 1889, was then $698,500. To this sum add half a million of dollars, of which more than $300,000 are already provided, and Wesleyan will rank third among the New England colleges in the amount of interest-bearing funds. On the eve of the probable extension of the influence of the college, it is fitting that recognition be made of former benefactors, who have made possible the scholarly work of the past and present. Isaac Rich, of Boston, gave the first large donation, $100,000, to the endowment fund, and $40,000 for the erection of Rich Hall, the college library. Daniel Drew gave his note for $100,000, and paid the interest thereon for many years, but in the financial ruin which overtook him his generous plans for the institution went down with his fortune. Andrew Varick Stout was the first to come to the aid of the college in the financial difficulties which followed Mr. Drew's failure; he gave $40,000. Orange Judd built a solid foundation for Wesleyan's work in natural science by giving $80,000 toward the erection and equipment of the scientific building which bears his name and honors his generosity; Mr. Judd also contributed $10,000 for other uses. George I. Seney, of Brooklyn, has been the largest giver. Within two years the endowment fund was enriched by him to the extent of $250,000; the securities in which this sum is invested are now, with inconsiderable exceptions, paying good premiums, and yielding invaluable aid to the college. Mr. Seney has also given $50,000 for various immediate uses, while for several years he has devoted the income of $100,000 in general scholarship prizes to the members of the four college classes—making thus a total of $400,000 set apart by him for Wesleyan University. The late Oliver Hoyt, for some years the esteemed president of the Board of Trustees, gave in all over $100,000. The magnificent gifts of Dr. Ayres amount to more than $300,000.

The name of a university with which the fathers endowed Wesleyan has always been a pledge, unrealized for lack of means hitherto, except in the number and breadth and thoroughness of the undergraduate courses, but imposing on the institution the duty of constant growth, and binding it to provide the most liberal opportunities for advanced study in science, literature, and philosophy. The realization of this university ideal by the further elevation of the college course and by generous provision for the needs of graduate students is near at hand. H. C. W.



SANTA CLAUS. "Yes, yes, I hear you, Chicago; but it isn't always the biggest stocking as gets the biggest thing, you know."

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE world-renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by the Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1890 will not be less than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian, and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations, and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1890 can be obtained, free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.—[*Adv.*]

THE LIMITED FAST MAIL.

THE Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining-Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping-Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train, with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome FOOD for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious FOOD for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a non-intoxicating, yet invigorating, pure extract of malt. It is the beverage for the table.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Prevents and cures chapped hands. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

NO NEW-YEAR'S table should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the renowned appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

MANY an otherwise handsome face is disfigured with pimples and blotches, caused by a humor in the blood, which may be thoroughly eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the safest blood medicine in the market, being entirely free from arsenic or any deleterious drug.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion.....$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion..... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space..... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A MISFIT COUNTRY EDITOR.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

HAMILTON DINSMORE was a fresh, eager, hopeful youth whose training for the work of the world had been about as bad as possible. Having neither affluence nor a competency, he was never taught the difficulty of replacing an expended dollar. He was kept in leading-strings so long, that when he missed the gentle guidance of the paternal hand he was adrift upon the sea of affairs without helm or needle. He was a lawyer, and might have been successful if there had been some one ready to provide a practice for him, and to compel him to understand its requirements. He once came very near receiving an excellent partnership through some drudgery which he had contemptuously and skilfully performed; but he lost his opportunity because he ignorantly and foolishly underrated the lowest round of the ladder. He had once read of a great lawyer who was carried out of court in a dead faint at the culmination of a magnificent burst of eloquence. This dramatic episode took possession of him, and prevented him from discovering that the practice of law is a business which yields the most to those whose conduct of it is based on strictly business principles. And this was especially true of the time when the name of Hamilton Dinsmore first appeared in gilt letters on a black tin sign somewhere in the vicinity of Wall Street. In those days in the metropolis it was well for a lawyer to have capital—in money or connections—and to keep constantly on hand a full line of judges of all grades to suit the desires or needs of customers.

It was one of Hamilton's hinderances that his preceptor, being an old-fashioned lawyer, knew nothing of customers, and even went so far as to despise all members of the profession who touted for clients. It is easy for a young lawyer to despise clients. The circumstances attending the payment of the first fee are often sufficient; a very young lawyer being likely to owe his first and perhaps his second and third employment to a belief in the minds of men that he is cheap—a belief which some adolescent attorneys regard it as their duty to dissipate. Hamilton Dinsmore was an enemy to small fees as he was to drudgery. He had a good deal of the feeling and pride of his profession, and some of its best learning; but he was, in the language of his fellows, a very slovenly practitioner. His first case was an action for rent, in which he proved everything but that the rent was unpaid. He forgot to ask his witness the requisite question, because it was a matter of routine. He forgot to serve papers on the right days; he drew wills in which no executors were named, and committed a thousand and one other acts of carelessness which annoyed and exasperated clients. During all this time he was in love, and the parents of the young woman objecting to his poverty and his prospects, he had all the trouble he could take care of out of the office, without being bothered by the uninteresting formalities of his profession.

Unless we count the discovery of the virtues of some *Montrachet*, of which a few score bottles are still left in the cellar of the restaurant to which the young man resorted when he had overcome the penuriousness of a client, all that Hamilton accomplished while he practised law was the writing of some political editorials for a newspaper of which one of his classmates was editor. Having succeeded in these, and having made up his mind that law was much beneath his abilities so long as clients were a condition precedent to income, he resolved to become a newspaper writer. One week he earned fifteen dollars by his pen, an ample guaranty of fortune, which by this time had come to mean a living. He therefore ran away with his inamorata, and after the marriage and reconciliation, spurning his father-in-law's offer of a home, he went into exile in a boarding-house situated in a distant byway of Brooklyn, closed his law office, sold his books, and sought for employment. He offered his services as a political philosopher, and they were declined. His friend suggested a place on the waiting list of reporters, or, as he denominated it, the "reportorial staff."

Matters began to look blue to the youthful couple, when, as he read the newspaper at breakfast one morning nearly a year after his marriage, Hamilton chanced upon this advertisement:

FOR SALE.—A first-class weekly newspaper; well established; located in one of the most beautiful villages of the Green Mountain State. Cheap for cash. Cause of sale, ill health of owner. Address—Zeno, Elmvale, Vermont.

It suddenly occurred to the young lawyer that he would very much like the quiet, modest, retired, studious life of a country editor. In an hour or two the summer's green of Elmvale and the academic opportunities of rural journalism became fixed in his imagination. He determined to be the guide and instructor of an intelligent New England community. An advertising agent gave him confidence, telling him that a good country newspaper was a mint of money, if it were "handled right." Why go into the details of the negotiation which resulted in the purchase of half of the Elmvale *Democrat* with the last $2000 remaining of Hamilton's patrimony?

Elmvale was one of the most beautiful villages of the Green Mountains. That much of the advertisement was true. For the rest, Hamilton found that Zeno was a carpenter. He had views on politics and religion, and the Elmvale *Republican*—always spoken of as the "county paper"—refusing to print his communications, he had deserted his trade and founded the *Democrat*, in order to have an organ for his own valuable thoughts, and for the delight and employment of those whose beliefs were unlike the prevalent creeds of the majority. The partner (name of John Adams Peewit) was a journeyman printer, who had been educated in a Boston "job office." The owner and editor of the opposition paper was more in accord with the orthodoxy of the community, and therefore more respectable. He was, however, quite as ignorant, and his editorials consisted of extracts from city papers, with an added comment, such as: "Our contemporary speaks like one who is posted." "We can only add, this is the truth." "We know that our readers will be well pleased because we give up so much space to this explanation of our party's platform. Henry Robinson, our popular candidate for constable and caterer, pronounces himself well pleased with it." The rival editor was at his best, however, in some such paragraph as this: "Henry Robinson, our popular caterer, opened the season yesterday by donating a whole freezer of his delicious new compound flavored ice-cream to the composing-room of the *Republican*. The boys pronounce it first-class. We dipped in with the editorial spoon, and say to our young men that if they do not give their young ladies a chance to sample it, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. We expect that Henry's ever-popular saloon will bring many a youthful couple to the nuptial bower during the coming season. Be ready, boys! Henry, come again!"

Hamilton Dinsmore then felt for this sort of rubbish very much more contempt than now agitates his experienced bosom when chance throws a country newspaper in his way. When he took charge of the *Democrat* he also pitied the community that was so poor in local intellectual pabulum. He was convinced that his success would be immediate and brilliant, and he brought out the first number of the *Democrat* with a ringing address to the county, by way of a salutatory, and with very little local news.

When Hamilton reached his office on publication day he found his partner, whom he always regarded as an excellent example of the industrious apprentice, in the "editorial room," a bare, ill-furnished place, usually littered with the wreckage of changing thoughts, now sticky with the paste with which the editor did up his ideas for the mail. Peewit's shirt sleeves were rolled up, and he was aproned. Dabs of ink here and there on his person betrayed that he was neither a cook nor a waiter. He was discontentedly reading the local page.

"That will stir them up," suggested Hamilton. He was clearly fishing for the compliment which he had failed to catch from the anticipated approving glances of the people he met on his way from the house to the office. His flattering unction was the thought that it was yet early, and the paper had not been long out. Here, however, was a man actually reading it, and from him he would wring applause.

"What do you mean?" asked Peewit, refusing to take his eyes from the page supposed to be devoted to local news.

"My salutatory?"

"Humph! haven't read it." Peewit threw down the paper spitefully, and went back to his presses, types, and inkpots.

Hamilton was chagrined for a moment, but eventually consoled himself by the thought that his partner was doubtless annoyed by the ludicrous inferiority of the paper as it had been to the paper as it promised to be. Then he went on with the preparation of his mail, soiling his hands with paste and half-dried newspapers. Two mails had been already lost because Hamilton did not realize the importance of sending off his edition at the same time every week. Presently Peewit put his head in at the door. His countenance expressed a struggle between fear of a man with whose power of retort he was unfamiliar and personal injury. At length he blurted out, accompanying his remark with a violent downward gesture with his clinched fist, as if he were again discarding the sheet, "Local news is a great deal better than stirrin' 'em up."

With this he popped back, but Hamilton had not time to recover from his surprise and to enjoy the angry antics of his partner. He was just about reflecting that the fellow would doubtless prove intolerable, and that he would probably be compelled to devote his own share of the first year's profits to buying the other half of the paper, when the shock head, inked face, and the upper half of a soiled shirt put in another appearance. "What 'll old Smith do when he sees we haven't got it? Why, he'll just laugh; that's what he'll do."

The head was about to disappear once more, when Hamilton called to its proprietor: "Don't be a jack-in-a-box, poking your head in and out in that fashion. Come in, and let me hear what you have on your mind."

Peewit hesitated a moment. He was hot for reproof, but he dreaded explanation, and, above all, discussion.

"Come, out with it," said Hamilton, impatiently.

Peewit now put his whole body into the room, but he kept the door ajar and held it by the edge, as if he were determined to maintain a line of retreat.

"Why wasn't it in?" he said at length; "that's what I want to know." His grievance so filled his intellectual horizon that he did not comprehend the necessity of furnishing an antecedent for the pronoun. "Why, didn't you see it every day?" he continued, as if Hamilton must know the noun.

But Hamilton did not, and exclaimed, impatiently, "Pray find your senses, and tell me what you are talking about."

"I know what I'm talking about."

"I wish you'd tell me."

"I've been tryin' to tell you. We don't move houses from one lot to another in this town every day."

"Oh! you're discoursing on local news." Hamilton recollected an old house that had been creeping up Main Street on rollers.

"That's it, exactly; and that's what we're here for. The Hazlitt house has been on rollers four days. They're moving it from the old lot to down near the buryin'-ground, and the whole town's been busy talking about it. Why, you've been passing it every day for four days, four times a day, and there is not an item in the paper about it. We're a pretty organ of public opinion. Now, the whole town's laughing at us and old Smith says he don't give a continental for an editor that looks ahead to a Presidential election in an off year, and don't see a house moving that's right under his nose."

Peewit was pleased with this; it was a wholesome insult to an upstart, and he went back to his task with a mind relieved. Hamilton sat staring at the spot where his partner had stood. He was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, but as his nature was not subject to long attacks of gloom, he was able to very soon assure himself that the intelligent population of Elmvale and the adjacent country could not be so blind to higher interests as to permanently condemn an editor for overlooking a trivial incident in village life, especially when he gave them eloquent expositions of sound political principles. At the same time he was sorry that he had not seen a local item in the house-moving, and resolved to be more careful thereafter.

This resolution was further strengthened by two other events of the week. An old farmer stumped up to Hamilton's door, and denounced the *Democrat* because it did not contain an account of a "barn raisin' on to my place last week." Hamilton, having apologized, incidentally asked,

"Are you a subscriber?"

"N-n-n—well, no; but neighbor Hopkins be, 'n' I borry the paper from him for a readin'. I take the county paper, and lend it to him. Hopkins the same's me, though, 'n' he'll stop the paper ef ye don't pay more 'tention to doin's up to Shoatsberry."

There came, too, a letter from a regular correspondent, who complained that the new editor had omitted the most important item from his weekly budget, a puff of the local tavern-keeper, who had recently papered his parlor, and had doubtless given the scribe a dinner in return for the "piece." The item closed with the remark: "Charlie's table is as good as ever, and Mine Host and his lady like nothing so much as to be called upon suddenly to get up a meal for driving parties from Elmvale. They always send their guests away full of praise and, we may say, Mrs. Charlie's food."

Hamilton remembered that he had scratched out the barefaced advertisement in accordance with high newspaper ethics of which he had read in New York. In consequence of this, for several weeks the *Democrat* went without items from the most important town of the county outside of Elmvale, and the proprietors had material reasons to believe that the villagers sympathized with the correspondent and Mine Host. It is odd what a finish to rustic literature is bestowed by that simple, ancient, worn-out phrase, and with what a halo of unmerited obese jollity it surrounds meagre, shrewd, cold, calculating village landlords.

When the first pay-day came, Hamilton received another lesson in country journalism. The *Democrat* gave employment to three compositors; a gentle-faced country girl, whose father was a hill-town farmer—one of a large class in certain parts of New England to whom the constant expectation of the sheriff and the poor-house makes these institutions more familiar and less dreadful than



HE MISSES A BIT OF LOCAL NEWS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HE REJECTS A POEM BY THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

they are in most other communities. The second was a man, the victim of frequent epileptic fits. The poor fellow was constantly shaking, and he gave notice of a coming fit by a blubbering noise, which the boy apprentice—the third hand—interpreted into a request for aid. The blubbering always threw the other printers, including Peewit, into hilarious delight. Shouting out, "He's got 'em agin!" they seized the unfortunate man, and ran him headlong through the "Editorial Rooms," and out into the hall. There they gleefully shook him and slapped his back until the fit succumbed to force. Then the epileptic, smiling vacantly, wandered back to his case, and once more began shaking type into his stick, while the others returned to their tasks out of breath with laughter and exercise.

On the whole, Hamilton was not pleasantly impressed by his compositors, but they had to be paid, and he very early discovered that the meeting of this obligation was one of the most difficult problems with which he had to contend.

Saturday came, and Hamilton was busy finishing up his week's work. The afternoon was to be devoted by the Dinsmores to a "buggy ride," the culmination of village joys, its primacy being contested only by the anticipation, not the reality, of a voiceless, spoon-playing quarter of an hour in "our popular caterer's ice-cream parlor," the cold splendor of which made the temples throb even before the frozen corn-starch was ordered.

To Hamilton, in blissful contemplation of this outing among the hills, came Peewit. He had "cleaned up," and his fingers alone—their dinginess being impregnable—indicated his trade. In his hands were two little rolls of proof slips, each made up of smaller pieces pasted together. He sat looking out of the window for a while, wearing what may be called an embarrassed cast of countenance. His new partner, whose elegance always weighed upon him, kept on with his writing. At length his task was done, and he rose to go, when Peewit informed him that money was needed to pay the hands. During the week only $1 50 had been paid into the office, but so inexperienced was he, Hamilton had not been surprised by this. A faint conception of the approach of pay-day was stored away in a distant recess of his mind, but as he was engaged in a business, and as all businesses of which he had ever heard had a fashion of paying their way, he supposed that his own would not be eccentric, but that money sufficient would come around somehow or other.

The young man was rudely aroused when he learned that this "well-established" newspaper had not regularly paid its hands since its birth, and that the old firm had been constantly in debt to the girl, the epileptic, and the boy, until his own fortunate $2000 had been literally "blown in" for Zeno's and their benefit. It was a disheartening discovery certainly. After a vigorous expression of his mind, Hamilton paid the compositors from his own pocket with almost his last dollar. As he was quitting the office his partner said, somewhat mournfully, "Can't you let me have half a dollar?"

"What?" Hamilton thought that he could not have understood the man.

"I want a half a dollar to pay my washing bill."

This was absolutely overwhelming, and Hamilton stood looking at the fellow for several seconds in dumb surprise. Hamilton gave him the money, and went home in a state of bewilderment, and with an empty feeling in the region of the stomach, which impressed the newly awakened imagination with the apprehension that starving poverty might soon be the Dinsmore lot. There was clearly no buggy riding for the editor of the *Democrat*. That was a far-away luxury with which to gild the holidays of prosperous clerks in village stores. Such heights of bliss were not for a man whose partner was obliged to beg for fifty cents to pay his weekly washing bill.

Discouragement, however, was not so powerful an enemy that a pleasant Sunday could not put it to utter rout. Hamilton told himself, with the seriousness of a born business man, that his dream of an easy, quiet, studious life in the country was over, and that he must take off his coat and go to work. He composed a little code of business principles, and hired a collector. He determined that he would be a reporter as well as an editor, and he would show these Bœotians, who were still laughing at his failure to appreciate the news value of the house-moving, that local items not only might be made interesting, but that there was nothing in their character inconsistent with a proper respect for the English language.

The new collector was a sharp, hawk-nosed, goat-chinned Yankee of the wandering tribe. He had footed it all over the country as a tin peddler, a book agent, a greenback and woman suffrage missionary. He had "organized" the original list of subscribers for the carpenter-editor, and it was a very promising list. Hamilton's eyes glistened as he saw the hundreds, even thousands, of dollars that were due on the subscription account. Some of the debts were as old as the paper. The new collector said that the debts were all good, because he himself had "put the names on the list." He said that the list was first-class. It was only necessary to "handle it right." The advertising agent and his partner had said the same of the paper. Hamilton was contented by these assurances. There was a beautiful mystery about them which appealed to his imagination. The collector undertook to handle the subscribers right, and for a week or two brought in enough money for the hands, and a trifle over for the partners. The other bills—rent, paper, ink, taxes, and coal—were supposed to be paid out of the proceeds of advertising and the job office. One week, the third or fourth of his employment, the collector did not turn up on Saturday, but he came in on Monday to announce that he was too ill to go on with the work.

"Rheumatiz has got me," he said, as he threw down two dollars on Hamilton's desk.

Hamilton was by nature kind-hearted and sympathetic, but the astounding result of the week's work overcame his ordinary humanity. He gaped at the collector with open-mouthed wonder.

"Is that all you have?"

"Waal, it's all the cash I got. I was over to Brownson, whar I used ter live, 'n' I paid an old store bill with the rest uv the money."

"You did? Do you know what the law calls that sort of thing?" asked Hamilton.

"Waal, ye hain't no need to talk law. I'll pay ye back. No fear 'bout that."

"Pay it in an hour from now, or I'll have you arrested."

The collector was surprised, but he was not frightened.

"Take the law on me, will ye?" he shouted. "Ye needn't try to play any uv yer York games on this chicken. No, sir-ee. You git out ver warrant, 'n' I'll bust yer paper higher 'n Gilderoy's kite."

After a consultation of the firm, the idea of a criminal prosecution was abandoned, because Peewit firmly believed that the vagabond could accomplish his threat. "For," he explained, as he opened Hamilton's eyes to a new attraction of the *Democrat*, "Warner's a spiritualist, and most of our subscribers are of the same way of thinking."

"So you're a spiritualist?" said Hamilton, when the comedy of signing a worthless note had been solemnly enacted.

"Yes, sir-ee," said Warner, emphatically; "and so was the *Democrat* till last week."

"O-ho!" thought Hamilton. "That's where the wind sits." And then he said aloud, "The *Democrat* said nothing for or against spiritualism last week, and is not likely to."

"No, sir; that's the pity of it." The propogandist was firmly angry. "Ye didn' say nothin', 'n' ye refused to say nothin'. Ye don't know what's goin' on in the world, 'pears to me; ye didn't seem ter reckernize when ye got a chance to print the poem that was writ—so the conclave decided U-nanimously; yes, sir, U-nanimously—by Jonathan Pringle's dead and buried July Ann. Ye didn' know what ye was refusin', as ye would hev ef ye'd hed light." The excited man paused a moment to wipe his brow, and then continued: "The *Democrat*, Mr. Dinsmore, was established, I know, for I was one uv 'em, on the eternal principle uv lettin' ev'ry one hev his say, especially sich as couldn't hev jestice from that old slop-bucket over the way, 'n' the gang thet owns its editor 'n' the hull town. Ye've changed that, Mr. Dinsmore, 'n' I wash my hands uv ye. I can't hev nothin' to do with a paper that hain't light. I said rheumatiz, so's not to hurt yer feelin's. I wouldn't hev said the truth ennyhow ef ye hadn' been near 'bout money matters."

This outburst and rebellion was on account of Hamilton's refusal of a poem, which began with these lines:

"There is a spirit near to you;
It's July Ann, so dear to you,
She's come to tell right here to you,
Some truth that has no fear to you."

The poem was too strong for Hamilton's ear or mind or religious feeling, and it was declined without thanks.

In a few days after the collector's larcenous farewell, the president of the conclave brought to Hamilton a list of persons who desired their papers stopped on account of the grievous insult to the "spirit poetess." Nearly every one of them was in arrears; but when Hamilton mentioned this, the president proudly announced that the debts would be paid.

"Our people may be poor, young sir, but they are honest, and they will pay every dollar of just indebtedness."

And this was the last that was seen of the president of the conclave, or of the money for which he was so ready to vouch. There are certain debtors who, as their debts grow in years, become the more insistent of their intention to liquidate and the more sensitive to the insult of demand. Warner's note and the unpaid subscription list hang together in the limbo of demands concerning which none but the debtors have any hope.

As the months rolled on they brought many miseries and very few joys to the Dinsmores. All of Hamilton's "York notions"—the best as well as the indifferent and the worst—offended the people whom he had undertaken to guide. He had not only run counter to the political sense of a majority of his subscribers, many of whom were very worthy people, but he split his party "clean in two" by attacking the Greenbackers when the leaders were making efforts for a fusion; he mightily offended the Oldest Inhabitants' Society by the rejection of still another poem—its president's annual ode to himself. The *Eagle* had declined the old man's offerings for several years, but on strictly political grounds. No question was ever raised in Elmvale before Hamilton's day as to the literary merits of a "piece" that was spelled correctly and rhymed. The poem began in the following touching and playful manner:

"Full threescore years and ten am I to-day,
That is, if mother told the truth in ba-
By days. I ween."

In the old man's opinion "I ween" was simply a form of expression like "Selah" in the Old Testament. As he explained to Hamilton, "It was jest chucked in for good measure."

Zeno opened his columns to the intellectual, moral, and political rag, tag, and bobtail of the community, and besides the people already mentioned who had withdrawn their countenances and dollars from the support of the *Democrat*, there were "the boys" of the Republican party who were not allowed to express their dissatisfaction with the "silk-stocking element" in Smith's *Republican*, and who were now excluded from the *Democrat*. Since the new editor's intrusion into the village he had offended the west end by advocating the building of the new town library at the east end, and the east end by intimating that the people who dwelt there, and among whom he had pitched his own tent on account of cheap rents, stood most in need of educational influences. He had angered the carpenters by advocating the destruction of fences, and almost every one by insisting that cattle should not be permitted to wander through the streets. It will be seen by any perspicacious person that he labored under a basic disqualification for country editorship. He had opinions on local affairs, and every Elmvaler with a proper respect for himself and a proper appreciation of the functions of a country editor resented the young stranger's interference. In the figurative language of the people, whose sympathies are almost exclusively with their fellow-natives, Dinsmore was "too big for his boots."

Mrs. Dinsmore keenly felt the social inconveniences if not the frowns of Elmvale. Unfortunately for her capacity to enjoy the kind of rural society in which she was placed, she had been brought up to respect the conventionalities of civilization, and she was consequently most grievously outraged by the manners and customs of her immediate neighbors, who were as persistent in visiting her as were the wives of offended respectability in declining to know her. Hamilton therefore sometimes found his domestic atmosphere surcharged with storm, his wife not being quick to catch or enjoy the humorous side of vulgarity.

One day, as he sought a haven of peace after a struggle with obese intellects at the office, his Penelope's petulant word to him was, "I wish that woman would stop at home."

She was so intent on this grievance that she forgot to tell her husband what had been on her mind until it was driven out by the obnoxious woman, namely, that the grocer had advised her that the family was eating more "fresh meat" than "leastways *I* can afford."

"Who is the offensive woman, my dear?" said Hamilton.

"Mrs. Smart. Do you know, Hamilton, the horrid thing says that it's all over the other end of the town that I used to be in a concert troupe, and that papa was manager? Mrs. Smithers says she met a woman at the beach who knows all about us."

"And exposed you?"

A little badinage drove away her troubles, and, having a pretty talent for mimicry, she went on to narrate what seemed to her to be the funny side of the afternoon's experience, of which naturally her husband was the victim.

Mrs. Smart had undertaken to bring the Dinsmores up to the Elmvale standard of domestic economy, and to make them popular. The furtherance of that purpose, indeed, had been the instigating motive of her call. In her philosophy, Hamilton, receiving less money from his printing-office than her husband earned as a locomotive engineer, was certainly not the latter's social superior, and she wished to prevail upon her neighbors, for their own good, to accept their equality.

Having, with fine feminine tact, established herself on a vantage-ground by the concert troupe story, she ventured to remark, "Seems to me Mr. Dinsmore's diffrunt from our folks."

"That's very probable."

Mrs. Dinsmore's stiffness was due to the fact that her social prejudice had been assailed by a lie.

"Well, it ain't right, if he means to get along."

"You must try to overlook Mr. Dinsmore's faults. He may overcome them, but he is laboring under the disadvantage of having been born and bred among gentlemen."

"Gentlemen's gentlemen, whether in the city or country, and manners is manners; 'n' manners is never highty-tighty."

Mrs. Smart fell from her vantage-ground with a dull thud, and expressed her feelings by nervously tightening her shawl about her. Social prejudice, however, had repelled her assault.

"My man's a gentleman up here, and a gentleman's a man that doesn't stick up his nose and live above his neighbors." Mrs. Smart was not angry enough, however, to abandon her errand and go home. "Mr. Dinsmore ought to live more like his neighbors ef he's a-goin' to st[illegible] here. He ain't sociable. He don't come over to our house, and set down comfortable with my man and the boarders. He's always got his coat on; never takes it off summer nights, nor when he's

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to his meals." And now she saw a way to re-establish her ascendency over social prejudice, and she asked, "Mr. Dinsmore hain't no deformity, has he?"

"Certainly not." Anger sometimes rises to such full command over the faculties that direct reply is compelled where no response at all would be best.

"That is what *I* say," went on the persecuting woman; "although Sadie Wynkoop, my help, says she knows thet Mr. Dinsmore must hev a hump or suthin', else he wouldn't be so uncomf'table as to set down to his meals with his coat on when it's hot nuff to roast corn on the stalk. Lor', she don't know nothin' 'bout the fashions down York way. But what our folks don't like is unsociable ways, and ways that ain't their ways is unsociable. Ye don't like what I'm sayin' to ye, I can see that by the glintin' in yer eye. Thet's what pleases me, though. As I tell my Josh, I like him best when his eyes look like his engine's head-light, and then's when I know I'm doin' uv him the most good. Ye'll feel better when ye think it all over after I'm gone, and if ye take my advice ye'll never stop thankin' Hepzy Smart the longest day ye live." She seemed to pause for a reply, but as she received none she went on: "Now last Monday what'd we see over to our house? Why, Sadie Wynkoop and me just happened to look out the winder at your clothes-line, and there was a-hangin' on to it fust and last seven b'iled shirts, sure's you sit there. Now it can't be possible, ses I, thet Mr. Dinsmore musses up a clean shirt ev'ry day, but yer hired gal says it's so. Thet's either airs or dirt, Mrs. Dinsmore, 'n' ye can make the most of it. Ennyway, it's bad for your man in the opinion uv this neighborhood. He's got on a new suit o' clothes too this very mornin', and thet's another piece ov airs or extravagance."

When this was told to Hamilton he moaned aloud. Not only his opinions, but his clothes, his table manners, and his very familiarity with soap were against him in this persecuting community.

"As to clothes," he exclaimed, in his despair taking up the last count in the indictment, "this suit is all I've got. It cost twelve dollars, and I took it in part payment of an advertisement."

"Nevertheless, sir, you dress too well. I have Mrs. Smart's word for it."

It was as inevitable that Hamilton should come to taking pay in trade as it was that the first principle of his code should be that he would accept nothing but cash. Goods in return for advertising were better than nothing, but the system had serious drawbacks. The young woman printer, being enamoured of display, willingly took most of her wages in orders. So far this was well, but she exhausted the accounts at the best stores, and Mrs. Dinsmore was forced to accept what was left. In consequence, she and the baby were clad in the odds and ends of the country store, whose proprietor was always contemplating another assignment. She had a few old-fashioned gowns of patterns that once satisfied the most rustic tastes, while the baby's legs, when they were clad, looked like barber poles.

It was not only for advertisements, but for subscriptions, that the proprietors of the *Democrat* accepted payment in trade. Cord-wood, vegetables, and even apple brandy were sent to Hamilton, while as for apples, the house was full of them. They appeared on the Dinsmore table in every form known to nature or art. The family had them raw, stewed, baked, in dumplings, in pies, in puddings. When the apples were not being eaten or cooked, they were filling up the hallways or rolling down-stairs, getting in the way of the baby and other human beings, and instead of performing their proper functions and sustaining life, threatening it with destruction. It had been a fruitful year for the orchards. Apples were lying in heaps on every farm, and the presses were spouting gallons of cider. Apples were cheap, and the farmers were delighted with the opportunity to pay their newspaper bills with them at the rates that prevailed the year before, when they were scarce.

Affairs were growing worse and worse. Poverty was pinching the young couple, and still the infatuated, hopeful Dinsmore kept on in his misguided course. He tried the effect of satire upon what he regarded as the narrow prejudices of the people. It was not understood. He reasoned, and he was met with indifference. He was discovered to be a fool at a bargain, and was most unmercifully plucked. Election and circus days alone brought money to his purse. The business of printing ballots, posters, dodgers, and other factors in the electoral machinery, and of advertising shows, is profitable; but the gleams of hope were illusive, and they only tempted the unfortunate country editor to further indulge in his disastrous taste for reforming the community. When he was nearly at the end of his career he had the hardihood to ridicule the fashion of decorating the garden paths with whitewashed pebbles; he was disrespectful to the town historian; he made a serious onslaught on the cheap Art Repository which was recommended to the culture of the village by the leading clergyman; he said that the dried-grass decorations in fireplaces were not neat; he was hilarious over the bed spreads, the worsted pictures, and the highly varnished frames of pine cones—prides of the county fair; he went so far as to declare the local band a nuisance. A witty contemporary, published by a roving printer, succinctly stated that this denunciation of the band illustrated "Brother Dinsmore's mistaken notion of village life. He wants the 'Moonlight Sonata' at a country picnic."

At first Hamilton heartily applauded the efforts of the temperance agitators, and aided them sincerely and with all his power. A great deal of good was done by them, but at length there happened one of those incidents which are sure to mar every moral movement depending for its impetus and maintenance on the feverish excitation of the community.

There are very few villages in the country which have not known their drunken tinsmith, or hatter, or cobbler, or sailor. Mechanics who sit down to their work seem to be peculiarly open to the temptations of drink. It is difficult to explain this phenomenon, but it may be that when a man works on his feet his strongest desire is to go home and sit or lie down, while the man who pursues a sedentary trade best obtains his rest by standing up before a bar. Elmvale's leading drunkard was a tinsmith, and he was converted by the great Murphy's first address. This was admirable, but the whole village began at once to make a hero of the tinsmith. He was not only elevated on a pedestal, but he was transformed into a moral teacher, and instead of modestly recognizing that he had been very recently a slave of degrading habits, he had the effrontery to daily upbraid from the high plane of the town-hall platform men who had been very much his superiors only a day or two before. Young women went in raptures over the reformed inebriate. A subscription was proposed to set him up in business, and he was invited to preach on Sunday evening in one of the churches.

The feeling of the village for this reprobate being so intense, the *Democrat*, as a matter of course, undertook to run against the stream. Hamilton warned the people against frenzy, not understanding that village monotony must be broken up in some way, just as some sedentary mechanics must have their alcohol. He insisted that the tinsmith's resolution ought to be tested before all the rewards of reformation were thrown at his feet. It was like taking an habitual drunkard at the beginning of a periodical spree and reasoning with him on the baleful effects of stimulants. The whole village rose up against the caviller. It stormed at him. Shop-keepers withdrew their advertisements. He was denounced as the "friend of the rum power." He was charged with being a "moderate drinker." The tinsmith himself thundered at him from the platform of the town-hall, and became more than ever the admiration of the intoxicated masses. When, after a few weeks of abstinence, he returned to his drunkenness, Hamilton was not vindicated. On the contrary, it was asserted that his doubts of the man had so wounded his sensitive spirit that he was driven to the bowl in order to drown his despair.

The Dinsmores hardly needed the experience to satisfy them that Hamilton's experiment was a failure, but this tidal wave of antagonism compelled the young editor to promise his wife that he would acknowledge his defeat, provided that after a personal examination he should discover that his subscription accounts were as bad and worthless as his collectors reported. He made this examination without consultation with Peewit. The relations of the two were strained, each feeling that he had been snared by the other, Hamilton by Peewit's assent to Zeno's misrepresentations, and Peewit by the deceptive appearance of large capital which the possession of two thousand dollars in ready cash lent to Hamilton.

This young editor, with the end of the hoped-for quiet, studious, and instructive life looming clearly into view, started out on a collection tour. He selected two towns, the richest in the county, whose fertile valley farms were the pride of the country-side. Hamilton had found with surprise that nearly every one of his subscribers in these two towns was not only in arrears, but had taken the *Democrat* from the first, and had never paid a dollar. He wandered up and down the beautiful street of one of these towns, shaded by century-old elms and bordered by fine houses. He wondered why people who dwelt in the midst of such smiling prosperity did not pay their debts. He inquired for his subscribers. No one knew them. He went to the post-office and showed his list to the postmaster, with a request that that official might direct him to the whereabouts of the persons whose names graced it.

The quiet old man looked it over with a conscious smile. Finally he said, "Be you the editor of the *Dimocrat?*"

Hamilton confessed.

"Do these people owe ye money?"

Hamilton assented.

"Be they all ye've got on yer list in this town."

Hamilton admitted. He was searching for truth.

"There bean't one of 'em 's good for a dime. Young man, you've ben took in, 'n' I'm sorry fer ye, ef I am on the other side the fence."

He directed Hamilton to the part of the town in which these people lived. The young man was greatly subdued. He realized now that whatever his mission in life, it was not editing a country newspaper. He was grateful for the postmaster's sympathy—very grateful. He had had only a little in Elmvale, and this was the first that had been offered to him by any one who in any way represented the prevailing sentiment of the community; and yet there are a few friends whom he will never forget. He found his subscribers among the hills—the poor fungi of the rich town. The subscribers of the other town were their immediate neighbors. These people are to the rest of the population of New England what the Cracker is to a well-bred Georgian. Hamilton found them poverty-stricken, saffron-faced, unwashed, underfed. The man of the family wore blue jeans and a musk-rat cap; the woman wore one garment of faded calico, and her hair was always tumbling down. It was a community of Rogue and Pleasant Riderhoods, lacking, however, the criminal enterprise of the male of that wo
couple. There was universal depravity an
great deal of physical deformity among th
subscribers of the *Democrat*. Hamilton's requ
for money furnished the pleasant excitement
surprise to their dull minds.

"What! did ye come 'way over here fer tha
asked one Rogue Riderhood, who seemed to b
trifle superior to the rest. Hamilton learned
terward that he had actually risen to the gr
of larceny. "It's too bad," he said. "And
a hired team," he went on. "It 'll cost ye a cl
five-dollar bill, 'n' all fer nothin'. Why, mist
we hain't no money over here."

"Why did you take the paper then?"

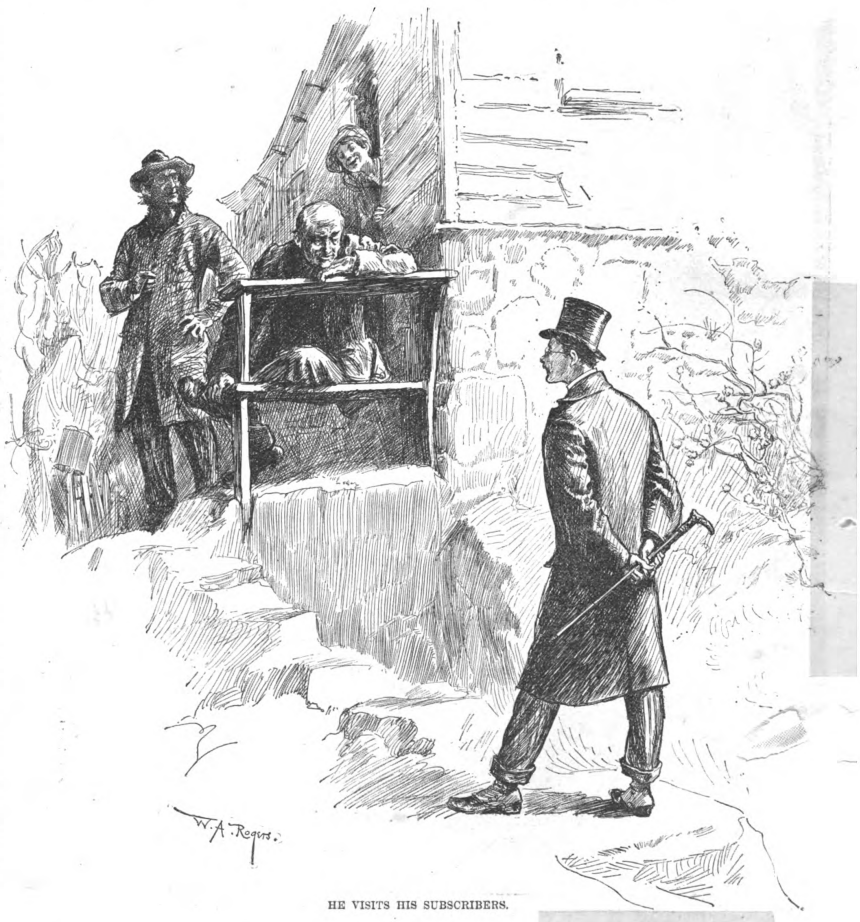
"Why, we didn'—that is, not jest rightly *t*
it. This is the way it was. Sim Warner ca
over here nigh five year ago, 'n' he says that
was a-gettin' up a paper that was uv our way
thinkin', which it ain't no longer, boss; and
says ef we'd take it we might pay when we co
'n' ez we could."

Hamilton had heard enough. The whole pl
losophy of the subscription list was revealed
him. He started off, but the speaker of the tri
was not yet through with him.

"I say, mister," he called out, "ye kin stop
paper to onces; it hain't my principles no more
And he muttered to the miserables about hi
"Pretty idea askin' money for sich a paper
thet!"

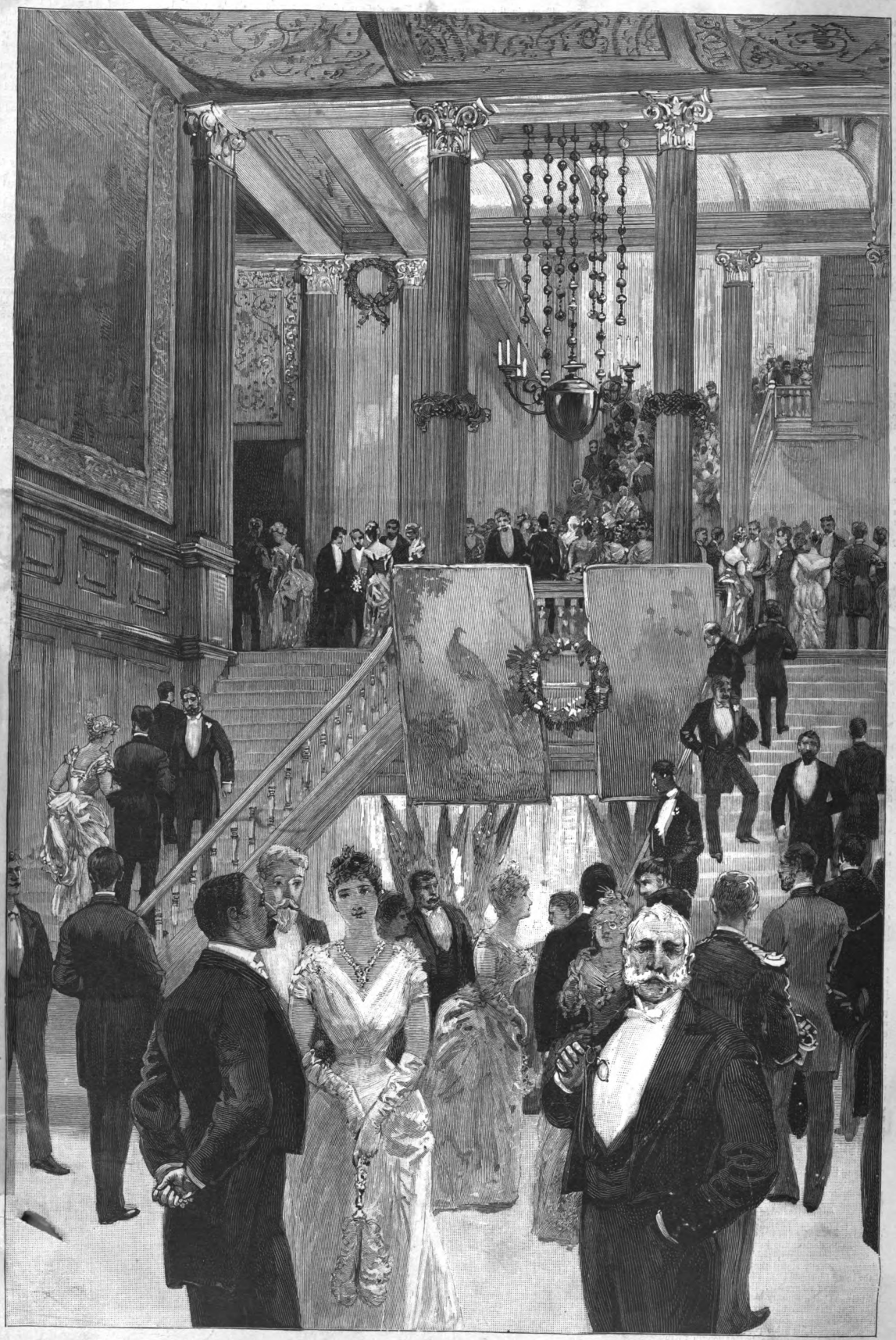
The Dinsmores said good-by to Elmvale jo
ously. They had come to old Mrs. Dinsmore
conclusion that it would be better, at least muc
more comfortable, to starve in congenial societ
Their half of the *Democrat* was presented to
local genius, who belonged to the fighting an
unthrifty minority of the community. Under h
management the organ of unreason died in tw
weeks. After Hamilton had settled down t
work in the city, he received a clipping from th
newspaper which had philosophized on his att
tude toward moral life. It contained his obitu
ary as a country editor, and is as follows:

"Hamilton Dinsmore, who tried to run th
Elmvale *Democrat*, has given up his job and gon
home to New York. He came to the country t
teach folks how to be citified, but he found ou
that the intelligent people of Vermont have thei
own notions. They thought him an upstart; bu
he was a pretty good fellow, if he was away out o
his reckoning. Like the man who fooled with
mule, he isn't so handsome as he was, but h
knows more. He is a well-educated young man
of black hair and complexion, and would rathe
have a fight than his dinner. He is about as fi
for a country editor as a bull is for a china shop
But he might have succeeded better if he hadn'
dressed so well."



HE VISITS HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



RECEPTION OF THE DELEGATES TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.
DRAWN BY GRAHAM AND ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 1043.]

Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

LENDING SERVICES

C-103 PATTEE LIBRARY

Circulating with Special Permission

Return this book to LENDING SERVICES
MAIN CIRCULATION DESK
Phone number: 865-5429

Fines will be computed at the rate of $1.00 for the first day late, and $2.00 for each additional day until the volume is received at the Circulation Point indicated above. Once the fines reach $9.00, they will go no higher; however, a replacement charge plus a $12.00 processing fee will be added to the above stated fines in the event the volume is not returned within 15 days of the due date.

DATE & TIME DUE:

MAR 07 1990



Digitized by Google

Original from PENN STATE

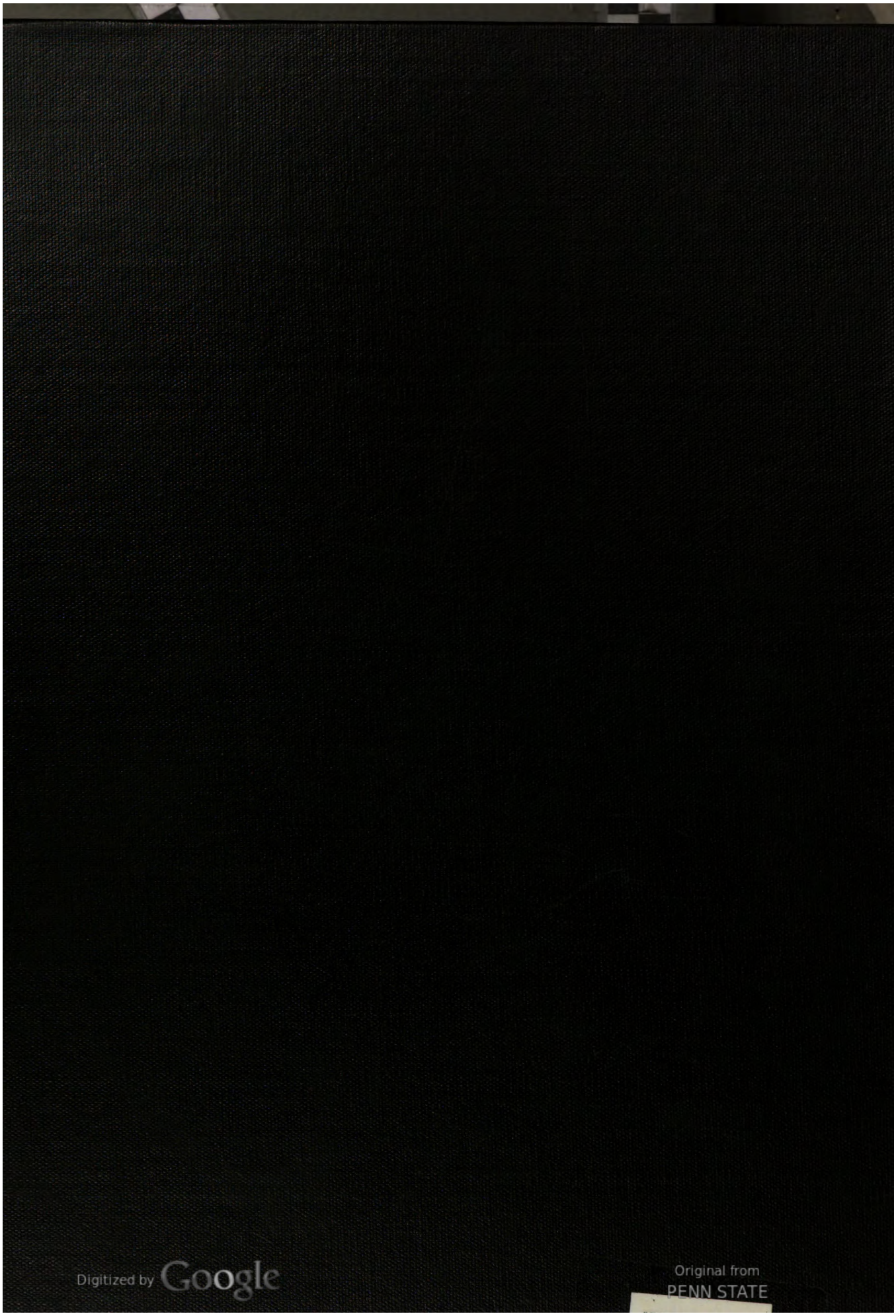
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google

Original from
PENN STATE


Digitized by Google
Original from PENN STATE
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-08-24 15:26 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/pst.000020243326
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google